



# BARTHELEMY

*"I don't have a lot of time to live."*

## **Character**

Barthélémy

The sadist

**Age** : 35

**Gender** : male

**Keywords:** brutal, cynical, fear of dying, trying to find himself

**Drama:** Barthélémy embodies the brutality of the prostitution system. But as he finds himself sick and dying, he is questioning his motives and the meaning of his life. He's in an abusive relationship with Rose, but finds himself needing her more and more, as he lives under the delusion that she is the only one who can understand him. What is he going to do with the last months of his life?

**Narrative arcs** : fear of dying, finding redemption, uncertainty

## Story

I am a brutal man. I grew up in the streets and had to fend for myself, learnt survival in the hard way. My mother disappeared when I was 14, leaving me alone. I did menial jobs and small thefts, and then I became a bouncer for the Flowers of May. I had to watch out the difficult clients, and also trap naïve girls, getting them drunk and in debt, so that they would have to work in the Whorehouse afterwards. I liked my job. I became good friends with Flora at the time. She was already becoming one of the best. We have a simple, uncomplicated friendship.

I did a bit of everything to make cash. Extortion, staged fights, being the lover to a wealthy woman, nothing was beneath me. Then I got lucky: a rich widow I was involved with decided she wanted to marry me and have me to help with her affairs. She was easy, and also addicted to morphine. My ruthlessness in business and decisiveness made me a successful industrialist. My wife is happy and let me do whatever I please. I still dabble in the occasional illegal activity. I have no scruples about this. The old aristocracy despises me, but now I can be a man of the world as well.

I am now a client in the Flowers of May, even though I occasionally do the odd bouncing job for them. The new

girl, Violette, is one I found and brought to the Flower. Other Whorehouses sometimes refuse me because I am known to be brutal, but not Madame May, of course. I really feel at home, there. There is my girl Rose, she's the only one who can endure me. Sometimes I feel she is the only one who can understand me. She knows how to sustain the pain, even though she uses too many drugs to do so. I sometimes feel good only when I'm with her, when I can truly be myself in all my cruelty.

But I recently found out I don't have a lot of time to live. Two years, three years from now, I'll be gone. I breathed too much the stale air of the slums, and it has taken to my chest. I will soon be no more, and this terrifies me. How will I be remembered when I am gone?

## **Past**

*Barthélémy strolled the streets of the second district, where all the Whorehouses were. He felt at home. He was nursing a broken rib from a fight, but that was part of his work. Some rival House had tried to compete with the Flowers of May, and he had to put things in order. No one would compete on his turf if he could prevent it. This was how the system worked.*

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*The girl was crying as Mia was explaining her situation, the bills, the debt, how she would have to work to repay all of it, what working at the House implied. Barthélémy watched from afar with a satisfied smile. Mia was good. She explained the worst of the system, the Taverns, what would happen to the girl if she rebelled, but she made it sound like she cared about her. She was very good. The girl would eventually submit to her new condition.*

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*Rose was sleeping. She often did after he had her, and these days he let her. He didn't chase her away bleeding like he used to, he let her sleep in a drug-induced stupor and regain some strength. He liked to watch the red welts and bruises on her skin, to listen to her labored breathing that was fighting against the pain to stay alive. He found her so beautiful it hurt him sometimes. He felt it like a vivid pain in his chest, but maybe it was only the disease eating away his life. He wouldn't know.*

## **Others**

**Flora** (37 yrs) : she's the favorite of the Flowers of May, and a good friend. She's strong-willed and a bit of a cynic, as I am. We have a solid friendship

**Iris** (25 yrs): She's Flora's rival in the Whorehouse, quite a proud, sometimes spiteful personality. I find her somewhat impressive. She certainly has seen a lot in her life.

**Rose** (22 yrs): everybody finds her strange. She has addled brains from the drug and the tendency to speak her mind too much. She has endured all manner of violence and humiliation on my part, and yet she still endures. I admire her resilience. More than that, I need her strength and endurance, I cannot be myself if she's not there to be submissive for me. In a way, I have come to depend on her.

**Violette** (17 yrs): she's the new girl, fragile and naïve. I entrapped her by getting her drunk and forcing her into debt to the Flowers. She must hate me. And I know she's afraid of me.

**Philippe** (47 yrs): the main patron to the Flowers of May, a powerful member of the aristocracy. I know he despises me because of my humble origins. I despise his arrogance and pride. There is no common ground between us, but we can keep appearances in public.

**André** (42 yrs): the prefect of Police of Paris. We get along well. He knew me when I was an informant to the police, and then got friendly when I became a man of the world. He like to get hurt as well. He is a regular of Iris, who inflicts pain and domination upon him. I never asked him about his particular fetishes, though.

**Paul** (19 yrs): Philippe's nephew. His uncle obviously is set on educating him in the ways of the world. I wonder if he will be as full of himself as his uncle, or if we'll manage to get along.

## **Game structure**

#1 Workshops

#2 Introduction scenes

#3 Opening

#4 Act I, daytime: the New Year celebration

#5 Act I, nighttime: in the chambers

#6 Act I, remembrances: black box time

#7 Intermission

#8 Act II, daytime: Autumn Solstice

#9 Act II, nighttime: in the chambers

#10 Act II, remembrances: black box time

#11 Intermission

#12 Act III, daytime: Farewell

#13 Act III, remembrances

#14 Intermission

#15 Epilogue