

VICTOR & MOTHER'S GHOST

VICTOR: Mother?

MOTHER'S GHOST: Your cheek has grown pale with study.

VICTOR: You're clearly not real...

MOTHER'S GHOST: Always the man of science. You need to sleep, Victor.

VICTOR: I need to work.

MOTHER'S GHOST: You forget to eat— You are emaciated with confinement.

VICTOR: I can't just stop— It's too elusive.

MOTHER'S GHOST: You need to eat.

VICTOR: I am fed by the work. Nourished by discovery.

MOTHER'S GHOST: You forget to breathe.

VICTOR: Breathe, indeed!

Breath is what I seek-- I'm so very close.

MOTHER'S GHOST: Henry and Elizabeth are worried for you. Even little Willmouse, too.

VICTOR: I do this for them. For you, mother. For you.

MOTHER'S GHOST: You've stopped answering their letters. Maybe letters written on parchment drop from the sky

VICTOR: Letters? No, I'm...I'm sure I have...

MOTHER'S GHOST: Nearly six years and you haven't been home to Geneva.

VICTOR: Six years?! No—

MOTHER'S GHOST: Look for life in life, Victor. Not in death.

MOTHER'S GHOST opens the grave and exits into it.