CAST OF CHARACTERS  
(In Order of Appearance)  

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<th>Character</th>
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<th>Lines</th>
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<td>medical student from Geneva, Switzerland</td>
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<td>father of Victor and William Frankenstein, a nobleman of Geneva, Switzerland</td>
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<td>head of a peasant family struggling to feed them; doubles as a generous villager in Act Two</td>
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<td>wife of the peasant father; doubles as a different peasant in Act Two</td>
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<td>young daughter of the peasant father and mother; doubles as a different peasant in Act Two</td>
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<td>peasant family’s bad-tempered landlord</td>
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<td>EXTRAS</td>
<td>as needed for silhouettes, the minister, peasant and wedding guests</td>
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See PRODUCTION NOTES for more details about doubling.
SETTING

TIME: July, 1816.

PLACE: Captain Walton’s ship, various rooms at the Frankenstein estate including Victor’s workroom, the University, a peasant’s hovel, a pond near the Frankenstein estate and the woods of the far north near the Arctic region.

SET DESCRIPTION

This play can be staged as simply or as elaborately as time and resources allow. All that’s required is a performance space, a bed, some tables and chairs, and three simple flats.

The three flats are spaced in a line across the back of the stage. The flats are constructed as scrims so that they appear either solid or translucent to reveal a silhouette of what is behind them, depending on how light hits them.

At STAGE RIGHT, there is a bed with sheets and a blanket, a chair and a small table with a bottle of brandy and two drinking glasses. Some of VICTOR’S belongings lie near the bed, including a rifle. This is Captain Walton’s cabin on his ship and remains onstage for the entire show. Other tables, chairs and benches are used to indicate other spaces and are moved ON and OFFSTAGE by the actors. At the top of the show, a long table is set STAGE LEFT.
FRANKENSTEIN

ACT ONE

As the HOUSE LIGHTS FADE, the SOUND of a HOWLING WIND rises until it loudly fills the theatre. After a moment, the LIGHTS RISE to reveal the set. A body appears to lie on the bed at STAGE RIGHT. It is covered by sheets and a blanket so that no features are discernible.

CAPTAIN WALTON, carrying a telescope, ENTERS and crosses DOWN CENTER. The HOWLING WIND FADES UNDER.

WALTON: (To AUDIENCE.) You may choose not to believe what I have to say. We are all free to choose, are we not? In any case, the story begins. (Beat.)

It is the 31st of July, the year of our Lord, 1816. I am Robert Walton, captain of a ship bound for the North Pole on a voyage of exploration. At first, we made good progress. But soon, we found ourselves frozen in place, trapped by a sea of unending and impassable ice. It surrounded us on all sides, scarcely leaving any sea-room for our ship to float upon. Our situation was made more dangerous by a very thick fog which encompassed us. So we lay, too, hoping that some change would take place in the atmosphere and the weather. (Steps forward and takes up his telescope.)

At about two o’clock, the fog cleared away. (Looks through the telescope, sweeping across the stage and AUDIENCE from one side to the other.) We beheld, stretched in every direction, vast and irregular plains of ice, which seemed to have no end. We saw nothing else and expected to see nothing else when suddenly...

Suddenly, we perceived about a half-mile in the distance a sledge drawn by dogs pass by us headed north. (Takes the telescope away from his eye.) Driving the dogs was... Driving the dogs was what appeared to be a man, but the shape was gigantic. (Beat.)

We watched until the dogs, sledge and... until they disappeared from our sight. Mind you, we were hundreds of miles from any land. So, how could this be? But we saw it. And shut in by the ice, we could not follow. (Crosses to the chair next to the bed and sits.)

That night, the ice broke and freed our ship. But not wanting to risk hitting any of those large masses that float about after ice breaks, I decided we’d continue to lay to until morning. I awoke to hear the crew talking excitedly. (Stands.)

I found them all standing on one side of the ship, looking down talking to someone. I went to them and peered over the side and saw down on the ice, next to us, a sledge. Only one dog was still alive, but there was a man in it. We brought him aboard and into
my cabin. (Moves next to the bed.) He was nearly frozen, emaciated by hunger and fatigue. I thought he was dead 'til I saw his chest rise faintly with breath. (To the figure under the sheets. It is VICTOR.)

