

"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





Steve Becker 4/20

Hanna: 15 year.  
Dad left: 9 years ago.

FADE IN:

1 MAIN TITLES BEGIN

1

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)

2

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

3

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

4

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

4A

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

4B INT. TRAILER - DAY

4B

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

5

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 alert again.

hardheaded drops like a lily from 'ism's pocket

opponent almost a 'man'?

2 months in hospital treated for cancer of stomach

David more or less 4 years ago: 20-year mother, 15 in 1915.



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

6

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

7 EXT. COLONIAL-STYLE HOUSE - DAY

7

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

8

The shadow is a man with dove white hair, wearing a dress shirt and seersucker jacket. This is JAMES WHALE, age 67, *altno' would think he's only 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.

Clay climbs into the truck, slides the key into the ignition. It takes a few tries but the engine finally turns over.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

"Sleep is nothing but few dreams. Last night I was  
intense, foolish, frisky, nervous. Hardly sleep at all"

EXT. COLONIAL-STYLE HOUSE - DAY

Where froms, then shugs.

Sprinklers swirl on a grassy slope outside a sprawling  
colonial house. Below a swimming pool forms a perfect  
rectangle of still water. A circle reads: SANTA MONICA  
CALIFORNIA 1937.

The pick-up driver glances. Clay parks in the back, hops out.

ANGLE -

A SHADOWY FIGURE  
His red power mower

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The shadow is a man with dark hair, wearing a dress shirt  
and tie. He is looking at a picture on the wall.  
DAVID  
I have more peace of mind if the  
live-in nurse were still here.

HARMA

She was nothing but bother. I got  
like her. Mr. Jimmy not like her.  
No do better if you live-in again.  
Mr. David.

In the dining room, visible through open double doors, DAVID  
LARRY, 35, speaks with the housekeeper. LARRY  
is a stout, middle-aged man in a dark suit, dressed in black, her hair pinned in a tight bun. She  
speaks with a thick accent.

DAVID

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

HARMA

Yes, I call you at this number.  
(On the cord)  
Mr. Jimmy? More coffee?

WHILE

What? Oh yes. Why not?

He moves into the dining room, sits opposite David.



WHALE  
Isn't Hanna a peach?

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 --

*dear David* WHALE *(a charm for wit suddenly lights 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 *(sighs)*  
Oh, David. There's no pleasure in making you feel guilty.  
(stands)  
You better go, my boy. You'll be late for that plane.

*DAVID By the way I like the Renoir*  
*WHALE*  
*Thank you.*  
*DAVID*

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: *Goodbye Hanna*

9 EXT. STREETS OF DUDLEY - DAY (1900)

9

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 sexless.

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 fall in 'presence' a stranger  
a beautiful morning

it feels good to feel his 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

10

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 (accusing)  
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

11

Whale moves jauntily ~~down the hill~~ <sup>onto the front lawn</sup>, 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.

(prop up cane.  
Lands in pockets)

My name is Whitley. This is my house.



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 *good for you*

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

(X)  
(X)

Clay shrugs nonchalantly.

WHALE

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

CLAY

Yeah. I better get on with my work.

Whale clears his throat behind the back of his hand. *just testing*

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 holds Clay's look.

WHALE

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

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

12 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY


12


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. 

change ' shirt + tie   
face lift.

mainly military posture   
ambrosian inscrutability.



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)

13

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

I have my class tonight.

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 yarself, Jimmy.  
Leave the drawring 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?

(X)

(X)

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

14 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

14

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

15

Whale comes in from the bedroom.

WHALE

There is iced tea, Hanna? Cucumber sandwiches?

Which book?   
he can't read.



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

16

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

HANNA

Mr. Kay, sir.

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.pose then  
See himWhale 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, teasing\* self-deprecating)  
No. I expect you can't.

KAY

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.

HANNA

Yes, Mr. Jimmy.  
(sighs)  
An interview. About so many years  
Very exciting.

WHALE

Don't be late. It's just a student  
from the University.

The doorbell rings.

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

WHALE rushes into the club chair and opens a book.  
proceeding to read until Hanna enters in the visitor.

HANNA

Mr. Kay, sir.

WHALE

(staring speechless)

Yes.

WHALE looks up at HANNA. 22, a slim boy who reads his  
weight on one's stomach. His arms twisted behind him.  
There is a look of mild disappointment on WHALE's face as he  
realizes that this is a baby pool.

WHALE

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

(sincerely, leaning back for a moment)  
No, I expect you can't.

KAY

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

WHALE

Can't live to have simply.

KAY

I know. People's houses aren't  
their lives.



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?

KAY

Sure.

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)

He suddenly grows out an imitation of Boris Karloff.

KAY  
Love head. Hate living.

Kay laughs, a high, girlish giggle. Whale flips a glance with a police smile.

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

WHILE  
Is it now? Hmmm. I think we'll  
take our cue from 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.

WHILE  
Will that be good for you, Mr. Kay?

KAY

WHILE  
(opens the back door)  
After you then.



oo everything?  
well <sup>at least</sup> ~~first~~ <sup>it</sup> was born...  
just outside London.

KAY  
I love the great horror film. And  
you're eye the head. "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.

WHILE  
This is the studio where I paint.

KAY

Nice.  
(refusing to be  
side-tracked)  
And your lighting and camera  
angles. You've got to go back to  
(MORE)



KAY (cont'd)  
German silent movies to find  
anything like it.

18 EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - UPPER PATIO - DAY

18

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

19

Kay flips open his steno pad.

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

KAY  
Everything. Start at the beginning.

just 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)

20

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

21

Kay clears his throat softly.

KAY (CONT'D)  
Gawman silent, moved as if  
hesitating like a...


11 EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - UPPER PARTIO - DAY

Clay Boone grips some water from the garden hose. He  
glances down at the pool, where Kay and Whale sit in  
cast-iron chairs.

KAY  
Time for you to leave.

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

KAY  
I'm on my way.

The look of emotion takes him by surprise. 

12 EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DAY

Kay slips open his swim cap.

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

KAY  
Everything. About the  
beginning.

WHALE  
I was born outside London. The  
son of a physician who was a  
at London. Grandfather was a  
Clergyman. Church of England.

Whale's tongue slips at the word, his voice suddenly drowned  
out by the blast of a factory whistle. We CUT TO:

13 INT. FACTORY SHOP FLOOR - DUTCHY - DAY (1902)

Every mill is poured into molds on the shop floor of a  
machine parts factory. WHALE is, grips the hot casting  
with tongs. His father, WILLIAM, has face blackened with  
grime, hammers away at the lines. A heavy blow causes young  
WHALE to drop the mold, smashing cast-iron and anvil on the  
floor. There is a look of genuine fear in Whale's eyes as  
he looks up at his stunted, beetle-like father. We CUT TO:

14 EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Kay clears his throat softly.



KAY

Mr. Whale?

Whale smiles politely to cover his momentary disorientation.

WHALE

Yes?

KAY

Your father was a schoolmaster?

WHALE

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.

WHALE

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

*Wasn't an actor in London.  
London in '20's... one long holiday  
(exaggeration) a break etc.*

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

WHALE

Thank you, Hanna. Very nice.

Hanna remains planted next to the table.

WHALE

You can go now.

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

WHALE

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.

*not connected*

*paraphrase*

KAY

Mr. Whaley?

While smiling politely to cover his momentary disorientation

WHILE

Yes?

KAY

Your father was a schoolmaster?

WHILE

Of course. I attended Eton -- is  
that do for a master's son to  
attend where his father taught?  
Yes 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 chances to see if the boy smiles at the quip.

WHILE

You can't imagine what life was  
like after the Armistice. The  
celebrations in London were one long  
bank holiday. A drink first  
everywhere and then the partying.  
I had a week with school and party  
so I was able to drink and have  
a good time.

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

WHILE

Thank you, Hanna. Very nice.

Hanna remains planted next to the table.

WHILE

You can go now.

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

WHILE

There was one play in particular a  
very grim story of war called  
"Journey's End". Every experienced  
soldier turned it down so I  
collected myself, bought and  
read it for the top. Journey's  
end made the careers of everyone  
associated with it. It was only a  
matter of time until Hollywood  
produced it.



KAY

How much longer before we get to  
"Frankenstein"?

WHALE

Am I correct in assuming, Mr. Kay, that it's not me you're interested in, but only my horror pictures?  
~~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. (X)  
(X)  
(X)

KAY

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

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

WHALE (commencing stammer).

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?

KAY

I don't mind.

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 feels better already  
'bootstrap' stopper

you know, both of them  
+ both your socks.

perches an elbow on 'back' of his chair  
+ holds 'cigar' at a rakish angle



WHALE  
It is, isn't it? My life as a game  
or strip poker. Shall we play?

KAY  
 You're serious.

Quite. *It will make you ~~think~~ before you ask.*

KAY  
 Then the rumors are true?

WHALE  
What rumors might those be?

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

WHALE  
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.

KAY  
 You're a dirty old man.

*Will Kay? won't he?*  
Whale tilts his head as if brushing off a compliment. Kay  
 kicks off his penny loafers, bends over to remove his socks.

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.

WHALE  
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.

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

Kay nods.

WHILE  
It is, isn't it? My life as a game  
of chance, eh? Shall we play?

KAY

You're serious.

WHILE  
Quite.

KAY

Then the money and time?

WHILE

What more time than this?

KAY

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

WHILE

A homosexual scandal, you mean?  
For me to answer a question of that  
nature would be to remove  
both your eyes and your socks.

Kay that was there, pointing and grinning.

KAY

You're a dirty old man.

WHILE  
He said his head as if branding off a complaint. Kay  
kissed him and patted his forehead, hands over to remove his socks.

WHILE

You are kind to ladies, aren't you?  
In every way. As I should be.  
Young and strong.

Two pale feet emerged. While leaning forward to examine them  
he leaned back again.

WHILE

No. There was no scandal.

And he reached into his coat for a light. While's hand  
remained as he lit the pipe. Then lights came  
flashing with a sudden flash, sucking and sucking until the  
light was finally lit.

WHILE  
Is that?

KAY

My only other vice  
would be a little more of your  
discussion.

