

"GODS AND MONSTERS"

) Screenplay

by

Bill Condon

Based on the novel

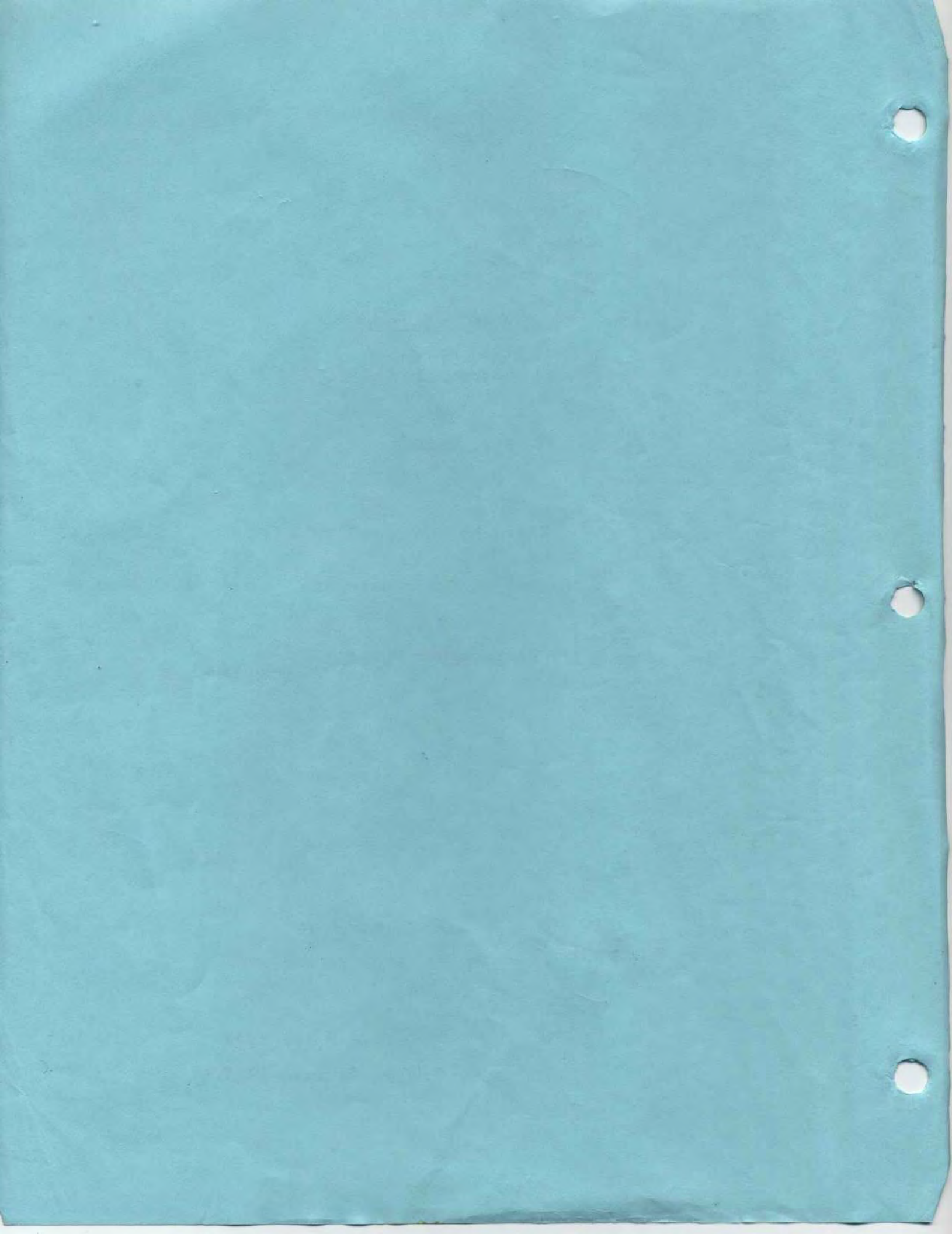
"Father of Frankenstein"

by

Christopher Bram

May 30, 1997

BLUE - Revised 6/16/97



Steve Becker says:

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.

Watching pools of light and dark, out of which emerge images from 'The Birds of Frankenstein', directed by James Whale. One landscape, as the Monitor's Guide, looks up, down, left, right, entitled to be alive. The Monitor scores as 'friendly' no more, suddenly, desperately.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT (2-4)

Lightning splits the black-and-white sky, revealing a single scattered oak in a desolate landscape. Below a KUMBA ALPHONETTE scurries through the darkness, the top of his head flat, his arms long and heavy, his boots weighed with

Suddenly the storm fades, light creeps into the scene, and

headherald droops like a lily from 'isnut's pocket

opponent almost a 'man'?

2 months in hospital treated for crises of strokes
David more or less young: 20 years younger, 15 in his name.

THE PACIFIC OCEAN

Referring to a baby's morning sky, in a canyon off the coast of... we see how silver sand... massive village for beach houses.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

GLAYTON BOONE opens the rough-pawed, chest-baker-like way, in a... He grabs a crumpled pack of Lucky Strikes, lights a leaf cigarette.

Clay nods and waits bare-legged across the single tin room, his head almost touching the ceiling.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Clay goes a few rounds with a weathered green bag, Charlie set up behind his trailer.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Clay bowls off, glances at the morning paper. He moves aside a pile of paperback on a card table until he finds a calendar. His finger catches today's time appointment. 10 A.M. - 788 Amalfi Drive.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Clay steps out of the trailer, clean-shaven and dressed in slippers, a T-shirt with a knee pack of cigarettes clipped into one sleeve. He watches like a secondhand power one the bed of his rusty pick-up.

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, *he's only 60.*

DAVID *cannot see David + he but knows they are talkin' about me.*

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 starts.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

"Sleep is nothing but few dreams. Last night for instance. foolish, trashy dreams. Hardly sleep at all"

EXT. COLONIAL-STYLE HOUSE - DAY

Whole forms, then shugs.

Sparklers twirl on a grassy slope outside a colonial-style house. Below a swimming pool forms a perfect rectangle of still water. A title reads: SANTA MONICA CALIFORNIA 1957

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

INT. HOUSE - DAY

A shadowy figure is seen reaching Clay's car. He has the power cord.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The shadow is a man with dark hair, wearing a dress shirt and suspenders. This is JAMES WALKER. He says, "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. We do better if you live-in again. Mr. David.

In the dining room, Harma is talking through open double doors. DAVID

Whole sighs. It's such a bore when people miss your jokes.

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?

DAVID

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

9 EXT. STREETS OF DUDLEY - DAY (1900)

A bean-pole child with flaming red hair (WHALE at age 12) stares up at the coal smoke pouring from a seemingly endless row of chimneys. We're in Dudley, a factory town in the English Midlands region known as the Black Country.

The half-dressed body only makes him feel old, detached + oddly exalted.

He sighs + turns away from window, determined to get on with his day.

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

it feels good to feel like he has a body.

SARAH WHALE (O.S.)
Stop lagging behind, Jimmy. We'll
be late for church.

YOUNG WHALE
Yes, Mum.

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

WILLIAM WHALE
Straighten up, son.

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

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

HANNA 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 ^{onto the front lawn} ~~down the hill~~, singing to himself:

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

Whale steps up next to Clay.

WHALE
Good morning.

CLAY
(not looking up)
Mornin'.

WHALE
My name is Whale. This is my
house.

(prop up cane.
Lands in pockets)

SARAH WHALE (O.S.)
Stop looking behind Jimmy. We'll
be late for church.

YOUNG WHALE

Yes, Mom.

WHALE runs to catch up to his six brothers and sisters.
Father, WILLIAM WHALE, frowns at the boy's glib reply.

WILLIAM WHALE

Straighten up, son.

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

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

WHALE'S eyes light up. He focuses on GIVE BOOKS as he reads
the T-shirt, revealing a tattoo on his upper right
forearm.

WHALE

Where's who's the new yard?

YOUNG WHALE

Yeah? Books? Something else?
I know him while you were in
the hospital. He came cheap.

WHALE nods, chooses a walking stick. He swears into the
microphone.

EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

WHALE moves jauntily, steps to music.

WHALE was in the end - oddly exciting.

The ball of hell to
for you but not me
I don't want to live a-a-
I've never the factory

WHALE steps up next to GIVE.

WHALE

Good morning.

DAY

(not looking up)

Morning.

WHALE

first line @ 'studio since' stroke.

My name is Whale. 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 scorcher, 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

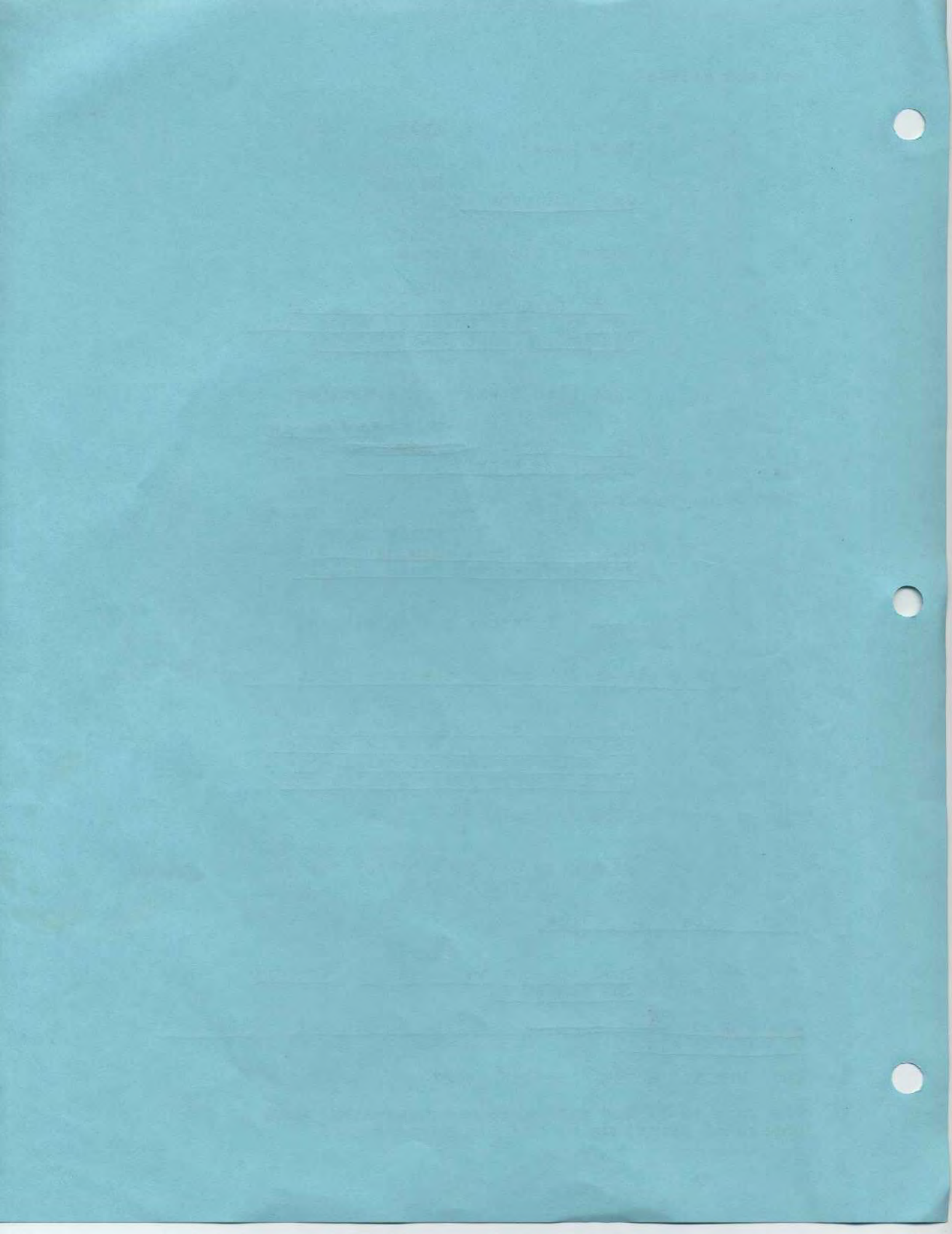
 Some other time, perhaps? Keep up the fine work.

