

# "FRANKENSTEIN"

Screenplay by

Steph Lady and Frank Darabont

From the novel by

Mary W. Shelley

2ND REVISED DRAFT

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TITLES UNFOLD IN BLACKNESS as we are lulled by the distant flute-like sounds of a recorder. Overall the effect is mournful and haunting, elegant and serene...

...and we CRASH TO:

EXT - BARENTS SEA - NIGHT

...a storm of inconceivable force and violence. Merciless arctic winds whip the sea in a frenzy of thirty-foot swells.

This is the last place in God's creation that any human being should be. And yet...

...the prow of a three-masted ship rises massively before us, looming from the darkness and chaos. it crashes upward through a swell and slams back down again, plunging nose-first into the trough. The sails on the forward mast are still deployed. It's insane; in this weather they should be stowed (as is already the case with masts 2 and 3).

Hurling toward us. Rising and falling. Thundering through the swells. And as she sweeps past CAMERA within a seeming hairbreadth, we PAN with the ship and find ourselves...

EXT - SHIP - NIGHT

...aboard the "Alexander Nevsky," along for the ride whether we like it or not. There are men all around us, dark screaming

FIGURES glimpsed and half-glimpsed, heavy oilskin clothes flapping in the gale. A GROUP OF MEN are in a life-or-death tug of war

WALTON  
PULL, YOU BASTARDS! PULL!

Riiiiipp! All eyes turn skyward as the uppermost sail tears loose, the heavy canvas shredding away in huge billowing tatters. The jib-arm wrenches free and plummets toward us, trailing rope and fabric. The men dive aside as the jib smashes into the deck like an exploding bomb. Splintered shards of wood cartwheel through the air like shrapnel.

Walton catches a glancing blow to the head and slams face-down on the pitching deck.

GRIGORI, the first mate, scrambles to Walton's aid. Walton shoves him off, pushes painfully to his knees. LIGHTNING throws his face into a stark relief map of pain and fury: blood is streaming from his hairline, freezing in his eyes, staining his teeth. He gazes up at the mainsail, still intact and straining against the wind. We hear a huge CRACK!

The base of the mast is starting to give.

WALTON  
Cut the damn rigging free before we  
lose the mast!

Long-handled axes are grabbed from their mounts. Frantic men begin hacking at the ropes. Walton snatches an axe from a passing crewman and elbows his way to the front. He attacks a guy-rope with primal fury, CAMERA rising and falling with the motion of his axe. Suddenly, a chilling cry from high above:

LOOKOUT (O.S.)  
IIICEBEEEEERG!

THE CROW'S NEST (MAST #2)

The LOOKOUT is lashed to the mast by means of a safety rope knotted at the chest. He points ahead.

WALTON and the others spin to look as A PANORAMIC SHOT OF THE BARENTS SEA reveals a magnificent vista of storming fury. The ship is heading into an enormous field of icebergs dotting the ocean like boulders in a quarry, The Nevsky is plying these waters like a man running pell-mell through a mine field.

An iceberg passes massively and unexpectedly in the foreground, rumbling within yards of the camera, wiping us into darkness...

EXT - NEVSKY - NIGHT

...and we wipe from darkness as a flapping piece of canvas billows away to reveal Walton and the crew, gazing in breathless horror as an iceberg looms from the gale before them like a ghostly white mountain. Walton finds his voice:

WALTON  
HARD TO PORT!

THE PILOT fights to turn the wheel. Men rush to his aid, throw their backs into it, straining to the limit. The wheel is grudging, fighting them every inch of the way.

PUSH IN on Walton and the crew:

GRIGORI  
It's going to ram us.

WALTON  
It wouldn't dare.

THE CROW'S NEST (MAST #2)

The lookout fumbles under his coat, grabs the rosary around his neck, clutches the crucifix tightly in both hands. Face white with terror. Breath coming in ragged gasps.

SHIP'S POV

Crashing through the swells. Rising and falling. Tilting the world and the audience on its ear. iceberg looming. For a brief moment we seem to be veering past. But then we swing back in a final, churning, vertiginous plunge...

...and smack the ice.

## VARIOUS QUICK-CUT ANGLES

God just hit the ship with an anvil. Mast #1 snaps at the base with a thunderous CRACK and begins to topple in a symphony of shattering wood and tangled rigging...

The lookout on mast #2 is vaulted through the railing of the crow's nest, screaming through the air, arms and legs windmilling as he plummets head-first toward the deck below...

And is jerked to an abrupt stop by the safety line around his chest, We hear another horrible CRACK... the sound of his back breaking...

Men are sliding, tumbling, screaming. Mast #1 completes its fall, slamming massively to the deck, shattering a section of the gunwale to splinters. Utter panic. Total chaos...

Sheer mortal terror. And as the sequence builds to a final brain-splitting crescendo of sound and fury, we

SMASH CUT TO:

## ARCTIC - TWILIGHT

Total, stunning silence.

A glittering wasteland of ice. Breathlessly cold. Even the sun seems frozen, barely hanging on the horizon. Pellets of snow scour the permafrost like broken glass, driven by a desolate arctic wind. It's as if Hell had erupted through the floor of the Earth in the form of ice. Nothing could survive here. Nothing.

SLOW PAN reveals a distant ship frozen in the ice, tilted at a permanent list. Silent. We see no signs of life.

SUPE TITLE: "The Arctic, 1839."

VARIOUS LINGERING ANGLES provide ominous detail-shots of the Nevsky

A flap of frozen canvas creaks in the wind...

The pilot's wheel is now a crystalline sculpture of ice. The forward mast lies across the deck like a broken limb, extending out over the ice on a tangle of rigging...

The ship's prow is smashed open above the water line...

A familiar rosary lies broken on the deck. Beads scattered. A tiny Christ figure lies with arms thrown wide, painted eyes staring up at the sky through a thin sheet of ice...

HIGH, HIGH ANGLE

From the top of mast #2. A breathtaking perspective of the entire ship below, guaranteed to induce vertigo. The corpse of the lookout is suspended below us at the end of the frozen rope, His posture mimics the Christ figure: His arms thrown wide, dead eyes staring up at the sky through a thin sheet of ice. A ghastly still-life, the corpse twisting ever-so-slightly on the wind, rope creaking...

A SAILOR thrusts into frame swaying precariously in the rigging, WIDEN to reveal TWO MORE MEN as they reach out with long gaffing poles to snag the corpse.

EXT - NEVSKY - LOW ANGLE FROM ICE - TWILIGHT

Walton watches them reel the body in. ANGLE SHIFTS as he turns, revealing the rest of the crew working desperately to free the ship. Axes and picks rise and fall in waves, slamming into the ice, throwing up frozen chips. The men are near collapse, exhaustion carved in their faces. The dogs are nearby, huskies and malamutes huddled in the snow. Walton rejoins the men, rams his axe fiercely into the ice.

WALTON

Put your backs into it!

SAILOR #1

What's the use? This godless ice stretches for miles! Would you have us chow our way back to England?

WALTON

No. But we'll chop our way to the North Pole if we have to. Inch by bloody inch.

GRIGORI

You can't mean to go on! Our journey is ended! The best we can hope for now is to get out of this alive!

SAILOR #2

Aye, if the ice ever lets us!

WALTON

The ice will break. And when it does, we proceed north... as planned.

Cries of dismay from the men. Grigori thrusts his arm toward the sky, pointing at the corpse on the mast.

GRIGORI

At the cost of how many more lives?

He's interrupted by a long, chilling HOWL. The lead husky rises to its feet, hackles up, HOWLING at some unseen thing in the distance. The other dogs start rising around him, joining in, staring off across the ice.

GRIGORI

There's something out there.

The dogs are going berserk. The lead husky breaks free and launches himself across the ice. The men scramble to restrain the animals, but three more break away and take off after their leader. Walton snatches up his rifle.

WALTON

You five come with me! The rest stay with the ship!

EXT - ARCTIC PANORAMA - TWILIGHT

The Nevsky in the distance. The dogs come howling across the ice toward us. The men trail substantially behind.

BOOM DOWN to the icy boulders f.g. A massive hand comes

briefly to rest in one of the crags, ghastly gray skin rippling with harsh ligaments and sinewy veins, brutal surgical scars marring the wrist. A HUGE DARK FIGURE wipes frame, fleeing into the rocks. The dogs come bounding past in pursuit, snarling and slavering.

THE RUNNING MEN hear an INHUMAN HOWL rise amidst those of the dogs. A vicious free-for-all echoes from the rocks.

Barking gives way to shrill squeals. An object is launched from the crags, catapulted through the air in a high arc.

Some men slip and fall as the object slams to the ground with tremendous impact before them...

...and they find themselves staring in horror At the sight of the lead dog. Silence now. Those who have fallen, rise.

Walton cocks his rifle. The group proceeds, picks and axes held ready, slowly skirting the rocks...

...and the massacre is revealed. Blood-stained ice. Dead, mangled animals strewn about. One twitching survivor crawls toward them on broken limbs, whining piteously, dragging its entrails in a red smear.

GRIGORI

Look.

They follow his gaze. Bloody tracks lead away from the bodies, ascending the rocks. Most are smeared and vague... but one is clearly a bare human footprint. Several men cross themselves. Walton shoulders the rifle, aims down at the surviving dog. BLAM! A single bullet to the brain ends its misery, punching a halo of blood onto the ice. The shot echoes for miles.

WALTON

Back to the ship.

EXT - NEVSKY - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Silhouetted against the aurora borealis. The horizon swirls mysteriously with color and light. Distant slivers of lightning kiss the earth. Men keep watch in furtive groups,

huddled against the cold, breath punching the air with billows of vapor. A massive CRACKLING is heard. A YOUNG SAILOR spins, jumpy.

OLD SAILOR

Only the ice to starboard, boy.

YOUNG SAILOR

Is it breaking up?

OLD SAILOR

Just dancing on the current. It'll freeze even tighter come next wind.

CAMERA DRIFTS past to another group:

SAILOR #4

It was a polar bear. That's what I say.

SAILOR #5

Say all you want, but you weren't there. It left human tracks.

SAILOR #6

No man could tear those dogs apart.

SAILOR #5

No human. We've roused a demon from the ice.

CLANG-CLANG! The men spin. A SAILOR on starboard has rung the signal bell. The men race over, crowding the gunwale.

SAILOR

Something. In the mist.

Walton appears from his cabin and crowds his way to the front, rifle aimed at the sky. The men wait. Holding their breath. Scanning the darkness.

AN APPARITION looms eerily from the mist on a creaking floe of ice, silhouetted by the shifting light of the borealis. The figure's pose is uncanny and weird: neither standing nor kneeling, but something in between, arm dangling at its side



and lolling slowly with the motion of the current.

YOUNG SAILOR

It's the demon! Shoot while you've a chance!

The Pilot lights the kerosene wick of a reflector box spotlight and swings it around. The beam seeks out the specter and pins it in a dim circle of light... revealing a man collapsed on a dog sled, lashed to tiller upright stanchions with frozen leather straps, Dead dogs lie in icy heaps around him.

EXT - NEVSKY - NIGHT

The men venture onto the shifting ice with lanterns raised.

Grappling lines are unslung and thrown, the ice floe snagged. Gaffs reach out, drawing it closer. Men clasp arms, forming a human chain. Grigori is the first to reach the motionless figure on the dog sled.

WALTON

Dead?

Grigori cautiously eases his hand into the darkness of the furred hood to search the neck for a pulse...

...and the figure scares the shit out of him. With a convulsive shudder and a gasping intake of breath, the hood rises up, revealing a haggard face tortured white with frost, beard frozen solid, eyes blazingly intelligent and aware. Walton finds himself in an extended beat of eye contact with VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN.

EXT - NEVSKY - ON DECK - NIGHT

A HOWLING WIND has kicked up, pelting the huddled sentries with sleet. CAMERA TRACKS past, moving steadily toward the dimly-glowing window of Walton's cabin...

INT - WALTON'S CABIN - NIGHT

...where we find Walton and Grigori in tense discussion:

GRIGORI

Captain, I implore you. The men are frightened and angry. They want your assurance.

WALTON

They knew the risks when they signed on. I've come too far to turn back now.

GRIGORI

Then you run the danger of pushing them to mutiny.

Walton pulls a pistol from his drawer and slams it flat on the table before him.

WALTON

(low, tight)

Let them try.

Grigori is taken aback. He hears a shifting of blankets and glances to the captain's bed. Walton follows his look.

Frankenstein has awakened and is watching them.

Grigori exits, uneasy under Frankenstein's gaze. Walton rises, retrieves a pot from the stove.

WALTON

You're awake. I've prepared some broth. It'll help restore you.

VICTOR

(hoarse, faltering)

I'm... dying.

Victor draws a hand from under the blanket and holds it before his face. Fingers skeletal and black.

VICTOR

Frostbite. Gangrene. A simple diagnosis.

WALTON

Are you a physician?

VICTOR

(faint smile)

How is it you come to be here?

WALTON

There's a startling question, coming from you.

(beat)

I'm captain of this ship. We sailed from Archangel a month ago, seeking a passage to the North Pole.

VICTOR

Ah. An explorer.

WALTON

Would-be. I'm plagued with my share of difficulties just at the moment.

VICTOR

I heard.

WALTON

I can't say I blame them. We're trapped in this ice and bedeviled by some sort of... creature.

VICTOR

Creature? A... human like creature?

WALTON

(stunned)

You know of it?

VICTOR

Your men are right to be afraid.

WALTON

Then explain it, whatever it is. It could save the voyage. I've spent years planning this. My entire fortune.

VICTOR

You'd persist at the cost of your own life? The lives of your crew?

WALTON

Lives are ephemeral. The knowledge we gain, the achievements we leave behind... those live on.

Victor reaches out with his blackened claw of a hand, pulls him closer. Impassioned, intense:

VICTOR

Do you share my madness?

WALTON

Madness?

CAMERA PUSHES SLOWLY on Victor's face...

VICTOR

We are kindred, you and I. Men of ambition. Let me tell you all that I have lost in such pursuits. I pray my story will come to mean for you all that is capricious and evil in man.

WALTON

(angry, frightened)

Who are you?

VICTOR

(beat)

My name is Frankenstein...

And CAMERA proceeds into the bottomless depths of Victor's staring eye, plunging us into:

TOTAL DARKNESS. Tick-tock. Tick-tock. A METRONOME fades up before us.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Failure has no pride, Victor. You must try again.

LITTLE BOY (O.S.)  
Yes, Ma'am.

INT - GRAND BALLROOM - FRANKENSTEIN MANSION - DAY

We hear a HARPSICHORD begin playing as a WIDER ANGLE reveals a huge, magnificent room with vaulted ceilings thirty feet high. Floor-to-ceiling windows. Hanging tapestries.

VICTOR sits at the harpsichord, a very serious 7 year-old in his little gentleman's suit and stiff starched collar.

MRS. MORITZ, head of the housekeeping staff, conducts the lesson. Her daughter JUSTINE, age 4, sits with her doll in a huge wingback chair, making it dance to the music as she listens... but her eyes are on Victor. She adores him.

An enormous door swings open. Victor stops playing. His PARENTS enter, ushering a somber and beautiful ELIZABETH, age 6, across the vast expanse of floor. Victor slides off the bench and faces them.

FATHER

Mrs. Moritz, would you and your daughter excuse us?

MRS. MORITZ

Of course, Doctor. Madam. Come along, Justine. Bring your dolly.

Mrs. Moritz takes Justine's hand. Justine gazes back at Victor and Elizabeth as her mother whisks her off.

MOTHER

Victor. This is Elizabeth. She's coming to live with us.

FATHER

She has lost her parents to scarlet fever. She is an orphan.

MOTHER

You must think of her as your own sister. You must look after her. And

be kind to her.

Victor stares at Elizabeth. She returns the gaze evenly, self-possessed and dignified even at this young age.

ARCTIC VICTOR (V.O.)

I loved her from the moment that I first saw her.

EXT - FRANKENSTEIN ESTATE - NIGHT

A MASSIVE BOLT OF LIGHTNING hammers from the sky, reducing a centuries-old oak tree to smoldering ruin...

INT - DOWNSTAIRS PARLOR - NIGHT

...while Victor gazes at the storm, face pressed against a window, astonished at the sight.

Lightning throws seething shadows of the rain on his face.

MOTHER

Victor. Elizabeth is frightened by the storm. Go comfort her.

INT - UPPER LANDING - NIGHT

We hear a CHILD SOBBING. Victor comes racing up the grand staircase from below as LIGHTNING sends wild banister shadows skittering. He caroms down the hall toward:

INT - ELIZABETH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Victor enters. Elizabeth is a tiny figure huddled in an adult-size bed, gazing up with tear-streaked face at the huge skylights in the vaulted ceiling, dreading the next scary boom and flash. Victor approaches and whispers:

VICTOR

Don't cry, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

(frightened)

Aren't you?

KA-BOOM! A LIGHTNING BOLT rips overhead, rattling the panes of glass. Victor does find it scary... but exhilarating.

VICTOR

We'll build a fort. So the lightning can't get us.

He races about the room, grabbing every pillow he can find and hurling them to her. Big decorative pillows from the chaise, bed pillows from the armoire... they all come flying. She giggles as a big one knocks her flat. Victor scampers onto the bed with her. They pile the pillows around and above, concealing themselves in a bulging heap of cushions.

INSIDE THE PILLOW-FORT

Victor pokes his hand up, widening a space so they can still see. Lightning glistens in their upturned eyes.

ELIZABETH

Are you sure it can't hurt us?

VICTOR

Nothing can. Not ever.

She seeks his hand. Fingers clasp. Comfort and strength.

TILT UP to the skylight. Rain drumming the glass...

INT - MANSION - GRAND BALLROOM - DAY

Victor and Elizabeth are learning to waltz, their movements stiff and awkward, childlike. MRS. MORITZ is at the harpsichord. Justine sits with her dolly, watching.

MRS. MORITZ

You must lead, Victor. The lady will always look to you for guidance, so your steps must be sure and strong...

VICTOR

Mrs. Moritz.

MRS. MORITZ

...aaand, one-two-three, one-two-

three, twirl-two-three...

JUSTINE

Mama, can I dance with Victor?

MRS. MORITZ

Nonsense, Justine. Hush. And now a sweeping arc about the room! one-two-three, twirl-two-three.

Victor and Elizabeth gamely work their way across the vast room, tripping on each other's toes. They pass within inches of CAMERA, bodies WIPING FRAME...

INT - GRAND BALLROOM - DAY (TEN YEARS LATER)

...and they sweep from before our eyes, waltzing away from camera to reveal Victor now 17, intense and handsome as he approaches manhood. Elizabeth is a blossoming and graceful beauty at 16. Mrs. Moritz is still conducting the lessons.

MRS. MORITZ

...one-two-three, twirl-two-three...  
Excellent! You'll be the envy of all the young ladies and gentlemen!

They're certainly the envy of Justine, who gazes at Victor as he sweeps Elizabeth around the room in his arms. She isn't concentrating and fumbles on the keyboard. Her mother throws her a look of reproof:

MRS. MORITZ

Justine. Surely you can maintain better time than that.

JUSTINE

Yes, Mama.

Flustered, she puts her attention back on the keyboard as Victor and Elizabeth keep dancing, swirling fluidly about the room, their attention only on each other.

INT - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

A skylight above us. A storm is raging, rain drumming the



glass. We hear SCREAMING in the house. TILT DOWN to Victor perched at the edge of a settee, seething with tension.

Waiting. Elizabeth is with him. She squeezes his arm, trying to reassure him.

ELIZABETH

She'll be all right.

Another SCREAM rips down the hallway. Justine comes scurrying up the stairs, about to enter his parent's room with a fresh load of sheets. Victor lunges to his feet and intercepts, trying to push past her, but finds the doorway implacably blocked by Mrs. Moritz.

MRS. MORITZ

You can do nothing here. Wait downstairs.

He can see his mother in the dim kerosene light, writhing and screaming on the bed, belly swollen and distended. His father, sleeves rolled up, works feverishly to save her.

VICTOR

Mother?

FATHER

Victor, do as you're told!

Justine glances at Victor, longing to comfort him. She squeezes past into the room. The door slams in his face. He turns to Elizabeth, eyes brimming with terror...

INT - PARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

...as his mother falls back on the sweat-soaked sheets, blowing air like a bellows, trying to give birth...

EXT - MANSION - NIGHT

...while her SCREAMS mingle with the howling of the wind, the stump of the long-dead oak tree pokes from the earth in the foreground like a gravestone, lashed by the rain.

INT - DOWNSTAIRS PARLOR - NIGHT

VICTOR stares out the window at the raging storm. Elizabeth appears at his side. He doesn't look at her.

VICTOR

As a boy, I stood at this window and watched God destroy our tree.

b.g. screaming stops, Victor and Elizabeth turn, gazing up the grand staircase. The sudden silence is even more frightening. The FAINT CRY of a newborn infant drifts down A door opens upstairs, throwing a spill of light. Victor's father appears in silhouette, comes down the stairs toward them. He pauses halfway down, unable to continue.

VICTOR

Father?

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING floods the room, revealing Victor's father on the staircase. Face haggard. Eyes hollow. Clothes spattered with blood. Hands glistening wetly red.

ELIZABETH

Oh God. The blood.

Father sits down shakily on a step. Victor and Elizabeth race up the stairs and pause before him.

FATHER

I did everything I could.

