

THE NEW WORLD

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SMALL ROOM - DAY

MARQUIS DE SADE - a short middle-aged man, pale and unshaven, wearing a French Revolution wig, stands in the middle of the room, nervously leafing through a book.

He then drops the book on the floor, straightens his wig that regularly slips off his head, and walks to the wall.

Pressing himself against the wall and assuming the pose of an orator, he starts to speak, boldly waving his arms.

MARQUIS DE SADE

Yes, I am for personal freedom, my dear Couthon! The state never gives its citizens an opportunity to be truly free!

He suddenly pauses to listen as if he hears a voice.

MARQUIS DE SADE (CONT'D)

(angrily)

I knew that you would argue with me! But look - what is a state if not a prison! Prohibitions here and there! Do this, and that and don't you dare do this, or that! So, where is freedom here?

He waves his arms violently, and his hands tremble.

MARQUIS DE SADE (CONT'D)

Yes, yes! I can already hear you telling me again that the state is a necessary evil. And, that the law must be respected! Oh, these laws!

He starts pacing around the room, pushing his chest forward. Suddenly, he stops.

MARQUIS DE SADE (CONT'D)

Down with the laws! Down with them all! Let the personality develop freely!

(in a self-promulgating manner)

(MORE)

MARQUIS DE SADE (CONT'D)

Let's create our own laws! What's the date today? Second Thermidor? So, from today, every citizen is free to do what he wants!

(beat)

Do you think this is sheer selfishness? Ha-ha-ha! I appreciate our relationship because it's based on the purest selfishness. And, such a relationship lasts forever.

He laughs hoarsely.

MARQUIS DE SADE (CONT'D)

What? How do such laws protect us from violence? Well, let's just distribute weapons to everyone, and everyone will defend themselves!

He straightens his wig and starts pacing again around the room.

MARQUIS DE SADE (CONT'D)

Don't you like the idea, my friend? Why? How is this violence different from the violence of the state?

He stops and scratches his head through his wig.

MARQUIS DE SADE (CONT'D)

Don't confuse me!

(furiously)

And you, Danton! There is no need to answer on my behalf; I know what to say!

He reassumes the pose of an orator.

MARQUIS DE SADE (CONT'D)

Justice? And, what on earth is it? The strongest always finds fair what the weak considers unjust. Down with your justice!

He walks to the wall again as if to his podium.

MARQUIS DE SADE (CONT'D)

And, down with your morals as well! Why do people get married? People only get married when they don't know what they're doing, or when they don't know what to do anymore.

Suddenly, his face relaxes.

MARQUIS DE SADE (CONT'D)

I respect you a lot, Momoro, but you're wrong! The only way to make women love us is to torture them: I don't know a more reliable one.

(beat)

We're gonna flog them.

He stands pondering and picks his teeth.

MARQUIS DE SADE (CONT'D)

The same goes for God! Why do we need him at all? Down with him! We'll have a cult of reason! We'll build a new world!

(proudly)

Listen and shut up, Desmoulins! Maybe you will grow smarter and become a professor... in the Sorbonne? Then, you could oppose some of the followers of Bonaventure out there!

(angrily)

What do you mean by that? He wrote "The Mind's Road to God," and I - Marquis de Sade - wrote "The One Hundred and Twenty Days of Sodom." Which of these books do you think, do the people like to read?

He laughs loud and wild, like a madman.

MARQUIS DE SADE (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, don't find fault! I overdid it a little... with killing moms... And in general, as soon as the conversation turns to incest, everyone jumps up from their seats as if they're stung! Ha-ha-ha! Down with this prejudice!

He walks to an old chair by the table opposite him and sits down. A window in the door opens, and a hand holds out a bowl with food.

JAIL WARDEN (O.S.)

I know you don't like buckwheat porridge, John, but there is nothing else today.

John - Marquis de Sade - deflects the porridge with his hand.

JAIL WARDEN (CONT'D)
 Down with the porridge? Maybe down
 with dinner altogether? And, down
 with lunch too?

John shows him the finger.

JAIL WARDEN (CONT'D)
 Oh, I see how it is...
 (imitating John)
 Down with going to the shitter!

John grabs his wig off his head and tosses it at the door.

JAIL WARDEN (CONT'D)
 You nutter, you've read all kinds
 of silly little books... But you
 know perfectly well why you're
 doing time! Don't you?

John remains silent.

JAIL WARDEN (CONT'D)
 (imitating him)
 Down with the old world! We'll
 build a new one!
 (beat)
 It's good that only Momoro hears
 you here!

The window in the door closes, and the STEPS of the Jail
 Warden gradually subside.

Suddenly, Marquis de Sade jumps from his chair, runs to the
 barred window, and screams as loudly as he can.

MARQUIS DE SADE
 Please help me, help me! My human
 rights! I have rights too! What
 about my human rights?

Silence ensues.

He returns to the table and looks up. On the wall above is a
 large photograph of Momoro, staring at the door. Marquis de
 Sade smooths his tousled hair.

MARQUIS DE SADE (CONT'D)
 (proudly, to the picture)
 We'll build a new world, my dear
 Momoro. Down with all this!

THE END