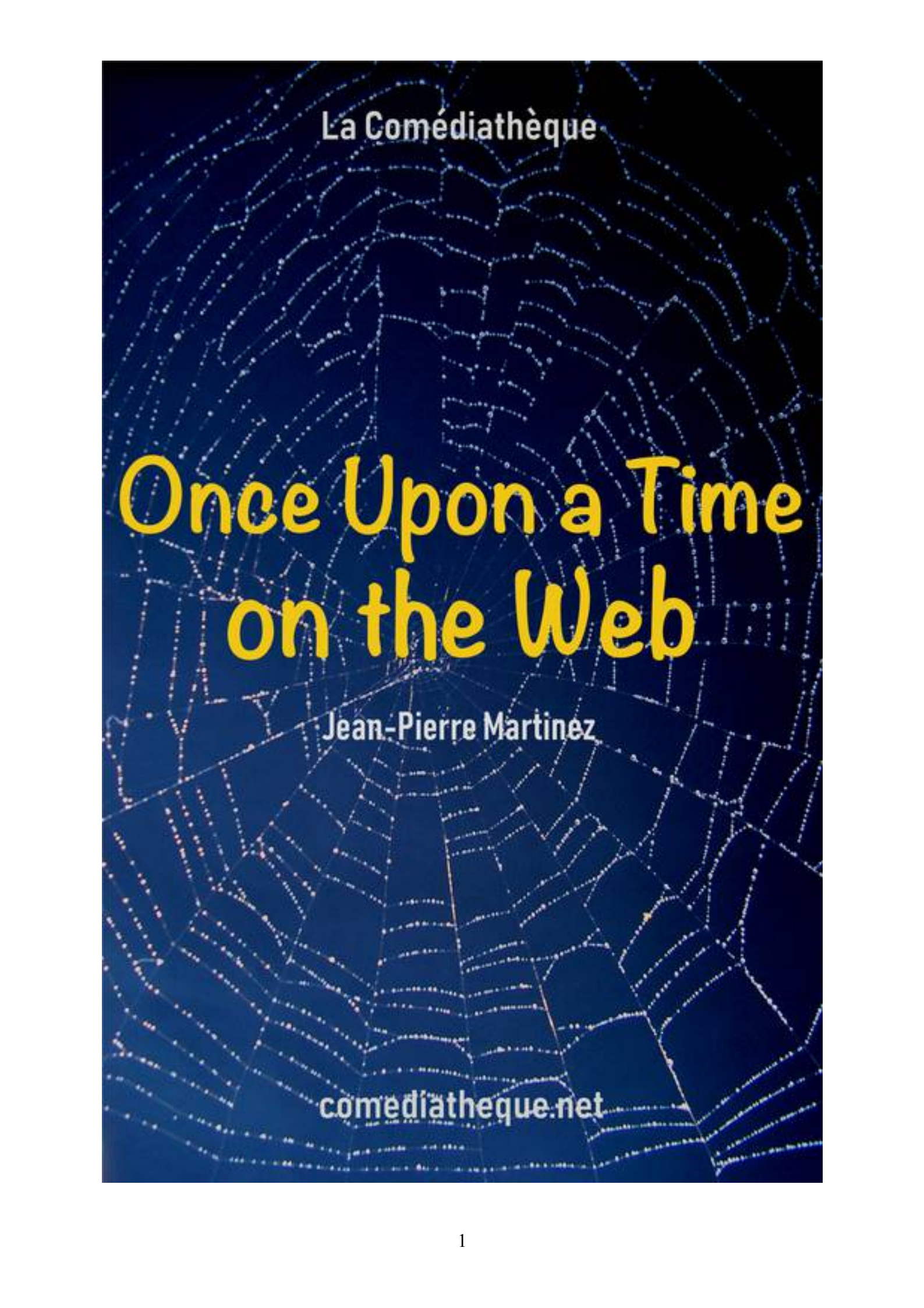




La Comédiathèque

# Once Upon a Time on the Web

Jean-Pierre Martinez

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# Once Upon a Time on the Web

**Jean-Pierre Martinez**

The CEO of a start-up on the brink of bankruptcy has just fired an employee deemed underperforming, when she discovers that this loser's project has just been chosen by a dream client. How can she undo the damage... and at what cost?

Characters:

Jane

Mick

Marianne

Angie

Charlie

## Friday

*The meeting room at the advertising agency “Once Upon a Time on the Web”: a sort of reception area cluttered with cardboard boxes, which also serves as a coffee corner and photocopy room. The atmosphere is trendy and self-consciously casual, but the furniture is cheap.*

*Jane, the CEO, elegant and sexy, strides in. Marianne, the Chief Financial Officer, more austere and less feminine in appearance, follows her like a shadow, carrying a pile of files.*

**Jane** – Where is everyone? Didn’t we say nine o’clock?

**Marianne** – It’s eight fifty-nine...

**Jane** – Fifty-nine... Spoken like a true accountant.

**Marianne** – Chief Financial Officer, Jane...

*The two women sit down for the meeting.*

**Jane** – Well, in any case, your watch is a minute slow.

**Marianne** – I doubt it. It’s a Swiss watch. Like me.

**Jane** – You’re Swiss, Marianne?

**Marianne** – On my mother’s side, yes.

**Jane** – And you can’t open a bank account for us over there? I don’t know whether a Swiss accountant can solve our accounting problems, but a Swiss bank account would certainly be a start...

**Marianne** – Unfortunately, I don’t have Swiss nationality. My mother emigrated to France just after I was born.

**Jane** – Emigrated to France? When everyone dreams of going into exile in Switzerland! Was there a famine over there at the time or something? A shortage of fondue or Milka chocolate?

**Marianne** – No...

**Jane** – A Marxist guerrilla uprising, then? Between the Swiss Guards and Ricola smugglers?

**Marianne** – My mother married a Frenchman and followed him to Paris. But I’ve always remained Swiss at heart.

**Jane** – An accountant and Swiss... Poor Marianne... And I was wondering why you had no sense of humour.

**Marianne (offended)** – I can be very funny sometimes, you know...

*Jane checks the messages on her phone.*

**Jane** – No kidding...

**Marianne** – Not necessarily during working hours, but... On weekends, I do sometimes make jokes...

**Jane** – Right. I'm not imagining things, am I? It is nine o'clock?

**Marianne** – Er... yes, Jane...

**Jane** – But you said my watch was fast!

**Marianne** – I said that exactly one minute ago...

**Jane** – I'm joking, Marianne! See? You really don't have a sense of humour! Humour is important, you know... Especially when you work in advertising...

**Marianne** – Yes, yes, it's... It's very funny.

**Jane** (*resigned*) – Well, after all, a sense of humour isn't the first quality you look for in an accountant. Although... Given our financial situation, a little humour might help... So, have you got all the active projects?

