

La Comédiathèque



OFFSide

Jean-Pierre Martinez



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Offside

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Five strangers with nothing in common wake up locked in an unfamiliar place. Who brought them there, and for what purpose? The arrival of their two kidnappers only raises more questions than answers. Setting aside their differences, the hostages must work together, prioritizing the collective goal to survive and find a way out—carefully avoiding any missteps along the way.

Characters

Fred: unemployed comedian (male or female)

Bob: chef (male)

Alex: eco-friendly politician (ambiguous gender)

Carla: prostitute (potentially transgender)

Béatrice: nun

Alpha: extraterrestrial (masculine)

Omega: extraterrestrial (feminine)

7 characters

Possible distributions:

2M/5F, 3M/4F, 4M/3F, 5M/2F

Bob (male), Fred (female), and Alex (presumed female) are slouched unconscious on three futuristic-style armchairs at the back of the stage. Fred (treated here as a female, depicted as somewhat ungraceful) is the first to wake up. She sits up, rubbing her eyes, then looks around, seeming not to understand why she's there. She stands up, gradually regaining consciousness. It can be assumed she has a hangover. She is dressed in a trendy casual style. She takes a few stumbling steps. As she regains her senses and her steps become more assured, she appears even more surprised to find herself there. She then notices the two bodies slouched on the other armchairs. A new surprise, tinged this time with some concern. She walks around the room, searching for an exit but finds none. While her back is turned, Bob also wakes up and stands, in the same disoriented state as Fred when she first awoke. Bob is the rough macho type, dressed very traditionally. Fred turns around, sees Bob, and jumps, terrified.

Fred – Don't come near! I warn you, I know karate...

Bob is also surprised to see her but remains composed.

Bob – Who are you?

Fred (*after hesitation*) – I don't know. Well, I mean, I know who I am but... Where are we?

Bob – Well, we're definitely not at my place. (*He looks around.*) Are you sure we're not at yours?

Fred – I would know, wouldn't I? And why would both of us be at my place?

Bob – That... I wonder, indeed...

Fred – And we're not just the two of us.

Fred gestures towards the third body slouched on the last armchair, catching Bob's attention.

Bob – And do you know him?

Fred cautiously approaches and leans towards Alex.

Fred – It's more like a woman, isn't it?

Bob also approaches.

Bob – Yes, maybe...

Fred – Do you think she's dead?

Bob continues scanning the room.

Bob – Who?

Fred (*pointing to the body*) – Well, him! I mean, her...

Bob – I don't know! I'm not a forensic pathologist...

Fred – So what do we do?

Bob – You could try mouth-to-mouth, see what happens. If it's Sleeping Beauty, maybe she'll wake up.

Fred – And if it's a guy...

Bob – I think if it's a guy and you give him a kiss, he'll wake up too.

Fred – Maybe we were drugged...

Bob looks at her, perplexed.

Bob – Alright, I've had enough. I'm out of here...

He heads towards the wings.

Fred – There's no way out...

Bob – We'll see about that. It wouldn't be my first time busting down a door.

Fred – I believe you. You have the look of someone who would bust down doors. Especially open ones... (*While Bob looks stage left and right*) The problem is, here... there's not a door at all.

Bob seems taken aback.

Bob – No door? But how is that possible...

He checks one last time but has to face the truth.

Fred – No door, no window.

Bob – Those who brought us here, they must have entered through somewhere!

Fred – You think someone brought us here?

Bob – Do you remember coming here by yourself?

Fred – No...

Bob – So someone must have brought us here, logically.

Fred – Logically... What's illogical from the start is that it's just the two of us here. Well, the three of us...

A pause.

Bob – Why would they drug us?

Fred – I don't know... That would explain why we don't remember anything.

Bob – Oh yeah...?

Fred – I read about something like that with GHB.

Bob – GHB?

Fred – It's a date rape drug.

Bob – You seem to know a lot about drugs... What kind of drug is it?

Fred – It's a drug that rapists use on their victims. Like in a nightclub, they slip it into a whiskey coke. It makes them compliant, and they end up not remembering anything. You wouldn't have drugged me, would you?

Bob – Are you kidding? I never go to clubs anyway. I'm married, just so you know. And why wouldn't it be you who drugged me first?

Fred – Are you serious? Why would I do that?

Bob – I'd rather not know...

Fred – If I had drugged you, I would remember.

Bob – Unless you drank it too.

Fred – Drank what?

Bob – Your crap, there! The whiskey coke!

Fred – I think we've both been drugged.

Bob – But why me? Usually, they're not interested in guys, right? Especially not guys like me...

Fred points to the third body.

Fred – There's her, too.

Bob – We're not even sure if she's really a woman... Maybe we should try to wake her up and ask.

Fred – Ask her if she's a woman?

Bob – Ask her if she knows anything!

Fred approaches the body and shakes it gently.

Fred – Oh, can you hear me?

Bob sighs, exasperated.

Bob – Let me try... (*He shakes the body vigorously and shouts.*) Can you hear me!

Alex wakes up abruptly and jumps to her feet.

Alex – No, it's not me, I swear!

Alex, dressed in a business-style pantsuit, could be perceived as effeminate or rather masculine. Doubt lingers about their true gender, but they will be treated as a woman here. Physically awake but appearing disoriented, she speaks and moves like a sleepwalker.

Alex – Excuse me, I must have had a nightmare... Don't mind me... I'll go freshen up a bit...

She walks around the room, searching for an exit.

Alex – Could you... Can you tell me where the restroom is?

Fred – Men's or women's?

Alex looks puzzled, and Bob applauds the finesse of Fred's question.

Bob – There are no restrooms.

Alex – I see... We're on a low-cost airline... I think I'd better go back to sleep then... Will you wake me up just before landing?

Fred and Bob exchange intrigued looks. She is about to sit back down in her seat.

Fred – We're not on a low-cost airline, I assure you...

Alex looks at them curiously.

Bob – And most likely, we're not even on a plane.

Alex – I see...

Alex begins to come to terms with reality, putting her glasses back on.

Alex – So you're not flight attendants either.

Bob – Exactly...

Alex (*anxiously*) – Then where are we?

Fred – We were hoping you could tell us.

Alex starts pacing hysterically again.

Bob – Forget it, there's no way out.

Alex – No way out? And here I am claustrophobic... (*She rushes to one side of the stage, banging on a wall and screaming.*) Let me out!

Bob rolls his eyes and gestures to Fred to handle the situation. Fred returns with Alex, guiding her gently.

Fred – It's going to be okay, just calm down...

Alex – I'm sorry, I don't know what came over me...

Fred – So, none of us knows why we're here.

Alex – And do you two know each other?

Bob – No...

Fred – Well, then let's start with introductions. It might help us figure out why we were brought here...

Alex – You think we've been kidnapped?

Bob – We didn't come here willingly... and we can't get out. Call it what you want...

Fred – I'm Fred... Short for Frederica. And you?

Alex – Alex.

Fred – And Alex... Short for...

Alex – Just Alex.

Fred – I see...

Alex – And you?

Bob – Bob. Short for Robert...

Fred – Maybe they decided to abduct people with diminutive names...

Alex – Who are "they"?

Fred – I don't know... Them... Whoever brought us here. Someone did, right?

