

Monologue Mania!

Frankenstein

Adapted by Mark Scharf

MALE / ageless / 1816

About the play: This smart and well-crafted adaptation remains very true to Mary Shelley's classic novel. Captain Walton is on an Arctic expedition when he rescues the near-dead Victor Frankenstein from the cold. The scientist recounts how he created the Creature, but was almost immediately filled with remorse. The Creature had set out on his own to seek his education and identity, but remained full of anger at Victor for creating him, taking his anger out on Victor's family, including killing his wife, Elizabeth, on their wedding night. Vowing to destroy the Creature, Victor pursued the Creature all the way through the icy north, finding himself left for dead until Walton rescued him and hears his tale of the Creature he created that has caused nothing but death. Victor wants vengeance on the creature, but dies before it can be carried out. He leaves Walton in charge of his quest to finish the Creature.

About the scene: Walton finds himself face to face with the Creature, who tells him of a pitiful existence—all that the Creature wanted was acceptance and to be known as an equal to humans. Instead he was cursed and cast aside. His pain became death, but he vows that Victor was his last victim.

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CREATURE:

Do you dream? Do you think that I was dead to agony and remorse? (*Points to VICTOR.*) He did not suffer in the consummation of my deeds. Oh! Not a ten-thousandth portion of the anguish that was mine. A frightful selfishness hurled me on while my heart was poisoned with remorse. Do you think the cry of my victims was music to my ears? My heart was fashioned as yours was, fashioned for love and sympathy. But I found none! And when my heart was wrenched by misery to vice and hatred, it did not endure the violence of the change without torture the likes of which you cannot even imagine! (*Steps towards WALTON, who retreats a step.*)

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(continued)

After I murdered his brother, I pitied Frankenstein. My pity amounted to horror, but when I discovered that Victor Frankenstein, the author of my existence and my unspeakable torments, dared to hope for happiness while he left me to despair... *(Steps towards WALTON, who retreats another step.)*

It was only then I was filled with envy and a bitter indignation and insatiable thirst for vengeance. I knew I was but the slave and not the master of a bitter impulse I could not disobey. Yet, when I killed his father... and when I had killed his wife... I was not miserable. I had cast off all feeling, subdued all anguish. Evil became my good. The completion of my demonic design became an insatiable passion. And now it is ended. *(Points back to VICTOR.)* There is my last victim!