

FRANKENSTEIN 90210

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

KELLY the receptionist sits at her desk, chewing gum and doing her nails. The phone rings and she picks it up.

KELLY

Frankenstein cosmetic surgery. Yeah, we do all that stuff, face lifts, boob jobs, liposuction... Wow, you sound like a real mess. Yes, we take all kinds of insurance - your own, your husband's, some guy you just met. Hell, we even take life insurance, but then we'd have to kill you... That was a joke. If you're gonna be that way you can just fuck off!

She lays down the phone and continues buffing her nails.

TIFFANY the nurse enters from the inner office leading a woman wrapped from head to toe just like a mummy. Hell, she might even be a mummy but that's another movie. Tiffany leads the woman to the door.

TIFFANY

Now you come back on Thursday and we'll take the bandages off.

MUMMY

Mfff. Ummhmm.

Tiffany opens the door, guides the woman through and pushes her out.

TIFFANY

God. I thought I'd never get rid of her. These whole body lifts are the worst.

KELLY

I know. I don't see how you can stand the bitching. Just bitch, bitch, bitch all the time. Bitch, bitch, bitch all day long.

Tiffany and Kelly giggle.

The outer door opens and SHIRLEY FRANKENSTEIN enters.

SHIRLEY

I want to speak to my husband.

TIFFANY  
He's in surgery.

SHIRLEY  
I don't care. I want to speak to  
him now.

TIFFANY  
You can't go in now.

Shirley dashes into

**INT. THE HALLWAY**

Tiffany chases Shirley into the

**INT. OPERATING ROOM**

DR. TIM FRANKENSTEIN is hard at work on a patient. His surgical scrubs are soaked with blood. The patient is covered in blood. Hell, everything is covered with blood. Even the blood stains are covered with blood.

Frankenstein pulls down his mask.

FRANKENSTEIN  
What is it?

SHIRLEY  
Tim, I need my pills.

FRANKENSTEIN  
I gave you some this morning.

SHIRLEY  
They're gone. Look Tim, I need 'em  
now.

TIFFANY  
I tried to stop her.

FRANKENSTEIN  
It's okay.

He opens a medicine cabinet and pulls out a bottle. He counts out six pills with his bloody gloved hands and gives them to Shirley.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
Make 'em last this time.

SHIRLEY  
I will. Love you, Tim.

FRANKENSTEIN

I love you too.

Shirley leaves, swallowing a pill.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Isn't she wonderful?

Tiffany rolls her eyes.

The patient spits out some blood.

Frankenstein picks up a scalpel and returns to his face carving.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

Kelly sits at her desk, watching the clock. She picks up a hand mirror and brushes her hair.

The phone rings. With an exasperated expression, Kelly lets it ring a few times and then picks it up.

KELLY

Frankenstein cosmetic surgery. How can we help you?. You're what? A leper? Ewwwwwww. No, no, no, we don't work on lepers. Christ, you're making me sick. Your nose fell off? Oh God. Well, stick it back on! Use duct tape or something. Try Elmer's glue. I don't care. Just fuck off, okay?

She slams down the phone, takes a look at the clock and picks up the mirror. She applies some lipstick.

Tiffany enters from the hallway, guiding a patient who is bandaged up like the invisible man and wearing sunglasses. She leads him to the door.

TIFFANY

Now you stay out of the sun.

INVISIBLE MAN

Unnh. Unnh.

She gently pushes him out.

KELLY

What's the deal with him?

TIFFANY

Skin graft. Tanning booth overload.

Kelly nods her head.

KELLY  
Dangerous places.

TIFFANY  
Yeah. But I'll take my chances.

Tiffany and Kelly giggle.

Frankenstein enters from the hallway, his clothes soaked in blood. He makes tracks- bloody tracks- to the coffee pot. He pours himself a cup.

Kelly takes another look at the clock.

KELLY  
Almost quitting time.

Frankenstein sips his coffee and puts the cup down on Kelly's desk. He performs a stretching exercise.

FRANKENSTEIN  
I gotta limber up. I've got a taekwondo class in an hour.

TIFFANY  
Why don't you just buy a gun? Then you wouldn't get your hands all bloody.

Frankenstein rises out of his stretch.

FRANKENSTEIN  
I don't mind a little blood.

He shakes himself like a wet dog. Blood flies everywhere. He snaps into a karate stance and kicks the air a few times.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
Kelly, you want to spar? Everyone should learn martial arts. Come on, I'll give you your first lesson.

He snaps a kick a few inches from her head.

Kelly looks at him coldly.

KELLY  
Not me. I just did my nails! I wouldn't want to get blood and shit on 'em when I scratch your eyes out.

More air kicks.

FRANKENSTEIN

Right. What about you, Tiffany?

TIFFANY

Doctor Frankenstein! I'm a medical professional! A trained nurse!

FRANKENSTEIN

Actually you're a dental hygienist. If a real nurse would stay in this job you'd be back to scraping teeth.

Tiffany breaks into tears.

TIFFANY

That's just mean. When you hired me you said I could be your nurse.

Frankenstein stops his martial arts routine.

FRANKENSTEIN

I'm sorry. Of course you're my nurse.

Kelly takes another look at the clock.

KELLY

Quitting time!

Kelly and Tiffany run out the door.

FRANKENSTEIN

I'll lock up.

**INT. DR. PHILDREW'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

It's the same as Dr. Frankenstein's office, just dressed slightly different.

SHELLY, Dr. Phildrew's receptionist, is the same person as Kelly with one slight difference: whereas Kelly is a blonde, Shelly is dark haired.

Frankenstein waits in a chair reading Sports Illustrated.

SHELLY

Dr. Phildrew will see you now.

Dr. Frankenstein walks to

**INT. PHILDREW'S INNER OFFICE**

DR. PHILDREW is seated behind his desk, next to a couch. Phildrew is a large man, wearing an immense sport jacket.

One more thing- Dr. Phildrew has two heads in the style of Bruce Dern and Roosevelt Grier in THE INCREDIBLE TWO-HEADED TRANSPLANT. One head is Dr. Drew and the other is Dr. Phil.

DREW

Hello Tim. Please lie down on the couch.

FRANKENSTEIN

Hello Dr. Drew, Dr. Phil.

PHIL

Just what can we help you with?

FRANKENSTEIN

It's my wife. She just can't stay off the pills.

DREW

The oxycontin?

FRANKENSTEIN

Yeah. And the amphetamines. And the prozac. You name it, she does it.

DREW

We may have to do an intervention.

Phil shoots Drew a look, like he thinks Drew is the crazy one.

PHIL

What you gotta do is cowboy up, little feller. You just gotta put your feet down and dig in your heels like you just roped a bull and you ain't on no horse to help you out.

Drew shakes his head.

DREW

Ridiculous.

Phil stares at Drew like he's trying to burn holes in Drew's head.

FRANKENSTEIN

I've begged her to go into detox, but she just won't go. She says if I love her I just have to accept her as she is. She threatened to leave me.

Frankenstein breaks into tears.

PHIL  
Buck up little buddy. Come here.

Frankenstein gets off the couch.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Yeah, that's it. Lean in a little closer.

Frankenstein leans over the desk.

Phil draws back his hand and slaps Frankenstein hard.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Now start bein' a man. Cowboy up and stop all this goddamned caterwaulin' before I take my belt and give you a good Texas ass-whippin'.

DREW  
That was uncalled for, Dr. Phil.

Phil gives Drew a look of intense hate.

DREW (CONT'D)  
This man came to us for help and you slapped him. How unprofessional can you get?

PHIL  
I'll deal with you later, boy.

DREW  
I can't just sit by and watch this. I'm going to report you to the AMA. I'm going to get your license revoked.

PHIL  
You bastard.

He draws back his hand and slaps Drew. Drew also controls one hand which he uses to fight back and grab Phil's hand.

However, Phil is stronger and he pulls his hand free and repeatedly slaps Dr. Drew. Slap slap slap slap slap slap.

Drew starts to cry.

Dr. Phil gives a little victory laugh.

DREW  
I'm sorry I ever met you. You brute!

Phil smirks.

PHIL

Crybaby.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S INNER OFFICE - DAY**

Frankenstein is with a patient, Mrs. Schnabel. She is a perfectly normal middle-aged woman, except for her nose which juts out four inches. She is seated. Frankenstein stands before her.

FRANKENSTEIN

So what can I do for you?

MRS. SCHNABEL

I've been getting these lines in my forehead and around the eyes. I think they make me look older. Maybe some botox--

Frankenstein is about six inches from her face - nose to nose - as he looks over the wrinkles.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yes. We can do that. And while you're here we can give you a cute little nose like Reese Witherspoon.

MRS. SCHNABEL

My nose?

FRANKENSTEIN

Yes. It'll make you feel so much better about yourself.

MRS. SCHNABEL

What's wrong with my nose?

FRANKENSTEIN

It's just that it's out of proportion to your face.

MRS. SCHNABEL

What do you mean "out of proportion?"

FRANKENSTEIN

It's just that it's so large. We can give you a cute little button nose; think Hayden Panetiere.

Mrs. Schnabel jumps to her feet.

MRS. SCHNABEL  
 Large! Large! What kind of a quack  
 doctor are you?

FRANKENSTEIN  
 Please, Mrs. Schnabel.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S OUTER OFFICE**

YVETTE enters from the street. She is a young woman who would be attractive if she took off her glasses, let down her hair, and put on some makeup.

One more thing- Yvette is a hunchback. I mean she has a beachball sized hump between her shoulder blades. She walks bent forward, 'cause, hey man those humps are heavy!

Kelly sees her and freaks out.

KELLY  
 What do you want

YVETTE  
 I came to apply for the job, for the  
 nursing position.

KELLY  
 You can't work here! You're just  
 too fugly!

YVETTE  
 But I'm a really good nurse! I've  
 got a masters degree from UCLA school  
 of nursing.

Mrs. Schnabel bursts into the outer office, pursued by Dr. Frankenstein.

FRANKENSTEIN  
 Come back in and we'll talk.

MRS. SCHNABEL  
 My sister warned me about quacks  
 like you, you nose butcher!

She heads for the door.

KELLY  
 So long, dickface.

Mrs. Schnabel slams the door behind her.

Frankenstein's eyes latch onto Yvette.

FRANKENSTEIN

Can I help you?

YVETTE

I'm here to apply for the nursing position.

KELLY

I told her she was much too fugly.

Frankenstein stares at Kelly.

FRANKENSTEIN

You can't tell her that. That's my job. I'm the doctor.

Kelly pouts and stares at her desk.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Give her an application, Kelly.  
When she's finished send her back to see me.

Frankenstein heads back to his office.

Kelly rolls her eyes and shakes her head. She jerks open her desk drawer and pulls out an application. She throws it down on her desk.

KELLY

There.

She slams the desk drawer shut.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

Yvette brings the completed application to Kelly.

YVETTE

I'm finished.

KELLY

So what do you want? A medal?

Bored, Kelly glances over the application, then hands it back to Yvette.

KELLY (CONT'D)

First door on the left, hunchy.

Yvette's face flashes a hurt expression, then she walks to

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S INNER OFFICE**

Frankenstein sits at his desk reading the Wall Street Journal. He frowns.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Sit down, please. I'll take that.

He looks over the application.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
Masters degree in nursing from UCLA.  
Surgical experience, Cedars of  
Lebanon, UCLA medical center. It  
says you're working now as an autopsy  
assistant at the city morgue. Why  
the switch from surgery?

Yvette looks down, ashamed.

YVETTE  
I wanted to but they said I was just  
too fugly.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Ah, yes. Because of your hump?

Yvette breaks into tears.

YVETTE  
Yes, oh God. My hump, for God's  
sake. Sometimes I wish I was never  
born.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Have you ever, uh, thought of having  
it removed?

YVETTE  
I'd like to, but my insurance won't  
pay for it. They don't cover cosmetic  
surgery.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Right.

YVETTE  
About the nursing position, you can  
see I'm highly qualified.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Well yeah, except for your hump.

YVETTE  
Then perhaps you could remove it?

Frankenstein thinks the matter over.

FRANKENSTEIN

Hmm. Yes, I do humpectomies... But that's about a fourteen thousand dollar operation. Cash on the barrelhead. Do you have the money?

Yvette continues to cry.

YVETTE

No, I've been saving up but the morgue doesn't pay very well. And with my student loans to pay off I've only been able to save three thousand dollars.

FRANKENSTEIN

That's not enough.

YVETTE

I wonder if you could do the operation and let me work it off?

FRANKENSTEIN

Work here? Are you crazy? This is Beverly Hills. My patients would freak out if they saw a freak.

Yvette's crying shifts up a gear to outright bawling.

Frankenstein shoves a box of Kleenex across his desk to her. Yvette takes one and dabs at her eyes.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

That will be a dime for the Kleenex.

Yvette digs in her pocket and produces the dime.

YVETTE

I'm a good nurse. Really I am.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yeah. Sure.

SHIRLEY (O.S.)

I need my fucking pills!

Shirley bursts into the office, dragging Kelly who has her in a body lock.

KELLY

I tried to stop her. I told her you were busy.

FRANKENSTEIN

It's okay.

Kelly releases Shirley.

SHIRLEY

Bitch.

Shirley gives a withering stare to Kelly. Kelly steps back.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yvette, we'll keep your application on file. If anything opens up we'll call you.

YVETTE

Thank you.

She leaves.

Frankenstein hands the application to Kelly.

FRANKENSTEIN

Kelly, file this.

KELLY

You mean, throw it away.

FRANKENSTEIN

No, I mean file it.

Kelly rolls her eyes but takes the application and leaves the inner office.

SHIRLEY

I want my fucking pills!

FRANKENSTEIN

But dear--

SHIRLEY

Now!

Frankenstein opens his desk drawer and produces a pill bottle.

**INT. DR. PHILDREW'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

Yvette tries to get comfortable on a chair; her hump makes that difficult.

SHELLY

Dr. Phildrew will see you now.

Yvette walks to

**INT. PHILDREW'S INNER OFFICE**

DREW  
Hello, Yvette is it? Please lie  
down on the couch.

PHIL  
Make yourself to home.

YVETTE  
Thank you.

She lies down on the couch, tries to get comfortable. Her  
hump makes this even more difficult.

DREW  
So, what seems to be the problem?

YVETTE  
Well, I'm a hunchback.

DREW  
Yes, I can see that.

PHIL  
We're not blind, stupid.

YVETTE  
I'm not stupid!

Drew stares daggers at Phil.

DREW  
Of course you're not. Go on.

YVETTE  
And everyone is so mean to me.

DREW  
And how do you react to that?

YVETTE  
I just try to ignore it.

Phil gives Yvette a look of absolute disgust.

PHIL  
Now that just takes the cake. You  
ignore it? Are you fuckin' crazy?  
Have you been listening to Oprah or  
something?

Drew giggles.

DREW  
Hey, you're Oprah's boy.

PHIL  
Shut up.

DREW  
I mean you're always prattling on  
about Oprah this and Oprah that,  
going on her halfwit show to promote  
your simplistic books

PHIL  
Shut up, bitch!

DREW  
I mean you're not even a psychiatrist!  
You have a Ph.d in education for  
Christ's sake. Elementary education  
at that. Oh oh oh. See Spot run.  
Run spot run.

PHIL  
You asked for it.

He draws back his hand and slaps Drew hard.

DREW  
That was uncalled for.

PHIL  
Candy ass.

Yvette gets off the couch.

YVETTE  
Look, if you're too busy--

PHIL  
We're not too busy. Just shut the  
fuck up.

He grabs Yvette's hair.

YVETTE  
Owww!

Phil pulls Yvette close and screams in her face.

PHIL  
I'm gonna solve your problems right  
now. You're just too damned weak.

He lifts her by her hair.

PHIL (CONT'D)

You've got to stop letting people push you around. So, the next time someone is mean to you I want you to kick their ass!

DREW

Dr. Phil!

PHIL

And if you don't kick their ass, I'm gonna kick yours! Just like I do my little friend here. Now get the fuck out of my office!

YVETTE

Yes sir.

Phil releases Yvette and she falls, landing on her knees.

Yvette scrambles to her feet and walks to

**INT. DR. PHILDREW'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

Frankenstein waits in a chair, reading Black Belt magazine.

FRANKENSTEIN

Hello, Yvette.

YVETTE

Hello.

SHELLY

Dr. Phildrew will see you now, Dr. Frankenstein.

Yvette walks out the door.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY**

Yvette walks to her car.

PHIL (O.S.)

You again! Come here and take your whupping!

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S INNER OFFICE - DAY**

Frankenstein sits at his desk. A woman- we'll call her Susan- sits facing him. The camera is behind her, so we can't see her face though we can see Dr. Frankenstein's reaction.

FRANKENSTEIN

So how can I help you?  
(MORE)

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

A little botox, a little liposuction?  
A face lift, a boob job?

SUSAN

No.

FRANKENSTEIN

You have something else in mind?

SUSAN

Actually, a chimpanzee ate my face.

Frankenstein squints a little.

FRANKENSTEIN

Ah yes... I can see that now. So  
what exactly do you have in mind?

SUSAN

I want a new face. You know, a  
transplant.

FRANKENSTEIN

Hmm. I'll have to think about that.  
Never done one before, but maybe--

Loud crashing sounds are heard.

KELLY (O.S.)

No, you can't come in here!

SHIRLEY (O.S.)

Get out of my way, bitch!

KELLY (O.S.)

Tiffany! Help me!

Dr. Frankenstein looks toward his office door.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

What is?... Oh my God! Get out!

SHIRLEY (O.S.)

I want my fucking pills!

More crashing sounds.

Frankenstein stands up.

SUSAN

Is there something wrong?

FRANKENSTEIN

No, just the office staff. I'll  
tell 'em to hold it down a little.

SHIRLEY (O.S.)

Pills! Pills! Pills!

Frankenstein runs to the

**INT. OPERATING ROOM**

Shirley enters from the outer office with Tiffany and Kelly holding her, dragging them like an All-Star fullback dragging two defensive backs over the goal line.

Touchdown! Shirley reaches the medicine cabinet and pulls out a huge bottle of pills which she holds like a football.

TIFFANY

We tried to stop her!

KELLY

We did.

FRANKENSTEIN

It's okay, girls. I can handle it.

Kelly and Tiffany leave.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Now Shirley, give me the pills.

Shirley bares her teeth.

SHIRLEY

Grrrrrrrrrrr.

FRANKENSTEIN

You know you can't have all those  
pills.

Shirley glances nervously around the room, then makes a sudden dash for the door, tucking the bottle of pills under her arm.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

No!

He jumps in front of his wife, but she stiff-arms him and hauls ass out the door, looking like the Heisman statue in motion.

Frankenstein lays on the floor, stunned by the impact. Slowly he comes to.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

What a woman!

He stands up, dusts himself off and returns to

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S INNER OFFICE**

Frankenstein sits at his desk.

FRANKENSTEIN

Let's see, back to you; your problem was?

SUSAN

Chimpanzee ate my face.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yes, thanks for reminding me. You know, not everyone is a candidate for cosmetic surgery. There are ethics involved.

SUSAN

You can't help me?

FRANKENSTEIN

No. While I'm sure having a face would give you a temporary ego boost, I don't think it would solve your real problems. I think you would be happier if you learned to accept yourself as you are.

Susan cries.

SUSAN

There's nothing you can do?

FRANKENSTEIN

I can refer you to a good psychiatrist-the best in his field.

He hands her a business card.

Susan's crying shifts up a gear to outright wailing.

SUSAN

But my face! How can I go out like this?

FRANKENSTEIN

I see.

He opens a desk drawer and removes a paper bag with cut out eye holes and a drawn in smiley face nose and mouth.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Try this.

She puts on the paper bag.

SUSAN

Thanks.

She gets up to leave.

FRANKENSTEIN

That will be a dime for the bag and  
a hundred dollars for the artwork.

She opens her handbag and gives the good doctor the money.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Have a nice day.

Susan walks through the hall to

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S OUTER OFFICE**

Furniture is overturned and the door to the hallway is torn  
off its hinges and lying on the floor.

KELLY

So long, chimp chow.

Susan steps over the door and exits.

**INT. DR. PHILDREW'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

Susan- bag on head- sits reading Vogue.

SHELLY

Dr. Phildrew will see you now.

Shelly leads Susan to

**INT. PHILDREW'S INNER OFFICE**

DREW

Come in Susan. Please lie down on  
the couch.

SUSAN

Thank you Doctor.

Phil stares daggers at Drew.

DREW

What brings you here today?

SUSAN  
Chimpanzee ate my face.

DREW  
I see. And how does that make you  
feel?

Phil gives a little laugh.

PHIL  
How does it make her feel? What a  
stupid fuckin' question. I'll tell  
you how it makes her feel! Like a  
goddamned monkey just bit off her  
whole fuckin' face. Am I right,  
dear?

SUSAN  
I guess so.

PHIL  
You guess so? You know goddamned  
well I'm right.

SUSAN  
Okay.

She gets off the couch.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Maybe this isn't the best place for  
me.

PHIL  
Shut up. You ain't goin' nowhere,  
girl.

DREW  
Dr. Phil!

PHIL  
You speak when I tell you to, little  
man. Now Susan, I'll tell you what  
your problem is. You see yourself  
as a victim. And as long as you see  
yourself that way you will be a  
victim.

SUSAN  
I better be going.

PHIL  
You come right here, girl. Look me  
in the eye.

Susan approaches the desk, trembling like a leaf. As soon as she is within Phil's range his hand shoots out. He punches her like a speed bag, backhands and forehands- BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP BAP.

Susan's head bobbles like a bobble-head doll as Phil continues his speed work.

DREW  
Dr. Phil! Stop it you brute!

Phil turns his head toward Dr. Drew and stares at him, a look of absolute evil in his eyes.

PHIL  
You goddamned little pinhead. You've been asking for this for a long time.

