

William The alchemists!

Victor Yes! They were true men of science. They mapped the heavens, tracked the course of the stars. They classified the air we breathe, the circulation of our blood. All modern medicine comes from them. – I too wished to penetrate nature, to lay bare her deepest mysteries. So I studied mathematics. I experimented with galvanism –

William What's that?

Victor You induce spasms in inanimate flesh, with a current from a chloride battery –

William Great!

Victor – where a zinc plate's laid on a solution of ammonium chloride and Ceylon moss –

William How thrilling!

Victor – and as I watched the current arc between bismuth and antimony, I found myself asking: where does the principle of life, the actual spark of life itself, where does it come from?

William It comes from God.

Victor Yes, but only from God?

William I don't know.

Victor Can a man be a god?

William I don't know!

Victor I had to find out. So off to the graveyard I went.

William Oh, Victor! Yuk!

Victor I watched flesh rot in the soil. I watched worms eat eyes, maggots chew the tissue of the brain. I went to executions, charnel houses, I watched the moment of

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change from life to death, the specificity of the moment, the annihilation of the spark, until suddenly, months START later, in a fever of creativity, I found I could identify and replicate the prime cause of life!

William (*excited*) What is it?

Victor I can't tell you that, Will, you're only little.

William What are you going to do with it?

Victor I don't know. I have travelled where no man has travelled. I wonder how far I can go. I can create people, Will! Living people! Look at me, I breathe the breath of God!

William And will they reproduce?

Victor What?

William Will they have wombs, the females? Will they breed? How quickly will they breed? How fast is the cycle? How many in a litter? Fifty? A hundred? A thousand?

Victor William?

William And if the children breed with the children? Will they do your bidding?

Victor What are you saying?

William You are their king – will they do as you tell them? Or will they be bad? Like the one who killed me? END

Creature Frankenstein!

*The Creature is high up in the rafters. He's been there a while. William runs off. Victor wakes from his dream.*

Where is she?

Victor She is here.