Kay nods



WHALE *Janet*  
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 *(wanting to spin beauty dirty)*  
Take off your vest and I'll tell you a story. *all about it.*

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

WHALE *(sexy)*  
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.

(MORE)

The slightest invitation tightens threads + knots of pain in his skull.  
He desperately needs his guest to distract him from this hurt.



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.

*No scandal.*

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 *(ready, now that's off the coast)*

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

*- let's get you undressed -)*

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.

(X)  
(X)

KAY

Okay. "Frankenstein." Tell me everything.

WHALE

Righto. Let me see.

Whale swallows a wince, trying to block the pain pushing against his skull.

stunning from bites + barbed wire + headache.



He freezes. Realized there will be another pain.



Is that death. He wants death to save him from the rest of his life.

No not yet, not yet.



we know  
After some time, the Universal Production, they wanted me. 15.  
made a film "Son of Dracula"  
[Universal Production - they wanted me]

Studio WHALE

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

KAY

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

WHALE

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.

KAY

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

WHALE

You think so? That's very kind -- Just makeup + padding + a large actor. Hardly the Mona Lisa (laughing)

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

KAY

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.

KAY

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

Whale turns toward the froggy voice.

WHALE

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. weak + helpless. He is afraid he will vomit in a box or forget his boards + soil himself.

KAY

Mr. Whale? You all right?

WHALE

I just need to -- lie down. Studio. Daybed in studio.

Whale lurches from the table. Kay jumps forward, catching him under an arm.

1. Keeping himself.
2. Leaning Kay.
3. Intentionally.





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.

WHALE

Forgive me.

22 EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - DAY

22

Hanna runs down the path, clutching the front of her apron  
in two tight fists.

23 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

23

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.

HANNA

Water. Glasses at the sink.

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

HANNA

Which ones? I bring them all.

WHALE

Painkiller. Luminal

She empties <sup>a pin</sup> ~~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 yuh wuh. 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.

KAY  
On my word. What a word, Mr.  
Whale? Is it your heart?

WHALE

Head. Not heart.

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

WHALE

Forgive me

EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - DAY

Hanna turns down the path, clutching the front of her apron  
in her right hand.

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

Hanna swings open the screen door -- and witnesses what she  
sees Kay in his NUD. He is kneeling next to Whale, who is  
stretched out on the bed.

HANNA

Water. Glasses at the sink.

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

HANNA

Which ones? I want them all.

WHALE

Yes, Hanna.

The bottles are sent her pain. Whale lifts them  
into his mouth and takes the glass of water Kay passed over.  
Hanna's shoulder. She's watching the girls, then glances up  
at Kay, looking surprised.

WHALE

Mr. Kay. You're not dressed.

Kay frantically dresses his arms over his chest and midriff.  
Turns to Hanna.

KAY

I was going to take a swim.

WHALE

For now. I'm sorry I spoiled it for you.  
You should exercise at home.

KAY

Sigat.

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



WHALE  
You must think I'm terrible, Hanna.

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

*Shut up*

Shut up. WHALE  
All we did was talk. My attack had  
nothing to do with him. (*knows much better 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)

24

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 rhythmic  
 sound blends into the the insistent knocking of:

25 A FIST

25

which smashes against sheet metal.

26 INT. CLAY'S TRAILER - DAY

26

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.

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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~~

27

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.~~

Clay glances over, seems surprised to see a naked back  
facing him on the bare mattress.

CLAY

Hey, um... Rose --

The girl sits, turns to face him. She is 18 or more.

DAISY

Daisy.

CLAY

Right.

DAISY

My name is Daisy.

CLAY

Time to go, Daisy.

She crosses her naked body against Clay's.

DAISY

You know, I could help you fix up

this place --



Old guy seems more nutty, smile, even drunk.  
Le leans on his cane

CLAY

Don't you have to be somewhere?

Like high school maybe.

DAISY

I gave it up for him.

Daisy smiles at her own joke. Clay frowns.

CLAY

Right.

(Jumps up from the bed)

Time to hit the road, kid.

1st-2nd TRAILER PARK - DAY

Daisy jumps out of the trailer, wearing a yellow-colored  
sweater and matching pants. She heads toward the road,  
attempting to keep her balance.

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

Clay's pick-up sails down the road. The Pacific Ocean  
provides a brilliant background.



28 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

28

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

29

~~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.

Everything alright

WHALE

Drop something, Mr. Boone?

get away from me 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

buzz call

18 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

WHALE'S ponder the half-painted canvas. He looks at the lack of progress. The stillness is broken by the sound of Clay's lawnmower coming to life. Whale smiles, goes down the brush.

19 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Clay looks at the canvas on the easel. He looks around, feeling someone's eyes watching him.

The cost is watching... He sits forward with his legs crossed at knees, an elbow on the top knee, one finger tapping his pointing lower lip.

WHALE  
Clay, right?  
MR. BOONEY

Clay  
Just away from me.  
Sorry to  
disturb you.

The screen door slams open. Clay's car. A leather jacket and a red-tinted cane appear. Whale stops in the doorway.

WHALE  
I was just about to ask you to  
bring down the law. The law is  
very strict about you.

CLAY  
I think to high heaven right now.

WHALE  
The honest heart of one's back.  
I want you to be honest.  
Let me tell you the story for  
you.

WHALE'S cane rattles in his right hand. His finally  
shifts away as Clay's resolve.

WHALE  
Or would you prefer a bear?

CLAY  
No. I'd see a lion.

WHALE  
Clay, right?



Clay hoses 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. *theat*

30 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

30

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

*work*  
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. *hideaway  
JW made*

CLAY

These are your paintings?

WHALE *(gently smiles)*

What? Oh yes. ~~They are now~~  
~~anyway.~~

CLAY

Excuse me, but -- are you famous?

WHALE *(smile extends + winks)*

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 *long before*

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 hoses the frame of glass off his arms. He drives his hands and arms with his hat, then wades it up and stulls it into his shirt to wipe out his surprise.

10 INT. WHALE'S ROOM - 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 descends to a wooden staircase with him.

WHILE  
Mr. Boone, my studio. Hardly  
anybody in which a weekly woman  
should feel out of place.

Clay glances at the whitened canvases on the wall and  
strokes in the corner.

CLAY  
These are your paintings?

WHILE (pointing to the  
canvases) Oh yes.

CLAY  
Excuse me, but -- are you famous?

WHILE (laughing & shrugging)  
You know what they say. If you  
have to ask --

CLAY  
I'm just a kid who loves art.  
But some of these look familiar.

WHILE  
They were familiar when I painted  
them. That's what I mean. I  
remembered the look of these  
pictures. And that's a  
handicap.

CLAY  
They're these copies then, Gotcha.

WHILE  
Before I started you might say  
I had a special gift in the art.  
I was a little better than you  
and I was a little better than you  
and I was a little better than you.



CLAY

Sure, everybody does. When I was a kid I'd go with my sister twice a week. Why? Were you were an actor or something?

WHALE

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

(aston voice) u

not really to begin

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

CLAY

Yeah? What were some of your movies?

WHALE

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

CLAY

Really?

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

CLAY

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

(that's right)  
(nodding)

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's Hanna

turn back to Clay

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?

(for clay's benefit)

Hanna flares her nostrils at him.





HANNA

You remember what the doctor tells  
us.





WHALE (*for Hanna not clay*) (*chant, nearly closing his eyes*)  
 Yes, yes, yes. I merely invited  
 Mr. Boone in for a glass of tea. (*opens & smiles @ clay*).  
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.

WHALE  
Go. *Avaunt*

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

WHALE  
*She's a love: but* When they stay in your employ too  
 long, servants begin to think  
 they're married to you.  
 (*smiles at Clay*) + *starts 'stare'*  
Please, Mr. Boone. Help yourself.

CLAY  
 What did she mean by going flooey?

WHALE (*a couple 'months': a few weeks*)  
I returned recently from a stay in  
hospital.

CLAY  
 What was wrong?

WHALE (*shrugs*) *to myself grin @ Clay.*  
Nothing serious. A touch of  
stroke.

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

WHALE (*Smiles, having seen how Boone was watching 'stare'*)  
You must excuse me for staring, Mr.  
Boone. But you have a marvelous  
head. *the most*

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 *(acting ecstatic and enthusiastic)*  
You have the most-architectural  
skull. And your nose. Very  
expressive.

CLAY  
 Broke is more like it.

WHALE *(broke - spell - a joke)*  
But expressively broken. How did  
it happen?

CLAY  
 Football in college.

WHALE *(sounds dubious)*  
You went to university?

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

WHALE *(lovely maines)*  
Yes. You were a Marine.

Whale's gaze deepens, He laughs lightly.

grows more 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 that much of it)*

CLAY  
 But why?

?

WHILE  
To an artist, you understand.  
Have you ever noticed?

CLAY  
You mean, like posed for pictures?

WHILE  
Get her as artist. Been sketched.

CLAY  
(with a laugh)  
What's so sketchy?

WHILE  
You have the most expressive  
eyes. And your nose, very

for a split second, 'old man is perfectly still, mouth straight, eyes unblinking

CLAY  
Looks to me like it.

WHILE  
But expressively broken. How did  
it happen?

CLAY  
Football in college.

WHILE  
You went to university?

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

WHILE  
Yes, you were a Marine.

WHILE  
While a good dancer. He laughs lightly.  
And was smiling.

WHILE  
I apologize for coming on like this.  
It's the Sunday night in me. Of  
course I can understand your  
reticence. It's a great deal to ask  
of someone.

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

WHILE  
Indeed. I'd say for the privilege  
of drawing your head -- just the head.

CLAY  
But why?



WHALE *(please - i'm not a great artist)*  
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 *(been here, done that, don't flatter myself, it's all off)*  
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 returns)*  
Excellent. We'll have a most  
interesting time. *rightfully* (X)

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

31 EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - DAY

31

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

32

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

33

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 thigh,  
he pretends to be unafraid, unmoved

They keep telling him that, over + 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.

*Dr. Payne*

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 *(thinking 'dreams')*

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?

(X)

(X)

DR. PAYNE

In a manner of speaking. I've never encountered the olfactory hallucinations, but I'm sure they're related.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)



do what can I do? 179.





So what do I do? WHALE



?

