Morticia Audition Package

SCENE 2

(MORTICIA'S BOUDOIR)

(MORTICIA enters, livid, pursued by GOMEZ.)

MORTICIA
Humiliated! Shamed! *Mortified*!

GOMEZ
Cara -

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

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

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

GOMEZ
You're a wonderful mother.

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

GOMEZ
Cara -

MORTICIA

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

(then)

A *grandma.*

(and)

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

GOMEZ

My mother? I thought she was *your* mother.

(Bad look from MORTICIA.)

No, seriously.

MORTICIA

You lied to me, I can't live with that.

GOMEZ

Here, *cara*. I feel the urge to take you in my arms.

MORTICIA

Not. Today.

GOMEZ

But *cara* -

MORTICIA

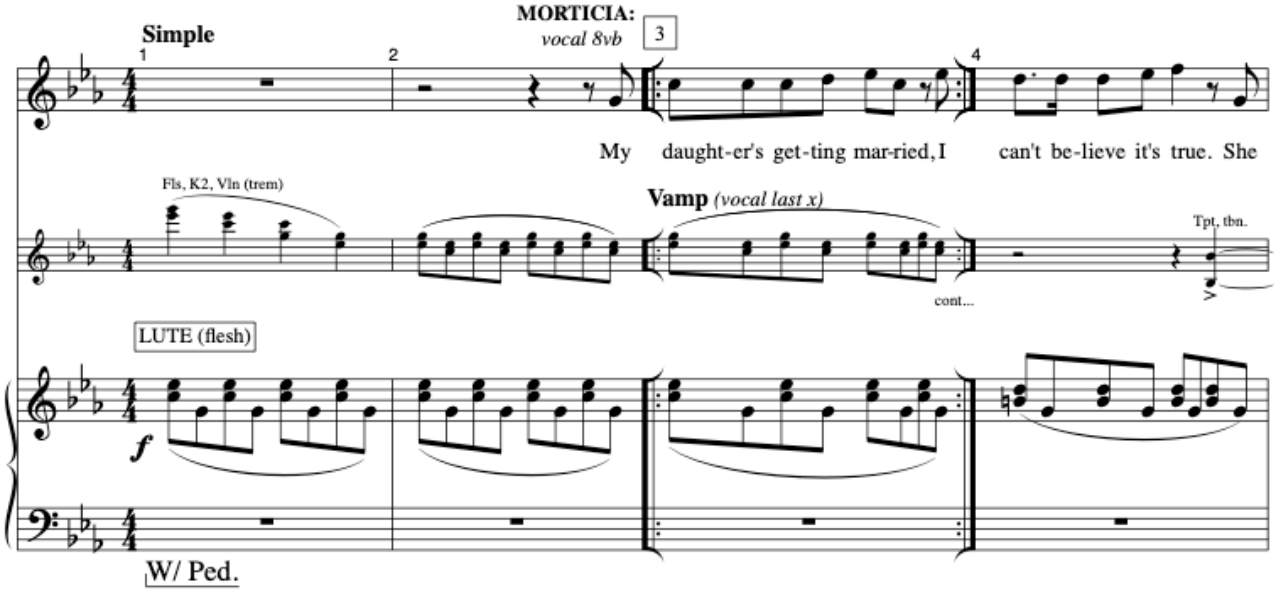
Out!