**Marianne** – Everything's here... I've colour-coded them... Red for the most urgent ones, orange for the ones that...

*Mick, the Sales Director, arrives. Whatever his actual age, he has a youthful, trendy, laid-back look.*

**Mick** – Morning, Jane! Marianne...

**Marianne** – And green for...

**Jane** – Ah, Mick... Did you know our accountant was Swiss?

**Mick** – No, but now you mention it, I can't say I'm surprised...

**Marianne** – And why is that?

**Mick** – I don't know... Your fun-loving, chaotic side, probably...

**Marianne** – You can have a sense of humour and still believe in order, you know.

**Mick** – That must be why Marshal Pétain had everyone around him in stitches.

**Marianne** – Let me remind you, Mick, that Marshal Pétain wasn't Swiss. By the way, Mick — is that short for Michael, pronounced the English way, as in Jackson, or Mickaël, the French way, as in... Gorbachev?

**Mick** – It's Mick, as in Jagger. That's my rock-and-roll side...

*Angie and Charlie arrive. They are noticeably younger. She is beautiful, elegant and preppy. He is unshaven and scruffy, like an overgrown teenager.*

**Mick** – Ah, Beauty and the Beast! Today's advertising dream team. The future will tell whether the two of them can make beautiful babies.

**Jane** – Or even whether their babies would be viable...

**Mick** – We're talking about your creations for the agency, of course. Young people, the future of this company rests on your slender shoulders!

**Jane** – And on the brains those slender shoulders are supposed to be carrying.

**Angie** (*reciting*) – Madam President, you can count on my total commitment to the company. I fully buy into its business plan. I joined this team to face new challenges and take on new ones.

**Mick** – Amen.

**Jane** – Right, I think we can get started, then. Now that everyone's here...

**Angie** – I'm not late, am I? It was nine o'clock, right?

**Marianne** – It's nine oh-one.

**Mick** – You all right, Charlie? You look like you slept in a rubbish bin...

**Charlie** – I don't get the keys to my new apartment until tonight. The rental agency wants to see my pay slips first. But apart from that, yeah, yeah, everything's going swimmingly...

*Mick pretends to sniff an unpleasant smell.*

**Mick** – Swimmingly, is it? I'd say you're the one who could do with a bath. It's been smelling a bit like a zoo in here ever since you arrived...

*Mick looks around to see how his rather heavy-handed jokes are going down, but Jane doesn't seem to be in the mood.*

**Jane** – Marianne?

**Marianne** – I suggest we go through the active accounts. (*Taking out a rather thin file.*) This is the orange file...

**Jane** – Fine. What shall we start with?

**Marianne** – Evening Breeze, the deodorant for teenagers?

**Mick** – An excellent product! I actually tested it on Charlie. But apparently the effects of this magic potion wear off after a few months...

**Jane** – Ah, yes... And Angie came up with a very good slogan... What was it again?

**Angie** – Evening Breeze – now my friends can stand me.

**Mick** – The Facebook campaign did very well. Unfortunately, the client went bankrupt before they could reap the benefits.

**Marianne** – And unfortunately, that's what may happen to us too. They went bankrupt before they had time to pay us either...

**Jane** – I see... Next account...

**Marianne** – Well... actually, that's all we have at the moment as far as active accounts are concerned.

**Mick** – Hence the orange file, I assume.

**Jane** – All right... Let's move on to the new-business pitches...

**Marianne** – Well... there's the campaign proposal for Bloody Sushis that Angie and Charlie are working on together...

**Jane** – Bloody Sushis?

**Mick** – They're like sushi, except... instead of raw fish, it's raw meat.

**Jane** – Ah, yes. Someone just had to think of it...

**Angie** – The other original feature is that they're delivered to your home by drone.

**Mick** – Saves getting stuck in traffic.

**Jane** – I see... Have you got a proposal yet?

**Mick** – I think we're onto something here. A very trendy online ad. Angie?

**Angie** – A couple have the famous raw-meat sushi delivered, but there's a mistake with the order and they only get one meal instead of two.

**Mick** – So the guy and his girlfriend literally tear each other apart with a blender and a hedge trimmer to decide who gets to eat the Bloody Sushis...

**Jane** – The slogan?

**Charlie** – Bloody Sushis — it's gonna get bloody!

**Jane** – Fine. If they pick our campaign, this time we'll try to get paid before the client goes bankrupt. Anything else?

**Marianne** – Apple has put out a call for pitches for the launch campaign for its new iPhone in France. It's a huge account.

**Mick** – We sent in our proposal, but... we shouldn't get our hopes up. It's pretty unlikely they'll choose a small agency like ours.

**Jane** – Who worked on it?

**Mick** *(to Charlie)* – Charlie?

*Charlie, who has been dozing slightly, comes back to life when everyone turns to look at him.*

**Charlie** – What?

**Jane** – So what did our little genius come up with?

**Charlie** – It's... It's a guy holding his new iPhone in one hand and an apple in the other.

**Jane** – Yes...

**Charlie** – He's talking to his girlfriend on a hands-free headset and... instead of taking a bite out of the apple, he bites into his iPhone.

**Jane** – Mm-hm... And the slogan?

**Charlie** – New iPhone. Don't mistake it for an apple.

**Mick** – It's very offbeat... Very post-ironic... It could work...

**Jane** – You think?

**Mick** – Yes, I know, it's complete crap... Unfortunately, the client already has it. The deadline was ridiculously tight...

**Jane** – OK... Right, dream team, back to work. We'll go over the rest. All right?

*Angie and Charlie leave.*

**Mick** (*ironically*) – Easier to breathe all of a sudden, isn't it? What he needs is some Morning Breeze too.

*But Jane is in no mood to laugh.*

**Jane** – Given the catastrophic financial situation this company is in, I'm not finding it easy to breathe at all, actually.

**Marianne** – I've prepared a summary of our financial position. That's the red file... It's quite clear that we have a slight cash-flow problem, temporarily at least. I can of course go through it all with you down to the last cent.

**Jane** – I don't think that'll be necessary, Marianne. Put simply, Mick, our revenue is in free fall. You don't need to be an accountant to understand that if we don't bring in some new clients within the next few days, we won't have enough money to pay the salaries at the end of the month...

**Mick** – It's true we're going through a bit of a slow patch at the moment, but I'm sure it's only temporary. Digital communication is a booming market.

**Jane** – Right now, we're the ones about to crash and burn. I've put a lot of money into this company. Not to mention the investors who put their trust in us.

**Mick** – I can assure you that bringing in new clients is my absolute priority. I'll step things up, and I promise we'll bring in new business. I can feel the tide turning...

**Marianne** – In the meantime, we absolutely have to find a way to cut our fixed costs. The bank calls every day about our overdraft.