Phil slaps Drew.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
How you like that, bitch!

Phil slaps Drew again.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
I'll learn you not to back-sass me, you little candy-ass!

Phil slaps Drew again.

Susan's head slowly stops bobbling. She adjusts her head-bag and hauls ass out the door.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
You set up your next appointment with Shelly! Don't make me come looking for you!

Phil turns his attention back to Drew.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Sorry. I got carried away, little buddy.

Drew spits out a mouthful of bloody Chiclets.

DREW  
You can't beat up a patient that way. She isn't a punching bag.

Phil contemplates the proposition.

PHIL

If you think about it, she sort of  
is.

Drew spits out another tooth.

DREW

I can't work with you any more.  
I'll be calling my lawyer. I'm  
dissolving the partnership.

Phil sticks a cigarette in his mouth and lights it.

Drew looks distressed.

DREW (CONT'D)

I wish you wouldn't do that.

Phil draws in a lungful of smoke and exhales it slowly into  
Drew's face.

Phil smiles.

**EXT. FRANKENSTEIN'S SURGICAL CENTER - NIGHT**

A figure moves toward the office building. As she gets closer  
to the door we see that it is Shirley Frankenstein.

The flashlight in her hand lights up and illuminates the key  
ring in her other hand.

With a furtive glance over her shoulder Shirley unlocks the  
door and steps inside.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S OUTER OFFICE - NIGHT**

Shirley walks through the darkened office, still relying on  
her flashlight. She steps into

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S INNER OFFICE - NIGHT**

Shirley switches on the light. She looks at the medicine  
cabinet and smiles.

She opens the medicine cabinet and removes an Anna Nicole  
Smith-sized bottle of pills.

She opens the bottle and swallows a few capsules.

She puts the pill bottle down on her husband's desk and  
returns to the medicine cabinet. She selects two more jumbo  
bottles and sits down at the desk.

She pours pills out onto the desk, making three distinct  
piles.

She contemplates her treasure briefly, then selects one pill from pile A and one from pile B.

She gulps down the pills and relaxes in the chair.

Her hand reaches out toward pile C.

**EXT. FRANKENSTEIN'S SURGICAL CENTER - DAY**

Kelly and Tiffany approach from the parking lot. Kelly has a key ring in her hand, Tiffany sips from a paper cup.

KELLY  
That hunchback called again yesterday.  
Asking for a job.

TIFFANY  
She just won't give up, will she?

KELLY  
No. As if she could ever work here.

TIFFANY  
She's way too fugly.

KELLY  
The fugliest.

TIFFANY  
So what did you tell her?

KELLY  
Nothing. I just put her on hold.  
She stayed on the phone for a whole  
hour.

TIFFANY  
With the elevator music?

KELLY  
Celine Dion.

Kelly and Tiffany collapse in a giggle fit as they reach the door.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
That's odd.

The door is ajar. Kelly pulls the door open and the two women step in.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

Tiffany walks back toward the inner office. She screams (O.S.)

TIFFANY (O.S.)

Kelly!

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S INNER OFFICE - DAY**

Shirley Frankenstein is slumped forward, her face buried in a pile of pills. Tiffany stands over her.

Kelly bursts in.

KELLY

Hoo boy.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

Kelly is seated at her desk when Frankenstein enters.

KELLY

Morning, Doctor Frankenstein.

FRANKENSTEIN

Good morning, Kelly. I'm kind of worried about my wife. She didn't come home last night.

He does a few stretches, then begins a karate kata.

KELLY

Well, you can stop worrying.

Frankenstein stops the kata.

FRANKENSTEIN

Oh?

DOC JONES, an old guy in a suit enters from the inner office filling out a certificate.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Dr. Jones? What are you doing here?

JONES

Sorry, Tim.

He pats Frankenstein's arm.

JONES (CONT'D)

Okay guys! Get her on the meat wagon.

Two men, BERT and ERNIE enter from the inner office, pushing a gurney. A sheet covers the body on the gurney. Both men wear windbreakers with the words "CORONER'S OFFICE" on the back.

Frankenstein pulls the sheet from the corpse and comes face to dead face with his wife.

FRANKENSTEIN  
My God! Tell me she's not dead!

Bert shoots Ernie a smirking glance.

BERT  
She's not dead.

Bert and Ernie break out laughing.

BERT (CONT'D)  
Just kidding. Of course she's dead.

ERNIE  
She is defunct.

BERT  
She is kaput.

ERNIE  
Your wife is a dead parrot.

BERT  
Elvis has left the building.

ERNIE  
She has gone to her great reward.

BERT  
She is no longer with us.

ERNIE  
She's checked out.

BERT  
She has cashed in her chips.

ERNIE  
She bought the farm.

BERT  
She caught the midnight train to Georgia.

ERNIE  
She is no more.

BERT  
She's hard as a carp.

ERNIE

She has shuffled off this mortal coil.

Ernie bows to the dead Mrs. Frankenstein.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Milady, your chariot awaits.

BERT

He means the meat wagon. My friend Ernie here is a poet. He went to school and everything.

ERNIE

You are too kind, goodfellow.

BERT

I write poetry too.

ERNIE

He does. Bertram, please recite for us.

BERT

Okay. There once was a woman from Dover. She Od'd and keeled on over.

FRANKENSTEIN

Stop it, you inhuman bastards!

BERT

Then her husband freaked out, and started to shout. Say, what rhymes with Dover?

ERNIE

Over her.

BERT

And the meat wagon drove right o'er her.

ERNIE

Ooh, I like that "o'er her." Very old English.

BERT

Thank you.

FRANKENSTEIN

You ghouls.

BERT

Hey, don't get upset, pal. We're just doing our job.

Bert and Ernie push the gurney out the door.

Frankenstein turns to Kelly.

FRANKENSTEIN

I'm going to need some help getting through this. Kelly, call Dr. Phildrew.

**INT. DR. PHILDREW'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

Shelly is at her desk, dividing a huge stack of folders into two smaller stacks.

SHELLY

One for Dr. Phil. One for Dr. Drew.  
One for Dr. Phil. One for Dr. Drew.

Frankenstein enters.

FRANKENSTEIN

Morning, Shelly. I'm here for my appointment. What's going on?

SHELLY

Oh, hello Dr. Frankenstein. They're splitting up the practice.

She ruffles through the folders, finds Frankenstein's file.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Let's see. You've been assigned to Dr. Phil.

PHIL (O.S.)

(singing)

Top coat, top hat, don't worry 'cause my wallet's fat.

SHELLY

You can go on back.

Frankenstein walks to

**INT. PHILDREW'S INNER OFFICE - DAY**

Phil is standing in front of a full-length mirror, singing and dancing.

One more thing- he has the body all to himself.

PHIL

They come running just as fast as they can- Every girl crazy 'bout a sharp dressed man.

Off to one side, Drew rolls his eyes at Phil's performance. That's all he can do- Drew doesn't have a body. Instead, his head rests atop a large wooden box.

His life support system- an aquarium with air bubbles bubbling through it- sits on a nearby table. (There are no fish in the aquarium- that would be sick).

Phil sees Frankenstein's reflection in the full-length mirror and turns to greet him.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Come in, Tim. Lie down on the couch.

Tim does so, as Phil slides behind the desk.

FRANKENSTEIN

What's going on?

PHIL

Oh, him?

He gestures toward Drew.

PHIL (CONT'D)

We're dividing the practice. It just didn't work out. Went to court and everything. Judge gave me custody of the body.

DREW

Bastard!

PHIL

You shut up, you little bitch. Now what's bothering you, Tim?

FRANKENSTEIN

It's my wife.

PHIL

She hitting the pills again? When you gonna cowboy up and whup her ass?

FRANKENSTEIN

She's dead. Overdose.

PHIL  
Well, that takes care of one problem  
anyway.

DREW  
Doctor Phil! Show some compassion!

PHIL  
I told you to shut up, you little  
candy ass.

Frankenstein breaks into tears.

FRANKENSTEIN  
I can't live without her! She's the  
only reason I had for living- and  
now she's gone.

Phil gives Frankenstein a look of utter contempt.

PHIL  
Okay boy, you asked for it.

Phil stands up, walks around his desk and grabs Frankenstein  
by the collar, then jerks him to his feet.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
You been askin' for this for a long  
time.

He slaps Frankenstein time and again. SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP  
SLAP.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
When you gonna start actin' like a  
man?

SLAP SLAP SLAP.

FRANKENSTEIN  
But I love her!

SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP.

DREW  
That is so unprofessional.

Phil stops slapping for a moment as he turns his head toward  
Drew.

DREW (CONT'D)  
What would Oprah say?

PHIL  
That does it.

He drops Frankenstein in a crumpled heap on the floor and strides toward Drew and his box.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
What did you say?

DREW  
I said, "What would Oprah say?"

Phil slaps Drew hard.

PHIL  
Say it again, bitch.

DREW  
What would Oprah say?

SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP- both hands alternating.

PHIL  
Now say it again!

DREW  
What would Oprah say?

SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP. Phil steps back and does the Ali shuffle.

PHIL  
Float like a butterfly, sting like a  
bee!

He steps forward and SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
You got anything to say, bitch?

DREW  
What would Oprah say? What would  
Oprah say? What would Oprah say?

SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP. And SLAP.

Frankenstein stares in horror at the violent scene in front of him.

Phil steps back to take a rest. He takes a cigarette from his shirt pocket and lights it.

DREW (CONT'D)  
Big, big man. Slapping a disembodied  
head. Do you feel better now?

PHIL

What?

DREW

Oprah's boy.

Phil steps toward Drew again. He draws back his fist and swings with all his might.

Drew's head snaps back from the impact, then slumps to the side, unconscious.

Phil takes his seat at his desk.

PHIL

Now, back to our discussion.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

No patients wait to see the doc. Kelly and Tiffany chat at Kelly's desk.

TIFFANY

What's with the doctor? He's been locked in his office all day.

KELLY

It's bad. He had me cancel all his appointments. I think he's been drinking.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S INNER OFFICE - DAY**

Frankenstein sits at his desk with a glass and a mostly empty bottle of whiskey. He has several pill bottles on the desk. He opens them in turn and empties them on his desk in several piles.

He sips whiskey while he toys with the pills.

Abruptly, he drains his glass and strides to

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

FRANKENSTEIN

Kelly, pull Yvette's application.

KELLY

The hunchback? Whatever for? You're not going to hire that bitch, are you?

FRANKENSTEIN

Maybe.

TIFFANY

Ewwwwwwwww.

FRANKENSTEIN

Just get her on the phone. Schedule an interview.

KELLY

Like maybe next year?

Frankenstein gives her a look of disgust.

FRANKENSTEIN

Forget it. I'll call her myself.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S INNER OFFICE - DAY**

A cleaned up Dr. Frankenstein faces Yvette across the desk.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yvette, I've reviewed your application and I have decided to put you on staff.

YVETTE

Thank you, Dr. Frankenstein. This means a lot to me.

FRANKENSTEIN

You have the right training. I'm sure you'll fit in here real well.

