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

ESTRAGON: I've forgotten. (Chews.) That's what annoys me. <> Ah yes, now I remember.

VLADIMIR: Well?

ESTRAGON: (His mouth full, vacuously) We're not tied?

VLADIMIR: I don't hear a word you're saying.

ESTRAGON: (Chews, swallows.) I'm asking you if we're tied?

VLADIMIR: Tied?

ESTRAGON: 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. (Pause.)

For the moment.

ESTRAGON: His name is Godot?

VLADIMIR: I think so.

428

ESTRAGON: (Ah yes!) (He raises remains of the carrot by the stub of leaf <>.)

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.

433

ESTRAGON: <> Is that the opposite?

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 proffers the remains of the carrot to VLADIMIR.) Like to finish it?

((The crack of a whip), close at hand. ESTRAGON drops the carrot. They remain motionless, then together make a sudden rush towards the wings. ESTRAGON stops halfway, runs back, picks up the carrot, stuffs it in his pocket, runs towards VLADIMIR who is waiting for him, stops again, runs back, picks up his boot, runs to...)

[ 20 ]
rejoin VLADIMIR. Huddled together, shoulders hunched, cringing away from the menace, they wait.

Enter POZZO and LUCKY [upstage right]. POZZO drives LUCKY by means of a rope passed round his neck, so that LUCKY is the first to appear, followed by the rope which is long enough to allow him to reach the middle of the stage before POZZO appears. LUCKY carries a heavy bag [in his right hand], a folding stool [under his right arm], a picnic basket [in his left hand] and [over his left arm] a greatcoat. POZZO a whip.)

POZZO: (Off) On! (Crack of whip.) [Faster!] (POZZO appears. They cross the stage.

LUCKY passes [behind] VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON and exit. POZZO at the sight of VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON stops short. The rope tautens. POZZO jerks it violently.)

Back!

(Noise of LUCKY falling with all his baggage. VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON turn towards him, half wishing half fearing to go to his assistance. VLADIMIR takes a step towards LUCKY, ESTRAGON holds him back by the (hand).)

VLADIMIR: Let me go!

ESTRAGON: Stay where you are!

POZZO: Be careful! He's wicked.

(VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON turn towards POZZO.)

With strangers.

ESTRAGON: (Undertone) Is that him?

VLADIMIR: Who?

ESTRAGON: (Trying to remember the name) Er . . .

VLADIMIR: Godot?

ESTRAGON: Yes.

POZZO: I present myself: Pozzo.

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: (Terrifying voice) I am Pozzo! <>

([He drops the rope and advances, driving them back and apart.] Silence)

Does that name mean nothing to you?

(Silence.)

I say does that name mean nothing to you?

(VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON look at each other questioningly.)
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484  ESTRAGON: ([Removes his hat, scratches his head.] pretending to search.) BOZZO.
        Bozzo . . .

486  VLADIMIR: (Ditto) Pozzo . . . Pozzo . . .

487  POZZO: PPOZZZO!

488  [[(He advances further. They put on their hats.)]]

488  ESTRAGON: Ah! Pozzo . . . let me see . . . Pozzo . . .

488 VLADIMIR: Is it Pozzo or Bozzo?

489  ESTRAGON: Pozzo . . . no . . . I’m afraid I . . . no . . . I don’t seem to . . .

491  <>

492  VLADIMIR: (Conciliating) I once knew a family called Gozzo. The mother had
         clap.

495  [[(POZZO advances threateningly, driving them further back and apart.)]]

495  ESTRAGON: (Hastily) We’re not from these parts, sir.

497  POZZO: (Halting) You are human beings none the less. <> As far as one can
         <> Of the same species as myself. (He bursts into an enormous laugh.) Of
         same species as Pozzo! Made in God’s image!

        VLADIMIR: Well you see –

498  POZZO: (Peremptory) Who is Godot?

499  ESTRAGON: Godot?

500  POZZO: You took me for Godot.

501  VLADIMIR: Oh no, sir, not for an instant, sir.

501  POZZO: Who is he?

502  VLADIMIR: Oh, he’s a . . . he’s a kind of acquaintance.

503  ESTRAGON: Nothing of the kind, we hardly know him.

505  VLADIMIR: True . . . we don’t know him very well . . . but all the same . . .

506  ESTRAGON: Personally I wouldn’t even know him if I saw him.

507  POZZO: You took me for him.

508  ESTRAGON: <> That’s to say . . . you understand . . . the dusk . . . the strain
         . . . waiting . . . I confess . . . I imagined . . . for a second . . .

510  POZZO: Waiting? So you were waiting for him?

511  VLADIMIR: Well you see –

512  POZZO: Here? On my land?

513  VLADIMIR: We didn’t intend any harm.

514  ESTRAGON: We meant well.

515  POZZO: The road is free to all.

516  VLADIMIR: That’s how we looked at it.

517  POZZO: It’s a disgrace. But there you are.

518  ESTRAGON: Nothing we can do about it.

[ 22 ]
POZZO: (With magnanimous gesture) Let's say no more about it.

((VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON return to stone. POZZO returns to end of the rope).)

Up pig! (Pause) Every time he drops he falls asleep. <> Up hog!

