

David Greig Being Norwegian



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*A key turns in a lock.
A door opens.
A light is switched on.*

Sean: I'm sorry about the mess.

Lisa: I don't mind.

Sean: I only moved in – not long ago.
I haven't really unpacked yet.
The whole room's in boxes.

Lisa: That's o.k.
I know what it's like when you're in a new place.

Sean: I wasn't really expecting.
I would have tidied up a bit.
I haven't even got any furniture.

Lisa: There's a sofa.

Sean: That was already here. I didn't choose it.
I just –
Anyway.

Lisa: You're so lucky.

This flat's right high up.
You can see the whole city from up here.

Sean: You can.
It's one of the advantages.

Lisa: I live in a basement.
My window has bars on it.
I answered an advertisement.
My flatmates are all students of beauty therapy.
They lead such a dizzy sort of a life.
They can be quite tiring sometimes.
I'm glad we decided not to go to the club in the end.
Aren't you?

Sean: I never wanted to go the club.
I just thought you'd want to go.
With your friends, you know.

Lisa: Just think, we could have been shouting at each other.
Flailing our arms about trying to make ourselves understood.
Feeling hopeless and tired.
That's what they're doing right now.
But not us. We're here.
Tucked up on the sofa out of the rain.

Sean: Well, as long as you're sure.
We could still catch up with them if you -

Lisa: Look at the city.
You can see as far as the hills from here.

Sean: It doesn't look so pretty in the daytime.
On a rainy day you wouldn't want to look at it.
But at night. The dark hides the grey.
At night it's quite... you can sit and look at it.

Lisa: The sea. The dark hills. The city all shimmery lights.
It reminds me of Oslo.

Sean: Oslo? Really?

Lisa: Oslo in winter.

Sean: Oslo. Is that a place you – are you – have you been?

Lisa: I'm Norwegian.

Sean: Oh. I see.

Lisa: Did you not realise?

Sean: No.
I –

Lisa: It's all right. Most people don't at first.

Sean: What am I doing?
Standing here like a -
Can I take your coat?

Lisa: Thankyou.

Sean: Would you like something to drink, Lisa?
Can I get you something?
What would you like?

Lisa: I don't mind.
Whatever you're having.
Have you got any wine?

Sean: Sit down.
Make yourself comfortable.
Just ignore me.
I'm not –
I'm –
Whisky I've got.
A couple of cans of beer?
I think I've got gin somewhere.

Lisa: Whatever your having.

Sean: Wine.
Right – it's ridiculous because – if I'd thought –
I could easily have bought a bottle of wine at the pub but –
I wasn't thinking.
I just didn't use my brain.
Idiot.

Lisa: I don't mind. Beer is fine.

Sean: Wait – I have got wine.
I think.
In one of these boxes.

Lisa: It's o.k.

Sean: No – I'll find it.
It'll be in a box somewhere.
A bottle of red.

Sean looks inside boxes.

Sean: Is that where you're from then Lisa?
Oslo?

Lisa: No.
I've been to Oslo.
I love Oslo, of course, being Norwegian.
But in fact I come from Trondheim.
In the North.
You've maybe heard of it.
It's in a place called the land of the midnight sun.

Sean: Oh right.
I've heard about that.
It's sounds –
It must be –
I'd like to go there one day.

Lisa: That's where I come from.

Sean: Lisa.
Is that a Norwegian name?

Lisa: It's quite a common name in Norway.
In fact it's short for Liselotte.

Sean: Right. Liselotte.
You're english is –
You speak it really well.

Lisa: Thankyou.
Actually I've lived here so long.
That's how I've got the accent.

Sean: Right.

Lisa: Most people don't realise I'm Norwegian at first.
They don't even notice.
But I can tell they're thinking – there's something different about her. And
they can't put their finger on it.
Usually I tell them.
Put them out of their misery.

Sean: If you hadn't said I wouldn't have –
Because you don't expect – I didn't think.

Lisa: But you noticed I was different didn't you?

Sean: I suppose I did.

Lisa: Your sofa faces your window.
You can sit, and look out of the window at the city.
Did you know
That's a very Norwegian furniture arrangement?

Sean: Is it ?
I didn't really think – I just –
I didn't know that.

Lisa: Most people here make their sofa face the television.
But not you.
You don't even have a television.

Sean: I have one somewhere.
It's in one of the boxes.
A portable one.

