

CREATURE: Tell me about this great man, your brother.

WILLIAM: Let me go, ugly beast! Help! Help!! HELP!!

CREATURE picks up WILLIAM and holds him very close—

CREATURE: Shhhhh! Calm down, brother of Victor!

WILLIAM: *(muffled)* HELP ME!!! Let go!

CREATURE: Shhhh...It's OK... Shhhh
How can one so small contain so much prejudice?

WILLIAM: *(muffled cries for help)*

CREATURE: I want to talk to you. Shhhh.
I just want to talk--

WILLIAM: *(more muffled cries)*

After a time, WILLIAM stops moving and the CREATURE places the lifeless body on the ground.

CREATURE: *(after a small beat of silence)*. Good.
Now tell me of your brother, Victor.
Does he live here?
Hmm? Can you not hear me?
Asleep?
Wake up.
Wake up!
Wake up, I say!!
You can't wake up, can you?
You are...No longer?
You are...

CREATURE takes the necklace from around the boy's neck.

CREATURE: 'You are Loved'

VICTOR enters and returns to the Alps position at the end of ACT 1

VICTOR: You murdered an innocent child with those hideous hands!

CREATURE: And who made these hideous hands?

ELIZABETH enters and opens the grave trap for William to descend into...

CREATURE: When Cain killed Abel did he know?
Did he know Abel would cease to be?

VICTOR: You are evil incarnate

CREATURE: I can be virtuous once more.
It is in your power.

VICTOR: What are you saying?

CREATURE: You could make...another.

VICTOR: Another??

CREATURE: A companion.
You chose to abandon me.
You owe me this much

VICTOR: Owe you?!
Begone—I'll never consent!

CREATURE: O, my Creator, it is in your power.
If you consent, we shall hide ourselves in the vast wilds of South America—
Forever!

VICTOR: You, who longs for the love of man,
How can you remain in exile?

CREATURE: I swear to you--
Make me a companion and we will quit forever the neighborhood of men.
Never to return.
Never.

MARY: He wants only for a companion to soothe the pain of his loneliness.

CREATURE: You could create new Life, again.
Where there is only misery and wretchedness.
You, alone...
The creator of a whole new kingdom on earth.
Who else might dare?
Who else could achieve this?

VICTOR: *(barely audible)* No one.

CREATURE: Yes, only God.
Only God and...

VICTOR: *(almost to himself)* Yes.

CREATURE: You alone.

Icy gust of wind

VICTOR: I have your solemn oath to leave us?

CREATURE: I swear by the moon that guides me through the darkness,
And by you, my own Creator...

VICTOR: I will make you a...companion to share in your wretchedness
And then you will both leave this place
Forever.

CREATURE: Until then I will be ever and always near.

CREATURE slips away. Starlight. Sound of winds

VICTOR: O Stars and clouds and winds
You are here to mock me.
If you pity me, crush all sensation and memory
Let me become as nothing.
If not, depart and leave me in my darkness.

MARY: Victor Frankenstein came down from his mountain-top and found
Elizabeth Lavenza in her own dark abyss.

VICTOR: Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH: Cousin, you've come back again?

VICTOR: And yet...I must depart.

(slight beat)

ELIZABETH: Of course. Let me get your suitcase. It is not unpacked.

VICTOR: There is some new scholarship in electrical current and kinesthetic animation.
In England.

ELIZABETH: England. I see.

VICTOR: My dearest Elizabeth,
It was our mother's dying wish that you and I
That you and I should be...

ELIZABETH: It would be intolerably loathsome to me that you'd tie yourself to me out of some obligation. I believe that you care for me and suppose it possible you might even care deeply for me. But is it possible, Victor—

VICTOR: Elizabeth—

ELIZABETH: Allow me to finish--
Is it possible that your love for me is the love one reserves for a cousin?

VICTOR: More than cousin.

ELIZABETH: Sister, then

VICTOR: My more-than-sister

ELIZABETH: I mustn't presume that you might have feelings of that nature for me and that we, that we...

VICTOR: Elizabeth Lavenza, will you marry me?

ELIZABETH: (*beat*). You are departing, again.

VICTOR: When I return, let us be married

ELIZABETH: ---

VICTOR: What do you say?