Whale heads ^{off} ~~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

manly 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 drawing to the artists.

Whale squeezes the pad behind the bed, jumps up.

WHALE

Quite so, mum. To the privy.

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

SARAH WHALE

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

(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 him

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

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.

WHALE

Yes, Mr. Denny,
(whisper)
An interview. About 20 years
Very exciting.

WHALE

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

The doorbell rings.

18 THE 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's

WHALE

Mr. Kay, sir.

WHALE

(staring anxiously)

Yes.

WHALE looks up at EDWARD KAY, 28, a slim boy who reads his
magazine on one elbow and his arms twined behind him.
There is a look of mild disappointment on WHALE'S face as he
realizes that KAY is a baby pool.

WHALE

Ah, Mr. Kay. I'd almost forgotten.
No guest for me.

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

(staring anxiously at WHALE)
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

Oh, I live so simply.

KAY

I know. People's movies 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.

begin idea - determine

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

to get his vote against Hannah?

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.

before getting up

17 EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

17

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 attraction of Boris Karloff.

KAY
Love head. Hate living.

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

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

WHILE
Is it now? Hurray, 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
After you then.
(opens the back door)



oo everything?
Well ^{at beginning} ~~first~~ was born...
just outside London.

KAY
I love the great horror film. And you're eye the best. "The Old Dark House." "The Invisible Man." They look great and have styles. And funny!

Whale points (a small) striped 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.

Garman killed...
everything like it

EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - UPPER PARTS - DAY

Clay looks guilty some water from the garden hose. He
kneels down at the pool, where Kay and Whale sit in
cast-iron chairs

KAY

Time for you to leave.

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

CLAY

I'm on my way.

The door's gone until Clay's off.

The rush of emotion takes him by surprise



EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - POOLSIDE - DAY

Kay slips open the screen door.

WHALE

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

KAY

Everything. Starts at the
beginning.

WHALE

I was home...
at the...
at the...
at the...

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

INT. FACTORY SHOP FLOOR - BUREAU - DAY (1968)

Ferry well is poured into molds on the shop floor of a
machine parts factory. WHALE is...
with tongue. His father...
game, hammers away at the...
wale to drop the mold...
floor. There is a look of...
he looks up at his...
WE CUT TO:

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.

was an actor in London. London in '20's... one long holiday (excuse definition) 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

RAY

Mr. Whaley?

Whale smiles slightly to cover his momentary disorientation

WHALE

Yes?

RAY

Your father was a schoolmaster?

WHALE

Of course. I attended Eton -- is
it right to say a father's son to
attend where his father studied?
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 chances to see if the boy smiles at the quip.

WHALE

You can't imagine what life was
like after the Armistice. The
celebrations in London were one long
dark holiday. A first first
everybody was and everybody
had a drink with some of the
so, was nice to drink some
and good food.

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 scurrs back up the hill.

WHALE

There was one guy in particular a
brilliant prim army of war called
"Johnny" and... Every experienced
fighter turned to him, so I
collected myself, (bought and
padding for the top) "Johnny's"
and made the careers of everyone
associated with it. It was only a
matter of time until Hollywood
discovered

KAY

How much longer before we get to "Frankenstein"?

WHALE

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

that it's not me you're interested in, but only my horror pictures?

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 *(commiserating offscreen)*

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?

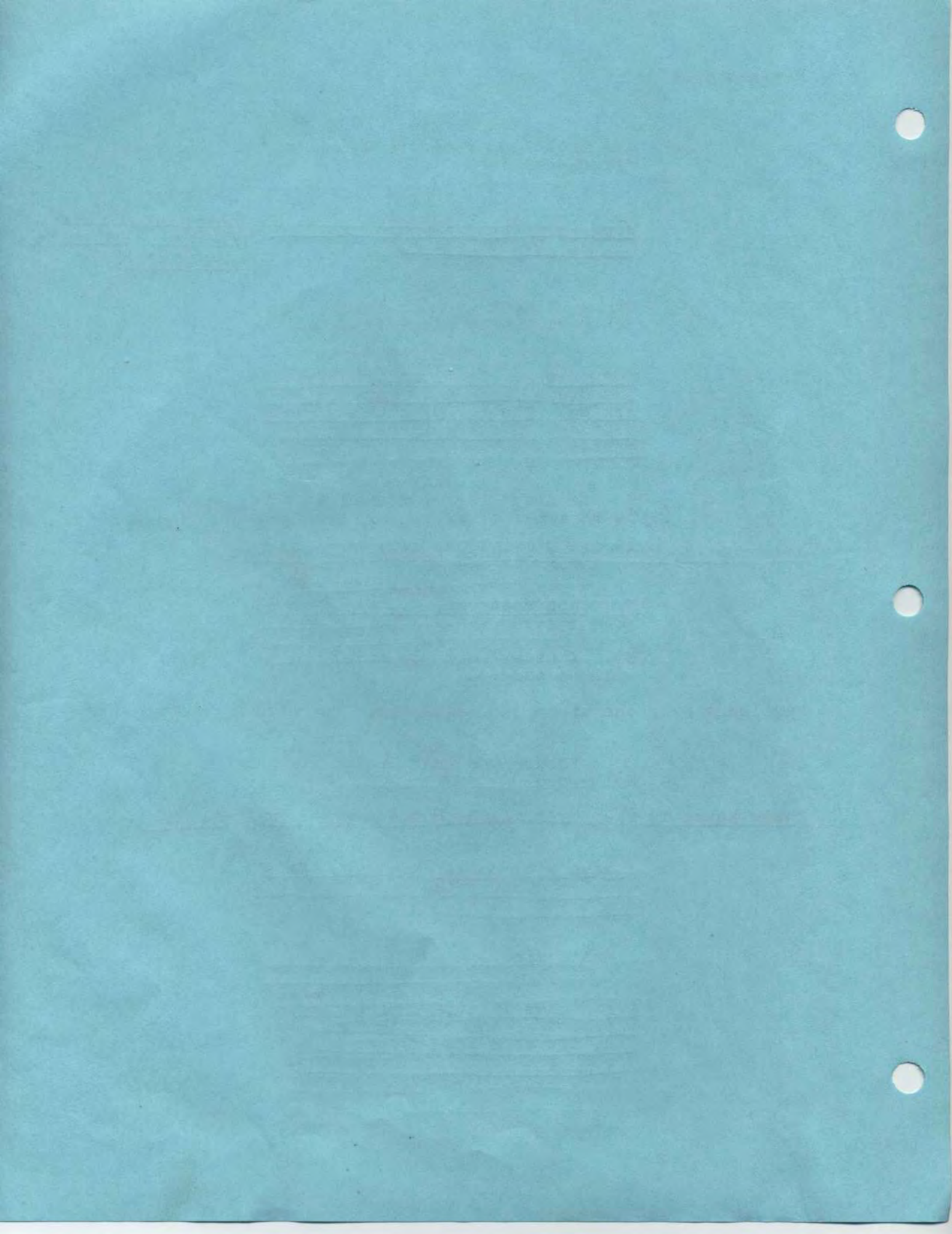
KAY

I don't mind.

WHALE *for me*

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
'booty' again 'staples'.

Yow! shoes, 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
of strip poker. Shall we play?

KAY
 You're serious.

Quite. *It will make you ~~think~~ before you ask.* *WHALE can side*

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 smiles.
 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 cards, poker, shall we play?

KAY
You're serious

WHILE
Quite.

KAY
Then the rumors are true?

WHILE
What rumors about whom?

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

WHILE
A homosexual scandal, you mean?
For me to answer a question of that
kind, I would have to remove
both your eyes and your socks.

Kay that was there, pointing and grinning.

KAY
You're a dirty old man.

WHILE
Wrote with his head as if bragging off a compliment. Kay
took out the penny box, hands over to remove his socks.

WHILE
You are kind to notice my old
in that way. As I notice
young and young.

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

WHILE
No. There was no scandal.

And he reaches into his coat for a cigar. While's hand
removes it as a cigar is lit. Then lights the
cigar with a wooden case, sucking and coughing until the
tip is roasting.

WHILE
My only other vice
is cigars.

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.

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)

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 man - bites + barbed wire ^ headache.



he freezes terrified there will be cutter pain.

is that death. he wants death to save him from near back of captivity.

No not yet, not yet.



are lines
After James and the Universal Production, they wanted me. 15.
Studio WHALE
made a film 'James' in
Universal (Karloff) - they wanted me

Universal wanted me for another story, and wanted me so baldly -- I mean badly, not baldly. They 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 ^(honest, amused)
You think so? That's very kind -- ^{Oh no. Don't be ridiculous. 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 way 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 in mind.
2. Leaky Kay.
3. Indulgent wish.

Handwritten notes at the top of the page, including the name 'Karlhoff' and some illegible text.

WHALE
University, wanted me for another
study and wanted me to study
with him. He said that I was
giving the kind of answer that
he wanted and I picked up the

KAY
who came up with the Professor's
answers and look?

WHALE
My idea, mainly, by contrast
and heavy flow. He said that
an idea could take only one
form and not in the new
times.

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

WHALE (cont.)
You think so? That's very kind
of you. He said that I was
giving the kind of answer that
he wanted and I picked up the

KAY
Boris Karloff. Where did you find
him?

Handwritten note: to know that pain will pass makes pain bearable

KAY
Karlhoff, Mr. Whale. How did you
cost him?

WHALE
He came toward the froggy voice.

WHALE
Please, excuse me. I must go
to the

WHALE
He looked himself up with one hand. Kay finally looks up
notices Whale's expensive lips and expensive eyes.

KAY
Mr. Whale? You all right?

WHALE
I just need to - the town
studio. Dashed in studio.

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

Handwritten notes on the left side of the page, including a list of numbers 1, 2, 3 and some illegible text.

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 ~~two capsules~~ ^{a pin} 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 wex. 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

22 EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - DAY

Hanna turns down the path, sighting the front of her apron in the right time.

23 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

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

HANNA
Water. Glasses at the sink.

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

HANNA
Which ones? I want them all.

WHALE
Water

She opens the cooler and finds her pain. Whale lifts the glass and drinks. Hanna's stomach grows. She swallows the pills. Then glances up at Kay, holding breath.

WHALE
Mr. Kay. You're not dressed.

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

KAY
I was going to take a swim.

WHALE
I'm sorry I couldn't let you. You should exercise on time.

KAY
Sigaret.

Kay hurries outside to retrieve his clothes. Hanna watches Whale's low 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.

Oh shut up

WHALE
Oh shut up. All we did was talk. My attack had
nothing to do with him. (*knows much happier 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.

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

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

CLAY

Hey, um...Rose --

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

DAISY

Daisy.

CLAY

Huh?

DAISY

My name is Daisy.

CLAY

Time to go, Daisy.

She presses her naked body against Clay's.

DAISY

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

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

CLAY

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

DAISY

I gave it up for Lent.

Daisy smiles at her own joke. Clay frowns.

CLAY

Right.

(jumps up from the bed)

Time to hit the road, kid.

~~27 EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY~~

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

The girl sits, turns to face him. She is in a pose

DAISY

CLAY

DAISY

CLAY

She crosses her naked body against Clay's

DAISY



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

CLAY

Don't you have to be somewhere?
Like this school maybe

DAISY

I gave it up for her.

