

F r a n k e n s t e i n

Adapted from the novel

by

Mary Shelley

Adaptation

by

Sam Wiebe

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PRINCIPLE CAST

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN
THE CREATURE (OR "?" IF YOU WANT TO BE ALL KARLOFF ABOUT IT)
CAPTAIN ROBERT WALTON
ELIZABETH
HENRY CLERVAL

FIRST CREWMAN
SECOND CREWMAN

PART ONE

THIRD CREWMAN
FOURTH CREWMAN
FIFTH CREWMAN
MRS. FRANKENSTEIN
KREMPE'S HOUSEMAID
PROFESSOR KREMPE
PROFESSOR WALDMAN
GAOLER
JUSTINE

PART TWO

LUCY
LUCY'S FATHER
FELIX
AGATHA
GRANDFATHER
MARY
WILLIAM FRANKENSTEIN, JR.
SERVANT
PRIEST
FIRST BODYGUARD
SECOND BODYGUARD

DIRECTED BY JOSHUA WIEBE
ADAPTED BY SAM WIEBE FROM THE NOVEL BY MARY SHELLEY

SOUND EFFECTS AND SOUND DESIGN BY ANDREW NICHOLLS COURTESY OF:



Cast Scene Breakdown

Part One

1. First Crewman, Second Crewman
2. First Crewman, Walton
3. First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth Crewmen, Walton, Victor
4. Walton, Victor
5. Victor, Elizabeth, Mrs. Frankenstein, VFVO
6. Victor, Clerval, VFVO
7. Krempe's Housemaid, Clerval, Krempe, Victor, VFVO
8. Clerval, Victor, Waldman, VFVO
9. Victor, Creature, VFVO
10. Victor, Walton, VFVO
11. Clerval, Victor, Krempe, EVO
12. Victor, Clerval, Elizabeth
13. Gaoler, Elizabeth, Victor, Justine, VFVO
14. Victor, Creature, VFVO

Part Two

15. Victor, Creature, VFVO, CVO
16. Lucy, Creature, Lucy's Father, CVO
17. Creature, Felix, Agatha, Grandfather, Mary, CVO
18. Creature, Felix, Agatha, Grandfather, CVO
19. Creature, Felix, Agatha, Grandfather, Mary, CVO
20. Grandfather, Creature, Felix, Agatha, CVO
21. Creature, Willaim, CVO
22. Victor, Creature, VFVO
23. Victor, Elizabeth
24. Victor, Clerval, VFVO
25. Victor, Creature, VFVO
26. Victor, Creature
27. Victor, Clerval
28. Servant, Victor, Elizabeth, VFVO
29. Priest, Elizabeth, Victor, First Bodyguard, Creature
30. Victor, Second Bodyguard, Elizabeth, VFVO
31. Victor, Walton, VFVO
32. Walton, Second Crewman
33. Walton, Creature
34. Walton, First Crewman

VFVO = Victor Frankenstein's Voiceover

CVO = Creature's Voiceover

EVO = Elizabeth's Voiceover

The sound of ice being broken and shoveled, Arctic winds whipping past, men working and out of breath.

FIRST CREWMAN

It's no use. We'll not make it home. We're going to die here.

SECOND CREWMAN

(still swinging his axe)
What was that?

FIRST CREWMAN

I said we're--
(yelling as the wind
picks up)
--We're all going to die here.

SECOND CREWMAN

That may be.

FIRST CREWMAN

There's a mile of ice in every direction. And that's when we can see that far. Who knows what's beyond that fog?

SECOND CREWMAN

Take it up with the Captain. I've not made the orders.

FIRST CREWMAN

Captain Walton? A statue would be more open to reason. Three of us dead already, down to a month's supply of food.

(beat)

I miss my wife. I wish I'd never met Captain Walton or heard of the Northern Passage. He's as much a captain as I'm an icebreaker.

SECOND CREWMAN

He's a romantic.

FIRST CREWMAN

He's a fool.

SECOND CREWMAN

And still the captain. The only one with the power to turn this ship around. Tell him about your wife for a change.

FIRST CREWMAN

I will.

(steeling himself)

I will. Only way any of us is
getting home.

Footsteps through the snow. The shoveling grows distant. Up
a gangplank. Turn of a door handle. Wind mutes as the door
closes.

FIRST CREWMAN

Sir? Captain Walton?

Sound of writing, quill scratching on parchment.

WALTON

A moment. I'm writing my sister.
She and her husband are funding
this venture, they ought to have a
full and accurate account of
our...difficulties.

FIRST CREWMAN

It was those difficulties I wanted
to speak about, sir. Sir--
(plunging ahead)
Sir, we must turn back.

WALTON

Nonsense.

FIRST CREWMAN

Sir--

WALTON

I'll not hear another word.

FIRST CREWMAN

Sir, three good men are dead, with
no grave but the Arctic sea. For
their widows' sakes, and the wives
of us that's still breathing, I'll
beg you hear me out.

(beat)

We know finding this Northern
passage means a great deal to you,
sir--

WALTON

It means everything, crewman. And
not to me, to the progress of
civilization. To the eternal glory
of man.

FIRST CREWMAN

Sir, there's not been any progress. We've been cutting ice night and day for four days. Every morning there's more--I'd reckon a mile. And what's behind us has begun to close up.

WALTON

What's behind us is of no consequence.

FIRST CREWMAN

Sir, we fast approach a point where we won't be able to turn back.

(beat)

We're sailors, sir. Not a one of us can match you for book learning. But we know you can't sail on ice.

WALTON

We won't have to. A few more days, a little luck--

FIRST CREWMAN

Have you heard a word I've said, sir? There'll be no turning back--

WALTON

Assume that point has already been reached. There's no 'back,' Crewman. No retreat from destiny. A passage to the other side of the world, the secret behind polar magnetism--these wonders are within our grasp. And you'd have us turn back now? Do you truly value your lives over the advancement of our entire race?

FIRST CREWMAN

You've gone mad, sir.

WALTON

Perhaps. Madness and greatness are bedfellows, and I'll pass through hell itself to reach the Northern passage. Tell the others I'll have the next crewman flogged who mentions turning--

A confusion of voices from outside the cabin. Sounds of struggle.

WALTON

What now?

Walton strides out to the ice. Dog barking.

SECOND CREWMAN

He just appeared out of the fog.

THIRD CREWMAN

He was chasing someone--

FOURTH CREWMAN

A giant--

FIRST CREWMAN

Down to one dog.

FIFTH CREWMAN

He's coming around--

WALTON

Silence.

(to the stranger)

Sir--sir--I am Captain Robert Walton. Your name, sir. Give me your name.

STRANGER (VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN)

(every word an exertion)

You head...north?

WALTON

Yes.

VICTOR

Good. You have my thanks. Have you seen...

FIRST CREWMAN

He's sick, sir.

WALTON

Seen what?

VICTOR

The daemon, of course. Have you seen the daemon?

WALTON

What daemon do you speak of? Answer me.

VICTOR
(terror seizing him)
No...Elizabeth...daemon...vile
fiend...Elizabeth--Elizabeth--

WALTON
(shaken; to the crew
members)
Get him inside. Warm him up. I've
a bottle of brandy left. Give him
some. And take some yourselves.
The rest of you go look for this
'daemon.'

As the men obey, Walton stands on the ice breathing for a moment.

INT. WALTON'S CABIN

Time has elapsed. Victor is in bed. Walton knocks, enters, settles into a chair near the bed.

WALTON
How are you feeling?

VICTOR
Rested.

WALTON
You scream in your sleep. Names.
Elizabeth? Your wife, I take it?
Henry--a friend of yours?

VICTOR
Victims.

WALTON
Whose victims?

VICTOR
Mine, sir. My ambition sent them
all to their graves. Every last
person I loved. Do we proceed
north?

WALTON
We do, though the ice keeps us all
but stationary.

VICTOR
Then I must pursue him across the
ice.

Sounds of strenuous movement as Victor tries to rise. The exertion is too much. Walton helps him back to a comfortable position on the bed.

WALTON

You're weak, sir. Our medic gives you poor odds to survive the night. What could be worth pursuing out there that you'd risk your health?

VICTOR

I could ask you the same, Captain. It seems you share my madness.

WALTON

You mentioned a daemon.

VICTOR

A creature of unmitigated evil, forsworn to the destruction of all I hold dear.

(beat)

You think me mad. Do I speak as a lunatic does?

WALTON

(considering)

No. I want to hear your story. I assure you we travel as fast as humanly possible. You need rest and nourishment in the meantime.

A glug of liquid into a cup.

WALTON (CONT'D)

Brandy. To fortify your spirits. Tell me.

VICTOR

I sought to learn the ways of God and bend nature to my will. To confound death and cast off the limitations of mortality. I sinned against science and in my sins took on the mantle of God and bestowed life. And now I am cursed with life. For the last year I've existed only to suffer and hunt my creation. I leave behind no family, no children. If I die before confronting this fiend, promise me, Walton, you will take up my cause and destroy him.

WALTON

I will, though I don't yet understand the nature of this daemon or his relation to you.

VICTOR

He is my creation. My progeny. My triumph and my damnation. He and I are bound in death in life. You wish to hear our tale? Never was man cursed as I am, nor sinned greater than I. My name is Victor Frankenstein. This is my story.

Music.

VICTOR (V.O.)

By birth I hail from Geneva. The eldest of three sons, though my brothers William and Ernest were still children when I was coming of age. My cousin Elizabeth came to stay with us after her parents died. She became my constant companion, my playmate, best friend and first love. With Elizabeth and my family I spent a joyful and untroubled childhood on my father's estate, in the shadow of Mount Blanc.

ELIZABETH

(playfully)

Victor...Victor, where are you hiding?

VICTOR (V.O.)

It was on an excursion to my uncle's that I discovered the books that would change my life.

ELIZABETH

(closer now)

Victor, don't you want to play anymore? What are you hiding from me? Let me see the book.

(sounding out the title)

Principals of Transmutation.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Alchemists, dreamers, natural philosophers--I devoured these books. I learned of the search for

everlasting life, of the quest for a potion that would transmute base metals to gold. Most enticingly was the ability to cheat death, to slow, even to reverse the decay of the human body. To this end alone did I devote myself.

(beat)

When I was of age I applied to the university of Ingolstadt. A month before I was to leave, Scarlet Fever swept through our family. Elizabeth was stricken.

ELIZABETH

I don't want to die, Victor.

VICTOR

You won't. I won't let you.

VICTOR (V.O.)

My mother, nursing Elizabeth, caught the fever and fell into a weakness from which she never recovered. I remember her words to me on her deathbed.

MRS. FRANKENSTEIN

Victor--take care of your family--love your cousin--you were made to be together. Use whatever knowledge you gain to better the world. Promise me.

VICTOR

I promise, mother.

Carriage noises--rolling wheels, clip clop of horses through the countryside.

VICTOR (V.O.)

A month after the funeral I set off for Ingolstadt. My travel companion was Henry Clerval, the son of a wealthy merchant. Henry had been my friend since childhood. He, Elizabeth, myself and our housekeeper's daughter, Justine, often played together, and since childhood had only grown closer.

CLERVAL

"You don't need a knowledge of philosophy to sell dry goods." If my father'd had his way, I'd be back home now tending to the business.

VICTOR

He could never understand. We're men of knowledge and adventure.

CLERVAL

That's precisely what my father dislikes about you Frankensteins. He feels you're a bad influence.

VICTOR

What do you know of our instructors?

CLERVAL

There's Krempe. He oversees the science department. My father thinks he's brilliant, which means he's probably a relentless dullard.

VICTOR

The life sciences, who will be lecturing?

CLERVAL

Waldman, I think. I've heard little about him.

Sound of feet dismounting from carriage. Knock on door.

KREMPE'S HOUSEMAID

Who is it?

CLERVAL

Messrs. Clerval and Frankenstein, bearing letters of introduction, here to see Professor Krempe.

KREMPE'S HOUSEMAID

Follow me, sirs.

Footsteps. Clink of silverware. Pushing back from table.

KREMPE

Ah, who do we have here? Fresh arrivals. Let us see.

(takes letters, reads--)

Mr. Clerval. I know your father. I esteem him highly.

CLERVAL

(wryly)

I'm sure he reciprocates, sir.

KREMPE

And you, young Frankenstein. What course of studies do you intend to pursue here at Ingolstadt?

VICTOR

Sir.

(hesitating, then
pushing forward)

I wish to learn the secrets of human generation and life, sir.

KREMPE

Secrets? Life science--one of Waldman's. What have you prepared, Mr. Frankenstein? What books have you read?

VICTOR

Sir, I've studied the works of Albertus Magnus, of Paracelsus, of Cornelius Agrippa--

KREMPE

(breaking in with a
sneer of laughter)

You don't say! I haven't heard those names mentioned without derision in years! Those alchemists and frauds have been your only course of study?

(beat)

My boy, science isn't about power and miracles. It's a careful path that must be trod with caution and prudence. You must begin your studies entirely anew. I'll draw you up a proper reading list. Classes begin in two weeks.

(writing, chuckling to
himself)

Cornelius Agrippa.

VICTOR (V.O.)

I didn't feel inclined to study the books Krempe assigned: I held the modern sciences in contempt.

