

He draws him after him. As before.

ESTRAGON:

Wait!

VLADIMIR:

I'm cold!

ESTRAGON:

Wait! (*He moves away from Vladimir.*) I sometimes wonder if we wouldn't have been better off alone, each one for himself. (*He crosses the stage and sits down on the mound.*) 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 worthwhile now.

Silence.

VLADIMIR:

No, it's not worthwhile now.

Silence.

ESTRAGON:

Well, shall we go ?

VLADIMIR:

Yes, let's go.

They do not move .

Curtain.

ACT II

Next day. Same time. Same place.

Estragon's boots front center, heels together, toes splayed. Lucky's hat at same place. The tree has four or five leaves .

Enter Vladimir agitatedly. He halts and looks long at the tree, then suddenly begins to move feverishly about the stage. He halts before the boots, picks one up, examines it, sniffs it, manifests disgust, puts it back carefully. Comes and goes. Halts extreme right and gazes into distance off, shading his eyes with his hand. Comes and goes. Halts extreme left, as before. Comes and goes. Halts suddenly and begins to sing loudly.

VLADIMIR:

A dog came in —

Having begun too high he stops, clears his throat, resumes:

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

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

He stops, broods, 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 till he was dead.

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

He stops, broods, resumes:

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

He stops, broods. Softly.

And dug the dog a tomb . . .

He remains a moment silent and motionless, then begins to move feverishly about the stage. He halts before the tree, comes and goes, before the boots, comes and goes, halts extreme right, gazes into distance, extreme left, gazes into distance. Enter Estragon right, barefoot, head bowed. He slowly crosses the stage. Vladimir turns and sees him.

VLADIMIR:

You again! (*Estragon halts but does not raise his head. Vladimir goes towards him.*)
Come here till I embrace you.

ESTRAGON:

Don't touch me!

Vladimir holds back, pained.

VLADIMIR:

Do you want me to go away? (*Pause.*) Gogo! (*Pause. Vladimir observes him attentively.*)
Did they beat you? (*Pause.*) Gogo! (*Estragon remains silent, head bowed.*) Where did you spend the night?

ESTRAGON:

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

VLADIMIR:

Did I ever leave you?

ESTRAGON:

You let me go.

VLADIMIR:

Look at me. (*Estragon does not raise his head. Violently.*) Will you look at me!

Estragon raises his head. They look long at each other, then suddenly embrace, clapping each other on the back. End of the embrace. Estragon, no longer supported, almost falls.

ESTRAGON:

What a day!

VLADIMIR:

Who beat you? Tell me.

ESTRAGON:

Another day done with.

VLADIMIR:

Not yet.

ESTRAGON:

For me it's over and done with, no matter what happens. (*Silence.*) I heard you singing.

VLADIMIR:

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. (*Pause.*) I didn't get up in the night, not once!

ESTRAGON:

(*sadly*). You see, you piss 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*). Happy?

VLADIMIR:

Perhaps it's not quite the right word.

ESTRAGON:

And now?

VLADIMIR:

Now? . . . (*Joyous.*) There you are again . . . (*Indifferent.*) There we are again. . . (*Gloomy.*) 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:

There was ten of them.

VLADIMIR:

No, I mean before they 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.

VLADIMIR:

Ah no, Gogo, the truth is there are things that escape 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, deep down, if you only knew it.

ESTRAGON:

Happy about what?

VLADIMIR:

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:

Say, I am happy.

ESTRAGON:

I am happy.

VLADIMIR:

So am I.

ESTRAGON:

So am I.

VLADIMIR:

We are happy.

ESTRAGON:

We are happy. (*Silence.*) What do we do now, now that we are happy?

VLADIMIR:

Wait for Godot. (*Estragon groans. Silence.*) Things have changed here since yesterday.

ESTRAGON:

And if he doesn't come?

VLADIMIR:

(*after a moment of bewilderment*). We'll see when the time comes. (*Pause.*) I was saying that things have changed here since yesterday.

ESTRAGON:

Everything oozes.

VLADIMIR:

Look at the tree.

ESTRAGON:

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

VLADIMIR:

The tree, look at the tree.

Estragon looks at the tree.

ESTRAGON:

Was is not there yesterday?

VLADIMIR:

Yes of course it was there. Do you not remember? We nearly hanged ourselves from it. But you wouldn't. Do you not remember?

ESTRAGON:

You dreamt it.

VLADIMIR:

Is it possible you've forgotten already?

ESTRAGON:

That's the way I am. Either I forget immediately or I never forget .

VLADIMIR:

And Pozzo and Lucky, have you forgotten them too?

ESTRAGON:

Pozzo and Lucky?

VLADIMIR:

He's forgotten everything!

ESTRAGON:

I remember a lunatic who kicked the shins off me. Then he played the fool.

VLADIMIR:

That was Lucky.

ESTRAGON:

I remember that. But when was it?

VLADIMIR:

And his keeper, do you not remember him?

ESTRAGON:

He gave me a bone.

VLADIMIR:

That 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 recognise the place?

ESTRAGON:

(suddenly furious). Recognise! What is there to recognise? All my lousy life I've crawled about in the mud! And you talk to me about scenery! *(Looking wildly about him.)* 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 *(gesture)* bears any resemblance to . . . *(he hesitates)* . . . to the Macon country for example. You can't deny there's a big difference.

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)* . . . can't think of the name of the man, at a place called . . . *(snaps his fingers)* . . . can't think of the name of the place, do you not remember?

ESTRAGON:

(a little calmer). It's possible. I didn't notice anything.

VLADIMIR:

But down there everything is red!

ESTRAGON:

(exasperated). I didn't notice anything, I tell you!

Silence. Vladimir sighs deeply.

VLADIMIR:

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

ESTRAGON:

It'd be better if we parted.

VLADIMIR:

You always say that and you always come crawling back.

ESTRAGON:

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

VLADIMIR:

What other? *(Pause.)* What other?

ESTRAGON: