

FRANKENSTEIN

By

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Inspired By  
(the American pop-culture zeitgeist's interpretation of)  
**FRANKENSTEIN**  
By Mary Shelley

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Her body is perfect.

THE TRAPEZE

Is eighty feet above the ground. **LORELEI**, 22, beautiful, arcs through the air, her fingers catching the bar, swinging down, arcing out.

From where he is, he can see everything.

The Hunchback is happy.

**KENT, ENGLAND - 1851**

EXT. THE FAIRGROUND

It's a cool, gray morning. The circus is setting up; animals are led here and there, dancers stretch, clowns practice...

The Hunchback, 20, sits outside, looking through a rip in the tent, watching Lorelei practice on the trapeze inside.

He is dirty; pathologically so. He wears old clown clothes, the colors worn and faded. His slouched posture and messy, overlong hair are offset by bright, intelligent eyes.

The Hunchback notices that one of the ropes attached to the trapeze is wearing thin. He grimaces, thinking..

WE WATCH THE  
HUNCHBACK GO  
ABOUT HIS DAY:

He works around the grounds, helping to set up the circus, as well as tending to the minor aches and pains of the circus crew; they treat him like garbage, but seem to trust his judgment.

We witness him steal a bottle of ink, and, in between the grunt labor, he very carefully begins to draw out an intricate diagram.

IN A PUP TENT

The Hunchback is examining **NATHANIEL**, 20s, a huge circus strongman. He's investigating a bruise on his wrist.

HUNCHBACK  
Well, it's not broken-

NATHANIEL  
Feels broken.

HUNCHBACK  
It's not-

NATHANIEL  
Can I lift or not.

HUNCHBACK  
Master Nathaniel, it's not that  
simple-

NATHANIEL  
*It's that simple.*

The Hunchback takes a beat, then brings out his diagram.

HUNCHBACK  
I've made you a diagram, of a wrist  
support I could construct if-

Nathaniel grabs the diagram and rips it to shreds.

NATHANIEL  
*I don't care for any bloody  
diagram. If it's broken, I can't  
lift, if it's not, I can.*

The Hunchback stares at the shredded diagram.

NIGHT, AT THE  
KITCHEN TRAILER

The whole staff of the circus is lined up for food. The  
Hunchback is several times jostled out of line, forced to the  
back, before finally getting his dinner.

He goes and sits alone at the edge of the fairground.

Lorelei speaks, startling him.

LORELEI (O.S.)  
We've been spending so much time in  
cities I feel like I forgot what  
the stars looked like.

HUNCHBACK  
You ought to spend more dinners  
sitting and eating in mud alone,  
gives one perspective I think.

LORELEI  
You really could come eat with us.

HUNCHBACK  
That hasn't worked out so well in  
the past, has it?

LORELEI  
There's always-

HUNCHBACK  
I think I'm good here for now.  
Thank you for coming to see me,  
you're much easier to talk to than  
the...flies.

LORELEI

I actually have a gift. When I went into town today, I saw that it was being thrown out...

She hands him a book, stained and torn: "PERCY'S MUSCLES OF THE BODY." His face lights up in a way that didn't seem possible as he trudged through his miserable day.

HUNCHBACK

What really, really you did, oh this is, this is splendid, thank you! Thank you Lorelei, just splendid, and it's only- it's only three years out of date! This is, oh this is the tops, this is-

The fanfare of the circus starts up in the distance, and Lorelei perks up.

LORELEI

Well, that's my cue to go get ready. I wouldn't want to upset dear Lord Barnaby.

HUNCHBACK

I don't know how to thank you for this, I don't-

LORELEI

I know how you like your books-

HUNCHBACK

Wait, Master Lorelei!

LORELEI

...Yes?

HUNCHBACK

I saw, when you were practicing...

LORELEI

...Yes?

HUNCHBACK

I saw maybe something was wrong, with the riggings. On the trapeze.

LORELEI

(beat)

Thank you, sir. I'll take it up with Mr. Plough.

The Hunchback gives an uncertain smile. Lorelei heads off, and he stares at his new book.

## INT. THE HUNCHBACK'S RAIL-CAR

It's a large car for hauling equipment, but the back the Hunchback has carved out a little den for himself. Across from it is another makeshift living space, in which sits

**RAFFERTY**, 20s, a dwarf, a person so ratlike the term "human" seems generous.

The Hunchback hurries in, changing out of his stained, dirty work shirt and into his stained, dirty clown costume.

RAFFERTY

Oi lookadis, into the make-up then.  
I seem to have eaten all your  
cheese, haven't I?

The Hunchback stops applying his make-up, hurt.

HUNCHBACK

Rafferty, I asked you not to, I was  
saving it-

RAFFERTY

Oi, right, but I have, and now  
you're bein a bit cruel. And here  
I am, forced to sleep in a storage  
compartment with the likes of you,  
and you're going to act like a  
selfish ponce and horde your  
cheese? It goes to show poverty  
don't make you humble, I think.

The Hunchback continues applying his make-up, annoyed.

RAFFERTY (CONT'D)

I didn't touch your bookie-dooos, if  
that's what you're worried about.

The Hunchback finishes his make-up, and hurriedly opens a trunk: in it is his library, dozens of beaten up, worn out medical glossaries and study texts, lovingly taken care of.

RAFFERTY (CONT'D)

You know, suspicion is a sign of  
weakness.

The Hunchback carefully places his new book in with the rest, grabs his juggling pins, and hurries out.

RAFFERTY (CONT'D)

Don't bother with goodbyes!  
Manners apparently another casualty  
of your ailment!

## INT. THE CIRCUS

The circus is going full swing. The Hunchback heads out with several other clowns, doing pratfalls, slapstick; he's not bad, though it's clear the exertion hurts his tender back.

He settles into a juggling routine, and then is distracted by Lorelei starting her routine high above him.

BARNABY (O.S.)  
 If you'd all direct your eyes  
 skyward, you will see the work of  
 our amazing aerialists as-

Barnaby's voice fades as The Hunchback focuses in: He sees that a rag has been affixed to the frayed bit of rope to reenforce it. The frayed rope stretches, swings, stretches-

BARNABY (CONT'D)  
*Get! Get!*

**BARNABY Elliot**, 40s, unpleasant and red-faced in his ringmaster's uniform, shoves the Hunchback, startling him.

The Hunchback realizes all the other clowns have gone off, and rushes self-consciously out of the limelight.

EXT. THE HUNCHBACK'S RAIL-CAR - LATER

The Hunchback lays on the roof of the railcar, the train stretching out to either side. He begins quietly whistling.

The slats beneath him **drop out**, and the Hunchback falls ten feet to the dirt. He starts to stand, and Barnaby slaps him in the face.

BARNABY  
*You stay out of the center ring  
 with the rest of the clowns.*

Barnaby storms off, leaving the Hunchback alone in the mud.

INT. THE HUNCHBACK'S RAIL-CAR - DAY

The train is in motion, rattling loudly up the tracks through the countryside. The Hunchback lays on his cot, reading through his new Percy's Muscles of The Body, cross-referencing it to another book.

This one, green with leather binding, is marked "**THOMPSON'S ANATOMY - For Doctors And Surgeons - Fifth Edition.**"

The Hunchback mumbles something under his breath, and then scratches out a sentence in Percy's with a piece of charcoal.

RAFFERTY  
 What's all that grunting, there?

HUNCHBACK  
 I found an error in Percy's. It's got a lot of new information, but Thompson's refutes this bit-

RAFFERTY  
 Very, uh- *inter-lectual*. And what  
 makes you think that it's not  
 Thompson that's got it all wrong?

HUNCHBACK  
 Thompson's is the absolute best,  
 with contributions from the  
 greatest doctors the world over,

<p>RAFFERTY          No mistaking an ulna for a          radius in Thompson's, <i>I know</i>,  <i>I know</i>.</p>	<p>HUNCHBACK          No mistaking an ulna for a          radius in-</p>
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RAFFERTY  
 My god you really think you're  
 smart, don't you? What an  
 embarrassment that must be.

The Hunchback sighs, complacent, but then notices something  
 out of a slat in the side of the train. He hurriedly closes  
 his books and rushes to a ladder going up to the roof.

RAFFERTY (CONT'D)  
 Hey! What's all this-

EXT. THE HUNCHBACK'S RAIL-CAR - ROOF

The Hunchback bursts out onto the top of the rail car,  
 struggling against the wind for a moment.

The train stretches out like a great steel centipede, and  
 beyond it, on the horizon...**London**. The city, still barely  
 visible, sits in a puddle of smog, dense and brown-black.

Rafferty comes out of nowhere, shoving the Hunchback aside.

HUNCHBACK  
 Is that-

RAFFERTY  
 London....Beautiful, innit?

EXT. THE THAMES

The river Thames flows blue-black through the center of  
 London, a city finding its feet as the first true metropolis.

We watch as the Hunchback helps unpack the train, and a  
 vacant lot is transformed into a fairground. As the  
 Hunchback helps to raise the big-top tent, **thunder** booms in  
 the distant skies.

LATER...

The Big-Top is up. The circus is just starting to get going  
 full-swing. People mill around outside, funneling in.

A young man moves through the masses, uncomfortable in the crowd. The rain is worse. For a moment we see his face, in a flash of lightning.

This is **VICTOR**.

INT. THE CIRCUS - MOMENTS LATER

The stands are absolutely packed, and the crowd is rabid with excitement. The Hunchback looks out at the crowd from backstage, nervous, and then he gets the cue and rushes out with the rest of the clowns.

The clowns go through their act, and then Lorelei starts hers. The Hunchback retreats to backstage quickly, and watches from there.

HIGH ABOVE THE  
CROWD...

She arcs through the air, her fingers catching the bar, swinging down, arcing out.

Back and forth she goes, flips and somersaults. The hastily mended rope supporting her stretches, swings, stretches-

*Snaps.*

Lorelei's body drops out into a free-fall; midway down she strikes the support rigging cables of the trapeze act, twisting and ricocheting among them before being spat out-

**THUD.**

The audience gasps. Lorelei's body lays still, one of her arms flopped out at crazy angle.

HUNCHBACK

Lorelei-

Her body heaves and rolls over, and he takes off running.

The Hunchback slides on his knees to kneel next to Lorelei. She chokes and coughs, spitting blood.

HUNCHBACK (CONT'D)

Lorelei, I'm here, it's going to be-  
it's going to be alright.

The Hunchback holds open her mouth, looking inside, then feels her ribs, then gingerly reaches around and feels her spine.

HUNCHBACK (CONT'D)

You can't breathe, you can't  
breathe-

He checks her neck, finds nothing.



HUNCHBACK (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do, I don't know what to-

Suddenly, someone slides up in the dirt next to him. The Hunchback looks up and sees

**VICTOR**, 24, good-looking in a strange way, clean cut and tidy. For now. His words come out in a staccato flow, dry and fast, inexplicably easy to listen to.

VICTOR

What's happened-

HUNCHBACK

Didn't you see-

VICTOR

I was reading.

HUNCHBACK

Uh, she fell about thirty feet, shoulder dislocated but no breaks that I can find, the airway is clear *but she can't breathe, she can't-*

Victor is doing almost the exact same pat-down check that the Hunchback did.

VICTOR

Any previous injuries-

HUNCHBACK

Broken arm a year or so ago, broke her collar bone some time before that I think but I don't-

Victor immediately begins tearing at Lorelei's unitard.

HUNCHBACK (CONT'D)

What're you-

VICTOR

*Do this now or she dies.*

The Hunchback quickly and deftly tears apart Lorelei's top; her breasts are just barely covered by the edges of the fabric.

A huge purply-brown bruise is forming on her clavicle.

HUNCHBACK

My god-

VICTOR

Collar bone's rebroken, it's pressuring her lung-

HUNCHBACK

What do we-

VICTOR  
We can't do anything, we need tools  
to reset the bone, we need a-

HUNCHBACK  
Is her pectoralis muscle still in  
place?

Lorelei's eyes roll back into her head.

VICTOR  
Yes but-

HUNCHBACK  
Do you have a a pocket watch?

VICTOR  
Yes but-

HUNCHBACK  
Give it to me.

Victor looks confused.

HUNCHBACK (CONT'D)  
*Do this now or she dies.*

Victor fumbles out his watch, and the Hunchback grabs it, pressing it deeply under her collarbone with his fingers. He slaps the back of it, hard; Lorelei wheezes in agony.

VICTOR  
WAIT! The angle of the sternum,  
due to that dislocation-

HUNCHBACK  
Oh! Yes, of course!

Victor takes hold of her dislocated right arm.

VICTOR  
Ready, steady, go.

Victor wrenches the arm, and the Hunchback slaps the pocket watch-

**POPCRUNCH.**

Lorelei's shoulder and collarbone both snap back into place. Lorelei gasps in air. The Hunchback laughs in joy and shock, but Victor seems totally nonplussed.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
That's- that was *brilliant*.  
(beat)  
Why're you wearing that make-up?

HUNCHBACK  
I'm a clown. Lorelei, can you hear  
me-

VICTOR  
 You're a clown? No you're not,  
 you're a physician, you just  
 performed a dry surgery with less  
 than a minute to prepare-

HUNCHBACK  
 I'm a- clown physician-

VICTOR  
*What?*

A group from the circus surrounds them, clumsily heaving Lorelei up to lift her onto a stretcher; she squeals in pain.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 Easy damn it- here, clown, help me.

Victor and the Hunchback lift Lorelei onto the stretcher.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 Listen, you're being wasted here.  
 I'm at a student at the Royal  
 College Of Medicine, I have a flat  
 in the West End, I'd be honored to  
 have you as a guest-

HUNCHBACK  
 Well- I, sir- I don't know that I  
 could leave the circus, they need  
 their Hunchback-

VICTOR  
 You're not a Hunchback.

HUNCHBACK  
*...what-*

Barnaby blusters up, pushing the Hunchback backwards and separating him from Victor.

BARNABY  
 Who're- you're doctor then?

VICTOR  
 Yes, indeed-

BARNABY  
 Will she live?

VICTOR  
 Yes, but she needs the care of a  
 hospital; Chisick Cross is just up  
 the road, I can lead your men  
 there.

HUNCHBACK  
 (quietly)  
 Chisick Cross.

The men pick up the stretcher, and Victor starts to lead them out, the Hunchback staring after him.

VICTOR  
Stay well, my friend, I shall  
return for you tomorrow!

HUNCHBACK  
Fr- friend?  
(snapping out of it)  
Your name, friend! Your name!  
Please! My friend! Your name!

Victor turns back from the crowd to shout to The Hunchback.

SLAM TO TITLE:  
**FRANKENSTEIN.**

**The title lurches forward, crackling with electricity as it emerges from the center of a violent lightning storm.**

SLAM TO:

INT. THE HUNCHBACK'S RAIL-CAR

The Hunchback comes *CRASHING* through the door, shoved down by Barnaby, who enters **raging**. Rafferty perks up immediately.

BARNABY  
*WHAT DID I TELL YOU?*

HUNCHBACK  
I was trying to help-

Barnaby abruptly kicks the still downed Hunchback.

BARNABY  
*Idiot!*

Barnaby follows the Hunchback's gaze to the library trunk.

BARNABY (CONT'D)  
Nathaniel! Get in here!

The strong man enters.

BARNABY (CONT'D)  
Get the trunk.

Nathaniel nods, and picks up the whole trunk under his arm.

BARNABY (CONT'D)  
Come on.

The Hunchback stands, momentarily blocking the doorway.

BARNABY (CONT'D)  
Get out of the way.

The Hunchback stands resolute.

BARNABY (CONT'D)  
**GET OUT OF THE WAY.**

The Hunchback backs down.

HUNCHBACK  
 Please, please don't do anything to  
 my books, Master Barnaby, I was  
 just trying to help-

Barnaby and Nathaniel exit, the Hunchback following.

EXT. THE THAMES FAIRGROUND - CONTINUOUS

Rain is drizzling down from the night sky. Out come Barnaby and Nathaniel, the Hunchback in pursuit.

BARNABY  
 Dump them out.

Nathaniel dumps out the books into the mud.

HUNCHBACK  
 No, please just, I understand, I  
 do, just leave the books alone-

Barnaby turns, going to pick up a kerosene lantern. The Hunchback takes the opportunity to snatch up his copy of Thompson's Anatomy from the muddy pile.

Barnaby returns, and *dumps burning kerosene on the pile of books.*

HUNCHBACK (CONT'D)  
 No, oh no, no! No!

The Hunchback, screaming in real agony, prostrates himself at Barnaby's feet.

HUNCHBACK (CONT'D)  
 Please, put them out, put them out,  
 you're ruining them!

Barnaby shoves the Hunchback down, and notices the saved copy of Thompson's.

BARNABY  
 What's this? Sneaky little rat!

HUNCHBACK  
 No no-

Nathaniel snatches it away. Barnaby looks it over.

BARNABY  
 Fancy.

HUNCHBACK

Please- it's my favorite thing,  
please Master Barnaby-

Nathaniel rips the book in half, and throws the shreds into the fire. The Hunchback slumps, jawing soundlessly.

BARNABY

Let that be a lesson to you.

Barnaby stalks off, leaving the Hunchback slumped in the mud.

RAFFERTY

Chin up, freak. What good's a  
dream if you can't wake up from it?

INT. THE HUNCHBACK'S CARRIAGE - LATER

Rafferty's asleep. The Hunchback lays stalk-still, eyes straight ahead.

MORNING ON THE  
FAIRGROUND.

We follow the Hunchback once more as he goes through his morning, helping to clean the circus up, reloading things onto the train, doing manual labor.

He repeatedly checks the edge of the city. No sign of Victor. The sun sets lower and lower in the sky.

Finally, the Hunchback gives up. He flops down in the dirt next to the damp pile of ash that was his collection.

VICTOR (O.S.)

Pardon my tardiness.

The Hunchback scrambles to stand in the mud, slipping and falling. Victor was RIGHT THERE, next to him.

HUNCHBACK

Master Frankenstein- I- hello!

VICTOR

Have you collected your things?  
Let's depart this place  
immediately.

HUNCHBACK

I- I have no things, all my things  
were-

The Hunchback glances at the pile of muddy ash.

VICTOR

Ah, I see. Then, shall we?

HUNCHBACK

I- I'm under contract to the circus-

VICTOR  
Very well. Could you direct me to  
the circus manager, then?

HUNCHBACK  
Well Master Barnaby is in the red  
trailer, but-

Victor turns and immediately heads off.

HUNCHBACK (CONT'D)  
Wait! Wait!

INT. BARNABY'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Barnaby's trailer is a cluttered mess of papers and  
equipment; Barnaby sits behind a desk, with a sexy young  
gymnast crawling all over him.

Victor enters and sits down on a chair opposite the desk.  
Both the slutty gymnast and Barnaby are baffled.

VICTOR  
Take your time.

EXT. BARNABY'S TRAILER - SECONDS LATER

The Hunchback is slowly approaching the trailer, when the  
slutty gymnast bursts out, storming off. The Hunchback  
retreats, then, doing his best attempt at stealth, he creeps  
up to the window, looking in.

Victor's curt, speedy style of speech clashes harshly with  
Barnaby's uneasy huckster sleaze.

BARNABY  
-course he can't leave. He's got  
no money, no possessions-

VICTOR  
As I said he would come to stay  
with me.

BARNABY  
Yes but- no, but- he's not a  
bonified **person**, you know? He's  
just a-

VICTOR  
Not a person, yes, by that do you  
mean "not human-"

BARNABY  
No, well- don't be *clever, awright?*  
I just mean there's nothing there  
to salvage, he doesn't- I mean he  
doesn't even have a name.

VICTOR  
Seems a bit of an oversight.

BARNABY  
He's travelled with the circus  
since he was a boy-

VICTOR  
And he's been your doctor this  
whole time-

BARNABY  
Well he's not a real doctor, after  
all-

VICTOR  
And yet you've just said that he  
has been effective in healing the  
sick and injured, both animal and  
human-

BARNABY  
Those are just his tricks, he's  
under contract as a clown-

VICTOR  
How exactly does one have a  
contract without a name I wonder.

