

# **Waiting for Godot**

By Samuel Beckett

Directed by Joe Calarco

Barrington Stage Company

2022 – Rehearsal Draft

# Characters

*Estragon*

*Vladimir*

*Lucky*

*Pozzo*

*a boy*

## ACT I

- ESTRAGON:** Didi! It's the other foot!  
*He goes hobbling towards the mound.*
- VLADIMIR:** Unless they're not the same . . .
- BOY:** *(off)*. Mister!  
*Estragon halts. Both look towards the voice.*
- ESTRAGON:** Off we go again.
- VLADIMIR:** Approach, my child.  
*Enter Boy, timidly. He halts.*
- BOY:** Mister Albert . . . ?
- VLADIMIR:** Yes.
- ESTRAGON:** What do you want?
- VLADIMIR:** Approach!  
*The Boy does not move.*
- ESTRAGON:** *(forcibly)*. Approach when you're told, can't you?  
*The Boy advances timidly, halts.*
- VLADIMIR:** What is it?
- BOY:** Mr. Godot . . .
- VLADIMIR:** Obviously . . . *(Pause.)* Approach.
- ESTRAGON:** *(violently)*. Will you approach! *(The Boy advances timidly.)* What kept you so late?
- VLADIMIR:** You have a message from Mr. Godot?
- BOY:** Yes Sir.
- VLADIMIR:** Well, what is it?

**ESTRAGON:** What kept you so late?  
*The Boy looks at them in turn, not knowing to which he should reply.*

**VLADIMIR:** *(to Estragon).* Let him alone.

**ESTRAGON:** *(violently).* You let me alone. *(Advancing, to the Boy.)* Do you know what time it is?

**BOY:** *(recoiling).* It's not my fault, Sir.

**ESTRAGON:** And whose is it? Mine?

**BOY:** I was afraid, Sir.

**ESTRAGON:** Afraid of what? Of us? *(Pause.)* Answer me!

**VLADIMIR:** I know what it is, he was afraid of the others.

**ESTRAGON:** How long have you been here?

**BOY:** A good while, Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** You were afraid of the whip?

**BOY:** Yes Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** The roars?

**BOY:** Yes Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** The two big men.

**BOY:** Yes Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** Do you know them?

**BOY:** No Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** Are you a native of these parts? *(Silence.)* Do you belong to these parts?

**BOY:** Yes Sir.

**ESTRAGON:** That's all a pack of lies. (*Shaking the Boy by the arm.*) Tell us the truth!

**BOY:** (*trembling*). But it is the truth, Sir!

**VLADIMIR:** Will you let him alone! What's the matter with you? (*Estragon releases the Boy, moves away, covering his face with his hands. Vladimir and the Boy observe him. Estragon drops his hands. His face is convulsed.*) What's the matter with you?

**ESTRAGON:** I'm unhappy.

**VLADIMIR:** Not really! Since when?

**ESTRAGON:** I'd forgotten.

**VLADIMIR:** Extraordinary the tricks that memory plays! (*Estragon tries to speak, renounces, limps to his place, sits down and begins to take off his boots. To Boy.*) Well?

**BOY:** Mr. Godot—

**VLADIMIR:** I've seen you before, haven't I?

**BOY:** I don't know, Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** You don't know me?

**BOY:** No Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** It wasn't you came yesterday?

**BOY:** No Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** This is your first time?

**BOY:** Yes Sir.

*Silence.*

**VLADIMIR:** Words words. (*Pause.*) Speak.

**BOY:** (*in a rush*). Mr. Godot told me to tell you he won't come this evening but surely tomorrow.

*Silence.*

**VLADIMIR:** Is that all?

**BOY:** Yes Sir.

*Silence.*

**VLADIMIR:** You work for Mr. Godot?

**BOY:** Yes Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** What do you do?

**BOY:** I mind the goats, Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** Is he good to you?

**BOY:** Yes Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** He doesn't beat you?

**BOY:** No Sir, not me.

**VLADIMIR:** Whom does he beat?

**BOY:** He beats my brother, Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** Ah, you have a brother?

**BOY:** Yes Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** What does he do?

**BOY:** He minds the sheep, Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** And why doesn't he beat you?

**BOY:** I don't know, Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** He must be fond of you.

**BOY:** I don't know, Sir.

*Silence.*

**VLADIMIR:** Does he give you enough to eat? (*The Boy hesitates.*) Does he feed you well?

**BOY:** Fairly well, Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** You're not unhappy? (*The Boy hesitates.*) Do you hear me?