Victor lets out a sob of anguish. Elizabeth begins to cry.

Father gathers them into his arms.

EXT - FRANKENSTEIN ESTATE - CEMETERY - DAY

A BABY CARRIAGE stands amidst leaning gravestones, gothic and ornate, a chill breeze billowing the lace.

A PRIEST recites a Latin burial mass. DOZENS OF MOURNERS are gathered before the Frankenstein family mausoleum... an imposing edifice of stone and spidery wrought-iron, its steeped roof crowned by a massive granite crucifix.

A sleek black casket lies atop the bier, ringed with flowers and sorrow. The trees are windswept and bare, branches stark against a steely gray sky. Victor and Elizabeth stand apart from the others, staring at the casket. Softly:

VICTOR

How could all my father's knowledge  
and skill fail to save her?

ELIZABETH

It's not ours to decide. All that  
live must die. It's God's will.

Victor raises a grim look at the huge crucifix atop the mausoleum. Christ returns his gaze with blank stone eyes

VICTOR

What kind of God is He to will this?

ELIZABETH

She was mother to me as well. But  
ours is the job of the living. It's  
up to us now to hold this family  
together. We must think of Father  
and be strong for him.

(beat)

I cannot do that alone.

VICTOR

God took her from us.

ELIZABETH

He left a beautiful gift in her place.  
A baby boy. To cherish and love as  
our very own. Your brother

Victor glances at the baby carriage. He seeks her hand. Their fingers clasp. Comfort and strength.

VICTOR

Our brother.

The baby starts CRYING as the casket is lowered, its thin voice carried on the wind...

EXT - MEADOW - DAY

A gorgeous, sun-dappled day. Tall grass waving on the breeze. Butterflies skittering. WILLIAM, 11 months-old, toddles into view. He doesn't get far. PLOP! Down he goes, right on his ass. His face scrunches up in surprise and he bursts into tears.

Elizabeth hurries over and scoops him up, cradling and comforting him. Victor rises from a picnic blanket to join them. Nanny Justine looks up from her task of laying out the silverware and food.

JUSTINE

Poor William! What indignant tears!

ELIZABETH

There, there... shhh...

Victor takes the baby and swoops him high in the air. The child shrieks and wails, held aloft.

ELIZABETH

Victor, have a care! You'll make him dizzy!

VICTOR

The world is a dizzying place.

She tries to reclaim the baby. Victor feints, keeping Willie out of reach. Elizabeth grows crosser:

ELIZABETH

Oh, do give him here! He needs to be comforted and held!

VICTOR

He needs to vent his outrage to the skies! Make yourself heard, Willie! Learning to walk is not an easy thing! Why should it be so?

Elizabeth is exasperated to realize that the baby has begun to laugh. She glares at both of them. Men.

ELIZABETH

That's the nature of all progress,  
William. Don't let your brother sway  
you otherwise.

JUSTINE

Quite right!

Victor cradles Willie as if to shield his delicate ears. He peers at Elizabeth with mock-grave suspicion and speaks to the baby sotto-voce, in deepest confidence, man-to-man:

VICTOR

Don't listen, Willie. Progress is a  
feast to be consumed. Women would  
have you believe you must walk before  
you can run. Or run before you can  
waltz!

ELIZABETH

(laughing)

Give me that child before you fill  
his head with drive!

Victor waltzes the baby in circles. Elizabeth stalks them.

VICTOR

Devil take walking, ladies! My brother  
shall learn to waltz!

He grabs her by the waist, pulls her into it. There's no use resisting. She succumbs and they dance with the baby between them. Justine is gasping with laughter.

JUSTINE

Elizabeth, really! He's quite mad!

ELIZABETH

Scandalous! What would your dear  
mother say?

JUSTINE

(thinks a beat)

One-two-three, one-two-three, twirl-  
two-three...

Laughing, Victor and Elizabeth waltz little William around in a sweeping arc. They pass within inches of the CAMERA, bodies wiping frame...

INT - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT (6 YEARS LATER)

To reveal the grand ballroom ablaze with candlelight and spectacle as a HUNDRED DANCERS swirl about the floor in a breathtaking waltz to the music of a full string ensemble (NOTE: The music here should be our movie's distinctive WALTZ/LOVE THEME, which will reoccur later.)

Victor and Elizabeth dance magnificently, room spinning about them in a blur. Now 24, he's in the prime of manhood.

Elizabeth, 23, is a drop-dead beauty radiating poise and intelligence. They're so right for each other, so beautiful together, your heart could break just looking at them.

Justine, now 21, has blossomed into a beauty herself. She's at the sidelines, wearing a lovely gown, wishing someone would ask her to dance. William, now 7, scampers to her side. She stoops to straighten his collar and smooth back his hair. Waltzing couples swirl past them.

WILLIE

Auntie Justine, Papa said I could  
have a sweet.

JUSTINE

You can. But not before dinner.

The music ends amidst applause. The men bow to the ladies, the ladies curtsy in return. Victor escorts Elizabeth off the dance floor. Elizabeth fans herself, flushed and happy.

JUSTINE

You dance so beautifully together.

ELIZABETH

And you look so lovely.

They share a sisterly hug and a radiant smile. The orchestra recommences. The music is lush. Justine looks hopefully to

Victor, keeping her tone light:

JUSTINE

Victor? Spare me one dance?

Elizabeth catches Victor's eye.

ELIZABETH

Go on, ask her. Please. I'm quite out of breath.

Victor gallantly offers his arm. Justine takes it, lighting up as he escorts her onto the dance floor ...

...and they begin to dance. She's glowing. This is a big moment for her. But they've hardly begun, when...

...ting-ting-ting, Victor's father is tapping a champagne glass with a knife. The dancers stop. The orchestra falls silent. Justine hides her disappointment as servants pass among the guests with glasses of champagne.

FATHER

My friends, fatherly pride won't allow this occasion to pass without my raising a toast.

Shouts of assent. Victor is grabbed by his friends and dragged forward, a glass of champagne shoved in his hands.

FATHER

To Victor. My son. Who read every medical book in my library by age thirteen... and then re-read them, which seemed excessive even to me.

(the guests ROAR with laughter)

Drape yourself in glory, my boy. Study well. When you return, you return a man of medicine. I will then be honored to call you "colleague."

VICTOR

But never your equal.

FATHER  
No. You'll surpass me.

Applause and roars of approval. The drinks are tossed back.

Victor is jostled with backslaps and handshakes.

EXT - MANSION - NIGHT

Music and warm light spill from the windows. A COUPLE eases through a French door and come racing across the lawn, giggling and hushing each other. They take refuge under a tree, revealing their faces to the moonlight: Victor and Elizabeth. She leans against the trunk to catch her breath.

ELIZABETH  
Smell the air. Wonderful.

VICTOR  
Quite a send-off, isn't it?

ELIZABETH  
Father's so proud.

VICTOR  
And you?

ELIZABETH  
Prouder still. You'll be the handsomest student there.

VICTOR  
I'll have to do better than that.

ELIZABETH  
You will.  
(searches his eyes)  
What do you want, Victor?

VICTOR  
To be the best there ever was. To push our knowledge beyond our dreams... to eradicate disease and pestilence... to purge mankind of



ignorance and fear...

He's so serious, she can't help laugh.

VICTOR  
I'm not mad.

She smiles, smoothes a lock of hair gently off his forehead.

ELIZABETH  
No. Just very earnest. And very dear.

An extended moment. Unspoken words flowing between them.

Victor leans forward and kisses her. Her eyes widen slightly. So do his. Shared excitement, gentle and sexy beyond belief. They pause, draw back, searching each other's eyes. He whispers:

VICTOR  
I've loved you all my life

ELIZABETH  
All my life I've known.

They kiss again. A breath. A shiver.

VICTOR  
This feels... incestuous.

ELIZABETH  
Is that what makes it so delicious?

She brushes her lips against his. Gentle as a sigh.

ELIZABETH  
Brother and sister still?

VICTOR  
I wish to be your husband.

ELIZABETH  
I wish to be your wife.

VICTOR

Then come with me to Ingolstadt.  
Marry me now.

ELIZABETH

If only I could. But one of us must stay. Father's not strong. Willie's just a child. Who can look after them in your absence? Who can run the estate?

VICTOR

Only you.

ELIZABETH

I will be here when you return.

Another kiss. Turning lustful and steamy. They melt into each other, sinking down, bodies pressing and minds afire.

These people are hot for each other. They stop, stunned at the intensity. He lays his head to her breast. Their fingers clasp. She whispers her secret:

ELIZABETH

My head is spinning. I want to give myself to you.

He raises his head. She meets his gaze evenly

ELIZABETH

If we're to be married, must we wait?

He touches her face. Fingertips tracing downward, gentle and reverent, brushing the contours of her bosom at the edge of her bodice. She shivers. Closes her eyes. Lays her hand over his. Guiding his touch.

VICTOR

You make me weak.

ELIZABETH

Not as weak as I.

She raises his hand to her mouth. Brushing his fingertips with her lips. Wrestling with desire. Their eyes meet.

ELIZABETH  
Our decision. Together.

VICTOR  
Your decision. For us.

ELIZABETH  
(hesitates)  
I give you my soul...

VICTOR  
(nods)  
...until our wedding night. When our  
bodies will join.

ELIZABETH  
Victor. I love you,

VICTOR  
Elizabeth. My more than sister.

They kiss again. Gently...

EXT - FRANKENSTEIN ESTATE - CEMETERY - DAWN

A misty gray dawn. Victor is kneeling at a gravestone, observing a moment of silence. His saddled horse is tethered nearby. Softly:

VICTOR  
I'll make you so proud, Mother.

He lays a small sprig of flowers on the grave, rises and walks toward his horse.

EXT - MANSION - MORNING

Overcast and chill. An open carriage stands loaded. The family and household staff have turned out. Victor stands ready to go. Father pulls him into a back-slapping embrace.

FATHER  
Write to us often.

Victor moves on to Justine, takes her hand.

VICTOR

We never finished our dance.

(she smiles)

Someday we shall.

Next is William. The little boy stands stiffly, tears on his face, trying to be brave. Victor kneels and whispers:

VICTOR

The others will look to you while

I'm gone, Willie. Be strong.

The boy nods miserably, throws his arms around Victor's neck. Last comes Elizabeth. She and Victor regard each other, sharing the secret of last night. A faint smile plays at the corners of her mouth. He kisses her cheek.

VICTOR

Elizabeth.

He mounts the carriage. CLAUDE snaps the reins and lurches away, speeding Victor off to his future. Victor turns back for a final look at the home and family he loves so much.

William runs after him until he's gone from sight...

DISSOLVE TO:

INGOLSTADT - ESTABLISHING ANGLES - DAY

High white clouds in a blazing blue sky. Church steeples rising among the rooftops. Beautiful.

BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

FRAU BRACH trudges heavily up a long, steep, narrow flight of stairs with Victor teetering uneasily behind.

FRAU BRACH

No real rooms left. All we've got is  
attic space. No one ever wants the  
attic space...

## ATTIC SPACE/GARRET - DAY

She leads him into an immensely long space running a twisted path the entire length of the building; various levels and areas unhindered by wall separation, massive vaulted beams crisscrossing as understructure to the roof. Daylight filters dimly through dozens of dormer windows and skylights coated with grime. Nooks and crannies abound.

VICTOR

This will do nicely.

## UNIVERSITY - DAY

A monumental structure of brick. A BELL TOWER TOLLS. Dead leaves scurry across the lawn.

## LECTURE HALL - DAY

PROFESSOR KREMPE, a squat little man, paces before the packed galleries of eager young STUDENTS.

KREMPE

In science, the letter of fact is the letter of law. Our pursuit is as dogmatic as any religious precept. Think of yourselves as disciples of a strict and hallowed sect. Someday you may be priests... but only if you learn the scripture chapter and verse.

(off their laughter)

Any questions?

VICTOR

(hand shoots up)

But surely, Professor, you don't intend we disregard the more... philosophical works.

KREMPE

Philosophical?

VICTOR

Those which stir the imagination as

well as the intellect. Paracelsus,  
for one.

This reference is lost on all but a few. At the faculty table:  
PROFESSOR WALDMAN peers up at Victor, adjusting the glasses  
on his nose. Up among the students: HENRY CLERVAL leans out  
and shoots an amused look in Victor's direction.

SCHILLER catches Henry's look and rolls his eyes.

KREMPE  
Paracelsus?

VICTOR  
Or Albertus Magnus. Cornelius  
Agrippa...

KREMPE  
What is your name?

VICTOR  
Victor Frankenstein, sir.  
(no response)  
Of geneva.

KREMPE  
Of Geneva.  
(beat)  
Tell me, Mr. Frankenstein of Geneva.  
Do you wish to study medicine? Or  
mysticism?

Titters sweep the room. Krempe remains staunchly unamused:

KREMPE  
Those of you unfamiliar with Mr.  
Frankenstein's suggested reading  
list... thankfully, that would be  
most of you... would be well advised  
to avoid it. Here at Ingolstadt, we  
concern ourselves with immutable  
reality...  
(specific to Victor)  
...not the ravings of lunatics and  
alchemists hundreds of years in their

graves. Understood?

Victor is flushed and humiliated. He'd like to say more, but wisely swallows his anger and nods.

KREMPE

I am relieved. Are there any relevant questions?

(there are none)

Lecture hall dismissed.

EXT - UNIVERSITY - DAY

Victor exits wearing a distinctive black greatcoat, fuming over the exchange with Krempe. He strides across the lawn, eyes fixed straight ahead.

Henry Clerval races up behind him and falls casually in step. Victor glances over. Henry nods pleasantly, as if he'd been there all along. Victor responds with a curt nod and resumes his straight-ahead demeanor. They walk in silence, just two guys heading in the same direction.

Henry can't help it; he snickers loudly to himself. Victor shoots him a sharp look. Henry's smirk vanishes, replaced with blank innocence. Did somebody snicker?

HENRY

I was just clearing my throat.

VICTOR

Very well then.

They continue walking. Silence thick. Finally:

HENRY

You know, you're quite mad.

Victor stops. Turns.

VICTOR

(low, measured)

I am not mad.

HENRY

(matching Victor's  
tone)  
As a march hare.

Henry's expression betrays nothing... but perhaps there's a trace of amusement in his eyes?

VICTOR  
Are you having me on?

HENRY  
Of course I am. It pays to humor the insane.

Beat. Victor smiles. Henry grins, offers his hand. Takes it.

HENRY  
Henry Clerval.

VICTOR  
Victor, Victor Frankenstein.

HENRY  
I know. You have a way of making an impression.

INT - GASTHOF - DUSK

The tavern is packed with students and noise. Beer and food served at a frantic pace. We find Victor and Henry at a small table, tearing into sausages and cheese.

VICTOR  
Do you really think I'm mad?

HENRY  
Come now. Magnus? Agrippa? Next thing you know, you'll be teaching toadstools to speak.

Schiller enters with FRIENDS. They pause at Victor's table

SCHILLER  
If it isn't the sorcerer. Found yourself an apprentice?



VICTOR

I'm afraid I rejected his application.  
He merely dabbles.

HENRY

Dilettantes need not apply. What  
about you? Schiller, isn't it?

SCHILLER

Von Schiller. I'm interested in real  
medicine. Treating the sick.

HENRY

Really? I myself find sick people  
rather revolting.

(off their looks)

I'm here to secure my degree with a  
minimum of fuss and hard work that I  
might settle into a life of privilege  
treating rich old ladies with gout  
and dallying with their daughters.

SCHILLER

You two disgust me.

Schiller and his friends stalk off.

EXT - INGOLSTADT - DUSK

LONG LENS magnificently compresses buildings and steeples,  
distant hills and drizzly sky. Victor wears his greatcoat as  
he and Henry walk along a twisty cobblestone street.

VICTOR

Rich old ladies and their daughters?

HENRY

Can you think of a better reason?

VICTOR

Quite a few.

HENRY

Do me a favor then...

(claps his shoulder)  
...keep them to yourself.

Victor takes a shocked beat and bursts into laughter.

INT - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

Waldman, in sinock, addresses a GROUP OF STUDENTS from across morgue slab. He throws a sheet back to reveal a corpse dissected to reveal the inner workings. The others crowd for a closer look. Victor glances to Henry, who leans back and rolls his eyes in utter disgust.

INT - VICTOR'S GARRET - DAY

PUSHING SLOWLY IN on Victor sitting at a tall dormer window, writing a letter with quill and ink. It's raining outside. The garret is tidied.

EXT - RYE FIELDS - FRANKENSTEIN ESTATE - LATE DAY

WORKERS are harvesting for miles around. PAN to Elizabeth and Claude examining the sheaves on a wagon. She cracks the grain and tastes it, glances to Claude. He smiles and nods.

CLAUDE

It's turning out to be a good year.

ELIZABETH

Let's return a tenth of the crop to the tenants.

(off his look)

They had a hard winter.

CLAUDE

Not even your father would be that generous.

ELIZABETH

Then there's no need to tell him, is there?

Claude grins and motions to his MEN. They resume loading the sheaves as a STABLEBOY rides up:

STABLEBOY

Miss! The mail arrived! There's one  
from Master Victor!

INT - FRANKENSTEIN PARLOR - NIGHT

We find the family gathered around the fire as Elizabeth  
reads Victor's letter aloud:

ELIZABETH

...and not a day goes by that I do  
not cherish your faces in my mind's  
eye or ache to see you all again. Be  
assured that I am with you in spirit,  
and you are never far from my  
thoughts. I remain, as always, your  
loving and devoted Victor. P.S.

She pauses, reading ahead.

INSERT OF LETTER

The P.S. reads: "Elizabeth... I am holding our vow precious  
in my heart."

ELIZABETH

glances up at their expectant faces.

WILLIE

What does it say?

ELIZABETH

It says, give Willie an extra big  
hug for me.

WILLIAM

(beaming)

Read it again?

She smiles, rearranges the pages as we

FADE TO:

INT - UNIVERSITY HALLWAY - DAY

A classroom door. SHOUTING from within:

VICTOR (O.S.)

That's no excuse for being a pompous  
ass!

Victor storms out with Krempe at his heels. Krempe pauses in the doorway, red-faced, bellowing after him:

KREMPE

I'll see you thrown out of this  
university! I'll go to the dean  
himself! Take me at my word,  
Frankenstein! The dean himself!

Classroom doors are opening, faces peering out. Waldman among them. Victor keeps going, doesn't look back.

INT - GASTHOF - NIGHT

Victor and Henry slouched at their regular table writes in his thick, well-worn leather journal.

HENRY

The entire school heard it. It wasn't  
something one could miss.

VICTOR

You're a comfort to me, Henry.

HENRY

What now? Writing about it in your  
journal won't help.

VICTOR

(quietly)

It's a letter to my father.

Henry falls silent. Victor closes the journal, winds it secure with its leather thong, jams it deep in the outer pocket of his greatcoat. Brooding. The bell above the door JINGLES. A gust of wind sweeps in. They glance up. Professor Waldman enters, dapper and soft-spoken, impeccably courteous. He murmurs a pleasantry to the INNKEEPER and drifts over to

Victor's table.

VICTOR  
Professor Waldman.

WALDMAN  
(takes a seat)  
Victor, explain yourself.

VICTOR  
Krempe has a way of provoking my  
temper.

WALDMAN  
You have a way of provoking his.  
(beat)  
I've been watching you. You seem  
impatient with your studies.

VICTOR  
To say the least. I came here to  
expand my mind, but honest inquiry  
seems strangled at every turn. All  
we do is cling to the old knowledge  
instead of seeking the new.

WALDMAN  
You disdain accepted wisdom?

VICTOR  
No, I embrace it... as something to  
be used or discarded as we advance  
the boundaries of what is known.

HENRY  
(mutters to Waldman)  
Now you've got him started.

VICTOR  
These are exciting times, Henry.  
We're entering an era of amazing  
breakthroughs. Look at Edward Jenner.  
He wasn't content to bleed people  
with leeches, he pioneered a new  
frontier of thought

HENRY

...yes, and thanks to him, smallpox has been virtually eliminated. I've heard this speech before.

VICTOR

But you haven't listened, Never in history has so much seemed possible. We're on the verge of answers undreamt of... but only if we have the courage to ask the questions.

WALDMAN

I understand your frustration. I was young once myself.

(beat)

Walk me home. Something I'd like to show you.

INT - WALDMAN'S HOME - WORKSHOP - NIGHT

The gaslights come up with a SOFT HISS. The first thing Victor and Henry notice is an artist's nook situated adjacent to big windows where the light would be best during the day. Easels are lined with in-progress work on a variety of subjects, everything from landscapes to anatomical studies, all quite excellent.

The rest of the place is a laboratory crammed floor-to-rafter with arcane equipment. Taking off his coat and rolling up his sleeves, Waldman leads Victor and Henry down rows of tables crammed with experiments and clutter.

WALDMAN

You know for thousands of years the Chinese have based their medical science on the belief that the human body is a chemical engine run by electricity? They say we all contain streams of energy which flow through us like currents in the ocean, or rivers in the earth.

They arrive at a table. Waldman roots through a tray of

knickknacks, holds up an acupuncture needle.

WALDMAN

Their doctors treat patients by inserting needles like these into the flesh at various key points to manipulate these electric streams.

He directs their attention to an ancient Chinese silk on the wall. It depicts the human body from front and side angles.

Acupuncture points are clearly marked.

