La Comédiathèque

Perfect

Jean-Pierre

Martinez

in-Laws

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Perfect In-Laws

Jean-Pierre Martinez

Having invited the parents of their daughter's fiancé to get to know them and plan the wedding, they discover that a perfect son-in-law doesn't necessarily come with perfect in-laws…

Characters:

Antoine

Juliette

Aymar

Jasmina

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A rather old-fashioned living room, furnished with a sofa and a coffee table. Antoine, who may be anywhere from his forties to his sixties, enters wearing a tracksuit and carrying a pile of papers, which he sets down on the table. He puts a classical or jazz LP on an ancient record player and settles on the sofa to mark the papers. Juliette, about the same age, enters wearing a raincoat and carrying an old leather satchel. The music is quite loud, so Antoine does not notice her arrival. Juliette turns off the record player to make herself heard.

Juliette – What are you doing?

Antoine – Marking papers! What else would I be doing?

Juliette – May I remind you we've got guests? They'll be here in half an hour! You could have started getting ready… Don't tell me you forgot?

Antoine – Forgot? Of course not! Let's just say it momentarily slipped my mind… But it would have come back to me sooner or later.

Juliette puts down her satchel and takes off her raincoat.

Juliette – When the doorbell rang, for example.

Antoine – Relax. It's just drinks. It doesn't take hours of preparation. That's the whole point of not inviting them to dinner, isn't it?

Juliette – Exactly… But even if we're not rolling out the red carpet, let's at least make it look like we've put in some effort. Now, put your papers away and give me a hand!

Antoine begins helping Juliette tidy the room and set the table with what's needed for drinks.

Antoine – It would've been simpler if Sonia were here to greet them with us. They're her future in-laws, after all! She's the one who'll have to put up with them for the rest of her life, not us.

Juliette – She thought we'd feel more comfortable getting to know them if she wasn't here with her fiancé. Makes sense, really. And it's hardly a chore. We never entertain anyone…

Antoine – Admit it, it's a bit awkward inviting people you've never met into your home…

Juliette – What did you expect us to do? Invite them for a drink at the café round the corner, just to save ourselves the trouble?

Antoine – They could've invited us.

Juliette – They live in Lyon! If they'd invited us, that would have meant four hours on the high-speed train there and back. I'm not sure we'd have been better off…

Antoine – Don't tell me they've come all the way from Lyon just for drinks with us?

Juliette – They were polite enough to tell Sonia they'd planned a weekend in Paris anyway, but honestly… I wouldn't be surprised if they made the trip especially to meet us. So if they arrive and see we couldn't even be bothered to put out a few olives…

Antoine sets out olives and a saucisson, which he starts slicing.

Antoine – Here they are, the olives…

Juliette – I wonder if we should leave out the cured sausage…

Antoine – Why? I like cured sausage… This is Rosette de Lyon, a speciality from Lyon. I bought it at the supermarket in their honour.

Juliette – Five minutes ago, you didn't even know they were from Lyon!

Antoine – Call it intuition.

Juliette – That's not the issue…

Antoine – So there is an issue?

Juliette – Our future son-in-law's name is Djamel… His parents are probably Muslim, like him…

Antoine – Djamel? That's an Arabic name?

Juliette – Yes, of course… And he does have rather… distinctive features, doesn't he?

Antoine – What do you mean by distinctive?

Juliette – He's a bit… dark-skinned. Black, basically.

Antoine – Our future son-in-law is Black?

Juliette – You hadn't noticed?

Antoine – Didn't occur to me, no.

Juliette – Well, Black… Not very dark-skinned. More like Barack Obama, if you see what I mean.

Antoine – Oh, right… So not really Black, then.

Juliette – Very light-skinned… Mixed race, if you prefer.

Antoine – What's his father's name?

Juliette – Omar, I think.

Antoine – Well, that's definitely an African name.

Juliette – North African, more precisely.

Antoine – Funny, I'd never really thought about this union in ethnic terms before…

Juliette – Well, at least it shows we're not racist.

Antoine – Yes… Probably because Sonia met Djamel at an elite business school. If she'd met him in the housing estate down the road, we might have noticed sooner that his name was Djamel, not Jean-Baptiste…

Juliette – You think?

Antoine – It's funny how "visible minorities" become invisible once they reach a certain level of education, wealth or fame. Apparently, success works wonders for people's eyesight.

Juliette – The main thing is that Sonia likes him. And that he's a nice young man…

Antoine – Still… For champions of France's secular state education like us… Having a daughter who went to an elite business school… Do you think we went wrong somewhere in her education?

Juliette – Champions of state education? Is that how you see us?

Antoine – I'm joking, don't worry… You know perfectly well that we both became teachers for the long holidays…

Juliette – And so we could get our car insured by the teachers' insurance company…

Antoine – And if our daughter can marry an African, even a North African, it might ease our guilt about turning her into a soldier of capitalism.

Juliette glances at their preparations.

Juliette – It's this sofa I feel guilty about. It's embarrassing, isn't it?

Antoine – What's wrong with the sofa?

Juliette – What's wrong is that we bought it just after we got married! Look at it—it's sagging, Antoine. Like us. Don't you think it's time to get a new one before the wedding?

Antoine – I'm rather fond of this old, sagging sofa. But if you insist, we'll replace it… We bought it through that mail-order cooperative for teachers, remember? We could look through their catalogue. They might still have the same model…

Juliette – That old cooperative? But, darling, it doesn't exist any more.

Antoine – The teachers' cooperative doesn't exist any more?

Juliette – Not as we knew it. It stopped being just for teachers. It went bankrupt years ago. I think someone bought it out…

Antoine – Really? I had no idea… You know, I find it quite upsetting that the teachers' cooperative went bankrupt…

Juliette – Hmm…

Antoine – But the teachers' car insurance company still exists, doesn't it? Please tell me it does.

Juliette – I hope so. Otherwise we've been driving around without insurance.

Antoine – One day they'll put the entire state education system into liquidation, mark my words.

Juliette – Yes… Sometimes I wonder if they haven't already…

Antoine glances at the table.

