

Frankenstein, Part II

By David D. Begley

Based on The Daemon at the Casement or
Frankenstein, Part II
by M. Reese Kennedy
and
Frankenstein or The Modern Prometheus
by Mary Shelley

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FADE IN:

INT. GERMANY - INGLOSTADT - LARGE THREE STORY ROOMING HOUSE -
PARLOR - NIGHT - BLACK AND WHITE

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, white lab coat, about 25 years old and frazzled from hours of endless work. He's brilliant but eccentric as he has studied alchemy. He thinks he is on the brink of one of the biggest events in science's history.

He is pacing around his laboratory frantically adjusting dials. On a platform is a covered and inanimate body. The body is surrounded by loosely fitted metal bands. His lab is open to the sky. Victor Frankenstein turns some wheels and the platform is hoisted up through the open roof. Lightning starts to strike rods attached to the roof. Sparks fly and there is visible electric arcing. Victor Frankenstein then lowers the platform. CLOSE ON the CREATURE's right hand. It starts to move and the index finger rises up. More hand movement.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

It's alive. It's alive! IT'S ALIVE!

Now I know what it is like to be God!

The Creature breaks the metal bands on the platform. He has just been "born" and has no idea how he came to exist. He is seven foot tall. His skin color is like that of a mummy or albino; exceedingly white and grayish. He has no visible surgery scars. He has no lashes or brows to speak of. He has on pants and a shirt. After breaking free of his bindings, he gets off of the platform and smacks Victor Frankenstein with the back of his hand; knocking him to the floor and unconscious. The Creature then escapes.

EXT. SWITZERLAND - BELLERIVE - HIKING TRAIL - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE:

"NINE MONTHS LATER, SWITZERLAND"

Victor Frankenstein is hiking in the Alps and trying to clear his mind of what happened back in Germany. In the distance he sees a human form rapidly approaching him. Before he knows it, his creation is upon him.

CREATURE

I've found you at last. My creator!

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

I've been expecting you. What do you want of me?

CREATURE

You gave me life but nothing else. As I have roamed the world I have been shunned and rejected by all. I must have a female like me. Only that will save me from a life of loneliness. I demand it as a right which you must not refuse.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Why should I do that for you?

CREATURE

If you don't agree to this right now, I will kill you and all who you love.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Given those stakes, I must agree to your demand. But understand it will take me some time to rebuild my lab.

CREATURE

A reasonable request. How much time do you need?

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Nine months. And this time I must do my work in total seclusion. My father owns property in the Orkneys. Meet me there.

CREATURE

So be it. But do not fail me or your penalty will be severe.

EXT. ORKNEY ISLANDS - PAPA WESTRAY - CASTLE - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. ORKENY ISLANDS - PAPA WESTRAY - CASTLE - LARGE ROOM - DAY

Victor Frankenstein is pacing the room in a white lab coat. The same equipment has been assembled as he had in Germany. On the platform is a covered female figure.

Victor walks over to the platform and reveals the face. It is female version of the Creature. There is a ground level casement to the room. We see the Creature looking into the room. He opens the window and steps in.

CREATURE

Where is my mate? My situation is intolerable.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

I've changed my mind.

CREATURE

What do you mean changed your mind? We had a deal.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Once you have your mate, you will reproduce. A super race of devils like you would destroy Europe.

CREATURE

What concern is that of yours?

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

I owe a duty to humanity and not just to myself and my family. I serve a higher purpose than my own selfish needs.

CREATURE

Recall that I said that I would kill you and all who you loved if you did not give me a mate. I've changed my mind too. Your loved ones will die but I will spare your life so that you will be racked with guilt and misery all the days of your life. And know this too, I will be with you on your wedding night.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

I'll see you in Hell first, monster!

Victor Frankenstein rushes the Creature. The two scuffle. Victor is no match for the seven foot Creature. With a back handed slap, the Creature knocks Victor Frankenstein to the stone floor. There he hits his head and is knocked unconscious.

EXT. SWITZERLAND - BELLERIVE - CEMETERY - DAY

A large crowd of mourners, including the blonde FRAU ALTHOUSE, are gathered around two open graves. ELIZABETH FRANKENSTEIN and Victor Frankenstein tightly hold one another. Elizabeth is 21 years old and a natural beauty. Her eyes are bright and intelligent but her education has been limited to a finishing school. Both Elizabeth and Victor have been crying and their eyes are still red. The CLERGYMAN, 60s, has sharp and Germanic features.

CLERGYMAN

We therefore commit the bodies of
William Frankenstein and Henry Clerval
to the ground. Earth to earth. Ashes
to ashes. Dust to dust.

The pallbearers then lower both coffins into the graves with ropes. Victor Frankenstein throws pieces of dirt into both graves while Elizabeth throws native Swiss flowers. The two of them then turn and walk away.

ELIZABETH LAVENZA

How could this have happened in our
village? What monster could have
committed these vile deeds?

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

I suspect we'll never know. But we
must go on and rebuild our lives after
these murders. They would have wanted
it that way. The wedding is still on.

INT. SWITZERLAND - BELLERIVE - CHAPEL - DAY

The Clergyman is in the pulpit and addressing the assembled crowd in the pews. Elizabeth Frankenstein and Victor Frankenstein are seen standing in front of the altar and with large smiles on their faces.

CLERGYMAN

For this reason a man shall leave his
father and mother and be united to his
wife, and the two will become one
flesh.

INT. SWITZERLAND - BELLERIVE - HERR FRANKENSTEIN'S MANOR -
LARGE PARLOR - DAY

A large and happy crowd is milling about a beautiful parlor room. People are drinking beer in large steins.

Frau Althouse is seen in the crowd. Victor and Elizabeth walk through two parallel lines consisting of their friends of the same sex. Many are dressed in Swiss folk outfits. When Victor and Elizabeth exit the line, Victor approaches Elizabeth for their first dance as a married couple. The band strikes up a waltz. The married couple dance.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

(whispering in Elizabeth's ear)

Despite my recent sadness, I've never been happier now that I'm married to you.

ELIZABETH FRANKENSTEIN

(whispering in Victor's ear)

Oh, Victor! I am so looking forward to many happy years with you, my dear husband. I will give us many children.

After the first dance, we see Victor and Elizabeth sawing a log together; a traditional Swiss wedding custom. They then leave the building.

EXT. SWITZERLAND - BELLERIVE - HERR FRANKENSTEIN'S MANOR - DAY

The newlywed couple board a one horse open carriage. Their friends and family wave and they are off on their honeymoon. Victor takes the reins and lightly whips the horse that takes off at a moderate trot.

EXT. SWITZERLAND - TWO STORY INN - NIGHT

Victor exits the carriage and grabs their luggage. The horse and carriage remain in front of the inn. The two enter the front door. Above the door is a sign that says, "Althouse Inn."

INT. SWITZERLAND - ALTHOUSE INN - LARGE HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

Victor drops the luggage outside the honeymoon suite door and he passionately kisses Elizabeth. He then carries her across the door threshold.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

I'll go put the horse and carriage away. I can't tell you how much I have waited for this night.

ELIZABETH FRANKENSTEIN

Do hurry, dear. We need to get busy
and make a baby.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

Yes, the first of many.

Victor exits the room. The Creature is seen looking into the room. Elizabeth starts humming to her self as she unpacks her bag. She takes a white nightgown from her bag and goes behind a standing screen. She emerges from behind the screen in her nightgown. The Creature enters through an open window.

CREATURE

I told your husband I would be with
him on his wedding night. Didn't he
warn you? Why isn't he protecting you?

The Creature attacks Elizabeth Frankenstein and rips her nightgown. He then begins to strangle her.

ELIZABETH FRANKENSTEIN

Victor! Victor! Help me!

INT. SWITZERLAND - ALTHOUSE INN - BARN - NIGHT

Victor hears his bride's cries for help. He drops two champagne BOTTLES in his hands and they EXPLODE on the stone floor in the barn.

INT. SWITZERLAND - ALTHOUSE INN - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Victor is running up the stairs - two at a time - in a complete panic.

INT. SWITZERLAND - ALTHOUSE INN - LARGE HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

Victor bursts through the door. His wife is being strangled by the Creature. Upon seeing Victor, the Creature drops his hands from Elizabeth's neck. She's dead and falls limply to the floor.

CREATURE

You wouldn't give me a mate, so I took
yours.

Victor rushes the Creature.

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN

You monster!

The Creature uses a chokehold on Victor. Victor passes out onto the floor.

While standing over the unconscious Victor Frankenstein, the Creature looks down on him in the manner of Muhammad Ali taunting a prostrate Sonny Liston in the 1965 fight.

CREATURE

All I wanted was a mate. If I can't have my mate, neither will you. You stole from me my only chance at happiness.

EXT. ARCTIC - ICE FLOE - NIGHT

The Creature is on an ice floe with his sledge. He is holding a pickaxe. He is poorly dressed for the freezing cold conditions. The Creature looks down at his CAMERA ON compass as it spins wildly. He's near the North Pole. He's both physically and mentally lost.

CREATURE (V.O.)

The cold will always have its way. I'd lured my creator to his much-deserved end, and paid my own dreadful price along the way. So when at last I beheld Victor Frankenstein in death, I'd neared my own endpoint as his death had extinguished the sole object of my existence. In lieu of a mother and father, he was the lord of my existence.

(a beat)

As Victor turned black and his body froze, I resolved to end my life in the most gruesome manner I could summon. I would burn myself alive upon the pitiless pyre. My plan, however, had one insuperable problem that even a half-wit could see: I had no timber. Without timber there could be no pyre; and with no pyre, no inferno to consume my miserable frame!

The Creature then hears his oar slip off the ice floe and into the ocean. He throws himself to the ice and tries to retrieve the oar. His arms flay about uselessly in the ocean. He then turns onto his back and screams in frustration at the sky. There is no moon and the stars are exceptionally bright that far north.

The Creature then stands up, picks up the sledge and heaves it into the ocean; all the while screaming and yelling at the top of his considerable lungs.

The sledge and equipment sink into the ocean. A ship, The Prometheus, is in the distance. The Creature then lies down on the ice. After a brief time lying down contemplating suicide by drowning, he stands up.

EXT. ARCTIC - SERIES OF ICE FLOES - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The first step from ice floe to ice floe by the Creature is easy as there is little distance between them. The next several ones are somewhat more difficult and the Creature makes good progress towards The Prometheus. Eventually the distance between the ice blocks increases and the Creature has to make a running start as he leaves one to get onto the next one. During the course of his progress towards the ship, he has one close call where he nearly slips off the ice block and into the ocean. Only by using his pickaxe is he able to stay on the ice floe.

The Creature at last reaches the ship but there is still a considerable distance between him and his destination; at least 20 feet. The WIND picks up and the SAILS LUFF. The ship is moving further away. The Creature backs up as far as he can on his ice floe and makes a wild jump over the ocean. As he is flying through the air he is rotating his arms, clawing at the sky as if to gain traction and distance. His legs are pedaling forward.

EXT. THE PROMETHEUS - NIGHT

As the Creature hits the ship, he sinks his PICKAXE deep into the wooden side with a fierce THUD of a sound. The Creature then grabs a line, places his boots on the ship's side and he pulls himself up in a hand-over-hand motion.

Just as the Creature reaches the taffrail, ROBERT WALTON, 30s and the captain of the ship, appears. The Creature pulls himself on board and then strikes Walton across the face with the back of his hand. Walton crashes heavily to the deck; a distance of ten feet from where the Creature struck him. Walton is unconscious. The Creature picks up Walton by his collar and drags him to the captain's quarters.

INT. THE PROMETHEUS - ROBERT WALTON'S CABIN - NIGHT

Walton is thrown onto the floor. The Creature then latches and locks the door and sinks to a seat on the bed. The bed has a down comforter and stuffed mattress.

The Creature is exhausted. He begins to lie down on the bed in his wet clothes. He reconsiders, stands up and begins to take off his clothes. He uses his wet socks to gag Walton and his pants and shirt to bind Walton's arms and legs to a chair. The Creature is buff.

The backside of the Creature is seen slipping under the flannel sheets and down comforter. He turns onto his side and tucks his legs up as the berth is too short for him. He rubs his legs together to generate heat. He quickly falls asleep.

Walton is able to stand up with the chair attached to him. He hops over to the sleeping Creature and throws himself atop the Creature while grunting furiously. The Creature knocks him to the floor and kneels on Walton's chest until his face begins to turn purple and his eyes bulge from his head like a toad's.

THE CREATURE

Breathe if you will and speak if you must. But mark me well: if you dare to call out, that breathe is your last.

The Creature removes the gag from Walton's mouth.

ROBERT WALTON

(gasping)

For the love of God, get off of me.

The Creature moves off of Walton's body.

ROBERT WALTON

That gag is repulsive. I don't suppose it was previously employed as a stocking on your odious foot?

THE CREATURE

Yes, for these last many weeks.

Walton then retches.

ROBERT WALTON

Only the most vile and despicable beast would employ it thus.

THE CREATURE

Beast? You forget yourself, sir.

ROBERT WALTON

I forget nothing. I am master and commander of this ship.

THE CREATURE

Master of what? You speak from a position of some disadvantage, bound and floored as you are.

ROBERT WALTON

That may be, but bears not on my legal command.

THE CREATURE

I am your master all the same. Know that I can snuff out your existence with but one hand on your throat, if and when I fancy.

CAPTAIN ROBERT WALTON

I know it all too well.

Walton turns away, the very picture of misery.

ROBERT WALTON

I thought you were going further north. There was talk of you lighting yourself on the pitiless pyre. I must admit I rather liked the notion.

THE CREATURE

As it happens, the plan is impractical for the want of timber in these lands.

ROBERT WALTON

We might remedy that for you. We've spare masts and planking aboard. In a pinch, we could smash up a small boat

THE CREATURE

(standing up; angrily)

You, sir, are too kind by half.

The Creature returns to the bed and is quiet for some time; drifting off to sleep.

ROBERT WALTON

For the love of God, man, loosen these binds! I can't bear them.

THE CREATURE

Do I hear you correctly? You address me as man, and not as monster?

ROBERT WALTON
You heard me well enough.

THE CREATURE
Not as beast? Not as wretch? Not as
demon?

ROBERT WALTON
As you wish.

Walton is silent but his eyes agree.

THE CREATURE
On such a standing, I would happily
remove the bindings.

As the Creature unties Walton, Walton issues a great string of pathetic moans and awkwardly manipulates one limb and then another, as if working them for the very first time.

THE CREATURE
Take a turn on the bed.

ROBERT WALTON
That is most kind of you. I'll admit
to feeling rather poorly, what with
the blow to the head and the effects
of the gag. No offense meant to you,
sir.

Walton hobbles to the bed and shuts his eyes. The Creature covers himself in a blanket and sits at the table eyeing the papers strewn all over the table in a jumble. The Creature is curious and begins to shuffle the papers.

ROBERT WALTON
That, sir, is personal correspondence.
It is unconscionable for you to read
without my express authority. No
gentleman would do so.

THE CREATURE
So, now I'm a gentleman?

ROBERT WALTON
That issue remains undecided.

THE CREATURE
Who is Mrs. Saville?

ROBERT WALTON

She is my dear sister, Margaret.

