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CONCORD
THEATRICALS

THE SON

by Florian Zeller

translated by Christopher Hampton

SAMUEL FRENCH

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THE SON in this translation by Christopher Hampton was first presented at the Kiln Theatre, London, on 20 February 2019. Directed by Michael Longhurst, Designer Lizzie Clachan, Lighting Designer Lee Curran, Composer and Sound Designer Isobel Waller-Bridge, Casting Director Amy Ball, Assistant Director Atri Banerjee. The cast was as follows:

ANNE . . . . . Amanda Abbington
NICOLAS . . . . . Laurie Kynaston
PIERRE . . . . . John Light
SOFIA . . . . . Amaka Okafor
NURSE . . . . . Oseloka Obi
DOCTOR . . . . . Martin Turner

This production transferred to the Duke of York's Theatre, London, on 24 August 2019, with Cudjoe Asare taking over the role of the Nurse. The Associate Director was Tom Hughes and Associate Lighting Designer Charlotte Burton.

Le Fils in its original French production opened at the Comédie des Champs-Elysées, Paris, in February 2018, directed by Ladislas Chollat, with Stéphane Freiss, Rod Paradot, Florence Darel, Élodie Navarre, Raphael Magnabosco and Daniel San Pedro.

CHARACTERS

PIERRE
ANNE
SOFIA
NICOLAS
NURSE
DOCTOR

SETTING

Pierre's flat, Anne's flat and a waiting-room and doctor's office in a hospital, all in Paris.

TIME

Present.

ONE

*(***PIERRE***'s flat.* **ANNE** *stands facing him. He looks tense.)*

PIERRE. What are you doing here?

*(***ANNE** *doesn't answer.)*

Anne, I'm speaking to you…

ANNE. I …

PIERRE. Yes?

ANNE. I don't know, I …

PIERRE. You don't know?

ANNE. No, sorry. I mean, I don't know where to begin. I …

PIERRE. Has something happened?

*(***PIERRE** *is looking behind her, as if he's afraid that at any moment, someone might come out of the bedroom.)*

You turn up with no warning… You know very well…

ANNE. I tried to call, but you weren't answering.

PIERRE. Why? Is there a problem?

ANNE. Is she here?

PIERRE. Mm?

ANNE. Is she here?

PIERRE. She's putting the baby to bed. Why?

ANNE. I didn't want to disturb you. But you never pick up. And I had to speak to you. One way or another.

PIERRE. What's the matter?

ANNE. It's Nicolas.

PIERRE. Oh, yes? Has something happened?

ANNE. Yes. He's not well. And I'm not well either. It's too difficult. I can't manage it.

PIERRE. You can't manage what?

ANNE. It's just impossible. I… I don't know what to do any more. I… this morning, I was summoned to the school, and the headmaster…

*(***PIERRE** *exhales. She stops dead in the middle of her sentence.* **PIERRE** *notices.)*

PIERRE. What?

ANNE. Am I disturbing you? You're making a face, as if I'm disturbing you.

PIERRE. Of course not.

ANNE. It's your son I'm talking about!

PIERRE. I know.

ANNE. You ought to be just a little bit concerned…

PIERRE. Obviously I'm concerned! Why are you saying these things?

ANNE. Because you've got this expression. As if I was here to annoy you with problems about… with my problems. When I'm talking to you about Nicolas!

PIERRE. I'm sorry. I'm just a bit… tired. You know what it is, the baby's still not sleeping through and…

ANNE. *(Interrupting him.)* Anyway, he summoned me. The headmaster. To find out what was going on. And

that's when I found out he hadn't been to school for more than three months…

PIERRE. What?

ANNE. I'm telling you. For three months he's been pretending… every morning.

PIERRE. What are you talking about?

ANNE. I'm explaining the situation to you and I …

PIERRE. Wait a minute… he hasn't been to school for three months? And during all this time, you never noticed anything?

ANNE. No.

PIERRE. How is that possible?

ANNE. He set off every morning with his bag and everything he needed for the day, but he didn't go there.

PIERRE. Are you joking? What was he doing? I mean, all day… for three months! Where did he go?

ANNE. I don't know. He hardly ever answers when I ask him a question. He behaves as if I don't exist.

PIERRE. But why?