Lisa: I've noticed that people here watch television all the time.
In pubs they have the television on even when you can't hear the sound.
When I visit people they have the television switched on.
Even the streets have televisions in shops and there are great big
televisions attached to buildings.
And people talk about television programs to each other.
I don't even understand what they're saying most of the time.
People talk about television programs right up against your face –
I feel like they're punching me or something.
I feel winded.

Sean: I nearly unpacked it.
I opened the box.
But then I looked around and I thought.
If I start with that I won't stop.
So I mostly don't.
Mostly it lives in it's box.

Lisa: In Norway people very rarely watch television.
Only important events.
When Norway are in the world cup for example.
Or if King Haakon is making a speech.
Then they'll gather together and watch.
But mostly Norwegians talk gently to each other in the evenings.

Sean: Here we go.
Wine.
I knew I had this somewhere.
It's red, is that all right.

Lisa: That's fine, thankyou.

Sean: It should be good this wine.
It's ten years old.
I don't have glasses.
Is a mug ok?

Lisa: I think it's fine to drink wine out of a mug.
It's more real.
It's just a container.
Just a flipping container so the drink doesn't spill all over your hand.

Sean: I know – who needs crystal?
Not me anyway.

Sean pours the wine into two mugs.

Sean: Here.

Lisa: Thankyou.

Sean: Is it ok?

Lisa: It's fine.

Sean: It's supposed to be very good this wine.
I've been waiting for the right occasion.
I remember when I bought it the man in the shop –
He said – in ten years time this'll be a peach.
So, you know, it should be good.

Lisa: I like it.

Sean: I don't know anything about wine.
I wish I did.
It's supposed to be a real – you know – special
But to me it just tastes like red wine.

Lisa: It's perfect.

Sean: I'll – why don't I - here we go. I'll sit on this box.

Lisa: Why don't you sit here? Beside me.

Sean: Right. On the sofa. A bit cosier.

Lisa: Sit down.

Sean: I'll just – it's a bit bright.
I have a dimmer switch – can you believe that!
Whoever had this flat before me must have installed a dimmer switch.
It's a bit, James Bond. A dimmer switch.

Here we go.
Lights up – lights down.

Lisa: 'So, Mr Bond, we meet at last.'

Sean: That's it.

Lisa: And you would be tied to a chair.
I would have captured you.
I would say – something like –
'I like a man who...'
'I like a man with...'
I don't know...

Sean: Yeah.

Lisa: I can never think of these things.

Sean: Me neither.

Lisa: I could be the Norwegian Bond girl.

Sean: Yes.

Lisa: Is there one? I don't really know the films.

Sean: I don't know. Probably there is.
I don't know.

...

You tell me when the light's right.

Lisa: Darker.
There.

There is a small electrical buzz.

Sean: That's better isn't it.
Things can be too bright.
I forget that sort of thing.

Lisa: Sit down.

Sean sits down.

Sean: Hoo.
Here we are.
Chez moi.
Welcome to my humble abode.
– lick of paint.
Put a few nick nacks out.

Soon be home.

Lisa: Sean. Why don't you put your arm around me?

Sean: Why not indeed.
The old arm around the old shoulder.
That's what you're supposed to do isn't it.
I haven't done that since I was -
Actually I was waiting to do it surreptitiously you know...
Like in the cinema with your first girlfriend.

Lisa: Can I ask you something?

Sean: Sure.

Lisa: Have you ever read Knut Hamsun?

Sean: I haven't actually – no – I haven't read anything by him.

Lisa: You remind me of him.

Sean: Oh – I hope that's a compliment.

Lisa: I think that's what it was that made me want to talk to you in the pub.

Sean: Right.

Lisa: When I read the novels of Knut Hamsun –
I felt a very strong connection.
Something spiritual.
And when I saw you in the pub.
Sitting alone. Watching everything.
You seemed apart and yet
Something about you connected with me.
And that doesn't happen very often.

Sean: Lisa I... you probably should know I...

Lisa: Shh.
This is perfect.
The two of us.
So late at night.
The city asleep at our feet.
Alone together and hungry.

Sean: Would you like something to eat?
I've got toast.

Lisa: No – I mean hungry in the Norwegian sense.
'Hungry' you know

With a needling in us.

Sean: As a matter of fact – there's a buzz.
The dimmer switch is buzzing.
It sometimes does that – anywhere in between completely dark and completely light – it buzzes.
It's a bit maddening.
I'll just see if I can fix it.

