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The Ghost of Frankenstein

By Scott Darling

There's a curse upon this village...

the curse of Frankenstein.

Aye.

Aye, it is true.

The whole countryside shuns the village.

Our fields are barren, the inn is empty.

My little ones cry in their sleep.

They are hungry. There is no bread.

It's the curse, the curse of Frankenstein.

This is nonsense, folks.

You talk as though

these were the Dark Ages.

You know as well as I do...

that the monster died in the sulphur pit
under Frankenstein's tower...

and that Ygor, his familiar...

was riddled with bullets

from the gun of Baron Frankenstein himself.

But Ygor does not die that easily.

They hanged him and broke his neck,

but he lives.

Haven't I seen him,

sitting beside the hardened sulphur pit...

playing his weird horn,

as if to lure the monster...

back from death to do his evil bidding.

You talk like frightened children.

Well, if something isn't done...

there'll be a new mayor

after the fall election.

Aye!

- What do you want me to do?

- Destroy the castle.

Wipe the last traces of these

accursed Frankensteins from our land.

- The people are right, Your Honour.

- I agree, Your Honour.

I don't believe that these dead wretches

can affect the prosperity of this village.

But do as you will with the castle. It's yours.

We'll blow it up!

Look! Old Ygor!

I told you he was alive.

All the more reason to blow up the castle.

Die, you fiend! You swine!
My friend!
They didn't kill you!
You lived through the pit,
the sulphur pit!
Sulphur was good for you, wasn't it?
It preserved you.
We have to hurry. Hurry.
Come. I help you, my friend.
Come, my friend.
Now you live forever.
They can't destroy you.
Come. We go away.
We have to hurry.
They dynamite the castle.
They're too late. We fooled them.
Come. We go to the country.
A better country than this.
No!
Come back!
No!
The lightning.
It is good for you.
Your father was Frankenstein.
But your mother was the lightning.
She has come down to you again.
We will go to Ludwig,
the second son of Frankenstein.
He has all the secrets of his father,
who created you.
We will force him
to harness the lightning for you.
It will give you strength,
strength of a hundred men.
Come.
We are going to find Dr. Frankenstein.
There you are, gentlemen.
The usual post-surgical treatment.
Think of it.
The first time the human brain
has been removed from the skull...
subjected to surgery, and then replaced.
With success, we hope.
After all, Dr. Frankenstein,

we have to remember...

the patient was violently dementia praecox.
Medical science has advanced a great deal...
since you made your experiment,
Dr. Bohmer.

It's unfortunate
that it had such tragic consequences.

But you blazed the trail.

It was you who pointed the way.

If you should want me, gentlemen,

I shall be in my library completing my notes.

- How's the patient, Dr. Kettering?

- All indications excellent.

Respiration, pulse, everything.

- Wonderful, wasn't it?

- Yes.

Wonderful.

A bit belated, perhaps,
but wonderful nevertheless.

Why live always in the past,

Dr. Bohmer?

You've allowed that one mistake of yours
to embitter your whole life.

Mistake? No.

Just a slight miscalculation, that's all.

But my experiment was a success.

In those days...

I was the master.

Frankenstein was just the pupil.

But I made a slight miscalculation.

Please, what is the name of this village?

- Vasaria.

- Pretty place.

Is there a doctor named Frankenstein...

Ludwig Frankenstein in the village?

You mean the one who heals those
who are sick in mind?

Yes. That's the one I mean.

- Do you know the doctor?

- Very well.

I know his father and his brother, too.

He lives in a chateau
at the end of the village.

- A large house with a high wall.

- Yes. Thank you.

I'll show her how to boot it.

Look at your ball up there.

- How do you like that?

- All the way up on the roof.

Hello.

Are you a giant?

Can you get my ball?

Way up there.

- Isn't that your child, Hussman?

- Yes!

No!

Don't do that. Do you want to kill my child?

Cloestine, ask your friend

to bring you down, dear.

Ask your friend to bring you down.

Please take me down to Daddy.

Tell him no one will hurt him.

Take me down.

My daddy says no one will hurt you.

- Get him!

- No! You promised not to hurt him.

- Where are you going, Erik?

- Hello, Elsa. I didn't see you.

What are you doing

driving around the countryside...

in the middle of the day?

Town prosecutor

should be in his office, working.

