



La Comédiathèque

The Fishbowl

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Leaving your apartment keys with a friend during August so they can feed your goldfish – that’s nothing unusual. But when that friend is a bit eccentric, and everyone has secrets to hide, it can quickly lead to a cascade of unexpected twists and turns. Especially when Wallonia decides to declare its independence on that very day...

Characters:

Marc

Vincent

Brigitte

Diana

ACT ONE

The living room of a modern bourgeois apartment. Above the fireplace hangs a Picasso painting, a variation on Manet's Luncheon on the Grass. On a small table, a bowl holds four goldfish. The shelves are dotted with wilting green plants. Classical music plays softly on the radio until it's interrupted by a newscaster's voice.

Newscaster – We interrupt this music programme to bring you the latest on a piece of news that has shaken Europe and the world since this morning. For those who might have spent the last 24 hours on a deserted island and are only just tuning in, here is the content of the dispatch that reached our newsroom overnight: in a move that caught the entire international community off guard during the summer holiday truce, Wallonia has declared its independence and announced plans to abandon the Euro in favour of the Belgian Franc. Flanders is preparing for war, and Luxembourg is reportedly massing troops at its borders. We will, of course, keep you updated hour by hour on this crisis, the historical significance of which remains uncertain—whether it will be remembered as a tsunami devastating Europe or merely a storm in a fishbowl.

The classical music resumes.

Marc, a man in his thirties with a golden-boy look (wearing a suit with an open white shirt, no tie), enters the apartment, followed by Vincent, also in his thirties, exuding refined casual elegance (Lacoste polo, neatly pressed jeans, and loafers).

Vincent (*hearing the music*) – Is someone in your flat?

Marc – No.

Vincent – I was worried I might bump into one of your mistresses. With Diana away for the month...

Marc – No chance. I have two rules when it comes to affairs: never with my wife's friends, and never in the marital home.

Vincent – And does that work?

Marc – So far, not too badly... Anyway, I'm keeping a low profile these days. Now's definitely not the time... (*He turns off the radio.*) Diana must have left it on when we left for the Riviera last week. For the goldfish...

Vincent – To keep them up to date on world events?

Marc – She says otherwise they feel lonely and get depressed... But honestly, it's what I've been hearing on the radio this morning that's depressing me.

Vincent – Is it really that bad?

Marc – We're probably not looking at World War Three, but it's terrible for business.

Vincent – So that’s why you cut your holiday short and came back without Diana.

Marc – The CAC 40 lost 2,000 points in one session—can you believe that? I’ve been trying to limit the damage, but for now, it’s just about riding out the storm. We’re waiting for Wall Street to close.

Vincent – Unbelievable, really! The Walloons declaring independence...

Marc – And bringing back the Belgian Franc...

Vincent – Next, they’ll be trying to recolonise the Congo. It sounds like a Belgian joke, doesn’t it? Are you sure it’s not an April Fool’s prank?

Marc – It’s August, unfortunately...

Vincent – Well, on the bright side, it’s not your money.

Marc – It’s my clients’ money. They have every right to hold me accountable... The relationship between a wealth manager and a client is a bit like a marriage—a husband with his wife.

Vincent (*sarcastic*) – Oh, really?

Marc – Alright, maybe more like a prostitute and her pimp, if you prefer. It’s all about trust... Anyway, I’m managing Diana’s money too. When her father passed away, she inherited a substantial amount. We couldn’t just leave it sitting in a savings account.

Vincent – I see...

Marc (*changing the subject*) – Right, let’s have a drink. I could use the distraction. And thanks for giving up your evening to keep me company.

Vincent – That’s what friends are for, isn’t it? Besides, Paris in August is pretty quiet...

Marc – So why didn’t you go on holiday like everyone else?

Vincent – I’m on call at the pharmacy. It had to be my turn eventually... But I don’t mind. Holidays on my own... No wife, no kids...

Marc (*teasing*) – No mistress? Come on, a good-looking guy like you. Available, able to dispense appetite suppressants or antidepressants without a prescription... You must be in high demand with the ladies at the pharmacy. Unless they’re more interested in asking for a discreet poison to get rid of their husbands...

Vincent (*awkwardly*) – Weren’t we going to have a drink?

Marc – What’ll you have?

Vincent – A pastis. Plenty of water—it’s boiling out there...

As Marc gets the glasses and bottles, Vincent stops by a planter.

Vincent – Your plants look thirsty too...

Marc – I left the keys with Thomas so he could water them and feed the fish, but you know what he’s like...

Vincent (*amused*) – Thomas...

Marc – Have you seen him lately?

Vincent – Not in about three months. Last time was when he borrowed 1,000 euros from me. Supposedly just for a fortnight...

Marc – The good thing about broke friends is they never go on holiday. Sometimes that can be useful. (*Looking at the half-wilted plants*) But Thomas... You really can’t count on him.

Vincent – He probably took off on holiday with my money instead of paying his overdue rent.

Marc – Do you really think you can go on holiday anywhere with 1,000 euros?

Marc pours the drinks. Vincent stops in front of the painting above the fireplace.

Vincent – Well, at least your Picasso is still here... If I were you, I wouldn’t have left him my keys. What’s he up to these days?

Marc – He’s still acting. And still unemployed...

Vincent – That’s practically a tautology.

Marc – Oh, he’s a nice guy. Just unlucky, that’s all. Remember three years ago, when he went to spend a day in Normandy and got his car stolen off the beach?

Vincent – If you could even call that a car... There wasn’t a single original part left. If the police had found it, they wouldn’t even have known what make it was.

Marc – It must’ve been stolen by someone with poor eyesight...

Vincent – With all his clothes inside.

Marc – And all his papers!

Vincent – When we picked him up at two in the morning, he was standing on the beach in his underpants, frozen stiff. I thought we’d have to call an ambulance to revive him.

Marc – Instead, I made him drink half a bottle of whisky to warm him up. God, we laughed so much...

Vincent – You’re joking! He threw up all over my Mercedes—an absolute nightmare. It took me months to get rid of the smell. Sometimes I wonder if that’s why my wife left me...

Marc – Classic Thomas... Admit it, though—he does make us laugh. That’s worth a thousand euros every now and then, isn’t it?

Vincent – He’s definitely got great comedic potential. It’s just that when he’s actually on stage trying to act, he’s not funny at all.

Marc – Do you remember his last play?

Vincent – Not really. I fell asleep before the end of the first act...

Marc – We couldn't even sneak out. We were the only two people in the audience.

Vincent – Oh, God... I hope he didn't borrow that thousand to put on another play.

Marc (*horrified*) – No...?

Vincent – I suggest we chip in and give him two grand if he promises to stop acting altogether.

Marc – If only we could be sure he'd stick to it... (*They take a sip of their drinks.*) And remember that time you got him to test that experimental drug for a pharmaceutical lab?

Vincent – Supposed to cure leprosy...

Marc – He passed the tip on to one of his broke classmates from drama school...

Vincent – That time, at least, he got lucky. He was given the placebo. But *she*... the next day she had no hair left and was covered in spots.

Marc – You forgot to mention the side effects, didn't you?

Vincent – She came to the pharmacy and made a huge scene... Apparently, the following week, she had a big audition for a lead role in a film.

Marc – You might have cost her the role of her life!

Vincent – Well, she did get paid 300 euros for the trial.

Marc – What was her name again?

Vincent – I can't remember... We nicknamed her "Cherry Tart."

Marc – That was about six months ago, wasn't it? Poor girl, we haven't seen her since.

Vincent – She probably doesn't dare leave her house anymore... (*He glances at the fishbowl.*) Speaking of which, your goldfish don't look too happy either. Looks like Thomas hasn't fed them. They seem hungry.

Marc – How can you tell?

Vincent – Well, it looks like the fourth one's trying to eat the other three.

Marc moves closer and peers into the bowl.

Marc – That's strange... I could have sworn there were only three fish when we left...

Vincent – I doubt a fourth one broke in. You'd at least see a crack in the bowl.

Marc – Oh yeah, I remember now—two males and a female.

Vincent – I didn't even know goldfish had genders. How can you tell there are two males and a female?

Marc – The guy at the pet shop told Diana. We just took his word for it. Honestly, I’ve always wondered why Diana chose two males for one female. Not sure how into threesomes goldfish are...

Vincent – Maybe they had babies...

Marc – And now the kid is trying to eat his two dads so he can have his mum all to himself...

Vincent – Very Freudian.

Marc – Do you think the Oedipus complex applies to goldfish?

Vincent – That would require them to have an unconscious... so, a consciousness.

Marc – I doubt it. Apparently, goldfish don’t even have a memory.

Vincent – No memory?

Marc – Not more than three seconds, they say. Less than a microwave oven, at least.

Vincent – Three seconds—can you imagine?

Marc – You’d never get bored...

Vincent – And you’d never feel guilty about anything...

They stare at the fishbowl for a moment, fascinated.

Marc – Or maybe it’s the cuckold trying to take revenge on the adulterers and erase the evidence of the crime...

Vincent (*glances at him uneasily*) – That’s proper farce territory...

Marc – You’d never suspect the horrors that can happen in a simple goldfish bowl. (*He raises his glass to Vincent.*) Cheers—to your love life. So, are you really not going to tell me?

Vincent – Tell you what?

Marc – Who is she?

Vincent – Who’s who?

Marc – Don’t tell me you’ve been celibate since your divorce.

Vincent – I didn’t say that.

Marc – Then spill the beans! You weren’t always this discreet about your sexual escapades, were you? Even when you were married, I got the full rundown of all your extramarital conquests! So, when do we get to meet her?

Vincent – “We”?

Marc – Diana and me!

Vincent – Well... it’s a bit complicated.

Marc – Ah, I see... She's married! Come on, you know me—I'm as discreet as a grave. She's one of Diana's friends, isn't she?

Vincent – You don't know her. She's... She's a customer at the pharmacy.

Marc – Well, at least you've seen her prescriptions—you know she doesn't have any STDs and she's on the pill. Cute? (*Pausing.*) Legal?

Vincent – I really don't feel like talking about it now, I swear.

Marc – So it's serious, then... The only women we've never discussed in terms of hookups are the ones we married...

Vincent, eager to change the subject, raises his glass again.

Vincent – Alright, to your business. The markets—they go up and down, don't they? Just because there's a slump now... It'll bounce back eventually.

Marc seizes on the idea, a thought forming.

Marc – Absolutely. In fact, I'd even say this crisis is an extraordinary opportunity for savvy investors to enter the market under exceptionally favourable conditions.

Vincent – Is that the spiel you give to clients you've just ruined?

Marc – The best time to invest is when the market's down! The fundamentals are solid—it can only bounce back, you're right.

Vincent (*sceptical*) – Mmm...

Marc – Honestly, if you've got money to invest, say medium-term, now's the time to jump in. Tomorrow might be too late. I can handle it for you, if you'd like...

Vincent doesn't seem enthusiastic.

Marc – You said it yourself: the relationship between a wealth manager and his client is all about trust... But I know you too well... Between old friends like us, money matters could get... awkward, right?

Marc – You could double your investment in a few months, you know.

Vincent – Then why don't you do it yourself? With your wife's money, for example! You said the best time to invest is when the market's at rock bottom. It's now or never—we're in the middle of a crash!

Marc – Unfortunately, I've already invested everything.

Vincent – When the market was at its peak...

Marc (*sighing*) – If financial advisers could follow their own brilliant advice, they'd all be billionaires... instead of slaving away for peanuts at some bank.

Vincent – Things are that bad?

Marc – Let’s just say... I’ve taken risks. Calculated risks, but risks nonetheless. I’ve put a lot into a few promising start-ups with bold projects that haven’t quite taken off yet.

Vincent – Like what?

Marc – One of them is developing a revolutionary treatment for baldness, actually... The idea came to me six months ago after that whole experimental trial incident with that poor girl.

Vincent – A shampoo to stop hair loss?

Marc – A pill to make it grow back!

Vincent (*stunned*) – You’re kidding.

Marc – Do you know how many bald people there are in the world? Think about it—it’s a huge market! (*Pausing, more serious*) Of course, in a crisis, bold investments like this... they’re not exactly safe havens.

Vincent – And how much of it did you buy?

Marc – I practically bought out the company. For next to nothing.

Vincent – And now it’s worth...?

Marc – Let’s say... nothing. But I’m sure it’ll take off after the crisis! They’re on the verge of a breakthrough, I tell you. They’ve already tested the product on Aboriginal people in Australia, and now they’re moving on to animal trials.

Vincent – Aboriginal people?

Marc – The company’s based in Sydney... They’ve already managed to regrow hair on a mouse!

