THE ADDAMS FAMILY

"Mother Lurch Visits The Addams Family"

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Hollywood 9-9011

WRITTEN BY:
JAMESON BREWER
THE ADDAMS FAMILY

"Mother Lurch Visits The Addams Family"

CAST

CAROLYN JONES
JOHN ASTIN
JACKIE COOGAN
TED CASSIDY
BLOSSOM ROCK

MORTICIA ADDAMS
GOMEZ ADDAMS
UNCLE FESTER
LURCH
GRANDMAMA
MOTHER LURCH
CAB DRIVER

SETS

EXT. ADDAMS HOUSE
INT. ADDAMS LIVING ROOM
INT. ADDAMS KITCHEN
INT. ADDAMS PLAYROOM
INT. CONSERVATORY
INT. ADDAMS FOYER
ANGLE AT FRONT DOOR
INT. GRANDMAMA'S COTTAGE
EXT. FRONT OF ADDAMS HOUSE
THE ADDAMS FAMILY

"Mother Lurch Visits The Addams Family"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ADDAMS HOUSE - DAY

DISSOLVE:

2 INT. ADDAMS LIBRARY - DAY

GOMEZ and MORTICIA are together. Gomez has a cross-bow and arrow at the ready. Morticia watches him avidly as he draws the string taut.

GOMEZ

PULL!!

3 CLOSE UP - THING'S BOX

THING emerges with an apple and throws it into air o.s.

4 CLOSE UP - GOMEZ

He sights the flying apple and fires.

5 INSERT - APPLE

as it is pierced by the arrow in mid-air.

6 FULL SHOT - ADDAMS LIBRARY

MORTICIA

Excellent, darling!
(taking the crossbow)
But let me see you best this!

She pulls the string taut.

MORTICIA

PULL!!
7  CLOSE UP - THING'S BOX
He comes up again. This time with two apples. He throws them both into the air.

8  CLOSE UP - MORTICIA
she aims - fires.

9  INSERT - APPLES
as the arrow pierces them both.

10 FULL SHOT - LIBRARY

    GOMEZ
    Ole! Ole! I give up, querida
    mia. I simply haven't the
dexterity to squeeze out shots
like that.

    MORTICIA
    (happy sigh)
This is much better than shooting
apples off Lurch's head, isn't
it?

    GOMEZ
    Much safer too... and less
expensive.

He shows a couple of broken arrows with the heads blunted
and twisted as if fired at a wall.

    GOMEZ
    (continuing)
These poor steel-tip arrows
haven't a chance against Lurch's
skull.

    MORTICIA
Incidentally, darling -- have you
noticed that Lurch seems troubled?
I spoke to him a bit ago and he
didn't answer -- didn't even
seem to hear me.

    GOMEZ
    (puzzled)
Do you suppose he's ill?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MORTICIA
He seemed terribly depressed after
he received that letter from his
mother this morning. He just
wasn't himself.

GOMEZ
How could you tell?

MORTICIA
He smiled.

GOMEZ
(worriedly)
Something has given him a bad
turn. We'd better find him and
get to the bottom of this.

MORTICIA
He's probably out in the kitchen
brooding.

They hurry off toward the kitchen.

INT. ADDAMS KITCHEN - DAY - FULL SHOT

In the f.g. UNCLE FESTER is at the sideboard, clumsily pre-
paring some sort of dish and muttering unhappily to himself.
He has what appears to be a large cookbook propped open be-
side him and is dumping ingredients into a bowl which he
stirs with a wooden ladle. He squints closely at the book
and reads aloud.

FESTER
Fillet of a fenny snake... in
the caldron boil and take.
(looks about)
Fillet of a fenny snake...
fenny snake...

He paws through the collection of bottles, cans and boxes
and can't find what he's looking for.

FESTER
(disgustedly)
No fenny snake! We're always
out of staples! Well, I'll
just use chopped eel.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He starts to open a jar. The breadbox door on the sideboard opens and The THING oozes out, sneaks its horny hand surreptitiously toward the bowl. Fester sees it out of the corner of his eye and raps the Thing's knuckles with the wooden spoon.

FESTER
Get away, Thing! Make your own lunch!

The Thing slithers miserably back into the breadbox. Morticia and Gomez enter the kitchen in b.g.

GOMEZ
Uncle Fester, have you seen...?
(stops short)
What are you doing?

FESTER
(peevishly)
Fixing my lunch, what else!
Fine butler we've got! I rang and rang and he wouldn't answer! I'm starving!

Gomez steps over to peer into Fester's bowl, smacks his lips hungrily.

GOMEZ
Looks very tasty, Fester.

FESTER
(flattered)
A new recipe I found in the book.

Morticia picks up the book and reads Fester's recipe.

MORTICIA
(reading)
Fillet of fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of a frog,
Wool of a bat...

GOMEZ
Stop. Stop -- You're making me hungry.

MORTICIA
(gently)
Uncle Fester, this isn't a cook book... it's the witches' scene from Macbeth.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED - (2):

FESTER
That Shakespeare was a real gourmet!

MORTICIA
Lurch should be getting lunch.
Something is troubling him deeply
to make him neglect his duties
this way.

GOMEZ
(to Fester)
He hasn't answered anybody's
ring for hours.

FESTER
Maybe he just quit and walked out.

MORTICIA
He'd never do that... not with-
out a recommendation. Come,
Gomez, we must find the poor
thing and try to help him.

GOMEZ
Let's look in the rumpus room.

