

IGOR'S NIGHTMARE

HORROR
script

CHRISTOPHER SCOTT

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Prologue

The door slowly opened with a creak from its hinges. In the door's frame was the dark silhouette of a man with a top hat. The shadowed outline of the man stood motionless for several seconds, and his vision was greeted to total blackness as he peered into the room. The man's eyes squinted as he tried to focus on discerning hints of objects that were beyond his vision's ability. Only a slight glimmer of light barely reached into the room, coming from an old oil lamp that hung on an iron rod at the start of the narrow hallway. Slowly, he entered the dark room. His footsteps proceeded with caution as they shuffled on the floor, attempting to detect any possible hazard. Before he closed the door, he heedfully made his way to a silhouetted outline of a candle positioned on a table several feet in front of him. He knew next to the candle there was a box of matches he had placed there, before he had left several hours ago. With steady hands he removed a match from its box and struck it down its side. After he lit the candle, he stared at it for a moment to assure himself that the candle's wick was in its full luminescence. Just before he returned to close the door, he glanced at the candle's flickering flame again. Once the door was closed, he engaged the door's lock and removed his soaking wet, long black coat and his top hat. The hat had rain drops running down from its crown. He shook the rain from

both of them before he hung them from a spindly coat rack perched in the corner.

Victor Frankenstein wandered around the room, searching for and finding the remaining candles which he had positioned strategically throughout. With patience, he slowly lit each one. Victor was a tall man of one hundred and ninety centimeters, and weighed just shy of ninety kilograms. This evening, his raven black hair was wet and slicked back. Normally it was well groomed, with a part on the right side.

Draped across the table closest to him was his white laboratory coat. When he donned his coat, he unknowingly disheveled his hair slightly, which offered a glimpse of a man who was beyond passion in his drive to solve his theory of life. Actually, he was emotionally and psychologically fanatic about his work. He buttoned the white coat completely for two reasons: to protect his clothing from any possible splatter from his present research and to add an additional layer of warmth from the cold, damp air that hung in the room.

The cold, mold-covered stone walls of the room had long, dark shadows upon them, flickering wildly. Victor's shadow rhythmically swayed with the candle flames that danced from their wicks throughout the room. His body's shadow gently pulsed when he momentarily became stationary, focusing on a particular line in one of the books he kept splayed open. Victor's shadow kept pace as he shifted from the various books and journals that lay open on the table to some of the liquid-filled cylinders that nearly covered every surface.

At sporadic increments the room would instantaneously be filled by a bright flash of white light, followed a few seconds later by a thunderous boom. The raging savage storm outside the walls did not distract Victor's focus from his task.

The room's rough stone walls were covered with level upon level of shelves. The shelves were filled with glass cylinders that contained a semitransparent solution. Suspended in each cylinder's liquid contained various organs; some held kidneys, hearts, various-sized brains, and eyeballs from many types of animals. Some of the larger containers held a full head of some small breed of animal.

Pinned to the side of each shelf were pieces of yellow, stained parchment with dates inscribed upon them. Each of the glass cylinders that held an organ or head were numerically marked. Many of the organs and small heads that were suspended in their liquid were in varying states of decomposition.

Victor's present research was to study the rate of animal tissue decomposition in various mixture solutions. After reading a line of documentation from one of the books by either Paracelsus or Agrippa, alchemists that had performed research with chemicals and minerals and how they react with human tissue, he approached a shelf that contained a specific date. He checked the date on the vial and matched it with his journal entry. After analyzing a particular organ in one of the glass cylinders he had retrieved, he returned to his table where he searched in his journal for the cylinders number and chemical solution makeup. Then he documented next to that cylinder's number the rate of the

tissue's breakdown. If he approved of his findings, he would return the cylinder to its position on the shelf. If he disliked his findings, he would place it on a table with the others to be discarded.

Next to the table that held the books and journals that Victor was interested in were two long tables that were positioned perpendicular to the far wall. On these tables were glass boxes that were approximately one meter in length, a half meter in width, and a half meter in height. Each box was three-quarters filled with a colored liquid of diluted red or a transparent whitish color.

On each of the tables were four of the glass tanks. Two of the tanks that lay end to end contained a full-sized animal. Two of the tanks held a feline suspended in liquid, and the other two tanks on the opposing table held a small juvenile swine. Next to each box that encased an animal was another fluid-filled tank that held several electric eels, gliding throughout their liquid world. Every so often one or more of the eels would discharge electricity. The instant the eel discharged its electricity, one swine in its tank would open its eyes wide.

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My Hasty Escape

The next evening the sun had slowly set over mountains towards the west. As the darkness quickly intensified, it engulfed all matter. The way the small crest of the moon slowly presented itself in the darkening sky looked as if the valley beckoned it. In slow motion the moon rose, and at one point appeared to rest on the mountain's ridge. The moon's buttery glow created elongated shadows that appeared to stretch beyond everything it touched. It was this time of the night when dark, moving shadows made themselves known at the castle's front gate.

Out of the darkness, forms of an angry mob materialized. They were men, women, and children from the village. Many held shovels, pitchforks, and clubs which they held tightly in their hands. Intermittently, a few of the men and women held lanterns and torches. Out of the mob, several men with powerful axes approached the main gate's door and started to swing their axes at it. For several minutes they would alternate themselves until finally they managed to break down the main gate's door. With the door hacked to pieces, there was unobstructed access to enter. The mob instantly trampled their way into the courtyard. They tore at everything. It did not require much time for the courtyard to be a discarded assembly of fragmented pieces. With nothing left to destroy, the mob focused themselves on the castle's

main door. They rushed towards the door and started pounding their fists against it. Again, the men with the axes appeared and started to swing upon it.

In disbelief, I viewed the carnage occurring from my room's small window that was just below ground level. In a panic I grabbed my travel bag and rushed down the hall. When I made it to the castle's hidden side door, I opened it slowly. I peered through the small opening between the door and the wall. Not seeing any of the mob, I attempted my escape. With quick determination I achieved my next area of concealment, the waterwheel. I slowly poked my head around the corner. Still not seeing anyone, I made haste to wade my way across the stream. The moment my feet hit a dry foothold, I spotted a game trail. With focused determination I aimed for it.

To my surprise there were several villagers hiding in wait behind the outbuildings and some of the larger trees. I attempted to hasten my pace, however, due to my physical affliction and the roughness of the terrain, I was not that quick on my feet. A young man and a large portly woman quickly arrested my escape. When they had me in their grip, the young man called out to the others for assistance. Out of the darkness two men who reeked of whiskey grabbed me by my shoulders and haphazardly dragged me back across the stream into the castle's courtyard and out what was left of the main gate. The two drunken beasts dropped me in front of a crazed group of villagers. Almost instantly they surrounded me. Several of them started to kick me. I recognized one of the men. He was the blonde who was one of the men who were responsible for erecting the waterwheel. The rest of the mob screamed the most horrific things that they wanted to do

to me, from ripping me apart using four of their horses, to burning me at the stake. One beast-sized man with a massive beard and crazed hair had a huge ax. He hollered that he wanted to lay me on the ground and chop me to pieces. I was so scared when suddenly, three of the biggest men from town grabbed ahold of me, lifting me off the ground. In fear for my life, I instantly wet myself. For a moment I was beyond any self-control. However, to my relief, one of the two behemoths who had their massive hands wrapped around each of my arms said in a deep commanding voice, "No." He raised his other hand as if to stop them. "We will take him to town. The elders will judge him, not us." He pointed towards the castle and dictated, "Go. Search for Doctor Frankenstein and his monsters." At that moment I was extremely grateful. That sense of relief only lasted seconds. The way they brutally had ahold of my arms I thought that any moment my shoulder joints were about to dislocate.

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