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# Gods and Monsters

By Bill Condon

- He had a live-in nurse but...  
- She was nothing but a bother.  
I not like her.  
Mr. Jimmy not like her.  
It be better if you  
live in again, Mr. David.  
- Hanna, stop it.  
- Shh.  
If there's any emergency,  
you call me in New York.  
Yes, I call.  
- Uh, Mr. Jimmy, more coffee?  
- What?  
Oh, well, yes.  
Why not?  
Just half a cup, Hanna.  
Isn't Hanna a peach, hmm?  
But she tells me that you haven't  
been sleeping very well.  
Well, it's these ridiculous  
pills they prescribe.  
For instance, the Luminal.  
If I take it the next day I go  
around as stupid as a stone,  
and if I don't take it then my mind's  
going off in a hundred directions at once.  
Then take the Luminal.  
Well, yes, but today I wanted  
to be alert for your visit,  
particularly as I saw so  
little of you at the hospital.  
Jimmy, look, I'm sorry, but with  
this picture and two difficult stars...  
Dear David.  
It's no pleasure making you feel guilty.  
Go on, off you go.  
You don't want to  
miss your aeroplane.  
- I like your new Cezanne.  
- Oh.  
Well.  
Good-bye, Hanna.  
I get the door.  
Who is this new yard man?

Mr. Boom... I, I don't...  
Something "B. "  
I hire him while you  
were in the hospital.  
He came cheap.  
Bells of hell go  
ting-a-ling-a-ling  
For you but not for me  
O death, where is thy  
sting-a-ling-a-ling  
Grave  
where thy victory  
Good morning.  
My name is Whale.  
This is my house.  
- And your name is?  
- Boone. Clay Boone.  
I couldn't help but  
notice your tattoo.  
That motto... "Death before dishonor. "  
What does it mean?  
- It just means that I was a marine.  
- Ah, the Marines.  
- I suppose you served in Korea.  
- Yeah.  
Well, I'm gonna  
get back to work.  
Well, when you're through  
feel free to use the pool.  
And we're quite  
informal here.  
No need to worry  
about a bathing suit.  
I got another lawn  
to do this afternoon.  
Oh, well,  
then some other time.  
Yes,  
keep up the good work.  
Jimmy!  
- Privy needs cleanin'.  
- I have me class tonight.  
Don't get above yourself.  
Leave the drawing to the artists.

Quite so, Mum.

To the privy.

"Quite so"?

Jimmy Whale.

Who are you

to put on airs?

Jimmy Whale.

- Is there iced tea, Hanna?

- Yes, Mr. Jimmy.

- Ah, cucumber sandwiches.

- Mmm.

An interview, after so many years.

Very exciting.

Oh, don't be daft. It's just a

student from the university.

Mm-hmm.

This way, please.

- Mr. Kay, sir.

- Huh?

Oh, yes, of course.

Mr. Kay.

I'd almost forgotten.

My tea-time guest.

Mr. Whale,

this is such an honor.

You're one of my favorite

all-time directors.

I can't believe I'm meeting you.

No, I don't

suppose you can.

And this is your house.

Ah!

The house of Frankenstein.

I thought you'd live in a

great big villa or a mansion.

Ah, well,

one likes to live simply.

I know. People's movies

aren't their lives.

"Love dead. Hate living. "

That's my favorite line in my favorite

**movie of yours:**

- Is it indeed?

- Yes.

Hanna, I think we're going to take  
our tea down by the swimming pool.

Would that be good  
for you, Mr. Kay?

Sure.

- Well, lead on, won't you.

- Mm-hmm.

I love the great horror films,  
and yours are the best.

The Old Dark House.

The Invisible Man.

They have style,  
and they're funny!

So, Mr. Kay,

what do you want to know?

Everything.

Just start

at the beginning.

Well, I was born

just outside London,

the only son of a minister

who was also a schoolmaster.

Grandpapa was a bishop,

Church of...

Stop lagging behind, Jimmy.

We'll be late for church.

Come on!

Stop lallygagging!

Straighten up, son.

They'll think you're a Nancy boy.

Mr. Whale?

Your father

was a schoolmaster?

Yes, of course.

And I was going to go up to Oxford.

But the war broke out

and I never made it.

You cannot imagine what life

was like after the Armistice.

The '20s in London.

A break with everything

dour and respectable.

I had a knack

with pencil and paper,  
so I was hired to design  
sets for stage productions.

Ah.

Yes.

Help yourself.

Cucumber sandwiches.

Thank you, Hanna.

And you can go now.

There was one play

in particular,

a beautiful, grim study of  
war called Journey's End.

Every experienced director  
turned it down. Not commercial.

So I offered myself.

Journey's End made the careers  
of everyone associated with it.

It was only a matter of time  
before Hollywood beckoned.

How much longer before  
we get to the horror movies?

Am I right in assuming, Mr. Kay, that  
it is not me that you are interested in,  
but only my

horror pictures?

No, but it's the horror movies  
you'll be remembered for.

I'm not dead yet, Mr. Kay.

No.

Uh, I never said you were.

Or will be soon.

So, Journey's End brought  
you to Hollywood.

I've got a little proposal.

This line of questioning  
is getting old.

- Don't you think?

- I don't mind.

Well, I do.

Let's make it more  
interesting for me.

I will answer truthfully any  
question that you put to me,

and in return, for each answer you  
will remove an article of clothing.

I thi...

That's funny, Mr. Whale.

Yes, it is, isn't it?

My life as a game

of strip poker.

Shall we play?

So the rumors are true then.

Oh?

What rumors would those be?

That you were

forced to retire...

because of,

um, 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 socks.

You're a dirty old man.

Oh.

Oh, it is kind of you to indulge

your elders in their vices,

just as I indulge

the young in theirs.

No, there was no scandal.

My only other vice.

I expect you'd like a fuller

answer to that question.

It'll cost you your jacket.

Too warm for

a jacket anyway.

You must understand how

Hollywood was 20 years ago.

If you were a star nobody cared

a tinker's cuss who you slept with,

so long as you kept

it out of the papers.

As for us directors, well, outside Hollywood

who even knows who George Cukor is,

much less what he gets up to with

those boys from the malt shops?

