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Frankenstein vs the Horrendous Goo**

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# FRANKENSTEIN VS THE HORRENDOUS GOO

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT BY  
*Treanor Wooten Baring*



*Frankenstein vs the Horrendous Goo*

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## Character List

2M 3W + 6 Either

- CHELSEA:** Chemistry club president. A natural leader, addicted to her phone, friendly but not emotional.
- PETRA:** Brilliant and kind chemistry club member, caring and really, really into chemistry.
- DREW:** Popular basketball star, chemistry club member. Can be snarky but has a romantic side.
- JAKE:** Sci-Fi enthusiast, chemistry club member. Into all things science fiction, on the lookout for aliens and into the study of human nature.
- ABBIE:** Younger theatre club student. Cute, sweet and smart. Everyone's little sister.
- RANDALL:** Student volunteer school announcer. Teacher's pet, the student you always find in the office helping out.
- MISS NULLAM:** The school attendance counselor. Fake nice, stickler for the rules.
- MRS. LOMONOVSKY:** Parent who can't stop baking cupcakes and volunteering at the school.
- FRANKENSTEIN:** Lovable and menacing, just a big baby of a creepy monster.
- VARIOUS CLUB MEMBERS:** Offstage voices.
- CENTRAL CASTING RECEPTIONIST:** The nasally voice that answers the phone at the talent agency.
- DANNY PEEVERSTON:** Nerdy student, means well.

CHELSEA, JAKE, PETRA, RANDALL, DANNY, and CENTRAL CASTING may be played by boys or girls. Alternative names are CARLOS, ZOË, KELVIN, RHONDA, and FRANNY.

## Set Requirements

**The chemistry classroom:** Tables, tall lab tables and stools or chairs. On the lab tables there are bottles, beakers, chemistry set equipment, spray bottles marked “Air Freshener” and other homemade chemistry projects.

**The attendance office:** Can be represented in front of the curtain or off to the side with the chemistry classroom center stage. MISS NULLAM’s desk and her props are the only set requirements and can stay in place during the chemistry classroom scenes.

**A hallway:** Can be represented in front of the curtain or to the side. Only requirement is a string or curtain where notes can be hung or attached.

## Staging Notes

The horrendous goo is invisible to the audience. Its presence is indicated by the players’ movement. Once a character has been “goo-ed,” they must move slowly as though they are walking in the slime.

One object associated with their character, such as the basketball net for DREW or the cell phone for CHELSEA is goo’ed to each character’s costume after the slime moves through. PETRA holds onto her notebook and ABBIE holds on to her stuffed animal.

In the opening scene, tables are pulled and chairs are knocked over by the goo. Use strings attached to the legs of each to make the effect. Keep it simple and low tech.

**Scene I**

*A middle school chemistry class, the present, after school chemistry club meeting.*

*AT RISE: A group of students in a meeting. CHELSEA is standing behind a table.*

CHELSEA: Anything else before we adjourn the chemistry club meeting? *(an eager student waves her hand in the air)* What's up, Petra?

PETRA: I hate to bring this up, and I'm not really sure I should, but it seems like...I mean, I don't want to accuse anybody...

DREW: Oh, just spit it out!

JAKE: There's no need to be rude.

DREW: I have to be at basketball practice in five minutes. I don't have time for this.

JAKE: I think we should listen to what she has to say. It might be important.

PETRA: Thanks, Jake, that's nice of you. I mean, Drew, it's not that you aren't nice, of course. You can be awfully nice when you try.

CHELSEA: Go ahead, Petra.

PETRA: You know how Ms. Benson gave us that assignment on polymers? Well, I was experimenting with some formulas, and I wrote them down on waterproof graph paper, and then, Ms. Benson assigned Danny Peeverston to my group. So I was catching him up on how polymers are chains of molecules, you know, "Poly" meaning "many," "mer" meaning "units"...

DREW: Ok, go on.

PETRA: You know how if you change any one of part of the formula, the whole compound changes? Like one minute you've got laundry detergent and the next, slime. Way too cool. Anyway, I might have gotten just a wee bit angry at Danny Peeverston. I mean, he means well, but he spilled all our de-ionized water...

DREW: *(starting off calmly, trying to be nice, then getting more agitated or sarcastic, typical "DREW-speak")* Petra, we really appreciate you telling us all this, very thoughtful of you, so thank you, really, but **COULD YOU GET ON WITH IT!**

JAKE: (*flipping through a Sci-Fi magazine*) I have a bad feeling about this. I was reading in my new *Sci-Fi World* magazine about interplanetary invaders from the Messier galaxy in search of water...

*CHELSEA's phone text alerts chime one after another.*

CHELSEA: I gotta take these. So I don't think we should cry over spilt de-ionized water. Meeting adj....

PETRA: Wait, Chelsea, that's not the end of the story. I'm worried about what happened next.

JAKE: What happened next?

