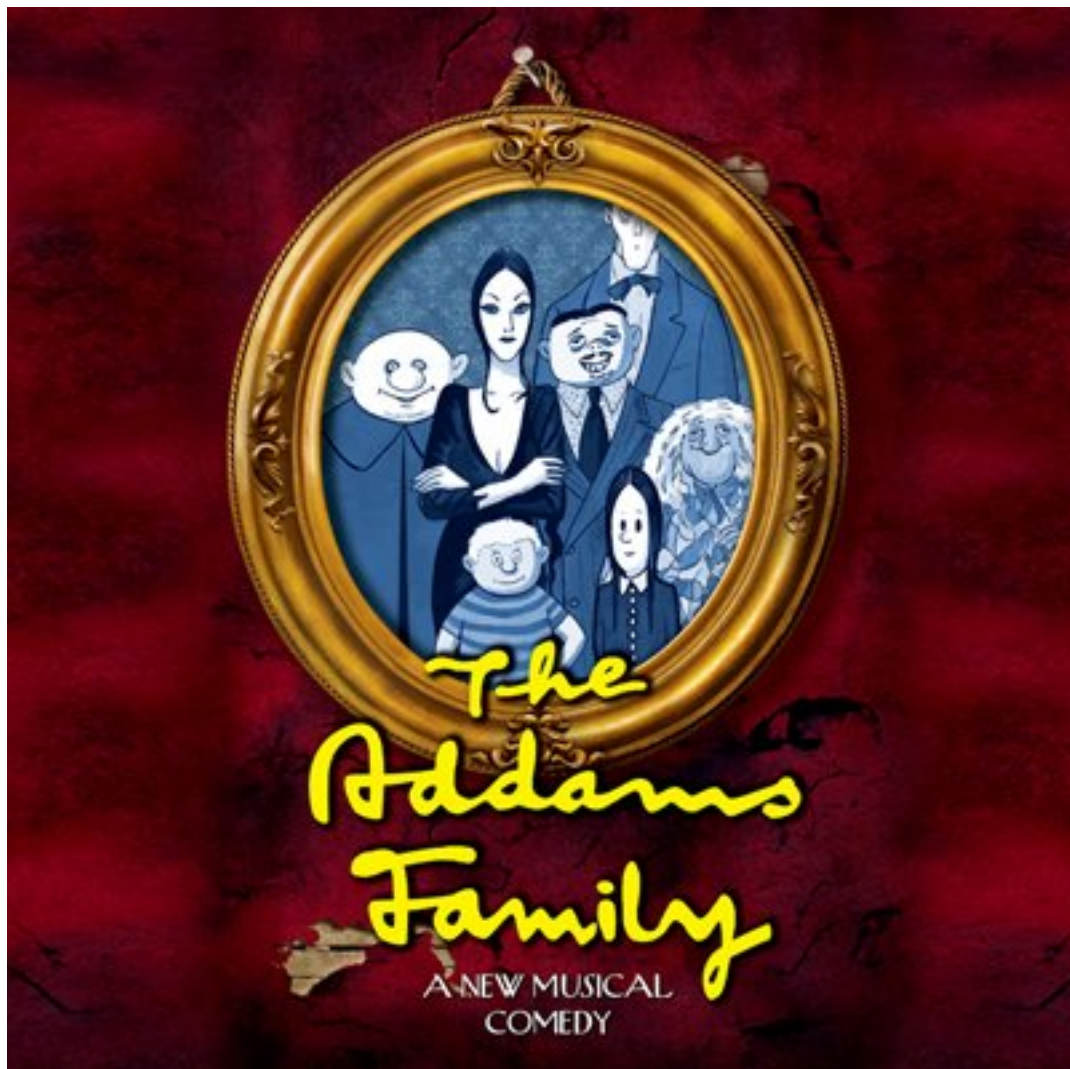




## Performing Arts Department.



**AUDITION PACKET**

**GOMEZ ADDAMS**

## SCENE 2

*(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.)*

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**

Mom, Dad, 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 have something very important to tell you.

