



Scripts.com

Malpertuis

By Jean Ferry

It's pretty,
but it's a bit difficult to understand.
There were lots of things Alice didn't
understand, but she didn't admit it.
Somehow it makes me think of
all kinds of things,
but I'm not sure exactly what.
I can't see him.
Maybe Jan's not on the ship.
Don't be so stupid, Mathias. If he says
Jan is on board, then he's on board.
I'm having three.
- All three in one night?
Yes, all three at the same time.
Jan! Jan!
There's the wretch.
Don't be so silly. Come on!
- You've only got one night!
We'll find something special for you.
- What's up with you?
To hell with him.
- Sleep alone if that's what you prefer.
Jan's not going with them.
What shall we do?
Cassavius will be furious.
Jan will come ashore.
What do you think he'll do?
How do you mean?
- Destiny, Iad.
Destiny.
Watch out.
Excuse me, sir.
Do you know Beacon Quay?
Beacon Quay? Let me think.
Beacon Quay? No, no.
I don't know of any Beacon Quay.
- But I was born there.
I'm afraid you're mistaken, young man.
- He's not mistaken.
You know.
It's called the New Bridge Quay now.
Is it?
But of course, the New Bridge Quay.
It's that way, young man.

- That way, Herman. There.
That's what I said, Ida.
It's that way. Come along.

NEW BRIDGE QUAY:

What happened to
the house that used to be here?
Why do you ask?

- It was my house. I lived there.
It was demolished.

- What? When?

A while ago.

- But the people who lived there ...
My family.

- No one lived there any more.

The house was empty.

Had been for ages.

What'll happen now?

- He'll see Nancy.

That's impossible. She's at Maupertuis.

- Be quiet!

Look over there!

Nancy!

How can Nancy be here too?

- What an idiot!

Did you see a girl?

- She went that way.

Sir.

- What?

Sir, sir, I'm not from round here.

Can you help me? Where's Beacon Quay?

Go back to Maupertuis. Jan is
walking into the trap, as planned.

Nancy!

Dirty postcards. Here, look.

This is a nice one. And this one.

You haven't got that one yet.

Ridiculous!

- What about this one? Great, eh?

My ten children have to eat. What will

I give them if you don't buy anything?

What about that one?

- Go take yourself for a ride!

Mean bastard.

Nancy!

Nancy, it's me, Jan.

Jan? What a nice name.

Sorry.

I thought you were someone else.

Jan, you silly dog,
you came after all.

Here, have some more champagne.

- No, Charles, don't.

You're trying to get me drunk.

You naughty boy,
you haven't changed.

Tell me ...

Things okay with Sylvia?

Doesn't often happen
to a working girl.

We're not crazy about each other,
but there, we're married.

Tell me, Gerda ...

That girl there ...

Who does she belong to?

- Whoever wants her.

That goes without saying,
but who does she work for?

Oh, for Hans.

Over there, Mr Handsome.

She's a lucky girl.

I suppose she's not allowed
to sleep with just anyone?

Hans likes nothing better.

As long as love isn't involved.

Well, well, well. Here's lover boy.

Don't look so sad.

Come on, let's have a drink.

Then I'll dance with you.

More?

- Yes.

It's whisky.

More?

There you go.

You're coming again, aren't you?

I don't think I can.

- Why not?

My ship sails tomorrow.

That little songstress isn't bad.
And you can only see one tenth.
She seems keen on that sailor.
Look.
If he wants something,
he'll get it for free.
You bastard!
Don't! Stop it! Stop!
Don't! Don't! Stop it!
Don't! Stop!
Watch out!
Nancy.
Jan.
I've found you at last.
What happened?
I can't remember.
- You've been asleep for a long time.
But my ship!
- It's gone. Listen.
Forget your ship. We're together again.
It'll be like it used to be.
Why didn't you write to me?
I did write to you,
but you never replied to my letters.
That's strange.
- Strange?
Nothing is strange
in this strange house.
Where are we?
At Uncle Cassavius's.
At Malpertuis?
- All our money had gone.
This house is hell and Cassavius is
the devil. I want to leave!
My darling, where will you go? Where?
- Far away from here.
I've got something to tell you.
- It's dangerous here.
I'm in love.
Come on.
Little brother,
you're jealous of your sister.
Elodia.
You're here at Malpertuis.