*School alarms start ringing. Everyone looks around confused. Then another student, ABBIE, runs in, hysterical.*

ABBIE: You guys are the chemistry club, right?

DREW: (*shyly, like he's got a crush*) Hi, Abbie, how you doing?

ABBIE: You gotta come quick! The school is being taken over by...by... by...a HORRENDOUS GOO!

*CHELSEA's phone rings again as an alert sounds over the PA.*

RANDALL: (*over the PA*) Attention all John Dalton School students and staff. We have had reports of an unidentified substance on our school property. If you come in contact with any mysterious material (*clears throat*)...

DREW: You mean besides what's on the American History exam?

*Everyone shushes DREW.*

RANDALL: ...ahem...do not attempt to approach, touch, or otherwise communicate with said mysterious material under any circumst... (*panicked*) Ah...ah...noooooo!!!... (*voice trails off in harrowing scream*)

DREW: That's Randall, the volunteer student announcer! He's in my Spanish class. What do you think has happened to him?

JAKE: It could be alien invaders!

PETRA: That's what I'm trying to tell you...about my formulas...

ABBIE: There's no time! The school is getting goo-ed by a disgusting horrible green sticky slime...

PETRA: My worst fears. A mutant polymer!

*They all turn to stage left and point to the floor, gasping in horror and backing up. ALL react to the slime as if it were really there, although no real green slime has to enter.*

ALL: Look! The HORRENDOUS GOO!!

*Chairs and tables pulled by strings from backstage fall over as if slime is knocking them over. ALL react to the invisible slime coming closer to them, gradually engulfing them like quicksand.*

ABBIE: What do we do now?

JAKE: What is it? What is it made of?

PETRA: My guess is some kind of non-Newtonian fluid with variable viscosity.

*ALL try to get out of the goo, but can't. They sink to the ground.*

DREW: Thank you, Petra, for providing the chemical make up of THE HORRIFIC GREEN SLIME THAT'S COVERING US ALL!!

ALL, VARIOUSLY: Help!!! Oh, no!! I can't get it off of me!! How horrendous!! Gross! Yuck! Ahhhhhh.....

*LIGHTS FADE.*

## Scene 2

*SETTING: The school attendance office, represented by a desk and a chair in front of curtain and/or stage right with a sign "Attendance" placed either on or behind the desk. On the desk is an old-fashioned telephone and piles of paperwork. A huge rubber stamp labeled "DENIED" is facing the audience.*

*AT RISE: MISS NULLAM sits at the desk, going through papers and stamping them loudly with the DENIED stamp. The telephone rings.*

MISS NULLAM: (picking up the receiver, answering in a grating, fake nice voice) John Dalton School Attendance Office, Miss Nullam speaking. (high-pitched gibberish on the other end of the line) Hello, Mrs. Wilson. (gibberish voice explains something) A fever of one hundred and four? That's terrible. (more gibberish explanation) Be



sure to get a note from the doctor to return to school. (*more gibberish, more agitated*) His doctor has left for an expedition to Antarctica? How exciting! But, no, Brandon will not be allowed to return to school without a note from his doctor. (*angry gibberish, faster, ending with a question*) Well, I don't know, call NASA. (*she hangs up, stamps some papers loudly with the DENIED rubber stamp, phone rings*) Dalton School Attendance Office, Miss Nullam speaking. (*lower pitched gibberish voice this time*). Hello, Mr. Alvarez. (*gibberish explains something*). An orthodontist appointment? What time? (*short answer from gibberish voice*). Oh, no, that won't do. We have an underwater ribbon-dancing team pep rally at that time. (*angry gibberish*) A waiting list? Six months to get an appointment? (*condescendingly*) We've had this pep rally planned for longer than that, Mr. Alvarez. (*insulting gibberish, MISS NULLAM responds matter-of-factly*) I'm not sure that's actually physically possible, Mr. Alvarez. (*Hangs up, stamps more papers with DENIED. The phone rings again.*) Dalton School Attendance Off... (*alarmed gibberish*) No, Mrs. Quan, (*calmly*) I don't know anything about a horrendous goo taking over the school. (*hysterical gibberish*) The twins were "goo-ed?" How odd. Do you have a note from the doctor?

*MISS NULLAM hangs up. RANDALL crawls onstage left, pulling himself along.*

RANDALL: Miss Nullam! Help!! I'm being goo-ed!

MISS NULLAM: (*peering over her desk suspiciously*) Now, Randall, I'm not excusing you from your Spanish test tomorrow.

*MISS NULLAM picks up her DENIED stamp, but gasps as she, too, "sees" the goo. Stealthily, she comes out from around her desk and approaches it with the stamp wielded as a weapon.*

RANDALL: No, Miss Nullam, don't go near it! This is a HORRENDOUS goo! Even YOU can't deny it...

