

## ACT TWO

*We are back on Mont Blanc, THE MONSTER and FRANKENSTEIN are facing off.*

THE MONSTER. Now you'll hear my story.

MARY (*quiet*). The monster's story.

MARY *crouches close, but not too close, to THE MONSTER.*

THE MONSTER *tries to begin, but these are difficult memories, he's struggling to go there.*

THE MONSTER. I began...

I don't remember how I began... I was...

I was...

MARY *moves closer to THE MONSTER.*

MARY. There was darkness...

*We see THE MONSTER stumbling through these memories as she describes them.*

*We lose sight of FRANKENSTEIN and the mountain as we move into –*

THE MONSTER's *memories.*

*As they talk, THE MONSTER moves through the city, and into a forest.*

THE MONSTER. I was moving... in darkness... I needed to find...

MARY. It was night. But you didn't know what night was.

THE MONSTER. I felt...

MARY. Cold... so cold... you were naked, you didn't know what naked was, what cold was. You snatched at warm cloth, a coat, a consolation, the smell of your creator.

THE MONSTER *breathes in the smell of the tattered coat he wears.*

And you fell out into the night.

*We hear the sounds of the night-time city as THE MONSTER stumbles forward.*

THE MONSTER. I was looking for...

MARY. You just needed *one touch*, the kind hand of whoever brought you into the world. A motherless child lies in its crib and kicks its helpless legs, it gapes its tiny dark mouth and wails for warmth, for food, for soft arms around it...

THE MONSTER *wails.*

You needed quiet.

THE MONSTER. Green...

MARY. Forest.

*We see dawn light in the forest on THE MONSTER, hear the sounds of the wood.*

THE MONSTER. Softer ground under my aching feet...

MARY. Sunlight...

THE MONSTER. I saw all the colours of leaf and earth and sky, new-made for my new eyes... but...

MARY. Sunlight that burned...

*The light is brighter. THE MONSTER shields his eyes.*

THE MONSTER. The heat beat down on me... I needed...

MARY. Water...

THE MONSTER. I didn't even know what it was...

MARY. You didn't even know how to drink... you thrust your head under the dark, cool liquid and gaped your mouth and gulped...

THE MONSTER *bends and does so.*

THE MONSTER. Oh, that was good, that first drink... and I needed...

*He's searching again.*

MARY. I think you were more than half-made, you were made from matter that already had life, already had intelligence.

THE MONSTER. I needed...

MARY. A baby stares without understanding at the sky above.

THE MONSTER. The moving leaves.

MARY. But you scented the air and saw plump fruit dangling and you knew already, you grabbed...

THE MONSTER (*seeing them*). Berries!

I ate and I ate... Oh, it was sweet, that first taste of food. Then I needed.

MARY. Sleep.

THE MONSTER. Sleep.

*The light dies again on* THE MONSTER.

It was dark when I woke. I didn't know if it would ever be light again. I was...

MARY. Cold.

THE MONSTER. So cold.

MARY. Alone.

THE MONSTER. I didn't know what would become of me. I sat in the dark.

MARY. In the cold.

THE MONSTER. Wet from the night dew. I felt...

MARY. Pain.

THE MONSTER. Pain in my cut feet, in the scratches where thorns had torn me.

MARY. Your freezing core...

THE MONSTER. I didn't know what I was, what the world was and how I would exist from this dark moment to the next and...

MARY. Tears.

THE MONSTER. I wept. I wept like a child alone in the night. Alone forever.

MARY. But then there was light again.

*It grows.*

THE MONSTER. The sun returned. The warmth returned.

MARY. The water was there.

THE MONSTER. The berries were there. The colours of the world were revealed again, I still had...

MARY. Hope.

THE MONSTER. I had hope then, on the second day of my life. Those were my days.

MARY. Those were your innocent days.

But, always, someone saw you. And when they saw you...

*A mob bursts in, driving THE MONSTER back. He faces them a moment, then he runs, trying to hide.*

*MARY's transforming the scene.*

Run! Run!

*A cottage in the woods.*

*We see the little cottage, at its side a little lean-to.*

THE MONSTER runs into this –

*The mob rushes over him and past him. He crouches in hiding.*

An empty goat pen... And you were safe.

THE MONSTER. I lived safely there for months.

*MARY is seeing this as we do –*

MARY. And through the wall from your lonely bed...

THE MONSTER. There was a family there. I watched them.

MARY. There was love. You saw love. *Yes!* This is how it happened.

THE MONSTER *is leaning against the wall, listening. In the cottage we see –*

*First a blind man enters, PETER, he feels his way to a seat. He picks up a guitar and starts to play.*

THE MONSTER *flattens himself to the wall to listen.*

THE MONSTER (*quiet delight*). Oh... Oh...

*A young woman, the old man's daughter, AGATHA enters, carrying a pail, she goes into the cottage.*

*She busies herself tidying and sorting. She sings quietly along with the guitar, nonsense words and humming.*

*We see AGATHA's brother FELIX enter, he's carrying farming tools.*

*We don't hear what they're saying but we see them going about their evening chores, laughing, maybe singing together. A happy family.*

MARY *moves close to THE MONSTER, crouching beside him.*

MARY. There was light, even in the dark, there was warmth, even in the winter there was...

*And then we hear one word distinct from AGATHA and then FELIX as they hum and sing.*

MONSTER....Love...

MARY....Love...

Simple love. You watched them for days, for weeks, for months.

MARY *nestles close to THE MONSTER, working things out with him.*

And you started to understand...