

FRANKENSTEIN  
*A Full-Length Play*  
For Two Women and Fourteen Men

CHARACTERS

Robert Walton . . . . . *captain of a sailing ship*  
Mr. Williamson . . . . . *his mate*  
First Seaman . . . . . *seaman*  
Second Seaman . . . . . *seaman*  
Third Seaman . . . . . *seaman*  
Victor Von Frankenstein . . . . . *creator of the Creature*  
Fritz . . . . . *his assistant*  
Elizabeth . . . . . *his fiancée*  
William Von Frankenstein . . . . . *his brother*  
Henry Clerval . . . . . *a friend*  
Conrad . . . . . *a servant*  
Hans . . . . . *a servant*  
Louise . . . . . *a servant*  
De Lacey . . . . . *a peasant*  
Felix . . . . . *his son*  
The Creature . . . . . *itself*

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

SCENE: The Great Hall of Castle Frankenstein. A prominent feature is the staircase leading up to Victor's laboratory.

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: There is a vigorous knocking off R.

CLERVAL (shouting from outside). Come along! Come along! (Another knock. We hear the sound of rain and thunder.)

(CONRAD enters L and crosses to R to answer the door. FRITZ comes down the stairs.)

FRITZ. Conrad, why aren't you with young Master William?  
CONRAD (stopping). He's just finishing his bath, sir. There's someone at the door. (Knock.)

FRITZ (crossing R). I'm aware of that. You shouldn't leave him alone. Get back and see him to bed. I'll answer the door. (He hands CONRAD a stained cloth.)

CONRAD. Yes, sir. (Knock.)

FRITZ. I'm sure it's Mr. Clerval again. (FRITZ exits R.)

CLERVAL (offstage). Come along. Come along. (CONRAD remains left of C trying to see who FRITZ is talking to. By this time the thunder is a low rumble and the rain has begun to fade.)

FRITZ (offstage). Mr. Clerval, I've told you time and again that the Baron cannot be disturbed. (CONRAD exits.)

ELIZABETH (offstage). Nonsense, Fritz.

(ELIZABETH enters, pulling FRITZ on after her.)

FRITZ. Countess Elizabeth! What are you doing here?

ELIZABETH (laughing). Good heavens, Fritz. You wouldn't leave us all night in the rain!

(CLERVAL enters, crosses L, removes his gloves.)

CLERVAL (lightly). Yes, Fritz, where are your manners?

FRITZ. My apologies, Countess.

(HANS and LOUISE enter carrying luggage.)

HANS (dropping a piece of luggage on his toes). Ah! Ouch, Jesus!

ELIZABETH (to the SERVANTS). Hans, you and Louise take the bags to the lower west suite. You know the way.

HANS and LOUISE. Yes, ma'am. (They cross L.)

FRITZ (guardedly). Countess, you aren't planning to stay!

CLERVAL. No, Fritz, we've just come for tea.

FRITZ (crossing to the SERVANTS). Put those down! (He turns to CLERVAL.) Excuse me, sir, but the master is not expecting you.

CLERVAL (losing control). Damn it, man, I've been trying to deliver the Countess Elizabeth's message for weeks, but you wouldn't let me inside the door.

ELIZABETH (stepping between them). Henry! Henry! If you shouted at me like that I wouldn't let you inside the door, either.

CLERVAL (somewhat calmed). But, damn it, Elizabeth,

enough is enough! How can I perform my functions as best man if I'm not allowed to see the groom?

FRITZ (stubbornly). I'm sorry, sir, but the Baron forbade me to allow anyone to interrupt him. He is coming to the conclusion of years of work.

CLERVAL. I don't give a damn about his work! (ELIZABETH signals the SERVANTS. They exit L with bags.)

ELIZABETH. Now, Fritz, I know you were doing exactly what the Baron asked you, but with no replies to my letters for almost three months, you must admit I have some cause for concern. If the wedding is to take place as planned, we must interrupt the Baron's work — even if only for a very short time. Believe me, I have no desire to impede his progress. I know how important his work is.

FRITZ. Oh, very well. (He exits L.)

CLERVAL. Elizabeth, nothing that Victor is doing in that Godforsaken laboratory of his can justify the way he has ignored his friends, to say nothing of how he has treated you.

ELIZABETH (crossing UL and sitting). Henry, when will you realize the contributions the new science is making? Would you put your personal convenience ahead of a vaccine that would eliminate smallpox and benefit all mankind?

(VICTOR appears at the head of the stairs. He wears a smock and carries a pair of forceps.)

VICTOR (descending stairs). Fritz, I need you. Come here at once. It's almost time.

ELIZABETH (rising). Hello, Victor.

VICTOR (unpleasantly surprised). Elizabeth! Henry! (He backs away.)

ELIZABETH. Victor, darling. What is it? (She turns to

CLERVAL.) Henry, see how pale he is!

CLERVAL. We've been worried about you, old friend.

VICTOR. Fritz, I told you, I don't want to be disturbed!

(FRITZ enters.)

FRITZ. I'm sorry, sir; they're planning to stay with us.

VICTOR. No. You can't stay, Elizabeth. You shouldn't have brought her here, Henry. My work has reached a critical point. I can't afford to stop now.

ELIZABETH. I made Henry bring me, Victor. Was that really so dreadful of me? After all, the wedding arrangements have to be made sometime.

VICTOR (sharply). Tomorrow, Elizabeth. (He turns and goes upstairs.) You can stay with Henry's parents tonight. We'll talk tomorrow. Quickly, Fritz.

ELIZABETH. Victor!

VICTOR. You must excuse me, Elizabeth. I have work to do. (He turns and exits; FRITZ follows.)

CLERVAL (distastefully). That was disgraceful.

ELIZABETH (protectively). Don't be ridiculous, Henry. You know that was not our Victor speaking. He must be under some terrible strain to act that way.

CLERVAL. I love him, too. But he's behaving like an absolute ass.

ELIZABETH. He's a scientist. He's not like other men.

CLERVAL (laughing). Not like other men; you sound like a stupid Jane Austin heroine defending the honor of her gentleman. Elizabeth, that is the most ridiculous statement I have ever heard you make.

ELIZABETH (cheering). That's much better, Henry. Anger doesn't suit you. It's the wrong color; it doesn't match your eyes. (She laughs.)

(FRITZ comes down the stairs.)

FRITZ. Excuse me, Countess, the Baron would like you and Mr. Clerval to wait. He has something he must finish and will join you in a few moments.

ELIZABETH. Thank you, Fritz. Would you please tell Conrad there *will* be guests for dinner.

FRITZ. Whatever you say, ma'am. (He exits L.)

CLERVAL. I've known Victor ever since we were children, but there have been times lately when I've wondered if I really know him at all.

ELIZABETH (enthusiastically). We're living in a new age, Henry.

CLERVAL (sighing). For God's sake, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH (going right on). Men like Victor are transforming the world. Thanks to science, nothing will ever be the same again.

CLERVAL (crossing up to chair and sitting). Elizabeth, please don't give me another sermon about progress and the perfectibility of man. (With mock weariness.) I've heard it all before, and I'm no nearer to being converted.

ELIZABETH. Doesn't it make you happy to see the old superstitions withering away?

CLERVAL. I prefer the old ones. Incense smells better than coal smoke.

(VICTOR enters.)

CLERVAL (standing). The dragon frightens me far less than the locomotive. (VICTOR stands beside Elizabeth's chair; CLERVAL turns and sees him.) Ah! Our gracious host.

VICTOR. Darling, I was very rude to you. Forgive me. (He kisses her hand.)

ELIZABETH. There's nothing to forgive.

CLERVAL. Oh! (VICTOR crosses to CLERVAL, shakes his hand.)

VICTOR. Henry, please accept my apologies. I'm afraid I've been working too hard, although, of course, that's no excuse. You must stay. However, I'm afraid I can't entertain you as I would like. I'll have to spend a good deal of time in the laboratory.

CLERVAL (scoldingly). You ought to get out of that damned laboratory and into the sunshine. You look like a ghost. What I prescribe for you, Doctor Frankenstein, is a long cruise on the lake, starting right after breakfast tomorrow.

ELIZABETH. Oh, yes!

VICTOR. I'd love that, Henry. But it's impossible. I have things to do that can't wait.

ELIZABETH (slightly hurt). We understand perfectly, darling. At the moment your work is more important than anything else.

CLERVAL. Speak for yourself, Elizabeth. You may understand perfectly. I don't understand at all. (He sits.)

VICTOR (laughing). Henry, you're the only literate man in Christendom who still insists that the sun goes around the earth.

CLERVAL. I've no curiosity about the sun. I'm content to let it — (Pause; smile.) — shine on me. You know all about the sun and yet you're too easy to allow it to touch you. It seems to me that my ignorance is more profitable than your knowledge.

VICTOR (earnestly). Be serious, Henry. We've been privileged to be born at the beginning of a new phase in human history. Think about the steam engine.

CLERVAL (flippant). You think about it, my dear Victor. The thought of it huffing and puffing away makes me quite sick.

ELIZABETH. But it has made it possible for us to travel

faster than human beings ever traveled before.

VICTOR. Yes!

CLERVAL. So! (He proceeds as though speaking before a large, adoring audience.) What can we perceive traveling at thirty miles an hour? Within ten years some damn fool will invent a machine that will travel even faster — and one day people will travel so fast that if they blink when they're passing through Switzerland, they'll miss it altogether. The world will be smaller, but so will the minds of its inhabitants. The age of science will be the age of boredom. (ELIZABETH and VICTOR applaud approvingly.) Thank you!

VICTOR (laughing). It is good to see you, Henry. I need your old-fashioned nonsense to keep me from becoming too pompous.

CLERVAL (honestly). And it is good to see you, Victor. (Rising.) But now I'll leave you two alone. I'll go and assist Conrad in choosing the wines for dinner. (He crosses L.)

ELIZABETH. Tonight we must have champagne.

VICTOR. Yes.

CLERVAL. Then I'll make certain that it's the very best champagne, the kind that butlers and footmen usually reserve for themselves. (He exits. VICTOR takes ELIZABETH out of her chair; they embrace and kiss.)

VICTOR. Elizabeth, the last time I saw you, I thought I loved you as much as it was possible for one human being to love another — and yet tonight I find that I love you even more. (They kiss again.)

ELIZABETH. Oh, Victor! Darling, you'll think I'm being foolish interrupting your work this way, but I'd been so worried.

VICTOR. Worried?

ELIZABETH. Worried about you, about us.

VICTOR. Oh, Elizabeth!

ELIZABETH. Now I see that nothing has changed. I need only worry about my rival, your mistress!

VICTOR. My mistress?

ELIZABETH. Science.

VICTOR (laughing). You have no rival, not even science.

Oh, Elizabeth. (They kiss.)

ELIZABETH (tentatively). Victor, this work you're doing; is it very dangerous?

VICTOR (turning away). Everything worth doing involves an element of risk.

ELIZABETH. Can you tell me about it?

VICTOR (excited). Oh, Elizabeth! I feel as Balboa must have felt when he first looked out at the Pacific Ocean. (ELIZABETH is just as excited as he.) I'm like an explorer about to pass through the gates of a lost city that he's been searching for all his life. If old Professor Waldman could see me now! He used to say that the ancient teachers of science promised impossibilities and performed nothing, while the modern masters promise very little, but they indeed have performed miracles. (Arrogantly.) Well, by God, tonight Victor Frankenstein will perform one of those miracles. (He turns faint and becomes unsteady on his feet. ELIZABETH reaches out and seats him.)

ELIZABETH. Victor, darling, what's wrong?

VICTOR (recovering). Nothing. I'm just a little tired.

ELIZABETH (maternally). You've probably been working day and night, and half the time you've been forgetting to eat.

(CLERVAL and FRITZ enter.)

CLERVAL. Well, tonight you will eat. Fritz has done very well by us. The cook is preparing quail and salmon.

ELIZABETH. Oh!

FRITZ. Excellency, I trust that will be satisfactory.

VICTOR. That sounds very satisfactory indeed. Thank you, Fritz.

ELIZABETH (crossing to CLERVAL). Henry, I was just asking Victor about his latest experiment.

VICTOR. It has to do with electricity. (Sound of thunder.) Listen. The ancients called that the Hammer of Thor, but we know better. (More thunder.) Ah! Nothing else in the universe has a power to compare with that.

CLERVAL. My dear Victor, you talk about it as if it were God.

VICTOR. In a sense it is God. It is the source of life.

CLERVAL (sitting). Now you're the one who's not being serious.

VICTOR. Yes, I am! Galvani suspected as much.

ELIZABETH. Victor, I know Galvani regarded electricity as a potential source of motive power, but surely not as the source of life.

