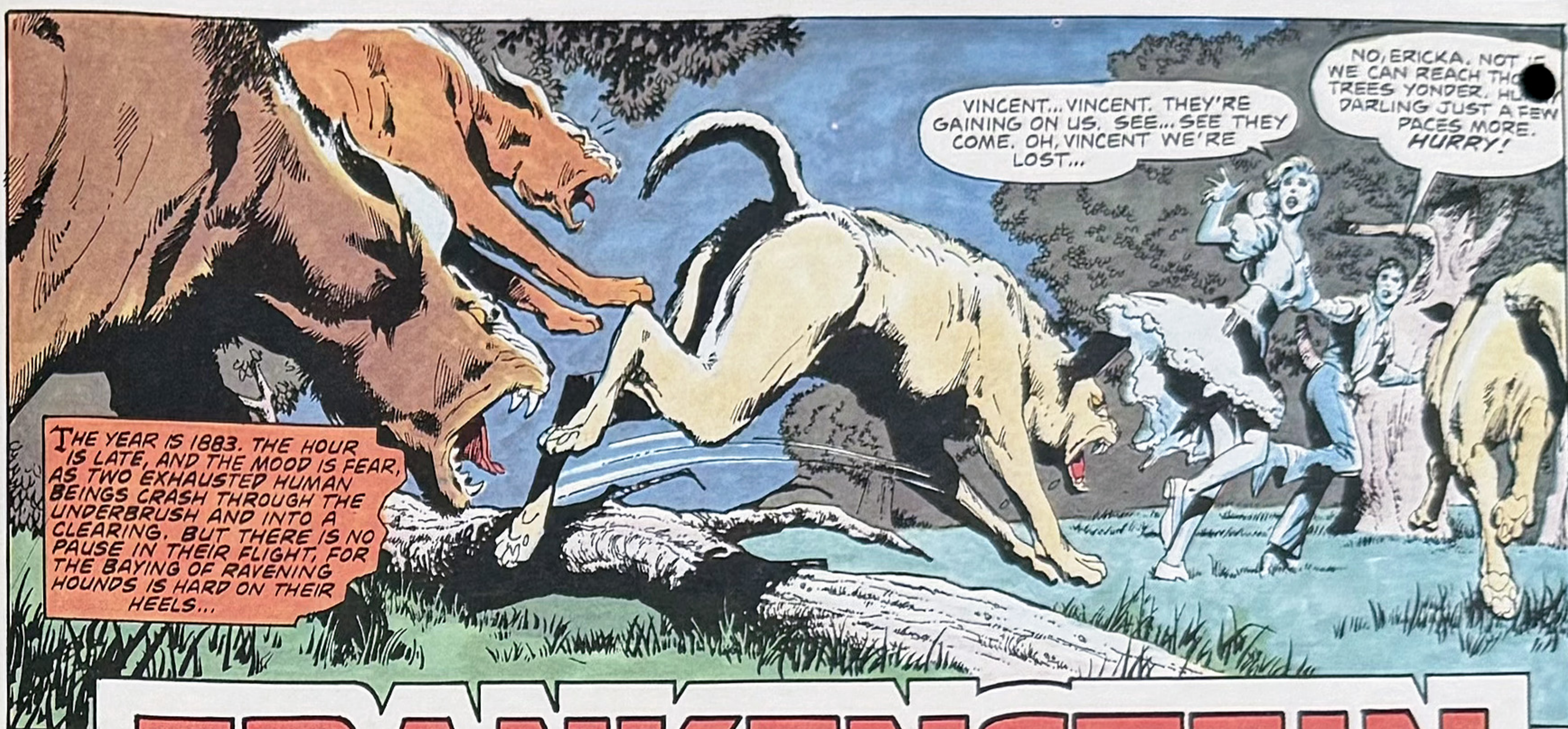




THE YEAR IS 1883. THE HOUR IS LATE, AND THE MOOD IS FEAR, AS TWO EXHAUSTED HUMAN BEINGS CRASH THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH AND INTO A CLEARING. BUT THERE IS NO PAUSE IN THEIR FLIGHT, FOR THE BAYING OF RAVENING HOUNDS IS HARD ON THEIR HEELS...

VINCENT...VINCENT. THEY'RE GAINING ON US. SEE... SEE THEY COME. OH, VINCENT WE'RE LOST...

NO, ERICKA. NOT IF WE CAN REACH THOSE TREES YONDER. HOLD ON, DARLING. JUST A FEW PACES MORE. HURRY!

FRANKENSTEIN

AFTER AN ETERNITY OF SECONDS...

THAT'S IT, DARLING, CLIMB UP AS HIGH AS YOU CAN.



I HAVE A HAND-HOLD, VINCENT. NOW YOU COME UP.

BUT THE MAN KNOWS HIS COMPANION IS NOT YET SAFE AND ALL CAUTION IS THROWN ASIDE AS HE REACHES FOR A STOUT BRANCH...

...AND PREPARES TO DEFEND HIS LOVE...

...WHEN SUDDENLY...



HOLD!

AND LIKE A BLANKET... CALM ENFOLDS THE ONCE ENRAGED DOGS, AND THEY TROT OFF, DOCILE AND TAME AS HOUSEHOLD PETS, TO THE FEET OF THEIR MASTER.



PLEASE, GENTLE FOLK, DO NOT BE AFRAID. THE DOGS WILL DO YOU NO HARM. I AM TO BLAME ENTIRELY FOR THIS TERRIBLE INCIDENT.

IT WAS SENSELESS OF ME TO CONTINUE HUNTING AFTER THE SUN HAD GONE DOWN...



FORGIVE ME...AND PLEASE ALLOW ME TO MAKE THIS UP TO YOU IN SOME WAY...

THE STRANGER'S VOICE IS OPENLY FRIENDLY BUT NOT 'TIL ERICKA IS SAFELY ON THE GROUND DOES THE MAN, VINCENT, REPLY.

YOU ARE A GENTLEMAN, SIR, BUT YOU MAY WISH YOU HAD NOT SO QUICKLY CALLED OFF YOUR DOGS WHEN YOU LEARN WHO I AM.



THEN PLEASE TELL ME. I CAN STAND THE SUSPENSE NO LONGER.

THIS IS MY FIANCEE, ERICKA...



MY NAME IS VINCENT...I AM THE NEPHEW...THE VERY PROUD NEPHEW OF BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN...

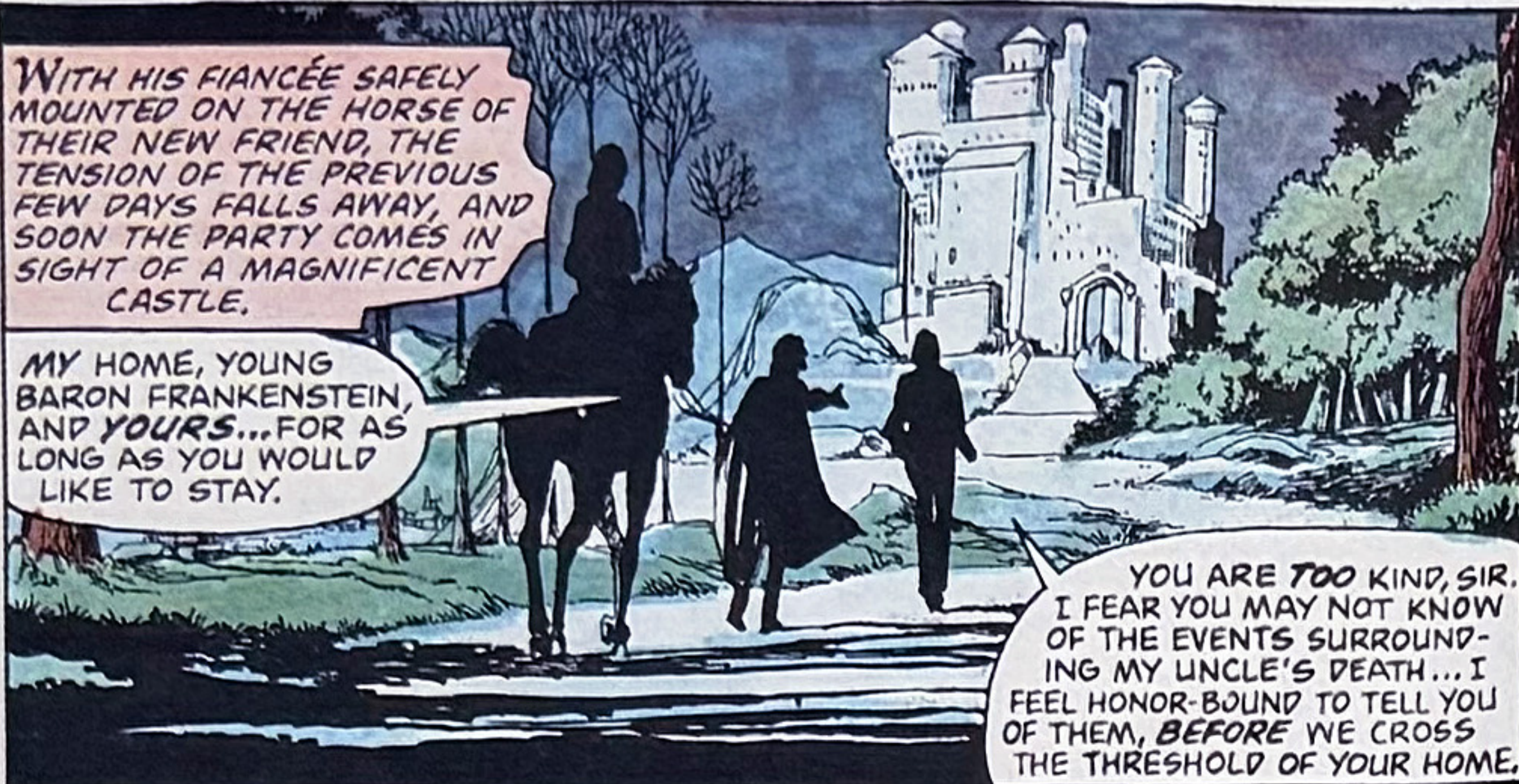
IN THAT CASE, YOU ARE THE **NEW** FRON FRANKENSTEIN, NOW THAT YOUR UNCLE IS DEAD, WHICH ENTITLES YOU TO THE SIMPLE HOSPITALITY OF MY HOME FOR AS LONG AS YOU MAY DESIRE IT. PLEASE ACCOMPANY ME... YOU MUST.

IF YOU INSIST, YOU ARE VERY KIND AND WE ARE EXHAUSTED.



WITH HIS FIANCÉE SAFELY MOUNTED ON THE HORSE OF THEIR NEW FRIEND, THE TENSION OF THE PREVIOUS FEW DAYS FALLS AWAY, AND SOON THE PARTY COMES IN SIGHT OF A MAGNIFICENT CASTLE.

MY HOME, YOUNG BARON FRANKENSTEIN, AND **YOURS**... FOR AS LONG AS YOU WOULD LIKE TO STAY.



