

Extracts from Frankenstein and Mirth

by Chris Chelu

Dramatis personae

Coachman	
James Hero	a "young man ", Isobel's second cousin
Whoopsiepop	a hound
Landlord	
Fuggles	}
Truman	} country people from the village
Golding	}
Maisie	}
Dame Letticia.	housekeeper to Frankenstein
Igor, a hunchback	laboratory technician to Frankenstein
2 hooded men	coffin carriers
Baron Frankenstein	
Isobel	the Baron's daughter
Monster 1	male
Monster 2	female
Dracula	
Athis	}
Baucis	} the Brides of Dracula
Oris.	}

Optional: A chorus of yokels woodland creatures, dogs, bats, sausages.....
These can be omitted if the director wishes.

Read some extracts from the panto below and if you like what you read contact Chris Chelu via the website for a copy of the full script.

Frankenstein makes his appearance in Act I as does his daughter and the two monsters he creates. However, far worse than the monsters, the hints in Act I that Dracula will be on his way are fulfilled in Act II, together with his brides.

Frankenstein & Mirth Act I

Act I Scene 1

The interior of a 19th century old inn. Beams and plaster. Two small tables and stools/benches/chairs. A bar is upstage left and a group of yokels quaffing ale. (plus optional chorus members). There is mad and silly dancing with tankards in hand. The yokels, Fuggles, Maisie (the barmaid & Fuggles' girl friend) Golding, Truman dance some kind of jig, or country dance which must include some hopping.

Song 1 and Dance .

Landlord Well. Master Fuggles. You dance a merry jig and no mistake. Those hops have certainly gone to your legs.

Fuggles Not as much as Master Truman here.

Landlord 'Tis true what they say, then. There's more hops in Ben Truman.

Truman Well, I thank thee, Maisie

Golding I've a powerful thirst on me, Maisie. I'll have another quaff of your Old Delicious, if you please.

Maisie Here, have you heard of the talk going round the village about the terrible 'appenings down in the graveyard?

Fuggles I have, too. Indeed I went down there the other morning and do you know what I saw?

Truman Nope, but I've a feeling you're going to tell us.

Fuggles Well, you know Mrs. Natterbottom down by the river.

All *(they nod)* Oh Aaarh *(etc. ad lib)*

Fuggles Well, she buried her poor old husband last week in the graveyard and when she went to visit his grave yesterday she found that someone, or some thing, had dug him up and his coffin was empty.

Golding That's easily explained. He faked his death 'cause he couldn't stand her nagging. He's most likely moved in with that old widow woman he'd been seeing that lives down *(local town)* Broad Chalke way.

Maisie No. That can't be. Apparently Old Natterbottom used to go out jogging by the river to get away from his wife and he slipped as he was crossing the Hatches, banged his head and drowned. There's no mistaking it. The woman in the post office told me. She knows everything that's going on.

Fuggles 'Tis true. I saw the empty grave with me own eyes. Aaarh, and that b'aint be all. Two weeks previous, a similar thing happened to that sweet young girl who died of a broken heart.

Maisie Yes. She was in love with that lad from over *(local place)* Rockbourne way, and when she didn't get a Valentine Card from him she just took to her bed and faded away.

Fuggles Anyway, a few days after her parents laid her to rest, they went back to lay some fresh flowers, and they found the gravestone had been moved and the coffin had disappeared.

Landlord 'Tis a sad tale to be sure. But what about these other 'appenings I've heard of up at the castle?

Fuggles Yes. They say there are a great moanings and a flashing of lights and a whirring of strange devices after dark until the early hours of the morning up at Baron Frankenstein's castle.

Golding Sounds like a night out clubbing at the Chapel. (*local club*)

Fuggles No, Golding, there's no missing it. I was up there with Maisie here, and I saw it, good and true, and there was some awful shadows moving across the windows.

Maisie And that b'aint be all. Two nights ago we was out in the woods doing our nature study.....

Golding Oh yes? Looking for blue tits were you, Fuggles?