ELIZABETH: (*small beat of decision*) Despite this crushing ache, do we not deserve some measure of happiness?

VICTOR: Is that a yes?

ELIZABETH: It is.

VICTOR: It is what?

ELIZABETH: It is a 'yes.'

VICTOR: Elizabeth, when I return I won't ever leave you again.

VICTOR picks up his suitcase and sets off on his journey

MARY: And so Elizabeth Lavenza was left alone to mourn sweet William. As Victor Frankenstein made his way to Great Britain to fulfill his promise, a dread seemed to pursue him.

As VICTOR walks, he becomes aware that a CLOAKED FIGURE trails him. After trying to lose him, VICTOR turns on his pursuer and confronts the monster—

VICTOR: I've agreed to your unholy contract—
You miserable beast!

The CLOAKED FIGURE removes his cloak—

HENRY: Victor! It's me Henry.

VICTOR: Dearest Henry?!

HENRY: Elizabeth insisted I join you--
To England, then?

HENRY & VICTOR: To England!

HENRY: Victor, let us forever savor this journey down the Rhine!
Past vineyard after vineyard, the laborers harvesting their vintage—

The CREATURE circles, ever near

HENRY: You tremble, old friend?

VICTOR: All is well— Sorry, Henry!

CLAIRE: London, England! All Ashore!

VICTOR: Henry, I must to the Orkney Archipelgo.

HENRY: The Orkneys?! There's nothing there save but rocky islands and a handful of fishermen.

VICTOR: Yes—my work demands a certain amount of seclusion.

HENRY: We'll go together, then.

VICTOR: You stay and explore the castles and ancient battlefields.

HENRY: Victor, I'll go with you.

VICTOR: No, I, I must alone, Henry.

HENRY: Why alone?

VICTOR: I, I cannot say.

HENRY: Victor??

VICTOR: I will tell you all when it is done— I promise.

In a few weeks make your way to Inverness and we'll meet there.

HENRY: Until Inverness, then. Be well, my friend.

HENRY starts to leave—

VICTOR: Henry!

HENRY: Victor?

VICTOR: You are a most noble knight and my truest friend.

HENRY: Godspeed, good Sir Frankenstein!

HENRY departs.

VICTOR: God goes not where I now do go—

Loud concussion of waves crashing, slamming into rocks.

VICTOR: I gathered all that I needed for my dreaded task.

VICTOR brings in the large specimen box covered in gauze and puts on his apron.

VICTOR: I made my way to a desolate sea-scrubbed island in the remote Orkney Archipelago—a soulless place long forgotten by man or God above. In this abandoned hut, far away from the eyes of all—
I begin again.

GHOST of MOTHER starts singing

VICTOR: If I have learned aught from my first mistake,
I might undo what I have done.

VICTOR opens the large Specimen Box. A large hook is lowered in and attached to something inside the box.

VICTOR: What if I might make a creature so good and so perfect
That she might off-set the odious malice of the first.

A BLAST OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

*The COMPANION rises held aloft by wires/straps.
She spins parallel to the floor.*

VICTOR: I will make her skin out of moonlight,
Two of the brightest stars in all the heavens shall be her eyes
Deep, bottomless, soulful
She will have mermaid blood coursing through her veins.
I'll imbue her with the wisdom of Athena—

COMPANION rises up

Athena born from the brain of Zeus—
She'll be fleet of foot and swift as Atalanta.

She 'runs' through the air

I'll endow her with the grace and courage of Artemis,
And arrows full of Aphrodite's warm love—searing and singeing.
She'll be instilled with compassion, curiosity, and kindness,
In communion with the natural world
An angel borrowed from the firmament
Blooming brilliant to make our world better
And set my negligence and wrongs a right.

VICTOR hands her an apple.

VICTOR: Here, taste this.

If I could actually bring this dream to life,
She might teach the vile one the power of beauty—

*The CREATURE appears in VICTOR's imagination.
Maybe with the help of MOTHER's GHOST, VICTOR places SCREENS
COVERED IN CLEAR PLASTIC around the CREATURE and
COMPANION*

She offers the CREATURE the apple.

COMPANION: Taste this.

He does. Adam & Eve in the Garden.

