

Prelude **music from the OUT ( 1 )**

**SCENA 1 in**

MERTEUIL

Yes yes yes yes

Valmont. Whence  
this  
sudden  
rekindling  
-I thought your passion for me  
had died -  
And  
with  
such  
youth-  
ful  
vigor.

Too late.  
You will not inflame my heart again  
Never again.  
Never more.

- not without sorrow -  
Valmont.  
Should I say an eye blink,  
a minute is an eternity,  
when I was happy thanks to  
your company.

I speak of myself.  
What do I know of your feelings.  
Minutes,  
in which I could use you,  
your skill to operate my physiology.

Don't take your hand away.

I feel nothing for you.

my skin remembers.

*(arioso)*

My skin, indifferent  
to which animal the instrument of its  
pleasure is attached, hand or claw.  
When I close my eyes, you are handsome, Valmont.  
Or hunchbacked, if I want.  
The privilege of the blind.  
they see what they wish.  
The love of stones.

Have I shocked you,

Valmont.  
Tears ?  
Do you have a heart, Valmont.  
Since when.  
Your breath smells of solitude.

No.  
Don't withdraw your  
tender offer, my dear sir.  
I'm buying.  
I'm buying in any case.

Why should I hate you, I didn't love you.  
Ah the slavery of bodies.  
The misery of being alive but not a god.

Don't go too fast, Valmont.  
Yes yes yes yes. (*a shade of Valmont appears*)

That was well played, wasn't it.

*( shade disappears)*

I'm completely cold,

Valmont.

My life My death My beloved.

**SCENA 2** Enter Valmont.

MERTEUIL

You,

Cut short a pleasure

Which is unsharable

VALMONT

Am I to understand ..

MERTEUIL

Valmont, save your compliments ..

VALMONT

.. you are in love again ..

MERTEUIL

.. for the lady of your heart ..

VALMONT

..Marquise.

MERTEUIL

.. wherever this organ might be located.

VALMONT

for

so am I

MERTEUIL

Love is the domain of the servants.

You consider me capable of such a vulgar impulse. The highest happiness is the happiness of animals.

from time to time

It pleased me to use you for this.

Who is the lucky one of the moment.

Or the unlucky one.

VALMONT

It's Tourvel.

And who's your unsharable

MERTEUIL

Jealous.

You,

Valmont.

Turn

Turn around once.

An attractive man,

a dream,

if I take you, Valmont, for reality,

I beg your pardon.

His advantage over you is youth.

Also in bed, if you want to know.

Do you want to know. (*quickly laughs*)

I could turn you

into stone right now with a loving Medusa's gaze.

A fertile idea :

the museum of our loves.

Statues

of our putrefied desires.

*(DREAM 1) (aria) (during which 4 clones are generated)*

Dead dreams, organized

alphabetically or in chronological order,

free from the accidents

of the flesh, no longer affected

by the terrors of transformation.

Our memory

a mist.

*(DREAM 1 ----- end)*

### SCENA 3

MERTEUIL

Tourvel is an insult.

**I did not give you your freedom** so  
that you could mount this  
cow, Valmont.

I could understand,  
if you took an interest in the little Volange,  
my virgin niece,  
but Tourvel

shared with a husband,  
who has sunk his teeth into that flesh,  
and faithful, I fear,  
what remains for you.  
Leftovers, Valmont.

The only lady of high society,  
perverse enough to  
please herself in marriage,  
a fanatic with knees red  
from the church bench and fingers  
swollen from imploring before  
the father confessor.  
These hands touch no genitals,  
Valmont,  
without the blessing of the church.

What is the devastation  
of a landscape compared  
with the robbery of pleasure  
through the fidelity of a husband.

You're getting old.

A ride on the virgin.  
Catch the scent while  
it's fresh, a little youth in bed

if the mirror no longer provides it.

Why lift a leg on a  
poorbox.

Are you pining for the alms of marriage.

Do we want to set an example for the world and  
marry each other, Valmont

VALMONT

How could I dare to offend you so  
before the eyes of the world, Marquise.

**The alms could be poisoned.**

I prefer to select my own hunt.

Or the tree, on which I lift a leg,  
as you call it.

But no rain has fallen on you for far too long,  
when have you looked into the mirror last,  
friend of my soul.

The wind is driving me to new skies.

As for the competition:

Marquise,  
even in Hell,  
you will not forget  
the President preferred  
Tourvel to you.

I am ready to be the  
loving tool of your revenge.

And I expect a better hunt  
than from your virgin niece.  
What could she have learned in the convent.