5



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

33A

33B INT. HALLWAY - DAY

33B

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~~

34

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

35 SCENE OMITTED

35

36 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

36

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

CLAY

Don't worry, you already paid me.  
I'm here because --

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HANNA

The Master is waiting for you.

She gestures him in, shuts the door.

37 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

37

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

38


Clay opens the squeaking door and enters behind Hanna. Whale stands at a drafting table, sharpening a pencil. Hanna sets the tray down.

*Mr. Bone, what you gonna my person*

Whale can't remember why he wanted to see 'Marine.' 

Boone frightens him but it's exciting to be frightened by another human

He needs to play with live. He wants to feast with painter, if only  
to take him out of himself for a few hours.

Whale gives his full attention to attaching a large pad of paper to board on his easel  
fussing with clamps + screws 



WHALE <sup>voice is strong + clear</sup>  
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 opens a bottle of beer, pours it into a glass, <sup>very carefully</sup> hands it to Clay. He gestures to a chair.

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."

(yet again) WHALE <sup>(regret)</sup>  
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 <sup>(seems now, even glum)</sup>  
That shirt, Mr. Boone.

CLAY  
 It's new.

WHALE <sup>(shakes his head)</sup>  
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.

Very good. Hanna. Now goodbye.  
The door toward the back, wrinkling her forehead at Clay.  
The screen door bangs shut.

WHILE  
I'm sure you're taking something to  
wet your whistle while I wait.  
Whale opens a bottle of beer, pours it into a glass, hands  
it to Clay. He answers to a bell.

WHILE  
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.

WHILE  
You don't say? Which picture?

CLAY  
"Hilda of Frankenstein."

WHILE (frowns)  
Hanna. I much prefer "Shun Boon" or  
"The Loveless World." Shall we  
begin?

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

CLAY  
Ready when you are.

Whale starts at Clay.

WHILE (frowns and, ever polite)  
That's all right, Mr. Boone.

CLAY  
It's new.

WHILE (frowns)  
I'm sorry. It's too late, too  
disturbing. Would you be asking  
too much for you to take it off?

CLAY  
I'm not waiting an instant.

WHILE  
Flash back, Mr. Boone. I've got your  
hand.

Which man



CLAY

But it's just my face you want to draw.

WHALE (bark)

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

(give in with sighs)

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.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

WHALE (pats himself on the chest)

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

Make her take shirt right off

CLAY

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

He unbuttons the shirt and pulls it off.

WHALE (decisive director)

Yes. Much better.  
(steps forward)

Here.

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

WHALE

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.

CLAY

Take a picture, it lasts longer.

WHALE (lightly laughs)

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.

WHALE

You seem to have no idea how handsome you are, Mr. Boone. It has to do with how snugly your face fits your skull. So snugly

What makes you even more handsome





Clay wipes a thin line of sweat from his waist.

The musing sketch that had turned into an enormous doodle when he gave up  
pretence of ever pretending to draw. He blankly pencilled layers of  
cross-hatching + squiggles over clumsy outline.

He seems as surprised by 'subject as clay is.'

'[attempts]' - clay smells.



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

(murmurs 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.

Would you be more comfortable  
partially free to remove your  
socks and socks?

CLAY

No. I'm fine

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

Wade suddenly smiled, as if smelling something. He smiled  
every time now but continues to draw.

WHILE

(turning to himself)

Gripping?

(to Clay)

Do you ever get dripping in this  
country? The fat from the  
butter, condensed in jars. Used like  
butter on bread now.

CLAY

Sounds like something you feed the  
dog.

WHILE

It is. Only the poorest families  
ever use it. We have only a

clear hot nose with a scot

CLAY

Your family are dripping?

WHILE

(looking himself)

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

Wade stopped. He gave one quick laugh.

WHILE

I'm sorry (he was just realizing now)  
terribly funny to all of

CLAY

What?

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

Clay creates one blankly.

His heart pinter / depression?



WHALE

There's something about the open-ness of your face that makes me want to speak the truth. Yes, my 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?

put the  
mutter just  
common to all - poor.

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.

In the north of England

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.

fully ball his  
again

moved by 'joy'

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.

penitence now  
about

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

WHILE  
There's something about the  
gentleness of your face that makes me  
want to speak the truth. Yes, my  
family are drifting. Best drifting  
and come to a rest, and a privy one  
back in the city. Are you also  
from the river, Mr. Boone?

CLAY  
We weren't rich. But we weren't  
poor either.

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

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

Are we absolutely sure, Mr. Boone, we wouldn't be more  
comfortable with our boots off?

WHILE  
In Dudley there were more side  
the tracks than any American town  
I ever saw. 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  
exception in that household. I  
freaked out because I had no direction.  
I was a Jew. Where did I go?  
That. Certainly not from there.

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

WHILE  
They took me out of school when I  
was fourteen and put me in a  
factory. They meant no harm. They  
made me a family of workers  
and've been given a distaste, 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.

WHILE  
Hatted 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. The 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.

*He's what's wrong with me*

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.

*doesn't know what  
he's doing.  
put it in the folder.*

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?

39 INT. HARRY'S BEACHCOMBER - NIGHT

39

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?

Behind the pad, takes a breath.

CLAY (O.S.)

Mr. Whaley?

Behind the pad, takes a breath.  
CLAY (O.S.)

WHALE

You have to excuse me, Mr. Boone.  
Since my attack, 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 escapes into the open.

WHALE

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

Whale rubs the cover sheet over the pad to hide what he's  
staring at.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

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

19. 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 man with a  
screwdriver in his hand. And, in a booth, KID SAYLOR, a  
cocky 35-year-old, leaning with a pony-tailed TENNISER.

CLAY

I asked it. You learn about  
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 you watch my date movie?



HARRY

I told you. I don't turn on the  
TV except for the fights.

(X)  
(X)

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.

DWIGHT

Ooooh.





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

Ooooh.

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.

(X)

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.



Karoff tape.



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

40


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

Don't be silly, Hanna. He's a very proper actor. And the dullest fellow imaginable. *(imitate nauff)*  *good-humored*

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

41 INT. HARRY'S BEACHCOMBER - NIGHT

41

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.

(X)  
(X)  
(X)

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

42

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 likes living 'life now' allowed him.

But does he love death? No, not yet.

Whale crosses one long leg over the other & discovers an erection under his robe.  
Not a full erection - he can't remember the last time he got hard - certainly not  
since 'stroke' ... He has been thinking about death.

He is looking at the sea but thinking about Boone.



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

43

The Monster holds a skull in both hands and happily  
growls, "Wiiiife." 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

44

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

45

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

46

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.

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

On the TV, the Monster grows. "Love dead. Hate living."  
WHALE's focus sharpens, provoked by the unexpected  
discussion of death.

INT. HARRY'S BEACHCOMBER - NIGHT

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

HARRY  
Sick as hell. Macrophilia. I wonder  
if they knew how sick they were.

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

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. HARRY'S BEACHCOMBER - NIGHT

Finally, the Bride comes to life. She looks up, down, left,  
right, uncertain who she is. The Monster stares  
condemningly. "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.

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Bride shrieks again.

HARRY  
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 Professor and the Bride to stay. "We belong dead."  
WHALE reacts sharply to the line.



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

47

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.

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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

48

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.

BETTY  
Yeah, and I'm never going to smoke  
another cigarette.

He patiently waits by the door while Betty turns out the  
lights. She is dimly through the glow of the juke box.  
Waiting Clay outside with her hand.

45 EXT HARRY'S BEACHCOMBER - NIGHT

Betty pulls the door shut and bends over to look in. Clay  
catches a glimpse of skin in the side of her shirt.

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  
That 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  
guy 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 animal. 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 stands at with her  
hands on her hips 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.





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

49

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  
Sure you're free, for now at least.  
But how long before you're just  
alone? Mysterious 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 back, that's  
all you're telling me!



- trying to decide which form of sleep he wants tonight.

'Sleepless sleep or 'deadly sleep that will make him a zombie tomorrow.

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

Betty quickly gets into the car. Before she can pull the  
door shut, Clay leans in on her, hard. Her hands leap in  
front of her face, as if he's his face. The look of fear in  
her eyes stares Clay out of his legs.

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 streaks away. Clay stumbles across the highway.

13 THE TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

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

CLAY

Back!

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

CLAY

Back!

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



50 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

50

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.  
*ugh english brown jellies*

51 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

51

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

52

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)

53

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. *his still the complete make up.*

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 wake them all, Mr. Jimmy?

He looks for something more, something to give,  
but she is unmy. perfect. — Tell Jack soon.

HANNA

Good night.

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

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 iodine.

HANNA

Oh no, Mr. Jimmy.

HANNA kneels next to the body. She makes a sign of the cross, launches into a frantic "Gail Mary." We CUT TO:

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

WHALE awakes at the lightning flash. One by one, as he reaches for 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 separates him from away, revealing

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

ERIC LANCHESTER and BOBIE KARLOFF sit side by side in padded chairs, elbows around their necks, heads tilted back. JACK PIERCE, the makeup artist, is passing the salt shaker over a cage on ERIC's head. He looks up, sees WHALE, and breaks into a conspiratorial grin. ERIC's eyes are closed, and hasn't heard WHALE enter.

ERIC LANCHESTER

You come yet, love? I am speedily dying for a leg.

WHALE rises for a better look. KARLOFF has a megaphone to keep him breathless while the assistant adds another coat of green stick-on fur. The makeup men



BORIS KARLOFF

(gurgles)  
Goo' 'orning, 'ames.

*Boris* 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.

*Jack - perfect.*

*He's not a  
doer of  
entrance.*

BORIS FARLOFF

(gurgles)

Go, morning, James.

WHALE

Good morning. And a very good morning to you.

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

ELIZA LANCHESTER

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

WHALE

Bring a mirror. Let the bride feast upon her image.

ELIZA LANCHESTER

Boris? Go I look a fright?



Wale goes straight to the Maccall, 'cannaman' since  
keini fetter 'a.d. + <sup>Delores</sup> simple for a quick conference.

Wale describes 'dov-up'.

"Oh damn' mister. Why silobber + prodder ever long about mister

ELIZA LANCHESTER

Oh, James.

As whale observes his star we see her again through the  
eyes - as a series of distances, line-jumping close-ups.

