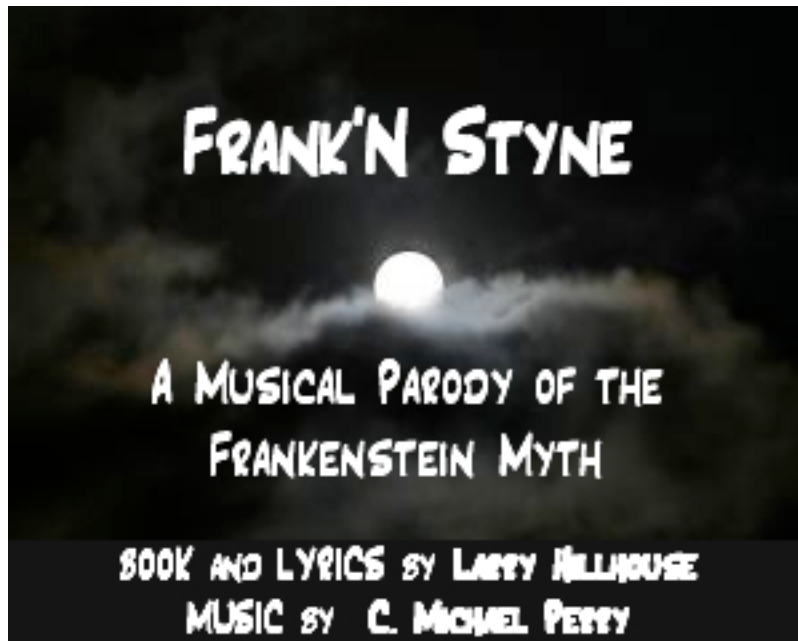


PERUSAL SCRIPT



Newport, Maine

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FRANK'N STYNE

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FRANK'N STYNE

PREMISE: Franklin Kenneth Styne inherits an old castle from a distant relative (Frankie N. Styne). Upon arriving, he finds that he also inherited a Styne Castle staff, consisting of a hunchback experimenter who converses with a portrait, a cook, and her daughter, the maid. An inept local constable and his beautiful niece drop by to welcome him, and to check him out. F.K., who has a penchant for poetry, soon finds himself entwined in the centuries-old mysteries of Styne Castle.

SETTINGS:

Styne Castle, front room.

Styne Castle, laboratory.

(also, a maze could be depicted by using the theatre aisles, with the constable entering and exiting the maze through various doors.)

CAST: 5M 3W 1 either + extras

F.K. (Franklin Kenneth) Styne -- aspiring poet, inherits Styne Castle.

Egor (Eager) -- hunchback servant of the castle.

Portrait Face -- talking portrait on castle wall.

Hilda -- castle maid, daughter of cook.

Cook -- castle cook.

Constable Fitzhough -- local policeman, somewhat inept.

Lady Gwendolyn Grisbaum -- beautiful niece of constable.

Creature -- creation of F.K.

Hooded Figure -- mysterious castle guard.

Extras -- ghostly figures.

Note: Cook and Hooded Figure could be same actress.

SCENES & MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I:

Scene I — Franklin Kenneth Styne arrives at castle, meets Eager, Hilda, etc.

MUSICAL #1 — He's Arrived! (Eager)

Scene II — Constable, Lady Gwendolyn visit

MUSICAL #2 — A-Mazing Me (Constable)

Scene III — Eager shows F.K. lab, log found

MUSICAL #3 — The Log of Frankie Styne (Ghosts & Monsters)

Scene IV — Constable works on maze, F.K. planning

MUSICAL #4 — The Log of Frankie Styne (reprise) (F.K. with Eager)

Scene V — F.K., Eager work in lab, Gwen visits, invites F.K. for dinner

Scene VI — F.K. to dinner, Eager shopping

MUSICAL #5 — Going Choppin' (shopping) (Eager)

Scene VIII — F.K., Eager comes up from lab, exhausted

MUSICAL #6 — Mad (FK with Eager)

ACT II:

Scene I — In The Lab the night of the first try.

MUSICAL #7 — Sewing (Eager)

Scene II — F.K. lectures, Eager laments, Hilda dusts

MUSICAL #8 — The Chart (F.K.)

Scene III — F.K. discouraged, Gwen visits, Eager works

MUSICAL #9 — I'm Blue (Eager/Portrait)

MUSICAL #10 — Castles Are So Hard to Dust (Hilda)

Scene IV — 2nd try, success??, F.K., Eager bashed

MUSICAL #11 — Why Do I Keep On? (FK)

MUSICAL #12 — It's Alive! (Creature)

Scene V: — Gwen, Hilda come to aid of F.K., Eager

MUSICAL #13 — Hooded Figure's Story (Hooded Figure)

MUSICAL #14 — Don't Take My Heart (Lady G.)

MUSICAL #15 — The Monster Dance (Creature/Hooded Figure)

MUSICAL #16 — Curtain Call (Orchestra)

MUSICAL #17 — Exit Music (Orchestra)

MUSIC AVAILABLE:

PIANO-VOCAL SCORE

VOCAL BOOK

CONDUCTOR SCORE

ACOUSTIC BASS PART

DRUM PART (contains: Snare, Kick, Hi-Hat, Crash(2), Splash, China, Ride, Toms(2) Wood Block, Triangle, Cow Bell, Gong)

FULL BACKING TRACKS

FRANK’N STYNE -- The Musical (A Musical Parody) BOOK and LYRICS by Larry Hillhouse. MUSIC by C. Michael Perry. (*Suitable for Professional, College/University, Community, and Educational groups.*) SETTINGS: Styne Castle, front room. Styne Castle, laboratory. (also, a maze could be depicted by using the theatre aisles, with the constable entering and exiting the maze through various doors.) CAST: 5M 3W 1 either + extras About 90 mins. A hilarious send-up of the Frankenstein story as the great grandson of the original comes to Castle Styne as heir to the mysteries of his predecessors. The score contains gems like the maids singing “Castles Are So Hard To Dust”, the new monster sings “It’s Alive” as he imitates Elvis, Egor sings about “Goin’ Choppin’” as he prepares to shop for body parts, and the list goes on. It’s perfect for Halloween. Franklin Kenneth Styne inherits an old castle from a distant relative (Frankie N. Styne). Upon arriving, he finds that he also inherited a Styne Castle staff, consisting of a hunchback experimenter who converses with a portrait, there is also a cook, and her daughter, the maid. An inept local constable and his beautiful niece drop by to welcome him, and to check him out. F.K., who has a penchant for poetry, soon finds himself entwined in the centuries-old mysteries of Styne Castle. And the hilarity takes over from there. Premiered in Durban, South Africa. **ORDER # 3019**