(Noise of LUCKY getting up and picking up his baggage. <>)

Back!

(Enter LUCKY backwards.)

Stop!

(LUCKY stops.)

Turn!

(LUCKY turns.)

(To VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON, affably) Gentlemen, I am happy to have met you. ((Drops the rope.) Before their incredulous expression.) Yes, yes, sincerely happy. <> Closer!

(LUCKY advances.)

Stop!

(LUCKY stops.)

Yes, the road seems long when one journeys all alone for . . . (he consults his watch) . . . yes . . . (he calculates) . . . <>, six hours, that's right, six hours on end, and never a soul in sight. (To LUCKY) Coat!

((LUCKY advances, puts down the bag, gives the coat, takes up the bag, backs to his place.))

Hold that!

(POZZO holds out the whip.

LUCKY advances and, both his hands being occupied, takes the whip in his mouth, then {backs} to his place. POZZO begins to put on his coat, stops.)

Coat!

((LUCKY advances, puts down bag, basket and stool, helps POZZO on with his coat, takes up bag, basket and stool, backs to his place.))

Touch of autumn in the air this evening. (POZZO {wraps his coat about him}.)

Whip!

(LUCKY advances, stoops. POZZO snatches the whip from his mouth, LUCKY {backs} to his place. [POZZO cracks the whip and goes towards VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON at the stone.])

Yes, gentlemen, I cannot go for long without the society of my likes (he puts on his {monocle} and looks at the two likes) even when the likeness is an imperfect one. (He takes off his {monocle} [and goes across the stage looking for a place for the stool].) Stool!
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560  (Lucky advances, puts down bag and basket, opens stool, puts it down, takes up bag and basket.)

Closer!

563  (Lucky puts down bag and basket, moves stool, takes up bag and basket. Pozzo places the butt of his whip against Lucky's chest and pushes. Pozzo sits down.)

Back!

(Lucky takes a step back.)

Further!

(Lucky takes another step back.)

Stop!

(Lucky stops.)

(To Vladimir and Estragon) That is why, with your permission, I propose to dally with you a moment, before I venture any further. [(Pozzo puts down whip.)] Basket!

572  (Lucky advances, gives the basket, {backs} to his place [as before].)

The fresh air stimulates the jaded appetite. (He opens the basket, takes out a piece of chicken and a bottle of wine.) Basket!

574  (Lucky advances, picks up the basket, {backs} to his place [as before].)

Further!

(Lucky takes a step back.)

577  He stinks. Happy days!

581  (He drinks from the bottle, puts it down and begins to eat. Silence. <> Pozzo eats his chicken voraciously <>.) Lucky sag slowy, until bag and basket touch the ground, then straightens up with a start and begins to sag again. Rhythm of one sleeping on his feet. [First Vladimir then Estragon, having put down his boot, move across the stage one to either side of Lucky, then gradually approach him as they discuss him.]

Estragon: What ails him?

Vladimir: He looks tired.

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

Vladimir: How do I know?

(They close in on him.)

Careful!

593  [((They jump back.))]

Estragon: Say something to him.

Vladimir: [(Pointing)] Look!

Estragon: What?

Vladimir: <> His neck!

[24]
<>

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, dwell on the face. [They start to close in on him.])

VLADIMIR: (Grudgingly) He's not bad looking.

ESTRAGON: (Shrugging his shoulders, very face) Would you say so?

VLADIMIR: A trifle effeminate.

ESTRAGON: [(Closer)] Look at the slobber.

VLADIMIR: It's inevitable.

ESTRAGON: Look at the slaver.

VLADIMIR: Perhaps he's a halfwit.

ESTRAGON: A cretin.

VLADIMIR: (Looking closer) It looks like a goitre.

ESTRAGON: (Ditto) It's not certain.

VLADIMIR: [(Closer)] He's panting.

ESTRAGON: It's inevitable.

VLADIMIR: [(Closer)] And his eyes!

ESTRAGON: What about them?

VLADIMIR: [(Looking up at him)] Goggling out of his head.

ESTRAGON: Looks at his last gasp to me.

VLADIMIR: It's not certain. (Pause.) Ask him a question.

ESTRAGON: Would that be a good thing?

VLADIMIR: What do we risk?

ESTRAGON: (Timidly [looking up at him]) Mister . . .

VLADIMIR: Louder.

ESTRAGON: (Louder) Mister . . .

MOZZO: Leave him in peace!

([(They scurry back to the stone.])<>).

Can't you see he wants to rest? [(Throws bones on the ground.)] Basket!

(<> ESTRAGON sees the chicken bones on the ground and stares at them greedily. <>

<> LUCKY does not move. <>)

Basket!