Daisy smiles at her own joke. Clay frowns

CLAY

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

Daisy jumps out of the trailer, wearing a yellow-colored
top dress and matching pumps. 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
thumb out. He grins when she gives him the finger, then
disappears.

Clay's pick-up rolls down the road, the Pacific Ocean
stretching a path behind him.

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
Just ~~cleaning my tools.~~ Sorry to disturb you.

CLAY

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.

buzz call

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

WHALE'S GONDER THE HILY-PAILED CARPUS. HEARLY DISAPPEARED BY THE LACK OF PROGRESS. THE SILENCE IS INTERRUPTED BY THE SOUND OF CLAY'S LAUGHTER AS HE LOOKS AT WHALE'S PANTS.

CLAY STARES AT WHALE'S FEET AS HE WALKS AWAY. HE SEES WHALE'S FEET ARE SHIRTED IN A PAIR OF WHITE SOCKS.

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



THE CHAIRS SLIDE FROM CLAY'S HANDS, AND HE SEES WHALE'S FEET. HE LOOKS AROUND, SPOTS WHALE INSIDE THE STUDIO.

WHALE
EVERYBODY'S WATCHING ME

CLAY
JUST WATCHING YOU

THE SCENES ARE SHIRTED OVER CLAY'S FEET. A LEATHER SHIRTED OVER WHALE'S FEET. WHALE WINKS AT CLAY.

WHALE
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO ASK YOU TO
BRING DOWN THE CARPUS. THE CARPUS IS
VERY RARE. YOU'D BETTER
WATCH YOURSELF.

CLAY
I THINK TO HIGH HEAVEN RIGHT NOW

WHALE
THE HONEST GUEST OF ONE'S HOUSE
SHOULD BE TREATED AS A GUEST.
LET ME SEE WHAT YOU BRING FOR
THE CARPUS.

WHALE'S CARPUS TANGLES IN HIS SKIN OF HAND. HE FRITZLY
DRIPS AWAY AS CLAY'S REVEALS.

WHALE
OR WOULD YOU PREFER A BEAR?

CLAY
NO. I'D PREFER A KING.

WHALE
EVERYBODY'S WATCHING ME

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.

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.

work

WHALE

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

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

*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 + wins)
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 trough 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.

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 describes to a wooden chair with a high back.

WHALE

My work my work. Hardly something in which a wealthy woman should feel out of place.

Clay glances at the unframed canvases on the wall and stoops in the corner.

CLAY

These are your paintings?

WHALE (partly in)

WHALE (partly in) Oh yes.

CLAY

Excuse me, but -- are you famous?

WHALE (hand outside + in)

You know what they say. If you have to ask --

CLAY

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

WHALE

They were familiar when I painted them. They were copied from a magazine. The dog is a bulldog. The man is a man. And that's a newspaper.

CLAY

They're just copies then, Gotcha.

WHALE

Before I replied, you said, "I had a special time in the end." I said, "I was." Tell me, do you take motion pictures?

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

(aston voice) ☰ In my youth, yes, but never in Hollywood. No, I was merely a director" here. *not really to be funny* ☰ (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) ☰ *ditto* ☰ *(shrugs)* ☰ *still likes* ☰
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.

Clay's Hanna ☰ *turn back to Clay* ☰
WHALE
Merely comfortable. Here's Hanna with our refreshments. Can you get the door?

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

HANNA

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

WHALE *(for clay's benefit)*

My mind's lovely. And yours?

Hanna flares her nostrils at him.

HANNA

You remember what the doctor tells
us.

(for Hanna not clay)
WHALE (*chant, weakly closing his eyes*)
Yes, yes, yes. I merely invited
Mr. Boone in for a glass of tea. *(open + smile @ 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.

She's a love: but
WHALE
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, hasn't seen Mr Boone as what '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
Yes. You were a Marine. *(lovely maines)*

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 for it)*

CLAY
 But why?

WHILE
For an artist's eye, you understand?
Have you ever noticed?

CLAY
You mean, like posed for pictures?

WHILE
Get her an artist. Been sketched.

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

WHILE
You have the most architectural
skill. And your nose, very

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

CLAY
Looks a more 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 boss happens, he laughs lightly.
That was nothing.

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

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

WHILE
Indeed. I'd pay for the privilege
of drawing your head -- you know the
old

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, doctor, don't flect, whiff)*
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*

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. 

WHALE

So what do I do?



?

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

Clay follows Hanna into the kitchen.

HANNA

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

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

CLAY

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

HANNA

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

CLAY

What're you talking about?

HANNA

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

CLAY

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

HANNA

You will not hurt him?

CLAY

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

HANNA

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


CLAY

You do that.


38 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - STUDIO - DAY

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

Mr. Boone, what you gonna do my picture

Wahle can't remember why he wanted see - Marine. 

Boone frightens him but it's exciting to be frightened by another human
He needs to play with fire. He wants to feast with penther, if only
to take him out of himself for a few hours.

Wahle gives him full attention to attaching a large pad of paper to board on his easel
missing with clamps + screws 

WHALE ^{voice is strong + clear} (strong + clear) ☺
Very good, Hanna. Now goodbye. ☺ *worse than birth.*

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, ^{very carefully} 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 ^(regret).
Hmmm. I much prefer "Show Boat" or
"The Invisible Man." Shall we
begin?

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

CLAY
Ready when you are.

Whale stares at Clay. ☺

WHALE ^(seems now, even glum)
That shirt, Mr. Boone.

CLAY
It's new. ☺

WHALE ^(shakes his head)
I'm sorry. It's too white, too
distracting. Would it be asking ^{direct @ him} 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.
WHILE (shortly after)

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

WHILE
I'm sure you'd like something to
wet your whistle while I wait.
WHILE (shortly after)
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
"White of Franchester."

WHILE (shortly after)
Hmm. I much prefer "Show Boat" or
"The Loveless Heart." Shall we
begin?

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

CLAY
Ready when you are.

WHILE (shortly after)
Whale screens at Clay.

WHILE (shortly after)
That's mine, Mr. Boone.

CLAY
It's new.

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

CLAY
I'm not waiting at a restaurant.

WHILE
Flash back, Mr. Boone. I'll get 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/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.

WHALE (patting on myself)
We could wrap this like a toga around your shoulders. Would that help you overcome your schoolgirl shyness?

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.

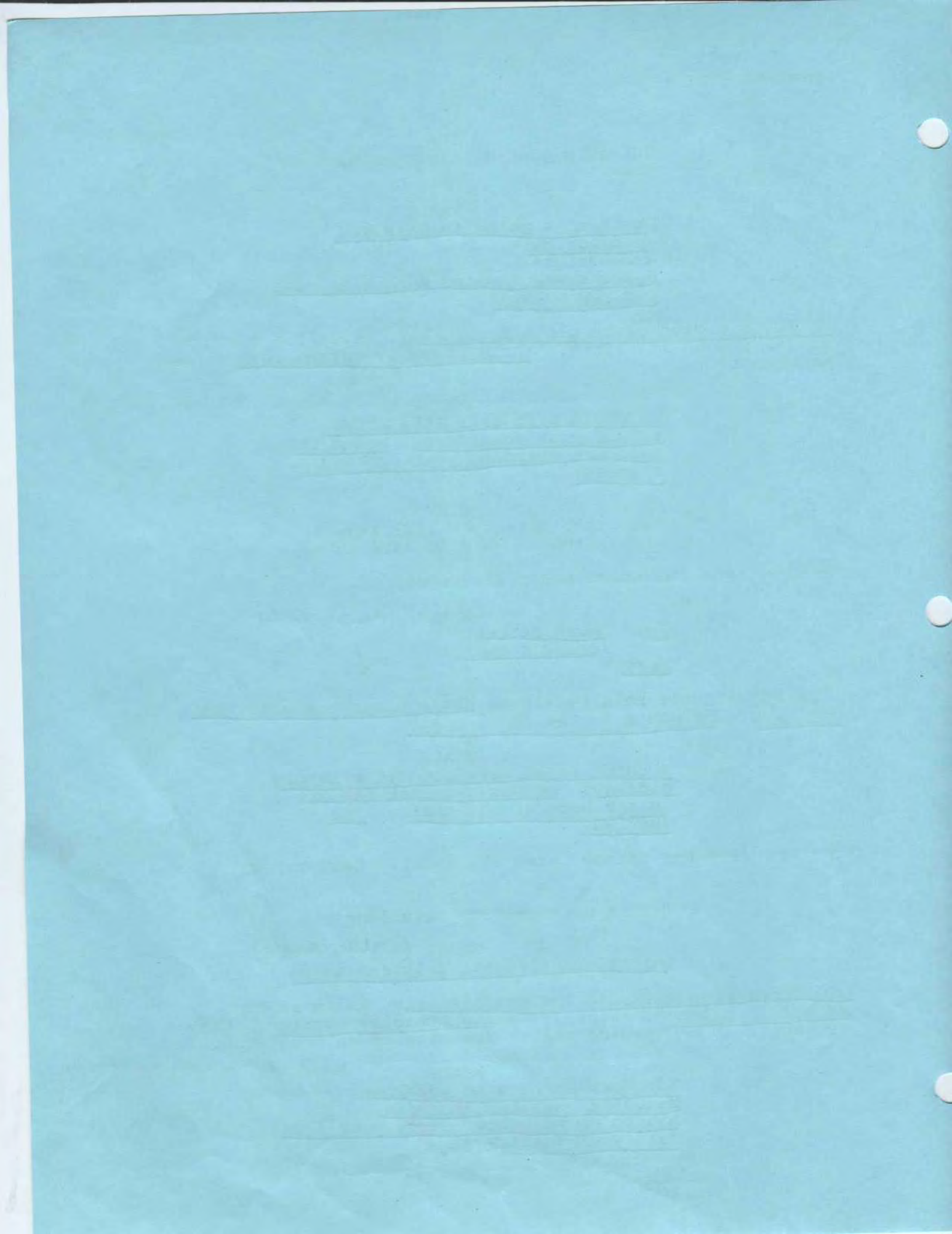
A clatter of pencils in the easel's tray, followed by a moment of silence. Finally, a low, whistly scratch. Clay concentrates on keeping still, focusing on an open window.

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

(X)
(X)
(X)

make her take shirt right off

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
presence of even pretending to draw. He blankly pencilled layers of
cross-hatching + squiggles over clumsy outline.

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

'[sketches]' → 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.

WHALE

There's something about the openness 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?

quite
make 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 built but
rough

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.

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

penitence
about

WHILE
There's something about the
familiarity of your face that makes me
want to speak the truth. Yes, my
family are drifting. Best of all
and look to a job, and a drive out
back in the city. Are you also
from the river, Mr. Brown?

CLAY
He wasn't rich, but we weren't
poor either.

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

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

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

WHILE
In Indian caste were more
the tracks than any American
I've ever seen. Every Indian knows
his place. And if you forget
there's always someone to remind
you. My family had no doubt about
who they were. But I was an
exception in that household, a
break of nature. I had no
ambitions, you know. I did
that. Certainly not from
them.

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

WHILE
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
and you've been given a gristle, and
don't know what to do with it.
Gristle except harness me 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 Miller, the face covered with
grime, glaring at him from across the room. Whale

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.

Hzt? 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.

*7 does he
airwalk
has.
put 2 feet 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 Whaley's face, he looks out, smiles at Clay.

WHALE

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

CLAY

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

Whaley 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.

Whaley pulls the cover sheet over the pad to hide what he's
draws to let.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

So you just see that while this
old limeric panged his gums?

MR. 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
surprisingly full of beard. And, in a booth, KIP SAYLOR, a
cocky 33-year-old, leaning with a pony-tailed TENNISER.