Antoine – Well, I think we're finally ready to give our future son-in-law's parents a proper welcome.

Juliette – Yes, but the worst is yet to come…

Antoine – What?

Juliette – The wedding! That's partly why they're coming, obviously. To discuss the date and the ceremony arrangements.

Antoine – Just the thought of it depresses me.

They sit on the sofa. Antoine puts his arm around Juliette.

Juliette – It's a milestone, that's for sure. Twenty years ago, we got married. Now it's our daughter's turn…

Antoine – She'll leave home, and we'll sit here like a couple of idiots, slumped on our old sofa from a bankrupt teachers' cooperative, waiting for the entire state education system to go the same way.

Juliette – It's the end of an era. The beginning of a new one. We'll have more time for ourselves now.

Antoine – And we'll spend less… Her business school fees cost us the equivalent of a whole month's minimum wage every single month. Thank goodness she never had to repeat a year…

Juliette – We'll be able to travel more.

Antoine – What do Djamel's parents do for a living?

Juliette – Sonia told me his father works in security.

Antoine – An Arab working in security? That's progress, isn't it?

Juliette – Why's that?

Antoine – Up till now, the stereotype was Arab equals delinquent. The fact they're now also cops or security guards is a sign of integration. Plus, it means they're creating jobs within their own community.

Juliette – Just avoid making jokes like that in front of our future in-laws.

Antoine – Don't worry, I've no intention of sabotaging this marriage. We've been waiting long enough for a chance to get rid of our daughter. Preferably without a dowry… And what about the mother, what does she do?

Juliette – Sonia didn't tell me.

Antoine – Well, just because our daughter is marrying their son doesn't mean we have to holiday together. By the way, have you noticed there's no word for this kind of relationship?

Juliette – What relationship?

Antoine – The relationship between the groom's family and the bride's. For Sonia, they'll be her in-laws. But for us, they'll never really be... anything.

Juliette – Well, this drinks party is off to a great start! Stop seeing the dark side of everything! They might be lovely people, after all…

Antoine – Here's my plan: we meet them today for drinks, see them again at the wedding, and if we don't click, that's it.

Juliette – Speaking of the wedding… What's your vision for it? Might as well agree between ourselves first.

Antoine – We got married at the town hall with four witnesses and held the reception in our garage…

Juliette – Yes, I remember. It rained.

Antoine – Rain on your wedding day is supposed to mean a happy marriage… Do you think they'll want something extravagant?

Juliette – I hope not… Especially since tradition says it's the bride's parents who foot the bill for the wedding.

Antoine – What? You must be joking.

Juliette – It's probably the modern equivalent of a dowry. Anyway, shouldn't you get changed before they arrive?

Antoine – And what should I wear to welcome these people? I don't even know them! If I wear a suit and they show up casual, it'll make them feel awkward.

Juliette – If you stay in your tracksuit, I'll be the one who's embarrassed.

Antoine – So what should I wear, then?

Juliette – Why don't you wear a djellaba, a traditional North African robe? That would be more appropriate than your Lyon sausage.

Antoine – I'm not sure I can find the one I bought in Marrakesh.

Juliette – I'm joking… But you'd better hide your collection of erotic comic books… Just in case they're strict Muslims…

Antoine – Inviting them just for drinks is a bit awkward, isn't it?

Juliette – Why?

Antoine – How do we get rid of them when it's time for dinner? We need a code word between us.

Juliette – If they're nice, we could always invite them to stay for dinner…

Antoine – There you go. That's exactly what I was afraid of. I'm telling you, we've started down a slippery slope.

Juliette – We can at least do this for Sonia. It's the least we can do. And Djamel seems like a good lad… as far as we can tell.

Antoine – True, we don't know him that well, actually.

Juliette – You hadn't even noticed he was Black…

Antoine – We've only seen him once or twice!

Juliette – It feels like a bad remake of that old film with Sidney Poitier…

Antoine – Guess Who's Coming to Dinner.

Juliette – Except you've already met your son-in-law and didn't even realise he was Black.

Antoine – Sorry, I wouldn't call him Black.

Juliette – Anyway, we've got fifteen minutes left, so I'm going to get changed.

Antoine – I'll wait until you're back. Wouldn't want them ringing the doorbell while we're both stark naked.

She exits. Antoine slumps onto the sofa. The doorbell rings. He goes to answer but returns alone after a few seconds. Juliette, still not changed, hurries back in.

Juliette – I thought it was them. Who was it?

Antoine – Jehovah's Witnesses.

Juliette – Jehovah's Witnesses? And what did you say to them?

Antoine – I told them we weren't interested! *(The doorbell rings again.)* And now they're back, insisting…

Juliette *(appalled)* – Are you absolutely sure they were Jehovah's Witnesses?

Antoine realises his mistake.

Antoine – Oh, damn…

Juliette glares at him and goes to open the door. The phone rings.

Antoine – Yes, Sonia… Yes, yes, they've just arrived…

Juliette *(offstage)* – I'm so sorry… My husband mistook you for… But do come in…

Antoine – Everything's fine, darling, don't worry… But I'll have to let you go now. Yes, speak soon…

Aymar and Jasmina enter carrying a bouquet of flowers and a gift-wrapped box. Their appearance is, in fact, somewhat reminiscent of Jehovah's Witnesses.

Juliette – Oh, but that's too much, really, you shouldn't have. It's just drinks…

Juliette takes the flowers, and Antoine takes the gift.

Antoine – Hello, hello… Did you have a good journey?

Aymar – Very good, thank you.

Jasmina – Let me introduce myself…

Juliette *(interrupting)* – We'll do introductions in a moment… Come and take your coats off first. I mean, lay them on the bed. Make yourselves comfortable, please. This way.

Aymar and Jasmina barely have time to speak before disappearing briefly into the next room.

Juliette – Have you ever seen Jehovah's Witnesses knocking on doors with a bouquet of flowers?

Antoine – I didn't notice the flowers. They must have been hiding them behind their backs as a surprise… And anyway, it's partly your fault. You said we were expecting people of colour… Don't tell me they're Black!

