



Scripts.com

De Sade

By Richard Matheson

Come. Quick!
Louis Alphonse Donatien,
the Marquis de Sade?
Dismount, sir.
Dismount, sir, or we fire!
Fire!
You.
Fellow.
Stop when I speak to you.
Ah, Louis.
You're here.
Good.
Uncle?
None else, Nephew.
Escaped again, have you?
Yes, I hope so.
Clever lad!
What are you doing in here, Uncle?
Waiting for you, Nephew.
For me? But you couldn't possibly
have known I was coming tonight.
I hoped.
Who was that old man I saw in the corridor
just a few moments ago?
A servant.
I don't recall having seen him before.
Well, you know how...
...servants come and go.
I'll discharge him.
Do that, Nephew.
But, for now, we're about to start.
Start what?
A play! Entertainment!
Diversion! Pleasure!
Which you so uniquely enjoy.
I doubt there'll be time for that.
Of course you have time.
When did you ever not have time
for pleasure?
Perhaps a moment then, Uncle.
We know your weakness, eh, Nephew?
Well, not much of an audience
for your play, Uncle.
All the audience we need, Nephew.

Scene:

Characters:

The Count and Countess de Sade...
...your worshipped parents.
And Monsieur and Madame De Montreuil...
...your benevolent parents-in-law to be.

Occasion:

of a marriage contract...
...between the Marquis de Sade...
...and their daughter,
Lady Rene de Montreuil.
"But first we must set the record right,
as it were!"
- "Silence!"
- "My dear."
- "We will not haggle."
- "No, we will not haggle."
"We never haggle!"
"We will board the young couple
for the first three years of their..."
- "Seven years!"
- "Four years."
- "Six."
- "Five years."
- "Five years."
- "Five years."
"And a living allowance."
"Of say, 1,000 per annum."
- "5,000."
- "2..."
"3,000 crowns."
- "Pounds."
- "Pounds?"
"Very well, then."
"L3,000."
"For our own part, then,
we will dress the bride...
"...and the bridegroom and their party
and provide a two...
"Let's say a four-horse carriage...
"...if I have to mortgage the remainder

of your properties to do so...

"...for thus will I ally our families
to the Montreuil fortune."

"But first we must set the record right,
as it were.

"Is it not, in fact, true that your son,
the Marquis, is unmarried because of...

- "...his unsavory rep..."

- "I never!"

"Unsavory reputation! It is well known..."

- "Silence!"

- "My love."

"We are prepared to overlook
our prospective son-in-law's...

"...youthful peccadilloes."

One moment.

"I am prepared to overlook anything
to buy my family such a royal connection."

- "We, in turn..."

- Stop!

"...will add to our end of the dowry
the jewelry...

"...in my wife's collection.

- "Never!"

- "Yes, my dear."

"No, never! No, you can't do that!"

This is ludicrous!

"My dear!"

Stop it!

I said, "Stop it!"

This is ludicrous!

The actual negotiations
were nothing like this farce.

- They're prepared to see you shortly, sir.

- What?

Madame de Montreuil said
that they would see you shortly, sir.

If you will wait.

"I sit and I wait here

"By day and by night

"Where is he, when will he ever come?

"I sigh to the sunbeam

"And moonlight

"Where is he, when will he ever come?"

"I have waited so by truth now
"My true love should come
"Where is he, when will he ever come?
"Through the waiting, someday
"He surely will come
"Where is he, when will he ever come?"
Mademoiselle.
My son.
Good. You've arrived just in time.
Monsieur, we're ready to sign the contract.
You haven't met Monsieur Marais,
our prefect of Police.
Who has kindly consented
to act as a witness to the signatures.
- Monsieur.
- My Lord.
Well, I'm ready.
And we are ready, too, monsieur.
What's the matter, my Son?
Where is she?
I beg your pardon?
Your daughter, the one I mean to marry.
This is she.
But this isn't...
Have you no other daughter?
Madame, have you no other daughter?
My daughter Anne is not involved.
But you don't understand.
This is not the one. This is not she.
Monsieur, the contract was signed
between yourself and the Lady Rene...
...who loves you dearly.
- It must be torn up and redone.
- Outrageous!
Are you mad?
Monsieur, your son has signed
a binding contract.
No, madame, it is not.
I warn you, my Son, you have no choice.
You must do as you are told, Son.
Madame, it's impossible...
No!
"My dear Son...
"I beg that you reconsider and