Friend? Friend?! (VICTOR sits bolt upright facing the AUDIENCE and screams. At the same time, one of the flats LIGHTS UP from behind to reveal the silhouette of a huge shape in the form of a man. The image FADES OUT with the end of VICTOR’S scream. WALTON puts his hands on VICTOR’S shoulders to calm him. To VICTOR.) You’re safe! You’re safe now! (VICTOR clutches at WALTON.) You’re safe. (VICTOR lets go of WALTON.) I’m Captain Robert Walton.

VICTOR: Will you have the kindness to inform me whither you are bound?

WALTON: We are on a voyage of exploration toward the northern pole.


WALTON: Brandy? (Pours a glass and offers it to VICTOR, who takes it.)

VICTOR: Thank you.

WALTON: (Pours himself a glass of brandy.) You are?


WALTON: You say it as if I should know that name. Should I?

VICTOR: No. Not at all. (Sips at the brandy, which causes him to cough violently.)

WALTON: Slowly, my friend. Slowly…

VICTOR: I do nothing slowly. It is a part of my nature that has been a blessing and a curse. (Drains the rest of the glass without coughing.)

WALTON: You must be blessed. You’re lucky to be alive. If we hadn’t found you…

VICTOR: And for that, I thank you. May I have a little more? (Holds out his glass. WALTON refills it and tops off his own glass.)

WALTON: You can thank me by answering a question. (VICTOR drinks silently.) Why have you come so far upon the ice?

VICTOR: To see one who fled from me.

WALTON: Headed where? There’s nothing…

VICTOR: It doesn’t matter where. I will follow.

WALTON: I fancy that we’ve seen him. The day before we picked you up, we saw some dogs pulling a sledge across the ice with a man on it.

VICTOR: A man?

WALTON: Appeared to be a man.
VICTOR: Was he headed north?

WALTON: Yes. As far as I could tell. He was quite a distance away when he passed us.

VICTOR: So, you didn’t see him clearly.

WALTON: He appeared to be gigantic in size. I’m sure that was just a trick of the light.

VICTOR: No. No trick.

WALTON: Who is he? Why is he—

VICTOR: You wouldn’t believe me.

WALTON: I wouldn’t have believed I saw him in the first place. Not out here. But I did. I wouldn’t believe I’d see you either. Yet, here you are. Please tell me.

VICTOR: Do you think... Do you think it possible that the breaking of the ice could have destroyed the other sledge? I was lucky to be on that large piece of ice when it broke.

WALTON: Blessed, I’d say. (Sits.) I couldn’t say what happened to the other sledge. He may have been lucky or blessed as well.

VICTOR: (Laughs.) Lucky. Blessed.

WALTON: Why do you pursue him? Why does he flee even into this frozen wasteland? He must be very afraid of you.

VICTOR: He has cause to be afraid of me. I bring justice with me. No. More than that. I bring a reckoning.

WALTON: He must have committed some horrible crime against you.

VICTOR: Crimes. He has taken everything from me. And now I must return the favor.

WALTON: What crimes?

VICTOR: Being born was his first.

WALTON: I don’t understand.

VICTOR: No. How could you? It’s all too fantastic. I am sure you won’t believe me.

WALTON: And yet, I saw this man. This gigantic man.

VICTOR: More than a man. And less...

WALTON: Please speak plainly. I do not understand your riddles.

VICTOR: I am sorry, Captain. I have suffered, and I have hoped that the memory of these evils would die with me. But being here, saved by you, this strikes a chord in me. You seek knowledge and wisdom as I once did. I hope your search will not end in disaster as mine has. I don’t know if telling you of my disaster will be useful to you, yet maybe you can deduce an apt moral from my tale, one that may direct you if you succeed, or console you if you fail. (Throws off his blankets and stands. The three flats LIGHT UP from behind, revealing...
the silhouettes of ALPHONSE, WILLIAM and ELIZABETH.)

Prepare to hear of occurrences which are usually deemed marvelous. In another place and time, I'd be afraid of your unbelief—and maybe ridicule—but I believe that you will understand how possible things are. If you did not, would you be here in this barren place now? I think not. I know you are familiar with the powers of nature. And I cannot doubt that my story conveys internal evidence of the truth. (VICTOR watches as ALPHONSE, WILLIAM and ELIZABETH ENTER with chairs, set them together in a semi-circle facing the AUDIENCE and sit. After they are seated, VICTOR takes a journal out of his pocket and crosses to them. WALTON remains ONSTAGE, sitting at the table in his cabin, as the story unfolds before him.)