How could I let dear Nancy
come to this house of damnation alone?
Now he's awake,
him up there is bound to die!
Eiodia, Eiodia.
Damn woman, where are you?
I'm dying of hunger.
That's him. That's the dead man.
He's calling me.
Eiodia!
- Oh God!
Dear God! Hurry, hurry, hurry!
Quick, to work!
He's hungry. He's hungry again.
He wants more to eat.
- What? Even more?
So close to death
and all he thinks about is food.
He stuffs himself like a pig,
but he won't live any longer.
No one is immortal,
not even the great Cassavius.
The light! The light!
Who's put the light out?
Who? Who?
Poor Lampernist.
Begging for light!
God help you, you lazy lump!
Go on, do some work.
The food. The food. Come on, hurry!
Hurry, hurry. He's waiting. Hurry!
Just a minute.
My rat's finished.
I know he'd like to see it.
Can I go and see him too?
- Not yet, Philaris.
Let him have something to eat, first.
Mustn't have too many treats at once.
Eiodia! Eiodia!
Do you want me to starve to death?
If you do, then tell me.
Come here, you silly cow!
About time!
What about Jan? Is he coming?

- He's almost ready.
Go away.
- You have to give us some money.
Why?
- It's all gone.
You scavenging cow!
You can't wait until I'm dead.
Get out!
Get out!
Bloody hell, you idiot!
What's your wife doing here?
- Be quiet!
Where's your daughter?
Where's Eurydice?
She wouldn't come.
She's a difficult girl.
She'll come, Dido.
Don't worry, she'll come.
It's done.
Of course it's done, you dimwit.
Then do someone a favour.
- What are you on about?
We'd do anything for Great-Uncle
Cassavius. Nothing is too much trouble.
He's so noble, so sensitive, so good.
He's after the inheritance,
the poor bugger. You just wait.
I've got a surprise in store.
- Don't say things like that.
Because he loves you.
- You hate me.
You all do.
At least, not all of you.
There's one who likes me,
who'd do anything for me.
Come in, Philaris. Come in.
It's magnificent.
Magnificent.
Isn't it? A real work of art.
Like all artists,
you're not appreciated.
Don't cry, Philaris.
I'm not worth it.
Where's Jan?

He's going to leave.

- Leave?

But ... How will I die then?

No problem. I'll fetch him.

Stay here, Jan. Please.

It's only a matter of days.

One minute in this house is too long.

If you were sensible, you'd come too.

You know I can't.

- You're stuck here. I'm not. I'm free.

If he dies, we'll have money

and both be free.

I don't want money.

I just want to go to sea.

Go to sea. You're right.

That's what you should do.

Forget the poor old man upstairs,

whose eyes will close for good,

all too soon.

He's waited forever

for his beloved nephew to return.

But that's fine. You go.

Go and abandon your family.

Abandon your faithful Elodia,

who loves you so. Abandon me.

Your Uncle Charles,

whom you've known since you were little.

And, in particular ...

Abandon this young girl, who is

so sweet, so virtuous, so innocent.

Your own flesh and blood.

What do you care that

she may fall prey to filthy hands,

itching to rape her.

- Don't touch me.

Leave her alone.

OK, I'll go and see him, but only

to tell him what's happening to you.

And then you're coming with me.

Well? Aren't you going?

What are we waiting for? Upstairs.

Come closer, lad.

It's fine.

It has to be.

I've chosen you.
Your blood may not be
as blue as mine, but ...
You're a real Cassavius.
Don't ask any questions.
You're here.
That's the most important thing.
Here at last.
At last, I can die.
Tell me, darling.
The Kriekpoots are complaining
they haven't got any money left again.
Is that true?
- Yes, Uncle. It's true.
Get some from the colour shop.
- But we never sell anything.
That's no reason. Come here.
I'll tell you where there's some money.
Upstairs. Down the stairs, up again.
What? Can I have some?
- Go on, my jewel.
Jan, come here.
Listen carefully
to what I'm about to say.
Goddess, where are you going?
- To the colour shop.
You lucky thing. He chased me out
of there. Took all my colours away.
He wants me to die in the dark.
- Poor Lampernist.
Poor Lampernist.
What's all this?
You haven't eaten again.
No, I'm on the look-out for him.
He's put all the lights out again.
But I'm protecting this.
I will save it. My own light.
Poor Lampernist.
Mathias!
Where have you been all this time?
- Did you miss me?
I've missed you too, darling.
What's the matter? What's up?
My brother's back.