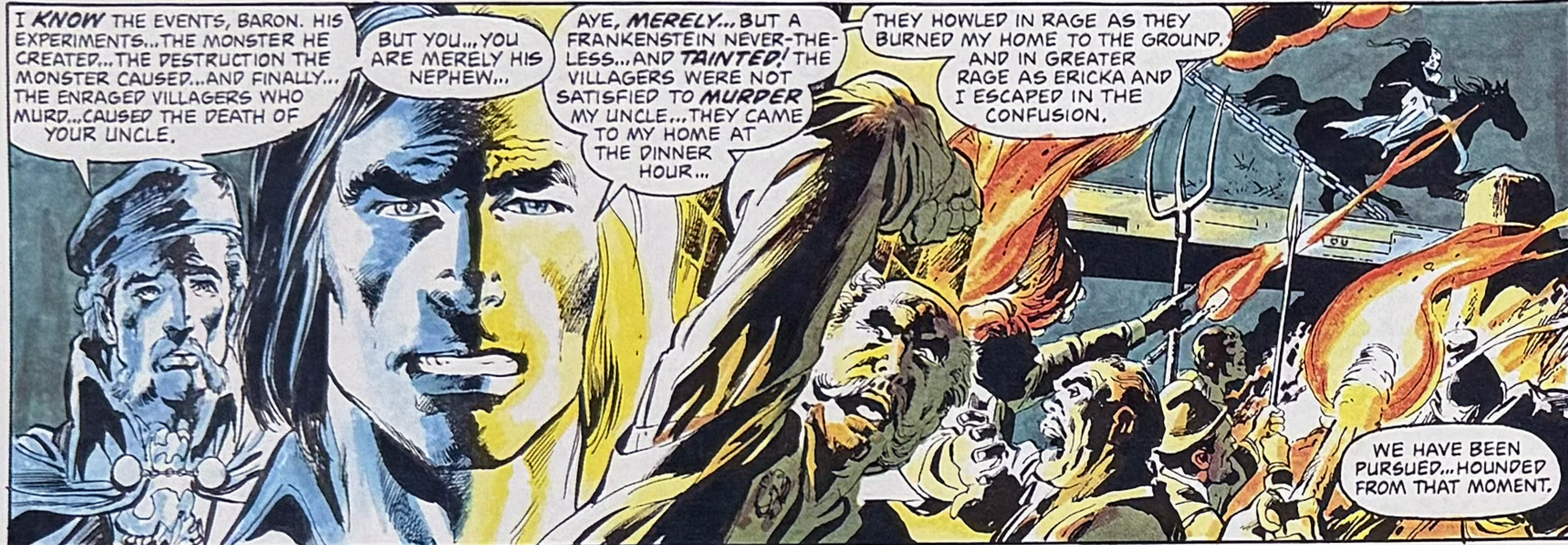
YOU ARE **TOO** KIND, SIR. I FEAR YOU MAY NOT KNOW OF THE EVENTS SURROUNDING MY UNCLE'S DEATH... I FEEL HONOR-BOUND TO TELL YOU OF THEM, **BEFORE** WE CROSS THE THRESHOLD OF YOUR HOME.

I **KNOW** THE EVENTS, BARON. HIS EXPERIMENTS... THE MONSTER HE CREATED... THE DESTRUCTION THE MONSTER CAUSED... AND FINALLY... THE ENRAGED VILLAGERS WHO MURDERED... CAUSED THE DEATH OF YOUR UNCLE.

BUT YOU... YOU ARE MERELY HIS NEPHEW...

AYE, **MERELY**... BUT A FRANKENSTEIN NEVER-THE-LESS... AND **TAINTED!** THE VILLAGERS WERE NOT SATISFIED TO **MURDER** MY UNCLE... THEY CAME TO MY HOME AT THE DINNER HOUR...

THEY HOWLED IN RAGE AS THEY BURNED MY HOME TO THE GROUND. AND IN GREATER RAGE AS ERICKA AND I ESCAPED IN THE CONFUSION.



WE HAVE BEEN PURSUED... HOUNDED FROM THAT MOMENT.



AH, HERE WE ARE.

MY HOME, HERR BARON.

IT'S... BEAUTIFUL.

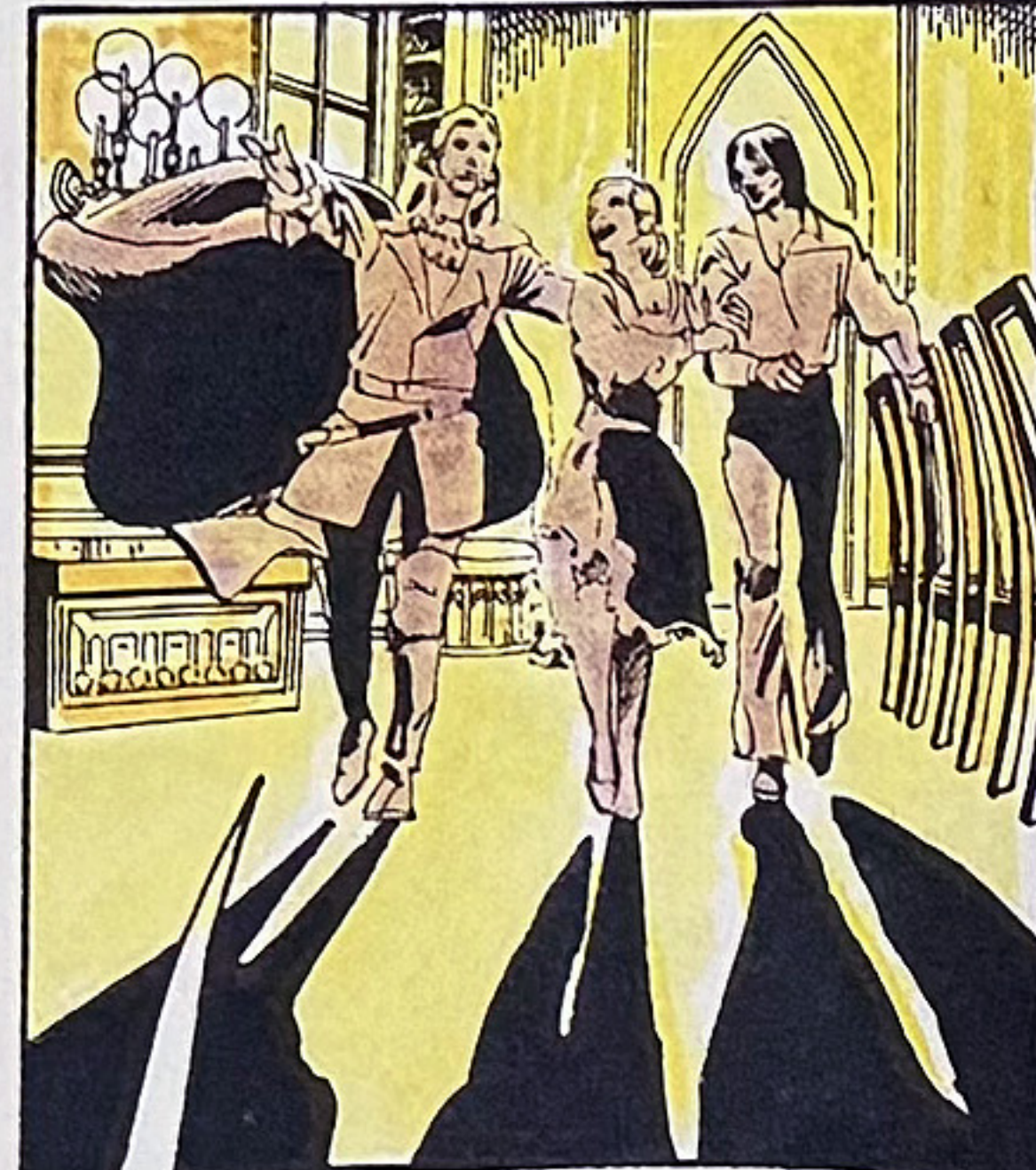
I'M GLAD YOU ARE PLEASED, MADemoiselle. THIS ORDEAL MUST HAVE BEEN TERRIFYING FOR YOU! YOU MUST THINK A GREAT DEAL OF OUR YOUNG BARON.

I LOVE HIM, SIR, AND IF NEEDS BE, I WILL **DIE** BESIDE HIM.

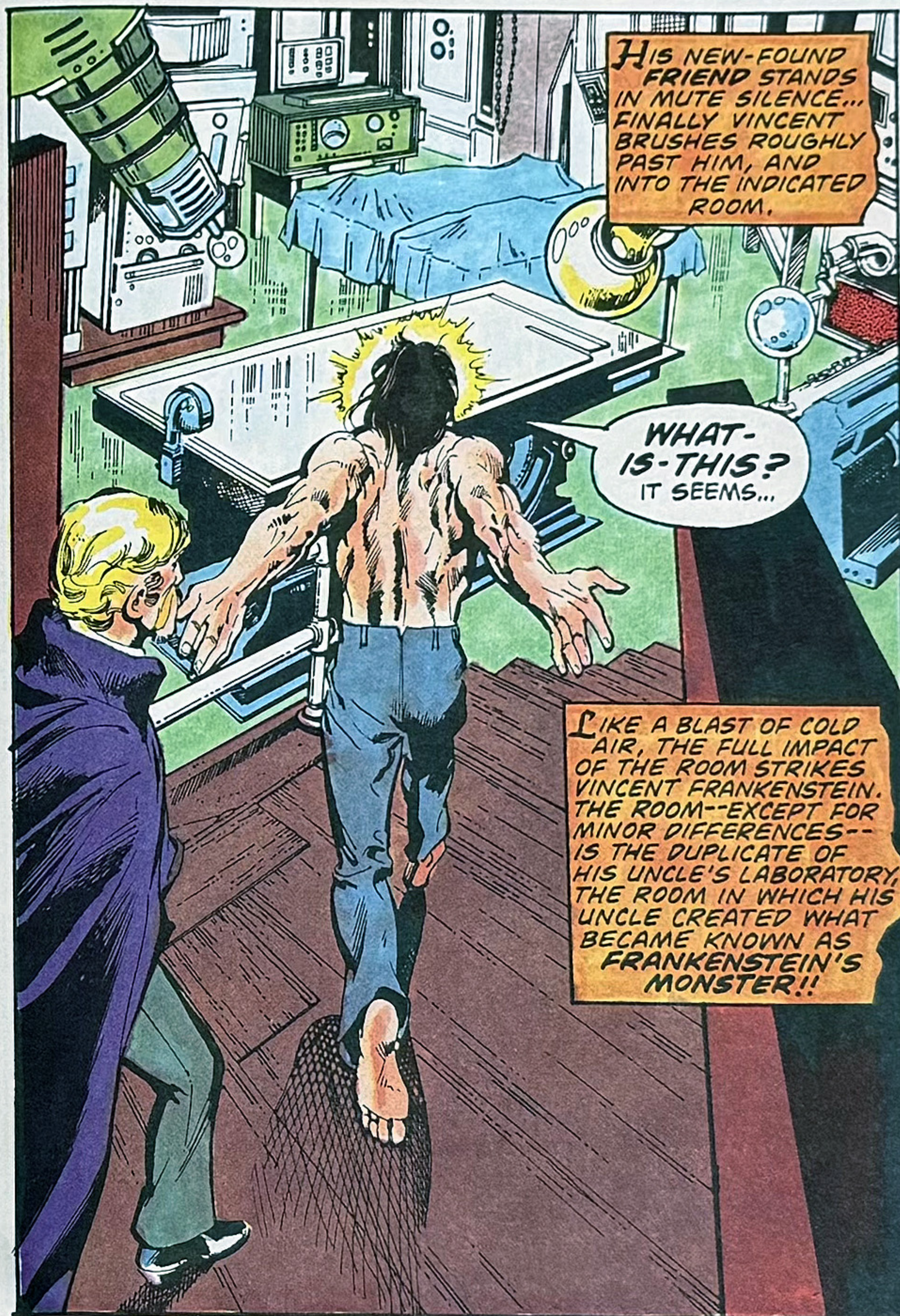
IF WE CAN JUST KEEP THEM FROM FINDING OUR... OH, VINCENT...!

WHAT ERICKA IS MOST WORRIED ABOUT IS THAT, IF IT IS DISCOVERED THAT I ACTUALLY ASSISTED MY UNCLE AT TIMES, AND KNOW ALL THE SECRETS WHICH SUPPOSEDLY **DIED** WITH HIM, OUR PURSUERS WILL DOUBLE IN NUMBER AND SURELY DESTROY US.

PLEASE, BARON...



ENOUGH OF THIS DEPRESSING TALK. YOU SHALL BOTH BATHE, AND AFTER A COMFORTABLE DINNER WE SHALL SIP WINE BEFORE MY GREAT FIREPLACE AND ALL THIS WILL SEEM AS THOUGH IT HAPPENED IN ANOTHER WORLD!



TO ESCAPE THE TORTURE OF NOT KNOWING, VINCENT HURLS HIMSELF INTO HIS SLEEP-LESS WORK, CREATING A LIVING MAN FROM DEAD BODIES WHICH HIS NOW-HATED ENEMY SUPPLIES IN ABUNDANCE.

NO MORE BODIES. I'VE ALL THE PARTS I NEED. WHERE DO YOU GET ALL THESE BODIES? AND IN SUCH GOOD CONDITION... IN HEAVEN'S NAME, MAN...