VICTOR. He did, my darling, but he did not dare tell the world. (Crosses L.) Galvani learned more from applying electricity to the body of a frog than from a hundred tedious Greek and Latin treatises. God, what a man he was! But come. You must see for yourselves. (Starts them up the stairs. FRITZ intervenes.)

FRITZ (alarmed). Baron, are you sure that's wise?

VICTOR. Good old Fritz. Always the cautious one. I assure you that I know exactly what I'm doing. We need have no secrets from the Countess and Mr. Clerval. (FRITZ exits to the lab.) My dear Henry and my dearest Elizabeth, you are about to see something that you will remember for the rest of your lives. Come. (VICTOR and ELIZABETH walk around the ramp. CLERVAL holds back, then follows.) Newton said that he felt like a child gathering

pebbles on the seashore. The pebbles represented what he had learned and the sea symbolized all that there was to know. I feel like a child who has dived into the ocean and come up with a pearl.

(During this speech a transition is made from the Great Hall to the Laboratory. The lights on the forestage dim and the lights on ramp and in the lab come up so we see the three of them and all the lab equipment in the background. We see FRITZ already busy adjusting dials and knobs. As ELIZABETH, CLERVAL and VICTOR come down the ramp R, the lights in the lab and forestage come up.)

VICTOR. Well, Fritz, let's check the instruments.

CLERVAL (as they enter the lab). I feel like Ulysses entering the cave of Polyphemus.

ELIZABETH. Polyphemus, the Cyclops. (VICTOR takes the chairs from their Great Hall position and puts them side by side DL.)

CLERVAL. Your science is a cyclops, too, Victor. It looks at the world with only one eye. (He crosses L.)

ELIZABETH (crossing to console). Here is my rival. I am a little jealous of this room. (VICTOR crosses to console.

FRITZ adjusts dials and checks readings.)

VICTOR. Yes. Fine. Very good indeed.

FRITZ. The storm could present a problem. But all the connections seem to be working perfectly.

VICTOR. Yes, everything seems to be in fine shape for our little demonstration.

ELIZABETH (crossing to CLERVAL). I feel as if I were about to witness the unveiling of a new painting by Leonardo.

CLERVAL (crossing to chair and sitting). It's more like a traveling magician getting ready to perform his act in the village square.

VICTOR. Watch out, Henry.

CLERVAL. Good heavens!

FRITZ. Excuse me, Mr. Clerval.

VICTOR (taking ELIZABETH and seating her). All right, Fritz, we're about to cure Mr. Clerval of his cynicism. Turn down the gas. (The lights dim to a low reading as FRITZ pulls large handle on control console.) The world has waited millions of years for what you're about to see. (He crosses UC and opens curtain on arch, revealing a silver coffin-like cabinet.)

CLERVAL (to ELIZABETH). These slight-of-hand artists always insist that the lamps be put out. Well, Victor, I'm waiting to be impressed.

ELIZABETH. Henry, you're not fooling anyone. The truth is you know you're going to be impressed, but you're determined not to admit it. (VICTOR opens the cabinet. It is too dark to see what it contains. The lights go out completely so the only illumination is the red light on the control console.)

VICTOR. Now, Fritz, the motor! (FRITZ throws power switch and grabs the large brake lever. A low frequency power hum is heard.) That's right, but not quite so fast. Good. Now, Henry, you doubting Thomas, watch carefully. (In the cabinet a small faint glow appears.)

ELIZABETH. Oh!

VICTOR. Keep your eyes on it now. (Very slowly the light swells and brightens; the hum continues.) The brake, Fritz. (FRITZ adjusts brake.) You're not saying anything, Henry. Could it be that you don't believe your eyes?

CLERVAL. I've yet to see anything, except a glimmer of light. (Gradually the light becomes bright enough so that we can discern that the cabinet contains a primitive electric light bulb. The hum increases in frequency and volume.)

ELIZABETH. Light without a flame.

VICTOR. Light electric, darling. The day will come when such light illuminates every city in the world.

ELIZABETH. It's almost frightening.

VICTOR. Anything new and strange is a little frightening. But this is nothing to what I can do. Perhaps, some day soon, I'll show you a creation that will make this look like a child's toy. This will light houses, but I mean to light the universe. (The light has become very bright, the hum very loud and high.) Fritz! Quickly, the brake! FRITZ (pulling on the brake). It's stuck! (The light is brighter.)

VICTOR. Don't be a fool. It can't be stuck. Here — switch off the motor. (The light has become blinding, the hum deafening. FRITZ and VICTOR grasp the great lever.) Pull, Fritz, pull.

FRITZ. I'm pulling as hard as I can.

CLERVAL (on his feet, screaming). For God's sake, look out! (The bulb explodes. CLERVAL throws himself in front of ELIZABETH to protect her. The hum dies away.)

VICTOR. Elizabeth, are you all right? (The lights come back up as FRITZ pushes on gas control.)

CLERVAL (turning on VICTOR). Victor, you damned fool, you could have killed her. You could have killed us all.

ELIZABETH (recovering, but shaken). I'm quite all right. It was a little startling, that's all.

VICTOR (losing concern for ELIZABETH and turning back to his machinery). It's never done anything like that before. But it's not a serious problem.

FRITZ. The brake is working.

VICTOR. It must have been a faulty connection.

CLERVAL (crossing to ramp). The man almost blinds us. Then he says it's not a serious problem. I'll stick with gaslight and candles, thank you. Although this damned

bomb of yours might be useful as a weapon of war.

VICTOR (turning back). It was no one's fault, and no harm was done — (Crossing to ELIZABETH.) — aside from ruffling your feathers a bit, Henry. Anyhow, this light is a very minor affair, compared with another experiment I have in progress.

CLERVAL. Please don't show us anything else, Victor. I've had enough of your science for one day.

VICTOR. Henry, I have no intention of showing you my other experiment. Your nerves are too delicate. You need medication. I prescribe champagne. (They walk up the ramp.)

(During this speech, the former process is reversed. FRITZ replaces chairs in their Great Hall positions and goes back UR to the console to shut it down. Stage lights dim, and the Great Hall lights come up.)

CLERVAL (as they go down the stairs). Now there is a civilized remark. Champagne and an enormous dinner, and afterwards a long conversation over brandy. Elizabeth will tell us all the Geneva gossip. We will find out if it is true that the Duchess of Zelle is having an affair with her footman. I will read you my latest translations from the Sanskrit. We will discuss all the politicians of Europe and agree that we could do the job better if we had the chance. We will damn the Austrians, castigate the Prussians and excoriate the French, as befits good citizens of the Swiss Republic.

VICTOR. Unfortunately, I won't be able to join you for dinner.

ELIZABETH. Oh!

VICTOR. Perhaps I'll come down later for a glass of brandy. You'll understand that I have certain things to do that

can't be postponed.

CLERVAL. I spoke too soon. Like all scientists — the man's a savage.

ELIZABETH. You must eat, darling.

VICTOR. Fritz will bring me something.

(HANS and LOUSE enter running.)

LOUISE. Is anything wrong? We heard the most dreadful noise.

HANS. Pardon, sir. She's deathly afraid of lightning.

VICTOR. It was nothing. A slight accident.

CLERVAL. The Baron dropped the Hammer of Thor on his toe.

LOUISE. Oh, that must have hurt something awful, sir.

VICTOR. Nothing is hurt except my pride, Louise.

WILLIAM (offstage). Victor! Victor!

(WILLIAM runs on, followed by CONRAD.)

ELIZABETH. William! (He runs and hugs her.)

WILLIAM. Elizabeth!

CLERVAL (offering his hand). *Comment allez-vous, William?*

WILLIAM (shaking his hand). *Tres bien, merci, et vous?*

CLERVAL. *Je suis tres bien aussi.*

WILLIAM (to VICTOR). I heard a noise from your laboratory — I was afraid something had happened to you.

CLERVAL (gently). There was nothing to worry about, William — your brother was merely playing with one of his damn toys.

ELIZABETH. Henry!

WILLIAM. Victor does not play with toys in his laboratory — his work there is very important.

VICTOR. Thank you for defending me, William. Mr. Clerval

obviously lacks your understanding.

WILLIAM. When may I visit the laboratory again, Victor?

VICTOR. Soon, William, but now I'd like you to be the host for this evening. Elizabeth and Mr. Clerval are staying for dinner. Perhaps you would take them in.

WILLIAM (offering arm). Certainly, right this way. (Leads them off R.)

ELIZABETH (stopping and turning). Darling, won't you change your mind and join us?

VICTOR. I can't, darling. I'm sorry.

ELIZABETH. Then we'll see you in a little while. (FRITZ, ELIZABETH, CLERVAL and WILLIAM exit.)

VICTOR (to the SERVANTS). Conrad, see to my guests. Tonight everyone should celebrate. It may be the most important night of my life. See that all of you have as much wine as you can drink.

CONRAD. Thank you very much, Excellency. (VICTOR exits by way of the stairs, CONRAD exits L.)

HANS (crossing R). He's a strange one, the Baron.

LOUISE. Now that Countess Elizabeth is here she'll soon get him out of that laboratory. (HANS utters a dirty laugh.) I wonder what he does up there?

HANS (nonchalantly). One thing I know, he buys dead bodies.

LOUISE (crossing to him). No! (HANS nods.) And what would a man like the Baron want with a dead body?

HANS. He eats them, my girl.

LOUISE. No!

HANS. Yes! Why, like as not, that's what they're serving up downstairs now.

LOUISE. No!

HANS. Yes! Roast leg of corpse . . .

LOUISE. No!

HANS. Yes, and jellied dead men's eyeballs.



LOUISE. No!

HANS. Yes!

LOUISE (starting to doubt him). Nah!

HANS. Yes! (He mimes eating an eyeball.)

LOUISE. No! I won't listen to any more of your nonsense.  
(She starts to leave.)

HANS. Louise, me darlin' — (She stops.) — you've heard of the grave robbers, haven't ya? (She is terrified.) The Resurrection Men?

LOUISE. I don't know anything about any Resurrection Men, you Black Protestant, and me a virgin since I was almost fifteen. (She exits L.)

HANS (turning to audience). Fifteen? Thirteen! (He exits L, chuckling to himself.)

(As HANS exits, there is a transformation from the Great Hall to the Laboratory. Lights in lab come up. VICTOR and FRITZ move the chairs from the Great Hall positions to DR and DL.)

VICTOR (as he moves his chair DL). Now, Fritz, to work! Hurry, man, hurry. We must catch the storm at the height of its power. (Crossing to C.) Oh, Fritz, I don't know how you can be so calm. Switch Gamma! (The trap starts to go down with VICTOR on it.) We've worked and waited for this moment for so long. (Hopping off the lowering trap.) I'm tempted to skip and dance. I'd like to play leap-frog as I did when I was a child. (He jumps over the open hole.) I feel as if I'd drunk laudanum. (He floats into chair DL.)

FRITZ (running the trap switch). You'd better come down to earth, then. It wouldn't do for your hands to shake. (The trap hits the bottom.)

VICTOR (leaping out of the chair). Table switch, Fritz.

(FRITZ throws another switch; we hear a motor sound. VICTOR watches the hole in the floor intently.) Further, further, further, stop! (FRITZ throws the switch back; the motor stops.) A little more . . . (FRITZ again throws the switch; again we hear the motor.) There, stop. (A low rumble of thunder is heard from here to the end of the scene. VICTOR moves upstage of the trap.) Now, Fritz, the moment has arrived. Let's not keep our friend waiting. (FRITZ throws the switch and the trap starts up. As the trap rises, we see a table with a body on it. The body is covered with a sheet. The head faces L and is on a headrest. As the trap becomes level with the floor, VICTOR raises the upstage edge of the sheet.) Ah, you're a fine fellow. The new Adam. (To FRITZ.) Switch Theta. (The back wall flies out revealing the bellows and the blood machine. We hear a motor as the wall flies. VICTOR moves the control console DR. FRITZ moves the bellows to DL. VICTOR then moves the blood machine to UR of the table.) Now we attach his umbilical cord. (He attaches a long black hose from the blood machine to the Creature's abdomen under the cloth.) Like so. Switch Gamma! (He turns on the blood machine which starts to bubble and FRITZ adjusts the dials on it.) Increase temperature. Slowly, slowly, there! (Feeling the Creature's pulse.) Beautiful! Fritz, you can connect the table. And now for the air supply. (VICTOR lifts up the sheet and inserts the breathing hose from the bellows into the Creature's mouth.) And now, Fritz . . . (He turns the table so that the Creature's head is upstage.) The brain . . . (FRITZ gets a large jar of green liquid with the brain floating in it from behind the blood machine.) We must give our friend the machinery for thought. (VICTOR removes the brain from the jar and holds it high in the air, admiring it.) The face of a handsome peasant youth and the brain of one of the

wisest men in all of Switzerland. (Inserting brain seemingly in the Creature's head, but actually in the hollow headrest. FRITZ crosses up to R of the Creature's head. VICTOR pulls a needle and thread out of the headrest. The following is said as VICTOR sews up the Creature's scalp. FRITZ cuts the thread after each stitch.) The brain won't remember anything, but it will learn very quickly. Our friend's infancy will be very brief. In a couple of months we may be arguing philosophy with him. He'll be a handsome devil, too, once his hair has grown back and the scars have healed.

