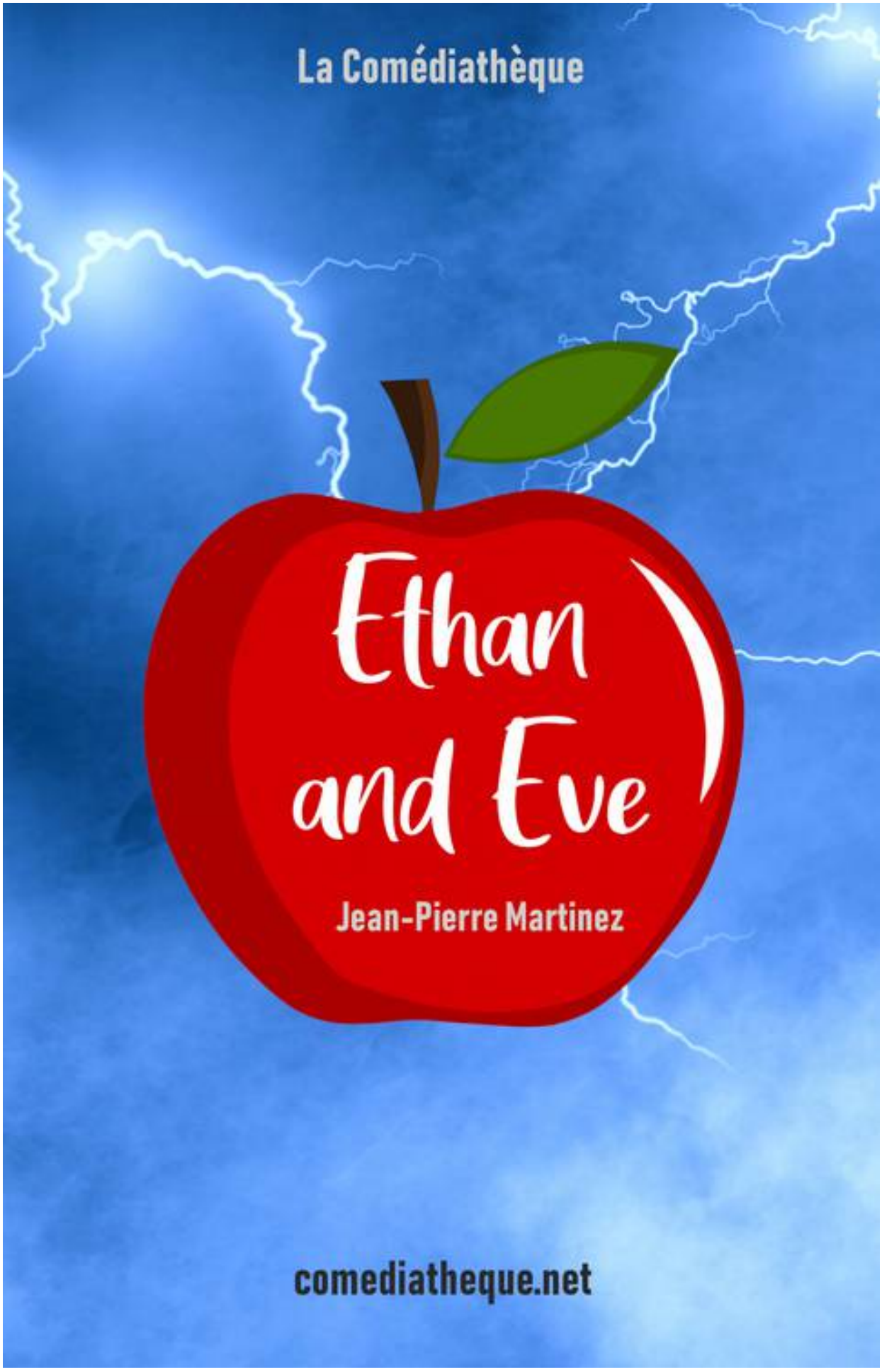

La Comédiathèque
Ethan and Eve
Jean-Pierre Martinez
comediatheque.net

This text is available for free download.
However, authorisation from the author is required for any public performance.
To get in touch with Jean-Pierre Martinez
and request authorisation to perform one of his works:
https://comediatheque.net
https://jeanpierremartinez.net

Ethan and Eve

Jean-Pierre Martinez

Translation by the author

A man and a woman in their garden. Are they the first or the last?
Are they even a couple? Only God would know, if God weren't already dead...

A comedy in fourteen sketches for one or more couples.

Cast: Ethan and Eve.
Each sketch may be performed by a different couple.

1. Offspring....3
2. Face to Face....6
3. Meat....10
4. Secret....13
5. Repartee....15
6. Alibi....18
7. Taking It Easy....23
8. Zero....27
9. Atmosphere....29
10. Growing Old....30
11. Permanence....31
12. Terminus....32
13. Three....36
14. Against All Verse....38

© La Comédiathèque

1. Offspring

A place resembling a garden, perhaps Eden or an ordinary park. Eve is there. Ethan enters. They may be dressed like Adam and Eve, or not. He circles her a little, hesitating before offering his hand.

Ethan – Hi, I'm Ethan.

She shakes his hand.

Eve – Eve.

A pause.

Ethan – Want to have sex?

Eve – I'm not sure...

Ethan – You don't know how?

Eve – That too, yes.

Ethan – Neither do I, actually. You're the first woman I've ever met.

Eve – Same here... You're the first...

Ethan – Well, not just the first woman—I mean the first person.

Eve – The first person?

Ethan – I didn't even know it would be a woman.

Eve – Right...

Ethan – So?

Eve – I'm not sure about this...

Ethan – You're not sure?

Eve – Do you realise what we're about to set in motion?

Ethan – No...

Eve – It could be the beginning of something completely beyond our control.

Ethan – The beginning of...

Eve – A chain reaction.

Ethan – Like... something atomic?

Eve – It might turn into quite a story.

Ethan – What kind of story?

Eve – The story of humanity! Our child would be the start of an endless lineage.

Ethan – I was just talking about a quick shag.

Eve – Billions and billions of humans who'll have to work to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows. Because, let's be honest, there's barely enough here for two.

Ethan – Exactly... It's mostly just salad and apples.

Eve – So obviously, they'll have to start working, all those bastards. Working the land.

Ethan – That's true.

Eve – And then, they'll fight each other to own that land.

Ethan – Very possible.

Eve – Generations of brats happily massacring each other over the centuries.

