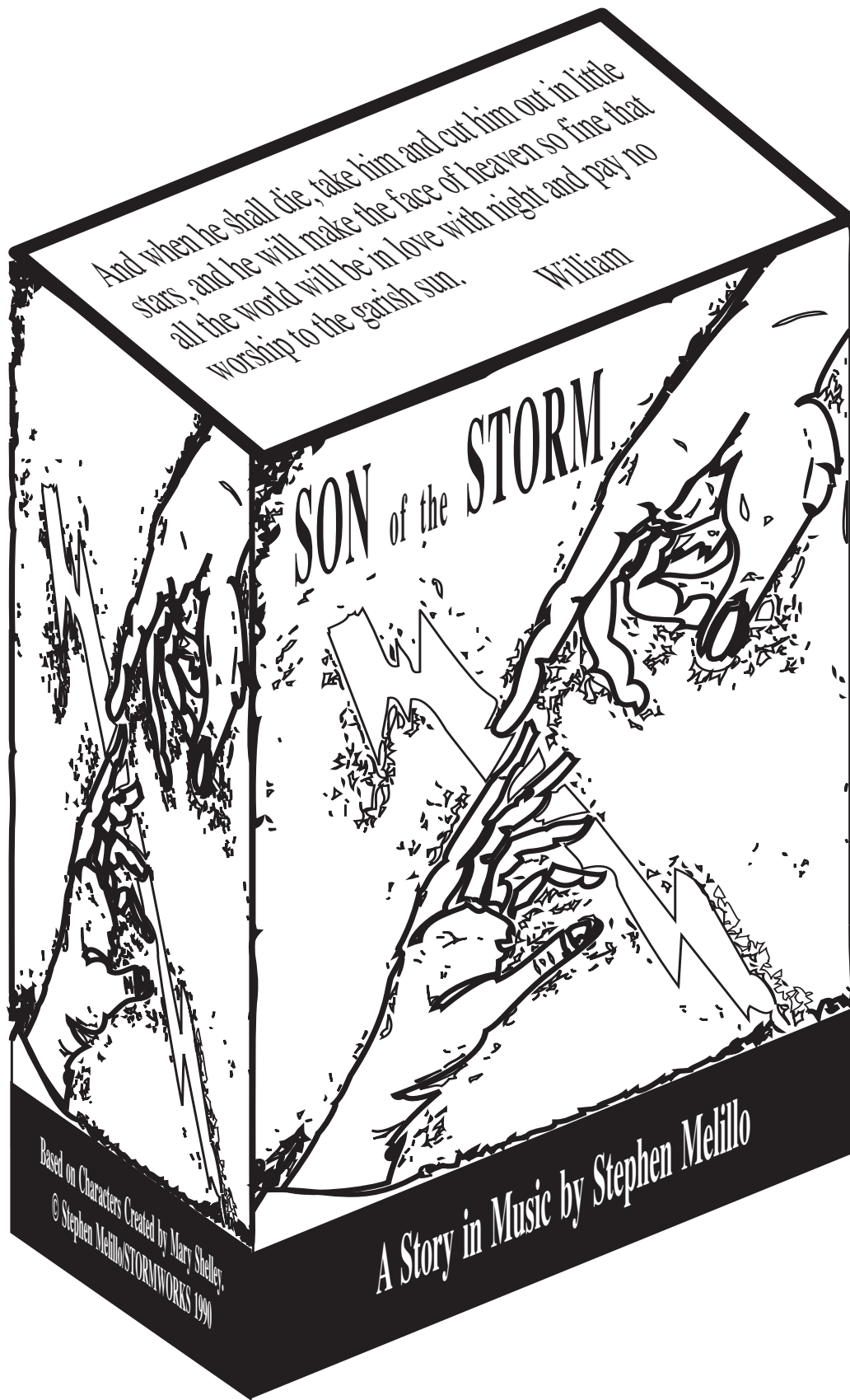


A man in a white lab coat stands in a dark, industrial-looking room, his right hand raised high as a bright blue lightning bolt strikes down from the ceiling. In the background, a large, ornate wooden chair is visible, and a glowing blue energy source is being held by a hand in the foreground. The scene is dramatically lit with blue and white light.

SON OF THE STORM

Stephen Melillo

STORMWORKS CHAPTER 34 A STORY IN MUSIC BY STEPHEN MELILLO



**THIS WORK IS HUMBLY DEDICATED TO
THE HEART OF THE CHILD**

SON OF THE STORM

*VOLUME 3... FOR ACTORS, CHORUS & ORCHESTRA
& OPTIONAL LIVE RADIO BROADCAST*

A STORY IN MUSIC BY
STEPHEN MELILLO

© STEPHEN MELILLO IGNA 1990 & 2016

BASED ON CHARACTERS CREATED BY

MARY SHELLEY

AND VISITED ANEW DURING THE 200TH SUMMER SINCE HER CREATION...

SON of the STORM

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SON OF THE STORM

COMPOSER'S PERSONAL NOTE

Revisited after my Father's passing on
 Father's Day 18-19 June 2016 & Dedicated to Him,
 Bruce "Victor" Melillo on 20 July 2016
 and to my Mom and to all my Family now in Heaven...

Twenty-Five years in the making. Yes... Offered quietly.

SON OF THE STORM is a "creature" of **Love**.

From the Light, His hand touches Ours, which touches His. In that circle, God gives us life so that we may give life to God who gives life to us, until the giving is gone and there is only the re-cognition that "God" is in all Men... and the potential for **Light** is within **all** of humanity. For **We** are that **Light**. **We** are that Man. **We** are the Creature who is resurrected and in **US**, despite the will of a seemingly tireless mob, is the great capacity to **Love**.

As we who render this work become **SON OF THE STORM**, let's keep this simple goal in mind: To give to those who will have the heart to recognize this piece as a tribute to our humanity, a Prayer back to God and His Son of Man, and a testament to all those who are brave enough to embrace the **STORM** of living.

A Brief look at STORMWorld, Shared from 2 emails:

Subject: **3:33A** Message: ***I hear a Voice***.
 Date: **31 December 2012 11:33:33 AM EST**
 Approaching the 40th Anniversary of **Roberto Clemente...**

We got back to Virginia on New Year's Eve at **3:33am**. In the wee hours of the morning before, I was listening to a piece originally composed in 1990 called, "***I Hear a Voice,***" from **SON OF THE STORM**.

I hadn't heard it in a long while and for whatever SYNC reason, I was drawn to listen. I guess unable to sleep, my Father was up, opened the door from his bedroom and walked into the living room where I was lying on the couch and listening in headphones.

With **no idea** of what I was hearing or remembering or thinking about, he held up **THIS T-SHIRT** and said, "***Remember this?***"

Partly stunned, I nevertheless looked across to the LED clock, and of course it read, “3:33.” *Coincidence?* SYNC? Odds? 21 year-old T-shirt from the 1991 humble staging, brought out at *that* particular moment? Did he somehow hear my Silent Thoughts & Prayers?



In that one Moment, I did *indeed* hear a Voice, I did *indeed* hear a new directive, and I did *indeed* hear a new mission resulting in this newly resurrected **2016** version.

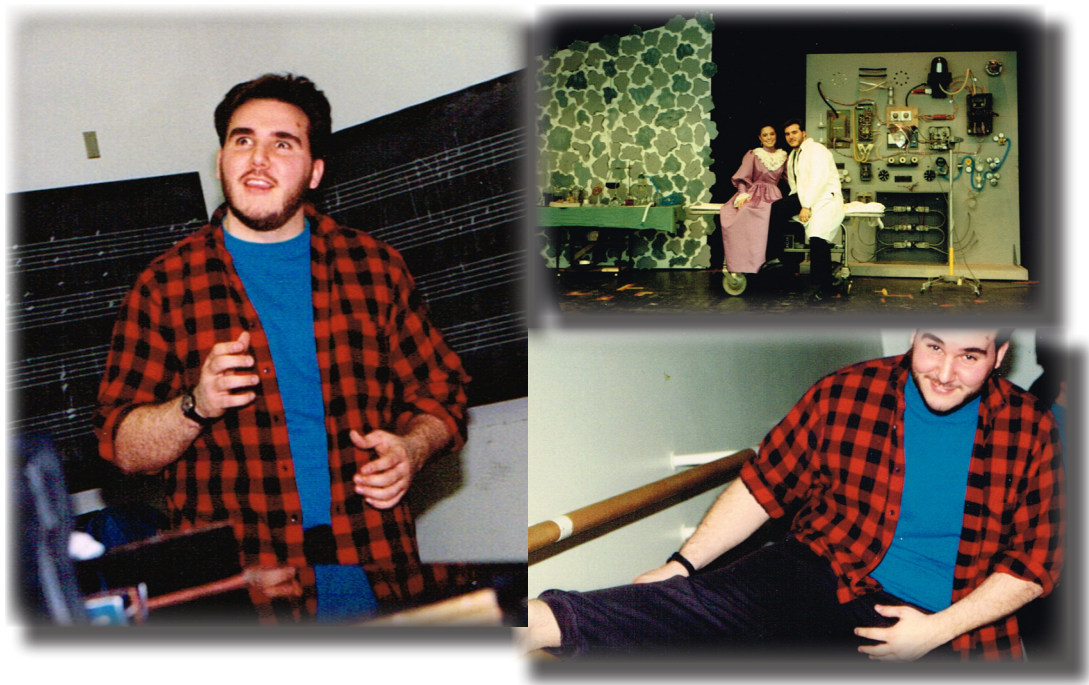
After months of re-writing and demo-recording, and with a new Orchestral track intended for the Symphony Orchestra, a far cry from \$90-dollar 1991 synth-modules, I listened to “*I Hear a Voice*” in its resurrected form. I was in the world of **SON OF THE STORM**, once again connected to the Universe, and to God for whom this Prayer in Music was originally crafted.





To complete the *25-year sojourn circle*, Curt DeMott located Adelmo Guidarelli who played *Victor* in our *first*, stress-laden 1991 college production. We had built the sets in my garage.

I remember Adelmo picking up the entire *“Life-Animator”* board, and putting it into the 24-foot truck we had rented to transport sets from my garage to Humanities room stage. Adelmo plays *Victor*, yet again! With Adelmo’s passion as co-producer, and with a fantastic cast, Musicians and recording engineers, the 2016 version was meant to be.



After 40 years in the making-remaking, and in the spirit of *the Universe speaking*, we offer **STORMWORKS Chapter 34: SON OF THE STORM**. With Fibonacci number “34” symbolizing *Resurrection*, nothing could have been better “planned.”

As with all productions, there is the story in the work itself, and the back-story that surrounds, precedes and incorporates it. One day perhaps... a *book* about the *behind the scenes* of **SON OF THE STORM**. For now, here is just one of many “33-333 stories.”

Completing original sketches of the songs back in 1990, with Musical material dating back to my first experimentations in 1976, I used a DAT to track rehearsal references for the Vocalists and Dancers. Finishing “*What is Beauty?*” I looked at the sequencer’s real-time counter. It read, “3:33.33.” I was used to it by then. I started the DAT, without paying any attention to where we were in the time-line of the tape. After recording, I looked at the sequence counter. 3:33.33. I looked at the DAT position. 33:33. Coincidence?

At the *very moment* of eyebrows going skyward, my 3:33 alarm chimed. Set into my watch because of a Prayer made on a Boston Bridge in 1976, it was an affirmation.

25 years later, it started again. Look at the Time Stamp, after completing the 1st *newly* recorded piece.

The screenshot shows the Digital Performer software interface. At the top, the time stamp reads 0:00:00:00. Below it, the track list is visible, showing various instruments and their stems. The interface includes a mixing board with faders and knobs, and a track list on the right side. The track list includes tracks for Chorus, Brass, Horns, Percussion, and Strings, with sub-tracks for different stems and instruments.

Now look at the bounce time for the track:

The screenshot shows the Digital Performer software interface with a track selected. The track name is "1. From the Light SOTS 2013". The time stamp at the top of the interface shows 0:00:02:21. The interface also displays the average tempo (avg. ♩ = 122.54), bit depth (16 Bit), and date (5/22/13). The track is set to be bounced to disk.

It happens often. I simply smile and move on. But yesterday, something struck me, and since these are the Composer’s *Personal Notes*, I thought I would make an attempt to share it.

SON OF THE STORM was composed in **2 parts 25 years ago** as a Contemporary Opera... “*a Prayer in Music*,” as I called it. It was designed for a live rendering with an intermission. I had no concerns about *Part 1* length and *Part 2* length, but when contemplating the new 2-CD set and “*Live Radio Broadcast*” form, I really had no idea about how many minutes would be on **CD 1**, versus how many minutes would be on **CD 2**.



1:00:33.33.

Then I completed the same whirl of possibilities for CD 2. **CD 2** came out to be **1:00:33.33**. To the 1/100th of the second, CD 2 was **1:00:33.33**.

Does anyone want to calculate the odds of writing a work in 1991, (*laden with all of its many variables and SYNC-events regarding 3s 33s and 333s*)... then resurrecting that work, and 25 years later, discover that after all these years, and after all of the new recordings, on-the-fly edits, and variables associated with remixing all of the old tracks, etc., etc., that the 2 parts would be **identical** in length... *and* contain **33.33** to the 1/100th of second?

As a Composer... and as a servant, I have heard and continue to hear... a *Voice*. This work is dedicated to those of similar Heart.

Godspeed!

Stephen Melillo
Composer

I knew the duration of the Music, but not the newly introduced variables of real-time acting, narration, radio show announcing, foley and incidental effects.

With *so many variables* cast into the mathematical drama, much was possible. Would the CDs be disproportionate? Would *Part 1* run over the length of one CD, or would there be enough space for Part 2? Or would it come up short? You get the idea!

Consider the abundant mixture of planned and spontaneous work, guided by *feeling*, and now consider what *actually* happened in 2016 as I was constructing the Time-line of the complete 2-CD work.