Yvette nods.

YVETTE

Surgical nurse, anesthetist, scrub nurse, I can do it all. You won't be disappointed in me, Dr. Frankenstein.

FRANKENSTEIN

I'm sure you're right. Let's see, in addition to the normal duties I want you to assist me with a special project.

Yvette becomes suspicious.

YVETTE

What kind of special project? You're not one of those mad scientists are you?

FRANKENSTEIN

No, of course not.

YVETTE

So, what is it?

FRANKENSTEIN

Umm, let's see, how should I put this?.. As you may know, I recently lost my wife- the only woman I ever loved. At first, I didn't see how I could ever live without her.

YVETTE

Go on.

FRANKENSTEIN

But I did some soul searching. And I decided I couldn't mourn forever. So I decided to take my matters into my own two hands and--

Yvette jumps to her feet.

YVETTE

You decided to recreate your wife!

FRANKENSTEIN

Well, uh--

YVETTE

You are a mad scientist, aren't you? Aren't you!

FRANKENSTEIN

No!

YVETTE

My mother warned me about guys like you. You're a mad scientist. Admit it!

Frankenstein breaks into tears.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Mad scientist! Mad scientist!

Frankenstein puts his hands on his head and pulls out clumps of hair.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yes, yes. I'm a mad scientist. But I just want to recreate my wife. Is that so bad?

Yvette walks around behind him and pats his back.

YVETTE

There, there. Don't cry. I'll help you on one condition.

Frankenstein turns and looks into Yvette's eyes.

FRANKENSTEIN

Which is?

YVETTE

I'll help you recreate your wife, but when the project is over- whether you succeed or fail- you fix my back. Deal?

FRANKENSTEIN

Deal.

They shake hands.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

Kelly and Tiffany watch as Yvette pours herself a cup of coffee.

KELLY

Hunchy, hunchy, hunchback...

YVETTE

What?

TIFFANY

Humpy, humpy, humpback.

KELLY

No, I'm pretty sure the word is hunchback.

TIFFANY

It's humpback.

YVETTE

Why are you doing this?

KELLY

We just want to know. Is it hunchback or humpback?

YVETTE

You're so mean!

She retreats to the hallway as Kelly and Tiffany laugh maliciously.

KELLY

Oh man, that was great!

Frankenstein enters and pours himself his morning coffee.

FRANKENSTEIN

What's up first?

Kelly checks her computer.

KELLY

Let's see. Liposuction job. You have three hours scheduled.

Frankenstein nods.

FRANKENSTEIN

Right.

TIFFANY

You know, I'm not feeling so well. I think I'll take the day off. You and Humpy can handle this one by yourselves.

KELLY

You mean Hunchy.

FRANKENSTEIN

No, I'm gonna need you both. Lot of work on this one.

He retreats to the hallway.

TIFFANY

Well, I tried.

KELLY

Yes, you did.

The door opens and a shadow falls over Tiffany and Kelly as MRS. CLYDESDALE steps in.

NOTE: Mrs. Clydesdale is not shown directly in this scene- her presence is revealed only by the shadow she casts, her thunderous footsteps and the expressions on the faces of the office staff.

TIFFANY

Shit. It's Mrs. Clydesdale.

The building shakes as the shadow gets darker.

KELLY

Good morning, Mrs. Clydesdale. The doctor will be with you shortly. Please have a seat.

Earth shaking footsteps as the shadow retreats.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S INNER OFFICE - DAY**

Frankenstein sits at his desk gazing wistfully at a poster-sized photo of his late wife in a bikini.

Frankenstein wears a jumpsuit. A helmet with an attached face shield rests on his desk. A pair of rubber gloves (like something a hard-hat diver would wear) is also on the desk.

Yvette enters. She wears an identical jumpsuit and helmet with face shield.

YVETTE

Doctor? I've prepped the patient...

FRANKENSTEIN

Good. Let's go.

He takes one last look at his late wife's photo, then puts on the helmet and gloves. He and Yvette walk to

**INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAY**

A huge body rests on the operating table, covered by a sheet.

Tiffany- also dressed in a jumpsuit and helmet- stands by a machine with several dials, a few switches and a control lever. Attached to the machine is a huge tank.

YVETTE

She took sedation very well.

FRANKENSTEIN

Good. Yvette, you will assist me. Tiffany, you run the LipoVac.

TIFFANY

Yes, doctor.

Frankenstein lifts the edge of the sheet.

FRANKENSTEIN

Swab.

YVETTE

Swab.

She hands him the swab.

Frankenstein swabs delicately under the sheet.

FRANKENSTEIN

Scalpel.

YVETTE

Scalpel.

Yvette hands him the scalpel.

Frankenstein gingerly cuts under the sheet.

FRANKENSTEIN

Probe.

YVETTE

Probe.

Yvette hands Frankenstein the probe.

The probe is a section of steel tubing about six feet long and four inches in diameter. One end is cut at an angle, leaving a sharp point which gleams under the operating room lights. The other end is attached to a hose which leads to the tank on the LipoVac machine.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yaaaaaaaaah!

He lunges forward and drives the probe as if harpooning a whale.

Frankenstein pauses to consider the placement of the probe. He nods his head.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Suction.

TIFFANY

Suction.

She flips a switch and the LipoVac machine comes to life. It screams like the world's largest vacuum cleaner and shakes like it was possessed by a demon.

The probe bucks in Frankenstein's hands and he fights to hold on. He has to scream to be heard.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yvette! Help me!

YVETTE

Yes, doctor!

She grabs hold of the probe and the two struggle to control it, like two men on a fire hose.

FRANKENSTEIN  
More suction!

TIFFANY  
More suction!

She moves the lever and the LipoVac machine shifts to a higher gear. It screams like a jet engine and shakes and bounces, sometimes leaving the floor.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Hold on Yvette!

YVETTE  
I'm trying, Doctor!

They fight to control the bucking probe. A mist of blood and fat spatters the walls, the face shields, everything.

FRANKENSTEIN  
More suction!

TIFFANY  
She can't take it, Doctor! She's gonna blow!

FRANKENSTEIN  
I need more power! Give me warp four!

Tiffany advances the lever and the machine shifts up another gear. The sound becomes ear-splitting and the whole room begins to shake.

Great wads of fat start hitting the walls and the surgical team.

The bucking probe lifts Frankenstein and Yvette off the ground, yet still they hold on.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
Tiffany! Get on the probe!

Tiffany grabs the probe and the three of them fight to hold it while being blasted by pie-sized pieces of human fat.

TIFFANY  
I'm gonna die!

FRANKENSTEIN  
Just hold on! Hold on!

It is a perfect storm of liposuction. Frankenstein and his two nurses bravely carry on.

YVETTE

Look!

The mass on the table deflates slowly.

FRANKENSTEIN

We're getting it.

TIFFANY

Yes.

A blob of fat the size of a ham comes loose and whacks Tiffany square on the face shield. She falls hard.

YVETTE

I'm losing my grip!

FRANKENSTEIN

You can't! Hang on! Hang on!

Tiffany moves on the floor.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Get up!

Tiffany stands.

TIFFANY

Uhhhhh.

FRANKENSTEIN

Shake it off! Get back to work.

TIFFANY

Okay boss.

She takes her position on the probe.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

We're a great team, aren't we?

FRANKENSTEIN

Yes, we are.

The three of them exchange grins beneath their gory face shields.

The mass under the sheet becomes smaller.

The LipoVac screams and the probe bucks, resisted only by the will of the dedicated surgical team.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

Frankenstein, Tiffany, and Yvette enter from the hallway, still in their jumpsuits and helmets. They are covered in grease and blood.

They leave greasy, bloody footprints as they make their way to the coffee pot.

The three of them take off their helmets and shake like wet dogs, throwing off showers of blood and grease.

Kelly, at her desk, shields her hair with her hands.

KELLY

My hair!

Frankenstein pours himself a cup of coffee.

FRANKENSTEIN

Don't worry. Human fat is a great hair conditioner.

KELLY

Really?

She massages the grease into her hair.

FRANKENSTEIN

It's true. In fact, I should charge you for it.

KELLY

You better never.

Tiffany and Yvette help themselves to the coffee.

TIFFANY

That was a big job.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yeah. We should charge her double.

KELLY

Got it.

She types something on her computer.

Frankenstein sits on Kelly's desk as he sips his coffee, leaving greasy butt-prints.

Kelly looks on in horror.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yvette, will you check on the patient?

YVETTE

Yes, doctor.

She walks toward the back.

FRANKENSTEIN

I guess I better get back to work.

He stands and shakes again. A little spray comes off his jumpsuit and hits Kelly square in the face.

Kelly reaches for a Kleenex as Frankenstein walks into the hall.

TIFFANY

You need to wash your hair.

KELLY

Thanks for the reminder. Bitch.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

Kelly sits at her desk, using a hand-held hair dryer.

A flapping sound like a flat tire grows louder. Flap flap flap flap flap.

Kelly looks around.

Mrs. Clydesdale enters from the hallway, assisted by Dr. Frankenstein and Yvette. She is a tiny woman, maybe ninety pounds soaking wet, wearing only the folds of her enormous skin- like a midget wearing a collapsed circus tent.

FRANKENSTEIN

Now you come back in a couple weeks and we'll tighten up that skin. A little Botox should do it.

MRS. CLYDESDALE

Yes, Doctor.

Flap flap flap flap flap. She walks toward the door.

KELLY

So long, wrinkles.

Flap flap flap flap flap. She walks out the door.

**EXT. FRANKENSTEIN'S SURGICAL CENTER - DAY**

Behind the building. A van is parked with its rear doors open.

Frankenstein stands waiting. He has a hand truck with a 55 gallon drum marked LIPO GREASE.

Tiffany and Yvette exit the building.

Tiffany sees the drum.

TIFFANY

Uh oh.

YVETTE

You wanted to see us, Doctor?

FRANKENSTEIN

Yes. We need to load up this lipo grease. It's worth a lot of money.

YVETTE

Who would buy that nasty stuff?

FRANKENSTEIN

Have you ever had Chicken Cordon Bleu?

YVETTE

Yeah.

FRANKENSTEIN

What do you think the sauce is made from?

YVETTE

Yech! I'm gonna be sick.

She clamps her hands over her mouth, resisting impulse to vomit.

Frankenstein frowns.

FRANKENSTEIN

Quit goofing off. You can be sick on your own time. Now, let's move this drum. Tiffany, Yvette, grab it and start lifting.

The girls grab the drum, but damn, it's heavy. They barely lift it off the pavement.

YVETTE

Oh God, don't you have any ramps or something?

FRANKENSTEIN

Do you see any ramps? Come on, quit stalling.

TIFFANY  
We're not stalling!

YVETTE  
Uhhhh--

The girls strain to lift the barrel. It comes up a foot or so.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Come on! Put your backs into it!  
Yvette, you better start busting  
your hump.

YVETTE  
Stop being mean!

Frankenstein shakes his head and shows a look of condescension.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Slackers.