Vincent – A bald mouse?

Marc – If you want, I can sell you half my shares. (*Vincent gives him a withering look.*) Alright, I won’t push. But you might have just passed up the deal of the century...

Vincent – Never mind me. I’m more of a “family-man investment” type, you know... The only problem is, I haven’t quite managed to start a family yet.

Marc – Ah... Well, love, too, favours the bold.

Vincent – Honestly, I’d rather sell antidepressants to all those fortune will never favour. It’s not as quick or glorious a way to get rich, but it’s safer, believe me... (*Marc downs a pill with his drink.*) You really should go easy on the antidepressants. Mixing them with alcohol isn’t exactly recommended.

Marc – When you’re at the bottom of the pool, the only way is up, right?

Vincent, feeling awkward, tries to reassure his friend.

Vincent (*gesturing at the painting*) – Worst case, you could always sell your Picasso. It might not be ideal for a dining room, but it must be worth a fair bit now, right?

Marc, however, doesn't seem reassured.

Marc – That belongs to Diana too. And she's very attached to it—it came from her parents. They bought it for peanuts back in the day... I should've invested in art myself.

Vincent – Not every painting gains value, though. Some end up worthless forever.

Vincent's phone rings. He looks at the screen and hesitates visibly when he sees the number.

Marc – Not going to answer? (*Vincent looks uncomfortable.*) Oh, I see... It's *her*! Alright, I'll leave you to it. I'll fetch some ice—the pastis is getting a bit warm, isn't it?

Marc disappears with a knowing look. Vincent reluctantly answers the phone.

Vincent – Yes, Diana... Listen, this isn't a good time. I'm with him, actually... With Marc—your husband! Yes, well, he called me, and I couldn't say no... It's not easy to pretend to be busy in the middle of August... And let me remind you, he was my best friend... before you started sleeping with me... Tonight? Oh, you're already on the ring road? Of course, I'm happy to see you, but I thought you were staying with your mum in Nice... (*Tenderly*) Yes, I know, me too... (*Awkwardly*) Diana...? I got the results of your blood test... It's positive... Yes, it means you really are pregnant. By whom? Come on, it's a blood test, not a paternity test... Yes, I know you're on the pill—I'm the one who prescribes it to you... This one must've slipped through the net... (*Marc returns with ice cubes.*) Look, I can't talk for long...

Marc (*amused*) – You can use the bedroom if you want—it'll be quieter. You know the way, don't you?

Vincent – Yes, yes, of course... (*Hastily*) I mean, I'm sure I can find it.

Marc gives an indulgent smile and switches the radio back on.

Newscaster – Intense fighting is reportedly taking place around the Royal Palace in Brussels. Both sides are vying to decide whether Flanders or Wallonia will retain the King of the Belgians... (*Marc sighs, looking anxious, and pours two drinks with the ice he just fetched.*) Meanwhile, I remind you that the New York Stock Exchange has just opened with significant losses, as the potential collapse of Europe and the disappearance of the Euro seem to be deeply worrying investors...

Marc switches the radio off again, still looking troubled. He starts watering the plants.

Marc – They were thirsty, alright... (*He approaches the fishbowl.*) Oh, yes, there really are four of them... Where did that one come from? It does look a bit aggressive, doesn't it? Maybe I should give them one of my antidepressants to calm them down a bit...

Marc feeds the fish. Vincent returns, looking both puzzled and amused.

Vincent – Who’s that hussy?

Marc – I have no idea... I swear she wasn’t there when I left! Anyway, how can you tell it’s a female?

Vincent – Well, even through the glass, and with the condensation, it’s a bit obvious, isn’t it?

Marc (*looking at the fishbowl*) – You think so? Well, you’ve got a sharp eye, because I don’t see anything at all.

Vincent – Oh, very funny. Go ahead, take the piss.

Marc – But it’s a magnifying glass...

Vincent (*confused*) – What are you on about?

Marc – The fish, over there! The one squatting in my bowl!

Vincent – I’m talking about the woman I saw through the bathroom shower door.

Marc (*baffled*) – My bathroom...?

Vincent – You didn’t mention that, did you...

Marc – Mention what?

Vincent – So that’s why you came back to Paris without your wife in the middle of August, pretending it was because of the stock market crash? Honestly, you could’ve come up with a better excuse.

Marc – What?

Vincent – Classic Marc! And there I was, feeling a little guilty... But you’d better be careful, you know. What if your wife came back unexpectedly and found this siren in your shower?

Marc – A siren in the shower?

Vincent – Oh, go on, play innocent. And this from the man who told me: never in the marital home! Don’t tell me she’s one of Diana’s friends...

Marc looks absolutely dumbfounded.

Marc – You’re joking, right?

Vincent – You seriously don’t know there’s a naked woman in your bathroom? And obviously, she’s not your wife because... (*catching himself*) ...because Diana’s still in Nice.

Marc – Come on, Vincent! If I were going to take advantage of Diana’s absence tonight to see my mistress, do you really think I’d invite you over for a drink?

Vincent – Fair point. But then, who is this woman?

Marc – I swear, I have no idea... And are you sure it's a woman? It could be Thomas taking his annual shower.

Vincent – Not a chance—it's definitely not Thomas's voice.

Marc – She spoke to you?

Vincent – She's singing.

Marc – And what's she singing?

Vincent – Do you really think that's the issue right now?

Marc – Fair enough, you're right...

Vincent – Well, go and see!

Marc – I'm going... (*He hesitates, then stops.*) But think about it—a stranger's in my home, and I don't know who they are. She might be dangerous...

Vincent (*ironically*) – Dangerous? A naked woman in the shower? Dangerous how?

Marc – Maybe she's a burglar.

Vincent – Right, because she broke in to steal your Picasso and decided to take a shower while she was at it.

Marc – I'm going.

Marc leaves. Vincent takes a sip of his pastis.

Vincent – Maybe I should sneak off before Diana gets here. (*But Marc returns, looking bewildered.*) So?

Marc – You're right.

Vincent – But do you know her?

Marc – She's still in the shower... I didn't dare disturb her.

Vincent (*mocking*) – I mean, for a guy who comes home while his wife's on holiday with her mum and finds a naked stranger in his shower... If you wait five more minutes, maybe she'll end up in your bed. For once, you could break your own rules.

But Marc doesn't seem amused. He has other worries.

Marc – This isn't one of your and Thomas's stupid pranks, is it?