*He screams and moans, agonizingly taken over by the slime. MISS NULLAM begins to succumb herself as "it" makes its way past RANDALL on the ground. She swings her DENIED stamp at it, trying to stamp it out.*

MISS NULLAM: Denied, denied, denied, I said. Don't you polymers listen?

*Finally, she is dragged down by the slime and slumps on top of RANDALL, holding the DENIED stamp up in the air and slowly lowering it like she's sinking in*

*quick sand. Silence. More silence. The phone rings, unanswered. The school doorbell rings and MRS. LOMONOVSKY appears from stage left with a tray of cupcakes in her hand.*

**MRS. LOMONOVSKY:** *(not seeing RANDALL and MISS NULLAM on the floor)* Hello? Is anybody here? It's Mrs. Lomonovsky from the parent hospitality committee. I brought the cupcakes for the principal's birthday party! Hello? Anybody here?

*Her feet get stuck in the slime. She tries to move forward, the tray of cupcakes tipping from side to side as she gets stuck in the invisible slime. She continues to tip the cupcakes comically from side to side, then spies RANDALL and MISS NULLAM on the floor.*

Miss Nullam, why are you covered in green slime? *(MISS NULLAM moans an inaudible explanation)* It wouldn't be denied? You can't move? You won't be able to answer the phone any more? Oh, that's too bad.

*MRS. LOMONOVSKY shoots a wickedly pleased look at the audience. But her pleasure is short-lived as the slime begins to take her over. She gets drawn down onto the floor with the others, screaming. The cupcakes go flying off the tray into the air as she sinks into the slime. The phone rings.*

### Scene 3

**SETTING:** *Back in the chemistry room.*

**AT RISE:** *The chairs and tables are all strewn on the floor, blocking the audience view of the chemistry club members lying behind on the floor. A beat after lights up, CHELSEA pops up from behind them, a cell phone goo-ed on her ear.*

**CHELSEA:** We're alive! The horrendous goo has moved on!

*JAKE emerges from behind the chairs, a magazine glued to his chest.*

**JAKE:** Say, my Sci-Fi magazine won't come off!

**CHELSEA:** Here, I'll help you. *(CHELSEA tries to help him pull it off with one hand)* Why are you reading a paper magazine anyway?

JAKE: I like the feel of real paper. (*they struggle to pull the magazine off his chest but cannot*)

CHELSEA: I think it likes you, too. What is this—Super Goo?

JAKE: (*notices her cell phone*) It might help if you got off your phone for once.

CHELSEA: (*trying to pull her phone off her ear*) I can't get the phone off me! (*PETRA stands up, holding a large red binder*) and, look, Petra's chemical formula binder is goo-ed to her, too!

PETRA: Say, why do you have that magazine goo-ed on your chest, Jake?

JAKE: It's my *Sci-Fi World* magazine. And Chelsea's phone is goo-ed on to her, also. It's like the horrendous goo knows what we're really glued to and, well, glued it to us!

PETRA: I learned about this in psychology class! We're all goo-ed to our individual transitional objects!

JAKE: What's a transitional object?

PETRA: It's something we hold on to comfort us, like a security blanket. Everyone has something we can't let go of. The slime has made it so we REALLY can't let go of it!

CHELSEA: That means Drew will be attached to...

*DREW stands up, a basketball net over his head.*

PETRA, CHELSEA & JAKE: ...a basketball net?

DREW: Where's Abbie? Is she ok?

*ABBIE stands up, a stuffed animal in her hands.*

PETRA: Oh, Abbie, that's so sweet. You get to hug a beanie baby all day. No offense, Drew, but you look kinda ridiculous with a net on your head. I hope it's not too uncomfortable.

DREW: I guess the binder isn't too great either, is it?

PETRA: That's really nice of you to ask, Drew.

DREW: (*showing off for ABBIE*) That's ok, I'm really sorry about being mean to you earlier. The near-death by horrendous goo incident has changed my whole outlook on life. I'll never take not having a basketball net goo-ed to my head for granted again.

JAKE: This is touching, but I'm a little concerned about the rest of the school. If we could only hear something from them...

*Bloodcurdling screams from offstage.*

CHELSEA: That's next door! Who's meeting in there today?

JAKE: Chess club!

*Sounds of clanking pots and pans, then wailing and screaming.*

CHELSEA: Uh Oh. That's coming from the cafeteria. The gourmet cooking club must have gotten goo-ed.

*More cries of agony, this time all male voices.*

DREW: There goes the football team.

*Operatic screams with voice warm up exercises thrown in.*

ABBIE: Not the drama club?! That's my club! We're rehearsing for *You Can't Take it with You*.

DREW: (*struggling with the basketball net on his head*) Now, it's *You Gotta Take it with You*.

*Tuba sounds and loud cymbals clashing, then screams.*

ALL: The Band!!

PETRA: They'll all be goo-ed to their musical instruments!

CHELSEA: Just think of the tuba players!