- Yes, I know.
And you're going.
- Do you mind? You can come, too.
You know I can't live without you.
- What if I can't come?
Will you stay?
- Don't be stupid. We're leaving.
And it won't be long now.
As soon as the old man is dead.
He told me there's gold here.
Yes, here it is.
I've got to go now.
- What?
Doesn't what I said mean anything?
Anything at all?
Has my entire life been for nothing?
I planned everything. For you.
Every detail.
You belong here at Maipertuis.
You have to take my place at Maipertuis.
Very soon
you will be master here, Iad.
Master of a world.
A universe.
Of eternity.
- You're mad, Cassavius.
What do you know about eternity?
- I know things.
And no one knows I know them.
I control
eternity.
You're pathetic, Cassavius.
A dying man who's living in a dream.
You're blind, you fool.
Blind. Tomorrow you will be begging
to be here. Tomorrow. This evening.
Yes, this evening.
Soon. Very soon.
Any moment now.
She's on her way.
You're here.
That's good.
My name is Euryale.
Once Cassavius is dead,

Jan and Nancy will be free.
And I will be free, too
and able to leave Malpertuis.
I shall walk to Scherpenheuvel
to beg you, O Lord,
to forgive me for having lived
among the angels of the dark.
When Cassavius is dead.
They say the nephew has arrived.
- That's interesting.
How is he?
- He can't last much longer.
Poor man. Let's hope his suffering
doesn't go on for too long.
We're losing a father,
more than a father ...
When Cassavius dies.
How low we have sunk.
- There he goes again, the old fool.
Let me get on with my work.
You're getting on my nerves.
But take a look at me and at yourself.
What are we doing here?
Get up, woman, get up.
Arise. Do you remember who you used
to be? Do you still know what we are?
What on earth are you on about?
Leave me alone.
Now look what you've done!
Talking is the only thing you can do.
Please forgive me,
my darling, my Venus.
I just don't know
what comes over me sometimes.
It happens when I think about before.
I can't forget.
Everything keeps coming back to me.
You were so beautiful, darling.
And we were young.
And so in love.
What happened to us?
Why can't it be like it used to be?
- Because you're no longer a man.
Go away!

I've still got nine corridors to do.
No, things'll be like they used to be,
my Venus.
I promise.
Things'll be like they used to be.
When we're all dead and buried.
- No, no. When ...
When Cassavius dies.
When Cassavius is dead ...
You just wait.
For years,
I've turned his dreams into reality.
Now my dream can come true.
The laboratory I will be able to build!
So ... so big.
With everything you can think of.
And no old rats for me then.
If they want, I'll stuff an elephant!
A whale!
Poor Cassavius,
poor old Cassavius.
When Cassavius is dead, I'm going to
a country when the sun shines.
We're going.
- Of course.
That'll surprise them,
when I leave before I retire.
If I were you, I'd wait.
A bit.
What will you do all day?
I'll keep busy.
There's my dirty postcard collection,
and following people.
Writing anonymous letters.
What about her?
Her? She can do what she likes.
Cassavius gave her to us to look after.
When he's dead, we'll ditch her.
I hope Cassavius hurries up and dies.
If Cassavius dies.
Because Cassavius is tough.
Ghosts. All I see are ghosts.
Nancy.
Tell me,

my sweet, self-centred money-grubber.

Are they all here?

- Yes.

Good. That's how it should be.

Eisengott?

Is he here?

- I'm here.

I'm relying on you, Eisengott,
to ensure that
everything that I've written in my will,
every item, every passage,
every clause,
is strictly adhered to,
right down to the last detail.

Jan.

Jan!

Jan.

It's your job
to complete my life's work.
Father Doucedame knows about it.
He knows what he has to do.

Where is he?

- In church.

He's praying for you.

You refused the last rites.
The sisters ... The Carmela sisters are,
of course, here.

Those three sweet vultures.

Of course you are here.

Standing by, as usual, Eleonora,
Rosalia and Alice,
who pretends to be
very middle-class and cold.

We've known each other forever,
and now you're circling the corpse.

Where's Philaris?

- He's over there.

Here.

- He's entitled to be here,
even if he is
the biggest imbecile of them all.

