

ARCANE

Presents

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE

- PODCAST -

Special Creature Double Feature
Halloween SHOW!

-FEATURING-

The Original Radio Dramas

"THAT DARK AND STORMY NIGHT"

By

NATHAN SHELTON

&

"FIRE LAWN"

By

Andrew McMurtrey

September 19, 2020

ARCANE PRODUCTIONS

www.FrightmareTheatrePodcast.com

"THAT DARK AND STORMY NIGHT" CHARACTERS

VOICE OF REASON*:	The man warning you not to listen to this ridiculous piece of radio theatre. (<i>slight German Accent w/ hint of Trans-Atlantic</i>)
DOCTOR:	An egomaniacal madman, obsessed with his newest experiment, and desperate to see it succeed. Total dick. (<i>British IP or Trans-Atlantic</i>)
FRITZ:	The Doctor's hunchback assistant. (<i>cockney</i>)
ELIZABETH:	The Doctor's fiancé. (<i>British IP or Trans-Atlantic</i>)
THE BURGOMASTER*:	Elizabeth's father and Bürgermeister "chief magistrate of the town" (<i>Thick German/British IP</i>) (<i>Old Stuffy Hufflepuff</i>)

NOTES: This script is very fast paced and needs to clip. The dialogue needs to move at an almost breakneck speed. The characters are over-the-top incarnations of their 1931 counterparts and everything is slightly larger than life. It is important for this to build and the actors to try to top one another, all while keeping the immediacy throughout.

"FIRE LAWN" CHARACTERS

Father	(late 30's)
Mother	(mid 30's)
Son	(10)
Daughter	(13)
Actor	(40's)
Actress	(30's)
General	(60's)
News Anchor	(40's)
Ad Announcer	(40's)

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE

PODCAST

"Special Creature Double Feature HALLOWEEN SHOW"

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE PRE-SHOW

est. July 2020

SOUND 001 **THUNDER CRACK** **(long roll out under)**

MUSIC 001 **"PRE SHOW- FTP MUSIC BED"** **(CONTINUE UNDER) (LET FINISH)**

FTP REPRESENTATIVE: Good evening loyal listeners and fresh new initiates alike. Producing a monthly horror radio drama is a *monstrous* undertaking. If you enjoy stalking the shadows with us every month, we urge you to join the Frightmare Theatre undead family and support us on Patreon, where you will receive members-only special content. Please consider rating & reviewing the show on iTunes as well.

SOUND 002 **HORRIFYING SCREAMS** **(long roll out under)**

Oh, that must mean its time! Thanks for listening, and enjoy tonight's terrifying episode!

***END-MUSIC 001** **"PRE SHOW- FTP MUSIC BED"** **(CONTINUE UNDER) (LET FINISH)**

FRIGHTMARE THEATRE INTRO

MUSIC 1 **"FTP THEME"** **(CONTINUE UNDER)** **(LET FINISH)**

ANNOUNCER: The hour has grown late and shadows lurk around every corner. Can you hear it, loyal listeners? The whispers carried on the cool breeze as it shuffles the fallen leaves under toe? Can you *feel* it? The electricity in the midnight air as the pale moon casts long shadows across the neighborhood streets. The smell of cold damp earth, smokey chimneys, and sweet deserts... (giggles darkly) it has already begun. The night we have all eagerly awaited has finally arrived. That special mystical night of the year when the veil between our world and yours shatters and the ghoulish ghastly ghosts and goblins are free to roam the shadows, spreading mischief and mayhem in their wake. The one night a year when darkness holds sway over the light, and ALL COWER IN BLOOD-CURDLING TERROR UNDER THE MIGHT AND MAGESTY OF THE ANCIENT AND ARCAN TRADITIONS OF THE OLD ONES!!!!!! (maniacal laugh) (pause) **(CONTINUED)**

ANNOUNCER: (CONT.) Oh... and there's candy corns too! So... win win, right? ...And now, loyal listeners, it is time, once again, to turn down the lights and turn up the *terror*. For you are about to trick-r-treat your way into this very special Halloween episode of... *FRIGHTMARE THEATRE*!