I MERELY WANT YOU TO BE HAPPY. I WOULDN'T SUPPLY YOU WITH INFERIOR MATERIAL.

AM I CORRECT IN ASSUMING THAT WE ARE AT THE FINAL STAGE?

YOU ARE CORRECT, BUT WE WILL NEVER COMPLETE THAT FINAL STAGE UNTIL AND UNLESS I SEE ERICKA SAFE AND UNHARMED. IF I DON'T I'LL...

BARON, PLEASE, PLEASE DON'T GET OVERLY DRAMATIC. MIND YOUR DIALS AND GADGETS LIKE A GOOD BOY, AND IF YOU'LL LOOK TO MY LEFT...

...YOU'LL SEE YOUR FIANCEE...SAFE!

OH, VINCENT!

ENOUGH!!

MY...UM... ASSISTANTS WILL GUARD YOUR ERICKA AS YOU WORK, BARON. DO NOT MAKE ANY FALSE MOVES, OR THEY WILL KILL HER. MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THAT... I AM TOO RESOLVED TO BE STOPPED BY FALSE HEROICS...
MOVE!!

WITH PRACTICED FINGERS, YOUNG BARON FRANKENSTEIN MANIPULATES HIS PANEL AND FINALLY THROWS THE SWITCH THAT CONTROLS...

...THE RAW ELECTRICITY!

AS THE MACHINERY DIES DOWN, VINCENT CRANKS THE RECLINING BODY TO AN UPRIGHT POSITION.

IS...IS HE ALIVE? DID IT WORK? HE'S NOT MOVING... NOT BREATHING!

GIVE IT SOME TIME. IT COULD BE HOURS BEFORE WE KNOW!

AN EYELID FLUTTERS OPEN AS THE TWO MEN TALK.

MMMMMMMMMM

GOOD LORD-- HE'S ALIVE AND ENRAGED!!

HUH?

KRAK

KRAK

HIS BRAIN INFLAMED, THE PATCHWORK CREATURE STUMBLES FORWARD AS HIS CREATOR TRIES TO RESTRAIN HIM...

STOP... SIT DOWN.
STOP... **UH!**

STOP HIM,
GUARDS.
STOP HIM!
OR IT'LL
MEAN
YOUR
DEATHS.

RRRRRRR



THE TWO ROBED GUARDS RELEASE ERICKA AND LURCH TOWARD THE RAGING CREATURE.

SUBDUE HIM,
CRETINS!
BEFORE HE
REACHES
THE
DOOR!

UGGGA!

BUT BRUTE FORCE CANNOT
STOP THIS MONSTER. HE
SMASHES ONE GUARD...



...AND HURLS THE OTHER WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH
INTO THE WALL.

WHUMP



AND NOW HE PAUSES.
NO ONE BARS HIS
PATH BUT THE FRAIL
AND BEAUTIFUL
ERICKA. SLOWLY HE
RAISES HIS EYES TO
HERS...

...AND AGAIN
MOVES FORWARD.

**NO!
STAY
AWAY
FROM
HER!**

WHO CAN KNOW
THE THOUGHTS
THIS MONSTER HAS
AS HE APPROACHES...

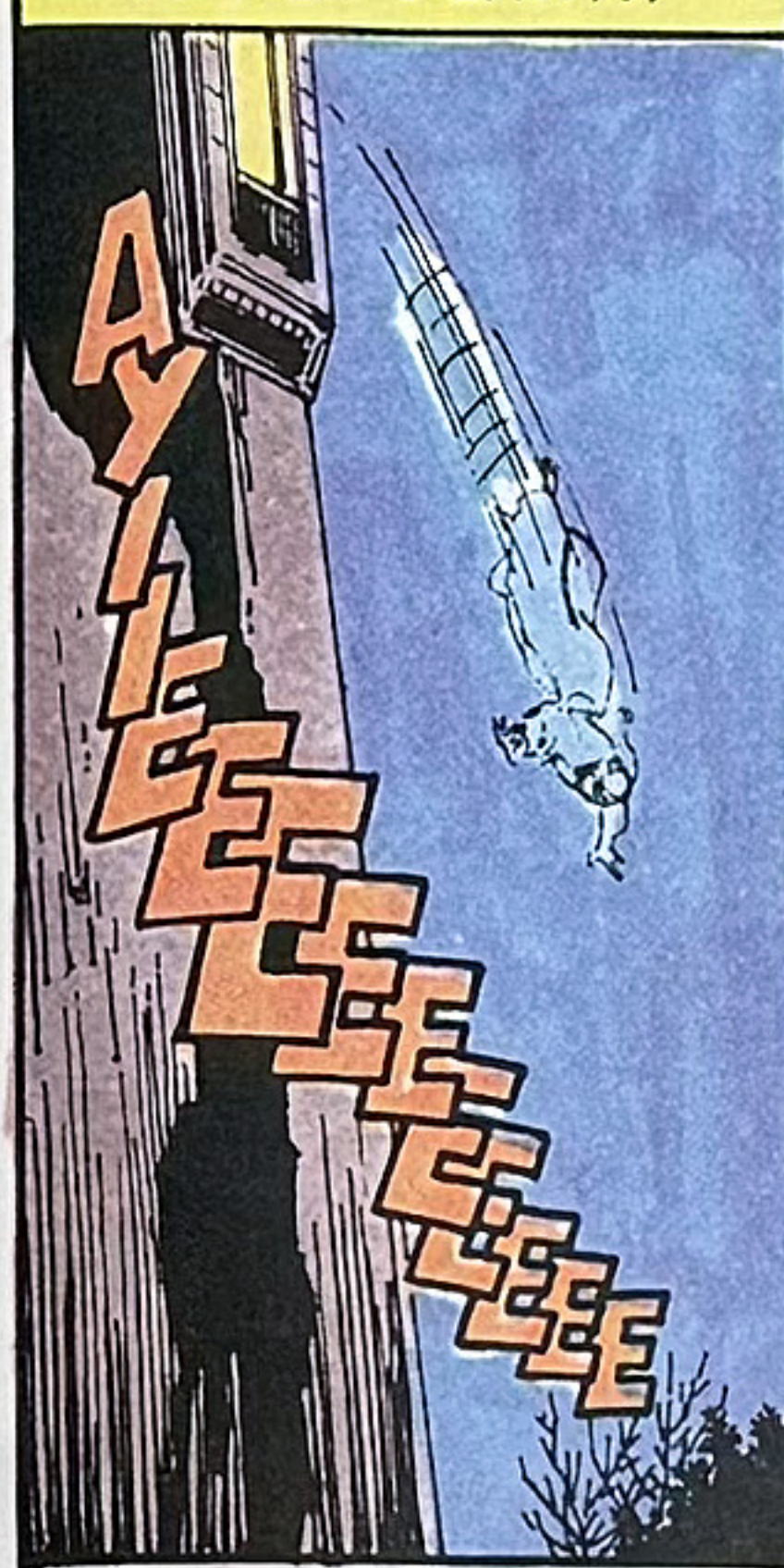


...AND NOW
LIFTS THE
GIRL FROM
THE COLD
STONE AND
OVER HIS
HEAD.

WHO CAN
SAY IF HE
THINKS
AT ALL AS
HE STEPS
TO THE
WINDOW
LEDGE...

NO!

...AND HURLS THE GIRL
TO HER DEATH!!



...AND WALKS AWAY FROM THIS
NOW SILENT ROOM, LEAVING A
MAN WHOSE MIND REELS AND
HEART SHRIVELS IN HIS CHEST.

ERICKA, ERICKA
...SHE'S DEAD... NO,
SHE'S MOVING, I
THINK...



OH, HELP HER. HELP HER.
SHE'S ALIVE, BUT BROKEN.
SHE LOOKS SO HELPLESS.
COUNT... THIS
IS YOUR DOING...
HELP HER,
PLEASE, I'LL
DO ANYTHING
TO REPAY
YOU. PLEASE...
I BEG OF
YOU!



WITHOUT A WORD, THE EVIL HOST STEPS UP
TO THE WINDOW... RAISES HIS FACE TO THE
MOON AND PARTS HIS LIPS...



FIRST, AN ANSWERING
GROWL DRIFTS UPWARD...

THEN A SHADOW BREAKS FREE FROM
THE DARKNESS OF THE FOREST AND
TLOTS QUICKLY TO THE SIDE OF THE
MOANING ERICKA.
AS IT BECOMES MORE DISTINCT TO
VINCENT'S UNBELIEVING EYES, HIS
WORST DREAMS BECOME REALITY.
IT HAS THE FORM OF A WOLF-BUT
ITS GREY COLOR, ITS BEARING,
IMPLIES A MORE FEARSOME PRESENCE.
THE PRESENCE OF...

RRRRRRRRRR

The WEREWOLF

IT'S ATTACKING HER
AND SHE'S HELPLESS.
NO! NO!

GOOD
LO...
UH...

IN HIS HYSTER-
ICAL STATE
VINCENT HARDLY
FEELS THE
HAND WHICH
STEALS BEHIND
HIS NECK AND
CLENCHES! THERE
IS A BRIEF
SHOCK, AS HE
SLIPS, NERVE-
LESS, TO THE
FLOOR...

...AND BLACK-
NESS ENFOLDS
HIM...

BACK ON THE GROUND, ERICKA HAS SUR-
VIVED THE ATTACK OF THE WEREWOLF
AND, THOUGH UNCONSCIOUS, HER BREATHING
IS REGULAR.

THERE SHE
IS.

SHE SEEMS
SO STILL.

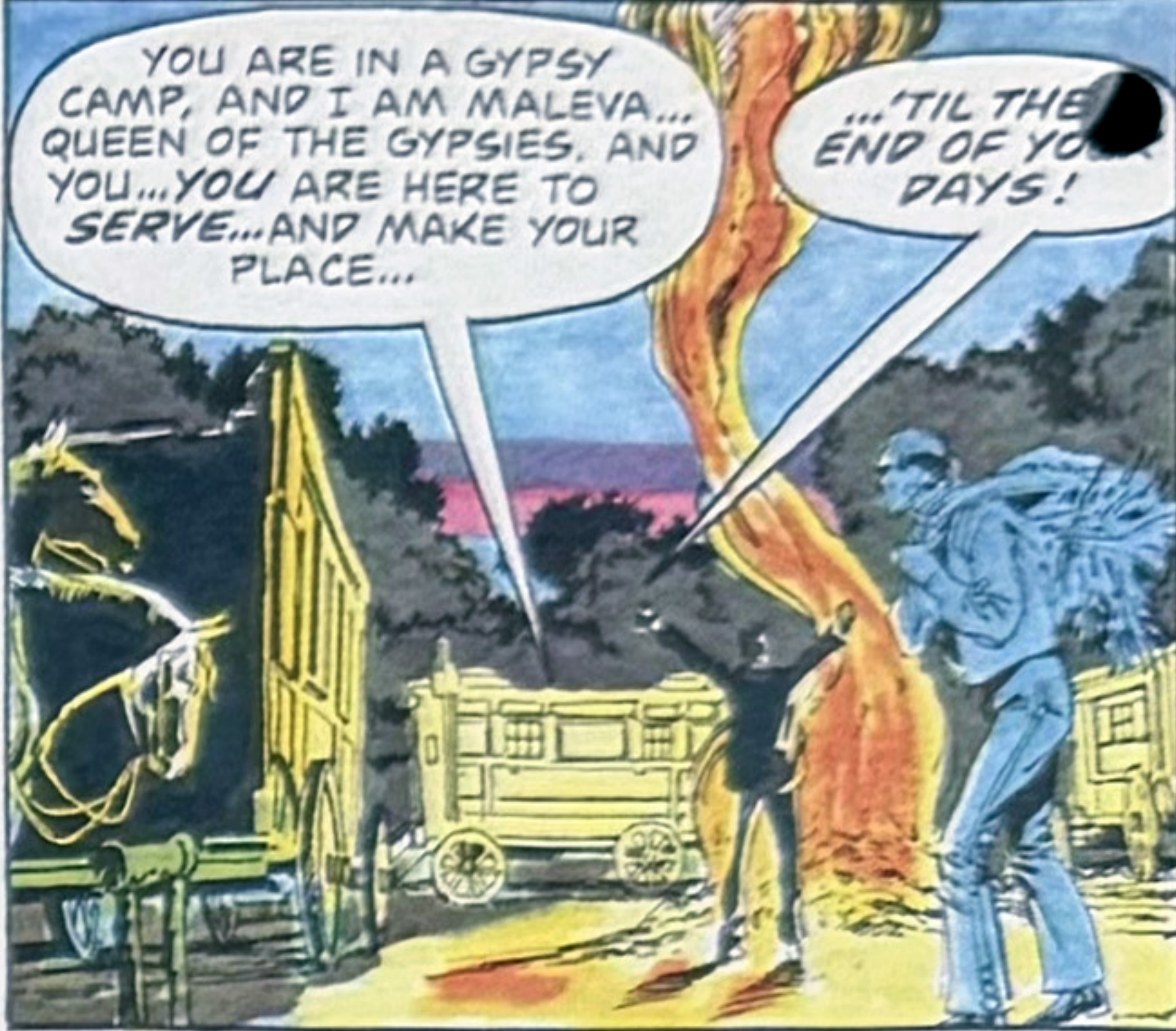
DON'T WORRY,
SHE'S ALIVE!
TORC, BELA,
GATHER HER
UP AND
BRING HER
ALONG.

