

VICTOR AND WALTON

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN: I must find him! Where is he?

He must not...

He must be destroyed... North, he's...ever north, he's...

Surely, you are returning to the south,

You must put me back out there on the ice-- (Trying to get up)

I must...find him//

I must find him!

WALTON: Shh, shhh, it's alright, my friend, Our direction continues north!

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN:: What could possibly draw you into the nothingness that is north?

WALTON: Drawn indeed—

The magnet of the pole pulls us.

The secrets of its unknown gravity—

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN: No. You mustn't. Pursue not the unknown. It will Destroy you. All your men.

All you care for...

Put me back on that ice and turn back.

WALTON: What are you saying?

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN: Turn your ship around!

Turn back south to your little villages and homes. To the bliss of innocence and ignorance.

WALTON: Innocence and ignorance be damned!

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN: You know not what you are saying. Do not be the ruin of mankind.

WALTON: To the contrary— to the benefit of mankind!

What if we might find a swifter and safer passage into the North Pacific? Or find the source of the Aurora Borealis—

A hidden paradise on earth

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN: But at what cost?

Put me back on that ice that I might destroy that hateful demon who leads me not
into paradise you dream of,

But into the burning maw of hell.

I implore you.

WALTON: Shh, friend, you're still delirious from exposure. How is it we found
you

Pursuing a demon, as you say,

Across the vast and lonely arctic ice? Who are you?

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN: My name is...(looks to MARY)