

MORTICIA 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! Come darling...I feel an urge to take you in my arms. Let's go upstairs....

MORTICIA: **Gomez!**

GOMEZ: 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 is 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.... Gomez, you do tell me everything, don't you?**

GOMEZ: Of course.

MORTICIA: **Oh my, you're perspiring.**

GOMEZ: What?

MORTICIA: **I hope you're not coming down with a case of....'Liar's Shingles!'**

GOMEZ: No No

MORTICIA: **I think Wednesday and I should have a little chat.**

MORTICIA 2

MORTICIA: Life is a tightrope, my child, and at the other end is your coffin...better?

PUGSLEY: Uh-huh. Thanks, Mommy.

MORTICIA: Now close your eyes or the monster won't come out and eat you up!

[checking if Pugsley is asleep]

Pugsley? Pugsley? Sleep well my little vermin. Your mommy's life has fallen apart and she needs to go away for a while....and years from now, when YOUR marriage collapses and you want to know who put us all on the road to hell, you can thank your father.

[speaking to the monster under the bed]

Look after my baby will you? Keep him in harm's way.