ANNE. I don't know. I'm worried about him, Pierre. He's not like he was before. Believe me. I don't know what's happened, but something has. He's changed. He… and I'm wondering if… to be absolutely honest with you… I'm even wondering if…

PIERRE. If what?

*(***SOFIA** *comes in. Tense moment.* **PIERRE** *tries to justify* **ANNE***'s presence.)*

Ah, Sofia, I …

SOFIA. *(Hostile.)* What's going on?

PIERRE. Anne has come to talk to me about Nicolas. It's just been discovered he hasn't been going to school, and…

ANNE. It's not just that, Pierre… he's not well.

PIERRE. Yes, he's not well at the moment, and…

ANNE. He hasn't been well for months.

SOFIA. Ever since Pierre left you, I expect…

PIERRE. Sofia, please.

(Pause.)

And the headmaster? What did he say?

ANNE. They want to expel him.

PIERRE. Unbelievable! Have you told Nicolas?

ANNE. Yes. But he couldn't care less…

PIERRE. What's going on in his head?

ANNE. You have to speak to him, Pierre. I can't manage it anymore. He needs you. You can't abandon him.

PIERRE. I'm not abandoning him! Why are you saying that?

ANNE. The other day, I simply asked him to – I can't even remember what, something trivial, to clear his plate away or something like that – and he looked at me with such… with such hatred. I thought he was going to…

PIERRE. To what?

ANNE. He frightens me, do you understand?

(Pause.)

PIERRE. I'll go and see him tomorrow. All right? I'll drop in at the end of the day. Will he be there?

ANNE. Yes.

PIERRE. I'll drop in and see him. Don't worry.

ANNE. Thanks.

*(***ANNE** *makes an affectionate gesture to thank him. It's not even as much as a gesture, just a hint, a sketch, but it's enough to make* **PIERRE** *feel embarrassed in front of* **SOFIA**.*)*

He was such a sweet child. So wonderful. Do you remember? So sensitive. I don't know what's happened…

(In the distance, the baby starts crying. **SOFIA** *hesitates, then leaves the room.)*

PIERRE. Come on. Don't worry. Everything'll go back to normal.

ANNE. You think so?

PIERRE. Of course.

ANNE. I don't know.

PIERRE. Yes, it will. Don't worry. I'm here.

ANNE. No, that's exactly it. You're not here any more.

(Pause. Blackout.)

TWO

(A different room. **NICOLAS** *is sitting on the sofa. He's biting his nails.* **PIERRE** *is standing in front of him.)*

PIERRE. I wanted to talk to you, Nicolas… that's… that's why I've come home. You know, I mean… here.

(Pause.)

Are you listening to me?

NICOLAS. Yes.

PIERRE. I know you're having a difficult time and things aren't easy for you… I also know you're angry with me… but we have to talk. Both of us.

*(***PIERRE** *sits down. Pause.)*

Your mother told me that you haven't been going to school.

*(***NICOLAS** *shrugs his shoulders.)*

What's going on?

NICOLAS. Nothing.

PIERRE. Don't say "nothing". Explain it to me.

(Pause.)

Nicolas? Why have you stopped going to school?

NICOLAS. I don't know.

PIERRE. You don't know?

NICOLAS. No.

PIERRE. There must be a reason?

*(***NICOLAS** *shrugs his shoulders.)*

You can't decide to stop going to school, just like that. It's not an option. Do you hear what I'm saying?

NICOLAS. Yes.

(Pause.)

PIERRE. Are you having problems?

*(***NICOLAS** *sighs.)*

What? Why are you sighing?

NICOLAS. No reason.

PIERRE. Nicolas, I can't help you if you won't tell me anything. And stop biting your nails like that!

(Pause.)

I've spoken to your mother. She tells me you don't sleep at night. That you pace up and down in your room… that you… what is it you're up to?

NICOLAS. Nothing.

(Pause.)

PIERRE. And school… I mean… what are you going to do? Are you going to repeat a year? Is that your plan?

NICOLAS. I really couldn't give a shit.

PIERRE. Terrific! Great attitude…

(Pause.)

What were you doing? All those days… where did you go?

NICOLAS. I walked.

PIERRE. You walked?

NICOLAS. Yes.

PIERRE. On your own?

NICOLAS. Yes.

PIERRE. You walked on your own in the street?

NICOLAS. Or in the park.

PIERRE. But why?

*(***NICOLAS** *shrugs his shoulders.)*

Come on, Nicolas! Do you understand what's going on? Do you honestly believe that this is acceptable? Because you needed to stretch your legs? And in your exam year, as well… doesn't make any sense!

(Pause.)

It didn't occur to you that eventually your school would get in touch with us?

NICOLAS. I wasn't feeling well. Walking was the only thing that relaxed me.

PIERRE. Why weren't you feeling well?

(He doesn't answer.)

All right, let's say you weren't feeling well! But that's no reason to just give up… in life, you have to struggle.

NICOLAS. I don't want to struggle any more.

PIERRE. But why? What's the matter with you?

(Pause.)

Nicolas… talk to me.

(Pause. **NICOLAS** *starts biting his nails again.)*

I don't understand. A couple of years ago, you always had this big smile on your face. And then all of a sudden… what happened to you?

(Pause.)

Your mother's at the end of her tether, you know that? She tells me you're making her life a living hell. That you haven't been behaving well towards her. Is that true?

(Pause.)

She wants to send you to boarding school. Did you know that? Is that what you want?

NICOLAS. No.

PIERRE. So?

*(***NICOLAS** *shrugs his shoulders. All the same, it's clear that the mention of boarding school has unsettled him.)*

You have to do something, Nicolas. You can't just let things go like this…

NICOLAS. I can't manage it.

PIERRE. What makes you say that?

(Pause.)

(More gently.) Has something happened at school? I mean…

NICOLAS. No.

PIERRE. Or outside of school?… We can talk to one another, you know.

NICOLAS. It's not that. It's…

PIERRE. Yes?

NICOLAS. I don't know how to describe it.

PIERRE. Tell me in your own words.

NICOLAS. *(Sincerely.)* It's life, it's weighing me down.

(Brief pause. **PIERRE** *seems moved by this unexpected confidence.)*

PIERRE. But why? What is it about your life that isn't working?

NICOLAS. I don't know.

(Pause.)

I've been telling myself that… maybe…

PIERRE. Go on.

NICOLAS. No. Nothing. Forget it.

PIERRE. No, tell me…

*(***NICOLAS** *is hesitating.)*

Nicolas, tell me.

NICOLAS. I'd like to live with you.

PIERRE. *(Caught offguard.)* You… you mean…

NICOLAS. I can't go on here. Because I know I could get out of this. But not here. Not on my own. It's too difficult…

PIERRE. Yes, but…

NICOLAS. Me and Mum aren't getting on. She can't put up with me any more… She's at the end of her tether, I know she is. And when I'm here, I get too many black ideas. It's too difficult. I promise you. And I know it's just going to get worse and worse. I feel it. Also, I'd like to live with my little brother…

PIERRE. *(Embarrassed.)* Yes.

NICOLAS. If you send me to boarding school, I'll go crazy.

PIERRE. Of course you won't.

NICOLAS. Yes, I will, I promise you. My head feels like it's exploding.

PIERRE. Come on, come here.

*(***PIERRE** *takes him in his arms.)*

NICOLAS. Sometimes I feel as if I am going crazy, Dad.

*(***PIERRE** *hugs him closer.)*

PIERRE. What are you talking about?

NICOLAS. I'm telling you. I don't understand what's happening to me.

PIERRE. Come on…

NICOLAS. I don't understand.

*(***NICOLAS** *weeps.* **PIERRE** *is unsettled.)*

PIERRE. Don't worry. We'll get out of this. Mm? Don't worry. We'll find a solution. Come on… trust me.

(He comforts him. **NICOLAS** *is like a small child. Blackout.)*

THREE

*(***PIERRE***'s flat. Tense silence between* **SOFIA** *and* **PIERRE**. *It stretches out.)*

PIERRE. Why are you taking it like this?

SOFIA. Taking it like what?

(Pause.)

PIERRE. I can't just abandon him.

SOFIA. Why are you talking about abandoning him? She's just telling you these things to make you feel guilty.

PIERRE. That's got nothing to do with it, Sofia. Please… He's going through a difficult phase. That's a fact.

(Pause.)

He can stay in my office. I'll put a bed in there. Just temporary.

SOFIA. And what about school?

PIERRE. We'll work something out. There must be a school which would take him in mid-year. Don't you think?