Bob – But why would they abduct us? That's the question...

Fred – It might have something to do with our professions.

Bob – What do you do for a living?

Fred – I'm... a comedian.

Bob – Comedian?

Fred – Well, mostly unemployed right now...

Bob – Why would anyone abduct an unemployed comedian...

Alex – And as a comedian, did you make fun of religion?

Fred – Not particularly.

Bob – If we were kidnapped by Islamists, we're definitely going to need your sense of humour...

Alex (*terrified*) – Islamists, you think?

Bob – No, I just said that... It's a joke...

Fred – And what about you?

Bob – I'm a chef.

Fred – Oh really? That's interesting, but not surprising.

Alex – What do you mean, chef?

Fred – Head chef? Executive chef?

Bob – Just a chef! Cook, if you prefer. I own a restaurant.

Alex – Oh yeah? We'll need the address.

Bob – If we get out of here alive...

Alex – A comedian and a chef... This doesn't make sense.

Fred – And you?

Alex – I'm a city councillor.

Fred – I see...

Alex – Environmentalist, if you want to know... And I'm also a county councillor in charge of cleanliness.

Bob – An unemployed comedian and a county councillor... If I weren't here myself, I'd say they want to rid the country of all its parasites...

Alex – Bravo... Very astute analysis. That's sure to help us a lot...

Fred – Do you think you're indispensable to society? I can't afford to eat out at a restaurant, you know. And I bet your restaurant isn't serving meals for the homeless...

Bob – Well, I pay my taxes.

Alex – I have a feeling this comedy is going to end very badly...

Fred – A comedy that ends badly is called a tragedy.

Bob – That still doesn't explain why we were abducted.

Alex – Maybe they're asking for ransom?

Fred – Ransom?

Alex – It could be a ransom kidnapping.

Bob – I'm not a billionaire. I just opened my restaurant. Right now, I'm mostly in debt.

Alex – And you, the comedian, I imagine you're not rolling in money either...

Fred – Demanding ransom from a part-time worker... It's like asking a bald person for their comb.

Bob – And you, with your multiple roles, how are you managing?

Alex – I'm okay, I can't complain, but...

Bob – Anyway, that still doesn't explain why the three of us were abducted.

Fred – True, we seem to have nothing in common...

Bob – No... We couldn't be more different...

They ponder for a moment.

Alex – Well, nothing in common... Except we're all French, I suppose.

Fred – French? That's not exactly what I'd call a common bond...

Alex – You don't think so?

Fred – I mean... everyone here is French, right? Well... in France.

Bob – If only that were true...

Fred – I see, Mister doesn't like foreigners either.

Bob – I was just pointing out that in France, not everyone is French.

Alex – It's true that here, we can't deny we're all French. We've been kidnapped, possibly by terrorists who might broadcast our slaughter live, and we're already arguing over national identity...

Fred – You're right, we have nothing in common, but if we want any chance of getting out of this, we need to stick together.

Alex – But wait, maybe that's it!

Bob – That's what?

Alex – Maybe they chose us because we're different, that's my guess.

Fred – What do you mean by that?

Alex – I'm not sure... I'm just trying to understand...

Bob – Well, that's all well and good, but what's our next move?

Fred – What do you suggest we do?

Bob – Hold on, we can try making a phone call!

Alex – You're right, we should contact the police.

Fred – We don't even know where we are! What would we tell them?

Bob – They might be able to track our location.

He takes out his phone and dials a number.

Alex – It's surprising they didn't think to take our phones.

Bob – Damn it... No signal...

Alex – Let me try...

Fred – Me too...

They take out their phones and start typing.

Alex – No, nothing...

Fred – Same here...

Bob – Now I understand why they didn't bother taking our phones.

Alex – Where could we possibly be with no signal?

They exchange worried glances.

Fred – Maybe in the desert.

Alex – Or in a basement...

Fred – A fallout shelter?

The other two give him a horrified look.

Bob – Anyway, we can't communicate with the outside world.

Alex – So what can we do?

Fred – Nothing.

Alex – We just have to wait.

Bob – Wait?

Fred – Those who kidnapped us must want something. They'll eventually show themselves.

Alex – And then we'll try to negotiate...

Bob – Wait until they arrive, and I'll show you how I negotiate...

Bob gestures angrily, but Alex tries to calm him down. Suddenly, a strange, low-budget futuristic sound effect is heard. Fred, Bob, and Alex freeze immediately, as if petrified. The stage goes dark as much as possible. In the dim light, the silhouette of a woman dragging the unconscious body of another woman is vaguely seen. She places the unconscious woman on one of the three armchairs before collapsing into another. The light returns. The two unconscious women, Carla (dressed provocatively, possibly a transvestite) and Beatrice (dressed as a nun), are now visible on two of the armchairs. As soon as the light returns, Fred, Bob, and Alex resume their movements as if nothing had happened and continue their conversation where they left off, without immediately noticing the newcomers.

Alex – Violence isn't always the solution. If we want to get out of here alive, we'll probably need some diplomacy.

Bob – Diplomacy? We don't even know who kidnapped us or what they want!

Fred – Well, I hope they don't take too long... Because I'm starting to get hungry. Aren't you?

Alex – How can you think about eating at a time like this?

Bob – We're being held captive, and all you care about is room service?

Fred – Yeah, well, excuse me, but I didn't eat lunch. Sometimes I skip meals to save money.

Bob – The life of an artist...

Alex – Alright, let's all calm down! If we're getting out of this mess, we're doing it together.

Bob – Fine. If we manage to get out of here before tonight, I'll treat you to dinner at my restaurant, I promise.

Alex – It's true, by the way, we don't even know what time it is...

Bob (*looking at his watch*) – My watch has stopped. What time do you have?

Alex – Mine too... And you?

Fred – I don't have a watch.

Bob – Of course...

Alex – This is absurd... There must be an exit somewhere.

She turns around to search again and startles upon seeing the two lifeless bodies slumped on the armchairs.

Alex – What is this now?

Fred – What?

Bob and Fred turn around and see the two bodies.

Bob – Oh, damn it!

Alex – This is a nightmare...

Bob – How did they end up here like this? Did you see anything?

Fred – No...

Bob – We didn't hear anything either.

Alex – I think some really abnormal things are happening here.

Fred – No kidding, you think?

Bob approaches the bodies to examine them more closely.

Bob – They're two women...

Fred and Alex approach as well.

Fred – It looks like one of them is wearing a burqa.

Alex – Well, that's rather reassuring.

Fred – You think so?

Alex – Why would Islamists abduct a woman wearing a burqa?

Fred – That's not a burqa...

Bob – Damn, it's a nun!

Alex – And the other?

Bob – The other doesn't seem to be a nun...

Fred – This is insane...

Bob – Why did they bring these two women here?

Fred – They might want to see if we're capable of reproducing in captivity, like great apes...

Alex – With a nun?

Just then, the nun regains consciousness.

Bea – Jesus, Mary, Joseph... Where am I?

Alex – Probably not in heaven, Sister. At least, it's not at all what I imagined...

Fred – And it's not hot enough for us to be in hell either.

Bea – Perhaps purgatory, then...

Bob – Oh yeah? And when we're in purgatory, what are we supposed to do?

Bea – If we're in purgatory, all we can do is to wait.