YES,
GRANDMOTHER.

UH...ALL RIGHT,
WE'VE GOT HER.

SHE'S VERY BEAUTIFUL,
GRANDMOTHER.

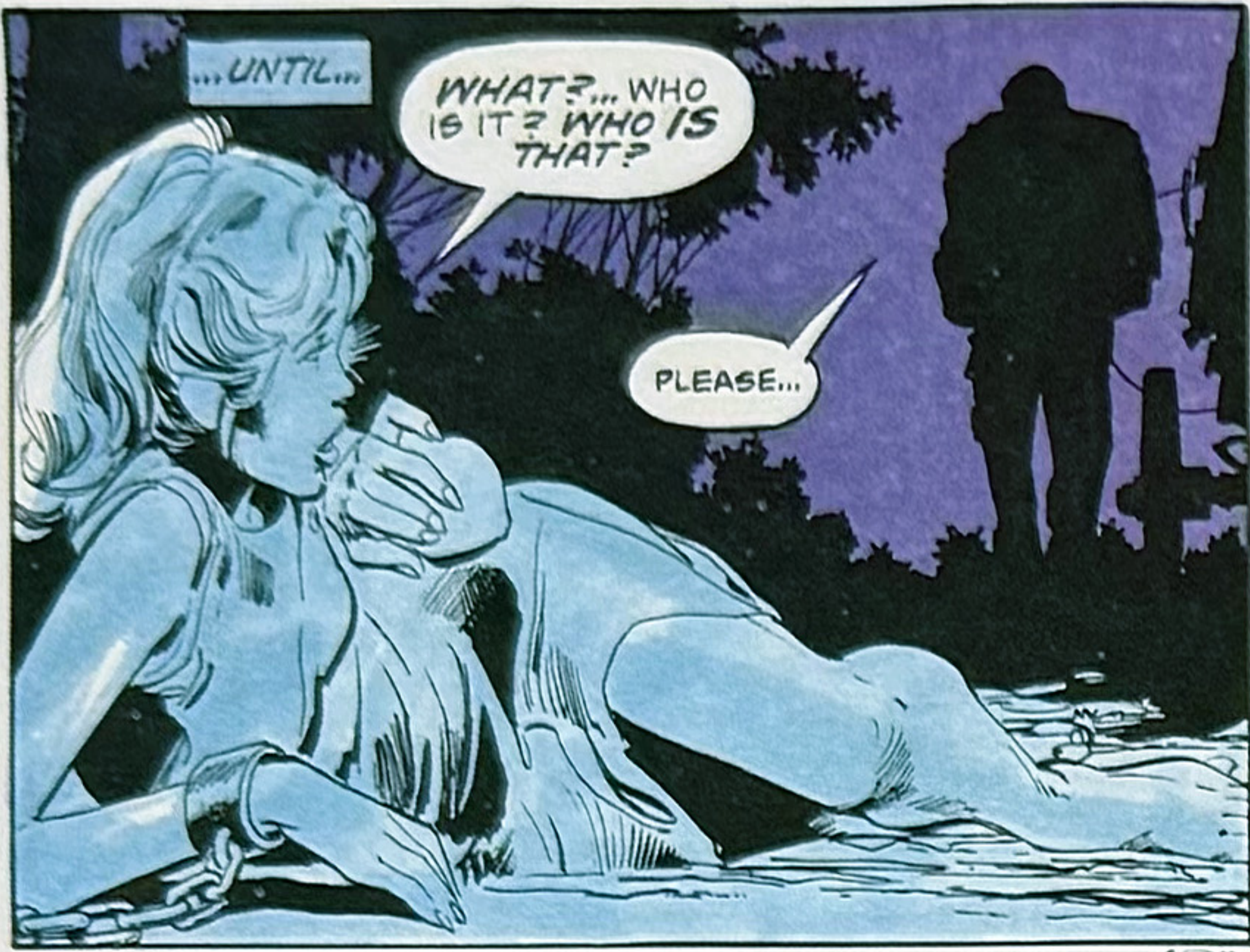
YES...
NOW!..



FINALLY, AS THE
MOON GOES DOWN,
ERICKA IS ALLOWED
TO REST...CHAINED!



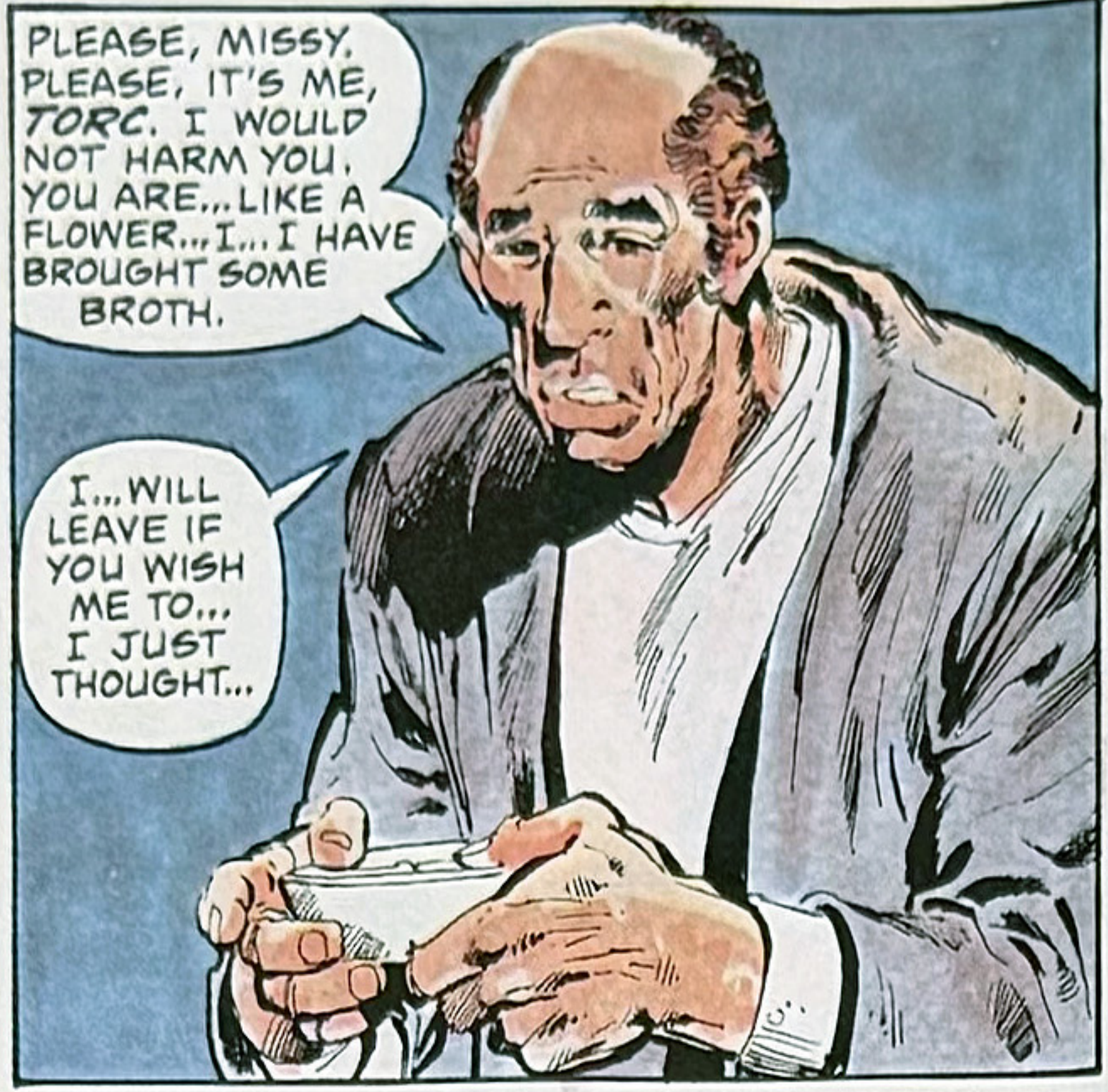
WEARINESS BRINGS
ITS OWN SECURITY,
AND AS SHE BEGINS
TO DOZE OFF ON THE
GROUND BEHIND ONE
OF THE WAGONS, SHE
FAILS TO HEAR THE
CLUMSY FOOTFALLS...



...UNTIL...

WHAT?... WHO
IS IT? WHO IS
THAT?

PLEASE...



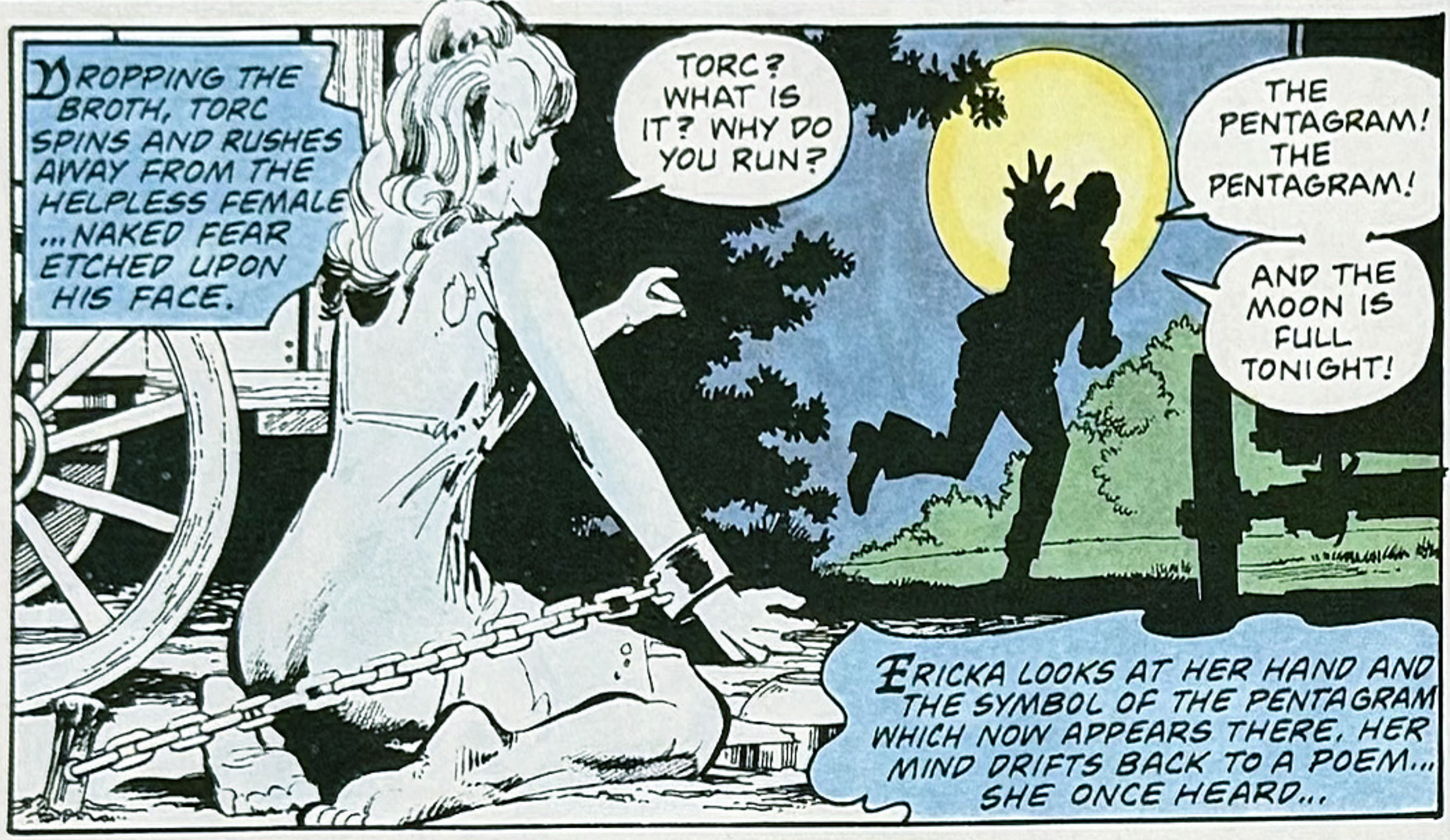
PLEASE, MISSY.
PLEASE, IT'S ME,
TORC. I WOULD
NOT HARM YOU.
YOU ARE... LIKE A
FLOWER... I... I HAVE
BROUGHT SOME
BROTH.

