

La Comédiathèque

# APOCALYPSE

JEAN-PIERRE MARTINEZ

*A musical tragicomedy*

[comediatheque.net](http://comediatheque.net)

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# Apocalypse

*A musical tragicomedy*

**Jean-Pierre Martinez**

For several decades now, heatwaves have been occurring one after another, ever earlier, longer and more severe. Heat “records” are broken year after year. Humanity seems to be rushing towards its own destruction, unable to change course in order to avoid this looming apocalypse. This implacable mechanism is the very mechanism of tragedy: we already know that it will end badly, but we can do nothing to prevent it...

Jean-Pierre Martinez, both a playwright and a lyricist, has nevertheless chosen to sound the alarm, through sketches and songs. With seriousness, but not without humour, he warns us of the fragility of the human species, and of the absurdity of its fate should it disappear while possessing both the knowledge of the mortal danger that threatens it and the means to avert it. Unless the disappearance of Humanity is written into its DNA, and nothing can alter its programmed end...

*Variable cast:*

For one or more duos (up to 8), any gender.

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The songs may be performed live by the actors in the play or by singers, accompanied by musicians on stage, or sung over a recorded instrumental backing track, supplied by the author on request. The songs may also be played as part of a soundtrack integrated into the performance.

1 – The Fall of Icarus

*Song Le Bocal*

2 – Climate sceptic

*Song Canicule*

3 – Catastrophe Theory

*Song Après nous le déluge*

4 – The Stone Age

*Song Quatre étoiles*

5 – Revolt and Revolution

*Song Un bref instant d'éternité*

6 – Apocalypse

*Song Attention fragile*

7 – Soap bubbles

*Song Crash zone*

8 – Hell

*Song Bulles de savon*

# 1 – The Fall of Icarus

*One character is blowing soap bubbles. Another arrives and watches. They are children, or adults dressed as children. Gender is irrelevant.*

**Two** – That’s funny.

**One** – It looks as if they’re going to rise all the way up to the sky.

**Two** – Unless they burst first.

**One** – What could be drawing them up there?

*A pause.*

**Two** – Do you know Icarus?

**One** – Icarus? No... Is he a friend of yours?

**Two** – It’s a myth the Greeks left us. Icarus is the son of Daedalus. To escape from the labyrinth where they have been imprisoned, they make wings out of wax and feathers. Intoxicated by the feeling of being able to fly like a bird, Icarus flies too close to the sun. The wax begins to melt, and he falls into the sea.

**One** – What a story...

**Two** – Obviously, it has a symbolic meaning.

**One** – Oh, really...?

**Two** – It’s the notion of hubris. When Man tries to escape his condition and become a god, the gods grow angry with him and punish him for his pride.

**One** – I’d like to fly too. Like a soap bubble.

**Two** – Yes... but a soap bubble only lasts a few seconds.

**One** – Because the gods make it burst to stop it rising all the way up to the sky?

**Two** – Perhaps...

**One** – Then I’d like to be a butterfly.

**Two** – A butterfly only lives for a single day.

**One** – What about a bird?

**Two** – A raven can live for more than a hundred years.

**One** – I wouldn’t really like to be a raven.

**Two** – Neither would I.

*A pause.*

**One** – It’s hot.

**Two** – Yes.

**One** – It's summer.

**Two** – In summer, it's hot.

**One** – And in winter, it's cold.

**Two** – I prefer summer. I like it when it's hot.

**One** – So do I.

**Two** – In summer, you can be outside all day.

**One** – It stays light longer.

**Two** – And then summer means holidays.

**One** – I'd like it to be summer all year round, wouldn't you?

**Two** – Yes.

### **Song Le Bocal (The Fishbowl)**

[https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez\\_music/le-bocal](https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez_music/le-bocal)

***Blackout***

## 2 – Climate sceptic

*Lights up.*

*One character is there, the same as before or not, male or female. Another arrives.*

**Two** – It's so hot today...

**One** – Oh no! Don't you start as well.

**Two** – What?

**One** – It's summer, it's hot. That's normal. No need to make a big deal out of it.

**Two** – Yes, but still...

**One** – They go on about it morning, noon and night on the news. It's hot. It's a heatwave. Red alert. Remember to stay hydrated. Don't leave your mother-in-law sitting in a car in full sun...

**Two** – Well yes, but... It really is hot, though.

**One** – It's hot, it's hot... No hotter than usual. I'm telling you, they take us for fools.

**Two** – Apparently today we broke more records again.

**One** – Records... What nonsense... It's not the Olympic Games, is it?

**Two** – True, heat records are about the only records we still manage to break in this bloody country.

**One** – I'm telling you, it's all rubbish. It's because of the greens!

**Two** – It's because of the greens that it's hot?

**One** – In any case, it's because of the greens that we have to hear about the heatwave all day long!

**Two** – It's true, they're a pain in the neck, those greens, but still...

**One** – If it's hot, it gives them grist to their mill, you see?

**Two** – To their mill?

**One** – To their wind turbines, if you prefer.

**Two** – Do wind turbines run on water?

**One** – Yes, well, I know what I mean...

**Two** – You're the only one who does...

**One** – I'm not going to draw you a picture. It's hot, vote for me! You'll be less hot.

**Two** – And so?

**One** – Do you really think that if we elected a Green president, it would be less hot in summer?

**Two** – I don't know... Maybe. We've never tried the greens.

**One** – It's hot, all right... You buy air conditioning, and that's that.

**Two** – Air conditioning... It's not cheap, you know. And it's not very green, is it?

**One** – Air conditioning isn't very green? I'd better leave, then. I might get angry.

### **Song Canicule (Heatwave)**

[https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez\\_music/canicule](https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez_music/canicule)

***Blackout.***

### 3 – Catastrophe Theory

*Lights up.*

*One character is there, male or female. Another arrives.*

**Two** – It's hot, isn't it?

**One** – Yes... Every year, it's a little hotter than the year before.

**Two** – And for a little longer.

**One** – At first, it was just a few days.

**Two** – A week at most.

**One** – We called it an episode.

**Two** – Yes. A heatwave episode.

**One** – Now it's no longer an episode, we get the whole season.

**Two** – And the seasons keep coming, with more and more episodes.

**One** – Like on Netflix.

**Two** – Now it's more than six months a year.

**One** – Soon we'll be talking about a cool spell from time to time.

**Two** – Like an ad break before the series continues.

**One** – How could we let this happen without reacting...?

**Two** – Because we've always put the short term before the long term.

**One** – Yes. The unemployment rate or the price of petrol before the survival of Humanity.

**Two** – Half a degree more every year doesn't sound like much.

**One** – But after ten years, that's five degrees.

**Two** – And after half a century, that's twenty-five degrees.

**One** – And twenty-five degrees is a lot.

**Two** – Far too much.

**One** – Can we still stop this infernal machine?

**Two** – Until now, all we've done is try to minimise the symptoms, without really tackling the causes of the disease.

**One** – And now it's too late.

**Two** – In any case, that’s what we’re told.

**One** – The people telling us that are sitting comfortably at home, by the swimming pool.

**Two** – Or indoors, with the air conditioning.

**One** – Their air conditioning, which dumps its heat outside. Where we are condemned to live, if only to go to work or do the shopping.

**Two** – We do have to fill the fridge.

**One** – It’s crazy, when you think about it. All the crap they sell us, we keep nicely chilled in a refrigerator, while we are literally dying of heat in our rabbit hutches.