BARNABY  
He owes the circus everything. We  
feed him, put clothes on his back-  
The doctor bollocks was just a  
fantasy for him, one that I  
dispelled last night, I think-

VICTOR  
Yes, I noticed a pile of burnt  
books on my way in-

BARNABY  
Aye, but that was just a bit of a  
row, me getting my frustrations  
out'n'whatnot-

VICTOR  
When you're frustrated you burn  
books, fascinating, fascinating,  
listen, you're a bit of a bastard,  
aren't you?

BARNABY  
'Scuse me?



VICTOR  
 Ignorant selfish cruel bastard,  
 yes, I rather think you don't know  
 what kind of genius you have on  
 hand and though you've been content  
 to abuse him freely for a good long  
 time you'll have to accept that  
 that's coming to an end, and  
 acquaint yourself-

BARNABY  
*Listen you posh ass-*

VICTOR  
 -with the reality of the  
 Hunchback's departure-

Barnaby stands, slamming his hands on his desk.

BARNABY  
*You shut your mouth-*

VICTOR  
 -and find yourself a new doctor  
 willing to work for free and  
 tolerate random wanton violence-

Barnaby goes around the desk and *grabs Victor by the collar, yanking him to his feet.*

BARNABY  
*SHUT UP!*

VICTOR  
 Sir, unhand me immediately.  
 (beat)  
 Are you deaf. I said *UNHAND ME IM-*

EXT. BARNABY'S TRAILER - SECONDS LATER

Victor is **HURLED out of the trailer, landing hard in the mud.**

BARNABY  
 (red-faced, spitting)  
*Listen you impudent rich twat,  
 you're not getting the bloody  
 Hunchback, and if you show your  
 face here again, if I so much as  
 sniff you, we'll slit your bloody  
 throat and feed you to the bloody  
 horses!*

VICTOR  
 What compelling imagery.

Barnaby stares at Victor, who seems completely unafraid.  
 This creeps Barnaby out, rightly so, and he slams the door.

The Hunchback watches as Victor, not bothering to straighten himself at all, stalks off the fairground. The Hunchback tries to call out, but he's *suddenly grabbed by Barnaby*.

EXT. THE ANIMAL CAGES - MOMENTS LATER

The Hunchback is roughly tossed into a cage by Barnaby, the door slammed behind him.

BARNABY

You are going *nowhere*. Enjoy your new quarters.

The Hunchback turns and sees his new roommate; a mangy, moth-eaten Bengal tiger. The Hunchback presses himself against the bars, scared.

NIGHT FALLS...

The circus is almost entirely cleaned up. The Hunchback is sitting in his cage when Rafferty walks by.

HUNCHBACK

Rafferty! Rafferty!

RAFFERTY

What's this, a talking tiger, impossible!

HUNCHBACK

Do you know what's happened to Lorelei?

RAFFERTY

Aw, romanticisicizing are we? She's probably dead, mate, you know that. These city doctors and their dirty hospitals and whatnot.

Rafferty picks up a rock and chucks it at the tiger; it immediately stands, bristling and snarling, and the Hunchback pulls back, terrified.

RAFFERTY (CONT'D)

Pleasant dreams.

Rafferty heads off, and the Hunchback tries to stay perfectly still, pressed hard against the door.

It's no good. The tiger, enraged, has begun slowly creeping towards him, hunkered down in an attack position, growling, eyes filled with bloodlust.

Tension builds as the tiger creeps closer and closer...

*There's a series of clicks, and the door behind the Hunchback opens, sending the Hunchback toppling down to the dirt.*

He looks up, startled and confused, to see Victor slam the cage shut.

HUNCHBACK  
*What're you- how did you-*

Victor clacks together two pieces of metal in his hand.

VICTOR  
 Magnets. Come on, no time to lose.

Victor heads off. The Hunchback stands flummoxed.

HUNCHBACK  
 Wait!

VICTOR  
 What is it now?

HUNCHBACK  
 I can't just- I can't leave I-

VICTOR  
 You want to collect your things?

HUNCHBACK  
 Well- yes-

VICTOR  
 What things?

The Hunchback is at a loss.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 Surely you don't want to keep your pathetic clown costume-

HUNCHBACK  
 No, but-

VICTOR  
*What do you have here? Friends? I don't believe it. Future? An early grave, dreams? Burnt in a pile in the mud. Do not waste either of our time with further deliberation.*

It hits the Hunchback like a ton of bricks.

HUNCHBACK  
 ...You're right.

VICTOR  
 What?

HUNCHBACK  
 You're right.

VICTOR  
 Well of course **I'm** right.

BARNABY  
 Oi.

Barnaby is standing not far off.

BARNABY (CONT'D)  
What in the hell do you think  
you're-

VICTOR

**RUN.**

Victor darts off immediately. The Hunchback hesitates, and Barnaby charges; the Hunchback hits the gas just in time, and Barnaby slips in the mud, crashing into the cage.

The tiger snarls and slashes him across the face, knocking him down.

BARNABY  
*AGH! Bloody hell, stop- STOP HIM!  
STOP THEM!*

Four tumblers, still in their festive circus outfits, approach.

TUMBLER

What's happened-

BARNABY  
The Hunchback! He's attacked me  
and taken the bank of the circus!  
Get him!

The tumblers take off after Victor and The Hunchback, but Barnaby grabs one of them.

BARNABY (CONT'D)  
*Get Nathaniel.*

BETWEEN THE  
CAGES...

Victor and the Hunchback race through the maze of animal cages, with Victor immediately hitting a dead end.

The Hunchback grabs him and yanks him through a space between the cages, leading him to-

THE BACK OF THE  
BIG TOP TENT

The Tumblers intercept them, and the two young men are forced to rapidly duck and dodge the men.

The tent is in the process of being taken down, the supports being pulled out, the canvas rippling and falling-

VICTOR  
Come on.

## HUNCHBACK

*No wait-*

INSIDE THE  
COLLAPSING TENT

The rippling canvas world comes crashing down around them, with the Hunchback and Victor sprinting through, dodging falling supports, several times nearly being crushed before bursting out into-

AN AREA  
CLUTTERED WITH  
EQUIPMENT

There are performers practicing their trade all over the place, and Victor and the Hunchback dodge and weave through jugglers, a lion tamer and some practicing contortionists.

## TUMBLER

(lagging behind)

They've stolen the take, that's all  
our pay!

A firebreather turns and blows out a huge jet of burning kerosene in their path; Victor and the Hunchback skid to avoid, but then must frantically scramble and flail to avoid knives hurled at them by a knife thrower.

The Hunchback catches one of the knives and flings it back at the fire-breather; it shatters his bottle of kerosene, which splashes onto the fires already burning, causing a HUGE BURST OF FLAME.

This new inferno separates Victor and the Hunchback from their pursuers; they get back up, sprinting towards the edge of the fairgrounds, the city, and freedom, when, as they're passing a pile of weights-

**BAM! NATHANIEL THE STRONG MAN TACKLES THE HUNCHBACK!**

Victor, slides in the mud, turning, and throws a running punch into Nathaniel's face. It does NOTHING. The Hunchback twits Nathaniel's injured wrist, and he screams in pain, releasing him.

Nathaniel stands and attacks Victor, throwing wild punches-

## VICTOR

*Stop stop stop stop*

Victor grabs a thirty pound weight and heaves it up into Nathaniel's ribs. There's a crunch, and Nathaniel collapses.

Victor turns to run, but the Hunchback goes to Nathaniel.

## HUNCHBACK

What'd you do, you broke his ribs-

## VICTOR

Well I told him to stop.

The tumblers reappear, running full tilt, blocking their easy exit to the city. Victor takes off running again, and after a moment's panicked deliberation, the Hunchback follows, running

ALONGSIDE THE  
TRAIN

Victor ducks through a break in the train, and the Hunchback follows, and again they find themselves in a narrow alleyway cluttered with circus equipment.

The tumblers follow, but where the Hunchback and Victor have to clumsily navigate around obstacles, the tumblers simply flip and cartwheel over them, rapidly gaining.

Rafferty, sitting in the Hunchback's rail car, notices the oncoming chase. He laughs gleefully, and runs out ahead.

ALONGSIDE THE  
THAMES

The Hunchback and Victor exit the fairgrounds, the tumblers nearly on top of them, running up a series of gantry's onto a big bridge high over the river Thames, mostly empty at night.

...only to find that Rafferty's beaten them there, drawing a knife as he steps to block their way-

RAFFERTY

Where're you going in such a hurry,  
love?

The Hunchback turns and dives off the bridge. Victor, startled, takes a moment to pinch his nose and then follows, plummeting the thirty feet down into the water.

The tumblers stop, out of breath.

RAFFERTY (CONT'D)

Well don't just stand there ye  
idiots, after him!

The tumblers are "no."

RAFFERTY (CONT'D)

Bloody 'ell! I'll do it m'self!

Rafferty turns and dives off the bridge-

-but doesn't look before he leaps, not seeing a trade boat coming out from under the bridge-

**-WHAM! THIRTY FEET HEADFIRST INTO THE DECK. It ain't pretty.**

FURTHER UP THE  
THAMES...

Dyes are being poured out into the river, turning a portion of it orange, blue and green. On a rocky shore, the Hunchback emerges, coughing up water.

Victor pulls himself up as well. Both young men are covered in green dye.

HUNCHBACK

I'm not in the circus.

VICTOR

(coughing)

What?

HUNCHBACK

I'm not in the circus. I...I've never been out of the circus.

(beat)

I'm free. I'm free, I'M FREE, I'M A FREE MAN-

VICTOR

Yes, very good, you are a very free, very green man.

The Hunchback let's out a crazy hoot of glee and starts splashing around in the water. Victor watches, indifferent.

EXT. VICTOR'S FLAT - LATER

Victor's Flat in the West End is on a street crowded with buildings. It's entirely empty at night; one bobby strolls up the street, but as soon as he's gone...

Victor and the Hunchback come racing out of an alleyway, to the door of Victor's flat.

INT. VICTOR'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Victor and the Hunchback burst in. Though Victor Frankenstein appears tidy and fastidious, his apartment is a window into his mind.

Though it is very big, the place is a *mess*. Victor must have some kind of hoarding disorder, as nearly every surface is covered with medical equipment, schematics, trinkets and other assorted junk.

The Hunchback looks around in wonder as Victor draws out a long syringe behind him.

HUNCHBACK

This is incredible.

VICTOR

Next order of business.

Victor slams his body-weight into the Hunchback's body, driving him up against a wall.

HUNCHBACK  
*What're you doing, what're-*

VICTOR  
*This will hurt.*

Victor plunges the needle deep into the Hunchback's back, and he gasps in pain. He begins to pull back the plunger, and we see that the syringe is filling with murky yellow fluid.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 I told you before you're not a hunchback, not a proper one anyway. You have an fluid pocket, probably caused by an abscess, here, beside the tenth vertebrae-

HUNCHBACK  
*It hurts it hurts-*

VICTOR  
 Yes. It's gone untreated nearly eighteen years, but I'm convinced that if we can just drain it, and-

Victor pulls out the needle, letting the Hunchback go, but then **HURLS HIMSELF SHOULDER FIRST INTO THE HUNCHBACK'S SPINE, driving him hard back into the wall!**

There's a **nasty wet cracking sound, and the Hunchback is suddenly fully upright, screaming in pain and then-**

The screams stop. The Hunchback stirs against the wall, triggering a series of sickly pops and snaps. He's standing up straight. Awkwardly, but straight.

HUNCHBACK  
 I- I- I-

Victor straightens himself, picking up something off the floor; it's a very sleek, simple construction out of wire-frame, jointed in several places.

VICTOR  
 Now your musculature and bones will be struggling to reset themselves-

HUNCHBACK  
 I'm standing up.

The Hunchback's eyes are wide and blank.

VICTOR  
 (beat)  
 Listen, I didn't...I didn't over-estimate your intelligence, did I, because-

HUNCHBACK  
 No, no, it's just- I'm not in the circus, and I'm standing up.



VICTOR

...Yes, well, your musculature and bones will be struggling to reset themselves, so for the foreseeable future you'll have to wear this. I spent the day building it; it was the reason for my tardiness, I again apologize for that.

He hands the Hunchback the back-brace.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Now I shall go to work in the basement, as I have school in the morning. Library, study and kitchen back there, your bedroom is upstairs on the right, mine on the left. There's a water heater in the bathroom, get that green off you, and for heaven sake do something about your...*Hair*.

Victor goes to the door to the basement, and starts to go in, but then turns, and speaks somewhat slowly, carefully...

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Listen, I had- have a roommate, Igor Straussman. He's a morphine addict, a liar and a general waste of space, who luckily is almost never home. So, should anyone question your presence here, just say that you're Igor. Yes?

The hunchback, a hunchback no longer, nods his head.

**IGOR**

I'm Igor.

VICTOR

Perfect.

Victor slams the door closed, leaving Igor standing in numb shock.

IGOR

I have a name. I have a...*library*.

WE INTERCUT  
BETWEEN

1. Igor exploring the library, running his hands over the books, taking back stacks to his room...
2. Igor sitting in the tub, washing off YEARS of caked on grime.
3. Igor cutting his hair, and shaving off his disgusting, gnarly beard.

Finally, Igor looks at his new self in the steamed-up bathroom mirror. He has the appropriate response.

IGOR (CONT'D)  
Oh...wow.

SWISH TO:

Igor, in his room, carefully clicking on his back brace.

SWISH TO:

Igor opens his closet, finding tons of clothes.

SWISH TO:

Igor, now dressed, looking *spectacular*, is trying his new name out in the mirror. We time lapse cut between his experimentation.

IGOR (CONT'D)  
Igor. Igor. Yeegor. Eyegor.  
(cut)  
Hello, my name is Yaygor- no that's  
bloody awful-  
(cut)  
Oh hello, Duchess, my name is Igor.  
An actor? Ha, duchess you flatter  
me, as a matter of fact, I'm a  
*doctor-*

He does a flourishing gesture and accidentally knocks a bunch of shit off the dresser.

IGOR (CONT'D)  
*Bloody hell-*

SNAP TO:

Igor, in bed, fast asleep, surrounded by books.

CLOSE ON:

Fingers, fidgeting with a crucifix, turning it around and around, end over end.

TURPIN  
A doctor you say.

INT. BARNABY'S TRAILER

Barnaby sits on his desk, nursing his bandaged face, watching through the window as doctors move Nathaniel into a carriage on a stretcher. Standing nearby, fidgeting with a little metal crucifix, is

**Inspector RODERICK TURPIN**, 40, respectable and distinguished, but with a strange, harried manner; he's fraying around the edges, and there are bags under his eyes.

BARNABY

A hokum doctor, ay. Always doing things you know, with the animals, es'periments and what have you-

TURPIN

And what again was the exact amount of money you said was missing?

BARNABY

Two hundred twenty quid.

TURPIN

Aha, would that be your whole London take?

BARNABY

It would-

The door opens and **ALISTAIR Oberon**, 36, with an immaculately kept mustache, leans in.

ALISTAIR

Inspector Turpin, a word outside?

EXT. BARNABY'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

It's nearing dawn. Alistair and Turpin pow-wow, Turpin closing the door in Barnaby's face.

TURPIN

Well, he's lying about the money.

ALISTAIR

How do you figure?

TURPIN

When would the hunchback have taken it? The footprints from the cage only go one way, the hunchback and its accomplice had no agenda here in the circus; they wanted to get to the city. Mister Barnaby's just trying to swindle the insurance.

ALISTAIR

Indeed. What I came to tell you was, they've gotten the body cleaned up off the boat, and we've got conflicted reports. Two of the tumblers are saying the hunchback threw him off the bridge, two are saying he jumped by himself.

TURPIN

Oh he threw him, most definitely. The differences in story can be explained by delusion, heat of the moment.

(MORE)

TURPIN (CONT'D)

There's something rather strange about all this though, don't you think? Sinister.

ALISTAIR

How do you figure?

TURPIN

The cage shows no signs of tampering, yet the lock had opened. The wound to the face of the manager came from a claw, the injury to the strongman shows a super-human strength, not to mention there's talk of the hunchback doing "science" as its primary pastime...You don't find it somewhat ghoulish?

ALISTAIR

(beat, awkwardly)

Inspector, I've been meaning to say...I, that is to say, all of us at the Yard- what happened with Claudia is a tragedy, sir.

TURPIN

...Beg pardon-

ALISTAIR

Your wife, Claudia; her passing was-

TURPIN

*I'm sorry, what relevance does Claudia have to this?*

ALISTAIR

Well, none but-

TURPIN

Claudia is in Heaven. Our separation is merely temporary. What is your implication about my state of mind?

ALISTAIR

I didn't mean-

TURPIN

Didn't you?

Turpin smiles, seeming to realize how he was coming off.

TURPIN (CONT'D)

I have my daughter, my home, my job. This too shall pass, Constable.

ALISTAIR

Yes sir. Of course sir.

TURPIN

(back to business)

There was an accident with a high wire girl last night. The hunchback was involved, as I understand it. Have our men question everyone in this place, see if we can find out which hospital she was taken to.

ALISTAIR

Yes sir.

TURPIN

Have the artist Walsh make up pictures, and then have prints made: one hundred of the Hunchback, fifty of his accomplice, and then have them posted everywhere from Westminster to Bethnal Green.

ALISTAIR

Yes sir.

TURPIN

There is a murderous hunchback loose in London. This will not stand.

SLAM TO:

Igor curled up in his bed, morning light flooding in through the windows. He stirs.

MOMENTS LATER:

Igor discovers a note on his door. **"I- At school til 6. Ten f in the tin by the door, with your key. Buy dinner. -F."**

Igor discovers the tin, along with the money and his key.

IGOR

(quietly)

Chisick Cross.

MOMENTS LATER:

Igor sits at a table consulting a big map of London; we can tell by the way he mumbles to himself, his eyes darting all over, that he's absorbing the data, easily and quickly committing it to memory.

EXT. LONDON - MORNING

Igor steps out, but the hustle and bustle of the busy street in daytime scares the shit out of him, and he jumps back inside. A moment later he reemerges.

We follow Igor as he walks up the street, in awe at everyone and everything.

IN A MARKET

Igor investigates every fruit, every meat, every spice. He's having the time of his life. To entertain a few children, he juggles some apples. They're wowed.

BACK ON THE  
STREETS

Igor walks up the street, bag of groceries under his arm. He has a slightly more confident gait, now; he knows where he's going and why.

INT. CHISICK CROSS HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

The hospital is dank and dirty, really just one large warehouse style room filled with the sick and dying. Igor cautiously heads in, nervous, looking remarkably clean cut and pristine amongst all the filth.

He starts to walk in, when he's called out by a gruff male nurse, dirty and frightening.

SCARY NURSE

Oi! What're you doing here?

Igor nearly cowers, like a scared animal.

IGOR

I- oh, I'm sorry, I'll- I'll go-

SCARY NURSE

You here from the medical school about buying bodies? We've got a few of 'em pretty near to pass, I'm wagering, but-

Igor notices his reflection in a pool of dank water.

IGOR

I- No, I'm just looking for a friend. She was an aerialist, at the circus.

SCARY NURSE

Friend. Hah. End of the line, behind the curtains.

Igor smiles cautiously, still scared of the nurse, and then hurries down the row of beds, getting more and more excited as he approaches the curtained off area at the end-

-The curtains pull back, revealing Lorelei, nearly unconscious in her sickbed-

IGOR

Lorelei-

-Inspector Turpin and Constable Alistair. Igor freezes, confused.

IGOR (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry- I didn't mean to- are you doctors-

TURPIN  
It's quite all right. What brings you here?

IGOR  
I just- I just-

TURPIN  
You know this girl?

IGOR  
I- yes- no- I-

TURPIN  
You knew where to find her, are you with the circus?

IGOR  
I- No, I'm- just a friend-

Turpin looks to Lorelei, who clearly is in no shape to answer questions, much less recognize Igor. Turpin takes a step forward, backing Igor out of the curtained area.

TURPIN  
Hold still a beat.

