

Rev. 12/29/90 (Tan)  
Rev. 01/07/91 (Lilac)  
Rev. 01/15/91 (Forest)  
Rev. 01/18/91 (Orange)  
Rev. 02/07/91 (Magenta)  
Rev. 02/13/91 (Chartreuse)  
Rev. 02/15/91 (Nept. Blue)  
Rev. 02/19/91 (Gray)  
Rev. 02/22/91 (Red)  
Rev. 02/26/91 (Blue)  
Rev. 02/28/91 (Pink)  
Rev. 03/18/91 (Yellow)  
Rev. 04/03/91 (Green)

# **THE ADDAMS FAMILY**

by

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Rewrite by

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based on the characters of

Charles Addams

SHOOTING SCRIPT

April 11, 1991

THE ADDAMS FAMILY - 11/6/90

FADE IN:

A1 EXT. ADDAMS MANSION FRONT STEPS - CHRISTMAS EVE A1

A GROUP OF CAROLERS, their eager faces upturned, SINGS an endless and cloying roundelay of "Little Drummer Boy." They sing with self-righteous good cheer. As they pompously begin their umpteenth verse,

THE CAMERA SLOWLY PANS UP THE ADDAMS MANSION -- past the black wreath on the front door, past broken windows, weather-beaten shingles, a creaking shutter.

THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN TO THE ROOF

where the Addams Family members, GOMEZ, MORTICIA, GRANNY, PUGSLEY, WEDNESDAY, and LURCH, their faithful butler, gleefully POUR a CAULDRON OF BUBBLING, STEAMING PITCH over the edge.

AS THE CAULDRON TIPS, THE CAMERA PUSHES INSIDE, THE BLACKNESS OF THE PITCH FILLS THE SCREEN. TITLES BEGIN.

DISSOLVE TO:

1 INT. DIM HALLWAY - SEVEN O'CLOCK A.M. 1

C.U. AN OVER-SIZED "CUCKOO" CLOCK --

The clock is a perfect REPLICa OF THE ADDAMS FAMILY HOUSE, down to the creaking shutter. It chimes the hour.

In ONE WINDOW, a LITTLE MECHANICAL GOMEZ bends a MECHANICAL MORTICIA back until she's almost off her feet and plants a kiss between her clockwork decolletage. One, two, three mechanical kisses, counting toward seven o'clock.

IN ANOTHER WINDOW, A MECHANICAL PUGSLEY hangs a MECHANICAL WEDNESDAY from a noose on a gallows, up and down.

Meanwhile, little BURSTS OF FOG float off the rooftop where a little MECHANICAL GRANNY cranks her fog machine.

The front door of the house pops open, and a MECHANICAL LURCH appears and begins sweeping.

Just then, THING, the disembodied hand with the full-bodied personality, CLIMBS into view over the back of the clock.

Thing leaps to the floor and SCAMPERS down the hall.

LOW TRACKING SHOT

follows Thing along the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 1

He runs past a couple of doors, past a pair of LEGS in pajamas, feet in bedroom slippers. He skids to a halt and BACK TRACKS to the legs. He pulls on the cuff of the pajama bottoms. They belong to GOMEZ, who stands in the doorway to

A2 INT. FESTER'S ROOM A2

Gomez wears a fez and a smoking jacket over his pajamas. Even at this early hour, he puffs on his trademark cigar. Gomez is all enthusiasm or all despair. At the moment, he radiates unfathomable woe.

GOMEZ

Think of it, Thing. He's been gone for twenty-five years. For twenty-five years we've attempted to contact Fester in the great beyond...

The room is a dusty, cobweb-filled, long-unoccupied shrine to Gomez's lost brother, Fester. Gomez drifts in from the doorway.

The room has remained untouched since Fester's disappearance as a teenager. The thick coating of dust and cobwebs adorns the mementoes of a rascal's youth - a football pennant from Alcatraz, headless sports trophies, a high school photo with all the other students keeping as much distance from Fester as possible.

As he lovingly and morosely surveys the room:

GOMEZ

... And for twenty-five years, nothing. Not a whisper, not a clue. I'm beginning to think my my brother truly is lost.

Gomez sighs. Thing TUGS at his cuff, pulling him towards the

B2 INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME B2

Galloping ahead of Gomez, Thing leaps onto an old-fashioned door latch and the door swings open INTO

2 INT. GOMEZ AND MORTICIA'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME 2

Gomez approaches the bed. Asleep on scarlet satin sheets is...

MORTICIA

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

GOMEZ

(gazing at Morticia)

Look at her -- I would die for her.  
I would kill for her. Either way  
-- what bliss.

Low-voiced, incisive, and subtle, with Morticia, smiles are rare. The ghostly whiteness of her complexion is offset by the red of the pillowcase upon which her hair is spread like a diabolic halo. A dark Garbo, sultry and remote, she's a ruined beauty.

Morticia OPENS HER EYES.

GOMEZ

(adoringly)

Unhappy, darling?

MORTICIA

(passionately)

Oh, yes, yes. Completely.

CUT TO:

A3 OMITTED

A3

3 INT. PUGSLEY'S ROOM - SAME TIME

3

Pugsley crouches on the floor, playing with his kid-sized chemistry set.

The walls of his room are covered with road signs he's collected -- "Bridge Out!", "Detour! Excavation Ahead!", "Dangerous Undertow!", "Keep Clear! High Voltage!" SAWED-OFF STOP SIGNS, still on their poles, are stacked in the corner.

In another corner stands a CYLINDRICAL FLOOR-TO-CEILING FISH TANK, FILLED WITH PIRANHA.

This tubby energetic monster of a nine-year-old boy has every chance of growing up to be the public monster his parents would be proud of.

He MIXES chemicals in a beaker. The brew steams. Grinning wickedly, Pugsley SWALLOWS it down.

He contorts, undergoing the beginnings of a transformation, then SHRINKS to the size of a mouse. Laughing, he crawls out of his human-size pajamas.

CUT TO:

4 OMITTED

4

A5

INT. ATTIC - SAME TIME

A5

Solemn and mournful, ten-year-old Wednesday has black hair and white skin like her mother. She sits on a stool among the stored Addams' family objects, ONE END OF A STRING TIED TO HER TOOTH, THE OTHER TIED TO A TRAP DOOR.

The trap door is flung open, GRANNY pokes her head through. She's a giggly hag who looks like she was in the bathtub when the hairdryer fell in.

Wednesday's pulled tooth swings at the end of the string.

WEDNESDAY

Thank you, Grandmama.

In a foul mood, Granny tromps up into the attic.

GRANNY

You kids are going to have to kill your own breakfast this morning.

Wednesday opens a cigar box. Inside the box are assorted human and animal teeth, fangs and dentures, along with a collection of glass eyes. Wednesday drops her tooth in the box.

CUT TO:

5

OMITTED

5

A6

INT. GOMEZ AND MORTICIA'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

A6

Gomez takes Morticia in his arms. As she languidly drapes herself across his chest, she is caught in a sudden shaft of sunlight. She squints. On the bedside table beside her, Morticia's OVERSIZED CARNIVOROUS ORCHID WILTS.

MORTICIA

Gomez... the sun... il me perce  
comme un poignard.

GOMEZ

(wildly aroused)  
Tish... that's French!

MORTICIA

(nonchalant)  
Oui.

GOMEZ

Cara mia!

(CONTINUED)

A6

CONTINUED:

A6

He kisses his way up to her neck, then, suddenly bursting with enthusiasm and a sense of purpose, LEAPS from the bed, drawing his bedside saber from its sheath and BRANDISHING it at the offending beam.

GOMEZ

En garde monsieur sole!

He thrusts and parries, pantomiming a duel with the shaft of light.

MORTICIA

Gomez?

GOMEZ

Querida?

MORTICIA

Last night, you were... unhinged.  
You were like some desperate,  
howling demon. You frightened me.  
Do it again.

Gomez, instantly aflame.

CUT TO:

6

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

6

Granny delivers a swift kick to her fog machine.

GRANNY

Lousy bucket of bolts...!

The FOG MACHINE, straight out of a Jules Verne nightmare, is malfunctioning this morning, struggling to churn out its patches of fog.

CUT TO:

7

INT./EXT. MORTICIA AND GOMEZ'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

7

At the window, Gomez pokes his head out. In the background, Morticia brushes her hair with a silver filigree brush.

GOMEZ

(disturbed)

Granny - where's your fog?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

FROM ABOVE

the fog machine hurtles downwards, missing decapitating Gomez by millimeters. It crashes below, smashing through the front porch roof.

CUT TO:

8 OMITTED 8

9 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - LATER 9

Standing beside the front door is LURCH, the gigantic family butler, a reanimated stitched-together behemoth. He holds two brown paper lunch bags in his enormous hands. The bags' contents wriggle, eager to escape.

WEDNESDAY

(taking her bag)

Thank you, Lurch.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

Pugsley takes his bag, opens it, and peers inside. Lurch GROWLS, and Pugsley closes the bag.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. BALCONY OUTSIDE GOMEZ AND MORTICIA'S BEDROOM -  
SAME TIME

10

Gomez is HITTING GOLF BALLS -- Thing serving as his tee -- while Morticia sips tea.

11 ONE OF THE GOLF BALLS

11

flies with incredible speed

THROUGH THE WINDOW of the ADDAMS' ONLY NEIGHBOR. This well-tended HOME sits on the hill overlooking the Addams' Mansion like some Republican sentinel.

CUT TO:

12 INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOME - SAME TIME

12

JUDGE WOMACK, the Addams' CRUSTY PATRICIAN NEIGHBOR, is having his breakfast when Gomez's golf ball lands in his cornflakes, shattering the bowl, covering him with milk.

Judge Womack hurries to his broken window, shaking his fist:

JUDGE WOMACK

Damn you, Addams!

CUT TO:

13 EXT. GOMEZ AND MORTICIA'S BALCONY - SAME TIME

13

FROM THEIR VANTAGE POINT --

it appears to Gomez and Morticia that Judge Womack is waving to them. Gomez waves back.

GOMEZ

(calls)

Sorry about the window, Judge!  
Keep the ball! I have a whole  
bucketful.

He holds up a bucket of golf balls. He tosses his golfclub to Thing, who DEPOSITS IT in the golfbag.

(CONTINUED)



13

CONTINUED:

13

Gomez joins Morticia watching

THE DEPARTING SCHOOL BUS.

MORTICIA

The little ones, off to school.  
Bless them.

GOMEZ

They grow up so fast, don't they?

MORTICIA

Too fast.

THEIR POV

Tires smoking, the school bus strains to chug down the road. Gleefully hanging from the rear bumper is Pugsley, dragging his heels.

CUT TO:

A14 OMITTED

A14

B14 INT. THE CONSERVATORY - LATER THAT MORNING

B14

Morticia, wearing gardening gloves, is snipping the blossoms off her roses.

Gomez sits at a table, playing CHESS with Thing.

GOMEZ

It's a milestone, Tish. This very evening -- our twenty-fifth seance. All those years, gnawed by guilt, undone by woe, burning with uncertainty...

MORTICIA

(yearningly)  
Oh Gomez, don't torture yourself.  
That's my job.

GOMEZ

(lustfully)  
Tish...

MORTICIA

Imagine, Darling, if Fester did come back. Half-alive, barely human, a rotting shell...

GOMEZ

Don't tease.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. JUST OUTSIDE THE ADDAMS' GROUNDS - SAME TIME 14

TULLY ALFORD, the family attorney, and his wife, MARGARET, approach "GATE," a wrought-iron monstrosity that opens of its own accord. Though Tully comes here often and Margaret has been here before, they never cease to be startled by "Gate."

Tully has a puffy, once handsome face, and an embittered grey aura that is the mark of a middle-age misspent. High-strung and superficial, Margaret is more disappointed in Tully than he is in himself.

Margaret passes through Gate first. Then, as Tully passes through, Gate slams on him, clipping him and catching the end of his coat. Tully fights Gate for his coat.

TULLY

Let me go!

Ignoring Tully, Margaret continues stiffly up the walk.

TULLY

(to Gate)

Gimme that! Stop it! I'm warning you! It's not a good day!

CUT TO:

A15 INT. CONSERVATORY - SAME TIME A15

Gomez moves a chess piece. Thing gestures out the window. Gomez and Morticia both look out. As they do, Thing moves two chess pieces, cheating.

MORTICIA

(looking out)

Tully is here, darling.

GOMEZ

Ha! That Tully.

MORTICIA

Romping with Gate.

GOMEZ

(moving a piece)

Check.

Thing moves another piece and gestures in triumph.

MORTICIA

(impressed)

Checkmate.

CUT TO:

B15 EXT. GATE - SAME TIME

B15

MARGARET  
Tully! Can't you keep up?

TULLY  
I'm trying...

Tully rips his coat to get it away from Gate.

MARGARET  
These are your last paying clients,  
may I remind you!

TULLY  
If it gives you pleasure...

(CONTINUED)

B15 CONTINUED:

B15

MARGARET

Something has to. Like a decent coat - something dressy, for evening. Ask-for a loan. Beg.

TULLY

No loans! I'm not a bum.  
(before Margaret  
can reply)  
Don't say it. I'll get the money,  
I've got a plan.

MARGARET

This is all so humiliating. Why did I marry you?

TULLY

Because I said yes.

Margaret marches on toward the front door, skirting the fog machine as if it had every reason to be there. It hisses at Tully as he passes, splattering his trousers with fog.

CUT TO:

C15 INT. ENTRY HALL - A LITTLE LATER

C15

Tully hands his hat to Lurch and marches off toward Gomez's study. Finding herself alone with Lurch, Margaret is more nervous and intimidated than she would ever admit.

MARGARET

I'm here to see Mrs. Addams. About the charity auction.

Growling, Lurch heads for the stairs. Screwing up her courage, Margaret resolutely follows.

CUT TO:

15 INT. ADDAMS FAMILY PORTRAIT GALLERY - A LITTLE LATER

15

Tully stalks glumly along the hall and past the family portraits -- generations of Addams grotesques in elaborate gilt frames heading toward the imposing doors of Gomez's study.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

ON THE FLOOR

lies a BEAR RUG eyes and mouth open.

Tully, preoccupied, strides toward the rug. There's a sudden FEROCIOUS GROWL as he steps on it.

TULLY

Damn!

He kicks at the rug. It BITES him, clamping its jaws onto his trouser cuff. He flails, dancing around, finally managing to shake it off. He finds himself FACE-TO-FACE with one of the paintings...

A PORTRAIT OF THE TEENAGE FESTER ADDAMS

draped in black crepe and HOLDING A LIT CANDLE, though how it is holding a lit candle is an utter mystery. At fifteen, Fester was utterly hairless with a dead white complexion and eyes rimmed in black like a raccoon's. The identifying plaque reads "Fester Addams, 1947 - ?"

TULLY

regards the portrait intently, almost as if having a premonition.

THE INTRICATELY CARVED DOORS TO GOMEZ'S STUDY

creak open, interrupting the reverie. Girding himself, Tully proceeds inside.

CUT TO:

16

INT. GOMEZ'S STUDY - SAME TIME

16

A SABER

slices through the air, its blade glinting.

TULLY'S HAND

grabs for the hilt of the sword. He misses.

THE BLADE

embeds in the wall with a thunk. It SHUDDERS.

GOMEZ

Missed.

He leaps into frame, brandishing a saber.

(CONTINUED)

16

CONTINUED:

16

Tully BACK-PEDALS and, as he PULLS the sword from the wall, POINTS TO something behind Gomez.

TULLY

What's that?!

Gomez turns to see and Tully CHARGES, wielding the sword as if he means to decapitate Gomez. But Gomez easily PARRIES the blow.

GOMEZ

Dirty pool, old man! I like it!

Gomez counters, driving Tully back. He shreds Tully's jacket.

TULLY

Had enough?

They continue to fence. Gomez flips Tully's briefcase open and a sheaf of legal looking papers spills out.

GOMEZ

Where's my pen? Never mind, I'll use yours.

His blade finds the pen in Tully's inside jacket pocket. He does HANDSPRINGS back to his desk, landing gracefully in his chair.

GOMEZ

First, the old business!

He swivels, warding off another blow, then cavalierly continues the duel as he signs the LEGAL DOCUMENTS scattered before him.

CUT TO:

17

INT. ADDAMS ATTIC - SAME TIME

17

Morticia, Granny, and Margaret sort through Addams' possessions. In trunks. Boxed. Stacked. Covered with shrouds. Morticia opens a gigantic, elaborately carved armoire.

MORTICIA

Perhaps it's in here.

GRANNY

(mischievously)

I don't think so...

In the front of the armoire is an overstuffed GARMENT BAG LABELLED 'UNCLE NIKNAK'S WINTER CLOTHES.'

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

MORTICIA  
 (full of fond  
 memories)  
 Uncle Niknak's winter wardrobe...

She carefully passes the garment bag to Granny who  
 chucks it aside.

The next garment bag is marked 'UNCLE NIKNAK'S SUMMER  
 CLOTHES.'

MORTICIA  
 Uncle Niknak's summer wardrobe...

She passes this garment bag to Granny who chucks it aside  
 also.

Next in the armoire is a BODY BAG.

MORTICIA  
 (fonder still)  
 Uncle Niknak.

Morticia continues going through the armoire.

CUT TO:

18 INT. GOMEZ'S STUDY - SAME TIME

18

Gomez and Tully are still duelling. Still signing. Gomez  
 hasn't even broken a sweat.

GOMEZ  
 I wish you'd drop by more  
 often.

Tully doggedly fights on. His jacket has suffered more  
 shredding from Gomez's blade.

TULLY  
 I'm like to, but...

GOMEZ  
 But what, old sport?

TULLY  
 Oh, you know...

GOMEZ  
 You know what?

TULLY  
 I'm a bleeder.

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

18

Gomez STOPS DEAD at a document. Deftly, he DISARMS Tully, sending his saber flying up and out of view.

GOMEZ

What's this? A new proposal? "The Fester Addams Off-Shore Retirement Fund?" What would they do?

TULLY

What wouldn't they do? It's a very worthy cause and a great addition to the other Fester Addams Funds.

GOMEZ

(rhapsodizes)

Fester - all tribute to thee. Some called him inhumanly evil.

TULLY

(protesting)

No!

GOMEZ

Only our parents. I called him - brother.

TULLY

And his memory must live on, forever. Through money. We'll deposit the funds under my name, for tax purposes.

GOMEZ

Really? That's inspired!

TULLY

He would have wanted it that way. Beloved Fester.

The sword tumbles back into his hand. They resume duelling.

GOMEZ

Indeed! For Fester!

TULLY

For Fester! A brother!

GOMEZ

My brother!

(CONTINUED)



18

CONTINUED: (2)

18

TULLY

One of a kind!

GOMEZ

The doctors all said!

TULLY

Kind to animals! So good with children!

GOMEZ

They never proved anything.

TULLY

One million dollars. The perfect amount.

GOMEZ

It's brilliant!

TULLY

It's untraceable.

GOMEZ

But, Tully, it's not old business. It's going to have to wait. You know the rules better than that.

TULLY

(taken aback)

What? But this is different! It's in my name! Make an exception!

GOMEZ

Old business is old business and new business is new business and this...

Gomez holds up the proposal.

GOMEZ (cont'd)

... is new business and we don't discuss new business again until...

With one finger, he rifles through a desk calendar, flipping endless pages. He lands on a distant date...

GOMEZ

Next quarter! Next quarter!?

Tully has gone white.

TULLY

Next quarter!?

Tully goes to attack like an enraged bull.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3)

18

Gomez does a KUNG FU BACK FLIP out of his chair -- just missing being run through by Tully's saber. The saber skewers the overstuffed chair, and carried by the momentum of the charge, Tully SOMERSAULTS over the desk, colliding with the chair, landing on the floor.