FRITZ. He won't be very handsome if the chemicals affect him the way they did the animals. (They finish sewing. FRITZ faces VICTOR across the table.) I wish I could be sure that we're doing right.

VICTOR. Life is good and death is evil. Knowledge is good and ignorance is evil. That's the only true moral code. FRITZ (crossing to console). But perhaps the dead have a right to stay dead. Haven't you ever thought that you might be going against God?

VICTOR (turning downstage). In this instance I am God. Switch Delta. (FRITZ throws a switch and a large electronic apparatus with two wires hanging from it flies in directly over the head of the CREATURE. We hear the sound of a motor. VICTOR is DC facing upstage guiding the apparatus in.) And now we must draw on the energy of the heavens, the source of life!

FRITZ. A little more, higher, higher, there!

VICTOR. Stop! (FRITZ throws the switch back and the apparatus stops with the two wires resting on the floor. VICTOR pulls two large half circles of silver metal out from underneath the operating table. He throws one to upstage of the table. He then moves to L of the table, and FRITZ to R. They insert the first ring in slots right

and left of the Creature's abdomen. VICTOR picks up the second ring and they insert it in slots right and left of the Creature's head. They then attach the wires to the metal rings. VICTOR puts headrest on the blood machine.) Napoleon conquered a continent, tonight Victor Frankenstein will conquer death. (FRITZ goes to the console and puts on the pair of goggles sitting on top of it. VICTOR goes to the bellows and gets the pair of goggles from there and puts them on.) Now, Fritz, give us power. (FRITZ throws the power switch and takes hold of the brake. We hear the power hum and the electronic apparatus lights up.) Now increase the temperature slowly! More. There! Now more power. (FRITZ moves the brake, the hum becomes louder, the light brighter. Suddenly, FRITZ pulls the brake back and shuts off the main power. The light on the electronic apparatus dims out, and the power hum dies.) My God, man, why did you do that?

FRITZ (taking off goggles). It's no use. I can't go through with it.

VICTOR. What do you mean, you can't go through with it! FRITZ (crossing to R chair). It's not the same with a human being.

VICTOR (crossing to the body). This damn thing isn't a human being. I made it — out of corpses. I'm not asking you to help me commit murder, I'm asking you to help me create life.

FRITZ. I can't do it, Victor. It's too much to ask of me.

VICTOR. Damn you! (Pulling a scalpel from his smock and crossing to left of FRITZ.) Nothing is going to stand in my way now. You'll go through with it or so help me God, I'll drive this scalpel into your heart.

FRITZ (sitting, resignedly). I'm afraid you'll just have to kill me then. (VICTOR puts scalpel on console; crosses to table.)

VICTOR. God. (He crosses to FRITZ.) Oh, Fritz, I'm sorry — so sorry — my dear old friend, it would be easier for me to kill myself. Fritz, I beg of you, help me. Help me because you love me.

FRITZ. No, Victor, I can't.

VICTOR (kneeling beside him). When my father asked your father to follow him into battle, he didn't hesitate. He took up his pike and charged.

FRITZ. Excellency, I would rather fight in a hundred battles than do this thing.

VICTOR. Please, Fritz! Please!

FRITZ. Then let it be on your conscience, not on mine. (FRITZ rises, crosses to console.)

VICTOR (excitedly). Let's begin again. Power, Fritz. (FRITZ throws the power switch and grabs the brake; the electronic apparatus lights up and the power hum is heard.) Increase the temperature slowly. More. There. (The light on the apparatus gets brighter and the hum increases in volume and frequency.) More power. More! More! (During this entire sequence it is the movements of the large brake at the left of the console which controls both the brightness of the apparatus and the volume and frequency of the hum.) More! More! More! More! (FRITZ pushes the brake to about three-quarters of its capacity and then appears as if he can go no further. They must both shout to be heard over the power hum.)

FRITZ. That's the best it will do.

VICTOR (crossing to the console). No, it isn't. (He helps FRITZ push the brake to its capacity. The hum becomes even louder and the frequency greater. The general stage lighting dims to one-quarter and the light from the electronic apparatus becomes much brighter. The stage is bathed in a dull red light.) The bellows, Fritz. It's time. (FRITZ crosses left to the bellows and starts to pump

slowly on Victor's cries of "In." The Creature's chest rises and falls with each pump of the bellows. After five intakes of breath, the body on the table twitches as if it had received a massive electric shock.)

FRITZ. My God! It lives! (VICTOR rushes from the console to the body and listens to its chest with his ear.)

VICTOR (jubilantly). Yes! The table, Fritz. (They tip the table up so that the CREATURE is standing DC but still on the table. They remove the metal half circles from the table and VICTOR rips the cloth off the body, revealing a hideous face. VICTOR becomes engrossed in listening to the Creature's heart and pulse. FRITZ recoils in horror.)

FRITZ. But look at the face!

VICTOR (not looking). It's the chemical reaction. But he's alive, Fritz, he's alive!

FRITZ. It's horrible. Like something from the depths of hell. You'll have to kill it.

VICTOR. Don't talk like a fool, Fritz. I can't halt the experiment now.

FRITZ. You've got to do it. You haven't the right to let that hideous thing live. (VICTOR sees the CREATURE for the first time.)

VICTOR. Oh, my God! (He is at a loss as to what to do.)

FRITZ. For God's sake, hurry. (VICTOR steps toward the console and stops.)

VICTOR. No. I can't.

FRITZ (running to console). By God, if you won't kill it, I will. (FRITZ pulls brake back and shuts the console down completely. The hum dies; the blood machine stops bubbling, and the light returns to normal. There is total silence on stage. FRITZ picks up the scalpel from the console and crosses around to L of the table. He stops.

There is no movement. The CREATURE shudders uncontrollably. FRITZ raises the scalpel to stab it and the Creature's left arm flails and accidentally knocks FRITZ left. The CREATURE steps off the table. It rips the breathing hose from its mouth and spasmodically sucks its first breath of air. It gropes at its abdomen and grasps the hose from the blood machine firmly in its two hands. With a great effort it rips the umbilical cord from its stomach, emits an horrendous wail of birth, and its eyes spring open wide in wonderment and pain. As the CREATURE turns and recognizes VICTOR as its "mother," the painful wail becomes a wordless cry for help as it reaches out for VICTOR imploringly.)

VICTOR. Get back, damn you! Get back! (As the CREATURE stretches its arms to VICTOR for help, FRITZ raises himself from the floor and attacks the CREATURE, plunging the scalpel into its back. At the sudden shock of pain, the CREATURE wheels around again, smashing FRITZ to the floor. VICTOR faints. The CREATURE, puzzled, kneels beside Victor's body, whimpering. We then hear CLERVAL and ELIZABETH offstage L entering onto the ramp. When the CREATURE hears the voices, it crosses UL and hides behind the arch.)  
 ELIZABETH (offstage). Something dreadful has happened.  
 CLERVAL (offstage). Stay here, Elizabeth. I'll go and see.  
 ELIZABETH (offstage). No, I'm going with you.

(ELIZABETH and CLERVAL enter the lab through the arch at R.)

CLERVAL. Oh, God! (They both rush to Victor's side.)  
 ELIZABETH. Victor, are you all right? Victor! (CLERVAL hears FRITZ groan and rushes to his side.)

VICTOR. Fritz warned me, but I wouldn't listen.

ELIZABETH. It was only an accident, darling. (She helps him to his feet. The CREATURE peers out from behind the pillar.)

VICTOR. The gods chained Prometheus to a rock where a vulture tore eternally at his flesh. I wonder what punishment they have in store for me?

CURTAIN

ACT TWO  
SCENE ONE

SCENE: A peasant's cottage in the forest on the Frankenstein estate. Late afternoon is becoming dusk. We hear the sounds of night birds and crickets.

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: The blind man, DE LACEY, and his son, FELIX, are finishing their evening meal.

DE LACEY (as he puts empty bowls on shelves). Admit it, Felix, I make the finest stew in Switzerland.

FELIX (teasingly). Father, I've never tasted anything quite like it, that's certain.

DE LACEY (laughing). Ah, Felix, it's so good to have you here. (He sits.)

FELIX. I wish I could be here with you all the time. Sometimes I think I'm not cut out to be a scholar.

DE LACEY. Nonsense. You were born to be a scholar, my son. It's in your blood. What you really mean is: you think you should stay home and look after your poor old helpless father.

FELIX (rising, crossing to fire). Perhaps you could come with me to Geneva. You'd like it there, Father. (He picks up a pipe from the mantel and packs it.)

DE LACEY. Since my retreat to the simple life, I've been perfectly happy here, Felix. I carry a hundred books in my head, and I know the way to the village so well that I

can walk there and back without ever once stumbling. That's more than most people can do. But in Geneva I'd be lost. (FELIX gives DE LACEY the pipe, then goes back to the fire and lights a taper.)

FELIX. Still, I worry about you living here alone.

DE LACEY. I'd be hurt if you didn't. But I'll be annoyed if you worry about me too much. (FELIX holds the taper over the pipe, lights it.) Let's talk about more pleasant things, such as how well you're doing in your studies. (We hear the distant sound of a horn.) Ah! Your Uncle Philippe. He never fails me. (He gets to his feet.) Fetch me my horn. (FELIX gets the horn. He and DE LACEY go outside. They face UC.)

FELIX. It's getting dark.

DE LACEY. Yes, I can feel it. (Again we hear the horn.)

FELIX. Father, don't answer the horn.

DE LACEY. But if I don't answer, your Uncle Philippe will think that something's wrong.

FELIX. And what will happen if he thinks that something's wrong?

DE LACEY. He'll come over to see if I'm all right.

FELIX. Good. I'll surprise him as I surprised you last night.

DE LACEY. Oh, I don't know. You remember the boy who cried "wolf."

FELIX. He won't have time to get worried. I'll meet him at the bridge.

DE LACEY (laughing). Sometimes I think you'll never grow up. But go ahead, then. Be off with you.

FELIX. I'll be back soon. (He exits up ramp. DE LACEY goes back into the cottage, puts the horn down and picks up his guitar.)

DE LACEY. I wonder if I was ever that young. (He returns to his chair.) Well, what do you have to say for yourself, Master Guitar? (He strums the guitar. He utters the next

sentence as though repeating words that the guitar has said to him.) Old guitars are best and so are old fathers. (He strums the guitar again.) Nice of you to say so, Master Guitar.

(During the guitar playing, the CREATURE enters and crosses to the cottage, stops outside and listens – then enters.)

CREATURE. You did not answer the horn.

DE LACEY (rising). Welcome, my friend.

CREATURE. I was afraid for you.

DE LACEY. And where have you been these past two days? (He hangs the guitar on the wall.) I've missed you.

CREATURE. I have been searching for my maker.

DE LACEY. A man should go in search of his maker from time to time. But, come. (Crossing to shelves and getting bread and cheese.) You must be hungry. Eat. There's plenty of food. My son arrived from Geneva last night.

CREATURE (turning to leave). Then I must go.

DE LACEY. There's no need for that. He'll be away for awhile. He's gone down to the bridge.

CREATURE. Then I will eat of your bread. (It locks the door and closes the shutter, then sits on the right of the table and eats.)

DE LACEY. You are welcome to anything I have. You must know that by now.

CREATURE. Thank you, my friend.

DE LACEY (sitting). Well, we mustn't neglect your lessons. You have bread for the body. Now you must have bread for the mind. What will it be today? History? Philosophy? Literature? You've been an apt pupil. It's astonishing how much you've learned in a few short months.

CREATURE. It is as if all knowledge were asleep within me and needed only to be nudged awake.

DE LACEY. You said you'd been searching for your maker. (The CREATURE replaces the uneaten bread on the shelf.) Perhaps today's lesson should deal with religion. CREATURE (turning to DE LACEY). "Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay to mould me man? Did I solicit thee from darkness to promote me?"

DE LACEY. You remember your Milton. Good.

CREATURE. Even Satan had his fellow devils to admire and encourage him. I am the only one of my kind.

DE LACEY. Each of us is the only one of his kind. Plato said . . .

CREATURE (impatiently). You have told me what Plato said, and all the others. But their words do not comfort me. They only increase my capacity for pain.

DE LACEY. Pain is the sternest but the greatest of teachers.

