

ADDAMS FAMILY AUDITION SIDES

SIDE 1: GOMEZ & MORTICIA

GOMEZ: AAAH...THE INTOXICATING SMELL OF THE GRAVEYARD,
 ONCE A YEAR, WE GATHER BENEATH OUR FAMILY TREE, TO HONOR THE
 GREAT CYCLE OF LIFE AND DEATH.
 COME, EVERY MEMBER OF OUR CLAN - LIVING, DEAD- AND UNDECIDED-
 AND LET US CELEBRATE WHAT IT IS TO BE AN ADDAMS.
 COME TO ME, MY BEAUTIFUL WIFE -
 OH SHE OF SKIN SO PALE, EYES SO BLACK, HAIR SO LONG-
 AND TELL US WHAT EVERY ADDAMS HOPES FOR!

MORTICIA: DARKNESS AND GRIEF AND UNSPEAKABLE SORROW

GOMEZ: I LOVE IT WHEN YOU TALK SWEET.

SIDE 2: FESTER

THAT'S RIGHT. WE HAVE A PROBLEM. LITTLE WEDNESDAY ADDAMS-
 THAT CHARMING, IRRESISTIBLE BUNDLE OF MALICE WHO WOULD POISON HER
 OWN BROTHER JUST FOR A RIDE IN THE AMBULANCE -
 HAS GROWN UP AND FOUND TRUE LOVE.
 AS WEDNESDAYS UNCLE IT'S MY JOB TO MAKE SURE SHE GETS TO ENJOY THE
 MISERY OF LOVE.
 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?

SIDE 3: GOMEZ & MORTICIA

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

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

MORTICIA: 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.

SIDE 4: WEDNESDAY & LUCAS

LUCAS: You realize they're gonna freak when we tell them?

WEDNESDAY: My father won't.

LUCAS: Why not?

WEDNESDAY: I already told him.

LUCAS: What? You told your father? Your father, with the sword? You told him we were getting married, just like that?

WEDNESDAY: He's totally cool with it.... Mostly.

LUCAS: I thought we were gonna tell them all together!

WEDNESDAY: We need his help. You don't know my mother. She could really screw it up.

LUCAS: I'm not marrying your mother.

WEDNESDAY: I know. Look - it might seem old fashioned, but I want their blessing.

LUCAS: You're right, it is old fashioned.

WEDNESDAY: Lucas, do you love me?

LUCAS: Of course.

WEDNESDAY: Then leave it to me. It's all going according to plan.

LUCAS: What plan? There's no plan!

WEDNESDAY: That's the plan. Improvise. Keep 'em guessing.

LUCAS: You're really crazy.

WEDNESDAY: You say that like it's a bad thing. It's just a simple dinner. What could go wrong? Come on.

SIDE 5: GRANDMA & PUGSLEY

PUGSLEY: Hi, Grandma.

GRANDMA: Hey, stud. How's life?

PUGSLEY: Too long.

GRANDMA: Tell me about it.

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: 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 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 (Pronounced: ack-ri-moan-ium)! 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 darn 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. (then, abruptly) And stay outta my stuff or I'll rip your leg off and bury it in the back yard. I love you.

SIDES 6: ALICE & MORTICIA

ALICE: Did you get the flowers?

MORTICIA: Oh yes. And the lovely poem. Wherever did you find it?

ALICE: I wrote it.

MORTICIA: No!

ALICE: (demonstrates) "When I'm depressed or feeling blessed, A poem will get it off my chest. They come to me, they take no time, They just pop out, and always rhyme."

MORTICIA: Maybe you should see someone about that.

ALICE: And they're always about the one thing everyone needs and so few have!

MORTICIA: Health care?

ALICE: Why, love, of course!

SIDES 7: MAL, ALICE, LURCH

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 take the place in, observing the emptiness of the space)

MAL: 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.

MAL: (INTRODUCES HIMSELF TO LURCH) Mal Beinekes (Pronounced: Bye-nick-ee)

LURCH; (polite) Grnh.

MAL: This is my wife, Alice-

LURCH: Grnh.

MAL: That's my son, Lucas -

LURCH: Grnh.

MAL: And you are?

LURCH: Grrngh.

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

ALICE: Oh, Mal. "Be open to experience, And welcome in the new. Reach deep in your surprise bag; There might be a gift for you."