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Bride of Frankenstein

By William Hurlbut

How beautifully dramatic.
The crudest savage exhibition
of nature at her worst without...
And we three,
we elegant three within.
I should like to think
that an irate Jehovah
was pointing those arrows of
lightning directly at my head,
the unbowed head of
George Gordon Lord Byron,
England's greatest sinner.
But I cannot flatter
myself to that extent.
Possibly those thunders
are for our dear Shelley,
heaven's applause for
England's greatest poet.
What of my Mary?
She is an angel.
You think so.
You hear?
Come, Mary.
Come and watch the storm.
You know how
lightning alarms me.
Shelley, darling, will you
please light these candles for me?
Oh, Mary, darling.
Astonishing creature.
I, Lord Byron?
Frightened of thunder,
fearful of the dark,
and yet you have
written a tale
that sent my blood
into icy creeps.
Look at her, Shelley.
Can you believe that bland and
lovely brow conceived of Frankenstein,
a monster created from
cadavers out of rifled graves?
Isn't it astonishing?
I don't know why

you should think so.
What do you expect?
Such an audience
needs something stronger
than a pretty
little love story.
So, why shouldn't
I write of monsters?
No wonder Murray has
refused to publish the book.
He says his reading public
would be too shocked.
It will be published,
I think.
Then, darling, you will
have much to answer for.
The publishers did not see that my
purpose was to write a moral lesson
of the punishment that befell a
mortal man who dared to emulate God.
Well, whatever your purpose
may have been, my dear,
I take great relish in
savoring each separate horror.
I roll them over
on my tongue.
Don't, Lord Byron. Don't
remind me of it tonight.
What a setting in that
churchyard, to begin with.
The sobbing women, the first
clod of earth on the coffin.
That was a pretty chill.
Frankenstein and the dwarf
stealing the body
out of its new-made grave,
cutting the hanged man
down from the gallows,
where he swung
creaking in the wind.
The cunning of Frankenstein
in his mountain laboratory,
taking dead men apart and
building up a human monster,

so fearful
and so horrible,
that only a half-crazed
brain could have devised.
And then the murders...
The little child drowned.
Henry Frankenstein himself
thrown from the top
of the burning mill
by the very monster
he had created.
And it was these fragile white
fingers that penned the nightmare.
Oh! You've made me
prick myself, Byron.
It's bleeding.
There, there.
I do think it a shame, Mary, to
end your story quite so suddenly.
That wasn't the end at all.
Would you like to hear
what happened after that?
I feel like telling it.
It's the perfect night
for mystery and horror.
The air itself
is filled with monsters.
I'm all ears.
While heaven blasts the night
without, open up your pits of hell.
Well, then, imagine yourself
standing by the wreckage of the mill.
The fire is dying down.
Soon the bare skeleton of
the building will be visible,
the gaunt rafters
against the sky.
Well, I must say, that's the best
fire I ever saw in all my life!
What are you crying for?
It's terrible.
I know it's terrible,
but after all them murders,
and poor Mr. Henry

being brought home to die,
I'm glad to see the monster roasted
to death before my very eyes.
It's too good for him.
It's all the Devil's work,
and you better cross yourself
quick, Marta, before he gets you.
Come along, come along.
It's all over.
Get back to your homes.
Go to sleep.
Whoo!
There it goes again! t ain't
burned out at all. There's more yet.
Isn't the monster dead yet?
It's high time every decent
man and wife was in bed.
That's his insides,
caught at last.
Insides is always
the last to be consumed.
Move on. You've had enough
excitement for one night.
This strange man you call a monster is dead.
"Monster," indeed.
You may thank
your lucky stars
they sent for me to
safeguard life and property.
Why didn't you safeguard those
what lies drowned and murdered?
Come now. We want no rioting. No riots.
Who's rioting?
Move on, move on.
Good night, all,
and pleasant dreams.
Ah, pleasant dreams,
yourself.
Thinks he's everybody, just because
he's the burgomaster.
Poor Mr. Henry.
He was to have
been married today
to that lovely girl,

