

FRANKENSTEIN SIDES

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SIDE 1 – DE LACEY, CREATURE

Weeks later. De Lacey and the Creature. The Creature is distracted by the snow swirling outside the window.

CREATURE: White! What? White! What?

DE LACEY: Where?

CREATURE: In the air!

DE LACEY: That's snow. It's not very interesting—a natural phenomenon, no more. Now please stop leaping about, we need to concentrate.

CREATURE: Snow! Snow!

DE LACEY: Sit! We've work to do. (*The Creature sits at a pile of books, rather grumpily.*) Thank you. Today: original sin.

CREATURE: (*Writing with a scowl*) Original sin.

DE LACEY: There are two school of thought. One says that we are all made imperfect, and require the assistance of a higher authority—a deity—to overcome the sin of being born. The other school of thought—to which I subscribe—insists that when² we leave the womb we are pure, that a babe in arms is untainted by sin, that evil is the product of social forces, and that God has nothing to do with how a man turns out, be it good or be it bad.

CREATURE: Me not do bad things.

DE LACEY: I know you do not do bad things. You have a good heart. I know that.

CREATURE: Why my hungry?

DE LACEY: Eh?

CREATURE: Why my hungry? Why no food for me?

DE LACEY: I give you half of my food.

CREATURE: Still hungry.

DE LACEY: It is the condition of men to be hungry.

CREATURE: (*Jabbing a finger at his books*) Not kings! Not emperors!

DE LACEY: (*laughs*) You're learning fast.

CREATURE: Why my not a king?

DE LACEY: I don't know. Perhaps you are.

CREATURE: Yes! A king! Is my name?

DE LACEY: I don't know.

CREATURE: King what?

DE LACEY: You have never told me your name.

CREATURE: Gnaaagh! Never heard. Not know.

DE LACEY: You are a poor lost thing.

CREATURE: Lost thing.

DE LACEY: But I have taught you how to speak! How to read! There is hope. Who knows what you may accomplish?

CREATURE: *(Shakes his head)* Hate me.

DE LACEY: Who does?

CREATURE: Men. Women. Childs. Dogs.

DE LACEY: No, they don't.

CREATURE: Throw stones. Beat me. Everywhere! Everywhere!

DE LACEY: Peasants are ignorant people. They do not read like you and I. It's an instinct to protect the home, the family. Perhaps they are—frightened of you?

CREATURE: My look bad?3 *(De Lacey is silent.)* Not like Agatha.

DE LACEY: Agatha?

CREATURE: Beautiful wife!

DE LACEY: Well, Agatha is beautiful, certainly—and Felix is kind. Let me introduce you to them.

CREATURE: No.

DE LACEY: Why not?

CREATURE: Hate me.

DE LACEY: No, they don't! They've never met you! Stay, and greet them, when they come home.

The Creature jumps up and runs outside.

CREATURE: Snow! Snow! Snow!

SIDE 2 – WILLIAM, CREATURE

The Creature has entered behind William.

CREATURE: Guess who I am.

WILLIAM: Are you a friend of the family's?

CREATURE: Yes.

WILLIAM: Then you're a judge, or a minister, perhaps.

CREATURE: I am a judge. *(William tries to turn around.)* Don't look!

WILLIAM: What?

CREATURE: Don't look at me!

WILLIAM: I shan't.

CREATURE: What's your name?

WILLIAM: William. What's yours, sir?

CREATURE: You can be my friend, William. We could go hiking. We could climb those mountains over there!

WILLIAM: Climb Mont Blanc?

CREATURE: Yes!

WILLIAM: Great!

CREATURE: Let's go, friend!

WILLIAM: No, I'm not allowed. Sorry. Father would be angry.

CREATURE: Forget him. Come with me. Let's climb Mont Blanc!

WILLIAM: I'd like to, but I can't.

CREATURE: We must be friends. Everyone has friends.

WILLIAM: I have to find my father! Let me go! Let me go!

William struggles.

CREATURE: I will release you if you answer my question.

WILLIAM: What is it?

