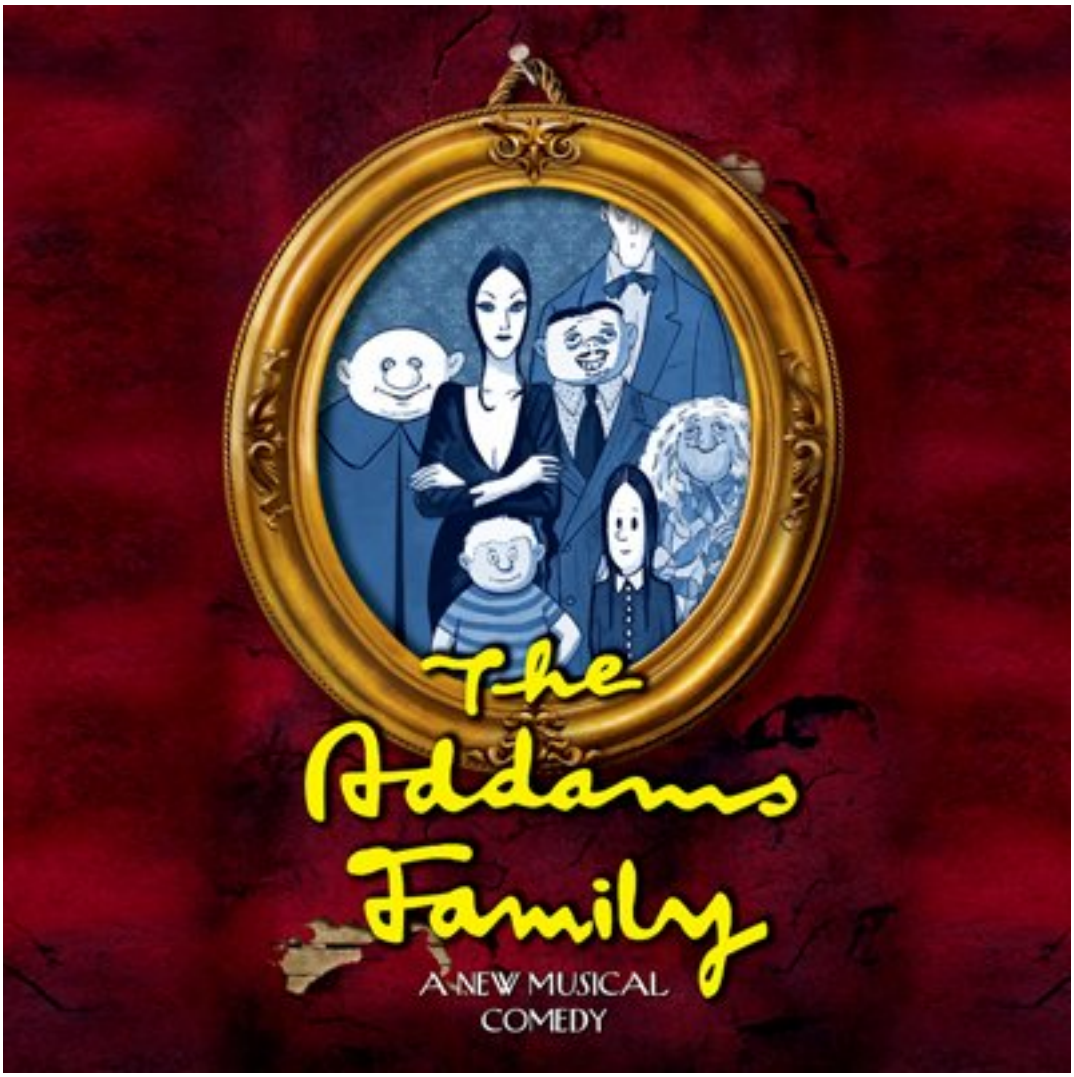
nettheatre



AUDITION PACKET

LURCH

SCENE 5

(THE GREAT HALL)

WEDNESDAY

They're here!

(ALL scuttle off. LURCH, approaches the front door...very slowly.)

(to Lurch)

Hurry *up*!

(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 any 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?

(GOMEZ enters, with a rapier, to answer the query.)

The Addams Family

MOVE TOWARD THE DARKNESS

[Rev. 1/14/12]

Music and Lyrics by
ANDREW LIPPA

Romantic (Ebbs and Flows) ♩ = 68

16 **GOMEZ:** "You are a true Addams." **LURCH:**

17 18 19

Move to - ward the dark - ness.