return immediately by the post chaise...
"...that I have hired for your return trip.
"I have requested your uncle, the Abb,
to write to Madame de Montreuil...
"...stating that you left for Avignon
to prepare a house for your bride to be...
"...but unfortunately,
you have been delayed there by illness.
- "I've assured Madame..."
- Never mind the letter!
"I have assured Madame...
"...that you are in bed
with a serious attack of fever."
What a fever to be in bed with.
There's more.
There's always more.
"Do you not appreciate, Son,
that a marriage contract is a legal...
"...and enforceable document...
"...and the penalty for its breach
is your imprisonment?
"A reprisal, the dear madame assures me,
she will use without hesitation.
"I beg that you reconsider
and return immediately to your betrothed...
"...who is most eager for your return."
Does the thought of your blushing bride
hasten your departure, my lover?
I hasten because of the prison sentence
that bitch mother of hers...
...would be only too happy
to impose on me.
"In anticipation of your acquiescence,
I remain your most loving...
"...and devoted father."
- That merde!
- What did you say, Louis?
I said "merde."
Merde, my sweet Laura.
Behold the maiden waiting for her
immolation to the pagan god.
Rene.
- Monsieur, my husband.
- That is correct. I am your husband.

Yes.
You must regard me as
a fellow human being. I won't devour you.
No.
I've come to give you pleasure...
...not rend you limb from limb.
I know.
Then cease your trembling.
You may look at me.
You are permitted to regard
the monster's face.
Voil!
Now...
...a smile.
Enchanting.
Now a kiss.
If I wished to kiss a statue,
I'd visit a museum.
Relax.
I will perform my duty.
I will yield to you your marriage rights.
No.
No, sweet wife.
Take a moment...
...let your fervor moderate...
...or it might overwhelm me.
Enough!
Don't you ever, ever say, "Enough," to me.
I paid for you.
You understand that? I paid for you.
I pay for your pleasure. And I'll have it.
Do as I say...
...as I need...
...or I'll punish you.
That is to say, if such pleasure
can be considered punishment.
- But it hurts.
- Of course it hurts.
But that's what gives me pleasure.
And that...
...is what's important.
Self.
Nature speaks to self...
...only.

You have your nature...
...and I have mine.
You shall do as I want.
Seize him!
Come on.
Marquis de Sade.
I arrest you for vile excesses
committed with these innocent girls.
Innocent?
These whores?
Innocent?
My dear Marais, one has only to look.
Take him out.
You may come out if you wish.
But what...
Who put me here?
You put yourself there.
You can come out anytime.
- The next scene concerns the occasion...
- No, there's no time for that now.
- I must find...
- Find what?
I don't know.
But I cannot stay here with you.
And where are you going, monsieur?
To see Anne.
That's exactly what you must not do.
I'm afraid that we'll never agree on
what I must or must not do, madame.
I had hoped you wouldn't
remain bitter, monsieur.
Did you?
You're wrong to blame me
for the ugliness you endured...
...at the Fortress of Vincennes, monsieur.
Where's Anne going?
I don't think you appreciate
it was I who obtained your release.
You turned the keys both ways, madame.
Nevertheless, you agreed
to the conditions of your release...
...without qualifications.
You're sending her away.
You agreed to absent yourself from Paris,

to remain here permanently with your wife.
Not an extraordinary requirement
from a husband.

- Why are you sending Anne away?
- My daughter is going to her convent.
- Her convent?
- She's a canoness...

...and a three-month residence each year
is a requirement...

...of that station.

But, madame, I...

Do not distress yourself.

We do not intend her to take the vows.

The bride of Christ she will not be,
but in due course, she will marry.

These things cannot be changed by you,
nor by any man.

Not by God, if you had your way.

Do not blaspheme, monsieur.

If you do try to stop her,
we will all suffer in one way...

...or another.

But it will be you, monsieur,
who will suffer the direct penalty.

As I love you as my son, monsieur,
I cannot let this happen to you.

I'm sending her away, monsieur,
for your sake.

Do you understand that?

I understand, madame.

I'm glad you do.

"There strolling the avenue
while hand in hand

"Lovely is the scene

"The lovers sigh and they share reveries

" 'Tis a lover's walk

"The lanes with flowers rest

"On shelves of verdigris

"For the lovers will pretty soon leave

"Soon leave

"Soon leave

"But the lovers will pretty soon leave"

- Your pleasure, monsieur.

- Please, continue.

I intrude.

No. This is Mademoiselle Colette.

Maman and I are to sponsor her debut
at court this season.

And this is her singing master,
Signor Amaletti.

