La Comédiathèque

White Coats, Dark Humour

Jean-Pierre Martinez

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Translation by the author

The hospital was almost perfect... So was the crime.
A detective comedy with a dark sense of humour.

Characters:
The doctor: Gunter (male, or female playing a male role)
The two nurses: Sister Emmanuelle and Barbara
The three patients (male or female): Thelma, Louise (or Louis), Mabel (or Marvin)
The five visitors (male or female): Jack, Sandy, Fred, Angela (or Angelo), Alex
The two police officers (male or female): Captain Ramirez and Officer Sanchez

Patients, visitors and police officers may be played by performers of any gender. Some roles may be doubled: the performer playing Angela may also play Alex; the performers playing Jack and Sandy may also play the two police officers.

Cast size: 10 to 13 performers
Possible gender distributions:
10: 8M/2F, 7M/3F, 6M/4F, 5M/5F, 4M/6F, 3M/7F, 2M/8F, 1M/9F, 10F
11: 8M/3F, 7M/4F, 6M/5F, 5M/6F, 4M/7F, 3M/8F, 2M/9F, 1M/10F, 11F
12: 8M/4F, 7M/5F, 6M/6F, 5M/7F, 4M/8F, 3M/9F, 2M/10F, 1M/11F, 12F
13: 8M/5F, 7M/6F, 6M/7F, 5M/8F, 4M/9F, 3M/10F, 2M/11F, 1M/12F, 13F

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The visitors' lounge of a hospital. Sister Emmanuelle, a quietly attractive brunette dressed in a nun's nursing uniform, hums as she decorates a rather sickly Christmas tree standing on a table. A nativity scene has been arranged in front of it. Dr Gunter Müller appears behind her: a handsome, playboy-type doctor in a white coat, with a stethoscope around his neck. The atmosphere is pure hospital romance.

Gunter – Good morning, Sister Emmanuelle. Everything okay?

Emmanuelle startles, surprised and a little flustered.

Emmanuelle – Good morning, Doctor Müller. You scared me...

Gunter – I'm sorry. But please, call me Gunter...

Emmanuelle – And why is that, Doctor Müller?

Gunter – Because it's my first name, Emmanuelle!

Emmanuelle – Of course... But if you don't mind, I'll continue to call you Doctor Müller. It seems more appropriate to me. And I would prefer you to call me Sister Emmanuelle...

Gunter – As you wish, Sister... But look at what you've done with that tree! It's magnificent...

Emmanuelle gazes at the sparsely adorned Christmas tree, its faded garlands fighting to infuse a bit of festivity.

Emmanuelle – Our patients really need some comfort during this festive season, especially when they're not surrounded by the love of their families...

Gunter – Of course...

Emmanuelle – I've added a nativity scene to this secular symbol of the Christmas tree. I hope you don't mind, Doctor?

Gunter – The nativity is part of the Christmas magic too! If department stores can have one, why not a hospital? After all, we're a business too!

Emmanuelle – It's essential for all our patients who don't have families to know that they can still rely on the love of our Lord...

Gunter – That's clear...

Emmanuelle leans over to place the figurines in the nativity scene.

Emmanuelle – Would you help me place the baby Jesus in the nativity?

Gunter – Uh... yes.

Gunter moves closer to help Emmanuelle. Their bodies brush against each other.

Emmanuelle – Here, the ox and the donkey... Right at the back...

Gunter – Perfect.

Emmanuelle – And here's the Blessed Virgin.

Barbara arrives, just as blonde as Emmanuelle is brunette, and wearing a blouse that accentuates her charms.

Barbara *(sarcastic)* – I suppose you weren't talking about me, Sister Emmanuelle...

Gunter – Ah, Barbara, I was actually looking for you...

Barbara – A stable is the last place you'd find me...

Gunter – There you are, Sister. I've managed to squeeze them all in. It wasn't easy...

Barbara – Finding room in a manger is never easy...

Gunter – Good morning, Barbara. I was about to start my rounds. Will you join me?

Barbara – Just like the Wise Men followed the Star of Bethlehem, Gunter. You know that wherever you go, I'll go...

Gunter – I'll leave you to it, Emmanuelle... I mean, Sister Emmanuelle...

Barbara casts a jealous look at Emmanuelle. Emmanuelle, feeling embarrassed, decides to leave.

Emmanuelle – I have things to do as well...

Emmanuelle exits.

Gunter – Shall we go, Barbarella? I mean, Barbara...

Gunter and Barbara exit. Pushed by Angela, dressed in a gothic style, Louise arrives in a wheelchair, with a hanging IV bag.

Angela – So, Merry Christmas, dear Aunt Louise!

Louise – Thank you, Angela... I'm not sure I'll be here for the next one...

Angela – Come on, don't say that... *(She takes a bottle of champagne and two glasses from her bag.)* Look what I've brought. We can toast Christmas...

Louise – Oh, you really shouldn't...

Angela opens the bottle and pours the champagne into the glasses. Then she reaches into her bag and pulls out a box of cat's-tongue biscuits.

Angela – And I brought your favourite cat's-tongue biscuits...

Louise – You're an angel, Angela. But with my stomach—or what's left of it—I'd have preferred sponge fingers...

Angela – Dip them in your champagne. That'll soften them. And here's your present...

Angela hands Louise an envelope.

Louise – Thank you! What's inside?

Angela – A little surprise!

Louise – An envelope... It's not money, is it? I'm already quite well-off in that department... At my age, what I truly lack is the time to enjoy it...

Angela – That's life... *(Under her breath)* Some people have all the money and no time. I've got all the time in the world...

Louise struggles to open the envelope. While her aunt is distracted, Angela pours the contents of a small vial into Louise's champagne. She discreetly drops the empty vial beneath the table. Louise finally extracts a piece of paper.

Louise – What is this?

Angela – A one-year subscription to Living Longer!

Louise – A whole year! I'm not sure I'll get my money's worth...

Angela *(under her breath)* – Neither am I...

Louise – What?

Angela takes a copy of Living Longer from her bag and hands it to Louise.

Angela – Here's the first issue. It'll give you something to read...

Louise – Thank you, Angela!

Angela – If you're happy, I'm happy, Auntie. *(They kiss on the cheek.)* Shall we drink to that?

Louise – I'm not entirely sure it's wise!

Angela – Come on, a small Christmas glass won't do any harm!

Louise – Oh, but you've poured quite a generous one...

Angela – No, I haven't!

Louise – Could you please pass me my shawl?