**Two** – At least when we’re dead, they put us in a cold room.

**One** – Until it’s time to incinerate us... Releasing even more carbon into the atmosphere.

**Two** – Yes, but what can we do about it?

**One** – Nothing.

**Two** – That’s what mathematicians call catastrophe theory.

**One** – Catastrophe theory?

**Two** – How the very gradual, continuous evolution of a single parameter can suddenly, at a precise moment, produce a brutal break in continuity and an irreversible tipping point.

**One** – For example?

**Two** – A branch we’re sitting on, slowly sawing through it, until it suddenly snaps, taking us down with it.

**One** – I see... That’s what we call the straw that breaks the camel’s back, isn’t it?

**Two** – Exactly. It’s like rising waters.

**One** – Or a boat that is sinking because there’s a small hole in the hull.

**Two** – The water rises by one centimetre every hour. You can barely see it, and at the time it doesn’t change anything.

**One** – But by the end of the week, the boat has sunk by more than a metre.

**Two** – We think it’s not worth stopping the cruise for that, or putting the boat into dry dock to plug the hole. But at some point, the boat will suddenly go straight to the bottom, and nothing will be able to keep it afloat any more.

**One** – We know that after a month the boat will have sunk, but the captain doesn’t dare put the crew out of work. And as long as the cruise is having fun...

**Two** – Catastrophe theory also applies to social phenomena. For centuries, the people accept tyranny without flinching, and then suddenly...

**One** – Enough is enough.

**Two** – And that's revolution.

*A pause.*

**Two** – The French managed to guillotine their king in order to have their revolution, but we are incapable of rebelling to stop this.

**One** – Who could we guillotine?

**Two** – I don't know... The King of Spain?

**One** – Do you think the King of Spain is responsible for global warming?

**Two** – No, but guillotining a king would make us feel a bit better, wouldn't it?

**One** – Yes...

**Song Après nous le déluge (Surviving Mankind)**

[https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez\\_music/apres-nous-le-deluge](https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez_music/apres-nous-le-deluge)

*Blackout.*

## 4 – The Stone Age

*Lights up.*

*One character, male or female, is there. Another arrives.*

**One** – We're suffocating. What's going on?

**Two** – The air conditioning has stopped working.

**One** – You couldn't get it going again?

**Two** – It hasn't broken down... but there's no electricity any more.

**One** – We've no water either.

**Two** – No internet.

**One** – How long are we going to last like this?

**Two** – Without internet?

**One** – Without water! And without air conditioning...

**Two** – What temperature is it now?

**One** – We're close to sixty degrees... It's insane!

**Two** – It's like the pay-as-you-go pension system. The old people thought global warming would be their grandchildren's problem.

**One** – The old people are dead, and their grandchildren are retired.

**Two** – And now it's the old people's problem too.

**One** – We were told so often that nothing could be done without increasing the deficit and unemployment. Now we've reached full employment and reduced the deficit...

**Two** – But we're all going to die...

**One** – This country used to be the most beautiful in the world. Now it's a desert.

**Two** – The planet's population has already fallen by half.

**One** – We thought the only people who would die would be those without air conditioning.

**Two** – So those who had air conditioning didn't care.

**One** – And now those who have air conditioning have no electricity to run it.

**Two** – Except those with a generator...

**One** – Until they run out of petrol to power it.

**Two** – Apparently the few dozen multi-billionaires who own ninety per cent of the world’s wealth are building a spaceship to leave Earth.

**One** – To go where?

**Two** – I don’t know... To another planet, I suppose... To start doing exactly the same thing all over again.

**One** – But we’re condemned to die here.

**Two** – How could we let this happen...?

**One** – At first, forty degrees in summer in the north seemed unimaginable. Then it became the norm. We reached fifty. Forty degrees became the good old days. Today, we’re over sixty.

**Two** – Air conditioning used to be a luxury. It became a matter of survival.

**One** – And now the air conditioning doesn’t work any more.

**Two** – The time has come to pay for our blindness over the past fifty years.

**One** – Do you think we can still reverse the trend?

**Two** – We’re told we can’t. Unless we go back to the Stone Age...

**One** – Go back to the Stone Age. If this carries on, we won’t even have that option any more...

### **Song Quatre étoiles (Four Stars)**

[https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez\\_music/quatre-etoiles](https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez_music/quatre-etoiles)

***Blackout.***

## 5 – Revolt and revolution

*Lights up.*

*One character, male or female, is there. Another arrives.*

**One** – What’s all that noise?

**Two** – A riot.

**One** – A riot?

**Two** – In the suburbs, people don’t have air conditioning. They’re dying of heat. Literally. So they’re heading to the capital. They’re occupying every place that has air conditioning. Offices, government departments, ministries... The police are trying to stop them getting in...

**One** – You can even hear gunshots...

**Two** – If anyone had told me that one day people would be fighting for a bit of cool air...

**One** – A bit of cool air... They’re fighting to survive, that’s all...

**Two** – And the government is doing nothing?

**One** – The president will address the nation this evening... from his air-conditioned office.

**Two** – What can he possibly tell us now? To close the shutters during the day? To remember to stay hydrated?

**One** – They knew. They did nothing all these years.

**Two** – And now they tell us nothing can be done any more. That it’s too late. That we have to adapt if we don’t want to disappear, like the dinosaurs.

**One** – We knew too. And we did nothing either.

**Two** – What could we have done?

**One** – We could have rebelled. In the past, we were capable of calling a general strike for wage rises. And yet we were never bloody capable of doing the same thing to avoid dying of heat, or being submerged by rising waters.

**Two** – Because it’s a global problem. People said to themselves: what’s the point of stopping pollution here, if the rest of the world keeps burning coal and oil? Just so they can flood us with cheap products.

**One** – True. We lacked solidarity. And now we’re all going to die. Together.

**Two** – We thought only human beings were mortal, not Humanity. And yet, on the scale of the universe, Humanity has existed only for a brief instant. How could we believe it would live for ever?

**One** – We make fun of the dinosaurs because they failed to adapt. But dinosaurs dominated the Earth for nearly 200 million years. Humanity as such has existed for only a few tens of thousands of years, and it is already on the brink of extinction.

**Two** – Besides, the dinosaurs succumbed to an external cause. A meteorite impact. They didn't have much time to adapt. Human beings are going to die from the consequences of their own behaviour, because they are incapable of changing it.

**One** – Like a smoker or an alcoholic who dies of cancer because he didn't have the willpower to stop drinking or smoking in time.

**Two** – It's as if the end of Humanity were already written into its own genes. Man is a time bomb.

**One** – And the countdown has begun...

*A pause.*

**Two** – Do you know where the expression "dog days" comes from?

**One** – No, but I have a feeling you're going to tell me...

**Two** – In Latin, *canicula* means “little dog” — or, more precisely, “little bitch”. It was the Roman nickname for Sirius, the brightest star in the sky, located in the constellation Canis Major, the Great Dog. In Antiquity, people believed that when Sirius rose at the same time as the Sun, its heat added to the Sun's and caused the hottest days of summer — the famous “dog days”.

**One** – So heatwaves are nothing new...

**Two** – No... And neither is global warming. By starting to make fire, prehistoric humans set off this deadly process, which accelerated with the Industrial Revolution.