CREATURE: I seek a man called Frankenstein. Have you heard of him?

WILLIAM: That's my name!

CREATURE: You? Frankenstein?

Suddenly very curious, the Creature lets William go. William turns, looks, and yells.

WILLIAM: Aargh! You're ugly! Leave me alone!

William tries to run, but the Creature catches him.

CREATURE: Victor Frankenstein? He is your father?

WILLIAM: No! Victor's my brother!

CREATURE: Where is he?

WILLIAM: He's at home, he's always at home –

CREATURE: Can I see him?

WILLIAM: No, of course you can't!

CREATURE: We must be friends, William. We'll climb those mountains. Right to the top. After you take me to Victor.

WILLIAM: No! You're revolting!

CREATURE: What is he? What does he do?

WILLIAM: He's a scholar, a genius!

CREATURE: Was he ever in Ingolstadt?

WILLIAM: Yes, he studied there, he's come home to marry Elizabeth, but he's silly, he never leaves his room! He's missing everything!

CREATURE: You will bring him to me. Come.

WILLIAM: No! I shan't!

CREATURE: Come.

SIDE 3 – CREATURE, VICTOR PT 1

Victor circles the Creature. The Creature swivels to keep an eye on him.

VICTOR: What an achievement! Unsurpassed in scientific endeavor! God, the madness of that night – the heat, the sweat, the infusions, the moment when I saw it crawl towards me, and I – and I –

CREATURE: You ran away.

VICTOR: What?

CREATURE: You abandoned me.

VICTOR: *(Stunned)* It speaks!

CREATURE: Yes, Frankenstein. It speaks.

VICTOR: You know my name?

The Creature hands Victor the tattered journal.

VICTOR: My journal!

CREATURE: Why did you abandon me?

VICTOR: I was terrified – what had I done?

CREATURE: Built a man, and given him life –

VICTOR: Well, now I have come to take it away –

CREATURE : Be still, genius! I have a request.

VICTOR: Damn you, you can't have requests!

CREATURE: Oh, I can! Listen to me. It's your duty.

VICTOR: I've no duty to a murderer.

CREATURE: If I'm a murderer, you made me one.

VICTOR: You killed my brother! You did it, not me! – I curse the day when you drew breath. Since then I've lived in darkness.

CREATURE: 'Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost Archangel, this the seat
That we must change for Heaven, this mournful gloom
For that celestial light?'

VICTOR: *(Astonished)* That's Paradise Lost! You've read Paradise Lost?

CREATURE: I liked it.

VICTOR: Why? You saw yourself as Adam?

CREATURE: I should be Adam. God was proud of Adam. But Satan's the one I sympathize with. For I was cast out, like Satan, though I did no wrong. And when I see others content, I feel the bile rise in my throat, and it tastes like Satan's bile.

VICTOR: But this is remarkable! You are educated! And you have memory!

CREATURE: Yes, I use it to remember being hunted like a rat, running from human places, finding refuge in the woods. I use it to remember being beaten and whipped. And I was good, I wanted to be good!

VICTOR: Then why did you kill William?

CREATURE: I wished to see you, and you came. Would you have come otherwise? If I had killed half of Ingolstadt, would you have come?

VICTOR: Did no one show you kindness?

CREATURE: There was an old man. He taught me many things. But he was blind, he never saw my face. He never knew I looked like this! After a year, after he'd described to me the seasons, and I'd watched them go round, one, two, three, four – when I was one year old, he said they'd take me in. The son, and his wife. A beautiful wife.

VICTOR: What happened?

CREATURE: You know what happened.

VICTOR: Oh, God, I do.

CREATURE: I burned them. In a fire.

VICTOR: Do you feel no remorse?

CREATURE: Remorse? When I walk through a village, the children throw stones. When I beg for food, they loose their dogs. What is the function of remorse?

VICTOR: I'm sorry, I –

CREATURE: Sorry? You're sorry? You caused this! This is your universe!

SIDE 4 – CREATURE, VICTOR PT 2

- CREATURE:** Frankenstein. Here is my request. I wish to be part of society. But no human being will associate with me. But one of my own kind – one just as deformed and horrible – she would understand – she would –
- VICTOR:** What, I –
- CREATURE:** I want a female. Built like me.
- VICTOR:** A female?
- CREATURE:** You alone have the power to –
- VICTOR:** Create another brute – another monster? No, I will not, I –
- CREATURE:** It is my right!
- VICTOR:** You have no rights. You are a slave. You want me to make you a female, so the pair of you can be wicked together? No, I will not. Torture me as much as you like, I'll never consent!
- CREATURE:** I will not torture you. I will reason with you. Isn't that what we do? Have a dialogue?
- VICTOR:** There is no dialogue with killers!
- CREATURE:** Yet you'd kill me if you could! Why, you have just tried! So why is your killing justified, and mine is not?
- VICTOR:** I won't argue with you! My God, I'm halfway up a mountain, debating with a – a –
- CREATURE:** A living creature!
- VICTOR:** A nothing, a filthy mass of nothing! I am your master, and you should show respect –
- CREATURE:** A master has duties – you left me to die! I am not a slave. I am free. If you deny my request I will make you my enemy, I will work at your destruction, I will dedicate myself, I won't rest until I desolate your heart! *(Pause.)* I apologize. I did intend to reason. I am capable of logic. I do not think what I ask is immoderate. A creature of another sex, but as hideous as I am. If you consent, we'll disappear forever. We'll go to the wilds of South America, and we'll build our little paradise, and live there in peace. And no human being will see us again. What do you say?
- VICTOR:** I am amazed. You've learnt so much, so fast!
- CREATURE:** Are you proud of me?
- VICTOR:** Proud? No.
- CREATURE:** Why not?
- VICTOR:** Because your logic is flawed.

CREATURE: Is it?

VICTOR: You say you'll go abroad and disappear, yet you also say you yearn to be accepted by society. But won't you grow tired of exile? Won't you return, and try once more to live among people, only to meet with their detestation? Because that is what you will meet with. But now, when you run wild, there will be two of you, and double the destruction. Why should I facilitate this?

CREATURE: Because I am lonely! Every creature has a mate. Every bird in the sky! Even you are to be married! Why am I denied the comforts you allow yourself? A moment ago, you were amazed at my intellect, but now you harden your heart. Please, do not be inconsistent, I find it infuriating! All I ask is the possibility of love.

VICTOR: Love?

CREATURE: Yes!

VICTOR: You think it is a possibility?

CREATURE: Yes!

VICTOR: For you?

CREATURE: A good man deserves it!

VICTOR: Are you a good man?

CREATURE: I would be! Oh, I would be!

VICTOR: I regret that you are lonely. I did not foresee –

CREATURE: That I might have feelings?

VICTOR: You were an equation. A theorem. I confess it. A puzzle to be solved. But if you are – sentient – and if you will – depart –

CREATURE: Frankenstein, if you give me a companion, I will quit Europe for ever, I will vanish into air. There will be no more destruction. I will be gone.

SIDE 5 – MONSIEUR FRANKENSTEIN, VICTOR, CLARICE

The Frankenstein house, Geneva. Clarice, in mourning blacks, brings Monsieur Frankenstein his post on a tray.

CLARICE: Your post, sir.

M. FRANK: *(Taking it, sadly)* Letters of condolence.

CLARICE: The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away.

M. FRANK: I know, Clarice. I know.

Victor bursts into the room. He has come straight from his encounter with the Creature, and still wears his furs and boots. In his hand he clutches the journal.

VICTOR: *(To Clarice)* Out.

Clarice exits.

M. FRANK: Victor! Where have you been?

VICTOR: In the mountains, on the Sea of Ice.

M. FRANK: This is a house of death. It is no time to go adventuring.

VICTOR: Father – I have to make a long journey. I leave today.

M. FRANK: Today! But what about William?

VICTOR: He isn't coming. I must travel to England. Goodbye.

