

ESTRAGON: You're sure it was this evening?

VLADIMIR: What?

ESTRAGON: That we were to wait.

VLADIMIR: He said Saturday. [*Pause.*] I think.

ESTRAGON: You think.

VLADIMIR: I must have made a note of it.

*[He fumbles in his pockets, bursting with miscellaneous rubbish.]*

ESTRAGON: [*Very insidious.*] But what Saturday? And is it Saturday? Is it not rather Sunday? [*Pause.*] Or Monday? [*Pause.*] Or Friday?

VLADIMIR: [*Looking wildly about him, as though the date was inscribed in the landscape.*] It's not possible!

ESTRAGON: Or Thursday?

VLADIMIR: What'll we do?

ESTRAGON: If he came yesterday and we weren't here you may be sure he won't come again today.

VLADIMIR: But you say we were here yesterday.

ESTRAGON: I may be mistaken. [*Pause.*] Let's stop talking for a minute, do you mind?

VLADIMIR: [*Feebly.*] All right. [*ESTRAGON sits down on the mound. VLADIMIR paces agitatedly to and fro,*

*halting from time to time to gaze into the distance off.*

ESTRAGON *falls asleep.* VLADIMIR *halts before*

ESTRAGON.] Gogo! . . . Gogo! . . . GOGO!

[ESTRAGON *wakes with a start.*]

ESTRAGON: [*Restored to the horror of his situation.*] I was asleep! [*Despairingly.*] Why will you never let me sleep?

VLADIMIR: I felt lonely.

ESTRAGON: I had a dream.

VLADIMIR: Don't tell me!

ESTRAGON: I dreamt that –

VLADIMIR: DON'T TELL ME!

ESTRAGON: [*Gesture towards the universe.*] This one is enough for you? [*Silence.*] It's not nice of you, Didi. Who am I to tell my private nightmares to if I can't tell them to you?

VLADIMIR: Let them remain private. You know I can't bear that.

ESTRAGON: [*Coldly.*] There are times when I wonder if it wouldn't be better for us to part.

VLADIMIR: You wouldn't go far.

ESTRAGON: That would be too bad, really too bad.

[*Pause.*] Wouldn't it, Didi, be really too bad? [*Pause.*]

When you think of the beauty of the way. [*Pause.*] And the goodness of the wayfarers. [*Pause. Wheedling.*]

Wouldn't it, Didi?

VLADIMIR: Calm yourself.

ESTRAGON: [*Voluptuously.*] Calm . . . calm . . . The English say cawm. [*Pause.*] You know the story of the Englishman in the brothel?

VLADIMIR: Yes.

ESTRAGON: Tell it to me.

VLADIMIR: Ah, stop it!

ESTRAGON: An Englishman having drunk a little more than usual goes to a brothel. The bawd asks him if he wants a fair one, a dark one, or a red-haired one. Go on.

VLADIMIR: STOP IT!

[Exit VLADIMIR hurriedly. ESTRAGON gets up and follows him as far as the limit of the stage. Gestures of ESTRAGON like those of a spectator encouraging a pugilist. Enter VLADIMIR. He brushes past ESTRAGON, crosses the stage with bowed head. ESTRAGON takes a step towards him, halts.]

ESTRAGON: [Gently.] You wanted to speak to me? [Silence. ESTRAGON takes a step forward.] You had something to say to me? [Silence. Another step forward.] Didi . . .

VLADIMIR: [Without turning.] I've nothing to say to you.

ESTRAGON: [Step forward.] You're angry? [Silence. Step forward.] Forgive me. [Silence. Step forward.]

ESTRAGON lays his hand on VLADIMIR's shoulder.]

Come, Didi. [Silence.] Give me your hand. [VLADIMIR half turns.] Embrace me! [VLADIMIR stiffens.] Don't be stubborn! [VLADIMIR softens. They embrace.]

ESTRAGON recoils.] You stink of garlic!

VLADIMIR: It's for the kidneys. [Silence. ESTRAGON looks attentively at the tree.] What do we do now?

ESTRAGON: Wait.

VLADIMIR: Yes, but while waiting.

ESTRAGON: What about hanging ourselves?

VLADIMIR: Hmm. It'd give us an erection!

ESTRAGON: [Highly excited.] An erection!

VLADIMIR: With all that follows. Where it falls, mandrakes grow. That's why they shriek when you pull them up. Did you not know that?

ESTRAGON: Let's hang ourselves immediately!

VLADIMIR: From a bough? [They go towards the tree.] I wouldn't trust it.

ESTRAGON: We can always try.

VLADIMIR: Go ahead.

ESTRAGON: After you.

VLADIMIR: No no, you first.

SAMUEL BECKETT

ESTRAGON: Why me?

VLADIMIR: You're lighter than I am.

ESTRAGON: Just so!

VLADIMIR: I don't understand.

ESTRAGON: Use your intelligence, can't you?

[VLADIMIR *uses his intelligence.*]

VLADIMIR: [*Finally.*] I remain in the dark.

ESTRAGON: This is how it is. [*He reflects.*] The bough . . .  
the bough . . . [*Angrily.*] Use your head, can't you?

VLADIMIR: You're my only hope.

ESTRAGON: [*With effort.*] Gogo light – bough not break –  
Gogo dead. Didi heavy – bough break – Didi alone.  
Whereas –

VLADIMIR: I hadn't thought of that.

ESTRAGON: If it hangs you it'll hang anything.

VLADIMIR: But am I heavier than you?

ESTRAGON: So you tell me. I don't know. There's an even  
chance. Or nearly.

VLADIMIR: Well? What do we do?

ESTRAGON: Don't let's do anything. It's safer.