VICTOR

Preposterous.

WALDMAN

I once saw it done, as a boy in Canton. My parents were missionaries. The cure was nothing short of miraculous.

(off their looks)

I've never forgotten it. Been fascinated ever since.

HENRY

It smacks of magic.

Waldman slides forth a steel pan and uncovers it to reveal an enormous dead toad in dissection. Copper mounting pins trail wires to a small panel of switches. The switches, in turn, are connected to a series of galvanic batteries.

Waldman starts throwing switches. Victor and Henry jump as the toad convulses with motion. They watch, stunned, as Waldman puts the toad through its paces: legs kick, feet flex, mouth opens and closes, lungs breathe.

WALDMAN

Magic. Seems alive, doesn't it?

Waldman shuts the thing down, strips off his gloves, his arm at the array of wires and batteries.

WALDMAN

Electricity.

VICTOR

It's utterly fantastic! This is the sort of thing I'm talking about! We should be learning this!

WALDMAN

Why? God alone knows what it means. Until it has proven value, it's nothing more than a ghoulish parlor trick. Hardly fit for the classroom.

VICTOR

But the possibilities. Combining ancient knowledge with new? Something like this could change our fundamental views!

WALDMAN

It is a thrilling direction to explore. Thrilling and dangerous.

(off his look)

Nature can be wonderful and terrible. Science is not a realm for the reckless; it needs a conscience. We must proceed cautiously. Assess as we go.

(drapes the toad)

What I do on my own time is my own business. The same holds true for you. You wish to expand your mind? Fine, do so. You can even join me here, if you like. But not at the expense of your normal studies.

VICTOR

I doubt that decision is still mine to make.

WALDMAN

(waves)

Nonsense. Tonight you will draft an apology to Professor Krempe...



Victor starts to object, but Waldman overrides him with a stern gesture for silence. Listen.

WALDMAN

"...a sincere and heartfelt apology which you will then read aloud to him before the assembled student body and faculty.

VICTOR

Why?

WALDMAN

(draws close)

Our profession needs talent like yours. Destroy your career over an issue of pride? What a waste.

Waldman hands him the acupuncture needle. A gift. Victor studies it, fascinated.

WALDMAN

Go home, Victor. Write the letter,

INT - LECTURE HALL - DAY

DOLLYING VICTOR IN A SWW 360: He stands before the students and faculty, reading his apology.

VICTOR

...and I further wish to extend my sincerest regrets to Professor Krempe for my display. My behavior toward him was both rash and inexcusable.

Up in the gallery, Krempe nods grudgingly to himself.

INT - FRANKENSTEIN MANSION - DUSK

Exquisite silverware goes CLINKING SOFTLY onto polished wood as:

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

(laughing)

I knew held get himself in trouble.

TILT UP to reveal the expansive dinner table being set for guests. KITCHEN STAFF are to-ing and fro-ing. Elizabeth splits her attention between supervising and reading Victor's letter, while Justine busies herself with a flower arrangement. Willie gets underfoot. Father just sits.

JUSTINE

Must've been a terrible row.

ELIZABETH

He was almost expelled for calling one of his professors a "pompous...  
(glances to Willie)  
Fellow..."

FATHER

He always was opinionated.

ELIZABETH

(reads on, laughs)  
He set things right with a proper apology... and now they've put him in charge of dissection lab!

WILLIE

What's that?

FATHER

That's where they cut things open and peer about inside.

WILLIE

Things? What sort of things?

Father is about to press on with the gory details, but Elizabeth freezes him with a glance.

ELIZABETH

It's far too ghoulish for your young ears.

The old man throws Willie a look. We'll talk later.

ELIZABETH

The point is, your brother is a brilliant student well on his way to becoming the finest-and most compassionate doctor ever...

#### INT - WALDMAN'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

A DISSECTED DOG convulses through its electronically-induced paces. Kicking. Twitching. Tasting the air with its dead tongue. TILT UP to reveal Victor at the switch.

Waldman leans close to observe. Softly:

WALDMAN  
Re-configure the leads?

VICTOR  
Numbers four and twelve directly into the nervous system?

Waldman nods.

WALDMAN  
Worth a try.

#### INT - AUTOPSY ROOM - DAY

With Waldman at his side and Henry providing the tools as needed, Victor instructs a freshman class in the internal workings of a dissected corpse. Professor Krempe observes from a distance.

VICTOR  
...and the medulla oblongata is the transition between the spinal cord and the two parts I've already named... cerebrum and cerebellum. Any freshmen feeling queasy yet?  
(glances around, smiles)  
All of you, from the look of it.  
We'll resume your torture tomorrow.

He waves them dismissed. They laugh and exit, relieved.

Waldman squeezes Victor's elbow. Well done. Victor stiffens

at Krempe's approach.

KREMPE

You seem to be adapting well to the approved curriculum.

VICTOR

Despite the lack of challenge.

Krempe reddens, but says nothing. He gives Waldman a curt nod and walks off.

WALDMAN

Victor. He was trying to be gracious.

VICTOR

The strain was evident.

HENRY

Come now, you must take some satisfaction. You've risen to the top of your class. A position of prominence and regard.

Victor weighs this, glances at both of them, smiles.

VICTOR

What keeps me going are my friends.

He throws his arm around Henry's neck, pulls him into an affectionate headlock. Henry struggles and laughs:

HENRY

Leave off!

JEWELER'S SHOP - DAY

Victor is gazing with reverence at a gorgeous oval locket dangled before him by a smiling JEWELER. He glances to Henry for an opinion.

HENRY

Your Elizabeth must be quite a treasure, Victor  
(pointedly to jeweler)

...to justify these prices.

The jeweler's smile goes frosty.

#### WALDMAN'S WORKSHOP - DAY

TIGHT ANGLE ON the locket lying open against canvas, dangling from an easel frame. TILT DOWN to reveal a magnificent miniature oil portrait of Victor in progress, no more than three inches high within its penciled oval.

Waldman paints with an extraordinarily delicate touch, jeweler's glasses riding low on his nose, eyes unnaturally large behind the magnifying lenses. Victor sits patiently for the portrait, suffused with daylight.

Henry leans in over Waldman's shoulder, studying the portrait. Waldman stiffens a bit, aware of his presence. He clearly hates people looking over his shoulder.

HENRY

(deadpan)

Shouldn't the nose be above the mouth?

Waldman heaves a long-suffering sigh. He abruptly jabs his brush at Henry's nose, daubing it with paint. Dignity upheld he resumes his careful work as Victor laughs.

#### INT - WALDMAN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Victor, Waldman, and Henry are gathered around the remains of a meal, laughing uproariously, enjoying one another's company. Cigars are lit, wine is flowing. Conversation is fast and loose, intense and passionate:

WALDMAN

I'm quite serious. Look at all the charity and clinic work we do. Up until thirty years ago, the concept of vaccine was unheard of.

HENRY

You're saying all disease will eventually be eradicated?

WALDMAN

I'm convinced. Not by treating symptoms, but by diving nature's most jealously-guarded secrets.

HENRY

(turning serious)

Do you foresee this happening in our lifetimes?

WALDMAN

No. But someday.

HENRY

Thank goodness. We'd be out of work.

A HOWL OF OUTRAGE AND LAUGHTER. Victor flings his napkin in Henry's face.

VICTOR

Only you would think of that!

HENRY

(laughing)

Somebody has to!

Victor raises his wine glass. The others join. A toast.

VICTOR

I tell you what we need, my friends.  
Forget the symptoms and diseases.  
What we need is a vaccine for death  
itself.

WALDMAN

(laughter)

Oh, now you have gone too far. There's  
only one God, Victor.

HENRY

(raises his glass)

And here's to Him. Everything in  
moderation, Frankenstein.

VICTOR

(grins)  
Nothing in moderation, Clerval.

INT - POOR HOUSE - DAY

CAMERA, TRACKS the gritty reality of a big-city poor house, crammed with society's dregs: the poor, the uneducated, wailing babies, stampeding children. Absolutely jangling with noise and confusion... loud and stifling... people getting eye-ear-nose-throat exams... being vaccinated...

The "doctors" in attendance are all Ingolstadt STUDENTS performing community service, none of whom look like they're enjoying it. Schiller looks particularly harried. We find Victor and Henry giving out vaccinations. They keep glancing over their shoulders at Waldman as he gets further embroiled in a no-win argument with a wiry, ferret-faced MAN terrified about getting his vaccination:

MAN

Yer not stickin' it in me! Got pox in it, I hear tell!

FAT WOMAN

Pox? They givin' us pox?

Ripples of panic spread. Waldman is as tense and clipped as we've ever seen him, valiantly trying to control his temper amidst the surrounding cacophony and ad-lib dialogue:

WALDMAN

No, it's not pox, it's a vaccine...

FAT WOMAN

Vaca-what?

WALDMAN

...vaccine, from the Latin vacca, meaning cow

(glances at her girth)

...or vaccinia, meaning cowpox...

MAN

I told you there was pox in it!

WALDMAN

...no, no, cowpox in a minute quantity, perfectly harmless, gives you a natural immunity to small ox, which is the point of this whole bloody exercise...

Victor and Henry are pausing work. Concerned. Drifting closer. The ferret-faced man is cornered.

MAN

You doctors kill people! I don' care what you say, you ain't stickin' it in me!

WALDMAN

I most assuredly am! It prevents disease and it's the law! Why am I explaining myself? Somebody restrain this damn fool!

It happens this fast: There's an innocuous blur of motion as the man seems to tap Waldman lightly in the stomach, then he darts away, slamming past Victor and Henry. Victor looks after him running away, hears something clatter to the floor. He glances down. A thin knife. Victor looks to Waldman. Puzzled. It still hasn't really dawned.

Waldman turns to them, face drained of color, hand pressed to his sternum, lips tight. He looks more annoyed than anything else. He exhales slowly.

HENRY

Professor?

WALDMAN

(softly)

Oh God.

That's when the blood starts pumping through his fingers. They catch him as he collapses, cradling him as he sprawls to the floor. People are pushing and crowding to see.

EXT - POOR HOUSE - DAY



A cobblestoned street-scene. Carriage. A delivery wagon. Vendors. Pedestrians. The doors of the poor house burst open, releasing a frenzy into the street: Victor and Henry carrying Waldman by his arms and legs, all the students running alongside, some of them weeping with panic, the crowd at their heels still trying to catch a glimpse, pedestrians scattering, the students dwindling up the long winding street, bearing their professor toward the school, shouting for help...

INT - UNIVERSITY CHAPEL - DAY

Krempe delivers the eulogy before the open casket. The chapel is full. Victor is seated near the back. Dazed. Henry comes up the aisle and slides in next to him. Victor doesn't even glance over. Henry whispers:

HENRY

They just caught the man who did it.

VICTOR

He was a frightened soul who acted out of fear and ignorance.

HENRY

They'll hang him all the same.

VICTOR

Good. I'll be there to hear his worthless neck snap.

People glance back. Henry lays his hand on Victor's elbow.

HENRY

Keep your voice down. You don't know what you're saying.

VICTOR

It was wrong, Henry! It shouldn't have happened! The bastard deserves to die.

Victor is causing ripples of attention throughout the chapel. Even Krempe falters briefly in his eulogy. Henry pulls Victor from the pew, drags him up the aisle...

INT - CONFESSION BOOTH - DAY

...and into the confessional where they launch at each other in harsh whispers.

Dialogue here is overlapping and intense:

HENRY  
You're making a scene!

VICTOR  
Why Waldman? He of all people should have cheated death!

HENRY  
You can't. Death is God's will!

VICTOR  
I resent God's monopoly.

HENRY  
That's blasphemy!

VICTOR  
Blasphemy be damned! Waldman spent his life trying to help people!

HENRY  
All the more reason for us to continue his work with the poor!

VICTOR  
(beat, low)  
No. He had more important work.

HENRY  
There are sick people who need our help. Here and now. Not in some future time. Consider that.

Henry exits. Victor tries to compose himself, clasping his hands together as if in prayer... or quiet rage. He gazes up. There on the wall hangs a crucifix.

VICTOR  
Life and death.  
(beat)  
Why should You alone have the final  
say?

VICTOR'S POV PUSHING SLOWLY IN on the Christ figure before him, bleeding from a crown of thorns, arms thrown wide.

DISSOLVE TO:

DA VINCI'S STUDY OF MAN rises from the image of Christ, striking an eerily similar pose, arms thrown wide within the perfect circle. We hear a DOOR BEING UNLOCKED as...

INT - WALDMAN'S WORKSHOP - DAY

...a WIDER ANGLE reveals the deserted workshop. The door swings open as Victor lets himself in. He sees the finished locket lying open on a table, picks it up, studies the beautiful miniature portrait it contains. Snaps it shut.

He looks up, eyes falling upon the Da Vinci print hanging on the wall. He stares. Intense.

INT - WALDMAN'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

TRACKING SHOT: Things are in the process of being sorted and boxed. We find Victor poring over Waldman's notes:

VICTOR  
To understand the causes of life, we  
must first have recourse to death...  
and examine the process in minutest  
detail...

EXT - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A gray day. Waldman's ferret-faced MURDERER stands weeping helplessly on the scaffold as sentence is read:

MAGISTRATE  
...his body to be left on public  
display for a twenty-four hour period,  
thereafter to be consigned to an

unmarked pauper's grave. So the court  
has spoken.

The EXECUTIONER draws the hood over the murderer's head,  
cinches the noose tight. The condemned man is blubbering,  
pleading for his life.

Victor stands in the crowd. Watching. Waiting. We hear the  
THUMP of the body dropping, the CRACK of a snapping neck...

EXT - TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Dark as Hades. Pissing down rain. A FLASH OF LIGHTNING and a  
CRASH OF THUNDER. The dead man still hangs from the scaffold,  
lashed by the wind.

Victor looms from the storm, hands jammed in the pocket of  
his greatcoat. He pulls out a thin, glittering blade. The  
very weapon which took Waldman's life. He gazes up at the  
dead man... at the rope from which he dangles...

INT - VICTOR'S GARRET - NIGHT

The dead murderer lies pale and naked on a slab. Victor leans  
close, still dripping, studying the face closely. A FLASH OF  
LIGHTNING throws wild, skittering shadows through the dormer  
windows and skylights. Softly:

VICTOR

No longer pathetic and useless

INT - VICTOR'S GARRET - DAY

The dead man, dissected and wired, jerks bolt upright,  
flopping and convulsing, eyes opening and closing, mouth  
gaping open and shut. He falls back limply as Victor shuts  
the power off, making careful notations in his journal.

INT - VICTOR'S GARRET - DAY

TRACKING the dissection table... up the length of the  
murderer's body... now in an advanced stage of decay... we  
hear the SOFT BUZZING of flies...

We find Victor standing over the corpse. Gaunt and hollow-

eyed. Exhausted and obsessed. Wearing a butcher's apron. Staring down at one of the dead man's forearms. Maggots are swarming in the flesh. He abruptly raises a cleaver and WHACKS it off at the elbow.

#### INT - VICTOR'S GARRET - NIGHT

TRACKING SLOWLY past the forearm lying in a steel pan, we find Victor performing an intense chemical analysis. Dead tissues are breaking apart in solvents, distilled over a slow-burning flame. Victor smears a glass slide, places it under a microscope.

#### INT - GASTHOF - DAY

Victor is hunched over his notebook, pale and unhealthy, scribbling notations next to a rendering of the human form. Henry is across from him:

HENRY

Victor. This has got to stop.  
(Victor glances up)  
Nobody's seen you in months. You haven't attended a single class.

VICTOR

I've been preoccupied.

HENRY

We all know how hard you took Waldman's death. Even Krempe is sympathetic. But it is time to move on. It is time to concern yourself with life.

VICTOR

That is my concern.  
(faint smile)  
I'm involved in something just now. I want to finish it in Waldman's memory.

HENRY

How much longer?

VICTOR

Few months perhaps. I'm gathering  
the raw materials even now.

EXT - GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The wrought-iron doors of a crypt have been forced open.

CAMERA PUSHES through to find Victor standing inside over a stone sarcophagus with a pry bar in his hands. He's nervous, working up his courage:

VICTOR

Materials. That's all they are Tissue  
to be re-used.

He pries off the stone lid. It THUMPS heavily to the floor, cracking in half. He opens the casket, reaches in, raises the pale arm of the deceased to inspect it.

EXT - GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Stone monuments. Bare trees. Ivy-covered ground. Victor shoulder-deep in a grave. Shoveling. A lamp burns low.

COFFIN - NIGHT

Pitch black. The lid swings open, cascading dust and soil. Victor peers down, holding the kerosene lamp high.

VICTOR'S GARRET - NIGHT

TRACKING ALONG the shelves, crammed now with formaldehyde jars of feet and hands, brains and kidneys, the occasional head staring through the glass, dead cats...

...and we find Victor working into the wee hours. Hunched over his specimens. Candle flame flickering low. Referring back to Waldman's notes. Making notations in arcane books such as "De Occulta Philosophia," by Agrippa, and "Le Sciences et les arts D'alchimiste," by Paracelsus.

FRANKENSTEIN ESTATE - LATE DAY

A magnificent backdrop of mountains against a cloudless blue

sky. TILT DOWN to Elizabeth and Justine with the mansion distant. A steady breeze ripples the fields as Elizabeth regards a stack of mail.

ELIZABETH

Nothing. Still nothing.

JUSTINE

It's been months. It's not like him.

ELIZABETH

Something's wrong. I know it.

(off her look)

I've heard rumors of cholera spreading south from Hamburg.

JUSTINE

So have I

ELIZABETH

I should go. I should leave today.

JUSTINE

Elizabeth. If it's true, travel into Germany would be banned. You'd never get near Ingolstadt.

(beat)

Besides, they're only rumors.

ELIZABETH

(beat, nods)

And not a word of them to Father. He's agitated enough not hearing from Victor.

JUSTINE

Read him one of the old letters and rephrase it. We'll say it came today. It'll set his mind at ease.

Elizabeth gives her a hug. They walk toward the mansion

INT - BLACKSMITH SHOP - DAY

Murky and dark. Bellows are pumping. Showers of sparks

cascade. The BLACKSMITH and his ASSISTANT are pounding a metallic sledgehammer litany, beating a huge copper sheet into shape. Victor enters. The blacksmith directs his attention to a finished copper piece leaning against the wall. Victor runs his hand over the surface. Nice.

INT - MATERNITY WARD - CHARITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A WOMAN lies on a table, screaming as she goes into labor. Her water breaks, cascading into a steel bucket. One of the ASSISTANTS snatches it up, scurries around the corner. Victor is waiting in the shadows. Money changes hands.

INT - VICTOR'S GARRET - NIGHT

Victor is examining the amniotic fluid. Boiling it off. Working to synthesize it.

INT - VICTOR'S GARRET - NIGHT

Victor pours the final drum of fluid into what appears to be a large copper vat. He dips his hand in, examines the consistency and smell. ANGLE WIDENS, spinning slowly up to reveal that the vat is human in shape. A sarcophagus.

EXT - ALLEY - NIGHT

We find Victor examining three corpses on the back of a wagon, checking nostrils and teeth with gloved hands. A PAIR OF MEN lurk in the shadows, waiting.

VICTOR

That one.

The corpse is lifted off. Money changes hands.

MAN

With this cholera come to town, we'll have plenty more for you.

INT - VICTOR'S GARRET - NIGHT

Victor wearing elbow-length gloves, hacking furiously away with a bone saw. Tossing aside the scraps.



## VICTOR'S GARRET - NIGHT

Victor has an arm wired, testing reactions. He scrapes off a small shred of tissue, drops it in solution, watches it break apart. It doesn't look good. He glances feverishly at the clock, makes a fast decision, scribbles in his journal:

VICTOR

Not optimal. Must use. No time to replace. Body can't wait.

## VICTOR'S GARRET - NIGHT

Victor stitches a torso with one of those big, awful curved needles, yanking up hard to draw the catgut tight.

ARCTIC VICTOR (V.O.)

I stitched it together with my own hands...

## VICTOR'S GARRET - NIGHT

Victor pulls on a chain, hoisting the body off the slab via block-and-tackle mounted on a ceiling track. The body rises limply into the air, spinning slowly, arms and legs dangling, long black hair covering its face.

ARCTIC VICTOR (V.O.)

A patchwork man of my own devising.

Victor reaches up with one hand to stop the body spinning.

He pushes it down the length of the lab, rolling it along its ceiling track like a side of beef in a meat locker.

## INT - VICTOR'S GARRET - NIGHT

The Creature lies on an improvised bier of crates, surrounded by shadows and clutter, draped/sprawled like Christ taken from the cross in Michelangelo's "Pieta."

Beakers bubbling and dripping. Intravenous lines seeping and secreting. A misty chemical haze in the air. Victor is watching his patchwork man. Glowering. Waiting.

ARCTIC VICTOR (V.O.)

It took nutrients like a child  
receiving milk... blushed like a  
young girl with the blood I forced  
through its veins...

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING rips through the skylights, bathing the  
scene purple/white. Eerier and eerier.

ARCTIC VICTOR (V.O.)

...all in preparation.

VICTOR'S GARRET - DAY

We find Victor passed out in a chair. His creation is still  
taking fluids. Gray daylight streams through the windows.

