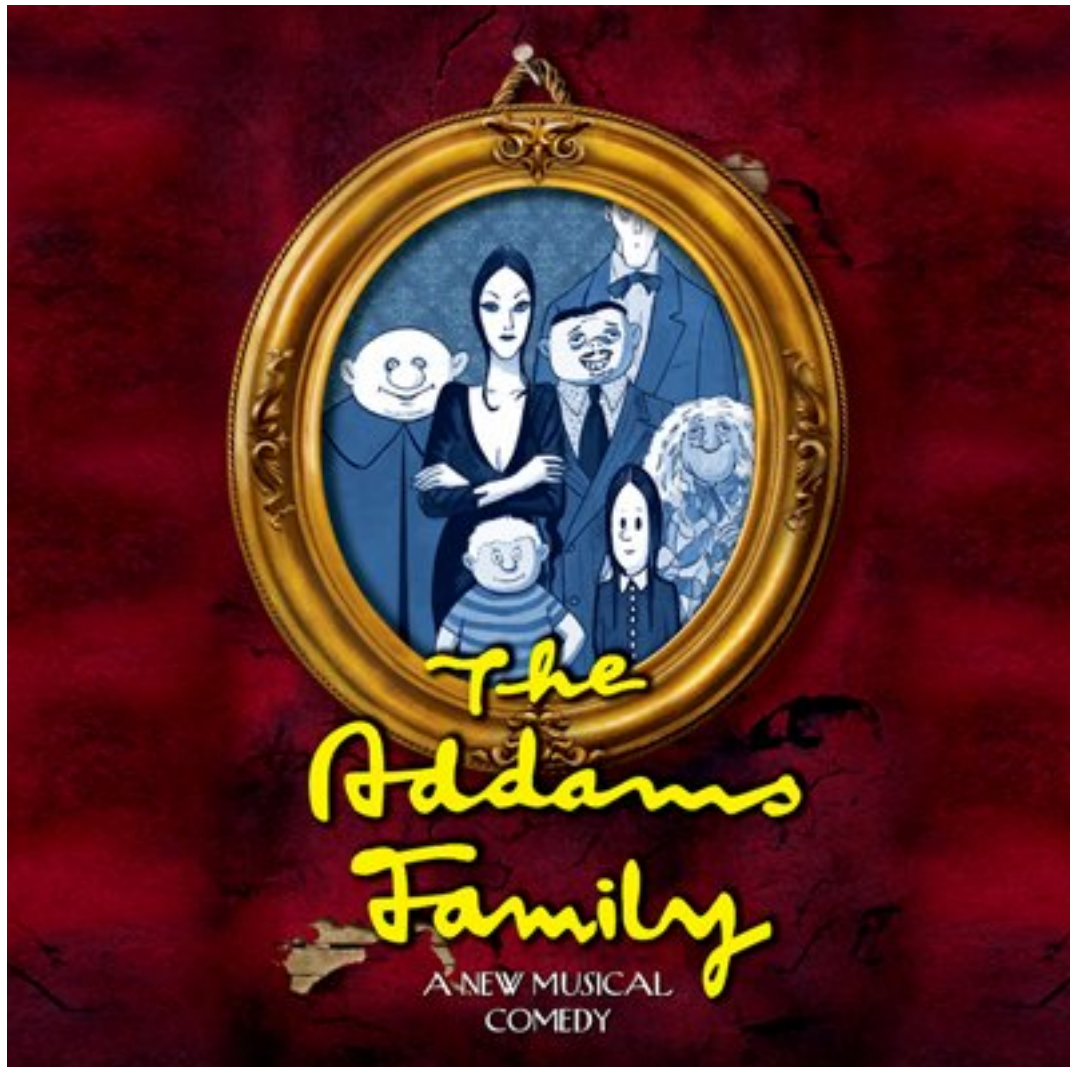


Country Theatre Workshop



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

138 MORTICIA:

139

140

141

Keep no se - crets! Wel - come hon-est-y with no re - sis - tance.

FEMALE ANCESTORS:

Keep no se - crets!

No re - sis - tance.

f

sub. ff

142

143

144

145

Then your mar - riage is a lov-ing kind of co - ex - ist - ence.

Then your mar - riage,

co - ex - ist - ence.

mf

146 147 148 149

Lies and se - crets, they're the sins that keep a hus - band from a wife. ____

They're the sins that keep a hus - band from a wife. ____

MORTICIA:

150 151 152 153

Gom - ez loves me he would nev - er keep a se - cret in his

Move It!

154 155 156 157

life!! ____

Nev - er keep a se-cret Not one se-cret in his life!! ____

Move It!

Addams Family

JUST AROUND THE CORNER

[Rev. 1/31/12]

Music and Lyrics by
ANDREW LIPPA

MORTICIA: "Well, I'm not going to end up like your mother."
GOMEZ: "My mother? I thought she was your mother. No, seriously."
MORTICIA: "You lied to me, I can't live with that."
GOMEZ: "Here, cara. I feel the urge to take you in my arms."
MORTICIA: "Not. Today."
GOMEZ: "But cara - "
MORTICIA: "Out!" [*HE turns to leave. MUSIC*]

Simple **MORTICIA:** vocal 8vb **3**

My daught-er's get-ting mar-ried, I can't be-lieve it's true. She

Vamp (vocal last x)

does -n't ask her mo - ther be - fore she says "I do"? And how a - bout my hus - band? In -

8 **9 rall.** **10 A Tempo**

con-stant, na - ive! This eve-ning's get - ting se-ri-ous, these O - hi-o-ans won't leave. But

A Tempo

rall. **f**

12 13 ^{rit.} 14

I can't let these lat-est troubles rob me of my bliss, for when I'm scared of true dis-as-ter I re-mem-ber this...

mp *rit.*

15 **Swing 8ths** 16 17 18

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

Swing 8ths

p... mf

19 20 21 22

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

[SFX]

23 24 25 26

When I'm feel-ing un-in-spi-red, or I need a lit-tle spree.

p...

27 28 29 30

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

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

31 32 33

34 35 36 37

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

Vamp (vocal last x)

38 39 40 41

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

JUST AROUND THE CORNER ~ PLAYOFF

[Rev. 1/31/12]



Music and Lyrics by
ANDREW LIPPA

Swing 8ths

MORTICIA (8vb):

ANCESTORS:

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

Don't ask why.

Don't ask why.

drum fill - - -

3

3

f

mf

3

Hap-py be - ing both the mourned and mour - ner.

Be-cause

You and I.

Say good - bye be-cause

You and I.

Say good - bye be-cause

f

mf

f

Straight 8ths

Swing 8ths

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

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

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

mf *f*

3

11 all!

12

13

all!

all!

all!

mf

3

3

3

3

[ATTACCA]