Juliette – I'm not sure… There's maybe a little something, isn't there?

Antoine – Are you absolutely certain they're not Jehovah's Witnesses? You didn't even let them finish introducing themselves!

Aymar and Jasmina return without their coats.

Juliette – Come in, come in, please!

Antoine – I used to know someone called Omar, but I can't for the life of me remember who… Would you mind if I called you Omar?

Aymar – If you insist, why not… But my actual first name is Aymar…

Juliette – Oh, really…

Jasmina *(spelling it out)* – A-Y-M-A-R.

Aymar – It's easy to get it wrong, I know. It's not a very common name…

Antoine – I see… So, I take it you're not Black either?

Aymar and Jasmina seem slightly taken aback by this comment.

Aymar – And this is my wife, Jasmina.

Jasmina – Delighted to finally meet you.

Juliette – Jasmina… Oh, yes, that's not a very common name either.

Jasmina – And you must be Antoine and Juliette?

Antoine – That's right. I'm Antoine, and she's Juliette.

Aymar – Yes, that's what I thought too…

Juliette – We're absolutely delighted to meet you. Sonia has told us so much about you. So, you live in Lyon, don't you?

Aymar – For now, yes.

Juliette – And did you have a good journey?

Antoine – I already asked them that a minute ago, darling. Our guests will think we've nothing else to talk about.

Aymar – Oh, you know, with the high-speed train, Lyon is practically a suburb of Paris now.

Juliette – But please, take a seat!

Aymar – Thank you.

Aymar and Jasmina sit on the sofa.

Juliette – Antoine, will you do the honours?

Antoine – What can I get you to drink? No alcohol, I imagine, like Djamel?

Jasmina *(slightly surprised)* – A fruit juice will do, thank you.

Antoine serves her.

Antoine – Omar? Sorry, Aymar?

Aymar – The same, please.

Antoine – I suppose I shouldn't offer you any cured sausage either…

Juliette – Have some olives. Be careful. They're not pitted.

Aymar and Jasmina take some olives but are unsure what to do with the pits. Antoine points to a plant pot.

Antoine – You can put the pits in there. It's cat grass.

Jasmina – Oh, very well…

An awkward silence.

Antoine – Do you know the difference between cat grass and catnip?

Aymar – I can't say I do…

Antoine – They're completely different plants with entirely distinct properties.

Jasmina – Really?

Antoine – Cat grass has therapeutic effects. It helps cats purge hairballs they've swallowed while grooming. Catnip, on the other hand, also known as catmint, has aphrodisiac and even hallucinogenic properties.

Aymar – Well, I never knew that…

Jasmina – So, you have a cat?

Antoine – Actually, no. It's for our personal use… Isn't that right, darling?

Juliette glares at him.

Juliette – My husband is joking, of course… Djamel looks a lot like his father, don't you think, Antoine?

Antoine – Er… Yes… Yes, absolutely.

Jasmina – Your daughter, on the other hand, is the spitting image of her mother. Isn't that right, Omar? I mean, Aymar! Now I'm doing it too…

Aymar – Yes, Sonia is definitely your daughter. There's no denying it.

Jasmina – As they say, the apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

Another slightly awkward silence.

Aymar – You're both teachers, I believe?

Juliette – Yes, that's right.

Antoine – They say one in two French people meets their spouse at work. Among teachers, it must be closer to ninety percent.

Juliette – The other ten per cent probably met during the school holidays…

Antoine – And what about you, Aymar? What do you do for a living?

Aymar – I work in the security sector.

Juliette – Yes, that's what Sonia told us.

Antoine – When you say security, do you mean… transporting cash? A security guard? A night watchman?

Aymar – A bit of all that, actually. I run a company with 300 employees.

Juliette – Oh, wow…

Aymar – Security, you know, is a booming industry.

Jasmina – Especially with everything going on these days…

Antoine – That's exactly what I was saying to my wife before you arrived. Security is a profession with a bright future, and a wonderful instrument of integration…

Juliette – And you, Jasmina?

Jasmina – I'm a doctor.

Juliette – Ah, good to know… A doctor in the family always comes in handy.

Jasmina – I'm a forensic pathologist.

Antoine – Well, that could be useful too… If I ever murder my wife and need a favour for the death certificate, I'll come to you…

Juliette – A forensic pathologist… Ah, yes, that must be… fascinating, I imagine?

Jasmina – Oh, you know, it's not as exciting as it looks in TV crime dramas. And what do you teach, Antoine?

Antoine – I teach biology and earth science.

Jasmina – I see…

Antoine – Yes, it always leaves an awkward silence. No television writer, however drunk, has ever thought of making a series about biology and earth science teachers.

Juliette – And I teach English.

Jasmina – Funny, I had a feeling you were going to say that.

Juliette – Oh, really? Do I look like an English teacher? I'm not sure that's a compliment, but never mind…

Antoine – Perhaps we should put these flowers in water…

Jasmina – Aren't you going to open the gift first?

Juliette – Oh, yes, of course.

Antoine – It's not a bomb, is it?

Juliette opens the gift and takes out a hideous, misshapen vase.

Antoine – Well, that's… interesting. What is it?

Juliette – An umbrella stand?

Antoine – A spittoon?

Jasmina – It's a vase.

Aymar – For the flowers.

Juliette – Oh, of course… Well, that's perfect. Now we can put the flowers in it…

Antoine politely examines the design on the vase.

Antoine – It's lovely… What's the design?

Juliette – Looks like Brittany, doesn't it?

Aymar – Sonia told us you're originally from Brest, in Brittany, on the Atlantic coast.

Jasmina – It's local craftsmanship.

Juliette – Oh, yes, darling, look. It's the harbour of Brest.

Antoine – Let me see…

Juliette awkwardly hands him the vase, which slips and shatters on the floor. Their guests look horrified.

Juliette – Oh no… How clumsy of me!

