

FRANKEN-BRO

by Ken Bradbury

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SYNOPSIS: To keep from flunking science, a boy along with his friend attempts a daring experiment on his sleeping brother. Will he be able to successfully turn him into a monster?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 males)

JAMES (m) (52 lines)

PETE (m) (35 lines)

FRANK (m) (24 lines)

AT START: *FRANK is asleep, lying on two chairs or a table. PETE and JAMES enter, whispering.*

PETE: James, this is crazy.

JAMES: I know.

PETE: It'll never work.

JAMES: Maybe not.

PETE: Then why are you doing it?

JAMES: Because I need the grade! If I don't come up with a science project, Mr. Anderson's gonna flunk me.

PETE: It'd help if you'd do your homework.

JAMES: Yeah, I know that now. Look, you gotta help me, Pete.

PETE: But what if something goes wrong?

JAMES: Big deal.

PETE: But it's your own brother!

JAMES: I know. That's why I'm going to try it on him.

PETE: But it could be dangerous!

JAMES: Who cares? He's just my brother. I've got another one downstairs.

PETE: James!

JAMES: Kidding. Look, just help me get this thing hooked up. (*They move to above the sleeping FRANK.*) Mr. Anderson's gonna just love this if it works.

PETE: If it works.

JAMES: Okay, we've got to hook these battery terminals up to Frank's head.

PETE: You're kidding.

JAMES: Look Pete, I think I've got this worked out. I've been studying up on it.

PETE: You? Studying?

JAMES: Yeah, I got the idea from a video game. You hook these electrodes to a person's head, you run a cable down to your dad's car battery, then you flip the switch.

PETE: You'll fry his brains!

JAMES: He's my brother. Brothers don't have brains. Here. Hold this cord.

PETE: This could turn out really bad.

JAMES: The worst he'll get is a little shock.

PETE: You could blow his head off!

JAMES: So I'll get him a new one at Wal-Mart.

PETE: James!

JAMES: Kidding! Come on. According to my figures, this will turn my brother Frank into a monster.

PETE: Monster?

JAMES: I mean a monster who will do what I tell him. Look, Frank's always picking on me.

PETE: Frank's a nice guy.

JAMES: Yeah, but he's always making me pick up my room and do my homework and chores. He's a pain.

PETE: Sounds like he's trying to make you better.

JAMES: Just wait 'til you see what I make of him. Okay. Everything's attached. Now I'll pull the switch.

PETE: I don't like this, James. Frank's a really nice guy. I mean, he's class president, and he works at the homeless shelter. He's perfect! I don't think you ought to be messing with him.

JAMES: Hey, when the science project's over, I'll just turn off the switch. Okay ... you ready?

PETE: No!

JAMES: Good! Here goes!

He throws an imaginary switch and FRANK'S body begins to shake ... then shakes violently.

PETE: Oh, no! Stop it, James! Turn it off!

JAMES: I think I broke the switch. Oh boy ... Mom's gonna be mad.

FRANK'S body, still jerking, begins to slowly rise from the "bed." He comes to a sitting position, his eyes open wide. He jerkily comes to a standing position.

PETE: Stop it, James!

JAMES: Man, I'm gonna get a great grade! *(To FRANK ... shouting.)*
Can you hear me?

FRANK: *(In a very artificially horrible voice.)* Yes ... Master.

JAMES: Master! Did you hear that! It works! It really works!

PETE: I'm leaving.

JAMES: (*Grabbing PETE.*) No! You can't go. What if he goes crazy?
I need help.

PETE: You need therapy.

JAMES: (*To FRANK.*) Raise your right arm! (*FRANK jerkily does so.*)
Raise your left arm! (*FRANK does so.*)

PETE: Wow!

JAMES: What—is—your—name—Frank?

FRANK: (*A quizzical look at JAMES, then.*) Frank.

JAMES: Amazing!

PETE: But you just told him that ...

JAMES: What's an algebraic equation?

FRANK: An algebraic equation is two valid mathematical
expressions that are joined with the equal sign.

PETE: Is that right?

JAMES: Don't know. Sounds smart. The capital of Norway!

FRANK: Oslo.

JAMES: When was George Washington born?

FRANK: On his birthday.

PETE: Wow!

JAMES: This is so cool! Clean my room! (*FRANK looks at him.*) Go
ahead! This place is a mess and you ... I mean my brother ...
always says I'm a slob. Clean it up!

FRANK: (*mechanically going around the room and picking up
various items*) Dirty socks ... dirty shoes ... pop cans ... someone
else's homework ...

JAMES: Hey! Give me that! (*He takes it.*)

FRANK: Spiderman underwear ...

JAMES: And that! (*Takes it.*)

PETE: Spiderman?

JAMES: Mind your own business.

FRANK: Place is a pig sty ... pig sty ... pig sty. ... Must burn ... must
burn ...

JAMES: No! Wait a minute!

FRANK: Must destroy. ... Must incinerate with death ray ...

JAMES: Hold it! Hold it, Mr. Monster! That's enough. Uh ... do
something else for me. Make my bed!

FRANK: (*Turning stiffly to face bed.*) Bed is mess ...

JAMES: I know that.

FRANK: Must destroy! Death ray! Death ray!

PETE: He's gonna burn your bed! Your mom's gonna be mad!

JAMES: Stop! Stop! Uh ... gotta find something you can do without destroying it.

PETE: How about you?

JAMES: Huh?

PETE: That dorky haircut. You always said you wish you had cool hair and this guy can do anything. *(To FRANK.)* Hey buddy! You think you can make James look better?

JAMES: Now wait a minute!

PETE: Come on, James. Let him give it a try. *(To FRANK.)* Monster! Take a look at James! *(FRANK walks around him.)* You see his problem. Give him what he needs.

FRANK: Impossible.

JAMES: What?

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