CD 1 came out to be **1:00:33.33**. To the 1/100th of the second, CD 1 was

SON of the STORM

Origins

Where does **SON of the STORM** come from? What inspired it? *Many* things, but one day I was at a tag sale, close to where I once lived in Norwalk, Connecticut.

I was struck by a black & white sketch and felt compelled to purchase it. To this day it still hangs in my *STORMLab*. On the back, in ever-fading ink, it reads, “*The Doctor, by Fildes.*”

Instantly, I saw *Victor Frankenstein* at the moment of his Daughter’s untimely death... unable to save her despite his many gifts.

Her name? *Caroline.*

ALL of **SON of the STORM** came flashing into my Heart, Mind and Soul. **Twenty-nine** days later, I had written the entire Book, Music and Lyrics.



CAST

VICTOR ... BARITONE
 CREATURE ... TENOR
 ELIZABETH ... SOPRANO
 WILLIAM , THEIR 11 YEAR OLD SON ... MEZZO, BOY SOPRANO
 NARRATOR... WILLIAM AS A 44 YEAR OLD ADULT ... BARITONE
 BLIND MAN ... BASS
 GIRL ... SOPRANO
 BOY ... BOY SOPRANO
 SCIENTIST ... BASS OR BARITONE
 THEOLOGIAN ... TENOR
 MILITARY MAN ... BASS OR BARITONE
 BURGERMEISTER ... BASS OR BARITONE
 CAROLINE, A HOLOGRAM OF THEIR DECEASED DAUGHTER
 CROWD & CHORUS (OPTIONALLY, AS MUSICAL EFFECT)

THEMES

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE HUMAN?
 DOES MAN CREATE HIMSELF?
 GOD CREATING MAN, MAN CREATING GOD
 WHO IS THE CREATURE?
 WHAT IS CREATION?
 WHY AM I?... AND WHY AM I HERE TO ASK?
 WHAT IS BEAUTY?
 PREJUDICE & BEAUTY
 LIFE FROM DEATH
 FRIENDSHIP & BROTHERHOOD
 MAN IN A MONSTER VS MONSTER IN A MAN
 MAN IN A BOY VS BOY IN A MAN
 BEAUTY VS MARKET-ORIENTED ART
 MAN AS HIS OWN ART WORK
 BEING VS. LIVING
 PASSION PROPELLING LIFE, PASSION DESTROYING LIFE
 LOVE VS LUST, LOVE VS HATE
 SOCIETY VS THE INDIVIDUAL
 THE OPEN HAND VS THE CLOSED FIST
 STORM METAPHORS

CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS

VICTOR:

Contained within a lean, dashing Aryan figure, Victor is Michaelangelo, Beethoven, Einstein, Van Gogh and every man of passion in conflict with the cold and sterile science he has made his religion. He is a seething storm of creativity, his jaw clenching, his eyes aflame with daring. He cannot clench his fist enough. There is no water wet enough to quench the fire of his thirst. His work is his life and he has **in fact** succeeded in creating the ultimate work of art, **MAN** himself. But in so doing he has lost the Man (*human, humanity*) within him. He has given himself to the monster of blinded vision. Victor is a man who would have laughed at Ahab for not building the whale himself, who might have asked Michaelangelo why his *DAVID* didn't speak. He is a storm of paradox, denying religion, yet living religiously, giving life, yet not understanding what life is, praying to a **beyond** he ridicules. But Victor is also a noble and *good* man, brave enough to face the utmost secrets of life, and suffer because of it. Motivated by the death of his daughter, Caroline, whose only reference is a painting (*optional hologram*) and a music box, Victor has dedicated himself to uncovering life's mystery. He is **SON OF THE STORM's** tragic hero.

CREATURE:

Victor's creation is a Man. The Man is new to the world, a living art work, which unlike any work yet created, can **LOOK BACK** at the creator and into the world. The creature cannot open his hands enough, cannot reach with his fingers enough, cannot gaze into the universe, the mirror of himself, or into his own hands, without continually stumbling on man's most basic questions. He is truly kind, pure and gentle. Though contained in an unattractive body, he is beauty itself, love, honor and nobility at the heart. In fact, the Creature is actually "uniquely beautiful." But ironically, we do not see him without his bandages until moments before his Death. The creature **IS** art and **IS** the musical play, or indeed the musical prayer itself. The Creature is also **ALL OF US**, who can call to the mysterious life within and change for the better. Though destined to be a victim, he is instead a hero, giving *life itself* back to the world, a stubborn which casts him out. **Hint:** The Creature is a great Teacher, who teaches others by taking on the role of the learner.

ELIZABETH:

In her hands, fists and reaching fingers are dissolved. She is Woman. At this point in history, she still manifests the pristine air and control of a Victorian woman, but through her word, her touch, her look, humanity itself reaches out to love and to accept the "Man" in all Men. She is stronger than Victor because she is softer, more powerful because of her frailty. Her vision allows for the perspective of others. She "sees" through many points of view, but when it is time to be decisive, she is the voice of clarity. When Victor looks upon the Creature and sees an **instrument**, Elizabeth sees and hears the **Music**. She has learned to look inside and loves with quiet strength and patient insight. Her quest in Life is to Love and *be* Loved.

WILLIAM: William is the 11 year old son of the Frankensteins. Without Elizabeth and the lessons of the creature, he would eventually become his father, Victor. Intelligent, observant and intuitive, he has not yet lost his *childsight*. His scientific mannerisms are counter-balanced by a sense of wonder! He is continuously exuberant, wide-eyed and animated. To him, the creature is his Brother, born from the dance of lightning and his prayer to God. William is our chance to be children, to once again be on the frontier of adulthood... *this* time disallowing “growing up” to be synonymous with “giving-in.” William is a representative of Hope. He clenches his fists like his father, opens them like the creature and touches others like Elizabeth. William as boy and William as man is the bearer of a message. Like the very best of the Pony Express, William carries that message with zeal, with wonder and with love.

Blind Man: A man who sees with his heart.

Girl & Boy: The blind man’s children. Though loving, they are unsatisfied with life, its chores, its repetitiveness and its lack of plenitude... *but* they, like all children, are opened to the wonder of learning, and like William, eventually become bearers of the message.

Scientist: An objectivist thinker, willing to embrace logical argument, the scientist represents that side of the brain devoted to order and reason. Unlike Victor, the scientist is controlled and consistent with his profession. (*He is not a real scientist... like Einstein, who accepts the possibility of the “unexplainable,” but rather a pseudo-scientist who has read many books and adopted the outward role without the animus.*)

Theologian (s): (They are not **REAL** religious people, but rather those, who in the name of “faith” have stopped questioning. They have adopted an *unforgiving* credo.) To them, life comes from God. There is NO mystery, no wonder, no questioning. Therefore, Science is corrupt, Victor is Evil and the Creature is Evil Incarnate, a gross manifestation of man’s meddling with the forces of life and God. They are implacably steadfast, rehearsed and convincing. They represent what Victor hates, a surrender to curiosity.

Military Man: He is precise, enchanted with a bravura notion of patriotism and focused upon national security, the fighting of wars and the maintenance of an army. He is self-indulgent and believes that all things, science, religion, economy, etc., serve but one purpose, the proliferation of national defense. He has no prejudice. If someone can kill effectively and efficiently, he likes them. He is functional and disciplined.

Burgermeister: A guy doing his job.

Chorus: The voice of the Storm.

Stage Manager: Victor

Lighting: The Lightning

Music Director: Elizabeth

Composer: William

Lyricist: Victor & Creature

Writer: Victor & William

Director: A person of great feeling, insight and love.

Please disregard this composer's indulgence if you find it confusing.

SON OF THE STORM

VOLUME 3... FOR ACTORS, CHORUS & ORCHESTRA

The following story is based on characters created by Mary Shelley. Though this story is quite different from the original Frankenstein, it is offered with the deepest respect for those feelings emerging from her work...

There are some differences between the RADIO Broadcast Version and the Staged Contemporary Opera. RADIO Texts will be appear in the Libretto's time-line using this Font and Color:

RADIO TEXT: These notes will run in parallel with the Staged Libretto, and represent the alterations used when rendering the Broadcast Version. They will appear BEFORE the otherwise Staged directions and texts.

DID I REQUEST THEE, MAKER, FROM MY CLAY
TO MOULD ME MAN? DID I SOLICIT THEE
FROM DARKNESS TO PROMOTE ME? _____

PARADISE LOST.

Ring Tone from 1942:

Music... We hear echoing church bells and the far reaching sounds of distant and subdued thunder. The thunder continuously grows and comes closer.

RADIO ANNOUNCER:

This is **STORMRadio WSOTS Zero Hour, STORMRadio WSOTS Zero Hour**, on this night broadcasting live and on remote location from the fog-laden hills of Grauenburg, Germany.

Good evening ladies & gentlemen... Good evening children of all ages. Welcome to tonight's special live broadcast, **SON OF THE STORM!**

(Thunder Burst!)

It is a time of turbulence. It is 1946. But soon a *TIMEStorm* will propel us back to September 28th, 1913.

Dressed in a worn, soiled, white lab coat, a 44-year-old man sits at a desk and writes into an ever fatiguing journal. Another journal, much older and belonging to his Father is opened and by his side. He writes with passionate obsession. *(Beat...)* A broken wooden flute protrudes from his right pocket.

NARRATOR: WILLIAM at 44!: “That was 33 years ago!”

Sound effects of the TIMEStorm!

RADIO ANNOUNCER

(New Pace!) Science is the new religion, artistic passion the driving force, God... the enemy of knowledge. It is night, violent screams of lightning create moments of brilliant daylight which again surrender to the dark and swirling storm. In his laboratory, Dr. Victor Frankenstein studies his log, making rushed and passionate notes. Turning dials and positioning the lightning receptor with sensual passion and controlled fury!... Victor summons the lightning, urging its energy to animate the Creature he has constructed from pieces of dead flesh. (Beat...) From behind a mirror, William, his 11-year-old Son ... watches.

SCENE 1, PART I

It is 1946. We hear distant sounds emanating from behind a closed, dark curtain. We hear echoing church bells and the far reaching sounds of distant and subdued thunder. The thunder continuously grows and comes closer. As people are escorted to their seats, a 44 year old man, William, our narrator, sits at a desk and writes into an ever fatiguing journal. An older journal (his father's) is opened and next to him as he writes. There is a small vase with white and red flowers, which he touches softly. He is dressed in a white lab coat. A broken wooden flute protrudes from his right pocket. He is writing passionately. Our play begins as William walks to center stage. In front of the closed curtain, William clenches his fist and sets the story in motion. The STORM is upon us!

N: 33 YEARS AGO!

As always, it was a time of turbulence. It is 1946, but we are propelled back to 28 September 1913, Germany. Science is the new religion, artistic passion the driving force, God the enemy of knowledge. It is night, violent screams of lightning create moments of brilliant daylight which again surrender to the dark and swirling storm. We see the violent flashing even before the curtain opens, the light leaking out through minute passage ways. In his laboratory, Dr. Victor Frankenstein studies his scientific log book, making rushed and passionate notes. This book appears to be the same as the one from which our narrator was just taking notes. Victor summons the lightning, urging its energy to animate the creature he has constructed from pieces of dead flesh. William, as an 11-year-old boy, watches the event from a loft, his father beckoning the heavens, turning dials and positioning the lightning receptor with sensual passion and controlled fury. The Light comes, the creature's hand moves... and when he rises, his face obscured by the shadows, he sees himself in the laboratory mirror.

FROM THE LIGHT!

words & Music by

Copyright © Stephen Melillo IGNA 27 September 1990

The Creature is born in the fury of the STORM as Victor summons the Life in the STORM!

Lightning, Lightning!
Come into this Man
Lightning, Lightning
Breathe into these hands

And in a moment
The Life in this Storm will belong to Man
Then Death will flee from the World thru-out Time
Forever! (*descant chorus*)

Then, I'll have stolen the Secret of
Death and Life from Above, and
Men will Praise Me!

Come, Dear Light,
Come and Be this Man
Oh, take this piece of dead flesh and
Give it Life...

Lightning, Lightning (*descant chorus*)
Come into this Man
Lightning, Lightning
Breathe into these hands

(He's Alive!!!)

As the Music concludes, a fatigued, exhausted VICTOR makes one last notation in his log book and collapses into his laboratory cot. The first phase of the experiment is successful. It is not important that a man has been born. Victor is spent and drained from his passionate outpouring. As he lies back, the creature ascends. His face is kept shadowed... (a lighting technique which may be continued throughout the work!) When the creature sees his image in one of the laboratory mirrors, he buries his face into his outstretched hands and sighs a most sorrowful and lonely moan. Then, breathing harder, he runs from the laboratory into the stormy night. BLACK-OUT. Fade up on Scene 2 under Narration.

SCENE 2

A slow fade up reveals the exterior of a hut. A Blind Man, his son and daughter are ready to begin the day which includes the planting of seeds. They are seen working in the field. On stage right, there is a wood bin. Tucked behind pieces of chopped wood is a straw bed. To the left of the bin, neatly chopped and stacked wood, a flower atop the pile. The Creature is studying himself in a broken mirror and resides in this small wood bin. He is living there in secret. There are no decorations... only a mirror. During the slow fade-up we hear a narration. It comes across the sound system and is made to sound distant and mysterious.