MaisieAnd we saw Igor silhouetted against the rising moon, struggling up to the castle with a massive sack on his back.

Golding Funny you should see him like that, 'cause two weeks ago I saw Igor late one night on my way home. He was pulling a handcart and on it was a large box covered with a blanket. I asked him what it was and he said it was a flat pack Welsh dresser he'd got from (*local store*) B & Q for the Baron. And then he took the disused track through the woods up to the Castle.

Truman I knew B & Q opened late but I didn't think it was that late.

Maisie I hear that Baron Frankenstein has a beautiful daughter, Isobel, and she is not allowed to go out on her own by day, and it is said, by night, she is locked in her bedroom.

Golding She went to the University of Wilton, (*local town*) you know. She's got excellent qualifications.

Truman (*Looking wistfully into space*) 'Tis true. I've seen them.

FX *Thunder and lightning, lights flicker, sound of pouring rain, a coach and horses is heard drawing up, horses whinnying, and then the baying of a hound. and James, bursts into the inn DSR together, with pantomime dog, a large hound. He carries a carpet bag. A coachman dressed in Victorian coat and cape stands in the doorway. The yokels "talk" amongst themselves..*

Coachman I bain't be taking you no further, young master. It's more than me job's worth.

James What do you mean, coachman?

Coachman There be strange goings on in this neck of the woods and no mistake. You must go the rest of the way on foot.

James Very well, my good man. How much do I owe you for conveying me to this god-forsaken place?

Coachman That'll be half a good sovereign, sir, and 3 groats for value added tax.

James 3 groats! And what value have you added?

Coachman I've allowed that great dog to come with you, the mutinous mutt.

W/P (the dog) *Howls amusingly and capers.*

James A sovereign and 3 groats you say. There you are. (*Gives coins.*)

Coachman If I don't get the coach and horses back to the stables in town before 9 o'clock, the master will beat me. I've already got more than eight hours on the trotto-graph. *Exits DSR*

James Well, this looks like it, Whoopsie. ...The Box and Noose. Funny name for an inn. ...but I suppose it's a good hang out for the locals.a good ..hang outfor the locals.

(*Whoopsie goes over to the proscenium arch and sniffs at an amusing object.*)

James Come here. Don't do that. Leave that alone, you don't know where it's been. Ooo, you are a norty dog. Come here immediately. (*The dog comes to James, stage centre, and sits and begs, panting.*) O.K. You're not so bad. (*He pets him & suddenly notices the audience*)

James Oh hello. I didn't notice you there. Hello kids. My name's James. and this is my dog Whoopsiepoo.

W/P Whoopsiepoo! (*says this Scoobydoo-like. It is the only thing he ever says.*)

James Yes, he got that name when he was a puppy and used to have lots of accidents. Say "hello" to the boys and girls, Whoopsie.

W/P Whoopsie-poo! (*He waves his paws and gets excited.*)

James Now, boys and girls, I want you to keep an eye on Whoopsie for me. If he lifts his leg, and looks like he's going to be a naughty dog..... you know what I mean.... I want you to shout out "Whoopsie-poo". We'll just practise that.

Whoopsie..... *Whoopsie goes to the proscenium and lifts leg.* Ooo, you bad dog. That's right, boys and girls...well done. Keep an eye on him while I go to the bar will you.. and let me know the second he does something else naughty. Well, I'm getting hungry, and we must find a bed for the night, and I could do with a drink after that long journey (*He approaches the bar*) Good evening, landlord. What do you recommend for to quench my thirst?

Landlord I would say a quaff of Old Delicious would do the business for you, young master. (*He pulls a pint from behind the bar and hands it to James.*)

Golding I'd say!

Maisie And what be your business in these here parts. We don't get many strangers around here, you know. And we like to know what they be up to.

James I've come to visit my sweet cousin, Isobel, up at the castle. She has written to me at my house in London, asking me to come and help her father, the Baron, with his experiments. (*There is much muttering amongst the yokels.*)

Fuggles And what experiments may they be, then, eh, my kind sir....

