

La Comédiathèque

A BRIEF MOMENT OF ETERNITY

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A Brief Moment of Eternity

Jean-Pierre Martinez

Translation by the author

Peter, a dedicated researcher, stumbles upon the formula for eternal life. Faced with the potential unforeseen consequences, he contemplates keeping the discovery a secret. Yet, his wife, longing for perpetual youth, and her lover, desiring immortality, are unwilling to make such a sacrifice.

Characters

Peter
Diana
Vince

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A living room partially converted into a laboratory. Peter, donned in a white lab coat, delves into mysterious experiments at a table cluttered with test tubes and various scientific apparatus. An empty cage with the door ajar is placed prominently on the table. Suddenly, Peter sneezes. At that moment, Diana makes her entrance, wearing a raincoat.

Diana – Bless you...

Peter – Thanks. How was your day?

Diana takes off her raincoat.

Diana – Same old routine... Can't you conduct your experiments elsewhere?

Peter – Where? My boss forbade me to continue my research at the lab...

Diana – One wonders why...

Peter – I won't take much longer, I assure you.

Diana – Just a reminder, we eat on this table. You might end up poisoning us!

Peter – I'm on the verge of a breakthrough, I can feel it.

Diana – A vaccine for the common cold...

Peter – Don't tell me you're joining in! You used to believe in me...

Diana – The man I married wanted to revolutionise modern medicine.

Peter – Who knows... I might be doing just that.

Diana – By discovering a definitive remedy for the common cold? My dear friend... Even if your research succeeds one day, do you really think you'll win the Nobel Prize in Medicine for that?

Peter – That's not really my goal, but... why not?

Diana – Wait, Peter... We're not talking about malaria or AIDS here! No one has ever died from a bad cold!

Peter – It's a virus like any other.

Diana – Yes, but much less dangerous... There are more serious health issues to address, right?

Peter sneezes again.

Peter – You say that because you've never had a cold. You must have developed a form of immunity. I wonder if I should use you as a guinea pig.

Diana – Thanks.

Peter – After all, my dear, you're a scientist too!

Diana – A scientist? No... I'm just a pharmacist. You remind me of that often. And for you, I feel like being a pharmacist is barely above being a grocer.

Peter – You know very well that when you're in research, you never really know where it will lead. A vaccine for the common cold might be a step towards other more important discoveries.

Diana – Anyway, as far as the common cold is concerned, pharmacists wouldn't thank you.

Peter – Why's that? You would be the ones selling the vaccine, after all!

Diana – Of course... And for every vaccine sold, it would be one less customer for life.

Peter – People would save money! They'd be healthier and more productive at work.

Diana – Yes... And we'd see our turnover collapse! Do you know what it means for a pharmacist, in winter, to sell cold remedies?

Peter – And you expect me not to consider you a bit like grocers...

Diana – Yes... But it's with the earnings from the grocery that we pay off the mortgage...

Diana exits.

Peter – Gloria, we're both misunderstood, you and I. One day, they'll grasp it, mark my words. Regret will settle in for treating us with disdain, but it'll be too late. We'll leave these poor mortals to their melancholic fate, and we'll ascend as kings of the world... (*Excited*) And when I say kings, perhaps I should say gods! (*Returning to reality*) You're silent, yet you share the sentiment, don't you? Gloria? (*He glances at the cage.*) Where did she go again... (*He walks around the room, calling softly.*) Gloria? Come over here, darling...

Diana returns, and he stops abruptly, caught off guard.

Diana – Did you call me?

Peter – No, no, I...

Diana – Then who were you talking to?

Peter – No one, I... I was talking to myself.

Diana – It's not getting any better... By the way, you won't believe it, but I saw a rat yesterday morning in the kitchen.

Peter (*uneasy*) – No...?

Diana – I even thought about bringing my revolver from the pharmacy...

Peter – Do you have a revolver at the pharmacy?

Diana – But of course, you know! Vince advised me to buy one. I've been robbed three times already, remember?

Peter – Ah, yes...

Diana – Unfortunately, I can't seem to find it now.

Peter – Losing a revolver is not common... It's not the kind of thing you misplace easily... Unless you got robbed for it too...

Diana – It's not funny, Peter. You know I have a phobia of rats. I wonder how this one managed to get here...

Peter – Yes...

She gives him a suspicious look.

Diana – It's strange; I feel like you're not wondering about it.

Peter – Yes, yes, I assure you, I am...

Diana – You don't even look surprised...

He hesitates before confessing.

Peter – Sorry. It's Gloria.

Diana – Gloria?

Peter – My lab rat. It's a female... Apparently, she managed to open her cage door on her own. She's very intelligent, you know...

Diana – A rat? And you call her Gloria? Be careful, Peter, you're going completely mad!

Peter – I brought her from the lab... Sometimes I feel like she's the only one who still believes in me...

Diana – You talk about her as if she's a colleague... She's a rat!

Peter – I started my research with her grandmother a few years ago. So, I've grown a bit attached to the family.

Diana – Oh no! Not this, Peter. I won't accept living with a free-roaming rat just because it's somehow part of the family.

Peter – It's just a little escapade...

Diana – You should have closed the cage, for heaven's sake! Locked it if necessary! I'm telling you, Peter: I won't spend another night here with a rat on the loose!

Peter – Don't get upset. It's not that serious.

Diana – I'll get upset if I want, first of all! I'm exhausted, Peter... So now, your Gloria... It's either her or me, okay?

Peter – When she gets hungry, she'll eventually return to her cage. She's not an animal used to finding her own food. I'll find her, I assure you.

Diana – Yes, well, I don't know in what condition. Because, lacking a revolver, I put arsenic-poisoned wheat in the kitchen this morning.

Peter – Arsenic? But that's barbaric! Poor Gloria... And where did you even find arsenic?

Diana – I remind you that I'm a pharmacist.

Peter – Hashish is still illegal in the majority of countries around the world, but any woman can get a revolver, and arsenic is available over the counter at the pharmacy?

Diana – By prescription only. But fortunately, even if I'm just a grocer, I still have the right to a prescription pad.

Peter – I feel like I'm living with Madame Bovary.

Diana – Madame Bovary didn't poison her husband. She committed suicide.

Peter – Well... You seem to know a lot about poisoners.

Diana – Anyway, if I had to choose to escape from my husband, I'd prefer to poison him instead of poisoning myself...

Peter – That's reassuring... But I care a lot about Gloria.