***END-MUSIC 1 "FTP THEME"**

MUSIC 2 "HALLOWEEN PARTY MUSIC" (LOUD UNDER) (FADE IN)

HOST: (*YELLING OVER MUSIC*) Happy Halloween, boys and ghouls, and welcome to a very special Halloween episode of Frightmare Theatre! As you can tell, we here in the Arcane studio know how to celebrate All Hallows' Eve in style!

AGNES: I wouldn't call dressing up like Egon from Ghostbusters for the third year in a row, style.

AL: (*OFF*) (*FROM BOOTH*) Oooooooooohhh sick burn.

HOST: Again, Agnes. When you drop that much money for a costume you have to get the most use out of it as possible!

AL: (*OFF*) (*FROM BOOTH*) We all warned you not to pay that much for that stupid proton pack on Ebay, Doc.

HOST: SCREEN USED, AL! SCREEN USED! *It was worth it.*

AGNES: Yeah, I'm sure all hundred and forty of those proton packs they peddle at Crazy Harry's Hollywood Heyday store are 100% authentic. Nice *investment* there, Doc.

HOST: Jealousy is a bitter fig, Agnes. And look at your costume?! I mean what the hell are you supposed to be anyway?

AGNES: I'm not wearing a costume. The doorbell was ringing off the wall because of all those little bastards asking for free handouts. I barely had time to throw on clothes and get over here for the show.

HOST: Wait... Are you telling me THAT isn't a costume?

AL: (*OFF*) (*FROM BOOTH*) Horrifying.

GREG: I thought she was Sasquatch.

HOST/AGNES/AL: QUIET, GREG!

SOUND 1 WHIP / GREG SCREAMING

HOST: If you are going to be lingering around, Greg, you might as well make yourself useful and turn down the music. We have a show to do after all.

AL: *(OFF) (FROM BOOTH)* And do we need to have another conversation about appropriate costumes, Greg? What did we say?

AGNES: Seriously.

***ALT-MUSIC 2 "HALLOWEEN PARTY MUSIC" (FADE LOWER UNDER) (cont.)**

GREG: *(OFF)* I didn't do religious and I didn't do sexy.

AL: *(OFF) (FROM BOOTH)* Greg!

GREG: *(OFF)* I did BOTH religious AND sexy!

AL/AGNES/HOST: GREG!!!!

GREG: *(OFF) (PROUDLY)* I'm sacri-licious.

HOST: You're disrespecting yourself and the sanctity of this beautiful holiday tradition, is what you're doing.

POLLY: IIIIIIIII LLLLLIIIIIIIIIIKKKKKKEEEEE IIIIIIIIIITTTTTT.

HOST: Hm. You know, now that I am looking at it from here, it's kinda growing on me too... wait... What??!! POLLY?!! Who invited you to our staff Halloween party???

AGNES: Oh c'mon, Doc. We needed a little less testosterone around here. Plus, this party could use a little livening up.

HOST: SHE'S DEAD!

POLLY: *(floating away)* I keeeeeeep teeeellling yooouuuu, I'm a polterrrrrrrgeeeiiiisst!!!!

SOUND 2 TERRIFYING DOORBELL

AL: *(OFF) (FROM BOOTH)* Someone else is at the door!

HOST: OOOOOHHHHH, IT MUST BE MORE TRICK-R-TREATERS!!!

GREG: *(OFF)* OH! HOW EXCITING! I'LL GET IT!

AL/HOST/AGNES/POLLY: NO!

AGNES: Are you insane?!

HOST: Those poor kids must have already gone through enough just to get to our crypt door. The last thing those brave little beasties need is to have some deranged unholy leatherdaddy hunchback with a bowl full of Smarties smiling down at them when it opens.

AGNES: Smarties?

HOST: Talk to Al about that one.

AL: *(OFF) (FROM BOOTH)* Hey! Someone's gotta watch the budget around here! It ain't like Patreon is payin' the bills, ya know.

HOST: YET!

SOUND 2.1 TERRIFYING DOORBELL

HOST: Where's Mumford?

GREG: The groundskeeper?

AL: *(OFF) (FROM BOOTH)* I gave him the holiday off this year. He scares all the trick-R-treaters away.

