

ACT ONE
Scene 8*Inga/Frederick/Igor/Fran Blucher*

The MUSIC from the violin continues in near total darkness, except for the candle light from FREDERICK and INGA, illuminating them as they descend a staircase

*Start —***INGA**

Where are we?

FREDERICK

Who knows? But wherever that music is, it's somewhere nearby.

As INGA is clinging close to FREDERICK, a rat scuttles across their path. INGA loudly screams.

INGA

Vat vas zat!?

FREDERICK

Don't be frightened, it was just a rat. Just a slimy, filthy, disgusting rat.

INGA

Oh, sank goodness.

FREDERICK comes across another candle in a sconce on the wall. He pauses to light it and sees a row of skulls on a shelf.

FREDERICK

Good Lord, where the devil are we?

IGOR's head appears alongside the skulls.

IGOR

(singing)

I AIN'T GOT NOBODY...

FREDERICK

Igor!

IGOR

Froderick!

INGA

You frightened me. How did you get here?

IGOR

I heard the strangest music upstairs and just followed it down.

INGA

Zen it wasn't you playing zat violin?

IGOR

No, I play only the French horn.

INGA

So zere must haf been somebody else down here.

FREDERICK

Aren't there any lights in this place?

IGOR

There's a nasty looking switch over here. But there might be the danger, master, of instant electrocution. You try it.

FREDERICK

All right, here goes nothing.

HE throws the switch. There is a flash of sparks and a crackling sound as the lights come on brightly illuminating the dusty old laboratory. We hear the SOUND of wolves howling in the distance.

So this is where it all happened. My grandfather's laboratory, historic setting of his legendary experiments. What a filthy mess!

IGOR

Oh, I don't know. A little paint, some drapes, a few flowers, a couple of throw pillows...

FREDERICK

(noticing a table on which a lighted cigar is still burning in the ashtray next to a violin)

Hello, what have we here?

(seeing the violin)

So this explains the music.

INGA

(touching the violin)

It's still varm.

FREDERICK

And look! A cigar, still smoldering in the ashtray. Someone, or something, was just here!

HE senses a presence behind the drawn curtain in the alcove; HE yanks the curtain aside to reveal FRAU BLUCHER standing on a couch

Frau Blucher!

SOUND: Horses whinny

FRAU BLUCHER

Yessss! I am zat somesing or someone!

#8 - He Vas My Boyfriend

FREDERICK

And that music! Then it was you playing this violin!

FRAU BLUCHER

(crossing to the table)

Yessss! Musik that reaches the soul when vords are useless. Your grandfather used to play zat exact same tune to soothe the creatures he created.

SHE picks up violin

FREDERICK

And you played it to lead us down here to his laboratory!

FRAU BLUCHER

Yessss!

FREDERICK

And so that was your cigar still smoldering in the ashtray!

FRAU BLUCHER

Yessss!

FREDERICK

Then you were not just his housekeeper.

FRAU BLUCHER

Yessss!

FREDERICK

Then you and Victor were...

FRAU BLUCHER

Yes! Yes! Say it! Say it! He... vas... my... boy friend!

FREDERICK, IGOR & INGA

(together)

He vas your boy friend?!

FRAU BLUCHER

Yesss!

LOVE COMES WHEN YOU LEAST SUSPECT IT,
 LOVE DANCES IN ON A WHIM,
 I THOUGHT MAYBE I COULD DIRECT IT,
 BUT I NEVER EXPECTED...
 A GUY LIKE HIM.

stop