CLAY

I asked if you learn anything
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
check 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

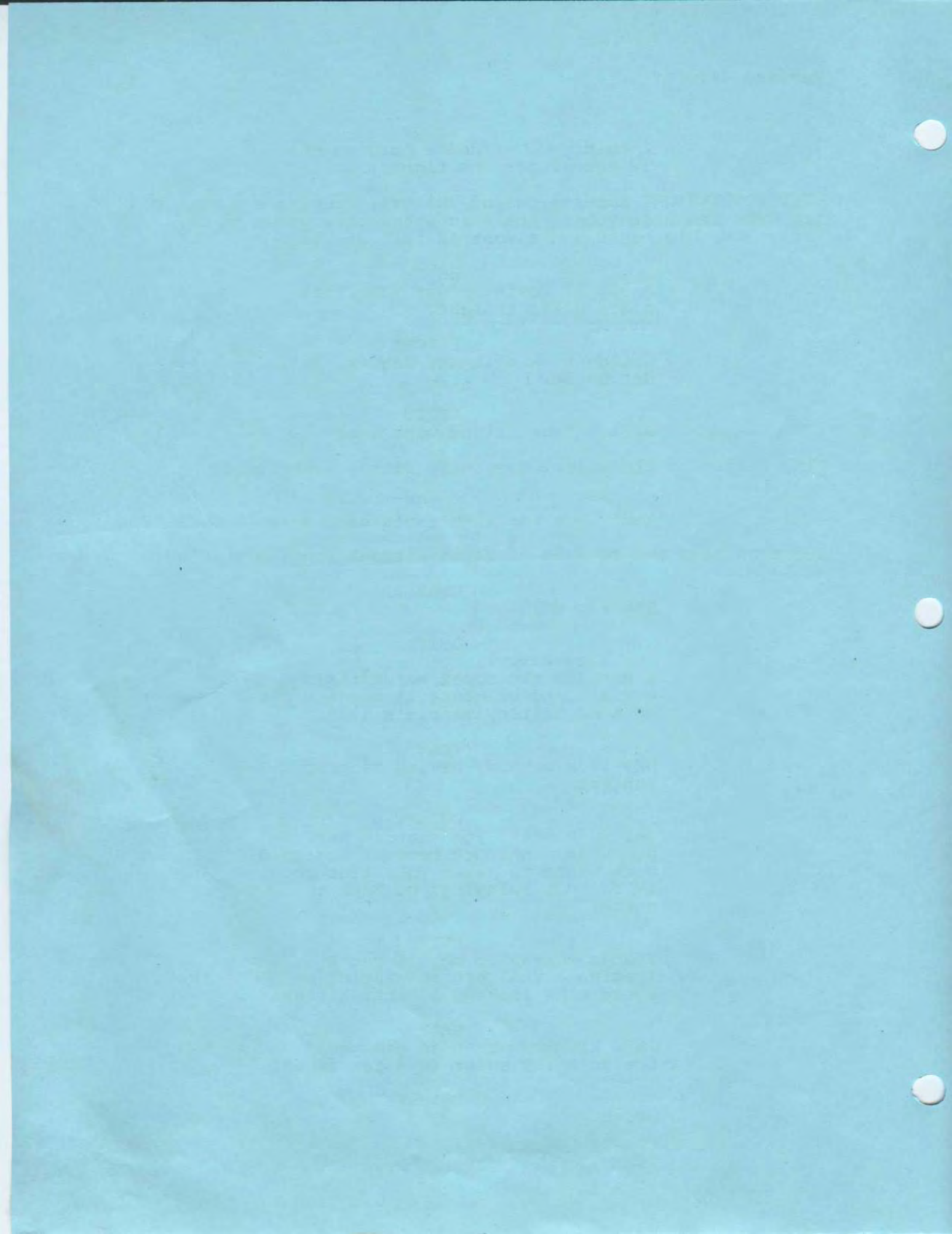
Sounds screwy to me. I can't
imagine a real artist wanting to
spend time looking at that kisser.

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 karloff)*  *good-humored.*

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

41 INT. HARRY'S BEACHCOMBER - NIGHT

41

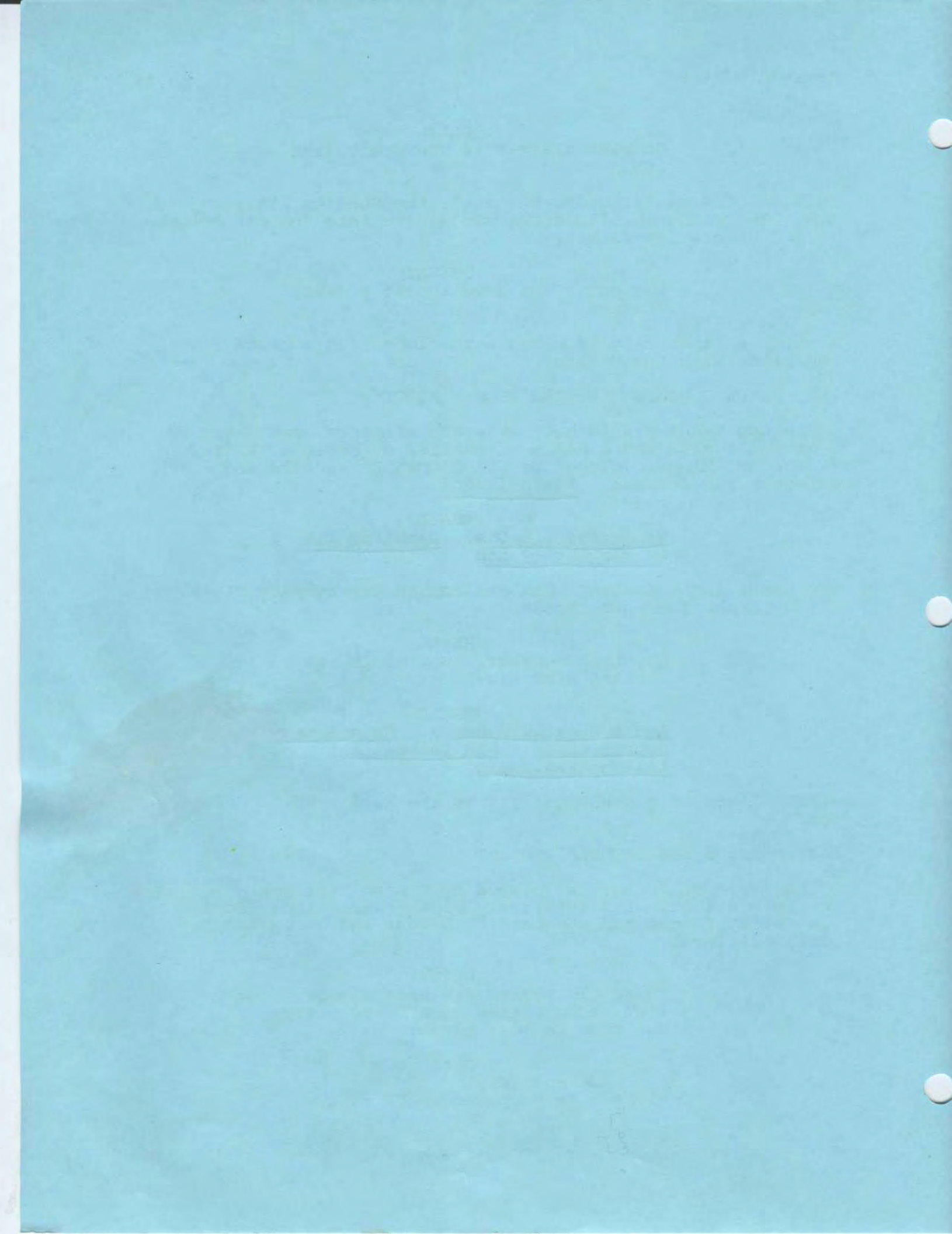
On the tv, Dr. Pretorius (played by Ernest Thesiger) delivers a toast with inimitably ripe enunciation: "To a new world of gods and monsters!" Dwight and Harry and Betty all laugh. (X)

BETTY

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

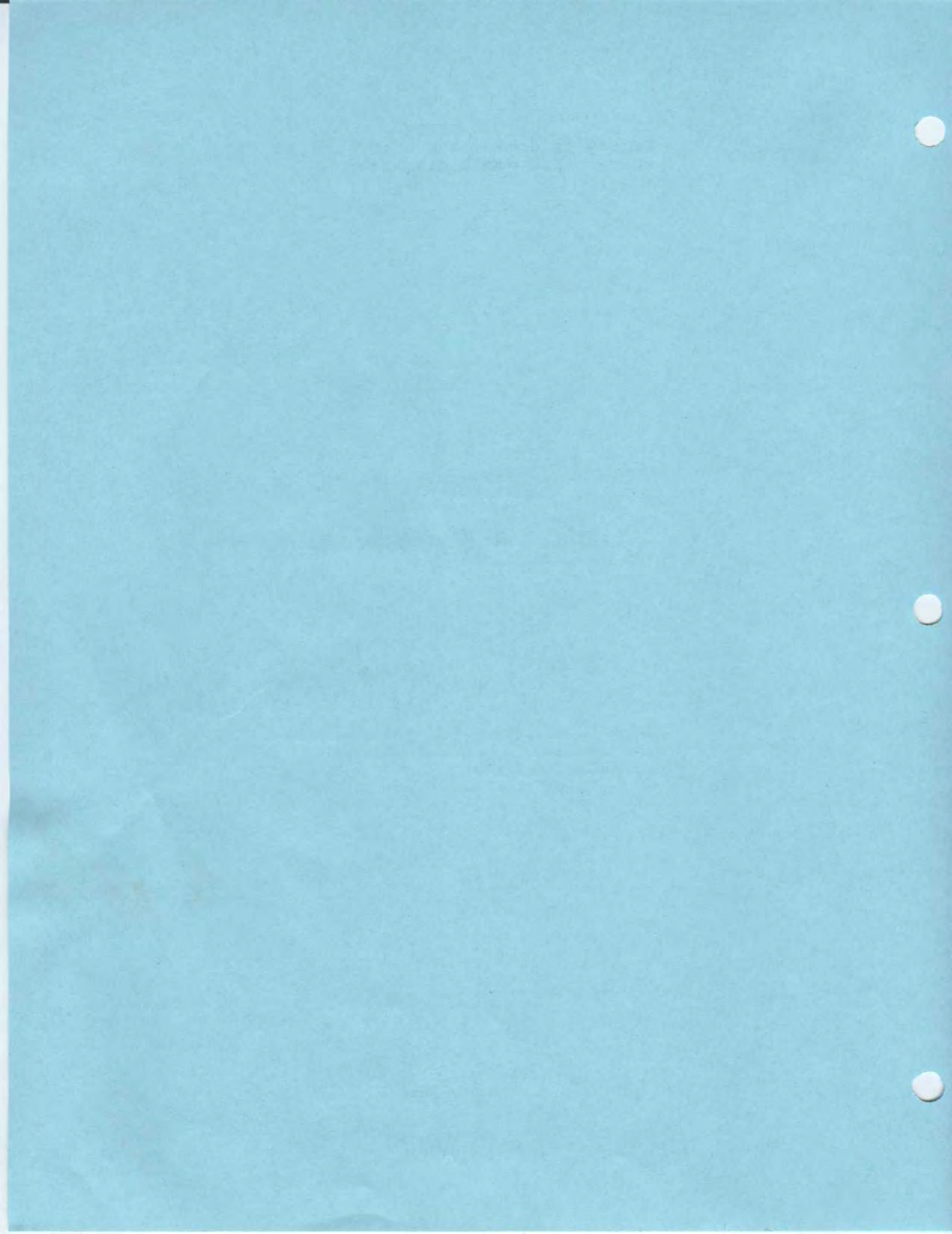
CLAY

(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 takes living 'life' now allowed him.