Diana – Yes, for a while now, you've been devoting more time to lab rats than to your wife and friends.

Peter – At least they've never let me down... And remember, it's on this guinea pig that I'm conducting my vaccine experiments. If you poisoned her, I'd have to start all my experiments from scratch...

Diana – I won't have the patience to wait until the end anyway. Pull yourself together, Peter. I won't always be here...

Peter – Oh, really?

Diana – It's not exactly what I meant, but...

Peter – Don't worry; I know exactly what you meant.

He exits for a moment. Diana looks dejected. Peter returns with a bouquet of flowers, which he hands to Diana, who looks very surprised.

Peter – To apologise for not meeting expectations recently...

Diana (*more embarrassed than pleased*) – Thank you, but...

Peter – Tonight, I'm taking you to our favourite restaurant. The one where I proposed to you years ago.....

Diana – No...?

Peter – You didn't forget what day it is, did you?

Diana – Oh, right...

Peter – You forgot our wedding anniversary.

Diana – Until now, it was usually you who forgot about these things...

Peter – Well, you see... Things can change... Even I can evolve...

Diana (*taking the flowers*) – Thank you...

Peter – I've booked for nine o'clock. Is that okay, or should I call to say we'll arrive a bit later?

Diana – Well, I... I suggested to Vince that we could have a drink.

Peter – For an aperitif?

Diana – We can still go to dinner afterward.

Peter (*sarcastic*) – With Vince...?

Diana prefers not to answer.

Diana – I'll put the flowers in water.

She exits. Peter resumes the search for his rat.

Peter – Gloria? Come over here, my beauty! If you don't want to end up like Madame Bovary... (*He continues searching the room for a moment before exiting while still looking.*) Gloria?

Diana returns with the flowers in a vase.

Diana – If you prefer, I can cancel with Vince...

She realises Peter isn't there, sighs, and tries to find a place on the table for the vase.

The doorbell rings. She places the vase and answers the door. She returns with Vince, a well-dressed and confident man.

Vince – Have you talked to him?

Diana – No... It wasn't the right time.

Vince – What's the right time for a woman to tell her husband she's leaving him?

Diana – It's our wedding anniversary... I forgot.

Vince – I see...

Diana – I won't tell him that I'm leaving him to be with his best friend on our wedding anniversary.

Vince – It's getting urgent, isn't it? You're pregnant, haven't forgotten, have you?

Diana – No, I haven't forgotten, rest assured...

Vince – Are you sure it's mine, at least?

Diana – That's a delicate question on your part.

Vince – Sorry, but...

Diana – We've never been able to have a child with Peter. We never really tried to figure out whose fault it was, anyway...

Vince – Well, now you know.

Diana – And besides, the only somewhat intimate relationships he's had for a very long time are with his lab rats...

Vince – Right... And he'll soon be able to devote himself full time to his personal projects.

Diana – What do you mean by that?

Vince – If you're not determined to separate from him, I am. I've kept him at the lab for years to please you, but it's really not possible anymore.

Diana – Not today, Vince. Not tonight, please.

Vince – The lab isn't doing that well, you see. I'm not running a charity. I have to answer to our shareholders.

Peter returns. He has changed but is not as elegant as Vince.

Peter – Oh, hi Vince.

Vince – Good evening, Peter. I hope I'm not disturbing.

Peter – Not at all. But Diana forgot to tell me that you were dropping by for a drink. She probably wanted to surprise me, no doubt...

Vince glances at the table cluttered with research equipment.

Vince – I see you're bringing work home...

Peter – Yes...

Vince – I assume it's not on the new project I assigned you that you're doing overtime.

Peter prefers to dodge the question, but Diana picks up on it.

Diana – Oh yes... This new totally revolutionary anti-aging night cream... So, Peter? Are you going to find a miracle product to guarantee women eternal youth?

Peter – Cosmetics and I, you know... It's not really my expertise...

Diana – Too bad... An anti-aging cream, that could soon interest me.

Peter – Come on, darling. You're still way too young for that.

Vince – So you haven't given up on your famous anti-cold vaccine...

Peter – It's amazing how many people seem to be bothered by it. For such a harmless research project. At least, that's your perspective...

Vince – I apologise for being pragmatic, but the lab generates a significant portion of its revenue from products treating cold symptoms. Don't expect me to celebrate the idea of our revenue collapsing. If only it were to save the planet from a deadly epidemic.

Peter – Yes... That's what Diana tells me too.

Vince – I'd appreciate it if you could show more interest in cosmetology. That's where our highest profits come from. The shareholders are a bit nervous at the moment, Peter. It's not out of the question that they might ask me to trim the dead branches...

Peter – Sounds like a notice of dismissal...

Diana – Well... we're not going to spend the evening talking about work.

Vince – Sorry, Diana. So, what are we talking about?

Peter – You're right... I've leaned on our friendship a bit too much in recent years. It wouldn't be fair for me to request financial support for research that seems to interest only me.

Vince – So you're giving up?

Peter – Let's put it this way... I'll give it until the end of the month. I plan to test the final prototype of the vaccine. If it doesn't work, I'll abandon the project. From then on, I'll concentrate solely on beauty products. And on you, my darling... I promise.

Diana – Very well... So, are we having a drink, yes or no?

Vince – That's why we're here, isn't it?

Peter – Will you join us for dinner? I've booked for two, but I can call them back...

Vince – Not tonight, Peter. Diana is right, I think it's not the right time...

Peter – So, you remembered? Diana had forgotten, can you believe it?

Vince – She must have had something else on her mind...

Peter – My wife forgets the date of our wedding, but my best friend remembers.

Vince – I was your witness, after all...

Peter – That's true.

Diana (*uncomfortable*) – Well, then what will you have for an aperitif?

Blackout

An espresso machine graces the table, nestled among experimental equipment and the cage. Peter, cup in hand, reviews some experiment results. Diana enters and spots the coffee machine.

Diana – Did you purchase an espresso machine?

Peter – Yes... We have the same one at the lab, but now that I'm working from home too...

Diana – I see... Keeping up with the little habits, I suppose... (*Approaching the machine*) Does it work with coins or tokens?

Peter – It's complimentary. However, there's a small basket right next to it. We contribute whatever we want. It's for buying capsules. They're quite pricey... (*She gives him an incredulous look.*) Just kidding, obviously...

Diana – Alright... And where are the capsules?

Peter – In the basket, actually.

Diana – I'll try not to confuse them with one of your lethal concoctions.

