

"YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN"

SCREENPLAY  
by

GENE WILDER

FIRST DRAFT

FADE IN:

EXT. FRANKENSTEIN CASTLE

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING!

A CRACK OF THUNDER!

On a distant, rainy hill, the old Frankenstein castle, as we knew and loved it, is illuminated by ANOTHER BOLT OF LIGHTNING.

MUSIC: AN EERIE TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY begins to PLAY in the b.g. as we MOVE SLOWLY CLOSER to the castle. It is completely dark, except for one room -- a study in the corner of the castle -- which is only lit by candles.

Now we are just outside a rain-splattered window of the study. We LOOK IN and SEE:

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

An open coffin rests on a table we can not see it's contents.

As the CAMERA SLOWLY CIRCLES the coffin for a BETTER VIEW...

A CLOCK BEGINS TO CHIME: "ONE," "TWO," "THREE," "FOUR..."

We are ALMOST FACING the front of the coffin. "FIVE,"

"SIX," "SEVEN," "EIGHT..."

The CAMERA STOPS. Now it MOVES UP AND ABOVE the satin-lined coffin. "NINE," "TEN," "ELEVEN," "T W E L V E!"

CUT TO:

THE EMBALMED HEAD OF BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN

Half of still clings to the waxen balm; the other half has decayed to skull. Below his head is a skeleton, whose bony fingers cling to a metal box.

A HAND

reaches in to grasp the metal box. It lifts the box halfway out of the coffin -- the skeleton's fingers rising, involuntarily, with the box.

Then, as of by force of will, the skeleton's fingers grab the box back and place it where it was.

Now the "Hand" -- using its other hand -- grabs the box back from the skeleton's fingers. The skeleton no longer resists.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN

whose "Hands" we have just seen, now carries the box to a small table. He takes a tiny key out from his vest pocket and begins to unlock the metal box.

NINE PEOPLE watch him closely. They are seated on chairs in the study, waiting to hear the contents of Beaufort Frankenstein's will. Their dress is turn-of-the-century Transylvanian.

Cornelius Waldman fumbles with the lock, emitting strange grunts as he tries to open it. With each grunt, the face of a "potential Heir" is SEEN, squirming with frustration or anger.

FIRST VILLAGER (WALTER)  
Fumbling fool! For two kronen I'd rip that box right out of his hands.

ILSE (HIS WIFE)  
Shhh!

NINETY-YEAR-OLD VILLAGER (HENRICH)  
Hurry. Idiot, hurry!

AGATHA (HIS WIFE)  
Quiet, Henrich! We've waited seventy years...another three or four seconds won't hurt.

NINETY-YEAR-OLD VILLAGER  
Another three of four more seconds?  
I could be dead by then.

AGATHA  
Shhh!

FIFTH VILLAGER (A MAN)  
What if he's left you out?

HELENE (HIS GIRL FRIEND)  
Just let him try -- I'll take care of him.

ANASTASIA (A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN)  
Oh, Mommy...I hardly remember. Did the Baron really like me when I was a child?

MARLENE (HER MOTHER)  
Like a father!

NINTH VILLAGER (WOLFGANG)  
(muttering to himself)  
Wenn dieser Bloder kerl sich nicht beeilt werde ich verrückt. Was zum Teufel machte?

## MARLENE

Shhh!

Cornelius Waldman finally opens the lock. He takes out an old parchment, puts on his glasses, coughs and sputters a few times, and then begins to read.

## CORNELIUS WALDMAN

'I, Beaufort Frankenstein, in this my eighty third year of life, do hereby make, publish and declare the following statements as and for my last will and testament, and I direct my executor, Cornelius Waldman, to inform and assemble those persons previously divulged to him, that they may hear -- in my own voice -- the final disposition of my property.'

At the words, "In my own voice," the nine "Potential Heirs" exchange curious glances.

## CORNELIUS WALDMAN (CONT'D)

(still reading)

'Such disposition to commerce at the hour of twelve o'clock of my one hundredth birthday. If all the conditions heretofore set forth have been met, now then -- hear once more, and for the last time...the authenticity of my own voice!'

Cornelius Waldman nos to a Clerk, HERR FALKSTEIN, who is standing nearby.

Herr Falkstein places the needle of an old victrola onto an already spinning record. It SCRATCHES and then begins to PLAY.

## VOICE OF BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN (V.O.)

How do you do this thing? Where?  
In here? Just talk right into it?  
All right. Am I close enough? All  
right, all right -- get the hell out  
of the way.

(he clears his throat,  
then speaks in a  
deep, majestic voice)

The once proud name of Frankenstein  
has been dragged, by my only son,  
Victor, into an abyss of shame.  
There was a time when the name  
'Frankenstein' conjured dreams of  
virtue, of honor and devotion. Now,  
no guilt, no malignity, no misery  
can be found to equal mine.

(MORE)

VOICE OF BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And the catalogue of sins of my once  
devoted son will not cease to rankle  
in my wounds until death shall close  
them forever -- so supremely frightful  
is the effect of any human endeavor  
to mock the stupendous mechanism of  
the Creator of the world. Did you  
get all that? Are you sure you got  
'rankle in my wounds'? I'll kill  
you if you screw this up. All right,  
all right. Now as to the disposition  
of my estate.

Everyone in the room sits alert.

VOICE OF BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
To my cousins, Henrich and Agatha...

CUT TO:

THE NINETY-YEAR-OLD VILLAGER AND HIS WIFE

VOICE OF BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...and to my cousin Walter and his  
wife Ilse...

CUT TO:

WALTER AND ILSE

VOICE OF BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...and to my niece Helene...

CUT TO:

HELENE

sitting with her boyfriend.

VOICE OF BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...and my dear nephew Wolfgang...

CUT TO:

WOLFGANG

sitting alone.

VOICE OF BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...and lastly, to my cherished old  
friend, Marlene, and her charming  
daughter, Anastasia...

CUT TO:

ANASTASIA AND HER MOTHER

VOICE OF BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...to all of you, in equal shares, I  
 hereby give, devise and bequeath,  
 absolutely and without any  
 restrictions whatsoever, all property  
 of every sort and description, whether  
 real, personal or mixed, to which my  
 estate shall be entitled.

HENRICH AND AGATHA

are hugging each other.

WALTER AND ILSE

hugging each other.

HELENE AND ANASTASIA

hugging each other.

WOLFGANG

is hugging himself.

VOICE OF BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Unless...!

GROUP SHOT

They all look up suddenly from their hugging.

ANOTHER ANGLE

SCRATCH, SCRATCH, SCRATCH...the needle has reached the end  
 of the first side.

HERR FALKSTEIN

lifts the arm off and turns the record over.

HERR FALKSTEIN  
 (apologetically)  
 It's a seventy eight.

He places the needle on the record.

VOICE OF BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN (V.O.)  
 ...Unless...my only male heir, my  
 great-grandson, Frederick -- whom I  
 have never seen but who is, at the  
 time of this recording, ten years of  
 age and residing in America with my  
 granddaughter, Katherine -- has, by  
 his own free will, embraced Medicine  
 as his career and acquitted himself  
 (MORE)

VOICE OF BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 with some measure of esteem. Then,  
 to him I leave...everything!

The nine "Potential Heirs" are expressionless.

VOICE OF BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 My castle, together with its  
 laboratory, its public and private  
 library, and all notes and journals  
 contained therein, all acreage  
 surrounding my estate, plus all income  
 and principle thereof...in the fond  
 hope that yet another Frankenstein  
 shall lift our family name to an  
 eminence of dignity, and sanity,  
 that it once enjoyed. As for my  
 dear friends and relations, should  
 this latter improbability come to  
 be...I know that I have your complete  
 understanding. For the road to  
 salvation and repentance must be  
 paved up the avenue of my soul, and  
 not up yours, up yours, up yours, up  
 yours, up yours...

Herr Falkstein removes the needle from the finished record.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN  
 Herr Falkstein! Did you inform  
 Frederick Frankenstein of this  
 assembly and all the particulars of  
 the time and place?

HERR FALKSTEIN  
 I did, sir.

He takes a cablegram out from his pocket.

HERR FALKSTEIN (CONT'D)  
 But I received a cable only this  
 morning, saying that he could not  
 come.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN  
 Was he aware of the importance of  
 this occasion?

HERR FALKSTEIN  
 Yes, sir, he was. But he said he  
 was obligated to lecture at Johns  
 Hopkins University.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN  
 What lecture could be more important  
 than the will of Baron Beaufort  
 Frankenstein?

HERR FALKSTEIN  
 (reading the cable)  
 'Functional areas of the cerebrum in  
 relation to the skull.'

The Ninety-Year-Old Villager passes out.

ANASTASIA  
 (very sweetly)  
 Excuse me, Mr. Waldman -- excuse me  
 for interrupting. But is Frederick,  
 then...a medical doctor?

CORNELIUS WALDMAN  
 Yes, my dear, he is.

ANASTASIA  
 And has he achieved...any special  
 degree of eminence?

CORNELIUS WALDMAN  
 He is the fifth leading authority in  
 his field.

ANASTASIA  
 (sinking her head  
 into her hand)  
 Oh, shit.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN  
 Herr Falkstein -- you must go at  
 once and present Dr. Frankenstein  
 with all the details of his  
 inheritance. The estate will provide  
 for your journey.

HELENE  
 I object, Herr Waldman! This is a  
 travesty. If the beloved great-  
 grandson cared anything at all for  
 the House of Frankenstein, he would  
 have shown it by being here with  
 those of us who still have some  
 respect. I think we should completely  
 disregard the afterthoughts of a  
 very old man.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN  
 Madam -- the foundation of  
 civilization rests upon adherence to  
 the law. And the Law is the Law.  
 Das Gesetz ist das Gesetz!

Wolfgang -- the man who mutters only in German -- CRASHES  
 the back of his head halfway into the wall behind him.



CORNELIUS WALDMAN (CONT'D)  
 Herr Falkstein! You have your  
 instructions!

HERR FALKSTEIN  
 Yes, sir.

CORNELIUS WALDMAN  
 I have taken an oath that each letter  
 of this testament shall be  
 executed...and by God, it shall be  
 done!

The lid of Beaufort Frankenstein's coffin SLAMS SHUT by  
 itself.

DISSOLVE TO:

LEGEND ON THE SCREEN

IT READS: JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

INT. MEDICAL ARENA - DAY

Herr Falkstein quietly enters into the balcony of an arena  
 packed with young MEDICAL STUDENTS. A lecture is in progress.

LECTURER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

If we look at the base of a brain  
 which has just been removed from a  
 skull, there's very little of the  
 midbrain that we can actually see.

Herr Falkstein proceeds, almost on tiptoe, along the aisle  
 towards a vacant seat. He is carrying a briefcase and a  
 small metal box.

LECTURER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

Yet, as I demonstrated in my lecture  
 last week, if the under aspects of  
 the temporal lobes are gently pulled  
 apart, the upper portion of the stem  
 of the brain can be seen.

Herr Falkstein's footsteps ECHO ever so lightly against the  
 cold stone floor, as he passes the faces of students intense  
 with concentration.

LECTURER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

This so called 'brain stem' consists  
 of the midbrain, a rounded protrusion  
 called the pons, and a stalk tapering  
 downwards called the medulla oblongata

(MORE)

LECTURER'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 which passes out of the skull through  
 the foramen magnum and becomes, of  
 course...the spinal cord.

Herr Falkstein finds a vacant place and sits down.

LECTURER'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 (o.s.)  
 Which brings us directly to the  
 demonstration prepared for today.  
 Are there any questions before we  
 proceed?

MEDICAL STUDENT  
 (rising)  
 I have one question, Dr. Frankenstein.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER ANGLE

Our first LOOK at the famous Lecturer.

FREDDY  
 That's 'Fronkonsteen.'

MEDICAL STUDENT  
 I beg your pardon?

FREDDY  
 My name is pronounced Fron kon steen.

MEDICAL STUDENT  
 Oh! I thought it was Dr.  
 Frankenstein.

FREDDY  
 No, it's Dr. Fronkonsteen!

MEDICAL STUDENT  
 But aren't you the grandson of the  
 famous Dr. Victor Frankenstein?...  
 who performed such fascinating  
 experiments in electricity and  
 galvanism?

FREDDY  
 That's true! But my grandfather,  
 Victor was, after all, what we might  
 politely refer to as... a cuckoo!

Polite laughter.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

I prefer, by far, to be remembered for my own small contributions to science. Now if we can proceed to your questions.

MEDICAL STUDENT

Well sir... I'm not sure I understand the distinction between 'Reflexive' and 'Voluntary' nerve impulses.

FREDDY

Very good! Since our lab work today is a demonstration of just that distinction... why don't we proceed?

Behind Freddy is a PATIENT, lying on an operating table.

CARLSON, an assistant, stands near the Patient, next to a small table of instruments.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

What are we actually talking about when we use the term, 'Brain'? We are talking about... a cauliflower!

Freddy turns to Carlson.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

May I have the cauliflower, please!

Carlson hands Freddy a giant cauliflower.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

If we make a small slit, down the center of this cauliflower...

Freddy turns to Carlson, who hands him the scalpel. Freddy makes a small slit down the center of the cauliflower.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

...and then, ever so gently, gently, gently... pull it apart...

Freddy has some difficulty pulling the cauliflower apart.

It begins to crumble, but he goes on, professionally.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

...we should find, with any luck at all... a stalk of... celery!

There is no celery inside the cauliflower. Freddy flushes red.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
 (to Carlson)  
 Where did you get this cauliflower?

CARLSON  
 From your office, sir.

FREDDY  
 Didn't you prepare it with the celery  
 before my lecture?

CARLSON  
 Yes, sir. But I must have taken the  
 wrong one when we came up.

FREDDY  
 (in quiet rage)  
 Are you trying to make me look like  
 an idiot?

CARLSON  
 No, sir. It will never happen again.

FREDDY  
 (handing him the  
 cauliflower)  
 Here! This cauliflower is useless  
 to me.

