

Doesn't Everybody Do It In Paris?
A Work by Immediate Medium
Directed and Choreographed by Liz Vacco

As audience enters, all are seated fanning themselves. Metronome on. Eva records live feed of audience entering. Edward makes Animal Planet type observations on the mic about incoming audience.

Once the audience is in place, Eva puts camera back and puts on her fox.

Edward: The fox speaks....

During interview Charles waters plants around Emma

Eva: Eleanor Marx. Bonsoir.

Leon Rodolphe: Eleanor Marx, good evening.

Eleanor: Good evening.

Eva: Vous etes une socialiste activiste, un ecrivain, une actrice parfois mais ce soir vous etes surtout la traductrice de Madame Bovary.

Leon Rodolphe: You are a social activist, a writer, sometimes an actress but tonight your are mainly the translator of Madame Bovary.

Eva: Le questionnaire... votre mot prefere?

Leon Rodolphe: The questionnaire...your favorite word?

Eleanor: improvised

Eva: Le vice que vous excusez le plus

Leon Rodolphe: The vice you excuse the most.

Eleanor: Playing the Truant

Eva: Le vice vous execrez le plus.

Leon Rodolphe: The vice you detest most.

Eleanor: Idleness/laziness

Eva: Votre plus grande peur.

Leon Rodolphe: Your greatest fear.

Eleanor: Isolation (Charles gives Emma a kiss and goes to piano.)

Eva: Votre juron favori

Leon Rodolphe: Your favorite swear word.

Eleanor: improvised

Eva: Votre vertue preferee.

Leon Rodolphe: Your favorite virtue.

Eleanor: Honesty

Eva: Votre vertue preferee chez un homme.

Leon Rodolphe: Your favorite virtue in a man?

Eleanor: Courage

My husband(partner) Edward Aveling (**Chopin music begins**) is very courageous. He is a brilliant writer, an actor a biologist and supporter of the socialist movement. He has taught me that that love is reckless and to live is to love courageously.

Eva: Votre vertu preferee chez une femme.

Leon Rodolphe: Your favorite virtue in a woman.

Eleanor: Empathy

Eva: La reforme que vous admirez le plus.

Leon Rodolphe: The reform you most admire.

Eleanor: The 8 hour work day

Eva: Votre oiseaux prefere.

Leon Rodolphe: Your favorite bird.

Eleanor: The pigeon

Eva: Votre occupation preferee.

Leon Rodolphe: Your favorite occupation.

Eleanor: Translating no...organizing

Eva: Votre heroine preferee dans la fiction.

Leon Rodolphe: Your favorite heroine in fiction.

Eleanor: Emma Bovary. She is a tragic heroine. "This strong woman feels there must be some place for her in this world; there must be something to do - and she dreams. Life is so unreal to her that she marries Bovary, (**Intertitle #1 on video when music starts: Wedlock**) thinking she loves him. She does her best to love 'this poor wretch.' In all literature there is perhaps nothing more pathetic than her hopeless effort to 'make herself in love.' (**Intertitle #2: Conjugal Love!.....And with Illustrations too!**) She is so ignorant of life, that she believes in Leon 's nobility, (pause) in Rodolphe's generosity. She even believes in the disinterestedness of Lheureux.

Emma opens curtains.

Eva: Si vous étiez un animal, quel animal seriez-vous?

Leon Rodolphe: If you were an animal, what animal would you be?

Eleanor: A beaver

Dance 1: Chopin

Charles messes up playing the piano.

Emma: Charles.

Charles: Sorry.

Emma: I'm ready.

Emma dances alone (with Eleanor holding strings) to Charles playing piano. All join in on head bounce move.

Eva/Edward/Leon Leon Rodolphe (after head bounce move):

Si Charles l'avait voulu cependant, s'il s'en fût douté, si son regard, une seule fois, fût venu à la rencontre de sa pensée, il lui semblait qu'une abondance subite se serait détachée de son coeur, comme tombe la récolte d'un espalier quand on y porte la main. Mais, à mesure que se serrait davantage l'intimité de leur vie, un détachement intérieur se faisait qui la déliait de lui. La conversation de Charles était plate comme un trottoir de rue, et les idées de tout le monde y défilaient dans leur costume ordinaire, sans exciter d'émotion, de rire ou de rêverie. Il n'avait jamais été curieux, disait-il, pendant qu'il habitait Rouen, d'aller voir au théâtre les acteurs de Paris. Il ne savait ni nager, ni faire des armes, ni tirer le pistolet, et il ne put, un jour, lui expliquer un terme d'équitation qu'elle avait rencontré dans un roman. Un homme, au contraire, ne devait-il pas, tout connaître, exceller en des activités multiples, vous initier aux énergies de la passion, aux raffinements de la vie, à tous les mystères ? Mais il n'enseignait rien, celui-là, ne savait rien, ne souhaitait rien. Il la croyait heureuse ; et elle lui en voulait de ce calme si bien assis, de cette pesanteur sereine, du bonheur même qu'elle lui donnait.

And yet it seemed to her that if Charles had made the slightest effort, if he had been at all perceptive, if his glance had only once penetrated her thoughts, an abundance of feeling would suddenly have been released from her heart, like ripe fruit falling from a tree at the touch of a hand. As their daily life became more and more intimate, she was separated from him by a growing feeling of inner detachment.

Charles's conversation was as flat as a sidewalk, and it was traversed by a steady stream of the most commonplace ideas, all wearing their usual garb and appealing to neither the emotions, the sense of humor nor the imagination. When he had lived in Rouen, he said, he had never had any desire to go to the theater to see the Parisian companies that performed there. He did not know how to swim, fence or shoot a pistol, and one day he was unable to tell her the meaning of a riding term she had come across in a novel.

But shouldn't a man know everything, excel in all sorts of activities, initiate you into the turbulence of passion, the refinements and mysteries of life? *This* man taught nothing, knew nothing, wanted nothing. He believed her to be happy; and she resented his steadfast calm, his serene dullness, the very happiness she gave him.

Chopin continues until end of text. When Emma and Eleanor finish the dance, they wait for 16 metronome beats, then Emma puts away plants. Emma and Eleanor simultaneously clean up chairs. Eleanor comes to window for game.

Transition #1 - Translation Game

Eva/Edward/Leon Rodolphe: *Different each night*

Movement sequence: From Here to Eternity

1. man throws jacket
2. woman dives forward
3. woman rolls right while man steps to her right
4. woman's right arm over head
5. man drops to knees
6. man bends at waist to kiss woman
7. woman's right hand to man's shoulder/man's left hand to woman's head
8. man pulls back/pauses

Eva: Fin. Original French phrase. *Maki and Brady do entire sequence.*

Video: [Original French and correct translation](#)

Eleanor: Her translation

Leon Leon Rodolphe: Correct translation

Clapping.

Eleanor closes curtain.

All start preparatory/dressing dance

Eva (calling out dance cards): Leon Leon Rodolphe, vous allez danser avec la plante, Eleanor et Emma Bovary.

Leon Leon Rodolphe closes curtain.

Intertitle #3 (on video): The Ball

Intertitle #4: Paris? Paris? What was Paris like? What a titanic name.

Eva: Emma, vous allez danser avec Charles, la plante and Leon Leon Rodolphe.

VOICEOVER:

Charles: My trouser-straps will be rather awkward for dancing.

Emma: Dancing?

Charles: Yes!

Eva: Edward, vous allez danser avec Eleanor, Monsieur Lheureux et moi. Monsieur Lheureux, vous allez danser avec moi, Edward, et Eleanor.

VOICEOVER:

Edward: I read a notice of the piece this morning (and I quite agreed with it.)

