"GODS AND MONSTERS"

Screenplay
by
Bill Condon

Based on the novel
"Father of Frankenstein"
by
Christopher Bram

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BLUE — Revised 6/16/97
FADE IN:

1 MAIN TITLES BEGIN

Writhing pools of light and dark, out of which emerge images from "The Bride of Frankenstein," directed by James Whale. Elsa Lanchester, as the Monster’s Bride, looks up, down, left, right, startled to be alive. The Monster stares at her. "Friend?" he asks, tenderly, desperately.

2 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT (B & W)

Lightning splits the black-and-white sky, revealing a single shattered oak in a desolate landscape. Below, a HUMAN SILHOUETTE stumbles through the darkness, the top of his head flat, his arms long and heavy, his boots weighted with mud.

Suddenly the storm fades. Light creeps into the scene, and color, as we DISSOLVE TO:

3 THE PACIFIC OCEAN

melting into a hazy morning sky. In a box canyon off the coast highway, we see row after neat row of trailer homes, a makeshift village for beach bums.

4 INT. TRAILER - DAY

CLAYTON BOONE opens his eyes. He is 26, handsome in a rough-hewn, Chet Baker-like way, with broad shoulders and a flattop haircut. He grabs a crumpled pack of Lucky Strikes, lights a bent cigarette.

Clay stands and walks bare-assed across the single tin room, his head almost touching the ceiling.

4A EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Clay goes a few rounds with a weatherstained speed bag that’s set up behind his trailer.

4B INT. TRAILER - DAY

Clay towels off, glances at the morning paper. He moves aside a pile of paperbacks on a card table until he finds a calendar. His finger targets today’s first appointment. "10 A.M. - 788 Amalfi Drive."

5 EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Clay steps out of the trailer, clean-shaven and dressed in dungarees, a T-shirt with a fresh pack of cigarettes flipped into one sleeve. He weight-lifts a secondhand mower onto the bed of his rusty pick-up.
1. didn't sleep last night.

2. David here

3. Student coming.

4. painting something beautiful - mind destéagin

handwriting: 

A 2-months in hospital underwent surgery. Stokes

David more on 4 years ago: 20-year writer, 15 in novels.
Clay climbs into the truck, slides the key into the ignition. It takes a few tries but the engine finally turns over.

6 EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

Clay's truck sails down the road, "Hound Dog" blaring on the radio. MAIN TITLES END.

7 EXT. COLONIAL-STYLE HOUSE - DAY

Sprinklers twirl on a grassy slope outside a rambling clapboard house. Below, a swimming pool forms a perfect rectangle of still water. A title reads: SANTA MONICA CANYON. 1957.

The pick-up drives past. Clay parks in the back, hops out.

ANGLE - HOUSE

A SHADOWY FIGURE stands at a window, watching Clay unload his red power mower.

8 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The shadow is a man with dove white hair, wearing a dress shirt and seersucker jacket. This is JAMES WHALE, age 67, he's really 60.

DAVID
I'd have more peace of mind if the live-in nurse were still here.

HANNA
She was nothing but bother. I not like her, Mr. Jimmy not like her.
We do better if you live-in again, Mr. David.

In the dining room, visible through open double doors, DAVID LEWIS, 55, speaks softly with the housekeeper, HANNA. She is a squat, muffin-faced Hungarian woman in her late 50s, dressed in black, her hair cinched in a tight bun. She speaks with a thick accent.

DAVID
You'll contact me if there's an emergency?

HANNA
Yes, I call you at this number.
(calls out)
Mr. Jimmy? More coffee?

WHALE
What? Oh yes. Why not?

He moves into the dining room, sits opposite David.
Whale: then shrugs.

Whale: 

It's such a bore when people miss your jokes.
Hanna ignores him, returns to the kitchen.

DAVID
She tells me you haven't been sleeping well.

WHALE
It's the ridiculous pills they prescribe. If I take them, I spend the next day as stupid as a stone. If I don't, my mind seems to go off in a hundred directions at once --

DAVID
Then take the pills.

WHALE
I wanted to be alert for your visit today. Especially since I saw so little of you in the hospital.

The remark hits its target.

DAVID
I'm sorry, Jimmy. But with this movie and two difficult stars --

WHALE (suddenly speakers Whale's smile)
"The fault is not in ourselves but in our stars."

DAVID
(too anxious to laugh)
You remember how a production eats up one's life.

WHALE (S/15)
Oh, David. There's no pleasure in making you feel guilty.

You better go, my boy. You'll be late for that plane.

David extends his hand, but Whale draws him into a hug. (X)

Hanna escorts David to the door. Whale drifts back to the window, watches as Clay revs up the lawnmower, creating a cloud of white smoke. We CUT TO:

9 EXT. STREETS OF DUDLEY - DAY (1900)

A bean-pole child with flaming red hair (WHALE at age 12) stares up at the coal smoke pouring from a seemingly endless row of chimneys. We're in Dudley, a factory town in the English Midlands region known as the Black Country.
The half-dressed body only makes him feel old, detached & oddly detached. He sighs & turns away from window, determined to get on with his day.

he doesn't really need a cane but he wouldn't want to feel in 'presence' a stranger a beautiful morning

it feels just a great that he has a body.
SARAH WHALE (O.S.)
Stop lagging behind, Jimmy. We'll be late for church.

YOUNG WHALE
Yes, Mum.

Whale runs to catch up to his six brothers and sisters. His father, WILLIAM WHALE, frowns at the boy's prissy trot.

WILLIAM WHALE
Straighten up, son.

Young Whale's movements thicken into a dim imitation of manly reserve. The Whale family marches up a steeply mounting street to Dixon's Green Methodist Church.

10 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Whale's eyes tighten. He focuses on Clay Boone as he peels off his T-shirt, revealing a tattoo on his upper right forearm.

WHALE
Hanna? Who's the new yardman?

HANNA
Bone? Boom? Something Bee. Mr. David hire him while you were in the hospital. He came cheap.

Whale nods, chooses a walking stick. He emerges into the sunlight.

11 EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Whale moves jauntily down the hill, singing to himself:

WHALE
The bells of hell go ting-a-ling
For you but not for me.
Oh death where is thy sting-a-ling?
Grave where thy victory?

Whale steps up next to Clay.

WHALE
Good morning.

CLAY
(not looking up)
Mornin'.

WHALE
My name is Whale. This is my house.
SHEAR WHEY (0-2) 1
Good looking female. A1. We'll
put face on her.

YOUNG WALTER

Yes, come.

Ladies who are going to the park please see me at the first chance.

WILLIAM WHITE

Establishment of 900.

Dine at the Ritz or Cee Cee's. Green Meaders. Courteous.

In the WHITE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

After the usual protocol. The house is clean and ready. The upper floors
are free of dirt. Laying a carpet on the upper floors.

WALTER

Henry, what's this, Wally?

KENNY

Sorry, boy. Something's up.

Ladies who are going to the park please see me at the first chance.

First line in 'Studio since stroke.'
CLAY

Nice place.

WHALE

And your name is --?

CLAY

Boone. Clayton Boone.

WHALE

I couldn't help but notice your tattoo. That phrase? Death Before Dishonor. What does it mean?

CLAY

Just that I was in the Marines.

WHALE

The Marines. How admirable. You must have served in Korea.

Clay shrugs nonchalantly.

WHALE

Getting to be a warm day. A scorcher, as you Yanks call it.

CLAY

Yeah. I better get on with my work.

WHALE

When you're through, Mr. Boone, feel free to make use of the pool. We're quite informal here. You don't have to worry about a suit.

Clay glances warily at Whale.

CLAY

No thanks. I got another job to get to this afternoon.

WHALE

Some other time, perhaps? Keep up the fine work.

WHALE holds Clay's look.

Whale heads down the hill, smiling to himself. Pleased to be naughty again.

12 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

The room is filled with unframed canvasses, many of them copies of paintings by the Old Masters.
Whale rolls out the easel, lifts a half-painted canvas into position. He stares

"Fear that his stroke erased not only all memory of this picture but the ability even to think in pictures."
at the blotches of color, trying to remember what he intended to paint.

Whale pulls out a heavy volume on Rembrandt, opens to a black-and-white plate of "The Polish Rider." We CUT TO:

13 INT. WHALE HOUSE - DUDLEY - NIGHT (1908)
A rough pencil outline of the same painting. Whale, age 16, sits on his bed, ignoring the roughhousing of the three younger BROTHERS who share the room. The door opens and Whale’s mother SARAH enters.

SARAH WHALE
Jimmy. The privy needs cleaning.

WHALE
Quite so, mum. To the privy.

Both have Midlands accents, like head colds that flatten their speech. Whale holds up the sketch to show his mother.

SARAH WHALE
Don’t get above yourself, Jimmy. Leave the drawing to the artists.

Whale squeezes the pad behind the bed, jumps up.

WHALE
Quite so, mum. To the privy.

And he heads cheerfully out of the room. His mother shakes her head.

SARAH WHALE
"Quite so."
(calls out)
Jimmy Whale. Who are ya to put on airs?

But Whale is already out the door. We CUT TO:

14 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY
Whale studies his face in the mirror. He gives his white hair a few final licks with his silver-backed brush.

15 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY
Whale comes in from the bedroom.

WHALE
There is iced tea, Hanna? Cucumber sandwiches?
Which book?
he can't read.
The doorbell rings.

HANNA
Yes, Mr. Jimmy.
(smiles)
An interview. After so many years. Very exciting.

WHALE
Don’t be daft. It’s just a student from the university.

The doorbell rings.

16 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Whale settles into his club chair and opens a book, pretending to read until Hanna ushers in the visitor.

Mr. Kay, sir.

HANNA

WHALE
(feigning surprise)
Yes?

Whale looks up at EDMUND KAY, 22, a slim boy who rests his weight on one slouched hip, his arms twined behind him. There is a look of mild disappointment on Whale’s face as he realizes that Kay is a baby poof.

WHALE
Ah, Mr. Kay. I’d almost forgotten. My guest for tea.

Whale stands and holds out his hand.

KAY
Mr. Whale, this is such an honor. You’re one of my favorite all-time directors. I can’t believe I’m meeting you.

WHALE
(gently, teasingly)
No. I expect you can’t.

And this is your house. Wow. The house of Frankenstein. (looks around)
I thought you’d live in a spooky old mansion or villa.

WHALE
One likes to live simply.

KAY
I know. People’s movies aren’t their lives.
I have a friend who was killed in action in World War II. He was 21 years old and was an airman in the Royal Air Force. His name was John Smith. He was the sole survivor of his squadron on a mission over Germany. When he returned to England, he was the youngest airman in his squadron. He was a very brave and dedicated young man who always gave his best for his country. His family was very proud of him and his sacrifice. I remember spending time with his family and hearing stories about him. He will always be remembered for his courage and dedication. His memory will live on forever.
He suddenly growls out an imitation of Boris Karloff.

KAY

Love dead. Hate living.

Kay laughs, a high, girlish giggle. Whale fights a cringe with a polite smile.

KAY

That's my favorite line in my favorite movie of yours. "Bride of Frankenstein."

WHALE

Is it now? Hanna? I think we'll take our tea down by the swimming pool.

It's clear from Hanna's frown that she doesn't approve of the idea. Whale ignores her, turns back to Kay.

WHALE

Will that be good for you, Mr. Kay?

Sure.

KAY

WHALE

(opens the back door)

After you then.

Whale inspects the boy from behind, noticing his wide hips and plumpish posterior.

17 EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Kay's hands flap animatedly as Whale leads him down to the pool.

KAY

I love the great horror films. And yours are the best. "The Old Dark House." "The Invisible Man." They look great and have style. And funny!

Whale points to a small shingled house near the pool.

WHALE

This is the studio where I paint.

KAY

Nice.

(refusing to be sidetracked)

And your lighting and camera angles. You've got to go back to

(MORE)
Eve: Any time!... Have fun!

Ken: There's a vegetarian item in my favorite menu of course. "Grilled peppers." Favorite color.

Kate: To be honest, I can't see it.

Ken: That's strange! Since she can't even... the idea of what "made" it.

Kate: Why? We're supposed to enjoy our dinner, aren't we?

Ken: You can do good for any menu. Shade...

Kate: Shade...

Ken: (sneezing into pack from nose)

Kate: Why? I sneeze... The air here. It's... just beside London.

I love the fresh pepper flavor. And please eat the rest. "The day dark house". "The invisible man". They look great and have spices. And your house.

Kate: There's a cozy place near the park.

Ken: Yes, it's a must! I recommend to be.

And we're going to the cinema. Don't go back to the park.
KAY (cont’d)
German silent movies to find anything like it.

18 EXT. WHALE’S HOUSE - UPPER PATIO - DAY
Clay Boone gulps some water from the garden hose. He glances down at the pool, where Kay and Whale sit in cast-iron chairs.

HANNA
Time for you to leave.

Clay turns to Hanna, who holds a tray loaded with finger sandwiches and a pitcher of iced tea.

CLAY
I’m on my way.

She doesn’t move until Clay starts off.

19 EXT. WHALE’S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DAY
Kay flips open his steno pad.

WHALE
So, Mr. Kay? What did you want to know?

KAY
Everything. Start at the beginning.

WHALE
I was born outside London, the only son of a minister who was a master at Harrow. Grandfather was a bishop. Church of...Church of Eng.

Whale’s tongue trips on the word, his voice suddenly drowned out by the blast of a factory whistle. We CUT TO:

20 INT. FACTORY SHOP FLOOR - DUDLEY - DAY (1908)
Fiery melt is poured into molds on the shop floor of a machine parts factory. WHALE, 16, grips the hot casting with tongs. His father WILLIAM, his face blackened with grime, hammers away at the flaws. A heavy blow causes young Whale to drop the mold, prompting catcalls and sneers on the floor. There is a look of genuine fear in Whale’s eyes as he looks up at his singed, beast-like father. We CUT TO:

21 EXT. WHALE’S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY
Kay clears his throat softly.
The wish of motion taken with by Joseph
Mr. Whale?

Whale smiles politely to cover his momentary disorientation.

Yes?

Your father was a schoolmaster?

Of course. I attended Eton -- it wouldn't do for a master's son to attend where his father taught. I was to go up to Oxford but the war broke out and I never made it. The Great War, you know. You had a Good war, but we had a great one.

He glances to see if the boy smiles at the quip.

You can't imagine what life was like after the Armistice. The twenties in London were one long bank holiday, a break from everything dull and respectable. I had a knack with pencil and paper, so I was hired to design sets for stage productions.

Hanna comes down the path with the tray. She places it on the table.

Thank you, Hanna. Very nice.

Hanna remains planted next to the table.

You can go now.

She makes an audible sigh and starts back up the hill.

There was one play in particular, a beautiful, grim study of war called "Journey's End". Every experienced director turned it down, so I offered myself, bullying and begging for the job. "Journey's End" made the careers of everyone associated with it. It was only a matter of time until Hollywood beckoned.
KAY
How much longer before we get to "Frankenstein"?

WHALE
Am I correct in assuming, Mr. Kay, that it's only my horror pictures you're interested in?

KAY
Oh no, I want to hear everything. You made twenty pictures in all --

WHALE
Twenty-one. The romantic comedies and dramas were much more to my liking. The horror pictures were trifles. Grand guignol for the masses.

KAY
But it's the horror movies you'll be remembered for.

An abrupt look of anger flashes across Whale's face.

WHALE (commanding officer)
I am not dead yet, Mr. Kay.

KAY
No. I never said you were. Or will be soon.

Kay leans over the steno pad, determined to be more worthy.

KAY
So. "Journey's End" brought you to Hollywood --

Whale takes in the boy's blank, bored expression. He sighs.

WHALE
I have a proposal, Mr. Kay. This mode of questioning is getting old, don't you think?

I don't mind. KAY

WHALE
Let's make it more interesting. I will answer any question you ask. But, for each answer, you must remove one article of clothing.

Kay's mouth pops open.
KAY
That's funny, Mr. Whale.
He asked about already
'biography written'.

You sit on, hold your
chest, elbows on.

Perché un ellone su 'bacino' di chiaro
hold 'cigar' at a vanish angle
It is, isn't it? My life as a game of strip poker. Shall we play?

You're serious.

Quite.

Then the rumors are true?

What rumors might those be?

That you were forced to retire because, uh -- a sex scandal.

A homosexual scandal, you mean? For me to answer a question of that magnitude, you'll have to remove both your shoes and your socks.

Kay just sits there, squinting and grinning.

You're a dirty old man.

WHALE

You are kind to indulge your elders in their vices. As I indulge the young in theirs.

Two pale feet emerge. Whale leans forward to examine them. He leans back again.

No. There was no scandal.

And he reaches into his coat for a cigar. Whale's hand trembles as he slices a hole at the base, then lights the cigar with a wooden match, sucking and rotating until the tip is roundly lit.

