## DR. EVIL AND THE BASKET OF KITTENS

BY BRIAN D. TAYLOR

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(In Order of Speaking)

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SETTING

PLACE: Dr. Evil's laboratory and Countess Gothma's residence.

TIME: A Tuesday in October in a year past or present.

SET DESCRIPTION

Dr. Evil’s headquarters is your basic dungeon-style laboratory. The stone walls are grimy and dark. Various medals, plaques and trophies from Dr. Evil’s nefarious triumphs are on display. A large door with a peephole is DOWN LEFT. UP LEFT is a counter with cabinets underneath and a modified microwave oven on top. A trash bin is at the end of the counter. DOWN RIGHT, an exit leads off to other parts of the castle. Near the DOWN RIGHT EXIT, a rope hangs from the ceiling and a giant switch is mounted upon the wall. UP CENTER is a bookcase that opens as the entrance to Dr. Evil’s bedroom. (See PRODUCTION NOTES.) A small broom closet is UP RIGHT, which doubles as Shirley’s living quarters. An oversized work table surrounded by at least six chairs is CENTER RIGHT and holds a model of Dr. Evil’s castle as seen from the exterior. (See PRODUCTION NOTES.) Beside the castle model is a model of Dr. Evil’s Thermal Ray, which basically looks like an oversized satellite tower. It is covered with a cloth at the top of the show. A third model of a satellite in orbit is suspended in the air. A large world map is on the wall above the counter.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

PROLOGUE: Played in front of the curtain

ACT ONE

Scene One: The laboratory of Dr. Evil
Scene Two: The lair of Countess Gothma. Played in front of the curtain
Scene Three: Dr. Evil’s laboratory, moments later
Scene Four: Dr. Evil’s laboratory, a while later

ACT TWO

Scene One: Dr. Evil’s laboratory, a little while later
Scene Two: Dr. Evil’s laboratory, just before dawn the next morning
DR. EVIL AND THE BASKET OF KITTENS

PROLOGUE

LIGHTS UP: Played before the curtain. A stool is placed on each side of the stage. A script sits on the STAGE LEFT stool and a bag with another script inside leans against it. MARY SHELLEY and DR. FRANKENSTEIN ENTER from opposite sides and cross to CENTER.

SHELLEY: (To AUDIENCE.) Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. We welcome you to tonight’s presentation of Dr. Evil and the Basket of Kittens. I am your honored host, Mary Shelley, writer of novels, short stories, plays and travel guides.

FRANKENSTEIN: Travel guides? Really? (SHELLEY nods.) Who knew? (To AUDIENCE.) And I am the world famous Dr. Frankenstein.

SHELLEY: And?

FRANKENSTEIN: And what?

SHELLEY: We’re supposed to tell them a little bit about ourselves before we begin.

FRANKENSTEIN: Oh. Right.

SHELLEY: (Teases.) Unless you’d like me to tell them about you.

FRANKENSTEIN: Don’t you dare! I speak for myself from now on.

SHELLEY: Suit yourself.

FRANKENSTEIN: (To AUDIENCE.) Uh... I invented human cloning.

SHELLEY: Did you?

FRANKENSTEIN: More or less.

SHELLEY: Well, that’s not exactly how I remember it.

FRANKENSTEIN: Listen, folks, anything this woman tells you about me... probably untrue. She wrote this book that was—

SHELLEY: —based on real events, though I may have taken some... creative liberties.

FRANKENSTEIN: You shouldn’t write about your neighbors.

SHELLEY: But tonight’s story is about our neighbor! (Tempted.) It’s a good one.

FRANKENSTEIN: Well, he deserves to be made out to be a madman. I do not.

SHELLEY: Relax. You’re so interesting. You should be flattered I wrote a story about you.

FRANKENSTEIN: But people think I’m some sort of— (To AUDIENCE.) Anyway, we welcome you all. We’re here to present the story for this evening.

SHELLEY: But we must share a few words of caution before we begin.
FRANKENSTEIN: Right. Please notice the emergency exits, *(Points.)*
there, there and there. You'll need to know where those are in the
event that Dr. Evil wants to set the place on fire.

SHELLEY: Now, now.

FRANKENSTEIN: *(Insistent.)* They need to know. *(Sighs.)* Okay. I admit
I might be a bit bitter about the fire he caused in my laboratory.

SHELLEY: *(To AUDIENCE.)* Also, you'll want to silence any devices that
may interfere with the electromagnetic frequencies in the theatre.

FRANKENSTEIN: What she means is anything that rings or beeps and
sends or receives a signal via radio waves.

SHELLEY: Who knows what Dr. Evil has hidden deep within his lair that
could be set off by someone’s cell phone ringing?

FRANKENSTEIN: What’s a cell phone?

SHELLEY: I don’t know. Maybe some sort of device that transmits a
signal so you can speak with someone over long distances?

FRANKENSTEIN: Rubbish! That’s impossible.

SHELLEY: It could happen. I just made it up. I’m a writer, you know.

FRANKENSTEIN: Right. *(To AUDIENCE.)* Also, if anything that may occur
during tonight’s production leads you to become squeamish, the
washing facilities can be reached most efficiently if you go that
way. *(Points.)* But whatever you do, do not squeam upon the person
sitting next to you.

SHELLEY: Unless you want them to squeam at you for the remainder
of the night. *(Laughs wildly, then quickly composes herself.)* We are
also required by law to inform you that no animals were or will be
harmed in the creation and production of this play.

FRANKENSTEIN: Oh, that’s good to know. What about humans?

SHELLEY: I’m not required by law to make any statements regarding
the welfare of humans. Apparently, no one cares about the humans.

FRANKENSTEIN: Interesting.

SHELLEY: And now that all of the formalities are taken care of, we
present tonight’s dramatic offering.

FRANKENSTEIN: You are sure to enjoy it. *(SHELLEY and FRANKENSTEIN
cross to their stools. SHELLEY takes the STAGE LEFT stool and
opens a script.)*

SHELLEY: Our story begins in the lair of Dr.—

FRANKENSTEIN: Hold on a minute. *(Points to SHELLEY’S script.)*
What’s that?

SHELLEY: It’s the book. So we can tell the story.

FRANKENSTEIN: Why didn’t I get one?

SHELLEY: I put one on your stool there.
FRANKENSTEIN: It’s not there now.
SHELLEY: Well, I don’t know what could have happened to it.
FRANKENSTEIN: Neither do I. (A LOUD BURP is heard from OFF RIGHT.)
Oh. Of course. (Crosses and yells OFF RIGHT.) Frank, Jr! Did you take my book?
FRANK JR.: (From OFF RIGHT. See PRODUCTION NOTES.) Yes.
FRANK JR.: (From OFF RIGHT.) No.
FRANKENSTEIN: Can I have it back?
FRANK JR.: (From OFF RIGHT.) No.
FRANKENSTEIN: I need it. Give it back.
FRANK JR.: (From OFF RIGHT.) I ated it. Sorry.
FRANKENSTEIN: Ugh! You’re a bad boy! A bad, bad boy!
FRANK JR.: (From OFF RIGHT.) Sorry.
FRANKENSTEIN: (To SHELLEY.) Do you have another copy?
SHELLEY: I’m a renowned author, published in 56 languages. Of course,
I have another copy. (Pulls a second copy of the book from the bag
that is at the base of her stool and hands it to FRANKENSTEIN.)
FRANKENSTEIN: Thank you.
SHELLEY: Our story begins in the lair of Dr. Evil, a man so vile and
evil he’ll make your skin crawl. A man who would think nothing
of stealing candy from an innocent child. A man who revels in
destruction and chaos.
FRANKENSTEIN: A man who will burn your laboratory to the ground!
SHELLEY: Ahem. Enough of that.
FRANKENSTEIN: Fine.
SHELLEY: In short, he’s wicked.
FRANKENSTEIN: Despicable.
SHELLEY: Rotten.
FRANKENSTEIN: Ugly.
SHELLEY: Nasty.
FRANKENSTEIN: Sinister and nefarious.
SHELLEY: Cruel and vicious.
FRANKENSTEIN: A meanie.
SHELLEY: A scoundrel.
FRANKENSTEIN: A crook.
SHELLEY: And a thief.
SHELLEY/FRANKENSTEIN: And just plain evil!
SHELLEY: (Suddenly, all smiles.) So let’s begin, shall we?
FRANKENSTEIN: Wait.
SHELLEY: What?
FRANKENSTEIN: I have a question. Why would anyone want to hear a story about such an awful man?

SHELLEY: Good question. But I wouldn’t want to spoil the ending. Let’s just say that this is the story of how Dr. Evil learned to love.

FRANKENSTEIN: What? Him?!

SHELLEY: Yes. Him.

FRANKENSTEIN: No!

SHELLEY: Yes. (To AUDIENCE.) So now, we proudly present “Dr. Evil and the Basket of Kittens.” (FRANKENSTEIN and SHELLEY remain seated on their stools for the duration of the play, watching the action and serving as narrators.)

End of PROLOGUE

ACT ONE

Scene One

AT RISE: The laboratory of Dr. Evil. A couple of glasses and a suit in a dry cleaner’s plastic bag are on the work table. SHIRLEY, Dr. Evil’s hunchbacked assistant, mops the floor. She finishes and crosses to the table. She wrings the mop water into a glass, then drinks it. (See PRODUCTION NOTES.)

