

ตอนที่ 5

บทละคร

หน่วยที่ 8

แซมมวอล เบ็กเค็ท

(ค.ศ. 1906-1989)

การละครแอบเสิร์ด (Theatre of the Absurd) มีขึ้นในกรุงปารีสในตอนปลาย ค.ศ. 1940 และได้รับความนิยมอย่างสูงสุดจากผลงานของแซมมวอล เบ็กเค็ท คือ Waiting for Godot เบ็กเค็ทจึงได้รับยกย่องให้เป็นบิดาแห่งการละครแอบเสิร์ด (Father of the Theatre the Absurd)

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วัตถุประสงค์

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1. ชีวประวัติของแซมมวอล บาร์เคลย์ เบ็กเค็ท (Samuel Barclay Beckett)

แซมมวอล บาร์เคลย์ เบ็กเค็ท เกิดวันที่ 13 เมษายน ค.ศ. 1906 ที่เมืองฟ็อกซ์ร็อก (Foxrock) ใกล้เมืองดับลิน (Dublin)¹ ดินแดนบ้านเกิดของเหล่ากวีเอกและนักประพันธ์อันเลื่องชื่อในวงวรรณกรรมของอังกฤษ อาทิเช่น วิลเลียม บัทเลอร์ เยตซ (William Butler Yeats) เจมส์ จอยซ์ (James Joyce) เบ็กเค็ทจบการศึกษาระดับปริญญาตรีจากวิทยาลัยทรินิตี้ (Trinity College) ในปีค.ศ. 1927 จากนั้นเบ็กเค็ทได้เดินทางไปกรุงปารีส ประเทศฝรั่งเศส เพื่อสอนภาษาอังกฤษ เขาได้พบกับนักเขียนมากมายและมีความสนิทสนมเป็นพิเศษกับ

¹ เมืองดับลินอยู่ในรัฐไอร์แลนด์ (Ireland) สหราชอาณาจักร (United Kingdom) หรือประเทศอังกฤษ

เจมส์ จอยซ์ ผู้แต่งนวนิยายที่ใช้แนวการเขียนแบบ “กระแสแห่งจิตใต้สำนึก” (stream of consciousness) เช่นเรื่อง ยูลิสซิส (Ulysses) ต่อมาในปี ค.ศ. 1930 เบ็กเค็ทได้เดินทางกลับไปที่วิทยาลัยทรีนิตี้อีกครั้งหนึ่งเพื่อเป็นอาจารย์สอนภาษาฝรั่งเศส แต่หลังจากนั้นไม่นานเขาได้ลาออกจากการงานเพื่อเริ่มงานเขียนอย่างจริงจัง เขากลับไปที่กรุงปารีสในปี ค.ศ. 1937 และตัดสินใจตั้งรกรากอยู่ที่นั่น จนกระทั่งเสียชีวิตเมื่อปลายปี ค.ศ. 1989

เบ็กเค็ทเป็นทั้งนักเขียนความเรียง (prose) นักวิจารณ์วรรณกรรม (literary critic) กวี (poet) และนักเขียนบทละคร (playwright) ผลงานตอนต้นของเบ็กเค็ทที่เขียนเป็นภาษาอังกฤษ เช่น Whoroscope เป็นบทกวีที่เขาเขียนขึ้นในค.ศ. 1930 Proust เป็นบทวิจารณ์ที่เขาเขียนในค.ศ. 1931 More Pricks Than Kicks (ค.ศ. 1934) เป็นหนังสือรวมผลงานเรื่องสั้นของเขา Echo's Bones (ค.ศ. 1935) เป็นหนังสือรวมบทกวีของเขาและนวนิยายเรื่อง Murphy (ค.ศ. 1938) ต่อมาเบ็กเค็ทเปลี่ยนไปเขียนโดยใช้ภาษาฝรั่งเศสแม้เขาจะประสบกับอุปสรรคทางด้านภาษาบ้างก็ตาม ต่อมาเบ็กเค็ทได้รับความสำเร็จและมีชื่อเสียงโด่งดังเช่นนักเขียนคนอื่น ๆ เขาเขียนงานประพันธ์ของเขาเป็นภาษาต่างประเทศ เพราะเขาจะสามารถเลือกสรรหาคำที่มีความหมายชัดเจนและเหมาะสมกับสิ่งที่เขาจะสื่อกับผู้อ่าน (reader) หรือผู้ชม (audience) โดยใช้แนวการแต่งที่เป็นตัวของเขาเอง² ผลงานที่ทำให้เขามีชื่อเสียงมากคือ Waiting for Godot (ค.ศ. 1952) ต่อมาเขาได้เขียนบทละครอีกหลายเรื่อง บทละครเรื่องเช่น Endgame (ค.ศ. 1957) Krapp's Last Tape (ค.ศ. 1959) Happy days (ค.ศ. 1961) ส่วนผลงานร้อยแก้วของเบ็กเค็ทในช่วงหลังนี้ได้แก่ Molloy (ค.ศ. 1951) Malone Dies (ค.ศ. 1951) และ The Unnamable (ค.ศ. 1953) เบ็กเค็ทได้รับรางวัลโนเบลใน ค.ศ. 1969 ด้วยเหตุผลที่ว่า “เขาเป็นนักประพันธ์นวนิยายและบทละครในรูปแบบทแสดงให้เห็นถึงสภาพ ชีวิต และความเป็นอยู่ของผู้คนสมัยหลังสงครามโลกครั้งที่ 2”

