

WAITING FOR GODOT

by
Samuel Beckett

L'autore

Samuel Barclay Beckett nacque a Dublino, in data non certa, nel 1906. Fin da adolescente mostrò i segni di un'interiorità esasperata, di una ricerca ossessiva della solitudine e di un malessere esistenziale che influenzeranno la sua poetica. Nel 1927 si laureò in Lettere al Trinity College di Dublino. Lettore infaticabile, tra le sue opere preferite vi fu la *Divina Commedia*, che continuò a studiare per tutta la vita. Dopo aver lasciato la carriera accademica per dedicarsi alla professione di scrittore, nel 1939 si trasferì definitivamente a Parigi, preferendo, come disse egli stesso, “*la Francia in guerra all'Irlanda in pace*”. Lì si inserì nella vita culturale della Rive Gauche, stringendo illustri amicizie (con Joyce, Giacometti, Duchamp). Dal 1938 si legò sentimentalmente a Suzanne Deschevaux-Dumesnil, che fu sua compagna per tutta la vita. Insieme parteciparono alla resistenza parigina durante gli anni della Seconda Guerra Mondiale. Beckett scrisse poesie, racconti, romanzi, opere teatrali, radiodrammi, divenendo uno dei più influenti autori del XX secolo e il più importante esponente del cosiddetto *Teatro dell'assurdo*. Nel 1969 ricevette il premio Nobel per la letteratura. Morì a Parigi il 22 dicembre 1989.

Alcune opere

Murphy (1938); *Watt* (1945); *Molloy* (1951); *Malone Dies* (1951); ***Waiting for Godot*** (1953); *The Unnamable* (1953); *Act Without Words I and II* (1956); *Endgame* (1957); *Krapp's Last Tape* (1958); *Happy Days* (1961); *How it is* (1961); *Catastrophe* (1982).

La trama

Waiting for Godot costituisce una pietra miliare della cultura del Novecento e tuttavia la sua recensione più celebre, scritta da Vivian Mercier nel 1956 per l'*Irish Times*, recita: “*Aspettando Godot è una commedia in cui non accade nulla, per due volte*”. La battuta allude al fatto che la pièce, in due atti, è incentrata sul tema dell'attesa e in particolare dell'attesa vana. Infatti, per tutto il testo, due uomini, Estragon e Vladimir, aspettano un certo Godot, che ha dato loro appuntamento. Il luogo e l'orario dell'appuntamento sono vaghi. A ben vedere i due non sanno nemmeno esattamente chi sia questo Godot, credono però che, quando arriverà, li porterà a casa sua, li sfamerà e li farà dormire al caldo. Mentre attendono, incontrano un'altra strana coppia di personaggi: Pozzo, un proprietario terriero, e il suo servo, Lucky, incontro che culmina in una rovinosa rissa. Intanto è scesa la sera. Godot non si è fatto vivo. Arriva però un messaggero, il quale riferisce che il signor Godot si scusa, ma che questa sera non potrà

venire. Arriverà però sicuramente domani... Il secondo atto si apre sulla stessa situazione e sulla stessa attesa, il giorno seguente... Godot è stato di volta in volta identificato con Dio, il destino, la morte, la fortuna etc. Beckett a tal proposito ha dichiarato: “*Se avessi saputo chi è Godot, l'avrei scritto*”.

Note di regia

Nell'allestimento di ***Waiting for Godot*** curato dal regista **John O'Connor** (*Pride and Prejudice*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*) la scenografia è essenziale, fedele alle rigide indicazioni dell'autore: diversi livelli, costruiti secondo una prospettiva espressionista, costituiscono lo spazio in cui si muovono i personaggi. Qualsiasi cosa che appare in scena è estremamente significativa e ha un carattere chiaro e marcato, perciò ogni oggetto viene messo in risalto attraverso dettagli colorati, luci, forme. Proiezioni di filmati e immagini arricchiscono l'allestimento divertendo il giovane pubblico e facendo da complemento e supporto al testo. Il regista sottolinea il carattere tragicomico dell'opera di Beckett attraverso i costumi di Vladimir ed Estragon, che hanno molto in comune con i simpatici clown del circo: indossano costumi colorati, sformati, cappelli a bombetta, scarponi, cappotti cascanti come un costume chapliniano. Sono uomini di strada e le loro battute sono accompagnate da una gestualità ampia ed espressiva: i giovani attori che li interpretano adottano uno stile di recitazione molto fisico ed energico, che evidenzia adeguatamente sia la parte drammatica del testo sia quella comica. Considerate le origini dell'autore, la musica che sottolinea i momenti chiave dello spettacolo ha reminiscenze di folk tradizionale irlandese senza essere troppo specifica in termini di tempo e luogo.

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CHARACTERS

(in order of appearance)

ESTRAGON
VLADIMIR
POZZO
LUCKY
BOY

ACT I

SCENE 1

A country road. A tree. Evening.

Estragon, sitting on a low mound, is trying to take off his boot. He pulls at it with both hands, panting. He gives up, exhausted, rests, tries again. As before.

Enter Vladimir.

Estragon (*giving up again*). Nothing to be done.

Vladimir (*advancing with short, stiff strides, legs wide apart*). I'm beginning to come round to that opinion. All my life I've tried to put it from me, saying Vladimir, be reasonable, you haven't yet tried everything. And I resumed the struggle. (*He broods, musing on the struggle. Turning to Estragon.*) So there you are again.

Estragon. Am I?

Vladimir. I'm glad to see you back. I thought you were gone forever.

Estragon. Me too.

Vladimir. Together again at last! We'll have to celebrate this. But how? (*He reflects.*) Get up till I embrace you.

Estragon (*irritably*). Not now, not now.

Vladimir (*hurt, coldly*). May one inquire where His Highness spent the night?

Estragon. In a ditch.

Vladimir (*admiringly*). A ditch! Where?

Estragon (*without gesture*). Over there.

Vladimir. And they didn't beat you?

Estragon. Beat me? Certainly they beat me.

Vladimir (*Estragon tears at his boot*). What are you doing?

Estragon. Taking off my boot. Did that never happen to you?

Vladimir. Boots must be taken off every day, I'm tired telling you that. Why don't you listen to me?

Estragon (*feebly*). Help me!

Vladimir. It hurts?

Estragon (*angrily*). Hurts! He wants to know if it hurts!

Vladimir (*angrily*). No one ever suffers but you. I don't count. I'd like to hear what you'd say if you had what I have.

Estragon. It hurts?

Vladimir (*angrily*). Hurts! He wants to know if it hurts!

Estragon (*pointing*). You might button it all the same.

Vladimir (*stooping*). True. (*He buttons his fly.*) Never neglect the little things of life.

Estragon. Why don't you help me?

Vladimir (*he takes off his hat again, peers inside it*). Funny. (*He knocks on the crown as though to dislodge a foreign body, peers into it again, puts it on again.*) Nothing to be done. (*Estragon with a supreme effort succeeds in pulling off his boot. He peers inside it, feels about inside it, turns it upside down, shakes it, looks on the ground to see if anything has fallen out, finds nothing, feels inside it again, staring sightlessly before him.*) Well?

Estragon. Nothing.

Vladimir. Show me.

Estragon. There's nothing to show.

Vladimir. Try and put it on again.

Estragon (*examining his foot*). I'll air it for a bit.

Vladimir. There's man all over for you, blaming on his boots the faults of his feet. (*He takes off his hat again, peers inside it, feels about inside it, knocks on the crown, blows into it, puts it on again.*) This is getting alarming. (*Silence. Vladimir deep in thought, Estragon pulling at his toes.*) One of the thieves was saved. (*Pause.*) It's a reasonable percentage. (*Pause.*) Did you ever read the Bible?

Estragon. The Bible... (*He reflects.*) I must have taken a look at it.

Vladimir. Do you remember the Gospels?

Estragon. I remember the maps of the Holy Land. Coloured they were. Very pretty. The Dead Sea was pale blue. The very look of it made me thirsty. That's where we'll go, I used to say, that's where we'll go for our honeymoon. We'll swim. We'll be happy.

Vladimir. You should have been a poet.

Estragon. I was. (*Gesture towards his rags.*) Isn't that obvious?

Silence.

Vladimir. Where was I... How's your foot?

Estragon. Swelling visibly.

Vladimir. Ah yes, the two thieves. Do you remember the story? Two thieves, crucified at the same time as our Saviour. One is supposed to have been saved and the other... (*he searches for the contrary of saved*)... damned.

Estragon. Saved from what?

Vladimir. Hell.

Estragon. I'm going.

He does not move.

Vladimir. And yet... (*Pause.*)... how is it— all four Evangelists were there. And only one speaks of a thief being saved. Why believe him rather than the others?

Estragon. Who believes him?

Vladimir. Everybody. It's the only version they know.

Estragon. People are bloody ignorant apes.

SCENE 2

He rises painfully, goes limping to extreme left, halts, gazes into distance off with his hand screening his eyes, turns, goes to extreme right, gazes into distance. Vladimir watches him, then goes and picks up the boot, peers into it, drops it hastily.

Estragon. Let's go.

Vladimir. We can't.

Estragon. Why not?

Vladimir. We're waiting for Godot.

Estragon (*despairingly*). Ah! (*Pause.*) You're sure it was here?

Vladimir. What?

Estragon. That we were to wait.

Vladimir. He said by the tree. (*They look at the tree.*) Do you see any others?

Estragon. What is it?

Vladimir. I don't know. A willow.

Estragon. Where are the leaves?

Vladimir. It must be dead.

Estragon. No more weeping.

Vladimir. Or perhaps it's not the season.

Estragon. Looks to me more like a bush.

Vladimir. A shrub.

Estragon. A bush.

Vladimir. A... What are you insinuating? That we've come to the wrong place?

Estragon. He should be here.

Vladimir. He didn't say for sure he'd come.

Estragon. And if he doesn't come?

Vladimir. We'll come back tomorrow.

Estragon. And then the day after tomorrow.

Vladimir. Possibly.

Estragon. And so on.

Vladimir. The point is...

Estragon. Until he comes.

Vladimir. You're merciless.

Estragon. We came here yesterday.

Vladimir. Ah no, there you're mistaken.

Estragon. What did we do yesterday?

Vladimir. What did we do yesterday?

Estragon. Yes.

Vladimir. Why... (*Angrily.*) Nothing is certain when you're about.

Estragon. In my opinion we were here.

Vladimir (*looking round*). You recognize the place?

Estragon. I didn't say that.

Vladimir. Well?

Estragon. That makes no difference.

Vladimir. All the same... that tree... (*turning towards auditorium*) that bog...

Estragon. You're sure it was this evening?

Vladimir. He said Saturday. (*Pause.*) I think. I must have made a note of it. (*He fumbles in his pockets, bursting with miscellaneous rubbish.*)

Estragon (*very insidious*). But what Saturday? And is it Saturday? Or Thursday?

Vladimir. What'll we do?

Estragon. If he came yesterday and we weren't here you may be sure he won't come again today.

Vladimir. But you say we were here yesterday.