GOMEZ

Fine lunge, but your riposte -  
a tad rusty.

Gomez carelessly flings away his sword.

Thing, perched on a decorative Samurai helmet, plucks the sword from the air and resheathes it.

GOMEZ

Make yourself comfortable, old man,  
while I get the money for the monthly  
expenses.

Tully lies, ruined, on the floor.

Gomez GRABS TULLY'S BRIEFCASE and makes a brisk exit, closing the office doors behind him.

Tully crawls to the doors and slides them open a crack, intent on spying on Gomez. He PEEKS INTO:

19 OMITTED

19

A20 INT. DEN - SAME TIME

A20

At one of the floor-to-ceiling bookshelves, Gomez reaches for A BOOK, pulling it partway from the shelf. We see the book's title - GREED. The entire shelf -- a secret panel -- revolves and deposits Gomez on the other side of the wall. Then it turns back to its original position.

Tully gets to his feet, goes through the doors, and staggers for the bookcase.

FROM BEHIND THE BOOKCASE COME THE SOUNDS OF GOMEZ MAKING HIS DESCENT INTO THE VAULT. CREAKING, GROANING, THE SOUNDS OF CHAINS AND PULLEYS, VAGUE ANIMAL HOWLS, SPLASHING WATER.

CUT TO:

B20 INT. ATTIC - SAME TIME

B20

The armoire has been totally emptied. Morticia looks over the contents of a nearby shelf. Thing sits on the shelf, offering a BEJEWELED TREASURE.

(CONTINUED)

B20 CONTINUED:

B20

MORTICIA

There it is. Just what we've been searching for.

(takes the treasure from Thing)

Thank you, Thing.

Morticia passes Margaret the JEWEL-ENCRUSTED CYLINDER OF WEBBED GOLD, dragons' heads with gaping jaws at either end. Margaret is at first afraid to touch it, but greed helps her get over it.

MARGARET

(awed)

My God, what is it?

MORTICIA

A family heirloom. A finger trap from the court of Emperor Wu.

MARGARET

It must be worth a fortune. Look at those emeralds.

(superciliously)

Oh, Morticia, this is too extravagant! Even for the auction!

GRANNY

Let's keep it.

MORTICIA

Hush - it's for charity. Widows and orphans. We need more of them. Margaret?

Enchanted by the object, Margaret isn't listening. She inserts her fingers and they're instantly stuck.

MARGARET

(struggling)

Mmm?

MORTICIA

The seance - tonight. Won't you come? It's Gomez, I'm terribly worried. He won't eat, he can't sleep, he's been coughing up blood...

MARGARET

(aghast)

He coughs up blood?

(CONTINUED)

B20 CONTINUED: (2)

B20

MORTICIA

(sadly)

Well... not like he used to...

CUT TO:

C20 INT. DEN - SAME TIME

C20

At the bookshelf, Tully reaches for a book, approximately in the same place where Gomez unlocked the secret panel -- but Tully's book comes out of its place on the shelf and nothing happens.

Biting back his frustration, Tully reads the title, "GONE WITH THE WIND." He opens the cover. A HURRICANE BLAST OF WIND GUSTS from the open book, blowing Tully's hair straight up, rippling his facial muscles. He manages to close the book and, heart pounding, returns it to the shelf. He grins sheepishly at

LURCH

Who's been watching him from where he dusts in the hall, a feather duster in his gigantic hands.

CUT TO:

20 INT. GOMEZ'S STUDY - LATER

20

C.U. TULLY'S BRIEFCASE

Now filled with greenish DOUBLOONS.

Gomez, wearing a green accountant's eyeshade, weighs a final handful of coins on an old-fashioned measuring scale, then tosses them into Tully's briefcase.

GOMEZ

There - the monthly expenses.

Tully snaps the briefcase shut and hoists it from Gomez's desk. It's dead weight in his hand -- another hateful ordeal.

TULLY

(trying to  
phrase it)

I don't suppose you have any paper money in that vault. Gomez, it's time. For the new fund. A checkbook.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

GOMEZ

Never! The banks - I don't trust them.

(confidentially)

Strange people, Tully.

TULLY

Really?

GOMEZ

(his arm around Tully)

Not like you and me. Or Fester. The seance - I need you here. For him.

TULLY

Seance?

Tully lugs the briefcase toward the door.

GOMEZ

Eight o'clock. By the way ...

Tully turns back.

Gomez flips an extra DOUBLOON across the room. It lands expertly in Tully's vest pocket.

GOMEZ

I broke another of Judge Womack's windows this morning.

Tully resumes his put-upon march to the door.

CUT TO:

21 OMITTED

21

22 OMITTED

22

thru  
26

thru  
26

A27 OMITTED

A27

B27 EXT. JUDGE WOMACK'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

B27

Tully is on the front steps, (Judge Womack won't let him inside), searching his pockets for the doubloon, helplessly enduring another of the Judge's tongue lashings.

(CONTINUED)

B27 CONTINUED:

B27

JUDGE WOMACK

(to Tully)

Still working for Addams...

(to Margaret)

Mother warned you, Margaret. I can still hear her voice, clear as a bell, she'd always say, day in and day out, "Marry Tully Alford..."

TULLY

"... And you'll hear Satan laugh."  
Here's your doubloon.

MARGARET

(still wearing the  
fingertrap)

I'm stuck!

JUDGE WOMACK

(to Tully)

You lowlife.

(to Margaret)

Are those emeralds?

CUT TO:

C27 INT. TULLY'S LAW OFFICE - LATER

C27

Tully enters the secretary's alcove, still lugging his impossibly heavy briefcase. His offices were once quite elegant, but now the leather on the chairs is starting to crack and a repainting is long overdue.

Tully looks around for his secretary.

TULLY

Miss Bradbury ...

(annoyed)

Miss Bradbury!

ABIGAIL (O.S.)

She's at lunch, Mr. Alford.

Alarmed, Tully steps into

D27 INT. TULLY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

D27

Sitting in a chair on the client's side of Tully's desk is ABIGAIL CRAVEN, an arrogant, aristocratic-seeming 60ish doyenne. Her steely will and conniving manipulateness are barely veiled by a thin layer of polish and good manners.

(CONTINUED)

D27 CONTINUED:

D27

Instantly obsequious, Tully sets his heavy briefcase on his desk and shakes her hand.

TULLY

Mrs. Craven, I was just about to call you.

ABIGAIL

I'm certain you were.

(she gestures)

You haven't met my son, Gordon, have you, Mr. Alford?

Tully turns amiably, but his face falls at the sight of:

GORDON CRAVEN -

Fleshy and round, in his 40's, impeccably if eccentrically dressed, his dark hair plastered with pomade. With his barrel chest and his kamikaze demeanor, he is IMMEDIATELY THREATENING.

Tully blanches.

GORDON

Is this the one, Mother? The deadbeat you mentioned?

Before Tully can react, Gordon has him by the throat, hanging him upside down from the wall like an oil painting.

TULLY

(choking)

Wait a minute, hold on! You have to listen to me!

ABIGAIL

We do, Mr. Alford? And why?

TULLY

Please... Just hear me out...

GORDON

Mother... your call.

ABIGAIL

(to Tully)

Gordon and I enjoy a very... special relationship. I'm wild about him.

GORDON

(infatuated)

She's a pip.

(CONTINUED)

D27 CONTINUED: (2):

D27

ABIGAIL  
Refreshing, no?  
(after a beat)  
Down, Gordon.

GORDON  
Mother...

ABIGAIL  
(sternly)  
Gordon.

TULLY  
Gordon!

Gordon lets go, dropping him on his head. Whimpering, Tully crawls toward his desk.

ABIGAIL  
And how is your wife, Mr. Alford? I've heard so much about her. Still charming? Still spending?

TULLY  
I don't have the money to repay you... I've tried everything...

ABIGAIL  
We've lent you a considerable sum. Many thousands of dollars. Payment due.

TULLY  
Soon, I promise.

ABIGAIL  
Oh, Gordon - I want to believe him...

GORDON  
So do I...

ABIGAIL  
(re: Gordon)  
He's so terribly trusting.

GORDON  
She's a saint.

ABIGAIL  
(to Gordon)  
Silly boy... make me proud.

Gordon grabs Tully and sweeps him onto his desk.

(CONTINUED)



D27 CONTINUED: (3):

D27

## TULLY'S BRIEFCASE

pops open as it hits the floor. The Addams' doubloons  
SPILL OUT.

Abigail and Gordon light up at the sight of the gold. They  
share a malicious smile. Gordon leers down at the battered  
Tully.

GORDON

He lied to us, Mother.

TULLY

(babbling hysterically)  
It's not what you think! Those are  
doubloons! For the Addams account!

ABIGAIL

Addams?

TULLY

There's more, there's a fortune, but  
no one can get to it! Don't you think  
I've tried?

ABIGAIL

Have you? Have you tried hard  
enough? Ask him, Sweetheart.

Gordon descends on Tully, menacingly.

TULLY

No! Sweetheart! Don't ask!

## TULLY'S CRINGING POV

Gordon's face hovers inches from his own. The glare from  
the lightbulb hanging overhead whites out Gordon's hair --  
making Gordon look as bald as a cue-ball.

It's like a sudden vision. The inspiration is obviously  
born of terror. Gordon is the SPITTING IMAGE OF THE  
LONG-LOST FESTER, as he would appear twenty-five years  
later.

TULLY,

disbelieving, comes nose-to-nose with Gordon.

TULLY

(in a shocked,  
croaky whisper)  
Fester...?

Gordon makes a face at his mother.

CUT TO:

E27 EXT. THE ADDAMS MANSION - SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE NIGHT SKY E27

RAIN, THUNDER AND LIGHTNING!

CUT TO:

27 INT. ADDAMS MANSION DEN - EVENING 27

Morticia stands at the open window. Gomez stands behind her, his arms around her waist.

GOMEZ  
(passionately)  
Hailstones...

MORTICIA  
And lightning...

GOMEZ  
(nuzzling her)  
It's a miserable night.

MORTICIA  
(aroused)  
I know, darling. Seance weather.

Morticia leans out the window.

MORTICIA  
(festively)  
Children, we're starting!  
(amused)  
Put down that antenna!

Another LIGHTNING FLASH.

CUT TO:

28 OMITTED 28

29 OMITTED 29

A30 INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME A30

A typical, rundown, highway-style motel room, with stained fiberglass curtains and a splotchy oil painting. Gordon is seated on the bed, facing a cracked mirror. Abigail stands behind him, consulting a picture of FESTER that Tully has lent them.

ABIGAIL  
(staring at the picture)  
It's uncanny. My little boy, and this hideous creature.

GORDON  
(hurt)  
Mother...

(CONTINUED)

A30 CONTINUED:

A30

ABIGAIL  
 (correcting herself)  
 Handsome creation.  
 (putting a towel on  
 Gordon's shoulders)  
 Think of it, my angel - no more  
 grubby store-front scams. No more  
 loansharking to scum like Tully  
 Alford. All that delicious money  
 - I can feel it, right in my  
 fingertips.

GORDON  
 So can I...

ABIGAIL  
 (in his ear)  
 Just one week and out. You locate  
 the vault and then we're gone -  
 poof! Before they notice what's  
 missing.

GORDON  
 And Alford?

ABIGAIL  
 We need him - for now. And later,  
 we'll be miles away, and he'll  
 take the rap.

GORDON  
 (intensely)  
 You're so good.

Abigail holds up a shaving brush, covered with foam.

ABIGAIL  
 (seductively)  
 Shave and a haircut, Mister?

GORDON  
 (breathing heavily)  
 Two bits.

Gordon moans orgasmically as Abigail begins to shave him.

CUT TO:

30 OMITTED 30

31 INT. ENTRYWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER 31

Lurch peels off Margaret's and Tully's wet overcoats.  
 Margaret wears the same clothes she wore on her earlier  
 visit -- the finger trap has made it impossible for her  
 to change.

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

MARGARET

What a miserable evening.

TULLY

Don't add to it.

Wednesday has come to escort them. Tully tries to make conversation.

TULLY

Big night for you guys! Hey,  
small fry.

Tully reaches out to pat Wednesday's head. She moves away.

MARGARET

Hello, sweetheart.  
(holding up her  
trapped hands)  
Could you?

Wednesday deftly releases the trap from Margaret's fingers. Margaret is amazed. She tries to straighten her disheveled clothes.

MARGARET

Thank God. Call me a cab, Tully...

TULLY

Get it yourself...

MARGARET

Give me the car keys...

TULLY

Give it a rest...

Morticia appears.

MORTICIA

Welcome, honored guests.

Lurch presents a tray of vile-looking canapes. Morticia motions to the tray.

MORTICIA

Entrails?

CUT TO:

A32 LURCH AT HIS ORGAN

A32

He plays a CRASHING CHORD.

MORTICIA (O.S.)

Let us gather, in this house of  
yearning, on this day of heartsick  
loss, at this table of woe. Is  
everyone comfortable?

CUT TO:

32

INT. DEN - SAME TIME

32

The family and Tully and Margaret sit at a round table, the crystal ball in the center. In the background, Lurch continues to play mood music on the organ. Morticia holds a tarnished gold CANDLEHOLDER in the shape of a RAVEN. The candle is in its belly and the beams of light glow from its eyes.

MORTICIA

Sing, O spirits! Harken, all souls!  
Every year on this date, we offer a  
clarion call to Fester Addams.

WEDNESDAY

(to Pugsley)

Stop it!

GOMEZ

(scolding, playfully)

Pugsley...

Pugsley has a meat cleaver aimed at his sister. Reluctantly, he hands it to Gomez.

GOMEZ

(bemused, to Tully)

Kids.

MORTICIA

(raising the raven)

From generations, to generation,  
our beacon to the beyond.

(passing the raven  
to Wednesday)

Do you accept the glorious burden?

WEDNESDAY

(taking the raven)

May it weigh me down through all  
my melancholy years.

MORTICIA

All close eyes and join hands.

They do. Granny takes a squeamish Margaret's hand.

GRANNY

Ow! What a grip!

(CONTINUED)

32

CONTINUED:

32

Granny pulls away, leaving her "hand" behind, her sleeve apparently empty.

GRANNY

My hand! She's got my hand!

Left holding Thing, Margaret shrieks.

Pugsley laughs appreciatively.

Margaret tries to shake Thing off, but he hangs on tightly. Granny cackles.

MARGARET

Excuse me...

Ashen, Margaret tries to escape. Tully pulls her back to her seat.

TULLY

Sit down, Pumpkin. Join the fun.

MORTICIA

(affectionately)

Mama, you should know better.  
Thing - you're a handful.

Thing lets go and runs off.

Margaret sits, stiff as a corpse. Still chuckling, Granny takes a hold of Margaret's now-rigid hand with her own real hand. Margaret shudders.

With a last look around the table to insure that everyone has settled down, Morticia resumes the seance.

MORTICIA

Wednesday...

WEDNESDAY

(intones)

"Let us ransom you  
from the power of the grave.  
Tonight, O Death,  
Let us be your plague."

MORTICIA

Mama...

GRANNY

I feel that he's near... Fester  
Addams, gather your strength and  
knock three times.

CUT TO:

33 OMITTED 33  
 and  
 34 34

35 EXT. THE FRONT DOOR - SAME TIME 35

We see Gordon's hand on the DOOR KNOCKER - just his hand. He pounds THREE TIMES, the heavy hollow sound reverberating...

CUT TO:

36 INT. DEN - SAME TIME 36

Granny's eyes pop open.

GRANNY  
 Did you hear that?!

MORTICIA  
 Ask again, Mama. Quickly.

Lurch's organ music perfectly underscores and punctuates the scene.

TULLY  
 By all means!

Tully smirks, barely able to contain his smug enthusiasm.

GOMEZ  
 (urgently)  
 Ask! Ask!

GRANNY  
 Fester Addams - I demand that you knock again!

CUT TO:

37 EXT. THE FRONT DOOR - SAME TIME 37

Waiting for someone to answer, Gordon's hand again KNOCKS THREE TIMES, this time even harder.

CUT TO:

38 INT. DEN - SAME TIME 38

The knocking reverberates through the room. Jubilant, Gomez springs to his feet. Lurch hits a crescendo on the organ.

GOMEZ  
 He's at the door!

He runs out and through the house to the



39

INT./EXT. ENTRYWAY/FRONT STOOP - SAME TIME

39

His family at his heels, Gomez eagerly pulls open the front door.

There on the front steps stands GORDON -- FESTER FROM BEYOND. Gordon's head is completely shaved, and his clothing and pallor are pure Fester. The exact resemblance is shocking. It seems a miracle.

Gomez and Fester stare at each other. Fester's eyes have a hard, I-dare-you-to-question-me look in them. Neither man says a word.

MORTICIA

Could it be?

GRANNY

Is that him?

TULLY

(innocently)

Is it possible?

MARGARET

Oh my God...

Morticia looks to Gomez for confirmation. Gomez and Fester continue their face-off.

Gomez breaks the stalemate.

GOMEZ

Fester!

FESTER

Gomez!

Gomez throws open his arms. He smothers Fester in an embrace. Fester endures it. Abigail steps forward; she now wears a plain, dowdy suit, and her hair is in braided coils. She now speaks in a German/Austrian accent.

ABIGAIL

Gut evenink. I am Dr. Pinder-Schloss.

40

INT. DRAWING ROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER

40

Fester stands by the tall, baronial fireplace where an enormous fire burns. Steam rises off his wet greatcoat, enveloping him. He seems immobile, a pair of shining black ferret eyes, calculating.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

Pugsley stands nearby, beside Fester's steamer trunk, studying the exotic decals.

ABIGAIL

How did zis happen? How did it come to be. Ze story - it is most amazink, and also beautiful. He vas found in Miami, tangled in ze tuna net! It vas just last month, during ze Hurricane Helga. Ze sky, it vas black like pitch. Ze vaves, zay vere valls of doom. Can you imagine? Zen - zey drag him from ze ocean, from ze very jaws of oblivion. I'm tellink you! Zere are tests, so many tests, and a complete psychological profile. At long last, ze Florida Department of Fish unt ze Game, ze say, low unt beholdt, my oh my go tell it on ze mountaintop - he is... your bruzzer! Boom! Zey gif him to me, at Human Services, and I am bringink him, after all zese years, after who knows vat heartache, after ze naked unt ze dead, I am bringink him home to you!

MARGARET

That's preposterous.

TULLY

Margaret...

Tully nudges her in the ribs to shut up.

MARGARET

But don't you think that's absurd?

TULLY

Honey...

MARGARET

Isn't that the most ridiculous thing you've ever heard?

TULLY

(through gritted teeth)  
Blossom...

GOMEZ

It certainly is.

Gomez slaps Fester companionably. Fester hates being touched.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED: (2)

40

GOMEZ

And now you're back.

TULLY

Back to share your joys, back to  
share your sorrows, back to share  
- well, hey - everything!

MARGARET

Well, I just don't know...

Tully hands Margaret the fingertrap to distract her.

TULLY

Darling, how does this work again?

MARGARET

An infant would understand...

Margaret, disgusted with Tully, demonstrates the  
fingertrap. Her fingers are instantly stuck again.

MORTICIA

Fester Addams - home at long last.

FESTER

Well, at least... for a week.

MORTICIA

A week?

GOMEZ

Don't be ridiculous! You're home!

FESTER

Sorry, but I have to get back.  
I've got a lot of things cooking -  
in the Bermuda Triangle.

MORTICIA

(aglow with romance)

Oh, Gomez. The Bermuda Triangle.

GOMEZ

(fondly)

Devil's Island...

