

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

Laughs noisily.

VLADIMIR:

I'll be back.

He hastens towards the wings.

ESTRAGON:

End of the corridor, on the left.

VLADIMIR:

Keep my seat.

Exit Vladimir.

POZZO:

(on the point of tears). I've lost my Kapp and Peterson!

ESTRAGON:

(convulsed with merriment). He'll be the death of me!

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:

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 glasses). Oh I say!

ESTRAGON:

It's all over.

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

POZZO:

He's not pleased.

ESTRAGON:

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

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

POZZO:

He subsides. *(Looking round.)* Indeed all subsides. A great calm descends. *(Raising his hand.)* 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:

Why it's very natural, very natural. 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! *(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. *(He sits down.)* Done it again! *(Pause.)* Thank you, dear fellow. *(He consults his watch.)* But I must really be getting along, if I am to observe my schedule.

VLADIMIR:

Time has stopped.

POZZO:

(cuddling his watch to his ear.) Don't you believe it, Sir, don't you believe it. *(He puts his watch back in his pocket.)* Whatever you like, but not that.

ESTRAGON:

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

POZZO:

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

VLADIMIR:

Let's go.

ESTRAGON:

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

POZZO:

True. *(He sits down. To Estragon.)* What is your name?

ESTRAGON:

Adam .

POZZO:

(who hasn't listened.) Ah yes! The night. *(He raises his head.)* 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. *(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 hour of the day. *(Pause.)* In these latitudes. *(Pause.)* When the weather is fine. *(Lyrical.)* An hour ago *(he looks at his watch, prosaic)* roughly *(lyrical)* after having poured forth even since *(he hesitates, prosaic)* say ten o'clock in the morning *(lyrical)* tirelessly 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)* pppfff! 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 .

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.

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

POZZO:

How did you find me ? *(Vladimir and Estragon look at him blankly.)* Good? Fair? Middling? Poor? Positively bad?

VLADIMIR:

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

POZZO:

(to Estragon). And you, Sir?

ESTRAGON:

Oh tray bong, tray tray tray bong.

POZZO:

(fervently). Bless you, gentlemen, bless you! *(Pause.)* I have such need of encouragement! *(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:

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:

Even ten francs would be a help.

VLADIMIR:

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:

Even five.

VLADIMIR:

(to Estragon, indignantly). 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 jerks the rope. Lucky looks at him.)* For I shall suffer, no doubt about that. *(He picks up the whip.)* 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 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:

Do you hear, hog?

ESTRAGON:

He never refuses?

POZZO:

He refused once. *(Silence.)* Dance, misery!

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

ESTRAGON:

Is that all?

POZZO:

Encore!

Lucky executes the same movements, stops.

ESTRAGON:

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

POZZO:

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?

ESTRAGON:

The Scapegoat's Agony.

VLADIMIR:

The Hard Stool.

POZZO:

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

VLADIMIR:

(squirming like an aesthete). There's something about it . . .

Lucky makes to return to his burdens.

POZZO:

Woaah!

Lucky stiffens.

ESTRAGON:

Tell us about the time he refused.

POZZO:

With pleasure, with pleasure. *(He fumbles in his pockets.)* Wait. *(He fumbles.)* What have I done with my spray? *(He fumbles.)* Well now isn't that . . . *(He looks up, consternation on his features. Faintly.)* I can't find my pulveriser!

ESTRAGON:

(faintly). My left lung is very weak! *(He coughs feebly. 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. *(Ponders.)* Well now isn't that . . . *(He raises his head.)* Help me!

ESTRAGON:

Wait!

VLADIMIR:

Wait!

POZZO:

Wait!

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

ESTRAGON:

(triumphantly). Ah!

VLADIMIR:

He has it.

POZZO:

(*impatient*). Well?

ESTRAGON:

Why doesn't he put down his bags?

VLADIMIR:

Rubbish!

POZZO:

Are you sure?

VLADIMIR:

Damn it haven't you already told us?

POZZO:

I've already told you?

ESTRAGON:

He's already told us?

VLADIMIR:

Anyway he has put them down.

ESTRAGON:

(*glance at Lucky*). So he has. And what of it?

VLADIMIR:

Since he has put down his bags it is impossible we should have asked 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!

Silence. They put on their hats.

ESTRAGON:

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

VLADIMIR:

(*to Pozzo*). Tell him to think.

POZZO:

Give him his hat.

VLADIMIR:

His hat?

POZZO:

He can't think without his hat.

VLADIMIR:

(*to Estragon*). Give him his hat.

ESTRAGON:

Me! After what he did to me! Never!

VLADIMIR:

I'll give it to him.

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

POZZO:

You must put it on his head.

ESTRAGON:

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

POZZO:

It's better to put it on his head.