Antoine – Now that's what I call a Freudian slip… I mean, my wife has always hated Brittany. We never go there. We spend all our holidays in the south of France…

Juliette – I'm so terribly sorry… I don't know what to say…

Aymar – Don't worry about it, it's not the end of the world…

Juliette – I'll clean it up.

Jasmina – We'll help.

Juliette – No, please, sit down. Maybe we can glue it back together…

Antoine *(helping pick up the pieces)* – Why not? The pattern might help us piece it back together.

Juliette – Yes, it'll be like a 3D puzzle!

Antoine – Oh, that's odd, there's a piece of paper inside. Did you put it in there?

Aymar – Not me… Did you, darling?

Jasmina – Not at all…

Juliette – What is it?

Antoine – I'm not sure… It's not in French.

Aymar – Could it be in Breton?

Jasmina – Or Swedish…

Aymar – Maybe it's the instructions?

Juliette – For a vase?

Antoine – Looks more like Romanian.

Jasmina – Do you speak Romanian?

Antoine – I know a little…

Juliette – I'll type it into Google Translate… It's very short anyway.

Juliette takes out her phone and begins typing the text.

Antoine – I've heard of a message in a bottle, but a message in a vase…

Juliette – Got it. Oh, my God…

Aymar – What?

Juliette – It's a cry for help!

Jasmina – A castaway who slipped a message into a vase?

Juliette – Worse… A young Romanian orphan enslaved in a vase factory near Bucharest…

Jasmina – No…

Aymar – That's horrible.

Juliette – We actually sponsor a Romanian child… Can you imagine? This vase might have been made by him…

Jasmina – We're so sorry, we had no idea.

Aymar – We bought this vase at IKEA.

Jasmina – We thought the worst it could be was something made by well-fed Swedish children…

Antoine – So what do we do now?

Juliette – What do you expect us to do? He didn't leave an address! He says he doesn't even know where the illegal factory holding him is located…

Antoine – In Romania… Making Breton vases for export… Honestly, where is the world heading?

Juliette – We'll report it to Orphans Without Borders tomorrow…

Antoine – This is exactly where globalisation leads us, the same globalisation so trendy in the business schools our children attend…

Juliette – Sorry, we didn't mean to spoil your drinks.

Jasmina – We're the ones who are sorry. If we'd known…

Aymar – Believe me, we're absolutely opposed to child slavery as well.

Jasmina – Even Romanian children…

Aymar raises his glass to propose a toast.

Aymar – Come on, let's not let this ruin the evening! Cheers!

They toast and struggle to restart the conversation.

Aymar – Well… what about our own children? What are we planning?

Juliette – The children?

Jasmina – Our children! For their wedding!

Juliette – Oh, yes, of course… That too.

Aymar – You don't object to a religious ceremony, do you?

Juliette – In principle, we're not against it, but it might be a bit complicated…

Antoine – I was Catholic in a past life, my wife is Jewish on her mother's side and Protestant on her father's. If you're Muslims…

Juliette – Unless we do it on neutral ground, like in a Buddhist temple…

Antoine – We might be there all week…

Jasmina – But… what makes you think we're Muslims?

Awkward pause.

Juliette – Of course, sorry.

Antoine – It's true, people always assume Arab equals Muslim, but some are Catholic as well.

Another awkward pause.

Antoine – So… you're not Catholic either?

Aymar – It's more that…

Jasmina – We're not Arab.

Antoine – Oh… See? What did I tell you? They're not Arab! And they're not Black either, obviously…

Juliette – Clearly.

Antoine – My wife was convinced your son was Black…

Juliette – We know what Black is. We also sponsor an orphan in Mali…

Antoine – We would've brought him to France, but Orphans Without Borders discovered at the last minute he already had parents…

Juliette – You're right. Racism will only disappear when French families who've been here for generations willingly give their children North African names.

Antoine – Today, children of immigrants have to Frenchify their names just to get their CVs read.

Juliette – It's true, there are some beautiful Arabic names. Not Mohamed, Mouloud…

Antoine – Or Abdelkader or Abdelkrim…

Juliette – But I don't know, Djamel or Jasmina, for example.

Antoine – People already name their kids American names like Stewie or Pamela.

Juliette – Equally ridiculous.

Antoine – So why not North African names?

An awkward silence follows this tirade.

Jasmina – Jasmina is a Croatian name.

Aymar – As for Djamel, he was already a year old when we adopted him. Naturally, we kept his name.

Juliette – Of course…

Jasmina – We understand the confusion. Djamel probably didn't mention he was adopted.

Juliette – That's not the kind of thing people talk about easily…

Antoine – So, at least we can agree our future son-in-law is Arab, right?

Aymar – It's a bit more complicated than that, but…

Jasmina – I hope that's not an issue for you.

Juliette – Not at all, on the contrary!

An awkward silence.

Aymar – Actually, there's something else we need to tell you about our son…

Jasmina – Something important you should know…

Juliette – Don't worry, no one's perfect.

Antoine – We've all made youthful mistakes, haven't we? Even if he did a bit of time for drug trafficking before going to business school…

Jasmina – Rest assured, our son has a clean criminal record.

Antoine – Sadly, I can't say the same for my daughter…

Juliette shoots him a disapproving look.

Aymar – As an adopted child, Djamel has very strong ties to his parents.

Jasmina – And of course, we have very strong ties to him.

Aymar – We're his only family, you see.

Jasmina – And we no longer have any close relatives ourselves.

Aymar – They're all gone.

Pause.

Juliette – My goodness, that's terrible.

Antoine – How did that happen?

Aymar – It's a tragic story.

Jasmina – One we may tell you someday.

Aymar – Later.

Jasmina – Once we know each other better…

Aymar – After the wedding, at least…

Jasmina – We wouldn't want to ruin the celebration with tales of our family tragedies.

Jasmina wipes away a tear. Antoine and Juliette, embarrassed, exchange a worried look.

Juliette – Can I offer you a refill?

Antoine – A proper aperitif, then? Since you're not Muslims… It might cheer you up.

Juliette – A pastis, perhaps? Whisky? Port?

Jasmina – I'll have a small glass of port, then.

Aymar – Same for me.