MORTICIA

(dreamy)

The Black Hole of Calcutta.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED: (3)

40

GOMEZ  
(to the group)  
Excuse us.

MORTICIA  
Second honeymoon.

At the steamer trunk, Pugsley is disintegrating the lock with a beakerful of acid and an eyedropper.

MORTICIA  
(to Abigail)  
Dr. Pinder-Schloss, will you be staying too?

ABIGAIL  
No, no, I really must be goink.  
But I will be back, you can bet.  
To be checkink on Fester's  
adjustment.

The acid has eaten away the lock on Fester's trunk. Pugsley opens the trunk a crack. He fishes among the contents, his arm inside up to the shoulder. Something snaps. He grins, then pulls out his hand. His fingers are crushed in a rusty, ferocious-looking BEAR TRAP.

PUGSLEY  
Cool.

Wednesday alone stands apart in her mournful fashion. She is instinctively SUSPICIOUS of this new Fester.

WEDNESDAY  
Nobody gets out of the Bermuda  
Triangle. Not even for a vacation.  
Everyone knows that.

ABIGAIL  
(to Wednesday)  
Oh, my little vun. Zere is zo much  
you do not understandt. Ze human  
spirit - it is - a hard tink to kill.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (4)

40

GRANNY  
 (agreeing)  
 Even with a chainsaw.

Abigail pinches Wednesday's cheek, hard. Wednesday continues to stare at Fester.

CUT TO:

41 OMITTED

41

42 INT. FESTER'S ROOM - LATER

42

Morticia has shown Fester to his room. As she speaks, the camera lingers on the following photographs atop the bureau:

A PICTURE OF FESTER AND GOMEZ AS YOUNG BOYS, EACH IN A DOGGY CARRYING CAGE, BEING HELD BY THEIR FATHER. FATHER STANDS BESIDE A CRUDE WOODEN SIGN WITH "CAMP CUSTER" BRANDED INTO IT.

GOMEZ AND FESTER AS BOYS, PROUDLY SITTING ON THE LAP OF A BOUND-AND-GAGGED SANTA CLAUS.

Morticia begins to open Fester's trunk and go through it.

MORTICIA  
 Unpacking - you must be exhausted.  
 Let me.

FESTER  
 (alarmed at what she  
 might find)  
 No... um... that's all right...  
 you don't have to...

Morticia begins removing Fester's burglary equipment from the trunk.

MORTICIA  
 A crowbar... dynamite... cyanide...  
 Fester. As if we'd run out.  
 (she turns to go)  
 Good night.

She exits. Fester examines two photographs in a hand-tooled leather frame on the bureau. Imprinted below the FACE OF THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL ON THE LEFT is the name FLORA, below the BEAUTIFUL GIRL ON THE RIGHT is FAUNA.

(CONTINUED)

42

CONTINUED:

42

It's clear that they are identical twins.

The CLOCK in the hall STRIKES MIDNIGHT.

It's time to go to work. He opens the door to his room and peeks out. He sees ...

WEDNESDAY --

in her doorway across the hallway, staring back at him.

He whips back into his room.

FESTER  
Nosy little brat...

Frustrated, he looks out again -- Wednesday's door is shut. He looks both ways.

CUT TO:

A43

INT. ATTIC - A FEW MINUTES LATER

A43

The TRAP DOOR RISES in the attic floor. Fester's head appears.

Fester climbs into the attic. As he does, the camera PANS around the room, taking in the piles of odd objects and memorabilia.

Fester approaches a set of GLASS CASES.

ANGLE on the FIRST CASE. The case contains a set of mounted BUTTERFLIES, pinned in place.

ANGLE on the second, LARGER CASE. In this case there are several STUFFED VAMPIRE BATS.

ANGLE on the third, STILL LARGER CASE. This case is about three feet high, and fairly wide. It is empty.

WEDNESDAY (O.S.)  
It's reserved.

The camera PULLS BACK. Wednesday stands near the trap door; staring at Fester, who stands by the empty case. Fester is startled, but tries to act calm.

FESTER  
It's reserved? For what?

WEDNESDAY  
For Skipper.

(CONTINUED)

A43 CONTINUED:

A43

FESTER

For Skipper? Is he... a dog?

WEDNESDAY

No. Skipper isn't a dog. That would be cruel.

FESTER

(gruffly)

Of course not. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

A43 CONTINUED: (2)

A43

WEDNESDAY

He's a bully.

Fester stares at Wednesday. He backs away from her.

CUT TO:

B43 INT. FESTER'S ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

B43

Fester runs back into his room and shuts the door. Wednesday has obviously unnerved him.

He sits on the edge of the bed. A cloud of dust billows around him. Yawning, he lies down, sinking into the mattress so deeply that he's almost buried alive.

Getting comfortable, he burrows deeper.

CLOSEUP - FESTER'S EYES. Who knows what terrors they've seen? But now they lose their coldness, getting dreamy, then he hears the creak of his door opening...

FESTER

Who's there?

He sees ...

A SHADOW --

thrown huge on the wall. A SINISTER HAND WITH WRIGGLING FINGERS.

FESTER --

goes for the knife he keeps in his boot, which is next to the bed, on the floor. The door slams. Veins in his forehead bulge.

THE WINDOW EXPLODES OPEN --

The wet wind snuffs the candelabra light. There's only the sound of Fester's animal panting, then LIGHTNING ILLUMINATES A HAND GRIPPING THE BEDSPREAD.

THERE'S A VAGUE FLICKERING FROM ONE OF THE CANDLES. Fester seizes it and nurses the flame, using it to re-light the rest of the candles. As the room fills with candlelight Fester sees ...

(CONTINUED)



B43 CONTINUED:

B43

THING --

sitting on one of his legs.

Fester jumps with fear, pushing against the backboard. He shakes his leg, violently throwing Thing off. He SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

43 INT. MORTICIA AND GOMEZ'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

43

Gomez and Morticia snuggle in bed in the afterglow of their celebration, her head resting dreamily on his shoulder, Gomez enjoying a post-coital cigar. Fester's SCREAM is heard distinctly from down the hall.

GOMEZ

My own dear brother. I've got goosebumps.

MORTICIA

(flirtatiously)

I know.

GOMEZ

Screams in the night. It can only mean one thing.

They wait, listening. Fester SCREAMS again.

MORTICIA

(smiling)

He's home.

They gaze together out into the torrential downpour as Fester continues to scream. They both smile.

CUT TO:

44 INT. FESTER'S ROOM - MORNING

44

Obviously moved, Gomez stands in Fester's room, watching him sleep.

Thing snoozes on Fester's chest like a kitty cat. Gomez gently lifts him and tucks him into the pocket of his smoking jacket.

Instantly awake, certain that Gomez is about to attack him, Fester leaps from the bed, jumps Gomez, and pins him to the floor. Pulling the knife from his boot, he presses the blade against his throat.

(CONTINUED)

44

CONTINUED:

44

GOMEZ  
(very cheerful)  
Breakfast?

Gomez JUDO-FLIPS Fester off his chest, then springs to his feet.

GOMEZ  
Damn, it's good to have you back!  
Let's go!

He leads the way out. He pauses, and turns.

GOMEZ  
Two out of three?

CUT TO:

A45 INT. THE ADDAMS KITCHEN - LATER

A45

The family eats breakfast in the subterranean kitchen. Only Pugsley is missing. The walls sweat and smoke crawls along the floor.

Granny works at a stove that's a coal burning monstrosity. Flames belch out of the oven. The top is a gigantic grill where innards and various unidentifiable somethings sizzle. Throughout, Granny flips these offals onto family members' plates. Lurch assists her.

Morticia has seated Fester between Gomez and herself. She's given him an elaborate pewter place setting with a dragon motif, obviously saved for honored guests.

WEDNESDAY

May I have the salt?

MORTICIA

What do we say?

WEDNESDAY

(dutifully)

Now.

Morticia smiles approvingly and passes Wednesday the salt.

FESTER

(staring at the food  
on his plate)

What is this?

MORTICIA

Mama's specialite' de la maison.

GRANNY

Start with the eyes.

MORTICIA

(to Fester)

Sleep well?

FESTER

Like the dead.

GOMEZ

Really? Who knew the Bermuda Triangle could change a man so much? You used to toss and turn all night. We had to chain you to the bedposts.

WEDNESDAY

(gazes levelly at  
Fester)

It doesn't make sense.

(CONTINUED)

A45 CONTINUED:

A45

Fester had no idea a simple exchange could be so fraught with pitfalls. He already feels cornered.

FESTER  
(condescendingly to  
Wednesday)

The Bermuda Triangle is such a large and mysterious place. You'd be surprised at all the things you don't know.

MORTICIA  
She certainly would. Wednesday adores the Bermuda Triangle. She studies it. Death at sea - she's hooked.

WEDNESDAY  
Ask me anything.

Fester turns his back on Wednesday and addresses Gomez.

FESTER  
Being in my old room sure brings back memories. Remember Camp Custer?

GOMEZ  
(aglow)  
For pre-teen offenders?

(CONTINUED)

A45 CONTINUED:

A45

FESTER

And I was thinking about Christmas...

GOMEZ

Waiting for Santa to come down the chimney...

FESTER

(guessing)

Hanging our stockings...

GOMEZ

Building a fire.

Gomez and Fester laugh mischievously.

FESTER

Aren't memories precious? I'd like to spend today wandering through the house, remembering.

GOMEZ

No, no, no. Sorry, old man - no wandering today. Today we're going straight to the vault.

Pugsley runs into the room, dragging a freshly-stolen STOP SIGN, still on its pole. Gomez holds up a finger, shushing everyone.

Just then, the (O.S.) SCREECHING SOUND OF CARS heading for a collision is heard. Finally, the CARS COLLIDE. There is a satisfying crunch of metal. Everyone beams.

GRANNY

Who wants seconds?

Something in Granny's soup tureen YELPS. Granny, keeping her eyes on Fester, jabs her ladle into the tureen.

GRANNY

Don't be shy.

CUT TO:

B45 OMITTED

B45

45 INT. DEN - LATER

45

Gomez and Fester are in front of the bookcase THAT'S THE ENTRANCE TO THE VAULT.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

Gomez reaches for a book. Fester is right there with him, his hand on Gomez's hand as he goes to pull out the old volume. Fester reads the title.

FESTER

"Greed."

They share a smile. THE BOOKCASE SWINGS OPEN. Fester eagerly follows Gomez inside.

CUT TO:

46 OMITTED 46

A47 INT. THE SECRET CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER A47

Gomez runs gleefully down a flight of STEPS.

GOMEZ

I feel like - we're children again.

Gomez reaches a SMALL CIRCULAR ROOM.

Gomez looks up. Over his head hang HUNDREDS OF RUSTY CHAINS.

Gomez grabs one of the chains. As he does so, he punches Fester on the shoulder.

GOMEZ

Tag - you're it!

Gomez pulls the chain, and he and Fester DROP OUT OF VIEW, through a trap door.

B47 OMITTED B47

C47 INT. BENEATH THE SECRET CHAMBER - SECONDS LATER C47

Gomez and Fester are SLIDING DOWN A TWISTING SLIDE. Gomez is gleeful; Fester is petrified.

CUT TO:

47 INT. UNDERGROUND RIVER 47

The slide deposits Gomez and Fester on a dock, leading to the underground river. Gomez is all high spirits, while Fester is wobbly.

(CONTINUED)

47

CONTINUED:

47

GOMEZ  
 (inhaling deeply,  
 as if in a meadow)  
 Smell that air, Fester!

Fester inhales dutifully. He gags.

GOMEZ  
 Like a tomb!

Gomez strides to the end of the dock. Waiting there is a VENETIAN GONDOLA, rundown but still magnificent. Gomez does a running leap to board the gondola. He puts on a straw gondolier's hat and calls out to Fester...

GOMEZ  
 Tutti a bordo, fratello mio!  
 (gesturing to the  
 water)  
 The sea - your second home.

Fester boards the gondola gingerly, looking queasy.

FESTER  
 Ship ahoy...

Gomez winds an old Victrola as he sorts through a pile of 78's. He puts the needle down on a record and begins to sing along in a bellowing basso profundo. He sets sail, poling down the UNDERGROUND RIVER.

CUT TO:

A48  
 and  
 48

OMITTED

A48  
 and  
 48

A49

INT. ATTIC - SAME TIME

A49

Wednesday and Pugsley are exploring the attic, investigating various items.

PUGSLEY  
 Do you think that's really Uncle  
 Fester?

WEDNESDAY  
 Father says so, but I think Mother  
 isn't sure.

Wednesday stands in front of an ELECTRIC CHAIR.

(CONTINUED)

A49 CONTINUED:

A49

WEDNESDAY

Pugsley, sit in the chair.

PUGSLEY

Why?

WEDNESDAY

So we can play a game.

PUGSLEY

(climbing into the  
chair)

What game?

WEDNESDAY

It's called...

(she thinks)

"Is there a God?"

CUT TO:

49 INT. ENTRANCE TO THE VAULT - SAME TIME

49

Still singing, Gomez poles toward A MASSIVE METAL DOOR, SIX FEET ACROSS AND TEN FEET HIGH, set right into the ROCK OF THE GROTTO. Gomez docks at the narrow ledge in front of the door.

Gomez leaps onto the ledge and Fester follows. He's getting excited now, wondering what treasures exist behind this door.

FESTER

The vault...

Gomez goes to work on the oversized combination lock.

(CONTINUED)



49

CONTINUED:

49

GOMEZ  
 (knowingly, to  
 Fester)  
 Two to the right, ten to the  
 left, and then around to...?

FESTER  
 (guessing)  
 Five?

GOMEZ  
 (surprised)  
 Eleven. Two, ten, eleven. Eyes,  
 fingers, toes.

Fester licks his lips in anticipation.

GOMEZ  
 So many years...

FESTER  
 Long, barren years...

GOMEZ  
 Years that we wasted...

FESTER  
 Years we'll bring back...

GOMEZ  
 We enter together - a triumphant  
 return!

FESTER  
 We enter as brothers - we enter...

GOMEZ  
 As one!

Gomez slowly opens the door, revealing...

50

OMITTED

50

51

INT. VAULT - SAME TIME

51

Rather than a treasure trove, it looks like A DECREPIT  
 NINETEENTH CENTURY MEN'S CLUB -- torn red leather chairs  
 and settees, an assortment of TORTURE DEVICES and HUNTING  
 TROPHIES. An elaborate bar with a cracked mirror.

GOMEZ  
 Welcome back!

FESTER  
 (very disappointed)  
 Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

51

CONTINUED:

51

GOMEZ

Our secret place. Sanctus  
sanctorum. If these walls could  
talk, eh, old man?

FESTER

(looking around,  
unsure)

What... what would they say?

GOMEZ

(assumes that Fester  
is joking)

You tell me.

FESTER

You go first.

GOMEZ

(gesturing to Fester,  
out of respect)

Senior partner...

FESTER

(desperately)

Junior spaceman.

GOMEZ

First a brandy!

(indicating the bar)

Do the honors.

(opening a large  
wooden box)

I've got a real treat in store.

FESTER

(grumbling to himself,  
as he chooses a  
bottle from the bar)

Where is it, you ridiculous imbecile...

There are a half-dozen excellent brandies on the well-  
stocked shelf. Fester pockets a silver jigger, then  
chooses a bottle AND THE BAR SPINS AROUND with Fester,  
revealing...

THE INTERIOR TREASURE ROOM --

A STONE CAVERN stacked high with ADDAMS TREASURE -- gold,  
jewels, bizarre but priceless statuary from around the  
world.

Fester gets one slack-jawed glimpse and THE BAR SPINS  
AGAIN, depositing him back in the OUTER ROOM.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (2) 51

Gomez has been too busy digging through the box to have noticed Fester's carousel ride. He turns -- his arms overflowing with FILM CANS.

GOMEZ

Showtime!

And, with shaking hands, Fester pours himself a stiff drink and replaces the bottle on the shelf.

CUT TO:

52 OMITTED 52

A53 OMITTED A53

B53 INT. ATTIC - SAME TIME B53

Wednesday is strapping Pugsley's arms and legs into the electric chair.

PUGSLEY

But if he's not Uncle Fester, then who is he?

WEDNESDAY

Somebody else.

Wednesday pushes a button, and the lights on the chair go on. The entire mechanism hums and vibrates.

WEDNESDAY

It has to warm up.

PUGSLEY

Why?

WEDNESDAY

So it can kill you.

PUGSLEY

(after a beat)  
I knew that.

CUT TO:

53 INT. OUTER TREASURE ROOM - SAME TIME 53

Gomez is running home movies. He and Fester sit in side-by-side armchairs with the stuffing coming out. They smoke cigars and drink brandy from extra-large snifters.

(CONTINUED)

ON THE HOME-MOVIE SCREEN --

The young Gomez and Fester, shark fins strapped to their backs, sneak around a corner toward a swimming pool crowded with kids. The film then JUMP CUTS to:

Young Gomez has buried young Fester in the sand at the beach. Only Fester's head appears from beneath a mound. A few yards away, a single hand struggles out of the sand, clearly another person. The film JUMP CUTS to:

A hand-held 16mm camera weaves its way through a group of ball-goers, finally focussing on a head and shoulders shot of Gomez and Fester, now in their teens. The Addams boys look both sinister and dashing in their tuxedos and Gomez is already smoking his trademark cigar.

GOMEZ

Here! The debutante ball! Remember that fateful night?

FESTER

(guessing)

Of course... your first cigar...

GOMEZ

What? Come on, old man, I've smoked since I was five. Mother insisted.

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED:

53

ON THE SCREEN --

the boys flank their dates, the TWINS from the pictures on Fester's bureau -- BEAUTIFUL RED-HEADS with dementia in their eyes. Throughout the twins are seen only from the waist up.

FESTER  
(covering his  
tracks)  
Flora and Fauna. Quite the pair,  
eh, Gomez?

Gomez sighs, and then becomes extremely dramatic.

GOMEZ  
Can you ever forgive me?

FESTER  
What?

GOMEZ  
I didn't love them. Yet, I wooed  
them, both, out of foolish pride.  
You were so dashing, you could have  
any woman you wanted, dead or alive.  
I was jealous, insanely jealous.  
I admit that now. But I never meant  
to drive you off, not to the Bermuda  
Triangle.

FESTER  
(holding up a hand,  
very gracious)  
Water under the bridge. Forgiven.  
Forgotten.

Gomez holds out his arms. Fester endures the hug.  
Gomez turns the hug into a painful headlock. Fester  
gasps for breath.

GOMEZ  
(playfully)  
Say it! Say the password!

(CONTINUED)

53

CONTINUED: (2)

53

FESTER  
 (choking)  
 The password? I... I...

GOMEZ  
 (continuing to  
 choke him)  
 Come on, stop fooling, you  
 remember...

FESTER  
 (turning blue)  
 Please... I'm choking... please...

Gomez, perplexed, releases Fester.

GOMEZ  
 You forgot our secret password?  
 The word we used one hundred times  
 a day? Our special private name  
 for each other?

FESTER  
 (rubbing his neck,  
 still gasping)  
 That was a long time ago, we were  
 children... you almost killed me,  
 you demented freak...

GOMEZ  
 (shocked)  
 Did you say... demented freak?

FESTER  
 Yes, you demented freak!

Fester has accidentally hit on the password. Gomez  
 lights up; he flings open his arms.

GOMEZ  
 (joyously)  
 Demented freak!

CUT TO:

54  
 and  
 55

OMITTED

54  
 and  
 55

A56

INT. ATTIC - SAME TIME

A56

The electric chair is really humming. Pugsley now has  
 the chair's helmet on as well. Wednesday is about to  
 throw the huge master SWITCH.