Lisa: Why not just switch the light off Sean?

Sean: Do you think I should?

Lisa: There's a moon.
And the light from the city.
That's enough.
Our eyes can adjust.

Sean: You're right.
That's what we'll do.
Switch it off.

Sean switches the light off.

That's just the job.
We'll have the moon for a lamp.

Sean stumbles.

Oww.

Sean falls over.

Shit. Ayahh.

Lisa: Are you all right.

Sean: I'm fine. Box. Stubbed my foot.
Stupid.

Lisa: Have you hurt yourself?

Sean: No. No.
I'm fine.
Shit.

Lisa: Sean.
Why don't you sit down?

Sean: Yeah.

I'll sit.

Sean sits.

There we go.
Here I am – inviting you back -
You must think I'm a right dipstick.
Falling about.

Lisa: Your heart's beating awful fast, Sean.
Like a wee mouse's heart.

Sean: Is it?
What am I?
Am I a man or a mouse?
As a matter of fact this wine is quite good isn't it.
You can tell it's good.

Lisa: Look at the moon.

Sean: I know.

Lisa: Fat and calm.

Sean: Full.

Lisa: Full up.
I'm always at my best with a full moon.
When it's waning I find myself just sitting in my basement sometimes.
But when it's waxing I'm out and about.
I'm a social butterfly virtually.

Sean: I'm sorry I'm not a better talker. I don't often. I hardly ever in fact -

Lisa: I think talking is over-rated.
In Norway people don't speak much.
They're more comfortable passing time in silence.

Sean: That's like me.

Lisa: Put your hand on my heart.
Here.
Feel that.
My heartbeat.

Sean: I can feel it.

Lisa: Everything moves so fast in this country.
Everybody shouts – everybody lies – everybody spends time
running – that's what makes your hearts beat so fast.

Look out there.
This is winter.
It's time to hibernate.

Sean: Lisa you're –

Lisa: What am I?

Sean: You're -
In the moonlight.
You're gorgeous.

Lisa: But not in the daylight.

Sean: No I didn't mean -
Shit.

Lisa: I'm teasing you.

Sean: Oh. Right.

Lisa: I have quite a Norwegian sense of humour.
Sometimes it puts people off balance.
I'm sorry.

Sean: No. No. It was – you got me.

Lisa: Look out there.
If we were in Trondheim now.
We could sit here for months and the sun would never rise.
The whole city, the hills would be covered in snow.
The only sign it was day would be a glow behind the horizon.
And a blue light on the snow.
In Trondheim in midwinter.
We stay inside all the time.
We switch the heating on.
And we sit at the window.
Just like this,
Watching the winter go past.

Sean: What about eating and things?

Lisa: We eat crisps mostly.
You don't need to eat so much because you don't spend much
energy.
Your heart slows down. Your mind becomes still.
You just pull a downy over you and sit.

Sean: I could live like that.

Lisa: I knew you would think that.
Isn't that amazing.
I think that proves we're connected.
I knew you would understand about winter.

Sean: I could hibernate. Just shut down for a while.

Lisa: That's it.

Sean: In Trondheim, in winter -
Don't your muscles sort of shrivel up.
What about daily exercise?

Lisa: For exercise we dance.
And we have sex.

Sean: Oh.

Lisa: People think that in Norway there's a very high suicide rate.
But in fact that's a myth.
The suicide rate is quite low,
Because, being Norwegian, we know how to live with the dark.

Sean gets up again.

Sean: Would you like some music – shall I put a cassette on?
I've got a few cassettes?
What would you like?

Sean starts looking through some cassettes in a box.

Madness. Everybody likes Madness. Do you like Madness?

Lisa: I don't know.
I've never heard them before.

Sean: Never heard Madness.
Everybody's heard Madness.
Baggy Trousers – da da da da.

Lisa: I don't know it.
Put it on if you want.

Sean: Maybe not.
It's maybe a bit lively.
Gary Numan.

Lisa: I really don't mind.

Lisa gets up, goes over to him.

Sean: I don't know what people like these days.

Lisa: The woman in the photograph – on the windowsill?
Who is she?

Sean: She's – my ex wife.
She's – quite a long time ago.

Lisa: Is that your boy in the picture.

Sean: Yeah.
That's why I have the picture out.
Because it's a picture of him.

