

On est sauvage comme on peut

It could actually be anecdotal news. Thomas is depressed. To pull him out of his funk, Léa, his partner, organizes a meal with friends, Marie, Antoine and Sami. They would have loved that the meal mark a return to normality but instead the whole world came crashing down. Thomas announces that he's going to die and asks the others to devour him.

Everything takes place around the table, situations are played out alternating realism and farce, farce and tragedy.

The young Greta Koetz Collective explores the tensions which can inhabit a meal. How on earth can these tables where we share our meals sometimes be the haunted stage for such immense solitude? What sort of relationships go down in these moments?

Is there not perhaps a sort of act of resistance (even if it is more or less conscious) hidden somewhere in the intricacies of signs of craziness?

Through this somewhat absurd tale of a meal which degenerates into a cannibal banquet, the Greta Koetz Collective actually praises passion and dreams inciting us to enjoy the zest of being alive, of forging relationships, of falling in love.