“In 1969, Beckett was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature for having produced new forms of the novel and drama in which the destitution of man acquires its elevation”³

ดังนั้น เบ็กเค็ทได้รับการยอมรับว่าเป็นผู้บุกเบิก (pioneer) การเขียนนวนิยายแบบใหม่หรือการละครแอบเสิร์ดที่เลิกใช้เทคนิคการเขียนวรรณกรรมแบบเก่า ๆ เพราะเป็นเทคนิคที่ห่างไกลจากความเป็นจริงที่อุบัติขึ้นในชีวิตของมวลมนุษย์ และเขาได้รับยกย่องเป็น บิดาแห่งการละครแอบเสิร์ด

² Martin Esslin. The Theatre of the Absurd. (New York : Doubleday Company, 1961), p. 8.

³ Samuel A. Weiss. Drama in the Modern World. (Lexington : D.C. Heath and Company, 1974), p.440.

เบ็กเค็ทได้ปลดปล่อยตนเองจากองค์ประกอบต่าง ๆ อันได้แก่ ศาสนา สังคม ความเชื่อ และคุณค่าแบบเก่า (Conservative value) ที่สกัดเขาออกจากการค้นหาความรู้สึกที่แท้จริงที่ซ่อนอยู่ภายในจิตใจของเขาและทำให้เขาไม่สามารถมองโลกได้อย่างที่เขาอยากมอง เขาจึงสะท้อนความเป็นจริงหรือสัจธรรมแห่งชีวิตให้ผู้อ่านได้รับทราบตามจริงในผลงานของเขา

ผลงานของเบ็กเค็ททั้งหมดได้พรรณนาถึงสถานะของมวลมนุษย์ที่มีความโศกเศร้าปนเปไปกับความขบขัน (the tragicomedy) ที่ดำเนินอยู่ในโลกที่ไร้พระเจ้า กฎระเบียบและโลกบ้า ๆ บอ ๆ เบ็กเค็ทมองโลกทุกวันนี้เป็นโลกแห่งความวุ่นวายสับสนและเต็มไปด้วยความยุ่งเหยิง (mess)⁴ ดังนั้น ผู้ชมละครของเบ็กเค็ทจะได้ชมสิ่งที่เขาได้พบเห็นในโลกภายนอกโรงละคร มิใช่โลกนี้มีแต่ความรัก ความสดใส ความสวยงามหรือโลกแห่งจินตนาการดังเช่นการละครยุคก่อนและผู้ชมละครจะเป็นผู้ช่วยกันคิดหาแนวทางแก้ปัญหาในสิ่งที่เขาได้ชม นับได้ว่าการละครแบบนี้จะได้ทั้งความบันเทิงใจ เนื้อหาสาระ และพัฒนาความคิดหรือจินตนาการของผู้ชมไปพร้อม ๆ กัน