The Creature labors to read the handwritten pages.

ROBERT WALTON

If you insist on continuing, you may
as well turn up the lamp. Yes, that
knob there.

The Creature fumbles, at first, with the whale oil lamp but
he quickly figures it out and the room brightens
considerably.

ROBERT WALTON

Tell me, am I to awaken with your
hands about my throat?

THE CREATURE

If I meant to throttle you, I could
just as easily do it now. Sleep if you
like. Perhaps you'll awake with a
better understanding of the civility
within me.

Walton sleeps on the bed and the Creature reads through the
night.

INT. THE PROMETHEUS - ROBERT WALTON'S CABIN - DAY

Sunlight illuminates the bed. Walton stirs in it and pulls
back the covers. He gets up and walks around the cabin.

THE CREATURE

I was beginning to wonder if you would
ever wake up. Perhaps that head injury
is more severe than I intended.

ROBERT WALTON

I'm quite certain you intended exactly
what you delivered.

THE CREATURE

Please accept my apologies.

Franz bows in a formal manner to Walton.

ROBERT WALTON

Have you finished your reading?

THE CREATURE

I have.

ROBERT WALTON

And?

THE CREATURE

I imagined the exact nature of my origin to be something a bit more dignified.

ROBERT WALTON

Like God creating Adam, with a touch of a finger?

THE CREATURE

You, sir, are patronizing me.

ROBERT WALTON

I forget that you are only a few years old and your experience is limited. Our beginnings are all a good deal more sordid than what's portrayed in the great books. As, I suppose, are our middles, and our ends.

(long beat)

We're going to have to come to some sort of agreement, you and I.

THE CREATURE

What kind of an agreement?

ROBERT WALTON

Order of business. Terms of passage. Lodging arrangements. And most urgently, the procurement of sustenance. I'm famished, and imagine you to be as well.

THE CREATURE

I am dangerously ravenous at the moment.

ROBERT WALTON

Then I must see to my own safety and get you fed. That's a bit of humor there.

(chuckling)

You must remain invisible to the crew. I'll procure us our meals and we will eat in my cabin.

THE CREATURE

How do I know you won't return with an armed mob?

ROBERT WALTON

But I'd ask you to consider what's in it for the other man. In this case, an angry mob does nothing for either of us.

THE CREATURE

How so?

ROBERT WALTON

Although my trek north as an explorer has been a failure, I've discovered something far more important. A remarkable new species never before seen; an advanced one at that.

THE CREATURE

You refer now to me.

ROBERT WALTON

Exactly. In addition to your existence, I have a detailed written account of your creation authored by none other than Victor Frankenstein. If I were to return to England with your dead body and a written account, I'd be ridiculed as a fabulist; albeit a clever one. But returning to England with you is a whole different story.

THE CREATURE

I'm not quite following you.

ROBERT WALTON

A written contract between the two of us. I compose and then publish a book about your creation and life. To give the book credibility, we begin a tour of England and the Continent wherein I speak of the book and you appear on stage with me. Proof positive that the book is true.

THE CREATURE

So, what's in it for me?

ROBERT WALTON

Money. We split the book and tour net proceeds; 60 percent for me and 40 percent for you.

THE CREATURE

Sounds good to me. But I need a name. The Demon won't do.

ROBERT WALTON

How does Franz P. Frankenstein sound? Does that suit?

THE CREATURE

No, it does not.

ROBERT WALTON

Give Franz a chance. While you're eloquent and more intelligent than the vast majority of men, we must do something about your appearance. We'd need some dark glasses - that runny-milk aspect of your eyes is particularly troublesome. A Fleet Street barber and a Savile Row tailor could make a big difference.

(a beat)

To make this work and not to frighten people, they must understand you and your background. That changes everything. You are no longer "the other." That's why the book is so important. I know your story. I understand who you are. That's why I haven't collapsed in horror.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Sir, we have a deal. Put it in writing.

ROBERT WALTON

In order to disabuse you of your hatred of your creator, you must realize that Victor Frankenstein was justified in breaking his promise to create a mate for you. He knew that if he did so he would be responsible for a master race that could ravage all Europe. His promise to you was untenable on a continental scale.

ROBERT WALTON (CONT'D)

And on that basis he was willing to break it and bear the consequences. On the other hand, my situation is different. I need you intact. Science needs you intact. Weigh your options, sir. Kill me, and my entire crew, and you'll be unable to sail this ship by yourself. But with me and my plan you've prospects for a far better life.

EXT. THE PROMETHEUS - DECK - NIGHT

Franz Frankenstein hauls the dead body of Victor Frankenstein to the deck of The Prometheus. Victor's body is sewn inside a canvas, but rigor mortis has set in with a vengeance and one arm protrudes from the canvas at a grisly angle. The arm is also quite black and blue.

ROBERT WALTON

(opening a small book)

"Listen, to this secret truth: We shall not die, but we shall all be changed, in a flash, in the twinkling of an eye. For when the last trumpet sounds, the dead will be raised, never to die again. When this takes place, then the scripture will be shown true: 'Death is destroyed; victory is complete.' Where, then, O death, is your victory? Where then, O death, is your sting?"

(beat)

Corinthians. You may now cast the body.

Franz spins like in the discus toss; twice quickly with the corpse held over his head. The canvas bag lands a good distance from the ship. After a brief disappearance, the canvas bag bobs back into view. Victor's arm rises once, as if pointing to the stars, then rotates slowly into the opposite orientation and plunges - suddenly and forever - into the depths.

ROBERT WALTON

Usually we just slide them quietly off the rail.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

You might have mentioned it.

ROBERT WALTON

And now we must abide by the laws of
the sea and join me in a tribute.

Captain Walton then produces a pocket-flask and two small
glasses and fills each.

ROBERT WALTON

To Victor Frankenstein, our dearly
departed friend and savant. As
brokenhearted as any man who ever trod
this earth, but courageous to the end.
To Frankenstein!

(raising shot glass and drinking)

They say a man never really grows up
until his parents are dead. You are
now on your own until you find your
mate. You must drink yours and repeat,
"To Frankenstein."

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

(raising shot glass and drinking)

To Frankenstein.

ROBERT WALTON

I've thought long and hard. There's
nowhere else to keep you without being
discovered. You'll have to stay in my
cabin until we've returned to port.
I'll take the night watch and you'll
help me sail the ship.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - BARN AREA - DAY

A limping MARGARET SAVILLE carries two heavy pails of milk to
the house. If one can get past her facial scar, she's an
extraordinary beauty; 30s. Like her brother, she comes from
landed gentry. She's exceptionally well-read.

MARGARET SAVILLE (V.O.)

My Dear Brother:

My husband continues to treat me worse
than an African American slave woman.
You know how difficult it is for me to
walk even with the special boots you
have so kindly provided for me. He now
routinely sends me to the barn in
order to bring the milk to the churn.
My arms and feet pain me after that
brief sojourn.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE and a half dozen or so veterans of the American War of Independence are sitting around the main room table, drunk. Charles Saville is frequently drunk as he attempts to escape the misery and failure of his life. He's a physical brute of a man; 40s; hirsute. He married an invalid woman for money but she has not given him an heir; only a farm and not a very good one at that. His hope for a fortune in real estate was dashed when the Americans won their war for independence. He's not very bright and his wife's intelligence is another reason for him to hate her.

Margaret Saville moves about the room refilling the ale mugs. As she does so, she is invisible to the seated war veterans.

MARGARET SAVILLE (V.O.)

My fiend of a husband recently reunited with his mates from the late war against the American colonists. One night he brought the entire crew to the manor for war stories.

FLASHBACK - EXT. CONFEDERATE STATE - SLAVE CABIN - NIGHT

Captain Saville exits a shanty slave cabin in an obviously half-dressed state. His bright red British officer's coat is unbuttoned and his shirt is half-buttoned and not tucked into his pants. He grabs a torch and lights the cabin on fire. A stray DOG approaches and starts BARKING at him. Saville pulls his sword and hacks the dog's head off. As he watches the cabin burn - with the unconscious rape victim inside it - an evil smile of satisfaction crosses his face.

MARGARET SAVILLE (V.O.)

Captain Saville's evil knows no boundaries. The most vile story I heard was how he burned a slave cabin after he had raped and beaten unconscious a poor African woman. His rationale? "That woman was property twice over; a Negro chattel slave and a woman." So far, I have been spared that treatment but I rightly fear I am not long for this world if we remain married.

(a beat)

Robert, when you return from your glorious voyage we must meet. It is imperative.

(a beat)

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. THE PROMETHEUS - DECK - TRACKING - NIGHT

ROBERT WALTON (O.S.)
 Shorten sail!
 (a beat)
 Stand by to take in royals and flying
 jib!
 (a beat)
 In royals!
 (a beat)
 Down flying jib!

Franz executes the Captain's commands expertly and with great dispatch as he is a man of exceptional intelligence.

EXT. THE PROMETHEUS - DECK - WIDE - MAGIC HOUR

Captain Robert Walton is at the wheel and the The Prometheus sails up the Thames to the docks of London.

EXT. THE PROMETHEUS - DECK - NIGHT

Walton and Franz Frankenstein exit the ship via a ramp. Franz has a cloak and his pickaxe. Franz stoops considerably while he walks to try to lessen his seven foot stature.

EXT. LONDON - DRURY LANE - NIGHT

Walton and Franz pass by a London pub. A group of FIVE DRUNKS are hanging around the premises.

DRUNK #1
 Look at the fookin' giant!

ROBERT WALTON
 (whispering to Franz)
 Drunks. Stoop and move.

DRUNK #2
 A right ugly one at that.

A large empty BOTTLE of GIN hits Franz in the back and then falls to the street and BREAKS. Franz turns in anger.

DRUNK #3
 Pay your respects, monster. Mind us
 when we speak to you.

ROBERT WALTON

Keep moving, man.

DRUNKS #4 and #5 rip the cloak from Franz's shoulders. The five drunks are all armed with knives and clubs.

DRUNK #4

Uglier than I thought. Fookin' ugly demon.

Drunk #5 hits Franz on the chin, close-fisted and flush. Franz is unmoved. Drunk #5 looks at his hand in pain. Franz gets out of his stoop and his full seven feet in height is apparent even to the five drunks.

Franz uses one hand to grab Drunk #4 by the throat and the other hand between his legs. Franz squeezes and

DRUNK #4

emits a yelp of pain. Franz then lifts Drunk #4 over his head, spins twice quickly and pitches the body of his victim - at maximum velocity - to a rough-cut stone wall on the lane. Drunk #4 hits the wall at the height of nine feet. The body slams into the wall and we hear a MUFFLED CRACK. The body slides down the wall and his neck is obviously broken from the odd angle in which the head sits on the body. Blood pours out from the neck and onto the pavement.

DRUNK #3

displays a very large knife and lunges at Franz. Franz quickly sidesteps him and Drunk #3 goes past him like a bull passing a bullfighter. As he passes by,

FRANZ

draws his pickaxe and drives it through the top of his skull. A SQUISHY SOFT SOUND is heard as Franz sinks the pickaxe into the victim's head. The pickaxe remains in the head.

The surviving three drunks pull back, turn and then run at full speed. Franz begins to chase them and gains quickly on the slowest and fattest of the three. But he thinks the better of it as there has been enough killing.

He then jogs back to where Walton is standing.

ROBERT WALTON

Follow me, cover your face and do your best to look somewhat less gigantic.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - NIGHT

Walton and Franz dash around a series of corners. Franz then waits while Walton fetches a carriage.

Upon Walton's return with a closed carriage, Walton guides the stooped and cloaked Franz into it.

ROBERT WALTON

Ah, Uncle Franz, there you are.

INT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - PARLOR - NIGHT

The room has a massive fireplace, but it is dark. Full bookshelves line the room. Plush rugs on the hardwood floor. The windows are covered with purple curtains.

ROBERT WALTON

You understand why I had the carriage drop us at such a distance from here?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

You were discouraging tracking.

ROBERT WALTON

At some point the constables will be tasked to find out who was responsible for that unfortunate incident on Drury Lane, but it couldn't be avoided. Self defense. But I do wish you'd retrieved the implement.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I do regret the loss of my pickaxe.

ROBERT WALTON

Make yourself comfortable, and for God's sake don't leave the house.

Franz sits down on the floor near the fireplace and stretches his legs out.

INT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The table is set with a feast of raw vegetables, fruit and nuts for Franz and a large roast goose and bread for Walton.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Is food always so plentiful in London?

ROBERT WALTON

Only for those with means. After we finish here we need to clean ourselves up.

INT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen has a large open fireplace with various pots suspended over the open flames. A large copper bathtub is on the stone floor. Walton is seen pouring pots of hot water into the bathtub.

ROBERT WALTON

Franz, remove those rags right now.

Franz removes his clothes and hands them to Walton who then pitches them into the open fire.

ROBERT WALTON

Now get into the tub and I will instruct you how to properly clean yourself.

The tub is full of bubbles and the hot water emits steam into the room. Walton hands Franz a scrub brush and sponge. After Franz spends some time washing himself, he exits the tub and Walton hands him a luxurious, white Turkish towel and bathrobe; the robe, however, stops at mid-thigh for the seven foot tall Franz Frankenstein.

INT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - SPARE BEDROOM - DAY

Franz awakens from his sleep. His lower legs and feet extend over the edge of the bed. He gets up and walks over to the dresser. He looks at himself closely - for the first time - in the mirror. His eyes emit a milky ooze and have no real color to them; at best the eye color might be described as oatmeal or beige. He has full head of dark black hair. His lower eyelids droop in a ghastly manner. He has no visible facial scars. Franz gives himself a good hard look in the mirror. He's seen other people and he knows he doesn't look like anyone else on Earth. He is not at all happy with his looks, but he can't change his appearance and knows it. Franz then leaves the room, in his robe, for the dining room.

INT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

Franz walks hesitantly into the dining room looking somewhat bewildered.

ROBERT WALTON

Good morning Franz. I hope you found your bed comfortable

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Exceedingly so.

ROBERT WALTON

After breakfast, the first order of business is to get you some suitable clothes. The say clothes make the man and anything would be an improvement over what you had.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

How will you procure them?

ROBERT WALTON

After I measure you I'll then contact my tailor. I'll use a ruse. Say it is for a theater production. Not everyday that he makes shirts and trousers for a seven foot gentleman. In the meantime, my Oxford student gown will suit you.

INT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - PARLOR - DAY

The fireplace is roaring. Robert Walton is at his desk with a number of papers. He is reading the London newspapers and working on taking his notes from his interviews with Victor Frankenstein - and Victor's own notes - and turning them into a manuscript suitable for publication. Franz Frankenstein is seated at a nearby desk and is wearing an Oxford student gown. He is Walton's copy clerk. We see two copies of the manuscript on the table.

ROBERT WALTON

The press continues to run stories about the killings on Drury Lane, Franz. Bad business for us. At least they got your height right. They are calling you, "The Pickaxe Monster."

The Star full page headline: "Pickaxe Monster Kills Two!" The Morning Chronicle, bold headline: "Seven foot Monster Loose in London!" The Times, headline: "Murders on Drury Lane."

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I easily could have taken them all out and now I regret my restraint.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)
 No witnesses would have been best for
 me.