(CONTINUED)

A56

CONTINUED:

A56

PUGSLEY

But why would Dr. Pinder-Schloss  
tell a lie?

WEDNESDAY

Because she wants something. Do  
you have a last request?

PUGSLEY

Can I have ice cream?

WEDNESDAY

No.

PUGSLEY

(sighing)

Then just do it.

As Wednesday is about to throw the switch, Morticia's  
head appears from the trap door.

MORTICIA

Children - what are you doing?

Morticia climbs up into the attic.

WEDNESDAY

I'm going to electrocute him.

MORTICIA

But we're late for the charity auction.

WEDNESDAY

(pleading)

Mother...

Morticia pretends to be stern.

MORTICIA

I said no.

PUGSLEY

(pleading)

Please...

MORTICIA

(a beat)

Oh... all right.

She smiles and flips the switch.

ANGLE on Wednesday's face, as we hear the sound of high  
voltage sizzling Pugsley. Wednesday is very solemn, her  
usual impassive self, then a smile breaks through.

CUT TO:

INT. BAYSHORE WOMEN'S CLUB - LATER

C.U. on the FINGERTRAP, jewels glittering.  
then

(CONTINUED)



56

CONTINUED:

56

MARGARET ALFORD, who

blushes, standing on the auction block as if she were the item up for auction. She holds her hands aloft, fingers still ensnared in the ancient finger trap. She wears the same disheveled dress, unable to disguise its slept-in look.

On the stage beside her, JUDGE WOMACK acts as the event's auctioneer. He reads into the mike from the catalogue:

JUDGE WOMACK

... encrusted with rubies, and fifteen emerald chips. It was donated by Morticia and Gomez Addams.

Gomez and Morticia sit with their family. They look around, modestly.

REACTION SHOTS of various people in the crowd, staring at the Addams family in horror and disbelief.

JUDGE WOMACK

Remember, the money we raise goes to help those less fortunate. This year, over half our proceeds will benefit the elderly and the mentally disabled.

All the Addamses look at Granny proudly. She beams.

JUDGE WOMACK

I open the bidding at five thousand dollars.

GOMEZ

Bah! Not enough!

He thrusts up his arm.

GOMEZ

Twenty thousand!

MORTICIA

For the elderly and the insane --  
(gazing fondly at  
Granny)  
They've earned it.

JUDGE WOMACK

is surprised at the bid. Next to him, Margaret looks confused.

(CONTINUED)

MARGARET

What are they doing? It's theirs.

Judge Womack gives her a look that says shut up.

ANGLE on Pugsley. He has a PEASHOOTER in his mouth, aimed at Judge Womack. Wednesday glares at her brother, and holds out her hand. He sheepishly passes her the peashooter.

JUDGE WOMACK

I have twenty --

GOMEZ

(interrupts)

Twenty-five!

(to Morticia)

Cara mia...

Fester takes Morticia's opera glasses and peers appraisingly at the glittering finger trap. He smiles greedily.

JUDGE WOMACK

Twenty-five --

MORTICIA

bashfully raises her hand.

MORTICIA

Thirty...

(to Gomez)

Mon sauvage...

MARGARET

pesters the Judge Womack.

MARGARET

(to Judge Womack)

What are they doing?

Judge Womack shushes her.

ANGLE on Wednesday. She now has the PEASHOOTER in her mouth, aimed at Judge Womack. Granny gives her a stern look; Wednesday sheepishly hands Granny the peashooter.

GOMEZ

raises his hand.

(CONTINUED)

56

CONTINUED: (3)

56

GOMEZ

Thirty-five!  
(to Morticia)  
Eres divina!

MARGARET

is increasingly agitated.

MARGARET

(to Judge Womack)  
But I don't understand...

MORTICIA

raises her hand.

MORTICIA

Fifty!

Morticia has raised her arm. She lowers it, but keeps it extended for Gomez to kiss. He does so, passionately.

THE FLABBERGASTED JUDGE WOMACK

repeats breathlessly...

JUDGE WOMACK

I have fifty thousand dollars...

MORTICIA

Your turn, my ecstasy.

GOMEZ

It's yours, amore mio.

MORTICIA

You spoil me... mon amour.

Gomez utters a little cry of wild passion.

Judge Womack hammers his gavel, as Margaret's jaw drops.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (4)

56

JUDGE WOMACK  
Sold to Morticia Addams for fifty  
thousand dollars!

Judge Womack shakes his head, in disgust. As he does so,  
a projectile HITS HIS NECK. He YELPS, and grabs his neck.

ANGLE on Granny, with the peashooter in her mouth; she has  
clearly just scored the hit on Judge Womack. She and the  
children share a conspiratorial smile.

CUT TO:

57 OMITTED

57

58 INT. DUESENBERG - DUSK

58

CLOSEUP ON THE FINGER TRAP --

The jewels glinting in the passing lights.

FESTER

has his fingers TRAPPED in it. He stares at it, almost  
as if he were hypnotized. Morticia, beside him, admires  
it also.

MORTICIA  
Isn't it too enchanting?

Fester pulls his fingers, trying to free them.

FESTER  
How do you take it off?

Morticia releases it for him.

MORTICIA  
There's a trick to it. Of course.

Gomez shares a look with Wednesday, then leans forward  
from his place on the other side of Morticia and,  
eyebrows knitted, frowns at Fester.

CUT TO:

A59 EXT. ADDAMS MANSION - NIGHT

A59

Several windows are lit.

CUT TO:

ALTERNATE SCENE 58...

58

INT. DUESENBERG - DUSK

58

CLOSEUP ON THE FINGER TRAP --

The jewels glinting in the passing lights.

FESTER

has his fingers TRAPPED in it. He stares at it, almost as if hypnotized.

MORTICIA

Gomez, you shouldn't have. You bought the fingertrap.

GOMEZ

It's for charity. And it belongs in the family.

Fester pulls his fingers, trying to free them.

FESTER

How do you take it off?

Morticia releases it for him.

MORTICIA

There's a trick to it. Of course.

Gomez shares a look with Wednesday, then leans forward from his place on the other side of Morticia and, eyebrows knitted, frowns at Fester.

CUT TO:

59 INT. DINING ROOM - LATER 59

Gomez's elaborate MODEL TRAIN LAYOUT fills the room. The LIONEL TRAIN races through the remains of a strip mined mountain terrace.

Thing gallops into view around one of the mountains, then paces back and forth in front of Gomez's transformers.

GOMEZ

(ranting to Thing)

'How do you take it off?' That's absurd! That finger trap was a party favor at his tenth birthday!

Gomez demonically starts his SECOND TRAIN, setting it on a sure collision course with the first.

CUT TO:

60 OMITTED 60

A61 INT. FESTER'S ROOM - BEDTIME A61

Preparing to go to the vault, Fester, with cool professionalism, slips his safe-cracking tools into the bandoliers strapped across his chest.

He reaches into the drawer for the nitro-glycerine and comes up with the photo of the young Fester and Gomez being brought home from Camp Custer by the U.P.S. man. He stares at the picture, then tosses it aside as if touching it burned him. He picks up the nitro, and proceeds with his preparations.

CUT TO:

61 INT. DINING ROOM - SAME TIME 61

Puffing black smoke, the model trains race toward one another, toward the inevitable. His emotions churning like the locomotive wheels, Gomez rants to Thing.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

GOMEZ

He wore that finger trap for two years!  
 Mother had to teach him how to eat with his  
 feet! And the combination, and the  
 password, and my cigar - and he slept  
 so well!

Thing paces furiously.

CUT TO:

A62 INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

A62

Granny sits at the kitchen table, reading cookbooks. There is a stack of books on the table. Two books are propped up. Granny reads from the first book; we see the title - The Joy of Cooking. She turns to the second book; we see the title - Gray's Anatomy.

The sound of Gomez's trains has begun to RESOUND throughout the house. As Granny reads, a TRAIN WHISTLE pierces the night, and the kitchen table shakes. Granny looks up from her reading.

CUT TO:

62 INT. PUGSLEY'S ROOM - SAME TIME

62

Morticia is seated on the bed; she has a family photo album on her lap. Wednesday and Pugsley, in pajamas, sit beside her, looking at the album.

PUGSLEY

(pointing at a picture)  
 Is that Father, when he was little?

MORTICIA

(also pointing)  
 Yes. And that's Uncle Fester.

WEDNESDAY

Where are they?

MORTICIA

At a birthday party. See the fire trucks?

From Gomez's train room, we hear a voice howl "ALL ABOARD!", followed by another WHISTLE BLAST.

MORTICIA

(worried)  
 Oh, no.

PUGSLEY

Father's playing with his trains.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

WEDNESDAY

He must be upset.

MORTICIA

It's always a bad sign -- hobbies.

CUT TO:

A63 INT. ADDAMS LIBRARY - SAME TIME

A63

Grimly determined, Fester removes the well-worn copy of "Greed" from the shelf and the secret panel opens. He's headed for the vault.

CUT TO:

63 INT. DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

63

The model trains WHISTLE AT FULL BLAST, shrieking in warning as they round Dead Man's Curve, heading for each other.

FROM INSIDE ONE OF THE TRAINS --

A LITTLE PASSENGER LOOKS OUT. He passes Gomez still raving, almost to the boiling point.

GOMEZ

These thoughts! I'm in torment!  
What is truth? What is fiction?

Thing pounds the table in frustration.

CUT TO:

64 INT. LURCH'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

64

Lurch is sitting up in his too-small bed, wearing his nightshirt and cap. He is sewing a button on a shirt -- a gentle giant.

The CHUG of the trains now SHAKES the entire house. Lurch's needle slips from the noise, and he pricks his finger. He sucks on his finger, looking troubled.

CUT TO:

A65 INT. THE SECRET CHAMBER - SAME TIME

A65

Fester is at the INTERIOR WALL. He pushes against it, seeing if that will make it turn. Then he remembers... He looks above and there hang...

THE COUNTLESS CHAINS--

(CONTINUED)



A65

CONTINUED:

A65

each with a rusted metal grip on the end. Which chain to pull?

From far above in the house, Fester hears the distant train whistle. He randomly yanks one of the chains.

The CHAIN YANKS BACK, pulling Fester straight upwards. With a screech of pulleys and gears, the chain rockets him, hanging on for dear life, toward a NARROW GAP IN WHAT MAY OR MAY NOT BE A CEILING. Fester disappears into the gap.

CUT TO:

B65

INT. PUGSLEY'S ROOM - SAME TIME

B65

Morticia and the children are listening to the sounds of the trains, now a CHUGGING, WHISTLING CACOPHONY.

PUGSLEY  
(listening)  
He's using the diesel...

A SHRILL BLAST is heard.

WEDNESDAY  
The covered bridge...

ANOTHER BLAST.

MORTICIA  
(very concerned)  
Dead Man's Curve...

WEDNESDAY  
I know what he's worried about.

MORTICIA  
So do I, darling.  
(trying to hide her  
anxiety)  
But let's get to bed. Now, have you  
brushed your teeth and washed behind  
your ears?

PUGSLEY  
I did. I'm sorry.

Another BLAST.

WEDNESDAY  
Is that man really Uncle Fester?

Uncle Fester WHOOSHES through the floor-to-ceiling piranha tank. Only Morticia sees this.

CUT TO:

65 INT. DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

65

The TRAIN CRASH is imminent.

GOMEZ

(falling to his knees)

Spirits above me - give me a sign!  
Shall I be joyous? Or shall I be  
damned?

The TRAINS COLLIDE!

Metal rends. Smoke and flames.

CUT TO:

66 OMITTED

66

A67 OMITTED

A67

B67 OMITTED

B67

C67 OMITTED

C67

67 OMITTED

67

and

and

68

68

69 OMITTED

69

&

&

70

70

71 OMITTED

71

72 OMITTED

72

73 EXT. YARD - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

73

A COAL CHUTE set in the side of the house DROPS open depositing the soaked, disoriented Fester

AT THE FEET OF MORTICIA

Silhouetted by the full moon, she stands regally above him, waiting for him, her velvet cloak covering her night clothes.

MORTICIA

(pointedly)

Sleepless night? Walk with me,  
Fester.

She turns and glides away. Fester has no choice but to follow.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. BACK OF HOUSE/THE CEMETERY - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

74

Morticia leads Fester into the chill of the cemetery.

They follow a path that winds among the ELABORATE TOMB-STONES of the Addams dead. Gomez's golfballs are everywhere -- on the ground, in statues' upturned hands, in their open mouths.

As they pass them, Morticia points out various monuments. The marble statues look so real they could be alive.

MORTICIA

Aunt Laborgia - executed by a firing  
squad. Cousin Fledge - torn limb from  
limb by four wild horses. And darling  
Uncle Eimar...

Uncle Eimar is a hooded executioner with an upraised ax. There is an UNEARTHLY MOAN, seeming to come from the tomb.

MORTICIA

Buried alive. Psychopaths, fiends,  
mad-dog killers - roots, Fester.  
Pioneers. Lest we forget.

Among the statuary is a MARBLE VULTURE, posed with the dignity of an eagle on a flagpole, but the flagpole is actually a replica of Fester's bald head.

(CONTINUED)

MORTICIA

Your beloved Muerto. After you left, he was simply... a different vulture. He wouldn't circle. He wouldn't peck. That's how much you mean to this family.

They reach the MAUSOLEUM where MOTHER AND FATHER ADDAMS lie. It stands on a knoll, the HIGHEST POINT IN THE CEMETERY.

Poison ivy covers the dilapidated Greco-Roman tomb. Mother and Father Addams have been depicted as a god and a goddess, charioteers driving their steeds to the netherworld. Father Addams smokes the ubiquitous Addams cigar.

Morticia gazes up at the likenesses of Mother and Father Addams. But Fester averts his eyes -- the faces seem to be STARING DIRECTLY AT HIM.

MORTICIA

Mother and Father Addams...  
Imagine what we owe them. Oh, Fester, how I wish the children could have known them better. But tell that to an angry mob.

She turns to trace the FAMILY CREST, carved into the mausoleum. THE TOP OF THE CREST IS A VULTURE. THE BACKGROUND IS COMPOSED OF THREE LION'S HEADS -- IN ONE PANEL, A HUNTSMAN HOLDS OPEN THE LION'S HEAD; IN ANOTHER PANEL, THE LION HAS SWALLOWED HIM UP TO HIS TORSO; IN THE LAST PANEL, THE LION HAS SWALLOWED THE HUNTSMAN COMPLETELY BUT FOR ONE DANGLING FOOT. ON A BANNER AT THE BOTTOM IS THE FAMILY MOTTO IN LATIN.

MORTICIA

Three lions rampant. The vulture ascendant. And our credo "Sic gorgiamus allos subjectatos nunc."  
"We gladly feast on those who would subdue us."

(reflective)

Not just pretty words. As an Addams, you understand completely, don't you?

She stares levelly at him.

FESTER

As an Addams, yes, I do.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (2)

74

MORTICIA  
 (after another beat)  
 Good night, Fester.

She heads toward the house. She turns.

MORTICIA  
 Rest in peace.

CUT TO:

75 INT. HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

75

Fester is on the phone hunched over, his eyes darting to make sure no one overhears.

FESTER  
 (into phone)  
 They're on to me, Mother! I'm almost sure!... Of course, I've tried, I still can't find it... you've got to get over here.

Wednesday is bound and gagged on a chair in the background. Pugsley runs up to Fester with two bottles of poison. Fester, vaguely impatient, points to one. Pugsley nods and runs off.

FESTER  
 (into phone)  
 ... Don't say that...  
 (tenderly)  
 ... You know that I do...

CUT TO:

A76 OMITTED

A76

B76 INT. ADDAMS KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

B76

Granny and Lurch are doing the dishes; Granny rinses and Lurch dries. Lurch then hands each dish to Thing, who stacks them.

Morticia sits at the kitchen table, sipping a cup of tea.

Wednesday stands before Morticia, holding up a large, nasty-looking carving knife.

MORTICIA  
 (to Wednesday)  
 Is that for your brother?

Wednesday nods.

(CONTINUED)

B76 CONTINUED:

B76

MORTICIA  
(taking the knife)  
I don't think so.

Morticia hands Wednesday a much larger, even nastier-looking knife. Wednesday takes the knife and exits.

MORTICIA  
(worried)  
His trains are everywhere, the children  
are beside themselves - this can't go on.  
How can I help him? Tell me, Mama.

GRANNY  
Well, let's look it up.

Granny wipes her hands and opens a large, ragged leather-bound book. She starts thumbing through the pages.

GRANNY  
Troubled husbands, troubled husbands...  
adultery...

MORTICIA  
Oh, no.

GRANNY  
(still looking)  
Financial, money troubles...

MORTICIA  
No.

GRANNY  
(still looking)  
Turned into a toad or reptile...

MORTICIA  
Is there an index?

GRANNY  
Here it is - suspicion and anxiety,  
in husbands.

MORTICIA  
(eagerly)  
What does it say?

(CONTINUED)

B76 CONTINUED:

B76

GRANNY

(reading)

Drain all his blood, replace it with vinegar overnight. Leave a headless rooster beneath his pillow. Smear his forehead, palms and feet with the tears of a stillborn monkey. Add milk.

MORTICIA

(offended)

I can't do that. It's barbaric. Really, Mama. I'm surprised at you.

(a beat, then disdainfully)

Milk.

Lurch growls in agreement.

CUT TO:

C76 INT. UNCLE FESTER'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

C76

Fester is sitting on the bed, kneading his hands, very upset. Abigail is calmly inspecting the room, studying various objects with disdain.

FESTER

They know I'm a fraud! The whole bunch! It's not going to work!

ABIGAIL

Who knows? Gomez, that over-heated moron?

FESTER

He's no moron! He's Fester's brother, they had some awful fight, years ago. He's suspicious, they all are, I can tell.

ABIGAIL

Really? Well, thank God I came over. I can counsel the troubled family. Ease their distress. It's my calling. Remember, Gordon...

FESTER

What?

ABIGAIL

(smiling)

I'm a doctor.

CUT TO:

Gomez and Morticia sit with Abigail.

MORTICIA

(to Gomez)

Dr. Pinder-Schloss is here to help.

(to Abigail)

Should Gomez speak with Fester?

He's right outside the door.

(CONTINUED)



76

CONTINUED:

76

GOMEZ

I would speak with Fester...

Gomez gets up and stalks toward the door, talking louder and louder.

GOMEZ

-- if that were Fester, but that's not! That's an impostor! An impostore!

OUTSIDE THE DOOR --

Fester hears and STORMS OFF.

77

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME TIME

77

Fester is marching toward his room, when he hears...

WEDNESDAY (O.S.)

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!

PUGSLEY (O.S.)

Who calls me a villain? Breaks my pate across? Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?

WEDNESDAY (O.S.)

If I must strike you dead, I will!

Fester gets a genuine gleam in his eye.

FESTER

Bloodshed!

He hurries back to the

78

TOP OF THE STAIRCASE and looks down into the

78

FRONT HALL

where, SWORDS DRAWN, DUELLING, Wednesday backs Pugsley in.

Pugsley and Wednesday thrust and parry, hack and slice. Pugsley runs Wednesday through. She staggers, then falls dead.

FESTER

No! No! Gimme that sword.

Pugsley hands him the sword.

(CONTINUED)

78

CONTINUED:

78

FESTER

Haven't you ever slaughtered anyone?

WEDNESDAY

(referring to Pugsley,  
solemnly)

He's only a child.

FESTER

No excuse.

(pointing the sword  
at Wednesday's throat)

Aim for a major artery. The jugular.

WEDNESDAY

(agreeing, the sword  
still to her throat)

That's what I said.

CUT TO:

79

INT. DRAWING ROOM - SAME TIME

79

Gomez is still raving...