Angela turns to fetch the shawl from a chair. Louise quietly swaps the glasses so that she ends up with the less full one.

Angela – Here you go...

Louise – Thank you, you're so kind... It's a good thing you're here. Otherwise, no one would visit me...

Angela – Of course. I'm your niece, aren't I? *(With a broad smile.)* So, Auntie, have you thought any more about what we discussed?

Louise – What was that?

Angela – Your will. I'm not sure leaving everything to that charity is such a good idea...

Louise – Not a charity. Dr Müller's foundation! It helps orphans without parents...

Angela – You know, nowadays, it seems like everyone's starting a foundation, even serial killers... And besides, I'll be a bit of an orphan when you're no longer here...

Louise – You have parents of your own, and they're both dentists. They're hardly poor. Besides, your mother's always had a grudge against me. She never comes to see me...

Angela – But I'm here!

Louise – That's why I initially drafted the first will in your favour... It's in my bedside table drawer... But Doctor Müller convinced me to... And I know that when you come to visit me, it's not for my money...

Angela – Absolutely...

Louise – You have a family, you can continue your studies, and perhaps become a dentist like your parents. But those less fortunate orphans... What if the good Doctor Müller doesn't have the means to look after them?

Angela – Well, you know, it's your money, Aunt Louise. Do whatever you think is best. But have you actually written this new will yet?

Louise – Not quite yet... I'll get to it later...

Angela smiles.

Angela – Excellent... Cheers!

They raise their glasses and take a sip.

Louise – It's quite refreshing...

Angela – Yes, it's delightful...

Louise squints at the label.

Louise – The Knitting Widow... That's a champagne I've never heard of.

Angela – How about a cat's-tongue biscuit to go with it?

Louise – Thanks, I might have one after you've gone...

Angela nibbles a few cat's-tongue biscuits.

Angela – Do that. While you read Living Longer... Anyway, I'd better go, Auntie. You must be tired...

Louise – I'm all right. Fancy a game of Cluedo before you go?

Angela – I wish I could, but I'm afraid I don't have the time right now... I'll be back to wish you a Happy New Year...

They share a few kisses.

Louise – Enjoy yourself, and thank you for visiting your old aunt on Christmas... Oh, by the way, I have a gift for you too! It's right under the table...

Angela takes the package, unwraps it, and reveals a knitted scarf.

Angela – What is this?

Louise – It's a scarf! I knitted it for a friend, but she died before she could wear it. Do you like it?

Angela – I love it... See you soon, Auntie. Merry Christmas!

Angela leaves.

Louise – She had that peculiar look again... Every time she comes to see me, it feels like I'm already in hell... *(Sigh)* Now, where was I...

Louise opens Living Longer and starts flipping through it while dipping a cat's-tongue biscuit in her champagne. She squints.

Louise – Where did I put my glasses? I must have left them in my room...

Louise wheels away in her wheelchair. Sister Emmanuelle enters, assisting Mabel to a chair, where she helps her settle in.

Emmanuelle – Sit here for a while, Mabel. Lying in bed all day isn't good for you...

Mabel – Oh, you know, the Avenue of the Departed will be my next address, so...

Emmanuelle – All the more reason. How about Scrabble? A little exercise might do you good...

Mabel – Exercise what?

Emmanuelle – Your brain!

Mabel – Alright...

Emmanuelle sets up the game.

Emmanuelle – Here are your letters... Would you like to start?

Mabel – Oh, you know, I'm not sure I can manage. I'm not all there anymore...

Emmanuelle – Give it a try...

Mabel – Let's try this. *(Mabel lays all seven letters on the board.)* OXIDIZE. As in "to rust". Eight for the X, ten for the Z... Double the X, double the word, plus fifty for using all seven letters... That makes a hundred and fourteen!

Emmanuelle – Goodness! Your brain certainly hasn't rusted away...

Sandy and Jack enter. Sandy is Mabel's daughter and Jack her husband. Jack may be played by a woman dressed as a man, or by a masculine-presenting woman; in the latter case the couple are two women, which adds another layer of confusion for Mabel.

Emmanuelle – Oh, I think you have visitors, Mabel... I'll leave you to your family... Ladies and gentlemen...

Sandy *(to Emmanuelle)* – Good morning, Sister Emmanuelle...

Mabel – Is she your sister?

Emmanuelle *(indulgently)* – No, Mabel, she's your daughter...

Emmanuelle shares a smile with Sandy and exits.

Sandy – So, Mum, how are you doing today?

Mabel – Oh, you know, at my age...

Jack – Hello, mother-in-law...

Mabel – Who's that?

Sandy – Come on, Mum, it's Jack, my husband!

Mabel – You're married? Since when?

Sandy – It's been about twenty years.

Mabel – You could have at least sent me an invitation...

Sandy – But you were at our wedding, Mum! *(She takes out a photo from her wallet)* Look, that's you in the picture, outside the city hall.

Mabel – Oh, yes... And the one holding your arm there, in that oversized suit, who is he?

Jack – That's me, mother-in-law. Jack, your son-in-law!

Mabel gazes at him.

Mabel – He's certainly aged! No wonder I didn't recognise him...

Jack – Well, we all age...

Sandy hands her mother a box.

Sandy – Here, I brought you a box of fruit jellies.

Mabel – Thank you... Are they too hard? Because with my teeth...

Jack – They're fruit jellies, mother-in-law... They're soft...

Mabel *(aside to Sandy)* – Why does he insist on calling me "mother-in-law"?

Jack prefers to change the subject.

Jack – So, Mabel, did you sleep well last night?

Mabel – I had the strangest dream...

Jack – Oh yeah? What was it about?

Mabel – Oh, it doesn't matter much now...

Sandy – Tell us anyway... *(Under her breath.)* At least it'll give us something to talk about...

Mabel – I dreamt about the gold bars my mother gave me for Christmas just before she died...

Sandy and Jack, amazed, exchange glances.

Sandy – Gold bars?

Jack – You mean real gold bars, Mother-in-law?

Mabel – What?

Sandy – Your mother gave you gold bars? You never told us!

Mabel – It wasn't any of your concern... And since I had entirely forgotten what I did with them... It was only last night that it all came back to me...

Jack – And then?

Mabel – You know how it goes with dreams, as soon as you wake up, you forget half of it.

Sandy – And what half do you recall?

Mabel – I remember the box... And all the gold bars inside.

Sandy – All the gold bars? Because there were a lot of them?

Jack – And this box, do you remember where you put it?

Mabel – Put what?