Sometimes my work takes me

out of my office.

- I came to see your father.

- That's pretty.

I flattered myself that you came
way out here to take me for a drive.

I wish that were the case, darling.

Nothing could make me happier.

But this is a very serious matter.

I must see your father.

Since you put it that way,

I'll have to find him.

Come in.

- Father, you have a visitor.

- And a very welcome one, too.

Delighted to see you, Erik. How are you?

You look worried.

Elsa been treating you badly?

No, not at all, sir.

Be patient. Wait till you're married.

Doctor, we have a madman in jail.

I'd like you to examine him and advise us.

Well, I have some work to do,

but I'll come later.

But this is urgent.

He's already killed two villagers.

We have him chained but if he breaks loose,
he can tear down the building.

- That's rather an exaggeration, isn't it?

- No, indeed, sir.

He's huge, a monster.

I've never seen anything like him.

Very well, Erik.

As soon as I finish my work, I'll come down.

Thank you, sir. I'll be expecting you.

Come.

There's a man in the waiting room
to see you, Doctor. He says it's very urgent.

He comes from the village of Frankenstein.

Very well, I'll see him.

Martha...

I'd rather

my daughter didn't know about this visitor.

Certainly, sir.

How does it feel to face a man

you thought your brother killed, Doctor?

- What do you want?

- The monster is with me.

He's the one in the police station.

But he won't be there long.

You will bring him here.

- The law must take its course.

- Law! What can the law do to him?

Do you think

they can keep him in jail?

He is more dangerous today

than he ever was before.

Besides his sick brain, he has a sick body.

You can make him well, Frankenstein.

How? What can I do?
You can harness the lightning,
as your father did.
Pour life into his hungry veins.
Give him back the strength
he once had.
Will you do it, Frankenstein?
Ever since the day my father put life
into that creature, it has been a curse.
The terrible consequences of his creation
killed my father...
and drove my brother into exile.
The monster shall not ruin my life.
I'm happy here.
I have a lovely daughter, friends.
They know nothing of all this.
You wouldn't like to spoil that, Doctor,
would you?
You wouldn't want me to tell them...
that you are the son of the Frankenstein
that created him...
that your brother made the thing live...
after it had been dead for years.
Do you want me to tell them, Frankenstein?
No.
All right.
Then you'll make the police
to hand him over to you.
Yes.
I could do that.
And you will do it, Frankenstein.
Very well.
Now get out!
Father, who was that strange man I saw
leaving the house?
Nobody of any consequence, darling.
A patient.
He smiled at me.
A cruel smile.
It was dreadful.
Well, you know what my patients are.
Don't let it worry you.
Now come along, my dear.
I must be getting down to the village.

Order! Order, please!
I've read the report
on the nameless prisoner.
I don't understand the urgency
that requires an immediate hearing.
This is an unusual case, sir.
The prisoner's dangerous.
It'd be wise to remand him
to the higher court...
and transfer him to the city soon.
I understand the man is insane.
There's no doubt of it.
But that's for the higher court to determine.
We should make a report
on the prisoner's mental condition.
Dr. Frankenstein will be here shortly
to examine him.
Very well.
The prosecutor may proceed.
What is your name?
Where are you from?
Who brought you to Vasaria?
You see, Your Honour?
This mad beast cannot even talk.
I recommend that you order him remanded
to the higher court without further delay.
I understand the little Hussman girl
has a certain influence over the prisoner.
Perhaps if she talked to him,
we might learn his identity.
Your Honour, I protest.
We've had one harrowing experience
with this...
He did her no harm.
And some attempt must be made
to establish his identity.
I can't allow my child to take this chance.
We don't know what he might do.
He was promised he'd not be harmed,
and he's been beaten half to death.
What's your name?
Where do you live?
Won't you tell us?
All this can serve no purpose, Your Honour.