There's commotion in the street outside: shouting, horses'  
hooves clattering on cobblestone, an occasional scream or  
wail. Victor doesn't stir. Dead to the world. Somebody starts  
POUNDING on the door. Victor rouses, takes a moment to  
remember where he is. He lurches from his chair, grabs a  
canvas tarp, throws it over his "patchwork man."

STAIRWELL - DAY

Henry is pounding. Finally the latch is drawn. The door swings  
open a crack. Victor peers out. Gaunt and furtive. Suspicious.  
Henry is stunned at his dissipated appearance.

HENRY

God's sake, what is that stench?

Henry peers past him.

Victor shifts, blocking his view

VICTOR

This is a bad time, Henry. I'm busy  
just now. What do you want?

HENRY

Things have gone worse with this  
cholera outbreak. Thousand new cases  
a day now. Classes have been

suspended. University's shut down.

VICTOR

Yes? And?

HENRY

Listen to what I'm saying. The militia's arriving to quarantine the city. Most of us are getting out while we still can.

VICTOR

You'll be leaving then.

(beat)

Just as well. You never were cut out for this, Henry. Goodbye.

And the door slams shut. The bolt is thrown. Henry pounds.

HENRY

VICTOR! OPEN THE DOOR! LISTEN TO REASON!

Nothing. Stunned and hurt, Henry turns from the door and heads back down the stairs.

EXT - VICTOR'S BUILDING - STREET - DAY

Henry exits into a nightmare. REFUGEES are streaming from the city, horses and wagons, people on foot, carrying their possessions. Henry steps into the street and is nearly run down by a carriage.

VOICE (O.S.)

OUT OF THE WAY!

Henry glances up to see Schiller at the reins, struggling to control the animals as the carriage eases past.

HENRY

Schiller? You're leaving? Where's all that high talk about treating the sick?

SCHILLER

(icy)

To hell with them. And you.

He snaps the reins, not caring who he runs down. The carriage lurches away, scattering refugees before it.

Henry keeps walking. Jostled by the hostile crowd. Looking around. Dazed. Dead bodies are stacked along the street like cordwood, waiting for the death carts. ANGLE WIDENS as Henry stumbles along through utter despair and devastation, stunned at the human suffering around him as we

FADE TO:

INT - VICTOR'S GARRET - NIGHT

Victor glances at the clock. Scribbles in his journal:

VICTOR

Time running out. Rate of decay accelerating. Must strike now... or start again from scratch.

He gazes down at his creation, lying once again on the slab before him... but now the Creature lies on a full body-length steel grate. Steel chains with hooks dangle from the ceiling above... along with long coils of thick copper wire tipped with glittering needles big enough to knit with.

Victor glances up at the Da Vinci. The Study of Man has been daubed with red paint at key acupuncture points. Victor dips a huge cotton swab in a bowl of iodine, starts dabbing identical marks on the body before him...

Now he's ramming the huge wire-fed needles deep into these spots, brutally working them around in the flesh to get good contact. The forearms, the neck, the rib cage...

Now he's attaching the steel chain-hooks to the four corners of the steel grate...

Now he's pulling on a rope, straining to hoist the whole rig into the air. It lifts slowly from frame: body, needles, wires and all...

## HIGH WIDE ANGLE

...and we get our first spectacular look at Frankenstein's gloriously low-tech and stupendously arcane lab. The Creature dangles below us from the ceiling-hoist, lying full-length and horizontal on its steel grate, spinning slowly, thick copper wires trailing from its arms and legs, rib cage and neck, armpits and groin. The copper cables trail upward, coil along the ceiling like garden hose to provide necessary slack, meander down the wall to culminate in a splendid array of galvanic batteries, steam engines and generators.

Frankenstein reaches slowly up, fingertips straining toward the ceiling as if worshipping the creation revolving endlessly above his head in a perfectly-described circle not at all unlike the Da Vinci...

And he grabs the lever on the platform and pulls to start it spinning, with a mighty heave, he sets the whole thing gliding in motion, CAMERA TRACKING FASTER AND FASTER as he rolls it along the ceiling track through the lab, passing table after table of desiccated leftovers and discarded scraps, LIGHTNING BLAZING through the windows to mark his way with wild and sinister shadows...

...and he yanks the platform to a stop over the copper sarcophagus. Amniotic fluid steaming and murky within. He positions the platform, unties the rope, lowers the Creature down and down, lower and lower, sinking into the vat, the steel grate a perfect fit in size and shape.

Faster now, moving furiously. Reaching into the murk, unhooking the chains. Arraying the copper wire through air-tight guide holes. Spinning on his heels and reaching up, grabbing hold of the upper shell of the sarcophagus also suspended from the ceiling, stunningly heavy, gleaming with reflections and secrets. CAMERA ROCKETS DOWN on Victor as he swings the upper shell into position, lowers it into place with a THUD-CLANK! Working the wing-nuts on the bolts, spinning frantically, tightening them down, sealing the sarcophagus air-tight. Faster now. Faster.

The frenzy builds and the CAMERA GOES WILD, rocketing, zooming, gliding, spinning the audience on its ear:

Frankenstein. Turning up the heat on the burners. Cooking the copper from below. Double double, toil and trouble.

Frankenstein. Gazing through the thick glass portholes checking on his creation drifting in the murk.

Frankenstein. Whipping up the galvanic batteries, supercharging them with steam generators. Watching as they send voltage humming and throbbing through the copper cables along the ceiling beams. Building up a charge.

Frankenstein. Gazing at his gleaming handiwork. LIGHTNING painting his features into a twisted mask. Hand on the switch. Ready to rev it up and throw the throttle.

Over it goes. WHAM! Overdrive.

The body convulses violently in its copper womb as the first jolt of electricity hits. THUNK-THUNK-THUNK! Blazing with energy and arcane light, fingers of light throbbing through the portholes, sparkling, glittering, seeking.

Frankenstein races to the sarcophagus. A long glass tube, two feet in diameter and ribbed with steel, gets lowered on a boom and rammed into a hole, collate spun tight, inner dam wrenched out like a Polaroid plate.

He reaches up and grabs holds of a pull-chain, fingers going knuckle-white on the wooden handle. One hard yank. A dump-tank is released, murky water cascading down the glass tube. And here's the final perversion, the ultimate icing on this twisted cake: the copper sarcophagus is literally a womb, with the giant glass tube serving as a massive gleaming phallus down which come pouring dozens of electric eels, wriggling and streaming like huge black sperm...

EEL POV (IN THE TUBE)

...rocketing down the tube, slithering and squirming, faster and faster, racing into the sarcophagus, seeking out the creation in the murky womb-fluid, lashing at the hapless gray flesh, zapping it again with high-intensity voltage. The Creature convulsing, thrashing, jerking from side to side, raising its head against the top, mouth gaping open and shut, jaws snapping with electrical surges.

Frankenstein's face appears at the porthole, peering in, watching his dark seed fertilize his unholy child.

VICTOR

(muffled through the glass)

Live, you bastard!

A huge bony hand slaps against the porthole, fingers clawing and spasming against the glass.

FRANKENSTEIN jerks his head back, stunned. The fingers are scratching. He turns, runs to the electrical rig, shutting the whole thing down. It cycles off, whining into silence

INSIDE THE SARCOPHAGUS

...and the body relaxes, shutting down with it, going limp and lifeless in the murk, spasms trailing off.

FRANKENSTEIN stares at the sarcophagus. Realizing his creation has stopped moving. Nothing now. He sags to his knees, utterly devastated at the loss of his dream. Nothing.

It was all for nothing...

INSIDE THE SARCOPHAGUS

...And The Creature opens its dim yellow eyes, aware. Its mouth goes wide, teeth bared in a silent scream as it tries to breathe and finds nothing in its lungs but fluid.

FRANKENSTEIN is wrapped in his despair, face cradled in his hands. A SOFT TAP. He glances over his fingers. Thinking he imagined it. No. There's another tap. And another.

We see it in his eyes. Sheer joy and stunned exultation.

Triumph and wonder unbelievably sublime. A bare whisper:

VICTOR

It's alive. It's alive.

And then hell breaks loose: Massive convulsions wrack the

sarcophagus, damn near shaking it off its cradle. THUMP-THUMP-THUMP! Pounding from within. Head ramming against the inner lid. He races over, frantic, fingers fumbling on the wing-nuts, spinning them loose, trying to free the drowning man within. He unscrews the final bolt, reaches for the rope to hoist the lid away...

...and the lid launches itself across the room, propelled from below with rocket-booster force. The massive copper shell goes hurtling/spinning/cartwheeling across the lab, demolishing an amazing array of equipment in its path, and thunders massively off the wall in an explosion of masonry and splintering coat rack. Victor's greatcoat goes flying.

Silence. Frankenstein is frozen. Staring at the roiling surface of the amniotic fluid as it settles. An eternity passes in the space of a heartbeat.

The Creature erupts from the vat like a vision from Hell, thrashing and gagging. Murky fluid cascading in all directions. The Creature seizes Victor by the shirtfront, trying to pull itself from the vat, slipping and sliding like an epileptic in a bathtub full of oil, damn near dragging Victor in, eels leaping and frothing and crackling with electricity. Victor screaming, trying to pull away, trying to break the Creature's grip...

...and the whole thing tips over. Victor reels back, falling as the vat SLAMS to the ground, cascading its murky contents, washing the Creature limply across the floor like a body tossed from the ocean, eels flipping and flopping, snapping electrical discharges into the air. Victor scrambles back, slipping and sliding on the amniotic muck, desperately jerking his legs away. He finds his traction and scrambles to his feet.

The Creature is grasping and crawling toward him. Flopping and jerking. Gripped by seizures and convulsions. Vomiting murky liquid as his lungs heave grotesquely to dispel the fluid. Swiping the air with palsied hands. Malfunctional.

VICTOR stands dripping fluid and goo, chest heaving, staring down at the Creature, not quite able to believe he was midwife to this ghastly birth. Softly:



VICTOR  
What have I done?

The Creature lunges to its knees, grasping him, clutching his clothes, pawing him.

VICTOR  
LET GO OF ME!

Victor can't break free. Panicking. He snatches a hammer from a nearby table and brings it down on the Creature's head. THUD! Again and again. Beating the thing down, pounding it into submission. The Creature finally collapses, sliding down Victor's legs, curling up like a fetus, twitching and jerking in its own afterbirth.

Silence now.

A ghastly tableau: Victor stands in the middle of his ruined lab with his creation moaning and twitching at his feet in a dying heap. A FLASH OF LIGHTNING silently bathes the room, jerking wild shadows across the walls.

Victor steps over the Creature. Dazed. He drops the hammer. It clatters to the floor. He stops to jot a final entry:

VICTOR  
Massive birth defects. Result is  
malfunctional and vile.  
(beat)  
Have chosen to abort.

He walks stiffly away, disappears into the bedroom...

INT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

...where he staggers to the canopied bed, beyond exhausted, and collapses face-down into oblivion. Weeping.

FADE TO:

INT - VICTOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The wee hours. Rain pattering desolately on the roof. Victor sleeping. Wrestling with troubled dreams. Through a crack in

the bed curtains, we see the bedroom door slowly creak open, throwing a twisted spill of light. A shadow appears.

Entering. Shuffling and gliding across the floor. Silent and furtive. Creeping toward the bed.

PUSHING SLOWLY IN on Victor. Moving into close-up. Sleeping.

Unaware. The shadow falls across his face. Beat. His eyes fly open. An intake of breath. Paralyzed.

Sensing the presence. Feeling the shadow. Working himself up to something. Perhaps a scream. He can stand it no longer, thrusts out his arm, jerks the curtain aside...

...and the Creature is there, Looming like a specter of death. Naked. Beseeching. Dull yellow eyes trying to understand. Victor lurches from bed, sends a nightstand and vase CRASHING to the floor. The Creature circles, seeking him, threatening to cut off his path to the door.

VICTOR  
Stay away!

He darts past the thing, careening out into the lab. The Creature whips around, unsteady for a moment, then follows him with surprising speed.

INT - LAB - NIGHT

Victor races through the lab with the Creature hobbling behind, trying to catch up. Victor hurling lab equipment, tipping shelves in its path, anything to slow it down.

Victor rips the door open, lunges through, slams it in the Creature's face. The Creature presses against the wood with pathetic little moans, begging not to be left alone.

He sinks to the floor. Abandoned. Shivering with cold. Sees Victor's greatcoat where it fell. Grabs it. Drags it over. Shrouding himself.

EXT - STREET - NIGHT

Victor races into the downpour, soaked to the skin in seconds,

mind racing. He needs a plan. He presses on.

#### INT - SHOP - NIGHT

Victor appears at the window. TILT DOWN to reveal an array of gleaming swords lying in their velvet display. Victor hurls a brick through the glass. Snatches up a sword.

#### INT - VICTOR'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Victor careens in from the storm, drenched, racing up the stairs, sword glittering in his grasp. He gets to the top of the stairs...

#### INT - VICTOR'S GARRET - NIGHT

...only to discover the door torn off it's hinges. He enters, stunned. The thing is gone.

#### EXT - STREET - NIGHT

Victor races back into the storm. Searching. Slogging grimly on. Lashed by the wind and rain. Mocked by the lightning. He'll never give up. Not until he finds the thing and takes back the life he gave it. He dwindles from view, vanishing into the gale as we

FADE TO:

#### EXT - ALLEY - MORNING

Gray and drizzly. Heaps of wet garbage. Crawling rats. There's a shifting, heaving motion. The vermin scatter as the waking Creature peers at the world from beneath the greatcoat like a frightened child peering from under a blanket. Lost and confused.

He scrabbles through the garbage for something to eat. He finds a rotted scrap, chews it anxiously. Ravenous.

TWO FERAL DOGS appear, grizzled denizens of the city's gutters and back-alleys, peering with insolent eyes. Watching him eat. Assessing his potential as a threat. The Creature stares ingenuously back. Not knowing to be afraid.

The lead dog curls his lips back with a guttural SNARL. The Creature draws back sharply with a fearful MOAN. That's all it takes. The dogs are on him, snarling and snapping, the food torn from his hands. The dogs dart away, growling and fighting over the scrap.

The Creature is left whimpering and shaken. He pushes to his feet and hurries in the opposite direction, legs bare and pale beneath the swirling greatcoat, clutching his collar against the cold. He hears a distant CLANGING.

VOICE (O.S.)

Bring out your deeeaaad! Bring out  
your deeeaaad!

A death cart clatters slowly past the mouth of the alley, DRIVER ringing his bell. It makes no sense to the Creature, but it's a sign of human life. He presses on...

EXT - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

...and emerges into the square as ANGLE WIDENS. There's a fair amount of activity. People are still leaving the city, though the earlier flood has thinned. Some citizens are still trying to go about their normal lives. VENDORS are calling out, selling food. The Creature moves through the square, unnoticed, just another figure mingling with the flow. People trudge along, eyes downcast, miseries great, paying little attention.

The Creature pauses, sniffing the air. An aroma draws him to a vendor's stand. Loaves of bread are laid out. He hunches down to smell one, picks it up, bites off a chunk. Chewing.

It's good. A bigger bite. Snatching up more.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Here! What do you think you're doing?

The Creature glances up. The VENDOR'S WIFE is within arm's reach, breath catching in her throat at the sight of him.

Mouth gaping. Too stunned to scream.

The Creature cradles the loaves to his chest, terrified she's

going to take them away. He remembers his recent experience with the dogs and decides to try out the lesson he learned: he curls his lips back and snarls.

He's rewarded with a **PIERCING SHRIEK**. The Creature jumps back, startled. This wasn't the desired effect. The woman **SCREAMS** like she'll never stop. He turns to run away...

...and plows right into the stream of refugees. He goes sprawling, scraping his knees bloody, still clutching his loaves. Confusion all around. People converge angrily. A **ROUGH MAN** grabs his hair, jerking him upright...

**ROUGH MAN**  
Stupid bastard!

...and the Creature staggers to his feet before them, whimpering to protect his food, showing his face to all. Screams and panic. The Creature whips around, seeing horrified faces on all sides...

He's the cholera! He's the one been spreadin' the plague!

...faces which turn into an angry mob, glaring sheer hatred. Somebody hits him in the face with a heavy stick, spinning him to the ground, loaves of bread scattering. They surround him, hitting, flailing, throwing stones. He tries to crawl, whimpering for them to stop.

**VENDOR'S WIFE**  
**BURN HIM! BURN HIM!**

The Creature finds himself hoisted into the air, falling back onto a sea of hands, kicking and screaming as the mob sweeps him across the square like some pagan sacrifice. He gets tossed onto the hard cobblestone in a thrashing heap, scrambles to his knees as the crowd surrounds him. He's wailing with terror now, long inhuman howls of fear. Men start flinging lamp oil, spattering him, blinding him. A torch is lit, swung toward him. Feel the heat.

The Creature lunges to his feet, panic and terror complete bulldozing through the crowd to get away from the torch, bowling people over, scattering them in all directions. He breaks free, hobbling wildly across the square, greatcoat

billowing. The mob streams after him, thirsty for blood, hurling rocks and sticks.

#### EXT - STREETS/ALLEYS - DAY

The Creature is weeping as he runs, bleeding from his many cuts and bruises. He turns a corner, collapses against a wall to catch his breath. He can hear them coming, shouting. They'll be here any second.

He sees a death cart heaped with bodies. He hurls himself up on the cart to conceal himself among the putrefying corpses. The crowd streams past the mouth of the alley. The death cart WORKERS appear, heaving another corpse onto the cart, gaping fearfully at the confusion. They scramble into their seats, snap the reins. The cart rattles off as we

#### DISSOLVE TO:

#### EXT - STREET - DAY

Elsewhere in Ingolstadt. Death carts and devastation. This part of town was hit hard. Bodies are heaped in gutters, stacked along the walls. People are huddled in doorways, quaking with sickness and pestilence. CART WORKERS move among them, faces shrouded with kerchiefs and burlap masks.

WORKER #1 moves down a row of the sick and dead, shaking them to see which is which, his face hidden behind heavy burlap. He pauses, seeing Victor unconscious against the wall, pale and covered with filth, shaking with fever. The worker's eyes widen. Stunned. He calls over his shoulder:

WORKER #1  
Over here!

WORKER #2 hurries over. Stares down. Eyes also widening.

WORKER #2  
Oh my God.

Worker #1 rips his mask away. It's Henry. He leans down and grabs Victor, trying to rouse him.

#### HENRY

Victor!

Worker #2 also sweeps his mask aside. Professor Krempe.

KREMPE

Don't dawdle, lad! The sick cart!  
Lift on three! One, two, three!

They hoist Victor off the ground by his arms and legs and carry him into the street. Victor rouses, feels himself being carried. He sees a death cart looming ahead, stacked with heaps of reeking dead. Staring. Waiting.

VICTOR

(delirious, struggling)

No... no... I'm not dead... please...  
Don't put me on the cart! I'm not  
dead! I'm not dead! I'M NOT DEAD!

ANGLE WIDENS UP as they carry him kicking and screaming past the death cart and on across the square...

WIPE TO:

EXT - MASS CEMETERY - DAY

A death cart rattles past, bearing its load. PAN WITH IT to reveal a scene utterly Dante-esque. Here's where the dead are brought to be burned en masse. Fires are burning. Smoke is drifting in thick clouds, obscuring the sky. Soot is drifting like black snow. BODIES are dumped into a slit-trench, rolling and tumbling in heaps. Barrels are kicked over. Streams of oil come pouring down, splashing and soaking.

One of the corpses moves, heaving the others aside. The Creature gazes around, terrified once again at the smell of oil. He knows what that means. He pushes free, clambering over bodies, desperately trying to scramble from the trench, loose soil crumbling under his fingertips...

ON THE LIP OF THE TRENCH

...as WORKERS prepare to light the blaze. A MAN turns toward the trench with a burning torch... And then the Creature erupts from the trench of dead bodies right before big eyes,

The man SCREAMS. The Creature SCREAMS even louder, cowering back. The man hurls the torch. The Creature ducks as it goes spinning over his head into the trench.

WA-BOOOM! A massive wall of flame punches sky-ward. The Creature whirls, stunned at the searing heat, arms thrown up in horror. He flees, scattering the workers as he goes, running from this ghastly place of flames and death...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - WOODS - DAY

The Creature comes blundering into view. On the move. He knows not where. Just away, He arrives at a pond. Water.

He's thirsty. He scrambles to water's edge, starts lapping it up with his hands. He pauses, noticing his broken reflection. The water settles and his face comes clearly into view. He throws his hands up and SHRIEKS, terrified at his own reflection...

...and then he realizes it's him down there. He stirs the water with his fingertips to make sure. He reaches up, touching his face, utterly horrified at the sight of it...

...and utterly heartbroken. He drops his face into his hand and weeps helplessly. BARKING DOGS in the distance. He looks up, thinking they're after him. A moan of grief. He pushes to his feet.

TRACKING THE CREATURE faster and faster through the trees, running from this world he's been born into. Gasping for breath. Crashing through branches.

The BARKING draws closer. He hurls himself into a thicket, scrambling to hide himself, covering himself with dead leaves. Panic. Exhaustion. Mortal terror. He flinches as something comes CRASHING through the brush nearby. The legs of a DOE come into view. Staggering. Falling. Thrashing down into a cushion of dead leaves. Two arrows protrude from her heaving side.

A tiny FAWN stumbles into view on ungainly legs, mouth open, frothing with exhaustion and terror. Waiting for his mother



to rise. Her thrashing grows weaker. Dying.