By now the girls have the drum almost level with the tailgate. Frankenstein leans in and gives a little shove. The barrel rolls into place.

Frankenstein stands back as Tiffany closes the tailgate and Yvette gasps for breath.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
If you want something done right I  
guess you just have to do it yourself.

TIFFANY  
Bastard.

She walks inside.

Frankenstein follows.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Come on. We've got work to do.

He stomps back into the building.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S INNER OFFICE - NIGHT**

Frankenstein sits at his desk with a bottle of whiskey and a glass. He has the poster-sized picture of his late wife in a bikini.

He puts down his glass and takes a black marking pen from his body.

Slowly, deliberately, he draws lines across the poster, dividing his wife's body into individual body parts- head, arms, legs, torso, breasts- like a diagram of a side of beef marked into different cuts of meat.

He puts down the marking pen and stares at the picture.

FRANKENSTEIN

Time to work a little bit of the old  
Frankenstein magic.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

Kelly is at her desk, doing a crossword puzzle. Tiffany drinks coffee and flips through a magazine.

KELLY

Slow day today.

TIFFANY

Thank God. I don't think I could  
take another patient like Mrs.  
Clydesdale.

KELLY

Yeah. She was a piece of work.

Kelly and Tiffany giggle.

Yvette enters from the hallway and heads for the coffee pot. Kelly eyeballs her like a cat watching a mouse.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Here's a strange one. What's a nine  
letter word for Quasimodo?

TIFFANY

Humpback?

Kelly writes on her crossword puzzle.

KELLY

That's only eight letters. It has  
to be nine.

TIFFANY

Hunchback!

Yvette looks hurt.

KELLY

That's it! Hunchback! Hunchy Hunchy  
Hunchback!

YVETTE

Let me see that.

She grabs the crossword puzzle.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Ha! There's no word "hunchback" in this puzzle. You're just making shit up!

KELLY

So? You some kind of censor or something?

YVETTE

What?

KELLY

It's like you're a Nazi or something. A Nazi hunchback.

YVETTE

You bitch!

She retreats to the hallway.

KELLY

(screams)

Nazi hunchback! Nazi hunchback!

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S INNER OFFICE - DAY**

Frankenstein is consulting with a patient. Call him LYLE TALBOT- the Wolfman. Like all real wolfmen, he talks just like Scooby Doo.

FRANKENSTEIN

Mr. Talbot- may I call you Lyle?

LYLE

Rokay.

FRANKENSTEIN

Lyle, you are suffering from a very unusual disease called Lycanthropy. Now there is no cure--

LYLE

Ro cure?

KELLY (O.S.)

Nazi hunchback! Nazi hunchback!

LYLE

Ruts that?

FRANKENSTEIN

Just ignore that. Now, as I was saying, you have a disease called Lycanthropy that causes you to turn into a wolf during the full moon.

Lyle hangs his head.

LYLE

Ro I'm screwed.

FRANKENSTEIN

You don't have to look so hang dog, excuse the expression. What I suggest is you come in for a full course of electrolysis.

LYLE

Rectrolysis?

FRANKENSTEIN

It's a type of hair removal using electricity. You'll still turn into a wolf, of course. But without the hair no one will ever notice.

LYLE

Rokay.

He stands and walks out of the office wagging his tail.

As soon as Talbot exits, Kelly barges into the inner office, followed closely by Yvette.

KELLY

This hunchback called me a bitch!

YVETTE

She called me a Nazi hunchback!

FRANKENSTEIN

She's not a Nazi, Kelly. Don't call her that.

KELLY

But she tried to censor me!

FRANKENSTEIN

Don't censor her, Yvette.

Yvette shakes her head.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Kelly, go on back to your desk. Find something to do.

Kelly exits, silently mouthing the words "Nazi Hunchback" out of Frankenstein's view.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Yvette, I want you to work late tonight.

YVETTE

Yes, doctor.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yes. It's time to start on our special project.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S INNER OFFICE - NIGHT**

Frankenstein and Yvette are at Frankenstein's desk. Both wear black trousers and black shoes.

On the desk are various things which the doctor stuffs into a black gym bag as Yvette hands them to him.

FRANKENSTEIN

Duct tape.

YVETTE

Duct tape.

FRANKENSTEIN

Handcuffs.

YVETTE

Handcuffs.

FRANKENSTEIN

Chloroform.

YVETTE

Chloroform.

FRANKENSTEIN

Gauze.

YVETTE

Gauze.

FRANKENSTEIN

Stun gun.

YVETTE

Stun gun.

FRANKENSTEIN

I think that does it. Let's get ready.

Frankenstein puts on a black turtleneck.

Yvette grabs the matching turtleneck and starts to put it on but encounters a problem: her hump.

YVETTE  
Unnh... Uhh--

The doctor looks on in disgust, shaking his head.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Come on. Quit stalling.

YVETTE  
I'm not stalling!

Yvette pulls harder. Still no success.

YVETTE (CONT'D)  
I can't. It's too small.

FRANKENSTEIN  
You're not trying.

YVETTE  
I am.

Frankenstein grabs the back of Yvette's turtleneck and pulls hard. Again, no success.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Hold your breath! Suck in your gut!

Yvette holds her breath as the Doctor pulls hard, putting all his weight into the effort.

YVETTE  
Unnh!. Oh!

There is a loud pop as the garment slides over Yvette's hump.

YVETTE (CONT'D)  
Whoa. I can hardly breathe.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Quit bitching. Let's go.

They put on black ski masks and black gloves. Frankenstein grabs the black gym bag and they walk out.

**INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT**

Frankenstein and Yvette wear scrubs. A young woman lies unconscious on the operating table, her legs exposed.

Frankenstein wields a meat saw, sawing away like a madman and leering like he is getting turned on. Blood sprays everywhere..

The young woman moves slightly- neither Yvette or the doctor notice.

The young woman moves again, again unnoticed.

Suddenly she sits up.

WOMAN ON TABLE

(screams)

My God! What are you doing?!!

Frankenstein looks up from his sawyery. He has a look of annoyance on his face. He shakes his head in disdain.

FRANKENSTEIN

Gas her.

YVETTE

Gassing her, Doctor.

Yvette holds a gas mask to the woman's face and turns a valve on the gas tank. There is a hissing sound from the gas.

The young woman struggles but Yvette holds her down. The woman loses consciousness again and slumps back flat on the table.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Gassing complete.

FRANKENSTEIN

Good.

He returns to his saw work again, then stops. He looks up at Yvette.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

You know, you're really good at this gassing stuff. Too bad the state shut down the gas chamber. They could have used a girl like you.

Yvette's eyes light up.

YVETTE

Thank you, Doctor. You say the nicest things.

The Doctor goes to work with his saw. The leg quickly comes off.

FRANKENSTEIN  
 Preserve the leg.

YVETTE  
 Preserving the leg, Doctor.

Yvette puts the leg in a nearby freezer.

FRANKENSTEIN  
 One down and one to go.

He applies the saw to the woman's other leg.

**EXT. FRANKENSTEIN'S SURGICAL CENTER - NIGHT**

All is calm. A few cars pass by.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

Kelly almost works at her desk as the office comes to life.  
 Yvette and Tiffany help themselves to coffee.

Frankenstein does some stretching exercises.

FRANKENSTEIN  
 I'm starting to get things under  
 control. When I lost my wife I kinda  
 lost it. But now, I'm starting to  
 get it together.

He finishes stretching and throws a few practice kicks

YVETTE  
 That's good to hear.

FRANKENSTEIN  
 Yeah. I'm even getting back into  
 karate. I still have to spar for my  
 next test.

YVETTE  
 I'm sure you'll do well.

FRANKENSTEIN  
 I hope so. You know, I think I can  
 stop seeing that shrink. Kelly,  
 call Dr. Phil and cancel my  
 appointment.

KELLY  
 Sure thing.

FRANKENSTEIN  
 Yvette, could I see you in my office?

YVETTE  
Of course, Doctor.

Yvette and Frankenstein exit toward the inner office.

Kelly picks up the phone and punches in a number.

KELLY  
Hello, I'm calling for Dr.  
Frankenstein. He has to cancel his  
appointment. Yes, of course... Oh  
hello, Dr. Phil. Yes, he wants to  
cancel. The reason? Well, it's  
kind of hard to say. His exact words?

A wicked grin flashes across her face. She holds the phone  
away from her mouth and giggles.

She regains her composure and holds the phone to her mouth  
again.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
His exact words were, "That fat old  
windbag can suck my dick." Yeah,  
that's it... He said, "That fat old  
bastard can just suck my dick until  
my ears pop from the change in air  
pressure." Well, it's been nice  
talking to you, Doctor Phil. Goodbye.

She hangs up the phone and laughs her ass off.

Tiffany looks on and shakes her head.

TIFFANY  
Do you really think that was wise?

KELLY  
I don't know, but it was fun. The  
most fun I've had in a long time!

She leans back in her chair and laughs.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S INNER OFFICE - DAY**

YVETTE  
What's this about, Doctor  
Frankenstein? Has my work been  
unsatisfactory?

FRANKENSTEIN  
Your work has been fine. It's about  
my taekwondo test. I have to spar  
for it and I need to practice. Put  
up your hands.

Yvette gingerly raises her hands and Frankenstein jabs her in the face.

YVETTE

Ow!

FRANKENSTEIN

Come on! Fight!

He jabs her twice more in the face and throws a roundhouse kick. Yvette flies across the room and falls to the floor, face down.

Frankenstein jumps on her and punches her in the hump.

YVETTE

Aaah!

FRANKENSTEIN

Yeah! That's what I'm talkin' about!

He pounds away at her hump with both hands, while Yvette screams and flops around like a wounded humpback whale.

**EXT. FRANKENSTEIN'S SURGICAL CENTER - NIGHT**

No exterior lighting. The darker the better. Completely black is okay.

YVETTE (O.S.)

(screaming)

Ohhhhhh!. Aaaaaaah!

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S INNER OFFICE - NIGHT**

Frankenstein is dressed in his black hunting clothes. He helps Yvette with her turtleneck.

YVETTE

Aaaaah! Aaah!. Aaah!. Oh God.

No success. They both stop to catch their breath.

Frankenstein shakes his head in disgust.

FRANKENSTEIN

You know Yvette, I'm really disappointed in you. Have you been gaining weight?

YVETTE

No, I haven't. If you want me to wear these stupid clothes, why don't you buy the right size?

FRANKENSTEIN

Like where? Where the fuck am I supposed to go? The hunchback department at Walmart?

YVETTE

That's just mean.

FRANKENSTEIN

Or maybe I can buy 'em online. Clothes for freaks dot com.

YVETTE

You heartless bastard. No wonder your wife took drugs- living with you.

FRANKENSTEIN

You leave my wife out of it!

YVETTE

Then stop being mean!

FRANKENSTEIN

Okay, okay. We'll just let it slide. Let's give it one more shot. Hold your breath.

He jerks on the turtleneck with all his strength and it pops into place.

YVETTE

Oh God, it's tight.