Estragon. I may be mistaken. (*Pause.*) Let's stop talking for a minute, do you mind?

Vladimir (*feebly*). All right.

SCENE 3

Estragon sits down on the mound. Vladimir paces agitatedly to and fro, halting from time to time to gaze into distance off. Estragon falls asleep. Vladimir halts finally before Estragon.

Vladimir. Gogo! ... Gogo!... GOGO!

Estragon wakes with a start.

Estragon (*restored to the horror of his situation*). I was asleep! (*Despairingly*). Why will you never let me sleep?

Vladimir. I felt lonely.

Estragon. I had a dream.

Vladimir. Don't tell me!

Estragon. I dreamt that...

Vladimir. DON'T TELL ME!

Estragon. It's not nice of you, Didi. Who am I to tell my private nightmares to if I can't tell them to you?

Vladimir. Let them remain private. You know I can't bear that.

Exit Vladimir hurriedly. Estragon gets up and follows him to the limit of the stage. Gestures of Estragon like those of a spectator encouraging a pugilist. Enter Vladimir. He brushes past Estragon, crosses the stage with bowed head. Estragon takes a step towards him, halts.

Estragon (*gently*). You wanted to speak to me? (*Silence. Estragon takes a step forward.*) You had something to say to me? (*Silence. Another step forward.*) Didi...

Vladimir (*without turning*). I've nothing to say to you.

Estragon (*step forward*). You're angry? (*Silence. Step forward.*) Forgive me. (*Vladimir softens. They embrace. Estragon recoils.*) You stink of garlic!

Vladimir. It's for the kidneys. (*Silence. Estragon looks attentively at the tree.*) What do we do now?

Estragon. Wait.

Vladimir. Yes, but while waiting.

Estragon. What about hanging ourselves?

Vladimir. Hmm. It'd give us an erection.

Estragon (*highly excited*). An erection!

Vladimir. With all that follows. Where it falls mandrakes grow. That's why they shriek when you pull them up. Did you not know that?

Estragon. Let's hang ourselves immediately!

Vladimir. From a bough? (*They go towards the tree.*) I wouldn't trust it.

Estragon. We can always try.

Vladimir. Go ahead.

Estragon. After you.

Vladimir. No no, you first.

Estragon. Why me?

Vladimir. You're lighter than I am.

Estragon. Just so!

Vladimir. I don't understand.

Estragon. Use your intelligence, can't you?

Vladimir uses his intelligence.

Vladimir (*finally*). I remain in the dark.

Estragon (*with effort*). Gogo light... bough not break... Gogo dead. Didi heavy... bough break... Didi alone. Whereas...

Vladimir. I hadn't thought of that.

Estragon. If it hangs you it'll hang anything.

Vladimir. But am I heavier than you?

Estragon. So you tell me. I don't know. There's an even chance. Or nearly.

SCENE 4

Vladimir. Well? What do we do?

Estragon. Don't let's do anything. It's safer.

Vladimir. Let's wait and see what he says.

Estragon. Who?

Vladimir. Godot.

Estragon. Good idea.

Vladimir. Let's wait till we know exactly how we stand.

Estragon. On the other hand it might be better to strike the iron before it freezes.

Vladimir. I'm curious to hear what he has to offer. Then we'll take it or leave it.

Estragon. What exactly did we ask him for?

Vladimir. Were you not there?

Estragon. I can't have been listening.

Vladimir. Oh... Nothing very definite.

Estragon. A kind of prayer.

Vladimir. Precisely.

Estragon. A vague supplication.

Vladimir. Exactly.

Estragon. And what did he reply?

Vladimir. That he'd see.

Silence.

Vladimir. Listen!

They listen, grotesquely rigid.

Estragon. I hear nothing.

Vladimir. Hsst! *(They listen. Estragon loses his balance, almost falls. He clutches the arm of Vladimir, who totters. They listen, huddled together.)* Nor I.

Sighs of relief. They relax and separate.

Estragon. You gave me a fright.

Vladimir. I thought it was he.

Estragon. Who?

Vladimir. Godot.

Estragon. Pah! The wind in the reeds.

Vladimir. I could have sworn I heard shouts.

Estragon. And why would he shout?

Vladimir. At his horse.

Silence.

SCENE 5

Estragon *(violently)*. I'm hungry!

Vladimir. Do you want a carrot? *(Vladimir rummages in his pockets, takes out a turnip and gives it to Estragon who takes a bite out of it. Angrily.)*

Estragon. It's a turnip!

Vladimir. Oh pardon! I could have sworn it was a carrot. (*He brings out a carrot and gives it to Estragon.*) There, dear fellow. (*Estragon wipes the carrot on his sleeve and begins to eat it.*) Make it last, that's the end of them.

Estragon (*chewing*). I asked you a question.

Vladimir. Ah.

Estragon. Did you reply?

Vladimir. How's the carrot?

Estragon. It's a carrot.

Vladimir. So much the better, so much the better. (*Pause.*) What was it you wanted to know?

Estragon. I've forgotten. (*He looks at the carrot appreciatively, dangles it between finger and thumb.*) I'll never forget this carrot. (*He sucks the end of it meditatively.*) Ah yes, now I remember. (*His mouth full, vacuously.*) We're not tied?

Vladimir. To whom? By whom?

Estragon. To your man.

Vladimir. To Godot? Tied to Godot! What an idea! No question of it. (*Pause.*) For the moment.

Estragon. His name is Godot?

Vladimir. I think so.

Estragon. Fancy that. (*He proffers the remains of the carrot to Vladimir.*) Like to finish it?

SCENE 6

A terrible cry, close at hand. Estragon drops the carrot. They remain motionless, then together make a sudden rush towards the wings. Estragon stops halfway, runs back, picks up the carrot, stuffs it in his pocket, runs to rejoin Vladimir who is waiting for him, stops again,

runs back, picks up his boot, runs to rejoin Vladimir. Huddled together, shoulders hunched, cringing away from the menace, they wait. Enter Pozzo and Lucky. Pozzo drives Lucky by means of a rope passed round his neck, so that Lucky is the first to enter, followed by the rope which is long enough to let him reach the middle of the stage before Pozzo appears. Lucky carries a heavy bag, a folding stool, a picnic basket and a greatcoat, Pozzo a whip.

Pozzo (*off*). On! (*Crack of whip. Pozzo appears. They cross the stage. Lucky passes before Vladimir and Estragon and exits. Pozzo at the sight of Vladimir and Estragon stops short. The rope tautens. Pozzo jerks at it violently.*) Back! (*Noise of Lucky falling with all his baggage. Vladimir and Estragon turn towards him, half wishing half fearing to go to his assistance. Vladimir takes a step towards Lucky, Estragon holds him back by the sleeve.*)

Vladimir. Let me go!

Estragon. Stay where you are!

Pozzo. Be careful! He's wicked. (*Vladimir and Estragon turn towards Pozzo.*) With strangers.

Estragon (*undertone*). Is that him?

Vladimir. Who?

Estragon (*trying to remember the name*). Er...

Vladimir. Godot?

Estragon. Yes.

Pozzo. I present myself... Pozzo.

Estragon (*timidly, to Pozzo*). You're not Mr. Godot, Sir?

Pozzo (*terrifying voice*). I am Pozzo! (*Silence.*) Pozzo!

Vladimir and Estragon look at each other questioningly.

Estragon (*pretending to search*). Bozzo... Bozzo...

Vladimir (*ditto*). Pozzo... Pozzo...

Pozzo. PPPOZZZO!

Estragon. Ah! Pozzo... let me see... Pozzo...

Vladimir. Is it Pozzo or Bozzo?

Estragon. Pozzo... no... I'm afraid I... no... I don't seem to...

Pozzo advances threateningly.

Pozzo. Who is Godot?

Estragon. Godot?

Pozzo. You took me for Godot.

Vladimir. Oh no, Sir, not for an instant, Sir.

Pozzo. Who is he?

Vladimir. Oh he's a... he's a kind of acquaintance.

Estragon. Nothing of the kind, we hardly know him.

Pozzo. You took me for him.

Estragon (*recoiling before Pozzo*). That's to say... you understand... the dusk... the strain... waiting... I confess... I imagined... for a second...

Pozzo. Waiting? So you were waiting for him?

Vladimir. Well you see...

Pozzo. Here? On my land?

Vladimir. We didn't intend any harm.

Estragon. We meant well.

Pozzo. The road is free to all.

Vladimir. That's how we looked at it.

Pozzo. It's a disgrace. But there you are.

Estragon. Nothing we can do about it.

Pozzo (*with magnanimous gesture*). Let's say no more about it.

SCENE 7

Pozzo jerks the rope.

Pozzo. Up pig! (*Noise of Lucky getting up and picking up his baggage. Pozzo jerks the rope.*) Back! (*Enter Lucky backwards.*) Stop! (*Lucky stops.*) Turn! (*Lucky turns. To Vladimir and Estragon, affably.*) Gentlemen, I am happy to have met you. (*To Lucky.*) Hold that! (*Pozzo holds out the whip. Lucky advances and, both his hands being occupied, takes the whip in his mouth, then goes back to his place. Pozzo begins to put on his coat, stops.*) Coat! (*Lucky puts down the bag, basket and stool, helps Pozzo on with his coat, goes back to his place and takes up bag, basket and stool.*) Touch of autumn in the air this evening. (*Pozzo finishes buttoning up his coat, stoops, inspects himself, straightens up.*) Whip! (*Lucky advances, stoops, Pozzo snatches the whip from his mouth, Lucky goes back to his place.*) Yes, gentlemen, I cannot go for long without the society of my likes (*he puts on his glasses and looks at the two likes*) even when the likeness is an imperfect one. (*He takes off his glasses.*) Stool! (*Lucky puts down bag and basket, advances, opens stool, puts it down, goes back to his place, takes up bag and basket.*) Back! (*Lucky takes a step back.*) Stop! (*Lucky stops. To Vladimir and Estragon.*) That is why, with your permission, I propose to dally with you a moment, before I venture any further. Basket! (*Lucky advances, gives the basket, goes back to his place.*) Back! (*Lucky takes a step back.*) Further! (*Lucky takes a step back.*) He stinks. Happy days! (*He drinks from the bottle, puts it down and begins to eat. Silence. Vladimir and Estragon, cautiously at first, then more boldly, begin to circle about Lucky, inspecting him up and down. Pozzo eats his chicken voraciously, throwing away the bones after having sucked them. Lucky sags slowly, until bag and basket touch the ground, then straightens up with a start and begins to sag again. Rhythm of one sleeping on his feet.*)

Vladimir. He looks tired.

Estragon. Why doesn't he put down his bags?

Vladimir. How do I know? *(They close in on him.)* Careful!

Estragon. Say something to him.

Vladimir. Look!

Estragon. What?

Vladimir *(pointing)*. His neck!

Estragon. Oh I say!

Vladimir. A running sore!

Estragon. It's the rope.

They resume their inspection, dwell on the face.

Vladimir *(grudgingly)*. He's not bad looking.

Estragon *(shrugging his shoulders, wry face)*. Would you say so?