SOFIA. I'm sure.

PIERRE. You've only known him for two years and I can see that… I mean, I know you have a negative impression of him… after everything that happened… but he hasn't always been like this. When he was younger… he was so…

(Pause.)

There were marks on his forearm.

SOFIA. What?

PIERRE. When I went to see him just now, I saw he had, I don't know, marks.

SOFIA. What kind of marks?

PIERRE. Little scars all up his arm… as if he'd… well, you know what I mean… it upset me so much. My little boy… I'd do anything for him, anything. And today, there he was, in front of me, suffering… and what am I doing for him? I mean, you only do that kind of thing when you're suffering, right?

*(***SOFIA** *makes an affectionate gesture.)*

SOFIA. Come on…

PIERRE. And it's true, you're right, I'm feeling guilty. I know it started when… I can't pretend I'm not responsible for the situation. I left, Sofia.

SOFIA. I don't see the connection.

*(***PIERRE** *shrugs his shoulders.)*

It's not your fault if he isn't well.

PIERRE. I don't know.

SOFIA. It's nothing to do with…

(She prefers not to complete the sentence.)

It's nothing to do with it, Pierre!

PIERRE. You know, I made him cry. When I told him I was leaving his mother, I made him cry. It's not an image I can easily forget.

SOFIA. I understand. But you're not the first man to… this has nothing to do with what's going on today. Believe me. It's a difficult time for him. Simple as that.

PIERRE. Anyway, there's nothing else I can do. I can't just give up on him.

SOFIA. I understand. Don't worry.

(He smiles at her, as if to thank her.)

PIERRE. When I was his age, my mother was already ill. I was thinking about it just now... I... I went to see her every day in hospital and sat with her. I revised for my exams on a little table opposite her, while she... while she was dying... It was horribly sad. My father never showed up. Too busy living his life. He had his business... his famous hunting parties... he travelled all the time. But a week before... before she died... I ran into someone on the street, a family friend, who told me he'd had dinner with him the night before... I didn't even know he was in Paris... and he hadn't thought it was worth telling us, or coming in to see her...

SOFIA. Why are you telling me this?

PIERRE. I don't know. Sorry. No reason. I ... It's all mixed up in my head. What I wanted to say is that I don't want to be that kind of man. That kind of father.

(Pause.)

SOFIA. What about us?

PIERRE. What?

SOFIA. What about us? Our life?... Sacha.

PIERRE. It won't make any difference to Sacha. We'll look after him exactly the same way.

SOFIA. You think so?

PIERRE. Of course... trust me. It's not going to change anything in our lives. I promise you.

(She smiles. She'd like to believe it.)

Everything'll be fine. You'll see, darling. Everything'll be fine.

(But, like a mental image, **NICOLAS** *comes slowly into the room. He approaches a chest of drawers or a cupboard, then, with a violent gesture, tips all its contents on to the floor, as well as everything he sees in front of him – as if he wanted to wreck the place completely.* **SOFIA** *stands, appalled, in front of her destroyed flat. As for* **PIERRE**, *he doesn't seem to notice. Blackout.)*

FOUR

(The flat. The things are still all over the floor, books, a lamp, a piece of furniture, etc. But everyone behaves as if everything is normal. Morning. **NICOLAS** *is sitting on the sofa. He's staring into space. Suddenly,* **PIERRE** *comes in. He starts, seeing* **NICOLAS**.*)*

PIERRE. Ah, you're here! Did you sleep well?

(He kisses **NICOLAS***'s hair.)*

And there's your mother telling me you never get up before noon…

(Pause.)

All right? I didn't expect you to be up so early…

NICOLAS. I woke up and then I couldn't get back to sleep.

PIERRE. Always takes a bit of time getting used to a new place, haven't you noticed?

*(***NICOLAS** *shrugs his shoulders.)*

Sacha didn't wake you, did he?

NICOLAS. No.

PIERRE. He cried a lot last night… you didn't hear him?

NICOLAS. No.

PIERRE. Good.

(He makes himself a coffee.)

You want anything? A coffee?

*(***NICOLAS** *shakes his head.)*

You don't have anything in the morning?

NICOLAS. Why was he crying?

PIERRE. Your brother? He doesn't sleep through yet. He was hungry, that's all.

