ELVIS PRESLEY, STEPSON OF FRANKENSTEIN

By Buster Cearley
Based on an idea by Eddie Cope

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STORY OF THE PLAY

Dr. Frank N. Stein, great-grandson to the fourth power of the original monster maker, is a crusty replica of the old-world scientist, with an accent to prove it. He has developed a magic clone box to be put to good use for a brighter tomorrow - if he can get a huge amount of money from "the foundation."

Instead he is forced to demonstrate the box's awesome powers in a bizarre way when persuaded by his pretty daughter, Julie, an Elvis Presley fan of extravagant proportions. She possesses one hair from the head of The King, acquired at a concert, and would like to see it put to good use -- an Elvis clone! Unfortunately the guy with the blue suede shoes and guitar who pops out of the box can't sing a note. And it doesn't get any better when he and the doctor go back into the clone box and their personalities are switched.

To make matters even more confused and outrageous there's Julie's boyfriend, Mike, an ambitious young TV reporter; Dr. Arness Sweeney, a psychoanalyst and daughter of the housekeeper; Dr. Sweeney's patient, Tommy, with multiple personalities, and other folks all bent on pursuing their own secret agenda, Elvis-wise. This comedy is a guaranteed audience pleaser.

PROPS

MIKE: Tape recorder.
JULIE: Engagement ring, locket with a hair inside.
ARNESS: Checkbook in her shoulder bag.
ELVIS: Guitar.
STEIN: Pencil, watch.
SWEENEY: Apron, hanky, business card.
O'MALLEY: Check, receipt book, shoulder bag.
SET PROPS: Long table with box of tissues, two glasses of yellow liquid, bottles, glass cases, microscope, pads, pencils and pens, vials, glass container with "spiders."

CAST OF CHARACTERS *(5 m, 4 w)*

MIKE FRESNO: Ambitious young TV reporter. Engaged to Julie Stein.
JULIE STEIN: Beautiful, protective daughter of Dr. Stein.
DR. FRANK N. STEIN: Renowned, ingenious, and eccentric research scientist. Classic Frankenstein. Old, crusty, thick dialect.
SWEENEY: Middle-aged housekeeper, homespun, but with a secret agenda.
ELVIS PRESLEY: Clone extraordinaire.
DR. ARNESS SWEENEY: Lovely psychoanalyst, daughter of the housekeeper, with a secret agenda.
TOMMY LESS: Replete with multiple personalities, each one totally exploited by Dr. Arness.
BARDNEY DIPSWEET: A secret agent (performing artist's agent) with a secret agenda.
DR. MARILYN MILLICENT O'MALLEY: Representing the Monticello Foundation. Beautiful and bubbly.

SETTING

A typical lab scene with a long table filled with bottles, glass cases, microscope, pads, pencils, phone, etc. UPS there is an upright box, roughly the size of two telephone booths, with a large lever on the side. The hall door is SR and the door to the garden SL.

SOUND EFFECTS

Sounds include phone and doorbell rings and numerous clone box grinds and hums.

ACT I
Scene 1

(AT RISE: MIKE FRESNO is browsing around, curiously eyeing bottles, vials, etc., and he shows special interest in the upright box. Around his shoulder is strapped a tape recorder. His curiosity entails sniffing, grimacing, peering; the usual business. He also examines a few drawers. But always his attention is drawn back to the large box. While he is poking about, JULIE enters. She catches him rummaging through a drawer. He sheepishly closes it.)

JULIE: Can I help you in any way...like out the door?

MIKE: Uhhhh...yes. Hello, Julie. I was looking for...uhhh... some Kleenex. Ah, here we are. *(HE extracts a tissue from a large box on the lab table, and not really needing it, stuffs it in a pocket.)* In case of emergency. *(An idiot smile.)*

JULIE: What are you doing here?! Who let you in?!

MIKE: Why, Sweeney, of course. She and I are old friends.

JULIE: I doubt that, but I'll speak to her about it all the same. In any case, Daddy is very busy in his la-bor-atory. He can't see you. I can't see you either, but that's another story. So, put that Kleenex back from whence you stole it, and go!

Mike: *(Puts Kleenex back, looks about, puzzled.)* I thought this was his lab...la-bor-a-tory. It certainly looks like a la-bor -a-tory...

JULIE: Are you calling my daddy a liar? Beast! Leave the premises at once! *(Points to hall door, SR, then changes HER mind and points to door to the garden SL.)* That way! I don't want you sneaking around in the house.