IGOR  
I- what're you-

Turpin has drawn out an artist's depiction of Victor, and is consulting it against Igor's features.

TURPIN  
Interesting. This girl is being questioned in connection with the rampage of the Blue Meringue Hunchback last night on the Thames.

IGOR  
(*horrified*)  
The- *the what-*

TURPIN  
What did you say your name was?

IGOR  
I didn't- Ig- I'm Igor-

TURPIN  
Igor what.

IGOR  
I- I'm sorry, I have to go-

TURPIN  
What's the hurry?

IGOR  
I have to go- *I have to go-*

Igor turns, nearly walking into a patient, rushing frantically out of the hospital. Constable Alistair pokes his head out.

ALISTAIR  
Strange lad. Probably went to the circus and found himself love-struck, is what I take it. Hunted her down looking to be a benefactor, happens all the time with women like this.

TURPIN  
Maybe. Maybe. "Igor." Hm.

OUTSIDE...

Igor comes crashing out into the street, running blindly, panicked. He tries to orient himself, and comes face to face with one of the **WANTED: HUNCHBACK** posters.

Horrified, he stumbles and trips into the street, spilling his groceries everywhere.

He scrambles to pick them up, and is *nearly run down by a carriage, knocking him into the mud.*

EXT. VICTOR'S FLAT - EVENING

Victor walks up the street, mumbling angrily. He stops in front of his door, composes himself, and then goes in.

INT. VICTOR'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

VICTOR  
Igor, I'm-

Victor stops dead. There's a trail of mud on the floor, which he follows to find Igor sitting in his muddy clothes by the fire, hunched over in a caveman-like squat unbecoming of his new appearance.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Back to the mud so soon?

Igor looks up at him, eyes wide.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
I take it you've seen the posters then. Terrible depiction of me, have my hair all wrong. I'm new to this "criminal" life, but I never suspected they'd attack my vanity.



IGOR  
 ...They think I'm a murderer-

VICTOR  
 Well you're not. And they're not  
 looking for you, are they?

Igor's confusion is obvious.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 They're looking for a piteous,  
 nameless hunchback. A creature who  
 no longer exists. I've seen to  
 that, haven't I?

Igor hesitantly smiles; Victor has a way with words.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 Dinner?

DINING ROOM -  
 LATER.

Victor and Igor are sharing a roast duck.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 Of course I never put much faith in  
 the professors. Father says most  
 of them get their job through crony-  
 ism as is; many of them I fear are  
 drunks, idiots, or worse, close-  
 minded people. I find I have a  
 terrible fear of the close minded  
 and ignorant as they seem to do the  
 most damage to society as a whole.

IGOR  
 (happy about the duck)  
 Mhm.

VICTOR  
 Of course the curriculum is  
 pathetically easy, laughably so; I  
 could even laugh about it now, but  
 to do so would expend more effort  
 than I'm asked to expend of my  
 studies, literally the act of  
 saying "haha" would be more  
 difficult than-

IGOR  
 So you like school then?

VICTOR  
 ...I suppose I do.

IGOR  
 What brought you to the circus?

VICTOR  
 (beat)  
 The animals.

IGOR  
 Oh, you like the animal tricks?  
 They were always my favorite too-

VICTOR  
 Living animals are a bore. It's  
 the dead ones I was after.

IGOR  
 Beg pardon?

VICTOR  
 For parts.  
 (in response to Igor's  
 confusion)  
 I believe an explanation is in  
 order. My interest in you did not  
 stem from charity.  
 (beat)  
 I think it's time you met my  
 monster.

INT. VICTOR'S FLAT - THE STUDY

Victor leads in Igor, turning on the lights. This room is cluttered, but more purposefully than the others; there's a table in the center with several larger objects on it, covered by a sheet.

VICTOR  
 Before I met you, I was hoping to  
 approach Mr. Barnaby about selling  
 me some of his deceased animals.

IGOR  
 To what end? Study?

VICTOR  
 No. Not study.  
 (beat)  
 I am of the strong belief that  
 death can be made a temporary  
 condition.

IGOR  
 But that's im-

VICTOR  
 Improbable, yes, impossible, don't  
 be stupid. Very little is actually  
 impossible. Life is temporary, why  
 should death be any different?

IGOR  
 ...What's under the sheet?

VICTOR

...Life, I've found, is an energy. The fools would call it a spirit or a soul, but it's an energy, an identifiable, quantifiable, reproducible energy. I'd spent every hour of my life in pursuit of this energy, and then, last year, a break through. I am a genius, and I created something that will change the world.

IGOR

...Righto. What's under the sheet?

Victor yanks away the sheet, revealing a small electrical generator...And a set of human eyes, a with an interlaced optical nervous system, suspended in fluid in a fish tank.

IGOR (CONT'D)

Ah-ha.

VICTOR

The eyes are over three months old, and the fluid is electrically conductive jelly. Serves a double function to preserve them, and-well, look, here....

Igor, initially repulsed, goes up and gets a better look as Victor searches through piles of equipment.

IGOR

You've done a shoddy job on the nerves here-

VICTOR

Well, I'm not the surgeon, it's you with the gifted hands- there!

Victor draws out a gizmo from the pile. It's about eight inches long, shaped like a wishbone, with wiring running all over it. At the end of each point of the wishbone are two wrought iron bolts.

Victor immediately begins affixing it to wires extending from the electrical generator. For the first time, Victor seems nervous, unsure; a child showing a new friend their favorite toy, hoping they'll be impressed.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

It's all a matter of conversion, you see; the conversion of pure electrical energy into biological energy, of the same sort that flows through the bodies of the living. Thus my creation of this device, the Lazarus Fork. You see, by running the electrical current through a specially blended variety of metal and sulfates, I've-

IGOR  
You've mastered the conversion.

VICTOR  
Well- I- yes.

IGOR  
Show me.

VICTOR  
I- uh, yes, I shall-

Victor plunges the Lazarus fork into the jelly, and begins turning the crank on the generator; it kicks in, and the electricity begins to flow with a loud rattle and hum.

Igor leans down to the eyes. Victor, excited, goes around and stands next to him.

IGOR  
When does it do...something-

VICTOR  
It has! It is! It- here, look!

Victor draws out a match, and strikes it on the table. The effect is immediate: the eyes turn and focus on the flame. Victor moves it back and forth, and the eyes move to follow.

Victor looks to Igor, nervous.

IGOR  
You are a genius. You have created something that will change the world.

VICTOR  
This is only the beginning.

INT. VICTOR'S FLAT - MOMENTS LATER

Victor leads Igor out into an open area.

VICTOR  
To what degree would you say you understand the function and construction of nerves in the human body?

IGOR  
Well I-

VICTOR  
No tolerance for the humble here, Igor.

IGOR  
I have a complete mastery of the nervous and circulatory systems.  
(MORE)

IGOR (CONT'D)

I am also well versed in the form and structure of the muscles and bones. I also am quite up to date on the deductions made about the function the different parts of the brain serve, although I believe most of the current observations will, in time, prove to be completely wrong.

VICTOR

I- uh- good. Good! Perfect. This will be your workspace. I shall bring you your assignments piecemeal, and you will complete them in a timely manner. I will then apply your projects to a larger whole of my own design. I've also decided to allow you to do my homework assignments for me, thus enhancing your already formidable knowledge. Do you have any questions?

IGOR

...This larger whole. What is it?

VICTOR

That is not your concern-

IGOR

But if my work will go towards it, surely I deserve to-

VICTOR

As I said. This was not charity. Your time here will be earned; what you "deserve" is immaterial, agreed?

IGOR

(after a beat)

...Agreed. I want to help change the world.

Victor smiles, and extends his hand, which Igor tentatively shakes.

WE MOVE INTO A  
MONTAGE AS TIME  
PASSES...

Intercutting between two threads...

1. Turpin's intensifying search for the Hunchback. The wanted posters are getting old and worn, new ones are being plastered up, the reward for information doubling...

And

2. Igor's work. We watch as time and time again Victor brings him moist newly dead flesh (much of it of unidentifiable nature), along with supplies and diagrams of what he wants done. Igor masterfully stitches together skin and tissue, creates artificial nerves and veins with electric wiring and thin rubber tubes...

It's all very gross, but Igor, looking through goggles, magnifying glasses and microscopes, is so into it we can't help but share his enthusiasm.

After each assignment, Victor demonstrates his emphatic approval, before retreating to the basement with the "finished product" (lungs that breath, muscles that twitch, nerves that react) each time slamming the door.

SLAM SLAM SLAM SLAM...

INT. VICTOR'S FLAT

Igor is sitting and drawing; a sketch of Lorelei, floating through the air between two trapeze. The electric lights in the room flicker for a moment, and Igor looks up.

There's a noise at the door, and we see an envelope pushed through the slot. Igor looks around, then hesitantly goes and picks it up. It's marked: I.STRAUSSMAN - URGENT.

Igor moves to set the I.STRAUSSMAN letter on a pile by the door of other mail for Victor's absent roommate, but then falters. He hesitates, and listens for Victor; nothing.

Igor opens the envelope, and scans through the letter inside: **PAYMENT 2 MONTHS OVERDUE. FINAL NOTICE.**

The door to the basement bursts open, startling Igor.

IGOR

This letter for Master Straussman,  
it-

Victor is positively glowing with happiness.

VICTOR

We're going out on the town.

EXT. LONDON - THE WEST END - NIGHT

Victor and Igor head up the street, talking.

VICTOR

I have a tenured membership in the club through my father. He was a charter member, helped to buy the velvet for the seats.

IGOR

You make your father out to be a great man.

VICTOR  
 Esteemed doctor, member of the  
 royal corps of physicians, he's a  
 innovator, he's brilliant.

IGOR  
 Do you think I'll ever get to meet  
 him?

VICTOR  
 Oh I don't- I- I don't know, he's a  
 very busy man, and he- his  
 schedule, you know.

IGOR  
 You mentioned he had a library?

VICTOR  
 The biggest personal collection of  
 medical texts in Britain, yes, you  
 could say he has a library-

IGOR  
 Do you think he has a copy of  
 Thompson's?

VICTOR  
 Thompson's Anatomy? Well, it's  
 rare but, I mean, of course-

IGOR  
 Do you think we could go there, to  
 his library?

VICTOR  
 What's this fixation on Thompson's?

IGOR  
 In the circus, I had a copy. It  
 was a great inspiration to me.

VICTOR  
 Well, I- you know, he doesn't let  
 me- give me access, I'm just a  
 young man- he'd be so angry if he  
 found out I'd been touching his  
 books- oh, look, here we are!

They've come up on **THE EXETER**, an extremely fancy (and hip,  
 and fun, and crowded) looking club.

IGOR  
 Oh...Master Victor, I don't know if  
 I'm suited for all this-

VICTOR  
 Pishposh. All you need to do is  
 keep your back straight, your words  
 clean, and try your damndest not to  
 embarrass me.

SMASH CUT TO:

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 BABIES GROWN IN VATS.

INT. THE EXETER - CONTINUOUS

Victor is **WASTED**, sitting in a corner booth with Igor and a few girls. The club is awesome, and packed; the girls are pretty damn hot, too, but they're mostly focused on Igor, who himself is trying not to notice, instead focusing on Victor.

IGOR  
 (laughing)  
 Victor why does this idea fascinate  
 you?

VICTOR  
 I'm just saying the act- of  
 FERTILIZATION- can take place out  
 side of the woman's body. The  
 sperm, the sperm can move-  
 (hiccup)  
 The sperms can move into the egg,  
 say, in a saucer, some sort of  
 heated basin-

SEXY SOCIETY GIRL  
 And where does the mother figure  
 into this, then?

VICTOR  
 Well, you'd- after you impregnate  
 the egg, you get a funnel- and then  
 you...you know- *into the woman-*

SEXY SOCIETY REDHEAD  
 Oh, that's just wretched.

VICTOR  
 IT'S THE FUTURE! Igor, tell them,  
 assist me in this, this valuable  
 endeavor.

Igor doesn't respond; he's staring across the club to the bar...

...Where **Lorelei stands**. She looks **stunning**. Gone is all the muck and grime of the circus, though she still wears a sling over her injured arm.

IGOR  
*Ladiesyoullhavetoexcuseme*



Both women groan in disappointment but Igor is already up and gone, clumsily pushing his way through the club. He gets to the bar; *she's gone!* No, there she is, headed up the stairs-

INT. THE EXETER - UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Igor catches up to Lorelei at the top of the stairs; she turns, sensing his presence before he can say anything. They stand there deadlocked in silence, staring at each other.

She suddenly embraces him; Igor is shocked. She whispers into his ear, her words fraught with emotion.

LORELEI  
You saved my life. You saved my  
life.

Igor let's out a sigh of complete relief.

LATER...

Igor and Lorelei are hanging out, leaning on one of the balconies over the club; they're completely relaxed, talking like old friends, or, more accurately, refugees.

IGOR  
Penham Mall? That's really fancy,  
though, isn't it?

LORELEI  
Oh, you know, just the richest  
section of London. Haha, I'm  
sorry, I'm awful.

IGOR  
You can be awful when you look  
great, isn't that the way people  
behave?

LORELEI  
High praise from a bloke who's  
twice the man he used to be, in  
height alone.

IGOR  
Well, I, uh- I don't really- um- So  
does he intend to marry you?

LORELEI  
Who, Baron Bomine? I think you  
misunderstand our relationship-

IGOR  
Do I?

LORELEI  
Oh, and now I see a glint of hope  
in your eye.



Igor looks to Lorelei, trying to hold back a laugh. She doesn't do as well holding back. The ruckus downstairs continues; Victor's pissed off some jerk.

IGOR  
Ah, it looks like he may need my-

LORELEI  
But of course.

Igor starts to go, but then stops.

IGOR  
Listen, we're right in the West  
End, on Verner Street.

LORELEI  
Forty Five Penham Lane.

IGOR  
So we'll see each other again.

LORELEI  
Yes. Definitely.

IGOR  
My name is Igor.

VICTOR (O.S.)  
*YOU ARE A BEASTLY, BEASTLY MAN*

There's a crash downstairs. Igor turns and rushes off, leaving Lorelei in a very pleasant state of shock.

LORELEI  
"Igor."

EXT. LONDON - ALLEY

Victor is puking into a pile of garbage, while Igor stands next to him, patting his back.

VICTOR  
People are such animals, you  
know...I don't understand them, I  
admit this, to some degree. I  
don't know the things to say to  
make them like me, or- not like me,  
I don't care if they like me-

IGOR  
It's all right.

VICTOR  
What?

IGOR  
It's all right to care if people  
like you. I like you.

VICTOR  
 I...like you, as well. Yes.  
 (beat, straightens up)  
 Igor, tonight was not meaningless  
 frivolity. It is a celebration.

IGOR  
 ...What are we celebrating?

INT. VICTOR'S FLAT - THE BASEMENT

The electric lights flicker and hum to life, illuminating the most sinister, fascinating place you've ever seen. The walls are covered in makeshift electrical equipment, some of it very clearly decades, maybe even centuries ahead of its time.

Mixed in with this are all manner of medical instruments and tools, as well as charts of human and animal anatomy. Perhaps most creepy of all is the fact that large portions of the room are covered in red-brown stains.

Blood.

Victor comes rushing down the stairs, nearly falling.

VICTOR  
 Come on, come on!

Igor hesitates at the top of the stairs, then slowly comes down. Victor, meanwhile, primes a bunch of electrical generators...all hooked into something on a table, under a sheet, in the center of the room.

IGOR  
 What is that?

VICTOR  
 Under this bedsheet is the product  
 of ten years study, laborious hours  
 spent over books and tinkering with  
 electrical machines-

Igor approaches the table and Victor *rips off the sheet...*

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 I present to you: **Gordon!**

The...thing...called **Gordon** most closely resembles a chimpanzee, but a glance shows it to be something else entirely.

This is a patchwork monster, cobbled and stitched together from mostly chimp flesh, but with parts that are definitely cheetah, as well as other unidentifiable bits and pieces. A lot of it appears sloppy; electrical wiring and tubes are visible all over the body, and the whole thing looks ready to fall apart.

As Igor tries to process, Victor goes back to the machines.

IGOR  
You...you made this-

VICTOR  
No. **We** made this.

Igor's eyes go over the creature, pinpointing all of his work; it's all gone to this monstrosity. Victor primes machines, and they begin to hum and whir loudly.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
The lungs, the spine, the heart,  
*the brain*, all your work. All  
impossible without you, as a matter  
of fact. Are you ready?

Igor is clearly horrified; what has he been party to?

IGOR  
Victor, I don't- What is this? You  
said this was about *life*, not death-

VICTOR  
Stand back.

Victor throws a massive switch, and there's a *sharp buzz of electricity!* We see arcs and loops of blue energy zap across suspended cables, **slamming** into connectors on the bolts in Gordon's neck.

Igor leaps back, startled. Steam rises off Gordon's body. The machines wind down. Victor approaches slowly.

IGOR  
...What-

VICTOR  
*Look. Listen.*

Igor looks and listens...and is amazed. Gordon is *alive*. Only marginally, but yes...the chest rises and falls. The eyes, horrible and monstrous, are open, and blinking.

Igor's shock and excitement is palpable. He runs his hands over its flesh and puts his ear to its chest, listening to the slow beating of the heart.

He looks down at the animal; there's an odd peace about it, an innocence.

IGOR  
It's...alive.

VICTOR  
It's alive.

IGOR  
....Victor-

VICTOR

It can't quite move; the charge only lasts about an hour, and the body is mostly rudimentary mock up-

IGOR

This is- Victor- you've created life from nothing, don't you see how impor-

VICTOR

Tomorrow you shall accompany me to the college. I've announced that I will be making a presentation of my private studies-

IGOR

I- to the college- as your assistant?

VICTOR

Assis- Igor, don't be an idiot. You're my partner.

Igor is completely overwhelmed.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MEDICINE - MORNING

The main building of the college is on a big, beautiful campus. Victor and Igor are unloading the big gurney off the top of a coach, the bedsheet tied down tightly.

Victor hands Igor down the heavy dynamo equipment, and Igor looks up at the college. It's everything he'd ever dreamed.

FLASH TO:

Igor and Victor are rolling the gurney up one of the school's hallways.

VICTOR

(loudly)

Presentation! Big presentation in hall H!

The school is mostly empty. The students who are there seem at best disinterested, at worst disgusted. Igor notices, but stays quiet.

INT. HALL H

Victor and Igor stand at the front of the big lecture hall. The Gordon-Gurney and the dynamo are all set up. Victor is addressing the audience.

Igor is clearly uncomfortable, and concerned about his friend. Victor's voice has a new element to it: a nervous tremor that we haven't heard before.

VICTOR

Since the beginning of modern medicine, there has been an assumption regarding the nature of mortality, that being- that being that death is an unavoidable event whose inevitability should be taken for granted. I aim to show that life is not some heavenly grace given to us by an all-powerful god- but no- no instead that it is something natural-

FINNEGAN (O.S.)

Get on with it!

We pan to reveal that the hall is nearly empty; of two hundred seats, only seven are filled. They all look disinterested and bored.

In the back is **Michael FINNEGAN**, 21, dressed in only the finest clothes, refined, handsome and posh, a child of wealth with an accent so upper-crust he makes Victor and Igor sound like they're from Michigan.

His outburst draws some laughs from the crowd.

VICTOR

Ah- uh, yes- indeed, I will- Igor, start up the dynamo.

IGOR

Yes, Master.

VICTOR

I present to you! I present to all of you here, the brave few who came-

FINNEGAN

The brave few, poppycock! It's the beginning of Christmas recess, of course there's no one here Frankenstein! I have a coach waiting! Who else is keeping their coach waiting?

There are some murmurs of agreement from the others. Igor primes the dynamo.

VICTOR

I present to you, life by my own creation!

Victor yanks the bedsheet down. The reveal of Gordon (dead and lifeless) has a definite effect on the crowd: **negative**; murmurs of disgust, and two students get up and leave.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

(hurriedly)

I built this homunculus out of parts primarily taken by from the London Zoo, which has had much difficulty in care of their exotic animals. He is primarily- primarily chimpanzee, but with help from my partner Igor, we have interlaced multiple individuals, *multiple species*- Igor is it ready, good- If you'll all come closer, please.