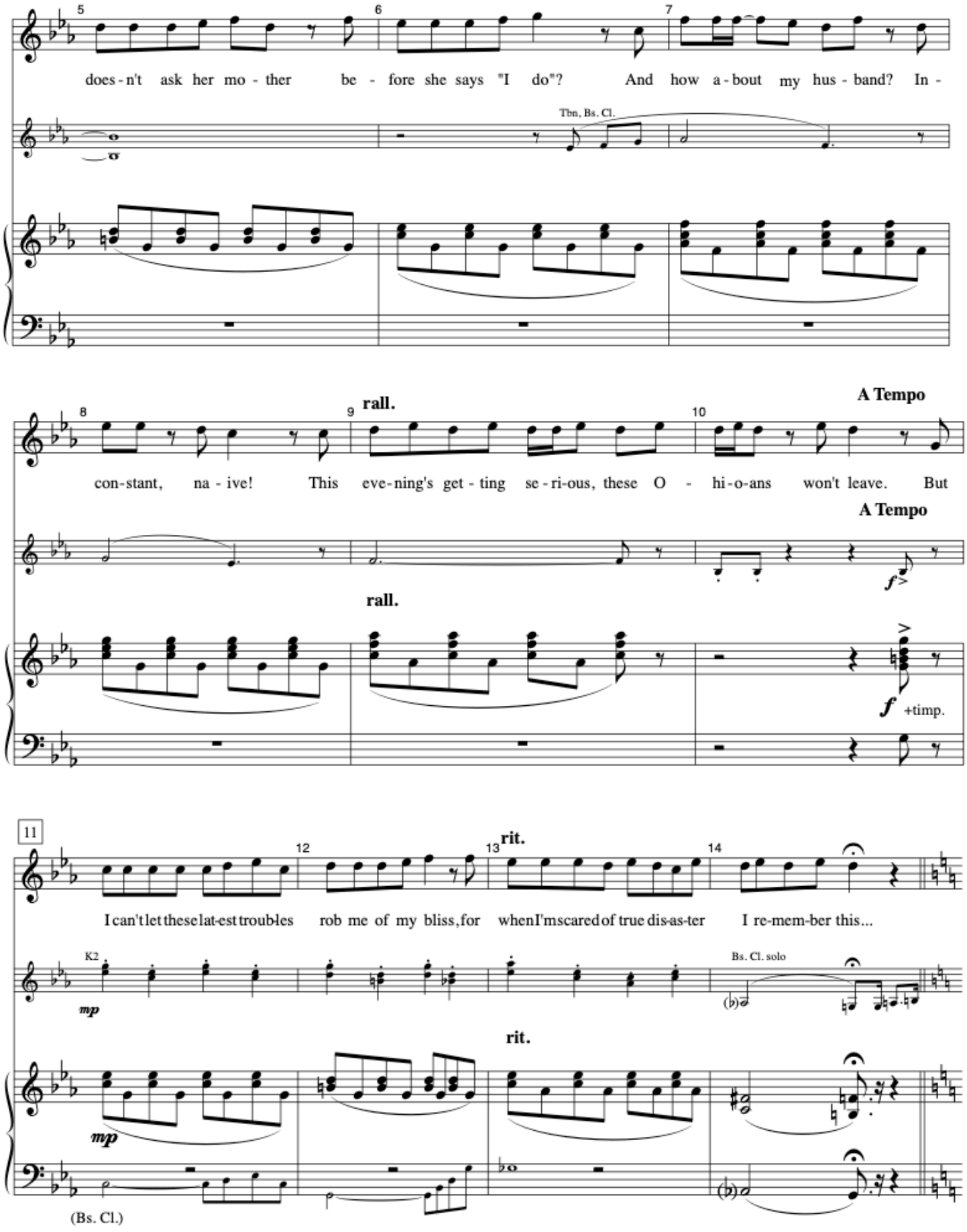
(GOMEZ exits)