**One** – What we need is a second Industrial Revolution, but in reverse. To stop this infernal machine...

**Two** – Do you think it could begin with this riot?

**One** – The question is whether it's a revolution, or just a revolt...

### **Song Un bref instant d'éternité (A Brief Moment of Eternity)**

[https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez\\_music/un-bref-instant-deternite](https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez_music/un-bref-instant-deternite)

***Blackout.***

## 6 – Apocalypse

*Lights up.*

*One character, male or female, is there. Another arrives.*

**One** – Did you hear the radio?

**Two** – The radio? Does that still exist?

**One** – Since the last television channel stopped broadcasting, they've reopened a radio station.

**Two** – And?

**One** – This time, I think it's the end.

**Two** – The end of the world, you mean?

**One** – The end of Humanity, at any rate.

**Two** – It's true that the Earth itself has seen worse. Ice ages, periods of overheating, meteorite impacts...

**One** – After a few centuries, the Earth will recover, that's for sure. But us...

**Two** – We wanted to fly too high. Too fast. We burnt our wings. And now we're in free fall. We're all going to crash.

**One** – That reminds me of something...

**Two** – And what are they saying on the radio?

**One** – They're telling us to pray.

**Two** – Pray?

**One** – The only radio station we can still listen to is one announcing that the apocalypse is coming tomorrow. And that we must prepare.

**Two** – Prepare? How?

**One** – By praying, precisely...

**Two** – If only all their prayers could have prevented this.

**One** – And yet, since Humanity has existed, there have been plenty of prayers.

**Two** – We would have been better off praying a little less and acting a little more.

**One** – After every natural disaster, earthquake, flood, forest fire... In the midst of mass graves, the survivors thanked God for having spared their own little selves.

**Two** – And even today, the few very temporary survivors of this apocalypse are still giving thanks to their God.

**One** – Do you think the very last survivor of Humanity, before disappearing, will still thank God for having spared him?

**Two** – What's certain is that God will disappear with the last man stupid enough to believe in him.

**One** – That's one of the few reasons to feel hopeful about the prospect of this apocalypse...

**Song Attention fragile (Handle with Care)**

[https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez\\_music/attention-fragile](https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez_music/attention-fragile)

*Blackout.*

## 7 – Soap Bubbles

*Lights up.*

*One character, male or female, is blowing soap bubbles. Another arrives.*

**Two** – What are you doing...?

**One** – Blowing soap bubbles.

**Two** (*taken aback*) – I can see that... But I mean...

**One** – Have you never blown soap bubbles?

**Two** – Yes... Probably... When I was five or six, I suppose...

**One** – Yes... Me too... I've decided to take it up again...

**Two** – Right...

**One** – Do you know what Nietzsche said about soap bubbles?

**Two** – Nietzsche?

**One** – “For me, butterflies, soap bubbles and human beings who resemble them are the ones who know the most about happiness.”

**Two** – Nietzsche said that?

**One** – In *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*.

**Two** – Right...

**One** – You see... Nietzsche blew soap bubbles too.

**Two** – OK...

**One** – Why did you stop?

**Two** – Stop? Stop what?

**One** – Blowing soap bubbles. You said you used to do it when you were five or six. Why did you stop?

**Two** – I don't know... After a while, I moved on to other things, I suppose.

**One** – Other things... Like what, for instance?

**Two** – Later... I started smoking.

**One** – All right... But smoking...?

**Two** – Yes, joints too.

**One** – And after that...?

**Two** – After that... I stopped as well.

**One** – And now?

**Two** – Now I vape.

**One** – You should try taking up soap bubbles again.

**Two** – Yes, maybe... *(A pause)* Are you sure you're all right?

**One** – Yes, why?

*The other looks around.*

**Two** – It's been such a long time since I last came here.

**One** – Yes...

**Two** – And you?

**One** – Me?

**Two** – How long has it been?

**One** – I don't know... It must be... Actually, I'm not sure I've ever been here before, have I?

**Two** – No... No, me neither...

*The other also looks around.*

**One** – In any case, it hasn't changed at all.

**Two** – No...

*Silence.*

**One** – Then again...

**Two** – What?

**One** – How can we know it hasn't changed, if we've never been here before?

*The other looks around again.*

**Two** – There's nothing here. How do you expect it to have changed?

**One** – True... Nothingness doesn't change, does it?

**Two** – No.

*A pause.*

**One** – Do you know what Nietzsche said about nothingness?

**Two** – No... *(He expects the other to enlighten him, but the other says nothing.)* What did he say?

**One** – No idea...

**Two** – Then why are you asking me what Nietzsche said about nothingness?

**One** – Well... To find out... I thought perhaps you knew...

**Two** – What Nietzsche said about nothingness? You thought I knew that?

**One** – You're right, it's stupid. Besides, maybe he never said anything at all.

**Two** – About nothingness?

**One** – Yeah.

**Two** – Saying nothing about nothingness is probably the best thing to do, isn't it?

**One** – Yeah...

**Two** – You must be confusing him with Sartre.

**One** – Sartre said something about nothingness?

**Two** – I think so, yes... Didn't he?

**One** – Yes, maybe.

**Two** – But what...?

**One** – That...

### **Song Crash Zone**

[https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez\\_music/crash-zone](https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez_music/crash-zone)

***Blackout.***

## 8 – Hell

*Lights up.*

*One character, male or female, is there. Another arrives.*

**Two** – You're still here...?

**One** – Where do you expect me to be?

**Two** – True, you're right...

*A pause.*

**One** – So we're being informal now?

**Two** – I don't know... Yes... Why not? Were we more formal before?

**One** – Before what?

**Two** – Before... Before we stopped being formal...

**One** – I don't know... I can't remember.

**Two** – Neither can I.

**One** – Would you rather we stayed formal?

**Two** – No, no... After all this time we've known each other...

**One** – Of course... (*A pause*) Actually, I can't remember... Where did we meet again?

**Two** – Here, I think.

**One** – Right...

**Two** – What?

**One** – Didn't we say we'd never been here before? That it was our first time?

**Two** – Yes...

**One** – How could we have met here, if we'd never been here before?

**Two** – Ah yes, you've got a point there.

**One** – Well, yes...

**Two** – It's strange. And yet your face did ring a bell.

**One** – Oh yes...? And what did my face say?

**Two** – I had the feeling I'd seen you somewhere before.

**One** – Then we must have met somewhere else.

**Two** – Yes... (*A pause*) Somewhere else...?

**One** – If we didn't meet here... or anywhere else, then we never met before, did we?

**Two** – Yes, that makes sense...

**One** – Which means that, in reality... we don't know each other?

**Two** – Yeah...

*Silence.*

**One** – So why are we on first-name terms?

**Two** – Maybe we knew each other... in another life.

**One** – What do you mean, another life? You only live once, don't you? Well, I don't know... That's what I've always been told...

**Two** – I do have an explanation, but I don't know whether you're going to like it.

**One** – At this point...

**Two** – If you only live once, if we've never met here or anywhere else, and yet we know each other... it means we're nowhere.

**One** – And above all, it means we're dead...

**Two** – I can't see any other explanation. Can you?

**One** – No, neither can I. (*A pause*) And... what would we have died of, then?

**Two** – What?

**One** – Yes, what. We must have died of something, mustn't we?

**Two** – So I tell you we're dead, and the first question that comes into your head is what we died of?

**One** – There's no need to be unpleasant... I'm starting to wonder whether we shouldn't go back to being formal after all.

