

296

A PRODUCTION BOOK FOR WAITING FOR GODOT

by

65

RUTH ANN BAKER

B. A., Fort Hays Kansas State College, 1962

---

A MASTER'S THESIS

submitted in partial fulfillment of the

requirements for the degree

MASTER OF ARTS

Department of Speech

KANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY  
Manhattan, Kansas

1964

Approved by:

Wallace Dace  
Major Professor

LD  
2668  
T4  
1964  
BIG  
C.2  
Document

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THEMATIC MATERIAL . . . . .	9
THE ACTORS . . . . .	21
SETTING . . . . .	40
LIGHTING . . . . .	57
SCRIPT . . . . .	60
REHEARSAL DATA . . . . .	210
PERFORMANCE DATA . . . . .	212
LIST OF WORKS CONSULTED . . . . .	213

EXPLANATION FOR PLATE I

Program for Waiting for Godot

PLATE I

THE DEPARTMENT OF SPEECH  
Presents:

WAITING FOR GODOT

Thesis Production presented in partial fulfillment  
of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts

PURPLE MASQUE EXPERIMENTAL THEATRE

MAY 15 and 16, 1964-8:00 p.m.

## WAITING FOR GODOT

### CAST

Estragon.....John Dillon  
Vladimir.....John Hawkins  
Lucky.....Boyd Masten  
Pozzo.....Larry Hovey  
Boy.....Doug Powell

By Samuel Beckett

Director.....Ruth Ann Baker\*  
Assistant Director...Judy Lee Taylor\*  
Technical Assistant ..Clayton Hawes\*  
Light Design.....Clayton Hawes\*  
House Manager.....Fred Williams\*  
Business Manager....David Sadkin\*

### STUDENT PRODUCTION STAFF

Scenery: Clayton Hawes\*, Ken Seibel, Judy Lee Taylor\*

Lights: Harvey Goldberg, Arthur Garvin

Make-up: Glenda Apt, Pam Robinson, Michele Clark, Margaret Noller

Costumes: Kitty Barker\*

Chorography: Margaret Middleton

Publicity: Tish Dace\*, Mary Adams, Kitty Barker\*, Stew McDermit, Jamie Aiken,  
Patsy Rees, Clayton Hawes\*, Judy Lee Taylor\*.

Properties: Pam Robinson, Glenda Apt

---

\* Members of National Collegiate Players

---

### STATEMENT FROM THE DIRECTOR:

Don't let rumors and psuedo-intellectual statements about this play scare you out of the fun of seeing it. Don't struggle to "understand the basic theme" while you are watching it. The play is different. It is unique. It does not fit any preconceived notions of how a play should work. It cannot be placed in any "mold" but it is an enjoyable piece of drama. I consider it a highly significant work. Whether you personally agree with this last statement or not the play is to be seen. It can be appreciated on any level that you wish to accept it. Listen gently.

---

### THEATRE STAFF FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF SPEECH

Dennis Denning.....Director  
Wallace Dace...Associate Director  
Jack Rast.....Technical Director  
Betty Cleary.....Costumer  
Patsy Rees.....Theatre Secretary  
Norma Bunton..Head, Dept. of  
Speech

WAITING FOR GODOT is produced by  
special arrangement with the  
Dramatists Play Service.

MEDEA.....Special Presentation for Alumni...May 30, 8:30 p.m. All-Faith Chapel

#### NATIONAL COLLEGIATE PLAYERS

##### OFFICERS:

David Sadkin....President  
Judy Lee Taylor....1st Vice-President  
Janet Coleman....2nd Vice-President  
Bobi Sadkin...Secretary-Treasurer

#### KANSAS STATE PLAYERS

##### OFFICERS:

Clayton Hawes....President  
Betty Cary....Vice-President  
Boyd Masten....Historian  
Fred Williams...Secretary

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Gary Johnson

Susan Murray

Ronald Schindler

Marilyn Kimbrough

Leanna Lerhart

Mrs. J. A. Hollis

Glenda Apt

Boyd Masten

Bill Robinson

Mrs. Betty Cleary

PLEASE DO NOT TAKE PICTURES DURING PERFORMANCE

## PLATE II

## *Play Is Mystifying, But Fun*

You will probably be mystified by it, and you may not really "understand" it at all, but if you go see it (and you should) you will probably thoroughly enjoy it. Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot" on display tonight and tomorrow in East Stadium's Purple Masque Theatre is another of the series of fine productions from the Kansas State Department of Speech and the K-State Players offered this college year. It is, as well, the most difficult to explain. Generally speaking, the viewer will get out of it exactly what he wants to — no more, no less.

Certainly Beckett, the first widely recognized playwright of what has been dubbed the "drama of the absurd" has something to say about the helpless-

ness and hopelessness of man kind endlessly waiting, never understanding, permanently entrapped in the meaninglessness of day to day existence. He sees it, to be sure as basically absurd, but he also sees it pitiful, hilarious frightening, disgusting, ironic, and ridiculous. All of these elements are clearly articulated in this production, most ably directed by Ruth Ann Baker.

The two tramps, Estragon, portrayed by John Dillon, and Vladimir, by John Hawkins, move with skill through their nightmare life as they perpetually await the never-arriving Godot. Into their midst come Pozzo, the slave-driver, interpreted by Larry Hovey, and his tortured servant, Lucky, portrayed in a grotesque and strangely fas-

cinating manner by Boyd Martin. Who they are, where they are from, and wither they are going, nobody knows, but, as Vladimir observes, they help enliven the day and pass the deadening weight of time. By the time they have made their last exit, and the two tramps reassert that they can no longer wait, but must go, yet remain forever rooted in the muck of their drab world, the audience has an uncanny feeling that something profound has been said — but exactly what it is remains undefined.

Miss Baker, who has presented this play to the Department of Speech as her master's thesis, is to be heartily congratulated, and her entire cast is to be complimented for a hard job extremely well done. —J.Y.M.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE III

Collegian Review by Dr. Charles Pennel  
May 15, 1964

## PLATE III

Review

# Nothing Is Certain, but Godot's Great

By CHARLES PENNEL

Assistant Professor of English

About *Waiting for Godot* it is only possible to repeat Gogo's puzzled comment: "Nothing is certain"—nothing, that is, except that Ruth Ann Baker and her cast have produced a fine evening of theatre at the Purple Masque (tonight and Saturday at 8:00 p.m.). Godot itself is a strange, frightening, funny set of non-variations on the theme of the futility of the human condition. Two tramps, Gogo and Didi, wait endlessly and confusedly for Godot—or do they? or is it Godot? or are we all dreaming? Neither the characters nor the audience can tell. The audience can, however, recognize the ambiguous agony of Pozzo and Lucky (who is master and who is servant?) and the painful ennui of the tramps as mirror images of their own experience.

THE PLAY opens on a stage, bare except for a scrubby tree of some kind—"A willow," Didi gossesses—and Gogo, painfully and ineffectively attempting to remove his boots. He is soon joined by Didi, his comrade in the daily and endless wait for the mysterious Godot. In response to Gogo's futile conclusion to his struggle with his boot, "Nothing is to be done," Didi muses: "I'm beginning to come round to that opinion. All my life I've tried to put it from me, saying Didi, be reasonable, you haven't yet tried everything. And I resumed the struggle." And thus we are off on a

round of horrible and hilarious non-sequiturs.

THE CAST is uniformly excellent. John Dillon and John Hawkins, as Gogo and Didi, play well together. Both manage the difficult problem of building from the blocks of repetition a climax of futility and frustration that is at the same time inconsequential and pitiable. But they are not mere Siamese twins. Hawkins makes of Didi the type of the analytical modern man, confident at least occasionally that his surrealistic logic will finally explain things. Dillon's Gogo, on the other hand, wants to be left alone to sleep and to have someone to whom he can tell his nightmares.

In some ways, Larry Hovey's Pozzo is the triumph of the evening: Tied to Lucky by the rope he holds, he alternates pompous brutality, tortured awareness and inexpressible indifference to the plight of his fellows and himself. Doug Powell gives the proper air of tainted innocence to his portrayal of the boy who continually brings the invariable message from Godot—a message that is an all too familiar mixture of hope and despair: "Mr. Godot told me to tell you he won't come this evening but surely to-morrow."

THE RESPONSIBILITIES of the technical crew are comparatively small; some clever make-up for Lucky and a few lighting changes account for most of their visible duties. The play goes forward at a brisk pace that indicates some sure-handed direction on the part of Miss Baker.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE IV

Collegian-Student Reaction by Edward Hoffmans  
May 21, 1964

## PLATE IV

Reflections on K-State Theater

# Standard Stage Realism Surpassed

EDWARD HOFFMANS  
English Graduate

The K-State theater repertory for this semester featured three kinds of theatrical stylization that were extreme departures from conventional stage realism. In view of the total unfamiliarity of the majority of K-State's potential theater audience with Medea, The Consul, and Waiting for Godot, these productions represented radical theatrical experiments.

THE STAGING of Greek tragedy, expressionistic musical drama, and theater of the absurd during a single semester indicates that those responsible for K-State theater are daring enough to advance the status of campus drama, and the skill with which these productions were executed shows that these people also possess sufficient energy and resourcefulness to express their challenging visions.

In my opinion, Medea was the best production of this semester's season. The presentation of Greek tragedy to any state university audience by college students is a risky venture, the peril of which far surpasses that of staging musical drama in a physically disadvantageous environment or of producing the newest type of modern

drama to a generally conservative theater audience.

ALTHOUGH the acting in Medea was undoubtedly good, it was not the chief vehicle for the play's theatrical viability. The theatrical tool that made this play work was its blocking and choreography, and the most impressive result of this tool's competent manipulation was the harmonious and consistent integration of the chorus' function with that of the actors who delineated the main characters.

An outstanding example of good blocking sustained the attention of the audience and the intense emotional key of the play during the very long speech in which a messenger tells Medea about the death of Jason's second wife and her father. The blocking and choreography of Medea revealed not only vivid theatrical imagination on the part of its director, but also expert accommodation of his imaginative vision to the play's physical setting, for the kind of blocking and choreography permitted by the All-Faiths chapel's structure would not succeed so well in the Auditorium nor the Purple Masque Theater.

THE QUALITY of acting in The Consul, was not indispensable to its

success; this play, like Medea, was effective primarily by the excellence of its spectacle.

IN WAITING FOR GODOT, good acting had more to do with the play's theatrical efficiency than in Medea or The Consul. But the quality of Godot's acting was reinforced considerably by the physical intimacy between actor and audience in the Purple Masque, and by blocking that was in precise agreement with the clown-like costumes and makeup. This play's blocking also consistently illustrated the subtle relationship between Didi and Gogo: the endless, aimless, nervous shuffling of John Hawkins (Didi) and his insistent prodding of the stationary John Dillon (Gogo) into frenzied sequences of fruitless action gave a telling impulse to the play's theme of anxious savior-seeking.

I am deeply grateful for the presence on our campus of the requisite elements of creative theater, and I greatly admire the reflection of these elements in Medea, The Consul, and Waiting for Godot. My hope is that these vital theatrical forces will soon stimulate the realization of such integral concomitants as adequate physical facilities and larger audiences.

## THEMATIC MATERIAL

Waiting for Godot is Beckett's way of challenging man to face a condition which, by its very nature, encourages him to do anything except face it. Beckett is deliberately giving no answers. The horror of man's condition seems to be that there are no answers. In a way he is making fun of all people who expect to find an answer for their feeling of insecurity. He plays upon all the insecurities of modern man. In Waiting for Godot there are no "sure" things. The tramps are not even sure that Godot hasn't already come. The simple "laws" of humanity seem at times to be reversed. Vladimir tries to reason his way through to some security or knowledge. Estragon tries to go to sleep to avoid coming to grips with the reality he cannot stand but even this solution is poor for nightmares trouble his sleep. Even the laws of nature are mixed up. Both men talk about a Christian concept of God but faith in it does not seem to help them. Even friendship cannot give security for the two often have difficulty communicating and always talk of parting.

Beckett seems to be saying, "Face up to what you are; where you are and stop looking for security. The only security for man lies in the fact that there is no security of any kind." He portrays this by showing in the play the failure of humanitarianism, science, nature, religion and friendship. The only answer lies in the fact that there is no answer. He projects this to his audience by means of alternating currents of hope and despair.

The failure of humanitarianism is portrayed in the relationship

between Pozzo and Lucky. By recognized laws of human relationship Lucky should resent his treatment. He is beaten and must follow every order given him. "He refused--once," says Pozzo with a sadistic grin and lets it be known that he won't dare refuse again. Despite his rough treatment Lucky remains totally loyal and unaffected by gestures of friendship from the other two men. He even kicks Estragon as he attempts to comfort him when Pozzo makes him cry. In the second act it is apparent that Lucky is capable of freeing himself but he prefers to stay in the service of one who beats him.

Beckett further makes fun of the humanitarian attitude by the way he has Vladimir treat Pozzo in the second act. Though Pozzo is in immediate need of help Vladimir spends five minutes talking about helping him. When they try to help him the first time they both fall and when they fall they lose all thought of helping anyone but themselves. It is Estragon who finally makes the initial effort to get Pozzo up. Neither of them receive any thanks for their assistance. Earlier the two of them are tempted to give Lucky a "good beating" but they don't, not because they don't want to hit someone who is already down but because he might resist. The Golden Rule has become "Do unto others before they can do unto you." Later they find that both Pozzo and Lucky were capable of getting up by themselves. The two men are not even too kind to each other. Estragon doesn't really seem to appreciate Vladimir's generosity with his carrots, turnips and radishes. He just takes them and complains about them. These actions demonstrate the reversal or the impotence of the laws of goodness and decency.

Beckett uses the character of Vladimir to demonstrate the real

lack of answers in science. Vladimir represents man trying to find an explanation for himself through the science of logic and by his failure to come to any solution he shows the failure of science to really create a secure knowable world. Vladimir is the more intellectual of the two. He tries to reason his way out of things. He tries to explain what happened to Estragon's boots.

Estragon: You see, all that's a lot of bloody--

Vladimir: Ah! I see what it is. Yes, I see what's happened.

Estragon: All that's a lot of bloody--

Vladimir: 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.

This exchange sounds very reasonable until it is discovered that these boots are too big for Estragon. Vladimir approaches their situation logically and continues this approach even though their situation is itself above logic. His analysis of the account of the two thieves fails to suggest any solution just as his analysis of their own predicament provides no answers. He puzzles over the Bible account of the two thieves.

Vladimir: Then the two of them must have been damned.

Estragon: And why not?

Vladimir: But one of the four says that one of the two was saved.

Estragon: Well? They don't agree and that's all there is to it.

Vladimir: But all four were there. And only one speaks of a thief being saved. Why believe him rather than the others?

He never managea to get thisa puzzle straight. He is the more rational of the two heroes but it gains nothing for him.

Lest anyone make the mistake of deciding that the best policy would be to stop thinking Beckett makea Estragon an example of trying to deal with the world in this fashion. He seems to represent the other side of man's nature. He is concerned with the physical aspects of the situation. He is tired. He wants to sleep. He is not unmindful of the horror of things as he might seem for he has' nightmares to which Vladimir cannot bear to listen. He shows that it is impossible to remain completely unconscious of conditions. Leonard Pronko said of Estragon and Vladimir, "They are distinctly alive and memorable characterizations. The former is instinctual, eager for food, money, and sleep; the latter, analytical, possesses more dignity, and is given to philosophizing."<sup>1</sup>

In this play nothing is stable; nothing is sure. Even the most reliable laws of nature are mixed up. The most noted example of this is the ever present tree. In the first scene they pronounce it dead and to all appearances it is dead. But the next day, if the script can be believed, the tree has several leaves on it.

Estragon: It must be spring.

Vladimir: But in a single night!

This phenomenon is not so frightening as the unreliable sun and moon. Here the natural order seems to be mixed up on a larger scale.

---

<sup>1</sup>Leonard Pronko, Avant-Garde: The Experimental Theatre in France (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1964), p. 31.

When Vledimir is trying to tell Pozzo that it is evening Estregon keeps insisting that the sun is rising. When night does come it doesn't move in gently, it falls rapidly. Though these signs are few they are meaningful. Eetragon says that they should "turn resolutely toward nature." Whereupon Vladimir comments gloomily that they have tried that before. The two men don't know what time it is, whet day it is or even what time of year it is. There is nothing in this world they can really depend upon. A further look et the play demonstretes that there is nothing out of this world they can depend upon either.

Waiting for Godot is not e pley depicting Christian religious convictions though it is viewed as such by many people. It would be difficult to say that it has no religious significance. Beckett seems to want to deny man not necessarily any religion, but eny religion which provides all the answers. The religious significance is not necessarily Christian but Western man lives with such a backlog of Christien religious tradition that the first impulse is to essociate the religious connotetions in the pley with the Christian religion rather then look for the broader implications that might be present.

Beckett himself denies eny particular religious significance in the Christien sense. When asked ebout the theme of the pley he sometimes refers to a passage in the writings of St. Augustine:

"There is a wonderful sentence in Augustine... 'Do not despair: one of the thieves wes seved. Do not presume: one of the thieves was damned.' I em interested in the shape of idees even if I do not believe in them...That sentence hes a wonderful shape. It is the shape that matters."<sup>1</sup>

To the many people to whom the question of their situation is

---

<sup>1</sup>Martin Esslin, The Theatre of the Absurd, (Gerden City, New York, 1961), p. 294.

directly concerned with a personal God this play probably appears as a drama with Christian religious meaning. They don't notice that it also has discouraging things to say about the other security devices already discussed. To those who have rejected the Christian concept of a personal god the play is still meaningful and relevant.

The last convention that Beckett attacks is friendship. In his work on Proust he comments on the impossibility of possession in love, and the illusion of friendship: "...if love...is a function of man's sadness, friendship is a function of his cowardice..."<sup>1</sup> Estragon and Vladimir discuss parting company but they can't for they are dependent on one another. Over the years of dependency they have become fond of one another as men become fond of the things which serve them well. The affection they feel for one another seems to be rather mercenary. Estragon threatens to leave Vladimir on the ground With Pozzo if Vladimir doesn't promise to wander in the mountains with him. At another point Vladimir wants to leave since Pozzo is being unpleasant but he just doesn't quite have the nerve to go alone. Each man clings to the other because he is afraid of being left alone. They are utilitarian friends.

Vladimir seems to feel responsible for Estragon in some cases but he is angered if his little favors like putting his coat over Estragon as he naps and giving him a carrot, aren't taken in the proper spirit. Vladimir offers to carry Estragon after Lucky has kicked him but after a moment's thought he is careful to add, "If necessary."

---

<sup>1</sup>Esslin, p. 4.

That the two have been together for a long time would be hard to deny. They mention that they have been together for fifty or sixty years. But always the friendship seems to be based on one thing--each one's need for the other. Estragon is the only one who really seems to recognize Vladimir. Vladimir is the only one who really seems to recognize Estragon. No one else really sees them. Pozzo and Lucky pass by them everyday but they never remember them. The only place these two can find proof of their existence or identity is in the reflection in one another's eyes. It is true that they seem to separate when they leave the hill at nightfall. Estregon tells of being beaten "as usual." But Estregon is subject to nightmares and perhaps his beatings are not real. They only seem real to him because he doesn't have Vladimir there to remind him that he is dreaming.

When Estregon goes to sleep in the second act Vladimir tries to rationalize his position:

Was I sleeping while the others suffered? Am I sleeping now? To-morrow, when I wake, or think I do, what shall I say of today? That with Estragon my friend, et this piece, 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?"

He cannot stand to be alone for long. He, too, needs Estregon.

Even though they recognize one another they don't always seem to be communicating. Many times Estragon fails to comprehend what Vladimir is saying because Vladimir uses words that are not part of Estragon's vocabulary. Estragon doesn't always seem to be listening to him either; it makes him tired. On the other hand, Vladimir won't listen to Estragon when he wants to tell about his nightmares. He will not sacrifice his personal feelings to help Estragon.

Many of their conversational exchanges are by rote. They don't even appear to be thinking about what they are saying. They are merely passing the time. They appear to mean well; they are distinctly true to themselves but it does not necessarily follow that they "cannot then be false to any man.". Their friendship is not a real source of security for them. It holds no answers.

To emphasize to the audience the lack of order and the impossibility of order Beckett uses a specific device. He breaks the audience down psychologically by alternating hope with despair. Several times it seems that Godot has really come. Then it turns out to be Pozzo and Lucky or the wind in the reeds. An optimistic phrase lifts the spirits of all only to have the next sentence pierce the balloon and have all tumble back down.

Vladimir: We are not saints, but we have kept our appointment. How many people can boast as much?

Estragon: Billions.

The hope that Beckett ever holds just beyond reach is not just that Godot will arrive; it is the hope that tomorrow will be different, that the last word uttered will be truth and beauty and that a final solution will be found for all doubts.

The waves of alternating feeling are most apparent in the long speeches of Pozzo's. After a poetic paragraph lyrically describes the sunset, Beckett ends it by having Pozzo say, "That's how it is on this bitch of an earth." Just when it seems safe to abandon all hope something happens to keep it barely alive.

The tree is the only object on the set of Waiting for Godot. Estragon and Vladimir attempt to hide behind it; it will not conceal them. They attempt to imitate it; they

fail. Thay attempt to commit suicide with its help; it will not sustain them. But than, perversaly and clean out of possibility, it breaks into the minutast signal of green life: "Everything is dead but tha trea."<sup>1</sup>

When things seam most hopaful a word or a signal discourages tha waiting pair but just when they ara ready to stop struggling another optimistic sign keeps them going.