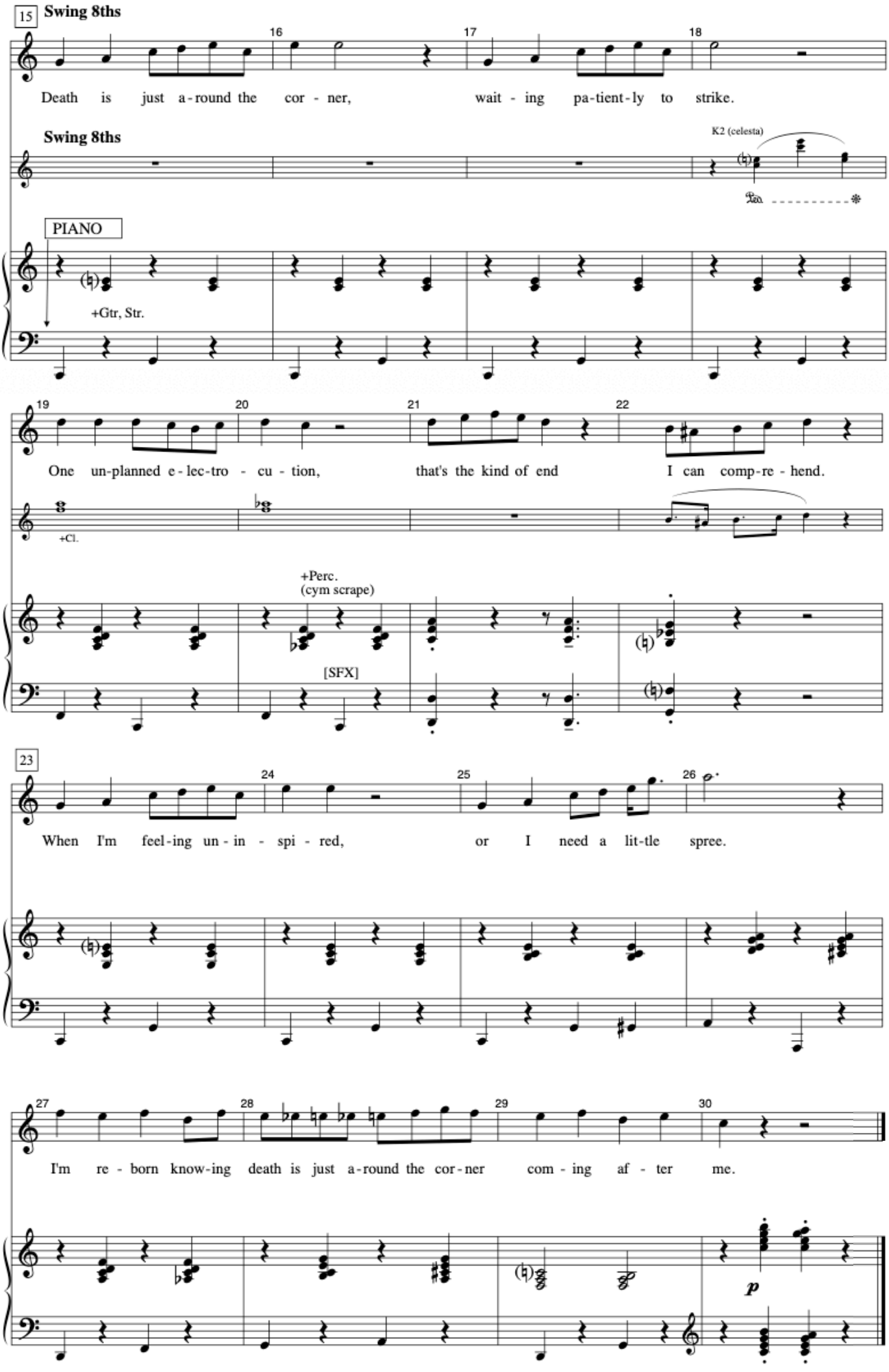
JUST AROUND THE CORNER

[Rev. 1/31/12]

Music and Lyrics by
ANDREW LIPPA




5
6
7
does - n't ask her mo - ther be - fore she says "I do"? And how a - bout my hus - band? In -
Tbn, Bs. Cl.
8
9
rall.
10
A Tempo
con - stant, na - ive! This eve - ning's get - ting se - ri - ous, these O - hi - o - ans won't leave. But
A Tempo
rall.
f
+timp.
11
12
13
rit.
14
I can't let these lat-est trou-bles rob me of my bliss, for when I'm scared of true dis-as-ter I re-mem-ber this...
K2
mp
Bs. Cl. solo
rit.
mp
(Bs. Cl.)


15
Swing 8ths
16
17
18
Death is just a-round the cor - ner, wait - ing pa-tient-ly to strike.
Swing 8ths
K2 (celesta)
PIANO
+Gtr, Str.
19
20
21
22
One un-planned e-lec-tro - cu - tion, that's the kind of end I can comp-re - hend.
+Cl.
+Perc.
(cym scrape)
[SFX]
23
24
25
26
When I'm feel-ing un - in - spi - red, or I need a lit-tle spree.
27
28
29
30
I'm re - born know-ing death is just a-round the cor-ner com - ing af - ter me.
p

Morticia Side 1

MORTICIA
Something's wrong with Wednesday.

GOMEZ
What do you mean?

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

GOMEZ
This boy? Don't be silly. Ha! I say. And double ha! Ha-ha! You yourself said: puppy love!
(turns to go)
Come, darling - I feel an urge to take you in my arms. Let's go upstairs -

MORTICIA
Gomez.

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

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

GOMEZ
Of course. I didn't think of that.

MORTICIA
Besides, she'll have lots of boys.

GOMEZ
How do you know?

MORTICIA
Because she's my daughter.

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

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

(DING! MORTICIA freezes.)