

From THE ADDAMS FAMILY - A MUSICAL COMEDY

MORTICIA ADDAMS

I gave up my dreams for the sake of this family. I wanted to travel. I wanted to see Paris... So that's how it ends, huh? Alone and forgotten in a tiny room, living on cat food and broken dreams—what's what happens to mothers. Look at yours. She came for the weekend, the weeks turned into months, its twelve years later and she's still up there: deceived, deluded, smoking in the attic. A grandma. Well, I'm not going to end up like your mother. You lied to me, and I can't live with that.

GOMEZ ADDAMS

Where are we from? Funny you should ask. July 31st , 1715. The Spanish warship, Pico de Gallo, commanded by my great nautical ancestor, Captain General Redondo Ventana Laguna Don Jose Cuervo, leaves Madrid, bound for the new world. Three weeks later, he is still in Madrid, as Madrid is over four hundred miles from the nearest ocean. A stubborn man, he sets sail anyway, only to sink, six months later, off the southern coast of Florida—a hostile land, infested with mosquitoes and rattlesnakes. But enough about us!

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 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?

GRANDMAMA

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.

From IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

ANNOUNCER

This is the story of George Bailey--an ordinary man who lives in Bedford Falls, New York. But George Bailey--more than anything--wanted to see the world--the exciting world that lay somewhere beyond his hometown. George had big dreams. But also big responsibilities. Of course, sometimes the two don't exactly fit together. Sometimes happiness is not over the rainbow, but right under your nose. However, our story doesn't begin in Bedford Falls. In fact, it doesn't begin anywhere in this world...

CLARENCE

(SIGHS) Looking for "Bailey Park," George? As you can see... It's a cemetery... Martini's buried here.... the little Blaine girl... your father... and... right next to him... Harry. Your little brother fell through the ice... and was drowned at the age of nine! Strange, isn't it? Each man's life touches so many other lives. Y'know, George... You really had a wonderful life.

From PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

MRS. BENNET

Oh my dear Mr. Bennet! The girls and I have had a most pleasant evening! Jane was so admired. Everyone said how well she looked. Indeed Mr. Bingley must have thought so for he danced with her twice! Of course, I was quite worried at the beginning for he asked Charlotte Lucas for the first dance. It was vexing but in the end I do not think he admired her at all. Indeed, nobody can – poor creature. And then he saw our Jane. He immediately inquired as to who she was, got quickly introduced and asked for her for the next two dances! I am quite delighted with Mr. Bingley. Just so you know. He is excessively handsome. And his sister is the most charming person. I never saw anything more elegant than Miss Bingley's dress! There was a bit of unpleasantness though. Mr. Bingley's friend – a Mr. Darcy. A shockingly rude gentleman. You would not have approved of his manners at all. For he is simply horrid. I wish you had been there, my dear. To give him one of your "set-downs."

ELIZABETH

You are too hasty, sir. In a proposal – for I believe it was a proposal that I have not answered – you must know I am sincerely flattered by the compliment you pay me and sensible of the honor that has been offered. But it is with great regret, I must decline... Upon my word sir, my decision is to decline your offer. I am not such a lady who would turn down a proposal in hopes of being asked again. You could not make me happy, sir, and I am convinced I am the last woman in the world who could ever presume to make you so. And I fear Lady Catherine de Bourgh would find me ill-qualified to serve as a clergyman's wife. ...Please, Mr. Collins. All praise of me is unnecessary. Pay me the compliment of believing what I say...I thank you again for the honor you have done me but my feelings in every respect forbid such a marriage. Can I speak plainer?

MR. COLLINS

My desire was to speak with you alone tomorrow morning. I have been granted permission by both your parents to do so. But this is such an inviting atmosphere and it would be quite appropriate to make an announcement in such charming company. When I left to pay your family this visit, Lady Catherine de Bourgh did say to me, “Mr. Collins, you must marry. It is most suitable for a clergyman to do so. Choose wisely. A suitable woman not too high up but still brought up in a gentle manner.” You do understand that my life includes many kindnesses from the Lady de Bourgh. I believe that your wit and vivacity would be approving to her. I will inherit your estate – I hope you do not hold it against me. I will not make any demands on your father as to dowry. I am indifferent to fortune and I will never allow an ungenerous thought as to your mean surroundings when we are married. (she declines) I understand that women often first decline an offer that they secretly mean to accept. (she declines again) But I shall speak to her of you in the highest, most glowing tones. She shall know of your modesty and economy in all things. I shall tell her of all your amiable qualifications. (she declines yet again) It is likely that you will never have a proposal again. Therefore, I am not upset with your rejection and I understand that in the end, it will be accepted.

From A CHRISTMAS CAROL

SCROOGE

What else can I be, when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon Merry Christmas! What’s Christmas time to you, but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, and not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books; and having every item in ‘em through a dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will, every idiot who goes about with “Merry Christmas” on his lips should be boiled in his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!