Yes. Yes.

The two of us have been through
a lot together, eh?

My faithful friend.
Mathias Crook is here too.
Wherever you are,
Mathias is never far away.
Don't worry, Mathias.
You will never ever sell anything
in your colour shop,
because you don't deserve
any more than that.
And the Kriekepoots?
- Both present.
My faithful servants.
Miserable wretches.
Lampernist, poor Lampernist.
Where is he?
Behind the door.
He's guarding the light.
It will go out, just like the rest.
Now, to work.
- He's forgetting us.
Euryale ...
Great-Uncle Cassavius, I'm here too.
- We are both here.
Syivia.
You were more attractive when Charles
took you away from that filthy brother.
Great-Uncle Cassavius,
not in front of everyone!
Can I hear a serpent hissing?
Can I see a crocodile tear?
And that awful stench. Is that a skunk?
Sit down, you travelling zoo.
Euryale. Euryale.
My flower of fire,
come and sit next to your cousin Jan.
Come on, come and sit here.
Come and sit here.
Eisengott.
Start reading. The whole flock has
gathered together in all its splendour.
Let the show begin.
First tell them
how much money I'm leaving.
I, the undersigned, Quintin Cassavius,

healthy in mind and body,
hereby declare that
this is my last will and testament.
I hereby bequeath to ...
Now he's extinguishing
the last light ...
One.
Two.
No, no, no!
Five hundred and twenty-six thousand,
seven hundred and fifty-two florins
and thirty-three cents.
My dearly beloved heirs,
I can see that
no one present had any idea
of this colossal fortune.
Charles, hand in your resignation.
- Of course, Dido.
And everyone else here
will change their way of life too.
Carry on reading, Eisengott.
Each beneficiary will receive an annual
income in proportion to the total estate.
However, from that moment on, each
beneficiary shall remain at Maupertuis.
They may never leave the house.
They shall undertake
to live here until the end.
Silence! There's a council.
Silence! Everything at Maupertuis
must remain unchanged.
The entire estate shall go to
the last survivor.
If the last two survivors
are a man and a woman,
they have to marry. They then inherit
Maupertuis and all that goes with it.
That is my will.
It shall be done.
Now go.
Enough melodramas.
No farewells.
Or I will disinherit you.
My death is my decision.

And I don't need to be Looking at you.
EuryaIe.
Jan. Stay here.
Come cIoser.
You are ... You are the doubIe hope that
I wiII take with me from this earth.
MaIpertuis
wiII be the cradIe of a new worId.
But the Iaw, EuryaIe ...
Remember the Iaw.
Open your eyes.
Daughter of the gods.
Look into my eyes
and heIp me die.
My heart in MaIpertuis,
a stone among other stones.
Light, Iight.
Light.
Go on! Go away!
I'II take care of things here.
Go away!
Don't look back. Don't say a word.
Listen, we wiII outIive the others.
Then you can marry me.
Sugar?
Some Iime-bIossom tea, Jan?
He isn't even coId yet
and you're pIaying music.
Heathens.
Good God!
It's cosy here, isn't it?
Thank you, Jan. What shaII we do?
Have a chat?
Maybe you don't feeI Iike taIking.
- What did you want to taIk about?
About this prison? About the fact that
everyone wishes the others wouId die?
So why don't you Ieave?
You can if you reaIIy want to.
You don't know what you want, do you?
- I don't know what you mean.
Is knowing important?
You're stiII so young, Jan.
So strong and so shy.

Euryale.

Why don't you ever look at me?

Jan, when are we leaving here?

- Do you want to leave?

You don't want me to stay, do you?

You haven't changed your mind, have you?

Of course not.

- You're lying. I'm not blind.

You don't have to worry about me anymore.

I can see how

Alice is helping you to forget.

As for Euryale ... Forget her.

She is incapable of loving anyone.

You've become so vicious. It's because you're trapped here with us.

Lonely and despairing
in this cursed house.

But I pray, I beg you, don't touch
my lamps with your little hands.

You know what'll happen once it's dark.

He's waiting.

I know he's lying in wait, up there.

Watch out! Watch out! Go!

Quickly! Before she sees you.

Shame I don't eat here more often.

- Cassavius must be pleased, up there,
when he smells the delicious things
we're cooking for his family.

Being held captive has
its compensations. May God forgive me.