James Oh, I don't know. She didn't give me any details. A little bit of this,a little bit of that...

Truman And a bit of the other, I'll be bound... *(Laughter)*

Golding What be your speciality in the line of your work then, oh young master what has come from London?

James Well, recently I have been working on the facilitation of neural transmission in quasi-anthropoid systems.

Golding Oh, very la-di-dah, and what's that when it's at home?

James Helping the muscles of the arms and legs to move.

Landlord Then you're just the man we need here. Truman often can't move at the end of the evening. We have to leave him propped up against the bar all night. *(laughter)*

Truman Aarrh.

James No, you misunderstand me. I work on frogs' legs.

Maisie And you still do, to look at you. *(laughter)*

Fuggles And why then should the Baron be in need of your skills in getting arms and legs to move? Does he have some kind of paralysis?

James Not that I am aware. When I last saw him in London he danced the polka with great vigour.

Truman Perhaps he is planning to bring back life to the dead. *(All yokels and Landlord laugh)*

Golding Ha ha ha...bring back life to the dead! What a joker you are, Truman. Everyone knows that is impossible.

James Do you have any rooms for the night, Landlord?

Landlord That I do, my young sir.

James And can my dog sleep at the foot of my bed?

Landlord He may, as long as he behaves himself. Call him in and let's have a look at him..

James Whoopsie! Here boy. *(W/P enters and capers around, sniffing at the yokels, and licking them.)*

Maisie He be a friendly sort of hound, bain't he be. What did you say his name was?

James Whoopsiepoo.

W/P Whoopsiepoo! *(he lifts his legs at a table.)(Audience reaction.)*

James. Stop that, you naughty dog. Thanks, kids.

Landlord On second thoughts, I think I'll make him up a bed out the back in the barn. Come this way, young master, let me show you to your room. *(Exit Landlord USL, followed by W/P and James.)*

Enter DSR, the Dame, Letticia. She is the housekeeper to Frankenstein. She pokes her head around the flat, looking to see if anybody is about. The yokels are engrossed in " conversation " and do not see her. She suddenly notices the audience...and comes down stage to the front.

Letty Ooo Hello. My name's Letticia. I'm the housekeeper up at the castle, and I've just popped down because I've run out. Well, I haven't "run" out. With my arthritis I'm lucky if I can hobble to the inn these days. Anyone here suffer from arthritis? Yes? Doesn't it make you stiff in the morning? Do you wake up

stiff in the morning, Sir? No, I'll tell you why I've come down here. I've run out of Mother's Ruin...you know, gin. Ooo, I'm quite out of breath, coming down from the castle. The other day I met a man who couldn't breathe through his nose. Ooh...I do like a man who can breathe through his nose. Well, actually, I'm quite happy with any man that can breathe at all. Letticia, yes, that's me. You can call me Letty for short. What's that? Why Letty? Because if any man makes a move towards me, I'll let 'e!!!

Song 2

No, seriously, I need some gin for medicinal reasons. It's for me nerves, you know. There is so many funny goings on up at the castle these days, especially in the early hours, so I have just a little drop to send me off to sleep. (*pointing to woman in audience.*) You know what I mean don't you, missus? She knows what I mean. Well. Let's see if I can get any. (*She enters the inn area*) Hello boys.

Fuggles Why, if it isn't Miss Letty. (*He gets up and comes over to her.*) We haven't seen you in here for, let's see, must be at least 24 hours. I must say you're looking very fetching in that bustle, Miss Letty.

Letty (*flattered*) Oh, I bet you say that to all the girls. I got it from (*local Corsetry shop*) Just Jane. They have all the latest styles in bustles there. There's the rustle bustle that sounds like the woods in a summer breeze, the hustle bustle for when there's trouble brewing, and the muscle bustle when you're feeling a bit butch. But tonight, I'm feeling very romantic, so it's a nuzzle bustle.....
(*she nuzzles up to him*)

Maisie Fuggles! Come here.

Fuggles. Yes, dear. (*He sits.*)

Enter Landlord from SL behind the bar.