Eleanor: What did the notice say?

Edward: It said it was "an admirable play, that an English version of it was impossible"

Eleanor: Why so?

Edward: Because -how did it put it?-oh " because these vivid but unwholesome pictures of French life have happily no" -something-I forget exactly what-"to the chaste beauty of our English homes." I can't remember the precise words, but I know the criticism made me long to see the play.

Eva: Charles, vous allez danser avec Emma, moi et la plante. Eleanor, vous allez danser avec Edward, Leon Leon Rodolphe et Monsieur Lheureux.

After Eleanor gets her card, Blue Skies (Benny Goodman) begins. (Leon Leon Rodolphe opens curtains during intro)

Dance #2: Blue Skies

Three pauses during dance:

1. *Emma turns above everyone*

2. *Interaction between Eva and Edward:*

Eva: Que vous seriez bon, monsieur, de vouloir bien ramasser mon éventail, qui est derrière ce canapé !

Edward does dance phrase to pick up fan; Eva passes him a note as he does.

3. *Emma ends dance on staircase with lit up skirt.*

For Transition #2:

Map of Paris (video)

Eva/Leon Leon Rodolphe: Elle s'acheta un plan de Paris, et, du bout de son doigt, sur la carte, elle faisait des courses dans la capitale. C'était une existence au-dessus des autres, entre ciel et terre, dans les orages, quelque chose de sublime. Quant au reste du monde, il était perdu, sans place précise, et comme n'existant pas. Plus les choses, d'ailleurs, étaient voisines, plus sa pensée s'en détournait. Tout ce qui l'entourait immédiatement, campagne ennuyeuse, petits bourgeois imbéciles, médiocrité de l'existence, lui semblait une exception dans le monde, un hasard particulier où elle se trouvait prise, tandis qu'au delà s'étendait à perte de vue l'immense pays des félicités et des passions. Elle confondait, dans son désir, les sensualités du luxe avec les joies du cœur, l'élégance des habitudes et les délicatesses du sentiment. Ne fallait-il pas à l'amour, comme aux plantes indiennes, des terrains préparés, une température particulière ? Les soupirs au clair de lune, les longues étreintes, les larmes qui coulent sur les mains qu'on abandonne, toutes les fièvres de la chair et les langueurs de la tendresse ne se séparaient donc pas du balcon des grands châteaux qui sont pleins de loisirs, d'un boudoir à stores de soie avec un tapis bien épais, des jardinières remplies, un lit monté sur une estrade, ni du scintillement des pierres précieuses et des aiguillettes de la livrée.

She bought herself a map of Paris; following the streets with her fingertip, she traveled all over the capital. She walked along the boulevards, stopping at every corner, between the lines of the streets, in

front of the white squares representing houses. Finally her eyes would grow tired and she would close them; then, in the darkness, she could see gas streetlamps flickering in the wind and carriage steps being noisily lowered in front of theaters. (*Emma walks down stairs and to first window*)

They lived above other people, in a sublime region of their own, somewhere between heaven and earth, amid the storms. As for the rest of the world, it was lost to her; it had no specific location and scarcely seemed to exist at all. And the closer things were to her, the farther her mind turned away from them. Everything immediately surrounding her--the boring countryside, the idiotic bourgeois people, the mediocrity of everyday life--seemed to her an exception in the world, something she had fallen into by accident, while beyond all this the realm of bliss and passion stretched forth as far as they eye could see. (*Emma walks to second window/Leon Leon Rodolphe to first*) In her longing she confused the pleasures of luxury with the joys of the heart, elegant customs with refined feelings. Did not love, like Indian plants, require prepared soil and special temperatures? Sighs in the moonlight, long embraces, tears flowing onto yielding hands, all the fevers of the flesh and the languors of love--these things were inseparable from the pace, from a boudoir with silk curtains, a thick carpet, filled flower stands and a bed mounted on a platform, from the sparkle of precious stones or the aiguillettes of liveried servants.

