

HENRY *enters and stands watching FRANKENSTEIN in horror. FRANKENSTEIN is startled.*

FRANKENSTEIN. What do you want!?

HENRY. Victor?... Victor?... It's me.

FRANKENSTEIN. I know it's you! I can see it's you!

(Catches himself.) I'm sorry... I'm... Henry. It's good to see you. It's been so long...

HENRY. Two years.

FRANKENSTEIN. What are you doing here?

HENRY. I said I would visit.

FRANKENSTEIN. You should have written. You should have told me you were coming.

HENRY. I did. You didn't answer.

Beat.

FRANKENSTEIN *(struggling to be polite)*. Well, it's... good to see you. You're staying? In Ingolstadt?

HENRY. For a few days.

FRANKENSTEIN. Good. Good. We should meet up. Later. I'm sorry. I have to keep working.

FRANKENSTEIN *resumes what he's doing.*

HENRY. Are those corpses?

FRANKENSTEIN. What if they are?

HENRY. It seems... I don't know... disrespectful.

FRANKENSTEIN (*working*). Only if you're superstitious.
These bodies...

HENRY (*correcting*). These men, Victor...

FRANKENSTEIN (*accepting the correction*). These men have had the last rites, their souls have been cared for and their souls have gone. There's nothing here but flesh without life. Nothing to frighten you unless you believe in ghosts. My father raised me to know better than that.

HENRY. Your father says you haven't answered his letters either.

FRANKENSTEIN. He should know I'm working. Tell him...

HENRY (*interrupts*). Won't you tell him yourself? Aren't you ever coming home?

FRANKENSTEIN. Of course! But my work isn't finished.
There's too much to do here.

HENRY. So that's what I'll tell him? That you're too busy to come home?

FRANKENSTEIN. Yes. He'll understand.

HENRY. And Elizabeth? What should I tell her?

FRANKENSTEIN (*surprised*). The same. She knows me. Tell them about the work if you like.

HENRY *is leaving*.

HENRY. I won't tell them you've been crawling into graveyards and tearing corpses off gibbets.

FRANKENSTEIN (*intent on what he's doing*). Horrible work... but miraculous. I can see how the stuff of life decays, piece by piece, drip by drip... but then it reanimates... as moulds and worms, a crawling soup of altered animation.

HENRY. It stinks in here. You know that, don't you?