Act 1, Scene 1

Distant thunderstorm.

In a flash of lightning: a pristine operating room…

A second flash reveals strange flourishes: a tesla coil, knife switches, etc.

A door clatters open. Silhouetted against the stark corridor beyond, the unmistakable silhouette of Frankenstein's Creation. He staggers into the room, feet thudding beneath his shambling mass. An arm gropes forward through the darkness, hitting the lightswitch.

Dr Frankenstein (or "Frank") yawns and leans against the doorframe, swigging his coffee. His white lab coat is pushed up around his sleeves; a stethoscope is slung around his neck. A mustache has been sewn above his lip and beneath his nose. His eyes are sunken and exhausted. He toasts himself with his styrofoam coffee cup.

Frank: Gonna be a long night.

He goes to raise the coffee cup to his mouth when suddenly the vampiric Doctor Medusa de Medici clatters into the room, rolling a stretcher. On top of the stretcher is a werewolf, howling pain.

Medusa: Out of my way, Meatball. We got a live one.

Frank: Can't even finish a cup of coffee around this place. (*Crushes it in his hand*) Well, *let's do this.*

He launches into action. The dialogue is rapidfire and brutal:

Frank: What's the status?

Medusa: Off my cape, Flat-Top: this is my patient.

Frank: I think your iron levels are low. Last I checked, I was the Director of Emergency Medicine here at Ingolstadt.

Medusa: And I was the Baroness of the Statchian Swamp, Ambassador to the Netherhall, and Number 14 in *The Coast's 500 under 500,* 1999.

Frank: I won't ask you again, Doctor. Don't make me light the citronella candles.

Medusa: Very well. He's all yours. I haven't had my rabies shot yet anyway. (*Consulting his chart*) Male, 32, werewolf; wolfsbane overdose. Claims he was just camping, sniffed the wrong bush.

Frank: As you do. Get the crash cart ready.

Medusa: Do you know why they call it, "wolfsbane"? Because it is the bane of wolves.

Frank: (*Grittily*) *I just got that.*

Medusa: Have fun, Doctor Frankenstein.

She laughs, sinisterly.

Frank: Not my style. (*To Werewolf, intensely*) Hey. Hey there, that's right, look at me. Who's a good boy? Eh? (*More intensely*) WHO'S MY GOOD BOY?!?!

Wolf: I— I am, Doc…

Frank: That's right… You are… Did you get into the garbage again?

Wolf: No! It was an accident!

Frank: Sure, sure…

Medusa: Better hurry.

Wolf: Am I gonna die?

Frank: Nah, nah you're not gonna die. You're gonna be up and dragging your ass across the carpet in no time.

Nearby, the beeping of the heart monitor slows. Medusa's eyebrow arcs to an alarming height. The werewolf groans and twitches in pain. Frank doubles down:

Wolf: I just need to rest my eyes for a second…

He drifts off. His paws begin to twitch like he's running.

Frank: Hey, stay with me here, boy. If it had been a silver bullet, you'd be dead already. Huh? Dead. But wolfsbane… Wolfsbane I can handle. But you gotta stay calm. *Stay*.

Medusa: (*Smells the air*) It's in his blood…

Frank makes the hard call.

Frank: Get me 50 CCs of holy water.

Medusa: Holy water? But that could kill him—

Frank: HOLY WATER! STAT!

Medusa: Damn you…

She snaps on a heavy glove and pulls a syringe out of a box covered in severe "hazard symbols" and "crucifixes." She passes it to Frank. He taps the air bubbles from its cylinder and directs the wolf's chin so that their gazes meet.

Frank: Alright, this is it. I need you to foc— Hey look, a treat!

He raises a closed hand, distracting the wolf. With his other hand, he plunges the syringe into the wolf's heart, Pulp Fiction *style. The wolf spasms and then is still. Frank and Medusa wait.*

Medusa: You've stepped in it this time.

Frank: Just shush.

Medusa: Holy water isn't some magic cure-all!

Frank: Tell that to about 500 Catholics.

Medusa: You know there are way more than 500 Catholics in the world, right?