It was different when the masters sought immortality and power; such views, while futile, were grand. Now the interest seemed limited merely to annihilating the visions on which my love of science was founded. I was forced to swap chimeras of boundless grandeur for realities of little worth. All that changed, however, during the first of Waldman's lectures.

Lecture hall. Sound of restless audience, murmurs of studious young men.

CLERVAL

My father wishes me to return immediately. Says the business is at a fraction of its profitability. When I write him, I pretend his correspondence hasn't reached me.

VICTOR

Shhh. There he is.

Hush. Steps. Throat clearing.

WALDMAN

The ancient teachers of science promised impossibilities. They performed nothing. The modern masters promise very little. Yet though they cannot transmute metals into gold or brew elixirs of life, they can penetrate into the recesses of nature and show how she works in her hiding places. They can command the thunders of heaven, mimic the earthquake, and even mock the invisible world with its own shadows. If you wish to ascend to the pantheon of these masters, you must study every branch of natural science, from chemistry to mathematics. Only with a command of all branches of modern inquiry shall a youth become a man of science--a modern Prometheus.

(beat)

For tomorrow, you will read the first volume of Dr. Darwin's lectures. Dismissed until then.

Movements, classroom emptying.

VICTOR (V.O.)

From that day I threw myself into my studies. Clerval went home; I stayed, and had no contact beyond letters with my family for two years. I improved rapidly; even the toadish Krempe acknowledged so.

(beat)

When I had learned all my professors could teach me, I began my own inquiries. From whence did life proceed? I obsessed over that question. To examine life we must study death. I spent days and nights in churchyards and charnel houses, observing the decay of fresh corpses. I saw how the body proceeded into dirt, how the eye and the brain became food for maggots.

(beat)

After months of studying the movement of life to death, and death to life, a sudden light shone on me--a light so brilliant and wondrous, yet so simple. I discovered the cause of life. Indeed, I became capable of bestowing life, of animating lifeless matter. What had been the study of the wisest men since the creation of the world was now within my grasp.

Sounds: churchyard bells tolling in the pre-dawn hours, sound of maggots, digging, hacking through flesh with bonesaws and cleavers.

VICTOR (V.O.)

At first I wondered whether to create a being like myself, or something simpler--but no, it would not do to create anything lesser than human. My new species would be taller, stronger, more beautiful, a race of emperors able to exert themselves far beyond mere humans.

(beat)

The slaughterhouse furnished me with materials, as did the

dissecting room. Cadavers became my building blocks. And then on a dreary night in November I beheld the result of my toils.

Laboratory: rain patters on the windows, chemicals bubbling, electric current.

Bellows, flames being stoked. Hiss of steam. Current crackles.

VICTOR

Live.

Sounds build in intensity and then--

--silence--

--and then--

--a heartbeat.

Creature gasps, spits up liquid, convulses. Victor is taken aback.

VICTOR (V.O.)

My creature was to be beautiful. I gazed on a huge hulking *thing*, its skin barely covering its body. Its shrunken face, the color of spoiled meat. Its small black lips. Worst, though, were its eyes, no different in color than the sockets they were set in.

Creature's confused shrieks, trying to right itself--frightened, cold.

Contemporaneous with the next speech is the sound of running, descending stairs, locking doors, and the creature's confused and angry howls growing faint.

VICTOR (V.O.)

I realized in that moment the horror of what I'd worked towards these two years. The veil lifted. I ran from the room, locked my bedroom door and exhausted, terrified, beyond the limits of logics, I lost consciousness.

(long beat; quieter)

In the morning the creature was gone.

SHIP'S CABIN

WALTON

Drink this broth.

Sip sound.

VICTOR

I appreciate your care.

WALTON

Broth and biscuits are all we've left. If the ice doesn't melt we'll be down to nothing in a month.

(beat)

Tell me how you created this daemon.

VICTOR

Share these secrets, and risk unleashing more misery on the world? No, my friend, I take that secret to my grave.

WALTON

Tell me what happened after your collapse.

VICTOR (V.O.)

I was in bed for a month. Nursed by my landlady and then by Henry Clerval. He'd returned to Ingolstadt after hearing nothing from me for more than a year. He cared for me as I recovered from my ordeal. Even so, it was another eighteen months before I was able to undertake the trek back to Geneva.

CLERVAL

I think I'll journey to England once I've saved the money. The best financiers in the world are there. I can satisfy my father while pursuing my own studies in my free time. What do you think?

VICTOR

(distracted)

It--it sounds wonderful, Henry.

CLERVAL

What's wrong?

(beat)

Victor, I saw your laboratory.
What were you studying?

VICTOR

Nothing of importance.

Loud banging at the door. Victor is startled. Clerval crosses the room and opens it.

CLERVAL

Professor Krempe.

Krempe pushes into the room.

KREMPE

Young Mr. Clerval. You've been taking care of our star pupil, haven't you? My thanks, young sir.
(noticing the trunks)
You're packed to go home?

VICTOR

For my health. We leave in the morning.

KREMPE

It will be a blow to the university to lose you, Victor. Two years ago you believed Cornelius Agrippa as you'd believe the Gospel.

VICTOR

(sotto voce)
More, actually.

KREMPE

And now your abilities outstrip most of the faculty. Another few years and you'd rival myself.

VICTOR

I doubt that, sir.

KREMPE

Modesty is a good quality--in my youth I was acclaimed for my modesty.

(beat)

Almost forgot.

Sound of envelope changing hands.

KREMPE

A letter arrived this morning.

VICTOR

(preoccupied with the
letter)

Thank you.

KREMPE

Have a safe journey.

VICTOR

Hmm. You too.

Door shuts--Krempe has left. Envelope is torn open, letter unfolded.

CLERVAL

(inspecting the
envelope)

Addressed to Victor Frankenstein.
Care of the university. Is it from
your father?

VICTOR

It's from Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

Dearest Victor, I hope this finds
you restored to your former vigor.
Henry has told me of your
condition. If you feel at all
discomfited, weak, or unwell,
please halt the reading of this
letter, for the sad news it
contains will only augment your
weakness. Your family cannot
afford to lose two young men so
soon together.

CLERVAL

Two--who does she--?

ELIZABETH (V.O.)

A curse has fallen on the house of
Frankenstein--your brother William
is murdered! Justine and I were
playing with the boys in the
forests behind your father's
manor. It grew dark. Ernest and I
headed home, while William begged
Justine to let him play longer.

Your remember how stubborn he--
was.

(beat)

A storm hit us that night. William and Justine didn't return. Your father and I and several others set out to find them, as soon as the worst of the storm had passed. Justine was nowhere to be found. But William...Victor, I found him, underneath a tree, with a black mark on his neck that looked like a giant's hand print. His clothing had been torn and his gold locket which carried the picture of your poor mother had been torn off him and taken.