Vincent – A prank?

Marc – You didn't lend him the thousand euros to hire a call girl and put her in my bed to test my principles, did you?

Vincent – And how exactly would I have got her in here?

Marc – Thomas had the keys. But there's no way he could come up with such a twisted idea on his own. And he definitely wouldn't have had the cash to pay for it.

Vincent – I swear...

Marc – I'm telling you, I don't find this funny at all. Good thing Diana's in Nice— she doesn't exactly have a sense of humour about this sort of thing. And honestly, with the mess I've been in since this morning, the last thing I need right now is divorce proceedings.

Vincent – I swear on Diana's life I had nothing to do with this, Marc. But you'd better go and ask that woman what she's doing here.

Marc – At this point, I might as well wait for her to finish her shower...

The two friends pause to think.

Vincent – I've got nothing to do with this, but Thomas...

Marc – Do you know something?

Vincent – No, but... he had your keys, didn't he? He could've used your apartment as a love nest while you were away.

Marc – Thomas? We've never seen him with a woman! Except Cherry Tart! He's as sexless as a goldfish!

Vincent – Maybe it hit him all at once. Like your goldfish. You said they'd never reproduced before, but you leave them alone for a week, and now there's a fourth one.

Marc – Yeah... But they're stuck in a tiny fishbowl. They didn't have much choice. Where would Thomas have found a bombshell like that?

Vincent – Maybe by convincing her this gorgeous flat was his... By the way, how do you know she's a bombshell?

Marc – I don't know... I'm just guessing. That would explain why Thomas didn't have time to feed the goldfish or water the plants.

At that moment, a scantily dressed woman appears in the living room. She lets out a shrill scream when she sees them.

Brigitte – What are you doing here?

Marc – I was going to ask you the same thing. But if you'd prefer, I could call the police to ask on my behalf...

Brigitte – Let me get dressed first, alright?

She disappears, leaving Marc and Vincent perplexed.

Vincent – You're right, she *is* a bombshell!

ACT TWO

Marc – I swear, I have no idea who she is...

Vincent – A friend of your wife's?

Marc – And what would she be doing here?

Vincent – Maybe Diana lent her the flat for August, knowing you were spending the summer on the Riviera.

Marc – For what purpose?

Vincent – I don't know... A friend from out of town or abroad who wanted to spend a few days in Paris.

Marc – Diana would never do something like that without telling me.

Vincent – Maybe she forgot.

Marc – No, that's not like Diana at all. She's never kept anything from me! She would have mentioned it. And honestly, I don't think she'd feel comfortable with someone she barely knows sleeping in her bed. You don't know her like I do...

Vincent – Mmm...

Marc (*taking out his phone*) – I'm calling her to clear this up...

Brigitte enters, now dressed, in a rather sexy outfit. Marc, taken aback, puts his phone away.

Brigitte (*with a strong French accent*) – Now, would you mind explaining what you're doing here, eh?

Vincent – Did she have this ridiculous accent earlier?

Marc – That, plus the whole Belgium partition thing... I'm starting to wonder if we've been transported into the Twilight Zone... (*To Brigitte*) Don't tell me you're a refugee from Wallonia!

Brigitte – Well, yes, I do live in Brussels. Why, does that bother you, eh?

Marc – For now, you're living in *my* home!

Brigitte – Your home? So, you're Thomas? But you're supposed to be in *my* home!

Marc – Me, in your home? No, you're the one in *my* home!

Brigitte – Of course, that's how it works. Me here in Paris, and you in Brussels! That's the principle of a home exchange, isn't it?

Vincent – You did a home exchange?

Marc – Not at all! (*To Brigitte*) Who organised a home exchange?

Brigitte – You! Thomas! With me!

Marc – But my name isn't Thomas! It's Marc!

Brigitte – Then what are you doing here?

Marc (*to Vincent*) – This is crazy... What do I do? Call the police?

Vincent – I think I'm starting to understand... (*To Brigitte*) So, you arranged a home exchange for the holidays with someone named Thomas, who claimed to own this flat?

Brigitte – Yes, of course! All the photos were on the website. It was exactly what I was looking for. But I didn't sign up to share this flat with two random blokes! What do you take me for, eh?

Marc – I have no idea what she's talking about...

Vincent – It's simple. You gave Thomas your keys to feed your goldfish in August, didn't you?

Marc – Well, yes!

Vincent – And instead, he put your flat on a home exchange website for holidaymakers.

Marc – My flat?

Vincent – Pretending to be the owner.

Marc – A home exchange...

Vincent – It's a cheap and friendly holiday option that's quite popular these days... as long as you've got a proper flat to exchange, not a dingy attic room in a squat like Thomas's.

Marc – So where is Thomas, then?

Vincent – On holiday!

Brigitte – In Brussels!

Marc – This is absolutely absurd. No one goes on holiday to Brussels!

Brigitte – Oh, really? And why's that, may I ask? Brussels is beautiful! Proof? The Flemish and the Walloons are fighting over it as their capital!

Vincent – I told you, you should never have given Thomas your keys...

Marc – Fine... I'll call him right now to check this. And if it's true, he'll hear from me... (*Dialling*) His mobile isn't answering... He's probably forgotten to pay his bill again. (*To Brigitte*) Alright, I'll call him at your place, since you say he's there. What's your landline number?

Brigitte – My landline number?

Marc – Well, yes. Don't you know your own landline number?

Brigitte – It’s just that... I don’t use it very often... And besides, I never call myself.

Marc – Would you prefer I call the police?

Brigitte – Err... 111, 222, 333...

Marc – 111, 222, 333?

Brigitte – If I remember it correctly...

Vincent – Well, it’s quite an easy number to remember...

Marc finishes dialling as the others watch. Brigitte looks a bit anxious.

Marc – The number you have dialled is not in service...

Brigitte – With everything going on there right now... Maybe the communication lines with Wallonia have been cut.

Marc – Right, that’s enough now...

Marc’s frustration is interrupted by the phone in his hand ringing.

Marc (*curtly*) – Hello? (*Softening*) Oh, Diana... Yes, yes, everything’s fine, it’s just... I’ve had a bit of a tough day, you know... With everything going on... And you? Aren’t you in Nice with your mum? In Paris? What time? But why? No, I could’ve managed just fine on my own, honestly. I wouldn’t want to ruin your holiday too. And your mum must be disappointed... No, of course I’m happy, it’s just... What time are you arriving? Really? Already? No, I swear, I’m not hiding anything... Not at all, it’s just that... OK, see you soon... I love you too... (*He puts the phone away and sighs, looking worried*) That was Diana. She’s decided to come back to Paris...