Juliette pours the drinks.

Antoine – Have some cured sausage! It's Rosette de Lyon. We bought it especially for you… I mean, in case you were people from Lyon who weren't too strict about the principles of Islam…

Jasmina's phone rings.

Jasmina – Excuse me, I'm terribly sorry… *(She answers.)* Yes? *(Speaking more quietly.)* I told you not to call me on this number…

Aymar gives her a suspicious look.

Jasmina – Would you excuse me?

She goes into the bedroom where they left their coats. Aymar stands up as well.

Aymar – You're not going to…

Jasmina – Oh, leave me alone!

Aymar – Excuse us for a moment…

He follows her into the bedroom, and their muffled conversation continues offstage.

Jasmina – Are you spying on me? I know it's part of your job, but still…

Aymar – You could at least have the decency to…

Jasmina – Can you lower your voice, please? I'd like to remind you we're not at home…

Aymar – Fine, we'll talk about all this later… But mark my words, you'll pay for this… You and that dark-skinned lover of yours…

Antoine and Juliette exchange alarmed looks, shocked by the tone of the conversation.

Antoine – Doesn't seem very secure for someone who works in security, does he?

Aymar returns.

Aymar – I'm so sorry.

Juliette – Not at all, don't worry about it.

Aymar – My wife's been a bit depressed lately.

Juliette – Oh, you know, isn't everyone? Just open a newspaper or look around. It's not exactly a world that inspires optimism.

Aymar – Actually, Jasmina attempted suicide three months ago.

Antoine – Oh… Well, that's quite something…

Juliette – We're so sorry to hear that.

Aymar – Of course, I'd ask you not to mention it in front of her…

Juliette – Of course, we understand.

Jasmina returns.

Jasmina – Please forgive me… You were talking about the wedding, I imagine?

Juliette – Uh… Yes… Among other things…

Aymar – I think you'll agree with us that just a civil ceremony at the town hall is a bit… joyless.

Antoine – For us, it sufficed at the time… But I wouldn't go so far as to say our wedding was wildly entertaining, to be honest…

Juliette – And what were you thinking of?

Aymar – A proper wedding is a church wedding, don't you think?

Antoine – So your son is Catholic?

Jasmina – We had him baptised when we adopted him.

Aymar – We kept his name, of course, but still. It seemed best for us all to share the same religion, don't you agree?

Juliette – Yes, it does make things more convenient… Especially for meals…

Antoine – And family gatherings…

Juliette – Though in your case, you don't have any family left…

An awkward pause.

Antoine – Don't worry, we won't make it a point of principle either…

Juliette – Our daughter isn't baptised, but if you can find a priest who doesn't mind…

Antoine – King Henri IV of France changed his religion to keep his crown. I suppose a husband is worth a conversion too…

Jasmina – Actually…

Juliette – Yes?

Aymar – We thought you already knew…

Jasmina – Sonia has decided to get baptised so she can marry Djamel in a church…

Antoine and Juliette exchange a dismayed look.

Aymar – She didn't mention it to you?

Antoine – Apparently, she forgot that little detail.

Jasmina – I get the feeling this upsets you…

Antoine – Why would it? She's an adult, after all. If she wants to become a Mormon or a Salafist, there's nothing we can do to stop her anyway…

Juliette – So, we're already in agreement. Our children will be married in the eyes of God…

Aymar wipes away a tear and stands.

Aymar – You can't imagine what this marriage means to us…

Jasmina – Yes… A true rebirth… What am I saying? A resurrection… After such a massacre…

Antoine – A massacre?

Jasmina – I was referring to my husband's family…

Aymar – I'm so overwhelmed… Would you mind if I gave you a hug?

Juliette – Of course… We're practically family now, after all.

Aymar embraces Juliette, then turns to Antoine.

Aymar – And you, Antoine?

Antoine – If it's absolutely necessary…

Aymar gives Antoine a long hug, then wipes away another tear.

Aymar – Excuse me… Could you tell me where the toilet is? I think I need to freshen up…

Juliette – Of course, it's past the bedroom, on the left.

Aymar exits. An awkward silence ensues.

Antoine – We men are entitled to our share of femininity too, aren't we?

Jasmina – I imagine he's told you I'm depressed…

Antoine and Juliette remain awkwardly silent.

Jasmina – And that I even attempted suicide…

Juliette – I… I can't recall if he mentioned that…

Jasmina – Actually, he's the one who's unwell. He's pathologically jealous. Since we got married, he's had one of his security agents follow me everywhere under the guise of protecting me…

Juliette – Perhaps he's just a little too… protective, don't you think?

Antoine – A professional hazard, I suppose…

Jasmina – And then he accuses me of having affairs with my bodyguards.

Juliette – Oh dear… Well, that's ridiculous…

Jasmina – What can I say? When you're forced to spend all day with a rather well-built man at your side… Sometimes even at night, when my husband is away on business…

Juliette – It does create… temptations, naturally.

Jasmina – I'm only a woman, after all… And in my line of work, most of the men I meet are already dead…

Juliette – So you…?

Antoine – A momentary lapse, I imagine… Nothing more.

Juliette – It happens to all of us, doesn't it…?

Antoine gives her a startled look.

Jasmina – Aymar goes around telling everyone that Djamel is adopted. In reality, he's the result of one of my many extramarital encounters… And, of course, my husband knows that perfectly well.

Juliette – Naturally…

Antoine – It's obvious, really. Djamel looks nothing like him, despite what we politely said earlier.

Juliette – It's true, Djamel is quite distinctive.

Antoine – Without going so far as to say he's Black…

Jasmina – That's why we chose a slightly exotic name for him.

Antoine – Of course…

Jasmina – My husband can't have children, you see. I sometimes wonder if that's why he subconsciously pushed me into the arms of all those "stallions" in his employ. Aymar couldn't bear the thought of not having a successor, you understand?

Antoine – In that case, it's less of an illegitimate child and more of… assisted reproduction, old-school style.

Juliette – Spoken like a biology teacher…

Jasmina – The problem is, my husband hasn't really come to terms with it.