Vladimir. A trifle effeminate.

Estragon. Look at the slobber.

Vladimir. It's inevitable.

Estragon. Look at the slaver.

Vladimir. Perhaps he's a halfwit.

Estragon. A cretin.

Vladimir. It's not certain. *(Pause.)* Ask him a question.

Estragon. Would that be a good thing?

Vladimir. What do we risk?

Estragon. *(timidly)*. Mister . . .

Vladimir. Louder.

Estragon *(louder)*. Mister . . .

Pozzo. Leave him in peace! *(They turn toward Pozzo who, having finished eating, wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.)* Can't you see he wants to rest? Basket! *(He strikes a match and begins to light his pipe. Estragon sees the chicken bones on the ground and stares at them greedily. As Lucky does not move Pozzo throws the match angrily away and jerks the rope.)* Basket! *(Lucky starts, almost falls, recovers his senses, advances, puts the bottle in the basket and goes back to his place. Estragon stares at the bones. Pozzo strikes another match and lights his pipe.)* What can you expect, it's not his job. *(He pulls at his pipe, stretches out his legs.)* Ah! That's better.

Estragon *(timidly)*. Please Sir...

Pozzo. What is it, my good man?

Estragon. Er... you've finished with the... er... you don't need the... er... bones, Sir?

Vladimir *(scandalized)*. You couldn't have waited?

Pozzo. No no, he does well to ask. Do I need the bones? *(He turns them over with the end of his whip.)* No, personally I do not need them any more. *(Estragon takes a step towards the bones.)* But... *(Estragon stops short.)*... but in theory the bones go to the carrier. He is therefore the one to ask. *(Estragon turns towards Lucky, hesitates.)* Go on, go on, don't be afraid, ask him, he'll tell you.

Estragon goes towards Lucky, stops before him.

Estragon. Excuse me, Mister, the bones, you won't be wanting the bones?

Lucky looks long at Estragon.

Pozzo. Do you want them or don't you? *(Silence of Lucky. To Estragon.)* They're yours. *(Estragon makes a dart at the bones, picks them up and begins to gnaw them.)*

I don't like it. I've never known him to refuse a bone before. (*He looks anxiously at Lucky.*) Nice business it'd be if he fell sick on me! (*He puffs at his pipe.*)

Vladimir (*exploding*). It's a scandal!

Silence. Flabbergasted, Estragon stops gnawing, looks at Pozzo and Vladimir in turn. Pozzo outwardly calm. Vladimir embarrassed.

Pozzo (*to Vladimir*). Are you alluding to anything in particular?

Vladimir (*stutteringly resolute*). To treat a man... (*gesture towards Lucky*)... like that... it's a scandal!

Estragon (*not to be outdone*). A disgrace! (*He resumes his gnawing*).

Pozzo (*to Vladimir*). I beg your pardon? (*Silence.*) Perhaps you didn't speak? (*Silence.*) It's of no importance.

Vladimir. Let's go.

Estragon. So soon?

Pozzo. One moment! (*He jerks the rope.*) Stool!

He points with his whip. Lucky moves the stool. He fills his pipe.

Vladimir (*vehemently*). Let's go!

Pozzo (*having lit his pipe*). Think twice before you do anything rash. Suppose you go now while it is still day, for there is no denying it is still day. (*They all look up at the sky.*) What happens in that case to your appointment with this... Godet... Godot... Godin... who has your future in his hands... (*pause*) at least your immediate future?

Vladimir. Who told you?

Pozzo. He speaks to me again! If this goes on much longer we'll soon be old friends.

Estragon. Why doesn't he put down his bags?

Vladimir. Why he doesn't put down his bags?

Pozzo. You want to know why he doesn't put down his bags, as you call them.

Vladimir. That's it.

Pozzo. The answer is this.

Estragon. What is it?

Vladimir. He's about to speak.

Estragon goes over beside Vladimir. Motionless, side by side, they wait.

Pozzo. Good. Is everybody ready? (*He puts the pipe in his pocket, takes out a little vaporizer and sprays his throat, puts back the vaporizer in his pocket, clears his throat, spits, takes out the vaporizer again, sprays his throat again, puts back the vaporizer in his pocket.*) I am ready. Is everybody listening? Let me see... What was it exactly you wanted to know?

Vladimir. Why he...

Vladimir mimics one carrying a heavy burden. Pozzo looks at him, puzzled.

Estragon (*forcibly*). Bags. (*He points at Lucky.*) Why? Always hold. (*He sags, panting.*) Never put down. (*He opens his hands, straightens up with relief.*) Why?

Pozzo. Ah! Why he doesn't make himself comfortable? Let's try and get this clear. Has he not the right to? Certainly he has. It follows that he doesn't want to. (*Pause.*) Gentlemen, the reason is this.

Vladimir (*to Estragon*). Make a note of this.

Pozzo. He wants to impress me, so that I'll keep him.

Vladimir. You want to get rid of him?

Pozzo. He wants to con me, but he won't.

Vladimir. You want to get rid of him?

Pozzo. He imagines that when I see how well he carries I'll be tempted to keep him on in that capacity.

Vladimir. You waagerrim?

Pozzo. I beg your pardon?

Vladimir. You want to get rid of him?

Pozzo. I do. But instead of simply kicking him out on his arse, in the goodness of my heart I am bringing him to the fair, where I hope to get a good price for him. The truth is you can't drive such creatures away. The best thing would be to kill them.

Lucky weeps.

Estragon. He's crying!

Pozzo. Old dogs have more dignity. *(He proffers his handkerchief to Estragon.)* Comfort him, since you pity him.

Estragon hesitates.

Vladimir. Here, give it to me, I'll do it.

Estragon refuses to give the handkerchief. Childish gestures.

Pozzo. Make haste, before he stops. *(Estragon approaches Lucky and makes to wipe his eyes. Lucky kicks him violently in the shins. Estragon drops the handkerchief, recoils, staggers about the stage howling with pain.)* Hanky! *(Lucky puts down bag and basket, picks up handkerchief and gives it to Pozzo, goes back to his place, picks up bag and basket.)*

Estragon. Oh the swine! *(He pulls up the leg of his trousers.)* He's crippled me!

Vladimir *(to Estragon).* Show me. *(Estragon shows his leg. To Pozzo, angrily.)* He's bleeding!

Estragon *(on one leg).* I'll never walk again!

Pozzo. He's stopped crying. *(To Estragon.)* You have replaced him as it were. *(Lyrically.)* The tears of the world are a constant quantity. For each one who begins to weep, somewhere else another stops.

Vladimir. Try and walk.

Estragon takes a few limping steps, stops before Lucky and spits on him, then goes and sits down on the mound.

Pozzo. Guess who taught me all these beautiful things. *(Pause. Pointing to Lucky.)* My Lucky!

Vladimir. And now you turn him away? Such an old and faithful servant!

Estragon. Swine!

Pozzo more and more agitated.

Pozzo *(groaning, clutching his head).* I can't bear it... any longer... the way he goes on... you've no idea... it's terrible... he must go... *(He waves his arms.)* I'm going mad... *(He collapses, his head in his hands.)* I can't bear it... any longer...

Silence. All look at Pozzo.

Estragon. Does he want someone to take his place or not?

Vladimir. I don't think so.

Estragon. Ask him.

Pozzo *(calmer).* Gentlemen, I don't know what came over me. Forgive me. Forget all I said. *(More and more his old self.)* I don't remember exactly what it was, but you may be sure there wasn't a word of truth in it. *(Drawing himself up, striking his chest.)* Do I look like a man that can be made to suffer? Frankly?

SCENE 8

Pozzo *(he rummages in his pockets).* What have I done with my pipe?

Vladimir. Charming evening we're having.

Estragon. Unforgettable.

Vladimir. And it's not over.

Estragon. Apparently not.

Vladimir. It's only beginning.

Estragon. It's awful.

Vladimir. Worse than the pantomime.

Estragon. The circus.

Vladimir. The music-hall.

Pozzo. What can I have done with that pipe?

Estragon. He's a scream. He's lost his dudeen. *(Laughs noisily.)*

Vladimir. I'll be back. *(He hastens towards the wings.)*

Estragon. End of the corridor, on the left.

Vladimir. Keep my seat. *(Exit.)*

Pozzo. Oh! He's gone! Without saying goodbye! How could he! He might have waited!

Estragon. He would have burst.

Pozzo. Oh! *(Pause.)* Oh well then of course in that case...

Estragon. Come here.

Pozzo. What for?

Estragon. Quick!

Pozzo gets up and goes over beside Estragon. Estragon points up off.

Estragon. Look!

Pozzo *(having put on his glasses).* Oh I say!

Estragon. It's all over.

Enter Vladimir, sombre. He shoulders Lucky out of his way, kicks over the stool, comes and goes agitatedly.

Pozzo. He's not pleased.

Estragon *(to Vladimir).* You missed a treat. Pity.

SCENE 9

Vladimir halts, straightens the stool, comes and goes, calmer.

Vladimir. Will night never come?

All three look at the sky.

Pozzo. I myself in your situation, if I had an appointment with a Godin... Godet... Godot... anyhow, you see who I mean, I'd wait till it was black night before I gave up.

Estragon *(to Pozzo).* Everything seems black to him today.

Pozzo. Except the firmament. *(He laughs, pleased with this witticism.)* But I see what it is, you are not from these parts, you don't know what our twilights can do. Shall I tell you? *(Silence. Estragon is fiddling with his boot again, Vladimir with his hat. Pozzo cracks his whip feebly.)* What's the matter with this whip? *(He gets up and cracks it more vigorously, finally with success. Lucky jumps. Vladimir's hat, Estragon's boot, Lucky's hat, fall to the ground. Pozzo throws down the whip.)* Worn out, this whip. *(He looks at Vladimir and Estragon.)* What was I saying?

Vladimir. Let's go.

Pozzo *(who hasn't listened).* Ah yes! The night. *(He looks at the sky.)* Look! *(All look at the sky except Lucky who is dozing off again. Pozzo jerks the rope.)* Will you look at the sky, pig! *(Lucky looks at the sky.)* That's enough. *(They stop looking at the sky.)* What is there so extraordinary about it?

It is pale and luminous like any sky at this hour of the day. (*Pause.*) But... behind this veil of gentleness and peace, night is charging (*vibrantly*) and will burst upon us (*Snaps his fingers.*) Pop! Like that! (*Silence. Gloomily.*) That's how it is on this bitch of an earth. (*He picks up his hat, peers inside it, shakes it, puts it on.*) How did you find me? (*Vladimir and Estragon look at him blankly.*) Good? Poor? Positively bad?

Vladimir (*first to understand*). Oh very good, very very good.

Pozzo (*to Estragon*). And you, Sir?

Estragon. Oh tray bong, tray tray tray bong.

Pozzo (*fervently*). Bless you, gentlemen, bless you! (*Pause.*) I have such need of encouragement! You see my memory is defective.

Silence.

Estragon. In the meantime, nothing happens.

Pozzo. You find it tedious?

Estragon. Somewhat.