The Creature moans at the sight. The fawn turns, meets his gaze. An extended beat. A rush of empathy. The Creature reaches out. The fawn takes a few hesitant steps toward him. The BARKING draws closer. HUNTERS shouting. The Creature's fingertips make contact with the fawn...

A pack of the biggest, nastiest Staffordshire terriers you've ever seen throw themselves HOWLING AND SNARLING onto the doe, savaging her like whirling dervishes, The Creature lets out a SHRIEK, snatches up the fawn as he lunges to his feet, crashes off through the foliage with the fawn cradled to his chest. The dogs take off after him.

## DOLLYING THE CREATURE

Running full-tilt, SHRIEKING in terror all the way. Trying to save the fawn. Trying to save himself. The dogs are snapping at his heels, trying to sever his hamstrings and bring him down. He hears RUSHING WATER ahead, crashes headlong through a thicket...

## EXT - RIVER - DAY

...and sails SCREAMING into empty SPACE, twisting and spinning as he falls, plummeting head-first into the rapids. The dogs are left behind. The Creature gets swept along, gasping and choking, caroming off huge boulders, fawn still clutched protectively to his chest.

Finally the water starts to settle. He manages to lash out and secure a handhold. He pulls himself up, clambering over the rocks and staggering onto firm soil. He collapses to his knees, dripping water and heaving for breath. He lowers the fawn away from his chest, joyous at their escape... only to realize the small animal is limp and lifeless in his hands. He crushed it to death trying to save it. He lays it down, moaning, trying to understand. ANGLE WIDENS UP into the trees as we

DISSOLVE TO:

## WOODS - DUSK

TILT DOWN to reveal a solitary figure in a greatcoat trudging across the sodden countryside under a dismal, darkening sky. Cold. Hungry. Wet. Tired.

The Creature pauses, hearing FAINT MUSIC drifting on the breeze: the lovely flute-like sounds of a recorder. He slogs to the crest of a ridge. There's a small house in the valley below. A peasant dwelling. Smoke drifts from the chimney. That's where the music comes from (a simple and plaintive rendition of our movie's WALTZ/LOVE THEME).

The Creature proceeds down the ridge... drawn by the music and the promise of warmth.

## HOUSE - DAY

The Creature approaches cautiously. Furtive. He eases to a window, catches a glimpse inside, draws back. Listening. The tune ends. We hear the pleasant murmur of VOICES. FOOTSTEPS come clumping across the floor. The Creature reels back and dives around the side of the house as the door unlatches and swings open. FELIX exits, a poor man trying to scratch an honest living from the soil. He heads in the same direction as the Creature...

## ANOTHER ANGLE

...and walks around the corner of the house just as the Creature scrambles from view behind the chicken coops. The Creature watches through the wire and wood as Felix approaches and stops, only his legs visible. Feed is scattered through the wire. The chickens begins to eat. The Creature backs up

## PIGSTY - DUSK

...and finds himself in the company of PIGS. The animals GRUNT and SQUEAL in alarm.

FELIX (O.S.)

Yes, yes, I'm coming...

The Creature scurries further back into the shadows as Felix's feet stop just outside. A pail is upended. Slop pours into the trough. Felix walks away. The pigs scurry to eat. The Creature leans forward intently. Food?

He crawls to the trough and squeezes in among the pigs. They jostle, but he jostles right back, wanting his fair share. He laps up the slop with his fingers, dribbling it down his chin. Not much on taste, but it's edible.

He stops, hearing the recorder MUSIC again, turning toward the sound. He follows it, crawling back into the darkest recesses where the sty adjoins the wall of the house. He places his eye to a chink between the logs...

...and sees GRANDFATHER playing the instrument near a fireplace of glowing embers. The Creature shifts for another view, sees the family preparing the table for dinner. Felix and his wife MARIE are helped by their children, MAGGIE AND THOMAS, ages 6 and 8

MARIE

Bring Grandfather to the table.

The old man stops playing as the children scurry over. As Maggie helps him to his feet, Thomas tosses another log on the fire. It BLAZES UP. Fire and sparks. In the pigsty, the Creature draws back with a fearful moan...

...that nobody but GRANDFATHER hears, He pauses to gaze blindly toward the wall, eyes milky with cataracts, wondering what it might have been. Probably nothing. He lets the children lead him toward the table. The meal is brought from the stove and ladled out.

The Creature eases back to the chink in the wall, smelling it from here. A string of drool spills from his mouth. It's humble fare, not very appetizing, but it looks like a feast compared to pig slop...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - VICTOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Victor lies sleeping. Wrestling with troubled dreams. In an eerie echo of before: the door creaks open in a spill of light. A shadow enters, creeps to the bed, falls across his face. Victor's eyes fly open. He tries to erupt from bed, choking on a scream... and Henry wrestles him back to the

pillow to feel his clammy forehead.

HENRY

Thank God your fever broke.

(offers him water)

Slowly, now. Just a sip.

(Victor sips, falls  
back)

I've been worried we might lose you.

It's been touch-and-go for a week.

VICTOR

A... week?

HENRY

We feared cholera. Turned out to be pneumonia, brought on by nervous exhaustion and some idiot running around in a storm.

VICTOR

Is that your diagnosis?

HENRY

Mine and Professor Krempe's.

(off his look)

We've been trading off nursing you in shifts. The rest of the time we're out working with the cholera victims. It's his turn for that just now.

VICTOR

You've been going round-the-clock?

HENRY

We catch a few hours sleep where we can. Usually here at your bedside.

VICTOR

(deeply moved)

Everything in moderation, Clerval.

HENRY

Nothing in moderation, Frankenstein.

Victor takes Henry's hand. Squeezes it.

HENRY

It's the down-and-outs I pity most.  
Those who can't fend for themselves.  
They'll be dead by the thousands  
before this is done. They don't stand  
a chance out there.

VICTOR

(thinking of his  
creation)  
No. They don't.

HENRY

Victor. This place looked like a  
charnel house. What went on here?

Victor pauses, too emotional to respond. Softly:

VICTOR

I want to go home.

Beat.

Henry accepts this, though he doesn't like it.

HENRY

It'll be months before you're well  
enough. Meantime, your family must  
be frantic not hearing from you.

Henry grabs a stack of letters from the nightstand.

HENRY

I found these. Some of the postmarks  
go back nine months.  
(slaps them on the  
bed)  
Why don't you open them? And when  
you've the strength, have the decency  
to ease their minds with a reply.  
Soon as the city ends quarantine,  
I'll even mail it for you. Along  
with this.

(raises the locket)  
It's a beautiful gift. Does her no  
good lying here.

Henry leaves him alone to wrestle with his guilt. Victor is  
swept with emotion and remorse. He closes his eyes. Softly:

VICTOR  
It can't survive.

INT - PIGSTY - DAY

The Creature and the pigs are sleeping in a heap. He rouses,  
scattering them, crawls to the slats of the sty. Felix is  
returning wearily from the fields with a large basket on his  
back. The Creature moves to his chink in the wall to see  
Felix enter the house and dump the basket out for Marie. A  
pathetic array of potatoes and turnips.

FELIX  
Not much to look at. Even less to  
eat. I don't how we're going to get  
through the winter with this yield.

MARIE  
We'll sell another pig at market.

FELIX  
One less for us.

MARIE  
We'll make do. We always have.

He sinks into a chair, weighed by worry. She moves to comfort  
him, cradling his head to her breast. He returns her embrace,  
drawing strength. A tender, gentle moment. The Creature  
watches, puzzled and empathetic, deeply moved by her sympathy.  
Felix gathers himself, wipes his eyes.

FELIX  
I'll see if I can scratch a few more  
out of the ground.

He hoists the basket and exits. The Creature turns to watch  
Felix trudging back toward the fields.

EXT - FIELD - DAY

Felix digs for potatoes, tilling as he goes. Back-breaking work. Thomas provides what help he can. Some distance away, Maggie and Grandfather are tending the cow. ANGLE SHIFTS to reveal the Creature watching from the brambles...

INT - PIGSTY - NIGHT

The Creature watches the family eat their dinner. Potatoes and turnips. A glimmer of understanding in his eyes.

EXT - HOUSE - NIGHT

A long shadow looms toward the dwelling... circling the house... approaching the shed. Baskets and tools...

EXT - FIELDS - NIGHT

We find the Creature working by the light of a refulgent moon, hacking away at the soil, tilling the earth...

INT - PIGSTY - DAWN

The Creature stirs, hearing movement within the house. He scurries to the slats of the sty and peers out. All the baskets from the tool shed are stacked to overflow before the door.

The door opens. Felix steps out and trips on a basket, sprawling to the ground in a torrent of potatoes and turnips. He sits up, gazing in wonder.

INT - PIGSTY - NIGHT

A sliver of warm light spills through the chink in the wall.

The Creature looms into frame, busily munching a raw potato.

A pig comes snuffling at his elbow. He shoves him away. Go find your own. Inside, the family is enjoying a much more generous meal than the last one:

GRANDFATHER

I wish we could thank our benefactor.

FELIX

Nothing in this life comes free of cost. I'd like to know who and why.

MAGGIE

It's the Good Spirit of the forest.

FELIX

Who's been filling your head?

GRANDFATHER

It does no harm.

FELIX

(peers at him)

Oh, I see.

THOMAS

Is it, Papa? Is it the Good Spirit?

Felix and Marie exchange a look. He's not as amused as she is, but lets it go. She smiles at the children.

MARIE

Of course it is. Now finish your food before it gets cold.

EXT - POND - DAY

Grandfather sits playing his recorder. The cow is grazing at a distance. The Creature creeps into view, listening to the music. Grandfather senses his presence. Turns.

GRANDFATHER

Who's there? Felix? Children?

No response. He turns back. Unsettled. Continues playing.

INT - PIGSTY - NIGHT

The Creature watches Marie instructing the children in their letters. A half dozen words are written in chalk on a slate board. Maggie is trying to puzzle one out:



MAGGIE  
ff..reh..nn..nd. Friend? Friend.

MARIE  
Good! And now the next

CREATURE  
(mimicking the effort)  
...freh...nnn..nd. Freehhnnnd.

He's delighted to have uttered his first word.

EXT - WOODS - DAY

Felix is chopping lengths of wood, dulled by the task. The children are stacking the wood on a litter.

EXT - FIELD - DUSK

Felix and the children walk home. The litter of wood is being dragged by their cow...

EXT - HOUSE - DUSK

Felix stacks the last pile of wood under the eaves. Marie meets him at the door, takes his hands.

MARIE  
Your hands are bleeding again. Come in. I'll rub liniment.

They go inside. The door closes. CAMERA PUSHES to the pigsty. Eyes peering out.

EXT - WOODS - NIGHT

The Creature walks along, munching a turnip, axe slung over his shoulder, muttering:

CREATURE  
.brread... motherrr... frriend...  
(stops, gazes up)  
Treeeeee.

EXT - HOUSE - MORNING

The walls around the house are stacked impossibly high with cords of wood. Felix and Marie gaze out the door. Stunned.

FELIX

What is going on here?

INT - VICTOR'S GARRET - NIGHT

Snow is drifting outside the tall dormer window. We find Victor at his desk, reading a letter:

VICTOR

"...but it's been so long since I've heard from you. Remember the vow we took the night you left? You must be honest with me if your feelings have changed. Answer for the sake of our friendship, and both our future happiness."

(pause)

She wrote that four months ago.

ANGLE SHIFTS to include Henry. He's been listening.

HENRY

A woman like that is far too rare to be taken lightly.

Victor ponders the letter. He lays it next to the locket, pulls out a sheet of paper and quill, begins to write...

INT - PIGSTY - NIGHT

The Creature observes another lesson. Six more words are chalked on the board. Thomas is struggling with the first:

THOMAS

Ch...uur-ch. Church.

CREATURE

Ch...uuu...ch.

MARIE

Good. And the next.

THOMAS  
Fl...oww.

CREATURE  
Floww...

And then, amazingly, the Creature finishes the word before Thomas does:

CREATURE  
...wwer. Flower.

THOMAS  
...wer. Flower?

MARIE  
Very good! Maggie. Try the next.

Now the Creature beats Maggie to the punch:

CREATURE  
Garr...denn. Garden.

THOMAS  
Maria! Look! It's snowing!

The children crowd to the window. The Creature turns, peering through the slats. White flakes drift magically down. The door flies open, the children pour out. The adults appear in the doorway:

MARIE  
Maggie! Thomas! You'll catch your death!

GRANDFATHER  
Let them play. There's plenty of wood for the fire.

FELIX  
(shoots her a look)  
He's right about that.

Before she can react, he grabs her by the waist and drags her shrieking out into the snow. Before you know it, a wild snowball fight ensues. Screams and laughter.

THE CREATURE watches his family cavorting in the snow, having the time of their lives. His face lights up with a smile.

Softly:

CREATURE

It's snowing.

EXT - HOUSE - DAY

Bright sunshine sparkles off a fresh carpet of snow. Felix and the children are heading out, spirits high. Felix has his axe and a coil of rope slung over his shoulder.

EXT - WOODS - DAY

TRACKING Felix and the children. They're laughing and joking, the kids playful and giggling. The Creature shadows them, looming and darting among the trees, along for the excursion. Happy as a kid himself.

Maggie and Thomas hurl themselves to the ground, thrashing their arms and legs in the snow. They jump to their feet and hurry to catch up with Felix. The Creature peers out, amazed to see two snow-angels in the powder at his feet. Up ahead, Maggie points to a 6-foot fir tree.

MAGGIE

That one! It's the most beautiful tree I've ever seen!

Felix shrugs off his coil of rope and starts chopping.

INT - PIGSTY - NIGHT

The Creature gazes through the chink in the wall, face lit up with wonder. Inside, the tree is a dazzling vision of ornaments and light. The house is filled with joy and laughter. Grandfather plays his recorder by a roaring fire

CREATURE

Most beautiful... tree...

The kids go dashing across the room. The Creature shifts to the slats as the door opens, throwing a spill of warm light.

The children set something out in the snow. Maggie calls out into the darkness:

MAGGIE  
Merry Christmas!

The door closes. The Creature creeps from his sty, scurries closer to investigate. He finds a covered plate topped with a glittering red silk flower as decoration. The slate board is jammed in the snow. On it is chalked a child's rendering of a glowing angel and a message:

CREATURE  
For the... Good Spirr-rit... of  
the... Forr-rest.

He snatches up the plate, scurries around the side of the house, and hunkers down near the tool shed with his prize.

He plucks the red silk flower, enchanted by it, tucks it gingerly into an inner coat pocket. He uncovers the plate to reveal a wonderful array of Christmas cookies.

He's not sure what they are, but they don't smell half bad.

He picks one up and bites into it. He pauses, stunned, eyes going wide as saucers. A whine builds in his throat. He starts huffing air as he chews, mouth gaping, mind thoroughly blown. Screw potatoes and turnips.

EXT - HOUSE - MORNING

The children race out the door to find the plate empty. And a big snow-angel waiting for them in the yard,

INT - PIGSTY - NIGHT

The Creature watches the family clustered around the fire. Marie reads a book aloud:

MARIE

...with particles of heavenly fire,  
the God of Nature did his soul  
inspire... and pliant still the  
ethereal energy which wise Prometheus  
tempered into paste...

The Creature leans back into the shadows, grappling with the concept of book. He reaches into the pocket of the greatcoat, and pulls out what's been there all along:

Victor's Journal. So that's what this is. A book. He unwinds the thong, riffles the pages. Letters fall, scattering from the pages. He picks one up by the corner, turns his head this way and that. Slowly:

CREATURE

Myy Darrllnng Vic...tor... Willee  
haaad hisss burrth-dayyy. I wissh...  
yooo cuud huvv been... herre... to  
sharre ut... withh... ussss...

EXT - GRANDFATHER'S POND - DAY

Grandfather sits playing his recorder. Again, the Creature approaches to listen. Grandfather stops. Turns.

GRANDFATHER

I know you're there.  
(waits for a response)  
Won't you speak to me?

The Creature studies Grandfather for a time. The old man waits. Finally starts to play again. The Creature finds a spot to listen. He opens Victor's journal.

CAMERA PUSHES SLOWLY IN as he puzzles over it...

INT - PIGSTY - DAY

...and we CONTINUE PUSHING SLOWLY IN as the Creature reads:

CREATURE

...of sscience... and to c-create...  
a beinng... in the image of man...  
assembled ffrrom... the... dead

bodieess I have... gatherred...

He turns the page and discovers his own rough likeness: it's Victor's sketch of his patchwork man. The rendering includes suture marks where the pieces were joined.

The Creature gazes for a long time. His finger traces the penciled suture-line where an arm joins the torso. Eyes going wider. Revelation slowly dawning. No. It can't be. it's too horrible to conceive...

...and he drops the journal, clawing at his coat in a surge of panic, wrenching it away to reveal his arm... And the massive suture scars joining his shoulder to his torso in an exact match to the drawing. He throws his head back in an animalistic PRIMAL SCREAM, face twisted in a mask of utter horror, Munch's painting made flesh...

## IN THE WOODS

...and his scream echoes across the countryside, Felix turns from chopping wood. His family gathers, eyes wide, listening to the sound trail off. Softly:

FELIX  
God in heaven.

## IN THE PIGSTY

A massive hand rips the page from the journal, raises it in a clenched fist.

ANGLE WIDENS to reveal the Creature huddled in a corner, dropping his head into his arms to hide his face. Sunlight throws streaks of light and shadow through the slats. He sobs, wracked with despair as we

FADE TO:

## EXT - VALLEY - DAY

The house is distant below. Felix and his family are heading out across the fields now sparse with snow, herding the cow before them. Only Grandfather is missing.

The gentle MUSIC of the recorder drifts up from the house.

ANGLE WIDENS to reveal the Creature hunkered on a hill. Watching. Waiting. The family dwindles in the distance.

INT - HOUSE - DAY

For the first time, we actually see the inside of the house from a perspective other than through the chink in the wall.

Grandfather is by the fire, playing his recorder.

The Creature's face appears at a window. Peering in. He ducks from view, appearing at another window. Making sure the house is otherwise empty. He vanishes again. The door swings silently open. His figure fills the doorway.

Grandfather stops playing. Silence.

GRANDFATHER

Would you like to sit by the fire?

The Creature enters. Sits. Holds his hands toward the embers, feeling the warmth.

CREATURE

Nice.

GRANDFATHER

The music? Or the fire?

Grandfather offers him the recorder. The Creature hesitates, takes it, inept where such delicacy is required. He puts it to his misshapen lips and blows a few hollow tones. He gives it back, huffing air, delighted.

GRANDFATHER

I'm glad you finally came to the door. A man shouldn't have to scurry in the shadows.

CREATURE

Better that way... for me.

GRANDFATHER



Why?

CREATURE

I'm... very, very ugly. People are afraid. Except you.

GRANDFATHER

(smiles)

It can't be as bad as that.

CREATURE

(soft)

Worse.

The old man reaches for his face. The Creature draws back.

GRANDFATHER

I can see you with my hands. If you'll trust me.

The Creature decides to trust. He eases forward. Grandfather runs his fingers over his features. Gently:

GRANDFATHER

You're an outcast.

CREATURE

Yes. I have been seeking my friends.

GRANDFATHER

Friends? Do they live around here?

CREATURE

Yes. Very close

GRANDFATHER

Why do you not go to them?

The Creature pauses. Emotions swirling. Afraid to continue.

CREATURE

I have been... afraid. Afraid... they will hate me... because I am so very ugly... and they are so very beautiful

GRANDFATHER

(softly)

People can be kinder than you think.

CREATURE

I am afraid.

Grandfather reaches out and takes the Creature's hands.

GRANDFATHER

Perhaps I can help. Tell me who.

The Creature is huffing air, breath hitching in his chest like a panicking child. His monstrous eyes well up with tears. Trying to get the words out:

CREATURE

I love them... so very much. I want...  
I want... them to be my ff-family. I  
ll-love them ss-so very mm-mm-  
mmuch...

The Creature pauses. Trying to get the words out. And the door swings open. The Creature whips his head. There stands Maggie. Eyes going wide. Breath catching in her throat. She lets out an ear-splitting SHRIEK! The Creature throws himself on the old man's lap, clutching him, pleading:

CREATURE

Don't let them hate me!

Felix bursts in, shoving Maggie aside, hell breaking loose in screaming, hollering chaos: Marie trying to get the children out of the way, Felix throwing himself on the Creature to rip him off the old man, the Creature sprawling to the floor, the old man shouting, the children SHRIEKING, Felix snatching, up the fireplace poker and swinging it down, again and again, trying to kill the thing...

GRANDFATHER

Leave him alone!

...the CREATURE SCREAMING and taking the blows, writhing across the floor in agony, the children scattering from his

pleading hands. The CREATURE rolls from under the brutal beating and sails out the door.

EXT - WOODS - DAY

The Creature runs bleeding and sobbing, a specter sailing among the trees with greatcoat billowing like huge dark wings. Running from the horrified screams of rejection still echoing in his mind.

EXT - WOODS - DAY

A snowscape. Stark trees. A figure in a greatcoat. Head bowed with misery. Leaning against a tree. Trying to catch his breath. Can't. Crying too hard. He sinks to his knees, hands clutched bitterly to his heaving chest. Wondering why the anguish doesn't stop his heart in mid-beat.