N: *(MIMED IMAGES)* NINE WEEKS HAD PASSED SINCE THE NIGHT OF THE STORM. IT HAD NOT RAINED SINCE. THE CREATURE, HAVING SEEN HIS IMAGE RAN FROM HIMSELF, LEAVING VICTOR AND YOUNG WILLIAM IN HORRIFIED DELIGHT! THE CREATURE TOOK REFUGE IN A SMALL STORAGE AREA THAT RESIDED ON A SMALL FIELD OWNED BY AN OLD BLIND MAN, HIS SON AND DAUGHTER. VICTOR, FASCINATED WITH THE EXPERIMENT'S POTENTIAL, ALLOWED THE CREATURE TO REMAIN THERE AND INSTRUCTED YOUNG WILLIAM TO BEFRIEND HIM, VISIT HIM OFTEN, AND REPORT HIS OBSERVATIONS. THE CREATURE WAS ENDOWED WITH THE MOST REMARKABLE OF MINDS AND LEARNED AT AN ALARMING RATE. VICTOR ASSURED YOUNG WILLIAM THAT THE CREATURE'S BRAIN WAS FAR SUPERIOR TO THAT OF NORMAL MEN, AND UNLIKE OUR BRAINS COULD BE FREELY ACCESSED TO ONE HUNDRED PER CENT OF ITS ABILITY. GIVEN ENOUGH TIME, THE CREATURE WOULD BECOME THE MOST BRILLIANT AND INGENIOUS OF MEN. AS THE CREATURE LISTENED TO THE FAMILY, HE ALSO STUDIED. AS HE WATCHED, HE LEARNED. EVENTUALLY, OUR MANY DISCUSSIONS BECAME MOST ELOQUENT, AND IN SO SHORT A TIME. UNTIL TODAY... THE MOMENT I NOW REPORT, HIS EXISTENCE WAS A SECRET.

GIRL

Where does all this chopped wood keep coming from?

BOY

Who cares. It saves me the trouble of chopping it myself.

BLIND MAN

I believe we have a friend, a little shy perhaps, but most thoughtful. Kind.

CREATURE

(to himself and not heard by the others... his first word)

Kind...

BOY

What do you mean, a *friend*?

CREATURE

Friend.

BLIND MAN

I'm not quite sure, my son. He has no home of his own. Perhaps he's...

GIRL

(to boy) A *homeless* person. A *kind* person... aagh! And who do you know in this world that's really kind? I mean, besides you, Dad.

The blind man reaches for a fragile flower left on top of the wood stack and gives it to the boy.

BOY

(sarcastically) Why dear sister, how cynical you've become. Please take this humble gift as a token of my great sibling affection.

CREATURE

Gift... *affection*.

GIRL

Why dear brother!, you've touched my heart with a goodness unbound... and surpassed by none.

CREATURE

Touched... Heart.

GIRL

(continuing) In fact, your gift, is perfect. It has the same value as everything else we own. It's empty like our dinner plates, mediocre like our home, pathetic like our lives. Oh! Why do I have to live like this?!

orange sun-light to the blind man's face

BLIND MAN

The day has begun. It's time to plant the seeds for our next crop. *(to girl)* If you want to know happiness... *real* happiness, just plant these seeds.

BOY

(to himself) There's no such thing as... happiness... or RAIN for that matter. It hasn't rained in weeks and here we are planting seeds... aagh. *(overlaps)*

CREATURE

Happiness...

GIRL

Father, what makes you think... over and over again... that the simple and the menial has some sort of great meaning. Planting seeds is a chore. There's nothing more to it than that. We do it to eat, to survive.

BOY

To live long enough to plant the next crop and the next...

GIRL

And the next.

BLIND MAN

(undaunted) Plant each seed as I have instructed you so often before. Make sure that each seed is placed into the ground at the proper depth and that there is just the right distance between each planting. They must have room to grow.

CREATURE

Room to grow...

BLIND MAN

As you plant each and every seed, making sure that the ground is moist, *think* of the beautiful crop that will grow as the result of *your* care and love. Careful with that water, children. And yes, be happy because in your cultivation, you are summoning life, calling it forth, asking it to come join with the earth and bring to bear the plant, the flower, *(picks up the flower again and gives it to the girl)* that was always within it. Yes, I tell you there is a voice within the earth, a voice which becomes the flowers and the trees and the song in our hearts.

The children begin planting the seeds. They are grumbling to themselves, but follow the blind man's directions with respect. The blind man takes his recorder (flute-like instrument, or wooden flute) and begins to play. The creature reaches for the Music, attempting to touch its beauty.

WHAT I SEE

words & Music by

Copyright © Stephen Melillo IGNA 4 October 1990

The Creature, hiding in a wood storage bin, hears the Music of the blind man, learning words and learning to trust the heart of the Man in the Music... With great feeling, he learns to accept the possibility of being accepted as a Man and not a Monster.

GIRL: This house is ugly and everything is bad
 BOY: Including sisters who act so purely rotten
 GIRL: We live like paupers. It's getting really sad!
 BOY: You have a neck, sis... I'd like to tie a knot in.
 MAN: All I see are my children, my son and my daughter.

BOY: Oh, there he goes again! He never, ever stops!
 GIRL: He's so romantic. (*to father*) Don't you get sick of giving?
 MAN: We can love... that's our reason why.
 BOY: We love you, Father... but now the world is Dark.
 B&G: Why must we love life? It's not so special, living!

CREATURE: Why don't these children hear him, this man of such Vision?

GIRL: My Dad is a kindly blind man who lives in a world his own.
 He tells us to love each other,
 B&G: But he doesn't know this friend of mine.
 He plays on a flute this music that tweetle tweets romance, and

MAN: Life is Music

GIRL: we try to tell him, "Father,
 B&G: it's not just a song and dance."
 We're Sick, sick, sick and, sick and tired.
 Look at the world around us, we can't take the wear and tear.

M&C: We can love, that is why we live, I feel it!

B&G: Even the birds surround us with tweetle tweet tweet like they don't
 care while we have to work and struggle with horrible things like
 chores. It's time to rethink our lives, Dad before we get grumpy and old...
 We're Sick, sick, sick and, sick and tired.

B&G&M: But we'll try...BOY: He's really stubborn
 GIRL: He really, really is!
 BOY: He makes it hard to
 GIRL: I know it's hard to hate him!
 BOY: But when he preaches, it starts to get me ill
 GIRL: I know the feeling,
 B&G: But after all, he's Father!

MAN: We can learn to be free by the strength of our friendship.

CREATURE: (*spoken*) Friendship?

I long to be what this man seems to see
Though he is Blind,
In his eyes,
Maybe I will appear to be not a Monster, but
A Man...

MAN: I hear a voice of a man
Who is kind and gentle
Come, take my hand,
Have no fear,

M&C: We can live as friends...

CREATURE: Can it really be?
Will this man accept Me?, and
Give to me his Friendship?

Can I really matter to another man?

It's What I See, and it's not how I look that matters...
Here, in my heart, through his eyes,
I will learn to see not a Monster, but
A Man...
A Man...

A beat after the song concludes, the blind man gives the Creature his wooden flute. (The Creature will wear this at his side throughout the story.) The children reappear from the hut and behold their father, hand in hand with a hideous creature. The girl SCREAMS. The boy pushes her to his rear as if to protect her.

BOY

My God! Get back!

GIRL

Father!

BOY

(picks up one of the chopped logs and threatens with it) Let him go!

BLIND MAN

But children, what are you saying. This is our friend... I don't understand.
(to creature) What do they mean?

CREATURE

(*pleading*) Friendship!... I don't understand.

Frightened, the Creature runs away. Confused and ready to comfort, the Blind Man huddles with his children and begins whispering an explanation.

BLACK-OUT... and fade up on William & Creature playing checkers (or some simple game, perhaps marbles) in the next scene under the Narration.

SCENE 3

N: AGAIN HE HAD SEEN HIS IMAGE, THIS TIME THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHERS. AGAIN, HE RAN. HIS NEXT PLACE OF REFUGE WAS, AT THE GUIDING HANDS OF CIRCUMSTANCE, THE REMOTE ATTIC LOFT ABOVE VICTOR'S STUDY. THERE, COUNTLESS BOOKS COLLECTED BY VICTOR, HIS FATHER AND HIS FATHER'S FATHER OVER THE MANY YEARS, ADORNED THE WALLS. IT WAS HERE, IN THIS WELL INSULATED AND SECLUDED ROOM THAT THE CREATURE AND YOUNG WILLIAM EXCHANGED MANY THOUGHTS.

Fade up. We are in an attic described in the narration. It should have the feel of an old abandoned library. It is, in actuality, a storage room for all the books collected and researched by the Frankensteins. It should feel as though ALL books ever written are contained in this room! As the lights fade up to reveal this nostalgic place, the Creature is again viewing himself in the broken mirror salvaged from the blind man's property. The blind man's recorder is tied about his waste.

CREATURE

I don't understand.

WILLIAM

(*scientific, almost cold and still taking notes*) Tell me what it is you don't understand.

CREATURE

In your decision to make me, why *THIS?* (*he points to himself*) Why did you bring me into this image?

WILLIAM

Well, It wasn't *I* who made you.

CREATURE

(*in controlled surprise*) Not YOU! But for all this time, I thought that you were my Maker. Then you must be like the boy, only smaller. Why are you not afraid of me? Wait a minute! If you didn't make me, then who did?

WILLIAM

It was my father.

CREATURE

Your *father*?

WILLIAM

Yes.

CREATURE

I don't understand. I thought *father* was a name.

WILLIAM

It can be a name... but my **father** is the one who made me.

CREATURE

You mean the one who made *me* also made *you*?

WILLIAM

(thoughtfully) Well... yes. The method was different perhaps, but the result was the same.

CREATURE

Then I too, like the boy and the girl have a father. Is he also... *blind*?

WILLIAM

(his boyish nature swells) No, he's actually a man of great vision. He did after all, make *you*!

CREATURE

But why are you the way you are? You are smaller, more pleasing to the eye. Why did our father make us so different? Why was I made in *this* form?

WILLIAM

(graphically) Your form, as you call it, empowers you with great physical strength. The choice for design was based on the careful analysis of the most **pioneering** research. From the folios of Serapion, Cornelius Agrippa and Paracelsus to the works of Waldman, Krempe, Priestly, Darwin and Henry Cavendish, the great authority on electricity, you were designed to be something special. Why... your physiology gives you the strength of **three** men, and all this because of the neurological leverage systems designed by my father...

CREATURE

Our father.

WILLIAM

Yes.

CREATURE

But why then did he not design *you* with these abilities?

WILLIAM

Well, I wasn't quite as "*on purpose*" as you were.

CREATURE

What do you mean?

WILLIAM

I have a mother.

CREATURE

A *mother*?

WILLIAM

Yes, a woman... like the girl... but in an adult form.

CREATURE

Woman?

WILLIAM

Yes... A woman is... well, a woman has a most remarkable ability. She can give life to another. I actually came from the body of my mother.

CREATURE

Do I also have a mother?

WILLIAM

No, and that's the only thing that makes us different.

CREATURE

Then *who* is my mother?

WILLIAM

Well, not to be confusing, but I would suppose that our *father* is your mother.

CREATURE

You mean that I came from *his* body?

WILLIAM

No.. (*struggling*) you are actually a collection of many bodies, the parts carefully chosen of course. Unlike a baby... that's a very small form of a person, even smaller than I, you came to the world fully developed... physically that is. Father says that in time, you will develop into one of the most brilliant and ingenious of men. You're very special... a leader...

CREATURE

But, William... Who are you? Why do you believe that I am special when it is clear that only the blind can see me? What do *you* see? Why do you accept me? You are not blind. Why do you see as though you are?

WILLIAM

(*over Music cue*)

Why? It's simple. You're special... (*optional: You had a most amazing beginning...*)

YOU ARE MY BROTHER!

words & Music by

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In the library attic, the Creature asks William what he sees in him. William tells him how he was there that night and praises his brother's birth in this song. He proclaims him to be his brother! The Creature's responses are italicized.

You're a Frankenstein, you are my brother!

Brother?

Yes, dear friend of mine, you have a family!

Family?

I watched you become my dearest brother!

Brother?

I was there that night waiting for Lightning!

Lightning?

YES!, Lightning!

Lightning?

You came from LIGHTNING!

It was Storming in the lab the eve that Father prayed into the Night...

He was hoping for a blazing bolt of Light...

He was trying to give you Life!...

My Father said, "Oh, dear Light, come into this man."

As he turned all these dials

Then he clenched your hands

I closed my eyes, prayed to see...

That God would answer father and send You to ME!

And then the Castle shook

As the lightning took

Tons of Dark Night

Tearing the blackness

Displacing Dark with Light!...

That moment... that instant!

You were born from Light as it came from the heavens!

Magic, is not

Magic?

Magic, can not even be the Word...

And when your hand began to move

I knew our prayer was heard!

For in a moment, the Life of a Storm became what you Are!
 I watched you on that stormy night...
 I have a brother born of Light!
 That's why you must be
 Strong and learn to see
 That no matter what you look like, you are my Brother!
 Ugly or not, Inside... You are STAR-LIGHT!

You're a Frankenstein, you are my brother!

Brother.

Yes, dear friend of mine, you have a family!

Family.

I watched you become my dearest brother!

Brother.

I was there that night waiting for Lightning!

Lightning?

YES!, Lightning.

Lightning?

You came from LIGHT!

You and I can be friends forever

It's just a question of how hard we want to try.

I shall always be your friend!

(Both) We are Brothers forever bound by the STAR-LIGHT!

We are Frankensteins, you are my brother! (*pointing to each other*)

Brother.

Yes, dear friend of mine, you have a family!

Family.

(William) I watched you become my dearest brother!

Brother!

(Both) We are bound by Light, forever Brothers!

Brothers?

YES!, Brothers!

Brothers!

(Both) YOU ARE MY BROTHER! BROTHER! BROTHER!!!

As the song ends, they are shaking hands, perhaps hugging. When they pull apart, the Creature looks at the books lining the walls. He is filled with curiosity!

CREATURE

William, I think I understand father now and I **know** I understand Brother, (*he shakes hands again*) but there's one thing that remains unclear.

WILLIAM

And what is that?

CREATURE

Mother?

WILLIAM

Hmm. Well, a mother is a female parent. Now, in most cases, a father and a mother come together and through a special union, create a child, a baby girl or boy. But **you** are different. You had no *need* of a mother.