She'll run into my knife before I  
even draw it.

What is a prey to me without  
the thrill of chase.

Without the sweat of fear,  
the strangled breath,  
the tense wide stare..

The rest is digestion.

*DUET*

MERTEUIL

Your best tricks will  
make a fool of you

VALMONT

I'll have to applaud myself.

MERTEUIL

Clownish tiger

VALMONT

Let the mob copulate in the corners,

**their** time

is expensive

MERTEUIL

it's costing **us**

money

VALMONT

our noble profession is

to kill time.

MERTEUIL

there's too much of it.

VALMONT

Happy he who could bring

the clocks of the world to a standstill:

MERTEUIL

eternity as a permanent erection.

VALMONT

Time is the hole of creation,

MERTEUIL

all

of humanity

fits inside.

VALMONT

To the populace the church has stuffed it with God,

MERTEUIL

we know it is black and has no bottom.

VALMONT

When the mob figure this out, they will stuff us in as well.

-->>>----- > music from OUT 2

< ----- back in

#### **SCENA 4**

MERTEUIL

The clocks of the world.

Do you have trouble,  
Valmont, making your  
better self stand erect

VALMONT

With you, Marquise.  
I hate past events.

MERTEUIL

Perhaps  
a War.

VALMONT/ MERTEUIL

A War.

MERTEUIL

A useful poison against the boredom  
of decaying.



VALMONT

Life becomes faster,  
when dying becomes a stage-play,  
the beauty of the world  
the beauty of the world cuts  
less deeply into the  
heart,

do we have a heart,  
Marquise

\*while watching its destruction,  
one sees the parade of young buttocks,  
which confronts us daily with our mortality

\*( *it becomes a duet* )

MERTEUIL

\*and escape us,  
before the row of sword-blades  
and in the flash of cannon fire  
with some *aplomb*.

(*DREAM 2*) -----

VALMONT (*solo*)

What does your mirror say.

Do you sometimes think of death, Marquise.

What does your mirror say.  
It's always the other one who looks  
back. We seek him,  
when we tunnel through unknown bodies,  
away from ourselves.

What does your mirror say.

Could be,  
there is neither one nor the other,



## SCENA 5

MERTEUIL

Valmont,  
you're getting sensitive.  
Virtue is an infectious disease.  
Our soul – what's that.  
A muscle or a membrane.

What I'm afraid of is  
the night of the bodies.

A four days journey from Paris in a mudhole,  
which belongs to  
my family, this chain of members and wombs  
linked by an accidental name  
bestowed on an unwashed ancestor  
by a stinking king,  
there something  
lives - half human half cattle.  
The mere thought of its stench  
causes me to sweat from all my pores.

*(DREAM 3) ( see img E5Somni)*

My mirrors !

- Sometimes  
I dream -

it steps out of my mirrors  
on its feet of dung, without face.  
But I see its hands clearly, claws and hoofs,  
when it tears the silk from my thighs and  
throws itself on me.

Perhaps its violence is the key,  
which unlocks my heart.

*( dream 3 end )* -----

Go.

The virgin tomorrow at the opera.

## Exit Valmont

>>>-----> music from OUT 3

<----- back in

## SCENA 6

MERTEUIL (*as Valmont*)

Madame Tourvel. My heart at your feet.  
Don't be alarmed, beloved of my soul.

I concede, I was someone else,  
before the flash of your eyes hit me.

Valmont the heart-breaker.  
I BREAK THE HEARTS  
OF THE PROUDEST WOMEN.  
What filth I have waded through.  
What art of deception.  
What depravity.  
Sins like scarlet fever.  
The rear end of a market- wench, and I'm transformed into a  
ravenous beast.  
I was an abyss, Madame.  
Would you like  
a look (*deliberately he points his crotch with his finger*)  
from the heights of your virtue.  
I see you blush.  
How does the red come to your cheeks,  
my dear.  
You paint my sins.

(*HERE the shade of Valmont reappears*)

Out of the  
sacrament of marriage perhaps,  
which I thought had **armored** you against the

earthly  
power of temptation.

Blood.  
The cruel fate  
of not being the first.

**etcetera.**

*( Valmont is now visible before her, like a dark statue)*

Don't be afraid.  
I respect the holy bond, which  
ties you to your husband,  
and if he could no longer find the way to your bed,  
I would be the first to help him. *(bursts out in a mute laughter)*

*(she tries to grab Valmont's hand )*

I'm not driven by an earthly passion. *( whispered aggressively )*

*(Valmont takes his hand away )*

A drink in the desert.