(LUCKY starts, <> advances [as before], puts the bottle in the basket, {backs}
636 to his place. ESTRAGON stares at the bones. POZZO <> stretches out his
637 legs[, belches].)
   Ah! That's better.
ESTRAGON: (Timidly) Please, sir.
POZZO: What is it, my good man?
ESTRAGON: Er . . . you've finished with the . . . you don't need the . . . er . . .
bones, sir?
VLADIMIR: (Scandalized) You couldn't have waited.
644 POZZO: No, no he does well to ask. Do I need the bones? (He turns them over with
the end of his whip.) No, personally I do not need them any more.
646 (ESTRAGON moves eagerly towards the bones. But . . . [POZZO thumps the
ground with his whip and] ESTRAGON stops short.)
   . . . but in theory the bones go to the carrier. He is therefore the one to ask.
   (ESTRAGON turns towards LUCKY, hesitates.)
   Go on, go on, don't be afraid, ask him, he'll tell you.
651 (ESTRAGON goes towards LUCKY, stops beside him.)
ESTRAGON: Mister . . . excuse me, Mister . . .
POZZO: You're being spoken to, pig! Reply! (To ESTRAGON) Try him again.
ESTRAGON: Excuse me, Mister, the bones, you won't be wanting the bones?
<>
655 POZZO: (In raptures) Mister!
<>
657 Reply! Do you want them or don't you?
659 (Silence of LUCKY who looks first at POZZO, then long at ESTRAGON and bone
his head).
   (To ESTRAGON) They're yours.
662 (ESTRAGON makes a dart at the bones, picks them up[, returns to the stone] and
begins to gnaw them.)
664 I don't like it. I've never known him refuse a bone before. ((To himself)) Nice
business it'd be if he fell sick on me!
<>
VLADIMIR: (Exploding) It's a scandal!
   (Silence. Flabbergasted, ESTRAGON stops gnawing, looks at POZZO and
VLADIMIR in turn. POZZO outwardly calm. VLADIMIR embarrassed.)
POZZO: (To VLADIMIR) Are you alluding to anything in particular?
671 VLADIMIR: (Stutteringly resolute) To treat a man . . . (gesture towards LUCKY) . . .
like that . . . I think that . . . no . . . a human being . . . no . . . it's a scandal!
673 ESTRAGON: (Not to be outdone) A disgrace!
(He resumes his gnawing.)

POZZO: You are severe. (To VLADIMIR) What age are you? If it's not a rude question.
(Silence.)
Sixty? Seventy? (To ESTRAGON) What age would you say he was?

ESTRAGON: (Ageless.)

POZZO: I am impertinent. (He <> gets up.) I must be getting on. Thank you for your society. (He goes and makes to pick up the rope.) He reflects.) Unless I smoke (a) pipe before I go. What do you say?
(They say nothing.)
Oh I'm only a small smoker, a very small smoker, <> it makes (hand to heart, sighing) my heart go pit-a-pat.
(Silence.)
It's the nicotine, one absorbs it in spite of one's precautions. (Sighs.) You know how it is.
(Silence.)
But perhaps you don't smoke? Yes? No? It's of no importance.
(Returns to stool.)
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. (To VLADIMIR) I beg your pardon?
(Silence.)
Perhaps you didn't speak?
(Silence.)
It's of no importance. Let me see . . .
(He reflects.)

ESTRAGON: [(Belches.)] Ah! That's better.
(He puts the bones in his pocket.)

VLADIMIR: Let's go.

ESTRAGON: So soon?

POZZO: One moment. <> Stool!
(<> LUCKY [advances, puts down bag and basket,] moves the stool.)
More!
[[LUCKY moves the stool.]]
There!
(He sits down. LUCKY (takes up bag and basket and backs to his place).)
Done it!
<>
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.

VLADIMIR: I'm going.
POZZO: <> (To VLADIMIR) 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.
((VLADIMIR, ESTRAGON and POZZO) look up at the sky.)
Good.
(They stop looking at the sky. [ESTRAGON starts to inspect LUCKY.])
What happens in that case <> to your appointment with this . . . Godot . . .
Godot . . . Godin . . . anyhow you see who I mean, who has your future in his hands . . . (pause) . . . at least your immediate future.

VLADIMIR: Who told you?
POZZO: He speaks to me again! If this goes on much longer we'll soon be old friends.
ESTRAGON: Why doesn't he put down his bags?
POZZO: I too would be happy to meet him.
((ESTRAGON goes to LUCKY.)
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 looks at them ostentatiously in turn to make it clear they are both meant) . . .
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: (Circling about 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: (Who has followed these exchanges with anxious attention, fearing lest the
question 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 grampus.

POZZO: The answer is this. (To ESTRAGON) But stay still, I beg of you, you’re making me nervous!

VLADIMIR: Here.

[(ESTRAGON goes over beside VLADIMIR.)]

ESTRAGON: What is it?

VLADIMIR: He’s about to speak.

(<> Motionless, side by side they wait.)

POZZO: Good. Is everybody ready? Is everybody looking at me? (He looks at LUCKY <>.) Will you look at me, pig?

(LUCKY [raises his head and] looks at him.)

Good.

(<> [LUCKY sinks his head.] I am ready. Is everybody listening? Is everybody ready? (He looks at them all in turn <>.) Hog!

(LUCKY raises his head,) I don’t like talking in a vacuum. Good. Let me see.

(He reflects.)

ESTRAGON: I’m going.

POZZO: What was it exactly you wanted to know?

VLADIMIR: Why he –

POZZO: (Angrily) Don’t interrupt me! (Pause. Calmer) If we all speak at once we’ll never get anywhere. (Pause.) What was I saying? (Pause. Louder) What was I saying?