Edward buys sugar from Lheureux. Emma closes curtains and traces the map with her finger on love feed. She goes to her chair. Everyone rises with their chair in sync with Emma and in sync bring their chairs to their places for sugar. Everyone places their chair down and sits except Emma, who gets the tea.

Intertitle #5 (on video): Tea

Emma sits.

Intertitle #6: "There was no fire in the fireplace, the clock was still ticking, and Emma felt vaguely amazed that all those things should be so calm when there was such turmoil inside her."

Charles slurps tea. Everyone waits for 32 metronome counts. Charles turns off metronome.

Music (Sugar on My Tongue) starts and live feed is projected.

For Dance #3: Sugar on My Tongue into Transition #3

Eleanor: When marriage has taken place all is in favour of the one and is adverse to the other.

Some wonder that John Stuart Mill wrote.' Marriage is at the present day the only actual form of serfdom recognised by law.' The wonder to us is that he never saw this serfdom as a question, not of sentiment, but of economics, the result of our capitalistic system. After marriage, as before, the woman is under restraint, and the man is not. Adultery in her is a crime, in him a venial offence. he can obtain a divorce, she cannot, on the ground of adultery. She must prove that 'cruelty' (i.e. of a physical kind) has been shown. Marriages thus arranged, thus carried out, with such an attendant train of circumstances and of consequences, seem to us - let us say it with all deliberation - worse than prostitution. To call them sacred or moral is a desecration.

Clapping. Metronome on (100).

Translation Game #2 - Video: Original French and correct translation

Eva/Edward/Eleanor/Leon Leon Rodolphe (with sugar in mouth): Different each night

Movement Sequence: Tea

1. man picks up cup w/left hand/woman looks over right shoulder
2. man sips tea/woman turns back
3. man passes teacup under woman's legs/woman bends over
4. woman picks up teapot/man turns back
5. woman lifts up and pours tea in cup
6. woman bends over
7. man takes tea cup from under skirt
8. man sips tea/woman stands up

Eva: Fin. Original French phrase

Eleanor: Her translation

Leon Leon Rodolphe: Correct translation

Clapping/simultaneously Eleanor and Emma go to chairs. Eva goes to put camera back. Everyone cleans up chairs.

Leon Leon Rodolphe starts mating prep/clean up to metronome.

Intertitle 7: The Lover - 5 metronome beats

Intertitle 8: "He knew all there was to know about uncorking jugs" - until Leon Rodolphe has broom

When Leon Leon Rodolphe does the lunge side move

Bird of paradise video starts

Edward: Everything must be spick and span. (*Emma crosses upstage of Leon Leon Rodolphe to open curtains*) All is ready. Very impressive but no one is watching. This superb bird of paradise calls to attract the female. And he has more luck. But what does he have to do to really impress her? *Video cuts out as Charles plays piano. 2 counts of 8 and singing/dancing starts.*

Dance #4: Everybody Loves My Baby

Lheureux, Eleanor, Edward, and Eva fan themselves on the beat and fan Leon Leon Rodolphe whenever he's on his knee and during the final phrase of the dance.

Voiceover (as soon as instrumental break happens):

Leon Leon Rodolphe: I ought to get back a little further.

Emma: Why?

Leon Leon Rodolphe: Well, someone down there might see me; then I should have to invent excuses for a fortnight; and with my bad reputation--"

Emma: Oh, you are slandering yourself.

Leon Leon Rodolphe: No! It is dreadful, I assure you. Besides perhaps from the world's point of view they are right."

Emma: How so?

Leon Leon Rodolphe: What! Do you not know that there are souls constantly tormented? They need by turns to dream and to act, the purest passions and the most turbulent joys, and thus they fling themselves into all sorts of fantasies, of follies.

Emma: We have not even this distraction, we poor women!

Leon Leon Rodolphe: A sad distraction, for happiness isn't found in it.

