

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ADDAMS MANSION FRONT STEPS - CHRISTMAS EVE

1

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:

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

2

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.

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

3 INT. FESTER'S ROOM

3

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 rapscallion'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

4 INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

4

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

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

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

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:

6 INT. PUGSLEY'S ROOM - SAME TIME

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:

7 INT. ATTIC - SAME TIME

7

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 hair dryer 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:

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

8

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!

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:

9 EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

9

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:

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

10

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?

FROM ABOVE

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

CUT TO:

11 INT. ENTRANCE HALL - LATER

11

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.

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

CUT TO:

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

12

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

ONE OF THE GOLF BALLS

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:

13 INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOME - SAME TIME

13

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:

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

14

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 golf bag.

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:

15 INT. THE CONSERVATORY - LATER THAT MORNING

15

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:

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

16

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:

17 INT. CONSERVATORY - SAME TIME

17

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:

18 EXT. GATE - SAME TIME

18

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--

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:

19 INT. ENTRY HALL - A LITTLE LATER

19

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:

20 INT. ADDAMS FAMILY PORTRAIT GALLERY - A LITTLE LATER

20

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.

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:

21 INT. GOMEZ'S STUDY - SAME TIME

21

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.

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:

22 INT. ADDAMS ATTIC - SAME TIME

22

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.'

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

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

Next in the armoire is a BODY BAG.

MORTICIA
(fonder still)
Uncle Niknak.

Morticia continues going through the armoire.

CUT TO:

23 INT. GOMEZ'S STUDY - SAME TIME

23

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.

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!

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
-- 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.

Gomez does a KUNG FU BACKFLIP 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:

24 INT. DEN - SAME TIME

24

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:

25 INT. ATTIC - SAME TIME

25

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

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?

MORTICIA
(sadly)
Well, not like he used to--

CUT TO:

26 INT. DEN - SAME TIME

26

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:

27 INT. GOMEZ'S STUDY - LATER

27

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.

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
seanc, 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:

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

28

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

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 doubleon.

MARGARET
(still wearing the fingertrap)
I'm stuck!

JUDGE WOMACK
(to Tully)
You lowlife.
(to Margaret)
Are those emeralds?

CUT TO:

29 INT. TULLY'S LAW OFFICE - LATER

29

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

30 INT. TULLY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

30

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 manipulativeness are barely veiled by a thin layer of polish and good manners.

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 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.

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.

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:

31 INT. ADDAMS MANSION DEN - EVENING

31

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:

32 INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

32

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--

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:

33 INT. ENTRYWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

33

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.

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:

LURCH AT HIS ORGAN

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:

34 INT. DEN - SAME TIME

34

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!

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:

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.

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.

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.

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 vill 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.

GRANNY
(agreeing)
Even with a chainsaw.

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

CUT TO:

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.

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:

42 INT. ATTIC - A FEW MINUTES LATER

42

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.

ESTER
It's reserved? For what?

WEDNESDAY
For Skipper.

ESTER
For Skipper? Is he a dog?

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

ESTER
(gruffly)
Of course not. I'm sorry.

WEDNESDAY
He's a bully.

Fester stares at Wednesday. He backs away from her.

CUT TO:

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

43

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.

CLOSE UP - 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 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:

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

44

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:

45 INT. FESTER'S ROOM - MORNING

45

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.

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:

46 INT. THE ADDAMS KITCHEN - LATER

46

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.

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?

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:

47 INT. DEN - LATER

47

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

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:

48 INT. THE SECRET CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER**48**

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 trapdoor.

49 INT. BENEATH THE SECRET CHAMBER - SECONDS LATER**49**

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

CUT TO:

50 INT. UNDERGROUND RIVER**50**

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

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.

ESTER
 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:

51 INT. ATTIC - SAME TIME

51

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.

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:

52 INT. ENTRANCE TO THE VAULT - SAME TIME

52

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.

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--

53 INT. VAULT - SAME TIME

53

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.

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.

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:

54 INT. ATTIC - SAME TIME

54

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:

55 INT. OUTER TREASURE ROOM - SAME TIME

55

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.

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.

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!

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:

56 INT. ATTIC - SAME TIME

56

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.

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:

57 INT. BAYSHORE WOMEN'S CLUB - LATER

57

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

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.

GOMEZ
Thirty-five!
(to Morticia)
Eres divina!

MARGARET is increasingly agitated.

MARGARET
(to Judge Womack)
But I don't understand--

58 MORTICIA RAISES HER HAND.

58

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.

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:

59 INT. DUESENBERG - DUSK

59

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:

60 EXT. ADDAMS MANSION - NIGHT

60

Several windows are lit.

CUT TO:

61 INT. DUESENBERG - DUSK

61

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, eye-brows knitted, frowns at Fester.

CUT TO:

62 INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

62

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:

63 INT. FESTER'S ROOM - BEDTIME

63

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:

64 INT. DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

64

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

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:

65 INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

65

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:

66 INT. PUGSLEY'S ROOM - SAME TIME

66

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.

WEDNESDAY
He must be upset.

MORTICIA
It's always a bad sign -- hobbies.