Landlord Hello Letty dear, what can I get you?

Letty. I'd like a big bottle of my special medicine, please, and some sausages. The Baron wants them for some experiment or other.

Landlord Coming up.

Enter James and Whoopsie-poo from SL, with bag.

James I'm sorry, Landlord, I can't sleep in that bed tonight, the sheets are too rough and my London skin is so sensitive, I'll come out in a rash. (*He notices Letty.*) *Exit Landlord USL.*

Letty Well, hello, young man. (*flirty*) I haven't seen you around here before. What's a nice young man like you doing in a place like this?

Golding He's just arrived from London.

Fuggles On the last coach from (*local town*) Salisbury.

Letty You must be Master James. but I thought you were coming tomorrow. I think I had better take you straight way up to the castle. There's a clean bed waiting for you that has been made by my own fair hands, with the finest silk sheets from India, and an eiderdown from the fattest ducks in all France.

James But the night is so dark. And it's a long and winding road that leads to your door....

Letty Don't worry, I've walked that road before.... I know a quick way through the woods, but you will have to watch out for the beetles.

Yokels (*singing*) yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Letty Stag beetles, silly.

(*She wraps the sausages round her neck and takes the gin bottle. Enter USL Landlord with dog W/P. The dog bounds onto the stage and bounces around Letty.*)

Landlord That blooming dog is well named. I'll not have him in my barn again.

Letty Oh....a dog... how cute... is he yours? (*to James*) What's his name?

James Whoopsiepoo.

W/P Whoopsiepoo! (*He lifts his leg against Letty*)(*Audience reaction*)

James. Stop that, you naughty dog. Thanks, kids.

Letty Well, Landlord, I'll just take the gin and the sausages. We must be getting back up to the castle, but be careful. There are strange things about in the woods at night. Come on.

(*She exits DSR. The dog capers about with the yokels.*)

James I won't be needing that room after all, Landlord.

(*They both exit DSR, the dog waves to the audience.*)

Fuggles Well I never. I told you something funny was going on up at the castle. And this James fellah has come to help with it, it seems.

Maisie My my...

Truman Arrrh.....

Fuggles I wonder what is going on up there then? And what's frogs' legs got to do with it?

Golding I dunno, to be sure.

(*Enter Igor, a hunchback, (with big facial warts) from DSR stopping at the threshold of the inn. He is dressed in raggedy clothes.*)

Landlord. What's that? Do I hear something at the door? (*Igor enters the threshold. He shuffles in slowly.*)

Fuggles (*Gets up and goes towards him.*) Hello Igor. I had a hunch it was you.

Igor Herrrrrr.....verrry funny. Don't you think I haven't heard that before?

Golding You're late in tonight, Igor. (*Gets up and joins them*)

Igor Yes. The Master had need of me.

Golding You mean Baron Frankenstein?

Igor Yes. The Baron. The Master.

Fuggles We hear the Baron is doing experiments up at the castle, Igor. So, what really is going on up there?

Igor (*Puts hands over his head.*) No, no, don't ask me. It's all too horrible. There is evil afoot. It's unnatural. There should be a law against it.

Golding There probably is. The (*latest*) government has passed enough of them.

Fuggles Igor. What is it that your master is doing that doth distress you so much?

Igor Oh, no. I can't say. I can't betray the trust of the Master. I am sworn to secrecy even though it weighs deep upon my conscience... but maybe..... I could be persuaded with a sup of Old Delicious.

Landlord Old Delicious has just run out, but I've just tapped a barrel of Fresh and Yeasty. Do you fancy a bit of Fresh and Yeasty?

Igor I'll risk it. As long as it doesn't give me wind.

Landlord I can't promise that. (*pulling a pint and giving it to Igor.*)

Igor Well.... it's like this, you see. The Master is trying to make his own electricity. Not the sort that comes out of the socket on the wall, but special electricity. (*He drinks as dialogue proceeds*)

Golding Special electricity? What do you mean, Igor?

Igor Well, the Master needs special electricity for his experiments, for to create life itself.

All (*Gasp*)

Igor And since these 'ere experiments must take place in secrecy at night, he is trying to harness the power of the moon.

Fuggles What do you mean, "the power of the moon"?

Igor He is trying to create lunar electricity. But there are problems with the lunar cells. The moon is too dim, and we can only get enough power to bring life to a frog's leg. To bring life to....well ... (*pause*)...a larger creature, well... 'tis another matter, entirely. Maybewhen the moon is fullthere will be enough lunar energy for what the Master has in mind.

Golding And what does the Master have in mind?

Igor I cannot say. I have said too much already. (*He finishes his drink and puts the glass on the table or bar and leaves in haste*) I must be bidding ye goodnight.

Exit DSR

Landlord There's more to this than meets the eye.

Fuggles (*Thoughtful*) Igor said that the Baron is trying to create life itself.

Golding And Master James is an expert in getting muscles to move.

Fuggles And Igor has been seen late at night transporting unknown objects to the castle.

Truman And two graves have had their lifeless bodies stolen.

Fuggles Truman, I think your little joke earlier could just be rather serious. I think we should all go into the woods, and up to the Castle, and see just what is going on up there. We don't all want to be murdered in our beds, do we?

Song 3 (*Yokels and optional chorus*)

Blackout Tabs close

Act 1 Scene 2 *In the woods. Two cut out trees could be pushed on from each side. Enter Letty, and, lagging behind, Whoopsiepool and James from DSR. Letty has the sausages and gin bottle.*

Letty Come on, you two. We'll never get there at this rate. (*W/P lifts his leg on a tree*) What with him christening every tree in the wood!

James Whoopsie, stop that! I don't know where you get it all from.

W/P Whoopsiepool!

James Did you know that 60 percent of a dog's brain is controlled by his nose?

Letty And the other 40 percent controls his right leg.

James How do you find your way around the woods in the dark, anyway.

Letty Oh, I've got my GPS.

James What's that?

Letty Global Positioning Sausages. I dangle my sausages, like so, and they swing in the direction we have to go in. (*She dangles and swings to stage left*) See. That's the way. (*pointing*) Over there. (*W/P comes over and sniffs the sausages.*) Get off, you mangey mutt!

W/P Whoopsiepool!

James You naughty dog. Come and sit over here. (*W/P crosses and looks forlorn, trying to get audience sympathy*)

Letty If you eat the sausages we'll never find our way to the castle.

FX *Scary sounds of the night, bats clicking and fluttering.*

James (*scared*) What's that?

Letty It sounds like bats.

James Bats?

Letty Yes. I have supersonic hearing. I can always hear Igor when he tries to creep into my room at night. Mind you, there do seem to be more of them than there used to be.

FX *In the near distance, the clunk of a generator starting up, whirring and then crackling and loud mains hum, and then a small explosion.*

James Well, what do you make of that?

Letty I don't know, but I don't like the sound of it. Quickly, we must get back to the castle and tell Baron Frankenstein. I have a feeling of eight-boding.

James. Eight-boding?

Letty Yes. It's like foreboding, but twice as bad. Come. Let us follow the way of the sausages. (*They exit DSL*)

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And now an extract from Act II

Frankenstein & Mirth Act II

Act 2 Scene 1

In Frankenstein's Laboratory, as last scene. The monsters' benches have been removed and the coffin moved centre stage, tilted up at head end, feet to audience. Curtains open. There is mist/smoke on stage.

Optional Chorus: *A dance of bats around the Coffin.*

Spine tingling music. *The lid of the coffin slowly opens and a caped figure emerges. He moves **DS**.*

Dracula The sun is set and midnight approaches. It is time for the creatures of the night to appear. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Count Dracula. I have waited many a long year to breath the fresh night air of (*local place where panto is performed*.) Coombe Bissett (*He sniffs the air.*) Aaaah! I smell humans. Their warm odiferous bodies filled with blood! Ooooh, it's you.... and little boys and girls too. My lucky night! Do you like my coffin? Ha, ha, it was a clever trick to disguise it as a box of baked beans, no? It was made by my carpenter, Heinz. On my long journey from Transylvania, no one would suspect that it contained the wicked Count Dracula, yes? Well, here I am, at Baron Frankenstein's Castle. Rumours of his attempts to bring life to the dead have travelled all across Europe. He could be useful to me. If I am, how shall I say?... too enthusiastic with my nocturnal feasting, he can perhaps revive my victims for a second course! But in the meantime, I'm feeling a little peckish. (*He moves **R** a little.*) Come arise, my spirits!!! Dracula calls you from another realm, into the earthly domain. *Enter the Brides of Dracula from **USL** through the mist/smoke. Suitable music. They hiss as they move down stage. They surround him, stroking his head, shoulders and body.*

Brides We are the Brides of Dracula, spirit beings, enslaved by our master, bound in blood to him for eternity.

Athis I am Athis, betroth-ed for more than one hundred years.

Baucis I am Baucis, espous-ed for three generations.

Oris I am Oris, and we only got hitched last week.

Dracula Come, my triple temptresses, it is time for my midnight feast. I don't want to suffer from night starvation.

He "bites" and sups at the neck of each of them in turn, This can be achieved with his back to the audience. Concealed in his hand is a lipstick with which he marks each neck red, as blood, as he holds each one close.

Athis, you will be my starter. Erugh. Far too sweet. Baucis, my main course.

Eruhg. Far too salty. And now, Oris, my pudding.

Oris How dare you. (*she clouts him*) I am not fat!

Dracula No. I mean you are my desert! You follow the main course.

Oris Oh. Sorry. I'm not used to being part of a three course meal.

Dracula (*Sups long and hard at her.*) Mmmm. Mmmm mmm. Delicious. Perfect. Just right.

Oris Is that it? My mum said that after the wedding there is a bit of necking, and then something else should follow. But I can't remember what it was.

Dracula Now I must lie down.

Oris That was it!

Dracula I need to digest my meal, and regain my powers. Return to the spirit world, my three Brides, until I summon you again. (*Spooky music. He gets into the coffin and shuts the lid.*)

Oris Well, I'm not returning to the spirit world. It's too boring.

Athis I don't know what you are moaning about, you've only been married to him for a week. I've had to put up with him for a hundred years.

Baucis And me, three generations.

Athis I'm surprised he went for you. He usually prefers younger flesh.

Oris He says he enjoys a vintage blood occasionally.

Athis Was that your first time?

Oris What?

Athis The first time he had a little nibble like that.

Oris He did it once, just before we got married.

Baucis What did you think of it?

Oris It didn't last long, so it wasn't too bad.

Baucis No. It never does last long with him.

Athis Come on. Let's explore this place. We've never been to this part of the Earth before. We might find someone who wants more than a little nibble.

*(They exit **USR**)*

*(Enter Fuggles & Maisie and Golding & Truman from **DSL** and **DSR** respectively. They tiptoe in walking backwards until they meet. They bump into each other and shout out, ad lib, with surprise.)*

Fuggles Doh! What do you think you're playing at?

Golding Idiot! Why are you walking backwards?

Maisie We thought someone was following us so we were watching to see who it was.

Truman Arrhhh. That we was too.

Golding Did you see anyone?

Fuggles. No. But we did see a line of footprints.

Golding You fool. They was your own footprints.

Maisie I never thought of that.

(There is a sound of grunting from Monster 1 and a scream from Isobel in the wings off right)

Fuggles Quick, there's someone coming! Let's hide and see what's going on.

*(They hide in the front 2 wings **SL**. During the action we see their heads and reactions.) Enter Monster 1 dragging Isobel from **DSR**.*

Isobel (*struggling*) Let me go, you brute, let me go.

Monster 1 Null. You are my haemorrhage.

Isobel I am your hostage, you idiot. A haemorrhage is what happens if you cut yourself. And all the blood comes out.

Dracula (*Lifting up the lid of the coffin.*) Did I hear someone mention blood? Well, well. (*He climbs out.*) What have we here? (*Aside*) This could be my fourth bride. Hello, my pretty young thing. And who are you?

