0-1

Narrator: Breakfast.

Francis: Huh? Hmm…

Georik: Have you come to your senses?

Francis: S-Sir! What are you doing in my room?

Georik: It seems you’re still half asleep.

Georik: This is my room.

Francis: Then…

Francis: Don’t tell me…

Georik: Don’t be stupid, I didn’t do anything that would make you blush.

Francis: Right, right…

Georik: Are you feeling better?  
Francis: I’m sorry, I just dozed off.

Georik: Don’t sweat it, you must have been very tired.

Georik: You should eat something.

Georik: Can you drink some soup?

Francis: Huh? But you don’t have a servant…What? Did you make this soup?

1-2

Georik: Yes, that’s right.

Georik: It might not be tasty…

Francis: No, it’s delicious.

Georik: I should also have some.

Georik: Ugh! It’s hot!

Georik: Damn it, that damn Mephisto, how can his cooking be so bad?

Georik: Moreover, this meat… What kind of meat is it?

Georik: It still has some hair on it.

Francis: Hmm, but your cooking sure is wild looking.

Georik: That’s right, this is popular in the palace.

Francis: Sir, you must be having trouble without a servant.

Georik: That’s right, I kinda stopped trusting people.

Georik: And it would also trouble them if they worked here.

Francis: Sir, you know, I’m pretty good at cooking and cleaning.

2-3

Francis: I’ve been cleaning places that, no matter how hard I try, never seem to get completely clean.

Francis: With a place as beautiful as this, it would only take a couple of wipes.

Georik: A sick man that can’t even take care of himself shouldn't be acting so cocky.

Georik: Moreover, I was over the moment I had to worry and look after you.

Georik: Get well soon and get out.

Francis: Haha, you’re right.

Francis: That was probably my first night sleeping between such clean white sheets.

Francis: And the soft bed also smelled nicely like him.

Francis: Ruth, at around this time, he should be with that old man.

Francis: Has his fever gone down?

3-4

Lord Bieter: Ruthburg, I’m so glad you’re finally here.

Lord Bieter: But you don’t look too well.

Jan: No at all, I’m fine.

Lord Bieter: Oh, wait a second.

Lord Bieter: I wanted to take a rest from talking to my wife today.

Lord Bieter: I shouldn’t stress you out too much.

Jan: What?

(The sound of a necklace)

Lord Bieter: This is a memento of my late wife.

Lord Bieter: It’s a fluorite necklace.

Lord Bieter: I want you to have it.

Jan: I can’t accept such an important memento.

Lord Bieter: I beg you, please accept it.

Lord Bieter: Ever since I lost my wife, I’ve been wasting my money and my time.

4-5

Lord Bieter: And my heart has just been constantly aching.

Lord Bieter: But ever since you started coming here, I’ve started to feel a little bit of happiness.

Lord Bieter: However, lately... Every time you come here, I can’t help but feel like my chest tightens.

Lord Bieter: Ahh, I haven’t felt like this in a long time.

Lord Bieter: No, if I’m being honest this might be the first time I’ve felt this way.

Lord Bieter: I haven’t even had these feelings for my wife.

Lord Bieter: At this age… I think I might be going crazy.

Lord Bieter: I’m in love with you!

Lord Bieter: I want to touch you and embrace you.

Lord Bieter: I can’t help myself, that’s how strong my feelings are!

5-6

Jan: Lord Bieter…

Lord Bieter: If you won’t love me…!

Lord Bieter: At least lay with me this one night!

Jan: Well then, but you’ll have to keep it a secret from my master.

Lord Bieter: Of course!

Lord Bieter: You’re so cute.

Lord Bieter: I feel like I might go crazy.

Lord Bieter: Like I would ever let you go back to your master!

Lord Bieter: You are only mine now.

Lord Bieter: Why are you so scared?

Lord Bieter: It shouldn’t be your first time…

Lord Bieter: Haven’t you been embracing that man day in and day out?

6-7

Lord Bieter: That deviant and unseemly incubus man!

Lord Bieter: Well then, let’s have some fun.

Lord Bieter: It’s no use hiding it.

(Lord Bieter chokes)

Lord Bieter: You bastard!

Lord Bieter: What did you…?

(Lord Bieter screams)  
Lord Bieter: Water! Give me some water!

Jan: There’s plenty of water… but unfortunately none of it is for you.

Lord Bieter: Damn it…

Lord Bieter: Did you poison the water pitcher?

Lord Bieter: Or was it the food?

Lord Bieter: Please forgive me!

7-8

Lord Bieter: I was just genuinely in love with you.

Lord Bieter: It’s true!!

(Lord Bieter chokes and falls)

Jan: Last night your wife told me everything.

Jan: She told me of your countless infidelities and betrayals.

Jan: She even told me where you had hidden your fortune, everything.

Jan: Goodbye.

Jan: We’ll take all your assets, but I’ll return this necklace to your wife.

(Door shuts)