CREATURE

But, William, for some reason, I feel that I *do!*

William walks about the room, part scientist, part brother and contemplates the need of his friend.

WILLIAM

Wait here.

Lights down on attic loft. The Creature is finishing chess moves.

SCENE 4

N: WITH BOYISH ENTHUSIASM, YOUNG WILLIAM RACED DOWNSTAIRS TO FIND ELIZABETH. AT VICTOR'S DIRECTION, HE HAD CAREFULLY KEPT ELIZABETH, HIS MOTHER, UNAWARE OF THE CREATURE'S EXISTENCE AND WHEREABOUTS, SNEAKING FOOD IN AND OUT AND LEAVING THE DOOR LOCKED. YOUNG WILLIAM CONFESSED HIS SURREPTITIOUS BEHAVIOR AND TOLD HIS MOTHER ABOUT HIS NEW BROTHER, BREAKING THE VOW OF SECRECY SWORN TO VICTOR, HIS FATHER. HE TOLD HER THAT THE CREATURE, THOUGH DISPLEASING TO THE EYE, WAS GOOD AND GENTLE. HER CURIOSITY PIQUED, SHE FOLLOWED YOUNG WILLIAM UP THE THREE FLIGHTS OF STAIRS INTO THE ATTIC LIBRARY.

Lights back on attic. Elizabeth, at first view of the Creature is taken aback. She gasps. The Creature is momentarily saddened. As she speaks, she tries to contain both surprise and fascination. Victor had created Life! HERS, is the FIRST realistic reaction to the event! Having dropped a small kerchief, Elizabeth watches the Creature recover it for her. William takes note of his kindness.

ELIZABETH

(more to herself) My God! *(she pauses, watches the creature's eyes move downward and responds to his sadness)* It's all right. Forgive me. *(struggling with herself... the creature is hideous)* I shouldn't have been so quick to...

CREATURE

I understand.

ELIZABETH

No, no... I almost judged a book by its cover. And this is hardly the place for that sort of mistake.

CREATURE

(so gentle) Your voice. I have heard it before... in the house. Again, please. What did you say?

ELIZABETH

Well, I said something silly, a cliché. *(she sees his continued look of question)* It's something that is said all of the time... maybe even too much, but being here in this room, I couldn't help it. The expression is new to *your* ears though, isn't it?

WILLIAM

Everything is new to him, mother. *(slight overlap)*

CREATURE

Mother... Can you show me how William came from your body?

ELIZABETH

(innocently) Well, William was much smaller then. He was a baby, and I carried him here. My body grew as William grew.. wait, don't move. *(she watches a bee as it lands on the bared arm of the Creature.)*

WILLIAM

Quick, kill it.

CREATURE

Kill?

WILLIAM

The bee, before it stings you, swat it.

CREATURE

(looks at the bee, in wonder) But it's alive.

Music Underscore BUT IT'S ALIVE!

The bee stings the Creature. There is a momentary flinching, not unlike the kind of gesture made when Elizabeth gasped at him. With spontaneous compassion, Elizabeth moves toward the Creature, touching his arm. The Creature, oblivious to the sting, concentrates on Elizabeth's touch. William reflects on what he has just learned. Perhaps... yes, the bee is "alive."

ELIZABETH

Oh you poor soul, let me see it. Are you all right?... Does it hurt you?

CREATURE

No, your touch is far from painful.

The creature touches Elizabeth's hand and looks into her eyes and then into her hands. Letting go of her hand, he looks into his own hand, tossing it and turning it as if searching for something.

CREATURE

(As Bb Chord Hits:) So *that* is what mother is.

ELIZABETH

(smiles and re-takes his hand) Yes. You may think of me in that way. Scraped knees, runny noses, *(the Creature looks at his knees, touches his nose)* and so much more.

CREATURE

For you to have created William... you must be *very* special.

ELIZABETH

Well, I didn't actually *create* William.

CREATURE

(looks to William in confusion) What do you mean?

ELIZABETH

(As A Major Chord Hits:) I carried William, I nurtured him... and yes he was inside of me, but...

CREATURE

But, William, I thought that you were the result of father and mother... and that I was the result of father.

ELIZABETH

Is that what you told him, William? (*she is soft and understanding*)

WILLIAM

Yes.

CREATURE

Yes.

ELIZABETH

I see. Yes, there was father and yes, there was me... but there was God as well.

CREATURE

God?

ELIZABETH

(*As Polychord Hits:*) The Light within us.

CREATURE

Light? Yes, the Lightning! (*he looks to William, logic satisfied and in delight*)... the Lightning...

ELIZABETH

(*looks at William inquisitively*) Yes... that's right.

Elizabeth takes a book from the shelf. It is thick, a satin book marker hanging from its pages. Take time with the Music.

ELIZABETH

(*C Major Resolve*) William, you have a great task ahead of you. (*she hands him the book*) You must teach our friend to read. He must be well prepared to face the world, a world he must come to know through these many books. People will not understand him, William... but if he can be educated, perhaps his outward appearance will matter less.

Elizabeth leaves. William is holding the book in contemplation.

CREATURE

(*to Elizabeth*) Will you come back?

ELIZABETH

(*smiles*) Whenever you need me, I'll be here for you. That's what mothers do best of all, you see. (*she takes his hand*)

As she leaves, William places the book back onto the shelf and pulls out a handful of books, some thin, some thicker.

CREATURE

Are these books, William?... the things not to be judged by their covers?

WILLIAM

Yes, yes they are... and do you know what they contain?

CREATURE

They are containers?

WILLIAM

Yes. That's right! They contain WORDS... the things we are speaking right now, only in this form, *printed* form, they last forever. (*he opens a book and shows the creature a page with excitement*) Ideas from hundreds of years ago, feelings, thoughts, questions, theories, insights and possibilities are right here in these words and all you have to do to make them new again and bring them back to life... is *read* them.

CREATURE

Read?

WILLIAM

Yes.

Music starts.

WILLIAM

Everything starts with letters.

READING LESSON

words & Music by

Copyright © Stephen Melillo IGNA 12 October 1990

In the library attic, the Creature asks William about the thousands of books lining the walls! William teaches him to read, the Creature's superhuman abilities allowing him to absorb the countless ages captured by words in mere moments!

WILLIAM = W, CREATURE = C

W: **Everything starts with letters...**
ABCDEF

C: ABCDEF

W: HIJKLMN

C: HIJKLMN

W: OPQRSTU

C: OPQRSTU

W: V DOUBLE-U XYZ

C: V DOUBLE-U XYZ

W: NOW YOU SEE!

C: NOW I SEE!

C: *(spoken)* This is very interesting, William

W: *(spoken)* Yes, and now you use the letters to make words!

W: This is cat

C: That's a cat

W: This is dog

C: Bark, bark

W: Right!

This is house

C: Like a home

B: Jack and Jill went up a hill

W: William, I am getting this!

C: *(spoken)* Reading is a lot of fun, William.

W: *(spoken)* Well wait... it gets better!

C: To be or not to be, that is the question (*W thrusts books in front of C's face*)

W: RIGHT!

C: What goes up, must come down... Seems to make a lot of sense!

W: That's what words are all about!

C: *(spoken)* This is so exciting!

(sung) Who is Prometheus?

W: Read and you'll come to know!

C: Milton and Socrates?

W: Genesis and Plato!

C: These are such treasures, I can't believe that it's true!

W: Words are a miracle, kept through time all just for You!

(The creature reads and reads, growing in speed and intensity!)

- C: *(spoken, quietly)* I had no idea there was so much. Words truly are miraculous, William.
- C: *(sung, quietly, then building)* How can I thank you for teaching me what books are?
- W: There's no need, my friend... just keep reading every day... soon you'll know most everything!
- C: In a book, there's a world just like inside of us!... and when you open it, you are bringing it to life!
- W: Now you really understand!
- C: *(spoken)* There is SO much, William... so many ideas, so many worlds and feelings! What an adventure! I can hardly wait to begin! *(points to walls!)*
- W: *Are you to read EVERY book? (C smiles)*
- C: *Listen to this..*
- (sung)* It was the Best of times, it was the Worst of times
Writers contribute such clarity so sublime!
Books are such treasures, I can't believe that it's true!
- W: Words are a miracle, kept through time all just for You!
- C: I've got a lot of reading to do!
- W: RIGHT!

After the song, BLACK-OUT.

SCENE 5

N: SEVENTEEN WEEKS HAD PASSED. **YOUNG WILLIAM** AND HIS MOTHER DISCUSSED THE CREATURE WHO HAD COME INTO THEIR LIVES. **DID VICTOR**, IN SOME STORM OF GENIUS, REALLY BRING TO THE WORLD A PERFECT MAN WHOSE ONLY FLAW WAS HIS OUTWARD APPEARANCE? **ELIZABETH** AND HER SON MARVELLED AT THE CREATURE'S ABILITIES, FOR IN THAT SMALL PASSING OF TIME, HE HAD NOT ONLY READ, BUT MEMORIZED EACH WORD FROM EACH BOOK LINING THE WALLS OF THE ATTIC LOFT. **AND WHILE HE READ**, WORD OF HIS EXISTENCE FILTERED OUT TO THE IMMEDIATE WORLD. **IT WAS VICTOR** WHO FIRST MENTIONED AN INTRODUCTION OF THE CREATURE TO THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY BASED ON **YOUNG WILLIAM'S** REPORTS TO HIM. **HE NOW FELT** THE CREATURE HAD RISEN TO THE LEVELS OF EXPECTATION HYPOTHESIZED BY THE EXPERIMENT AND FELT STRONGLY THAT HIS WORK, THOUGH FAILED AESTHETICALLY, WOULD BRING ABOUT RADICAL CHANGES IN THINKING AND IN THE WAYS THAT ALL MEN WOULD CONDUCT THEIR LIVES.

Slow fade up on a drawing room in the Frankenstein house. The shadow of the old windmill's sails are present on the walls of the drawing room as they shift from light to dark to light again. Victor is preparing a pile of papers. Elizabeth is pacing the room in self-reflection.

ELIZABETH

Victor, I must speak with you.

VICTOR

Yes, dear. I'm preparing for a very important meeting. Would you mind getting some tea together?

ELIZABETH

I'll be glad to do so, but I'm interested in your work. What have you been up to lately?

VICTOR

Oh, the usual. You know how it is with me.

ELIZABETH

But you must be onto something rather significant... all these people coming... your mountains of research papers... Surely, you've had a breakthrough of some kind.

VICTOR

Well, actually, there was a minor breakthrough... although there were some problems in the preliminary phases of the procedure. But I'm quite sure I'll correct that in later experiments.

Music Underscore, "Caroline" into "Amidst the Storm!"

ELIZABETH

(after a pause) Well, what precisely was the nature of your experiment?

VICTOR

Oh, nothing that you need concern yourself with, dear. I hope I don't seem too abrupt, but I would very much like to continue my preparations for the meeting and would really appreciate your assistance.

ELIZABETH

I would be more than happy to assist you, Victor... but I feel that you're keeping something from me.

VICTOR

Keeping something from *you*, dear? Really. What possibly could you mean?

ELIZABETH

I mean to say that I am your wife and that I love you. *(she moves to him and takes his hand)* Who better to share your thoughts and accomplishments?

There is a knock at the door. It is the Theologian, the Scientist and the Military Man.

ELIZABETH

I know that you will soon be consumed by your work and your guests, Victor. Will you...

VICTOR

(cuts her off) Again, Elizabeth, I must say that my work is only partially successful. Give me time to *complete* my work, reach the perfection I know I can attain. Then, and only then, can I enjoy the sharing of my accomplishments with you.

MILITARY MAN

Frankenstein, are you there?

Victor motions to Elizabeth, suggesting that she open the door for the persistently knocking guests. Still facing Victor, she moves back first to the door.

ELIZABETH

Victor, may I attend? *(long pause... he nods... she opens door)* Good day, gentlemen.

SCIENTIST

Good day, kind lady. Well, I can see that our current lack of moisture has taken no great toll on your lovely face. And where might the man of the house be?

ELIZABETH

(slight sarcasm) William, my *young* man is upstairs. Victor is in the drawing room.

THEOLOGIAN

Good day, Victor.

VICTOR

Good day to you. You will excuse me for wondering why you have invited yourself to this meeting.

THEOLOGIAN

There are words, Victor... words about a great scientific accomplishment. I'm most curious to hear the details of your work.

VICTOR

I'm sure you are.

MILITARY MAN

(ignoring the others) So tell me, Mrs. uh..., has your husband's work been going well?

ELIZABETH

Well, you know Victor. He's always hard at work. Sometimes months pass and I've hardly laid an eye on him.

MILITARY MAN

His work must be truly monumental that he would sacrifice the companionship of such beauty.

ELIZABETH

(in graciously controlled anger) Why thank you, sir.

SCIENTIST

Well, Doctor, let's get on with it, shall we?

ELIZABETH

Victor, I must speak with you... alone.

VICTOR

Elizabeth, darling, what's gotten into you? Can't you see that I'm about to begin? Please... get us some tea. Show some hospitality to our guests.

MILITARY MAN

Frankenstein, we can hardly wait to hear about your work. There have been rumors you know. Those agencies which I represent are rather keen on hearing just about everything.

ELIZABETH

(in a whisper) Victor, you have created a Man.

VICTOR

What?

ELIZABETH

Yes, Victor, I know what you've done and more than that, I have **met** your creation.

VICTOR

Even before I? But how can this be? Only William knew of the thing. *(to himself)* He would never have told her. *(suddenly excited)* So tell me, what do you think of it?

ELIZABETH

HE is a man, Victor, not a thing.

SCIENTIST

Victor, please.

VICTOR

It is a creation... a thing.

ELIZABETH

He's alive.

VICTOR

Yes, of course, but... All right, Elizabeth, you asked to attend the session. Hear me. You want to know my accomplishments? Come and listen!

A crowd of people gather around the perimeter of the house. We HEAR their soft clamor.