**GOMEZ**

What?

**WEDNESDAY**

Can you keep a secret?

*(WEDNESDAY produces a ring from around  
her neck.)*

**GOMEZ**

Of course.

**WEDNESDAY**

Look.

**GOMEZ**

If I didn't know any better I'd say that looked like an  
engagement ring.

*(she just looks at him)*

What are you saying?

**WEDNESDAY**

Oh daddy, Lucas wants to marry me!

**GOMEZ**

*What?!*

**WEDNESDAY**

Lucas Beineke loves me and he wants to marry me.

**GOMEZ**

Do you want to marry him?

**WEDNESDAY**

Yes. I think so.

**GOMEZ**

You think so?

**WEDNESDAY**

Well, I've never even met his parents, and he's never met  
mine, and - I just need to be sure.

**GOMEZ**

That he's the one?

**WEDNESDAY**

That the families can get along. I mean, he has to know  
what he's getting into.

**GOMEZ**

What are you saying?

**WEDNESDAY**

I'm saying we're who we are, and they're from Ohio.

**GOMEZ**

*(slicing the air with his sword)*

Ohio? A swing state!

**WEDNESDAY**

That's what I mean.

**GOMEZ**

You're right, this is important. Let's go tell your mother.

**WEDNESDAY**

No.

**GOMEZ**

No? But we have to tell your mother -

**WEDNESDAY**

Daddy, please! She'll ask a lot of embarrassing questions and wreck the whole thing.

**GOMEZ**

You don't want me to tell your mother you're getting married?

**WEDNESDAY**

After dinner and we're all friends, then we'll tell her.

**GOMEZ**

But I've never kept anything from your mother.

**WEDNESDAY**

*(getting desperate)*

Daddy, please!

**GOMEZ**

But—

**WEDNESDAY**

If you love me.

**ACT ONE**  
**SCENE 1:**

*(OVERTURE/PROLOGUE)*

*(A hand parts the curtain, revealing  
The Addams Family: GOMEZ, MORTICIA,  
WEDNESDAY, PUGSLEY, GRANDMA, LURCH and  
FESTER. A huge, bare Spanish oak, The  
Addams Family Tree, spreads its boughs  
over The Addams Family Graveyard.)*

**ANCESTRAL VOICES**

AH AH AH  
AH AH AH  
AH AH AH AH

*(GOMEZ steps forward)*

**GOMEZ**

*(deep inhale)*  
Aaaahh... The intoxicating smell of the graveyard.  
*(then)*  
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 -  
*(re: Lurch)*  
- and undecided - and let us celebrate what it is to be an  
Addams.  
*(to Morticia)*  
Come to me, my luscious wife - oh she of skin so pale, eyes  
so black, and dress cut down to Venezuela - and tell us  
what it is every Addams hopes for!

**MORTICIA**

Darkness and grief and unspeakable sorrow.

**GOMEZ**

*(overcome, embracing her)*  
I love it when you talk sexy!

<b>#1 WHEN YOU'RE AN ADDAMS</b>
---------------------------------

WHEN YOU'RE AN ADDAMS  
YOU NEED TO HAVE A LITTLE MOONLIGHT  
WHEN YOU'RE AN ADDAMS  
YOU NEED TO FEEL A LITTLE CHILL

**SCENE 7**

*(THE GROTTO.)*

*(GOMEZ and MAL are puffing on cigars.  
MAL is seated on an old oaken chair.)*

**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.)*

Ooooooooooooooooooh! 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)*

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



**GOMEZ (CON'T)**

you a diagram?