Pozzo (*to Vladimir*). And you, Sir?

Vladimir. I've been better entertained.

SCENE 10

Silence. Pozzo struggles inwardly.

Pozzo. Gentlemen, you have been... civil to me.

Estragon. Not at all!

Vladimir. What an idea!

Pozzo. Yes, yes. So I ask myself is there anything I can do for these honest fellows who are having such a dull, dull time.

Estragon. Even ten francs would be a help.

Vladimir. We are not beggars!

Pozzo (*he picks up the whip*). What do you prefer? Shall we have him dance, or sing, or recite, or think, or...

Vladimir. He thinks?

Pozzo. Certainly. Aloud.

Estragon. I'd rather he dance, it'd be more fun.

Pozzo. Not necessarily.

Vladimir. I'd like to hear him think.

Estragon. Perhaps he could dance first and think afterwards, if it isn't too much to ask him.

Pozzo. By all means, nothing simpler. It's the natural order.

He laughs briefly.

Vladimir. Then let him dance.

Silence.

Pozzo. Dance, misery!

Lucky puts down bag and basket, advances towards front, turns to Pozzo. Lucky dances. He stops.

Estragon. Is that all?

Pozzo. Encore!

Lucky executes the same movements, stops.

Estragon. Pooh! I'd do as well myself. (*He imitates Lucky, almost falls.*) With a little practice.

Lucky makes to return to his burdens.

Pozzo. Woaah!

Lucky stiffens.

Estragon. Wait!

Vladimir. Wait!

Pozzo. Wait!

All three take off their hats simultaneously, press their hands to their foreheads, concentrate.

Estragon. Why doesn't he put down his bags?

Vladimir. He has put them down.

Estragon. And why has he put them down?

Pozzo. Answer us that.

Vladimir. In order to dance.

Estragon. True!

Pozzo. True!

Silence. They put on their hats.

SCENE 11

Estragon. Nothing happens, nobody comes, nobody goes, it's awful!

Vladimir (to Pozzo). Tell him to think.

Pozzo. Give him his hat.

Vladimir. His hat?

Pozzo. He can't think without his hat.

Vladimir. I'll give it to him.

He picks up the hat and tenders it at arm's length to Lucky, who does not move.

Pozzo. You must put it on his head.

Estragon (to Pozzo). Tell him to take it.

Pozzo. It's better to put it on his head.

Vladimir. I'll put it on his head.

He goes round behind Lucky, approaches him cautiously, puts the hat on his head and recoils smartly. Lucky does not move. Silence.

Estragon. What's he waiting for?

Pozzo. Stand back! (Vladimir and Estragon move away from Lucky. Pozzo jerks the rope. Lucky looks at Pozzo.) Think, pig! (Pause. Lucky begins to dance.) Stop! (Lucky stops.) Forward! (Lucky advances.) Stop! (Lucky stops.) Think!

Silence.

Lucky. On the other hand with regard to...

Pozzo. Stop! (Lucky stops.) Back! (Lucky moves back.) Stop! (Lucky stops.) Turn! (Lucky turns towards auditorium.) Think!

During Lucky's tirade the others react as follows.

- 1) Vladimir and Estragon all attention, Pozzo dejected and disgusted.
- 2) Vladimir and Estragon begin to protest, Pozzo's sufferings increase.
- 3) Vladimir and Estragon attentive again, Pozzo more and more agitated and groaning.
- 4) Vladimir and Estragon protest violently. Pozzo jumps up, pulls on the rope. General outcry. Lucky pulls on the rope, staggers, shouts his text. All three throw themselves on Lucky who struggles and shouts his text.

Lucky. Given the existence as uttered forth in the public works of Puncher and Wattmann of a personal God quaquaquaqua with white beard quaquaquaqua outside time without extension who from the heights of divine apathia divine athambia divine aphasia loves us dearly with some exceptions for reasons unknown but time will tell and suffers like the divine Miranda with those who for reasons unknown but time will tell are plunged in torment plunged in fire whose fire flames if that continues and who can doubt it will fire the firmament that is to say blast hell to heaven so blue still and calm so calm with a calm which even though intermittent is better than nothing but not so fast and considering what is more that as a result of the labors left unfinished crowned by the Acacacademy of Anthropopometry of Essy-in-Possy of Testew and Cunard it is established beyond all doubt all other doubt than that which clings to the labors of men that as a result of the labors unfinished of Testew and Cunard it is established as hereinafter but not so fast for reasons unknown that as a result of the public works of Puncher and Wattmann it is established beyond all doubt that in view of the labors of Fartov and Belcher left unfinished for reasons unknown of Testew and Cunard left unfinished it is established what many deny that man in Possy of Testew and Cunard that man in Essy that man in short that man in brief in spite of the strides of alimentation and defecation wastes and pines wastes and pines and concurrently simultaneously what is more for reasons unknown in spite of the strides of physical culture the practice of sports such as tennis football running cycling swimming flying floating riding gliding conating camogie skating tennis of all kinds dying flying sports of all sorts autumn summer winter winter tennis of all kinds hockey of all sorts penicillin and succedanea in a word I resume flying gliding golf over nine and eighteen holes tennis of all sorts in a word for reasons unknown in Feckham Peckham Fulham Clapham namely concurrently simultaneously what is more for reasons unknown but time will tell fades away I resume Fulham Clapham in a word the dead loss per head since the death of Bishop Berkeley being to the tune of one inch four ounce per head approximately by and large more or less to the nearest decimal good measure round figures stark naked in the stockinged feet in Connemara in a word for reasons unknown no matter what matter the facts are there and considering what is more much more grave that in the light of the labors lost of Steinweg and Peterman it appears what is more much more grave that in the light the light the light of the labors lost of Steinweg and Peterman that in the plains

in the mountains by the seas by the rivers running water running fire the air is the same and then the earth namely the air and then the earth in the great cold the great dark the air and the earth abode of stones in the great cold alas alas in the year of their Lord six hundred and something the air the earth the sea the earth abode of stones in the great deeps the great cold on sea on land and in the air I resume for reasons unknown in spite of the tennis the facts are there but time will tell I resume alas alas on on in short in fine on on abode of stones who can doubt it I resume but not so fast I resume the skull fading fading fading and concurrently simultaneously what is more for reasons unknown in spite of the tennis on on the beard the flames the tears the stones so blue so calm alas alas on on the skull the skull the skull the skull in Connemara in spite of the tennis the labors abandoned left unfinished graver still abode of stones in a word I resume alas alas abandoned unfinished the skull the skull in Connemara in spite of the tennis the skull alas the stones Cunard (*mêlée, final vociferations*) tennis... the stones... so calm... Cunard... unfinished...

Pozzo. His hat!

*Vladimir seizes Lucky's hat. Silence of Lucky. He falls. Silence.
Panting of the victors.*

Estragon. Avenged!

Vladimir examines the hat, peers inside it.

Pozzo. Give me that! (*He snatches the hat from Vladimir, throws it on the ground, tramples on it.*) There's an end to his thinking!

*Vladimir and Estragon hoist Lucky to his feet, support him an instant,
then let him go. He falls. They raise Lucky, hold him up.*

Pozzo. Don't let him go! (*Vladimir and Estragon totter.*) Don't move! (*Pozzo fetches bag and basket and brings them towards Lucky.*) Hold him tight! (*He puts the bag in Lucky's hand. Lucky drops it immediately.*) Don't let him go! (*He puts the bag back in Lucky's hand. Gradually, at the feel of the bag, Lucky recovers his senses and his fingers finally close round the handle.*) Hold him tight! (*As before with basket.*) Now! You can let him go. (*Vladimir and Estragon move away from Lucky who totters, reels, sags, but succeeds in remaining on his feet, bag and basket in his hands. Pozzo steps back, cracks his whip.*) Forward! (*Lucky totters forward.*) Back! (*Lucky totters back.*) Turn! (*Lucky turns.*) Done it! He can walk. (*Turning to Vladimir and Estragon.*) Thank you, gentlemen, and let me...

(He fumbles in his pockets.)... let me wish you... (fumbles) wish you... (fumbles) what have I done with my watch? (He doubles up in an attempt to apply his ear to his stomach, listens. Silence.) I hear nothing. (He beckons them to approach, Vladimir and Estragon go over to him, bend over his stomach.) Surely one should hear the tick-tick.

Vladimir. Silence!

All listen, bent double.

Pozzo. Which of you smells so bad?

Estragon. He has stinking breath and I have stinking feet.

Pozzo. I must go.

Silence.

Estragon. Then adieu.

Pozzo. Adieu.

Vladimir. Adieu.

Pozzo. Adieu.

Silence. No one moves.

Pozzo. I don't seem to be able... *(long hesitation)* to depart.

Estragon. Such is life.

Pozzo turns, moves away from Lucky towards the wings, paying out the rope as she goes.

Vladimir. You're going the wrong way.

Pozzo. I need a running start. *(Having come to the end of the rope, i.e., off stage, she stops, turns and cries.)* Stand back! *(Vladimir and Estragon stand back, look towards Pozzo. Crack of whip.)* On! On!

Estragon. On!

Vladimir. On!

Lucky moves off.

Pozzo. Faster! *(He appears, crosses the stage preceded by Lucky. Vladimir and Estragon wave their hats. Exit Lucky.)* On! On! *(On the point of disappearing through the curtain he stops and turns. The rope tautens. Noise of Lucky falling off.)* Stool! *(Vladimir fetches stool and gives it to Pozzo who throws it to Lucky.)* Adieu!

Vladimir and Estragon *(waving).* Adieu! Adieu!

Pozzo. Up! Pig! *(Noise of Lucky getting up.)* On! *(Exit Pozzo.)* Faster! On! Adieu! Pig! Yip! Adieu!

Long silence.

SCENE 12

Vladimir. That passed the time.

Estragon. It would have passed in any case.

Vladimir. Yes, but not so rapidly.

Pause.

Estragon. What do we do now?

Vladimir. I don't know.

Estragon. Let's go.

Vladimir. We can't.

Estragon. Why not?

Vladimir. We're waiting for Godot.

Estragon *(despairingly).* Ah!

Pause.

Vladimir. How they've changed!

Estragon. Who?

Vladimir. Those two.

Estragon. I don't know them.

Vladimir. We know them, I tell you. You forget everything.

Estragon. Why didn't they recognize us then?

Vladimir. Unless they're not the same...

Boy (off). Mister!

Estragon halts. Both look towards the voice.

Estragon. Off we go again.

Vladimir. Approach, my child.

Enter Boy, timidly, from top of house right stairs. He halts.

Boy. Mister Albert...?

Estragon (violently). Will you approach! *(The Boy advances timidly.)* What kept you so late?

Vladimir. You have a message from Mr. Godot?

Boy. Yes Sir.

Vladimir. Well, what is it?

Estragon. What kept you so late?

The Boy looks at them in turn, not knowing to which he should reply.

Boy. I was afraid, Sir.

Estragon. Afraid of what? Of us? *(Pause.)* Answer me!

Vladimir. I know what it is, he was afraid of the others.

Estragon. How long have you been here?