LARRY HILLHOUSE -- Born in Tennessee, now living in Texas. A software engineer by day for twenty years, a struggling writer by many directions by night, for much longer than twenty years. He began writing by creating material for his wife to use in her Kindergarten classroom. After his son became involved in Theatre productions, he began adapting scripts, then writing monologues and plays for children’s and community theatres. Other publications include childrens’ and gospel songs as well as other monologue collections. For 11 years he has been owned by a siamese cat.

C.MICHAEL PERRY — Winner of an 1978 Emmy Award and a Best of the West award for his score to the television puppet musical, “CINDERABBIT” on PBS (the Cinderella story with animal characters/puppets) he has been writing, producing, directing and choreographing professional and amateur shows since his late teens. Other “Best Musical” awards have been given to his FAUNTLEROY! and his ANNE WITH AN E: THE GREEN GABLES MUSICAL, as well as ENTERTAINING MARK TWAIN, JEDEDIAH, and CURSES, FOILED AGAIN! His AN ENCHANTED APRIL - THE MUSICAL played Off-Broadway in 2019 to great reviews, but was cut short by Covid-19, 4 months later. His first commissioned work was in 1972 at the age of 18. The musical was written over the next 6 months and produced for a City Festival that ran for the month of August in 1974 near Chicago. He received another commission from a 2001 Olympics venue to create a new musical, HOW THE WEST WAS DONE with Elizabeth Hansen (his Enchanted April partner) which played for

8 weeks during the 2002 Salt Lake City Olympics. He has written a total of nearly 75 shows, 40 of which have been produced/published, not mentioned by title here. His musicals have been produced across the USA and Canada, the UK, and elsewhere in Europe, South America, Africa, India, Australia, New Zealand and Hong Kong. His musicals POLLYANNA, and THE SHADOW DANCERS, (with Coni Koepfinger) have had industry readings, along with a version of EAST OF THE SUN, WEST OF THE MOON, (with George and Gayanne King). Their STAR OF ISRAEL, COMING HOME, and HEIDI have also had recent workshop productions. He is currently involved in creating the score to PINOCCHIA (a female cousin to Pinocchio) and IMAGINARY BOY (with June Rachelson-Ospa), TWELVE DANCING PRINCESSES (with George and Gayanne King). SARA CREWE: LITTLE PRINCESS and TINKERTOWN! (with Coni Koepfinger) are also in the works. Adaptations of TEMPEST; THE MUSICAL, GREAT EXPECTATIONS and LITTLE MEN (based on the sequel to "Little Women") are gathering interest. He has taught college courses in adjunct and also spent 13 years teaching Theatre Arts in high school where his program became prominent and award-winning, also being honored as Teacher of the Year in the State. He is very excited that Glen Kato and Next Stage Press are interested in his and Coni's a play version of their musical, POLLYANNA

Frank’n Styne

ACT I

SCENE I -- *EAGER is pacing back and forth in the main room of the castle. The face in the portrait on the wall is watching him pace.*

EAGER: Oh, happy day! Happy day!

PORTRAIT: Whatever are you so excited about?

EAGER: He's coming! He's probably going to arrive any minute!

PORTRAIT: Who?

EAGER: The new master, that's who. Lord Styne. The Castle Styne is going to have a new master!

PORTRAIT: *(Glumly)* How extraordinary.

EAGER: It really is. There was talk of closing the castle permanently. They couldn't locate an heir.

PORTRAIT: And you would have been out of a job.

EAGER: And you would have been out of a ... whatever.

PORTRAIT: I've been out of a...hark! I hear a noise!

MUSICAL # 1 -- HE'S ARRIVED!

(EAGER rushes to the door and peeks out.)

EAGER: Here comes a carriage! It's him, I know it's him!

HE'S FINALLY ARRIVED!

HE'S FINALLY ARRIVED!

I'M THANKFUL I SURVIVED,

UNTIL THE DAY THAT HE ARRIVED.

HE'S HERE TO TAKE HIS PLACE!

I STAYED AROUND IN CASE.

AND NOW THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES
CAUSE HE'S HERE TO TAKE HIS PLACE.
THEY SAID THAT WHEN THE MASTER DIED,
THERE WOULDN'T BE NO MORE.
THE STYNAGE LINEAGE ENDED WHEN
THEY FOUND HIM ON THE FLOOR.
BUT A LONG-LOST COUSIN, TWICE REMOVED,
WAS FOUND TO BEAR THE NAME.
AND SEEMS TO BE A LOVELY CHAP,
ALTHOUGH A LITTLE SANE.
HE'S FINALLY ARRIVED!
HE'S FINALLY ARRIVED!
I'M THANKFUL I SURVIVED,
UNTIL THE DAY THAT HE ARRIVED.
HE'S HERE TO TAKE HIS PLACE!
I STAYED AROUND IN CASE.
AND NOW THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES
CAUSE HE'S HERE TO TAKE HIS PLACE.
MY FATHER, AND HIS FATHER, AND
THEIR FATHERS LONG BEFORE;
HAVE SERVED THE LORDS OF CASTLE STYNE,
THROUGH THICK AND THIN AND MORE.
THE NAME OF STYNE WAS FADING FAST,
THROUGH NATURAL ATTRITION;
BUT NOW HE'S HERE TO CARRY ON,
THE FAMILY TRADITION.
HE'S FINALLY ARRIVED!
HE'S FINALLY ARRIVED!
I'M THANKFUL I SURVIVED,
UNTIL THE DAY THAT HE ARRIVED.