HOST: FINE! I'll get the door, damnnit. *(CLOSE)* In the meantime, boys and ghouls, it's time for our first story in tonight's SPECIAL HALLOWEEN CREATURE DOUBLE FEATURE; a nostalgic romp through the familiar frightening fields of a fiendish first-class fictional classic known as F... well... we wouldn't want to give it all away, now would we... why don't you just polish up those electrodes, dust off those abnormally large *brains* of yours, and get ready to hear for yourself the hilarity that ensues on "**THAT DARK AND STORMY NIGHT**". *(Laughs maniacally.)*

SOUND 2.2 TERRIFYING DOORBELL

(OFF) AGNES! Music, please. AL, let's get the screams a rollin'!

SOUND 2.3 TERRIFYING DOORBELL

(YELLING) (OFF) I'm coming, I'm coming! Jeez, they get more impatient every year.

***END-MUSIC 2 "HALLOWEEN PARTY MUSIC" (FADE OUT)**

MUSIC 3 Orchestra Tuning Theme Variant (Fade IN/ growing louder)

SOUND 2.6 Footsteps out/ vault door slam

FTP SCRIPT #12A "THAT DARK AND STORMY NIGHT"

SOUND 3 Audience Murmuring in Large Auditorium (Fade In /Cont. under)

SOUND 3.5 baton tapping on music stand

***END-MUSIC 3 Orchestra Tuning Theme Variant (Fade OUT)**

SOUND 4 Heavy Theatre Curtain Squeakily Raised

***END-SOUND 3 Audience Murmuring in Large Auditorium (Fade OUT)**

SOUND 5 Vintage Mic Squeal & tapping

VOICE OF REASON: *(amplified)* To those about to listen to this story tonight... DON'T. Turn back now. For you will never get this next half hour or so of your life back. The story you are about to hear is truly a ridiculous piece of radio theatre. I don't think it will particularly thrill you. It may shock you. Though not in the way you expect. It might even horrify you... but not in the way you desire... *you little deviant, you...* To be honest it is utterly laughable. But if that's your thing... by all means. Proceed. If after all this, you feel the need to subject your sense of humor, wits, and decency to such a strain... well...
...we warned you.

SOUND 6 Amplified Footsteps Walking Away

SOUND 7 Heavy Theatre Curtain Squeakily Lowered

MUSIC 4 THAT DARK AND STORMY NIGHT Theme *(Builds and Swells Grandly)*

SOUND 8 LARGE CRACK OF THUNDER *(rolls out)*

END-MUSIC 4 THAT DARK AND STORMY NIGHT Theme *(Fades out slowly under)

SOUND 8.5 AMBIENT STORM (rain/ wind) *(fade in / cont. low under)*

SOUND 9 Electrical Buzzing of Equipment *(fade in / cont. under low)*

SOUND 10 Intermittent THUNDER *(under/ continuous)*

SOUND 11 Surgery Sounds (metal tools/sewing meat/ etc.)

SOUND 12 **slamming fist on metal table**

DOCTOR: Damnit all. Late as usual. Where the hell is that deformed little bastard?

SOUND 13 **(off below) Metal Door Swings open/closed**

SOUND 14 **Panting/ croaking/ Shuffling, labored footsteps up steps (OFF to CLOSE)**

SOUND 15 **LARGE Wooden Door Swings open**

DOCTOR: Ah Fritz, it's about time. Finally decided to join the party, did we?

SOUND 16 **Soaking wet coat thrown on rack/sloshing steps**

FRITZ: I'm dreadfully sorry master. It's just my...

DOCTOR: You're pathetic. You really are.

SOUND 17 **quick sloshing steps across room (off to CLOSE)**

FRITZ: But I--

DOCTOR: Nope.

FRITZ: I'm sorry, master.

DOCTOR: How many times have I heard that from you in the past week alone?

FRITZ: *(optimistically)* Only five last week.

DOCTOR: SHUT UP YOU IDIOT! *(pause)* Did you clock in?

FRITZ: Oh!

SOUND 18 **Quick sloshing steps across room (close to off)**

SOUND 19 **Paper Time Card pulled/punched/replaced (off)**

DOCTOR: Now plug in the electro amplifiers and get over here and help me, you fool!