Elizabeth.
Cover him up.
Someone must break the news to the poor girl.
Ride as fast as you can to the castle
and tell the old Baron Frankenstein
we are bringing his son home.
Oh, dear.
Oh, shut up.
Come home, Hans.
The monster is dead now.
Nothing could be left
alive in that furnace.
Why do you stay here?
I want to see
with my own eyes.
Oh, Hans,
he must be dead.
And dead or alive, nothing can
bring our little Maria back to us.
If I can see
his blackened bones,
I can sleep at night.
Come back, Hans!
You will be
burned yourself!
Maria drowned to death
and you burned up.
What should I do then?
No!
Ah!
Hans! Hans, where are you?
Hans! Are you all right?
I hear you. Here.
Give me your hand, Hans.
Here.
Oh, heaven,
what is this?
Henry.
Tell me.
Oh, milady,
how can we tell you?
Bring him in.
Albert!
What do you want?

It's alive! The monster... It's alive!
Oh, shut up,
you old fool.
I saw it.
It ain't turned
to no skeleton at all.
It lived right
through the fire.
Go bite your tongue off.
We don't believe in ghosts.
Nobody'll believe me.
All right.
I wash my hands of it.
Let'em all be murdered in
their beds, for all of me. Hmph!
Speak to me, Henry.
Oh, milady,
he'll never speak again.
I was foretold of this.
I was told
beware my wedding night.
Ahhh!
Oh! Look! Milady!
He's alive!
Henry, darling!
Elizabeth.
Oh, what a terrible wedding night!
You can go
to bed now, Mary.
You'll soon
be better, Henry.
I feel almost myself again.
As soon as you're strong
enough, we'll go away
and forget all this
horrible experience.
Forget?
If only I could forget, but
it's never out of my mind.
I've been cursed for delving
into the mysteries of life.
Perhaps death is sacred,
and I've profaned it.
For what a wonderful

vision it was!
I dreamed of being the
first to give to the world
the secret that God
is so jealous of.
The formula for life.
Think of the power
to create a man.
And I did. I did it! I
created a man. And who knows?
In time I could have
trained him to do my will.
I could have bred a race.
I might even have found
the secret of eternal life.
Henry, don't say those
things. Don't think them.
It's blasphemous
and wicked.
We are not meant
to know those things.
It may be that I'm intended
to know the secret of life.
It may be part
of the divine plan.
No. No! It's the Devil
that prompts you.
It's death, not life, that is in
it all and at the end of it all.
Listen, Henry.
While you have been lying
here, tossing in your delirium,
I couldn't sleep.
And when you raved
of your insane desire
to create living men
from the dust of the dead,
a strange apparition has
seemed to appear in the room.
It comes,
a figure like death,
and each time it comes
more clearly, nearer.
It seems to be

reaching out for you
as if it would
take you away from me!
There it is!
Look! There!
I see nothing, Elizabeth.
Where?
There's nothing there.
There! There! It's coming
for you! Nearer! Henry!
Henry! Henry! Henry!
Albert!
Drat the man. He's never
here when he's wanted.
What's the good of stuffed
footmen, anyway?
All right. All right!
Don't knock the castle over.
We're not all dead yet.
There's nobody at home.
Let me in,
my good woman.
I know the young Baron
Frankenstein is at home.
He's sick.
He's in his bed,
where all decent folk
should be at
this time of night.
Tell him that
Dr. Pretorius is here
on a secret matter
of grave importance
and must see him
alone, tonight.
Dr. Pretorius?
Pretorius?
What was the...
What was the name?
Dr. Pretorius.
Ain't no such name.
Now you stay there.
Who's there?
It's Minnie, milady.

Oh, come in.
It's Dr. Pretorius.
He says he wants to see
the master. Most insistent.
Pretorius?
He's a very queer-looking
old gentleman, sir,
and must see you on a
secret grave matter, he said.
Tonight, alone.
Bring him in.
Henry, who is this man?
Dr. Pretorius.
Baron Frankenstein,
now, I believe.
Won't you come in, Doctor?
I trust you will pardon this
intrusion at so late an hour.
I would not have
ventured to come
had I not
a communication to make,
which I suspect may be of the
utmost importance to yourself.
This is Professor Pretorius.
He used to be Doctor of Philosophy
at the university, but...
But was booted out.
"Booted," my dear Baron, is
the word for knowing too much.
Henry's been very ill, Professor.
He shouldn't be disturbed.
I am also
a doctor, Baroness.
Why have you
come here tonight?
My business with you,
Baron, is private.
Elizabeth, please.
I do hope
he won't upset Henry.
What do you want?
We must work together.
Never. This is outrageous.