MIKE: Julie, will you cut it out? I'm here to interview Dr. Stein about his latest experiment. Rumors are running rife in the city. Is he on the brink of an astounding scientific breakthrough? Or...is he?

JULIE: My father is always on the brink of an astounding scientific breakthrough. Hardly news.

MIKE: *(Quickly flicking on HIS mike.)* "Dr. Frank N. Stein - a name that conjures up...conjurings. Word has it that he is embarking on an enterprise of Star-Trekkian magnitude." *(Flicks mike off.)* That's a little nugget I'll use on the nightly news tonight, with a little editing, of course. Now...*(Flicks on mike.)*...give me the frills, Julie. We'll save the meat-and- potatoes for the color cameras.

JULIE: *(Screaming.)* OUT!!!

MIKE: Julie, Dr. Stein is a hot item.

JULIE: A hot item who likes his privacy. What a pity you don't feel the same way.

MIKE: The public has a right to know...and so does everybody else.

JULIE: *(Doesn't hide HER disgust.)* Daddy has a rather low opinion of the public in general, and nasty, nosy, numbskull media snoopers like...oh, who comes to mind? <u>YOU</u> for instance...in particular. I share his opinion. Any questions?

MIKE: Julie, you don't mean that. Most of it, anyway.

JULIE: Don't tell me what I mean! Go! *(Does HER double-pointing bit.)* And take your horrid camera crew that pitched camp on our front stoop with you! There'll be no pictures taken here. Not yet, and not by you!

MIKE: Julie...

JULIE: Don't call me Julie! And turn that mike off!

MIKE: But that's your name...your beautiful name. *(HE turns off mike.)*

JULIE: Ha! A lot you care! *(Turns HER back on HIM.)*

MIKE: Julie...dearest...I do care. *(SHE wilts momentarily, then moves away. MIKE flicks on his mike, speaks with an oratory tone.)* "It's a cockeyed world we live in..."

JULIE: So?

MIKE: *(Turns off mike.)* All I'm saying is we shouldn't let the petty differences of two people in love obscure the more important larger picture. And vice versa the other way around in reverse.

JULIE: *(As puzzled by his phrasing as HE seems to be.)* Mike...?

MIKE: Call me "Mike."

JULIE: Try to give me a simple “yes or no” answer.

MIKE: *(Enthusiastically.)* Yes!! Yes! Yes!

JULIE: *(Raising a hand to quiet HIM.)* A simple “yes or no.” Are you still in therapy?

MIKE: What kind of question is that? Gosh, Julie! I...I feel threatened! That’s so unkind! Ohhh!

JULIE: Yes or no?

MIKE: Well, yes...and no! Right now I’m...between therapists, shall we say? But, hey --

JULIE: Just wanted to set the record straight. Now, where was I? Oh, yes! *(Turning on HIM angrily.)* “Two people in love"?! Ha! “Petty differences"?! Ha and double ha! What do you mean by “the more important larger picture”? No, don’t tell me! Tell it to your therapist, if you can find one who can stand you. Maybe you should try another planet. In another galaxy! But I’m not interested in anything you have to say! *(Pause.)* What do you mean by “The more important larger picture”?!

MIKE: Well, that’s what I’m here to find out from your father. We can settle this little “Elvis” thing later, over coffee and a cigarette, provided we both take up smoking. *(HE smiles; SHE doesn’t.)*

JULIE: I wouldn’t have coffee with you if it were the last cup on earth! *(Sudden shock.)* “This little Elvis thing"?! There you go, again! How dare you! Elvis, “little”?! Elvis, a “thing”?! Ohhhh! This time you’ve gone too far! Far too far! Don’t ever speak to me again without asking permission! Never! Do I make myself clear?

MIKE: Hey, honey, I’m an Elvis fan, too...sort of.

JULIE: What?!! “Sort of”? What does that mean? No, don’t tell me! I’m not interested in your opinion on anything! Especially Elvis! Don’t even mention his name! Never! Never!!

MIKE: *(Droning on.)* Yeah...well. He could have been a star! A super-star maybe. Like Chubby Domino or even Eddie Fisher. But all that rock and roll and roll and rock...*(Gyrates HIS hips...Gomer Pyle like.)* Goll-ol-lee! A bit over-ripe, don’t you think? You know, too much of a bad thing. *(A feeble smile.)*

End of Freeview

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