

GOMEZ (CON'T)

SOMEONE ELSE TO MAKE HER FATHER WONDER
"WHY OH WHY?"

WEDNESDAY'S GROWING UP
(spoken)

She'll be Thursday before you know it.
(sung)

A PUZZLING THING
A SECRET IN THE HOUSE
A BOY, A GIRL, A RING...

(MORTICIA enters)

START

MORTICIA

Something's wrong with Wednesday.

GOMEZ

What do you mean?

MORTICIA

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

GOMEZ

This boy? Don't be silly. Ha! I say. And double ha! Ha-ha!
You yourself said: puppy love!

(turns to go)

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

MORTICIA

Gomez.

GOMEZ

(stops, turns)

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

MORTICIA

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

GOMEZ

Of course. I didn't think of that.

MORTICIA

Besides, she'll have lots of boys.

GOMEZ

How do you know?

MORTICIA

Because she's my daughter.

GOMEZ

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

MORTICIA

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

(DING! MORTICIA freezes.)

#5 TRAPPED

GOMEZ

THERE ARE THREE THINGS I WOULD NEVER DO
LIE TO MY WIFE
LIE TO MY DAUGHTER
OR TELL THE TRUTH TO EITHER ONE -

(DING! Lights restore. MORTICIA peers at GOMEZ closely.)

MORTICIA

Gomez, you do tell me everything, don't you?

GOMEZ

Of course!

MORTICIA

Oh my. You're perspiring.

GOMEZ

What?

MORTICIA

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

(She starts to exit.)

GOMEZ

No! No!

(She turns back.)

MORTICIA

I think Wednesday and I should have a little chat.

(She exits. GOMEZ is racked with guilt.)

END

GOMEZ

LIKE A BULL IN THE RING
LIKE THE MODERATE RIGHT-WING
I'M TRAPPED
LIKE A FLY IN MY TEA
OR THE NEW YORK DMV
I'M TRAPPED

WITH MY WIFE TO MY LEFT
AND MY DAUGHTER TO MY RIGHT
ANY THOUGHT OF MY ESCAPING MUST BE SCRAPPED
I COULD CHOOSE
SING THE BLUES
BUT NO MATTER WHAT I DO'S
I'M TRAPPED, TRAPPED, TRAPPED

LIKE A BOAT IN A LOCK
OR A CUCKOO IN A CLOCK
I'M TRAPPED
LIKE A CORPSE IN THE GROUND
OR LIKE THEATER IN THE ROUND
I'M TRAPPED

I COULD CRY, I COULD LIE
I COULD SIMPLY UP AND DIE
BUT I FEAR THE DICE I'VE ROLLED HAVE FINALLY CRAPPED
SHOULD I BEG
SHOULD I RAGE
OR STAY SAFELY IN MY CAGE
HOW?
TRAPPED, TRAPPED, TRAPPED

(MORTICIA and WEDNESDAY enter on opposite sides of GOMEZ, he makes a sound as they cross him and exit.)