George Cukor?  
Who made A Star is Born?  
Take off your shirt,  
and I'll tell you all about it.  
George is famous for his  
Saturday dinner parties.  
Great writers, artists,  
society folk,  
all rubbing elbows  
with Hollywood royalty.  
But how many of those  
oh-so-proper people...  
know about the Sunday  
brunches that follow?  
Armies of trade  
eating up the leftovers,  
followed by some strenuous  
fun and frolic in the pool.  
Can we talk about  
the horror movies now?  
Certainly.  
Is there anything in particular  
that you want to know?  
Will you tell me  
everything you remember...  
about making Frankenstein?  
Ohh.  
Can that count  
as one question?  
- Of course.  
- I can't believe I'm doing this.  
Just like going swimming,  
isn't it?  
Well, maybe you'd like a swim  
when we're through.  
I don't swim myself,  
so the pool tends to go to waste.  
Okay.  
Frankenstein.  
Who came up with the  
monster's makeup and look?  
Oh, my idea, mostly,  
from my sketches.  
Big, heavy brow.



The head flat on top so you could take  
out the old brain and put in the new...  
like tinned beef.  
He's one of the great  
images of the 20th century,  
more important  
than the Mona Lisa.  
Oh, don't be daft.  
It's just makeup and padding  
and a big actor.  
It's hardly the Mona Lisa.  
Boris Karloff.  
How did you ever think of  
casting him as the Monster?  
He'd never even starred  
in a movie before that.  
Mr. Whale?  
Is something the matter?  
Mr. Whale?  
Please excuse me.  
Are you all right?  
Just...  
need to lie down.  
Studio. There's a day  
bed in the studio.  
Oh, my God. Mr. Whale,  
what's wrong? Is it your heart?  
No, head, not heart.  
Water.  
Glass is in sink.  
Which ones?  
I bring them all.  
Luminal.  
Mr. Kay,  
you're not dressed.  
I was gonna go swimming.  
So you were.  
Mmm.  
You should probably go home.  
You must think  
I'm terrible, Hanna.  
I don't think you're  
anything anymore.  
Just back from the hospital,

already you're chasing after boys.

Oh, shut up.

All we did was talk.

Perhaps I should get you uphill  
before the pills knock you cold.

No, no, no, no, no.

Please, no.

Let me stay here.

Thank you.

Quiet on the set, please.

- You're a disgrace!

- Mr. Whale?

- Jimmy, privy needs cleanin'.

- Mr. Whale.

Open your eyes.

Now look left.

That's right.

And breathe out.

Good.

Let's see what we've got.

You're a lucky man,

Mr. Whale.

Whatever damage was  
done by your stroke,  
it left your motor abilities  
relatively unimpaired.

Yes, Dr. Payne, but what about  
from the neck upwards?

- What's the story there?

- That's what I'm trying to explain.

The central nervous  
system selects items...  
from a constant  
storm of sensations.

Whatever was killed  
in your stroke...  
seems to have short-circuited  
this mechanism.

So you're saying there's an electrical  
storm going on inside my head.

Well, that's as good a  
way as any to describe it.

- I've seen far worse cases.

- What about all the rest?

The killing headaches.  
The phantom smells.  
My inability to  
close my eyes...  
without thinking of a hundred  
things simultaneously.  
I've never encountered the  
olfactory hallucinations before,  
but I'm sure they're related.

- So, what do I do?  
- Take the Luminal to sleep...  
and whenever you feel  
an attack coming on.  
What you're saying is that this isn't  
just a case of resting until I'm better,  
but that my condition will continue  
to deteriorate until the end of my life.  
You will take them all,  
Mr. Jimmy.  
Yes.  
Don't you worry, Hanna.

- Good night.  
- Thank you.

Ohh!  
Oh!  
Ohh!  
Shit.  
Everything all right, Mr. Boone?  
Yeah, sorry. I didn't mean to disturb you.  
It got away from me.  
I was just going to buzz Hanna  
to bring down some iced tea.  
I'd like it very much  
if you'd join me.  
I kinda stink to high  
heaven right now.  
Let me ask Hanna  
to bring tea for two.  
Or would you prefer a beer?  
Uh, no. Thanks.  
But tea is fine.  
Splendid.  
Come in, Mr. Boone.  
This is my workshop, my studio.

Hardly somewhere where a sweaty  
workman should feel out of place.

- Are these your paintings?

- Uh, yes. Yes.

Excuse me,

but, uh, are you famous?

Oh, well, you know what they say:

If you have to ask...

Look, I'm just a guy

who cuts lawns, but, uh,

some of these

do look familiar.

That's because they were  
familiar when I painted them.

The one you're looking at is  
a copy of a Dutch still life...

done nearly 300 years ago.

And there's a Rembrandt  
here somewhere.

Yeah, copies.

I, I... I got ya.

But before I retired, you might  
say I had my time in the sun.

Fame, as it were.

- Tell me, do you like motion pictures?

- Yeah, sure. Everybody does.

- Why? Were you an actor?

- Oh, good Lord, no!

No... Well, actually,

I was, in my youth.

But never in Hollywood, no, no.

No, here I was

merely a director.

Really?

- What were some of your movies?

- Oh, this and that.

The only ones you may have heard  
of are the Frankenstein movies.

Frankenstein? And, um, uh,

Bride of Frankenstein?

- And Son of, and the other  
ones too? - Uh, no.

I, I just directed the first two.

The others were done by hacks.

Yeah, but still, I mean,  
those were big movies.

- You must be rich.

- Merely comfortable.

Look, Hanna's here with our refreshments.

Could you get the door?

Yeah.

Uh...

How are you feeling,

Mr. Jimmy?

How's your mind today?

My mind is lovely.

And yours?

Uh, remember what  
the doctor tells us.

Yes, yes, yes. I have invited  
Mr. Boone in merely for a cup of tea.

We'll have a brief chat,  
and then he'll finish the yard.

I am not forgetting  
your last "brief chat. "

Will you go away?

We can manage.

He looks plenty big.

He won't need my help  
if anything goes "flooeey. "

Go.

Avaunt.

Comic maid.

No, she's a love, Hanna. But when  
they're in your employ too long,  
servants begin to think  
they're married to you.

Please sit down,  
and do help yourself, Mr. Boone.

So, what did she mean by  
things going all "flooeey"?

I'm recently returned  
from a spell in hospital.

- What happened?

- Nothing serious.

Touch of stroke.

Huh.

You must excuse

my staring,  
but you have the  
most marvelous head.

- Huh?

- To an artistic eye.

- Have you ever... modeled? - What,  
you mean, like, posed for pictures?  
Sat for an artist?  
Been sketched?  
Mmm, n...

What's to sketch?  
You have the most...  
architectural skull.  
And your nose, it's...  
very expressive.

- Broke is more like it.

- Mmm.

Oh, sorry to go  
on like this.  
It's just the Sunday  
painter in me.  
I quite understand  
your refusal.  
It's a great deal  
to ask of anyone.  
You mean, you really  
want to draw me?  
I would pay for the privilege  
of drawing that head.  
It's just my head you want  
to draw? Nothin' else?  
And what are  
you suggesting?  
That you'll charge extra if I include  
a hand or a bit of shoulder?  
No, I mean,  
you don't wanna...  
draw pictures of me in  
my birthday suit, do you?  
I have no interest in  
your body, Mr. Boone.  
I can assure you of that.  
Well, uh...  
Yeah.

Why not?  
I mean, hell,  
I could use the money.  
Excellent.  
Here are the trade  
papers you wanted.  
Hello? Hi.  
I know you already paid me.  
- I'm just here to...  
- The master is waiting for you.  
He's down in his studio.  
Here.  
Take this with you.  
Uh, I'm sorry, lady.  
You're gonna have to take this.  
I'm just here so he  
can draw my picture.  
I'm keeping away. What you  
are doing is no business of mine.  
- What are you talking about? - What kind  
of man are you? Are you a good man?  
Yeah. Something about me  
make you think I'm not?  
- You will not hurt him? - I'm gonna sit in  
a chair, and he's gonna draw my picture.  
Is that gonna hurt him?  
No.  
I'm sorry.  
Forget everything I said.  
I will take the tray.  
Yeah, you do that.  
Ah, Mr. Boone.  
Come into my parlor.  
Ah, Hanna.  
Good.  
Thank you.  
And, Hanna, good-bye.  
Now, I'm sure you'd like to wet  
your whistle while I work. Hmm?  
Oh.  
Beer.  
And we'll take it, uh,  
slowly today...  
because this is your

first time modeling.

- Oh, hey, did you see this?

- Hmm?

- They're showing one of your movies tomorrow night. - You don't say.

- Which picture?

- Uh, Bride of Frankenstein.

Ah.

Mmm.

No, I much prefer

The Invisible Man or Showboat.

Right.

Now, shall we begin?

Yeah. I'm, uh...

I'm ready when you are.

- Oh, that shirt, Mr. Boone.

- Hmm?

Oh, it's new.

Yes, I, I am sorry. It's just too white.

It's too distracting.

Would it be asking you too much to take it off?

Well, I'm not wearing an undershirt today.

Oh, pish posh.

I'm not your Aunt Tillie.

You did say that you just wanted to draw my face, right?

Oh, well, if it's going to make you feel uncomfortable,

perhaps we can find something else for you to wear.

Now, um...

Yes, we could drape this across your shoulders like a toga.

Would that help you overcome your schoolgirl shyness?

All right, all right.

I'll take the shirt off.

Kinda warm in here anyway.

Oh, yes.

That's better.

Now...

And if you'd like to sit



slightly sideways... to me.  
That's right. And then just put  
your arm on the box there.  
Just so.  
Why don't you take a picture?  
It'll last longer.  
That's exactly  
what I'm going to do.  
Yeah.  
Mm-hmm.  
It's just like  
being at the doctor.  
You have to remain perfectly still  
while I examine and scrutinize you.  
Dripping.  
Huh?  
Do you ever eat dripping  
in this country?  
The fats from roast  
and such...  
kept congealed in a jar...  
and then used like butter  
on bread and toast.  
Sounds like something  
you'd feed the dog.  
Yes, it is. Only the poorest  
families ever et it.  
We used to keep ours  
in a large, blue crockery jar.  
Your family ate,  
uh, dripping?  
Oh, of course not.  
No, no.  
As I said,  
only the poorest families.  
Oh, God, it's ironic.  
What is?  
I've spent much of my life  
outrunning the past,  
and now it floods  
all over me.  
There's something about  
the openness of your face  
that makes me want

to tell the truth.  
Yes, our family  
ate dripping.  
Beef dripping.  
And four to a bed.  
And a privy out  
back in the alley.  
Are you also from the slums,  
Mr. Boone?  
Well, we weren't rich,  
but we weren't poor either.  
No, well, you were  
middle-class, hmm?  
Like all Americans, hmm?  
Well, I don't know. I guess you could say  
we lived on the wrong side of the tracks.  
Well, in Dudley,  
in the north of England,  
there were more sides to the tracks  
than any American could imagine.  
Every Englishman  
knows his place,  
and if you forget, there's always  
someone to remind you.  
Our family had no doubt  
about who they were,  
but I was an aberration in that  
household, a freak of nature.  
I had imagination,  
cleverness, joy.  
Now, where did I get that?  
Certainly not from them.  
They took me out of  
school when I was 14...  
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 to harness him to the plow.  
Hatred was the only thing  
that kept my soul alive...  
in that soul-killing place.  
And amongst

the men I hated...  
was my own poor,  
dear, dumb father,  
who'd put me into that  
hell in the first place.  
Mr. Whale?  
I apologize, Mr. Boone.  
I...  
Since my stroke,  
I am often overcome  
with nostalgia.  
Well, I'm not that crazy about the  
old man myself. You know what I mean?  
Um...  
Shall we just have a break  
for five minutes, hmm?  
Spooky movie.  
Just what this place needs tonight.  
Couldn't get any deader,  
doll. Set me up.  
Your friend want one?  
Yeah. One for  
what's-his-name here.  
Thanks, doll.  
I say we let lover boy  
watch his movie...  
and be grateful he's not  
cuttin' Shirley Temple's lawn.  
- Why is everyone breakin'  
my balls tonight? - Jesus, Boone.  
You walk in here  
proud as a peacock...  
'cause some old coot  
wants to paint your picture.  
We're just bringin'  
you back to Earth.  
Sounds screwy to me.  
Can't imagine a real artist wanting  
to spend time lookin' at that kisser.  
Oh?  
Yeah?  
Well, this kisser wasn't so bad that you  
couldn't lay under it a couple of times.  
I bet he's just some fruit

pretending to be famous...  
so he can get into  
the big guy's pants.  
- What makes you say that?  
- Just thinkin' out loud.  
Well, just keep your dirty  
thoughts to yourself.  
All right, then. He's interested  
in you for your conversation.  
We all know what a  
great talker you are.  
Fuck you.  
Not anymore, you don't.  
We're watching the  
damn movie, Harry.  
- We're gonna watch the movie.  
- Calm down.  
We'll watch it.  
James Whale!  
Right there. Huh?  
What'd I tell ya? Huh?  
What should I do then?  
No!  
This looks corny.  
If you don't wanna watch it,  
just go wash some glasses.  
Good old Una.  
Gobbling like a turkey hen.  
Oh, that monster.  
How could you be working with him?  
Don't be daft, Hanna.  
He's a very proper actor.  
And the dullest  
fellow imaginable.  
To a new world of  
gods and monsters.  
The creation of  
life is enthralling.  
Simply enthralling,  
is it not?  
These old movies  
were such a hoot.  
They thought they were being scary,  
but they're just funny.