Oh shut up! They haven't got anything
to do. So they stuff their faces.

Except Jan. He doesn't touch his food.

- That's normal. He's in love.

In love?

- Father, why are we here?

Well?

My dear boy, that's an interesting
question. To suffer, of course.

To earn eternal salvation.

No, Father.

I mean here, at Malpertuis.

If you ask me, I'd,

it's better not to know.
You're looking for excuses, Father.
Why? Why won't you tell me?
Why is it better not to know?
- There's nothing to know.
So why have we been buried alive?
What is everyone so afraid of?
What am I doing here?
What does MaIpertuis mean?
That's enough! Leave the Reverend alone.
- Yes, leave me alone.
Jan ... Jan, where are you going?
Wait for me, my son. Wait for me.
Jan!
Jan!
This is a strange garden. It's so quiet.
So deserted.
As if all life has been banished.
- This garden belongs to MaIpertuis.
Cassavius's domain.
Come on.
Come on.
Come on.
Where are we, Father?
Centuries ago this used to be a holy
place, the abbey of the Bardekins.
The Bardekins?
Eiodia always used to say, 'Be careful
or the Bardekins will get you.'
I didn't know they really existed.
Here they served the Lord,
praying and meditating.
And now, so near their hallowed graves,
the house of evil.
Look, a lifeboat.
Ananke is destiny.
That was the name of the schooner
of which Cassavius was the captain.
This boat isn't the only thing
he brought back from his last voyage.
Unfortunately ...
- What else, Father?
That is the secret of MaIpertuis.
What secret, Father?

- Don't force me to tell you, Jan!
I'm not allowed to tell you yet.
- You don't want to tell me.
But I don't need you.
I'll search for the secret of MaIpertuis
on my own.
I can't stop you.
But MaIpertuis conceals many secrets.
At the end of forgotten corridors,
behind doors hidden behind other doors.
And God knows what you will find!
What will you find?
This is a nice surprise, Jan.
Where have you been all this time?
What has come over you,
my handsome boy?
At your age, it is quite normal
to agonise over unrequited love.
Loving Euryale is hopeless.
How do you know?
- It's plain to see.
She doesn't look at you,
doesn't say anything either.
It's as if she's avoiding you,
as if she wants to hurt you.
Such a pity, when you think
what true love can be.
Here, smell the perfume of a woman.
It's the scent of sandalwood.
The keys to MaIpertuis.
- Mrs Kriekpoot gave them to me.
Tell her that one is missing.
I expect you'll find it one day.
Don't think. Kiss me, Jan.
Alice.
Coming ...
Mmmmn, delightful, delightful.
I love you, I love you.
You love me?
- Yes, I love you.
Stop it! You love Nancy.
- Me? Nancy?
Yes, you love Nancy.
You're crazy about her.

You'd do anything to have her.
But she loves someone else.
And she loathes you.
But you don't care, do you?
You make a grab for
anything in a skirt.
I'm the only one
who wants to sleep with you.
Why, when you say
you don't love me?
Do I have to love you? How could I?
Take a look at yourself.
You're not handsome, you're not young,
you're not clever.
You're a creep.
Yes, but a creep you do it with.
- Who else can I do it with?
Kriekpoot? Philaris? Lampernist?
Do it with Jan.
- Jan.
You're wrong. Among all those corpses,
you're the least disgusting.
My dirty little Dideo.
If there's only one thing
you want from me, you can have it.
That is most reprehensible, young man,
coming in so unexpectedly.
It's no laughing matter!
- It is, my dear Dideo.
This may cost you dearly!
Well then, here is an advance.
How's my Jan? Fine, I see.
Take a look around.
All the things here
are experiments to create new life.
As you can see, it all went wrong.
Cassavius made this.
- Cassavius made this?
Your uncle could make anything,
anything that could be made.
He knew so much,
so very, very much,
that it is amazing
that he and Cagliostro never succeeded