**Mick** – As far as the premises are concerned, it's hard to see how we could save any more. Unless we move our head office into a phone box...

**Jane** – We could fire someone.

**Mick** – Did you have anyone in particular in mind?

**Jane** – Do you have a name to suggest?

**Mick** – You said it yourself: do we really need an accountant to tell us our accounts are in the red? We already know that, don't we?

**Jane** – Unfortunately, throwing away the thermometer doesn't cure the fever. And let me remind you that, unlike you, Marianne believes enough in the future of this company to have invested some of her savings in it. She owns thirty per cent of the shares, which makes her pretty much untouchable...

**Mick** – You know perfectly well that if I had any money to invest...

**Jane** – I was thinking more along the lines of letting one of our two creatives go... Given the size of our order book at the moment, one should be more than enough, shouldn't it?

**Mick** – At the same time, the real capital of an advertising agency is its human capital. The talent that works for it and gives it its creative edge.

**Jane** – Did you say talent? I think that's exactly the heart of the problem, isn't it? Because between Angie, who looks as if she's just stepped out of a convent...

**Marianne** – Actually, she graduated from Sciences Po Paris...

**Jane** – And this... Charlie, who looks as if he's just come out of rehab...

**Marianne** – He was supposed to have graduated from a top business school, but it seems he may have padded his CV a little.

**Jane** – Anyway, I suggest we fire one of these two little geniuses until business picks up. And that we're a bit more careful about recruitment in future.

**Mick** – It would be a shame to let Angie go. I think she has a lot of potential...

**Jane** – I'm sure you do. So what? We get rid of the one who smells worse?

**Mick** – I thought his creative style was very much in tune with the times, but... if we have to choose...

**Jane** – Marianne?

**Marianne** – It's true that hiring Charlie may have been a casting mistake... In fact, I'd already prepared his dismissal letter, just in case. It's in the green file...

**Jane** – OK, done. Marianne, send it by registered mail this evening.

**Marianne** – It's Friday. He'll receive it tomorrow morning. Do you want me to tell him in person?

**Jane** – Better not give him an extra day to start building a case against us at the employment tribunal. And you're dismissing him for misconduct, right? That way we won't have any trouble hiring someone else if business picks up...

**Marianne** – I see... What kind of misconduct?

**Jane** – I don't know... He's useless, he turns up late every other morning, he lied on his CV, he has a lecherous look and camel breath, and he doesn't shut the door when he goes to the toilet because he's claustrophobic. Take your pick...

*Marianne does her best to note everything down in the green file.*

**Marianne** – Very well, I... I'll put together a summary.

**Jane** – Anything else?

**Marianne** – I also wanted us to discuss expenses... They seem rather high considering our current level of business, and some of them don't appear to be entirely justified...

**Jane** – Such as?

**Marianne** – Mick, what are these hairdressing expenses totalling 440 euros last month?

**Mick** – That was for four separate appointments! They're business expenses...

*Losing interest in the conversation, Jane checks the messages on her phone.*

**Marianne** – You go to the hairdresser once a week? I barely go once every two months!

**Mick** – Yes, well, it shows...

**Marianne** – Excuse me?

**Mick** – You're an accountant! Nobody cares if your hair looks terrible! I'm in sales. It's important that I make a good impression on my clients.

**Marianne** – And on your female clients... And those three tanning sessions last week — were those business expenses too?

**Mick** – I don't have time to go on holiday. How else am I supposed to get a tan?

**Marianne** – Who said an ad man has to look as if he's just come back from holiday?

**Jane** – Right, this conversation is absolutely fascinating, but I suggest we leave it for another time. I think we have other priorities, don't we?

*They get up to leave.*

**Mick** – That was quite a good meeting in the end, wasn't it?

**Jane** – OK, everyone back to work.

**Mick** (*aside to Jane*) – So, about my pay rise, I suppose... (*Jane shoots him a murderous look.*) Right. We'll talk about that later...

*All three leave the room. Marianne takes her pile of files with her but forgets the green one. Charlie comes back in, still looking half asleep, and goes to get himself a coffee. He puts it down on the green file. While checking the messages on his phone, he makes a careless move and spills his coffee over the open file.*

**Charlie** – Shit...

*He tries to mop up the mess with some paper towels. As he blots the pages, something written on them catches his eye, although it is impossible to tell whether the text is still legible. Marianne suddenly rushes back in.*

**Marianne** – I forgot my file...

*She sees the damage.*

**Charlie** – Sorry...

*Marianne looks furious but says nothing. She grabs the file and leaves. Charlie's phone rings and he answers.*

**Charlie** – Yeah... Yeah, yeah, everything's fine... I was just trying to read my future in the coffee grounds...

*Angie comes in, and Charlie gives her a blatant once-over.*

**Charlie** – Listen, I'm in a meeting right now... Can I call you back?... OK, see you, babe...

**Angie** – No coffee left?

**Charlie** – I spilled what was left all over the company accounts... But if you make some more, I wouldn't mind having a cup with you... I mean, we work together, but we never really get a chance to talk...

**Angie (coldly)** – I'd rather die than make you coffee. I'd sooner go without.

*She turns and leaves.*

**Charlie** – That much verbal aggression... There have to be some mixed feelings behind it... I'm sure we'll end up hitting it off.

*Jane comes in. Charlie flashes her a smile. His phone rings, and he answers as he moves away.*

**Charlie** – Yeah...? Yes, yes, speaking... Tomorrow at four thirty? OK. Yes, that's right, in Paris. In the 21st arrondissement. What? Paris only has twenty arrondissements? Well, it must be in the 20th, then. OK, sounds good. See you tomorrow...

*Jane sees there's no coffee left.*

**Jane** – Shit...

*Mick comes back in.*

**Mick** – What's wrong?

**Jane** – There's no coffee left. I bet that little idiot had the last cup and couldn't even be bothered to make some more.

**Mick** – That alone is grounds for dismissal for misconduct. Don't worry, I'll take care of it...

*He starts making some coffee, first filling the reservoir with water, while casting a lingering look at his boss.*

**Mick** – Are you doing anything this weekend?

**Jane** – I'm going to my house in the country.

**Mick** – Alone...?

**Jane** – With Flora.

**Mick** – Flora?

**Jane** – Yes, I’m wondering myself whether it’s such a good idea... She’s not due for another two weeks, but she’s absolutely huge! I swear there must be half a dozen in there...

**Mick** – Wow... And who’s the lucky father of these sextuplets?

**Jane** – A German shepherd.

**Mick** – Still better than a Swiss accountant. But a German shepherd... You mean a shepherd who looks after sheep in Germany?