My only other vice. I suppose you'd like a fuller answer to your question.

Kay nods.
It will cost you your sweater.

Kay hesitates a moment, then sets his pen aside to pull the sweater over his head, revealing a sleeveless T-shirt.

KAY
Too warm for a sweater anyway.

WHALE
You must understand how Hollywood was twenty years ago. Nobody cared a tinker's cuss who slept with whom, so long as you kept it out of the papers. And a director? To care about our behavior would have been like worrying over the morals of a plumber before letting him mend your pipes. Outside of Hollywood, who knows who George Cukor is, much less what he does with those boys from the malt shops along Santa Monica?

Kay stares at him in disbelief.

KAY
George Cukor? Who made "A Star Is Born"? I never guessed.

WHALE
Take-off-your-vest and I'll tell you a story.

Kay plucks at his T-shirt, glancing toward the house.

WHALE
Don't be shy. There's time to stop before you go too far.

KAY
I guess.

Kay peels off the shirt and tosses it on his shoes and sweater.

WHALE
George is famous for his Saturday dinner parties. Great artists, writers, society folk, all rubbing elbows with Hollywood royalty. But how many of those oh-so-proper people know about the Sunday brunches that follow? Gatherings of trade eating leftovers, followed by some strenuous fun and frolic in the pool.
The slightest irritation tightened threads through his scowl. He desperately needs his rest to dispel his tiredness.
WHALE (cont’d)
(flicks an ash)
If a goat like that can continue about his business, my more domestic arrangements could’ve raised very few eyebrows.

The revelation seems to have left Kay a little shaken. He flips to a blank page.

KAY
Can we talk about the horror movies now?

WHALE
Certainly, Mr. Kay. Is there anything in particular you want to know?

KAY
Will you tell me everything you remember about making "Frankenstein?"

He glances down at his few remaining articles of clothing.

KAY
Can that count as one question?

WHALE
Of course.

KAY
I can’t believe I'm doing this.

Kay stands to unbuckle his belt, glancing around the yard again. He unzips and steps out of his sharply creased flannel legs. His thighs are thin and pale.

KAY
Just like going swimming, isn’t it?

WHALE
Maybe you’d like a swim when we’re through. I never swim myself, so the pool tends to go to waste.

KAY

WHALE
Righto. Let me see.

Whale swallows a wince, trying to block the pain pushing against his skull.
Standing in boxes + barbed wire + headache.

He freezes reared there will be another rain.
Is this death. He wants death to save him from near but of life.

Not yet. Not yet.
Universal wanted me for another story, and wanted me so baldly -- I mean badly, not baldly. They were given the pick of stories being developed, and I picked that one.

Who came up with the Monster's makeup and look?

My idea. Muchly. My sketches. Big heavy brow. Head flat on top so they could take out the old brain and put in the new, like tinned beef.

He's one of the great images of the twentieth century. As important as the Mona Lisa.

You think so? That's very kind.

Whale clutches at the air, suddenly notices that his hand is empty. He looks down and sees the cigar on the flagstones.

Boris Karloff. Where did you find him?

Whale bends down to retrieve his cigar -- and the change of gravity drives a spike through his skull.

Karloff, Mr. Whale. How did you cast him?

Whale turns toward the froggy voice.

Please. Excuse me. I must go lie --

He forces himself up with one hand. Kay finally looks up, notices Whale's colorless lips and desperate eyes.

Mr. Whale? You all right?

I just need to -- lie down.

Studio. Daybed in studio.

Whale lurches from the table. Kay jumps forward, catching him under an arm.
to help with pain until pain becomes unbearable

The
KAY
Oh my God. What’s wrong, Mr. Whale? Is it your heart?

WHALE
Head. Not heart.

He leans against Kay, who leads him toward the studio.

Forgive me.

22 EXT. WHALE’S HOUSE - DAY
Hanna runs down the path, clutching the front of her apron in two tight fists.

23 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY
Hanna swings open the screen door -- and grimaces when she sees Kay in his BVDs. He is kneeling next to Whale, who is stretched out on the daybed.

WHALE
Water. Glasses at the sink.

She goes to Whale, scooping different bottles from the pocket of her apron.

WHALE
Which ones? I bring them all.

She empties two capsules into her palm. Whale tilts them into his mouth and takes the glass of water Kay passes over Hanna’s shoulder. Whale swallows the pills, then glances up at Kay, feigning surprise.

WHALE
Mr. Kay. You’re not dressed.

Kay frantically crosses his arms over his chest and middle, turns to Hanna.

KAY
I was going to take a swim.

WHALE
So you. I’m sorry I spoiled it for you. You should probably go home.

KAY
Right.

Kay hurries outside to retrieve his clothes. Hanna undoes Whale’s bow tie. She makes no attempt to be gentle.
KEY

Do you want to make a record of this?

What is in your pocket?

Are you sure?

Do you want to make a record of the other item?

I am sorry, but I cannot do that.

Are you sure you want to do this?

I am sorry, but I cannot do that.

Please be careful.

Are you sure you want to do this?

I am sorry, but I cannot do that.

Please be careful.

Are you sure you want to do this?

I am sorry, but I cannot do that.

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Please be careful.

Are you sure you want to do this?

I am sorry, but I cannot do that.

Please be careful.

Are you sure you want to do this?

I am sorry, but I cannot do that.

Please be careful.
HANNA
I do not think you anything anymore. Just back from the hospital and already you are chasing after boys.

WHALE
All we did was talk. My attack had nothing to do with him. (besides much bigger things than him)

HANNA
Perhaps we should get you uphill before the pills knock you cold.

WHALE (exhausted)
No. Let me lie here. Thank you. Mummy.

Hanna nods, moves to the door. Whale closes his eyes, breathes deeply, trying to block the throbbing sound in his brain. We CUT TO:

24 INT. FACTORY SHOP FLOOR - DUDLEY - DAY (1908)

The noise is deafening -- the clank of chains, the screech of wheels and the endless banging of hammers. William Whale continues to knock away at the hot casting. The rhythm sound blends into the the insistent knocking of:

25 A FIST

which smashes against sheet metal.

26 INT. CLAY’S TRAILER - DAY

Clay Boone’s eyes dart open.

DWIGHT (O.S.)
Boone! You awake? Eight o’clock.

CLAY
Fuck off!

DWIGHT (O.S.)
You told me to get you up, asshole.

A baseball-capped head is visible through the louvered glass in the trailer’s door. DWIGHT JOAD, 30, Clay’s neighbor, squints to see inside.

CLAY
I’m up. Thanks.

DWIGHT
Hasta la vista, Boone. And give my best to the jail bait.
This page intentionally left blank for viewing facing pages. Please proceed to next page.
Clay glances over, seems surprised to see a naked back facing him on the bare mattress.

CLAY
Hey, um...Rose --

The girl stirs, turns to face him. She is 18 at most.

DAISY
Daisy.

CLAY
Huh?

DAISY
My name is Daisy.

CLAY
Time to go, Daisy.

She presses her naked body against Clay's.

DAISY
You know. I could help you fix up this place real nice.

Clay takes a deep breath, trying to clear the gumminess from his brain.

CLAY
Don't you have to be somewhere? Like high school maybe.

DAISY
I gave it up for Lent.

Daisy smiles at her own joke. Clay frowns.

CLAY
Right.
(jumps up from the bed)
Time to hit the road, kid.

27 EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Daisy jumps out of the trailer, wearing a saffron-colored sun dress and matching pumps. She heads toward the road, struggling to keep her balance.

Clay climbs into his truck, eases onto the highway. He honks as he passes Daisy, who's walking backward with her thumb out. He grins when she gives him the finger, then floors it.

Clay's pick-up sails down the road, the Pacific Ocean providing a brilliant, Technicolor blue backdrop.
Old guy seems more dirty, still, even drunk.

Leans on his cane.
28 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

Whale ponders the half-painted canvas, clearly distressed by his lack of progress. The stillness is punctured by the roar of Clay's lawnmower coming to life. Whale smiles, puts down his brush.

29 EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Clay hoists the mower on its rear wheels to clean it out. He stops, turns around, feeling someone's eyes watching him.

WHALE (O.S.)
(singing)
The bells of hell go ting-a-ling...

The chassis slips from Clay's hand; the mower slams upright with a bang. He looks around, spots Whale inside the studio.

Clay stops, turns around, feeling someone's eyes watching him.

WHALE
Drop something, Mr. Boone?

CLAY
Just cleaning my tools. Sorry to disturb you.

The screen door squeaks open, clatters shut. A leather slipper and rubber-tipped cane appear. Whale strolls into view, smiling.

WHALE
I was just about to ask Hanna to bring down iced tea. I'd like it very much if you'd join me.

CLAY
I stink to high heaven right now.

WHALE
The honest sweat of one's brow. I assure you I won't be offended. Let me tell Hanna to bring tea for two.

WHALE's cane trembles in his skeletal hand. His frailty chips away at Clay's resolve.

WHALE
Or would you prefer a beer?

CLAY
No. Iced tea's fine.

WHALE
Smashing. Splendid.
The look in watching... he sits forward with his lips curved as "aha," an elbow on the top knee, one finger tapping his pointed lower lip.
Clay hoes the crumbs of grass off his arms. He dries his hands and arms with his hat, then wads it up and stuffs it into his shirt to wipe out his armpits.

30 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

Clay stands at the screen door.

WHALE
Come in, Mr. Boone.

Whale sits on a daybed, next to a pile of newspapers. He gestures at a wooden armchair across from him.

WHALE
My shop, my studio. Hardly somewhere in which a sweaty workman should feel out of place.

Clay glances at the unframed canvases on the wall and stacked in the corners.

CLAY
These are your paintings?

WHALE (gently smile)
What? Oh yes. They are now anyway.

CLAY
Excuse me, but -- are you famous?

WHALE ('smile extends + hints)
You know what they say. If you have to ask --

CLAY
I'm just a hick who cuts lawns. But some of these look familiar.

WHALE
They were familiar when I painted them. That one's copied from a Dutch still-life done almost three hundred years ago. And that's a Rembrandt.

CLAY
They're just copies then. Gotcha.

WHALE
But before I retired, you might say I had a brief time in the sun. Fame, as it were. Tell me, do you like motion pictures?
CLAY
Sure, everybody does. When I was a kid I'd go with my sister twice a week. Why? Were you or something?

WHALE
In my youth, yes, but never in Hollywood. No, I was merely a director here.

CLAY
Yeah? What were some of your movies?

WHALE
This and that. The only ones you may have heard of are the "Frankenstein" pictures.

Really?

CLAY
Clay sits up, surprised, skeptical and impressed all at once.

CLAY
"Frankenstein" and "Bride of" and "Son of" and all the rest?

WHALE
I made only the first two. The others were done by hacks.

CLAY
Still. You must be rich. Making a couple of famous movies like those.

WHALE
Merely comfortable. Here's Hanna with our refreshments. Can you get the door?

Clay jumps up to open the screen door. Hanna walks past, refusing to look at him. She sets the tray on a table very hard, ringing the glasses and silverware.

HANNA
How are you feeling, Mr. Jimmy? How is your mind today?

WHALE
My mind's lovely. And yours?

Hanna flares her nostrils at him.
HANNA
You remember what the doctor tells us.
Hanna stares up at Clay.

WHALE (chuckles, closing his eyes)
Yes, yes, yes. I merely invited Mr. Boone in for a glass of tea. We'll have a brief chat and he'll finish the yard.

HANNA
I am not forgetting your last brief chat.

WHALE (shoving her with back of his hand) Just go. We will do the honors without you. We can manage without you.

Hanna stares up at Clay.

HANNA
He looks plenty big. You won't need my help if anything goes flooey.

Go. 

WHALE
She shakes her head and marches out the door. Clay returns to his chair and sits down again.

WHALE
When they stay in your employ too long, servants begin to think they're married to you. Please, Mr. Boone. Help yourself.

CLAY
What did she mean by going flooey?

WHALE
I returned recently from a stay in hospital.

CLAY
What was wrong?

Nothing serious. A touch of stroke.

Clay nods, chugs his tea. When he lowers the glass, he finds the old man watching him.

WHALE (smile, hands on cane) Boone has a big head. But you have a marvelous head.

CLAY
Huh?
WHALE

(To an artistic eye, you understand.)
Have you ever modeled?

CLAY
You mean, like posed for pictures?

WHALE
Sat for an artist. Been sketched.

CLAY
(with a laugh)
What's to sketch?

WHALE
You have the most-architectural skull. And your nose. Very expressive.

CLAY
Broke is more like it.

WHALE
But expressively broken. How did it happen?

CLAY
Football in college.

WHALE
You went to university?

CLAY
Just a year. I dropped out to join the Marines.

WHALE
Yes. You were a Marine. (looking admiring)

WHALE
I apologize for going on like this. It's the Sunday painter in me. Of course I can understand your refusal. It's a great deal to ask of someone.

CLAY
You mean -- you really want to draw me?

WHALE
Indeed. I'd pay for the privilege of drawing your head. (I think this made him laugh.)

But why?

CLAY
Even an amateur artist needs a subject to inspire him.

CLAY
And it's just my head you want? Nothing else?

WHALE
What are you suggesting? You'll charge extra if I include a hand or a bit of shoulder?

CLAY
You don't want to draw pictures of me in my birthday suit, right?

WHALE
I have no interest in your body, Mr. Boone. I can assure you of that.

Clay takes a moment to size up Whale -- whose innocent, slightly befuddled smile makes him appear about as threatening as a box of cornflakes.

CLAY
All right then. Sure. I could use the extra dough.

WHALE ("smile remains"
Excellent. We'll have a most interesting time.

Whale lifts his glass, takes a small sip of tea.

31 EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - DAY

Clay fetches a pair of hedge clippers from his truck. He can't help stopping by the side-view mirror to look at his face.

32 - INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Doctors and technicians flash lights into Whale's eyes... test his reflexes... inject him with radioactive isotope. Whale sits very still with his head behind a fluoroscope screen while two doctors murmur over the image.

33 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A pair of X rays are slapped wet on a light board. Two skulls, one facing forward, the other in profile. DR. PAYNE, a bland young neurologist, points to a smudge in the side-view X ray.
a cuff-linked wrist balanced on his knee. He pretends to be unfazed, unmoved.

'Hey keep telling him that over and over.'
DR. PAYNE
This is the area of infarction. By which we mean the portion of brain affected by the stroke.

The venetian blinds of the examining room are closed. Whale sits calmly, flanneled legs crossed at the knees, gazing at his own skull.

DR. PAYNE
You’re a lucky man, Mr. Whale. Whatever damage was done by your stroke, it left your motor abilities relatively unimpaired.

WHALE
Yes, yes. But from the neck up? What’s my story there?

DR. PAYNE
That’s what I’m trying to explain.

Payne turns off the light board and goes to the venetian blinds. The room is instantly full of sun.

DR. PAYNE
The central nervous system selects items from a constant storm of sensations. Whatever was killed in your stroke appears to have short-circuited this mechanism. Parts of your brain now seem to be firing at random.

WHALE
You’re saying there’s an electrical storm in my head?

DR. PAYNE
That’s as good a way as any to describe it. I’ve seen far worse cases. You might even learn to enjoy these walks down memory lane.

WHALE
But the rest of it? The killing headaches. The phantom smells. My inability to close my eyes without thinking a hundred things at once. It’s all nothing more than bad electricity?

DR. PAYNE
In a manner of speaking. I’ve never encountered the olfactory hallucinations, but I’m sure they’re related.
Do you need help? I can help you.
So what do I do?
DR. PAYNE
Take the Luminal to sleep, or whenever you feel an attack coming on.

WHALE
You seem to be saying that this isn’t just a case of resting until I’m better. That my condition will continue to deteriorate until the end of my life.

The doctor responds with a sympathetic gaze. Whale nods solemnly.

33A SCENE OMITTED

33B INT. HALLWAY - DAY

WHALE makes his way toward the stairs. He passes a stoop-shouldered ELDERLY WOMAN who leans on the arm of her middle-aged DAUGHTER. Then an OLD MAN in a wheelchair, his eyes brimming with bewilderment and despair.

34 EXT. DOCTOR’S OFFICE - DAY

The noon sun is ferociously bright. Whale takes his gold-framed sunglasses from his coat pocket.

35 SCENE OMITTED

36 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Hanna opens the door. Clay wears dungarees and a white dress shirt.

CLAY
Don’t worry, you already paid me.
I’m here because --
This page intentionally left blank for viewing facing pages. Please proceed to next page.
HANNA
The Master is waiting for you.

She gestures him in, shuts the door.

37 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Clay follows Hanna into the kitchen.

HANNA
He’s down in his studio. Here.
Take this with you.