Jack – Come on, mother-in-law!

Sandy – Perhaps you buried them somewhere in the garden?

Mabel – Buried what?

Jack *(exasperated)* – The gold bars, damn it! The damn gold bars!

Mabel – Oh, I completely forgot about those...

Sandy – Try to remember...

Mabel – Yes, I remember the box quite well. *(Pointing to the box of fruit jellies)* It was somewhat larger than that, though.

Dr. Müller passes by once more. Sandy and Jack appear uneasy due to the unexpected presence of this inconvenient witness.

Gunter – Hello, Mabel. How are we today?

Mabel – Good morning, Doctor.

Gunter – I see you've been to the hairdresser's for Christmas! It suits you...

Mabel – You sweet talker...

Gunter – Ladies and gentlemen... Is everything okay?

Jack – Good morning, Dr. Müller...

Sandy – Yes, yes, everything's fine. Right, Mum? *(Speaking softly)* Her memory is fading more and more, but aside from that, she's doing well...

Gunter – Your mother is made of strong stuff. She'll bury the lot of us! Won't you, Mabel?

Jack – And concerning her memory, don't you have any suggestions for...

Sandy – Even if it's only a temporary solution.

Gunter – Something for her memory? Let me think... I take a very effective medicine myself, but I simply can't remember what it's called... *(Sandy and Jack stare.)* I'm joking, of course. We have to laugh in here. Otherwise we'd all be tempted to kill ourselves. But sadly, there's no cure for memory loss...

Jack – I see... It could be a degenerative disease...

Mabel slowly dozes off in her chair.

Gunter – And there you have it! A long-term degenerative disease that, regrettably, we're all afflicted with from the moment we're born...

Jack – And what's it called?

Gunter – Life, my dear sir! Life. A hereditary condition that is invariably fatal, sooner or later. *(His pager beeps.)* Duty calls. Merry Christmas!

Gunter exits. Sandy gives her mother a gentle shake to wake her.

Sandy – Wake up, we're going for a little walk in the park...

Jack – Some fresh air might help jog her memory...

Sandy – Come on, Mum! Get up and walk!

Sandy, Jack and Mabel leave. Louise returns in her wheelchair and resumes reading Living Longer. Thelma enters, moving with difficulty, one hand on her wheeled IV stand and the other holding a laptop.

Thelma – So Louise, you're not dead yet?

Louise – Oh, Thelma, always a way with words... We'll miss you when you're gone...

Thelma – With a bit of luck, you'll go before me... What are you reading?

Louise – Living Longer. My niece gave it to me...

Thelma – At least she has a sense of humour... Is it an interesting read?

Louise – Yes, but it's full of adverts. Hearing aids, stairlifts, funeral plans...

Thelma – Sounds like a blast...

Thelma sits in a chair and opens her laptop.

Louise – Is there Wi-Fi here?

Thelma – The Wi-Fi signal is actually stronger near the morgue. Unfortunately, that area is currently occupied.

Louise – Occupied? By whom?

Thelma – Well, I thought it was you, but it seems I was mistaken...

Thelma switches on her laptop.

Louise – Perhaps it's Mabel...

Thelma – You believe so?

Louise – You know, it's often the good ones who go first...

Thelma – I'd rather be a little wicked, it seems to keep me going...

Louise – Poor Mabel... She didn't seem that unwell. I wouldn't have bet on her being the first to depart.

Thelma – I did...

Louise – No, really?

Thelma – I actually placed a bet on her.

Louise – You didn't!

Thelma – Fifty euros. Since it isn't you in the mortuary, I've still got a chance...

Louise – Just as long as you don't wager on me as the next candidate...

Thelma starts reviewing Louise's medical records attached to her wheelchair.

Thelma – Let's see... Oh, indeed... Without flattering you, you have a pretty good file...

Louise gives her a worried look.

Louise – You think so?

Thelma starts typing on her keyboard.

Thelma – It's okay... I have two bars...

Louise – Two bars?

Thelma – For the Wi-Fi!

Louise – Oh, yes...

Thelma continues to type on her computer, and Louise returns to her magazine.

Thelma – Wow! This one looks good! Check this out!

Thelma briefly turns the screen toward Louise.

Louise – What kind of website are you on?

Thelma – A dating site... My username is Thelma...

Louise – Thelma, that's not your real name?

Thelma – Henrietta, actually. But a name like Henrietta doesn't do you any favours on a dating site...

Louise – Do you really think that in our condition, we can still meet someone?

Thelma – Apart from someone coming to give us the last rites, certify our deaths or perform the autopsy, you mean? Well, a girl can dream... But this one's caught my eye...

Louise – With your blood pressure, getting your heart racing could be fatal...

Thelma starts typing again.

Thelma – I'm hesitating...

Louise – Given our condition, it's better not to hesitate too long.

Thelma – Alright, I'll give it a try...

Louise – I wouldn't want to discourage you, but when he sees your photo...

Thelma shows her screen to Louise again.

Thelma – Here's my photo...

Louise – But... it's Sister Emmanuelle!

Thelma – She might not be super sexy, but it was the best I could do... I took it with my phone yesterday, saying I wanted to have a picture of her on my wallpaper...

Louise – I hope she's not browsing the internet too...

Thelma – A nun... Well, she probably doesn't frequent dating websites. But at least it makes it more believable...

Louise – What do you mean?

Thelma – The photo! Don’t kid yourself. A woman who looks like a footballer’s glamorous wife doesn’t need a dating site to score...

Louise – You have a point there... That slightly naïve and innocent look might be appealing to some...

Thelma – You’d trust her with your life. Or your soul...

Louise – Speak of the devil...

Sister Emmanuelle arrives. Thelma quickly closes her laptop.

Thelma – Good morning, Sister Emmanuelle!

Emmanuelle – Thelma and Louise! Always together, I see! How are you today?

Louise – As Dr. Müller says, life is a long degenerative disease...

Thelma – Let's say we're more at the terminal stage...

Emmanuelle – Here or elsewhere, we are only passing through this Earth. The Lord awaits us all in His paradise.

Thelma – Can you imagine, Sister Emmanuelle? We're the first internet generation to reach the heavens... Do you think there's Wi-Fi in paradise?

Emmanuelle – If it's paradise, there's likely Wi-Fi...

Thelma – That's probably why it already has better reception near the morgue...

Emmanuelle – Is there anything I can do for your well-being today, ladies?

Thelma – Is hashish still not allowed in this facility, even for therapeutic use?

Emmanuelle – I'm afraid not...