HE'S HERE TO TAKE HIS PLACE!
I STAYED AROUND IN CASE.
AND NOW THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES
CAUSE HE'S HERE TO TAKE HIS PLACE.

(EAGER runs helter-skelter, straightening and moving things all around. The PORTRAIT FACE watches him disgustedly. Finally there is a knock on the door. EAGER stops, and calmly opens the door.)

EAGER: You rang, sir?

F.K.: Well...actually I knocked.

EAGER: Who may I say is calling?

F.K.: I was told that you would be expecting me. I'm Franklin Kenneth Styne.

EAGER: Lord Styne. Please come in. Yes, we were expecting you. Let me fetch your bags.

F.K.: Thank you. And your name is...?

EAGER: Egor, at your service.

F.K.: Eager. That's a nice name for a servant.

EAGER: I'm EGOR.

F.K.: Yes, Eager, I can see that the name fits.

(EAGER looks perplexed, then goes over and pulls a bell chord. almost immediately the COOK appears.)

COOK: You knocked?

EAGER: Well, actually I rang. Let me introduce you to our new master. Lord Franklin Kenneth Styne. Or would you prefer to be called Doctor Styne?

F.K.: Doctor??

EAGER: You ARE a doctor, aren't you? You HAVE to be a doctor. Otherwise, you would not have fulfilled the will's requirements. It stated quite clearly that the castle could only be passed along to an heir who was a ...DOCTOR.

F.K.: Well, yes, I am a doctor. I was just surprised that you knew. I don't think of myself as a doctor....

EAGER: *(Excitedly)* What kind of doctor are you? BRAIN surgeon, perhaps?

COOK: *(Sarcastically)* THAT would be useful around here.

EAGER: No, no, perhaps you specialize indeformities?

F.K.: I'm afraid not. I'm not exactly a doctor like you think...

COOK and EAGER: *(Together)* NOT a doctor??

F.K.: Technically I AM a doctor.

(COOK and EAGER breathe a sigh of relief)

That is, I'm not a MEDICAL doctor.

COOK: *(Suspiciously)* Oh?

F.K.: I have a doctorate in literature.

EAGER: Literature?

F.K.: Specializing in poetry, as a matter of fact.

COOK: *(Dreamily)* Poetry!

EAGER: *(Disdainfully)* POETRY?

F.K.: Although I have yet to have any of my work actually published, I am working on a volume of poems that I have high hopes...

EAGER: *(Disbelief)* Poetry??

F.K.: So you don't really have to call me "doctor".

COOK: Nonsense! A doctor is a doctor...Doctor Styne. Now I must run along and get back to work in the kitchen.

(COOK exits)

EAGER: Why poetry?

F.K.: Because it helps a person express their innermost feelings. It puts you them in touch with their most sensitive nature. It makes them think, and be one with the world around you them. And, the classes were easier than those gosh-awful calculus courses.

EAGER: I'm not sure I wish to be "one with the world around me".

F.K.: I'll wager that you haven't tried to write poetry recently.

EAGER: That's for sure.

F.K.: It would probably do you a world of good.

EAGER: I really don't have the time, what with all of my chores around the castle, and all....

F.K.: Then I shall assign you a chore of spending at least fifteen minutes a day composing verse.

EAGER: I'd actually rather try to write a poem.

F.K.: *(Puzzled)* Oh...well...that, too.

(HILDA, the maid enters)

HILDA: Good day, Lord Styne.

EAGER: DOCTOR Styne.

F.K.: You could actually call me "Franklin".

HILDA: (*Flirting*) Franklin, what a nice name.

EAGER: Sorry, wouldn't be proper. A Lord, or a Doctor in this case, must be addressed properly by their servants.

(*Eyes HILDA severely*)

Keeps the servants in their proper place!

F.K.: Whatever is proper, I suppose.

EAGER: Her name is Hilda; she's the cook's daughter.

HILDA: Your quarters are ready,

(*Glares at EAGER*)

DOCTOR Styne.

EAGER: I'll take your bags up.

HILDA: Walk this way.

(*HILDA prisses out. F.K. and EAGER watch her depart, look at each other, shrug, and follow her, EAGER carrying the baggage.*)

PORTRAIT: Why do I keep hanging around this place?

(*LIGHTS FADE, END OF SCENE.*)

SCENE II -- *F.K. is sitting, contemplating, with a notebook. EAGER is pretending to be busy, while attempting to read over the doctor's shoulder.*

F.K.: I thought of very good rhymes this morning, that I must get down on paper. Let me see...how did it go?
Oh yes...

(*F.K. begins to write, and EAGER edges closer to watch.*)

"If I could fly, just like a bird,

A mighty sight I'd see;

I'd turn to look back where I'd flown...."

(*F.K. pauses, looks thoughtful.*)

EAGER: "And smack into a tree!"

(F.K. looks at EAGER reproachfully, but as he opens his mouth to speak, there is a knock at the door.)

Excuse me, Doctor Styne, I will see who rang.

F.K.: Knocked.

(EAGER opens the door and greets a CONSTABLE and A LADY. EAGER is obviously frightened at seeing the CONSTABLE.)

EAGER: Yes...uh, oh my..

(Clears throat)

...Good day Constable, Lady Gwendolyn. Who shall I say is calling?

CONSTABLE: Why I am...WE are.

EAGER: Then I shall announce you.

(As EAGER turns and steps toward F.K., The CONSTABLE and LADY GWENDOLYN step inside.)

Doctor Styne, may I present Con...

(CONSTABLE loses patience with EAGER and interrupts.)

CONSTABLE: Constable Fitzhough, Doctor Styne, and this is my niece, Lady Grisbaum.

(F.K. and GWENDOLYN gaze at each other, entranced.)

LADY GWENDOLYN: Gwendolyn.

F.K.: Lady Gwendolyn, Constable Fitzbaum, I am glad to meet you.