The remaining four students come down, grudgingly, mumbling. Finnegan stays right where he is.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

And now, through the miracle of electricity: **life!**

Igor fires the dynamo. The effect is immediate, and unexpected.

**Dozens of flies explode out from all over Gordon!** The four students swear and shout their disgust, heading out.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

No no- wait, don't- Igor, shock him again, harder.

Igor shocks Gordon again. Everyone's left except Finnegan, who begins applauding.

FINNEGAN

Frankenstein, you have lived up to your father's reputation, to your own expansive mythos of strangeness and perversion! Delightful! Spectacular, just- an exquisite show of depraved lunacy-

VICTOR

**Again, harder!**

Igor shocks Gordon again, nothing, and Victor **shoves him out of the way, amps the dynamo all the way, SHOCKS HIM AGAIN...**

Nothing.

FINNEGAN

Oh, so the show isn't over? I must say though, you'll be hard pressed to beat the flies, a really inspired moment of grotesque revulsion-

Victor shocks Gordon again, STILL NOTHING. The generator sputters and dies, spitting out acrid black smoke.



FINNEGAN (CONT'D)  
 What do you have planned next,  
 perhaps a midget is hidden inside  
 your rotting meat sculpture's  
 stomach, ready to pop out with a  
 bouquet of ro-

Gordon groans.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)  
 Ro- ...roses...

Gordon...blinks.

VICTOR  
 Ha! You see it's-

Gordon's right arm **RIPS FREE OF THE RESTRAINTS, SMASHING VICTOR AND SENDING HIM FLAILING BACKWARDS INTO A BLACKBOARD, WHICH CRACKS IN HALF ON HIS IMPACT.**

IGOR  
 VIC-

*The other arm tears loose, grabs Igor and flings him into the generator. He collapses, dazed.*

Oh shit.

Finnegan stands, watching as Gordon finishes ripping itself free from the gurney.

FINNEGAN  
 I say.

Finnegan, fearless with the entitled bravado of the truly wealthy, rushes down to Gordon as it gets up.

**Gordon turns on him, leaping up onto the podium ahead of him and blocking his path-**

He stands perfectly still. Gordon **ROARS**, an unnatural, painful sound, and Finnegan falls on his ass, before the creature turns and gracefully springboards off the wall, crashing out through a window to the roof.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)  
 By jove. Brilliant.

Igor, frantic, races to the shattered window, looking out after Gordon, then goes to Victor, who's groggily getting up.

IGOR  
 The creature-

VICTOR  
 Did you see? Incredible!

Victor can't stand, he's too woozy from the hit.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Better than I possibly could have  
hoped for-

IGOR  
But it's free! It's- ***dangerous!***

VICTOR  
Yes, marvellous-

IGOR  
Victor, we have to stop it-

Igor turns and Victor grabs him roughly by the sleeve.

VICTOR  
*No. You mustn't let any harm come  
to it. It's my creation, it's more  
important than any the lives of any  
of the idiots at this school.*

There's a moment of very intense eye contact, and then Igor  
yanks his arm away, and Victor falls.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
*Damn it Igor!*

Igor rushes out onto the roof.

AND WE FOLLOW  
HIM

Out onto the perilous, sloping shingled tiles of the school's  
roof. Gordon, a creature never meant for full mobility, has  
started ***leaking. Badly.***

He's left a trail of blood that Igor hurries to follow,  
nearly slipping a few times on the tiles turning a corner and  
finding Gordon perched on a chimney, looking down at a  
courtyard full of students with their bags, waiting to go  
home for winter break.

It has a bloodlust in its eyes, the crazed violence of an  
insane animal never meant to exist; it starts to head down  
towards the courtyard, growling...

Igor, having the epiphany that he has no idea how to stop  
this thing, skids to a halt in the soot of the chimney.

IGOR  
H-...Hello, I-

Gordon turns abruptly, and ***SCREAMS, charging down the roof,  
ripping up roof tiles and flinging them at Igor,*** who turns,  
scrambling away, but Gordon quickly overtakes him, tackling  
him and sending them both tumbling violently down towards the  
ledge.

The fall has a bizarre, unsettling effect on Gordon; the  
creature's patchwork body, not intended for this, has started  
to come apart!

Igor and Gordon fall over the edge, but Igor catches himself, dangling by one hand over a fifteen foot drop to the roof of the school's greenhouse.

Gordon **COMES OUT OF NOWHERE**, swinging at him easily and gracefully, SLASHING WILDLY. The blows knock Igor's grip loose, and tear his shirt, exposing the backbrace beneath; dangling this way Igor is defenseless, and he has to take the hits as they come, until-

GORDON LEAPS ENTIRELY ONTO IGOR, causing them both to **plummet down onto**

#### THE GREENHOUSE

-shattering a large portion of it. Igor is left laying dazed across the rickety framework. He slowly pushes himself to his feet, forced to go back to his circus training; on these thin steel beams, it's practically a tightrope.

IGOR (CONT'D)

All right.....where'd you  
go...where'd you-

Gordon **BURSTS UP THROUGH A PANEL TO HIS RIGHT**, taking a wild swing, and Igor is forced to hurry his treacherous progress, trying to make it to a nearby roof. Meanwhile, Gordon is easily monkeying around **upside-down on the interior ceiling of the greenhouse, smashing through panels to take wild swings at Igor.**

Igor makes the leap to the roof, and Gordon comes smashing into him from behind; the impact is enough to literally knock one of Igor's shoes off, but his training as a clown helps him to roll with the impact.

Gordon roars again, and *charges once more*; a chase begins over the roof of the college, which we the audience along with Igor realize is actually many buildings, built only a few feet apart.

Igor, jumping these gaps with this monstrosity mere seconds behind him and gaining, realizes what he has to do.

Jumping past a wind-vein, Igor rips it free, and at the next gap, **URNS AND BASHES GORDON ACROSS THE FACE.**

Gordon is disoriented mid-jump, and begins to fall into the gap between the buildings, **BUT GRABS IGOR, PULLING HIM DOWN TOO-**

#### BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS

The space is incredibly claustrophobic, their fall slowed by impacts against both walls- For a terrifying moment Igor is trapped against the monster's bosom, but he fights free-

Bracing himself against the walls, Igor tries to make it to the edge as the still-falling monster grabs at him- again Igor braces himself but his knees are at his chest, and the monster pulls him down further, it finally hitting the ground-

Igor tries to move over it; it hits him, **HARD**, dazing him but pushing him to the edge- Gordon yanks itself towards him, not caring about the flesh being sheared away, he's doomed, it-

The dazed Igor is *yanked out*

INTO A PATCH OF  
DIRT BY THE  
STABLES

Igor lays there dazed, watching helplessly as Gordon begins to pull itself free, snarling and roaring in rage, one arm **grabbing Igor's leg-**

**WHAM.** A shovel comes down Gordon's wrist, and he jerks back his arm, taking a swing instead at

**VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN, wielding a shovel.** Again we see the easy, serpentine way Victor can dodge; he ghosts around three huge swings from the monster's free arm, and then brings the shovel crashing down on its head-

*-and again-*

*-and again and again and again AND AGAIN AND AGAIN-*

IGOR (CONT'D)  
*Victor! It's dead, it's dead!*

Victor, covered in the creature's blood, his hair hanging in sweaty strands, hunched over and breathing hard, looks at Igor. He drops the shovel.

IGOR (CONT'D)  
You killed it. You...you killed it-

VICTOR  
Of course.  
(beat)  
I couldn't let it hurt you, could I?

Igor and Victor stare at each other, realizing with equal parts fear and enthusiasm how little each of them knows about the true nature of the other.

FINNEGAN  
*Clean that damn thing up.*

Finnegan *runs up*, possibly the most exercise he's ever had, followed by his huge, fancy coach.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)  
*I've had my men collect your  
 equipment from the hall, now clean  
 that thing up and get it into the  
 carriage, quick.*

VICTOR  
 What? Why?

FINNEGAN  
*Just do it!*

Victor stares at him, looking completely insane, and Finnegan is correctly intimidated.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)  
 Because you're two mad *bloody*  
*geniuses*, and it would be a  
 tremendous waste to see you hauled  
 off to Scotland Yard.

Victor looks to Igor. Igor looks to Victor. Victor offers Igor his hand, and Igor takes it.

Victor pulls him to his feet.

CLOSE ON:

Fingers, fidgeting with a crucifix, turning it around and around, end over end.

INT. GREENHOUSE - SUNSET

Inspector Turpin is here with Alistair, amongst all the broken glass, as they talk to an elderly **GROUNDSKEEPER**.

Turpin's red-eyed, anemic condition appears slightly worse; he's distracted, not really paying attention to the Groundskeeper, instead looking up at the shattered roof, osmosing the scene, fidgeting with his cross.

GROUNDSKEEPER  
 We didn't expect to have a real  
 Inspector from the yard out, you  
 see, we just thought there would be  
 a few bobbies to make a report of  
 the damages.

ALISTAIR  
 Inspector Turpin and I are here  
 because he believes- we believe  
 there might be a connection to an  
 ongoing investigation.

Turpin notices something on the wall, and gets up onto a table, trying to get a better look at the roof. He reaches up and touches something on the shattered window.

GROUNDSKEEPER

Oh, I nary think it's anything so serious, probably just some hooligans out for a laugh before christma-

Turpin raises his hand, which is covered in blood.

TURPIN

Hooligans.

GROUNDSKEEPER

*Good christ-*

TURPIN

Constable, give me a lift would you?

MOMENTS LATER,  
ON THE ROOF...

Turpin has pulled himself up out onto the shattered roof, Constable Alistair clumsily following. Turpin begins making his way further up the roof.

ALISTAIR

Inspector, I don't think it's safe that we should-

TURPIN

Oh come now, I'm making easy work of it, and I haven't slept in days.

ALISTAIR

...You haven't been sleeping?

TURPIN

A slip of the tongue. It's just been a difficult time. Not enough money in this job; a christly occupation, to be certain, but I can't afford a sitter to watch my Rebecca, and it's...taxing, on the mind. I've been having nightmares, as well.

ALISTAIR

Well, the case has gone mostly cold. Sir, if you need a break, I'm sure myself or Inspector Walton could take over-

Turpin hoists himself up onto the next level of the roof, noticing Igor's shoe and picking it up as he goes.

TURPIN

Don't be silly, Ali; what do you think the nightmares are...about...

ALISTAIR

Inspector? Something wrong?

Alistair hurriedly pulls himself up onto the roof after Turpin, and sees Turpin, still clutching the shoe, staring at the glaringly obvious trail of blood and destruction, bizarre and horrifying in the darkening daylight.

ALISTAIR (CONT'D)

Dear god.

TURPIN

...Mostly cold indeed.

INT. VICTOR'S FLAT

Victor and Igor are arguing; it's the first time this has ever happened.

IGOR

It was bloody homicidal!

VICTOR

*There was no way I could've known-*

IGOR

But Victor you could've helped, you could've done something-

VICTOR

I did do something, I saved your life! What was I meant to do, spring up like a jack-in-the-box after it pummeled me into a wall, say how-ya-do and take it down with a crisp uppercut? *What did you want-*

IGOR

You said you didn't care about the people at the school! The other students-

VICTOR

Stop going on about "people" being "in danger" and you being "thrown off a building," Igor, *we made real progress today!*

Finnegan emerges from the attic door. Igor starts a rebuttal, but Victor raises a hand, and Igor's subservient instincts guide him to silence. They look to Finnegan.

FINNEGAN

Am I to understand you...built all that?

VICTOR

That's correct.

FINNEGAN

And you...Mr. Straussman, you were responsible for conglomerating the organic tissue of the creature I saw today?

IGOR

I-  
(looks to Victor)  
Yes, that's right.

Finnegan's next words are measured to the millimeter.

FINNEGAN

I...apologize, Victor. I had...misjudged you. Your flaws, though they are glaring and massive are...merely **social**, not intellectual. I find your work astonishing, innovative, and...to be perfectly frank...brilliant beyond my own ability to comprehend.

There's a beat, and Finnegan takes a deep breath.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

As you know, I come from the third richest family in England. Could you create another one, like Gordon?

IGOR

*Like Gordon?*

FINNEGAN

Well, no. A man. Something capable of following orders.

IGOR

No, that's ridicu-

VICTOR

We'll do it. We can do it.

FINNEGAN

Is there a hesitation, Igor?

IGOR

This technology is not meant for-

VICTOR

*There is no hesitation.*

Finnegan gives Igor a short glance, chuckling.

FINNEGAN

I have the means to back you in your experiments on much larger scale.

(MORE)



FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

All of them, Igor, this artificial man would just be a starting point. You're certain you're-

VICTOR

He's certain.

FINNEGAN

Hah, very well. I'll want another demonstration, more controlled. I want to know that you can follow direction. Take orders, so to speak. Is this a problem?

VICTOR

No.

FINNEGAN

Excellent. Expect to hear from me soon.

Finnegan leaves, and Igor stares angrily at Victor. Victor turns on him abruptly, and before Igor can speak he's immediately caught in a paralyzingly crisp stream of words.

VICTOR

You did not create this technology, yet you *presume to tell me how to use it? Know your place.* I will not let your own ignorance of the world at large stand in the way of the progress of my experiments.

IGOR

But Victor, surely-

VICTOR

Have you already forgotten what I did for you at the circus?

Igor falls silent.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

*This is my destiny, this is your destiny, Finnegan is our only ally and we will build him a whole damn zoo of homunculi if it means furthering our research, am I understood?*

IGOR

...Yes Mast- Yes Victor.

INT. VICTOR'S FLAT - BASEMENT LAB

Igor slowly comes down the stairs. Victor, wearing a lab-coat, is working in near total darkness, lit by sparks.

He's standing over the operating table, which has a new sheet over it; something under the sheet writhes and twists bizarrely.

VICTOR

So glad you could be here. I want to show you my newest creation.

Igor moves forward; there's strange, muted growling from beneath the sheet. Igor looks to Victor, who grabs the sheet and yanks it off, revealing...

***The Hunchback, dirty in his tattered clown uniform, writhing in his restraints on the table!***

*The Hunchback turns to Igor and let's out Gordon's hideous, mechanical scream!*

SMASH TO:

INT. VICTOR'S FLAT - IGOR'S ROOM

Igor snaps awake in bed, breathing hard. He calms himself down, and then looks out the window, at dawn over London.

EXT. BARON BOMINE'S RESIDENCE - MORNING

The huge house is beautiful, led into by a long driveway. Igor stands at the edge of this drive, clearly nervous, fidgeting. A butler comes walking up the drive to get the mail, and Igor, frantic, jumps into a bush to try to hide.

The butler reaches the end of the drive, picks up the mail, and then casually turns to Igor in the bush.

BUTLER

Can I help you, sir?

IGOR

I...uh...I'm here to see Lorelei.

BUTLER

Master Igor, I presume.

Igor falters, surprised, and then smiles.

EXT. THE THAMES - RIVERSIDE

Igor and Lorelei, looking positively scorching hot, walk together up a walkway on the side of the Thames.

LORELEI

Well why don't you just tell him you won't do it?

VICTOR

It's not- I owe him everything, I can't just-

LORELEI

Why not? You said he identifies you as his partner.

IGOR

(quietly)

Yes...

LORELEI

I don't know, if you ask me the whole business sounds sinister. Cutting up corpses? Bringing people back from the grave? I'm not a scientist nor a priest, but doesn't it seem wrong to you? Against nature?

IGOR

No, no...It's about *life*, not death.

Igor and Lorelei are coming up a bridge to cross it, and Igor realizes privately that it's the **same bridge he jumped off** in his circus escape. They stop, looking out over the dyes.

IGOR (CONT'D)

Victor dreams of a world filled with hope, instead of fear. A world where a mother who dies during childbirth can live to see her son, where a murdered man can personally identify his murderer. Where a paralyzed soldier with shrapnel embedded in his spine can be killed, healed, and then be brought back to life to walk again. The possibilities are endless...

LORELEI

Yes but Igor...what do you want? What is your place in this dream?

IGOR

...Enough about me. What's next for you?

Lorelei gives him a look, but then laughs.

LORELEI

Honestly? I was thinking of starting to give lessons...maybe even starting a school.

IGOR

Trapeze?

LORELEI

No, very few high society girls enjoy...trapeze, more dance.

(MORE)

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
 Gymnastics and dance, all the  
 things I know best- I could never  
 go back to a circus, to that life-

Lorelei stops, seeming to gather herself.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
 I must- I must- you were my closest  
 friend, for three years I knew you  
 as "the hunchback-"

IGOR  
 That's over now-

LORELEI  
 But the things I saw and- Igor can  
 you ever forgive me, I'm so sorry-

IGOR  
 You shouldn't apologize-

LORELEI  
 No, I should. *I should I should*  
 (is overcome)  
 I saw the way they treated you,  
 sleeping in that rail car and-

IGOR  
 Lorelei-

LORELEI  
 The beatings, you'd come around  
 covered in bruises, I did nothing  
*oh I did nothing*, because I was too  
**afraid** and, and selfish-

IGOR  
 Lorelei it's all right-

LORELEI  
 But that's your nature to say "it's  
 all right," you're too forgiving-

IGOR  
*What were you going to do? Take it*  
*up with management? Who was there*  
*to tell? Who was there to turn to?*  
*If you'd come to my aid Nathaniel,*  
*Rafferty and the rest...I never*  
***blamed you. Not once. Ever.***

Igor let's this sink in. They look down over bridge, to  
 where the dyes are pouring into the water, coloring it  
 purple, blue, red, green...

IGOR (CONT'D)  
 Besides, we're here now, aren't we?  
 We're here and we're beautiful.

LORELEI

(collecting herself)

What I'm saying is you mustn't allow anyone to bully you, ever again. If you think Victor is on the wrong road, you must make a stand. Don't let yourself be anyone's footstool, ever again. Promise me.

Igor blinks; he's somewhat in shock.

IGOR

I...I promise.

There's a beat. They're staring into each other's eyes. There should be a kiss here. There isn't.

EXT. VICTOR'S FLAT - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Igor is confidently approaching the door; he reaches out to open it, but then takes a beat.

IGOR

(mutter under his breath)

Victor...truly respect me as a scientist...something you can't control...

Someone loudly clears their throat behind him, startling Igor into a little yelp.

There stands **Doctor Claus Von FRANKENSTEIN**, late 50s early 60s, lean and gray, with a demeanor so cold his breath has a wind chill factor.

FRANKENSTEIN

Igor. You look...slimmer. I see you've finally organized your hair.

(beat)

You know your parents are worried sick about you, I assume. Tina has been in regular correspondence.

IGOR

...I'm sorry, I don't-

FRANKENSTEIN

Is Victor here.

IGOR

Yes, I-

FRANKENSTEIN

Very well.

INT. VICTOR'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Victor sits at his desk; he's engrossed in drawing something, a blueprint. He's fully absorbed in it, and doesn't look up when Igor enters.

VICTOR  
Where have you been? Do you really think it's wise that you go gallivanting about on the town when there's a manhunt-

FRANKENSTEIN  
Victor.

VICTOR  
I'm busy- *father!*?

Victor jumps up in such boyish haste he nearly knocks over his work table.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Hello.

VICTOR  
You- you came for Christmas-

FRANKENSTEIN  
No, Victor. Sit down.

VICTOR  
I- yes, of course, please.

FRANKENSTEIN  
(to Igor)  
**Leave.**

Igor looks to Victor; shit, there goes his chance to confront him. He goes up the stairs, but then stops at the top, surreptitiously eavesdropping as Victor and his father sit by the fire.

VICTOR  
Father, I'm so excited to tell you, I've had great breakthroughs with my experiments-

Frankenstein talks into the fire, never once addressing Victor; throughout their discussion Victor leans further and further forward in his chair, trying to force himself into his father's eye-line.

FRANKENSTEIN  
I don't care.