Freddy turns back to his audience.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
 With any normal cauliflower, we would  
 have found a stalk of celery, or...  
 'Brain Stem' which brings us to the  
 practical application of our study.

Freddy moves behind the Patient on the table.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
 Mr. Hilltop here -- with whom I have  
 never worked of given any prior  
 instructions to -- has graciously  
 offered his services for this  
 afternoon's demonstration. Mr.  
 Hilltop!

HILLTOP  
 Yes, sir?

FREDDY  
 Have we ever seen each other before  
 this afternoon?

HILLTOP  
 No, sir.

FREDDY

Tell them!

HILLTOP

(turning to the Medical  
Students)

No, sir -- we haven't.

FREDDY

(to his audience)

Do I lie?

(to Mr. Hilltop)

Would you be so kind enough to hop  
up on your feet and stand beside  
this table.

Mr. Hill top gets off of the table and stands erect.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Mr. Hilltop! Would you raise your  
left knee, please!

Mr. Hilltop raises his left knee.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

You have just witnessed a 'Voluntary'  
nerve impulse. It begins as a  
stimulus from the cerebral cortex,  
passes through the brain stem and  
then to the particular muscle  
involved. Mr. Hilltop, you may lower  
your knee.

He lowers his knee.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

'Reflex movements are those which  
are made independently of the will,  
but are carried out along pathways  
which pass between the periphery and  
the central nervous system. You  
filthy, rotten, yellow son of a BITCH!

Freddy pokes his knee close to Mr. Hilltop's balls.

Mr. Hilltop reacts accordingly.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

We are not aware of the impulses,  
neither do we intend them to contract  
our muscles. Yet -- as you can see --  
they work by themselves.

By this time, Mr. Hilltop has lowered his protective thigh  
... a little nervously.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Now then! Modern research has shown us that by simply applying local pressure of ' blocking' the nerve impulse... which can be done with any ordinary metal clamp...

Freddy reaches out his hand. Carlson hands him a bicycle clamp. Freddy holds Mr. Hilltop's head and places the clamp behind Mr. Hilltop's ears.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

... Just at the swelling on the posterior nerve root -- for, oh say five or six seconds...

A short pause. Freddy looks at his watch.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Why you mother-grabbing BASTARD!

Freddy once again jerks his knee close to Mr. Hilltop's balls. This time Mr. Hilltop doesn't move. He is almost ready to pass out.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

All communication is shut off.

Similarly, damage to a nerve will mean that not all the impulses can get through and there will be weakness of a muscle...

Mr. Hilltop collapses to the floor. Freddy never looks down.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

...or group of muscles, with some loss of skin sensation on the area supplied by that nerve. In spite of our mechanical magnificence, if there is not this continuous stream of impulses... we would collapse like... a bunch of broccoli.

A smattering of POLITE APPLAUSE. Freddy reaches down and removes the metal clamp from Mr. Hilltop's head.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

(to Carlson)

Give him an extra dollar.

CARLSON

Yes, sir.

Carlson picks up Mr. Hilltop and places him on the operating table.

FREDDY

In conclusion... it should be noted that more than common injury to the nerve roots is always serious, because... once a nerve fiber is severed... there is no way to regenerate life back into it. Are there any more questions before we leave?

MEDICAL STUDENT

Dr. Fronkonsteen!

FREDDY

Yes?

MEDICAL STUDENT

Isn't it true that Darwin preserved a piece of vermicelli in a glass case until, by some extraordinary means, it actually began to move with voluntary motion?

FREDDY

A piece of what?

MEDICAL STUDENT

Vermicelli.

FREDDY

Are you speaking of the worm, or ... the spaghetti.

MEDICAL STUDENT

Why the worm, Sir.

FREDDY

Ah! In science you must be very precise -- it can spell the difference between life and death.

(to Carlson)

I don't want that fellow in class next semester.

CARLSON

Yes, sir.

FREDDY

He has a big mouth.

(to Medical Student)

Yes! It seems to me I did read something about that incident as a student. But you have to remember that a worm -- with very few exceptions

-- is not a human being.

MEDICAL STUDENT

But wasn't that the whole basis of your grandfathers work, sir...? the re-animation of component parts?

FREDDY

My father was a sick man.

MEDICAL STUDENT

But aren't you the least bit curious about it, Doctor? Doesn't the secret of life hold any intrigue for you?

FREDDY

You are talking about the gibberish ravings of a lunatic mind.

MEDICAL STUDENT

Yes, but, sir... if it could be accomplished, wouldn't that eliminate disease from the human frame and render man invulnerable to any but a violent death?

FREDDY

How old are you, young man?

MEDICAL STUDENT

Nineteen, sir.

FREDDY

Nineteen! My dear young man... once the human organism has ceased to function, nature has deemed that creature to be dead.

MEDICAL STUDENT

But look at what's been done with hearts and kidneys!

FREDDY

Hearts and kidneys are Tinker Toys! I'm talking about the Central Nervous System.

MEDICAL STUDENT

But, sir...

FREDDY

I am a scientist...! not a philosopher.

He holds up his scalpel.



FREDDY (CONT'D)

You have more chance of re-animating  
this knife than you have of mending  
a broken nervous system,

MEDICAL STUDENT

But your grandfather's work, sir...

FREDDY

My grandfather's work was Doo-Doo!  
Dead is Dead! There's only one thing  
I am interested in... and that is  
the preservation of LIFE!

POLITE APPLAUSE. However, on the word "Life," Freddy has  
plunged the scalpel into his thigh by mistake. No one but  
Freddy and the Movie Audience is aware of this.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Class... is... dismissed!

The students begin to leave.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Carlson!

CARLSON

Yes, sir?

FREDDY

Bring me some surgical gauze, a little  
tape and some disinfectant.

CARLSON

Yes, sir. Do you want the other  
cauliflower?

FREDDY

... No!

Herr Falkstein approaches with the metal box.

HERR FALKSTEIN

Dr. Frankenstein?

FREDDY

(through his teeth)  
Fron kon steen!

HERR FALKSTEIN

My name is Gerhart Falkstein.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A CITY STREET - DAY

Herr Falkstein and Freddy are walking along the sidewalk.

In the distance, a little OLD VIOLINIST, wearing a Tyrolean hat, plays a cheerful tune on his violin. His open violin case rests on the ground beside him.

FREDDY

One hundred thousand dollars???

HERR FALKSTEIN

Oh, at least, sir. The land alone is worth a small fortune.

FREDDY

But I can't just drop everything and leave. I have responsibilities and obligations.

HERR FALKSTEIN

Do you have a hundred thousand of them, sir?

Freddy looks at Herr Falkstein. The little Old Violinist has finished his cheerful tune. He now plays the eerie Transylvanian Lullaby that was heard at the opening.

FREDDY

How long will this whole thing take?

HERR FALKSTEIN

A week. Ten days at most.

FREDDY

I'll have to think it over. It's not so easy just to pick up and...

Freddy stops -- the music seeping into a dark and forgotten corner of his brain.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Curious melody! Haunting, isn't it?

Freddy, followed by Herr Falkstein, walks back a few steps and stands next to the Old Violinist as he plays.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

What's that tune that you're playing

OLD VIOLINIST

Zis is an old Transylvanian Lullaby.

FREDDY

How sweet! Such a quaint little tune.

Freddy rubs his temples with his fingertips for a moment.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

May I see your violin?

OLD VIOLINIST  
 (handing Freddy the  
 violin)  
 It's an honor for me, sir. You play  
 the violin?

FREDDY  
 Oh, just a little.

Freddy examines the violin.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
 Nice! Nice little balance to it.

OLD VIOLINIST  
 Ja, ja.

Freddy, without any emotion, smashes the violin over his  
 knee and then hands the two halves back to the Old Violinist.

FREDDY  
 Thank you very much.

The Old Violinist takes the two halves, open-mouthed.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
 (to Herr Falkstein)  
 Well... if you're sure that I could  
 accomplish everything in a week...  
 I suppose I could manage it.

HERR FALKSTEIN  
 Why did you do that?

FREDDY  
 What?

HERR FALKSTEIN  
 Break that old man's violin.

FREDDY  
 I didn't do that.

HERR FALKSTEIN  
 The old violinist -- you smashed his  
 violin over your knee.

FREDDY  
 I did not do that. Why would I do a  
 thing like that...? Are you insane?

LEGEND ON THE SCREEN

IT READS:

"IS THIS THE FIRST SIGN OF A SPLIT PERSONALITY?"

BACK TO THE SCENE

Now Freddy and Herr Falkstein are standing on a corner.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

All right then, I suppose I owe the family that much. You'll have everything ready for me when I arrive?

HERR FALKSTEIN

Yes, sir.

FREDDY

One week at the most!?

HERR FALKSTEIN

One week -- I'll see to it, sir.

FREDDY

Well, thank you very much for all your trouble.

They shake hands.

HERR FALKSTEIN

Not at all -- a great privilege, Doctor.

FREDDY

Saturday night then! I'll take the train to New York and fly from there.

HERR FALKSTEIN

Saturday night, yes, sir. Have a pleasant journey!

Freddy walks off. Herr Falkstein looks back at the little Old Violinist, who is playing the TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY on the top half of his violin.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Freddy, with a large suitcase and a small briefcase, stands next to a lot of steam...behind which, there appears to be a waiting train. With Freddy is his beautiful, flat-chested fiancée, ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH

Darling!...you will be careful!?

FREDDY

Of course.

ELIZABETH

You have your tickets?

FREDDY

Yes.

ELIZABETH

And your passport?

FREDDY

Yes, don't worry.

ELIZABETH

Call me from New York before you  
leave??

FREDDY

Yes.

ELIZABETH

Promise??

FREDDY

I promise.

ELIZABETH

Oh, darling -- I'll count the hours  
that you're away.

FREDDY

Oh, darling -- so will I.

CONDUCTOR

(o.s.)

Board! All aboard!

FREDDY

I'd better leave.

They look at each other; then kiss.

ELIZABETH

Will you miss me?

FREDDY

Very....very!

ELIZABETH

Mother's going to help me with the  
invitations.

FREDDY

Oh, nice.

ELIZABETH

I hope you like large weddings.

FREDDY

Whatever makes you happy.

ELIZABETH

I've trimmed the list to only our  
very closest friends...but it still  
comes to three thousand.

FREDDY

You're incorrigible!

ELIZABETH

Does that mean you love me?

FREDDY

You bet your boots it does.

CONDUCTOR

(o.s.)

All aboard!

ELIZABETH

Hurry now -- before I make a fool of  
myself.

They kiss quickly.

FREDDY

Goodbye, darling.

Freddy DISAPPEARS into the steam.

ELIZABETH

Goodbye, Freddy! Hurry back to me!

FREDDY

(o.s., from the steam)

I will! Goodbye, darling!

ELIZABETH

Goodbye, darling.

A long pause, as Elizabeth gazes into the mass of steam.

She wipes a tear from her eye.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

(whispering to herself)

Goodbye, darling.

FREDDY

(o.s., from the steam)

Goodbye, darling!

A TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS.

ANGLE ON TRAIN

The train starts up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

Freddy is sitting in a passenger car, reading a book.

A FEW PEOPLE sit near him.

A CONDUCTOR

walks down the aisle.

CONDUCTOR

New York next! Everyone out for New  
York!

Freddy looks out the window.

DISSOLVE TO:

A TRAIN - (STOCK) - NIGHT

whizzing through the night.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN - SUNSET

Freddy is sitting in a passenger car, reading a book.

A FEW EUROPEANS sit near him.

LEGEND OVER THE SCREEN

IT READS:

"SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE"

A CONDUCTOR

wearing a Tyrolean Conductor's hat, walks down the aisle.

CONDUCTOR

Transylvania nachste! Jeder austeigen  
fur TRANSYLVANIA!

Freddy looks out the window. He reaches up and takes his  
suitcase and briefcase off of the rack above him. Then he  
raises his window and looks out at:

A TEN YEAR-OLD GERMAN BOY

dressed in lederhosen, a cap, and a shoeshine kit on his  
back.

FREDDY  
 (calling out to him)  
 Pardon me, boy! Is that the  
 Transylvania Station?

GERMAN BOY  
 Ja, this is track twenty-nine.

He starts OFF.

GERMAN BOY (CONT'D)  
 Oh, can I give you a shine?

FREDDY  
 Thank you, no.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Freddy gets off the ancient train and looks for someone  
 WHO MIGHT BE THERE TO MEET HIM. HE SETS DOWN HIS SUIT-  
 case and briefcase.

ANOTHER ANGLE

From out of the darkness, IGOR, a strange man with a hunched  
 back, walks towards him. Behind Igor is a woman, INGA.

IGOR  
 Frederick Frankenstein?

FREDDY  
 Fron kon steen!

IGOR  
 Are you putting me on?

FREDDY  
 No, it's pronounced Fron kon steen.

IGOR  
 And do you also say Fro dereck?

FREDDY  
 No, Fred ereck.

IGOR  
 Why isn't it Frodereck Fronkon steen?

FREDDY  
 It's not. It's Fredereck  
 Fronkonsteen.



IGOR

I see.

FREDDY

You must be Igor.

Igor thinks a moment.

IGOR

No, it's pronounced Aye gor.

FREDDY

But they told me it was Ee gor.

IGOR

Well, they were wrong then, weren't they?

FREDDY

You were sent by Herr Falkstein, weren't you?

IGOR

Yes, that's right. My grandfather and your grandfather used to pal around together. You and I should have a lot of laughs.

FREDDY

I'm sure we will.

IGOR

(indicating the large-breasted woman behind him)

This is Inga. They thought you might need an assistant temporarily.

FREDDY

How do you do?

INGA

Extremely well.

FREDDY

How nice.

IGOR

Are these your bags?

FREDDY

Yes, just the two.

Igor takes the small briefcase and walks OFF. Freddy takes the large suitcase and follows with Inga.

INGA

Did you have a pleasant trip?

FREDDY

Yes, thank you. It wasn't bad.