Lisa: Do you still see them?

Sean: No.

Lisa: That's a shame.

Sean: Yeah.

Lisa: What's his name.

Sean: Conor.

Lisa: That explains your tattoo.

Sean: That's right.

Lisa: Conor forever.

Sean: Yeah.
A bit stupid.

Lisa: I don't think it's stupid.

Sean: I tried to have it burned off.

Lisa: Why?

Sean: Because –
Anyway I couldn't afford the treatment so it's still there.

Lisa: I think it's nice.

Sean: Yeah.

Lisa: What's your wife's name?

Sean: Catriona.

Lisa: At least you didn't get a tattoo which said – 'Catriona Forever'

Sean: Yeah.

Lisa: Why did you split up with her?

Sean: Lisa, I don't really want to talk about it o.k.?
If that's all right.
I wasn't very clever.
I was involved in some pretty grimy events
and I ended up fucking up her life, my life and my boy's life.
So you know – there's not a lot to say.
I try not to think about it.

Lisa: Do you know
When you talk, Sean
Your eyes dance?
In all the time I've lived here.
I haven't met a man like you.

Sean: I can't find any music.
I can't find anything.
I don't even know what half these tapes are.
I haven't bought music for so long.

Lisa: I don't mind about music.

Sean: You probably like gothic music or something.
Rap music.
I don't – I haven't got any.
I don't.
Gangster rap it's all a foreign country to me –

Lisa: How old is Conor.

Sean: He's ten years old.
He's ten years old.
And he's out there somewhere asleep.

Lisa: You're thinking of him.

Sean: I wasn't.

Lisa: And he's thinking of you.

Sean: Probably not.

Lisa: I bet he is.

Sean: I don't think so.

Lisa: My father was a sea captain.
On a Norwegian container ship.
Can you guess what the ship's name was?

Sean: I don't think I can, no.

Lisa: It was called The Liselotte.

Sean: So he named his ship after you. That was nice.

Lisa: No. Silly.
I was named after the ship.

Sean: Oh right.

Lisa: Anyway.
When I was small
He just went away.
Off on his ship.
And everybody said that was the end of that.
But I thought of him.
And I knew he thought of me.
And so I believe that out there in the dark.
In the snowy forest.
My thoughts and his thoughts meet like two ghosts.

Sean: It's a nice idea.

Lisa: And that's like you and Conor.

Sean: Listen, Lisa, it's quite late.

Lisa: Not really.

Sean: You're probably tired.

Lisa: I'm o.k.

Sean: I'm – I work shifts – in the car park –
I have to be – I'm on early tomorrow morning –

Lisa: Call in sick.

Sean: I don't want to do that.

Lisa: These moments don't happen very often Sean.

Moments when people come very close to each other.
If I hadn't come to the pub.
If the moon had been waning.
If I hadn't seen you.
Just think.
We might have missed each other forever.
But instead here we are.
Hungry and alone, together.
...
I don't know about you Sean.
But I think that's a big turn on.

Sean: Lisa – I don't feel exactly – at this moment - it's gone a bit -

Lisa: Just play some flipping music.
We can dance.
Let's dance -

Sean: No.

Lisa: Come on. Take hold of me.

Sean: It's all right. You're all right.

Lisa: Put the music on loud and we'll dance.

Sean: The neighbours – upstairs is an old woman she sleeps like a bird.

Lisa: It doesn't have to be loud then. Just hold me.

Sean: Maybe we should have gone to the club.
With your friends.
It's stupid you coming back here.
Look at the state of the place.
Everythings in boxes.
I knew that. At the time.
I knew you would prefer the club.
Maybe it's not too late.
Your friends are there.
I'll take you down there.
I'll walk you.

Lisa: They aren't my friends, Sean.
They were just women I was standing next to.
I wanted to come back with you, Sean.
I want to spend the night with you.

Sean: You don't know me.

Lisa: I do.

Sean: You don't.

Lisa: Not in the way people here 'know' people.
But I know you.
Let's kiss.

Sean: Look just - Get off.

Pause.

Sean: I'm sorry.

Lisa: What's wrong?

Sean: I'm sorry.
Lisa – this is – this is not going -
– things like this don't happen to me.
Someone coming back to the flat.
Meeting someone in a pub.
I just went for a drink – I didn't expect.
I don't really know how to handle it.
I'm not often entertaining a –
Someone like you.