VICTOR  
My theories- listen father, my theories, they were all correct-

FRANKENSTEIN

I don't care about your disastrous experiments or your poorly researched theories-

VICTOR

Haha, yes, but that's what I'm-

FRANKENSTEIN

**Victor, silence.**

Victor falls quiet, the smile dripping off of his face.

FRANKENSTEIN (CONT'D)

When you were *smaller* I always had a great anxiety about you. Your mother and myself always saw that you had a capacity to **ruin** things. Do you remember all the things you **ruined**.

VICTOR

I-

FRANKENSTEIN

Do you recall what I said about your experiments.

VICTOR

Yes-

FRANKENSTEIN

I said your experiments were of ill repute. I told you not to become a doctor. The modern doctor is a wasteful man, I said, many times. He cannot accept that death is the inevitable, inescapable conclusion of life. He tries to "beat the reaper." This is futile. I have told you this many thousands of times throughout your childhood, as it is a lesson, as you know, that cost me a great deal.

VICTOR

But- you see that's what I wanted to tell you, I've done it- I mean I can show you, I've finally...

Claus stares at Victor. Victor freezes in the gaze of the one person he clearly most wants to impress..

FRANKENSTEIN

Yesterday I received a telegram, informing me that you are to be called before the board of directors of the college. They say you **neglect** schoolwork. They say you behave **strangely**. They intend to expel you. Did you know this?

VICTOR  
I- expel me, they can't-

FRANKENSTEIN  
**Can't they?**

VICTOR  
...Father...if you just listen to  
me, I...I...

FRANKENSTEIN  
You what?

VICTOR  
I-

FRANKENSTEIN  
Luckily you are of age where I no  
longer need to take responsibility  
for your faults and failings. If  
the board asks me to speak in your  
hearing, I will tell them you never  
should have been admitted in the  
first place.

Victor sits staring at his father.

VICTOR  
I...I'm so sorry father.

FRANKENSTEIN  
Apologies. Are. Meaningless. How  
many times must I tell you.

Frankenstein stands up and leaves, just like that, leaving  
Victor sitting, silent. Igor, upstairs, clearly doesn't know  
what to do next.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - TURPIN'S OFFICE

Turpin's office is messy, clearly the den of a hardworking  
man. He's sitting at the desk alongside his daughter  
**REBECCA**, 9 years old. She's adorable, currently playing with  
Turpin's magnifying glass.

He leans to and makes a face at her through it. She laughs,  
delighted.

Alistair enters, holding a sheet of paper.

ALISTAIR  
Results on the shoe are back,  
Inspector- oh, hello Miss Rebecca-

REBECCA  
(peering at him through  
the magnifier)  
Hello Mister Alistair.



TURPIN  
I couldn't find a sitter. Busy  
night. Let me see.

Turpin grabs the list, going over it.

ALISTAIR  
Custom job, like you thought.  
Tailor made by Red Crescent  
Cobblers, only six made in that  
size in the last two years-

TURPIN  
Ha. Well would you look at that.  
(flips the list over)  
"Igor."

INT. VICTOR'S FLAT - VICTOR'S ROOM - LATER

The sun is setting. Victor is staring at it through his  
window. He's a million miles away, lost in the labyrinth of  
his own brain, mumbling to himself.

IGOR  
So what's this then?

Victor's startled; he turns to see Igor holding the blueprint  
he was working on.

VICTOR  
Finnegan's project. An artificial  
man, a modern Prometheus...it's  
stupid. The research is pointless.

Igor looks at Victor; he's pathetic, sitting there like a  
child. His father's words split him down the middle. Igor  
seems to steel himself...

...but then stops, his own kindheartedness winning out.

IGOR  
It's also not big enough.

VICTOR  
...what-

IGOR  
Oh nothing, never mind-

VICTOR  
No, I- what do you mean?

Igor turns the blueprint around; it's a human body, or  
rather, *instructions for building one.*

IGOR  
Gordon was fast, sure...but he  
couldn't muster much strength at  
all. Seemed to be having a hard  
time breathing-

Victor perks up just a tiny bit.

VICTOR  
Embolisms, in the lungs, of course!  
With that much raw energy coursing  
through the body the organs  
overtaxed themselves, would've been  
dead in ten minutes shovel or no!

IGOR  
But if we're going to build  
something that we want to live and  
stay alive, we're going to need  
more energy. Tons more energy.

VICTOR  
Yes. But what could possibly  
generate-

IGOR  
Lightning? VICTOR  
***Lightning!***

Victor sits up scrambling through his messy desk.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
I have just the thing- one of my  
earliest designs for the Lazarus  
sucked energy out of the air,  
surely a larger version could,  
create a static burst similar to  
lightning, or, in theory-

He finds the blueprint he was looking for; a menacing spikey  
mad science rig labelled "The Cloud Hook."

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
How would it handle the energy- I  
mean we can't simply make bigger  
organs-

IGOR  
Two sets of lungs.

VICTOR  
Ha! Aha! Yes, brilliant! Not  
just lungs, either, two hearts, as  
well, keep the blood flowing  
through that bigger body!

IGOR  
Shall I get some whiskey-

VICTOR  
*Yes! Do that!*

IN THE LIVING  
ROOM, LATER...

Victor has pulled a chalkboard into the living room. The two  
of them are drinking, laughing, diagramming their creation.

IGOR  
He'll need a broad head- maybe an  
elephant skull-

VICTOR  
Yes, to house all the electrical  
stabilizing equipment- maybe we  
could just make our own skull-

IGOR  
Make our own-

LATER...

Drunker.

IGOR (CONT'D)  
The bones will have to be  
reenforced; we can shape elk, maybe-

VICTOR  
And we can give him a great...great  
flat head-

IGOR  
Yes, and then, install, a chess  
board across the top of his head-

VICTOR  
Yes so that I shall beat you at  
chess whilst riding on the  
shoulders of my glorious behemoth-

LATER...

Drunkest. Igor holding himself up on the board, Victor  
perched awkwardly in the chair, both of them unable to talk  
or breathe through laughter.

IGOR  
*GREAT- GIANT BOSOMS- ALL OVER-*

VICTOR  
*YES AND WE SHALL- SHALL INSTALL  
SADDLES TO RIDE ON THE- BREASTS-  
GIANT BREASTS AND PEOPLE WILL say  
"here come Igor and Victor and  
their masterpiece of tits"-*

SLAM TO:

Igor, fast asleep on the floor of his bedroom. There's  
noises from downstairs. Igor, shoeless and bedraggled,  
checks the clock: 3:46 AM.

INT. VICTOR'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Igor cautiously makes his way down the stairs, seeing Victor,  
fully dressed, headed out the door.

IGOR  
Where are you going?

VICTOR  
Oh, you're awake. I didn't want to disturb you. Finnegan's called us in for our second test.

IGOR  
What? Now?

VICTOR  
Yes, apparently it's quite urgent.

IGOR  
Well let me-

VICTOR  
Igor, there's no time.

Victor turns and starts to head out the door.

IGOR  
But I don't even- wait! Victor!

SMASH TO:

Igor, still shoeless, in a carriage next to Victor as it goes through the streets. He looks understandably pensive.

INT. DETTWEILER'S LAB

It's a big warehouse space; all the lights are out, except for a few at the back, which faintly illuminate moving figures.

Igor and Victor enter at the darkened side, and bright white electrical bulbs flicker to life, revealing a pristinely clean, high tech laboratory and machine shop.

Over at the far end, we can see Finnegan, standing around a table with a bunch of well-appointed men in labcoats.

FINNEGAN  
Excellent! You made it. This way, right this way.

Finnegan beckons them, and Victor starts quickly moving through the lab, Igor behind him, amazed by all the different equipment.

They approach the crowd of scientists, and Finnegan smiles; they're gathered around a little dirty bundle on the table.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)  
So glad you could make it. This is Fritz Dettweiler, the man I told you about, Victor. Fritz, this is Victor Frankenstein, Igor Straussman.

Igor awkwardly extends a hand to **Fritz DETTWEILER**, late 40s, a gaunt, wispy German man with the countenance of a skeleton. He glances at Igor's outstretched hand, disinterested.

DETTWEILER

I do not normally work with a partner, much less two. Young Finnegan reached me through his father's company. He has told me you young men can do things, wondrous things with **flesh**. Perhaps too wondrous to be believed.

FINNEGAN

Dettweiler's an engineer.

DETTWEILER

The foremost engineer in Europe.

VICTOR

That seems a bit of a reach.

DETTWEILER

*As does the ability to reanimate the dead.*

Victor just smiles. Dettweiler sighs.

FINNEGAN

Here, you'll see, you'll see...

Finnegan goes around the table to the bundle, and unwraps it, Igor and Victor leaning in. It's...he is **a dead infant**, not even a year old. Its little body is cold and gray, but not gruesome.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Dead not even six hours.

Igor pulls back in revulsion, whilst Victor merely looks to Finnegan.

VICTOR

Where did you get this?

FINNEGAN

One of my work-studies. I very charitably decided to work Christmas Eve, and lo and behold, the Baby Winthrop passed on.

VICTOR

The parents?

FINNEGAN

Lower class people; the Winthrops, of Devonshire road. I've told them I've taken the baby to the mortuary.

Dettweiler raises a marble.

DETTWEILER  
This was found in the infant's  
throat. They should have watched  
their child with more care.

Dettweiler smiles at Igor, who cringes.

FINNEGAN  
We've got a private room in there  
set up with all the equipment from  
the blueprints you gave me.

IGOR  
You gave him your plans?

Victor, ignoring Igor, nods in agreement.

DETTWEILER  
So. Can you do it?

VICTOR  
Absolutely.

INT. DETTWEILER'S LAB - PRE-OP

Victor and Igor are washing up.

IGOR  
Tell me it will work. Tell me the  
baby will be all right.

VICTOR  
Of course it will work. The bio-  
electric energy from the fork  
should heal any of the cells lost  
from the subject's period of death--

IGOR  
Victor, we don't know if-

VICTOR  
I do.  
(beat)  
I've resurrected rats before, and  
they came out...you know, mostly  
alright, and that was before I had  
your gifted hands. You can save a  
life or let it disappear.

WE ENTER A  
MELANCHOLY,  
SOLEMN SEQUENCE

Victor and Igor, in a private room cramped with sleeker, more high tech versions of Victor's equipment, lay the Baby Winthrop on the table, and begin the process of prepping it.

We watch as they give it various injections, stretch the body to hold off rigor mortis, as Igor uses his deft skills as a surgeon to insert electrodes all over the body.

Igor attaches the Lazarus Fork bolts into the baby's neck. Finnegan, Dettweiler and his scientists surround the table. Igor stands back, nervous.

Victor primes the machines, and without ceremony, fires the dynamos.

Nothing happens, and then **the electrical wiring all over the baby lights on fire.** This gets laughs from the scientists.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Igor, help, quickly-

Igor and Victor tear away all the equipment, putting out the fires...

...to reveal the Baby Winthrop, uninjured and very much **alive.** Finnegan looks to Dettweiler, enormously pleased with himself; the scientists quietly lose their shit.

DETTWEILER  
Mein gott. Incredible.

Igor looks to Victor, who raises an eyebrow: "Told you so."

FINNEGAN  
Gentlemen, if you'd excuse us.

The scientists move out into the lab.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)  
Well alright then, which one of you is going to be a sport and kill it?

VICTOR  
I will.

IGOR  
I- you- **WHAT!?** **VICTOR-**

FINNEGAN  
What's this tizzy? What do you want me to do? Bring it back?  
(tinkling laugh)  
Of course we have to kill the infant. I'm afraid this isn't negotiable; I'd really be much more comfortable knowing the thing was properly disposed off.

VICTOR  
It's just an experiment, Igor. We must make sacrifices-

IGOR  
I won't let you- I won't stand by-

VICTOR  
**YOU WILL. YOU WILL STAND BY. YOU  
 WILL GET OUT OF THE WAY-**

FINNEGAN  
 My word, for the money I'm now  
 going to put behind you, you can  
 resurrect a dozen babies-

IGOR  
 I- I- I- *you bastard, you bloody  
 monstrous bastard-*

VICTOR  
*Get out of here. Now.*

Igor looks at the baby one last time, but his natural meekness overpowers him, and he storms out.

INT. DETTWEILER'S LAB - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Igor pushes through the scientists, making a beeline for the door.

EXT. DETTWEILER'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

Igor storms out into the empty, snowy street, crying, raging, he stomps back and forth.

*NO! HE WON'T STAND FOR THIS!*

INT. DETTWEILER'S LAB - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Igor CHARGES back in, Finnegan stepping in front of him- *Igor shoves him aside*, going towards the surgery door, which bursts open. Victor holds the dingy little bundle.

VICTOR  
*Make yourself useful and dispose of  
 this.*

Victor slams the bundle to Igor's chest. Igor stares at him in horror. Victor is emotionless, cold...

The world seems to fall away for Igor. Everything goes silent.

BEGIN SONG: "FIX  
 YOU", BY  
 COLDPLAY.

Clutching the bundle to his chest, he turns and walks out the door.



EXT. DETTWEILER'S LAB - CONTINUOUS

Igor slams the door behind him, breathing hard, tears streaming down his face. He stares out into the predawn fog, his mind racing...

The Baby Winthrop coos. Igor looks down: The baby, though unconscious, is alive. He blinks in shock. A scrap of paper is tucked in with the baby.

Scribbled in familiar handwriting: "**I - How little you think of me. - F.**"

Igor let's out a little gasping laugh, and then looks around in disbelief.

EXT. LONDON - DAWN

The snow falls lightly, the crowd bustles, and Igor emerges, carrying the baby. He walks across half the city, purposeful, not pausing; Christmas morning is peaceful, but we watch as the streets slowly crowd with people.

We see him ask several strangers for directions, finding his way, crossing bridges, going down alleys, finally reaching...

EXT. WINTHROP RESIDENCE

Igor stops outside the house, and looks down at the baby. He goes up to the door of the rickety little brownstone house, knocks, no reply.

And then **MR. WINTHROP** answers the door; the man is a wreck, pale, red-eyed, bereaved. He sees Igor; he speaks. Igor doesn't respond.

Instead, he simply holds out the baby.

Winthrop stares at it, and then calls out, and again, and again. Igor hands the baby to him and he nearly faints.

**MRS. WINTHROP** appears in the doorway.

She sees the baby, and simply stares in shock. Mrs. Winthrop clutches onto both her child and her husband as Igor slowly backs away from the door. The reunited family collapses in a sobbing heap in their door frame.

They begin to call after Igor, but Igor, taking one last long look at them...vanishes into the crowd.

EXT. THE THAMES

Igor stands staring out over the water, crying, breathing hard, laughing and talking to himself. He seems to realize something, and then *takes off running*.

EXT. THE STREETS OF LONDON

Igor runs, and runs, and runs, a man on fire. He stops, winded, to loosen his back brace.

EXT. BARON BOMINE'S RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Igor runs up from the street, through the garden, up to the front door, knocks frantically, waits, knocks again, waits, the butler answers, Igor speaks frantically, the butler goes away, Igor waits, tries to fix his disheveled appearance, makes it worse, Lorelei appears in the doorway-

Igor grabs her and kisses her.

After a startled moment, she kisses him back. They stand in the doorway, laughing and holding each other.

EXT. VICTOR'S FLAT - LATER

Igor approaches, divinely happy, driven, heading towards the door, when someone **grabs his sleeve...**

...It's Turpin.

CUT "FIX YOU"  
ABRUPTLY.

TURPIN  
Hello again, Igor.

INT. VICTOR'S FLAT

Igor is bringing out tea, his hands shaking. Turpin is settling down opposite Victor by the fire, Constable Alistair over by the window.

Victor now sits in the chair his father sat in, with Turpin in the smaller seat.

TURPIN  
Pleasant Christmas?

VICTOR  
Indeed. We went caroling. We're both very tired-

TURPIN  
Whose coach was that I saw drop you off, Victor?

VICTOR  
My father's. He took me for lunch.

Turpin smiles.

TURPIN  
Igor, would you mind showing me  
your shoes?

VICTOR  
*Not just yet*, Inspector. What's  
all this about?

ALISTAIR  
It's in relation to the Blue  
Meringue Circus Hunchback Murder.

VICTOR  
What's his shoe got to do with it?

TURPIN  
Interesting you said "shoe" rather  
than "shoes."  
(beat)  
Something wrong, Mr. Straussman?

VICTOR  
Oh! That's right! I do recall  
reading about it: the hunchback  
what threw the dwarf off the  
bridge.  
(beat)  
Wasn't there talk of...witchcraft?

ALISTAIR  
Well, we don't give credence to  
occult speculation-

TURPIN  
*Not officially.*

VICTOR  
Oh, but unofficially? You believe  
in...witches, Inspector? Goblins?

TURPIN  
Oh, no, nothing so extreme. But I  
do believe there are punishments  
for dealing with the devil. Just  
as there are punishments for lying  
to police officers.

Victor and Turpin seem to lock in on each other.

VICTOR  
Ah, yes, but police officers  
**actually exist**, you see.

TURPIN  
Funny, Victor. But, in the end,  
things have a way of catching up,  
even with the **funny** people. Now  
let me see his shoes.

VICTOR

To see his shoes I'm afraid I'm going to have to see a proper search warrant.

TURPIN

What're you playing at Victor?  
What do you have to hide?

VICTOR

You've twice mentioned punishment without specifying who would be meting it out.

TURPIN

I inferred our Lord.

VICTOR

Oh yes, "God," hm, well, I'm sure if god existed I would be in far deeper trouble than I am now-

TURPIN

I'm not here to convert you, Victor-

VICTOR

No, indeed, go ahead, it's a cause without a champion. Tell me more about this "god" fellow who apparently has some vendetta against me-

TURPIN

I didn't come to debate religion with a child scientist-

VICTOR

What was the insult there, "child" or "scientist-"

TURPIN

*I know your bloody type, Frankenstein, all sure of their theories and analysis, **you listen**, my wife Claudia, bless her soul, she trusted in that poppycock and what'd it get her, dead, said it was appendicitis well look how far it got her knowing the name, how much money we spent on the medicines, my daughter crying all night, all the treatments and she's still dead isn't she, she's still dead because God was punishing me wasn't he, for my folly, and her for parlay with the gypsies come up from White Chapel, and you think you're so smart, well you're not so smart and I'm onto you and I'll-*

VICTOR

My god. You're mad.

Turpin stops dead at this, trailing off and seeming to take Victor's accusation under very serious consideration.

ALISTAIR  
Roderick, don't-

VICTOR  
Easy constable. Don't agitate the loony-

Turpin *flips the tea-tray*, startling Igor, but Victor doesn't flinch. He stands there breathing hard for a moment.

TURPIN  
I'll be back here with a warrant.

VICTOR  
I look forward to that. Will you be bringing the apostles along as muscle?

TURPIN  
We'll see. **We'll see who's so bloody smart.**

Turpin goes to leave, but stops for a moment, taking a hard look at Igor, who's frozen in terror. Turpin shakes his head, mutters something, and storms out, Alistair following.

VICTOR  
Well. That was exciting. The two of us both quite mad, shouting at each other. Stuff of legend.

EXT. VICTOR'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

Turpin rages out into the street, Alistair in tow.

TURPIN  
*I want a damn warrant, call me mad-*

ALISTAIR  
INSPECTOR, I can't vouch for you, we saw no sign of any foul play and the shoes alone aren't enough-

TURPIN  
Did you see how they froze up when we mentioned the shoes, they're hiding something-

ALISTAIR  
I agree that their behavior was suspicious, but-

TURPIN  
Sus- *suspicious!?* He arrived in a Finnegan Industries coach, and then lied! THEY LIED to my FACE. To **our** faces.

(MORE)

TURPIN (CONT'D)  
 And coupled with Victor's  
 combativeness, his aggression...And  
 the basement door, open, Straussman  
 staring at it in fear the whole  
 time. A warrant isn't good enough,  
**we need a raid.** Will you back me  
 if we go to Chief Inspector?

ALISTAIR  
 ...Yes. I will.

There's a strange beat, Turpin trying to collect himself.

TURPIN  
 Listen, Alistair, I got excited in  
 there but...  
 (beat)  
 I'm not mad.