They follow Igor past two men -- Dracula and Wolfman -- who are sitting quietly on a platform bench. One of the men wears a huge black cape and has two enormous eye teeth.

The other man's face and hands are covered with wolf's hair.

IGOR

(singing to himself)

Sun -- rise... Sun -- set! Dee --  
dum... Dee -- dum.

Freddy, struggling with his suitcase, stares in polite horror at the two men as he and Inga walk past them.

FREDDY

Good evening.

DRACULA

Good evening.

WOLFMAN

Good evening.

Freddy and Inga continue on, walking under a dangling sign:

"TRANSYLVANIA STATION"

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - A FEW MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

A cart, drawn by two horses, travels up a lonely road.

Igor is at the reins. In the back, sitting in mountains of hay, are Freddy and Inga.

INGA

Did you ever have a roll in the hay?

FREDDY

(a little nervous)

I'm not sure I...get your drift.

Inga begins to roll herself over and over in the hay.

INGA

You should try it -- it's fun.

Somewhat embarrassed, Freddy leans over to speak to Igor.

FREDDY

Incidentally -- I don't mean to embarrass you in any way, but I'm a rather brilliant surgeon. Perhaps I can help you with that hump.

IGOR

What hump?

Freddy tries to recover.

FREDDY

Well...perhaps we can talk about it later.

He turns back to Inga for relief. Just then: a BOLT OF LIGHTNING! Inga comes close to Freddy.

INGA

Sometimes I'm afraid of the lightning.

FREDDY

Just an atmospheric discharge.

Nothing to be afraid of.

A HORRIFYING CRY OF A WOLF!

FREDDY (CONT'D)

(making a joke)  
Werewolf.

IGOR

There.

FREDDY

I beg your pardon?

IGOR

(pointing to the woods)  
There wolf!  
(pointing up the road)  
There castle!

FREDDY

Why are you talking like that?

IGOR

I thought you wanted to.

FREDDY

No.

IGOR

Suit yourself...I'm easy.  
(MORE)

IGOR (CONT'D)  
 (confidentially,  
 indicating Inga)  
 Better watch out for the wockers.

FREDDY  
 What wockers?

IGOR  
 The wockers with the knockers.

FREDDY  
 Wockers with the knockers???

IGOR  
 Go ahead, play dumb! You'll lose  
 your sockers and then be fockers.

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING.

IGOR (CONT'D)  
 (pointing to the top  
 of the hill)  
 Well, there it is...

CUT TO:

THE CASTLE - NIGHT

illuminated by the lightning.

IGOR (CONT'D)  
 (o.s., as we see the  
 castle)  
 Home!

FREDDY  
 (to himself)  
 Home.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE CASTLE

As they approach the gigantic front door, FRAU BLUCHER opens a smaller door, within the giant door, and stands on the front stairs to greet them. She holds a lit candelabra.

FRAU BLUCHER  
 Welcome! I am Frau Blucher.

At the sound of her name, the HORSES REAR.

IGOR  
 Down! Down! Steady!!

Freddy takes his suitcase and helps Inga out of the cart. He approaches Frau Blucher.

FREDDY

How do you do? I am Dr. Fronkonsteen.

This is my assistant. Inga -- may I present Frau Blucher.

The HORSES REAR.

IGOR

Down! Get down, you beasts!

FREDDY

I wonder what's got into them?

FRAU BLUCHER

Your rooms are ready, Herr Doctor.  
If you will follow me, please.

She indicates the small door.

FREDDY

(calling to Igor)

Aye-gor! We'll wait for you inside.  
Hurry, please!

He turns to the door.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

After you Frau Blucher.

The HORSES REAR. Freddy, Inga and Frau Blucher have disappeared through the small door. Igor struggles with the rearing horses.

IGOR

Easy. Easy! What's very sticky and  
rhymes with shoe?

The horses calm down.

IGOR (CONT'D)

That's better.

Igor takes Freddy's briefcase and heads for the door.

IGOR (CONT'D)

(to the horses)

I'll be back shortly. Just think of  
model airplanes.

Igor shuns the smaller door and pulls the handle that opens the giant door. He walks into the castle.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION HALL

Frau Blucher is waiting on a large staircase with Freddy and Inga. Igor comes up to them.

FRAU BLUCHER  
Shall we proceed?

They all follow in the aura of Frau Blucher's candlelight.

From outside there is a: LOW RUMBLE OF THUNDER. When they reach the top of the stairs, Frau Blucher starts down a corridor. Igor walks up to a light switch and tries it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as ALL THE LIGHTS COME ON. Igor turns the lights off again, gesturing to Freddy not to say anything because Frau Blucher might be a little bonkers. Inga, Freddy and Igor turn into the corridor and disappear.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FREDDY'S BEDROOM

A fire is going in the fire place. Candles are lit in wall sconces. One wall is devoted to books.

FRAU BLUCHER  
I hope you find this comfortable.  
This was Baron Victor's room.

FREDDY  
It seems fine.

FRAU BLUCHER  
You'll find the keys to all the rooms  
in my case... all the rooms in your  
castle on this ring. I'll leave it  
on the table here.

FREDDY  
Does that include the key to the  
laboratory?

FRAU BLUCHER  
You mean... the laboratory??

FREDDY  
Yes!... the laboratory.

FRAU BLUCHER  
No! Dr. Frankenstein always kept  
that separate.

FREDDY  
May I have it, please?

A pregnant pause.

FRAU BLUCHER

Of course.

She pulls up on a chain around her neck. At the end of the chain is a key that had been resting against her bosom.

She takes it off, kisses it quickly, and sets it on the table.

FREDDY

(examining the bookcase)

There seem to be quite a few books.

FRAU BLUCHER

Yes, this was Victor's... the Baron's medical library.

FREDDY

I see. And where is my grandfather's private library?

FRAU BLUCHER

I don't know what you mean, sir.

FREDDY

well, there was a public and a private library -- he said so in his will. these books are all very general -- any doctor might have them in his study.

FRAU BLUCHER

This is the only library I know of.

FREDDY

Surely he kept his notes -- his private papers and records in some other place?

FRAU BLUCHER

I think you must be mistaken, sir.

FREDDY

Well... we'll see.

FRAU BLUCHER

Will there be anything else?

FREDDY

I don't think so. Is my assistant taken care of?

FRAU BLUCHER

I put her in the guest room, just down the hall.

FREDDY

Good.

She leaves. Freddy starts back towards the bookcase and pulls book.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Door opens and Inga enters.

INGA

Are you busy?

FREDDY

That's quite all right. What is it, dear?

INGA

Could I lie down in your bed for a little while? I just can't sleep.

FREDDY

We only arrived a few minutes ago.

INGA

I know, but usually I can fall asleep right away. It must be the strange room.

FREDDY

Well...

INGA

Oh please -- just till I get sleepy. Then you can force me right back to my room.

FREDDY

Well.. I suppose it would be all right, for just a little while.

Inga gets into Freddy's bed.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Would you like a sandwich?

INGA

No, thanks! I want to get right to sleep.

FREDDY

Well... I'll just finish unpacking.

As Freddy continues to unpack, he hears a STRANGE "BLOWING"



SOUND coming from outside. He goes to the window and looks up.

CUT TO:

A TURRET AT THE TOP OF THE CASTLE

Igor sits in the window, trying to blow a ram's horn. He tries and tries, but can't get one good sustained note.

Finally, he throws the ram's horns away and picks up a trumpet. He blows some "SWEET" BLUES.

CUT TO:

FREDDY

lying in a chaise longue near the bed, reading. He wears his robe over his clothes. Freddy looks at Inga, who is sound asleep. Now he drains the last of his glass of fruit juice and sets it down on an end table. He turns over to sleep. The CAMERA BEGINS TO PAN SLOWLY to the bedroom window. On its way, we SEE: A FEW DROPS OF FRUIT JUICE dripping down the inside of the glass that Freddy has just put down.

ANGLE THROUGH THE BEDROOM WINDOW (STOCK FOOTAGE) CLOUDS PASS ACROSS A FULL MOON.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER THAT NIGHT

Deadly silence! As the CAMERA PANS from the clouds, SLOWLY BACK ACROSS THE ROOM, suddenly -- from the deep recesses of the castle -- A VIOLIN IS HEARD PLAYING: THE EERIE TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY. As the CAMERA reaches Freddy, he is tossing restlessly in his sleep.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Stop it. Stop it, I tell you I don't want to be perfect. Can't you understand that? I don't want to be perfect!

Freddy wakes with a start. He sits up and listens to the MUSIC. Then he stands and crosses to the bed.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Inga!

INGA

(in her sleep)

Yes, you may... but don't make any noise.

FREDDY  
 (shaking her)  
 Inga, wake up!

INGA  
 (slowly waking)  
 What is it? Is something wrong,  
 Doctor?

FREDDY  
 Listen! Don't you hear that strange  
 music?

INGA  
 (listening)  
 Yes! What could it be at this hour?

FREDDY  
 I don't know. It just woke me up.

Freddy goes to the bookcase; Inga follows.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
 It seem to be coming from behind  
 this bookcase.

He puts his ear against the books and then feels for some  
 hidden button or handle.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
 Hand me one of those candles!

Inga takes a candle from a wall sconce and hands it to Freddy.  
 He looks closely at the books, examining some of the titles.  
 One title reads:

INSERT - TITLE "SEX AND HAIR GROWTH: IT'S UP TO YOU"

FREDDY

out of amazement, pulls the book from the shelf.

ANOTHER ANGLE A SMALL DOOR OPENS IN THE BOOKCASE.

INGA  
 Dr. Fronkonsteen -- look!

FREDDY  
 (listening through  
 the open door)  
 Whatever it is, it's coming from  
 down there. I'm going down to see.

INGA  
 Let me come with you, Doctor, please!  
 I don't want to stay up here alone.

FREDDY

All right then, quietly! Close your robe and stay right behind me. Don't make a sound!

They enter the secret passage.

INT. SECRET PASSAGE

Freddy, holding the candle above them, follows the MUSIC down a narrow, winding stairway. The source of the MUSIC

GETS CLOSER AND CLOSER, AS THEY FOLLOW THE YELLOW CANDLE-

light down, down, down... brushing against the cobwebbed walls. As they pass one section of wall, an ancient sign can just barely be made out in the after glow of their light. It reads:

CAPACITY: NOT MORE THAN 3 PERSONS

BY ORDER OF: FIRE DEPT.

Finally, they reach a landing. A door separates them from whatever lies beyond. Freddy takes hold of the handle... it crumbles in his hand like dust. He gently pushes against the door. It CREAKS slowly open. The VIOLIN

MUSIC STOPS!

INT. VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN'S LABORATORY

Freddy and Inga walk into the now famous room. A strange light comes from around a corner. As they walk towards the light, they pass a shelf lined with skulls. They look at each ancient head as they pass. Inga shudder with horror.

The fourth head is Igor. It looks as if his head is on the shelf, but actually he is standing just behind the shelf. He smiles.

FREDDY

Aye-gor!

IGOR

Fro-derick!

FREDDY

What are you doing here?

IGOR

I got frightened all alone upstairs, so I came down here.

He leads them around the corner, where a glass bowl filled with water is being heated by small flame.

FREDDY

But what you were doing?

IGOR

Just putting up some tea.

FREDDY

Did you hear that strange music?

IGOR

What?

FREDDY

Did you hear that strange music??

IGOR

What?

FREDDY

Did you hear that strange music?

IGOR

No, not sound.

INGA

There must have been someone else  
down here then.

FREDDY

It seems that way.

(to Igor)

You didn't hear any music at all?

IGOR

What?

FREDDY

You didn't hear... nothing! Aren't  
there any lights in this place?

IGOR

Two switches over there, but I wasn't  
going to be the first.

Freddy walks over and throws the first switch. OPEN ENDED

ELECTRICAL CURRENTS SHOOT OUT ALL OVER.

IGOR (CONT'D)

Well, it's all right for atmosphere.

Freddy turns off the first switch and then throws the other  
one.

"NORMAL" LIGHTS GO ON

Now the lab can be SEEN in all its old splendor, but thick in dust and spiders' webs.

INGA

Ooh!

FREDDY

What a filthy mess.

IGOR

I don't know... a little paint, some flowers...

FREDDY

Did you see anyone else down here?

IGOR

No, but when I first came in, there was a light coming from behind that steel door.

A huge steel door is open a few inches. Freddy goes to the door and listens, then opens it and they all walk in... hesitantly.

INT. PRIVATE LIBRARY

By the light of Freddy's candle, they see a small, creepy room, filled with musty books. There is a table in the center of the floor. On the table there is a large book, an ashtray, and a VIOLIN AND BOW.

INGA

(seeing the violin)  
Look, Doctor!

FREDDY

Well, this explains the music.

INGA

But who was playing it?

There is a smoldering cigar in the ashtray.

FREDDY

I don't know, but whoever it was barely finished putting out his cigar. It's still smoldering.

(to Igor)

Let me smell your breath.

Igor exhales in Freddy's face. Freddy nearly passes out.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Well, it wasn't you.

He looks around the room.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
What is this place?

IGOR  
Must be the music room.

INGA  
There's nothing but books and papers.

FREDDY  
I wonder...

He looks at the large book lying on the table. He puts his candle over the cover. A LOW RUMBLE OF THUNDER as we SEE:

CLOSE SHOT - BOOK

"HOW I DID IT" BY VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN. Camera pulls back.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
It is! This was my grandfather's private library. Look at this!

IGOR  
(reading the cover of the book)  
'How I Did It.' Good title!

FREDDY  
Funny it should just be lying out here on the table. I wonder what kind of dribble this is?

He opens to the first page.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
(reading aloud)  
'Whence, I often asked myself, did the principles of life proceed? To examine the causes of life... we must first have recourse to death.' God, what a looney bin!

ANOTHER LOW RUMBLE OF THUNDER. Freddy's candle almost blows out from a draft.

INGA  
Oh, doctor!

FREDDY  
Perhaps we'd better leave.

IGOR  
Taking the book along?