FRITZ: *(off)* Yes, master!

SOUND 20 **Quick sloshing steps across room (off to close)**

FRITZ: What is it you would have me do?

DOCTOR: Simply place your finger *here* while I grab a suture.

FRITZ: Here?

DOCTOR: No, *HERE!!!*

SOUND 21 LOUD SQUISH

FRITZ: Ew!

SOUND 22 Hurried Footsteps Away

Sound 23 Cabinet Opened/ Bottles Clank (*OFF*)

SOUND 24 LOUD SQUISH (*CLOSE*)

FRITZ: EW!

DOCTOR: (*off*) What is it now, Fritz?

FRITZ: Funny how the brain is connected to everythin' in a body, eh?

DOCTOR: (*off*) Well not in your case, Fritz. But in most, yes, this is true. I got him all hooked up this afternoon. No thanks to you.

FRITZ: See if I push here, his little hand waves, "hi".

SOUND 24 b LOUD SQUISH (*CLOSE*)

FRITZ: Hi!

SOUND 24 c LOUD SQUISH (*CLOSE*)

FRITZ: Hi!

SOUND 24 d LOUD SQUISH (*CLOSE*)

FRITZ: Shit it's stuck.

SOUND 25 (*OFF*) CRASH / BRISK FOOTSTEPS (*coming very CLOSE*)

DOCTOR: DID I SAY PUSH YOU IDIOT?!!! NO! I did not! Now stop fooling around and hold! DON'T PUSH! ...*HOLD!*

SOUND 26 LONG SLOW DEFLATING SQUISH (*VERY CLOSE*)

(Fritz shudders)

SOUND 27 **FOOTSTEPS WALKING AWAY / CLATTERING IN BACKGROUND**

DOCTOR: *(speaking while walking away)* Honestly, I don't know why I keep you around anyway.

SOUND 28 **(DURING RANT) INTERMITTANT SQUISHES/SQUELCHES & GIGGLING**

I can't leave you here by yourself without screwing something up, so I inevitably spend all of my lunch breaks cooped up in this lab with an obnoxious, clumsy, smelly little fart! And Elizabeth wonders why I've been acting so *strange* lately. Honestly, you've got to be one of the most useless human beings I've ever met! You're always late with some idiotic excuse, and when you finally *DO* arrive, you sit on your ass and...

SOUND 29 **(off) HEELS turn on wet stone floor (across the room)**

(off) WHAT IN GOD'S NAME ARE YOU DOING, FRITZ????!!!

FRITZ: *(giggling uncontrollably)* Looky what happens when I push here.

SOUND 30 **Squish & Quick Slide Whistle Clime**

(Fritz bursts into laughter)

SOUND 31 **SLAM IN BACKGROUND/ QUICK FOOTSTEPS COMING CLOSE**

DOCTOR: It's only an erection, Fritz. I know you've never seen one before but their quite common. Now hurry, I need you to hoist up the lightening rod to-

FRITZ: Done and done.

SOUND 32 **Squish & Quick Slide Whistle Clime**

FRITZ: Ha!

SOUND 33 **SLAP ON BACK OF HEAD**

DOCTOR: KNOCK IT OFF, DAMNIT! Do you realize how long we would have to wait for a storm of this magnitude to pass this way again?? hmm?? Do you??? We haven't time for any more of your goofy bullshit.

SOUND 34 **Throwing Canvas Over Body**

SOUND 35 **Shuffling Footsteps Away/ Pull Of Crank**

DOCTOR: There. All is ready?

FRITZ: (*FROM CORNER*) Ready, master.

DOCTOR: (*deep, overly dramatic inhale and exhale*) ...At last the moment I've been waiting for all my life has finally arrived. (*growing in intensity*) The night when the culmination of years of intense study and countless hours of work will finally bear fruit. (*out to the heavens*) From the beginning of time, man has strived to-

FRITZ: (*FROM CORNER*) Striven.

DOCTOR: (pause) Excuse me?

FRITZ: (*FROM CORNER*) The correct wording is striven... Man. Has. Striven.

DOCTOR: I-I know that... ASS! ...turn around. Don't look at me.