CREATURE (its impatience increasing). Words. Words. Your words begin to offend me.

DE LACEY. Through words we reach out and touch each other. There is no greater power in the universe. (With a scornful laugh the CREATURE crosses to DE LACEY.)

CREATURE. I could put an end to all your words by strangling you. There would be an unanswerable argument.

DE LACEY. You would not hurt me.

CREATURE. I could tear you apart. You cannot see me but I am raising my arms. (It does so.) I am reaching out for your throat. (It does so.)

DE LACEY. So! (The CREATURE closes its fingers lightly around De Lacey's neck.)

CREATURE. Feel my hands. They are strong enough to snap your neck.

DE LACEY (pause). I refuse to fear you.

CREATURE (dropping its hands). You are right. I could not hurt you. Oh, De Lacey, you must help me. You tell me what to do. You must be my judge.

DE LACEY. I cannot judge you. But come! I can listen. Sometimes that is enough.

CREATURE. Be grateful that you cannot see me. For I am a hideous, misshapen thing. The sight of me would make you sick.

DE LACEY. That explains so much. Is there anything I could do to comfort you, my friend? (The CREATURE takes a medallion from his pocket, gives it to DE LACEY.)

CREATURE. Take this. Do you know what it is?

DE LACEY (holding the medallion and fingering it). It's a medallion. A cameo. Bearing a head; a man's head.

CREATURE. It is the face of my maker.

DE LACEY. Your maker? I don't understand. (He puts the medallion on the table. The CREATURE crosses left, reliving the experience.)

CREATURE. This morning at the river I saw a child. He had fallen into the water and was crying out for help. I went into the water, took him in my arms and carried his unconscious body to the riverbank. I laid him on the ground. He was beautiful. My heart went out to him. Then as I bent over him trying to restore life to his body, I heard a shout. I looked up to see a man lift a musket to his shoulder and shoot at me.

DE LACEY. But why?

CREATURE. It was the gamekeeper, who had failed in his duty to protect the boy. And now the villain was trying to kill me. I struck him dead.

DE LACEY. God have mercy upon us.

CREATURE. I turned back to the child, who was beginning to revive. A thought flashed through my mind. The child is innocent. He will not find me loathsome.

(VICTOR and CLERVAL enter and cross to the cottage.)

CREATURE. He will see in me only the being who had saved his life. I would take him away with me, to be my companion. I looked down at him, lovingly. His eyes opened . . . (CLERVAL knocks at the door.)

DE LACEY. Just a moment.

CLERVAL (from outside). Hello! Is there anyone in there? (DE LACEY signals the CREATURE to hide in the shadows.)

DE LACEY. I'm coming. I'm coming. (He opens the door. Now it is quite dark outside. VICTOR and CLERVAL stand there. Each carries a musket. VICTOR is obviously exhausted.)

CLERVAL (entering). Forgive this intrusion. I am Henry Clerval. This is my friend, Baron Frankenstein. Could we rest here for a few minutes?

DE LACEY (awed). You honor me, gentlemen. Come in, by all means. My name is De Lacey. (CLERVAL and VICTOR leave their muskets by the door.)

CLERVAL. We've been searching in the woods all day. The Baron's brother is missing. He's only a child.

DE LACEY. How terrible. Poor little fellow. How could such a thing have happened?

CLERVAL. I'm afraid we don't know. Would you mind if I lit a lamp?

DE LACEY. Of course! May I offer you something? (CLERVAL crosses to the fire, lights a taper and lights the lamp over the mantel. VICTOR wearily seats himself at the table.)

VICTOR. No. Nothing. Perhaps a glass of water. (DE LACEY brings him water.) Thank you. It's a cold, dark night for a little boy to be alone in the woods.

CLERVAL (optimistically). William is a very competent young man, Victor. Before morning we'll find him sleeping under a tree. He'll laugh when he sees us, and you'll

cheerfully spank him for wandering off.

VICTOR. I wish I could believe that, Henry! Oh, God, if only we had more searchers.

DE LACEY. My son and my brother could help. They know these woods very well.

CLERVAL. A marvelous idea.

DE LACEY. They should be down by the bridge.

CLERVAL (crossing to the door). Victor, what do you say that I go and enlist them while you get your second wind?

VICTOR. Good, Henry. Mr. De Lacey, thank you. (CLERVAL takes his musket and exits.) You are a father. I am so much older than William that I have been his father as well as his brother. If anything should happen to him . . . (He puts his elbows on the table and his head in his hands. When he takes his hands away he sees the medallion.) My God. (He takes it up and looks at it as if unable to believe what he sees.) How did that come to be here?

DE LACEY. How did what come to be here, sir?

VICTOR (coming to his feet). William's medallion. Bearing my picture.

DE LACEY. I am blind, Baron. I know nothing of the medallion. (VICTOR waves his hand in front of De Lacey's sightless eyes.)

VICTOR. This precious son of yours, would his hobby be poaching, by any chance?

DE LACEY. Felix is a student. He has done you no harm. He will help you find your brother.

VICTOR. I can see how it could have happened. Your son was poaching and this morning the gamekeeper caught him at it.

DE LACEY. Felix did not kill the gamekeeper.

VICTOR (seizing DE LACEY). How did you know the gamekeeper was dead? Because your son killed him. (He shakes DE LACEY.) And William saw him do it. (He shakes

DE LACEY again and harder.) Where is my brother?

DE LACEY. Please, Baron.

CREATURE (from the shadows). Victor, your business is with me.

VICTOR (releasing DE LACEY). Who are you?

CREATURE. You know me well, Victor.

VICTOR. Why are you hiding? Come out where I can see you. (The CREATURE steps into the light.) My God! (He covers his face and turns downstage.)

CREATURE (disappointed, angry). You call upon your maker. I hope you will be more successful than I have been in calling upon mine. Look at me!

VICTOR. I cannot. The sight of you repels me.

CREATURE. Has it never occurred to you that your creator may find you as repulsive as you find me?

VICTOR (looking up). I had almost convinced myself that you were dead. He is helpless, I told myself. He will die of hunger or exposure. As the months passed it seemed that you had never existed, except in my imagination. (The CREATURE moves a step toward VICTOR.)

CREATURE. You cast me forth, a poor helpless miserable creature tormented by hunger, thirst and cold.

VICTOR. I could not bear the burden of what I had created.

CREATURE. And what of my burden? I could distinguish no sensation but pain. I lived in a pigsty and ate the slops which are their food. For a time I could not speak but only babble like a beast.

VICTOR. I didn't wish it so. (Woefully.) I wanted to create something beautiful.

CREATURE. Beautiful! I was driven from your village by men with scythes and pitchforks because the sight of me so sickened them. (It stalks VICTOR, who edges away.) And yet I am made of flesh. As I ran from them, I called out to you, my creator, to help me. Help me! Help me!



VICTOR (crossing R). What could I do? What could I do?  
I am only a man.

CREATURE (losing control). Accursed creator! Why did you form a monster so hideous that even you turned from me in disgust? God in pity made man in His own image. But my form is a filthy imitation of yours, made more horrible by its very resemblance.

DE LACEY (crossing to CREATURE). What is all this? I don't understand.

CREATURE (seating DE LACEY gently). It is not necessary that you understand, my friend. After I go, remember only that I loved you.

VICTOR. You have been staying here. Living in this cottage. That explains how you've survived.

CREATURE. I was more dead than alive the night I crawled to this good man's door. He fed me. Through him I learned to shape my thoughts into words. To ask myself: Who am I? What am I? Where did I come from? Like Adam I was apparently linked to no other creature in existence. But Adam had been guarded by the special care of his creator. I was abandoned and alone. I went in search of my maker and this morning I saw his face. (It takes up the medallion.)

VICTOR. The medallion. So it was you who brought it here. You damned fiend. It was you who took away my brother. And you who murdered the gamekeeper.

CREATURE. The gamekeeper tried to kill me. He failed. I tried to kill him. I succeeded. As for your brother —

VICTOR. Damn you! Tell me what have you done with him? (VICTOR throws himself upon the CREATURE. The CREATURE grasps VICTOR and holds him at arm's length as if he were a small child having a tantrum.)

CREATURE. What would you have done were you I? Perhaps I have taken him to a cave high in the mountains. Perhaps

we will go away together, to a place where you will never find us.

VICTOR. I'll kill you first!

CREATURE (laughing). It seems that your skill at taking life is no greater than your skill at creating it. (It tosses VICTOR on the floor.) Well, what now? Will you call down a thunderbolt to strike me? (VICTOR seizes a stick of firewood and again attacks.)

VICTOR. Damn you!

DE LACEY (rising). Stop! In the name of God, stop!

CREATURE (as VICTOR strikes him again and again). Harder, Victor, harder!

VICTOR. Damn you, damn you! (The CREATURE grabs VICTOR and throws him to the floor.)

CREATURE. This game bores me! (VICTOR is slammed against the wall where his gun is, and he picks up the gun and fires at the CREATURE, who has turned to exit. The CREATURE groans and turns to VICTOR.)

DE LACEY. No! No! (VICTOR raises the musket to fire the second barrel.)

CREATURE (to VICTOR). Yes, you are right. It is best that I die.

DE LACEY (stepping between them). Please, I beg of you. Don't . . .

(The CREATURE goes to move DE LACEY out of the way and FELIX comes bursting through the door. He assumes the CREATURE is attacking his father.)

FELIX. Father!

DE LACEY (warning). Felix.

CREATURE. This is not your affair. (FELIX launches himself at the CREATURE, who picks him out of the air and throws him back against VICTOR.) You fool! (When

FELIX collides with VICTOR, the first thing his hand falls upon is Victor's gun. FELIX tries to take it from VICTOR, who fights to keep it.) Put down that gun. I have no desire to harm you.

DE LACEY. No! (He lurches himself into the path of the ball just as FELIX wrenches the gun from VICTOR and fires.)

CREATURE (holding DE LACEY up). Not you.

FELIX. Father! (The CREATURE lets go of DE LACEY, who falls into Felix's arms.) Merciful God! (Enraged, the CREATURE strides across the room, picks FELIX up by the throat, grabs VICTOR with the other hand and pins them both against the wall.)

CREATURE. I'll kill you both, you murderous fools. You deserve to die. (It holds them both against the wall, choking them for a moment, trying to will itself to strangle them.) I cannot! There have been enough deaths! (It releases them and exits out the door. They both slump to the floor. FELIX crawls to De Lacey's side and cradles him in his arms.)

FELIX. I've murdered my father.

(VICTOR rises and goes out the door and sees CLERVAL walking down the ramp carrying William's body in his arms. VICTOR emits a wordless cry of grief and collapses on the ground.)

## ACT TWO

## SCENE TWO

SCENE: In front of the curtain. HANS and LOUISE enter. They are laughing: a couple who have spent a pleasant and exciting afternoon together. LOUISE carries a picnic basket.

LOUISE. It was a grand day for it, too. Not a cloud in the sky. (HANS approaches.) What's the matter with you?

HANS. Is there any of that cheese left? (He looks in the basket.) Nothing but a crust of bread and not a drop of beer. You should have made a bigger lunch.

LOUISE. Is food all you ever think about?

HANS. I think a lot about you. (He embraces her and kisses her.)

LOUISE (pushing him away). Garlic!

(CONRAD enters from the other side of the stage. He has been working hard while Hans and Louise were off having fun. His sleeves are rolled up and he carries cooking utensils. He is also wearing an apron and a chef's hat.)

CONRAD (resentfully). Well, it's about time you got back.

LOUISE. Hello, Conrad.

HANS. You should have come with us.

CONRAD. Somebody has to do the work around here.

(HANS laughs.)

LOUISE. There was people there from every village in the valley.

HANS. Thousands of them.

LOUISE. You should have heard the trumpeters. On horse-back, they was. Come all the way from Geneva.

HANS. And the drummers. Don't forget the drummers.

LOUISE. They had plumes in their hats. (Conrad's resentment gives way to his curiosity.)

CONRAD. That must have been something to see.

LOUISE. It was better than a carnival.

HANS. It cost me five kronen for two seats right down front. But it was worth it.

CONRAD. How did young master Felix take it?

LOUISE. Felix? He was pretty as a picture.

HANS. He wasn't so damned pretty when they took him down from the scaffold with his body in one basket — (Indicates an imaginary basket.) — and his head in another. (Indicates the picnic basket. He then picks up the picnic basket slowly. LOUISE and CONRAD believe he has Felix's head in it. They back away. HANS steps toward them, the basket outstretched. He quickly opens the basket and yells. LOUISE and CONRAD scream. He tips the basket upside down and a cabbage falls out. HANS chuckles at his joke. LOUISE and CONRAD sigh in relief.)

LOUISE. That executioner! I almost fainted when I first saw him standing there with that black hood over his head.