(VLADIMIR [advances towards POZZO] and) mimics one carrying a heavy burden.

POZZO looks at him, puzzled. [VLADIMIR moves back.]

ESTRAGON: (Forcibly) Bags. (He points at LUCKY[, advances towards POZZO].)

Why? Always hold. (He says, panting,) Never put down. (He opens his hands, straightens up with relief,) Why? [(Moves back.)]

POZZO: Ah! Why couldn’t you say so before? Why he doesn’t make himself comfortable? Let’s try and get it 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? (Pause.) Gentlemen, the reason is this.

VLADIMIR: (To ESTRAGON) Make a note of this.

POZZO: He wants to impress me, so that I’ll keep him.

[29]
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: In reality he carries like a pig. It’s not his job.
VLADIMIR: You want to get rid 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!
(All three look at LUCKY.)
Atlas, son of {Japetos}!
(Silence.)
Well, that’s that I think. Anything else? <>
VLADIMIR: 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 {fated} otherwise. To each one his due.
VLADIMIR: You waagerrim?
POZZO: I beg your pardon?
[ESTRAGON and] VLADIMIR: [{Mouthed silently in duet}] 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 weeps.)
ESTRAGON: He’s crying.
POZZO: Old dogs have more dignity. (He proffers his handkerchief to ESTRAGON.)
Comfort him, since you pity him.
(ESTRAGON hesitates.)
Come on.
(ESTRAGON [goes to POZZO and] takes the handkerchief).
Wipe away his tears, he’ll feel less forsaken.
(ESTRAGON [starts towards LUCKY,] hesitates.)
VLADIMIR: Here, give it to me, I'll do it.

(ESTRAGON refuses to give the handkerchief. Childish gestures.)

POZZO: Make haste, before he stops.

(ESTRAGON approaches LUCKY and makes to wipe his eyes. LUCKY kicks him violently (on the right leg). ESTRAGON drops the handkerchief, recoils, staggers (to the stone), howling with pain.)

[ESTRAGON: Oh the swine! <> He's crippled me!
[(He sits on the stone and pulls up the leg of his trousers.)]

POZZO: Hanky!

(LUCKY puts down bag and basket, picks up handkerchief, [picks up bag and basket], gives {handkerchief} to POZZO, {backs to} his place <>.)

VLADIMIR: (To ESTRAGON) Show.

(ESTRAGON shows his leg.)

POZZO: I told you he didn't like strangers.

VLADIMIR: (To POZZO, angrily) He's bleeding!

POZZO: It's a good sign.

<>

[(Pause. VLADIMIR drifts away upstage, eyes to the sky, back to the audience.)]

He's stopped crying. (To ESTRAGON) You have replaced him as it were.

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

(He laughs.) Let us not then speak ill of our generation, it is not any unhappier than its predecessors. (Pause.) Let us not speak well of it either.

(Pause.) Let us not speak of it at all. (Pause. Judiciously) It is true the population has increased.

<>

[VLADIMIR: Will night never come?]  

POZZO: Guess who taught me all these beautiful things. (Pause. Pointing to LUCKY) My Lucky!

<>

But for him all my thoughts, all my feelings, would have been of common things. (Pause. With extraordinary vehemence) Professional worries! (Calmer) Beauty, grace, truth of the first water, I knew they were all beyond me. So I took a knook.

VLADIMIR: (Startled from his inspection of the sky) A knook?

POZZO: That was nearly sixty years ago ... (he [stands and] consults his watch) ... yes, nearly sixty. (Drawing himself up proudly. [Goes towards LUCKY,]) You
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wouldn't think it to look at me, would you? Compared to him I look like a young man, no?
(Pause.)
Hat!

([ESTRAGON, roused, looks up.] LUCKY puts down the [bag and] basket and takes
off his hat. His long white hair falls about his face. He puts his hat under his arm
and picks up the [bag and] basket.)

Now look.
(Pozzo takes off his hat. He is completely bald. He puts on his hat again.)
Did you see?

VLADIMIR: And now you turn him away? Such an old and faithful servant.

ESTRAGON: Swine!

(Pozzo more and more agitated.)

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

POZZO: (Groaning, clutching his head) I can't bear it... any longer... the way he
goes on... you've no idea... it's terrible... he must go... (he waves his
arms)... I'm going mad... (he collapses, his head in his hands, gives furiously
looks from behind his hand to measure effect)... I can't bear it... any
longer...

(Silence. All look at Pozzo.)

VLADIMIR: He can't bear it.
ESTRAGON: Any longer.
VLADIMIR: He's going mad.

ESTRAGON: It's terrible.

VLADIMIR: (To LUCKY) How dare you! It's abominable! Such a good master!
Crucify him like that! 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: I don't know.
ESTRAGON: Ask him.

POZZO: (Calmer) Gentlemen, I don't know what came over me. Forgive me.

Forget all I said. (More and more his old self) I don't remember exactly what it
was, but you may be sure there wasn't a word of truth in it. (Drawing himself
up <> Do I look like a man that can be made to suffer? Frankly? (He
rummages in his pockets.) What have I done with my pipe?

[32]
VLADIMIR: Charming evening we're having.