FREDDY

Yes, I think we could all use a good laugh.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAB

Freddy is convulsed with laughter.

FREDDY

This guy is too much.

Inga and Igor stare passively. The three of them are drinking tea. More water is boiling in a test tube.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

(reading)

'...and as soon as the dazzling light vanished, the oak tree had disappeared. I knew then that electricity and galvanism had changed my life.'

He howls.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

This guy is bonkers! Did you ever hear anything like this??

ANOTHER LOW RUMBLE OF THUNDER.

As Freddy goes on reading, the CAMERA TRAVELS UP, UP, UP...

THROUGH the giant laboratory... as if to seek the source of the THUNDER we HEAR, as the CAMERA MOVES UP:

FREDDY'S VOICE

(o.s.)

'When I look back now, it seems to me as if this almost miraculous event obliterated any last effort by the spirit of preservation to avert the storm that was even then hanging in the stars.'

MORE THUNDER.

FREDDY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

He kills me! This guy kills me.

The CAMERA FINDS a large opening in the ceiling -- an opening through which bodies might be elevated during an electrical storm. THUNDER CLOUDS CAN BE SEEN as the CAMERA PASSES THROUGH the opening into the night air.

FREDDY'S LAUGHTER is still HEARD from below. there is a GIANT CRACKLE OF LIGHTNING - as if in reply.

Now the CAMERA TRAVELS DOWN. Time has passes and Freddy's voice is hoarse, and more intense, and as the CAMERA TRAVELS DOWN:

FREDDY'S VOICE

(o.s.)

'Until, from the midst of this darkness, a sudden light broke in upon me -- a light so brilliant and wondrous, and yet so simple!'

The CAMERA has reached Freddy. His eyes are burning; he reads almost feverishly. Inga and Igor are half asleep.

FREDDY

(reading)

'Change the poles from plus to minus and from minus to plus!'

Freddy howls insanely.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

(reading)

'I alone succeeded in discovering the cause of generation of life.'

He doubles over in laughter.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

'Nay, even more -- I, myself became capable of bestowing animation upon lifeless matter.'

He laughs, he laughs, he laughs... then SMASHES his tea glass against a wall.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

It could work!!

A TUMULTUOUS CLAP OF THUNDER.

CUT TO:

IGOR'S FACE

Illuminated by a CRACK OF LIGHTNING. He has a quizzical smile.

CUT TO:

INGA'S FACE



Illuminated by a CRACK OF LIGHTNING. Frightened, yet in awe.

CUT TO:

FRAU BLUCHER'S FACE - IN A ROOM

Illuminated by a CRACK OF LIGHTNING. She is SMOKING A CIGAR.

CUT TO:

BEAUFORT FRANKENSTEIN'S COFFIN

Illuminated by a CRACK OF LIGHTNING. THE LID SLAMS OPEN AND SHUT, OPEN AND SHUT.

CUT TO:

FREDDY'S FACE

Illuminated by a CRACK OF LIGHTNING. The dark circles under his eyes suggest that he is IRREVERSIBLY INSANE.

LEGEND

It reads: "IRREVERSIBLY COMMITTED TO THE DARK

DESTINY OF ALL THOSE WHO BEAR THE NAME OF 'FRANKENST' NAME OF 'FRANKENSTEIN' 'FRONKONSTEEN.' "

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. LABORATORY - MORNING

A work space has been hastily prepared. Freddy, dressed quite properly in riding boots and tweed jacket, is reading from "the great book".

Inga, dressed in her Lab gown, is taking notes. Igor is drawing on a large pad.

FREDDY

'As the minuteness of the parts formed a great hindrance to my speed, I resolved to make the Creature of a gigantic stature.' Of course! That would simplify everything.

INGA

(pointing to another paragraph)  
And look at this, Doctor!

FREDDY

(reading)

'Dilation of his sacral  
parasympathetic impulses would cause  
an increase in flow of blood and the  
erection to approximately nineteen  
inches of his apparatus genitals.'

IGOR

His what??

INGA

His schwanzstucker.

IGOR

Whew! A nineteen-inch drill.

FREDDY

Now then! What we're aiming for, is  
a being about eight feet in height,  
and all features proportionably large.

Igor shows his drawing.

IGOR

Something like this?

They all look at the drawing.

They, and we, SEE a crude but impressive sketch of THE  
MONSTER, and as we look at the drawing:

FREDDY'S VOICE

(o.s.)

You've caught something there. Yes!  
As a matter of fact -- I think --  
that this -- might -- be -- our --  
man!

As our eyes travel from the top of the drawing to the feet:

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

A PAIR OF VERY LARGE, REAL FEET

Now the CAMERA MOVES from the feet, BACK UP.

EXT. GIBBET - DAY

A gigantic BODY is standing on a scaffold. when we reach  
the head, it is somehow incongruous: A sweet, boyish face --  
with a rope around its neck.

The "Body" is about to be hanged. next to it stands an  
EXECUTIONER.

EXECUTIONER  
Have anything to say?

THE BODY  
(in quiet anger)  
MMMMMgrrrrrrrrrr!

EXECUTIONER  
Anything else?

THE "BODY" THINKS. THEN:

THE BODY  
Go shove it up your --

The Executioner throws the lever and THE TRAP DOOR FALLS OPEN.

The "Body" hangs, lifeless.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

LEAVES BLOW ACROSS A COLD CEMETERY.

A coffin is carried by FOUR PALLBEARERS to a deep grave.

RELATIVES are waiting by the grave site.

Through an iron gate surrounding the cemetery, TWO DARK FIGURES peek through the rails and observe the funeral.

One of them has a hunched back.

SOFT MOANING is HEARD from one of the Relatives. A MINISTER mumbles Latin under his breath.

The Pallbearers set the coffin down on ropes placed over the gravesite. A short distance away are a FATHER and a MOTHER, standing next to a weeping DAUGHTER.

FATHER  
He was a good man.

MOTHER  
He was an angel.

FATHER  
He was a saint!

A pause.

MOTHER  
She had to marry this rotten pig instead.

FATHER

Hanging was too good -- they should  
have soaked him in lye.

The minister nods and TWO GRAVE DIGGERS lower the coffin.

The Daughter throws a bouquet of flowers onto the descending coffin. The Minister throws a handful of dirt on top of the coffin -- representing "Ashes to Ashes."

CUT TO:

INSIDE COFFIN

We SEE the FROZEN FACE of "The Body," and HEAR the sprinkled dirt as it HITS the coffin lid.

A little dirt seeps in through the lid and lands on the lips of the frozen face.

Ever so subtly, the lips make a spitting motion to clear the dirt away.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD

The Grave Diggers are shoveling dirt into the grave. The Relatives and Minister are leaving.

FIRST GRAVE DIGGER

What a filthy job!

SECOND GRAVE DIGGER

Could be worse!

DISSOLVE TO:

FREDDY AND IGOR

Knee-deep in the grave, shoveling the dirt out.

FREDDY

What a filthy job!

IGOR

Could be worse!

FREDDY

How?

IGOR

Could be raining!

A CRACK OF THUNDER.

Freddy stares at Igor.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A STREET

Freddy and Igor carry the coffin down a street in the  
POURING RAIN.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LABORATORY

Freddy and Igor are just setting the heavy coffin down on an operating table. they take the lid off the hinges and set it aside.

FREDDY

Wait! Let's tip the coffin over,  
then just lift it off. It'll be  
much easier.

They tip the coffin over, upside down, like a cake pan.

Now... They lift the coffin up... but the operating table remains empty.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Set it down!

They set it down on the table again. Freddy gives the bottom of the coffin (which is now on top), a big WHACK!

They lift the coffin up again and there is the "Body."

It had been struck.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

(looking at the "Body")  
Magnificent!

He checks its nails.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Very little decay. With this magnificent specimen for a body, all we need now is an equally magnificent brain.

(he looks at Igor)  
You know what to do!

IGOR

I have a pretty good idea.

Igor glances at the movie audience for a moment.

FREDDY

Do you have the name I wrote down?

IGOR

(looking at his sleeve)

Yes. Dr. H. Delbruck.

FREDDY

I want that brain.

IGOR

Was he any good?

FREDDY

Was he any good??? He was the finest natural philosopher, internal medicine diagnostician and chemical therapist of this century.

IGOR

Hmm!

FREDDY

And he wrote seventeen cookbooks.

IGOR

That's not bad.

FREDDY

Can you imagine that brain in this body?

IGOR

I'm getting excited just thinking about it. What if he's not there?

FREDDY

He only died two weeks ago -- I'm sure they'll still have him. Hurry now. I'll prepare the body.

IGOR

(starting to leave)

Oh! May I call you 'Master'?

FREDDY

Why?

IGOR

It's always been one of my favorite names.

FREDDY

If you like -- just hurry!

IGOR

Thank you, Master.

Freddy rolls up the "Body's" right sleeve. He gazes at the immensity of the hand in amazement and awe.

FREDDY  
Look at this hand! Look at these  
fingers!

A sudden thought twists through his brain. He sets the dead arm up on its elbow, intertwines his own right hand with that of the "Body's," and gets set for an "Indian Arm Wrestle."

Freddy forces the dead arm down -- not without some difficulty -- and then gives the "Body" a triumphant sneer.

DISSOLVE TO:

A HOSPITAL DOOR

The upper half of the door is made of glass. On the glass is printed:

B R A I N    D E P O S I T A R Y    A F T E R 5:00 P.M.    S H O V E    B R A I N  
T H R O U G H    S L O T    I N    D O O R

The SHADOW OF A MAN can be SEEN silhouetted from inside the Depository. The Man has a large hump on his back.

CUT TO:

INT. DEPOSITORY - NIGHT

LOW THUNDER!

A row of brains in jars, under glass domes, rests on a long, narrow table.

Igor tiptoes slowly, examining the labels on each glass dome that he passes.

ALBERTUS MAGNUS	CORNELIUS AGRIPPA	LAWRENCE TALBOT
(Physicist)	(Natural Philosopher)	(Hematologist)

THEN HE COMES TO:

HANS DELBRUCK  
(Scientist & Saint)  
Igor approaches the glass dome, lifts  
it off, and takes the jar containing  
the brain of Hans Delbruck.

As he turns to go, he sees himself in a Full-length mirror. He drops the jar in fright. He looks down and sees the gooks mass of brain and glass.

He looks at the Movie Audience.

IGOR  
 Funny thing is... I tried!

He sweeps some of the mess under the table with his foot.

IGOR (CONT'D)  
 (muttering to himself)  
 Freud would have a heyday with this.  
 Well...

He looks quickly at the "Brain table," grabs a jar from under the glass dome nearest to him, and leaves.

On the glass dome, whose contents Igor has just taken, is printed:

DO NOT USE THIS BRAIN!

"ABNORMAL"

CUT TO:

THE SKY

An ominous BOLT OF LIGHTNING!

CUT TO:

THE FACE OF THE "BODY"

He has a few cute stitch marks. Electrodes stick out from both sides of his neck.

INT. LABORATORY

Freddy, wearing a long, white surgeon's gown and surgical mask, stands over the "Body," which is strapped across the chest and thighs. Freddy has a thimble on the finger of one hand -- a needle and thread in the other.

FREDDY  
 Finished!

The "Body" is on an operating table, which is in the center of a platform directly below the opening in the ceiling.

Inga stands nearby.

INGA  
 What a beautiful job!

Freddy looks up to the opening in the ceiling.

FREDDY  
 (shouting)  
 Ready??  
 (MORE)



FREDDY (CONT'D)

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF

Igor stands on the roof, flying two kites in order to attract the lightning bolts. He is wearing rubber boots, rubber gloves, and a rubber whaler's coat and hat.

IGOR

(shouting down)

You're sure you know what you're doing?

FREDDY

Yes! It's all written down in the notes. Tie off the kites and come down!

IGOR

Yes, master. Just don't turn on any radios.

INT. LABORATORY

Freddy hands Inga the needle and thread. Then he grabs an electrical plug, connected to a "battery indicator," and plugs it into two small slits in one of the electrodes in the "Body's" throat... as you would plug in a lamp. He reads the indicator.

FREDDY

Soon, all the electrical secrets of Heaven shall be mine.

INGA

Oh, Frederick... you're not only a great doctor, you're a great... you're almost a...

FREDDY

A god?

INGA

Yes!

FREDDY

I know.

A CRACK OF THUNDER!

Igor comes down a small, spiral staircase from the roof.

IGOR

You'd better hurry -- I think it's going to rain.

FREDDY  
 (to Inga)  
 All right... elevate me!

INGA  
 Right here?

FREDDY  
 Raise the platform, hurry!

INGA  
 Oh! Yes, Doctor.

She turns a giant wheel on the wall. The platform rises towards the opening in the ceiling, with Freddy and the "Body" on it.

FREDDY  
 (as he is going up)  
 The ancient masters promised impossibilities and performed nothing. We shall penetrate into the recesses of nature. We shall ascend into the Heavens. We shall command the thunders of Heaven, mimic the earthquake and even mock the invisible world with its own shadows.

IGOR  
 Tonight?

FREDDY  
 Yes! When I give the word -- throw the first switch!

IGOR  
 You've got it, master.

The platform rises higher and higher. RAIN starts to come down on Freddy.

FREDDY  
 Get ready!

The platform nears the opening.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
 Get set!

The platform rises through the opening and then stops. Now Freddy is out in the open air, on the roof.

EXT. ROOF

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING and a CRACK OF THUNDER!

FREDDY

Go!!

INT. LABORATORY

Igor throws the first switch.

SPARKS, CURRENTS, DIALS capture our eyes.

EXT. ROOF

Freddy is getting drenched. He tries to check the "battery indicator" plugged into the "Body."

FREDDY

(shouting down)

Throw the second switch!

INT. LABORATORY

IGOR

(throwing the switch)

This guy means business.

Igor looks up in awe.

EXT. ROOF

MORE THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

FREDDY

It's not enough. More! More, do you hear me?

IGOR

What?

FREDDY

More, do you hear me?

IGOR

What?

FREDDY

Throw the third switch!