in finishing these creatures.
Cagliostro has been dead for ages.
- Yes, true. Of course.
Cassavius can't possibly have known him.
- Can't he?
Can't he?
Cassavius was ... was a genius.
An artist. He was a ...
You see, he wanted to
make the world a better place.
I worked for him,
but he was quite difficult to please.
He was a perfectionist
and that's why
he wanted to throw these things away.
But I managed to save some
because I couldn't bear to see
all that work go up in smoke
whenever he said, 'Another fiasco.'
What was Cassavius looking for?
- He talked about a master race.
What? A master race?
- Yes, a new golden age.
Blonde hair, blue eyes, whatever.
I'm just a simple man.
All those difficult words
are way beyond me.
Then, one day, he didn't want
to carry on experimenting.
Why not?
He found something that, you could say,
was more profitable.
Something that really suited him,
something amazing.
But you won't understand.
Not yet.
Listen. Could you catch an animal for me
in the garden?
What could live in a place like that?
- True.
You're right. I don't dare leave
Marpertuis because of the inheritance.
Life isn't worth living
if you haven't got anything to stuff.

I'm an artist.
You know what it's like.
I have to express myself.
I've made a new rat trap.
Will you set it for me?
You almost know the house.
I hardly know it at all.
- There may be something in the attic.
Something of great value.
- Yes, mice made from gold, I suppose?
Jan, beggars can't be choosers.
Beggars can't be ...
choosers.
You've got long bones!
Long, delicate bones.
And your skin would be
a pleasure to flay.
And those eyes. I've got a whole tin
of eyes, but none like yours.
Here, catch me a mouse.
I'll turn it into a masterpiece.
There may be something in the attic,
something of great value.
Something of great value ...
Cassavius.
Stone.
Turn that thing off, Charles.
Well?
You'll never guess what I've just seen.
Don't say anything. Not a word.
No one must know.
You put the mousetrap in the attic,
didn't you?
Take me there with you.
I don't dare go on my own.
You know he puts the lights out,
don't you?
Will he ever forgive me?
Maybe he'll forget me.
At Malpertuis you forget.
And sometimes you remember.
But I don't know which is worse.
I don't know what you're on about.
- Because you don't know everything.

Listen.

They're letting him out.

Don't open it. No, don't open it.

They'll spread out all over the house
and night will descend forever!

No, don't open it.

No, Jan!

Euryale, tell me,
you who seem to know everything,
tell me what's going on here.

- I'm not allowed to say anything.

Do you know what kind of monster
I found in the attic?

That Cassavius's corpse has disappeared
and there's a statue in his tomb?

That's not a statue, that's Cassavius.

- It can't be.

I don't understand.

I love you and you won't say anything.

I search like crazy
and all I find is darkness.

It's like a nightmare.

- I know everything.

You will wake up
when all the others are dead.

What's the point of this money? We live
here for free and don't spend anything.

We'll give it to the notary
to invest in stocks and shares.

Interest will accrue. And when
everyone is dead except for me ...

Expect for us.

You're forgetting me, Dido.

I've got some good news. Mathias and I
are relinquishing our inheritance.

We're leaving tomorrow.

- No, Nancy, you can't.

Nothing can stop us. Not even you.

Nothing.

We're having black pudding tonight.

Mmmm, it smells like
cabbage and fried herring.

Silly cow, it's Wiener schnitzel.

You never know what you're eating

in this house.
It all tastes the same.
Alecto, behave.
My name is Alice.
Goodnight, Father. Pray for Jan.
Thank you, my child.
I will pray for you all.
Mathias?
Mathias, where are you?
- Jan.
Why are you hiding?
- Jan.
Where are you, Mathias?
Jan.
Mathias is dead, murdered.
Murdered!
Murdered!
Where is he?
Silence!
No one may know
what has happened at Melpertuis.
No one can know.
Now go away. All of you.
Philaris will take care of everything.
Nancy.
Nancy.
Where will you go? Stay here, Nancy.
No. Why do you want me to stay?
For me.
- Come with me, little brother.
I can't.
- Then we'll never meet again.
What are you doing here?
I've come to cheer you up. Nancy's gone.
Euryale is breaking your heart.
Tell me all about it.
Why not? Come on.
Dido and me, that's nothing.
A dream.
Maybe I can help you find what you are
looking for. Do you remember?
The room you couldn't open?
With the zodiac?
I'll give you the key.

