

**FRANKENSTEIN**

Or

The Modern Prometheus

A Play

by John Contini

Based on the Novel by Mary Shelley

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John Contini

SCENE NINE: The Bridge.

(The lights come up and the music fades. VICTOR is standing on the bridge where WILLIAM was murdered. He is looking out over the country side.)

VICTOR

Wandering spirits, if indeed you do wander and never rest, allow me this moment of faint happiness...or else, take me away from the joys of life.

(He calls out.)

William! Justine! Make me your companion. Give me peace.

(He kneels.)

CREATURE

(Suddenly appearing behind him.)

Frankenstein!

VICTOR

(Looking up in horror.)

Devil! Do you dare return? Have you no fear for my vengeance? With these hands that gave you life, I could destroy you. I have given you life...I can take it back. If I thought it would restore your miserable victims...I would finish you here...like an insect, torn to pieces by me hands.

CREATURE

I...expected this...reception from you.

VICTOR

(Amazed.)

You speak?

CREATURE

I have learned...from man...about man. I have learned how men seek...love. And answer with...hate.

VICTOR

How can you speak of love?

CREATURE

Love...hate...it is the same.

VICTOR

Out of my sight. I am sickened by the look of you.

CREATURE

All men hate...the wretched. My creator...hated me...spurned me. Your Creator must...do the same...to you.

VICTOR

Can a devil speak the name of God? The tortures of hell are too mild a vengeance for your crimes. You disgust me. If I could extinguish the spark of life I gave you...I would not hesitate to do it now.

CREATURE

Do not sport with me...about life. Do your duty...to me. And I will do my duty...to you.

VICTOR

I have no duty to you. I owe you nothing.

CREATURE

You owe me...all. I did not ask...for life.

VICTOR

No one does. You can't say that. I am not responsible. I, too, was only a tool in your creation. I am not God.

CREATURE

You are my...creator.

VICTOR

Go! I will not hear you. There can be no community between you and me. We are enemies. Leave me. Or raise your strength against me. And we will see which one must fall.

CREATURE

I do not want your blood.

VICTOR

Why did you come back? Haven't you done enough? You must leave me.

CREATURE

If you comply...with my conditions...I will leave...but...if you refuse...I will be covered with...the blood...of your remaining friends.

VICTOR

(After a pause.)

How did you learn to speak?

(The CREATURE reaches in his pocket and tosses to books to VICTOR who picks them up and reads the covers.)

"Plutarch's Lives"? "Paradise Lost"!

CREATURE

I should be your...Adam...not your...fallen angel.

VICTOR

What do you want from me?

CREATURE

Something...you alone...can do.

VICTOR

I don't know what you mean.

CREATURE

Am I not shunned? Hated by all mankind? You...my creator...would tear me to pieces...I am alone!

VICTOR

My God...you can't mean –

CREATURE

You must create...for me...a mate.

VICTOR

No!

CREATURE

You must create...a female.

VICTOR

No, I refuse. And no torture on earth could force me into the world of the damned again. Kill me, if you like, but I will never consent.

CREATURE

I will not kill...you. I will destroy you. You will curse the hour of...your birth.

VICTOR

(His hands cover his face.)

Dear God. What have I done? What have I done?

CREATURE

If you comply...neither you nor any...living being...will ever see us again.

VICTOR

How could you survive in the wilderness?