(beat)

Victor, it was horrible! That poor, sweet boy, the life choked out of him. And Justine missing! What are we to do? Your father's spirits ebb, and can only be restored by your expedient and safe return home.

(beat)

Hurry, Victor. Your father needs you, as do I. With tenderness and love, your affectionate cousin, Elizabeth.

Sound of Victor crumpling the letter.

CLERVAL

God. William dead? What criminal could do such a thing?

VICTOR

I don't--know of any person.

CLERVAL

And for a mere trinket! Let's not wait another moment.

Cut to:

Horses galloping at full speed.

The heavy door of Frankenstein manor squeals open as Victor rushes in, followed by Clerval.

VICTOR

Father! Elizabeth!

Rushes upstairs. Pause in silence. Elizabeth shuts the door.

ELIZABETH

(whispering)

Your father's asleep. The doctor just left him.

(beat)

I'm glad you're back, Victor.

VICTOR

It's good to see you, Elizabeth. Where is everyone else?

ELIZABETH

At the courthouse. The trial is tomorrow.

CLERVAL

So they caught the murderer? Excellent news.

ELIZABETH

Victor, it's Justine.

VICTOR

Justine?

ELIZABETH

She was found in a barn close to where we found William. When she was searched William's locket was found hidden in the folds of her dress.

(beat)

Victor, we have to go see her. I don't for a minute believe she could harm a single hair of William's head. She doted on him like a brother. And the locket--any of us would have given it to her if she'd but asked. We must convince the court of her innocence.

VICTOR

We'll go at first light, then.

(beat)

You mentioned the mark on his neck was--large?

ELIZABETH

Yes, I saw it. Like the marks a hand makes in wet clay, though much larger. What's wrong?

VICTOR

I'm simply weary from travel. I'll be fine in the morning.

CUT TO:

DUNGEON

Two sets of footsteps on concrete, dark, dripping--dungeon sounds. Key rattles in the lock.

GAOLER

You've an hour till she's due in court. Call me when you're finished.

ELIZABETH

Justine?

JUSTINE

Elizabeth. Victor.

VICTOR

How are you feeling, Justine?

JUSTINE

(sobbing)

Oh, I'm so sorry for William. You mustn't believe I could do such a thing.

VICTOR

No, I--know you didn't.

JUSTINE

(hysterical)

I was looking for him when the storm hit. It grew so bad I had to take shelter. I--I fell asleep. When I woke they told me he was-- I'd never hurt him, Victor. I'd tear out my eyes if you thought differently.

ELIZABETH

Nonsense, Justine. Victor and I will work to set you free. We'll prove your innocence.

VICTOR

Elizabeth is right. Anyone who knows you knows it's preposterous. We'll just have to work to convince the magistrate of that.

JUSTINE

Oh I don't care what the magistrate thinks. So long as you know I'm wrongfully accused. Victor, who could be capable of such a thing? I've never hurt anyone--I've gone to church--and now everyone thinks me a murderer of children. My own parents. And your father, Victor, couldn't bring himself to look at me. Just to be under suspicion for such a crime is agony.

ELIZABETH

It will work out. Victor and I will both testify to your character.

JUSTINE

You're true friends. I'm sorry for everything that has befallen you. As long as you believe me innocent I'm not afraid.

ELIZABETH

We do. Do you need anything, Justine?

JUSTINE

It's cold in here. Could I borrow your shawl?

ELIZABETH

(removing it with a rustle of fabric)

Certainly. I'll bring you an overcoat and some broth if the jailor will allow it. Keep your chin up, Justine. You've done no wrong. Victor knows it, as do I.

JUSTINE

So long as you believe me I won't be scared, no matter what happens.

VICTOR

Goodbye, Justine.

Footsteps.

ELIZABETH

We have to think of some way to
free her.

VICTOR

The locket is the point the case
hinges on. If we can--

Snap of a rope pulling taut, a great weight snapping it.
Justine has hanged herself and done a poor job--instead of
an instantaneous snapping of a neck we hear a gurgling,
frothy noise as she suffocates.

VICTOR

Justine! God, no!

Quick footsteps back. Banging on bars. Silence.

ELIZABETH

No!

VICTOR (V.O.)

She had hanged herself in her
cell, the poor sweet wretch. She
had fashioned a noose from
Elizabeth's shawl. We were too
late to cut her down.

(beat)

Thus was my family plunged into
darkness. I began taking long
walks by myself, hiking across the
valley of the mountain, sometimes
not returning for days on end. I
could not face them, for surely
their grief was my fault--I knew
upon hearing the description of
William's corpse that such could
only be the handiwork of the
daemon I had loosed on the earth.
As for Justine--what could I do?
Anyone who I told this story to
would claim I was mad. I would
gratefully have condemned myself
to free her, but her own self-
slaughter had made that
impossible. Justine and William
were dead. I lived. And so I
walked, far from my father's home,
hoping the exercise would allow me
to forget my culpability in their
sorrow.

(beat)

On one such expedition I ventured particularly far, traversing the crest of Mount Blanc towards its summit. It had begun to snow, but I hadn't turned back. The thought of disappearing into that whiteness appealed to me. When I saw him. Galloping across the ice at an inhuman speed, leaping the crevices in the mountainside. Drawing towards me, his murderous heart no doubt bent on revenge.

Sound of the creature's strange galloping, Victor's apprehensive breathing. Victor clutching a rifle. Firing. The shot echoes across the mountain.

VICTOR
Show yourself!

An unholy growl as the creature--

--collides with Victor, knocking his breath from him--

--And sends him skittering across the ice.

VICTOR (V.O.)
I hadn't realized the height I'd ascended until the creature threw me, with no more effort than you'd throw a dead housecat, towards the edge of the mountain.

Victor's desperate clutching, scuffling.

VICTOR (V.O.)
I was clinging to the sheer face of the cliff, hands bleeding, feet desperately seeking purchase in the wall of ice and rock. Moments from death, my only regret that I could not drag that foul fiend to hell with me--
(beat)
--When a hand like that of a gargoyle seized me and pulled me to safety.

Sound of Victor's body being set down on the ice. His breathing, erratic, returning to normal.

VICTOR
You...why would you...

We hear the monster's breathing, perhaps that same beating heart. Victor scrambles away.

VICTOR

Get away from me, you fiend!
Murderer! You daemon--I know what
you did! You murdered poor
William! And poor innocent Justine
hanged for your crime!

CREATURE

Yes. And I'll do much more to
those you love, Victor
Frankenstein, if you do not grant
my request.

VICTOR

(amazed)
You--can talk.

CREATURE

Yes, and reason, and think--and
hate. I have...love in me the
likes of which you can not
imagine, and rage the likes of
which you could not comprehend. If
I can not satisfy the one--then I
will indulge the other!