Tha fiendishness of these signals of hopa lies in their timing. Just as the point has been reached at which despair, like an anesthetic, is about to savar the heart from its dasira, comes the manifestation--and with that manifestation, the ranewal, as dira as that of consciousness to a victim who has fainted.

Tha audience is more aware of tha painful consequences of the alternatad hopa and despair than is either of the two characters upon whom thesa forcas are working. Tha audianca can feal thesa forces at work upon themselves. The language used by the two man is so like tha languaga used evaryday by avaryona to pass tha time that to sae it used in this placra by thesa two men gives tha audience a shock. Ionesco said, "What ia comical is tha usual in its pure state; nothing seems mora surprising to ma than that which is banal; the surreal is hera, within grasp of our hands, in our everyday conversation."<sup>3</sup> The cliches used to daal with the business of waiting for Godot are used by the audience as they deal with tha everyday business of living.

Vladimir: Nothing you can do about it.

Estragon: No usa struggling.

<sup>1</sup>Josephina Jacobsen and William R. Mueller, The Testament of Samuel Beckatt (New York, 1964), p. 147.

<sup>2</sup>Jacobsen, p. 147-148.

<sup>3</sup>R. Hillman, "Tha Stage--Tha Absurd and tha Foolish," Commonweal, April 6, 1962, p. 41.

Vladimir: One is what one is.

Estragon: No use wriggling.

Vladimir: The essential doesn't change.

Estragon: Nothing to be done.

The situation is so strange yet the words are so disturbingly familiar that the audience must laugh--or scream.

Beckett further brings the audience into the situation by alternately refusing them recognition and then directing certain passages towards them. Early in the play Vladimir is trying to identify the place. "All the same...that tree...(turning toward the auditorium) that bog..." In the second act Vladimir is urging Estragon to hide in the audience. "There," he says, "Not a soul in sight! Off you go!" Then he immediately switches his point of view by looking the audience directly in its collective eye and saying, "You won't, well I can understand that." The audience is delighted to be included in the play and reacts with enthusiasm to such lines. This brings them closer to the situation on the stage since the persons in the audience are not sure what role they are playing.

This constant pricking of the characters and the audience is entirely within the "tradition of the absurd." It remains under debate whether there is a tradition of the absurd but Waiting for Godot seems to fit the general patterns established. Mr. Hillman gives us one general set of patterns.

What we must safely say is that for a play to be absurdist it must, minimally, exhibit the overthrow of naturalism, the abandonment of straightforward narrative, a lack of interest in psychology and an abstract or fragmented conception of character. . .There are certain positive characteristics of this type of drama. Briefly they include a pressure of literature and of intellectual history behind a work, a pressure of ideas behind the language and a fusion of the language and the action

in which neither is simply illustrative of the other but where speech constitutes an "action" in itself and actions are extensions of speech. And finally there must be a sense that experience is not reducible to our formulas, resists our logic and patterns of conscious meanings, will not divide neatly into comic and tragic, or light and heavy, and is, in short, absurd in a meta-physical and not just a behavioral sense.

Godot is not a naturalistic play. It does not "tell a story."

The characters are interesting but they are merely characterizations of characters. There are many literary references in the play which escape the viewer. Beckett has a wide background of literary knowledge on which to draw. He speaks approvingly of the practices and convictions of Proust, Elstir, Schopenhauer, and Dostoevski.<sup>2</sup> The play clearly depicts a total lack of faith in the "natural order" of things and is correctly called a tragicomedy.

Martin Esslin is one of the leading proponents for the establishment of a tradition of the absurd. He says:

Ultimately, a phenomena like the Theatre of the Absurd does not reflect despair or a return to dark irrational forces but expresses modern man's endeavor to come to terms with the world in which he lives. . . Today, when death and old age are increasingly concealed behind euphemisms and comforting baby talk, and life is threatened with being smothered in the mass consumption of hypnotic mechanized vulgarity, the need to confront man with the reality of his situation is greater than ever. For the dignity of man lies in his ability to face reality in all its senselessness; to accept it freely, without fear, without illusions--and to laugh at it.

Waiting for Godot tries to waken man by showing him other creatures in understandably and obviously nonsensical situations who never seem to come to grips with their situation. Vladimir and Estragon remain

---

<sup>1</sup>Hilman, p. 40.

<sup>2</sup>Jacobsen, p. 60.

<sup>3</sup>Esslin, p. 316.

the clowns because they cannot accept things as they are. They must go on waiting and hoping that Godot will come. They cannot accept themselves as they are. They refuse to attempt to structure their own world. They eternally wait for someone else to do it for them. Godot's arrival is merely a device to avoid facing the reality of the human condition.

Beckett skillfully emphasizes the need for man to accept himself as he is, alone, without support by showing the devaluation of those things most often used by man to support himself. He shows how ineffective each of these things, trust in the basic goodness of man, science, nature, religion and friendship is by drawing for the audience a picture of hope and despair clearly matched--and then making them laugh at the whole scene.

## THE ACTORS

## Discussion of Characters

There are several different ways to tell about a character in a play. A character reveals himself in what he does, what he says and he is revealed in what others say about him. The characters of Vladimir and Estragon are revealed mostly through what they do and say. They are both too occupied with their own problems to really say much about each other. Pozzo and the Boy are revealed in what they do and say. Lucky's character is shown by what he does and what others say about him.

Estragon. This character was the slower of the two leading characters in the production, both mentally and physically. There are many lines in the play which enable one to draw this conclusion. Estragon's mental slowness is shown when Vladimir initiates most of the conversation. Estragon is unable to contribute much to the continual conversation and he sometimes kills conversation completely. He just repeats himself when he runs out of things to say. He can't remember where he was yesterday and he is not sure of what he was doing then. Too much conversation tires him and if Vladimir would just leave him alone he would sleep and forget all about the situation in which he finds himself. When he does manage to initiate an idea he is unable to follow it up. He is less daring and less willing to pursue the struggle than his counterpart. Estragon even has trouble remembering what he is waiting for.

The lack of physical coordination displayed by this character

mirrors the lack of mental coordination. The physical movements of Estregon are slow and rather ponderous. This effect was halped by tha boots which wara too larga and clumped when he walked. The huge rumpled suit helped Estragon to look heavy end uncoordinated. Despite his bulk, Estragon is more helpless than Vladimir. He is in more need of reassurance and protection. If ha could, Estregon would revert to tha infant state.

Outwardly Estregon epeers to be more pessimistic of tha two. He is willing to give up the struggle. When it seems that Godot is really coming he is suddenly afraid. Yet, basically he is the most optimistic for ha is willing to go to slaep and forget it all. He is willing to atop waiting for Godot. He won't except the substitute of a black radish for e pink one. Ha must expect to find a pink one later on somewhere--somehow. He is even willing to attampt suicida until it becomes too much trouble. The arrivel of Godot is not the only solution ha would accept for thair problem. If the main idee of thie pley is the problem of man's condition Estregon no longer really caras. He is tired.

Vladimir. Vladimir is a slightly built fellow. He is quick moving and nervous. He has a harnie which gives him bathroom problems end encourages him to be of a rether sarious nature. He is outwardly optimistic. He chaers Estragon up, sings and gives voice to optimistic theories and ideaals. But basically ha is the pessimist. When left to himself Vladimir has serious doubts and for a moment truly despairs. He mouths pompous pletitudes and fails to back them up in any way. Ha ia shocked that Eatregon would think of taking edvantage of Pozzo's helplessness and than decides that it ia e good policy.

Although both characters have the air of Charlie Chaplin's "little lost man" about them, Vladimir comes the closest to actually resembling this character. He is the neatest of the two. His suit fits, his shoes fit and his hat is undented.

Vladimir is more worried about the situation than is his friend. He remembers more details of the bargain with Godot and he conducts the interviews with the boy. He is more responsible and responsive to the needs of others. At times this sentiment seems superficial. He promises to carry Estragon--"If necessary." If it is possible to speak of refinement in this type of production then Vladimir is the more refined of the two characters. He wears his hat even though it hurts while Estragon would rather go barefooted than wear boots that hurt. Vladimir is the more learned. He uses bigger words and attempts more reasoning.

Lucky. The part of Lucky is perhaps the most difficult part in the production. This character was highly stylized. The character must be established long before he even speaks a word. He is known by his actions and the little that Pozzo says about him. Lucky should be thin. He gets only bones to eat. He should be tall so that he will look frail and awkward. As a symbol of enslavement Lucky is really ageless. He should look old but not old as an ordinary person gets old. Since much of the time Lucky is not contributing directly to the scene he needs good power of concentration to stay in his own character all the time. Because of the nature of the character involved Lucky does not need to be in the scene, but of the scene. When he is not the center of attention he is sleeping and pays no attention to the action around him.

No special dance training was required for the dance. It was a grotesque dance which mainly required that the actor believe in his part and not feel awkward doing the dance. It would be very easy for an actor to ruin this whole part by feeling "silly" about doing it. This would make the audience uncomfortable.

Pozzo. It is easy to picture Pozzo as a tall heavy man with a bombastic manner. This sort of person would make a meaningful contrast with the underfed Lucky. It is not always possible to find the physical type coupled with the acting quality desired. When it is necessary to make a choice this director prefers to sacrifice type casting. An alternate idea would be to cast a small person in the part of Pozzo and play up the ludicrous effect of having a small man order a large man around.

Pozzo must be played on at least three different levels. On a very superficial level he sometimes tries to seem sensitive but this characteristic shows in nothing but some poetry-like phrases and some grand gestures. At these times he speaks lyrically. He shows a false faith in beauty and truth. The second character shown by Pozzo is an ordinary sort of person. He speaks in prose and uses common language. The third facet of this character is the extreme opposite of the first. This last change shows a very gross person with no insight or sentiment. He is a pessimist.

The Boy. This character should be as youthful looking as possible. He is young and scared. His main characteristic is unsureness. This unsureness gives him a larger than ordinary desire to please. But the very nature of his task makes it impossible for him to please. He must always impart the knowledge that Godot is not coming today.

This is not pleeeent news to the two weiting men therefore the boy remains unsure of himself.

General Comments. There is little need to see growth of character in this production. The characters come on the stage and leave it with little change in their characters. This is a part of the pley. It is intended to be thie way. Pozzo is the only cheracter who changes. Even though he goes blind he still reteins the three cheracter levels. He uses the middle charecter more often but he is still lyricel and demanding in turn.

The cast was asked to epproech the realization of their characters in a different way than is the usual form. They should not try to imagine these charecters es reel live people who existed et some particular place. They shoud not try to know their cheracters as specific people. They were asked to be characters rather than to make characters. None of them were to try to realize their particular character in any other place except on the hill surrounded by the bog. Their ages were not even specific though the script indicated that they were ebout sixty yeers old. All members of the cast met the challenge of this technique with evenly distributed emounts of talent.

#### Costumes

Costumes for this show presented few problems. There was considerable freedom of choice in thie erea. Some productions have been done in reg's end some have been done in evening dress. A middle ground was chosen in planning the costume plot for this pley. Care of the costumes wes simplified since Estragon, Lucky, and Vladimir need to look quite rumpled. The other two charecters needed to only hang up their costumes et night.

Estragon. This character wore a black suit which was much too large for him. This gave him a rumpled look and emphasized the contrast between him and the neater Vladimir. The large pants came off easier in the final scene. The temperature in the theatre was above comfort level and since Estragon didn't have to remove his suit coat he wore a short sleeved white shirt. He wore huge, black, laceless combat boots and a wildly colored tie as well as wildly colored shorts. The outfit was topped off with a shabby black bowler hat.

Vladimir. This character's suit was salt and pepper colored. It fit fairly well and was not as wrinkled as was Estragon's. It was double breasted and extra pockets were sewn into it to accommodate all the radishes, turnips, string and carrots necessary. A long sleeved white shirt was worn under the suit coat. Vladimir carried a white pocket hand-kerchief, wore an ugly tie and a black bowler hat. His shoes were brown.

Lucky. Lucky wore a dark blue gabardine suit and a grey shirt with a tie equally as bad as those worn by the other two characters.

The pants of the suit were pulled high and fastened with suspenders to emphasize his height. He wore white gloves on his hands. In the first act he wore a black bowler hat which he left on the stage.

He wore a gray hat in the second act.

Pozzo. Pozzo wore yellow jodpers with a white shirt and grey riding jacket. He wore huge riding boots which helped him with his characterization since they forced a walk which was distinctive. He wore a padded belt around his middle to make him look heavier. It was necessary to have two shirts for this character. He wore a clean shirt the first act and changed to a dirty one for the second act. The

brown riding boots were left off in the second act in order to achieve greater mobility and to protect the expensive boots.

The Boy. In order to help him look younger the boy needed a costume that could be directly associated with youth. He was attired in tan knickers with white stockings and a yellow and blue shirt with a small bow tie. The pants were pulled up high and held with beige suspenders in an attempt to make him look younger.

#### Make-up

The characters of Vladimir and Estragon were deliberately made up with the idea that they should, as far as possible, resemble Charlie Chaplin. This decision was made with the backing of many authorities. The writers of The Testament of Samuel Beckett agree that, "It is the comedy of the circus, of vaudeville, the comedy whose essence has perhaps been most perfectly captured by Charlie Chaplin."<sup>1</sup> Pronko says, "Cogo and Didi are in the sad yet amusing tradition of Charlie Chaplin and Henri Michaux's hapless Plume."<sup>2</sup> Martin Esslin further substantiates this in his discussion on the possibility of the etymology for the name "Codot." He has this to say:

It has been suggested that Codot is a weakened form of the word "Cod," a diminutive formed on the analogy of Pierre-Pierrot, Charles-Charlot, with the added association of the Charlie Chaplin character of the little man, who is called Charlot in France, and whose bowler hat is worn by all four main characters in the play.<sup>3</sup>

The script used in this production specifically states that all four

---

<sup>1</sup>Jacobsen, p. 82.

<sup>2</sup>Pronko, p. 31.

<sup>3</sup>Esslin, p. 16.

main characters wear black bowler hats. The director of this production deliberately wanted to capture the "little man against the world" quality in the characters of Vladimir and Estragon. She wanted to a number of Chaplin movies. The most impressive of Chaplin's characteristics outside of his actions were his large eyes set in a rather palid face. With this in mind she planned the make-up for Vladimir and Estragon.

Both men wore a very light base, Max Factor grease paint number 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Since some ageing was needed both characters shadowed the hollows of their faces with dark brown shadow. They then used brown liner for lines and white liner for highlights. Vladimir used the shadows to give his face a narrow look. He shadowed the inner corner of his eye lids to make his eyes look close together. Estragon worked to give his face a heavy appearance. He emphasized his jaw line. Both men used a heavy line of brown-black liquid eyeliner around their eyes to make them appear more prominent. This was done after they had powdered the rest of their make-up to set it. The eyeliner was particularly effective on Vladimir. Their make-up was completed by whitening their badly rumpled hair with white shoe polish. Estragon had a red spot on his leg where Lucky is supposed to have kicked him. Red shadow was used for this and it was sealed with collodion.

Pozzo's make-up was planned on the basis that he was the outdoor type and therefore his skin would be darkened by the sun. This would make a nice contrast with the other two older men. He used Max Factor grease paint number 8. He used brown liner to create wrinkles. He then used white liner for highlights. In this case the eyeliner was used to give his eyes a cruel look. This was to emphasize a more

harsh character. To do this the liner was put very thinly over the top of the eye but drawn out to a point at the corner of the eye. Pozzo's hair was neatly combed and slightly grayed.

Lucky presented a particular problem. The slightly stylized presentation of the character and the unnaturalistic actions required of him left a good deal of freedom in the interpretation of the make-up. He was old, he was in ill health and he didn't seem quite human. The make-up finally decided on was a clown white base with stylized shadows in gray. Because his trousers were rolled slightly it was necessary to cover his ankles with clown white and use gray shadow to make him look more gaunt. It seemed impractical to use make-up on his hands for he had to use them too much and the color would rub off on the things he carried. He wore white gloves instead. There was a special make-up job to create a mean looking sore on Lucky's neck. Nose putty was used and it was colored with red shadow and sealed with collodion. Lucky's hair, which was fairly long, was whitened with shoe polish and then ratted to make it bush out. It was sprayed heavily with hair spray to make it stay in place.

Straight make-up was used on the boy. Care was taken to emphasize his already boyish face by using Max Factor grease paint number 7A, blue eye shadow and very rosy cheeks.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE V

Costume sketch for Estragon

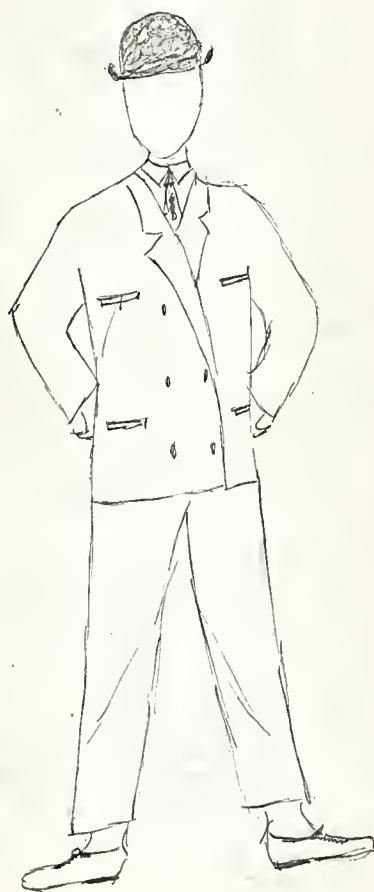
## PLATE V



EXPLANATION OF PLATE VI

Costume Sketch for Vladimir

## PLATE VI



EXPLANATION OF PLATE VII

Costume Sketch for Lucky

## PLATE VII



EXPLANATION OF PLATE VIII

Costume Sketch for Pozzo

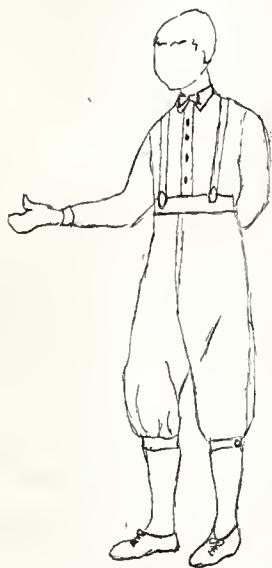
## PLATE VIII



EXPLANATION OF PLATE IX

Costume Sketch for The Boy

## PLATE IX



## SETTING

## Description

The setting for Waiting for Godot has unlimited possibilities as far as style is concerned. It could be done in many different styles and be as elaborate or simple as desired by the director. Since the production was chosen by the director partly because of the possibility of simplicity in stage setting there was no major decision about how elaborate to make the setting. It should be as simple as possible and still contribute to the mood of the play.

The script calls for only two necessary elements in the stage setting. It is absolutely necessary to have a tree. The tree is the most important focal point on the stage. There are many references to it during the play, both directly and indirectly. In his chapter on Beckett found in Dionysus in Paris, Wallace Fowlie calls the tree, ". . . a kind of gallows which invites the tramps to consider hanging themselves."<sup>1</sup> In his book on the Avant-Garde Theatre in France, Leonard Pronko describes his view of the stage like this:

The stage is bare, suggesting a stark and empty universe. The only hint of nature is a skeletal tree, which at once recalls a gallows, a cross (both instruments of torture and religious symbol), and the various trees of mythical literature.<sup>2</sup>

Though the script mentions that the tree is possibly a willow no one is ever quite sure just what it is. The range of styles could vary

---

<sup>1</sup>Wallace Fowlie, Dionysus in Paris, (New York, 1960), p. 212.

<sup>2</sup>Pronko, p. 26.

ell the way from using a real willow tree to use of a tree built in the shape of a cross. Both of these extremes were rejected as not contributing to the mood desired in this production. The use of a real tree would suggest that the action was occurring at a real location rather than just anywhere or everywhere. Fowlie says, "The piece is anypiece."<sup>1</sup> It could also be no piece. The use of a specifically stated symbol such as a cross would be deliberately pointing to a narrower interpretation than the director had in mind. One of the first speeches by Vladimir seems to show the religious significance possible. He says, "The last moment...Hope deferred maketh the something sick, who said that?" The basis for this speech is from the Bible, Proverbs 13:20. It reads, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick but when the desire cometh it is a tree of life." Though the implications might be made to justify a very symbolic tree over emphasis of this portion of the interpretation would not contribute the desired affect in this production.

Some interpretation of a tree somewhere between these two had to be found. There were two ways to obtain a tree. One could be built or one could be found which was already constructed or grown. The technical difficulties and budget ruled out constructing a frame for the tree and covering this frame. The director went in search of a tree which looked like it should not have grown. A tree was finally found which had branches at the desired angles. The unwanted branches were cut off and the whole tree cut down to size. If the branches had not been cut down the height of the tree would have

---

<sup>1</sup>Fowlie, p. 212

overpowered the stage end created an unbalanced picture. The stubs of the branches were sharpened to painful points. The first impulse of the director had been to paint the tree the same color as the floor and use paint to add an unrealistic look by the use of highlights and shadows. After the points were sharpened the white tree made such a nice contrast that instead of painting the tree the rest of the bark was stripped off. The final effect was impressionistic. Impressionism reduces the number of details used to create a complete picture and simplifies them more than they would be in real life. The tree finely developed could be viewed as a mangled cross, a dead tree of life or just an odd willow. One cast member likened it to a hand reaching up in a pleading gesture but ready to bend down and destroy.

The tree was a movable piece. It was maintained in its upright position by means of a three inch screw drilled through a 2' by 2' by 1" piece of plywood and straight up into the base of the tree. This did not make a very stable tree for the size of the base prohibited use of more than one screw. After the green tree began to dry it split at the base and it became apparent that such an arrangement would not have lasted for a very long run of the show. The tree in all its simplicity was still the most interesting aspect of the very simple stage set.

The mound was constructed by securing a step unit to the stage floor at the appropriate place and covering the unit with chicken wire. This made a completely solid unit that would bear the weight of two men. It was also very economical since it eliminated the necessity of building a new mound and the step unit was not harmed by the use. The wire was padded in the places most used by the two

main characters and then the entire unit was covered with canvas dipped in size water. When this was dry the entire mound was painted the same black color as the back wall. This made a sturdy servicable mound that went well with the tree.

The objects were placed one on each side of the stage so that a balanced picture would be presented. This arrangement allowed motivated moves to both sides of the stage and left space in the favored center stage position for the more important scenes. This setting did not have any elements which would attract the eye for long. The success of the venture would depend upon the acting and blocking. The main deficiency of this set was the lack of levels. There were five levels that could be achieved by the actors on this stage. They could stand on the mound, sit on the mound, stand on the floor or lie on the floor. When Pozzo and Lucky enter they bring with them a folding stool which provided another variety in the levels. All five levels were used.

#### Color

The basic colors for the set were decided long before the stage was set. The posters were made of brown paper and had black and green lettering. This gave a drab yet interesting effect that seemed to fit the mood of the play so these colors were used for the stage set. The best arrangement seemed to be to paint the floor dark brown. This would give the impression of a muddy, dirty hill but it would be in no way realistic. The paint used on the floor was a mixture of burnt sienna pigment with some whiting added to dull the tone so that footprints would not show up badly on the floor. This pigment was

then thoroughly mixed with alcohol. Then shellac was added to keep the paint from rubbing off like ordinary scene paint is likely to do. The first coat failed to cover and came off on the clothing of the actors. This was caused by the poor condition of the platforms which made the stage and the fact that there was not enough shellac in the paint mixture. The floor was painted with a better proportioned mixture and the second time the paint stayed on.

The back wall had originally been painted black. To repaint it any other color but black would have meant that it would have to be changed back to black as soon as the show was over. The cost of repainting would have to be included in the budget. It was therefore extremely convenient to decide that the back wall would be best painted black. This did fit perfectly into the color scheme.

The mound was painted the same color as the back wall. This made it stand out against the brown floor but the contrast was not startling or distracting. Since the paint used was flat black enamel it did not rub off on the clothing of the actors.

With the brown and black in the background the white tree became the most prominent feature on the empty stage. At intermission three green leaves were hung on the lower branches of the tree by means of small wires. The leaves were made out of bright green paper and painted with yellow streaks.

The spectacle of the setting was not supposed to be one of the major attractions of the production. The director was interested in how the audience would react to this stark presentation. The director was mainly interested in the ideas present in the play and in the acting and directing necessary to present these ideas with as few theatrical

aids as possible. The main thing required from the stage setting would be that it not detract from the mood of the play or distract the audience in any way. The final setting fit these qualifications to the satisfaction of the director.

Set Properties

Act I

Mound

Tree

Act II

Mound

Tree

Three leaves on the tree

EXPLANATION OF PLATE X

Floor Plan

Scale -  $\frac{1}{4}'' = 1'$

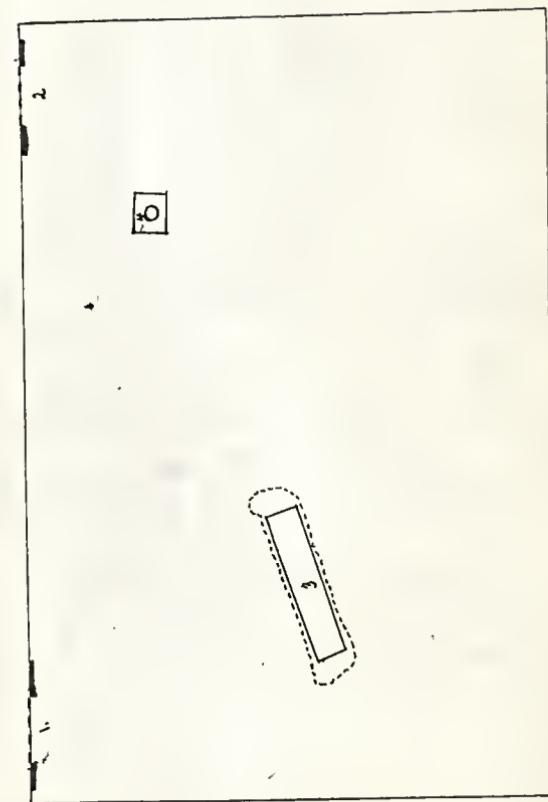


PLATE X

- 1 - Right Entrance
- 2 - Left Entrance
- 3 - Room
- 4 - recess

EXPLANATION OF PLATE XI

Vladimir, Estragon and Lucky



EXPLANATION OF PLATE XII

Estragon and Pozzo



EXPLANATION OF PLATE XIII

The Boy and Vladimir

## PLATE XIII



EXPLANATION OF PLATE XIV

Estragon and Vladimir



## LIGHTING

## Description

The first part of each act takes place near the end of the day. The tone desired was not one of sunshine and light. It is just before dusk and fairly cold. The second part of each act takes place after nightfall. There were nine instruments used for each separate scene. All the instruments for one scene were controlled by one dimmer. The day lights were on the right side of the light board while the night lights were controlled from the left side of the board. Each set of lights was composed of two six-inch ellipodial reflector spot lights and eeven eix-inch Fresnels. All the Fresnels had 500 watt T-20 medium prefocus base lamps in them and the lekos had 500 watt T-12 medium prefocus base lamps. All gelatin numbers were from Brigham Gelatin, Inc. The colors used for the day light scene were straw number 54, steel blue number 29 and special lavender number 17. This made a basically cool light. The night scene was created with special lavender number 17, steel blue number 29 and medium blue number 36.

One special was used at the opening of the first act. It was a six-inch Fresnel with a straw gelatin. It was operated independently from the other two sets of instruments.

The lighting changes for this show were very simple. At the beginning of Act I a spot is used on the mound and the other day lights are brought in immediately. There is a cross-fade to the night lights near the end of the act. There is another cross-fade near

the end of the second act. Since each set of instruments could be controlled from one dimmer these changes were very simple.

Lighting Cue Sheet

1. House lights fade out. There is a seven count blackout.
2. Spot up on Estragon.
3. Day lights up full.
4. Cross-fade to night lights. They are up full.
5. Blackout for five counts.
6. House lights up.
7. Fade house lights out.
8. Day lights up full.
9. Cross-fade to night lights.
10. Blackout for five counts.
11. All stage lights up for curtain call.
12. Stage lights out.
13. House lights up.

## Sound Cue Sheet

1. Pozzo gives a horrible cry off right.
2. Lucky drops his baggage off left.
3. Lucky kicks the baggage around and picks it up off left.
4. Lucky drops his baggage off left.
5. Lucky kicks the baggage around and picks it up off left.
6. Lucky drops baggage and Pozzo stamps feet off left.

## Expenses of Production

Play Books.....	\$11.80
Royalty.....	<u>50.00</u>
Scenery.....	<u>12.43</u>
Physical Plant (chairs).....	<u>15.00</u>
Make-up.....	<u>3.46</u>
Costumes	
Rental.....	<u>9.73</u>
Cleaning.....	<u>.65</u>
Props.....	<u>6.24</u>
Advertising	
Tickets.....	<u>20</u>
Posters.....	<u>9.45</u>
Programs.....	<u>1.34</u>
Collegian.....	<u>5.40</u>
Sales Tax.....	<u>3.83</u>
TOTAL EXPENSES.....	129.53

Waiting for Godot

by

Samuel Beckett

A Tragicomedy in two Acts

(The house lights fade out.) During the five count blackout Estragon takes his place on the mound. The special spot fades in on Estragon as he struggles with his boot, gives up briefly and speaks his first line. The rest of the stage lights for day come up as he speaks this first line. Vladimir enters.)

Estragon  
(giving up on his boot)

Nothing to be done.

(Vladimir advances to extreme down right in short, quick "Chaplin" like steps. It is a sort of a shuffle.)

Vladimir  
I'm beginning to come round to that opinion.

(He faces out to the audience.)

All my life I've tried to put it from me, saying, Vladimir, be reasonable, you haven't yet tried everything.

(He shrugs his shoulders.)

And I resume the struggle.

(He broods, musing on the struggle. He turns to Estragon delightedly.)

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.

(He turns away from Estragon.)

But how?

(He turns to Estragon with outstretched arms.)

Get up till I embrace you.

Estragon

(irritably)

Not now, not now.

(Vladimir crosses behind mound to left of Estragon.)

Vladimir

(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

The same lot as usual?

Estragon

(continuing the struggle with his boot)

The same? I don't know.

Vladimir

When I think of it...all these years...but for me...where would you be?

(He looks decisively at Estragon.)

You'd be nothing more than a little heap of bones at the present minute, no doubt about it.

Estragon

And what of it?

Vladimir

(gloomily)

It's too much for one man.

(He pauses, then says cheerfully.)

On the other hand what's the good of losing heart now, that's what I say. We should have thought of it a million years ago, in the nineties.

Estragon

(indicating his boot)

Ah stop blathering and help me off with this bloody thing.

Vladimir

Hand in hand from the top of the Eiffel Tower, among the first.

(He crosses down center talking 'to himself.)

We were respectable in those days. Now it's too late. They wouldn't even let us up.

(He notices the struggles of Estragon.)

What are you doing?

Estragon

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

Vladimir

(scolding)

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

Estragon

(feebley)

Help me!

Vladimir

It hurts?

Estragon

(angrily to audience)

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 to the audience)  
Hurts! He wants to know if it hurts!

Estragon  
(pointing to Vladimir's fly)  
You might zip it all the same.

Vladimir  
(looking)  
True.

(He zips his fly.)

Never neglect the little things of life.

Estragon  
What do you expect, you always wait til the last moment.

Vladimir  
(musing as he moves down left)  
The last moment.....

(He meditates.)

Hope deferred maketh the something sick, who said that?

Estragon  
(struggling with his boot)  
Why don't you help me?

Vladimir  
Sometimes I feel it coming all the same. Then I go all peculiar.

(He takes off his hat, peers inside it, feels about  
inside it, shakea it, puts it on again.)

How shall I say? Relieved and at the same time.....appalled.

(with emphasis)

Ap-palled.

(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.)

Vladimir

Well?

Estragon

Nothing

Vladimir

(taking a few steps toward Estragon)

Show

Estragon

There's nothing to show.

Vladimir

Try and put it on again.

(Estragon fans his foot with his boot)

Estragon

I'll air it for a bit.

Vladimir

There's man all over for you, blaming on his boot 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 crosses down left and faces front. Estragon wiggles his toes.)

One of the thieves was saved.

(Vladimir pauses. Estragon contemplates his toes.)

It's a reasonable percentage.

(He pauses again.)

Gogo.

Estragon

What?

Vladimir

Suppose we repented.

Estragon

Repented what?

Vladimir

Oh....We wouldn't have to go into the details.

Estragon

Our being born?

(Vladimir breaks into a hearty laugh which he immediately staffles, his hand pressed to his pubis, his face contorted.)

Vladimir

One daren't even laugh any more.

Estragon

Dreadful privation.

Vladimir

Merely smile.

(He smiles suddenly from ear to ear, keeps smiling, ceases as suddenly.)

It's not the same thing. Nothing to be done.

(He pauses.)

Gogo.

Estragon

(irritably)

What is it?

Vladimir

Did you ever read the Bible?

Estragon

The Bible.....I must have taken a look at it.

Vladimir

(turning toward Estragon)

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

(He indicates his clothing.)

Isn't that obvious?

(There is a silence.)

Vladimir

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

Estragon

(looking at his foot attentively)  
Swelling visibly.

Vladimir

Ah yes, the two thieves. Do you remember the story?

Estragon

No.

Vladimir

Shall I tell it to you?

Estragon

No.

Vladimir

It'll pass the time.

(He crosses behind Estragon)

Two thieves, crucified at the same time as our Saviour. One--

Estragon

Our what?

Vladimir

Our Saviour. Two thieves. One is supposed to have been saved and  
the other.....damned.

Estragon

Saved from what?

Vladimir

Hell.

Estragon

I'm going

(He does not move.)

Vladimir

And yet...how is it--this is not boring you I hope--how is it that  
of the four Evangelists only one speaks of a thief being saved.

Vladimir (continued)

The four of them were there--or thereabouts--and only one speaks of a thief being saved.

(He turns to Estragon and moves a few steps down left.)

Come on, Gogo, return the ball, can't you, once in a while?

Estragon

(with exaggerated enthusiasm)

I find this really most extraordinarily interesting.

Vladimir

One out of four.

(He turns away and crosses down left.)

Of the other three two don't mention any thieves at all and the third says that both of them abused him.

Estragon

Who?

Vladimir

What?

Estragon

What's all this about? Abused who?

Vladimir

The Saviour.

Estragon

Why?

Vladimir

Because he wouldn't save them.

Estragon

From hell?

Vladimir

Imbecile! From death.

Estragon

I thought you said from hell.

Vladimir

From death, from death.

Estragon

Well, what of it?

Vladimir

Then the two of them must have been damned.

Estragon

And why not?

Vladimir

But one of the four says that one of the two was saved.

Estragon

Well? They don't agree and that's all there is to it.

Vladimir

But all four were there. And only one speaks of a thief being saved.  
Why believe him rather than the others?

(He crosses to center stage.)

Estragon

Who believes him?

Vladimir

Everybody. It's the only version they know.

Estragon

People are bloody ignorant apes.

(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, gets a whiff and drops it hastily.)

Vladimir

Pah!

(Estragon crosses behind mound and halts in the center of  
the stage. His back is toward the audience.)

Estragon

Charming spot.

(He turns and looks at the audience.)

Inspiring prospects.

(He turns to Vladimir.)

Let's go.

Vladimir

We can't

Estragon

Why not?

Vladimir

We're waiting for Godot.

Estragon  
(despairingly)

Ah!

(There is a pause.)

You're sure it was here?

Vledimir

What?

(He starts to cross toward Estragon.)

Estragon

That we were to wait.

Vledimir

He said by the tree.

(He crosses to the left of the tree and looks at it.)

Do you see any others?

Estragon

What is it?

Vledimir

I don't know. A willow.

Estragon

Where are the leaves?

Vledimir

It must be dead.

Estragon

No more weeping.

Vledimir

Or perhaps it's not the season.

Estragon

Looks to me more like a bush.

Vladimir

A shrub.

Estragon

A bush.

Vledimir

A--

(He crosses behind the tree to Estragon.)

Vladimir (continued)  
What are you insinuating? That we've come to the wrong place?

Estragon  
(turning smugly toward audience)  
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 to-morrow.

Estragon  
And then the day after to-morrow.

Vladimir  
Possibly.

Estragon  
And so on.

(Vladimir starts to cross to in front of the mound.)

Vladimir  
The point is...

(Estragon cuts him off quickly.)

Estragon  
Until he comes.

(Vladimir turns to Estragon.)

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...

(He turns and shuffles angrily to the front of the stage.)

Nothing is certain when you're about.

Estragon

In my opinion we were here.

Vladimir

(looking around)

You recognize the place?

Estragon

I didn't say that.

Vladimir

Well?

Estragon

That makes no difference.

Vladimir

All the same...that tree...

(He indicates the audience.)

That bog...

Estragon

You're sure it was this evening?

Vladimir

What?

Estragon

That we were to wait.

Vladimir

He said Saturday.

(He hesitates.)

I think.

Estragon

You think.

Vladimir

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? Is it not rather Sunday?

(He pauses to let this sink home.)

Or Monday?

(He pauses again.)

Or Friday?

Vladimir

(looking wildly about him)

It's not possible!

Estragon

(driving the point in)

Or Thursday?

Vladimir

(wildly)

What'll we do?

Estragon

If he came yesterday and we weren't here you may be sure he won't come again to-day.

Vladimir

But you say we were here yesterday.

Estragon

I may be mistaken.

(He crosses to the mound and sits down on it.)

Let's stop talking for a minute, do you mind?

Vladimir

(feebley)

All right.

(Estragon falls asleep with his head on his knees and his hands locked around his ankles. Vladimir paces agitatedly from down right to down center twice.)

Gogo!

(He paces back to the center.)

Gogo!

(He looks at Estragon and then goes over and shakes him awake.)

Gogo!

Estragon  
(reawakened to the horror of his situation)  
I was asleep!

(He is despairing and angry.)

Why will you never let me sleep?

Vladimir  
(poutingly)  
I felt lonely.

Estragon  
I had a dream.

Vladimir  
Don't tell me!

Estragon  
I dreamt that--

(Vladimir cuts him off desperately.)

Vladimir  
Don't tell me!

Estragon  
(gesturing toward the universe)  
This one is enough for you? 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  
(turning away from Estragon)  
Let them remain private. You know I can't bear that.

Estragon  
(coldly)  
There are times when I wonder if it wouldn't be better for us to  
part.

Vladimir  
(still facing back wall)  
You wouldn't go far.

Estragon  
That would be too bad, really too bad.

(He pauses.)

Wouldn't it, Didi, be really too bad?

(He pauses again but there is no reply.)

When you think of the beauty of the way.

(Still there is no reply.)

Estragon (continued)  
And the goodness of the wayfarers.

(He is wheedling.)

Wouldn't it, Didi?

Vladimir  
Calm yourself.

Estragon  
(voluptuously)  
Calm...Calm...The English say cawm.

(He pauses and chuckles to himself.)

You know the story of the Englishman in the brothel?

Vladimir  
Yes.

Estragon  
(eagerly)  
Tell it to me.

Vladimir  
(turning toward Estragon)  
Ah stop it.

Estragon  
(highly amused)  
An Englishman having drunk a little more than usual proceeds to a brothel. The bawd asks him if he wants a fair one, a dark one or a red-haired one.

(He is overcome by laughter.)

Go on.

Vladimir  
Stop it!

(Vladimir exits hurriedly. Estragon gets up and follows him to the door. Gestures of Estragon are like those of a spectator encouraging a pugilist. Vladimir enters. He brushes past Estragon and crosses to down left. He is hurt and angry. Estragon takes a step toward him and stops. He doesn't yet realize what is wrong with Vladimir.)

Estragon  
(curiously)  
You wanted to speak to me?

(There is silence. Estragon takes a step forward.)

Estragon (continued)

You had something to say to me?

(In the silence he takes another step forward.)

Didi...

Vladimir

(without turning)

I have nothing to say to you.

Estragon

(surprised)

You're angry?

(There is a silence and he takes another step forward.)

Forgive me.

(He takes another step forward toward Vladimir.)

Come, Didi.

(He puts his hand on Vladimir's shoulder and starts to turn him around.)

Give me your hand.

(Vladimir allows himself to be turned around.)

Embrace me! Don't be stubborn!

(Vladimir softens and they embrace. Estragon recoils immediately.)

You stink of garlic!

Vladimir

It's for the kidneys.

(There is a silence.)

What do we do now?

Estragon

Wait.

Vladimir

Yes, but while waiting.

Estragon

(turning toward tree)

What about hanging ourselves?

Vladimir

From a bough?

(They move upstage toward the tree.)

I wouldn't trust it.

Estragon

We can always try.

Vladimir

Go ahead.

Estragon

(politely)

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 touches his head and tries to use his intelligence.)

Vladimir

I remain in the dark.

Estragon

This is how it is. The bough.....

(He indicates the bough.)

The bough.....

(He gets angry.)

Use your head, can't you?

(Vladimir takes off his hat and pulls his hair.)

Vladimir

You're my only hope.

(Vladimir puts his hat back on and gives up.)

Estragon

(with effort)

Gogo light--bough not break--Gogo dead. Didi heavy--bough break--Didi alone. Whereas--

Vladimir

(crossing downstage)

I hadn't thought of that.

Estragon

(coming downstage)

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.

Vladimir

Well? What do we do?

Estragon

(crossing up toward mound)

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

Vladimir

Let's wait and see what he says.

Estragon

Who?

Vladimir

Godot.

Estragon

(crossing to upstage of mound)

Good idea.

Vladimir

(moving a few steps toward Estragon)

Let's wait til we know exactly how we stand.

Estragon

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

(Vladimir crosses to behind the mound and stands beside Estragon.)

Vladimir

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

Estragon  
(directly to Vladimir)  
What exactly did we ask him for?

Vladimir  
(directly to Estragon)  
Were you not there?

Estragon  
I can't have been listening.

Vladimir  
Oh...Nothing very definite.

Estragon  
A kind of prayer.

Vladimir  
(directed out)  
Precisely.

Estragon  
(directed out)  
A vague supplication.

Vladimir  
Exactly.

Estragon  
And what did he reply?

Vladimir  
That he'd see.

Estragon  
That he couldn't promise anything.

Vladimir  
That he'd have to think it over.

Estragon  
In the quiet of his home.

Vladimir  
Consult his family.

Estragon  
His friends.

Vladimir  
His agents.

Estragon  
His correspondents.

Vladimir

His books.

Estragon

His bank account.

Vladimir

Before taking a decision

Estragon

It's the normal thing.

Vladimir

Is it not?

(Estragon extends his hand.)

Estragon

I think it is.

(They shake hands on it.)

Vladimir

I think so too.

(Vladimir then faces left. Estragon is content for a moment then he begins to have doubts.)

Estragon

(anxious)

And we?

Vladimir

I beg your pardon?

.

Estragon

I said, And we?

(Vladimir turns to face him.)

Vladimir

I don't understand.

Estragon

Where do we come in?

Vladimir

Come in?

Estragon

Take your time.

Vladimir

Come in? On our hands and knees.

Estragon

As bad as that?

Vladimir

(scornfully)

Your Worship wishes to assert his prerogatives?

