

Moron!

ESTRAGON:
Vermin!

VLADIMIR:
Abortion!

ESTRAGON:
Morpion!

VLADIMIR:
Sewer-rat!

ESTRAGON:
Curate!

VLADIMIR:
Cretin!

ESTRAGON:
(with finality). Crritic!

VLADIMIR:
Oh!

He wilts, vanquished, and turns away.

ESTRAGON:
Now let's make it up.

VLADIMIR:
Gogo!

ESTRAGON:
Didi!

VLADIMIR:
Your hand!

ESTRAGON:
Take it!

VLADIMIR:
Come to my arms!

ESTRAGON:
Yours arms?

VLADIMIR:

My breast!

ESTRAGON:
Off we go!

They embrace. They separate. Silence.

VLADIMIR:
How time flies when one has fun!

Silence.

ESTRAGON:
What do we do now?

VLADIMIR:
While waiting.

ESTRAGON:
While waiting.

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 hops from one foot to the other. Estragon imitates him.

ESTRAGON:

(stopping). That's enough. I'm tired.

VLADIMIR:

(stopping). We're not in shape. What about a little deep breathing?

ESTRAGON:

I'm tired breathing.

VLADIMIR:

You're right. *(Pause.)* Let's just do the tree , for the balance.

ESTRAGON:

The tree?

Vladimir does the tree, staggering about on one leg.

VLADIMIR:

(stopping). Your turn.

Estragon does the tree , staggers.

ESTRAGON:

Do you think God sees me ?

VLADIMIR:

You must close your eyes.

Estragon closes his eyes, staggers worse.

ESTRAGON:

(stopping, brandishing his fists, at the top of his voice.) God have pity on me !

VLADIMIR:

(vexed). And me ?

ESTRAGON:

On me ! On me! Pity ! On me!

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

VLADIMIR:

Gogo!

POZZO:

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

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

ESTRAGON:

Is it Godot?

VLADIMIR:

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

POZZO:

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 tomorrow.

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.

VLADIMIR:

Who?

ESTRAGON:

Godot.

VLADIMIR:
But it's not Godot.

ESTRAGON:
It's not Godot?

VLADIMIR:
It's not Godot.

ESTRAGON:
Then who is it?

VLADIMIR:
It's Pozzo.

POZZO:
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.

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.

Pozzo writhes, groans, beats the ground with his fists.

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.

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:
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. (*Gesture towards Lucky.*) For the moment he is inert. But he might run amuck any minute.

POZZO:
Help!

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

VLADIMIR:
You mean if we fell on him in his sleep?

ESTRAGON:
Yes.

VLADIMIR:
That seems a good idea all right. But could we do it? Is he really asleep? (*Pause.*) No, the best would be to take advantage of Pozzo's calling for help—

POZZO:
Help!

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! (*Pause. Vehemently.*) Let us do something, while we have the chance! It is not every day 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! 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? (*Estragon says nothing.*) 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 reflection, or else he slinks away into the depths of the thickets. 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. Yes, in this immense confusion one thing alone is clear. We are waiting for Godot to come—

ESTRAGON:
Ah!

POZZO:
Help!

VLADIMIR:
Or for night to fall. (*Pause.*) We have kept our appointment and that's an end to that. We are not saints, but we have kept our appointment. How many people can boast as much?

ESTRAGON:
Billions.

VLADIMIR:
You think so?

ESTRAGON:
I don't know.

VLADIMIR:
You may be right.

POZZO:
Help!

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

ESTRAGON:

(aphoristic for once). We are all born mad. Some remain so.

POZZO:

Help! I'll pay you!

ESTRAGON:

How much?

POZZO:

One hundred francs!

ESTRAGON:

It's not enough.

VLADIMIR:

I wouldn't go so far as that.

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:

We wait. We are bored. *(He throws up his hand.)* 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 advances towards the heap, stops in his stride.)* In an instant all will vanish and we'll be alone once more, in the midst of nothingness!

He broods.

POZZO:

Two hundred!

VLADIMIR:

We're coming!

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

ESTRAGON:

What's the matter with you all?

VLADIMIR:

Help!

ESTRAGON:

I'm going.

VLADIMIR:

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

POZZO:

Where am I?

VLADIMIR:

Gogo!

POZZO:

Help!

VLADIMIR:

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: