

SIDE 1:

Frederick & Elizabeth

FREDERICK

Elizabeth! Elizabeth, hurry, hurry, my boat's about to sail!

ELIZABETH

Frederick! Oh, my sweet darling, how can you leave me on the eve of our engagement party?

FREDERICK

I hate to, but I must.

ELIZABETH

Must you? Must you?

FREDERICK

I just said I must.

ELIZABETH

I mean, I'm so much in love with you I can't think straight.

FREDERICK

Oh, my beloved.

HE leans in for a kiss.

ELIZABETH

LIPS! Not on the lips! You'll smear my lipstick. And I've got to look perfect for our pre-engagement party tonight. I hope you like old-fashioned weddings.

FREDERICK

I prefer old-fashioned wedding nights.

ELIZABETH

Oh, you naughty boy, you're incorrigible! I can't wait.

FREDERICK

Oh, darling...

HE reaches to take her hand.

ELIZABETH

Naile! They're still wet!

FREDERICK

Oh, my only love. One last farewell embrace.

ELIZABETH

Taffeta, darling. The dress – it's taffeta. It wrinkles so easily.

FREDERICK

Oh, yes, of course. Taffeta. How stupid of me.

SIDE 2:

Frederick & Igor

IGOR

Dr. Frankenstein?

FREDERICK

That's Fronkensteen. My name is pronounced Fronkensteen.

IGOR

You're pulling my leg.

FREDERICK

No, I'm not.

IGOR

You're not? Then your first name, do you pronounce it Froderick?

FREDERICK

No. Frederick.

IGOR

Really? Why isn't it Froderick Fronkensteen?

FREDERICK

Because it isn't.

IGOR

As you wish, master.

FREDERICK

Ah , "master," so you must be Ee-gor.

IGOR

No , it's pronounced Eye-gore.

FREDERICK

But they told me it was Ee-gor.

IGOR

Well, they were wrong then, weren't they? Did you know, master, my grandfather used to work for your grandfather? And it's always been my dream, ever since I was little, that one day I would work for you just as my grandfather worked for yours. Of course, the rates have gone up.

FREDERICK

Of course.

IGOR

Working at your side, master, would be a joy. We could open up the old la-bore-a-tory, we could reconnect the voltmeter, dust off the lightning rods, and when everything's in tip-top working order, we'll go to the graveyard at midnight and dig up a nice big fresh corpse.

SIDE 3:

Frederick & Frau Blucher

FRAU BLUCHER

Good evening, and welcome. Dr. Frankenstein.

FREDERICK

That's Frankenstein.

FRAU BLUCHER

Ah, yes, of course "Steen." In future I will try not to forget, Dr. Frankenstein.

FREDERICK

Steen!

FRAU BLUCHER

Steen! Yes, of course. And I am your housekeeper, Frau Blucher.

FREDERICK

How do you do?

FRAU BLUCHER

All is in readiness for your arrival, Herr Doktor. May I escort you to your bed chamber?

FREDERICK

No, I believe I will remain down here and read for a little while longer.

FRAU BLUCHER

As you wish. Dr. Frankenschwein.

FREDERICK

That's Frank-Steen! Will you please try and get it right, once and for all.

FRAU BLUCHER

Steen, yes. I will never forget. *(Pause)* Steen?

FREDERICK

Steen.

FRAU BLUCHER

Steen...Would the Doktor care for a brandy while he is reading?

FREDERICK

No, thank you.

FRAU BLUCHER

Some warm milk? Perhaps?

FREDERICK

No, thank you very much. That's very kind of you.

FRAU BLUCHER

Ovaltine?

FREDERICK

Nothing! Thank you.

SIDE 4:

Frederick & Igor

FREDERICK

Now, Igor? May I have a word with you, please?

IGOR

Yes, Master. I always have time for you.

FREDERICK

Sit down, won't you?

IGOR

Thank you.

HE takes a seat on the floor

FREDERICK

No, no... on the chair.

IGOR

Thank you!

FREDERICK

Now Igor, that brain that you brought me, was it the brain of the late HansDelbruck, the brilliant scholar and mild-mannered saint who wouldn't hurt a fly?

IGOR

Not exactly. You see I dropped his brain all splat on the floor, so I took another one. Anyway, Herr Delbruck's brain was small, had too many ridges on it. I got a way better one, twice as big, smooove, not a wrinkle in it.

FREDERICK

Ah, good. Now we're getting somewhere. So could you tell me whose brain I did put in?

IGOR

You won't be angry if I tell you?

FREDERICK

I will not... be... angry.

IGOR

Abby somebody.

FREDERICK

Abby somebody. Abby who?

IGOR

Abby normal.

FREDERICK

Abby normal?

IGOR

I'm almost certain that was the name.