**Two** – I don't know... There are lots of ways to die... but the result is the same, isn't it?

**One** – Yes, that's not wrong...

*A pause.*

**Two** – The question is whether we're in heaven or in hell.

**One** – We must be in hell.

**Two** – Why?

**One** – It's very hot, isn't it?

**Two** – Yeah, now I understand the expression "you'll burn in hell".

**One** – In heaven, they must have air conditioning. And besides... in heaven, shouldn't we be alone?

**Two** – Alone? You mean in solitary confinement?

**One** – True, in prison it's to punish difficult inmates that they put them in solitary.

**Two** – So why do you say that in heaven we should be alone?

**One** – Wasn't it Sartre who said: "Hell is other people"?

**Two** – Sartre? Yes, maybe...

**One** – If hell is other people, then in heaven you must be alone, right?

**Two** – That would be logical, anyway.

*A pause.*

**One** – We remember nothing. Why do I remember Sartre?

**Two** – And Nietzsche.

**One** – Do you remember anything?

**Two** – I don't know... I remember... that it was already hot.

**One** – Hot?

**Two** – Very hot.

**One** – But hot... like here?

**Two** – Yes, that's it... Like hell. But on Earth.

**One** – So that's how we died...?

**Two** – How?

**One** – Heatstroke. It happens.

**Two** – Yes... Maybe we'd gone hiking in the desert, without water, and died of thirst.

**One** – Or maybe we all died.

**Two** – All of us? The end of the world, you mean?

**One** – The end of Humanity, at any rate.

**Two** – Then why are there only two of us?

**One** – Maybe we were the last two.

**Two** – Maybe... Just as Adam and Eve were the first two.

**One** – What's certain is that here, it doesn't exactly look like the Garden of Eden.

**Two** – No... It looks more like...

**One** – Nothing.

**Two** – Yeah.

**One** – I remember too. It was very hot.

**Two** – Every year, it was a little hotter.

**One** – All the trees died.

**Two** – The Earth became a desert.

**One** – We had no water left.

**Two** – We ended up dying of thirst.

*A pause.*

**One** – But then... are we in hell, or are we still on Earth?

**Two** – What difference does it make?

**One** – You're right... What's the point of hell, when we managed to turn the Earth into a furnace?

*A pause.*

**Two** – It's strange, though...

**One** – What?

**Two** – Are you thirsty?

**One** – No.

**Two** – Neither am I.

**One** – It seems that when you're dead, you're no longer thirsty.

**Two** – There has to be some advantage to being dead. (*A pause*) We're no longer thirsty... but we're still just as hot.

**One** – Which goes to show you shouldn't always trust popular expressions.

**Two** – What expression?

**One** – To ice someone. Meaning to kill them.

**Two** – Yeah... All of Humanity has been iced. And yet we're still just as hot.

**One** – We are very little indeed.

**Two** – That reminds me of the story of the frog that wanted to be as big as the ox.

**One** – And swelled up so much that it burst.

**Two** – Or those financial bubbles people used to talk about on the stock market. Humanity was living in a bubble, and in the end it burst.

**One** – Which goes to show that philosophers talk a lot of rubbish too.

**Two** – Philosophers?

**One** – Nietzsche, about soap bubbles supposedly knowing more than anyone else about happiness.

**Two** – Yeah. All of Humanity was a soap bubble.

**One** – And in the end it burst.

**Two** – Pop... And there you are. Nothing left.

**One** – Until the next bubble.

**Two** – Which will burst in turn long before it reaches the stars.

**One** – Yes, we are soap bubbles.

**Two** – But who blows the bubbles...?

*The first character starts blowing bubbles again, as at the beginning.*

### **Song Bulles de savon ( Soap Bubbles)**

[https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez\\_music/bulles-de-savon](https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez_music/bulles-de-savon)

*Blackout.*

**End.**

## Song Le Bocal (The Fishbowl)

[https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez\\_music/le-bocal](https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez_music/le-bocal)

Nous croyons tout savoir  
Sur l'atome, les trous noir  
L'enfer, le purgatoire  
Sur notre propre histoire  
Du temps de la préhistoire  
Jusqu'aux châteaux de la Loire

On voyage sur la Lune  
Jusqu'à la planète Mars  
Nos exploits font la une  
Mais tout ça n'est qu'une farce  
On prévoit le temps de demain  
Mais on a le temps de rien

On est les agités du bocal  
Des poissons rouges dans un verre d'eau  
Nos luttes, nos guerres, nos conquêtes spatiales  
C'est qu'une tempête dans un bocal

On est les agités du bocal  
On tourne en rond dans un piège de cristal  
Notre prison c'est un verre d'eau  
Et si on le casse ça va faire mal

Un poisson rouge c'est pas très malin  
Ça n'entend rien, ça ne voit pas très loin  
Et puis surtout ça n'a aucune mémoire  
Ça laisse quand même pas beaucoup d'espoir

Derrière la vitre, le peu qu'on pourrait voir  
On ne peut pas le vérifier, on ne peut que le croire  
Parfois à travers la vitre sale  
On croit apercevoir une forme idéale

Serait-ce la main qui nous nourrit  
Le vitrier qui nous retient ici  
Est-ce lui qui nous a mis dans ce merdier  
Un dieu, un monstre, un apprenti sorcier

On est les agités du bocal  
Des poissons rouges dans un verre d'eau  
Nos luttes, nos guerres, nos conquêtes spatiales  
C'est qu'une tempête dans un bocal

On est les agités du bocal  
On tourne en rond dans un piège de cristal  
Notre prison c'est un verre d'eau  
Et si on le casse on n'aura plus d'eau

We think we know it all  
About atoms and black holes  
About heaven, hell and purgatory  
About our own history  
From prehistoric times  
To the castles of the Loire

We travel to the Moon  
And all the way to Mars  
Our achievements make the headlines  
But it's only a masquerade  
We can forecast tomorrow's weather  
Yet never seem to find the time

We're the restless fish in the bowl  
Goldfish swimming in a glass of water  
Our struggles, our wars, our space conquests  
Are just a storm inside a fishbowl

We're the restless fish in the bowl  
Swimming in circles in a crystal trap  
Our prison is a glass of water  
And if we break it, it's going to hurt

A goldfish isn't very clever  
It hears almost nothing, sees very little  
And worst of all, it has no memory  
That doesn't leave much room for hope

Beyond the glass, the little we can see  
We cannot prove, we can only believe  
Sometimes through the dirty pane  
We think we glimpse a perfect shape

Could it be the hand that feeds us?  
The glazier who keeps us here?  
Is he the one who got us into this mess?  
A god, a monster, an apprentice sorcerer?

