

KID FRANKENSTEIN

AT RISE: All things necessary for the laboratory/basement and classroom scenes are in place on stage or playing area. They are covered in large silk-like cloths that will be removed as scenes begin throughout the performance. The laboratory/basement will need a small ping pong table, a big boom box and large cardboard box/package along with other things that read typical kid's basement. There may be some nondescript furniture that may be moved around to create different levels for scenes.

(KIDZ enter and speak to audience.)

ABIGAIL: Things are pretty quiet around here now...

DARRYL: But it wasn't too long ago...

JAYDEN: We had some pretty weird stuff going down.

(SOUND CUE #1: Thunder! KIDZ look around. SOUND CUE ENDS.)

MEGAN: It was spooky and creepy and scary!

ZACH: You can say that again.

MEGAN: It was spooky and creepy and scary!

SHAWNA: Like Halloween night!

ZACH: Only it wasn't Halloween...

ABIGAIL: This was really happening!

(SOUND CUE #2: Thunder! KIDZ huddle together. SOUND CUE ENDS.)

DARRYL: It all started with the biggest nerd in school...

JAYDEN: *(Clamping a hand over DARRYL's mouth.)* Don't say that!

(All look around, afraid.)

DARRYL: I mean this kid in school who was really cool... *(Looks to JAYDEN.)* Okay? Even though everybody thought he was totally loony tunes crazy.

(FRANKIE enters wearing lab coat. He wrings his hands and looks at audience with wild eyes. Speaks famous line from 1931 Frankenstein movie.)

FRANKIE: Crazy am I? We'll see if I'm crazy or not.

(FRANKIE turns and adjusts silk cloth, revealing various parts of his basement as KIDZ speak.)

DARRYL: *(To audience.)* This guy Frankie was hanging out with his best friend Irving...

(IRVING enters. He listens to iPod with ear buds and is boogying to the music in his nerdful way. He is unaware of the KIDZ or FRANKIE.)

JAYDEN: The Science Fair was coming up and these two had big plans.

(KIDZ make knocking sound as IRVING knocks on door. FRANKIE hears the sound and goes to open "door" in front of IRVING. KIDZ exit or move upstage or out of scene.)

FRANKIE: *(Greeting IRVING, putting on mad scientist voice.)* Ah ha! My trusted assistant! Welcome to my la-bore-atory! I see you found the secret passageway!

IRVING: *(Entering.)* Knock it off, Frankie. Anybody can see this is just your basement and I came in through the cellar door.

FRANKIE: Quite right my faithful friend, *Igor!*

IRVING: *(Getting candy bar from backpack.)* Huh?

FRANKIE: My faithful assistant and constant companion, *Igor!*

IRVING: Not this again.

FRANKIE: *(Prompting.)* Once again I must express my sympathies for the unfortunate and astonishing growth of some kind on your back!
(Pointing.) On your back!

IRVING: Sheesh.

(IRVING drops into "Igor" stance. His backpack becomes his hump. He suddenly hunches and drags one foot across the floor. Speaks in Igor voice.)

Thank you, master. Very kind.

FRANKIE: Never mention it! A scientist must be aware of the infirmities and misfortunes all around him! In this way science can improve the lot of mankind!

IRVING: (*Forgetting to be Igor, taking a bite of candy bar.*) Speaking of which, what's your big plan for the Science Fair?

FRANKIE: Ahem.

IRVING: (*Back to Igor.*) I mean... (*Hunches.*) What is to be your next experiment, master?

FRANKIE: It is interesting you should ask me that! I was considering a wind experiment! It would involve living birds and feathers and flare guns and earwax! The result would tell us the properties of the heat generated by a chicken's wing as it tries to fly which it cannot do! In short a study of alternative energy and advanced aerodynamics!

IRVING: (*Unimpressed.*) Mrs. Mulvaney keeps chickens in her backyard. You want I should get?

FRANKIE: Then I considered a quest for the understanding of the chemistry of removing grass stains from a soiled and wretched football jersey! An outcome that would benefit overworked mothers everywhere for although detergents claim to get out stubborn grass stains they never do! Such a discovery would be a boon for mankind!

IRVING: No problem, plenty of those in my closet.

FRANKIE: (*Dramatically.*) But then!

IRVING: But then?

FRANKIE: The most miraculous thing occurred!

IRVING: Which is?

FRANKIE: (*Removes a cloth from a box.*) Behold! It arrived quite out of the blue just this very morning!

IRVING: FedEx or UPS?

FRANKIE: Ahem!

IRVING: (*Becoming Igor.*) Ah, master! From whence came this marvelous new thing and what in the Sam Hill is it?

FRANKIE: Look! Just take a gander – with your good eye – at the return address.

IRVING: *(He slides his foot over and looks.)* Transylvania!

(FRANKIE stands at ecstatic attention, gloating. IRVING drops Igor routine.)

Oh, come on, Frankie. There's no way you got a package from Transylvania.

FRANKIE: *(Dropping the mad scientist.)* It was on the front door step when I got up this morning. It came from Transylvania. Look, Irving! That's what it says right there on the label!

IRVING: You put it on there.

FRANKIE: I did not! I totally swear on my parakeet's grave! Scout's honor! Cross my heart and hope to die.

IRVING: Needle?

FRANKIE: In my eye!

(IRVING examines box, very big. He tugs it, kicks it.)

IRVING: Somebody's playing a trick on you.

FRANKIE: *(Back to mad scientist.)* There are no tricks in science! Everything can be scientifically proven! I believe that what we have here, dear Igor, is the clue to my most magnificent experiment yet!

IRVING: Open it.

FRANKIE: *(Scientist completely gone. Suddenly scared.)* You think we should?

IRVING: What else are we going to do?

FRANKIE: Igor! Hand me my scalpel!

IRVING: Frankie, we don't have any scalpels. Here's the scissors.

(FRANKIE cuts the string. Opens flaps and dives into the box, packing peanuts flying everywhere. FRANKIE'S feet are kicking above the box.)

Well?

(FRANKIE makes muffled sound, head in box.)

What's that?