0-1

Narrator: The lonely gentleman.

(Knock on door)

(Door opens)

Lord Bieter: Please come in.

Lord Bieter: It must have been hot outside.

Jan: Yes, thank you very much Lord Reid Bieter.

Lord Bieter: I’m really sorry for making you come over so often.

Jan: It’s no problem at all.

Jan: It’s my duty to assist those in need.

Jan: Your wife must be overjoyed.

Lord Bieter: It’s all thanks to you.

Lord Bieter: However, I heard that calling spirits takes a toll on you physically and psychologically.

Jan: Don’t worry about it, it’s not like the spirits are gonna cling onto me.

Jan: It doesn’t tire me that much.

1-2

Lord Bieter: I see.

Lord Bieter: Because of my self centered personality I always end up tiring everyone around me without noticing.

Lord Bieter: In the end, I think that’s also why I lost my wife…

Jan: Lord Reid Bieter, please don’t blame yourself too much.

Jan: The spirits will get worried if you keep making that face when they come to visit.

Lord Bieter: You’re right, I’m sorry.

Lord Bieter: It’s just like you said…

(Music starts)

Jan: To the wandering soul of Sophie Reid Bieter.

Jan: If you are there, please answer me.

(Knock)

Jan: Thank you for answering my call.

2-3

Jan: You are the Duchess of Reid Bieter, is that right?

(Knock)

Lord Bieter: Oh Sophie! It’s really you!

Lord Bieter: Thank you so much for today.

Lord Bieter: I’m looking forward to tomorrow.

Jan: I’m glad.

Jan: You really enjoy your time with your wife…

Lord Bieter: Yes.

Lord Bieter: I don’t care what society thinks of me but I’m satisfied.

Lord Bieter: But what about you Ruthberg?

Lord Bieter: You’re being forced to work under that scoundrel, Count Sandwich…

Lord Bieter: I feel sorry for you.

Jan: Lord Reid Bieter, please don’t worry about me.

3-4

Jan: I don’t have any complaints about my current life.

Lord Bieter: But… instead of living in a blood-ridden underground dungeon or in the back alley of a slum, don’t you want to spend your life in a place like this?

Lord Bieter: My hometown, Castel Kuhn, is a good place.

Lord Bieter: Each house is overflowing with flowers and the murmur of the stream heals your heart.

Jan: But…

Lord Bieter: If you’re worried about not knowing anyone there, you can even bring a friend along.

Jan: I’m sure your friend will also be overjoyed.

Lord Bieter: By the way, the lingonberry jam my sister makes is the best!

Jan: I’m satisfied with my current life.

Jan: Lord Bieter, I’ll just have to accept your feelings.

(Door opens)

4-5

Francis: You sure took a long time.

Francis: The sun is almost setting.

Jan: I told you I would be fine.

Francis: I just get worried.

Francis: Your body is weak enough… and recently you’ve been visiting that old man everyday.

Francis: What are the two of you talking about?

Jan: Not much…

Francis: I risked my life for you and you’re still avoiding my questions.

Jan: Dashwood, do you like lingonberry jam?

Francis: I’ve never had anything that fancy.

Francis: Why are you asking me that?

Jan: Just because.

Francis: It’s this again…

Francis: We’re going into the tunnels from that dilapidated house.

Francis: Huh? Rurth? Are you alright?