Morticia and Gomez exit. Fester turns back to his
concoction in the bowl, clenches his fists in frustration.

FESTER
Darn! While we stood here gabbing,
it's all gone flat!

DISSOLVE:

INT. ADDAMS PLAYROOM - DAY

LURCH is strapped flat on his back and spread-eagled on
the rack. MAMA is turning the windlass which bids fair
to pull the butler's arms and legs out of their sockets
any moment.

LURCH
(enjoying it)
More -- more!

MAMA
Gosh, Lurch -- give me a turn.
You've been having all the fun.

Morticia and Gomez enter -- stop and smiles at the scene.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MORTICIA
Oh, Lurch, you're relaxing...
That's such a relief. We've been worried about you.

MAMA
He says the rack is the only thing that helps him forget his troubles.

GOMEZ
It'll do it everytime... But you do have a problem -- eh -- old man??

Lurch groans. Morticia and Gomez exchange troubled glances.

GOMEZ
(continuing; to Lurch)
Oh, it can't be that bad. Let's get you off that rack and we'll talk about it.

MORTICIA
(to Mama)
Uncle Fest... fixing a tasty new dish. Wh, don't you run along? Maybe he'll share it with you.

MAMA
I could stand a little snack.
(a parting little taunt at Lurch)
Selfish!

She goes, as Morticia and Gomez unstrap Lurch and help him to his feet.

GOMEZ
Well, now, speak up --

Lurch shakes his head stubbornly.

MORTICIA
Does it have something to do with that letter from your mother?

Lurch nods.

GOMEZ
I should think you'd be pleased that she's going to visit you.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED - (2):

MORTICIA
We'll be delighted to have her stay here -- we can put her up in our lovely attic.

LURCH:
No.

GOMEZ
No?

LURCH
I fibbed.

GOMEZ
To your Mama?

MORTICIA
About what?

LURCH
Me.

MORTICIA
Oh, Mr. Addams and I understand... the little white lies that roaming sons always write their mothers.

Lurch moans guiltily -- sinks down onto a bench, buries his head in his hands.

GOMEZ
(a thought)
Those pictures of the house you sent... you... er... told her it was your house... right?

Lurch nods dismally. Gomez makes a smug little "you see" gesture to Morticia.

MORTICIA
We always think of you as one of the family.

LURCH
(miserable;
shaking head)
A servant.

MORTICIA
(comforting)
A very successful servant.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED - (3):

LURCH
I'm a liar.

GOMEZ
And a very good liar.

MORTICIA
(reproachfully)
Gomez...

GOMEZ
Sorry... I was carried away.

MORTICIA
(to Lurch)
Now, you just stop fretting! We'll all put our heads together and think of some way to help.

GOMEZ
We'll call a family conference. Maybe Fester can think of something. He has a good head on his shoulders.

MORTICIA
Too bad Cousin Slimy isn't around; he has two of them.

They start out.

13 INT. ADDAMS LIBRARY - DAY

The family is meeting in emergency session. Grandmama is sharpening her axe on wheel and Morticia is seated in her chair. Gomez and Fester keep passing each other as they pace thoughtfully.

FESTER:
(stops; decisively)
I say -- let's mine the front porch... wire a few sticks of dynamite to go off when she rings the doorbell. That always discourages magazine salesmen.

GOMEZ
Not bad -- Fester. But why not just wire the doorbell with a few thousand volts. No need to damage the porch.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MORTICIA
No, no! It wouldn't be kind to let her get all the way to the door and disappoint her like that.

They resume their troubled pacing again.

GOMEZ
(helpfully)
Why doesn't Lurch play dead?

They are all startled by the ingeniousness of this simple solution.

MAMA
Good thinking!

FESTER
(dubious)
But could Lurch be convincing? I mean, he looks so alive.

Reluctantly, all nod agreement.

MORTICIA
It was a sweet idea, Gomez, but I'm afraid it wouldn't work. Lurch is simply too vivacious.

GOMEZ
(inspired)
By George! If his mother thinks he's a big, successful man... owns this house and everything... why don't we just let her think so?

All are captivated by the brilliance of this. Morticia gazes fondly at her husband.

MORTICIA
Leave it to you, Gomez, to come up with a true stroke of genius!

GOMEZ
(gallantly)
My genius only thrives on your inspiration, cara bella...

He starts to kiss Morticia's hand passionately.

MORTICIA
You Castilians are so fiery.

(CONTINUED)
MORTICIA

No, no! It wouldn't be kind to let her get all the way to the door and disappoint her like that.

They resume their troubled pacing again.

GOMEZ

(helpfully)

Why doesn't Lurch play dead?

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Reluctantly, all nod agreement.

MORTICIA

It was a sweet idea, Gomez, but I'm afraid it wouldn't work. Lurch is simply too vivacious.

GOMEZ

His most outstanding characteristic.

MORTICIA

(inspired)

Gomez! If his mother thinks he's a big successful man -- owns this house and everything... why don't we just let her think so?

MORTICIA

Leave it to me.

Ah, 'querida mia' -- leave it to you with your feminine intuition to come up with the perfect solution.

GOMEZ

(foolishly)

My feminine intuition. mortar. MORTICIA

(inspired)

He starts running her hand over his hair passionately.

The touch of her hand on his hair throws him into a passionate frenzy. He starts kissing her fingers.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED - (2):

GOMEZ
(up)
Oh, yes... Cousin Manuelo was a pyromaniac.
(continues wild kissing)

MORTICIA
(backing off)
Please, darling. Let's concentrate on Lurch... He can be the man of the house for the few days his mother is here and we'll be the servants!

GOMEZ
Marvelous!
(apprehensively)
Do you think I'll be a convincing butler?

MORTICIA
I can't imagine a "subtler butler", darling. You'll completely captivate Mrs. Lurch with your savoir-faire.

GOMEZ
(he grabs Morticia)
Tish -- When you speak French -- You know how it effects me!

MORTICIA
(deftly pushing him aside)
Later, mon cherie, later. Right now we must get this thing resolved. Now, I can be the maid and Mama can be the cook.

MAMA
(vehemently)
I will not! My school girl complexion may have graduated, but I'm still not getting dish pan hands for anyone. I'll stay in my cottage until that woman's gone.

She goes.

(CONTINUED)
13. CONTINUED: (2):

Gomez
Tish, when you run your fingers through my hair it drives me mad.

Morticia
You Castilians are so fiery.

(Gomez (up)
Oh, yes... Cousin Manuel was a pyromaniac.
(continues wild kissing)

Morticia (backing off)
Please, darling. Let's concentrate on Lurch... He can be the man of the house for the few days his mother is here and we'll be the servants!

Gomez Marvelous!
(apprehensively)
Do you think I'll be a convincing butler?

Morticia
I can't imagine a "subtler butler", darling. You'll completely captivate Mrs. Lurch with your savoir faire.

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(he grabs Morticia)
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Morticia
(deftly pushing him aside)
Later, mon cherie, later. Right now we must get this thing resolved. Now, I can be the maid and Mama can be the cook. My cottage until that woman's gone.

Mama
(vehemently)
I will not! (MORE) (CONTINUED)
MAMA (cont'd)

My school girl complexion may have graduated, but I'm still not getting dish pan hands for anyone. I'll stay in my cottage until that woman's gone.

She goes.
CONTINUED - (3):

GOMEZ
(calling after
Mama)
Excellent idea. And you can
take the children with you.

MORTICIA
Right.
(to Fester)
Uncle Fester, you can be the
gardener.

FESTER
(indignantly)
Forget it.

MORTICIA
But you might enjoy putting
around in the backyard. Perhaps
plant some crab grass or stick-
weeds...

FESTER
I like the backyard just the way
it is -- bare. I'm moving out
to the cottage with the others.

Fester stomps off indignantly.

GOMEZ
I guess it'll have to be just
the two of us.

MORTICIA
We can do it. We'd better tell
Lurch and start rehearsing our
new roles.

Morticia and Gomez start out.

DISSOLVE:

INT. ADDAMS KITCHEN - DAY - MED. SHOT

Gome is practicing at the kitchen table. He holds a
chair for an imaginary guest.

GOMEZ
There you are, madam.
(to other chair)
Do you wish me to serve the soup
now, sir?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He glances off toward the door, reacts admiringly.

GOMEZ
(continuing)
Morticia, you're enchanting.

Morticia glides in. She curtsies to Gomez.

MORTICIA
Thank you, sir. And you make a superb butler. It gives full play to your courtly Castilian manner.

Such flattery draws Gomez like a magnet. He grasps her hands, draws her close to him.

GOMEZ
(purring)
You ravishing creature! You drive me mad when you...

Morticia pushes him quickly away.

MORTICIA
(reprovingly)
Gomez! Remember our new positions!

GOMEZ
(sighs in defeat)
You're right, my dear. Is Lurch ready for the first rehearsal?

MORTICIA
(nods)
Yes. He's in the living room. Now remember one ring is for you, two is for me.

They wait expectantly for a moment, then the gong SOUNDS one blast which shakes the room.

GOMEZ
That's me.

Gomez exits quickly toward the living room.

DISSOLVE:

INT. ADDAMS LIVING ROOM - DAY - CLOSE SHOT

Lurch is seated stiffly in one of the ornate chairs. He

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

looks extremely uncomfortable. CAMERA PULLS BACK as Gomez enters, stops at attention beside the chair. Lurch springs to his feet, faces him in a similar attitude of attention.

GOMEZ & LURCH
(in unison)
You rang?

GOMEZ
(smiles; gently)
No, no... you rang.

LURCH
Oh, no, sir!

GOMEZ
(patiently)
You rang for me because I'm your butler. And I'm not 'sir', I'm Gomez. Sit down.

LURCH
Yes, sir, Gomez.

Lurch drops stiffly into the chair again. Gomez gets one of his cigars from the humidor nearby, offers it to Lurch.

GOMEZ
This may help. A cigar gives a man that masterful feeling. Have you ever smoked?

Lurch places the cigar in his mouth awkwardly and Gomez lights it. Lurch draws mightily, then exhales. Smoke pours out his mouth, nose and ears. Startled, Gomez snatches the cigar from him.

GOMEZ
You've got a couple of bad leaks there, old man. We'd better forget the cigars.

LURCH
(despondently)
It's no use.

GOMEZ
You can do it. Just concentrate. Think big... think important... think you're master of all you survey! Think!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED - (2):

Lurch "thinks" harder. Then, a grizzly smile seems to cross his face. He rises, pulls himself to fullest height and lets out a heavy grunt of satisfaction.

GOMEZ
(continuing)
Splendid! You've got it! Now ring for the maid and demand your breakfast!

Lurch reaches for the bell-pull, yanks it hard. The room shudders and Morticia appears, faces Lurch at attention.