Vincent – No...?

Marc – She’ll be here any minute...

Vincent – Why are you panicking? Surely I’m the one who should be... I mean... Why are you panicking?

Marc – I know Diana... You’ve no idea how jealous she can be.

Vincent – Oh, right...

Marc – If she finds this bombshell here, she’ll file for divorce and pin all the blame on me.

Brigitte – *This bombshell?* What does that mean?

Vincent – In his mouth, it’s more of a compliment, don’t worry...

Marc – Oh, for God’s sake! Alimony would finish me off! Not to mention her lawyer poking his nose into everything when it comes to dividing the assets...

Brigitte – Why? Do you have something to hide?

Marc – No, but... (*To Brigitte*) You're still here? Haven't you figured it out yet? I'm the owner! And the man who arranged this flat exchange with you is a compulsive liar!

Brigitte – And so?

Marc – So, pack up your things and leave right now, alright? Preferably via the back stairs!

Brigitte – Oh no, absolutely not!

Marc – What do you mean, no?

Brigitte – I swapped my luxurious duplex in the heart of Brussels for this flat, which suits me perfectly. I did everything by the book. I came to Paris for a week. I'm here, and I'm staying!

Marc – But I'm telling you, this flat doesn't belong to Thomas—it's mine! (*To Vincent*) Tell her, will you!

Vincent hesitates, unsure of what to say.

Brigitte – Well, that's none of my concern. You can sort it out with your friend when he gets back from Brussels.

Vincent – *If* he ever comes back...

Brigitte – And where am I supposed to go at this hour?

Marc – I don't know! Back to your place!

Brigitte – Oh, but I wouldn't find a train to Brussels at this time of night! And with what's going on in Belgium right now... I'd rather wait for things to calm down a bit before heading back, eh?

Exasperated, Marc pulls out two fifty-euro notes.

Marc – Fine, here's a hundred euros, alright? Go get a room at the Ibis hotel across the street, and tomorrow take the train to Wallonia, or wherever you like. Does that work for you?

Brigitte (*unconvinced*) – The Ibis? In exchange for my duplex on the Grand Place in Brussels?

Marc (*turning to Vincent*) – Do something, I'm begging you, or I'll strangle her.

Vincent – What do you want me to do?

Marc – Take her to your place! You're single! You don't have to answer to anyone.

Vincent – Well, it's just that...

Brigitte – Oh, don't hold back on my account, will you? I was supposed to stay with a certain Thomas, I ended up with a certain Marc, and now I'm supposed to go with a certain Vincent. What do you take me for? Just because I have a funny accent doesn't mean I'm stupid, *eh?*

Marc is about to respond when the doorbell rings.

Marc – Oh no! It's her already!

Brigitte – Oh, so you're expecting more visitors like me? Honestly, you're all a bunch of perverts! I'm the one who's going to call the police, yes!

Marc – My wife! It's my wife, don't you understand? (*Turning desperately to Vincent*) I can't just shove her in the closet!

Vincent – Well, the lover-in-the-closet thing has been done to death. Maybe the freezer this time...?

Marc – Never mind, I'll think of something... (*Goes to answer the door*) Yes, darling! The traffic wasn't too bad, was it? Here, let me take your suitcase...

Diana enters with Marc, carrying a Vuitton suitcase.

Diana (*pretending to be surprised*) – Vincent?

Vincent – I just came to keep your husband company. All alone in Paris in August... I didn't know you were coming back today. But I'll leave you two...

Diana – I wouldn't want you to feel like I'm kicking you out... (*Her smile fades as she notices Brigitte*) Mademoiselle...

Brigitte – Good evening, madam...

Diana turns to Marc for an explanation.

Marc (*to Brigitte*) – Diana, my wife. (*To Diana*) Diana, may I introduce...

Brigitte – Brigitte... Brigitte from Brussels.

Diana (*coldly*) – Brussels... Enchanted... And you are...?

Marc panics for a moment before improvising.

Marc – She's Vincent's new girlfriend. You know, the one he's been so secretive about. Well, here she is. He finally introduced her to me. And I must say, she's so stunning, I can understand why he's been hiding her...

Diana (*icy*) – Yes, so can I...

Vincent, utterly mortified, doesn't dare deny it.

Vincent – It's just that...

Diana (*to Marc*) – So that's why you sounded so awkward on the phone earlier when I told you I was coming back? For a moment, I thought I'd find you in bed with a mistress...

Marc – We were just having drinks... Can I get you one?

Diana (*gesturing to her suitcase*) – I'll just drop this off in the bedroom first...

Marc – No, I'll do it! You know how messy I get when you're not here... There's stuff everywhere... Vincent, why don't you play host? You're practically family.

Marc leaves with the suitcase. A tense silence follows.

Diana – I think I need something strong... A whisky, please. *(to Brigitte)* You're not having anything? A milkshake? A bubble tea, maybe?

Brigitte – Well... I'll have... *(To Vincent)* The usual.

Vincent pours two whiskies.

Diana – So? Have you known each other long?

Vincent – Well, it's just that...

Diana – I can tell from your slight accent that you're not from here, are you?

Brigitte – No, indeed, I'm from Brussels. *(to Vincent)* Right, darling?

Vincent looks horrified.

Diana – And you're here for a short stay in Paris?

Brigitte – Since you weren't here, your husband kindly let us use your flat. It's wonderfully central for visiting Paris. But now that you're back... well, we'll just have to squeeze in. We can take the sofa, can't we, darling?

Marc returns, very conveniently.

Marc – There, I've tidied up a bit... My wife's a bit of a neat freak, you know. If she'd seen all those clothes scattered on the bed, she'd have killed me... So, does everyone have a drink?

Diana – Let's raise our glasses, then... *(To Vincent and Brigitte)* To love!

Vincent forces a tense smile. They drink.

Marc – I'll grab something to snack on with this.

Vincent – I'll give you a hand... *(They start walking toward the kitchen.)* What on earth possessed you to introduce her as my girlfriend?

Marc – Sorry, it was the only thing I could think of. Can you imagine if Diana had walked into the bedroom and found Brigitte's knickers lying on the bed?