We're the restless fish in the bowl  
Goldfish swimming in a glass of water  
Our struggles, our wars, our space conquests  
Are just a storm inside a fishbowl

We're the restless fish in the bowl  
Swimming in circles in a crystal trap  
Our prison is a glass of water  
And if we break it, there'll be no water left

Au moins dans cette prison de verre  
Ne rendons pas grâce à notre geôlier  
Au prétexte qu'il nous laisse entrevoir  
Ce que voir nous ne verrons jamais

On est les agités du bocal  
Des poissons rouges dans un verre d'eau  
Nos luttes, nos guerres, nos conquêtes spatiales  
C'est qu'une tempête dans un bocal

On est les agités du bocal  
On tourne en rond dans un piège de cristal  
Notre prison c'est un verre d'eau  
Et si on le casse on va tomber de haut

Je ne sais déjà plus  
Ce que je vous racontais  
J'ai tout oublié, je n'm'en souviens plus  
Les poissons rouges c'est bien connu  
N'écrivent jamais de livres d'histoire  
Ni les amnésiques leurs mémoires

At least within this prison of glass  
Let's not thank our jailer  
Just because he lets us glimpse  
What we shall never truly see

We're the restless fish in the bowl  
Goldfish swimming in a glass of water  
Our struggles, our wars, our space conquests  
Are just a storm inside a fishbowl

We're the restless fish in the bowl  
Swimming in circles in a crystal trap  
Our prison is a glass of water  
And if we break it, we'll have a long way to fall

I no longer remember  
What I was trying to tell you  
I've forgotten everything, it's gone  
Everyone knows that goldfish  
Never write history books  
Nor do amnesiacs write memoirs

## Song Canicule (Heatwave)

[https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez\\_music/canicule](https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez_music/canicule)

Sous le parasol de leur terrasse  
Au bord de la piscine  
Ou bien, au frais dans leur mas  
À l'ombre de la clim  
Sirotant, un pastis avec de la glace  
En petit polo de leur marque favorite  
Gentiment ces gens vous expliquent  
Que le réchauffement c'est un mythe

Ce sont les climato-sceptiques

Puisqu'ils n'ont pas trop chaud  
Le thermomètre doit se tromper  
Après tout c'est l'été  
Et l'été il fait chaud

Y fait chaud pas d'panique  
C'est nous les climatosceptiques  
Y fait chaud c'est juste la saison  
Et nous on a toujours raison

Je pense donc je suis, tu parles  
Pas besoin de penser pour avoir un avis  
En démocratie n'importe quel con peut dire  
Je ne pense pas, je suis sûr,  
et ça me suffit

C'est qui tous ces écolos  
Qui prétendent vivre dans une étuve  
Et en plus s'ils ont chaud  
Ce s'rait à cause de mon SUV

Pourquoi en faire toute une salade  
Ils doivent être malades  
C'est bien connu, quand on a la fièvre  
On accuse le thermomètre

Quand on est con, on est con  
Mais vous connaissez l'dicton  
C'est pas parce qu'on est con  
Qu'il faut pas donner d'leçons

Under the parasol on their terrace  
Beside the swimming pool  
Or else, keeping cool in their farmhouse  
In the shade of the air con  
Sipping a pastis with ice  
In a little polo shirt from their favourite brand  
Kindly these people explain to you  
That global warming is a myth

They are the climate sceptics

Since they are not too hot  
The thermometer must be wrong  
After all, it is summer  
And summer is hot

It's hot, don't panic  
It's us, the climate sceptics  
It's hot, it's just the season  
And we are always right

I think therefore I am, my foot  
No need to think to have an opinion  
In a democracy any idiot can say  
I don't think, I'm sure,  
and that's enough for me

Who are all these eco-warriors  
Claiming they live in a furnace  
And what's more, if they are hot  
It's supposedly because of my SUV

Why make such a fuss about it  
They must be ill  
Everyone knows, when you have a fever  
You blame the thermometer

When you're an idiot, you're an idiot  
But you know the saying  
Just because you're an idiot  
Doesn't mean you shouldn't lecture others

Y fait chaud pas d'panique C'est nous les climato-sceptiques Les vrais héros à l'esprit critique Les sauveurs de la République	It's hot, don't panic It's us, the climate sceptics The true heroes with critical minds The saviours of the Republic
Climato-sceptiques Vous avez raison Les scientifiques Sont vraiment des cons	Climate sceptics You are right Scientists Really are idiots
Des empêcheurs De tourner en rond Des manipulateurs Peut-être même des espions	Spoilsports Stopping the world going round Manipulators Maybe even spies
Vous, vous avez tout compris Pas besoin d'faire d'études Une opinion suffit Ou encore mieux une certitude	You, you have understood everything No need to study An opinion is enough Or better still, a certainty
Hier anti-vax Aujourd'hui climato-sceptiques Demain anti Me Too Et toujours complotistes C'est nous les négationnistes	Yesterday anti-vax Today climate sceptics Tomorrow anti-Me Too And always conspiracy theorists It's us, the denialists
Pendant ce temps-là sur les chantiers L'ouvrier marne par 50 degrés Avant d' rentrer dans sa cité Griller dans son HLM surchauffé	Meanwhile, on building sites The worker grafts in fifty-degree heat Before going back to his estate To roast in his overheated tower block
Tandis qu'au large des côtes d'Afrique On s'entasse sur des radeaux transatlantiques	While off the coast of Africa People are crammed onto transatlantic rafts
Bizarrement parmi les réfugiés climatiques Y'a pas beaucoup de climato-sceptiques	Strangely enough, among climate refugees There aren't many climate sceptics

## Song Après nous le déluge (Surviving Mankind)

[https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez\\_music/apres-nous-le-deluge](https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez_music/apres-nous-le-deluge)

Il n'y a plus de saisons  
C'est qu'on disait avant  
C'est à cause de leur bombe atomique  
Et on avait raison  
C'était pour rire, c'est véridique

Le monde n'a plus qu'une seule saison  
Un hiver nucléaire

On a brûlé notre maison  
On a crié au feu  
On a prié le Bon Dieu  
Allumé des guerres de religion  
L'histoire des hommes  
est une histoire de fous  
Les pyromanes, c'était nous  
Les pompiers incendiaires  
Ça date pas d'hier

L'Humanité a déserté l'Homme  
L'Homme a désertifié la Terre  
Mais l'Humanité ne désertera pas la Terre  
Quand on ne peut pas désertier,  
on devient le désert

Ceux qui croyaient au septième ciel  
Les climato-sceptiques  
Les cavaliers de l'Apocalypse  
Les éco-terroristes  
Ceux qui pensaient construire  
Une arche pour s'enfuir

Y'a pas d'autre refuge  
Après nous le déluge  
De désaccords factices  
En victoires coûte que coûte  
De guerres en armistices  
De défaites en déroutes

De réchauffement climatique  
En fonte des glaces arctiques  
De simple marée noire  
En tsunami d'or noir  
Il est arrivé le grand soir

There are no more seasons  
That's what people used to say.  
"It's because of their atomic bombs,"  
And they were right after all.  
It sounded like a joke, but it was true.

The world now has only one season:  
A nuclear winter.

We burned down our own house,  
Then cried out "Fire!"  
We prayed to the Good Lord,  
Started holy wars.  
The history of mankind  
is a history of madmen.  
The arsonists were us,  
The firefighters set the fires too.  
And that's nothing new.

Humanity abandoned Man,  
Man turned the Earth into a desert.  
But Humanity will never desert the Earth.  
When you cannot desert,  
you become the desert.

Those who believed in seventh heaven,  
The climate skeptics,  
The horsemen of the Apocalypse,  
The eco-terrorists,  
Those who thought they could build  
An ark to escape.

There is no other refuge.  
After us, the flood.  
From fake disagreements  
To victories at any cost,  
From wars to armistices,  
From defeats to disasters.

From global warming  
To melting Arctic ice,  
From a simple oil spill  
To a tsunami of black gold.  
And then came the final reckoning.

On a tous planifié  
Un suicide collectif  
Falsifié l'ordonnance  
De nos soins palliatifs

We all planned  
A collective suicide,  
Forged the prescription  
For our own palliative care.