LURCH
(collapsing)
You rang?

Morticia and Gomez look at one another helplessly.

FLIP OVER:

INT. ADDAMS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - MED. SHOT

Lurch is seated stiffly on the divan. Gomez is at his elbow.

GOMEZ
All right, now for the doorbell.
(calls off)
Doorbell, Morticia!

The doorbell RINGS. Lurch addresses Gomez with a fine display of authority.

LURCH
The doorbell, Gomez.

GOMEZ
Yes, sir. Right away, sir.

Gomez heads for the door. | Lurch remains glued to his seat. ... for only a moment. Then he leaps up and goes after Gomez, CAMERA FOLLOWING. At the foyer, Lurch overtakes Gomez, and in his anxiety to get to the door first, almost bowls Gomez over. Lurch steps in confusion, looks apologetically at Gomez who stares at him with patient suffering.

GOMEZ
(continuing)
Please... I answer the door.

FLIP OVER:
INT. ADDAMS LIVING ROOM – DAY – MED. SHOT

Once again Lurch is seated stiffly on another ornate chair. He is doing his best to assume a masterful look and an attitude of command. Gomez, in livery, stands beside him, waiting apprehensively. The telephone on the nearby table RINGS. Lurch addresses Gomez firmly.

LURCH
The telephone, Gomez.

GOMEZ
Yes, sir. I'll get it, sir.

Gomez starts for the phone but, once again, Lurch bounds up, streaks for the phone and bowls Gomez over. He stops short, regards Gomez on the floor and sags in defeat.

GOMEZ
(continuing; almost a sob)
Please... I answer the phone!

FLOP OVER:

INT. ADDAMS LIVING ROOM – NIGHT – FULL SHOT

Lurch, in smoking jacket, is seated in a chair. He has finally mastered the art of looking reasonably relaxed, legs crossed, arms resting loosely on the chair. Morticia, in her maid's uniform, slithers in with a folded newspaper, hands it to Lurch.

MORTICIA
Your evening paper, sir.

Lurch nods. He opens the paper to the back page.

MORTICIA
(continuing)
No, no... not the funnies...
The financial section. Wealthy men always turn to the financial section first.

LURCH
(glowers at her)
I like the funnies!

MORTICIA
(delightedly)
Oh, that's good... very good.
You actually sounded masterful then!

(CONTINUED)
17. **INT. ADDAMS LIVING ROOM - DAY - MED. SHOT**

Once again Lurch is seated stiffly on another ornate chair. He is doing his best to assume a masterful look and an attitude of command. Gomez, in livery, stands beside him, waiting apprehensively. The telephone on the nearby table RINGS. Lurch addresses Gomez firmly.

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GOMÉZ

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GOMÉZ

(continuing; almost a sob)

Please... I answer the phone!

FLOP OVER:

18. **INT. ADDAMS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - FULL SHOT**

Lurch in smoking jacket, is seated in a chair. He has firmly mastered the art of looking reasonably relaxed, legs crossed, arms resting loosely on the chair. Morticia, in her maid's uniform, slithers in with a folded newspaper, hands it to Lurch.

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Your evening paper, sir.

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MORTICIA

(continuing)

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The financial section. Wealthy men always turn to the financial section first.

LURCH

(glowers at her)

I like the funnies!

MORTICIA

(delightedly)

Oh, that's good... very good. You actually sounded masterful then!

(MORE)
18 CONTINUED:

MORTICIA (cont'd)

... Now, as far as pinching the maid...

"Lurch groans miserably.

MORTICIA (continuing)

Well, perhaps that would be over-doing things a bit. Still -- I wouldn't want your mother to become suspicious.

(an idea)

Perhaps if you just made eyes at me.

Lurch moans.

MORTICIA

Try it, Lurch.

Lurch shakes his head oafishly.

MORTICIA (continuing)

Lurch -- as mistress of this house I am ordering you to make eyes at me.

18A CLOSE UP - LURCH

He lifts his downcast, unhappy peepers and makes "eyes" at Morticia. Oy!

18B CLOSE UP - MORTICIA

She's a bit dubious.

MORTICIA (continuing)

Better try a devilish smile.

18C CLOSE UP - LURCH

He tries the devilish smile. OY VEY!
18D MED. SHOT - MORTICIA AND LURCH

Morticia sighs defeatedly.

MORTICIA
forget it, Lurch. I'm just not your type.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Gomez enters, carrying a snifter of brandy on a tray. Morticia smiles at him, indicates that Lurch is doing well. Gomez presents the brandy to Lurch.

GOMEZ
Your cognac, sir.

LURCH
I never drink.

MORTICIA
All gentlemen have a snifter of cognac after dinner -- it's a sign of sophistication and culture. Remember the old Russian proverb -- "Metal is tested by fire. Men by wine."

GOMEZ
Japanese.

MORTICIA
You're right.

Lurch reluctantly takes the snifter. Then, assuming a very suave, sophisticated air, he sniffs it, savors the aroma, then takes a quaff -- bolting the entire contents down. Suddenly all his eloquence leaves him and he starts coughing like a clod.

GOMEZ
(frustratedly)
Well, he just flunked sophistication.

DISSOLVE:

19 INT. LIBRARY - DAY - MED. SHOT

Morticia is in her chair, working on her three armed sweater. Gomez enters, beaming happily.

MORTICIA
(holding it up)
Cousin Elmar asked me to sew in his College seal. Princeton.