HANS. He's a good man with an axe, I'll say that for him. One blow and it was over. (He demonstrates.) He took the axe in his mighty hands and lifted it up and up and up and the sun glittered off the blade and it came down THWACK! (LOUISE and CONRAD scream. HANS picks up the basket and the cabbage, takes LOUISE by the hand, starts to exit, turns and gives CONRAD the cabbage.) It was a

lovely day. A lovely day. (He and LOUISE exit, followed by a shocked CONRAD.)

## ACT TWO

### SCENE THREE

SCENE: Victor's bedroom. Entrance at L. A large double window in the background. A dim pool of light over Victor's bed at R.

ELIZABETH and CLERVAL are sitting nearby. They have obviously been sitting up with VICTOR, who starts to whimper and moan as if in a nightmare. ELIZABETH and CLERVAL move to the bed. ELIZABETH touches VICTOR, who speaks in his sleep.

VICTOR. No . . . my . . . God, no . . . William? William?  
ELIZABETH. Victor, Victor . . .

VICTOR. I didn't mean it — William, didn't . . . (Pushes ELIZABETH away.) . . . Help me!

CLERVAL (grasping VICTOR and shaking him). Victor, wake up! Wake up, you're dreaming.

VICTOR (waking). A dream — it was a dream, wasn't it, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH. Yes, Victor.

VICTOR. But such a dream . . . (Pauses as he tries to put it together.) . . . in my laboratory . . . William, but not

William. I was . . . arms . . . legs . . . cutting. My dreams accuse me.

ELIZABETH. Don't torture yourself, Victor. It was still only a dream.

VICTOR. But William does lie in the crypt below and that poor crazed Felix . . .

ELIZABETH (scolding sharply). Darling, you must stop blaming yourself.

CLERVAL (softly). It was a clear-cut case, Victor. Felix went mad. He murdered three people, one of them his own father. (He rises, crosses DR.) If it was anybody's fault, it was the devil's.

ELIZABETH (laughing). You don't believe in the devil, Henry.

CLERVAL (turning). No, of course I don't. But I doubt very much that His Satanic Majesty is disturbed by my disbelief.

VICTOR. I used to think you were talking nonsense when you said things like that, Henry. But lately . . . (He begins to shiver violently.) . . . I've seen the devil, Henry. I've talked with him face to face.

ELIZABETH (crossing to L). Darling, you're freezing. I'll have the servants bring some hot stones for your bed. And may I bring you a warm brandy?

VICTOR. Yes, darling. Thank you.

CLERVAL. What, no brandy for me?

ELIZABETH. Certainly not, Henry. We certainly don't want a confirmed atheist like you seeing the devil. (She exits.)

VICTOR (sitting up). Henry, it is you who should marry Elizabeth.

CLERVAL. Don't talk nonsense, Victor.

VICTOR. You love her. You always have. And she loves you.

CLERVAL (turning away). Victor! . . .

VICTOR. I'm sick in body, sick in mind and sick in soul. For God's sake, take her away from here.

CLERVAL (meaningfully). Don't you think I would if I could?

VICTOR. If only you could, Henry, but I know you too well. Though I would suffer if she were to go, I fear more what will happen if she stays.

CLERVAL (moving to the bed). Fear — for Elizabeth? But why? What is there that could harm Elizabeth?

VICTOR (uneasy). Nothing, Henry, nothing. I'm sorry, sometimes I hardly know what I'm saying.

CLERVAL. Victor, there's something you're hiding. Something that's tearing you apart inside. I've known that ever since that night at the De Lacey cottage. Now what is it?

VICTOR. You could never understand, Henry.

CLERVAL. There is something. Tell me, Victor.

VICTOR. No! If I told you, you'd think I was out of my mind. You'd never believe me.

CLERVAL. Let me decide that.

VICTOR (relenting). Very well. You remember that night that you and Elizabeth first arrived?

CLERVAL. How could I forget it! You and your damned exploding light electric!

VICTOR. No, it's the other experiment. I told you then that electricity was the source of life. Henry, I have actually found a way to . . . (Thumps are heard approaching the bedroom.) Listen! Do you hear that? (He reaches for his pistol from under the pillows.) Oh, my God, where are my pistols?

CLERVAL. It's all right, Victor. It's only . . .

VICTOR. My pistols! (He opens the box which is empty.) They're not here.

CLERVAL. Tell me.

VICTOR. You took them away, Henry. You damned fool.

CLERVAL. Tell me. (VICTOR jumps out of bed and runs DR, cowering.)

VICTOR. Oh, God.

CLERVAL. Tell me!

(FRITZ, HANS and LOUISE enter L with a box of hot stones. The heavy container of stones has made a sound similar to the Creature's footsteps.)

FRITZ. Baron.

CLERVAL. Send them away, Victor. You must finish . . .

FRITZ. Mr. Clerval, the Baron should be in bed. Here, let me help you.

VICTOR (leaning on FRITZ). Fritz, I thought — I thought — FRITZ (leading VICTOR back to bed). I know what you thought.

CLERVAL. For your own good, Victor, tell me.

VICTOR (climbing back into bed). Go away, Henry. (CLERVAL exits. HANS and LOUISE begin to wrap the hot stones in cloths and place them one by one under the quilts.)

LOUISE. We'll soon have you as warm as a bug in a rug, sir.

HANS. That we will, Baron. You'll sleep like a baby.

FRITZ (to LOUISE). See if there's anything Mr. Clerval wants before he retires. I'll finish this.

HANS and LOUISE. Yes, sir. (LOUISE puts the remaining stone on the bed. She and HANS exit. FRITZ puts the stone under the covers.)

VICTOR. Ah, that does feel good.

FRITZ. There's nothing like a little warmth, sir.

VICTOR. Oh, Fritz, how can you bear to look at me. That boy, Felix, and the old man; they wouldn't have died if it hadn't been for that damned thing I created. And the more I think about it, the more I suspect it was that damned

monster that killed William.

FRITZ (tucking VICTOR in). We can't know that for sure.

VICTOR. Can't we? I'd like to believe that it was Felix but I know better, just as you do.

FRITZ. I can sit with you tonight, if you like.

VICTOR. No, that won't be necessary. (FRITZ moves the pistol box from the bed to the chair.) I suppose it was you who took my pistols? You needn't have. I have no intention of killing *myself*. Old friend, thank you. It seems that all of my life I've been thanking you.

FRITZ. Good night, Excellency. Sleep well. (He exits. After a moment, VICTOR gets out of bed, goes to the window and throws open the curtains. The balcony is empty.)

VICTOR. Not there. I half expected to find you perched on the balcony like a carrion crow. You are near. I can feel it. (He turns to the bed realizing his paranoia. Although he tries to fight it, still he falls to his knees and searches under the bed. When he's satisfied nothing is there, he is filled with disgust for himself. He crosses R.)

(ELIZABETH enters.)

ELIZABETH. Victor! You'll catch your death of cold. (She gets his robe from the chair.)

VICTOR (putting on his robe). I was restless. Thank you. I'll be all right now.

ELIZABETH (holding up a small poetry book). Would you like me to read to you?

VICTOR (attempting humor). No, I don't think I could concentrate tonight. (Turning away.) Oh, Elizabeth, my precious darling, I love you so much.

(The CREATURE can be seen silhouetted against the window.)

ELIZABETH. Soon we'll be in Italy, darling. The Baron and Baroness Frankenstein. We'll lie together in the sunshine and laugh. (They kiss.)

VICTOR. Yes, you're all the medicine I need, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH. I must go now. In the morning we'll have breakfast together. Good night, darling. (She exits.)

VICTOR. Good night, my love. Good night. (He gets back into bed. The CREATURE opens the window, parts the curtains and steps into the room. Hearing it, VICTOR sits up.)

CREATURE (with a laugh). You do not seem surprised to see me.

VICTOR. Somehow I expected that you'd come tonight. You claimed another victim today.

CREATURE (crossing to the bed). Felix? Say rather that *you* claimed another victim, or that *we* claimed another victim. You lay on your bed and whined with self-pity and let them kill him.

VICTOR. I couldn't have stopped it. They wouldn't have believed me. They'd have locked me up in a madhouse and Felix would have been killed anyway.

CREATURE (laughing). Victor, we are alone. There is no one here you need to impress. The Countess Elizabeth . . .

VICTOR. Don't speak of her. I can't bear to hear her name on your lips.

CREATURE. Victor, what a sense of delicacy you possess. (Bowing.) I have no wish to besmirch the lady's honor. But I have seen how you look at her and how she looks at you.

VICTOR. Leave Elizabeth out of this. Call me a murderer if you like. Perhaps I am one. But Elizabeth . . .

CREATURE (turning away). Victor! You know, of course, that it was I who killed your brother.

VICTOR (sinking down on the bed with a groan). Yes, I

tried to lie to myself, but in my heart I always knew. But why?

CREATURE (reliving it as he had in the cottage). I had saved him from the water where he would have drowned. And when his eyes opened and he saw me, he began to scream. "Ogre!" he shouted at me. "Monster! If you dare to hurt me, my brother Victor will punish you. My brother, Baron Frankenstein!" (It turns back to VICTOR.) My creator who had denied me. And here was a spoiled, ungrateful puppy, whom I ought to have left in the river. (It raises its arms.) I took his head between my hands and crushed him, crushed him . . .

VICTOR (cowering). Please, no more. Please, have mercy on me. Tell me no more. (Long pause.)

CREATURE (calming). I am sorry, Victor, truly sorry. I have been tortured by remorse. I am malicious because I am miserable. Why should I pity man who does not pity me? You would not even call it murder if you took my life. If one human being accepted me, I would weep in gratitude. But I will not be an abject slave! I will revenge my injuries!

VICTOR. You've already revenged yourself upon me!

CREATURE (losing control). What I have done is nothing to what I can do. (Turning away and calming.) But I came here to reason with you, not to threaten you. (It turns to VICTOR.) You — (Pointing.) — are my creator and I have come to you with a request. (It bows.) I am alone and miserable. Humans will not associate with me. But one as deformed and horrible as myself would not refuse to be my companion. What I ask is moderate and reasonable. (Crosses left of bed.) You must create a female for me.

VICTOR (rising, crossing R). No! No matter how you torture me, I won't do that. Go. You have my answer.

CREATURE. You humans delight in the mating of beautiful things, but even the rat in the sewer has its mate.

VICTOR. I cannot. I will not.

CREATURE (crossing to VICTOR). Victor, my creator, make me happy. Let me feel gratitude toward you. Let me see that I excite the sympathy of some living thing. Do not deny me my request.

VICTOR. I dare not!

CREATURE. She and I would go to the farthest corner of the earth where we would threaten no living thing, not even to satisfy our hunger. My food is not that of man. The earth shall satisfy our needs and the sun will shine on us as on man.

VICTOR (moved by the Creature's appeal). Oh, God! I don't know, I don't know.

CREATURE. Victor, I begin to see compassion in your eyes. I swear to you that my companion and I will go where no human being will ever find us. Our lives will flow quietly away. We will not be happy, but we will be harmless. And in my dying moments I will not curse my maker.

VICTOR. You swear to it. But why should I trust you? Perhaps this is some trick.

CREATURE. The love of another such as myself will remove the cause of my crimes.

VICTOR. God help me, I will — (The CREATURE emits a cry of joy.) — on your solemn oath that you will go with her to an uninhabited part of the earth and stay there forever.

CREATURE. I swear that after that I will trouble you no more.

VICTOR. It will take time.

CREATURE. I am accustomed to waiting.

VICTOR. And during that time you'll harm no one else.

CREATURE. I will harm no one else. I swear by the sun and

by the blue sky of Heaven and by the fire of love that burns in my heart that if you grant my prayer, you shall never behold me again.

VICTOR. Then I agree. (The CREATURE makes a move toward VICTOR as if to touch him.) Damn you, I don't want your gratitude.

CREATURE (backing off). As you wish. As you wish. As you wish! (The CREATURE exits. There is a moment's pause and then VICTOR kneels by his bed. The lights go down as he begins to recite the Lord's Prayer.)

## ACT TWO

### SCENE FOUR

SCENE: Victor's laboratory in Castle Frankenstein.

AS THE LIGHTS COME UP: FRITZ is carrying a large jar containing the brain to be inserted in the Creature's bride. The electronic apparatus hangs over the operating table, the wires are tied. The new Creature's body lies on the table, under a sheet, its head facing L. VICTOR lies asleep on a chair at L. FRITZ goes over to wake him.

FRITZ. Baron, wake up.

VICTOR (opening his eyes and stirring). What is it? (He sits up.) I didn't intend to fall asleep.

FRITZ (putting the brain jar on the table). You've been

working too hard, repairing the equipment.

