

THE ADDAMS FAMILY

MUSICAL



Auditions Sides

MORTICIA/GOMEZ
A1S 9

MORTICIA
Gomez!
(*GOMEZ, caught, stops dead in his tracks.*)
What's going on?



GOMEZ
Nothing. We were just talking.

MORTICIA
That wasn't talking, that was conspiring.

GOMEZ
No, it was talking! Conspiring is –
(*mimes conspiring, scrunched over, furtive, whispering*)

MORTICIA
That's what you were doing!

GOMEZ
Querida... stop this foolishness.

MORTICIA
You're keeping something from me.

GOMEZ
Querida, I have never kept anything from you, and may lightening strike me where I stand if I am keeping anything from you now.
(*He looks up, steps broadly to his right. LIGHTNING strikes the spot where he was standing.*)

MORTICIA
(*deeply suspicious*)
That it should come to this.

GOMEZ
(*opens his arms, changing the subject*)
Here, cara. I have an urge to take you in my arms.

MORTICIA
No, Gomez.

GOMEZ
What?

MORTICIA
Not today.

GOMEZ
But you've never turned down a trip to heaven.

MORTICIA
Not today. I'll be in my room until you're ready to share, like a proper husband.
(*And she's gone*)

GOMEZ
Morticia mia!

CONQUISTADOR ANCESTOR

Hey, it's locked.
(*ANCESTORS freeze*)

ESTER

That's right. We have a problem.
(*DING! Light on WEDNESDAY, holding her crossbow.*)

WEDNESDAY

His name is Lucas, Lucas Beineke. And - I'm in love. (*group reacts*)

ESTER

(*to the Audience*)

That's right. Little Wednesday Addams - that charming, irrepressible bundle of malice who would poison her own brother just for a ride in the ambulance - has grown up and found love.

(*LUCAS enters, in love with WEDNESDAY.*)

LUCAS

Oh, Wednesday! I just wanna lock you up in a little white cottage with a picket fence and an apple tree!

WEDNESDAY

I like the part about being locked up.
(*Lights out on WEDNESDAY and LUCAS. Off this, the ANCESTORS object vociferously. The CURTAIN comes in, eliminating the ANCESTORS.*)

ESTER

So here's the deal. Gather around. I'm not letting you back into that crypt until love triumphs.

ANCESTORS

But Fest -

ESTER

Ah.

(*ESTER crosses down as ANCESTORS disappear.*)

So who is this Lucas fella? Is he worthy of her? Do they really love each other? What is love anyway? Does this rash look serious to you? So many questions about love. But when you think about it, is there anything more important?

(*A HAND extends ESTER's banjolele, and ESTER takes it, accompanying himself as he sings.*)

(LURCH opens the front door, ushering in the BEINEKES. They affect an out-of-towner's nonchalance.)

MAL

Hello. Had a little trouble finding the place. Looks like somebody shot out all your street lamps!

(MAL and ALICE laugh. LURCH does not. The BEINEKES move down stage and take the place in.)

(observing the emptiness of the space)
Wow, look at this place. They just move in or what?

ALICE

No. This is how they live in New York. They spend all their money on rent and have nothing left for furniture.

(LURCH slams the front door with an awesome thud. The BEINEKES jump. A RAT scurries across the floor. ALICE screams. RAT exits.)

(MAL approaches LURCH)

LURCH

Grnh.

MAL

Mal Beineke.

LURCH

(polite)
Grnh.

MAL

This is my wife, Alice

LURCH

(lecherous)
Grnh.

MAL

That's my son, Lucas -

LURCH

(warning)
Grnh.

MAL

And you are?

LURCH

Grrngh.
(Grunts his backstory)

MAL

Nice talkin' to you. Earth to Alice, we've landed in Weird City. I say drinks and bye-bye.

ALICE

Oh, Mal.

(convincing herself as much as him)
"Be open to experience,
And welcome in the new.
Reach deep in your surprise bag;
There might be a gift for you."