Peter – For the morning, I recommend Fortissimo. It would wake the dead.

Diana – Thanks for the advice.

She places the capsule and starts the machine.

Peter – I probably shouldn't say this, but I was a bit disappointed with last night's dinner. (*She gives him a surprised look.*) No, I'm not talking about... us. I mean that Italian restaurant. It used to be better, didn't it?

Diana – Better? You mean... before we got married?

Peter – We did go there a few times after, didn't we?

Diana – It's not the restaurant that changed, Peter. It's us. We were young. We were in love.

Peter – We were hungry...

Diana – Yes. We didn't need three aperitifs to get a bit hungry.

Peter – In fact, we couldn't afford three aperitifs.

Diana – Not even one.

Peter (*imitating a waiter*) – Will you be having an aperitif to start, ladies and gentlemen?

Diana – No, thanks...

Peter – A quarter of red, please.

Diana – We need to talk, Peter.

Peter – Yes...

Diana – I don't have all my life, you know... I'm not getting any younger...

Peter – Neither am I...

Diana – But I'm a woman... I can't wait, Peter. I can't wait for you anymore. And you can see that between us...

Peter – I didn't see the poisoned wheat you put in the kitchen.

Diana – That's because the rat ate it.

Peter – Poor Gloria.

Diana – It's a lab rat. Not a pet.

Peter – Yes, but I had administered my serum to her.

Diana – Your serum?

Peter – I mean my vaccine.

Diana – Is it really a vaccine for the cold?

Peter – What?

Diana – What you're looking for. Is it really a vaccine for the cold?

Peter – You know what Picasso said: 'I do not seek, I find.' Sometimes, we search for one thing and find another.

Diana – It works for people too, Peter. Sometimes, we search for someone... and find someone else...

Peter starts searching again.

Peter – Even dead, she must be somewhere this poor thing...

Diana – I'll get ready.

Peter – You wanted to talk.

Diana – Not now. I feel like your mind is elsewhere. Maybe when you've mourned your Gloria...

Diana leaves.

Peter – Unfortunately, it seems I'll need to find another guinea pig. (*Peter notices something in the cage, stands up, and goes to investigate*) No? Gloria! Have you returned? And you appear to be in great shape, my beauty! It's incredible. You survived the dinner my charming wife served you last night. You're lucky. Mine didn't sit well with me. Come on, let's get back to work. Amazing Gloria... I believe you're not done surprising us.

Peter exits, carrying the cage. Diana returns, finishing her coffee. The doorbell rings. She answers and comes back with Vince.

Vince – So, how was that little romantic dinner...?

Diana – Please, it's really not the right time.

Vince – It wasn't the right time yesterday either. When will be the right time, exactly?

Diana – I don't know...

He embraces her.

Vince – I love you, Diana. And I can't wait any longer.

Diana – Neither can I, I assure you. But I've always hated scenes.

He kisses her. She allows it, then pulls away.

Diana – You're crazy... He could catch us...

Vince – Good. It would save us explanations, wouldn't it?

Diana – Not like this, Vince. We were married for... I'll talk to him, I promise...

Vince – When?

Diana – When the time is right.

Vince – Alright, then listen: we'll say I decide when it's the right time, okay?

Diana – Okay.

Vince – And for me, the right time is now. Do you love me, yes or no?

Diana – Of course...

Vince – And him? Do you still love him?

Diana – No, I swear...

Vince – Then if you don't tell him, I will.

Diana – I'll tell him. It's better if it's me.

Vince – Okay. But you tell him now. I'll wait for you downstairs, at the café. Join me with your suitcase after you've talked to him, and tonight you sleep at home.

Diana – It's a promise.

Vince – We'll come to pick up the rest of your things later.

Diana – You're right; we need to put an end to this.

Vince – I understand it's not easy for you. It's turning a page. But for us, it's a new life beginning.

Diana – I know... Now, go.

Vince leaves. Peter returns. He seems very agitated.

Peter (*distracted*) – Ah, you're here... I thought you had already left...

Diana – This time, I really need to talk to you, Peter... (*Peter nervously rummages through his experiment notes.*) You can't keep avoiding this. Are you listening to what I'm saying?

Peter – I think I've found something.

Diana – What do you mean, something?

Peter – I remind you that I'm a researcher. Researchers sometimes find something. Even me...

Diana – Your cold vaccine?

Peter – Better than that, believe me.

Diana – There's already a vaccine for the flu. Are you aware?

Peter – I never looked for a cold vaccine, Diana. It was just an excuse.

Diana – An excuse?

Peter – A cover, if you prefer. So they'd leave me alone at the lab.

Diana – You never looked for a cold vaccine?

Peter – Well, initially, but... I quickly realised it was a means to... an entry point for...

Diana – Could you finish your sentences?

Peter – It's not easy to say, believe me.

Diana – Try anyway.

Peter – Life is a scam, Diana.

Diana – If that's your discovery... it really wasn't worth dedicating so many years of your life to this research...

Peter – Cells have a built-in programmed obsolescence device. Like washing machines or microwaves.

Diana – You don't have to talk to me like I'm an idiot either. I studied medicine too, you know. Before becoming a grocer...

Peter – I used the cold virus to penetrate the cells and repair them.

Diana – Meaning...?

Peter – I found a way to neutralise the genetic mechanism that leads cells to their programmed death.

Diana – You mean that...

Peter – I believe I discovered the serum for eternal life.

Diana is stunned.

Blackout

We find Peter, nervously busy with his experimental equipment, and checking his notes. Diana watches him, visibly agitated. Peter finally looks up at her and starts pacing.

Diana – And you're really sure!

Peter – It was the last experiment I mentioned yesterday. With Gloria.

Diana – Gloria? Who's Gloria?

Peter – My rat, you know...

Diana – Oh yes, right.

Peter – I administered the serum to her yesterday morning. I've just reviewed the results. There's absolutely no doubt. The genetic makeup of this rat has been altered. Her DNA now enables her to live indefinitely.

Diana – Regrettably, at this hour, it's likely already deceased from something other than old age. It consumed all my wheat poisoned with arsenic.

Peter – Wait... What's even more extraordinary is that Gloria survived that poisoning. She's here, pedalling in her cage. Look!

Diana – In addition to living forever, would she also be protected against all causes of premature death?

Peter – Yes, it's a possibility... In any case, we already know she's resistant to arsenic...

Diana (*looking at the cage*) – It's true that she appears to be in great shape. For a rat that just consumed a dose of poison sufficient to kill an 80-kilogram man.