Another ELONGATED LIGHTNING CRASH

VICTOR: The two of them might make a new garden on earth,
What a better world I might render
What a paradise I might build.

CREATURE - COMPANION ADAGIO.
It is beautiful, loving, sexy, and—

VICTOR: But what if she is as monstrous as he is?

SOMETHING GLITCHES, WARPS, & SOURS

The two of them might create a whole new murderous race of beings—

Simsian Drone

VICTOR: **STOP!**

The COMPANION & CREATURE roll off each other and lie motionless.

VICTOR: This must not be.

The DREAM CREATURE departs.

VICTOR: It must be destroyed before it is ever brought to life.

He lays out plastic, then begins to chopping away.

VICTOR: **THIS MUST NOT BE.**

THIS MUST NOT BE!

I'll not be father to the scourge of the human race

*The BLINDING MAYHEM—blood thrown against plastic screens as
COMPANION descends into the grave.*

VICTOR covered in blood. A bloody disembodied leg.

Sound of blood beating in VICTOR's brain.

CREATURE appears.

CREATURE: You have destroyed her

VICTOR: Her? 'It' was never alive...

CREATURE: Will you repair this promise you have broken?

VICTOR: Begone. I am inexorable.

LIGHTNING & THUNDER

The CREATURE approaches VICTOR who holds the cleaver tight--

CREATURE: I now have nothing to lose
And therefore nothing to fear.
Beware for I am fearless
And therefore powerful.

VICTOR: Begone!

CREATURE: Revenge henceforth shall be dearer to me than light or food.
I will make you so wretched that the light of day will be hateful to you.
You shall curse the sun that gazes on your misery.

VICTOR: Devil—Begone!

CREATURE: *(after a beat)* I go, but remember this—
I will be with you on your wedding night.

CREATURE exits.

VICTOR: *(calling after)* I have no fear of you—
Come for me, monster! Do your worst!

Long heavy CRASH of SURF

MARY: Victor spent the next day collecting the chemical instruments and mangled limbs and strewn organs— clearing away the detritus of his dark

deeds. An Orkney fisherman delivered a welcome letter from a dear friend...

HENRY: Victor! Awaiting you here in Inverness. Where is our next adventure?! The Americas to hunt the Buffalo? A journey up the mighty Congo? The Arctic Seas?

VICTOR: I must finish tidying up things here, dear Henry
And then we shall in Inverness drink deeply together!

MARY appears holding a toy boat.

MARY: The words of the Creature echoed in his head—

CREATURE: I will be with you on your wedding night

VICTOR: *(to himself)* I have no fear for my own life,
But Elizabeth-- how could she bear the death of one more loved one?

Sound of water lapping against the hull

MARY: Victor lugged the lifeless companion aboard a small boat and set out into the ocean to commit the unholy remains to the unsounded depths.

VICTOR drops the remains in the trap with a...

SPLASH

VICTOR: Why do I feel such guilt? I am no murderer. Am I?
Should I mourn the loss of something that never really came to life?

MARY: As if in answer, Death herself churned up a terrible storm.

Sound of GALE WINDS & CRASHING SEAS

*ANGEL of DEATH appears with giant wings.
The wings are black with tarnish and molt.*

MARY: Each exhalation, each wing-beat, a hurricane of gale-force wind—

ANGEL of DEATH sings. It is operatic-- big, beautiful, and dangerous

VICTOR holds onto MARY and toy boat. WINGED DEATH takes the mast and sail from the tiny boat.

MARY: *(with fury)* Mast-snapping and sails shredding.

The wings create wind that buffets them

MARY: The seas buffeted and they battered and they BASHED

ANGEL of DEATH swoops and knocks VICTOR tumbling

MARY: The concussive waves crested and CRASHED

Another swoop sends him rolling in the other direction.

MARY: They SLAMMED and they SLAPPED and they SMASHED

MARY: Hull HEAVING	<i>DEATH takes the toy boat</i>
Keel SNAPPING	<i>DEATH snaps the boat</i>
Tiny boat TEMPEST-TOSSED	<i>DEATH tosses the pieces to MARY</i>
An Inundation	<i>DEATHS wings envelop VICTOR</i>
Hope & Compass LOST	<i>He fights for breath, for life</i>
DEATH-SWOOPING	<i>He's going down</i>
DOWN-DROWNING	
SEA-SWALLOWED	
SOUL-SWOONING	

DEATH draws back her wings, releases her prey.

