



RS#2 Frederick & Igor

The train station in Transylvania Heights. Early evening, a few days later. In the distance we see the LIGHT of a train growing larger as it gets closer. FREDERICK disembarks once it stops and heads downstage towards an elderly SHOESHINE MAN as the walls of the station move in. MUSIC that strongly reminds us of "Chattanooga Choo-Choo."

FREDERICK

(speaking in the rhythm of "Chattanooga Choo-Choo" to the SHOESHINE MAN)
Pardon me, boy, is this the Transylvania station?

SHOESHINE MAN

(also speaking in the rhythm of "Chattanooga Choo-Choo" though with a heavy German accent)
Ja! Ja! Track 29. Can I give you a shine?

FREDERICK

(as MUSIC stops)
No, thanks. I'm wearing suede.

SHOESHINE MAN

Ach, shvade, shvade. Who the hell invented that verkakte shvade?

The SHOESHINE MAN exits, We hear the SOUND of a howling wolf in the distance, followed by the eerie shuffling SOUND of someone or something approaching from off-stage right. IGOR enters, sneaking up behind FREDERICK

IGOR

(loudly right into FREDERICK's ear; with a cockney accent)
Dr. Frankenstein?

SOUND: Thunder and Lightning

FREDERICK

Oh, you startled me. That's Fronkensteen. My name is pronounced Fronkensteen.

IGOR

You're pulling my leg.

FREDERICK

-No, I'm not.

Start



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 Igor.

IGOR

No, it's pronounced Eye-gore.

FREDERICK

But they told me it was Igor.

IGOR

Well, they were wrong then, weren't they? Did you know, master, my grandfather used to work for your grandfather?

FREDERICK

Oh. Really? How nice.

IGOR

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 voltometer, 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.

FREDERICK

Oh no, you don't understand. I would never, I wouldn't, I couldn't...

IGOR

(rapturously going on, not listening to FREDERICK)

Oh, the fantastic things we'll do. It'll be like old times. You and me. Right up there with the world's greatest pairs!

← **End**