**Jane** – A German shepherd! A dog!

**Mick** – No...? She did it with a German shepherd?

**Jane** – Who?

**Mick** – This... Flora.

**Jane** – She’s a bitch!

**Mick** – Let’s not be too quick to judge. Let him who is without sin... *(Suddenly doubtful.)* But who exactly is Flora?

**Jane** – My German shepherd, I told you!

**Mick** – Oh, right... Well, obviously, that changes things...

*Jane’s phone rings. She answers.*

**Jane** – Once Upon a Time on the Web, hello...

*Mick switches on an electric coffee grinder, which makes a deafening noise.*

**Jane** – Sorry? I can’t hear you very well. *(She gestures to Mick, who moves away to continue making the coffee.)* You’re calling from New York? Ah, yes, that must be why the connection is so bad... Our proposal for the Apple campaign? Yes, I know, it may not have been the best idea we could have come up with, but... You think it’s brilliant? Yes, it is very offbeat... Very current... Yes, very much in tune with the idiotic sense of humour of young people today... That’s pretty much our agency’s trademark, actually. We put all our faith in new talent... So you really like it? Ah, you’d like to meet the creative in person... Yes, yes, he certainly has a... very distinctive style. Charlie, yes... But you know, it was a team effort... Of course. Him and no one else. So your decision is final? You’ve chosen our agency for the campaign? That’s wonderful! Do you have a number where I can... You’ll call me back on Tuesday? Very good... Well then, have a great weekend in the Big Apple... No, the Big Apple — New York! Of course I wouldn’t dream of calling you a big apple. Like in our campaign, yes, exactly, very funny: “New iPhone. Don’t mistake it for an apple!” Very good. I’ll wait for your call on Tuesday.

*She puts her phone away. Mick comes back with the ground coffee.*

**Jane** – You’d better sit down, Mick.

**Mick** – What’s happened? Have you decided to spend the weekend with me instead of your dog after all? You know, you can bring her too.

**Jane** – Better than that: they’ve chosen our proposal for the Apple campaign!

**Mick** – Charlie’s proposal?

**Jane** – Apple’s head of Europe just called me. The decision’s been made. He’s spending the weekend in New York, but he’ll call us back on Tuesday with the official confirmation.

**Mick** – That’s incredible! It’s an absolutely massive account!

**Jane** – Not only does it solve our cash-flow problems for the next fifty years, but we’re going to have to hire more staff.

**Mick** – And move to new premises. No more meeting room that looks like an acupuncturist’s waiting room.

**Jane** – Obviously, firing Charlie is out of the question now.

**Mick** – We’ll also have to come back to that pay rise of mine... After all, I’m the one who insisted we hire him, and I wasn’t exactly thrilled about firing him. Just goes to show — I had a nose for talent...

**Jane** – Is Marianne in her office?

**Mick** – She said she was going to the post office to send a registered letter...

**Jane** – Oh no... *(She whips out her phone and makes a call.)* Marianne? Tell me you haven’t posted Charlie’s dismissal letter yet? Shit... *(She puts her phone away.)* She’s just posted it.

**Mick** – Ah... Now we’ve got a problem...

*Charlie comes back in, his phone glued to his ear.*

**Charlie** – A joint? Oh, right... And how much would that cost? A hundred euros! That’s pretty expensive for a joint. Oh, if that’s the flat rate... How did I notice? Well, when I piss in the sink, it lands on my shoes... Yeah, must be some kind of drainage problem... OK, tomorrow morning then. I’ll expect you around eleven... *(He puts his phone away and turns to Jane and Mick.)* Oh, you made some more coffee. Cool...

*He pours himself a cup under the watchful eyes of the other two, then leaves with it.*

**Mick** – We had the only creative in France capable of selling a campaign to Apple, and our accountant has just sent him a letter firing him for misconduct...

**Jane** – What an idiot!

*Marianne comes in just in time to hear the last remark.*

**Mick** – Ah, we were just talking about you...

**Marianne** – Excuse me?

**Jane** – Sorry, it’s not your fault. But just once, couldn’t you have waited a little before doing exactly what you were told...?

**Marianne** – I don’t understand what you’re talking about...

**Mick** – When he reads that he’s been fired because none of us can stand the smell of him...

**Marianne** – I took the liberty of adding that he put his hand on my backside.

**Mick** – Did he really? (*Marianne shoots him a murderous look.*) I didn’t realise he was that much of a pervert.

**Marianne** – What on earth is going on?

**Jane** – Apple chose Charlie’s proposal...

**Marianne** – No...?

**Jane** – And they absolutely insist that this idiot be the one to handle the campaign.

**Mick** – Right... So what do we do? Marianne, any ideas? After all, you’re the one who got us into this mess...

*She shoots him a murderous look.*

**Marianne** – Would you like to discuss your hotel expenses as well... and the escort girl?

**Jane** – First of all, Charlie must not find out under any circumstances that Apple has selected his project, all right?

**Marianne** – He’ll find out eventually...

**Jane** – The later, the better. That gives us a little time to figure out how to fix this...

**Marianne** – Couldn’t we just steal his idea and have Angie develop it? We can always tell the client later that Charlie has left the company.

**Mick** – Or died of an overdose.

**Jane** – I don’t like the sound of that...

**Mick** – You’re right... Angie has plenty of qualities, but I see her more as someone who writes advertorials for Louis Vuitton.

**Jane** – The client insisted on meeting Charlie as soon as possible... We can’t afford to disappoint him. It’s already a miracle they chose our agency...

**Marianne** – And their decision really is final?

**Jane** – Yes. He just wants complete confidentiality until Tuesday...

**Mick** – That gives us the weekend.

**Marianne** – What if we simply told him the truth?

**Jane** – Told who?

**Marianne** – Charlie!

**Jane** – The truth? “We were going to fire you without severance pay because we thought you were a loser, but now that Apple has chosen your proposal, we’re counting on you not to betray the relationship of trust that has always existed between us”?

**Marianne** – Put like that, obviously...

**Jane** – He’s going to turn up on Monday furious, with his dismissal letter — which we didn’t even have the decency to give him in person. And when he finds out that he’s the one the client wants, and nobody else...

**Mick** – He certainly won’t be having a leaving party... He’ll tuck the Apple account under his arm and go straight off to get hired by the most suntanned ad man in Paris.

**Marianne** – As long as he was under contract with us, he was bound to the company by a non-compete clause. But with that dismissal letter, obviously, we’re setting him free...

**Jane** – Any advertising agency would offer him a fortune if he turned up with Apple as a client.

**Mick** – Sure, but what can we do about it now?

**Marianne** – We don’t have a choice. We have to make sure he never receives that dismissal letter.

**Jane** – At least not before we get him to sign a new employment contract that ties him even more tightly to the agency.

**Marianne** – Preferably before he finds out that the future of the company depends on him. That could seriously increase his salary demands...