- Your Excellency.

- Maestro.

My son-in-law has little interest
in the ambitions of a vocalist...

...I assure you, mademoiselle.

You always complain there's little time
for your scribbling.

Well, there's no time like the present.

Be off, monsieur.

Pray continue, child. It's delightful.

"Then lonely the avenue

"Not long ago, lovely was the scene

"The lovers song has been sung

Tra la la la la

"Once a lover's walk"

Monsieur?

Monsieur, may I speak to you for moment?

Coming, madame.

Did I hear voices?

Voices, madame? Perhaps you heard me
speaking in my sleep.

Did I wake you?

No.

I sleep poorly at best.

I'm truly sorry to hear that, monsieur.

Perhaps the bed is not quite comfortable?

Only lonely in my sweet wife's absence.

Besides, I fear that sleep will always be...

...an elusive butterfly

trapped only by men of easy conscience.

Do you mind if I talk to you as a parent?

Madame.

I would be your son if you would have me.

You've behaved so well these last

few months. I feel I would be churlish...

...to keep you here any longer,

especially with the season starting.

Madame, I adore you.

Mademoiselle?

A thousand pardons, mademoiselle.

What Louis?

You do not know La Beauvoisin?

That's a scandal, my darling.

Tell me quickly, how can
the abyss of my ignorance be crossed?

My honor, I claim it.

For if ever destiny arranged
an introduction between...

...need I say,
our most magnificent actress in Paris...

...Mademoiselle La Beauvoisin...

...and his Excellence, the Marquis de Sade.

The Marquis? Of course, I know.

Your servant, mademoiselle.

I thought it might be the opposite.

- Shall I predict your future?

- My entire future?

Only your immediate future.

Eternity is for clerics.

You shall come to Castle La Coste,
and you shall be my mistress.

Naturally, for what other reason
would you take me to La Coste?

There are other reasons.

I will build a theater at La Coste.

There I will produce an endless round
of plays, diversions and entertainments.

Can a man not kiss his own wife in public?

Is the law of the state, that decrees one
thing, superior to the law of imagination...

...that decrees another?

I hold not.

Men and women...

For gentlemen and ladies
we know you're not!

Let us agree there is no one single reality...
...not on this stage, not in this world.

All is in the mind.

Imagination is the only truth...

"...because it cannot be contradicted
except by other imaginations."

This theater will present

the spinning world in essence.
Shakespeare called the world a stage.
Well, our stage...
...shall be our world.
- Tonight then...
- In honor of my uncle...
The esteemed Abb de Sade.
...we shall present a minor segment...
...of a major tragicomedy entitled:
Childhood...
... of Poor Little Louis Alphonse.

- The setting:

- The riding stables of Chteau Maubel.
The private estate of the esteemed
personage, the Abb de Sade.

The occasion:

Immediately following a brisk canter
through the forest of Maubel...
...in the company of two ladies...
...his housekeeper and her niece.

The characters:

Madame Grandcourt...
...the housekeeper, and her niece...
...Mademoiselle Cerise-Intactus.
And poor little Louis Alphonse himself.
And last, but of course, not least...
...Abb de Sade, in person.
"Now, here's a stallion
for you to ride, niece."
"Or vice-versa."
"And as fine a set of flanks
as you'll find anywhere."
"The finest flanks."
"The finest for you, dear Reverend."
"Shy little vixen, eh?"
"Well, give her some wine
to make her loosen her reserve."
"It is not to my taste, sir."
"Why then, girl, sit down...
"...and drink it in one gulp."
"Auntie, what is happening?"

"You're drinking wine, girl."
"No wonder I like it so much, Auntie."
"Drink, child, drink.
Do not displease the Abb."
"The little rascal's spying on us, eh?"
Stop it!
Come here.
Spying on us, were you?
You're a very naughty boy.
You shall have a proper spanking.
- Lf you spank me, I'll tell.
- Tell what?
Tell what you were doing.
That would be foolish.
Nobody would believe you.
- They would only call you evil-minded.
- You are evil.
Mark this, boy.
Matters little what one does...
...so long as one presents
the face of virtue to the world.
That's hypocrisy.
And where did you learn
that arrogant word?
I learned it. And it's true.
What a clever lad you've become.
Don't let him.
- Hold him.
- Don't let him hurt me.
Come here, lass. Good girl.
Flay the culprit.
- Punish him.
- Do it, niece. Do it.
Or it'll be you under the lash.
Again.
"Louis is a good boy...
"...now."
Uncle.
Well, how did you like our little play?
Bravo, Louis.
A triumph, your greatest...
...whose applause will echo
throughout France.
Thank you, Uncle.