Thelma – Oh, well.

Emmanuelle – Alright, then I'll come back later for your gym class... Have a wonderful day, ladies.

Louise – You too, Sister.

Thelma – And thanks again for the photo. I’ve put it straight on my... home page.

Emmanuelle – If it brings you comfort, then I'm glad to have helped.

Thelma – Believe me, Sister, thanks to you several of my prayers have already been answered...

Emmanuelle exits. Louise puts away her magazine and starts rolling her wheelchair to leave.

Louise – Well, it's not that I'm bored with you, but I need to get to my homework...

Thelma – Homework? Are you taking classes again?

Louise – No, but I don’t want to leave it too late. I need to make my will...

Thelma – Quite right, Louise. At our age, it’s easier to get someone into your will than into your bed... Who’s the lucky one?

Louise – I've never gotten along very well with my family... So, I'm thinking of leaving everything to Dr. Müller. He's so kind...

Thelma – And quite handsome...

Louise – See you later, Thelma.

Thelma reopens her laptop's lid.

Thelma – Goodbye, Louise. For good, perhaps...

Louise exits. Thelma goes back to typing on her computer. A young man arrives, dressed like a rapper.

Alex – Hey, Gran, how’s it going?

Thelma closes her laptop lid once again.

Thelma – I told you not to call me Gran.

They exchange a kiss on the cheek.

Alex – What are you looking at on that laptop?

Thelma – Nothing much. Why?

Alex – You slammed it shut as soon as I got here. Bit suspicious.

Thelma – Did you pick up my prescription?

Alex – Don't worry, I've got it right here.

He opens a pocket in his jacket and hands Thelma a small package wrapped in aluminium foil.

Thelma – You didn’t get the generic version, did you?

Alex – Straight from my supplier. Genuine herbal medicine. *(Thelma reaches for the foil packet, but he holds it back.)* Not so fast! No free prescriptions here.

Thelma hands him a fifty-euro note.

Thelma – There. Earned it fair and square.

Alex – Yeah? How?

Thelma – I won a bet.

Thelma puts away the small aluminium package and takes out a joint, which she lights.

Alex – A bet, huh? What was the stake?

Thelma – You wouldn't believe it...

Thelma takes a drag from the joint.

Alex – Think they'll ever legalise this stuff, Gran?

Thelma – For old people, perhaps. Palliative care.

Alex – That sucks.

Thelma – And how are your parents doing?

Alex – All good. Are you going to pass that over?

Thelma – I'm your grandmother! I'm not going to encourage you to take drugs.

Alex – And you're setting such a good example?

Thelma – That's different. I take it for pain relief...

Alex – Yeah, right...

Thelma is startled by Sister Emmanuelle's unexpected return. She hastily hands the joint to Alex, who discreetly attempts to conceal it.

Emmanuelle – Oh, hello, Alex! It's nice of you to come and visit your grandmother.

Alex – Yes, I... Hello, Sister Emmanuelle.

Emmanuelle – Smells of eucalyptus in here. Are you smoking those menthol cigarettes again, Thelma?

Thelma – Well, you see...

Emmanuelle – You know smoking is forbidden anywhere in the hospital, even if it's supposed to clear your chest. I'll leave you together. Goodbye, Alex...

Alex – Goodbye, Sister Emmanuelle.

Thelma – Come on, let's get out of here.

Alex – Where can we have some privacy?

Thelma – Follow me. I know somewhere quiet, with excellent Wi-Fi...

Alex – Cool.

They leave, but Thelma forgets her laptop. Gunter returns with Barbara.

Gunter – It seems like things are going rather smoothly this morning, wouldn't you agree, Barbara?

Barbara – All our patients have shown up. It doesn't happen that often. It's almost like a miracle...

Gunter – That's strange; I could have sworn I saw someone in the morgue...

Barbara – Perhaps it was an oversight... Sadly, there are deceased individuals with no one to claim them...

Gunter – I'll look into it...

Barbara *(teasingly)* – Why don't you look after me instead?

Gunter – Well, you see... We can't just leave an unattended body like that.

Barbara – An abandoned body? There's one right in front of you, Doctor Müller. Are you blind?

Gunter spots the laptop and seizes on it as an excuse to escape Barbara's advances. He opens it.

Gunter – But what do I see?

Barbara – What?

Gunter – An Apple computer...

Barbara *(disappointed)* – Cruel. I'd happily throw that apple at your head...

Gunter – "An apple a day keeps the doctor away."

Barbara – An English proverb? I thought you were German, Gunter...

Gunter – My grandfather moved to Argentina after the war. I went to an English boarding school in Switzerland.

Barbara – I see...

Gunter – In any case, someone shouldn't have left this lying around. Is it yours?

Barbara – No...

Gunter – I doubt we have many thieves here, but still...

Barbara's attention is drawn to the image on the screen.

Barbara – Quite. Especially when it's open on a site like that...

Gunter – What kind of site?

Barbara – A dating site!

Gunter – But our patients...

Barbara – Well... it's a photo of Sister Emmanuelle!

Gunter – You must be kidding...

Barbara – If it's not her, it's a striking resemblance...

Gunter – Let me see...

Barbara – She calls herself Thelma.

Gunter – No?

Barbara – You can’t call yourself Sister Emmanuelle on a dating site. The name alone would attract all the wrong people...

Sister Emmanuelle enters. Gunter and Barbara stare at her in astonishment, seeing her in a new light.

Emmanuelle – Is everything all right?

Gunter – Everything's fine...

Barbara – More than fine...

Emmanuelle – Excellent...

Barbara – Are you sure you're not forgetting anything, Sister Emmanuelle?

Emmanuelle – I don't think so. Well, see you later...

Sister Emmanuelle proceeds on her way, a bit embarrassed by their staring, and she exits.

Gunter – I would have never expected that from her... She appears so...

Barbara – Yeah... You think you know women...

Gunter – She didn't take her computer...

Barbara – She didn’t dare. The little hypocrite...

Gunter – It would've been quite awkward, indeed.

Barbara – You can say that again...

Gunter – Let’s leave it here. She can slip back and collect it...

Barbara is about to leave.

Barbara – Are you coming?

Gunter – Yes, yes, I'll be along shortly...

Barbara exits. Gunter hesitates for a moment, then begins typing feverishly on the computer. Thelma returns. Gunter makes a quick exit.

Thelma – Whoa, it's good stuff... *(She spots the computer)* Ah, I thought I had forgotten it there...

Mabel returns with Sandy and Jack.