Dr. Frankenstein is here.
Let him examine the prisoner now.
He seems to recognise you,
Dr. Frankenstein.
I never saw this man before in my life.
I know nothing about him.
Come.
Quickly.
Get in here.
Father!
- The monster, it's here. I've seen it.
- Nonsense.
He was standing outside the window,
staring at...
Your nerves are on edge. It's the storm.
No, it's here, I tell you.
That other creature was with him. That Ygor.
Frankenstein!
No!
No. Come away.
Come away with me.
Nobody will know who did it.
Come. Come with me.
- Father, who is it?
- Dr. Kettering.
Elsa, go back!
Come away.
Come with me. Come.
Bohmer? Dr. Bohmer!
- What is it, Doctor?
- Give me a hand.
Father.
The monster?
Don't be afraid, darling.
You're quite safe now.
He's powerless for the time being.
Forgive me, Elsa, but I had to expose you
to the soporific gas...
in order to subdue the others.
You do understand,
don't you, dear?
Yes, but I'm afraid.
Send for Erik and the police.
The police can do nothing.

They put him in jail yesterday,
but he escaped.
And Dr. Kettering?
I tried to save him, but it was impossible.
He's dead.
- Murdered?
- Yes.
Ever since I can remember,
I have dreaded this moment.
For years I felt secure, certain that
the monster had been destroyed.
I tried to keep all knowledge of it from you.
And until last night, I succeeded.
I had to know.
Yesterday, when I saw Ygor...
I felt that something had come out
of the past to threaten our happiness.
Please don't let it spoil our lives.
- Father, promise me.
- I promise you, Elsa.
I'll find a way.
I must find a way.
Dr. Bohmer, I need your aid.
This monster must be destroyed.
Destroyed? But how?
He's not subject to the ordinary laws of life.
There is a way.
He was made limb by limb, organ by organ.
He must be unmade in the same way.
Dissection?
Bit by bit, piece by piece...
just as my father created it.
But this thing lives. It would be murder.
How can you call the removal of a thing
that is not human murder?
I regret, Doctor...
I cannot be part of your plan.
Then I must do it alone.
While it lives, no one is safe.
My son.
What are you about to do?
Would you destroy...
that which I, your father,
dedicated his life to creating?

I must.
The monster you created
is in itself destruction.
Nevertheless, I was near
to solving a problem...
that has baffled man
since the beginning of time...
the secret of life, artificially created.
But it has brought death
to everything that it's touched.
That is because, unknowingly...
I gave it a criminal brain.
With your knowledge of science,
you can cure that.
It's beyond my cure.
It's a malignant brain.
What if it had another brain?
Another brain!
Bohmer! Dr. Bohmer!
What is it, Doctor?
You've changed your mind?
Yes. Attach the high-frequency
leads to the terminal electrodes.
- Yes, sir.
- Frankenstein!
Come in, Ygor. I may need your assistance.
You have agreed.
You are going to help him, Doctor?
You are giving him life.
Yes, but not for the purpose
that you think, Ygor.
I'm giving him strength
so that an operation may be successful.
An operation?
Yes, I'm giving him another brain.
You must explain to him
when he becomes conscious.
You must make him understand.
Whose brain?
- Kettering?
- Yes, Kettering.
A man of character and learning.
The monster will cease to be
an evil influence...

and become everything that is good.

No!

You cannot take my friend away from me.

He's all that I have, nothing else.

You're going to make him your friend,
and I will be alone.

It will be as I say, or he must be destroyed.

He cannot be destroyed.

There is one way.

- By dissection.

- No.

Not that. Doctor.

Ygor's body's no good.

His neck is broken, crippled and distorted...

lame and sick from the bullets

your brother fired into me.

You can put my brain in his body.

Your brain?

You can make us one.

We'll be together always...

my brain and his body...

together.

You're a cunning fellow, Ygor.

Do you think that I'd put your sly
and sinister brain into the body of a giant?

That would be a monster indeed.

You'll do as I tell you, or I'll not be
responsible for the consequences.

Ironic, isn't it, Doctor?

Yes, the monster's victim
shall inherit his body.

And everlasting life.

Build up the voltage potential
to its maximum.

It all seems so weird and ghastly.

- I can't stand it any longer, I tell you...

- Elsa.

And you, Father,
something's happened to you.

It seems as if a great cloud
has come over you.

You don't seem like my father at all.

You must trust me, my dear.

You must realise my problem.

One thing I can assure you.

The monster

will never trouble anyone again.

Good morning.

I was wondering, Doctor,
when you plan to operate.

At once.

Tonight, if possible.

- I should like to see the patient immediately.

- Yes, Doctor.

A new brain. You understand?

A new brain. New brain!

- Does he understand?

