

TRANSCRIPTION

Dorian Gray, *Penny Dreadful*, 3x09

“Do you not yet comprehend the wicked secret of the immortal? All age and die, save you. All rot¹ and fall to dust², save you. Any child you bear becomes a crone³ and perishes before⁴ your eyes. Any lover withers⁵ and shrinks into incontinence and bent, toothless senility. While you, only you, never age. Never tire. Never fade⁶. Alone. But after a time, you'll lose the desire for passion entirely, for connection with anyone. Like a muscle that atrophies from lack⁷ of use. And one day you'll realize you've become like them. Beautiful and dead. You have become a perfect, unchanging portrait of yourself.”

¹ To rot : pourrir

² Dust : poussière

³ Crone : an old woman

⁴ Before : in front of

⁵ To wither : se faner

⁶ To fade : s'effacer, s'évanouir

⁷ Lack : manque