Maybe it's  
supposed to be funny.  
Scary is scary. Funny is funny.  
You don't mix them.  
Woman.  
Friend.  
Wife.  
Sick stuff.  
Necrophilia.  
The monster's lonely. He wants a friend.  
A girlfriend, somebody.  
What's so sick  
about that?  
Do you know who Henry Frankenstein is,  
and who you are?  
Made me from dead.  
I love dead.  
Hate living.  
You are wise in  
your generation.  
It's beating perfectly.  
Oh, she's horrible.  
The bride of Frankenstein.  
She's beautiful.  
Friend?  
- You don't want him.  
- I can't leave them!  
Yes. Go.  
You live!  
Ugh.  
I'm sorry, Mr. Jimmy.  
Your movie is not my teacup.  
Still, glad it has  
a happy ending.  
The bad people are dead,  
and the good people live.  
My God!  
Is the audience to presume that  
Colin and I have done her hair?  
I thought we were mad scientists,  
not hairdressers.  
Only a mad scientist could've  
done this to a woman..  
Oh, no, my dear.

You look absolutely amazing.  
There's no way I can compete with you.  
The scene is yours.  
In the sequel, James,  
two lady scientists  
should make a monster,  
and our monster  
would be Gary Cooper.  
I'd have thought Mr. Leslie Howard  
would be more your line.  
More your line, I think.  
My line nowadays  
runs to Rin Tin Tin.  
Colin! Here!  
It's time!  
- How is he tonight?  
- Stiff as a board.  
Yes, Colin, come see what  
they've done to our Elsa.  
I'm not quite myself today, Jimmy.  
A touch of the flu, you know.  
Now, you just relax, dear boy.  
You can do this scene  
in your sleep.  
Hmm?  
Yes.  
I gather we not  
only did her hair,  
but dressed her.  
What a couple of  
queens we are, Colin.  
Yes, that's right.  
A couple of flaming queens.  
Pretorius is a little bit in love  
with Dr. Frankenstein.  
You know?  
Hmm?  
Uh-huh?  
Yes.  
I think we're pretty close.  
Mm-hmm.  
- Shall we give it a go?  
- Why not?  
Okay.

Thanks.

Quiet on the set, please.

Lights!

Sound!

- Okay for sound!

- And camera.

Scene 215, take one.

Action.

The bride of Frankenstein.

Well, that was

a weird movie.

Let's take

a little walk, huh?

What do you say?

A little walk and talk?

I really feel like

talking tonight.

This old guy's exactly the sort of person

I expected to meet when I moved here.

He's really done

things with his life.

Do you realize you're more interested

in this old goober...

than you ever were in me?

That's different... he's a man. Besides,

you got no business callin' him a homo.

- It never crossed your mind?

- He's an artist.

But he's too old to

be thinkin' about sex.

All the old men I know

think about nothing but sex.

Hey, hey, hey.

What is eating you tonight?

- You picked up that girl right in front

of me. - I didn't mean anything by that.

No, I'm actually glad

it happened.

It made me wonder what the

hell I was doin' with my life.

I still have time to get things right,

get married again.

You don't mean...

You're not

marriage material.

You're not even  
boyfriend material.

You're a kid.

A big, fun,  
irresponsible kid.

- No, I'm not a kid.

- No? What are you, then?

What'll you be ten years from now?

Still cuttin' lawns?

Still bangin' horny divorcees  
in your trailer?

Huh?

So I guess this means  
you don't want to fuck.

Is that all this conversation means  
to you? Whether I put out or not?

Yeah, you're damn straight.

I'm tired of playin' games.

Hey. Hey, Betty.

This is comin' out all wrong.

- Betty!

- Forget it, Boone.

From now on, you're just another  
loser on the other side of the bar.

Hey. Hey!

Hey, Betty!

Oh...

- We are friends, you and I.

- Hurt my poor friend.

Isn't the monster dead yet?

- Alone... - Perfect night  
for mystery and horror.

...bad.

Friend good.

Friend! Friend!

The air itself is filled  
with monsters.

Does the yard man  
come today?

Of course.

This afternoon.

Hey!

- Can I do something for ya? - The master



wants to know if you are free for lunch.

I tell him you'll be having  
other plans, but he insists I ask.

Well, I do have a lawn this afternoon,  
but I'm free until then.

Expect nothing fancy.

The master is dressing.

I'm to offer you a drink.

There is whiskey.

There is iced tea.

Yeah, tea's fine.

No, no, you're a guest now.

Go sit in the living room.

Um, I'm more comfortable  
in here, Hanna.

It is Hanna, isn't it?

So, uh, Hanna, how long have you  
worked here for Mr. Whale?

- Oh, long enough. Fifteen years.

- Yeah?

You have people, Boone?

Yeah. They're all back  
in Joplin, Missouri.

- Oh, your wife?

- Uh, I'm not married.

Why?

I don't know. I guess because, uh,  
no girl in her right mind would have me.

A man who is not  
married has nothing.

He is a man of trouble.

You need a woman.

Are you proposing what  
I think you're proposing?

I'm a little bit  
young for you.

Oh, men! Always pulling legs.

Everything is comedy.

Oh, how very amusing.

How marvelously droll.

So, uh, have you  
ever been married?

- Of course. I'm married still.

- What does your husband do?

He's dead now.

Twenty years.

- Then you're as single as I am. - No,  
I have children, and grandchildren too.  
I visit when I can.

Of course, now Mr. Jimmy  
cannot be left alone for long,  
so I do not get out much.

Poor Mr. Jimmy.

There is much good in him,  
but he will suffer the fires of hell.

- It's very sad.

- You sure of that?

That's what the  
priests tell me.

His sins of the flesh will  
keep him from heaven.

- Hell, everybody's got those.

- No.

His is the worst.

The unspeakable.

The deed no man can  
name without shame.

What is the good English?

All I know is "bugger. " He's a bugger.  
Men who bugger each other.

A homo.

Yes!

You know.

That is why he  
must go to hell.

I do not think it's fair,  
but God's laws is not for us to judge.

So, what you're telling me is,  
Mr. Whale is a homo.

You did not know?

Uh... Ye... I...

No. I wasn't very sure.

You and he are not...

Oh, no, no, no.

Hanna.

That's what I hope.

I did not think you  
were a bugger too.

Hanna?

Oh.

You must go in quickly.

He would not like to think  
I've had you in the kitchen.

Oh.

How are you, Mr. Boone?

- I'm all right, I guess.

- I'm so glad you could come for lunch.

Princess Margaret.