ELIZA LANCHESTER

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

WHALE

Nonetheless, my dear. You look  
exquisite.

(To an assistant)

Today's script. Quick. And a  
pencil.

Wale stands the page of shooting script, the margin marked  
in pencil. CU, MR. WLS. Wale looks in a bracket and  
outlines: CU a.d.d.--MOS.



release him @  
The Bride

Capote's letter to H. - a  
part of his own book.

WHALE

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

54

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.

ELSA LANCHESTER

More your line.

WHALE  
Jack, I want to see you on this right  
away. Sorry, I can't see you  
on you until this afternoon.

BORIS KARLOFF  
I wish you could be a corner.

The assistant removes his microphone.

BORIS KARLOFF  
I could have spent the morning  
reading to my horse.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

The interior of Stage C is completely filled by the  
laboratory set. Blotchy lights are visible on the  
wooden tower beside the Erika's table. CLIVE (Dr.  
Frankenstein) and ERNEST THESIGER (Dr. Presbury) sit off to  
the side, in full makeup and costume. Clive mumbles  
enthusiastically over his script. Thesiger pinches his face over  
the needle he dips in and out of an extraordinary ridge.

While comes on the set with his arm. She walks  
lightly beside him, the strain of her  
There's a whole world  
Laps her hand, leads back to study.

He talked 'quilted fellow into bed, me.  
When you know what makes a man tick  
you can get from him whatever you need.

A cone star is faster England.

ERNEST THESIGER  
My God, is the audience so preposterous  
that Clive and I have done this  
half? I thought we were mad  
scientists, not historians.

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 your first line.

ELSA LANCHESTER  
Not your line.



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.

(X)

(X)

Whale sees through the excuse, rests an arm on Clive's shoulder.

(X)

(X)

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 -- Whale smile -- 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? *real question.*



He sits in the canvas director's chair, nods to the assistant director.

*after look to the left of camera. He will walk each take with his legs crossed, joggling his railed foot as if conducting the scene with his shoe. The shoe stops joggling when he is displeased.*





ASSISTANT DIRECTOR  
Quiet on the set!

The warning bell rings.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR  
Lights!





The lights sizzle and blaze.

Sound! ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Okay for sound. SOUND MAN



Camera! ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

*doesn't notice 'cute'*

A young man with a clapboard steps in front of the camera.

CAMERA ASSISTANT  
Scene two-fifteen. Take one.



Action. WHALE (*his most masculine, military voice declares*)

The Bride snaps her head in various directions. The singer slopes back, fingers splayed, intoxicated by his creation:

ERNEST THESIGER  
The Bride of Frankenstein!

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

55

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



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

(X)  
(X)

WHALE  
Luminal. Illumine all.

(X)

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:

(X)

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

56

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.

The first of these is the fact that the  
the first of these is the fact that the  
the first of these is the fact that the  
the first of these is the fact that the  
the first of these is the fact that the



WHALE

Thank you. Thank you so much.

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

57

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

58 INT. FRANKENSTEIN'S LAB - NIGHT

58

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

59

Whale wakes with a start. He checks the clock, sees that it's past nine. He presses an intercom button on the bedside table.

(X)



He sees the detail at a time, he must stop there.

He made an exciting discovery last night. What was it?

Oh yes. His gardener is going to kill him.

Isn't something going to happen that will bring him back to himself?



WHALE

I'm up, Hanna.

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

WHALE

What in God's name --

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

CLAY

(angrily)  
I told you to sleep.

Clay's hands close around Whale's neck. We CUT TO:

60 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

60

Whale opens his eyes groggily. He scans the room in panic, clearly unable to get his bearings.

Whale tries to stand but his legs give way beneath him.

61 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY (LATER)

61

*frowning. Not his dear son in each day it shame.*  
Whale and Hanna stare straight out as she reaches down and unbuttons the tiny buttons on his pajama fly. Whale supports himself with one hand on Hanna's shoulder as he relieves himself with the other.

61A INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY (LATER)

61A X

*'a zombie'*  
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

*Of course later, this afternoon*

A thin smile forms on Whale's face.

62 EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - DAY

62

Clay wheels the lawnmower behind the house. Hanna stands by the kitchen door, frowning.

CLAY

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.

Page 1

1. The first

2. The second

3. The third

4. The fourth

5. The fifth

6. The sixth

7. The seventh

8. The eighth

9. The ninth

10. The tenth

11. The eleventh

12. The twelfth

13. The thirteenth

14. The fourteenth

15. The fifteenth

16. The sixteenth

17. The seventeenth

18. The eighteenth

19. The nineteenth

20. The twentieth

21. The twenty-first

22. The twenty-second

23. The twenty-third

24. The twenty-fourth

25. The twenty-fifth

26. The twenty-sixth

27. The twenty-seventh

28. The twenty-eighth

29. The twenty-ninth

30. The thirtieth

31. The thirty-first

32. The thirty-second

33. The thirty-third

34. The thirty-fourth

35. The thirty-fifth

36. The thirty-sixth

37. The thirty-seventh

38. The thirty-eighth

39. The thirty-ninth

40. The fortieth

41. The forty-first

42. The forty-second

43. The forty-third

44. The forty-fourth



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

63

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

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HANNA

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

CLAY

Tea is fine.

He sits at the kitchen table.

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.

HANNA

Your wife?

CLAY

I'm not married.

HANNA

Why?

CLAY

Oh, I don't know. Because no girl in her right mind will have me?

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

CLAY

Yes is fine.

He sits at the kitchen table.

HANNA

Mr. You are a guest now. You go  
in the living room.

CLAY

Thank's okay, Hanna. I'm more  
comfortable in here. It is Hanna,  
isn't it?

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

CLAY

How long you worked for Mr. Wheeler?

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 among Mr. Jimmy and  
I. People come to play bridge.  
And now and then, young men to  
swim. You have people, doesn't

CLAY

You mean family? All in Joplin,  
Missouri.

HANNA

Your wife?

CLAY

I'm not married.

HANNA

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.

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  
Hanna swears 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.  
(imitates an English  
accent)  
"How very amusing. How marvellously  
droll."

HANNA  
Hanna smiles at Clay until his smile fades. She resumes her  
dressing 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  
pains 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.

Does anyone need to know this

all one has to do with such a fellow is hit him + he will break  
every bone in your body. Is it really that simple.  
will draw some as he wanted alive

open-necked shirt - neck of a turtle stretching from his shell



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. *is a friend*

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. *a ploy to sh... let's not aff... anything*

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.

WHALE

Do you mind?

CLAY

Go ahead.

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.



Hele is playing train + waterwheel in the



Off in the distance, a throat loudly erupts 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.

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

While comes forward as Clay enters, offering a hand as she  
enters a slightly wider

WHILE  
How are you, Mr. Brown? So glad  
you are free for lunch.

CLAY  
All right, I guess.

WHILE  
I remember you worked up an appetite  
with your lunch.

A hesitant smile from Clay. While picks a stack of mail off  
the table, rather throughly examining

WHILE  
Forgot my rudeness. As my  
the best is the cream of the day.

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

WHILE  
Do you mind?

CLAY  
Go ahead.

Clay looks off while While opens the envelope.

WHILE  
Hanna, Princess Margaret?

He is examining a folded card. He puts a stamp over the  
printed lettering.

WHILE  
Her Majesty's loyal subjects in the  
North Atlantic  
Cordially invited. Respected as  
the home of Mr. George Lusk.

He lifts the stack open in disgust.



WHALE

That pushy little -- <sup>little</sup> ~~horning in on the Queen's/sister~~  
~~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.

WHALE

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

CLAY

This David's a friend?

WHALE

<sup>(resumes his timid smile)</sup>  
What? Yes. An old, useless friend. <sup>What?</sup> 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. <sup>(a deep breath & resumes his report)</sup>  
Lunch should be ready. Shall we?

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

65 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

65

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

WHALE

Cheers.

They both take a sip of wine.

WHALE

Smells lovely, Hanna.

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

CLAY

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

WHALE

Did you now?

CLAY

I liked it. We all did.

WHALE <sup>(tinkles a moment)</sup>

Did anyone laugh?

Q. What  
a moribund death. ~~A. Kennedy~~  
I had made it interesting to myself, you see  
Kennedy as a death.

He tilts that smiling eye at him again & gently smiles

Nothing to be ashamed of - in 'service' one's country,  
Something to be proud of.



CLAY

(covering)

No.

*good, people can be so earnest nowadays*

WHALE

Pity. People are so earnest nowadays.*find that amusingly satirizable.*

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?*(with you kill me)*

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.*in the service of one's country something to be proud of.*

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.

CLAY

(overlapping)

No

WHILE

play. People are so earnest

CLAY

Why? Was it supposed to be funny?

WHILE

Of course. I had to make it  
interesting for myself. You see, a  
comedy about death. The trick is  
not to win it for anyone but to  
be so true.

(a bit of wine)

But the moment I saw I was any

of my kind. He is noble. Noble

and mysterious.

While I was positively at Clay, who said with his elbows on  
the table, "You're kidding me, aren't you?"

WHILE

In Rome, Mr. Booth?

Clay looks up.

WHILE

Did you still suspect?

CLAY

I don't like to talk about this.

WHILE

Nothing to be afraid of. I suspect

nothing to be afraid of. I suspect

nothing to be afraid of. I suspect

nothing to be afraid of. I suspect

CLAY

There's something. Any jerk with a

gun can kill someone.

WHILE

Clay says. Hand-to-hand combat is

the only way. It's the only way

CLAY

(hesitating)  
No. I would have, though.



WHALE  
Yes, I believe you could. (You're r' part)  
 (a sip of wine)  
How free is your schedule this  
afternoon?

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

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

CLAY  
 Can't today.

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

CLAY  
 Sorry. ~~I'm not in the mood.~~ I don't feel like sitting still today.

Whale tilts a scrutinizing eye at Clay.

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

65A. W's HOUSE-PANTRY-DAY (lat  
 H carries dirty dishes back to the kitchen)

CLAY  
 Sure.

65B.  
 He draws out twin cigars. Clay takes one. He starts to  
 bite the tip off.

WHALE  
Use this.  
Whale passes him a gold penknife.

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

CLAY  
 You ever been married, Mr. Whale?