THEOLOGIAN

Speak to us, Victor. Share with us your work.

MILITARY MAN

Yes, my compliments to the suspense you've generated. Let's get on with it now, shall we?

VICTOR

Gentlemen... *(If the Theologian is male, Victor will say "gentleman" again, sarcastically, or gentle lady, sarcastically)* Gentle Lady... what is the one thing escaping men's grasp since the very beginning of time? What one single idea haunts us from the time we are born to that inevitable last breath? *(he pauses in Victor-Like dramatics, his eyes beckoning for an answer he knows no one will give)* It is **DEATH!** It is **DEATH** that haunts us, unshakable, immovable, inexorable **DEATH**... and gentlemen... Elizabeth... It is **DEATH** that we will fear no more, for I have learned its secret, stolen it from the heavens...

THEOLOGIAN

Not so, Victor... you've done no such thing.

VICTOR

Relax, my friend, for there is no "heaven" to steal from. Have you seen the thing? Again, man has triumphed. *(he pauses, thinks to himself for a moment, then continues)* There is only knowledge. Knowledge which flees from us, calls to us and urges us to *reach* again and *try* again to find the next level, and the next, and the next.

MILITARY MAN

How utterly practical... a solution to **DEATH?** Marvelous.

SCIENTIST

Fascinating!

THEOLOGIAN

You've seduced yourself, Victor. It's not possible! Death is a part of Life.

Victor smiles, then motions to William who awaits his signal. He is behind a slightly opened door leading to another room.

VICTOR

Gentlemen,... kind lady, what I am about to show you is the end of an era, the end of living in fear, the beginning of a new destiny. Gentlemen, I give you... **LIFE ITSELF!**

William escorts the Creature from a neighboring room. They are holding hands. DEAD SILENCE. Characteristic responses and gasps. Then modeling a fugue scene from Don Giovanni, Elizabeth, the Military Man, the Theologian and the Scientist position themselves around Victor and state their respective cases. The creature moves through them confused and with abandon.

“I” OF THE STORM...

words & Music by

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They, the representatives of the world, scientist, theologian, military man, man and woman, swirl in a fury about the gentle being of Light. During the song, Victor tries to hush Elizabeth and reacts visually to each of their comments regarding his work.

M=MILITARY S=SCIENTIST T=THEOLOGIAN
E=ELIZABETH C=CREATURE

- M: *(spoken)* Yes, Frankenstein. We're quite impressed with your work. Its military implications are unbounded. Your accomplishments in designing and then creating a soldier of such strength, cunning and invincibility will make our country inviolable!
- S: Frankenstein, you have done something special for the scientific world at large. It proves that life is not a mystery and that our Reason conquers death with the making of a creature!..... *(mimes)*
- T: *(overlaps)* Frankenstein conquers Death with the making of a Creature of such ill proportion! It is Evil. It is Monstrous! And it's plain to see it's just a THING made from science.
- E: *(overlaps)* He's a man, not a thing made from science, or a creature made for armies! Frankenstein, Victor!, you have done something we must ponder! Frankenstein.
- STE: Frankenstein, you have done something we must ponder! Frankenstein.
- S: Do you know what the implications are for future scientists who'll take your work and heighten it to even higher places that will open up the doors of knowledge... Everywhere, the world will praise you, thank you for the brilliant insight and the chance to understand the science guiding life and death!
- T: *(overlaps)* NO.... Even higher places will open up their vengeance! Frankenstein, Frankenstein, understand the Lord is guiding Life and Death!
- E: *(overlaps)* Take heed... He's a man... *(mimes)* Frankenstein, Frankenstein.

- M: (*spoken*) Yes, Frankenstein, these theories do make for marvelous discussion, but think of the actual, down-to-earth good your work will bring. Imagine using your techniques to resurrect dead soldiers lost in combat. Why, we could fight again and again, the next battle and the next and the next without loss.. forever!
- C: Can't you see with your Hearts? I'm a Man, not a thing...
- S: Frankenstein, THIS IS GOOD!
- E: (*overlaps*) Frankenstein, ... It is both and neither!
- T: (*overlaps*) Frankenstein, THIS IS BAD! (*to Scientist*) Can't you see that the breath of Life is given from the Glory of the Lord above us, not a mortal being such as Doctor Frankenstein... (*mimes*)
- S: (*to Theologian*) Can't you see that the need of mankind lies in searching for the truth in all things, measured by the gathering of calculated facts.... (*mimes*)
- E: (*overlaps*) He's a man! Try for once to see the world with eyes untainted by your expertise in issues other than the Heart, I beg you... Yes, I beg you! Otherwise, we'll waste this gentle Soul!
- T: (*overlaps*) It's a Monster!
- C: All I am is alive... in this shell of a Man....

UNCONTROLLED ARGUING AND YELLING... LIKE A SICK CIRCUS!

- M: (*spoken*) Well, Frankenstein, again, I am most fascinated by the discussion, but think of your country, man. Why I even envision using enemy parts to create new soldiers. Wouldn't that be an interesting twist?... destroying enemy soldiers, collecting their mutilated corpses and redesigning them to fight on our side? Yes, I tell you, you're onto something quite significant and of great national importance! (*salutes flag*) Your choice, your ONLY direction is clear. Men will praise you because you will have liberated our country throughout time!
- C: I'm a Man...
- STE: Frankenstein, you have done something we must ponder! We can never, ever be the same again. The stakes are high!...
- M: (*overlaps thru with*) Please decide. Make a choice. Please decide.
- S: The implications wondrous!
- T: You mean to say disastrous!
- E: His life is not for us to judge.

ALL: It's plain enough to see that we must take this matter out of one man's hands!

T: What have you done to us?

ST: What have you brought to us?

STM: What will we do with this THING?

SCENE 6

N: IT WAS A TIME OF TURBULENCE. WE LIVED IN THE DARKENING FURY OF RUMOR CREATED BY THE HEARSAY OF THAT FATEFUL DAY OF FOUR WEEKS PAST. SOME SAID THAT VICTOR WAS A MONSTER, OTHERS THAT HE HAD CREATED ONE. THEY HAD ALL STAKED OUT THEIR CAMPS AND CLAIMED THEIR DEFINITIONS. BUT YOUNG WILLIAM AND HIS MOTHER KNEW THAT THE CREATURE TO WHOM THEY REFERRED WAS THE GOOD AND GENTLE SON OF THE STORM. HE WAS NOW A PART OF THAT FAMILY, WILLIAM'S BROTHER, ELIZABETH'S SON, VICTOR'S CREATION... THE WORLD'S THING.

Music Box: What is Beauty? As Elizabeth enters the drawing room, she pauses to watch the Creature. He is studying himself in a mirror, examining himself... looking at his hands, caressing his scars, still through bandages. He picks up and studies a music box. It plays a theme. He is softened by its simple beauty. From within the music box the Creature extracts a small bracelet and examines it.

ELIZABETH

A-hem (*she clears her throat to let the creature know that she is there*).
Hello, I didn't mean to interrupt you. How are you today?

CREATURE

(*innocently*) I am today as I have always been.

The Creature continues to study himself, placing the bracelet down beside the music box.

CREATURE

I've read many books, Elizabeth... many words that are used to describe other words... and still the *meaning* escapes definition... like your kindness. It can be described in the most careful poetry, yet it is better left a feeling, un-named.

ELIZABETH

I know what you mean. I've often looked at rainbows after the storm and despite being fully versed in the scientific reasons for its brief life, I am awed by the feeling it brings. We could certainly use the sight of one now. *(She looks out the window)* So many of our words have that problem. Words are never the thing itself, you see.

CREATURE

I was considering a concept, Elizabeth. *(pauses)* Beauty. I hear it in the voice of the nightingale. I see it in the flowers that grow from the ground. In fact, I see it almost everywhere, in everything... except in me, of course. What *is* Beauty, Elizabeth? I look for it in me, but I know I shall never find it, let alone have it.

ELIZABETH

Despite your great amassing of knowledge, you are wrong, my dear friend, for you *are*... beautiful.

CREATURE

What do the blind see? What is it that William sees? What is it that *you* see, Elizabeth, for I see only what I am... and I am...

ELIZABETH

Oh no, *(she pauses and walks to him, touching his shoulder)* you are so much more than what you see.

Music Cue

CREATURE

I need to know what it is you see, Elizabeth... Could you teach me how to see it?

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

words & Music by

Copyright © Stephen Melillo IGNA 10 October 1990

Elizabeth observes the Creature studying himself... looking into his hands and into the mirror. With great understanding she responds to his question and encourages him in the form of Music...

What is Beauty?
Quiet, true and dignified
Isn't that a special thing inside?

What is Beauty?
Could it be what I see in you?
Isn't Beauty just a point of view?

And if that's so, then there's something you should know...
That I can love you, yes, love you, the Man...

What is Beauty?
If you need to understand, when you look into your hands
See your Heart...

It's there inside
It's the softness in your eyes
It's **YOU**, not **THIS!**... the **MAN** I will kiss...

CREATURE: (spoken)

There are so many things I've learned... from others, from William,... from you. It's strange... all of this. I've only been alive for a moment, but each moment is a forever when I look into the mirror... and even more so, when I look into my own hands and find no real answer.

Is that the thing which all of us have in common? *(She smiles and nods)*
Why are we so separate?... alone? And yet, how can it be any other way?

But, to be recognized beyond even this horrible shell... *(he smiles knowingly with great wisdom)*
how can I ever repay your kindness, except but learn what you have taught me...

CREATURE: (SINGS)

What is Beauty?
If you need to understand, when you look into your hands
See your Heart...

It's there inside
It's the softness in your eyes

BOTH: It's YOU, not THIS!... the Soul I will kiss...

What is Beauty?
It is what we always knew...
Beauty's what I see
in you...

SCENE 7

As the song fades, the Creature, still holding Elizabeth's hand, reaches to his face and wipes away his first tear. He studies it with fascination. He reaches for the tear on Elizabeth's cheek. At that moment, VICTOR rushes into the room. He is pointing at the Creature in controlled rage. (There is a slight element of fear as well.)

VICTOR

Get away from her!

CREATURE

I don't understand.

VICTOR

Elizabeth, is it hurting you?

ELIZABETH

Of course not, Victor. And kindly stop referring to him as "it."

VICTOR

(to Creature) Leave her now and go back into the laboratory. Wait for me there. In time I will come to you and deal with you as I should have all along.

He points to the door again. The Creature bows his head in submission and exits the room.

VICTOR

I married you because you are a good and gentle woman, Elizabeth. It is therefore quite natural for you to feel protective of the creature. Your maternal instincts have always been quite pronounced, but, Elizabeth... It is *not* a man. It is a *thing*, a creation, a monument to life carved from the remains of dead men.

ELIZABETH

But he's alive!

VICTOR

Yes, of course, and **that** is my great triumph. It lives, but it is merely a construction, a mechanical composition whose parts are organic. **YOU** make him a man... **YOU** ascribe him with the human attributes of personality and individuality. Don't you see? He *functions* like a man because he was *designed* that way, although with extended qualities... but I tell you, he's only a creation, the first of many! There will be others. You'll see. They'll surpass the thing whose hand you held... they'll...

ELIZABETH

Victor, you're more a success than you think. (*slowly*) You have, *in fact*, brought us a man... a *beautiful* man, **not** a mechanism, but a human being capable of loving and being loved.

VICTOR

(*almost jealous*) Love? Dare you speak of **LOVE** with that thing!?

ELIZABETH

Victor... Dare I speak of love with **YOU**?... You used to REVERE life!

VICTOR

(*ignoring her*) (*slight pause, then back to energy*) Can't you see that the thing is a mistake, an error, a miscalculation. It was the cooling system. It failed, causing the deformity. In later efforts, I will...

ELIZABETH

I love your passion, Victor, but you move too fast. You speak of creating others, but what of the man you've already made? Have you asked him about *his* feelings, or how he views the world you set him to wander in? **WHY NOT?** Why do *you*, the master carpenter, *avoid* the results of your own work and use our son, William to gather your information? Do you fear this man?

VICTOR

Elizabeth. The thing...

CAROLINE

words & Music by

Copyright © Stephen Melillo IGNA unknown 1990

*Tired of Victor's circular argument, Elizabeth erupts with a question... (spanning 3 octaves!) Victor reveals his love for their lost daughter, Caroline. It is implied in the song that Victor tried to save her but failed. In this piece, Victor's obsession with life and death is RE-cast, RE-illuminated as the timeless **love** for his lost daughter.*

ELIZABETH:

The Life you call a thing is but the Answer to your Prayer!

Why don't you see that he's a Man?

I wonder Victor if you can...

VICTOR:

Listen, Elizabeth. This thing you call a man is but the outcome of my Quest!

Why can't you see what I have done?

We'll never have to lose our son... our Son!

E: Caroline (*she finds the bracelet, extracted from the music box*)

V: She's all I think of

E: Caroline

BOTH: Our precious daughter

V: Taken by your God! (*he clutches the crucifix around her neck*)

E: It's not your fault she died!

V: I couldn't save her then but NOW...

E: You can't forget that

BOTH: Dying is a chance to Live!

V: And no one need have the fear of Death... like Caroline... (*he sees her*)

No more armies made of children like our son!

Using creatures, battles will be fought and won!

No more churches stealing from the needy ones!

Death can't serve to profit all the greedy ones!

Life is HERE!

We must stop wasting money in an effort that will buy us into Heaven!

E: I understand the feeling that you hold inside your Soul...

You've got to learn to let her go...

You've made a MAN!, I'm sure you know...

V: I won't stop 'til Life is at my beck and call!

Then I'll learn to transfer Life for one and all!

We will be IMMORTAL, never needing Popes!

Men will praise me! In my world I offer HOPE!

E: (**Spoken over tremolo strings**) YOUR world?

