

Drama

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**I'M YOUR FRANKENSTEIN**

**By Tara Meddaugh**

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*JOE, a man in his 20s-80s, is in his science lab. He speaks to his creation, a horrid mass of muscles and blood. While he knows he should be repulsed by this monstrous experiment, he finds himself drawn to it.*

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JOE

I should think you're ugly. Logically. You—you—are covered in scale-like features—They're not scales of a fish—placoid, cosmoid, ganoid or cycloid and ctenoid, and they don't bear resemblance of reptilian scales, not being ossified or tubercular, or modified elaborately, so I dare say they are not truly scales as we know them, and it would go against my standards to call them scales. So I call them scale-like features, and I hope that you take no offense to this generalization, but I doubt that you do, considering I find it very implausible that you would understand my language, being only truly self-aware—if you are at all even self-aware—for less than this one day.

(pause)

And yet...

(pause)

You cock your head, and...you crinkle the balls in your eye sockets, and you use the wrinkles above those eye sockets to furrow or to make compassionate gestures with your face...

(pause)

So while your face is far from symmetrical and your body is more blood and muscle with little skeleton and only occasional scale-like substances—it does not repulse me as I know it should.

(pause)

I want to...hug you, and, shake what ought to be your hand, and pat you on the back. Because—I created you. And not like a father creates a son with his wife, but as a, well, as the truth stands: As a biochemist living seventy miles from the next known human creates some form of life from shreds of his own life and from carbon and...you are the “Adam of my labors...” and yet...you'll never speak. You have no mouth. You'll never walk with no bones.

(pause)

But you're mine. And while my brain tells me to look away, I cannot. I am drawn to you, connected to you, bound to you...I'm not your father. I'm your Frankenstein.

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