"Her Majesty's loyal subjects  
in the motion picture industry. "

"Cordially invited to a reception  
at the home of Mr. George Cukor. "

The pushy little...

Horning in on the  
Queen's little sister,  
and then offering to share  
her with the whole damn Raj?

This is a world I  
finished with long ago.

I've paid them no mind, and I expect  
them to return the compliment.

Cheers.

I, uh, I watched your movie the  
other night with some friends.

- Did you, now?

- Yeah.

Did anyone laugh?

- No.

- Pity.

People are so earnest  
these days.

- Why? Was it supposed to be funny?

- Yes, of course.

A picture about death, I had to make  
it interesting for myself, you see.

So, a comedy about death...

The trick is not to spoil it for  
anyone who's not in on the joke.

But the monster never  
receives any of my jibes.

He's noble.

Noble and misunderstood.

In Korea, Mr. Boone,  
did you kill anyone?  
I don't like to  
talk about that.  
It's nothing to  
be ashamed of.  
In the service of one's country,  
something to be proud of.  
Any jerk with a gun  
can kill someone.  
Well, that's true, yes.  
Hand-to-hand combat  
is the true test.  
- Did you ever slay anyone  
hand-to-hand? - No.  
But I could have, though.  
Yes,  
I believe you could.  
How free is your  
schedule this afternoon?  
Well, I gotta trim the hedges, and then  
I got another lawn out on La Cienega.  
Suppose we say "phooey"  
to the hedges.  
Can you spare an hour  
after lunch to sit for me?  
Um...  
I can't.  
I'll pay you our going rate, plus whatever  
you would have got for the hedges.  
I, I just don't feel like  
sittin' still today.  
All righty.  
I understand.  
You ever been married,  
Mr. Whale?  
No.  
Well,  
not in the legal sense.  
What other sense is there?  
Well, one can live as husband and wife  
without getting the law involved.  
So then you did  
have a wife?

Or a husband, depending on  
which of us you asked.

- My friend David lived here  
for many years. - Oh.

Does that surprise you?

No, um...

You're a homosexual.

Mmm!

If one must use  
the clinical name.

I'm not, you know.

I never thought you were.

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

And what way  
would that be?

Well, the way that  
I look at women.

Oh, don't be ridiculous.

I know a real  
man like you...

would break my neck if I so  
much as laid a finger on you.

Besides,  
you're not my type.

So we understand  
each other.

Hey.

Live and let live.

I hope this has got nothing to do  
with your refusing to sit for me today.

Oh, no.

No, no.

What are you afraid of,  
Mr. Boone?

Surely not a frail  
old man like me.

Tell me more about yourself,  
Mr. Boone.

Have you  
a steady companion?

- Not at the moment.

- Oh? Why not?

Well, 'cause I guess you gotta

kiss ass just to get a piece of it.  
Nicely put.  
A man's gotta  
make up his life alone.  
A philosopher.  
Mmm.  
Thoreau...  
with a lawn mower.  
I like it.  
Yes.  
But do be careful,  
Mr. Boone.  
Freedom is a drug, you know,  
much like any other.  
Too much can be  
a very bad thing.  
Is that why you and, uh,  
your friend split up?  
- 'Cause he wanted to be free?  
- Yes, I suppose.  
I know it's why I stopped  
making pictures.  
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 made Showboat.  
Major success. Big box office.  
So now I was to do  
something important.  
The picture was called  
The Road Back.  
It was an indictment of the Great War  
and what it did to Germany.  
It was going to be  
my masterpiece.  
- What happened?  
- The fucking studio butchered it.  
They took the guts  
out of my picture.  
They brought in another director  
to add some slapstick...

and the movie  
laid an egg.  
A great, expensive bomb  
for which I was blamed.  
And after that  
I was out of fashion.  
I could no longer command the  
best projects, so I walked away.  
Why should I spend my time working  
in this dreadful business?  
- Do you miss it?  
- Mmm.  
Oh, it was all so long ago.  
Fifteen years.  
Making movies is the most  
wonderful thing in the world.  
Working with friends,  
entertaining people.  
Yes,  
I suppose I miss it.  
But I chose freedom.  
David, of course,  
was still in the thick of it,  
a life chockablock with anxiety  
and studio intrigue.  
I didn't fancy spending my  
golden years as "the friend,"  
so I finally drew down the  
curtain and closed the show.  
And, um,  
when the fetters  
are loosened,  
a certain hedonism creeps in,  
don't you think?  
Oh, there was a time when this  
house was full of young men.  
Some of them even posed for me,  
right where you're sitting now.  
Of course, they weren't  
nearly so bashful.  
Oh, no, this studio was full  
of bare buttocks and pricks...  
Mmm.  
Hard, arrogant pricks.

Okay, just cut it out.

Okay?

Isn't it bad enough that you've  
told me you're a fuckin' fairy?

- Now you're gonna rub my face in it?

- I assure you, I didn't mean...

Fuck this!

I can't do this anymore!

From now on, I'm just the  
guy that cuts your lawn.

Got it?

Jimmy?

Come on, Jimmy.

Watch me dive.

Hey, Harry.

Set me up.

- Where's Betty?

- Took the night off.

Heavy date.

Some guy she's had  
her eye on for a while.

Hey!

Hi!

Hello, Helen.

It's Clay.

No, I'm not in jail.

No, I don't need any money.

Thanks.

Is Sis there? Put her on.

There's this movie guy I met out here.

She'd get a real bang out of it.

Let me talk... Where is she?

You don't know.

I'd give you my phone number  
if I had a phone, wouldn't I?

Put the old man on.

Yeah, you know, forget it.

Just let him sleep it off.

Yeah.

Time's up, Helen, now.

I'm out of dimes.

Uh-huh.

Have one for me.

Mr. Boone.



Thank you, Hanna.

I wanna sit for you again.

Only if you promise to ease up  
on the locker room talk, okay?

Scout's honor.

I'm curious, Mr. Boone.

What convinced you  
to come back?

I don't know.

I like your stories, I guess.

Oh, everyone's  
got stories to tell.

Not me.

Hmm.

And the fear that you displayed at our  
last session... how did you overcome that?

More like disgust.

Oh, same difference,

Mr. Boone.

Disgust, fear of the unknown... all part of  
the great gulf that stands between us two.

Am I right in assuming that you have little  
experience with men of my persuasion?

- No teammates in football?

- No.

No comrades in Korea?

You must think that  
the whole world is queer.

Well, you know what?

It's not.

And war certainly isn't.

Oh, there may be no  
atheists in the foxholes,

but there are,

occasionally, lovers.

You're talkin' through  
your hat now.

- No, I'm not. I was in the foxholes myself.