*(exiting)*

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

<b>#8B ALPHONSO THE ENORMOUS</b>
----------------------------------

**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.

<b>#21 LET'S LIVE BEFORE WE DIE</b>
-------------------------------------

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

### WEDNESDAY 3

#### SCENE FIVE: UNDER THE ADDAMS FAMILY TREE

*GOMEZ sits on the swing. He listens to the sounds of the city and park - culminating in a scream and two gunshots, which relaxes him.*

*WEDNESDAY crosses furiously, with suitcase and crossbow.*

**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. 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.

# Addams Family

## TRAPPED

[Rev. 1/12/12]



Music and Lyrics by  
ANDREW LIPPA

**GOMEZ:** "Yes, but what if - and I have no reason to say this - what if she did meet someone who stole her heart?"

**MORTICIA:** "Don't be silly. When that happens, I'll be the first to know. Wednesday tells me everything. Just like you do." *[MUSIC]*

### Moving Forward

1 **GOMEZ:** 2 3 4

There are three things I would nev - er do: Lie to my wife,

*fp*

**MORTICIA:** "Gomez, you do tell me everything, don't you?"

**GOMEZ:** "Of course!"

**MORTICIA:** "Oh, my. You're perspiring."

**GOMEZ:** "What?"

**MORTICIA:** "I hope you're not coming down with a case of... Liar's Shingles."

*[GO ON to ms. 8]*

5 6

lie to my daught - er. Or tell the truth to ei - ther one.

**Dictated**

### A Tempo - Latin-y

**GOMEZ:** "No! No!"

**MORTICIA:** "I think Wednesday and I should have a little chat."

7a 7b 7c 8

Like a

**Safety**

10 11 12

bull in the ring, like the mod-er-ate right wing, I'm trapped. Like a fly in my tea, or the

*mp*

13 14 15 16

New York D. M. V., I'm trapped. With my wife to my left and my daugh-ter to my right a-ny

17 18 19

thought of my es-ca-ping must be scrapped. I could choose, sing the blues, but no

20 21 22

mat-ter what I do's, I'm trapped, trapped, trapped. Like a

24

25

26

boat in a lock, or a cuck-oo in a clock, I'm trapped.

Like a corpse in the ground, or like

*mf*

27

28

29

30

thea-ter in the round, I'm trapped.

I could cry, I could lie, I could simp-ly up and die, but I

31

32

33

34

fear the dice I've rolled have fin'-ly crapped.

Should I beg? Should I rage? Or stay safe-ly in my cage, how?

35

36

36a

36b

36c

37

Trapped, trapped, trapped.

How



Passionate

39

40

can I keep a se-cret from the wom-an I a-dore? The bit-ter breeze that keeps me here and

*f*

41

42

43

com-ing back for more. She stokes the Ad-dams fire, she har-bors each de-sire.

46

I'd nev-er tell her lies, but when my daught-er cries how can I be ex-pect-ted then to

*mp*

*f*

47

48

49

turn the oth-er cheek. Should I not be her he-ro 'stead of sniv-el-ing and weak?

50 51 52 53

I'll pick the route that's true. Tell me what I must do! \_\_\_\_ Should I

54 55 56 57

gripe? Should I groan? Would I rath-er pass a stone? Trapped. Wife gone wild, cra-zy child, lit-tle

Move

*f*

58 59 60 61

me un - re-con-ciled. I'm trapped. If I'm wrong, I'll be strong, and we'll try to get a-long. Or I'll

Drive to the End

62 63 64 65

fail, have to bail, show my cof-fin to the nail. If I napped, If I snapped, may-be din-ner would be scrapped

Tassel business

66 67 68 69 69a 70

then I would-n't be Trapped! Trapped! Trapped! Dictated

*f* *pp* *sfz*

[ATTACCA]

## NOT TODAY

[Rev. 3/9/12]

Music and Lyrics by  
ANDREW LIPPA

**GOMEZ:** "Where's that hotel guide? Ah! Hotel Merde. Rue de Toilette. Condemned six times by the Board of Health. Not enough. *Voilà!* Hotel Nosferatu. Rating: minus three stars. No windows. No towels. No staff. *Bingo!* **[MUSIC]** (*cont.*) The worst hotel in Paris! Get them on the line! Hurry, this is the final round, my friend!"

