



RS#6 Monster & Kemp

(crying out and then bursting into tears)

No! No!

THE VILLAGERS

Ooooooohhh.

A distraught FRAU BLUCHER and IGOR loudly moan and fall weeping into each other's arms.

Suddenly the MONSTER comes lurching in, causing ALL to scream in fear.

MONSTER

(articulate and clear-voiced)

Cut that man down at once!

IGOR runs up to the platform and, along with the EXECUTIONER, cuts down FREDERICK

VARIOUS VILLAGERS

It's the Monster! He's alive!

Start

MONSTER

(to the crowd as HE makes his way up the gallows stairs to FREDERICK)

Stop! Stand back

KEMP

What are you doing? You're too late! The Doktor is already dead!

MONSTER

(now carrying FREDERICK in his arms)

...ssarily! Sometimes, perchance, a brushstroke of hope, a wisp of mystic fate, can awaken a sleeping heart.

The MONSTER takes FREDERICK downstage center, where HE kneels over his lifeless body, resting his head in INGA's lap. IGOR and FRAU BLUCHER stand over them.

KEMP

Am I crazy? What's going on here? Less than an hour ago he was a dead monster, a hulking beast, and now he's alive and talking like Noel Coward.

MONSTER

(checking for FREDERICK's pulse)

It's because of him.

(MONSTER)

Half-crazed genius that he is. He not only risked his own life to save mine, but gave me the power of speech and a brilliant mind.

KEMP

Oh yeah? If you're so brilliant what's nine times nine?

MONSTER

Eighty-one.

KEMP

He is brilliant.

End

(as the MONSTER continues to work frantically to revive FREDERICK)

But this makes no sense! The Doctor's dead. What can the monster do?

INGA

We don't know. But because of the transference everything that was in the doctor's brain is now in the monster's brain.

MONSTER

I'm afraid the Inspector's right, he's dead and there seems to be no... wait, I feel a faint pulse, perhaps I'm not too late after all.

INGA

A faint pulse?

KEMP

Nonsense! His neck is broken!

MONSTER

(rolling FREDERICK over)

Bruised, yes, but not broken. And his spinal cord is still intact!

INGA

Is there a chance?

MONSTER

Yes. One in a million. Still... if the di-methyl-amino-azo-benzine-sulphonic acid in his subcortical brain fluid is in balance, then all I'd really have to do is stimulate his cortex. But how?

(HE thinks for a moment)

Wait! I've got it! Does anybody have a hatpin?