**Mick** – And how are we supposed to do that? The registered letter has already been sent...

**Marianne** – We could wait for the postman, knock him out and steal his sack...

*Mick and Jane look at her, unsure whether she is joking.*

**Jane** – I think they call it a mailbag here.

**Mick** – Is that Swiss humour?

**Marianne** – I did the same thing to Santa Claus when I was little... That’s how I found out Santa Claus was my mother’s lover...

**Jane** – We just need to stop Charlie going home before Tuesday...

**Marianne** – Easier said than done...

**Mick** – You could invite him to spend the weekend with you at your country house... to thank him for his performance and discuss his future.

**Marianne** – And once you’re there, you get him to sign the new contract...

*Charlie comes back in. The others fall into an awkward silence.*

**Charlie** – I’m going to have another coffee. I feel rough as hell this morning. No idea what’s wrong with me.

**Jane** – Go ahead, it’s freshly made.

**Mick** – I made it.

**Marianne** – Mick makes very good coffee.

*Charlie is about to fill his cup, but Jane quickly steps in.*

**Jane** – Don’t move, I’ll get it for you.

**Mick** – Right, well, we’ll leave you two to it. *(He gestures to Jane to talk to Charlie.)* Coming, Marianne?

**Marianne** – Where?

**Mick** *(dragging Marianne out with him)* – Didn’t you want to talk to me about my expenses?

**Jane** – Sugar?

**Charlie** – Three, thanks.

**Jane** – There you go. Nothing like a good coffee in the morning to start the day. Full of vitamins. I mean, caffeine. You know, we’re always passing each other in the office, but we never really get a chance to talk. It’s the same with Marianne. It’s incredible — I didn’t even know she was...

**Charlie** – Gay?

**Jane** – Swiss. Did you?

**Charlie** – No.

**Jane** – You think you know the people you work with, and then... Look at us. I didn’t even know how many sugars you take in your coffee.

**Charlie** – Well... three.

**Jane** – Tell me, Charlie... Are you doing anything this weekend?

**Charlie** – Overtime? I thought there wasn’t much work at the moment. I was even wondering whether I should start looking elsewhere...

**Jane** – Oh, no, that’s not it at all! And anyway, things aren’t nearly as bad as they look... The agency is growing. We’re going to need every bit of talent we’ve got. No, actually, it’s your future I wanted to talk about.

**Charlie** – My future? I didn’t even know I had one...

**Jane** – We’re very pleased with the work you’re doing here, Charlie. It’s true that at first you were more or less on probation, which is perfectly normal. But I think the time has come to give you a real chance and show you the confidence you deserve.

**Charlie** – Oh, right...

**Jane** – I'd like to offer you a new contract, one that better reflects your abilities. Would you be free to discuss it this weekend?

**Charlie** – This weekend? Where?

**Jane** – I have a country house near Versailles. There's a swimming pool and a tennis court. Fancy coming with me? With a bit of luck, you might even get to see Flora give birth.

**Charlie** – Well... I'm expecting the plumber tomorrow morning, and an Ikea delivery in the afternoon. Now that I've got proper payslips, I've been able to move out of my squat and into a real apartment, but... Maybe next weekend, if you like?

**Jane** – We'll talk about it, all right?

**Charlie** – Sounds good.

*Charlie leaves. Mick and Marianne come back in.*

**Mick** – So?

**Jane** – He's stuck at home on Saturday waiting for the plumber...

**Marianne** – A gas leak... That could explain an accidental explosion.

**Jane** – A water leak!

**Mick** – And let me remind you, we only want to stop him receiving that letter. We need him for the Apple campaign.

**Jane** – Someone would have to go to his place and not let him out of their sight all weekend, so they could get hold of the letter before he does.

**Mick** – Which means spending the weekend with him...

**Marianne** – At his place...

**Mick** – For that kind of mission... it would have to be a woman, obviously...

*Mick and Jane turn to look at Marianne.*

**Marianne** – You can't ask me to do that!

**Mick** – After all, firing Charlie was your idea, wasn't it? And you're the one who rushed off to post the letter.

**Mick** – Besides, you said he'd already put his hand on your backside. That proves he finds you attractive. Or that he really doesn't have much choice...

**Marianne** – What?

**Jane** – The future of our company is at stake, Marianne. I'm personally asking you to make this sacrifice.

**Marianne** – You're asking me to give myself to the company?

**Mick** – Like Marshal Pétain gave himself to France.

**Jane** – If you don't help us, bankruptcy is guaranteed, Marianne. Our company is our homeland. And the homeland is in danger!

**Marianne** – But... I can't, Jane.

**Jane** – And why not?

**Marianne** – Because... for one thing, I'm not attracted to men.

**Jane** – Well... I don't know... Make an effort.

*Charlie comes back in.*

**Charlie** – I need to photocopy my payslip. For the rental agency...

*Jane and Mick give Marianne meaningful looks, urging her to put the plan into action.*

**Jane** – Right, come on, back to work, Mick.

*Charlie pours himself another coffee. Marianne watches him, unsure what to do. He gets ready to make his photocopy.*

**Marianne** – Would you like me to make that photocopy for you? I'm used to it, you know...

**Charlie** – Thanks, I can manage...

*Marianne watches him strangely, making Charlie uncomfortable. He struggles with the photocopier.*

**Marianne** – It's out of paper.

**Charlie** – Oh...

**Marianne** – Do you know how to refill it?

**Charlie** – Er... no...

**Marianne** – I thought not... It's like the coffee... You don't know how to make that either... Men... Don't move, I'll do it... Photocopiers can be very temperamental, you know... Just like women... Ah, there's a paper jam... I'll sort it out... We can have a little chat while we wait... It's true, we never get a chance to talk. Things are so hectic at the moment.

**Charlie** – It's pretty quiet, isn't it?

**Marianne** – Thank goodness it's Friday.

**Charlie** – Yeah.

**Marianne** – Any plans?

**Charlie** – For what?

**Marianne** – The weekend.

**Charlie** – I've got a water leak to fix and an Ikea wardrobe to put together.

**Marianne** – I can help you, if you like... *(With an awkwardly suggestive tone.)* I'm very handy, you know...

*Charlie looks more alarmed than attracted. Marianne throws herself at him, grabs him and tries to kiss him.*

**Marianne** – Your smell drives me wild, Charlie...

*Fortunately for Charlie, his phone rings and saves him.*

**Charlie** – Sorry, that must be my plumber... I really have to take this... *(He manages to break free.)* Yes... Yes, speaking... Hold on one second...

*Charlie hurries out. Jane and Mick come back in.*

**Mick** – What did you do to him to make him run off like that?

**Marianne** – I told you it wouldn't work...

**Jane** – You can't have tried very hard... I'm disappointed in you, Marianne. Very disappointed. Why did you invest all your savings in this company instead of putting them in a Swiss bank account if you're not prepared to fight to save it from bankruptcy?