But does he love death? No, not yet.

Whale crosses one bony leg over the other & discovers an erection under his robe.
Not a full erection - he cannot remember the last time he got hard - certainly not
since the stroke ... he had 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, "Wiiife." Betty shudders, for real this time.

HARRY

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

CLAY

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

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

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.
Wahle's focus sharpens, prompted by the unexpected
discussion of death.

INT. HARRY'S BEACHCOMBER - NIGHT

The Monster holds a skull in both hands and happily
growls. Willie, Jerry shrug, for real this time.

HARRY

Sick as hell. Nodding. I wonder
if they know how sick they were.

CLAY

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

INT. WAHLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Frankenstein and Professor make their final
preparations. Frankenstein injects Wahle the fresh heart
over food. There are always accidental deaths occurring.
Professor replies. "Always." Once again, Wahle 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. WAHLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The Bride shrieks again.

HARRIS

She is horrible.

WHALE

She is beautiful.

The Monster's pain turns to anger. He looks through the
lab, orders Frankenstein to escape with his wife. But he
wants Professor and the Bride to stay. "We belong dead."
Wahle reacts sharply to the lab.

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 partially winks by the door while Betty turns out the
lights. She was blinking through the glow of the juke box
waiting Clay outside with her hand.

END HARRY'S RECHRONICLE - NIGHT

Betty pulls the door shut and heads over to look in
Clay's room. A glimpse of skin in the side slit of her skirt.

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
home.

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 room. Clay grabs it with both
hands to keep her from getting in.

CLAY
Come. 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 talk, 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 sits in on her, hard. Her hands leap in
front of her face, as if he's his nose. The look of fear in
her eyes starts Clay out of his legs.

Betty look. This is coming out
all wrong --

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

Why doesn't he feel humiliated?
from here on out, Betty,
just another tired old face on the
other side of the car.



The car straddles across the highway.
CLAY
The car straddles across the highway.

THE TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Clay comes to the end of the canyon. He glances
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
pains 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.

ugly 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 *to his still incomplete make up.*

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

HANNA

You take them all, Mr. Jimmy?



he looks for something wrong, something to improve, but she is unanny. perfect. - tell Jack Green

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.

HANNA opens the door gaps 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:

WHALE awakes at the startled scream. One by one, he reaches for capsules to their bottles, 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:

ELLA LANCASTER and BOBIE KARLOFF sit side by side in padded chairs, chairs around their necks, heads tilted back. JACK BIRDS, the makeup artist, is patting the hair down over a cap on KISS's head. He looks up, sees WHALE, and breaks into a conspiratorial grin. Ella's eyes are closed, she hasn't heard WHALE enter.

ELLA LANCASTER

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

WHALE steps in for a better look. KARLOFF has a microphone to help him breathe while the assistant adds another coat of green stripes to his trousers. WHALE

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.

BORIS KARLOFF

(gurgles)

"Good morning, James."

WHILE

Good morning. And a very good morning to you.

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

ELIZABETH LANCHESTER

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

WHILE

Fixing a mirror. Let the bride pass upon her visage.

ELIZABETH LANCHESTER

Boris? Go I look a fright?



Whale goes straight to the Meccah, 'cannaman side
keini fetter ' a.d. + script ^{Dolores} for a quick conference.

Whale describes 'dot-ups'.

"Oh damn' mister. Why scholars + producers ever worry about mister

ELIZABETH LANCHESTER

Oh, James.

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

ELIZABETH LANCHESTER

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

WHILE

Nonetheless, my dear. You look excellent.

(To an assistant)

Today's script. Quick. And a pencil.

Whale scans the page of shooting script. The margin contains in pencil, CU, MR, WHALE, in a bracket and outburst: CU a.s.c.d.--MOS

*release from @
The Bride
Copyright letter history to 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

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
I want to see on this right
away, sorry, we won't see
to you until this afternoon.

BORIS KARLOFF
I wish you 'old 'copper,

The assistant removes his spectacles.

BORIS KARLOFF
I could have spent the morning
leading to my toes.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

The interior of Stage C is completely filled by the
laboratory set. Electricians adjust the lights on the
wooden tower beside the Erika's table. CLIVE (Dr.
Frankenstein) and ERNEST THESIGER (Dr. Professor) sit off to
the side, in full makeup and costume. Clive mingles
restlessly over his script. Thesiger glances his face over
the needle he dips in and out of an embryonic frog.

Clive comes on the set with his script. She walks
beside him, the strain of her
There's a wolf which
leads her hand, leads back to study.

He talked 'quilty fellows into bed, once.
When you know what melon man rich
you can get from him whatever he need.

a come star is former England

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

ELSA LANCASTER
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 LANCASTER
In the equal James, two lady
scientists should make a monster.
And our monster would be Gary
Lopez.

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

ELSA LANCASTER
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. (X)
A touch of flu, you know. (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 smiles} -- which brings some life to his stiffness. Whale sees this, decides to tune it higher.

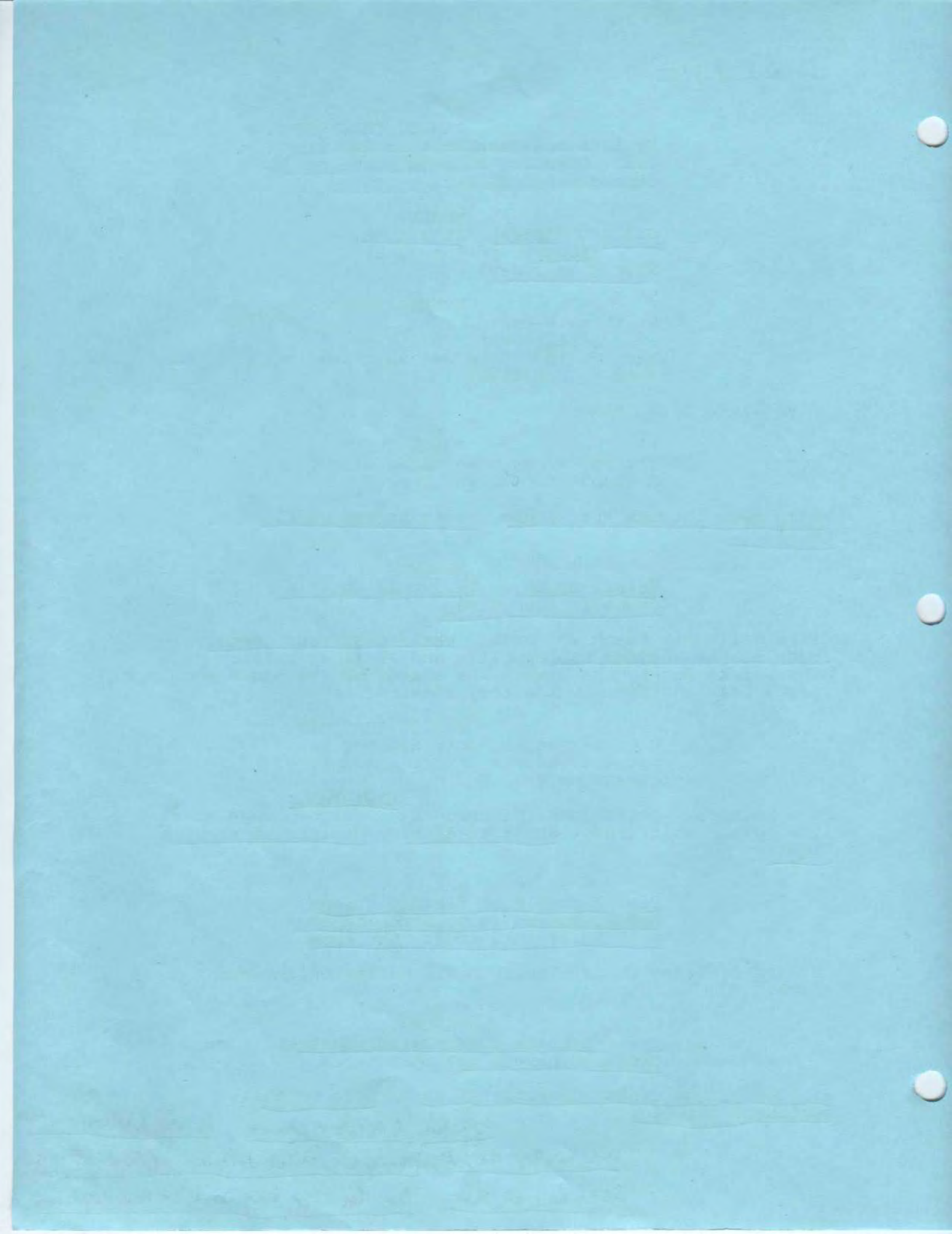
WHALE
Yes, a couple of flaming queens. And Pretorius is a little in love with Dr. Frankenstein, you know.

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.

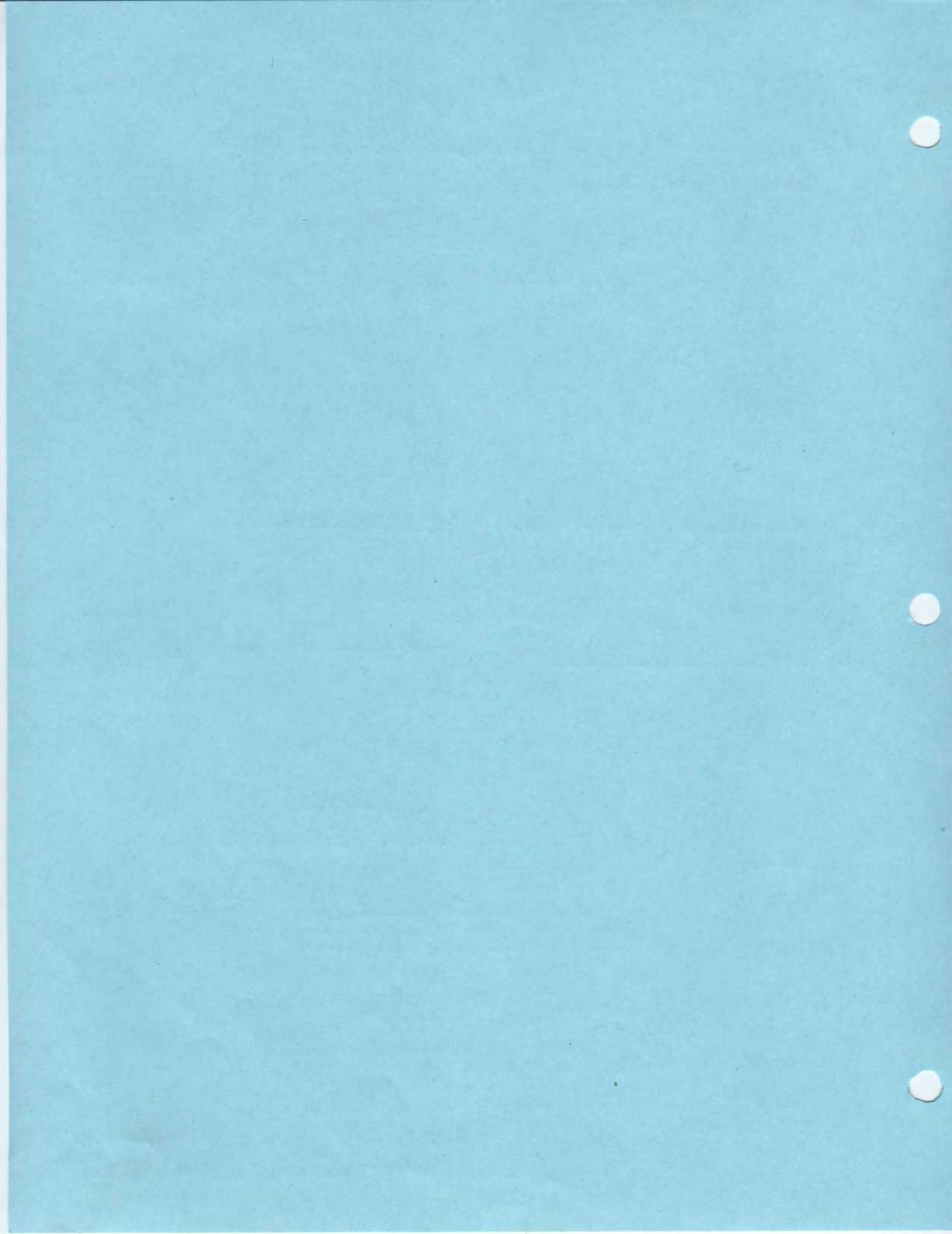
a few feet to the left of camera. He will walk each take with his legs crossed, joggling his railed foot as if conducting the scene with his shoe. The shoe stops joggling when he is displeased.



ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Quiet on the set!

The warning bell rings.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Lights!



The lights sizzle and blaze.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Sound!

SOUND MAN
Okay for sound.



ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
Camera!

doesn't notice 'cute'

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

CAMERA ASSISTANT
Scene two-fifteen. Take one.



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

The Bride snaps her head in various directions. The sizer 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

wide awake
~~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)

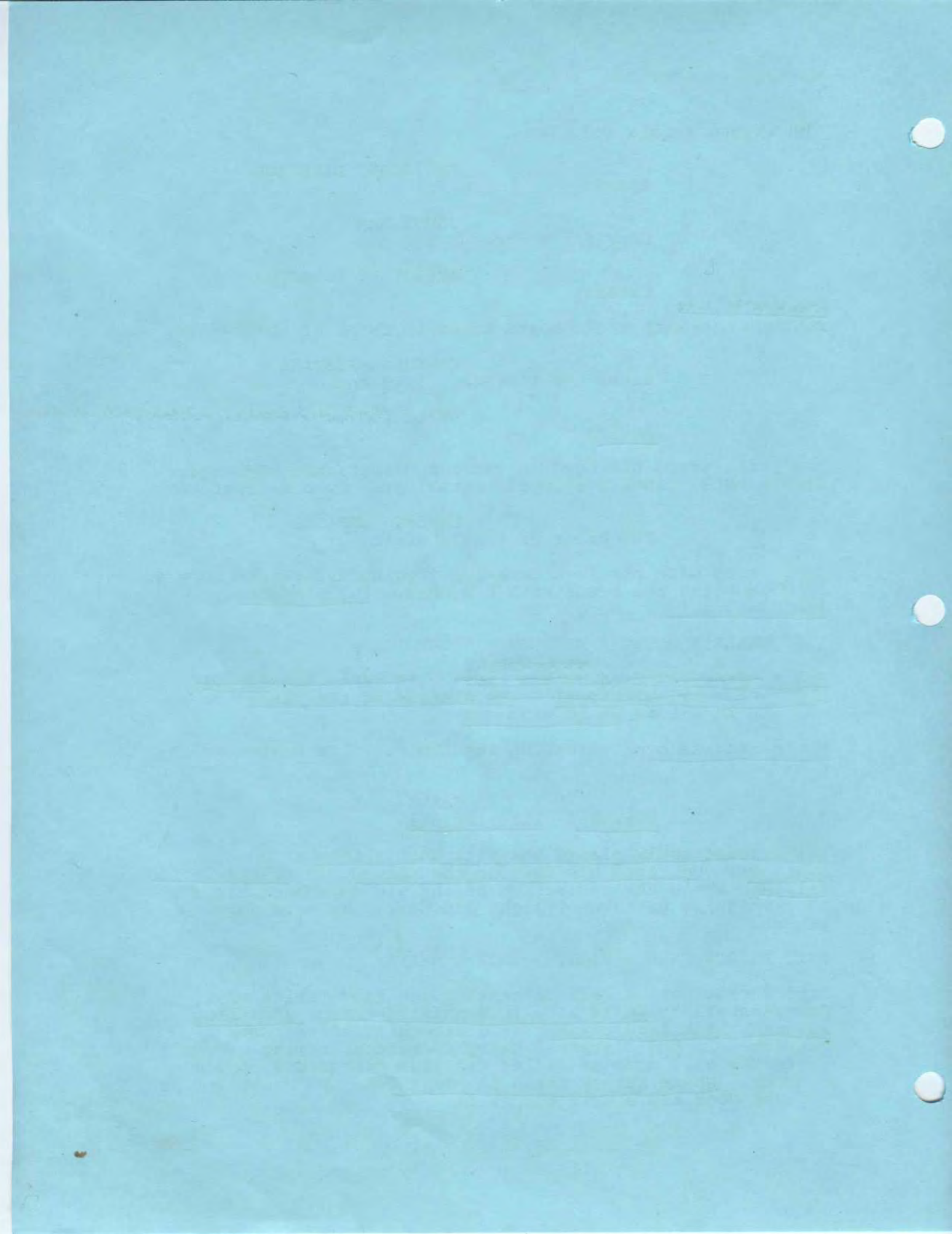
Whale reluctantly places the pill on his tongue and swallows. He rests his head on the pillow and stares at the ceiling, where the reflection of the window sheers casts an ever-shifting pattern of light and dark. We move down to reveal:

(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.

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 by 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.

1957

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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.

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

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

For is this
He sits at the kitchen table.

HANNA

Mr. 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, brings, pours a glass of tea.
Clay notices a Bible on the counter.

CLAY

How long you worked for Mr. Whaley?

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. Whaley and
I. People come to buy things.
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
Kisses twice her head around with such an indigenous look
that Clay purses out laughing. She realizes that she is
being teased.

HANNA
Men. Always pulling legs.
Everything is comedy.
(Laughs an English
accent)
How very amusing. How awfully
stupid.

HANNA
Kisses twice as Clay curls his entire body. She remains
looking 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
Not. 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.
(Laughs)
Poor Mr. Jimmy. There is such good
in him, but he will enter the
lines of hell. Very sad.

CLAY
You're sure of that?

HANNA
This is what the prince told 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 another 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 on he arrested crime



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

Man who dugger each other
know is digger. He is a digger.
What is the good digger?
The digger is the man
The digger is the man
(whispering)
No, he is the man

Clay slowly sits up
Yes! You know?
KARMA
That is why he must go to hell
do not think it fair. But God's
law is not for us to judge

Clay
You're telling me Mr. Wales is a
digger?

KARMA
You did not know?

Clay
Well... no, not really

KARMA
You and he are not doing anything?

Clay
Not

KARMA
Good. That is what I hope. I did
not think you a digger too. I fear
only that you might hurt him if he
cries.

Clay
I'm not going to hurt anyone.

KARMA
Yes. I trust you.

Off in the distance, a throat loudly trumpets itself clear.

HANNA

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

Clay gets up slowly, reluctant to leave the room.

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

Whale comes forward as Clay enters, offering a hand at the end of a spindly wrist. *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 + uninterested in sex



Get in the distance, a throat loudly erupts itself clear

WHALE
You want to 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.

AT THE WHALE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

WHALE comes forward as Clay enters, offering a hand as she
takes a slightly wince.

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

CLAY
All right, I guess.

WHALE
I realize you worked up an appetite
with your lunch.

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

WHALE
Forgot my husband. As my seat
the door is the door 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
Whom? Princess Margaret?

He is examining a folded card. He puts a stamp over the
crossed handwriting.

WHALE
Her Majesty's loyal subjects in the
North Atlantic Institute.
Continued invited. Received as
the home of Mr. George Larkin.

He lifts snack open in drawer.

WHALE

That pushy little -- ^{little} 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.~~ *David David David*

CLAY

This David's a friend?

WHALE *(resumes his timid smile)*

What? Yes. An old, useless friend. You
must excuse me, Mr. Boone. This is
a world I finished with long ago.
I pay them no mind and expect them
to return the compliment.
(a deep breath resumes his repose)
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 *(thinks a moment)*

Did anyone laugh?

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 a billow)

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

Why - people are so serious
to-day.

CLAY

Why? Was it supposed to be funny?

WHILE

Of course. I had to make it
interesting for myself, you see. A
society might demand. The trick is
not to win in the eyes of the
public.

(a bit of wine)

But the moment they realize any
of my words, he is noble. Noble
and unassuming.

While across politically at Clay, who said with his elbows on
the table, "Why? Was it supposed to be funny?"

WHILE

In honor of...

Clay looks up.

WHILE

Did you still suggest...

CLAY

I don't like to talk about this.

WHILE

Nothing to be afraid of. I assure
you that in my opinion, you are
entirely safe.

CLAY

These people, my dear, with a
gun can kill someone.

WHILE

Quite right. Hand-to-hand combat is
the true test. But you must stay
away from the...

CLAY

(hesitative)
No. I would have thought...

in the same position
of Clay's speech.

WHALE
Yes, I believe you could. (You're p.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
 M carries dirty dishes back to the kitchen)

65B.

CLAY
 Sure.

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
How free is your schedule this
afternoon?

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

WHILE
What if we say check on the
hedges? Could you appear in your
silver uniform to sit for me?

CLAY
Can't today.

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

CLAY
Sorry. ~~It's not in the book~~ ~~about the evergreen today.~~

624. WINDSSE-FANNON-OWN (Lack)
H... ..

WHILE
What's a surprising eye at Clay

WHILE
All right, I understand
offer you a cigar?

CLAY

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

WHILE

Use that

WHILE
What's guess his a cold headache?

WHILE

Just a trim. And give while you're
at it. Figures are a bit small
today.

CLAY

You ever been married, Mr. While?

WHILE

No. It's hard not to be
single.

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.

WHALE
Or one can live as husband and
wife without possessing 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. Is one must have a
sexual 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 people who --

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

Clay suddenly laughs. Whale's smile disappears.

WHALE
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 remove your shirt. (he comments)

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.

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

CLAY

Whale continues to smile, shyly.

WHALE

What are you afraid of, Mr. Boone?
Certainly not a trail of a man like

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

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - STUDIO DAY

CLAY sits sideways on the chair. Whale stands at the

CLAY

Can I see what you did so far?

WHALE

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

CLAY

Sorry. Not today.

WHALE

But we need to make the book
shrink.

CLAY

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

Whale steps forward.

Whale (whispering)

Perhaps if we open the shirt and

Whale looks at it. Clay's flesh tightens; he shrinks
back. The pants stop, calves raised.

WHALE

Oh dear. I hope you've
noticed.

CLAY

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

P. 179 am / with the amount
Army -
rally is in nonstop
What have I been thinking
Coke 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 he'd)

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. 

CLAY 

Mr. & regular Thoreau with a lawnmower.

WHALE Ah, a philosopher! 

WHILE

He looks at me and says
It's down around your shoulders
two buttons. As fast as you can
take those two little buttons.

While a thumb and fingers unhook buttons in minute

CLAY

Not look. What you told me at
lunch is still very weird for me.
So either you teach me how to do
or I'll say forget it and go do
your badges.

While takes a step back. His eyes are locked on Clay.
Facilitated by his lawyer.

CLAY

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

WHILE

Of course. I don't want to argue
with you.
How do you like it?

While glances behind the easel. The picture hangs in the
Clay.

WHILE

Tell me about your company.
Boots. You have a steady
company?

CLAY

Not at the moment.



*Studio was
run by a banker.*

Why not?
You know how it is. You have to
have just to get a piece of it.

WHILE

Very well.
Thank you.

