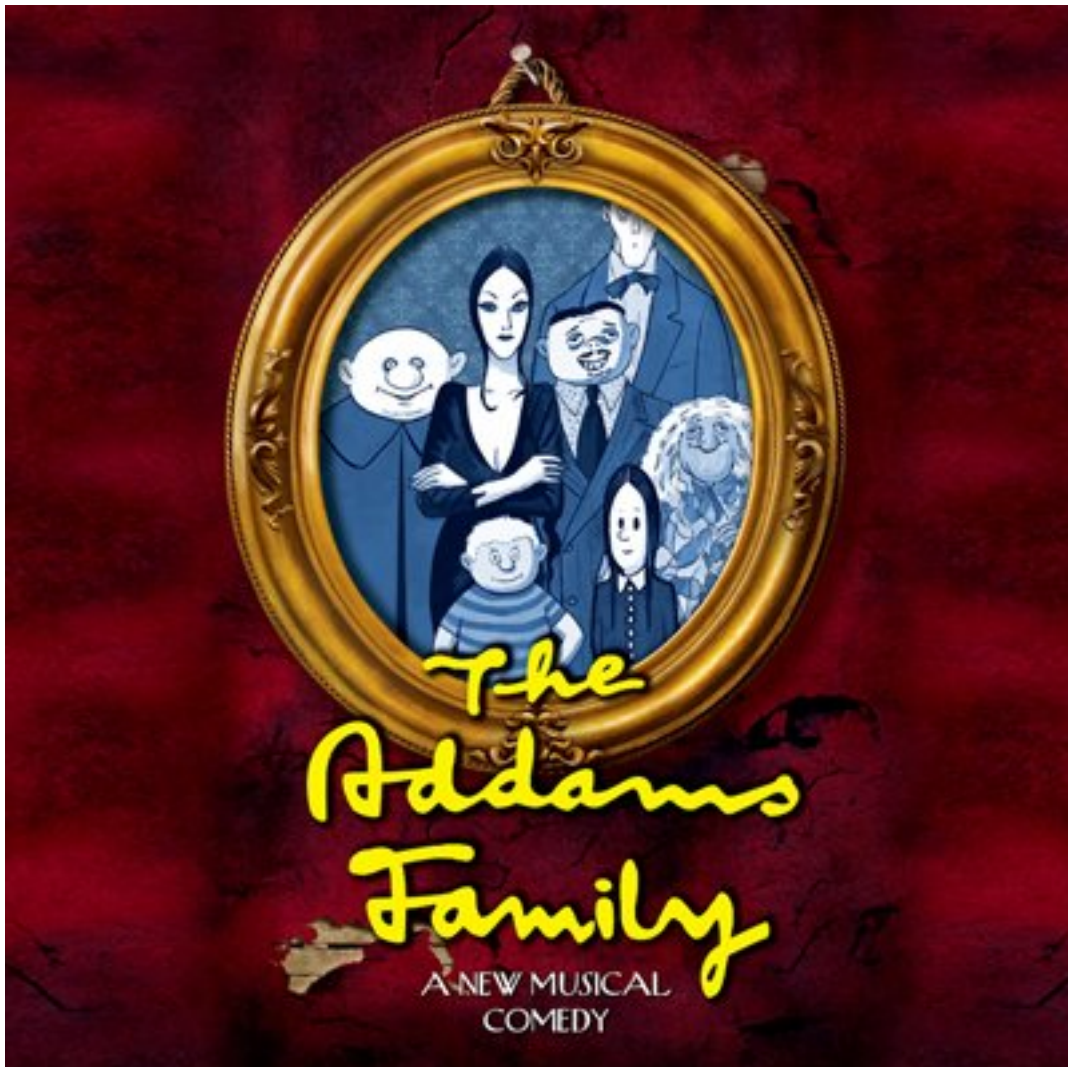


nettheatre



AUDITION PACKET

MORTICIA ADDAMS

GOMEZ 1

SCENE TWO: MORTICIA'S BOUDOIR

... Revealing GOMEZ, fencing with LURCH, who holds his foil absolutely still while GOMEZ swipes at it extravagantly.

GOMEZ

Fight sir, fight like a man! Feel the kiss of my Spanish steel! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Foiled again!

GOMEZ strikes LURCH's sword down. LURCH pokes GOMEZ with it.

GOMEZ

Oww! Damn your lightning reflexes!

GOMEZ retains his sword. MORTICIA enters with a bouquet of yellow flowers.

MORTICIA

Gomez, look.

GOMEZ

Ugh! Flowers! Who would send something so tasteless?