GOMEZ
Beautiful! Morticia, we've done it! Lurch just ordered me to shine his shoes!

(continued)
CONTINUED:

MORTICIA
Wonderful! And he reprimanded
me about his toast this morning...
Said it wasn't black enough.

GOMEZ
He's completely brainwashed!

There is the SOUND of the doorbell o.s. and both are
alerted.

MORTICIA
The doorbell! That may be his
mother now!

Gomez quickly straightens his coat, hurries out of the
room. Morticia hurries after him.

INT. ADDAMS FOYER - DAY - FULL SHOT

Lurch is standing at the entrance, peering through window,
as Gomez hurries in.

LURCH
(fearful)
It's Mama!

GOMEZ
(composedly)
All right. Let me open the door
properly. You greet her right
there.

Gomez hurries to the front door.

CLOSE SHOT - ANGLE UP AT FRONT DOOR

Gomez swings the door open wide, smiles pleasantly.

GOMEZ
(stiffly)
How do you do, Mrs...

He stops short in bewilderment as he sees nothing. Then
from o.s. comes the high, piping voice of MAMA LURCH.

MAMA'S VOICE
(stridently)
Where's my boy?

CAMERA PULLS BACK as Gomez gapes down at Mama Lurch, a
tiny terror of a woman who peers up at him challengingly,
CONTINUED:

the long-stemmed flower in her perky hat bobbing imperatively. She looks past him impatiently, spots Lurch.

MAMA (continuing)
There he is!

She scuttles into the house and Gomez starts after her.

MED. SHOT - LURCH

He opens his arms wide to embrace his mother. The tiny woman runs up and clasps him lovingly around the knees as he closes his arms on nothing about five feet above.

MAMA

Baby!

LURCH

Mama!

Morticia and Gomez converge behind the happy pair and regard them happily, as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. ADDAMS KITCHEN - DAY - FULL SHOT

Gomez, sleeves rolled up, is industriously washing the dishes at the sink. Morticia, in maid's uniform, is bustling about from sideboard to stove, preparing a meal. The gong SOUNDS its mournful blast and the room is shaken.

GOMEZ
(wearily)
There she goes again! That's me.

He starts to dry his hands when the gong SOUNDS once more.

MORTICIA
Two rings... that's me.

Morticia starts toward the door and again the GONG blasts and rocks the room. Both people pause and look at one another bewilderedly.

GOMEZ
Three blasts! It's an all-out command performance this time!
(shrugs)
Let's wait till she makes up her mind.

MORTICIA
(troubled)
She's a little cyclone. Not at all what I thought Lurch's mother would be.

GOMEZ
I haven't sat down since she arrived.
(grimaces in pain - grabs his back)
Oooooo!

MORTICIA
What is it, darling?

GOMEZ
I'm all kinked up from sleeping on the divan. I miss our nice big bed.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MORTICIA
I suppose she was right in demanding that Lurch have the master bedroom. She does think it's his house.

GOMEZ
At least you got Lurch's bed in the attic.

MORTICIA
Tonight, after everyone's asleep, why don't you sneak in and join me?

GOMEZ
(wryly)
I tried that last night. Every time I got up and tippy-toed to your door, there she was... glaring at me!

MORTICIA
Oh, dear, I wonder what she thought?

GOMEZ
(wincing)
She told me... I'd rather not repeat it.

MORTICIA
She's really quite insensitive for such a dear little thing. Do you know, she actually hates little Pugsley's octopus?

GOMEZ
(shocked)
Anybody who'd hate an octopus is warped.

MORTICIA
She even tried to feed it to my carnivorous plant.

GOMEZ
That's inhuman.

MORTICIA
It was a gastronomical failure.

(MORE)

(continued)
MORTICIA
I suppose she was right in demanding that Lurch have the master bedroom. She does think it's his house.

GOMEZ
At least you got Lurch's bed in the attic.

MORTICIA
What ever made you tell her we weren't married?

GOMEZ
I've always heard of the butler chasing after the upstairs maid ... It was an intriguing idea... Guess I got carried away.

MORTICIA
(coquettishly)
Not necessarily... I'm ready to be chased. Tonight, after everyone's asleep, why don't you sneak in and join me?

GOMEZ
(wryly)
I tried that last night. Every time I got up and tippy-toed to your door, there she was... glaring at me

MORTICIA
Oh, dear, I wonder what she thought?

GOMEZ
(wincing)
She told me... I'd rather not repeat it.

MORTICIA
She's really quite insensitive for such a dear little thing. Do you know, she actually hates Little Pugsley's octopus?

GOMEZ
(shocked)
Anybody who'd hate an octopus is warped.

(continues)
MORTICIA
She even tried to feed it to my
carniverous plant. I'd
GOMEZ
That's inhuman.

MORTICIA
It was a gastronomical failure.
(MORE)
MORTICIA (cont'd)
A complete impasse. The plant swallowed one tentacle of the octopus and the octopus got a strangle-hold on the plant with its other tentacles. I rescued them just in time.

Again the GONG blasts and rocks the room.

GOMEZ
Why don't we call off this mad charade?

MORTICIA
Patience, dear. It's only for a few days... I'd better go to her before she shakes the house down...

She starts -- stops. Then, as though to cheer him up, she gives him a quick peck on the cheek. It sends a shiver through Gomez. He grabs at her hand passionately.

GOMEZ
Tish, when you peck at my cheek that way -- it goes right through me.

He starts caressing her arm.

MORTICIA
(suddenly thoughtful)
It's impossible.