Vincent – You could have just told her the truth!

Marc – The truth? That Thomas, who I gave the keys to so he could feed the goldfish, used them to swap my flat with a Belgian woman so he could spend August in Brussels? Honestly, would *you* believe a story like that? No, seriously, there are times in life when a simple lie is much better than a complicated truth.

Vincent – Oh, right! And what about me in all this?

Marc – What about you?

Vincent – I don't even know this girl!

Marc – But you've got nothing to lose by going along with it! You're single! And honestly, she's not bad, is she? If only she didn't have that ridiculous accent. But hey, you're not obliged to make her talk in bed...

They disappear into the kitchen. Left alone, the two women size each other up.

Diana – Are you really Vincent's girlfriend... or my husband's mistress? He's such a terrible liar...

Instead of answering, Brigitte smiles mysteriously, takes a few steps, and stops in front of the painting.

Brigitte – *Luncheon on the Grass*. A painting by Manet, reinterpreted by Picasso...

Diana (*ironically*) – I see you're an art expert too...

Brigitte – Two men with two nearly naked women... Do you know what Manet privately called this painting? (*Diana doesn't respond.*) *The Foursome*.

Diana is stunned. Marc and Vincent return. Marc sets some snacks on the table.

Marc – So, you've gotten to know each other?

Diana – We were talking about art...

Marc – Excellent. How about an impromptu dinner for four? I could pop some pizzas in the oven while we finish our drinks?

Vincent and Diana don't look thrilled, but Brigitte answers for them.

Brigitte – Why not? It could be fun...

Diana (*ironically*) – And afterwards, we can all go to bed together!

Marc – I'll be right back...

Marc heads off again.

Brigitte – I'll give you a hand.

She follows him, leaving Vincent and Diana alone.

Vincent – This isn't what you think, Diana.

Diana – Oh, you don't owe me an explanation. You're an adult, after all. And single...

Vincent – I'll explain everything. It's really simple... (*He hesitates*) Well, not *that* simple, actually, but...

Diana, finding Vincent's excuses pathetic, responds sarcastically.

Diana – And does she know about us?

Vincent – Of course not! Why would I tell her that?

Diana – No, you’re right—it hardly seems worth mentioning...

Vincent – But I don’t even know her! It’s the first time I’ve ever seen her in my life!

Diana – So why is she here? Are you going to tell me she’s Marc’s mistress?

Vincent – Not even...

Diana – This is pathetic.

Brigitte returns, carrying tableware.

Brigitte – Will you help me set this up, darling?

Vincent looks horrified as Diana gives him a death stare.

Diana – I think I’ll see what my husband is doing in the kitchen. *(To Brigitte)* You know what men are like...

Left alone with Brigitte, Vincent glares at her.

Vincent – Don’t you think you’re laying it on a bit thick?

Brigitte – Your friend Marc asked me to pretend to be your girlfriend. Make up your mind what you want!

Vincent – Fine, but you don’t need to overdo it.

Brigitte – Does the idea of your friend’s wife thinking I’m your fiancée bother you that much?

Vincent – No, but... You wouldn’t understand.

Marc returns with pizzas, setting them on the table. Diana follows with a bottle of wine.

Marc – Here we go!

Vincent – Alright, I think this charade has gone on long enough...

To silence him, Brigitte kisses him passionately, taking him completely by surprise. Marc and Diana watch. When Brigitte finally releases him, Vincent looks utterly disoriented.

Brigitte – What were you about to say, darling?

Vincent – I... I don’t remember...

Marc – Love is a beautiful thing!

Diana – Yes, and it makes you forgetful...

Marc – You know the saying: love is blind, but marriage restores your vision! *(Gesturing to the pizzas)* So, let’s dig in—nice and casual!

ACT THREE

The dinner begins in a tense atmosphere.

Diana – So, what do you do, Brigitte? Unless you're still a student?

Brigitte – I teach Fine Arts at the University of Brussels.

Vincent – Really?

Diana – You didn't know?

Vincent – Of course, I did... I just thought it was in Namur.

Marc (*anxiously*) – Fine Arts, you mean... painting?

Diana – Mostly modern art, yes.

Vincent – In that case, Miss, you must have noticed our friends own a remarkable Picasso.

Diana – *Miss?*

Vincent – What?

Diana – You said, *Miss*. I thought you were dating...

Vincent – Miss? No, I didn't, did I, Marc?

Marc – I didn't catch it...

Vincent – Well, anyway, darling, what do you think of this masterpiece?

Brigitte – It's part of a series Picasso painted, inspired by Manet's *Luncheon on the Grass*. A work that caused a scandal at the time...

Vincent – Really? Why's that?

Brigitte – Because it supposedly alludes to a foursome.

Vincent (*looking at the painting in awe*) – Fascinating... I'd never noticed that angle before. It really changes how I see it. Did you know that, Diana?

Diana – Well, yes, but...

Vincent – So how much would a painting like that go for?

Brigitte stands to examine the painting, but Marc quickly distracts everyone by moving toward the fishbowl.

Marc – Whoa! I don't know what's happening in there, but it's not a party—it's a massacre! The little one has already chewed off the tails of the two males... And I fed them earlier!

Diana – What little one? (*She looks at the fishbowl and gasps.*) There's a fourth fish in there... and it's a carnivore!

Marc – That's impossible! How could three vegetarian fish produce a carnivorous one?

Diana – Then it must be an intruder!

Vincent – An intruder? In a fishbowl? How would it have got there?

Diana – That's what I'd like to know...

Brigitte looks uncomfortable.

Marc – In the meantime, we need to do something before it leaves nothing but the bones of your three goldfish.

Diana grabs a net from beside the fishbowl and struggles to catch the carnivorous fish.

Diana – Come here, you little bastard. You won't get away from me...

Brigitte seizes the opportunity to pull Marc aside.

Brigitte – It was me.

Diana – Sorry?

Brigitte – I'm the one who put the fourth fish in the bowl.

Marc – You?

Brigitte – I thought three fish wasn't a round number, so I added a fourth. I bought it from the pet shop downstairs. But I didn't know it was carnivorous.

Marc – You... You really are a pain in the ass!

Brigitte – I thought it would be a nice gesture.

Diana finally catches the fish.

Diana – Got it!

She throws the fish to the floor and stomps on it furiously. The other three watch her, horrified.

Diana – The intruder is gone!

An awkward silence follows.