CUT TO:

67 INT. ADDAMS LIBRARY - SAME TIME

67

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:

68 INT. DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

68

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:

69 INT. LURCH'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

69

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:

70 INT. THE SECRET CHAMBER - SAME TIME

70

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 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:

71 INT. PUGSLEY'S ROOM - SAME TIME

71

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:

72 INT. DINING ROOM - SAME TIME

72

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:

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
TOMBSTONES of the Addams dead. Gomez's golf balls 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.

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.

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:

76 INT. ADDAMS KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

76

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.

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?

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:

77 INT. UNCLE FESTER'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

77

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 overheated 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:

78 INT. ADDAMS DRAWING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

78

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.

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.

79 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - SAME TIME

79

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.

ESTER
 Bloodshed!

He hurries back to the TOP OF THE STAIRCASE and looks down
 into the 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.

ESTER
 No! No! Gimme that sword.

Pugsley hands him the sword.

ESTER
 Haven't you ever slaughtered
 anyone?

WEDNESDAY
 (referring to Pugsley,
 solemnly)
 He's only a child.

ESTER
 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:

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

ABIGAIL
(interrupting)
Mr. Addams, I beleef I am understandink. 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.

ABIGAIL
Your very own bruzzer, you drive him awav. 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--

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:

81 INT. WEDNESDAY'S ROOM - SAME TIME

81

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.

ESTER
You see, children? There's a lot to learn.
(turning the page)
Gangrene.

PUGSLEY
Uncle Fester, how do you know so much?

ESTER
I've been around. I pick things up.

WEDNESDAY
(still suspicious)
In the Bermuda Triangle?

ESTER
(ignoring her, turning another page)
Look, children - a new chapter!

PUGSLEY
Oh, boy!

ESTER, PUGSLEY AND WEDNESDAY
(enthralled)
Scabs.

CUT TO:

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.

FEATER

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

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:

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

82

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!

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:

83 EXT. ROOF - EVENING

83

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

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.

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:

84 INT. FESTER'S ROOM - LATER

84

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.

ESTER
I said I was busy!

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

ESTER
I changed my mind!

CUT TO:

85 EXT. SCHOOL - NIGHT

85

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:

86 INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM LOBBY - NIGHT

86

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:

87 INT. FESTER'S ROOM - SAME TIME

87

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:

88 INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM LOBBY - A MINUTE LATER

88

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 points to a photo of Diane Sawyer, hanging next to Harmony's essay)

MORTICIA

(concerned)

Have you spoken to her parents?

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:

89 INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM LOBBY - NIGHT

89

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?

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!

90 INT. FESTER'S ROOM - SAME TIME

90

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:

91 INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - SAME TIME

91

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.

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:

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:

93 INT. BACKSTAGE - SAME TIME

93

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:

94 EXT. ADDAMS HOUSE - SAME TIME

94

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:

95 INT. AUDITORIUM - SAME TIME

95

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:

96 EXT. ADDAMS MANSION - SAME TIME

96

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:

97 INT. VARIETY SHOW STAGE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

97

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?

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.

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:

98 INT. WEDNESDAY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

98

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

ESTER
--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?

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

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:

99 INT. CEMETERY - SAME TIME

99

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.

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:

100 INT. CONSERVATORY - MORNING

100

LURCH is sweeping up. Among the plants, he comes upon ABIGAIL, tightly wrapped in a plant cocoon.

Lurch growls.

CUT TO:

101 INT. KITCHEN - LATER

101

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!

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, walk me out.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. FRONT WALK - A LITTLE LATER.

102

Fester is escorting Abigail through the yard.

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

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.

ABIGAIL
We'll see.

They reach Gate.

ABIGAIL
(bellowing)
Open up.

Even Gate is intimidated and swings open.

CUT TO:

103 INT. MORTICIA'S CONSERVATORY - EVENING

103

Fester is cutting the blooms off Morticia's roses.

MORTICIA
We're opening the ballroom now.

Fester hesitates, then follows Morticia.

CUT TO:

104 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BALLROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

104

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 FUNEREALLY 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--

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:

105 INT. THE BALLROOM

105

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.

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:

106 INT. FESTER'S BEDROOM

106

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:

107 EXT. ADDAMS MANSION

107

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:

108 INT. BALLROOM - A LITTLE LATER

108

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
Oot gibber bleep.

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:

109 INT. FESTER'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME

109

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:

110 INT. BALLROOM - SAME TIME

110

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

MORTICIA
Wednesday?

WEDNESDAY
Yes, Mother?

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:

111 INT. FESTER'S ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

111

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?

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!

Abigail pushes him toward Wednesday, who suddenly scared,
 takes off running. She runs through FESTER'S ROOM and
 ACROSS

112 INT. HALL - SAME TIME

112

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:

113 INT. WEDNESDAY'S ROOM - SAME TIME

113

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:

114 EXT. HOUSE - SAME TIME**114**

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.

115 EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT**115**

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

116 INT. BALLROOM - SAME TIME**116**

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!

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--

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:

117 INT. FESTER'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

117

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:

118 INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

118

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:

119 INT. BALLROOM - SAME TIME

119

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?