She thrusts a TV tray toward him. Two glasses, two bottles of beer, a bottle of Coke.

CLAY
It’s your job, lady, not mine. (hands back the tray)
I’m here so he can draw my picture.

HANNA
I am keeping away. What you are doing is no business of mine.

CLAY
What’re you talking about?

HANNA
What kind of man are you? Are you a good man?

CLAY
Yeah, I’m a good man. Something make you think I’m not?

HANNA
You will not hurt him?

CLAY
Gimme a break. I’m going to sit on my ass while he draws pictures. Is that going to hurt him?

HANNA
No. No. (closes her eyes)
I am sorry. Forget everything I say. Here. I will take the tray.

CLAY
You do that.

38 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

Clay opens the squeaking door and enters behind Hanna. Whale stands at a drafting table, sharpening a pencil. Hanna sets the tray down.
passed into the damage sector.
WHALE (very clear, strong)
Very good, Hanna. Now goodbye.

She goes toward the door, wrinkling her forehead at Clay. The screen door bangs shut.

WHALE
I'm sure you'd like something to wet your whistle while I work.

WHALE
We'll go slowly today. Since this is your first time as a model.

Clay sits. He pulls a "TV Guide" out of his back pocket.

CLAY
Did you see this? They're showing one of your movies tomorrow night.

WHALE
You don't say? Which picture?

CLAY
"Bride of Frankenstein."

WHALE (regret)
Hmmm. I much prefer "Show Boat" or "The Invisible Man." Shall we begin?

Clay takes a swig of beer and sets the glass on the floor.

CLAY
Ready when you are.

WHALE stares at Clay.

WHALE (shakes his head)
That shirt, Mr. Boone.

CLAY
It's new.

WHALE (shakes his head)
I'm sorry. It's too white, too distracting. Would it be asking too much for you to take it off?

CLAY
I'm not wearing an undershirt.

WHALE
Pish posh, Mr. Boone. I'm not your Aunt Tilly.
But it's just my face you want to draw.

Oh if it's going to make you uncomfortable...

Perhaps we can find something else for you to wear.

He lifts a drop cloth off a footlocker, revealing a stack of "Physique" magazines. Whale casually covers them with a newspaper.

We could wrap this like a toga around your shoulders. Would that help you overcome your shyness?

All right already. I'll take it off. Kind of warm in here anyway.

He unbuttons the shirt and pulls it off.

Yes. Much better.

Here.

Clay adjusts his belt buckle as Whale hangs the shirt on a wall peg. He moves to the easel again.

I think we'll have you sit slightly sideways, so you can rest one arm on the back of the chair. Yes. Just so.

The arm with the tattoo faces the easel. Clay smirks.

Take a picture, it lasts longer.

That's exactly what I intend to do.

A clatter of pencils in the easel's tray, followed by a moment of silence. Finally, a low, whistly scratch. Clay concentrates on keeping still, focusing on an open window.

You seem to have no idea how handsome you are, Mr. Boone. It has to do with how snuggly your face fits your skull.
Clay wipes a thin line of sweat from his waist.
The rushing sketch has had time to an extract, doble when he gener- 
production of ever pretending to draw. The barely pencilled vague of 
cross-hatching + squiggle are cleanly outline.

He seems as surprised by `subject as clay is.

`[`selects` - Clay Swells.`]
Whale suddenly sniffs, as if smelling something. He sniffs several times more but continues to draw.

Whale stops.

Clay stares out blankly.

**WHALE**

Would you be more comfortable barefoot? Feel free to remove your boots and socks.

**CLAY**

No. I'm fine.

**WHALE**

It's a bit like being at the doctor, isn't it? You have to remain perfectly still while I examine and scrutinize you.

WHALE suddenly sniffs, as if smelling something. He sniffs several times more but continues to draw.

**WHALE**

(muttering to himself)

Dripping?

(to Clay)

Do you ever eat dripping in this country? The fat from roasts and such, congealed in jars, used like butter on bread?

**CLAY**

Sounds like something you feed the dog.

**WHALE**

It is. Only the poorest families ever ate it. We kept ours in a crockery jar.

**CLAY**

Your family ate dripping?

**WHALE**

(catching himself)

Of course not. As I said, only poor people --

Whale stops. He lets out a (bitter) laugh.

**WHALE**

I'm sorry. I've just realized how terribly ironic it all is.

**CLAY**

What?

**WHALE**

I've spent most of my life outrunning my past. Now it's flooding all over me.

Clay stares out blankly.
CLAY
We weren't rich. But we weren't poor either.

WHALE
No, you were middle class, like all Americans.

CLAY
I guess you'd say we lived on the wrong side of the tracks.

WHALE
In Dudley there were more sides of the tracks than any American can imagine. Every Englishman knows his place. And if you forget, there's always someone to remind you. My family had no doubts about who they were. But I was an aberration in that household, a freak of nature. I had imagination, cleverness, joy. Where did I get that? Certainly not from them.

Whale's voice has changed, becoming more pinched and nasal.

WHALE
They took me out of school when I was fourteen and put me in a factory. They meant no harm. They were like a family of farmers who've been given a giraffe, and don't know what to do with the creature except harness him to the plow.

Whale seems completely lost in the past by now.

WHALE
Hatred was the only thing that kept my soul alive in that soul-killing place. And among those men I hated was my own poor, dumb father. Who put me in that hell to begin with.

Whale peers out from behind the square of paper. He pales when he sees his father William, his face covered with grime, glaring at him from across the room. Whale retreats.
behind the pad, takes a breath.

CLAY (O.S.)

Mr. Whale?

Relief floods Whale's face. He looks out, smiles at Clay.

WHALE

You have to excuse me, Mr. Boone. Since my stroke, I am often overcome with nostalgia.

CLAY

I don't mind. I'm not crazy about my old man either.

Whale rubs a hand across his eyes and steps into the open.

WHALE

Why don't we break for five minutes? You probably want to stretch your legs.

Whale pulls the cover sheet over the pad to hide what he's drawn so far.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

So you just sat there while this old limey banged his gums?

INT. HARRY'S BEACHCOMBER - NIGHT

The place is dead. There's only Clay and Dwight sitting at the bar with the owner, HARRY, a balding hep cat with a scraggly tuft of beard. And, in a booth, KID SAYLOR, a cocky 20-year-old, necking with a pony-tailed TEENAGER.

CLAY

I liked it. You learn stuff listening to old-timers.

(DWIGHT)

(to Harry)

You ever hear of this Whale fellow?

HARRY

Can't say that I have. Can't say I've heard of a lot of people though.

CLAY

If you don't believe me, let's watch this movie. See if his name's on it. How about it, Harry? Can I watch my damn movie?
HARRY
I told you. I don’t turn on the TV except for the fights.

BETTY CARTWRIGHT appears behind the bar, lugging a bucket of ice from the storeroom. She’s an attractive woman in her early 30s, big-boned and almost as tall as Clay.

BETTY
A spooky movie. Just what this place needs tonight.

DWIGHT
Couldn’t make it any deader, doll. Set me up.

BETTY
Sure. Your friend want one?

Clay reacts to the silent treatment with a tight smile.

DWIGHT
Yeah, one for what’s-his-name here.

She sets down two bottles of Pabst without looking at Clay.

CLAY
Thanks, doll.

BETTY
(to Harry)
I say let the dopes watch their movie. And be grateful Boone’s not cutting Shirley Temple’s lawn.

CLAY
Why is everybody giving me crap tonight?

DWIGHT
Jesus, Boone. You come in here proud as a peacock because some old coot wants to paint your picture. We’re just bringing you back to earth.

BETTY
Sounds screwy to me. I can’t imagine a real artist wanting to spend time looking at that kisser.

CLAY
This kisser wasn’t so bad you couldn’t lay under it a few times.

Oooh.
Betty glares at Clay, who realizes he's gone too far.

**Betty**

I bet this is just some fruit pretending to be famous. So he can get in the big guy’s pants.

**Dwight**

Oooh.

**Clay**

What makes you say that?

**Betty**

Just thinking aloud.

**Clay**

Keep your filthy thoughts to yourself.

**Betty**

All right, then. He’s interested in you for your conversation. We know what a great talker you are.

**Clay**

Fuck you.

**Betty**

Not anymore you don’t. Doll.

**Clay**

(explodes) We’re watching the movie, Harry. You got that! We are watching my fucking movie.

**Harry**

Calm down, Clay. Just calm down. We’ll watch it.

**Clay**

Good. Fine.

Harry reaches up, turns on a battered Motorola. On the tv, a voice announces: "Tonight, Boris Karloff in 'The Bride of Frankenstein.'" The titles come on. Ending with the phrase "Directed by", which floats over a white blob. The blob jumps forward to form letters: "James Whale."

**Clay**

What did I tell you?

The movie starts. The Monster being roasted alive in the flaming wreckage of a mill.

**Betty**

This looks corny.
CLAY

Go wash glasses if you don't like it.

In a flooded crater under the mill, the Monster kills an old man. He climbs up, flips the man's wife into the pit below. An owl blinks impassively.

DWIGHT

Not bad. Two down and it's just started.

Minnie, a hatchet-faced woman with fluttering ribbons, is now alone with the Monster.

40 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Whale and Hanna are in bathrobes and slippers, and there is a glass of milk and a plate of cookies on Whale’s TV tray. On the tv, Minnie (played by UNA O’CONNOR) squeaks and whimpers and screams. Whale laughs.

WHALE

Wonderful old Una. Gobbling like an old turkey hen.

But Hanna isn’t amused. She unclenches her arms to close the bathrobe over her throat.

HANNA

Oh, that monster. How could you be working with him?

WHALE

(imitate Manchester)

Don’t be silly, Hanna. He’s a very proper actor. And the dullest fellow imaginable.

Minnie flees in a bowlegged jig up the hill. Whale smiles again.

41 INT. HARRY’S BEACHCOMBER - NIGHT

On the tv, Dr. Pretorius (played by Ernest Thesiger) delivers a toast with inimitably ripe enunciation: "To a new world of gods and monsters!" Dwight and Harry and Betty all laugh.

BETTY

These old movies are such a hoot. They thought they were being scary, but they’re just funny.

CLAY

(defensively)

Maybe it’s supposed to be funny.
BETTY
Comedy is comedy and scary is scary. You don't mix them.
Suddenly the tinny tv soundtrack is drowned out by the voice of Elvis Presley. Kid Saylor bends over the jukebox, wagging his denim butt and tapping a high-top sneaker.

CLAY
Hey! Some of us are watching a movie!

SAYLOR
Go ahead. Free country.

Clay jumps from his stool. Saylor sees him coming, steps aside.

SAYLOR
You want me to turn it down?

Clay slams the heel of his hand against Saylor’s chest. The boy staggers backward. Clay grabs the corner of the jukebox and jerks it from the wall; the needle scratches across the song. Saylor holds up both hands in a nervous surrender.

SAYLOR
Hey, I didn’t know. It’s your favorite movie. Sorry, okay?

Clay returns to the bar and uprights the stool. Saylor Escorts his girl to the door.

HARRY
You’re like a dog with a bone over this movie, Clay.

CLAY
I just want to watch it, okay?

On the tv, the blind man thanks God for sending him a friend.

42 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hanna’s frown pops open.

HANNA
He is not going to kill the old man?

WHALE
No, Hanna. My heart isn’t that black.

In a crypt, the Monster meets Dr. Pretorius, who is having a midnight snack on top of a closed coffin. "Friend?" the monster asks. "Yes, I hope so," answers Pretorius, without batting an eyelash. He offers the Monster a drink, then adds: "Have a cigar. They’re my only weakness."
He definitely had being 'life' now allowed him

But does he love death? No, not yet.

We crossed one bony leg. I asked and discovered an erection under his vital.

Nor the erection — he couldn't remember, last time he got hard certainly not.

Since stroke ... he had been thinking that death.

He is looking on from below, thinking about home.

I shivered. Shook.

I knew what to expect next, and was prepared.

Go away in the painting, they changed eyes for something else.

I followed.

If notきれいの雨 - living room - light.

How's glass Nokia dinner?

We did not bother to fill the old

 himself.
WHALE
The cigars were my own brand. So that I could have the leftovers.

On the tv, the Monster groans: "Love dead. Hate living." Whale's focus sharpens, prompted by the unexpected discussion of death.

43 INT. HARRY'S BEACHCOMBER - NIGHT

The Monster holds a skull in both hands and happily growls, "Wiiife." Betty shudders, for real this time.

HARRY
Sick stuff. Necrophilia. I wonder if they knew how sick they were.

CLAY
The Monster's lonely and he wants a friend, a girlfriend, somebody. What's sick about that?

44 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Frankenstein and Pretorius make their final preparations. Frankenstein inquires where the fresh heart came from. "There are always accidental deaths occurring," Pretorius replies. "Always." Once again, Whale responds to the talk of death.

45 INT. HARRY'S BEACHCOMBER - NIGHT

Finally, the Bride comes to life. She looks up, down, left, right, uncertain who she is. The Monster stares tenderly. "Friend?" He timidly touches her arm and she screams.

BETTY
All right! You don't want him.

The Monster is heartbroken. Nobody loves him, not even his Bride.

46 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Bride shrieks again.

HANNA
She is horrible.

WHALE
She is beautiful.

The Monster's pain turns to anger. He tears through the lab, orders Frankenstein to escape with his wife. But he wants Pretorius and the Bride to stay. "We belong dead." Whale reacts sharply to the line.
The Quarry was my own pla

FLY YO   THE MONSER'TS COLUMUS! NOW, "THE MONSER'TS COLUMUS"! NOW, "THE MONSER'TS COLUMUS!"

HERBY

BLACK ESKY MEANTHILL. I worship.

AND

THE MONSER'TS FAMILY AND THE MONSER'TS COMPANY.

WHEAT, PASTE, flour, COLD MEAT, and

LIVING ROOM - LIVING ROOM - LIVING ROOM.

THE MANOR'S BAKERY - NIGHT.

IN THE MANOR'S BAKERY - NIGHT.

BETTY.

ALL RIGHT. THEN YOU'LL WANT THEM.

FOR MONSTER TO BEARIAL. VERNEK. I want you to do exactly

INT MANOR'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

SHE'S IN THE PORTICO.

WHILE

SHE'S IN THE PORTICO,

THE PROGRESSIVE BAKERY CO. WHERE, HERE, EGGIE'S THE SNOWCOVE. HE FILLS ORDER IN "THE PROGRESSIVE BAKERY CO. WHERE, HERE, EGGIE'S THE SNOWCOVE. HE FILLS ORDER IN"
The Monster blows up the laboratory and the movie ends. Hanna shivers as she stands.

HANNA
Ugh. I am sorry, Mr. Jimmy, but your movie is not my cup of tea. Still, I am glad there is a happy ending. The bad people are dead and the good people live.

She hits the button on the Magnavox with the flat of her palm.

47 INT. HARRY’S BEACHCOMBER - NIGHT

Betty turns off the Motorola.

BETTY
Weird movie. Weird, weird, weird.

Harry stands up and stretches. Clay remains seated.

CLAY
So what did you think?

BETTY
Wasn’t boring, I’ll say that. Funny but creepy too.

DWIGHT
I loved it. I want a switch like that in my trailer, so I can blow us to kingdom come when things don’t go my way.

He wobbles when he climbs off his stool.

DWIGHT
Damn but it’s drunk in here. Late too. The bride of Dwight is going to bite my head off.

He tilts toward the door.

DWIGHT
You coming, Boone?

CLAY
I think I’ll hang around.

HARRY
Go home, Clay. We’re closing up.

CLAY
I thought I’d give you a hand since I kept you open.
This page intentionally left blank for viewing facing pages. Please proceed to next page.
He waits to see how Betty reacts. She shrugs. Clay goes to the front to shut the windows. He sees Dwight staggering outside by the highway, looking left and right before he races across to the trailer park.

Harry takes his book and cash drawer to the back door.

**HARRY**

I’m next door if you need me.

He gives Clay one last look and goes out to the breezeway and his apartment.

**CLAY**

You know what? I think you guys are all jealous.

**BETTY**

(laughs) What’s to be jealous of?

**CLAY**

I’ve gotten to know someone who’s famous.

**BETTY**

Not so famous any of us have ever heard of him.

**CLAY**

If he were that famous, he probably wouldn’t give me the time of day. This way, he’s like my famous person.

(laughs at himself) Yeah, my own personal famous person. Who treats me like I’m somebody worth talking to.

Clay leans down to plug in the jukebox.

**CLAY**

You want to go for a swim?

She snaps her mouth wide open and imitates the Bride’s furious cat hiss.

**CLAY**

What’s that mean?

**BETTY**

It means it’s too cold to go swimming. And I don’t mean the water.

**CLAY**

I wasn’t going to try anything.
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BETTY
Yeah, and I'm never going to smoke another cigarette.