2. ตัวอย่างบทละครเรื่อง *Waiting for Godot*

Waiting for Godot เป็นผลงานชิ้นเอกของเบ็กเค็ทที่เขียนเป็นภาษาฝรั่งเศสและเป็นผลงานที่นำชื่อเสียงมาให้เบ็กเค็ท เขาเขียนบทละครเรื่องนี้ในปี ค.ศ. 1992 และได้นำไปที่โรงละครบาบิโลน (The Theatre de Babylone) กรุงปารีสระหว่าง ค.ศ. 1952-1953 ต่อมาเบ็กเค็ทได้แปลบทละครเป็นภาษาอังกฤษด้วยตัวของเขาเอง

⁴ Tom F. Driver, *Beckett by the Madeleine, Drama in the Modern World*, (Lexington, D.C. Health and Company, 1974), p.457.

WAITING FOR GODOT

by

Samuel Beckett

Act II



ภาพปกบทละครเรื่อง Waiting for Godot

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 extremely 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.*) Ggogo! (*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 along, he thinks I'm gone forever, and he sings.
- Vladimir: One is not master of one's moods. All day I've felt in great form. (Pause.) I **did**'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 queer 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.
- Es tragon: 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 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 it 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 recognize the place?
- Estragon: (suddenly **furious**), Recognize! What is there to recognize? 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 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: Like billions of others.
- Vladimir: **(sententious)** To every man his little cross. (He **sighs**). Till he dies. (Afterthought.) And is forgotten.
- Estragon: In the meantime let me try and converse calmly, since we are incapable of keeping silent.
- Vladimir: You're right, we're inexhaustible.
- Estragon: It's so we won't think.
- Vladimir: We have that excuse.
- Estragon: It's so we won't hear.
- Vladimir: We have our reasons.
- Estragon: All the dead voices.
- Vladimir: They make a noise like wings.
- Estragon: Like leaves.
- Vladimir: Like sand.
- Estragon: Like leaves.
- Silence.**
- Vladimir: They all speak at once.
- Estragon: Each one to itself.
- Silence.**
- Vladimir: Rather they whisper.
- Estragon: They rustle.
- Vladimir: They murmur.
- Estragon: They rustle.
- Silence.**
- Vladimir: What do they say?

Estragon: They talk about their lives.
Vladimir: To have lived is not enough for them.
Estragon: They have to talk about it.
Vladimir: To be dead is not enough for them.
Estragon: It is not sufficient.
Silence.

Vladimir: They make a noise like feathers.
Estragon: Like leaves.
Vladimir: Like ashes.
Estragon: Like leaves.
Long silence.

Vladimir: Say something!
Estragon: I'm trying.
Long silence.

Vladimir: (in *anguish*) Say anything at all!
Estragon: What do we do now?
Vladimir: Wait for Godot.
Estragon: Ah!
Silence.

Vladimir: This is awful!
Estragon: Sing something.
Vladimir: No no! (He reflects.) We could start all over again perhaps.
Estragon: That should be easy.
Vladimir: It's the start that's difficult.
Estragon: You can start from anything.
Vladimir: You, but you have to decide.
Estragon: True.
Silence.

Vladimir: Help me!
Estragon: I'm trying.
Silence.

Vladimir: When you seek you hear.
Estragon: You do.
Vladimir: That prevents you from finding.
Estragon: It does.
Vladimir: That prevents you from thinking.
Estragon: You think all the same.
Vladimir: No no, impossible.
Estragon: That's the idea, let's contradict each other.
Vladimir: Impossible.
Estragon: You think so?
Vladimir: We're in no danger of ever thinking any more.
Estragon: Then what are we complaining about?
Vladimir: Thinking is not the worst.
Estragon: Perhaps not. But at least there's that.
Vladimir: That what?
Estragon: That's the idea, let's ask each other questions.
Vladimir: What do you mean, at least there's that?
Estragon: That much less misery.
Vladimir: True.
Estragon: Well? If we gave thanks for our mercies?
Vladimir: What is terrible is to have thought.
Estragon: But did that ever happen to us?
Vladimir: Where are all these corpses from?
Estragon: These skeletons.
Vladimir: Tell me that.
Estragon: True.
Vladimir: We must have thought a little.
Estragon: At the very beginning.
Vladimir: A charnel-house! A charnel-house!
Estragon: You don't have to look.
Vladimir: You can't help looking.

Estragon: True.