ALPHONSE: Victor!

VICTOR: Father. (Motions them to remain seated. WILLIAM and ELIZABETH sit, but ALPHONSE stands and grasps VICTOR by the hand. VICTOR then crosses behind WILLIAM and put his hand on WILLIAM’S shoulder.) Good to see you, my brother. (Steps behind ELIZABETH and kisses the top of her head.) Elizabeth, my love.

ALPHONSE: Why are you here, Victor? Is something wrong?

VICTOR: Does something have to be wrong for me to see my family and my love?

ALPHONSE: University is still in session.

VICTOR: I’m through with University!

ALPHONSE: What has happened, Victor?

WILLIAM: Did they finally throw you out?

VICTOR: No, William. I decided to leave all on my own.

ALPHONSE: But, Victor...

VICTOR: There’s nothing for me there, Father. They’re fools. They willfully keep their eyes closed in the face of knowledge.

ALPHONSE: Knowledge that you possess.

VICTOR: Yes. I have discovered what I have sought my whole life. (Holds out his journal.) And it’s all in here, recorded in my journal. I can prove my theories are more than just that by demonstrating the effects, the results of my research. Yet they would not listen. I was advised to put away my “foolishness.” I discovered that Professor Kempe, the man from whom I wished to learn, was the worst of them all. (ALPHONSE, WILLIAM and ELIZABETH FREEZE.)

WALTON: (Stands and crosses DOWNSTAGE and addresses the AUDIENCE.) Victor Frankenstein then told me of how he’d fought with his professors at University. He told me how a Professor Kempe had taken him aside. (DR. KEMPE ENTERS. WALTON returns to his seat.)

VICTOR: (To DR. KEMPE.) You asked to see me, Professor?
DR. KEMPE: (Pulls a paper from his pocket.) Yes, Herr Frankenstein. I read your paper, and I am most concerned with where you are going. If you persist with the ideas in this paper, you will go nowhere. Here at University we teach and strive to advance science, not the ravings of lunatic alchemists and mystics. You are here to learn how to heal and how to save lives.

VICTOR: Surely, you don’t mean we should ignore the knowledge of the past.

DR. KEMPE: Have you really spent your time in studying such nonsense?

VICTOR: (Holds out his journal.) Let me show you what I—

DR. KEMPE: There is nothing you can show me that I have not already seen.

VICTOR: How can you say that? How can any man say that?

DR. KEMPE: Every minute, every instant you have wasted on these experiments of yours is utterly and entirely lost. You have burdened your memory with exploded systems and useless names.

VICTOR: They work!

DR. KEMPE: Good God! You see what you desire to see. These fancies which you have imbibed are a thousand years old and are as musty as they are ancient. My dear sir, we live in an enlightened and scientific age. You must begin your studies entirely anew. (EXITS.)

VICTOR: (To his FAMILY, as they UNFREEZE.) Enlightened and scientific age?! Begin my studies anew? No, I say! (Crosses to them.) I had proof. My experiments worked—not just once, but over and over. But they would not read the record of my experiments in my journal. They would not come and see. They would not even listen. So, soon, I shall make them see. And when they see the proof of my discoveries, they will be forced to admit their blind ignorance, their indifference to the truth!

ALPHONSE: And to you?

VICTOR: And to me. I will pioneer a new way, explore unknown powers and unfold to the world the deepest mysteries of creation.

WILLIAM: What unknown powers?

VICTOR: The power to heal and more, ever so much more. What would you say, dear Willie, if I could banish disease from the human frame and render man invulnerable to any but a violent death?

WILLIAM: I’d say your professors were right, dear brother. Surely there’s a reason why they are the teacher and you are the student.

VICTOR: These are serious matters, William. Please do not jest with me.

ELIZABETH: They must be serious indeed for you to lose your good sense of humor.
VICTOR: (Short pause as he regards the three of them.) You are quite right to chide me, my love. (Crosses to her and as she rises, takes her hand and kisses it.) I do beg your pardon. (To WILLIAM.) And yours, too.

ALPHONSE: And mine?