SHIRLEY: Ah. Refreshing. (Experiences her tic, which causes her to twist her head to the side and repeat herself in a whisper.) Refreshing. (Crosses to closet, puts mop away, then crosses to table. She takes a bag of blood and fills another cup and adds a celery stalk. INFERNA ENTERS DOWN RIGHT, stretching and yawning.) Oh! Miss Inferna! It’sh good you’re up. I’ve just finished your breakfast.

INFERNA: Oh, my, what time is it?

SHIRLEY: Eight-fifteen, mishtresh. The moon is up and everything! It’sh full tonight.

INFERNA: Don’t remind me. Those awful neighbors of ours are going to be up howling with laughter all night. (Picks up the glass of blood.) Hmm…

SHIRLEY: Bloody Mary. Just the way you like it, hold the alcohol, of course, but leave the shtalk. Everyone knows how much you love the shtalk. (Another tic.) Shtalk.

INFERNA: Nothing like a stalk to make us nosferatu girls feel strong and powerful.

SHIRLEY: And it’s type AB. Your favorite!

INFERNA: Of course. It’s a delicacy, but it feels cold.

SHIRLEY: I warmed it myshelf. (Tic.) Myshelf.

SHIRLEY: Yesh, ma’am. As you wish. (Crosses to the microwave oven, puts the glass inside and punches a few buttons. They put on protective eyewear and plug their ears. SOUND EFFECT: EXPLOSION. SHIRLEY takes the blood to INFERNA.) One chalice of steaming hot blood for my cold hearted misshap.

INFERNA: Steaming hot? Let’s hope it isn’t too hot. I like my blood warmed, not scorched. I don’t like scabs in my blood. (Drinks.) Oh, yes, this will do. (Gulps it down. [See PRODUCTION NOTES.])

SHIRLEY: Perfect every time. That oven is Dr. Evil’s besht invention yet if I may shay.

INFERNA: I do wish he’d make that thing a bit quieter, though.

SHIRLEY: Dr. Evil is very busy, ma’am.

INFERNA: Has the council arrived yet?

SHIRLEY: No, ma’am.

INFERNA: Has his suit come back from the cleaners?

SHIRLEY: Yesh, ma’am. (Crosses to table and picks up suit in dry cleaner’s plastic bag.) Right here, ma’am.

INFERNA: You know how I like him to look his best for important meetings.

SHIRLEY: Yesh, ma’am. Shall I take it to his quarters for when he wakes up?

INFERNA: Don’t tell me he’s not up yet! That boy! He’ll never get anywhere in life if he sleeps in all the time. No son of mine is going to oversleep his chance at fortune and fame.

SHIRLEY: Can I ring the bell to wake him? Please, please, please?

INFERNA: Yes, yes. Ring the bell and get him down here at once.

SHIRLEY: Oh, boy! Oh, boy! Oh, boy! (Crosses to rope.)

INFERNA: Calm down. You act like you’ve just won a prize.

SHIRLEY: Oh, but I have! It’sh a distinguished honor to be the ringer of the bells. It’s what we hunchbacksh do besht.

INFERNA: Still, no one should be that excited about anything.

SHIRLEY: Ahee, ahee. (Looks at the rope and licks her lips.) Uh-ma-na, uh-ma-na, uh-ma-na.

INFERNA: Take it easy. Seriously, you’re embarrassing yourself.

(SHIRLEY, practically drooling, rings the bells. SOUND EFFECT: BELL RING with each pull of the rope. She pulls it several times.)

FRANKENSTEIN: (To SHELLEY.) Ugh! Those bells! Why must they always be ringing the bells?

SHELLEY: I like their bells. They’re charming. And Shirley loves it. It’s her favorite thing.
SHIRLEY: Mmm... bellsh. *(Pulls the rope as the BELLS continue to RING.)*

FRANKENSTEIN: I can hardly sleep with that wretch ringing them all through the night.

SHIRLEY: *(To FRANKENSTEIN.)* Hey! I’m standing right here!

SHELLEY: *(To SHIRLEY.)* It’s okay, dear. He didn’t mean it.

SHIRLEY: If you don’t like hearing the bellsh, then move! *(Back to the bells.*) Mmm... bellsh. *(Pulls the rope as the BELLS continue to RING.)*

INFERNA: Okay, okay. That’s enough. You’re going to pull that thing through the ceiling and then we’ll really have a mess.

SHIRLEY: Yesh, ma’am.

MARGO: *(ENTERS DOWN RIGHT and glares at INFERNA and SHIRLEY. Deadpan.)* Can you ring the bells any louder?