A realization. He pulls the little red silk flower from the inside pocket. It lies glittering in his huge, misshapen palm like gentle magic. Or hope. Yes.

HOUSE - DUSK

The sky is brewing. The Creature runs across the courtyard toward the house, breathless, holding his palm out. See? Here's the flower you gave me. Don't you understand?

CREATURE

It's me! It's mmmmeeeeeee!

Nothing. He glances around. The pigs are gone. Chickens too.

The Creature's eyes go wide. He dashes to the house

HOUSE - DUSK

...and bursts in to find it empty. Items have been scattered and left behind. Books, clothes, even the old man's recorder. They left in a hurry.

CREATURE

...no.

HOUSE - NIGHT

We hear furniture CRASHING, glass SHATTERING, shelves being ripped from walls. A faint glow kicks up. Flames rise within. The Creature exits with a flaming torch, spins back to watch. He has new possessions: an armload of books jammed in a satchel, some extra clothes on his body, the old man's recorder jammed in his belt.

A HOWLING WIND whips up, billowing his coat and hair, fanning the flames even higher. He raises his torch, HOWLING along with the wind, reflected fire seething in his eyes, exulting as the house is consumed...

DISSOLVE TO:

MONT BLANC - DAY

Massive pale gray feet walking through the snow. ANGLE WIDENING to reveal a lone, windswept figure traversing the glacier with a walking staff. Struggling toward the crest of a ridge. Greatcoat billowing in a freezing wind.

THE CREATURE rises from below the crest and gazes down.

Glowering with triumph at achieving his goal. Softly:

CREATURE  
Geneva.

AERIAL SHOT sweeps up the slope of the glacier like the wind itself, rising magnificently past the tiny figure standing on the ridge, sailing up over the crest... to reveal the valley and lake of Geneva below.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - VICTOR'S GARRET - DAY (SPRING)

Sunlight streams through the dormer window. Birds twitter on the ledge outside. The trees are in bloom. Victor stands dressed and ready to go, taking one last pensive look around at the now-empty garret. Henry appears:

HENRY  
Our carriage is here.

## EXT - INGOLSTADT CITY GATES - DAY

Bustling with activity. Hopeful. A traffic snarl is jammed up in both directions, waiting to get in and out of the city. People, carriages, wagons, goods. We find Professor and MRS. KREMPE saying goodbye to Victor and Henry:

MRS. KREMPE

(watching the gates)

Such a terrible winter. I'll praise  
God to see those gates open again.

KREMPE

I'll have all your things sent on.  
They should arrive soon after.

(Victor nods)

It's been a rough time, lad. For us  
all. But if you'd like to come back  
and finish out your final term once  
university re-opens...

A ROAR goes up from the crowd. The gates are finally opening as SOLDIERS swing them aside. The traffic starts to flow.

Victor turns back to Krempe, nods gratefully.

VICTOR

Thank you, Professor. For everything.

Krempe is flustered as Victor gives him an awkward hug.

KREMPE

Write and let us know you've arrived  
safely.

Victor breaks the embrace. He and Henry clamber into the carriage. Softly:

VICTOR

Take me home, my friend.

Henry signals the DRIVER. The reins snap. The carriage lurches away, easing into the flow of traffic as we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - FRANKENSTEIN ESTATE - DAY

William, now 10, comes charging up the steps with a small package under his arm, nearly bowling over Mrs. Moritz as he sails past her hollering his head off:

WILLIAM  
HE'S COMING HOME!

INT - PARLOR - DAY

Willie careens into the parlor, where Elizabeth and Justine are entertaining FRIENDS.

WILLIAM  
Elizabeth! Justine!

Father enters, trailed by HOUSEHOLD STAFF.

FATHER  
What's all the fuss? Why are you shouting?

WILLIAM  
He's coming home! Tonight!

ELIZABETH  
Who? Victor?

WILLIAM  
That's what I'm telling you!

ELIZABETH  
(swept with relief)  
Thank God.

Willie thrusts the package into her hands. She hesitates

FATHER  
Open it.

Willie scrambles to bring her the letter opener. Elizabeth lays the package down, slits it open. Willie peers in.

Elizabeth pulls the locket out to the admiration of all. She presses the catch. The locket pops open to reveal Waldman's miniature oil painting.

WILLIAM

It's Victor!

JUSTINE

It's beautiful! May I?

(takes the locket)

He looks so handsome.

Elizabeth pulls out the letter. Apprehension and hope. She begins to read. The others watch her. Waiting. Her face lights up, blinking back tears. She remembers to breathe.

FATHER

What does it say?

ELIZABETH

Let this locket be a token of the  
vow we took the night I left.

(beat)

He's coming home to marry me.

Instant pandemonium and joy... except from Justine, whose heart quietly breaks. Father and the others ROAR with approval while Willie jumps and shouts:

WILLIAM

Married! The two of you?

FATHER

Brilliant! I knew it! Ever since you  
were children!

JUSTINE

(softly)

That's wonderful.

She hands the locket back. She slips quietly from the room, unnoticed by the others...

INT - ENTRYWAY - DAY

and hurries down the hall, fighting back tears.

RESUME PARLOR as Elizabeth is swept up in congratulatory conversation. Willie grabs the locket, admiring it:

WILLIAM

Elizabeth? Can I take this to show Peter?

ELIZABETH

Willie, it's not a toy for your friends.

WILLIAM

I'll take extra special care, I promise! Pete's never seen what Victor looks like! He'll admire it enormously!

Willie's so solemn and earnest that Elizabeth has to smile.

ELIZABETH

Don't dawdle. It'll be dark in a few hours.

The boy takes off like a shot. Father throws his arm around

Elizabeth, announcing to all:

FATHER

Join us for champagne! My son is coming home!

EXT - FRANKENSTEIN ESTATE - LATE DAY

Geese scatter as Willie comes racing across the grounds. He clammers over a low fence, heading into the miles of wooded acreage behind the house. His favorite shortcut.

EXT - COUNTRYSIDE - LATE DAY

Willie hurries/dawdles along as kids do, the precious locket clutched in his hands, admiring it. He can't get over the fact that his brother's finally coming home.



He pauses, hearing FAINT TONES carried on the breeze, eerie and flute-like. A recorder. Curious, he follows the sounds further and further into the woods...

EXT - POND - LATE DAY

...and comes into view of the pond. There's a FIGURE sitting half-concealed among the tall reeds, gazing off across the water and playing his delicate wind instrument with oddly-pleasing dissonance (again, a simple variation of our familiar WALTZ/LOVE THEME.)

Willie draws closer. Curious. Not wanting to intrude, but listening to the music. The figure in the reeds still hasn't noticed him...

...And then his head abruptly whips around, An ogre right out of a storybook. Willie's eyes go wide. The locket drops from his fingers into the dust. The boy turns and runs as the monster in the reeds lunges to its feet:

CREATURE

Wait! Don't be afraid!

The boy keeps running. The Creature comes shambling up from the pond, still calling after him. He picks up the dropped object. As he rises, he finds himself staring at the locket.

At the small painting it contains. Victor Frankenstein. He raises his gaze after the fleeing boy. Maybe Willie does have reason to be afraid.

The Creature starts after him, locket clenched in his fist, teeth grinding in greater and greater rage. Eyes wild.

THEIR FEET go pounding through the brambles and brush. The terrified boy. The pursuing monster. Faster and faster...

INT - FRANKENSTEIN KITCHEN - DUSK

Whirling with activity. Mrs. Moritz supervises the staff.

Elizabeth and Justine are helping with the preparations.

Justine turns with a platter, collides with one of the kitchen staff. Carrots go flying.

MRS. MORITZ  
Justine! Pay attention!

JUSTINE  
(tight)  
Yes, Mother.

ELIZABETH  
(pulls her aside)  
Are you all right?

JUSTINE  
(even tighter)  
Fine.

Justine sees genuine concern. She softens:

JUSTINE  
I'll be all right. Really.

Father enters with Claude. Both men worried.

FATHER  
Have you seen Willie?

ELIZABETH  
Is he not back yet?

FATHER  
Claude rode over there to see if  
held lost track of time. They say he  
never arrived.

ELIZABETH  
It's far too late for him to still  
be out.

EXT - MANSION - DUSK

Elizabeth exits with the others

CLAUDE

Don't worry, Monsieur, we'll find  
him.

He rushes to gather the men. Elizabeth gazes off. Wind kicking  
up. Night approaching. Almost too dark to see.

EXT - COUNTRYSIDE/WOODS - NIGHT

A massive search in progress. People are scouring the fields  
on horse and on foot, shouting Willie's name. Elizabeth enters  
frame, calling out:

ELIZABETH  
WILLIE!

LIGHTNING dances on the horizon. A storm approaching.

EXT - WOODED AREA - NIGHT

The stark black silhouettes of tree trunks bisect the frame  
in foreground as Justine approaches from the fields, lantern  
held high...

JUSTINE  
WILLIE!

...and one of the "tree trunks" turns out not to be. It darts  
abruptly across frame with a billow of flapping greatcoat,  
Justine enters the woods. A FLASH OF LIGHTNING sends shadows  
skittering among the trees...

EXT - ROAD TO MANSION - NIGHT

...And the storm is now a raging downpour, TILT DOWN to reveal  
a coach clattering through the rain.

INT - COACH - NIGHT

Victor is peering out the window flap.

VICTOR  
There! Look!

Henry cranes to look. A LIGHTNING FLASH stutters the mansion  
briefly to life a few hundred yards down the road,

HENRY  
Quite a place.

VICTOR  
Thank you, Henry.

HENRY  
For what?

VICTOR  
This. My home. My family.  
(softly)  
If not for you, I'd be dead in a  
burial pit somewhere.

Henry smiles, squeezes his shoulder. The carriage lurches violently, tossing them forward.

EXT - COACH - NIGHT

Victor jumps from the coach as the DRIVER wrestles his rearing horses under control and points. Victor turns.

Elizabeth stands in the downpour like a ghost. Drenched to the bone. Weeping from the depths of her soul. Holding Willie in her arms. The boy's arms hang limp, his head dangles back. Victor starts forward, stunned, unable to comprehend, running faster and faster...

VICTOR  
Elizabeth?

...and now others are converging on the scene, dark screaming figures in the storm. Victor reaches her first as the others crowd around in a panic of confusion, crushing and jostling as she collapses into Victor's arms, all of them cradling Willie, and then Father is there, shoving his way through, – seeing his dead boy and collapsing in the muck with a SCREAM, and suddenly Henry is there shouting for the men to lift him and everybody is scrambling and screaming as we

SMASH CUT TO:

INT - MANSION - FATHER'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Silence. All we hear now is the SOFT TICKING of a clock.

Henry tenderly ministers to Father, who lies gravely ill.

INT - PARLOR - MORNING

Elizabeth is sitting. Elbows crossed. Holding herself together. Face ashen. Dazed. Still in shock. Mrs. Moritz is nearby, looking much the same. Eyes swimming with tears.

MRS. MORITZ

Sir. I'm terrified for my girl.

VICTOR

(softly)

We'll organize another search now  
that it's light enough. We'll find  
her, Mrs. Moritz, I promise.

Henry comes downstairs. He and Victor confer in whispers then approach Elizabeth. Victor crouches before her.

ELIZABETH

What is Father's outlook?

HENRY

I am cautiously hopeful. With quiet  
and proper care he may eventually  
regain some or most of his strength.

Victor squeezes her hand. Comfort and strength.

ELIZABETH

Thank you, Henry.

There's a KNOCKING at the front door.

INT - ENTRYWAY - MORNING

Victor opens the door. POLICEMEN hover outside. Faces grim.

POLICEMAN #1

Mr. Frankenstein. We've apprehended  
the murderer. Not five miles from

here, hiding in a barn.

VICTOR  
Who is it?

The policemen trade uneasy glances.

POLICEMAN #2  
It's very unsettling, sir. And quite strange. Perhaps you'd better come with us.

INT - JAIL CELL - DAY

Victor is led in by policemen. The JAILER unlocks the cell.

Victor enters as the men depart. Victor is alone, staring at a FIGURE huddled in the corner, pooled in shadow. We get the impression of long, dangling hair. The figure stirs...

FEMALE VOICE  
Victor?

...and leans into the light. Justine. Pale. Dazed. Scared

JUSTINE  
Victor! It's you! Thank God!

She rushes to him, throws herself into his arms. He reacts stiffly, not at all sure he wants her touching him.

JUSTINE  
Is it true? What they say about Willie? Is it true?

VICTOR  
Yes.

She dissolves into tears. Barely able to breathe.

JUSTINE  
Willie. My poor little angel.  
(looks up)  
Victor! They think I did it!

VICTOR

Did you?

Justine pauses. Stunned. Her eyes on his. Here's the deepest betrayal ever experienced. Her heart turns to ash.

JUSTINE

(low)

I don't believe... I am in need of your comfort... anymore.

VICTOR

(a whisper)

Did you, Justine?

Beat. She hauls off and slaps him hard enough to rock his head around. Then she slaps him again. Harder.

JUSTINE

Get out!

INT - COURTROOM - DAY

The courtroom is packed. Justine sits accused. An older KITCHEN MAID is on the stand.

KITCHEN MAID

I found her sobbing her eyes out.  
Poor thing, I said, what's all this?  
And she spilled her heart to me about  
Master Victor. How she'd always loved  
him, and now he was coming home to  
marry mistress Elizabeth.

A MURMUR sweeps the courtroom. Victor and Elizabeth share a stunned glance.

KITCHEN MAID

She cried and cried about the  
beautiful locket he'd sent. How she  
wished it was hers. She swore me  
never to tell a soul.

(peers at Justine)

That was before the boy went missing,  
a'course.

INT - COURTROOM - DAY

Victor is on the stand:

VICTOR

I always viewed her with brotherly affection. I had no idea of her feelings for me.

PROSECUTOR

Rejection can be a powerful wound. People have been known to do uncanny things.

VICTOR

But to commit so ghastly and terrible a crime against a child she loved?

Victor pauses, gnawed by some vague intuition. He looks to Justine. She gazes back, her feelings hidden. Softly:

VICTOR

It's hard to believe.

INT - COURTROOM - DAY

Elizabeth is on the stand:

ELIZABETH

Justine and I grew up as sisters. I know her better than anybody.

DEFENDING COUNSEL

Do you think it possible she committed this crime?

ELIZABETH

William was as much her child as mine. We were both mother to him.

(beat)

I believe she would sooner have strangled the life from her own body.

DEFENDING COUNSEL



Then you consider the charge without merit.

ELIZABETH

I consider the charge imbecilic.

INT - COURT ROOM - DAY

Justine is now on the stand:

JUSTINE

Yes. I took refuge in the barn.  
Wouldn't you? Lost in the storm?  
Freezing and wet? I was exhausted  
and could search no longer.

PROSECUTOR

And is it true, Miss Moritz, that  
you love Victor Frankenstein? That  
your heart was broken?

(off her silence)

Answer the question. Do you love  
Victor Frankenstein?

Her gaze wanders to Victor, eyes locking on his. Stares back,  
trapped.

JUSTINE

I have always loved him.

PROSECUTOR

Is it also not true that you murdered  
his brother William in a misdirected  
crime of passion?

JUSTINE

Murder Willie? In my heart, he was  
our child. Victor's and mine. Such a  
thing could never have entered my  
mind.

PROSECUTOR

So you have claimed. Yet you have no  
explanation for this.

(holds up the locket)

The locket last seen in the hands of the poor murdered child was found hidden in your dress the morning following the murder. The locket you so coveted.

(leans close)

How did it come to be in your possession?

JUSTINE

I have no knowledge of that.

EXT - FIELD - DAY

A PAIR OF FEET drop heavily in frame. THUMP-CRACK! A shoe flies off. The CROWD gasps. Mrs. Moritz collapses WAILING to the ground. Elizabeth drops to her side to comfort her. Victor just stands staring. ANGLE WIDENS to reveal Justine dangling from the noose, neck broken, hands bound and feet still twitching.

EXT - SAME FIELD - NIGHT

Another eerie echo of before: a storm is raging. The body dangles from the scaffold, lashed by wind and rain. Victor looms from the darkness, staring.

And then a massive white hand thrusts into frame and grabs his shoulder. Victor whirls and finds himself staring up into the last face he ever expected to see again, the hideous necrotic features bathed in a purple/white GLARE OF LIGHTNING. He SCREAMS as the Creature lashes out, grabs him by the coat, draws him breathlessly closer, inch by inch, eyeball-to-eyeball, grinning his awful rictus grin. Softly:

CREATURE

Frankenstein.

Victor is speechless with horror. The Creature raises his arm, pointing with an impossibly long and bony finger. Look there. Victor does. LIGHTNING dances in the sky, illuminating Mont Blanc with a crackling halo of electricity... and then the Creature is gone, vanishing like a shadow in the darkness. Victor falls gasping. The awful truth dawning. He rises, gazing at the scaffold, horrified.

VICTOR  
Oh God. Oh God! No! NOOOOOOOO!

Screaming now, rushing to the scaffold, throwing his arms around the innocent girl dangling there, sliding down, sinking to his knees, weeping helplessly:

VICTOR  
Oh God. Justine. Forgive me.

INT - MANSION - STUDY - DAWN

Victor pulls a carved box from a shelf. Opens it. Lying inside in their velvet cradle are a gorgeous pair of Model 1820 Collier flintlock revolvers.

MANSION - DAWN

Victor is bundled in a rough coat, packing final supplies on a horse held by Claude. Elizabeth is at his heels.

VICTOR  
My mind was not playing tricks. He was there in the storm... gloating over his crimes... challenging me to come.

ELIZABETH  
But why risk yourself? Hasn't this family suffered enough?

VICTOR  
I've no choice

ELIZABETH  
If what you say is true, it is a matter for the police!

VICTOR  
They've done a fine job. Hanging an innocent for the crime of a fiend.

He rams the rifle into its scabbard, turns to her.

ELIZABETH

(softly)

Do you know this man? Is there something between you?

VICTOR

I know only that he is a killer.  
And I shall bring back his carcass.

Victor heaves himself into the saddle and rides off. TILT UP to the mountain. Shrouded in snow. Waiting.

MONT BLANC - DAY

A lone horse and rider appear, on his mission of revenge...

Victor ascends the mountain. The mountain is brutal and unforgiving. Victor dismounts, leading his horse onto the glacier. A bitter wind blows...

They plod on. Searching. Magnificent rugged vistas unfolding before our eyes. Primeval and vast...

The horse suddenly spooks. Victor calms him. Staring. Is that a figure down there? He shades his eyes against the cutting sleet. Somebody in the distance. Down there on the snow field. A tiny speck. Watching him.

The figure starts running, leaping across the ice with great bounds. Right toward Victor. Victor wrenches the carved box from the saddle bag. The horse bolts. Victor drops to the snow, throws open the box, frantically snatches up the pair of revolvers.

He glances up. The figure is gone, vanished in drifts of white. Victor rises with a revolver in each hand, cocks the flintlocks of both, turning slowly around. Gazing at the rocks and crags. Searching.

VICTOR

WHERE ARE YOU?

He hears nothing but his own voice echoing back... and then FEET CRUNCHING through the snow. He turns. The Creature is running toward him across the glacier with inhuman speed,

greatcoat billowing like huge dark wings.

Victor raises the first pistol. Hesitates. As frightened and angry as he is, a small part of him pauses to admire the achievement of actually having created life.

He pulls the trigger. BOOM! A huge flash of powder, an eruption of smoke. The Creature dodges the shot, still coming. Victor raises the other gun. BOOM! Another flash of smoke. Still the Creature comes.

Victor. Frantic. Manually spinning the cylinders, cocking, firing. BOOM! A miss. BOOM! Another miss. Spinning. cocking.

Firing. BOOM! BOOM! Spinning. Cocking...

...And the Creature is on him, slapping the pistols clean out of his hands. The guns sail through the air, spinning off across the ice. Victor panics, turns to run... And slips over the edge of the precipice.

Victor falls SCREAMING, arms and legs windmilling through a 30-foot drop... and slams bodily into a snowdrift. He looks up. The Creature is peering down... and leaps over the edge to follow, sailing through the air to land before him in a cat-like crouch. He pulls Victor from the snow and sends him sliding across the ice with a mighty heave...

INT - ICE CAVE - DAY

...right into the mouth of an ice-cave, Victor comes tumbling and sliding down the entrance, spinning and careening to sprawl heavily to the cave floor.

Winded. Battered. Barely able to move. He glances up to see the cave filled with possessions. Books. Provisions. Extra clothing. The embers of a fire burn low. There is even a rough attempt at furnishings in the form of a few crates.

A huge shadow fills the cave entrance. The storybook ogre is coming home to his cave, breath huffing like a steam engine. Victor scrambles back terrified, pressing into a corner as the Creature enters...

...but the Creature merely crosses to the fire and hunkers

down. He tosses a few more sticks on the flames. Pause.

CREATURE

Come warm yourself if you like.

VICTOR

You speak.

CREATURE

Yes, I speak. And read. And think...  
and know the ways of Man.

(pause)

I've been waiting for you. Two months  
now.

VICTOR

How did you find me?

The Creature grabs Victor's journal off the "shelf." He unwinds the thong, the letters spill out.

CREATURE

The letters in your journal. That  
and a geography book.

(picks up a letter)

Your Elizabeth sounds lovely.

VICTOR

Kill me and have done with it.

CREATURE

Kill you? Hardly that.