Thelma – Mabel? I thought you had passed away!

Mabel – Well, as you can see...

Thelma – Fifty more euros down the drain... So who is in the morgue then?

Thelma's attention is drawn to the computer screen.

Thelma – Oh, another message! I certainly seem to be popular... *(She types, then stares at the screen.)* Dr Müller! Well, I never!

Thelma exits while still looking at her screen. Fred, Mabel's second daughter (or second son), arrives.

Fred – Good morning, Mum... *(More coldly)* Sandy... Jack...

Mabel *(to Sandy)* – Oh look, your mother's here.

Sandy – You're my mother. She's my sister...

Mabel – Are you sure? She looks so old...

Jack – We'll leave you now, Sandy, right?

Fred – I'm not kicking you out, am I?

Sandy – We were about to leave.

Sandy kisses Mabel.

Fred – Well, I brought you some fruit jellies...

Mabel – Oh, thank you... Your sister never brings me anything...

Sandy – We brought you a box, Mum. It's right here...

Jack – See you later, Mabel...

Jack and Sandy leave, casting a hostile glance at Fred. Fred hands Mabel the box of fruit jellies.

Fred – Help yourself to a fruit jelly...

Mabel – These aren't as good as your sister's...

Fred – So, Mum, have you considered my previous question?

Mabel – What?

Fred – I asked about the box with the gold bars that you claimed to have hidden somewhere in the house...

Mabel – Oh, that...

Fred – Do you recall what you did with it?

Mabel – Yes.

Fred – And then?

Mabel – So what?

Fred – What did you do with it?

Mabel – Well, I think I put it in the attic.

Fred – No?

Mabel – I did. But I've just told your sister...

Fred – That bitch...

Fred exits hastily. Louise arrives.

Louise – Do you want some chocolate? Doctor Müller gave them to me because I just left him my entire fortune...

Mabel – That's very kind of him... What kind of chocolate is it?

Louise – Chocolate gold bars.

Mabel – Oh, I'll have one. Takes me back. My mother gave me those when I was a little girl. I've still got all the boxes up in the attic...

Thelma enters behind Louise and clamps her IV tube shut with a clothes peg. Mabel notices. Thelma gives her a wicked grin and motions for her to keep quiet.

Thelma – I shouldn't do this, I know, but I find it so amusing...

Louise starts to feel faint. Sister Emmanuelle returns, dressed in flashy gym attire, carrying a large CD player on her shoulder like a streetwise rapper. Like a schoolgirl caught in the act, Thelma discreetly removes the clothespin, and Louise regains her senses.

Emmanuelle – Come on, ladies, time to get moving! It's your exercise class.

Thelma – Oh no, not gym...

Sister Emmanuelle presses the play button on the CD player, and an energetic workout soundtrack starts playing.

Emmanuelle – Come on, everyone, let's join in!

Emmanuelle enthusiastically demonstrates an energetic aerobic routine, which the frail patients attempt to follow with rather less enthusiasm.

Emmanuelle – Let's see a bit more enthusiasm!

Thelma secretly pinches Louise's IV tube again, and she starts feeling faint once more.

Mabel – Sister Emmanuelle... I think Louise has overdone it...

Emmanuelle – Well, alright, we should probably stop for today, then...

Thelma removes the clothes peg. Louise gradually comes round.

Thelma – We got away with it...

Emmanuelle – Are you feeling better, Louise?

Louise – Yes... I must have had a little dizzy spell...

The three patients leave. Gunter enters and finds Sister Emmanuelle switching off her music player, still wearing her startlingly bright and rather tight exercise clothes.

Gunter – Well... I must say, I'm discovering a different side of you, Emmanuelle...

Emmanuelle – It's a gym outfit... Do you think it's a bit too...?

Gunter – I had no idea there was such a firework display under that white uniform... Did you get my message?

Emmanuelle – What message?

Gunter's pager beeps.

Gunter – Excuse me, I've been paged... But we'll continue this conversation later, shall we?

Gunter leaves. Barbara arrives.

Barbara – So, Sister Emmanuelle, working up a sweat?

Emmanuelle – I know, I shouldn't push them too hard, but at the same time...

Barbara – You should also be a bit more discreet...

Emmanuelle – Discreet?

Barbara – We understand each other, don't we? And as far as Gunter is concerned, keep your hands off. He's mine.

Sister Emmanuelle exits. Gunter returns, looking shocked, pushing a cart in front of him with a body covered by a white sheet.

Gunter – I just found a corpse in the mortuary!

Barbara – Nothing unusual about that. We find two or three every morning...

Gunter – But this is not one of our patients. I'm even beginning to wonder if it's really a human being. It looks like a zombie. Take a look...

Gunter lifts a corner of the sheet, revealing Angela. Louise returns in a wheelchair and sees the corpse.

Louise – Angela!

Barbara – Do you know her?

Louise – She's my niece; she came to visit me earlier!

Barbara – Where did you find her, Doctor?

Gunter – In the mortuary, I told you!

Barbara – Clever place to hide a corpse. It's the last place anyone would think to look...

Gunter covers the body again with the sheet.

Gunter – Could it be murder?

Barbara – Who knows... Oh, my God! The criminal might still be among us! We need to call the police!

Gunter – I've already called the police. Here they are now...

Captain Ramirez and Officer Sanchez enter.

Captain – Captain Ramirez, and this is my assistant, Sanchez. I hope nobody's touched anything.

Gunter – I only transported the body here on this rolling cart...

Captain – Excellent. Saves us a pointless scene change. *(He lifts the sheet.)* Good grief... The producer certainly hasn't skimped on the special effects...

Officer – That green stuff coming out of her mouth... It's like The Exorcist.

Captain – How long ago did this person pass away, Doctor?

Gunter – I have no idea. I'm not a forensic pathologist...

Officer – Don't worry. You'll get your chance...

Captain *(spotting Louise)* – Hello, Granny. Is the food any good? I hope they put something special on for Christmas. A nice dessert, perhaps?

Barbara – She's the victim's aunt, Captain. She must be in shock...

Captain – Good. At least we know who she is. That saves time. Sanchez, move this trolley of cold meat out of my way. It's beginning to smell...

Louise – Poor girl... She only came to see me an hour ago!

Captain – So she's quite fresh, then. Though perhaps she smelled like that while she was alive...

Louise – Are you quite sure she's dead?

Sanchez is about to wheel the body offstage.

Officer – If not, she's doing a good impression. The last person I saw frothing like that had been bitten by his rabid mother-in-law...