ELIZABETH

YOUR World? (*Over tremolo strings*)

During the piece, Elizabeth finds the bracelet and upon mentioning the name, CAROLINE, offers it to Victor. He momentarily drifts to the memory of his daughter, then clutches the cross around Elizabeth's neck. At the end of the piece, 3:33 into the song, Elizabeth opens the music box which plays WHAT IS BEAUTY? She reinserts the bracelet over the following dialogue.

VICTOR

What's happened to us, Elizabeth. You're no longer the supportive, dutiful wife. And why is this? Is it *him*, the flawed prototype, the creature whose tears you draw?

Victor closes the music box and the music of CAROLINE ends abruptly.

VICTOR

Beauty is transitory, Elizabeth... but to live forever!... Isn't that worth the torment of one insignificant creature composed of corpses?

Elizabeth's jaw tightens and then, despite the internal fight, lets her hand fly, slapping Victor across the face.

VICTOR

(quietly) I'm not afraid of being alone.

ELIZABETH

Forgive me, Victor.

She reaches for his right hand with her left.

VICTOR

You may think that I enjoy being apart from you, that I have seduced myself with work and work alone. But I am torn, split in two. I lost Caroline. I will not lose William. I need you to help me, Elizabeth. I need your love.

ELIZABETH

As does the Creature need *your* love, Victor. He's a child deprived of knowing his parent. Go to him, speak with him. If any part of you is still open, you'll hear him... and in that *hearing*, you'll *see* that you have brought us, a Man.

VICTOR

I don't know if I can face him, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

(a more curious than affectionate tone) That's a strange thing to say. Why, Victor? What is it that frightens you?

Music Underscore: FACING HIM!

VICTOR

He is... *(closes his eyes... tries to speak, then 3 seconds of silence)*

You're quite right, Elizabeth. I'll speak to him. I owe him that. Just promise me that you'll stay with me... help me.

ELIZABETH

(still questioning) Of course, Victor. Always. *(She comforts him with question in her eyes.)*

VICTOR

I must prepare myself. I need time.

Elizabeth reaches for the tear forming on Victor's cheek and wipes it with her fingertips. The lights fade to black. We hear "Caroline/What is Beauty?" in the underscore...

Then fade to black.

End of PART I

RADIO ANNOUNCER:

(quietly, somber) You are listening to **SON OF THE STORM**, this evening's special program, brought to you live, and on remote location from Grauenburg, Germany. We are currently in a *TIMEStorm*, reliving events from 33 years ago.

*PART II***FOR BEGINNING of PART 2:**

(Music begins. It is dark and timeless.)

RADIO ANNOUNCER:

(quietly, somber) Ladies, gentlemen and children of all ages, welcome back to tonight's live presentation of... **SON OF THE STORM**. We see the Creature lurking in the shadowed recesses of the lab. Mirrors line the walls. We see the Storm flashing from outside... but do not hear it.

"I" of the STORM Entr'acte

SCENE 1

(BASS FROM UNDERSCORE ENTERS) **N:** IT TOOK FIVE WEEKS FOR **VICTOR** TO SUMMON THE COURAGE NECESSARY TO MEET HIS CREATION FACE TO FACE. **WITH** EACH PASSING MOMENT THE CONFRONTATION GREW MORE FRIGHTENING TO HIM. **VICTOR** BECAME MORE ERRATIC WITH EACH STRESSFUL DAY. **HE** HAD ALREADY SIGNED CONTRACTS WITH THE GOVERNMENT AND HAD MADE PLANS TO CREATE AT LEAST THREE MORE EXPERIMENTAL BEINGS. **HE** WORKED OUT HIS CALCULATIONS AWAY FROM THE LABORATORY, FOR THAT IS WHERE HIS CREATURE REMAINED LIKE A FULL-FLEDGED ADULT STILL TRAPPED IN A WOMB. **ON** A DAILY BASIS CROWDS GATHERED OUTSIDE, CARRYING BANNERS, PICKETING FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CREATURE, GOOD AND NOBLE THOUGH HE WAS. **(ALMOST LIKE VICTOR)** IT HAD BEEN THREE-QUARTERS OF A YEAR SINCE THE CREATURE'S INCEPTION. IT HAD TAKEN THAT LONG FOR **VICTOR** TO MEET HIM AND SPEAK TO HIM. **(BACK TO GOOD-NATURED WILLIAM)** ON THIS DAY, IN A STATE OF FATIGUE AND QUIET FEAR, HE ENTERED THE LABORATORY AND GAVE THE CREATURE A CHANCE TO ASK HIS QUESTIONS. **(IN THE SILENCE OF THE NOW COMPLETED MUSIC)** A STORM WAS BEGINNING.

Fade up to the dimly lit laboratory. We see the Creature lurking in the shadowed recesses of the lab. Music begins. It is dark and timeless. Mirrors line the walls. There is a storm outside. We see it flashing but do not hear it. They study each other. The dialogue is deliberately said as if happening in SLOW MOTION! (a digital delay, stereo echo may be used)

CREATURE

Father... Who are you?

VICTOR

Why must you know? Are you *sure* you want to know?

CREATURE

I *need* to know.

VICTOR

Then I will do my best to tell you ... *precisely* who I am.

MONSTER IN THE MAN!

words & Music by

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I look inside and I see what I am.
It's no good trying hard to lose myself in the making of a creature such as you...
who is good.
No I can't run and hide in my work, though it's that, not me, which my family loves.

I sometimes think of being different, but I chose the path that I now march...
I want to know the love success brings, even if I must die.
When you choose dreaming as your life's work, you lose love of children,
wife and friends.
Alone in the storm of being human, the monster comes and

**THEN YOU ARE BORN AND KNOW THAT
NOTHING AT ALL MATTERS MORE
THAN BEING A CREATOR!
YOU ARE MY WORK AND MY DREAM COME TO LIFE!**

(he walks at the Creature and grabs him... the Creature is scared by the passion and directness of the Doctor)

That's *why* you are,... from the depths of my heart.
You're a man locked inside a monster's frame.
I am sorry, but for me the plight is worse!
Can you see with your kind, gentle heart, that I am not as I began?
I'm a Monster locked inside a Man...

SCENE 2

As the last sounds of the word "Man" subside, Victor and the Creature remain motionless, looking into each other's eyes for about 8 seconds.

CREATURE

But, sir, we *do* love you. I could do no less than love you. You gave me life. The same for William, my brother. As for Elizabeth, she has a most sensitive vision. Certainly, she sees you as you are? You are no monster.

Narrator: Victor reached for the music box Draped on its cover was Caroline's bracelet.

Victor reaches for the music box he has brought into the lab. Draped on its cover is Caroline's bracelet. He holds it, caresses it, waves it in dramatic discussion throughout this scene.

VICTOR

She could much better see the goodness in you. I heard her voice... calling to me. (*he points to his heart*) And so I began the great journey, against all conceivable odds! I thought for a moment, after you came to be, that I had made some grave error... stealing life's fire from the gods. But I was wrong, falling prey to a moment's weakness. Despite your outward appearance, *you* are the gentlest of men. **How could such good come from something so wrong?** Since **YOU**, the result, is **GOOD**, then it stands to reason that the experiment, the process itself is also **GOOD**. Do you understand? But, there *is* a problem... there's a part that evades me. You see, I wanted to give you... **life... but it wasn't I... somehow...**

CREATURE

(*cuts him off*) But of course you've given me life. Here I am.

VICTOR

(*Touching him, in awe*) I fashioned the body, designed the organism, but the life that is within you is... (*pause*) It escapes me still.

Victor discards the music box as he paces.

CREATURE

But if it was not YOU who gave me life, then who?

VICTOR

No, my friend. There is no "who." Somehow, in a way which *taunts* my understanding, the life inside you... *is yours*.

The Creature picks up the music box and places it in his garb. Music Underscore: AGAIN & AGAIN!

Victor begins pacing the lab, walking to his machines, wiping the dust from them. He swings the table on which the creature was born and straightens the sheet.

VICTOR

And that is why I must do it again, and again, and still yet again, until *I* have mastered life's mystery.

CREATURE

Certainly, you do not intend to make more of me?

VICTOR

You have only just begun to realize your true potential. You are like no other. (*3 notes in timpani*) For you, kindness is *real*, goodness *natural*. Nothing resides in your mind that prohibits you from being the greatest thinker and achiever that ever lived. You have no subconscious cluttered with words that negate purity in thought and expression. In time, you will become *our* teacher.

CREATURE

I am a Man... as you are a Man. I may read faster, I may learn better and be stronger, but I am a Man, your equal, endowed with the same infinite life as you.

VICTOR

(*Surprised*) Infinite life?! Infinite Life is an **IDEA**, not a reality! It resides only in our imaginations. Where did you learn this concept? Was it in your reading?

CREATURE

I feel it.

Music Out. Then into Underscore: "Even You?"

VICTOR

Even you?! Listen to me! I made you. I *know* what's inside of you. There is nothing **outside** of you. (*he grabs the creature's shoulders*) All of you is contained here. There's nothing more!

CREATURE

But, am I not dead?... save for this one part that eludes you... escapes you still?

VICTOR

(*pushing steadily toward an almost psychotic behavior*) You'll see. We shall work together and learn life's formula. It's not unreachable I tell you. It's merely evasive. But you, with your tremendous abilities to think clearly and I, with my experience and determination... We'll find it! I know it!

CREATURE

I can not help you, my father. You must **never** make another... you must never trap another. Life is...

VICTOR

(*cutting him off*) But I'll refine the process, using undamaged parts from more youthful victims. I'll preserve the outward appearance with an improved coolant system running in synchronization with the charging cycle. By reducing the number of stitches, I'll...

CREATURE

No. Please... bring no torment to others. Listen about you and to the voice I know you hear within you. The crowds that gather each day consider me a *thing* to be controlled by their prejudice... your business associates, a commodity to be marketed and put to serve. Dare you create an entire *class* of such beings?

VICTOR

You **above all** should be able to *hear* what I am saying. My intention was never to create slaves. It was to forge **Masters!**

CREATURE

Your intentions are noble, but life isn't for you to give or take away. You are simply the caller, the one who summons me from the lightning. I have answered you. I have come. I am here now, for you... in this body you have so functionally designed. I am **not** the result of just a machine... I have come in answer to... (*points to the life-animator*)

VICTOR

(*overlaps and cuts him off*) You must never speak that way. When you do, you betray the same silly weaknesses of men with less than half your abilities! There is nothing other than what is here and now. (*his arms raised*) **THIS is REALITY!**... the heart pumping blood, the brain firing electric impulses. (*He points downward, tense*) This is the world. **This is what IS!** If there was Life, Infinite Life, then Caroli...

CREATURE

(*cutting him off*) And why **is** this... what **IS?**

VICTOR

Because what is... is.

CREATURE

But why? So hearts pump blood and brains fire electric charges. If you take blue and mix it with yellow, are you the **CREATOR** of green? Or is green already contained within the nature of blue and yellow?

VICTOR

Green is the result of spectral frequencies... it...

CREATURE

And like the painter, you have brought together a blend of colors, some wonderful, some dark and hideous, but I am *alive* because it is *natural* for me to be so. And **WHY** is it that way?

VICTOR

Because that's the way that it is!

There is silence as the Creature breathes a sigh of quiet despair.

Music Underscore: I'M THE ONLY ONE!

CREATURE

Not even you... not even my maker can answer me. *(to the sky)* Why have you made me to be so alone? Why does this *question* swarm inside of me with answers nowhere to be found?

VICTOR

Fear not, my friend, for we shall *get* those answers together. We will build **more!** Wouldn't you like a companion, a wife perhaps, a brother?!

CREATURE

William is my brother. In you I have a father, and in Elizabeth, I have found a mother.

VICTOR

(stops momentarily, pauses... more to himself) A mother?

CREATURE

Please... I beg of you, make no more of me. Once is enough. I am here now.

Narrator: Victor accelerated through the lab and the many set-up procedures. He rushed to the freezer unit and extracted the body of a small girl. Covered in a silken sheet, her tiny frozen arm swung downward.

(with pizzicato strings) Victor begins moving about the lab, accelerating his cleaning and his setting up procedures. He goes to a freezer unit and extracts the body of a small girl, her arm swings from the sheet which covers her.

VICTOR

You'll see. You'll **feel** the purpose of our great quest once we've started. You're equipped to be the greatest scientist who ever lived! Why... you were **born** to investigate and **find the answers!**

Narrator: The Creature bowed his head in despair as Elizabeth entered the once forbidden Room.

As the Creature bows his head in quiet despair, Elizabeth enters the laboratory.

ELIZABETH

(Panic Stricken! as she watches Victor attempting to place the bracelet on the young girl's wrist.) Victor. Stop!

VICTOR

(with bracelet in hand) Ah, Elizabeth. You must join us, take part in the great event to unfold.

ELIZABETH

(points to Creature) STOP HIM! *(to Victor)* He is too gentle to stop you, Victor... but I warn you... I will use force. I will fight you. I will do everything in my power to stop you. *(she looks for a weapon)*

VICTOR

You, Elizabeth! And how will **you** stop me? If not me, someone else will gain access to the procedure. It's better that one man be in control. **I** am the only one, **THE ONLY ONE** who knows the proper mix ratio, the process of parts blending and organic...

ELIZABETH

VICTOR! Have you gone completely mad?

VICTOR

OUR DAUGHTER!

ELIZABETH

You are obsessed with yourself. You say there is no god... then why have you become one? Why must you control life and death, the world, *(looks to Caroline's body)* people...?

Music Out: Victor waits for the silence.

VICTOR

Because I can!

Narrator: Victor initiated the life-animater cycle. A huge whirring filled the lab. The Creature moved to the logbook and began ripping its pages. Shocked and raged, Victor charged toward The Creature.

Victor starts the life-animater cycle. A huge whirring begins while the Creature moves to the log book and begins tearing out the pages. Victor sees this and rushes the Creature.

VICTOR

Are you mad? Years of research... the only hope for humanity!... My life's work! (*ad lib*)

WILLIAM

Father, Mother! The machines!