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:

120 INT. BALLROOM - SAME TIME

120

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.

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 PATTER SONG. Fester stumbles his way through. During an instrumental passage of the song, Gomez admires his brother.

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:

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

121

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.

MARGARET
Of course, people grow, people
change--

COUSIN IT
Glibber gleep gleep.

CUT TO:

122 INT. FRONT HALL - A LITTLE LATER.

122

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:

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

123

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:

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

124

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 goodbye 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:

125 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - A BIT LATER

125

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 --

126 INT. FESTER'S ROOM - SAME TIME

126

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

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?

ESTER
(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?

ESTER
(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.

ESTER
Mother?

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

ESTER
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.

ESTER
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.

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:

127 INT. BALLROOM - SAME TIME

127

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?

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:

128 EXT. ADDAMS YARD - LATER

128

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!

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.

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

129

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:

130 INT. DEN - A LITTLE LATER

130

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:

131 EXT. SWAMP - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

131

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

CUT TO:

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

132

Torch aloft, Pugsley searches through the primeval forest.

CUT TO:

133 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

133

Lurch picks up a car, looking for Wednesday.

CUT TO:

134 EXT. UNDERGROUND GROTTO - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

134

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:

135 EXT. CEMETERY - DARK

135

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 --

136 INT. MAUSOLEUM - SAME TIME

136

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:

137 EXT. GATE - DARKNESS BEFORE DAWN

137

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!

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.

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:

PULL BACK to reveal JUDGE WOMACK is the presiding judge. He hammers the bench again, then reads his decision.

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:

139 EXT. ADDAMS MANSION - DAY

139

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:

140 EXT. ADDAMS OVERGROWN DRIVEWAY - LATER

140

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:

141 EXT. WAMPUM COURT - LATER

141

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:

142 INT. BUNGALOW - SAME TIME

142

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 naugahyde. It's as if all of his insane, vibrant energy has been leached 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.

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:

143 INT. ADDAMS MANSION - MIDWAY TO THE VAULT

143

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

CUT TO:

144 EXT. ADDAMS YARD - MIDNIGHT

144

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.

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

CUT TO:

145 INT. WAMPUM COURT BUNGALOW - MORNING

145

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!

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:

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

146

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:

147 INT. EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

147

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

PERSONNEL OFFICER
We have so many homemakers
reentering the workforce, 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.

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:

148 INT. ADDAMS LIVING ROOM - DAY

148

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:

149 EXT. WAMPUM COURT - LATER THAT DAY

149

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.

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:

150 EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

150

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:

151 INT. DAYCARE CENTER - DAY

151

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, low 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:

152 EXT. WAMPUM BUNGALOW - DAY

152

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:

154 EXT. BUNGALOW - SAME TIME

154

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.

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

CUT TO:

155 INT. ADDAMS MANSION DINING ROOM - DAY

155

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

ABIGAIL
After lunch, we'll try again.

ESTER
(very flat)
Yes, Mother.

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

ESTER
Yes, Mother.

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

ESTER
Yes, Mother.

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

CUT TO:

156 INT. BUNGALOW - AN HOUR LATER

156

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.

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:

157 INT. WAMPUM COURT - LATER

157

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:

158 INT. WAMPUM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

158

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:

159 INT. FESTER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

159

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.

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:

160 EXT. BUNGALOW - LATER

160

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

CUT TO:

161 EXT. GATE - A LITTLE LATER

161

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:

162 EXT. ADDAMS MANSION - A LITTLE LATER

162

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:

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

163

Thing does his damnedest 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:

164 INT. STUDY - A LITTLE LATER

164

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!

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:

165 EXT. WAMPUM COURT - NIGHT

165

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

166 EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

166

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:

167 INT. BUNGALOW - MINUTES LATER

167

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

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:

168 INT. GOMEZ'S STUDY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

168

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, underhanded monster
you've become? Or the loathsome,
underhanded monster we came to
love?

FESTER
(desperately)
Don't ask me--

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:

169 INT. DUESENBERG - NIGHT

169

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:

170 INT. STUDY - SAME TIME

170

As Fester takes the poker and approaches Morticia. GOMEZ CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW, in a back-flip.

Thing JUDO-FLIPS in after Gomez.

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--

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.

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:

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?

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:

171 EXT. ADDAMS MANSION - NEXT OCTOBER - NIGHT

171

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:

172 INT. FRONT HALL - SAME TIME

172

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 gloves 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.

FESTER
What can I say? He's going to break hearts.

GOMEZ
Let's get a picture! Lurch?

MORTICIA
Oh yes, in the den.

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:

173 INT. DINING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

173

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.

ESTER

Halloween, it's such a special time. Ghosts and goblins. Witches on broomsticks.

WEDNESDAY

Children begging in the streets.

ESTER

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.

GRANNY
(to Fester)
Thank God for that lightning.
Knocked some sense into you.

PUGSLEY
Please, Uncle Fester?

GOMEZ
(jovially)
Pugsley--

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?

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:

174 INT. FRONT HALL

174

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:

175 EXT. ADDAMS MANSION - SAME TIME

175

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