I'm through with it. I'll have
no more of this hell's spawn.
As soon as I'm well, I'm to
be married, and I'm going away.
I must beg you
to reconsider.
You know, do you not,
that it is you, really,
who are responsible
for all those murders?
There are penalties to pay
for killing people,
and with your creature still
at large in the countryside...
Are you threatening me?
Don't put it so crudely.
I have ventured to hope
that you and I together,
no longer as master and pupil,
but as fellow scientists,
might probe the mysteries
of life and death...
Never. No further.
...and reach a goal
undreamed of by science.
I can't make any further experiments.
I've had a terrible lesson.
That is sad very sad.
But you and I
have gone too far to stop.
Nor can it be
stopped so easily.
I also have continued
with my experiments.
That is why
I am here tonight.
You must see my creation.
Have you also succeeded in
bringing life to the dead?
If you, Herr Baron, will do me the
honor of visiting my humble abode,
I think you will be interested
in what I have to show you.
After 20 years of secret scientific

research and countless failures,
I also have created life, as
we say, in God's own image.
I must know.
When can I see it?
I thought you might
change your mind.
Why not tonight?
It is not very late.
Is it far?
No, but you will
need a coat.
I think your coachman
had better wait here.
Won't you sit down,
Herr Baron?
Before I show you the results
of my trifling experiments,
I would like to drink
to our partnership.
Do you like gin?
It is my only weakness.
To a new world
of gods and monsters!
The creation of
life is enthralling.
Distinctly enthralling,
is it not?
I cannot account precisely for
all that I am going to show you,
but perhaps now that
you are my partner, you can.
My experiments did not turn
out quite like yours, Henry,
but science, like love, has her
little surprises, as you shall see.
Good heavens, Doctor.
What are these?
There is a pleasing
variety about my exhibits.
My first experiment was so
lovely that we made her a queen.
Charming,
don't you think?

Then, of course,
we had to have a king.
Now he's so madly in love with
her that we have to segregate them.
Now, now.
I have to be very careful
with the king.
Now, behave.
My next production looked so
disapprovingly at the other two
that they made him
an archbishop.
He seems to be asleep.
I must wake him up.
The next one
is the very Devil.
Very bizarre,
this little chap.
There's a certain resemblance
to me, don't you think?
Or do I flatter myself?
I took a great deal
of pains with him.
Sometimes I have wondered
whether life wouldn't be
much more amusing
if we were all devils, and no
nonsense about angels and being good.
Oh! There's
the king out again.
Even royal amours
are a nuisance.
Poor archbishop.
He has his hands full.
There. That will
keep you quiet.
My little ballerina is
charming, but such a bore.
She won't dance to anything
but Mendelssohn's Spring Song,
and it gets so monotonous.
My next is very conventional,
I'm afraid,
but you can never tell how

these things will turn out.
It was an experiment with seaweed.
Normal size has
been my difficulty.
You did achieve size.
I need to work
that out with you.
But this isn't science.
It's more like black magic.
You think I'm mad.
Perhaps I am.
But listen,
Henry Frankenstein.
While you were
digging in your graves,
piecing together
dead tissues,
I, my dear pupil, went for my
materials to the source of life.
I grew my creatures,
like cultures,
grew them as
nature does, from seed.
But still, you did achieve
results that I have missed.
Now think, what a world-astounding
collaboration we should be,
you and I, together.
No. No, no, no.
Leave the charnel house and
follow the lead of nature,
or of God, if you like
your Bible stories.
"Male and female
created He them."
"Be fruitful and multiply."
Create a race, a man-made race,
upon the face of the earth.
Why not?
I daren't! daren't
even think of such a thing.
Our mad dream is
only half realized.
Alone, you have

created a man.
Now, together,
we will create his mate.
You mean...
Yes. A woman.
That should be
really interesting.
No.
Don't touch me!
There she is! Quick!
There he is! Shoot!
Run to the village, quick! t's
the monster. Tell the burgomaster.
He's in the woods!
What is it now?
The monster,
he's in the woods.
Get out the bloodhounds.
Raise all the men you can.
Lock the women indoors,
and wait for me.
Now then!
Monster, indeed.
I'll show him.
Follow me.
Where is he?
Bind him securely. I don't
want anything slipshod.
Tie his feet first.
His feet first!
I get no cooperation,
none at all!
Have you got him? That's what I want to know.
Have you got him?
Of course we've got him,
my good woman.
And a good job, too. Mind
he don't get loose again.
He might do some damage
and hurt somebody.
Bring him down
when you've bound him.
You want any help there?
I'll bind him!

