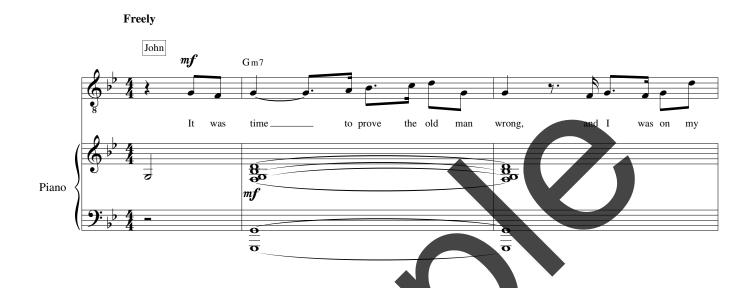
## Crawlspace Piano/Vocal

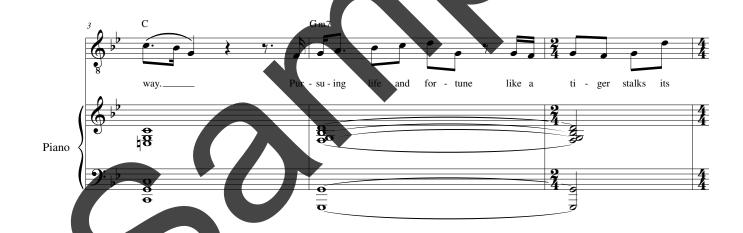
## #5. The Victim

**Cue:** "Hell, he had me in his sights from day one!"

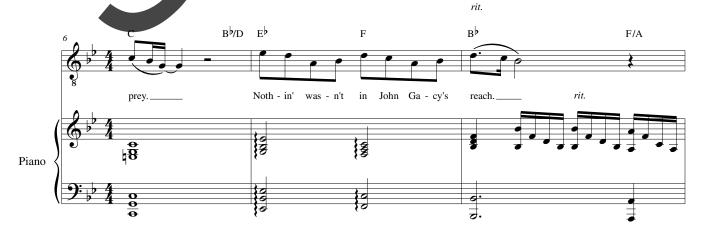
(John, The Old Man)

music by Matt Glickstein lyrics by Jason Spraggins

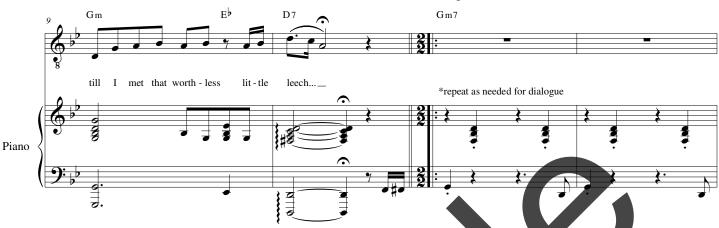




(JOHN's eyes are fixed on the boy.)



**Tempo**  $\sqrt{\phantom{a}}$  = 78, laid back- not too fast



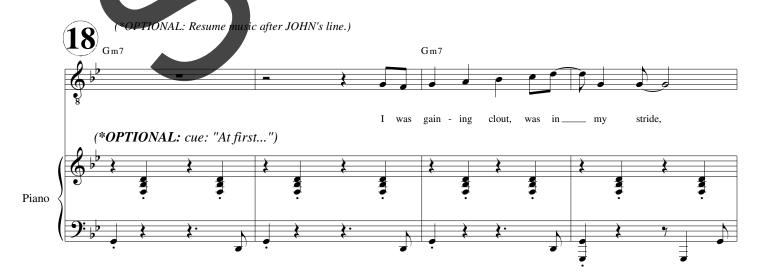
**THE OLD MAN:** I have to admit- I didn't think you had it in ya, boy. I had you pegged as a fruit pickin' mama's boy. You finally got off her tit- built a respectable life. Hell, if little Johnny can make a man of himself, I guess there's hope for just about anybody (chuckles). Hey, and the chicken ain't bad either.

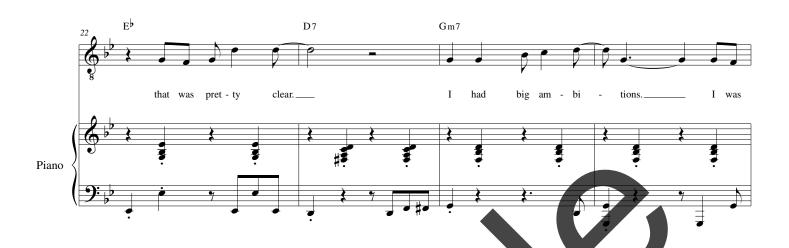
\*OPTIONAL: Pause Music after final repeat.)