Narrator: Still clutching Caroline's tiny bracelet, Victor raised his arm to strike the Creature. Then Elizabeth began tearing pages from the log. Confused and pained, Victor pushed the Creature to the ground and grabbed Elizabeth. She raised her arm to strike Victor. Clutching the torn pages, Victor pushed Elizabeth away... in the direction of the life-animater! He quickly tried to prevent her from falling against it... but both were charred to death. Recovering from the fall, the Creature peeled Victor from the machine. Elizabeth fell into his arms.

Victor raises his arm, still clutching Caroline's bracelet, to strike the Creature as Elizabeth begins tearing pages from the log book. Victor pushes the Creature to the ground and rushes Elizabeth. He is tragically confused and pained. Elizabeth raises her arm to strike Victor with a back-hand across the face. Victor grasps the torn pages in his left hand and diverts the blow with his right, directing Elizabeth into the life-animater. He suddenly screams, "ELIZABETH!" He tries to prevent her from touching the machine, but both are infused with a huge electric shock. The Creature, recovering from his fall, rises just after Victor has peeled off and fallen to the floor. Elizabeth falls into the Creature's questioning, outreaching arms.

CREATURE

Mother? ELIZABETH! Where are you my beautiful mother? (*he is weeping*). Father... FATHER! Are you all right? (*then to William*) Quickly, William... recharge the machine. We must *call* mother back!

William restarts the machine and rushes to the log book, searching it for procedure. The Creature hoists Elizabeth to the surgical cart and positions her beneath the lightning rod.

N: BUT THE PAGES WERE GONE, CHARRED AND SEARED TO VICTOR'S CLUTCHING HAND.

Narrator: Young William restarted the machine. He ran to the log book as the Creature hoisted Elizabeth to the surgical table. But the pages were gone, seared to Victor's charred, clutching Hand. William continued to prime the machine, then pulled the switch. The Life-animater fired... but there was no Life.

During the slow narration, William continues to prime the machine, then pulls the switch. The life-animator fires. Please note that the equipment WORKS, but the Life-Giving attributes are somehow NOT working.

CREATURE

William... Why isn't it working? *(he is weeping)*

WILLIAM

I don't know! *(he too is weeping and is confused)*
At that moment, the Burgermeister barges into the lab.

BURGERMEISTER

(looking at the scene he deduces that the Creature has killed Elizabeth and Victor) My God, what are you? *(he chambers his shot-gun)*

WILLIAM

No, you don't understand. He didn't hurt them! We're trying to...

BURGERMEISTER

WILLIAM, its all right now... I'll take care of this murdering monster for you. *(to himself)* So this is the thing that Victor made! My God!

WILLIAM

But, you don't understand... he's my bro...

The lights dim and the sounds of the crowd rise. The Burgermeister takes the Creature who offers no resistance by the nape of the neck and via an ethereal light transition takes him to the awaiting crowd. We hear the crowd's horrified responses. Terrified, William runs.

SCENE 3

N: WILLIAM RAN AND RAN AND RAN. PARENTS GONE, HIS HOME LOST TO A MOB, HIS BROTHER TAKEN, THE SWEAT FROM HIS BROW MERGED WITH HIS TEARS. **B**UT STILL HE RAN. **W**AS IT **F**ATE THAT GUIDED HIS **W**AY?

Narrator: William ran and ran and ran. Parents gone, his home lost to a mob, his brother taken, the sweat from his brow merged with his tears. But still he ran. Was it Fate that guided his Way? Reaching the end of his strength, William ran into a field where the Blind man and his family were hard at work. The Blind man was, occupied... busily carving a new Wooden Flute...

We see the Blind Man and his family at work in the field. William enters from the opposite side. He runs into the Blind Man who is busily carving a new wooden flute.

WILLIAM

Excuse me, sir. I didn't see you.

BLIND MAN

That's quite all right, young man. But what are you running from?

William backs up as if to run away.

WILLIAM

I'm not running.

William turns to run away again but is met by the outward arms of the young boy and girl.

BOY

Wait a minute! Tell us what's wrong... it's okay.

WILLIAM

(struggling) It's **not** okay. It'll never be okay, not **ever again!**

GIRL

Don't say that! We'll help you!

WILLIAM

They're going to KILL him... and he's ALL I have left!

BOY

Kill who?

WILLIAM

The Creature.

BLIND MAN

What do you mean... creature? All of us are God's creation.

WILLIAM

No, no... the one my **FATHER** created!

BLIND MAN

I see.

BOY

Father, does he mean...

GIRL

(to blind man) Does he mean *The Teacher?*

BLIND MAN

Do you know this man? *(turns to William)*

WILLIAM

What do you mean... *Teacher?*

WHAT I SEE... I HEAR A VOICE!

words & Music by

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- Blind Man: The Man you call a “creature”
Deformed and scarred in feature
Has been our kindly Teacher
Of Life
- Boy & Girl: We thought at first he’d harm us
His presence here alarmed us!
Instead, he taught and charmed us
With Life...
Inside him...
Inside all of us!
- Blind Man: His... was the Voice (*he his holding his newly carved flute*)
Of a Man... who is kind and gentle
- Boy & Girl: His message was simple... he offered us timely wisdom
We looked for him often... we hoped he would pay a visit
And then, when he did so... the fear we had was shattered...
- Family: He touched our hearts
Let us see... that the world is all but the
Chance to be Alive!
- William: He visited often?... I didn’t know that he did that!
But he is in danger... I need you to help me save him.
- William: The man you call your “Teacher”
Is hunted as a creature
Considered dark in feature
By those... who’d harm him
Not see him
- All: As a Man!
- Boy & Girl: We’ve got to stop them!
- William: I know we’ll stop them!
- Kids: ‘cause we have the truth on our side
We’ll make them listen!
By God, this is our mission!
- Blind Man: We must save him!
- William: He’s my Brother...
- All: Like no other...

We must be strong for him
 Fight against wrong for him
 We have the task of Defending a Man who was Sent to us
 Yes, he was Sent to us!

Now... We can see!
 That the world
 Is a place for us to
 Be more than things
 As we Learn
 That the Light inside is the same
 For You and...

All, BM: I
 Blind Man: Heard the Voice *(holds the flute out)*
 Of a Man who is kind and gentle

All: Come, take my hand
 Have no fear
 We can live as friends
 It can really be
 That the world is here
 For the chance to live in Friend...ship!

Blind Man: They'll try to enslave him

Boy & Girl: We have to be strong to save him

William: We have to get started
 'cause I think they're
 Gonna hurt him
 If we don't get over there!

All: NOW!
 Blind Man: Oh, I hear a Voice!

As the sun rises, Victor, charred and tattered appears center stage to conclude the piece.

Narrator: Hearing our Voices, Victor, whom I thought already dead, came to the field... struggling with each step, one charred arm fused to his side. With only moments of life left within him, he offered his final Prayer...

Victor: I long to be what my friend seems to be, yes he's a
 Man who can see what's inside... how I really am
 Not a Monster but a Man...
 A Man...

When the song ends, a musical “sunrise” cue will begin. The bent, twisted body of Victor limps on stage. He still wears his lab coat, charred and tattered. His face is badly scarred and one arm is fused to his side. The fingers on that side are still clutching his last lab note. He stands center stage, amidst the rising sun and sings the very end of WHAT I SEE. Collapsing to his knees, he withdraws for the last time, Caroline's bracelet. And then, with one last glance to heaven, he falls over to his quiet death.

Lights fade up to a sweltering red on “a man.” The crowd noises swell and overtake the segue into SCENE 4.

SCENE 4

Narrator: Collapsing to his knees, Victor withdrew for the last time, Caroline's bracelet. And then, with one last glance to heaven, he fell over to his quiet death.

N: YOUNG WILLIAM WAS A CHILD WHO COULD NOT POSSIBLY KNOW THE TRUTH, AND HE, THE BOY'S BROTHER, WAS BUT A MONSTER TO BE HATED AND KILLED. VICTOR COULD NO LONGER SPEAK IN BEHALF OF HIS CREATION. **(HE CHOKES UP)** IN HIS EFFORT TO SAVE ELIZABETH... VICTOR WAS BURIED IN THAT FIELD, AT THE VERY SPOT HE FELL. **(LOOKS AT THE FLOWERS ON HIS DESK, TOUCHES THEM)** THE FLOWERS ALWAYS SEEM TO GROW BRIGHTER AND STRONGER IN THAT SPECIAL PLACE. EVEN IN DEATH, VICTOR CREATED SUCH BEAUTIFUL LIFE. YOUNG WILLIAM KNEW THEN, EVEN AS A BOY, THAT THE CREATURE, THIS GREAT POTENTIAL OF LOVE EMBODIED IN THE MALFORMED EXTERIOR OF A MAN, WAS SOON TO BE DESTROYED.

Fade up on an abstract mob scene in an undefined space. The Theologian, speaking for the crowd, urges the creature's immediate destruction from a pulpit. A multi-screened MTV-like film is projecting mob-scenes... Hitler, Evangelists, Rock Concerts, etc... as KILL IT BURN IT evolves. The Burgermeister represents the law. The Scientist speaks in behalf of Victor. The Military Man is interested only in the potential of the investment. We hear the crowd chanting for the destruction of the monster... a burning at the old windmill.

CROWD (THROUGHOUT SCENE)

He killed her. He's the devil himself, a monster. The monster rapes. It's the killer. He's guilty. Kill him. Burn him. The boy is brainwashed.

THEOLOGIAN (WITH THEOLOGIAN 2 “YES-MAN” ECHOES)

Look at the *thing* standing before us. Is there any need to question our next decision? It is obviously evil, an abomination, and it probably raped poor Elizabeth while the good Doctor struggled against its monstrous strength!

THEOLOGIAN 2 (KILL IT, BURN IT! SINGER)

Look at the thing! it is Evil!

BURGERMEISTER

It would tend to explain a few things. There have been some unsolved murder cases in our community, some unsolved rapes. This thing has been around now for almost a year. Who knows what it's been doing!

THEOLOGIAN 2

Exactly! What Woman?

THEOLOGIAN

He must be a rapist. What woman would be with him willingly?

SCIENTIST

Why let our emotions enslave us? Lack of beauty is no crime. Since he is a man, he has the rights of a man and should be tried as such, in a court, by a jury of his peers.

THEOLOGIAN

Peers!?! (*the crowd is laughing*) This thing has no peers. It's not even human. It's not an animal. It's just a THING!, a construction of science that turned on its maker. Now, I don't mean to slight the Frankensteins,... Elizabeth attended services often... but didn't their tampering warrant this wrath? I tell you... we must kill this affront to God, completely destroy it by fire!

THEOLOGIAN 2

(*answering within lines above spoken by Theologian 1.*)

No Peers! It's a thing! Remember Elizabeth! Destroy it!

BURGERMEISTER

Still though, I represent the law and the doctor has a point. (*he walks to the hand-chained creature*) So I put it to you, whatever you are... did you or did you not kill Elizabeth and then turn on your creator? (*crowd chants that he is guilty*) Are you guilty or are you innocent?

CREATURE

Neither.

WILLIAM (WITH FAMILY)

He didn't kill anyone! I was there. I saw! He's my bro... *(ad lib)*

SCIENTIST

Hush, William. Come here!

He takes the boy away from the family. The Blind Man gathers his children into his arms.

THEOLOGIAN

(ignoring William) Ah, we must be careful of this one. Did you hear his answer... **"NEITHER!"** We must watch for his sophistry. He'll make every attempt to seduce us with his lies... but it doesn't matter. By saying **NEITHER** he simply states that he is **NOT** innocent. Let's waste no more time.

THEOLOGIAN 2

(answering within lines above spoken by Theologian 1.)

Not innocent! Kill the thing!

SCIENTIST

We must not be hasty, or allow fear to get the better of us. He is, in fact, alive... made at the hands of man... with the tools of **SCIENCE!** Allow me time with the creature. I want to study him, ask him questions. Perhaps we can learn to reconstruct Victor's process and... *(William ponders this)*

MILITARY MAN

I agree entirely with the doctor. There is too much information here. Since we can kill him whenever we want, I would like to interrogate him further.

THEOLOGIAN

(to crowd) He is evil, I tell you and we must **NOT** wait. But I'll prove to all of you that he is not like the rest of us. *(to creature)* Who made you?

THEOLOGIAN 2

(answering within lines above spoken by Theologian 1.)

It is Evil! Of course!

CREATURE

My father.

THEOLOGIAN

Then for you, there **is** no God? Don't you believe in God? *(to crowd)* Don't we believe that **GOD CREATES MEN?** *("of course," they chant)*

THEOLOGIAN 2

(answering within lines above spoken by Theologian 1.)

A man? Ridiculous!

CREATURE

God himself need not create men... As far as I can tell, it is *men* who create their gods to serve *them*.

THEOLOGIAN

(aghast) Exactly! Exactly! And who made you?

THEOLOGIAN 2

(answering within lines above spoken by Theologian 1.)

It is God now??? Kill it!

CREATURE

My father.

THEOLOGIAN

A Man?

CREATURE

Yes, a *good* man.

THEOLOGIAN

(cutting him off) Perfect! *(to crowd)* Do you see? *(to Creature)* And since, according to you, *men* make God, do you now expect us to believe that **YOU are GOD?**

CREATURE

(through the crowd's laughter) I am *your* son, the son of man. It was you who made me. Every word I speak, I learned from you. Every thought I read, you have written. *(he reaches for his recorder given to him by the blind man)* Every note I play, you have sung!

THEOLOGIAN

Oh, he's a cunning one, this one. He wants us to accept the argument... that **WE** made him, that **WE** taught him everything?... **THAT WE DID THE KILLING!**

THEOLOGIAN 2

(answering within lines above spoken by Theologian 1.)

End this Evil!

WILLIAM

He did **NOT** kill anyone...