Vladimir: Try as one may.

Estragon: I beg your pardon?

Vladimir: Try as one may.

Estragon: We should turn resolutely towards Nature

Vladimir: We've tried that.

Estragon: True.

Vladimir: Oh it's not the worst, I know.

Estragon: What?

Vladimir: To have thought.

Estragon: Obviously.

Vladimir: But we could have done without it.

Estragon: Ques voulez-vous?

Vladimir: I beg your pardon?

Estragon: Que voulez-vous.

Vladimir: Ah! que voulez-vous, Exactly.

Silence.

Estragon: That wasn't such a bad little canter.

Vladimir: Yes, but now we'll have to find something else.

Estragon: Let me see.

He takes off his hat, concentrates.

Vladimir: Let me see. (He *takes* off his hat, concentrates. Long **silence.**)

Ah!

They put on their hats, relax.

Estragon: Well?

Vladimir: What was I saying, we could go on from there.

Estragon: What were you saying when?

Vladimir: At the very beginning.

Estragon: The very beginning of WHAT?

Vladimir: This evening I was saying...I was saying...

Estragon: I'm not a historian.

- Vladimir: Wait... we embraced... we were happy... happy...what do we do now that we're happy... go on waiting... waiting...let me think... it's coming...go on waiting... now that we're happy... let me see . . . ah! The tree!
- Estragon : The tree?
- Vladimir: Do you not remember?
- Estragon: I'm tired.
- Vladimir: Look at it.
They look at the tree.
- Estragon: I see nothing.
- Vladimir: But yesterday evening it was all **balck** and bare. And now it's covered with leaves.
- Estragon: Leaves?
- Vladimir: In a single night.
- Estragon : It must be the Spring.
- Vladimir: But in a single night!
- Estragon : I tell you we weren't here yesterday. Another of your nightmarse
- Vladimir: And where were we yesterday evening according to you?
- Estragon : How would I know? In another compartment. There's no lack of void.
- Vladimir: (sure of himself) Good. We weren't here yesterday evening.
Now what did we do yesterday evening?
- Estragon : Do?
- Vladimir: Try and remember.
- Estragon : Do....I suppose we blathered.
- Vladimir: (**controlling himself**) About what?
- Estragon: Oh...this and that I suppose, nothing in particular. (**With assurance**)
Yes, now I remember, yesterday evening we spent blathering about nothing in particular. That's been going on now for half a century.
- Vladimir: You don't remember any fact, any circumstance?
- Estragon : (**weary**) Don't torment me, Didi.
- Vladimir: The sun. The moon. Do you not remember?

Estragon : They must have been there as usual.

Vladimir: You didn't notice anything out of the ordinary?

Estragon : Alas!

Vladimir: And Pozzo? And Lucky?

Estragon : Pozzo?

Vladimir: The bones.

Estragon : They were like fishbones.

Vladimir: It was Pozzo gave them to you.

Estragon : I don't know.

Vladimir: And the kick.

Estragon : That's right, someone gave me a kick.

Vladimir: It was Lucky gave it to you.

Estragon : And all that was yesterday.

Vladimir: Show your leg.

Estragon: Which?

Vladimir: Both. Pull up your trousers. (Estragon gives a leg to Vladimir, **staggers. Vladimir takes the leg. They stagger.**) Pull up your trousers.

Estragon: I can't.

Vladimir pulls up the trousers, looks at the leg, lets it go. Estragon almost falls.

Vladimir: The other. (**Estragon gives the same leg.**) The other, pig!
(Estragon gives the other leg. Triumphantly.) There's the wound!
Beginning to fester!

Estragon: And what about it?

Vladimir: (**letting go the leg**) Where are your boots?

Estragon: I must have thrown them away.

Vladimir: When?

Estragon: I don't know.

Vladimir: Why?

Estragon: (**exasperated**) I don't know why I don't know!