I... WILL
LEAVE IF
YOU WISH
ME TO...
I JUST
THOUGHT...



OH, NO, TORC. DON'T
LEAVE. YOU'RE RIGHT,
I DO NEED SOME
FOOD. THANK YOU!

YOUR HAND!
THE
PENTAGRAM!!



DROPPING THE
BROTH, TORC
SPINS AND RUSHES
AWAY FROM THE
HELPLESS FEMALE
...NAKED FEAR
ETCHED UPON
HIS FACE.

TORC?
WHAT IS
IT? WHY DO
YOU RUN?

THE
PENTAGRAM!
THE
PENTAGRAM!

AND THE
MOON IS
FULL
TONIGHT!

ERICKA LOOKS AT HER HAND AND
THE SYMBOL OF THE PENTAGRAM
WHICH NOW APPEARS THERE, HER
MIND DRIFTS BACK TO A POEM...
SHE ONCE HEARD...



EVEN A MAN
WHO IS
PURE
OF
HEART...

AND
SAYS HIS
PRAYERS
BY
NIGHT...

MAY
BECOME...

A... **WOLF...**

WHEN THE WOLFBANE BLOOMS
AND THE MOON IS SHINING BRIGHT

SOME SAY BELA IS INSANE AND THE MENACING WHIP HE CARRIES ADDS TO THIS THEORY. WHY WOULD HE BEAT A CHAINED AND HELPLESS PRISONER?



WHY DOES HE WAIT 'TIL THE NIGHT TO ACCOMPLISH HIS LOATHSOME ENDS?



AS HE STEPS INTO THE SHADOWS, HE HEARS A SOUND WHICH TELLS HIM THAT NEVER AGAIN NEED THESE QUESTIONS BE ASKED...

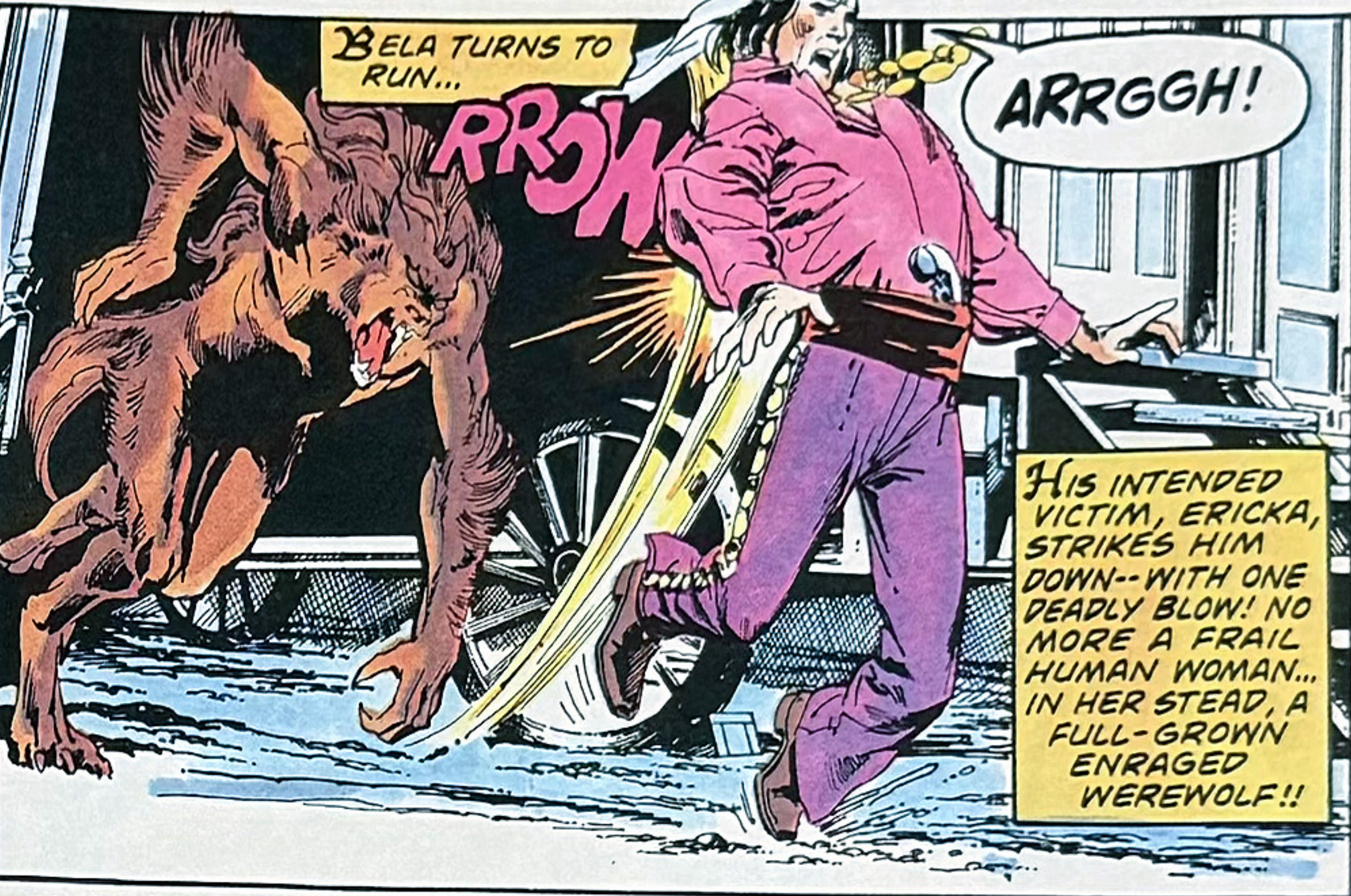
RRRRRR

RROW



THE SOUND OF THE WEREWOLF!

NO... NO, STAY AWAY!



BELA TURNS TO RUN...

RROW

ARRGGH!

HIS INTENDED VICTIM, ERICKA, STRIKES HIM DOWN--WITH ONE DEADLY BLOW! NO MORE A FRAIL HUMAN WOMAN... IN HER STEAD, A FULL-GROWN ENRAGED WEREWOLF!!



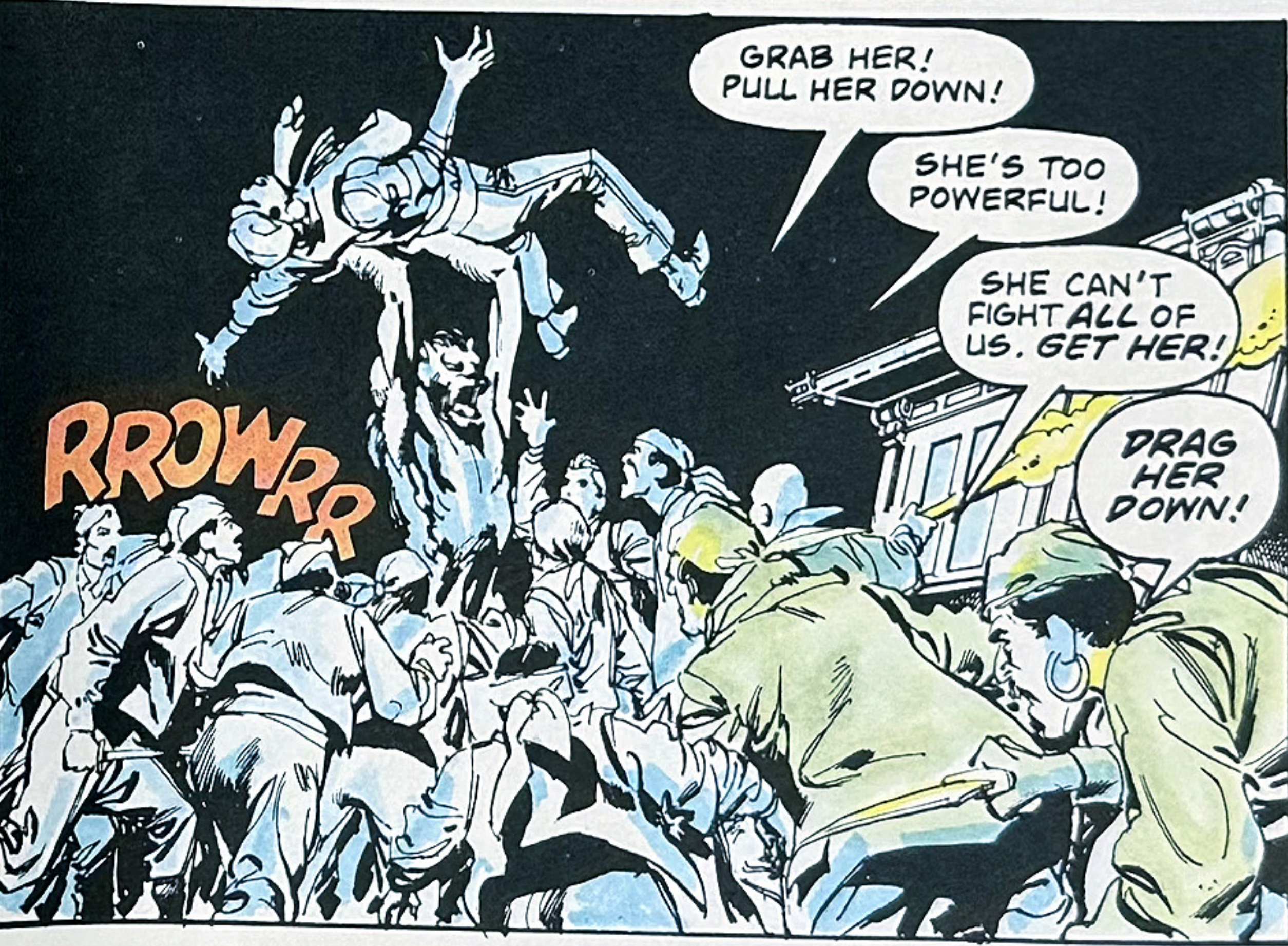
ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, BELA'S CRY BRINGS THE GYPSIES FROM THEIR WAGONS.

WEREWOLF. WEREWOLF.

WEREWOLF. WEREWOLF.

THERE IT IS.

EVERYONE, ATTACK!



GRAB HER! PULL HER DOWN!

SHE'S TOO POWERFUL!

SHE CAN'T FIGHT ALL OF US. GET HER!

DRAG HER DOWN!

RROWRR



ERICKA'S RAGE DRIVES THEM BACK MOMENTARILY. SUDDENLY A NEW SOUND ATTRACTS EVERYONE'S ATTENTION.

OOOOOOOOOO

WH... ITS...

WHO?

RECOGNITION FILLS THE GYPSIES' EYES AND THEY STEP ASIDE TO REVEAL...

RRRRROW

...A SECOND WEREWOLF!

A POWERFUL GREY WERE-WOLF WHO NOW RUMBLES ITS CHALLENGE TO ERICKA!