PETRA: Jared Lee plays piano in the orchestra, doesn't he? Imagine having to drag a baby grand around the school!

JAKE: He's really into comic books, too, though. Maybe the horrendous goo will choose that. If it has any heart at all.

CHELSEA: It's a POLYMER. It doesn't have a heart, or a brain for that matter.

ABBIE: How does the slime know what all of our greatest attachments are, then?

JAKE: Chelsea's right. Slime can't "know" anything. Maybe the whole thing isn't chemical after all. It could be psychological.

DREW: (*angrily*) You think this basketball net is a figment of my imagination?

PETRA: Um, guys. I think it's real. Remember I was telling you about Danny spilling the de-ionized water on my formula binder?

JAKE: Was there a formula for a mutant polymer?

PETRA: No, just regular slime. The paper was waterproof, but the ink wasn't. Then, at lunch, I left my binder on my desk, and when I came back, three pages had been torn out! Somebody stole my formulas!

CHELSEA: So a thief stole your messed up pages, guessed at the blurry ingredients and ended up creating a mutant polymer?

PETRA: Very small molecular changes can result in vastly different compounds, you know.

ABBIE: That means it could be anybody in the school. Even someone in the chemistry club.

*ALL exchange paranoid looks and try to escape from each other, but their feet are "stuck" in the slime, so they mime walking as though they were in deep sticky mud.*

PETRA: We're all stuck in the slime!

JAKE: It'll be summer break before we save the school at this rate!

DREW: Actually, that doesn't sound too bad.

*More screaming from offstage, then a serious voice breaks in.*

OFF STAGE VOICE: With all due respect, Mr. Goo, your argument is spurious on several fronts. Firstly, I take issue with....ahhhhhh!!!  
Nooooo!!!!

ALL: The Debate Club!

CHELSEA: Well, I don't intend to stay stuck in this room for the rest of my life.

PETRA: Maybe we can develop a chemical antidote.

CHELSEA: AND we need to call for help.

JAKE: We need someone immune to the slime to investigate who stole the formulas. Like maybe not a human. An alien.

ABBIE: I've got it! Call Central Casting!

CHELSEA: What's that?

ABBIE: It's a talent agency. Whenever we cast extras in the drama club, you know, like zombies, or vampires, Ms. Davis always yells out, "Call Central Casting!"

CHELSEA: It's worth a try. How do you make an actual phone call with this thing anyway?

PETRA: Voice dial? (*PETRA and CHELSEA both juggle the binder and the phone in a comic dance until PETRA gets the phone button pushed. She speaks into the voice control of CHELSEA's phone.*) Call Central Casting.

*Phone dialing then sound of ringing. ALL look up surprised.*

DREW: Abbie, you're brilliant.

CENTRAL CASTING: (*in nasal voice, like an old-timey telephone operator, can be a character on a chair lit by spot, or an offstage voice*) Central Casting, how can I help you?

CHELSEA: This is the Dalton School chemistry club, it's an emergency. Please send someone over right away.

CENTRAL CASTING: Certainly, madam. We specialize in all sorts of clichés and stereotypes. Can you describe exactly what you're looking for?

*CHELSEA turns to the others. They begin brainstorming.*

ABBIE: This job will take a real go-getter.

JAKE: From another planet or galaxy.

DREW: Powerful. Muscular. Tough. Like a super-hero.

CHELSEA: Scientifically oriented.

JAKE: Forward thinking.

PETRA: And nice. So they can relate to our problems.

CHELSEA: Ok, got it. (*into the phone*) Please send us a futuristic, sensitive, brainy but brawny, energetic, friendly extraterrestrial... uh...with super-human strength.

CENTRAL CASTING: Mmmm, that might be hard right now. Everyone of that description has gone to the *Star Wars* convention. But we'll see what we can dig up.

CHELSEA: Did I mention it was urgent? Please hurry!!

*CHELSEA hangs up.*

PETRA: Let's try to create a chemical antidote while we wait.

*Screams and water splashing sounds, then gurgling and bubbling sounds and more screams.*

DREW: The swim team!! There's no time to lose!

*ALL move through the slime to pick up tables, gather supplies as more screams can be heard.*

## Scene 4

*SETTING: The attendance office.*

*AT RISE: RANDALL and MRS. LOMONOVSKY are still on the floor. MISS NULLAM is hidden on the floor behind her desk. MS. LOMONOVSKY has cupcakes goo-ed all over her costume. RANDALL has the school microphone goo-ed to him. RANDALL and MRS. LOMONOVSKY slowly pull themselves up, their feet still stuck to the ground.*

RANDALL: Mrs. Lomonovsky, what are you doing here?

MRS. LOMONOVSKY: I came to bring cupcakes for the principal's birthday.

RANDALL: But Olivia graduated from the school three years ago, didn't she?

MRS. LOMONOVSKY: I know, but I just can't seem to let go. I thought you were going to let a different student do the PA this year. Couldn't you find anyone to take your place?