Le paradis; c'est trop loin  
pour y'aller à la nage  
Et l'enfer  
On n'échapp'ra pas au naufrage  
Même si on manque pas d'air  
On n'est pas des lumières  
On se déplace pépère  
On est trop terre à terre

Paradise is too far away  
to swim to,  
And hell —  
We won't escape the shipwreck.  
Even if we're not short of air,  
We're not exactly bright.  
We move along real slow,  
Too down-to-earth to rise above it all.

Il est trop long, le voyage,  
à moins qu'on se téléporte  
Les étoiles trop lointaines,  
elles sont déjà mortes

The journey is far too long,  
unless we teleport.  
The stars are too far away  
— they're already dead.

Ceux qui croyaient au septième ciel  
Les climato-sceptiques  
Les cavaliers de l'Apocalypse  
Les éco-terroristes  
Ceux qui pensaient construire  
Une arche pour s'enfuir

Those who believed in seventh heaven,  
The climate skeptics,  
The horsemen of the Apocalypse,  
The eco-terrorists,  
Those who thought they could build  
An ark to escape.

Y'a pas d'autre refuge  
Après nous le déluge

There is no other refuge.  
After us, the flood.

Si on pouvait encore sauver l'Humanité  
Est-ce qu'elle mérite d'être sauvée  
L'humanité, y'a pas que son bilan carbone  
L'Humanité est une conne  
Est-ce qu'il faut lui pardonner

If we could still save Humanity,  
Would it even deserve to be saved?  
Humanity is more than its carbon footprint.  
Humanity is a fool.  
Should we forgive it?

Ceux qui croyaient au septième ciel  
Ceux qui n'y croyaient pas trop  
On est tous dans le même bateau  
Le bateau coule, qu'est-ce qui reste  
Un trou dans l'eau, et un arc-en-ciel

Those who believed in seventh heaven,  
Those who never quite believed,  
We're all in the same boat.  
The ship is sinking — what remains?  
A hole in the water, and a rainbow.

Y'a pas de refuge, pas de subterfuge  
Après nous le déluge

There is no refuge, no way around it.  
After us, the flood.

## Song Quatre étoiles (Four Stars)

[https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez\\_music/quatre-etoiles](https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez_music/quatre-etoiles)

Tant d'étoiles dans le ciel  
Tant d'yeux, tant d'étincelles  
Nous regardent sans nous voir  
Nous imaginent dans les nuages  
Tendant, aux cieux, un miroir  
Nous inventant à leur image

So many stars in the sky  
So many eyes, so many sparks  
Watching us without seeing us  
Imagining us in the clouds  
Holding a mirror up to the heavens  
Creating us in their own image

Nous avons nos savants  
Et nos politiciens  
On a un président  
Nos académiciens  
Nos sages en habits verts  
Nos films de série B  
On a même inventé  
Les petits hommes verts

We have our scientists  
And our politicians  
We've got a president  
Our learned academicians  
Our wise men in green robes  
Our B-movies too  
We even invented  
Little green men

Derrière nos télescopes  
Comment imaginer  
Le monde du silence  
Une autre Humanité

Behind our telescopes  
How can we imagine  
The silent world  
Another Humanity

Faut-il être assez prétentieux  
pour se croire seul dans l'univers  
Assez candide pour inventer un Dieu  
Assez naïf pour lui adresser des prières  
Faut-il être assez pervers  
Pour faire de son Dieu  
Un tyran sur la Terre

Must we be so pretentious  
To think we're alone in the universe  
So innocent as to invent a God  
So naïve as to pray to him  
Must we be so perverse  
As to turn our God  
Into a tyrant on Earth

Aux prophètes de carrière  
Et leur musique militaire  
Je préférerai toujours  
La musique des sphères  
Aux certitudes des professeurs  
Les rêveries des promeneurs solitaires  
Aux questions avec une seule réponse  
Les étonnements, les doutes et les mystères

To professional prophets  
And their martial music  
I'll always prefer  
The music of the spheres  
To teachers with certainties  
The daydreams of solitary wanderers  
To questions with only one answer  
Wonder, doubts and mysteries

Un petit pas pour un homme  
Un saut dans l'inconnu  
Un mot, un post-scriptum  
Pour un marché conclu  
On nous avait promis la Lune

One small step for a man  
A leap into the unknown  
One word, one postscript  
For a deal already done  
We had been promised the Moon

Les rêves de Galilée  
Les tapis volants  
Les mille et une nuits  
La Terre est ronde  
Il faudra s'contenter,  
Des anneaux de Saturne  
Et après les Rois Mages  
Les tapis de bombes en Galilée

La solitude parmi la foule  
C'est notre destinée  
La civilisation partout  
Nulle part l'Humanité

Connaîtrons-nous un jour  
nos compagnons de captivité  
Et pourquoi voudraient-ils  
Avec nous partager

Nous avons tant donné  
À nos colonisés  
Et si les petits hommes verts  
N'étaient pas bien lunés

Donnez-nous aujourd'hui  
Nos rêves de demain  
La tête dans les étoiles  
Et la main dans la main

Le conte est à rebours  
Nous sommes des papillons  
Le temps nous est compté  
À peine commencée  
Des amours la saison  
Et c'est déjà la fin

Galileo's dreams  
Flying carpets  
The Thousand and One Nights  
The Earth is round  
We'll have to settle  
For Saturn's rings  
And after the Three Wise Men  
The carpets of bombs in Galilee

Loneliness in the crowd  
That is our destiny  
Civilisation everywhere  
Humanity nowhere

Will we ever know  
Our fellow prisoners  
And why would they want  
To share with us

We gave so much  
To those we colonised  
And what if little green men  
Weren't in such a good mood

Give us today  
Our dreams of tomorrow  
Our heads in the stars  
And our hands hand in hand

The tale runs backwards  
We are butterflies  
Our time is running out  
Barely begun  
The season of love  
And it's already over

## Song Un bref instant d'éternité (A Brief Moment of Eternity)

[https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez\\_music/un-bref-instant-deternite](https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez_music/un-bref-instant-deternite)

La vie est courte  
La mort aussi  
On n'a pas le temps de se reposer

Le dernier sommeil  
C'est pas le dernier  
C'est pas le premier non plus  
C'est pas le sommeil éternel  
C'est juste une petite sieste  
Un bref instant d'éternité  
Avant d'autres réveils  
Des réveils en sursaut  
Des réveils éternels  
Jusqu'à la nuit des temps

La vie dure pas longtemps  
Quatre-vingt dix printemps  
Les premières années  
On ne s'en souvient pas  
Les dernières années  
On ne se souvient plus

On en aurait bien repris  
Pour quelques décennies  
Histoire de voir grandir  
Nos petits enfants  
Histoire de voir comment  
Le monde se portera  
Sans nous

Est-ce qu'on a raté le meilleur  
Est-ce qu'on a échappé au pire

L'éternelle jeunesse  
On ne voudrait pas mourir.  
Quand on est immortel  
Est-ce qu'on a un avenir

La fin du monde on s'en fout  
On sera pas là pour voir ça

Après nous le déluge  
Qui vivra verra  
Et qui mourra ne verra pas

Life is short,  
Death is too.  
We don't even have time to rest.

The final sleep  
Is not the last one.  
Nor is it the first.  
It's not eternal sleep either —  
Just a little nap,  
A brief instant of eternity  
Before other awakenings,  
Sudden awakenings,  
Endless awakenings  
Until the end of time.