IGOR

(throwing the switch)

Wait till he sees the bill.

INT. LABORATORY

The Laboratory is an electrical circus.

EXT. ROOF

FREDDY

All right -- turn everything off and  
bring me down!

INT. LABORATORY

Inga turns the giant wheel the other way.

Igor throws back the three switches.

THE LIGHTS RETURN TO NORMAL.

Inga and Igor watch Freddy and the platform descend.

When it reaches the floor, Freddy stands soaked to the skin.

ALL EYES ARE ON THE "BODY."

FREDDY

Nothing!

THEY ALL STARE AT:

THE FROZEN FACE of the "Body."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Freddy, Inga and Igor sit at a long dining room table, set  
with food and wine. Freddy stares into space.

FREDDY

Reputation. Reputation!

INGA

I thought it was wonderful.

FREDDY

I don't understand -- I followed the  
notes to the letter.

IGOR

You can't win 'em all.

FREDDY

But there must be a reason.

This is science, not art.

INGA

Pass the Wildschweinbraten mit  
Gewurzgurkensosse, please.

Igor looks at Inga, then passes the meat.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY

The FROZEN FACE is still frozen. The chest is not breathing.

The arm is motionless.

The FINGERS..... MOVE!

CUT BACK TO:

DINING ROOM

FREDDY

Let's look once more. I can't stand  
just sitting here doing nothing.  
Maybe we left to soon.

Freddy and Igor set up. Inga goes on eating.

CUT TO:

THE LABORATORY

Freddy and Igor walk into the Laboratory and stand next to  
the "Body."

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Cold! Cold and dead!

IGOR

You mustn't take it so hard.

Bucharest wasn't built in a day.

Freddy leans his head down, in anguish, and rests it on the  
chest of the "Body."

The "Body's" FINGER pushes against Freddy's behind. Igor  
doesn't see it.

FREDDY

(to Igor)

Don't try to cheer me up that way.

IGOR

Well, I don't like to see you mope.

Igor stands next to Freddy.

IGOR (CONT'D)

You'll be getting me sad next.

FREDDY

I'm sorry. I don't mean to take out my frustration on you. You've been a great help to me, and I've let you down.

The "Finger" rubs against Igor's behind.

IGOR

(looking up suddenly)  
I'm not that sort you know. I appreciate you feelings, but try to show them some other way.

FREDDY

(lifting his head)  
You're right! Self-pity never got anyone anywhere. Let's go back and finish our dinner.

They leave.

The "Finger" OPENS AND CLOSES ITS HAND.

CUT TO:

DINING ROOM

Inga, Igor and Freddy are eating dessert.

IGOR

What is this?

FREDDY

Schwartzwalder Kirschtorte.

Seeping in from the laboratory, we HEAR: "MMMMMMmmmmmmmm!"

FREDDY (CONT'D)

(to Igor)

Oh, do you like it? I'm not partial to desserts, but this is excellent.

IGOR

Who are you talking to?

FREDDY

To you! You just made a 'yummy' sound, so I thought you liked the dessert.

IGOR

I didn't make a 'yummy' sound -- I just asked what it was.

FREDDY

But you did -- I just heard it.

IGOR

It wasn't me.

Freddy looks at Inga.

INGA

It wasn't me.

FREDDY

Look here - if it wasn't you, and  
it wasn't you, and it wasn't me...

Their eyeballs meet in the center of the room. then they  
all tear downstairs to the Laboratory.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY

They burst into the room. What we may at last call THE  
MONSTER is straining, tentatively, against the straps across  
his chest and thighs. his head is raised.

MONSTER

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMNNNNNNNNmmmmmmmmmm?!?

FREDDY

It's alive!

INGA

Oh, Doctor!

IGOR

I think you've done it, master.

FREDDY

Alive! Look at it. I have defeated  
death!

IGOR

Better not get too close, master.  
This guy could kill you.

FREDDY

I suppose you're right. Inga!

Prepare a sedative, just in case.

Inga goes to a medicine case and prepares a hypodermic.

The Monster raises its head and makes little circles with  
its hands, asking to be "free."

FREDDY (CONT'D)

It's trying to talk. it wants us to  
take off the straps.

IGOR

Don't fall for that one.

FREDDY

But don't you see...the brain of Hans Delbruck is inside this grotesque hulk -- pleading with us. I've got to untie it.

IGOR

careful, master -- you never can tell with these chaps.

FREDDY

All right...stand back!

Freddy carefully walks up to the Monster and stands over him. The monster is silent, feeling his way.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Hello there.

MONSTER

MMMMMMMMMMMMMM.

FREDDY

How's everything?

MONSTER

(just a suggestion of  
"not so good")

MMMMMMMMMMMMMM.

FREDDY

I'm going to untie you -- can you understand that?

MONSTER

(a soft, "crying"

SOUND)

MMMMMMMM! MMMMMMMM!

FREDDY

Yes, I'm going to set you free.

(to Inga)

Is the sedative ready?

INGA

Yes, Doctor.

Freddy takes the strap across the Monster's thighs and unties it. Then he unties the strap across its chest... and steps back. ALL EYES ARE ON THE MONSTER. TINGLY MUSIC. The Monster looks at them all for a moment while he is still lying down. A slightly sly grin comes to his mouth. He rises...slowly, carefully, to a sitting position.



MONSTER

(a low, suspicious  
groan)

MMMMMMMMMMmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.

FREDDY

It's alive. It's -- moving! It's --  
breathing! It's -- standing! What  
is your name?

MONSTER

(thinking for a moment)

... It's.

IGOR

Original.

FREDDY

(holding out his hands)

Give -- me -- your -- hand!

The Monster slowly extends his hands to Freddy. Freddy takes them and leads the Monster into his first steps.

PRODUCTION NUMBER - "ALIVE"

... in which Freddy, the Monster and Igor do a SONG and DANCE that teaches the Monster how to move. Occasionally, Inga and an unseen FIFTY-PIECE ORCHESTRA join in. The Monster tries, in his own special way, to imitate the gentle, "Soft Shoe" examples of Freddy and Igor. But where they "Ping" and "Clink" ... he "PONGS" and "CLONGS."

ANOTHER ANGLE

After a big finish, the Monster beams ecstatically. he bows out of instinct: "Show Business" is in his blood.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Whew! I'm glad that's over with.

IGOR

You can say that again.

FREDDY

Yes.

IGOR

You're just supposed to repeat what you said.

FREDDY

Why?

IGOR

What's the point of my setup?

(MORE)

IGOR (CONT'D)  
It's not funny unless you repeat  
exactly what you said.

FREDDY  
I'm not trying to be funny.

Igor looks at the Movie Audience.

IGOR  
Repeat it anyway -- it's a wonderful  
cue.

FREDDY  
... I'm glad that's...

IGOR  
No, no! That whole thing!

FREDDY  
... Whew! I'm glad that's over with.

MONSTER  
MMMMmmmmmmmmmm!

They all look at the Monster.

IGOR  
See what I mean?

Freddy gives Igor a dirty look.

MONSTER  
(signifying "More!")  
MMMMmmmm! MMMmmmm!

INGA  
I think 'It' wants to do it again  
Doctor.

FREDDY  
It looks that way.

INGA  
What do you think we should do?

MONSTER  
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!

FREDDY  
Oh...let's do it a little more.

ANOTHER ANGLE

They all SING and DANCE a short encore of "ALIVE." The  
Monster gets violently carried away in his search for dance  
perfection.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Freddy, Igor and Inga drop from exhaustion after another, even bigger ORCHESTRAL finish. The Monster immediately asks for:

MONSTER

MMMmmm!

They all stare at him in horror.

MONSTER (CONT'D)

(signifying "More")

MMMMmmmmmm! MMMMmmmmmm!

Freddy walks boldly up to the Monster.

FREDDY

Stop that! Now just stop that this instant and listen to me!

The Monster stares at Freddy in fascination.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

I have given you one of the finest minds of this century. You are a brilliant endocrinologist. You are a superb scientist. And you are making naughty! Now that's enough. Finished! From now on, you will behave like a man, and not a spoiled, snot-nosed, sniveling brat who thinks he can get anything he wants by bullying people with sheer brute force.

The Monster gives Freddy a W H A C K you wouldn't believe unless you were there. Inga SCREAMS.

IGOR

This fellow's got great timing.

The Monster picks Freddy up in his two hands and then holds him high over his head.

INGA

Oh, Doctor -- be careful!

The Monster is about to dash Freddy to pieces, when:

MUSIC: A VIOLIN is HEARD PLAYING the EERIE TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY. The monster FREEZES -- still holding Freddy over his head.

MONSTER

(soft, pathetic cries)

Mmmmmmm! Mmmmmmm!

INGA

Doctor! There's that strange music again. what could it be?

IGOR

It seem to have stopped the big fellow in his tracks.

FREDDY

(from over the  
Monster's head)

Ayegor! Find out where that music is coming from as quietly and as blindingly fast as you can.

IGOR

Yes, Master!

FREDDY

Act casual!

Igor casually takes out a box of jujubees from his pocket and eats one. He walks over to the Monster, who is still holding Freddy over his head.

IGOR

(to the Monster)

Care for a jujabee?

The Monster lowers one hand -- holding Freddy up with the other -- and takes the box of jujubees. He sniffs them.

FREDDY

Clever ploy!

The Monster drains the box of jujubees in one gulp, then hands the empty box back to Igor.

IGOR

(looking at the empty  
box)

NO movies together for us -- that's for sure.

Igor MOVES OFF in search of the MUSIC. The Monster -- deeply affected by the LULLABY -- slowly sets Freddy down.

INGA

It's almost as if he were afraid.  
he loves that music.

The Monster begins to hug Freddy and snuggle him. he behaves like a frightened, loving child, as he holds his arms out to Freddy.



MONSTER  
 MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!

The Monster's hands tighten around Freddy's neck.

INGA  
 (singing)  
 It has a pas-sion, 'The Con-ti nen-  
 tal...'

FREDDY  
 Stop -- singing!!!

Igor WALKS IN, holding a violin and bow. He sees the Monster choking Freddy.

IGOR  
 How's it going?

FREDDY  
 What did you find out?

IGOR  
 Someone was playing this in the music  
 room.

FREDDY  
 Where is he?

IGOR  
 How do you know it was a 'he'?

FREDDY  
 All right -- where is she?

IGOR  
 How do you know it was a 'she'?

FREDDY  
 (gasping his last  
 breath)  
 Bring -- me -- the -- violin!

IGOR  
 Can you play it?

FREDDY  
 Maybe...if you get here on time.

Igor goes to Freddy and hands him the violin and bow.

Freddy plays the TRANSYLVANIA LULLABY to the best of his ability. The Monster's hands begin to loosen.

INGA  
 It's working! Oh, Doctor --

you play beautifully.

IGOR

Do you know the theme from 'Doctor  
Zhivago'?

FREDDY

Get the sedative ready!

MONSTER

(soft and loving)

MMmmm! MMmmm!

The Monster hugs Freddy's face. Freddy, still playing the violin, pats the operating table for the Monster to "lie down." He does -- holding onto Freddy's face.

INGA

I think he wants to be tucked in.

FREDDY

Get a blanket from under that shelf!

Inga gets the blanket. The Monster holds Freddy's head onto his chest, as Freddy continues playing. Inga and Igor spread the blanket over the operating table, then gently tuck the Monster in "bed." The Monster pulls Freddy into bed with him and snuggles against Freddy's shoulder. Freddy continues playing the violin under the covers.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

(to Inga)

All right -- give it to him!

INGA

Are you serious??

FREDDY

Give him the sedative!

INGA

Oh! Yes, Doctor.

She prepares the hypodermic, then lifts up a small section of the blanket -- AWAY FROM OUR VIEW -- and pulls down the Monster's pants a short way.

IGOR

He's got quite a tush.

She puts the needle in.

FREDDY

Did you do it?

INGA

I think so.

FREDDY

Good! It shouldn't take more than a few seconds.

Freddy gradually stops playing.

MONSTER

(quietly, angry)

MMMMmmmmmmmmmm!

Freddy starts playing. The Monster kisses him.

INGA

I'm getting tired.

IGOR

Why don't we all turn in? It's been a long day.

FREDDY

Wait -- I'm sure he's out by now. That shot was strong enough to stop a horse.

Freddy gradually stops playing. One of the Monster's hands sleepily closes around Freddy's throat.

IGOR

See you at breakfast, then!

Freddy continues playing.

INGA

Good night, Doctor.

FREDDY

(afraid to disturb the monster)

Good night!

IGOR AND INGA LEAVE

NEW ANGLE

Freddy is left alone with the Monster, still playing the violin.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)

Thanks...for all your help.

IGOR

(o.s., from behind a wall)

That's what we're paid for.



Freddy looks at the Monster -- whose contented face nestles against Freddy's chin.

FREDDY

(as he plays the violin)  
 This song. This haunting melody.  
 This ancient, quaintly atonal folk  
 tune...is driving -- me -- crackers!  
 I can't go on -- do you understand??  
 Can NOT go on playing this  
 pathogenically rotten song. If you're  
 not asleep yet, then kill me if you  
 have to, but at the count of three...I  
 stop! One!.....  
 Incidentally, I was thinking of making  
 a big breakfast tomorrow -- blueberry  
 waffles and crisp bacon.  
 Two!..... By the  
 way, I'm sorry I yelled at you before --  
 I must have been over-tired. Anyway,  
 I meant to apologize and just forgot.  
 Two!.....Maybe tomorrow  
 would be a good day just to relax --  
 go for a swim, maybe do a little  
 water skiing. Well...we'll see after  
 we finish a nice breakfast. Three!

Freddy stops playing. The monster is sound asleep.

Freddy puts the violin down, throws off the blanket, then ties the straps that bind the Monster to the operating table.

FREDDY

(when the Monster is  
 firmly tied)  
 Spoiled Sissy!

Freddy picks up the violin again and stares at it.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

The song is over!

He looks at the sleeping Monster.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Das lied ist aus!