- Vladimir: No, I mean why did you throw them away?
- Estragon: (exasperated) Because they were hurting me!
- Vladimir: **(triumphantly, pointing to the boots)** There they are! **(Estragon looks at the boots.)** At the very spot where you left them yesterday! **Estragon goes towards the boots, inspects them closely.**
- Estragon: They're not mine.
- Vladimir: **(stupefied.)** Not yours!
- Estragon: Mine were black. Those are brown.
- Vladimir: You're sure yours were black?
- Estragon: Well they were a kind of gray.
- Vladimir: And these are brown. Show.
- Estragon: **(picking up a boot)**, Well they're a kind of green.
- Vladimir: Show. **(Estragon hands him the boot. Vladimir inspects it, throws it down angrily.)** Well of all the-
- Estragon: You see, all that's a lot of bloody-
- Vladimir: Ah! I see what it is. Yes, I see what's happened.
- Estragon: All that's a lot of bloody-
- Vladimir: It's elementary. Someone came and took yours and left you his.
- Estragon: Why?
- Vladimir: His were too tight for him, so he took yours.
- Estragon: But mine were too tight.
- Vladimir: For you. Not for him.
- Estragon: **(having tried in vain to work it out)** I'm tired! **(Pause.)** Let's go.
- Vladimir: We can't.
- Estragon: Why not?
- Vladimir: We're waiting for Godot.
- Estragon: Ah! **(Pause** Despairing.) What'll we do, what'll we do!
- Vladimir: There's nothing we can do.
- Estragon: But I can't go on like this!
- Vladimir: Would you like a radish?
- Estragon: Is that all there is?

Vladimir: There are radishes and turnips.

Estragon: Are there no carrots?

Vladimir: No. Anyway you overdo it with your carrots.

Estragon: Then give me a radish. (*Vladimir fumbles in his pockets, finds nothing but turnips, finally brings out a radish and hands it to Estragon who examines it, sniffs it.*) It's black!

Vladimir: It's a radish.

Estragon: I only like the pink ones, you know that!

Vladimir: Then you don't want it?

Estragon: I only like the pink ones!

Vladimir: Then give it back to me.
Estragon gives it back.

Estragon: I'll go and get a carrot.
He *does* not move.

Vladimir: This is becoming really insignificant.

Estragon: Not enough.
Silence.

Vladimir: What about trying them.

Estragon: I've tried everything.

Vladimir: No, I mean the boots.

Estragon: Would that be a good thing?

Vladimir: It's pass the *time*. (*Estragon hesitates.*) I assure you, it'd be an occupation.

Estragon: A relaxation.

Vladimir: A recreation.

Estragon: A relaxation.

Vladimir: Try.

Estragon: You'll help me?

Vladimir: I will of course.

Estragon: We don't manage too badly, eh **Didi**, to give us the impression we exist?

Vladimir: (*impatiently*). Yes yes, we're magicians. But let us persevere in what we have resolved, before we forget. (*He picks up a boot.*) Come

on, give me your foot. (Estragon raises his foot.) The other, hog!
(Estragon raises the other foot.) Higher! **(Wreathed together they stagger about the stage. Vladimir succeeds finally in getting on the boot.)** Try and walk. **(Estragon walks.)** Well?

Estragon: It fits.

Vladimir: **(taking string from his pocket)**. We'll try and lace it.

Estragon: **(vehemently)**. **No** no, no laces, no laces!

Vladimir: You'll be sorry. Let's try the other. **(As before.)** Well?

Estragon: **(grudgingly)**. It fits too.

Vladimir: They don't hurt you?

Estragon: N o t y e t .

Vladimir: Then you can keep them.

Estragon: They're too big.

Vladimir: Perhaps you'll have socks some day.

Estragon: True.

Vladimir: Then you'll keep them?

Estragon: That's enough about these boots.

Vladimir: Yes, but-

Estragon: **(violently)**. Enough! **(silence.)** I suppose I might as well sit down.
 He looks for a place to sit down, then goes and sits down on the mound.

Vladimir: That's where you were sitting yesterday evening.

Estragon: If I could only sleep.

Vladimir: Yesterday you slept.

Estragon: I'll try.

He resumes his foetal posture, his head between his knees.

Vladimir: Wait. **(He goes over and sits down beside Estragon and begins to sing in a loud voice.)**

Bye bye bye bye

Bye bye-

Estragon: **(Looking up angrily)**. Not so loud!

Vladimir: **(softly)**. Bye bye bye bye

Bye bye bye bye

Bye bye bye bye

Bye bye . . .