GOMEZ

...A faker! A phony! An utter  
fraud! A base, deceitful--

ABIGAIL

(interrupting)

Mr. Addams, I beleef I am under-  
standink. I vill help. Jais? Ze  
theory of displacement - is zis  
familiar?

GOMEZ

(impressed)

No. Tish?

Morticia shakes her head.

ABIGAIL

Ha! It is too exciting. I vill  
explain.

GOMEZ

(excited)

Is it unpleasant?

ABIGAIL

Deeply.

Gomez sits beside Morticia; he takes her hand. They are  
both fascinated.

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED:

79

ABIGAIL

Your very own bruzzer - you drive him away. Go! Off viz you! But zen - you are feelink ze little black monster.

GOMEZ

Pugsley?

ABIGAIL

Guilt. Jais! Your bruzzer returns, you feel guilty - you displace.

GOMEZ

I do?

MORTICIA

(impressed)

Of course...

ABIGAIL

Ze feelinks in your brain cells, ze bubble and ze collide. You suspect tinks. You luff him, but you resent him. Luff, hate, hate, luff. Like for Mama, no?

GOMEZ

But... I didn't hate my mother. It was an accident.

ABIGAIL

It is a very common psychosis. I am seeink it every day.

MORTICIA

(sincerely)

Lucky doctor.

GOMEZ

Displacement! How bizarre... and here, I imagined Fester was the problem. He's sullen...

MORTICIA

(egging him on)

He's furtive...

GOMEZ

(excited)

He's backstabbing...

MORTICIA

He sulks...

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED: (2)

79

GOMEZ

I suspect him...

MORTICIA

You're unbalanced...

GOMEZ

And I hate him...

MORTICIA

(decisively)

But that's love!

GOMEZ

(jumping to his feet)

By God, you're right! He is  
Fester!

Gomez is suddenly jubilant again.

MORTICIA

Thank you, Dr. Pinder-Schloss.

ABIGAIL

I do vat I can.

CUT TO:

80 OMITTED 80

A81 INT. WEDNESDAY'S ROOM - SAME TIME A81

Fester is seated on a leather couch; Pugsley and Wednesday are snuggled up on either side. They are all looking at an enormous, ancient BOOK which Fester holds open in his lap.

C.U. on the book's cover. The title reads WOUNDS, SCARS AND GOUGES.

FESTER

You see, children? There's a lot to learn.

(turning the page)

Gangrene.

PUGSLEY

Uncle Fester, how do you know so much?

FESTER

I've been around. I pick things up.

WEDNESDAY

(still suspicious)

In the Bermuda Triangle?

FESTER

(ignoring her,  
turning another  
page)

Look, children - a new chapter!

PUGSLEY

Oh, boy!

FESTER, PUGSLEY AND WEDNESDAY

(enthralled)

Scabs.

CUT TO:

B81 OMITTED B81

An EXPLOSION fills the screen, as dirt and debris go flying. As the smoke clears -

ANGLE ON Fester, crouched over a detonator, he has clearly just caused the explosion. Wednesday and Pugsley stand or crouch beside him.

(CONTINUED)

B81 CONTINUED:

B81

FESTER

Three parts dynamite, with a nitroglycerin cap. It's perfect for small homes, carports and toolsheds.

WEDNESDAY

What about picnics?

Fester smiles approvingly. He reaches into a crate and holds up a HAND GRENADE. The children's eyes sparkle, as if it were Christmas Day.

ANGLE on the window of FESTER'S ROOM, high above Fester and the children. Abigail stands at the window, looking out. She is not pleased.

CUT TO:

81 INT. FESTER'S ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

81

ABIGAIL

(in her real voice)

Everyone will be at the children's play tonight, correct?

FESTER

Oh, yes. I've been working with them. It's going to be fun!

(CONTINUED)

81

CONTINUED:

81

ABIGAIL

(livid)

Fun? Fun? Is that what we're here  
for? FUN?

She SLAPS Fester. Then she immediately grabs him and  
hugs him.

ABIGAIL

Darling, I'm sorry! You see what  
they've driven me to? I've raised  
a hand to my child, my reason to  
live. You can't go to the play.

FESTER

But... the kids...

ABIGAIL

The house will be deserted! The  
vault will be ours!

FESTER

But...

Abigail hugs Fester's head to her bosom.

ABIGAIL

Can you hear it, my treasure? My  
heartbeat? It beats only for you.  
Listen closely - it says, "Gordon,  
I love you... Gordon, the vault..."

FESTER

I do hear it...

ABIGAIL

Soon we'll have the money, and  
we'll be far from here... Loving  
mother, grateful son... this is  
no time for theatre...

(she gives his head  
a twist and becomes  
quite fierce)

Understood?

CUT TO:

82  
thru  
85

OMITTED

82  
thru  
85

86

EXT. ROOF - EVENING

86

Fester stands alone on the roof, looking out over the  
cemetery, brooding.

(CONTINUED)

GOMEZ (O.S.)

There you are! At last!

Gomez joins Fester at the railing.

GOMEZ

What a fool I was to doubt you! Dr. Pinder-Schloss explained everything. What a lovely woman - so chilly. Displacement - it's a common psychosis. Isn't that grand?

FESTER

Is it?

Gomez slaps an arm around him.

GOMEZ

Look at it, Fester.

Beaming, Gomez gazes down into the cemetery. It is morbid and magnificent in the moonlight. The swamp bubbles. Patches of fog crawl. Unidentified beasties gambol.

GOMEZ

The primeval ooze. Quicksand. Fumes. Toxic waste. It's all ours, Fester. You belong here, old man.

FESTER

You don't know what you're asking. You have a beautiful wife. Wonderful kids.

(gesturing to the swamp)

A wasteland. I'm... in the way.

GOMEZ

In the way? A brother?

FESTER

Gomez, take care. For you - life is all fun and games. A dance in a graveyard. Stench and decay. But... things change.

GOMEZ

Precisely - you're back! Those years apart, Fester. We can't do that again. You're home.

Gomez holds out his hand. Thing is there with a golf club. Gomez passes the club to Fester. Thing supplies Gomez with another club.

(CONTINUED)



86 CONTINUED: (2)

86

The two men hit golfballs off the roof, and over the cemetery, into the darkness. In the distance, OS, we hear the sound of a WINDOW BREAKING.

GOMEZ

Fore!

CUT TO:

A87 OMITTED

A87

87 INT. FESTER'S ROOM - LATER

87

Fester sits on the edge of his bed, brooding.

Wednesday and Pugsley appear in the doorway.

PUGSLEY

Come on, Uncle Fester. Come to the play.

FESTER

I said I was busy!

WEDNESDAY

But you said you'd help us. With the Shakespeare. And the pus.

FESTER

I changed my mind!

CUT TO:

88 OMITTED

88

thru  
90thru  
90

A91 EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

A91

The Duesenberg pulls up in front of the school building. By-standers eye the strange and wondrous automobile. Lurch steps out of the car, and opens the rear door, with great ceremony. As the by-standers gape, the Addams family steps out of the car, as if attending the Academy Awards.

CUT TO:

B91 INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM LOBBY - NIGHT

B91

The lobby is crowded with the families of students. As the Addamses enter, a young woman, SUSAN FIRKINS, approaches Morticia. Susan is Wednesday's teacher; she's wholesome, frazzled and a little too eager.

SUSAN

Mrs. Addams?

MORTICIA

Yes?

SUSAN

Could I see you for a moment? I'm Susan Firkins, Wednesday's teacher.

MORTICIA

Oh, of course. Ms. Furkins - Wednesday's told us so much about you. Have you ever heard from your husband?

CUT TO:

B91A INT. FESTER'S ROOM - SAME TIME

B91A

At his desk now, Fester works with great concentrations. He appears to be building a bomb. He looks at the clock. He hurries.

CUT TO:

C91 INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM LOBBY - A MINUTE LATER

C91

Susan Firkins is showing Morticia a bulletin board hanging on one side of the lobby.

SUSAN

Wednesday is an excellent student, but frankly, I'm concerned. This is our class bulletin board. This month our theme is "Our Heroes", people we love and admire. You see, Susan Ringo has chosen the President.

(she points to a magazine cover of President Bush, hanging next to a child's essay)

Isn't that sweet? And Harmony Feld has picked Diane Sawyer.

(she pints to a photo of Diane Sawyer, hanging next to Harmony's essay)

MORTICIA

(concerned)

Have you spoken to her parents?

(CONTINUED)

C91 CONTINUED:

C91

SUSAN

(not comprehending)

But Wednesday brought in this picture  
- "Calpurnia Addams."

(she points to a photo of  
an oil painting of an  
evil-looking crone.

MORTICIA

(touched and very proud)

Wednesday's Great Aunt Calpurnia. She  
was burned as a witch in 1706. They  
say she danced naked in the town  
square, and enslaved a minister.

SUSAN

(shocked)

Really?

MORTICIA

Oh, yes. But don't worry, we've told  
Wednesday - college first.

ANGLE on Susan, with her mouth hanging open.

CUT TO:

91 INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM LOBBY - NIGHT

91

Tully and Margaret are chatting with the Addamses. The  
Alford's son, TULLY JR., is wearing a felt ELF COSTUME.

MARGARET

(holding her son's  
shoulders)

Isn't he adorable? I made this  
myself.

MORTICIA

It's charming. What is he -- a  
lizard?

(CONTINUED)

91

CONTINUED:

91

MARGARET

An elf.

(she kneels and wipes  
Tully Jr.'s face  
with a Kleenex)

Look at you - that's better. You  
are just too precious for words.  
Why, I could just eat you alive!

MORTICIA

No, Margaret. Too young.

TULLY

So Gomez, um, where's Fester this  
evening?

GOMEZ

Moody -- as usual. We're all out  
on a jaunt, and he's home alone,  
in that big empty house.

TULLY

(his eyes gleaming)

What a shame.

Granny and Lurch appear, hawking another of Granny's  
"delicacies."

GRANNY

Toad on a stick! Get your red hot  
toad on a stick! Can't enjoy the  
show without your toad on a stick!

A92 INT. FESTER'S ROOM - SAME TIME

A92

At his desk now, Fester works with great concentration.  
He appears to be building a bomb. He looks at the clock.  
He hurries.

CUT TO:

B92 INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - SAME TIME

B92

Gomez attempts to schmooze Judge Womack.

GOMEZ

I was hoping you'd come over and  
play a round of golf. Not to brag  
but I've got a beautiful little  
nine hole pitch-and-putt-set up in  
my cemetery.

JUDGE WOMACK

I'd rather rot in hell.

(CONTINUED)

B92 CONTINUED:

B92

GOMEZ

Ahhh... a previous engagement.

He tucks one of his cigars in Judge Womack's breast pocket and heads off to join his family.

CUT TO:

C92 OMITTED

C92

92 INT. VARIETY SHOW STAGE - LATER

92

A HALF DOZEN ADORABLE SEVEN YEAR OLDS are on stage singing "We Are The World." They finish to the enthusiastic applause of the AUDITORIUM FULL OF PARENTS.

Morticia and Gomez politely join in while Lurch fidgets and Granny slumps, bored, in her chair.

MORTICIA

The children are next.

Lurch stops fidgeting and Granny sits up straight.

CUT TO:

A93 INT. BACKSTAGE - SAME TIME

A93

Sitting at the make-up mirror, Wednesday and Pugsley are putting on their armor. Fester is suddenly behind them, reflected in the mirror.

FESTER

I changed my mind.

He thrusts a package toward them.

CUT TO:

B93 EXT. ADDAMS HOUSE - SAME TIME

B93

Abigail is hammering on the door with the knocker.

ABIGAIL

(whispering, sweetly)

Gordon... Gordon... it's Mother...

(very harsh, banging  
the knocker)

Dammit, where are you! I should  
never have used him!

She clomps down the porch steps and heads around the side of the house, peering in windows.

CUT TO:

C93 INT. AUDITORIUM. SAME TIME.

C93

Pushing people aside, Fester forces his way to where his family is seated. They're happy to see him.

GOMEZ

(whispers)

I knew you couldn't stay away,  
old man.

CUT TO:

D93 EXT. ADDAMS MANSION. SAME TIME.

D93

Standing on tiptoes, Virginia tries yet another window.

AT HER ANKLES --

VINES snake out from a window well. They wrap firmly around her ankles.

She gapes down at them and screams. There's no one to hear her and no escape.

The vines go taut, preparing to pull her under.

CUT TO:

93 INT. VARIETY SHOW STAGE. A SHORT WHILE LATER.

93

Pugsley and Wednesday in their elaborate costumes are drawing to the climax of their scene from "Hamlet." As they duel, they act their little Addams' hearts out.

WEDNESDAY

How all occasions do inform against me,  
and spur my dull revenge! O, from this  
time forth, my thoughts be bloody or be  
nothing worth! If I must strike you  
dead, I will!

Pugsley lands the first blow, slashing Wednesday's arm.  
HER SLEEVE RENDS AND BLOOD SPURTS.

PUGSLEY

A hit, a very palpable hit.

They both press the attack, drawing blood. In a fatal blow, Pugsley SLASHES WEDNESDAY'S JUGULAR. She makes horrible GURGLING NOISES. BLOOD SPURTS in arterial squirts.

WEDNESDAY

O proud death! What feast is  
toward in thine eternal cell?

(CONTINUED)

93

CONTINUED:

93

In a final vengeful moment, Wednesday HACKS AT PUGSLEY'S LEFT ARM, CUTTING IT OFF, SENDING A GUSHER OF BLOOD OUT OF HIS STUMP. THE ARM DROPS TO THE STAGE AND BOUNCES OFF, LANDING IN JUDGE WOMACK'S LAP.

(CONTINUED)

93

CONTINUED:

93

ONSTAGE --

Wednesday clutches her bleeding throat.

WEDNESDAY

(gurgles)

Sweet oblivion, open your arms.

Wednesday falls dead.

THE AUDIENCE --

sits perfectly still, jaws agape, deep in shock. An oil painting. Then...

THE ADDAMS FAMILY --

leaps as one to their feet, applauding wildly.

GOMEZ

Bravo!

THE LIGHTS ON STAGE COME UP --

and Pugsley and Wednesday bow deeply, accepting their family's applause.

Fester applauds louder than anybody.

CUT TO:

94  
and  
A95

OMITTED

94  
and  
A95

B95

INT. WEDNESDAY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

B95

Fester is tucking Wednesday into bed. They are now devoted friends.

FESTER

...there were sailors and pirates,  
and an airplane full of tourists  
from Miami Beach. All lost in the  
triangle.

WEDNESDAY

(thrilled)

Uncle Fester, someday will you take  
me there?

FESTER

It's a promise. Goodnight,  
Wednesday. You were terrific.

(CONTINUED)



B95 CONTINUED:

B95

He kisses her on her forehead. She holds out her headless doll. Fester kisses the doll's empty neck. Wednesday holds out the doll's severed head. Fester kisses it.

CUT TO:

C95 INT. CEMETERY - SAME TIME

C95

Morticia is standing in the moonlight. Gomez sits on a bench nearby.

MORTICIA

What a sublime evening. A theatrical triumph...

GOMEZ

A Shakespearean delight! All hail Fester!

MORTICIA

It's like a dream. When we first met, years ago, it was an evening much like this. Magic in the air. A boy...

GOMEZ

A girl...

MORTICIA

(nostalgically  
sitting beside Gomez)

An open grave... It was my first funeral.

GOMEZ

You were so beautiful - pale, and mysterious. No one even looked at the corpse.

MORTICIA

Your cousin, Balthazar. You were still a suspect. I couldn't stop staring, all during the eulogy. Your eyes. Your moustache. Your laugh.

GOMEZ

(aglow with romance)

You bewitched me. I proposed that very night.

MORTICIA

(gazing at the cemetery)

Just think - someday we'll be buried here. Side by side, six feet under. In matching coffins. Our lifeless bodies, rotting together, for all eternity.

(CONTINUED)

C95 CONTINUED:

C95

GOMEZ  
(aroused by all this)  
Cara mia!

MORTICIA  
(passionately)  
Mon sauvage!

They embrace in the moonlight. As they do, the camera  
PANS above their heads: we see the headstone featuring  
UNCLE FESTER.

CUT TO:

95 INT. CONSERVATORY - MORNING

95

LURCH --

is sweeping up. Among the plants, he comes upon

ABIGAIL -- tightly wrapped in a plant cocoon.

Lurch growls.

CUT TO:

A96

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

A96

The cheerful Addams breakfast is underway. Fester is at the table with the family.

PUGSLEY

(to Fester)

Did you like the blood?

FESTER

Perfect - a full bucket. I was so proud.

MORTICIA

Weren't we all. Wednesday, play with your food.

Wednesday has SOMETHING MOVING in her cereal bowl. She teases it with her fork.

Granny SCREAMS, at the sideboard.

MORTICIA

Mama?

Granny pulls a SKELETON OF A SHIN AND FOOT out of one of the serving dishes.

GRANNY

Who put this in here?

Pugsley and Fester exchange a conspiratorial glance and giggle.

GRANNY

(referring to the skeleton)

That's for company!

GOMEZ

(shaking his head, amused)

Rascals.

Abigail enters, peeling off bits of the vines that had encased her.

GOMEZ

Doctor! You were so right! What an evening!

MORTICIA

Fester fit right in.

GOMEZ

The displacement is over!

(CONTINUED)

A96 CONTINUED:

A96

ABIGAIL  
(glaring at Fester)  
Vell, isn't zat... nice.

WEDNESDAY  
Does he really have to go.

ABIGAIL  
Jais, he does.

GOMEZ  
Well, if he insists upon leaving, we shall mark the occasion. Tish?

MORTICIA  
(to Fester)  
We've planned a farewell party.

GOMEZ  
We've invited the whole clan.

Amazed by the gesture, Fester looks over at Gomez and Morticia.

ABIGAIL  
Vat a luffly gesture.

MORTICIA  
(gazing at her family)  
Bloodshed... anguish... breakfast...  
We're a family again. And we owe it all to you, Dr. Pinder-Schloss.

ABIGAIL  
Please - Greta.

MORTICIA  
Greta.

ABIGAIL  
Fester - valk me out.

CUT TO:

96 EXT. FRONT WALK - A LITTLE LATER.

96

Fester is escorting Abigail through the yard.

FESTER  
I'm fine, Mother. I'm completely in control.

(CONTINUED)

ABIGAIL

(grabbing him)

They're not your family, Gordon.  
I am. They don't love you. I do.  
They're evil and corrupt and  
degraded. I can give you that.

FESTER

I'm fine. Really.

(CONTINUED)

96

CONTINUED:

96

ABIGAIL

We'll see.

They reach Gate.

ABIGAIL

(bellowing)

Open up.

Even Gate is intimidated and swings open.

CUT TO:

97

INT. MORTICIA'S CONSERVATORY - EVENING.

97

Fester is cutting the blooms off Morticia's roses.

MORTICIA

We're opening the ballroom now.

Fester hesitates, then follows Morticia.

CUT TO:

98

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BALLROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

98

Each carrying a lighted candelabra, Morticia, Gomez, Fester, Granny, Lurch, Pugsley, and Wednesday stand in front of the tall, elaborately carved, oaken double doors. Gomez unlatches them. Together they push them open and STEP into the

BALLROOM

Moonlight streams in through the floor-to-ceiling windows, revealing the true enormity of the ballroom.

It's straight out of a ROCOCO palace. A lofty unsupported dome ceiling is DECORATED with figures worthy of Dante. The black marble floor glistens. The furniture and banquet tables are FUNERALLY SHROUDED. Like some primeval sea, the shrouds undulate in the breeze admitted through the open doors.