VICTOR (with disgust). Yes. It's strange, Fritz, there was a time when opening a grave troubled me no more than opening a book. But lately each time we've done it, I've felt that I ought to beg someone to forgive me, but I'm not sure who.

FRITZ (turning the table so that the head is upstage). After tonight you'll be free.

VICTOR (putting on his smock, which is on the table). I wish I could be sure of that, Fritz. At times I'm afraid that I'll be loosing more horror upon the world.

FRITZ. It's different this time. You're rectifying a wrong rather than committing one. (VICTOR takes the brain from the jar and examines it.)

VICTOR. This was once inside the head of a beautiful peasant girl. I suppose she liked to dance and sing before . . . And when it wakes up it will be inside . . . that. (He gestures toward the table.) I can't be certain but I suspect there are times when the brain of the other one almost remembers who it used to be. That must be sheer hell. (He puts the brain in a small dish on the table.)

FRITZ (moving to the table). Perhaps this one won't be as hideous as the other. She's certainly not ugly now.

VICTOR. She'll be hideous enough by the time her heart starts to beat. And, anyway, he wants her to be ugly. He insisted upon it. Even if I knew how to overcome the chemical reaction, I couldn't allow her to be beautiful. (He removes the scalp.)

FRITZ. I'll see to the apparatus. (He crosses back to the console and starts checking gauges and adjusting dials.)

VICTOR. It was so different the last time. Then I thought of myself as the great benefactor of mankind. Now I feel as if I had signed a pact with Satan.

FRITZ. Everything is in order here. There's not so much

interference as there was the other time.

VICTOR. No, this storm is weaker than the other. (Looking to Heaven.) What! No great crashes of thunder and lightning? Somehow it seemed so appropriate then.

FRITZ. Could the storm have damaged the other thing's brain?

VICTOR. There's nothing physically wrong with his brain. He's filled with hatred for the human race — and especially for me. He's determined to revenge himself on those who have rejected him. My God, what if this one should be more malignant than her mate!

FRITZ. He swore to take her away with him.

VICTOR. Yes, he swore, and I believed him. But what if he finds it impossible to keep his oath? What if life there is so harsh they cannot bear it? And she has taken no oath. How can I be sure that she'll keep the agreement?

FRITZ (crossing to the table). They'll have each other — only each other. They'll have no reason to go among human beings.

VICTOR. That's wishful thinking, Fritz. (He crosses L.) The very self-deception that I practiced when I allowed myself to be bullied and cajoled into this. How in God's name can we know that they won't hate one another? What if he can't bear the sight of his own deformity reflected in her? (Crosses R.) What if he seems as horrible to her as he does to us?

FRITZ (moving to VICTOR). Come, Victor, we've gone too far to turn back now. We'd best get on with it.

VICTOR. I won't do it! No! No! No! (He rushes to the table, picks up the brain and tears it in half.)

(The CREATURE enters from behind the curtains in the lab arch where it had been hiding. It moans in grief and disappointment. VICTOR grabs a scalpel from his smock,



plunges it into the heart of the body on the table.)

CREATURE. No, No, No! (It steps forward in horror and disgust. It covers the head of its bride.) There was a contract between us. You have broken it. (Pushes the table upstage. (VICTOR has worked himself into a rage to stifle his feeling of guilt. He collapses in the chair at L.)

VICTOR. I couldn't buy my own peace at the expense of the human race.

CREATURE. You have violated your covenant with me, your creation. Victor, you do not find me one-half so sickening as I find you.

VICTOR (without conviction). I have no covenant with you. (He rises, turns away.)

CREATURE (stalking VICTOR). I have reasoned with you and that has failed. You have sentenced me to eternal loneliness. Are you to be happy while I grovel in wretchedness? (FRITZ attacks the CREATURE with the scalpel he gets from the table. The CREATURE turns when it sees the look in Victor's eyes as VICTOR sees FRITZ.) Slave! (It twists Fritz's arm around so that, in effect, he stabs himself in the chest — as bigger boys sometimes force smaller boys to punch themselves with their own fists. FRITZ falls dead.)

VICTOR (grief-stricken). Fritz! Fritz! (He cradles Fritz's head.)

CREATURE. What was he to you? No more than any other part of the machinery. Now he is only a mess on the floor that you will order another of your slaves to clean up. (The CREATURE turns to go.)

VICTOR. You didn't have to kill him.

CREATURE (stopping). Ah, I was mistaken. His death does sadden you. Victor, your grief gives me pleasure. I wish I could stay to enjoy it. But I have plans to make and

things to do. If my maker will not look after me, I will have to look after myself. (At the foot of the ramp.) But remember — I will be with you on your wedding night. VICTOR. Kill me now! Why wait until then! Do you think I care of I die? Kill me! Kill me! (The CREATURE laughs as it exits.)

CURTAIN

ACT THREE

SCENE ONE

SCENE: The courtyard of Castle Frankenstein. Night. At far left there is an arch, and the stairs leading up to the ballroom. To the right is a wall behind which we see a coach.

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: Seated on the box of the coach we see a figure in a long cloak with a scarf around his face. Between the stairs and the coach we see HANS and CONRAD. Both are wearing hats and coats and move briskly in an effort to warm themselves. From inside the Great Hall we hear music.

HANS. It's cold enough to freeze the arse off a polar bear.

CONRAD. Aye, it's cold. But we won't have to wait much longer. The Baron and Baroness will be coming out any minute now. (The great door opens.)

HANS. That will be them now.

(LOUISE comes down the stairs wrapped in a shawl and carrying a bowl of hot punch.)

CONRAD. It's nobody. Only Louise.

LOUISE. Only Louise! I've half a mind to pour this hot punch over your heads.

HANS. Hot punch! Louise, me girl, you're an angel of mercy. (He rubs her shoulders.) I can feel the wings beginning to sprout.

LOUISE. It wasn't my idea. Mistress Elizabeth told me to bring it out to you.

HANS (taking the bowl). May all her sons be soldiers that live to die of old age and may her daughters never want for a man to pleasure them. (He drinks.)

CONRAD. That's no proper toast. (He takes the bowl.) To their Excellencies, the Baron and Baroness Frankenstein — may God bless and prosper them. (He drinks. HANS takes the bowl.)

LOUISE. And what about the coachman?

HANS. Hey — do you want a drink? (The COACHMAN grunts and waves in refusal.) Well, then, to your very good health. (He drinks deeply, overturns the empty bowl and hands it to CONRAD.) You can have the rest of it, my friend.

(VICTOR and CLERVAL come down the stairs. CLERVAL is slightly drunk and carries a silver goblet.)

VICTOR. Fresh air is what you need, Henry. It will blow some of the champagne bubbles out of your head.

CLERVAL. Victor, you scientists can have your balloons. I prefer to fly on the wings of the grape. (He crosses R.)

VICTOR (to the SERVANTS). My friends, thank you for all you've done tonight.

LOUISE. The Baroness made a beautiful bride, sir.

VICTOR. She did indeed, Louise. We'll be leaving soon. I suspect your mistress has need of you.

LOUISE. I'll go to her at once, sir. (She exits up the stairs.)

VICTOR. Hans, you know where the trunks are. Take Conrad with you and fetch them down.

HANS and CONRAD (more or less simultaneously). Right you are, sir: Yes, sir. (HANS and CONRAD exit. VICTOR takes Clerval's arm.)

CLERVAL (by the coach). There have been so many tragedies this year. It's time we had a season of happiness.

VICTOR. When William died I went almost insane with grief. Now, although I'm almost ashamed to admit it, whole days pass without my ever once thinking of him.

CLERVAL (crossing to VICTOR). Victor, if we humans were a little less sensitive we'd all be brutes and if we were a little more sensitive we'd all be lunatics.

VICTOR. Henry, there is something I must tell you. I have an enemy.

CLERVAL (laughing). Of course you do — we all have enemies. (He crosses R.)

VICTOR. No, Henry. I mean an enemy who is determined to kill me this very night.

CLERVAL. You've been challenged to a duel. Well, that's no problem. I rather enjoy duelling.

VICTOR. Henry, Henry, you don't understand at all.

CLERVAL (acting out a duel). Mind you, I wouldn't like it if there were any risk of killing or being killed. But you have a better chance of being injured by a champagne cork at ten paces than a duelling pistol at sixty.

VICTOR. Henry, let me explain.

CLERVAL. As to the sword, which I much prefer, you don't kill your opponent and he doesn't kill you. One of you draws blood — usually about as much blood as when you skin your knuckles — and you bow very deeply to one another. It's great fun.

VICTOR. Henry, for God's sake, be quiet for a moment. My enemy is a monster. Cunning, treacherous and bestial. Compared with him, Caliban was a Apollo.

CLERVAL (becoming serious). How in God's name did this

come about, Victor?

VICTOR. I undertook an experiment in which this — (He hesitates.) — creature assisted me. Something went wrong. He was horribly disfigured.

CLERVAL. Good God.

VICTOR. He swore revenge, warning me that he would murder me on my wedding night.

CLERVAL. Victor, this is ghastly. Of course, you've alerted the guard.

VICTOR. It's not a matter for the guard. But I have taken measures of my own. (He pats the breast of his coat.)

CLERVAL. Good God! But Elizabeth . . .

VICTOR. He has no cause to hate Elizabeth. But if anything should happen to me, if I should die . . . I put her under your protection.

CLERVAL. Of course, Victor. (He assumes his mock-flippant manner.) And, if necessary, I am even prepared to protect her from you. If you do not treat her like an Empress I swear that I'll thrash you. (VICTOR throws his arm across Clerval's shoulder.)

VICTOR. Dear old Henry. I can always depend on you. Now I must go and get Elizabeth. We must be on our way if we are to catch the boat to Evian.

CLERVAL. Then I think perhaps I'll walk in the garden.

VICTOR. At this time of night?

CLERVAL. You told me once that my Sanskrit and Persian poets wrote only about the sun and roses. But they wrote about the moon and roses also.

VICTOR. You'll find no roses blooming in the garden tonight.

CLERVAL. Poets prefer the roses they can't see, just as they prefer unrequited love.

VICTOR. Do they, Henry? Do you?

CLERVAL. I don't know — I certainly hope so — perhaps I'll go to the study and lie down for a moment to clear my

head. Be sure to call me before you go. I will want to kiss the bride good-bye.

VICTOR. Of course, Henry. (A pause.) And thank you. (He exits upstairs.)

CLERVAL (turning to the COACHMAN). Coachman, I don't know how much of that you heard, but I do know that good servants are highly skilled in selective deafness.

COACHMAN. Yes, sir.

CLERVAL. You must drive carefully tonight. You will carry a precious burden. And you may run into danger.

COACHMAN. Danger, sir? (CLERVAL sits on the footboard of the coach.)

CLERVAL. The road through the woods is shortest, but the trees would provide cover for an attacker. (He is saying all this as much to himself as to the Coachman.) Two years ago I was attacked by a highwayman there. A grinning rogue in a plumed hat who opened my purse and handed one gold ducat back to me. "So you'll not want for food or shelter when you reach an inn" he said to me. Poor rascal, I had the honor of sending him another such ducat as he lay in prison, so that he might have wine and clean linen while he waited for his meeting with the headsmen. (The next is spoken more directly to the COACHMAN. CLERVAL rises.) I think you should take the longer and safer route along the river and whip the horses if anyone tries to stop you.

COACHMAN. Yes, sir.

CLERVAL (turning toward the garden). And now I'll go and commune with those invisible roses. (He takes a few steps, pauses thoughtfully for a moment and then turns back and again looks up at the COACHMAN and addresses him.) You are not Baron Frankenstein's regular coachman, are you? (Suspecting something.) Do you live in the village? (The COACHMAN, still with his back turned,

gestures CLERVAL away.) I asked you a question. (No reply.) I don't find your silence amusing. Turn around — let's look at this coachman who doesn't speak and will not show his face. (He leaps up on the footboard and grabs at the Coachman's coat. As he does so, the COACHMAN swings around and CLERVAL looks into the face of the CREATURE.) Holy Mother of Jesus. (He staggers back, drops his empty goblet. The CREATURE leaps down from the box.)

CREATURE. Why could you not have gone on your way and left me to do what I had to do? (CLERVAL is frightened, but stands his ground.)

CLERVAL. What is it you have to do?

CREATURE. That is no concern of yours!

CLERVAL. Anything which touches the life and happiness of a friend concerns me.

CREATURE. If you knew what Frankenstein had done, you would not count him among your friends.

CLERVAL. Victor may have disfigured you but you can't . . .

CREATURE. He has injured me much more than this and he will suffer as I have suffered.

CLERVAL. Do you think you're God that you can sentence him to death?

CREATURE. I will punish him beyond the pain of death.