Life doesn't last very long:  
Ninety springs at most.  
The early years  
We cannot remember,  
The later years  
We remember no more.

We would gladly have taken  
A few more decades,  
Just to watch  
Our grandchildren grow,  
Just to see  
What would become of the world  
Without us.

Did we miss the best part?  
Or escape the worst?

Eternal youth —  
We do not want to die.  
But when one is immortal,  
Does one still have a future?

The end of the world — who cares?  
We won't be around to see it.

After us, the flood.  
Those who live shall see,  
And those who die shall not.

Quelques années à essayer  
De faire quelque chose de sa vie  
Comprendre quelque chose à la vie  
Et c'est déjà fini  
On n'a pas fait grand chose  
Et on n'a rien compris

Les amis qui partent  
On les pleure

Les civilisations qui meurent  
On les oublie

Un pas en avant  
Un pas en arrière  
La vie éternelle

Un éternel recommencement

On ne se baigne jamais deux fois  
Dans le même fleuve  
Surtout quand on n'sait pas nager  
On est emporté par le courant  
C'est pas la vie qui est trop courte  
C'est nous qui sommes trop lents  
Pour nager à contre-courant

Futur antérieur  
Passé décomposé

Passé imparfait  
Futur décomposé

Présent  
Un bref instant d'éternité

A few years spent trying  
To make something of our lives,  
To understand something about life,  
And already it is over.  
We accomplished very little,  
And understood almost nothing.

Friends who leave us —  
We mourn them.

Civilisations that die —  
We forget them.

One step forward,  
One step backward:  
Eternal life,

An endless beginning again.

You never step twice  
Into the same river,  
Especially when you cannot swim.  
We are swept away by the current.  
It's not that life is too short —  
It's that we are too slow  
To swim against the tide.

Future perfect,  
Past undone.

Imperfect past,  
Future dismantled.

Present:  
A brief instant of eternity.

## Song Attention fragile (Handle with care)

[https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez\\_music/attention-fragile](https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez_music/attention-fragile)

Sur les cartons des emballages  
Pour un lave-linge ou un frigo  
Dans les bateaux, les camions, les trains  
Il y a toujours écrit en gros  
Attention fragile, manipuler avec soin  
Comme si ces engins  
valaient plus qu'un humain

On cardboard shipping boxes  
For a washing machine or a fridge  
On ships, trucks and trains  
There's always a big label saying:  
Handle with care – Fragile  
As if these machines  
were worth more than a human being

On protège une œuvre d'art  
Ou un simple miroir  
Mais derrière un regard  
Sait-on ce qui se cache  
Une âme fissurée  
Ou un cœur cabossé

We protect a work of art  
Or a simple mirror  
But behind a gaze  
Do we know what lies hidden?  
A fractured soul  
Or a bruised heart

Les enfants pleurent quand on les met au lit  
Quand ils tombent, quand ils ont mal  
Il y a même des enfants c'est bien normal  
Qui pleurent seulement parce qu'il fait nuit

Children cry when they're put to bed  
When they fall, when they're hurt  
And some children, quite naturally,  
Cry simply because it's dark

On apprend aux enfants  
et surtout aux garçons  
À ne pas pleurer,  
ne pas montrer leurs émotions

We teach children,  
especially boys,  
Not to cry,  
not to show their feelings

Attention, fragile  
Sous les allures les plus viriles  
Il y a des âmes à fleur de peau  
Et des cœurs d'artichauts

Handle with care  
Beneath the toughest appearances  
There are sensitive souls  
And hearts worn on sleeves

Attention, fragile  
Ne retenez pas vos larmes  
Fendez l'armure et s'il le faut  
Brisez la vitre, sonnez l'alarme

Handle with care  
Don't hold back your tears  
Crack the armour and, if you must,  
Break the glass, sound the alarm

On nous apprend dès qu'on est né  
Que laisser voir sa détresse  
C'est montrer sa faiblesse  
Et se mettre en danger

From the moment we're born  
We're taught that showing distress  
Is a sign of weakness  
And puts us at risk

Si tu veux la paix, prépare la guerre  
Ça fait des millénaires,  
que nos militaires  
Préparent la prochaine  
Et cette paix tant voulue  
Elle n'est jamais venue

If you want peace, prepare for war  
For thousands of years  
Our soldiers have been preparing  
For the next one  
And that longed-for peace  
Never seems to arrive

Et si pour une fois, sur cette Terre  
On préparait la paix plutôt que la guerre  
Si on disait simplement  
Moi aussi j'ai peur  
Rassurons-nous mutuellement  
Serait-ce une erreur

What if, just for once, here on Earth,  
We prepared for peace instead of war?  
What if we simply said:  
"I'm afraid too."  
And reassured one another  
Would that really be a mistake?

Attention, fragile  
Sous les allures les plus viriles  
Il y a des âmes à fleur de peau  
Et des cœurs d'artichauts

Handle with care  
Beneath the toughest appearances  
There are sensitive souls  
And hearts worn on sleeves

Attention, fragile  
Ne retenez pas vos larmes  
Fendez l'armure et s'il le faut  
Brisez la vitre, sonnez l'alarme

Handle with care  
Don't hold back your tears  
Crack the armour and, if you must,  
Break the glass, sound the alarm

Gardez votre âme d'enfant  
Ne faites pas le choix des armes  
Et si vous laissez couler vos larmes  
Que ce soit des larmes de joie

Keep your child's soul alive  
Do not choose the path of weapons  
And if you let your tears flow  
Let them be tears of joy

Attention, fragile  
On devrait pouvoir se tatouer ça dans le cou  
Sans qu'on nous prenne pour des fous  
Attention, fragile  
Cœurs sensibles, ne pas s'abstenir  
Vous êtes de l'Humanité l'avenir

Handle with care  
We should be able to tattoo that on our necks  
Without being thought insane  
Handle with care  
Sensitive hearts, don't stay away  
You are the future of humanity

Attention, fragile  
C'est parce que l'homme était fragile  
Qu'il a fini par dominer le monde  
Et c'est notre monde à présent  
Qui est devenu si fragile

Handle with care  
It was because mankind was fragile  
That it eventually came to dominate the world  
And now it is our world  
That has become so fragile

Notre fragilité c'est notre force  
Notre force, c'est notre fragilité

Our fragility is our strength  
Our strength is our fragility

## Song Crash Zone

[https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez\\_music/crash-zone](https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez_music/crash-zone)

Crash Zone

On est venu au monde

C'était pas le paradis perdu

Crash Zone

C'était pas l'enfer non plus

C'était pas le jardin d'Eden

Ni les Tables de la Loi

C'était la loi de la jungle

Que le meilleur gagne

Ou le pire c'est pareil

Le meilleur a gagné

L'homme est devenu roi

La jungle, il l'a brûlée

Il reste plus que la loi

On était tous dans le même bateau

On est tous dans le même

Vaisseau spatial

Le pétard était mouillé

La fusée s'est crashée

Crash Zone. Un SOS

Un signal de détresse

La fin du monde

La fin d'un monde

On l'aura bien cherché

La loi de la jungle

C'est pas celle du plus fort

C'est celle du plus malin

On joue à qui perd gagne

Et à la fin, on compte les morts

Y'avait le monde ancien

Et y'avait le Nouveau Monde

Le Nouveau Monde

C'est là où y'avait rien

Avant que les Européens débarquent

Le Nouveau Monde ce qui est sûr

C'est qu'y avait plus rien

Crash Zone

We came into this world

It wasn't paradise lost.