Gomez steps up to Morticia and embraces her. They begin to dance.

Fester remains frozen in the center of the ballroom, overwhelmed by the grandeur.

FESTER

A party... for me... here...

As Gomez and Morticia waltz past...

(CONTINUED)

98

CONTINUED:

98

MORTICIA

All for you!

GOMEZ

Tish - how long has it been since  
we've waltzed?

MORTICIA

(ruefully)

Oh, Gomez... hours.

He dips Morticia. As she bends back, she reaches for one of the shrouds and WHIPS IT OFF -- IT FILLS THE SCREEN. BLACK.

CUT TO:

99

INT. THE BALLROOM.

99

When the shroud comes down THE PARTY IS IN FULL SWING.

Gomez and Morticia, resplendent now in their party clothes, Morticia in a formal version of her black sheath, and Gomez in black velvet lounging pajamas, smoking jacket and fez.

A SMALL ORCHESTRA plays a FRACTURED WALTZ. Thing is a third hand on the bass.

Gomez and Morticia dance among the ADDAMS FAMILY RELATIVES -- that portrait gallery of GROTESQUES come to life. Among them are:

DEXTER AND DONALD ADDAMS, the two-headed cousin in matching turtlenecks.

COUSIN OPHELIA ADDAMS who looks like a Tennessee Williams heroine who's just been fished out of the Mississippi.

SLOSH ADDAMS. If a man could look like a toad and still be a man, this is he. He's made many a killing on Wall Street. With him is his child-sized wife, LOIS.

DIGIT ADDAMS, all four arms embrace his date, an over-age Heidi, with thick blonde braids.

COUSIN LUMPY ADDAMS, a teenage hunchback in a loud blazer.

Dexter and Donald dance Ophelia over to Gomez and Morticia.

DEXTER AND DONALD

(they echo one  
another)

I wonder-- I wonder-- what  
happened-- what happened-- to  
Fester-- to Fester.

(CONTINUED)

99

CONTINUED:

99

GOMEZ

Still primping, I suppose.

Her mind water-logged and bleary, Ophelia addresses Morticia, with a spacy Thorazine smile.

OPHELIA

Where is Fester?

MORTICIA

Soon, Ophelia. Soon.

OPHELIA

Where am I?

CUT TO:

A100 INT. FESTER'S BEDROOM

A100

Fester is in his robe, or his underwear; he is considering various pieces of clothing, on hangers or placed on the bed. Abigail stands nearby, her arms folded.

FESTER

What would look best? A tuxedo?

ABIGAIL

A nice dark suit is perfectly acceptable.

FESTER

But the whole family's coming!  
I want to look terrific!

ABIGAIL

Gordon, may I remind you - you're not really an Addams.

FESTER

I know, I know - but the party's for me!

(he holds an outfit  
up in front of the  
mirror)

I love this.

CUT TO:



100 EXT. ADDAMS MANSION

100

The front door opens, and Lurch appears; he has obviously been summoned. He looks out; his face lights up as he sees a new arrival.

ANGLE on COUSIN IT, driving up in his bubble-topped It-mobile. He parks the car and flips open the top. Cousin It is a hairball in a homburg, who gleeps and squeaks in a language the Addams have no trouble understanding. He pauses for a moment, to survey the house.

CUT TO:

101 INT. BALLROOM - A LITTLE LATER

101

Lurch escorts COUSIN IT into the ballroom. Gomez and Morticia come over to greet him.

GOMEZ

It, old man!

COUSIN IT

Bleep gibber, ooot, ooot.

MORTICIA

You're right. Far too long.

Cousin It looks around, obviously checking out the women. He SEES--

MARGARET

on the dance floor with Tully.

It runs a hand through his hair, slicking it back, then excuses himself.

COUSIN IT

Ooot gibber bleep.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

MARGARET

clings stiffly to Tully in the midst of all this Addams' weirdness.

MARGARET

The first time we've been dancing in ages, and you take me here...

TULLY

It's a formal occasion...

MARGARET

Don't let me out of your sight...

TULLY

Don't threaten me...

There's a TAP on Margaret's shoulder. She turns. Before her is Cousin It, hat in hand, eager to cut in.

COUSIN IT

Oot, ooot, ooot.

He takes her in his arms and spins away with her.

CUT TO:

A102 OMITTED

A102

B102 INT. FESTER'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME

B102

The pipes groan loudly as scalding water floods the sink. Abigail shaves the back of Fester's head with a straight razor. The room is filled with steam.

ABIGAIL

You'll make your appearance, then slip away from the party ...

FESTER

How? I'm the guest of honor.

CUT TO:

C102 INT. BALLROOM - SAME TIME

C102

Wednesday is dancing with Lumpy Addams, the teenage hunchback. Morticia approaches them.

MORTICIA

Wednesday?

WEDNESDAY

Yes, Mother?

(CONTINUED)

C102 CONTINUED:

C102

MORTICIA

Could you run upstairs and check  
on your uncle?

(as Wednesday runs off)

Thank you, dear.

(to Lumpy)

Why, Lumpy Addams. Look at you.  
All grown up.

CUT TO:

102 INT. FESTER'S ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

102

The door opens and Wednesday peeks inside...

WEDNESDAY

Uncle Fester?

She hears the water running in Fester's bathroom, the  
sound of voices beneath it.

INSIDE THE BATHROOM --

Fester turns off the water. The pipes make a final clang,  
then there's silence.

FESTER

Yes, Mother, I understand. I hear  
you.

ABIGAIL

I hope so, Gordon. I'm counting  
on you. Don't buckle.

FESTER

It's not going to be easy. There  
are people everywhere.

ABIGAIL

You can do it, if you just stop  
whining. No one likes that, it's  
unattractive.

FESTER

All right, fine. I will try and  
reach the vault tonight. But if  
I can't, well...

(screwing up his  
courage)

Then that's it. Okay, Mother?

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

Wednesday stands frozen in the doorway.

WEDNESDAY

You are a fake! I knew it!

Abigail and Fester wheel around on her. The straight razor catches the light and GLINTS MENACINGLY.

ABIGAIL

Come here, little vun. Ve von't hurt you.

Fester can't believe this is happening. He is genuinely torn and it shows.

FESTER

Wednesday!

Abigail's facade disintegrates and she bellows.

ABIGAIL

Get her!

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED: 102

Abigail pushes him toward Wednesday -- who suddenly scared, takes off running. She runs through

FESTER'S ROOM and ACROSS

103 INT. HALL - SAME TIME 103

into her own room. She slams her bedroom door behind her.

Galvanized into action by the hold his mother still has on him, Fester KICKS the door open just in time to SEE:

A104 INT. WEDNESDAY'S ROOM - SAME TIME A104

Wednesday throws open a TRAPDOOR IN THE FLOOR and DISAPPEARS DOWN IT, pulling the door closed behind her. Fester tries to find it but, the door is seamless. He pounds the floor in frustration.

CUT TO:

B104 EXT. HOUSE - SAME TIME B104

Next to the coal chute where Abigail was grabbed by the vines, ARE TWO SMALLER CHUTES -- one marked Pugsley and one marked Wednesday. Wednesday SLIDES OUT of her chute. She takes off toward the cemetery.

C104 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT C104

Wednesday runs through the graveyard, and into the darkness of the night.

104 OMITTED 104

105 OMITTED 105

106 INT. BALLROOM - SAME TIME 106

Lurch escorts

FLORA AND FAUNA AMOR,

the twins from the home movies, into the ballroom. He takes their wraps revealing that they are, in fact, a pair of SIAMESE TWINS. Twenty-five years later, they still look quite beautiful and quite mad.

GOMEZ (O.S.)

Flora and Fauna Amor!

Gomez approaches, shielding his eyes.

GOMEZ

I cannot see! I'm blinded by beauty!

(CONTINUED)

106

CONTINUED:

106

FLORA

Gomez Addams....

FAUNA

... you terrible flirt...

FLORA

... always was...

FAUNA

... at least with me...

FLORA

Copycat!

FAUNA

Tag-along!

Morticia appears.

MORTICIA

Why, Gomez. The Amor twins. I've heard so much about you.

FLORA

Morticia! I hate you!

FAUNA

... you nabbed him, this darling man...

FLORA

... he was mine...

FAUNA

... he was mine...

MORTICIA

Flora, Fauna, how can I compete? You're twice the woman I am.

Gomez grabs Tully, who is striding by in search of Margaret.

GOMEZ

Tully, the Amor twins. They're waiting for Fester. Amuse them.

FLORA

(flirting)

Hello, Tully...

FAUNA

I saw him first...

106 CONTINUED: (2)

106

FLORA  
(to Tully)  
Ignore her...

FAUNA  
(to Tully)  
She's nothing...

MORTICIA  
(calling after them)  
Bon chance!

The girls now have their four arms all over Tully, leading him onto the dance floor.

TULLY  
Oh my God...

CUT TO:

A107 OMITTED

A107

107 INT. FESTER'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

107

Abigail is in the room alone. At that moment, Fester comes climbing back through the open window.

FESTER  
I couldn't find her anywhere. Let's just leave - out the back.

ABIGAIL  
Pull yourself together. She'll turn up - the little cockroach. Now get to the party - or they'll suspect something. I'll be down soon.  
(using her accent)  
Ja?

CUT TO:

A108 OMITTED

A108

B108 INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

B108

Morticia watches as Granny garnishes a ROAST PIG set on silver tray. It is beautifully glazed, deliciously plump and has an apple in its mouth.

MORTICIA

Mama, you've outdone yourself.

Granny turns the roast pig slightly to arrange the garnish and reveals its SECOND HEAD. This one too has an apple in its mouth.

GRANNY

Hey - it's a party.

Satisfied, she covers it with a lid. Lurch then lifts the tray onto a serving cart, and rolls the cart out.

CUT TO:

C108 INT. BALLROOM - SAME TIME

C108

Flora and Fauna, now on the dance floor with Tully, chatter giddily as he tries to maneuver them through a box-step.

FLORA

You can't imagine how surprised we were when Gomez called and told us Fester was back...

FAUNA

Especially considering...

FLORA

(rolls her eyes  
heavenward)

Fauna...

TULLY

Especially considering what?

FLORA

It makes no difference now. It's obvious that Fester and Gomez are devoted.

TULLY

Why wouldn't they be devoted?

FAUNA

Well, now that Fester's back, he's the king of the castle again, isn't he?

(CONTINUED)



C108 CONTINUED:

C108

FLORA

Fester's the older brother. So he gets it all. The house, the money - you name it.

FAUNA

I'd like to...

FLORA

Gomez be damned.

FAUNA

Fester's still single, isn't he?

FLORA

(flirting)

Are you, Mr. Alford?

TULLY

Why, Fauna...

FAUNA

I'm Fauna!

FLORA

I'm Flora!

TULLY

I'm flattered. Excuse me, ladies?

Tully winks at Flora and blows a kiss to Fauna; they giggle madly. Tully hurries off, grinning like the cat who swallowed the canary.

CUT TO:

D108 OMITTED

D108

E108 OMITTED

E108

CUT TO:

108 INT. BALLROOM - SAME TIME

108

Morticia and Fester have appeared at the door to the ballroom.

MORTICIA

Everyone. Your attention please.

The music stops, and the guests fall silent.

MORTICIA

When he was lost, our family grieved.  
And how it became them. Now he is  
found, and our celebration begins.  
Our treasured guest of honor --  
Fester Addams.

(CONTINUED)

108

CONTINUED:

108

She takes him by the hand as if to lead him toward the assembled guests - but instead ABRUPTLY SPINS HIM BY THE ARM, sending him whirling like a top into the

CENTER OF THE DANCE FLOOR

where he suddenly STOPS, NOSE-TO-NOSE WITH GOMEZ. Gomez has changed clothes -- he's dressed now like a Hollywood Cossack. He carries FIVE GLEAMING SCIMITARS.

Morticia, Granny, and all the Addams women rap out a stirring martial beat on tambourines.

GOMEZ

The Mamushka!

Gomez begins to CIRCLE around Fester.

The other family members form a ring, CIRCLING COUNTER-CLOCKWISE to Gomez.

Gomez then throws the scimitars straight up, high into the air, and begins juggling them.

Baffled, Fester stands in the center, the eye of this dizzying hurricane.

GOMEZ

Taught to us by our Cossack cousins,  
the Mamushka has been an Addams family  
tradition since God-knows-when...

Gomez hurls the scimitars to Fester. They begin JUGGLING THEM BACK AND FORTH -- MUCH TO FESTER'S SHOCK AND SURPRISE.

GOMEZ

...We danced the Mamushka while Nero  
fiddled! We danced the Mamushka at  
Waterloo! We danced the Mamushka for  
Jack the Ripper, and now, Fester  
Addams, this Mamushka's for you!

The juggling continues. The MOVES GET MORE AND MORE INTRICATE. It's an ELABORATE, CAREFULLY CHOREOGRAPHED ROUTINE. Fester, petrified, manages to somehow bungle his way through.

They launch into a TONGUE-TWISTING PATTERN SONG. Fester stumbles his way through. During an instrumental passage of the song, Gomez admires his brother.

(CONTINUED)

108 CONTINUED: (2)

108

GOMEZ

After all this time Fester hasn't forgotten a step, hasn't forgotten a word!

Fester STOPS DEAD.

FESTER

(astonished)

Not a step, not a word...

Fester has missed a beat and looks up to SEE --

ALL FIVE SCIMITARS --

DROPPING FAST, coming straight at him.

Panicking, he CATCHES... ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR -- with two in each hand, his hands are full. What's he going to do with

THE FIFTH SCIMITAR?

HE OPENS HIS MOUTH TO SCREAM. IT DROPS STRAIGHT IN. HE SWALLOWS IT TO THE HILT.

The Addams mob CHEERS LUSTILY and launches into the finale of the song.

Amazed, Fester drops the scimitars he holds and pulls the one from his mouth.

FESTER

How did I do that?

Gomez slaps him on the back. Fester burps. The Addams cheer again. They close in on Fester.

CUT TO:

A109 INT. A REMOTE CORNER OF THE BALLROOM - SAME TIME

A109

Cousin It and Margaret are waltzing in an out-of-the-way nook; they are somewhat involved.

MARGARET

We've been married for almost twenty years... sometimes it seems like more...

COUSIN IT

Ooot oot blipper.

(CONTINUED)

A109 CONTINUED:

A109

MARGARET

Of course, people grow, people change...

COUSIN IT

Glibber gleep gleep.

CUT TO:

109 INT. FRONT HALL - A LITTLE LATER.

109

Tully is heading for the front door, in his coat. Abigail stops him.

ABIGAIL

Where are you going? There's trouble.

TULLY

Hey - not to worry. Plan B.

ABIGAIL

But that hideous little girl...

TULLY

(interrupts)

I'm in charge. Ten minutes - I'll be back.

Tully slips out the door. Abigail turns, frustrated, throwing up her hands. Upstairs, on the dance floor, a reprise of the Mamushka has begun. In the rear of the hall, Cousin It passes across, leading a trembling Margaret.

CUT TO:

110 EXT. JUDGE WOMACK'S HOME - A SHORT WHILE LATER

110

Judge Womack is on the front porch with Tully. He's apoplectic. The raucous sounds of the Mamushka reverberate from the Addams mansion.

JUDGE WOMACK

What the hell's going on over there?

TULLY

How would you like to be rid of the Addamses for good? I'm serious.

JUDGE WOMACK

(smiling)

What can I do for you?

CUT TO:

111 EXT. ADDAMS MANSION - TWO O'CLOCK A.M.

111

Gomez and Morticia stand on the front steps waving good-bye to their departing guests.

Cousin It leans out the window of his limousine, sharing a romantic last moment with Margaret.

MARGARET

You're a marvelous dancer. It's been such fun.

COUSIN IT

Ooot ooot gibber.

MARGARET

(torn)

I can't. We musn't.

(a beat)

Call me?

The limo drives off, as Margaret waves a fond farewell. The limo passes --

Morticia appears. She puts her arm around Margaret as it drives off.

MORTICIA

Oh, Margaret... he's very special, isn't he?

MARGARET

(sighing)

He's perfect.

MORTICIA

He's It.

Flora and Fauna giving good-bye kisses to Fester, covering him with lipstick; they hang on him with all four arms. He is enjoying himself.

FLORA

You'll come see me before you leave, won't you, Fester?

FAUNA

(to Fester,  
confidentially)

I'll call, once I'm alone.

An AMBULANCE pulls up. White-jacketed ATTENDANTS step out, with a straight-jacket built for two.

FESTER

There's your ride! Good-bye, girls!

CUT TO:

112 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - A BIT LATER 112

Fester skips down the hall, still practicing bits of the Mamushka, the Amor Twins' kisses still fresh on his cheeks. He opens the door and strides into --

113 INT. FESTER'S ROOM - SAME TIME 113

Fester dances into the room. He grabs Abigail and starts dancing with her, swinging her around and singing bits of the patter song.

(CONTINUED)

113

CONTINUED:

113

ABIGAIL

Gordon?

Fester keeps singing and dancing.

ABIGAIL

Gordon! Stop it! This instant!

Fester lets her go.

ABIGAIL

Gordon, is that... lipstick? All over your face?

FESTER

(still giddy)

From the twins! The beauteous Amor twins!

ABIGAIL

The twins? Gordon, I don't understand this. Let me get this clear. Have you... have you been having a good time?

FESTER

(jubilant)

Yes, I have! It was marvelous - I sang up a storm! And I danced 'till I dropped! The Mamushka!

He begins to dance again. Abigail, breathing fire, sits on the bed, turning away from him.

FESTER

Mother?

ABIGAIL

Mother? Mother? Who is that? I don't think I recall.

FESTER

Mother...

ABIGAIL

I'm perfectly fine. I'm dandy. Don't concern yourself with me, Gordon. Please, return to your depraved orgy. Sometimes I think you're not even my son.

FESTER

Don't say that!

ABIGAIL

I'm just your mother. You only owe me your entire existence on this planet. Please, Gordon, by all means - go. Sing. Dance. Date.

(CONTINUED)



113 CONTINUED: (2)

113

FESTER

(coming to his senses)

Mother, I'm... I'm so terribly  
sorry...

(he kneels at her side)

It was just a party. It's over.  
It means nothing. Those Siamese  
twins, that hunchback, Cousin It  
- they're not you.

ABIGAIL

(clutching him  
savagely)

Say it, Gordon. Make me believe it.

FESTER

I love you. And I want money.

ABIGAIL

(very no-nonsense)

We've got to find Tully.

CUT TO:

114 INT. BALLROOM - SAME TIME

114

Morticia is looking for her children. She discovers  
Pugsley ASLEEP, curled up on the SILVER PLATTER WHERE THE  
TWO-HEADED PIG LAY. She finds this enchanting.

Gomez enters. Morticia shushes him; she points to the  
platter.

MORTICIA

(whispering)

Look - our little boy.

GOMEZ

(whispering)

All tuckered out.

MORTICIA

(whispering)

So sweet. He looks just... like  
a little entree.

Pugsley wakes up; he looks around.

PUGSLEY

(sleepy)

Where... where's the party?

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

MORTICIA

It's over, darling - have you seen your sister?

PUGSLEY

Not since before the Mamushka.

MORTICIA

Gomez?

GOMEZ

Don't fret - we'll find her.

CUT TO:

115 EXT. ADDAMS YARD - LATER

115

Gomez rallies the family for the search. Morticia wears a black cloak. Granny has grabbed her divining rod. Lurch distributes torches, then stands aside, awaiting instructions. Pugsley helps Gomez unroll an ancient map of the area.

GOMEZ

Fan out. Pugsley - head for the dung heap. Mama and Morticia - the shallow graves. I'll take the abyss, and Lurch - check the bottomless pit.