SOUND 36 **FRITZ LOUDLY SHUFFLES AROUND** (*off*)

(*ridiculously vocally & physically collects himself before...*) Fromthebeginningoftimemanhas *STRRRIIVVVEEN* to uncover the mysteries of life. (*broadly*) Tonight I have unraveled that mystery, and the entire world will marvel at my Genius! Tonight, I, Doctor Henry Fra...

SOUND 37 **LOUD KNOCKS On Metal Door Below** (*off*)

FRITZ: (*FROM CORNER*) Someone's at the door, master?

DOCTOR: (*through gritted teeth*) I can hear that, Fritz.

FRITZ: Who do you suppose it is?

DOCTOR: How the hell should- You know what... No! Not tonight. Ignore them.

SOUND 38 **LOUD KNOCKS On Metal Door Below** (*off*)

ELIZABETH: (*off/ OUTSIDE*) HENRY?!!! HENRY, PLEASE, IT'S ELIZABETH, YOUR FIANCE!!! PLEASE OPEN UP!!! IT'S SUCH A TERRIBLE STORM!

FRITZ: (*yelling down*) We're IGNORING YOU!

DOCTOR: Oh, do shut up!

ELIZABETH: (*off/OUTSIDE*) WHAT WAS THAT?!!!

DOCTOR: um... NOTHING! NOTHING, MY SWEET! JUST A MOMENT! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

SOUND 39 **Rushing Footsteps / Putting on Coat/ Opening Wood Door**

FRITZ: I'll go, master.

DOCTOR: NO! You stay up here and sit on that stool and do nothing. Absolutely *nothing*. You hear me?

SOUND 40 **Loud screech as Fritz plops on stool**

FRITZ: You're the boss.

(Doctor laughs & mumbles to himself like a lunatic as...)

SOUND 41 **Wooden Door Slammed / Footsteps down stairs**

***ALT SOUND 8.5** **AMBIENT STORM (rain/ wind) (FADE UP as steps approach door)**

SOUND 42 **LARGE METAL DOOR Unlatch & Swing OPEN**

***ALT SOUND 8.5** **AMBIENT STORM (rain/ wind) (BRING UP LOUD)**

SOUND 43 **Quick High Heels walking on wet rock**

ELIZABETH: Oh, Henry. Oh, my love. Why did it take you so long?

DOCTOR: Elizabeth, my darling. You shouldn't have come. You must leave immediately.

ELIZABETH: Ooooh no you don't, mister. We were supposed to be getting married this morning, Henry. We had the date picked for months. And all of the sudden this massive storm blows in, and you postpone the whole thing to run off with your creepy little imp and play in your rickety old windmill clubhouse like some snot nosed child. You. With your *science*, and your *secrecy*, and well, I've had it!

DOCTOR: My darling, I think you must be working through something right now. I understand. I'm supportive. I'm here for it... Just not in this exact moment. I must go back to work while this storm is still-

ELIZABETH: OOOOHHHHH! So that's it, is it? You told me we had to postpone the wedding because the storm would cause our guests to cancel and ruin my pretty dress! You said it was for our safety!!!

DOCTOR: I did? I mean, I DID! It IS! Absolutely, my dear. But while we are in the thick of it, and having to postpone our nuptials, might as well get some much-needed work done-

ELIZABETH: Oh, you scoundrel! I'm telling daddy!

DOCTOR: Oh, no need to involve that pompous old windbag. Please, Elizabeth, let me finish my work and then we will be married. I promise.

ELIZABETH: The villagers cleaned and pressed their finest lederhosen and everyone who's anyone was going to be in attendance. Daddy had half the eateries baking through the night for the festivities. He was devastated when I told him you wouldn't let us wed because of a silly little rain storm.

SOUND 44 **THUNDER CRACK/ HEAVY RAIN**

DOCTOR: Little?

ELIZABETH: I have been fasting for months to fit into that fucking dress, Henry!

DOCTOR: I know, my love. And you looked so very beautiful in it too. That's exactly why we could not go through with the wedding today, and must postpone to -

ELIZABETH: Well, you can look my father in his big fat sad face and you tell him your reasons then!