M. FRANK: England? Why?

VICTOR: Work.

M. FRANK: What work? For a year I have not seen you work! What is this work for which you must decamp to England?

VICTOR: Look, I don't expect you to understand, but –

M. FRANK: No, I do not understand! I do not believe your studies are so important, and I order you to remain here for the funeral!

VICTOR: I have no intention of obeying. I must go.

M. FRANK: And your wedding?

VICTOR: It will have to be postponed.

M. FRANK: But Elizabeth –

VICTOR: Elizabeth will wait. I was in Ingolstadt six years. A little longer won't make much difference.

M. FRANK: Victor, why are you so sad?

Victor is silent.

M. FRANK: When your mother was dying –

VICTOR: Please don't bring her into it –

M. FRANK: When your mother was dying, I gave a promise that I would see you wed your cousin Elizabeth. That was my wife's last wish – that you might be happily married. You were such a sunny child, a carefree child, alert and inquisitive, the joy of our days! I came to believe you would do great things, and I would be proud of you! Instead we have this sullenness, this melancholy, this low fog of gloom. You flout my authority; you do not respect the codes by which we live. In short, you disappoint me. If you insist on leaving, I cannot stop you. But you may tell your fiancée yourself. *(Calls off.)* Elizabeth? *(He turns back.)* Where is the boy I remember? He had bright eyes and a ready smile. Where is he, Victor? Where has he gone?

SIDE 6 – ELIZABETH, VICTOR

- ELIZABETH:** Your father tells me you are leaving us. Why, Victor? Why must you go to England?
- VICTOR:** Because in England they are at the forefront of electro-chemistry. I've heard of real breakthroughs by vitalists, galvanists. I must go and see myself!
- ELIZABETH:** And for that, you'll put off our wedding?
- VICTOR:** Yes! It's critical for my experiments.
- ELIZABETH:** What are your experiments?
- VICTOR:** I'd say they're beyond a woman's scope.
- ELIZABETH:** If you think I'm going to marry someone who talks to me like that, you can think again. Which part might be beyond my scope?
- VICTOR:** All of it, actually.
- ELIZABETH:** Are you suggesting I'm less intelligent than you?
- VICTOR:** Yes. I mean – less educated.
- ELIZABETH:** That's hardly my fault. I wasn't allowed to go to school! But I can learn. I could be your assistant.
- VICTOR:** Elizabeth – it's no situation for a woman –
- ELIZABETH:** What, and you think this is? The world is turning, and I'm sitting in Switzerland, watching it! I know it's picturesque, the mountains, the lake, but it's so quiet it's oppressive, and the people are dull. I want to go to Paris, Rome, America! I want to talk to you about your work, about the world, about music, politics, everything!
- VICTOR:** I have no interest in music or politics.
- ELIZABETH:** Have you any interest in me? (*Pause.*) Victor, is there a girl in Ingolstadt? Are you in love with someone else?
- VICTOR:** No, no! I'm not in love with anyone else!
- ELIZABETH:** But you are constantly preoccupied, as if you are yearning to be with someone else –
- VICTOR:** No, it's you, Elizabeth, it's always been you! There's no one else. I promise!
- ELIZABETH:** (*Relieved*) Oh, Victor! I've been so alone, I've been lonelier since you returned than when you were away! I see a rainbow or a sunset and I long to share it, but you're not with me, you're never with me, there's only one where there should be two. All I ask is to come with you, and be at the center of things. I want your gravity, your volume, your mass – not an abstract – you.

VICTOR: I'm sorry. It's impossible. I must go alone.

ELIZABETH: Victor, what do you think love is?

VICTOR: I'll be back in six months.

ELIZABETH: That wasn't much of an answer.

VICTOR: Well, it's not quantifiable, is it? I mean, what do you measure? The number of kisses?

ELIZABETH: You don't measure anything. You throw yourself in. It's like jumping from the rocks into a swirling pool – you throw yourself in – you drown. You drown in love!

VICTOR: I see. You drown.