SHIRLEY: Yesh, of courshe, ma’am! *(Runs to rope, excited.)*

MARGO: *(Firm.)* Kidding! *(SHIRLEY looks at her, disappointed.)* Kidding.

INFERNA: Sorry, dear. We were just trying to get your uncle up for his big meeting.

MARGO: That’s tonight? Blah. I was hoping things would be quiet around here tonight so I could practice waking the dead. That is, if Shirley doesn’t beat me to it.

INFERNA: Not tonight, dearest.

MARGO: But my final is next Tuesday. If I don’t pass, I’ll never be certified.

INFERNA: Oh, don’t fret, dearest. Certified? Ha! These new laws are for the crows! No witch I’ve ever known had to be certified. And I’ve known some of the most powerful witches in history.

SHIRLEY: She should know. She is shix hundred years old.

INFERNA: Which we don’t speak about. Remember, Shirley? It isn’t nice to bring up a woman’s age.

SHIRLEY: Yesh, ma’am.

MARGO: But I still want to pass. I want to go out and prove to everyone that I’m the worst of them all.

INFERNA: That’s the spirit, darling. And don’t worry. You’ll be just awful! I know. *(SOUND EFFECT: DOORBELL.)*

MARGO: That’s not them already, is it?

INFERNA: Surely not. The council doesn’t meet until midnight. Shirley, get the door.

SHIRLEY: Yesh, ma’am. *(Crosses LEFT to the door and opens it.)* No one is there, but the WEREHYENAS can be heard LAUGHING...
HYSTERICALY from OFF. SHIRLEY closes the door.) No one there, ma’am.

INFERNA: Ugh! Not this again!

MARGO: Is something wrong with the doorbell?

INFERNA: No. It’s those ridiculous werehyenas next door. They get all riled up whenever the full moon is out and think it’s hilarious to ding-dong-ditch all the neighbors.

MARGO: Oh. Is Unna out there?

INFERNA: I’m about to find out. If I know them, they’ll be back just about any second. Shirley, get ready. We’ll catch them in the act. Five, four, three… open it! (SOUND EFFECT: DOORBELL. SHIRLEY opens the door; SYLVA and UNNA, the werehyenas from next door, are standing in the doorway. They turn to run.) Oh, no, you don’t! (EXITS LEFT quickly, grabs SYLVA and UNNA, and pulls them ON. Both are laughing hysterically.) Get in here and explain yourselves!

UNNA: (Laughs and laughs, then notices the others aren’t laughing.) Oh… hey.

MARGO: Hi, Unna!

UNNA: Hey, Margo. This is my cousin, Sylva Were.

SYLVA: Hi.

MARGO: Hello.

SHIRLEY: (Waves.) Hah-eee.

UNNA: Hello? Sylva Were? Get it? (Laughs hysterically. SYLVA doesn’t.) Have you met my cousin, Sylva Were? She’s a real fine ladle! (Laughs hysterically. SYLVA doesn’t.) Live long and prosper, Captain Spork! (Performs the hand sign and laughs.)

SYLVA: Says the ignorant fool! The space cadet! The mindless wonder!

UNNA: Hey! Just because you have a hilarious name doesn’t mean you have to make fun of everyone else’s, too.

SYLVA: That’s so funny coming from you.

UNNA: My name doesn’t mean anything.

MARGO: I always thought Unna was such a unique name.

UNNA: See.

MARGO: Does it really mean something else?

UNNA: No.

SYLVA: Of course it does. The whole family goes by the last name Were. Put it together.

UNNA: Don’t. It doesn’t mean anything.

MARGO: Unna Were.