It comes out sounding more like a question than a statement.

INT. VICTOR'S FLAT - VICTOR'S ROOM

Victor is going through his closet, getting dressed, while a  
 concerned Igor is nearby.

IGOR  
 Did you have to needle him like  
 that?

VICTOR  
 The man was an unstable sideshow,  
 of no threat to us-

IGOR  
 We had a saying back in the circus,  
 "Never feed a lion when it's  
 hungry."

VICTOR  
 Enough.

Victor pulls on his coat.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 We're already late for my hearing.  
 Apparently they can't expel me  
 quickly enough.

Victor seems to choke on this last sentiment.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 Listen, would you...come with me.

IGOR  
 To the hearing?

VICTOR

Yes. I intend to give them a piece of my mind and I'd rather- I'd rather not do it alone.

SMASH TO:

Victor, silent and meek, on a raised platform.

INT. ADMINISTRATION ROOM

It's beautiful but very sparse, Victor standing alone in a sea of negative space, with the board of directors across the room from him behind a desk. His father sits nearby, staring out a window. Igor stands off to the side, in a corner.

**DR. CLIVE**, the head of the board, old and dignified, is reading from a list.

DR. CLIVE

-students find Victor to be in turns rude, obnoxious, sinister, unpleasant, a loudmouth, a braggart, a false intellectual and a liar. For every essay Victor is assigned he returns spurious hokum regarding raising the dead, or rantings and blueprints regarding his apocryphal electrical creations. When reminded that this was not an engineering college, Victor was quoted as saying "The body is merely a machine. If you don't understand this you are an ignorant nincompoop who is better off spending his day in a barn, perfecting the art of milking a male horse."

At this, there's some hubbub at the board desk.

VICTOR

D-...D- Doctor Clive, Doctor Cushing, Doctor Brannaugh, I j-

DR. PRICE

Dr. Frankenstein, have you anything to say?

Frankenstein thinks.

VICTOR

F- Father-

FRANKENSTEIN

Only that I am shocked that he was able to attend this long.

DR. PRICE

Very well. Victor Frankenstein,  
for the afore stated grievances, I  
hereby state that you are expelled  
from the Royal College of Medic-

IGOR

*You leave him alone damn it!*

VICTOR

Igor, don't-

IGOR

Has this reputable institution have  
no eye for real intelligence, real  
innovation, real revolution?  
Surely a **real** medical school would  
have this man performing his  
experiments in its hallowed halls,  
rather than in the dingy confines  
of a basement. *Time will prove all  
of you fools, **fools**, and show this  
man to be a genius!*

Victor looks to be in a state of shock. Igor's flustered,  
breathing hard. The medical board exchange glances.

DR. PRICE

I'm sorry but...Who are you,  
exactly?

INT. COACH - TEN MINUTES LATER

Victor and Igor sit in the coach as it rattles up the street.  
Victor has his head pressed against the window, staring out.  
Igor is clearly nervous he's screwed up.

Victor speaks without looking up, clearly lost in his own  
thoughts.

VICTOR

He wasn't always like that you  
know.

(beat)

I had a brother. Henry. He was  
older than me by three years, but  
he never, he never bullied me the  
way the boys at schools were  
bullied by their brothers, he  
was...kind. He was intelligent,  
more than kind he was *intelligent*,  
my parents had such great hopes for  
him. One night, I went out in the  
snow, to watch a storm, I- I didn't  
understand the danger, but Henry  
did. He came out looking for me,  
and Kent does get cold, it does get  
so cold at night.

(shivers, upset)

(MORE)



VICTOR (CONT'D)

I found my way home, but they found Henry the next morning...not Dead yet, but, dying. My father rushed to town to get medicine, but by the time he got back it was too late. Henry had...died. Only moments before my father returned. He was fourteen.

(beat)

It changed my father. Broke him. He lost hope in everything, became...you've seen him. You've seen what he became. And I suppose it changed me, too. I could no longer, like so many do, live in fear of death, in fear of life, these mystical things. No. I had to see them made tangible. Henry deserved a second chance. My father deserved a second chance, everyone deserves a second chance. And now I've built something that can finally...

Victor trails off, staring out the window.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

What you did back in the college. No one has ever. No one has **ever**. I have only ever had one friend. I am happy that it is you.

Igor nods. Then, after a hesitant beat...

IGOR

Listen, Victor...I have faith in you. I have faith in your ideas, and I understand you think Finnegan is the only way to continue our work, but I ask you to reconsider. His motives are unclear, his lack of morality frightens me, and the fact that you've already given him most of your designs, our designs, scares me most of all. So if I truly am your partner...If I truly am your friend...

Victor seems to osmose this for a moment, taking it in.

VICTOR

It's all so dire now. All so dire.

INT. VICTOR'S FLAT - NIGHT

Igor is nervously sketching out a design for a lightweight, collapsible wheelchair. He hears a sound from upstairs and waits, looking; it's clear Victor has gone into his room and not come out for some time.

There's a knock at the door.

IGOR  
 (whisper-yell)  
 Victor! *Victor!*

Nothing. No response. Igor tries to look out the window, and can't see anything. Tension builds. He goes and picks up a fireplace poker, then moves slowly to the door; the knock comes again, startling him.

IGOR (CONT'D)  
 (one last try)  
*Victor!*

No response. Igor swings open the door and sees-

**LORELEI!** Igor yelps, dropping the poker behind the door, and then trying clumsily to camouflage his spazz-out by straightening his hair.

One of Baron Bomine's carriages is parked in the street behind her.

LORELEI  
 (laughing)  
 Did I scare you?

IGOR  
 Yes, *very much*-

LORELEI  
 I thought since you were so bold in the morning, I should be bold tonight...  
 (beat)  
 Will you come with me to Baron Bomine's Christmas ball?

Igor looks hesitant; he glances back at Victor's locked door at the top of the stairs, then at Lorelei, then back at the door, then Lorelei...

INT. BARON BOMINE'S RESIDENCE - BANQUET ROOM

Igor and Lorelei are at a long table, filled with rich and swanky looking high society types. Baron Bomine is seated nearby. A **NOBLEMAN** is talking animatedly his friends, Igor quietly listening and drinking.

NOBLEMAN  
 Hospitals in general to me seem an indecent idea; piling the sick together like that, just seems against common logic. People go in with a broken leg, and come out dead from pneumonia.

IGOR  
 S'not the hospitals.

NOBLEMAN

Beg pardon?

Igor looks to Lorelei, horrified at having spoken up, but she urges him on.

IGOR

A good modern hospital should never have these problems. It's just that in a city of this size, many of the hospitals are unclean or poorly kept; the notion of a hospital is a positive one, it's the execution, the lack of public support, the acceptance of under-qualified doctors and nurses that allows the sort of infective cross pollination you're describing.

NOBLEMAN

Mm. Probably quite right, I suppose; these days we seem to have wealth of medical students, and a dearth of real physicians. Are you a doctor?

IGOR

I...I uh-

LORELEI

Yes, he was trained but never got a degree.

NOBLEMAN

I say, are you looking for a job? I run a company up north; it would be a real boon to have someone on staff who knows a bit about medicine, especially a respectable man like yourself.

IGOR

I...Uh, I would-

NOBLEMAN

No need to give me an answer right away. I'll look into it. What did you say your name was?

Igor blanks out for a moment, shocked at the opportunity.

LORELEI

Igor.

Igor smiles excitedly at Lorelei, who squeezes his hand.

LATER...

Igor is being introduced to various high society people; at first, he looks nervous, but by the third intro, he's laughing, smiling, cracking jokes...

LATER...

They're dancing; it's all strict ballroom, but Igor and Lorelei are adding goofy little circus flourishes that are drawing positive attention. Baron Bomine, watching on, looks pleased.

Igor grunts, suddenly pained.

LORELEI (CONT'D)  
Are you alright?

IGOR  
Yes, I just need a minute.

INT. BARON BOMINE'S RESIDENCE - IGOR AND LORELEI'S ROOM

A frustrated Igor wrestles off his jacket and shirt. He tugs on the back-brace, finally fully taking it off. He realizes with a start that he's **fine without it**; he's outgrown it.

Pondering this, folds up the brace into a pocket-size ball, and stares at, rolling it around in his hand. It **is** Victor.

Lorelei enters, shutting the door behind her. Igor shows her the folded back-brace.

Lorelei turns and locks the door, then rushes Igor, tackling him; they fall onto the bed, giggling and making out...it slowly turns more sexy...

INT. BOMINE CARRIAGE - MORNING

The carriage rumbles up the road, Igor happy in the backseat clearly deep in thought. They turn onto Victor's street, and Igor looks up to see-

EXT. VICTOR'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS

*The place is **SWARMING with cops**.* Bobbies are everywhere, pounding a battering ram against the front door, prying at the grates over the windows. Turpin's among them.

IGOR  
*Go, go, up there.*

The carriage pulls around the corner, and Igor hops out, ducking immediately behind a fruit cart. The crowd is distracted by the bobbies, and Igor sneaks around, ducking through the crowd, trying to move towards an alley to the right of the house.

Turpin's head snaps up, pinpointing Igor's quick movements in the crowd.

TURPIN  
 (mumbling)  
 There you are.

Turpin takes off running after Igor, Alistair staying behind with the bobbies.

He runs hard, around the corner, around the building to the

BACK ALLEY

Where he nearly catches Igor. The alley is cluttered with garbage, crates and water piping. Igor manages to snake through, vault over, or smash aside the obstructions; Turpin can barely keep up.

Without the back-brace, this clown can *move*.

Igor rounds the corner, kicking a box of garbage into Turpin's way, and then down a short, hidden set of stairs to Victor's back door; Igor rushes through, slamming it in Victor's face.

He screams in anger, kicking it and trying to get it open...

INT. VICTOR'S FLAT - BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

Igor has himself frantically pressed against the door, turning to see Victor who's rushing from machine to machine, priming them to overload.

IGOR  
*Victor, we-*

VICTOR  
**WHERE WERE YOU?**

TURPIN (O.S.)  
**OPEN THIS DOOR, NOW! There's no way out!**

VICTOR  
*The bolt- get the bolt-*

Igor frantically bolts the door. There's a crash upstairs; *the bobbies have breached the flat.*

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 I've already sent one of Finnegan's men for a carriage-

IGOR  
*Victor, stop, we have to get out of here!*

VICTOR  
 And let them have my bloody machines, *not likely!*

We can hear bobbies in the flat upstairs.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
*Get a Lazarus fork.*

As Igor frantically searches for a fork, Victor turns, pulling up a panel from the floor, revealing a manhole cover. He begins using a wrench to unscrew the bolts on the cover.

Upstairs, the bobbies start pounding on the door, hitting it with the battering ram. Igor finds a Lazarus Fork.

ALISTAIR (O.S.)  
*Open the door! Scotland Yard!*

TURPIN (O.S.)  
*You're done running, heathens! The road ends here!*

VICTOR  
*Not enough time- We need a distraction!*

Turpin has begun booting the alley door; it's shaking on its hinges badly, now. Victor tosses the wrench to Igor, and takes the Lazarus fork from him.

IGOR  
 What're you-

VICTOR  
*Get it open!*

Igor starts working on the manhole cover, while Victor turns and rips open another hidden compartment, some form of refrigerator; there's a huge burst of cold air...

...and a corpse falls out of it, into Victor's arms. Igor stops dead.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 KEEP WORKING YOU DAMN FOOL!

Igor keeps working, distracted, panicked. Victor drags the corpse onto the table; it was a young man, but now it's emaciated and old **and MISSING ITS EYES**.

IGOR  
 Who- ...**WHAT-**

VICTOR  
 Igor Hunchback, meet Igor Straussman.

IGOR  
 ....**you- you-**

VICTOR  
 I found him dead months ago, overdose.

Igor stands staring at Victor, pale and shocked. Victor quickly begins locking in the Lazarus Fork. The door upstairs starts to give.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
*What're you waiting for!?* **FINISH**  
**THAT COVER! YOU WANT TO GO BACK TO**  
**THE CIRCUS? YOU WANT TO GO TO**  
**PRISON OR BE EXECUTED BY THAT**  
**MANIAC, WORK DAMN IT!**

Victor continues priming Igor Straussman's corpse for resurrection, and Igor numbly goes back to unscrewing the cover; he's nearly done.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 The brain is undoubtedly too  
 deteriorated- but he still ought to-

The door upstairs gives, and Alistair leads the bobbies in a charge down the stairs, as Victor **FIRES THE DYNAMOS**. The overloaded machines spark and **LIGHT ON FIRE**, filling the basement with fiery chaos-

The charge, **way too much**, **BLASTS** into Straussman's corpse, resurrecting it and lighting it ablaze. The screaming, flailing, flaming zombie lurches off the table, and Victor casually **SHOVES INTO THE ONRUSHING POLICE**.

Brawling, burning chaos ensues.

The door behind Victor is kicked in by Turpin, knocking him down. Turpin bursts in, gun drawn. He takes a shot at Victor, who dives for cover, and then Turpin turns, smacking Igor.

TURPIN  
**Where's the hunchback!?** **Show him**  
**to me!**

Igor staggers back, but finds himself blocked by the anarchy of Straussman and the bobbies. Turpin grabs him, slamming him against one of the machines.

IGOR  
 No- no- *I'm sorry, I'm sorry-*

Turpin stares at Igor's face, the realization hitting him.

TURPIN  
 My god. It's you.

Victor **GRABS TURPIN'S HAND**, and **SHOVES IT INTO THE SPINNING WHEEL OF ONE OF THE BURNING DYNAMOS**. Turpin **SCREAMS** in agony as his right hand is crushed, which in turn jams the dynamo, sending a **SPRAY OF SPARKS** directly into his face.

The machine explodes into flame, and Igor goes to try to help Turpin as he burns, but Victor grabs him, kicks off the manhole cover, and drags them both down into the sewer hole.

INT. THE SEWER - CONTINUOUS

Igor and Victor fall down into the muck, and Victor yanks Igor to his feet, both of them running, splashing through the grime.

There's a splash from behind them, and Igor looks back into the darkness; he can't see anything.

Victor leads Igor through the darkness, finally bursting out through a drainage ditch onto

THE STREET

They're a block away from the house, crawling up onto the street. A Finnegan coach, marked as such, is parked nearby.

VICTOR  
*Come on, come on!*

Igor falters, pulling away from Victor, but then sees someone coming up from the drainage ditch. At this, he jumps onto the alongside Victor, and it speeds off up the street.

As the carriage rounds the corner, Turpin, bloodied, burnt and shaking, one of his eyes milked over and blinded, pulls himself up out of the ditch; he gets a momentary look at the carriage, before he falls backwards, into the ditch.

TURPIN  
(barely conscious)  
*F...Finnegan.*

INT. FINNEGAN FAMILY HOME - OFFICE

Finnegan is at the far end of the luxurious home office, playing darts. He's focused, intense-

Victor bursts in, followed by Igor, who's clearly still deep in thought.

FINNEGAN  
Frankenstein, Igor, what an unexpected surprise- my god what're you covered in-

VICTOR  
Sewage.

FINNEGAN  
-delightful-

VICTOR  
The police have raided my home in search of Igor. We managed to evade capture, but in the process we gravely injured several police officers.



FINNEGAN

...Ah. Why- why exactly did the police- you know on second thought, it doesn't really matter. I suppose now you'll have no choice but to leave London, post haste. At the very least, get your sewage covered bodies out of my father's office.

VICTOR

Yes, very good.

Finnegan snaps.

FINNEGAN

My family has an estate, the Castle Erskine, in Belgium. Quite rural and secluded, ideally suited to both your needs as a scientist and a, well- fugitive. We could set up a new lab, with help from Dettweiler, and-

VICTOR

Yes yes, good, we'll leave immediately.

FINNEGAN

Oh will you? Ha, right, I'll go prepare a coach.

Finnegan heads out of the room. Victor sighs.

VICTOR

This is your fault, I hope you know that. Parading about town with the acrobat. Still, all is forgiven; perhaps this change of scenery will-

IGOR

*I'm not going **ANYWHERE** with you.*

VICTOR

What?

For the first time in our story, Igor is visibly **ANGRY**.

IGOR

*You amoral psychotic piece of shit-*

Scratch that, **FURIOUS**.

VICTOR

Igor-

IGOR

How could you do that? To keep from me for months that you had killed a man and given me his name-

VICTOR  
I didn't kill him- you're  
overreacting!

IGOR  
No, Victor, enough is enough-

VICTOR  
You have a chance here to be part  
of-

IGOR  
Of what? Being lied to, chased by  
monsters and hunted by police-

VICTOR  
Oh, don't focus on the dark side-

IGOR  
**NO! You're- you're a- a BAD  
FRIEND.**

Victor is startled by the simpleness of the accusation, and  
maybe even hurt.

VICTOR  
After all I did for you-

IGOR  
You care for no one but Victor  
Frankenstein-

VICTOR  
I told you I **didn't kill Straussman-**

IGOR  
And why should I believe you!? In  
my time with you I've seen you put  
lives in danger in pursuit of your  
dreams, *your experiments-*

VICTOR  
Straussman was a waste of space,  
this fanfare from you is more of a  
funeral than his own family  
would've given him-

IGOR  
So he deserved to be toyed with  
like a puppet to help *you escape,*  
to have his eyes *torn out of his*  
*head, where was HIS second chance-*

VICTOR  
I hadn't invented the fork yet, I  
couldn't- *Why are you saying these*  
*things, can't you see-*

Finnegan reenters.

FINNEGAN

All right, time is of the essence.  
Gentlemen, your coach is ready-

IGOR

No Victor I see *clearly*. You are **blind**, and you have no capacity to see what's happened, what you've done-

FINNEGAN

-also, if I could ask you to turn down the volume, my parents **are** home after all-

Victor looks from Finnegan, to Igor and back.

IGOR

You can go to your ruin. But I'm staying here.

VICTOR

Oh? And going where, exactly?  
Back to the Blue Meringue to resume your illustrious-

IGOR

It's none of your concern.

VICTOR

None of my- *Oh, just brilliant!*  
What? To Lorelei? Where will you go?

Igor is silent, staring at Victor; Victor can feel himself being judged, slowly realizing that Igor is completely out of his control. His expression changes.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

You fool. I **created you**. Clown!  
Circus freak! You think because I put you in a back-brace and cut your hair you can turn your back on me, go ahead, see how far you get in the real world with your "acrobat" and your new life! You stand in the way of the future, you're an embarrassment to everything I'd hoped to accomplish! Fine! Fine! I'm rid of you, rid of you, rid of you!

Victor stands there, breathing hard, waiting for Igor to respond. He doesn't. Victor fidgets, seeming about to speak again, then turns and storms out.

Igor looks after him in shocked disappointment.

MOMENTS LATER...

Igor stands on the balcony, watching Victor below as he gets into a coach, stolid, emotionless. Finnegan appears next to him, and looks down at the departing coach, then at Igor.

He smiles.

FINNEGAN

So what's next for you, then?

IGOR

...I don't know.

FINNEGAN

That's sad to hear, old boy. Sad to hear. Seems you and Victor have had a bit of a falling out.

IGOR

I said what I meant to say.

FINNEGAN

Very well, very well, good for you.

(beat)

You know, I knew Igor Straussman.

Igor blinks.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

A real bore, nouveau riche, drug addict. Nothing like...*this*.

IGOR

I-

FINNEGAN

Ah-ah-ah. So who are you then? That's the question. Doesn't matter, really. Victor's been very forthcoming with his designs, but I still need him for now. You, on the other hand-

IGOR

Finnegan-

FINNEGAN

*So let's see:* your benefactor has departed, your home has been ransacked by police, your identity revealed as a fraud...Do you understand what I'm saying?

(beat)

What I'm getting at, old sport, is *that you won't be missed.*

Igor is **jabbed in the neck with a syringe**, and one of Finnegan's goons **YANKS A BURLAP SACK OVER IGOR'S HEAD FROM BEHIND.**

SMASH TO BLACK.

We can hear the sounds of a carriage rattling up the street; we're in Igor's POV. Finnegan speaks; Igor's drugged, and through the burlap sack Finnegan's face distorts in nightmarish ways.