MILITARY MAN

Will someone please look after the boy! He's distraught and for all we know brainwashed by the monster! (*the now brainwashed crowd chants, "he's brainwashed"*) (*to creature*) Time is running out for you, my friend. Why don't you free yourself from those chains? Show us your extraordinary powers? You look the part, but you certainly don't *seem* to be a killer... There's no aggression, no hatred of captivity. What a waste it would be to discover that you are actually a *failure*.

The Creature remains still. The military man prods him with a baton, trying to enrage him, but the Creature looks steadfast and lovingly at William.

BURGERMEISTER

(to military man) What do *you* think we should do with him, sir?

CROWD

Kill it! Burn it!

MILITARY MAN

Well, he's obviously harmless... and certainly of no use to us. I'll leave that decision to you and to the will of the people. Good day, gentlemen... ladies. (*he exits , while the crowd beckons for the Creature's death.*)

BURGERMEISTER

I will defend your rights to a trial, but first, I must know everything about you. I must know who you are... what you think. So far you've said nothing. I must hear you say that you are *innocent*. Now this is your chance... your **ONLY** chance. You must take it! Tell us who you are and what you are. Declare yourself for all to know!

The Creature takes the recorder (wooden flute) already in hand and in gentle flow of Music tells the Burgermeister and the Crowd who he is. The Crowd laughs and jeers at the Creature through his childish, innocent theme. The world is not yet ready for such tenderness. The orchestra joins him, then the Crowd sings their song of destruction!

When the Creature is slapped, William rushes to strike the assailant, but the Creature stops him with a warm and knowing smile... whispering some quick, unknown wisdom into his young ear. It is here that the MTV-like films are projected as a pulpit enters the set. The Theologian leads the chanting crowd... (still an imagined effect)... in the following:

KILL IT! BURN IT!

words & Music by

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The following scene may best be described as a DANCE from PARADISE LOST. It is hedonistic, like a modern pop concert. First, the crowd listens to the Creature's explanation of himself via the Music taught to him and played on the recorder given to him by the Blind Man. For a brief and honest moment, the Crowd listens. Then, in an MTV-like blur of projected images and ethereal effects, the Theologian sings the lead from a pulpit and is superimposed over images of Hitler speaking to crowds, then Evangelists speaking to crowds and then Rock Stars singing to crowds, politicians, etc.

We hear: "Does he think he'll fool us with this... Music?"

They laugh and mock the Creature so that by measure 18, they are in full decadent and drunken laughter like those who awaited the return of Moses from the mountain.

SUNG & CHANTED:

Chain IT! HURT IT! It is so ugly.
KILL IT! BURN IT! He is a Monster!

CROWD NOISES, then 2 strikes across the Creature's face. (William clenches his fist, the Creature softens him)

It is Bad, for We are GOOD!
Hate IT! BEAT IT! End what is Evil!
KILL IT! BURN IT! He is a Monster!

*CROWD NOISE: Jeering, mocking laughter, etc.
The Creature plays his theme again, they listen for a moment... then BACK!
They jeer and mock him.*

Stop IT! End IT! He is a killer!
Rape and murder... That's what he lives for.

CROWD JEERS and LAUGHS and MOCKS

KILL HIM!!

Screaming:

KILL IT! BURN IT! He is a Monster!
KILL IT! BURN IT! Purge what is Evil!

CHANT:

Let us bring the thing to the windmill
Chain it to the frame, watch it struggle
Then with Fire we'll purge this Darkness!

They take him... "TAKE HIM!" and hoist him up, carrying him through a scene change to the windmill. (Dancers are swaying and beckoning his destruction.)

He is Evil, just look at his ugly face
He's a killer, it's easy to see that he's
Less than normal men
We must be tools of GOOD!

KILL IT! BURN IT! KILL IT! BURN IT!

(in pop concert, hedonistic swaying)

It is Bad, for We are GOOD!

SCREAMING!

KILL IT! BURN IT! Stop it from breeding!
KILL IT! BURN IT! He is a Monster!

CHANT:

Now we have the thing where we want it!
Chain it to that post... watch it struggle
Then with Fire we'll purge this Evil!

He is Satan's son, twisting the truth
With his Evil play on words
That's why we must be the

Righteous hand of GOOD!
KILLING HIM! BURNING HIM!

Someone breaks the recorder over their knee. The Creature's eyes water. Then the Creature HUMS the theme, for although the instrument has been broken, the Music continues.

Narrator: The mob had hoisted the Creature up, and carried him to the windmill. He was chained to an exposed beam. Outside again they lifted their torches... but young William broke free and ran inside. Even though the wooden flute had been broken, he heard its sweet Music nonetheless... coming from somewhere inside his own soul and that of his friend and Brother...

The piece ends with...

A MAN.

SCENE 5

During the piece and the scene change, the Creature's theme is overtaken. He is hoisted up and carried to the windmill. Inside, he is chained to one of the exposed beams. His hands are still chained and he is secured to the windmill by another chain which is just long enough for him to reach an open window, It is, however, not long enough for him to get out. The mob is planning to burn the Creature to death by setting fire to the windmill. William breaks free of the angry mob and runs into the windmill. It is dimly lit and momentarily lit by flashes of unheard lightning. The crowd continues to jeer and chant.

WILLIAM

(inside, out of breath) Don't be afraid. I won't let them kill you. They'll have to kill me as well.

CREATURE

You must leave, William, for indeed they **might** kill you. Their hatred is so unthinkable. *(closes his eyes)* It's so strong and confusing.

WILLIAM

But you have a great purpose for living. You're supposed to be our teacher... Father said so! I have seen it. And there are others that know, too... If we just take the time to find the right words, we can prevent all of this. You didn't kill them!

Narrator: At that moment, chained inside a windmill, he withdrew the music box and gave it to William.

CREATURE

William, my most kind friend and brother, you **must** leave. You have important work to do. *(The Creature extracts the "What Is Beauty?" Music Box from his garb and hands it to William.)* Don't let your gentle life be snuffed out. *(pauses)* William, I am already dead. There will be no loss.

WILLIAM

I can't let you go... I love you.

CREATURE

(as if asking the question for William) Do you have any ideas about what awaits me when I die?

WILLIAM

No.

CREATURE

Will I be with our mother?

WILLIAM

I don't know. (*tears*) But who will care for *me* if you leave?... and who will I... care *for*?

CREATURE

All men, William. All men. (*said softly... William continues as if not hearing*)

WILLIAM

Don't you see, you must stay. **You MUST STAY!**

CREATURE

I thank you, William... for teaching me and giving me so much, for showing me books. There are so many words written about what I now face... but there are no *real* answers. You have always been special, William. Be strong for us both. There is much for you to do. As for me, to know death, I must *live* it.

Music Cue:

The lightning storm begins again, this time stronger and harder. We see it flashing, but do not hear it. William looks out the window, then returns to the Creature, making attempts to free him from the chain.

WILLIAM

A storm without rain! Why couldn't it rain? Why couldn't their fires be drowned? (*a horrible gut-wrenching outcry*) **God!**, if you're there, please let it rain!

The Creature grabs William in his powerful arms, immediately immobilizing him. The Creature moves to the window... the crowd is still chanting, but their cries for death subside under the Creature's song, his Prayer to the Lightning.

CREATURE

William. Listen.

Toward the end of the song, at "AND SO, MY DEAR FRIEND," the Creature takes William by the arms, lifts him off of the floor, and travelling chains length, passes him to the mob... and then awaits his death.

PRAYER TO THE LIGHTNING

words & Music by

Copyright © Stephen Melillo IGNA 18 September 1990

The Creature prays to the lightning outside the windmill. To him, it is God. He also sings to William. In this song, he explains why he must now live death and give his life for his friend and brother. We see the storm flashing outside, but we do not hear it.

Listen...

In the Light,
I face my darkest thoughts
Why does the Lightning come into me?
Is not the truth of it all... I'm dead?... so dead.

I need to know why the World is, and
Why there's a Sky up above
Why there's a Man in this Monster
Who's alive to feel Hate and Love...

*He looks to the heavens
He points to himself
He takes William's hand*

And if there's a reason for feeling what I feel
And if Pain is part of the way things are...

What does it mean to BE?
Why don't you answer me? (please)

*He gestures to William
He looks to the heavens
again as the light flashes*

I want to know how these pieces of
Death come together and live

*He tugs at his various sewn
appendices*

Is it Dream?, or is Nightmare man's only truth?

What Am I? and
Why am I Here to Ask?
As the Light flashes in the Dark... Night...

I did not ask for this Life, inside me...
I had no wish to be born, before me...

Now I have something to lose, It's **LIFE**,
I GIVE back to you...

To the Lightning and his friend

And so, my dear friend, I have learned if one of us must die
It should be me...

Then again, I'll return to Dark
Somewhere I don't know...
In the Light...

Narrator: A Bright light came through the window where the Creature prayed. As he removed the bandages which had become a part of his flesh, I saw that he was uniquely Beautiful, perhaps more so than anyone could imagine. I took the broken Wooden Flute with me... and would carry it forever.

As the Creature's song ends, a bright white Light shines through the window, first revealing, then obscuring his features in a white blur. The shadowy face we have never seen passes into a radiant white. We see that he is not ugly at all! We see that he is uniquely Beautiful, perhaps more so than anyone could imagine. The Light is not dissimilar to the Light which gave him life.

N: A BRIGHT LIGHT CAME THROUGH THE WINDOW WHERE THE CREATURE PRAYED. AS HE REMOVED THE BANDAGES WHICH HAD BECOME A PART OF HIS FLESH, I SAW THAT HE WAS UNIQUELY BEAUTIFUL, PERHAPS MORE SO THAN ANYONE COULD IMAGINE. I TOOK THE BROKEN WOODEN FLUTE WITH ME... AND WOULD CARRY IT FOREVER.

Then, fade to black. Pause in silence and in darkness.

SCENE 6

*Young William walks to the center of the stage, journal in hand. The curtain has closed. All is black, save for the spotlighted area directly around William. From behind the curtain, we hear the sound of RAIN as William writes into his journal. We hear in song, what he writes. He carries a new journal, similar to the one the Narrator has been writing in. In his first **personal** journal entry we hear his conviction and insight.*

WILLIAM'S SONG

words & Music by

Copyright © Stephen Melillo IGNA 26 November 1990

Alone, on stage, young William writes into his journal. As he writes, he speaks with Music the content of his soul. With great conviction and purpose he tells the audience:

In the dead of Night
To this book I write
About my friend in the monster, and
The Man from the Light

Just like him, I'm a man in a boy who'll one day be a boy inside a man
And I won't be heard 'til I'm very old
Yet the message I offer is the same
It's the **SAME** as the One
Echoed story ever told

Everyone of us has something noble
That resides within like wind inside the Storm
It's the chance to be a conscious part of Goodness
Saying Yes to Love and No to Wrong...

Here's a man whose vision is worth knowing
If we let him he can show us how to see
That despite the outward fraud of simple appearance
What we share is
Humanity.

When his entry is concluded, young William slams the journal shut. He examines the broken flute salvaged from the KILL IT! BURN IT! scene. He reverently places it into his right pocket.

We momentarily feel that the play has finally concluded as the Music comes to its gentle conclusion before a closed curtain.

Instead, young William passes 44-year-old William emerging from center stage. As they revolve about each other, they take note of the same broken flute. For Older William, it protrudes from the right pocket of his lab coat. For Younger William, it is still in his right hand.

SCENE 7

44-year-old William, standing center stage opens his journal and makes a last entry. Then slamming the book shut, the Music erupts!

Here now, is the point of the story! It should feel as though the same play is about to start all over again!

N: THAT WAS 33 YEARS AGO! AND NOW YOU KNOW THE STORY AS I HAVE LIVED IT... WHY I'VE SPENT ALL THESE YEARS STUDYING MY FATHER'S NOTES... AND WHY I AM HERE NOW **TO BRING BACK MY BROTHER!**

The lights go to black, William spotlighted. We see the lightning flashes from behind the closed curtain. The curtain opens.

It is as if the entire play were starting all over again! William summons his brother, reliving the same motions that occurred at the beginning... 33 years ago.

This time the song is sung with boyish hope, faith and exuberance. But on the Light Effect, the Creature remains motionless.

**** It was not **process** or years of research that brought life to the world! During that moment, William **begs** for him to return. In his **Prayer** for life, the Creature awakens to the full orchestra and chorus of hope and love.*

Machines "whir up" into "33 Years Later!"

33 YEARS LATER!

words & Music by

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*The Creature ... and all of us who choose to be... is born in the fury of the STORM
... again... as WILLIAM summons him, the chorus resounding in triumphal reunion
with the Man from the Light...*

Lightning, Lightning
Come back to this Man
Lightning, Lightning
Breathe into these hands

And in a moment
The Life in this Storm will come back to Man
And Love will be in our Reach where we stand!
Forever! (*descant chorus*)

Then, we'll have taken the
Untimely Death of this humble Man and
He will Live Again!

Come, Dear Light,
Come and Be this Man
Oh, take this piece of dead flesh and
Give it Life...

Lightning, Lightning (*descant chorus*)
Come back to this Man
Lightning, Lightning
Breathe into these hands

WILLIAM

(When the life-animator fails!) Please... come back, my brother... Dear
Father in Heaven, please hear my Prayer. COME BACK!... PLEASE!

*William falls to his knees, beneath the table. He believes that he has failed. As the
Music climaxes, a hand reaches for William's in the same fashion as the drawing
which models the Michelangelo.*

CHORUS:

He's alive now
His Light shines now
We will share that LIGHT...
That LIGHT... LIGHT... LIGHT... LIGHT...

Oh we hear a Voice!

As the Music reaches its fullest glory, William proclaims:

WILLIAM
(optional) We're ALIVE!

Sudden burst to Black-out.

Filmed credits projected onto the closed curtain.

***STORM End Credits** plays as background.*

Light gradually fades up.

Curtain opens.

Curtain Call for cast & crew.

GODSPEED!... For with Him... WE are that Light!