

Enter Boy , timidly. He halts.

BOY:
Mister Albert . . . ?

VLADIMIR:
Yes.

ESTRAGON:
What do you want?

VLADIMIR:
Approach!

The Boy does not move.

ESTRAGON:
(forcibly). Approach when you're told, can't you?

The Boy advances timidly, halts.

VLADIMIR:
What is it?

BOY:
Mr. Godot . . .

VLADIMIR:
Obviously . . . *(Pause.)* Approach.

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

VLADIMIR:
You have a message from Mr. Godot?

BOY:
Yes Sir.

VLADIMIR:
Well, what is it?

ESTRAGON:
What kept you so late?

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

VLADIMIR:
(to Estragon). Let him alone.

ESTRAGON:
(violently). You let me alone. *(Advancing, to the Boy.)* Do you know what time it is?

BOY:
(recoiling). It's not my fault, Sir.

ESTRAGON:
And whose is it? Mine?

BOY:
I was afraid, Sir.

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

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

ESTRAGON:
How long have you been here?

BOY:
A good while, Sir.

VLADIMIR:
You were afraid of the whip?

BOY:
Yes Sir.

VLADIMIR:
The roars?

BOY:
Yes Sir.

VLADIMIR:
The two big men.

BOY:
Yes Sir.

VLADIMIR:
Do you know them?

BOY:
No Sir.

VLADIMIR:
Are you a native of these parts? *(Silence.)* Do you belong to these parts?

BOY:
Yes Sir.

ESTRAGON:
That's all a pack of lies. (*Shaking the Boy by the arm.*) Tell us the truth!

BOY:
(*trembling*). But it is the truth, Sir!

VLADIMIR:
Will you let him alone! What's the matter with you? (*Estragon releases the Boy, moves away, covering his face with his hands. Vladimir and the Boy observe him. Estragon drops his hands. His face is convulsed.*) What's the matter with you?

ESTRAGON:
I'm unhappy.

VLADIMIR:
Not really! Since when?

ESTRAGON:
I'd forgotten.

VLADIMIR:
Extraordinary the tricks that memory plays! (*Estragon tries to speak, renounces, limps to his place, sits down and begins to take off his boots. To Boy.*) Well?

BOY:
Mr. Godot—

VLADIMIR:
I've seen you before, haven't I?

BOY:
I don't know, Sir .

VLADIMIR:
You don't know me?

BOY:
No Sir.

VLADIMIR:
It wasn't you came yesterday?

BOY:
No Sir.

VLADIMIR:

This is your first time?

BOY:
Yes Sir.

Silence.

VLADIMIR:
Words words. (*Pause.*) Speak.

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

VLADIMIR:
Is that all?

BOY:
Yes Sir.

Silence.

VLADIMIR:
You work for Mr. Godot ?

BOY:
Yes Sir.

VLADIMIR:
What do you do?

BOY:
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.

Silence.

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:
You're as bad as myself. (*Silence.*) Where do you sleep?

BOY:
In the loft, Sir.

VLADIMIR:
With your brother?

BOY:
Yes Sir.

VLADIMIR:
In the hay?

BOY:
Yes Sir.

Silence.

VLADIMIR:
All right, you may go.

BOY:
What am I to tell Mr. Godot, Sir?

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

BOY:
Yes Sir.

He steps back, hesitates, turns and exit running. The light suddenly fails. In a moment it is night. The moon rises at back, mounts in the sky, stands still, shedding a pale light on the scene.

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

ESTRAGON:
Pale for weariness .

VLADIMIR:
Eh?