FREDERICK

Are you telling me that I put an abnormal brain into an almost seven-foot-tall, four foot-wide gorilla?
Is that what you're telling me!

SIDE 5:

Hermit (& The Monster)

HERMIT

The HERMIT speaks to the MONSTER who constantly makes a variety of moaning and groaning sounds throughout this scene.

Hello, stranger. My name is Harold, what's your name?

The MONSTER grunts

I'm sorry, I didn't get that.

The MONSTER grunts again

Oh, forgive me, I didn't realize that you were a mute.

Running his hands over the MONSTER

An incredibly large mute. But come, come in out of the cold.

HE gestures to the MONSTER to follow him

You must be hungry. Come to the table.

HE pulls out the chair.

Here, friend, make yourself comfortable. How does a nice hot bowl of chicken-noodle soup sound to you?

The MONSTER grunts again

Was that hold the noodles? You got it. Here we go. Nice hot boiling soup. Hold out your bowl.

The MONSTER holds the bowl out toward the ladle-full of soup.

The HERMIT, ladles the soup directly into the MONSTER's lap.

The MONSTER gives out an agonized cry of excruciating pain

Oh, I love a scream of delight! And now, I know, let's celebrate!

As HE opens a bottle of wine

I've been saving a special bottle of wine for just such a joyous occasion. It's a Gewurtz Tramine Schwarzen Keller Spatlese 1905. Here, let me pour you some.

The MONSTER picks up a wine tankard, holds it out, and as the HERMIT pours

Oh no, don't drink yet!

HE pours his own wine into a tankard

First we have to toast to our wonderful new friendship! To us!

HE bangs his tankard against the MONSTER's instantly shattering it.

The HERMIT drinks his wine.

Ah, isn't that delicious?

The MONSTER groans

I knew you'd like it. Hard to beat that oh-five. And now, I know, an after-dinner Surprise.

He hold up two cigars

Cigars! There you go!

HE hands a cigar to the MONSTER and turns to the stovetop to retrieve a lit candle. The HERMIT returns and, seeing the lighted candle, the MONSTER moans in fear

No, no, don't be afraid. Fire is good. Fire is very good. Fire is our friend. Here, let me show you.

He lights his own cigar with the candle

You see. Fire is good. Fire is very good. Now, you have your cigar. Here, let me light it for you.

HE takes the hand of the MONSTER, lifts up the MONSTER'S thumb, which HE mistakes for the cigar

Hold it out, just like that. Now don't inhale till the tip glows.

HE holds the flame of the candle to the MONSTER's thumb, setting it on fire.

The MONSTER screams in pain, leaps up and crashes through the cottage door.

Wait! What's wrong? Where are you going? I was going to make espresso!

SIDE 6:

Elizabeth (& The Monster)

The MONSTER enters carrying ELIZABETH. HE tosses her onto the ground. She comes out of a faint

ELIZABETH

Where am I...?

SHE sees the MONSTER looming over her

Ooooh! It's you.

The MONSTER moans

What? What do you want? What are you going to do to me?

The MONSTER moans lasciviously and begins removing his jacket

Alright, don't get any big ideas. I'm not afraid of you! How much do you want to let me go? My father is very rich. He'll pay for your speech therapy.

The MONSTER growls and moves closer and begins to remove his tie

What is it? Speak, speak, you big ape, why don't you speak?

SHE stands and the MONSTER begins to back her into the depths of the cave.

Now hold on Mister, I've never...Oh, sure, one time I almost...but I've never in my life actually...

We hear her from deep inside the cave.

You can't be serious! Put that back! Woof! Ah...ah...ah...

ELIZABETH and the MONSTER enter from inside the cave, each smoking a cigarette.

ELIZABETH is now in a ripped and sexy version of the gown she'd been wearing when abducted and is also sporting a "Bride of Frankenstein" wig.

Penny for your thoughts? Ya know, until now my life has been nothing but a meaningless whirl of silly parties. But I always sensed that something was missing. Love! And I'm not talkin' about puppy love, one-night-stand love or cheap love. No! I'm talking about deep love, an incredibly long love, a gentle but firm love

The MONSTER makes a suggestive sound that SHE interprets as his wanting another round of sex.

Again? You're incorrigible, aren't you? You ol' zipper neck. Well, all right. Seven always has been my lucky number. C'mere, you great big hot monster.

We hear the MUSIC of a French horn being played somewhere nearby.

The MONSTER pricks up his ears and makes a gentler, cooing sound, drawn to the magical tune.

What is it?

The MONSTER stands & looks off in the distance toward the source of the MUSIC

What's the matter? Is it that music? Oh forget it. That's just some poor lonely fool blowing his French horn.

The MONSTER walks off, following the MUSIC

Where are you going? You're walking out on me? Me ! Oh, you men are all alike. Five or six quickies and you're off for a drink with the boys. To boast and brag! Well, you better keep your mouth shut! Oh, I think I love him.