ELIZABETH: May I ask you something? I want to have children. Do you want to have children?

VICTOR: Yes, of course, I –

ELIZABETH: Do you want to give me children?

VICTOR: God willing. Yes I do.

ELIZABETH: I've waited and waited.

VICTOR: It will soon be over. Just let me finish my work. If only I could tell someone about it!

ELIZABETH: Tell me, please, tell me!

VICTOR: I can't, I can't tell anyone! I wish I could tell you, but I can't!

ELIZABETH: Then just kiss me. Like this.

She kisses him hard and fondles him.

ELIZABETH: Show me how you'll give me children. Touch me. Feel my heat!

She places his hands on her body.

ELIZABETH: Must you go? Must you? Can't you stay?

VICTOR: If only I could stay...! But I cannot.

ELIZABETH: Then go, and do your work, and be brilliant! And after that come home to me, and be my husband, and give me a dozen children!

Victor steps back and appraises her very thoroughly.

VICTOR: You are beautiful. You will make a beautiful wife.

ELIZABETH: Victor! What do you think I am, a specimen? – Go!

Laughing, she pushes him towards the door

SIDE 7 – EWAN, RAB, VICTOR

Some weeks later. A tumbledown croft in the Orkneys. The weather is appalling. Two crofters enter carrying a heavy trunk from a boat to the croft. They are Ewan, an older man, and Rab, younger. Victor follows them.

VICTOR: Is the weather always like this?

RAB: This is quite a nice day.

EWAN: It's not much of a croft, sir. The roof is poor. Will you be all right here?

VICTOR: For my needs, it's fine. Your wife can bring me some food?

EWAN: She can, sir, but it's simple. Fish, mainly. We don't touch meat, do we, Rab? Unless it swims, we don't eat it.

RAB: Eggs, we eat eggs.

EWAN: That's the exception. Eggs.

RAB: Oatcakes. Turnips.

EWAN: *(Glaring at Rab)* All right! – Where do you want it, sir?

They enter the croft.

VICTOR: Set it down there. Thank you, gentleman. Here's the price we agreed. For the portorage and three months' rent.

Victor lays down money. Ewan goes to pick it up, but Victor stops him.

VICTOR: But I would be prepared to give you very much more, Ewan, if you could perform another service for me. *(Beat.)* My field, you see, is human anatomy. The human body. To progress my research, I require certain materials. This is an unorthodox discipline, and somewhat disapproved of in academic circles. But you have my word that it is for the public good.

Victor takes off his travelling cloak. He opens the trunk and, as they talk, he sets out on the table various surgical instruments. Particularly saws and knives; galvanic batteries and coils of wire; Voltaic pile, etc.

RAB: I don't like the sound of that.

EWAN: Quiet, Rab. We don't move in academic circles. *(To Victor.)* Go on, sir. It's illegal, I take it?

VICTOR: We are a long way from any court of law. The nights are dark. And in science we keep our secrets.

EWAN: What is it you want?

VICTOR: Body parts. Fresh.

RAB: He's a surgeon! I knew it! That's grave-robbing!

EWAN: We are Christians in the Orkneys, sir. We don't rob the dead in their graves.

VICTOR: But the dead are dead, aren't they? They're not coming back. I don't subscribe to the view that it's unethical to use them for medical research.

EWAN: No, nor do we.

VICTOR: What will be possible in the future, eh, Rab? Shall we gain the upper hand over sickness and disease? Have you any idea what we shall be capable of, if brilliant men are allowed to do our work?

RAB: Uncle Ewan, this is nor right –

EWAN: Quiet, Rab! – I'll do nothing on my own island. But what is it exactly that you're after?

VICTOR: Have you heard of any young woman who has died very recently?

EWAN: *(Thinks)* Aye. On Ronaldsay.

VICTOR: Not your kin?

EWAN: No, not my kin.

VICTOR: Not diseased?

EWAN: Drowned.

VICTOR: May God have mercy on her.

EWAN: A good-looking miss, she was. Rab liked her.

RAB: I did not.

EWAN: You did.

