
AUTHORS

Fredrik Brattberg

Fredrik Brattberg is an Ibsen Award winning playwright. His background is in classical composition and he applies a lot of music theory and techniques in his playwrighting. His plays centre on the absurd and dark nature of life, this is played brilliantly until tragedy is transformed into farce. Brattberg's works have been translated into six languages and have been performed in Norway, France, Denmark, Indonesia and in New York.

Titles

THE RETURNING

In The Returning we meet a mother and father grieving for the loss of their son, Gustav, whom they assume to be dead. One day there is a knock on the door. And there he is. Their son. The parents joy is indescribable. After a while daily life returns and order is restored, but then, one day, their son dies. The parents grieve, but their grief is different than the first time. Also their joy is different when Gustav knocks on the door two weeks later. And then, as soon as daily life returns, their son dies a third time. And a fourth. And a fifth. And he always returns. At the end the parents are driven to indifference and the play's genre has transformed from a tragedy to a black comedy.

THE HERBS. THE STOVE. THE CUP.

Another powerful play from Ibsen Award winning playwright Fredrik Brattberg.

BREAK OF DAY

We're in a family home HE and SHE prepare breakfast, brush their teeth and put an apple in Frida's school bag. The family has a routine, keeping the world outside at bay in a carefully constructed system. A new morning, the same routine and yet everything is a little different. It begins with the road closures, the maps no longer correlate to the landscape, the world outside is transforming and it threatens to encroach on their home. Each family member finds a way of coping with the changes threatening their existence, but will any of their attempts save them? How long can we fence ourselves in from world?

WINTERREISE

Anne and Alfred have just gotten home from the hospital, with them they have a newborn girl. From now on it is the small world that counts, counting the baby's fingers, smelling the baby's hands worrying if its too cold or too warm. Later, they travel by train to the health clinic, where they are going to pick up the

baby. But on their way they look out the train's window, they see all the houses and the people passing by in a quick tempo. And when the train gets to the health clinic, they cant get off. They are trapped in the big world, paralysed by it.