Boy. A good while, Sir.

Estragon (shaking the Boy by the arm). Tell us the truth!

Boy (trembling). But it is the truth, Sir!

Vladimir. Will you let him alone! What's the matter with you? *(Estragon releases the Boy, limps to his place, sits down and begins to take off his boots. To Boy.)* Well?

Silence.

Vladimir. Words words. *(Pause.)* Speak.

Boy (in a rush). Mr. Godot told me to tell you he won't come this evening but surely tomorrow.

Silence.

Vladimir. Is that all?

Boy. Yes Sir.

Silence.

Vladimir. You work for Mr. Godot?

Boy. Yes Sir.

Vladimir. Is he good to you?

Boy. Yes Sir.

Vladimir. He doesn't beat you?

Boy. No Sir, not me.

Vladimir. Whom does he beat?

Boy. He beats my brother, Sir.

Vladimir. Ah, you have a brother?

Boy. Yes Sir.

Silence.

Vladimir. Does he feed you well?

Boy. Fairly well, Sir.

Vladimir. You're not unhappy?

Boy. I don't know, Sir.

Vladimir. You don't know if you're unhappy or not?

Boy. No Sir.

Vladimir. You're as bad as myself.

Silence.

Vladimir. All right, you may go.

Boy. What am I to tell Mr. Godot, Sir?

Vladimir. Tell him... *(he hesitates)*... tell him you saw us. *(Pause.)* You did see us, didn't you?

Boy. Yes Sir.

He steps back, hesitates, turns and exit running.

SCENE 13

The light suddenly fails. In a moment it is night. The moon rises at back, mounts in the sky, stands still, shedding a pale light on the scene.

Vladimir. At last! *(Estragon gets up and goes towards Vladimir, a boot in each hand. He puts them down at edge of stage, straightens and contemplates the moon.)* What are you doing?

Estragon *(turning to look at the boots).* I'm leaving them there.

Vladimir. But you can't go barefoot!

Estragon. Christ did.

Vladimir. But where he lived it was warm, it was dry!

Estragon. Yes. And they crucified quick.

Silence.

Vladimir. We must take cover. *(He takes Estragon by the arm.)* Come on.

He draws Estragon after him. Estragon yields, then resists. They halt.

Estragon *(looking at the tree).* Pity we haven't got a bit of rope.

Vladimir. Come on. It's cold.

He draws Estragon after him. As before.

Estragon. Remind me to bring a bit of rope tomorrow.

Vladimir. Yes. Come on.

He draws him after him. As before.

Estragon. How long have we been together all the time now?

Vladimir. I don't know. Fifty years maybe.

He draws him after him. As before.

Estragon. Wait! (*He moves away from Vladimir.*) I sometimes wonder if we wouldn't have been better off alone, each one for himself. (*He crosses the stage and sits down on the mound.*) We weren't made for the same road.

Vladimir (*without anger*). It's not certain.

Estragon. No, nothing is certain.

Vladimir slowly crosses the stage and sits down beside Estragon.

Vladimir. We can still part, if you think it would be better.

Estragon. It's not worthwhile now.

Silence.

Vladimir. No, it's not worthwhile now.

Silence.

Estragon. Well, shall we go?

Vladimir. Yes, let's go.

*They do not move.
Curtain.*

ACT II

SCENE 1

Next day. Same time. Same place. Estragon's boots front centre, heels together, toes splayed. Lucky's hat at same place. The tree has four or five leaves. Enter Vladimir agitatedly. He halts and looks long at the tree, then suddenly begins to move feverishly about the stage. He halts before the boots, picks one up, examines it, sniffs it, manifests disgust, puts it back carefully. Comes and goes. Halts extreme right and gazes into distance off, shading his eyes with his hand. Comes and goes. Halts extreme left, as before. Comes and goes. Halts suddenly and begins to sing loudly.

A DOG CAME IN...

Having begun too high he stops, clears his throat, resumes.

A DOG CAME IN THE KITCHEN
AND STOLE A CRUST OF BREAD.
THEN COOK UP WITH A LADLE
AND BEAT HIM TILL HE WAS DEAD.

THEN ALL THE DOGS CAME RUNNING
AND DUG THE DOG A TOMB...

He stops, broods, resumes.

THEN ALL THE DOGS CAME RUNNING
AND DUG THE DOG A TOMB
AND WROTE UPON THE TOMBSTONE
FOR THE EYES OF DOGS TO COME.

A DOG CAME IN THE KITCHEN
AND STOLE A CRUST OF BREAD.
THEN COOK UP WITH A LADLE
AND BEAT HIM TILL HE WAS DEAD.

THEN ALL THE DOGS CAME RUNNING
AND DUG THE DOG A TOMB...

He stops, broods, resumes.

THEN ALL THE DOGS CAME RUNNING
AND DUG THE DOG A TOMB...

He stops, broods. Softly.

AND DUG THE DOG A TOMB...

He remains a moment silent and motionless, then begins to move feverishly about the stage. He halts before the tree, comes and goes, before the boots, comes and goes, halts extreme right, gazes into distance, extreme left, gazes into distance.

SCENE 2

*Enter Estragon right, barefoot, head bowed.
He slowly crosses the stage. Vladimir turns and sees him.*

Vladimir. You again! (*Estragon halts but does not raise his head. Vladimir goes towards him.*) Come here till I embrace you.

Estragon. Don't touch me!

Vladimir holds back, pained.

Vladimir. Do you want me to go away? (*Pause.*) Gogo! (*Pause. Vladimir observes him attentively.*) Did they beat you? (*Pause.*) Gogo! (*Estragon remains silent, head bowed.*) Where did you spend the night?

Estragon. Don't touch me! Don't question me! Don't speak to me! Stay with me!

Vladimir. Did I ever leave you?

Estragon. You let me go.

Vladimir. Look at me. (*Estragon does not raise his head. Violently.*) Will you look at me!

*Estragon raises his head. They look long at each other, then suddenly embrace, clapping each other on the back. End of the embrace.
Estragon, no longer supported, almost falls.*

Estragon. What a day!

Vladimir. Who beat you? Tell me.

Estragon. Another day done with.

Vladimir. Not yet.

Estragon. For me it's over and done with, no matter what happens. I heard you singing.

Vladimir. That's right, I remember.

Estragon. That finished me. I said to myself, he's all alone, he thinks I'm gone for ever, and he sings.

Vladimir. I missed you... and at the same time I was happy. Isn't that a strange thing?

Estragon (*shocked*). Happy?

Vladimir. Perhaps it's not quite the right word.

Estragon. And now?

Vladimir. Now? ... (*Joyous.*) There you are again... (*Indifferent.*) There we are again... (*Gloomy.*) There I am again.

Estragon. You see, you feel worse when I'm with you. I feel better alone too.

Vladimir (*vexed*). Then why do you always come crawling back?

Estragon. I don't know.

Vladimir. No, but I do. It's because you don't know how to defend yourself. I wouldn't have let them beat you.

Estragon. You couldn't have stopped them.

Vladimir. Why not?

Estragon. There was ten of them.

Vladimir. No, I mean before they beat you. I would have stopped you from doing whatever it was you were doing.

Estragon. I wasn't doing anything.

Vladimir. Then why did they beat you?

Estragon. I don't know.

Vladimir. Ah no, Gogo, the truth is there are things that escape you that don't escape me, you must feel it yourself.

Estragon. I tell you I wasn't doing anything.

Vladimir. Perhaps you weren't. But it's the way of doing it that counts, the way of doing it, if you want to go on living.

Estragon. I wasn't doing anything.

Vladimir. You must be happy too, deep down, if you only knew it.

Estragon. Happy about what?

Vladimir. To be back with me again.

Estragon. Would you say so?

Vladimir. Say you are, even if it's not true.

Estragon. What am I to say?

Vladimir. Say, I am happy.

Estragon. I am happy.

Vladimir. So am I.

Estragon. So am I.

Vladimir. We are happy.

Estragon. We are happy. (*Silence.*) What do we do now, now that we are happy?

Vladimir. Wait for Godot. (*Estragon groans. Silence.*)

SCENE 3

Vladimir. Things have changed here since yesterday.

Estragon. Everything oozes.

Vladimir. The tree, look at the tree.

Estragon (*he looks at the tree*). Was it not there yesterday?

Vladimir. Yes of course it was there. Do you not remember? We nearly hanged ourselves from it. But you wouldn't. Do you not remember?

Estragon. You dreamt it.

Vladimir. Is it possible you've forgotten already?

Estragon. That's the way I am. Either I forget immediately or I never forget.

Vladimir. And Pozzo and Lucky, have you forgotten them too?

Estragon. Pozzo and Lucky?

Vladimir. He's forgotten everything!

Estragon. I remember a lunatic who kicked the shins off me. Then he played the fool.

Vladimir. That was Lucky.

Estragon. I remember that. But when was it?

Vladimir. And his keeper, do you not remember him?

Estragon. He gave me a bone.

Vladimir. That was Pozzo.

Estragon. And all that was yesterday, you say?

Vladimir. Yes of course it was yesterday.

Estragon. And here where we are now?

Vladimir. Where else do you think? Do you not recognise the place?

Estragon (*suddenly furious*). Recognise! What is there to recognise? All my lousy life I've crawled about in the mud! And you talk to me about scenery! (*Silence. Vladimir sighs deeply.*)

Vladimir. You're a hard man to get on with, Gogo.

Estragon. It'd be better if we parted.

Vladimir. You always say that and you always come crawling back.

Estragon. The best thing would be to kill me, like the other.

Vladimir. What other? (*Pause.*) What other?

Estragon. Like billions of others.

Vladimir (*sententious*). To every man his little cross. (*He sighs.*) Till he dies. (*Afterthought.*) And is forgotten.

Estragon. In the meantime let us try and converse calmly, since we are incapable of keeping silent.

Vladimir. You're right, we're inexhaustible.

Estragon. It's so we won't think.

Vladimir. We have that excuse.

Estragon. It's so we won't hear.

Vladimir. We have our reasons.

Estragon. All the dead voices.

Vladimir. They make a noise like wings.

Estragon. Like leaves.

Vladimir. Like sand.

Estragon. Like leaves.

Silence.

Vladimir. What do they say?

Estragon. They talk about their lives.

Vladimir. To have lived is not enough for them.

Estragon. They have to talk about it.

Vladimir. To be dead is not enough for them.

Estragon. It is not sufficient.

Silence.

Vladimir. They make a noise like feathers.

Estragon. Like leaves.

Vladimir. Likes ashes.

Estragon. Like leaves.

Long silence.

SCENE 4

Vladimir. Say something!

Estragon. I'm trying.

Vladimir (*in anguish*). Say anything at all!

Estragon. What do we do now?

Vladimir. Wait for Godot.

Estragon. Ah!

Silence.

Vladimir. This is awful!

Estragon. Sing something.

Vladimir. No no! (*He reflects.*) We could start all over again perhaps.

Estragon. That should be easy.

Vladimir. It's the start that's difficult.

Estragon. You can start from anything.

Vladimir. Yes, but you have to decide.