Frank: Pipe down, your holiness.

The wolf stirs. He looks around with wide, confused - but healthy - eyes.

Medusa: He's stabilizing…

Frank: There he is. Welcome back. You had us worried for a second.

Wolf: (*Looks at the syringe still stuck in his chest*) Holy water? Jeez, what was Plan B, a full body transplant?

Frank: I know the stuff's controversial, but I like to keep it around for special occasions.

Medusa: I bet…

Wolf: Can I shake your hand? I know how to shake.

Frank: Yeah, sure.

He does.

Frank: Good job.

Wolf: I oughta be saying that to you, Doctor… ?

Frank: Frankenstein. Doctor Frankenstein, MD. Monster Doctor.

Wolf: Can I ask your first name?

Frank smiles, hollowly, before lurching away. Wolf looks worried. Medusa glides towards him.

Medusa: Worry not. Any reference to his lack of a proper title is but an incurable sore spot. Luckily, I have no shortage of names and honorifics. (*Extends hand*) Doctor Duchess Gregoria Morgan Lucretia Kimmy Medusa de Medici the Ninth, Head of Hematology and Reigning Trivia Champion. Isn't that right, *Doctor?*

Frank: Yeah… *That's right*… I guess it's really easy to get a perfect score *when you use your phone!!!*

Medusa: *Gasp!* You forget yourself, Doctor.

Frank: You know it's against the rules! They say it at the beginning of the round!

Medusa: I told you, I was just sexting.

Frank: You've never sexted a day in your afterlife.

Wolf: Hey! This is no place for fighting. This is a monster hospital: a place of healing. And you two are Monster Doctors. Two of the best. You just don't… see eye to eye, I guess you could say. In fact, you could probably even go one step further and say that's the whole premise.

Medusa: But why would you say that?

Frank: Move along, little doggy. That holy water's served its higher purpose— Oh, but wait…

He puts a dog's surgical cone around the wolf's neck, who scratches at it.

Wolf: Oh c'mon, Doc, I got a date tomorrow—

Frank: You shoulda thought of that before dabbling in a little recreational horticulture. Now no scratching, you read me?

Wolf: Loud and clear. Thanks again, Doctor Frankenstein. And thank you too, Doctor Medusa de Medici.

He exits. Frank looks at Medusa, archly.

Frank: The phrase you're looking for is "thank you," but it's cool. I know English isn't your first language.

Medusa: I should rip out your throat. But luckily for you, love has softened me.

Frank: Good lord, it's learning. So who's your next victim?

Medusa: Victim? Alack, he is my everything: my soul mate, my kindred spirit, my paramour… my most intimate of all my familiars… my *Chad*.

Frank: Chad?

Medusa: Yes. He is the darling bud, and I the winds come to rough him up.

Frank: Good god.

Medusa: Our time together has been short, admittedly, but I have grown to love him— much like how one comes to love a great oil painting that one also wants to fuck.

Frank: Remind me to visit the Louvre with you.

Chad enters. He is very old.

Chad: Hello, my Mistress. We have to get home. The sun will be up soon and I have to take my pill.

Medusa: Oh, my darling Chad, always looking out for me.

Chad: You know if I don't take it before we go to bed, my feet swell up!

Medusa: Peace, thou cheeky satyr. Do not speak of swelling in front of the doctor. You know he's never rocked a woman's world, as you have mine countless times, including last week in a schoolbus.

Chad: We did whaaat?!

Frank: Low blow, Dr Medusa de Medici.

Medusa: Perhaps next time you'll stay out of my O.R.

She takes Chad by the arm and leads him off.

Chad: (*Exiting*) Honey, I think that doctor was a Frankenstein!

Frank leans on something, lost in thought. He crushes another nearby, inexpensive prop with equal parts frustration and ease. He turns to the discarded syringe and stares at it.
Beaulah enters, lingering in the doorway, surveying Doctor Frankenstein. A cigarette sits perched in her fingers. A white streak runs through her dark, stylish updo. She startles him.

Beaulah: Gotta light?

Frank: Very funny, Bride. And you can't smoke in here.

Beaulah: Don't worry: they're filtered.

