

FRANKENSTEIN *lies in bed. It's winter. FRANKENSTEIN is barely conscious.*

ELIZABETH *is in another place and time. We hear the letter she has written to him.*

ELIZABETH. My dear Victor, every day we thank God for your continued recovery...

Do you remember us, I wonder? It has been so long since I saw you I wonder sometimes if you will know my face, or I yours.

*We see JUSTINE. She is playing in the snow. Throwing snowballs.*

FRANKENSTEIN *has woken up. He finds the letter we are hearing beside him. He is reading it.*

I'm watching Justine through the window as I write to you. She is playing with William.

*We see WILLIAM join JUSTINE, laughing and playing.*

You won't recognise him. He's grown as tall as you. I think he should be a farmer because he can't stand a moment indoors, he roams our hills and woods in all weather. Your father wants him to be a lawyer. I said I thought anyone would be happier working to grow food for humanity, rather than always studying their crimes. Now your father says

I should be a lawyer as I argue my case so well. And William is glad of my defence, it leaves him free to run outdoors.

WILLIAM *and* JUSTINE *run off*.

Henry says you are recovering. Write to us yourself. If I saw your handwriting, if only I knew you were strong enough to write...

(*Getting upset.*) Well... it would make your father so happy. It would reassure us all. Goodbye, dear cousin. Till I see you again.

ELIZABETH *is gone*. FRANKENSTEIN *puts down the letter, sits up in bed and looks towards the window*.

*Sunlight grows.*