Captain – Sanchez! Please show some respect. This poor woman has just lost her niece in particularly horrible circumstances.

Officer – Sorry, Captain. My mistake...

Sanchez wheels the body offstage.

Captain – So, madam, your niece was the last person to see you alive...

Louise – Don't you mean the other way round, Captain? I'm not dead yet...

Captain – Don't confuse me. I know my job. You didn't kill her, did you? That would save us even more time...

Louise – Is this some sort of Christmas entertainment, Dr Müller? A real-life game of Cluedo? Is this gentleman an actor?

Gunter – I'm afraid not, Louise. Or else he's a very bad one...

The Captain takes Gunter aside.

Captain – Actually, Doctor, that's not such a bad idea...

Gunter – What is?

Captain – Why not tell the patients it's a murder-mystery game? Much less upsetting for them. Psychologically speaking...

Gunter – But Louise will eventually realise her niece really is dead.

Captain – In her condition? Give her fifteen minutes and she'll have forgotten she even had a niece. Your decision, of course. But psychology is important...

Sanchez returns.

Officer – All done, Captain.

Captain – Good. And where did you put the body? I'd like to know where to find it if I need it later.

Officer – In the cold room.

Captain – You've got a cold room? Excellent. We've got one at the morgue too...

Barbara – Ours is in the kitchen, actually...

Officer – That explains it. I wondered why the morgue had so many animal carcasses...

Captain – We'd better do the post-mortem before she freezes solid, or we'll need an ice pick...

Officer – Or a microwave...

Captain – So you've no idea how she was murdered?

Barbara – How could we possibly know, Captain?

Captain – You're medical staff. Killing people is part of the job, isn't it? Only joking...

Officer – Who could have done it?

Captain *(putting a hand on Sanchez's shoulder)* – That's what we're here to find out, Sanchez...

Officer – Do you have a plan, Captain?

Captain – Clear everyone out except the old lady. I'll question her first, then she can have her lunch. We're not monsters. We know old people like to eat early...

Barbara *(quietly)* – She's fed through a drip, Captain. We had to remove her stomach last week...

Captain – Well, at least she won't have any digestive trouble. Everybody out! We'll call you in when it's your turn, like at the unemployment office.

Gunter and Barbara leave.

Captain – Sanchez, while I question the lady, search this place from cellar to attic. And get someone from the hospital to do the post-mortem. I'm not spending Christmas here.

Officer – Yes, Captain.

Sanchez leaves.

Captain – Now, Granny, how about confessing straight away? It would ease your conscience and let me spend Christmas Eve with my family.

Louise – I gave her a woollen scarf. Did she hang herself with it?

Captain – Looks more like poisoning, judging by the colour of the froth at her mouth. Did you eat anything together?

Louise – We had cat's-tongue biscuits...

Captain – No wonder she's dead. Poor cats! Black ones, I bet. Was this Christmas lunch or some satanic ritual?

Louise – Not real cats' tongues! Biscuits from the supermarket. And a little champagne...

Captain – Champagne! Some people know how to live. On my pension I won't be able to afford it...

Louise – We saved up, too! And besides, it's not Christmas every day... And in my condition, there's no guarantee I'll see another one.

Captain – You don't know how lucky you are. Christmas has always depressed me. Ever since I was a boy...

Louise – You're not going to tell me your miserable childhood story, are you?

Captain – Fair enough... Now, let's return to your relationship with your late niece, Madam. Was it strained?

Louise – Well, she did come to visit me, seemingly hoping for a piece of the inheritance pie. But when you have only a few months left and millions in the bank, it's hard to believe in entirely selfless visits, you know?

Captain – That could explain why she wanted to relieve your suffering, but not the other way around... Did you put her in your will as a token of gratitude for her visits?

Louise – Gratitude... that's one way to put it.

Captain – Visiting dying relatives isn't exactly a treat. Flowers, chocolates, magazines... It all costs money. Surely that deserves a little reward?

Louise – In the end, I left everything to Doctor Müller.

Captain – A wise choice, I dare say. This Doctor Müller does seem like a saintly man...

Sanchez returns.

Officer – Captain, we've identified the victim's car. A black car, grey in colour, parked in a space reserved for disabled drivers...

Captain – And what do you conclude from that, Sanchez?

Officer – Well... The victim wasn't disabled.

Captain – That's for the post-mortem to establish. Speaking of which, has someone been assigned to it?

Officer – Yes, Captain... Doctor Müller is handling it...

Captain *(to Sanchez who is still there)* – What's on your mind?

Officer – I was thinking... Perhaps we've found a motive.

Captain – What motive?

Officer – Someone with a disability, taking revenge because she stole their parking space?

Captain – Excellent, Sanchez. We'll pursue that lead. Meanwhile, get the old lady out of here and send in the next witness...

Officer – Which witness, Captain?

Captain – I don't know, anyone available... *(Sanchez takes Louise away.)* These young ones need everything spelled out for them...

The Captain examines the area. He picks up a vial from the ground and tries in vain to read the label. Sanchez returns with Sister Emmanuelle.

Captain – What does that label say, Sanchez? I can't find my glasses...

Officer – "Poison", Captain. Do you think it could have something to do with the poisoning?

Captain – I very much doubt it. But send it to the lab anyway, just to see whether it's toxic...

Officer – Understood, Captain...

Sanchez takes the vial and leaves.

Captain – Now then, Sister. First, what made you become a nun? An attractive young woman like you...

Emmanuelle – I am wedded to Our Lord... My life is dedicated to aiding others...

Captain – Then we're in much the same line of work.

Emmanuelle – By different means, nonetheless...

Captain – The Lord works in mysterious ways... Have you noticed anything unusual around here lately?

Emmanuelle – Such as?

Captain – I trust you're not engaged in any witchcraft, dark rituals, human sacrifices, or exorcisms, are you?

Emmanuelle – No, Captain.

Captain – A bit of euthanasia now and then, perhaps?

Emmanuelle – That's entirely against the principles of my religion, Captain.

Captain – Really? I had no idea. I must reread the Quran one of these days...

Emmanuelle – And it's not one of our end-of-life patients who passed away, but a young woman who came to visit one of them...

Captain – You think you're shortening a dying person's suffering, and you end up claiming a young life. Nobody is safe from a medical mistake...

Emmanuelle – I'm a qualified nurse...

Captain – Come on, Sister. Don't tell me no one has ever come in here for haemorrhoid treatment and gone home missing a leg...