Isobel Oh help me, kind sir, this monster has kidnapped me, and is taking me away, I know not where.

Dracula I am Count Dracula. And I am here to help you. (*Evil grin to audience.*) I have other-worldly powers and can overcome all forms of wickedness. Cast your eyes aside, young woman and I will attempt to calm the beast. (*He makes hypnotic movements.*) You are becoming sleepy. Your grip is becoming weaker. You cannot hold onto the girl. (*Monster 1 looks dopey and releases his grip and stands still.*) There, my dear, you are free.

Isobel (*rushes into Dracula's arms*) Oh, thank you, thank you, sir. Whatever can I do to repay you?

Dracula (*To audience*) I'm sure I can think of something. But for now, I must finish the hypnotism. (*To Monster 1*) You will stay calm. You will never wish again to harm this young woman. You will always obey my instructions.

Monster 1 Yes, O mattress.

Isobel He means "master". He has a speech problem. He has a bit missing from his brain.

Dracula Never mind that. We must be on our way. The night is young. Come.

Isobel But where are we going? I hardly know you. I'm grateful for you saving me from this monster, but there is something about you that uneases me.

Dracula I have chosen you to be my fourth bride. Tonight we shall be married, and tomorrow you will make me a nice breakfast. Ah hahahah.....

Isobel No. No. If I am to marry anyone it will be James.

Dracula And who is this James?

Isobel He is my second cousin from London. We are in love.

Dracula Pah! Love! What is love? Nothing. I favour lust over love. You will be mine tonight. Come. Let us leave this place. (*He drags her off USL*)
(*Enter Fuggles & Maisie and Golding & Truman from wings SL*).

Golding Well, what do you make of that?

Truman I dunno and no mistake.

Fuggles Perhaps Mr. Monster here has some ideas. Hello, Mr Monster.

Monster 1 (*Forlorn*) Elbow.

Fuggles And where's your lovely lady Monster then?

Monster 1 I not know.

Golding Not so Lubby Lippy now then eh, Mr Monster?

Monster 1 I get angry with my dictator, Franky, and I take his daughter Isobel. She really nice person, but I nasty to her to get at Franky, her daddy. He not make me right. I have a bit missing.

Fuggles Don't worry Mr. Monster, we'll have a look round and see if we can find it.

Monster 1 I go now to find my friend. She is my only friend. No-one loves me, but her. (*Exit DSR*)

Truman What's this "lust over love" that this Dracula bloke was talking about? Is it a new perfume?

Maisie Well, as I see it, Mr. Dracula is not a nice fellow. Anyone who wants four wives is just a bit greedy.

Fuggles I couldn't stand it. Just think of it. Four times the amount of nagging.

Golding But Isobel said she wants to marry Master James. We had better go and find him and let him know what's happened.

Maisie No. I'll go. You stay here in case Mr Dracula comes back. Letty will know where James is. She knows everything that goes on in the village, just like the lady down the post office

(*She exits USR*) (*Spine tingling sounds.*)

Fuggles I wonder why Dracula kips in this old baked bean box. (*They move around the coffin.*) Funny shape too. It's more like a coffin.

Truman It is a coffin. Ooo-er! Only dead people live in coffins.

Fuggles Is it just me or do you feel cold?

Golding It has gone a bit nippy all of a sudden.

(*Spine tingling sounds, more smoke, and enter the Brides of Dracula from wings SL. They glide in wearing long white dresses and hiss. They surround the yokels and the coffin.*)

Brides We are the Brides of Dracula, spirit beings, enslaved by our master, bound in blood to him for eternity.

Athis I am Athis, betroth-ed for more than one hundred years.

Baucis I am Baucis, espous-ed for three generations.

Oris I am Oris, married last week.

Fuggles And I am Fuggles, and I am going out with Maisie, but nothing has happened yet. Unfortunately.