Alex – Thank you for your help, Sister. It will surely be very useful to us.

Bob – Yes, it's Providence that brought you here...

Bea (*without perceiving the irony*) – You're welcome... If I can be of assistance in this trial that God has placed upon us... I am Sister Beatrice.

Fred – Pleasure to meet you, Sister...

Bea – But I still don't understand how I ended up here...

Fred – The ways of the Lord are unfathomable...

Bea – The last thing I remember is being at the clinic.

Bob – You were hospitalized?

Bea – No, the clinic where I work as a nursing assistant. Our Lady of Good Help...

Alex – Ah yes...

Bea – I was at the matins service, in the chapel, listening to our chaplain's sermon. I must have had an accident... That must be it. I'm dead, and being the sinner I am, God's sent me to purgatory.

Alex – What kind of accident could you have had during mass?

Fred – Especially a fatal one.

Bob – Besides choking on the communion wafer... That's what we call a choking hazard. Happened to me once with a customer at the restaurant.

Fred – Maybe she fell from her kneeler... Those things are pretty high, you know...

Alex – True... What if we each try to remember what we were doing when... I mean, what's the last thing you remember?

Bob – I don't know... I see myself in the kitchen of my restaurant, making truffle mayonnaise.

Making good mayonnaise isn't easy. It's not easy to make a good mayonnaise.

Bob – The secret is to add a drop of...

Fred – Well, maybe we're not here to swap cooking tips... I'm already hungry...

Alex – And what were you doing?

Fred – Well, I...

Bob – You don't remember, do you?

Fred – Yes, but I'd rather keep that to myself, if you don't mind. I doubt it would help you much to know.

Alex – I see...

Fred – And what about you? What were you doing?

Alex – I... I think the last thing I remember... Oh yes, I was at the hairdresser's!

Fred – The hairdresser's... for men or for women?

Alex – Do you think that'll help us figure out why we're here?

Carla, the prostitute (possibly a transvestite), wakes up as well. She looks at the others with confusion. Her gaze settle on Sister Beatrice. Carla may speak with a foreign accent.

Carla – Good morning, Sister. Did the operation go well?

Bea – I couldn't tell you that.

Carla – Aren't you a nurse?

Bea – Yes...

Alex – Earlier, you mentioned being a nursing assistant.

Fred – Pride is a sin, Sister... No wonder you ended up in purgatory...

Carla – If you're a nurse, then this must be a hospital. I came for... Well, you know.

Bea – No...

Carla – As Simone de Beauvoir said, "One is not born, but rather becomes, a woman..."

Bea – Oh yes... But I don't think the Our Lady of Good Help Clinic performs those kinds of operations...

Bob – And there we go...

Carla – But who are these three?

Bea – I have no idea...

Alex – I'm starting to wonder if we're not simply in a madhouse...

Bob – Yes... that would explain quite a lot.

Carla stands up.

Carla – But seriously, what's going on? Where are we? And why am I here?

Fred – You explain it to her.

Alex – We all woke up here. We have no clue where this is or why we're here.

Fred – Put like that, it sounds like we're in a Jean-Paul Sartre play. What was the title again? *Dirty Hands*?

Alex – *No Exit*.

Fred – Right. Except there are only five of us here.

Bob – For now...

Alex – This is going to end very badly, I can feel it...

Carla takes a few steps.

Carla – Is this some kind of joke?

Bob – I'm afraid not, dear Sir... I mean, dear Madam...

Carla – Carla, my name is Carla.

Fred – And what do you do for a living, Carla?

Carla – Isn't it obvious?

Fred – Sorry... I was just curious.

Bob – A nun and a tranny...

Carla – There's no need to be vulgar. If you don't mind, I prefer transgender.

Bob (to Alex) – I'm starting to think you might be onto something.

Alex – About what?

Bob – When you mentioned that we've gathered people who have nothing in common!

Fred – Except being French...

Bob – If you say so.

Bea – Do you think we could be on some sort of Noah's Ark, preparing for an imminent flood?

Alex – Pardon?

Bea – Noah! From the Bible! He gathered pairs of all animal species before the flood to save them from extinction... Maybe whoever brought us here wanted to collect a diverse sample of humanity...

Carla – Quite a mix! It feels like the Court of Miracles...

Bob – Purgatory, Noah's Ark, now the Court of Miracles...

Alex – It reminds me more of The Raft of the Medusa.

Fred – Who knows, maybe we'll end up eating each other.

Carla – Did that happen on the raft?

Fred – Anyway, I'm seriously starving.

Bea – Or perhaps it's a reality TV show.

Alex – A show that's bound to end badly, I can feel it...

While everyone gazes toward the front of the stage, Alpha (male) and Omega (female) enter quietly from behind. They are dressed in low-budget, science fiction-style unisex jumpsuits. Each has a laser-like gun hanging from their belts, reminiscent of toys or hair dryers. Alpha and Omega move with a mechanical, almost robotic demeanour, inspired by the TV series Real Humans. Despite their different sexes, they bear a striking resemblance to each other, almost to the point of being indistinguishable. To differentiate them, their names are clearly printed on their suits.

Alpha – Greetings, Earthlings.

The others all turn to face Alpha and Omega

Omega – And welcome aboard our humble flying saucer.

Bob – What's this circus about?

Fred – Who are these clowns?

Alpha and Omega move toward the centre of the stage.

Bea (*crossing herself*) – Jesus, Mary, Joseph...

Omega – We are your hosts, and you are our guests.

Alpha – For now, at least.

Carla – They're making fun of us, aren't they?

Bea – You can't just kidnap people like this!

Alex – You know, we could file a complaint for kidnapping and unlawful confinement.

Alpha – Please believe us, we apologize for these minor inconveniences.

Omega – We wanted to speak with you before making a significant decision.

Alpha – Significant to you, at least.

Bob – But what exactly do you want?

Alpha – Well, we want... to get to know you, that's all.

Omega – Yes, to learn about your local customs...

Carla – So, you're tourists then?

Alpha – We'll explain everything, don't worry.

Bob – But we don't want to know anything at all. All we want is to get out of here.

Carla – And where did you come from, anyway?

Fred – How did you get here? There's no door.

Alpha – Well, we... We came down from the sky.

Bob – Right, through the chimney. Like Santa Claus.

Omega – Not exactly.

Bea – So, you're angels then?

Alpha – Not quite either...

Alex – Then who the hell are you?

Alpha – You'll find it hard to believe, but...

Omega – We are what you would call extraterrestrials on Earth.

There is a moment of astonishment.

Carla – Um... So, this is a joke, right?

Bob – Is this some kind of hidden camera prank?

Fred – Or a reality TV stunt? Where are the cameras?

Omega – There are no cameras.

Bea (*crossing herself*) – Dear God... It's the devil who sent them...

Fred – Extraterrestrials...

They all burst into nervous laughter, except Beatrice. Alpha and Omega observe them with curiosity.

Alpha – So, this is what you call laughter?

Omega – Yes, it seems so...

Alpha – Well, it's quite loud, that's for sure.

Alex – Martians... Seriously? You must be joking! You could've at least put in some effort with the special effects.

Fred – This feels like something from a low-budget channel.

Bob – You're just like us!

Carla – We're not expecting you to be green with antennae instead of eyes, but still.