MORTICIA

(reads the card)

"The most precious gift there is, More goody-licious than gold, Is that blessing we call friendship, Whether new or very old."

GOMEZ

"Goody-licious?" Who talks like this?

MORTICIA removes the flowers from the stems, during:

MORTICIA

The Beinekes. Wednesday's friend Lucas and his parents. They're coming for dinner tonight.

GOMEZ

Lucas?

MORTICIA

Yes.

GOMEZ

But Lucas is a boy's name.

MORTICIA

Yes.

GOMEZ

Wednesday has a friend who's a boy?

~~*They both look at Lurch. Finally.*~~

MORTICIA

It's nothing, darling. Puppy love.
(hands Lurch the stems)
Put these in water.

WEDNESDAY enters, carrying her crossbow and a goose with an arrow sticking out of it.

WEDNESDAY

Here. I shot dinner.

MORTICIA

(taking it)

Oh, Wednesday, that's lovely. Wherever did you find it?

WEDNESDAY

Petting zoo.

MORTICIA

Thank you, dear. Come, Lurch - we'll whip up something really special. And this time, we'll actually cook it.
(shares a laugh with Lurch)

Oh, Gomez - guests for dinner! Fresh meat!

They exit. WEDNESDAY looks nervously after them.

WEDNESDAY

Daddy, I need your help with this dinner. Can you keep a secret?

WEDNESDAY produces a ring from around her neck.

GOMEZ

Of course.

WEDNESDAY

Look.

SCENE 8

(MORTICIA'S BOUDOIR)

(MORTICIA is showing ALICE the family photo album. ALICE sips on her wine.)

MORTICIA

And this is Cousin Helga from Baden-Baden.

ALICE

Who's that looking over her shoulder?

MORTICIA

Oh, no. That's her other head.

ALICE

She has two heads?

MORTICIA

Well, you know what they say.

(MORTICIA and ALICE share a laugh, then MORTICIA turns to another page.)

ALICE

(sees the photo)

And who's that man in the dress?

MORTICIA

Oh. That's Aunt Herman. Wednesday's uncle, twice removed.

ALICE

I don't understand.

MORTICIA

Well, they removed it once - but it grew back.

(turns to another photo)

And here's Gomez and me, at our wedding.

ALICE

What's that?

MORTICIA

Our wedding vows.

ALICE

That's so romantic.

(reading)

"We promise to tango at least three times a week."

MORTICIA

- for passion.

ALICE

(reading)

"We promise to tell each other everything."

MORTICIA

- for truth.

ALICE

Everything?

MORTICIA

Of course.

ALICE

And you're still married?

MORTICIA

More than ever.

ALICE

Boy, it sure doesn't work that way in our house.

MORTICIA

How does it work?

ALICE

Well -

(rhymes)

*"What's good for the gander is a nice quiet goose;
If I told Mal my secrets, all hell would break loose."*

MORTICIA

Alice, I'm shocked. What kind of a marriage is it where you keep secrets?

ALICE

A long one.

SCENE 7

(CROSSOVER - PUGSLEY'S BEDROOM)

#19A BEDTIME STORY

(MORTICIA rides PUGSLEY'S bed as it travels SL.)

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.

(looks closely at him)

Pugsley? Pugsley?

(MORTICIA sees that PUGSLEY is fast asleep. She strokes his head as...)

Sleep well, my little vermin. Your mommy's life has fallen apart and she needs to go away for a while. And, years from now, when your marriage collapses and you want to know who put us all on the road to hell, you can thank your father.

(A MONSTER IGUANADON's feet, tail and finally, head, emerge from under the bed and walk the bed off.)

(to the monster under the bed)

Look after my baby, will you? Keep him in harm's way.

(The MONSTER carries off the bed, MORTICIA and PUGSLEY.)

SCENE 9

(PARK BENCH AND TAXI SIGN--IN FRONT OF GATES)

(MORTICIA sits on a park bench, a valise by her side.)

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.

#21 LET'S LIVE BEFORE WE DIE

LET'S LIVE BEFORE WE DIE
LET'S LAUGH BEFORE WE CRY

The Addams Family

12

JUST AROUND THE CORNER

[Rev. 10/12/10]

Music and Lyrics by
ANDREW LIPPA

MORTICIA: "Out."
GOMEZ: "Cara -"
MORTICIA: "Out!" [MUSIC]

Simple

MORTICIA:
vocal 8vb

My

Vamp (vocal last x)

daughter's getting mar-ried, I can't be-lieve it's true. She doesn't ask her parents be - fore she says "I do"? And

what a-bout___my husband? Ob - li-vi-ous, na-ive. This evening's getting serious, these O - hi-o-ans won't leave. But

11 12 13 14 rit.

I can't let these latest troubles rob me of my bliss, for when I'm scared of true disaster I remember this...

Swing 8ths

15 16 17 18

Death is just a-round the cor - ner, wait - ing pa-tient-ly to strike.

19 20 21 22

One un-planned e-lec-tro - cu - tion, that's the kind of end I can comp-re-hend.

23 24 25 26

When my life is un-in - spi - red, or I need a little spree.

27 28 29 30

I'm re-born dream-ing death is just a-round the cor-ner com-ing af-ter me.

p

MORTICIA: "Coroner. Get it? Death is just around the coroner?"

31 32 33

Vamp (vocal last x)

34 35 36 37

Death is just a-round the cor-ner, wait-ing high up-on the hill.

mf

38 39 40 41

Some-one bur-ied in an av'-lanche? That's the kind of gig I could real-ly dig.

42 43 44

Mar - riage of - ten dis - ap - points you, not each hus - band is a

45 46 47

gem. So, I'll mourn know - ing death is just a - round the cor - ner

48 49 50

com - ing af - ter them. If life's all

51 52 53 54

plums I'll mud - dle through some. But when death

55 56 57 58

comes I hope it's grue - some. Hot-cha - cha! Some

3

A Tempo - Straight 8ths

59 60 61 62

people die from pub-lic stoning, faulty wiring, faul-ty zoning, cherry pits they did n't know were there. Per-

MALE ANCESTOR 2:

(cough) (cough)_

63 64 65 66

haps it's by a jungle cat. Per - haps an un-success-ful love af - fair. It

FEMALE ANCESTOR 2:

A slippery mat.

MALE ANCESTOR 3:

A base-ball bat.

67 68 69

could be in a speed-ing train. It could be un-der-wa-ter. It could be too much no - va-caine. Or

70 71 72

e - ven by your daugh-ter. My

FEMALE ANCESTOR 1: Per haps a bad mos-qui - to bite. **FEMALE ANCESTORS 3&4:** Re - li - gious rite.

MALE ANCESTORS 1&4: A ti - tle fight.

73 74 75 76 77

darlings, it might even be to - night!

Swing 8ths

3 3 3 3

drum march

78 79 80 81

Death is just a-round the cor - ner. No - one's e - ver been im - mune.

ANCESTORS:

Death is just a-round the cor - ner. No one's e - ver been im - mune.

Death is just a-round the cor - ner. No one's e - ver been im - mune.

f

82 83 84 85

Turn - ing off a res - pi - ra - tor, with a simp - le click scan - dal - ous - ly quick.

mf

86 87 88 89

I can face a new to - mor - row if I make it past to - day.

I can face a new to - mor - row. If I make it past to day.

I can face a new to - mor - row. If I make it past to - day.

f

90 91 92 93

I feel good say-ing death is just a-round the cor-ner swift-ly on its way.

94 95 96 97

"The 12 count- Lift"

"The Clicks"

98 99 100 101 102

Straight 8ths

"The procession"

103 104 105 106

Swing 8ths **Big Pullback**

Stripper Tempo

109 110 111 112 *straight 8ths*

Death is just a-round the cor - ner and you have to heed the call.

Death is just a-round the cor - ner and you have to heed the call.

Death is just a-round the cor - ner and you have to heed the call.

Sva -

Straight 8ths **accel. poco a poco**

113 114 115 116

For your death is just around the corner. Hap-py be-ing both the mourned and mourner.

Don't ask why. You and I.

Don't ask why. You and I.

p *f* *p*

Swing 8ths

117 118 119 120

Be-cause death is just a-round the cor-ner com - ing for us

Say good - bye be-cause death is just a-round the cor-ner com - ing for us

Say good - bye be-cause death is just a-round the cor-ner com - ing for us

121 122 123 124 125

all!

all!

all!

all!

3 3 3

Db6 Harp Gliss

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]

The Addams Family

12A

JUST AROUND THE CORNER ~ PLAYOFF

Music and Lyrics by
ANDREW LIPPA

[Rev. 3/24/10]

Swing 8ths

MORTICIA: 3

For your death is just a-round the cor-ner.

ANCESTORS:

Don't ask why.

Don't ask why.

drum fill -----

f *mp*

Straight 8ths

4 5 6 7

Hap-py be-ing both the mourned and mourner. Be-cause death is just around the corner

You and I. Say good-bye be-cause death is just around the corner

You and I. Say good-bye be-cause death is just around the corner

f *mf* *f* *mf*

3

Swing 8ths

com - ing for us all!

com - ing for us all!

com - ing for us all!

f

3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

11 12

[APPLAUSE SEGUE]