Ethan – Yeah...

Eve – And, of course, they'll start shagging too. Multiplying. Proliferating more and more.

Ethan – No doubt.

Eve – And eventually destroying this little slice of paradise with their waste, their farts, their burps, and their greenhouse gases.

Ethan – When you put it like that, it's not exactly a turn-on.

Eve – No, not at all.

Ethan – And you're sure that...

Eve – Oh yes.

Ethan – Right...

Eve – We'd end up creating generations and generations of kids with Oedipal issues! Kids dreaming every night of killing their parents. Some might even follow through.

Ethan – Oh, right... So, what do we do?

Eve – I think I'll take a bit more time to think about it.

Ethan – Alright, well... Let me know... *(He's about to leave.)* Unless... I could be careful.

Eve – Careful... They all say that...

Ethan – All?

Eve – You don't actually believe you're the first, do you?

Ethan – Well, no, not exactly, but... At the same time, there's only the two of us.

Eve – Oh, really?

Ethan – Well, yes... Ethan and Eve...

Eve – I see... So, it was you?

Ethan – Me?

Eve – Last time. It was you again...

Ethan – Looks like it.

Eve – You didn't leave much of an impression.

Ethan – Well, maybe that's a good thing...

Eve – Is it?

Ethan – No, I mean, at least it didn't leave a bad impression... Considering what you were saying earlier—our first child, and all that... and the billions of offspring to follow.

Eve – True, it is a bit scary.

Ethan – Yeah.

Eve – Want an apple while we wait?

Blackout.

2. Face to Face

The garden might have shrunk. Eve is seated. Ethan is pacing around.

Ethan – This garden is not very big, is it?

Eve – It's big enough for the two of us.

Ethan – Wasn't it a bit bigger before?

Eve – Before?

Ethan – Or maybe we've grown.

Eve – I don't know.

Ethan – Sometimes, I wish there was a bit more space.

Eve – What for?

Ethan – To stretch my legs, for a start.

Eve – Fair enough...

Ethan – And, I don't know... To have something left to explore. To still have things to discover...

Eve – You could always look closer... discover the details.

Ethan – The details?

Eve – The little things.

Ethan – Hmm.

Eve – Things you don't immediately see with the naked eye.

Ethan – What can't you see with the naked eye?

Eve – Well, a four-leaf clover, for instance.

Ethan – Do four-leaf clovers even exist?

Eve – I don't know. Probably.

Ethan – Sometimes I wonder if life's worth living.

Eve – You could look for a four-leaf clover.

Ethan – But what for, for God's sake?

Eve – To give it to me, for example.

Ethan – Hmm.

Eve – It'd bring us luck.

Ethan – You think?

Eve – At the very least, it'd keep you busy.

Ethan – I don't know.

Silence.

Eve – Then again, maybe you're right...

Ethan – About what?

Eve – Well... We're bored, aren't we?

Ethan – Yeah, that's exactly what I was saying.

Eve – It's true, we know this garden by heart...

Ethan – That's probably why it feels smaller and smaller.

Eve – If only we could go on holiday sometimes.

Ethan – On holiday? Where to?

Eve – Somewhere else...

Ethan – But elsewhere is...

Eve – Yes... We're surrounded by water, and we can't swim.

A pause.

Ethan – Weren't there more of us before?

Eve – Before what?

Ethan – I don't know.

Eve – More of us? You mean three?

Ethan – Three, four... More, I guess.

Eve – More of you and more of me? I don't know.

Ethan – Feels like there were more people.

Eve – Where?

Ethan – Around us!

Eve – Maybe.

Ethan – So where have they gone?

Eve – More people? Are you sure?

Ethan – I was just wondering if...

Eve – If what?

Ethan – Are we the first... or the last?

Eve – For now, at least, it's just the two of us...

A pause.

Ethan – Sometimes I feel like I was all alone at the start.

Eve – At the start...

Ethan – I think you only came along later.

Eve – Oh, really?

Ethan – Yeah.

Eve – So you were the first.

Ethan – Yeah.

Eve – Then maybe you'll be the first to leave too.

Ethan – Leave? Where to?

Eve – I don't know. Where was I before I got here?

Ethan – That...

Eve – Maybe on the other side of the sea.

Ethan – Or at the bottom of it.

Eve – I don't even know how deep it is.

Ethan – What's certain is we can't walk on water.

Eve – When we tried, we almost drowned.

A pause.

Ethan – It's strange, though.

Eve – What?

Ethan – I've never known anyone but you.

Eve – Known, as in...

Ethan – You know what I mean!

Eve – Would you like to know someone other than me?

Ethan – Not especially, but... just to know it's possible. Wouldn't you like to know someone else?

Eve – I've never really thought about it. Maybe.

Ethan – To know we have a choice.

Eve – Not to settle for the first choice... but to prefer the second one?

Ethan – We didn't exactly choose, did we? Since it's just the two of us.

Eve – Of course.

Ethan – How can we know if we're really meant for each other?

Eve – With just the two of us, we must be meant for each other.

Ethan – True, obviously...

A pause.

Eve – Imagine more of us in this tiny garden...

Ethan – Yeah, it'd be a squeeze with three of us.

Eve – We're already so cramped.

Ethan – Three... I think I'd really lose it.

Eve – Go on, find me a four-leaf clover instead...

Blackout.

3. Meat

Ethan and Eve are still there.

Ethan – It's crazy. Everything grows in this garden.

Eve – We don't even need to plant seeds.

Ethan – Or water it.

Eve – The harvest is miraculous—we just stretch out our arms to pick the fruit.

Ethan – And bend down to gather the vegetables.

Eve – And everything's completely organic.

Ethan – Yeah... What does that even mean?

Eve – What?

Ethan – Organic.

Eve – No idea.

Ethan – What would fruit and vegetables that aren't organic even look like?

Eve – I don't know.

Ethan – Anyway, it’s organic. And organ-licious.

Eve – You mean it’s beautiful and delicious...

Ethan – Isn’t that what I said?

A pause.

Eve – Sometimes, I get a bit tired of eating vegetables. Don't you?

Ethan – Yeah. But what else could we eat?

Eve – What else is there to eat here, besides fresh produce?

Ethan – We're not going to eat dirt...

Eve – We're not going to eat air.

Ethan – We're not going to drink seawater.

Eve – And we’re not going to eat each other.

Ethan – Obviously not...

A pause.