RAB: I liked her sister.

VICTOR: She was beautiful?

RAB: Not bad.

VICTOR: Good. Are you prepared to work to my exact specifications?

EWAN: Well, Rab, he can't read, but –

RAB: I can read.

EWAN: Do him a drawing.

RAB: Uncle Ewan –

EWAN: You, be quiet, and do as the gentleman says!

VICTOR: How far is it to Ronaldsay?

SIDE 8 – WILLIAM, VICTOR

Victor goes to the door and bolts it. Then he sits at the table. He doesn't uncover the Female again but puts his head on the table and closes his eyes. There is movement in the sack. Out of the sack comes William, full of beans. Victor opens his eyes. A dream:

VICTOR: William.

WILLIAM: So how do you do it?

VICTOR: It's late, you should be in bed.

WILLIAM: How do you bring dead things to life? Is it easy?

VICTOR: No, it's hard. It's some kind of miracle.

WILLIAM: Tell me the secret. When did you start?

VICTOR: At school.

WILLIAM: Did you bring the teachers to life? That really would be a miracle.

VICTOR: (Laughs): School was so boring! I wanted to find out why things exist – how things exist – not absurd divinity, idiotic music. The laws of existence! So I began to read forbidden books. Agrippa, Paracelsus.

WILLIAM: The alchemists!

VICTOR: Yes! They were true men of science. They mapped the heavens, tracked the course of the stars. They classified the air we breathe, the circulation of our blood. All modern medicine comes from them. – I too wished to penetrate nature, to lay bare her deepest mysteries. So I studied mathematics. I experimented with galvanism –

WILLIAM: What's that?

VICTOR: You induce spasms in inanimate flesh, with a current from a chloride battery –

WILLIAM: Great!

VICTOR: -- where a zinc plate's laid on a solution of ammonium chloride and Ceylon moss –

WILLIAM: How thrilling!

VICTOR: -- and as I watched the current arc between bismuth and antimony, I found myself asking: where does the principle of life, the actual spark of life itself, where does it come from?

WILLIAM: It comes from God.

VICTOR: Yes, but only from God?

WILLIAM: I don't know.

VICTOR: Can a man be a god?

WILLIAM: I don't know!

VICTOR : I had to find out. I believed that to examine the causes of life, one had to begin with death. So I went to dissections, but they were too clinical, too after – the – fact. I had to see at first hand the process of decay. So off to the graveyard I went.

WILLIAM: Oh, Victor! Yuk!

VICTOR: I watched flesh rot in the soil. I watched worms eat eyes, maggots chew the tissue of the brain. I went to executions, charnel houses, I watched the moment of change from life to death, the specificity of the moment, the annihilation of the spark, until suddenly, months later, in a fever of creativity, I found I could identify and replicate the prime cause of life!

WILLIAM: *(Excited)* What is it?

VICTOR: I can't tell you that, Will, you're only little.

WILLIAM: What are you going to do with it?

VICTOR: I don't know. I have travelled where no man has travelled. I wonder how far I can go. I can create people, Will! Living people! Look at me, I breathe the breath of God!

WILLIAM: And will they reproduce?

VICTOR: What?

WILLIAM: Will they have wombs, the females? Will they breed? How quickly will they breed? How fast is the cycle? How many in a littler? Fifty? A hundred? A thousand?

VICTOR: William?

WILLIAM: And if the children breed with the children? Will they do your bidding?

VICTOR: What are you saying?

WILLIAM: You are their King – will they do as you tell them? Or will they be bad? Like the one who killed me?

SIDE 9 – ELIZABETH, CLARICE

CLARICE: Listen – you can still hear the bells ringing, over the water.

ELIZABETH: So you can.

They listen for a moment.

CLARICE: Many congratulations, Mistress. It was a splendid day.

ELIZABETH: Thank you. Please get me ready for bed.

CLARICE: Yes, Mistress.

ELIZABETH: I want to look beautiful.

CLARICE: Yes, Mistress.