CLAY

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

While looks at Clay.

Clay is a banker.
Lawyer.

~~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. not

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...?

Dear Mr. [Name],
I am writing to you regarding the [Topic].
I hope this letter finds you well.
I am pleased to hear that you are interested in [Topic].
I will be happy to provide you with more information.

I am sure that you will find this information useful.
I am looking forward to hearing from you again.
Thank you for your interest in [Topic].
Sincerely,
[Name]

I am sure that you will find this information useful.
I am looking forward to hearing from you again.
Thank you for your interest in [Topic].
Sincerely,
[Name]

I am sure that you will find this information useful.
I am looking forward to hearing from you again.
Thank you for your interest in [Topic].
Sincerely,
[Name]

I am sure that you will find this information useful.
I am looking forward to hearing from you again.
Thank you for your interest in [Topic].
Sincerely,
[Name]

I am sure that you will find this information useful.
I am looking forward to hearing from you again.
Thank you for your interest in [Topic].
Sincerely,
[Name]

I am sure that you will find this information useful.
I am looking forward to hearing from you again.
Thank you for your interest in [Topic].
Sincerely,
[Name]

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)



why

1950
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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...

15-00000

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

MEMORANDUM FOR THE DIRECTOR, FBI

DATE: 10/15/54

TO: SAC, NEW YORK
FROM: SAC, NEW YORK
SUBJECT: [Illegible]

Re New York letter to Bureau dated 10/12/54.

Enclosed for the Bureau are two copies of a letterhead memorandum (LHM) dated and captioned as above.

The LHM is being prepared in accordance with the instructions of the Bureau dated 10/12/54.

Very truly yours,
[Illegible Signature]

[Illegible Name]

Enclosed for the Bureau are two copies of a letterhead memorandum (LHM) dated and captioned as above.

The LHM is being prepared in accordance with the instructions of the Bureau dated 10/12/54.

Very truly yours,
[Illegible Signature]

[Illegible Name]

Enclosed for the Bureau are two copies of a letterhead memorandum (LHM) dated and captioned as above.

The LHM is being prepared in accordance with the instructions of the Bureau dated 10/12/54.

Very truly yours,
[Illegible Signature]

[Illegible Name]

The LHM is being prepared in accordance with the instructions of the Bureau dated 10/12/54.

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.

1. The first part of the document is a letter to the
author of the book, dated 1954. The letter is
written in a very simple and direct style. It
mentions the author's name and the title of the
book, and expresses the author's appreciation for
the work.

2. The second part of the document is a letter to
the author, dated 1955. This letter is more
detailed and discusses the author's views on the
book. It mentions the author's name and the title
of the book, and expresses the author's
appreciation for the work.

3. The third part of the document is a letter to
the author, dated 1956. This letter is also
more detailed and discusses the author's views
on the book. It mentions the author's name and
the title of the book, and expresses the author's
appreciation for the work.

4. The fourth part of the document is a letter to
the author, dated 1957. This letter is also
more detailed and discusses the author's views
on the book. It mentions the author's name and
the title of the book, and expresses the author's
appreciation for the work.

5. The fifth part of the document is a letter to
the author, dated 1958. This letter is also
more detailed and discusses the author's views
on the book. It mentions the author's name and
the title of the book, and expresses the author's
appreciation for the work.

6. The sixth part of the document is a letter to
the author, dated 1959. This letter is also
more detailed and discusses the author's views
on the book. It mentions the author's name and
the title of the book, and expresses the author's
appreciation for the work.

7. The seventh part of the document is a letter to
the author, dated 1960. This letter is also
more detailed and discusses the author's views
on the book. It mentions the author's name and
the title of the book, and expresses the author's
appreciation for the work.

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.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY
5708 SOUTH CAMPUS DRIVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60637
TEL: 773-936-3700

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 spotted you in
today.

OWENS
Don't take that tone with me kid.
There's tape in this coat that won't
disappear 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.



how many days later

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 gaze and the woman's with an open smile.

EXT. CLAY'S TERRACE - NIGHT

Clay and the woman go to sit, their shadows visible through
the glass loweys.

INT. CLAY'S TERRACE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Clay puts on a coat 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, found copies of the
New York Times. He glances at an article from
last October with a picture of a woman. There is a picture
of a woman, 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, the attention camera
focused on "Queen for a Day" as "here comes the room
partner".

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, but
only if you ease 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
convinced you to come back?

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

WHILE
Everybody has stories to tell.

CLAY
Not me.

WHILE
What about your stint in Korea?
I'm sure you was full of interesting
stories.

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
meeting. How did you overcome
that?

CLAY
Not last. More like disaster.

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 piece poked under his nose, the pencil (biting) in his fingers.

Kept his a ladder will at 'head' his hands, lower himself + sit 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 quattroceto 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 (CONT'D)
 Only the movies have not the
 beauty of them. The world refused
 to let me and my friends and my
 friends of mine and my friends
 of mine and my friends of mine
 but we were discussing something
 else. It was. It was in the
 trenches.

Now he's talking only to himself

WHILE
 BARNETT. Was that his name?
 BARNETT. He came to the
 front station from Harlow and he
 looked up to me. During the
 night, he said, "I was a
 workingman, I worked in the
 factory. How strange, to be
 invited so briefly. I thought he
 loved me. He was like a
 brother."

WHILE
 something happened to him?

WHILE looks up at Clay, stares at him.

WHILE
 I remember the morning in
 particular. A morning when the sun
 was out.

18 EXT. TRENCHES - DAY (CONT'D)

LEONARD BARNETT, 18, boyish and handsome, peeps 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
 give one hope. He and I were
 standing on the line one day. I
 showed him the sights of no-man's-
 land, through the periscope. It
 was beautiful. The ground was
 reddish gold, the water in the
 shell holes clear and blue. The
 sky a clear, clear blue. And
 I had thought to show him with
 that. I had checked out with
 the trench.

While reaches over and taps the air across Barnett's
 shoulder. Barnett smiles faintly at him. We CUT TO

Whale leans forward, completely disoriented. His eyes fix on Clay, the white eyebrows screwed down, until he is able to recognize the face.

WHALE

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

Jan

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)

back to driving

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 --

2 periods broken pen

He lifts a long hand. speaks with his fingers as if speak with it

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?

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

WHALE

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

CLAY

~~What are you talking about?~~

Whale 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?

as hamer.

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's 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)

WHALIE
It was foolishness to assume this
portrayal. The camera takes what
will not flow.

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

WHALIE
How would you like to come to a
party with me? A reception for
Francis Fitzgerald.

CLAY
I thought you weren't going.

WHALIE
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.

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

CLAY
Clayton is fine.

Whalie 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
Now? 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?

Dear Mr. [Name],

I am writing to you regarding the [Topic]...

[Section Header]

The [Topic] is a [Description]...

It is important to [Action]...

[Section Header]

The [Topic] is [Description]...

It is [Action]...

[Section Header]

The [Topic] is [Description]...

[Section Header]

The [Topic] is [Description]...

It is [Action]...



*mainly
This is a nightmare from 1 with Lyon.*

The [Topic] is [Description]...

[Section Header]

The [Topic] is [Description]...

[Section Header]

The [Topic] is [Description]...

[Section Header]

The [Topic] is [Description]...

[Section Header]

The [Topic] is [Description]...

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. Also our lord
Jesus Christ.

WHALE
Of course. How is the old boy
doing today?

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

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

HAWWA
It was set up in your old room. I
will look.

The phone rings. Hanna hurries to answer it.

82 INT. WAHLE'S HOUSE - MAIN HALL - DAY

Hanna speaks softly in Hungarian. Wahle
has her hand on the hat herself.

83 INT. WAHLE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Wahle opens the closet door and takes down a stack of
handkerchiefs. He opens the first box
and takes out a tattered set of heavy fabric with two round
windows like eyes. It's a gas mask. WE CUT TO:

84 INT. WORKSHOP - NIGHT (1947)

The bright sky explodes with light and smoke. Wahle moves
cautiously through the chaos, trying to maintain a position of
order among the troops.

WHALE
Gas masks on. Gas masks on.

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

a new idea, a startling idea: it is his mouth,
in-form an American boy, he's talking Wahle on a date.

Wahle slips the mask over Hanna's face. Hanna
takes his own mask into position moments before the trench
is obliterated by the yellowish smoke. WE CUT TO:

85 INT. WAHLE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Hanna stands in the door with a tormented 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.

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.

Stakesland 


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?

 (X)

Clay steps forward to shake hands.



WHALE *(bht haly)*

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

Why do I ?

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.

CHAS
IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
WASH

REVEREND FATHER
I am glad to hear
of your return to the
city and hope you
will be able to
do some



He has a number of reports being used here to show his work.

WASH
IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
WASH

REVEREND FATHER
I am glad to hear
of your return to the
city and hope you
will be able to
do some

WASH
IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
WASH

REVEREND FATHER
I am glad to hear
of your return to the
city and hope you
will be able to
do some

WASH
IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
WASH

REVEREND FATHER
I am glad to hear
of your return to the
city and hope you
will be able to
do some

WASH
IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
WASH

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?



Missy

Don't know

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?

On 10/10/77, David told me that he had been
to the office of the Director of the FBI
and had been told that he was not to
be interviewed by me.

On 10/11/77, I called David and he told me
that he had been told that he was not to
be interviewed by me.

On 10/12/77, I called David and he told me
that he had been told that he was not to
be interviewed by me.

On 10/13/77, I called David and he told me
that he had been told that he was not to
be interviewed by me.

On 10/14/77, I called David and he told me
that he had been told that he was not to
be interviewed by me.

On 10/15/77, I called David and he told me
that he had been told that he was not to
be interviewed by me.

On 10/16/77, I called David and he told me
that he had been told that he was not to
be interviewed by me.

On 10/17/77, I called David and he told me
that he had been told that he was not to
be interviewed by me.



He fell out of love with her
when he was her name.

On 10/18/77, I called David and he told me
that he had been told that he was not to
be interviewed by me.

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.

ke smle ner 'myctay, ruytzu + mdyked brich.

Hoefen ~ old marku m 'hotan
wv ewyind by anyse - rmas am-gleses.

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
down state.

DAVID
You know what I mean. Your
reputation.

WHALE
But I have no reputation. I'm an
outsider.

DAVID
Well the rest of us aren't. What's
your reputation that?

WHALE
No. I never could. You must
forget having had the reputation
before.

David is looking over Whale's shoulder
I noticed anyone else may say 'I committed'.

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's words, watched David stroll over to a pool
of executives. Whale didn't know
what he was doing. Suddenly a high-pitched
scream came from the crowd. He
wasn't there.

Confused, alarmed.
Today's situation was a puzzle?
What wants to escape

Mr. Whale?
Whale looks out to see Edward say his interviewer 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 Lanĉhester, 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.



*hebrute 'gran off the
knee*

Johnny Ray
different fall.



RAY
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.

RAY

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

WHILE

You, Mr. Ray? How do you know
George Luker?

RAY

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

WHILE

I commend you. If you're going to
pursue people, at least choose who
can do favors for you. You waste
everybody's time when you court
dinosaur.

RAY

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 nose?

RAY

Don't go away.

While tried to do just that, but finds himself caught in the
chair. He is reminded to his feet when Ray returns with
Elsa Lanchester, 25, at his side.

ELSA LANCHESTER

Jimmy, how are you?

WHILE

Fine.

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.

Richard's from this

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 common 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

On...
G...
E...
W...
C...

E...
W...
C...

W...
E...
C...

try to focus Karly + Roselette - X-eyed
These strands to keep paper/line are wisentur verigo.

W...
E...
C...

W...
E...
C...

E...
I...
I...
I...

W...
O...
O...

E...
W...
C...

