The Addams Family

“Waiting”

AH AH AH AH AH AH AH AH.

AH AH AH AH AH AH AH AH

AH!

Well as you can see, my wife isn’t herself. So, we’ll be on our way.

No! We’re in the middle of a game. So button your lip and sit your ass down!

Alice, I think you’ve had enough to-

Remember how it used to be, Mal? How we’d look at each other and leave the restaurant in the middle of dinner and rush home and go upstairs; and sometimes we couldn’t even wait and you’d just pull the car over to the side of the-

Mom!

Lighten up, Lucas. Parents do it. Live with it.

Remember, Mal? When we were crazy and the future didn’t exist? What happened Mal? The guy with the Grateful Dead t-shirt? Is he ever coming back? How long do I have to wait?

A WOMAN WAITS FOR MARRIAGE

A WOMAN WAITS FOR CHILDREN

SHE WAITS FOR HER BIG MAL TO COME BACK HOME

AT FIVE O’CLOCK

Alice/Mal

Leaning on table w/hands, looking down, then arch up w/body as if howling

Back to hands on table, thrash head R, L, circle to the R, look up and hands tear through hair and chest

Mal moves to stand and put hands on Alice’s shoulders

Alice doesn’t look at Mal, staring DS, L hand comes up slowly, place hand on his face, push his chest slowly to return to sitting

Alice turn to walk US of table; Mal grabs her R arm

Alice turns around slowly to face Mal US of him; Alice move US of Mal and mess up his hair, holding head against stomach, staring DS

Lucas standing horrified

Alice snaps head to look at Lucas while letting go of Mal’s head; Lucas sits down again

Alice moves to sit on the table at her spot, facing Mal, one leg folded; Mal looking outward until Alice grabs his face and turns it on “the guy with the …”, Alice shakes Mal by shoulders then moves to face to face

Alice stands and walks along chairs backwards toward SR

Touching Lucas’s chair

One hand pulling from top of head, down face, down chest into plie w/hands in gut

Turn and look at Gomez

OR SIX O’CLOCK

TIL IT’S NINE O’CLOCK

AND THERE’S NO O’CLOCK

TO EASE THE PAIN

PAIN SHE CAN’T EXPLAIN

AS THE WOMAN WAITS IN THE DARK

FOR A SPARK THAT ONCE WAS THERE

THAT ISN’T THERE, NOT EVER THERE!

Grrnngh!

ALONE AND

WAITING AND WAILING AND WHINING AND WANING

AND WANTING AND WASTING AND WHOA—

WAITING, FIXATING, DEBATING, LOSE WEIGHTING, ICE SKATING, LACTATING AND SO—

WE WAIT TO LAUGH

WE WAIT TO CRY

WE WAIT FOR EVERY HOPEFUL BREATH

WAITING FOR A LOUSY, ROTTING, VICIOUS, RANCID, FLUSHED DOWN, FETTID, FRENZIED, FATAL…

DEATH!

Climbing along backs of chairs, speak over Morticia’s R shoulder, looking DS

Hold onto Fester’s chair on SL side and L arm circle back to high on forced arch

Falling forward and continue X to SR

Falling onto edge of table, squatting near floor

Both hands holding onto table, then grab spoon

Pushing to stand up as if singing into a mic and swing hips back and forth

Lift other hand by head

Pressing hand while backing up slightly against Lurch, hand on Lurch’s leg and slide down then back up

Lurch grunts

Alice sets spoon down begins to walk DS of table

Tearing at clothes and lunging toward CS

Getting to a kneel, and crawling to continue X

Tantrum on floor, flip over, crawl and then stand again finish X to SL of table, open arms low, legs in second

Stagger to touch table edge w/hand

Wave other hand by head

Turn to sit on table edge facing SL, hands on legs hunched over

Look up, push to stand up, X SL a few steps, turn around and climb on top of table, crawling across table to C, kneeling, reaching upward

Collapse face down on table w/head SR