ELIZABETH: Perhaps then he'll –

CLARICE: I'm sure he will.

Elizabeth breaks down and sobs.

ELIZABETH: He never touches me! He never comes near! He barely spoke to me after the service!

CLARICE: Well, he has always been peculiar.

ELIZABETH: But what have I done wrong, Clarice?

CLARICE: You've done nothing, Mistress. Men, you know – they're as nervous as we are on their wedding night. A lot of them have no experience whatever.

ELIZABETH: I'm not nervous!

CLARICE: I know you're not, Mistress. And yet you don't know what to expect, do you? None of us do, first time. It can come as quite a shock. Here we are, Mistress –you'll look as pretty as a picture.

Clarice helps her into a long nightgown, and unpins her hair.

CLARICE: Some ladies never get used to it at all, to be perfectly honest. Oh, but I'm sure you will.

ELIZABETH: Where is he?

CLARICE: He'll be along shortly, Mistress. You wait and see. Having a glass or two, probably, if he's anything like my husband. He'd put a bag on my head if he could. Come along now, let's pop you into bed.

ELIZABETH: First I must pray. – That's all.

CLARICE: Goodnight, Mistress. God bless.

SIDE 10 – ELIZABETH, VICTOR

- ELIZABETH:** Victor, what is going on?
- VICTOR :** The lodge is secured. There are guards at every door.
- ELIZABETH:** Why? What is going on? Tell me.
- VICTOR:** I should have told you before.
- ELIZABETH:** Yes, I think you should!
- VICTOR:** It is one of my experiments, Elizabeth. You will find this hard to credit, and there is little time to explain, but the simple fact is – I built a man.
- ELIZABETH:** You did what?
- VICTOR:** I built a man. And succeeded in animating him.
- ELIZABETH:** Say that again?
- VICTOR:** I built a man!
- ELIZABETH:** Animating him? Do you mean bringing him to life?
- VICTOR:** Yes, bringing him to life – my creature, I brought him to life!
- ELIZABETH:** Your creature.
- VICTOR:** You don't believe me.
- ELIZABETH:** Yes. Yes I do. If you say you have made a creature, and brought him to life, then – *(Solemnly.)* I do believe you, of course. *(She burst out laughing.)* What, is it, like a puppet?
- VICTOR:** No, a functioning man – a brute of a man!
- ELIZABETH:** This is ridiculous. You are saying, you are telling me you have made some sort of creature, with your electric eggs presumably, and it – what? It does what?
- VICTOR:** It pursues me.
- ELIZABETH:** Victor, you've been very ill. – In Scotland you – you had a nervous collapse.
- VICTOR:** Look. There is a – a thing, out there – and it wants to destroy me! I have lured it here and now I must act – I must kill him before he kills me!
- ELIZABETH:** What do you mean, you have lured it here?
- VICTOR:** I knew he would come for the – for the –
- ELIZABETH:** The wedding? Did you send him an invitation? Victor! He wasn't on the list!
- VICTOR:** Elizabeth – this is serious! Please believe me!

ELIZABETH: You're asking me to believe that you have created some sort of monster?

VICTOR: Yes, I –

ELIZABETH: Why?

VICTOR: I beg your pardon?

ELIZABETH: Why? Why did you do that?

VICTOR: Because I had a vision, a vision of perfection. I followed nature into her lair, and stripped her of her secrets, I brought torrents of light to a darkening world. I did it, Elizabeth, I did it!

ELIZABETH: I've never doubted your brilliance.

VICTOR: I have beaten death! I have done it! I have made a living thing!

ELIZABETH: But if you wanted to create life –

VICTOR: That's it, that's exactly what I wanted!

ELIZABETH: Why not just give me a child? We could have married years ago!

VICTOR: No, no, that's not the –

ELIZABETH: Because that is how we create life, Victor – that is the usual way!

VICTOR: I am talking about science –

ELIZABETH: No, you are talking about pride! You have been trying God's work – is that what you're telling me? And it has gone awry.

VICTOR: In you I found paradise. But the apple is eaten. We cannot go back.