Emmanuelle – Do you have any more questions for me, Captain? My patients need me...

Captain – That will be all for now, but I'd ask you to remain at the disposal of the police until further notice.

Emmanuelle – What do you mean?

Captain – We won't put an electronic tag on you just yet. But if you were planning a little trip abroad to somewhere with no extradition treaty, please postpone it...

Emmanuelle – I was only going on a New Year's pilgrimage to a shrine nearby...

Captain – Will you need a passport?

Emmanuelle – It's in this country, Captain...

Captain – Fine. We'll issue you a special permit to visit your saint...

Emmanuelle – Thank you, Captain.

Captain – Go in the peace of the Lord, dear child.

Emmanuelle exits. Sanchez returns.

Captain – So, how did the search go, Sanchez?

Officer – The usual, Captain... A bit of marijuana, handguns, cash stashed under mattresses... I even found some morphine...

Captain – Morphine? In a hospital? Whatever next! But you said you found liquid under the mattresses...

Officer – Cash, Captain. Several different currencies, some of them obsolete...

Captain – Ah, the old currencies! Those were the days, Sanchez. A seaside holiday for a handful of coins, border guards with ridiculous hats, dictators giving speeches on television... They knew how to dress in those days. It makes us feel old, Sanchez...

Officer – But what worries me, Captain, is more this...

He leaves and returns with a stack of boxes.

Captain – What's all this, Sanchez? Have you gone Christmas shopping? We've a murder to solve!

Officer – Fruit jellies, Captain. Twenty-four boxes, to be exact...

Captain – I see what's going on... And where did you find this?

Officer – Under a patient's bed. A certain Mabel. I wonder if that's even her real name. Nobody's called Mabel for decades...

Captain – I agree, Sanchez. This looks promising. Send them to the lab. They're not going to explode, are they?

Officer – Most of these products have exceeded their use-by date.

Captain – Have you questioned this Mabel?

Officer – Stubborn as a mule. I couldn't get a word out of her. But you've got a way with difficult witnesses, Captain. Everyone knows what a fine psychologist you are. I've brought her in...

Captain – You did well, Sanchez... Bring in Madame...

Sanchez leaves briefly and returns with Mabel.

Captain – Sit down here, Mabel, please...

Sanchez leaves. Without warning, the Captain slaps Mabel.

Mabel – Are you out of your mind?

Captain – I used to prefer hitting people with telephone directories, but they're hard to find these days. So. Are you going to talk?

Mabel – You haven't even asked me any questions yet!

Captain – These fruit jellies were for your own personal use, I suppose?

Mabel – Everyone insists on bringing me fruit jellies, Captain... I can't stand them... Do you like fruit jellies?

Captain – Well... *(He takes one and tastes it)* Yes, they're not that bad...

Mabel – I prefer gold bars. My mother used to give them to me when I was little. Do you like gold bars, Captain?

Captain – Gold bars?

Fred, Mabel's daughter (or son), arrives.

Fred – Oh, Mum... Forgive me for interrupting, Captain, but I need a word. *(Fred takes the Captain aside and speaks softly.)* Has she spilled the beans yet?

Captain – About what, dear lady...

Fred – The gold bars! Did she tell you where she hid them, or not?

Captain – Not yet, but it won't be long. Trust the police...

Fred – Don't hesitate to use somewhat... forceful methods. I thought it was my sister who found them, but she assures me that's not the case...

Captain – Really?

Fred – I'll leave you to do your job... Keep me informed, please?

Captain – I won't forget, dear lady.

Fred exits.

Captain – The greed of some people! A family tearing itself apart over chocolates...

Sanchez returns.

Officer – I took the liberty of questioning some witnesses myself, Captain, and all their statements match: the food is terrible in this place...

Mabel – Ah, yes, I can confirm that! It's awful!

Officer – I even found spoiled meat in the fridge.

Captain – In addition to our cadaver, you mean? Just kidding...

Officer – I'll head back, and I'll keep you posted if there are any updates...

Captain – Right, get this old witch out of here and bring me the blonde doll.

Officer – Barbara, the nurse?

Captain – That's right...

Sanchez leaves with Mabel. Barbara arrives.

Captain – Ah, dear lady... Please have a seat...

Barbara – Call me Barbara. *(She sits opposite him, crossing her legs high.)* Did you want to ask me something, Captain?

Captain *(disturbed)* – Um... yes. But oddly enough, right now, I can't remember...

Barbara – I have all the time in the world...

Captain – Ah, yes, there it is... Do you have any reason to suspect your boss, Dr. Müller, of conducting prohibited medical experiments on his patients?

Barbara – Like the Nazi doctors?

Captain – His name sounds German and he's a doctor. You can't ignore a possibility like that. Even if it's only a possibility...

Barbara – Dr Müller? I doubt it, Captain. Besides, Gunter is Swiss...

Captain – There have been Nazis in Switzerland too... At least in the German-speaking part...

Barbara – A little-known chapter of history, Captain...

Captain – Or he could be testing genetically modified food on his patients without their knowledge, to see if they develop tumours. We know how close doctors and pharmaceutical companies can get...

Barbara – Nearly all our patients have tumours already. But that's not the sort of thing Dr Müller would do. He's a completely selfless man. You've heard of his foundation for orphans who have no parents?

Captain – Never mind. It was only a routine question, and I won't keep you. *(Barbara stands.)* Oh, one last thing, Barbara...

Barbara – Yes, Inspector Columbo?

Captain – Whenever I eat something spicy, I get a terrible itch... somewhere too delicate to mention onstage. What could it be?

Barbara – Your backside, I imagine.

Captain – No, I mean what illness. Is it serious?

Barbara – Probably just haemorrhoids. I'll book you an appointment with Dr Müller after Christmas. Until then, try not to overdo it...

Captain – Thank you, Barbara, I already feel relieved...

Barbara leaves. Sanchez returns.

Captain – Well, Sanchez? Any progress?

Officer – This hospital is a madhouse: drug dealing, illegal betting, financial abuse, money laundering, escorts recruited online...

Captain – And the autopsy?

Officer – The post-mortem found that the victim had eaten an enormous quantity of cat's-tongue biscuits.

Captain – No fruit jellies, are you sure?

Officer – Only cat's-tongue biscuits, and they were more than a week past their best-before date. I found the packet in the bin.

Captain – Excellent, Sanchez! That must be it. Stale biscuits can be lethal. Now we just need to work out whether this was murder or food poisoning...

Officer – There's something else, Captain...

Captain – What now?