### A Driving Tempest

**3** **GOMEZ:**

Did I ev-er once be-lieve this day would come? Did I ev-er once ex-pect the worst?

**Vamp** (*vocal last x*)

*p* *artic. sempre*

**7** Did I ev-er dream that I\_\_\_ could feel this way? **8** **9** Di-os mi-o, no! This is the first. **10**

*cresc. poco a poco* *f*

**11** I'm a lat-in man and lat-in men are smart. **12** **13** Ev'-ry-thing we do is muy sin - cere. **14**

*sub. p* *cresc. poco a poco*

15 16 17 18

Lead-ing with a sword as much as \_\_\_\_ with a heart, nev-er once was I pre-pared to hear.

19 20 21 22

"Not to-day!" She spat it in my face. "Not to-day!" Not ev-en \_\_\_\_ se-cond base.

*mf*

23 24 25 26

"Not to day!" The words I heard her say. "Not to-day! \_\_\_\_ Not to day! Not to-day." \_\_\_\_

*f*

30 31 32 33

I re-mem-ber well the day she poi-soned me. No one else had cared e-nough to try.

*sub. p* *simile*

34 35 36 37

How did she un-co-ver all the joys in me? All the ways she pro-mised I would die.

*cresc. poco a poco* *f*

38 39 40 41

Ev - 'ry year that pass-es, I a - dore her more. An-y-one\_\_ who knows us\_\_ would a - gree.

*mp*

42 43 44 45

She's my ev-'ry fe-ver, flu, and can-ker sore. She's my on-ly\_\_ hep-a-ti-tis B!

*cresc. poco a poco*

46 47 48 49

Not to-day! I'm danc-ing on my own. Not to-day! A dog with-out a bone.

50 51 52

Not to-day! That rot - ten ron - de - let: Not to-day! Not to-day! Not to-day!

**LURCH:** [*Groans.*]

**GOMEZ:** "Is that my call to Paris? It's about time! 'Allo? Hotel Nosferatu? Listen, the future of my marriage is at stake!" [*GO ON to ms. 55*]

**LURCH ENTERS WITH TELEPHONE**

**Vamp**

53 54

*sub. p*

55 56 57 58

Can you con - firm this is the worst ho-tel in Pa ris? Be-cause I need to get your ghoul-ish guar-an -

*sfz* *mf*

59 60 61

tee. What would I pay if you could say you'd serve my pe - tit de - jeu - ner from an a -

*cresc. poco a poco*

62 63 64

ban-doned and con-demned pa - tiss - er - ie. I must be clear, don't want to cir - cu - late mis -

*mf*

65 66 67

no - mers. You must have roach-es in the bath at a - ny cost. It says right



here in my new guide I bought from From-mer's: That ev-en in Ju-ly the pipes are thick with frost.

*cresc. poco a poco*

*f*

[FESTER enters]

**FESTER:** "Gomez! Gomez!

Morticia's leaving!"

**GOMEZ:** "What?"

**FESTER:** "She's at the gate with a valise! It's the end of the family!"

[HE grabs his coat from FESTER

GO ON to ms. 75a]

72

*p*

*cresc. poco a poco*

73

74

**Vamp**

75

75a

82

83 84 85

Is this the mo-ment where I turn a lit-tle gray? Is this the mo-ment where my mar-riage vows de-cay?

*cresc. poco a poco* *sempre*

86 87 88

Is this the mo ment where Mor - ti - cia runs a-way? No! Not to-day!

*ff*

89 90 91 92

Not to-day! Not to-day!

**Dictated** **Slower** **A Tempo**

*mf* *ff* *sfz*

[ATTACCA]