**Marianne** – If I invested in this company, it was because of you, Jane...

*She leaves, close to tears.*

**Mick** – Did you know our accountant was a lesbian? As well as being Swiss...

**Jane** – Marianne's a lesbian?

**Mick** – She said she doesn't like men.

**Jane** – That doesn't mean she likes women.

**Mick** – She seems pretty fond of you... Anyway, I don't think she's exactly the right woman to seduce Charlie.

**Jane** – What if he's gay too?

**Mick** – Just because a man isn't attracted to a Swiss lesbian accountant doesn't mean he's gay, believe me.

**Jane** – I made a pass at him too, and he'd rather put together an Ikea wardrobe!

**Mick** – Oh, really...?

**Jane** – We need to find out.

**Mick** – Find out what?

**Jane** – Whether he's gay!

**Mick** – And how do we do that?

**Jane** – You make a pass at him too. See if he's receptive.

**Mick** – Receptive...? You're joking.

**Jane** – Let me remind you that the survival of this company is at stake — and so is your job.

*Charlie comes in to get something from a supply cupboard.*

**Jane** – I'm sure you'll handle it delicately...

*Mick walks straight up to Charlie.*

**Mick** – Charlie, how would you feel about the two of us going to London for the weekend? I know a little hotel that isn't too expensive, just outside the station...

*Charlie looks at him in surprise, takes off his headphones for a moment, then puts them back on and carries on rummaging through the cupboard for what he needs. Jane is stunned.*

**Mick** – See? He's not gay.

**Jane** – Or maybe he just doesn't fancy you...

**Mick** – Why wouldn't he fancy me? I go to the hairdresser every week, and I have tanning sessions twice a month...

**Jane** – No need to take it personally...

**Mick** – You didn't exactly have much effect on him either...

**Jane** – We just haven't found what turns him on yet.

*Angie comes in. As Charlie leaves, he turns to give her a lingering look. Jane and Mick both notice.*

**Angie** – I just came to get a new cartridge for my printer.

*Jane and Mick stare at her as she rummages through the supply cupboard. Angie notices and starts to feel uneasy.*

**Mick** – I told you she had a lot of potential...

**Angie** – Is there a problem?

**Jane** – How long have you been working for us, Angie?

**Angie** – Nearly six months...

**Jane** – And are you happy here?

**Angie** – Madam President, you can count on my total commitment to the company. I fully buy into its business plan. I joined this team to face new challenges and take on new ones.

**Jane** (*cutting her off*) – Very good... In that case, Mick will explain the business plan we've lined up for you this weekend. Won't you, Mick?

**Mick** – You wanted new challenges? Well, you're about to get one. Trust me, you won't be disappointed...

*Mick leads Angie away. Marianne comes back in.*

**Marianne** – Sorry, I got a little carried away earlier...

**Jane** – It's all right. And I think we've found another solution anyway.

**Marianne** – Good. I was thinking...

**Jane** – Yes?

**Marianne** – If you like, I could come to the country with you and help prepare Charlie's contract.

**Jane** – I think that can wait until Monday. I wouldn't want to take advantage of you... I mean, of your time.

**Marianne** – I've got nothing planned this weekend.

**Jane** – That's very kind of you, but I don't think it'll be necessary... Besides, I've never understood why everyone dreams of having a house in the country. If the countryside is so much fun, why is everyone moving away from it? You know, the countryside can be pretty depressing. Especially at this time of year...

**Marianne** – It's May.

**Jane** – Exactly. In winter, at least you can go out and gather dead wood, light a fire and roast a few chestnuts. But in spring...

**Marianne** (*suggestively*) – There's no wrong time of year for a roaring fire, you know...

*Angie comes back in, furious, followed by Mick.*

**Angie** – Do you realise what you're asking me to do?

*Marianne decides it would be wiser to leave.*

**Mick** – It's only one night with Charlie. We're not asking you to marry him!

**Angie** – Well, that's just it. I'm getting married in three months, as it happens. And I was planning to go away for the weekend with Hubert.

**Mick** – Uber? Is he a taxi driver?

**Angie** – He's my fiancé!

**Mick** – The survival of this company is at stake, Angie.

**Jane** – Which means the future of your job here...

**Angie** – Are you blackmailing me?

**Jane** – There's no need for such dramatic language...

**Angie** (*ironically*) – Of course not... After all, we're only talking about aggravated pimping.

**Mick** – What makes it aggravated?

**Angie** – The fact that the guy's a pig, for a start!

**Jane** – We're about to land the deal of the century, Angie. I won't forget your sacrifice, and I'll make sure you're rewarded for it.

**Angie** – How much?

**Jane** – Excuse me?

**Angie** – How much is my sacrifice worth?

**Jane** – I see you're a quick learner. Good... Give me a little time to run the figures past accounting. But how would you feel about a director's position?

**Mick** – Director?

**Jane** – Don't worry. If we land this account, there'll be more than enough work for two directors.

**Angie** – OK. I can give it a try...

*Charlie passes by again. Mick and Jane slip away.*

**Angie** – I made some more coffee, if you want.

**Charlie** – Thanks, but I've already had three. I'm starting to get a bit jittery.

**Angie** – No, wait... I think you and I got off on the wrong foot.

**Charlie** – Oh, really...?

**Angie** – You know I think you're an exceptionally talented creative.

**Charlie** – You do?

**Angie** – That's probably why I've been a bit... aggressive with you. I was afraid you might overshadow me, you see.

**Charlie** – Overshadow you...?

**Angie** – But I need to get over this lack of self-confidence, Charlie. And I need you to help me.

**Charlie** – Well, actually... I was just going out for lunch.

**Angie** – You know what? Lunch is on me. That way we can have a proper chat.

**Charlie** – I'm having lunch with my mother...

**Angie** – Perfect! You can introduce me to her.

**Charlie** – Isn't that a bit soon? And anyway, you know, my mother... Even I'd rather not have lunch with her if I could avoid it.

**Angie** – Why don't we see each other this weekend?

**Charlie** – I've got an Ikea wardrobe to put together...

**Angie** – Now you've found my weak spot! I love putting Ikea furniture together!

**Charlie** – You're joking...?

**Angie** – I know, everyone hates it. I find it relaxing. Some people do jigsaw puzzles; I do Ikea furniture. I've got a chest of drawers at home, quite a complicated model. Sometimes at weekends I take it apart and put it back together two or three times. Without the instructions, obviously. Just to relax...

**Charlie** – Right... Well, it seems to be working. You look very relaxed, but... maybe we can talk about this later? I really have to go now... Actually, I... I really need to...