MARY: Ocean-drunk and dimming.

DEATH mounts her victim and clings to him.

DEATH: Succumb, my sweet.
Succumb to me.
Slumber now. Lumber now.
Succumb to sweet slumber my sleepy sweet sea-cumber.

*The ANGEL of DEATH dunks PERCY's head in the bucket filled with water.
Her doomful voice surges with each dunking.*

MARY: (*relenting*) Enough. ENOUGH! I can't bear this.
It is too much. My heart can't hold this. My heart can't—
Enough. Enough. Claire! Stop it!

PERCY gasping for air, collapses on the ground.

Rain patters at the window, we are back in the Villa

*The ANGEL of DEATH (CLAIRE) and her Wings (BYRON & POLIDORI)
quickly exit.*

PERCY: Drowning, Mary?

MARY: It's how I feel sometimes.
Being swallowed up by the vast sea

PERCY: I suffer, too, Mary.

MARY: Do you, Percy?

PERCY: I lost a baby, too, remember?
I might visit the barren neighborhood of grief, my moon,
But build my castle there, I do not.

MARY: Percy—

PERCY: The Mary who stole my heart beside her mother's moonlit grave
And there gave more,
Unfolded herself,
Gave all...

MARY: How like a God you were to me, then.

PERCY: How beautiful and calm and free thou wert
In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain
Of Custom thou didst burst and rend in twain
And walked as free as light the clouds among

Who ran away with me to France.

MARY: We had no money and had to walk across France dragging that dying donkey.

PERCY: We had each other.

MARY: And my step-sister Claire—so very romantic.
Then you twisted your ankle.

PERCY: My moon, our love fortified our every hobbled step.

MARY: But was that just a dream? A castle in the sky?

PERCY: Cast off thy gloomy robes.
Cast out the grief that so consumes and cleaves to you, my love.

MARY: Cast it out?
Would that I could, Percy.
Would that I could.

And who would take up that grief?
Who would don these gloomy robes
Would you, Percy?
Do you really know what it is to grieve?

PERCY: Of course I do

MARY: We shall soon see—

Having somehow survived the tempest-tossed sea,

With a gesture from MARY, PERCY falls into the sea as VICTOR.

MARY: Victor Frankenstein washed ashore.

With another gesture from MARY, VICTOR rolls ashore.

Sound of SCREECHING GULL

WOMAN IN BLACK: Belched up from the belly of the whale?

VICTOR: Yes, like Jonah, I appear to have been spit out upon your shores.

WOMAN IN BLACK: Jonah was a sinner. Maybe your sin was murder?

VICTOR: Murder?? No, I am not // such a fellow—

WOMAN IN BLACK: Maybe you murdered that man
Maybe you left him on the beach for the gulls to peck at.

VICTOR: What man?

WOMAN IN BLACK: Returnin' to the scene a' yer crime?

VICTOR: No— I've never been here.
I don't even where here is— my boat was destroyed in the storm.
I've only just come from the Orkney Islands.

WOMAN IN BLACK: What were ya doin' there in the Orkney's?
You don't seem the kinda man who makes his livin' on the sea.

VICTOR: I, I...well, it's, it's rather difficult...to explain--

WOMAN IN BLACK: Let's have ya take a look at the dead body.
See if that helps jar yer powers of explication—

WOMAN IN BLACK opens a trap to reveal—

VICTOR: O, God. O, Henry.

WOMAN IN BLACK: Seems ya know'm. Whaddy murder'm for?

VICTOR: He is
My friend.
He is
My dearest friend in all the world.

HENRY's GHOST rises out of the grave.

WOMAN IN BLACK: Ya saying yer not responsible for this'un?

VICTOR: Of course not.

WOMAN IN BLACK: Those hand-print marks round his neck
Where ya made it so he couldn't breathe no more—

VICTOR: I didn't do that

WOMAN IN BLACK: They seem 'bout the size of those hands at the end
of yer arms.

VICTOR: That's absurd. That's—

WOMAN IN BLACK: In the dark before dawn, a stranger was seen leavin'
in a small boat. A man about your size as it turns out.