ESTRAGON: Unforgettable.

VLADIMIR: And it's not over.

ESTRAGON: Apparently not.

VLADIMIR: It's only beginning.

ESTRAGON: It's awful.

VLADIMIR: Worse than the pantomime.

ESTRAGON: The circus.

VLADIMIR: The music-hall.

ESTRAGON: The circus.

POZZO: What can I have done with that briar?

[Looks for it on his hands and knees.]

ESTRAGON: He's a scream. He's lost his dudgeon.

(Laughs noisily.)

VLADIMIR: I'll be back.

(He hastens towards the wings [right].)

ESTRAGON: End of the corridor, on the left.

[(ESTRAGON gets up and follows, limping beyond midstage to observe.)]

VLADIMIR: Keep my seat.

(Exit VLADIMIR.)

POZZO: I've lost my Kapp and Peterson!

ESTRAGON: (Convulsed with merriment) He'll be the death of me.

POZZO: (Looking up) You didn't by any chance see—? (He misses VLADIMIR.) Oh!

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

ESTRAGON: He would have burst.

POZZO: Oh! (Pause) Oh well then of course in that case . . .

ESTRAGON: Come here.

POZZO: What for?

ESTRAGON: You'll see.

POZZO: You want me to get up?

ESTRAGON: Quick!

(POZZO gets up and goes over beside ESTRAGON. ESTRAGON points off.)

Look!

POZZO: (Having put on his (monocle)) Oh I say!

ESTRAGON: It's all over.

(Enter VLADIMIR, sombre. He (looks at ESTRAGON, goes downstage and) kicks over the stool, (goes upstage.))

POZZO: He's not pleased.
WAITING FOR GODOT

[ESTRAGON heads for the stone, meets VLADIMIR. They exchange a look.]

ESTRAGON: (To VLADIMIR) You missed a treat. Pity.

(VLADIMIR returns to stool, rights it, heads upstage of stone, calmer.)

POZZO: He subsides.

[VLADIMIR halts upstage of stone, remains still with head raised to sky.] (Looking round) Indeed all subsides. A great calm descends. (Raising his hand) Listen!

Pan sleeps.

[Very long silence.]

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: Why it’s very natural, very natural. I myself in your situation, if I had an appointment with a Godin . . . Godot . . . Godot . . . anyhow, you see who I mean, I’d wait till it was black night before I gave up. (He returns to the stool.) I’d like very much 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. (Goes to POZZO raising his hat and wipes seat of stool with it.) Be seated, sir, I beg of you.

POZZO: No, no, I wouldn’t think of it. (Pause. Aside) Ask me again.

ESTRAGON: Come come, take a seat, I beseech you, you’ll get pneumonia.

POZZO: You really think so?

ESTRAGON: Why it’s absolutely certain.

POZZO: No doubt you are right. (Pause.) [Thank you, dear fellow.]

(He sits down. [ESTRAGON returns to stone and sits down simultaneously with POZZO.])

Done it again! <> (He consults his watch. [Stands up.]) But I must really be getting along, if I am to observe my schedule.

VLADIMIR: [(Motionless, looking at the sky)] Time has stopped.

POZZO: (Cuddling his watch to his ear) Don’t you believe it, sir, don’t you believe it.

(He taps with finger on watch.) Whatever you like, but not that.

([Puts watch back in pocket.])

[34]
ESTRAGON: (To POZZO) Everything seems black to him today.

POZZO: Except the firmament!

(He laughs, pleased with this witticism. [VLADIMIR takes off his hat and looks in it. ESTRAGON takes the bones from his pocket. Lucky's hat falls down.])

But I see what it is, you are not from these parts, you don't know what our twilights can do. Shall I tell you?

(Silence. ESTRAGON is fiddling with (the bones), VLADIMIR with his hat.)

I can't refuse you. <>

<(He looks at VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON.) What was I saying?

VLADIMIR: Let's go.

<>

[(He puts on his hat and moves to ESTRAGON who puts away his bones.]]

POZZO: (Who hasn't listened) Ah yes! The night. <> (He looks at the sky.) Look.

(All look at the sky except LUCKY who is dozing off again. <>)

Will you look at the sky, pig!

(LUCKY looks at the sky.)

Good, that's enough.

(They stop looking at the sky.)

What is there so extraordinary about it? Qua sky. It is pale and luminous like any sky at this (time of day) [(pause) at this time of year. (Pause.) In these latitudes. (Pause.) When the weather is fine. (Lyrical) An hour ago (<> prosaic) roughly (lyrical) after having poured forth ever since (he hesitates, prosaic) say ten o'clock in the morning (lyrical) tireless torrents of red and white light it begins to lose its effulgence, to grow pale (gesture of the two hands lapsing by stages) pale, ever a little paler, a little paler until (dramatic pause, ample gesture of the two hands flung wide apart) pppffff! finished! it comes to rest. But - (hand raised in admonition) - but behind this veil of gentleness and peace night is charging (vibrantly) and will burst upon us (snaps his fingers) pop! like that! (his inspiration leaves him) just when we least expect it. (Silence. Gloomily) That's how it is on this bitch of an earth.