Bob – We know that extraterrestrials can't be exactly like humans!

Alpha – Indeed. We're different from you.

Omega – Not at all, actually. You might be surprised.

Alpha – We've simply taken on a human appearance so as not to frighten you too much.

Omega – And we've learned your language to communicate with you.

Bob approaches, looking threatening.

Bob – Okay, enough joking around... I'm leaving.

Alpha – I'm afraid that's not possible right now.

Bob – Oh yeah? And who's going to stop me? You?

Bob advances further. Alpha pulls out his gun and points it at him.

Alpha – If I were you, I wouldn't do that.

Bob – What? You think you can stop me with your hairdryer? Are you guys from some old Star Trek episode or something?

As Bob moves forward, Alpha pulls the trigger. Bob collapses to the ground, convulsing.

Bea (*crossing herself*) – Jesus, Mary, Joseph... Martians...

Omega – Don't worry, it's nothing serious.

Bob gets up, dazed. Beatrice rushes to help him.

Fred – So, this is not a joke...

Alpha – What's a joke?

Carla – You don't know what a joke is?

Omega – We're actually here to learn about it.

Alex – But why did you kidnap us? We haven't done anything to you!

Alpha – We simply wish to try to understand.

Fred – Understand what? What is there to understand?

Omega – Well... All those things we don't know about you.

Bea – So, are you going to dissect us like lab rats?

Alpha – No, rest assured.

Omega – We've already done that.

Alpha – Well, on others like you.

Carla – Oh, that's very reassuring indeed.

Omega – But it hasn't helped us understand.

Bob – Understand what, damn it?

Alpha – Everything that makes life worth living for you.

Omega – Love, humour, gastronomy...

Alpha – The French way of life.

Fred – See? They kidnapped us because we're French...

Omega – Don't you say in your country... as happy as God in France?

Alex – Well... that's what the Germans say...

Carla – It's mostly their excuse to invade us at least twice a century.

Alpha – Regardless, we're curious about who God is.

Omega – And what happiness means.

Carla – Seriously? Are you saying you kidnapped us to learn about Latin charm, Gaulish humour, and French gastronomy?

Fred – In that case, you can let me go now. It's been so long since I've made love that I've probably forgotten how, my agent thinks I'm not funny at all, and I'm a terrible cook...

Alpha – Ah, speaking of cooking, we're neglecting our hospitality duties.

Omega – We'll bring you a little snack.

Alpha – We're not savages, after all.

Omega – We won't let you starve.

Fred – Well, I won't refuse that...

Alpha – Let's continue this conversation calmly after you've eaten.

Omega exits.

Alpha – We don't cook as well as you French, but... I hope you'll like it.

Omega returns with a pot.

Alpha – So, enjoy your meal! Is that what you say?

Bob – Uh... Yes...

Alpha and Omega prepare to leave.

Bea – Aren't you going to share this meal with us?

Omega – Well...

Alpha – We don't experience eating like you do.

Omega – And we don't require it.

Alpha – We operate... on batteries.

Bea – Oh, I see...

Carla – So, you're saying... you're robots?

Alpha – It's a bit more complex than that, but...

Omega – After all, some humans on Earth already use organs powered by batteries, don't they?

Bea – You mean... like sex toys, for example? (*All eyes turn to her*) No, I just heard about them...

Alpha – We were thinking more of... an artificial heart, for instance, after a transplant.

Carla – It's true that the heart and the penis are the first two organs in men that could easily be replaced by electrical prosthetics.

Bea – One wonders why...

A pause.

Omega – Well, for us, it's similar.

Alpha – Except that all our... organs run on batteries.

Omega – When we say batteries...

Alpha – It's a figure of speech.

Carla – Of course...

Omega – Well, bon appétit!

Alex – And... if we need to reach you, for any reason?

Carla – Like if I need to use the restroom?

Alpha – Don't worry, we'll be informed.

Omega – And we'll be ready to respond.

Alpha and Omega exit.

Bea – Jesus, Mary, Joseph... Cyborgs!

All eyes turn again to Sister Beatrice. They all remain stunned for a moment.

Alex – Do you think this could still be a joke?

Bob – His laser gun was no joke, believe me.

Fred – It might have just been a taser.

Bea – If this is purgatory, they're probably demons, sent by God to tempt us.

Carla – Then couldn't you use your crucifix or garlic, like in vampire movies?

Bea – Unfortunately, they took the cross I had.

Carla – What a shame...

Bea (*to herself*) – Or maybe I lost it during the match.

Bob – What match?

Bea – Oh, never mind, sorry.

Alex – Maybe it's Islamists playing a prank on us?

Fred – Generally, they don't have much of a sense of humour...

Bob – I can't imagine Islamists pretending to be Martians just to lighten the mood before they slaughter us like sheep.

A brief pause.

Carla – What if this isn't a joke?

Bob – Aliens, you mean?

Bea – It's true, if I had to choose, I wonder if I wouldn't prefer...

Carla – It must be said that for aliens landing on Earth, there's still reason to ask questions, isn't there?

Bob – But we don't give a damn about their philosophical questions. We just want to get out of here. I have a restaurant to run!

Alex – It's going to end badly, I can feel it...

Bea – They don't seem too aggressive, though.

Fred – They even brought us food...

Bob – Easy for you to say. You didn't get zapped by their taser.

Fred – Well, I'm hungry. Should we keep discussing this while we eat?

Bob – Since we're stuck here, we might as well eat and regain some strength. We might need it soon...

Bob lifts the lid of the pot.

Carla – What's this? A specialty from their place?

Bea – Couscous?

Bob looks inside.

Bob – It looks more like cabbage soup...

Fred – They must have seen the movie...

Carla – What movie?

Fred – *The Cabbage Soup!* With Louis de Funès. It's a classic, you know...

Alex – They could have at least given us utensils...

Carla – Right, we can't eat with our hands.

Bea – Especially not soup.

Bob – No, it's not just soup. There's meat in it, it seems. It's more like a stew...

Carla – Then let's call it stew.

Fred – What kind of stew?

Alex – At this point, does it even matter?

Fred – Sorry, but I don't eat pork.

Bob (*suspiciously*) – Are you Muslim?

Fred – No, I'm not Muslim, I just don't eat pork.

Bea – Not only Muslims avoid pork...

Bob – Oh, I understand now...

Fred – What, does that bother you?

Bob – Not at all.

Alex – Alright, so what does this stew look like then?

Bea – It smells good, at least... May I say grace?

Bob plunges a hand into the pot and freezes.

Bob – Well, those who don't eat pork should be fine with this...

He pulls out a hand. Then a foot. Everyone remains stunned.

Alex – But this is monstrous!

Carla – These people are dangerous lunatics.

Bea (*crossing herself*) – Jesus, Mary, Joseph... Cannibals... It's an abomination.

Alex – We can't just sit here while they, no matter how nice they seem, cook us slowly.

Fred – You're right. We have to take action.

Bob – Oh yeah? Like what? If you've got a brilliant idea, now's the time.

Carla – Laser gun or not, we catch them off guard. Knock them out. There are only two of them, after all.

Alex – They don't seem very strong...

Bea – Plus, they run on batteries.

Bob – Alright. (*To Fred*) If you really are a black belt in karate, now's the time to show us.