FRANKENSTEIN

Aw, quit your bitching. C'mon, let's go.

They put on the black ski masks and gloves. Frankenstein picks up the black gym bag and they exit.

**INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT**

Blood sprays into Frankenstein's face as he saws away at the arm of a young woman. The other arm is already off.

He leers maniacally because, hey man, that's what mad scientists do.

Yvette assists (with the surgery, not the leering).

Frankenstein stops leering and sawing.

FRANKENSTEIN

Hey, why aren't you leering?

YVETTE

That would be unprofessional.

FRANKENSTEIN

Hmmph. It's clear you never went to mad scientist school.

He resumes his sawing (and leering). The arm comes off.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Preserve the torso.

YVETTE

Preserving the torso, doctor.

Yvette drops the woman's torso into the freezer.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S INNER OFFICE - DAY**

Frankenstein is seated. Yvette stands before him.

YVETTE

You wanted to see me?

FRANKENSTEIN

Yes. I know how much trouble you've been having with your turtleneck, so I bought you this.

He hands her a box. She tears it open and what does she find? A ninja outfit!

YVETTE

Wow! Cool! I've always wanted to be a ninja!

FRANKENSTEIN

Well, now you've got your chance.

YVETTE

I'm gonna try it on right now.

She runs from the office.

Frankenstein steps from behind his desk. He does a karate stretch.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

Kelly is at her desk, filling out a crossword puzzle. Tiffany hovers over her, giggling.

TIFFANY

Oh, she's gonna love this.

The door opens and Dr. Phil storms in.

PHIL  
Where is that little punk?!

KELLY  
Dr. Frankenstein? He's busy.

PHIL  
I'll see about that.

Phil moves toward the hallway, scowling.

KELLY  
You can't go in there.

PHIL  
Try and stop me.

He stomps toward the inner office.

Kelly watches him go without trying to stop him. She turns her attention back to her crossword puzzle.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S INNER OFFICE - DAY**

Frankenstein finishes his stretching and begins a kata. Dr. Phil bursts in.

PHIL  
You!

FRANKENSTEIN  
Oh, hello Dr. Phil.

PHIL  
What the fuck do you think you're doing? Walking out on me!

Frankenstein continues his kata.

FRANKENSTEIN  
I've taken control of my life. You've been a big help, but I don't need your help any more.

Dr. Phil grabs Frankenstein by the collar and slaps him. Frankenstein falls to the floor.

PHIL  
You bitch!

Frankenstein springs to his feet. He throws a sidekick and hits Dr. Phil in the belly. Dr. Phil falls hard.

FRANKENSTEIN

You like to dish it out. Let's see  
if you can take it.

Phil snarls.

PHIL

You're on.

He scrambles to his feet and charges, head down. Frankenstein  
knees him in the face and Phil falls again.

Phil writhes in pain while Frankenstein stands over him.

FRANKENSTEIN

Had enough?

Phil jumps to his feet. He puts up his hands in a boxing  
stance and stalks Frankenstein.

Frankenstein circles, bouncing on his feet, throwing a few  
kicks at Dr. Phil's head- all miss.

Phil steps in close and throws a left hook to Frankenstein's  
jaw. Frankenstein falls hard.

Phil stands over Frankenstein and stomps him.

PHIL

We'll see who's had enough.

Stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I've had enough of your bitchy little  
ways.

Stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp.

Phil is a little slow with a stomp. Frankenstein grabs Phil's  
leg and applies a leg lock.

Frankenstein leers while he cranks the leg lock for all he's  
worth.

Phil grimaces in pain.

FRANKENSTEIN

How you like that? How you like  
that, bitch?

PHIL

Goddamn you.

Phil struggles and kicks his way out of the lock. He ends up on top of Frankenstein.

He slaps Frankenstein hard. Slap, slap, slap, slap, slap.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I want to see you this week for your appointment. This week and every week from now on.

Slap, slap, slap, slap, slap.

PHIL (CONT'D)

And no more professional discount either. You're paying the full sucker rate.

Slap, slap, slap, slap, slap.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S OUTER OFFICE - LATER**

Kelly and Tiffany giggle over the crossword puzzle.

Dr. Phil enters from the hallway.

PHIL

Hi, girls.

KELLY

Hi, Dr. Phil.

PHIL

Sorry if I was a bit abrupt before. But I had to see your boss.

KELLY

That's okay.

Phil walks to the coffeepot and pours himself a cup.

PHIL

So how is everything with you?

Kelly shoots Tiffany a glance before looking back at Dr. Phil.

KELLY

It's my sister. She stole my boyfriend.

PHIL

And what are you going to do about it?

KELLY

I'd like to kill her.

PHIL

Don't do that. You come in to my office and we'll talk about it.

KELLY

Okay.

A hunchbacked ninja leaps into the frame and whacks Dr. Phil with a nunchaku, then leaps out of the frame.

Phil staggers for a moment before falling ass over coffeepot.

Kelly and Tiffany stare at the prostrate Dr. Phil.

He doesn't move and the girls don't talk.

The clock on the wall ticks away and Dr. Phil doesn't move.

The girls watch in silence.

The clock ticks and Dr. Phil stays immobile.

The girls look on in silence. Their faces show bewilderment but no real concern.

Eventually Phil regains consciousness and lurches to his feet.

PHIL

What hit me?

KELLY

Ninja.

TIFFANY

Yeah.

Dr. Phil shakes his head, trying to clear the cobwebs.

PHIL

Okay.

Frankenstein appears from the hallway, looking beaten, battered, and bitch-slapped.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I still want to see you in my office.

Frankenstein nods.

Phil lurches out the door.

**INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT**

Yvette and Frankenstein hover over a woman on the surgical table

Blood is everywhere- on Yvette and Frankenstein's clothes, on the walls. Blood drips from the ceiling.

There is a spot of blood on the camera lens. A hand holding a kleenex reaches in from the side and wipes the lens, then surreptitiously withdraws.

FRANKENSTEIN

This should do it. We've got all the parts to reconstruct my wife.

YVETTE

That's almost too bad. I really enjoy hunting people down and killing them in cold blood. The thrill of the chase and all that... And I really look cool in my new ninja outfit.

FRANKENSTEIN

If anyone could see you- because you're a ninja and all.

YVETTE

Good point.

FRANKENSTEIN

Say- do you want to cut off the head? I think you're ready.

YVETTE

Can I really?

FRANKENSTEIN

Sure. Just cut close to the body.

He hands Yvette the saw. She saws away like a maniac, blood sprays everywhere.

YVETTE

You must really miss your wife.

Saw saw saw saw. Yvette grits her teeth and bears down hard, pumping away like mad.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yeah. She's my baby. I just want her back.

Saw saw saw saw. Blood sprays everywhere, spattering Yvette and Frankenstein.

**INT. DR. PHILDREW'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

Frankenstein enters from the outside, looking bandaged, beaten, and bitch-slapped. Shelly is at her desk.

SHELLY

Hello, Dr. Frankenstein. How are you?

FRANKENSTEIN

Just fine, Shelly. And you?

SHELLY

Just great. I've got a new boyfriend and I couldn't be happier.

FRANKENSTEIN

That's great, Shelly. I'm here for my appointment with Dr. Phil.

SHELLY

Well, there have been a few changes made. You'll see when you go in. You can go on back.

Frankenstein walks back to

**INT. PHILDREW'S INNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Things really have changed. Dr. Drew's head now rests on the body. Drew smokes a cigar, flicking the ashes with one hand. In his other hand he holds a can of beer which he sips from.

Things are worse for Dr. Phil. His head now rests atop the wooden box. The life support system- the aquarium- bubbles away on the shelf.

FRANKENSTEIN

What the fuck?

DREW

Oh, hi Tim. How's it going?

He sips his beer and blows cigar smoke into Dr. Phil's face.

PHIL

Stop it!

FRANKENSTEIN

Just fine, I guess. What's this all about?

DREW

I went back to court. The appellate court reversed the decision. I now have full custody of the body.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yes, I can see that.

DREW

Ain't that right, little buddy?

He eyeballs Phil and slaps him hard.

PHIL

Damn you!

DREW

You really have some anger management issues.

Slap slap slap slap slap slap slap.

DREW (CONT'D)

Let's see if that helps.

FRANKENSTEIN

Damn.

DREW

So Tim, what brings you in here today?

He flicks his cigar, depositing the ash on Phil's head.

Phil opens his eyes wide and looks up as far as he can. All he can do is raise his eyeballs, considering the circumstances.

FRANKENSTEIN

I had an appointment with Dr. Phil.

DREW

I don't think he's in any shape to counsel anyone.

Drew finishes his beer and throws away the can. He opens a cooler and reaches for another cold one.

DREW (CONT'D)

Say Tim, would you like a beer?

FRANKENSTEIN

Sure.

Drew hands Frankenstein a beer.

DREW  
What about you, Phil?

PHIL  
Me? Yes, yes. Thank you, yes.

Drew opens a beer and inserts a straw in it. He approaches Phil and holds it inches from Phil's face.

Phil opens his mouth and purses his lips trying to reach the straw. He tries to lean towards it but can't because he's just a disembodied head on a wooden box.

DREW  
You know, you really shouldn't drink.  
I wouldn't want you to get addicted  
to alcohol... Addiction is such a  
terrible thing.

Drew pulls the can away from Dr. Phil.

PHIL  
Come on, man! Please!

DREW  
I don't know, Phil. First do no  
harm. Hippocratic oath and all that  
ethics stuff.

PHIL  
Oh man. Please. I need that beer.

DREW  
Well, all right.

PHIL  
Thank you, thank you, thank you.

DREW  
No problem.

He removes the straw from the can and drops the straw in a waste basket.

DREW (CONT'D)  
I'll detoxify it for you.

Drew chugs the beer and shoots the can (jump shot fashion) towards the waste basket.

DREW (CONT'D)  
Oh man, that beer goes right through  
you. Gotta see a man about a horse.

Drew pulls a chair toward the aquarium life-support system. He stands on the chair, his back toward the camera.

PHIL

Noooooo!

DREW

Cheer up, little buddy. At least you're getting some beer. Second hand beer, but beer nonetheless.

The sound of a zipper being opened is heard.

A look of horror flashes across Phil's face.

The sound of piss hitting water is heard.

PHIL

Oh man! That's my life support system.

Drew keeps on pissing.

DREW

Ironic, isn't it? That used to be my life support system.

Drew finishes pissing, zips up, and climbs down from the chair.

DREW (CONT'D)

Damn, that felt good.

FRANKENSTEIN

I can imagine.

DREW

Say, what happened to your face? You're all bandaged up.

FRANKENSTEIN

Dr. Phil came to my office and he hit me.

PHIL

Yeah, I bitch-slapped the little fucker. You shoulda heard the little bitch cry! It was great.

DREW

This is not good. Not good at all. Tim, have you ever heard of the First Law of Psychiatry?

FRANKENSTEIN

No, I can't say I have.

DREW

The First Law of Psychiatry states that, "Turn About Is Fair Play."

FRANKENSTEIN

Really?