GOMEZ
(up)
What's impossible?

MORTICIA
That blondes have more fun than brunettes.

DISOLVE:

INT. ADDAMS LIVING ROOM - DAY - FULL SHOT

Lurch is seated in Gomez's chair, reading a book. His diminutive mother is standing on one of the ornate chairs so she can reach the bell-pull noose and is tugging at it angrily.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MAMA
(exasperatedly)
Sonny, I don't know how you put up with such miserable servants! Never around when you want them!

Gomez enters, comes to attention beside the old lady on the chair.

GOMEZ
You rang?

On the chair, Mama is nose to nose with Gomez. She glowers at him fiercely.

MAMA
I don't trust you, Gomez! You've got shifty eyes! And on good butler wears a mustache!

GOMEZ
Sorry, Madam... I was born with it.

MAMA
(suspiciously)
Where have you been? Off in some dark corner with that hussy of a maid?

Gomez bristles, then controls himself, crosses to Lurch who reclines on the divan, engrossed in his book and impervious to all the fuss.

GOMEZ
(to Lurch)
Sir, I appeal to you.

Mama hops down from the chair, scurries over to thrust herself protectively between Lurch and Gomez.

MAMA
You don't appeal to him and you don't appeal to me! My son is just too sweet and gentle... people take advantage of him! You're sloppy and inefficient!

GOMEZ
(pleadingly to Lurch)
Sir, please tell her...

(Continued)
CONTINUED - (2):

Lurch lowers his book, gazes languidly up at Gomez.

LURCH
(flatly)
You're sloppy and inefficient.

Gomez almost bursts but contains himself with great effort.

GOMEZ
(grimly)
Yes, sir. I'll try to do better.

Mama suddenly notices something o.s. and shrieks loudly, points off.

MAMA
What kind of varmint is that?

Gomez looks off curiously.

THEIR POV - ANGLE AT TABLE

The Thing has emerged from its box and is groping about on the table for something.

BACK TO SCENE

GOMEZ
That's Thing, Madam.

MAMA
Set a trap for it! Get it back in that box and nail the lid down!

GOMEZ
(tautly)
Yes, Madam.

MAMA
Well, snap to it! You're living on borrowed time around here!

Gomez hurries off to carry out her order. Mama turns to Lurch, smiles fondly at him and pats his head.

MAMA
(continuing)
Mama's going to stay until she gets things straightened out around this place. Big, important men like her Sonny are much too busy to be bothered running a household.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LURCH
   (nods)
   Yes... Mama.

MAMA
   (grimly)
   Now I'll ring for that maid and
   shake her into line!

Mama scuttles over to the chair, climbs up on it and yanks
the bell-pull hard. The room shudders. In a moment,
Morticia appears, comes to attention beside her.

MORTICIA
   You rang?

MAMA
   (sharply)
   You're too pretty to be a maid!

MORTICIA
   (pleased)
   Oh, thank you, Madam!

MAMA
   (irrascibly)
   Don't thank me! I know what
   you're up to! My son is a rich,
   handsome, eligible bachelor and
   you've got your scheming eye on
   him!

MORTICIA
   (aghast)
   Oh, no! I've never thought of
   Lurch that way!

MAMA
   Aha! Calling him by name!
   Familiarity! Impertinence!

MORTICIA
   (protestingly)
   Really, you don't understand.
   (appeals to Lurch)
   Please say something, Lurch!

Lurch lowers his book again, waggles a remonstrating finger
at Morticia.

LURCH
   Familiarity... impertinence.
Morticia is stunned.

MAMA
(to Morticia)
Now get back to your work and just remember, I'm watching you every minute!

Morticia hurries helplessly away. Mama hops down and crosses to Lurch, paces angrily beside him.

MAMA
(continuing)
There's something wrong with those two! They're up to some kind of hanky-panky! I caught Gomez trying to steal one of your cigars this morning!

LURCH
(sighs)
Servants.

Mama pats his head comfortingly.

INT. ADDAMS KITCHEN - DAY - MED. SHOT

Gomez has the Thing's box on the sideboard and is nailing the lid down with a hammer. He puts the hammer down on the sideboard, looks regretfully at the box. From the breadbox close at hand, the Thing emerges, picks up the hammer and raps Gomez's fingers. Gomez yelps, holds his hand. The Thing shakes its fist at him.

GOMEZ
Now, look, I'm sorry I had to nail down your favorite box, Thing, but you don't realize the spot we're in. Try to stay under cover till she's gone.

Morticia enters, looking distraught.

MORTICIA
Gomez, I'm afraid we made a terrible mistake. We're not pleasing Lurch's mother, we're making her miserable.

GOMEZ
(consolingly)
Perhaps. But Lurch certainly is happy.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MORTICIA
(worriedly)
He's actually beginning to believe
he's the master of this house and
that we work for him.

GOMEZ
Hold on just another day or two
and things will be back to
normal.

MORTICIA.
(admiringly)
You're so noble and generous.

GOMEZ
(gallantly)
That is true isn't it. But
you've been every bit as
magnanimous, cara mia.

Gomez looks at her adoringly, takes her hands and pulls
her to him.

MAMA'S VOICE (o.s.)
(triumphantly)
Aha! Caught in the act!

Gomez and Morticia separate quickly as Mama scurries in and
glares at them accusingly.

MORTICIA
(hastily)
Madam, allow us to explain.