WHALE  
No. At least not in the legal  
sense.

CLAY  
 What other way is there?

WHILE  
Yes, I believe you would.  
(a little while)  
How long is your schedule this  
afternoon?

CLAY  
Well, up. I got the hedges to do  
here. Then another lawn cut by the  
Clanaga.

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

CLAY  
Can't today.

WHILE  
I'll pay out doing races. Plus what  
you'd get if you did the hedges.

CLAY  
Sorry. I'm not in the mood today. I don't feel like working today.

624. WING-ARM-OWN (etc)  
Hawkinsville, Georgia

WHILE  
What's a surprising eye at Clay?

WHILE  
All right. I understand  
after you a cigar?

CLAY

628  
He draws out two cigars. Clay takes one. He starts to  
bite the tip off.

WHILE

Use this

WHILE  
Goes to his cold penknife.

WHILE  
Just a trim. And give while you're  
at it. Fingers are a bit stiff  
today.

CLAY  
You even been married, Mr. While?

WHILE

No. I haven't had the time  
to get married.

CLAY

What other way is there?



WHALE

Oh, one can live as husband and wife without getting the law involved.

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.

WHALE

Does that surprise you?

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 -- 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. 

WHALE

So we understand each other? (*in a bottom*)

CLAY

What you do is no business of mine. Live and let live, I say.

WHILE  
Or one can live as husband and  
wife without possessing the law  
involved

Clay hands a clipped cigar back to While.

CLAY  
So you had a wife?

WHILE  
Or a husband. Depending on which  
of us you asked. My friend said  
he lived here for many years.

The other cigar crunched faintly between Clay's fingers.

WHILE  
Does that surprise you?

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

WHILE  
Oh dear. Is one must have a  
sexual name?

CLAY  
I'm not, you know.

WHILE  
I never thought you were.

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

WHILE  
What way might that be?

CLAY  
You know. Look at me like -- like  
I look at people sometimes.

WHILE  
Don't be ridiculous. I know a real  
man like you would break my back. It  
is much as I'd a hand on him.  
Besides, you're not my type.

Clay suddenly laughs. While's smile deepens.

WHILE  
So we understand each other?

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

66

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 (he commands)  
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 (making-do)

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  
I hope this has nothing to do with  
your returning to all for me today?

CLAY

WHILE CONSIDERS NO SMILE, SLIPY

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

CLAY HAS NO ANSWER. HE GIVES IN WITH A SIGH.

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - STUDY DAY

CLAY SITS ALONGSIDE ON THE CHAIR. WHALE STANDS AT THE

CLAY  
Can I see what you did so far?

WHILE  
If I only make you  
self-conscious, you'll have to  
remove your shirt.

CLAY  
Sorry. Not today.

WHILE  
But we need to make the other  
shirts.

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

WHILE KEEPS FORWARD.

WHILE (CONT'D)  
Perhaps if we open the shirt and

WHILE (CONT'D)  
back. The shirt even, after raised.

WHILE  
Oh dear, I hope made you

CLAY  
I'm fine. I'd just rather keep it

P. 179 am / with him  
any -  
rally is a nonstop  
What have I been thinking  
Calm Party.





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 takes a step back. His eyes are locked on Clay, fascinated by his temper.

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.

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

WHALE

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

CLAY

Not at the moment.

WHALE (as if mused).

Why not?

CLAY

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

Very well  
Amusingly put.

WHALE

CLAY

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

WHALE

CLAY Mr. a regular Thoreau with a lawnmower.

Ah, a philosopher!

WHALE

Suppose we understand the other side  
and it's down around your shoulders  
two buttons. As that is what we  
want. What two little buttons.

WHALE a thumb and fingers uncluck buttons in mistle.

CLAY

Not look. What you told me at  
lunch is still very weird for me.  
So either you watch me like I do  
or I'll say forget it and go do  
your hedge.

WHALE takes a step back. His eyes are locked on Clay.  
Indicated by his center.

CLAY

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

WHALE

Of course. I don't want to argue  
with you. Not because I'm a coward  
with you.

WHALE closes behind the email. The cigarette is in the  
Clay.

WHALE

Tell me about your company. Mr.  
Booth. You have a steady  
company?

CLAY

Not at the moment.



*Studio was  
run by a banker.*

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

WHALE

Very well.  
Sincerely,  
WHALE

CLAY

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

CLAY is a reporter. He is a photographer.  
WHALE is a banker. He is a banker.



~~CLAY~~ WHALE

(smiles)

Right. I like that.

WHALE

Bwt 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

After 20 years In a way, yes. I suppose so. I  
know it's why I stopped making  
pictures.

Whale backs away from the easel and stares at the paper with  
a sour frown.

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.

(X)

A shadow passes over Whale's eyes. He presses two fingers  
against his temple.

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WHALE

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?

CLAY

Do you miss it?

WHALE

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

Whale stops himself. He smiles gently at Clay.

WHALE

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.

WHALE

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

CLAY

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

WHALE

Better work.

Whale moves across the room to the screen door.

WHALE

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.

CLAY

How long were you...?

WATER

Water is a vital part of life. It is essential for all living organisms. Without water, life would not exist. Water is also a natural resource that we must protect and conserve.

WATER

Water is a natural resource that we must protect and conserve. It is essential for all living organisms. Without water, life would not exist. Water is also a natural resource that we must protect and conserve.

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Water is a natural resource that we must protect and conserve. It is essential for all living organisms. Without water, life would not exist. Water is also a natural resource that we must protect and conserve.



WHALE

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.

WHALE

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  
(MORE)





WHALE (cont'd)  
men. Some even posed for me.  
Right where you're sitting now.

reveal Whale.

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 --

CLAY  
 Cut it out!

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

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

(X)

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?

(X)

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...



1944-1945

1944-1945

1944-1945

1944-1945

1944-1945

1944-1945

1944-1945

1944-1945

1944-1945

1944-1945

1944-1945

1944-1945

1944-1945

1944-1945

1944-1945

1944-1945

1944-1945



67 EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

67

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.

68 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

68

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.

69 EXT. BRENTWOOD HOUSE - YARD - DUSK

69

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.



THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

IN SENATE, January 1, 1914.

REPORT

OF THE

COMMISSIONER OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE

TO THE

SENATE

IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE

APRIL 1, 1913.

BY THE

COMMISSIONER OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE

AND

THE

LAND

COMMISSIONER

OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE

AND

THE

COMMISSIONER OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE

IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE

APRIL 1, 1913.

BY THE

COMMISSIONER OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE

AND

THE

COMMISSIONER OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE

AND

THE

COMMISSIONER OF THE GENERAL LAND OFFICE



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.

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100 N. 5TH ST. NEW YORK 17, N.Y.



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

70

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.

CLAY

Dwight!

Dwight nods, a little coolly.

DWIGHT

Hey, Boone.

CLAY

Have a drink?

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

CLAY  
You're lucky I even suggested you in  
today.

OWENS  
Don't take that tone with me kid.  
There's a job 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  
lights, Sir?



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

71

Clay and the woman go at it, their shadows visible through the glass louvers.

72 INT. CLAY'S TRAILER - BATHROOM - NIGHT

72

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

73

Clay parks outside the local branch of the public library.

74 SCENE OMITTED

74

75 INT. READING ROOM - DAY

75

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

76

Whale eats lunch off a TV tray. His attention remains focused on "Queen for a Day" as Hanna clomps into the room behind him.

WHALE

Who was at the door?

HANNA

A visitor.

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

WHALE

Thank you, Hanna. That will be all.

Hanna retreats toward the kitchen. Clay steps tentatively into the room.

CLAY looks at a picture of a young woman in her early 20s  
as standing at the end of the bed, wearing a nightgown.  
His glass and the response with an open smile.

EXT. CLAY'S TERRACE - NIGHT

CLAY and the woman go to the terrace shadows visible through  
the glass doors.

INT. CLAY'S TERRACE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

CLAY puts on a cord and the harsh overhead fluorescent  
lighting is on. He splashes his face with water, then  
examines his reflection in the mirror.

EXT. SANTA MONICA LIBRARY - DAY

CLAY walks outside the local branch of the public library.

SCENE CHANGES

INT. READING ROOM - DAY

CLAY looks through an overhead table, bound copies of the  
New York Times. He glances at an article from  
"The New York Times" with a picture of a woman.  
of which, captioned "Famous British Director". A LIBRARIAN  
approaches with some leather-bound books.

LIBRARIAN

Here are the books you  
ordered.

CLAY takes the books, opens one.

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

WHALE sits in a chair, a TV set on a table in front of him.  
He looks at the TV set, then at the door.  
He looks at the TV set, then at the door.

WHALE

Who was at the door?

HANNA

A visitor.

WHALE turns. His face registers surprise when he sees CLAY.

WHALE

Thank you, Hanna. That will be  
all.

Hanna retreats toward the kitchen. CLAY steps tentatively  
into the room.



WHALE

Mr. Boone. You're not due to cut the lawn until Wednesday.

CLAY

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.

WHALE

Scout's honor.

Clay smiles.

77 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

77

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

WHALE

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

CLAY

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

WHALE

Everybody has stories to tell.

CLAY

Not me.

WHALE

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

CLAY

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

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

WHALE

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

CLAY

Not fear. More like disgust.

WHILE  
Mr. Boone: You're not due to see  
the team until Wednesday.

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

While holds up two fingers, reflects an American accent.

WHILE

Scout's honor.

Clay smiles.

AT THE WHOLE'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

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

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

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

WHILE  
Everybody has stories to tell.

CLAY

Now we

WHILE  
What about your story in Korea?  
I'm sure it was full of suspense.

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

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

WHILE

And the last you showed at our last  
session. How did you come up  
with that?

CLAY

Not fear. More like disgust.



WHALE

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 in the trenches.

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 clears his throat, bored by his standard line.

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)

He backs away from 'em



He isn't looking at Clay but continues to stare at paper,  
a saw horse propped under his nose, the pencil (loosely) in his fingers.  
He pokes a cardboard at 'em, his knees, lower himself + sits on edge.



WHALE (cont'd)

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.

WHALE

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.

WHALE

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

78 EXT. TRENCHES - DAY (1917)

78

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

WHALE (V.O.)