Lisa: Do you mean a woman, Sean?
Or do you mean, a Norwegian?

Sean: I think I'd maybe better walk you home.

Lisa: I see.

Sean: I think it's probably for the best.
I know how this is going to go and it's not pretty.

Lisa: You can tell the future can you.
That's so typical.
Everybody here thinks they can tell the future.
Well, let me tell you a secret mister.
Nobody knows.

Sean: You're a really nice girl Lisa.
You could have gone home with any bloke in that pub.

Lisa: You asked me.

Sean: I asked you. I never thought you'd say yes.

Lisa: So much for your telling the future then.

Sean: A lot of drink a clumsy fuck and then what am I doing here.
I don't think I can stand waking up to it.
I'm sorry.

Lisa: O.K.

Sean: So I'll walk you back to – wherever.

Lisa: I'll be fine. Just give me my coat please.

Sean: No.
You can't go on your own.

Lisa: I'll be quite all right.

Sean: This isn't a nice area Lisa.
I'll walk you.

Lisa: Piss off.

Sean: At least let me call you a minicab.

Lisa: I'm not a delicate flower.

Sean: I realise that – I just think –

Lisa: You don't know what you think.
One minute I'm gorgeous.
The next minute you don't want me in your house.

Sean: It isn't that.

Lisa: I'm sorry if I've offended you Sean.
I know that – being Norwegian – I'm used to being quite open about
sexual relationships.
I say what I feel.
I'm not going to apologise for that.
Men in this country – they're so – hypocritical.
They're either slathering dogs or whimpering puppies.
It makes me physically sick.
None of you are a match for a real Norwegian woman.

Sean: You're right.

Lisa: Don't smile at me.
You think it's funny.

Sean: I'm sorry.

Lisa: You can't help it.
It's this country.

It's not your fault.
I'm used to it.

Sean: I'm not a good person for you to be with.
Believe me.

Lisa: I've seen you before, Sean.
In the pub.
I had my eye on you.
Always sitting there.
on your own.
Reading your book.
In the dark and swirling lights all around you.
In your black suit.
All the noise around you.
And you still and dark and reading your book.
And I thought.
That man could be the last great hope of his nation.
But in fact.
You're no different from the rest

Sean: It was a detective novel, Lisa.
It's not exactly poetry.

Lisa: It was a book.

Sean: Lisa.
I'm not liked – o.k.
I've been involved in some pretty grimy business and
I'm not a liked person.
Everybody knows it and usually folk leave me alone.

Lisa: You're forgetting I'm not from here.

Sean: I've had a few incidents where I've fallen apart a bit.
You know – the floor's a bit shaky.
It's hard enough for me to stay standing
without you barging in here – talking about souls.
I'm not mysterious or interesting, Lisa.
I'm a disaster.
I'm barely keeping my life together as it is.
The last thing I need just now is to have my head messed up
because I find myself falling for a nutter. All right. I'm sorry. But that's how
it is.

Lisa: You're very judgemental.
Passing comments like that.
In Norway we don't -

Sean: Will you just stop it with the Norway.

You're not from Norway.
I've seen you around.
You're not from fucking Norway so stop going on about it.

Lisa: Pow pow pow.

Sean: What?

Lisa: My electric shield of power sends your negative energy right back at you.

Sean: What are you talking about?

Lisa: You don't scare me.
Show your teeth all you like.
You don't scare me.

Sean: I don't want to scare you.
Shit.
I really don't want to scare you.

Lisa: Pow. Pow. Pow.

Sean: Jesus christ. Will you calm down?

Lisa: Pow pow pow – coming right back at you.

Sean: Calm down.

Lisa: You can't touch me.

Sean: Keep your voice down will you.
Oh jesus. Shit Shit.

Lisa: You can't get me.

Sean: I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. I didn't mean anything.

Lisa: onetwothreefourfivesixseveneightnineteneleventwelfthirteen...

Lisa continues to count.

Sean doesn't speak for a few moments, only the sound of her counting.

Sean: It's o.k.
It's all right.
I won't touch you.
I won't come near you.

Lisa still counting.

Sean: Just sit down.

That's it.
You just sit.
Yeah.

Lisa still counting but slowing down and getting quieter.

Sean: O.K.
I'm just here.
Just on the box, o.k.
I'm here.

Lisa still counting but more controlled now.