**Angie** – Yes...?

**Charlie** – Go to the toilet.

**Angie** – Oh...

*Charlie leaves. Angie is left alone, slightly bewildered. Jane and Mick come back in.*

**Jane** – Well?

**Angie** – I don't think it's going very well...

**Jane** – Then you'd better try harder, Angie! Or you're fired!

**Mick** – Go on, run after him!

**Angie** – He's gone to the toilet...

**Jane** – Believe me, that's not a problem. He never shuts the door!

*Furious, Angie does as she is told. Her phone rings.*

**Angie** – Oh, Hubert, perfect timing... Well, actually, terrible timing. I was just about to call you... I'm afraid this weekend isn't going to work after all... Yes, I know, we were supposed to sort out the seating plan with your parents for the wedding, but... Listen, there's no need to bark at me like that... Oh, right, that's your dog... I thought so... Yes, I know... No, let me explain...

*She leaves.*

**Mick** – Since couples seem to be getting together and breaking up all around us... How about dinner tonight? My treat.

**Jane** – Sorry, but I really don't feel like it. Once we've landed this account and Flora has given birth, maybe... We'll celebrate then, all right?

**Mick** – Promise?

**Jane** – Promise.

*They leave. Charlie comes back in with Angie.*

**Angie** – Give me your photocopies. I'll do them for you.

**Charlie** – Don't tell me you like making photocopies too?

**Angie** (*suggestively*) – I know, I have some rather unusual tastes... But you'll see, I'm a very unusual girl...

**Charlie** – Listen, I’m really sorry about this weekend, but it’s not going to be possible...

**Angie** – Wait, I’ve got a text... Oh my God! It’s my concierge. My building has just burned down. Apparently it was arson...

**Charlie** – Seriously?

**Angie** – I have absolutely no idea where I’m going to sleep tonight... I don’t have any friends... Except on Facebook... You couldn’t put me up for a few days, could you?

**Charlie** – Well... I’ve only got one bed.

**Angie** – I’ll sleep on the rug, curled up at your feet, Charlie... Let me become the shadow of your shadow... The shadow of your dog...

**Charlie** – But... I don’t have a dog.

*Charlie moves away, pursued by Angie.*

**Angie** – Don’t leave me...

*Mick and Jane, who have been watching the scene, come back in.*

**Jane** – Now all we can do is wait...

**Mick** – It’s going to be a long weekend.

**Jane** – I’m not going to the country after all... I’ll stay here at the office in case anything happens... I can sleep on the sofa...

*Marianne comes in.*

**Marianne** – I’ll keep you company. I’ve got nothing planned this weekend. We can draft Charlie’s new contract...

**Jane** – Thank you, Marianne. It’s good to know I can count on you when things get difficult...

*The two women embrace under Mick’s worried gaze.*

**Mick** – I’ll stay too...

*Marianne shoots Mick a dark look.*

**Jane** – Are you sure?

**Mick** – It’s important that the three of us stick together through this ordeal. I’ll be working out in the field...

**Marianne** – In the country?

**Mick** – No, in the field of advertising! On the Apple campaign!

**Jane** – Very good, Mick... No need to get so worked up about it...

*Blackout.*

## Saturday Night

*Dim lighting. Jane, Mick and Marianne are all asleep, slumped on the sofa. Mick has his head on Jane's shoulder and an arm around her.*

*Blackout.*

*Marianne has her head on Jane's shoulder and an arm around her. They both wake up, and Jane instinctively pulls away.*

*Blackout.*

*Mick has his head on Marianne's shoulder and an arm around her. They both wake up and instinctively recoil from each other.*

*Blackout.*

## Monday Morning

*Marianne comes in and makes some coffee. Jane arrives shortly afterwards.*

**Marianne** – Any news from Charlie?

**Jane** – Nothing...

*Mick comes in too.*

**Mick** – Well?

**Marianne** – We don't know.

**Mick** – If Angie didn't manage to intercept the registered letter, he might not even bother coming back to the office...

**Jane** – Even if he knows he's been fired, he doesn't know Apple chose his project. He'll still come back for his final pay.

**Mick** – What if Angie told him?

**Marianne** – Told him what?

**Mick** – About Apple!

**Marianne** – Why would she do that?

*Charlie comes in. Everyone watches him closely, trying to gauge his reaction.*

**Jane** – Morning, Charlie!

**Charlie** – Hi...

**Mick** – Good weekend?

**Charlie** – Mmm...

*Charlie carries on towards his office.*

**Mick** – I think if he'd received his dismissal letter, he would have said something.

**Marianne** – Maybe it hasn't arrived yet. Sometimes there are problems with the post.

**Jane** – Angie's the only one who can tell us...

*Angie comes in, looking sullen.*

**Jane** – Well?

**Mick** – Was that Ikea wardrobe difficult to put together?

*Angie takes a letter out of her pocket and holds it up.*

**Angie** – I managed to get the registered letter from the postman.

**Mick** – Well done!

**Marianne** – How did you manage that?

**Angie** – Charlie was still asleep.

**Mick** – The warrior needs his rest...

*She shoots him a dark look.*

**Angie** – I pretended to be his wife and signed for it.

**Jane** – Phew...

**Mick** – You all right? Did everything go okay?

**Angie** – Do you want the details?

**Marianne** – The result is what matters.

**Jane** – Now you can go back to your fiancé. Here, take the day off if you like...

*Angie's phone rings. She answers.*

**Angie** – Hello? Oh, hi, darling... What? No, not at all... It's not what you think, I swear... Let me speak, I'll explain... Please, just listen to me... He hung up...

*She puts her phone away.*

**Jane** – What now?

**Angie** – That was Hubert, my fiancé... He found out I spent the weekend at Charlie's, and he's just dumped me. I wonder how on earth he found out...

**Jane** – Well, no point giving you the day off now, then... Come on, give me the letter.

**Angie** – Not so fast. I'm keeping it for now. Until we've discussed my promotion and my pay rise...

**Jane** – I told you, we'll make sure your dedication is rewarded once we land the Apple account. Now back to work as if nothing happened. I'll get Charlie to sign the new contract Marianne prepared for him.

*Charlie comes back in to get a coffee. Mick, Marianne and Angie leave.*

**Jane** – Ah, Charlie, just the person I wanted to see...

**Charlie** – You're not going to fire me, are you? I've only just moved into my new apartment.

**Jane** – Of course not! Whatever gave you that idea? Quite the opposite, in fact! I wanted to suggest that we form closer ties.