MAL

Honey, my surprise bag is so full I can hardly lift it. That guy who patted me down at the airport? He slipped me his telephone number. I don't think I can stand any more surprises.

LUCAS

C'mon, dad. Lighten up! These're your kind of people, real salt of the earth.

MAL

Yeah? Where are they from?

MAL

Interesting chair. Antique?

GOMEZ

Fifteenth century. "The Heretic's chair." Once owned by Tomas de Torquemada, Grand Inquisitor of Madrid.

MAL

You collect this stuff?

GOMEZ

A man must have his hobbies. Some play cards, some play golf. Me, I collect "instruments of persuasion." "Why," you ask.

(then)

Go on, ask. Ask!

MAL

Why?

GOMEZ

It's fun! The history of the world told in agony and dismemberment.

Get up, I show you.

(Mal gets out of the chair)

You sit, they ask you a question. They don't like the answer...

*(GOMEZ pulls a lever. A giant spike
shoots up.)*

Ooooooooooooooh! That'll make you believe, eh?

(a laugh, then retracts the lever)

Sit down. Let me ask you a question.

MAL

Some other time.

GOMEZ

Okey-dokey.

(then)

So how about these crazy kids, eh?

MAL

What about 'em?

GOMEZ

They seem very fond of each other, no?

MAL

I guess. But it's not like they're getting married.

GOMEZ

Married? Of course not. They're so young. Of course, they marry young these days, do they not?

MAL

I dunno what they do.

GOMEZ

Then speak about you. The Beineke Saga. Your lives, your hopes, your dreams.

(pointedly)

Your son.

MAL

Lucas? He's a little soft like his mother. But when he gets out of college, I'll toughen him up. Teach him the business. Make him a man.

GOMEZ

May I say something? You and I - I feel we understand each other. Do you feel this?

MAL

No.

(then)

MAL (CON'T)

So tell me, Addams - ten thousand square feet right in the middle of a public park. How'd you swing this place?

GOMEZ

These two acres have been in my family ever since Queen Isabella of Spain deeded it to my great ancestor Alfonso the Enormous, for services rendered.

MAL

What services?

GOMEZ

Alphonso the Enormous. The Enormous - do I have to draw you a diagram?

GOMEZ (CON'T)

(exiting)

Come, Beineke - let me show you the moat. Did you bring a bathing suit? Never mind lets be crazy.

(*WEDNESDAY and LUCAS emerge. PUGSLEY eavesdrops.*)

LUCAS

Put the ring on. Just for a minute.

WEDNESDAY

After dinner.

LUCAS

But what if they hate each other?

WEDNESDAY

What if they don't? Be like me. Look on the bright side.

LUCAS

You make me so crazy.

(*They kiss. PUGSLEY interrupts.*)

PUGSLEY

Maybe you two should get a room.

WEDNESDAY

Pugsley! Stop sneaking around like that!

PUGSLEY

It's my house too, OK?

WEDNESDAY

(*to Lucas*)

Excuse me while I kill my brother.

LUCAS

(*To Wednesday*)

I'll take care of this.

(*to the boy, extravagantly*)

Hey, it's the Pugster. What up, little man?

(*Tries to high-five PUGSLEY, to no effect.*)

PUGSLEY

You trying to be cool?

LUCAS

Uh-huh.

PUGSLEY

'Cause you're not cool.

LUCAS

Your sister thinks I am.

PUGSLEY

She'll get over it.

(He puffs on his cigar.)

LUCAS

Aren't you a little young to be smoking?

PUGSLEY

(pointedly)

I'm under a lot of stress. My sister's having an identity crisis.

WEDNESDAY

We're gonna go now.

PUGSLEY

Can I come?

WEDNESDAY

Sorry, Pugs. I'm with Lucas now. Bye.