UNNA: See? Nothing wrong with that.
MARGO: Unna Were... oh!
SYLVA: Poor, poor Unna. So dumb he’s completely unaware his parents named him Unna Were. (Laughs.)
UNNA: That’s not— Ugh!
SYLVA: They should’ve just come out with it and called you Dunce.
UNNA: That’s not what it’s supposed to mean. Just ask Papa Tuppa.
MARGO: Tuppa Were? (Laughs.)
SHIRLEY: (Laughs.) Ahee-ahee-ahee.
UNNA/SYLVA: Huh?
MARGO: Tuppa Were! (Laughs.)
SHIRLEY: (Laughs.) Ahee-ahee-ahee. (UNNA and SYLVA don’t get it.
They shrug their shoulders and laugh anyway, because, after all, they’re hyenas and they love a good laugh.)
INFERNA: Enough! Just what is the meaning of this? What do you mutts want?
SYLVA: We don’t want anything.
INFERNA: You keep ringing the doorbell like a couple of nitwits!
SYLVA: (Corrects.) Hyenas.
UNNA: Just having a little fun, Mrs. Evil.
SYLVA: It’s what we do. It is a full moon, you know. (UNNA and SYLVA howl, then begin laughing hysterically.)
SHIRLEY: (Laughs with them.) Ahee-ahee-ahee.
SYLVA: Hey, that reminds me of a good one. Did you hear the one about the moon that went broke? Yeah, it was down to its last quarter! (HYENAS and SHIRLEY laugh.) Hey, why did the moon orbit the Earth? To get to the other side! (HYENAS laugh and high five.)
SHIRLEY: (Laughs.) Ahee-ahee-ahee.
INFERNA: Zip it, Shirley.
SHIRLEY: (Does immediately.) Yesh, ma’am.
INFERNA: I know it’s a full moon and that makes everyone want to be a little wild and crazy, but your whole family of rascals takes it too far.
SYLVA: But we love the moon.
UNNA: It’s, like, practically our religion.
INFERNA: That doesn’t mean you have the right to run around harassing people. Some people have important affairs to attend to.
UNNA: Geez, Mrs. Evil, we didn’t mean to—
INFERNA: We’re having a very important dinner party this evening with several distinguished guests from the Council of Evil.
SYLVA: Sounds like a party! Can we come?

INFERNA: No! And we won’t be interrupted. If I hear of any more of your ridiculous pranks, I will be forced to be unneighborly. And you wouldn’t even want to imagine levels of nastiness and terror I can invoke upon your family.

UNNA: Okay, okay. Come on, Sylva. We’ll just move on down the road and ring some more doorbells. I saw a light on over at the Frankenstein place. (FRANKENSTEIN reacts.)

SYLVA: Sure, whatever. (EXITS LEFT with UNNA.)

INFERNA: And no tee-peeing the trees! Or the gargoyles! I mean it! (WEREHYENAS can be heard laughing hysterically outside. INFERNA slams the door.) I swear. That whole mangy, flea-bitten family is nothing but trouble.

SHIRLEY: Could be rabies.

INFERNA: I wouldn’t be surprised.

SHIRLEY: (Tic.) Rabies.

MARGO: Unna’s kind of nice. Too bad about that name though. (SHIRLEY giggles.)

INFERNA: No, dear. The whole brood of ’em has a screw loose.

MARGO: But he’s in my Intimidations class at V.I.L.E., and he’s the top of the class.

INFERNA: That class is an easy A for his sort. It means nothing. I don’t know why as fine an institution as the Villains Institute for Learning Evil would allow monsters like the Weres to even attend. It diminishes the great work of the many evil geniuses who attended there. Like your uncle!

MARGO: I know, I know. He was worst of his class and Malusdictorian. I’ve heard it all before.

INFERNA: Well, a mother can be proud, can’t she?

MARGO: Sure. Where is Uncle Mort anyway?

INFERNA: Tarnish and rust! I’ve nearly forgotten. He’s still asleep. We’ve got to get him up and ready for his meeting tonight. Shirley!

SHIRLEY: Yesh, ma’am.

INFERNA: Ring the bells. My only son is not going to be late for the most important meeting of his life.

SHIRLEY: As you wish. (Crosses to rope. Drools a bit, then rings the bells. SOUND EFFECT: BELLS RINGING.)

INFERNA: Margo, we still need to prepare the hors d’oeuvres. Can you fly over to the Shelley’s and pick up some newts’ tails? I need a few more to garnish the sourdough.
MARGO: Fine. (Crosses to Shirley's broom closet. She steps OFF into the closet momentarily. From the broom closet, to herself.) Oh, this is cool. (Steps ON again with a broom.)

INFERNA: And see if you can talk them out of a boar's skull while you're at it. We need a centerpiece.

MARGO: Okay. (EXITS LEFT with the broom.)

FRANKENSTEIN: (To SHELLEY.) Newts' tails? Really? I thought you were a writer.

SHELLEY: I'm also an entrepreneur. Didn't you know? Since most of my neighbors dabble in the dark arts, I found a way to make an extra buck every now and then. Shelley's House of Relics and Curiosities. Though, I don't know what I've ever done to give her the impression that I would have a boar's skull.

INFERNA: (To SHELLEY.) You remember. I was at your booth at the Dark Arts Convention and you said, "Come over anytime you need some boar's skulls."

SHELLEY: Borax. I carry borax. For potions and stuff.

INFERNA: Whatever.

FRANKENSTEIN: Do you sell nuts and bolts?

SHELLEY: Sure. Come by some time, and I'll show you my wares.

INFERNA: Ahem.

SHELLEY: Right. Back to the story.