END OF PART ONE.

PART TWO

VICTOR (V.O.)

For a long time neither of us spoke, my creature and I. The sun was setting behind the mountains and a chill crept into my blood. Yet I couldn't move. The monster towered over me, its grotesque form blocking any chance of egress. I readied myself for his attack, thinking of my family, of Elizabeth. I would probably never see them again, but if it cost me my life I was determined that the monster would do no more harm to humanity.

(beat)

But instead of attacking me, the fiend spoke.

CREATURE

You hate me. You hate the sight of me. You would kill me if you could, and you would not consider yourself evil for doing so.

VICTOR

You're a fiend. An abortion of nature.

CREATURE

"Did I request thee, maker, from my clay / To mold me man? Did I solicit thee from darkness to promote me?"

VICTOR

Paradise Lost. You've read Paradise Lost.

CREATURE

And the Tempest. And Faust. And this.

Sound of a book landing at Victor's feet.

VICTOR

My journal.

CREATURE

I took it from you the night of my birth. It was in the pocket of a cloak I stole to keep warm. Your

hatred of me is not one-thousandth of the rage I feel for you. You who gave me life I did not ask for, imprisoned me in this distorted body which chills the blood of any who gaze on it. You who constructed me alone, loveless, friendless, belonging nowhere, cared for by no one. I have read of my creation. I know that you alone among men wield the power to make life. Only you can grant my request.

VICTOR

Your--

CREATURE

There is a cabin over that rise. Follow me. I have fire there. I will tell you my story and put to you my request.

VICTOR

Is this a trap?

CREATURE

You have made me more powerful than you are. If I wanted to I could tear your limbs from your body or crush your neck.

VICTOR

As you crushed William's?

CREATURE

Yes. But I prefer reason to violence. In that I am like you. You will hear my story. Then, if you will atone for your sins, I'll do so for mine. Come.

Trudging through snow. Music cue. Crackle of fire, inside now.

CREATURE

When I left your rooms I fled to the forests. At first I only knew sensations--hunger, cold, thirst, pain. I learned which berries to eat and how to fish. From hiding I watched men make fire. I learned their secrets. Even with food and warmth I was still miserable.

Humans and animals moved in pairs.
I was alone.

Sound of rushing water.

CREATURE (V.O.)

One day I was searching for fish
when I heard a splash. I saw a
young girl with long blond hair,
struggling in the water. She had
fallen in to the river, and soon
the current would carry her into
the rocks.

LUCY

Help me! Please! Someone!

Sound of diving.

CREATURE (V.O.)

I didn't know the words she was
saying but I recognized a soul in
distress. I dove into the water.

Sound of plunging into stream, thrashing, then pulled to
shore. Big gulps of air. Sputtering up water.

LUCY

Th-thank you, sir, you--

CREATURE (V.O.)

But as soon as she opened her
eyes--

LUCY

Please don't hurt me! No! Monster!

The creature tries to comfort her, making what he thinks
are soothing noises but come out gruff and intelligible.

Footsteps.

LUCY'S FATHER

There you are, Lucy, you're safe--
what are you doing with her? Get
back! I'll shoot you if you don't
let her go!

LUCY

Father.

Creature's primitive grunts.

CREATURE

(unintelligible)

--!

CREATURE (V.O.)

I tried to tell him that I meant no harm, that if it hadn't been for me his precious Lucy would have drowned or been dashed against the rocks. But I had no language.

LUCY'S FATHER

I told you leave us alone. Now get back.

Firing of a rifle. Howl of pain from the creature. Running, crackling of bushes.

CREATURE (V.O.)

I had no conception of the hate man is capable of, or the tools he has created to vent that hatred on other creatures. I ran, even as I grew faint.

(beat)

At last I came to a hut in the deep part of the forest. I entered and looked around. There was food and clothing and a small shed full of wood for fire. I recognized it as a good place, dry and clean and humble. There were even books, though I didn't yet know their value. After the pain and confusion I'd felt, this place seemed ideal. To live here in peace with friends would be all I could hope for.

Sound of voices approaching the cabin.

CREATURE (V.O.)

Soon I heard voices. I hid in the shed behind the wood where I could see and hear what went on.

Stomping of feet, voices. FELIX comes in, AGATHA, OLD MAN DE LACEY (GRANDFATHER) and DAUGHTER (MARY)

FELIX

...at least six rows of each, if we want enough to last us through the winter. Even then it will be hard.

GRANDFATHER

Take heart, Felix. We'll make do.

AGATHA

Listen to your father, Felix.

FELIX

You're right, both of you. Our family is still together. As long as the De Laceys are united, they can withstand anything.

AGATHA

Wash your face, Mary, and then it's time for your lessons.

MARY

Will Grampa play for me after?

AGATHA

He's had a rough day in the field--

GRANDFATHER

Oh, it's fine, Agatha. If you can recite your lesson, Mary, I'll play you something after.

MARY

Oh thank you, Grampa!
(clears her throat)
"Nine times the Space that
measures Day and Night / To mortal
men, he with his horrid crew / Lay
vanquisht, rowling in the furry
Gulfe--"

AGATHA

That's "fiery," not "furry,"
darling.

MARY

"Fiery Gulfe." What's fiery mean?

AGATHA

Fiery. As in fire. You know what fire is. Point to the fire. Fire-ee is what you'd be if you got too close to the fire.

MARY

So "fiery" is the same as "on fire"?

AGATHA

Similar, yes.

A roar of heat. Whoosh as flame catches. Crackle of wet pines.

AGATHA

Oh good, Felix, you got the fire going.

MARY

Fire, fiery, on fire.

CREATURE

(whispering)

F-f-fire.

CREATURE (V.O.)

I learned quickly, as if remembering something long forgotten. When you built me, did you know that I had language in me, and feelings to express? That I could appreciate the sound of birds singing, or music? Or care for people?

(beat)

The de Lacey's had been exiled from their home and forced to live in this hut. Felix and Agatha worked sunrise to sunset tilling the land. But the work was slow. An early Autumn frost had set in and their efforts yielded little food. Often they went without to give more to the child and the old man.

(beat)

When I arrived I had stolen food. When I saw how hard they worked and how little they had I felt ashamed. When they slept I would venture into the forest, gathering nuts and setting them at their doorstep to discover in the morning. Sometimes I would chop wood for them. They were always so surprised and grateful.

(beat)

All I wanted was to be part of their family. I had learned from Mary's lessons about nobility and goodness and love. I had decided the very greatest happiness in the world is to love and be loved. But

how could I receive love when you made me so very hideous? The de Laceys were the kindest family I'd known, yet even they would not be able to overlook my hideousness.