Estragon sleeps. Vladimir gets up softly, fakes off his coat and lays it across Estragon's shoulders, then starts walking up and down, swinging his arms to keep himself warm. Estragon wakes with a start, jumps up, casts about wildly. Vladimir runs to him, puts his arms around him.) There there Didi is there . . . don't be afraid..

Estragon: Ah!

Vladimir: There there it's all over.

Estragon: I was falling-

Vladimir: It's all over, it's all over.

Estragon: I was on top of a -

Vladimir: Don't tell me! Come, we'll walk it off.

He takes Estragon by the arm and walks him up and down until Estragon refuses to go any further.

Estragon: That's enough. I'm tired.

Vladimir: You'd rather be stuck there doing nothing?

Estragon: Yes.

Vladimir: Please yourself.

He releases Estragon, picks up his coat and puts it on.

Estragon: Let's go.

Vladimir: We can't.

Estragon: Why not?

Vladimir: We're waiting for Godot.

Estragon: Ah! (**Vladimir walks up and down.**) Can you not stay still?

Vladimir: I'm cold.

Estragon: We came too soon.

Vladimir: It's always at nightfall.

Estragon: But night doesn't fall.

Vladimir: It'll fall; all of a sudden, like yesterday.

Estragon: Then it'll be night.

Vladimir: And we can go.

Estragon: Then it'll be day again (Pause. **Despairing.**) What'll we do, what'll we do!

Vladimir: **(halting, violently).** Will you stop whining! I've had about my bellyful of your lamentation!

Estragon: I'm going.

Vladimir: **(seeing** Lucky's hat). Well!

Estragon: Farewell.

Vladimir: Lucky's hat. (He goes **towards it.**) I've been here an hour and never saw it. **(Very pleased.)** Fine!

Estragon: You'll never see me again.

Vladimir: I knew it was the right place. Now our troubles are over. **(He picks up the hat, contemplates it, straightens it.)** Must have been very fine hat. **(He puts it on in place of his own which he hands to Estragon.)** Here.

Estragon: What?

Vladimir: Hold that.

Estragon takes Vladimir's hat. Vladimir adjusts Lucky's hat on his head. Estragon puts on Vladimir's hat in place of his own which he hands to Vladimir. Vladimir takes Estragon's hat Estragon adjusts Vladimir's hat on his head. Vladimir-puts on Estragon's hat in place of Lucky's which he hands to Estragon. Estragon takes Lucky's hat. Vladimir adjusts Estragon's hat on his head. Estragon puts on Lucky's hat in place of Vladimir's which he hands to Vladimir. Vladimir takes his hat. Estragon adjusts Lucky's hat on his head. Vladimir puts on his hat in place of Estragon's which he hands to Estragon. Estragon takes his hat. Vladimir adjusts his hat on his head. Estragon puts on his hat in place of Lucky's which he hands to Vladimir. Vladimir takes lucky's hat. Estragon adjusts his hat on his head. Vladimirputs on lucky's hat in place of his own which he hands to Estragon. Estrgon takes Vladimir's hat. Vladimir adjusts lucky's hat on his head, Estragon hands Vladimir's hat back to Vladimir who takes it and hands it back to Estagon who takes it and hands it back to Vladimir who takes it and throws it down.

How does it fit me?

Estragon: How would I know?

Vladimir: No, but now do I look in it?

He turns his head coquettishly to and fro, minces like a mannequin.

Estragon: Hideous.

Vladimir: Yes, but not more so than usual?

Estragon: Neither more nor less.

Vladimir: Then I can keep it. Mine irked me. (Pause.) How shall I say?

(Pause.) It itched me.

He takes off Lucky's hat, peers into it, shakes it, knocks on the crown, puts it on again.

Estragon: I'm going.

Silence.

Vladimir: Will you not play?

Estragon: Play at what?

Vladimir: We could play at Pozzo and Lucky.

Estragon: Never heard of it.

Vladimir: I'll do Lucky, you do Pozzo. **(He imitates Lucky sagging under the weight of his baggage. Estragon looks at him with stupefaction.)** Go on.

Estragon: What am I to do so?

Vladimir: Curse me!

Estragon: **(after reflection.)** Naughty!

Vladimir: Stronger!

Estragon: Gonococcus! Spirochete!

Vladimir sways back and forth, double in two.