He breaks the violin in half. Immediately, he feels a sense of relief and lightheadedness.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Oh! Oh my! What a strange feeling  
 that was. My head -- I felt such a  
 pressure, splitting my head apart.  
 I feel so relieved and lightheaded.

(MORE)

FREDDY (CONT'D)

That horrible pressure...like voices...all calling to me, imploring me...swearing at me. Well, it's over now, thank goodness.

(he turns to the  
Monster)

Oh...my poor Doctor Delbruck.

(he strokes the  
Monster's head)

Doctor, Doctor...what have I done to you? Was habe ich von Dir gemacht? Your magnificent brain, locked in this...pile of... Forgive me, Doctor. I thought -- for science only. I couldn't stand the thought to mankind. I was a fool! How dangerous is the acquirement of knowledge, and how much happier is that man who believes his native town to be the world, than he who aspires to become greater than his nature will allow. Can you ever forgive me?

He puts his head down in silent prayer. MUSIC: ANOTHER VIOLIN PLAYS: THE EERIE TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY. Freddy's body tenses. We cannot see his face, but his fingers go to his temples. He slowly raises his head.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

That's a knockout tune! That tune is a winner. You can't call it 'wishy-washy' ... like some people I know. That song is going places.

(he looks at the  
Monster)

And so are we -- Blubber Boy. With your body, and the brain of that kraut -- we'll be 'Number One' in no time.

The MUSIC is PLAYING LOUDER and FASTER.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Right, voices?? I hear you skipping away in there. 'Do better than your father!' You're telling me I will. 'Do better than my grandfather!?' I'll make my famous grandfather look like a part-time nurse.

He rises.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

There's no stopping now. Destiny is too potent. I -- want -- perfection!

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING!

FREDDY (CONT'D)

I want a lot of it...and the best  
there is.

He grabs the Monster's head and hits it. A CRACK OF THUNDER!

FREDDY (CONT'D)

Because from now on...

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE LIBRARY

Frau Blucher is insanely playing the violin and watching  
Freddy through a crack in the door.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LABORATORY

FREDDY

...the only act we follow is the  
creation of fire. I'm going to  
explore unknown powers...I'm going  
to unfold to the world the deepest  
mysteries of creation...and I'm going  
to make -- my -- mommy -- proud!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

MONTAGE - INT. CONVERTED BALLET REHEARSAL ROOM - DAY

Mirrors and a warmup bar run along three walls.

Throughout the Montage, the Monster is dressed in leotards  
and lederhosen.

INT. CONVERTED BALLET REHEARSAL ROOM

The Monster is at the warmup bar, doing ballet exercises to  
the MUSIC OF CHOPIN -- which is being PLAYED on the PIANO by  
Igor.

Inga -- also in leotards -- is at the bar in front of the  
Monster, so that he may follow her example.

Freddy sits on a chair in the middle of the floor, pounding  
out the "count" with a long stick.

FREDDY

And one and two and three and four  
and lift -- lift , three and four  
(MORE)

FREDDY (CONT'D)

and don't look sad for sympathy; you know we only stop to pee. And lift -- lift, three and four and try and not to break the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONVERTED BALLET REHEARSAL ROOM

Freddy and Inga are wearing different clothes -- to denote change of time.

Inga only watches this time, as the Monster tries a few "points" and "turns" across the room on his own.

Igor plays Chopin.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

And one and two and point your toes  
and two and two and stretch you thighs  
and three and two and lift your knees  
and watch that nasty temper, please.

The Monster is getting angry.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

And one and two and point your toes...

Igor stops playing the piano, but continues speaking with the "count."

IGOR

And Oh-oh, Oh-oh...there he goes.

The Monster's hands are around Freddy's neck.

FREDDY

And oopy, not so hasty, please, and stretch your legs and lift your knees.

The monster, involuntarily, continues his footwork while he is trying to choke Freddy.

Freddy picks up a violin from under his chair and plays the EERIE TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY -- BUT IN THE SAME RHYTHM THEY HAVE BEEN USING, so that not a "count" is missed.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

And even though we're nose to nose,  
Always, always point your toes!  
Don't knot your fists like monsters  
do, but light-ly, gently, pas de  
deux. A grateful boy who has a chance  
would never kill if he could dance.

(MORE)

FREDDY (CONT'D)

So take your fingers off my throat  
and two -- remove them from my chest  
and three and two, continue please;  
I didn't say 'It's time to rest.'  
Don't stand flat footed; point your  
toes! Don't hang your hands like  
some dumb clod; Always lift them  
gracefully, like little chil-dren  
praying to God. That's the way an  
angel grows but first he learns to  
POINT his TOES!

Igor continues playing Chopin. The Monster goes back to his exercises.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

And one and two and stretch your  
thighs and two and two and lift your  
knees...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONVERTED BALLET REHEARSAL ROOM

The angelic face of the Monster sits in perfect concentration, as he prepares to play the harp.

He lightly ripples the strings: his face lights up!

He ripples the strings a second time: he is in ecstasy.

On the third ripple: ALL THE STRINGS COME OUT in his hands, like a mass of spaghetti.

Freddy, Igor, and Inga try not to look at each other.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONVERTED BALLET REHEARSAL ROOM

MUSIC: a phonograph RECORD PLAYS TCHAIKOVSKY.

The Monster is dancing "reasonably" well with A YOUNG BALLERINA.

Freddy, Igor and Inga watch with great expectation.

The Monster lifts the Ballerina up, and sets her down.

He lifts her up, and sets her down.

Now he takes her hand, prepares for the "big Twirl," lifts her up, and twirls her through the air.

The Young Ballerina sails out of the open window.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

An ELDERLY COUPLE are driving their horse and wagon to town.

A YOUNG BALLERINA SAILS PAST THEIR EYES.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONVERTED BALLET REHERSAL ROOM

Freddy and the Monster stand over two enormous xylophones.

Each holds his two wooden hammers.

Freddy -- at his xylophone -- passionately laces into Rimsky Korsokov's "FLIGHT OF THE BUMBLE BEE."

The Monster strokes -- in perfect time -- the LAST NOTE of each phrase.

The crowning glory is a slow bridge of SEVEN PERFECT NOTES BY THE MONSTER.

When the piece is finished, Freddy, the Monster, Igor and Inga all hug each other in triumph.

TRIUMPHAL MUSIC.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THEATRE - NIGHT

A POSTER READS:

BUCHAREST STATE THEATRE TONIGHT ONLY DR. F. FRONKONSTEEN IN  
"THE GREATEST DISCOVERY SINCE FIRE" PRESENTED IN COOPERATION  
WITH T N S (TRANSYLVANIAN NEUROLOGICAL SOCIETY)

A "SOLD OUT" sticker is pasted across the poster.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

The audience is filled with ELDERLY SCIENTISTS, their WIVES, and THE CURIOUS from the upper crust in society.

All are elegantly dressed in cheap movie studio wardrobe.

INGA

in a formal, and Igor -- in "something" -- wait excitedly.

FREDDY

stands on a stage, dressed in tails.

FREDDY

And now, my fellow scientists and neurosurgeon...I must ask you to ...suspend belief. For up until now, you have seen the Creature perform the simple mechanics of motor activity. That this Creature was an inanimate blob, which I endowed with the secret of life -- yes!...in all honesty -- that showed some measure of skill on my part. But for what you are about to see next...we must enter -- quietly -- into the realm of genius. I say this modestly, only because I am, myself, as in awe of the gifts I possess as if I were observing them in some other person. I think of them, only, as a loan. Grateful, of course...that my credit is good. Thus, with the accumulated knowledge of Chemistry, Electricity, Neuro- surgery...and art...I now present what was once an inarticulate mass of lifeless tissues. Ladies and gentlemen... Mesdames et Messieurs... Damen und Herren...The Creature!

Freddy sits down at a beautiful grand piano. He plays a short trill up the keyboard.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as A SPOTLIGHT hits the darkness next to him.

And there -- IN TOP HAT AND TAILS -- stands the Monster. he is heavily made up.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

(playing the piano  
and singing)

If you're blue and you don't know  
where to go to, why don't you...

The Monster accompanies the music with short, simple "Soft Shoe" steps.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

...go where fashion  
sits.....

MONSTER

Poo -- tmmm anng ma Ritz!

FREDDY

Diff'rent types who wear a day coat,  
pants with stripes and cutaway coat,  
perfect fits.....

MONSTER

Poo -- tmmm anngh ma Ritz!

FREDDY

Dressed up like a million dollar  
trouper Trying hard to look like  
Gary Cooper.

MONSTER

Soo -- pah doo -- per.

The Audience's faces are absolutely blank. Inga and Igor  
are thrilled.

FREDDY

Come let's mix where Rock-e -- fellers  
walk with sticks or 'um-ber- el-las'  
in their mitts.....

MONSTER

Poo -- tmmm anngh ma Ritz!

The Monster gets a tomato right in the face. He stops cold.

FREDDY

Dressed up like a million dollar  
trouper Trying hard to look like  
Gary Coo -- per.

An EMBARRASSING PAUSE.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

(to the Monster)  
That's your cue. Go on!

MONSTER

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMmmmmmm.

FREDDY

(trying to cover)  
...Su-per du-per. Come let's mix  
where Rock-E-fellers walk with sticks  
or 'um-ber-el-las' in their  
mitts.....

The Monster knows it's his cue: he just looks at Freddy.

MONSTER

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMmmmmmmmmmmmmmm !



FREDDY

For God's sake -- go on! Are you trying to make me look like a fool. Sing, you amateur! Sing!!

The Monster gets a raw egg in his face.

AUDIENCE

Booooo! Get him off! Fake! What else can your toy do?

FREDDY

Fake?? You stupid idiots...you call my creation a fake??? What do you know about truth? You're the fakes! All of you! I wouldn't come to you with a hang-nail.

The monster gets another tomato in his face.

MONSTER

MMMMMMMMMM! MMMMMMMMMMMMM!

FREDDY

(running to him)

Wait! Stop! Don't give them the satisfaction. I know it's tough, but look at how far we've come! Are you going to throw it all away now??

The Monster thinks, as the tomato drips down his face.

He is touched by Freddy's reasoning, but still burning with resentment.

MONSTER

MMmmmmmmmm.

FREDDY

Don't you think I know that? But what are you judging by? Bucharest??? This was always a hick town. They can't get a 'Bus and Truck' company to come in here. Are you going to let these idiots get the best of you? ...Or are you going to stand up like a man and show them that you've got more dignity in your little finger than they've got in all their beer-bloated bodies put together?

The Monster considers this plea for a moment. Then gives Freddy a colossal W H A C K and jumps into the Audience.

THE AUDIENCE

screams and scatters for the exits.

PANDEMONIUM.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
 (as he picks himself  
 up off the stage  
 floor)  
 I chose the wrong song.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

PEOPLE run in all directions.

The monster comes bursting down the street, with his arms flailing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CASTLE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Freddy sits dejectedly -- still dressed in his theatre clothes.

Igor and Inga sit near him. Frau Blucher stands nearby.

FREDDY  
 I'm a failure.

IGOR  
 Come on, Froderick -- none of that.

INGA  
 Look how far we've come.

IGOR  
 You can't expect to iron out all the kinks in one night.

INGA  
 I think the doctor is a genius!  
 Don't you, Igor?

IGOR  
 Why certainly. Don't you, Frau Blucher?

FRAU BLUCHER  
 He's a failure.

Freddy gives her a cold stare.

FREDDY  
 What are you waiting around for,  
 pickle puss?

FRAU BLUCHER  
 (handling him a cable)  
 This wire came while you were gone.  
 Your fiancée will be arriving any  
 moment.

FREDDY  
 Elizabeth!?!  
 (he reads the cable)  
 'Can't wait any longer. Arrive in  
 your arms at ten tonight.' Oh, God!  
 Not tonight.

INGA  
 Why, doctor...how wonderful for you.

FREDDY  
 Wonderful? It's terrible! Terrible,  
 terrible, terrible, terrible,  
 terrible!

Freddy storms out of the room.

IGOR  
 She sounds fascinating.

CUT TO:

EXT. COBBLESTONED ALLEY - NIGHT

A SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRL walks innocently along the narrow,  
 menacing alley, lit only by moonlight.

Behind her, there slowly appears a growing, TWENTY-FOUR  
 SHADOW.

When the shadow is almost upon her, the Girl turns around  
 and faces her pursuer.

It is her BABY BROTHER, holding a long balloon in each hand.

SIX-YEAR-OLD-GIRL  
 (grabbing him)  
 Mit kommen, mit kommen. Du bist  
 immer eine schlafmützigem Blind-  
 schleiche.

She gives him a slap on the behind and pulls him along.

CUT TO:

A GRANDFATHER CLOCK

It is ten o'clock. GONG.

INT. RECEPTION HALL

The front door opens and Elizabeth comes in. Frau Blucher and a COACHMAN can be SEEN in the b.g.

Freddy stands in dressing gown and ascot. Inga and Igor wait politely in the rear.

ELIZABETH  
Darling!

FREDDY  
Darling!

They embrace.

ELIZABETH  
Surprised?

FREDDY  
Surprised!

ELIZABETH  
Love me?

FREDDY  
Love you! ...Well, why don't we turn  
in?

ELIZABETH  
Darling!?!

FREDDY  
I mean, it's been a long day. I'm  
sure you must be as tired as I am.  
Oh! These are my assistants: Inga  
and Ayegor.

Freddy turns to get some luggage from the Coachman.

ELIZABETH  
(stepping up to Inga)  
How do you do?

INGA  
Very well. So nice to meet you at  
last.

Elizabeth steps up to Igor.

IGOR  
Darling!

ELIZABETH  
Hello...?

IGOR  
Surprised?

ELIZABETH  
Well... yes.

IGOR  
Miss me?

ELIZABETH  
I...

Freddy approaches them with Elizabeth's two suitcases:  
One very large, and one very small.

FREDDY  
Ready, darling?

ELIZABETH  
Yes. I am a bit tired, after all.

FREDDY  
(to Igor)  
Give me a hand with these, will you,  
Ayegor?

IGOR  
Certainly, master.

Igor takes the small suitcase, and, with Inga, leads Elizabeth and Freddy up the stairs. Freddy struggles with the large suitcase. Frau Blucher follows behind.

ON THE STAIRWAY

ELIZABETH  
What a strange fellow.

FREDDY  
Yes, he's a little bit... tilted.  
Harmless, though.

ELIZABETH  
Why does he call you 'master'?

Freddy stares at her.

FREDDY  
Are you suggesting I call him  
master???

ELIZABETH  
No, of course not. I just meant...

FREDDY  
All right then!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Monster walks in cautiously. No one seems to take any particular notice of him.

He walks up to the MAITRE D' and taps his back.

MAITRE D'  
Yes, sir, name, please?

MONSTER  
Food!

MAITRE D'  
Do you have a reservation?

MONSTER  
Food!!

MAITRE D'  
I'm sorry, sir. We only seat by reservation.

MONSTER  
Drink!

MAITRE D'  
Oh, no sir-ee. If yo don't have a reservation you can skip to ma-loo.

The Monster grabs the Maitre D' by the lapels

MONSTER  
Fooodood!

MAITRE D'  
Now just one moment. There's no need for roughhousing. Have you ever tried a tip?

MONSTER  
GRRRHMMNNNJKJMMMNN!

MAITRE D'  
Franz! Help! Lunatic!

NEW ANGLE

As the monster picks up the maitre D' and throws him into a crowd.

The Monster attacks the restaurant. LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND WAITERS scream.

PANDEMONIUM.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elizabeth -- in a long, satin robe -- stands over Freddy, who sits staring into a fire.

FREDDY

Poor Delbruck! There must be some way to reach him -- to control that body.

ELIZABETH

Darling, you mustn't worry so.

FREDDY

But there's a genius inside that body -- crying out for love and understanding and normal human relationships. I just have to find some way to re-establish his communications system.

ELIZABETH

But you can't do that at night. And even if you could -- it would cost a fortune. Come to bed, darling.

FREDDY

Oh, Delbruck, Delbruck. Was will dien tachlas von Dir?

ELIZABETH

You've done everything that's humanly possible, Frederick. Oh, darling, I'm so worried about you -- you need rest.

FREDDY

I suppose you're right.

ELIZABETH

Of course I am. Now come along like a good boy.

He gets up.

FREDDY

What would I do without you?

They kiss.

ELIZABETH

Is your room just down the hall?  
... in case I get frightened during  
the night?

FREDDY

Yes, but... I thought, perhaps  
tonight, under the circumstances, I  
might... stay here with you.

ELIZABETH

Oh, darling! Don't let's spoil  
everything.

FREDDY

I don't want to spoil anything -- I  
just want to top it all off.

ELIZABETH

Would you want me, now, like this,  
so soon before our wedding? ... So  
near we can almost touch it? Or  
wait a little while longer, when I  
can give myself without hesitation?...  
When I can be totally and unashamedly  
yours??

FREDDY

That's a tough choice.

ELIZABETH

Is it worth taking a chance?

FREDDY

I suppose you're right.

ELIZABETH

Of course I am. Now give me a kiss  
and say good night like my good boy.

They kiss.

FREDDY

Good night.

ELIZABETH

That's my good boy.

FREDDY STEPS OUT INTO THE:

INT. HALLWAY

Elizabeth blows him a kiss and slowly closes her door.

Freddy stands for a moment, then walks to the door next to  
Elizabeth's room and knocks.



ANGLE ON INGA

She is wearing a flimsy nightgown, opens the door.

INGA

Why, Doctor... is anything the matter?

FREDDY

Just passing through the night.

INGA

What's wrong, Doctor? You seem...  
lonely.

FREDDY

Oh, a little. But it's not just  
physical loneliness. It's the pangs  
that come from missing someone  
intellectually... as I have you.

INGA

I've missed you intellectually, too,  
Doctor.

He stares at her almost "see-through" nightgown.

FREDDY

It's terrible -- the price society  
demands in the name of fidelity...  
ultimately?

INGA

Not fooling around.

FREDDY

I know, but I mean -- not fooling  
around physically?... Or not fooling  
around intellectually?

INGA

I see what you mean.

FREDDY

There can never... ever... be anything  
physical between us. You know that,  
dear.

INGA

I know Frederick.

He is staring at her breasts.

FREDDY

It wouldn't be fair to Elizabeth.

INGA

Of course not.

FREDDY

For that matter, it wouldn't be fair  
to you, or to me.

On the word "you", he touches Inga's breast to emphasize his  
point. On the word "me", he touches his own chest.

Pause.

INGA

What?

FREDDY

I say, it wouldn't be fair to you...  
or to me.

INGA

Nor to Elizabeth.

FREDDY

No. Nor to Elizabeth.

INGA

We all have our feelings. I know  
that I have mine. And... I wouldn't  
want to hurt yours.

On the word "mine", she touches her chest for emphasis. On  
the word "yours", she places her hand on Freddy's chest and  
rubs it a little.

FREDDY

Yes, I do have my feelings. And, of  
course, you have yours.

He rubs her chest.

INGA

And Elizabeth has hers.

FREDDY

Yes, Elizabeth has hers.

INGA

But, after all, you have yours.

She unbuttons a button of his pajama top so that she can  
touch his chest better.

FREDDY

Yes, I have mine.

INGA

And I have mine.

FREDDY

Yes...yes, you have yours.

INGA  
Why don't we talk inside?

FREDDY  
(keeping one hand on  
her chest)  
Well...  
(he looks at his watch)  
... perhaps for a few minutes.

They go into Inga's room.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BURGOMEISTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

VILLAGERS, with torches and DOGS, stand on the street, in front of the Burgomeister's steps.

FIRST VILLAGER  
Burgomeister Krempen.

SECOND VILLAGER  
Burgomeister Krempen!

THIRD VILLAGER  
(pounding on the door)  
Burgomeister Krempen!

FOURTH VILLAGER  
Mayor Krempen!

BURGOMEISTER  
(opening the door)  
What is it? What's going on?

FIRST VILLAGER  
The monster, sir. The Monster is loose.

BURGOMEISTER  
Do you realize it's after eight o'clock???

SECOND VILLAGER  
Yes, sir, but the monster. He's escaped!

THIRD VILLAGER  
He's running through the countryside, terrorizing the villagers. No one is safe.

BURGOMEISTER  
What do you mean 'the' monster -- as if this happened every Sunday. You mean 'a' monster.

FOURTH VILLAGER

No, sir, it's 'the' monster. The  
Frankenstein monster.

BURGOMEISTER

Oh, Tommy Rot!

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

Yes!

Frankenstein!

The Frankenstein monster!

BURGOMEISTER

Now wait a minute! Just wait a  
minute!

They quiet down.

BURGOMEISTER (CONT'D)

Now see here! There'll be no more  
wild accusations bandied about while  
I'm still Burgomeister of this  
village. If there is mischief afoot,  
the way to find out is to confront  
the man with the charges brought  
against him. It's the only decent  
thing to do. And as long as I'm  
Burgomeister of your village -- a  
man's name is still his honor.

FIRST VILLAGER

But it's true, sir. Young Master  
Freddy -- he's come from America and  
read all of his grandfather's secret  
notes. They've started the whole  
business all over again, sir.

BURGOMEISTER

That swine!

SECOND VILLAGER

It's in the blood, sir. The whole  
family is insane.

THIRD VILLAGER

He's got to be put away.

FOURTH VILLAGER

And the monster destroyed!

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

Yes! The monster! Kill the monster!  
The monster must be destroyed!

BURGOMEISTER

Now see here! Before we go running about, killing people, we'd better make damned sure of our facts. A riot is an ugly thing... and once you get one started -- there's little chance of stopping it short of bloodshed.

"Groans" of disappointment from assorted Villagers.

BURGOMEISTER (CONT'D)

So the first thing we'll do, is march calmly up to the Frankenstein castle and have a nice little chat with our good doctor. Now then! Who doesn't have a torch and a dog? All right -- follow me!

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

Yay! Down with Frankenstein! Kill the monster!

They all run off ahead of the Burgomeister.

CUT TO:

INT. INGA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Freddy and Inga are under the sheets. Only their faces can be SEEN.

FREDDY

It wouldn't be right... you know that.

INGA

Yes, I know.

FREDDY

It wouldn't be fair to her.

INGA

Yes, I know.

FREDDY

You've got to help me to remain faithful.

INGA

Yes, I will.

FREDDY

...But an intellectual relationship, like this -- we could have as often as we wanted.

(MORE)



EXT. CASTLE

The Burgomeister pounds louder and louder on the front door.

Finally the door opens and Freddy appears in his robe. he looks at the angry mob.

BURGOMEISTER  
Frederick Frankenstein?

FREDDY  
You have the wrong house.

BURGOMEISTER  
And who might you be?

FREDDY  
Dr. Frederick Fronkonsteen.

BURGOMEISTER  
The grandson of Victor 'Fronkonsteen'?

FREDDY  
No!

BURGOMEISTER  
What was your grandfather's name?

FREDDY  
Victor Frankenstein.

Pause, as the Burgomeister tries to fit the pieces together.

CUT BACK TO:

ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM

Elizabeth has a contented smile on her face. Her eyes are closed.

A LARGE SHADOW grows against the wall behind her.

The shadow crosses her face and blots out her key light from the fireplace.

She opens her eyes and looks ahead. Her face freezes in terror.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. THE CASTLE

BURGOMEISTER  
Forgive me for intruding so late at  
night, Herr Baron.  
(MORE)

BURGOMEISTER (CONT'D)

But an ugly rumor has it that there are strange goings on in this castle. These good citizens are ready to rip you from limb to limb unless you can offer some rational explanation for their fears. How say you?

FREDDY

Ugly, vicious rumours.

A BLOODCURDLING SCREAM!

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

What was that? Listen! Did you hear that?

BURGOMEISTER

They say, also, that you have recreated the horrible monster who, for so many years, has haunted and terrorized the God-fearing people of this village. What say you to that?

FREDDY

Poppycock!

Igor comes running out from inside the castle.

IGOR

He's back! He's back! The monster's back!

Everyone looks at Freddy.

FREDDY

What monster?

IGOR

What d'ya mean "What monster?" You remember...the one we made in the basement.

EVERYONE LOOKS AT FREDDY

FREDDY

I think we all need a good night's sleep. Why don't we meet next week and thrash this thing out?

BURGOMEISTER

Now wait a minute!

IGOR

You don't understand, Master. The big fellow's broken in and kidnapped your fiancee.



FREDDY

What???

IGOR

He's carrying her off now through  
the woods.

Freddy, the Burgomeister and Igor run around to the side of  
the castle. The Villagers follow.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF CASTLE

The Monster can just be SEEN, far below, disappearing into  
the woods (SEVEN TREES AND A BACKDROP). Elizabeth is slung  
over his back.

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

There he is! That's the monster!  
After him! Kill him!

The Burgomeister and all the Villagers run off after the  
Monster, leaving Freddy and Igor alone.

IGOR

What now, boss? A little something  
to eat and then join the chase?

FREDDY

No! The only hope now is to get him  
back here. If I can just find a way  
to relieve the pressure on his  
cerebellum...

IGOR

That sound good, boss.

FREDDY

... and equalize the imbalance in  
his cerebrospinal fluid...

IGOR

I like your style, master. How do  
we get him here?

FREDDY

There's only one way.

IGOR

I'll bet it's a doozy.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The Burgomeister and the Villagers are on the hunt.

The Burgomeister is being pulled along by a GREAT DANE.

THE VILLAGERS

climb little hills and rocks. OTHER DOGS are BARKING ferociously.

BURGOMEISTER

There he is!

The Burgomeister's Great Dane is making so much noise, it's difficult to hear.

1ST VILLAGER

What?

BURGOMEISTER

There he is!!

1ST VILLAGER

What?

The Burgomeister gives his leash a yank and the Great Dane finally stops howling.

BURGOMEISTER

(pointing)

I said -- there he is!

Several Villagers look up and then start SHOOTING at a TALL VILLAGER, who is peeing on top of a distant rock. He has his back turned to the other Villagers.

TALL VILLAGER

(turning around in  
terror)

Don't shoot! Don't shoot! It's ME!

CUT TO:

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The Monster enters the cave slightly out of breath and stands the "fainted" Elizabeth on her feet.

He shakes her.

MONSTER

MMmmm.

He shakes her again.

MONSTER (CONT'D)

MMmmm!

Elizabeth slowly opens her eyes.

The Monster smiles sweetly.

Elizabeth smiles sweetly in return -- forgetting for a moment where she is. Then her smile turns to growing horror. She starts to scream, but the Monster quickly covers her mouth.

After a moment, the Monster tries to make a "Shhhh" sound with his finger, but as he releases her mouth to use his "Shhh" finger... her SCREAM is still going on.

He covers her mouth again and shakes her.

MONSTER (CONT'D)

MMMmmmm!

He gradually takes his hand from her mouth.

She is silent; but her eyes are filled with terror.

The Monster starts to unbutton his pants.

ELIZABETH

What.....?

The Monster holds up his hand for her to "Wait a minute."

MONSTER

MMMmmmm!

He goes on unbuttoning his pants.

ELIZABETH

What in God's name are you doing?

MONSTER

Baack!

ELIZABETH

What?

MONSTER

(motioning for her to  
move back)

Baack!

She moves back a foot.

MONSTER (CONT'D)

Morrr!

She moves back another foot... fascinated.

We cannot see what she sees, but what ever it is...she is suddenly filled with awe.

ELIZABETH

Oh my goodness! Nineteen if it's an  
inch.

The Monster smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The Burgomeister and the Villagers make their way through  
the rocks and hills, alongside a stream.

Row boats -- with Villagers, torches and Dogs -- travel up  
the stream alongside the Villagers who are on land.

CUT TO:

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Elizabeth and the Monster are lying on a bed of leaves.