Diana's mobile phone rings. She looks at the number but doesn't answer the call.

Peter – Aren't you going to answer? It might be important...

Diana – Important? Are you kidding me! What could possibly be important after what you just told me? (*The phone continues to ring.*) Excuse me, I'll just send a text to be left alone... (*She nervously sends a text while Peter also types on his phone.*) I'm having trouble grasping all the implications of such a discovery...

Peter – Yes, me too.

Diana – In any case, for now, we shouldn't tell anyone.

Peter – You're the only person I've told.

Diana – Not even Vince?

Peter – Not yet...

Diana – Are you confident in your discovery? I mean, can you truly produce this vaccine?

Peter – Yes, I believe so... I have only a small amount of the vaccine liquid left. What Gloria left me. But theoretically, I know the process to create more.

Diana – And of course, you've noted all this somewhere?

Peter (*pointing to his head*) – It's all up here... I prefer...

Diana – I'm not sure if that's very prudent.

Peter – Why not?

Diana – I don't know... in case something happens to you...

Peter – Exactly. Given the importance of this discovery, I wonder if being the only one to know the formula isn't my best life insurance.

Diana – I see... You're like the druid Getafix... You prefer to keep the recipe for your magic potion a secret... But you do know how to make more, right?

Peter – Of course, it would take me a bit of time but...

Diana – How long?

Peter – I don't know... Two or three weeks... a bit less if I'm given the necessary means. I remind you that until now, I've been working in the living room...

Diana – Once the news is out, we won't be able to stop it. It will spread like wildfire.

Peter – When a lab releases a new version of a vaccine with side effects, people are ready to fight to get the old formula back. Can you imagine what it would be like for a serum for eternal life?

Diana – It would be a riot.

Peter – That's why I want to take the time to think about it... Can you imagine? It could have even more catastrophic consequences than the atomic bomb.

Diana – Still, it's not exactly the same thing.

Peter – Allowing people to live forever is much worse for the planet than making them die prematurely, believe me.

Diana – And how much of this vaccine liquid do you have left exactly?

Peter – I don't know... Not much.

Diana – But enough to test it on human beings?

Peter – It's still an experimental vaccine.

Diana – What do we risk? Besides becoming immortal... So?

Peter – For two people at most.

Diana – Two people...

Peter – Honestly, I don't know what to do... I had thought about it, of course, but now that it's here...

Diana – You're right... We shouldn't rush.

Peter – On the other hand, it won't be easy to keep such news a secret for a very long time... Especially once I've told Vince...

Diana – But you haven't told him yet, right?

Peter – No.

Diana – There might be a waiting solution.

Peter – What?

Diana – We test the product on ourselves!

Peter – The two of us?

Diana – Like Pierre and Marie Curie with radium!

Peter – I don't recognise you anymore, Diana... Just an hour ago, you were telling me I was wasting my time and should work on cosmetic products, and now you're ready to offer yourself to science.

Diana – You told me you were working on a cold vaccine! Not an elixir of eternal life...

Peter – Yeah, obviously...

Diana – It would be temporary, of course... We try the product on ourselves, see how it goes, and take the time to think. We would have all the time in the world. We would be immortal!

Peter – I don't know... Even for us, we need to consider the consequences...

Diana – What consequences?

Peter – The consequences... of living forever!

Diana – I'm ready to take the risk. We'll see afterward.

Peter – It's a significant decision. The process is probably irreversible.

Diana – But Peter, we're talking about never dying and staying eternally young! Any woman would kill for that!

Peter – Yes... That's exactly what worries me...

The doorbell rings.

Diana – Who could that be?

Peter – It's Vince.

Diana – How do you know?

Peter – I sent him a text earlier, asking him to come.

Diana – Oh really? Why?

Peter – He's my boss! He runs the lab. Even though objectively, I made this discovery privately, I'm under contract. Legally, everything I find belongs to the company.

Diana – Are you sure about that?

Peter – It's in my contract, I checked... (*The doorbell rings again.*) I'll open it. We can't leave him at the door... I invited him to come.

Peter goes to open the door and comes back with Vince.

Peter – You came quickly. Were you around?

Vince – I was downstairs at the café. So, where are we at?

Peter – It's not very easy to say. You must be wondering why I asked you to come urgently like this...

Vince – I have an idea...

Peter – Oh really? (*To Diana*) Did you already tell him? Was that the text?

Diana – No... Well, yes... I think it's a misunderstanding...

Vince – A misunderstanding? Listen, Peter, we're friends, it's true. And we work together. After that, in life, there are moments when...

Diana – Maybe it's best if you hear Peter out directly.

Vince – I'm here for that.

Peter – Are you sure you don't want to sit down?

Vince – I'm fine, thanks...

Diana – No, but I want to prepare you—it's quite significant.

Vince – Well, let's finish this comedy then?

Peter – Fine, you're right. So here it is. For years, I've been telling you I'm working on a cold vaccine.

Vince – Yes...

Peter – Well, that's not true.

Vince – Really...

Peter – I've been engaged in a far more ambitious project, and it has just reached its culmination today.

Vince – And what have you uncovered, Einstein? A potion for regrowing hair?

Peter – A serum for eternal life.

Vince is taken aback.

Vince – Is this a joke? So, that's why you two brought me here? To make fun of me?

Peter – Calm down, it's serious, I assure you.

Vince – And you, aren't you saying anything?

Diana – It's not a joke, Vince.

Peter – Since embarking on my research journey, my primary focus has consistently circled around one central idea: investigating the aging process within cells. My ambitious goal? To interrupt this inevitable cycle by strategically modifying their genetic code. And guess what? I'm not the only mad scientist on this mission!

Vince – No... But no one has succeeded yet.

Peter – Well, I have...

Vince – You? Here? In your dining room?

Peter – The cold virus served as a Trojan horse in my experiment. I engineered it to infiltrate the cells and alter their functionality, selectively inhibiting certain processes while activating others. I was on the verge of a breakthrough when you intervened and requested a halt to my research.

Vince – Why didn't you tell me anything?

Peter – I needed to be certain that my findings were genuine. After that, I wanted the time to reflect and, well, take some precautions.

Vince – Precautions? What kind of precautions are we talking about here?

Peter – I aimed to safeguard my discovery, to secure it properly. I needed to figure out what I wanted to do with it – with a clear conscience.

Vince – Conscience? You've stumbled upon the secret to eternal life, and you're talking about a clear conscience?