- Yes.

- Is he willing?

- Can't you see?

He is the first time happy in his life.

Good. Take good care of him today.

I shall operate tonight.

All right.

No. Not now. Tonight.

So you're going to let Frankenstein
do this operation...

to put the brain of his friend into our friend.

- Our friend?

- Yeah.

You, the great Dr. Bohmer...

who taught Frankenstein
everything he knows.

How would you like to be

the leader of your profession in this state?

The head of the medical commission?

The regent of the university?

You weave a pretty fairy tale, crooked neck.

How could that be accomplished?

You will see to it...

that the brain of Kettering

does not go into the head of the monster.

But why?

My brain will go into it.

- You fool, you'd die.

- Die! I will live again.

Only this crooked body will die.

I will live forever.

My brain in that body
would make me a leader of men.
We would rule the state...
and even the whole country.
You'll do as I say...
and you will have everything you want.

- Good evening, Doctor.
- Good evening.
- Good evening, Erik.
- Good evening.

We're awfully sorry
to disturb you.
We've called
regarding the escaped maniac.

- Well?
- The countryside's been combed.
Every barn and haystack's been searched...
and the neighbouring villages
have been notified.
But he and his companion
have disappeared completely.
It seems that you've done
all that is possible.
A creature like that
couldn't pass long unnoticed.
Obviously
someone's offering him refuge.
What are you trying to insinuate, Erik?
Perhaps you would care
to search the estate.
I warn you,
if you contemplate such presumption...
you will not be welcome here
in the future as my guest.
That won't be necessary.
If you'll permit me
to have a few words with Dr. Kettering...
Unfortunately, Dr. Kettering
has had to leave suddenly...
owing to illness in his family.
He was here yesterday evening. I saw him.
Quite so. He left early this morning.
You were at the station
to watch the morning train?

Dr. Kettering was not on the morning train.
I'll have to risk your displeasure,
Doctor. We will search the premises.
Very well.
This is my laboratory, gentlemen.
Inspect the walls and flooring
for secret passageways.
Very good.
Mr. Ernst.
Will you guide us, Doctor?
I believe that leads to an old dungeon.
Why, certainly.
What's that room, Doctor?
An auxiliary operating room,
maintained at a very low temperature.
It's not in use now.
Will you lead us, Doctor?
It would seem that this room
has been recently occupied, Doctor.
You're familiar with my work.
I keep this room ready at all times
for the more violently insane.
- You can see that it is not occupied now.
- Yes.
My apologies, Doctor.
I warned you
that you might regret this action.
Are you mad?
Why did you let him get away?
Let him? You think I had any idea
what he was going to do?
Or that I could stop him?
The police have searched the place for him.
Then it's good that we were gone.
Frankenstein's been half insane.
He wants to operate tonight.
- The child complicates matters.
- Leave that to me.
He will have to be told.
Ygor will explain to him.
No, you do not understand.
It will kill her.
You wouldn't want to kill your little friend.
But Ygor has a better idea.

You will see.

You will have the brain
of your friend Ygor.

Tonight, my brain...

will be your brain.

Tonight, Ygor will die for you.

Help!

Elsa.

- Where are you going?

- I'm going out to find Erik.

- In this storm?

- Yes, Father. I can't...

Father, what does he want?

I'm going to operate

to give him a new brain.

He wants the brain of that child.

Take me home. Please, take me home.

Father. Surely you're not going to...

Take the child in there, quickly.

How did the patient react to the anaesthetic?

Surprisingly well, particularly the spinal.

I think I can safely say everything is ready.

Dr. Bohmer, our respective operations

must be timed with the utmost precision.

Any delay in the transfer will mean failure.

Exactly, sir.

- Shall I proceed?

- Yes.

I must warn you...

this operation may not be successful.

This may be the end of everything.

Better death...

than a life like this...

now that I have seen...

the promise of a life forever.

Kettering's brain.

What will he think

when he resumes life in that body?

Will he thank us

for giving him a new lease on life?

Or will he object to finding his ego

living in that human junk heap?

There's no sign

of returning consciousness yet, Doctor.