[MUSIC IN]

*(PUGSLEY'S tough act evaporates, and
all that's left is a lonely little
brother.)*

PUGSLEY

But wait! Wait!

*(WEDNESDAY waves to PUGSLEY and pulls
LUCAS off. PUGSLEY is bereft, center.)*

(GRANDMA enters, pulling her wagon of vials and bottles.)

GRANDMA

(a cappella)

ALWAYS LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE

(Whistling)

[MUSIC CONTINUES]

PUGSLEY

Hi, Grandma.

GRANDMA

Hey, stud. How's life?

PUGSLEY

Too long.

GRANDMA

Tell me about it.

[MUSIC OUT]

PUGSLEY

Hold on. What're you doing?

GRANDMA

Restocking. 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 –

[MUSIC IN]

what if there was this girl who met this person and he's all like "Hey, it's the Pugster. What 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.

(picks up another bottle from the cart)

What's this one?

GRANDMA

(grabs bottle from Pugsley)

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.

(then)

Now, quit whining about your sister. Start thinking about you and how you're gonna live your life.

(waxing rhapsodic)

Time, my dear, is a thief. She'll steal your soul and flee on little fairy wings.

(then, abruptly)

And stay outta my shit or I'll rip your leg off and bury it in the back yard.

(and)

I love you.

(As GRANDMA exits, PUGSLEY swipes the Acrimonium from her cart.)

ALICE

AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH,
AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH, AH,
AH!

MAL

Well, as you can see, my wife isn't herself. So we'll be on our way.

*(MAL rises to help ALICE, but she's a
changed woman.)*

ALICE

No! We're in the middle of a game. So button your lip and sit your ass down!

MAL

Alice, I think you've had enough to –

ALICE

(cutting him off)

Remember how it used to be, Mal? How we'd look at each other and leave the restaurant in the middle of dinner and rush home and go upstairs; and sometimes we couldn't even wait and you'd just pull the car over to the side of the –

LUCAS

(scandalized)

Mom!

ALICE

Lighten up, Lucas. Parents do it. Live with it. *(To MAL)*

Remember, Mal? When we were crazy and the future didn't exist? What happened
Mal? The guy with the Grateful Dead

ALICE (CON'T)

t-shirt? Is he ever coming back? How long do I have to wait?

A WOMAN WAITS FOR MARRIAGE

A WOMAN WAITS FOR CHILDREN

SHE WAITS FOR HER BIG MAL TO COME BACK HOME

AT FIVE O'CLOCK

OR SIX O'CLOCK

TIL IT'S NINE O'CLOCK

AND THERE'S NO O'CLOCK

TO EASE THE PAIN

PAIN SHE CAN'T EXPLAIN

AS THE WOMAN WAITS IN THE DARK

FOR A SPARK THAT ONCE WAS THERE

THAT ISN'T THERE, NOT EVER THERE!

*(She impulsively grabs LURCH'S hand and
plants it on her chest.)*

GOMEZ
Wednesday!

WEDNESDAY
Don't even!

GOMEZ
Where do you think you're going, young lady?

WEDNESDAY
Away.

GOMEZ
Elopement??

WEDNESDAY
Daddy, would you just please let me –

GOMEZ
No! This is what comes from keeping secrets! If the two of
you wanted to get married, you should've –

WEDNESDAY
(*cutting him off*)
There's not gonna be any marriage!

GOMEZ
No? Why?

WEDNESDAY
He bailed!

GOMEZ
What? A breach of promise? An outrage!

WEDNESDAY
He thought running away was a bad idea.

GOMEZ
On the other hand, he does have a point.

WEDNESDAY
I hate him!

GOMEZ
Well, it's a beginning. Something to build on.

WEDNESDAY
He says he can't live without me, and then he lets me go.
[MUSIC IN]
I love him. Why doesn't he love me?

GOMEZ
You just said you hated him. Which is it?

WEDNESDAY
Both.

GOMEZ
Now you've got it.