VICTOR: Most especially yours, Father. But if you all will let me show you what I have discovered… If I can continue my work here, you will see. The whole world will see!

ALPHONSE: I do not pretend to understand these matters, my son. What I know is that my son is home and regardless of the circumstances, I am glad for that. This is, and always will be, your home. We can speak of University and your plans at another time. For now, I welcome you home. (Rises and holds out his arms, embraces VICTOR and then EXITS. VICTOR and ELIZABETH stare at each other.)

WILLIAM: (Coughs.) Well… If you will excuse me…

VICTOR: What was that? Did you say something, William?

WILLIAM: No, nothing. There are some things I need to do. (VICTOR and ELIZABETH remain focused on each other, and WILLIAM backs out and EXITS. VICTOR and ELIZABETH move DOWNSSTAGE and meet in an embrace. ELIZABETH then steps back, holding his hands as she studies his face.)

VICTOR: I see fear in your eyes, my darling. What can I do or say to assure you that all is for the best?

ELIZABETH: All of our plans, Victor…

VICTOR: Will come to pass.

ELIZABETH: You appear changed.

VICTOR: For the better. I don’t need University to marry you. The future is uncertain with or without it. What is certain is my love for you. Nothing has changed between us.

ELIZABETH: I’m sorry, Victor. You frighten me a little with all of your talk.

VICTOR: Just a little?

ELIZABETH: Don’t tease me.

VICTOR: It’s just my “good sense of humor.” (Takes her hand and leads her to the chairs, where they sit.) There’s so much I want to tell you—to share with you—including the rest of my life.

ELIZABETH: Please tell me about your work. I know I may not understand everything at first, but…

VICTOR: No, my darling. I know you’ll understand all too well, just as you’ve always understood me. Even in this… this state of agitation you see me in now.

ELIZABETH: So much on your mind, so many changes…
VICTOR: Exactly so. Let me open my heart and mind to you. (Beat as he gathers his thoughts.) I have been studying what I have come to call “animal electricity.” Every living creature has electrical properties.

ELIZABETH: Electrical properties?

VICTOR: (Rises and paces.) I have learned… I have seen dead bodies move—move!—have their life forces excited by a jolt of electricity.

ELIZABETH: Dead bodies? Surely you don’t mean…

VICTOR: But I do mean. I mean exactly what I say. (Beat.) Do you want me to continue or to be silent on such matters?

ELIZABETH: Continue.

VICTOR: My brave Elizabeth! (Sits next to her.) I have seen the body of a dead man sit upright when electricity was applied.

ELIZABETH: Surely he didn’t come back to life.

VICTOR: No. Not then. He’d been dead too long, I fear. But his body moved. His muscles contracted as the life force that was left in him was excited. I know that this energy can be conveyed throughout all the nervous system, including the brain. If the tissue has not been dead too long, if there’s enough of the life force left in the tissue, this energy can reanimate and control the vital forces of life. (Rises and points out towards the AUDIENCE.)

See that burned stump of a tree there? (ELIZABETH rises and stands next to him.) I remember an old and beautiful oak stood there when I was young. And I remember a steam of fire and a dazzling light. (LIGHTS FLASH. SOUND EFFECT: LOUD CRACK OF THUNDER.) And when the light vanished, the oak had disappeared too, leaving behind that blasted stump. I asked my Father about the nature and origin of thunder and lightning. “It’s electricity,” he replied. “Electricity.”

ELIZABETH: Are these things not for God rather than men? Only God can create life.

VICTOR: And take it away as He took that tree? Man takes life away, too. So why can’t man give life, restore it, as well? To examine the causes of life, we must first have recourse to death. After days and nights of incredible labor and fatigue, I succeeded in discovering the cause of generation and life. I became capable of bestowing life on lifeless matter.

ELIZABETH: We are not meant to play God. We cannot change the nature of things, of life and death.

VICTOR: We change the nature of things every time we fight disease or light a candle against the darkness. We play God every time we kill an animal for food and use his skin for clothes.

ELIZABETH: You know that’s not what I mean.
VICTOR: What about a vaccine? It was unheard of and scoffed at, and now we save lives with vaccines every day. It is our nature as man to try to make a better world for us and our children. We don’t know where life truly ends and death begins. We say someone is dead, and yet hair and fingernails continue to grow. I saw a man whose brain had died, yet his heart continued to beat and his lungs continued to breathe! Listen to me, Elizabeth. We can cheat death by creating life! (Beat.) Am I scaring you?