Estragon

We've no rights any more?

(Vladimir starts to laugh but stifles it as before.)

Vladimir

You'd make me laugh if it wasn't prohibited.

Estragon

We've lost our rights?

Vladimir

(distinctly)

We got rid of them.

(There is a silence.)

Estragon

(feebley)

We're not tied? We're not--

Vladimir

Listen!

(They huddle together and crouch down to listen. They sway from side to side as they strain to hear.)

Estragon

I hear nothing.

Vladimir

Hsst!

(They sway to the right and Vladimir stands up straight.)

Nor I.

(Estragon sways back to the left in the pattern already established but since Vladimir is not there he nearly falls. He catches himself on Vladimir.)

Estragon

You gave me a fright.

Vladimir

I thought it was he.

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

(In the silence that follows Estragon crosses to down right.)

Estragon

(violently)

I'm hungry!

Vladimir

Do you want a carrot?

(He crosses to Estragon)

Estragon

Is that all there is?

(Vladimir begins rummaging in his pockets.)

Vladimir

I might have some turnips.

(He continues feeling about in all his pockets.)

Estragon

Give me a carrot.

(Vladimir takes out a turnip and gives it to Estragon who takes a bite out of it. He turns to Vladimir angrily.)

It's a turnip!

Vladimir

Oh pardon! I could have sworn it was a carrot.

(He crosses to center, hunting through his pockets but finds nothing but turnips.)

All that's turnips. You must have eaten the last. Wait, I have it.

(He brings out a carrot and proudly presents it to Estragon.)

There, dear fellow.

(Estragon wipes the carrot on his sleeve and begins to eat.)

Vladimir (continued)  
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. What was it you wanted to know?

Estragon  
I've forgotten. That's what annoys me.

(He looks at the carrot appreciatively.)  
I'll never forget this carrot.

(He sucks the end of it meditatively.)  
Ah yes, now I remember.

Vladimir  
Well?

Estragon  
(taking a huge bite)  
We're not tied?

Vladimir  
I don't hear a word you're saying.

Estragon  
(swallowing part of the bite)  
I'm asking you if we're tied.

Vladimir  
Tight?

Estragon  
(swallowing the rest of the bite)  
Ti-ed.

Vladimir

How do you mean tied?

Estragon

Down.

Vladimir

But to whom? By whom?

Estragon

To your man.

Vladimir

To Godot? Tied to Godot! What an idea! No question of it.

(He has a touch of doubt.)

For the moment.

Estragon

His name is Godot?

Vladimir

I think so.

Estragon

Fancy that.

(He looks thoughtfully at the remains of the carrot.)

Funny, the more you eat the worse it gets.

Vladimir

With me it's just the opposite.

Estragon

In other words?

Vladimir

I get used to the muck as I go along.

Estragon

(moving toward Vladimir)

Is that the opposite?

(The two men stand together. One faces slightly left and Estragon faces slightly right. The exchange of lines is rapid.)

Vladimir

Question of temperament.

Estragon

Of character.

Vladimir

Nothing you can do about it.

Estragon

No use struggling.

Vladimir

One is what one is.

Estragon

No use wriggling.

Vladimir

The essential doesn't change.

Estragon

Nothing to be done.

(He offers the remains of the carrot to Vladimir.)

Like to finish it?

(A terrible cry comes from off stage right.) Estragon drops his carrot. The two men turn away from each other, hesitate then turn back toward each other bumping into one another. They start for the left stage door. Estragon stops, runs back, picks up his carrot then runs to join Vladimir. Then he remembers his boot and he runs back to pick it up and rejoins Vladimir. They huddle fearfully by the door.

Pozzo and Lucky enter. Pozzo drives Lucky by means of a 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 carries a riding crop.)

Pozzo

On!

(Pozzo snaps the crop against his huge boots. Lucky passes before Vladimir and Estragon and exits out the stage left door. When Pozzo sees the other two he stops and pulls on the rope.)

Back!

(Lucky and all his baggage can be heard falling.) Vladimir turns toward the door as if to go to his assistance. Estragon holds him back.)

Vladimir

Let me go!

Estragon

Stay where you are!

Pozzo

Be careful! He's wicked.

(Vladimir and Estragon turn toward 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

Vladimir

(to Estragon)

Not at all!

Estragon

He said Godot.

Vladimir

Not at all!

Estragon

(timidly, to Pozzo)

You're not Mr. Godot, Sir?

Pozzo

(in a terrifying voice)

I am Pozzo!

(There is a silence.)

Pozzo! Does that name mean nothing to you?

(He waits for their answer.)

I say does that name mean nothing to you?

(Vladimir and Estragon look at each other questioningly.)

Estragon  
(pretending to search)

Bozzo...Bozzo....

Vladimir  
(ditto)

Pozzo...Pozzo...

Pozzo

Pppozzo!

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

Vladimir

Is it Pozzo or Bozzo?

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

(Pozzo advances threateningly. Vladimir makes sure that Estragon is always between he and Pozzo.)

Vladimir  
(conciliating)

I once knew a family called Gozzo. The mother had the clap.

Estragon  
(hastily)

We're not from these parts, Sir.

Pozzo  
(halting)

You are human beings none the less.

(He looks carefully at them.)

As far as one can see. Of the same species as myself.

(He chuckles.)

Of the same species as Pozzo! Made in God's image!

Vladimir  
Well you see--

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.

Vladimir

True...we don't know him very well...but all the same...

Estragon

Personally I wouldn't even know him if I saw him.

Pozzo

You took me for him

Estragon

(apologetically)

That is 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

Let's say no more about it.

Pozzo (continued)  
 (jerking the rope)  
 Up pig! Every time he drops he falls asleep.

(He jerks the rope again.)

Up hog!

(Lucky is heard getting up and picking up the baggage.)

3

Back!

(Pozzo jerks the rope and Lucky enters backwards.)

Stop!

(Lucky stops at extreme down left.)

Turn!

(Lucky turns toward Pozzo.)

Gentlemen, I am happy to have met you.

(Vladimir and Estragon are amazed at being spoken to like this. Pozzo jerks the rope and speaks to Lucky.)

Closer!

(Lucky advances three paces.)

Stop!

(Lucky stops.)

Yes, the road seems long when one journeys all alone for...

(He consults his watch and calculates carefully.)

...yes...yes, six hours, that's right, six hours on end, and never a soul in sight.

(He shouts at Lucky.)

Coat!

(Lucky puts down the bag, advances, gives the coat, goes back to his place and takes up the bag.)

Hold that!

(Pozzo holds out the riding crop. Lucky advances and takes the whip in his mouth then goes back to his place. Pozzo begins to put on his coat then stops.)

Pozzo (continued)

Coat!

(Lucky puts down bag, basket and stool, advances, helps Pozzo drape his coat over his back and then goes back to his place and takes up his burdens.)

Touch of autumn in the air this evening. Whip!

(Lucky advances, stoops, Pozzo snatches the riding crop from his mouth and Lucky goes back to his place.)

Yes, gentlemen, I cannot go for long without the society of my likes even when the likeness is an imperfect one. Stool!

(Lucky puts down bag and basket, advances, opens stool and puts it down.)

Closer!

(Lucky moves the stool downstage of the mound. Pozzo sits down.)

Back!

(Lucky starts to move back.)

Further!

(Lucky moves to original position.)

Stop!

(Pozzo speaks 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 and goes back to his place.)

The fresh air stimulates the jaded appetite.

(He takes chicken and wine from the basket.)

Basket!

(Lucky closes the basket and takes it back to his place.)

Further.

(Lucky moves one step back.)

He stinks. Happy days!

(He begins to drink and eat loudly. Vladimir and Estragon begin to cautiously circle about Lucky. Pozzo throws the bones up left of the mound when he finishes with them. Lucky sags slowly, until bag and basket touch the ground, then he straightens and begins to sag again. He is sleeping on his feet.)

Estragon

What ails him?

Vladimir

He looks tired.

Estragon

Why doesn't he put down his bags?

Vladimir

How do I know?

(Estragon gets too close.)

Careful!

Estragon

Say something to him.

(Vladimir has moved down left of Lucky.)

Vladimir

Look

Estragon

What?

Vladimir

(pointing)

His neck!

Estragon

(looking at the front of his neck)  
I see nothing.

Vladimir

(motioning for him to come)

Here.

(Estragon moves to beside Vladimir.)

Estragon

Oh I say!

Vladimir

A running sore!

Estragon

It's the rope.

Vladimir  
It's the rubbing.

Estragon  
It's inevitable.

Vladimir  
It's the knot.

Estragon  
It's the chafing.

(They resume their inspection. Vladimir moves clockwise around Lucky and Estragon moves counter-clockwise. They meet in front and look Lucky in the face.)

Vladimir  
(grudgingly)  
He's not bad looking.

Estragon  
(disagreeing)  
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 half-wit.

Estragon  
A cretin.

Vladimir  
(looking closely at his neck in front)  
Looks like a goiter.

Estragon  
(seeing nothing)  
It's not certain.

(Lucky gasps for breath.)

Vladimir  
He's panting.

Estragon

It's inevitable.

Vladimir

And his eyes!

Estragon

What about them?

Vladimir

Goggling out of his head.

Estragon

Looks like his last gasp to me.

Vladimir

It's not certain.

(There is a pause.)

Ask him a question.

(Vladimir gets behind Estragon to urge him on and to keep something between him and Lucky.)

Estragon

Would that be a good thing?

Vladimir

What do we risk?

Estragon

(timidly)

Mister...

Vladimir

(from his point of safety)

Louder.

Estragon

(louder)

Mister....

Pozzo

Leave him in peace! Can't you see he wants to rest? Basket!

(He begins to light his pipe. Estragon sees the chicken bones and begins to stare at them greedily.)

Basket!

(Lucky starts and moves. He puts the bottle back in the basket and takes all back to his place. Estragon stares at the bones. Pozzo again lights his pipe.)

Pozzo (continued)  
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? No, personally  
I do not need them any more.

(Estragon reaches for the bones.)

But...

(Estragon stops.)

But in theory the bones go to the carrier. He is therefore the  
one to ask.

(Estragon turns toward Lucky, hesitates.)

Go on, go on, don't be afraid, ask him, he'll tell you.

(Estragon crosses to Lucky.)

Estragon  
Mister...excuse me, Mister....

Pozzo  
You're being spoken to, pig! Reply!

(He speaks to Estragon.)

Try him again.

Estragon  
Excuse me, Mister, the bones.

(Lucky looks hard at Estragon who moves back and  
continues more timidly.)

Estragon (continued)

You won't be wanting the bones?

Pozzo

(in raptures)

Mister! Reply! Do you want them or don't you?

(Lucky says nothing.)

They're yours.

(Estragon clumps to the bones, squats down beside them with his back to the audience and begins to chew on the bones.)

I don't like it. I've never known him to refuse a bone before. Nice business it'd be if he fell sick on me!

(He puffs at his pipe.)

Vladimir

(exploding)

It's a scandal!

(Estragon reacts to this only momentarily. Pozzo is not disturbed.)

Pozzo

Are you alluding to anything in particular?

Vladimir

(outraged)

To treat a man...like that.

(He crosses toward Lucky.)

I think that...no...a human being...no...it's a scandal!

Estragon

(not to be outdone)

A disgrace!

(He resumes gnawing.)

Pozzo

You are severe.

(He speaks to Vladimir who turns his back on him.)

What age are you, if it's not a rude question?

(Vladimir makes no reply.)

Fifty? Sixty?

Pozzo (continued)

(to Estragon)

What age would you say he was?

Estragon

Eleven.

Pozzo

I am impertinent.

(His pipe is out. He gets up.)

I must be getting on. Thank you for your society.

(He reflects.)

Unless I smoke another pipe before I go. What do you say?

(They say nothing.)

Oh I'm only a small smoker, a very small smoker, I'm not in the habit of smoking two pipes one on top of the other, it makes my heart go pit-a-pat.

(He pats his hand over his heart.)

It's the nicotine, one absorbs it in spite of one's precautions.

(He sighs.)

You know how it is.

(There is no reply.)

But perhaps you don't smoke? Yes? No? It's of no importance.

(There is more silence.)

But how am I to sit down now, without affectation, now that I have risen? Without appearing to--how shall I say--without appearing to falter.

(He thinks Vladimir speaks.)

I beg your pardon?

(Vladimir doesn't reply.)

Perhaps you didn't speak?

(He waits but there is no reply.)

It's of no importance. Let me see....

(He reflects.)

Estragon

Ah! That's better.

(He stands up and puts the bones in his pocket.)

Vladimir

Let's go.

Estragon

So soon?

Pozzo

One moment! Stool!

(He points to the stool and Lucky hurries to move it more right.)

More! There!

(The stool is still in front of the mound but it is about two feet further right. Pozzo sits down and Lucky goes back to his place.)

Done it!

(He fills his pipe.)

Vladimir

(vehemently)

Let's go!

Pozzo

I hope I'm not driving you away. Wait a little longer, you'll never regret it.

Estragon

(scenting charity)

We're in no hurry.

(Pozzo lites his pipe.)

Pozzo

The second is never so sweet.

(He takes the pipe out of his mouth and contemplates it.)

As the first I mean.

(He returns the pipe to his mouth.)

But it's sweet just the same.

Vladimir

I'm going.

(He doesn't move.)

Pozzo

He can no longer endure my presence. I am perhaps not particularly human, but who cares? 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 look at the sky.)

Good.

(They stop looking at the sky.)

What happens in that case--

(He takes pipe out of his mouth and examines it.)

I'm out--

(He relights his pipe.)

--in that case--in that case

(He puffs on the pipe.)

What happens in that case to your appointment with this...Godet...Godot... Godin...anyhow you see who I mean, who has your future in his hands... at least your immediate future?

Vladimir

Who told you?

Pozzo

(happily)

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

(Estragon has been watching Lucky.)

Estragon

Why doesn't he put down his bags?

Pozzo

I too would be happy to meet him. The more people I meet the happier I become. From the meanest creature one departs wiser, richer, more conscious of one's blessings. Even you...

(He snorts.)

Even you, who knows, will have added to my store.

Estragon

Why doesn't he put down his bags?

Pozzo

But that would surprise me.

Vladimir

You're being asked a question.

Pozzo

(delighted)

A question! Who? What? A moment ago you were calling me Sir, in fear and trembling. Now you're asking me questions. No good will come of this!

Vladimir

(to Estragon)

I think he's listening.

Estragon

(pacing back and forth behind Lucky)

What?

Vladimir

You can ask him now. He's on the alert.

Estragon

Ask him what?

Vladimir

Why he doesn't put down his bags.

Estragon

I wonder.

Vladimir

Ask him, can't you?

Pozzo

(fearing the question will get lost)

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

Vladimir

That's it.

Pozzo

(to Estragon)

You are sure you agree with that?

Estragon

He's puffing like a walrus.

Pozzo

The answer is this.

(He notices Estragon's pacing.)

But stay still, I beg of you, you're making me nervous!

Vladimir

(motioning to Estragon)

Here.

Estragon  
What is it?

Vladimir  
He's about to speak.

(Estragon goes to stand beside Vladimir.)

Pozzo  
Good. Is everybody ready?

(He speaks directly to the audience.)

Is everybody looking at me?

(He notices that Lucky is not looking.)

Will you look at me, pig!

(Lucky looks at him.)

Good. I am ready. Is everybody listening? Is everybody ready?

(He looks all around and sees that Lucky is not looking.)

Hog!

(Lucky looks at him.)

I don't like talking in a vacuum. Good. Let me see.

(He puzzles.)

Estragon  
I'm going.

(He doesn't move.)

Pozzo  
What was it exactly you wanted to know?

Vladimir  
Why he--

Pozzo  
(angrily)  
Don't interrupt me! If we all speak at once we'll never get anywhere. What was I saying?

Vladimir  
(helpfully)  
Why he--

Pozzo  
(loudly)  
What was I saying?

(Vladimir mimics one carrying a heavy burden.)

Estragon  
(explaining his actions)  
Bags.

(He points at Lucky.)

Why? Always hold. Never put down. Why?

Pozzo  
Ah! Why couldn't you say so before?

(Vladimir and Estragon look at one another.)

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. There's reasoning for you. And why doesn't he want to? Gentlemen, the reason is this.

Vladimir  
(to Estragon whose attention has been wandering)  
Make a note of this.

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

Estragon  
What?

Pozzo  
Perhaps I haven't got it quite right. He wants to mollify me, so that I'll give up the idea of parting with him. No, that's not exactly it either.

Vladimir  
You want to get rid of him?

Pozzo  
He wants to cod 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.

Estragon  
You've had enough of him?

Pozzo  
He imagines that when I see him indefatigable I'll regret my decision. Such is his miserable scheme. As though I were short of slaves! Atlas, son of Jupiter! Well, that's what I think. Anything else?

Vladimir

(yelling)  
You want to get rid of him?

Pozzo

Remark that I might just as well have been in his shoes and he in mine. If chance had not willed otherwise. To each one his due.

Vladimir

(fast and rolling the r's)  
You waagerrim?

Pozzo

(dumbfounded)  
I beg your pardon?

Vladimir

(carefully and deliberately)  
You want to get rid of him?

Pozzo

I do. But instead of driving him away as I might have done, I mean 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 begins to whimper and weep.)

Estragon

He's crying!

Pozzo

Old dogs have more dignity.

(He hands his handkerchief to Estragon.)

Comfort him, since you pity him. Come on. Wipe away his tears, he'll feel less forsaken.

(Estragon crosses to Lucky but still hesitates.)

Vladimir

(crossing after Estragon)  
Here, give it to me, I'll do it.

(Estragon childishly refuses to give him the handkerchief and moves at Lucky.)

Pozzo

Make haste, before he stops.

(Estragon starts to wipe Lucky's eyes and Lucky kicks him in the right shin. Estragon drops the hanky and staggers

Pozzo (continued)

back behind the tree yelling with pain.)

Hanky!

(Lucky puts down bag and basket, picks up the hanky, gives it to Pozzo, goes back to his place and picks up his burdens.)

Estragon

Oh the swine!

(He pulls up the leg of his trousers.)

He's crippled me!

Pozzo

I told you he didn't like strangers.

(Vladimir crosses back to Estragon and kneels down beside him.)

Vladimir

Show.

(Estragon shows him his bleeding leg.)

He's bleeding!

Pozzo

(comforting)

It's a good sign.

Estragon

I'll never walk again!

Vladimir

I'll carry you.

(This sounds like a lot of work.)

If necessary.

Pozzo

He's stopped crying. You have replaced him as it were.

(He speaks poetically.)

The tears of the world are a constant quantity. For each one who begins to weep somewhere else another stops. The same is true of the laugh.

(He laughs but stops abruptly.)

Pozzo (continued)

Let us not then speak ill of our generation, it is not any unhappier than its predecessors.

(He ponders.)

Let us not speak well of it either.

(He makes a decision.)

Let us not speak of it at all.

(Vladimir is trying to tie his handkerchief around Estragon's wound. Estragon refuses to let him.).

It is true the population has increased.

Vladimir

Try and walk.

(Estragon holds his leg with both hands and limps around to the mound where he sits down.)

Pozzo

Guess who taught me all these beautiful things. My Lucky!

(Vladimir moves to extreme left and looks at the sky.)

Vladimir

Will night never come?

Pozzo

But for him all my thoughts, all my feelings, would have been of common things. Professional worries! Beauty, grace, truth of the first water, I knew they were all beyond me. So I took a knock.

Vladimir

(startled from his inspection of the sky)

A knock?

Pozzo

That was nearly sixty years ago.

(He consults his watch.)

Yes, nearly sixty. You wouldn't think it to look at me, would you? Compared to him I look like a young man, no?

Vladimir

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

Estragon

(to Lucky)

Swine!

Vladimir

After having sucked all the good out of him you chuck him away like a...like a banana skin. Really...

Pozzo

(very agitated)

I can't bear it...any longer...

(He groans and clutches his head.)

The way he goes on...you've no idea...it's terrible...he must go... I'm going mad...

(He collapses with his head in his hands.)

I can't bear it...any longer...

(All is silent. Vladimir moves sympathetically to Pozzo. He takes off his hat and pats him on the head.)

Vladimir

He can't bear it.

Estragon

Any longer.

Vladimir

He's going mad.

Estragon

It's terrible.

(Vladimir crams Pozzo's hat back on his head and advances on Lucky.)

Vladimir

How dare you! It's abominable! Such a good master! Crucify him like that!

(He waves his arms wildly.)

After so many years! Really!

Pozzo

(sobbing)

He used to be so kind...so helpful...and entertaining...my good angel...and now...he's killing me.

Estragon

(to Vladimir)

Does he want to replace him?

Vladimir

What?

Estragon

Does ha want someona to taka his place or not?

Vladimir

I don't think so.

Estragon

What?

Vladimir

I don't know.

Estragon

Ask him.

(Vladimir starts toward Pozzo.)

Vladimir

Do you....

Pozzo

(completely recovered)

Gentlemen, I don't know what came over me. Forgive me. Forget all I said. I don't remember exactly what it was but you may ba sura that there wasn't a word of truth in it. Do I look like a man that can be made to suffer? Frankly?

(Ha rummages in his pockats.)

What hava I dona with my pipe?

Vladimir

Charming evening we're having.

(Estragon stands.)

Estragon

Unforgattabla.

Vladimir

And it's not ovar.

Estragon

Apparently not.

(Vladimir bagins to feel tha call of nature. He twists and sqirms.)

Vladimir

It's only beginning.

Estragon

It's awful.

Vladimir

Worse than the pantomime.

Estragon

The circus.

Vladimir

The music-hall.

Estragon

The circus.

Pozzo

What can I have done with that briar?