RANDALL: I guess I didn't try very hard.

*RANDALL and MRS. LOMONOVSKY look sheepish and guilty. The phone rings. MISS NULLAM, disheveled, lifts herself up from behind her desk. She has sheets of paper with red DENIED stamped all over and the DENIED stamp goo-ed to her. She pats*

*her hair into place, straightens her collar and reaches for the phone.*

MISS NULLAM: *(in a hoarse, harried voice, not her cheerful self)* Dalton School Attendance Office, Miss Nullam speaking. *(crackling phone, gibberish explaining something)* I see. Thank you very much. *(she hangs up)*

RANDALL: Who was it, Miss Nullam?

MISS NULLAM: Central Casting. They said he should be here any minute now.

MRS. LOMONOVSKY: Who is he?

MISS NULLAM: It was a bad connection. I didn't get the last name. Frank something or other.

*The school doorbell rings. MISS NULLAM presses the buzzer. FRANKENSTEIN enters stage left. ALL gasp and MISS NULLAM tries to wield her DENIED stamp, but it's stuck to her. She ducks behind her desk. RANDALL and MRS. LOMONOVSKY back up with frightened expressions on their faces.*

FRANKENSTEIN: *(in low, very gruff voice, walking stiffly with arms out, monster-ish)* This John Dalton School? *(RANDALL and MRS. LOMONOVSKY nod, clinging together frightened)* Where Chemistry Club?

*RANDALL and MRS. LOMONOVSKY back up, slowly since they are still stuck.*

RANDALL: *(high-pitched scared voice)* Miss Nullam, this gentleman wants to know where the chemistry club meets. Miss Nullam?

MISS NULLAM: *(hidden behind the desk, raising a hand with a sheet of paper in it)* He'll have to sign in first.

MRS. LOMONOVSKY: *(a little hysterically)* Look, Miss Nullam, it's Frankenstein. You don't have to make him sign in!

*MISS NULLAM wags the paper assertively. RANDALL takes the paper and thrusts it in FRANKENSTEIN's direction. FRANKENSTEIN growls. MISS NULLAM, still under the desk, raises a pen, which RANDALL passes to the monster, who signs the paper and it gets passed back to MISS NULLAM.*



MISS NULLAM: Thank you, that will do. (*MISS NULLAM comes up from behind the desk. FRANKENSTEIN is startled by her appearance. MISS NULLAM hands him a hall pass.*) Here's your hall pass.

FRANKENSTEIN: (*growling, looking down at the hall pass and then up at MS. NULLAM, with a little glint in his eye*) Ahhh... (*FRANKENSTEIN moves toward her, arms out, menacingly. MISS NULLAM straightens her back defiantly, shaking with fear, but being very brave.*) You not scared? Most people scared of Frankenstein.

MISS NULLAM: (*still in fake nice voice*) I can't imagine why.

*MISS NULLAM clutches her DENIED stamp courageously. FRANKENSTEIN growls loudly and lurches toward the others, who cower. MISS NULLAM flinches, but doesn't budge.*

MRS. LOMONOVSKY: (*even more hysterically*) Just tell him where the chemistry room is so he'll leave us alone!

MISS NULLAM: (*speaking really quickly, still shaking but with her back very straight and putting on a brave face*) Hall 6, Room 332-B, go out this door, turn right, go through the double glass doors, take the second left, then an immediate right, the stairs will be on your left, then up three flights, take two lefts, a right, another left, go straight through the fifth green door on your right and the chemistry lab is the third blue door on the left.

FRANKENSTEIN: (*grunting and counting right and left on the fingers of his right and left hands*) I think I got it.

RANDALL: Really? It took me two years to find my way around this school.

*MRS. LOMONOVSKY shushes him frantically. FRANKENSTEIN exits. MISS NULLAM finally breathes out after the effort of being brave, and collapses in relief, slumping over the desk.*

MRS. LOMONOVSKY: (*still a little hysterically, angrily, talking to MISS NULLAM but not looking back at her*) Miss Nullam, you said his name was Frank! You didn't hear that his last name was—Enstein! As in Frank-Enstein!

RANDALL: Maybe no-one in the school will notice him.

*Hysterical screams from the school.*

VARIOUS OFFSTAGE VOICES: It's a monster!! Look, it's Frankenstein! Help!

*RANDALL and MRS. LOMONOVSKY notice MISS NULLAM passed out over desk. They try to revive her.*

**RANDALL:** Miss Nullam, please, wake up, we need you. (to MRS. LOMONOVSKY) I can't believe I just said that. (MISS NULLAM doesn't respond. RANDALL sits on the desk in despair.) First, we're attacked by a horrendous goo. Then Frankenstein shows up, and now Miss Nullam has fainted. How could this possibly get any worse??