INFERNA: (Looks around.) Oh, but I must find something to serve the witch's bread in. Shirley, where did you put my bread basket?

SHIRLEY: It'sh in the other room. In the hyperbaric chamber.

INFERNA: And just why—

SHIRLEY: (Tic.) Hyperbaric.

INFERNA: (Sighs heavily.) Why would it be in the hyperbaric chamber?

SHIRLEY: Your blood bagsh keep rolling around during the oxygenation processh, which deshtabilizes the ions. Sho I used the bashket to hold the little buggers in plache.

INFERNA: Of course.

DR. EVIL: (ENTERS UP CENTER, wearing pajamas and big fuzzy slippers. He speaks slowly, deliberatly and diabolically.) Good evening, Mother. Shirley. (SHIRLEY curtsies in a very bizarre, mishapen way.) Tonight, the world watches. Tonight, a city will weep. Tonight, a council of my... "peers" (Air quotes included.) ...will award me with accolades and honors, fortune and fame, and other shiny things. This night shall be remembered for all eternity and beyond as the night when Dr. Evil claimed victory over all nations, civilized or barbaric, and the powers that be. It is the night when the destiny of
all mankind is changed forever. For tonight, I unveil the devastating powers of my latest invention: Dr. Evil’s Thermal Ray! (Uncovers the model. SHIRLEY and INFERNA applaud with mild enthusiasm.)

INFERNA: You’re not unveiling anything in your pajamas, dear. Now get dressed before the council arrives.

DR. EVIL: Oh, Mother. Just practicing my speech. (Puts the cover over the model again.) I’m not sure on the delivery yet. Too much panache? What do you think? Not enough dread? Maybe a bit more maniacal?

INFERNA: I think you better get dressed before Lord Warhammer and the Countess arrive and see you in those ridiculous fuzzy slippers.

DR. EVIL: Oh, but they’re so warm and cozy and cute. They were a gift from the Prince of Nauru in appreciation for the time I decided not to sink his tiny island nation into the Pacific Ocean.

INFERNA: How sweet. Now, get dressed before I decide to sink you into the Pacific Ocean! (DR. EVIL crosses UP CENTER to his room.)

SHIRLEY: (Holds up suit in dry cleaning bag.) Your shuit, shir. (Whispers.) I like your shlippersh.

DR. EVIL: (Nods and whispers.) You have good taste. (EXITS UP CENTER.)

SHIRLEY: (Tic.) Good tashte.

INFERNA: Make yourself useful, Shirley. Go down to the holding tank and feed the sharks.

SHIRLEY: But it’sh dark down there.

INFERNA: (Firm.) Shirley.

SHIRLEY: Yesh, ma’am. (INFERNA EXITS DOWN RIGHT. SHIRLEY mocks INFERNA.) Go down to the holding tank and feed the sharksh. Blech. (Crosses to cabinet and pulls out a bucket of shark food.) Here, fishy, fishy, fishy! (EXITS DOWN RIGHT. LIGHTS FADE to BLACK as CURtain CLOSES.)

End of Scene One

ACT ONE

Scene Two

LIGHTS UP: The lair of COUNTess GOTHMA, played in front of the curtain. COUNTess GOTHMA stands at a small table and attaches a bow to the side of a covered basket. There is also an invitation on the table.

FRANKENSTEIN: (Reads.) Meanwhile, not far from Dr. Evil’s lair, the Countess was making her own evil plans.

SHELLEY: (Reads.) As a member of the Council of Evil, she was invited to the big unveiling of Dr. Evil’s thermal ray.

FRANKENSTEIN: (To SHELLEY.) That thing’s an eyesore, by the way.
1 SHELLEY: Yes, you’ve mentioned that before.

FRANKENSTEIN: It is. It’s, what, eighty feet high?

SHELLEY: Give or take.

FRANKENSTEIN: And it blocks my perfect view of the volcano.

SHELLEY: The tower is on his property. He can do what he likes.

FRANKENSTEIN: Well, I’m sure he’s breaking some sort of code. I don’t care. I’m going to have to write a strongly worded letter to the neighborhood association!

SHELLEY: Do what you like, but you’ll get nowhere with them. (To AUDIENCE.) As I was saying, the countess was preparing for the big event. Now, while Dr. Evil was hoping to convince the council to financially support his plans to build more thermal rays, the countess had no interest in making a donation.

PIERE: (ENTERS RIGHT. To GOTHMA.) Your car has arrived, madam.

GOTHMA: Just another sec.

PIERE: We must be going soon if we wish to have enough time to execute our plans. It will be difficult to search the place once the meeting has begun.

GOTHMA: I’m almost ready. Just putting the final touches on our little gift for Dr. Evil.