Estragon

(chuckling)

He's a scream. He's lost his dudeen.

Vladimir

(hurrying toward the door)

I'll be back

Estragon

End of the corridor, on the left.

Vladimir

Keep my seat.

(He exits right stage.)

Pozzo

(on the point of tears)

I've lost my Kapp and Peterson!

Estragon

(laughing)

He'll be the death of me.

(He goes to the door and looks out.)

Pozzo

You didn't see by any chance--

(He misses Vladimir.)

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

Estragon

He would have burst.

Pozzo

(understanding)

Oh! Well then of course in that case...

Estragon

Come here.

Pozzo

What for?

Estragon

You'll see.

Pozzo

You want me to get up?

Estragon

Quick!

(Pozzo gets up and joins Estragon at the door. They both look off toward the left. Estragon points.)

Look!

Pozzo

Oh I say!

Estragon

It's all over.

(He claps.)

Encore, Encore.

(Vladimir enters. He is mad and unhappy. He crosses down right and paces back and forth across the front of the stage from down right to center and back again.)

Pozzo

He's not pleased.

Estragon

(to Vladimir)

You missed a trick. Pity.

(Vladimir stops at extreme down right and looks out.)

Pozzo

He subsides.

(He looks around.)

Indeed all subsides. A great calm descends. Listen! Pan sleeps.

Vladimir

Will night never come?

(All three look at the sky.)

Pozzo

You don't feel like going until it does?

Estragon

Well you see--

Pozzo

(moving back toward his stool)

Why it's very naturel, very naturel. 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.

(He looks at the stool.)

I'd very much like to sit down, but I don't quite know how to go about it.

Estragon

Could I be of any help?

Pozzo

If you asked me perhaps.

Estragon

What?

Pozzo

If you asked me to sit down.

Estragon

Would that be a help?

Pozzo

I fancy so.

Estragon

Here we go. Be seated, Sir, I beg of you.

Pozzo

No no, I wouldn't think of it!

(Estragon shrugs his shoulders and starts to walk away.  
Pozzo stops him with a whispered aside.)

Ask me again.

Estragon

Come come, take a seat I beseech you, you'll get pneumonia.

Pozzo

(shocked)

You really think so?

Estragon

Why it's absolutely certain.

Pozzo

No doubt you ere right.

(He eats himself grandly.)

Done it egain! Thank you, dear fellow.

(He consults his watch.)

But I must reelly be getting along, if I am to obssrve my echedule.

Vladimir

(looking out)

Time hes stopped.

Pozzo

Don't you believe it, Sir, don't you believe it.

(He puts his wetch beck in his pocket.)

Whatsvar you like, but not that.

Estragon

(to Pozzo)

Everything seems black to him to-dey.

Pozzo

Except the firmament.

(Hs laughs suddenly end loudly. He quits immedietely when he sees Estregon'e look of smazement.

But I see what it is.

(Estragon picks up his boot end Vledimir tekes off his hat and begine to exemine it.)

You ere not from these perts, you don't know what our twilights cen do. Shall I tell you?

(There is no answer. Both men are concentrating on the objects in their hands.)

I can't refuse you. A littls attention, if you please.

(Pozzo cracks the riding crop on the floor feebly.)

What'e the matter with this whip?

(He gets up and bengs the whip loudly against the floor. Lucky jumps. Vledimir's hat, Estregon's boot, Lucky's hat, fall to the ground. Pozzo throws down the crop.

Worn out, this whip. What wee I seying?

Vladimir

(to Estragon)

Let's go.

Estragon

(to Pozzo)

But take the weight off your feet, I implore you, you'll catch  
your death.

Pozzo

True.

(He sits down.)

What is your name?

Estragon

Adam.

Pozzo

(who hasn't listened)

Ah yes! The night.

(He looks about.)

But be a little more attentive, for pity's sake, otherwise we'll  
never get anywhere.

(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.)

Good, that's enough.

(Lucky stops looking at the sky.)

What is there so extraordinary about it? Qua sky. It is pale  
and luminous like any sky at this hour of the day. In these  
latitudes. When the weather is fine.

(He speaks lyrically.)

An hour ago, roughly, after having poured forth even since...

(He speaks prosaically.)

Say ten o'clock in the morning...

(He speaks lyrically.)

Pozzo (continued)

Tirelessly torrents of red and white light it begins to lose its effulgence, to grow pale...

(He gestures with both hands leaping by stages.)

Pele, ever a little paler, a little paler until...

(He makes a dramatic pause and uses an ample gesture of both hands flung wide apart.)

Pffff! Finished! It comes to rest. But--

(He makes a gesture of admonition.)

But behind this veil of gentleness and peace night is charging and will burst upon us...

(He snaps his fingers.)

Pop! Like that!

(His inspiration leaves him.)

Just when we least expect it.

(There is a silence. He continues gloomily.)

That's how it is on this bitch of an earth.

(There is a silence.)

Estragon

So long as one knows.

Vladimir

One can bide one's time.

Estragon

One knows what to expect.

Vladimir

No further need to worry.

Estragon

Simply wait.

Vladimir

We're used to it.

(He picks up his hat, peers inside it, shakes it, puts it on.)

Pozzo

How did you find me?

(Vladimir and Estragon look blankly at Pozzo.)

Pozzo

Good? Fair? Middling? Poor? Positively bad?

(His expression varies with the words so that he is  
nearly crying on the last one.)

Vladimir

(first to understand)

Oh vary good, vary very good.

Pozzo

(to Estragon)

And you Sir?

Estragon

Oh tray bong, tray tray tray bong.

Pozzo

(fervently)

Bless you, gentleman, bleas you! I have such need of encouragement!

(He pauses.)

I weakened a little toward the end, you didn't notice?

Vladimir

Oh perhapa juat a taeny weeny littla bit.

Estragon

I thought it was intentional.

Pozzo

You see my memory ia dafactiva.

Estragon

In the meantime nothing happens.

Pozzo

You find it tedioua?

Estragon

Somewhat.

Pozzo

(to Vladimir)

And you, Sir?

Vladimir

I've baan batter entertained.

(Pozzo struggles inwardly.)

Pozzo

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

Estragon

Not at all!

Vladimir

What an idea!

Pozzo

Yes yes, you have been correct. So that I ask myself is there anything I can do in my turn for these honest fellows who are having such a dull, dull time.

(Estragon stands up eagerly.)

Estragon

Even ten francs would be a help.

Vladimir

(outraged)

We are not beggars!

Pozzo

Is there anything I can do, that's what I ask myself, to cheer them up? I have given them bones, I have talked to them about this and that, I have explained the twilight, admittedly. But is it enough, that's what tortures me, is it enough?

Estragon

(hopefully)

Even five.

Vladimir

(to Estragon, indignantly)

That's enough!

Estragon

(proudly)

I couldn't accept less.

Pozzo

(thinking Vladimir was talking to him)

Is it enough? No doubt. But I am liberal. It's my nature. This evening. So much the worse for me. For I shall suffer, no doubt about that. What do you prefer? Shall we have him dance, or sing, or recite, or think, or--

Estragon

Who?

Pozzo

Who! You know how to think, you two?

Vladimir

He thinks?

Pozzo

Certsinly. Aloud. He even used to think very prettily once, I could listen to him for hours. Now...

(He shuddars.)

So much tha worse for me. Wall, would you lika him to think something for us?

Estragon

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

Pozzo

Not necessrrily.

Estrsgon

(wheadding toward Vlsdimir)  
Wouldn't it Didi, be more fun?

Vladimir

I'd like well to hear him think.

Estrsgon

Perhapss he could dsnce first snd think sftewrds, if it isn't too much to skk him.

Vladimir

(to Pozzo)  
Would that be possible?

Pozzo

By sll mesns, nothing simpler.

(He chuckles.)

It's the natursl ordar.

Vlsdimir

Then let him dance.

(Nothing happens.)

Pozzo

(to Lucky)  
Do you hestr, hog?

Estrsgon

He never refuses?

Pozzo

(with a ssdistic smile)  
He refused once. Danca, miaary!

(Lucky puts down burdans and advances to center stsgae whera he faces away from audience. Dance ends facing sudience.)

Estregon

Is that ell?

Pozzo

Encore!

(Lucky executes the same movements only more frenetically.  
He stops panting.)

Estregon

Pooh! Pooh! I'd do as well myself.

(He attempts to imitate Lucky, almost falls.)

With e little prectice.

Pozzo

He used to dance the ferandole, the fling, the brawl, the jig,  
the fandango and even the hornpipe. He capered. For joy.  
Now that's the best he cen do. Do you know whet he cells it?

Estregon

The Scepegoet's Agony.

Vledimir

The Hard Stool.

Pozzo

The Net. He thinks he's entangled in e net.

Vledimir

(squirming like Lucky)

There's something about it...

(Lucky sterts to return to his burdens.)

Woaa!

(Lucky freezes.)

Estregon

Tell us about the time he refused.

Pozzo

With pleasure, with pleasure.

(He fumbles in his pockets.)

Weit. Whet have I done with my spray? Well now isn't thet...

(He gasps.)

I cen't find my pulverizer!

Estragon

(faintly)  
My last lung is very weak!

(He coughs feebly then continues in ringing tones.)

But my right lung is as sound as a bell!

Pozzo

(normal voice)  
No matter! What was I saying.

(He ponders.)

Wait.

(He ponders more.)

Well now isn't that...Help me!

Estragon

(taking off his hat)

Wait!

Vladimir

(taking off his hat)

Wait!

Pozzo

(taking off his hat)

Wait!

Estragon

(triumphantly)

Ah!

Vladimir

He has it.

Pozzo

Wall?

Estragon

Why doesn't he put down his bags?

Vladimir

(turning away in disgust)  
Rubbish!

Pozzo

(confused)  
Are you sure?

Vladimir

(turning back)  
Damn it haven't you already told us?

Pozzo

I've already told you?

Estragon

He's already told us?

Vladimir

(pointing at Lucky)

Anyway he has put them down.

Estragon

(looking at Lucky)

So he has. And what of it?

Vladimir

Since he has put down his bags it is impossible we should ask why he does not do so.

Pozzo

Stoutly reasoned!

Estragon

And why has he put them down?

Pozzo

Answer us that

Vladimir

In order to dance.

Estragon

True!

Pozzo

True!

(They all put on their hats.)

Estragon

(crossing upstage right)

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

(to Estragon)

Give him his hat.

Estragon

Me! After what he did to me! Never!

Vladimir

(reluctantly)

I'll give it to him.

(He doesn't move.)

Estragon

(to Pozzo)

Tell him to go and fetch it.

Pozzo

It's better to give it to him.

Vladimir

I'll give it to him.

(He crosses to Lucky carefully walking behind him to pick up the hat. He holds it toward Lucky who does not move.)

Pozzo

You must put it on his head.

(Estragon has advanced toward Lucky with his boot held defensively in his hand.)

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 approaches Lucky from behind and jams the hat on his head. He jumps back. Lucky does not move.)

Estragon

What's he waiting for?

Pozzo

Stand back!

(Vladimir and Estragon move to the left edge of the stage and sit down to watch the show.)

Think pig!

(Lucky begins to dance wildly.)

Pozzo

Stop!

(Lucky stops.)

Forward!

(Lucky advances.)

Stop!

(Lucky stops.)

Think!

Lucky

On the other hand with regard to--

(His voice is rusty from disuse.)

Pozzo

Stop!

(Lucky stops.)

Turn!

(Lucky turns toward the audience in front.)

Back!

(Lucky backs up a little further than center stage.)

Stop!

(Lucky stops, weaving.)

Think!

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...

(Estragon and Vladimir are listening attentively. Pozzo  
is dejected and disgusted.)

And suffers like the divine Miranda with those who for reasons  
unknown but time will tell are plunged in torment plunged in fire

Lucky (continued)

whosa fira flames if that continues and who can doubt it will  
 fira tha firmament that is to say blast hell to heaven so blue  
 still and calm so calm with a calm which even though intermittent  
 is bettar than nothing but not so fast and considering what is  
 more that as a result of the labors laft unfinished crowned by the  
 Acacacacadamy of Anthropopometry of Essy-in-Posay of Testew  
 and Cunard it is established beyond all doubt all other doubt  
 that that which clings to the labors of man that as a result of tha  
 labors unfinished of Testew and Cunard it ia established as  
 hereinafatar but not so fast for reasons unknown that as a result of  
 the public works of Puncer and Wattmann it ia established beyond  
 all doubt that in viaw of the labors of Fartov and Belcher left  
 unfinished for reasons unknown of Testew and Cunard laft 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 briaf in  
 spita of the stridea of alimentation and dafecation wastes and  
 pinas....

(Vladimir and Estragon begin to protest, Pozzo's  
 sufferings increasea.)

wastes and pines and concurrently simultaneously what is mora for  
 reasons unknown in spite of the strides of physical cultura tha  
 practica of sporta such aa tennis football running cycling...

(Vladimir and Estragon are attentive again. Pozzo is  
 more and more agitated and groaning.)

Swimming flying floating riding gliding conating camogie skating  
 tennis of all kinds dying flying sports of all sorts autumn  
 summer wintar winter tennis of all kinds hockey of all sorts  
 penicilline and succadanea in a word I resuma flying gliding  
 golf over nina and eighteen holaa tennis of all sorts in a word  
 for reasons unknown in Feckham Peckham Fulham Clapham namely  
 concurrently ailmultanaously what is more for reasons unknown but  
 time will tell fadas away I resuma Fulham Clapham in a word the  
 dead loss per head since the daath of Bishop Berkeley being to tha  
 tune of one inch four ounce per haad approximately by and large  
 more or less to tha nearest decimal good measure round figures  
 stark naked in the stockingded feet in Connemara in a word for  
 reasons unknown no matter what mattar tha facts are there and  
 considering what is more much more grave that in the light of tha  
 labors lost of Steinweg and Peterman it appears what is more  
 much mora grave that in the light tha 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  
 tha air is tha sama and then tha earth namely the air and then tha  
 earth in the great cold the great dark tha air and the earth  
 abode of stonas in tha great cold...

(Vladimir and Estragon moan.)

Alas alas in the year of their Lord six hundred and something  
 tha air tha earth tha saa tha aarth aboda of stonas in tha

Lucky (continued)  
 great deeps the great cold on sea on land and in the air I  
 resume for reasons unknown in spite of the tennia the facts  
 are there but time will tell I resume alas alas on on in short  
 in fine on on abode of atones who can doubt it I resume but not so  
 fast I resume the skull fading fading fading...

(Vladimir, Pozzo, and Estragon whistle, shout and  
 try to cover their ears.)

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...

(Lucky tugs on his rope, Vladimir and Estragon get to  
 their feet and advance on Lucky.)

The skull the skull in Connemara in spite of the tennia the skull  
 alas the stones Cunard...

(All are on their feet. Vladimir and Estragon begin to  
 pull on Lucky.. Lucky staggers and shouts his text.  
 He goes down but is still shouting.

Pozzo

Hia hat!

Lucky  
 Tennis...the stones...so calm...Cunard....

(Vladimir seizes Lucky's hat.)

Lucky  
 (squacking plaintively)  
 Unfinished...

(Lucky freezes with his arms outstretched half lying  
 half sitting on the floor. Vladimir holds his hat.)

Pozzo

Give me that!

(He snatches the hat from Vladimir and slams it down on  
 the edge of the stage.

There's an end to his thinking.

Vladimir

But will he be able to walk?

Pozzo

Walk or crawl!

(Pozzo kicks Lucky who doesn't move.)

Pozzo

Up pig!

Estragon

Perhaps he's dead.

Vladimir

You'll kill him.

Pozzo

Up scum!

(He jerks the rope.)

Help me!

Vladimir

How?

Pozzo

Raise him up!

(Vladimir and Estragon hoist Lucky to his feet, support him an instant, then let him go. He falls.

Estragon

He's doing it on purpose!

Pozzo

You must hold him. Come on, come on, raise him up.

(They lift Lucky again. He falls again.)

Estragon

To hell with him!

Vladimir

Come on, once more.

Estragon

What does ha take us for?

(They raise Lucky, hold him up.)

Pozzo

Don't let him go! Don't move!

(Pozzo crosses in front of them to left stage and gets the bag and basket. He puts the bag in Lucky's hand. Lucky drops it.

Hold him tight. Don't lat him go.

(Pozzo again puts the bag in Lucky's hand. This time  
he holds it.)

Pozzo

Hold him tight!

(He puts the basket in Lucky's other hand.)

Now! You can let him go.

(Vladimir and Estragon move back from Lucky who totters, reels and sags but succeeds in remaining on his feet, bag and basket in his hands. Pozzo steps back and drops the crop against his boot.)

Forward!

(Lucky staggers forward two paces.)

Back!

(Lucky totters back.)

Turn!

(Lucky turns toward left.)

Forward!

(Lucky staggers forward three steps.)

Stop!

(Lucky stops.)

Done it! He can walk.

(He turns to Vladimir and Estragon.)

Thank you, gentlemen, and let me...

(He fumbles in his pockets.)

Let me wish you...wish you...what have I done with my watch?

(He continues looking.)

A genuine half-hunter, gentleman, with deadbeat accoutrement!

(He is sobbing.)

Twas my granpa gave it to me!

(They help him look. Vladimir looks under Lucky's hat.)

Well now isn't that just--

Vladimir

Perhaps it's in your pocket.

Pozzo

Wait!

(He doubles up in an attempt to apply his ear to his stomach, listens.)

I hear nothing.

(He beckons to them to approach. Vladimir goes and listens on his right side and Estragon listens on the left side.)

Surely one should hear the tick-tick.

Vladimir

Silence!

(All listen.)

Estragon

I hear something.

Pozzo

Where?

(Estragon points to the heart region.)

Vladimir

It's the heart.

Pozzo

(disappointed)

Damnation!

Vladimir

Silence!

(Pozzo begins to sniff.)

Estragon

Perhaps it has stopped.

(Pozzo pushes them away from him.)

Pozzo

Which of you smells so bad?

Estragon

He has stinking breath and I have stinking feet.

(Pozzo begins to gather up the rope and crop.)

Pozzo

I must go.

Estragon

And your half-hunter?

Pozzo

I must have left it at the manor.

(In the silence they all look at one another.)

Estragon

Then adieu.

Pozzo

(to Estragon)

Adieu.

Vladimir

Adieu.

Pozzo

(to Vladimir)

Adieu.

(No one moves.)

Vladimir

Adieu.

Pozzo

Adieu.

Estragon

Adieu.

(There is a silence.)

Pozzo

And thank you.

Vladimir

Thank you.

Pozzo

(to Vladimir)

Not at all.

Estragon

Yes yes.

Pozzo

(to Estragon)

No no.

Vladimir

Yes yes.

Estragon

(tired of it all)

No no.

(There ia silencia.)

Pozzo

I don't seem to ba abla.....to depart.

Estragon

Such ia lifa.

(Pozzo bagins backing toward tha right axit, playing out the ropa as he goes.)

Vladimir

(in alarm)

You'ra going tha wrong way.

Pozzo

I need a running start.

(Ha comes to tha end of tha ropa and stopa.)

Stand back!

(Both man back up a paca or two.)

On! On!

(Pozzo cracka the riding crop againat his boot.)

Estragon

On!

Vladimir

On!

(Lucky movea off tha atage and Pozzo movas across the staga.)

Pozzo

Fastar! On! On!

(Vladimir and Estragon follow after him. Juat aa ha ia nearly off ha saas the atool.)

Stool!

(Tha rope tightens and Lucky is heard falling down.  
Vladimir fetchea the atool. He starts to give it to Pozzo who points off at Lucky. Vladimir takes tha stool to Lucky and retorna.)

Adiau!

4

Vladimir  
 (taking off his hat and waving it)  
 Adieu! Adieu!

Estragon  
 (taking off his hat and waving it)  
 Adieu! Adieu!

Pozzo  
 Up! Pig!

(Lucky is heard getting up and Pozzo moves off stage

5

shouting.)

Faster! On! Adieu! Pig! Yip! Adieu!

(Vladimir and Estragon look sadly after them then they slowly put their hats back on and return to the business of waiting. They are both in cantar staga with Estragon on tha right and Vladimir on tha laft.)

Vladimir  
 That passed tha time.

Estragon  
 It would have passed in any casa.

Vladimir  
 Yes, but not so rapidly.

(There is a 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!

(There is silence.)

Vladimir

How they've changed!

Estragon

Who?

Vladimir

Those two.

Estragon

That's the idea, let's make a little conversation.

Vladimir

Haven't they?

Estragon

What?

Vladimir

Changed.

Estragon

Very likely. They all change. Only we can't.

Vladimir

Likely! It's certain. Didn't you see them?

Estragon

I suppose I did. But I don't know them.

Vladimir

Yes you do know them.

Estragon

No I don't know them.

Vladimir

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

(He pauses then speaks to himself.)

Unless they're not the same...

Estragon

Why didn't they recognize us then?

Vladimir

That means nothing. I too pretended not to recognize them. And then nobody ever recognizes us.

Estragon

(starting to move toward the tree)  
Forget it. What we need--ow!

(His echoes hurt him again.)

Vladimir

(to himself)

Unless they're not the same...

Estragon

Didi! It's the other foot!

(He starts to hobble toward the mound.)

Vladimir

Unless they're not the same...

Boy

(from off right)

Mister!

(Estragon stops and forgets about his feet.)

Estragon

Off we go again.

Vladimir

Approach, my child.

(The Boy enters and walks timidly downstage.)

Boy

(hesitantly)

Mister Albert...?

Vladimir

Yes.

Estragon

What do you want?

Vladimir

(kindly)

Approach!

(The Boy hesitates. He is afraid of Estragon who glowers at him.)

Estragon

(forcibly)

Approach when you're told, can't you?