*A crack of lightening, a boom of thunder, lights flicker before they go out completely to electric zapping sounds.*

## Scene 5

*SETTING: Chemistry Room*

*AT RISE: Very low lighting. The stage is "lit" by a few small LED hurricane lamps around the room. CHELSEA and JAKE have flashlights. ABBIE is stage left, JAKE and CHELSEA are upstage near the high lab tables, PETRA is stage right working on a table with beakers with different colored liquids in them. DREW is downstage near PETRA to the far stage right. Everyone is still goo-ed to their object and the floor. Lights should start very low and then can sneak up a little as the scene progresses.*

**CHELSEA:** (investigating around the room, slowly, since she is still stuck)  
The storm knocked out all the electricity!

**DREW:** Isn't there an emergency generator?

**CHELSEA:** The switch is in the hallway next to the office. Everyone must have been goo-ed. Looks like we're on our own.

*ALL look horrified.*

**ABBIE:** (cuddling her beanie baby) I'm getting really scared now.

**DREW:** It'll be all right, Abbie. I'll protect you.

**JAKE:** Saved by the man with a basketball net on his head, how romantic.

**CHELSEA:** Come on, guys, we've got to work together if we're going to develop the antidote to the horrendous goo.

PETRA: (*pouring liquids from one beaker to another*) Nothing I've tried works. And we're getting low on supplies.

DREW: (*starting calmly and then crazily trying to free his feet*) I'd run out and get some more, but well...I'M STUCK TO THE FLOOR BY A MUTANT POLYMER.

FRANKENSTEIN enters.

FRANKENSTEIN: Chemistry Club?

*CHELSEA shines her flashlight on his face from below making him look even scarier. ALL scream.*

ABBIE: Is that...is that...is it... who I think it is??

PETRA: It's...It's...

ALL: Frankenstein?!?!

*FRANKENSTEIN moves forward so he is next to ABBIE, who hides her head in her arms and screams, holding out the beanie baby toward FRANKENSTEIN like she's shooing him away with it. DREW tries to reach her. FRANKENSTEIN grunts and reaches out for the beanie baby in ABBIE's hands with a sweet curious expression. More screaming from everyone.*

DREW: Quick, do something!

CHELSEA: (*waving flashlight frantically toward a lab table with beakers and spray bottles on it*) Douse him with something, Jake!

*JAKE, immobilized by the goo, reaches out and grabs the nearest plastic spray bottle, marked AIR FRESHENER, he sprays it wildly in the air toward FRANKENSTEIN, who covers his eyes and shrieks. ABBIE is lightly sprayed as well.*

DREW: (*outraged*) Air Freshener?

JAKE: It was the nearest thing!

DREW: (*in typical DREW-speak, he starts out calm and sarcastic and then shouts the last phrase*) Just great, we have no electricity, there's a mutant polymer goo-ing us all down, a horrible monster is attacking us, BUT AT LEAST THE ROOM SMELLS GOOD!

FRANKENSTEIN: (*whimpering like a hurt child*) Why you do that?

*FRANKENSTEIN reaches out around him blindly, giving ABBIE's beanie baby a squeeze. It stays goo-ed to her, but she cries out frightened. ABBIE runs behind DREW on the other side of the stage.*

PETRA: I'm sure Jake didn't mean to hurt you, Mr. Frankenstein.

JAKE: I was just trying to save Abbie here from a horrible fate.

FRANKENSTEIN: I no hurt Abbie. Just want cuddle stuffed animal.

CHELSEA: Wait! Abbie! You RAN across the room!! You're not stuck in the slime anymore!

*ABBIE examines her feet, which are freed. She saunters around the room freely lifting her feet high while the others look on, amazed.*

PETRA: The air freshener! It's the antidote.

CHELSEA: Try it on me!

*JAKE sprays CHELSEA's feet and she's freed also. She takes the bottle and sprays him and he's released also. They proceed to spray everyone down, awkwardly, as they still have their objects goo-ed to themselves. FRANKENSTEIN whimpers pitifully.*

ABBIE: It's alright, Monster, you can have a cuddle with Lambie.

*ABBIE goes back over to FRANKENSTEIN to hand him the beanie baby, but it still won't come loose. She holds it out with two hands and FRANKENSTEIN gently strokes it.*

DREW: Lambie? I like a girl with a stuffed toy named Lambie? I'll never live this down with the basketball team!

ABBIE: You like me?

DREW: Well, yeah, duh.

*Optional: bird-tweety and sappy music sounds as DREW and ABBIE clutch hands and almost kiss.*

JAKE: All right already, save the "Cinderella gets her prince" moment for later. We've got work to do.

CHELSEA: *(trying to get her phone off her ear again)* My phone is still stuck!

DREW: (*trying but failing to pull basketball net off his head*) No luck with this stupid basketball net either.

PETRA: The air freshener worked on the slime on the floor, but it didn't free us from our objects.