**FLESH  
HAS ITS OWN SPIRIT.**

*(she starts revolving around him/her  
more and more aggressively)*

You belong to another.  
But perhaps your body has some  
other hidden entrance,  
which does not fall under interdiction.  
Is it not blasphemy, to reserve this  
mouth for purpose of nutrition,  
Can this tongue move only syllables and dead matter.

And the golden cavity of this splendid bottom.

What a waste.

*(closer and closer to his lips)*

Yes, you sin against God :  
you leave your gifts  
to the teeth of time and the tender fauna of the cemetery.

The bow of our bodies,  
must be played until silence breaks the strings.  
*( away abruptly)*

## **SCENA 7**

*( Enter ) Valmont, visible*

*( DUET )*

VALMONT *(as Tourvel) mournful*

Fear the wrath of an insulted wife

MERTEUIL *( as Valmont)*  
Fear.

VALMONT  
Ah, Valmont.  
you appear to be so  
worried over the health of my soul.

MERTEUIL  
Fear ?

VALMONT  
I will not refrain from informing  
my husband that the  
Heavens have selected him  
to be the owner of all my offices...

MERTEUIL  
Fear. What do I have to fear.

I seek your wrath, Madame.

VALMONT

...Not without mentioning the unselfish source,  
from which the revelation came.

MERTEUIL

I seek your wrath  
Like the desert for rain,  
like the blindman for the lightning  
which explodes the night of his eyes.

VALMONT

You are a saint, Valmont.

MERTEUIL

...Every blow will be a caress..

VALMONT

Are you playing a game with me.

MERTEUIL

...every gash of your nails will be a gift from the Heavens

VALMONT

Fall.

MERTEUIL

For example bare these breasts,  
whose beauty  
the armor of your costume  
cannot hide anyway.

VALMONT

Valmont !

MERTEUIL

Spill my blood, if that will satiate your wrath.

VALMONT

Fall

MERTEUIL

But do not scorn my finest feelings.

VALMONT

Fall.

MERTEUIL

May lightning strike me, if I even lift my eyes  
Or my hand, it will wither away if -

VALMONT

Fall, lightning did strike you.

MERTEUIL

Queen.

You shouldn't copy a monster like Merteuil.

You alone can

stop the flow of my tears.

VALMONT

And take your hand away, it has a putrid  
smell.

MERTEUIL

You're atrocious.

VALMONT

I?

---

## SCENA 8

MERTEUIL ( *as Valmont* )

The niece of the monster,  
the little Volange

( *DREAM 4* )

---

She pursues me.

Church, salon or theater, as

soon as she sees me from afar,

she sways her virgin bottom towards my weak flesh.

A vessel of evil,

a rosy tool of Hell, a threat from nothingness.



*(Dream 4 ends )*

---

Ah, the nothingness in me. It grows and devours me.

VALMONT *( as Tourvel)*  
isn't your philosophical vacuum nothing more  
than the daily necessity of  
your quite earthly genital apparatus ?

MERTEUIL *( as Valmont)*  
This cold heart is not yours.  
You save or damn  
three souls,  
Madame, denying your body,  
a body which decays  
anyway.

VALMONT  
enough, Valmont.

MERTEUIL  
Yes, it's enough.

Forgive the terrible test,  
you are an angel Madame.

*( kneels at his feet )*

VALMONT  
The devil knows many disguises.

MERTEUIL  
The devil rules no part of me any more  
  
If you don't trust your eyes,  
convince yourself with your tender hand.

Lay your hand, Madame,  
on the empty spot between my thighs.  
Don't be afraid of anything

I am pure soul.

VALMONT  
You are a saint.

MERTEUIL  
Your hand,  
Madame.

VALMONT  
I permit you to kiss my feet.

MERTEUIL  
And throw me back into my abyss.  
This night at the opera I will again be exposed to a certain virgin,  
which the devil has recruited against me.  
Do not send me unarmed into the battle.  
Three souls are in the flames

VALMONT  
I wonder

MERTEUIL  
The prey has power over the hunter,  
the terrors of the opera are sweet.  
Allow me to test my strength  
against your naked beauty,  
Queen

VALMONT  
I wonder if you will resist  
these breasts, Vicomte.

MERTEUIL  
my slight strength...

VALMONT  
I see you wavering.

MERTEUIL  
...against your naked beauty,

VALMONT  
Here it is. I'm a woman,

MERTEUIL  
I keep your sacred image before  
my eyes,

VALMONT  
Valmont

MERTEUIL  
facing the spearheads  
of maiden breasts.