([[Silent.] Long 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.
POZZO: How did you find me?
(VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON look at him blankly.)

VLADIMIR: (First to understand, thumb up) Oh very good, very very good.
POZZO: And you, sir?

ESTRAGON: ([Hesitates. Thumb up]) Oh tray bong, tray tray <> bong.
POZZO: (Ferociously) Bless you, gentlemen, bless you! (Pause.) I have such need of
encouragement! (Pause.) I weakened a little towards the end, you didn’t
notice?

VLADIMIR: Oh perhaps just a teeny weeny little bit.
ESTRAGON: I thought it was intentional.

POZZO: You see my memory is defective.
(Silence.)

ESTRAGON: In the meantime nothing happens.
POZZO: You find it tedious.
ESTRAGON: Somewhat.
POZZO: (To VLADIMIR) And you, sir?
VLADIMIR: I’ve been better entertained.
(Silence. POZZO struggles inwardly.)

POZZO: ([Stands]) 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: ([Jumps up.] Even ten francs would be a help.
VLADIMIR: ([Pushing him back down]) 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: ([Jumps up again.] Even five.
VLADIMIR: (To ESTRAGON, indignantly[, pushing him back down again]) That’s
enough!

ESTRAGON: I couldn’t accept less.

POZZO: Is it enough? No doubt. But I am liberal. It’s my nature. This evening. So
much the worse for me. (He goes to LUCKY, picks up the rope and fixes him
REVISED TEXT

with a long hypnotic look.) For I shall suffer, no doubt about that. (He returns to the stool with the rope and sits.) 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: Certainly. Aloud. He even used to think very prettily once, I could listen to him for hours. Now . . . (He shudders.) So much the worse for me. Well, would you like him to think something for us?

ESTRAGON: I’d rather he’d dance, it’d be more fun.

POZZO: Not necessarily.

ESTRAGON: Wouldn’t it, Didi, be more fun?

VLADIMIR: I’d like well to hear him think.

ESTRAGON: Perhaps he could dance first and think afterwards, if it isn’t too much to ask him.

VLADIMIR: (To Pozzo) Would that be possible?

POZZO: By all means, nothing simpler. It’s the natural order.

(He laughs briefly.)

VLADIMIR: Then let him dance.

(Silence.)

<>

POZZO: Dance, misery!

(Lucky puts down [bag and] basket, <> turns to Pozzo. Lucky dances. He stops.)

ESTRAGON: Is that all?

POZZO: Encore!

(Lucky executes the same movements, stops.)

ESTRAGON: Pooh! I’d do as well myself. (He [stands,] imitates Lucky, almost falls[, sits]) With a little practice.

[VLADIMIR: He’s tired.]

POZZO: [Woaa!

(Lucky stiffens.)]

He used to dance the farandole, the fling, the brawl, the jig, the fandango and even the hornpipe. He capered. For joy. Now that’s the best he can do. Do you know what he calls it?

<>

[(Confidential, hand screening mouth from lucky, final finger to lips. Vladimir approaches him. Estracon cranes forward from the stone.)]
The Net. He thinks he’s entangled in a net.

(\text{[Long]} silence. \text{<>})

\textit{Estragon: [\text{[Stands.]}]} Nothing happens, nobody comes, nobody goes, it’s awful!
\textit{Vladimir: [\text{To Pozzo}]} Tell him to think.
\textit{Pozzo:} Give him his hat.

\textit{Vladimir:} His hat?
\textit{Pozzo:} He can’t think without his hat.
\textit{Vladimir: [\text{To Estragon}]} Give him his hat.
\textit{Estragon:} Me! After what he did to me! Never!

\textit{Vladimir:} I’ll give it to him.

(\text{He does not move.})
\textit{Estragon: [\text{To Pozzo}]} Tell him to go and fetch it.
\textit{Pozzo:} It’s better to give it to him.
\textit{Vladimir:} I’ll give it to him.

(\text{He picks up the hat and tenders it at arm’s length to Lucky, who does not move.})
\textit{Pozzo:} You must put it on his head.
\textit{Estragon: [\text{To Pozzo}]} Tell him to take it.
\textit{Pozzo:} It’s better to put it on his head.

\textit{Vladimir:} I’ll put it on his head.

(\text{He goes round behind Lucky, approaches him cautiously, puts the hat on his head and recoils smartly. Lucky does not move. Silence.})

\textit{Estragon:} What’s he waiting for?

\textit{Pozzo: [\text{[To Vladimir]}]} Stand back!

(\text{\{Vladimir joins Estragon at the stone.\} <>})
\textit{Think, pig!}
\textit{(Pause. Lucky begins to dance.)}
\textit{Stop!}
\textit{(Lucky stops.)}
\textit{Forward!}
\textit{(Lucky advances.)}
\textit{Stop!}

(\text{Lucky stops. [Pozzo fixes him with a long hypnotic look.]})
\textit{Think!}
\textit{(Silence.)}

\textit{Lucky: [\text{[To Pozzo]}]} On the other hand with regard to –
\textit{Pozzo:} Stop!

(\text{Lucky stops.})
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Back!
(LUCKY {backs away}.)

Stop!
(LUCKY stops.)

