

ELIZABETH AND VICTOR

ELIZABETH: Cousin

VICTOR: Elizabeth

ELIZABETH: You've returned

VICTOR: I have, I...I,

ELIZABETH: You must be famished.

VICTOR: I can't remember having eaten.
She starts to make him a sandwich.

ELIZABETH: Allow me to make you something. You must think me a monster.
You must hate me with all your heart.

VICTOR: My dearest Elizabeth,

ELIZABETH: You could not hate me more than I hate myself. I gave our mother
my Yellow Fever
I gave that sweet boy her locket and now—

VICTOR: It is not your fault, Elizabeth

ELIZABETH: It is Victor, I am responsible for—

VICTOR: No, Elizabeth, no—

ELIZABETH: I am, Victor, I am.

VICTOR: No

ELIZABETH: I am, Victor. He died because of me.

VICTOR: He didn't. You are not responsible! You are not. It was... something
monstrous...It was...IT WAS...I...I..

He turns away.

ELIZABETH: Victor?

VICTOR: I can't seem to ...um
breathe...
I'm sorry...

I must (starts to leave...)

ELIZABETH: Victor, please don't go.

VICTOR leaves and starts climbing