Fred – Actually, I quit after a week. I was too scared of getting hit.

Bob – And even if we manage to knock them out, what then? Take control of the flying saucer and land it at Roissy after getting permission from the control tower?

Fred – Maybe flying a UFO isn't that complicated...

Bea – I don't even have my driver's license.

Bob – I have my helicopter pilot's license, but...

Alex – This story is going to end badly, I can feel it.

Fred – Can you please stop saying that! You're going to jinx us...

A moment of silence.

Bea – Well... There's only one thing left to do.

Carla – What?

Bea – Pray!

Bea clasps her hands together and begins to murmur a prayer under her breath. The others sigh sadly.

Alex – We still need to come up with a plan, though.

Carla – Let's take advantage while they're not here to prepare the rematch.

Fred – The rematch? Why did you say rematch?

Carla – I don't know, I just said it... I meant the counterattack...

Alex – Our best chance is to catch them off guard.

Bob – Easier said than done.

Carla – Why?

Bob – Did you hear what they said? "If we need to reach you, we'll know."

Bea – You mean...

Carla – They're listening to us?

Alpha and Omega return quietly from behind the stage.

Alpha – So? Lost your appetite?

The others jump, surprised.

Bea – Lord Jesus...

Carla – Seriously, is it okay to sneak up on us like that?

Alex – You nearly gave me a heart attack...

Omega – Sorry about that.

Alpha – Didn't you like the dish of the day? (*Lifting the lid of the pot*) You barely touched it...

Omega – We followed the recipe closely.

Alpha – : Made a few adjustments since we were missing some ingredients.

Alex – No, we don't eat that!

Alpha – You don't eat cabbage?

Bob shows them the foot.

Bea – Well, we're good Christians. We're not cannibals!

Alpha – Sorry, we thought we were doing you a favour.

Omega – I told you they hadn't been eating each other for a long time.

Alpha – Apologies once again. It was just a misunderstanding.

Carla – A misunderstanding?

Bea – And who exactly is in there?

Alpha – Who?

Carla – In the pot!

Omega – Those who were here before you.

Alpha – And who couldn't answer our questions.

Omega – Very nice people, actually.

Alpha – Quite friendly, as you mentioned.

Alex (*aside to Fred*) – I think we'll need to negotiate.

Fred – And above all, avoid angering them...

Carla – We're not allowed offside, that's clear.

Bob – You mean... we can't make mistakes?

Carla – Yes well, it's the same thing.

Alex – So, is that really what you want to understand?

Carla – What love is? And all that jazz...

Omega – Among other things, yes.

Alpha – There are so many mysteries about you Earthlings we'd like to know...

Omega – And especially the French. Like...

Alpha – Existentialism.

Omega – Beaujolais Nouveau.

Alpha – Cubism.

Omega – Left-wing radicals.

Alpha – God.

Omega – Sodomy.

Fred – Oh my, really...

Bea (*crossing herself*) – Lord God...

Alex – But... why us, if I may ask?

Bob – We're just regular folks, you know. Like everyone else.

Fred – Maybe even a bit below average...

Carla – Why not consult experts?

Bob – Philosophers, politicians, artists, TV stars...

Alpha – We've already tried that.

Bea – And then?

Carla – Where are they?

Omega – In the pot...

Alex – I gather their answers didn't fully satisfy you.

Bea – Oh my God!

Alpha shows them the pot.

Alpha – You really don't want to taste it?

Omega – It might help you.

Alpha – They say eating brain is very good for memory.

Omega – At least, that's what we read in one of your cookbooks.

Alpha – So, philosopher's brain...

Omega lifts the lid of the pot.

Omega – Though it's true, it's not very appetizing.

Alpha – This philosopher might have had dirty hands...

Omega – They say the best soups come from old pots...

Alpha – You'll really have to come up with something better than that to convince us.

Carla – Convince you?

Alpha – Religion, philosophy, politics... Admit that none of it is very consistent, is it?

Omega – And your scientists, unfortunately, have little to teach us.

Alex – Convince you of what, exactly?

Alpha – To save Earth.

Bea – This feels like a nightmare. Please, tell me I'm going to wake up...

Carla – Save Earth?

Bea – But why would people like us, ordinary sinners, be able to save Earth?

Omega – Because you're French!

Carla – French? Oh, but I'm not French, you know? At least, not ethnically French...

Bob – French... Exactly! Without the help of half the planet, we wouldn't even have managed to liberate France from two invasions in a century. How do you expect us to save Earth on our own?

Alpha – You consider yourselves the pinnacle of civilization, don't you?

Fred – Well, that's what the French say, you know... Let's not exaggerate...

Alex – The Chinese also claim that title.

Bea – They have a very ancient civilization.

Carla – Or closer to home, there are the Belgians.

Fred – True, we're often mistaken for them, especially since we speak the same language.

Alex – But in reality, often the best among the French are Belgians.

Carla – Jacques Brel, Johnny Hallyday, Gérard Depardieu...

Bea – All Belgians.

Alex – Actually, you should give the Belgian perspective a try instead.

A moment.

Carla – And... what if we can't explain to you why life is worth living?

Bea – Are we going to be in hot water too?

Omega – To be honest...

Alpha – We were sent here to find out if Earthlings deserve to continue living, or if we can use your planet as a dump.

Bob – A dump?

Alpha – We also have our excrements and toxic waste to consider.

Omega – And we can't just leave them lying around anywhere, can we?

Alex – I understand that well... As an environmentalist and councillor focused on cleanliness, you can imagine...

Omega – Good...

Alpha – We'll give you more time to think about it, alright?

Alpha and Omega exit. The others remain stunned for a moment.

Bea – Can you believe it? The fate of Humanity rests on our shoulders... It's like a mission entrusted by God!

Fred – We need to leave here, and quickly!

Bob – There's no door! It seems these two are able to pass through walls...

Alex – What if we're actually on a flying saucer?

Carla – Well, that's what they say...

Fred – It does feel a lot like a scene from a theatre.

Bea – Do you think these messengers of Satan could be actors?

Fred – Who knows. "All the world's a stage", Sister, as Shakespeare said.

Carla – So, what should we do?

Fred – Maybe we should still consider eating the cabbage...

The others remain silent, not responding.

Alex – We don't have a choice.

Fred – What do you mean?

Alex – We'll have to explain everything to them.

Bob – Explain what?

Bea – The meaning of life!

Carla – At least, according to the French

Alex – She's right... Just imagine, even if we miraculously escape and return to our normal lives. What difference would it make if the next day, these Martians decide to dump their nuclear waste on us?

Carla – They also mentioned excrements. What if they plan to bombard us with their feces?

Fred – I think I'd still prefer the Hiroshima version.

Carla – True, it's a bit more dignified, apocalypse-wise. What do you think, Sister?

Bob – Damn... We're in deep shit.

Carla – That's quite literal.

Fred – Do we even deserve life on Earth? How would I know? After all, I never asked to be born.

Alex – Well, maybe, but now we're here...

Carla – So what should we do?

Bea – We could split into two teams, each focusing on a different topic.

Carla – Were you a camp counsellor before joining the clergy?

Alex – Each of us knows a topic a bit better than the others. I think that's why we were chosen.

Bea – See? We are chosen ones!