(beat)

It was winter when I heard Felix and Agatha arguing.

FELIX

The ground won't thaw. Our hands are bloody trying to scrape enough for a meal out of the ground. It's hopeless, Agatha. We won't last another month.

AGATHA

You can't mean that. We'll work harder...we'll take less--

FELIX

You're down to skin and sinew and I'm no better. And even if we had enough to eat, there's still the rent, which is due in a few days. If we don't pay the lord, he'll repossess our lands and send us to live as paupers.

AGATHA

What are we going to do, Felix?

GRANDFATHER

Pray to the Spirit to help us. The Spirit of the Forest. Who else provided us with food and wood? Perhaps if we pray to him for help.

FELIX

I don't believe in this spirit. But...I don't see how prayer would do any harm. Let us pray.

Murmurs of prayer.

CREATURE (V.O.)

I realized I was the "good spirit of the forest." They were praying to me!

(beat)

This was my way into their family. I would provide food for them and help them with their harvest. Then

I would approach the old man, who was blind, and would not be afraid. I would tell him what I'd done for them. He would invite me into their home and convince the others I meant no harm.

Sounds of scraping, hands used to yank potatoes from the ground--the dirt sprinkles off them in a soft patter.

CREATURE (V.O.)

I worked all night. When morning came I hid behind a stand of trees to watch their joyful faces as they discovered my surprise.

FELIX

Agatha! Father! Come out here! You won't believe it!

AGATHA

What is it, Felix?
(noticing pile of food)
Lord!

GRANDFATHER

Describe it to me, Mary.

MARY

Someone picked all the food for us.

FELIX

Through the frost--impossible.

GRANDFATHER

A miracle.

MARY

Does this mean we won't be hungry?

FELIX

Not ever again. Why, we'll have more than enough to eat, and to pay off the Lord, and maybe even enough to buy you some nice clothes.

AGATHA

And medicine.

FELIX

And books. It really is a miracle.

GRANDFATHER

Let us give thanks to the spirit
for providing for us in our hour
of need.

AGATHA

Yes, thank you, spirit.

MARY

Thank you, spirit.

CREATURE (V.O.)

They were so happy! And I felt joy
in watching them. I knew my plan
was sure to work.

(beat)

The next day Felix and Agatha went
to market, taking Mary with them.
I watched the old man take a seat
under a nearby tree and I decided
this was the time.

Flute song (could be lyre or mandolin). Branch snaps as the
creature approaches, music getting louder. Song abruptly
ends.

GRANDFATHER

Who's there?

Another tentative step by the creature.

GRANDFATHER

It's all right, you know. I won't
hurt you. Sit by me, friend, and
tell me your name.

CREATURE

I...have...no name.

GRANDFATHER

No name? What do your friends call
you?

CREATURE

I have no friends.

GRANDFATHER

And no family? All alone in this
world? Tell me. Perhaps I can help
you.

CREATURE

There is a family I stay with.
They are kind. Like you. But if

they knew about me they would hate me.

GRANDFATHER
Why on earth would they hate you?

CREATURE
Because I am a monster.

GRANDFATHER
Nonsense. You have a good soul. I can sense that from your voice.
(beat)
Come inside and have tea with me. You can tell me about this ungrateful family and your travels. Come on.

Scraping boots and shutting of door.

GRANDFATHER
Have a seat by the fire. Would you like food? We don't have much, but what's here you're welcome to.

CREATURE
Thank you.

GRANDFATHER
Tell me. Where do you come from?

CREATURE
I don't know.

GRANDFATHER
Do you know who your father was?

CREATURE
No.

GRANDFATHER
Your mother? Everyone has a mother.

CREATURE
No mother.

GRANDFATHER
I understand why you are so miserable. None of God's creatures can exist alone all the time. We all desire companionship. Tell me about this family.

Sound of wheels outside, Felix and Agatha's voices.

CREATURE

Who is that?

GRANDFATHER

Don't be startled, that's my son
and his wife and daughter.

CREATURE

Good sir, it is this house where I
have stayed, hidden in your wood
shed.

GRANDFATHER

What?

CREATURE

It was I that chopped wood for
you. That found food. I pulled the
harvest from the ground. Sir, I
love your family. I dream of being
part of it. I have nowhere else. I
am so alone. Please have mercy on
me and tell Felix to let me stay.

Door opens. Agatha screams. Clatter.

FELIX

What is that monster doing? Get
away from him!

CREATURE

No, I don't want to hurt you.

Sound of Felix beating the creature, the creature's howls
of an anguish more of the heart than the body, and the old
man's protestations.

GRANDFATHER

Felix, stop that! He wasn't trying
to harm me!

FELIX

Get out! Get out or I'll kill you!

The monster scurries away, sobbing. Forest sounds. Clenched
scream of hatred and sorrow and aloneness.

CREATURE

I saved a child from drowning and
for my troubles was shot. I worked
to aid a family in need and my
thanks was to be beaten like a

beast and driven out of their home. I could have killed Felix and the old man and Agatha and Mary, but even as they beat me I protected and loved them.

Roaring, blazing fire--the sound of the cottage burning.

CREATURE (V.O.)

But no more. Men had taught me treachery and hatred. I would repay them in kind. I declared war on mankind, and especially on you, my creator. I did not want to be a villain, but if that was the only role men would see me play, then I would glut the maw of death with the blood of my enemies.

(beat; music cue)

It was then I read your journal and learned of my creation, and of you, Victor Frankenstein, son of William and Catherine, brother of William and Ernest. I hated you with every beat of my heart. I set out from the forest for Geneva, to find you and make you suffer.

(beat)

I arrived just outside your home near nightfall. I chanced across a young boy, playing in the forest. He was so graceful, so happy, that for a moment I forgot my anger. Here was a chance to speak with a human too young to know hatred and prejudice. He might accept me; we could be friends; I would not be alone.

Footsteps in the forest. Storm brewing.

WILLIAM

Who's there?

CREATURE

Don't be afraid. I won't harm you.

WILLIAM

Leave me alone, you wretch! Help!

CREATURE

Don't scream. I want to be friends. You'll come with me and I'll look after you.

WILLIAM

Fiend! Get away from me. My father is Lord Frankenstein and when he hears of this—

The creature seizes him.

CREATURE

What is your name?

WILLIAM

You're hurting me.

CREATURE

Your name.

WILLIAM

William Frankenstein the second.

CREATURE

Victor Frankenstein? You belong to Victor Frankenstein?

WILLIAM

He is my brother. Now put me down.

CREATURE

You belong to my enemy.

WILLIAM

I don't belong to anyone.

CREATURE

You won't when I crush the life from you.

Scuffle. William screams. The screams grow faint and die in his throat. Sound of a neck snapping. A brutal, final silence.