CLERVAL (it dawns). Not Elizabeth — (The CREATURE laughs.) No, not that — I won't let you do that. (He jumps at the CREATURE; the CREATURE knocks him down. The CREATURE then walks to CLERVAL, picks him up and throttles him.)

CREATURE. What is the use of talking to you, human! (CLERVAL dies.) You despised me, but what were you? An aristocratic fop who scribbled verses while others slaved that you might sleep between silk sheets. (The CREATURE lifts Clerval's body and places it inside the

coach; then seats itself on the driver's box as before.)

(After a moment's pause, HANS and CONRAD come down the stairs. HANS carries a satchel while CONRAD staggers under the weight of a trunk.)

CONRAD. This is another of your dirty tricks.

HANS. Rank has its privileges, me lad. (CONRAD puts the trunk on a rack below and behind the Coachman's box and begins to tie it there.) Make sure you tie it good and tight.

(The great door again opens. VICTOR, ELIZABETH and LOUISE emerge. Seeing the Master and Mistress, HANS pushes CONRAD aside and takes over the job of securing the trunk.)

ELIZABETH. Good evening, Hans.

HANS. Good evening.

ELIZABETH. It was such a magnificent evening, Victor. We're so lucky to have such friends. Did you see how shamelessly that little Baroness Von Auslin was flirting with Henry? By the way, where is Henry?

VICTOR. My guess is that he's in the garden. (To CONRAD.) Conrad, would you go to the garden and see if Mr. Clerval is there, please? (To HANS.) You may as well fetch the other trunk.

CONRAD (triumphantly, to HANS). You heard what the Master said . . . me lad. (CONRAD gives the satchel to HANS, who gives it to LOUISE as he exits up the stairs. CONRAD goes upstage into the garden. HANS goes back into the Great Hall.)

VICTOR. I imagine Henry is out there meditating on the *Bhagavad-Gita* or some other piece of Asiatic moonshine.

(LOUISE crosses to the coach and puts the satchel down.)

ELIZABETH. Victor, that is unkind.

VICTOR. It wasn't meant to be. I've come to think that Henry may be wiser than I am. You're cold. (To LOUISE.) Louise, fetch your mistress a cloak, please.

LOUISE. Yes, sir. (She goes up the stairs.)

VICTOR. Darling, I have no right to such happiness. (They kiss.) But I love you more than I could ever tell you.

ELIZABETH. Victor, I feel so privileged to be your wife. Our children will grow up in the world that you're helping to create. Oh, the world will be beautiful for them; thanks to men like you, the twentieth century will be a new Golden Age — an age in which there will be no poverty, no sickness, no war.

VICTOR. I wish I were as sure of that as I used to be. Elizabeth, I have a confession to make. I have done something shameful.

(LOUISE enters with a furpiece.)

ELIZABETH. Oh, darling, you don't have to implore my forgiveness for your past infatuations. I don't care about that. (LOUISE adjusts the furpiece around Elizabeth's shoulders.)

VICTOR. It's nothing like that. (Turning away.) Elizabeth, there are sins of the flesh, sins of the mind, and sins of the spirit. Christians worry most about the sins of the flesh. Henry tells me that Hindus believe that the most terrible sins are those of the mind; if they're right I may have committed the ultimate, unforgivable sin.

(HANS enters with a trunk.)

ELIZABETH. Victor, I don't believe you're capable of doing

anything wicked. You question your own motives too much. You must learn to laugh more.

(CONRAD returns from the garden.)

CONRAD. I couldn't find hide nor hair of Mr. Clerval in the garden, sir.

VICTOR. If we don't get on the road soon we'll have to take tomorrow's boat.

ELIZABETH. Henry would never forgive us if we left without saying good-bye to him.

VICTOR. Ah, he said something about the study. I'll look. (To the SERVANTS.) Do we have all the bags now?

HANS. There's still three or four of the smaller ones and the Mistress's hat boxes, sir.

VICTOR. Bring them out as quickly as you can.

HANS. Right, sir. (He exits with CONRAD.)

ELIZABETH (laughingly, to LOUISE). You'd better carry my hat boxes, Louise. I don't trust the men with them.

LOUISE. Of course, ma'am. (She exits.)

VICTOR (on the stairs). I don't like leaving you alone.

ELIZABETH. I'm not alone, my darling; our good coachman is here.

VICTOR. I'll be back in a moment, then. (VICTOR exits up the stairs. ELIZABETH crosses L. listening to the music from the hall. Behind ELIZABETH, the CREATURE stirs and then descends from the box. The scarf is now so arranged that it conceals the face. Hearing something behind her, ELIZABETH suddenly turns.)

ELIZABETH. Coachman, you startled me.

CREATURE (hiding its face and bowing). I beg your forgiveness, madam.

ELIZABETH (laughing). It isn't as serious as all that. You must be freezing. Sitting up there all evening. You should

have gone inside to keep warm.

CREATURE. I am accustomed to being outdoors, madam. The cold does not bother me. But you have not said if you forgive me.

ELIZABETH. There's nothing to forgive.

CREATURE. Nevertheless, it would comfort me greatly.

ELIZABETH (laughing, crossing R). What a sensitive coachman you are! Of course, you are forgiven. Think no more about it. (There is a silence.)

CREATURE. Madam is very beautiful. Such beauty must have given you great happiness. (It moves closer to her.)

ELIZABETH. I am not at all sure that I am beautiful. To myself, I am simply Elizabeth. I would be the same Elizabeth whether I was beautiful or ugly.

CREATURE (looking up the stairs). You jest. If you were ugly, the Baron Frankenstein, who now professes to love you, would long ago have driven you out of his house with a curse.

ELIZABETH (crossing to go up the stairs). Coachman, I think you had better look to your horses. (As the CREATURE reaches out for her she starts to cry out, but the sound is stifled by its hand over her mouth.)

CREATURE. It will be over quickly. There will be almost no pain. (It smothers her in her furpiece.) You see, I told you it would be over quickly. (It puts its hand to Elizabeth's face and strokes it almost lovingly.) So very, very beautiful. (It puts her body at the foot of the stairs, returns to the coach, takes up Clerval's body, carries it to the stairs and places it beside Elizabeth's. The CREATURE crosses to the coach, groaning with remorse at its horrible deeds. After a pause it turns to the entrance and screams.) Victor! Victor!

(VICTOR enters with the SERVANTS behind him.)

CREATURE. Victor, behold my wedding gift! (VICTOR screams and the CREATURE exits. Blackout.)

### ACT THREE

#### SCENE TWO

SCENE: The Captain's cabin on a sailing ship in the year 1840. Night. We hear a gusting wind.

AS THE LIGHTS COME UP: ROBERT WALTON is seated C on a stool; he holds a portable secretary with an inkwell, writing paper, and quill pens. At R there is a door; behind him a row of windows; at L, a cot. The cabin also contains a sideboard, on which stand a decanter of brandy and several glasses. WALTON picks up a sheet of writing paper and begins to read aloud from it.

WALTON. "My Dearest Margaret. Yesterday our ship became locked in the ice. Although my crew consists of veteran seamen, well-accustomed to the rigors of these Arctic waters, it was obvious that they were afraid, for there was ice as far as the eye could see. (He drinks a sip of brandy and continues reading.) Then the most incredible thing happened. We saw a sled drawn by dogs pass us toward the north at a distance of about half a mile. A creature — (He stops, takes up his pen, dips it in the inkwell, scratches out the word "creature" and substitutes the word "man.")

— a man of unnatural form sat in the sled. Being many hundreds of miles from any land . . ."

(There is a knock at the door. MR. WILLIAMSON enters. He wears heavy winter clothing and as he enters he gestures in the manner of a man coming in from extreme cold.)

WILLIAMSON. Am I interrupting anything, sir?

WALTON. Mr. Williamson, come in, man.

WILLIAMSON. I heard you talking.

WALTON. Just to my sister in London. (He rises, turns upstage and puts the desk on the window seat.) I like to write her even though I'll arrive home with the letter. (He laughs. WILLIAMSON crosses to right of WALTON, unbuttons his jacket and removes his gloves.)

WILLIAMSON. That may be longer than we think, if at all. Looks like our luck isn't about to change, Captain — the bergs are drifting toward us. The men are frightened, sir.

WALTON. Well, there isn't much we can do except to wait, pray, and perhaps share a glass of brandy. (He fills a glass and hands it to WILLIAMSON. WILLIAMSON crosses R to the cot.)

WILLIAMSON. I had hoped we might get moving by morning. I think you should consider turning back if we get the chance.

WALTON. Turn back? Never!

WILLIAMSON. The situation could get ugly. (WALTON laughs.)

WALTON. Mr. Williamson, a toast. (He raises his glass; WILLIAMSON follows suit.) To the North Pole and then home! (They drink. WALTON signals WILLIAMSON to sit on the cot. WILLIAMSON does.) We're going to make Columbus look like a little boy sailing a paper boat on a lily pond. In the next century nobody will remember

anything about 1840 — except that it was the year when man first reached the North Pole.

WILLIAMSON (amused by Walton's enthusiasm). The crew would gladly trade your North Pole for a hold full of herring. If they have to risk their lives they'd rather do it for something they can understand. (WALTON crosses upstage; sits on the window seat.)

WALTON. I know that. There's not a man among them that would be aboard if I hadn't offered to pay twice as much as any other master sailing out of Archangel. But you should understand. Think of the glory!

WILLIAMSON (good-humoredly). Experience has taught me that when men go in search of glory fate usually kicks them in the arse.

WALTON (laughing). My friend, you're hopelessly practical. (WILLIAMSON crosses upstage, puts glass on window seat.) Well, perhaps we'd better issue the crew a double tot of rum to raise their spirits and to lower their tempers. (He is interrupted by cries of "Watch out, man," "Look out there," "Hold him back," from off R.)

(VICTOR enters, followed closely by three SEAMEN.)

FIRST SEAMAN. For God's sake, stop! Nobody's going to hurt you! (WALTON and WILLIAMSON turn to the door.)

VICTOR. Help me! (He collapses in Williamson's arms.)

WALTON. Put him on my bunk. (WILLIAMSON does.)

What's going on here?

FIRST SEAMAN. We took him out of the sea, sir. Floating on a cake of ice.

VICTOR. I must go on! (But he is unable to resist.)

WILLIAMSON. Poor devil. His ship can't have been as lucky as ours was.

FIRST SEAMAN. He didn't come from a ship.

SECOND SEAMAN. There was a sled and five dogs beside him.

THIRD SEAMAN. All dead. Froze up, sir!

WILLIAMSON (trying to calm VICTOR down). Easy man! (VICTOR faints.)

SECOND SEAMAN. He's crazy. He was raving when we took him aboard, something about a demon —

WALTON. You'd rave, too, if you were starving and frozen. Fetch some water, as hot as you can get it, and blankets.

THIRD SEAMAN. Aye, aye, sir.

WALTON. And bring something hot to drink. (The three SEAMEN exit. WALTON crosses to the door and closes it. VICTOR comes to again. WALTON crosses to VICTOR. WILLIAMSON gives WALTON a glass of brandy.) You're going to be all right. You're among friends. We'll take care of you. (WILLIAMSON breaks to C.)

VICTOR. Please let me go, I can't stay here.

WALTON. I'm afraid you don't have any choice. There's nowhere else to go, and even if there were, you're in no condition to move.

VICTOR. I must find him and kill him, or he must kill me. (He faints again.)

WILLIAMSON. I'm worried, sir, coming on top of all the other bad luck. The crew will probably think he's a Jonah.

WALTON. They'll have to make the best of it. They've nowhere else to go, either.

WILLIAMSON. That business yesterday spooked them. First that ice, and then that bloody giant driving his dog team as if the devil himself was after him. And now this.

WALTON. Mr. Williamson, this poor soul is no threat to anyone.

(The three SEAMEN return with a container of boiling water,



blankets and broth.)

WALTON. Good. Now to work. (To SECOND SEAMAN.)

You there, cut open his clothes.

SECOND SEAMAN. Me, sir? (He crosses himself.)

WALTON. Yes, damn it, you. (He pushes him to VICTOR.)

And if you want to ward off evil stop making those stupid gestures and wash your hands occasionally. (He crosses to the other two SEAMEN. VICTOR moans; all activity stops.) There's nothing to be frightened about; you've seen frostbitten men before. Wring it out well. (The FIRST and THIRD SEAMEN wet and wring out a blanket. The SECOND SEAMAN takes out his knife and bends over VICTOR and cuts open his pants leg.)

SECOND SEAMAN (seeing Victor's frozen legs). Jesus, Mary and Joseph — look at that! (He turns away.)

WILLIAMSON. I don't ever remember seeing anyone in a condition like that, sir! (WALTON goes over to look.)

WALTON. My God, what's been keeping him alive!