CONSTABLE: It’s Fitzhough.

(EAGER starts to sneak out the door, but as F.K. beckons him, EAGER steps back inside and closes the door behind him. he continues to be very uncomfortable around the CONSTABLE.)

Eager! Take the Constable's hat.

CONSTABLE: *(Eyes EAGER warily)* No thanks, I'll just hang onto it. We can only stay for a moment. We were passing by on our way to the church, and thought we'd stop and welcome you.

(Eyes EAGER again)

Make sure everything is in order.

F.K.: *(Staring at LADY GWENDOLYN)* Well, I am glad that you did. And I think everything is fine, here.

CONSTABLE: Fine, fine. Can't be too careful, you being new and all that. Are the servants satisfactory?

(Glances again at the nervous EAGER.)

F.K.: Oh yes, the servants all seem to be ...fine.

CONSTABLE: Fine, fine. And the castle itself?

F.K. and CONSTABLE: Fine.

F.K.: Where are my manners? Please come and sit down. Eager, tea for our guests.

CONSTABLE: Oh, no. No time for that.

(CONSTABLE sits in closest chair.)

Just a tiny bit of cream in mine.

F.K.: And you, LadyGwendolyn?

LADY GWENDOLYN: That's fine with me, too.

F.K.: Fine. Eager, three teas with cream.

(EAGER exits and LADY GWENDOLYN and F.K. sit, looking at each other.)

CONSTABLE: I hope that everything is all right?

F.K.: Fine...uh, quiet, very quiet.

CONSTABLE: That's a welcome change.

F.K.: What do you mean?

CONSTABLE: I mean no disrespect for the dead, of course, but the previous tenant, your half-uncle-whatever, was quite a rascal, if I do say so.

LADY GWENDOLYN: Uncle!

F.K.: It's all right. I'd really like to hear a little about him.

CONSTABLE: Part of my duty is to inform you of the circumstances surrounding his...demise. The official report.

F.K.: Official report? What happened?

CONSTABLE: Lord Styne, that is, the previous Lord Styne, was very ...rambunctious. I can't tell you how many trips I made up here to tone down the carryings on. Quite a lady-chaser...

LADY GWENDOLYN: Please!

CONSTABLE: Only telling the truth. Party here, party there, always partying. If he had taken better care of himself, he'd probably still be here today. Misused his body something terrible.

LADY GWENDOLYN: He was NINETY-THREE!

(EAGER enters with the tea, serves them, and steps discretely back behind the CONSTABLE'S sight.)

CONSTABLE: Yes, he was ninety-three, but if he had lived a more sane lifestyle, he could have easily made it to ...ninety-four or five.

LADY GWENDOLYN: He...enjoyed life.

CONSTABLE: He chased Lady Smythington up the stairs, and half-way across the floor...we found him there.

(CONSTABLE turns to point at the floor where EAGER is standing. EAGER is startled, drops the tray, picks it up, and carefully moves away from the "spot")

I was called immediately, of course. Tried to be discrete, minimize the scandal, but a death has to be investigated.

(CONSTABLE removes a small notebook and refers to his notes.)

No evidence of foul play...

EAGER: His heart gave out...

CONSTABLE: APPARENTLY, he had a heart attack. A real shame, actually, if he had only taken better care of...

LADY GWENDOLYN: Our condolences, of course.

F.K.: Thank you, but I really had never even heard of him until I received the letter informing me that I was the heir.

CONSTABLE: The last known heir. We had a devil of a time locating you. We had about given up, about to close the castle.

LADY GWENDOLYN: We're very glad they located you.

F.K.: Yes...I am, too.

CONSTABLE: He had let the castle go, somewhat, not taking care of the grounds at all.

(CONSTABLE glances accusingly at EAGER, who defends himself.)

EAGER: My work kept me busy inside, and after the last gardener died, he was never replaced.

CONSTABLE: There used to be one of the finest mazes in the country on the east side of the castle.

F.K.: Maze?

CONSTABLE: A labyrinth of shrubbery, laid out in a puzzle, very tricky to find one's way through...for most people. Used to be very popular, but there aren't too many left.

EAGER: The maze is still there.

MUSICAL # 2 -- A-MAZING ME

CONSTABLE: Yes, but terribly overgrown. Certainly a shame to let it go to waste.

LADY GWENDOLYN: Mazes are a hobby for my uncle.

CONSTABLE:

I'VE NEVER SEEN A MAZE SO THICK,
TO MAKE ME GO ASTRAY.
CORNERS, CIRCLES, ENDLESS PATHS,
I'LL CONQUER ANY DAY.
WHAT PUZZLER OUT-THINKS ANY PUZZLE,
BLINDFOLDED OR FREE?
IT'S A MAZE, A MAZE, A-MAZING ME!
I MEMORIZE EACH STEP I TAKE,
AND EVERY WAY I TURN.
IT ONLY TAKES ME ONE TRIP THROUGH,
AND ANY MAZE I'LL LEARN.
WHO NEVER FAILS TO GO STRAIGHT THROUGH,
JUST TEST ME, AND YOU'LL SEE,
IT'S A MAZE, A MAZE, A-MAZING ME!
WHO'S THE ONE YOU'RE GOING TO CALL,
WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW THE WAY?
WHO'S THE ONE WHO'S NEVER LATE,
AND NEVER KNOWN DELAY?
WHO'S THE ONE WHO FINDS THOSE LOST?
I THINK YOU'LL ALL AGREE,
IT'S A MAZE, A MAZE, A-MAZING ME!

F.K.: Perhaps we can restore it.

EAGER: It would take a lot of work.

CONSTABLE: I would consider it a privilege if you allowed me to work on it. It would take a skilled maze person to prune it back into its intended shape.

EAGER: I'm sure that we can handle it without...

F.K.: I see no reason that you couldn't work on it whenever you like.

CONSTABLE: Fine, fine. Tomorrow's my day off. I'll bring my gear and start work.

EAGER: There's no reason to hurry.

CONSTABLE: Besides, it'll give me a chance to keep an eye out, make sure everything is all right while you're getting accustomed to the castle life. Now, we must be going.