- You were a soldier?

I was an officer  
in the trenches.

- Was this World War I? - No, my dear,  
the Crimean War. Well, what do you think?

The Great War.

There were trenches when I arrived and  
trenches when I left two years later.  
Just like in the movies,  
only the movies, ahh...  
They never get  
the stench of it all.  
The world reduced to mud and sandbags  
and a narrow strip of rainy sky.  
What were we talking about?  
Oh.  
Love.  
Love in the trenches.  
Barnett.  
Was that his name?  
Leonard Barnett.  
He'd come straight to  
the front from school.  
From Harrow.  
And he looked up to me.  
Wasn't like the others.  
He didn't care that I was a working-class  
man impersonating my betters.  
How strange to be  
admired so blindly.  
I suppose he loved me.  
I remember one morning  
in particular,  
a morning when  
the sun came out.  
It's odd how, even there,  
there were days when the weather  
was enough to make one happy.  
He and I stood  
on the fire step.  
I was showing him the sights of  
no-man's-land. It was beautiful.  
Beautiful.  
And I was shoulder-to-shoulder with a tall,  
apple-cheeked schoolboy who loved me...  
and trusted me.  
You will not do this to me again,  
Mr... Mr. Boone.  
- You will not set me on another  
walk down memory lane. - I...

I won't.  
I absolutely refuse.  
Why do I tell you all this?  
I never told David.  
- I never even remembered it till you  
got me going. - You started in on this...  
You can't understand.  
You just sit there. You let me talk.  
"Yes, the poor old man," you're thinking  
to yourself. "The crazy old poof. "  
Why are you here? Let's get this straight.  
What do you want from me?  
You wanted me to model.  
Remember?  
Well, of course I remember. What do  
you think I am, so fucking senile?  
Uh, uh, Mr. Whale?  
Oh, I'm so stupid.  
Stupid, stupid.  
Mr. Whale, you all right?  
What was I thinking about?  
Oh, would you go?  
I'm sorry.  
Please.  
Why don't you just go?  
I just don't get it.  
First you creep me out  
with this homo shit.  
Then you hit me  
with war stories.  
And now you're upset with me because  
I listened to you? What do you want?  
I want...  
More than anything else,  
I want a glass of water.  
Sick.  
Thank you.  
I do apologize.  
I'm...  
No harm done.  
I have no business  
snapping at you.  
It was foolishness to start  
this portrait, you know.

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

No.

Would you like to come  
to a party with me?

A reception for  
Princess Margaret.

I thought you said  
you weren't gonna go.

If you don't mind driving,  
I'd like to take you as my guest.

Yeah, sure, I'm game.

Why not?

Very good, Clayton.

May I call you Clayton?

Clayton?

Yeah, sure.

Clayton's fine.

Mr. Boone,  
he's an interesting friend.

I'd hardly call our  
yardman a friend.

Oh, no, but someone  
you can talk to.

That needs pressing, hmm?

Do you miss having someone  
to talk to, Hanna?

I have my family.

Also our Lord, Jesus Christ.

Ah. Tell me, how is  
the old boy these days?

We need a hat with that.

There's a panama.

Maybe in your old room.

No, no,

in the storage closet.

Hello.

Oh, Eva. Mmm.

Hmm.

Gas masks on!

Oh, Mr. Jimmy.

That is my daughter.

She and her husband are  
coming to town this afternoon.

Here.

I'm sorry, Mr. Jimmy.

I will make it short.

I will be out myself this afternoon.

Remember?

I suppose you'd

like the top down.

If that's all right

with you.

Nothing would

please me more.

Oh, good old George.

He loves to put

on the dog.

Slim pickings.

Mind you,

it's early yet.

Perhaps this is a good time for us

to go and pay our respects, hmm?

Thank you.

Thank you for coming.

Charming.

I had no idea

you'd be here.

- How are you?

- Fine.

I'm just fine.

And Your Royal Highness?

Splendid, now that I know

that you're around.

Can we get together

while I'm in town?

- I so badly want to sit

for you again. - Sit?

I've changed my hair, you see,

since our last session.

Those old snaps look

rather dowdy now.

Oh, dear.

Have I made a blunder?

The pleasure is mine.

James Whale.

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.

- George, James Whale.

David Lewis's friend. - Oh.

- I used to make pictures myself, ma'am.

- Yes, of course.

One can't throw a  
rock in this town,  
without hitting one of  
us old movie directors.

Ma'am, may I introduce  
Mr. Clayton Boone.

My gardener.

- How do you do? Clay... Clay Boone.

- Quite.

I adore gardens.

He's never met  
a princess.

Only queens.

Well, George, ma'am,  
this has been an honor,  
and one that I shall remember  
for the rest of my life.

- Great place.

- Mmm.

Hello.

- What was that all about? - Oh, don't  
worry. Nothing of any importance.

Just two old men slapping  
each other with lilies.

I'm sorry.

- Who's that?

- David.

- The friend I thought was in New York.

- No, I, I... The girl.

- Oh, it's Elizabeth Taylor.

- Oh, thank you.

Yes, David produced  
her last picture.

- What are you doing here? - I was just  
going to ask you the same thing.

Thought you were  
still in New York.

I was, until last night.

I was going to call.

- David Lewis.

- Hey. Clay Boone.

Our yardman, who's been kind  
enough to serve as my escort...

to George's little do.

Should you be drinking  
in your condition?

Oh, David, will you  
stop being a nanny.

I think I'm gonna go  
and get another beer.

You should've seen George's  
face when he saw Clayton. Oh!

- You didn't, Jimmy.

- I did.

Mind you, Princess Margaret's  
an absolute doll.

Well, we're all equals in her eyes,  
as commoners, I presume.

You only  
embarrass yourself.

- Oh, dear. I'll never work in this  
town again. - You know what I mean.

- Your reputation.

- I have no reputation.

I'm as free as the air.

But the rest of us aren't.

- Can't you remember that?

- No.

I never could.

I suppose you regret  
having got me invited here.

I didn't ask George  
to invite you.

Oh.

Well, then, who did?

I have people here

I need to speak to.

- You'll be all right on your own?

- Yes, yes, perfectly.

I'll drop by tomorrow  
for breakfast.

Oh, yes.

Oh.

Oh, I say.

Thank you very much.

Just the one.

Mr. Whale!

Mr. Whale!

- Mr. Whale.

- Mr. Kay.

Bet you never thought  
you'd see me again.

- I didn't know if you'd be well enough  
to come to this party. - You didn't?

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

You, Mr. Kay?

But how do you know  
George Cukor?

I interviewed him  
after I met you.

I'm his social secretary now.