He patiently waits by the door while Betty turns out the lights. She walks briskly through the glow of the juke box, waving Clay outside with her hand.

48 EXT. HARRY’S BEACHCOMBER - NIGHT

Betty pulls the door shut and bends over to lock it. Clay catches a glimpse of skin in the side slit of her shirttail.

CLAY
Let's go for a walk at least. Walk and talk. I really feel like talking tonight.

Betty's eyes blink in mock surprise.

CLAY
This old guy -- he's the kind of person I expected to meet when I moved out here. Someone who's done things with his life.

BETTY
You're more interested in this old goober than you ever were in me.

CLAY
It's different. He's a man. And you have no business calling him a homo.

BETTY
It was just an idea. It never crossed your mind?

CLAY
He's an artist. Anyway, he's too old to think about sex.

BETTY
All the old men I know think about nothing but sex.

She opens the door of her Chevy. Clay grabs it with both hands to keep her from getting in.

CLAY
C'mon. What's eating you tonight?

Betty hesitates, then looks him sharply in the eye.

BETTY
You picked up that girl right in front of me.
CLAY
Hey, no strings, right? That’s what you always said. Just good pals who have the hots for each other.

BETTY
It still hurt. A lot.

CLAY
I didn’t mean to...

BETTY
No, I’m actually kind of glad it happened. It made me wonder what the hell I was doing with my life. Letting you pull me into bed whenever the spirit moved you.

CLAY
You liked it too.

BETTY
Sure. I loved it.

CLAY
If you enjoy it, you should do it.

BETTY
I can’t live like that. Not anymore. I still have time to get things right. Get married again --

CLAY
You mean us?

Betty bursts out laughing.

BETTY
The look on your face! Uh-uh, loverboy. You’re not marriage material. You’re not even boyfriend material. You’re a kid. A big, fun, irresponsible kid.

CLAY
I’m not a kid.

BETTY
What are you then? What will you be ten years from now? Still cutting lawns? Still banging horny divorcees in your trailer?

Clay glares at her, his jaw working forward in anger.

CLAY
I like my life. I’m a free man.
I'm not a kid.

BETTY
Where are you going? Where will you be next time from now? Still pretending innocent? Still pretending innocent? A pretty funny interpolation, isn't it?

CLOY
I'm not a kid.

BETTY
You're just a few months older than me, aren't you? And I'm still just a kid.

CLOY
I like my title. I'm a free man.

BETTY
No, I'm serious. Kind of afraid it's incredible. If we were married, I'm afraid I might feel I was forced with my life. Letting you bully me into it... whenever you decide, you know.
BETTY
Sure you're free, for now at least. But how long before you're just alone? Miserable and alone.

Clay's anger jumps from his jaw into his shoulders and arms. He grabs the door handle.

CLAY
So you don't want to fuck. That's what you're telling me?

BETTY
Is that all this conversation means to you? Am I going to put out or not?

CLAY
Damn straight. I'm sick of playing games.

Betty quickly gets into the car. Before she can pull the door shut, Clay slams it on her, hard. Her hands leap in front of her face, as if he'd hit her. The look of fear in her eyes startles Clay out of his rage.

CLAY
Betty, look. This is coming out all wrong --

She frantically turns the key in the ignition and the Chevy pulls out.

BETTY
From here on out, Boone, you're just another tired old face on the other side of the bar.

The car screeches away. Clay stumbles across the highway.

49 EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Clay comes to the dump at the end of the canyon. He climbs into it, kicking at loose cans.

CLAY
Fuck!

He shouts the word at the cliff, for the raw, sudden violence of shouting.

CLAY
Fuuuck!

A dog in the carport starts to bark. The sound of Clay's pain echoes off the canyon as we CUT TO:
BETTY

Since you're here, you can go to bed.
But come back before you're stuck
in some Misty and there's
guy's under there. I'll see you into the apartment and stay
He greets for goodabelle!

VIPER

...So you're going to go back. This is
...So you're getting me.

---

...trying to decide which form of sleep he wants to use.
Needless sleep or deadly sleep that will make him a zombie tomorrow.

---

TACT

let's talk. It is coming out

let's try. I'm coming out

let's try. I'm coming out

let's try. I'm coming out

let's try. I'm coming out

let's try. I'm coming out
50 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Whale is sitting up in bed when Hanna knocks. She enters with a tray loaded with bottles and vials.

HANNA

You will take them all, Mr. Jimmy?

WHALE

I'll be fine, Hanna. Thank you.

HANNA

Good night.

Whale takes the pills; one by one, until he comes to the bottle of Luminal. He opens the pheno bottle to shake out a capsule and a dozen spill into his palm. He stares at them.

51 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Hanna opens the door, gasps when she sees Whale lying motionless on the bed. She spots the empty bottle of Luminal.

HANNA

Oh no, Mr. Jimmy.

Hanna kneels next to the body. She makes a Sign of the Cross, launches into a frantic "Hail Mary." We CUT TO:

52 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Whale snorts at the imagined scene. One by one, he returns the capsules to their bottle, until a single pill remains. He places it on the table, then turns out the lamp and lies on his back in the dark, waiting for sleep.

The distant sound of laughter invades the darkness. Whale sits up, straining to identify the voices. The Bedroom wall opposite him melts away, revealing:

53 INT. SPECIAL MAKEUP TRAILER - UNIVERSAL STUDIOS - DAY (1935)

ELSA LANCHESTER and BORIS KARLOFF sit side by side in dentist chairs, cloths around their necks, heads tilted back. JACK PIERCE, the makeup artist, is patting the hair drawn over a cage on Elsa's head. He looks up, sees Whale, and breaks into a conspiratorial grin. Elsa's eyes are closed; she hasn't heard Whale enter.

ELSA LANCHESTER

You done yet, love? I am absolutely dying for a fag.

Whale tiptoes in for a better look. Karloff has a mouthpiece to help him breathe while the assistant adds another coat of green sizing to his still incomplete makeup.
BORIS KARLOFF

(gurgles)

Goo' 'orning, 'ames.

WHALE

Good morning. And a very good morning to you.

Elsa's eyes snap open. There are no mirrors on the walls.

ELSA LANCHESTER

Uh-oh. The way you look at me, James. What have you done this time?

WHALE

Bring a mirror. Let the Bride feast upon her visage.

ELSA LANCHESTER

Boris? Do I look a fright?

Karloff shrugs, irked that she's getting all the attention. Jack Pierce lifts a large mirror.

JACK

(nasal New Yorkese)

Behold, the Bride of Frankenstein.

Elsa stares at the beautiful corpse in the mirror. She snaps her head left, right, up, down, startled by the sight of herself, electrocuted into frightened, spastic jerks.

ELSA LANCHESTER

Oh, James.

As Whale observes his star we see her spasms through his eyes -- as a series of dissonant, line-jumping close-ups.

ELSA LANCHESTER

And you said there'd be some of me left. Nobody's going to know me in this getup.

WHALE

Nonsense, my dear. You look extraordinary.

(to an assistant)

Today's script. Quick. And a pencil.

WHALE scans the page of shooting script, the margin marked in pencil: CU, MS, MLS. Whale pencils in a bracket and scribbles: CU a,b,c,d---MOS.
These fish stand to be measured, &amp; samples from a species conference.

Where will the next large, &amp; simple fish for a species conference.

These fish stand to be measured, &amp; samples from a species conference.
Jack, I want to get on this right away. Sorry, Boris, we won’t get to you until this afternoon.

BORIS KARLOFF
I 'ish you 'old 'e 'ooner.

The assistant removes his mouthpiece.

BORIS KARLOFF
I could have spent the morning tending to my roses.

54 INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

The interior of Stage C is completely filled by the laboratory set. Electricians adjust the lights on the wooden tower beside the Bride's table. COLIN CLIVE (Dr. Frankenstein) and ERNEST THESIGER (Dr. Pretorius) sit off to the side, in full makeup and costume. Clive mumbles earnestly over his script. Thesiger pinches his face over the needle he dips in and out of an embroidery ring.

Whale comes on the set with Elsa on his arm. She walks regally beside him, the train of her long white robe thrown over one arm. There's a wolf whistle from overhead, and applause, causing Elsa to curtsy to her admirers. Thesiger takes her hand, leans back to study her.

ERNEST THESIGER
My God. Is the audience to presume that Colin and I have done her hair? I thought we were mad scientists, not hairdressers.

ELSA LANCHESTER
Only a mad scientist could do this to a woman.

ERNEST THESIGER
Oh no, my dear. You look absolutely amazing. There's no way I can compete with you. The scene is yours.

ELSA LANCHESTER
In the sequel, James, two lady scientists should make a monster. And our monster would be Gary Cooper.

ERNEST THESIGER
I would've thought Mr. Leslie Howard would be more your line.

More your line.
be fulfilled quickly. "Yes, indeed, sir."

"Now then, let me have a job to do.

"I can perform it, whatever is asked of me."

The man rose, and took up a piece of paper. The captain sat down, and put his hand under the table."

...
ERNEST THESIGER
My line nowadays runs to Rin Tin Tin. Dogs are so much more dependable than men.

WHALE
Colin? Please. It's time.
(softly, to Thesiger)
How is he today?

ERNEST THESIGER
Stiff as a board.
calls out)
Yes, Colin. Come see what they've done to our Elsa.

Clive walks over, glumly.

COLIN CLIVE
I'm not at my best today, Jimmy.
A touch of flu, you know.

WHALE
Relax, my boy. You could do this scene in your sleep.

Clive grits his teeth and nods. Whale positions them in front of the upended table, Clive and Thesiger holding Elsa's robe out by the hems. The shadow of the sound boom passes back and forth while they rehearse.

ERNEST THESIGER
I gather we not only did her hair but dressed her. What a couple of queens we are, Colin.

Elsa giggles. Clive looks distraught -- which brings some life to his stiffness. Whale sees this, decides to tune it higher.

WHALE
Yes, a couple of flaming queens. And Pretorius is a little in love with Dr. Frankenstein, you know.

Clive's distress reads clearly now. He is twitchy and alive.

WHALE
Yes. I think it's coming together. Shall we have a go?

He sits in the canvas director's chair, nods to the assistant director.
Quiet on the set!
The warning bell rings.

Lights!
The lights sizzle and blaze.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Sound!

SOUND MAN

Okay for sound.

Camera!

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Whale sits with his legs crossed, jogging his raised foot as if conducting the scene with his shoe. Fully engaged, intensely alive. We CUT TO:

55 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Whale opens his eyes with a start. It takes him several moments to orient himself. He glances at the clock, sees that it is 3:15 am. He is wide awake.

Whale reaches over, picks up the Luminal. He stares at the pill.

(ERNEST THESIGER)

Luminal. Illumine all.

(Whale reluctantly places the pill on his tongue and swallows. He rests his head on the pillow and stares at the ceiling, where the reflection of the window sheers casts an ever-shifting pattern of light and dark. We move down to reveal):

56 INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT (BLACK & WHITE)

It’s a cobblestone cell, a plaster set from "Bride of Frankenstein." Whale sits in a massive chair, straining against thick iron chains, as a lightning storm rages outside. In the distance, heavy footsteps, coming closer, until the cell door is filled with the silhouette of the Monster. Whale hardly dares to breathe as the Monster rips off the door and enters the cell.
The Monster steps into the light, allowing us to see his face for the first time. It is Clay Boone, dressed in a Marine parade uniform. He uses his hedge clippers to cut the chains from around Whale's chest.
Clay leans down and takes Whale in his arms, cradling him like a child. They move across the sound stage -- Clay carefully sidestepping the lights and cables on the floor -- until they reach the next set:

57  **EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT**

Clay carries Whale past a painted backdrop of a stormy English countryside.

58  **INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S LAB - NIGHT**

Whale lies on the Bride's table. Clay pulls on a doctor's smock, picks up a scalpel from a table covered with various medical instruments. He carves a thin circle around the top of Whale's forehead. Then, with one deft movement, he pops off Whale's scalp and pulls out the brain. It is soot-covered, charred, used up.

Whale watches with detached fascination as Clay tosses it on the floor, then takes a throbbing, luminous mass from a tray.

Clay inserts the new brain into Whale's skull, sutures the scalp back into place. He fastens the conducting clamps around Whale's temples, then throws the heavy circuit breaker. Lights throb with bursts of energy...loose sparks crackle...rotary sparks create snapping circles of fire...as the energy of the raging storm is harnessed into the machinery.

Clay steps back to take in his handiwork. A sudden look of panic fills Whale's face.

Whale

It isn't working. The experiment is a failure.

Clay glances down at Whale, whose breathing is slowing. Realizing that the new brain hasn't taken:

Clay

Just go to sleep.

A serenity suffuses Whale's features as he stares up at the pale flicker of lightning. His breathing finally stops, his face a tranquil mask of death. We CUT TO:

59  **INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

Whale wakes with a start. He checks the clock, sees that it's past nine. He presses an intercom button on the bedside table.
He can see detail at a time, but mind mapping here.
He made an exciting discovery last night. (What was it?)
Oh yes. His gardener is going to kill him.

Something going to happen tomorrow? him back to himself?
I'm up, Hanna.

Whale sits up, drinks in the daylight. He notices some grass clippings and leaves scattered on the bedspread.

What in God's name --

Whale turns and sees Clay lying next to him. He gasps.

Does the yardman come today?

Of course, Mr. Jefferson.

A thin smile forms on Whale's face.

Whale sits up in bed, staring dumbly at the morning paper. Hanna reaches in to take away the breakfast tray.

Whale

Does the yardman come today?

Hanna

Something I can do for you?

Hanna

The Master wants to know if you are free for lunch. I tell him you will be having other plans, but he insists I ask.
CLAY
Got a lawn this afternoon, but I’m free until then.

HANNA
Expect nothing fancy.

Hanna goes inside. Clay rolls the mower down the path.

63 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Clay knocks on the bottom of the Dutch door as he lifts the latch and walks in. He is wearing a fresh madras shirt.
HANNA
He sits at the kitchen table.

The Master is dressing. I am to offer you a drink. There is whiskey and there is iced tea.

CLAY
Tea is fine.

HANNA
No. You are a guest now. You go in the living room.

CLAY
That’s okay, Hanna. I’m more comfortable in here. It is Hanna, isn’t it?

She eyes him suspiciously, shrugs, pours a glass of tea. Clay notices a Bible on the counter.

CLAY
How long you worked for Mr. Whale?

HANNA
Long enough. Fifteen years.

CLAY
I bet you’ve seen a lot of famous people come and go? Movie stars?

HANNA
No. We live simply, Mr. Jimmy and I. People come to play bridge. And now and then, young men to swim. You have people, Boone?

CLAY
You mean family? All in Joplin, Missouri.

Your wife?

HANNA
I’m not married.

Why?

CLAY
Oh, I don’t know. Because no girl in her right mind will have me?
HANNA
A man who is not married has
nothing. He is a man of trouble.
You need a woman.

CLAY
You proposing what I think you're
proposing? Don't you think I'm a
little young for you?

Hanna twists her head around with such an indignant look
that Clay bursts out laughing. She realizes that she is
being teased.

HANNA
Men. Always pulling legs.
Everything is comedy.
(mimics an English
accent)
"How very amusing. How marvelously
droll."

Hanna stares at Clay until his smile fades. She resumes her
chopping in silence.

CLAY
You ever been married, Hanna?

HANNA
Of course. I am married still.

CLAY
Yeah? What's your husband do?

HANNA
He is dead now, twenty years.

CLAY
Then you're as single as I am.

HANNA
No. I have children, grandchildren
too. I visit when I can. But now
that Mr. Jimmy cannot be left very
long, I do not get away much.
(sighs)
Poor Mr. Jimmy. There is much good
in him, but he will suffer the
fires of hell. Very sad.

CLAY
You're sure of that?

HANNA
This is what the priests tell me.
His sins of the flesh will keep him
from heaven.
CLAY
Sins of the flesh? Everybody has those.

HANNA
No. His is the worse.
(whispers)
The unspeakable. The deed no man can name without shame?

She loses patience with Clay's blank look.

HANNA
What is the good English? All I know is bugger. He is a bugger. Men who bugger each other.

CLAY
A homo?

HANNA
Yes! You know?

Clay slowly sits up.

HANNA
That is why he must go to hell. I do not think it fair. But God's law is not for us to judge.

CLAY
You're telling me Mr. Whale is a homo.

HANNA
You did not know?

CLAY
Well...no, not really --

HANNA
You and he are not doing things?

CLAY
No!

HANNA
Good. That is what I hope. I did not think you a bugger too. I fear only that you might hurt him if he tries.

CLAY
I'm not going to hurt anyone.

HANNA
Yes. I trust you.
Off in the distance, a throat loudly trumpets itself clear.

HANNA
You must go in. Quickly. He will not like to think I have had you in the kitchen.