DOCTOR: I will absolutely do that. I will make it a point, when I am done with my work to visit-

ELIZABETH: How about right now, *darling!*

SOUND 45 **METAL DOOR SWINGS FURTHER /Heavy Steps/Shaking Off Clothes**

DOCTOR: *(under breath)* Sweet Jesus. *(grandly)* Good evening, Heir Bürgermeister!

BURGOMASTER: *(coughing)* yes. What what. Indeed. A fine evening, if one is looking to build an ark, that is. *(laughs)* I say, if one is looking to build an ark, that is.

(Doctor forces a laugh)

DOCTOR: Listen, Elizabeth. Heir Bürgermeister. I am in the middle of something that demands my attention at the present, and-

ELIZABETH: Daaaaaddddyyyyyyy.

BURGOMASTER: Now listen here, Henry, my boy. My sweet Lizzy here has awoken me in the middle of the night and asked me to join her in tromping through a storm of biblical proportions to this dreadful place in the hopes of me talking some sense into you. And I aim to do it.

DOCTOR: Yes, Bürgermeister. Much appreciated. We can have that chat very soon, but you see now is not a good time, and I really must be getting back up to—

BURGOMASTER: Nonsense, my boy.

SOUND 46 METAL DOOR SLAMS CLOSED

***ALT SOUND 8.5 AMBIENT STORM (rain/ wind) (FADE TO BACKGROUND)**

ELIZABETH: Set him straight, daddy.

BURGOMASTER: Now now, little flower. Please. I didn't become Bürgermeister without learning how to reason with my fellow man. Eh, Henry? *(chuckles)* Now, I am sure that whatever precious work you are doing up here is undoubtedly for the betterment of all mankind, without a hint of selfish motivation. I'm sure that all your efforts over years and countless hours away from your betrothed for months on end is without a shred of malicious, nefarious, or blasphemous intent.

DOCTOR: ... um... Riiiiiggght.

BURGOMASTER: I know it! *(laughs)* Why, just the other day at Jägermeister's, Hanz Neschler was going on and on about how terrible ol' Henry is, and how his devil work would bring a terrible ruin to the people of this village, and we would all rue the day we ever heard your name.

DOCTOR: *(gulps loudly)* He... He did?

BURGOMASTER: He did.

ELIZABETH: That Fucker.

BURGOMASTER: Lizzy.

ELIZABETH: Sorry, daddy.

BURGOMASTER: *(very close)* And do you know what I told him?

DOCTOR: I... You...

BURGOMASTER: *(backing away)* I TOLD THAT FLEA BAG TO SHOVE HIS TALL TAILS STRAIGHT UP HIS ARSCH! HA!

DOCTOR: You did?

BURGOMASTER: Damn right, I did. Then I bashed him over the head with my club and had the boys haul his ass up in the gibbet for all to see.

DOCTOR: Oh, well that seems a tad excessive.

BURGOMASTER: No fear mongering lazy streusel gargling ninny is going to talk that way about my son in law. *(laughs)* Not on my watch. *(LEANING IN VERY CLOSE)* Now, between you and me, Henry, my boy... I don't care what a man gets up to before his wedding day. Eh? You hear me? You have some lusty busty wenches up there, roasting your Frankfurt, I say live and let live. A few sheep looking for a good sheering, I say who hasn't broken out their Shepard's crook from time to time, in their youth.

DOCTOR: Please stop.

BURGOMASTER: *(VERY CLOSE)* But what I cannot stand by, is a man not fulfilling his marital obligations in the end. My little girl is a lot to handle. I know this. She beat on my door until I awoke and then held me down and plucked my mustache until I agreed to come up here and make you listen to reason. So, listen to reason, Henry. I like my fucking mustache. I worked hard to grow it. When people think, Heir Bürgermeister, they think of the jolly big fellow who maintains order in this grand little village, and wears a glorious god damned majestic beauty of a lip warmer. Do you understand me?

DOCTOR: I... I think so?

BURGOMASTER: *(laughs/ backs up)* Grand! Come, Elizabeth. Let the man have his night of work.

DOCTOR: There's no need to wink. I really am working.

BURGOMASTER: *(in on it... whatever it is)* Of course you are, my boy. Of course. When you're done with your *experimenting* then you and my Lizzy with be married, and we shall have a grand celebration. Tomorrow night!