(*The 3 brides surround the yokels and each focus on one, hissing, stroking his head, shoulders and body, Athis on Fuggles, Baucis on Golding and Oris on Truman.*)

Golding (*to Truman*) Can you smell gas?

Truman Nope.

Golding I swear I can hear a leak somewhere.

Truman It could be that Fresh and Yeasty I had last night.

Brides (*in unison*) Come and join us, rustics three
To the spirit world aspire
One dark kiss will set you free
Forever after, a vampire.

Fuggles Spirits, eh. Mine's a double brandy!

Truman What's all this about kissing then?

Brides (*in unison*) We kiss you once, a little nip.
Then drop by drop the blood will drip.

Let us drink, and hand in hand
We'll take you to the promised land.

Golding The promised land, eh. And what happens when we get there?

Baucis (to *Golding*) We will minister to your every need.

Fuggles Can we have as much Old Delicious as we like?

Athis (to *Fuggles*) All things are possible in our world.

Truman Can I have three pickled eggs, every night, for my tea?

Otis (to *Truman*) This wish too, we can grant.

Golding And crumpets on Friday night?

Baucis As much crumpet as you desire.

Golding And plenty of real butter? I don't like those low fat spreads.

(*The three brides lean in towards the necks of the three yokels*)

Athis Just a kiss. (*hiss*)

Baucis Just a kiss. (*hiss*)

Otis Just a kiss. (*hiss*)

Fuggles I'm not sure about this. I don't think my Maisie would like it.

Truman They're not kissing her.

Golding What harm can there be? We won't tell her.

Fuggles. I'm not sure. Let's ask these good people here. Should we let them kiss us? (*Audience reaction - hopefully "No"*) *Ad lib* Are you certain? etc. What will happen if we do?

Fuggles I'm not certain.

Athis Perhaps this will persuade you.

Song 9

Golding I don't think we're ready for kissing yet.

Fuggles Let's get out of here!

They all run off SL, followed by the Brides

Enter Maisie USR followed by Frankenstein, James and Letty.

Maisie Here we are, Baron Frankenstein, sir. This is the coffin I was telling Letty about.

Baron You are right, my good woman. It isn't a box of baked beans, after all.

Letty And a great pity too. I could do with those beans in my kitchen.

James (*examining the coffin*) Sir, there is some soil inside this coffin. How irregular. It should be on the outside. And who is this Dracula that Maisie says was in the coffin?

Baron It is an ancient legend. It is said that Dracula lives in a crumbling, remote castle situated in the Carpathian Mountains on the border of Transylvania, Bukovina and Moldavia. He is a vampire. He lives by giving a nocturnal kiss on the neck of a victim and drinking their blood. The victim then becomes a vampire themselves and is destined to a living death, only able to live in darkness.

Letty He must be a bit like a mole, then. Does he eat worms?

James But why is there soil in the coffin?
Baron It is soil from his own country. He cannot sleep on foreign soil.
Letty Neither can I. That's why I never went on one of those package trips to Spain.
Maisie Can't we scare him away?
Baron There are only two ways to scare him and that is with a crucifix and garlic. He can't stand garlic.
Letty Nor can Igor. It gives him terrible wind.
Baron He must be eliminated.
Letty I've got some new light bulbs in the kitchen if that helps.
Baron Not illuminated!!! We must get rid of him or we will all be in the most dire peril.
James But he has forced dearest Isobel to go with him.
Baron Yes, and if we do not find her soon, he will have his way with her and she too will become one of the undead.
James How can we do away with him?
Baron There is only one way. We must drive a stake through his heart.
Letty Ooo, what a waste of good meat. I could make a nice casserole with that.
James I will do it. I love her. I can't bear to be without her.

Song 10

Baron Come, James. Onward. Let us find this Dracula and rescue Isobel.
(Baron and James exit USL)

Letty And we must return to the kitchen, Maisie. I've a garlic pudding to make to scare off this Dracula fellow if he comes our way.
(Letty and Maisie exit USR)

Blackout Tabs close

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And that's your lot!

If you'd like to read the whole script contact Chris Chelu via the website.