Now, take him down to the old
dungeon. Put him in chains.
There you are.
Quite simple.
Now, take him out.
Come on, men.
Get back to your work.
Keep still.
Now, that'll do.
That's quite enough.
Now come down
and lock your door.
We can't take
all day over this.
I'd hate to find him
under my bed at night.
He's a nightmare
in the daylight, he is.
Get away there!
Clear that window!
You mind your own business, and
see he doesn't get out of here.
He's dangerous.
Now I can get back to
more important duties.
And leave us to ours.
What?
Good night, sir.
Monster, indeed.
Tush, tush.
He's loose!
Shoot him!
Help! He's loose!
Go to your homes.
Just an escaped lunatic.
Merely wanted someone
to handle it, that's all.
Quite harmless.
Look here. Why don't you shoot him?
Oh, he's coming!
Where's Freida?
She's gone.
Freida! Freida!
Freida! Where is Freida?

She just left.
Oh, look!
Freida!
Oh, what have they
done to you?
Mrs. Neumann!
Oh! Come on!
Mrs. Neumann!
Poor old Neumann.
Where's his wife,
Frau Neumann?
Frau Neumann!
Frau Neumann!
Frau Neumann!
There's another one,
in there.
Frau Neumann!
Ramona, you stay
close to me.
We'd better get away from
these parts. It isn't safe.
Why?
I'm frightened.
The monster.
Ah! There's no danger. He's safe
in jail, and they'll keep him there.
Where's the pepper and salt?
We've got no pepper and salt.
All right, Mother.
I'll get it. Don't worry.
You shall have your meat.
Ah!
Get away from there!
Who's there?
Who is it?
You're welcome, my friend, whoever you are.
Who are you?
I think you're
a stranger to me.
I cannot see you.
I cannot see anything.
You must please excuse me, but I'm blind.
Come in, my poor friend.
No one will hurt you here.

If you're in trouble,
perhaps I can help you,
but you need not tell me
about it if you don't want to.
What's the matter?
You're hurt,
my poor friend. Come.
Sit down.
Now tell me,
who are you?
I don't understand.
Can you not speak?
It's strange.
Perhaps... Perhaps you're
afflicted, too.
I cannot see,
and you cannot speak.
Is that it?
If you understand what I'm saying,
put your hand on my shoulder.
That is good.
No.
You stay here.
I'll get you some food.
We shall be friends.
I have prayed many times
for God to send me a friend.
It's very lonely here,
and it's been a long time since
any human being came into this hut.
I shall look after you,
and you will comfort me.
And now you must
lie down and go to sleep.
Yes, yes.
Now you must sleep.
Our Father, I thank Thee,
that in Thy great mercy,
Thou hast taken pity
on my great loneliness,
and now, out of
the silence of the night,
hast brought two of
Thy lonely children together,

and sent me a friend
to be a light to mine eyes
and a comfort
in time of trouble.

Amen.

And now, for our lesson.

Remember?

This is bread. Bread.

Bread.

And this is wine to drink.

Drink.

Drink.

Good.

We are friends, you and I.

Friends.

Friends.

Good.

And now, for a smoke.

No, no, this is good.

Smoke. You try.

Smoke.

Mmm! Mmm!

Good. Good.

Good.

Before you came,

I was all alone.

It is bad to be alone.

Alone, bad.

Friend, good.

Friend, good!

And now, come here.

And what is this?

This is wood

for the fire.

Wood.

And this is fire.

No, no. Fire is good.

Fire, no good.

There is good,

and there is bad.

Good. Bad.

Good!

Music?

A- Ha!

