

The Addams Family Audition Sides

(Copies will be available to use at auditions)

Morticia	11, 12-13
Gomez.....	8-10, 11, 14-15
Wednesday.....	6-7, 8-10
Lucas	6-7
Uncle Fester.....	5
Grandma	2-4
Pugsley	2-4
Alice Beinecke.....	12-13
Mal Beinecke.....	14-15

Ancestor Auditions:

Select character above to read. Ancestors may also serve as understudies. Various ancestors will be on stage the majority of the show as a "Greek Chorus" others will be primarily dancers or singers. They play different people from all time periods from cavemen to a flight attendant and everything in between!

VOCAL Audition Suggestions*:

(See YouTube or Spotify - No more than 60 seconds please)

Soprano - "Waiting" or "Pulled"

Soprano 2 (Mezzo-Soprano)/Alto - "Just Around the Corner" or "Pulled"

Fester/Mal - "The Moon and Me"

Pugsley - "What If?"

Gomez/Mal - "Happy/Sad"

*Or an up tempo Broadway-style number of your own choosing.

PUGSLEY AND GRANDMA

GRANDMA: (enters singing a cappella): ALWAYS LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE (Whistling) (Note: See Monty Python's 'Life of Brian' for tune)

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: Peyote.

PUGSLEY: What's it do?

GRANDMA: Makes you run around naked in the woods.

PUGSLEY: What about this 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! 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 damn texting and pick up a book once in a while.

(then)

Now, quit whining about your sister. Start thinking about you and how you're gonna live your life.

(waxing rhapsodic)

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.

(and)I love you.

UNCLE FESTER

CONQUISTADOR ANCESTOR: Hey, it's locked.
(ANCESTORS freeze)

FESTER: That's right. We have a problem.

(DING! Light on WEDNESDAY her crossbow.)

WEDNESDAY: His name is Lucas, Lucas Beineke.
And - I'm in love.

FESTER(to the Audience) That's right. Little Wednesday Addams - that charming, irrepressible bundle of malice who would poison her own brother just for a ride in the ambulance - has grown up and found love.

FESTER (to the gathered **ANCESTORS**)

So here's the deal. Gather around. I'm not letting you back into that crypt until love triumphs.

(**FESTER** crosses down as **ANCESTORS** disappear.)

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? So many questions about love. But when you think about it, is there anything more important?

LUCAS AND WEDNESDAY

(**WEDNESDAY** enters, pursued by **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.

(She leads him off.)

WEDNESDAY AND GOMEZ

WEDNESDAY: Daddy, I have something very important to tell you.

GOMEZ: What?

WEDNESDAY: Can you keep a secret?

GOMEZ: Of course.

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

GOMEZ: But-

WEDNESDAY: Do you love me daddy?

GOMEZ: Do you realize what you're asking me to do?

WEDNESDAY: Daddy, one tiny little secret. Please. Please.

GOMEZ: OK, OK I promise. I won't tell your mother.

WEDNESDAY: Oh, thank you daddy! (She starts to go, turns back.) Our little secret, right?

GOMEZ: Yes, yes. Our little secret.

MORTICIA AND GOMEZ

(**MORTICIA** enters, livid, pursued by **GOMEZ**.)

MORTICIA: Humiliated! Shamed! Mortified!

GOMEZ: Cara-

MORTICIA: I told that Beineke woman we kept nothing from each other.

GOMEZ: My sweet, my only - Wednesday wasn't sure about the boy and didn't want to worry you.

MORTICIA: Oh, so you didn't dare tell me, because I'm such a terrible mother.

GOMEZ: You're a wonderful mother.

MORTICIA: And look at the thanks I get. I gave up my dreams for the sake of this family. I wanted to travel. I wanted to see Paris! I never saw the sewers of Paris! And now it'll never happen!

GOMEZ: Cara-

MORTICIA: So that's how it ends... alone and forgotten in a tiny room, living on cat food and broken dreams - that's what happens to mothers. Look at yours. She came for the weekend, the weeks turned into months, it's twelve years later and she's still up there: Deceived. Deluded. Smoking weed in the attic.

(then) A grandma.

(and) Well, I'm not going to end up like your mother.

MORTICIA AND ALICE

(**MORTICIA** is showing **ALICE** the family photo album.)

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.

(turns to another photo) And here's Gomez and me, at our wedding.

ALICE: What's that?

MORTICIA: Our wedding vows.

ALICE: (reading) "We promise to tango at least three times a week." That's so romantic.

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.

GOMEZ AND MAL

(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.

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