But you mustn't open it before midnight.
I want you to forget everything, Jan.
I'm a woman.
I want you to love me.
Look no further.
Listen! Footsteps!
Allecto.
Allecto?
Never say that name again,
understand?
Never, never, never.
Forgive me, my Venus.
Forgive me. Forgive me.
Elodia,
apparently you also want to leave.
Yes, Father. I want to do the same
as Nancy. I want to save my soul.
But who will do the cooking?
Mrs Kriekpoot tried once.
It was a disaster.
It's either my soul or your stomach,
Father.
Good morning.
- What are you doing here?
I thought you'd vanished, Dad.
I'm starving.
- What a surprise!
I'll make you something nice,
but let me look at you first.
What's happened?
I no longer recognise you.
You've changed.
- It's because he's courting.
You no longer need your old Elodia.
She can go now.
It's only a dream.
It's only a dream.
Allecto, you've cheapened yourself
with a man.
Allecto, you know what you have to do.
What are you doing here?
Come to tell me you love me?
That you still love me?
How dare you?

Go away. Leave me alone.
Someone is waiting for you.
Take your hands off me.
You smell of sandalwood.
Remember, Allecto.
You know what you have to do.
Alice.
Give me the key.
- Not now, Jan.
Why?
I want you to dream about me.
- Please, Alice.
And your Euryale? Your beautiful
Euryale? What does she do for you?
Not what I did. But you don't care.
You love her.
Give me the key.
Jan.
I want to see you again. When can I?
Be careful.
- I don't care.
Whether you want to or not,
you'll do as I ask.
Allecto.
OK, you disgusting,
revolting, lecherous creep.
Tonight in the library.
- No, somewhere else.
Somewhere where no one will disturb us.
That's sweet of you, but
we're not allowed to leave Malpertuis.
It's carnival time, when masks are worn.
No one will recognise us.
Come to number 7, Paradijsstraat,
at midnight.
An old woman will let you in.
Give her three pieces of gold.
That's not cheap.
- You'll get your money's worth.
Darling.
Don't you like me, darling?
Never judge a book by its cover.
Come to me, sweetheart. You don't
want her. She's only a beginner.

I've had a lot more experience.
Don't listen to them.
You don't need them.
I'm the one you want.
That way. Upstairs,
second door on the right.
Come in, darling.
You shouldn't be here, my son.
You should stay at Maipertuis.
You must search for the truth there.
Come on.
I'll make him as good as new again.
As good as new.
Look.
Give me back my lights.
Take pity on me.
Don't put out the lights again.
Look at Sylvia.
Look at how happy she is.
Her husband is dead. That's one less
to share the inheritance.
Work it out again. You'll need to,
because I'm leaving too.
Farewell, Mother.
Euryale.
Jan.
Alecto.
- I'm Alice. My name is Alice.
No, Alecto. You've forgotten that that
was what Cassavius decreed it should be.
He subjugated us, destroyed us,
demeaned us like animals.
Remember who you were.
You know that you should punish
any mortal who lusts after you.
You've forgotten who you used to be.
- I want to be a woman.
Don't leave.
- I can't stay.
You said that we'd get married.
That was before I knew I loved you.
Alecto, Alecto, Alecto.
- Remember who you used to be.
Remember, Alecto. Remember who

you used to be. You've forgotten.
Close your eyes.
Remember who you used to be.
- I want to forget.
Alecto, remember who you used to be.
Who you used to be!
Please, Alecto!
Stop!
Calm down!
- I want to be a woman.
Euryale.
Jan, you must get out of here.
- What's the matter?
Quickly, Jan, quickly.
Before it's too late.
You can't escape from Maipertuis.
- Yes, you can. It's your last chance.
Do you think I'll forget
everything that happened?
There are no secrets outside Maipertuis.
Forgive me, my son.
I waited too long.
I was afraid to speak.
Quickly, Jan.
Is there a way to get out of Maipertuis?
Of course there is.
No, I want to stay.
I don't want to leave without Euryale.
Forget Euryale. She certainly can't
leave Maipertuis. None of them can.
Leave me alone. I don't want to go.
- They've got out, Jan.
They will rip you to pieces.
Come on.
Look, Father.
- No, no.
Look.
- Don't look. Flee.
What's the matter with them?
You can see them
because you believe in them.
The day you forget them,
they will disappear into thin air.
Down there, Jan.