**BOY:** Yes Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** Well?

**BOY:** I don't know, Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** You don't know if you're unhappy or not?

**BOY:** No Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** You're as bad as myself. (*Silence.*) Where do you sleep?

**BOY:** In the loft, Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** With your brother?

**BOY:** Yes Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** In the hay?

**BOY:** Yes Sir.

*Silence.*

**VLADIMIR:** All right, you may go.

**BOY:** What am I to tell Mr. Godot, Sir?

**VLADIMIR:** Tell him . . . (*he hesitates*) . . . tell him you saw us. (*Pause.*) You did see us, didn't you?

**BOY:** Yes Sir.

## ACT II

**ESTRAGON:** I suppose I might as well get up. *(He gets up painfully.)* Ow! Didi!

**VLADIMIR:** I don't know what to think any more.

**ESTRAGON:** My feet! *(He sits down again and tries to take off his boots.)* Help me!

**VLADIMIR:** Was I sleeping, while the others suffered? Am I sleeping now? Tomorrow, when I wake, or think I do, what shall I say of today? That with Estragon my friend, at this place, until the fall of night, I waited for Godot? That Pozzo passed, with his carrier, and that he spoke to us? Probably. But in all that what truth will there be? *(Estragon, having struggled with his boots in vain, is dozing off again. Vladimir looks at him.)* He'll know nothing. He'll tell me about the blows he received and I'll give him a carrot. *(Pause.)* Astride of a grave and a difficult birth. Down in the hole, lingeringly, the grave digger puts on the forceps. We have time to grow old. The air is full of our cries. *(He listens.)* But habit is a great deadener. *(He looks again at Estragon.)* At me too someone is looking, of me too someone is saying, He is sleeping, he knows nothing, let him sleep on. *(Pause.)* I can't go on! *(Pause.)* What have I said?

*He goes feverishly to and fro, halts finally at extreme left, broods. Enter Boy right. He halts.*

*Silence.*

**BOY:** Mister . . . *(Vladimir turns.)* Mister Albert . . .

**VLADIMIR:** Off we go again. *(Pause.)* Do you not recognize me?

**BOY:** No Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** It wasn't you came yesterday.

**BOY:** No Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** This is your first time.

**BOY:** Yes Sir.

*Silence.*

**VLADIMIR:** You have a message from Mr. Godot.

**BOY:** Yes Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** He won't come this evening.

**BOY:** No Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** But he'll come tomorrow.

**BOY:** Yes Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** Without fail.

**BOY:** Yes Sir.

*Silence.*

**VLADIMIR:** Did you meet anyone?

**BOY:** No Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** Two other . . . *(he hesitates)* . . . men?

**BOY:** I didn't see anyone, Sir.

*Silence.*

**VLADIMIR:** What does he do, Mr. Godot? *(Silence.)* Do you hear me?

**BOY:** Yes Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** Well?

**BOY:** He does nothing, Sir.

*Silence.*

**VLADIMIR:** How is your brother?

**BOY:** He's sick, Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** Perhaps it was he came yesterday.

**BOY:** I don't know, Sir.

*Silence.*

**VLADIMIR:** *(softly)*. Has he a beard, Mr. Godot?

**BOY:** Yes Sir.

**VLADIMIR:** Fair or . . . *(he hesitates)* . . . or black?

**BOY:** I think it's white, Sir.

*Silence.*

**VLADIMIR:** Christ have mercy on us!

*Silence.*

**BOY:** What am I to tell Mr. Godot, Sir?

**VLADIMIR:** Tell him . . . *(he hesitates)* . . . tell him you saw me and that . . . *(he hesitates)* . . . that you saw me. *(Pause. Vladimir advances, the Boy recoils. Vladimir halts, the Boy halts. With sudden violence.)* You're sure you saw me, you won't come and tell me tomorrow that you never saw me!

*Silence. Vladimir makes a sudden spring forward, the Boy avoids him and exits running. Silence. The sun sets, the moon rises. As in Act 1. Vladimir stands motionless and bowed. Estragon wakes, takes off his boots, gets up with one in each hand and goes and puts them down center front, then goes towards Vladimir.*

**ESTRAGON:** What's wrong with you?

**VLADIMIR:** Nothing.

**ESTRAGON:** I'm going.

**VLADIMIR:** So am I.

**ESTRAGON:** Was I long asleep?

**VLADIMIR:** I don't know.