Ohio Impromptu

(A setting of the play by Samuel Beckett for tenor, actor, and piano.)

William Osborne
L = Listener.
R = Reader.
As alike in appearance as possible.

Light on table mid stage. Rest of stage in darkness.
Plain white deal table, say 8’x4’.
Two plain armless white deal chairs.

L seated at table facing front towards end of long side audience right.
Bowed head propped on right hand. Face hidden. Left hand on table.
Long black coat. Long white hair.

R seated at table in profile center of short side audience right.
Bowed head propped on right hand. Left hand on table. Book on table
Before him open at last pages. Long black coat. Long white hair.

Black wide-brimmed hat at center of table.
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William Osborne
In a last attempt to obtain relief he moved from where they had been so long together to a single room on the far bank. From its single window he could see the down-stream extremity of the Isle of Swans.
Relief he had hoped would flow from unfamiliar

Unfamiliar room Unfamiliar scene

Out to where nothing ever shared

Back to where nothing ever shared. From this he had once half hoped
some men—true of relief might flow.
day he could be seen slowly pacing the inlet.
Hour after hour. In his long black coat no matter what the weather
and old world Latin Quarter hat. At the tip he would al-
ways pause to dwell on the recol
ing stream. How in joy-
ous ed-
dies
its two arms con-
rolled and
dualized on. Then turn and his slow steps re-
ter: 
you.

Stay where we were so long alone together, my shade will comfort you.

Could he not now turn back?

Acknowledge his error and return to where they
were once so long a - long to - geth - er.

Come supra

so much shared. No. What he had done a - lone could not be un - done. Nothing he had ev - er done a - lone could ev -

er be un - done. By him a - lone.
Come sopra

In this extremity his

terror of night laid hold on him again.

After so long a lapse that as if never been.

Yes, after so long a lapse that as if never been.
Now with re-doubled force the fearful symptoms described at length page forty

Starts to turn back pages. Checked by L’s hand

Further,\textit{\small Fortissimo} \hspace{1cm} \textit{\small Subito come sopra}

White nights now again his portion.

As when his heart was young.

No sleep, no brav-ing sleep till dawn

of day

\textit{\small rall., pause, poi a tempo}
Little is left to tell. One night as he sat trembling head in hands from head to foot a man appeared to him and said, I have ben sent by...
and here he named the dear name, to comfort you. Then drawing a worn volume from the pocket of his long black coat he sat and read till daylight. Then disappeared without a word. Some time later he appeared again at the same hour with the same volume.
and this time without pre-am-ble
sat and read it through a-gain the long night through.
Then dis- ap-
peard with-out a word.

So from time to time un-her ald of he
would ap-pear to read the sad tale though a-gain.
And the long night a-way
Then disappeared without a word.

Più animato

With never a word exchanged they grew to be as one.

Till the night came at last when having closed the book and dawn at hand he did not disappear but sat on without a word.
Finally he said, I have had a word from... and here he named the dear name... that I shall not come again. I saw the dear face and heard the unspoken words,

words, No need to go to him again, even were it in your power.

So... the... sad... I saw the dear face and heard the unspoken words,
Come sopra

No need to go to him again, even were it in your pow-er.

So___ the___ sad___ tale___ a last___ time

told they___ sat___ on_____ as though turned___ to stone.

Through the sin-gle win-dow dawn shed___ no light. From the street no sound___ of re-a-

wakening.

Or was it that buried in

who knows what thoughts they paid no heed?

To light of day

To sound of re-wakening. What thoughts who knows. Thoughts, no, no thoughts. Profound of mind.
Buried in who knows what pro-founds of mind.

Of mindlessness. With no light can reach. No sound.

So sat on as though turned to stone.
The sad tale a last time told.

Nothing is left to tell.