(The Boy advances toward the center of the stage three or four steps.)

Vladimir

What is it?

Boy

Mr. Godot...

Vladimir

Obviously...

(There is a pauss.)

Approach.

Estragon

(violently)

Will you approach!

(The Boy advances to center stage. Estragon moves up  
on the right side of him and Vladimir is on his left.)

What kept you so lats?

Vladimir

You have a message from Mr. Godot?

Boy

Yes Sir.

Vladimir

Well, what is it?

Estragon

What kept you so lats?

(The boy is confused by the quastions.)

Vladimir

(to Estragon)

Lst him alons.

Estragon

(violently)

You lst ms alone.

(He speaks to the Boy.)

Do you know what tims it is?

Boy

It's not my fault, Sir.

Estragon

And whoss is it? Mins?

Boy

I was afraid, Sir.

Estragon

Afraid of what? Of us?

(The Boy doesn't answe.)

Estragon (continued)

Answer me!

Vladimir

(helping the Boy out)

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

Estragon

How long have you been here?

Boy

A good while, Sir.

Vladimir

You were afraid of the whip?

Boy

(grateful to find someone who understands)

Yes Sir.

Vladimir

The roars?

Boy

Yes Sir.

Vladimir

The two big men.

Boy

(eagerly)

Yes Sir.

Vladimir

Do you know them?

Boy

(almost saying "Yes" out of habit)

No Sir.

Vladimir

Are you a native of these parts?

(The boy doesn't answer.)

Do you belong to these parts?

Boy

Yes Sir.

Estragon

That's all a pack of lies.

(He grabs the boy's shoulder and starts to shake him.)

Estregon (continued)

Tell us the truth!

Boy  
(protesting frantically)  
But it is the truth, Sir!

Vladimir  
(enrily)  
Will you let him alone! What'e the matter with you?

(Estregon moves down right covering his face with his hands. The other two watch him. When he looks he is almost crying.)

What's the matter with you?

Estragon  
(pouting)  
I'm unhappy.

Vladimir  
(sarcastically)  
Not really! Since when?

Estragon  
I'd forgotten.

Vladimir  
Extraordinery the tricke that memory pleys!

(Estragon limps to the mound, sits down and begins to take off his boot. He ignores the rest of the conversation.  
Vladimir speaks to the Boy.)

Well?

Boy  
Mr. Godot--

Vladimir  
I've seen you before, haven't I?

Boy  
I don't know, Sir.

(He doesn't think so.)

Vladimir  
You don't know me?

Boy  
No Sir.

Vladimir  
It waen't you came yeesterday?

Boy

No Sir.

Vladimir

This is your first time?

Boy

Yes Sir.

(In the silence Vladimir walks behind the Boy to get on the right side of him.)

Vladimir

Words words. Speak.

Boy

(hurriedly)

Mr. Godot told me to tell you he won't come this evening, but surely to-morrow.

Vladimir

Is that all?

Boy

Yes Sir.

(There is silence as Vladimir moves to the left of the Boy.)

Vladimir

You work for Mr. Godot?

Boy

Yes Sir.

Vladimir

What do you do?

Boy

(proudly)

I mind the goats, 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.

Vladimir  
What does he do?

Boy  
He minds the sheep, Sir.

Vladimir  
And why doesn't he beat you?

Boy  
I don't know, Sir.

Vladimir  
He must be fond of you.

Boy  
I don't know, Sir.

(Vladimir moves back to the right.)

Vladimir  
Does he give you enough to eat?

(The Boy hesitates.)

Does he feed you well?

Boy  
Fairly well, Sir.

Vladimir  
You're not unhappy?

(The Boy hesitates.)

Do you hear me?

Boy  
Yes Sir.

Vladimir  
Well?

Boy  
I don't know, Sir.

Vladimir

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

Boy

No Sir.

Vladimir

(looking off)  
You're as bad as myself.

(He meditates.)

Where do you sleep?

Boy

In the loft, Sir.

Vladimir

With your brother?

Boy

Yes Sir.

Vladimir

In the hay?

Boy

Yes Sir.

(Vladimir moves back to the left side of the Boy.)

Vladimir

All right, you may go.

(He turns away.)

Boy

What am I to tell Mr. Godot, Sir?

Vladimir

Tell him...

(He turns toward the Boy.)

Tell him you saw us.

(He looks hard at the Boy.)

You did see us, didn't you?

Boy

Yes Sir.

(He looks carefully at Vladimir then turns and hurries away. It suddenly becomes night.)

Vladimir  
(looking at the sky)  
At last!

(Estragon gets up, takes a boot in each hand and places them completely downstage just a little right of center. He straightens up and looks at the sky.)

What are you doing. Your boots, what are you doing with your boots?

Estragon  
I'm leaving them there. Another will come, just as...as...as me, but with smaller feet, and they'll make him happy.

Vladimir  
But you can't go barefoot!

Estragon  
Christ did.

Vladimir  
Christ! What has Christ got to do with it? You're not going to compare yourself to Chirst!

Estragon  
All my life I've compared myself to him.

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

Estragon  
Yes. And they crucified quick.

(There is silence.)

Vladimir  
We've nothing more to do here.

Estragon  
(resentfully)  
Nor anywhere else.

Vladimir  
(comfortingly)  
Ah Gogo, don't go on like that. To-morrow everything will be better.

Estragon  
How do you make that out?

Vladimir  
Did you not hear what the boy said?

Estragon  
No.

Vladimir

He said that Godot was sure to come to-morrow.

(Estragon says nothing.)

What do you say to that?

Estragon

(decisively)

Then all we have to do is to wait on here.

Vladimir

(fearfully)

Are you mad? We must take cover.

(He starts to pull Estragon toward the left exit.)  
Estragon yields then resists. They halt.)

Estragon

(looking at the tree)

Pity we haven't got a bit of rope.

Vladimir

(resumes pulling)

Come on. It's cold.

(Estragon takes a few steps then stops.)

Estragon

Remind me to bring a bit of rope tomorrow.

Vladimir

(resumes pulling)

Yes. Come on.

(Estragon stops.)

Estragon

How long have we been together all the time now?

Vladimir

I don't know. Fifty years maybe.

(Estragon walks slowly back down right.)

Estragon

Do you remember the day I threw myself into the Rhone?

Vladimir

We were grape harvesting.

Estragon

(fondly)

You fished me out.

Vladimir  
 (impatiently)  
 That's all dead and buried.

Estragon  
 My clothes dried in the sun.

Vladimir  
 There's no good harking back on that. Come on.

(He drags Estragon toward the exit as before.)

Estragon  
 Wait!

Vladimir  
 (persisting)  
 I'm cold!

Estragon  
 (harshly)  
 Wait!

(He pulls free and crosses to the mound where he sits.)

I sometimes wonder if we wouldn't have been better off alone,  
 each one for himself. 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 worth while now.

(There is silence.)

Vladimir  
 No, it's not worth while now.

(There is silence.)

Estragon  
 Well, shall we go?

Vladimir  
 Yee, let's go

(They do not move and the lights black out.)

## ACT II

Next day.

Same time.

Same place.

## Act II

(The houselights dim and the stage lights come up  
 on an empty stage. After about five counts Vladimir  
 enters hurriedly. He pantomimes the following ideas  
 as he scurries about the stage: (1) Is Godot here  
 yet? He sees that there is no one waiting. (2) He  
 is relieved at first that he is not late. (3) Then  
 he begins to wonder if perhaps he has missed him  
 entirely. This worries him. (4) Perhaps he has come to  
 the wrong place. He checks everything to see if it  
 is familiar. He notices the leaves on the tree and  
 is thrilled. (5) He decides that this is the place  
 where he is supposed to meet Godot. He begins to sing  
 to pass the time,)

7.

8.

Vladimir

A dog came in--

(He started to high end has to start over.)

A dog came in the kitchen  
 And stole a crust of bread.  
 Then cook up with a ladle  
 And beat him til he was dead.

Then all the dogs came running  
 And dug the dog a tomb--

(He stops, broods and then 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 til he was dead.

Then all the dogs came running  
 And dug the dog a tomb--

(He stops, broods, and then resumes.)

Then all the dogs came running  
 And dug the dog a tomb--

(He stops, broods and then says the following line.)

Vladimir

And dug the dog a tomb.

(He suddenly remembers Estragon and becomes worried about him. He walks around looking for him.

Gogo. Gogo. Gogo!

(Just as he is about to get frantic Estragon enters from the right side. He is barefooted and very dejected. He moves to behind the mound.)

You again!

(Vladimir moves to embrace him.

Come here till I embrace you.

Estragon

(turning away)

Don't touch me!

(Vladimir stops, hurt.)

Vladimir

Do you want me to go away.

(He waits.)

Gogo!

(Vladimir observes him sympathetically.)

Did they beat you?

(Still no answer.)

Gogo!

(Estragon remains silent.)

Where did you spend the night?

Estragon

(suddenly and violently)

Don't touch me! Don't question me! Don't speak to me!

(He turns back toward Vladimir and whimpers the last line without raising his head.)

Stay with me!

Vladimir

Did I ever leave you?

Estragon

You let me go.

Vladimir

Look at me.

(Estragon doesn't look up. Vladimir bends far over and tips his head so he can see Estragon.)

Will you look at me!

(Estragon meets his eyes and as Vladimir raises up Estragon's head comes up and they smile at each other. They suddenly embrace, clapping each other on the back. They break and Estragon crosses to down left.)

Estragon

(almost happily)

What a day!

Vladimir

Who beat you?

(He crosses after Estragon.)

Tell me.

Estragon

Another day done with.

Vladimir

Not yet.

Estragon

For me it's over and done with, no matter what happens.

(He remembers he was unhappy.)

I heard you singing.

Vladimir

(pleased)

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

One is not master of one's moods. All day I've felt in great form. I didn't get up in the night, not once!

Estragon

(sadly)

You see, you even go better when I'm not there.

Vladimir

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

Estragon

(shocked and angered)

Happy?

Vladimir

Perhaps it's not quite the right word.

Estragon

And now?

Vladimir

Now?

(He runs joyfully to the mound and stands to it to address the world with outstretched arms.)

There you are again!

(He steps down onto the floor and says indifferently.)

There we are again.

(He sits gloomily down on the mound with his elbows on his knees.)

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

(proudly)

There was tan of them.

Vladimir

No, I mean before thay 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.

(Ha turns away from Vladimir.)

Vladimir

Ah no, Gogo.

(Ha goes to Estragon, puts his hands on his shoulders and turns him around to face him.)

The truth is there are things as capa 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, daap down, if you only knew it.

Estragon

Happy about what?

Vladimir

(joyfully)

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  
(arms flung out)  
Say, I am happy.

Estragon  
(arms flung partly out)  
I am happy.

Vladimir  
So am I.

Estragon  
(mimicking)  
So am I.

Vladimir  
We are happy.

Estragon  
We are happy.

(There is a long silence. Estragon looks at Vladimir.)  
What do we do now, now that we are happy?

Vladimir  
Wait for Godot.

Estragon  
(groaning)  
Ah!

Vladimir  
Things have changed here since yesterday.

(He walks up left toward the tree.)  
Estragon  
And if he doesn't come?

Vladimir  
(dismissing the idea)  
We'll see when the time comes. I was saying that things have changed here since yesterday.

Estragon  
Everything goes on.

Vladimir  
(looking at the tree)  
Look at the tree.

Estragon  
It's never the same place from one second to the next.

Vladimir

The tree, look at the tree.

(Estragon turns end looks herd et the tree.)

Estragon

Was it not there yesterdey?

Vladimir

Yes of course it wes there. Do you not remember? We neerly henged ourselves from it. But you wouldn't. Do you not remember?

(Estregon crosses to the right of the tree. Vladimir is on the left of it.)

Estragon

You dreemt it.

Vladimir

It it possible you've forgotten alreedy?

Estragon

That's the way I em. Either I forget immedietely or I never forget.

Vladimir

And Pozzo end Lucky, heve you forgotten them too?

Estragon

Pozzo end Lucky?

Vladimir

(to the eudience)  
He's forgotten everything!

(He welks toward right end turns in center stege.)

Estragon

I remember a lunetic who kicked the shins off me. Then he pleyed the fool.

Vladimir

Thet was Lucky.

Estragon

I remember thet, but when wes it?

Vladimir

And his keeper, do you not remember him?

Estragon

He gave me e bone.

Vladimir

Thet 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 recognize the place?

Estragon  
(angrily)  
Recognize! What is there to recognize?

(He crosses to the mound looking about him.)

All my lousy life I've crawled about in the mud! And you talk to me about scenery!

(He stands on the mound and indicates the area.)

Look at this muckheap! I've never stirred from it!

Vladimir  
Calm yourself, calm yourself.

Estragon  
You and your landscapes! Tell me about the worms!

Vladimir  
All the same, you can't tell me that this....

(He indicates the area.)

Bears any resemblance to...to the Macon country for example.  
You can't deny there's a big difference.

(Estragon steps off the mound up right.)

Estragon  
The Macon country! Who's talking to you about the Macon country?

Vladimir  
But you were there yourself, in the Macon country.

Estragon  
No I was never in the Macon country! I've puked my puke of a life away here, I tell you! Here! In the Cackon country!

Vladimir  
But we were there together, I could swear to it! Picking grapes for a man called....

(He snaps his fingers and thinks.)

Vladimir (continued)  
Can't seem to think of the name of the men, et e piece called....

(He sneps his fingere.)

Can't think of the neme of the plece, do you not remember?

Estragon  
(e little celmer)  
It's possible.

(He moves downstage severel steps.)

I didn't notice enything.

Vladimir  
But down there everything is red!

Estragon  
(exesperated)  
I didn't notice enything I tell you!

(In the silence Vladimir moves down left and sighs.)

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

(Estragon moves to down right.)

Estregon  
It'd be better if we parted.

Vladimir  
You elways say that end you elways come crawling back.

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

Vladimir  
Whet others? Whet other?

Estregon  
Like billions of others.

Vladimir  
(said out)  
To every man his little cross. Till he dies. And is forgotten.

(Estregon crosses to stand beside Vladimir.)

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

(They speek out toward the audience.).

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 turns and starts up left.)

Estragon  
All the dead voices.

(Vladimir turns and follows him.)

Vladimir  
They make a noise like wings.

(Estragon moves around behind the tree looking at it.)

Estragon  
Like leaves.

(Vladimir follows him.)

Vladimir  
Like sand.

Estragon  
Like leaves.

(There is a silence.)

Vladimir  
They all speak at once.

(Estragon moves on around the tree.)

Estragon  
Each one to itself.

(Vladimir follows him around the tree. There is silence.)

Vladimir  
Rather they whisper.

Estragon  
They rustle.

Vladimir

They murmur.

Estragon

They rustle.

(They stand still, listening.)

Vladimir

What do they say?

(Estragon starts to walk to below the mound.)

Estragon.

They talk about their lives.

Vladimir

To have lived is not enough for them.

Estragon

They have to talk about it.

(Vladimir follows Estragon who has stopped.)

Vladimir

To be dead is not enough for them.

(He stops a little right of center stage.)

Estragon

It is not sufficient.

(There is silence.)

Vladimir

They make a noise like feathers.

(Estragon crosses to the tree, looking at it.)

Estragon

Like leaves.

Vladimir

Like ashes.

(Estragon stops in front of the tree and looks at it.)

Estragon

Like leaves.

(There is a long silence. Estragon turns toward the audience and they both think.)

Vladimir

Say something!

Estregon

I'm trying.

(There is a long silence.)

Vladimir

Say anything at all!

Estragon

What do we do now?

Vladimir

Wait for Godot.

Estragon

Ah!

Vladimir

This is awful!

Estragon

Sing something

Vladimir

No no!

(He turns and starts a slow hesitant walk around the mound.)

We could start all over again perhaps.

(Estragon turns and starts a slow hesitant circle around the tree corresponding with Vladimir's.)

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.

(He is now behind the mound and Estragon is behind the tree. They both stop and think.)

Estragon

True.

(They think.)

Vladimir

(starting to move again)

When you seek you hear.

Estragon  
(starting to move again)  
You do.

Vladimir  
That prevents you from finding.

Estragon  
It does.

Vladimir  
That prevents you from thinking.

Estragon  
(disagreeing)  
You think all the same.

Vladimir  
(frightened)  
No no, impossible.

(Vladimir is now down right and Estragon is down left.  
They stop.)

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

Vladimir  
Impossible.

Estragon  
You think so?

Vladimir  
We're in no danger of ever thinking any more.

Estragon  
Then what are we complaining about?

(Vladimir starts to move toward the center.)

Vladimir  
Thinking is not the worst.

(Estragon moves toward the center. Vladimir crosses behind Estragon.)

Estragon  
Perhaps not. But at least there's that.

Vladimir  
That what?

Estragon  
That's the idea, let's ask each other questions.

Vladimir  
What do you mean, at least there's a that?

Estragon  
That much less misery.

Vladimir  
True.

Estragon  
Well? If we gave thanks for our mercies?

(Vladimir starts to move hesitantly up right.)

Vladimir  
What is terrible is to have thought.

Estragon  
But did that ever happen to us?

Vladimir  
Where are all these corpses from?

Estragon  
These skeletons.

Vladimir  
Tell me that.

Estragon  
True.

(Vladimir moves completely up left.)

Vladimir  
We must have thought a little.

(Estragon moves up right to the end of the mound.)

Estragon  
At the very beginning.

Vladimir  
(looking at the audience)  
A charnel-house! A charnel-house!

Estragon  
You don't have to look

Vladimir  
You can't help looking.

Estragon  
True.

Vladimir

Try as one may.

Estragon

I beg your pardon?

(Vladimir moves down stage a few paces.)

Vladimir

Try as one may.

Estragon

(taking a step toward the tree.)  
We should turn resolutely towards Nature.

Vladimir

(turning away)  
We've tried that.

Estragon

True.

Vladimir

Oh it's not the worst, I know.

Estragon

What?

(Vladimir crosses to the downstage end of the mound.)

Vladimir

To have thought.

Estragon

Obviously.

Vladimir

But we could have done without it.

Estragon

Que voulez-vous?

Vladimir

I beg your pardon?

Estragon

Que voulez-vous?

Vladimir

Ah! que voulez-vous. Exactly.

(Estragon moves to beside Vladimir.)

Estragon

That wasn't such a bad little center.

Vladimir

Yes, but now we'll heve to find something alse.

Estregon

Let me see.

(He takes off his hat, concentrates.)

Vledimir

Let ma sea.

(Ha takes off his hat and concantratas. Thera is a long silence.)

Ah!

(They put on their hats and relax. Estregon looks et Vledimir expectently.)

Estregon

Well?

Vledimir

What wes I seying, we could go on from there.

Estregon

Whet were you seying when?

Vladimir

At tha very beginning.

Estregon

The very beginning of WHAT?

Vledimir

This evening...I was seying...I wes saying...

Estregon

I'm not e historien.

Vladimir

Wait...

(He sits on the end of the mound fecing right.)

Wa ambrecad...we were heppy...happy...what do we do now that we're heppy...go on weiting...waiting...lat me think...it's coming... go on waiting...now that we're happy...let me see...eh! The tree!

Estragon

Tha trea?

Vladimir

Do you not remember?

Estragon

I'm tired.

Vladimir

(standing up)  
Look at it.

(They both advance on the tree. Vladimir goes to the left of it and Estragon stands looking at it from the right.)

Estragon

I see nothing.

Vladimir

But yesterday evening it was all black and bare. Now it's covered with leaves.

Estragon

Leaves?

Vladimir

In a single night.

Estragon

It must be the Spring.

Vladimir

But in a single night!

(Estragon walks upstage several steps.)

Estragon

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

Vladimir

And where were we yesterday evening according to you?

Estragon

(moving up right)  
How would I know? In another compartment. There's no lack of void.

Vladimir

Good. We weren't here yesterday evening. Now what did we do yesterday?

Estragon

(stopping and puzzling)  
Do?

Vladimir

Try and remember.

Estragon

Do...I suppose we blathered.

Vladimir

About what?

Estragon

Oh...this and that I suppose, nothing in particular.

(He moves behind the mound, turne and continues with assurance.)

Yes, now I remember, yesterday evening we spent blathering about nothing in particular. That'a been going on now for half a century.

Vladimir

You don't remember any fact, any circumstances?

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

Alaa!

Vladimir

And Pozzo? And Lucky?

(Estragon moves around the mound to downatage right.)

Pozzo?

Vladimir

The bones.

Estragon

They were like fishbones.

Vladimir

It was Pozzo gave them to you.

Estragon

I don't know.

Vladimir

And the kick.

(Estragon moves to in front of the mound.)

Estragon

That'a right someone gave me a kick.

Vledimir

It was Lucky gave it to you.

Estragon

And all that was yeeterday?

(Vledimir crosees to Estragon.)

Vladimir

Show your leg.

Estragon

Which?

Vledimir

Both. Pull up your trousers. Pull up your trousers.

(Estragon makees no move to do eo.)

Estregon

I can't.

(Vladimir gets eround beeide him end picke up hie left leg. He pulle up hie troueer leg but there is no wound.)

Vledimir

The other.

(Estragon gives him the same leg.)

The other, pig!

(He gets on the other eide of Estregon and picks up his leg neerly tipping Estregon over. He sees the wound.)

There's the wound! Beginning to fester!

(He ebruptly drope the leg.)

Estragon

And whet of it?

Vladimir

Where ere your boots?

Estragon

I must heve thrown them awey.

Vledimir

When?

Estragon

I don't know.

Vladimir

Why?

Estragon

(exasperated)

I don't know why I don't know!

Vladimir

No, I mean why did you throw them away?

Estragon

(exasperated)

Because they were hurting me!

