

# Frank and Stein

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Frank hid in the bushes outside of the apartment building. The darkness also helped to conceal him as he peered through the window eyeing the object of his long search. After all of the effort he had expended over the years, there it was, the brain of his dreams. Frank strained to remember his long search for a good brain. The brain he had been given was not even second rate because of the serious brain shortage during the seventies. Beggars could not be choosers.

Even now, a good brain was not easy to find, least of all afford. Some careless individual left their brain sitting in a beaker sitting by the window. Frank waited for the lights to go out. He pushed the window up slowly, quietly. Frank then noticed that the window was not actually moving. Drat, now what am I going to do he thought. He pressed his own brain into service to solve this problem that separated him only by inches from his quarry.

Frank's brain churned and churned until he developed a splitting headache. Frank was not too pleased, since he was all out of aspirin, but that was the price one had to pay for having an inferior brain. Finally, the answer came to him; his brain went back into idle. Why, all I have to do is pick up a rock and smash the window. Why didn't I think of that?

Frank picked up a rock and smashed the window. Glass flew everywhere and made enough racket to not only wake the dead, but the occupant of the apartment as well. Frank grabbed the container and ran.

"Stop, thief, he has stolen my brain. Stop. Thief", yelled a female voice that was fading in the distance as Frank made his getaway.

I guess that wasn't such a great idea after all. Damn this stupid brain of mine, Frank thought as he searched for a suitable place to hide.

When the signs of pursuit ended, Frank sat in a corner of an alley with the brain between his knees and chest, singing to his new brain.

*You are the perfect brain*

*Nobody is gonna take you away*

*I won't ever be insane*

*As long as I have my new brain.*

Frank hoped that when he got his new brain installed, he could make up much better lyrics, but figured they weren't bad considering he was using a defective brain.

Frank realized then, that was going to be a big problem. How was he going to get his new brain installed? Self-installment, he knew, was out of the question. Plus the brain was stolen. He would have to find someone who would ask no questions to put it in for him. That would mean that he would have to cross over to the other side of the tracks. He would have to be careful; you didn't go on the wrong side of the tracks if you wanted to keep what you had.

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In the middle of a dark smelly narrow street, Frank found what he was looking for. The sign above the door said it all, Dr. V. Stein, Brain Transplants While you Wait. Frank knew this must be the place and went inside.

A pale little man in a white coat sat behind a desk in the small office. He wore a reflector on his forehead that caused light to be reflected in Frank's eyes when the little man looked at him.

The little man was talking on the phone with someone. Frank waited patiently while tapping his foot.

“I am sorry madam, but there is nothing I can do. I am sorry that the brain you purchased to install in the Adonis Andy was stolen. I don’t have any extras here. You must find another somewhere, or the Adonis Andy will spoil.””

Doctor Stein looked again at Frank, but this time he noticed that Frank was holding a beaker that contained a very nice looking brain. “Ahh...I will give you a call back in a few minutes, madam, I think I may have a solution.” Doctor Stein hung up the phone.

"Yes, can I help you?"

Frank looked around; he decided to go for it.

"Yes, can you put this brain in my head?" Frank asked as he put the brain on the desk.

The doctor’s eyes opened wide with amazement.

"Oh my. Where did you get such a fine brain? Wait, don't answer that, it is none of my business. Would you like to sell it? I will give you ten bucks for it."

"No, I want the brain in my head. I don't want to be stupid any more", Frank protested.

"But putting such a fine brain in a body like yours is such a waste. I'll give you fifteen bucks for it."

Frank was beginning to sense that the good doctor was trying to cheat him. "No", he said as he hit his fist on the desk and made the brain in the beaker jump an inch off of the desk.

"Ok, ok, have it your way. Come into my surgery and we will fix you right up."

The doctor led Frank into a back room with a large overhead light over a table.

"Now, lay down here." The doctor put a needle into Franks arm and connected a tube.

"You will be knocked out while I do this. When you wake up, everything will be completely

different."

As Frank faded out, he was not too sure if he liked the way the good doctor was smiling. The last thing Frank remembered was the sound of a barking dog.

When Frank woke up, he was in an alley. He got up and stretched. His balls were itching, so he sat down and licked them. Boy, that sure felt good.

Wait a minute. I don't remember being able to do that before, thought Frank. It is really amazing what you can do when you have a new brain.

Frank realized he was hungry. There was a dumpster nearby, so he jumped up into it to see if there was anything to eat. There was something really big and stinky in there. Frank grabbed at it with his teeth and tugged until it turned over. A bolt of lightning struck nearby and lit up the alley. Frank looked at what he had just turned over and realized he was looking at himself. There was that familiar blank stare he saw every time he looked in a mirror, except now it was really blank. Also, the top of his skull was missing. He jumped down and bolted from the alley. When he got to the main street he stopped and looked back.

How could I be in the dumpster and here at the same time? Frank could not fathom the answer. He started walking down the street. He began to suspect that maybe the good doctor had cheated him after all. He started to run..

He went around a corner and could see the doctor's shop up ahead. He tried to open the door. He could not get a grip on the knob. He started to bang on the door, but all he could generate was a scratching noise. He started to yell and curse, but all he could hear was barking.

The door began to open, Frank backed off a bit. Out of the door came the good doctor, a woman and a large tall muscular man.

"Where on earth did you find another brain for my Adonis Andy?" the woman asked.

"Well, let us just say that opportunity came knocking at my door."

"I thought for sure all was lost when the brain I had bought was stolen tonight. And here you found a new one in less than an hour."

Frank realized that his brain was inside of Adonis Andy. Frank ran up to Andy and attempted to knock him over.

The woman shrieked. "Hey, that dog is trying to hump my Andy's leg. Get him off!"

The doctor gave Frank a good kick, and Frank ran yelping down the narrow street dragging his rear end.

"I am sorry madam, but we have a lot of those pesky mutts down here."

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Frank found a place to nurse his wounds. He was angry with the doctor. He was angry with that woman. He was especially angry with Adonis Andy for having the brain he wanted inside of him. What am I going to do? Frank realized that it was going to be next to impossible to plot revenge when you are not very smart to begin with, but a dog as well.

Frank realized that he knew where that brain was. It would only be a matter of time before an opportunity would arise and he could reclaim what was his. Frank started walking back towards the right side of the tracks.