



ANDRE

*"Carrying the weight of my person and my mistakes
sometimes feels unbearable"*

Character

André
The fetishist

Age : 42

Gender : male

Keywords : anxious, masochist, closeted homosexual, trying to find himself

Drama : As the prefect of Police, André is an enforcer of the prostitution system and benefits from it, through taxes and bribe. But André is also a man that needs to figure his identity and how he can own up to it. He can't seem to take any responsibility for his actions and who he is, his homosexuality, his fetishes, or more generally his own mistakes. Can he find a way to be at peace with himself? Or will he just drown?

Narrative arcs: finding comfort, downfall or redemption, enforcing the system

Story

When I am at the Flowers of May, I feel like I can let go and be myself. The rest of the time, carrying the weight of my person and my mistakes seems unbearable. How did I even come to this?

I can't seem to deal with who I am. I always knew I preferred men, even at a young age, but I chose to hide it. I came from a family of the small bourgeoisie, my parents were shopkeepers, but I had great ambitions. I managed to find a girl from the aristocracy and make her fall in love in love with me. I knew that an alliance with the aristocracy would foster my ambitions. She thought she was marrying for love, but to me it was all a matter of career advancement. I barely see my spouse now. She lives in the countryside with our son. I did my duty, and sometimes visit, for the sake of appearances. My wife has the child to keep herself busy. She'll be fine.

I have a lot of work in the prefecture of Paris, it is harrowing at times. I have to balance the politics, the local mafias, official taxes and bribes. I have to make sure that violence is quelled and that the system won't disturb the honest people, while making sure it caters effectively to men's need. It is hard work, and I feel a lot of pressure each day.

I have always been a client to the whorehouses, it helps me relieve the tension. I didn't dare enter the Houses for homosexuals at first, and then I discovered my taste for fetishes, and enduring violence. I've become a

submissive, to me it is a sure way of letting go of my worries, and drown my sorrow in the sweetness of pain and violence. It is a strange thing: I am the client, I have the money and power, but at times I let them hold sway over me. Iris understood it well. She never forgets her place as a prostitute, but knows how to use it to her full advantage.

However, things might very well come to an end for Flowers of May, as well as others. There is pressure from the National Assembly to reduce the number of whorehouses in the district. Only the most famous or profitable ones will survive, and even with my influence, it probably will be the end for the Flowers of May. I am pained at the thought. Where will I go, how will I find solace once everything is lost in here? Can I even change my ways, at my age?

Past

André was trying to sleep, and failing. He could hear the voice of his subordinates, reliving the tension and issues of the day: "Sir, there's been another fighter in the 2nd district, the people are demonstrating, they are asking for more safety." "Sir, don't forget your 4 o'clock appointment with the minister" "Sir, we need you for the unofficial meeting, about the allotment of "special resources". Off the books, that's necessary."
André twitched and turned in his sleep. He needed so badly to rest.

Philippe and André were sharing drinks:

"I saw you at the races the other day, with that dreadful character Barthelemy. What in hell are you doing, entertaining that man's company?" asked Philippe.

"I like him well enough. He's fun to be around. Sometimes it is pleasant to seek the company of lesser people, to feel comforted in one's superiority. Isn't that the exact reason why you're always having Flora?"

- It's not quite the same. Flora is quite exceptional, quite the talented lover. I can't seem to be tired of her. But I'll probably go for some of the other girls tonight. Maybe one of the new ones. Have you noticed the redhead? I find her to be quite a delightful little piece."

André was twitching under the lash. He closed his eyes, forced himself to breathe steadily, and let the pain wash over his consciousness. After a while, he would stop thinking about anything else. Letting go felt good. He might even take the girl afterwards, if he felt enough energy to do so.

"You want to let go, will you? I can help you with that. But you'll have to subject yourself to me. I can give you solace. I can show you how to use the pain, ride it to your heart's content, how to find pleasure in it. But you'll only be free once you completely subject yourself to me."

André closed his eyes. Nothing existed for him anymore but the voice of the girl and the steady touch of the lash. It felt good.

Others

Flora (37 yrs): she's Philippe's favorite, his regular mistress in the past ten years. They often act like an old couple, I almost envy their complicity. She's assertive, impressive at times. I know she resents Iris, considers her as a rival for the position of influence in the Whorehouse.

Iris (25 yrs): she's a brilliant young woman with a shrewd knowledge of the pleasures of the flesh. She has always understood me, and knows how to fulfill my needs, as strange as they are. I like her company, these days I feel she's the only one with whom I can really let go of myself and my worries.

Rose (22 yrs): a strange girl, a masochist that takes on the most violent clients, such as my friend Barthélémy, who has a reputation for brutality. She abuses drugs to hold, and has a strange way of always speaking her mind. We are similar in a way, this may be why I feel uncomfortable in front of her.

Violette (17 yrs): the newcomer, a naïve girl that fell into prostitution by happenstance, like so many before her. I am curious to see if she'll manage to survive or if she will be broken in pain. I wonder if she could become a submissive as well...

Philippe (47 yrs): he's an old friend of mine, has included me in his pleasures, even though he's of a far superior status than mine. But we see eye to eye as men of the world, and make sure the social order is kept protected. It is for the good of all society

Barthélémy (35 yrs): he's a social climber, he started poor, was even the bouncer of the Flowers of May at a point, but then he married well and made a fortune as an industrialist. Philippe finds him vulgar, but I like his carefree attitude. I must admit he fascinates me, and that I often find myself attracted to him.

Paul (19 yrs): Philippe's nephew, recently arrived in the capital. Philippe wants to make his instruction as a man of the world. I am curious to see what he will become, what his passions will be. Will he live them to the fullest, or let himself be consumed by them?

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