Eve – We could... eat the animals.

Ethan – The animals?

Eve – No, I'm kidding.

Silence.

Ethan – Then again, it might taste good.

Eve – You think?

Ethan – Doesn't sound very appetising, though.

Eve – But it would make a nice change.

Ethan – How do we know it's not good...

Eve – We've never tried.

Ethan – And... would we eat them alive?

Eve – What do you mean, alive?

Ethan – You know, like we do with fruit.

Eve – You mean raw.

Ethan – That's it. Natural, you know. Like a salad.

Eve – Do you think they'd let us eat them raw?

Ethan – Yeah, maybe we'd have to kill them first.

Eve – Kill them?

An awkward silence.

Ethan – Have you ever killed anyone?

Eve – You mean, an animal?

Ethan – Yeah. Not a human. Since it's just the two of us, if you'd killed someone, I wouldn't be here to ask.

Eve – No... Well, not intentionally...

Ethan – If it's accidental, it's not so bad, right?

Eve – Yeah, it's... involuntary manslaughter.

Ethan – If we accidentally killed an animal, we could eat it. You know, just to see what it tastes like.

Eve – Yeah... If it was accidental...

A pause.

Ethan – This conversation is starting to scare me...

Eve – Me too...

Ethan – And anyway, animals are like us. There's only one pair of each species.

Eve – If we eat one each, that species is extinct.

Ethan – I think I'll just have some more salad.

They each munch on a leaf of salad, without much appetite.

Eve – Want an apple for dessert?

Ethan – Go on, then...

They eat an apple.

Eve – I'm getting a bit tired of apples.

Ethan – Yeah... Me too...

Eve – Oh, there was a maggot in this apple.

Ethan – No way?

Eve – Well, I've eaten half of it. Without meaning to...

Ethan – And?

Eve – Not bad, to be honest...

Blackout.

4. Secret

Ethan and Eve take turns standing before an urn, each inserting a ballot.

Eve – So, who did you vote for?

Ethan – May I remind you, it's a secret ballot...

Eve – Isn't that a bit ridiculous?

Ethan – Ridiculous? Why?

Eve – There are only two of us!

Ethan – So?

Eve – Since we both know who we voted for, I'll obviously know which one you picked when we count the votes.

Ethan – Well, yes...

Eve – Honestly, what's the point of electing a representative?

Ethan – To represent both of us!

Eve – To whom?

Ethan – To each other!

Eve – So, who did you vote for?

Ethan – Myself. And you?

Eve – Me too.

Ethan – You mean you voted for me as well?

Eve – No, I voted for myself.

Ethan – Right... So, with proportional representation, we'll each represent ourselves.

Eve – Fine... So no need to count the votes?

Ethan – Of course we should!

Eve – Why bother?

Ethan – I don't have to take your word for it.

Eve – Fine, let's do it.

Ethan – Wait a moment!

Eve – Now what?

Ethan – It's not quite eight o'clock yet...

A pause.

Eve – So, what's your platform?

Ethan – I was thinking... we could open a bed and breakfast.

Eve – A bed and breakfast? Why?

Ethan – I don't know. To develop tourism...

Eve – But there's just the two of us.

Ethan – True...

Eve – We could add a guest room.

Ethan – But as you said: there's only two of us.

Eve – You could sleep there sometimes...

Blackout.

5. Repartee

Eve is there, idle. Ethan enters, visibly uncomfortable.

Ethan – Hi... Do you live around here?

Eve – You could say that... And you?

Ethan – Just passing through.

Silence.

Eve – And... are you planning to settle... around here?

Ethan – That depends.

Eve – Depends on what?

Ethan – I don't know... Here or elsewhere.

Eve – Suit yourself. We're in a republic.

Ethan – What could make me want to stay here?

Eve *(pointing to her forehead)* – Do you see "tourist information" written here?

Ethan – No.

Eve – Right. So?

Ethan – So what?

Eve – Stay or go, but make up your mind. Right now, you're starting to be a bit...

Ethan – OK, I'll stay... for now...

Eve – Fine. So, what do we do?

Ethan – What do we do?

Eve – You're not just going to stand there staring at me, are you?

Ethan – OK, OK... So... I don't know... We could talk...

Eve – I'm listening.

Ethan – Do you smoke?

Eve – Why? Do you have a thing for non-smokers? Is this a job interview?

Ethan – Not at all! Quite the opposite. I just wanted to... ask if you had a cigarette.

Eve – We've just met, and you're already bumming a cigarette off me?

Ethan – Absolutely not! Anyway, I don't smoke.

Eve – Me neither. Well, at least we've got that in common.

Silence.

Ethan – Do you... do you have a number?

Eve – A number? Why? Do you run a circus? Are you going to audition me?

Ethan – A circus? Oh, right... A circus act.

Eve – I thought you had a bit of a travelling-performer look about you.

Ethan – A travelling performer?

Eve – You know, people who take their shows from town to town.

Ethan – No, I wasn't thinking of a circus act. I meant... a phone number.

Eve – Right...

Ethan – So?

Eve – I have a number, but no phone.

Ethan – What's the point of having a number if you don't have a phone?

Eve – You're sharp, aren't you... Or maybe just really stupid, I'm not sure yet. I lost my phone. That's why I have a number but no phone. But you can give me your number instead...

Ethan – My number? I mean...

Eve – Don't tell me you have a phone but no number.

Ethan – No, but...

Eve – Right... So, you don't have a phone, but you're asking for my number. How were you planning to call me? A phone box?

Ethan – I don't know... I... Actually, yes, I do have a phone, but...

Eve – Want some advice?

Ethan – No... I mean, yes...

Eve – You should be careful. Improv isn't your thing.

Ethan – OK. I...

Eve – Next time, prepare your lines a bit.

Ethan – Got it...

Eve – At least come up with a plan, then improvise around it. But honestly, you can't just jump in like that without a safety net. You're not ready for it...

Ethan – OK... A plan... I'll think about it...

Eve – And why did you want my phone number anyway?

Ethan – Why? I don't know... I...

Eve – We're both here. If you've got something to say, there's no need to call me.

Ethan – No, of course, but...

Eve – Want another piece of advice?

Ethan – I don't know... Sure...

Eve – With or without a phone, get to the point before you run out of credit.

Ethan – My credit...?

Eve – We've been talking for five minutes, and you still haven't said anything. Honestly, you're pathetic right now!

Ethan – OK...