Can you tell us how to get out
of this wood? We've lost our way.
Come in, friends,
and rest awhile.
Look.
It's the monster!
What are you doing?
This is my friend.
Friend? This is the fiend that's
been murdering half the countryside.
Good heavens, man.
Can't you see?
Oh! He's blind!
He isn't human!
Frankenstein made him
out of dead bodies!
My friend. My poor
friend. Why do you do this?
Friend.
Look.
Which way did he go?
This way! He's gone
this way! Over the hill.
Friend.
I can smell
the ghosts already.
I never could
stand graves.
Shut up and follow me.
Read the inscription.
What does it say?
"Died 1899. Madeline Ernestine,
beloved daughter of..."
Oh, never mind that.
How old was she?
"Age 19 years,
three months."
Well, that's the one.
Get to work.
What are you
waiting for?
Mercy on us.
You want me to send you to
the gallows where you belong?

Could be
no worse than this.
Well, are you ready?
Yes.
Well, here goes.
Pretty little thing
in her way, wasn't she?
I hope her bones are firm.
It heaves lighter now.
Yes.
Well, Doctor, I guess
that's all for tonight.
Can we go home now?
Yes. I shall wait here for a
bit. I rather like this place.
Be careful nobody
sees you leave.
All right. We know.
And leave me that
lantern down there.
All right, all right!
If there's much more like
this, what do you say, pal?
We give ourselves up
and let'em hang us.
That goes for me, too.
This is no life
for murderers.
I give you
the monster.
Oh. I thought
I was alone.
Good evening.
Smoke.
Friend.
Yes, I hope so.
Have a cigar.
They are my only weakness.
Good, good.
Drink, good.
Good.
You make man like me?
No. Woman.
Friend for you.

Woman. Friend.

Yes.

I want friend like me.

I think you

can be very useful,

and you will add a little force

to the argument, if necessary.

Do you know who Henry

Frankenstein is and who you are?

Yes, I know.

Made me from dead.

I love dead.

Hate living.

You're wise

in your generation.

We must have a long talk,

and then, I have an important call to make.

Woman.

Friend.

Wife.

That Dr. Pretorius

is here again, sir.

There. I knew it.

Send him away.

I won't see him.

I certainly will.

Good evening, Henry.

Baroness, I've not

yet had the opportunity

of offering you my

congratulations on your marriage.

Pray accept them now.

Dr. Pretorius,

I don't know what your

business is with my husband,

but whatever it may be,

I tell you frankly

that I am not frightened of it or of you.

Henry's been very ill. He's in

no state to be alarmed or annoyed.

Your visit now

is most unwelcome.

Henry, I heard

the carriage drive up.

I'll see that
the baggage is put in.
Then we're leaving.
I think you know
why I am here, Henry.
All the necessary
preparations are made.
My part in the experiment
is complete.
I have created by my method
a perfect human brain,
already living but dormant.
Everything is now ready
for you and me
to begin our
supreme collaboration.
No, no. Don't tell me of it.
I don't want to hear!
I've changed my mind.
I won't do it.
I expected this.
I thought we might need
another assistant.
Perhaps he can
persuade you.
Nothing can persuade me.
We shall see.
No! Not that!
Oh, he's quite harmless,
except when crossed.
Frankenstein.
Yes. There have been
developments since he came to me.
Sit down.
What do you want?
You know.
This is your work.
Yes.
I'll have no hand
in such a monstrous thing.
Yes. Must.
Get him out.
I won't even discuss it
until he's gone.

Go now.
Go!
Must do it.
Never.
Nothing can
make me go on with it.
Now.
Put the bags in the carriage,
and I'll be out in a moment.
Go and tell the master to hurry,
Minnie, or we shall lose the train.
Excuse me for being
so nervous, milady,
but I don't like
leaving you alone.
Oh, nonsense, Minnie.
I shall be all right.
I hope so, milady.
Is that you, Henry?
Henry! Henry, help!
Henry!
Milady!
Elizabeth!
The mistress!
What is it?
What's the matter?
Oh, sir! She's gone!
The monster! He's got her! saw it!
The Baroness is gone!
This is Pretorius' doing.
Quick, search parties!
There's not a moment to lose.
I charge you, as you value
your mistress' life,
to do nothing and say
nothing of this episode.
I assure you that the Baroness
will be safely returned,
if you will leave
everything to me.
Nothing, that is,
except what he demands.
I can find no trace
of Elizabeth.