Diana – As they say, 'Science without conscience is only the ruin of the soul.'...

Peter – You see, at this point, it's crucial that this information remains strictly between the three of us

Vince appears to be warming up to the idea.

Vince – Well, it would undoubtedly be a fantastic discovery for the lab, that's for sure...

Diana – For the lab? Are you kidding, Vince? It's not just about the lab – it's about achieving immortality. Better yet, eternal youth. We're not discussing anti-aging creams or trivialities like that.

Vince – You're right... This is beyond monumental.

Diana – Well done, Peter. You've always been the best among us...

Vince twitches a bit.

Vince – Did you secure the results of your research, at least? Is everything at the lab?

Peter – Everything is right here...

Vince – Here?

Peter – You forbade me to work on this at the lab!

Vince – We absolutely need to make a public announcement about this, Peter. Right away. File a patent. Because if other teams are also working on this...

A pause.

Diana – Peter is hesitating to unveil his discovery...

Vince – Hesitating?

Peter – Vince, this isn't just a run-of-the-mill discovery. It's a profound revolution. Imagine, living forever! It would reshape everything – economy, society, philosophy, religion...

Diana – Think about the uproar from in vitro immaculate conception. Now picture challenging the Church with the promise of eternal life?

Vince – And this time, it's right here on Earth, not in the afterlife...

Peter – Exactly. That's the risk we're facing. That we might become... gods.

Vince – I'm okay with that.

Peter – It's not that simple, Vince. We're talking about a total civilisation rupture. I'm not sure the world is ready for it.

Vince – I understand... It's true that we need to take the time to think before dropping this atomic bomb. But, let's not forget, this discovery also belongs to the lab.

Peter – I don't think you fully grasp the stakes, my friend.

Vince – I just wanted to remind you of the legal framework.

Peter – Are you planning to sue me to get the patent back, is that it?

Vince – Why not?

Diana – Given the slowness of the justice system, one would need to be immortal to hope to witness a judgment one day.

Peter – When I mentioned everything was here, Vince, (*pointing to his head*) I meant it's all up here.

Vince – What if I punch you in the face to help you remember who funded all your research?

Diana – Come on, calm down! This is ridiculous!

Peter – You see? It's already beginning... I will think about it, and I will make a decision consciously. However, it's not through violence that you'll get from me the secret of eternal life.

Diana – I never expected to hear such a phrase in my own living room...

Vince – I see... You're in talks with other labs...

Peter – It's not about that, Vince. It's a matter of ethics.

Vince – Ethics? Since when does the pharmaceutical industry concern itself with ethics?

Peter – Anyway, I assure you, if I decide to entrust my discovery to a lab, it will be yours.

Vince – You can't be serious about relinquishing the opportunity to develop and share this discovery with the world?

Diana – It's true; that would be a bit selfish. Think about me, at least... Well, about us...

Peter – If you'll excuse me, I need some solitude to ponder these matters.

He exits.

Vince – Do you really think he can do that?

Diana – Scientists have been working on this for a long time... Eternal life... No one believed it, but well... After all... Yes, it's possible.

Vince – What I meant is, do you think that fool is naive enough to jeopardise the results of his research? You heard him! It's all in his head. If he has a heart attack or gets hit by a car later

Diana – He's an idealist. He always has been, you know that. So yes, he's capable of it...

Vince – After all I've done for him.

Diana – Don't exaggerate, come on... You sleep with his wife, and you wanted to fire him...

Vince – What if we discreetly tried to retrieve the serum? We could have it analysed...

Diana – I don't know what he did with it. I assume he didn't leave it lying around. Did you hear him? He mentioned taking precautions...

Vince – The fucking bastard...

Diana – And then he mentioned there was hardly any left. Barely enough to test it on two people.

Vince – That would be enough for the two of us...

Diana – Yes...

Vince – Unless he decides to share with you... You are not fucking with me, are you?

Diana – If I were you, I'd avoid using that kind of expression.

Vince – Oh, right... I apologise...

Diana – Do you think if he knew about us, he'd be willing to share with us?

Vince – You're right... Let's keep it under wraps for now...

Diana – See, it wasn't the right time.

Vince – It's fine... Don't push too hard, though.

Diana – So, what do we do?

Vince – We'd have to persuade him. Propose something. A deal.

Diana – You know power and money don't appeal to him.

Vince – Then what?

Diana – What if you let me handle it? I know him better than anyone; I'm his wife. I'll call you when I manage to convince him.

Vince – To reconcile in bed and strike a little deal behind my back? No way, I'm staying here.

Peter returns.

Vince – So, have you thought it over?

Diana gives him a disapproving look, indicating his lack of finesse.

Diana – Anyway, I wanted to tell you how proud I am of you. It's true, at certain moments, I doubted. But deep down, I knew that one day you would surprise us all.

She makes a gesture of affection. This time, it's Vince who gives her a stern look.

Vince – Do you realise? This is a guaranteed Nobel! Not to mention what it could bring us... This thing is the jackpot, my friend! We hit the jackpot!

Peter – I just came to make some coffee.

He starts the espresso machine.

Vince – Funny, we have the exact same one at the lab.

Peter – Don't worry, I didn't steal your espresso machine either. I bought another one, that's all... With my own money... The money I used to finance my research since you asked me to stop pursuing it at the lab...

Peter takes his cup and leaves.

Diana – Well done! What finesse...

Vince – You can talk! You'd be willing to sell yourself to get what you want from him!

Diana – And on top of that, you know how to talk to women... Sell myself? I remind you, he's my husband!

Vince – A husband you wanted to leave just a few hours ago...

Diana (*excited*) – Any woman would do anything to stay forever young...

Vince – Anything? Even leave me?

Diana (*with a very unsettling look*) – Even kill.

Vince – You're starting to scare me, Diana. I'm rediscovering you, I assure you...

Diana makes an effort to regain composure.

Diana – I'm sorry... (*She has a tender gesture toward him*) I think we're losing our minds with this whole thing...

Vince – There's a reason for that.

Diana – We need to calm down and think.

Vince – Maybe there's enough for three after all?

Diana – He said barely enough for two. And it's still an experimental treatment. Only tested on Gloria.

Vince – Gloria? Who's Gloria? Don't tell me he has a mistress too!

Diana – It's a rat.

Vince – A rat?

Diana – His lab rat. It became immortal. I tried poisoning it with arsenic, but it's resistant to all toxins!

Vince – I'm not sure I understood everything, but well...

Diana – Perhaps I should be the sole candidate for testing this serum, considering its potential dangers..

Vince – So, you'd agree to be a guinea pig? What courage. And what generosity. I haven't always known you to be so committed to research...

Diana – It would take years before potential market authorisation. We'll be dead by then...

Vince – Yes... And besides, it's likely that the government would have something to say about it. Can you imagine the consequences if no one died anymore?

Diana – We already can't afford pensions.

Vince – On the other hand, the working population could work forever...

Diana – You're right. It might not be that simple...

They reflect for a moment in silence.

Vince – What time is it?

He checks his watch.

Diana – What are you thinking?

Vince – Right now? I'm thinking I'm hungry. I ordered a club sandwich at the cafe, but I didn't have time to eat it...

Diana – At least, all this doesn't spoil your appetite... I'll go make some sandwiches.

Diana exits. Peter returns.

Vince – Diana is preparing sandwiches for us...

Peter – You'll see, she's not a gourmet chef, but she makes excellent club sandwiches.

Vince – I'm sorry about earlier... I got a bit carried away. But obviously, such a discovery can quickly go to one's head.

Peter – And besides that, do you have anything else to tell me?

Vince – Yes... Actually, yes... I have something to tell you... I've wanted to talk to you about it for a long time, but...

Peter – I'm listening...

Vince – I... Well, I am...

Peter – Yes?

Vince – It's not easy to say.

Peter – Don't worry, I already know.

Vince – Oh, really?

Peter – You really take me for a fool.

Vince – I'm not sure we're talking about the same thing.

Peter – I don't know. What are you talking about?

Diana comes back from behind, and they don't see her.

Vince – I am... Well... I have cancer.

Peter – Serious?

Vince – Well, yes. Do you know of any that aren't serious?

Peter – I'm really sorry to hear that. If there's anything I can do for you...

Vince – In fact, according to the doctors, I only have a few months left...

Peter – Oh, damn...

Vince – A year at most. So, you understand that in my condition... Any medication, even experimental, at worst, would only shorten my suffering by a few weeks.

Peter – Really?

Vince – You know that if we follow the legal procedures for human experimentation, we're in for years.

Peter – Yes, that's true.

Vince – I'm taking the risk, Peter.

Peter – For the love of science, then.

Vince – Yes, you could say that. Obviously, if you want to test it with me.

Peter – Thank you...

Vince – I've always supported you, haven't I? And between us, we won't have too many lives to develop this discovery. You're a scientist. A genius, one might say.

Peter – Please.

Vince – But you're not a manager. You'll need someone to support you... to protect you...

Diana – You've got some nerve!

They turn around, realising that Diana has heard everything.

Vince – Oh, you were here...

Diana – Don't listen to him, Peter. He's never had cancer. He's perfectly healthy, that bastard.

Vince – How do you know anyway? I could very well be sick and just haven't told you.

Diana – I don't know... just a feeling. They say the best ones go first. So, with or without serum, you're guaranteed to live a very long time.

Vince – You bitch.

Peter – Remember, you're talking about my wife.

Vince – Your wife, yes. Let's talk about her. She's cheating on you with anyone!

Diana – Oh yeah? And with whom, for example?

Vince realises he spoke too quickly.

Peter – Yes, with whom?

Diana – Well, with your best friend! You know? The one with a severe terminal illness.

Vince – You bitch!

Peter – I hope I'm not bothering you too much? I find out my wife is cheating on me, and on top of that, I have to witness your domestic quarrels?

Vince – I'm sorry, Peter. It was a mistake. I mean... an accident. It's her who...

Diana – That's right, I raped him. I took advantage of his weakness. With his illness, you understand...

Vince – Okay, I'm not sick. I just said that to volunteer. For a clinical trial, I mean. Even if I have to risk my life...

Diana – You've always had a sacrificial spirit...

Vince – I swear I was determined to break up. I couldn't stand this situation anymore. That's why I came, actually. To talk about it.

Diana – Oh, please...

Vince – Admit that unlike her, I always believed in you. And I always supported you.

Diana – Tell me about it. He came to tell you he was leaving with your wife and kicking you out of the lab.

Peter – I'm disappointed... Very disappointed... My wife... My best friend...

Diana – I assure you that...

Peter – Shut up, both of you.

Vince – Listen, Peter...

Peter – Get out. I need some fresh air. Let me breathe.

The other two leave, looking a bit sheepish. Peter waits until they're gone, then starts whistling carelessly.

Peter – I told you, Gloria. People are much worse than rats... At least, I can trust you. Do you realise that this bitch wanted to poison you? Luckily for you, I managed to retrieve that arsenic-laced wheat before you made it your afternoon snack. (*He takes out a bag from his pocket and pours its contents into a coffee grinder*) I wonder what arsenic mixed with fair-trade coffee tastes like...

He grinds the wheat grains with the coffee before carefully placing the mixture into an emptied coffee capsule. Vince and Diana return.

Vince – Sorry, but... we prefer not to leave you alone.

Diana – We want to make sure you're not going to do something foolish.

Vince – A desperate act, in a fit of anger, that you might regret.

Peter – If I were to commit a desperate act, I don't think I'd have the opportunity to regret it, right?

Diana – We were thinking more of... the possibility that you erase the traces of this fantastic discovery.

Peter – Alright... Since you're still here, let's finish this. I'll tell you what I've decided.

Vince – We're listening, and we'll respect your decision, whatever it is. Right, Diana?

Diana – Absolutely.

Peter – I've been working on this project for years. I've had time to reflect on the consequences that immortality could have on humanity.

Diana – And...?

Peter – I think it would be hell...

Vince – Hell? You're exaggerating.

Peter – Not to mention the economic and social upheavals, which would be significant; there would be no more generational turnover. Why bother having children when you live forever?

Vince – I've managed just fine without children so far. You too, right? So, what's the problem?

Peter – We would all be sentenced to exist in a world of elderly individuals, confined within youthful bodies. A stagnant reality where the concept of evolution finds no foothold.

Vince – Evolution isn't always a good thing.

Diana – Especially when it evolves for the worse.

Peter – No, life should persist as a circle. A cycle if you prefer. Not an infinite straight line leading to nowhere.

Diana – It might surprise you, Peter, but I'm not far from sharing your opinion.

Vince – Really?

Diana – That's why I think it's better to keep this discovery a secret and test it on ourselves. We'll have plenty of time to think about what we want to do with it later.