FINNEGAN (O.C) (CONT'D)

You know you and Victor aren't the only ones with vision. You aren't the only ones trying to change the world. I too have a dream of the future. A dream where the British empire extends not just to India and Africa, but over the entire globe. A world where dead enemy soldiers are reassembled into new British troops. I see an unkillable army of your monsters, one million strong, marching across Paris, Moscow, Washington DC...

(beat)

Oh, you don't approve. I'd imagined you and Victor wouldn't like that much. Luckily, the architects won't have to live in the house they built. Goodbye "Igor."

There's the sound of a door opening.

SMASH TO:

*A watery impact - SPLASH!*

Igor, the bag over his head, his ankles bound together and his hands tied behind his back, rapidly sinks down into the water. He struggles frantically, but can't get free.

Igor's nearly at the bottom now; it's getting dark. He manages to shake off the bag, but still can't get his hands free of the binds.

He's running out of air; he stares up at the light coming down through the water high above him.

He's out of time.

Igor **bends violently forward, cracking his back!** He SCREAMS in pain, but the new position allows him to slip his hands under his feet, which lets him rip off the bindings around his ankles.

EXT. THE THAMES - SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Igor, returned to his hunchbacked state, drags himself up through the mud onto the shore of the Thames. He vomits out water, coughing, and howls in pain, tearing off his wrist bindings and clutching his back.

He looks up noticing a group of little boys who were playing by the river.

IGOR  
Help...Help me-

The little boys, horrified of this muddy river monster, turn and run. Igor lays there, sobbing and coughing.

EXT. BARON BOMINE'S RESIDENCE - LATER

Lorelei is sitting at a tea table in the gardens, sipping tea and reading a book. There's a crash from nearby, and Lorelei stands up, going around the side of the house, where she sees...

Igor, filthy and pathetic, the hunchback, cowering behind some garbage bins. He stares up at her, helpless and ashamed.

She goes to him.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN...

It's been at least a week. Igor, worn out, is in a bed, sick...He tries to get up, but then collapses onto the ground; Lorelei rushes to help him.

IGOR  
Victor...Victor...

Igor passes out.

FADE TO BLACK.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

A crucifix, dangling limply. There's a scratching sound in the background.

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - CHIEF INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

Roderick Turpin sits alone in the police chief's office at the desk. He's grinding the heavy brass hook that used to be his right hand back and forth on the arm of his chair.

Time has past, and his injuries are healing: his left eye is gone, covered by a leather patch. His skin is pock-marked with electrical burns, still covered by bandages.

He is staring straight ahead at the chief's empty seat. He doesn't move at all, except for the grinding hook.

The **CHIEF INSPECTOR** enters, flanked by Alistair, who goes and stands by Turpin. The Chief sits. He and Turpin stare at each other.

TURPIN  
Straussman wasn't Straussman.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
Beg pardon?

TURPIN  
The body, the burning creature,  
that was Straussman. The young man  
who said he was Straussman was in  
fact the hunchback, transformed by  
Frankenstein-

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
Inspector, this is not-

TURPIN  
They escaped by way of a Finnegan  
Family Coach; Finnegan also attends  
Royal College of Medicine, makes  
sense, he's in on it too, maybe  
funding them-

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
Inspector Turpin, stop-

TURPIN  
I would guess that Frankenstein has  
fled the country, more than likely  
alongside Finnegan, who a little  
digging showed spends his summers  
at Castle Erskine in Belgium-

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
Roderick-

TURPIN  
Which is where we'll find them, the  
Hunchback on the other hand- well  
you see we never found the girl,  
the aerialist, and I'd wager-

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
*STOP IT RODDY. DAMN IT.*

TURPIN  
Listen. We can catch them-

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
We can. And we will.

TURPIN  
...Am I to understand-

ALISTAIR  
You're being removed from the case.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
The whole force, in fact.  
Constable Alistair will be taking  
your place. You are on a medical  
and mental reprieve.

TURPIN  
Don't do this. Please.

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
Belgium, Roderick? High society  
hunchbacks, undead monsters,  
conspiracies involving one of the  
richest families in England?  
You've lost your grip, Roddy,  
you've lost your whole hand! Your  
eye! Take a break, please!

TURPIN  
*You bastard.*

CHIEF INSPECTOR  
I'm doing this for you. Spend some  
time with you daughter, rest, good  
god man. You are the best  
detective we have, and you haven't-  
you haven't slowed down since  
Claudia died-

TURPIN  
Don't you mention her name. Don't  
you ever say her name.

Turpin seems to think for a moment, then picks up his chair  
and hurls it into the wall, shattering it. He stands there,  
uncomfortable, and then looks to Alistair.

TURPIN (CONT'D)  
*Justice will be done.*

Alistair just looks a afraid. Turpin calmly walks out,  
slamming the door behind him.

INT. BARON BOMINE'S RESIDENCE - BATHROOM

Igor is on the floor, braced against the side of the bathtub  
and the edge of the sink. He twists his body; there are  
terrible cracking and popping sounds, and he gasps in pain,  
then **WRENCHES HIMSELF TO THE LEFT-**

CRACK.

SWISH TO:

Igor clicking the backbrace back on. He looks out the  
window, determined.

EXT. BARON BOMINE'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Igor exits the house, heading down the steps, walking with a  
purpose. Moments afterwards, Lorelei bursts out.

IGOR  
Go back to sleep-



LORELEI  
Igor, don't do this, don't go-

IGOR  
I'm sorry Lorelei.

LORELEI  
You can stay here, with me, and  
forget all this-

IGOR  
I cannot forget.

LORELEI  
This is a man who has already  
attempted to murder you once and  
very nearly succeeded, please- Igor  
you've never even left London, it  
isn't-

Igor stops, turning, yelling in anger for the first time.

IGOR  
*I must! Don't you see that? I  
cannot let Victor die, and I cannot  
see this horror created in his  
name, it's- this is **my**  
**responsibility**. I have to go,  
Lorelei, I have to stop it.*

He stands there, breathing hard, more human than we've ever  
seen him, and touches his back in pain. Lorelei, seeing him  
as though for the first time, pauses, thinking, and then....

LORELEI  
Igor...You once told me of a world  
you and Victor wanted to create. A  
world filled with hope instead of  
fear. It is a beautiful, beautiful  
dream.  
(beat)  
Don't let them turn it into a  
nightmare.

Igor nods.

EXT. DOCKS

Out on the docks on the English Channel, Igor is filling in  
ticket information for his passport. He gets up and goes to  
board a tramp steamer, giving the ticket to a **SAILOR**.

He gets halfway up the ramp before the sailor shouts at him.

SAILOR  
Oi! We need a first AND last name.

Igor takes the paper back, staring at it. **IGOR...**

He takes the pencil, and fills in SURNAME: **FRANKENSTEIN**.

SLAM TO:

Igor stands out on the deck of the ship as it sails across the choppy Atlantic Ocean.

WE SEE:

Brief shots of Igor travelling. We know where we're going and why, and we don't know what we'll find there.

EXT. ERSKINE VILLAGE - DUSK

A carriage for hire rattles up the road towards a little picturesque village set at the base of rolling hills. Halfway up one of the hills sits a very tall windmill, attached to an old farmhouse.

And at the top of that same hill, surrounded by thick woods, is **Castle Erksine...An ancient stone castle, gray against the dimming sky, surrounded by a dry moat.**

A storm is brewing on the horizon, lightning crackling inside black clouds. Rain has started to trickle down.

Igor leans out, staring at the castle.

WE SEE:

Igor arriving at the town's tavern. The coach rattles off, leaving him alone. The street seems oddly empty.

INT. ERSKINE TAVERN - ALMOST CONTINUOUS

Igor comes in, shaking off the rain. He heads quickly to the bar, where he greets a pleasant **BELGIAN BAR MAID**.

IGOR

Good evening. Listen, I'm just here on business. I was wondering if you wouldn't mind giving me some directions up to the castle-

The door bursts open, and a **BELGIAN COUNCILMAN** along with a **TOWN HEAVY**.

HEAVY

-this is the will of god- you've seen what they do up there, you've seen the robbed graves- Inspector, tell him-

**Turpin (!!!)** enters, soaking wet from the rain; Igor **flings himself around behind the bar**. He crouches there, panicked.

TURPIN

What you are dealing with here is criminals, councilman, you must remember that: Every second you allow them to continue their business up their you are effectively harboring them. This cannot stand.

Igor looks up at the bar-maid; he gives her a winning smile, and the "ssssshhh" gesture. She giggles and nods. He starts crawling towards a back-door.

COUNCILMAN

But surely, not tonight- the storm, the rain-

TURPIN

*You think that's a bloody coincidence!?* They're causing the goddamn storm- you said you saw all the electrical equipment brought in, all the animal corpses too, it's- they use technology, yeah? The recent storms and flooding have been a product of their folly, they're to blame for the bad crop.

HEAVY

I've talked to the whole town about it, thirty strong men ready to go up there and get those Irish bastards out of here-

Igor makes it to the back-door.

TURPIN

Don't be a coward, councilman. We must take things into our own hands, don't you see that? The rumors around your town; grave-robbing, black magic, witchcraft, *I am here from Scotland Yard, confirming them.* These men are in allegiance with Satan, and must be stopped. They-

Igor slips out silently, but Turpin still **turns instantly**.

TURPIN (CONT'D)

*...must be stopped.*

SLAM TO:

Igor, running frantically up hill, through the woods, breathing hard, totally freaking out.

The rain has really started pouring down, the wind getting stronger, and the darkness of night settling in.

Igor's fancy clothes are torn and dirtied, but he doesn't stop running until- suddenly- pain. The exertion is straining his back; it's healed, but still weak.

He trips and falls, holding his back, onto a rocky ledge. Down below he can see people coming into town from the harvest riding a plow, holding pitchforks, lighting their way by torchlight.

They're mobilizing.

Lightning flashes in the clouds. The rain pours down.

EXT. CASTLE ERSKINE - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Igor, exhausted, his back aching, makes it to the bridge over the dried out moat. He stumbles and nearly falls, out of breath, filthy and soaking wet.

He creeps around the side of the castle, looking for a way in. Finally, he comes to the base of huge, gnarly, overgrown tree.

Igor climbs up and through the branches, finally at the top, he's able to plan a jump across to the castle's top wall walkway.

One of Finnegan's guards walks past, and Igor nearly falls out of the tree in his effort to conceal himself. The guard passes, and Igor pulls himself up and *flings himself across*.

EXT. CASTLE ERSKINE - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Igor sneaks along the upper wall, finally coming to a break in the wall where he can see down into the courtyard, where Victor's laboratory is set up.

It is INCREDIBLE.

Giant-size versions of all his laboratory machinery have been set up, abuzz with power, and a huge scaffolding system has been set up around a raised platform next to one of the towers; the scaffolding goes up fifty feet into the air, and atop it sits Victor's hypothetical lightning magnet, the **CLOUD HOOK**.

On the platform stands Victor and Dettweiler; Victor wears a completely awesome looking buttoned up labcoat, with huge, gnarly looking goggles on his forehead. Dettweiler wears a black version of much the same.

Between them is a massive gurney, but Igor can't get a good look at what's on it...

To Igor, who saw all this when it was just a pipe-dream, it's breathtaking. There are several other scientists/technicians in lab-wear working the machines, supervised by Finnegan, who looks excited.

He stealthily moves to the lower level, and quietly sneaks through the lab, moving towards Victor and Dettweiler on the platform. And as the gurney tilts up, there it is:

**The PROMETHEUS** is just over ten feet tall, stitched together for over two dozen different donors. Its body is gargantuan and misshapen; its head is oddly shaped, the face wide and bizarre, a mess of features stretched and jigsawed together to create a simulation of humanity.

Igor watches as Victor goes under one of the big machines, into the inner-workings.

...UNDER THE  
MACHINE...

Victor, goggles down, is fiddling with dials and wires; the machinery around him has begun to spark and glow with energy. It's powering up.

IGOR

Victor.

Victor turns wto see Igor, having snuck in from the other side, lit by the flashes of electricity give the cramped space an ethereal light. He doesn't seem to have any kind of reaction.

VICTOR

How-

IGOR

*You have to stop the experiment.*

DETTWEILER (O.S.)

Almost done down there?

VICTOR

You came all this way-

IGOR

*Turpin's in the town.*

VICTOR

What?

IGOR

He's **in the town**, he's **coming here**-

VICTOR

But that's absurd, he has no jurisdiction-

IGOR

*I really don't think that matters to him anymore.*

VICTOR

*...You're lying, you're just trying to drag me down again, did my father send you-*

IGOR  
*It's a soldier, Victor.*

Victor stops dead.

IGOR (CONT'D)  
 He's *used* you.

VICTOR  
 ...no-

IGOR  
 You've created the prototype for a  
 weapon, Victor, a *living* weapon-

VICTOR  
 Absurd- I won't- I don't believe it-

IGOR  
 Have you known me to lie? Once?  
 Ever?

The machine sparks, and Victor flinches.

IGOR (CONT'D)  
*Finnegan tried to have me killed,  
 Victor. I've come here to save  
 you, as I believe he intends to  
 kill you too when you've outlived  
 your usefulness and given him what  
 he wants. We can still get out of  
 this, Victor, but you **must stop the  
 experiment.***

FINNEGAN (O.S.)  
 Victor, what on earth are you doing  
 down there-

Victor stares at Igor. Finnegan peers down at them, then  
 jerks back.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)  
*Guards! Guards! Intruder!*

Igor darts out

FROM UNDER THE  
 MACHINE

And makes mad dash across the laboratory, but he's *tackled*  
*and dragged down* by two of Finnegan's goons.

IGOR  
 No- Victor, help me!

Victor, coming out from under the machine, seems a million  
 miles away; his expression is unreadable.

FINNEGAN  
 Breaking and entering, really?  
 High drama! Intrigue!  
 (MORE)

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Take him away, we'll deal with him  
after the exp-

IGOR

*Don't do this, Victor, don't let it  
happen-*

One of the guards punches Igor in the face, shutting him up.  
Victor flinches.

DETTWEILER

The machines are ready. Mr.  
Frankenstein, if you please.

Victor takes one last look at Igor, then steps up onto the  
platform. Finnegan hops on alongside him, and nods to a lab  
tech nearby, who throws a massive switch; with a great  
creaking, and rattling roar, the platform begins to rise up  
through the gantries, towards the swirling storm high above.

FINNEGAN

Don't let that parasite distract  
you, Victor. He's just trying to  
steal your moment. He had his  
chance to be a part of this, and he  
gave it up.

Victor's silent, watching Igor scream up to him, muted by the  
roar of the machines.

DETTWEILER

Everything is running at one  
hundred percent efficiency. Your  
designs are flawless. Priming the  
Cloud Hook now.

Dettweiler flips a switch, and above them, at the top of the  
elevator machinery, the "Cloud Hook" glows to life with a  
rumble; they're easily thirty feet in the air now.

Victor looks over his Prometheus, massive and menacing.

VICTOR

Is it a soldier?

Finnegan falters, looking to Dettweiler, who's as  
expressionless as ever.

DOWN IN THE  
COURTYARD

Igor's being dragged inside by the two heavies.

IGOR

*No, this isn't- this isn't-*

OUTSIDE...

Turpin and his mob of villagers have arrived, in a fervor. They're using the plow to ram the main gate, again and again.

...INSIDE

The thugs are momentarily distracted by the sound at the front gates.

Igor wrenches his body, *snapping the back-brace shut on one of his captor's hands*. The man screams in agony, and Igor kick's out the other man's knee, effortlessly circus rolling out of his grasp.

He *takes off running, shoving past the lab technicians and jumping over equipment before jumping up onto the bottom of the scaffolding*, rapidly climbing up towards the still ascending platform.

UP ON THE  
PLATFORM

VICTOR

*Is it a soldier? Answer me.*

DETTWEILER

Yes. It is.

FINNEGAN

Dettweiler, really-

VICTOR

My...my central pursuit has been the preservation of life, and you've- you've deceived me into building a killing machine.

The platform grinds to a halt, now suspended fifty feet up, atop the gantry way, the Cloud Hook crackling with energy next to them.

**Down below, the machinery's grinding causes Igor to slip, nearly plummeting off the scaffolding.**

FINNEGAN

Deceived you, really? Is that what I did? *Did you ever even think to ask?* Of course not, because for all your genius, all your inventions, you're still a *small mind, Frankenstein*. You **deserve** to be used, you **require it**, because you can only see the little picture, sight, but no vision!  
(straightens himself)  
Victor, now isn't the time nor the place for a philosophical debate. Activate the Cloud Hook.

Victor just stares at him.



FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

*What are you waiting for, activate the-*

VICTOR

You tried to kill Igor.

FINNEGAN

*I- damn it- Do it now, Frankenstein-*

VICTOR

I've perverted everything I hoped to achieve. I'm a fool.

FINNEGAN

*Activate the hook, you've got no choice-*

VICTOR

I beg to differ.

Victor begins violently yanking electrodes and wires out of the Prometheus, ignoring Finnegan.

FINNEGAN

*What're- No, damn it, Dettweiler, stop him!*

Dettweiler draws a pistol. Victor stops, staring at it.

DETTWEILER

I have wanted to tell you, Victor: You are a child. You know nothing of the world. Now stop this foolish tantrum or I will take action to ensure that this experiment is a success.

Victor stares at him for a moment, chuckles, and goes right back to yanking out the electrodes.

Dettweiler raises the gun.

DETTWEILER (CONT'D)

Pathetic. I told you, I never work with a partner.

Victor's eyes flit to the right of Dettweiler and then back.

VICTOR

Funny. I do.

**Dettweiler is GRABBED FROM BEHIND BY IGOR, PULLING HIMSELF UP OVER THE RAILING. Dettweiler's shot goes wild, hitting the Cloud Hook.**

It sparks, insanely bright for a moment, and Dettweiler shoves Igor backwards, nearly off the edge, raising his gun-

The Cloud-Hook **EXPLODES TO LIFE, DOZENS OF LIGHTNING BOLTS STRIKING AT ONCE, A DELUGE OF PURE ENERGY CRASHING IN FROM ALL POINTS OF THE CLOUD ABOVE IN A BLINDING, DEAFENING BARRAGE OF LIGHT HEAT AND SOUND.**

The damaged Cloud Hook comes off its hinges, **smashing Dettweiler off the platform; he plummets down into an electrical console, BAM! Dead.**

**The Hook's restraints snap, and it swings free, now SPRAYING LIGHTNING INTO THE LAB, AN INDOOR ELECTRICAL STORM OF INCREDIBLE INTENSITY, frying Finnegan's goons and scientists, overloading the machines and causing them to burst into blue flame!**

VICTOR (CONT'D)

*Unexpected-*

FINNEGAN

*No! No! NO! What've you done, you idiots-*

The entire platform framework, blasted by the lightning, destabilizes, **blowing apart**, causing the platform to drop herky-jerky down through the center of the structure, Igor, Victor and Finnegan struggling to hold on.

*The Cloud Hook, overcharged with energy, **EXPLODES!***

*VICTOR IS SENT FLIPPING TEN FEET HORIZONTALLY INTO THE MASSIVE ELECTRICAL COILS- THEY COLLAPSE APART IN A SHOWER OF SPARKS AND BLAZING ELECTRICITY-*

IGOR

*Victor!*

*THE PLATFORM FLIPS as it completely comes free of the elevator machinery, and Igor goes crashing to the-*

SLAM TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

The air is choked with smoke. Fires burn all around, contained but unbearably hot. Igor lays face down on the ground, half conscious.

The plow again crashes into the gate; it's splintering now, starting to crack. Soon, they'll be inside.

FINNEGAN (O.S.)

*(somewhere in the smoke)*

*Igor! Is that you down there?*

Igor blinks, confused, and then there's a **gunshot!** Finnegan's trying to freaking shoot him!

Igor hurries away, moving blindly through the smoke; he can hear but not see Finnegan. He trips for a moment over something; it's *the gurney.*

It's **empty**.