Juliette – And Djamel? Does he know who his biological father is?

Jasmina – He only knows it's one of my husband's 300 employees. As do I, for that matter… To avoid any close attachment, my husband changed the bodyguard assigned to me every day.

Juliette – And you don't remember who was on duty that night…

Antoine – A guardian angel… That's not just assisted reproduction anymore—we're bordering on immaculate conception.

Jasmina – What worries me most is that, because of his job, my husband has a licence to carry a firearm…

Juliette – Really?

Jasmina – I'm afraid one day he'll do something rash.

Antoine – What sort of rash thing?

Jasmina – He might kill himself. Or kill someone else. You mustn't upset him, you know… He has uncontrollable fits of rage. You saw what happened earlier…

Antoine – And… does your husband carry his weapon with him?

Aymar returns.

Aymar – We are truly touched by your warm hospitality.

Jasmina – Yes, truly…

Aymar – We're a family now, aren't we?

Jasmina – I think this will help us rebuild our marriage after all we've been through.

Aymar – In fact, we've decided to move closer to our son and future grandchildren. We're looking at buying a house in the Paris area.

Juliette – Really? Whereabouts exactly?

Jasmina – I saw there's one for sale across the street…

Juliette – Across the street from where?

Jasmina – From your house!

Aymar – As I said, we have no close relatives left. And we already feel such a strong connection with you…

Juliette and Antoine are stunned. The phone rings, but they don't even notice.

Jasmina – Aren't you going to answer that?

Juliette – Oh, yes, of course…

Antoine picks up the phone.

Antoine – Yes, darling… I'm glad I caught you, actually. I wanted to ask whether you were planning to invite us to your baptism. What would you like as a present? A bracelet engraved with your name? A little gold cross? A medallion of the Virgin Mary? We could always look in that old teachers' mail-order catalogue… If it still exists after the takeover… *(His face freezes.)* What? No…? But why…? *(To the others.)* She hung up…

Juliette – What's going on?

Antoine – She doesn't want to get married anymore… She says Djamel cheated on her!

Juliette – That's awful!

Antoine – Yes… So why do I feel like this is good news?

Aymar – Djamel? Cheat on Sonia?

Jasmina – Our son would never do such a thing…

Juliette – Well, that's a hard thing to be so sure of, isn't it?

Jasmina – It's completely at odds with the Christian values we instilled in him…

Aymar – Yes, but… like mother, like son…

Jasmina – What are you implying?

Aymar – I know what I mean…

Juliette *(to Antoine)* – You could've handed me the phone, at least!

Antoine – She's the one who hung up!

Juliette – What exactly did she say?

Antoine – I couldn't make out much. She was in tears on the phone. But I think she mentioned a condom she found under Djamel's bed in his room at business school…

Jasmina – Was it… used?

Antoine – She didn't specify that… Shall I call her back to ask?

Jasmina – Are you sure it wasn't your daughter who…?

Aymar – She is a little…

Juliette – A little what?

Jasmina – A little… free-spirited, no?

Juliette – Free-spirited, my daughter? Let's say it's your son who's a little uptight… Though apparently not as much as we thought…

Antoine – Exactly. Let's not start shifting the blame here. It's clearly your son who cheated on my daughter, unless proven otherwise!

Aymar – Well, if you think about it, isn't it better this happened before the wedding?

Juliette – What? That's outrageous! Is that the hypocritical morality you taught your son? The results speak for themselves!

Antoine – Either way, Sonia doesn't want to get married anymore. And to be honest, I'm not entirely upset about it…

Aymar – Oh? And why is that?

Antoine – If it spares her from having to deal with psychopathic in-laws…

Jasmina – Excuse me?

Juliette – Honestly, I never felt great about this wedding either.

Jasmina – Oh, really?

Antoine – Let's face it, we don't have much in common.

Juliette – And probably neither do our children.

Antoine – Frankly, I don't think Sonia and Djamel are made for each other. She's our daughter, after all. We know her well.

Aymar – Says the man who didn't even know she'd decided to get baptised.

Antoine – Our daughter was raised according to the sacred principles of atheism and secularism. It's your son who's been a bad influence on her.

Antoine – To be perfectly honest, when you arrived, I mistook you for Jehovah's Witnesses…

Aymar – Really? I thought you mistook us for Black people?

Juliette – Black people? Don't be ridiculous! It's obvious you're not Black…

Jasmina – Or Arab, for that matter!

Antoine – What's next? Accusing us of Islamophobia?

Aymar – Oh, just admit it—you don't want this marriage because you're racist!

Antoine – Racist? Us? Now you've gone too far!

Antoine throws the contents of his glass in Aymar's face. Outraged, Aymar grabs Antoine by the collar and gives him a slight shove. Antoine stumbles and falls.

Juliette – Oh my God!

Juliette rushes to Antoine's side.

Juliette – Antoine, are you okay? He's unconscious!

Aymar – I'm so sorry, I barely touched him!

Juliette – Murderer! *(To Jasmina)* Can't you do something? You're a doctor!

Jasmina – I'm a forensic pathologist…

Juliette – I don't know what's stopping me from…

Jasmina – Go on, try it… You bitch…

Juliette – You cow! Necrophiliac!

Juliette lunges and starts strangling Jasmina. Aymar's phone rings, freezing the women mid-action.

Aymar – Yes, Djamel… Yes, we're with Julien and Antoinette… Antoine and Juliette, that's it… *(To the other three.)* He says he didn't cheat on Sonia. It was a misunderstanding. They've made up and the wedding is back on… No, I… I can't put Antoine on the phone at the moment. He… he had a bit of a funny turn… No, no, nothing serious, I assure you… Probably something that didn't agree with him… No, no, we're still having drinks… All right, speak soon…

Jasmina bends over Antoine, examining him.

Jasmina – Well, as a forensic pathologist, I can confirm that this man is not dead.

Antoine comes round and gets to his feet. Everyone looks deeply embarrassed.

Antoine – What happened?

Juliette – Nothing, darling, you must have slipped, that's all.