ROBERT WALTON
 Nothing we can do about it now.

A knock on the front door.

ROBERT WALTON
 Go hide in your bedroom.

Franz exits the room. Walton goes to the front door and then
 returns with a stack of boxes; all tied up in string.

ROBERT WALTON
 (calling up the staircase)
 Sir, your clothes have arrived. Along
 with your size 23 boots. Please come
 inspect them.

Franz unties the string on the first package and removes the
 tissue paper. It is a pair of pants. Franz unfolds them to
 their full length and holds them up against his body. The
 next package is a set of tinted eyeglasses. Franz tries them
 on and they don't fit quite right.

ROBERT WALTON
 I'll have to send those glasses back
 for adjustment, but please do try on
 the clothes. It is time for a fashion
 show!

INT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - SERIES OF SHOTS -
 DAY

Franz enters the room in the formal or go-to-church clothes.
 He is self-conscious about his new look. He is awkward and
 shy as he parades to the full-length bedroom mirror. He does
 a clumsy turn at the mirror.

The next set of clothes are casual or around-the-house
 clothes. Franz has a big smile on his face. He is enjoying
 himself and the fashion show. Walton is now getting into the
 act and he is also smiling broadly.

The final set of clothes is an English butler's outfit with
 an apron. Franz marches into the room like a professional
 model on the catwalk. He does a perfect pirouette in full
 confidence in front of the mirror. Franz lingers at the
 mirror like a rose-cheeked bride.

ROBERT WALTON

Franz, clothes do make the man and in
and London you can be a new man.

Robert Walton then walks over to his dresser and picks up a music box. He winds it and it plays Mozart's "Sussex Waltz, K536 No. 2."

ROBERT WALTON

Franz, look what I recently bought for
my sister. She loves music.

Robert Walton then hands Franz Frankenstein the music box and he is fascinated by it; turning it over and over.

INT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - PARLOR - DAY

Walton enters the room with the mail. Franz is at his desk in his butler outfit.

ROBERT WALTON

A letter from my dear sister. You'd
like her quite a bit, Franz. Smart;
for a woman.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - PARLOR - DAY

Margaret is sitting at her parlor table and reading the letter she has just finished writing to her brother.

MARGARET SAVILLE (V.O.)

My Dear Brother:

I do so enjoy your letters about the education of Franz P. Frankenstein. Do give him my warmest regards and my own personal esteem and all that entails. Also, do apologize to him, on behalf of all humanity, for the cruel subjection of his early years. And wish him, with all of my heart, the happiest of lives going forward.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - BARN AREA - NIGHT

Captain Saville confronts his wife in the area between the manor house and barn. He viciously smacks Margaret about the face and then knocks her down. He removes her boots while she is kicking him in self-defense and then throws her boots into a large brush fire.

MARGARET SAVILLE (V.O.)

As to my so-called husband, Charles Edwin Saville, III, or Captain Saville, as he bids me to address him, his cruelty towards me continues and knows no bounds. Although he is barely literate, I fear that he will intercept these precious pages and redouble his efforts against me. Even so, know that he burned the special boots you had made for me after he beat me to within an inch of my life. I'm now nearly an invalid. Please come visit me at Sweetbriar as soon as you can so that we may speak in confidence.

INT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - PARLOR - DAY

Walton paces the room and circles Franz while speaking.

ROBERT WALTON

That cur! My dear sister was born with clubfeet. Later our dolt of a father burned her face and neck with a pot of tea. She bares the hellish scars to this day. She manages her burdens nobly, but Captain Saville only makes things much worse; as you just heard. They reside at gloomy Sweetbriar which he purchased with Margaret's dowry money. Thankfully he spends much of his time away working in the slave trading business. I have heard accounts in London of his pillaging and raping in America during the war with the colonists. According to Margaret, she is not treated much better than an African slave.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Why does she remain married to such a monster? She seems both unhappily married and unnaturally anchored.

ROBERT WALTON

Yes. Anchored she is. You'll learn that women, even in the worst of conditions, do not simply stroll out of their marriages.

ROBERT WALTON (CONT'D)

The law, of course, is no help to women like my sister.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Can't something be done?

ROBERT WALTON

Meddling in someone else's marriage is a dangerous business, Franz, not that I haven't tried. He's a short-tempered brute, and experience shows it would end by his killing me, and probably her in the bargain; or by my killing him, with my own life forfeit by way of the hangman's noose. Would that I could slay just one to your five, and walk as free as you have.

(a beat)

Enough of that. I'll order the boots after we finish here. Now read back to me the query letter I will post to the publishers today.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

February 17, 1795

Dear Sirs:

(beat)

I am a London-based explorer, just returned from a sea journey to the far north, where I was witness to the greatest breakthrough in modern science. In the most barren of environs I encountered the most unlikely, nay impossible, of specimens; a living, walking creature with all of the attributes of a man, including those of reason and speech; but born of no mother, assembled in a laboratory of science by Victor Frankenstein, and animated thereupon from lifeless matter.

(beat)

I interviewed, at length, Dr. Frankenstein and I have possession of his laboratory notes. I have now incorporated the notes into a larger, more complete manuscript, which is my great honor to offer you as a once in a millennium publishing opportunity.

(a beat)

Please further note that I am in possession of not only the manuscript, but of the creature himself, who returned on my ship.

(a beat)

Please contact me at your earliest convenience with dates and times.

ROBERT WALTON

Well done, if I must say so myself. With the book and the tour, dear Franz, the both of us will be richer than King George.

INT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The table is set with ham, bread, vegetables and five empty bottles of wine. Most of the food is eaten. Both Franz and Walton have had a number of glasses of wine as it is late in the evening.

ROBERT WALTON

Margaret's replacement boots will be ready shortly.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Forgive me, after our discussion earlier today regarding Margaret and her husband it has left me wondering about the exact nature of marriage.

CLOSE SHOT - WALTON

Walton spits out his wine.

ROBERT WALTON

Ha! Now's there's a question!

(a beat)

The first thing you must know is that marriage has traditionally been a property transaction here in England. My father was obliged to pay Saville a handsome dowry so that Margaret could be married. And even with that large sum of money, her prospects were not good and she ended up with that fiend. Blackstone says marriage is one of the great relations of private life.

Walton takes a long drink of wine.

ROBERT WALTON

For those without substantial property, marriage is based on romance. When two people love each other, they get married. On a more practical basis, marriage is a social convention developed before written history to impose some order on the reproductive process. Without marriage, mankind would be reduced to savagery, men slaying one another over access to the most desirable women, women used and abandoned, children left wanting and uncared for. Instead, we have couples committed for life, one man to one woman, and one woman to one man, the ceremony overseen by both church and state.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

How does this arrangement enable reproduction?

ROBERT WALTON

The natural process is then free to take its course. Marriage has delayed it only until such time as certain requirements have been met - rightful ages obtained, permissions granted, financial minimums attained and demonstrated.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

To what natural processes do you refer?

ROBERT WALTON

Why, copulation Franz! Have you not acquired any familiarity with its doings? Never observed the coupling of two sparrows? Never watched a buck mount a doe, a stallion a mare?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I happened once upon two dogs... I admit I never quite pieced it together.

Walton reaches across the table and claps Franz on the shoulder.

ROBERT WALTON

You mean in all your haranguing of Frankenstein to create you a mate, you hadn't such activity in mind?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Not for a moment. Only simple company and comfort. It seemed the natural course.

ROBERT WALTON

(laughing)

Nothing could be more unnatural!

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

You yourself are not married, despite what I assume to be a rightful age and suitable fortune. Why not?

ROBERT WALTON

Life brings exception to most every rule. Since my days at Oxford, I have preferred the embrace of a man. This, of course, is not tolerated and is a capital crime. I have therefore devoted myself to science.

INT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - PARLOR - DAY

Walton enters the room holding the mail. Franz is working at his copy desk. The letters have been opened and Walton clutches them in his hand. He walks over to the fireplace and desks. As Walton reads the letters, he paces back and forth.

ROBERT WALTON

Franz! Listen to this.

Sir:

There can be no thought of pursuing such nonsense.

And how about this one?

Mister Walton:

Yours is precisely the cheap science fiction that impugns the reputation of those who publish works of genuine academic integrity.

ROBERT WALTON (CONT'D)

Your ruse is laughably transparent with the convenient death of the man behind the miracle. Do you take us for such fools, sir?

Sincerely,

George C. Pomeranz, Publisher.

All rejection letters are in the same tone. They think my book is a joke and a fraud. Perhaps it's time for an introduction.

EXT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - TWILIGHT

Franz enters a carriage. Walton is in the driver's seat. Franz reclines on a mattress laid out on the floor of the carriage and covers himself with a blanket. Walton lashes the horses into action. After a drive, Walton parks the carriage at The Worshipful Company of Stationers building on Ave Maria Lane, London.

EXT. LONDON - AVE MARIE LANE - STATIONERS BUILDING - NIGHT

Walton climbs down from the carriage driver's seat and enters the building. Franz exits the carriage and climbs up to the third floor. Franz is wearing his best clothes. He is on the window ledge just outside the casement. Franz listens through the open window. He hears Walton and GEORGE C. POMERANZ. Pomeranz is overweight, bald and wears glasses. He is dressed like an English dandy with silk stockings.

FRANZ'S POV

GEORGE C. POMERANZ

You, sir, are a fraud. Do you take me for a fool? Seven foot tall, indeed!

ROBERT WALTON

Science fiction, you say?

GEORGE C. POMERANZ

More like a science fantasy cooked up in your bachelor brain.

ROBERT WALTON

Behold, sir, your fantasy and fiction.

INT. WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF STATIONERS BUILDING - POMERANZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Franz steps in through the window.

ROBERT WALTON
Does this fellow strike you as a
poseur, Mister Pomeranz?

Franz offers his hand to Pomeranz who refuses to shake it.
Pomeranz is stunned silent.

ROBERT WALTON
This is Franz P. Frankenstein. Please
have the good manners to take his
hand.

Pomeranz pisses his pants; a large and noticeable wet stain
on his pants and a puddle on the floor appear.

ROBERT WALTON
I assure you he is quite friendly,
Mister Pomeranz. He means you no harm.

Franz removes his colored glasses from his pocket and puts
them on.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
Might I suggest we sit down?

All three sit down with Pomeranz behind his large hand-carved
desk.

ROBERT WALTON
And so, Mister Pomeranz, what do you
think?

GEORGE C. POMERANZ
You have a novelty act, Mister Walton,
a circus curiosity. A giant with an
unfortunate skin disorder. And blind
in both eyes. I have no illusion
beyond that.

ROBERT WALTON
Franz, can you please disabuse Mister
Pomeranz of his notion of your
blindness?

FRANZ stands up and walks to the bookshelf. He finds Goethe's
The Sorrows of Werter.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Goethe, one of my early favorites. "In this terrestrial paradise I find that healing balm of troubled minds...The delightful spring expands my heart...."

GEORGE C. POMERANZ

Enough! I'll grant that he can see, and he can read. So can we all. The exceptional claim is his emergence from lifeless matter. And, for all the playacting here, that remains ludicrous in the extreme.

ROBERT WALTON

I have Victor Frankenstein's lab notes, Mister Pomeranz. If we were to reach a preliminary written agreement, you'd be welcome to review them with your most trusted men of science.

GEORGE C. POMERANZ

This whole farce has gone far enough, Mister Walton. You've entered my office under false pretenses, and the giant made an illegal entry through the window. It's time for both of you to leave before I summon the constabulary.

ROBERT WALTON

As you wish, Mister Pomeranz. We'll wait to hear from you.

(a beat)

And in the meantime, I'd advise you change your trousers. You'll catch your death of cold.

INT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - FRONT ENTRYWAY - DAY

A knock on the door. Walton answers it. He receives a package from a delivery person.

INT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - PARLOR - DAY

ROBERT WALTON

Regular black boots. Stout, but not altogether uncommon, except for a number of quite clever alterations.

Walton shows the boots to Franz.

ROBERT WALTON

Imagine the barbarity of throwing such useful things into a fire.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I've prepared for you some provisions.

ROBERT WALTON

That's very kind of you. I should be back the morning after tomorrow.

Walton stands up with his suitcase, the box and the food and leaves the room.

EXT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - DAY

The COACH DRIVER, coach and four horses are in front of Walton's home. Before Walton can reach his coach, he is confronted by CONSTABLES #1 and #2. JOHN BOOKER and ROBERT MURRAY are two non-uniformed detectives and are in the background. Booker and Murray are hard men; both ex-military from the war with the Americans. They've seen plenty of death and crime and they brook no foolishness. The constables have brought a carriage with steel bars on the windows to transport the prisoner while Booker and Murray have ridden their own horses.

ROBERT WALTON

What is the meaning of this? I go where I please. What business can it be of yours?

CONSTABLE #1

You need to stay with us, Mister Walton.

ROBERT WALTON

I'll do no such thing. My invalid sister is in desperate need of these boots and I mean to deliver them.

Franz is watching this exchange while peering through a curtain next to the front door.

CONSTABLE #2

You'll have to send them along on their own. We have warrants for your arrest and to search your home.

ROBERT WALTON
On what probable cause?

CONSTABLE #1
The magistrate issued the warrants and we are under no obligation to justify them. But as a courtesy to you as a gentleman, we had a recent complaint from a publisher on Ava Maria Lane which we have reason to believe is related to murders some months past in Drury Lane.

ROBERT WALTON
Pomeranz? That pissant? My lawyer will have me released in hours.

Walton confers with the driver. The coach driver takes the box and departs to the west. The constables put Walton into the carriage and lock the door. Booker and Murray start to walk to the front door. Booker is holding a search warrant in his hand.

INT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - FRONT ENTRYWAY - DAY

Franz runs up the steps to his room.

INT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Franz packs his letters from Margaret, his glasses, his toothbrush and some clothes in a sealskin satchel.

He looks out his window and sees two constables standing guard in the alley. He then realizes he needs to get the music box for Margaret Saville. He runs out the bedroom door and down the stairs.

INT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - PARLOR - DAY

Franz grabs the music box that sits on top of the fireplace mantle. Booker and Murray are in the room.

ROBERT MURRAY
Stop! You are under arrest.

Franz approaches Murray and decks him with a hard right hook to the jaw. Murray is floored and out cold. Franz then hits Booker and he goes to the ground. Franz turns and runs up the stairs with the music box in his hands. Booker gets up after a bit and runs after Franz and up the stairs.

INT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Franz opens the window. The coast is clear. Before he steps out of the window onto the roof, he turns to John Booker.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
It was self-defense!

JOHN BOOKER
Bollocks!

Franz exits the window. Booker runs back down the steps.

EXT. LONDON ROOFTOPS - TRACKING - DAY

FRANZ

heads west on Walton's roof and then leaps onto the roof of the next house. Franz runs across three roofs. Franz then comes to the end of the block and the distance to jump is too far for even him. He does, however, contemplate the jump before he climbs down from the house using the downspout and begins to run after the coach.

EXT. LONDON - ROAD WEST - DAY

FRANZ

is running at a full sprint and - with his long strides - he gains on the coach although it is still some distance from him.

BOOKER

is on his horse and he catches up to the running Franz.