JAKE: See, there is more to this than just chemicals. It's about us being attached to something we need to let go of.

PETRA: (*pointing to FRANKENSTEIN*) Why is he here?

FRANKENSTEIN: Sent by Central Casting. Urgent.

CHELSEA: Of course! The futuristic, sensitive, "energetic," brawny...

JAKE: But he's not an extraterrestrial. We should ask for our money back.

CHELSEA: We haven't paid anything.

JAKE: Oh, right.

FRANKENSTEIN: All aliens at *Star Wars* convention in Minneapolis. Me closest to character description.

CHELSEA: Ok, you'll have to do, then. I'll explain the investigation later. First, Jake, Drew, take this air freshener and work your way around the school.

*DREW and JAKE arm themselves with several plastic spray bottles of homemade air freshener and start to head out.*

PETRA: And see if you can find that emergency generator switch.

ABBIE: (*waving her beanie baby goodbye*) Good luck!

*JAKE and DREW exit.*

CHELSEA: Ok, now, Mr. Frankenstein...what should I call you? Do you have a first name?

FRANKENSTEIN: Call me Booky. (*rhymes with spooky*)

PETRA: Booky? For real?

FRANKENSTEIN: (*beginning to get teary eyed and emotional*) My mummy calls me Booky.

CHELSEA: (*motioning to PETRA with "whatever" shrug*) Ok, Booky, this is the deal. Someone stole Petra's formulas and created a mutant polymer and we need you to find out who...

*FRANKENSTEIN starts to weep and heave his shoulders.*

PETRA: What's wrong?

FRANKENSTEIN: Me miss Mummy. She tell me how to act so girl like me. *(breaks into heartsick sobs again)*

ABBIE: *(suddenly understanding)* He's in love.

CHELSEA: How do you know?

*FRANKENSTEIN raises his face with a pitiful look.*

ABBIE: Look, he's got all the signs. Puppy eyes. Moony expression. Yup, Frankenstein is in love!

*FRANKENSTEIN breaks out into caterwauling while CHELSEA and ABBIE soothe him.*

## Scene 6

*SETTING: School hallway, in front of curtain or downstage. No set pieces are required.*

*AT RISE: Lights still out. FRANKENSTEIN, can be lit with a spot or low light, lumbers in looking around him stealthily, and then sticks love notes up on the curtain or a string strung across the stage.*

FRANKENSTEIN: *(singing in off-key voice)* Oh, baby. I just can't live without you... *(regular voice, turning to audience)* Me gonna find love of life AND solve mystery! *(scratching head)* Just don't know how yet... *(shrugs, breaks into another song, pretending to dance with someone, then gives monster moan and looks up at audience menacingly)* Oh, save the last dance for me...

*Exits stage left, then we hear screams of "it's the monster," "help!" etc. RANDALL, MRS. LOMONOVSKY and MISS NULLAM enter stage right carrying flashlights, moving as though they are walking in slime. They don't see the love notes yet.*

RANDALL: Forty-five minutes to get from the attendance office to here, and it's only fifty feet away! You're going to be handing out a lot of late passes today, Miss Nullam.

MRS. LOMONOVSKY: Is it much farther? I'm exhausted.

MISS NULLAM: The emergency generator switch is along here somewhere.

*She wades a little further down the hall shining her flashlight upstage into the curtain feeling her way along the “wall.”*

RANDALL: I’m getting hungry.

MRS. LOMONOVSKY: Have a cupcake, dear. They’re double chocolate chip marshmallow-filled red velvet cake with cream cheese icing. Homemade.

RANDALL: (*struggles with the cupcakes, but can’t get them ungoo-ed from her dress*) I can’t get it ungoo-ed. Thank you anyway, Mrs. Lomonovsky.

*MISS NULLAM reaches the generator switch and toggles it on—can be mimed—Full lights up.*

MISS NULLAM: There!

RANDALL: At least we can see where we’re not going.

MRS. LOMONOVSKY: What are all these notes?

RANDALL: (*reaching up and pulling a heart-shaped note off the wall or string*) Roses are red, Violets are blue, I think you fantastic, in spite of de goo.

MISS NULLAM: (*grabbing note out of his hand*) Who wrote this? They didn’t get prior approval to put these up!!

MRS. LOMONOVSKY: (*pulling notes down and turning them toward the audience, they read “I WUV U,” “Be my Valentein,” and other goofy sayings*) There are dozens of them. Someone must be really in love.

RANDALL: Here’s a good one. “How do I love thee? If I could only count the ways...

MRS. LOMONOVSKY: You light up my life...?

RANDALL: Wuv is all you need...

MRS. LOMONOVSKY: (*reading one note on blue paper*) Romeo had his Juliet, Eve had her Adam, You bestest I can get, so I want my...

MISS NULLAM: (*grabbing the blue note, scooping up all the notes frantically*) Give that to me! These are unauthorized!