Eve – You know what? *(She pulls out a pencil and scribbles something on a piece of paper, handing it to him.)* Here's my number. When I find my phone and you find a phone box, give me a call, and we'll talk, OK?

She leaves. He watches her go, then looks at the paper. He hesitates, then addresses someone in the audience.

Ethan – Do you live around here? Do you know where I can find a phone box? Can I borrow your phone for a moment? *(He takes the phone someone offers and pretends to dial the number from the paper.)* Thanks... *(The phone in his own pocket starts ringing. Surprised, he pulls out another phone and answers.)* Hello? Hello? *(He pauses, bewildered.)* Great... I think I'm talking to myself... *(He returns the phone to the audience member and addresses them.)* It's definitely her number... But I've got her phone... *(A pause.)* I didn't think to tell her I'd just found a phone... and that it might be hers, the one she lost... And now she's gone... *(He stands there, perplexed.)* I think she's right: I'm short of comebacks... Comebacks? If only she'd come back...

Blackout.

6. Alibi

In one corner, a champagne bucket with a bottle and two flutes. Eve waits, showing signs of impatience. The doorbell rings.

Ethan *(off)* – Eve? It's me... Are you there? *(Ethan enters from outside, carrying a briefcase. He moves to give his wife a kiss, but she pulls away.)* Sorry... An urgent client meeting...

Eve – A man or a woman?

He decides not to respond.

Ethan – Is something wrong?

Eve – Oh no, everything's fine... Just our wedding anniversary, and my husband forgot. Other than that, I'm great.

Ethan turns and notices the champagne bottle.

Ethan – Oh, crap...

Eve – Thanks... At least you're not pretending.

Ethan – I'm sorry, that's not what I meant...

Eve – Last year, you came home at ten. But at least you had a bouquet of flowers.

Ethan – I passed by the florist; it was already closed.

Eve – You forgot our wedding anniversary...

Ethan – I didn't forget! I thought about it all day... It just slipped my mind for a second, that's all.

Eve – Of course...

He sets down his briefcase and removes his jacket.

Ethan – I had a hellish day, seriously... A client rescheduled a meeting at the last minute. That American I told you about, remember?

Eve – On a day like this, you could've asked someone else to cover for you.

Ethan – I was the only one in the office! And it's an important account...

Eve – You could have called me...

Ethan – I lost my phone. Honestly, I don't know what happened to it...

Eve – You always have an answer for everything, don't you?

Ethan – I'm telling you the truth, nothing else.

Eve – Listen, Ethan, we've been married ten years, and we're living in a show apartment...

Ethan – It's temporary...

Eve – That's the problem... We've been stuck in “temporary” for ten years.

Ethan – This apartment is fine. And we're not bothered by neighbours...

Eve – That's because there aren't any. We're the only ones living on the top floor of an unfinished tower block.

Ethan – At least the lift works...

Eve – Every morning before leaving for work, we have to hide all our personal belongings. We can't leave anything lying around, so we don't disturb the visitors coming through all day.

Ethan – We're both out during the day anyway...

Eve – Even my mum's photo has to go in a drawer! Heaven forbid it scares off potential buyers...

Ethan – But we don't pay rent...

Eve – Even that's too expensive for me, Ethan.

Ethan – We've got a terrace! *(Gestures towards the audience.)* Just look at that view! *(Seeing she's unimpressed.)* Anyway, something smells amazing... What have you cooked for us?

Eve – You're too late, Ethan. The champagne's warm, and the turkey's cold.

Ethan – Come on, I'm here now! *(He grabs his briefcase.)* Let me just put this away, and we'll have a lovely evening, alright?

He exits. She picks up the bottle from the bucket, then drops it back in. She looks toward the audience, her attention caught by something. She takes out a pair of opera glasses to get a better look. Ethan's phone starts ringing in his jacket pocket. She sets the glasses down, hesitates, then retrieves the phone and answers it.

Eve – Hello...? Yes... No, it's his wife. Alright. Oh, really? No, no... Very well, I'll let him know… *(She ends the call but, intrigued, checks the phone's messages.)* Unbelievable... That bastard...

Ethan returns.

Ethan – Ten years already... Can you believe it? Feels like yesterday...

Eve – I thought you said you lost your phone...

Ethan – I did... or at least I thought I did...

Eve – Do you think I'm stupid?

Ethan – Why are you saying that?

Eve – Your phone just rang. It was in your jacket pocket.

Ethan – What? No way...

Eve – I answered. It was your secretary...

Ethan – Oh, right... What did she want?

Eve – She's been trying to reach you all day. Funny thing—she said she was at the office all afternoon and didn't see you there.

Ethan – I never said I met my American client at the office. He asked me to meet him at...

Eve – Don't bother. Your secretary called to say your meeting with the American was cancelled. He had a stroke last night...

Ethan – You didn't let me finish... He asked me to meet him this afternoon at the hospital.

Eve – Strange, because she said he died this morning.

Ethan – Listen, let me explain...

Eve – You're having an affair. And you waited until our wedding anniversary to tell me.

Ethan – Not at all, I...

Eve – And I was about to tell you I'm pregnant!

Ethan – What? You're pregnant? That's amazing!

Eve – I'm leaving you, Ethan.

Ethan – It's not what you think, I swear...

Eve – Oh, really? And what about those texts I saw on your phone?

Ethan – Texts...

Eve – Yes, the ones you didn't delete in time... “I want you. Meet me where you know.” Pretty clear, isn't it?

He looks rattled but collects himself.

Ethan – It's a code.

Eve – Excuse me?

Ethan – It's true. I've been lying to you for years, Eve. I admit it.

Eve – Finally...

Ethan – I lead a double life, yes. But I've never cheated on you... with a woman.

Eve – Don't tell me, after all these years, you're gay.

Ethan – No, don't worry. It's not what you think. The truth is...

Eve – Yes?

Ethan – This isn't easy to say...

Eve – Let me help you. I'm a bastard?

Ethan – I'm a secret agent.

Eve – A secret agent?

Ethan – Well, secret... until today.

Eve – You've been drinking, haven't you?

Ethan – Not at all.

Eve – A secret agent? A spy? That's the best you've got?

Ethan – I wasn't allowed to tell you, obviously. Or anyone. But now... since our marriage is at stake, I had to tell you.

Eve – Alright... And who do you work for? The CIA? Your American was your boss, and the KGB eliminated him, disguising his assassination as a stroke, am I right?

Ethan – I work... for the Mossad.