THE GREY WOLF ATTACKS WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT AND SOON THE TWO HALF-HUMAN CANINES ARE LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT!

RROW

**RRROW
RROW**

THE SAVAGERY OF THEIR BATTLE IS INSANE AS EVERY NEW WOUND THEY INFLICT REPAIRS ITSELF ALMOST IMMEDIATELY...

...UNNOTICED, A FIGURE STIRS IN THE SHADOWS, AND A GRIM BELA RISES FROM THE DUST...

DETERMINATION TO GAIN REVENGE DRIVES HIM TO RAISE HIS PISTOL AND WITH HIS LAST BREATH, FIRE THE SILVER BULLET AT ERICKA.

KACHOW

RRROW

IT STRIKES THE GREY WOLF.

CONFUSED, ERICKA STANDS AND STARES, AS THE GREY WOLF BECOMES THE GREY MALEVA!

MORE GUNS AND MORE SILVER BULLETS COME INTO THE HANDS OF THE GYPSIES

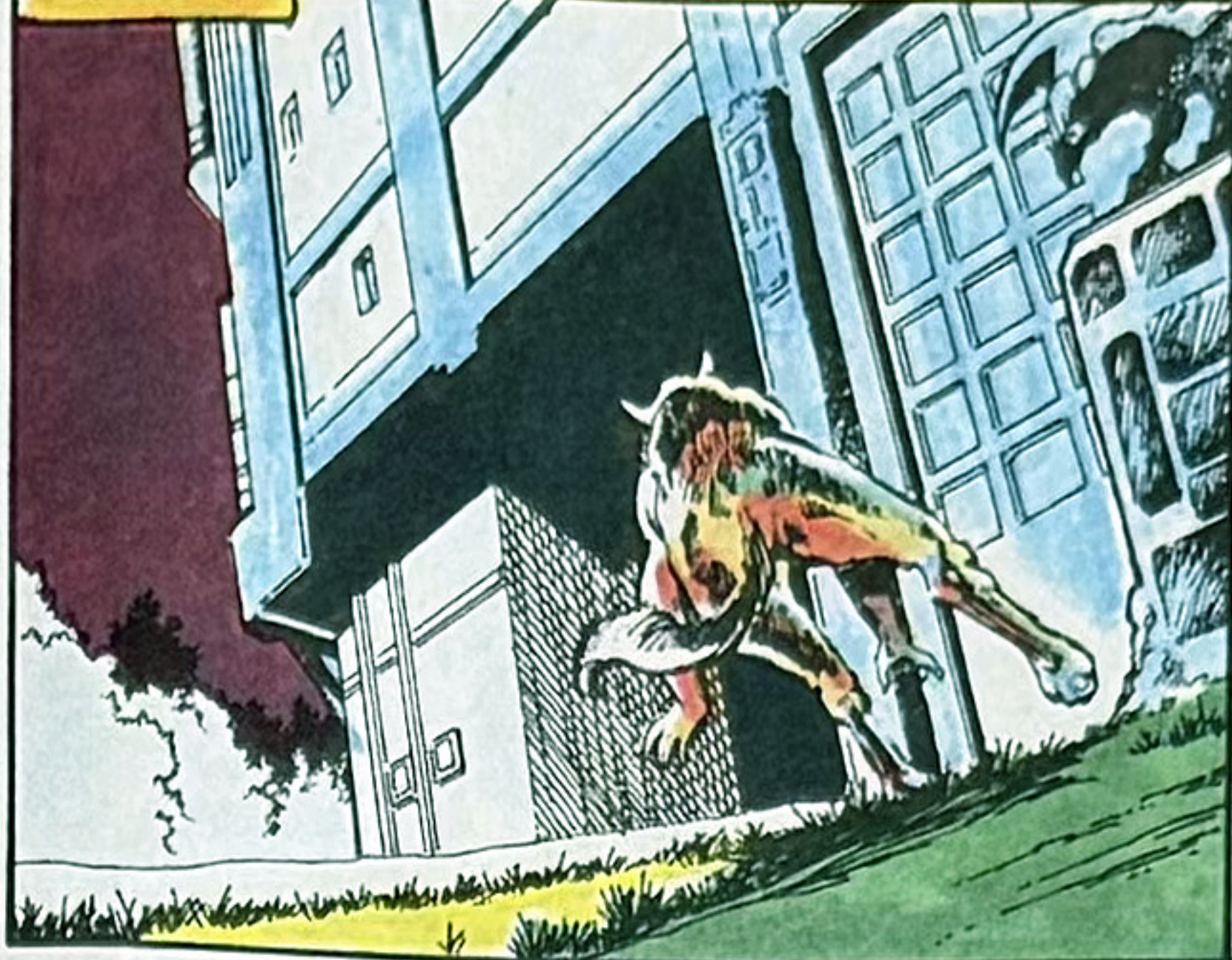
ERICKA FLEES INTO THE WOODS.

BLAM BAM

SOMEWHERE IN HER ANIMAL MIND SHE REALIZES THAT THESE GYPSIES HAVE BATTLED WEREWOLVES BEFORE...

...SO SHE RUNS.

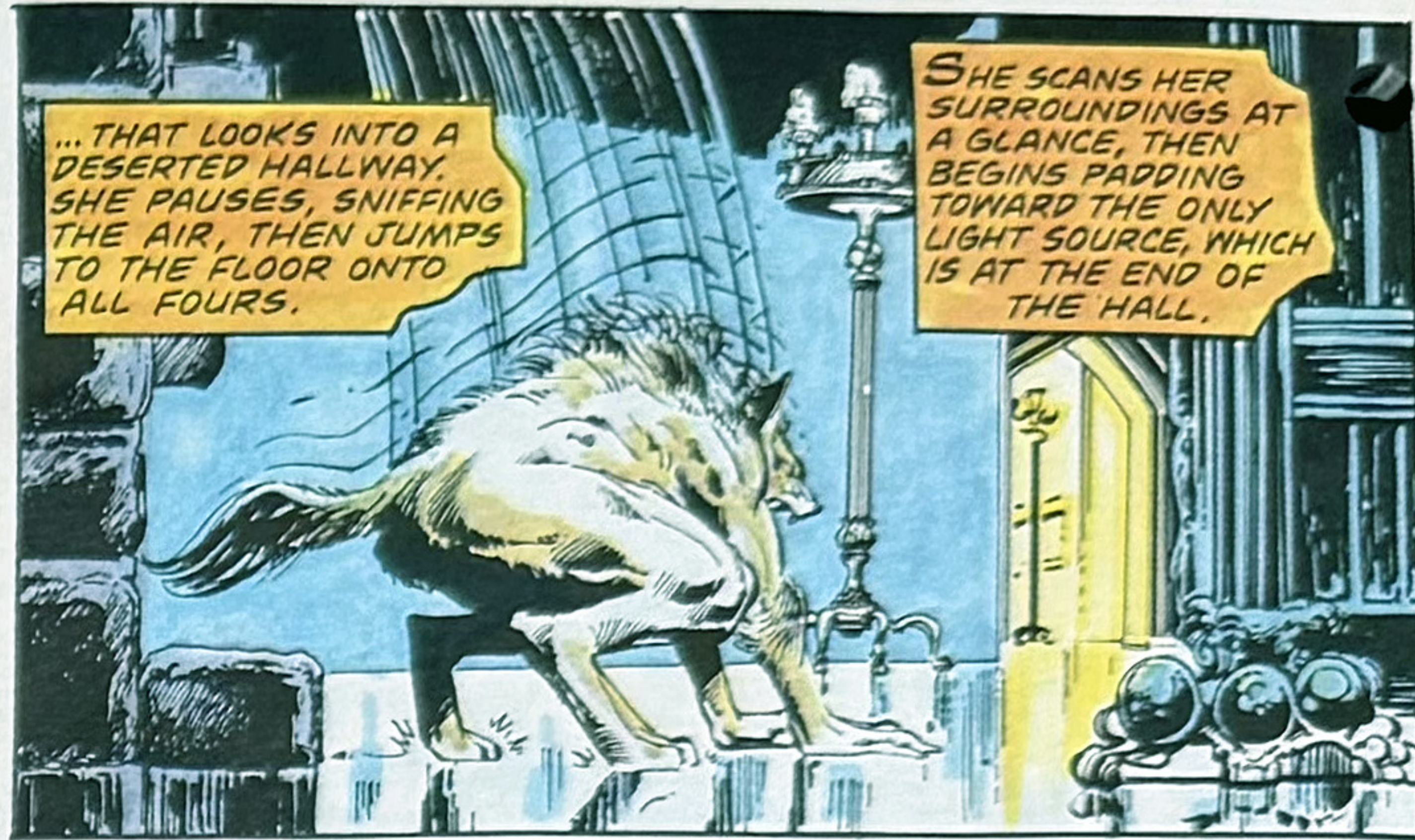
LEAVING HER PURSUERS FAR BEHIND, HER FLIGHT SOON BRINGS HER TO A SOMEHOW FAMILIAR CASTLE.... A CASTLE WHOSE SIGHT DRAWS HER CLOSER AND URGES HER TO ENTER.



EASILY, HER ANIMAL FORM CLAMBERS TO AN UPPER WINDOW...



... THAT LOOKS INTO A DESERTED HALLWAY. SHE PAUSES, SNIFFING THE AIR, THEN JUMPS TO THE FLOOR ONTO ALL FOURS.



SHE SCANS HER SURROUNDINGS AT A GLANCE, THEN BEGINS PADDING TOWARD THE ONLY LIGHT SOURCE, WHICH IS AT THE END OF THE HALL.

HUMAN VOICES ALERT ERICKA WHO APPROACHES MORE SLOWLY NOW.



IT'S NO USE. WE'LL NEVER CAPTURE HIM.

STOP WHINING, YOU FOOL. YOU'VE LOST YOUR LOVE BUT NOT YET YOUR LIFE. THE MONSTER'S HAD A FULL DAY TO CALM DOWN. HELP ME RESTRAIN HIM OR YOU WILL SPEND YET ANOTHER DAY IN MY DUNGEON, BARON FRANKENSTEIN.



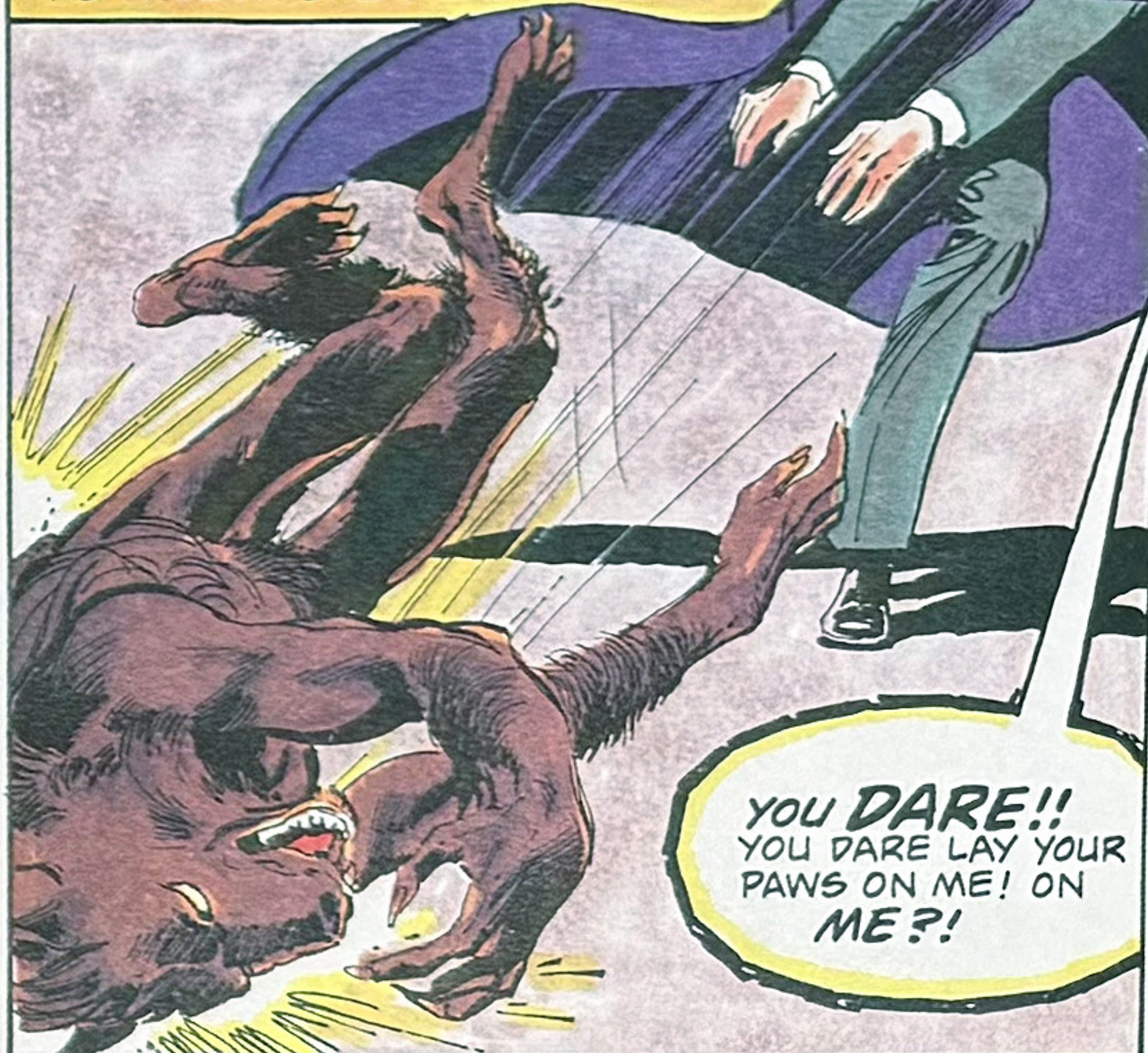
THAT VOICE... POUNDS IN HER EARS. THAT HATED VOICE... MUST BE STILLED FOREVER!