Well, assistant  
to his secretary.

Yes, I commend you.

If you're going to  
pursue poofs,

go after those who  
can do favors for you.

You just waste everyone's time  
when you court dinosaurs.

Don't think like that,

Mr. Whale.

I love your movies.

That's why I wanted you to come,  
so I could see you with your monsters.

My monsters?

Don't go away.

- Uh, excuse me. Miss Lanchester, I...

- Yes?

Elsa.

Jimmy!

Elsa.

- How are you?

- Mmm.



I saw Una O'Connor  
a few weeks ago.  
She said you'd been  
under the weather.  
Oh, well, nothing out of  
the ordinary. Getting old.  
Nonsense! Ah, what's our  
pesky friend up to now?  
Mmm?  
Is that Boris?  
- Our little chum appears to be  
arranging a reunion. - Oh, dear.  
- Boris, darling.  
- Elsa. Elsa!  
And James.  
James.  
- How good to see you.  
- I didn't know you were here.  
These public revels are  
hardly up your alley.  
Actually, I'm here for  
the sake of Miranda,  
my great-grandniece.  
Koochie-koo.  
And what do you make  
of our royal visitant?  
Perfectly charming.  
A real lady.  
What did you expect,  
a hussy in tennis shoes?  
Hey, you, with the camera.  
We got a historical moment here.  
Come, get a picture of it.  
This is Mr. James Whale, who made  
Frankenstein and Bride of Frankenstein,  
and this... forget the baby a second,  
is the Monster...  
and his bride.  
Oh, Karloff.  
Right.  
Don't you just love  
being famous?  
To a new world of  
gods and monsters.

- Are you all right, Jimmy?

- Yeah. Yeah.

Got it.

Mr. Whale.

- Are you okay?

- I'm tired. I'm a bit tired.

Are you

enjoying yourself?

No. Actually, I... I feel  
a little out of place here.

Well, neither of us  
really fits in here.

That must've been funny for you,  
seeing your monsters again.

Monsters?

The only monsters are here.

Oh, fuck.

We left the top down.

- You wanna run for it?

- "Run for it"?

It's raining.

- Hurry! Hurry!

- Whoo!

Mr. Whale?

Mr. Whale.

Let's get out

of this fuckhole.

You sure you don't  
want to wait it out?

We aren't made of sugar.

We won't melt.

"Oh, that this too,  
too solid flesh would melt. "  
I'm getting you home before you  
catch your death of pneumonia.

Catch my death?

Are you okay,

Mr. Whale?

Jimmy, please, hmm?

Call me Jimmy.

Hanna, we need some towels!

We're soaked to the bone!

Oh, blast it.

Well, if we soil your floors,

it's your own bloody fault!  
Oh, I don't believe it.  
Don't worry, she'll be back.  
She just can't say "no" to her daughter.  
Well, you certainly have better things  
to do than to baby-sit an old man.  
I didn't have  
anything planned.  
Well, go get a shower upstairs and  
I'll get you something dry to wear.  
Well, what do you think?  
Hmm?  
Mr. Whale?  
Where are those clothes  
you promised?  
Mr. Whale?  
He trusts me, you know.  
Mr. Whale?  
Jimmy?  
Oh, yes.  
- Mr. Whale?  
- Huh?  
Yes, of course, uh, Clayton.  
Do come in.  
Now, I promised to get you some dry  
clothes. The trouble is, you're so large.  
You wouldn't want to attempt  
to get into my pants.  
- Uh, no. Definitely not.  
- Very good, Clayton.  
Now...  
Oh, I know!  
This... This absolutely  
swims on me,  
so that should deal  
with your upper half.  
And now we just need to deal  
with the rest, don't we?  
- Do you have any baggy shorts  
or pajama bottoms? - Uh, no.  
I'm sorry. Uh, my pajamas  
are all tailored.  
Would it be too distressing for  
you to continue with that towel?

It's hardly more immodest  
than a kilt, you know.

- Yes? How very sporting of you, Clayton.

- Say, is this, um, the...

Yes, it's the only  
memento I ever kept.

My original sketch  
for the Monster.

- Uh, shall we?

- Yeah.

When we've finished eating, if Hanna's  
not back, shall we try a few more sketches?

I thought you'd given  
up on my drawing.

Yeah, but I'd like  
to try again.

It'll give us something  
to do while we wait.

Tell me something, Clayton.

Do you believe  
in mercy killing?

I never really gave  
it much thought.

You must've come across  
such situations in Korea.

A wounded comrade,  
or perhaps even an enemy.

You know, someone for whom  
death would be a blessing.

I never went to Korea.

I never even made it  
through boot camp.

- But you said...

- That I was a marine, which is true.

You filled in the rest.

Oh, I see.

My old man was a marine.

Lied about his age,  
and he enlisted.

- Is this the Great War?

- Yeah. Yeah.

By the time he was ready to ship out,  
all the fighting was over,  
so he felt like

he'd missed out.

- Well, it was a very lucky thing he did.

- That's not the way he saw it.

To him it was like his life  
never really got started.

Nothing else  
seemed to matter.

Certainly not his family.

Is that why you became a marine,  
for your father's sake?

I figured it'd be  
the next best thing.

I mean, but I loved it too.

I really... I did.

It was a chance to be a part  
of something important,  
something that's bigger  
than yourself.

So, what happened?

Didn't have the guts for it.

- Hmm?

- Literally.

My appendix burst.

They gave me  
a medical discharge.

The only thing I can think is,  
how the hell am I gonna tell my father?

And you know what happened  
when I finally did tell him?

He laughed at me.

Well, them's the breaks, huh?

So...

No war stories for this pup.

That's where  
you're wrong, Clayton.

You just told me one.

A very good story indeed.

Whew.

This storm is  
getting worse.

"A perfect night for  
mystery and horror.

The air itself is filled  
with monsters. "

- That's from one of your movies, right?

- Very good.

"The only monsters  
are here. "

Don't remember that one.

James Whale.

This afternoon at the party when  
you said, "The only monsters are here,"  
I was wondering which  
"here" that was.

No, I, I don't recall.

Memories of the war, perhaps.

Barnett.

Barnett on the wire.

Your friend.

Yes.

He caught his one night coming  
back from reconnaissance.

I wouldn't take him,

but McGill did,

"just to give the  
laddie a taste. "

They were nearly home when  
a Maxim gun opened fire.

Barnett's body landed on this  
wire that was as thick as briars.

It was hanging there  
the next morning.

It was only a hundred  
yards from the line,  
but too far...

for anyone to fetch it.

So we saw him every morning stand-to  
and every evening stand-to.

"Good morning, Barnett,"  
we used to say to him.