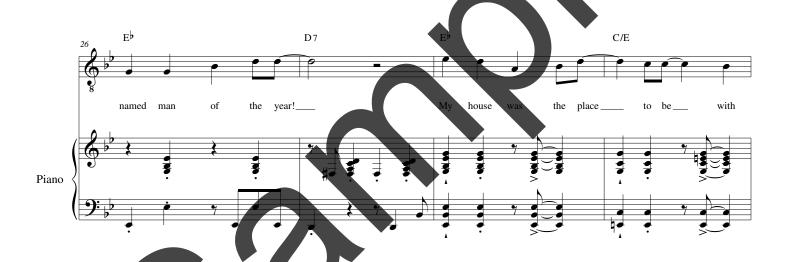


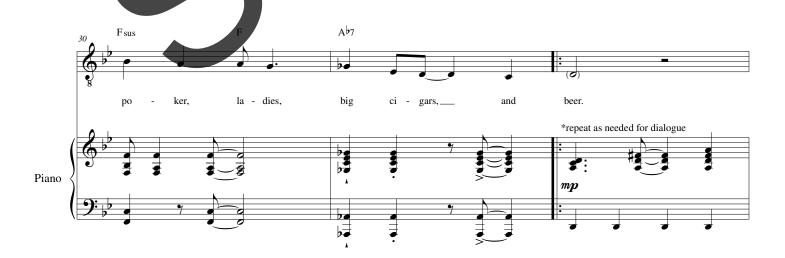
(JOHN, wounded, steps away and addresses the DOCTOR.)

JOHN: lowa was good to me. At first...







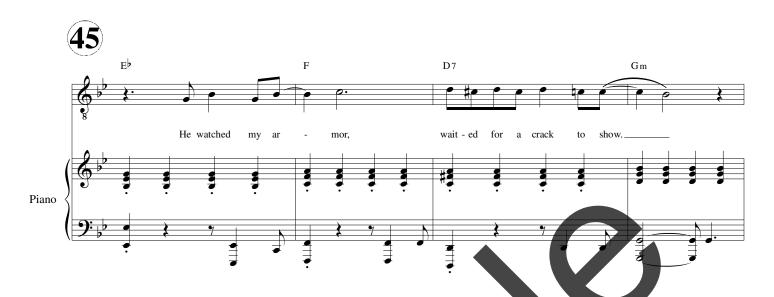


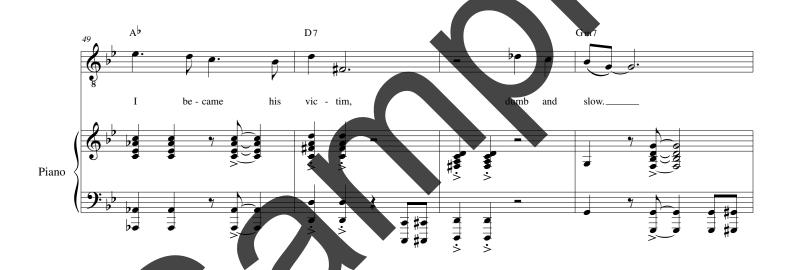
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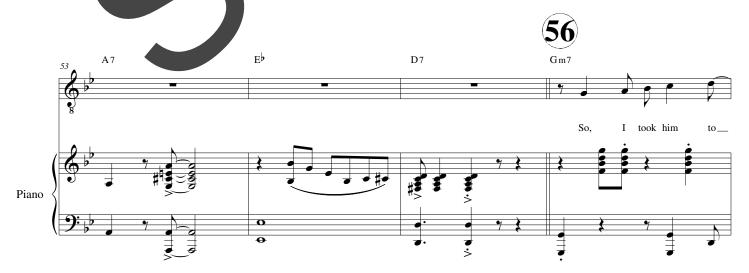
**JOHN:** The boy was a local trouble-maker. I hired to him to help out at the restaraunt. That was my first mistakle...







(JOHN approaches the BOY, who holds the ball still and stares nervously back at him. JOHN motions for the BOY to follow him- then turns and walks away. The BOY follows sheepishly, keeping his distance. THE OLD MAN watches with disgust.)



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