ELIZABETH: Oh Henry, really?

DOCTOR: Well... um...

BURGOMASTER: Absolutely. What could possibly happen between tonight and tomorrow that could stop this wedding from happening?

(Tense Silence)

BURGOMASTER: NOTHING! That's Correct!

(Elizabeth and Henry laugh nervously)

BURGOMASTER: Elizabeth, come. Come. Let the man work in peace. Tomorrow he is yours.

SOUND 47 **LARGE METAL DOOR Unlatch & Swing OPEN**

***ALT SOUND 8.5** **AMBIENT STORM (rain/ wind)** **(BRING UP LOUD)**

ELIZABETH: Oh, Henry! *(kissing him)* Oh, my love. I'm just so terribly happy. I know everything will be perfect for our wedding tomorrow and this bickering back and forth will seem as if it were all just a silly dream. Like your dream of changing the world with science.
(giggles)

HENRY: *(dryly)* Indeed.

ELIZABETH: You're cute.

SOUND 48 **Quick High Heels walking on wet rock**

BURGOMASTER: Oh, and Henry. After the wedding, I may request your aid in something. There've been numerous reports of grave robbings in the surrounding townships.
(shudders) A grisly affair. Anyway, my boys are at a loss. Methinks your keen medical eye could aid in the investigation.

DOCTOR: Oh, um. You can be sure of it.

BURGOMASTER: Bully. See you bright and early tomorrow morning, Henry. Until then, don't do anything I wouldn't do.

DOCTOR: Again, there is no need to wink. I really am just-

SOUND 49 **METAL DOOR SLAMS CLOSED**

DOCTOR: -trying to work. *(Sighs)* What the hell was that?

SOUND 50 **THUNDER CRASH**

DOCTOR: Shit!

***ALT SOUND 8.5 AMBIENT STORM (rain/wind) (FADE down as steps move from door)**

SOUND 51 RUNNING UP steps/Wooden Door opened /Slammed SHUT

FRITZ: *(from far corner)* It sounded like that went well.

SOUND 52 Hopping off stool / labored steps coming closer

DOCTOR: Why can't everyone just leave me alone and let me continue my WORK! Tonight, of all nights.

FRITZ: Well, I thought you'd be in a mood again, so I told Lizzy to feel free to drop on by anytime an' check on ya. You're welcome by the way.

SOUND 53 Slapping DOCTOR On The Shoulder

(Doctor squeaks out a low growl.)

DOCTOR: *(steaming)* You... you... little...

FRITZ: *(taking no notice)* Whew. Well. Enough of that, then. We've got ourselves a monster to build.

DOCTOR: Wha- Don't call him that! He's not a monster.

FRITZ: You havin' a laugh? You see the size of his-

DOCTOR: HE'S NOT A MONSTER.

FRITZ: What's his name then, eh?

(Silence)

Hadn't thought of that, now have ya?

DOCTOR: I will call him... *(searching his mental rolodex)*
Aaaan...Gaarr...LLLuuu...Jasper!

FRITZ: Jasper?

DOCTOR: *(defensive)* Yes, Jasper. He's my creation and that's what I'm going to call him. *(pause)* Why? What's wrong with Jasper?

(Fritz holds back snickers)

DOCTOR: Oh, Fuck it, he's my creation and I'll call him any damn thing I want; IF I want! When YOU create something, you can name it whatever the hell YOU want, OKAY?! I'll come up with something better later!
...HE'S MY CREATION! Shut up!

SOUND 54 **THUNDER RUMBLE**

FRITZ: He won't be anyone's creation if this storm passes.

DOCTOR: I know that, you imbecile! Don't you think I know that?!! Turn the modulator and run up the electrodes!

FRITZ: Yes Master.

SOUND 55 **Footsteps / FRANTIC RUNNING AROUND THE LAB**

SOUND 56 **Cranking/Chains/Electrical Whirs/Hums/Clanking**

DOCTOR: Faster you fool!

FRITZ: (*exhausted*) Yes, Master.

DOCTOR: Damn it man! Can't you go any faster? I swear, if you ruin this night, you will curse the day your mother brought your crippled visage into this world!