(CONSTABLE, LADY GWENDOLYN, and F.K. stand and move toward the door. EAGER hurries around them and opens the door, anxious for them to leave.)

F.K.: I'm very glad you came, Constable, Lady Gwendolyn. Please feel free to drop in again.

(CONSTABLE and LADY GWENDOLYN exit.)

EAGER: Back to poetry writing, Doctor?

F.K.: No, my concentration is lost. I may do a little exploring around the castle. Where does that door over there lead to?

EAGER: That door opens onto steps which will take you down into the laboratory area.

F.K.: What type of laboratory?

EAGER: Several, actually, but they are not in very good condition, I'm afraid. The late Lord Styne allowed me to conduct experiments in one of them. Of course, I couldn't presume to continue...

F.K.: Nonsense, you may continue as before. What type of experiments?

EAGER: Perhaps you've noticed that I have a very slight affliction with my back? I call it a "humped disk".

F.K.: Well...it is perceptible.

EAGER: I am on the verge of discovering a concoction which may totally remove that hump.

F.K.: Totally?

EAGER: On the verge.

F.K.: By all means continue, then. What else is down there?

EAGER: Follow me, and I'll give you a tour.

F.K.: No, you can spend some time with your experiments, and I'd like to just browse around on my own.

EAGER: Very good, sir. Watch your step.

(BOTH exit, then sounds of falling down steps. offstage voices)

F.K.: Gracious! Are you all right?

EAGER: I'm fine, I'm fine, sir. Hardly bleeding at all.

SCENE III -- *F.K. and EAGER enter a dusty, cluttered room. EAGER is holding a cloth to his head. over in one corner sits a HOODED FIGURE. F.K. begins wandering around, then suddenly spies the figure.)*

F.K.: Eager.

EAGER: Yes, doctor?

F.K.: What is that over there?

EAGER: That would be the guard, sir.

F.K.: It's alive?

EAGER: Seems to be, sir.

F.K.: What is he guarding?

EAGER: I'm not sure. Probably the laboratory.

F.K.: You're not sure?

EAGER: You must understand, doctor, that we are a people of long-standing traditions. Just as my father served the previous Lord Styne, my father's father did the same to some Lord Styne in the past, and on and on. That guard is the same. He's probably the son of some previous guard, who was the son of...well, you get the idea.

F.K.: I guess I do.

EAGER: Somewhere in the past, there was probably an excellent reason for having a guard posted there.

F.K.: Do we ever break from tradition?

EAGER: Not very often. Usually as in the case of the gardener. He had the misfortune to die and not leave any heirs to pass the job along to. The Lord Styne at that time did not take the time to find a new lineage of gardeners.

F.K.: Very well.

(To THE FIGURE.)

Carry on.

EAGER: He causes no trouble.

F.K.: Does he stay there all of the time?

EAGER: I've never seem him anywhere else.

F.K.: What does he eat?

EAGER: Only what he catches.

F.K.: Only what he...never mind. Where do you...experiment?

EAGER: In a small laboratory down that hall.

F.K.: All right, go along. I'll just look around here.

EAGER: Ring if you need me, sir.

F.K.: Right.

(EAGER exits, F.K. looks around him.)

Ring what? I'll send the guard. Ha! I'd better not get too close to the guard. He may be hungry. I'll just check out this corner over here away from...now, that's strange.

(Absentmindedly pushing a cabinet aside to clear a path to walk, F.K. discovers a small shelf set into the wall. On the shelf is a large book. He pulls out the book and blows a large cloud of dust from it. Then he looks closely to read the inscription.)

What do we have here? Wow, this book hasn't been moved in a hundred years. Under all of that dust is some writing. It says: the...log...of...Fr...Frank...Frank...N...Styne. The log of Frank N. Styne!

(F.K. looks in the direction of the departed EAGER, then over at the FIGURE, then sets the book on a table and cautiously opens it and reads.)

I, Doctor Franklin Norbert Styne, have made some discoveries which will astound the world. Since I myself would not have believed any of these things a few weeks ago, I am carefully documenting some of the most amazing experiments ever undertaken by man. I will take this documentation to the next scientific meeting of note, and shake the foundations of the science world as we know it.

(F.K. turns the page, looks shocked, and quickly closes the book.)

EAGER!

(Slight pause.)

E-A-G-E-R!!

(EAGER comes running in, the hump moved to a different location.)

EAGER: You rang, doctor?

F.K.: Sort of.

(Notices the change in the hump.)

Uh, how...are you doing with your experiment?

EAGER: *(Holding his thumb and finger about an inch apart.)* Very close, doctor, very close.

F.K.: Good. Eager, have you ever seen this book before?

EAGER: No, doctor, where was it?

F.K.: Behind that cabinet on that little shelf back in there.

EAGER: That's never been...oh my!

F.K.: What is it?

EAGER: That could be THE log.

F.K.: (*Anxiously*) What log?

EAGER: ..uh, nothing, sir.

F.K.: (*Sternly*) What log?

EAGER: There have been rumors of a log from a Doctor Styne of many years ago.

F.K.: What kind of rumors.

EAGER: That the log contained some extraordinary information about....

F.K.: About what, Eager?

EAGER: (Loud whisper) About...LIFE!

F.K.: An interesting rumor.

EAGER: (*Anxiously*) Can it be true?

F.K.: I don't know. I am going to my room to read these notes. I do not want to be disturbed...not for anything.

EAGER: Certainly, sir. I will see to it personally.