VICTOR

Then why am I here? What did you  
want with me?

CREATURE

More to the point, why am I here?  
What did you want with me?

(off Victor's look)

What does one say to one's Maker,  
having finally met him face to face?  
Milton gave it voice.

(grabs a book, thumbs

to a certain page)  
Did I request thee, Maker, from my  
clay to mould me Man? Did I solicit  
thee from Darkness to promote me?

VICTOR

Fine words from a child killer. You  
who murdered my brother.

CREATURE

Your crime... as well as mine.

VICTOR

How dare you. You're disgusting and  
evil.

CREATURE

Evil?

(scurries closer)

Do you believe in evil?

VICTOR

I see it before me.

CREATURE

I'm not sure I believe. But then I  
had no one to instruct me. I had no  
mother... and my father abandoned me  
at birth.

He draws closer still. Intimate. Turning his head this way  
and that. Puzzling at Victor's face. Softly:

CREATURE

Were the dying cries of your brother  
music in my ears?

He raises his hand before Victor's eyes, bony fingers curling  
to clutch an invisible throat. Victor is petrified

CREATURE

I took him by the throat with one  
hand... lifted him off the ground.  
And slowly crushed his neck.  
(emotion growing)

That poor, innocent child died in my grip... because all I could see was your face... and all I could feel was my rage. And when I let him go, he fluttered to the grass like a sparrow...

#### FLASHBACK INSERT: FIELD

The Creature gazes down at Willie's body. He stares at the hand that committed the crime as if waking from a dream.

Tears welling. Overcome with shame and horror.

He falls to knees in the middle of the vast field, his wail echoing across the countryside as he weeps over the boy.

#### RESUME ICE CAVE

Victor stares in horror as the Creature relates his story with tears shining in his monstrous eyes.

#### CREATURE

Later, when they were searching, I followed the pretty lady who got lost in the woods...

#### FLASHBACK INSERT: - BARN

Justine is asleep in the hay. Haggard, wet, exhausted. The Creature looms over her, a monstrous shape backlit by the lightning, gazing on her beauty. His hand reaches down, hovering reverently, wishing to caress the swell of her breasts at the neckline of her bodice ...

#### CREATURE (V.O.)

She was so lovely. I longed to touch her... and seek her sympathy...

The locket drops from his hand to dangle in his fingers. He lowers it, tucking it gently away in her pocket

#### CREATURE (V.O.)

...but I simply returned the object which had triggered my crime, hoping



in some small way to atone...

## RESUME ICE CAVE

Now tears are shining in victor's eyes as well.

### CREATURE

You gave me these emotions, but you didn't tell me how to use them. Now two people are dead. Because of us.

Victor is crushed by remorse. A sob escapes him.

### CREATURE

Why, Victor? Why? What were you thinking?

### VICTOR

There was something at work in my soul which I do not understand.

### CREATURE

What of my soul? Do I have one? Or was that a part you left out?  
(spreads his hands)  
Who were these people of which I am comprised? Good people? Bad people?

### VICTOR

Materials. Nothing more.

### CREATURE

You're wrong. Do you know I knew how to play this?

He grabs up the recorder, plays a brief snatch of melody.

### CREATURE

In which part of me did this knowledge reside? In these hands? In this mind? In this heart?  
(beat)  
And reading and speaking. Not things learned... so much as things remembered.

VICTOR

Trace memories in the brain, perhaps.

CREATURE

Stolen memories. Stolen and hazy.  
They taunt me in my dreams. I've  
seen a beautiful woman lying back  
and beckoning for me to love her.  
Whose woman was this? I've seen boys  
playing, splashing about in a stream.  
Whose childhood friends were these?  
(soft, intense)  
Who am I?

VICTOR

(hollow)

I don't know.

CREATURE

Then perhaps I believe in evil after  
all.

The Creature moves off. Victor is emotionally exhausted

VICTOR

What can I do?

CREATURE

There is something I want.  
(pause)  
A friend.

VICTOR

Friend?

CREATURE

A companion. A female. Like me, so  
she won't hate me.

VICTOR

Like you? Oh, God, you don't know  
what you're asking.

CREATURE

I do know that for the sympathy of one living being, I would make peace with all.

(beat)

I have love in me the likes of which you can scarcely imagine. And rage the likes of which you would not believe. If I cannot satisfy the one, I will demonically indulge the other. That choice is yours.

(off his look)

You're the one who set this in motion, Frankenstein.

VICTOR

And if I consent?

CREATURE

We'd travel north, my bride and I. To the furthest reaches of the Pole, where no man has ever set foot. There we would live out our lives.

Together.

(beat)

No human eye would ever see us again. This I vow.

PUSHING SLOWLY IN on Victor. Considering it. Beaten.

EXT - MONT BLANC GLACIER - NEXT MORNING

Victor is calming his skittish horse as the Creature looms into view. Victor turns. The Creature tosses Victor his journal. Victor hesitates, jams it into his saddlebag.

CREATURE

Soon?

VICTOR

Yes. I want this over and done with.

CREATURE

I'll be waiting. And watching.

And with that, the Creature turns and scrambles back down

the nearly-vertical cliff face, leaping from crags and boulders with superhuman agility. Victor watches him vanish from sight.

EXT - MONT BLANC - DAY

Victor descends the mountain, heading back to civilization.

EXT - FRANKENSTEIN ESTATE - DAY

Victor walks his horse toward the house. Elizabeth rushes out to meet him with Henry and Claude. Victor hands off the reins to the STABLEBOY and embraces Elizabeth tightly.

ELIZABETH

I thought I'd never see you again!

VICTOR

I'm all right. I'm safe,

HENRY

What happened up there?

VICTOR

I didn't find what I was looking for.

CLAUDE

What did you find?

Victor glances over. Claude has pulled the Collier pistols from the saddlebags and caught a strong whiff of powder.

CLAUDE

These have been fired.

VICTOR

At shadows. My nerves got the better of me.

Victor walks on toward the house with Elizabeth

EXT - GARDEN - DAY

...and we find them in discussion by the fountain:

ELIZABETH

What sort of task?

VICTOR

It's not something I can explain now. Perhaps someday.

ELIZABETH

What of our marriage? Victor, we've had so much tragedy. I want this family to live again.

VICTOR

So do I.

ELIZABETH

We need each other now, I need your comfort and strength, not separation and solitude.

VICTOR

A month at most, that's all I ask.

(draws close)

Elizabeth, please. Things have not yet resolved. I must take steps to see that they do. For our family's sake. For our sake.

(caresses her face)

You are life itself. We shall seal our vow. The moment I am done.

He leans forward to kiss her... and pauses, hearing the distant MUSIC of a recorder echoing from the hills...

INT - BEDROOM - DAY

Victor sits at bedside, holding Father's hand. The old man is a weak and frail shadow of his former self.

VICTOR

You must regain your strength to preside at our wedding... and spoil your grandchildren later on. These are duties you cannot shirk.

Father smiles faintly.

Victor squeezes his hand, whispers:

VICTOR  
We're all safe now. I promise

INT - MANSION ATTIC - DAY

Murky and dark. Victor enters, yanks a dusty curtain off a window to let in some daylight. He picks up a pry bar, approaches a stack of crates as if facing an old adversary. One in particular is quite large. He rams the bar into the wood, prying it open... and CAMERA PUSHES IN to reveal a dull gleam of copper lurking within the packing straw.

VICTOR  
God forgive me.

MONTAGE:

Victor assembles his equipment, recreating the lab; bolting together the sarcophagus, now resting in its cradle. Hanging the huge glass tube, adjusting the boom. Installing the ceiling tracks and hoist mechanism. Playing out the copper wire along the ceiling beams. Hooking up the galvanic batteries and generators. Testing the electrical circuit with goggles and thick gloves, getting a huge cascade of sparks...

HENRY (O.S.)  
I prayed never to see these again...

Victor turns. Henry stands in the doorway.

HENRY  
Whatever they are.

Henry enters, runs his hand over the gleaming surface of the sarcophagus, circles toward Victor.

HENRY  
I won't bother asking what or why.  
You wouldn't tell me anyway. I just

hope you know what you're doing...  
(draws close)  
...because if this is a repeat of  
Ingolstadt, I won't be around to  
pick up the pieces.

CAMERA PUSHES PAST to the Da Vinci print on the wall, contact  
points still daubed with red...

EXT - CEMETERY - NIGHT

CAMERA DRIFTS among the tombstones to reveal an eerie sight:

SOMEONE hunched in a grave, digging madly, dirt flying. We  
hear the THUNK of a shovel hitting wood

INT - COFFIN - NIGHT

...and the lid wrenches aside to reveal the Creature. He  
peers down at us, almost close enough to kiss.

EXT - FRANKENSTEIN MANSION - ANGLE FROM ROOF - NIGHT

The Creature nimbly climbs the outer wall, fingers grasping  
the brickwork, a dark shape slung over his shoulder. He pauses  
as a PAIR OF STABLEHANDS pass far below. He pulls himself  
onto the roof, crosses the gables, and pushes open a dormer  
window. We see Victor inside as it swings open. The Creature  
enters with his prize...

INT - ATTIC - NIGHT

...and the mottled corpse of Justine Moritz flops onto the  
table before us.

TILT UP TO:

CREATURE  
I want her.

Victor stares down in utter horror. Her cold, dead face.  
Blue lips already beginning to shrivel. Purple, sunken eyes.

Knowing that she loved him. Knowing it's his fault she's  
dead. He can barely get the words out:

VICTOR  
Why... her?

CREATURE  
Her body pleases me.

That's it for Victor. He turns away, stomach heaving. It's all he can do to keep from throwing up.

CREATURE  
Materials, remember? Nothing more.  
Your words.

Victor hesitates, pulling himself together. Softly:

VICTOR  
My words.

He turns back, forcing himself to examine the body, trying not to view it as someone he knows. He cradles the head, probing the back of the neck with his fingers.

VICTOR  
The brain stem was destroyed by the hanging. We'll need another. The body looks like it will do, but some extremities are too decayed. They'll have to be replaced. The fresher the better.

EXT - ALLEY - RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT

Outside the back door of a rowdy tavern, we find a PROSTITUTE servicing a SAILOR in the alley: he's got her pressed against the wall, skirt hiked up. It's not long before he's finished. Off he goes, staggering back into the bar. She arranges her skirt, tucking the money away... and pauses, noticing a TALL FIGURE in the shadows. Staring. She approaches with her best saucy smile:

PROSTITUTE  
Want some yourself? Or just like to watch?  
(draws close)



What do you say, lover? I can make  
it good for you.

The Creature leans into the light, clamps a massive hand to  
her mouth. His other arm wraps around her waist, pulling her  
off the ground. She gazes up, eyes wide, screams muffled in  
his palm. Softly:

CREATURE

I know you can.

And he wrenches his arm, snapping her spine.

INT - ATTIC - NIGHT

The dead prostitute lies staring up, dried blood staining  
her mouth. TILT UP to Victor gazing down in horror.

VICTOR

What is this?

CREATURE

A brain. Extremities.

VICTOR

This was not taken from a grave.

CREATURE

What does it matter? She'll live  
again. You'll make her.

VICTOR

No. I draw the line.

The Creature lashes out and drags Victor across the table.

CREATURE

You will honor your promise to me!

VICTOR

(through gritted teeth)  
I will not! Kill me now!

CREATURE

That is mild compared to what will

come. If you deny me my wedding night.  
I'll be with you on yours.

The Creature vanishes out the attic window into the night.

Victor is left gasping for air, staring at the dead prostitute. The full horror sinking in.

INT - ATTIC STAIRCASE - MORNING

Victor slams the attic door, securing it with a massive padlock. He hurries down the steps.

INT - GRAND BALLROOM - DAY

Victor and Elizabeth, intensity flying:

VICTOR

No. Not tomorrow, not next week,  
Marry me today.

ELIZABETH

Why the change? What about your work?

VICTOR

It was misguided and pointless. Is  
your answer yes?

ELIZABETH

It is

VICTOR

We'll leave this afternoon, right  
after the ceremony. Pack only what  
you need.

ELIZABETH

Does this have something to do with  
that man you saw?

VICTOR

(hesitates)

Yes. We're in danger here. Every  
moment we stay.

ELIZABETH

Victor, tell me why! Trust me!

VICTOR

I do. But you must trust me for now.

INT - BEDROOM - DAY

A small ceremony has been hurriedly organized at Father's bedside. The old man holds Elizabeth's hand. Softly:

FATHER

This is not... the grand wedding...  
I had hoped to give you...

He releases her hand, giving the bride away. She takes her place at Victor's side. Henry stands as best man. The PRIEST faces them:

PRIEST

We gather now in the sight of God to  
witness this man and woman bond their  
lives in matrimonial vow.

EXT - MANSION - DAY

Elizabeth gets in the coach. Claude clambers up to the driver's seat armed with a rifle, ready to pull out. EIGHT MEN on horseback provide armed escort. Victor addresses the men staying behind, all of whom are also armed:

VICTOR

Be especially on your guard. Stay  
cautious to a fault.

STABLE HAND

Who is this man, sir? How shall we  
know him?

VICTOR

He is huge and deformed... and quite  
insane.

CLAUDE

He killed Master William and sent

Justine Moritz to the noose! No  
hesitation, lads! Shoot the bastard  
on sight!

CRIES of assent.

Victor pulls Henry aside:

VICTOR  
Are you sure you'll be all right?

HENRY  
Yes, don't worry. I'll look after  
your father. You look after her.

VICTOR  
I'll be back as soon as I've got her  
far away and safe. We'll hunt this  
fiend down together.

HENRY  
Only if you'll tell me who he is.

VICTOR  
(hesitates)  
I owe you that. Done.

A quick embrace. Victor leaps into the coach.

ANGLE FROM FATHER'S BEDROOM WINDOW

The coach clatters up the road, trailed by the eight horsemen.  
Those left behind scatter across the courtyard.

Henry turns and walks back toward the house. ANGLE WIDENS to  
reveal the Creature at the window. In the bed behind him,  
The old man stirs, opening his eyes

FATHER  
Victor?

...and sees the Creature turn toward him. Father's eyes go  
wide as his final stroke is triggered. His life ends with a  
prolonged death-rattle... and a soft exhale. The Creature  
reaches down, closes his eyes. A tender gesture.

A LOUD GASP. The Creature whirls. There stands the priest, dropping his tea to the floor. The Creature sweeps across the room, presses him against the wall.

PRIEST

(breathless with horror)  
You're the Devil himself.

CREATURE

Yes, and I've come to snatch your soul...  
(leans close)  
...unless you tell me where they've gone.

EXT - LAKE GENEVA - DUSK

A magnificent sunset bathes the mountains as storm clouds roll in. A ferry is crossing the lake, moving away from us, rippling the water. TILT DOWN to reveal...

EXT - FERRY DOCK - DUSK

Claude trotting to the window of the coach.

CLAUDE

That was the last ferry. There's nothing else till morning.

VICTOR

Damn it

CLAUDE

We'll ride on ahead and secure you lodging for the night.

EXT - RESORT - NIGHT

A big chalet nestled in the woods by the lake. The storm is raging. Claude and his men are positioned at the entrances.

VICTOR

Make sure you keep your pistols dry

GUARD #2

They're dry enough. And if they fail,  
we've others. And if those fail...

(draws his saber  
halfway)

...we can always gut the bastard.

CLAUDE

Don't worry, sir. You're well guarded.  
Now why don't you go upstairs to  
your wife? It's not often a man has  
his wedding night.

INT - BRIDAL SUITE - NIGHT

Victor enters to find the room aglow with dozens of candles.

Elizabeth turns from the fireplace, her body silhouetted  
through the sheer white nightgown.

ELIZABETH

You're soaking.

She approaches, peels off his coat. Victor stares at her,  
awe-struck. She sees the look in his eyes, crosses her arms  
demurely... then laughs at her own modesty.

ELIZABETH

Brother and sister no more.

VICTOR

Now husband and wife.

He strokes her bare shoulders with his fingertips.

VICTOR

I remember the first time I ever saw  
you. Crossing the floor of the grand  
ballroom with my parents at your  
side. So beautiful even then.

ELIZABETH

(a whisper)

I have been waiting for this ever  
since.

She leans up and gives him a kiss that would melt glass,  
triggering the sexiest seduction imaginable...

...kissing, caressing, Victor stripping off his wet shirt,  
CAMERA DRIFTING around them in slow circles, candles spinning  
like a fever that's been building for a lifetime... and now  
onto the bed. Magnificent and canopied. Kneeling together,  
bodies touching, hands seeking, mouths joining...

Elizabeth lying back, beckoning for him to love her. Victor  
sinking down, running his hands up her thighs, peeling up  
the nightgown, making her shudder with desire...

...and a SHOT FIRES. Victor jerks up. He can hear SHOUTING.

He rolls off the bed, snatching up both pistols lying primed  
and ready on the nightstand.

ELIZABETH

Victor!

VICTOR

Open this door for no-one!

EXT - CHALET - NIGHT

Victor sails past the GUARD at the entrance, brandishing his  
pistols. The men converge, shouting in the rain:

GUARD #2

I saw him in a flash of lightning!  
He vanished toward the lake!

CLAUDE

Get after him!

Several men race off in pursuit. TILT UP from Victor and  
Claude... as a FLASH OF LIGHTNING reveals the Creature  
clinging in the branches above their heads with a malevolent  
smile. He scurries silently up, further and further into  
the tree... closer and closer to the balcony.

INT - BRIDAL SUITE - NIGHT

Elizabeth. Tense and waiting. A shadow looms across the balcony... spilling through the French doors... onto the floor... a bony hand reaches for the latch...

The doors burst open on a crust of wind and rain, Elizabeth spins as candles blow out all over the room. The Creature enters, massive and unseen, gliding in shadow. Softly:

CREATURE

Don't bother to scream.

EXT - CHALET - NIGHT

The men come running back from the lake. They stop before Victor and Claude.

GUARD #3

We lost him.

And GUARD #4's eyes drift up:

GUARD #4

Why are those open?

Victor spins, gazing up. Breath catching in his throat. The French doors are swaying in the wind.

VICTOR

Elizabeth.

INT - BRIDAL SUITE - NIGHT

Elizabeth watches, transfixed, as the huge shadow moves inexorably toward her. Her eyes dart toward the door. She makes a break for it. He catches her halfway across the room, spinning her around by the arm. Her face is lit by the light of the fireplace.

The Creature pauses, stunned at her beauty. A moment passes between them. She senses the softening in his heart. She peers at him, trying to understand. Realizing:

ELIZABETH

You don't want to hurt me.



He averts his gaze, shamed by her beauty.

CREATURE

You're more lovely than I could ever  
have imagined.

FOOTSTEPS come pounding up the stairs. A HEAVY CRASH of men  
throwing their shoulders at the door...

VICTOR

ELIZABETH!

...and it changes back in an instant, The Creature snarls.

She tries to wrench away. He spins her around so he won't  
have to look at her in the light, casting her face in shadow.  
He cooks his arm back and plunges his fist toward her chest  
with pile-driver force...

INT - LANDING (OUTSIDE ROOM) - NIGHT

...and her SCREAM is cut short. The men give one last mighty  
rush at the door...

INT - BRIDAL SUITE - NIGHT

...and they burst in just in time to see Elizabeth cascade  
back onto the bed, her chest a massive red stain. The Creature  
whips toward them, fist glistening with blood...

CREATURE

I keep my promises.

...and he races across the room as the men OPEN FIRE,  
shredding the walls to splinters with an explosive fusillade  
of shots. But the Creature is too fast. He hits the leaded  
window head-on with the force of an anvil...

EXT - CHALET - NIGHT

...and goes sailing out into empty space in a hurricane of  
shattering glass. He drops 40 feet to the grass below and  
vanishes like the breeze, greatcoat whipping into darkness.

INT - BRIDAL SUITE - NIGHT

Victor rushes to the bed and lets loose the most PRIMAL SCREAM OF ALL. He sweeps his limp, murdered bride into his arms, cradling her to his breast, screams trailing off into wracking moans and sobs of despair:

VICTOR  
(softly)  
Oh God... he took her heart... he  
took her heart from me...

EXT - CHALET - NIGHT

The men make way as Victor carries his dead wife through the downpour. He puts her in the coach. Dazed.

EXT - ROAD - NIGHT

The coach comes racing through the storm, the horses in a frenzy, faster and faster.

EXT - MANSION - NIGHT

Victor whipping the coach veers to a wild stop. Victor jumps down, gathers up the body, and mounts the steps. Henry appears, rushing out into the rain. Victor goes right past him...

MANSION - NIGHT

...and carries Elizabeth through the silent halls.

ATTIC - NIGHT

The door swings in. Victor stands dripping. Holding Elizabeth. Gazing at the gleam of copper...

MONTAGE:

And we launch into the final throbbing madness. Victor hacking and chopping. Discarding pieces. Sewing the creation, yanking the catgut tight. Ramming the needles deep. Hoisting the body in the air. Slamming the sarcophagus lid, tightening the bolts. Powering up the galvanic circuit, throwing the switch. Screaming at God as the LIGHTNING FLASHES and the

body convulses. Wind and rain sweeping through the lab, battering a window open and shut, open and shut. Lowering the glass tube, ramming phallus into womb. Releasing the eels, huge black sperm squirming and writhing toward the spasming egg The body. Convulsing. Lashing. Screaming in the copper womb. Hair whipping in the fluid...