VALMONT  
Here it is.  
Can you look at a woman and be no man.

MERTEUIL  
I can, my lady.

No muscle bestirs,  
no nerve trembles within me  
from your offer.

I scorn you  
I scorn you with a light heart,  
rejoice with me.

Tears ? Queen.

*(DUET1)*

MERTEUIL -- VALMONT

Tears of joy, I know.

-- Tears of joy, you know.

You have every reason to be proud of being

-- I have every reason to be proud of being

so

scorned.

*(DUET 2 "grazioso")*

Cover yourself, my love. An unchaste

- I Cover myself. An unchaste

draught could strike you, cold as a husband's hand.

- draught could strike me, cold as a husband's hand.

*( they laugh)*

**SCENE 9** *(spoken - cloni dentro)*

VALMONT

I think I could get used to being a woman, Marquise.

MERTEUIL

I wish I could.

--->>>----->> *music from the OUT4*

<<-----  
( back in)

VALMONT  
What now. Should we keep playing.

MERTEUIL  
Are we playing?

**SCENE 10** ( *from here they are IN again*)

VALMONT  
Adored Virgin  
your innocence makes me forget my sex and changes me  
into your aunt, who recommended  
you so highly to me. - No edifying thoughts.

( *a parte* ) I will bore myself to death taking her  
sorrowful shape.

(*to Merteuil/Volange*)  
I know every spot on **your** soul.  
I fall silent about the rest.

( *DREAM 5* ) -----

But this happiness  
between my legs,  
pray with me,  
it does not rise up against my virtue.

Only pleasure takes the blindfold  
away from love  
and unveils

the coarseness of the flesh,  
the indifferent nourishment of the grave.

( *DREAM 5 end*)

---

If you were ugly.

Nothing can happen to a skeleton,  
except for the wind playing with  
the bones.  
Let's forget what stands between us.

( *to Merteuil as Merteuil*)

**- am I doing well, Marquise -**

(*to Merteuil as Volange*)

The very thought  
that a brute, a novice,  
a lusting servant could break the seal with  
which nature secures the secret of your virginal womb,  
breaks my heart.  
I'd rather fall  
into sin myself than suffer such injustice

**DUET**

MERTEUIL (*as Volange*)

What's that fatherly hand looking for, Monsieur, on the parts  
of my body which the Mother Superior has forbidden me to touch.

VALMONT  
What father.

MERTEUIL  
You're very

VALMONT *( pompous and aggressive)*  
The key is in my hand,  
the heavenly tool, the flaming sword.

MERTEUIL  
very observant

VALMONT  
The lesson must be  
learned before the niece becomes an aunt.  
Kneel before me, sinner.

MERTEUIL  
my Lord.

VALMONT  
I know the dreams,  
which walk in your sleep.  
Do not fear for your innocence.  
The house of God has many dwellings.

*(visionary)*

You only need to  
open these **astounding lips**,  
and the dove of the Lord will fly out and pour forth  
the Holy Spirit

MERTEUIL  
You're very observant, my Lord.

VALMONT  
No !  
One should not spit out the blessing of God.  
Whosoever giveth shall be given to.

What falls one should stand upright.  
Your hand, Madame.  
This is the

resurrection.

MERTEUIL

I'm obliged to you,

VALMONT

If you want to  
know where God dwells,  
trust the trembling of your thighs

PAIN IS SHORT (*a due*)

AND JOY IS ETERNAL. (*Valmont solo*)

MERTEUIL

I will make a note of all of  
His dwellings

VALMONT

paradise

has three entrances.

THERE IS ROOM IN  
THE SMALLEST OF HUTS.

**(DREAM 6)** \_\_\_\_\_

MERTEUIL

You're very observant, my Lord.

I'm obliged to you,

for showing so

penetratingly to me,

where God dwells.

His guests

will be welcomed,

so long as there is breath in me to receive them.

**(DREAM 6 ends)** -----



-->>>----->>>> OUT 5

<-----back in

( DUET )

LOVE IS

LOVE IS

AS STRONG AS DEATH

AS STRONG AS DEATH

- I hear the noise of battle, the clocks of  
the world striking at your defenseless beauty -

- You hear the noise of battle, the clocks of  
the world striking at my defenseless beauty -

VALMONT (*solo*)

The only thought

of this splendid body being

won by the wear of time

this mouth shriveling,

these breasts decaying,

this womb shrinking under the plough of time,

so wounds my spirit,  
that I want to claim  
the occupation of doctor too  
and help you to eternal life.