VICTOR. Hate!

WALTON. Calm yourself, my friend. (SECOND SEAMAN crosses down to FIRST and THIRD SEAMEN.)

SECOND SEAMAN. Mark my words, no good will come of this. It's bad luck for every man aboard ship. (WALTON grabs a blanket and quickly puts it on Victor's legs.)

WALTON. That's enough of that superstitious nonsense.

VICTOR. I don't feel anything. My legs! I don't feel anything! (WALTON, with pity, knowing that soon VICTOR will experience severe pain as the life returns to his legs, speaks to VICTOR.)

WALTON. I'm afraid you'll feel more than enough in a moment, my friend. (He places another blanket on Victor's legs. Aside, to the SECOND SEAMAN.) Get ready to hold him down. (WALTON puts on a third blanket; the

SEAMEN take hold of Victor's ankles. VICTOR moans softly. He groans loudly and begins to struggle. WALTON speaks to the FIRST SEAMAN.) Grab his shoulders. (VICTOR cries out in agony and struggles violently; then he faints. The SEAMEN back away in horror and congregate by the door.)

WILLIAMSON. He's fainted again. That's just as well.

WALTON (in admiration as he sits on the window seat).

Who'd have thought he had so much strength in him!

By God, he's all man, is our mysterious guest.

FIRST SEAMAN. Is he going to live, Captain?

WALTON. I don't know — by rights he shouldn't be alive now.

SECOND SEAMAN. If it were up to me, I'd throw him back into the sea.

THIRD SEAMAN. Amen to that.

WALTON (rising). Stop it! Where in God's name is your humanity? (To the FIRST and THIRD SEAMEN.) Take that away. We won't need it any more. (The FIRST SEAMAN takes tub and exits with the THIRD SEAMAN. The SECOND SEAMAN starts to leave as VICTOR regains consciousness. Frightened and in pain, VICTOR is momentarily insane — literally paranoid. Screaming, he falls off the bed.)

SECOND SEAMAN. My God, he's possessed!

WILLIAMSON. I'd advise you to keep that talk to yourself. Now get out!

WALTON. Mr. Williamson, perhaps you should stand by in case you're needed. (WILLIAMSON and the SECOND SEAMAN move to door; WALTON moves toward VICTOR.) I'll look after our guest. (WILLIAMSON and SECOND SEAMAN exit. WALTON extends the glass to VICTOR.) This will help. Drink. (VICTOR dashes the glass from Walton's hand.) There's no reason for you to be

afraid of me. I only want to help you. And my brandy is quite drinkable. (He pours a glass and takes a sip from it.) You see, no ill effects. (He extends the glass to VICTOR.) Come, it will do you good. (After a momentary hesitation, VICTOR allows WALTON to put the glass to his lips.) That's better. You must trust me. I'm a friend. (He fetches the soup.) Now, drink a little of this broth. (He picks up the blankets and throws them out the door.)

VICTOR. In what direction are we bound?

WALTON. Northwards — to the pole itself.

VICTOR. Tell me, have you seen another traveler driving a dog team across the ice?

WALTON. We saw him yesterday.

VICTOR. Good. Then he will not escape me.

WALTON. For whatever reason you have suffered so, your ordeal is over. In a week or two we'll be walking the deck together. We'll have a great deal to talk about as we inch toward the pole.

VICTOR (as WALTON gets fur cover from cupboard). I see that you suffer from the same affliction as myself.

WALTON. Affliction?

VICTOR. You, too, are cursed with an insatiable desire to accomplish that which no man has done before.

WALTON. I suppose you are right — reaching the pole has been my obsession for years. (He puts fur on VICTOR.)

VICTOR. Beware of obsession.

WALTON. But can you imagine the benefits to mankind of such an obsession?

VICTOR. How could this wasteland benefit anyone?

WALTON. The pole is not a wasteland. It is a place where the sun shines every hour of the day. Imagine the extent and quality of the vegetation if there is eternal light! I've spent my whole life preparing myself for this voyage, and now, by God, I'm almost there. Soon we'll be standing on the

roof of the world.

VICTOR (sharply). You arrogant fool! (Apologetically.) I shouldn't have said that. You take me on board this ship, try to save my life, and I insult you before I even know your name.

WALTON. I am Robert Walton.

VICTOR. Are you the master of this ship?

WALTON. I am.

VICTOR. Forgive me. (He extends his hand; they shake.) I am Victor von Frankenstein. (He sits, holding Walton's hand.) My anger came from a personal knowledge of what ambition such as ours can do. (Desperately.) Let me give you a warning that may save your soul. Let me show you where the search for knowledge can lead. (Lost in his own revelation.) Prometheus stole fire from the gods and gave it to mankind. I am the new Prometheus. I brought down a fire from heaven that created a new hell. Listen, and I will tell you the strangest story you have ever heard. (A loud roll of thunder as the lights fade.)

### ACT THREE

### SCENE THREE

SCENE: Same as Act Three, Scene Two above.

AS LIGHTS COME UP: VICTOR is lying on the bed and WALTON is seated on a stool beside VICTOR.

VICTOR. There is little more to tell. I have been pursuing him ever since that night. Down the Alpine passes into Italy, across the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, through the wilds of Tartary and Siberia. I have endured hunger and cold; I have gone days without sleep. I have been attacked by beasts and brigands. Time and again I have been so exhausted that I would have been content to die had it not been for my hatred of him — my determination to destroy him as he has destroyed everything I loved. Then three days ago I saw him, a speck in the distance, across the mountainous ice of the ocean. He was no more than a mile ahead of me. But at that moment a tumultuous sea rose between my enemy and me and I was left drifting on a cake of ice.

WALTON. When you began your story I thought that you were delirious. But later I kept thinking of that figure we saw racing across the ice. Even at a distance it seemed unnatural. The crew sensed that more clearly than I did.

VICTOR. Captain Walton, if I should die . . .

WALTON. You're not going to die.

VICTOR. If I should die and he should appear — swear that you will not let him live.

(The FIRST and SECOND SEAMEN enter.)

SECOND SEAMAN. Captain, we want a word with you. (He hesitates.)

WALTON. Well, speak up.

SECOND SEAMAN. You might say we was a delegation.

WALTON (getting angry). A delegation? What kind of nonsense is this?

FIRST SEAMAN. It's not that we got anything against you, sir. You're as good a master as we ever served under.

WALTON. Come to the point.

SECOND SEAMAN. We want to turn back. The men voted and we're all agreed. They elected us to come and tell you.

WALTON. This isn't Parliament. I'm the master here. I'll decide when it's time to turn back.

SECOND SEAMAN (challenging). Maybe you will and maybe you won't.

WALTON. Damn it, are you threatening me?

SECOND SEAMAN. Call it what you like. We're not going to let you kill us. If we keep sailing northward the ice is going to tear the ship apart.

FIRST SEAMAN. For the love of God, sir, we've got to turn back!

SECOND SEAMAN (to FIRST SEAMAN). We didn't come here to beg. The fact is this ship is going to turn south. (To WALTON.) You can come with us or you can stay here. That's up to you. (He turns to exit.)

WALTON. You know the penalty for mutiny.

SECOND SEAMAN (turning back). I'd a damn sight rather be hung by the neck than crushed by the ice.

(WILLIAMSON enters.)

WALTON. Mr. Williamson, it would seem that we have some damned mutineers aboard.

WILLIAMSON (trying to keep the peace). I don't think we ought to get excited, Captain. These are good men. You can't blame them for not wanting to die.

WALTON. You knew about this, then?

WILLIAMSON. I've heard talk. (To the SEAMEN, strongly.) You men should have come to me first. You had no right to approach the Captain. (To WALTON.) But they're right. It would be suicide to go on.

WALTON (turning away). Whose side are you on?

WILLIAMSON. I hope it doesn't come to that. You're a

pretty fair seaman. I think you'll do what's right by the men.

VICTOR (sitting up). Don't go back to your families in disgrace! If you go back now, you'll be branded as cowards.

WALTON. Don't excite yourself, Baron.

VICTOR. If you go on, you'll be hailed as the benefactors of your race.

WALTON (forcing VICTOR to lie down). The men may be right. I can't sacrifice them to my pride.

VICTOR. Then give me a boat and some supplies. I must follow him.

WALTON (to the SEAMEN). Go back to your duties. We'll discuss this later. (The SEAMEN hesitate.)

WILLIAMSON. You heard what the Captain said. (The SEAMEN exit. WILLIAMSON, to WALTON, with kindness). I think you should know that they'll kill both of us if they have to.

WALTON. So it's as bad as that. (WILLIAMSON goes over to the bed, where VICTOR has fainted.)

WILLIAMSON. It was him that tore the mains'l as far as the crew was concerned. (He pauses, waiting for a decision.) Well, I best go on deck and keep an eye on things. The mood the men are in, anything could happen.

WALTON (to WILLIAMSON). Mr. Williamson. Summon all hands on deck. I'm going to make an announcement. We're turning back.

WILLIAMSON (relieved). Good. (Then, with affection.) I'm damned sorry for your sake that it had to end this way.

WALTON. Thank you, Mr. Williamson. (WILLIAMSON exits. WALTON crosses to the door with his stool, takes his coat off the hook where it hangs. VICTOR has regained consciousness and watches WALTON.)

VICTOR. It's strange, but I don't hate that thing I created. Not any more. Now I wish that he were dead for his sake

rather than for mine. (A pause.) I am almost content now.

WALTON. I have to leave you for a little while, Victor. Try to sleep. (He exits.)

(The CREATURE enters through the window at R.)

CREATURE. Victor.

VICTOR. Have you come to watch me die?

CREATURE. Victor, I do not wish you to die. Time after time as you pursued me I could have let you starve. Instead I left you food. Because I pitied you and abhorred myself.

VICTOR. I thought you did it to taunt me.

CREATURE (softly and logically). Am I to be thought the only criminal when all mankind sinned against me?

VICTOR. No, you are not the only criminal.

CREATURE. Oh, Victor, do you think that the groans of Clerval and Elizabeth were music to my ears? I was the slave of an impulse I detested.

VICTOR. Yes, we are all slaves of impulses that we detest. We do not do the thing we love but the very thing we hate.

CREATURE. I could not allow you to enjoy the companionship of your mate while I had none.

VICTOR. Poor Elizabeth. We killed her, you and I. We destroyed them all. Nothing can undo what we did. Death is the great simplifier. I wish for you a speedy death. Because I pity you.

CREATURE (stretching out its hand). Victor, take my hand. Please. (VICTOR makes a feeble and unsuccessful attempt to raise his arm.)

VICTOR. You must help me.

CREATURE. No, that would not be the same. I do not ask that you forgive me. I ask only that you reach out and

touch me. No living creature has ever done so.

VICTOR. I would, I swear it. But all my strength is gone.

CREATURE. Victor, please.

VICTOR (softly and prayerfully). Oh, God. (With enormous effort he takes the Creature's hand in both of his. He sinks back dead.)

CREATURE (embracing him). Thank you, Victor. May your maker be as merciful to you. Now, at last, you are at peace and soon I will follow you. No one could understand what has passed between us. I have made peace with my maker. You are the last human being who will ever see me. I will leave this vessel on the ice raft that brought me here. (Music under is climax of immolation scene from *Gotterdamerung*.) Soon I will die and what I feel will no longer be felt. I will build a funeral pyre and consume into ashes this miserable frame so that it will afford no light to any unhallowed wretch who would create another such as I. I will exalt in the agony of the flame and the wind will sweep my ashes into the sea. My spirit will sleep in peace with my maker. (During this speech the ship starts to move off on its pivot and the CREATURE steps off the ship and crosses to C. All lights fade except the body spot on the CREATURE.)

CURTAIN

## PROPERTIES LIST

### GREAT HALL

Luggage — Trunks — large and small; Valises. Two Gothic Armchairs. Small Pistol. Medallion.

### LABORATORY

Coffin-like Cabinet. Exploding Light Bulb. Blood Machine and Umbilical Cord and Attachment. Bellows and Hose. Control Console. Operating Table that tips to vertical position. Headrest (hollow). Two Sheets to cover Bodies. Brain Jar. Brain. Top of Skull. Needle. Thread. Scissors. Scalpels. Medical Instruments. Towels. Two pair of Goggles. Two Electrodes with cables.

### COTTAGE

Table. Chair. Bench. Two Bowls of Stew. Two Wooden Spoons. Pipe Tobacco in container. Horn. Guitar or Mandolin. Medallion. Bread and Cheese on plates. Pitcher of Water. Two Mugs. Lamp. Tapers. Fire in fireplace. Firewood. Two Muskets. Gun for sound effect offstage.

### AFTER THE FALL.

Picnic Basket. Crust of Bread. Head of Cabbage.