The CREATURE enters in VICTOR's mind and begins choking HENRY

VICTOR: It wasn't
Me
It wasn't—

WOMAN IN BLACK: And then this body here was found strangled, it
would seem, by hands about the size of yers.

VICTOR: These hands have committed no such...deed.

DING!

WOMAN IN BLACK: A deadly 'deed,' indeed.
And a few hours later, you wash up— returning to bury the body?
Or has divine justice intervened
And delivered ya back to answer for yer deadly deeds.

VICTOR: I am not responsible! It was... Henry is, was my friend.

WOMAN IN BLACK: What were you doing in the Orkneys?

VICTOR: I...I, I am not responsible. I am not responsible!

Sound of JAIL DOOR closing

MARY: Elizabeth Lavenza arrived from Switzerland to bring him home. The Orkney fisherman who delivered dear Henry's last letter vouched for Victor.

WOMAN IN BLACK: You're free.

VICTOR: *(still in shock)* Free?

WOMAN IN BLACK: To go.

WOMAN IN BLACK exits

VICTOR and ELIZABETH stand each other trying to breathe. Maybe Lights flicker and we blur between VICTOR & ELIZABETH and MARY & PERCY for a moment or three.

VICTOR: To lose one's dearest friend—

It is devastation.

ELIZABETH: Yes.

William and now Henry...
What men could do such things?

VICTOR: Not men. No.
Something unholy...

ELIZABETH: Unholy?

VICTOR: Something...profane.

ELIZABETH: What do you mean?

VICTOR: I cannot say.

ELIZABETH: Victor?

VICTOR: As soon as we get home, let us be married immediately.

ELIZABETH: Dare we dream of future happiness?

VICTOR: My more-than-sister, I would die to make you happy. Truly.
I...I, will tell you everything .
But let it wait until after our wedding night.

Such devastation. Could anything be worse than this?

They embrace.

VICTOR: I can feel your heart beating.

ELIZABETH: And I, yours.

ELIZABETH departs.

The CREATURE appears somewhere in the theatre—maybe in the back of the upper most balcony.

CREATURE: I will be with you on your wedding night.

The CREATURE exits.

GHOST of HENRY appears with PISTOL and hands it to VICTOR.

VICTOR: I will not allow that filthy beast to make a lonely widow of my--

ELIZABETH appears dressed for the wedding.

PERCY/VICTOR: Elizabeth...My God.

Rain patters on the windows

MARY: I didn't know you believed in God, Mr. Shelly.

PERCY: I didn't know you believed in marriage, Miss Godwin.

MARY: It's just a story, right?

CLAIRE: Shall we get on with the story, then?

MARY: Yes, thank you, Claire.

CLAIRE: (*as officiant*) Do you Elizabeth--

PERCY: Not certain that women can perform marriages, can they?
Particularly unmarried pregnant ones?

CLAIRE: I'm pretty certain you aren't writing this story, Percy.
(*as officiant*) Do you, Elizabeth Lavenza,
Agree to take Victor Frankenstein,
For your lawfully wedded husband,
Until death do you part?

ELIZABETH: With my last breath.

CLAIRE/OFFICIANT: Do you, Victor Frankenstein,
Agree to take Elizabeth Lavenza
To hold as your very own property,
To ensure that she is properly behaved
To control and beat her as needed?

MARY: (*whispering*) Claire, can you make it a tickle more romantic?

CLAIRE/OFFICIANT: To never leave her
To give her your heart
Until death do you part?

VICTOR: And beyond. I do.

CLAIRE/OFFICIANT: You may kiss each other now.

They kiss-- white flower petals rain down.

VICTOR: You seem melancholy, my love.

ELIZABETH: Something whispers to me not to depend too much on the future that opens up before us. But I'll not listen to that sinister voice.

VICTOR: Let us leave all that is dark behind us.
In front of us only light.

ELIZABETH: (*brightening*) Do you think we'll have more days so glorious as this one?

VICTOR: (*touching his coat pocket*) We shall my love, we shall.

ELIZABETH: What is it that agitates you, my dear Victor?

VICTOR: You go on up to bed.
I'll be up shortly.

ELIZABETH: Victor?