ELIZABETH: I won’t lie to you. I see the wonder in your eyes, hear the excitement in your voice. You almost glow as you speak of these things. But, my love, it unsettles me in my soul, and I do not have the words to explain to you why. Why I feel this happiness of yours will bring you only sorrows. Please don’t think that I am not proud of you and all that you are, but...

VICTOR: But?

ELIZABETH: I feel a shadow fall over us from your words.

VICTOR: (Places a finger over her lips.) Shhh. Shhh. It is all too much for you, I know. I know that better than anyone. And that is why I must pursue this for us. For everyone. How can I stand by and do nothing when I can see the way clear to help so many? I would be guilty of a crime if I didn’t. A crime against man. Believe me, you will come to see the wonder in it and be happy.

ELIZABETH: I wish I could be as certain as you are. I wish I didn’t have this awful feeling.

VICTOR: All I ask is that you be certain of me. Of us.

ELIZABETH: You know that has always been true. Even when we were children and your family took me in when I was orphaned.

VICTOR: I shall not let you down, Elizabeth. I will make you proud, my love. Proud. (They embrace and ELIZABETH EXITS. VICTOR crosses and faces WALTON. To WALTON.) And so I came home to stay—to continue my work and to complete my discoveries so that everyone would see the truth in it and none could scoff at my powers. I knew that if we can replace one part of a man, then we should be able to replace any and all parts. I knew I could build a man who would never get sick, who would never grow old. A man who would be smarter, stronger, better than we are.

WALTON: (Stands and addresses the AUDIENCE, telling the story as VICTOR moves about the stage to build his creature.) What he next told me is still too fantastic for me to believe, even after I saw the results of his work and witnessed the final consequences of his creation.

VICTOR: I will defeat death and disease and give everyone a chance for a healthy, never-ending life! (Crosses to a scrim, LIGHTS UP from
behind to reveal the silhouette of a MAN.) I need raw materials, tissues and bones to be reused!

**WALTON:** And so he went to the graveyards at night and the mortuaries where he collected arms and hands... *(The actor behind the scrim extends his arm out past the edge where it can be seen by the AUDIENCE. VICTOR refers to a page in his journal, then moves to the next scrim, which LIGHTS UP from behind showing another silhouette and the actor behind it extends a leg beyond the edge where it can be seen by the AUDIENCE.) ...legs and feet... *(VICTOR inspects the leg, then crosses to the third scrim which LIGHTS UP from behind to reveal the silhouette of a body.) ...a torso with all of the vital organs... *(VICTOR picks up a box from behind the scrim and carries it to the STAGE LEFT table.) ...and, finally, a head... *(VICTOR puts his journal in a pocket, opens the box and carefully removes a wet, dripping “brain,” which he cradles in his hands to display to the AUDIENCE. [NOTE: If possible, have dry ice in the box so that “smoke” pours out when it is opened.]) ...and, most importantly, a human brain. It did not matter from whom he harvested these organs and limbs. Good people or thieves or even murderers. It did not matter what they had been in life. Only that they were dead now.

**VICTOR:** Now that I have gathered the organs and tissues, I must assemble them and apply the direct power of life! *(EXITS. BLACKOUT. [NOTE: During the BLACKOUT, CREATURE should be situated on STAGE LEFT table and covered with a large sheet.])

**WALTON:** *(LIGHTS a CANDLE, which illuminates his face. To the AUDIENCE.) And so Victor Frankenstein locked himself away in his workroom for hours into days into weeks working. Locked away from family and friends and even Elizabeth, he worked late into the night every night until he collapsed from fatigue. And when he awoke, he started again. Victor Frankenstein assembled his new man from the parts he had gathered. Now, he needed to supply the fluids that sustain life. *(LIGHTS UP on the CREATURE hidden under the sheet on the table. VICTOR ENTERS with hoses and tubes and wires. He methodically circles the CREATURE, connecting the tubes and hoses to the CREATURE under the sheet.)