KEMP

It wasn't only the monster we came here for, Herr Doktor. It was also for you! You see here! The left shoe of your beloved betrothed, Fraulein Benning! Found only an hour ago in a cave nearby. All that remains of the poor woman after your monster had ravished and torn her to pieces. As the crazed doctor who brought the monster to life, you are herewith accused of murder and sentenced to die!

Now, before we hang you, do you have any last words, Dr. Fronkensteen? No...Very well then, I grant your wish, you shall die a Frankenstein. On the count of drei, prepare to say goodbye! Eins... zwei... drei!

SIDE 8:

The Monster & Kemp

MONSTER

Everyone stand back!

Articulate and clear-voiced & at FREDERICK's apparently dead body

Sometimes, perchance, a brushstroke of hope, a wisp of mystic fate, can awaken a sleeping heart.

KEMP

What's going on here? Minutes ago he was a dead monster, a hulking beast, and now he's alive and talking like Noel Coward.

MONSTER

Checking for FREDERICK'S pulse

It's because of him. Half-crazed genius that he is. He not only risked his own life to save mine, but gave me the power of speech and a brilliant mind.

KEMP

Oh yeah? If you're so brilliant what's nine times nine?

MONSTER

Eighty-one.

KEMP

He is brilliant. But this makes no sense! The Doctor's dead.

MONSTER

I'm afraid the Inspector's right, he's dead and there seems to be no... wait, I feel a faint pulse, perhaps I'm not too late after all.

KEMP

Nonsense! His neck is broken!

MONSTER

Bruised, yes, but not broken. And his spinal cord is still intact!

KEMP

Is there a chance?

MONSTER

Yes. One in a million. Still... if the di-methyl-amino-azo-benzine-sulphonic acid in his subcortical brain fluid is in balance, then all I'd really have to do is stimulate his cortex. But how?

Thinking

Does anybody have a hatpin? Good! Hold him steady! And...

HE plunges the pin into the back of FREDERICK'S neck.

He's alive! He's alive! He's alive!

BERTRAM BARAM

A STUDENT raises his hand to ask a question. An annoying know-it-all
Ooo, oo, oo, oooo

FREDERICK

Yes?

BERTRAM BARAM

Sir, I'm not sure we understand sir, the rather confusing distinction you've made between reflexive and voluntary nerve impulses.

FREDERICK

Very good. Since our lab work today is a demonstration of exactly that distinction, I'd like you to join me now in a brief and painless experiment. Your name is...?

BERTRAM BARAM

Batram, sir. Bertram Batram.

FREDERICK

Bertram Batram. How alliterative.

BERTRAM BARAM

Thank you, Doctor.

FREDERICK

As you can see, young Bertram Batram, with whom I have never worked nor given any prior instruction to, has graciously offered his services for this afternoon's demonstration.

BERTRAM BARAM

I have?

FREDERICK

Yes, you have. Mr. Batram. Would you please stand beside this table.

BERTRAM BARAM

Yes Dr. Fronkensteen.

FREDERICK

Mr. Batram, will you raise your left knee, please.

MR. BATRAM does so and continues to balance on one foot during the following...

You have just witnessed a voluntary nerve impulse. You may lower your knee, Mr, Batram!

MR. BATRAM does so

Reflex movements, on the other hand, are those which are made independently of the will.

FREDERICK raises his knee as if to get MR. BATRAM in the groin

Why you dirty rotten yellow son-of-a-...!

BERTRAM BARAM

Doubled over, holding his groin

Ooooh!

FREDERICK

But what if we were to block those nerve impulses by simply applying local pressure...

HE places a metal clamp around the back of MR. BETRAM'S neck.

...which can be done with any ordinary metal clamp, just at the swelling of the posterior nerve root...for say, oh, four seconds.

HE smashes his knee into MR. BERTRAM'S groin

Why you mother-grabbing...!

MR. BERTRAM does not react, but his eyes cross.

As you can see, even though I have just smashed my knee into his crotch, he does not react. He feels absolutely nothing.

BERTRAM BATRAM

Quietly, in pain

Mmmmm...

FREDERICK

More or less. So if it were not for this continuous stream of motor impulses from the brain, we would collapse... like a bunch... of... broccoli!

HE removes the clamp and MR. BATRAM collapses to the floor like a bunch of broccoli

Please remove the specimen from the classroom. Thank you, Bertram Batram.

BERTRAM BATRAM

In a hoarse agonized whisper

Ooooooh!

SIDE 10: (2 pages)

Frederick, Igor, & Inga

IGOR

Climb aboard, master, and we'll be off for Castle Frankenstein, where I will work humbly at your side as you now begin a series of historic experiments that might...