Clay gets up slowly, reluctant to leave the room.

64 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY
Whale comes forward as Clay enters, offering a hand at the end of a spindly wrist.

WHALE
How are you, Mr. Boone? So glad you are free for lunch.

CLAY
All right, I guess.

WHALE
I assume you worked up an appetite with your labor.

A hesitant smile from Clay. Whale picks a stack of mail off the table, rifles through envelopes.

WHALE
Forgive my rudeness. At my age, the post is the cream of the day.

He returns the stack to the table but holds on to a square envelope.

Do you mind?

WHALE
Go ahead.

CLAY

Clay looks off while Whale opens the envelope.

WHALE
Hmmm? Princess Margaret?

He is examining a folded card. He rubs a thumb over the printed lettering.

WHALE
Her Majesty’s Loyal Subjects in the Motion Picture Industry... Cordially invited...Reception at the home of...Mr. George Cukor!

His lips smack open in disgust.
That pushy little -- horning in on Princess Margaret, then offering to share her with the whole damn raj? I live in this country to get away from this rubbish!

He tosses the invitation on the table.

Is this David's doing? Certainly he knows such a gathering is of no use to me.

This David's a friend?

Yes. An old, useless friend. You must excuse me, Mr. Boone. This is a world I finished with long ago. I pay them no mind and expect them to return the compliment.

Lunch should be ready. Shall we?

He holds out an open hand so that Clay can precede him into the dining room.

Hanna sets down two steaming plates of omelettes. Whale hands a glass of red wine to Clay.

Cheers.

They both take a sip of wine.

Smells lovely, Hanna.

Hanna nods, steals a glance at Clay as she leaves.

Saw your movie the other night. Watched it with some friends.

Did you now?

I liked it. We all did.

Did anyone laugh?
He tilts his snowshoe up at him again and gently smiles.

Nothing to be ashamed of. In some, we're weak.

Something to be proud of.
CLAY  
(covering)  
No.

WHALE  
Pity. People are so earnest nowadays.

CLAY  
Why? Was it supposed to be funny?

WHALE  
Of course. I had to make it interesting for myself, you see. A comedy about death. The trick is not to ruin it for anyone who isn’t in on the joke.

(a sip of wine)  
But the Monster never receives any of my gibes. He is noble. Noble and misunderstood.

Whale gazes pointedly at Clay, who eats with his elbows on the table, quickly bolting the hot omelette.

WHALE  
In Korea, Mr. Boone?

Clay looks up.

WHALE  
Did you kill anyone?  

CLAY  
I don’t like to talk about that.

WHALE  
Nothing to be ashamed of. I gather that killing is an American rite of passage. One’s not a real man until one’s killed another man.

CLAY  
That’s horseshit. Any jerk with a gun can kill someone.

WHALE  
Quite true. Hand-to-hand combat is the true test. Did you ever slay anyone hand-to-hand?

CLAY  
(defensive)  
No. I could have, though.
Yes, I believe you could. (a sip of wine)
How free is your schedule this afternoon?

Full up. I got the hedges to do here, then another lawn out by La Cienega.

What if we say phooey to the hedges? Could you spare an hour after lunch? To sit for me?

Can’t today.

I’ll pay our going rate. Plus what you’d get if you did the hedges.

Sorry. I’m not in the mood.

Whale tilts a scrutinizing eye at Clay.

All righty. I understand. May I offer you a cigar?

Sure.

He draws out twin cigars. Clay takes one. He starts to bite the tip off.

Use this.

Whale passes him a gold penknife.

Just a trim. And mine while you’re at it. Fingers are a bit stiff today.

You ever been married, Mr. Whale?

No. At least not in the legal sense.

What other way is there?
Clay hands a clipped cigar back to Whale.

CLAY
So you had a wife?

WHALE
Or a husband. Depending on which of us you asked. My friend David. He lived here for many years.

The other cigar crunches faintly between Clay's fingers.

CLAY
No, I -- you're a homosexual.

WHALE
Oh dear. If one must have a clinical name.

CLAY
I'm not, you know.

WHALE
I never thought you were.

CLAY
You don't think of me that way, do you?

WHALE
What way might that be?

CLAY
You know. Look at me -- like I look at pretty girls. Women.

WHALE
Don't be ridiculous. I know a real man like you would break my neck if I so much as laid a hand on him. Besides, you're not my type.

Clay suddenly laughs. Whale's smile deepens.

CLAY
What you do is no business of mine. Live and let live, I say.
WHALE
I hope this has nothing to do with your refusing to sit for me today?

CLAY
No. I --

Whale continues to smile, slyly.

WHALE
What are you afraid of, Mr. Boone? Certainly not a frail old man like me.

Clay has no answer. He gives in with a sigh.

66 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

Clay sits sideways on the chair again. Whale stands at the easel.

CLAY
Can I see what you did so far?

WHALE
It will only make you self-conscious. You'll have to remove your shirt.

CLAY
Sorry. Not today.

WHALE
But we need to match the other sketch.

CLAY
I just feel more comfortable keeping it on. You just said you didn't want me self-conscious.

Whale steps forward.

WHALE (musingly)
Perhaps if we open the shirt and pull --

Whale's hands go in. Clay's flesh tightens; he shrinks back. The hands stop, palms raised.

WHALE
Oh dear. I have made you nervous.

CLAY
I'm fine. I'd just rather keep it on.
WHALE
Suppose we unbutton the top and pull it down around your shoulders? Two buttons. Is that so much to ask? Just two little buttons.

WHALE’S thumb and fingers unpluck buttons in midair.

CLAY
No! Look. What you told me at lunch is still very weird for me. So either you sketch me like I am or I’ll say forget it and go do your hedges.

WHALE glides behind the easel. The pencils rattle in the tray.

CLAY
I don’t mean to be a prick, but that’s how I feel.

WHALE
Of course. I don’t want to scare you off. Not before I’m finished with you.

CLAY
Tell me more about yourself, Mr. Boone. You have a steady companion?

CLAY
Not at the moment.

WHALE (amused)
Why not?

CLAY
You know how it is. You have to kiss ass just to get a piece of it.

WHALE
Amusingly put.

CLAY
The world is just one kiss-ass game after another. A man has to make up his own life, alone.

WHALE
Ah, a philosopher! Mr. I regular Thoreau with a lawnmower.
(smiles)

WHALE

Right. I like that.

WHALE

But take care, Mr. Boone. Freedom is a drug, much like any other. Too much can be a very bad thing.

Clay glances out the window. Feigning a merely casual interest:

CLAY

Is that why you and your friend split up? Because you wanted to be free?

WHALE

In a way, yes. I suppose so. I know it’s why I stopped making pictures.

WHALE

You might not think it to look at me now, but there was a time when I was at the very pinnacle of my profession. The horror movies were behind me. I’d done “Show Boat.” Major success. Great box office. Now I was to do something important. “The Road Back.” An indictment of the Great War and what it did to Germany. It was to be my masterpiece.

CLAY

What happened?

WHALE

The fucking studio butchered it. It was 1937, Hitler’s armies were already massing -- and still the New York bankers stood in line to curry his favor. Anything to avoid losing the German market. They cut away the guts and brought in another director to add slapstick. The picture laid an egg, a great expensive bomb. For which I was blamed.

A shadow passes over Whale’s eyes. He presses two fingers against his temple.
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After that, I went out of fashion. I was no longer able to command the best projects, so I walked away. Why should I spend my time working in such a dreadful business?

Do you miss it?

(dismissive)

It's so far in the past now. Over fifteen years --

Whale stops himself. He smiles gently at Clay.

Making movies was the most wonderful thing in the world. Working with friends. Entertaining people. Yes, I suppose I miss it. More so now that --

Whale reaches into his pocket, takes out the bottle of Luminal.

I think we all want to feel we've left our mark on the world. Yes. I wish I had done more work.

You've done a helluva lot more than most people.

Better work.

Whale moves across the room to the screen door.

But I chose freedom. David was still in the thick of it, his life full of anxiety and studio intrigue. I didn't fancy spending my golden years as merely "the friend." The dirty little secret of a nervous producer.

How long were you...?
Twenty years. Too long. We were like a play whose run outlasted the cast's ability to keep it fresh. So I finally decided to close down the show.

Whale places a pill on his tongue and swallows. He fixes Clay with a pinched smile.

When all fetters are loosened, a certain hedonism creeps in, don’t you think? There was a period when this house was overrun with young
He looms over men. Some even posed for me. Right where you're sitting now.

Clay shifts uncomfortably in his chair. His face flushes.

WHALE
Of course, they weren't nearly as bashful. No, this room was once filled with bare buttocks. And pricks. Hard, arrogant pricks --

Cut it out!

Clay explodes out of his chair, knocking over a small side table.

CLAY
Fuck it. I can't do this anymore.

He looms over Whale, whose breathing starts to quicken.

CLAY
Isn't it enough you told me you're a fairy? Do you have to rub my nose in it?

WHALE
I assure you, Mr. Boone, I meant no --

CLAY
From now on, Mr. Whale, I cut your grass and that's it. Understand?

Before Whale can respond Clay storms out, nearly ripping the screen door off its hinges. Whale sits on the daybed, takes a few quick breaths. Suddenly the air is filled with the sounds of people cavorting in the pool.

Whale looks up, sees a young man standing outside the screen door. It is now dark outside.

YOUNG MAN
Come on, Jimmy. Watch me dive.

Whale offers a melancholy smile.

WHALE
I think I'll just rest for a moment.

The man shrugs, disappears into the darkness. We move across the room and through the door...
Whale sits in a director’s chair, a martini in one hand, a cigar in the other, a harmless old uncle watching young men swagger and splash in the pool.

**WHALE**

I think we’re ready to go.

He glances over, sees Clay in plaid bathing trunks, sitting apart from the others. He is puffing on a Camel.

**WHALE**

You’re up, Mr. Boone.

Clay ignores him. Whale puts down his martini and cigar, picks up a Polaroid camera. He moves over to Clay.

**WHALE**

The extras are in their places. Now we need the star. Wouldn’t you like to get in the pool?

**CLAY**

You first.

**WHALE**

Oh no. I never swim.

Whale removes Clay’s cigarette, crushes it with his shoe. Behind him, the pool is now a pit full of naked shadows.

**WHALE**

You’ll have to remove that shirt.

Whale touches Clay’s bare chest. Clay grabs hold of his wrist, causing the old man to yelp in pain. In the pool, the extras shriek in alarm.

Clay’s hands close tightly around Whale’s throat.

**INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

Whale’s hands fly to his throat. He opens his eyes and gasps greedily for air, the young men’s screams lingering in the room. There is a look of genuine terror on his face.

**EXT. BRENTWOOD HOUSE - YARD - DUSK**

The sun goes down. Clay wearily pushes his lawnmower, struggling to concentrate on the darkened lawn.

**EXT. BRENTWOOD HOUSE - BACK DOOR - NIGHT**

The smug PROPERTY OWNER peers out at Clay from behind a screen door.
CLAY
Do you mind turning on a light?  
It’s getting pretty soupy out here.

OWNER
Should have been here when you said  
you would. You whack off a toe,  
don’t think about taking me to  
court.
CLAY
You're lucky I even squeezed you in today.

OWNER
Don't take that tone with me, bub. There's Japs in this town that work cheaper and do flowers too.

Clay takes a deep breath. He can't afford to get angry.

CLAY
Will you just turn on the porch light? Sir?

The owner flicks on the light.

70 INT: HARRY'S BEACHCOMBER - NIGHT
Clay presses through the Saturday night crowd. He leans in to the bar, calls out to Harry.

CLAY
Harry, gimme a beer.

Harry reaches for a bottle without looking up. Clay cranes his neck to scan the crowd.

CLAY
Where's Betty?

HARRY
She took the night off. Heavy date. Some guy she's had her eye on for a while.

Harry smiles pointedly at Clay, hands him the beer.

CLAY
Thanks a lot, pal.

Clay turns his back on the bar. He sees Dwight moving through the crowd.

Dwight!

Dwight nods, a little coolly.

Hey, Boone.

Have a drink?

Dwight's WIFE, a pert, steely-eyed brunette, places a firm hand on his shoulder. Dwight shrugs, heads toward the door.
CRAY

You're crazy. I saw someone you're in love with.

CRAY

CRAZY

Could you send back some tips on work.

There's a note in 4 lines that says work.

CRAY

CRAY

CRAY

CRAZY

WRITING 473

TRIANGLE 272
Clay turns. A pretty, too-tan BLONDE WOMAN in her early 30s is standing at the end of the bar, eyeing Clay. He lifts his glass and she responds with an open smile.

71  EXT. CLAY’S TRAILER - NIGHT
Clay and the woman go at it, their shadows visible through the glass louvers.

72  INT. CLAY’S TRAILER - BATHROOM - NIGHT
Clay tugs on a cord and the harsh overhead fluorescent buzzes to life. He splashes his face with water, then catches his reflection in the mirror.

73  EXT. SANTA MONICA LIBRARY - DAY
Clay parks outside the local branch of the public library.

74  SCENE OMITTED

75  INT. READING ROOM - DAY
Clay leafs through an oversized folio, bound copies of The New York Times. He glances at an article from 1936: "Interview With a Passing Whale." There is a picture of Whale, captioned "Famous British Director." A LIBRARIAN approaches with more leatherbound books.

LIBRARIAN
Here are the trade newspapers you wanted.

Clay takes the books, opens one.

76  INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY
Whale eats lunch off a TV tray. His attention remains focused on "Queen for a Day" as Hanna clomps into the room behind him.

Who was at the door?

A visitor.

Whale turns. His face registers surprise when he sees Clay.

Thank you, Hanna. That will be all.

Hanna retreats toward the kitchen. Clay steps tentatively into the room.
Mr. Boone. You're not due to cut the lawn until Wednesday.

I'd like to sit for you again. But only if you ease up on the locker room talk. Okay?

Whale holds up two fingers, affects an American accent.

Scout's honor.

Whale and Boone are back in their familiar positions. An empty glass of beer sits on the floor next to Clay.

I'm curious, Mr. Boone. What convinced you to come back?

I don't know. I guess I like your stories.

Everybody has stories to tell.

Not me.

What about your stint in Korea? I'm sure it was full of dramatic episodes.

I told you. I don't like to talk about that.

Whale nods, sensing that he's touched a sore spot.

And the fear you showed at our last session? How did you overcome that?

Not fear. More like disgust.
Same difference, Mr. Boone. Disgust, fear of the unknown -- all part of the great gulf that stands between us. Am I right in assuming that you've had little experience with men of my persuasion?

CLAY
There's no people like you in my crowd.

WHALE
No teammates in football? No comrades in Korea?

CLAY
You must think the whole world is queer. Well it's not. War sure isn't.

WHALE
Oh, there may not be atheists in the foxholes, but there are occasionally lovers.

CLAY
You're talking through your hat now.

WHALE
Not at all. I was in the foxholes myself.

CLAY
You were a soldier?

WHALE
I was an officer.

Clay breaks his pose to turn and look at Whale.

CLAY
This was World War I?

WHALE
No, my dear. The Crimean War. What do you think? The Great War. You had a Good War, while we had --

WHALE
-- a war without end. There were trenches when I arrived, and trenches when I left, two years later. Just like in the movies.

(MORE)
the border away from clary.

We are nothing of clary, but continues to star at papers,
a row from passed under his nose, the paper flying in his fingers.
He holds a book open with both hands, later himself to sit on edge.
Only the movies never get the stench of them. The world reduced to mud and sandbags and a narrow strip of rainy sky.

(a dry snort)

But we were discussing something else. Oh yes. Love in the trenches.

Now he's talking only to himself.

Barnett. Was that his name?

Leonard Barnett. He came to the front straight from Harrow. And he looked up to me. Unlike the others, he didn't care that I was a workingman impersonating his betters. How strange, to be admired so blindly. I suppose he loved me. But chastely, like a schoolboy.

CLAY

Something happened to him?

Whale looks up at Clay, stares at him.

I remember one morning in particular. A morning when the sun came out.

78 EXT. TRENCHES - DAY (1917)

LEONARD BARNETT, 19, boyish and handsome, peers into a periscope. Whale stands beside him, pointing out landmarks on the bleak landscape.

Odd, how even there one could have days when the weather was enough to make one happy. He and I were standing on the fire step and I showed him the sights of no-man's land, through the periscope. It was beautiful. The barbed wire was reddish gold, the water in the shell holes green with algae, the sky a clear quattrocento blue. And I stood shoulder to shoulder with a tall apple-cheeked boy who loved and trusted me.

Whale reaches over and lays his arm across Barnett's shoulder. Barnett smiles timidly at him. We CUT TO:
Whale leans forward, completely disoriented. His eyes fix on Clay, the white eyebrows screwed down, until he is able to recognize the face.