Estragon. True.

Silence.

Vladimir. Help me!

Estragon. I'm trying.

Silence.

Estragon. Well?

Vladimir. What was I saying, we could go on from there.

Estragon. What were you saying when?

Vladimir. At the very beginning.

Estragon. The very beginning of WHAT?

Vladimir. This evening... I was saying... I was saying...

Estragon. I'm not a historian.

Vladimir. Wait... we embraced... we were happy... happy... what do we do now that we're happy... go on waiting... waiting... let me think... it's coming... go on waiting... now that we're happy... let me see... ah! The tree!

Estragon. The tree?

Vladimir. Do you not remember?

Estragon. I'm tired.

Vladimir. Look at it.

They look at the tree.

Estragon. I see nothing.

Vladimir. But yesterday evening it was all black and bare. And now it's covered with leaves.

Estragon. It must be the Spring.

Vladimir. But in a single night!

Estragon. I tell you we weren't here yesterday. Another of your nightmares.

Vladimir. Try and remember.

Estragon. Do... I suppose we blathered.

Vladimir (*controlling himself*). About what?

Estragon. Oh... this and that I suppose, nothing in particular. (*With assurance.*) Yes, now I remember, yesterday evening we spent blathering about nothing in particular. That's been going on now for half a century.

Vladimir. You don't remember any fact, any circumstance?

Estragon (*weary*). Don't torment me, Didi.

Vladimir. The sun. The moon. Do you not remember?

Estragon. They must have been there, as usual.

Vladimir. You didn't notice anything out of the ordinary?

Estragon. Alas!

Vladimir. And Pozzo? And Lucky?

Estragon. Pozzo?

Vladimir. The bones.

Estragon. They were like fishbones.

Vladimir. And the kick.

Estragon. That's right, someone gave me a kick.

Vladimir. It was Lucky gave it to you.

Estragon. And all that was yesterday?

Vladimir. Show me your leg. Pull up your trousers.

Estragon. I can't.

Vladimir pulls up the trousers, looks at the leg, lets it go. Estragon almost falls.

Vladimir. The other. (*Estragon gives the same leg.*) The other, pig! (*Estragon gives the other leg. Triumphantly.*) There's the wound! Beginning to fester!

Estragon. And what about it?

SCENE 5

Vladimir (*letting go the leg*). Where are your boots?

Estragon. I must have thrown them away.

Vladimir. When?

Estragon. I don't know.

Vladimir. Why?

Estragon (*exasperated*). Because they were hurting me!

Vladimir (*triumphantly, pointing to the boots*). There they are! At the very spot where you left them yesterday!

Estragon goes towards the boots, inspects them closely.

Estragon. They're not mine.

Vladimir (*stupefied*). Not yours!

Estragon. Mine were black. These are brown.

Vladimir. Show me.

Estragon (*picking up a boot*). Well they're a kind of green.

Vladimir. Show me. (*Estragon hands him the boot. Vladimir inspects it, throws it down angrily.*) It's elementary. Someone came and took yours and left you his.

Estragon. Why?

Vladimir. His were too tight for him, so he took yours.

Estragon. But mine were too tight.

Vladimir. For you. Not for him.

Estragon (*having tried in vain to work it out*). I'm tired! (*Pause.*) Let's go.

Vladimir. We can't.

Estragon. Why not?

Vladimir. We're waiting for Godot.

Estragon. Ah! (*Vladimir walks up and down. Pause. Despairing.*) What'll we do, what'll we do!

Vladimir. There's nothing we can do.

Estragon. But I can't go on like this!

Vladimir. Would you like a radish? (*Vladimir fumbles in his pockets, finds nothing but turnips, finally brings out a radish and hands it to Estragon who examines it, sniffs it.*)

Estragon. It's black!

Vladimir. It's a radish.

Estragon. I only like the pink ones, you know that!

Vladimir. Then give it back to me.

Estragon (*He gives it back*). I'll go and get a carrot. (*He does not move.*)

Vladimir. This is becoming really insignificant.

Estragon. Not enough.

Silence.

Vladimir. What about trying them.

Estragon. Would that be a good thing?

Vladimir. It'd pass the time. (*Estragon hesitates.*) I assure you, it'd be an occupation. Try.

Estragon. You'll help me?

Vladimir. I will of course.

Estragon. We don't manage too badly, eh Didi, between the two of us?

Vladimir. Yes yes. Come on, we'll try the left first.

Estragon. We always find something, eh Didi, to give us the impression we exist?

Vladimir (*impatiently*). Yes yes, we're magicians. (*He picks up a boot.*) Come on, give me your foot. (*Estragon raises his foot.*) The other, hog! (*Estragon raises the other foot.*) Higher! (*Wreathed together they stagger about the stage. Vladimir succeeds finally in getting on the boot.*) Try and walk. (*Estragon walks.*) Well?

Estragon. It fits.

Vladimir (*taking string from his pocket*). We'll try and lace it.

Estragon (*vehemently*). No no, no laces, no laces!

Vladimir. You'll be sorry. Let's try the other. (*As before.*) Well?

Estragon (*grudgingly*). It fits too.

Vladimir. Then you'll keep them?

Estragon. That's enough about these boots.

Vladimir. Yes, but...

Estragon (*violently*). Enough! (*Silence.*) I suppose I might as well sit down.

He looks for a place to sit down, then goes and sits down on the mound.

SCENE 6

Vladimir. That's where you were sitting yesterday evening.

Estragon. If I could only sleep.

Vladimir. Yesterday you slept.

Estragon. I'll try.

He resumes his fetal posture, his head between his knees.

Vladimir. Wait. *(He goes over and sits down beside Estragon and begins to sing in a loud voice.)*

BYE BYE BYE BYE
BYE BYE

Estragon *(looking up angrily).* Not so loud!

Vladimir *(softly).* BYE BYE BYE BYE
BYE BYE BYE BYE
BYE BYE BYE BYE
BYE BYE

Estragon sleeps. Vladimir gets up softly, takes off his coat and lays it across Estragon's shoulders, then starts walking up and down, swinging his arms to keep himself warm. Estragon wakes with a start, jumps up, casts about wildly. Vladimir runs to him, puts his arms around him.

Estragon. Ah!

Vladimir. There... there... it's all over.

Estragon. I was falling...

Vladimir. It's all over, it's all over.

Estragon. I was on top of a...

Vladimir. Don't tell me! Come, we'll walk it off. Didi is here... don't be afraid...

He takes Estragon by the arm and walks him up and down until Estragon refuses to go any further.

Estragon. That's enough. I'm tired. *(He releases Estragon, picks up his coat and puts it on.)* Let's go.

Vladimir. We can't.

Estragon. Why not?

Vladimir. We're waiting for Godot.

Estragon. Ah! *(Vladimir walks up and down.)* Can you not stay still?

Vladimir. I'm cold.

Estragon. We came too soon.

Vladimir. It's always at nightfall.

Estragon. But night doesn't fall.

Vladimir. It'll fall all of a sudden, like yesterday.

Estragon. Then it'll be night.

Vladimir. And we can go.

Estragon. Then it'll be day again. *(Pause.)*

SCENE 7

Estragon *(despairing).* What'll we do, what'll we do!

Vladimir. Lucky's hat! *(He goes towards it.)* I knew it was the right place. Now our troubles are over. *(He picks up the hat, contemplates it, straightens it.)* Must have been a very fine hat. *(He puts it on in place of his own which he hands to Estragon.)* Here.

Estragon. What?

Vladimir. Hold that.

Estragon takes Vladimir's hat. Vladimir adjusts Lucky's hat on his head. Estragon puts on Vladimir's hat in place of his own which he hands to Vladimir. Vladimir takes Estragon's hat. Estragon adjusts Vladimir's hat on his head. Vladimir puts on Estragon's hat in place of Lucky's which he hands to Estragon. Estragon takes Lucky's hat. Vladimir adjusts Estragon's hat on his head. Estragon puts on Lucky's hat in place of Vladimir's which he hands to Vladimir.

Vladimir takes his hat, Estragon adjusts Lucky's hat on his head. Vladimir puts on his hat in place of Estragon's which he hands to Estragon. Estragon takes his hat. Vladimir adjusts his hat on his head. Estragon puts on his hat in place of Lucky's which he hands to Vladimir. Vladimir takes Lucky's hat. Estragon adjusts his hat on his head. Vladimir puts on Lucky's hat in place of his own which he hands to Estragon. Estragon takes Vladimir's hat. Vladimir adjusts Lucky's hat on his head. Estragon hands Vladimir's hat back to Vladimir who takes it and hands it back to Estragon who takes it and hands it back to Vladimir who takes it and throws it down.

Vladimir. How do I look in it? *(He turns his head coquettishly to and fro, minces like a mannequin.)*

Estragon. Hideous.

Vladimir. Yes, but not more so than usual?

Estragon. Neither more nor less.

Vladimir. Then I can keep it. *(He takes off Lucky's hat, peers into it, shakes it, knocks on the crown, puts it on again.)*

Estragon. I'm going.

Silence.

Vladimir. We could play at Pozzo and Lucky. *(He imitates Lucky sagging under the weight of his baggage. Estragon looks at him with stupefaction.)* Go on.

Estragon. What am I to do?

Vladimir. Curse me!

Estragon *(after reflection)*. Naughty!

Vladimir. Stronger!

Estragon. Gonococcus! Spirochete!

Vladimir sways back and forth, doubled in two.

Vladimir. Say, Think, pig!

Estragon. Think, pig!

Silence.

Vladimir. I can't.

Estragon. That's enough of that.

Vladimir. Tell me to dance.

Estragon. I'm going.

Vladimir. Dance, hog! *(He writhes. Exit Estragon left, precipitately.)* I can't! *(He looks up, misses Estragon.)* Gogo! *(He moves wildly about the stage. Enter Estragon left, panting. He hastens towards Vladimir, falls into his arms.)* There you are again at last!

Estragon. They're coming!

Vladimir. Who?

Estragon. I don't know.

Vladimir *(triumphantly)*. It's Godot! At last! Gogo! It's Godot! We're saved! Let's go and meet him! *(He drags Estragon towards the wings. Estragon resists, pulls himself free, exit right.)* Gogo! Come back! *(Vladimir runs to extreme left, scans the horizon. Enter Estragon right, he hastens towards Vladimir, falls into his arms.)* There you are again!

Estragon. I'm in hell!

Vladimir. Where were you?

Estragon. They're coming there too!

Vladimir. We're surrounded! *(Estragon makes a rush towards back.)* Imbecile! There's no way out there. *(He takes Estragon by the arm and drags him towards front. Gesture towards front.)* There! Not a soul in sight! Off

you go! Quick! (*He pushes Estragon towards auditorium. Estragon recoils in horror.*) You won't? (*He contemplates auditorium.*) Well I can understand that. Wait till I see. (*He reflects.*) Your only hope left is to disappear.

Estragon. Where?

Vladimir. Behind the tree. (*Estragon hesitates.*) Quick! Behind the tree. (*Estragon goes and crouches behind the tree, realises he is not hidden, comes out from behind the tree.*) Decidedly this tree will not have been the slightest use to us.