<>

Think!
(During LUCKY’s tirade the others react as follows: (1) VLADIMIR and
ESTRAGON all attention, POZZO dejected and disgusted. (2) VLADIMIR and
ESTRAGON begin to protest, POZZO’s sufferings increase. (3) VLADIMIR and
ESTRAGON attentive again, POZZO more and more agitated and groaning. (4)
VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON protest violently. <> General outcry. <>)

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
athamia divine aphasia loves us dearly with some exceptions for reasons
unknown but time will tell and suffers like the divine Miranda with those who
for reasons unknown but time will tell are plunged in torment plunged in fire
whose fire flames if that continues and who can doubt it will fire the
firmament that is to say blast hell to heaven so blue still and calm so calm
with a calm which even though intermittent is better than nothing but not so
fast and considering what is more that as a result of the labours left
unfinished crowned by the Acacacademy of Anthropopometry of Essy-
in-Possy of Testew and Cunard it is established beyond all doubt all other
doubt than that which clings to the labours of men that as a result of the
labours unfinished of Testew and Cunard it is established as hereinafter but
not so fast for reasons unknown that as a result of the public works of
Puncher and Wattmann it is established beyond all doubt that in view of the
labours of Fartov and Belcher left unfinished for reasons unknown of Testew
and Cunard left unfinished it is established what many deny that man in
Possy of Testew and Cunard that man in Essy that man in short that man in
brief in spite of the strides of alimentation and defecation wastes and pines
wastes and pines and concurrently simultaneously what is more for reasons
unknown in spite of the strides of physical culture the practice of sports such
as tennis football running cycling swimming flying floating riding gliding
canoeing camogie skating tennis of all kinds dying flying sports of all sorts
autumn summer winter winter tennis of all kinds hockey of all sorts
penicillin and succedanea in a word I resume and concurrently
simultaneously for reasons unknown to shrink and dwindle in spite of the
tennis I resume flying gliding golf over nine and eighteen holes tennis of all sorts in a word for reasons unknown in Feckham Peckham Fulham Clapham namely concurrently simultaneously what is more for reasons unknown but time will tell to shrink and dwindle I resume Fulham Clapham in a word the dead loss per caput since the death of Bishop Berkeley being to the tune of one inch four ounce per caput approximately by and large more or less to the nearest decimal good measure round figures stark naked in the stockinged feet in Connemara in a word for reasons unknown no matter what matter the facts are there and considering what is more much more grave that in the light of the labours lost of Steinweg and Peterman it appears what is more much more grave that in the light the light the light of the labours lost of Steinweg and Peterman that in the plains in the mountains by the seas by the rivers running water running fire the air is the same and then the earth namely the air and then the earth in the great cold the great dark the air and the earth abode of stones in the great cold alas alas in the year of their Lord six hundred and something the air the earth the sea the earth abode of stones in the great deeps the great cold on sea on land and in the air I resume for reasons unknown in spite of the tennis the facts are there but time will tell I resume alas alas on on in short in fine on on abode of stones who can doubt it I resume but not so fast I resume the skull to shrink and waste 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 in Connemara in a word I resume alas alas abandoned unfinished graver still abode of stones in a word I resume alas alas abandoned unfinished the skull the skull in Connemara in spite of the tennis the skull alas the stones Cunard (<> final vociferations) tennis ... the stones ... so calm ... Cunard ... unfinished.

POZZO: His hat!

(VLADIMIR seizes Lucky's hat. Silence of LUCKY. He falls [slowly forward on knees then on his face to the ground]. Silence. Panting of the victors.)

ESTRAGON: Avenged!

(VLADIMIR examines the hat, peers inside it.)

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

VLADIMIR: But will he be able to {orientate himself}?

POZZO: {I'll orientate him!} (He {picks up the rope and pulls on it}.) 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 [and move away from him]. He falls [as before].)

ESTRAGON: He's doing it on purpose!

POZZO: You must hold him. (Pause.) Come on, come on, raise him up!
ESTRAGON: To hell with him!
VLADIMIR: Come on, once more.
ESTRAGON: What does he take us for?

[VLADIMIR: Come on.]

(They raise LUCKY, hold him up.)

POZZO: Don't let him go!

(VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON totter.)

Don't move!

POZZO fetches bag <> and brings {it} towards LUCKY.

Hold him tight!

(He puts the bag in LUCKY's hand. LUCKY drops it immediately [on ESTRAGON's foot].)

Don't let him go!

(He puts back the bag in LUCKY's hand. Gradually, at the feel of the bag, LUCKY recovers his senses and his fingers close round the handle.)

Hold him tight!

(As before with basket. [Steadies LUCKY with butt of whip under chin then picks up rope.])

Now! You can let him go.

(VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON move away from LUCKY [to the stone]. {He} totters, reels, sags, but succeeds in remaining on his feet, bag and basket in his hands.

POZZO steps back <>.)

Forward!

(LUCKY totters forward.)

Back!

(LUCKY totters back.)

Turn!

(LUCKY turns.)

Done it! He can walk. (Turning towards VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON) Thank
WAITING FOR GODOT

you, gentlemen, and let me... (he fumbles in his pockets)... let me wish you...