CREATURE (V.O.)

Yes, I killed him. I wanted to prove I could wreak violence and mischief as well as any man.

(beat)

I searched his body and found a locket. Inside was a portrait of a beautiful woman. For a moment I regretted what I'd done, but I reasoned that she would only be like the others and fear and hate me. I took the locket, and when I saw another young woman seeking shelter, I followed her. When she

was asleep I dropped the locket into her dress, and waited. Soon the townspeople found her, searched her and arrested her. And I was satisfied.

Sound of fire. Back in cabin on Mount Blanc.

VICTOR

You're evil. What you've done is unforgivable.

CREATURE

I may be evil, but I was not born so. I was made evil by the scorn and disregard of your species. You taught me to be this way. The deaths of those people are on your head as well as mine. Can you deny it?

VICTOR

What did you bring me here for?

CREATURE

I want you to perform your duty to me. As my creator you are responsible for my happiness and satisfaction.

(beat)

I want to--not be alone.

VICTOR

You want--

CREATURE

Another creature, like me, a female. One as ugly as I would not hate and fear me as other living things do. We would be happy together.

VICTOR

Giving you life was the most dire mistake of mine. And you want me to repeat it?

CREATURE

I possess the power to kill you, your father and brother and everyone you hold dear. But I do not desire to inflict suffering. All I want is a companion to share my time on earth with. Grant me

that. Do your duty to me as my master. We will leave Europe for the jungles of South America, away from civilization. We will live on plants and never harm another living creature. Do not forsake me again. Will you do what I ask?

VICTOR

The thought makes my stomach turn. I can never forgive you for the murders...but I cannot deny that what you have said is valid. You are my responsibility. You swear to never harm another creature again?

CREATURE

I swear, master.

VICTOR

Then I consent. I will build this creature.

CREATURE

Oh thank you, master, thank you!

VICTOR

It will not be easy. I'll need time, equipment...I lack the requisite knowledge of female anatomy. There's an expert in England...the wedding will have to be postponed...give me half a year to settle my affairs. Then I'll embark for England and complete my work there, in privacy. That will satisfy you?

CREATURE

Yes, master. But do not break your word to me, or I will work to make you as unhappy as I am.

VICTOR

And do not threaten me, for I am your master.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Thus was I lured into a pact with the devil to continue my work. My creature had the devil's ability to persuade with words.

(beat)

If I was hesitant to embark on this trip, Elizabeth was dead set against it.

ELIZABETH

I don't understand, Victor. Your father isn't well. What could there be in England more important than your family?

VICTOR

Elizabeth, everything I do is to ensure our safety.

ELIZABETH

Are we in danger?

VICTOR

I mean our security, comfort and happiness. I must go to England. I have started something and I must finish it.

ELIZABETH

Why are you always so secretive? You can tell me, whatever it is. I can help.

VICTOR

You and Ernest and my father are all I hold dear in the world. Elizabeth. When I return from England let's be married.

ELIZABETH

Married? You've never spoken of marriage before.

VICTOR

I never thought I needed to. I thought you knew that I loved you.

ELIZABETH

I believe I do. When we're married we'll keep no secrets from each other? You'll tell me the truth?

VICTOR

I swear it on my mother's life.

ELIZABETH

But you won't tell me now.

VICTOR

Elizabeth, I've committed a grievous sin and it's rectification hinges on my traveling to England--alone. When I come back I will answer any question you put to me. Will you wait for me in the meantime?

ELIZABETH

I will, Victor.

Kiss sounds turn into--

Ship sounds, steam whistle, ocean breeze.

VICTOR (V.O.)

So I made my trip. But I was not alone. Henry Clerval had received permission from his father to pursue studies in London, and he accompanied me.

CLERVAL

This is just the thing to raise your spirits, Frankenstein--bracing ocean air, a new island to familiarize yourself with. You'll feel a new man after this. Liberated.

VICTOR (V.O.)

So I hoped.

(beat)

In London I took my leave from Henry and made my way north to a remote island off the coast of Scotland. A fishing village, nearly abandoned after the last outbreak of cholera. The cottage I rented overlooked the town. It was a short walk to the water's edge--and even shorter to the town's churchyard.

(beat)

In the quiet of my cottage I was able to study the books I'd bought in London, and make the necessary calculations to adapt the life process to the female anatomy. Despite myself, I was becoming curious, being drawn back into my dark studies.

(beat)

Then one morning I came downstairs to find the corpse of a fisherwoman laid out on my work bench. He stood by the window.

VICTOR
(appalled)
What is this?

CREATURE
Materials.

VICTOR
Did you--

CREATURE
She drowned. I recovered the body.

VICTOR
You tried to save her?

Long pause.

CREATURE
I recovered the body.

Sounds of hacking, tearing.

VICTOR (V.O.)
So we went on, assembling another creature, my first mistake supervising my latest. The creature found no displeasure in procuring the 'materials' I required.

(beat)
When I'd finished constructing her I stood back and beheld the body. The look on my creature's face was one of childish anticipation and hope.

CREATURE
Please hurry, master. We are so close.

VICTOR
I cannot complete this.

CREATURE
Why, what do you need? Tell me and I will retrieve it.

VICTOR

I mean I can't go through with this. Who knows what further evil I'd unleash?

CREATURE

I promised, swore to you, we would flee--

VICTOR

Yes, you promised. But what of her? What would bind her to your promise?

CREATURE

I would teach her--

VICTOR

You, a murderer and villain, would instruct her in morality?

(beat)

If I cannot be forgiven for my sins, at least I will not repeat them.

The creature, angry, seizes Victor by the throat.

CREATURE

You made a promise to me.

VICTOR

At what cost to fulfill? So the two of you could breed an entire race of villains, to plague mankind down through the centuries? No, this madness ends here.

Sounds of rending flesh, hacking it apart with an axe. The monster is stricken by fear and sadness at the ease with which Frankenstein tears up his creation.

CREATURE

(through tears)

We could have been happy.

VICTOR

The cost was too high.

CREATURE

Very well. But I will not suffer alone. I will have my revenge--
Look for me on your wedding night!

Tavern sounds.

CLERVAL

Victor, so glad to see you! I trust your business among the Tartans was productive?

VICTOR

A weight has been lifted, Henry.

CLERVAL

I'll drink to that.

Clink glasses, set down on bar.

VICTOR

I sail for Geneva in the morning. The marriage will be next month. I'm still looking for a best man.

CLERVAL

Wouldn't miss it for the world, Victor. You'll excuse me now, though, I've got to use the latrines.

VICTOR

I'll leave you to it.

CLERVAL

Safe journey, friend.

Sound of piss hitting stone backstop. Henry hums or whistles under his breath, "Rule Britannia" or Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," with the disregard of the inebriated.