Estragon (*calmer*). I lost my head. Forgive me. It won't happen again. Tell me what to do.

Vladimir. There's nothing to do.

Estragon. You go and stand there. (*He draws Vladimir to extreme right and places him with his back to the stage.*) There, don't move, and watch out. (*Vladimir scans horizon, screening his eyes with his hand. Estragon runs and takes up same position extreme left. They turn their heads and look at each other.*) Back to back like in the good old days. (*They continue to look at each other for a moment, then resume their watch. Long silence.*) Do you see anything coming?

Vladimir (*turning his head*). What?

Estragon (*louder*). Do you see anything coming?

Vladimir. No.

Estragon. Nor I.

Silence.

Vladimir and Estragon (*turning simultaneously*). Do you...

Estragon. Carry on.

Vladimir. No no, after you.

Estragon. No no, you first.

Silence. They draw closer, halt.

Vladimir. Moron!

Estragon. That's the idea, let's abuse each other.

They turn, move apart, turn again and face each other.

Vladimir. Moron!

Estragon. Vermin!

Vladimir. Abortion!

Estragon. Curate!

Vladimir. Cretin!

Estragon (*with finality*). Critic!

Vladimir. Oh!

He wilts, vanquished, and turns away.

Estragon. Now let's make it up.

Vladimir. Gogo!

Estragon. Didi!

They embrace. They separate. Silence.

Vladimir. How time flies when one has fun!

Silence.

SCENE 8

Enter Pozzo and Lucky. Pozzo is blind. Lucky burdened as before. Rope as before, but much shorter, so that Pozzo may follow more easily. Lucky wearing a different hat. At the sight of Vladimir and Estragon he stops short. Pozzo, continuing on his way, bumps into him.

Pozzo (*clutching onto Lucky who staggers*). What is it? Who is it?

*Lucky falls, drops everything and brings down Pozzo with him.
They lie helpless among the scattered baggage.*

Estragon. Is it Godot?

Vladimir. At last! (*He goes towards the heap.*)

Estragon. Is it Godot?

Vladimir. We are no longer alone, waiting for the night, waiting for Godot, waiting for... waiting. All evening we have struggled, unassisted. Now it's over. It's already tomorrow. But there's one thing I'm afraid of.

Pozzo. Help!

Estragon. What?

Vladimir. That Lucky might get going all of a sudden. Then we'd be ballocksed.

Estragon. Lucky?

Vladimir. For the moment he is inert. But he might run amuck any minute.

Pozzo. Help!

Vladimir. The best would be to take advantage of Pozzo's calling for help—

Estragon. And suppose he...

Vladimir. Let us not waste our time in idle discourse! (*Pause. Vehemently.*) What are we doing here, that is the question. And we are blessed in this, that we happen to know the answer. Yes, in this immense confusion one thing alone is clear. We are waiting for Godot to come...

Estragon. Ah!

Pozzo. Help! I'll pay you!

Estragon. How much?

Pozzo. One hundred francs!

Estragon. It's not enough.

Vladimir. I wouldn't go so far as that.

Pozzo. Two hundred!

Vladimir. We're coming!

*He tries to pull Pozzo to his feet, fails, tries again, stumbles, falls,
tries to get up, fails.*

Estragon. What's the matter with you all?

Vladimir. Help!

Estragon. I'm going.

Vladimir. Help me up first, then we'll go together.

Estragon (*recoiling*). Who farted?

Vladimir. Pozzo.

Pozzo. Here! Here! Pity!

Estragon. It's revolting!

He stretches out his hand which Vladimir makes haste to seize.

Vladimir. Pull!

Estragon pulls, stumbles, falls. Long silence.

Estragon. Sweet mother earth!

Vladimir. Can you get up?

Estragon. I don't know.

Vladimir. Try.

Pozzo. Pity! Pity!

Estragon (*with a start*). What is it?

Vladimir. It's this bastard Pozzo at it again.

Estragon. Make him stop it. Kick him in the crotch.

Vladimir (*striking Pozzo*). Will you stop it! Crablouse! (*Pozzo extricates himself with cries of pain and crawls away. He stops, sees the air blindly, calling for help. Vladimir, propped on his elbow, observes his retreat.*) He's off! (*Pozzo collapses.*) He's down! Pozzo! (*Silence.*) Pozzo! (*Silence.*) No reply.

Estragon. Are you sure his name is Pozzo?

Vladimir (*alarmed*). Pozzo! Come back! We won't hurt you!

Silence.

Estragon. We might try other names. It'd pass the time. And we'd be bound to hit on the right one sooner or later.

Vladimir. I tell you his name is Pozzo.

Estragon. We'll soon see. (*He reflects.*) Abel! Abel!

Pozzo. Help!

Estragon. Got it in one!

Vladimir. I begin to weary of this motif.

Estragon. Perhaps the other is called Cain. Cain! Cain!

Pozzo. Help!

Estragon. He's all humanity.

Silence.

Estragon. Let's pass on now to something else, do you mind?

Silence.

Estragon. Suppose we got up to begin with?

Vladimir. No harm trying.

They get up.

Pozzo. Help!

Estragon. Let's go.

Vladimir. We can't.

Estragon. Why not?

Vladimir. We're waiting for Godot.

Estragon. Ah! (*Despairing.*) What'll we do, what'll we do!

Pozzo. Help!

They help Pozzo to his feet, let him go. He falls.

Vladimir. We must hold him. (*They get him up again. Pozzo sags between them, his arms round their necks.*) Feeling better?

Pozzo. Who are you?

Vladimir. Do you not recognise us?

Pozzo. I am blind.

Silence.

Estragon. Perhaps he can see into the future.

Vladimir. Since when?

Pozzo. I used to have wonderful sight... but are you friends?

Estragon (*laughing noisily*). He wants to know if we are friends!

Vladimir. No, he means friends of his.

Estragon. Well?

Vladimir. We've proved we are, by helping him.

Pozzo. You are not highwaymen?

Estragon. Highwaymen! Do we look like highwaymen?

Vladimir. Damn it can't you see the man is blind!

Estragon. Damn it so he is. (*Pause.*) So he says.

Pozzo. What time is it?

Vladimir (*inspecting the sky*). Seven o'clock... eight o'clock...

Estragon. How much longer are we to cart him around? (*They half release him, catch him again as he falls.*) We are not caryatids!

Vladimir. You were saying your sight used to be good, if I heard you right.

Pozzo. Wonderful!

Silence.

Vladimir. And it came on you all of a sudden?

Pozzo. I woke up one fine day as blind as Fortune.

Vladimir. And when was that?

Pozzo. I don't know.

Vladimir. But no later than yesterday...

Pozzo (*violently*). Don't question me! The blind have no notion of time.

Estragon. I'm going.

Pozzo. Where is my menial?

Vladimir. He's about somewhere.

Pozzo. Go and see if he is hurt.

Vladimir (*to Estragon*). You go.

Estragon. After what he did to me? Never!

Pozzo. Yes yes, let your friend go, he stinks so. (*Silence.*) What is he waiting for?

Vladimir. What are you waiting for?

Estragon. I'm waiting for Godot.

Silence. He goes towards Lucky.

Vladimir. Make sure he's alive before you start. No point in exerting yourself if he's dead.

Estragon (*bending over Lucky*). He's breathing.

Vladimir. Then let him have it.

With sudden fury Estragon starts kicking Lucky, hurling abuse at him as he does so. But he hurts his foot and moves away, limping and groaning. Lucky stirs.

Estragon. Oh the brute!

He sits down on the mound and tries to take off his boot. But he soon desists and disposes himself for sleep, his arms on his knees and his head on his arms.

Pozzo. What's gone wrong now?

Vladimir. My friend has hurt himself. We met yesterday. *(Silence.)* Do you not remember?

Pozzo. I don't remember having met anyone yesterday.

Vladimir. But...

Pozzo. Enough! Up pig! *(Lucky gets up, gathers up his burdens.)* Whip! *(Lucky puts everything down, looks for whip, finds it, puts it into Pozzo's hand, takes up everything again.)* Rope! *(Lucky puts everything down, puts end of rope into Pozzo's hand, takes up everything again.)*

Vladimir. Before you go tell him to sing.

Pozzo. To sing?

Vladimir. Yes. Or to think.

Pozzo. But he is dumb.

Vladimir. Dumb! Since when?

Pozzo *(suddenly furious).* Have you not done tormenting me with your accursed time! It's abominable! When! When! One day, is that not enough for you, one day he went dumb, one day I went blind, one day we'll go deaf, one day we were born, one day we shall die, the same day, the same second, is that not enough for you? *(Calmer.)* They give birth astride of a grave, the light gleams an instant, then it's night once more. *(He jerks the rope.)* On!

Exeunt Pozzo and Lucky. Vladimir follows them to the edge of the stage, looks after them. The noise of falling, reinforced by mimic of Vladimir, announces that they are down again. Silence.

SCENE 9

Vladimir goes towards Estragon, contemplates him a moment, then shakes him awake.

Estragon *(wild gestures, incoherent words. Finally).* Why will you never let me sleep?

Vladimir. I felt lonely.

Estragon. I was dreaming I was happy.

Vladimir *(violently).* Don't tell me!

Estragon *(pause).* Let's go. We can't. Ah! My feet! *(He sits down again and tries to take off his boots.)* Help me!

Vladimir. Tomorrow, when I wake, or think I do, what shall I say of today? That with Estragon my friend, at this place, until the fall of night, I waited for Godot? That Pozzo passed, with his carrier, and that he spoke to us? Probably. But in all that what truth will there be? *(Estragon, having struggled with his boots in vain, is dozing off again. Vladimir looks at him.)* He'll know nothing. He'll tell me about the blows he received and I'll give him a carrot. *(Pause.)* Astride of a grave and a difficult birth. *(Pause.)* I can't go on! *(Pause.)* What have I said?

*He goes feverishly to and fro, halts finally at extreme right, broods.
Enter Boy. He halts. Silence.*

Boy. Mister... *(Vladimir turns.)* Mister Albert...

Vladimir. Off we go again. *(Pause.)* Do you not recognise me?

Boy. No Sir.

Vladimir. It wasn't you came yesterday.

Boy. No Sir.

Silence.

Vladimir. You have a message from Mr. Godot.

Boy. Yes Sir.

Vladimir. He won't come this evening.

Boy. No Sir.

Vladimir. But he'll come tomorrow.

Boy. Yes Sir.

Silence.

Vladimir. What does he do, Mr. Godot?

Boy. He does nothing, Sir.

Silence.

Vladimir (*softly*). Has he a beard, Mr. Godot?

Boy. Yes Sir.

Vladimir. Fair or... (*he hesitates*) or black?

Boy. I think it's white, Sir.

Silence.

Vladimir. Christ have mercy on us!

Silence.

Boy. What am I to tell Mr. Godot, Sir?

Vladimir. Tell him... (*he hesitates*) that you saw me. (*Pause. Vladimir advances, the Boy recoils. Vladimir halts, the Boy halts. With sudden violence.*) You're sure you saw me, you won't come and tell me tomorrow that you never saw me!