VICTOR: Tomorrow I will tell you all as promised and then all our glorious days will unfold before us until we are as old as Mont Blanc.

They embrace.

ELIZABETH: Do you recall what your mother said before she died?

VICTOR: Elizabeth

ELIZABETH: To make life...

VICTOR: I hardly think it appropriate 'given our age & circumstances.'

ELIZABETH: I think it entirely appropriate—'given our age & circumstances.' You shall make a wonderful father, Victor Frankenstein—

VICTOR: hm.

ELIZABETH: But first you must make a wonderful husband, Victor Frankenstein—

VICTOR: Yes.

ELIZABETH: Don't tarry long, my wonderful husband—
Your fate awaits you in our bridal bed.

*The clock begins to chime midnight.
VICTOR pulls out his pistol.*

VICTOR: The appointed hour is here.
Come for me now, beast.
Come for me now, abhorrent thing.
Or maybe I will find you first.

*We see the CREATURE emerge from under the bed.
He slips ELIZABETH'S bridal veil over her head*

VICTOR: You say that you have nothing to lose and that gives you power.
I now have everything to lose and that gives me something superior—
Volition. Endless volition. Come villain. Kill me if you can.
Come hell-hound and prepare to meet your maker.

ELIZABETH DIES.

DING

CREATURE places locket on her chest.

CREATURE: You are— were— Loved.

CREATURE: I will be with you on your wedding night.

VICTOR: I will be with you on your wedding night?! ELIZABETH!

VICTOR rushes into the bridal chamber.

ELIZABETH's lifeless body lay twisted and broken.

The ANGEL of DEATH is on the bed with her like an impish Demon.

VICTOR:
o god

no
please
this isn't real.
an hallucination
a dream
wake up
wake up
please
Elizabeth
god I love you
I love you so much
your hazel eyes
so full of light
the way you fill every room you're in with light
dark now?
empty?
cold?

I did this
me
I am the monster
I am—

CREATURE (*appearing*) You have but sipped and supped of suffering—

VICTOR: And you shall DRINK DEEP OF AGONY!

*VICTOR fires his pistol as The CREATURE takes off into the night.
VICTOR gives chase.*

MARY: He moved at more than mortal speeds—
I followed his track down the Rhone

CREATURE: Across the Black Sea

VICTOR: Through the wilds of Tartary

CREATURE: and Russia—

VICTOR: Still he evaded me.

CREATURE: Up rivers and across desert tundras—

VICTOR: On and on he went, always north,

CREATURE: To the top

VICTOR: To the top of the world.

Sound of Arctic Winds

VICTOR: I grew weary...cold

CREATURE lays out his cloak for VICTOR.

CREATURE: Take my cloak— it was my father's.

VICTOR: Must rest...must...

CREATURE: Would that my father had acquainted me with mercy—

VICTOR: I'm not your father!

CREATURE: Instead you taught me how to reject,

VICTOR: You're not my son

CREATURE: How to abandon.

VICTOR: I taught you nothing.

CREATURE: How to destroy.

VICTOR: You taught yourself.

CREATURE: I felt like God.

VICTOR: Not God, no!

CREATURE: I felt like

VICTOR: Not God!

CREATURE: You.

CRESCENDO-ING CRUNCH of ICE BREAKING

VICTOR collapses in agony.

BLACK OUT

POLAR WINDS ROARING

PORTUGUESE SAILOR: (v/o) How is this possible?

SCOTTISH SAILOR: (v/o) Captain, just off the stern-- a man, I think!

WALTON: (v/o) Get him aboard!

Lights up on WALTON and--

VICTOR: (waking with a gasp). NOT GOD!

WALTON: I thought we lost you for good, old friend.
Here, have some more warm tea, Victor.

VICTOR: (death is near). Thank you, Henry, thank you. .

WALTON: Victor, it's me, Walton.

VICTOR: Yes, of course. Yes, Walton.
Walton, we men would be as Gods,
We would create a new Eden on Earth...
But instead-- in the arrogance of our ignorance--
We unleash a trove of ills upon the unsuspecting world.

In a fit of enthusiastic madness,
I discovered the spark of our animation.
I made life where there was not.

CREATURE and GHOST of ELIZABETH/MARY appear.