Eve – The Mossad?

Ethan – Yes... The Israeli secret service, if you prefer...

Eve – You're not even Jewish!

Ethan – In a way, yes...

Eve – If you were Jewish, don't you think I'd know by now? I'm your wife!

Ethan – Appearances can be deceiving, Eve... It's a bit more complicated than that. It's... my maternal grandmother, you see...

Eve – That's pathetic. You need help, Ethan. Serious help. You're delusional.

Ethan – I swear, Eve. Please believe me.

Eve – You're a compulsive liar, Ethan. Years of lies about everything and nothing. And now you're telling me you're an Israeli spy when you're not even circumcised? And now you expect me to believe this?

Ethan – This time, I'm not lying, I promise.

Eve – This time? You've disappointed me, Ethan. Deeply. I never thought you took me for such a fool.

Ethan – You remember our honeymoon in Eilat, on the Red Sea, when I spent an hour in the customs office at the airport?

Eve – Because you didn't recognise your own suitcase, which had been going round the carousel for an hour, and they called in the bomb squad to blow it up?

Ethan – That's when they approached me to join them.

Eve – Them? Who's them?

Ethan – The Mossad!

Eve holds up the phone.

Eve – "I want you. Meet me where you know." Let me guess—that was your imaginary Mossad contact?

Ethan – It's a code, I swear. For a meeting.

Eve – A meeting. Yes, I got that part.

Ethan – It's to avoid suspicion. In case the messages are intercepted. “I want you” means I need to see you. “Where you know” means...

Eve – Where you know.

Ethan – Exactly.

Eve – That won't cut it this time, Ethan.

Ethan – What more do you want?

Eve – Proof, for starters.

Ethan – I don't have any, alright?

Eve – Of course.

Ethan – This isn't a regular job! Everything's done without leaving a trace. You understand?

Eve – But you don't work for free, do you? Spies must make a decent living. And yet you've got me living in a show apartment?

Ethan – The money's in a numbered account. I'll only have access to it once I retire.

Eve seems utterly lost.

Eve – And you expect me to buy that?

Ethan – Yes, Eve... For us... For our child. I beg you to believe me... Because it's the truth!

She hesitates.

Eve – I don't know what to say, Ethan. I'm tired. I'm going to bed...

Ethan – You're right. I understand you need time to process this. But for now, don't tell anyone—not even your mother. This has to stay between us, otherwise...

She flips him off and exits. He notices the opera glasses she left on the table. Surprised, he picks them up and starts inspecting something towards the audience. At first out of curiosity, then with growing intensity.

Blackout.

7. Taking It Easy

Ethan and Eve.

Ethan – Feels good to be on holiday...

Eve – Finally!

Ethan – Not thinking about anything.

Eve – Not doing anything.

Ethan – Not seeing anyone.

Eve – Absolute bliss.

A pause.

Ethan – This place really is the middle of nowhere.

Eve – Isn't that what we wanted? Peace and quiet.

Ethan – We've definitely got the quiet part.

Eve – No computer...

Ethan – No phone.

Eve – Not that there's any signal out here anyway.

A pause.

Eve – Do you think we'll last three weeks?

Ethan – The first three days might be tough. Like quitting smoking. After that, we'll be fine.

Eve – You have to admit, it's beautiful here.

Ethan – Yeah. It's really paradise.

Eve – The perfect place to rest and forget everything.

Ethan – Makes you wonder how we survive in the city all year long.

Eve – True, a bit of greenery...

Ethan – At least we can breathe.

Eve – And this silence...

Silence.

Ethan – Almost hurts your ears.

Eve – Yeah... when you're not used to it.

Ethan – And what a change of scenery.

Eve – Absolutely.

A pause.

Ethan – Haven't we been here before?

Eve – Here? We'd remember...

Ethan – Then again, the countryside... It all looks the same, doesn't it?

Eve – Yeah.

A pause.

Ethan – It's really isolated, though.

Eve – Well, no noisy neighbours to worry about.

Ethan – It's almost unsettling... What if something happened?

Eve – What could possibly happen? We're on holiday.

Ethan – I don't know... A domestic accident...

Eve – Well, just be careful washing the lettuce, then.

Ethan – A brain haemorrhage... A heart attack... By the time the paramedics got here...

Eve – You're right—we should've packed a defibrillator.

Ethan – You think?

Eve – We live such hectic lives all year. It'd be ironic to have a heart attack now. It doesn't get more peaceful than this!

Ethan – That's the problem—our hearts aren't used to it. All this oxygen at once... Feels like I've smoked a joint.

Eve – Still, it's nice to have room to breathe. Not being crammed into an office like battery chickens.

Ethan – Or packed like sardines on the metro.

Eve – Not even a cow around here.

Ethan looks down at the ground.

Ethan – Our only immediate neighbours are the ants.

Eve also glances at the ground.

Eve – And they seem to be hard at work.

Ethan – Yeah, they're really going for it.

Eve – Look at that one, carrying the corpse of a dragonfly three times its size.

Ethan – Maybe a dragonfly on holiday, bored to death by all the peace and quiet.

Eve – Or one that had a stroke before help could arrive.

Ethan – Either way, they never stop.

Eve – Makes you wonder if they're overdoing it a bit.

Ethan – Ants don't do holidays.

Eve – True. Paid leave is a human thing.

Ethan – Then again, some animals are real slackers.

Eve – Oh yeah?

Ethan – Mammals, in general, are kind of lazy.

Eve – Sloths are mammals, right?

Ethan – Well, humans are mammals too.

Eve – Oh, really?

Ethan – You don't lay eggs, do you?

Eve – It's mostly insects that are always working.

Ethan – Social insects, as they say... Ants, bees, termites...

Eve – Yeah... Working nonstop, 365 days a year. They couldn't care less that we're on holiday.

Ethan – Actually, they couldn't care less if we exist at all.

Eve – They live alongside us, completely ignoring us.

Ethan – I'd say they downright despise us. We don't bother them at all.

Eve – Humans have managed to wipe out almost all wild mammals. The rest, we've turned into domestic slaves or red meat. But insects? They're still here, going about their business. As if we weren't even there.

Ethan – Not to mention the birds.

Eve – What about the birds?

Ethan – Hear them singing? Feels like they're mocking us.

Eve – If only we could understand what they're saying...

Ethan – I think I've got an idea.

Eve – What?

Ethan – They're probably saying: “We're dinosaurs, and we're still here.”