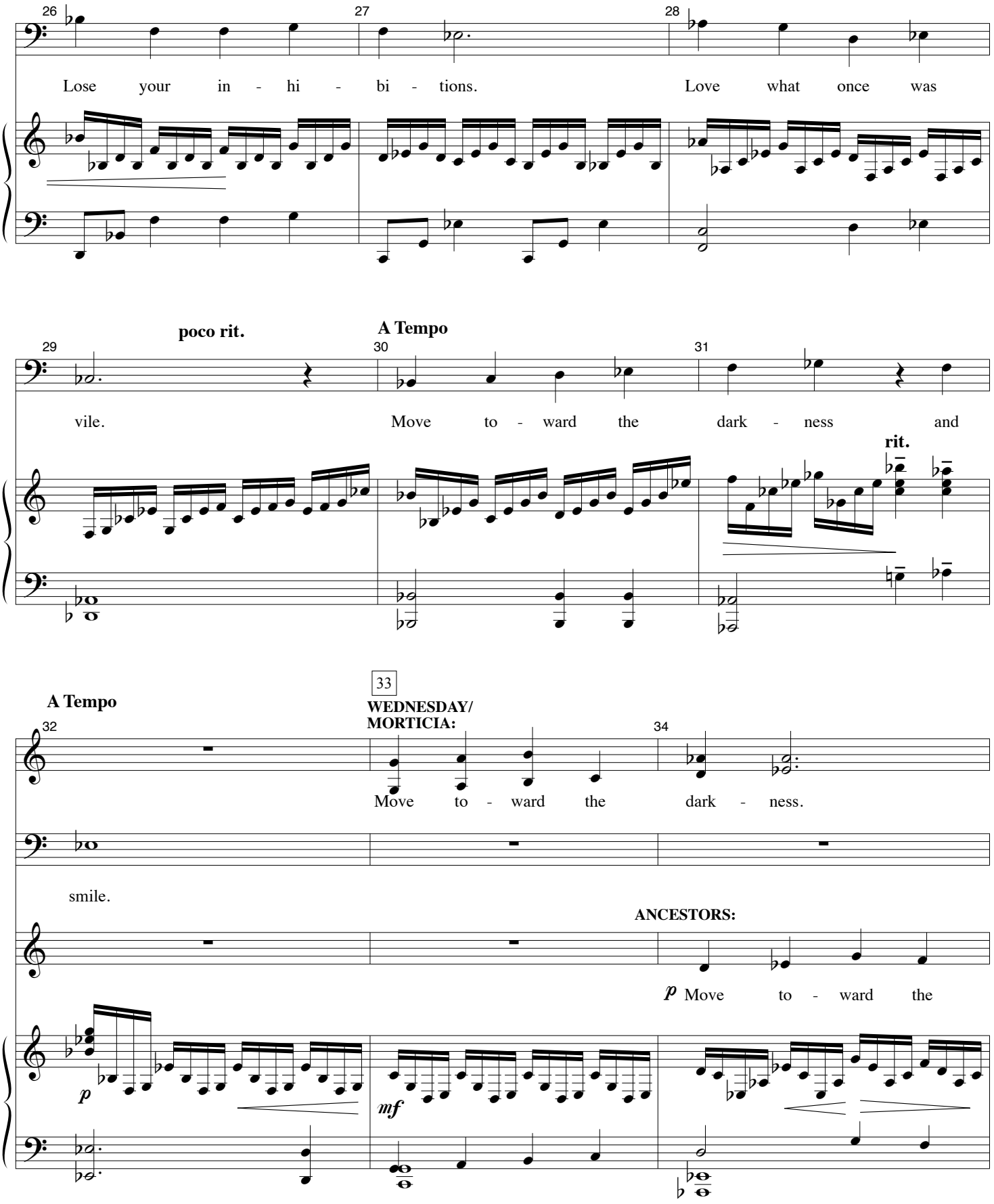
mf

20 21 22

Wel - come the un - known. Face your black - est

23 24 25

de - mons, find your bleak - est bone.


26
27
28
Lose your in - hi - bi - tions.
Love what once was
poco rit.
A Tempo
29
30
31
vile.
Move to - ward the dark - ness and
rit.
A Tempo
32
33
WEDNESDAY/
MORTICIA:
34
Move to - ward the dark - ness.
smile.
ANCESTORS:
p Move to - ward the
p
mf