ELIZABETH: You've meddled with the natural order, and led us into chaos, because you worship the gods of electricity and gas! What is wrong with you men?

Victor takes up his pistols.

VICTOR: I have guards all round the house. I will kill this thing that I foolishly made, and then I will come back to you.

ELIZABETH: Please, don't go, hold me! Please!

VICTO : Time for that when this is done. (*Earnestly.*) I will try to love you, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: Victor!

SIDE 11 – ELIZABETH, CREATURE

Elizabeth has her back to her bed. The Creature suddenly springs from inside it, and races towards her. He pins her arms behind her and clamps his hand over her mouth. She struggles, but he is too strong.

CREATURE : Don't scream! I will not hurt you. Don't scream! I need your help.

Elizabeth struggles less. Still he pinions her.

CREATURE: Can you guess who I am?

Eyes wild with fright, Elizabeth nods.

CREATURE: But he didn't mention what I look like, did he?

Elizabeth shakes her head.

CREATURE: Are you curious? Elizabeth?

Slowly, despite her fear, she nods.

CREATURE: Do not scream. I will release you.

Carefully, he lets go of Elizabeth. She doesn't move.

CREATURE: Turn around. Look at me.

Elizabeth does so. She gasps.

CREATURE: I need your help. I have a grievance.

ELIZABETH: Victor did this ...?

CREATURE: Do you think he's clever?

ELIZABETH: A genius!

CREATUR : Oh yes, that's right!

She peers at him with curiosity, going increasingly close.

ELIZABETH: What's your name?

CREATURE: My name? Oh, what luxury that would be! He didn't give me one. Touch.

Elizabeth is scared. The Creature grasps her hand and puts it to his face.

CREATURE: What do you feel, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH: Heat.

He places her hand over his heart.

CREATURE: Here?

ELIZABETH: A heartbeat.

CREATURE: Just like yours.

ELIZABETH: You say you have a grievance?

CREATURE: Madame, your husband is a good man, but he does not keep his word.

ELIZABETH: If Victor has treated you poorly, I shall speak to him. You may count on that.

CREATURE: Isn't he coming to bed?

ELIZABETH: He must learn that he has to take responsibility for his action, and that –

CREATURE: Surely he desires you? On your wedding night?

ELIZABETH: -- and that we must always stand up for the disadvantaged.

CREATURE: Oh, absolutely, give voice to the oppressed. Will you put my case?

ELIZABETH: What is it you want?

CREATURE: I did not ask to be born, but once born, I will fight to live. All life is precious – even mine. He promised to give me the only thing I lack, the only thing I need to be content, but then he broke his word. I want a friend! That's all!

ELIZABETH: *(Tentatively)* I'll be your friend. If you'll let me.

CREATURE: Will you?

ELIZABETH: If you need help, then...let's see what we can do.

CREATURE: Sit with me. I will not hurt you, I promise. I am educated, I know right from wrong.

She stares at him intently.

ELIZABETH: Incredible. You are quite extraordinary; do you know that?

CREATURE: Me?

ELIZABETH: Yes, you.

He reaches out to take her hand. She takes it and he leads her to the bed. They sit side by side.

CREATURE: Perhaps I am a genius, too?

ELIZABETH: *(Laughs)* Perhaps you are. What are you good at?

CREATURE: I am good at the art of assimilation. I have watched, and listened, and learnt. At first I knew nothing at all. But I studied the ways of men, and slowly I learnt: how to ruin, how to hate, how to debase, how to humiliate. And at the feet of my master, I learnt the highest of human skills, the skill no other creature owns: I finally learnt how to lie.

ELIZABETH: Lie?

CREATURE: Tonight I have met someone – perfect. Thank you for trying to understand. But he broke his promise; so I break mine. I am truly sorry, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: What do you –

Elizabeth realizes just too late. She bolts for the door, but he springs on her, again clamping his hand over her mouth. He drags her kicking back to the bed, where he rapes her. She kicks and struggles but to no avail. He forces apart her legs and enters her.