**WHALE**

Don't do this to me again, Mr. Boone. I absolutely refuse.

Whale stands, his legs shaky.

**WHALE**

You will not set me on another walk down memory lane. Not this lane. Not today.

CLAY

I didn't --

**WHALE**

Why do I tell you this? I never told David. I never even remembered it until you got me going.

CLAY

You're the one who started it.

**WHALE**

You're very clever, Mr. Boone. You just sit there and let me talk. What a sorry old man, you're thinking. What a crazy old poop. (comes closer)

Why are you here? What do you want from me?

CLAY

You asked me to model. Remember?

**WHALE**

Of course I remember. Do you think I'm so senile --

Whale stands over Clay. His pale face turns left, right, looking at Clay with one cold eye, then the other. Clay returns the gaze, worried for Whale.

CLAY

Mr. Whale? Are you okay?

**WHALE**

You're not an angry lion at all.

What?
This page intentionally left blank for viewing facing pages. Please proceed to next page.
WHALE
No. You're just a puzzled house cat.

CLAY
What are you talking about?

WHALE
Stupid. Very stupid. What have I been thinking?

Clay hands him the water.

WHALE
Just go. Please. Why don't you go?

CLAY
I don't get it. First you creep me out with homo shit. Then you hit me with war stories. And now you're upset because I listen? What do you want?

WHALE
I want -- I want...

His pained eyes focus on Clay, and soften.

WHALE
I want a glass of water.

Clay gets up and goes to the sink.

WHALE
A touch of headache.

Clay hands him the water.

WHALE
Thank you.

WHALE
My apologies. I had no business snapping at you.

WHALE
No harm done.

CLAY
WHALE

It was foolishness to attempt this portrait. You cannot force what will not flow.

CLAY

You don't want me to sit for you anymore?

Whale shakes his head sadly. He gazes up at Clay, sees the disappointment on his face.

WHALE

How would you like to come to a party with me? A reception for Princess Margaret.

CLAY

I thought you weren't going.

WHALE

If you don't mind driving, I'd like to take you as my guest. There should be lots of pretty starlets to keep you amused.

CLAY

I'm game. Sure.

WHALE

Very good, Clayton. May I call you Clayton? Or do you prefer Boone?

CLAY

Clayton is fine.

Whale smiles gently.

80 EXT. OCEAN PROMENADE - DUSK

The sun is setting over the Pacific. Clay stands in a phone booth on the strand.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DUSK

Clay smiles anxiously as the call connects.

CLAY

Mom? Yeah, it's me.

Clay pauses as his mother shoots questions at him.

CLAY

No, I'm not in jail... I don't want any money, no... (louder, to be heard) Look, is Sis there? I want to tell (MORE)
CLAY (cont'd)

her about this movie person I met out here. She’ll get a kick out of it.

We hear the phrase: "She’s out, Clay." Clay closes his eyes as his mother rambles on.

CLAY

No, I still...I’d give you my phone number if I had a phone --

Clay tries to stay calm as his mother berates him for not staying in touch.

CLAY

How’s the old man?

Before Clay can protest we hear: "Hold on." Clay glances out at couples strolling up the promenade. An operator interrupts, says: "One dollar for the next three minutes." Clay deposits two quarters before his mother returns. "He’s busy, Clay."

CLAY

Right.

The operator comes on again, asking for fifty more cents. Clay stares at the quarters in his hand.

CLAY

Time’s up. I better go.

Clay listens as his mother prattles on, until the connection is broken and the phone goes dead. Clay steps out of the booth, takes a deep breath of ocean air.

81 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Whale and Hanna go through the closet together.

HANNA

Mr. Boone. He is an interesting friend.

WHALE

I’d hardly call our yardman a friend.

HANNA

No. But someone you can talk to.

Whale stops, turns to Hanna.

WHALE

Do you miss having someone to talk to, Hanna?
Here is a message from Bill before.

[Handwritten note: This is a handwritten note]
HANNA
I have my family. Also our Lord Jesus Christ.

WHALE
Of course. How is the old boy these days?

The naughty remark is met with a solemn stare. Whale reaches up, chooses a lightweight blue suit.

WHALE
It needs a hat. There was a wide-brimmed cream fedora...

HANNA
It must be up in your old room. I will look.

The phone rings. Hanna hurries to answer it.

82 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - MAIN HALL - DAY

Hanna speaks softly in Hungarian. Whale points upstairs to let her know he will look for the hat himself.

83 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Whale opens the closet door and takes down a stack of hatboxes from the overhead shelf. He opens the first box, takes out a rubbery wad of heavy fabric with two round windows like eyes. It’s a gas mask. We CUT TO:

84 INT. TRENCHES - NIGHT (1917)

The night sky explodes with light and smoke. Whale moves calmly through the chaos, trying to maintain a modicum of order among the troops.

WHALE
Gas masks on. Gas masks on.

At the end of the line, young Barnett is struggling with his straps. Mustard gas is starting to stream into the trench.

BARNETT
Don’t mind me, Lieutenant. Save yourself.

Whale slips the mask over Barnett’s face, fastens it. He slides his own mask into position moments before the trench is obliterated by the yellowish smoke. We CUT TO:

85 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Hanna stands in the door with a forlorn frown.
a new idea, a startling joke: it is his move to in, from an America boy, it's telling whole a date.
HANNA
Oh, Mr. Jimmy. You make a mess of it. Here.

Hanna lifts the lid of an unopened box to show him the missing fedora.

HANNA
(stacking boxes)
That is my daughter. She say she and her husband are coming to town this afternoon. I am sorry, Mr. Jimmy. I will make it short.

WHALE
I'll be out this afternoon, remember? Your family can visit as long as they like.

HANNA
No. I do not cook for them. My daughter's no-good husband will not take one bite of our food.

Hanna holds out the box for the gas mask. Whale gives it a long, final look, then drops it in the box.

WHALE
You can toss this one in the trash.

Hanna clamps the lid on the box.

86 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Hanna has opened the door. At the end of the hall, silhouetted against the bright afternoon sky, is Clay. His shoulders fill the doorway. The top of his head is perfectly flat.

WHALE
Good afternoon, Clayton.

CLAY
Do I look okay?

Clay steps into the light. His khaki pants are clean and pressed. A blue knit shirt fits his muscles snugly.

WHALE
You look splendid, my boy. Quite splendid.

87 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Whale crosses to the passenger side of the Chrysler.

WHALE
I suppose you'd like the top down.
CLAY

If that's okay?

WHALE

Nothing would please me more.

Clay squeezes behind the wheel, shifts the seat back, explores switches. The vinyl top pops up and folds backward.

WHALE gets in. Clay starts the engine and backs out.

EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - DAY

Hanna stands at the front door, hands tangled in her apron. Whale tugs his hat brim at her as the car swings around the driveway.

WHALE smiles at the wide open sky overhead. Clay steps on the gas and the Chrysler takes off.

EXT. CUKOR HOUSE - DAY

The party is clearly audible from the road, where Clay has squeezed the Chrysler into a long row of shiny cars nuzzling the high brick wall. Whale puts his dark glasses on.

WHALE

Stars, you know. The suns of other galaxies.

They walk up the steep road to the gatehouse.

WHALE

Good old George. He loves to put on the dog. Only his dogs tend to have a bit of mutt.

A WOMAN at the gate inspects the invitation, waves them through.

EXT. CUKOR HOUSE - LAWN - DAY

A sunny patio with hedges and statues. Wickets and stakes have been set up for a game of croquet, but only a handful of very tanned children strut around with mallets.

WHALE

What did I tell you? Listen.

CLAY

I don't hear anything.

WHALE

Exactly. Cukor was too cheap to hire music. There's nothing but chin-wag. The cold dreary custard of English chin-wag.
Whale scans the crowd.

WHALE

Slim pickings. Well, it's early yet. Perhaps this is a good time to pay our respects.

Clay follows Whale toward a trellis alcove covered in ivy. A handful of people grin at the mismatched couple who stand in the shade: a homely older man in glasses and a pretty woman in a white dress with polka dots. GEORGE CUKOR and PRINCESS MARGARET, at age 27.

WHALE

Let's get this over with quickly.

Whale forgets to remove his hat when he comes forward. Before he can give Cukor their names Princess Margaret's polite smile bursts open in a joyful display of teeth.

PRINCESS MARGARET

I had no idea you'd be here.

She seizes Whale's hand in her little white gloves.

How are you?

PRINCESS MARGARET

(taken aback)

Fine. Quite fine. And Your Royal Highness?

PRINCESS MARGARET

Splendid. Now that I know you're around.

Standing beside him, Clay is clearly impressed that Whale knows a princess.

PRINCESS MARGARET

Can we get together while I'm in town? I so badly want to sit for you again.

WHALE

Sit?

PRINCESS MARGARET

I've changed my hair, you see. Since our last session. Those old snaps look rather dowdy now.

Whale realizes she's mistaken him for someone else. He tugs his sunglasses down his nose so she can see his eyes.

PRINCESS MARGARET

Oh dear. Have I made a blunder?
WHALE  
Ma'am, the pleasure is mine. James  
Whale.

PRINCESS MARGARET  
(laughs)  
I am such a goose. I mistook you  
for Cecil Beaton. It's the hat.  
You're wearing one of Cecil's hats,  
you know.

Whale attempts to chuckle while he fights a feeling of  
humiliation. He turns to Cukor for help.

WHALE  
Hello, George. James Whale. David  
Lewis's friend. I once made  
pictures myself, Ma'am.

GEORGE CUKOR  
Yes. Of course. One can't throw a  
rock in this town without hitting  
one of us old movie directors.

Whale feels the sting. He turns to Clay.

WHALE  
Ma'am, may I present Mr. Clayton  
Boone?

Clay steps forward to shake hands.

WHALE  
My gardener, who insisted I bring  
him today. He so wanted to meet  
royalty.

Cukor's face goes blank with indignation.

CLAY  
Pleased to meet you.

PRINCESS MARGARET  
Quite. I adore gardens.

Whale narrows his eyes at Cukor and sharpens his smile.

WHALE  
He's never met a princess. Only  
queens.

Cukor puffs out his chest, quivers a bulbous lower lip at  
Whale.
Lever a support unit being used boats for children.
WHALE

George, Ma'am, this has been an honor. An occasion to remember for the rest of my days.

He leads Clay away and an American couple promptly crowd in to take their place. Striding through the garden, Whale is obviously pleased with himself.

CLAY

What was that about?

WHALE

Nothing of importance. Just two old men slapping each other with lilies. Shall we have a drink?

WHALE leads Clay to a tented bar. Across the way, David Lewis has come through the gate with a WOMAN on his arm. People look discreetly, not at David but at the woman, lightly veiled in a scarf and sunglasses.

CLAY

Who's that?

WHALE

David. The friend I thought was in New York.

CLAY

No. The girl.

WHALE

Girl? Oh. Elizabeth Taylor.

Clay watches in amazement as ELIZABETH TAYLOR waves to someone and pipes out a happy hello. She hurriedly unties her scarf, thrusts it at David and runs off on tiptoes to embrace a woman.

CLAY

Is that really her?

WHALE

David produced her last picture.

David glances around while he slips the scarf into a coat pocket. He sees Whale looking at him. He puts on a tight smile and strolls across the patio.

DAVID

What are you doing here?
he told me I have a plan but he don't have big plans when he wear his serve.
He hurries off.

WHALE
Just what I was about to ask you. I thought you were in New York.

DAVID
I was, until last night. Publicity asked me to fly Miss Taylor in for today's reception.

The waiter arrives with their drinks. Only when Clay takes his glass of beer does David see that Whale is not alone. He holds out his hand.

David Lewis.

Clay Boone.

WHALE
Our yardman. Who was kind enough to serve as my escort to George's little do.

David freezes. Whale lifts his martini glass at Clay and takes a sip.

DAVID
Should you be drinking in your condition?

WHALE
Oh, David, stop being a nanny.

Clay clears his throat, eager to escape this domestic squabble.

CLAY
I think I'll go look at Elizabeth Taylor.

He hurries off.

WHALE
You should have seen Georgie's face when he met Clayton.

DAVID
You didn't, Jimmy.

WHALE
I did. But Princess Margaret was a doll. We're all equals in her eyes. As commoners, I presume.

DAVID
You only embarrass yourself.
Please note: my story, surprise + added twist.

Heather and Martha in 'histoire'

not inspired by anyone - your own stories.
WHALE
Oh dear. I'll never work in this town again?

DAVID
You know what I mean. Your reputation.

WHALE
But I have no reputation. I'm as free as the air.

DAVID
Well the rest of us aren't. Can't you remember that?

WHALE
No. I never could. You must regret having had the invitation sent.

David is looking over Whale's shoulder.

DAVID
I didn't ask George to invite you.

Then who did?

DAVID
Jimmy, there are people here I need to speak to. You'll be fine on your own?

WHALE
Yes. Perfectly.

DAVID
All right, then. I'll come by tomorrow for breakfast.

Whale nods, watches David stroll over to the pool and greet a gaggle of executives. Whale drifts toward some deck chairs at the far end of the croquet lawn. He sits, takes a sip of his drink. Suddenly a high-pitched giggle pierces the air.

KAY
Mr. Whale!

Whale looks out to see Edmund Kay, his interviewer from several weeks ago, marching across the lawn.

WHALE
Mr.... Kay?
KAY
Bet you thought you'd never see me again. I didn't know if you'd be well enough to come to this party.

WHALE
You didn't?

KAY
I'm the one who got you on Mr. Cukor's guest list.

WHALE
You, Mr. Kay? How do you know George Cukor?

KAY
I interviewed him after I met you. I'm his social secretary now. Well, assistant to his secretary.

WHALE
I commend you. If you're going to pursue poofs, go after those who can do favors for you. You waste everybody's time when you court dinosaurs.

KAY
Don't think that, Mr. Whale. I love your movies. That's why I wanted you to come to this. So I could see you with your monsters.

WHALE
My monsters?

KAY
Don't go away.

WHALE
Whale tries to do just that, but finds himself caught in the chair. He is stumbling to his feet when Kay returns with Elsa Lanchester, 55, at his side.

ELSA LANCHESTER
Jimmy. How are you?

WHALE
Elsa?

She takes Whale's hand, with a look of deep concern and sympathy. Kay races off again.

ELSA LANCHESTER
I saw Una O'Connor a few weeks ago. She said you'd been under the weather.
WHALE
Oh, nothing out of the ordinary.
Growing old.

ELSA LANCHESTER
We’re all getting a bit long in the
tooth.

WHALE (lit. white!
But you appear quite fresh, my
dear.

She swats aside the compliment and gestures at the chair.

ELSA LANCHESTER
Please. You shouldn’t stand on my
account.

WHALE
Perfectly all right. But if you’d
like to sit --

ELSA LANCHESTER
I’m fine, Jimmy. I can only stay a
few minutes.

Of course.

WHALE (lit. much, a corner call on an inveter)

ELSA LANCHESTER
What’s our pesky friend up to now?

Kay returns, accompanied by a stooped, gray-haired man with
a long rectangular face and wary, heavy-lidded eyes.

ELSA LANCHESTER
Is that Boris? Our little chum
appears to be arranging a reunion.

Oh dear.

Karloff, age 70, comes reluctantly, followed by his niece
ALICE, a bashful young woman who carries a blanket-wrapped
bundle.

ELSA LANCHESTER
Boris, darling. I didn’t know you
were here. These public revels are
hardly up your alley.

BORIS KARLOFF
I came for the sake of my visiting
niece. Alice. And Miranda, my
great-niece.

His huge hand lifts the blanket in Alice’s arms, revealing a
bald infant with enormous blue eyes. Karloff gurgles and
coos at the child.

**ELSA LANCHESTER**

And what do you make of our royal visitant?

**BORIS KARLOFF**

Perfectly charming. A real lady.

**ELSA LANCHESTER**

Of course she's a lady. What did you expect? A hussy in tennis shoes?

Whale looks up and discovers Clay standing a few feet behind Karloff. He is ogling two bosomy actresses who are listening intently to the monocled British consul.

Whale's eyes try to focus Karloff and Clay together, his once and future monsters. Kay shouts to a passing photographer carrying a bulky Speed Graphic.

**KAY**

Hey, you! With the camera! We got a historical moment here. Come get a picture of it.

The man scans the group for a famous face.

**KAY**

This is Mr. James Whale, who made "Frankenstein" and "Bride of Frankenstein." And this is the Monster and his Bride.

Clay looks up when he hears Kay identify Karloff.

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

Oh, Karloff. Right.

Karloff and Elsa drift into position next to Whale. The flash goes off, a snap and a crunch of light. **Whale cringes in pain.**

**ELSA LANCHESTER**

(through clenched grin)

Don't you just love being famous?

