

ACT TWO  
SCENE 1

(OUTSIDE THE HOUSE)

#15 OPENING ACT II

(TASSEL and IT have a flirtation and run off. FESTER opens the curtain and closes the gate. WEDNESDAY enters, with suitcase and crossbow, pursued by LUCAS. The ANCESTORS observe this.)

[MUSIC STOPS]

LUCAS

Wait, wait! We have to talk this over for a minute.

WEDNESDAY

Talk what over?

LUCAS

We can't just run away and get married. You said it was important that everyone got along.

WEDNESDAY

And you said it didn't matter!

LUCAS

Yeah, but they wanna kill each other! You want that hanging over our heads?

WEDNESDAY

Boy, you sound just like your father. The root doesn't fall far from the tree, does it?

LUCAS

What?

WEDNESDAY

Forget it.

LUCAS

The apple. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

WEDNESDAY

God, you're annoying.

**LUCAS**

You know what I think? You don't really wanna get married. You just said that to stick it to your mother.

**WEDNESDAY**

Don't psychoanalyze me, Lucas. It's a deep dark hole and you don't wanna go there. Come on.

**LUCAS**

What'll we do for money?

**WEDNESDAY**

Stop being so scared of everything.

**ANCESTORS**

Yeah.

**LUCAS**

Right, like you're not scared.

**WEDNESDAY**

I eat scared for breakfast, honey.

**ANCESTORS**

Yeah.

**LUCAS**

Let's go back in the house and make some rational decisions.

**ANCESTORS**

No.

**WEDNESDAY**

I don't want rational decisions! I want dangerous, impulsive, crazy decisions!

**ANCESTORS**

Yeah.

**WEDNESDAY**

Are you coming or not?

**LUCAS**

Look - I - I can't run away like this. It's too crazy. I'm sorry.

**WEDNESDAY**

Not as sorry as you're gonna be when you wake up and you're forty-six and working for your father!

*(ANCESTORS gesture to respond, but WEDNESDAY cuts them off. She storms away. LUCAS calls after her.)*

**LUCAS**

I can be impulsive! I just need to think about it first!

*[MUSIC IN]*

*(LUCAS, all indecision, exits back to the house. FESTER enters.)*

**ANCESTORS**

AH, AH, AH, AH, AH!

**FESTER**

There you are: Secrets exposed. Marriages threatened. Delicious anarchy. What happens now? Can this be repaired? Or do you all leave in an hour feeling vaguely depressed? Let's find out, shall we?

*(FESTER parts the gates, revealing--)*