JOHN BOOKER
Stop, I say. You are under arrest.

Booker, on horseback, is right next to Franz. He begins to beat him about the head with a billy club. Franz turns and attacks Booker; knocking and pulling him off the horse. Booker is on the ground. Franz easily rips the billy club from Booker's hand. Franz then beats Booker about the head; dazed and very badly bloodied. Franz then steals Booker's horse and follows the coach and driver to the west.

EXT. LONDON - ROAD WEST - DAY

Franz passes through west London.

Twice - when he encounters a coach or people walking - he bends over in the saddle so he doesn't appear to be so tall. He is bloody and also heavily bruised from the billy club attack. As the road moves into open country, Franz follows at a fair distance with a moderate trot.

ROAD WEST - MONTAGE

Mile markers appear along the road: 10, 20 and 30.

EXT. THE GOAT & MONOCLE - DAY

The coach driver stops at The Goat & Monocle for a pint and something to eat. The Goat & Monocle is situated next to a stream. The driver parks the coach and enters the building.

EXT. ROAD WEST FROM LONDON - DAY

Franz has been riding for 30 miles while injured. When he sees the driver stop at The Goat & Monocle, he pulls his horse off of the road. He is bloody from the billy club beating and very thirsty. He plunges into the stream and drinks himself into a gasping, bloated stupor. After he finishes drinking, he walks onto the bank of the stream.

EXT. ROAD WEST FROM LONDON - ADJACENT STREAM - DAY

Franz approaches The Goat & Monocle from the stream bank. There he encounters a four-year-old girl, MARY, who is carrying an empty water bucket. She has some flowers in her hand.

MARY

Who are you? I'm Mary!

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I am Franz P. Frankenstein. Pleased to meet you.

MARY

You've been hurt. How are you?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Well enough. Thank you for asking.

MARY

Will you play with me?

Mary takes Franz by the hand and leads him to the stream.

MARY

I can make a boat. See how mine floats.

Mary then starts throwing some flowers into the stream.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Well, that's quite charming but it's not exactly a boat. Here, let me show you.

Franz takes some leaves, sticks and flowers and fashions a nice toy boat and sets it into the stream.

MARY

Why, thank you kind sir! Can you stay with me and play some more?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I'd love to, but I can't. And, please, be careful of strangers. Not everyone you meet is as kind and understanding as me.

MARY

Look! More customers for the inn.

Franz and Mary are behind some bushes on the stream bank. Through the brush, they see Booker and Murray ride up to the inn on their horses.

EXT. GOAT & MONOCLE PARKING LOT - DAY

Murray has a bruise on his face. Booker is bruised and bloody from his fight with Franz. They tie up their horses directly in front and enter the inn.

Franz stealthily approaches The Goat & Monocle's parking lot which is off to the side of the building and near the stream. He comes upon the coach and team of horses. The driver had not removed the girths or collars from the horses. Franz pumps some more water for the horses and they drink. He then rubs them under their collars in order to gain their confidence. After a bit of that, Franz looks inside the coach. There he finds the box with the boots. Franz then looks underneath the driver's seat and discovers a handwritten map and instructions to Sweetbriar.

Franz climbs into the driver's seat and shakes the reins. Twice. Nothing. He considers the whip; picking it up. He then places it back in its spot.

Franz jumps down into the space between the rear pair of horses, startling them into action, and with his hands on the crossbar, he pushes right with them. As the team begins to pick up speed, Franz pivots and flips himself back into the driver's seat. He grabs the reins and takes charge of the carriage.

EXT. ROAD WEST FROM LONDON - NIGHT

Franz is driving the team. About one mile from the Goat & Monocle he comes to a junction where four roads merge into the single road he is on. He consults the map. He takes the road on the far left. The trip continues for another 40 miles.

EXT. GOAT & MONOCLE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The coach driver, Booker and Murray emerge from the inn.

COACH DRIVER

My team and coach have been stolen!

Booker and Murray look at each other knowingly. They then spot Booker's stolen horse. They know that the horses and coach have been taken by the Creature who is their murder suspect.

ROBERT MURRAY

Sir, we are in hot pursuit of this thief and murderer.

Booker and Murray rapidly mount their horses and head west.

EXT. ROAD WEST FROM LONDON - NIGHT

Booker and Murray ride for a bit and then come to a junction where four roads merge into the one single road that they are on. They stop and contemplate what road to take.

JOHN BOOKER

We need to stick together. No one man can subdue that demon.

Booker and Murray take the far right road.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - PUBLIC ROAD - DAY

Franz pulls the team off the road and into the woods. There is a canal parallel to the road and the horses are released and begin to drink from the canal. Franz is limping.

He then leads them back to the coach and they begin to graze. Franz quickly sets up an enclosure with a rope. The sun rises. Franz turns his face to the sun and soaks up its warmth. He begins to groom the horses with a brush. After a bit, Franz settles into the roots of a great oak and sleeps.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - WOODS - NIGHT

Franz awakens. He takes the box of boots from the carriage and walks to the canal. There he removes his own boots. His right foot is bloody and raw. He wades into the canal. The water is up to his waist. On the other side of the canal, he wraps his injured foot with his white linen handkerchief with the initials F.P.F. He leaves the box of boots at the canal.

He approaches the manor house through the underbrush and field. Still at some distance from the house, TWO LARGE STAFFORDSHIRE BULL TERRIERS begin to HOWL and BRAY. They race across the field in pursuit of Franz. Franz turns and runs back toward the canal. The dogs close the distance quickly on Franz as he is still limping. Franz splashes into the canal before the dogs reach him.

The dogs have to swim but Franz can walk on the bottom of the canal. Franz grabs the back paws of the lead swimming dog. The dog tries to turn and bite Franz but is unable to do so. Franz then positions the lead dog to fight with the other dog. A FRENZY occurs and the TWO DOGS exhaust themselves. Franz then collars both dogs under each of his arms. He dunks them and they drown. He throws their bodies up onto the canal bank.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - NIGHT

Franz approaches the manor house. It is surrounded by a canopy of brambles, thorns and ugly volunteer trash trees and shrubs. Franz then moves over to the casement of Margaret's bedroom and peers through the glass.

FRANZ'S POV

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MARGARET SAVILLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Captain Charles Saville throws back the covers on the bed and tears the nightgown off of Margaret Saville. He then yanks her out of bed by her feet. She hits the floor, hard. She resists by kicking but is no match for this monster.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE
 You've refused my demands long enough
 you bitch of a wife!

MARGARET SAVILLE
STOP IT YOU MONSTER!

He drags Margaret by her hair into the main room.

Franz moves to the next window that looks into the main room.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

With his back to the window, Captain Charles Saville is seated on an upholstered stool before a fire. He is not wearing any pants. A naked Margaret Saville is in front of him on the floor. He is holding A RIDING CROP in his right hand and STRIKING HER with it on her back and buttocks.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE
KISS IT! KISS IT, YOU WHORE!

MARGARET SAVILLE
NEVER! NEVER, YOU FIEND!

BACK TO SCENE

Franz crashes through the main room window. Captain Charles Saville leaps to his feet. His eyes lock with Franz's.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE
Whoreson devil. I'll see you dead.

Saville charges Frankenstein while screaming in the manner of William Wallace. Franz charges back.

The two of them meet like two great mountain rams, cracking straight on. The two of them stagger back but neither man falls. Saville charges again and grab's Franz by the legs and does a take-down like a wrestler. Saville then beats Franz about the face with his fists. Franz places his legs on Saville's chest and pushes him away. Saville is pushed some distance from Franz and near the fireplace. There he spots the fire poker and grabs it. Saville rushes Franz holding the fire poker high in the air and does his William Wallace scream again.

Franz grabs the fire poker before Saville can strike him with it. Franz then knees Saville in the balls. Saville bends over in extreme pain and Franz takes the fire poker from Saville. Franz tucks it behind Saville's neck. He bends both ends upwards, then doubling them across and down until his throat is pinched by a third.

SAVILLE

staggers and grasps at the iron cravat, foaming at the mouth. Saville's hands go to his throat and he tries to bend back the fire poker. He makes some progress.

Franz gets behind Saville and pulls the metal even tighter around Saville's neck; torquing the ends until they nearly touch. Saville drops to his knees, his face turns purple. He teeters and then drops dead in front of the fireplace.

FRANZ

turns his head and his eyes meet Margaret's for the first time. Their eyes remain fixed on each other's for a relatively long time. Margaret's eyes are in a state of frozen panic.

MARGARET

then gets up, turns her back on Franz and heads - naked - to the bedroom in a jerking, spastic gait. Franz notices the fresh crimson welts on her back and buttocks along with old scars.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE'S BODY FLIPS AND FLOPS in his death throes. His feet twitch until at last he lies still. Franz walks over to his body and slaps him across the face.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

You're a disgrace! No woman should suffer like that. You didn't deserve her.

Franz then spits on the face of the dead Charles Saville. Franz finds the boot box on the floor by the window. He picks it up and places it on the table. He then grabs Saville's body by the feet and pulls it out of the house. As he does so, the TWO POKER ENDS SCRATCH a furrow on the stone floor.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - FIELD - DAY

Franz returns to the body of Charles Saville. His face is propped up by the fire poker necktie. Small sections of his face has been bitten away by animals. The face is beginning to go black. Ants, FLIES and other insects are crawling and FLYING about the corpse. An odd sheen is on the skin. Franz pounds wooden posts around the body. He then takes some netting and creates a structure to keep birds and larger animals at bay.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MANOR HOUSE - DAY

Franz takes a wheelbarrow and climbs back through the main room window into the manor house.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Franz steps through the window. Once inside he finds the fireplace broom and sweeps up the broken glass. The boots he'd left on the table are gone. There is dried blood on the floor. Franz takes a ewer and pours water on the floor where he gets on his knees to clean the floor.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - FIELD - DAY

Franz digs a grave and buries the two dead dogs.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - BARN - DAY

Franz enters the barn and finds a note pinned to some clothes.

MARGARET SAVILLE (O.S.)

March 4th, 1795

Franz:

(beat)

If you can bring yourself to forego the apparent comfort of the forest, please join me for tea, 3:00 on the 5th.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Franz knocks. The door is opened. Margaret is at the door.

She is dressed in a low cut black dress that attractively displays her nice figure. She staggers back several steps.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Forgive me. I presume I'm either early or late, as I have no access to a clock.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Dear God, you're even taller than I thought. Do, please, come inside.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - PARLOR - DAY

As they move into the parlor, Franz trips over an unseen ottoman. Franz is quite athletic so he catches himself with his hands and straddles the offending furniture on all fours. His shaded GLASSES CLATTER to the stone floor.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Are you alright?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Forgive me. I can barely see through these dark lens indoors.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Well, don't put them back on then.

Franz puts the glasses into his shirt pocket. Margaret and Franz are seated for tea at the table.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Do you wear your glasses strictly in the service of vanity?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I assure you, Margaret - may I call you Margaret? - vanity is far from any consideration of mine. I meant them only to spare you what unpleasantry I could. I'm told my eyes are my most off-putting feature.

Franz pulls out his monogrammed F.P.F linen handkerchief and dries his eyes.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Are you weeping, Franz?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

No, but thanks for asking. I'm afraid that my eyes run without regard to emotion. They require wiping in the normal course.

MARGARET SAVILLE

I see. Thank you so much for delivering my boots. I was an invalid without them. And thank you also for the window cleanup and repairs.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

The repairs, I'm afraid, are shoddy at best. And the need for them the result of my own clumsy entrance.

FRANZ'S POV

MARGARET LOOKS FRANZ FULL INTO THE EYES

Suddenly, Margaret begins to cry uncontrollably.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Margaret, what's wrong?

MARGARET SAVILLE

You killed my husband!

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I had to defend you.

MARGARET SAVILLE

But he was still my husband.

(a beat)

Get out! Now!

Franz gets up in a hurry. He knocks over his tea cup and leaves the room.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - BARN - DAY

Franz enters the barn and finds a note pinned on his bed.

MARGARET SAVILLE (O.S.)

March 6th, 1795

Franz:

(beat)

So sorry for my outburst. Let's try again. Please join me for tea, 3:00 on the 7th.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - PARLOR - DAY

Margaret and Franz are seated at the table in front of tea set. Margaret pours tea.

MARGARET SAVILLE

(smiles)

You saved my life. I'm extremely grateful. Let's start again.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I have something else for you from
your brother Robert.

Franz places the MUSIC BOX on the table, winds it and it
PLAYS.

MARGARET SAVILLE

How delightful. And clever. I love it!

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Are you now able to sit in comfort?
(a beat)
I hope I haven't overstepped.

MARGARET SAVILLE

By that impertinent question? Or with
my unfortunate and late husband?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Either. Both.

MARGARET SAVILLE

As to my husband, I've come to my
senses. He inflicted enough cruelty on
me over the years to deserve such a
fate, and then some. Don't be misled
by the black dress. I wear it for your
benefit, not for his. Evil as it may
be for me to say, I couldn't be
happier with him gone.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

May I ask how you are finding the
boots?

MARGARET SAVILLE

They require an adjustment I can't
manage on my own, but overall they are
performing quite well.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Might I be of some assistance?

MARGARET SAVILLE

Perhaps at some later date.

Margaret gets up and goes to the kitchen. She returns with
tea, bread with butter and a generous plate of lightly
roasted vegetables.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

This is beyond all expectation, Margaret. Thank you. I've worried about your provisions with your husband incapacitated.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Incapacitated seems an insufficient term for describing my husband last I saw him.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I need to explain why I am here and not your brother Robert. He intended to deliver the boots personally but he was detained by the constables.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Whatsoever for? His fondness for men?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

No. About us breaking and entering into a publisher's office and two people I had to kill on Drury Lane.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Killings? That must be the unfortunate incident he mentioned in his letters.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

What can you tell me about British law?

MARGARET SAVILLE

They must have had a warrant granted after probable cause was shown. Their interest in my brother is slight. You're the one their after.

(anxious and concerned)

Did you leave behind my letters to you?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

No, I have all of them with me here.

MARGARET SAVILLE

The authorities then can't link me to you directly. We're safe for now as long as you promptly return the stolen coach. ... What's become of those horrible hounds?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
Dead and buried.

MARGARET SAVILLE
Saville?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
Dead. As I thought you understood.

MARGARET SAVILLE
And thank you again for that. But not
buried?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
No.

MARGARET SAVILLE
Burnt?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
No.

MARGARET SAVILLE
Dumped in the canal?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
No.

MARGARET SAVILLE
I'm afraid I'm out of ideas.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
Captain Saville lies in a field.

MARGARET SAVILLE
In a field?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
I'm afraid so.

MARGARET SAVILLE
Whatsoever for?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
I wish, Margaret, to observe his
decomposition. If I may borrow the
words of my creator, I yearn to see
"the corruption of death succeed to
the blooming cheek of life" to see
"the worm inherit the wonders of the
eye and brain."

MARGARET SAVILLE

Ah, yes. The chronicles of your origin.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

The first small steps.

MARGARET SAVILLE

I suppose we all seek to understand our beginnings. But won't the forest animals strip him clean well before he reaches the stage you require?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I've fashioned a protective enclosure of netting and posts.

MARGARET SAVILLE

You are a thorough one, Mister Frankenstein.

Franz and Margaret clear the tea set. Margaret heads to the kitchen. Franz stokes the fire and winds the clock. Margaret returns from the kitchen with two packages.

MARGARET SAVILLE

You must return that horse team and coach you borrowed. I've loaded the boot box with two pieces of appropriately weighted wood and resealed it. If you leave it in the carriage I imagine they're still obliged to deliver it.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I'm afraid I don't understand.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Robert told the constables that he was shipping my boots - is that not correct?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Yes. I heard it directly.

MARGARET SAVILLE

So if I'm to wear them, there must be some record of their delivery.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I see.

MARGARET SAVILLE

It's best to be thorough in these matters.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I understand. And the other package?

MARGARET SAVILLE

Provisions for your journey.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Franz knocks on the front door of Sweetbriar. Margaret opens the door and cheerily greets him.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Well met, noble traveler. Please come in for some food. While you were gone, a letter from my brother arrived.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Margaret and Franz seated at the table. Margaret is holding the letter from her brother.

INT. LONDON JAIL - ROBERT WALTON - DAY

ROBERT WALTON (V.O.)

My Dear Sister:

(beat)

I trust that your boots arrived, and apologize for not delivering them personally.

(beat)

The constables have been interrogating me night and day about Franz's whereabouts. I have given up nothing. I hope he stays well clear of London until I've secured his proper scientific reception. If Franz is captured, he will be tried and convicted in the press and the courts.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

MARGARET SAVILLE

The good news is that he suspects you are here but he doesn't betray that fact in his letter. But you must be very careful here.

MARGARET SAVILLE (CONT'D)

When you hear a bell at my gates,
you'll know to conceal yourself
immediately. And would you, dear
Franz, check in on the horses? I'll
deliver your breakfast in the barn.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I'll do that now.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - BARN - DAY

Franz finds a matched pair of black mares. He gains their confidence and leads them out to graze on the grass outside the barn.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - FIELD - DAY

Franz visits the decaying body of Charles Saville. The stench is so bad the Franz takes one of his handkerchiefs and holds it over his mouth and nose. Maggots had bunched in Saville's eyes, mouth and nose. His eyes had burst like rotten eggs. The body is considerably bloated, his fingers and toes like pork sausages, his arms and legs like great rotting hams, his abdomen like a great sack of mead. His skin color is mottled.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - DAY

At first light, Franz takes to clearing the thicket of trash trees, thorns and shrubs that have grown in the curtilage. Franz uses an axe and ropes to clear the vegetation which he then hauls away to a field. By mid-day Franz has made enough progress that two casements are clear. Margaret opens one.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Let there be light! You are doing a
wonderful job, Franz! Do come in for
lunch.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Franz approaches the table. Margaret is standing and has finished putting the food on the table.

MARGARET SAVILLE

You're bleeding!

Margaret takes Franz's hands in hers for closer inspection. No one - man or woman - had ever touched Franz in such a loving fashion. Franz stiffens for a moment, but does not withdraw. Margaret leads Franz into the kitchen.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - KITCHEN-LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Margaret takes his hands again, washes them at a basin and applies a salve.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Saville's leather gloves would never fit you so I'll wrap your hands.

Margaret then lovingly wraps Franz's cut-up hands.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - CURTILAGE - DAY

Margaret sits in a chair outside writing while Franz works like a demon cutting and clearing the curtilage.

MARGARET SAVILLE

What a difference, Franz! Now do come join me as I will read to you my response to Robert.

Franz joins Margaret in the chair next to her.

MARGARET SAVILLE

March 9th, 1795

My Dear Robert:

I trust when you receive this letter you will be out of jail. I have high confidence in barrister J.A.C. Kennedy. He's expensive but well worth it for your liberty. The boots are being put to immediate and rigorous application.

(beat)

As to Franz, my heart is twice broken. To think he slinks about the streets of London, scraping for sustenance by night, and hiding like a hunted animal by day. Perhaps he has stowed aboard to France, and from there traveled by foot to the lands of his origin.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

You can't even tell your own brother that I am here with you?

MARGARET SAVILLE

The authorities are almost certainly opening his mail.

MARGARET SAVILLE (CONT'D)

The letter was meant for them.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Your brother told me that a gentleman doesn't read another's private correspondence without permission. Are they not gentlemen?

MARGARET SAVILLE

They are not, but the naive think otherwise. Anyway, there is no privacy anymore.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Perhaps Robert will make a visit.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Not for some time, if he at all suspects your whereabouts. He'll not willingly lead them here. Now go wash up for tea.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I meant to clean the stables first, but it shouldn't long detain me.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - BARN - DAY

Franz enters the barn and spots a curricule. He inspects it closely and notes that it has been unused for some time as it is covered with dust. Franz brushes some of the dust off of the seat.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Franz enters the room for tea. Margaret inspects his hands. She then applies a fresh coat of salve.

MARGARET SAVILLE

If you begin again early tomorrow, you'll need to wrap these yourself. Do you think you can manage?

Margaret hands Franz a clean cotton strip and he makes several attempts until he is tolerably competent.

MARGARET SAVILLE

I'll leave clean wraps in the barn with your breakfast.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

You are too kind. And you must let me prepare the next meal.

MARGARET SAVILLE

I've read Robert's fine reviews of your cooking. And I do look forward to it at some point. But for now, if you've no objection, I'm better served with you doing the work that I'm least suited or least inclined to do. Have you ever milked a cow?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

No.

MARGARET SAVILLE

I'll then instruct you in that time-honored practice. And I can't thank you enough. The house is utterly transformed. I imagine you've built quite a pile in the field.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I expect to double it tomorrow. Do you enjoy a bonfire? When it's complete, I thought we might put the torch to it.

MARGARET SAVILLE

And Saville along with it?

(beat)

He's been out there the better part of a week. I know very little of his affairs outside of this house, but if he's missed somewhere we may well have an inquiry. His decaying body, set in a cage with an iron about the neck, would be terribly difficult to explain. Have you, to this point, had any satisfaction with - how did you put it? - death's succession and the inheritance of the worm?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Some, yes. It remains a work in progress.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Would a few more days be sufficient?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I believe so. It would also help to dry out the vegetation.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Let's plan on it then.

As Franz leaves the room, he passes the bookshelves. He reaches for Romeo and Juliet.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

May I borrow this? My education in Shakespeare is incomplete.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Certainly. And an excellent choice by the way.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - SUNSET

Franz is dressed in his finest clothes. Margaret is dressed in a beautiful black dress. Margaret is sitting in the curricle. Franz is in the position of where the horses normally are with the push pad tucked under his arms and across his chest. Franz pulls the curricle from the front door of the manor house to a distant field. In the field, Franz has build a pitiless pyre ten feet in height. At the top of the pyre is a platform for the body of Charles Saville.

Franz and Margaret walk over to where Saville's decomposing body lies. They cover their mouths with cloths that are knotted around their necks. Saville's body remains bloated except for his midsection which has split in places. Putrefied bodily fluids have leaked unto his clothes. The hair on his body is slick and matted to his flesh.

His eyes are portals but they can both see maggots moving about the eye sockets. The entire body is now red and beginning to go black. While standing in front of the body, Margaret takes Franz's hand and gently holds it.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Franz, please place the body on the pyre and I will assert my spousal privilege of cremating it.

Franz has a horse blanket with him. He wraps the body in the horse blanket and throws it over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. Fluids leak onto the horse blanket and Franz's clothes.

He walks over to the pyre and PITCHES IT onto the PLATFORM at the top. Saville's arms fall away to the sides, leaving him exposed to the sky in a particularly theatrical manner. Margaret takes a torch and lights the pyre.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Charles Edwin Saville, III, during
your life you embraced Satan. Your soul
is burning in hell for your sins on
Earth. I now incinerate your mortal
body; never to rise again on the last
day.

The conflagration is enormous. Margaret and Franz sit in the curricule enjoying the fire.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Franz, my life has begun anew.
(a beat)
And do please remove your jacket. It
smells like Saville when he was alive.

Franz takes off his partially wet jacket. As the fire continues, THE BODY EMITS GURGLING AND POPPING SOUNDS. We see the body bubbling and limbs bursting. The platform holding Saville's body burns through and what remains of the CORPSE THUMPS to a red hot coal bed.

MARGARET SAVILLE

We've seen enough. Back to the house
where I must wash your clothes
immediately. The stench is
intolerable.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - KITCHEN-LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

The kitchen fire is blazing. Water pots are suspended over the fire. A laundry tub is nearby.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Franz, please take off your clothes.

Franz takes off his clothes and dons Saville's gown. The gown stops at mid-calf. Margaret had turned her head while Franz disrobed. Margaret washes the clothes and hangs them on a line to dry.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Now fill the bathing tub. You need to
fully rid yourself of that foul smell.

Franz fills the bathtub with hot water. After that is done, he removes his robe.

FRANZ'S POV

This time, however, Margaret has not turned her head away. She stares quite directly at Franz's groin.

MARGARET SAVILLE

My God, you make Saville look like a gerbil.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

You refer to my appendage?

MARGARET SAVILLE

I do.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I've noticed you've none whatsoever.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Pardon me?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I've noticed you've no appendage.

MARGARET SAVILLE

You noticed that.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Yes.

MARGARET SAVILLE

You don't quite understand these things, do you?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Robert educated me somewhat but apparently my education is incomplete.

Franz enters the tub and scrubs himself.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

When I'm finished, may I prepare a tub for you?

MARGARET SAVILLE

Perhaps at some other time. But you may sleep in Saville's bed tonight.

MARGARET SAVILLE (CONT'D)
Your clothes are much too wet for
venturing out.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - NIGHT

Franz pulls the curricle up to the front door and knocks.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
Put on something warm, Margaret. The
stars are revealing themselves, and
are best seen from the seat of a
lively carriage.

MARGARET SAVILLE
I haven't been on a carriage in ages,
Franz.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
All the more reason to do so now.

Margaret grabs her hooded cloak; black with a bright red lining. Franz then lifts Margaret to her seat. What ensues is a spirited and very romantic night carriage ride. Margaret's face is one of pure elation as she has practically been a prisoner in her own home. The horses had not been used in this manner in ages and they take to the task with great spirit and vigor. Franz is now an expert horseman and he coaxes them to top speed. Margaret utters little exclamations of delight during the course of the carriage ride. The two exchange loving glances during the ride.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Franz helps Margaret down from the curricle.

MARGARET SAVILLE
Franz, I haven't enjoyed myself so in
years. Thank you. I feel alive again.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
It was great fun. You must remember
Margaret that I am only three years
old. We'll have to do this regularly.
Life is too short to not to have some
fun.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - PARLOR - NIGHT

The fireplace is blazing. Margaret is sitting in a rocking chair near to the fire. Franz and Margaret are drinking tea.

MARGARET SAVILLE

If you wouldn't mind, could you help
me off with my boots.

Margaret looks straight at Franz and holds his eye. She then lifts up her skirt. Franz has never touched an uncovered female leg and is thrilled at the prospect.

MARGARET SAVILLE

And while you're at it, now is as good
as time as any to make the
adjustments.

Franz kneels before Margaret. She whispers instructions and guides his hands through a sequence of adjustments, the shifting of metal buttresses and the reapplication of leather straps. When that is done, Margaret takes a few steps.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Well done, Mister Frankenstein. I'm
now ready to walk the Camino de
Santiago. But first take my boots off
entirely.

Franz removes the boots and begins to gently knead her stocking feet, as he had with his sledge dogs.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Tell me Franz, had I not left the
note, how long did you intend to
remain a stranger in the wood?

Franz stops the foot massage.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Indefinitely.

MARGARET SAVILLE

I thought as much.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Do you think the less of me for it?

MARGARET SAVILLE

Not at all, Franz. Not at all. And by
the way, I'll meet you in the barn in
the morning to show you how to milk.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - BARN - DAY

Margaret is seated at a milking stool.

Franz is standing behind her observing.

MARGARET SAVILLE

You seem to work well with animals and I encourage you to talk to the cows while you milk them. They have names: Elizabeth and Victoria. Next, you can't manhandle the teat. You must caress and gently tug at it. Here, you give it a try.

Franz gets on the stool and gives it a try. At first, he is too rough and the COW makes its DISTRESS known. Margaret takes his hands and shows him how to be more gentle. He gets better at it but he is still clumsy.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Here, let me get back into position and show you again.

Margaret and Franz switch places. Once Margaret is in place, she shoots some milk right into Franz's face. The two of them dissolve into giggles and laughs.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Margaret is at the table for breakfast reading a number of pamphlets on farming. Franz is eating a hearty English breakfast prior to a morning of hard work.

MARGARET SAVILLE

The only good that came out of that war with the Americans is that Charles brought home some farming pamphlets. The ones written by the Virginia farmer Thomas Jefferson are particularly helpful. But, of course, my husband never implemented any of those American practices.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

You study up on farming and I will commence to clear the fields. We are equal partners in this farming enterprise.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - FIELD - DAY

Franz adds another rock to the horse cart. He then drives the horse cart over to the location where Saville's bones are. The skeleton has the iron fire poker wrapped around the neck.

As such, the head is somewhat propped up and it gives the skull a surprisingly rakish air. Franz takes the rocks from the cart and piles them over the skeleton fully covering it.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Franz and Margaret are eating the evening meal.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Another letter from brother Robert arrived today. Let me read it to you.

March 15th, 1795

My Dear Sister:

(beat)

Attorney Kennedy secured my release from jail, but at a high price. Constables are posted at the front and rear of my house so I am a de facto prisoner in my own home.

(beat)

I made a second try with the publishers but none have thought better of their ill-considered responses. I do, however, have hope that a well-regarded scientific cadre in Edinburgh may prove to be more open-minded than the cynics here in London. The entire enterprise, of course, depends on the return of Franz. Alas! I have no word from him. I am convinced that he has quitted London and found passage to Europe.

MARGARET SAVILLE

His letters tend overly to the dramatic.

Margaret places the letter face down on the table.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

He does seem more even-keeled in person.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Your influence was beneficial. And a fine nautical expression, by the way, even-keeled. Did you acquire such expressions in your time at sea?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Only what I learned from Walton. By the way, I'm certainly full to the gunwales after the feast you've just presented.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Ha, was that a shot across the bow?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I believe it was.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Feeling a bit broad in the beam, are you?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I'm a loose cannon, Margaret. You'd best batten down the hatches.

MARGARET SAVILLE

I imagine the latter to be Robert's favorite command. You've told me of the crew's insurrection. In your estimation, did his tangible lack of courage contribute to the near mutiny?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I couldn't say, Margaret. It all happened before I took up residence on the ship.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Tell me, did Robert come to your aid on Drury Lane?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I never considered it. It all happened so quickly.

MARGARET SAVILLE

But you don't recall his confronting any of your attackers directly?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

No.

MARGARET SAVILLE

I can tell you that he cowered like a rabbit before Saville from their first meeting to their last despite what I told him about the abuse I suffered. He never lifted a finger on my behalf, with Saville, or with my father before him.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I'm sorry to hear that.

(beat)

I suppose we all have our limitations.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - FIELD - DAY

Margaret is sitting in a chair in the curtilage. Franz is out in the field plowing with the horses. Franz then walks up to Margaret.

MARGARET SAVILLE

This Jefferson fellow has some interesting ideas about improving wheat yields. I'll fill you in tonight, dear.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - KITCHEN-LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Margaret is preparing dinner in the kitchen when she hears the BELL-GATE RING. She rushes to the table and removes the table setting for Franz.

A knock at the door.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Margaret answers the front door. MATTHEW BROADMAN, 40s, is a rough man and he has a cigar in his mouth.

MATTHEW BROADMAN

Mrs. Charles Saville, I presume?

MARGARET SAVILLE

Yes, please come in. How may I help you?

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

MATTHEW BROADMAN

Matthew Broadman. I'm in the slave trade with your husband. Is he at home?

MARGARET SAVILLE

No, he's indisposed right now; away on business. Why do you ask?

MATTHEW BROADMAN

We had planned an upcoming buying trip to Africa and I have not heard from him.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Have you checked with his London whores?

MATTHEW BROADMAN

I have, as a matter of fact. They have not seen him for months either.

MARGARET SAVILLE

You may need to widen your circle of inquires in that district. For all I know he may be in Africa or America and your partnership is dissolved. I'm afraid I can't help you as his affairs are none of my business. Good day to you, sir.

Broadman tips his hat and leaves.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - NEAR FRONT DOOR - CLOSE SHOT - SIZE 23 BOOT PRINTS

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

At the dinner table with Franz and Margaret.

MARGARET SAVILLE

A visitor called today. He said he was a business associate of my late husband.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

And what did you tell him?

MARGARET SAVILLE

I played the role of the ignorant wife
and begged off as to his whereabouts.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Good.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Actually, not good. Anyone who knew my
husband in life would know that the
current state of these premises are
not his handiwork.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Stop being such a worrier. How about a
chariot ride tonight?

MARGARET SAVILLE

Sounds wonderful!

BELL-GATE RINGS

Franz quickly departs the room to hide.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

A knock at the door. Margaret opens it. It is her brother.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Brother Robert, what a pleasant
surprise!

ROBERT WALTON

My dear sister.

They embrace.

ROBERT WALTON

What a joy to see you!

Robert Walton and Margaret Saville then walk to the parlor.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - PARLOR - DAY

Franz enters the room.

ROBERT WALTON

Franz! How is it that you are here?

Walton turns to Margaret.

ROBERT WALTON
Has he hidden with you all these weeks?

MARGARET SAVILLE
He has.

ROBERT WALTON
Saville, of course, will disapprove, and violently so. What are your plans upon his return?

MARGARET SAVILLE
I expect no return.

ROBERT WALTON
Why is that? Where is he?

MARGARET SAVILLE
Dead.

ROBERT WALTON
Dead! When? And how? By your hand, Franz?

MARGARET SAVILLE
He's dead these many weeks. Franz was only defending me, Robert. Something you might have done some time ago.

ROBERT WALTON
My God. When does the killing stop, Franz? The situation grows increasingly untenable.

MARGARET SAVILLE
For Franz, or for you?

ROBERT WALTON
For all of us, Margaret. They'll jail you, as they did me.

MARGARET SAVILLE
A short stint in captivity is nothing compared to what awaits him. They'll hang him, Robert, and you'll have been the one to bring them.

ROBERT WALTON
I've not been followed, if that's what you mean.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Just like your house wasn't being
watched when Franz was forced to flee?

ROBERT WALTON

Is Saville's death known to anyone?

MARGARET SAVILLE

Only to we three. When asked, I know
nothing of it myself.

ROBERT WALTON

And who, pray tell, has asked to date?

MARGARET SAVILLE

Broadman, his partner in the slave
trade, called this morning.

ROBERT WALTON

I imagine there will be more forceful
enquiries in the future.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Because you lead them here?

Walton declines to answer. He looks at Franz as if for the
first time.

ROBERT WALTON

(turning directly to Franz)

So you followed the coach, did you?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I did.

ROBERT WALTON

And you lost no time in slaughtering
my brother-in-law. And now you sit in
his chair, eat at his table, and sleep
in his bed.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I came here with no intent to kill.
And, in fact, I saved Margaret's life.
She'll tell you.

ROBERT WALTON

Just as you didn't intend to kill
those men in Drury Lane?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
(hot and exasperated)
That was self-defense. You were there!

ROBERT WALTON
Was it self-defense when you killed
Victor Frankenstein's bride? His
friend, Clerval. And what about his
young brother?

FRANZ'S POV - MARGARET

CLOSE - MARGARET'S FACE

Margaret is shocked.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
The dear young brother was not
planned. And Victor broke his promise
to build me a mate.

BACK TO SCENE

ROBERT WALTON
(sarcastically)
Now there's a legal defense!

The three of them stand and look at each other in silence.

MARGARET SAVILLE
You never mentioned any killings in
your letters, Robert. You were
apparently quite happy to arrange my
corresponding with a multiple
murderer, under completely false
pretenses.

ROBERT WALTON
I didn't know you had him in mind for
a husband!

MARGARET SAVILLE
He's not my husband!

ROBERT WALTON
Your living arrangements would suggest
otherwise.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
Rest assured, we've not engaged in
copulation.

ROBERT WALTON
 (disgusted)
 For the love of God.

MARGARET SAVILLE
 (snarky)
 And what about your manuscript? I don't suppose there's mention of any killings in there either. Some man of science you are. Sounds like the publishers were right to pass.

ROBERT WALTON
 (condescendingly)
 Margaret, the manuscript and Franz are my ticket to untold riches. Of course I left that out. It's called editing. I still have hope in Edinburgh.

MARGARET SAVILLE
 (sarcastically)
 Of course.

ROBERT WALTON
 You don't understand. With Franz here in England, it makes all the difference in the world. I propose we head to Edinburgh tomorrow.

MARGARET SAVILLE
 (sharply and with condescension)
 You can't just traipse into Edinburgh with an seven-foot murdering monster in tow.

MARGARET'S POV

FRANZ'S FACE

A shocked Franz turns and looks at Margaret.

MARGARET SAVILLE
 (sarcastically)
 How do you propose to "drop in" on these Scots? Wasn't that your approach to Pomeranz? How did that work out? Does Franz even like this plan?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
 (emphatically)
 No, I would far sooner stay here.

MARGARET SAVILLE

(angrily)

Why? So you can strangle me in my sleep, you monster? How dare you pose as the victim after killing all those people. How dare you accept my kindnesses.

ROBERT WALTON

What kindnesses?

MARGARET SAVILLE

Yes, Robert, my kindnesses. I have provided Franz with meals, laundry and housing.

ROBERT WALTON

I see. Well, if it's only that ... I'm sure Saville killed a lot more people than Franz ever did.

MARGARET SAVILLE

(sarcastically)

Faint praise, that.

ROBERT WALTON

And I love what he's done to the exterior. The exposed stone is fabulous. That was Franz, right?

MARGARET SAVILLE

Yes, that was Franz.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Did you happen to bring my clothes?

ROBERT WALTON

Of course not. I had no idea you were here. You might have written.

MARGARET SAVILLE

We assumed the authorities were reading your mail. It was the only prudent approach.

ROBERT WALTON

Is that meant to explain the long series of lies you sent me?

MARGARET SAVILLE

Misrepresentations, Robert.

MARGARET SAVILLE (CONT'D)

And justified at that. If you suspected Franz was here, why didn't you visit sooner?

ROBERT WALTON

I waited for Franz - or word from him - for many weeks. And then I went to Paris thinking the French would be more open minded. They looked through the lab notes, and in the end all but declared it a hoax, with all due respect, of course. Without the presence of Franz - as proof positive of the story's veracity - there is no hope of selling any book.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - ORCHARD - DAY

Franz and Walton are pruning the apple trees.

ROBERT WALTON

My sister is quite angry with you, but at least she hasn't kicked you out of the house. She'll cool off after a few days.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

You know her better than I, but I do know that she loves carriage rides and we will go on one in a few days. We'll take the scenic route.

ROBERT WALTON

A splendid idea.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Franz pulls the curricle up to the door. Margaret and Robert Walton exit the front door with Margaret on her brother's arm as if she was a bride and her brother was walking her up the church aisle to give her away in marriage.

Walton helps his sister board. She sits next to Franz. Walton is on the standing platform behind the seat. The ride begins.

ROBERT WALTON

A pair of spirited ponies, Franz. You handle them well.

MARGARET SAVILLE

They do much better with Franz than they ever did with Saville. He was cruel to them. In fact, he was only slightly less cruel to them than he was to me. We both felt the sting of the whip and I have the scars to prove it.

ROBERT WALTON

I had no idea.

MARGARET SAVILLE

You had an inkling. Admit it.

(long beat)

No woman likes to admit such treatment. Especially at the hand of her husband.

ROBERT WALTON

We can all agree that the world is a better place without Charles Edwin Saville, III.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

(emphatically)

Saville was a blind fool and idiot. He was married to an angel.

ROBERT WALTON

Whoa, Franz! An angel?

Margaret squeezes Franz's hand and gives him a glance.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

That's a plain fact to any child of God who can see with his own eyes.

ROBERT WALTON

Agreed. My only regret is that I didn't dispatch Saville myself.

Margaret squeezes Franz's hand again

CLOSE SHOT - MARGARET'S EYES

Margaret rolls her eyes and gives Franz a look that says, "Yeah, right, you would have killed Saville."

EXT. HAMPSHIRE COUNTY - ANDOVER - GLYN MILLS BANK - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. HAMPSHIRE COUNTY - ANDOVER - GLYN MILLS BANK - DAY

Seated before a large wooden banker's desk is Robert Walton and Margaret Saville. On the desk is large metal nameplate that reads, "John J. Mulhall, Jr." "Glyn Mills Bank" is the sign behind the desk. Banker Mulhall is very thin, has gray hair and his eyeglasses are propped at the end of his nose.

ROBERT WALTON

As you can see dear fellow, my brother-in-law is currently in Africa on business and then must make the journey to the United States. He will be gone for an extended period of time and his wife must have access to money to manage the farm here.

JOHN J. MULHALL, JR. peers over his eyeglasses and examines the forged letter which bears the wax seal of Charles Edwin Saville, III.

JOHN J. MULHALL, JR

Everything does appear to be in order. I do recognize Captain Saville's hand and seal. I also must say our main bank in London does highly value his slave trading business. Quite the margins there. A fellow named Broadman was here a few days ago looking for Captain Saville.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Franz, Robert and Margaret are seated at the table. Franz has prepared the meal. There is wine on the table.

ROBERT WALTON

(laughing)

What do you say sister? Maybe I have a future as a forger.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Better that than best-selling author.

ROBERT WALTON

An unkind cut, but true nonetheless.

ROBERT WALTON (CONT'D)

I'm abandoning all pursuit of publishers in Edinburgh, London and Paris. It's certain by this decision of mine that the work of Victor Frankenstein will fade into obscurity.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

What about me? I'm still here.

ROBERT WALTON

True, but your existence will not be known to the wider public. For your sake and Margaret's, pray that it remains so.

(a beat)

Reflecting upon the Drury Lane incident, I doubt that commoners would overcome their fear of your appearance even if the science was published. My proposed exhibitions of you would have lead to disaster.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Yes, human nature has a hard time understanding "the other."

ROBERT WALTON

(authoritatively)

My view, as a man of science, is that tribalism is hard-wired into human nature. For some, no amount of education and evidence will convince them otherwise.

(short beat)

Where's that music box? Let's have some music.

Franz retrieves the MUSIC BOX from its place of honor above the fireplace mantel. He winds it up and hands it to Robert. It begins to PLAY. Franz then approaches Margaret and they begin to dance in a clumsy fashion. Neither is any type of dancer, but Margaret's limping due to her club foot is minor because her new boots are quite effective.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - CIDER HOUSE - DAY

Franz brings a cartload of apples to the cider house. Margaret is inside pressing the apples.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - CIDER HOUSE - DAY

Franz easily rolls in a large barrel of apples. Margaret is at the press.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

It appears to be a bountiful crop. And the birds and deer have left a few for us.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Clearly, the best I have ever seen but then again Captain Saville was no farmer.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I've sorted the apples and the best eating ones are destined for the cellar.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Good. Franz, this Fall harvest has gone wonderfully here with you. But as we work together, I have a keen desire to fill you in on my past. Our histories don't determine our present, or our future, but you deserve to know more about me and my marriage.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

As you wish, my lady.

MARGARET SAVILLE

The day you saved my life when Saville was beating me with a riding crop was not the first time. I feared for my life on many an occasion. Here's the short and brutish version of my marriage.

FLASHBACK - INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - CHARLES SAVILLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Margaret is in her nightgown.

MARGARET SAVILLE

As man and wife we are supposed to have conjugal relations. I need to be fucked more than twice a year.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE

And what for? You've proven to be barren and I have no male heir. You're worse than worthless.

MARGARET SAVILLE

You don't think I know about your whoring and bastard child in London? My brother keeps me advised.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE

If you want copulation, I suggest you visit the barn.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Good God, man. That's a capital crime. What kind of pervert do you take me to be?

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE

Not a pervert but an ugly worthless bitch. I only married you for your dowry and that has proven to be a very high price indeed.

Margaret then lunges at her husband. She, of course, has club feet and really has no balance. Charles Saville slaps her about the face and knocks her to the ground. There he starts kicking her in the face. She curls into a fetal position.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE

Get out of my bedroom now before I inflict some real pain on you!

FLASHBACK - INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - BEDROOM OF MARGARET SAVILLE - DAY

Margaret is getting dressed for the day. She does not have her blouse on. She is wearing what passed for a bra in the 1790's. Charles Saville walks in on his wife.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE

Go milk the cows.

MARGARET SAVILLE

That's not our division of labor when you are home. You milk and I make the cheese. You know the walk to the barn is difficult for me and the milk pails are heavy.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE
Milking is women's work.

MARGARET SAVILLE
I disagree and I refuse.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE
Refuse, you say? You will obey my
orders. I am your husband!

Captain Charles Saville pulls out from behind his back a riding crop. He beats his wife on the back with it. Her skin tears and angry red welts appear. Margaret tries to run away but with her club feet and the beating, she falls to the ground.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE
THERE'S MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM YOU
BITCH. OBEY ME!

Margaret is on the floor and sobbing uncontrollably.

FLASHBACK - INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Margaret and Charles Saville are at the dinner table. Charles is drunk. He is eating shepherd's pie.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE
Woman, you are lame, ugly as sin and
can't cook. I need more meat with my
meals. More seasonings too. And how
about a cake or apple pie now and
then?

MARGARET SAVILLE
Can't cook, you say? Your London
whores don't know the first thing
about the kitchen. That's why they are
whores.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE
Maybe so, but they know the bedroom; a
room where you are an abysmal failure.

MARGARET SAVILLE
Me? A failure in the bedroom? In your
last attempt at intercourse your
gerbil-sized member stayed as limp as
a wet rag.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE
Wench! I regret the day I laid my eyes
upon your scarred and ugly face.

Charles stands up and smashes a shepherd's pie into
Margaret's face.