Marc – Well, we can finish dinner then... A bit more pizza? (*No one responds.*) Or maybe we can move on to dessert...

Diana (*to Brigitte*) – So, has he proposed yet?

Vincent – Well, that is to say...

Diana (*noticing Brigitte's flashy ring*) – Is that an engagement ring? Very pretty... A bit gaudy, perhaps. If he gave you that, he didn't exactly break the bank, did he?

Brigitte – Really?

Diana – It's fake, isn't it? You can tell straight away. Only a Belgians would wear a diamond that size thinking it's real...

Brigitte – It is fake, actually... About as fake as the painting hanging in the middle of your living room.

Marc, returning with a cake, freezes.

Diana – You're mistaken, Miss. That painting came from my mother, who knew Picasso personally.

Brigitte – One of his many flings, perhaps? Picasso had quite the reputation as a womaniser... Who knows, you might even be one of his secret descendants. Now that you mention it, I can imagine you looking quite like a Picasso in a few years...

Diana – My mother bought that painting from a gallery when it was still somewhat affordable.

Brigitte – Then the gallery owner swindled her.

Diana – It's real, I'm telling you!

Brigitte – And I'm telling you, it's fake.

Marc is visibly uncomfortable as Brigitte approaches the painting.

Brigitte – It's a copy—you can tell at a glance. In fact, the paint is still fresh...

Diana is stunned.

Diana (*to Marc*) – Say something, will you?

Marc – Of course, it's real!

Brigitte – May I remind you that I'm a professor of Fine Arts in Brussels?

Vincent – How would a fake Picasso have ended up here?

Diana – Maybe the same way as that carnivorous fish... Didn't you tell me you gave your keys to your friend Thomas to feed the goldfish?

Marc – Yes, but...

Diana – I've always told you to be wary of that loser. He could have stolen my Picasso and replaced it with a fake...

Vincent – Thomas would never be capable of something like that!

Diana – He's probably the one who put that piranha in the bowl too...

Marc – Oh, come on, that's ridiculous!

Diana – For all we know, he could already be fleeing abroad with our painting!

Vincent – To Belgium, maybe...

Diana – Why Belgium?

Vincent – Why not Belgium?

Diana – We need to call the police! Issue an international arrest warrant!

Vincent – It can't be him! Sure, he's not the sharpest, but he's no con artist... He doesn't have the ambition for it.

Diana – Then why not her?

Vincent – Brigitte?

Diana – I'm sure this isn't the first time she's been here. I'm not stupid, you know. You're both sleeping with her, aren't you? She's a call girl, and she gives you a group discount?

Brigitte – Honestly, madam...

Diana (*to Vincent and Marc*) – Was the plan for the evening to end with a picnic on the carpet?

Brigitte – Why would I have told you it was a fake if I'd stolen the original?

Diana – Fine, I'm calling the police right now. They'll sort this out.

She moves towards the phone, but Marc blocks her path.

Marc – No, it can't be her...

Diana – Oh, really? And why not?

Marc – Because it's me...

Diana and the others are stunned.

Marc – I needed cash to cover my stock market losses. I pawned the painting... But I swear, I've never cheated on you! (*digging himself deeper*) Not with *this* girl, at least...

Diana – I've heard enough! I'm going back to my mother's in Nice. My lawyer will be in touch with you on Monday...

Diana heads for the door.

Marc – Oh, come on, Diana...

Diana – That you cheated on me, I might have suspected. But that you embezzled my inheritance? My mother's Picasso! I'll make sure you end up in prison, I promise you!

Marc is interrupted by his phone ringing.

Marc (*seeing the caller ID*) – It's Thomas! (*To Diana*) He'll explain everything! Thomas? Bloody hell, where are you? You've left me in such a mess! (*He steps away for a moment to continue the conversation in a hushed tone before returning.*) No? You swear? No, no, I believe you... OK, I'll call you back... (*To Brigitte*) Thomas never arranged a clandestine flat swap. And he's not in Belgium. He broke his leg falling off the stage during rehearsals for *The Imaginary Invalid*, and he's stuck at home in a cast.

Vincent – Poor guy, he really can't catch a break...

Marc – He just gave my keys to one of his friends from drama school to feed the fish for him.

Vincent and Diana turn to Brigitte.

Brigitte (*dropping her accent*) – OK, I'm not Belgian... (*Stunned silence from the others*) Nor am I a professor of Fine Arts.

Marc – Then how did you know the Picasso was fake?

Brigitte – I guessed.

Marc – Guessed?

Brigitte – It's obvious it's a fake, isn't it? And I just thought it was unlikely anyone would have a real Picasso at home...

Vincent – But then... why all the play-acting?

Brigitte – You really don't recognise me?

Marc – No!

Brigitte – Imagine me covered in spots... and bald.

Vincent – Cherry Tart!

Brigitte – At first, when Thomas gave me the keys, I just wanted a place to stay for a few days since the flat was empty...

Marc – Stay?

Brigitte – When my boyfriend saw me show up with my egg-shaped head six months ago, he thought I had a sexually transmitted disease and dumped me. I've been homeless ever since...

Vincent – I'm sorry...

Brigitte – Then, when I saw the pharmacist with his Nazi scientist face, I decided it was time for some payback.

Marc – I had nothing to do with it!

Brigitte – Oh, please... You thought it was hilarious when you saw me like that in the pharmacy with your mate, didn't you? I was so disfigured you didn't even recognise me tonight!

Marc (*in disbelief*) – Cherry tart...

Brigitte – And I won't even mention the casting you made me miss... It was for Esmeralda in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. With the way I looked, they offered me Quasimodo instead!

Vincent – I really am sorry...

Brigitte – When I saw you two earlier, looking like a couple of schoolboys caught misbehaving—and with the bitch over there—I thought, why not have a bit of fun myself for once?

Marc – The bitch... I'd remind you that you're talking about my wife...

Diana – Not for much longer, rest assured...

Vincent – Well done... You're quite the actress...

Marc – Better than Thomas, at least...

Brigitte – Let's just say you're a good audience... And improvisation is something we're well-trained in at drama school.

Vincent – And... why the Belgian act?

Brigitte – That idea came to me while listening to the radio...

Diana – Fine. I hope you've enjoyed yourself. Personally, it's been very enlightening...

Brigitte (*to everyone*) – Didn't you find it funny? For me, it was a perfect setup—I felt like I'd walked straight onto the stage of a farcical comedy. With the wife, the lover, and the cuckolded husband...