But fame has its price.
And no doubt your mother-in-law
will exact it.
I'm very much afraid
you'll be going back to prison, Louis.
But that's tomorrow...
...and we live for the moment,
don't we Louis?
What matter if your wife is
six months pregnant...
...if you go deeper and deeper into debt?
You enjoy yourself.
I have a little something arranged...
...a very special treat.
- In there?
- In there.
Something guaranteed
to tear your soul from its bosom.
Is there someone here?
Is there anyone here?
A friend who mourns.
Mourn with me, Louis.
I cannot.
Didn't you love your father?
What was there to love?
He let my mother cut me loose
when I was only a child.
And I kept waiting for him.
Staying in no place for more than...
...months.
Except five years once.
With my uncle.
Those five years...
You blame your father for that?
I do.
You are unjust then, Louis.
Who are you?
No.
I cannot withdraw my charge.
Not if you should offer me 1,000 crowns.
That is a great amount of money,
mademoiselle.
I am greatly injured.
Shall we say L1,000, mademoiselle?

Say you do go to court,
and say you win your case.
And you know what courts are nowadays...
...with a commoner against a person...
...of noble birth.
With his reputation?
He's been in enough scandals on his own
without me, that one.
I'll win, all right.
Shall we say L1,250?
And only because
I sympathize with you, Rose, not with him.
Well...
Consider, Rose.
I have been abused!
L1,500, girl, or nothing.
My husband is president
of the Paris courts.
You can be jailed as a prostitute.
I suggest you accept my offer.
All right. I'll take the L1,500 then.
Show Madame Keller
to her carriage, please.
A wise decision, Rose.
When will you return to
La Coste with your wife?
We made a bargain.
And this time, you're going to stick by it.
Franois...
...bring me wine.
My throat is dry from too much listening.
Franois, no wine for his Lordship.
No wine at any time, unless I approve it.
Yes, madame.
That was unnecessary, madame, to rob me
of my dignity in front of a servant.
You rob us all of dignity before the world.
And your honor is no better
than your morality.
You go today to La Coste...
...with your wife
and stay there permanently.
You do this because I say so...
...because in your financial state,

you have no other choice!
Either that,
or I will let the dogs have at you!
Anne!
Louis?
What are you doing to me?
I, Nephew?
Why can't I reach her?
Why must you reach her?
Because I must.
There's a moment...
...and she's part of it.
Your "moment of reality" again.
I want to be with her.
Then count to eight.
Eight is the magic number.
Eight is your answer.
You must accept my direction.
You have no hope otherwise.
One...
...two...
...three...
...four...
...five...
...six...
...seven...
...eight.
Put those chairs on either side of the door.
Move that table back.
Sir?
I said I wanted no one here
while I was rehearsing.
Anne.
I'm sorry. I intrude.
I'll go.
No.
You'll do no such thing.
I wanted to see your theater for so long.
You've written so often about it.
Yes, of course.
It's as lovely as you described it
in your beautiful letters.
Come.
Come up on the stage.

Well, do you like it?
It's beautiful.
Is it supposed to be a ballroom?
Yes. It's a ballroom for a play I've written.
I've been working on it night and day.
Poor Louis. I must leave you to work.
No, please. I cherish your concern for me.
My work isn't so important.
But it must be.
There aren't many
who would agree with you.
Tell me...
...why are you the only one who never
asks me why I do the things I do?
Don't I frighten you?
You know you don't.
Perhaps if someone...
...gave you love...
- I must go now.
- No, wait.
I'd like you to wear this.
What is it?
I've always had it.
Then Rene should have it. I must go now.
Come away with me.
Louis, I have no right to be here
and we have no right to talk like this.
All right, I agree. I'll stop.
I'll stop. But please don't go.
I must.
No, wait.
Look.
We're in a ballroom...
...alone.
It may never happen again.
Come.
Dance with me.
Love me.
Not that way, Louis.
Here.
Yes.
It's only make-believe, as you can see.
Yes.
Touch it.