Victor shuts down the machinery. He opens the tank and reaches into the fluid with his thick rubber gloves. He pulls out his creation, cradling the head and neck as one would cradle a newborn infant's...

...And wipes the muck away with his glove to reveal Elizabeth's face, Massive suture marks bisect her neck and collarbone where pieces were joined. A whisper:

VICTOR

Live.

Her eyes flies open as consciousness hits, mouth gaping to draw air but finding fluid in the lungs. She erupts, thrashing in the vat. He clutches her tight, pounding her back to start her breathing, calming the convulsing Creatures with soft murmured words of tenderness and love as her lungs heave violently to dispel the fluid...

He lifts her gently out. Wipes off the muck as she shivers and shakes, spasms easing off. Cleansing her face. Claspng her hand in his. Comfort and strength...

Helping her to her feet. Jerky and unsure. Lean on me.

Replacing the sheer nightgown on her scarred and naked body, draping it... and finally, exhaustingly, tilting her chin up with his fingers to gaze into her eyes. A whisper:

VICTOR

Say my name.

Blank. Dazed. Stunned. Not a flicker of recognition.

VICTOR

Elizabeth. Say my name. Say you remember. Say my name.

Nothing. He leans forward... and kisses her dead lips.

Gentle as a sigh. A flicker in her eyes?

VICTOR

You must. You must.

Maybe his imagination. Still whispering:

VICTOR

Say my name. Say you remember.

And slowly... ever so slowly... she raises her bony white hand before her eyes... staring at it... trying to puzzle it out... its meaning... perhaps the vaguest shred of recognition... and the hand continues to rise... creeping slowly toward his shoulder... and coming to rest there. He smiles, blinking back tears...

VICTOR

Yes. I'll help you remember.

And he takes her other hand in his. At first it's imperceptible... just the slightest motion, perhaps nothing, perhaps just a shift of balance... and then it grows into the vaguest sway... and tears are glistening in Victor's eyes as she begins to move. Lurching. Faltering. Unsure.

You must lead, Victor. The lady will always look to you for guidance, so your steps must be sure and strong.

Trace memories.

A waltz.

And here we are treated to the most sweepingly romantic and hair-raisingly demented image of the film: Frankenstein dances with his dead bride, showing her the way, begging her to remember, please remember, and now our WALTZ/LOVE THEME really comes back to haunt us as the MUSIC SWELLS, incredibly lush and deranged, dissonant and echoing through Victor's head, music only he can hear...

VICTOR

...one-two-three, twirl-two-three.

...and the worst part? The very worst thing of all? There on the shelf. A large formaldehyde jar. Justine's severed head. Watching them through the glass with dead, sightless eyes. Watching them dance. Still a wallflower? No. She's finally finishing her dance with Victor... most of her, anyway. Under the circumstances, it'll have to do...

...and the waltz goes on, madder and madder, sweeping in glorious circles as a dazzling array of LIGHTNING bathes them in its wild, jittering spotlight, shadows careening across the walls, INSANE MUSIC swelling louder and louder, climbing higher and higher, reaching toward its crescendo with jagged glass claws...

...and it all screeches to a stop as the door bursts in. Music echoes abruptly away into silence. Nothing now but rain and distant thunder. In the doorway:

CREATURE

She's beautiful.

VICTOR

She's not for you.

CREATURE

I'm sure the lady knows her own mind.  
Doesn't she? Let her decide the proper  
suitor.

The Creature raises his hand. Beckoning. She takes a faltering step. Drawn to him.

VICTOR

Elizabeth, no!  
(she turns, puzzled)  
Say my name.

Her face reflects horror and shame, like a brain-damaged child who's wet the bed. She knows she's supposed to remember... but can't remember what remembering means.

They both motion to her. Murmuring. Begging. She's caught between them, pulled like a diaphanous rope in a tug of war.

Please... come with me. Please... remember. She finally tilts toward the Creature. Gazing into his eyes. Studying his face. Fingertips tracing his massively scarred flesh. A beat. A frown. A puzzlement. This isn't right. People don't look like this. They're not stitched together out of pieces of flesh like a patchwork.

She looks at her own hands. Dead and white. Not even hers.

One belongs to Justine. Another to a prostitute, suture scars marring the wrist. She looks down at herself. The dead, sagging breasts. The body that isn't hers either. Realization creeping into her eyes. Realization and horror. Turning to Victor. Why do I look like this? What's happened to me? Oh God, what's happened to me?

ELIZABETH

Vic... tor?

CREATURE

...no...

...and she lets out a SHRIEK, a banshee wail from the deepest pits of hell. Screaming at them both. Screaming at herself. She goes berserk, trying to claw her flesh away, trying to find the real Elizabeth underneath the horror, trying to peel it away, clawing at her face. Trying to claw out her own eyes.

Victor lunges to restrain her, screaming himself, veering toward final utter madness like strings snapping on a violin. The Creature grabs him, hurls him aside.

CREATURE

GET AWAY FROM HER! SHE'S MINE!

VICTOR

SHE'LL NEVER BE YOURS! SHE SAID MY NAME! SHE REMEMBERS!

Yes. She remembers. Not much, but enough. She breaks away from them as they grapple, still SHRIEKING as she sails across the room, tipping furniture, equipment flying...

...over straight to the kerosene lamp, snatching it up before

they can stop her.

VICTOR

NO!

She spins to face them, holding them breathlessly at bay with the threat of the lamp, twitching from one to the other. But it's not just the lamp, it's the look of sheer loathing in her eyes. Loathing for them for what they've done to her... loathing for herself for what she's become.

It turns out the lady does know her own mind. She wants no part of it... or them. Decision made. She crushes the lamp in her bare hands, drenching herself in a cascade of kerosene. WHOOOOSH! She goes up like a blazing matchstick and darts past them, still SHRIEKING, still trying to claw the dead flesh away, pulling off giant flaming pieces of herself as she careens out the door and down the steps, Victor and the Creature racing after her...

INT - UPPER HALLWAY - NIGHT

...and she sails down the hallway, setting FIRE to everything she passes, SCREAMING for the final torment to end. She hurls herself over the railing, drapes catching ablaze as she plummets to the floor far below. A pillar of flame leaps up on impact.

VICTOR AND THE CREATURE face each other as flames sweep the walls, combusting the upper hallway into a raging tunnel in Hell.

VICTOR

You killed her! You killed her!

He hurls himself at the Creature, who backhands him spinning down the hallway, sprawling to the floor. The Creature gazes down at his Maker one last time...

CREATURE

We killed her.

And then vanishes through the smoke and flames.

EXT - FRANKENSTEIN ESTATE - DAY

The once-magnificent estate lies in smoldering ruin beneath a merciless gray sky. Charred beams and drifting smoke are all that remain to mark the passing of a noble family.

Victor stands gazing at the house. A windswept, hollow man Bundled in a rough coat. Flintlock rifle dangling at his side. Henry moves into frame some distance behind. Softly:

HENRY

Victor.

No reaction. For a long moment it seems Victor hasn't heard.

He rouses as if from a trance, turn and walks to his pack horse. The animal stands saddled and ready.

He starts to mount up, but Henry intercepts him with a restraining hand. Victor snaps a look as if seeing a stranger... and then his features soften.

VICTOR

All that I once loved lies in a shallow grave. By my hand.

HENRY

Let it go.

Victor pauses, emotions swirling. Wishing he could grab the dangling thread of sanity Henry has offered... but knowing the thread is a bittersweet illusion. A bare whisper:

VICTOR

You should have been my father's son. He would have been so proud.

Victor abruptly heaves himself into the saddle and spurs his horse. Henry runs after him, shouting:

HENRY

VICTOR! COME BACK!

But Victor keeps riding without so much as a backward glance. The past is dead. Henry watches Victor until he's gone from sight, as Willie did so long ago...



EXT - MONT BLANC GLACIER - DAY

The solitary rider and his mount traverse the windswept glacier ...

INT - THE CREATURE'S CAVE - DAY

Victor slides down the entrance, rifle cradled. The cave is now deserted, all possessions gone, a scorched black spot where the campfire had been...

EXT - GLACIER - DAY

A panorama of snow. Pristine... save for the long trail of footprints stretching off before us.

Victor's face thrusts into frame, gazing at the craggy horizon, breath punching the air with billows of vapor.

He slogs onward, following the tracks, leading his horse by the reins. Dwindling across the frozen landscape.

ARCTIC VICTOR (V.O.)

I followed his trail north... always north... and always one step behind... never stopping... driven by my fires of rage... and revenge...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - WALTON'S CABIN - TWILIGHT

Victor lies in Walton's bed, sallow as a corpse, barely able to speak, drained now of everything.

VICTOR

A year now I've followed him. Perhaps more. Only to arrive at this place. Tired. So very tired. I never did find... whatever it was... I was looking for... and neither will you, my friend.

(off Walton's look)

Value life above ambition... or those

glittering prizes you seek will  
crumble to dust in your fingers...  
as they have in mine.  
(reaches out feverishly)  
See your loved ones again. I cannot.

Walton takes Victor's hand, lays it gently back to his chest.  
Softly:

WALTON  
Rest now.

Victor is silent. His breathing shallow. Walton just sits  
And waits...

A SLOW DISSOLVE marks the passage of Walton's long vigil...

Victor's eyes flutter open as if staring at something unseen.  
Perhaps, the faces of those he loved. The eyes glaze. A  
peaceful death. Walton rises. Puts on his heavy coat to ward  
off the chill. Exits the cabin.

EXT - NEVSKY - ON DECK - TWILIGHT

Grigori is leaning on the gunwale, staring off across the  
ice. His coat is open. Walton joins him. Surprised at how  
warm it is. He holds up his hand, testing the breeze.

WALTON  
A warming wind.

GRIGORI  
This ice will break yet.  
(glances over)  
How's our guest?

WALTON  
He died. Raving about phantoms. He  
was mad, poor devil.  
(beat)  
Gather a detail. Have the body removed  
from my cabin.

GRIGORI  
Aye, Captain.

Grigori moves off to gather help. Walton turns and heads back to his cabin.

INT - WALTON'S CABIN - NIGHT

Walton enters... and freezes at the sound of SOFT WEEPING.

He can't see the bad from here. Could it be the dead man? He glances down. Wet footprints lead across the floor.

He eases forward. The tiny bed chamber comes slowly into view. A DARK FIGURE is hunched and weeping at bedside, holding the corpse's hand. Walton is stunned.

WALTON  
Who are you?

The figure swivels its head, revealing its face to the dim yellow light:

CREATURE  
He never gave me a name.

Walton hisses a terrified intake of breath. He lunges to the desk, slaps his hand on the pistol lying there. A frozen beat. Wondering if he should snatch it up. Eyes dancing with fear and speculation. The Creature makes no move. Unconcerned.

CREATURE  
You were with him at the end.

WALTON  
(finds his voice)  
Yes.

CREATURE  
I was watching.

Walton glances to the porthole, ajar and creaking in the breeze, chilled at the thought. The Creature returns his gaze to Victor.

CREATURE  
I longed to be with him. But I wanted

his final moments to have peace. I could see you were a friend to him.

WALTON

What is that to you? Evil as you are.

CREATURE

(swivels his gaze)

I am as he made me. In his own image.

WALTON

You drove him to his torment.

CREATURE

And he drove me to mine.

WALTON

Then why weep for him?

CREATURE

Would you not? He was father. And mother. We fell from grace together. He from his God. I from mine.

The Creature gently strokes Victor's cheek. He reaches up with two fingers, closes the staring eyes. A whisper:

CREATURE

Could we ever have forgiven?

The question goes unanswered. The Creature rises, gliding in shadow to the door. Pauses.

CREATURE

I've never been shown a kindness. Show me one now.

WALTON

What kindness?

CREATURE

Build for him a pyre. Light up the sky with his passing.

And then the Creature is gone, vanishing smoothly into the night...

EXT - ARCTIC - TWILIGHT

The crew of the Nevsky are on the ice, chopping up the fallen mast, axes rising and falling in waves...

EXT - ARCTIC - TWILIGHT

The body of Victor Frankenstein lies on an impressive bier of wood, stacked and lashed. His body is wrapped in rough canvas, his face as dead and white as the ice.

Walton and crew stand facing the bier. Walton silently reads a passage from the Bible. Oily black smoke from a small campfire drifts past.

Walton closes the book. Amens are muttered. Walton glances to Grigori and nods. Grigori moves forward with two other men. They begin dousing the pyre with lamp oil, soaking it.

Walton moves to the campfire, picks up an unlit torch. He dips it into the fire, igniting the pitch, turns. The men back away, preparing for the coming blaze...

...and a dog starts howling on deck, others joining in. The men pause. Gazing across the ice. Dread seeping into their bones. There's a figure out there. Huge and humanlike in frame. Loping slowly over the ice. Approaching.

PILOT  
(softly)  
Christ.

Grigori snatches up the rifle, shoulders it smoothly, cocks the flintlock. Walton glances over, pushes the muzzle skyward, denying his aim.

WALTON  
It has a right to bear witness.

Grigori hesitates, nods. If you say so. The men grow more unsettled as the Creature draws nearer. Frightened muttering. Men start backing toward the ship.

WALTON  
Stand fast. All of you.

The men stand fast. The Creature stops some thirty yards out. A silent tableau on the ice. The men facing the Creature. Walton holding the torch. The pyre waiting for the kiss of flame. Walton moves forward...

...and a THUNDEROUS CRACK is heard, The men whip their heads as a gigantic plate of ice goes spinning into the air some fifty yards away and comes crashing back down again.

It's like tectonic plates building pressure toward an earthquake: once it goes, it goes with terrifying speed and force: CRACK! Another eruption. CRACK! And another. CRACK!

Ice cascading skyward.

OLD SAILOR  
THE BITCH IS BREAKIN' UP!

GRIGORI  
(whips toward Walton)  
TORCH THE DAMN THING!

Walton rushes forward. CRACK! The ice erupts before him. The torch goes flying. Walton sprawls flat on his back.

WALTON  
BACK TO THE SHIP!

The men don't have to be told twice. They're already in full retreat, scrambling for their lives. Ice is detonating for miles around as if pounded by artillery. Grigori helps Walton to his feet. The torch lies burning not ten feet away. A heartbeat of hesitation. Walton wondering if he should go for it. Grigori pulling wildly on his sleeve...

GRIGORI  
LEAVE IT!

...and then the matter is decided for them as a huge rift opens at their feet, running an explosive zig-zag course across the ice, separating them from the torch.

They fall back to join the retreat, stumbling after the others, pursued by the ice dissolving at their heels.

THE CREATURE watches his last wish for Victor Frankenstein snatched away by God's whim and breaking ice.

NO

He starts forward. Behind him, a detonation of ice throws a massive fist into the air, creating a magnificent halo of cascading water and spinning fragments.

THE NEVSKY

The first wave of fleeing men reach the ship, crowding to the drop-net for salvation, scrambling up the side.

WALTON AND GRIGORI stumble along, closing distance to the ship. Walton glances back, amazed to see:

THE CREATURE

racing across the ice, making for the torch, teeth set in a wide grimace of effort. Detonations threaten to swallow him from all sides. Suddenly, things go from bad to worse.

THE NEVSKY

breaks free with an enormous groan, heeling slowly over, triggering massive eruptions in all directions. The crew hang onto the drop-net for dear life. Several men plummet into the icy water.

THE CREATURE is propelled by a detonation as if held stepped on a land mine, cartwheeling helplessly through the air to plunge headfirst into the water, huge plates of spinning ice crashing down after him. Gone.

WALTON AND GRIGORI are knocked flat as a fissure appears between them. Grigori, dazed, is lifted into the air on a teetering table of ice, desperately trying to scramble back but sliding forward nonetheless, rising up and up, a gaping maw of frigid water yawning wider and wider before him.

Walton grabs the back of Grigori's coat and tries to drag him off... but the coat is snatched from his fingers as the ice see-saws forward in a complete flip and slams Grigori thunderously into the drink.

WALTON  
GRIGORI!

THE NEVSKY finishes righting itself, swaying ponderously as she finds honest ocean beneath her hull. Some men are reaching the top of the net, hurling themselves over the gunwale to the deck. Those lower on the drop-net are helping their fellows from the water, hauling them to safety.

FRANKENSTEIN'S BIER is now corkscrewing in slow circles on its own ice floe.

THE TORCH is drifting on a chunk of ice. Still burning.

ANGLE AT WATER LEVEL

Walton is on hands and knees, scrambling on shifting pieces of ice, thrusting his arms into the water, screaming:

WALTON  
GRIGORI!

The first mate breaks surface in the foreground, gasping and strangling for breath, face already turning blue, arms thrashing wildly, dragged down by the now-impossible weight of his own clothing.

Walton strains to reach him, nearly going into the water himself. Grigori keeps thrashing and gasping. Dying. He's dying right in front of Walton's eyes.

WALTON  
SOMEBODY THROW ME A GAFF!

Too late. Grigori goes down for the final time, vanishing for good beneath the frigid water. Gone. Walton throws his head back with a bellow of anguish...

...and Grigori breaks the surface again, rising slowly And impossibly from the water. arms and legs windmill against



the air, propelled from below with nearly aulic strength. He gazes down in shock at the massive fist clutching his chest... and the arm that grows and grows, rising, lifting him up and up... and the hideous face that breaks the surface beneath him. The face of a nightmare.

The Creature lunges hugely, hurling Grigori through the air right into Walton's arms. Both men go sprawling. Walton scrambles to his knees, makes eye contact with the Creature.

The monster is exhausted. Near his limit. Walton thrusts out his arm, fingers grasping to help.

WALTON

Swim.

The Creature swivels his gaze. The burning torch is drifting away. He looks grimly back to Walton. Walton beckoning to him. Come. Grab my hand.

The Creature swims away, knifing through the water after the torch. Walton turns, drags Grigori gasping to his feet, helps him limp toward the Nevsky across the lurching ice.

CREATURE struggles through the water, crushed and battered by ice floes on all sides. Going under.

WALTON AND GRIGORI slog grimly on across the disintegrated ice, knee-deep and nearly walking on water. They sink, finding nothing beneath their feet. Lines are thrown down and caught.

Walton and Grigori are hauled from the frigid arctic water and hoisted up the side of the ship. The last ones aboard.

BURNING TORCH is spinning slowly on its chunk of ice. Bony fingers break the surface of the water. A straining hand.

The Creature's eyes rise from the murk. Bleary with exhaustion and cold. He seizes the torch. Raises it high.

Swims grimly on.

ABOARD THE NEVSKY

The crew bundle Walton and Grigori in blankets, both men

shivering with exposure. Walton lurches to the gunwale, gazing off. The men crowd to his-side.

THE CREATURE swims on, head barely breaking the water, torch held high to keep it burning. Relentlessly determined. This is the most grueling effort we've ever seen. Gasping and sinking beneath the surface...

...and finally grasping with frozen fingers the ice floe upon which lies Frankenstein's funeral pyre. He hauls himself from the water. Moving now in a slow-motion litany of exhaustion. Climbing the pyre. Scaling the wood. Seeking the top. Never giving up.

The Creature joins his Maker atop the bier, straddling the wood, holding the torch aloft as if lighting his master's way to the Netherworld, Frankenstein's personal boatman across the River Styx. Frankenstein himself lies serenely at his creation's knees, content to be shown the way...

The Creature turns his face to the sky, gulping air, spreading his arms wide in sublime triumph. Feeling the wind on his skin, the sleet on his face, the grim joy in his heart. Cold. So very cold.

He glances at the torch burning low in his outstretched hand, pitch almost gone, sputtering and trailing smoke. He looks down. At Frankenstein. The oil-soaked canvas. The saturated wood. There's that smell. Yes. He scoops Victor up with his free arm and cradles him to his breast, as tender as a mother comforting a baby.

WALTON AND THE CREW gaze in horror. Realization dawning:

GRIGORI (SOFTLY)

Don't do it...

(screaming)

FOR GOD'S SAKE! DON'T DO IT!

THE CREATURE

turns his gaze one last time toward Heaven. Eyelids fluttering in near-religious ecstasy. Finding in these last moments the sympathy held so long sought. A whisper:

CREATURE  
For God's sake... I will.

And he rams the torch into the pyre beneath him. White-hot ignition. Ultimate redemption. WHUMP! A massive BALL OF FLAME engulfs the bier, pushing a huge fiery fist into the sky. Blossoming. Roiling.

WALTON AND THE CREW gaze on in wonder and horror as:

THE CREATURE rides the burning pyre, a shrieking revenant wrapped in a caul of fire, screaming in the flames. Hair going up at a sizzling flashpoint. Cheeks billowing out, peeling back in the blast-furnace heat. Flesh cleansing from bone. Teeth charring and turning black. Still cradling Victor. Still screaming. waiting for the final torment to end. Perhaps it never will...

FRANKENSTEIN'S PYRE drifts off into the arctic twilight trailing a huge column of flame and smoke, inhuman screams echoing endlessly. Lost in the darkness and distance.

WALTON stands at the gunwale, his crew at his side. The borealis dances mysteriously on the horizon. Distant slivers of lightning kiss the world. Softly:

WALTON  
Home

EXT - ARCTIC - TWILIGHT

HIGH AERIAL SHOT. An ocean of broken ice beneath us. The Alexander Nevsky heels gingerly about, corkscrewing through a slow turn toward the open sea as we FADE TO BLACK.

THE END