(Pause. **NICOLAS** *bites his nails.* **PIERRE** *notices.)*

You were the same, you weren't a great sleeper. I mean, when you were a baby…

*(***PIERRE** *notices that* **NICOLAS** *is elsewhere.)*

Are you listening to me?

NICOLAS. Mm?

PIERRE. What's the matter?

NICOLAS. No, it's just… I was thinking about… about the set-up. And I… I mean, I'm not sure…

PIERRE. What?

*(***NICOLAS** *seems reluctant to answer.)*

What are you not sure about?

NICOLAS. I'm feeling a bit uncomfortable here… I feel I'm disturbing you both…

PIERRE. Of course not! What makes you say that?

NICOLAS. And Sofia… I don't think she likes me. Did she really agree to my moving in here?

PIERRE. Obviously, Nicolas. Obviously.

(Pause.)

NICOLAS. But it's not only that. There's this school as well… I don't know if I feel right about going there.

PIERRE. Sorry?

NICOLAS. I've been thinking about it this morning. Everyone's going to wonder why I'm showing up like this in the middle of a year...

PIERRE. So?

NICOLAS. I won't know what to say to them.

PIERRE. You can say anything you like... Why are you worrying so much about what other people think?

NICOLAS. They're bound to look at me strangely...

PIERRE. No, they won't... on the contrary... someone who arrives in the middle of a year, they'll be interested in you, curious... wonder where you come from.

NICOLAS. Exactly. I don't want to answer a lot of questions. I don't want to have to tell them what's been going on.

PIERRE. Listen, Nicolas... you're not the first person to change schools in the middle of a year... it happens all the time. I understand it might make you a bit anxious, but that's the way things are. All you have to do is not get thrown out.

NICOLAS. I know, but I was thinking... I've missed so many lessons this year... because of being absent so often... I'm full of gaps... I'll never be ready in time to take the exams. And it's April already... it's almost the end of the school year... I'm stressed about it, you know? And I was wondering if it might be better to start again in September with less pressure and –

PIERRE. *(Interrupting him.)* You'll go back on Monday, Nicolas. It's not negotiable. We've already discussed this.

(Pause.)

Why are you worrying like this? It'll be fine.

NICOLAS. I don't know.

PIERRE. You asked me if you could come and live here. I agreed, and that's fine, but it won't work unless you make an effort. Understand? We can't go on like this indefinitely… going round in circles. Hanging about. Things have to change. And stop biting your nails, you're going to make them bleed!

(Pause. **PIERRE** *pulls himself together. He comes and sits next to* **NICOLAS**.*)*

(More gently.) You've been depressed. It can happen to anyone. That they end up on their knees… understand what I'm saying? To anyone. And now, it's time to stand up again.

NICOLAS. Yes.

PIERRE. I want this to be a new start. I want to see you smile again… the way you used to smile.

(Pause.)

You're an extraordinary boy. With a bit of work, you'll have no difficulty catching up… I have confidence in you. I'm sure one day you'll look back on this whole period… and you'll say…

*(***PIERRE** *appears to hesitate.)*

NICOLAS. What?

PIERRE. You'll even have forgotten the reasons you weren't well.

NICOLAS. I don't know.

PIERRE. You will! Trust me… we've all been through this. We've all had difficult moments. You just have to accept it.

NICOLAS. Other people don't feel like this. For them, everything's easy.

PIERRE. How do you know?

NICOLAS. I watch them… all they think about is having a laugh, having fun.

PIERRE. You're not in their head. Believe me, everybody has problems and fears and… you just have to get past them. That's why you're going back to school, starting Monday. Do you understand?

(Pause.)

Nicolas, do you understand?

NICOLAS. Yes.

*(***NICOLAS** *stands up. He looks upset. He heads towards his room.)*

PIERRE. You don't want anything for breakfast?

NICOLAS. No.

PIERRE. Where are you going?

NICOLAS. Back to bed.

*(***PIERRE** *sighs.* **NICOLAS** *heads for his room. Just before he leaves, he turns back to his father. Brief pause.)*

Dad?

PIERRE. Yes?

NICOLAS. Thanks for everything you're doing for me.

*(***PIERRE** *is surprised by the sincerity of this remark. He smiles at him.* **NICOLAS** *has a go at a smile. He goes out. Blackout.)*

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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