MORTICIA

(worried)

Her favorite...

GOMEZ

(calls out)

Fester!!

FESTER (O.S.)

Up here.

They look up at Fester, looking down at them from Wednesday's window.

GOMEZ

Fester! You take the ravine! And the unmarked, abandoned well!

FESTER

Somebody should stay behind - in case she comes back.

GOMEZ

Good man! Good thinking!

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: 115

GRANNY

Then who'll take the swamp?

Thing tugs at the cuff of Gomez's pants. Gomez nods.

GOMEZ

That's the spirit, Thing - lend a hand! Let's go!

They all sweep off, with Gomez in the lead.

116 INT. WEDNESDAY'S ROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER 116

Fester is still at the window. Abigail joins him.

THEIR POV

Spread far and wide over the grounds, the various members of the family search for Wednesday, tiny lights aloft, calling.

ABIGAIL

Where the hell is Tully?

They head out.

CUT TO:

117 OMITTED 117

118 INT. DEN - A LITTLE LATER 118

Fester and Virginia find...

TULLY -

sitting in an armchair, basking in the rays of sunshine that beam from a copy of "The Sun Also Rises." Tully smiles at them.

ABIGAIL

What are you doing?

TULLY

Relaxing. Taking a little sun.

ABIGAIL

Have you gone mad?

TULLY

Au contraire.

Tully closes the book and smugly unfurls a LEGAL DOCUMENT.

CUT TO:

119 EXT. SWAMP - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT 119

Thing hops lily pads, stopping occasionally to quest the air for his mistress.

CUT TO:

120 EXT. PRIMEVAL FOREST ADJACENT TO CEMETERY - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT 120

Torch aloft, Pugsley searches through the primeval forest.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT 121

Lurch picks up a car -- looking for Wednesday.

CUT TO:

122 EXT. UNDERGROUND GROTTO - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT 122

Morticia and Granny stand in the middle of the dripping dankness. Stalagmites. Stalactites.

Granny's torch casts scary shadows on the cave walls.

GRANNY  
(calling out)  
Wednesday! Wednesday!

MORTICIA  
Oh, Mama, I was sure we'd find her here.

CUT TO:

123 EXT. CEMETERY - DARK 123

Gomez reaches a stately mausoleum at the far end of the cemetery. Two proud marble vultures guard the entryway. Gomez lowers the uplifted claw of one of the vultures and the stone doors slide open. He steps into -

A124 INT. MAUSOLEUM - SAME TIME A124

Inside it is catacomb-like, filled with the bleached bones of the Addams dead. Gomez's torch casts shadows -- one of which belongs to Wednesday, curled asleep on a stone sarcophagus. Relieved to find her, Gomez approaches quietly. He doesn't want to wake her up. He lifts her tenderly in his arms.

CUT TO:

124 EXT. GATE - DARKNESS BEFORE DAWN

124

Gate can't open. He rattles miserably on his hinges -- locked tight with heavy chains and yellow police tape - large "NO TRESPASSING!! COURT ORDER!! ADDAMS FAMILY - KEEP OUT!!" signs are posted on Gate's rusty bars.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL --

the family, appalled at the sight of Gate. Lurch carries the sleeping Wednesday and Pugsley.

GOMEZ

What's all this?

TULLY --

hurries down the walkway, waving his legal document.

TULLY

This is a restraining order, Gomez.

GOMEZ

A restraining order?

TULLY

It requires you to keep a distance of one thousand yards from this house. You've got about nine hundred and ninety-nine yards to go - catch my drift?

GOMEZ

(in disbelief)

I am restrained - from my own house!?

TULLY

Not your house, moustache! Not any more! It belongs to the eldest living descendant, the older of the brothers -- Fester Addams!

GOMEZ

But - this is lunacy!

MORTICIA

Fester adores Gomez!

TULLY

He's afraid of him. Seeing the twins brought it all back.

(to Gomez)

You're bitter rivals, Gomez - always were, always will be!

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

GOMEZ

It's not so! Those girls meant nothing  
- he knows that! I demand to see  
Fester!

TULLY

Sorry - no can do. He's very hurt -  
it's not a good time. Leave it alone.  
Or better yet - just leave.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED:

124

Wednesday comes forward, rubbing the sleep from her eyes.

WEDNESDAY

But he isn't even Uncle Fester.

Gomez and Morticia turn to look at her.

GOMEZ

(to his family)

Do not fear - justice shall prevail. The courts will decide!

(fervently)

They say a man who represents himself has a fool for a client. Well, with God as my witness - I am that fool!

CUT TO:

125 OMITTED

125

A126 OMITTED

A126

126 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

126

C.U. GAVEL --

hammers on the Judge's bench.

PULL BACK to reveal --

JUDGE WOMACK

is the presiding judge. He hammers the bench again, then reads his decision.

(CONTINUED)

126 CONTINUED:

126

## JUDGE WOMACK

Given applicable standards of proof, the attempts to impugn this man's character or question his identity have been woefully inadequate. It is with no small amount of personal satisfaction that I declare Fester Addams legal executor of the Addams estate and rightful owner of all properties and possessions contained herein. Gomez Addams...

(He holds up a golf ball)

I believe this is yours.

CUT TO:

127 EXT. ADDAMS MANSION - DAY

127

The family members TROOP to the car with their few possessions.

## GOMEZ

already sits in the passenger seat of the Duesenberg, his coat draped over his shoulders as if he were an invalid, his head thrown back.

Morticia carries out Cleo, her carnivorous plant. Granny carries her favorite cauldron, Wednesday one of her Marie Antoinette dolls, Pugsley his chemistry set. Lurch uproots his favorite tree and joins the procession. Thing follows, dragging a toy wagon packed with his rings, his glove.

CUT TO:

128 OMITTED

128

129 EXT. ADDAMS OVERGROWN DRIVEWAY - LATER

129

The Duesenberg eases out of the driveway and onto the street, WEIGHED DOWN by Lurch's tree, sticking out of the trunk.

## FESTER

standing at a second story window, watches the car drive off.

CUT TO:



130 EXT. WAMPUM COURT - LATER. 130

A two-story NEON ARROW points the way to this bungalow court -- Bright and awful ersatz western. LOG CABINS OF SIMULATED WOOD surround the TEEPEE-SHAPED OFFICE.

The Addams' Duesenberg is parked in front of the furthest cabin. The asphalt has been ripped up in big chunks and Lurch's tree is parked next to the Addams' new home.

CUT TO:

131 INT. BUNGALOW - SAME TIME 131

C.U. DRESSING TABLE MIRROR

Morticia leans into frame. With an icepick and a hammer, she deftly makes a large spidery CRACK in the round mirror. Sighing deeply, she stands back to admire her handiwork. Granny joins her.

GRANNY

I like it.

Her mother pats her consolingly.

MORTICIA

Just as long as we're together,  
n'est pas, mon cher?

As she turns to Gomez, we see the interior of the bungalow -- all ersatz cowboy and Indian mixed with chrome-plated plastic and orange shag carpet.

GOMEZ

sits slumped in a chair made from wagon wheel and nauga-hyde. It's as if all of his insane, vibrant energy has been leeched from him. He's a broken man. He looks back at her as if he's never heard French.

GOMEZ

Huh?

Wednesday tends to him. She and her mother exchange a worried look.

PUGSLEY

comes from the bathroom, nibbling a wrapped bar of motel soap.

PUGSLEY

This place isn't so bad. They even  
put candy in the bathroom.

MORTICIA

That's the soap, dear.

(CONTINUED)

131 CONTINUED:

131

PUGSLEY

Oh.

He takes another greedy bite.

Wednesday pats her father's arm.

WEDNESDAY

Do you want a cigar, Father?

GOMEZ

(in a monotone)

They're very bad for you.

WEDNESDAY

(very worried)

Father?

Wednesday exchanges a panic-stricken look with Morticia.  
The family moves closer to Gomez.

GOMEZ

But maybe I'll have one of those...

He takes a bar of soap from Pugsley. Gomez unwraps it  
and morosely eats.

CUT TO:

132 OMITTED

132

132A INT. ADDAMS MANSION - MIDWAY TO THE VAULT

132A

C.U. on three hands, as they reach up to pull three of  
the countless chains.

CUT TO:

A133 EXT. ADDAMS YARD - MIDNIGHT

A133

THE COAL CHUTE ON THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE --

drops open, dumping out Fester, Abigail, and Tully - all  
of them wet and bedraggled and gasping for air.

ABIGAIL

(to Fester)

You're doing this on purpose.

(CONTINUED)

A133 CONTINUED:

A133

They all struggle to their feet and march grimly back toward the door.

CUT TO:

133 INT. WAMPUM COURT BUNGALOW - MORNING

133

Gomez is STRETCHED OUT on the naked box springs of his bed -- the mattress pushed aside. A damp cloth covers his eyes. Thing MASSAGES his aching head. A bowl of MOTEL SOAPS is beside him.

In contrast, Morticia squarely faces the crisis. She addresses the family from the head of the breakfast table, the want ads open on the table before her.

MORTICIA

We are Addamses, and we will not submit. Who recalls the fable of the tortoise and the hare? The swift, yet lazy little cottontail, and his slow but determined companion? What does that story teach us, as Addamses?

GRANNY

Kill the hare. Skin it. Boil it.

WEDNESDAY

Put the tortoise on the highway.

PUGSLEY

During rush hour.

MORTICIA

Yes! We will survive! Poison us, strangle us, break our bones - we will come back for more. And why?

GRANNY

Because we like it!

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

PUGSLEY  
Because we're Addamses!

Gomez tries to rouse himself.

GOMEZ  
(out of it)  
We're Addamses...

He burps -- soap bubbles floating from his mouth.

CUT TO:

134 OMMITTED

134

135 OMITTED

135

136 EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF THE WAMPUM COURT - DAY 136

Wednesday and Pugsley have set up a LEMONADE STAND, their contribution to the Addams' financial well-being. An array of POISONS are lined up on their rickety table. They've slashed their prices to a nickel per cup. The pitcher on the table before them steams.

Cars speed by.

Carrying a SAMPLE VACUUM CLEANER and a bucket, Lurch comes out of the motel courtyard. Pugsley offers him a cup of punch.

PUGSLEY

Here, Lurch. On the house.

Lurch downs it in a gulp and heads off.

Feeling the effects of the lemonade, Lurch BURPS -- a tongue of flame shoots from his mouth and INCINERATES A WOODEN INDIAN advertising the Wampum Court.

CUT TO:

137 OMITTED 137

138 INT. EMPLOYMENT AGENCY 138

Morticia is being interviewed by a PERSONNEL OFFICER, a relentlessly perky gal with a clipboard.

PERSONNEL OFFICER

We have so many homemakers re-entering the work force - your domestic skills can be very valuable. College?

MORTICIA

Private tutors.

PERSONNEL OFFICER

Major?

MORTICIA

Spells and Hexes.

PERSONNEL OFFICER

(knowingly)

Liberal Arts. Have you been a volunteer, PTA, service organizations?

MORTICIA

Well, one day each week I visit Death Row at our local prison, with my children.

(CONTINUED)

138 CONTINUED:

138

PERSONNEL OFFICER  
(perplexed)  
With your children?

MORTICIA  
Autographs.

PERSONNEL OFFICER  
Well, what about your husband? Is  
he currently employed?

MORTICIA  
He's... he's going through a bad patch  
at the moment. But it's not his fault.

PERSONNEL OFFICER  
(with some bitterness)  
Of course not. What is he - A  
loafer? A hopeless layabout? A  
shiftless dreamer?

MORTICIA  
(wistfully)  
Not anymore.

The Personnel Officer shoots Morticia a doubtful glance,  
and begins rifling through her card file.

CUT TO:

139 INT. ADDAMS LIVING ROOM - DAY

139

Abigail and Fester are seated at opposite ends of the  
couch. Fester stares off into space. Abigail is going  
through a stack of colorful travel brochures.

ABIGAIL  
The Mediterranean, the Riviera - once  
we find the money, we'll go everywhere.  
We'll try again, right after lunch.  
Gordon - where should we go first?

FESTER  
(sadly)  
I don't know...

ABIGAIL  
Acapulco? Cancun?  
(she snaps her fingers  
in the air, castanet-  
style, trying to be  
festive)  
Ariba! Ariba!

FESTER  
You choose.

CUT TO:



A140 EXT. WAMPUM COURT - LATER THAT DAY

A140

Wednesday and Pugsley are at their lemonade stand. They are negotiating with a PRISSY LITTLE GIRL IN A GIRL SCOUT UNIFORM. The girl scout carries several boxes of Girl Scout cookies.

GIRL SCOUT  
(with grave doubts)  
Is this made from real lemons?

WEDNESDAY  
Yes.

GIRL SCOUT  
I only like all-natural foods and beverages. Organically grown, with no preservatives. Are you sure they're real lemons?

PUGSLEY  
Yes.

(CONTINUED)



A140 CONTINUED:

A140

## GIRL SCOUT

Well... I tell you what. I'll buy a cup, if you buy a box of my delicious girl scout cookies. Do we have a deal?

## WEDNESDAY

Are they made from real girl scouts?

CUT TO:

140 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

140

White clapboard. Geraniums in the flower boxes. Surrounded by a white picket fence.

Carrying his SAMPLE VACUUM CLEANER AND BUCKET, the tools of his new trade, Lurch carefully opens the little white gate.

AT THE DOOR,

he rings the doorbell, afraid he might break something.

A BLONDE HOUSEWIFE in tennis whites, obviously in a hurry, opens the door -- only to be greeted by a BUCKETFUL OF SLOP thrown past her, onto her peach Oriental rug. She SCREAMS in horror, turns to challenge the perpetrator of this atrocity and, seeing Lurch, SCREAMS again.

In a panic, she tries to slam the door on Lurch, but, like the salesman's manual undoubtedly advised, he STICKS his foot in the way. The door partially RIPS off its hinges.

Lurch steps inside and shuts the door as best he can.

A moment passes. The door swings open and Lurch exits, jauntily waving a check.

CUT TO:

141 OMITTED

141

142 OMITTED

142

&amp;

&amp;

143

143

A144 OMITTED

A144

B144 OMITTED

B144

144 INT. DAYCARE CENTER - DAY

144

Morticia is telling a story to a group of TODDLERS, who have gathered in a circle around her, sitting on carpet squares. The room is sunny and cheerful, with crayon drawings taped to the walls.

MORTICIA

... and so the witch lured Hansel and Gretel into the candy house, by promising them more sweets. And she told them to look in the oven, and she was about to push them in, when, lo and behold, Hansel pushed the poor, defenseless witch into the oven instead. Where she was burned alive, writhing in agony. Now, boys and girls, what do you think that feels like?

After a beat, all the toddlers begin to CRY and WAIL.

CUT TO:

145 OMITTED 145  
 thru thru  
 147 147

148 OMITTED 148  
 thru thru  
 152 OMITTED 152

A153 EXT. WAMPUN BUNGALOW - DAY A153

Granny holds a club behind her back as she stalks something.

GRANNY  
 Here kitty, kitty, kitty...

CUT TO:

153 INT. WAMPUM BUNGALOW - SAME TIME 153

Eating compulsively from a box of Mallomars, Gomez is still stretched out on the naked box springs. He stares vacantly at a game show on TV. "Jeopardy" is on.

ALEX TREBEK  
 (reading from  
 the card)  
 Monsters Of History for \$200. "He was known as the Butcher of Bavaria."

GOMEZ  
 (shouts)  
 Grandfather Addams!  
 (smacks his forehead,  
 hard)  
 Damn! Not in the form of a question!

CUT TO:

A154 EXT. BUNGALOW - SAME TIME A154

Granny, running now, club raised, hurries past the open window of the bungalow.

She stops at the sight of Gomez inside, standing on the bed, staring at the television.

C.U. on the TV set - Gomez is now watching Geraldo Rivera, hosting his tabloid style show.

GERALDO  
 Voodoo zombies - the stuff of legend, or a living nightmare? Do zombies really exist? How are they made? Where can we find them? Call in with your comments.

(CONTINUED)

A154 CONTINUED:

A154

A CALL-IN NUMBER is flashed on the screen. Gomez reaches for the phone.

CUT TO:

154 INT. ADDAMS MANSION DINING ROOM - DAY

154

Abigail and Gordon are seated at opposite ends of the table, having lunch. It is very quiet.

ABIGAIL

After lunch, we'll try again.

FESTER

(very flat)

Yes, Mother.

ABIGAIL

We'll find the money. And meanwhile, we have this little nest. Quiet and cozy. Without that dreadful family.

FESTER

Yes, Mother.

ABIGAIL

Just the two of us, away from the world. Our dream come true.

FESTER

Yes, Mother.

As Fester repeats "Yes, Mother", in his drone, Abigail mimics him, silently.

CUT TO:

A155 INT. BUNGALOW - AN HOUR LATER

A155

C.U. on the TV screen. Geraldo is talking to a woman in the studio audience.

GERALDO

So your son was brainwashed by voodoo slave masters and forced to recruit others. Let's take a call.

GOMEZ

(on the studio PA system)

Geraldo...

GERALDO

(cutting him off)

Mr. Addams, please stop calling. We don't know where they meet.

(CONTINUED)

A155 CONTINUED:

A155

PULL BACK to the motel room. Gomez lets the phone drop. Morticia, seated on the edge of the box spring, tries to comfort him. Pugsley, Wednesday and Lurch are seated nearby, very worried about Gomez, as at a death watch.

Gomez is now surrounded by junk food, and a mountain of junk food wrappers, bags and styrofoam containers.

Ritually, as handmaidens, Morticia brings Gomez the remote control for the TV, and Wednesday brings him a copy of TV Guide.

Pugsley brings Gomez a bag of "Doritos", and Lurch brings him a canister of "Pringles".

Gomez uses the remote to switch channels. An episode of "The Cosby Show" comes on.

GOMEZ

Re-run.

He switches off the set and stares at the blank screen.

PUGSLEY

I don't understand. All he does is watch TV and eat.

MORTICIA

I know - Gomez, let's go for a drive. The whole family.

GOMEZ

(not even turning)

A drive? And miss "Matlock"?

Granny opens the door and sticks her head in.

GRANNY

Dinner's going to be late.

She slams the door. We hear her whistling.

GRANNY (O.S.)

Here, boy. Here, boy.

CUT TO:

A155A INT. WAMPUM COURT - LATER

A155A\*

Morticia is putting Wednesday to bed.

WEDNESDAY

If that man isn't Uncle Fester,  
then who is he, mother?

MORTICIA

I don't know, darling. I wish  
I did.

WEDNESDAY

Why is that lady doing all this?

MORTICIA

It's hard to say. Sometimes people  
have had terrible childhoods. And  
sometimes they just haven't found  
their special place in life. And  
sometimes they're dogs from hell  
and must be destroyed.

Morticia kisses Wednesday and she closes her eyes to go  
to sleep.

CUT TO:

B155 INT. WAMPUM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

B155

The family sleeps - all but Morticia. She sits up in bed beside Gomez. She looks around at her family.

Wednesday sleeps in the same bed as Granny. Lurch is flat out on the floor. Pugsley uses him for a mattress, and Thing uses Pugsley. Pugsley snores the inhale part of a snore, Lurch groans the exhale part, and Thing punctuates by wiggling.

Morticia stares down at Gomez - for a long beat. She strokes his hair lovingly. Full of resolve, she gets out of bed.

CUT TO:

AC155 INT. FESTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

AC155\*

Fester is lying in bed, the covers around his chin. Abigail sits on the bed beside him, tucking him in.

ABIGAIL

I know why you've been so glum.  
It's because it's taking us a  
little longer than we'd hoped to  
find the gold. Isn't that right?