**WALTON:** There was one last step for Victor to take, to provide the all-important life force to galvanize his creation... electricity. *(VICTOR EXITS then ENTERS with wires and cables, which he also attaches to the CREATURE. When he has finished, he crosses to the side of the stage and “flips a switch.” BLACKOUT. SPECIAL EFFECT: FLASHING COLORED LIGHTS. [NOTE: Perhaps a strobe light is activated while the high pitched whine of generators fills the theatre. Use LIGHTS and SOUND EFFECTS as available for full effect.])
VICTOR: Live! Live, damn you! Live! (The CREATURE struggles beneath the sheet, kicking his legs and throwing his arms out.) Live! (The CREATURE abruptly sits upright on the table, moves to get off but loses his balance and falls to the floor, where he lies face down. VICTOR crosses to the CREATURE and kneels next to him.) This must work! You’re alive! You must be alive! (Picks up one lifeless arm, which he then lets drop to the floor.) It’s dead. I gave it life, but now it’s dead. What have I done wrong? (With great difficulty, he rolls the CREATURE over enough so that he can see its face.) Oh, dear God. This is wrong. This is all wrong. Elizabeth was right. I must destroy this mad, misbegotten… thing. (Rises and gets the sheet from the bed and covers the CREATURE with it. He then pulls his journal out from his pocket and gazes at it.) All this time I have wasted. No one must ever see this or this… this thing. I must destroy all trace of this. (Drops his journal on top of the CREATURE.)

Tomorrow. I’ll have to wait until tomorrow when the others have gone from the house. For now, I must sleep. Sleep. (Crawls onto the table and falls into a deep sleep. Pause. The CREATURE stirs beneath the sheet before he bolts upright. He looks around, bewildered and frightened. He struggles to his feet and falls to his knees a few times before he can retain his balance and stand. The CREATURE stumbles forward towards the AUDIENCE and stops, glaring out for a moment. The CREATURE crosses to VICTOR and stares down at him. He gently pokes VICTOR, but VICTOR does not stir. The CREATURE pokes him again a bit harder. This time, VICTOR cries out in his sleep and turns over on his side. The CREATURE then makes a fist and brings it down on VICTOR’S arm, and VICTOR springs awake. Both are startled by the surprise of seeing each other. VICTOR scrambles off the table. The CREATURE slowly raises its arms out to VICTOR.)

No! No! No! (VICTOR runs OFF. The CREATURE drops his arms, puzzled, hurt and frightened by this rejection. He angrily knocks the table over, then looks about the stage. He kicks at the sheet lying on the floor and sees VICTOR’S journal. He picks it up and opens it, turning pages before he closes it, clasps it to his chest and EXITS after VICTOR.)

WALTON: The creature ran after Victor, but could not find him. He probably was lost and confused in the great house. In any case, he wasn’t seen by anyone else, so he must have escaped from the house into the countryside. (VICTOR ENTERS with WILLIAM, and they set the overturned table upright, then cross CENTER.)

WILLIAM: What has happened, Victor?

VICTOR: Lock the doors, William.

WILLIAM: The front door is always locked at night.

VICTOR: Lock all the doors. Especially Elizabeth’s.

End of script preview.
Go ahead and fire.
(Beat as WALTON does not move.)
No. You are not like me—or Victor Frankenstein.
(They stare at each other, and then the CREATURE EXITS. WALTON puts down his pistol and covers VICTOR'S face again with the sheet. He then picks up his candle and lights it with a match. Then, carrying the candle before him, he crosses DOWN CENTER. WILLIAM, ELIZABETH and ALPHONSE ENTER with candles. They cross DOWNSTAGE and light their candles from WALTON'S candle. The rest of the CAST ENTERS with unlit candles and arrange themselves across the stage. Once in place, they light their candles from the OTHERS' candles. Finally, VICTOR rises with a candle and joins the OTHERS, lighting his candle. They ALL hold their candles out and look on. On WALTON'S cue, they ALL blow out their candles at the same time. BLACKOUT.)

END OF PLAY

PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES ONSTAGE

ACT ONE: Three scrim flats, long table, bed with blanket and sheets, small table with a bottle of brandy and two drinking glasses, chair, Victor's belongings including a rifle. A box with a “brain” inside is behind one of the flats.

ACT TWO: The same, with the box with the “brain” reset. A note is also hidden behind one of the flats and stuffing to form the shape of a body is underneath the sheets of the table.