Ray returns, accompanied by a speeded, gray-haired man with
a long rectangular face and heavy-lidded eyes.

What is too muddled to do anything except say
Heads or hit other

E...
I...
I...
I...

W...
O...
O...

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

E...
I...
I...
I...

E...
I...
I...
I...

The huge hand lifts the blanket in Alice's arms, revealing a
cold infant with enormous blue eyes. Karloff purbles and

coos at the child.

ELSA LANCHESTER

And what do you make of our royal visitant?

BORIS KARLOFF

Perfectly charming. A real lady.

ELSA LANCHESTER

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

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

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

KAY

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

The man scans the group for a famous face.

KAY

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

Clay looks up when he hears Kay identify Karloff.

(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?

Revised 6/16/97

83A.

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

Page 1 of 1

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The following information is for your information only.

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 *↑ canvas*

You okay?

Whale gazes up at Clay.

WHALE *takes up bracelet*

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. Earliff gently cradles the
child. Whale stands on his left, Elise on his right. They
all smile at the baby. The dangles and points up. Whale
follows the baby's gaze to the sky, where a large kite soars
and glides in a tortuous electrical arc.

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
expanding good-byes.

HORIE EARLIFF

So good to see you again, James.

He strolls off, ducking and cooing at his baby.

KAY

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

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

ELISA LANCASTER

We'll be in touch, Jimmy.

WHALE

Good-bye. So nice to see you.

Elisabeth is alone. He wanders to the back chair and
lowers himself sideways into the hammock.

CLAY

You okay?

Whale glances 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.

! nothing like that

WHALE

Neither of us really belongs here.

CLAY

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

WHALE *stares*

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



hit him with his 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.

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.

1945

Letter to the Editor

Dear Sir,
I have the pleasure to inform you that the
letter you wrote on the 10th of the month
has been received and is being dealt with
as a matter of course.

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 maintains his 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.

1970-1971
1970-1971

1970-1971

1970-1971
1970-1971

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1970-1971

CLAY

(reading)

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

(X)
(X)

WHALE *(a kind of deeper 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

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



1941

Meeting

Just a note for the record that the
last day of the meeting

It is noted that the meeting was held on
the 10th day of the month.

1941

I think have nothing planned

1941

Meeting

Meeting

It is noted that the meeting was held on
the 10th day of the month.

1941

Meeting

Meeting

~~Meeting~~

~~Meeting~~

1941

~~Meeting~~

Meeting

Meeting

1941

Meeting

Meeting

1941

Meeting

Meeting

1941

Meeting

Meeting

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 ^{dress}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.

^{larger} 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

Scotch from a decanter and sits down.

ran 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 down

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.

of 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)

The Great War?

WHALE (worrying out).

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.



I mean, CLAY
 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 (American accent)
"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
wants to film it
like? w Clayton as
monster -
effect of queer party

CLAY
literally. My body entered as in
first appendix. They gave me a
medical discharge. All I thought
about was how as 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 breaks, right? No way
scored for this guy.

WHILE
That's what you're wrong, Clay.
You've just told me a very good
story indeed.

While filling his glass in a coast, Clay emptied his glass of
beer. The bartender looked the dancer.

CLAY
Do you mind?

WHILE
Not at all.

He hands the dancer to Clay.

102 THE WIFE'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
Gotta feelin' worse

WHILE
"A partner piece for whiskey and
horror. The six leaves he filled
with concrete."

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. *try 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.~~



cut?

(a deep sigh)

And Barnett. Poor Barnett on the wire.



these stories are
"AS sharp 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. We~~ *(can you believe it?)* *100m* *move*

(MORE)

DAY

Your friend

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

WHILE

He comes his one night coming back
from the wilderness. I remember
the night when we were there. They were
heavily home with a heavy gun covered
fire.

103

103 INT. TRENCHES - NIGHT (1917)

We race along the open trench with whale, the darkness sky
intermittently punctured by bursts of gunfire. He reaches
the parapet, calls an allied man over to him from his POV.
We see a heavy and noisy machine gun firing as they attempt to
take their way back.

WHILE

(through censored text)
Come on, come on.

Motill leans over the barbed wire of a forward trench
Bartlett follows. Just as his feet leave the ground his
chest is struck by a fresh round of gunfire. Whale's eyes
are closed, trying to collaborate with they've just seen.

WHILE (V.O.)

Bartlett's body falls in a
trench as his eyes are closed.
There the next morning, Bartlett
watches from the line, the far side
of a trench to watch it.

104

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

Whale states out aggressively.

WHILE


[Censored text block]

d. p. 238.

Ya shi. kepa' disturbance
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 *Intona*
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?

almost not audible.

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. *(unlike 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.

Revised 6/16/97

95A.

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


THE STATE OF NEW YORK
IN SENATE

Clay is truly naked he mutters softly under his breath.


WHALE


So it is going to happen after all.

CLAY

What'd you say? 

LV so much to be safe or a challenge
Whale doesn't respond. Finally he opens his mouth to take a breath.

WHALE (*angry*) 

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


CLAY

What won't do?

WHALE

You are much too human.

CLAY

What did you expect? Bronze? 

WHALE (*the 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. *Whale's become too close to Clay*

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

Wasn't you say?

WHALE doesn't respond. Finally he opens his mouth to take a

WHALE (softly)

No. It won't do.

CLAY

What won't do?

WHALE

You are such a human

CLAY

What did you expect, Bronze?

WHALE

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

105 INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

WHALE reaches for the parking, which sits on top of a garbage
can. Suddenly a large hand appears on the door. WHALE gasps
when a flash of lightning reveals the face of the monster.

The monster growls and an insect-like crawling. He picks
up the box and hands it to WHALE.

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

WHALE covers the lid, sets the basket on the sofa. WHALE'S

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. *Whisper*

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 greatest effect. The
combination of your hand body and
this inflected mask - is a subtle
artistry.

CLAY

I don't know.

WHILE

Blissed. Clavon. Just for a
minute. Long enough for us to see
the attack.

CLAY

It's from the first World War,
right?

WHILE

(leads)

There are strays in back.

Clay hits the mask on the top of his head and draws it down.
The living room turns brownish yellow in the track glass
popples.

WHILE

Let us begin now.

What is suddenly behind him. Clay's vision is engulfed in
two heavy windows of air. He sees White buckling the second
strap.

CLAY

Now what?

Mouth muffled by the inhalator. Clay hears his voice from
inside his head. While does not seem to react in any way
at all. He glances at the second buckled strap. Clay. Clay
nervously taps his knees 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 us.

White steps in past the popples.

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.

Director has passed order



Wanted to inform



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 & giddy)

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 (attempts no thinking)

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 this far.

Each day 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, warty

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 will write.

take car, house.

Clay's body starts to tremble.



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 clings off whale, crawls away, his body collapsing in
wrecking, anguished sobs. Whale opens his eyes, gazes at
Clay.

WHALE
What have I done?
(Sucks up)
Oh, selfish, selfish fool. I
have lost my mind.
He forces himself to his feet.

WHALE
What was I thinking?
Whale rights up the howl and waves over to Clay.

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

Whale places the howl around Clay's shoulders.

WHALE
My deepest apologies. Can you ever
forgive me?

Clay doesn't look up.

WHALE
I suppose not.
(A does a little sigh)
Good God, I am tired. I really
want to 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...

Macheth



(X)
(X)

INT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

WHALE sits on the edge of the bed, puts the bowtie from his closet. CLAY taps on the door, pants for

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

WHALE

I can understand 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 have your friend
is the last order to fixle --

CLAY

You'll feel better tomorrow.

WHALE

tomorrow and tomorrow and
tomorrow --

(X)
(X)

M. 4-08

Revised 6/26/97

102A.

Whale smiles fondly at him.

White matter foundly 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.

108 INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Clay stands over a bedstead and wraps himself in it.

109 INT. WALTER'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 behind 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. WALTER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

Walter gets out of bed, starts downstairs. From his POV, the lawn is a pattern of light covered with shadows.

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

111 EXT. BARNSTEAD - NIGHT

Walter looks at the scene that opened the movie, a flat-topped mountain illuminated through the wind. A flash of lightning reveals Clay's face. He turns, signals for Walter to follow him. Walter joins Clay on a slight rise of ground, the rim of a crater. Clay points down into it.

112 EXT. CRATER - NIGHT

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

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

Walter rises down, finding a spot next to Barnstead. He looks a last breath and closes his eyes. WE CUT TO:

113 INT. WALTER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A foot of balls hits Clay awake. The telephone is ringing. A hand bell of shoes sounds 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 easy. It is only
that I do it now when he is ill.
(picks up the tray)
Through calm. I must wake up the
master.

CLAY
She marches around the corner toward Whale's bedroom.
Hanna has knocking on a door.

HANNA (O.S.)
Mr. Jimmy? Morning, Mr. Jimmy.

CLAY
Hanna comes back around the
corner.

HANNA
What have you done with him?

CLAY
I put him to bed. He's not there?

CLAY
She goes to the foot of the stairs and shouts:

HANNA
Mr. Jimmy! Mr. Jimmy!

HANNA
Hanna starts up the stairs.

HANNA
Look for him!

CLAY
Clay reaches for his work 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
Clay drops the sketch, looks out. He sees something.

EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

CLAY
Clay crosses the patio, hurries down the steps.

EXT. WHALE'S HOUSE - POOL - DAY

CLAY
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 an eye around Wanda's chest and heaves the body over
and over. He climbs out, straddles the body forward to rest in
the grass. He grabs a wad of paper.

CLAY

Son of a bitch. You stay son of a
bitch.

Clay scratches Wanda's thighs and applies pressure on his
tit head. But it's no use. Clay sits up and takes a deep
breath.

HANNA

Ohhh!

Wanda comes back from the yard, her hair blowing in a wind. She
comes to Clay.

CLAY

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

HANNA

Oh, Mr. Jimmy.

CLAY

He wanted me to kill him. I
did it. He did it himself.

HANNA

He says that good-bye. I found it
in his room. He is sorry. He says
he had a wonderful life.

She waves a folded piece of paper.

HANNA

You got. 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 a note.

HANNA

Do you want to be questioned about you and Mr. Jimmy? Please, Clayton. It will be better if I find the body alone.

CLAY

But how're you going to explain this?

(points at the body)

How did you get him out of the pool?

HANNA

You are right. Yes. We must put him back.

They both hesitate, looking down at Whale. Then Clay drags the body parallel with the pool. Hanna stoops over to adjust the collar of Whale's shirt.

HANNA

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

She nods to Clay. He rolls the body over and it splashes on its belly. It bounces a moment in the waves of the splash, then begins to sink. As it drops, the air in the chest slowly flips the body around.

Looking up at them with open eyes, Whale sinks backward into the thickening light. His arms trail upward and the hands lightly flutter as if waving good-bye. The melancholy sound of a solo violin pierces the silence as we CUT TO:

114 EXT./INT. BLIND MAN'S HUT - NIGHT

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 heave, 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 want
disrespect. You will keep better
in water.

She nods to Clay. He rolls the body over and is splashed on
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 tips the body around.

Looking up as they walk 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 greets the silence as we CUT TO:

EXT. (NIGHT) 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 listens outside, moved by the music. He sneezes
open the door of his 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 to communicate, manages only a
plaintive moan. The blind man stands.

BLIND MAN
I cannot see you. I cannot hear
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 catches the Monster, who recoils with a
deceptive 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 (REV.))

MICHAEL SCONE, 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 wave rolls 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
Friend, 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.

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

CLAY

Time for bed, sports.

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

Let's see the original sketch of the
Monster.

Michael turns over the sketch. On the back, scrawled in
black letters: "TO CLAYTON BOONE -- FRIENDS"

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 great, 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.