*She reads the note, then struggles against the goo to retrieve as many love notes as she can, dropping a few, including the blue one she grabbed from MRS. LOMONOVSKY. JAKE and DREW enter with air freshener.*

DREW: We've got the antidote for the slime!

RANDALL: Oh, great, I really want one of those cupcakes Mrs. Lomonovsky baked from scratch.

JAKE: Oh, hi, Mrs. Lomonovsky. I thought all your kids graduated from the school already.

MRS. LOMONOVSKY: (*looking sheepish*) I know, I know, I just can't stop baking cupcakes.

JAKE: (*pointing to all the cupcakes goo-ed to her*) Oh, that explains these.

*JAKE and DREW spray everyone to free their feet.*

MRS. LOMONOVSKY: What is that?

DREW: I think it's Early Morning Mountain Strip-Mining Mist. Or it could be Summer Seaside Surf and Sweat. We made them in chemistry club.

MISS NULLAM: Air freshener is the antidote to the horrendous goo?

JAKE: It's kind of a long story.

RANDALL: But what about the microphone? I still can't get it off.

DREW: Sorry. It's your transitional object. We're still looking for the cure for that.

RANDALL: It's my what kind of object?

JAKE: Transitional. It's a psychology term. It's the thing you can't let go of.

*Sounds of piano clanging off-key and violins.*

JAKE: Uh, oh. The orchestra! We gotta free the rest of the school!

*DREW grabs all the remaining love notes, including the one MISS NULLAM dropped, and stuffs them in his pocket. ALL begin chattering about what's happened with DREW and JAKE filling the others in about PETRA, handing MISS NULLAM some air freshener as ALL EXIT.*



**Scene 6**

*SETTING: Chemistry room*

*AT RISE: CHELSEA, ABBIE and PETRA are getting out more spray bottles of homemade air freshener.*

CHELSEA: That's the last can of Saturday at Grandma's Breakfast Bacon. Oh, look, I found a bottle of Victorian Country Garden Wedding Roses. Who made that?

PETRA: *(taking bottle and looking at label)* I think it was Drew.

ABBIE: Awwww...

CHELSEA: Are you sure it's Drew's? Spray it and see.

*PETRA sprays it and cough and choke, waving it away, puts down bottle.*

PETRA: Smells like old gym sneakers! He must have named it as a joke.

*ABBIE looks downcast.*

PETRA: It'll be all right, Abbie. Drew can be really nice when he tries.

CHELSEA: We'll use it on the football team. They won't notice.

*JAKE and DREW enter hurriedly.*

DREW: *(picking up a bottle of air freshener)* I see you found my Victorian Country Garden Wedding Roses air freshener. Want me to spray a little around?

*PETRA, CHELSEA and ABBIE leap to grab it from his hand.*

PETRA, CHELSEA & ABBIE: No!

CHELSEA: We've already tried it, Drew, thanks. Very clever.

ABBIE: *(in DREW-speak, that is starting out sweetly, then sarcastic)* I really thought it was sweet of you to make it, BEFORE WE ALMOST GAGGED ON THE DEAD SNEAKER SMELL.

DREW: Gee, I'm sorry, Abbie. I made it before I met you. I'll make you one that really smells like roses. If I ever get this basketball net off my head, that is.

*Optional: more tweety bird and romantic music sounds.*

JAKE: Guess what we found all over the school. Love notes...from Frankenstein!

CHELSEA: I sent him to hunt for whoever created the mutant polymer, not write love notes!

DREW: Listen to this one: (*pulls note out of pocket, reads it in lovesick monster voice*) I come to get you now, my Poopsie-woopsi. We be together for eternity, wuv, your Booky. (*all groan*) You'll never guess who Frankenstein is in love with. (*reading the note on blue paper*) Romeo had his Juliet, Eve had her Adam, You bestest I can get, so I want my...Miss Nullam!!

ALL: Miss Nullam??

CHELSEA: They only just met.

ABBIE: I guess it was love at first sight, like in the movies.

JAKE: (*showing the note to PETRA*) Look, she's in real danger!! He said he's coming to get her.

PETRA: To be with him for eternity.

JAKE: If she rejects him, he could turn into a really mean monster.

DREW: Oh, I'm sure it will be all right. They'll have a little chat, she'll stamp him with her denied stamp... and THEN HE'LL SHRED HER TO BITS!!

PETRA: We have to save her!

CHELSEA: Hurry! Grab whatever you can to fight him off!!

*They scramble gathering supplies, anything they can use to defend MISS NULLAM, any prop from the room, Marx brothers-like, running in all directions grabbing chemistry equipment, juggling with their good on objects.*

ABBIE: I hope we make it in time!

*ALL exit, hurriedly.*

## Scene 7

*SETTING: Attendance office.*

*AT RISE: MISS NULLAM is frantically searching through her piles of papers and desk drawers, sending papers flying. A bottle of air freshener is on the desk.*



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