That's right.
You can come out.
Come along.
Come along. Yes.
Louis.
Where are we?
With me, darling.
I was in a nightmare and you called me.
I should have let you sleep.
You really are with me.
"Come to Italy," I said,
and you didn't blink an eye.
You just said yes.
Madness.
Madness, I agree.
- And quite awful.
- No, wonderful.
To run off with you? Awful.
Promise me something.
You'll never leave me.
I will never leave you.
Baron Rothschild's residence,
your Excellency.
Must you see him?
Well, we need money to travel.
No, please.
There's no danger.
At dawn, we'll be in Italy.
Halt!
Drive on!
Fire!
You're trembling, Louis.
Am I?
Why?
Fear.
Why now?
Because I have something to lose now.
I found my moment.
And I don't know...
What?
...if I can hold on to it.
And yet...
You talk in riddles, lover. Yet what?
And yet, on the other hand...

...it can never be taken away from me.
If you step outside that door,
there won't be one friend who will...
...give you even food
to keep you from starving.
I'm not afraid of your threats.
I shall not be dominated by you.
You repeat that like a catechism
you've learned...
...from that man
who has wrecked all of our lives.
Don't you understand
that I'm trying to rescue the last threads...
...of self-respect for all of us?
Lord and Lady de Beaumont have made
a generous offer.
You've bought me their son as a suitor
and call them generous?
For soiled goods,
I should say, very generous.
If I agree, will you have Louis freed?
The de Beaumonts' only condition was that
he should remain where he is permanently.
Yes, just one condition:
That a man stays locked in a filthy prison
and ruins his life.
This is past discussion now.
What I want is your agreement now.
What shall I do, Louis?
I've always been especially
fond of you, my dear.
Despite the discrepancy in our ages,
I feel very close to you in every way.
Abb.
Put your head here and give vent
to your grief over poor, wretched Louis...
...in his faraway prison.
Shed your tears freely,
let them wet my shirt through...
...and sting my loving bosom.
Abb.
How say you, Louis?
Will the moment
when she lusts in bed with me...

...be the moment of reality you seek?
You.
What are you doing here?
I don't need your answer.
I know why you've come.
You've come to gloat.
Come to watch me chained...
...begging for mercy.
Well, what passion does my degradation
arouse in you, madame?
What unspeakable stirrings are there
in your breasts and belly...
...to see poor Louis...
...crushed...
...in his loathsome dungeon?
Well, answer me!
What?
Crying?
Why?
For me?
Now you would cry for me?
Why?
You cry for yourself.
That's it. Because I reveal you to yourself.
Yes. You see in yourself the corruption
you thought was only in me...
...but is in all of us.
And you weep to see it.
No...
...I don't weep for you.
Your weakness...
...made you deserve
every punishment you received.
Nor for myself.
My strength...
...can bear whatever befalls me.
I weep...
For whom?
For Rene, who is innocent.
And who loves you, God help her.
What if...
...I changed?
You cannot change.
And your promises mean nothing.

The Devil owns you.
No, madame, that's something
you shall never understand.
It's not the Devil, madame.
It is our nature.
You say that, write it...
...and I don't understand what you mean.
You see everybody else in your own image.
I am trying to make you realize...
...that you cannot flay her pure soul...
...as you flay the wanton flesh of whores.
You still don't understand the enormity
of what you've done.
You've deserted a wife who loves you...
...you've abandoned your children
who love you...
...and who...
Who did you pervert
to serve your hellish plans?
Your wife's own sister! My flesh!
My daughter, Anne!
And you still ask me why I weep?
I beg you...
...give me...
...one...
...one chance.
I tell you, Louis. I tell you now.
You will never, never be free again.
You will stay here in this prison
for the rest of your life.
Look well on these walls
where you are now, Louis.
Because this is...
...where you're going to die.
Madame, I will change.
I will change!
I swear it!
I will change!
Uncle?
"Silence!"
Please, Uncle, no plays. Not now, please.
"I insist on silence!"
Please.
- Anne is dead.

- "Seize the prisoner."

No! No, damn you!

Take off those damn masks.

The farce is over!

"You may continue with the prosecution."

"We will prove beyond a doubt, my Lord...

"...that Louis Alphonse Donatien,
the Marquis de Sade, did willfully take...

"...the life of his sister-in-law,
Lady Anne-Prospere de Launay."

Life?

"First witness."

"Inspector Marais, what is your estimate
of the character of the accused?"

"He is evil, he is degenerate,
he is an animal to be put away."

But I had nothing to do with her death.
She died of the plague.

God, why do I bother to argue with you?

Uncle, please stop these damn plays.

"I have more witnesses.

"These three are aunts of the accused,
my own good sisters...

"...honorab!e abbesses, virtuous women,
who devoted themselves...

"...to caring for him as a child.

Will one of you speak in his behalf?"

"My nephew is evil, ungrateful."

