

twilight, and then suddenly, phantom-like, it disappeared. Beth and Henry both watched me as I started from the piazza after the disappearing creature in the back woods.

As I drew near to the heavily-wooded section, giant footprints in the soft mud about me showed the path ahead. The sun was sinking in the west, and the last orange pinpoints of light needled my flesh until every sense within me was tingling with the expectation of seeing my living horror.

Then I realized I was unarmed. Every crooked tree, each twisted branch which obstructed my path appeared to be his form.

(branch snaps)

I heard the crackling of a branch and the moving of a form on the velvet moss.

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER: I thought you'd come, Creator.

VICTOR: You!

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER: Are you frightened, Creator?

VICTOR: You dare talk to me!

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER: Please don't turn away from me. Please.

VICTOR: Let me go!

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER: Please. I mean no harm to you. Listen to me, Victor
Frankenstein. You must listen to me. You created me. You owe me that much.

VICTOR: I owe you nothing, murderer!

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER: Why am I a murderer? Because you created a form so
horrible, a face so distorted that no man can look upon me and call me friend. I'm an
outcast. You can save me.