MAMA
No need. I see the plot now!
You intend to wheedle Sonny into
marriage!
(to Gomez)
Then you'll do away with him,
marry this shameless wench, and
you'll both split the fortune!

MORTICIA
No! Gomez wouldn't harm a fly!

MAMA
I read a lot of detective stories.
The butler's always the one
who does it! Well, you can
just forget it all now... I'm
wise to you!

(continued)
CONTINUED - (2):

Mama scurries quickly out of the kitchen. Morticia and Gomez look at one another in consternation.

GOMEZ
(eyes sparkling)
You know, the way things are going, her idea isn't bad?

SHARP CUT TO:

INT. ADDAMS LIBRARY - DAY - FULL SHOT

Lurch is standing like a chastened schoolboy as his tiny mother paces, lecturing him soundly.

MAMA
Those people have got to go!
I won't leave this house till
I see you safely set up with
decent help!

LURCH
Maybe a raise...

MAMA
Raise? Ha! They want all your money!

LURCH
(wounded)
They seemed so nice.

MAMA
You call them in right now and
give them their walking papers!

Lurch moans unhappily.

MAMA
(continuing)
You just call them and tell
them they're fired!

Reluctantly Lurch nods and yanks the bell-pull. The room shudders and Gomez and Morticia appear.

GOMEZ
You rang, sir?

LURCH
(flatly)
You're fired.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

Morticia and Gomez are astounded.

MORTICIA
(incredulously)
You mean you're dismissing us?

MAMA
You're fired! Pack your bags and get!

GOMEZ
(desperately)
Isn't it customary to give two week's notice?

MAMA
Not to cut-throats and thieves!
On your way! Scoot!

MORTICIA
(pleadingly)
Lurch, please do something!

Lurch ambles over, shakes Gomez's hand, reaches for Morticia's.

MORTICIA
No, no, I mean say something!

LURCH
Good luck.

Gomez and Morticia glance at one another helplessly. Without exposing Lurch, there is nothing they can do.

GOMEZ
We'll pack at once.

MAMA
And leave the silverware!

Gomez and Morticia turn and exit stiffly. Mama beams in victory.

MAMA
Good riddance! Now I'll call the employment agency and get two good replacements right away.

LURCH
Yes, Mama.

Mama smiles tenderly at him, then hurries for the phone.

DISSOLVE:
INT. GRANDMAMA'S COTTAGE - DAY - FULL SHOT

Grandmama is working on a burlap doily in her rocking chair and Fester is pacing back and forth in annoyance eating his cactus.

FESTER
(peevishly - takes a bite)
Why doesn't that woman go home?
I don't like living out here!
It's too crowded!

MAMA
(hopefully)
Maybe Morticia's man-eating plant will get her.

FESTER
You're a dreamer.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

FESTER
(continuing)
I'll get it.

He goes to the door, swings it open. Morticia and Gomez enter, looking very dejected. Gomez makes a weak attempt at humor.

GOMEZ
Well, here we are all together again! One big happy family.

FESTER
(hopefully)
Did she leave?

MORTICIA
(wryly)
We did. We've been fired.

GOMEZ
We'll have to move in here with the rest of you till she goes back home.

FESTER
(incredulously)
This is ridiculous! How can you be fired from your own home?

MORTICIA
That's an interesting question!

(CONTINUED)
FESTER
Well, we can't all live in here!
There's not enough room now...
and that little old spitfire may
stay on forever!

MAMA
(peeviously)
I won't give up my bed! I've
just got the nails nicely broken
in!

Gomez and Morticia look at one another with concern.

GOMEZ
We really ought to buy another
house... Just for emergencies
like this.

FESTER
(seething)
I said this whole idea was crazy!
You're both soft as jellyfish...
coddling a butler!

MORTICIA
But you should see how happy
Lurch is.

FESTER
He should see how miserable we
are! I'm going to the house and
straighten this mess out right
now!

MAMA
(rising)
And I'll go with you! Takes a
woman to handle a woman!

MORTICIA
(protestingly)
Please... don't spoil everything
now when it's almost over.

FESTER
The old lady doesn't know us...
We'll say we're next door
neighbors.

MAMA
We'll tell her what good servants
you are... had our eye on you for
years.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED - (2):

FESTER
Great idea! When she knows how much we want you, she'll take you right back!

- Before Morticia and Gomez can protest, Fester and Grandmama have hurried out the door and are headed for the house.

MORTICIA
(worriedly)
Do you suppose she'll really take us back?

GOMEZ
(cunning smile)
Well, if she does, I'm asking for a raise!

30 INT. ADDAMS LIVING ROOM - DAY - FULL SHOT
Lurch is seated comfortably in Gomez's chair before the TV set, contentedly munching delicate little sandwiches from the huge tray before him. Mama is standing before the huge stuffed bear, eyeing it distastefully.

MAMA
We'll throw this hideous thing out next. It clashes with the decor.

LURCH
(agreeably)
Yes, Mama.

The doorbell RINGS and Mama is alerted.

MAMA
I'll answer the door. It may be the people from the employ- ment agency and they won't set foot in this house unless they're right!

Mama hurries toward the foyer.

31 INT. ADDAMS FOYER - FULL SHOT
Mama approaches the door, swings it open and is confronted by Fester and Grandmama. Mama beams at them approvingly.

MAMA
Well, you're very prompt!

(CONTINUED)
FESTER
Now, look, Mrs. Lurch...

MAMA
Please come right in. You can start at once.

Fester and Grandmama enter bewilderedly.