Vladimir

(seeing the boots and pointing)

There they are! At the very spot where you left them yesterday!

(Estragon crosses to the boots and gets down on hands  
and knees to inspect them.)

Estragon

They're not mine.

Vladimir

(stupefied)

Not yours!

Estragon

Mine were black. These are brown.

Vladimir

(moving to behind Estragon)

You're sure yours were black?

Estragon

Well they were a kind of gray.

Vladimir

And these are brown.

(He moves up beside Estragon.)

Show.

Estragon

(picking up a boot)

Well they're a kind of green.

Vladimir

Show.

(Estragon hands him a boot. Vladimir inspects it,  
throws it down angrily.)

Well of all the--

Estragon

(standing up)

You see, all that's a lot of bloody--

(Vladimir moves two steps left.)

Vladimir

Ah! I see what it is. Yes, I see what's happened.

Estragon

All that's a lot of bloody--

Vladimir

(turning to explain)

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

(it's too much for him)

I'm tired! Let's go.

Vladimir

We can't.

Estragon

Why not?

Vladimir

We're waiting for Godot.

Estragon

Ah! What'll we do, what'll we do!

Vladimir

There's nothing we can do.

(Estragon crosses to down right.)

Estragon

But I can't go on like this!

Vladimir

(crossing to him, gently)

Would you like a radish?

Estragon

Is that all there is?

Vladimir

There are radishes and turnips.

Estragon

Are there no carrots?

Vladimir

No. Anyway you overdo it with your carrots.

Estragon

Then give me 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.)

It's black!

Vladimir

It's a radish.

Estragon

I only like the pink ones, you know that!

Vladimir

Then you don't want it?

Estragon

I only like the pink ones!

Vladimir

(holding out his hand)

Then give it back to me.

(Estragon slaps the radish into his hand and Vladimir puts it back in his pocket.)

Estragon

(without moving)

I'll go and get a carrot.

Vladimir

This is becoming really insignificant.

Estragon

Not enough.

(There is silence.)

Vladimir

How about trying them.

Estragon

I've tried everything.

Vladimir

(indicating tha boota)

No, I mean tha boota.

Estragon

Would that be a good thing?

Vladimir

It'd paas tha time.

(Estragon hesitates.)

I assura you, it'd ba an occupation.

Estragon

A relaxation.

Vladimir

A recreation.

Estragon

A relaxation.

Vladimir

Try.

Estragon

You'll halp me?

Vladimir

I will of course.

(Estragon gets tha boots and comes back to center stage.)

Estragon

We don't manage too badly, eh Didi, betwaen tha two of us?

Vladimir

Yes yes. Come on, wa'll try the laft first.

Estragon

We always find something, ah Didi, to giva us tha impression we axist?

Vladimir

(impatiently)

Yas yes, wa're magicians, But lat us persevera in what we hava rasolved, bafora wa forgat. Come on, giva me your foot.

(Estragon raisas tha wrong foot.)

Vladimir (continued)

The other, hog!

(Estragon raises his other foot. Vladimir tries to put on the boot.)

Higher!

(They stagger in a counter-clockwise direction and finally the boot is on.)

Try and walk.

(Estragon walks toward the right.)

Well?

Estragon

(surprised)

It fits.

(Vladimir takes string from his pocket.)

Vladimir

We'll try and lace it.

Estragon

(vehemently)

No no, no laces, no laces!

Vladimir

You'll be sorry. Let's try the other.

(They stagger in a clockwise circle. This time Estragon accidentally puts his hand on Vladimir's hat and shoves it into his eyes.)

Well?

(He fixes his hat.)

Estragon

(grudgingly)

It fits too.

(He walks around a little testing them.)

Vladimir

They don't hurt you?

Estragon

Not yet.

Vladimir

Then you can keep them.

Estregon

They're too big.

Vladimir

Perhaps you'll have socks some day.

Estregon

True.

Vladimir

Then you'll keep them?

Estregon

That's enough about these boots.

Vladimir

Yes, but--

Estragon

(violently)

Enough!

(There is silence.)

I suppose I might as well sit down.

(He looks for a place in the audience but sees none. Then he turns and discovers the mound.)

Vladimir

That's where you were sitting yesterday evening.

Estragon

If I could only sleep.

Vladimir

Yesterday you slept.

Estregon

I'll try.

(He resumes his foetal 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

Not so loud!

Vladimir  
(softly to the tune of "Rock-a-bye Baby")

Bye bye bye bye  
Bye bye bye bye  
Bye bye bye bye  
Bye bye....

(He checks and sees that Estragon is asleep. He 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. He walks from up center to down center. Estragon begins to moan and tremble. He gets wilder. Vladimir runs to him and comforts him.)

There...there...Didi is there...don't be afraid...

Estragon

Ah!

Vladimir

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

Estragon

I was on top of a--

Vladimir

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

Estragon

I was falling--

Vladimir

(violently)

Don't tell me! Come, we'll walk it off.

(He takes Estragon by the arm and walks him up and down in the same path he followed before. Estragon goes unwillingly and stops on the second round.)

Estragon

That's enough. I'm tired.

Vladimir

You'd rather be stuck there doing nothing?

Estragon

Yes.

Vladimir

Please yourself.

(He picks up his coat, puts it on and continues walking up and down. Estragon stands in front of the mound watching him.)

Estragon

Let's go.

Vladimir

We can't.

Estragon

Why not?

Vladimir

We're waiting for Godot.

Estragon

Ah! 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

(hopefully)

And we can go.

Estragon

(despairing)

Then it'll be day again.

(He wails.)

What'll we do, what'll we do!

Vladimir

(halting violently)

Will you stop whining!

(He walks toward him a few paces.)

I've had about my bellyful of your lamentations!

Estragon

(going to right exit)

I'm going.

Vladimir  
(noticing Lucky's hat)  
Well!

Estragon  
Farewell.

Vladimir  
Lucky's hat.

(He goes toward it.)

I've been here an hour and never saw it.

(He is pleased.)

Fine!

Estragon  
You'll never see me again.

Vladimir  
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 motions to Estragon who moves toward him.)

Here.

(He hands his own hat to Estragon and places Lucky's on his head. 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. The process speeds up. 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 to one side.)

Vladimir (continued)

How does it fit me?

Estragon

How would I know?

Vladimir

No, but 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. Mine irked me. How shall I say? It itched me.

(He takes off Lucky's hat, peers into it, shakes it, knocks on the crown, puts it on again.)

Estragon

I'm going.

(There is silence.)

Vladimir

Will you not play?

Estragon

Play at what?

Vladimir

We could play at Pozzo and Lucky.

Estragon

Never heard of it.

Vladimir

I'll do Lucky, you do Pozzo.

(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

(turning away to think then turning back)

Gonococcus! Spirochete!

(Vladimir sways back and forth, doubled in two.)

Vladimir

Tell me to think.

Estragon

What?

Vladimir

Say, Think, pig!

Estragon

Think, pig!

(Vladimir strains to speak.)

Vladimir

(standing up)

I can't.

Estragon

That's enough of that.

Vladimir

Tell me to dance.

Estragon

I'm going.

(He starts to leave up right.)

Vladimir

Dance, hog!

(He can't dance but while he is trying to Estragon exits.)

I can't!

(He looks up, misses Estragon.)

Vladimir (continued)

Gogo!

(He runs about the stage wildly looking behind the tree and behind the mound for Estragon. Just as he is looking behind the mound Estragon races through the door right into his arms.)

There you are again at last!

Estragon

I'm accursed!

Vladimir

Where were you? I thought you were gone forever.

Estragon

(excited and afraid)

They're coming!

Vladimir

Who?

Estragon

I don't know.

Vladimir

How many?

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 toward the door. At first Estragon seems delighted but he suddenly becomes afraid and pulls free. He runs out the left exit.)

Gogo! Come back!

(He goes out the right exit and returns immediately to dash toward the left exit just as Estragon runs back in. The two meet in the center and embrace.

There you are again again!

Estragon

(terrified)

I'm in hell!

Vladimir

Where were you?

Estragon

They're coming there too!

Vladimir

We're surrounded!

(Estragon turns and tries to claw his way out the back wall.)

Imbecile! There's no way out there.

(He takes Estragon by the arm and drags him towards the front. He tries to push him off into the audience.)

There! Not a soul in sight! Off you go! Quick!

(Estragon recoils in horror and freeing himself stumbles back to center stage.)

You won't?

(Vladimir contemplates the audience.)

Well I can understand that. Wait til I see.

(He thinks.)

Your only hope left is to disappear.

(Estragon stands in one place and struggles to "disappear.")

Estragon

I can't!

Vladimir

Your only hope left is behind the tree.

Estragon

Where?

Vladimir

Behind the tree.

(Estragon hesitates.)

Quick! Behind the tree.

(Estragon hurries behind the tree and Vladimir joins him there. They crouch there for a second or two then Vladimir realizes they are not hidden. He comes out and looks sadly at the tree.)

Decidedly this tree will not have been the slightest use to us.

Estragon  
 (coming out from behind the tree.)  
 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 end stand there.

(He takes Vladimir to the extreme right downstage and  
 places him fecing out right.)

There, don't move, and watch out.

(Vladimir scans the horizon, screening his eyes with  
 his hand. Estragon crosses the atage end takes the  
 same position et the left.)

Back to beck like in the good old days.

(They keep watch.)

Do you see enything coming?

Vladimir  
 (turning his head)  
 What?

Estragon  
 (louder)  
 Do you see anything coming?

Vledimir  
 No.

Estragon  
 Nor I.

(They resume watch.)

Vledimir  
 You must have hed a vision.

Estragon  
 What?

Vladimir  
 (shouting)  
 You must have had a vision.

Estregon  
 (shouting)  
 No need to shout!

(There is a 7 count silence then they both speak at once.)

Vladimir and Estragon

Do you--

Vladimir

(politely)  
Oh pardon!

Estragon

(too politely)  
Carry on.

Vladimir

No no, after you.

Estragon

No no, you first.

Vladimir

I interrupted you.

Estragon

(snarling)  
On the contrary.

(They glare at one another and move toward the center of the stage.)

Vladimir

Ceremonious ape!

Estragon

Punctilious pig?

Vladimir

Finish your phrase, I tell you

Estragon

Finish your own!

(There is silence. They are face to face.)

Vladimir

Moron!

Estragon

(happily)  
That's the idea, let's abuse each other.

(They do a sharp about face and march sharply to their respective edges of the stage. They turn in dueling fashion and face one another.)

Vladimir  
(taking a step)  
Moron!

Estragon  
(taking a step)  
Vermin!

Vladimir  
(taking a step)  
Abortion!

Estragon  
(taking a step)  
Morpion!

Vladimir  
(taking a step)  
Sewer-rat!

Estragon  
(taking a step)  
Curate!

Vladimir  
(taking a step)  
Cretin!

(They are face to face.)  
Estragon  
(taking the last step and stating with finality)  
Critic!

Vladimir  
(vanquished)  
Oh!

(He turns away doubled up. Estragon struts back left.)  
Estragon  
(turning)  
Now let's make it up.

Vladimir  
Gogo!  
Didi!

Estragon  
(holding out his hand)  
Your hand!

Estragon  
(moving toward him)  
Take it!

Vladimir  
(holding out his arms)  
Come to my arms!

Estragon  
(hesitating)  
Your arms?

Vladimir  
My breast!

Estragon  
Off we go!

(They embrace, pounding one another on the back.  
They separate.)

Vladimir  
How time flies when one has fun!

(There is silence.)

Estragon  
What do we do now?

Vladimir  
While waiting.

Estragon  
While waiting.

(There is silence.)

Vladimir  
We could do our exercises.

Estragon  
Our movements.

Vladimir  
Our elevations.

Estragon  
Our relaxations

Vladimir  
Our elongations.

Estragon  
Our relaxations.

Vladimir  
To warm us up.

Estragon  
To calm us down.

Vladimir

Off we go.

(Vladimir does the "Jumping Jack." Estragon watches him then tries to imitate him but does poorly. He only jumps twice then stops and watches Vladimir some more.)

Estragon

That's enough. I'm tired.

Vladimir

(stopping)

We're not in form. What about a little deep breathing?

Estragon

I'm tired breathing.

Vladimir

You're right. Let's just do the tree, for the balance.

Estragon

The tree?

(Vladimir holds his arms out in imitation of the tree's branches and standing on one foot he hops in a circle.)

Vladimir

(stopping)

Your turn.

(Estragon tries to imitate Vladimir. He hops in a circle but cheats by putting the other foot down now and then.)

Estragon

Do you think God sees me?

Vladimir

You must close your eyes.

(Estragon closes his eyes and staggers worse. He is now near the upstage end of the mound.)

Estragon

God have pity on me!

Vladimir

(vexed)

And me?

Estragon

(falling to his knees by the mound)

On me! On me! Pity! On me!

(Enter Pozzo and Lucky from the right exit. Pozzo is blind. Lucky is burdened as before. The rope is much shorter so that Pozzo may follow more easily. Lucky is wearing a different hat. At the sight of Vladimir and Estragon he stops short. Pozzo, continuing on his way, bumps into him and they both go down.)

Vladimir

Gogo!

Estragon opens his eyes and gets up.)

Pozzo

(struggling)

What is it? Who is it?

Estragon

Is it Godot?

Vladimir

At last!

(He is delighted. He moves to in front of the mound.)

Reinforcements at last!

Pozzo

(crawling over Lucky)

Help!

Estragon

Is it Godot?

Vladimir

We were beginning to weaken. Now we're sure to see the evening out.

Pozzo

Help!

Estragon

Do you hear him?

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 to-morrow.

Pozzo

Help!

Vladimir

Time flows again already. The sun will set, the moon rise, and we away...from here.

Pozzo

Pity!

Vladimir

Poor Pozzo!

Estragon

I knew it was him.

(He is happy.)

Vladimir

Who? .

Estragon

Godot.

Vladimir

But it's not Godot.

Estragon

(disillusioned)

It's not Godot?

Vladimir

It's not Godot.

Estragon

(angrily)

Then who is it?

Vladimir

It's Pozzo.

(Pozzo is crawling along the edge of right stage.)

Pozzo

(to the audience)

Here! Here! Help me up!

Vladimir

He can't get up.

Estragon

Let's go.

Vladimir

We can't.

Estragon

Why not?

Vladimir

We're waiting for Godot.

Estragon

Ah!

Vladimir

Perhaps he has another bone for you.

Estragon

Bone?

Vladimir

Chicken. Do you not remember?

Estragon

It was him?

Vladimir

Yes.

Estragon

Ask him.

(Pozzo has moved to upstage right.)

Vladimir

Perhaps we should help him first.

Estragon

To do what?

Vladimir

To get up.

Estragon

He can't get up?

Vladimir

He wants to get up.

Estragon

Then let him get up.

Vladimir

He can't.

Estragon

Why not?

Vladimir

I don't know.

Estragon

We should ask him for the bone first. Then if he refuses we'll leave him there.

Vladimir

You mean we have him at our mercy?

Estragon

Yes.

(Pozzo crawls toward the mound.)

Vladimir

And that we should subordinate our good offices to certain conditions?

Estragon

What?

Vladimir

That seems intelligent all right. But there's one thing I'm afraid of.

Pozzo

Help!

Estragon

What?

Vladimir

(indicating Lucky)

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

Estragon

Lucky?

Vladimir

The one that went for you yesterday.

Estragon

I tell you there was ten of them.

Vladimir

No, before that, the one that kicked you.

Estragon

Is he there?

Vladimir

As large as life.

(He moves back and Estragon moves up so he can see  
Lucky.)

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

Estragon

And suppose we gave him a good beating the two of us?

Pozzo

Help!

Vladimir

You mean if we fell on him in his sleep?

Estragon

(eagerly)

Yes.

Vladimir

That seems a good idea all right. But could we do it? Is he really asleep?

(He moves over to look closely at Lucky.)

No, the best would be to take advantage of Pozzo's calling for help--

Pozzo

Help!

(Pozzo is feeling around close to Estragon and Estragon gets on the mound to escape him.)

Vladimir

To help him--

Estragon

We help him?

Vladimir

In anticipation of some tangible return.

Estragon

And suppose he--

Vladimir

Let us not waste our time in idle discourse! Let us do something, while we have the chance! It is not everyday that we are needed. Not indeed that we personally are needed. Others would meet the case equally well, if not better. To all mankind they were addressed, those cries for help still ringing in our ears!

(He moves completely down right. He shoves the baggage that Lucky dropped back onto Lucky.)

But at this place, at this moment of time, all mankind is us, whether we like it or not. Let us make the most of it, before it is too late! Let us represent worthily for once the foul brood to which a cruel fate consigned us! What do you say?

(He addresses this to Estragon but doesn't wait for an answer. He crosses to down center left.)

It is true that when with folded arms we weigh the pros and cons we are no less a credit to our species. The tiger bounds to the help of his congeners without the least reflexion, or else he slinks away into the depths of the thickets.

(He moves to talk directly to Estragon.)

Vladimir (continued)

But that is not the question. What are we doing here, that is the question. And we are blessed in this, that we happen to know the answer.

(Estragon is happily nodding agreement. He thinks he is going to learn the "answer.")

Yes, in this immense confusion one thing is clear.

(Pozzo feels for the person who is speaking but just as he nearly reaches Vladimir, Vladimir moves to the other side of Estragon.)

We are waiting for Godot to come--

(Estragon is disappointed.)

Estragon

Ah!

Pozzo

Help!

Vladimir

(crossing to center right)

Or for night to fall. We have kept our appointment and that's an end to that. We are not saints, but we have kept our appointment.

(He crosses back to Estragon.)

How many people can boast as much?

Estragon

(getting off the mound)

Billions.

Vladimir

You think so?

Estragon

I don't know.

Vladimir

You may be right.

Pozzo

(moving after Vladimir)

Help!

(Vladimir moves to center right.)

Vladimir

All I know is that the hours are long, under these conditions, and constrain us to beguile them with proceedings which--how shall I say--

Vladimir

Which may at first sight seem reasonable, until they become a habit.  
You may say it is to prevent our reason from foundering. No doubt.  
But has it not long been straying in the night without end of the  
abyssal depths?

(He moves to down right.)

That's what I sometimes wonder. You follow my reasoning?

Estragon

We are all born mad. Some remain so.

(Pozzo is a little right of center stage.)

Pozzo

Help! I'll pay you!

Estragon

(going to him)

How much?

Pozzo

One hundred francs!

Estragon

It's not enough.

(He goes back to stand beside the mound.)

Vladimir

(moving to center stage)

I wouldn't go so far as that.

Estragon

You think it's enough?

Vladimir

No, I mean so far as to assert that I was weak in the head when I  
came into the world. But that is not the question.

Pozzo

Two hundred!

(Vladimir crosses to far right.)

Vladimir

We wait. We are bored.

(Estragon says nothing. Vladimir hurries to him waving  
his arms as if he had protested.)

No, don't protest, we are bored to death, there's no denying it.  
Good. A diversion comes along and what do we do? We let it go  
to waste. Come, let's get to work!

(He starts toward Pozzo then stops.)

Vladimir

In an instant all will vanish and we'll be alone once more, in  
the midst of nothingness!

(He thinks.)

Pozzo

Two hundred!

Vladimir

We're coming!!

(He tries to pull Pozzo to his feet but is instead  
pulled to the floor where he lies beside Pozzo in  
center stage.)

Estragon

What's the matter with you all?

Vladimir

Help!

Estragon

I'm going.

Vladimir

Don't leave me! They'll kill me!

Pozzo

Where am I?

Vladimir

Gogo!

Pozzo

(grabbing at Vladimir)

Help!

Vladimir

(fending Pozzo off)

Help!

Estragon

I'm going.

Vladimir

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

Estragon

You promise?

Vladimir

I swear it!

Estragon

And we'll never come back?

Vladimir

Never!

Estragon

We'll go to the Pyrenees.

Vladimir

Wherever you like.

Estragon

I've always wanted to wander in the Pyrenees.

Vladimir

You'll wander in them. Quick! Give me your hand!

(He holds out his hand.)

Estragon

(making as if to leave)

I'm going.

(He waits for a reaction.)

I'm going.

Vladimir

Well I suppose in the end I'll get up by myself.

(He tries and fails.)

In the fullness of time.

(He just relaxes.)

Estragon

What's the matter with you?

Vladimir

Go to hell.

Estragon

Are you staying there?

Vladimir

For the time being.

Estragon

Come on, get up, you'll catch a chill.

Vladimir

Don't worry about me.

(He is on his back.)

Estragon

Come on, Didi, don't be pig-headed!

(He reaches across Pozzo to help Vladimir up. Pozzo hears him and grabs for him bringing him down on his right side. They are all three lying in center stage with Estragon on the right, Pozzo in the center and Vladimir on the left.)

Pozzo

Help!

Vladimir

(turning over)

We've arrived.

Pozzo

Who are you?

Vladimir

We are men.

(There is silence.)

Estragon

(patting the ground under his head)

Sweet mother earth!

Vladimir

Can you get up?

Estragon

I don't know.

Vladimir

Try.

Estragon

Not now, not now.

Pozzo

(grabbing at Vladimir)

What happened?

Vladimir

(violently)

Will you stop it, you!

(He fends him off.)

Pest! He can think of nothing but himself!

Estragon

(sleepily)

How about a little snooze?

Estragon

Yes, call to him.

Vladimir

(softly)

Pozzo!

(There is silence.)

Pozzo!

(More silence.)

No reply.

Estragon

Together.

Vladimir and Estragon

Pozzo! Pozzo!

(Pozzo moves.)

Vladimir

He moved.

Estragon

Are you sure his name is Pozzo?

Vladimir

(alarmed)

Mr. Pozzo! Come back! We won't hurt you!