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 quattrocinto 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:



WHILE: I don't know  
Only the movies have not the  
reason of them. The world reduced  
to all and sundry and a narrow  
view of things and  
at the same time  
But we were discussing something  
else. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes.  
Fletcher.

Now he's talking only to himself.

WHILE:  
Barnett. Was that his name?  
He said Barnett. He came to the  
front station from Harlow and he  
looked up to me. He said he  
was a... I was a... I was a...  
workingman, interested in the  
workers. How strange. To me  
he seemed so friendly. I thought he  
loved me. But character like a  
character.

WHILE:  
Something happened to him?

While looks up at Clay, stares at him.

WHILE:  
I remember one evening in  
the... A morning when the sun  
was out.

18 EXT. TRENCHES - DAY (LATE)

LEONARD BARNETT, 18, boyish and handsome, peeks into a  
periscope. While stands beside him, pointing out landmarks  
on the bleak landscape.

WHILE (V.O.):  
Odd how even there one could have  
days when the weather was enough to  
make one happy. He and I were  
standing on the edge of the trench  
showing him the signs of nature's  
land. Through the periscope it  
was beautiful. The garden was  
richer gold, the water in the  
small pools green and blue. The  
sky a clear, clear blue. And  
I had thought to show him with  
my hand. I had thought to show him  
the garden.

While reaches over and taps the arm of Barnett's  
shoulder. Barnett smiles faintly at him. We CUT TO:



79 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

79

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 in.

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 poof. (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.~~

CLAY

What?



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WHALE

~~No. You're just a puzzled house cat.~~

CLAY

~~What are you talking about?~~

Whale turns away. He yanks out a handkerchief.

CRISE?

WHALE

Stupid. Very stupid. What have I been thinking?

He sits on the daybed and bends over, covering both eyes with the handkerchief.

WHALE

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

ashamed.

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 sets the glass down and sits with his head lowered, his body folded like a bundle of sticks.

WHALE

My apologies. I had no business snapping at you.

CLAY

No harm done.





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 is disappointed too.*  
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

80

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)

WHILE  
It was foolishness to attempt this  
portraits. The camera takes what  
will not flow.

CLAY  
You don't want me to sit for you  
any more?  
While shakes his head sadly. He passes up at Clay, sees the  
disappointment on his face.

WHILE  
How would you like to come to a  
party with me? A reception for  
Frances's wedding.

CLAY  
I thought you weren't going.

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

CLAY  
I'm game. Sure.

WHILE  
Very good, Clayton. May I tell you  
Clayton? Or do you prefer Tommy?

CLAY  
Clayton is fine.

While smiles gently.

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 she 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."

(X)  
(X)

CLAY  
Right.

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

(X)  
(X)

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

81

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?

CLAY: (Sighs) I'm not sure I can  
do this. It's a lot of work.  
CLAY: (Sighs) I'm not sure I can  
do this. It's a lot of work.

CLAY: (Sighs) I'm not sure I can  
do this. It's a lot of work.

CLAY:

CLAY: (Sighs) I'm not sure I can  
do this. It's a lot of work.

CLAY: (Sighs) I'm not sure I can  
do this. It's a lot of work.

CLAY:

CLAY: (Sighs) I'm not sure I can  
do this. It's a lot of work.

CLAY: (Sighs) I'm not sure I can  
do this. It's a lot of work.

CLAY:

CLAY: (Sighs) I'm not sure I can  
do this. It's a lot of work.

CLAY:

CLAY: (Sighs) I'm not sure I can  
do this. It's a lot of work.

CLAY: (Sighs) I'm not sure I can  
do this. It's a lot of work.



manly  
That is a nightmare from 1971-1972.

CLAY: (Sighs) I'm not sure I can  
do this. It's a lot of work.

CLAY: (Sighs) I'm not sure I can  
do this. It's a lot of work.

CLAY: (Sighs) I'm not sure I can  
do this. It's a lot of work.

CLAY: (Sighs) I'm not sure I can  
do this. It's a lot of work.

CLAY: (Sighs) I'm not sure I can  
do this. It's a lot of work.



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

82

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

83

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)

84

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

85

Hanna stands in the door with a forlorn frown.

I have my family. I've got four boys.  
Yes, Charles.

OF COURSE. How is the old boy?  
Very busy.

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

WHILE  
It needs a hat. There was a  
wide-brimmed cream Fedora...

HANNA  
It was up in your old room. I  
will look.

The phone rings. Hanna hurries to answer it.

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - MAIN HALL - DAY

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

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Whale opens the closet door and takes down a stack of  
clothes. He looks at the overcoat and... he opens the first box  
and takes out a rubbery bag of heavy fabric with two loops  
attached like eyes. It's a gas mask. We CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOMS - NIGHT (1917)

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

WHILE  
Gas masks on. Gas masks on.

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



a new idea, a startling job: it is his month  
in-form an American boy, he's taking Whale on a date.

Whale slips the mask over Barnett's face. Mustard gas  
is only delayed by the yellowish smoke. We CUT TO:

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Hanna stands in the door with a forlorn frown.



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

86

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

87

Whale crosses to the passenger side of the Chrysler.

WHALE

I suppose you'd like the top down.

HANNA  
Oh, Mr. Jimmy. You make a mess of it. Here.

HANNA lifts the lid of an unopened box to show him the missing letters.

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

Here's someone's satisfaction in duty, plump ones & crown.

It's the flying yet leaves  
He is worried to be a man  
He is killed by his partner in crime

HANNA holds out the box for the gas mask. WHALE gives it a look, then drops it in the box.

WHALE  
You can lose this one in the trash.

HANNA clamps the lid on the box.

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

HANNA has opened the door. At the end of the hall she has placed against the door a large aluminum tray. In the tray she has placed the top of his head in a perfectly flat.

WHALE  
Good afternoon, Clayton.

CLAY  
So I look okay?

CLAY steps into the light. His khaki pants are clean and pressed. A blue knit shirt like his mother's snugly.

WHALE  
You look splendid, my boy. Quite splendid.

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

WHALE proceeds 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.

88 EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - DAY

88

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.

89 EXT. CUKOR HOUSE - DAY

89

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.

90 EXT. CUKOR HOUSE - LAWN - DAY

90

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.

PRINCESS MARGARET

How are you?

WHALE

(taken aback)

Fine. Quite fine. And Your Royal Highness?

PRINCESS MARGARET

Splendid. Now that I know you're around.

(X)

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?

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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 (bht haly)

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.

keeps a detailed report using used bones to show history.





WHALE

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

(X)

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.

(X)

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 fell out of love when David took his last love letter  
when he was his name.



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

David Lewis.

CLAY

Clay Boone.

WHALE

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

(X)

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.

(X)

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.

he smile her 'my day, surprise + happy birthday.

Heffen ~ old machine in 'hot air  
not inspired by anyone - knows own glasses.



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.

WHALE

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.

*Suddenly, how,*  
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?

On that, I'll never work in this  
court again.

DAVID  
You know what I mean. Your  
reputation.

WHALE  
But I have no reputation. I'm an  
outsider as you say.

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

WHALE  
No. I never could. You must  
forget David and the invitation  
seems.

David is looking over Whale's shoulder  
and says 'I'm curious!'

DAVID  
I didn't ask George to invite you.

WHALE  
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  
tomorrow for breakfast.

Whale looks out to see Edward say his interview from  
several weeks ago, watching across the lawn.  
Suddenly a high-pitched whistle  
cuts across the air.  
Whale starts over to a pool and  
a group of executives. Whale starts  
towards the far end of the croquet lawn. He  
says to his clerk. Suddenly a high-pitched  
whistle cuts across the air.  
Whale starts over to a pool and  
a group of executives. Whale starts  
towards the far end of the croquet lawn. He  
says to his clerk. Suddenly a high-pitched  
whistle cuts across the air.

KY

Mr. Whale!

Whale looks out to see Edward say his interview from  
several weeks ago, watching across the lawn.

WHALE

Mr. Kaye



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 tries to do just that, but finds himself caught in the  
chair. He is stumbling to his feet when Kay returns with  
Elsa Lančester, 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.



*he brings 'gran off to*  
*know*



Letting Ray

difficult talk.

KAY  
See you thought you'd never see me  
again. I didn't know if you'd be  
well enough to come to this party.

WHILE

You didn't

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

WHILE  
You, Mr. Ray? How do you know  
George Cantor?

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

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

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

WHILE

My secretary?

KAY

Don't go away.

While tried to do just that, but found himself caught in the  
chair. He is according to his feet when Ray returns with  
Elsa Lanchester, 55, at his side.

ELSA LANCHESTER

Jimmy. How are you?

WHILE

Elsa?

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

ELSA LANCHESTER

I saw Mrs. O'Connor a few weeks ago.  
She said you'd been under the  
weather.


Letting Ray



WHALE

Oh, nothing out of the ordinary.  
Growing old.

ELSA LANCHESTER

We're all getting a bit long in the tooth. 

WHALE (*lies whitely*)

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 *h.*

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

ELSA LANCHESTER

I'm fine, Jimmy. I can only stay a few minutes. 

WHALE (*this is merely a courtesy call on an invalid*).

Of course.

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.

WHALE

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

try to focus Karly + Roselette - X-eyed  
These strands & keep a paper/mc are winter vestige.

What is too muddled to do anything except say  
He's not a hit other



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.

(X)

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?

Case of the ...

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... and ...

... and ...  
... and ...

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Revised 6/16/97

83A.

A sharp nod from Whale. The photographer motions to  
Karloff's niece.

Page 1 of 1

THE PHOTOGRAPHY SECTION  
JAN 1 1968



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. exhausted

CLAY

You okay?

Whale gazes up at Clay.

WHALE

Tired. A bit tired.

Clay nods. Whale smiles at him.

WHALE

Are you enjoying yourself?

no.

CLAY

Actually, I feel a little out of  
place.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Let me get one with Frankenstein  
holding the...

Alice hands over the baby. Karlhoff gently cradles the  
child. Whale stands on his left. Elise on his right. They  
all smile at the baby who giggles and points up. Whale  
follows the baby's gaze to the sky, where a large kite soars  
and glitters in a brilliant electrical glow.

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 holds to the faces  
exchanging good-byes.