In terror, in weakness, I turned my back.

But I was bound to that creation.
Responsible to assure his happiness and well-being.
This was my duty. Forsaken.
Instead, he knew only misery.

What if he had been shone love as I had?

Farewell, Walton...seek life in life.

VICTOR dies.

DING!

The CREATURE steps onto WALTON'S ship

*A moment passes between WALTON and the CREATURE.
WALTON steps aside.*

CREATURE: *(to VICTOR's dead body)*

You wanted to be Prometheus
To give the world of men a gift
Something better...
Instead, you gave them me.
I should have loved to be your son.
To be chosen by you.
To be guided by you.
To be loved by you.

I remember the beauty of the moon...
Of blooming flowers and warbling birds.
Of rustling leaves and stories in books.
The sound of guitar chords making the air sweet like honey
Then, I should have wept to die.

But now Death is wanted.

MARY: With that, the Creature sprang from the cabin window
Out upon the life raft which lay close to Walton's ship.

He was soon borne away by the waves
And lost in darkness
And distance.

Rain patters at the windows of the Villa Diodati

MARY: The End.

POLIDORI: *(taking off WALTON's cap)* I'd say we have a winner for
Byron's little contest.

*PERCY stands and faces MARY.
Something new passes between them.
Something to do with the force of embodying this story.*

PERCY: Turns out Victor was not the hero after all.
But rather the ghastly villain.

(longish beat, something powerful passes between them)

MARY: Are there not monsters in each of us?
Monsters borne of our despair and loneliness?

POLIDORI: We're all right here for you, Mary.

MARY: Are you?

POLIDORI: Of course we are.

MARY: Are you sure? Death, she doth cling to us.
My mother within a week of my being born.

DING!

Our baby daughter

DING!

MARY: And three more of our children, Percy.

PERCY: We've only lost the one, my love.

MARY: We will bury more.

DING. DING. DING.

POLIDORI: I don't think I quite understand—is this still part of your story?

MARY: Our story.
So many ghosts.
Dr. Polidori, you will ingest Prussic Acid

POLIDORI: I'm a Doctor, I'm quite certain I would know not to take—

POLIDORI starts convulsing

MARY: Cyanide...

PERCY: Polidori?!

CLAIRE: What's wrong with him??

MARY: You were still a young man— a mere twenty-five.

POLIDORI: I would've hoped to be more brave.

DING.

POLIDORI dies.

MARY: Lord Byron...

BYRON: Is it warm in here? Anyone else feeling flushed?

MARY: Died fighting in a war.

BYRON: Me? Fighting for whom?

MARY: Greek Independence

BYRON: How so very noble of me—

MARY: Infection then fever—

BYRON: And not so very clever.

MARY: Then—

DING.

BYRON: Oh, Pish.

BYRON dies

MARY: Claire, you will live longer than us all-- eight decades, all told.

CLAIRE: And my baby?

MARY: (*shakes her head no*)

DING. DING.

CLAIRE dies.

PERCY: Mary, what's going on??

MARY: Why couldn't you stay, Percy?

PERCY: I'm here now. At least I think I am.

MARY: No.

PERCY: I always came back.

MARY: You didn't.
Some six summers from that night

PERCY: That night? What night?

MARY: The night of the ghost stories.
You left again
But
You did not come back
Sailing on the salt-sea
Not thirty years old.
Six summers more...
'Tis not enough, Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley.
It is not enough.

PERCY: My Mary, I'm...I wish I had learned how to swim.

DING.

MARY: I am destroyed. I am nothing. I am a tree rent by lightning.

And yet...
I still love you. To delirium it would seem
No one else will ever hold my heart.
Ever.
And I will hold yours for the rest of my days.

MARY pulls out his blood-soaked heart

MARY: In these two gentle hands.
Even as the cancer that grow inside my head wipes away all fond memory
As your stories and your poems just slip away into the scented air
As our ache and our pain disappears into the darkness
As the very words begin to...
As the very words begin to...
to...
to
as the
as the

MARY clutches PERCY'S heart.

She lies down with it on Percy's tomb.

DING

BLACK OUT.

SOUNDS OF MANY CHIMES DINGING

THUNDER. LIGHTNING.

END OF PLAY.