Alex – I'm just a councillor, you know? I handle recycling, I haven't found the Holy Grail.

Carla – Sister, you could explain the purpose of the Pope to them.

Fred – And why, thanks to him, life is worth living...

Bob – Damn, this won't be easy...

Carla – Could you stop starting every sentence with "damn"?

Alex – Okay. We have to begin somewhere, right?

Carla – Let's tackle the simplest thing first...

Bea – Like what?

Carla – I don't know... How about cooking?

Bob – You think French cuisine isn't complicated? Try telling that to the Michelin inspectors.

Carla – It's still less complicated than God, isn't it? At least with a stew, we know it exists.

Fred – True, no philosopher has ever dedicated their life to proving the existence of stew.

Alex – So what is cooking then?

Bob – Cooking is an art. And through practice, one eventually believes in it.

Bea – It's a bit like religion, then.

Carla – And it's the complete opposite of love, Sister, believe me...

Fred – Well, we're in a bit of a mess.

Bob – And I have nothing to cook with here!

Fred – Not to mention, if these two Martians are robots...

Alex – Mmm... Considering what they served us as a meal...

Carla – Everything suggests they don't have very refined palates.

They ponder for a moment.

Alex – Laughter, then. Laughter is unique to humans. The philosopher Bergson even wrote an essay about it.

Fred – Bergson... I'm sure that'll help our Martians understand humour. Have you seen what they do with philosophers? Do you really want to end up in a stew?

Bob – Or in a royal couscous...

Bea – Do you think they're Muslims?

Fred – What do you think, Sister? That all aliens are good Catholics.

Alex – We may not be able to explain laughter, but we can try to make them laugh.

Carla – How? By tickling their batteries?

Bob – Making a Martian laugh... Can you do that, Miss Comedian?

Fred – I've never managed to make a Parisian laugh. But I can try with a Martian...

Carla – That's very reassuring...

Alpha and Omega return unexpectedly.

Alpha – So? Did you have a good joke to tell us?

The others startle again.

Bob – Bloody hell...

Fred – Could you knock, like everyone else!

Omega – Sorry. We didn't mean to startle you.

Alpha – True, we have time.

Omega – Let's say one hour.

Carla – One hour?

Bea – Well, then go ahead! What are you waiting for?

Alex – Hold onto your seats, you're in for a laugh.

Bob – We have a talented comedian among us...

Alex – Who has performed on the biggest stages in Paris. And even in Marseille.

All eyes turn to Fred. Initially puzzled, she starts.

Fred – So here it goes... Ever heard the joke about Martians?

Alpha – What's a Martian?

Omega – What's a joke?

Bea – This doesn't sound promising...

Bob – Trust me, it's a good one...

Fred – It's about an astronaut who lands on Mars and finds two Martians telling jokes..

Alpha – But there's no one on Mars.

Omega – We visited there before arriving here.

Alpha – Martians don't exist.

Fred – It's a joke! Come on, join in a bit!

Omega – Okay...

Alpha – Go ahead.

Fred – So, the astronaut is completely surprised to find two Martians telling jokes because... The first Martian says a number, like... 42 or 69, and the other bursts out laughing. The astronaut asks why. The Martian says, 'It saves time. We assign a number to each joke, then all you have to do is say the number.' For instance, 435. The other Martian bursts out laughing. 'Brilliant,' says the astronaut, 'Can I try?' So, the astronaut randomly says a number. Let's say... 753. Both Martians burst into laughter. One of them says, 'That one's really good, we haven't heard that before.'

No one laughs. After an awkward pause, the Earthlings force themselves to chuckle.

Alex – Excellent.

Carla – Hilarious.

Bob – Yeah... That was a new one for me.

But Alpha and Omega remain impassive.

Alpha – We didn't quite catch that

Omega – What's supposed to be funny?

Alpha – What's the joke here?

Bob – Can you give us another five minutes?

Alpha and Omega move to the other end of the stage. The others exchange whispers.

Fred – Actually, it's originally a joke about computer programmers, but I adapted it a bit for Martians...

Carla – I think laughter is out of the question.

Fred – I thought if it made a programmer laugh, maybe it could make a Martian laugh.

Alex – Clearly, these folks have no sense of humour.

Bob – Well, to be honest, that joke was pretty weak.

Bea – It didn't make me laugh either.

Carla – So what should we do?

Alex – I guess God is out of the question too, right? We don't even believe in that ourselves.

Bea – I do believe!

Carla – Well, an hour ago, I didn't even believe in aliens, so...

Bob – What have we got to lose, anyway?

Alex – Well, Sister... If you think you can convert the Martians, now's your chance.

Fred – Just be careful, they seem tougher than Native Americans.

Bea approaches Alpha and Omega.

Bea – God loves you too, my dear brothers. Even if you're possessed by demons. He offers you his mercy. (*Excitedly*) Satan, come out of these innocent bodies!

Bea makes a dramatic cross gesture with her hand, like a karate chop. Feeling threatened, Alpha pulls out his laser gun and zaps her. Bea collapses to the ground and starts convulsing. The others watch her with a mix of concern and detachment.

Carla – Looks like they're not quite ready to turn the other cheek yet...

Bea gradually recovers and stands up again.

Fred – So, politics, then.

Bob (*to Alex*) – Do you really think you can explain to a Martian what a County Councillor does?

Carla – True, when you put it that way...

Fred – Love remains...

Alex – We may not be able to define it, but we can try to make them... feel.

Fred – Feel...?

Bob – And who's going to do that?

All eyes turn to Carla and Beatrice.

Bob – We can't expect Sister Beatrice to handle that...

Bea – I only know the love of our Lord. I'm married to Jesus.

All eyes turn to Carla.

Carla – Wait, are we talking about love here? Because I only know about paid love.

Alex – Still... Love is somewhat your area of expertise, right?

Carla – You want me to hook up with a Martian?

Alex – We're discussing the salvation of Humanity.....

Fred – With a capital 'H'.

Bob – We can't leave this mission to amateurs.

Carla – Okay, I'll give it a shot, but there's still a problem...

Bob – What?

Carla – Technically, I'm still transitioning.

Fred – No...?

Carla – I had a clinic appointment for the operation, but with everything going on...

Bea – Oh Lord...

Alex – Well, they are Martians after all...

Fred – Hmm...

Bob – So who?

Alex – I'm married...

Fred – To a man or a woman?

Alex (to Fred) – So, you up for saving humanity?

Bob – The comedian...? Even though they're Martians...

Alex – Well then, there's only one solution left...

All eyes turn to Beatrice.

Bea – Me? But seriously?

Bob – Consider it the ultimate sacrifice, Sister.

Bea – And what if I get pregnant? What do I tell Mother Superior when I return to Our Lady of Good Help Clinic?

Alex – Say it's the result of a close encounter of the third kind... with the Holy Spirit.

Fred – And start a new religion!

Bob – It's been done before.

Alex – Besides, the other religions, they're starting to show their age, aren't they?

Fred – The Catholic Church, we have to face the facts, Sister. It's like the Socialist Party. No one believes in that anymore.

Alex – Sometimes, you can't make something new out of something old.

Bea – Fine, let's assume that. But I have no idea how to... you know, make love with a Martian!

Bob – How to make love with a Martian... Now that's the question.