UTTER RAGE CONTROLS ERICKA'S CANINE BODY AS SHE HURLS HERSELF UPON THE MASTER OF THIS CASTLE.



BUT ERICKA IS THROWN FROM HIM AS THOUGH SHE WERE A PUPPY.



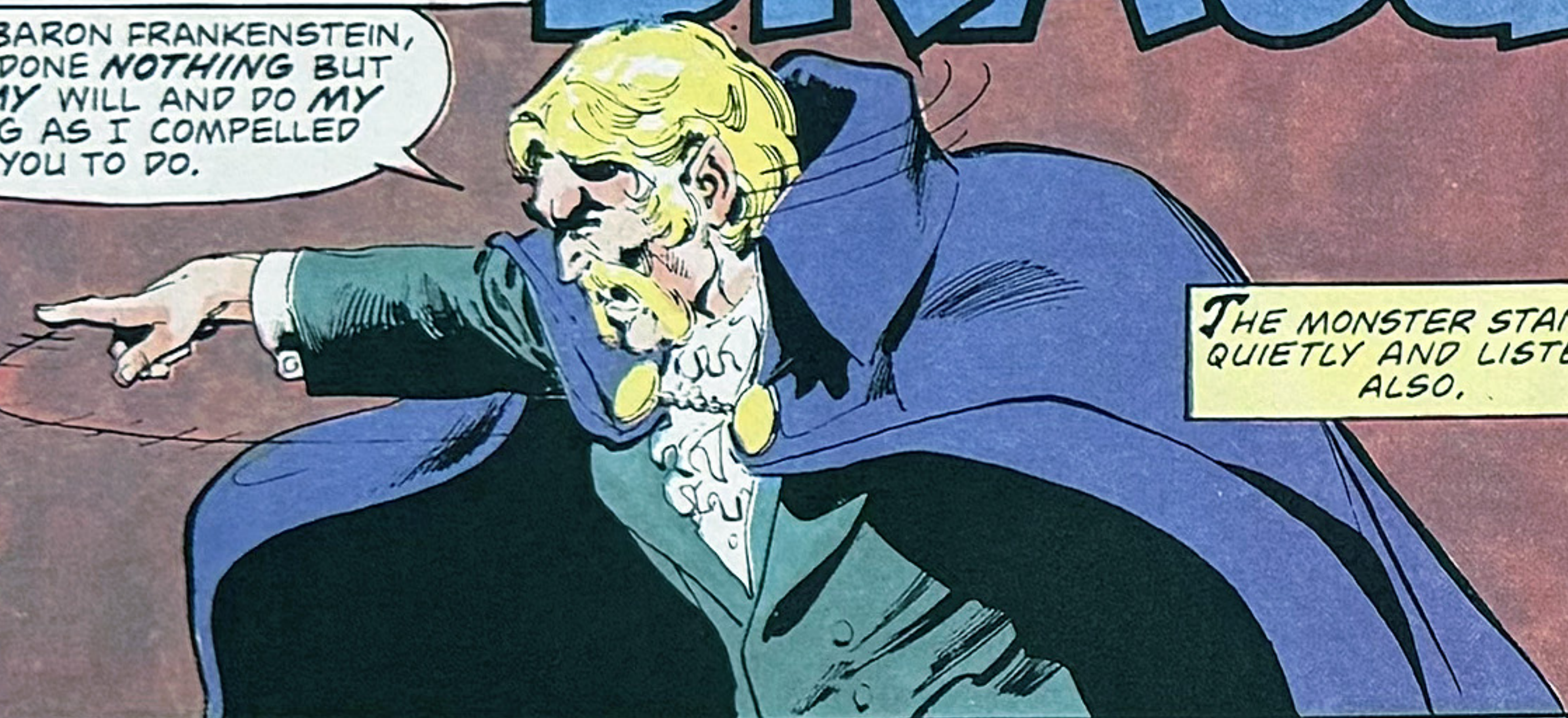


LOW BEAST, YOU'LL DIE FOR THIS. DIE AT THE HANDS OF THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS...

FOR I AM DRACULA!



OH, MY LORD, WHAT HAVE I DONE?



YOU, BARON FRANKENSTEIN, HAVE DONE *NOTHING* BUT OBEY MY WILL AND DO MY BIDDING AS I COMPELLED YOU TO DO.



THE MONSTER STANDS QUIETLY AND LISTENS ALSO.



DO YOU KNOW *WHY* YOU CREATED THIS MONSTER, THIS *SLAVE* FOR ME? DID YOU FOR ONE MINUTE QUESTION WHAT I WOULD DO WITH THIS CREATURE? FOR THIS REASON, FRANKENSTEIN...!



I AM HELPLESS IN THE DAYTIME... LIKE A SLEEPING BABE, I NEED...



... A STRONG MINDLESS SLAVE TO PROTECT MY SLEEP, SO THAT I MIGHT WAKE AT NIGHT AND PROWL FOR THE BLOOD THAT SUSTAINS ME. THE BLOOD OF INNOCENT VICTIMS TO QUENCH MY UNDYING THIRST!

AS THOUGH AWAKENED FROM A LONG SLEEP, THE MONSTER'S LIP CURLS AND HE REACHES OUT TO GRASP THE THROAT OF DRACULA...



...LIFTING THE VAMPIRE INTO THE AIR, HE EFFORTLESSLY DASHES HIM TO THE GROUND.

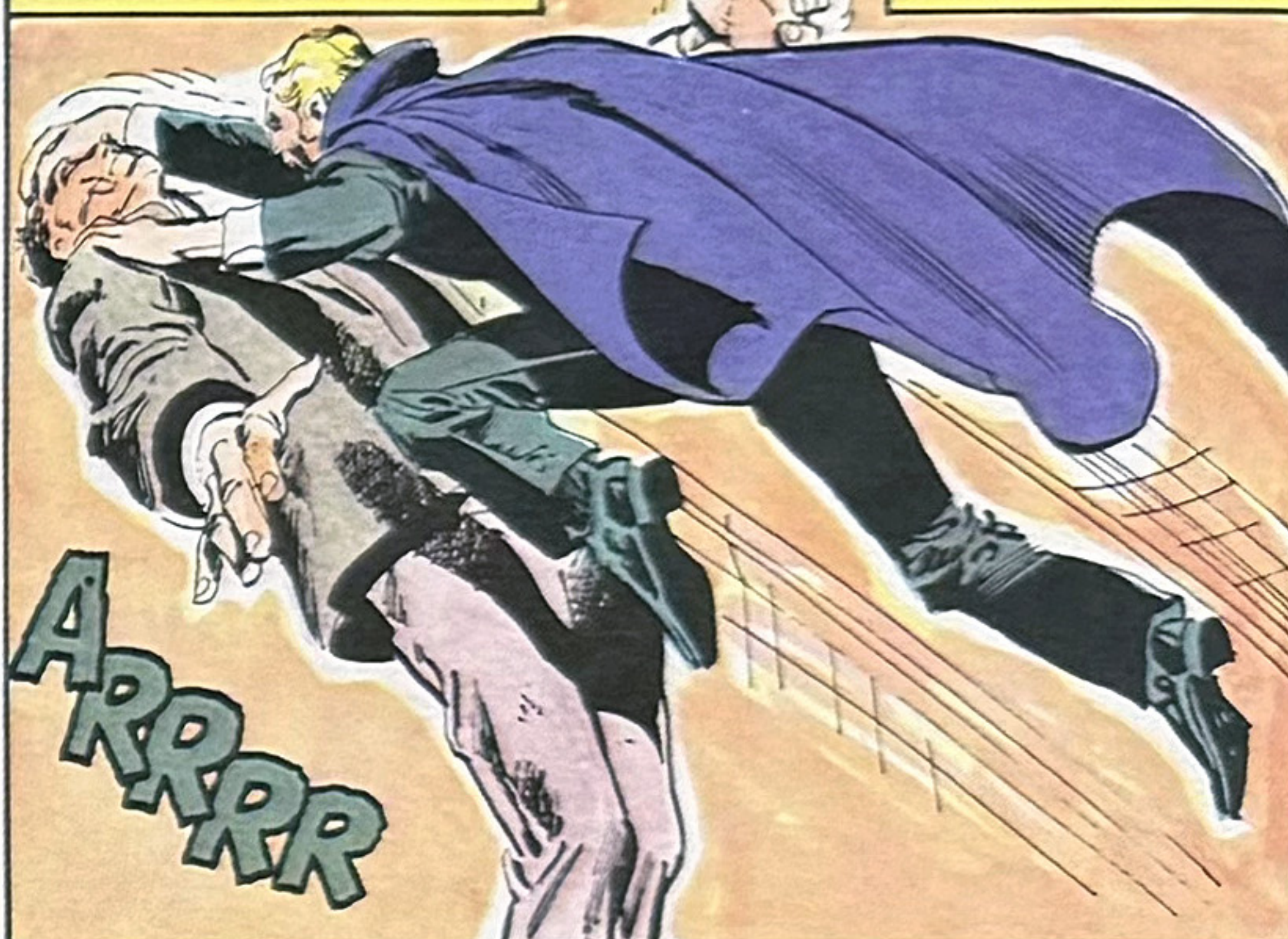


HORROR STRETCHES THE EYES OF VINCENT FRANKENSTEIN AS THE VAMPIRE... UNHURT... RISES, REVEALING AN EVIL GRIN...

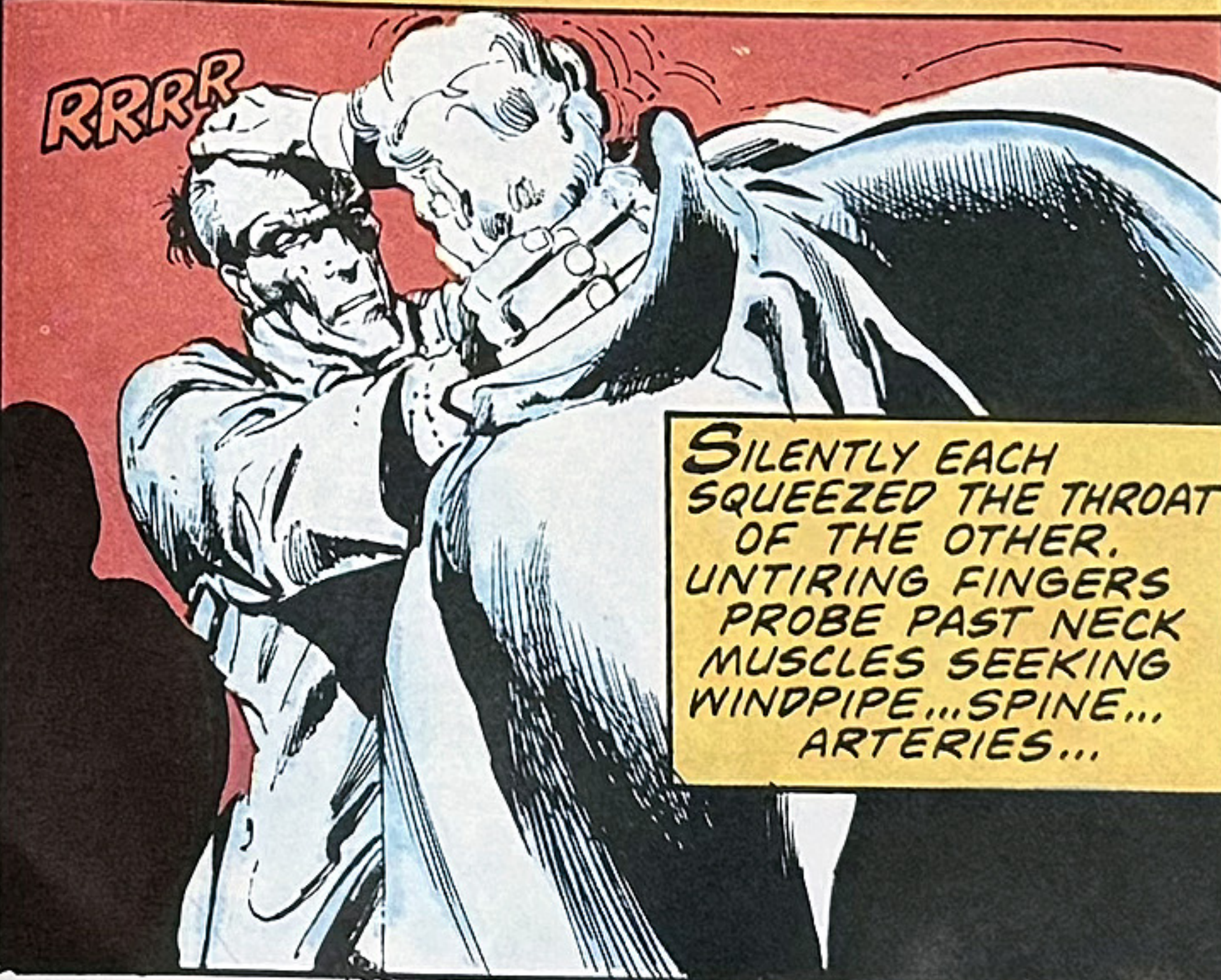


...AND ATTACKS THE MAN-MADE MONSTER...

...AND CLAWS FOR ITS THROAT!



BUT THIS IS NO MERE MORTAL CREATURE. THIS MAN-THING WAS BORN OF THE ELEMENTS... HIS SUPER-HUMAN HANDS CLAMP ONCE AGAIN ON THE THROAT OF DRACULA.



SILENTLY EACH SQUEEZED THE THROAT OF THE OTHER. UNTIRING FINGERS PROBE PAST NECK MUSCLES SEEKING WINDPIPE... SPINE... ARTERIES...

HE'S... WINNING... NOT... POSSIB... MUST... GET... AWAY...



PANIC SEIZES DRACULA AND HE BEGINS TO TRANSFORM HIMSELF INTO A GIANT BAT

LET GO... LET... GO!

I'M FREE!





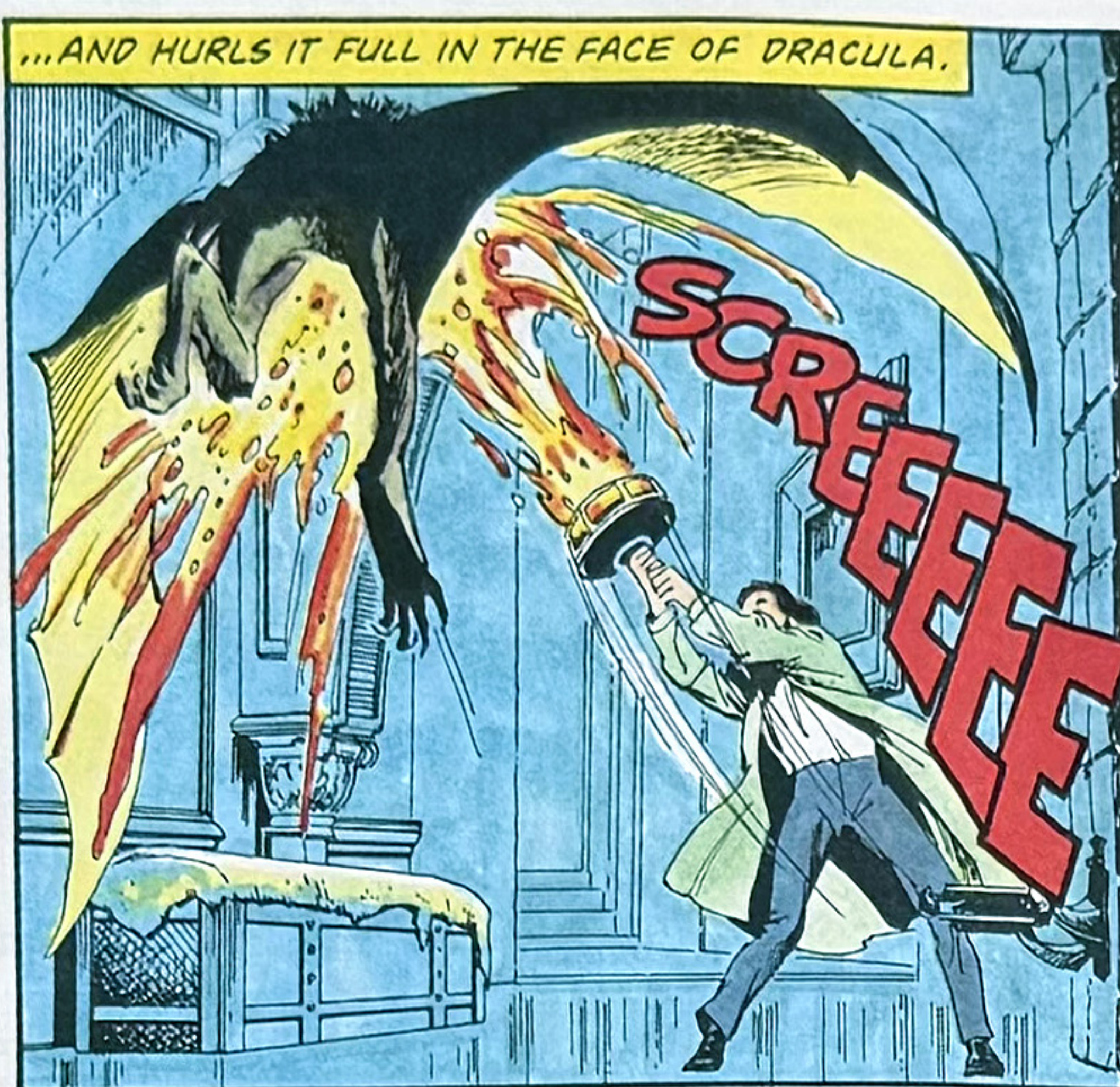
DRACULA
FREES HIMSELF
AND FLIES
UPWARD...

...AND TOWARD
VINCENT--
INTENT ON
ESCAPE.



THE FACE OF
ERICKA FLASHES
THROUGH
VINCENT'S MIND.

GRIM
DETERMINATION
SETS HIS JAW, AS
HE REACHES FOR
AN URN OF
BURNING EMBERS...



...AND HURLS IT FULL IN THE FACE OF DRACULA.

SCREEEEEE



SCREAMING IN PAIN HE FLIES
UPWARD...CIRCLES...

SCREEE
SCREEE

SCREEEE
EE

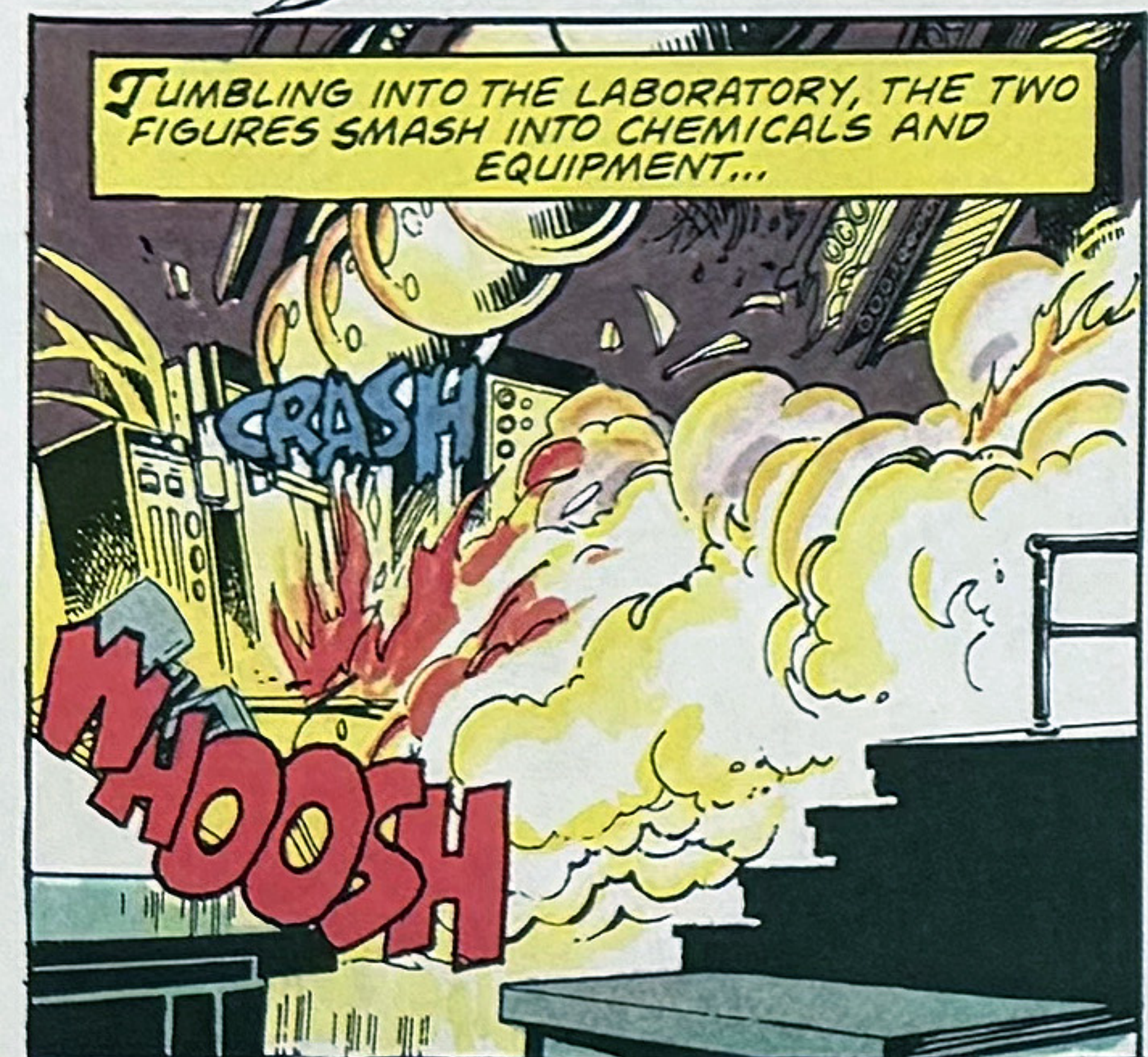


...THEN... DIVES
STRAIGHT INTO
THE MONSTER.

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE



WHUMP



TUMBLING INTO THE LABORATORY, THE TWO
FIGURES SMASH INTO CHEMICALS AND
EQUIPMENT...

CRASH

WHOOOSH



...WHICH
IGNITE...

WHOOOSH

...INTO A
BLAZING
INFERNO.