FESTER
I don't think you understand...

MAMA
Of course I understand.
(to Fester)
You're the new butler.
(to Grandmama)
And you're the new maid. And I must say, you're just perfect!

FESTER
(taken aback)
Well, that's very kind of you but...

MAMA
Oh, you're a real butler! Such polish, such poise, such a continental manner! I'd trust you completely.

FESTER
(flattered)
Thank you. That's very generous but you see...
(hooked)
What's the salary?

MAMA
Whatever you ask. Price is no object when you demand quality.

FESTER
I'll take it.

GRANDMAMA
(objectingly)
Now wait a minute!

FESTER
(to Grandmama)
You do what you want, but I'm moving back into a decent house!
(beams)
And getting paid for it!

(continued)
CONTINUED - (2):

MAMA
(to Grandmama)
I do hope you'll stay, too.
You're exactly the kind of maid
my son needs... a mature, sen-
sible woman who won't be making
eyes at him like the last one.

GRANDMAMA
(grins)
Maybe I'll try it. It's the
first regular income I've had
in a long time.

MAMA
Wonderful! And now I can go back
home. I know my son is in good
hands.

She starts toward the living room with Fester and Grandmama
following happily.

DISSOLVE:

32

EXT. FRONT OF ADDAMS HOUSE - DAY - FULL SHOT

A taxi is pulled up in the drive. Mama, dressed for travel,
is coming down the steps. Fester follows, carrying her val-
ise. Lurch is standing beside the taxi, opens the door for
his mother. Once more they embrace, she grasping him about
the knees and he clasping thin air to his breast. They
separate.

LURCH
Goodbye, Mama.

MAMA
Goodbye, Sonny.

Mama climbs into the cab and Fester puts her valise inside
closes the door. The cab pulls away. Lurch waves sadly
after it. Fester waves.

CLOSE SHOT - TREE

The Thing emerges from the tree-hole waves a fist after the
car which is HEARD going past. Then it lifts its fingers
in the "V" for victory sign.
CONTINUED (2):

MAMA
(to Grandmama)
I do hope you'll stay, too.
You're exactly the kind of maid
my son needs... a mature, sensi-
ble woman who won't be making
eyes at him like the last one.

GRANDMAMA
(grins)
Maybe I'll try it. It's the
first regular income I've had
in a long time.

MAMA
Wonderful! And now I can go
back home. I know my son is
in good hands.

She starts toward the living room with Fester and Grandmama
following happily.

Dissolve:

32 INT. ADDAMS FOYER - DAY - FULL SHOT

A taxi driver, holding Mother Lurch's suitcase, Fester and
Grandmama stand looking on, as Mother Lurch bids her son
farewell.

MAMA
Well -- goodbye, Sonny.

LURCH
Goodbye, Mama.

They embrace. Dramatically, Mama pulls herself away and
goes through the open door. The cab driver follows.

LURCH
Goodbye, Mama.

Fester and Grandmama wave, too. We hear a creaking SCUND
o.s. CAMERA SWINGS over to:

THE TABLE

as Thing, forcing box, which has been nailed shut, appears.
It, too, waves after her.

FULL SHOT

Fester and Mama's eyes catch the Thing. The Thing makes

(CONTINUED)
MED. SHOT - AT PORCH

Fester goes back in the house. Lurch gazes after the cab for a moment, then starts up the steps. From the direction of the cottage, Morticia and Gomez hurry in, looking happy. They start up the steps after Lurch.

GOMEZ
Nice work, old man! You brought it off splendidly!

MORTICIA
I know you've made your mother very happy!

Lurch turns at the door, blocks their way and gazes at them coolly.

LURCH
(superciliously)
Where are you going?

GOMEZ
(startled)
It's all over now. We're coming back to the house.

LURCH
(flatly)
Sorry, your positions have been filled.

He steps inside, slams the door in their faces. They look at one another in consternation, as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
TAG

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM OF ADDAMS HOUSE - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

Lurch, once again in his butler's uniform, is seated at the harpsichord playing a Bach fugue. Gomez and Morticia are on either side of him, looking distressed.

GOMEZ
(insistently)
Lurch! Please stop playing!

Lurch stops, looks up at them.

LURCH
But -- I love music.

MORTICIA
(gently)
We're waiting for you to serve dinner.

LURCH
(distastefully)
Me? Serve dinner?

GOMEZ
(sighs)
I thought we had you un-brain-washed finally. Let's try again.

Gomez steps over to the bell-pull and yanks it. The room shudders. Gomez snaps to an attitude of attention. So does Lurch.

LURCH & GOMEZ
(in unison)
You rang, sir?

GOMEZ
(disgustedly)
Now, I'm doing it again!

MORTICIA
(to Lurch)
That was very good, Lurch. Just like your old self.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LURCH
(formally)
Thank you, Mrs. Addams.

MORTICIA
(gently)
Now would you serve dinner, please?

Lurch nods, marches stiffly away toward the dining room.

MORTICIA
Poor dear, it was a harrowing experience for him, but I think he's back to normal again.

GOMEZ
(offering arm)
Shall we go in to dinner, cara bella?

Morticia takes his arm and they go toward the dining room, CAMERA FOLLOWING. As they enter the dining area they stop short in surprise. Lurch is seated at the head of the table and Fester is serving him a bowl of soup. Lurch looks up at Gomez and Morticia and waves them away.

LURCH
You're fired.

As Gomez and Morticia look at one another in defeat, we:

FADE OUT.

THE END