Emma: But is it ever found?

Leon Leon Rodolphe: Yes; one day it comes. It comes one day, one day suddenly, and when one is despairing of it. Then the horizon expands; it is as if a voice cried, 'It is here!' You feel the need of confiding the whole of your life, of giving everything, sacrificing everything to this being. There is no need for explanations; they understand one another. They have seen each other in dreams! (And he looked at her.) "In fine, here it is, this treasure so sought after, here before you. It glitters, it flashes; yet one still doubts, one does not believe it; one remains dazzled, as if one went out iron darkness into light. Ah! by Jove! one's duty is to feel what is great, cherish the beautiful, and not accept all the conventions of society with the ignominy that it imposes upon us."

Emma: Yet--yet--

Leon Leon Rodolphe: No, no! Why cry out against the passions?

Eva: Ma foi ! j'en ai besoin; mais, n'importe, nous avons eu pour notre fête une bien belle journée.

Leon Leon Rodolphe: Oh, yes! Very beautiful!

For Transition #4: :

Emma and Leon Leon Rodolphe repeat the From Here to Eternity kiss Charles and Emma did before smoothly and with way more passion. (They hold for 16 metronome counts; Lheureux counts by 5s.) Afterwards, Emma walks away from Leon Leon Rodolphe to do translation phrase.

Edward: She retires to consider her verdict. It's hard not to feel deflated when even your best isn't good enough.

Translation Game #3 - Video: [Original French and correct translation](#)

Eva/Edward/Eleanor/Leon Leon Rodolphe: *Different each night*

Movement Sequence: Gone with the Wind

1. woman steps left, right and picks up skirt
2. man steps left/right
3. man stops at her left/points with right hand at her bloomers, woman looks down
4. man turns to face left
5. woman turns left to face man's back
6. man turns onto tiptoes/puts hands on her shoulders
7. woman hands on man's shoulders
8. woman head back

Eva: Fin. Original French phrase

Eleanor: Her translation

Leon Rodolphe: Correct translation

Clapping.

VOICEOVER:

Emma: I want a cloak--a large lined cloak with a deep collar.

Lheureux: You are going on a journey?

Emma: No; but--never mind. I may count on you, may I not, and quickly? Besides, I shall want, a trunk--not too heavy--handy.

Lheureux: Yes, yes, I understand. About three feet by a foot and a half, as they are being made just now.

Eva: Votre plus grand défaut.

Leon Rodolphe: Your main fault.

Eleanor: *improvised*

Eva: Le métier que vous n'auriez pas aimé faire

Leon Rodolphe: The profession you would not like to do

Eleanor: A maid

Eva: Votre rêve de bonheur

Leon Rodolphe: Your idea of happiness.

Eleanor: Champagne

Eva: A l'exception de vous, qui voudriez-vous être?

Leon Rodolphe: If not yourself, who would you be?

Eleanor: Joan of Arc

Emma: And a travelling bag.

Eva: Ou aimeriez-vous vivre?

Lheureux (thinking): She's had a quarrel with her husband.

Leon Rodolphe: Where would you like to live?

Eleanor: Paris.

Emma: And, take this; you can pay yourself out of it.

Eva: Votre fleur preferee.

Leon Rodolphe: Your favorite flower.

Eleanor:

Eva: Le don de la nature que vous voudriez avoir

Leon Rodolphe: The natural talent you'd like to be gifted with.

Eleanor: Acting..... When I was , I wanted to pursue acting as a career. I began taking private lessons with the very respected teacher. One day, she told me I would not succeed as an actress. It broke my heart. I believed in theater as a socialist and feminist tool. Later, I did readings with Edward. We did one of the first English reading of Ibsen's Doll's House. I played Nora and Edward played Torvald.

Edward and Eleanor lipsync and act out Marty scene to the following prerecorded dialogue. Leon Leon Rodolphe and Charles close the curtain.