Another flash. From Whale's perspective, the bulb resembles nothing so much as the translucent tube of electrical current from Dr. Frankenstein's laboratory. Whale concentrates on his smile as another snap of light stabs his brain. He clutches Elsa Lanchester's hand.

**ELSA LANCHESTER**

Are you all right, Jimmy?
A sharp nod from Whale. The photographer motions to Karloff's niece.
PHOTOGRAPHER
Let me get one with Frankenstein holding the kid.

Alice hands over the baby. Karloff gently cradles the child. Whale stands on his left, Elsa on his right. They all smile at the baby, who gurgles and points up. Whale follows the baby's gaze to the sky, where a large kite rocks and strains in a furious electrical storm.

The camera flashes once, then again.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Got it!

Whale glances up -- the kite is gone. Thunder rumbles as the group starts to disperse. Whale nods to the faces exchanging good-byes.

BORIS KARLOFF
So good to see you again, James.

He strolls off, clucking and cooing at his baby.

KAY
Catch you before you go, Mr. Whale. I'll make sure everybody gets sent a print.

He goes off with the photographer. Elsa kisses Whale on the cheek.

ELSA LANCHESTER
We'll be in touch, Jimmy.

WHALE
Good-bye. So nice to see you...

Finally Whale is alone. He staggers to the deck chair and lowers himself sideways into the hammock.

CLAY
You okay?

Whale gazes up at Clay.

WHALE
Tired. A bit tired.

Clay nods. Whale smiles at him.

WHALE
Are you enjoying yourself?

CLAY
Actually, I feel a little out of place.
Neither of us really belongs here.

Must have been funny for you. Seeing your monsters again.

Monsters? The only monsters... (closes his eyes) ...are here.

Across the lawn, conversation has stopped. Birdlike shrieks come from all directions.

Oh fuck. And we left the top down. You want to run for it?

Run for what?

Can't you see? It's raining!

The rain is only a flickering of air, but people are jumping and shrieking, throwing coats over their heads as they dash toward the house.

He takes Whale under the arm, helps him up and escorts him to a small tent. On the patio, everyone shoves and squeezes to get through the one open door.

Whale stares out, hypnotized by the deluge. From his POV, we see a young man step into the rain. Whale squints, is finally able to identify the man as Leonard Barnett.

Whale's eyes follow Barnett as he emerges onto a new landscape, a scarred and barren battlefield. As the storm continues to rage:

Mr. Whale?

Whale shifts his gaze to Clay. He takes a moment to orient himself.

Let's get out of this funk hole.

You don't want to wait it out? Rain should let up soon.
WHALE

We’re not sugar. We won’t melt.

WHALE adjusts the brim of his hat and steps into the downpour. Clay has no choice except to follow. They walk briskly, the minute splashes on Whale’s hat forming a ghostly aura of spray.
91 INT. CAR - DAY

Whale opens the door and climbs in next to Clay. The roof slowly closes over them.

CLAY
I better get you home before you catch your death from pneumonia.

WHALE
Catch my death.

Clay glances over, sees Whale sitting very wet and rigid, staring straight ahead.

CLAY
You all right, Mr. Whale?

WHALE
Jim_ Please. Call me Jimmy.

Clay smiles, starts to back the car out.

92 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - FOYER - DUSK

The hallway is pitch-dark as Whale and Clay enter.

WHALE
Hanna! Bring us some towels. We're drenched to the bone!

No response.

WHALE
Blast her. If we soil her holy floor, it's her own damn fault.

Whale goes squashing down the hall. Clay remains just inside the open door, prying off his shoes and peeling off his socks. He follows Whale into:

93 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK

WHALE
I don't believe this.

He slides a note to Clay.

WHALE
It's not like her.
CLAY
(reading)
Just a night out. Sounds like she can’t say no to her daughter.

WHALE (a kind leer)
Certainly you have better things to do than babysit an old man?

CLAY
I didn’t have anything planned.

WHALE
Good. Let’s get dry.

94 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

WHALE stands just inside the closet, buttoning a crisp white shirt. He reaches for a red bow tie, closes the closet door. In the mirror, Leonard Barnett stands behind him, in uniform. Whale’s eyes twinkle in surprise. He drapes the tie around his collar.

WHALE
What do you think?

Barnett smiles his approval.

95 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT

CLAY steps out of the shower, dries himself with a large towel. He wraps the towel around his waist, knots it.

96 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

WHALE opens his desk drawer, takes out a sheaf of paper. He sits, reaches for a pen.

97 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

CLAY
Mr. Whale?

No answer. He goes to the top of the stairs and calls out.

CLAY
Where’s those clothes you promised?

Again, nothing. Rain ticks against the windows. Clay goes down the stairs.

98 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

WHALE is bent over the desk. He looks up.
Barnett sits on the edge of the bed now. He smiles, a bit sadly. Whale returns to his note.

INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

There’s a glow coming from the bedroom, and the sound of Whale’s voice.

CLAY

Mr. Whale? Jimmy?

Clay steps slowly toward the door, pushes it open. He peers in.

INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

WHALE is still writing.

Mr. Whale?

Whale jumps. He slaps a hand over his chest, twists around, sees Clay.

CLAY

Mr. Whale?

WHALE

Oh, of course. Clayton. You finished your shower already?

CLAY

Ten minutes ago. Didn’t you hear me calling?

WHALE

I sat down to dash off this note. Terribly sorry. (stands) I believe I promised you some clothes.

Whale crosses to the closet. Barnett is nowhere to be seen.

WHALE

You’re much wider than I am. You won’t want to attempt to get into my pants.

CLAY

No. Definitely not.

Clay chuckles. Whale smiles.

WHALE

Very good, Clayton.
This page intentionally left blank for viewing facing pages. Please proceed to next page.
He takes a robe from a hook on the closet door. Clay tries it on but it won’t close over the towel.

**WHALE**

I know.

Whale opens a drawer, takes out a crewneck sweater.

**WHALE**

Absolutely swims on me, but should take care of your upper half.

Clay pulls the sweater over his head.

**WHALE**

That only leaves the rest.

**CLAY**

You don’t have any baggy shorts? Pajama bottoms?

**WHALE**

Sorry. My pajamas are tailored. Would it be too distressing to continue with the towel? No more immodest than a kilt, you know.

**CLAY**

Do I have any other choice?

**WHALE**

Very sporting of you, Clayton.

Clay notices a framed drawing on the desk.

**CLAY**

Is that --?

**WHALE**

(nods)

The only memento I ever kept. My original sketch for the Monster.

He hands the sketch to Clay, who stares down at the famous flat head, hooded eyes, bolted neck of the Monster.

**WHALE**

Shall we?

Clay puts down the sketch, starts into the hall. Whale turns back, sees Barnett standing by the window. Whale flips off the light and closes the door.

101 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Clay sits at the kitchen table. Whale opens the refrigerator and brings out two plates wrapped in wax paper, and a bottle of beer for Clay. He pours himself a shot of
Scotch from a decanter and sits down.

CLAY
I thought you’d given up on my picture.

WHALE
I’d like to try again. If you’re game.

CLAY
Why not? Give us something to do while we wait.

Clay munches on his sandwich. Whale pours himself another Scotch, takes a sip.

WHALE
Tell me something, Clayton. Do you believe in mercy killing?

CLAY
Never gave it much thought.

WHALE
Come now. I’m sure you came across such situations in Korea. A wounded comrade, or perhaps one of the enemy? Someone for whom death would be a blessing.

Clay stops chewing. He stares down at his plate.

CLAY
I never went.

He takes a deep breath, looks up at Whale.

CLAY
I never made it to Korea.

But you said --

WHALE
-- that I was a Marine. Which is true. You filled in the rest.

I see.

Clay downs his beer, refills the glass.
ML:ambush.

ML: M. a. p. a.

ML: M. a. p. a.

ML: M. a. p. a.

ML: M. a. p. a.

ML: M. a. p. a.

ML: M. a. p. a.

ML: M. a. p. a.

ML: M. a. p. a.

ML: M. a. p. a.

ML: M. a. p. a.

ML: M. a. p. a.

ML: M. a. p. a.

ML: M. a. p. a.

ML: M. a. p. a.

ML: M. a. p. a.
CLAY
My old man was a Marine. He enlisted the day he turned seventeen.

WHALE (nodding)

The Great War?

CLAY (nods)
By the time he was ready to ship out, the fighting was over. He missed out.

WHALE
A very lucky thing indeed.

CLAY
That's not the way he saw it. To him, it was like his life never got started. Nothing else really mattered. Definitely not his family.

Whale gazes sympathetically at Clay.

CLAY
The morning after Pearl Harbor, he drove down to St. Louis to reenlist. He was so damn excited. World War II was going to be his second chance.

(sighs)
They told him he was too old... nearsighted. Said he'd be more use to his country if he stayed home and looked after his family.

WHALE
Is that why you joined the Marines? For your father's sake?

CLAY
I figured he'd think, you know -- it was the next best thing. Hey, I loved it too. A chance to be a part of something important. Something bigger than yourself.

WHALE
What happened?

CLAY
I didn't have the guts for it.

A look of surprise crosses Whale's face.
Don't lose heart.
Dw. 11:19
CLAY

He breaks into a crooked smile.

CLAY

You know what he did when I called him? He laughed. He laughed so hard he burst a blood vessel. Said it was a good lesson for me. Not to try to fill his shoes.

WHALE

I'm very sorry.

CLAY

Them's the breaks, right? No war stories for this pup.

WHALE

That's where you're wrong, Clayton. You've just told one. A very good story indeed.

WHALE lifts his glass in a toast. Clay empties his glass of beer. He motions toward the decanter.

CLAY

Do you mind?

WHALE

Not at all.

He hands the decanter to Clay.

102 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Storm's getting worse.

WHALE

"A perfect night for mystery and horror. The air itself is filled with monsters."

CLAY

That's from your movie, right?

WHALE

Very good.
CLAY
"The only monsters are here."

WHALE
I don't remember that one. (he's deep)

CLAY
James Whale. This afternoon at the party.

Whale looks up.

CLAY
I said it must be weird seeing your monsters again, and you said, "The only monsters are here." I was wondering which here you meant.

WHALE
I don't recall. Memories of the war, perhaps.

But that was so long ago. It can't still bother you.

WHALE
Oh, but it does. Especially in light of the journey I'm about to make.

CLAY
You're planning a trip?

Whale's gaze remains dreamy and preoccupied as SOUNDS of battle fill the room. A relentless rat-a-tat of gunfire. The whistling of bombs. The tortured wailing of dying men.

CLAY
Sergeant Morgan was correct at the wire.

WHALE
Brace caught his between the eyes. Very neat. A good morning's work for some proficient sniper. Poor Sergeant Morgan was less lucky. He was tactfully correcting my attitude toward the other ranks. And bang! A chunk of shrapnel cut through his helmet. His skull burst open, spraying me with brains. Wet and mealy, like warm oatmeal. The very brains that enabled him to be so tactful. (a deep sigh)

And Barnett. Poor Barnett on the wire.
Here she is as sharp as cutting in butter.
Your friend?

Whale gazes out at the storm. From his POV, we see a scarred and barren landscape, illuminated by occasional flashes of lightning.

**WHALE**

He caught his one night coming back from the reconnoiter. I wouldn't take him out, but McGill did. Just to give the lad a taste. They were nearly home when a Maxim gun opened fire.

---

**103 EXT. TRENCHES - NIGHT (1917)**

We race along the open trench with Whale, the darkened sky intermittently punctured by bursts of gunfire. He reaches the periscope, pulls an enlisted man off it. From his POV, we see Barnett and McGill dodging bullets as they attempt to make their way back.

**WHALE**

(through clenched teeth)

Come on. Come on.

McGill leaps over the barbed wire of a forward trench. Barnett follows. Just as his feet leave the ground his chest is riddled by a fresh round of gunfire. Whale's eyes snap closed, trying to obliterate what they've just seen.

**WHALE (V.O.)**

Barnett's body fell in wire as thick as briars. It was hanging there the next morning, a hundred yards from the line, too far out for anyone to fetch it.

---

**104 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Whale stares out impassively.

**WHALE**

They began a new bombardment that night, so we had to leave him on the wire. We saw him at morning stand-to and evening stand-to. "Good morning, Barnett," we'd say each day. "How's ole Barnett looking this morning?" "Seems a little peaky. Looks a little plumper." His wounds faced the other way and his hat shielded his eyes, so one could imagine he was napping on bedsprings. He hung there until we were relieved. We (MORE)
Your letter of the 27th inst. has been received. It was impossible to reply immediately as the correspondence of the Department, to which you refer, was of great importance, and it was necessary to postpone the investigation of the case referred to in your letter until a more propitious opportunity presented itself.

The Department has now concluded an examination of the case referred to in your letter, and is of the opinion that the matter referred to in your letter cannot be regarded as a deficiency in the regulations of the department.

I am, therefore, authorized to inform you that the case referred to in your letter has been fully examined and found to be in accordance with the regulations of the department.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

P.S. - The enclosure referred to in your letter has been received and acknowledged.
WHALE (cont’d)

introduced him to the new unit
before we marched out, speaking
highly of his companionship.

Clay’s eyes are filled with pity.

WHALE

Oh, but we were a witty lot.
Laughing at our dead. Telling
ourselves it was our death too.
But with each man who died, I
thought, "Better you than me, poor
sod." Because my grief was
stronger than any grief.

(bitterly)
A whole generation was wiped out by
that war. Millions and millions of
young men.

Whale begins to hum, a tune we have heard before:

WHALE

Oh death where is thy sting-a-ling?
Grave where thy victory?

CLAY

You survived it. It can’t hurt you
now. It’s no good to dig it up.

WHALE

Oh no, my friend. It’s digging
itself up. There is nothing in the
here and now to take my mind off
it. All my diversions have
abandoned me. Parties. Reading.
Painting. Work. Love. All gone
to me now.

Whale remains perfectly still, staring out the window. Clay
deliberates a moment, then puts down his drink next to the
decanter of Scotch. He stands and yanks the neck of the
sweater over his face, then tosses it on the sofa. Whale
blinks at the reflection in the glass, not yet
understanding.

CLAY

You wanted to draw me like a Greek god
statue. All right, then.

Clay pulls at the knot, lets go of the towel. He defiantly
parks his hands on his hips.

CLAY

There. Not so bad.

WHALE continues to stare at the reflection, his back to
Clay, his eyes wide and expressionless.
He turns slowly, fully expecting the vision to evaporate. When he sees that
Clay is truly naked he mutters softly under his breath.

**WHALE**

So it is going to happen after all.

**CLAY**

What'd you say?

Whale doesn't respond. Finally he opens his mouth to take a breath.

**WHALE**

No. It won't do.

**CLAY**

What won't do?

**WHALE**

You are much too human.

**CLAY**

What did you expect? Bronze?

Don't move.

Whale moves abruptly across the room. He walks past Clay.

**INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Whale passes quickly through the dining room and out to the kitchen.

**105 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT**

Whale reaches for the hatbox, which sits on top of a garbage can. Suddenly a large hand appears on the box. Whale gasps when a flash of lightning reveals the face of the Monster.

The Monster growls out an inarticulate greeting. He picks up the box and hands it to Whale.

**106 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Whale removes the lid, sets the hatbox on the sofa. I would like you to wear this.

Whale steps back. Clay takes the box and covers his lap with it. He lifts out the gas mask.

**CLAY**

Why?
WHALE (becomes quiedy)

For the artistic effect. The combination of your human body and that inhuman mask. It's quite striking.

CLAY

I don't know.

WHALE

Please, Clayton. Just for a minute. Long enough for me to see the effect.

CLAY

It's from the first World War, right?

WHALE

(nods)

There are straps in back.

Clay fits the mask on the top of his head and draws it down. The living room turns brownish yellow in the thick glass goggles.

WHALE

Let me help you.

Whale is suddenly behind him. Clay’s vision is enclosed in two round windows, so he can't see Whale buckling the second strap.

CLAY

Now what?

Mouth muffled by the inhalator, Clay hears his voice from inside his head. He grins as he steps back to examine Clay. Clay nervously taps his knees with his hands.

CLAY

All right. Let’s take it off now.

WHALE (keeps his grin)

What was that?

CLAY

It's too tight.

Clay raises his voice to make himself heard. He reaches back to undo the buckles.

CLAY

Allow me.

WHALE

Whale steps in past the goggles.
Clay drops his hands so Whale can undo the buckles. But nothing happens. Clay turns left and right.

Whale's hands squeeze. Clay grabs the frame of his seat, to stop his arms from automatically swinging a fist. Whale's hand slides over Clay's shoulder to his arm, caressing the tattoo. Clay jerks his shoulder to shake Whale off.

Whale presses his lips to Clay's tattoo. Clay's muscles tense from head to toe.