Aymar – I think we may have let our words get the better of us. Don't you agree?

Juliette – Yes… I suppose we all got a bit carried away.

Jasmina – We might have taken a wrong turn, but let's start fresh, shall we?

Antoine – After all, our children are getting married.

Aymar – It's entirely our fault. We shouldn't have…

Juliette – No, no, it's us who…

Antoine – Would you like another drink?

Jasmina – I don't think that would be wise. We barely ate anything on the high-speed train at lunchtime…

Juliette – You'll stay for dinner, won't you?

Antoine shoots her a horrified look.

Aymar – Oh, we wouldn't want to impose…

Juliette – I haven't planned anything, but I'll see what's in the freezer. It'll be very informal, of course…

Jasmina – Well, in that case…

Juliette exits. An awkward silence settles over the room.

Jasmina – I really like your sofa…

Aymar – Yes, it's very comfortable.

Jasmina – It's leather, of course. You can always tell real leather straight away.

Aymar – Leather ages so well…

Antoine – We bought it from that teachers' mail-order cooperative years ago. It went bankrupt, you know.

Aymar – Really? Why?

Antoine – It failed to keep up with globalisation.

Aymar – Rather like the French state education system, then…

Antoine – Luckily, they haven't yet worked out how to outsource us teachers to another country.

Jasmina – Oh, I'm sure they'll get round to it…

Juliette returns.

Juliette – I haven't got much, but as we've already nibbled quite a lot, couldn't we go straight to dessert? I had a galette des rois—a traditional French Epiphany cake with a small charm hidden inside—in the freezer. I've warmed it up in the microwave…

Antoine – A galette des rois? But it's June…

Juliette – Yes, I bought a pack of two on special offer at the supermarket in January, and as we only ate one, I froze the other…

Aymar – A galette des rois is perfect for us. We love galette, don't we, darling?

Jasmina – And we so rarely get the chance to eat it.

Aymar – Quite right. It's so good, that cake. Why should we only have it once a year at Epiphany?

Juliette cuts the galette into four pieces.

Aymar – Traditionally, the youngest goes under the table to call out the names…

Jasmina – But that would mean revealing our ages, wouldn't it?

Antoine – And the table is a bit low for that, don't you think?

Juliette holds out a slice with the cake server.

Juliette – For whom?

Antoine – Ladies first.

Juliette serves the slices.

Juliette – Enjoy!

They eat their galette in silence for a moment.

Aymar – Delicious, truly!

Jasmina – Yes, it's very generously stuffed.

They chew cautiously for another moment.

Aymar – Ah, looks as though I've found the little charm hidden in the cake…

Juliette – Then you're the king!

Antoine – The king of what, exactly, remains to be seen…

Juliette hands the paper crown to Aymar, who places it on his head.

Aymar – There we go: King Aymar the First. And, of course, I choose my wife as my queen.

Jasmina – Naturally, as it should be.

Juliette – Of course.

Jasmina – After all, the parents of Prince Charming must be a royal couple!

Aymar crowns his wife, and they kiss passionately for an uncomfortably long moment. Juliette and Antoine exchange increasingly awkward glances. Juliette clears her throat, trying to bring them back to reality.

Juliette – Would you like some coffee?

Aymar and Jasmina break their embrace.

Jasmina – Why not?

Aymar – With pleasure…

Jasmina – May I go and wash my hands? That cake is always a little… greasy.

Aymar – I'll come with you. I feel rather… well lubricated myself.

Juliette – Of course, you know the way… I'll start the coffee machine.

Aymar and Jasmina exit, with Juliette following briefly. She returns a few seconds later.

Antoine – If only he had choked on that little charm…

Juliette – You have to admit, they're a bit much…

Antoine – Then why did you invite them to dinner?

Juliette – It's not dinner, it's just a galette des rois! And don't forget, Sonia is marrying their son…

Antoine – We absolutely have to stop this wedding, or it's going to be a nightmare…

Juliette – Oh, really? And how exactly do you plan to pull that off?

They hear Aymar and Jasmina giggling offstage.

Antoine – They sounded all worked up just now… Do you think they're having sex in our bathroom?

Juliette – Did you see him earlier, when he almost whipped out his gun? Do you think I should call the police?

Antoine – As his wife said, let's try not to upset him…

Aymar and Jasmina return. Aymar fondles his wife affectionately. They horse around like teenagers.

Jasmina – Oh, stop it, really… Please… Not here…

Juliette *(awkwardly)* – I'll go check if the coffee's ready.

Juliette exits. Jasmina and Aymar try to regain their composure and engage in small talk.

Jasmina – Sonia mentioned you have a holiday home in Provence?

Antoine – Yes, in Tarascon. We go there as often as we can.

Aymar – Incredible! We spend all our holidays in Beaucaire, just across the Rhône from Tarascon!

Juliette returns with the coffee.

Juliette – No? That's extraordinary!

Antoine and Juliette exchange a horrified look.

Aymar – Then we can see each other during the holidays too!

Jasmina – And why not have the wedding there?

Aymar – Exactly! We still need to sort out the wedding details… But I had another idea in mind…

Antoine – We were thinking of something fairly intimate. And luckily, you haven't got any family.

Aymar – It needs to be memorable. What would you think about hosting it at my company's premises? It'd be much more convenient for inviting my clients…

Antoine – Your clients? Do you have a lot of clients?

Aymar – Don't worry, I'll claim it as a business expense…

Antoine – Well, if it's a promotional event, that's… different.

Aymar – Djamel will be taking over the company in a few years. This would be the perfect opportunity to introduce my successor to his future employees. Honestly, I can't wait to retire and enjoy life a bit more.

Aymar opens his jacket to reveal his revolver.

Aymar – And when I retire and move in across the street from you, believe me, you'll have nothing to worry about security-wise… I'll personally keep an eye on your house.

Juliette – Oh, how reassuring… You could even organize a neighborhood patrol with the local retirees! What do you think, Antoine?

Antoine – Why not? I'm not very keen on the word 'militia', but during the war they called it civil defence… It's much the same thing, really.