No!

"My nephew is degenerate, an animal."

No!

"No, my nephew is worse
than any animal."

They're not my aunts, they're actresses.
This is a travesty.

Uncle, stop this.

"Can we then allow a wild animal...

"...to roam free
among the vulnerable human beings?

"This killer of a sweet, innocent girl..."

How dare you say I took her life,
her precious, precious life.

"You killed her."

We had planned...

... but she died of the plague.
There was nothing I could do.
"Speak your judgments."
"Put him away forever!"
"I have here a lettre de cachet
from the King...
"...empowering me to put
the Marquis de Sade in prison...
"...forever...
"...and forever!"
"Put him away forever!"
No!
Anne, tell them!
"He is my murderer."
"Behead him!"
What do you see?
What do you wish me to see?
What is the meaning of eight?
Eight is the sign of infinity.
The serpent swallowing its tail.
Why do you ask?
Can you tell me what this is?
It belonged to your mother.
You stole it from her.
You can see that?
It is very clear.
You were four years old.
You were being sent away
to live with a maiden aunt.
You take this although
your mother cherishes it.
Yes.
She cherished her jewels
more than she did me.
I was sold instead of them.
What is to come, gypsy?
A revolution will rend France...
...a bacchanalia of blood.
They will say that you are
one of those who caused it.
What will happen to me, gypsy?
You'll be put in an asylum.
You'll know pain and torment.
How long?

Twenty-eight years...
...Nephew.
You, always you.
Corrupter of my youth.
Author of my sins.
Nonsense, Nephew.
Am I a force of nature?
I don't know, Uncle, perhaps you are.
You yourself proclaimed it:
"Man is not seduced by evil.
"He is evil...
"...evil by nature."
You condemn me for corrupting
that which is already corrupt.
You were my teacher.
Did I teach you falsely?
In one thing, yes.
And that?
That's one's pleasure
could be taken by force.
It saddens me, Nephew, but I'm a saint.
You lack the capacity for pleasure.
It frightens you.
After the transport,
your soul begins to whimper.
You fear God's vengeance in the hereafter
and invite his mercy with a great show...
...of suffering here on earth.
If I am evil, you seduced me.
Initiated rather than seduced.
No, Nephew,
there was only one occasion...
...on which I was required to lay snares.
Demon! Bastard!
Liar! She never gave herself to you.
What if she had?
May I quote an eminent author?

"Love:

nothing more, an appetite."
Marquis de Sade.
You rob me of everything...
...even of hope for what might have been.
With her...

...I could...
I could've...
Could have what?
Been different.
Rene.
My husband.
I sorrow for the pain I've given you.
Perhaps someday,
you'll be able to understand me.
What life would I have had without you?
I was an ugly, stupid girl and...
...not much of a woman.
There were a few times...
...a few...
You have suffered.
At least I could share your fate
as your wife.
No one can take that from me.
We shall go to Paris
and you will regain your health.
We can't. My mother would
simply put you in the asylum again.
Perhaps she won't.
It's so cold here.
If only we could go to a warm place
for the winter.
Yes.
A warm place.
You mean to say you had a choice?
Then good and evil do exist.
And you chose evil.
Poor, damn Louis.
Why then...
...I have no answers.
None.
I can find no meaning to my life.
I cannot find my moment of reality
because it does not exist.
Not at all.
Not on the stage, not in the world.
There is no reality.
It's all in the mind.
And there's nothing.
What'll we burn when

all the furniture is gone?
Each other.
Go on! You're doing very well.
Very good!
Burn.
The illumination of my life has gone out.
Do you know what that means?
No, I don't suppose you do.
Well, it doesn't matter.
Bravo!
Come!
Let's put on a play.
Do as you will!
If not compelled, then why must I do
what desire dictates me?
Rene!
Rene!
Forgive me.
Marquis.
It is not my province to forgive.
No.
Nor mine to ask.
Have you been dreaming again?
More than that. Much, much more.
Trying to escape.
At least, the young Marquis was trying.
The young Marquis?
Indeed.
You must not judge by this.
Inside is a fit, young fellow...
...trying to escape his prison...
...this white slug in which he's encased.
He must be free...
...for freedom is his life.
I've been following him about...
...as he relived that life...
...seeking out a special moment of reality.
And did he find it?
I'm not sure.
Nor is he.
I think he will go back again...
...search yet one more time.
Perhaps he will find it then.
Reality...

...whatever that may be.
Eight is the sign of infinity,
the serpent swallowing its tail.