DREW

Sure thing. Go ahead and slap him.

PHIL

You just made that up! There is no First Law of Psychiatry... He's making that up. Tim! Don't listen to him!

DREW

Shut up, bitch!

Drew slaps Dr. Phil hard.

DREW (CONT'D)

Slap him, Tim.

FRANKENSTEIN

I don't know. I couldn't.

DREW

Sure you can. Go ahead. You'll feel better.

Frankenstein slaps Phil lightly.

DREW (CONT'D)

Harder.

Frankenstein slaps harder.

DREW (CONT'D)

That's better. Try it again.

Frankenstein slaps still harder.

FRANKENSTEIN

Hey, this is kinda fun.

DREW

You're a natural. Try it again. This time put your weight behind it.

Frankenstein winds up and slaps Phil with all his strength.

A bloody tooth falls from Phil's mouth onto the wooden box. Phil's eyeballs roll down to watch it.

DREW (CONT'D)

That's more like it. Want to try it again?

FRANKENSTEIN

No, I think he's had enough.

PHIL

You sick inhuman bastards. Neither one of you are fit to go on Oprah's show. Where's your Random Act of Kindness?

DREW

How about this?

Drew punches Phil in the nose. Blood dribbles onto the wooden box, right next to Phil's tooth.

Frankenstein drains his beer and throws the can away.

FRANKENSTEIN

Thanks for the beer.

DREW

My pleasure. Now, if you'll excuse me, I feel the urge to move my bowels.

Drew adjusts the chair near the aquarium and stands on it, facing the camera this time.

He unbuckles his belt.

PHIL

No! No!. No!

Frankenstein hustles out of the office.

**INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

Kelly is at her desk. Tiffany fixes herself a cup of coffee.

KELLY

I'm gonna have to see Dr. Phil.

TIFFANY

What's wrong?

KELLY

It's my sister. She stole my boyfriend.

Yvette enters from the hallway and pours herself a cup of coffee.

TIFFANY

Gee, that's rough. Why don't you just move on?

KELLY

You don't understand. She steals all my boyfriends.

TIFFANY

Why do they go with her? I mean, you're twins.

YVETTE

Maybe it's 'cause you're a bitch.

Kelly considers the proposition.

KELLY

That's funny. That's what the boyfriends say.

TIFFANY

Well, you gotta admit they're right. You are a bitch.

KELLY

Huh?

TIFFANY

I mean, the way you treat people. You're the biggest bitch I know. Always doing something nasty. Face it girl, you're as mean as cat shit.

It takes a few moments for this to penetrate Kelly's blonde head. But then--

KELLY

Hey? What the fuck do you know? You're just a dental hygienist!

TIFFANY

What?

KELLY

Yeah! What makes you such a goddamned expert on psychology? You tooth scraper!

Tiffany puts down her coffee cup.

TIFFANY

Wait a minute. I've got something to show you.

She steps into the hall.

Both Yvette and Kelly watch her go.

YVETTE

Wow, you really upset her.

KELLY

Fuck off, hunchy.

Tiffany enters from the hall.

TIFFANY

There's one great thing about being a dental hygienist.

KELLY

Yeah? What's that?

TIFFANY

You learn a lot about oral surgery just by watching and helping.

Tiffany raises her hand revealing the rustiest pliers known to mankind.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Allow me to demonstrate.

She grabs Kelly by her hair and lifts her out of her chair.

KELLY

Aaaaah! Let go!

TIFFANY

Yvette, will you assist me?

YVETTE

It's what I do.

Yvette rushes to Tiffany's aid. Together, they push Kelly down on her desk.

KELLY

No! No!

TIFFANY

I'm just gonna pull one of your molars. Call it a warning. But if you don't straighten out, I'll be back for the rest of your teeth.

KELLY  
No! Don't do it!

The pliers approach Kelly's mouth.

TIFFANY  
Yvette, force her mouth open.

YVETTE  
Forcing it open.

Yvette puts her hands on either side of Kelly's jaw, right at the hinge. She squeezes.

Kelly's mouth opens.

Tiffany inserts the pliers.

Frankenstein enters from the hall. He heads for the coffee pot.

FRANKENSTEIN  
What are you girls doing?

TIFFANY  
Oral surgery, Doctor Frankenstein.

KELLY  
Errrrf... Unph... Ukkkk...

FRANKENSTEIN  
Oh. Very good. Carry on.

He pours himself a cup of coffee.

KELLY  
Errrrrrrrrrn... Ack... Uffff.

Frankenstein steps into the hall.

**INT. DR. PHILDREW'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

Shelly works at her desk. Kelly waits for her appointment, reading People magazine.

NOTE: Because Shelly and Kelly are the same person, differing only in hair color and temperament, they are not shown in the same shot. Intercut as needed.

SHELLY  
The doctor will see you now.

Kelly throws down her magazine.

KELLY  
Thank you, bitch.

She walks back to

**INT. PHILDREW'S INNER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

The office is in transition. Two MOVING MEN tape file cabinet drawers closed.

Dr. Phil's box is on casters, ready to be moved.

KELLY  
What's going on?

DREW  
You know we're dissolving the partnership. Dr. Phil's moving out. He's retiring.

KELLY  
But I've got an appointment with him!

The moving men load a file cabinet on a hand truck and wheel it from the room.

DREW  
He's officially retired. He won't be seeing any more patients.

PHIL  
Come on, Drew. Let me see my last patient. Remember all the good times we had together.

DREW  
I don't know.

KELLY  
Where is he going?

DREW  
I'm gonna stash him in my basement. I just put in a big screen tv and he's gonna watch Oprah twenty-four seven.

PHIL  
You bastard.

KELLY  
Gee, I'd love to do that.

DREW

You would?

KELLY

Sure. Just sit there and watch Oprah and eat Krispy Kremes all day long.

DREW

Oh Christ.

KELLY

You know, she's got her own cable network now. All Oprah, all the time!

Phil's face sinks as the message sinks in.

Drew laughs.

DREW

Go ahead little buddy. See your last patient before you take the long ride to Oprahville.

PHIL

Okay. Kelly, what was it you wanted to talk about?

KELLY

It's my sister. She stole my boyfriend.

PHIL

I see. I hope you kicked her ass real good.

Kelly shakes her head no.

KELLY

I can't. My mom would kill me. Maybe even write me out of her will. She's mean like that.

PHIL

And you let that stop you?

KELLY

Yeah. What else am I to do? It's family.

PHIL

I can't stand it. Drew, slap this bitch for me.

DREW

What?

PHIL

Slap her for me. You know she needs it.

DREW

I don't know, Phil. Professional ethics and all that.

PHIL

Come on, man! Just slap her!

Drew considers the proposition, rolling the idea over in his mind, taking his time to go through all the ramifications. At last he speaks.

DREW

Like this?

Drew slaps Phil hard.

Phil spits out a tooth and flashes a bloody grin.

PHIL

Yeah! Just like that!

DREW

Okay.

He draws back his hand and slaps Kelly hard. She staggers from the blow.

PHIL

Yeah! That's what I'm talkin' about. Slap the bitch!

Kelly slowly regains her senses.

KELLY

You bastard.

She kicks Dr. Drew in the balls. He bends forward from the pain.

DREW

Unnnnnnnh--

When his head comes within range, Kelly grabs his ears and knees him hard in the face. Drew falls hard to the floor.

Kelly kicks Drew repeatedly and follows up with a few stomps.

The moving men return. One points to Dr. Phil.

MOVING MAN  
Are you through with him? We're  
supposed to take him.

DREW  
Unnnnnnnh--

PHIL  
Come on man, let me stay.

MOVING MAN  
I don't know, he's on the freight  
invoice.

DREW  
Unnnnnnnh--

KELLY  
Can you give me a few minutes? This  
won't take long.

MOVING MAN  
Sure thing. Hey, let's go get a  
beer.

MOVING MAN #2  
Good idea.

They exit.

Drew crawls on the ground, groaning.

KELLY  
You stupid, stupid prick.

She kicks him in the tailbone.

DREW  
Aaaaaaaaaiieeeee!

Kelly turns her attention to Dr. Phil.

KELLY  
I've got something for you too, you  
shit-head Texas horny-toad. Take  
that!

She punches him hard, then again, like she's punching a speed  
bag, forehands and backhands. Bap, bap, bap, bap, bap, bap,  
bap.

Phil's head bobbles around like a bobble-head doll in a box.  
Bobble, bobble, bobble, bobble.

KELLY (CONT'D)

How you like that? How you like  
that, bitch?

Bap, bap, bap, bap, bap, bap. Bobble, bobble, bobble, bobble,  
bobble, bobble, bobble.

Drew climbs to his knees as Kelly continues her speed bag  
work.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I hope this helps you with your  
problems, you fat fugly talking head.

Bap, bap, bap, bap, bap, bap, bap.

Bobble, bobble, bobble, bobble.

She stops hitting Phil and his head just keeps on bobbling.

On his knees, Drew shakes his head to clear out the cobwebs.

Kelly looks at Phil's head bobbling. She pauses a second,  
then puts her hands on Phil's head to steady it.

KELLY (CONT'D)

You got something else to say?

Phil grins.

PHIL

Is that all you got?

KELLY

No. Not really.

She jabs two fingers into Phil's eyes, Three Stooges style  
(and man, them Stooges had great style).

PHIL

Oh! Oh! Oh! I can't see!

KELLY

Who's the bitch now? Come on, say  
it!

Behind her, Drew climbs to his feet.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Who's the bitch now?

Drew picks up a chair and approaches Kelly from behind.

Phil blinks his eyes.

PHIL'S POV

Phil's vision becomes clearer. He sees Kelly standing in front of him as Drew raises the chair over his head.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Who's the bitch? Say it! Who's the bitch now?

Drew smashes the chair over Kelly's head and she falls to the floor.

END PHIL'S POV

Kelly writhes on the floor in pain. Drew begins kicking and stomping her.

PHIL

Well, now that you ask, Kelly, considering the circumstances I'd have to say that you're the bitch.

KELLY

Aaaaaah.

Drew continues his attack on Kelly. Kick, kick, kick, kick, kick. Stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp.

DREW

Take that!

He unleashes a vicious kick to her head. And yes, her head bobbles.

Phil smiles.

PHIL

You know, Drew, you're really getting the hang of this psychiatry business.

Drew grins as he continues to kick Kelly.

DREW

You really think so?

PHIL

I know so.

Kick, kick, kick, kick, kick.

KELLY

Aaaaaaaah!

PHIL

In fact, I bet I could get you a show on the new Oprah network.

DREW

Wow. That would be great.

Stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp.

KELLY

Unnnnnnnh...

**INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT**

Frankenstein and Yvette stand at the operating table. A body- more or less- is in front of them.

FRANKENSTEIN

I thought this day would never get here.

YVETTE

You must really miss your wife.

FRANKENSTEIN

I sure do. She was one of a kind. There will never be another one like her. Well, until we finish this job, that is.

YVETTE

I hope it all goes well.

FRANKENSTEIN

What could go wrong? It's like that build-a-bear place, just with bigger parts.