MORIS KARLOFF  
So good to see you again, James.

He smiles off, checking and cooing at his baby.

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

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

ELSA LANCASTER  
Well, so in touch, Jimmy.

WHALE  
Good-bye. So nice to see you.

Elisally Whale is alone. He straggles to the back chair and  
lowers himself sideways into the hammock.

CLAY

You okay?

Whale grins up at Clay.

WHALE  
Lived. A bit tired.

Clay nods. Whale smiles at him.

WHALE  
Are you enjoying yourself?

CLAY  
Actually I feel a little out of  
place.

Half-Hit With It



WHALE

Neither of us really belongs here.

CLAY

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

WHALE *shuts*

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

*his name is the same as whale*

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

CLAY

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

WHALE

Run for what?

CLAY

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.

CLAY

Here.

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:

CLAY (O.S.)

Mr. Whale?

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

WHALE *(recommends)*

Let's get out of this funk hole.

CLAY

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



"0, that that too too solid flesh would melt"



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

91

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 blinks, slowly turns. There is a cracked look in his eyes. *but he hasn't smile* 

WHALE

Jimmy. Please. Call me Jimmy.

Clay smiles, starts to back the car out.

92 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - FOYER - DUSK

92

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.

(X)

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

93

Whale stands over the table with his jaw open.

WHALE

I don't believe this.

He slides a note to Clay.

WHALE

It's not like her.

10

10

10

10

10

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10

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10

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10

10



CLAY

(reading)

Just a night out. Sounds like she  
can't say no to her daughter.

(X)  
(X)

WHALE *(a kind of deep, th smile)*  
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

94

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~~

95

~~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~~

96

~~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

97

Clay opens the bathroom door, calls out.

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

98

*hidden w. the knot of his tie.*  
Whale is bent over the desk. He looks up.







WHALE  
He trusts me, you know.

Barnett sits on the edge of the bed now. He smiles, a bit sadly. Whale returns to his note.

99 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

99

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.

100 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

100

Whale is still <sup>dress</sup>writing.

CLAY  
Mr. Whale?

Whale jumps. He slaps a hand over his chest, twists around, sees Clay.

WHALE  
Oh, of course. Clayton. You finished your shower already?

CLAY  
Ten minutes ago. Didn't you hear me calling?

impaired not. 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.

<sup>larger</sup> 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.

(X)

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

101

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

He takes a book on the chess board. Clay takes it on the chess board.

pour

Whale opens a drawer. Takes out a greenish sweater.

Whale  
Absolutely sure on me, but should  
take care of your water bottle.

put bottle down

Whale  
I only leave the rest.

1. drink

CLAY  
You don't have any baggy shorts?  
Patagon bottoms?

reply on lay.

Whale  
Sorry. My shorts are tailored.  
Would it be the difference?  
Between mine and yours? No more.  
I'm not sure of this, you know.

CLAY  
Do I have any other choice?

pour.

Whale  
Very sporting of you, Clay.

Clay notices a framed drawing on the desk.

CLAY  
Is that --?

Whale  
(nods)  
The only woman I ever kept. My  
original sketch for the poster.

He hands the sketch to Clay, who stares down at the famous  
face, hooded eyes, tilted mark of the monster.

Clay puts down the sketch, stares into the wall.  
Turns back, startled, standing by the window.  
Whale  
Takes off the chess board.

2. drink

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Clay sits at the kitchen table. Whale opens the  
refrigerator and discovers 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. *run into sofa*

WHALE

After dinner, if Hanna isn't back?  
Can we try a few more sketches?

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.

*nervous  
getting drunk*

WHALE

Tell me something, Clayton. Do  
you believe in mercy killing?

(X)

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. *or me*

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.

WHALE

But you said --

CLAY

-- that I was a Marine. Which is true. You filled in the rest.

WHALE

I see.

Clay downs his beer, refills the glass.



Left am both.  
with a glass



done.  
Left am both



CLAY

My old man was a Marine. He enlisted the day he turned seventeen.



(X)

WHALE (warily in out).

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... ~~too~~ fat... 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.



dom. w. left hand,  
pow w. right.





CLAY  
 I mean, literally. My body screwed me up.  
 Burst appendix. They gave me a  
 medical discharge. All I thought  
 about was, how am I going to tell  
 the old man?

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

102

Clay sits in a straight-backed chair, smoking a cigarette  
 and sipping his Scotch. Whale sketches from a wing chair  
across the room.

CLAY  
 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.

playing for laughs

WHALE (American accent) thinks to film of J  
 like? he Clayton is  
 making a  
 effect a good party

CLAY  
I'm literally. My body answered me up.  
I'm literally. They gave me a  
medical discharge. All I thought  
about was how am I going to tell  
the old man?

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.

WHILE  
I'm very sorry.

CLAY  
Then the break, right? No way  
scored for this guy.

WHILE  
That's what you're worried about?  
You're not the only one who's  
sorry about it.

While sitting in a glass in a house. Clay emptied his glass of  
whisky and looked at the camera.

CLAY  
Do you mind?

WHILE  
Not at all.

He hands the glass to Clay.

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Clay sits in a straight-backed chair, smoking a cigarette  
and playing his guitar. While sketches from a wing chair  
across the room.

CLAY  
Seems a feeling worse

WHILE  
A picture glass for mystery and  
horror. The air inside is filled  
with mystery.

CLAY  
That's from your movie, right?

WHILE  
Very good.

giving me to memory.



CLAY

"The only monsters are here."

WHALE

I don't remember that one. *(Haw's part)*

CLAY

James Whale. This afternoon at the party.

(X)

(X)

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. *trying to remember**thinking of Barnett*

CLAY

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.

(X)

(X)

(X)

CLAY

You're planning a trip?

*finger to remember "Barnett"*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. Whale stands, moves over to the window.

WHALE

~~Evans 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 bing! 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.~~*cut?*





these stories are  
"AS sharp as cutting a broken glass."



CLAY

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)

103

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.~~ *only*

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

104

Whale stares out impassively.

WHALE

~~They began a new bombardment that night, so we had to leave him on the wire. We see 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.~~ *(as you believe it)* *18km* *move*

(MORE)

DAY

Your friend

Whale came out at the store. From his POV, we see a  
searched and barren landscape, illuminated by occasional  
flashes of lightning.

WHILE

He comes his one night coming back  
from the wilderness. I know it  
takes him a long time to get back.  
To give me a sense. They were  
really home with a woman and a child  
there.

103

103 EXT. TRENCHES - NIGHT (1917)

No race along the trench with whale, the darkness and  
intensity rendered by nature of nature. He comes  
the landscape, while an isolated man out of from his POV.  
We see a woman and a child, while as they attempt to  
take their way back.

WHILE

(through closed door)

Come on. Come on.

Motif learn over the barbed wire of a forward trench.  
Bartlett follows. Just as his feet leave the ground his  
chest is filled by a flash of light. Whale's eyes  
are closed, trying to collect what they've just seen.

WHILE (V.O.)

Bartlett's body is in the air as  
he falls. It was a long time  
before the next morning. Bartlett  
was from the line, too far out  
for anyone to reach it.

104

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

Whale states out aggressively.

WHILE

He comes his one night coming back  
from the wilderness. I know it  
takes him a long time to get back.  
To give me a sense. They were  
really home with a woman and a child  
there.

d. p. 238.

Yn sh. kepa, *unsubstantiated*  
All 1 a piece. *Like a Green stone*



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 *introduction*  
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 relief 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. (unclear in painting) (X)  
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. *Shows him 'doodles'*

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.



During the night of the 1st of May, 1954, the following information was received from the source:

1. The source has been in contact with the following individuals:

- 1. Mr. [Name] - [Address]
- 2. Mr. [Name] - [Address]
- 3. Mr. [Name] - [Address]
- 4. Mr. [Name] - [Address]
- 5. Mr. [Name] - [Address]
- 6. Mr. [Name] - [Address]
- 7. Mr. [Name] - [Address]
- 8. Mr. [Name] - [Address]
- 9. Mr. [Name] - [Address]
- 10. Mr. [Name] - [Address]

A further investigation was conducted on the 2nd of May, 1954, and the following information was received:

1. The source has been in contact with the following individuals:

2. The source has been in contact with the following individuals:

3. The source has been in contact with the following individuals:

4. The source has been in contact with the following individuals:

5. The source has been in contact with the following individuals:

6. The source has been in contact with the following individuals:

7. The source has been in contact with the following individuals:

8. The source has been in contact with the following individuals:

9. The source has been in contact with the following individuals:

10. The source has been in contact with the following individuals:

11. The source has been in contact with the following individuals:



He turns slowly, fully expecting the vision to evaporate.  
When he sees that

100



Clay is truly naked he mutters softly under his breath.

WHALE

So it is going to happen after all.

CLAY

What'd you say?

*LN So much as Whale is a stranger*  
Whale doesn't respond. Finally he opens his mouth to take a breath.

WHALE (angry)

No. It won't do. *to tell me*

CLAY

What won't do?

WHALE

You are much too human.

CLAY

What did you expect? Bronze?

WHALE (This action)

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

105

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

106

Whale removes the lid, sets the hatbox on the sofa. *After it become too dark to see*

WHALE

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?

Clay is truly naked he mutters softly under his breath

WHALE  
So it is going to happen after all.

CLAY  
What's your say?  
I'm a man - I'll be a man.  
Whale doesn't respond. Finally he opens his mouth to take a

WHALE (softly)  
No. It won't do. It's not.

CLAY  
What won't do?

WHALE  
You are much too human.

CLAY  
What did you expect? Brimstone?

WHALE (softly)  
Don't move.

Whale moves abruptly across the room. He walks past Clay

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Whale passes quickly through the dining room and out to the

102 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Whale reaches for the hatch, which sits on top of a garbage  
can. Suddenly a large hand appears on the box. Whale passes  
when a flash of lightning reveals the face of the monster.

The monster grows out an inarticulate creaking. He picks  
up the box and hands it to Whale.

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

Whale covers the lid, sets the hatch on the sofa. (Whale's creaking)

WHALE  
I would like you to wear this.

Whale steps back. Clay takes the box and covers his face  
with it. He lifts out the gas mask.

CLAY  
Why?