Peter – No, Diana. Living forever would be a life sentence. Even for us.

Vince – In that case, I'm okay with a life sentence.

Peter – Of course, it sounds wonderful like that. But imagine what it would be like when everyone we know is dead.

Diana – Personally, I'm not sure I'd regret it that much...

Vince – I agree with you on that.

Peter – Most people, by the time they reach sixty, have almost no desires left. No family. No friends.

Diana – Speak for yourself.

Peter – By eighty, they're generally tired of life.

Vince – Not everyone...

Peter – At a hundred, they're just waiting for death to bring them relief. So, imagine the level of weariness after two or three hundred million years.

Diana – Two or three hundred million? I feel like I won the lottery... I'd be satisfied with that, I assure you. Even if I had to die in excruciating pain after that time.

Vince – And if people are tired of life, it's because they're old and in poor health.

Diana – Your rat even survived arsenic!

Vince – When we get tired, we can always commit suicide!

Peter – With arsenic?

Silence.

Diana – Alright, so what have you decided?

Peter – We're playing with fire here. We're meddling with forces beyond the grasp of us mere mortals. When humans attempt to rival the gods, it often ends badly. The Greeks, the inventors of tragedy, had already understood it very well...

Vince – The Greeks? And in plain English, what does that mean?

Peter – I'm going to obliterate this vaccine, ensuring no one gets to use it. Gloria alone will bear the gift of immortality on this earth. Nonetheless she might also evolve herself. With time. Who knows, you may be witnessing the rise of the next deity, before whom our distant successors will one day bow. Gloria! Gloria in excelsis deo...!

Diana – But you're completely insane!

Peter – I've always believed that it wasn't God who created man... but that man would eventually create God.

Vince – Or maybe he's messing with us...

Peter – You said you would respect my decision... whatever it may be.

Diana – We won't let you do this.

Vince – Where is this vaccine?

Peter – You won't find it. It's hidden in a place where you'll never be able to find it.

Vince – That's what you think...

Diana – Be reasonable, Peter. If you've made this discovery, sooner or later, someone else will too.

Vince – That's true. You're not that much of a genius either!

Diana – So, you might as well be the one who goes down in history as the man who brought eternal life to humanity.

Vince – Alright, enough joking. Where is this elixir?

Peter – You won't get it.

Vince – I've been paying you for years for nothing. Now it's time to pay up...

Diana – Be reasonable, Peter.

Vince – We're going to get it out of him. Anyway, there's no serum for three; he said it himself.

Diana – You're right. Let's keep this discovery to ourselves. What's the use of immortality if it's shared by everyone?

Vince – You're going to tell us where your elixir is. And you're going to tell us how to make it. In case the effect of this magic potion wouldn't be permanent.

He advances, threatening. Peter pulls out a revolver. Vince recoils.

Peter – I knew it could end like this. I warned you. I took precautions.

Diana – But it's my gun!

Vince – You have a gun too?

Diana – The one from the pharmacy. You advised me to get one after my third robbery.

Vince – Oh yes, that's true... but I didn't think you would actually do it...

Diana – I thought it was stolen. Turns out, I wasn't wrong.

Peter – I took it when I came to see you last week for lunch.

Diana – So that's why. I was surprised by that unexpected visit. It didn't seem like you.

Vince – Come on, Peter, this isn't serious. What do you plan to do? Kill both of us?

Peter – Not if I can avoid it. But if it comes to that to prevent the world from plunging into apocalypse.

Vince – Now you think you're Jesus Christ? True, he also promised eternal life.

Peter – And he didn't keep his promises either.

Diana – Come on, everyone calm down. I think we've all lost our minds a bit...

Peter – Stop your chatter. I know what I'm dealing with now. How long has this been going on between you two?

Diana – Five years.

Vince – Did you really have to tell him that?

Diana – But intermittently, I assure you.

Vince – Be careful anyway; these things go off easily. And you probably don't have much experience.

Peter – Don't advance any further, and everything will be fine. In fact, both of you can leave now. Isn't that what you desired? Well, there you have it. I'm open-minded. I'm granting you your freedom. I'll allow you to depart together. Be happy until the end of your days. You have my blessing. And my final farewell...

Diana – Is it not going to end like this, Peter?

Peter – Why? Do you have something else to suggest? A threesome, perhaps?

Diana – But you'll be all alone, darling. Forever.

Peter – You already forgot our wedding anniversary, and you want us to be married for eternity?

Diana – Listen, there's something I haven't told you.

Peter – What now?

Diana – I'm pregnant.

Peter – With my child?

Diana – Yes. I'm sure of it.

Vince – Great... A moment ago, you swore to me that...

Peter – So I'm going to be a father?

Surprised, Peter slips, stumbles, and the revolver slips from his grasp. Vince seizes the opportunity, retrieving the weapon and swiftly aiming it at Peter.

Vince – Enough joking. Now you're going to tell us where the serum is.

Peter – Okay... But there's one thing I haven't told you either.

Vince – What now?

Peter – I've already taken one dose.

Diana – One dose?

Peter – There's only one left.

Vince – Bastard.

Diana – What if he's saying that to divide us?

Vince aims the revolver at her.

Vince – Well, he succeeded...

Diana – You're not going to do that, Vince! Remember that I'm carrying your child...

Vince – This kid swaps fathers every five minutes. Do you even know who the father is? Besides, I've never had paternal instincts... So, where's this serum? What's this secret hiding place that we could never find?

Peter – Nespresso capsules, in the basket.

Vince – You're kidding me.

Peter – No.

Vince – I warn you, even if you're immortal, you're not bulletproof.

Peter – Who knows... The rat survived arsenic...

Vince approaches the basket.

Vince – Which one?

Peter – Fair-trade coffee.

Vince – How do I know you're not lying?

Peter – What do you have to lose by trying? At worst, you'll have had a good coffee and supported poor farmers toiling in Central America.

Vince puts the capsule in the machine and starts it.

Vince – I hope for your sake that you're telling the truth...

Peter – That... You'll find out in about fifty years.

The coffee brews.

Vince – I can tell you now. I've always hated you.

Peter – Rather say you've always been jealous of me. That's why you insisted on having Diana, right?

Vince – You, the top student. You, the idealist.

Peter – Yet I found the elixir of eternal youth...

Vince – Yes, but you were never able to father a child with her.

Peter – Who knows...

Vince – Well, when the coffee is ready, you have to drink it...

Vince is about to drink.