Whale's tongue moves down Clay's arm.

No? Maybe this, then?

The hand slides over Clay's stomach toward his lap. The tattooed arm swings backward, slamming an elbow against Whale's skull. Clay jumps from the chair, knocking into an end table. The glass and crystal decanter fall to the floor. The lamp spills over and the room goes dark.

Clay's ankle is caught by the sofa leg and he hits the floor, jamming the inhalator against his mouth. He quickly gets up, on his knees and elbows, pulling at the mask. Flashes of lightning strobe the room as Whale collapses over Clay's back and holds on.

Oh yes! I have you now.

A strap breaks. Clay rips the mask off.

Get the fuck off!
The text on this page is largely illegible due to handwriting and the nature of the document. It appears to be a letter or note, but the content is not clear. The handwriting includes some identifiable words such as "Doctor" and "School". Without clearer handwriting or a transcription, it's difficult to provide a coherent summary or translation.
WHALE
What will you do to get yourself back?

Clay jabs with his elbow, flipping Whale on his back. His body straddles Whale’s and pins him, face to face.

CLAY
I’m not that way. Get it through your fucking head. I don’t want to mess with you.

WHALE
Oh, but you feel good, Clayton.

His hands clasp Clay’s hips. Clay’s fist opens as it comes down; he slaps Whale across the face.

WHALE
That didn’t even sting. (You’re not such a real man after all. Are you?)

Clay whacks Whale’s face again.

WHALE
Wait until I tell my friends I had you naked in my arms. Won’t they be surprised?

CLAY
I haven’t done a damn thing with you!

WHALE (breathless and quavering)
Oh, but you have. You undressed for me. I kissed you. I even touched your prick. How will you be able to live with yourself?

Clay snatches Whale’s wrist before it can touch his crotch. With his other hand he picks up the heavy crystal decanter.

CLAY
What the hell do you want from me?!

WHALE tilts his face up for another blow.

WHALE (lithe and shaking)
I want you to kill me.

Clay freezes. He stares down at the old man with white hair and wild eyes lying beneath him.
You don't kill me. Break my neck. Or strangle me. It would be so easy to chuck me out of a life of mine. Please Clayton. Don't come back for me.

Saidly I'm losing my mind. Every day another piece goes. Soon there will be nothing left.

No I don't want to die alone. But be killed by you. That would make death bearable.
Whale's eyes glimmer in the sporadic bursts of lightning.

WHALE

Exactly, I'm losing my mind.
Every day, another piece goes.
Soon there will be nothing left.
Look at the sketch I made of you.

Clay turns to the sketch pad, which lies on the floor next to Whale. The page is filled with nothing but doodles and scrawls.

CLAY

Look, if you want to die do it yourself!

WHALE

No, I don't want to die alone. But to be killed by you -- that would make death bearable. They say you never see the one with your name on it. But, I want to see death coming at me. I want it to be sharp and hard, with a human face. Your face. Think, Clayton. You'd be my second Monster. Almost as famous as the first. It would be the great adventure you've yearned for. A war story for both of us to share.

Clay's breathing comes in quick, panicked bursts.

WHALE

You'd be fully exonerated. I've taken care of that. I wrote a note. I'll even leave you the house, the car...

Clay's body starts to tremble.
Clay lets out a howl -- his shoulders heave and shake.

He climbs off Whale, crawls away, his body collapsing in wracking, anguished sobs. Whale opens his eyes, gazes at Clay.

He forces himself to his feet.

WHALE
What have I done?
Oh, selfish, selfish fool. I have lost my mind.

WHALE
What was I thinking?

Whale picks up the towel and moves over to Clay.

WHALE
You're a softhearted bloke. A bloody pussycat.

Whale places the towel around Clay's shoulders.

WHALE
My deepest apologies. Can you ever forgive me?

Clay doesn't look up.

WHALE
I suppose not.
(a bone-crushing sigh)
Good God, I am tired. I really must go to bed.

Whale starts slowly down the hall.
INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Whale sits on the edge of the bed, tugs the bowtie from his collar. Clay taps on the door, opens it.

You okay?

CLAY

Oh Clayton.

WHALE

Did I hurt you?

CLAY

Nothing I didn't deserve.

WHALE

Need some help?

CLAY

Pray you, undo this button.

He lifts his chin and points to his collar.

WHALE

I can never manage it when I'm tired.

Clay leans in to open the button. His face is only six inches from Whale's.

WHALE

Do you believe people come into our lives for a reason?

Clay doesn't answer. Whale turns, breaking their shared gaze.

WHALE

I can undress myself, thank you.

CLAY

(steps back)

All right.

WHALE

When you die... be sure your brain is the last organ to fizzle...

CLAY

You'll feel better tomorrow.

WHALE

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow...
Whale smiles fondly at him.
Whale

Goodnight, Clayton.

Clay pulls the door shut and it clicks. He stands there a moment.

108 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Clay shakes open a bedsheets and wraps himself in it.

109 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Clay finds a pack of cigarettes on the floor and lights one, then sets the furniture back up. He picks up the gas mask from beside the sofa, shoves it into its box.

Clay sits in the wing-back chair, props his feet on the hassock, adjusting the sheet around his shoulders. We CUT TO:

110 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Whale bolts up in bed. An electrical storm flashes and cracks in the window.

Whale gets out of bed, stares outside. From his POV, the lawn is a barren slope covered with stumps.

Whale turns on the desk lamp, sits. He pulls out a piece of paper.

111 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

We’re back to the scene that opened the movie, a flat-topped creature stumbling through the mud. A flash of lightning reveals Clay’s face. He turns, signals for Whale to follow him. Whale joins Clay on a slight rise of ground, the rim of a crater. Clay points down into it.

111A EXT. CRATER - NIGHT

The crater is full of bodies gathered around a pool of water. Whale stumbles down, reaches the bottom and bends over the nearest corpse in khaki. It is Leonard Barnett. There are no wounds on his body, no rips or gaping holes. His eyes are closed in dreamless sleep.

Whale looks up and sees that Clay is gone. The only other living creature is an owl, which blinks wearily at him.

Whale lies down, finding a spot next to Barnett. He takes a last breath and closes his eyes. We CUT TO:

112 INT. WHALE’S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A roar of bells blasts Clay awake. The telephone is ringing. A hard pair of shoes thunder out to answer it.
ith

The picture of your face and I's... sorry

KITCHEN - RIGHT

The tile counter does a red line and white crosses.

THIRD - MIDDLE

The middle pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.

THE REDROOM - MIDDLE

The middle pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.

THE BLACKROOM - MIDDLE

The black pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.

THE WHITEROOM - MIDDLE

The white pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.

THE RESTROOM - MIDDLE

The rest pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.

THE LIVINGROOM - MIDDLE

The living pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.

THE DININGROOM - MIDDLE

The dining pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.

THE BEDROOM - MIDDLE

The bedroom pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.

THE KITCHEN - MIDDLE

The kitchen pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.

THE DININGROOM - MIDDLE

The dining pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.

THE LIVINGROOM - MIDDLE

The living pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.

THE BEDROOM - MIDDLE

The bedroom pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.

THE KITCHEN - MIDDLE

The kitchen pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.

THE DININGROOM - MIDDLE

The dining pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.

THE LIVINGROOM - MIDDLE

The living pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.

THE BEDROOM - MIDDLE

The bedroom pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.

THE KITCHEN - MIDDLE

The kitchen pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.

THE DININGROOM - MIDDLE

The dining pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.

THE LIVINGROOM - MIDDLE

The living pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.

THE BEDROOM - MIDDLE

The bedroom pot is in the oven.

I'm in the waiting house and the room.
Clay blinks at the sight of Hanna in black dress and white apron, chattering on the phone by the far wall.

HANNA
No, no, he did not tell me. But no problem. I will make breakfast.

She scoldingly cuts her eyes at Clay.

HANNA
Ten? Very good, then. Good-bye.

She hangs up and faces Clay with a stern frown.

CLAY
It's not what you think.

HANNA
I have brought you your clothes. All I ask is that you get dressed and go. We are having a guest for breakfast.

CLAY
I need to talk to you about Mr. Whale.

HANNA
There is nothing you can say that will surprise me.

CLAY
Maybe. But I still need to talk. Do I have time for a cup of coffee before I go?

HANNA
I blame my daughter for keeping me out so late. I only hope you did not get him excited. It could give him a new stroke.

She stomps into the kitchen. Clay gets up, slips on his undershorts. He’s zipping up his chinos when she comes out again with a breakfast tray. She hands him a cup of coffee.

CLAY
Thanks.

(quickly)
Why do you do it?

HANNA

What do I do?

CLAY
Take care of Mr. Whale like he was your flesh and blood.
HANNA
It is my job. I did it when he was
happy and it was easy. It is only
fair I do it now when he is ill.
(picks up the tray)
Enough talk. I must wake up the
master.

She marches around the corner toward Whale’s bedroom. Clay
hears her knocking on a door.

HANNA (O.S.)
Mr. Jimmy? Morning, Mr. Jimmy.

Clay pulls on his shirt. Hanna comes back around the
corner.

HANNA
What have you done with him?

CLAY
I put him to bed. He’s not there?

She goes to the foot of the stairs and shouts:

HANNA
Mr. Jimmy! Mr. Jimmy!

Hanna starts up the stairs.

HANNA
Look for him!

Clay reaches for his socks when he notices an envelope on
the floor next to the chair. He picks it up. On the front
is scrawled the word ‘CLAYTON’. Clay opens the envelope.
Inside is Whale’s original sketch of the Monster’s head. He
turns it over. There is a message written on the back.

CLAY
No.

Clay drops the sketch, looks out. He sees something.

EXT. WHALE’S HOUSE - POOL - DAY

Clay crosses the patio, hurtles down the slope.

EXT. WHALE’S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Clay leaps headfirst into the water. Whale rests lightly on
his back, with an upward sway of straight white hair. Clay
hauls the body toward the side.

CLAY
Almost there. Almost there.
He gets an arm around Whale's chest and heaves the body over the curb. He climbs out, drags the body forward to rest in the grass. He grabs a wrist. Nothing.

CLAY
Son of a bitch. You crazy son of a bitch.

Clay straddles Whale's thighs and applies pressure on his rib cage. But it's no use. Clay sits up and takes a deep breath.

HANNA
Ohhh!

Hanna comes down the path, her run slowing to a walk. She stares at Clay.

CLAY
I didn't do it. This wasn't me.

HANNA
Oh, Mr. Jimmy.

CLAY
He wanted me to kill him, but I didn't. He did it himself.

HANNA
He says here good-bye. I find it in his room. He is sorry, he says. He has had a wonderful life.

She waves a folded piece of paper.

HANNA
You poor, foolish man. You couldn't wait for God to take you in his time?

Clay slowly stands up. Hanna looks around in panic.

HANNA
You must leave. You were not here this morning.

CLAY
But I didn't do this!

HANNA
The police will not know that. They will want to investigate.

CLAY
We have his note.
HANNA
Do you want to be questioned about you and Mr. Jimmy? Please, Clayton. It will be better if I find the body alone.

CLAY
But how're you going to explain this? (points at the body) How did you get him out of the pool?

HANNA
You are right. Yes. We must put him back.

They both hesitate, looking down at Whale. Then Clay drags the body parallel with the pool. Hanna stoops over to adjust the collar of Whale’s shirt.

HANNA
Poor Mr. Jimmy. We do not mean disrespect. You will keep better in water.

She nods to Clay. He rolls the body over and it splashes on its belly. It bounces a moment in the waves of the splash, then begins to sink. As it drops, the air in the chest slowly flips the body around.

Looking up at them with open eyes, Whale sinks backward into the thickening light. His arms trail upward and the hands lightly flutter as if waving good-bye. The melancholy sound of a solo violin pierces the silence as we CUT TO:

114 EXT./INT. BLIND MAN’S HUT - NIGHT

A black-and-white scene from "Bride of Frankenstein." The old BLIND MAN plays a mournful lullaby on his violin while the MONSTER listens outside, moved by the music. He smashes open the door of the hut in an effort to get closer to the soul-soothing sound. The blind man stops playing, looks up.

BLIND MAN
Who is it? You’re welcome, my friend, whoever you are.

The Monster attempts to communicate, manages only a plaintive moan. The blind man stands.

BLIND MAN
I cannot see you. I cannot see anything. You must please excuse me. But I am blind.

The Monster holds out his burned hands.
I'M TALKING TO MY DOG.

DOG: WHAT DO YOU WANT TO DO TODAY?

ME: I WANT TO TAKE A WALK IN THE PARK.

DOG: THAT SOUNDS LIKE FUN. LET'S GO!

(They both run towards the park, tails wagging.)

ME: IT'S SO NICE TO BE OUTSIDE.

DOG: YEAH, IT MAKES ME FEEL HAPPY.

ME: DO YOU WANT TO PLAY FRISBEE?

DOG: OF COURSE! LET'S DO IT!

(They both chase after the frisbee, having a great time.)

ME: GREAT DAY OUT, MY FRIEND.

DOG: YOU'RE THE BEST. LET'S DO THIS AGAIN SOON.
BLIND MAN
Come in, my poor friend. No one will hurt you here. If you're in trouble, perhaps I can help you.

The old man touches the Monster, who recoils with a defensive growl.

BLIND MAN
Can you not speak? It's strange. Perhaps you're afflicted too. I cannot see and you cannot speak.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT (1972)

MICHAEL BOONE, 10, lies on the living room carpet, staring raptly at the movie playing on the large Zenith console. The house is small but tidy and comfortable.

BLIND MAN (O.S.)
It's been a long time since any human being came into this hut. I shall look after you. And you will comfort me.

On the tv screen, the old man starts to cry, then collapses onto the Monster’s chest. A thick tear rolls down the Monster’s cheek.

Clay Boone sits on the sofa, a baby on his lap. He's 40 now, his hair starting to thin but still closely cropped at the top and sides.

On the tv, daylight fills the hut. The blind man and the Monster share a meal.

BLIND MAN
We are friends, you and I. Friends.

Friends.

MONSTER

BLIND MAN
Before you came, I was all alone. It is bad to be alone.

MONSTER

Alone, bad. Friend, good.

He takes the old man’s hand.

Friend, good.

MONSTER

The blind man nods. On the sofa, Clay watches his son watch the movie.
BLIND MAN

Come to my door, please. No one will hurt you here. I'll help you.

The girl may come; she won't need a gun.

get assistance from me.

BLIND MAN

Can you not see? I'll write.

Peruse your letter, will you, and you can understand here.

I cannot see and you cannot speak.

THE SUGGESTED ROUTE - NIGHT (1/2)

MICHIGAN SOUNDER, 10.3 feet on the low side of the bridge, 40.4 feet on the high side of the bridge.

The boat is on the main part of the bridge, and you can see it.

BLIND MAN (1/2)

I'm near a lamp; give me some.

You have heard, given your care. I will give you one now. And you will

...complain, my

...offices, and you will...to city cars...cy houses.

...roads, a paper for the trip. Here's to the...his seat and set up...the car and sit, to the

...of the car. He'll give you the...he will...after getting across and

...in a car...able to see a...on the blind man and she

...with her.

BLIND MAN

...are you. I'm

BLIND MAN

Before you come, I want to state.

If I am to be of some

MONSTER

...and...good.

...hand.

BLIND MAN

The blind man gave no notice; she

...the" would not happen...the" who would.
A color promo for "Chiller Theater" fills the screen. Clay turns off the set.

CLAY
Time for bed, sport.

Michael groans, slowly stands.

CLAY
What'd you think of the movie?

MICHAEL
Pretty cool. Better than most monster movies.

CLAY
I knew the guy who made it.

Michael glances skeptically at his father.

MICHAEL
Come on, Dad. Is this another one of your stories?

CLAY
Here.

Clay unfolds Whale's sketch of the Monster, hands it to his son.

CLAY
It's his original sketch of the Monster.

Michael turns over the sketch. On the back, scrawled in block letters: "TO CLAYTON BOONE -- FRIEND?"

MICHAEL
This is for real?

Clay nods. At the same time, his wife DANA appears in the doorway. A pretty, cheerful woman in her mid-30s.

DANA
The trash, Clay. Before it rains.

CLAY
Okay.

Clay kisses the top of his son's head.

CLAY
Off to bed.
Clay carries a large metal bin down the tidy lawn. The sky momentarily brightens with a silent flash of lightning.

Clay gazes up at the electrical storm. He glances back at his house, sees Dana cradling the baby in an upstairs window.

The skies open with a shattering crash of thunder. Clay tilts up his face, drinks in the cool rain. Then he extends his arms and staggers along the sidewalk, imitating the Monster's famous lurch.

We PULL BACK, revealing a sleepy neighborhood of small houses and neat lawns, until Clay is only a small dot in the landscape.

FADE OUT.