

FRANKENSTEIN *doesn't hear him. He's looking at the decay of the corpse. He's examining the connection of this to his equipment.*

FRANKENSTEIN. The stuff of life.

Do you know what I find incredible, Henry? So many men of genius have struggled to find this secret. And I'll be the one who discovers it. I know I will. So close now...

HENRY. I'll visit you another time then...

*He waits, but FRANKENSTEIN doesn't answer, absorbed in his work. HENRY leaves.*

FRANKENSTEIN *starts working furiously, digging, he's making a birthing canal for a great beast. MARY watches or helps him.*

MARY. Yes. It's almost here... the nightmare... You've robbed bones from graves...

You've scraped rotting flesh into bottles...

You've tortured living things for their essence...

FRANKENSTEIN *is dragging shapeless matter from his pit. He adds ingredients from his laboratory.*

The intricacies of flesh and veins and muscle elude you, they're too fine, too complicated. Time and again...

*The matter quivers briefly but subsides into nothing.*

FRANKENSTEIN *yells in frustration.*

You fail... But you'll try again... and again... and again... you won't stop now...

MARY *moves closer and closer to him.*

You're a great man... a great scientist... that's your dream, isn't it... it must be true... what does all this mean, what is it worth, if you fail? You keep working.

You don't think about your friends, your family, a general doesn't think of his children when he sharpens his sword, when he shouts for the cannons to fire.

I understand how to create a great man. If men like you thought about what love asked of them... there'd be no invasions. No wars.

The native peoples of the Americas would not have been slaughtered. The small nations of the world would not be oppressed and occupied. Great men do not stop for conscience or consideration, they push *on*.

You're a great man, Victor Frankenstein. You really are.

FRANKENSTEIN *is moving again, talking as he works, talking to himself. He doesn't hear MARY.*

FRANKENSTEIN. Is it morning? What time is it? What day is it?

MARY. It's Wednesday, nearly midnight.

FRANKENSTEIN (*still working*). I need water. Why is there no water in the bucket?

MARY. The well's frozen. It's a November night. You missed the summer. You ignored the blossoms and then the falling leaves, for this, for this work.

FRANKENSTEIN. I'm so close... *so close!*

MARY. You are.

FRANKENSTEIN. This time I will... *I will!*

FRANKENSTEIN *is working at the mouth of the dark pit.*

MARY *hesitates for a moment, briefly faltering in her intent.*

MARY. Wait, not yet, not now.

FRANKENSTEIN (*cutting her off*). Come on, come *on!* I have *to!*

MARY. Alright! Alright! NOW!

FRANKENSTEIN *pulls. MARY pulls with him. THE MONSTER erupts from the pit of darkness, howling. Huge, towering, terrible.*

FRANKENSTEIN. My God!

THE MONSTER *howls and thrashes, then it subsides, collapses, breathing but slumped, barely conscious.*

FRANKENSTEIN *looks at the creature in horror. MARY is almost as terrified.*

MARY (*whispering, horrified*). This is it. The heart of it. The horror.

FRANKENSTEIN. My God... what have I done...?

MARY. We've made life. We did it.

FRANKENSTEIN. It's horrible.

MARY. It's new and mindless.

FRANKENSTEIN. Look at the thing...

MARY. It has no speech, no thought, it barely knows it's here...

FRANKENSTEIN. Oh my God, what have I done...

MARY. Just slime and breath and eyes that stare with no intelligence.

THE MONSTER *advances on FRANKENSTEIN. Slow, uncertain how to move, as it advances, FRANKENSTEIN retreats at the same pace. Both gradually accelerate.*

MARY *moves with FRANKENSTEIN.*

*Both MARY and FRANKENSTEIN are really terrified.*

(A cry.) *It's my nightmare!*

FRANKENSTEIN *slams a barrier between them.*

FRANKENSTEIN and MARY *slump on one side of it.*

THE MONSTER *presses, whimpering, on the other.*

FRANKENSTEIN *is slumping, passing out with shock.*

THE MONSTER *pushes the barrier aside and advances on MARY and the unconscious FRANKENSTEIN.*

(A cry.) *It's here! It's here!*

(Whisper.) Oh God...