Sean: That's it.
That's a girl.
I'm just here.

Lisa still counting.

Sean: You take as long as you like.

Lisa slowly comes to a stop.

Sean: Are you o.k.

Lisa: I'm o.k.

Sean: I'm really sorry.

Lisa: It's o.k.
You couldn't know.
The most upsetting thing you can say to a Norwegian
is to tell her she's not Norwegian.

Sean: Of course you are.
Jesus.
I was way out of line.

Lisa: I'm o.k.
The counting always works.
I count and I think of home.
The forests and the mountains and the blue sea.

Sean: I do that.
I do it as well.
They taught me that too.

Lisa: They taught you too?

Sean: Not in Norway.

I was in Prison, Lisa.
I got let out a year ago. A year and I haven't even
unpacked my stuff. It's all I can do to sit in front of the window and watch
the clouds form and the day pass.
Do you understand?
So – you threw me – asking me to kiss you and that

Lisa: Poor Sean.

Sean: And the wine – you know
I bought that wine when my boy was born.
It was supposed to be drunk on his eighteenth birthday.
But I don't know where he is.
And anyway it tastes like pish.
And it threw me a bit.
The floor started to wobble.
You know what I'm saying.

Lisa: Of course.

Sean: So I sort of lashed out in my words to you.
But I know it was way out of line.

Lisa: It's o.k.

Sean: And so, Lisa, if you want to leave
Which you probably do
I'll walk you home.
And I won't even say a word or ever mention anything to anybody.
But if you want to stay –
I want you to stay.
I want you to stay.
It's quite dark up here, Lisa,
In the old head.
And – you're... so –
Light and gorgeous.

Lisa: Like a very nice cake.

Sean: No, I didn't mean.

Lisa: I'm teasing you again.

Sean: Right.
Norwegian humour – I'll need to get used to it.

Lisa: In Norway we're used to darkness in people's heads.
We even prefer it.
Because if there is no darkness,
Then what in heaven's name are you thinking about?

How good you are or something?
How perfect? How wonderful?
That would be arrogant.
We Norwegian's think people who are happy are perhaps just a little bit
above themselves, don't you?

Sean: I do.

Lisa: Where are you from Sean?

Sean: Me?

Lisa: Yes.

Sean: Here.

Lisa: Were you born here?

Sean: No – I was born up north.
On the west coast.
We moved here when I was little.

Lisa: I thought so.
Where.
Where exactly.

Sean: A little place called Kinlochleven.
My dad used to work in the Aluminium smelter there.

Lisa: You may not know this Sean but in the tenth century.
The vikings came here, from the west.
A lot of people say they slaughtered and raped and burned.
And they did – but only if people resisted them.
Mostly they settled and farmed and married local women.
What's your second name Sean?

Sean: Macdonald.

Lisa: I knew it.
I knew it.
That's a viking name Sean.
Macdonald is a Viking name.

Sean: D'you know.
I think I'd heard that.
I think I'd heard that once.

Lisa: It's one hundred per cent true.

Sean: There you go.

Lisa: You're a Norwegian after all.

Sean: I suppose I am.

Lisa: I could tell.

Sean: Maybe that's why I turn my sofa to face that way.

Lisa: Deep instinct.

Sean: I suppose.
How are you feeling.
You're smiling.

Lisa: I'm all right.

Sean: Good.
...
Can I get you anything.
Some crisps.
More wine.

Lisa: Put some music on.

Sean: What do you want?

Lisa: Let me look...
Lets see what you've got.

Sean: It's all rubbish. Just the cassettes that were in the car when my wife left me.

Lisa: This one.
This is Norwegian.

Sean: God yeah. I suppose it is.

Lisa: Play this one.
And we'll dance.

Sean: I wish we could but there's no carpet down Lisa.
The guy downstairs I swear he goes mental if I even just pace about.

*Lisa puts the cassette in the player.
She presses play.
The volume is low.
The music is 'Aha – Take on Me'*

Lisa: In Norway – what we do – is we play the music quietly.

Like this.
And then we take our shoes off.
And we stand together like this.
And we hold each other like this.
You put your hand there.
That's it.
And then we rest our heads on each others shoulders.
So we don't have to look at each other in the eye.
And we just sway.
Like that.
That's it.
That way we can dance and no one is disturbed.
...
Just two Norwegians
Holding on to each other.
In a foreign land.

Music plays quietly.

THE END