Fred – Sounds like a topic straight out a philosophy exam.

Carla – Yes, but this feels more like practical work.

Alex – Maybe since they've taken human form, they're equipped for everything else too.

Bea – Your earlier joke didn't even make them smile.

Fred – I think their brains aren't fully developed yet.

Alex – Well, here we're not exactly talking about brains, are we?

Carla – If men with incomplete brains were condemned to abstinence, all the transvestites in the Bois de Boulogne would be out of work...

The Martians return.

Omega – So?

Alpha – Ready for one last experiment?

Fred – Trust me. It's going to be quite an experience...

Bea – Don't forget they're two. One male and one female, right?

Alex – True, let's respect gender equality.

Fred – And double our chances in the lottery...

Carla – Then, I'm willing to sacrifice myself too.

Bea – God will reward you.

Carla leads the two extraterrestrials away, with Beatrice following.

Carla – Come with Mama, my darlings. You're finally going to learn the secret of life.

Bea and Carla leave with Alpha and Omega.

Fred – This is our last chance...

Bob – Do you think they'll succeed?

Alex – A transvestite and a nun teaching Martians about love. I wouldn't expect too much optimism from me, though.

Fade to black. Cut. Light. Bea and Carla return.

Bob – Already?

Bea's outfit is disheveled, with green around her mouth, resembling something out of "The Exorcist." Carla, meanwhile, sports a black eye.

Alex – So, how did it go?

Carla – What do you think?

Bob – And you, Sister?

Bea – It was... bizarre.

Alex – You mean bizarre... for a nun?

Carla – You should have seen it. She was possessed. I think they've had the full experience of love, from Alpha to Omega.

Fred – Beatrice, you deserve to be beatified.

Bob – Did they say anything?

Bea – Nothing...

Alex – Not sure if that's a good sign...

Bob – So, what's our next move?

Alex – Prepare to become the meal for those who will succeed us?

Silence falls as they contemplate.

Bob – You know what? It's coming back to me now...

Alex – What?

Bob – The last thing I remember before being abducted.

Carla – Oh really?

Bob – I was at the Stade de France.

Bea – No way?

Bob – For the OM – PSG match.

Alex – That's incredible, now that you mention it...

Bob – What?

Alex – Me too!

Carla – I remember now too...

Alex – That's probably where they abducted us...

Bea – So we're all PSG supporters?

Alex – Don't tell me you are too, Sister...

Bea nods silently.

Fred – It had already come back to me, but I didn't dare say it. I hate football, and everything related to it.

Alex – Football... I don't even know the rules.

Fred – And you?

Bob – Neither do I.

Fred – Yet, looking at you, one might easily mistake you for a PSG fan...

Bob – Stereotypes can be deceiving. I'm actually a huge rugby fan.

Carla – Then what were you doing at the Stade de France for a football match?

Bob – One of the PSG players is a regular at my restaurant. He insisted on a special treat at halftime.

Fred – A treat?

Bob – Whelks with truffle mayonnaise. You know how it is... Celebrities' whims...

Alex – And you, Sister?

Carla – That's right! What's a nun doing at the Stade de France on match night?

Bea – At the clinic, we treated a PSG footballer after an injury. I was the one taking care of him. It really helped him... He insisted I massage his thigh at halftime...

At this point, everyone freezes as if in a waking dream, except for Bea, who starts lip-syncing to Clarika's song "Les Garçons dans les vestiaires", with the music video projected in the background (or any other piece chosen by the director). Then everything returns to normal.

Bob (to Carla) – And how about you? Are you a football enthusiast?

Carla – I was there for the third half. In the end, Sister, we're in the same line of work, you and I...

All eyes turn to Alex.

Alex – I came to please my constituents. During elections, it's always good to be seen in a stadium.

Fred – Actually, none of us really care for football. That's what we have in common!

There's a brief pause as Alpha and Omega return, looking a bit disheveled.

Fred – So? Happy with the outcome?

Alpha – Let's just say...

Omega – We're prepared to give you one last chance.

Bob – Count on us to score the winning goal.

Alex – We're all ears...

Alpha – When we teleported you, you were all attending a strange ceremony, in a building that looks like a spaceship.

Bea – From above, the Stade de France always reminded me of a flying saucer...

Omega – That's actually what caught our attention initially.

Bob – The Stade de France is the Cathedral of football.

Omega – Indeed, there are more people here than at mass.

Alpha – We'd like you to explain this mystery to us.

Bob – This mystery?

Omega – This Earthly passion for football!

Carla – Of course, football!

Alex – It's a game that, I believe, was invented by the Aztecs.

Fred – Well, the rules were mostly codified by the English, obviously.

Fade to black. Cut. Light.

As they sip beer and munch peanuts, they all face an imaginary screen (likely towards the audience) where a football match is projected. Over the scene, sports commentators provide lively commentary as part of the soundtrack.

Alex – I don't know how they managed to tune into Canal without being subscribers...

Bea – Let's remember, they're from a civilization far more advanced than ours

Fred – They'll have to explain how they pull that off.

Bea – We can't tell if they're enjoying it. They're not saying anything...

Carla – They're not very chatty. Just like before...

A moment passes as the match continues.

Fred – Well, thank goodness they brought us peanuts. I was so hungry. I was ready to settle for the stew...

There's a brief pause as they all continue watching the match.

Alpha – Who are you supporting?

Bob – Uh... PSG, of course!

Alpha (*raising his voice*) – Allez l'OM!

Fred – I think they got the message, loud and clear...

Carla – Yes, it's a beginning...

They continue watching the match.

Omega – Why did they stop?

Fred – Free kick...

Carla – Feels more like a penalty, doesn't it?

Alex – Oh, sorry, it's halftime...

Alpha – Ah, I see...

Bea – Let's just hope that OM wins...

Carla – Or maybe it's already the end of the match.

Omega – But who's winning then?

Fred – Oh, wait, it's...

Alpha – I thought the game was over?

Bob – Actually, it's extra time...

Alpha – Gooooal!

Omega – So PSG won?

Alex – I knew this wouldn't end well...

Bob – Oh no, they just called offside.

Bea – Saved by the bell... (*Quickly correcting*) I mean by the referee... Well, for now...

Omega – Offside? What's offside?

They all look at each other.

Fred – It's something quite tricky for a female extraterrestrial to grasp, perhaps even more than sodomy.

Omega – More than sodomy?

Bea – Equally challenging, I'd say...

The commentator continues.

Carla – This time it's penalty kicks.

The commentator confirms that OM has won.

Alpha – So OM won?

Alex – That's right!

Alpha stands up.

Alpha – We are the champions, we are the champions, we are, we are, we are the champions!

Omega – There was no offside.

Alpha – What do you mean, there was no offside?

Omega – PSG should have won.

Alpha (*mechanically*) – We are the champions, we are the champions, we are, we are, we are the champions...

Omega pulls out his laser gun.

Omega – Well, I support PSG.

Alpha – And I'm for OM.

Under the horrified gaze of the others, they shoot each other with their lasers and both collapse.

Carla – At least we're rid of them.

Bob – But I'm not sure if that's good news. Who's going to take us back to Earth?

Alex – We absolutely have to revive them...

Bob tries to wake them up by shaking them gently

Bob – Hey, wake up!