"How's Barnett looking today?" "He seemed  
a little peaked. Looks a little plumper. "  
And he hung there...

well, at least until  
we were relieved.

We introduced him to the new  
unit before marching out,  
speaking highly

of his companionship.  
God, we were a witty lot.  
Laughing at our dead,  
feeling that it was  
our death too.

But I tell you, for each  
man who died I thought,  
"Better you than me,  
poor sod. "

You know, a whole generation  
was wiped out by that war.  
You survived it.  
Can't hurt you now.

- No good to dig it up.  
- Oh.

Friend, it's digging itself up.  
There is nothing in the here  
and now to take my mind off it.  
The parties...

Well, you were there.

Reading... I can't...

I, I can't concentrate.

There's no work, of course,  
and, uh, love and, uh,  
painting and, uh...

Drawing, I mean.

Look.

Your portrait, Clayton.

It's all gone for me now.

All gone.

They're nothing but the  
scribblings of an infant.

There's nothing.

Nothing.

You said you wanted to  
draw me like a statue.

Okay.

It's going to  
happen after all.

What did you say?

No, it won't do.

- What won't do?

- You're much too human.

Well, what do

you expect, bronze?

Don't move.

- I want you to wear this.

- Why?

So I can see  
the artistic effect.

Your very human body  
against the inhuman mask.

- Oh! Very striking. Mmm.

- I don't know.

Oh, come on, Clayton. Just for a minute,  
so I can see the effects.

- From the first World War, isn't it?

- Mmm, yes.

Fasten this around the back.

Let me help you.

There.

Hmm?

Uh...

now what?

All right,  
let's take it off.

Uh, it's too tight.

I can't breathe.

Oh, no, I, I, leave it.

I'll help.

Leave it to me.

Wha...

Can you...

I'm still here.

All right.

Mr. Whale.

Oh, what steely muscles  
you've got there.

Just take the fuckin'  
mask off me now, okay?

- What a solid brute you are.

- Hey... Oh...

Hey... Hey, just get your  
fuckin' hands off me!

It's no use, Clayton. I can't  
hear you. I can't hear a word.

Oh, well, then, maybe this.

Hey, hey, hey, hey!



- Ohh!  
- Yes!  
- Now I've got you! How will you ever  
get yourself back? - Get off me!  
I told you, I'm not that way! Get it  
through your fuckin' head, all right?  
You feel so good,  
Clayton.  
Didn't even sting!  
Wait till I tell my friends about this.  
Won't they be surprised.  
I haven't done  
anything with you...  
You undressed for me. I've been  
kissing you. I even touched your prick!  
- How will you ever be able to live with  
yourself? - What do you want from me?  
I want you to kill me.  
What?  
Break my neck.  
Come on, strangle me. It'll be so  
easy to choke the life out of me.  
Oh, God.  
We've come this far.  
I'm losing my mind.  
Every day a new piece of it goes,  
and soon there'll be none of it left.  
But if you kill me,  
death will be bearable.  
You could be my  
second monster.  
Come on.  
Please, do it now.  
Make me invisible.  
I am not...  
your monster!  
You're a bloody pussycat.  
My deepest apologies.  
Can you ever forgive me?  
No, I suppose not.  
I've got to go to bed.  
Are you okay?  
Oh, Clayton.  
Do you need some help?

Pray you undo this button.  
I don't seem to be able to  
manage it when I'm tired.  
Do you believe people come  
into our lives for a purpose?  
Okay, I can manage now.  
Oh.  
When you die, make sure that your  
brain is the last organ to fizzle.  
You'll feel better tomorrow.  
Good night.  
Good night.  
Hello?  
Oh, hello, Mr. David.  
No, he did not tell me, but that's  
no problem. I make the breakfast.

**10:**

Good-bye.  
Hanna, this is not  
what you think it is.  
Aah!  
I brought you your clothes. Get dressed  
and go. We have guest for breakfast.  
I need to talk to you  
about Mr. Whale.  
Nothing you could say  
would surprise me.  
Maybe, but I still need to talk to you  
about him. Let me have a cup of coffee.  
I blame my daughter for  
keeping me out so late.  
I only hope you did  
not get him excited.  
You could give  
him new stroke.  
- Why do you do it, Hanna?  
- What I do?  
Why do you take care of him like  
he was your own flesh and blood?  
It's my job. I did it when  
he was happy; it was easy.  
It's only fair I do  
it now he is ill.

Oh, enough of this talk.  
I must go wake the master.  
Mr. Jimmy,  
good morning.  
Mr. Jimmy?  
What have you  
done with him?  
- You look for him.  
- I put him to bed last night.  
Mr. Jimmy?  
Mr. Jimmy!  
Mr. Jimmy!  
Oh!  
Mr. Jimmy!  
Mr. Jimmy!  
You son of a bitch!  
Oh!  
No! No! No!  
Mr. Jimmy! Jimmy!  
Jimmy!  
He wanted me to kill him,  
and then he did it himself!  
I didn't do this!  
Mr. Jimmy.  
Ohh.  
It says here, "Good-bye. "  
I find in his room.  
Sorry, he says.  
He's had wonderful life.  
Oh, my Mr. Jimmy.  
Poor, foolish man.  
You could not wait for God  
to take you in His time?  
You must leave.  
You were not here this morning.  
Look, I did not do this.  
- Police will not know that. They will  
want to investigate. - We got a note.  
You want them to question  
you about Mr. Jimmy?  
Please, Clayton, it's better  
that I find the body alone.  
How are you gonna explain how  
you got him out of the water?

You're right.  
Uh, we must put him back.  
W...  
Uh...  
Oh, Mr. Jimmy, we do  
not mean disrespect.  
- You will keep better in water.  
- God.  
Who are you?  
I think you're a  
stranger to me.  
I cannot see you.  
I cannot see anything.  
You must please excuse me,  
but I'm blind.  
Perhaps you're afflicted too.  
We shall be friends.  
It's very lonely here,  
and it's been a long time since  
any human being came into this hut.  
I'll look after you,  
and you will comfort me.  
No, no.  
This is good.  
Smoke.  
You try.  
Smoke.  
Mmm!  
Good! Good!  
Good...  
I was all alone.  
It is bad to be alone.  
Alone bad.  
Friend good.  
Friend good!  
Time for bed, sport.  
What did you think  
of the movie?  
Pretty cool.  
- Better than most monster movies.  
- Yeah?  
I knew the guy who made it.  
- Come on, Dad. Is this another  
one of your stories? - No.

It's the original sketch  
of the Monster.  
Is this for real?  
Clay, the trash,  
before it rains.  
Come on.

**sync, fix:**