FLASHBACK - INT. ROBERT WALTON'S HOME - DINING ROOM - DAY

It is Christmas Day. The Savilles have gone east to London
for the holiday. There is a Christmas feast on the table with
a roast goose and other traditional English holiday foods.

Several empty bottles of wine are on the table as it is at
the end of the meal. Captain Charles Saville lights up a big
cigar.

ROBERT WALTON
Tell me, Charles. How are the United
States fairing independently from the
Crown?

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE
Don't get me started on that. We could
have won that war if the French would
not have interfered. Half of Hamilton
County in Ohio was mine in victory.

MARGARET SAVILLE
That's not the way I heard it. Their
General Washington was quite the
leader.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE
I will remind you wife that I was
there. On many an occasion he was
nearly defeated. In any event, self-
government will never work. And, of
course, no nation can survive half
slave and half free.

ROBERT WALTON
As it says in Scripture, a house
divided cannot stand.

MARGARET SAVILLE
Mark 3:25.

ROBERT WALTON
And Charles, would you mind not
smoking in my house?

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE
How's that brother-in-law?

MARGARET SAVILLE
It is a foul smell.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE
The cigar is made from tobacco raised
in Virginia and harvested by African
slaves. Those Africans are lazy, but
will work when they taste the lash.

MARGARET SAVILLE
That's no way to treat a human.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE
But they aren't human.

MARGARET SAVILLE
Good lord. We just came from church.
The Bible says we are all made in the
image and likeness of God.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE
So now you are questioning my
livelihood? You spend my money freely
enough.

MARGARET SAVILLE
Your money? Freely? I remind you that
my dowry paid for Sweetbriar estate
and was the initial capital for
Broadman and Saville.

CAPTAIN CHARLES SAVILLE
(shouting)
Woman! I've had it with your
impertinence. You can walk back to
Sweetbriar.

Charles Saville gets up, stumbles a bit from his drunkenness,
and then storms out of the room.

ROBERT WALTON
Best for you to stay here through the
Epiphany. Cooking for himself should
calm him down.

MARGARET SAVILLE
Why didn't you defend yourself or me
from his attacks?

ROBERT WALTON

He's a beast. No use arguing with a pig.

MARGARET SAVILLE

I wasn't referring to a verbal defense. You could have physically defended my honor and yours.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - CIDER HOUSE - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

MARGARET SAVILLE

And that, dear Franz, are just some of the scenes from my marriage.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I had no idea you had suffered so much. I also had no conception of the brutality of men.

MARGARET SAVILLE

While I'm exceedingly grateful to be rid of my husband, I only wish he would have suffered longer. You dispatched him too quickly.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - BARN - DAY

Franz is working at a METAL WHEEL and GRINDING away. It is not immediately clear what he is making. It is winter. He exits the barn in a snow storm.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - KITCHEN-LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Margaret is preparing some food.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Margaret, look what I have made. Ice skates!

Franz holds up the skates into the air and displays two sets. They are the type that can be tied onto boots with leather straps that Franz has made.

MARGARET SAVILLE

But Franz, I have never skated before.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Me neither. How hard can it be? What's the worse that can happen to us? Fun?

MARGARET SAVILLE
Might as well give it a go.

EXT. HAMPSHIRE COUNTY - DAY

The canal is frozen. Franz and Margaret sit on the bank of the canal and tie the skates onto their boots. Franz is first onto the ice. At first he stumbles and falls. Margaret laughs. Franz, however, picks himself up and begins to skate somewhat hesitantly and awkwardly. But because he is a natural athlete he quickly gets better. He then skates over to the bank where Margaret is standing and helps her onto the ice.

With her very first step onto the ice, Margaret's moves are graceful. She is a natural skater. Franz looks on with a broad smile on his face. Margaret's club feet are no handicap on the ice. Margaret skates backwards and does a little spin.

The two then skate as a duo - hand-in-hand and with perfectly matched strides - down the canal.

INT. WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF STATIONERS BUILDING - DAY

Private detectives John Booker and Robert Murray are in the office of publisher George C. Pomeranz.

GEORGE C. POMERANZ
We know the monster was responsible for the Drury Lane murders and he was in this very office. What do you know now?

ROBERT MURRAY
Robert Walton has a sister. She resides with her husband, a retired army captain, in Hampshire county. Her husband's business is styled, "Broadman and Saville." We propose to call on his partner and then make an unannounced visit at the estate.

GEORGE C. POMERANZ
Bring me the demon, dead or alive, and a large contingent fee is yours.

EXT. LONDON - OFFICE OF BROADMAN & SAVILLE - DAY

Establishing shot. Typical London storefront.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - OFFICE OF BROADMAN & SAVILLE - DAY

Robert Murray and John Booker are in the office with Matthew Broadman.

JOHN BOOKER

We are looking for your partner.

MATTHEW BROADMAN

I am too.

JOHN BOOKER

When did you last see him?

MATTHEW BROADMAN

Well over a year ago. I leave soon for Africa. I was at his farm in the Spring looking for him. Well-kept, I might add. Not his nature from what I know of him. His wife said she hadn't seen him for some time and thought he might be overseas.

ROBERT MURRAY

Did you notice anything unusual when you were there?

MATTHEW BROADMAN

Now that you mention it, yes. The floor had odd and deep parallel furrows dug into the stone. I also saw some rather large boot prints near the door. Didn't know what to make of either.

ROBERT MURRAY

Thank you and good day to you, sir.

MATTHEW BROADMAN

If you find him, know that he owes me money.

As Booker and Murray leave, they take note that Broadman & Saville's banks at Glyn Mills Bank as CAMERA ON the checkbook is lying on Broadman's desk.

EXT. LONDON - GLYN MILLS BANK - ESTABLISHING - DAY

An impressive building, even for London.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - GLYN MILLS BANK - DAY

Booker and Murray are in an office with a banker. They flash badges for the banker.

ROBERT MURRAY

We have reason to believe that your customer, Charles Saville, is harboring a murderer in his home.

BANKER #1

A murderer? Well, Saville is not in England. I received information from our Hampshire county employee Mulhall that his wife is in charge of his affairs while he is overseas selling slaves. As ex-military Saville is a brute, but I can't imagine he'd shelter a criminal. What would be in it for him?

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - DAY

Booker and Murray approach the gate. They disarm the bell. Murray swings around to check the back door.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - KITCHEN-LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Franz spots Murray through the casement window. Franz hits the floor. Margaret motions at the tea cups. Franz grabs his and puts it in the kitchen wash basin. Franz is able to see that Murray is no longer at the back door and he slips out of the house and crouches behind the shed.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

As the casement to the main room is open, Franz can hear the conversation that ensues. Margaret Saville does not offer Booker and Murray a seat. She is stiff and formal with them.

MARGARET SAVILLE

How can I help you gentlemen?

JOHN BOOKER

Is your husband at home?

MARGARET SAVILLE

No, he is away on business.

JOHN BOOKER

Detective Murray and I are former members of the London Constabulary, currently employed in private investigative work. We don't mean to alarm you, but we've had reports of a fugitive criminal hiding away in this area. We'd like to look around your estate for any sign of him.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Excuse my ignorance. I'm only a woman, but why would the matter of a fugitive criminal be in the hands of a private firm?

ROBERT MURRAY

It comes down to issues of jurisdiction, madam.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Meaning the alleged crime was committed at some distance from here.

ROBERT MURRAY

Precisely.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Might I enquire as to its nature?

JOHN BOOKER

Again, we don't mean to alarm you, madam.

MARGARET SAVILLE

I appreciate that. But if there's a chance of there being a criminal on my property, I should know the nature of the threat.

JOHN BOOKER

Two murders and a criminal trespass, madam.

MARGARET SAVILLE

I see.

ROBERT MURRAY

Would you mind if we had a look inside the house before we head unto the grounds?

MARGARET SAVILLE

My house! What business could you possibly have in my house? Do you have a search warrant?

ROBERT MURRAY

(archly and with condescension)

On what grounds would you object, Mrs Saville?

MARGARET SAVILLE

As an Englishwoman, you expressly do not have my permission to search my home.

EXT./INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - SHED - DAY

Franz leaves his position behind the shed and hides himself in a large pile of pruned branches at the back of the orchard. Booker and Murray exit the house and head to the shed where Franz had just been. They go inside and look around. They then leave their bags and jackets outside the shed. Margaret limps out of the house and rifles through their bags. She finds a letter and reads it.

GEORGE C. POMERANZ

(V.O.)

April 18th, 1796

My Dear Inspector Collins:

(beat)

Regarding the murders in Drury Lane, I believe it is the public's best interest to check the Saville farm for the murderer. Booker and Murray's investigation, once again, is at my personal expense.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - WOODS - DAY

Booker and Murray walk right past Franz and proceed to the canal out past a barrier of trees. Near the canal they come upon a gravesite. Franz has moved his location and is hiding in the woods by the canal with a view of Booker and Murray.

Booker and Murray are seen to be in an animated conversation. Murray finally walks back toward the shed and returns with two shovels.

The two then begin to vigorously dig up the grave. The two soil their fancy clothes during the digging. At last, they find the dead dogs. Inexplicably, they heave them out of the hole. The two of them - after pressing handkerchiefs to their noses - inspect the corpses quite thoroughly. They then kick the bodies back into the grave. They quickly shovel the soil back into the hole.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Booker knocks on the front door and Margaret Saville emerges.

JOHN BOOKER

You're aware, madam, that two large dogs are buried along the canal. Fairly recently, I would say, some time in the last few months.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Oh, yes. I've never seen the graves. I can't walk nearly that far. But my husband told me he'd put them down.

JOHN BOOKER

And why was that?

MARGARET SAVILLE

Why was what?

JOHN BOOKER

Why did he put them down?

MARGARET SAVILLE

They were growing wilder and less obedient with age. When they finally killed a sheep, that was the end of them.

ROBERT MURRAY

How, might I ask, did your husband kill them? We saw no sign of gunshots.

MARGARET SAVILLE

I have no idea. But my husband is very good at killing things.

ROBERT MURRAY
A military man, is he?

MARGARET SAVILLE
Yes, efficient and brutal. He killed many Americans. But tell me now, you didn't come all of this way to remind me of my dead dogs.

JOHN BOOKER
No, madam, we haven't. And you've nothing to worry about. We've found no sign of the fugitive. Please forgive the intrusion.

Booker and Murray bow and turn to head back to their horses. Margaret turns and goes back into the house.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - PATH - DAY

Walking on the path from the front door of the house to the front gate, Booker and Murray spot the

CLOSE ON SIZE 23 BOOT PRINTS

in the mud. Murray points at them.

ROBERT MURRAY
Let's canvass the neighborhood.

EXT. HAMPSHIRE COUNTY - LONDON ROAD - DAY

Booker and Murray cross a small bridge over the canal and the road that is in front of Sweetbriar.

EXT. HAMPSHIRE COUNTY - MANOR HOUSE - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. HAMPSHIRE COUNTY - MANOR HOUSE - DAY

ROBERT MURRAY
We're bill collectors from London and we're looking for your neighbor, Charles Saville. Have you noticed anything different at his estate?

HAMPSHIRE NEIGHBOR
A few months back there was a tremendous fire on his premises.

HAMPSHIRE NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)

No fire bell rang out so I assumed it was a deliberate brush fire. The odd thing is that his wife couldn't have cut the brush and her husband never would as his curtilage is overgrown. Saville is lazy except when it came to killing Americans or beating his wife and animals.

Booker and Murray exchange knowing glances.

EXT. HAMPSHIRE COUNTY - ANDOVER - THE DYING COW PUB - DAY

Establishing shot. Typical English pub.

INT. HAMPSHIRE COUNTY - ANDOVER - THE DYING COW PUB - DAY

ROBERT MURRAY

We're bill collectors from London... looking for Charles Saville. Any sign of him lately?

PUBLICAN

I wish. One of my best customers except when he is fighting with my patrons.

JOHN BOOKER

A tough is he?

PUBLICAN

More of a brute and bully. He beats his invalid wife and brags about it.

(a beat)

He's a regular and he hasn't been in for months. He goes on a bender before he leaves for Africa and America ... has to get his fill of English ale.

Booker and Murray again exchange knowing glances.

INT. WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF STATIONERS BUILDING - POMERANZ'S OFFICE - DAY

JOHN BOOKER

There's absolutely no sign whatsoever of the monster at Saville's estate. His banker tells us Captain Saville is in America selling slaves.

JOHN BOOKER (CONT'D)

If this monster exists, it is doubtful
he is in England.

GEORGE C. POMERANZ

The monster most definitely exists.
Walton wrote that this entire matter
started in Switzerland. The monster
may well have headed back to the place
whence he came.

ROBERT MURRAY

Here is our statement, sir. It is due
on presentation. Our clothes were
ruined during the unearthing of the
dogs so that's an added expense.

Robert Murray hands the bill to Pomeranz.

GEORGE C. POMERANZ

It is all fair and reasonable. I have
half a mind to employ your firm to go
to the Continent for further
investigations. But enough of this
foolishness. I was hoaxed by Walton
and his associate. All men must be
borne of a woman.

Pomeranz writes a check drawn on Glyn Mills bank and hands it
to Murray.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - PARLOR - DAY

Margaret is holding a large package.

MARGARET SAVILLE

Franz, look what came in the post
today.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

What?

MARGARET SAVILLE

Robert's notes, manuscript and all of
Victor's Frankenstein's laboratory
notes. His note with them says, "Do
with them what you will."

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I say we put the torch to them
tonight.

MARGARET SAVILLE

I couldn't agree more.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - ORCHARD - SUNSET

Franz has started a fire of pruned apple branches. He walks over to the fire and crumples up pages and throws them into the fire. After a bit, he throws all of the pages into the fire. The smoke from the fire blows on Franz and towards Margaret. Franz walks over to where Margaret is sitting in the carriage. Franz looks at her face. It glows from the fire.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

My past is now gone. I have begun a new life with you here at Sweetbriar.

(a beat)

The English language is still new to me, but love is expressed more in deeds than in words. Margaret, will you marry me?

MARGARET SAVILLE

Yes, Franz, I love you dearly. I have never known a better man.

Franz pulls from his pocket two plain metal rings he had made himself.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I, Franz, take you Margaret to be my wife. To have and to hold from this day forward. For better, for worse. For richer, for poorer. In sickness and health. To love and to cherish. Till death do us part.

Franz then slips the ring onto Margaret's finger.

MARGARET SAVILLE

I, Margaret, take you Franz to be my husband. To have and to hold from this day forward. For better, for worse. For richer, for poorer. To love and to cherish. Till death do us part.

Margaret then puts a large ring onto Franz's finger.

Franz and Margaret kiss passionately and deeply.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - CURRICLE - NIGHT

Margaret is resting her head on Franz's shoulder.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

We both smell like smoke. We need
baths.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Happy to assist my beautiful wife.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - KITCHEN-LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Margaret is in the bathtub. Franz is pouring in some hot
water. Soap bubbles are in the bath.

Franz sensuously washes her back and then her breasts.
Margaret then stands up and steps out of the tub. She walks
over to Franz and kisses him.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

Franz, I want you.