YVETTE

I guess.

FRANKENSTEIN

Here, sew that leg on. I'll get the head.

YVETTE

Sure thing.

The two of them sew away like madmen.

**MONTAGE SEQUENCE**

Yvette and Frankenstein build a woman with various parts from the freezer.

END MONTAGE

FRANKENSTEIN

That should do it. Let's shock her  
back to life.

Yvette places the cardiac paddles on the woman's chest.

YVETTE

Clear!

Frankenstein pushes a button and a loud electric ZAP is heard.  
The woman doesn't move.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Nothing.

FRANKENSTEIN

One more time.

Yvette applies the paddles again.

YVETTE

Clear!

Frankenstein pushes the button again. Another loud electric  
ZAP.

Again, the woman doesn't move.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Still nothing.

FRANKENSTEIN

Again.

Yvette applies the paddles again.

YVETTE

Clear!

Frankenstein pushes the button again. Another loud electric  
ZAP.

The new Mrs. Frankenstein sits up on the operating table.  
Her eyes open wide.

FRANKENSTEIN

She's alive! Alive!

The new Mrs. Frankenstein flops back down on the table.

Yvette checks her pulse with a stethoscope.

YVETTE  
She's dead.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Nooooo!

YVETTE  
I mean, she's gone. Kaput. Dead as  
a doornail--

FRANKENSTEIN  
Shock her again!

YVETTE  
Well, okay, but--

FRANKENSTEIN  
Do it!

Yvette applies the paddles.

YVETTE  
Clear!

Frankenstein pushes the button.

ZAP.

Yvette checks for a pulse with her stethoscope.

YVETTE (CONT'D)  
Still nothing!

FRANKENSTEIN  
Again!

Yvette reapplies the paddles.

YVETTE  
Clear!

ZAP.

Again no movement.

Yvette checks again for a pulse. She takes off her  
stethoscope.

YVETTE (CONT'D)  
I'm really sorry, Dr. Frankenstein,  
but she really is dead. Gone. Cashed  
in her chips. Crossed the river  
Styx.

Frankenstein grabs the stethoscope and checks for a pulse.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Finito. Adios. Bought the farm.  
Goodbye. Out of here.

Frankenstein puts his head down on the corpse and cries.

FRANKENSTEIN

Oh, my baby. My beautiful wife.

YVETTE

Food for the worms. Cut down in the  
prime of life. Or, cut up in the  
prime of life, reassembled from  
assorted bits and pieces and then  
cut down again, if you really want  
to get technical about it.

FRANKENSTEIN

My beautiful, beautiful wife.

YVETTE

Wasted. Whacked. Chilled. Gone to  
a better place. Just dead... Dead.  
Dead. Dead.

FRANKENSTEIN

My baby. My beautiful, beautiful  
wife.

YVETTE

Let's face it, Doctor. Your wife is  
a dead parrot.

Yvette scratches her head as she tries to think of more  
synonyms. Then she shrugs her shoulders and pats Frankenstein  
on the shoulder.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Doctor Frankenstein? I fulfilled my  
part of the deal. You said you'd  
fix my back.

FRANKENSTEIN

I can't deal with that now.

YVETTE

I've waited all this time!

FRANKENSTEIN

Just go away.

YVETTE

You promised!

Frankenstein grabs Yvette by the shoulders and spins her around so her back is toward him. He shoves her hard into the wall.

FRANKENSTEIN

I'll fix your fucking back!

He takes a Bic pen from his shirt pocket. Holding it in an ice-pick grip, he raises it high over his head and drives it deep into Yvette's hump.

Yvette screams as pus erupts from her hump.

YVETTE

Aaaaah!

Yvette writhes in pain as the pus sprays from her hump. It erupts with great force, hitting the walls, the ceiling, the equipment, the new Mrs. Frankenstein's body and Dr. Frankenstein himself.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

There is no stopping the fountain of pus. It quickly covers the floor to a depth of several inches.

Frankenstein shields his face with his arms as he is blasted with the firehose-like stream.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Aaaaaaaah! Oh my God... Aaaaaaaaaah!

She races around the room. The pus erupts harder, faster than before.

Frankenstein is knocked from his feet by the force of the stream.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yvette!

Still the pus erupts. More and more, faster and faster.

The pool on the floor grows deeper.

YVETTE

Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

Yvette writhes in pain like a harpooned humpback (whale, that is).

Still on the floor, Frankenstein is in danger of drowning in the deepening pool.

The pool reaches a depth of two feet.

Frankenstein struggles to keep his head above the surface as more pus cascades from Yvette's back.

YVETTE (CONT'D)  
Oh. Oh. Ohhhhh. Ohhhh.

The spray from Yvette's back diminishes and eventually trickles to a stop.

Yvette struggles to catch her breath.

YVETTE (CONT'D)  
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

Frankenstein gets to his feet. He looks over her back as she gasps for breath.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Are you okay?

YVETTE  
I think so.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Hold on. We're not done. I think there's more.

He reaches behind the LipoVac machine and pulls out the secret weapon of every plastic surgeon- a bathroom plunger. He slaps it on her hump and pulls.

The plunger comes free with a loud POP and the pus erupts again, as forceful as ever.

Frankenstein is blasted off his feet again and the pool deepens.

YVETTE  
Oh! My! God!

The pool deepens to three feet and Frankenstein is submerged.

His head reappears and he gasps for air.

YVETTE (CONT'D)  
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

Eventually- later, not sooner- the torrent eases. It slows to a trickle, then to a stop.

Frankenstein stands.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Oh God.

Frankenstein smiles.

FRANKENSTEIN

No one ever said surgery was easy.

YVETTE

You can say that again.

She gasps, still trying to regain her breath.

FRANKENSTEIN

Now for the rest of the procedure.

YVETTE

The rest of the procedure? Maybe we should hold off for awhile.

Frankenstein puts his hand on her shoulder. He spins her around and shoves her hard into the wall again.

He places a knee in the center of her back and pulls from under her armpits.

FRANKENSTEIN

Now straighten up, damn you!

Frankenstein grits his teeth and pulls with all his strength.

YVETTE

Aaaah! Aaaaah! Aaaah!

There is the sound of cracking bones- and Yvette straightens up.

Both Frankenstein and Yvette breathe hard. They pause to catch their breath.

Yvette turns to face Frankenstein.

He looks into her eyes, seeing her in a whole new light. He reaches out and removes her eyeglasses.

FRANKENSTEIN

Hey, you're really beautiful.

They stand close to each other, gazing deeply into each others eyes.

He leans forward to kiss her and she hits him in the face with a palm-heel strike. He is knocked backward by the force of the blow.

YVETTE

That was for all the abuse you've given me. You think you can just kiss and make up? After all that?

FRANKENSTEIN

You can't hit me! I know karate!

YVETTE

Ha! Some karate. I could have killed you at any time. I come from a long line of ninjas- trained since birth in the deadly arts.

FRANKENSTEIN

Yvette! Control yourself. Remember, I'm your boss.

YVETTE

Some boss you are. The only reason I put up with your shit was because I needed the operation. And if I'd known I could do the operation with a Bic pen and a bathroom plunger I would have done it myself!

FRANKENSTEIN

Well, if you'd gone to med school you'd have known that.

YVETTE

Bastard.

FRANKENSTEIN

Bitch.

Frankenstein snaps into a karate stance.

Yvette does the same.

The two stalk each other, moving slowly through the thigh-deep pool of pus.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Yaaaah!

He throws a high kick. Yvette blocks it and punches him in the face.

Frankenstein falls but springs back to his feet. He circles around the operating table and the dead body of the new Mrs. Frankenstein.

His eyes lock on the tray of surgical instruments. He grabs a scalpel.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna cut you too short to shit.

He lunges at Yvette. She jumps back as the scalpel slashes the front of her scrubs.

YVETTE

Big mistake.

She reaches into the back of her trousers and pulls out a nunchaku.

She knocks the scalpel out of Frankenstein's hand.

He jumps back, holding his bleeding hand.

FRANKENSTEIN

Aaaaah!

Yvette steps forward. She gives Frankenstein a little Whap on the forehead with the nunchaku.

He holds his head in pain.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

No fair!

YVETTE

Fair? You're talking to a ninja!

She whips away at his body. Whap whap whap whap whap whap whap.

FRANKENSTEIN

Stop it! Stop it!

He crouches against the wall, taking the beating on his back. Whap whap whap whap whap whap whap. And whap.

YVETTE

I'll stop it, all right.

She whacks him hard on the head- blood flows and he staggers blindly.

She waits for him to fall, relishing the moment.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

Fall, damn you! Fall!

He staggers backward. His hand drops down and grabs the probe of the LipoVac machine.

Frankenstein raises the probe and whacks Yvette in the head.

Now she staggers backward.

They take a moment to regain their senses, eyeing each other from a distance.

YVETTE (CONT'D)  
Let's finish this.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Right.

He jabs at her with the probe. She fends it off with the nunchaku.

They circle each other in the pool of pus, he jabbing with the probe. She swings the nunchaku in circles, occasionally snapping it at the doctor.

Frankenstein flashes an evil grin.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
Suction time!

He flips a switch and the LipoVac machine screams to life. He jabs at Yvette with the probe.

She dodges. A worried expression crosses her face.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
Warp four!

He advances the lever and the machine screams louder.

Frankenstein advances, leering his best mad scientist leer.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
Yaaaaaah!

He thrusts the probe at her as if he is trying to harpoon a whale.

Yvette wraps the nunchaku around the probe, trying to hold it away from her.

The doctor shoves with all his strength.

The probe comes within inches of Yvette's face.

At the last possible second, Yvette twists her body and pulls the probe into the pool of pus.

The LipoVac screams louder as the pool of pus disappears into the probe.

Lower and lower the pus level drops. Louder and louder the LipoVac screams.

Soon all of the pus is sucked up and the sound is unbearable.

A loud gurgling noise comes from the machine.

Frankenstein turns his head to look at the machine- the dial is in the red zone.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

Oh my God!

Yvette dives behind the operating table as the machine explodes.

Frankenstein is knocked from his feet and the room is instantly re-flooded with pus.

Frankenstein floats on the pool of pus. He opens his eyes.

FRANKENSTEIN'S POV

He sees Yvette wading toward him with the nunchaku.

END FRANKENSTEIN'S POV

Yvette wraps the nunchaku around Frankenstein's neck and pushes him under the surface of the pool.

YVETTE

Die, you bastard, die!

FRANKENSTEIN

Glub.

Yvette holds him under. Frankenstein struggles, but Yvette holds on, pushing him down, keeping him submerged.

Several minutes pass, and the doctor's struggles weaken.

Air bubbles break the surface, then stop. The struggles cease.

Yvette rises to her feet and puts the nunchaku back in her trousers.

She walks out the door.

All is still in the pool of pus.

ROLL CREDITS

END CREDITS

BACK TO SCENE - OPERATING ROOM

Nothing moves in the pool of pus, until  
Frankenstein sits up.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)  
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

THE END.

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