Crash Zone

But it wasn't hell either.

It wasn't the Garden of Eden,

Nor the Tablets of the Law.

It was the law of the jungle:

May the best man win

Or the worst, same difference.

The best man won.

Man became king.

And then he burned down the jungle.

Now only the law remains.

We were all in the same boat,

Now we're all aboard the same

Spaceship.

The firecracker was soaked,

The rocket crashed.

Crash Zone. An SOS,

A distress signal,

The end of the world,

The end of a world.

We really brought it on ourselves.

The law of the jungle

Isn't the law of the strongest,

It's the law of the cleverest.

We play a game where losers win,

And in the end, we count the dead.

There was the Old World,

And there was the New World.

The New World

Was the place where there was nothing

Before the Europeans arrived.

What's certain about the New World

Is that there was nothing left

Après qu'on l'a colonisé  
Les Indiens on les a tués  
Si y'avait des Martiens  
On les tueraient aussi  
Après les avoir évangélisés

After we colonised it.  
We killed the Indians.  
And if there were Martians,  
We'd kill them too  
Right after converting them.

La Nouvelle Frontière  
C'est l'enfer  
On va bientôt débarquer

The New Frontier  
Is hell itself.  
We'll be landing there soon.

Zone de crash  
On compte nos morts  
Depuis le début de l'Humanité

Crash Zone.  
We count our dead  
Since the dawn of Humanity.

Y'a plus de morts  
Que d'vivants sur la Terre  
Ils ont la majorité

There are more dead people  
Than living ones on Earth.  
They hold the majority now.

Crash Zone. Un SOS  
Un signal de détresse  
La fin du monde  
La fin de notre monde

Crash Zone. An SOS,  
A distress signal,  
The end of the world,  
The end of our world.

On l'aura bien cherché.

We really brought it on ourselves.

Crash Zone, on a perdu le contrôle  
Crash Zone, on descend en piqué  
Crash Zone, on va s'écraser  
Crash Zone sur le berceau de l'Humanité

Crash Zone, we've lost control.  
Crash Zone, we're going into a dive.  
Crash Zone, we're about to crash  
Right onto the cradle of Humanity.

## Song Bulles de savon (Soap Bulles)

[https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez\\_music/bulles-de-savon](https://soundcloud.com/jeanpierremartinez_music/bulles-de-savon)

Admirez ces bulles de savon  
Qui ne savent pas où elles vont  
Poussées par la brise et le vent  
Et par le rire des enfants  
Elles montent tout droit vers le ciel  
Dans la lumière crue du soleil  
Fragiles et mystérieuses  
Parées de couleurs merveilleuses

Look at these bubbles made of soap  
Not knowing where they're meant to go  
Pushed by the breeze, carried by air  
And by the children's laughter there  
They rise straight upward to the sky  
In the harsh sunlight, bright and dry  
So fragile and so mysterious  
Dressed in colours marvellous

Nous sommes des bulles de savon  
Nous sommes des bulles nous le savons  
C'est un vent léger qui nous porte  
Et c'est le vent qui nous emporte  
Quelques instants nous volerons  
En compagnie des papillons  
C'est un souffle qui nous fait naître  
Un souffle nous fait disparaître

We are just bubbles made of soap  
We are bubbles, this we know  
A gentle wind is lifting us  
And it is the wind that carries us  
For a few moments we shall fly  
With butterflies drifting by  
A breath is all that brings us here  
A breath can make us disappear

Enflant jusqu'à la déraison  
Avant d'éclater sans raison  
Et de retourner au néant  
N'ayant vécu qu'un seul instant  
Elles disparaissent dans les nuages  
Ne laissant rien dans leur sillage  
Qu'une goutte d'eau vaporeuse  
Comme une larme presque joyeuse

Swelling until it makes no sense  
Before they burst with no defence  
And then return to nothingness  
Having lived one instant less  
They vanish into clouds on high  
Leaving no trace as they pass by  
Only a misty drop of dew  
Like a tear that's almost joyful too

Nous sommes des bulles de savon  
Nous sommes des bulles nous le savons  
C'est un vent léger qui nous porte  
Et c'est le vent qui nous emporte  
Quelques instants nous volerons  
En compagnie des papillons  
C'est un souffle qui nous fait naître  
Un souffle nous fait disparaître

We are just bubbles made of soap  
We are bubbles, this we know  
A gentle wind is lifting us  
And it is the wind that carries us  
For a few moments we shall fly  
With butterflies drifting by  
A breath is all that brings us here  
A breath can make us disappear

Enfant souvenez-vous demain  
Des bulles sorties de votre bouche  
Et seul dans votre salle de bain  
Faites en d'autres sous la douche  
Laissez vos bulles de savon  
Voler jusqu'à votre balcon

Children, remember them tomorrow  
Those bubbles from your mouths that flow  
And alone in your bathroom, then  
Make some more beneath the shower  
Let your bubbles made of soap  
Fly up as far as your balcony

Et portées par un vent léger  
Embrasser le ciel de l'été

Nous sommes des bulles de savon  
Nous sommes des bulles nous le savons  
C'est un vent léger qui nous porte  
Et c'est le vent qui nous emporte  
Quelques instants nous volerons  
En compagnie des papillons  
C'est un souffle qui nous fait naître  
Un souffle nous fait disparaître

And carried by a gentle breeze  
Kiss the summer sky with ease

We are just bubbles made of soap  
We are bubbles, this we know  
A gentle wind is lifting us  
And it is the wind that carries us  
For a few moments we shall fly  
With butterflies drifting by  
A breath is all that brings us here  
A breath can make us disappear

## *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 websites :

<https://jeanpierremartinez.net/>

<https://comediatheque.net/>

However, performance rights, which constitute fair compensation for the author's work, are a legal obligation. Whether you are an amateur or a professional, you must request authorization to perform the play and pay the corresponding royalties for the production.

Jean-Pierre Martinez is represented by the French Society of Authors (SACD).

To get in touch with Jean-Pierre Martinez and request authorization to perform one of his works, please use the [contact form on his websites](#).

Jean-Pierre Martinez recently returned to music, writing original songs inspired by his poems and plays.

With **Jean-Pierre Martinez Music**, he extends that creative universe through original songs: short stories in musical form, humorous or melancholy, in which each song sometimes becomes a miniature theatrical scene.

<https://jeanpierremartinezmusic.com/>

## Other plays by the same author translated in English

### Comedies for 2

A Thwarted Vocation  
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  
Pentimento  
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 13<sup>th</sup>  
Horizons  
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 13<sup>th</sup>  
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  
Requiem for a Stradivarius  
Strip Poker  
Surviving Mankind  
The Deal  
The Fishbowl  
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  
Of Vegetables and Books  
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

Backstage Bits  
Don't panic !  
Enough is Enough  
Ethan and Eve  
For real and for fun  
Him and Her  
Killer Sketches  
Lost time Chronicles  
Of Animals and Men  
Open Hearts  
Sidewalk Chronicles  
Stage Briefs  
Stories to die for

### Monologues

Happy Dogs  
Like a fish in the air

*All of Jean-Pierre Martinez's plays can be downloaded  
free of charge from his websites:*

<https://jeanpierremartinez.net/>

<https://comediatheque.net/>

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Avignon – June 2026  
© La Comédiathèque – ISBN 978-2-38602-403-0

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