FRITZ: Okay. That's it.

SOUND 57 **Click / Machines Winding Down**

DOCTOR: (*shocked*) What? What is going on here? What the hell do you think you're doing?!

FRITZ: You and I's got to have a little talk first.

DOCTOR: Excuse me?!

FRITZ: Yeah... I've been discussing things with my wife and well... you've got to start treating me with more respect. I'm a human being too, you know.

DOCTOR: We haven't the time for this, Fritz.

SOUND 58 **Click / Machines Winding Up**

SOUND 59 **Quick Click / Machines Winding Down**

FRITZ: No, I think we do. Five years I've been with you now. Five long years of, "Yes master," and, "Sorry master," with little pay and an onslaught of insults and well... I've had it.

DOCTOR: Fritz-

FRITZ: I could have had a very illustrious career as a sideshow performer, you know. I could have had it all! Fame! Fortune! But noooooo. I was lured into your loony schemes with promises of a partnership. Do you call this a partnership?!

DOCTOR: Silent... uh... silent partner... I believe was the agreement.

FRITZ: But a partnership nonetheless! I do *everything* around here. I cook. I clean. I do YOUR laundry! Every time something goes wrong, I fix it. And I do believe it was me who had to fetch all the parts we needed. Not a pretty job, mind you!

DOCTOR: Yes Fritz, and let's talk about that, shall we?

FRITZ: What do you mean?

DOCTOR: Let's talk about... brains, Fritz.

FRITZ: Brains?

DOCTOR: Yes brains, Fritz. How many brains did we have to go through until you finally brought me the right one?

FRITZ: That's not fair...

DOCTOR: TWELVE!

FRITZ: You gave me directions to the wrong hospital.

DOCTOR: Twelve brains, Fritz! *TWELVE!*

FRITZ: What's your point?

DOCTOR: The point, my little misshapen friend, is this; you are incompetent.

FRITZ: (*gasps*) I am not *incompetent*! I... I just have to do all of the work around here. There is bound to be a few mistakes.

DOCTOR: You brought me the brain of a monkey, Fritz. A monkey for Christ's sake!

FRITZ: Well... monkeys are very intelligent. Besides, it was dark. How was I supposed to get the right one in the dark?! It's not like I could just flip on the lamps. The whole bloody building was crawling with guards. And *that's* a whole other thing all together! This job is too high risk. I should be getting triple what I make, for as much as I stick my neck out.

DOCTOR: What neck?

FRITZ: Aarrrrrggh!!!

DOCTOR: Oh, Fritz, calm down.

FRITZ: No! I will not! *(pause)* I quit.

DOCTOR: *(shocked)* Oh, Fritz, come on. This is ridiculous.

FRITZ: No Doctor, THIS is ridiculous. *(moving off to echo)*
ALL OF THIS is ridiculous! You cannot tell me that a sane man would actually attempt to bring a dead body back to life! Have you ever thought of the ramifications of your actions? Look at this place! You are playing God! Don't you see, Doctor; you are not God! God is God, and from what I have read He does not appreciate imitation. You've gone absolutely MENTAL!!!

DOCTOR: *(crazed)* So what if I have! The work that I am doing is of the utmost importance. It will revolutionize science and change the world as we know it! Losing a little of one's sanity is an acceptable casualty in the pursuit of knowledge. I have embraced my destiny!! I laugh in the face of sanity!!!! HA!!!

FRITZ: That's it. I'm out of here.

SOUND 60 **Grabbing Wet Cloak & Walking / Brisk Steps Catch Up**

DOCTOR: No, Fritz! Stay! Please! I cannot do this without you! You know that, don't you? I need you. *(laying it on thick)* Oh Fritz, we always hurt the ones we love, don't we??

SOUND 61 **Forceful wet strong embrace**

FRITZ: *(face smooshed in Doctor's chest)* This isn't helping.

SOUND 62 **The Men Separate / Slapping Of Hump**

DOCTOR: I am very sorry. Please... don't go. Stay here and help me continue my work.

FRITZ: mmmmmmm... NO.

SOUND 63 **Wooden door starts open/ pushed closed suddenly**

DOCTOR: *(childish)* Oh c'mon. I said I was sorry!