Oh God, they've seen us.
I'll try to stop them.
- No, Father, don't.
I have to.
To save you.
Go, Jan!
Thank God, he's coming round.
He's out of danger, doctor.
It's up to him, whether he gets better.
He no longer needs me.
Goodbye, Dr. Mendricks.
What's that doctor's name?
- That's Dr. Mendricks.
No. That's not his name.
He's got a strange name.
I can't remember it.
Where am I?
- In my dressing room.
Who are you?
- What did you say? I'm Bets.
Your Bets.
- Bets?
Bets, the nightclub singer.
You know, from the Venus bar.
We danced together there.
You even fought over me.
It was a long time ago.
- It was only last night!
That's not possible.
I was at MaIpertuis for ages.
There, you said it again.
What sort of strange name is that?
You dreamt it.
I didn't dream it. I was at MaIpertuis
and I want to go back there.
You're very sweet,
but I've got to go now.
I want to get out of here.
I want to go back. Back.
I want to go back to MaIpertuis.
I see, Jan.
You don't like me.
Sir! Sir!
What's the matter, Jan?

Sir! Sir!
Sir! Sir!
Jan!
Sir! Sir!
Jan! Jan!
Jan! Jan!
The colour shop.
MaIpertuis.
Jan, Light!
The Light ... is going ... out.
Light.
Light.
Jan.
What's happened? Why?
- Pain. Punishment.
Punishment? What for?
Prom ... Prom ...
- I can't make out what you're saying.
No, that's not it ...
He's coming.
Quickly, Jan. Run!
Don't be scared, Jan. Don't be scared.
I won't hurt you.
Only a little bit.
It's so long since I had
a specimen that was worth stuffing.
You can't imagine the fantastic work
I did for Cassavius.
You never understood
anything about me, Jan.
You never wanted to catch anything
for me. I mean, anything interesting.
You even lost my beautiful mousetrap
in the attic.
You naughty boy.
The little fellow came
to get his hand back.
You know those little fellows,
don't you? They're so brazen.
They feel at home wherever they are,
just like you.
Why did Cassavius have to bring them
with him from that island?
Where's my scalpel?

My scalpel. Where is it?
Where's my scalpel?
Here it is.
I'll just sharpen it.
And now to work.
Thanks to me, you'll be immortal.
Keep still.
Wait a minute!
Delicious.
Keep still. Keep still, don't move.
I promised I wouldn't hurt you.
Phidias!
No, don't look at me.
Why did you come back?
Because I love you.
Well.
The time has come for you to discover
the secret of Melpomene.
Follow me.
Look down there, Jan.
You saw the eagle
rip Prometheus to shreds.
Prometheus?
- Yes, Lamprolambus is Prometheus.
The one who stole fire from heaven.
He was a God, like the rest of us here.
The last gods of Greece.
Cassavius discovered us
on an island in the Ionian Sea.
There were only a few gods left.
The rest had disappeared, because
people no longer believed in them.
Cassavius abducted those defenceless
ghosts and brought them to Melpomene.
The monster instructed his slave
Phidias to sew that once proud company
into miserable human skins.
Look, Apollo, the god with the lyre.
Venus, the goddess of beauty and love.
Vulcan, who was lame
and who spewed flames like Mount Etna.
Tisiphone, Megaera and Alecto,
the three Furies.

Here they are:

and Vengeance.

Hecate, goddess of dark places,
whose power brooks no resistance.

Hermes,

the god of merchants and thieves.

He who was charged by the Olympians
with all their dirty work.

We would have been better off
dying all alone on that island.

Who are you?

Cassavius didn't dare change
anything about me.

All the others perished
because they were forgotten.

I alone have never been forgotten.

I'm immortal.

My name is Gorgon.

I am Love, I am Death.

Jan, you force me to be your destiny.

Bitter is the fruit of knowledge.

Jan.

My love.

Ambulance 34 here, nothing to report.

Thank you.

This is the diary you wrote
while you were here, Mr De Kremer.

Do you want to take it with you?

- No, you keep it.

What am I supposed to do with it,
now I'm cured?

You have a fertile imagination.

The idea of abducting the last
Greek gods while they're waiting to die,
to humiliate them and make them live
the lives of the petit bourgeois, ...

that's a bit strange

for a computer expert.

The insanity probably messed around with
memories from when you were young.

That often happens.

Yes, what is it?

Well, it's time to say goodbye,

Mr De Kremer.

Your wife's here. She's come to get you.

- Goodbye, doctor.

Jan.

- CharIotte.

How are you, darIing?

- I'm completeIy cured, darIing.