ELIZABETH

Penny for your thoughts.

The Monster's eyes twinkle lasciviously.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

You're incorrigible!... Aren't you?

MONSTER

MMMmmmm.

ELIZABETH

All right then... seven's always  
been my lucky number.

They are about to kiss, when suddenly the Monster's ears  
perk up as he hears:

MUSIC: THE EERIE TRANSYLVANIAN LILLABY

He doesn't know where it is coming from.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

What, dear? What is it?

The Monster gives a pathetic little cry.

MONSTER

MMMmm!

ELIZABETH

Is it that music?

MONSTER

MMMMM! MMMMM!

ELIZABETH

Probably just some nearby cottage.

Nothing to worry about.

The Monster gets up and starts out of the cave... pulled by forces he doesn't understand.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Where are you going? They've left their F-M station on, that's all.

He's gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROOF OF CASTLE - NIGHT

Freddy stands in the night air, playing the violin -- a handkerchief under his chin.

In front of him is a tall microphone on a stand, with two enormous speakers nearby, facing the woods.

Igor sits on a chair, near Freddy, like a member of a band waiting for his cue.

Now Igor gets up, put his trumpet to his lips, and blows just the "bridge." When he is finished, he sits back down and waits.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The Monster walks passionately through the woods, fighting the branches in order to get to the music.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS - NIGHT

The Burgomeister and the Villagers make their way through the rocks and hills, alongside a stream.

Rowboats, with Villagers, torches and Dogs, travel up the stream, alongside the Villagers who are on land.

The rocks, hills and stream all look vaguely familiar.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF OF CASTLE - NIGHT

The Monster can be SEEN, crawling up the side of the Castle, trying to make it onto the roof.

Freddy and Igor move close to the edges of the roof as Freddy continues playing.

FREDDY  
(to the Monster)  
You can do it.

The Monster inches closer.

FREDDY (CONT'D)  
You can do it.

The Monster inches closer.

IGOR  
Come on, big fellow!

FREDDY  
(to Igor)  
Is everything ready?

IGOR  
Yes, master. Are you sure you want  
to go through with it?

FREDDY  
It's the only way.

IGOR  
Okay, boss! But I hope you know  
what you're doing.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The Burgomeister stands in water up to his waist -- his clothes all wet and torn.

His Great Dane is swimming next to him, BARKING LOUDLY.

1ST VILLAGER  
Wait a minute! maybe he went back  
to the castle.

2ND VILLAGER  
That's right!

3RD VILLAGER  
He's probably right.

2ND VILLAGER  
It was all a trick by that lunatic  
doctor.

3RD VILLAGER

Let's go back there and tear them  
both to pieces!

4TH VILLAGER

Now see here. Let's not lese our  
heads. We've always listened to our  
Burgomeister in the past. We should  
have the decency to hear him now.

1ST VILLAGER

Well -- what do you say, Burgomeister?

BURGOMEISTER

Let's go back there and tear them to  
pieces!

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

Yay! Back to the castle! Kill them  
both!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

The Monster lies on an operating table. His eyes are closed.

From out of his head come ten thin tubes, connecting to one  
large tube.

The large tube travels up, above the Monster's head, then  
turns across the room for five or six feet, then down again  
where it connects with ten smaller tubes that are stuck

INTO: FREDDY'S HEAD

Freddy lies on an operating table. His eyes are closed.

Inga operates two "INTAKE" - "OUTPUT" gauges.

IGOR

It's the waiting I can't stand.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE LIBRARY

Frau Blucher sits in a chair, bare-chested.

She is flaggelating herself with a handful of thin branches.

She mumbles some mysterious prayer in German -- occasionally  
looking out through a crack in the door to see what is  
happening to "her" monster and Freddy.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LABORATORY

IGOR  
How do you know they're done?

INGA  
The doctor said to allow seven  
minutes: no more and no less --

or else they could both become hopelessly paralyzed.

CUT TO:

A GIANT CLOCK ON THE WALL

with a "sweep" second hand. It is FOUR MINUTES AFTER TEN.

BACK TO SCENE

IGOR  
How long is it so far?

INGA  
Four

IGOR  
Three minutes to go!

INGA  
Yes.

IGOR  
What d'ya want to do to kill time?

INGA  
Oh, Igor -- I'm so afraid! I just  
hope this all ends well.

Igor looks into the LENS of the CAMERA.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

The Burgomeister and the Villagers are almost at the front  
door.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LABORATORY

Inga and Igor watch over the two bodies.

CUT TO:

THE CLOCK



It is FIVE MINUTES AFTER TEN.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

The Villagers are pounding on the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE LIBRARY

Frau Blucher is at the height of her self-flagellation.

She is almost in ecstasy.

FRAU BLUCHER

Oh, yes! Oh, yes, yes, yes!

CUT TO:

THE CLOCK

It is FIVE AND A HALF MINUTES AFTER TEN.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

The villagers are RAMONG THE FRONT DOOR DOWN with a giant pole.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY

INGA

Igor -- are you sure the monster has a good brain? Are you absolutely certain that you took the brain of Hans Delbruck that night?

IGOR

Absolutely! May my mother grow two heads if I'm not telling the truth.

CUT TO:

A TWO-HEADED OLD LADY

rocking in a chair.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

The front door gives way. The Burgomeister and the Villagers burst into the castle.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION HALL

The Villagers scatter every way, in search of the doctor and the monster.

CUT TO:

THE CLOCK

It is SIX MINUTES AND TWENTY SECONDS AFTER TEN.

INT. LABORATORY

INGA

(looking up as she hears the Villagers  
What's that noise?

IGOR

Sounds like visitors. It's all right --  
Frau Blucher will show them in.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE LIBRARY

Frau Blucher is dripping wet from the passion of her climax.

FRAU BLUCHER

Victor. Victor! I'm coming. I'm  
comming, Victor!

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY

Villagers come pouring down the stairs and into the laboratory.

FIRST VILLAGER

There they are!

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

Kill them! Kill that doctor! Kill  
the monster! Tear them both to  
pieces!

INGA

(handling the dials)  
Igor -- what time is it?

IGOR  
Oh, must be around ten... ten-thirty.

INGA  
Igor -- the clock! Hurry!

IGOR LOOKS AT IT:

THE CLOCK

It is SIX MINUTES AND FORTY-FIVE SECONDS AFTER TEN.

BACK TO SCENE

IGOR  
Another fifteen seconds to go.

INGA  
Do Something! Stall them!

Igor rushes up to the charging Villagers.

IGOR  
Now see here! What is the meaning  
of this?

BURGOMEISTER  
We want the doctor!

IGOR  
What?

BURGOMEISTER  
We want the doctor!

IGOR  
What??

FIRST VILLAGER  
... Come on, men!

They sweep right over Igor.

CUT TO:

THE CLOCK

It is SIX MINUTES AND FIFTY SECONDS AFTER TEN.

BACK TO SCENE

SECOND VILLAGER  
(seeing Freddy lying  
on his table)  
Here's that crackpot doctor. Let's  
get him first!

Several Villagers grab Freddy's body and pull the tubes out from his head.

THE CLOCK

ZOOM TO CLOCK. It is only SIX MINUTES AND FIFTY-THREE SECONDS AFTER TEN.

ANOTHER ANGLE

INGA

No! Please!

Inga is standing further back, near the monster, unable to take her eyes off the clock and dials.

The Villagers hold Freddy up, over their shoulders, yelling and screaming. They start off with him.

A GIANT VOICE

(o.s.)

Put that man down!

Everyone quiets down and turns towards the Voice.

There, on his operating table -- holding the removed tubes from his head -- sits the Monster.

AN OLD WOMAN

Why...it's the monster!

BURGOMEISTER

No, it couldn't be.

THIRD VILLAGER

Yes it is. It must be.

MONSTER

(standing on his  
operating table)

I said: Put that man down!

The frightened Villagers carry Freddy back to his table and lay him down.

BURGOMEISTER

And who are you, sir, that you order these people about?

MONSTER

I am a relative of the doctor's. I came to visit him a few weeks ago, in hopes that this distinguished member of my family might be able to help me with a problem that I've had since birth...and which has caused

(MORE)

MONSTER (CONT'D)

more sorrow in my heart than I wish  
on any man.

ASSORTED VILLAGERS

(whispering)

What'd he say? Relative??

MONSTER

You see, because of my great size  
and the somewhat unusual features of  
my head -- when women look at me,  
their first impulse is to scream;  
children often cry, or vomit; and  
men are inclined to beat me over the  
head.

The Laboratory is silent.

MONSTER (CONT'D)

I lived in hopes of meeting people  
who would..overlook my outward  
appearance and respect me for whatever  
good qualities I had to offer. If  
anyone had ever shown a little  
kindness, I would have returned it,  
I think, at least one hundred times  
over. And for that one person's  
sake...I would have made piece with  
the whole world. Do you understand  
what it means -- never to see a kind  
or happy face? You could imagine  
then, perhaps, how such bitterness  
led me, at last, to the brink of  
another kind or life. I decided  
that if I couldn't inspire  
love...which was my deepest hope...I  
would, instead...cause fear.

A quiet shudder runs through the Villagers.

MONSTER (CONT'D)

But all of that happened to me a  
lifetime ago. And I paid for my  
crimes...severely. It was just then  
that fate, or chance, brought me to  
our famous doctor. I found this man  
to be vain; I found him to be driven  
with ambitions of personal glory,  
and consumed with an unquenchable  
thirst for power. But even at the  
height of his quest -this ego-driven,  
brilliant and half- crazed  
scientist..always...always ...held  
an image of me as something beautiful.

(MORE)

## MONSTER (CONT'D)

And then, at the moment of truth,  
 when it would have been easy enough  
 to run and stay out of danger...he  
 used himself as a guinea pig, in  
 order to give me a calmer brain...  
 and a slightly more eloquent way of  
 speaking. Yes! I am 'The  
 Monster"...sometimes known as 'Him,'  
 or occasionally, 'The Creature.'  
 But they're one and the same. I am  
 that tall, peculiarly attractive  
 stranger, with the winning smile.  
 Would you all get the hell out of  
 here!

## THE VILLAGERS

mumble and shuffle out of the laboratory.

## INGA

Oh, 'It's'...you were wonderful.  
 But I'm so worried about the doctor.

Igor is listening to Freddy's heartbeat, as Inga and the  
 Monster come to him.

They all three put their ears to Freddy's chest and listen.

They smile.

DISSOLVE TO:

## LEGEND ON THE SCREEN

IT READS: A FEW WEEKS LATER

INT. MODERN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Elizabeth is sitting at her makeup table, dressed in a  
 nightgown, getting ready for bed.

## ELIZABETH

Darling! I hope you didn't find  
 Daddy's little party too boring. He  
 did it just for you, and he meant  
 well. Tell me you liked it.

CUT TO:

## BATHROOM DOOR

## A VOICE

(o.s.)  
 Mmmmm.

ELIZABETH'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I know Mummy's just a scatterbrain without a serious thought in her head, but...you love her just a little bit, don't you?

A VOICE

(o.s.)

MMmmm.

ELIZABETH'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I'm ready for bed, sweetheart. Almost done??

The bathroom door opens and the Monster steps out. He is dressed in elegant silk pajamas and a handsome robe.

MONSTER

MMmmm.

Even though his electrodes still stick out from his neck, he appears well-groomed. Elizabeth gets into bed and waits for him.

ELIZABETH

Did you see?...I put a special hamper in the bathroom just for your shirts. the other one is just for socks and poo-poo undies.

MONSTER

(as he takes off his robe)

MMmmm.

He gets into bed and turns out the table lamp.

ELIZABETH

Still happy you married me?

MONSTER

MMmmm.

ELIZABETH

Love me oodles and oodles?

MONSTER

MMmmm.

ELIZABETH

So this is what it's like to be completely happy!

## MONSTER

MMmmm.

WIPE TO:

INT. CASTLE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Freddy is sitting in an easy chair near the fire, dressed in pajamas and reading a newspaper. (Probably the Transylvania Tribune -- International Edition).

From the bathroom comes the SOUND of Inga, HUMING a pleasant tune to herself.

INGA'S VOICE

(o.s., from the  
bathroom)

Did you have a nice day today?

FREDDY

Oh, just the usual: sore throats, a few colds. Someone who thought he was a wearwolf, and two bladder transplants.

She goes on humming.

INGA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Did you notice the new drapes I put up in the bedroom?

FREDDY

(looking up)

Yes!...They're very nice.

INGA'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Oh, I'm glad.

A short pause of silence, and then Inga begins humming the EERIE TRANSYLVANIAN LULLABY, quietly unconsciously.

Freddy's face is hidden behind the newspaper, but he is suddenly completely motionless.

INGA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(o.s.)

I was hoping you'd like them.

She continues humming the Lullaby.

Freddy lowly lowers the newspaper.

He touches his fingertips to his temple. His eyes open and close, as if he were trying to focus.



Inga comes out of the bathroom, dressed in her nightgown, and folds back the covers of their large double bed.

She continues humming.

INGA

All right if I turn out the lamp,  
sweetheart?

FREDDY

(answering)

MMmmm.

She turns out the lamp as she goes on humming. The bedroom is lit only by moonlight and the glow from the fireplace.

INGA

(as she is arranging  
the pillows)

Shall I set the alarm?

FREDDY

MMMmmm.

She goes on humming, as she pulls out the stopper on the alarm clock. Freddy rises. his arms hang away from his body, STIFFLY. He walks in fits and jerks.

FREDDY (CONT'D)

MMMMmmmmmm!

INGA

Yes, sweetie...I heard you. So!  
I'm ready for you, meine Liebe.

Freddy is standing at the edge of the bed.

INGA (CONT'D)

Are you ready for me?

FREDDY

MMMMmmmmmm!

INGA

Ready for Fuchsmachen???

FREDDY

MMMMMMmmmmmmmmmm!

INGA

I love it when you're excited. Come  
then, my Apfelstrudel! Come into my  
arms and let me hold you.

Freddy kneels onto the bed.

A long pause.