(There is no reply.)

Estragon

We might try him with other names.

Vladimir

I'm afraid he's dying.

Estragon

It'd be amusing.

Vladimir

(horrified)

What'd be amusing?

Estragon

To try him with other names, one after the other. 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

(proudly)

Got it in one!

Vladimir

(resting his head on his hand)

I begin to weary of this motif.

Estragon

Perhaps the other is called Cain.

(He turns toward Lucky.)

Cain! Cain!

Pozzo

Help!

(Estragon turns onto his back and looks at Pozzo.)

Estragon

He's all humanity.

(He looks straight up.)

Look at the little cloud.

Vladimir

(raising his eyes)

Where?

Estragon

(pointing)

There. In the zenith.

Vladimir

(turning over)

Well? What is there so wonderful about it?

(There is silence.)

Estragon

Let's pass on now to something else, do you mi ?

Vladimir  
I was just going to suggest it.

Estragon  
But to what?

Vladimir  
Ah!

(They think.)

Estragon  
(sitting up)  
Suppose we got up to begin with?

Vladimir  
No harm trying.

(He sits up. Then they both get up.)

Estragon  
Child's play.

Vladimir  
(dusting himself off)  
Simple question of will-power.

Estragon  
And now?

(Pozzo crawls on around the tree to downstage left.)

Pozzo  
Help!

Estragon  
Let's go.

Vladimir  
We can't

Estragon  
Why not?

Vladimir  
We're waiting for Godot.

Estragon  
Ah!

(He moans despairingly.)

What'll we do, what'll we do!

Pozzo  
Help!

Vladimir  
What about helping him?

Estragon  
What does he want?

Vladimir  
He wants to get up.

Estragon  
Then why doesn't he?

Vladimir  
He wants us to help him to get up.

Estragon  
(impatiently)  
They why don't we? What are we waiting for?

(He leads the way to Pozzo. He steps over him to get on  
Pozzo's left side. Vladimir is on the right. They  
help Pozzo to his feet. His legs refuse to support him.)

Vladimir  
We must hold him.

(Pozzo sags between them, his arms round their necks.)  
Feeling better?

Pozzo  
Who are you?

Vladimir  
Do you not recognize us?

Pozzo  
I am blind.

Estragon  
(cheerfully)  
Perhaps he can see into the future.

Vladimir  
Since when?

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

Estragon  
(chuckling)  
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.

Estragon

Exactly. Would we have helped him if we weren't his friends?

Vladimir

Possibly.

Estragon

True.

Vladimir

Don't let's quibble about that now.

Pozzo

You are not highwaymen?

Estragon

Highwaymen! Do we look like highwaymen?

Vladimir

(stage whisper)

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

Estragon

(looking)

Damn it so he is. So he says.

Pozzo

(tightening his grip around their necks)

Don't leave me!

Vladimir

No question of it.

Estragon

For the moment.

Pozzo

What time is it?

Vladimir

(inspecting the sky)

Seven o'clock...eight o'clock...

Estragon

That depends on what time of year it is.

Pozzo

Is it evening?

(Vladimir and Estragon scrutinize the sunset.)

Estragon

It's rising

Vladimir

Impossible.

Estragon

Perhaps it's the dawn.

Vladimir

Don't be a fool. It's the west over there.

(He does not indicate a direction.)

Estragon

How do you know?

Pozzo

(anguished)

Is it evening?

Vladimir

Anyway it hasn't moved.

Estragon

I tell you it's rising.

Pozzo

Why don't you answer me?

Estragon

Why don't you give us a chance?

Vladimir

(moving three steps toward center dragging all along)  
It's evening, Sir, it's evening, night is drawing nigh. My friend here would have me doubt it and I must confess he shook me for a moment. But it is not for nothing I have lived through this long day and I can assure you it is very near the end of its repertory.  
How do you feel now?

Estragon

(peeved)

How much longer are we to cart him around. We are not caryatids!

Vladimir

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

Pozzo

Wonderful! Wonderful, wonderful sight!

(There is silence.)

Estragon

(irritably)

Expand! Expand!

Vladimir

Let him alone. Can't you see he's thinking of the days when he was happy. Memoria praeteritorum bonorum---that must be unpleasant.

Estragon

We wouldn't know.

Vladimir

And it came on you all of a sudden?

Pozzo

(in a daze)

Quite wonderful!

Vladimir

I'm asking you if it came on you all of a sudden.

Pozzo

I woke up one fine day as blind as Fortune.

(He pauses.)

Sometimes I wonder if I'm not still asleep.

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. The things of time are hidden from them too.

Vladimir

Well just fancy that! I could have sworn it was just the opposite.

Estragon

I'm going.

(He does not move.)

Pozzo

Where are we?

Vladimir

I couldn't tell you.

Pozzo

It isn't by any chance the place known as the Board?

Vladimir  
Never heard of it.

Pozzo  
What is it like?

Vladimir  
(looking around)  
It's indescribable. It's like...nothing. There's nothing.

(He glances over his shoulder.)  
There's a tree.

Pozzo  
Then it's not the Board.

Estragon  
(sagging)  
Some diversion!

Pozzo  
Where is my menial?

Vladimir  
He's about somewhere.

Pozzo  
Why doesn't he answer when I call?

Vladimir  
I don't know. He seems to be sleeping. Perhaps he's dead.

Pozzo  
What happened exactly?

Estragon  
Exactly!

Vladimir  
The two of you slipped. And fell.

Pozzo  
Go and see if he hurt.

Vladimir  
We can't leave you.

Pozzo  
You needn't both go.

Vladimir  
(to Estragon)  
You go.

Estragon  
After what he did to me? Never!

Pozzo  
(in a stage whisper)  
Yes yes, let your friend go.

(He shoves Estragon away.)

He stinks so.

(Nobody moves.)

What is he waiting for?

Vladimir  
What you waiting for?

Estragon  
(with assurance)  
I'm waiting for Godot.

(No one moves.)

Vladimir  
What exactly should he do?

Pozzo  
Well to begin with he should pull on the rope, as hard as he likes so long as he doesn't strangle him. He usually responds to that. If not he should give him a teste of his boot, in the face and the privates as far as possible.

Vladimir  
(to Estragon)  
You see, you've nothing to be afraid of. It's even an opportunity to revenge yourself.

(Estragon crosses in front of them and stops.)

Estragon  
And if he defends himself?

Pozzo  
No no, he never defends himself.

Vladimir  
I'll come flying to the rescue.

Estragon  
Don't take your eyes off me.

(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 and lifting an eyelid)  
He's breathing.

Vladimir  
Then let him have it.

(With sudden fury Estragon starts kicking Lucky but he  
hurts his foot and moves upstage, limping and groaning.)

Estragon  
Oh the brute!

(He limps back to 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.

Pozzo  
And Lucky:

Vladimir  
So it is he?

Pozzo  
What?

Vladimir  
It is Lucky?

Pozzo  
I don't understand.

Vladimir  
And you are Pozzo?

(He grabs Pozzo by the coat collar and jerks him upright  
so that he may look at him.)

Pozzo  
(with pride)  
Certainly I am Pozzo.

Vladimir  
The same as yesterday?

Pozzo  
Yesterday?

Vladimir  
We met yesterday. Do you not remember?

Pozzo

I don't remember having met anyone yesterday. But to-morrow I won't remember having met anyone to-day. So don't count on me to enlighten you.

Vladimir

But--

Pozzo

Enough! Up pig!

(This is the old Pozzo.)

Vladimir

You were bringing him to the fair to sell him. You spoke to us. He danced. He thought. You had your sight.

Pozzo

As you please.

(He shoves Vladimir away. Vladimir moves right center slightly.)

Let me go! Up!

(Lucky gets up and gathers up his burdens.)

Vladimir

Where do you go from here.

Pozzo

On.

(Lucky moves to Pozzo.)

Whip!

(Lucky gives him his whip. He carries it upside down.)

Rope!

(Lucky hands him the rope and they prepare to move on.)

Vladimir

What is there in the bag?

Pozzo

Sand.

(He shakes the rope.)

On!

Vladimir

Don't go yet.

Pozzo

I'm going.

Vladimir

What do you do when you fall far from help?

Pozzo

We wait til we can get up. Then we go on. On!

(They move a few steps.)

Vladimir

(stopping them)

Before you go tell him to sing.

Pozzo

Who?

Vladimir

Lucky.

Pozzo

To sing?

Vladimir

Yes. Or to think. Or to recite.

Pozzo

But he is dumb.

Vladimir

Dumb:

Pozzo

Dumb. He can't even groan.

Vladimir

Dumb! Since when?

Pozzo

(furiously to the whole world)

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? They give birth astride of a grave, the light gleams an instant, then it's night once more.

(He shakes the rope.)

On!

(They exit. Vladimir follows them to the door. There is noise of them falling and Vladimir shrugs to indicate that they are down again. Vladimir wakes Estragon.)

Estragon

(hopelessly)

Why will you never let me sleep?

Vladimir

I felt lonely.

Estragon

I was dreaming I was happy.

Vladimir

That passed the time.

Estragon

I was dreaming that--

Vladimir

(violently)

Don't tell me!

(There is silence.)

I wonder...is he really blind.

Estragon

Blind? Who?

Vladimir

Pozzo.

Estragon

Blind?

(Vladimir is in center stage facing out.)

Vladimir

He told us he was blind.

Estragon

Well what about it?

Vladimir

It seemed to me he saw us.

Estragon

You dreamt it.

(He thinks.)

Let's go. We can't. Ah!

(He thinks.)

Are you sure it wasn't him?

Vladimir

Who?

Estragon

Godot.

Vladimir

But who?

Estragon

Pozzo.

Vladimir

(sure)

Not at all!

(He is less sure.)

Not at all!

(He is very uncertain.)

Not at all!

Estragon

I suppose I might as well get up.

(He gets up and starts to walk when he discovers that his boots hurt again.

Ow! Didi!

Vladimir

I don't know what to think any more.

Estragon

My feet!

(He sits down again and tries to take off his boots.)

Help me!

Vladimir

Was I sleeping, while the others suffered? Am I sleeping now? Tomorrow when I wake, or think I do, what shall I say of to-day? That with Estragon my friend, at this place, until the fall of night, I waited for Godot?

(He moves down center left and turns.)

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 moves toward him slightly, musing.)

He'll know nothing. He'll tell me about the blows he received and I'll give him a carrot. Astride of a grave and a difficult birth.

Vladimir (continued)

Down in the hole, lingeringly, the grave-digger puts on the forceps.  
We have time to grow old. The air is full of our cries.

(He listens.)

But habit is a great deadener.

(He looks again at Estragon.)

At me too someone is looking, of me too someone is saying, He is  
sleeping, he knows nothing, let him sleep on.

(He stops.)

I can't go on!

(He is horrified.)

What have I said?

(The boy enters.)

Boy

Mister...

(Vladimir looks up.)

Mister Albert...

Vladimir

Off we go again. Do you not recognize me?

(The Boy moves closer to look at him. He is a little  
right of center stage.)

Boy

No Sir.

Vladimir

It wasn't you came yesterday.

Boy

No Sir.

Vladimir

This is your first time.

Boy

Yes Sir.

(There is silence.)

Vladimir

You have a message from Mr. Godot.

(The Boy is surprised.)

Boy

Yes Sir.

Vladimir

(moving in slightly)

He won't come this evening.

Boy

No sir.

Vladimir

But he'll come to-morrow.

Boy

Yes Sir.

Vladimir

(moving in more)

Without fail.

Boy

(puzzled)

Yes Sir.

(There is silence.)

Vladimir

Did you meet anyone?

Boy

No Sir.

Vladimir

Two other...

(He hesitates.)

Men?

Boy

I didn't see anyone, Sir.

(Vladimir turns away toward the left to think.)

Vladimir

What does he do, Mr. Godot?

(When the Boy doesn't answer he turns back to him.)

Do you hear me?

Boy

Yes Sir.

Vladimir  
Well?

Boy  
He does nothing, Sir.

(There is silence.)

Vladimir  
How is your brother?

Boy  
He's sick, Sir.

Vladimir  
Perhaps it was he came yesterday.

Boy  
I don't know, Sir.

(In the silence Vladimir moves left.)

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

Boy  
Yes Sir.

Vladimir  
Fair or...or black?

(He moves further left.)

Boy  
I think it's white, Sir.

(There is silence.)

Vladimir  
Christ have mercy on us!

(There is silence broken by the boy.)

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

Vladimir  
Tell him...

(He turns toward the Boy.)

Tell him that you saw me and that...that you saw me.

(Vladimir advances, the Boy recoils before him.)

Vladimir (continued)

You're sure you saw me, you won't come and tell me to-morrow  
that you never saw me!

(They stare at each other. Vladimir springs at him  
to catch him but the Boy avoids him and exits running.  
The day lights give way to the night lights. Estragon  
wakes, takes off his boots, gets up with one in each  
hand and goes and puts them down center front, then  
goes toward Vladimir.)

9

Estragon

What's wrong with you?

Vladimir

Nothing

Estragon

I'm going

Vladimir

So am I.

Estragon

Was I long asleep?

Vladimir

I don't know.

(There is silence.)

Estragon

Where shall we go?

Vladimir

Not far.

Estragon

(pleading)

Oh yes, let's go far away from here.

Vladimir

We can't.

Estragon

Why not?

Vladimir

We have to come back to-morrow.

Estragon

What for?

Vladimir

To wait for Godot.

Ah! He didn't come?

Estragon

No.

Vladimir

And now it's too late.

Estragon

Yes, now it's night.

Vladimir

And if we dropped him?

Estragon

(He is hopeful.)

If we dropped him?

Vladimir

He'd punish us.

(In the silence he looks at the tree.)

Everything's dead but the tree.

(He moves toward it.)

Estragon

(moving toward it)  
What is it?

Vladimir

It's the tree.

Estragon

Yes, but what kind?

Vladimir

I don't know. A willow?

(They stand looking at the tree.)

Estragon

Why don't we hang ourselves?

Vladimir

With what?

Estragon

You haven't got a bit of rope?

Vladimir

No.

Estragon

Then we can't.

(There is silence.)

Vladimir

Let's go.

Estragon

Wait, there's my belt.

(He moves to upstage center.)

Vladimir

It's too short.

Estragon

You could hang on to my legs.

Vladimir

And who'd hang on to mine?

Estragon

True.

Vladimir

(moving toward Estragon)

Show all the same.

(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.)

Vladimir

Not worth a curse.

(There is silence.)

Estragon

You say we have to come back to-morrow?

Vladimir

Yes.

Estragon

Then we can bring a good bit of rope.

Vladimir

Yes.

(There is silence.)

Estragon

Vladimir

Estragon  
I can't go on like this.

Vladimir

Estragon

Vladimir  
(more cheerfully)  
We'll hang ourselves tomorrow. Unless Godot comes.

Estragon  
And if he comes?

Vladimir

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

Estragon

Vladimir

Estragon

Vladimir

Estragon  
(shocked)  
You want me to pull off my trousers?

Vladimir

(Estragon looks down.)

Estragon

Vladimir

Well? Shall we go?

Estragon

Yes, let's go.

(They do not move. The lights black out.)

10

11

12

13

## REHEARSAL DATA

## Cast Members

Name	Address	Phone Number
John Dillon	817 Colorado	PR 6-4318
John Hawkins	410 Bluemont	PR 6-7786
Boyd Masten	Goodnow Hall	PR 6-7483
Larry Hovey	315 North 16th	JE 9-4033
Doug Powell	508 Sunset	JE 9-3584

## Rehearsal Record

Date	Place	Time
April 8, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	7:00-9:00 p.m.
April 9, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	7:00-9:00 p.m.
April 13, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	7:00-9:00 p.m.
April 14, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	7:00-9:00 p.m.
April 15, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	7:00-9:00 p.m.
April 16, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	7:00-9:00 p.m.
April 19, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	2:00-4:00 p.m.
April 20, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	7:00-9:00 p.m.
April 21, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	7:00-9:00 p.m.
April 22, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	7:00-9:00 p.m.
April 26, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	7:00-9:00 p.m.
April 27, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	7:00-7:30 p.m.
April 28, 1964	Holton Hall	7:00-9:30 p.m.
April 29, 1964	Dennison Hall	7:00-9:30 p.m.
April 30, 1964	Dennison Hall	7:00-9:30 p.m.
May 3, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	2:00-4:00 p.m.
May 4, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	7:00-10:00 p.m.
May 5, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	7:00-10:00 p.m.
May 6, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	7:00-10:00 p.m.
May 7, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	7:00-10:00 p.m.
May 8, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	7:00-10:00 p.m.
May 10, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	1:30-3:30 p.m.
May 11, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	7:00-10:00 p.m.
May 12, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	7:00-10:00 p.m.
May 13, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	7:00-10:00 p.m.
May 14, 1964	Purple Masque Theatre	6:30-9:30 p.m.
May 15, 1964 (Performance)	Purple Masque Theatre	6:30-9:30 p.m.
May 16, 1964 (Performance)	Purple Masque Theatre	6:30-9:30 p.m.

## PERFORMANCE DATA

Waiting for Godot was given on May 15th and 16th in the second semester of the 1963-1964 school year. Both performances were given in the Purple Masqua Experimental Theatre, Gate 2, East Stadium.

	Call	Performance
First Dress Rehearsal		
May 11, 1964	5:30 p.m.	7:00 p.m.
Second Dress Rehearsal (open)		
May 14, 1964	6:30 p.m.	8:00 p.m.
First Performance		
May 15, 1964	6:30 p.m.	8:00 p.m.
Second Performance		
May 16, 1964	6:30 p.m.	8:00 p.m.

## LIST OF WORKS CONSULTED

## Books

- Beckett, Samuel. All That Fall. New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1957.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Happy Days. New York: Grove Press, Inc., 1961.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Krapp's Last Tape and Embers. London: Faber and Faber, 1959.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Malloy. New York: Grove Press Inc., 1955.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Malone Dies. New York: Grove Press Inc., 1956.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Murphy. New York: Grove Press Inc., 1957.
- \_\_\_\_\_, and others. Our Exagmination Round His Factification for Incamination of Work in Progress. London: Faber and Faber, 1961.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Poems in English. London: A Wheaton and Co., 1961.
- \_\_\_\_\_. The Unnamable. New York: Grove Press Inc., 1958.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Waiting for Godot. New York: Grove Press Inc., 1954.
- \_\_\_\_\_. Watt. New York: Grove Press Inc., 1959.
- Burris-Meyer, Harold and Edward G. Cole. Scenery for the Theatre. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1941.
- Esslin, Martin. The Theatre of the Absurd. Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1961.
- Fowlie, Wallace. Dionysus in Paris. New York: Meridian Books, Inc., 1960.
- Gassner, John. Producing the Play. New York: The Dryden Press, 1941.
- Heffner, Hubert C., Samuel Selden, and Hunton D. Sellman. Modern Theatre Practice. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., 1946.
- Hoffman, Frederick J. Samuel Beckett, The Language of Self. Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 1962.

Jacobsen, Josephine, and William R. Mueller. The Testament of Samuel Beckett. New York: Hill and Wang, 1964.

Kenner, Hugh. Samuel Beckett, A Critical Study. New York: Grove Press Inc., 1961.

Pronko, Leonard Cabeil. Avant-Garde: The Experimental Theatre in France. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1962.

#### Periodicals

Briggs, R. and W. Barrett. "Beckett's world in Waiting." Saturday Review. June 8, 1957, 4:16.

"Criticism." Saturday Review. February 9, 1957, 40:25.

Genet. "Letters from Paris." New Yorker. March 4, 1961, 37:100.

Gregory, H. "Prose and Poetry of Samuel Beckett." Commonweal.

Hicks, G. "Beckett's World." Saturday Review. October 4, 1958, 41:14.

Hilman, R. "Absurd and Foolish-Theatre of Absurd." Commonweal. April 6, 1962, 74:40-1.

Lovey, G. M. "Theatre of Absurd." Theatre Arts. November, 1962, 46:20-4.

Mercier, V. "Savage Humor." Commonweal. May 17, 1957, 66:188.

Wilson, Robert N. "Samuel Beckett: The Social Psychology of Emptiness." The Journal of Social Issues. January 1964, 20:62-70.

A PRODUCTION BOOK FOR WAITING FOR GODOT

by

Ruth Ann Baker

B. A., Fort Hays Kansas State College, 1962

---

AN ABSTRACT OF A MASTER'S REPORT

submitted in partial fulfillment of the

requirements for the degree

MASTER OF ARTS

Department of Speech

KANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY  
Manhattan, Kansas

1964

This thesis presents the information used in presenting the play, Waiting for Godot as a thesis production on May 15 and 16 in the Purple Masque Theatre, Gate 2, East Stadium. The production was sponsored by the Department of Speech. This book is an attempt to record the information used so that someone reading the book would be able to understand how the production was done. This was done by placing in the book a copy of the program and the critic's reviews. The section of thematic material attempts to explain the director's interpretation of the play and substantiate her theory of interpretation. The section on the actors discusses the director's view of each character and explains why the characters were costumed and presented as they were in relation to the basic thematic material. Costume sketches are included in this section.

The setting is described in full with explanations given for choosing that particular stage setting and information on the construction of this set. There is an explanation for the choice of color scheme. Included in this section is a list of set props and a sketch of the floor plan. Pictures are included to show the actors relation to the set.

The lighting for this show was fairly simple and easy to describe. Cue sheets corresponding to the script are included for both lights and sound. The allotted budget for this show was \$150.00. A list of the expenditures is included.

The script is typed out in full with all the blocking moves that were used by the director as well as some line interpretations. The script is the one used by this cast. The final pages show technical information about cast listing and rehearsal schedules as well as performances.