Intertitle #9 (on video): The Opera

VOICEOVER:

Edward/Helmer: Well, let me look. Aha!

Eleanor/Nora: I can't dance if I don't practise with you.

Edward/Helmer [going up to her]: Are you really so afraid of it, dear?

Intertitle #10 (on video): "Never touch your idols: the gilding will stick to your fingers."

Eleanor/Nora: Yes, so dreadfully afraid of it. Let me practise at once, Torvald dear; criticise me, and correct me.

Edward/Helmer: With great pleasure, if you wish me to. [Sits down at the piano.]

Eleanor/Nora: Now play for me! I am going to dance!

Music starts.

For Dance # 5: Trois Cloches

Dance Phrase #1: Eleanor dances alone and Edward plays piano. Everybody uses opera glasses to watch. She is the opera.

Dance Phrase #2 (Edith Piaf): Eleanor continues dance.

Dance Phrase #3: Eleanor dances while doing Doll's House scene (below) with Edward. Leon Leon Rodolphe and Emma approach one another.

VOICEOVER:

Edward/Helmer: Is that my little lark twittering out there?

Eleanor/Nora: Yes, it is!

Edward/Helmer: Is it my little squirrel bustling about?

Eleanor/Nora: Yes!

Edward/Helmer: When did my squirrel come home?

Eleanor/Nora: Come in here, Torvald, and see what I have bought.

Edward/Helmer: Bought, did you say? Has my little spendthrift been wasting money again? The same little featherhead! Come, come, my little skylark must not droop her wings. What is this! Is my little squirrel out of temper? Nora, what do you think I have got here?

Eleanor/Nora: Money!

Edward/Helmer: There you are.

Dance Phrase #4 (Edith Piaf): Eleanor dances ending behind Emma and Leon Leon Rodolphe. Edward sings. Charles brings plant over; Charles looks away towards audience. Eva sets up to film close up on Leon Leon Rodolphe and Emma.

*Dance Phrase #5: **LIVE FEED PROJECTION.** Eleanor and Edward bring over plants and continue Doll's House speaking over Leon Leon Rodolphe and Emma. Leon Leon Rodolphe and Emma look each other up and down with binoculars and begin pouring sugar.*

VOICEOVER

Edward/Helmer: Come, come, don't be so wild and nervous. Be my own little skylark, as you used. You are an odd little soul. Very like your father. It is in the blood; for indeed it is true that you can inherit these things, Nora.

Eleanor/Nora: Ah, I wish I had inherited many of papa's qualities.

Edward/Helmer: And I would not wish you to be anything but just what you are, my sweet little skylark. But, do you know, it strikes me that you are looking rather--what shall I say--rather uneasy today?

Eleanor/Nora: Do I?

Edward/Helmer: You do, really. Look straight at me.

Eleanor/Nora: Well?

Edward/Helmer: Hasn't Miss Sweet Tooth been breaking rules in town today?

Eleanor/Nora: No; what makes you think that?

Edward/Helmer: Hasn't she paid a visit to the confectioner's?

Eleanor/Nora: No, I assure you, Torvald--

Edward/Helmer: Not been nibbling sweets?

Eleanor/Nora: No, certainly not.

Edward/Helmer: Not even taken a bite at a macaroon or two?

Eleanor/Nora: No, Torvald, I assure you really--

Edward/Helmer: There, there, of course I was only joking.

Eleanor/Nora: Everything you do is quite right, Torvald.

Edward/Helmer: Now my little skylark is speaking reasonably. Yes, my own darling Nora. Do you know, when I am out at a party, why I speak so little to you, keep away from you, and only send a stolen glance in your direction now and then?--do you know why I do that? It is because I make believe to myself that we are secretly in love, and you are my secretly promised bride, and that no one suspects there is anything between us.

Eleanor/Nora: Yes, yes--I know very well your thoughts are with me all the time.