1243
([ESTRAGON advances proffering hat. POZZO] fumbles.)
... wish you... (fumbles)... what have I done with my watch?

1245
(Fumbles. [ESTRAGON puts on hat, moves away. POZZO drops the rope.])
A genuine half-hunter, gentlemen, with deadbeat escapement! (Sobbing)

1247
Twas my granpa gave it to me! [Perhaps I dropped it.]

1248
(He searches on the ground, VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON likewise. POZZO (picks up and looks in) the remains of Lucky's hat.)
Well now, isn't that just -

VLADIMIR: Perhaps it's in your fob.

POZZO: Wait! (He doubles up in an attempt to apply his ear to his stomach, listens.

1253
Silence.) I hear nothing. [Come and have a listen.]

(He beckons them to approach. VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON go towards him, bend

1255
over his stomach [one to either side of him].)
Surely one should hear the tick-tick.

VLADIMIR: Silence!

(All listen, bent double.)

ESTRAGON: I hear something.

POZZO: Where?

VLADIMIR: It's the heart.

POZZO: (Disappointed) Damnation!

VLADIMIR: Silence!

ESTRAGON: Perhaps it has stopped.

(They straighten up.)

1266
POZZO: Which of you smells so bad?

ESTRAGON: He has stinking breath and I have stinking feet.

POZZO: I must go.

1269
([Picks up whip and rope.])

ESTRAGON: And your half-hunter?

1271
POZZO: I must have left it at the manor, on the Steinway.

(Silence.)

ESTRAGON: Then adieu.

1274
POZZO: Adieu.

VLADIMIR: Adieu.

POZZO: Adieu.

(Silence. No one moves.)

VLADIMIR: Adieu.
POZZO: Adieu.

ESTRAGON: Adieu.

(Silence.)

POZZO: And thank you.

VLADIMIR: Thank you.

POZZO: Not at all.

ESTRAGON: Yes yes.

POZZO: No no.

VLADIMIR: Yes yes.

ESTRAGON: No no.

(Silence.)

POZZO: I don’t seem to be able . . . (long hesitation) . . . to depart.

ESTRAGON: Such is life.

(Pozzo turns, moves away from Lucky towards the wings [upstage right], paying out the rope as he goes.)

VLADIMIR: [(Following Pozzo)] You’re going the wrong way.

POZZO: I need a running start. (Having come to the end of the rope, i.e. offstage, he stops, turns, and cries.) Stand back!

{(Estragon joins Vladimir.) Crack of whip.)

On! <>

ESTRAGON: On!

VLADIMIR: On!

(Lucky moves off [upstage left].)

POZZO: Faster!

{(Pozzo appears, crosses the stage preceded by Lucky [who exits as Pozzo reaches midstage].)

[ESTRAGON: Faster!]

VLADIMIR: Faster!]

<>

(The rope tautens. Noise of Lucky falling off.)

POZZO: Stool!

{VLADIMIR: Stool!

(Estragon fetches stool.)

ESTRAGON: (Throwing it to Vladimir between him and Pozzo) Stool!

VLADIMIR: (Throwing it to Pozzo) Stool!

POZZO: (Throwing it offstage to Lucky) Stool!

Up pig!

(Pause. Noise of Lucky getting up.)
On!
(Exit Pozzo.)

 Estragon: On!
 Vladimir: On!
 Pozzo: Adieu!
 Estragon and Vladimir: (Raising their hats) Adieu!
 Pozzo: (Sound fading away) Adieu!
 Estragon and Vladimir: (Sound fading away; waving their hats) Adieu!
 (They raise their hats in a final silent adieu. Long silence. They turn to the front and put their hats back on.)

 Vladimir: That passed the time.
 Estragon: It would have passed in any case.
 Vladimir: Yes, but not so rapidly.
 (Pause.)
 Estragon: What do we do now?
 Vladimir: I don’t know.

 Estragon: Let’s go.
 Vladimir: We can’t.
 Estragon: Why not?
 Vladimir: We’re waiting for Godot.

 Estragon: (Despairingly) Ah [yes]!
 (Pause.)
 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. (Pause. To himself)

 Unless they’re not the same . . .
484 ESTRAGON: ([Removes his hat, scratches his head.] pretending to search.) Boz... Bozzo...

VLADIMIR: (Ditto) Pozzo... Pozzo...

POZZO: PPPPOZZZO!

488 ([He advances further. They put on their hats.])

ESTRAGON: Ah! Pozzo... let me see... Pozzo...

VLADIMIR: Is it Pozzo or Bozzo?

ESTRAGON: Pozzo... no... I'm afraid I... no... I don't seem to...

<>

492 VLADIMIR: (Conciliating) I once knew a family called Gozzo. The mother had the clap.

495 ([POZZO advances threateningly, driving them further back and apart.])

ESTRAGON: (Hastily) We're not from these parts, sir.

497 POZZO: (Halting) You are human beings none the less. <> As far as one can see.

<>

498 Of the same species as myself. (He bursts into an enormous laugh.) Of the same species as Pozzo! Made in God's image!

VLADIMIR: Well you see —

POZZO: (Peremptory) 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.

511 ESTRAGON: <> That's to say... you understand... the dusk... the strain

512 ... 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.