

PUGSLEY

PUGSLEY: Hi, Grandma.

GRANDMA: Hey, STUD! How's life?

PUGSLEY: Too long.

GRANDMA: Tell me about it.

PUGSLEY: [looking at Grandma's cart of potions] **Hold on. What're you doing?**

GRANDMA: Re-stocking. Grandma's private stash. Herbs, potions and remedies. Nature's candy. No prescription needed.

PUGSLEY: **What's that one?**

GRANDMA: Peyote.

PUGSLEY: **What's it do?**

GRANDMA: Makes you run around naked in the woods.

PUGSLEY: **What about this one?**

GRANDMA: Bookoo Leaf. You got someone giving you a hard time?

PUGSLEY: **Maybe...**

GRANDMA: Sprinkle a little of this on his toast...an hour later he's in a padded room, screaming, 'I am Spartacus!'

PUGSLEY: **Grandma, what if there was this girl who met this person and he's all like, 'Hey, it's the Pugster. What's up little man?' and she's all like, 'Golly' and 'We're gonna go now' and they're running away together. What would you give her?**

GRANDMA: Nothing. She's your sister. Be happy for her.

PUGSLEY: **But what if she doesn't get rid of him? What if all the good times are already behind me?**

GRANDMA: That's life kid. You lose the thing you love.

PUGSLEY: **Tell me about it.** [picking up a bottle from the cart] **What's this one?**

GRANDMA: [grabbing back the bottle] Acrimonium. You wanna stay away from this baby!

PUGSLEY: **Why?**

GRANDMA: Takes the lid off the id. Brings out the dark side.

PUGSLEY: **Whaddaya mean?**

GRANDMA: One swig of this and Mary Poppins turns into Medea!

PUGSLEY: **I don't understand your references.**

GRANDMA: Well stop the damn texting and pick up a book once in a while. Now quit whining about your sister. Start thinking about YOU and how you're gonna live YOUR life. Time, my dear, is a thief. She'll steal your soul and flee on little fairy wings....And stay outta my shit or I'll rip your leg off and bury it in the back yard...I love you!