*John* WHALE (*becomes giddy*)  
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. *My choice.*

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. Whale comes around to stand in front of him. 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.

WHALE  
Allow me.

Whale steps in past the goggles.

WHILE (Whispering)  
for the artist effect. The  
combination of your body and  
this instrument makes it a piece  
of art.

CLAY

I don't know.

WHILE  
Please, Clayton. Just for a  
minute. Long enough for me to see  
the effect.

CLAY

It's from the first World War,  
right?

WHILE

(nods)

There are straps in back.

Clay takes the mask on the top of his head and draws it down.  
The living room seems brownish yellow in the thick glass  
fog.

WHILE

Let me help you.

What is suddenly behind him. Clay's vision is confused in  
two great windows of his car. He sees White buckling the second  
strap.

CLAY

Now what?

Mouth worked by the inhalator. Clay hears his voice from  
inside his head. White comes around to stand in front of  
him. He looks at his hands. He looks at Clay. Clay  
nervously takes his hands with his hands.

CLAY

All right. Let's take it off now.

WHILE (Whispering)

What was that?

CLAY

It's too tight.

Clay raises his voice to make himself heard. He reaches  
back to undo the buckles.

WHILE

Allow me.

White steps in past the fog.



WHALE

We don't want to tear the straps.

Clay drops his hands so Whale can undo the buckles. But nothing happens. Clay turns left and right.

WHALE

Oh yes. I am still here.Two hands grip Clay's shoulders.

WHALE (wife is tender)

What steely muscles, Clayton.

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.

CLAY

Just take off the fucking mask!

(X)

WHALE

Relax, Clayton. I can't hear you.  
I can't hear a word.

Whale presses his lips to Clay's tattoo. Clay's muscles tense from head to toe.

WHALE

What a solid brute you are.Whale's tongue moves down Clay's arm.

WHALE

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. piggy-back.

WHALE

Oh yes, I have you now.

A strap breaks. Clay rips the mask off.

CLAY

Get the fuck off!

Whale's hand squeezes between Clay's legs.



deruber les mused autor

(wantya to fuh me



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 & grinning)

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 (his eyes are shining)

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're crazy.

I want you to kill me  
Break my neck, or strangle me.  
It would be so easy to choke  
The life out of me. Please Clayton.  
We've come too far.

Gently I'm losing my mind.  
Every day, another piece goes  
Soon there will be nothing left

do it yourself.

No I don't want to die alone.  
But to be killed by you - that  
would make death bearable



WHALE

Break my neck. Or strangle me. It  
would be oh so easy to wrap your  
hands around my neck and choke the  
life out of me. Please, Clayton.  
We've come this far.

CLAY

You're crazy.

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.

*very soft, weak*

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...

*we didn't write.*

Clay's body starts to tremble.

*take car, house.*

This page intentionally left blank for viewing facing pages. Please proceed to next page.



WHALE

Do it now, Clayton. Make me  
invisible.

Clay lets out a howl -- his shoulders heave and shake.

(X)

CLAY

I am not your monster.

He climbs off Whale, crawls away, his body collapsing in wracking, anguished sobs. Whale opens his eyes, gazes at Clay.

WHALE

What have I done?

(sits up)

Oh, selfish, selfish fool. I  
have lost my mind.

He forces himself to his feet.

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.

WHALE  
Do it now, Clayton. Make me  
invisible.

Clay lets out a howl -- his shoulders heave and shake.

CLAY  
I am not your monster.

He climbs off whale, crawls away, his body collapsing in  
weakness, anguished sobs. Whale opens his eyes, gazes at  
Clay.

WHALE  
What have I done?  
(Back up)  
Oh, selfish, selfish fool. I  
have lost my mind.

He forces himself to his feet.

WHALE  
What was I thinking?

Whale picks up the towel and wipes over to Clay.

WHALE  
You're a sophisticated bloke. A  
bloody queer.

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 long, crushing sigh)  
Good God, I am tired. I really  
must go to bed.

Whale starts slowly down the hall.



107 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

107

Whale sits on the edge of the bed, tugs the bowtie from his collar. Clay taps on the door, opens it.

CLAY

You okay?

WHALE

Oh Clayton.

CLAY

Did I hurt you?

WHALE

Nothing I didn't deserve.

CLAY

Need some help?

WHALE

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 hauls his legs up and stretches out on the bed.

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...

*Macbeth*



(X)  
(X)

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

WHALE sits on the edge of the bed, puts the bowtie from his  
cuff. Clay taps on the door, opens it.

CLAY

You okay?

WHALE

Oh Clayton

CLAY

Did I hurt you?

WHALE

Nothing I didn't deserve.

CLAY

Need some help?

WHALE

Stay you, undo this button.

He lifts his chin and points to his collar.

WHALE

I can never manage it when I'm

clipped.

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

space.

WHALE

I can untie myself, thank you.

CLAY

(steps back)

All right.

WHALE hauls his legs up and stretches out on the bed.

WHALE

When you die... do you think

is the last order to dislike --

CLAY

You'll feel better tomorrow.

WHALE

Tomorrow and tomorrow and

tomorrow...

M. 4-108



Revised 6/26/97

102A.

Whale smiles fondly at him.

What is written fondly at him.



WHALE  
Goodnight, Clayton.

(X)

Clay pulls the door shut and it clicks. He stands there a moment.

108 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

108

Clay shakes open a bedsheet and wraps himself in it.

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

109

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

110

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.

(X)

(X)

111 EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

111

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

111A

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

112

A roar of bells blasts Clay awake. The telephone is ringing. A hard pair of shoes thunder out to answer it.

WHILE

Goodnight, Clayton.

Clay pulls the door shut and it clicks. He stands there a moment.

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Clay reaches open a cupboard and wraps himself in it.

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Clay finds a pack of cigarettes on the floor and lights one. Then he turns the furniture back up. He picks up the gas mask from beside the sofa, shoves it into his box.

Clay sits in the wing-back chair, props his feet on the hassock, adjusting the sheet around his shoulders. We cut to:

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wheeler pulls up in bed. An electrical storm flashes and crashes in the window.

Wheeler gets out of bed, starts outside. From his POV, the lawn is a barren slope covered with stumps.

Wheeler turns on the desk lamp, sits. He pulls out a piece of paper.

EXT. PASTORIEKIS - NIGHT

Wheeler back to the scene that opened the movie, a flat-topped concrete structure through the mud. A flash of lightning reveals Clay's face. He turns, signals for Wheeler to follow him. Wheeler joins Clay on a slight rise of ground, the rim of a crater. Clay points down into it.

EXT. CRATER - NIGHT

The crater is full of bodies gathered around a pool of water. Wheeler studies down, reaches the bottom and begins to crawl. The bodies are in khaki. It is Leonard Barnett. There are no wounds on his body, no ribs or gaping holes. His eyes are closed in dreamless sleep.

Wheeler looks up and sees that Clay is gone. The only other living creature is an owl, which blinks wearily at him.

Wheeler rises slowly, finding a spot next to Barnett. He takes a last breath and closes his eyes. We cut to:

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A foot of balls blocks Clay away. The telephone is ringing. A hand pair of shoes thunders out its answer in



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.

113 EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

113

Clay crosses the patio, hurtles down the slope.

EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - POOL - 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.

HANNA  
It is my job. I did it when he was  
happy and he was angry. It is only  
fair I do it now when he is ill.  
(picks up the tray)  
Through calm. 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 sword 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  
reads 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 - BACKYARD - DAY

Clay crosses the patio, hurries down the steps.

EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - POOL - DAY

Clay leaps headfirst into the water. Whale peeks lightly on  
his back, with an upward sway of straight white hair. Clay  
kicks 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.

(X)

(X)

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.

He gets up and around Whelan's chest and heaves the body over  
and over. He climbs out, spreads the body forward to rest in  
the grass. He grabs a white, shining,

CLAY

See of a bitch. You crazy son of a  
bitch.

Clay examines Whelan's clothes and applies pressure on his  
rib cage. But it's no use. Clay sits up and takes a deep  
breath.

HANNA

Ohhh!

Clay looks down the road, then back allowing to a walk. She  
comes to Clay.

CLAY

I didn't do it. This was a trap.

HANNA

Oh, Mr. Clay.

CLAY

He wanted me to kill him. But I  
didn't. He did it himself.

HANNA

He says best good-bye. I think it  
is his heart. 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 listen. 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 no more.



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

114

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.

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 scoops over to  
adjust the collar of Whale's shirt.

HANNA  
Good Mr. Jimmy. We do not mean  
disrespect. You will keep better  
in water.

She nods to Clay. He rolls the body over and is splashed in  
the belly. It bounces a moment in the waves of the splash,  
then settles to sink. As it drops, she sits in the chair  
slowly flips the body around.

Looking up as when 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 glides the silence as we CUT TO:

EXT. INT. BLIND MAN'S HUT - NIGHT

A black-and-white scene from "Bride of Frankenstein." The  
old BLIND MAN plays a mournful melody on his violin while  
the MONSTER, instead of being 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, whatever you are.

The Monster attempts no communication, snarling 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.



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.

MONSTER

Friends.

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.

MONSTER

Friend, good.

The blind man nods. On the sofa, Clay watches his son watch  
the movie.

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 corners the Monster, who reacts 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 kitchen 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 chair. A shock radiates down the  
Monster's back.

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.

MONSTER  
Friends.

BLIND MAN  
Before you came, I was all alone.  
It is bad to be alone.

MONSTER  
Alone, bad. Friends, good.

He takes the old man's hand.

MONSTER  
Friends, good.

The blind man nods. On the sofa, Clay watches his son watch  
the movie.



115 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

115

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.

122 THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

123 A color photo for "Chiller Theater" fills the screen. Clay  
turns off the set.

CLAY

Time for bed, again.

Michael groans, slowly stands.

CLAY

What'd you think of the movie?

MICHAEL

Pretty good. 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 White's sketch of the Monster, hands it to his  
son.

CLAY

It's his original sketch of the  
Monster.

Michael cranes over the sketch. On the back, scrawled in  
black 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 screen, Clay. Before it rains.

CLAY

Okay

Clay kisses the top of his son's head.

CLAY

Off to bed.



116 EXT. CLAY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

116

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.