(EAGER and F.K., carrying the book, exit. haunting FIGURES appear)

MUSICAL # 3 -- THE LOG OF FRANKIE STYNE

GHOSTS:

WHILE STROLLING THROUGH THE LAB ONE DAY,
HE CHANCED TO TAKE A LOOK;
BEHIND A STACK OF ODDS AND ENDS,
BACK IN A DUSTY NOOK.
AND THERE HE FOUND, A NOTEBOOK BOUND,
OF DUBIOUS DESCRIPTION.
HE HELD THE LIGHT ABOVE IT BRIGHT,
AND READ THE FAINT INSCRIPTION.
THE LOG OF FRANKIE STYNE,
THE NOTES INSIDE ARE MINE;
AND ANYONE WHO READS THIS BOOK,

MAY GO OUT OF THEIR MIND!
HE DIDN'T HESITATE A SEC.
HE BLEW THE DUST AWAY.
HE COULDN'T WAIT TO READ WHAT HIS,
ANCESTOR HAD TO SAY.
BUT AS HE READ THE WORDS WITHIN,
THE MYSTERY ROUND HIM HOVERED.
HE LOOKED AGAIN, WITH CROOKED GRIN,
AT WHAT HE HAD DISCOVERED.
THE LOG OF FRANKIE STYNE,
THE NOTES INSIDE ARE MINE;
AND ANYONE WHO READS THIS BOOK,
MAY GO OUT OF THEIR MIND!
THE NOTES DESCRIBED, UNLESS THEY LIED,
THE SECRETS OF THE LIVING;
AND HOW TO MAKE A MAN FROM SCRATCH,
WITH NARY A MISGIVING.
THE STEP-BY-STEP INSTRUCTIONS,
TO A MASTERFUL CREATION.
HIS HEAD BEGAN TO SWELL IN PRIDE,
WITH FAMILY ADMIRATION.
THE LOG OF FRANKIE STYNE,
THE NOTES INSIDE ARE MINE;
AND ANYONE WHO READS THIS BOOK,
MAY GO OUT OF THEIR MIND!
THE LOG OF FRANKIE STYNE,
THE MEANING IS SUBLIME,
AND ANYONE WHO READS THIS BOOK,
MAY..GO..OUT..OF..THEIR..MIND!

(LIGHTS FADE, END OF SCENE)

SCENE IV

PORTRAIT: Everything is too quiet around here. Deathly quiet. Of course, a picture is worth a thousand words. Ha, ha, ha... a PICTURE is worth a...

(Sharp knock on the door.)

Hang it! I spoke too soon.

(EAGER comes up from the lab, hump is moved, and opens the door to the CONSTABLE. EAGER acts very guilty.)

EAGER: I'm coming, I'm coming.

(Opens door)

Oh, uh...good morning, inspector.

CONSTABLE: Constable, not inspector...yet. Of course, I really SHOULD be an inspector. They just haven't gotten around to promoting me. Probably move me into the city when they do that. Very involved investigations there. Not much going on around here. Not enough to challenge my...

EAGER: Pardon me, in... uh, constable. Can I help you?

CONSTABLE: In what way?

EAGER: I mean, is there a purpose for your visit?

CONSTABLE: Oh, that! Hmmm, let me think. Oh yes! I have come to pursue the grand restoration of the maze!

EAGER: The maze?

CONSTABLE: Just let me pass through to the corridor, and I'll get busy. Lots of trimming to do.

EAGER: Certainly, sir. Walk this way.

(CONSTABLE follows EAGER Across stage, where they exit.)

PORTRAIT: *(Dryly)* Amazing.

(F.K., looking very haggard, enters and sits down. EAGER returns, on his way to the stairway door, sees F.K., and stops.)

EAGER: Doctor Styne. May I be of service?

F.K.: I thought I heard a commotion in here.

EAGER: That was the constable.

F.K.: *(Concerned)* Constable?

EAGER: Here to work on the maze, sir.

F.K.: *(Relieved)* Oh.

(Perks up)

Was Lady Gwendolyn with him?

EAGER: No, he was alone.

F.K.: *(Sags again)* Just as well. Eager, I have been reading the log...something seems different...

(F.K. notices something different about EAGER. tries to see the hump, but EAGER keeps turning to hide it.)

EAGER: Interesting reading?

F.K.: That's an understatement. I've been up all night reading it.

(F.K. beckons EAGER closer, and speaks confidentially.)

Eager, we are on the threshold of genius.

(EAGER looks down at where he is standing.)

EAGER: On the threshold of...what?

F.K.: We have an extraordinary opportunity. A chance for greatness!

EAGER: Greatness!

F.K.: We will grasp the brass ring!

EAGER: A ring?

F.K.: We will face the danger!

(EAGER, who had been gaining excitement, suddenly stops cold.)

EAGER: WE, sir?

F.K.: Yes, I cannot tackle this astounding task alone!

EAGER: Welllll...my experiments do keep me pretty busy.

F.K.: And when I am praised throughout the scientific community, I'll say, "Thanks to my faithful companion, Eager.."

EAGER: *(Spells)* E-G-O-R

F.K.: I'll say, "Without his undying devotion..."

EAGER: I like the "undying" part.

F.K.: "...his painstaking devotion to detail..."

EAGER: I don't like pain.

F.K.: "...his hours of excruciating labor..."

EAGER: I don't do...uh, windows.

MUSICAL # 4 -- LOG OF FRANKIE STYNE (REPRISE)

F.K.:

PERUSING THROUGH THE DUSTY LAB,
BACK IN A DARKENED NOOK.
I CHANCED BY ACCIDENT, OR FATE,
TO FIND THIS WEATHERED BOOK.
WE'LL WORK AND STUDY, NIGHT AND DAY,
AND WITH THESE NOTES AS TEACHER,
I THINK WE HAVE THE GUIDELINES HERE,
TO BUILD AN AWESOME CREATURE!

BOTH:

THE LOG OF FRANKIE STYNE,
THE NOTES INSIDE ARE MINE;
AND ANYONE WHO READS THIS BOOK,
MAY GO OUT OF THEIR MIND!

EAGER:

YOU TOOK THE BOOK,
FROM DARKENED NOOK,

BOTH:

WE'RE MUST BE OUT OF OUR MIND!

F.K.: No matter. Come. We must go to the...laboratory!

EAGER: Perhaps I could fix you something to eat?

F.K.: Bring it to me. And fetch the log book from my quarters. I'll be in the laboratory.

(F.K. exits through the stairway door.)

EAGER: I don't know if I like the tone of this.

