

**ACT ONE**  
**Scene 8**

Fred, Inga,  
Frau B., Igor

Start

*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*

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 vasn'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 &amp; INGA

*(together)*

He vas your boy friend?!

## FRAU BLUCHER

Yesss!

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LOVE COMES WHEN YOU LEAST SUSPECT IT,  
LOVE DANCES IN ON A WHIM, ..

**End**