

THE ADDMAS FAMILY MUSICAL AUDITION SIDES

MALE SIDES FOR CAST AUDITIONS

[OPTION 1]: SHORT MONOLOGUE - GOMEZ

GOMEZ

Aaaahhhh.....(*deep inhale*) The intoxicating smell of the graveyard. 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 and dead – (*re: Lurch*) - and undecided – 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!

[OPTION 2]: SHORT MONOLOGUE - FESTER

(FESTER enters, looking for love.)

FESTER

Storm's passed. Think I'll get a little moon *(calling into the dark void)* Ladies, Hello *(THE FEMALE ANCESTORS appear, as bathing beauties with parasols)*

Yoo hoo, where are you *hiding?* Are you playing with me my only one? *(The Moon enters, shyly)*

There you are! Look at her. Lovely, is she not? And so far away. Yes, in matters of love my dears, distance is our friend. Closeness? No thank you.

Quarter of a million miles away – that's a good distance for romance. We never fight; each waning is a heartbreaking separation...

[OPTION 3]: SHORT DIALOGUE - GOMEZ AND WEDNESDAY

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.

[OPTION 4]: SHORT DIALOGUE – GOMEZ AND MORTICIA

MORTICIA

Something's wrong with Wednesday.

GOMEZ

What do you mean?

MORTICIA

She's in the kitchen smiling. Like this. Maybe it is this boy.

GOMEZ

This boy? Don't be silly. Ha! I say. And double ha! Ha-Ha! You yourself said: puppy love!
(turns to go)

Come, darling – I feel the urge to take you in my arms. Let's go upstairs.

MORTICIA

Gomez.

GOMEZ

(stops, turns)

On the other hand, she is a healthy young woman. Like you were. Are. Like you are. She could even fall in love and get married. Like you did

MORTICIA

Don't be ridiculous, Gomez. I'm much too young to have a married daughter.

GOMEZ

Of course. I didn't think of that.

FEMALE SIDES FOR CAST AUDITIONS

[OPTION 1]: SHORT MOMOLOGUE – WEDNESDAY

WEDNESDAY

(a tad wired)

OK, family meeting. About tonight. Now. Here's the schedule. First we have drinks, like, "Hi, nice to meet you".

Okay. And then they'll want to see the house, and then at eight, we'll have dinner and they can be back at their hotel by nine thirty.

Oh please, daddy. It's just dinner, and they're dying to meet you – and I promised Lucas –

(pointedly) And you know how I hate to break a promise.

[OPTION 2]: SHORT MONOLOGUE - MORTICIA

MORTICIA

I told that Beineke woman we kept nothing from each other. Oh, so you didn't dare tell me, because I'm such a terrible mother.

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 the sewers of Paris!

I never saw the sewers of Paris! And now it'll never happen!

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.

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SIDES FOR ANCESTORS

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