PORTRAIT: Hey, what have you got to lose?

EAGER: I don't want to get into trouble.

PORTRAIT: How much trouble can a poet get you into?

EAGER: Well...you're probably right.

F.K.: (*Voice from offstage*) **EAGER!**

EAGER: Coming!

(EAGER starts toward the stairs, stops, and exits toward the quarters of F.K.)

PORTRAIT: Of course I'm right. I've been right for two hundred and sixteen years. Right over here, or right over there, or right down the hall.

SCENE V -- *As lights come up, PORTRAIT is asleep. He suddenly wakes up.*

PORTRAIT: Hark! I hear the sounds of an arrival! If I was a picture of a dog, I'd bark.

(A knock on the door, a pause, another knock, then the door is cautiously opened, and LADY GWENDOLYN steps inside.)

LADY GWENDOLYN: Hello! Is anyone home?

(She wanders around the room, then hears a sound from the stair door, goes over and opens the door.)

Hello? Is anybody down there?

(A scurrying sound, and EAGER, then F.K. breathlessly rush in, closing the door behind them.)

EAGER: There's not a body down there!

F.K.: (*Covering for EAGER*) There's no..body down there. Not now, that is. We're all up here.

LADY GWENDOLYN: I didn't mean to intrude.

EAGER: I should think not.

F.K.: Nonsense. Feel free to intrude whenever you choose. I'm glad that you dropped by for a visit.

LADY GWENDOLYN: Well, it's not really a visit. I stopped by to get my uncle.

F.K.: Your uncle?

EAGER: He must still be in the maze.

(EAGER rushes from room.)

LADY GWENDOLYN: So, how are you doing?

EAGER: (*Offstage*) **CONSTABLE?**

CONSTABLE: *(Offstage, faintly)* Here in the maze.

F.K.: Oh, I'm keeping busy.

LADY GWENDOLYN: Too busy, from the looks of you.

EAGER: *(Offstage)* LADY GWENDOLYN IS HERE!

CONSTABLE: *(Offstage)* I'll be right there. Uh, where are you?

EAGER: *(Offstage)* OVER HERE!

F.K.: We've been cleaning up the laboratory.

LADY GWENDOLYN: I've never been down there.

(LADY GWENDOLYN steps toward the stair door, but F.K. carefully steps in front of her.)

F.K.: Oh, it's still a mess down there, terribly dusty.

LADY GWENDOLYN: I don't mind a little mess.

F.K.: And the rats...

LADY GWENDOLYN: *(Turns back)* Rats?

F.K.: I'm afraid so. Rather large ones, at that.

CONSTABLE: *(Offstage, still faint)* Where in blazes are you?

EAGER: *(Offstage)* RIGHT OVER HERE!

LADY GWENDOLYN: Do you think you are going to like it here?

F.K.: Oh yes. I'm settling in, trying to get organized; but I'm delighted to be here.

LADY GWENDOLYN: Perhaps you could come to our house for dinner tomorrow? A welcoming dinner.
Uncle will want to introduce you to some of the townspeople.

F.K.: Yes, I will look forward to it.

(EAGER and CONSTABLE enter.)

EAGER: I found him.

CONSTABLE: *(Indignantly)* You didn't FIND me, I wasn't LOST! I was merely gathering up my equipment.
Thought for a bit that you might be wandering in the maze, and I'd have to guide you out.

LADY GWENDOLYN: Doctor Styne...

F.K.: Frank.

LADY GWENDOLYN: Frank...accepts our invitation to dinner tomorrow.

CONSTABLE: Good, good. I'll just leave my equipment out there in the corridor. That maze will take a lot of work, so I'll be back the first chance I get.

F.K.: That will be ...fine. Until tomorrow?

(CONSTABLE and LADY GWENDOLYN exit.)

EAGER: I don't like him being around so much.

F.K.: He won't bother us. Isn't she beautiful?

EAGER: I...uh...didn't notice.

F.K.: *(Incredulously)* Didn't notice?

EAGER: I mean, certainly, sir. Quite beautiful, magnificent, extraordinary, absolutely astound...

F.K.: Eager?

EAGER: Yes, doctor?

F.K.: Let's get back to the laboratory.

EAGER: Certainly, doctor.

(LIGHTS FADE.)

SCENE VI -- *F.K. is pacing back and forth, while EAGER is nervously watching him, sitting and brushing a long coat.)*

F.K.: The most important part of a body is the brain. That is the control center of everything. I wonder if we need a very special brain.

(F.K. is thoughtful, and keeps eyeing EAGER, who in turn is getting more and more nervous.)

We need the brain of someone...maybe not too bright...

EAGER: I was VERY good in school!

F.K.: ...and not too dumb...

EAGER: Of course, that was a long time ago.

F.K.: ...not too sick...

EAGER: I HAVE been feeling a little poorly.

F.K.: ...yet, not too healthy...

EAGER: But I'm feeling better.

F.K.: ...not too mobile...

EAGER: I think I'll go for a walk.

(EAGER stands and raises hand to wave bye.)

F.K.: ...perhaps a volunteer...

(EAGER quickly jerks his hand down.)

I'll have to think about it some more. Is my coat ready?

EAGER: Yes, doctor.

(F.K. puts on his coat and is ready to leave. EAGER dusts him off with a little whisk broom.)

F.K.: Do you really think I look all right.

EAGER: Yes, doctor. Quite all right, beautiful, mag...

F.K.: I understand. Do YOU understand YOUR instructions?

EAGER: Don't worry about me, doctor. I know exactly what to do. It'll soon be dark, and I have a few more preparations to take care of in the laboratory.

F.K.: Very well. Goodbye, I may be out late.

(F.K. exits.)

EAGER: So will I, doctor, so will I.