Edward/Helmer: Pooh! this room is hot!

Dance Phrase #6: Leon Leon Rodolphe and Emma continue with sugar.

Transition #5

Edward puts metronome on at 116 and mics it.

Bird scream while Leon Leon Rodolphe shakes sugar off his head for 16 counts. Lheureux counts out loud by tens.

Intertitle #11 (on video): Adultery

Intertitle #12 (on video): She was beginning to find in adultery all the dullness of marriage.

Movie Kisses DANCE into HEART IN A CAGE

Over Heart in a Cage intro

Eva: La faute qui vous inspire le moins d'indulgence

Leon Rodolphe: For what fault have you most toleration?

Eleanor: Adultery

Eva: Comment vous aimeriez mourrir

Leon Rodolphe: How you wish to die.

Eleanor: I'll take prussic acid.

Eva: Si Dieu existe, qu'aimeriez-vous, après votre mort, l'entendre vous dire?

Leon Rodolphe: If Heaven exists, what would you like to hear God say when you arrive at the Pearly Gates

Eleanor: My last word to you is the same that I have said during all the long, sad years - love.

Eva: Etat present de votre esprit.

Leon Rodolphe: What is your present state of mind?

For Transition #6:

During game (*Edward and Eva open and close curtains*):

Intertitle #13 (on video): Suicide

Intertitle #14: Why did everything she leaned on instantly crumble into dust?

Translation Game #4

The game is quick and impossible with Edward speaking incomprehensibly and Leon Leon Rodolphe yelling "non" before Eleanor has a chance to really guess. With each "non," Emma and Eleanor take a step backwards until they are back to back.

Eva:

1. Il souffla bien fort ce jour-là, Et le jupon court s'envola !

The wind was blowing hard that day...And Nanette's petticoat flew away....

For Dance #7 Lordy

At end, Eva, Edward and Leon Leon Rodolphe close curtains.

Transition #7: Directly into next dance

When Lordy ends, recorded Chopin comes on.

Dance #8: Chopin

Charles dances Emma's opening dance alone while Edward and Leon Leon Rodolphe bring him plants and Lheureux scavenges.

Eva: Le prêtre se releva pour prendre le crucifix ; alors elle allongea le cou comme quelqu'un qui a soif, et, collant ses lèvres sur le corps de l'Homme-Dieu, elle y déposa de toute sa force expirante le plus grand baiser d'amour qu'elle eût jamais donné. Ensuite il récita le *Miseratur* et *Indulgentiam*, trempa son pouce droit dans l'huile et commença les onctions : d'abord sur les yeux, qui avaient tant convoité toutes les somptuosités terrestres ; puis sur les narines, friandes de brises tièdes et de senteurs amoureuses ; puis sur la bouche, qui s'était ouverte pour le mensonge, qui avait gémi d'orgueil et crié dans la luxure ; puis sur les mains, qui se délectaient aux contacts suaves, et enfin sur la plante des pieds, si rapides autrefois quand elle courait à l'assouvisance de ses désirs, et qui maintenant ne marcheraient plus.

The priest stood up and took the crucifix; she stretched forth her neck as though she were thirsting, pressed her lips to the body of the God-Man and imprinted on it, with all her fading strength, the most ardent kiss of love she had ever given. Then he recited the *Miseratur* and the *Indulgentiam*, dipped his right thumb in the oil and began the anointments: first her eyes, which had so fiercely coveted all earthly luxury; then her nostrils, so avid for warm breezes and amorous scents; then her lips, which had opened to speak lies, cry out in pride and moan in lust; then her hands, which had taken such pleasure in sensuous contacts; and finally the soles of her feet, once so swift in hurrying to gratify her desires, and now never to walk again.

After Edward hands Charles Emma's skirt, *music fades out*:

Intertitle #15 (on video): "The plants were in need of moisture. Charles nodded in agreement."

Intertitle #16: FIN