PIERE: Is everything set, madam?

GOTHMA: Yes. It’s planted carefully inside the basket.

PIERE: Just be sure to keep it covered until the moment is right. We wouldn’t want to have to resort to Plan B.

GOTHMA: We won’t have to. Everything will go according to the plans. This is just our little insurance policy. You’ll see.

PIERE: That’s doubtful. I do not see the reason why we would risk everything.

GOTHMA: Trust me. I know what I’m doing.

PIERE: Fine. I suppose there’s nothing I could say to make you see reason. My life is in your hands, madam. I just wish we had been able to uncover the blueprints on our previous visit. Then, we wouldn’t have to take this chance. (Sighs. SOUND EFFECT: DOORBELL.) Who could that be?

GOTHMA: Just get the door, Pierce.

PIERE: Yes, madam. (EXITS RIGHT. GOTHMA puts the finishing touches on the basket. PIERE ENTERS RIGHT.) Funny. There’s no one there. (WEREHYENAS can be heard LAUGHING from OFF RIGHT. PIERE and GOTHMA look OFF RIGHT, look at each other and shrug their shoulders.) Countess, if I may?

GOTHMA: Yes, Pierce?
PIERCE: Will a dinner be served?
GOTHMA: I can’t recall. Check the invitation.

PIERCE: (Hands her the invitation from the table.) Here you are.
GOTHMA: Ah. (Reads.) “You are hereby invited to the unveiling of Dr. Evil’s Thermal Ray at the residence of Dr. Evil, located at the corner of Sor Row and the Edge of Darkness. Guests will have the privilege of witnessing the complete annihilation of the greater Cleveland (or other nearby city) area. Hors d’oeuvres will be served with a celebratory dinner to follow.” (Closes invitation.) Well, there you have it.

PIERCE: Curses!
GOTHMA: What is it?

PIERCE: It’s just that I don’t think I can stomach those sanguine culinary curiosities again. Inferna uses far too much blood for my taste.

GOTHMA: She’s a vampire. What do you expect? (SOUND EFFECT: DOORBELL RINGS. PIERCE sighs and stomps OFF RIGHT.)

PIERCE: (Shouts from OFF RIGHT.) Whomever is out there best turn around and go home unless they want trouble! (WEREHYENAS can be heard LAUGHING from OFF RIGHT. PIERCE ENTERS RIGHT.) Hoodlums! (Sighs.) I just hope we can avoid Inferna’s feeble attempts at culinary art.

GOTHMA: You’ll eat what you must until the moment is right. If our cover is blown before I get can my hands on those precious blueprints, then all is lost.

PIERCE: Yes, madam. And another thing?

GOTHMA: What is it?

PIERCE: What if Dr. Evil calls our bluff?

GOTHMA: Will you drop it already?

PIERCE: So you’re prepared to be blasted to bits?

GOTHMA: I’ve told you a thousand times. It won’t come to that. We have the ultimate bargaining tool, and Dr. Evil is nothing but a coward. He’s certain to hand over the blueprints if we threaten him with force. Everything will go according to our plans, and we’ll be out of there before we even have to reveal the bomb. Now, not another word about it.

PIERCE: Very well, madam. All I’m saying is that—

GOTHMA: Not another word. Now, where is the detonator?

PIERCE: Right here, madam. (Takes a small remote detonator from his pocket.)
End of Scene Two

End of script preview.
PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES ONSTAGE

Forestage: Two stools, script on stool, bag with another script inside

Dr. Evil’s Laboratory: Microwave oven, trash bin, large work table, six or more chairs, model of castle, model of thermal ray covered with a cloth, model of satellite, celery stalk, bag of blood, suit in dry cleaner’s plastic bag. In cabinets under counter: bucket of shark food, drinking glasses and protective eyewear. Starting in ACT ONE, Scene Three, add television remote control, small dish, carton of milk.

Gothma’s Residence: Table, invitation, basket, bow

PROPERTIES BROUGHT ON

ACT ONE, Scene One:
Mop (SHIRLEY)
Broom (MARGO)

ACT ONE, Scene Two:
Detonator (PIERCE)

ACT ONE, Scene Three:
Large bandage, covered “kitten” basket (SHIRLEY)
Covered “bread” basket (INFERNA)
Giant mallet (DR.EVIL)

ACT ONE, Scene Four:
Covered “bomb” basket (PIERCE)
Handkerchief, giant mallet (DR.EVIL)

ACT TWO, Scene One:
Pitcher of green liquid, drinking glasses (SHIRLEY)
(Optional) laser pointer (DR. EVIL)
Detonator (GOTHMA)
Rolling pin (MOMMA CHER)
Mallet (DR.EVIL)

ACT TWO, Scene Two:
Box, a second large bandage (SHIRLEY)

GENERAL NOTE ABOUT BASKETS

Since the baskets will be subject to lots of smashing, it’s best to use baskets with the handles on each side rather than the kind with one handle that loops over the top. Also, it is not necessary to destroy the baskets during the smashing scenes, just the contents.

