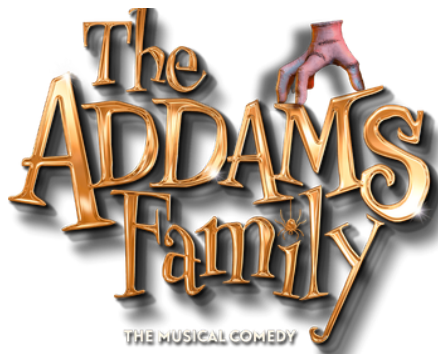




MORTICIA ADDAMS:

I gave up my dreams for the sake of this family. I wanted to travel. I wanted to see Paris... So that's how it ends, huh? Alone and forgotten in a tiny room, living on cat food and broken dreams—what's what happens to mothers. Look at yours. She came for the weekend, the weeks turned into months, its twelve years later and she's still up there: deceived, deluded, smoking in the attic. A grandma. Well, I'm not going to end up like your mother. You lied to me, and I can't live with that.

GOMEZ ADDAMS:

Where are we from? Funny you should ask. July 31st , 1715. The Spanish warship, Pico de Gallo, commanded by my great nautical ancestor, Captain General Redondo Ventana Laguna Don Jose Cuervo, leaves Madrid, bound for the new world. Three weeks later, he is still in Madrid, as Madrid is over four hundred miles from the nearest ocean. A stubborn man, he sets sail anyway, only to sink, six months later, off the southern coast of Florida—a hostile land, infested with mosquitoes and rattlesnakes. But enough about us!

WEDNESDAY ADDAMS:

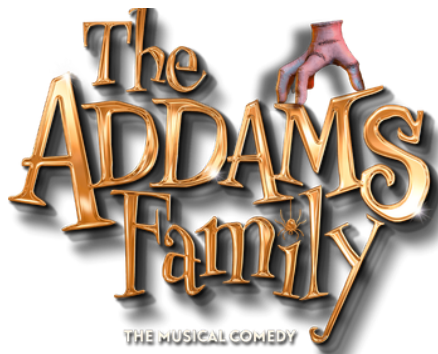
OK, family meeting. About tonight. Now. Here's the schedule. First, we have drinks, like 'Hi, nice to meet you.' And then they'll want to see the house, and then at eight, we'll have dinner and they can be back at their hotel by nine thirty. Oh please, Daddy! It's just a dinner, and they're dying to meet you—and I promised Lucas—and you know how I hate to break a promise. Daddy, I'm your only daughter and your eldest child, and if you can't do this one thing for me, then I just don't know what!

ALICE BEINEKE -

It's a lovely dress, Wednesday! 'Yellow is the color of the warming sun. Yellow is the color of yumminess and fun. Why not show the world the love in which we all believe? Why not wear your heart for all to see, right on your sleeve?' Oh, the rhyming? You see, 'When I'm depressed or feeling blessed, a poem will get it off my chest. They come to me, they take no time, they just pop out, and always rhyme!'

UNCLE FESTER:

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

I work after school at the bookstore. And on weekends, I tutor kids at a charter school. And summers I work at my uncle's grocery. On my time off, I mostly think about Wednesday and how much I love her and how we could have a wonderful life together. One day, I'll be a writer. Or maybe a medical examiner. You get to look inside people's bodies and they don't mind, because they're dead.

MAL BEINEKE:

OK, Addams, I tried. I thought OK, the kids like each other, let's give it a shot. But you people are insane. You got a house where there shouldn't be a house, a zombie for a butler, and a man who's dating the moon. We're simple people, Mister Addams. We're not used to your 'sophisticated New York lifestyle.' So with your permission, we're gonna go back to the real America. Full disclosure. Lucas, help your mother off the table.

PUGSLEY ADDAMS:

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 going to go now' and they're running away together. What if she doesn't get rid of him? What if all the good times are already behind me? I could stab my arm myself, and I could spray myself with mace, but it just wouldn't be the same without her.

GRANDMAMA:

The kid and I had a little heart-to-heart before. I told him to use his time wisely. Look who's talking—how much time have I got left? I'm a hundred and two, I have shingles and arthritis, and when I break wind it could start the windmills in an old dutch painting. But, I've still got one more round in me. Bet you 5 to 10 there are still some 90-year-old hotties interested in this grandma.