NEW ANGLE - OVER FRANZ'S SHOULDER

With both hands, Franz gently lifts his wife up by her
buttocks. Nature then takes its course but it is only implied
and not on the screen.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN'S BEDROOM -
DOWN ANGLE - DAY

The sun is coming through the window. Margaret's head is on
Franz's chest. They are both naked, but there are covers on
the bed. The bed has been well used and the covers and
blankets are askew.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

Franz, what a beautiful night. I love
you so much.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I love you too darling. I never
imagined that a beast like me could be
married to an angel like you. I do
think I am beginning to understand
what Shakespeare wrote about love and
marriage.

NEW ANGLE

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

I don't know that any couple ever completely figures out marriage, but last night was the icing on the cake.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

You were as graceful and lovely here in my arms as you are on your ice skates.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

I'm the lucky one after being married to a monster. And by the way, we're going to have to do something to make our bed more comfortable for you. No more sleeping alone for either of us.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I now can see one clear advantage to marriage: I can just roll over and go to sleep after I've performed my marital duties.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

And here's looking to many more performances like last night!

Franz and Margaret both laugh.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

But trust me when I say that marriage is about way more than sex.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

From the very beginning of my existence I knew that I must have a companion and mate. But I had no understanding of the physical aspect of it and how meaningful it could be.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

Blackstone says that marriage is one of the great relations of private life.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Your brother told me the exact same thing.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN
And, unfortunately, he'll never
experience marriage.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
He told me about that too.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN
Science will be the beneficiary of his
bachelor life. We both know he's no
author.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
And not much of an arctic explorer
either.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - KITCHEN-LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Margaret is at the churn making butter.

Franz walks in with more milk pails.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN
Enough of the milk! Milk production
from Victoria and Elizabeth has gone
through the roof since you arrived.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
I attribute it to my expert handling
of their teats.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN
Enough from you Mister Franz P.
Frankenstein!

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
You'll never get enough of me, dear
wife.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Margaret and Franz are at the dinner table.

It is a bountiful setting with many cheeses and lots of bread
and butter on the table. The dinner is mutton and a few
vegetables.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Margaret, could we have some more vegetables with dinner? And the meat is too seasoned for me.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

My last husband wanted more meat, more seasoning and fewer vegetables.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

You mean the man who beat you? The monster?

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

I do the best I can in the kitchen with what we have. You are not living in Paris, in case you didn't know. If you don't like what I prepared you can go back to the forest and eat roots and nuts. Given your appearance, I don't think you'll get any service at The Goat & Monocle.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Why don't you walk into town Mrs. Frankenstein and pick us up some shepherd's pie at the inn?

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

Walk? I know one thing Mister Franz P. Frankenstein, you can walk right out of my house and into the barn. Get out!

Franz grabs a lantern and a book and heads to the barn.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - BARN - NIGHT

Franz is lying on a bed of hay reading The Taming of the Shrew. He falls asleep. While asleep, he moves his arm and knocks over the lantern. A fire starts in the hay. The fire spreads away from him and towards the horses in the next stall. The horses are in an absolute panic and kick the stalls vigorously. That wakes up Franz. He lets them out of the barn and almost gets trampled in the process.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - BARN AREA - NIGHT

Franz then runs to the well and grabs two buckets in order to put out the fire. He has to draw the water and that takes some time. The first two buckets of water do little to stanch the flames. On the second trip, Franz can't even enter the barn in order to rescue the cows that are mooing in distress.

Margaret limps out of the house in her nightgown. The barn is burning brightly.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

My grain! My cows! I'm ruined!

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

We can rebuild.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

What do you mean we? I can rebuild.
We're finished. The marriage is over!
Pack your bag and head back to
Germany. How could you have been so
stupid, you idiot monster?

CLOSE ON FRANZ as darkness, worry, depression and anxiety crosses his face. His mind goes back to the previously darkest moment in his short life.

FLASHBACK - EXT. ARCTIC - ICE FLOE - NIGHT

Franz is on the ice floe and contemplating suicide. His sledge has already been pitched into the water. He is totally and completely alone in the world and without hope.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Franz is alone in the room packing his bag. Margaret slips in.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

Franz, I'm sorry about what I said last night. I was emotional and got carried away. I was wrong.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

You mean you want me to stay?

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

Yes, of course. We're married.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

I made a vow before God to be your wife for better or worse and I meant it.

(a beat)

And I do love you so, Franz.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

I love you too, Margaret.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

And all is not lost. Captain Saville purchased fire insurance on Sweetbriar. We all learned from the Great Fire of London.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - FIELD - DAY

Robert Walton and Franz Frankenstein are working the hay harvest. Walton is working the scythe with gusto.

ROBERT WALTON

I never assisted on the farm when Saville was alive, but I'm more than happy to assist my brother-in-law.

(a beat)

Glad to hear you two patched it up after the barn fire.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

You are always welcome here. Your help is greatly appreciated during the harvest.

ROBERT WALTON

It does my body and soul good to get out of London. My sister has never been happier and I am so pleased to see it.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

A mate is what I wanted to be created by Victor Frankenstein, but I have found my own. Fate can be strange. I never imagined I could be so happy.

ROBERT WALTON

Yes, marriage is a wonderful thing when you find the right person.

ROBERT WALTON (CONT'D)

As to my sister's first husband, after we finish here let's bury Saville's bones with the dogs. The authorities would never dig up a grave twice.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - WOODS - DAY

Franz and Walton unceremoniously dump the bones of Charles Saville into the reopened grave for the dogs.

ROBERT WALTON

Three soulless beasts in unhallowed ground. I hope he is enjoying Dante's seventh circle of Hell.

Walton shovels dirt into the grave while Franz plants some sapling trees right nearby. It begins to rain.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - FIELD - DAY

Margaret and Robert are in the field with a variety of muskets and pistols. Franz has set up a number of empty wine bottles on posts at varying distances. Margaret first uses a MUSKET and BREAKS A BOTTLE - on the first shot - at forty paces. She then quickly picks up A PISTOL and hits the BOTTLE at twenty paces.

ROBERT WALTON

Dear sister! You shoot like an American.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

She's taken to shooting just like ice skating. She's a natural at both.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

I think those Americans are on to something with their Second Amendment. A woman needs to protect herself from all manner of brigands.

ROBERT WALTON

Sweetbriar is now a model farm. The two of you have done wonders here.

INT. SWITZERLAND - BELLERIVE - ALTHOUSE INN - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE:

"THREE YEARS LATER, BELLERIVE, SWITZERLAND"

John Booker strikes up a conversation with Frau Althouse, the wife of the owner of the inn. It is late at night and Booker has had a few beers.

JOHN BOOKER

Frau Althouse, I do enjoy your hospitality and your country but I came from England not just for pleasure. I'm a retired member of the London constabulary and during the investigation of a unsolved murder I came into possession of a manuscript referencing this city. Do you know of the Frankenstein family?

FRAU ALTHOUSE

I did know them quite well. In my younger days, I worked for Herr Frankenstein. Terrible what happened to that family. Just a horrible series of tragedies.

JOHN BOOKER

Please do tell me what happened.

FRAU ALTHOUSE

It all started when Victor went off to study at the university at Ingolstadt. He was a brilliant young man with a passion for science but his readings and studies were insufficient here. He was reported to have studied alchemy prior to traveling to Germany.

JOHN BOOKER

Where do the tragedies come in?

FRAU ALTHOUSE

I'll get there Englishman. Be patient.

Frau Althouse shoots John Booker a nasty look.

FLASHBACK - SWISS BARN - DAY

A younger Frau Althouse is half asleep on the hay in the family barn. Her eyes are slightly open. The Creature is standing over her. She closes her eyes and pretends to be asleep.

THE CREATURE

Thy lover is near; my beloved, awake.

The Creature places a locket on Frau Althouse's dress. She opens her eyes and sees an seven foot creature walking away.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

JOHN BOOKER

Well played.

FRAU ALTHOUSE

The next day we learned of the death - by strangulation - of Victor Frankenstein's friend and younger brother not far from my barn. My life had been in jeopardy. Shortly thereafter, Victor was wed but his bride was murdered by a monster on her wedding night. This inn was the very site of the murder. I've always suspected the same creature in my barn was responsible. After his bride's death, Victor went looking for the murderer and we have not seen him since.

JOHN BOOKER

I thank you for this information. I do believe I know where this monster is and I will bring him to justice.

FRAU ALTHOUSE

Don't pay me in politeness. How about some francs for this information?

Booker reluctantly hands over some money.

INT. GERMANY - INGOLSTADT - OFFICE OF PROFESSOR WALDMAN - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE:

"THE UNIVERSITY, INGOLSTADT, GERMANY"

In the office with PROFESSOR WALDMAN is PROFESSOR KREMPE.

JOHN BOOKER

What can you tell me about your former student, Victor Frankenstein?

PROFESSOR WALDMAN

A brilliant young man. One of our finest students.

PROFESSOR KREMPE

He would have been much better student
if he'd spent more time in class!

PROFESSOR WALDMAN

He also had a fixation on alchemy. I
tried to disabuse him of that
quackery.

PROFESSOR KREMPE

We had heard rumors that he had robbed
graves, but nothing was proven. But
what scientist hasn't robbed a grave
or two?

PROFESSOR WALDMAN

You might check with his landlady. He
disappeared, but she might know
something about his whereabouts.

JOHN BOOKER

Thank you gentlemen and good day to
you.

EXT. GERMANY - INGOLSTADT - LARGE THREE STORY ROOMING HOUSE -
NIGHT

It is beginning to rain. Booker knocks on the door. An OLD
GERMAN LADY answers. Booker flashes a badge.

JOHN BOOKER

I'm with the London constabulary and
I'm looking for one of your former
tenants. Official business.

OLD GERMAN LADY

Do come in. I always help the
authorities.

INT. GERMANY - INGLOSTADT - LARGE THREE STORY ROOMING HOUSE -
PARLOR - NIGHT

JOHN BOOKER

I am looking for your former tenant.
He's Swiss. A Mister Victor
Frankenstein.

OLD GERMAN LADY

He was not my typical student tenant.
He rarely went to class. He spent late
nights working.

OLD GERMAN LADY (CONT'D)
 He came and went at all hours. And then it happened one night. A night like this. THUNDER and lightning. The thunder woke me up. And then I heard Victor screaming at the top of his lungs, "IT'S ALIVE! IT'S ALIVE!"

FLASHBACK - EXT. GERMANY- INGLOSTADT - LARGE THREE STORY ROOMING HOUSE - NIGHT

The rooming house has an exterior staircase. The Old German Lady climbs it and peers into Victor Frankenstein's room. She looks through the casement. She sees a seven foot creature knock Victor Frankenstein to the floor. She runs down the steps.

OLD GERMAN LADY
 I never saw Frankenstein again.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

JOHN BOOKER
 Just as I thought. You've been more than helpful. Here's some money for your trouble.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - BARN - DAY

Franz is sharpening tools in the barn.

JOHN BOOKER
 So it's true.

Booker pulls back his coat and reveals that he has a pistol on his hip.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
 How might I help you, sir?

JOHN BOOKER
 (smugly)
 You already have. My ship has finally come in.

Booker gives Franz a formal bow.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN
 May I invite you in for some tea?

Franz removes his leather apron and leads Booker out of the barn.

EXT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - KITCHEN DOOR - DAY

Franz and Booker are at the kitchen door where Margaret is waiting. She is wiping her hands in a towel that she is holding.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

We have a guest.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

Yes. I have previously met Mister Booker. Please do come in.

INT. SWEETBRIAR ESTATE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

The three walk into the main room. Booker sits down at the table.

CLOSE SHOT - SECOND PISTOL ON BOOKER'S HIP

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

What brings you back to Sweetbriar?
And, by the way, my husband's name is Franz. My late first husband was killed by a slave in Africa. I've remarried since we last met.

JOHN BOOKER

Marriage you say? Congratulations.
I've been looking for some time now for a person that matches your husband's description. I do believe I have found him. You would admit that he would not be easily mistaken for another man?

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

State your business, sir. You come onto my property without the courtesy of a knock, with no arrest warrant and flouting a pair of pistols.

JOHN BOOKER

I've continued to investigate the two murders on Drury Lane in London. During the course of that investigation I came to read a copy of a manuscript written by your brother.

JOHN BOOKER (CONT'D)

After a trip to Germany, it was clear to me that your brother's manuscript was completely true. Being an enterprising man I've concluded that the capture and public display of this creature could be quite lucrative to me. My ship has indeed come in.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

Please forgive my rudeness, Mister Booker. I'd meant to serve tea.

Margaret Frakenstein exits the room and heads to the kitchen. John Booker leans back and CLICKS THE HAMMERS on both of his PISTOLS.

JOHN BOOKER

You've said very little, monster, but you seem to understand the language. I have some things for you; items left in the police files.

Booker opens his satchel and unfurls a long pair of trousers. He places them on the table.

JOHN BOOKER

Yours, I assume?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Yes, and I thank you for returning them.

Booker then pulls out Frankenstein's pickaxe. The longer point is black with dried blood and brain matter.

Franz slowly reaches for it but Booker quickly pulls it back out of the reach of Franz.

JOHN BOOKER

I see this has your attention.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Yes, I'm very fond of that pickaxe. It served me well in difficult times.

Booker's eyes go dark. He pulls a pair of shackles from his satchel along with a cocked pistol from his hip.

JOHN BOOKER

Your wife will apply these to your wrists, and you and I will depart in my coach.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Given my unusual origins, my wife and I have a toast before tea. I say, "It's a great day" and she says....

We see Margaret Frankenstein's right hand and she is holding a cocked single shot pistol. The air is shattered with a PISTOL BLAST. The ball hits Booker in one ear and exits the other. Booker teeters to his left and topples slowly from his chair. As he falls to the floor, he drops his PISTOL. It DISCHARGES and rips two inches off the table leg. The table tilts. Margaret Frankenstein emerges from the kitchen holding a smoking pistol in her right hand. She is flush, her chest is heaving and the right side of her face has gunpowder soot on it.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

It's a great life.

ROBERT MURRAY

comes crashing through the casement window; the same window that Franz broke through on the day he killed Charles Saville. Murray lands on the floor on his knees; pistol in hand. He then stands up. Margaret fires the PISTOL in her LEFT HAND and HITS Murray square in the chest. He falls over. Dead.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

A fine piece of shooting. Doubly so.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

If I'd done it at forty paces I'd gladly accept your compliment. But at six paces it can only be considered insulting.

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

Why two guns?

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

I figured Booker had Murray to back him up. No single man could subdue you; even with guns.

Franz hands Margaret his linen and monogrammed F.P.F. handkerchief. She wipes her face.

MARGARET FRANKENSTEIN

In my excitement I'm afraid I was over-generous with the charge.

(a beat)

Shall we go ahead with tea?

FRANZ FRANKENSTEIN

By all means.

Margaret exits the room for the kitchen, taking her pistols with her. Franz takes Booker's satchel and uses it to shim the table in order to level it. The two dead bodies are visible on the floor. Margaret then re-enters the room with the tea tray. Margaret pours the tea. Franz kisses Margaret.

CAMERA PANS AND PULLS BACK

Many hand-carved wooden toy farm animals and toy army soldiers on the floor along with a child-sized chair with the name "Victor" carved at the top. A CHILD CRIES.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END