Diana – I beg you, leave me some! You used to say you loved me.

Vince – That was before... This nectar of the gods is for me.

He imprudently puts the revolver down to drink from the cup. Diana seizes it and points it at him.

Diana – Put down that cup right now if you don't want a shorter life.

Vince cautiously puts the cup down.

Vince – Okay... But be careful with that...

Diana – Move away.

Diana approaches the cup. Vince attempts a manoeuvre to intercept.

Vince – You're not going to shoot the father of your child...

She shoots at point-blank range. He collapses.

Peter – What have you done?

Diana – I warned him. It was him or me.

She puts the revolver down and drinks the cup eagerly.

Peter – Well, there we go. Now we're together again. Until death do us part. And since we're immortal...

Diana – This potion has a bitter taste.

Peter – It's medicine.

Diana – How long does it take to take effect?

Peter – About ten minutes.

Diana – So, are we eternal now?

Peter – Like our love.

Diana – I truly loved you, you know... At the beginning. Over time, I got bored. If we had had a child, maybe...

Peter – That's a shame. You don't love me anymore, we're married forever, and we can't even have a child.

Diana – I'm already pregnant.

Peter – And when he grows up, what will you tell him? That you killed his father?

Diana – I'm not obligated to keep it.

Peter – Fine.

Diana – And we're not obligated to stay together either.

Peter – Immortality creates bonds, you know. Why do you think the Greek gods lived among themselves on Mount Olympus?

Diana – They too, sometimes bent the rules, mingling with ordinary mortals.

Peter – Perhaps in the beginning. But in a few hundred thousand years. In three hundred million years? When humans have vanished from this earth as a species. Or transformed into something else. It will only be the two of us of the same kind. For eternity.

Diana – We'll be the new Adam and Eve. Forever...

Peter – But our paradise could well be an eternal hell.

Diana (*grimacing*) – I already don't feel very well.

Peter – It's normal. There are always side effects. And it's an experimental drug.

Diana – You did survive it well, didn't you?

Peter – Yes...

Diana – Do you think I'll go to prison for killing Vince?

Peter – What do you have to lose? Even sentenced to life, you'll eventually get out. The guards will be dead before you.

Diana – You're right.

Diana sneezes.

Peter – Bless you...

Diana – It's the first cold I've ever caught.

Peter – Immortality doesn't suit you...

Diana – Now you can get back to your anti-cold vaccine.

Peter – I never stopped, Diana.

Diana – What?

Peter – Did you truly buy into this Fountain of Youth tale?

Diana – I'm not feeling well.

Peter – It's expected. What you just consumed is the arsenic you had planned for Gloria.

Diana – No...

Peter – Sorry, eternal life is no longer an option. However, you can still hope for eternal rest. If God forgives you for your crime...

Diana – What?

Peter – I haven't discovered anything at all, Diana. I too will die in a few years. But my revenge worked beyond all my expectations.

Diana – So, you knew about Vince and me?

Peter – Do you take me for a fool?

Diana – You'll die in prison... That will be my revenge.

Peter – What can I say? Life is a comedy that always ends badly.

Diana – Tell me it's not true... You didn't poison me! You didn't poison your wife?

Peter – You've been cheating on me for five years.

Diana – For you, at least, it will be life imprisonment.

Peter – Not necessarily.

Diana – And how do you plan to get out of this?

Peter – I'll tell you what happened. You'll like it; it's very romantic: she shoots her lover and poisons herself afterward.

Diana – Do you think the cops are stupid enough to buy that?

Peter – It's your fingerprints on the gun. It's the pharmacy's revolver. And you yourself took the arsenic from the pharmacy with which you just poisoned yourself...

Diana – You're the devil incarnate...

Peter – Failing to be a god...

Diana – And besides, you're a lousy researcher. In the end, I wasn't wrong about you. You found nothing at all, not even a vaccine for the cold...

Vince has a convulsion of agony.

Peter – Ah... I sense that this lab will require a new director... The one who sought to oust me, I'll step into his shoes... What irony...

Diana sneezes.

Peter – Bless you...

Diana – Thank you.

Diana collapses.

Peter – And there we go... The die is cast... (*Addressing the rat in the cage*) You see, Gloria, love stories, like farces, sometimes end very badly. (*He puts on his coat.*) Come on, be a good rat until I get back. I'll leave the cage door open, and there are some sandwiches in the kitchen, just in case it takes a while... I'll report this passionate drama to the local police station. That should be enough for them. (*He's about to leave.*) And if, unfortunately, I don't escape life imprisonment, you'll join me in prison, won't you? Cages, you're already accustomed to them.

He exits. Vince makes a move to get up. Diana does too. But they collapse again.

Blackout.

The End.

About the author

Born in 1955 in Auvers-sur-Oise (France), Jean-Pierre Martinez was first a drummer for several rock bands before becoming a semiologist in advertising. He then began a career writing television scripts before turning to theatre and writing plays. He has written close to a hundred scripts for television and as many plays, some of which have already become classics (*Friday the 13th*, *Strip Poker*). He is one of the most produced contemporary playwrights in France and in other francophone countries. Several of his plays are also available in Spanish and English, and are regularly produced in the United States and Latin America.

Amateur and professional theatre groups looking for plays to perform can download Jean-Pierre Martinez's plays for free from his website La Comédiathèque (<https://comediatheque.net/>). However, public productions are subject to SACD filing.

For those who prefer reading or working from books, printed versions of his plays can be purchased from Amazon for a price similar to that of photocopying this document.

Other plays by the same author translated in English:

A Cuckoo's nest
A simple business dinner
All's well that starts badly
An innocent little murder
Bed and Breakfast
Casket for two
Cheaters
Check to the Kings
Crash Zone
Crisis and Punishment
Critical but stable
Eurostar
Four stars
Fragile, handle with care
Friday the 13th
Heads or Tails
Him and Her
In lieu of flowers
Is there a pilot in the audience?
Is there an author in the audience?
Just a moment before the end of the world
Last chance encounter
Lovestruck at Swindlemore Hall
Miracle at Saint Mary Juana Abbey
New Year's Eve at the Morgue
One marriage out of two
Preliminaries
Quarantine
Running on Empty
Strip Poker
Surviving Mankind
The Costa Mucho Castaways
The Ideal Son-in-Law
The Jackpot
The Joker
The perfect Son-in-Law
The Performance is not cancelled
The Smell of Money
The Window across the courtyard
The Worst Village in England
Welcome aboard!

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