Silence. Vladimir makes a sudden spring forward, the Boy avoids him and exits running. Silence.

SCENE 10

The sun sets, the moon rises. As in Act I.

Vladimir stands motionless and bowed. Estragon wakes, takes off his boots, gets up with one in each hand and goes and puts them down centre front, then goes towards Vladimir.

Estragon. Let's go far away from here.

Vladimir. We can't.

Estragon. Why not?

Vladimir. We have to come back tomorrow.

Estragon. What for?

Vladimir. To wait for Godot.

Estragon. Ah!

Silence.

Vladimir (*he looks at the tree*). Everything's dead but the tree.

Estragon (*looking at the tree*). What is it?

Vladimir. I don't know. A willow.

*Estragon draws Vladimir towards the tree.
They stand motionless before it. Silence.*

Estragon. Why don't we hang ourselves?

Vladimir. With what?

Estragon. You haven't got a bit of rope?

Vladimir. No.

Estragon. Wait, there's my belt.

Vladimir. Show me (*Estragon loosens the cord that holds up his trousers which, much too big for him, fall about his ankles. They look at the cord.*) It might do in a pinch. But is it strong enough?

Estragon. We'll soon see. Here.

*They each take an end of the cord and pull. It breaks. They almost fall.
Silence.*

Estragon. Didi?

Vladimir. Yes.

Estragon. I can't go on like this.

Vladimir. We'll hang ourselves tomorrow. *(Pause.)* Unless Godot comes.

Estragon. And if he comes?

Vladimir. We'll be saved.

Vladimir takes off his hat (Lucky's), peers inside it, feels about inside it, shakes it, knocks on the crown, puts it on again.

Estragon. Well? Shall we go?

Vladimir. Pull on your trousers.

Estragon. What?

Vladimir. Pull on your trousers.

Estragon. You want me to pull off my trousers?

Vladimir. Pull ON your trousers.

Estragon *(realizing his trousers are down).* True.

He pulls up his trousers.

Vladimir. Well? Shall we go?

Estragon. Yes, let's go.

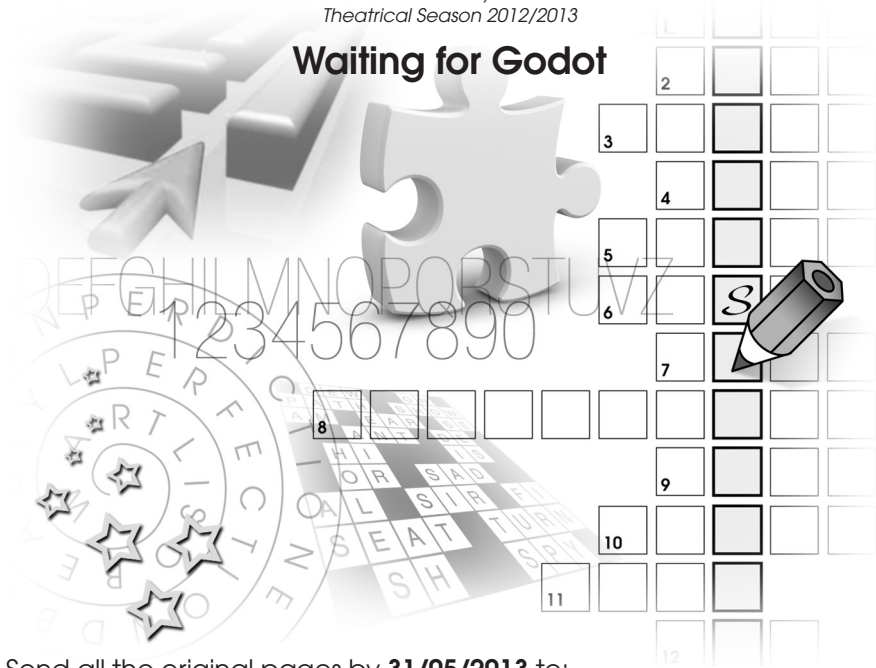
*They do not move.
Curtain.*

THE END

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English teacher: _____

Date _____ Signature _____

Il Palchetto Stage s.a.s. ai sensi e in conformità con l'art. 13, D. Lgs 30 giugno 2003 n. 196, informa che i dati raccolti saranno utilizzati per informarla in merito a nuove iniziative.

1. A SPOT OF RELAXATION

It could be the subtitle of the play!

Add to the letters (on the broken lines) the names of the objects you see in the picture, and you'll find the solution.



PHRASE: 3 - 3 - 4 - 1 - 4



T _ _ _ _ _ N _ _ _ _ _ A _ _ _ _ _

Solution:

2. LETTERS AND NUMBERS

What is peculiar about Beckett's language?

In each sentence in box (A), taken from the text, there is a missing word. Find it in box (B).

Example: ① never neglect the little things of*life*..... =

SENTENCES BOX (A)

- ① Never neglect the little things of*life*.....
- 2 Nothing happens, nobody comes, nobody goes, it's !
- 3 It might be better to strike the before it freezes.
- 4 Boots must be taken off every
- 5 He can't think without his
- 6 You're a man to get on with, Gogo.
- 7 The blind have no of time.
- 8 I cannot go for long without the society of my
- 9 I remember a lunatic who kicked the off me.
- 10 Let us not our time in idle discourse!
- 11 I woke up one fine day as blind as
- 12 In the meantime, nothing
- 13 Think twice before you do anything
- 14 Touch of autumn in the this evening.
- 15 To every man his little

BOX (B)

- I RASH
- S HARD
- E NOTION
- T AIR
- T AWFUL
- Y CROSS
- A FORTUNE
- LIFE
- S IRON
- S HAT
- T SHINS
- E DAY
- N LIKES
- I WASTE
- L HAPPENS

Now match letters in box (B) to numbers in box (A) and you'll find the solution in box (C).

BOX (C)

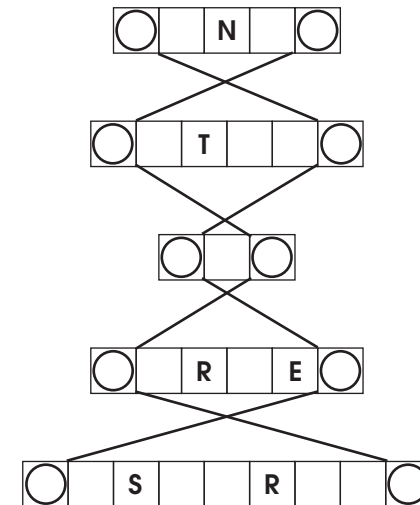
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
I														

Solution:

3. DOUBLE SLALOM

Didi and Gogo seldom felt like that!

Write the words suggested by the clues, then read the letters in the balls (the first letter and the last in each word) following the zig zag line. You'll find two adjectives that mean a wonderful feeling!



CLUES:

- 1 Thirty days (5)
- 2 The opposite of "passive" (6)
- 3 Republic (3)
- 4 You can call him at the station (6)
- 5 Neither today nor tomorrow (9)

Solution:

4. GRID

What were Didi and Gogo oppressed by?

In the list below there are 18 adjectives, taken from the text. Find them in the grid (vertically, horizontally, diagonally and backwards). The remaining letters will give you the solution.

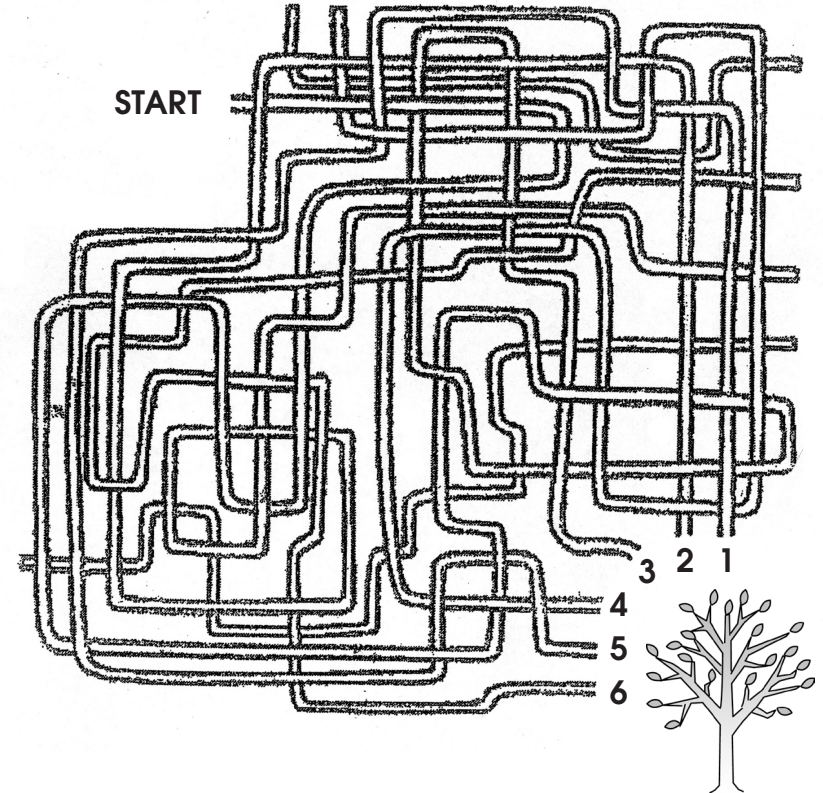
- | | | |
|--------------|----------------|---------------|
| 1. AGITATED | 7. DEJECTED | 13. DIFFICULT |
| 2. DISGUSTED | 8. EASY | 14. EXHAUSTED |
| 3. EXTREME | 9. FAITHFUL | 15. HELPLESS |
| 4. ORDINARY | 10. SAVED | 16. SEPARATED |
| 5. SILENT | 11. SUFFICIENT | 17. TEDIOUS |
| 6. THIRSTY | 12. TIRED | 18. UNHAPPY |



Solution:

5. A SPOT OF RELAXATION

Let's help Godot to find Estragon and Vladimir.



Solution: N°

TEXT ANALYSIS

- **The plot**

1) Describe the location of the play.

.....
.....
.....

2) Which religious book is mentioned from in the play? Give one example.

.....
.....
.....

3) The main characters are waiting for Godot. Who or what do you think Godot is?

.....
.....
.....

4) Does Godot say if he will ever arrive? If so, when?

.....
.....
.....

- **The Characters**

5) What are the names of the two main characters in the play and by what names do they address each other?

.....
.....
.....

6) Who arrives with a man driven by means of a rope passed round his neck and is mistaken for being Godot? Is there a pig in the story?

.....
.....
.....

7) Which character confesses that he works for Mr. Godot and how does he describe Mr. Godot?

.....
.....
.....

8) What other characters appear or are mentioned in the play?

.....
.....
.....

- **Literary references**

9) Who was the author of the play, what was his nationality and in which country was he living when he wrote "Waiting for Godot"?

.....
.....
.....

10) The play is most often performed in the English language, but in which language was it originally written?

.....
.....
.....