Marc – Which cuckold?

Diana – Don't change the subject, will you? (*To Brigitte*) And I suppose you're not Vincent's girlfriend either?

Brigitte – Why does that interest you so much?

Diana – The only true thing here is that you're a failure... and a fraud.

Marc (*to Diana*) – You're not going to leave me, are you?

Vincent – How about we put on some music to lighten the mood...?

Vincent turns the radio back on, which begins playing Brel's "Ne Me Quitte Pas."

Brel – Ne me quitte pas, tout peut s'oublier. Oublier le temps, des malentendus...

The four of them listen to the song for a moment, each lost in thought, nibbling on the remains of the pizza. But the song is soon interrupted by a news bulletin.

Speaker – We interrupt this musical programme to bring you the conclusion of the serious crisis that has shaken Europe: Wallonia is now requesting to join France as an overseas department. Flanders, meanwhile, much of which is already below sea level, will be returned to the ocean and transformed into an oyster farm...

The music resumes, switching to Brel's "Le Plat Pays."

Brel – Avec la Mer du Nord, pour dernier terrain vague, et des vagues de dunes, pour arrêter les vagues...

Vincent quickly changes the station.

Announcer (*in a syrupy voice*) – With L'Oréal's special shampoo for curly hair, every morning when I leave my bathroom, I look like a freshly groomed poodle. L'Oréal: because I'm not worth it...

They are interrupted by Marc's phone ringing. He glances at the screen and switches off the radio.

Marc – It's a stock alert I set... (*Reading, his face suddenly brightens*) The little start-up I invested the Picasso money in has just succeeded in regrowing hair on a German shepherd!

Diana – You mean... a shepherd from Germany?

Vincent – I think he means a dog.

Marc – They're authorised to move on to human trials! Do you realise? Better than Viagra! There are far more bald men in the world than impotent ones! It's a massive market!

Vincent – Don't get ahead of yourself... They've only just started human trials. Remember that drug I tested on Brigitte...

Marc (*tapping on his phone*) – You're right... As they say in the stock market: buy the rumour, sell the news! The stock price has already multiplied by a thousand in two hours. Done! I've just sold everything for a profit of...

Diana – How much?

Marc (*checking his screen*) – Oh, my God! The screen on my phone isn't even big enough to show all the zeros... It's the jackpot!

Diana – And my Picasso?

Marc – Right, I pawned your painting to make this last risky investment. But now, we can get it back. And buy half a dozen more!

Diana – Half a dozen?

Marc – And a diamond as big as Brigitte's, I promise. But a real one this time!

Diana (*softening*) – I've always believed in you, darling. And I'm glad everything's working out between us, because I have some big news: you're going to be a father!

Vincent shifts uncomfortably.

Marc – An heir! Time to pop the champagne!

He goes to fetch a bottle.

Diana (to *Brigitte*) – Let's make peace, shall we? You don't tell my husband about my affair with Vincent, and I'll leave him to you, alright?

Brigitte – Who says I'm interested in him?

Diana – You won't be disappointed, you'll see... And if you don't want to end up like poor Thomas, believe me, it's time to invest in property before you yourself need a full renovation...

Marc struggles to open the champagne. Vincent approaches Brigitte as Diana joins Marc to grab champagne glasses.

Vincent – It's a shame, I liked your accent... Could you do it for me sometimes?

Brigitte (with a French accent) – Is that a proposal, my dear?

Vincent – Why not?

Brigitte – I'm not sure we have much in common...

Vincent – I had a lot in common with my first wife. Starting with a very large, tax-free Serenity Life Insurance plan. And we divorced...

Brigitte – And Diana?

Vincent – Didn't you see for yourself? All it takes is the stock market to go up for her to find her husband sexier than me...

Brigitte – And me? What makes you think I find *you* sexy?

Vincent – You're homeless, and I have a big flat in Champs Élysées.

Brigitte (ironically) – You really know how to talk to women, don't you...

Vincent – And I already made you lose all your hair before even meeting you. It's like the stock market. My value is so low now, it can only go up...

Brigitte – In any case, we won't be going on honeymoon to Belgium... It doesn't exist anymore.

Diana returns with the glasses.

Diana – No more Belgian chocolate...

Vincent – No more Belgian beer...

Brigitte – No more Belgian jokes...

Diana (philosophically) – Belgium was a bit like this fishbowl... Fish too different, in a space too small. And not enough chips for everyone...

Marc's phone rings again. To answer it, he hands the champagne bottle to Vincent.

Marc (to Vincent) – Here, open this, will you? (*answering the call*) Hello? (*pausing to listen*) No... Oh, God... OK, we'll come... (*As Vincent struggles with the champagne*) That was Thomas. For a change, he's in trouble...

Vincent – What now?

Marc – He's stuck in his toilet with his leg in a cast and can't open the door. He wants us to come and rescue him...

Vincent finally pops the champagne cork, which hits the fishbowl, knocking it over. Water and (fake) fish spill across the floor.

Diana – I think those fish weren't meant to live together for very long either...

Blackout as Jacques Brel's "Bruxelles" plays.

Brel – C'était au temps où Bruxelles rêvait, c'était au temps du cinéma muet...

The cast returns for bows, holding a banner reading: "No real goldfish were harmed during this performance."

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.

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
The Way of Chance

Comedies for 4

A Cuckoo's nest
A hell of a night
A Skeleton in the Closet
Back to stage
Bed and Breakfast
Casket for two
Crisis and Punishment
Déjà vu
Family Portrait
Family Tree
Four stars
Friday the 13th
Gay friendly
How to get rid of your best
friends
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
Perfect In-laws
Quarantine
Strip Poker
Surviving Mankind
The Deal
The perfect Son-in-Law
The Pyramids
The Smell of Money
The Tourists

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
Traffic Jam on Graveyard Lane

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
Nicotine
Offside
Open Hearts
Reality Show
Save our Savings
Special Dedication
Stories and Prehistories
The House of Our Dreams
The Jackpot
The Performance is not
cancelled
The Worst Village in England
Welcome aboard!
White Coats, Dark Humour

Collection of sketches

Enough is Enough
For real and for fun
Him and Her
Killer Sketches
Lost time Chronicles
Open Hearts
Sidewalk Chronicles
Stage Briefs
Stories to die for

Monologues

Happy Dogs
Like a fish in the air

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