Seized by the throat--struggles--hit hard, the sound muffled by a hand over his mouth, hit again and again--neck snapped. Falls.

Frankenstein Manor, main hallway.

SERVANT

He's in the carriage, madam. With the body.

ELIZABETH

Bring him in. Bring them both in.
(beat; to Victor)
Oh Victor, what happened?

VICTOR

The gendarmes said he was killed in an altercation in a public house.

ELIZABETH

(sobbing)

Why does this happen to those
closest to us?

VICTOR

I don't know.

ELIZABETH

Victor, I know it's horrible but
let's not postpone our wedding.
Our lives may be doomed to
unhappiness and tragedy, but if so
I want to share it fully with you.
And your father is so looking
forward to it. He never recovered
from poor William. I feel the hope
for this wedding is all that
sustains him.

VICTOR

You're right, Elizabeth. Very
well. However long I--we--have
left, let's spend that time as man
and wife.

ELIZABETH

Victor.

VICTOR (V.O.)

What could I tell her? That I
couldn't marry her because my
creation, having murdered my
oldest friend, would now come to
murder me on my wedding night? I
couldn't burden her with that
knowledge. The wedding proceeded
as planned, though I took to
carrying two pistols and travelled
in the company of armed bodyguards
at all times.

Church noises, small congregation.

PRIEST

And so, forever after, these two
shall be bound together in holy
matrimony. I pronounce you husband
and wife.

Sound of breaking glass, distant.

ELIZABETH

What is it?

VICTOR
(to guards)
Escort her to our room and see the
doors are locked. I'll go with
them to investigate.

ELIZABETH
Victor, what's going on?

VICTOR
Everything will be fine.

ELIZABETH
Why won't you tell me? We're
married now.

VICTOR
I'll be with you soon. Everything
will be explained then. Go with
them, my love.

Excited footsteps.

ELIZABETH
Did he tell you what is going on?

FIRST BODYGUARD
No ma'am. Only to make sure you're
secure.

ELIZABETH
Did he say what is out there?

FIRST BODYGUARD
He said not to bother you with it,
ma'am.

Frustrated sigh. Doors locking. Sound of Elizabeth's
breathing. Silence. One footstep.

ELIZABETH
Is--someone there?

CREATURE
Yes.

Flash cut to—

Outside the church--

VICTOR
Fan out. Search everywhere. This
wretch who wants to murder me

can't have gone far. Shoot it on sight if you can.

SECOND BODYGUARD

'It,' sir?

VICTOR

Him. Him! Now go!

Sound of screams. Elizabeth's.

VICTOR

(gasp)

Elizabeth.

Rushing, breaking down doors.

VICTOR

No.

Breaks down in sobs.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Elizabeth lay in the bridal suite on the bed, hands folded peacefully, Sound of breaking glass, distant. still wearing her wedding dress. Everything suggested peace and tranquility. Yet as I rushed to cradle her in my arms I noticed a look of such horror on her sweet face. Her hands covered a growing red stain across the white fabric. Her heart had been torn from her body and was not in the room with the rest of her.

Cabin on the ship.

VICTOR

I knew then that my life was over, and had been since that creature first opened its watery yellow eyes. That I still breathed was only to hunt this monster and extinguish its evil from the world. I stalked the devil across Europe, to St. Petersburg, and north from Arkhangel across the ice. When my horses died I bought dogs and a sled. Slowly the dogs perished, too. Everyone perished. And my work is still not done.

Victor has a coughing fit. Walton gives him water.

WALTON

Your story is...remarkable. To cross the ice with so few provisions, in your health.

VICTOR

I received help.

WALTON

From?

VICTOR

Villagers, travelers, ship's captains like yourself. Sometimes I would chance upon small caches of food, berries and nuts, and once a skinned rabbit. No doubt set there by fate--or God--to sustain me in my torment.

(beat; coughs)

Walton, if I die, as seems likely, swear to me you will take up my cause. That you will not rest until the daemon is slain. Swear it.

WALTON

I do.

VICTOR

If you see him, slay him immediately. He will tempt you with words and arguments. Do not fall for them. There can be no peace while it yet lives...swear...

Chokes, coughs. Dies.

WALTON

You can rest now, friend.

Walton stands, opens and closes door, heads outside. Wind.

SECOND CREWMAN

Captain, I have excellent news.

WALTON

Do you?

SECOND CREWMAN

The ice, sir. It's begun to break up. We can proceed or turn back if you--

Smash from below.

WALTON

Hear that?

They run, open cabin door.

WALTON

(fear and awe)

You!

CREATURE

I have come for Victor
Frankenstein.

WALTON

You're too late, villain. He
passed a few moments ago.

CREATURE

He's...dead?

(beat)

Then I've come for his body. It is
my birthright.

WALTON

You wretch. He told me about you.
You tormented him to his grave.

CREATURE

I led him across Europe. I was
careful to stay just out of his
grasp--but always close enough to
keep him following. When we
crossed the deserts of ice I left
him food, and clear tracks to
follow. I wanted him to experience
what I had felt. To be alone.
Forsaken.

WALTON

And now he's dead. Everyone he
cared about--dead--because of you.
What say you to that?

CREATURE

Do you think the sounds of
William's screams were music to my
ears? Or Clerval's, or
Elizabeth's? I loved harmony and

peace. But those notions were beat
out of me by the cruelty of man.
How could I be other than I am?

WALTON
Why are you here?

CREATURE
I came to collect his body.

WALTON
I don't understand. You hated him.

CREATURE
He was my...father.

WALTON
And now what will you do?

CREATURE
He has told you of me. Did he ask
you to kill me?
(beat)
You will have no need. I will take
my master's body to my raft. I
have piled it high with wood and
tinder, and at the center I've
placed poor Elizabeth's heart.
When we are far out into the water
I will set our pyre alight, and
send both our bodies back to
nothingness. I am finished with
the race of man.
(beat)
Will you stop me?

Sounds of fire, heart beating in flame, weaker and weaker.

WALTON
(realizing how very
small a part he's played
in this, his voice
shrinking accordingly)
No.

Sound of body carried out into the arctic winds.

WALTON
Farewell, Frankenstein.

Few seconds. Footsteps.

FIRST CREWMAN
Captain? Captain Walton, sir?

WALTON

What is it?

FIRST CREWMAN

Sir, the men await your orders. Do we sail on?

WALTON

No. We start back for port.

FIRST CREWMAN

Aye, sir.

(overjoyed--to others)

All hands! Cap'n says turn this ship around! We're going home, lads!

And as the crew scrambles to carry out Walton's order, we hear--

Fire. Heart beating, weaker, slowing, fading...stronger, louder. Even louder. Cue music.

END.