MAL

(in awe and envy)
He was so happy.

FESTER

Remember that? Being happy?

MAL

Yeah, What happened?

FESTER

You've turned into an unfeeling, rigid, selfish control
freak.

MAL

Fester you're a wise person. How can I fix this? What do
I do?

FESTER

Don't worry, it will come to you.
(*FESTER signals off stage.*)

MAL

I wasn't always this way. I was happy-go-lucky once. I told
jokes and played the guitar and slept until noon. But then
you get a wife and a kid and a mortgage...

*(ALICE appears. Mal stops when he sees
her.)*
[MUSIC FADES]

FESTER

Keep going.

MAL

But what do I say?

FESTER

Just remember how you felt the first time you saw her.

*(Fester leaves, taking all the
ANCESTORS with him, MAL stares at
ALICE. ALICE waits. Then,
finally--)*

MAL

(Hopefully)
Alice. It's Mal.

ALICE

I know.

MAL

No, the old Mal.

ALICE

The old Mal? With the guitar and the T-shirt?

MAL

And the head-band.

ALICE

(Remembering, a smile)
Omigod. The head-band.
(Then)

You were pretty crazy back then, you know that?

MAL

Yeah, I know.

(MAL clears his throat once and turns out)

"I guess I got stuck, Alice –
More than most men.
But mama, I swear
I'll be crazy again."

ALICE

Mal, you're rhyming.
[MUSIC IN]

MAL

For you, baby. Just for you.

GOMEZ

So it's true.

MORTICIA

I can't live with a man who keeps secrets.

(She lights the TAXI sign)

GOMEZ

There's another secret I haven't told you.

MORTICIA

Hunh.

What?

GOMEZ

That you are the most exquisite, the most magnificent, the most desirable of all women.

MORTICIA

That's no secret.

GOMEZ

No. But even you had a secret - once.

MORTICIA

Never.

GOMEZ

And if you're wrong.

MORTICIA

I never am.

GOMEZ

But if you are, what will you give me?

MORTICIA

Name it.

GOMEZ

A dance.

MORTICIA

Go on.

GOMEZ

Many years ago, when you loved me and you wanted to marry me, we came to your father and told him, and he said, "Wonderful, let's go tell your mother." And what did you say?

MORTICIA

How could I possibly remember what I -

GOMEZ

You said, "No! She'll ask a lot of embarrassing questions and wreck the whole thing."

MORTICIA

That's different. My mother was condescending, judgmental, and withholding, and loved nothing more than stirring up trouble.

GOMEZ

Uh huh.

MORTICIA

(realizes)

Oh God, I've turned into my mother.

GOMEZ

And Wednesday is you. Isn't it wonderful?

MORTICIA

You did that like a lawyer.

[MUSIC IN]

GOMEZ

No, just a husband and a father. Not so easy. In fact, very difficult.

MORTICIA

What's wrong, my little cockroach?

PUGSLEY

I can't sleep.

MORTICIA

Why not?

PUGSLEY

There's no monster in the closet.

MORTICIA

(wearily, her mind elsewhere)

I'm sure he's hiding someplace else.

PUGSLEY

Mommy ... I have a Full Disclosure.

MORTICIA

Yes?

PUGSLEY

What if you tried to do something to somebody and you ended up doing it to somebody else by mistake?

MORTICIA

Are we talking about anyone we know?

PUGSLEY

Well, I was talking to Grandma before, and she told me –

MORTICIA

Don't listen to that ancient woman. She may not even be part of this family.

PUGSLEY

Is Wednesday really gonna marry that guy?

MORTICIA

She might.

PUGSLEY

Oh, no!

(then)

Make me feel better, Mommy.

MORTICIA

Life is a tightrope, my child, and at the other end is your coffin.

(then)

Better?

PUGSLEY

Uh-huh. Thanks, Mommy.

MORTICIA

Now close your eyes or the monster won't come out and eat you up.