Vladimir: Tell me to think.

Estragon: What?

Vladimir: Say. Think, pig!

Estragon: Think, pig!

Silence.

Vladimir: I can't.

- Estragon: That's enough of that.
- Vladimir: Tell me to dance.
- Estragon: I'm going.
- Vladimir: Dance, hog! (He *writhes*. *Exit* Estragon left, *precipitately*.)
I can't! (He looks up, *misses* Estragon.) Gogo! (He moves wildly about the stage. Enter Estragon left, panting. He hastens towards Vladimir, falls into his arms.) There you are again at last!
- Estragon: I'm accursed!
- Vladimir: Where were you? I thought you were gone for ever.
- Estragon: They're coming!
- Vladimir: Who?
- Estragon: I don't know.
- Vladimir: How many?
- Estragon: I don't know.
- Vladimir: (*triumphantly*). It's Godot! At last! Gogo! It's Godot! We're saved! Let's go and meet him! (He drags Estragon towards the wings. Estragon resists, pulls himself free, exit right.) Gogo! Come back! (Vladimir runs to extreme left, scans the horizon. Enter Estragon right, he hastens towards Vladimir, falls into his arms.) There you are again again!
- Estragon: I'm in hell!
- Vladimir: Where were you?
- Estragon: They're coming there too!
- Vladimir: We're surrounded! (Estragon makes a rush towards back.) Imbecile! There's no way out there. (He takes Estragon by the arm and drags him towards front. Gesture towards frong.) There! Not a soul in sight! Off you go! Quick! (He pushes Estragon towards auditorium. Estragon recoils in horror.) You won't? (He contemplates auditorium.) Well I can understand that. Wait till I see. (He reflects.) Your only hope left is to disappear.
- Estragon: Where?

- Vladimir: Behind **the tree. (Estragon hesitates.)** Quick! Behind the tree. **(Estragon goes and crouches behind the tree, realize he is not hidden, comes out from behind the tree.)** Decidedly this tree will not have been slightest use to us.
- Estragon: **(calmer)** I lost my head. Forgive me. It won't happen again. Tell me what to do.
- Vladimir: There's nothing to do.
- Estragon: You go and stand there. **(He draws Vladimir to extreme right and places him with his back to the stage)** There, don't move, and watch out. **(Vladimir scans horizon, screening his eyes with his hand. Estragon runs and takes up same position extreme left. They turn their heads and look at each other.)** Back to back like in the good old days. **(They continue to look at each other for a moment, then resume their watch. Long silence.)** Do you see anything coming?
- Vladimir: **(turning his head)** What?
- Estragon: **(louder)**. Do you see anything coming?
- Vladimir: No.
- Estragon: Nor I.
- They resume their watch. Silence.**
- Vladimir: You must have had a vision.
- Estragon: **(turning his head)**. What?
- Vladimir: **(louder)**. You must have had a vision.
- Estragon: No need to shout!
- They resume their watch. Silence,**
- Vladimir:
(turning simultaneously). Do you-
- Estragon:
- Vladimir: Oh pardon!
- Estragon: Carry on.
- Vladimir: No no, after you.
- Estragon: No no, you first.

Vladimir: I interrupted you.

Estragon: On the contrary.
They place at each other angrily.

Vladimir: Ceremonious ape!

Estragon: Punctilious pig!

Vladimir: Finish your phrase, I tell you!

Estragon: Finish your won!
Silence. They draw closer, halt.

Vladimir: Moron!

Estragon: That's the idea, let's abuse each other.
They turn, move apart, turn again and face each other.

Vladimir: Moron!

Estragon: Vermin!

Vladimir: Abortion!

Estragon: Morpion!

Vladimir: Sewer-rat!

Estragon: Curate!

Vladimir: Cretin!

Estragon: *(With finality)*. Critic!

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: Your arms?

Vladimir: My breast!

Estragon: Off we go!
They embrace. They separate. Silence.

Vladimir: Now 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 form. 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 a 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 on to Lucky who staggers)*** What is it? Who is it?
Lucky falls, drops everything and bring 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, waitine 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 still set, the moon rise, and we away . . . from here.

Pozzo: Pity!

Vladimir: Poor Pozzo!

Estragon: I knoew 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 would 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, thoses 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