Fester turns away, depressed.

ABIGAIL

Of course it is. Well, don't you  
worry - we're right on the verge.  
Tomorrow, for certain, my darling.  
(she kisses him on the  
forehead, and stands.  
She goes to the door,  
and turns)  
You know, some people might think  
it's strange, for a mother and son  
to be so close. I think it's  
beautiful. Don't you, Gordon?

Fester mumbles something, under his breath.

ABIGAIL

(very stern)

What?

FESTER

(dutifully)

Yes, mother. It's beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

AC155 CONTINUED:

AC155

ABIGAIL  
(instantly very sweet,  
dabbing her eye with  
a fingertip)  
Look - I'm weeping.

Abigail exits. The minute the door shuts, Fester gets out of bed. He is fully clothed. He goes to the window, and begins to climb out.

CUT TO:

C155 EXT. BUNGALOW - LATER

C155

Morticia, fully dressed, wearing her cloak, heads off down the walk. Unseen by her, Thing trails after.

CUT TO:

D155 EXT. GATE - A LITTLE LATER

D155

Morticia, just outside Gate, struggles to get it open, Thing clutching the bars, also attempting to block her way.

MORTICIA  
Stop it, you two.

Morticia breaks free of Thing.

CUT TO:

E155 EXT. ADDAMS MANSION - A LITTLE LATER

E155

Tully opens the front door. He smiles maliciously at the sight of Morticia on the stoop.

MORTICIA  
I would like to speak with Fester.

Tully steps aside.

TULLY  
We've been expecting you...

Morticia crosses the threshold.

CUT TO:

F155 OMITTED

F155



155 EXT. INTERSECTION AT THE FOOT OF THE ADDAMS HILL - NIGHT 155

Thing does his damndest to flag down any of the few oncoming cars. He waves to no avail, DANCES AROUND in frustration, then tries HITCHHIKING, sticking out his thumb. A passing car splashes him with mud.

Screwing up his courage, in a kamikaze leap, he GRABS ahold of the bumper of the next car that comes along and hangs on for dear life as the car SPEEDS down the street.

CUT TO:

156 INT. STUDY - A LITTLE LATER

156

Morticia is now stretched out on the torture RACK. Fester and Tully are securing her hands and feet, under Abigail's supervision. Fester seems torn, agitated, upset.

MORTICIA

(to Abigail, graciously)

You are a desperate woman, consumed by greed and infinite bitterness.

(a beat)

We could have been such friends.

ABIGAIL

I don't think so. The vault, Mrs. Addams - any thoughts?

MORTICIA

(sweetly, to Abigail)

Despite everything, I don't hate you. I pity you. Persecution, fiendish torture, inhuman depravity - sometimes it's just not enough.

ABIGAIL

Gordon - let's get started.

FESTER

But, Mother...

ABIGAIL

Stop stalling!

FESTER

I'm not stalling! Stop badgering me!

ABIGAIL

(pushing Fester aside)

Tully, take over! Tighten it!

(CONTINUED)

156 CONTINUED: (2)

156

TULLY

I'd love to, you know that, but -  
I've got this stomach thing. When I  
torture people. It's just me.

ABIGAIL

(shoving Tully toward  
the rack)

Do it!

TULLY

(to Morticia,  
politely)

Where's your bathroom?

ABIGAIL

NOW!

Tully shuts his eyes and tightens the rack. Morticia's  
bones make a horrible POPPING, STRETCHING SOUND. She  
MOANS, rather sensually.

ABIGAIL

Again!

Tully tightens the rack again. More BONE-POPPING NOISES.  
Morticia MOANS again, even more orgasmically.

ABIGAIL

Tighter!

Tully tightens the rack a third time. BONE-POPPING NOISES.  
Morticia MOANS, very voluptuously. She opens her eyes.  
She sighs, in afterglow. She glances at Tully.

MORTICIA

(to Tully, flirtatiously)  
You've done this before.

CUT TO:

157 EXT. WAMPUM COURT - NIGHT 157

A hand possessed, Thing RACES up the driveway, raising dust as he goes.

158 EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT 158

Thing leaps dramatically onto the porch, then stops dead to knock on the cabin door.

After a beat:

GOMEZ (O.S.)  
Who is it? We're paid through  
Thursday.

He opens the door. Thing rushes in.

CUT TO:

159 INT. BUNGALOW - MINUTES LATER 159

Thing skitters on the kitchen counter, frantically signing. In the background, the rest of the family sleeps.

(CONTINUED)

159 CONTINUED:

159

GOMEZ

(whispers)

Slow down, Thing! It's terrible  
when you stutter!

Frustrated, Thing grabs a SPOON and begins tapping out  
MORSE CODE.

GOMEZ

Morticia in danger... stop! Send  
help at once ... stop!

Thing flops down in exhausted triumph. Gomez grabs him  
and heads off.

CUT TO:

160 OMITTED

160

161 INT. GOMEZ'S STUDY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

161

Morticia is now lashed to an ENORMOUS TORTURE WHEEL.  
Tully and Abigail are tending the stick BRANDING IRONS  
stuck in the roaring fire.

FESTER

(to Abigail)

You can't! Not with red-hot pokers!

TULLY

(queasy)

Is this gonna smell?

MORTICIA

(graciously, with  
understanding)

Tully Alford - charlatan. Deadbeat.  
Parasite. How Gomez adored you.

TULLY

Well, not enough.

FESTER

Morticia, please...

MORTICIA

Dear Fester - or whomever you are.  
Which is the real you - the loathsome,  
under-handed monster you've become?  
Or the loathsome, underhanded monster  
we came to love?

FESTER

(desperately)

Don't ask me...

(CONTINUED)

161 CONTINUED:

161

MORTICIA

Fester - I saw you tonight, at my window. I know it was you.

ABIGAIL

(furious)

Gordon?

FESTER

(very upset)

I was... restless! I couldn't sleep.

ABIGAIL

Gordon, I have a thought. Just a notion, top of my head. Tell me what you think. Since you and Mrs. Addams are so very close...

Abigail takes a red-hot POKER out of the fire and hands it to Fester.

ABIGAIL

... be my guest.

CUT TO:

162  
thru  
164

OMITTED

162  
thru  
164

A165

INT. DUESENBERG - NIGHT

A165

Gomez cuts the engine. The car glides silently through Gate -- who opens uncharacteristically without a creak. Gomez stops the car and skulks out. Thing skulks after him.

Gomez sees the reflections of the roaring fire through the study window.

CUT TO:

165

INT. STUDY - SAME TIME

165

As Fester takes the poker and approaches Morticia -

GOMEZ CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW, in a back-flip.

Thing JUDO-FLIPS in after Gomez.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

165

GOMEZ

Cara mia!

MORTICIA

Mon cher!

ABIGAIL

Addams!

Thing tosses Gomez a saber off the study wall.

Tully also grabs a saber, and approaches Gomez from behind.

MORTICIA

Darling, take care!

Without even looking, Gomez parries Tully's blow from behind. Then he whirls on Tully.

GOMEZ

Dirty pool, old man. Never again!

TULLY

This is for keeps, Gomez! Not just doubloons!

Tully feints, then slashes - shredding the front of Gomez's jacket.

GOMEZ

One for you, Tully, and...

Gomez ATTACKS - HIS BLADE FLASHING LIKE LIGHTNING. In a blur of action, Tully's sword is knocked from his hand and he's sent tumbling backwards, finally landing on his knees.

GOMEZ

... one for me!

Tully looks up at Gomez with cowardly, pleading eyes.

TULLY

Gomez... it's Tully. I'm your lawyer. I'm on retainer.

ABIGAIL (O.S.)

Let him up!

Gomez turns to see...

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED: (2)

165

ABIGAIL -

who now has a pistol aimed at Morticia. One shot and Morticia will die horribly.

Gomez throws aside his sword. Tully scrambles to his feet.

ABIGAIL

(to Gomez)

That's right! Now get moving - Addams, take him to the vault. And if you're not back in one hour...

(the pistol aimed at Morticia, and using her accent)

I displace her.

Gomez is near enough now to take Morticia's hand, on the torture wheel.

GOMEZ

Tish - seeing you like this. My blood boils.

MORTICIA

As does mine.

GOMEZ

(touching the torture wheel)

This wheel of pain...

MORTICIA

Our wheel.

CU on Fester, confused at watching this emotional display.

GOMEZ

(to Morticia)

To live without you - only that would be torture.

(CONTINUED)



165 CONTINUED: (3)

165

MORTICIA

(to Gomez)

A day alone - only that would be death.

Gomez kisses Morticia's hand.

ABIGAIL

Knock it off! The vault, Addams - right now!

FESTER

But, Mother can't we...

Gomez reaches for the book that will open the secret panel:

ABIGAIL

Can it, Gordon! Stop dragging your feet! You disgust me - you're nothing but a useless, snivelling baby! A stone around my neck! What was I thinking - I should've left you where I found you!

At Abigail's final words, Fester suddenly LEAPS FORWARD.

FESTER

No tricks, Gomez! That's the wrong book!

CLOSE UP

Gomez's hand is on the right book, "Greed," but Fester stops him from pulling it.

FESTER

Allow me...

Gomez looks into Fester's eyes -- realizing what he's about to do.

GOMEZ

(murmuring)

Good show, old man...

Fester reaches for a DIFFERENT BOOK -- "Hurricane Irene: Nightmare from Above."

Seeing the title of the book, Tully suddenly panics:

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED: (4)

165

TULLY

Put that book down, Gordon! You don't know what it can do! It's not just literature!

FESTER

(advancing on Tully)

Oh, really?

TULLY

I'm your friend, Gordon - think of the doubloons!

FESTER

They're not yours, Tully! Back off!

ANGLE on Gomez, releasing Morticia from the torture wheel.

MORTICIA

Quickly, my darling!

He helps her down from the wheel.

GOMEZ

Leather straps, red-hot pokers...

MORTICIA

Later, my dearest.

ANGLE on Fester, facing off with Abigail, as Tully cowers.

ABIGAIL

Keep the book closed, Gordon - listen to mother!

FESTER

I'll never listen to you - not ever again!

ABIGAIL

I had to be strict with you - because I cared! Put it down!

FESTER

You never really loved me!

ANGLE on Gomez and Morticia, nearing the bookcase.

GOMEZ

Come, my love - to safety!

MORTICIA

But what of Fester?

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED: (5)

165

GOMEZ  
 (calling out, to Fester)  
 Old man, this way!

ANGLE on Abigail and Fester.

ABIGAIL  
 Stop whining, you little good-  
 for-nothing! Be a man!

FESTER  
 You're a terrible mother! There,  
 I said it!

Fester opens the book, and blasts Tully out of the window.  
 Then he blasts Abigail out as well.

ANGLE ON GOMEZ, who has now pulled the right book, "Greed",  
 to open the bookshelf. Amid the storm, he is leading  
 Morticia behind the bookshelf. He tries to hold the  
 bookshelf open for Fester to follow, fighting the gale  
 force winds.

GOMEZ  
 (calling out to Fester)  
 Old man! This way!

ANGLE ON THING, across the room, struggling across the  
 floor toward the bookshelf. Thing fights the wind,  
 which pelts him with papers and other flying debris.

Gomez can no longer fight the storm, and the bookshelf  
 slams shut. Fester desperately tries to close the book to  
 quell the storm, but a HUGE BOLT OF LIGHTNING ZAPS HIM.  
 He falls to the floor, with electricity coursing through  
 him.

MOVE IN on the storm raging within the pages of the book,  
 then -

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN ON:

|      |         |      |
|------|---------|------|
| 166  | OMITTED | 166  |
| thru |         | thru |
| 169  |         | 169  |
| 170  | OMITTED | 170  |
| 171  | OMITTED | 171  |
| thru |         | thru |
| 173  |         | 173  |

174 EXT. ADDAMS MANSION, NEXT OCTOBER - NIGHT

174

A group of little CHILDREN approach the front door. There is a hand-lettered sign on the door reading "HALLOWEEN OPEN HOUSE." The children are dressed in traditional Halloween costumes - there's a witch, a ghost, a skeleton, etc., and they all carry trick-or-treat bags. They giggle and chatter. One of the children is pushed forward, and he KNOCKS on the front door. As the door opens, the children CHANT:

CHILDREN

Trick or...

They freeze in mid-chant. We do not see who has opened the door, but the children do. After a beat, they SCREAM IN HORROR and run, terrified, back toward the street.

CUT TO:

175 INT. FRONT HALL - SAME TIME

175

Lurch is closing the front door, looking puzzled.

The family is busily decorating the house for their annual Halloween festivities. All the decorations are elegant yet ancient, dusty and faded. The crystal globes in the chandeliers have been replaced by miniature jack o-lanterns. Skeletons, each wearing a top hat, hang from the sconces by the nooses around their necks. There are clusters of black and orange balloons, covered with cobwebs. Uncle Fester and Thing are draping the banisters and stairway railings with a garland made from crepe paper, dead branches and spanish moss. Skulls, each holding a candle, are scattered about, on the stairs and the furniture. A stuffed, life-size scarecrow leans against the stairway, with a pitchfork through its throat. A banner on the wall reads "HAPPY HALLOWEEN", and the letters drip with blood.

Gomez hangs upside down from the balcony. Morticia hands him a decoration.

Granny appears from the kitchen, carrying a tray of food.

GRANNY

Well, it's their loss. I even made finger sandwiches.

Perched on Fester's shoulder, Thing shakes in fear.

FESTER

(petting Thing)

Oh, calm down.

PUGSLEY (O.S.)

Here we come!

Wednesday and Pugsley come down the stairs. Wednesday is dressed in her usual style, but Pugsley is dressed as a tiny version of UNCLE FESTER, COMPLETE WITH BALD HEAD AND GREATCOAT. The adults are delighted. Gomez flips down onto his feet.

GOMEZ

Pugsley, old man!

MORTICIA

(delighted)

Look at you.

PUGSLEY

(to Uncle Fester)

How do you like it?

Fester is very touched; he picks Pugsley up.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

175

FESTER

What can I say? He's going to  
break hearts.

GOMEZ

Let's get a picture! Lurch?

MORTICIA

Oh yes - in the den.

(CONTINUED)

175 CONTINUED:

175

Everyone starts to move toward the den. There is a KNOCK on the door. Everyone turns. Lurch opens the door.

Standing outside are Margaret and Cousin It. Margaret is dressed as a fairy princess, complete with wand. Cousin It wears a cowboy hat, a bandanna and a holster. Margaret is radiant, obviously very much in love.

MARGARET

Trick or treat!

COUSIN IT

Ooot oot glibber.

GOMEZ

Look, everyone! We have guests!

MORTICIA

Hello, Margaret. Cousin It - I almost didn't recognize you.

MARGARET

Isn't he handsome? Everyone keeps asking where he bought his costume.

GOMEZ

(admiringly)

It is a wonderful hat.

MARGARET

(to Wednesday)

And what are you, darling? Where's your costume?

WEDNESDAY

(solemnly)

This is my costume. I'm a homicidal maniac. They look just like everyone else.

CUT TO:

176 INT. DINING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

176

Fester and Pugsley are posed at one end of the room. Lurch has set up an easel and canvas; he is painting Fester and Pugsley's portrait.

Gomez and Wednesday are sitting on the floor amid newspapers, carving a pumpkin.

Morticia is knitting. Margaret and Cousin It sit together, holding hands. Granny brings people cups of steaming punch, from a punch bowl.

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED:

176

FESTER

Halloween - it's such a special time. Ghosts and goblins. Witches on broomsticks.

WEDNESDAY

Children begging in the streets.

FESTER

I'm so glad I can share this night with my family - my real family. Now that I've got my memory back.

MORTICIA

That unfortunate woman. Filled with evil.

(shaking her head,  
sadly)

But not enough.

PUGSLEY

(to Fester)

She wasn't your mother. She just said that.

COUSIN IT

Ooot oot gleep.

GOMEZ

(to It)

You remember, old sport - she really did find him tangled in a tuna net, twenty-five years ago. With amnesia.

WEDNESDAY

From the Bermuda Triangle.

COUSIN IT

Ooot oot oot.

MORTICIA

How true. Stranger things have happened.

MARGARET

I'm sorry, and I'm not bitter, but I blame Tully.

COUSIN IT

Ooot blipper gleep.

MARGARET

(the coquette)

Oh, stop. I'm blushing.

(CONTINUED)



176 CONTINUED:

176

GRANNY  
(to Fester)  
Thank God for that lightning.  
Knocked some sense into you.

PUGSLEY  
Please, Uncle Fester?

GOMEZ  
(jovially)  
Pugsley...

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED: (2)

176

PUGSLEY

For the picture?

Fester pops a light bulb into his mouth. It lights.  
Pugsley giggles.

Gomez stands up, having finished the pumpkin. He places it on a table, and lights the candle inside. The pumpkin glows. It has ONE EYE IN THE MIDDLE OF ITS FOREHEAD. Everyone oohs and ahhs.

FESTER

You know, all the old sayings are true. There's no place like home. And blood is thicker than water.

MORTICIA

And just as refreshing.

GOMEZ

All right, everybody - time for a game! What shall it be - bobbing for apples?

MARGARET

Charades?

COUSIN IT

Ooot glibber glip.

MORTICIA

Of course - "Wake The Dead."

FESTER

(delighted, to Gomez remembering this childhood favorite)

"Wake The Dead"!

GOMEZ

(equally excited)

"Wake The Dead"! Out to the cemetery!  
Come on, everyone!

Everyone starts to exit, chattering happily.

MARGARET

(to Granny)

I've never played this before -  
how does it go?

GRANNY

Did you bring a shovel?

(CONTINUED)

176 CONTINUED: (3)

176

PUGSLEY

Uncle Fester, will you be on my team?

WEDNESDAY

No, mine!

FESTER

(to Wednesday)

I tell you what - we'll give you a head start. Three skulls and a pelvis - how's that?

Pugsley and Wednesday cheer and run out. Fester faces Gomez.

FESTER

My own dear brother - who could be more precious?

GOMEZ

Blood is thicker than water, old man.

MORTICIA

(touched by the brothers devotion)

And just as refreshing.

Gomez offers his hand. Fester takes it, in a manly handshake.

GOMEZ

Let us never be parted.

FESTER

Let us always be as one.

Fester flips Gomez in a JUDO FLIP.

Gomez LANDS -

At the foot of a glass display case. The camera pans up the case. It contains ABIGAIL AND TULLY, EXPERTLY MOUNTED AND STUFFED.

Fester rises, dusting himself off.

FESTER

(joyfully, to Gomez and Morticia)

Come on!

MORTICIA

We'll catch up.

Fester runs out.

CUT TO:

177 OMITTED 177

178 INT. FRONT HALL 178

Everyone is gone. Morticia and Gomez have drifted into the front hall; they are moving toward the front door.

MORTICIA  
(deeply satisfied)  
Our family... what are they?

GOMEZ  
Oh, Tish - what a night. Everyone  
-- together at last. What more  
could we ask?

MORTICIA  
Gomez?

Morticia holds up the garment she's been knitting - it's a BABY JUMPER WITH THREE LEGS.

GOMEZ  
(ecstatic)  
Cara mia... is it true?

MORTICIA  
(shaking her head  
"yes")  
Oui, mon cher...

They embrace, as the front door SWINGS OPEN, of its own accord.

CUT TO:

179 EXT. ADDAMS MANSION - SAME TIME 179

Morticia and Gomez are silhouetted in the doorway. There is a FULL MOON. In the distance, a wolf HOWLS. Wispy GHOSTS flit through the night sky. A human SCREAM is heard, followed by Granny's CACKLE. In the cemetery, torches are seen, like fireflies.

FADE OUT.

THE END