Oh, I admit I'm beaten.
But if you can bring her back,
I'll do anything that you want.
Are you ready to complete
with me this final experiment?
What about Elizabeth?
She is well and will be safely
returned if you will proceed.
I'm ready.
Ah.
Mind the steps. They're
a bit slimy, I expect.
I think it's
a charming touch.
It is interesting to think,
Henry, that once upon a time,
we should have been
burned at the stake
as wizards for
this experiment.
Doctor.
I think the heart
is beating.
Look. It's beating, but the
rhythm of the beat is uneven.
Increase the
saline solution.
Is there any life yet?
No. Not life itself yet.
This is only
the simulacrum of life.
This action only responds
when the current is applied.
We must be patient.
The human heart
is more complex
than any other
part of the body.
Look. The beat
is increasing.
Yes.
It's stopped.
Shall I increase
the current?

This heart is useless.

I must have another,
and it must be
sound and young.

Karl.

You must go to your friend
at the accident hospital.

What we need is a female
victim of sudden death.

Can you do it?

You promise me
1,000 crowns?

It will be well worth it,
and the Baron will pay.

Yes, yes.

Go and get it.

I'll try.

There are always
accidental deaths occurring.

Always.

I'll get your heart.

I'll go into that room.

I'll go into that room, and I'll
take my knife out and I'll get it.

I'll hold her down,
and there'll she be.

Where, I ask you.

Where will she be?

A thousand crowns.

It's beating perfectly,
just as in life!

Oh, if only I can
keep it going until...

It was a very fresh one.

Where did you get it?

I gave the gendarme
50 crowns.

What gendarme?

It was a...

Police case.

Yes very sad, only we
can't bother about that now.

Can I do anything?

No, no, no!

I can work better alone.
Work.
Where's Elizabeth?
Have you brought her?
She wait. I wait.
I'm exhausted. I must get sleep.
Work. Finish. Then sleep.
I can't work like this!
He must go away.
Send him away.
I'll settle him
for a little while.
Drink.
Good.
That'll keep you quiet.
Elizabeth. She's dead.
Elizabeth is alive,
and she is well.
I don't believe you!
I have proof.
Proof?
In a few moments from now,
she will speak to you
from where she is
through this
electrical machine.
Where is she?
Not far from here.
Speak, and she will
hear you and answer.
Yes? Yes, this is Henry.
Henry, yes, I'm safe.
But, Henry, how long?
Come for me.
I'm in a cave...
Elizabeth?
Elizabeth! She's gone.
That is all now,
but you heard her.
Yes. She's alive.
As soon as our work
is completed,
she will be
returned to you.

The heart is beating
more regularly now.
Yes. It's been beating
for nine hours.
Not yet, but soon.
And the brain?
Perfect and already
in position.
Then we are almost ready.
Almost.
Shall we put
the heart in now?
Yes.
Ludwig!
It's beating
quite normally now.
Bring it over.
The storm is rising.
All right.
The air is heavy
with electricity.
It's going to be
a terrific storm.
We shall be ready.
Isn't it amazing, Henry, that
lying here, within this skull,
is an artificially developed
human brain,
each cell, each convolution,
ready, waiting for life to come.
Look.
The storm is coming up
over the mountains.
It will be here soon.
The kites!
Are the kites ready?
Yes!
Then send them up as soon as the wind rises.
Hurry, hurry.
The kites! The kites!
Get 'em ready!
Ludwig!
Seems that he wants
the kites!

Stand back.
Stand by the roof!
Cosmic diffuser!
Wires! Send down
your wires!
All right, stop your windlass.
I'm coming up.
Now, up with the kites.
You take number two, Ludwig.
You've checked
your connections?
Yes.
Stand by!
Let go number one.
Let it go, Karl!
It's coming up!
Go back. Go back down!
Go down!
No, don't! No! Get away! Frankenstein!
Get away! Get away!
No, don't.
No. Don't come near me!
Get away! Don't! No!
No! Get back!
Don't! Don't! Don't!
Raise the cosmic diffuser.
Remove the diffuser bands.
She's alive! Alive!
The bride of Frankenstein.
Friend?
Friend?
Stand back. Stand back!
She hate me.
Like others.
Look out! The lever!
Get away
from that lever!
You'll blow us all to atoms.
Henry!
Undo the door! Henry!
Get back! Get back!
I won't unless you come!
But I can't leave them!
I can't!

Yes. Go.
You live!
Go.
You stay.
We belong dead.
Darling. Darling.