

MORTICIA ADDAMS: Gomez - do you love your daughter? Do you care for her mental well-being? Do you want her to spend the rest of her days hating us because we let her ruin her life? Now stop prattling and go tell her the dinner is off. You're the father. The father is the canceller. And if after 25 years of marriage, you can't do this one thing for me, *then I just don't know what!*

WEDNESDAY ADDAMS: OK, family meeting. About tonight. Now. Here's the schedule. First, we have drinks, like 'Hi, nice to meet you.' And then they'll want to see the house, and then at eight, we'll have dinner and they can be back at their hotel by nine thirty. Oh please, Daddy! It's just a dinner, and they're dying to meet you—and I promised Lucas—and you know how I hate to break a promise. Daddy, I'm your only daughter and your eldest child, and if you can't do this one thing for me, then I just don't know what!

ALICE BEINEKE - It's a lovely dress, Wednesday! 'Yellow is the color of the warming sun. Yellow is the color of yumminess and fun. Why not show the world the love in which we all believe? Why not wear your heart for all to see, right on your sleeve?'

Oh, the rhyming? You see, 'When I'm depressed or feeling blessed, a poem will get it off my chest. They come to me, they take no time, they just pop out, and always rhyme!'

GRANDMA – The kid and I had a little heart-to-heart before. I told him to use his time wisely. Look who's talking—how much time have I got left? I'm a hundred and two, I have shingles and arthritis, and when I break wind it could start the windmills in an old dutch painting. But, I've still got one more round in me. Bet you 5 to 10 there are still some 90-year-old hotties interested in this grandma.

GOMEZ ADDAMS : Mr. Malcolm Beineke, I presume, and the lovely Mrs. Malcolm Beineke. (*pointing his blade at Lucas*) And you must be young

Lucas - (*looks back to Mal, then again to Lucas*) Unless of course you - (*Lucas*)- are the father, and you - (*Mal*) - are the son, with a massive thyroid problem. (*laughs, then*)

I go too far. No matter, the night, she is young. Welcome to our extremely normal home. Gomez Florencia Addams, at your service. Allow me to present my wife, *la! duena,!* mother of my children, *el amor de mi vida* ... the love of my life - *Morticia!*

UNCLE FESTER: That's right. Little Wednesday Addams - that charming, irrepressible bundle of malice who would poison her own brother just for a ride in the ambulance - has grown up and found love. (*to the ANCESTORS as they try to disappear.*) So here's the deal. Gather around. I'm not letting you back into that crypt until love triumphs. So who is this Lucas fella? Is he worthy of her? Do they really love each other? What is love anyway? Does this rash look serious to you? So many questions about love. But when you think about it, is there anything more important?

LUCAS BEINEKE : Wait, wait! We have to talk this over for a minute. We can't just run away and get married. You said it was important that everyone got along. I know I said it didn't matter, but they wanna kill each other! Do you want that hanging over our heads? Do you wanna you know what I think? You don't really want to get married. You just said that to stick it to your mother. What will we do for money? You know you're scared too. Let's go back in the house and make some rational decisions. Look- I - I can't run away like this. It's too crazy. I'm sorry. I can be impulsive! I just need to think about this first!

MAL BEINEKE: OK, Addams, I tried. I thought OK, the kids like each other, let's give it a shot. But you people are insane. You got a house where there shouldn't be a house, a zombie for a butler, and a man who's dating the moon.

We're simple people, Mister Addams. We're not used to your 'sophisticated New York lifestyle.' So with your permission, we're gonna go back to the *real*America. Full disclosure. Lucas, help your mother off the table.

PUGSLEY ADDAMS: Grandma, what if there was this girl who met this person and he's all like, 'Hey, it's the Pugster. What up, little man?' and she's all like 'golly' and 'we're going to go now' and they're running away together. What if she doesn't get rid of him? What if all the good times are already behind me? I could stab my arm myself, and I could spray myself with mace, but it just wouldn't be the same without her.