PROPERTIES BROUGHT ON

ACT ONE:
Telescope, candle, matches (WALTON)
Chairs (WILLIAM, ALPHONSE, ELIZABETH)
Paper (DR. KEMPE)
Journal, hoses, tubes, wires, pistol (VICTOR)
Benches, table (PEASANT FAMILY)
Soup bowls, spoons, forks, rolls or bread, Bible, magnifying glass (DAUGHTER)
Large sheet, hoe, basket filled with potatoes and turnips, (CREATURE)
Cane (LANDLORD)
Blanket, picnic basket with book and apple inside (WILLIAM)

ACT TWO:
Journal, cables, tubes, hoses, pistol, dagger in sheath, coins, wadded paper (VICTOR)
Tray of champagne glasses (WEDDING GUEST)
Pot, three bowls and spoons (GRANDFATHER)
Fur coat (MOTHER)
Fur hat, fur gloves (DAUGHTER)
Pistol, matches, candle (WALTON)
Candles (ENSEMBLE)

SCRIMS
Scrims are netted curtains that allow a variety of effects depending on how light falls on them. When lit from the front or DOWNSTAGE side, the scrim appears opaque. When lit from behind or on the UPSTAGE side, the scrim is translucent. The actors playing scenes lit from behind the scrim will appear in silhouette.

As the play only requires the characters to be seen in silhouette behind the flats, muslin or other fabric may be used in place of scrim. As long as the UPSTAGE lighting can cast the shadow of the silhouettes onto the fabric, any fabric will do.

SOUND EFFECTS
Howling wind, thunder, loud crack of thunder, waltz music, barking dogs, cracking ice, storm.

LIGHTING
Lightning, special effects for the birth of the creature, backlighting behind scrims.

OPTIONAL SPECIAL EFFECTS
If possible, pack dry ice into the box that contains the brain so that “smoke” pours out when it is opened.

When the CREATURE is born, you may use as many or as little lighting and sound effects as you choose. Some suggestions include a strobe effect and a high-pitched whine of a generator.

Paper bits may be used as the “snow” that falls on VICTOR.

COSTUME SUGGESTIONS
Characters should wear early nineteenth century period clothing. WALTON wears a naval captain’s hat. FRANKENSTEIN FAMILY should wear upper class clothing that marks their status in society. WILLIAM could wear shorts, as he is not an adult. VICTOR wears a coat with a belt to hide a sheathed dagger in Act Two. ELIZABETH needs a wedding dress in Act Two. PEASANT FAMILY should dress simply, perhaps ragged and dirty clothes. CREATURE should look as evil and ugly as possible,
with mismatched and ragged and ripped clothing. LANDLORD should be somewhere in between the two families.

FLEXIBLE CASTING

Some doubling of characters is possible and can be modified to fit your cast. When an actor switches to another character, he should change costumes accordingly.

In the original production, CAPTAIN WALTON doubled as DR. KEMPE, and LANDLORD doubled as MINISTER. MINISTER, LANDLORD and the PEASANT FAMILY can fill in the various parts for extras.

The role of GRANDFATHER may be changed to GRANDMOTHER.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

The Twin Beach Players produced the world premiere of *Frankenstein* in October, 2012 in North Beach, MD. It was directed by Sid Curl and produced by Regan Cashman and Vivian Petersen with lighting and set design by Sid Curl, costume design by Dawn Dennison, make-up design by Skip Smith, and an original music score by Bob Snider. The stage manager was Cheryl Thompson and the assistant director was Brianna Workcuff. The cast was:

(In Order of Appearance)

CAPTAIN WALTON/DR. KEMPE ........................................ Kevin Smith
VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN ................................................... Kirk Kugel
ALPHONSE FRANKENSTEIN ............................................ Bob Landau
WILLIAM FRANKENSTEIN ............................................. Colton Jarboe
ELIZABETH .......................................................... Katherine Willham
THE CREATURE .............................................................. Tom Wines
FATHER .................................................................. Justyn Christofel
MOTHER ............................................................... Angela Sunstone
DAUGHTER ............................................................ Danielle Heckart
GRANDMOTHER .......................................................... Tyschka
LANDLORD/MINISTER ................................................ James Weeks
ALPHONSE (Understudy) ............................................ Rob Heckart
We hope you’ve enjoyed this script sample.

We encourage you to read the entire script before making your final decision.

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