I anticipated this.
Let me know immediately
if there's a change in his condition.
Certainly, sir.
Dr. Bohmer, I can never
thank you sufficiently...
for your assistance and skill.
This may bring you the recognition
which has long been due to you.
That's very nice of you, sir.
None of us will be safe.
Who's he going to get next?
Fellow townsmen, it's two weeks
since my little daughter disappeared.
It's the common belief that she perished
when my house was burned down.
But a search was made of the ashes...
and no bones were found.
She was stolen, stolen by the fiend
who murdered Carl and Josef.
We've searched the hills, the mountains
and the forests, and he can't be found.
Why can't he be found?
Why can't the police find him?
There's a very good reason. He's being
harboured, protected by someone.
There's only one person
that would protect a maniac like that.
- Who?
- Dr. Frankenstein.
Let's go to Frankenstein
and choke the truth out of him.
Mr. Ernst!
They're on their way to Dr. Frankenstein!
Stop! Stop right where you are!
When did you decide
to take the law into your own hands?
When we found out
we couldn't get any help from you.
Two men have been murdered,
and we want that maniac.
My little child has been stolen.
The law in Vasaria has done everything
in its power to apprehend this monster.

Maybe Dr. Frankenstein
can tell us where he is.
Nothing's to be gained
by hasty action.
Nothing's to be gained by waiting either...
when the prosecutor's in love
with Frankenstein's daughter.
That has nothing to do with my duty.
Let me have a few moments alone
with Dr. Frankenstein.
If he's concealing this monster,
he must be made to give him up.
If he refuses,
you can take any action you want to.
Does that sound fair to you, men?
I'd like to see Dr. Frankenstein.
He isn't seeing anyone.
- He'll have to see me.
- Erik.
What are those people doing at the gates?
They're demanding to see your father.
Why? What do they want with him?
They think he knows something
about the monster's disappearance.
What can we do?
I've got to see him before they do, or
I can't be responsible for the consequences.
- What is it you want?
- The villagers are getting out of hand.
If you expect the protection of my office,
you'll have to be frank.
There are certain matters
which must be clarified.
- What do you mean?
- The case of Dr. Kettering.
He did not return home.
He wasn't even expected there.
He did not leave Vasaria by train,
as you intimated.
Your servants say
his clothes are still in his room...
which is locked by your orders.
I think the time's come
for a showdown, Doctor.

Perhaps you're right, Erik. Come with me.

- May I have a word with you?

- Yes, sir.

It is imperative that we see the patient.

What is his condition?

His recuperative powers

have proved tremendous.

He appears to have complete control

of all his faculties.

Why did you deny that you were concealing
the monster, Doctor?

It was necessary for a while.

You see, Erik, the monster, as you know,
was a homicidal maniac.

He killed Dr. Kettering,
but Dr. Kettering lives again.

His brain is now inside
the skull of the monster.

I have replaced an evil brain
with a good one.

I have made amends for the great tragedy...

that my father and brother
unintentionally brought to this community.

I've restored
the good name of Frankenstein.

Let me show you.

He's been in there long enough.

We may be losing valuable time.

All right, men, he's had his chance.

Now it's our turn.

Come on!

Do you recognise me?

Tell me...

who am I?

You are Dr. Frankenstein.

And you are?

You are Dr. Kettering.

I am not Dr. Kettering.

I am Ygor.

What have I done?

I am Ygor.

I have the strength of a hundred men.

I cannot die.

I cannot be destroyed!

I, Ygor, will live forever!
I've created a hundred times the monster
that my father made.
Bohmer! This is your work!
Don't touch him, Frankenstein.
He's my friend.
I should kill you, Frankenstein.
But after all...
your father gave me life...
and you gave me a brain.
It's the townspeople.
I can't offer you protection now.
Bohmer, turn on the gas.
Fill the house with it.
We'll kill all of them.
Get back! You may all be killed!
They're turning on the gas!
Bohmer! You must be mad!
Leave him alone.
My dear!
I told you it was Dr. Frankenstein.
Find him!
- Get out of the house! Hurry!
- But what about Father?
I'll go back for him.
Bohmer.
I can't see.
- Bohmer! Where are you?
- Here I am.
I can't see you.
Your dream of power is over, Bohmer.
You didn't realise...
his blood is the same type as Kettering's...
but not the same as Ygor's.
It will not feed the sensory nerves.
Bohmer. You played me a trick.
What good is a brain
without eyes to see?
What good is a brain without eyes?