Eve – “You're the ones going extinct... and we don't give a damn about you...”

Ethan – Do you think the dinosaurs will go back to their original size once humans are gone?

Eve – Maybe. They're lying low because we're here.

Ethan – Waiting for their chance to become monsters again.

Eve – Good thing we won't be around to see it...

A pause.

Ethan – You know, I'm pretty sure we've been here on holiday before.

Eve – When?

Ethan – Wasn't it last year?

Eve – Oh, yeah, maybe... But it was busier, wasn't it?

Ethan – And there were fewer ants...

Blackout.

8. Zero

Ethan is reading a newspaper. Eve is dozing.

Ethan – Did you see? China gave up its one-child policy.

Eve – Here we go again... As if there weren't already enough of us.

Ethan – And all that pollutes, pollutes.

Eve – Especially with their coal-fired power plants.

Ethan – Nuclear's dangerous, but at least it's clean.

A pause.

Eve – Imagine if, instead of the one-child policy, China adopted a zero-child policy. There'd be no more Chinese in a generation.

Ethan – You'd still have to wait for all the old Chinese to die.

Eve – Alright, let's say a hundred years, then.

Ethan – Even so, there are a lot of centenarians in China.

Eve – Even centenarians die eventually.

Ethan – Isn't it Japan that has all the centenarians?

Eve – Yes, maybe.

Ethan – One thing's for sure: fewer Chinese means less pollution.

Eve – But there'd still be over a billion Indians.

Ethan – We'd need to do the same in India.

Eve – And in Africa.

Ethan – And the United States.

Eve – Actually, we'd have to do it everywhere.

Ethan – If there were no humans at all, pollution would be permanently solved. At least the planet would breathe easier.

Eve – No kids, like us—that's the only solution.

Ethan – That's what the Cathars used to say.

Eve – Wait, the Cathars were environmentalists?

Ethan – Well, they were against reproduction.

Eve – They were absolutely right.

Ethan – In a way, we're like Cathars.

Eve – Yes... At least our kids won't add to the carbon footprint.

Ethan – When they invent energy-efficient kids...

Eve – Low-consumption kids.

Ethan – And fully recyclable ones.

Eve – Yeah, I'm not holding my breath for that.

Ethan – Want some more wine? It's organic.

Eve – If it's organic, then sure...

Blackout.

9. Atmosphere

Ethan and Eve, in their garden.

Ethan – The air's a bit better today, isn't it?

Eve – Yes. Almost makes me want to go out without my gas mask.

Ethan – Not sure that's a great idea, though.

Eve – What do they say on the radio?

Ethan – Slight cooling: 48 to 52°C in the north, moderate easterly winds carrying fine particles, acid rain likely later in the day.

Eve – I'll take an umbrella.

Ethan – Just don't stay out too long, though.

Eve – Do you remember when we could spend whole days lying on the grass in a park? Without climate-controlled suits?

Ethan – I still can't figure out how we got here.

Eve – I think it really sped up after that lunatic got elected in the US.

Ethan – But it started long before that.

Eve – The real question is: where does it end?

Ethan – We should do something, but what?

Eve – We could stop breathing...

Ethan – That would solve all our problems, wouldn't it?

Eve – I'll take my gas mask, just in case.

Ethan – Good idea. Well, have a good day.

Eve – You too.

Eve leaves.

Ethan – Maybe we shouldn't joke about this...

Blackout.

10. Growing Old

Ethan and Eve.

Ethan – What's happening to us?

Eve – Nothing. Nothing has happened to us.

Ethan – Then what's going on?

Eve – Nothing. Time has passed.

Ethan – Are we old?

Eve – That's it.

Ethan – How did it happen?

Eve – Gradually.

Ethan – And now we're just noticing.

Eve – It's the first time it's happened to us.

Ethan – What?

Eve – Being old.

Ethan – Next time, we'll pay more attention.

Eve – Yes.

Ethan – Do you think it'll pass?

Eve – I don't know.

Ethan – We just need to wait.

Eve – It'll pass.

Ethan – Look at me—I've got no hair left on my head.

Eve – Last year, the trees had no leaves. And look now!

Ethan – They're growing back.

Eve – Our hair will grow back too.

Blackout.

11. Permanence

Ethan and Eve.

Ethan – We're still here.

Eve – Where else could we be?

Ethan – We could no longer be here.

Eve – Where would we be?

Ethan – We wouldn't be.

Eve – Or maybe we'd be someone else.

Ethan – I'd be you, and you'd be me?

Eve – But we'd still be here.

Ethan – We're here.

Eve – We're in paradise.

Ethan – We're in hell.

Eve – We're on Earth.

Ethan – For eternity.

Blackout.

12. Terminus

Ethan and Eve.

Ethan – This is it.

Eve – We're the last ones.

Ethan – The last evening of the last day.

Eve – How much time do we have left?

Ethan – About an hour of electricity.

Eve – Then the air conditioning will stop.

Ethan – We'll die from the heat.

Eve – We're already dying from the heat, aren't we?

Ethan – But now, we'll really die...

Eve – I'm thirsty. Is there anything left to drink?

Ethan – There's one apple left.

She takes the apple and offers it to him.

Eve – Shall we share?

Ethan – I'll give in to temptation...

She cuts the apple in half, and they each eat their portion in silence.

Eve – Our last meal. Just the two of us.

Ethan – The last apple, from the last tree. Before the garden is consumed by the flames of hell.

Eve – We'll savour the taste for a few minutes. And for a moment longer, the memory of this last apple, shared between you and me.

Ethan – Until even the idea of the apple, and temptation itself, vanishes with us.

Eve – And after?

Ethan – After?

Eve – There won't be an after...

Ethan – There'll be an after, somewhere, but without us.

Eve – So, it's like dying. We're not the first.

Ethan – No. We're the last.

Eve – The last to live.

Ethan – The last to die.

Eve – And humanity dies with us.

Ethan – And after?

Eve – There won't even be a "before."

Ethan – No memories.

Eve – No witnesses.

Ethan – No past, no future.

Eve – Only the present.

Ethan – The world will go on without us, unthinking.

Eve – The planets will keep turning.

Ethan – This isn't the end of the world.

Eve – Just the end of a story. Our story.

Ethan – A story that went wrong. That started well but ended badly.

Eve – When a story ends well, it's because another one begins.

Ethan – Ours will be the last story.

Eve – There's nothing left to tell.

Ethan – And no one left to tell it to.

