

J O N F O S S E



PLAYS ONE

SOMEONE IS GOING TO COME
THE NAME
THE GUITAR MAN
THE CHILD

OBERON MODERN PLAYWRIGHTS

PLAYS ONE

Jon Fosse
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SOMEONE IS GOING TO COME

Translated by Gregory Motton

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Contents

SOMEONE IS GOING TO COME, 7

THE NAME, 67

THE GUITAR MAN, 153

THE CHILD, 183

SOMEONE IS GOING TO COME
(Nokon kjem til å komme)

Characters

SHE

HE

MAN

In the garden in front of an old, somewhat dilapidated house, the paintwork is peeling, some window panes are broken, but nevertheless the house, which is desolately situated on a ledge on a steep slope, with a view to the sea, has its own weatherbeaten material beauty. A man and a woman come into the garden from around the right hand corner of the house. HE is about fifty years old, slightly rotund with grey, somewhat overlong hair, shifty eyes and slow movements. SHE is around thirty, quite tall, rather heavily built, medium length hair, large eyes and slightly childish movements. The man and woman walk alongside the house, holding each other by the hand, looking lengthily at the house.

SHE

(*Jolly.*)

Soon we'll be in our own house

HE

Our own house

SHE

A beautiful old house
Far away from other houses
and from other people

HE

You and I alone

SHE

Not just alone
but alone together
(*She looks up into his face.*)
Our own house
In this house we shall be together
you and I
alone together

HE

And no-one is going to come
(*They stop, stand looking at the house.*)

SHE

Here we are beside our own house

HE

And it is a lovely house

SHE

Here we are beside our own house

Our own house

where we shall be together

You and I alone

The house

where you and I shall be

alone together

Far away from all the others

The house where we shall be together

alone

in each other

HE

Our own house

SHE

The house which is our own

HE

The house which is our own

The house where no-one shall come

Here we are beside our own house

The house where we shall be together

alone in each other

(They continue alongside the house.)

SHE

(Slightly troubled.)

But it is slightly different

I hadn't

really thought

it would be like this

(Suddenly afraid.)

For someone is going to come

it is so isolated here

that someone is going to come

(HE continues looking at the house, as if in his own thoughts.)

The long road here

not a soul to be seen

we have travelled far

and not a soul have we seen

just the road

and here we stand before the house and

(More intensely.)

imagine when it gets dark

Imagine when there is a storm

when the wind goes

right through the walls

when you hear the sea roaring

and the waves crashing

when the sea is white and black

and imagine how cold it will be in the house

when the wind goes right through the walls

and think how far it is from people

how dark it is

how quiet it is going to be

and think how the wind blows

how the waves crash

think how it will be in the autumn

in the darkness

with the rain and the darkness

A sea that is white and black

and only you and I

in this house

so far from people

HE

Yes so far from

people

(Pause.)

Now we are alone at last

SHE

(Slightly troubled.)

But it isn't everyone
 we're moving away from
 It wasn't all
 people
 Just some
 wasn't it

HE

(Stands and looks at her.)

We're moving away from them all
 away from everyone else

SHE

(Stands and looks at him. Questioning.)

Everyone else
 Are we moving away from everyone else

HE

Yes from everyone else

SHE

But can we do that
 Won't the others
 be there anyway
 Can you move away from everyone else
 Isn't it dangerous

HE

But we wanted to be by ourselves
 Isn't it the others
 all the others
 that draw us apart
 All the others
(With greater emphasis.)
 We only want to be
 together with each other
 alone
 somewhere

we wanted
 just to be alone somewhere
 where we can live
 Where you and I can be
 alone together
 alone in each other
 That's where we wanted to be
 We just wanted to be
 alone with each other
 alone in each other

SHE

But can we be alone
 It's as if someone were here
(Despairing.)
 Someone is here
 Someone is going to come

HE

(Calmly.)
 There's only us here
(He turns away from her, walks accross the garden, away past the left corner of the house, stands and looks down at the sea.)
 There's no-one here
 And there
(Points.)
 is the sea
 No-one is going to come
(She goes over to him, stands by his side. She too looks down to the sea. A little excited.)
 And look how beautiful the sea is
 The house is old
 and the sea is beautiful
 We are alone
 and no-one is going to come
 No-one is coming
 And down there is the sea so beautiful
 look at the waves
 look at how the waves

Pages have been omitted from this book preview.

JON FOSSE

PLAYS ONE

In *Someone is Going to Come* the two of them want to be together, just the two of them, so they leave the city and buy a remote house by the sea. But is it possible to do what they want to do? Won't somebody come? Surely someone will come. *The Guitar Man* is a poignant monologue in which a busker sings songs to an audience that is always on the move, always passing him by. *The Name* (winner of the Ibsen Prize in Norway and the Nestroy Prize for Best Play in Austria) tells the story of an estranged family forced to live under one roof. When a pregnant girl and the father of the child have nowhere to live, they move into her parents' house. But the parents have never met the father-to-be, and don't yet know about the pregnancy. In *The Child* a man and a woman find each other in a bus stop on a rainy night. They hold each other close. They rent an old house out of town. The woman becomes pregnant. But the child is too small to survive.

In these four varied plays Jon Fosse's unique linguistic style, at once poetic and naturalistic, magnifies the love and pain of ordinary people seeking to live their lives.

Jon Fosse's work includes novels, poetry, essays and books for children. He is one of the most produced playwrights in Europe and his plays have been translated into more than forty languages. Oberon Books publishes *Plays Two* (*A Summer's Day, Dream of Autumn, Winter*), *Plays Three* (*Mother and Child, Sleep my Baby Sleep, Afternoon, Beautiful, Death Variations*), *Plays Four* (*And We'll Never Be Parted, The Son, Visits, Meanwhile the Lights Go Down and Everything Becomes Black*), *Plays Five* (*Suzannah, Living Secretly, The Dead Dogs, A Red Butterfly's Wing, Warm, Telemakos, Sleep*), *Nightsongs, The Girl on the Sofa* and *I Am The Wind*. Fosse was made a Chevalier of the Ordre national du Mérite of France in 2007 and received The International Ibsen Award in 2010.

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