Officer – The victim wasn't actually dead when they started the post-mortem...

Captain – So what?

Officer – Well... Dr Müller's tried to put everything back where it belongs...

Captain – They found her in the mortuary. Naturally they assumed she was dead. It just shows, Sanchez, never jump to conclusions...

Officer – One last thing, Captain... I examined the computers...

Captain – And?

Officer – Bingo! I've just arrested a man who arranged to meet a member of staff here through a dating site...

Captain – Bring him in, Sanchez. Bring him in...

Sanchez brings in Gunter and Emmanuelle, then exits.

Captain – Dr Müller? And Sister Emmanuelle?

Gunter – I can explain everything, Captain...

Captain – Confess to me, Doctor...

Gunter – I've been secretly in love with Sister Emmanuelle since she came to the hospital. When I discovered what I thought was her profile on a dating site, I used a false name and asked her out. She accepted, not knowing who I was... *(Turning to Emmanuelle.)* I hope you're not too disappointed...

Emmanuelle – But it must be the work of the Devil, Captain! I don't use dating sites, I assure you!

Captain – Come now, Sister. No need to play the innocent virgin. We've all visited dating sites at some point...

Sanchez arrives.

Officer – I'll bring the victim, Captain... Trust me, it's a real resurrection... I attended the autopsy myself, there were organs all over the place...

Captain *(to Gunter)* – Well done! Dr. Frankenstein couldn't have done better...

Angela staggers in, her appearance even more zombie-like than before, coloured drool oozing from the corner of her mouth.

Gunter – I did my best, but if you plan to question her, you might want to be quick...

Captain – You're right... It's not every day you get the chance to interrogate a murder victim...

Angela *(in a ghostly voice)* – May you all burn in hell!

Emmanuelle recoils in shock.

Emmanuelle – It's the Antichrist, and the Lord has chosen me to face it. *(She opens her coat to reveal her fluorescent workout attire and assumes a karate stance, making a few intimidating moves)*. Vade retro Satanas!

Emmanuelle strikes Angela with a fatal blow. Sanchez leans over the body.

Officer – I think she really is dead this time, Captain...

Emmanuelle – The Forces of Good have vanquished the Forces of Evil... Now, you may deal with me as you see fit...

Captain – Don't tempt me, Sister. But as for the body you've just killed, we'll stick to the official version. We'll say she was dead before the post-mortem...

Officer – We're not monsters, after all. We're not going to put a nun in prison.

Captain – Especially a nun who has recently discovered true love through the internet...

Barbara arrives, furious, closely followed by Thelma.

Thelma – But I'm telling you that Thelma is me!

Barbara *(to Emmanuelle)* – Bitch. I warned you to stay away from Gunter!

Barbara lunges at Emmanuelle, and they start a fight.

Officer – Perhaps we should consider separating them, Captain?

Captain *(fascinated)* – Let's wait a bit longer...

Mabel and Louise enter.

Thelma – I bet on the brunette, how about you?

Mabel – Fifty euros on the blonde...

Fred enters and lunges at Mabel.

Fred – What have you done with the gold bars, you old hag?

Mabel – Well, I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about! Captain!

Fred – Don't worry, Captain, it's just a minor family dispute...

Fred grabs Mabel by the throat and begins shaking her.

Fred – You're going to spill the beans, you old hag!

Captain – I think we can call this case closed, Sanchez. We're supposed to represent law and order, and as you can see, order has been restored.

Officer – Well done, Captain. Another case brilliantly solved...

Captain – Thank you, Sanchez. Will you be spending Christmas with your family tonight?

Officer – I'm afraid not, Captain. I'm a police orphan. I've no family left.

Captain – You might not realize how fortunate you are, Sanchez...

Officer – My father died in the line of duty. He served under your command, and he was proud of it... That's why I wanted to join your unit, Captain.

Captain – That's very moving, Sanchez. I've always thought of you as a son, and I'm not going to let you down on Christmas Eve.

Officer – I knew I could rely on you, Captain...

Captain – And here's Dr Müller, whose foundation looks after orphans without parents, thanks to donations from elderly benefactors like Louise. Perhaps he can arrange for you not to be alone tonight. Isn't that right, Doctor?

Officer – Thank you, Captain.

Captain – I'll leave you to it, Sanchez. They're waiting for me at home, and I'm in charge of stuffing the Christmas turkey... Merry Christmas, everyone!

The Captain leaves as half those onstage continue fighting and the other half watch. Police and ambulance sirens mingle in the distance...

Blackout.

End.

About the author

Born in 1955 in Auvers-sur-Oise (France), Jean-Pierre Martinez first took to the stage as a drummer in several rock bands before becoming a semiologist in advertising. He then worked as a television screenwriter before returning to the stage as a playwright. He has written around a hundred scripts for television and 123 plays, some of which have become classics (*Friday the 13th, Strip Poker*). His plays have been performed in more than 100 countries and translated into around 50 languages.

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 Society of Dramatic Authors and Composers (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:

Monologues
Happy Dogs
Like a fish in the air
Short Stories

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
Russian Roulette at the Kremlin
The Costa Mucho Castaways
The Dressing Gown
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 13th
Horizons
Ménage à trois
One small step for a woman, one giant leap backward for Mankind
The Ways of Chance

Comedies for 4
A Cuckoo's nest
A hell of a night
A Skeleton in the Closet
Back to stage
Bed and Breakfast
Casket for two
Crisis and Punishment
Déjà vu
Family Portrait
Family Tree
Four stars
Friday the 13th
Gay friendly
Hangover
Happy Hour
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
The Worst Best Man Ever

Comedies for 5 to 6
All's well that starts badly
Christmas Eve at the Police Station
Crisis and Punishment
Critical but Stable
Dead End Boulevard
In lieu of flowers...
King of Fools
The Castaways of New Year's Eve
The President's Draw
The Rebels
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 ...
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 Most Beautiful Village in France
The Worst Village in England
Welcome aboard!
White Coats, Dark Humour

Collection of sketches
Apocalypse
Backstage Bits
Blackouts
Don't panic!
Dramedies
Enough is Enough
Ethan and Eve
Every Colour under the Sun
For real and for fun
Funny Stories
Him and Her
Hold on, Butterfly
Killer Sketches
Lockdown Shorts
Lost time Chronicles
Memoirs of a Suitcase
No Sense Off Limits
Now and then
Of Animals and Men
Open Hearts
Open Letters
Park Bench Shorts
Sidewalk Chronicles
Stage Briefs
Stories to die for

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