Eve – Who will be the last?

Ethan – The last?

Eve – The last to stay. The last to go. You? Me?

Ethan – Someone has to be last. The other will follow.

Eve – We were happy. We were sad.

Ethan – All that's left is a fragmented past.

Eve – And an hour left.

Ethan – If the air conditioning holds.

Eve – And after?

Ethan – After...

Eve – After us, the deluge.

Ethan – And no ark to save us from the flood, or to repopulate the world afterwards.

Eve – If there even is an after.

Ethan – We could leave a message.

Eve – The word “end.”

Ethan – A letter.

Eve – The letter Z.

Ethan – A testament.

Eve – But we're the last, with no heirs.

Ethan – With us dies the line of men.

Eve – And of women.

Ethan – We have nothing to pass on, not even life itself.

Eve – Not even a world to be dead in.

Ethan – A testament for humanity, then. For another humanity to come.

Eve – What would we say? That we didn't know how to stay alive?

Ethan – We have fifteen minutes left. Maybe less.

Eve – What could we possibly do?

Ethan – Talking is pointless.

Eve – Thinking won't help.

Ethan – It's so hot.

Eve – What's left for us to do?

Ethan – Love? One last time...

Eve – It's so hot. I don't even remember your name.

Ethan – Ethan. And yours?

Eve – Eve.

Ethan – It had to be us...

Eve – Yes.

Ethan – So?

Eve – I don't know. I no longer know. Why?

Ethan – We could have loved. Gotten married. Had a child.

Eve – We can still have a child.

Ethan – Yes.

Eve – But it wouldn't make sense.

Ethan – I wasn't talking about having a child. Only about...

Eve – Sorry... It's a principle. Never on the last night.

Ethan – Principles are all we have left of being human.

Eve – To avoid becoming animals.

Ethan – Before we stop being human altogether.

Eve – And begin to be things.

Ethan and Eve prepare to leave.

Ethan – After you.

Eve – Thank you.

Ethan – We'll leave this island and descend into the depths of the sea.

Eve – Or the sea will rise and swallow us.

Ethan – Before we slowly ascend, step by step, to the surface.

Eve – When an eternity has passed.

Ethan – Step by step, we'll leave the kingdom of shadows.

Eve – And emerge once more from the abyss to rise into the light.

Ethan – Having forgotten everything.

Eve – One world disappears.

Ethan – Another will be born.

Eve – Will it be better than this one?

Ethan – Wherever we are, I'll be there for you.

Eve – Whoever we are, we'll at least be two.

Ethan – To begin...

Blackout.

13. Three

Ethan paces back and forth in front of Eve, who is seated. Finally, he decides to speak.

Ethan – Do you know something?

Eve – No.

He resumes pacing, then stops in front of her again.

Ethan – If you did know something, you'd tell me.

Eve – Of course... And you? Do you know something?

Ethan – Nothing. I know nothing.

A pause.

Eve – Not knowing anything... it's unbearable.

Ethan – But if we did know, wouldn't that be worse?

Eve – Who knows?

Ethan – You're right. Maybe it's better not to know too much.

Eve – Yes... But knowing absolutely nothing?

Ethan – It's true... We know nothing.

Eve – Absolutely nothing.

Ethan – We don't even know how to swim.

Eve – No...

Ethan – And we don't know how to walk on water.

Eve – We don't know how to tie our shoes.

Ethan – We don't have any shoes.

Eve – We don't know what time it is.

Ethan – We don't know what day it is.

Eve – We can't read.

Ethan – What good would it do? We don't have any books.

Eve – If we wanted books, we'd have to write them ourselves.

Ethan – And we don't know how to write.

Eve – And all that just to have one single reader.

A pause.

Ethan – What do we know?

Eve – We must know something, surely...

Ethan – Let me think... Ah, yes. We know how to count.

Eve – Oh, that's true. We can count.

Ethan – Shall we count again? Just to make sure we haven't forgotten?

Eve – OK. Go ahead, start.

Ethan – One.

Eve – Plus one.

Ethan – That makes two.

Eve – That's right.

A pause.

Ethan – And after two, what comes next?

Eve – I don't know.

Ethan – Two... That's enough for now, isn't it?

Eve – Yes. For now.

She stands slowly, her movement revealing her pregnancy.

Ethan – As long as it's just the two of us...

Blackout.

14. Against All Verse

Eve is there, tapping away at her mobile phone. Ethan enters.

Eve – Well?

Ethan – Nothing...

Eve – Nothing?

Ethan – Someone had already taken the job.

Eve – You did take a whole week to reply to the advert...

Ethan – It was a security guard's job. I used to work in a bank.

Eve – Right now, you're a former bank employee who's unemployed. What are you going to do? Find a job in another bank? Banks are all laying people off! They're replacing staff with automated phone systems...

Ethan – Thanks for reminding me... How was your day?

Eve – Well, I've got some good news and some bad news.

Ethan – Go on...

Eve – I went to see my gynaecologist this morning.

Ethan – Have you got cancer?

Eve – I'm pregnant.

Ethan – Was that the good news or the bad news?

Eve – That depends rather on you, actually.

Ethan – A baby... That's what we wanted, isn't it?

Eve – Yes... Back when you still had a job...

Ethan – So what do we do? Are we keeping it?

Eve – Of course we're keeping it! At any rate, I am...

Ethan – Good! You made it sound as if it was a problem...

Eve – The problem is that the baby's father is out of work. I can't support a child on my own... and have another dependent to look after as well.

Ethan – Sorry to be such a burden, but what do you want me to do? When you've worked in banking your whole life, you don't know how to do anything else...

Eve – There are plenty of jobs you can do without knowing how to do anything.

Ethan – I have a feeling you're about to mention the sales assistant your parents need for their hardware shop...

Eve – So what? Is there something shameful about working in a hardware shop?

Ethan – Forgive me if I don't jump for joy at the thought of selling hammers and nails under my mother-in-law's orders.

Eve – No one's forcing you, you know. If you can find another job that's more worthy of your talents, you're welcome to it.

Ethan – I'll think about it...

Eve – Don't take too long. My father needs someone urgently. Mum isn't well enough to stand in for him at the shop when he goes out on deliveries any more...

Ethan – Right...

Eve – And if it's you, of course, he'll let you run the shop when he retires.

Ethan – A life sentence, then...

Eve – You'd be your own boss! Instead of being a bank employee...