**Charlie** – Is this a marriage proposal?

**Jane** – Almost... Look.

*She shows him the contract on the table. He bends down to read it and accidentally spills his coffee all over it.*

**Jane** – What an idiot! I mean... don't worry, it's fine. I'll go and get another copy.

*Jane leaves. Marianne comes back in.*

**Charlie** – Guess what? The boss just offered me a promotion!

**Marianne** – No kidding... And you said yes?

**Charlie** – Of course.

**Marianne** – Good. Then now you'll have to live up to it.

**Charlie** – Live up to what?

**Marianne** – The Apple account you've just won! Just because the client absolutely insists on working with you...

**Charlie** – Apple chose my proposal?

*Jane comes back in with another copy of the contract and shoots Marianne a murderous look.*

**Charlie** – Ah, right... Now I understand why everyone's being so nice to me.

**Jane** – Didn't I tell you? I thought Marianne already had...

*She glares at Marianne, who realises what she has just done.*

**Marianne** – Sorry... I thought he'd already signed his new contract...

**Charlie** – Don't worry. You trusted me when the company wasn't doing too well. You could have fired me, but you didn't. I'll make sure I live up to that trust.

**Jane** – Exactly! We've never had any doubts about you...

**Charlie** – You'll understand, though, that I need to look at this carefully. Now that I'm such an in-demand creative...

**Jane** – Of course...

**Charlie** – Give it to me. I'll read it over properly.

*He takes the contract and leaves. Jane turns to Marianne.*

**Jane** – Well done! Now he's going to bleed us dry...

**Marianne** – If I hadn't set fire to Angie's building, she might never have agreed to spend the whole weekend with him.

**Jane** – You set fire to her building?

**Marianne** – She might have changed her mind and gone home...

*Angie comes in.*

**Angie** – My building really did burn down?

**Jane** – I'll explain...

**Marianne** – You're insured, aren't you?

**Angie** – You're all completely insane!

**Jane** – We'll discuss all that once Charlie has signed his contract, shall we?

**Angie** – I'm going to bleed you dry too!

**Jane** – Let's not get worked up, please...

**Angie** – And what if he still found out that you were planning to fire him for misconduct...?

**Marianne** – I'm sure we can come to some arrangement...

*Angie hands Jane a document.*

**Angie** – Here's my arrangement. I've drawn up a new contract for myself too. All you have to do is sign it...

*Jane looks at the contract, sighs and signs.*

**Jane** – They'll be the death of me...

*Charlie comes back in, looking much more self-assured.*

**Charlie** – Right, overall, I'm happy with it. I trust you.

**Jane** – Great.

**Charlie** – Just one detail. I added a zero to the annual salary. Given the size of the Apple account, I assumed accounting must have made a mistake. Right, Marianne?

**Marianne** – Of course...

**Charlie** – Just a little signature and we'll say no more about it?

*Jane signs.*

**Jane** – There you go.

*Charlie takes the contract. Mick comes in.*

**Mick** – Everything going all right?

*Jane's phone rings.*

**Jane** – Yes... No? Yes, yes, of course... Oh my God... OK, I'm coming right away...

*She puts her phone away.*

**Mick** – Apple?

**Jane** – Flora's just given birth... I'm going to grab my bag from my office and head straight to the clinic. Can you believe it, Mick? Sextuplets!

*She hurries out.*

**Marianne** – Flora? Who's Flora?

**Mick** – Oh, didn't I tell you? Since Jane and I couldn't have children together, we used a surrogate mother... And between you and me, it's much more convenient. And a lot cheaper than you might think, actually...

*He leaves, followed by Marianne, who is in a state of shock. Charlie and Angie are left alone together.*

**Angie** – You’ve done pretty well for yourself... They were going to fire you...

**Charlie** – I know...

**Angie** – You knew? Then why didn’t you say anything?

**Charlie** – Would you have spent the weekend with me otherwise?

**Angie** – You bastard! And you knew you’d won the Apple account too?

**Charlie** – I didn’t win the Apple account.

**Angie** – What? I don’t understand...

**Charlie** – I’m the one who called Jane on Friday, pretending to be Apple’s head of Europe.

**Angie** – No way... You made a complete fool of me...

**Charlie** – Now that I’ve got an astronomical annual salary, I still haven’t given up on winning you over. And you’re single now, aren’t you...?

**Angie** – You weren’t the one who told Hubert, were you?

**Charlie** (*unconvincingly*) – Me? How could you even think such a thing?

**Angie** – You did manage to pass yourself off as a creative genius...

**Charlie** – And don’t forget, thanks to me, you got a pay rise too.

**Angie** – But tomorrow they’ll realise you’ve been playing them all along!

**Charlie** – They signed our contracts, didn’t they? Time will tell...

**Angie** – The company was already bankrupt. With our new salaries on top of that...

**Charlie** – Greece is bankrupt too... and the Colosseum is still standing...

**Angie** – In Athens, it’s the Parthenon.

*Charlie puts his hands on her shoulders.*

**Charlie** – I believe in us, Angie. Life is a bold gamble on the future. Even governments borrow money to pay the interest on their debts!

**Angie** – Mmm.

**Charlie** – Besides, I could always get a job at another agency before they fire me. Now that I’m the highest-paid creative in Paris, everyone will be fighting to hire me...

**Angie** – I have to admit... I’m beginning to wonder whether I may have underestimated you after all...

*Charlie and Angie leave. Jane and Mick come back in, closely followed by Marianne.*

**Mick** – Dinner tonight to celebrate? You promised...

**Jane** – All right... Anyway, I have to go... (*To Marianne.*) If you want one, just say. We can't possibly keep all six.

*Marianne is devastated.*

**Mick** – I think an IPO is definitely called for now, don't you? And we'll need to talk about my stock options too...

*Jane's phone rings.*

**Jane** – Once Upon a Time on the Web, hello...

**Marianne** – You'll never be the father of those sextuplets, Mick...

*Jane turns her back on them as she continues the call.*

**Jane** – Yes, speaking.

*Calmly, Marianne unfolds a knife.*

**Mick** (*unsuspecting*) – What's that? A Swiss Army knife?

**Marianne** – Exactly. I always carry one.

**Mick** – What are you planning to do with it? Uncork a nice bottle to celebrate these happy arrivals?

**Marianne** – You'll see...

*She stabs Mick. He collapses.*

**Jane** – Barclays Bank? Yes, I know, we're slightly overdrawn this month... All right, heavily overdrawn... Look, you can rest assured. I was waiting until I was absolutely certain before calling you, but now I can tell you for sure: all our little problems have been sorted out for good...

*Blackout.*

**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 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](#).

## 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  
Cards on the Table  
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  
Such a Lovely Village  
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

Apocalypse  
Backstage Bits  
Don't panic ! Enough is Enough  
Ethan and Eve  
For real and for fun  
Him and Her  
Killer Sketches  
Lockdown Shorts  
Lost time Chronicles  
No Sense Off Limits  
Of Animals and Men  
Open Hearts  
Park Bench Shorts  
Sidewalk Chronicles  
Stage Briefs  
Stories to die for

### Monologues

Happy Dogs  
Like a fish in the air

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