Igor can hear the breathing behind him. He turns, slowly. And there it is...

The Prometheus towers over him, staring down at Igor with a face that conveys absolutely no emotion, a completely vacant, blank slate.

There's another **crash!** *at the front gate.* The monster glances at the gate, then back at Igor.

IGOR

All right...easy...easy...

Another crash at the gates. The Prometheus's face remains entirely blank.

IGOR (CONT'D)

Just-

The Prometheus grunts, and then **SWATS IGOR INTO THE AIR**; he bounces **hard** off some equipment, damaging it, and lands on the ground bent double in pain; he tries to stand, but finds he can't...

*...The damn back-brace is broken, trapping him into his old, hunchbacked position.* He can barely move, much less stand.

EXT. CASTLE ERSKINE - CONTINUOUS

The villagers are about to drive the plow into the door again when **THE PROMETHEUS CRASHES THROUGH THE CASTLE GATES FROM THE INSIDE!** *It FLIPS THE PLOW onto the villagers, and begins TEARING its way through them, punching, swatting and smashing its way across the bridge.*

Turpin is knocked down, and stares in horror at the monster.

TURPIN

A...A demon, a demon from Hell...

The Prometheus continues brawling through the townspeople, but Turpin stands, staggering inside: bigger fish to fry.

INT. CASTLE ERSKINE - COURTYARD LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

Turpin stumbles in, still looking over his shoulder, and then turns to see the lab. The smoke is thick in the courtyard, now; you can barely see in some areas.

Finnegan prowls through the smoke, gun drawn, twitchy.

Igor, on nearly the other side of the courtyard, struggles with his back-brace, seeing Finnegan searching for him. He crawls, desperate.

Turpin moves amongst the anarchy, in awe of all the burning, sparking, exploding equipment. He sees Igor crawling, and moves towards him *like a bullet*.

IGOR  
Inspector Turpin- please listen-  
you don't know, you don't know  
what's happened here, you're not-

Turpin isn't hearing it; he grabs Igor, yanking him up; Igor can barely move. Turpin's got a look of insane exhilaration on his face; *this is it, the moment he's waited for!*

TURPIN  
*I've got you. I've finally got  
you.*

IGOR  
*Please- you're in danger-*

Finnegan, up on a bank of equipment, sees movement through the smoke, raises his gun and **fires**.

Turpin blinks, releasing Igor.

TURPIN  
I- I don't-

He collapses forward, Igor catching him as they fall to the ground. Igor rips open Turpin's shirt, trying to put pressure on the bloody gunshot wound in his chest.

IGOR  
No- no no-

Turpin, in shock, coughing up blood, looks up at Igor, watching as Igor tears off his own sleeve, trying to stop the bleeding.

TURPIN  
Why're you- trying to save me?

IGOR  
I'm a doctor. It's what I do.

Turpin, through the shock, is looking around at all the technology; he didn't understand, he knows that now. By god, he thought he knew, but he had no idea.

TURPIN  
I-...I've made a terrible mistake.

As Igor works frantically, Turpin's clouded eyes drift up to the lightning storm raging in the clouds above him; bright and celestial. It all hits him at once, sanity flooding back in.

TURPIN (CONT'D)

My daughter...What have I done, who will take care of my daughter- I left her with my sister, she can't support- she can't- my daughter, who will...

Igor, horrified, watches as the light fades from Turpin's eyes, and the body goes limp in his arms.

OUTSIDE...

The Prometheus' rampage continues.

INSIDE...

FINNEGAN

Who the bloody hell is that?

Finnegan is climbing down one of the fallen tesla coils, gun in hand. Igor looks up, covered in Turpin's blood and his own, shaking.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Ha. Ahaha. Look at this *mess*, look at this ***mess you've made.***

Finnegan's upper-class demeanor is cracking as he approaches Igor, reloading his gun. The fall from the platform tore his clothes and mussed his hair; he looks dangerous, sharklike.

Igor gently sets down Turpin, trying to force himself to his feet, find some way to defend himself, but the back-brace makes it impossible.

OUTSIDE...

Outside, the monster begins to violently retreat down the hill, the remaining mob giving chase.

INSIDE...

Finnegan finishes reloading his gun, and seems to think; looking at all the destruction has "flustered" him.

FINNEGAN (CONT'D)

Why is this good? Is this what you wanted? To stand in the way of the science? Who gave you the right?

Igor, trembling, stares at Finnegan; there's a tremendous hate in his eyes, and Finnegan, feeling it, steps back, intimidated despite his position of total control.

IGOR

You're a monster.

FINNEGAN

No. No I'm not. I think you'll find I'm quite human.

Finnegan raises his gun. Igor just stares at him evenly, unafraid. Finnegan steadies his aim.

VICTOR  
**Finnegan!**

Finnegan looks up slowly, turning to see **VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN**, hunched in pain, his hair wild, covered in ash and more than a little burnt, but still very much alive. He holds two ends of a huge severed electrical cord.

FINNEGAN  
Victor! You're...*alive*,  
fascinating-

VICTOR  
*You wanted me to create death.*

Finnegan laughs, and then realizes the cord Victor holds goes down into the base of the massive collapsed tesla coil directly to his left.

Finnegan *tries to raise his gun- but Victor joins the severed cord-*

**A BLAST OF ELECTRICITY BLOWS FINNEGAN ACROSS THE ROOM.**

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
*There. I've created death.*

Victor tosses down the cord in disgust. Igor struggles a moment, falling. He lays there next to Turpin's corpse, listening to the sounds of battle fade outside, collecting himself, and then **pushes as hard as he can-**

**-and breaks free of the back-brace.** He stares at it laying twisted on the floor and *shoves himself to his feet*, wiping the blood off his face: he is **MESSED UP.**

He looks around, and sees Victor futilely trying to put out the fires on the equipment.

IGOR  
You saved my life again.

VICTOR  
Help me put out these damn fires-

IGOR  
The fires? But Victor-

VICTOR  
With Finnegan dead we'll never get this quality of equipment again!  
Electron coils, particle transducers-

IGOR  
*Victor-*

VICTOR  
Help me, *damn it, it'll-*

IGOR  
*NO VICTOR. You're going to come with me, and you're going to help me kill the Prometheus-*

VICTOR  
Kill it!? Why on earth-

It comes out of Igor with the force of a hurricane:

IGOR  
***Damn it, enough!*** *Enough! I've seen you do wondrous things Victor, some terrible but wondrous things. You're the greatest mind of your generation, but your blindness has already cost too much!*  
(summons up courage)  
*I've seen the way your father treats you! This will never be good enough for him! Nothing you ever do will be good enough for him, you could resurrect all of England and he would scoff and call you a disappointment! You can't bring your brother back!*

At this, Victor stops trying to put out the fires. He stares into the flames; the lab continues to explode around them, but he's motionless.

IGOR (CONT'D)  
*You were the one who gave me the strength I needed to become the man I wanted to be. Now trust me, please. Stop pretending not to care about anyone or anything, and Victor, damn it, **grow up and help me stop this thing before it hurts anyone else.** BE A MAN AND TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOUR CREATION!*

Electricity crackles. The fires burn. In the distance we can hear pandemonium; yelling and screaming, people afraid.

Victor turns to Igor, very quickly wiping away tears.

VICTOR  
I don't suppose you have...a very, very large shovel?

Igor smiles.

EXT. THE WINDMILL

Victor and Igor, bruised, battered and bloody, approach the massive Dutch Windmill on the side of the hill; the villagers are gathered around it.

At first it appears they have the Prometheus trapped in the house portion, but then the Prometheus tromps out and takes a few people down, before going back in.

APPROACHING THE  
CROWD

Victor and Igor try to get through the crowd, and can't; Victor draws and fires Finnegan's gun.

The crowd parts like the red sea, and Igor and Victor move through, with the gun still raised.

VICTOR  
*Please remain calm. We are  
unlicensed medical professionals.*

INT. THE WINDMILL - FARMHOUSE

Victor kicks in the door; Igor comes in through a massive hole in the wall next to the door. They exchange a look.

The farmhouse is sparse, and the inside is completely destroyed, broken furniture everywhere.

LITTLE GIRL (DUTCH)  
Help me, please help me.

Victor and Igor turn to see an adorable blonde girl standing nearby, petrified in fear.

IGOR  
It's alright, we're here to-

The **MONSTER SMASHES OUT OF A ROOM TO THEIR RIGHT, FLOORING IGOR.** Victor opens fire wildly as the creature crosses the room; he mostly misses, and the bullets that do hit have almost no effect.

The creature **grabs the girl** in one of its massive hands, roars at Victor and crashes through a wall into the inside of the windmill.

INT. THE WINDMILL - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the windmill stretches out above them, the inside lit by torches. There are a series of flimsy wooden platforms built around the central windmill machinery, connected by diagonal ladders, leading up to the top.

The monster stands at the bottom, above a big well full of water, dunking the terrified little girl.



Victor hurriedly picks up one of the long, sharp steel posts they use as bolts on the well, as Igor strafes around the monster.

VICTOR  
HEY. WANKER.

The monster takes notice of Victor.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
I'm your creator. I'm the one that brought you back to life, do you understand?

The monster stares at him, that blank face again...**THEN ROARS** and flings one of the torches on the wall. Victor dodges, and the torch hits a table full of unlit lanterns **WHICH EXPLODE INTO FLAME.**

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
*Bloody hell-*

The Prometheus charges, still holding the girl, and Victor is forced into a frantic, pulse pounding chase up the interior of the windmill, complicated in four ways:

**NUMBER 1:** The monster's weight is too much for the ladders and the platforms, which crumple mere moments after it climbs onto them.

**NUMBER 2:** The monster, still clutching the little girl, is swinging **WILDLY** at Victor, repeatedly smashing the windmill's machinery, thusly destabilizing the entire structure.

**NUMBER 3:** The fire started at the base is rapidly spreading up the old, papery structure, engulfing everything, and starting to fill the interior with thick black smoke.

**NUMBER 4:** Igor is in hot pursuit, but he's being forced to run, jump and climb up the platforms **AS THEY COLLAPSE.**

Victor, reaching the uppermost platform, abruptly turns, ducking around the central windmill milling-engine. This outsmarts and surprises the Prometheus, and Victor **DRIVES THE STEEL ROD THROUGH ITS HEART.**

The Prometheus falters, teetering over what's now a straight drop nearly sixty feet down. It looks down at the rod sticking out of its chest, and **DROPS THE LITTLE GIRL-**

Victor dives and catches her hand, swinging her to Igor on the collapsing platform below them. Igor catches the girl and rolls, putting her out through the one window, onto the passing fan of the windmill.

WE SEE OUTSIDE

The girl is safely carried down to the ground, and then the **WINDMILL'S FAN CRACKS AND FALLS, BURNING, SCATTERING THE CROWD-**

BACK ON THE TOP  
LEVEL...

The monster seems ready to topple into the abyss, when suddenly it **YANKS THE STEEL ROD OUT OF ITS CHEST AND FLINGS IT AT VICTOR.** It impales him through the shoulder and sends him flying backwards, embedding in the wall, pinning Victor there like a bug.

Igor screams; his best friend is mortally wounded. He pulls himself up onto the last platform as the one beneath it collapses. The Prometheus takes a few huge swings at him, but Igor ducks and rolls, clown-style,

The final, top platform begins to fracture and come apart; *they'll all be plunged into the fire-*

Igor, thinking quickly, grabs a handful of burning embers from the edge of the platform and flings them into the monster's face; blinded it turns, and Igor pushes up, off the wall, kick himself forward and-

**THROWS HIS WEIGHT ON THE MONSTER'S BACK, CAUSING IT TO FALL FORWARD ONTO THE SHARP STEEL ROD, IMPALING IT THROUGH ITS SECOND HEART.**

The Prometheus gives one last tremendous scream of rage, right into Victor's face...and dies. Its slumping dead weight further buckles the platform.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
I didn't mean it-

IGOR  
What?

VICTOR  
(frantic)  
Those things I said back in England, you have to know I didn't mean any of it. I was just upset, I respect you- more than any other person, you must know- Igor I'm so sorry-

Igor goes and tries to wrench the pole out of the wall. It's no good; it's in there deep. Victor screams in pain.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
You have to get out of here, you have to go-

IGOR  
I'm not going to leave you here-

Igor begins pushing on the monster; it sloooowly slides up the shiskabob, far too slowly with the windmill collapsing at this rate. Victor grabs Igor with his good arm.

VICTOR

Igor this is what I've earned. I did this to myself.

Igor stares at him: maybe he's right? The windmill continues to collapse.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

The well, Igor. If you jump you can make it, I know you can-

Igor looks down at the well, far below them. Maybe he could. He readies himself, measuring the distance.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

(gasping his words through agony)

Listen, Igor, listen to me. I didn't kill Straussman. I found him in the living room, I thought he was asleep but then I saw the needle...and then the pragmatist in me just took over, as he always does, and he wasn't a man anymore just pieces, just new equipment. I swear to you though I didn't ki-

IGOR

I believe you.

VICTOR

Good, now I can- I can stay here- Igor, you must go, it's-

IGOR

Oh, you've sealed my fate. There's no way I'm going to leave you now.

VICTOR

What? Why!?

IGOR

*Because you didn't kill Igor Straussman.*

Igor throws all his weight into one more push, and, miraculously, the Prometheus drops, falling through the center level of the windmill, plummeting down into the fires.

Igor glances down again at the well, now also surrounded by fire and jagged rubble.

IGOR (CONT'D)

*Give me your hand.*

Victor nods, and takes Igor's hand; **Igor begins to agonizingly pull him up the steel rod-**

EXT. THE WINDMILL - CONTINUOUS

The top level of the windmill drops in, collapsing, and then, with a series of ember filled explosions, the rest of the windmill collapsing down with it in a huge heap of wreckage.

The villagers step back, in shock.

WIDE SHOT:

The rubble of the windmill burns.

FADE TO BLACK.

HOLD ON BLACK.

Zzt. Zzzt. Electrical crackling. Little spots of light filling the screen and **then ZAP**

**SMASH TO:**

***Turpin sits up, gasping in air, the Lazarus fork on his neck sparking wildly!***

EXT. BELGIAN COTTAGE - SUNRISE

The sun is rising over a mountain range. The little cottage has clearly been abandoned for some time; Castle Erskine is in the distance, still leaking smoke up into the brightening sky. From here we have a beautiful view of a rustic lake.

Turpin, his chest bandaged, sits staring out over the water, at the sunset; he's clearly deep in thought. Igor slowly approaches him.

Turpin speaks without looking at him.

TURPIN

My entire life I have strived in the pursuit of my beliefs. Beliefs in God, in the law...in a world with rules, rules to preserve what matters in a world filled with anarchy, greed, and evil. I suppose I needed them, the rules. Needed them so much I let them control my choices, my decisions, I...

Turpin glances at Igor.

TURPIN (CONT'D)

I don't know you, hunchback. Don't know Victor. Maybe I thought I did...

(beat)

In those last moments, I wasn't thinking about the law, or right and wrong, or even...even God.

(MORE)

TURPIN (CONT'D)

All I wanted, all that mattered, is that I would see my daughter again. And you've given me that.

(beat)

I don't imagine that I have much credence left at the yard, but...Should you return to England, I can see to it you won't be troubled any further.

Igor gives it a beat, and then smiles. The two of them sit staring out at the water.

EXT. BELGIAN COTTAGE - ROUND BACK

Victor, heavily bandaged and clearly a bit weary from his wounds and considerably rough night, is readying two horses, packing his remaining equipment into the saddlebags. Igor stands nearby.

VICTOR

Well, brilliant, good for him, but we're certainly not going back to England.

IGOR

...we're not?

VICTOR

No, I'm through with Great Britain; nothing left for me there. I think perhaps you're quite right about my father, for now, and I've been expelled from school, hunted by the law, and betrayed by a power-hungry nobleman, thoroughly electrocuted and finally impaled by a monster of my own idiotic creation and nearly burnt to death in a Belgian windmill.

(laughs)

I think it's time I started fresh, yes?

IGOR

But Victor-

VICTOR

America! Now there's a place that isn't afraid of *progress*; I'm confident we'll be able to flourish and thrive out in the colonies. You and I, back to working together with no interlopers, I now having a much better understanding of the technology as well as the proper way to treat my fellow man-

IGOR

Victor, I...

VICTOR

Yes?

Igor fidgets, nervous, unsure how to say what's in his heart. Victor waits, looking oblivious.

IGOR

I can't go with you.

(quickly)

I would, I- I can't. Lorelei is waiting for me back in London. I love her, Victor, and there are opportunities for me- I can have a life of my own, Victor. A real life.

Victor **stares at him**. Igor drops his eyes, terrified; he knows what's coming.

VICTOR

Well...then. I suppose that's perfectly reasonable.

IGOR

...what?

VICTOR

(haltingly)

You have made incredible sacrifices in the purpose of our cause, shown shocking amounts of tenacity, bravery and loyalty to me as a friend and collaborator, it would be wrong of me to ask you to give up the opportunity to be with the woman you love and-

IGOR

Victor!

Igor rushes to and **embraces Victor**, who grunts in pain and generally looks uncomfortable. Igor holds on anyway, crying, overcome with joy.

IGOR (CONT'D)

You are a good man, Victor  
Frankenstein. I knew you were a  
good man.

At this, Victor allows himself a small, warm smile, unseen by Igor.

LATER...

Turpin is readying a horse, whilst Victor is astride one, trotting away down the road from Igor.

IGOR (CONT'D)

Goodbye Victor!

VICTOR  
 Goodbye to you too, my dearest  
 friend.

Igor looks sad, watching Victor get further away, and then Victor turns, touching his painful injured soldier, yelling back to Igor.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 You know it isn't over, Igor. When  
 the time comes, you'll come back;  
 you're not fated to be some country  
 doctor, you are a genius, and you  
 will help to change the world.  
 It's your destiny.

Igor is about to reply, but then realizes he can't formulate a response. Victor smiles.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
 Ha! *Yah!*

Victor kicks his horse, and it speeds up, off down the hill. Igor watches him go.

WE MOVE INTO A  
 MONTAGE AS TIME  
 PASSES...

**Igor is emotionally reunited with Lorelei.**

**Turpin is reunited with his daughter Rebecca, who tearfully embraces him. We also see Turpin making his apologies at Scotland Yard; Alistair seems happy to have him back. In his office, he quietly tears up one of the "WANTED: HUNCHBACK" posters.**

**We watch Igor's life: We see him giving check-ups, his doctor job has come through. He watches as Lorelei teaches a ballet class to a group of young women.**

**Igor and Lorelei, out at the circus, watching the high flier and aerialists, having fun. Igor watches the clowns cleaning up the center ring...**

INT. BARON BOMINE'S RESIDENCE - KITCHEN

Igor is cooking with the chefs, having a good time. He looks great, happy, healthy. The butler enters.

BUTLER  
 Delivery for you, Master Igor.

Igor looks up, confused, washing his hands.

EXT. BARON BOMINE'S RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Igor comes out, signing for a parcel being delivered to him. As the messenger boy leaves, Igor inspects the parcel. It's small, addressed simply to "IGOR."

There's a beat, and Igor tears open the brown paper. He stops dead.

It's a mint condition, first edition copy of **THOMPSON'S ANATOMY**.

Igor opens it, gently, lovingly. In the front cover, the name **DR. CLAUS FRANKENSTEIN** has been written...and crossed out. A note in familiar handwriting beneath this reads:

**"I- Monument Valley, Utah. I have done something incredible. -F."**

Lorelei, at the front door, stands looking out at him; he's staring down at the book. She knows something's up.

ALORELEI  
Igor...what is it?

Igor snaps the book shut, turning to face her. He smiles; "welllllll....." Lorelei sighs, and then laughs, shaking her head...

SMASH TO:

MONUMENT VALLEY - UTAH - RACING THROUGH THE DESERT

The insanely surreal and beautiful buttes of Monument Valley tower over the prairie.

Atop one of the buttes, **a storm is raging; clouds swirling unnaturally, crackling with purple lightning.**

LIGHTNING CRASH  
TO CREDITS.

THE END