Ethan – The shop wouldn't be mine. I'd be working for your father.

Eve – At least it would stay in the family. And when Dad's gone, all that stuff will be yours.

Ethan – You mean yours...

Eve – Isn't that much the same thing?

Ethan – Instead of working for my father-in-law, I'd be working for my wife...

Eve – You make everything too complicated, Ethan. That's your problem. Sometimes you've just got to be satisfied with what you've got.

Ethan – Can we talk about it tomorrow? I'm exhausted.

Eve – Exhausted? You think I'm not exhausted after eight hours at work? No, Ethan, I want an answer now.

Ethan – All right, you'll have your answer... May I at least go to the toilet first?

He goes out. Eve pours herself a drink and downs it in one. Ethan returns.

Eve – Well? What have you decided?

Ethan – I stepped aside a little while to think it through,
And now I know exactly what I have to do.
I shall not cross the woman who has won my heart,
Nor let our unborn child and me be torn apart.
Nor shall I go against your parents, I declare:
Your mother's slightest wish shall be my solemn care.

Eve is taken aback.

Eve – What do you mean?

Ethan – I gladly take the job; I shall not hesitate.
And should you bid me leap, I'll gladly trust my fate.
Without the least regret, a father I shall be,
A faithful husband too, devoted utterly.
An unknown soldier, I shall fan the dying flame
Of passions drowned in tears and fears we dare not name.
For love, I'll take up arms and march into the fray,
And fight for us anew, whatever comes our way.

Eve – Fine... So... Am I to understand that you're accepting the sales job at the hardware shop?

Ethan – I'll sell them brushes, nails and saws throughout the year;
Though what they're for is still to me not wholly clear.
I'll sell them bicycle patches by the score,
And buttons for old gaiters, if they ask for more.

Eve – That's... perfect... Mum and Dad will be delighted. They're coming round for a drink tonight, actually... Shall I pour you one before they arrive?

Ethan – Yes, thank you, gladly; I shall need a glass of wine
To praise your darling parents' virtues so divine.
Unless a kindly miracle should come our way
And make them put their visit off another day.
Their nightly calls are always such a joy to you;
They shut their shop, come here, and tell us what to do.

Eve – You're taking the piss, aren't you?

Ethan – My darling wife, would I make fun of you? Not I!

Eve – What's with this new way of talking? You're making fun of me, and of my parents too!

Ethan – I must confess, my dear, your meaning isn't clear;
Have I offended you by what you've had to hear?
Perhaps my words have wandered off the proper track,
But I have given you my word, and won't take it back.
Tomorrow I shall do exactly as you please;
What matter if I phrase it with a touch of ease?

Eve – All right, I admit it's funny... But can you stop now? Where did you learn to speak in rhyming verse? At the employment office?

Ethan – Dearest, forgive me if my rhymes have caused you pain;
I'm helpless to prevent them, though I try in vain.
I've no more words in prose with which to make things clear;
Unless you'd like a drawing, you must bear them, dear.

Eve – Fine... The main thing is you've agreed to work in the shop. I haven't told my parents yet. About the baby, I mean. That's why I've invited them round for a drink. They'll be over the moon. And with you working again... I think this calls for champagne.

Ethan – I'll chill the wine and make the crystal sparkle bright;
Three glasses will suffice for those who drink tonight.
For you, although the baby's still some months away,
Not even one small sip is safe, or so they say.

She gives him a bewildered look as he leaves. The telephone rings. Distracted, she answers without thinking.

Eve – Hello, yes, that's me; if you should wish to speak,
Then kindly leave your message after you hear the beep.

She comes to her senses.

Eve – Mum? No, no, everything's fine, I promise... Yes, I've spoken to him about it... Listen, I'm rather surprised, but this time he seems happy to accept Dad's offer... No, no, there's no "but"... But... *(Ethan comes back.)* Here, I'll put him on. You'll see what I mean... *(To Ethan.)* It's Mum. Want a word with her?

Ethan takes the receiver, smiling.

Ethan – Good evening, Mother dear! We spoke of you just now;
Your daughter told me Father's plans, and I can vow
We'd love to have you both for supper here tonight;
Your company would fill our home with pure delight.

He listens to the answer.

Ethan – I'm delighted, dear Madam, that you share our glee;
There's other news besides, as you shall shortly see.
An even greater joy will soon be yours to hear;
My darling wife awaits — she's standing very near.

He hands the receiver back to Eve and goes out.

Eve – Yes, Mum... Something's changed? No, Mum, it's not just his voice... It's more... No, I wouldn't call it rap either. Exactly. He's speaking in verse. Like Shakespeare. No, I'm not saying Shakespeare spoke in verse all the time. I'm sure he spoke in prose when he went shopping, like everyone else...

She listens for a moment.

Eve – Dear Mum, I must confess, my hopes have come to grief;
I thought he'd take the job and bring us some relief.
He'd work in Father's shop and be a dad one day,
But now he speaks in verse, no matter what I say.

She listens again.

Eve – I just spoke to you in verse? Me too...? That's horrible! It must be some disease. I don't know where he caught it. Do you think it's contagious? Rhymes coming out of our mouths without any control... It's like verbal diarrhoea! We must both take a strong dose of worming medicine. Yes, you're right, I'll book an appointment with a speech therapist as well and make sure all our vaccinations are up to date. I know, Mum, you can't sell hammers and nails in rhyming couplets... No, we'd better cancel tonight. Stay away from us for a while, just in case. Until we have the test results, we'll have to quarantine. The news I was going to tell you...? Oh my God, yes... And what if the baby... Listen, I'll ring you back, all right?

She hangs up, deep in thought.

Eve – No mother ever suffered such a dreadful fate
Since Adam and since Eve were driven from the gate.
We woke this morning ordinary folk, it's true;
Tonight each sentence rhymes, whatever we may do.

She puts a hand on her stomach.

Eve – If both its parents have gone mad beyond repair,
What future could await this child but deep despair?
Perhaps I'd better end it now, and spare the earth
Another budding poet's dreadful verse at birth.

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

All of Jean-Pierre Martinez's plays can be downloaded

free of charge from his websites:

https://jeanpierremartinez.net/

https://comediatheque.net/

This text is protected under copyright laws.
Criminal copyright infringement will be investigated
and may result in a maximum penalty of up to 3 years in prison
and a EUR 300,000 fine.

Avignon – December 2024
ISBN: 978-2-38602-289-0
https://comediatheque.net/
Play available for free download