FREDERICK

Dammit, Igor, how many times do I have to tell you? I have absolutely no interest in continuing my grandfather's wacky work.

IGOR

Really? I even went so far as to hire a local girl, Inga, to assist you in your wacky work.

FREDERICK

Well you shouldn't have because I'll have absolutely no use for...

INGA, a breathtakingly sexy young blonde, pops up out of the hay in the back of the wagon.

INGA

Hello!

IGOR

This is the girl, Inga.

INGA

How do you do. Doctor?

FREDERICK

How do you do?

INGA

I have a master's degree in laboratory science from Heidelberg Junior College. I can fulfill all your needs. I'm a very hard worker and, if necessary, I'll even bend over backwards for you.

IGOR

Whatta ya say, Doc? Should I hire her?

FREDERICK

I don't know. I'd like to sleep on her...It...Think about it. But by the way, how are we getting to the castle?

INGA

A huystropferdeschlagenwagensuchenfruchen!

FREDERICK

What's that?

INGA

A hayride!

The climb aboard

I'm very high-spirited, Doktor. I hope you won't hold it against me.

FREDERICK

I'll try not to.

INGA

So, have you thought of any ways you could use me?

FREDERICK

Two and I'm working on a third.

INGA

Shrieking with joy

Oh, good. Does zat mean I'm hired?

FREDERICK

Well, a large part of me is pointing in that direction.

SOUND: Howling werewolves

FREDERICK

What's that?

INGA

Frightened, SHE hugs FREDERICK

Werewolves!

FREDERICK

Werewolves?

IGOR

There! There wolves.

FREDERICK

What?

IGOR

There wolves. There castle.

FREDERICK

Why are you talking like that?

IGOR

I don't know. I thought you wanted me to.

FREDERICK

Well I don't.

IGOR

Have it your way. I'm easy.

SIDE 11:

Frederick & Frau Blucher

FREDERICK

Hello, what have we here?

Seeing the violin

So this explains the music. And a cigar, still smoldering in the ashtray. Someone, or something, was just here!

HE senses a presence in the alcove; HE yanks the curtain aside to reveal FRAU BLUCHER

Frau Blucher!

FRAU BLUCHER

Yessss! I am zat somesing or someone!

FREDERICK

And that music! Then it was you playing this violin!

FRAU BLUCHER

Yessss! Musik that reaches the soul vhen words are useless. Your grandfather used to play zat exact same tune to soothe the creatures he created.

FREDERICK

And you played it to lead us down here to his laboratory!

FRAU BLUCHER

Yessss!

FREDERICK

And so that was your cigar still smoldering in the ashtray!

FRAU BLUCHER

Yessss!

FREDERICK

Then you were not just his housekeeper.

FRAU BLUCHER

Yessss!

FREDERICK

Then you and Victor were...

FRAU BLUCHER

Yes! Yes! Say it! Say it! He... vas... my... boyfriend!

FREDERICK

He vas your boy friend?!

FRAU BLUCHER

Yesss! I'll never forget the first time I met Victor. It vas on the village green. At the annual bock beer festival, where every beer costs a bock. I vas an innocent young lamb unt he vas a dirty old goat. Ve vere made for each other. All of a sudden, he took out his paraphernalia and shouted, "Let's play croquet!," and off to the field ve vent. He carried his hoops and mallets and I carried his balls. What a festival! Fun and games all day long. Archery, badminton, potato sack. Victor won the three-legged race...all by himself. It vas love at first sight. Here, Victor's book! Read it and see how the dead can be brought back to life!

SIDE 12:

Frederick, Igor, Inga & Frau Blucher

FREDERICK

Let's indulge for a moment in a bit of sanity. Has anybody dead ever actually been brought back to life again?

IGOR

Well...

INGA

Well...

FRAU BLUCHER

Yes! I saw it with my own eyes. The dead creature rose up from the table, he was alive! But then, unfortunately, he killed everyone in the village. Victor put in the wrong brain.

IGOR

But we won't make that mistake again.

FREDERICK

No Igor, you're right, we won't! I want you to bring me the brain of the late Hans Delbruck, one of Europe's greatest thinkers – a scholar and a saint!

IGOR

I know exactly where to find it, master. It's in a glass jar at the National Brain Depository.

FREDERICK

Good! And once we have the brain, we, we...what is it my grandfather wrote?

He turns back to the book and reads aloud.

Ah, yes, here! "As the tininess of human parts were a great hindrance to the speed of my work, I decided, therefore, to make the creature of a gigantic stature." Of course, that would simplify everything.

INGA

In uzzer vords, Doctor, his organs vould all have to be unusually large.

FREDERICK

Exactly.

INGA

His hands and feet would have to be huge.

FREDERICK

Of course.

INGA

He vould have an enormous schwanzstucker. Woof!

IGOR

He's going to be very popular with the ladies.