MUSICAL # 5 -- GOING CHOPPIN’

EAGER

OUT ON A DARK AND STORMY NIGHT,
WITH FOG AS THICK AS SOUP.
A FIGURE LEAVES THE CASTLE DOOR,
WITH A HUMP, A LIMP, AND A STOOP.
WHAT DUTY CALLS WITH VOICE SO FIERCE,
TO SEND HIM ON HIS WAY?
A MOANING SOUND DRIFTS 'CROSS THE MOOR,
AND THEN WE HEAR HIM SAY:

GOING CHOPPIN’,
GOTTA BE BACK BY DAWN.
GOING CHOPPIN’,
I’M TAKING MY SPADE ALONG.

I HEARD JOE SCHMITT HAD PASSED AWAY,
THEY PUT HIM IN THE GROUND TODAY.
WHILE POOR JOE KNOCKS ON HEAVEN'S DOOR,
I'LL TAKE WHAT HE DON'T NEED NO MORE.

GOING CHOPPIN',
PUSHING MY CHOPPIN' CART.
GOING CHOPPIN',
DON'T ANYONE HAVE A HEART?
GOING CHOPPIN',
CHOPPIN' ALL NIGHT LONG.

THE FIRST FAINT LIGHT OF DAY APPEARS,
LET DARKNESS BEAR THE SHAME.
THAT SAME STRANGE SHAPE, BUT DIFFERENT NOW,
SACK FILLED WITH GROTESQUE GAME.
THIS HUNTER, NOT OF LIFE, BUT DEATH,
SNEAKS IN THE CASTLE DOOR;
BUT EVEN AS HE DISAPPEARS,
WE HEAR HIS SONG ONCE MORE.

GOING CHOPPIN',
GOTTA BE BACK BY DAWN.
GOING CHOPPIN',
I'M TAKING MY SPADE ALONG.

I HEARD THE FUNERAL BELL TODAY,
I GRABBED MY SPADE WITHOUT DELAY.
I'LL DIG THE GRAVE TO LAY HIM IN,

THEN LATER DIG HIM UP AGAIN.

GOING CHOPPIN’,
PUSHING MY CHOPPIN’ CART.
GOING CHOPPIN’,
DON'T ANYONE HAVE A HEART?
GOING CHOPPIN’,
CHOPPIN’ ALL NIGHT LONG.

SCENE VII -- *EAGER comes stumbling, exhausted up the stairs, his hump moved again. he goes to a cabinet and gets a bottle.)*

PORTRAIT: You're a sight for sore eyes.

EAGER: *(Snaps his fingers)* EYES! I knew there was something that I was forgetting.

PORTRAIT: I'm glad you could put your finger on it.

EAGER: FINGERS! I'd better start making notes.

PORTRAIT: Make yourself a "chopping list" of sorts?

EAGER: *(Laughs)* A chopping list! That's good!

(F.K. enters from the stairs, also looking exhausted. EAGER was poised to drink from the bottle, but lowers it quickly, and gets two glasses and pours two drinks.)

F.K.: What's so funny?

EAGER: I'm making out a "CHOPPING" list!

F.K.: That's a little gross.

(Laughs)

Or, at least, it takes GUTS.

EAGER: I may have to "shake a LEG" tonight.

F.K.: *(Giggles)* Keep an EYE out.

EAGER: *(Singing)* I'll only have EYES for you...

(They continue their banter, getting more and more tickled as they drink from the glasses.)

F.K.: We must TOE the line!

EAGER: I'll lend you a HAND!

F.K.: Do you have the STOMACH for it?

EAGER: I'm all EARS!

F.K.: Have a HEART!

EAGER: I can't quite put my FINGER on it!

F.K.: Hold your TONGUE!

EAGER: (*Turns as if to go.*) I'll be right BACK!

F.K.: Better ARM yourself!

EAGER: I come from a family of LONG LIVERS!

(Both convulse in hysterical laughter.)

MUSICAL # 6 -- MAD

F.K.: We're bad!

EAGER: We're sad!

F.K.:

SOME FOLKS MAY THINK I’M GOING MAD!

EAGER:

I TOTALLY DISAGREE!

F.K.:

THERE ARE WHISPERS THAT I’M ACTING STRANGE.

EAGER:

THAT POSSIBLY COULD BE

F.K.:

I’VE HEARD IT SAID MY MIND IS DEAD.

EAGER:

NOT TRUE!

F.K.:

I’VE NEVER FELT SO MUCH ALIVE!

EAGER:

THEY SIMPLY DON’T KNOW YOU.
THIS OLD CASTLE HAS BEEN MY LIFE.

F.K.:

BUT IT’S NOT ENDED YET.

EAGER:

I HAVE NEVER STRAYED TOO FAR FROM RIGHT.

F.K.:

NOT BEEN BEFRIENDED YET.

EAGER:

HOW CAN THEY SAY I’M WEIRD? NOT TRUE!

F.K.:

IT’S DECEIVING

EAGER:

I’LL SHOW THEM ALL BEFORE I’M THROUGH!

F.K.:

SOON THEY’LL BE BELIEVING.

BOTH:

ARE WE GLAD, BAD OR ON THE VERGE OF MAD?
ARE WE GLAD, BAD OR CAUGHT UP IN A FAD?
IF THERE’S ANYONE WHO KNOWS THE ANSWER,
TELL US! DON’T BE SHY!
WE’LL FIND OUT BY AND BY AND BY!

F.K.:

SOME FOLKS MAY THINK I’M GOING MAD!

EAGER:

I TOTALLY DISAGREE!

F.K.:

THERE ARE WHISPERS THAT I’M ACTING STRANGE.

EAGER:

THAT POSSIBLY COULD BE

F.K.

I’VE HEARD IT SAID MY MIND IS DEAD.

EAGER:

NOT TRUE!

F.K.:

I’VE NEVER FELT SO MUCH ALIVE!

EAGER:

THEY SIMPLY DON’T KNOW YOU.

BOTH:

ARE WE GLAD, BAD OR ON THE VERGE OF MAD?

ARE WE GLAD, BAD OR CAUGHT UP IN A FAD?

IF THERE’S ANYONE WHO KNOWS THE ANSWER,

TELL US! DON’T BE SHY!

WE’LL FIND OUT BY AND BY AND BY!

(BLACKOUT)

19 more pages in Act Two