Fred – Maybe their batteries are dead...

Bea steps forward.

Bea – Let me handle this, I'm a nurse...

Alex – Nursing assistant...

Bea kisses Alpha, who starts to wake up.

Alpha – What's going on?

Omega also wakes up.

Omega – What's happening?

Alex – Don't worry, everything's alright.

Alpha – But where are we?

Omega – And who are you?

Alpha – You kidnapped us, didn't you?

Bob – Oh damn, this is bad...

Fred – If they don't remember anything, we're screwed.

Alex – You're the ones who kidnapped us!

Bea – You're Martians!

Omega – Martians?

Alpha – Oh yes, I remember the match now...

Omega – Who won?

Alex – Well, you see...

Carla – It ended in a draw, that's all.

Fred – I hope they remember how to pilot a flying saucer.

Omega – A flying saucer?

Alpha – What's that?

Omega – Oh yes... That's what they call... our spaceship.

Alex – Phew, looks like they've regained their memory...

Alpha and Omega get up.

Alpha – Sorry about that. I don't know what came over me...

Omega – Must be the football...

Alpha – Yeah... Seems like it makes you stupid.

Fred – At least they seem to have understood that...

Alex – So, what are your plans for us?

Alpha – Football, football, football...

Carla – I hope he's not malfunctioning...

Omega – We're taking you back to your planet.

Bea – You're not going to turn Earth into a dump, are you?

Fred – Doesn't matter, we'll handle it ourselves...

Alpha and Omega take a few somewhat mechanical steps as they fully recover.

Alex – They don't seem very bright for extraterrestrials, do they?

Bob – Well...

Fred – What?

Bob – We sent them here to clean up the mess.

Alex – So?

Bob – They're not necessarily the sharpest tools in the shed...

Fred – Well, that's really clever...

Bob – Just kidding! It's a joke...

Bea – Can you believe it? We saved the planet!

Carla – You didn't hesitate to put yourself on the line, Sister...

Alex – When we tell this to our friends about this...

Alpha and Omega have now regained their composure.

Omega – Sorry, but you won't be sharing this adventure with anyone.

Fred – So are we going to end up in a stew after all?

Omega – I think we'll try a new recipe. (*Consternation*) Just kidding. It's a joke!

Carla – Very funny.

Alex – Yeah, really...

Fred – So what happens now?

Alpha – A quick blast from the dryer and you won't remember a thing.

He zaps them with his ray gun.

Blackout. Ellipse. Light.

Alex and Fred are sitting in front of a TV, once again assumed to be installed at the back of the room facing the audience. They are wearing PSG jerseys, creating the typical atmosphere of a football evening among friends.

Alex – Do you think we have a chance tonight?

Fred – As long as we don't get one or two red cards...

Carla arrives with some beers.

Carla – Want a cold one?

Fred – Sure...

Alex – No real match without a cold one.

Bob arrives, also wearing a PSG jersey.

Bob – Did I miss the start?

Fred – No, don't worry.

Carla – This is the rematch... We can't afford any mistakes this time!

Alex – It won't be easy.

Fred – Especially with Marseille playing at home.

Bob – Is Bea here yet?

Carla – She's on her way.

Bob – I hope so! She's bringing the peanuts.

Alex – It's nice to be all together like this.

Carla – Yeah...

Bob – How did we meet, by the way?

Alex – It's strange, I can't remember.

Carla – Me neither...

Fred – Yet we're good friends.

Alex – Even though we're very different.

Carla – We're all PSG fans, right?

The doorbell rings.

Alex – Ah, here come the peanuts.

Fred – I'll get it... (*He exits and continues offstage*) Bea! We've all been waiting for you like the Messiah...

He returns with Bea.

Bea – Hi, everyone!

Alex – Hi, Beatrice.

Carla – Here, hang your coat up over there...

As Bea takes off her coat, she's wearing an OM jersey underneath, and her pregnancy is visible.

Alex – Well... You didn't mention that...

Bea – That I was an OM supporter?

Fred – That you were pregnant!

Carla – But that's wonderful news!

Bob (*to Carla*) – Wasn't she a nun before?

Carla – Oh yes, but that was... back when I was still a man.

Fred – And who's the father?

Bea – You'll laugh, but... I have no idea.

Fred – Did you sleep with the entire PSG team at once?

Bea – I'm a virgin.

They all burst out laughing.

Alex – Come on, you can tell us! Who put the little Jesus in the manger?

Carla – It wasn't the postman, was it?

Bea – Excuse me, I need to use the bathroom... You know how it is when you're pregnant...

She exits.

Alex – Oh, Bea...

Bob – I wonder what the kid will look like.

Carla – And we still don't know who the father is...

The doorbell rings.

Bea – Are we expecting more people?

Fred – Maybe it's the postman, actually.

Carla – Here to claim the child...

Alex – Or for their Christmas tip.

Bob – Unless it's the Three Wise Men.

Alex – It's true, Christmas is coming soon...

Carla goes to answer the door.

Carla – It's not the Three Wise Men, there are only two...

Alpha and Omega enter, wearing the same suits but with OM jerseys over them. They still seem somewhat robotic. All eyes turn to them. Omega also appears pregnant.

Fred – Must be the garbage collectors.

Alex – Are you here for the calendars?

Bea returns.

Alpha – We're here for the rematch.

Omega – Are we offside?

They're all looking at them with a puzzled expression.

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:

Comedies for 2

EuroStar
Heads and Tails
Him and Her
Is there a pilot in the audience?
Last chance encounter
New Year's Eve at the Morgue
Not even dead
Preliminaries
Running on empty
The Costa Mucho Castaways
The Joker
The Rope
The Window across the courtyard

Comedies for 3

A brief moment of eternity
A simple business dinner
An innocent little murder
Cheaters
Crash Zone
Fragile, Handle with care
Friday the 13th
Ménage à trois
One small step for a woman, one giant leap
backward for Mankind

Comedies for 4

A Cuckoo's nest
A hell of a night
Back to stage
Bed and Breakfast
Casket for two
Crisis and Punishment
Family Portrait
Family Tree
Four stars
Friday the 13th
Gay friendly
Is there a critic in the audience?
Is there an author in the audience?
Just a moment before the end of the world
Lovestruck at Swindlemore Hall
One marriage out of two
Quarantine
Strip Poker
Surviving Mankind
The Deal
The perfect Son-in-Law
The Pyramids
The Smell of Money

Comedies for 5 to 6

All's well that starts badly
Christmas Eve at the Police Station
Crisis and Punishment
Critical but Stable
In lieu of flowers...
King of Fools

Comedies for 7 or more

At the bar counter
Backstage Comedy
Blue Flamingos
Check to the Kings
Christmas Eve at the Police Station
False exit
In flagrante delirium
Just like a Christmas movie
Miracle at Saint Mary Juana Abbey
Music does not always soothe the savage beasts
Neighbours' Day
Open Hearts
Save our Savings
Special Dedication
Stories and Prehistories
The Jackpot
The Performance is not cancelled
The Worst Village in England
Welcome aboard!
White Coats, Dark Humour

Collection of sketches

Him and Her
Lost time Chronicles
Open Hearts
Sidewalk Chronicles
Stories to die for

Monologues

Happy Dogs
Like a fish in the air

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