FLEXIBLE CASTING NOTE

The role of PIERCE may be changed to ORCHID to create an extra female role, or MOTHER may be changed to FATHER to create an extra male role.
FRANK JR. may be played from OFFSTAGE by any actor as written or it can be assigned to someone who can appear ONSTAGE and interact with FRANKENSTEIN if desired.

FRANK JR., SYLVA, WEATHER REPORTER, ANNIE, BOMB, CHILD and MOTHER are smaller roles that could be doubled amongst themselves. For instance, SYLVA could also play MOTHER, FRANK, JR. could also play WEATHER REPORTER, and so on. For more doubling options, please see the character scene breakdown in the director's book.

The BOMB voiceover can be performed live with an offstage microphone by any actor who is not onstage or it can be a recorded sound cue. Keep in mind that a recorded voiceover may be more difficult as there are also sound effects that occur during the voiceover dialogue. It's possible if you have the capability to mix and take multiple cues simultaneously or if you wish to record the sound effects into the voiceover track. The weather report could also be performed as a voiceover if desired.

COSTUME SUGGESTIONS

DR. EVIL wears pajamas and oversized fuzzy slippers in ACT ONE, Scene One and again in ACT TWO, Scene Two. For all other scenes, he wears a suit and tie.

SHIRLEY should wear an old, faded, dirty dress that is little more than rags. She also wears a hunchback. Once she bandages each hand, they stay on the rest of the play.

The WEREHYENAS may have fully imagined hyena costumes, but this is not necessary. Since they are part human, it's totally believable to use accessories like a tail, ears and artificial noses to bring out their canine features. Makeup and artificial facial hair can be used to great effect and for additional humor.

MUMMY should be wrapped in cloth, preferably some that appears to have decayed a bit. As she is onstage often, tissue paper might not be your best bet, but it could work if necessary.

GOTHMA wears a necklace to match her flashy dress.

Beyond that, costumes may be created as desired, keeping in mind that the EVIL family and the dignitaries are both wealthy and evil, so they prefer darker, bolder colors and finer, flashier clothing styles.

SOUND EFFECTS

Loud burp, bells ringing, doorbell, meowing, explosion, recorded voiceovers for explosives and weather report (optional), news theme music.
SET DESIGN NOTES
The bookcase which serves as an entrance to Dr. Evil’s bedroom can be done in many ways. For the ultimate super villain style entrance, the bookcase would be set upon a revolving platform, with a high-backed chair on the reverse side. When Dr. Evil enters, he can be seated in the chair. But it can also be simplified to a bookcase that opens on hinges, or, even simpler, it could merely be a standard door with shelves attached to the front.

The models can be lots of fun to build. Use your creativity in making anything from handmade scale models with realistic detail to representational models built with whatever recyclable materials are lying around the shop. You could even use children’s toys.

DRINKING MOP WATER
The easiest way to create the illusion of drinking mop water would be to merely use an opaque glass. Shirley could then wring real water from the mop into the glass, but only act as if she is drinking it.
Alternatively, if you’d like to make this a bit more realistic and thus a better sight gag, you could conceal a bladder in the mop head. Fill it with something safe to drink and resembling dirty mop water, say, a watered-down chocolate beverage. When Shirley wrings the mop, she merely squeezes the contents of the bladder into the glass.
If neither will do, instead of drinking mop water, Shirley can cross to the counter and prepare a drink for herself that appears equally disgusting as mop water.

DRINKING BLOOD
It’s completely cool to just use tomato juice or cherry Jello in liquid form.

KITTEN BASKET
It is absolutely essential that the kittens in the basket do not appear to be lifelike in any way. Go for kittens that are clearly stuffed animals. For added fun, it’s possible to make the kittens more adorable by using puppets, especially since everyone is rooting for the kittens. Whenever the basket is being held by an actor, he or she can operate the puppets. When the basket is on the table, the kitten puppets could be operated by a performer concealed under the table if there is an opening cut into the table top.

A NOTE ON STYLE
Much of the humor in this play will not work unless a total commitment has been made to playing the characters as over-the-top as possible. The characters are extreme personalities and should be played as completely unrealistic and unbelievable, particularly Dr. Evil, whose greedy lust for power and his high anxiety lead him to make terrible decisions.
We hope you’ve enjoyed this script sample.

We encourage you to read the entire script before making your final decision.

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