Juliette – Except we're not at war…

Aymar – Don't forget about the enemies within… the fifth column!

Pause.

Jasmina – We really do like Sonia a lot, and we're delighted about this union.

Antoine – Yes, it's… It's a kind of revenge for her, too.

Juliette gives him a surprised look.

Aymar – Revenge?

Antoine – On life…

Jasmina – Really?

Juliette – It's true, she didn't have the best start.

Aymar – That bad?

Antoine – She didn't tell you? At birth, she was very fragile. Isn't that right, Juliette?

Juliette – Extremely premature…

Antoine – The doctors even questioned whether she might suffer physical or mental impairments.

Juliette – And in school, well… let's just say she wasn't exactly ahead of her class.

Antoine – She had to repeat her final year of primary school.

Jasmina – And yet now she's at one of France's top business schools…

Antoine – Yes, and at least she's calmed down a bit…

Juliette – We probably shouldn't say this, but… you weren't entirely wrong earlier…

Antoine – She's always been quite free-spirited, as you put it. Not to say… a bit wild.

Juliette – She's had her fair share of adventures before meeting your son, that's for sure.

Antoine – Oh, we've seen plenty of boyfriends come and go…

Juliette – And let's just say, not all of them were the best influence…

Antoine – That's why we were so relieved when she introduced us to your son…

Juliette – Do you remember that time we had to pick her up from the police station? She'd stolen something from a supermarket. What was it again?

Antoine – Ham, I think.

Aymar and Jasmina exchange astonished glances.

Aymar – Ham?

Juliette – Or lipstick, I can't quite recall.

Antoine – No, now I remember… It was a camping tent!

Aymar and Jasmina exchange looks of dismay.

Juliette – Oh, and there's something else we thought was important to mention about Sonia…

Jasmina – Yes?

Juliette – Her maternal grandmother had a rather debilitating genetic condition…

Antoine – Yes. A rare disease.

Juliette – I can’t remember the name, but I’ll look it up. Fortunately, I didn’t inherit it, and neither did Sonia. But apparently, it can skip one or two generations…

Antoine – We wouldn’t want our daughter giving you grandchildren who don’t live up to your expectations…

Juliette – Well… a test should be enough. They'll only keep the baby if it doesn't have the disease…

Aymar – Oh yes, indeed, that's… very unfortunate… Especially as, on Djamel's side, we can't exactly produce a certified pedigree either…

Jasmina – What’s that supposed to mean?

Aymar – You know exactly what I mean!

Jasmina – Oh, because your side of the family is perfectly normal, is it?

Aymar – What are you implying?

Jasmina – Your nephew murdered the entire family with his father’s shotgun while they were sleeping!

Aymar – It was a moment of madness. It could happen to anyone!

Jasmina – To anyone? Thank goodness we couldn’t spend Christmas with them that year, or we wouldn’t be here to talk about it…

Aymar – You bitch! You slut! One day I'll kill you…

He reaches for his revolver. Antoine and Juliette are frozen with fear. Jasmina’s phone rings. She answers.

Jasmina – Yes, everything’s fine, Sonia… *(To Juliette)* It’s your daughter, actually…

Juliette – I’ll just clear the table a bit.

She leaves with a few items from the table.

Jasmina – Yes… Understood… And don’t worry, my dear Sonia. We’ll accept you as you are, of course… No… No, I was just referring to your genetic condition. Your parents mentioned it, and… Of course, we’ll discuss it all later…

Antoine – Would you like some more coffee?

Aymar – Gladly, thank you…

Juliette returns and speaks to Antoine quietly.

Juliette – I called the police…

Jasmina – All right, I'll pass on the message. *(She puts her phone away.)* They'll be coming for coffee…

Juliette – Perfect. I’ll make some more, then…

Jasmina – I hope I didn't slip up mentioning her genetic condition… She sounded surprised…

Antoine and Juliette exchange guilty looks.

Aymar – By the way, how would you feel about spending Christmas with us? After all, every cloud has a silver lining… After the tragedy that wiped out my family, I inherited a chalet in the Alps.

Jasmina – We could all gather there for our first family Christmas!

Aymar – Our new family!

Antoine and Juliette exchange horrified glances. Suddenly, Juliette's phone rings.

Juliette – Yes, my dear? What do you mean, what genetic condition? I have no idea what you're talking about… Well, I'll explain later, alright? Love you…

She puts her phone away.

Antoine – We thought it best not to tell her until now… But since she's getting married and likely to have children… Didn't you hear the doorbell, darling?

Juliette – No, I didn't hear anything…

Antoine discreetly signals her to play along.

Juliette – Oh yes, maybe… That bell's so unreliable. Sometimes you can't hear it at all…

Antoine – That must be them. Will you come with me to greet them?

Juliette – Right behind you.

They exit quietly. Aymar and Jasmina sit in silence for a moment.

Jasmina – We were right to be cautious—they are very strange, aren't they?

Aymar – Strange? They're downright insufferable…

Jasmina – A pair of teachers, what do you expect?

Aymar – Honestly, people like that shouldn't be allowed to reproduce. Just look at their daughter!

Jasmina – What can you do? You don't get to choose your in-laws…

Aymar – Unfortunately…

A door slams, and a car engine revs loudly.

Jasmina – That's odd. It sounds like they've left…

Aymar – You think?

Pause.

Jasmina – You know, I never felt good about this wedding.

Aymar – Me neither… But I think we've done enough to stop it, don't you?

Jasmina – The real question is, did we go too far?

Aymar – Too far? Maybe. Either way, if the wedding goes ahead, I'm confident we've scared off the in-laws for good.

Jasmina – Yes, I can't imagine them ever inviting us over again after the scene we made.

Aymar – Or accepting any polite invitations we might feel socially obligated to extend.

Jasmina – Especially not to spend Christmas at the chalet of horrors. Honestly, where do we come up with these things?

They laugh. A police siren approaches in the distance.

Aymar – You know, now that I think about it… Maybe we did go a bit too far after all.

Blackout.

The 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 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 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
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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