Frank: You've changed your hair.

Beaulah: I'm surprised you noticed. And you know I go by Beaulah now.

Frank: *Beaulah.* Why'd you pick a name like that anyways, huh?

Beaulah: I thought you'd like it. After all, it means "bride" in Hebrew.

Frank: Well ya sound like a lunch-lady.

Beaulah: Must you be cruel?

Frank: What can I say? Much like some dead guy's big green johnson, it's in my genes.

Beaulah: Jesus. You really are a monster.

Frank: Can I help you with something?

Beaulah: The hospital has received some… "constructive criticism…" No, I shouldn't be vague… *Destructive* criticism.

Frank: Look, we've had this talk a hundred times. I don't play by your little rules. Your *hypocritic* oaths. I do things *my* way. Because that's what you do when monsters' lives are on the line.

Beaulah: I'm just talking about professional courtesy, Sparky: you bedside manner.

Frank: (*Intensely*) Yeah well "bedside manner" sounds like a cozy BNB!

The conversation goes bad:

Beaulah: Oh, so now you've heard of BNBs?

Frank: The hell's that supposed to mean?

Beaulah: Well it's just the first time I ever heard you talk about romantic getaways is all.

Frank: Really? You're gonna bring that up? Now? 3 AM in the morning, up to my knees in werewolf piss, you're gonna bring up our marriage? Wow. Well newsflash, we're divorced. You're not my bride anymore! You're free to Beaulah or Bertha or whatever the heck ya want. Just don't do it in my ER during the witching hour of a Friday 13th on a full moon.

Beaulah: What's the matter with you? I mean, I get it, you're an abomination, boo hoo, but that doesn't excuse the fact that you've been a real homunculus lately.

Frank: I'm not sleeping well… All these storms are giving me a migraine.

Beaulah: We're all tired. Don't give me that bullshit.

Frank: Medusa's busting my bolts again. Rubbing her fancy sexual relationship up in my mustache.

Beaulah: Firstly, don't ever put it like that.

Frank: Fair.

Beaulah: And secondly, she's always been like that. Flitting between familiars every couple of decades, sucking them dry, moving onto the next… She'll get bored eventually.

Frank: But his name is Chad.

Beaulah: So?

Frank: … *It's just so cool!*

Beaulah: Listen, you gotta keep the peace with Medici. You two are the best doctors we've got here at Ingolstadt Monster Hospital— And I have enough to worry about without you two pills going at each other's throats.

Frank: Then you shouldn't have hired a vampire.

Beaulah: You are an HR nightmare.

Frank: But at least I get results, right?

Beaulah shakes her head and starts to go. She looks back.

Beaulah: You gotta learn to let the past go. This is no way to live.

Frank: (*Shakes his head thoughtfully, looks at his mismatched hands and their heavy stitches*) Live…

She starts to go.

Frank: Hey, B?

Beaulah: Yeah?

Frank: Did I ever… rock your world?

Beaulah: (*Chuckles*) Get some sleep, Sparky.

She exits. Frank yawns, takes out his memo recorder and begins to record his memo, tidying up the OR as he does.

Frank: This is October 13, 19— (a *convenient clatter obscures the date*). 3:13 AM. This is Dr Frankenstein… *No first name…*
Ahem… A quick amendment to my end-of-shift notes. One last unexpected patient.

Patient 1: L.C. Werewolf male subjected to an *aconitum lycoctonum* overdose.
- complaints included respiratory distress, altered mental status, slight oral foaming
- immediate interventions included administration of 1 cc *aqua benedicta* (holy water), which—

He picks up a second syringe of holy water and considers. Medusa and Chad pass, in one anothers arms, laughing gaily. Frank longs. He considers. A beat.

Frank: Sorry, 2 ccs of holy water. Patient responded positively and was discharged. Consulting with the Addiction Medicine team for substance abuse treatment options tomorrow. (*Beat*) Handover to the oncoming team completed. Follow-up rounds scheduled for tomorrow. Signing off.

He looks at the needle.

Frank: End of recording.

Moody sax. He pockets the syringe. Darkness.