MERTEUIL

I hear

VALMONT

The noise

- I hear the noise of battle, the clocks of  
the world striking at your defenseless beauty -  
- You hear the noise of battle, the clocks of  
the world striking at my defenseless beauty -

*DREAM 7* -----

I want to be the midwife  
of death, which is our common future.  
I want to fold my loving hands around your neck.

I want to emancipate  
your blood  
from the prison of the veins,  
your entrails from the constraint of the body,  
your bones from the choking grip of the flesh.

- the clocks of the world  
strike at your defenseless beauty -  
**I want to  
release the angel which lives in you into  
the solitude of the stars.**

*(dream7 end)* -----

MERTEUIL  
The annihilation of the niece.

Pause.

>>>----->> OUT 6

<<<<<<<< back in ( bunker )

## SCENA 11

MERTEUIL

To end this affair  
We should devour each other  
before you become

completely tasteless.

VALMONT

I regret to inform you that I have already dined, Marquise.

MERTEUIL

The eternal wife.

VALMONT

Madame de Tourvel fell.

MERTEUIL

Valmont.

You're a whore,  
Valmont.

VALMONT

Queen.

I await my punishment,  
Queen.

MERTEUIL

Didn't my love

VALMONT

I'm filth.

MERTEUIL

Didn't my love for the whore  
deserve chastisement.

VALMONT

I'm filth.

MERTEUIL

Filth to filth.

VALMONT

Let us pray

MERTEUIL

I want you to spit on me.

VALMONT

Let us pray, milady, that Hell never separates us.

MERTEUIL

And now, Valmont

**The sacrifice of the woman.**

## **SCENA 12**

VALMONT (*as Tourvel*)

I've thrown myself at your feet,  
Valmont, so that you won't stumble  
anymore.

You've baptized me with the perfume of the gutter.

From the heaven of my  
marriage I have thrown myself into the abyss  
of your desires to save this virgin.

I give myself to death if you don't withstand

the evil that emanates from you this time.  
I warned you.

You are my murderer, Valmont.

MERTEUIL ( as Valmont )

Am I.

Great honor, Madame.

You are not too cold for hell,  
if I may judge on the basis of our bed-game

*(she draws and wears opera-glasses)*

May I observe the play  
your last, Queen, with fear and pity.

Mirrors. *( she points mirrors appearing everywhere,  
also towards the audience, with a wide gesture)*

so that you can die in the plural.

And please, *(she hands him a glass of wine )*  
your last

VALMONT  
my last performance :

HOW TO GET RID OF THIS MOST WICKED BODY

I will open my veins like an unread book. You will learn  
to read it, Valmont, after me.

I will seek a way to my heart through my flesh.  
That you have not found,  
Valmont, because you are a man,  
your breasts are empty, and only nothingness grows  
inside you.  
A woman has many bodies.

If you could only give birth.  
I regret,  
Valmont, that this experience will be denied to you,  
this garden forbidden.

I loved you, Valmont.  
But nothing  
which you planted grows  
inside me.

You are a monster,  
and I want to become one.

I will walk through your sleep, green  
from poison.

I will dance for you, choking on the rope.

I will know that you stand behind me with  
no other thought than how to enter into me,  
  
and I,  
I will want it.

It's good to be a woman, Valmont, and not a winner.

*DUET*

*(Valmont as Valmont)*

You...

MERTEUIL

--I don't need *(whispering)*

VALMONT

...don't need *(singing with effort)*

MERTEUIL

--to tell **you**

VALMONT

...to tell me,

Marquise,

that the wine

was

poisoned.

*(DUET)*

I ...

MERTEUIL

-I wish you could

VALMONT

...wish I could

see you ...

MERTEUIL

--see me dying just as

VALMONT

...dying just ...

MERTEUIL

-- as I see you now.

VALMONT

...as you

see me

now

VALMONT (*solo*)

I hope  
that my performance  
did not bore you.  
That  
would in fact be  
  
unforgivable.

(*Valmont dies*)

a pause

### SCENA 13

*Only action and music*

( Merteuil **does** on stage what Ophelia says in HamletMaschine )

**- I rip apart the instruments of my imprisonment the  
Stool the Table the Bed. I destroy the battlefield that was my Home. I  
tear the doors off their hinges to let the wind and the cry of the  
World inside.  
I smash the Window.  
With my bleeding hands I tear the photographs of the men who I  
loved and who used me on the Bed on the Table on the Chair on the  
Floor. I set fire to my prison. I throw my clothes  
into the fire. I dig the clock which was my heart out of my breast.  
I go onto the street, clothed in my blood. –**

the end



