Waiting for Godot

By Samuel Beckett
Nothing to be done.
I'm beginning to come round to
that opinion.
All my life I've tried to put it
from me,..
saying Vladimir, be reasonable,
you haven't yet tried everything.
And I resumed the struggle.
So there you are again.
Am I?
I'm glad to see you back.
I thought you were gone forever.
Me too.
Together again at last!
We'll have to celebrate this.
But how?
Get up till I embrace you.
Not now, not now.
May one inquire where His Highness
spent the night?
In a ditch.
A ditch! Where?
And they didn't beat you?
Over there.
Beat me?
Certainly they beat me.
The same lot as usual?
The same? I don't know.
When I think of it all these years
but for me where would you be
You'd be nothing more than
a little heap of
bones at the present minute,
no doubt about it.
And what of it?
It's too much for one man.
On the other hand what's the good of
losing heart now, that's what I say.
We should have thought of it a million
years ago, when the world is young.
Ah stop blathering and help me off
with this bloody thing.
Hand in hand from the top of
the Eiffel Tower, among the first.
We were respectable in those days.  
Now it's too late.  
They wouldn't even let us up.  
What are you doing?  
Taking off my boot.  
Did that never happen to you?  
Boots must be taken off every day,  
I'm tired telling you that.  
Why don't you listen to me?  
- Help me!  
- It hurts?  
Hurts! He wants to know if it hurts!  
No one ever suffers but you.  
I don't count.  
I'd like to hear what you'd say  
if you had what I have.  
It hurts?  
Hurts! He wants to know if it hurts!  
You might button it all the same.  
True.  
Never neglect the little things  
of life.  
What do you expect,  
you always wait till the last moment.  
The last moment...  
Hope deferred maketh the something  
sick.  
Who said that?  
Why don't you help me?  
Sometimes I feel it coming all the same.  
Then I go all queer.  
How shall I say?  
Relieved and at the same time...  
appalled.  
AP-PALLED.  
Funny.  
Nothing to be done.  
Well?  
Nothing.  
Show me.  
There's nothing to show.  
Try and put it on again.  
I'll air it for a bit.  
There's man all over for you,
blaming on his boots the faults
of his feet.
This is getting alarming.
One of the thieves was saved.
It's a reasonable percentage.
Gogo!
What?
Suppose we repented.
Repented what?
Oh We wouldn't have to go into
the details.
Our being born?
One daren't even laugh any more.
Dreadful privation.
Merely smile.
It's not the same thing.
Nothing to be done.
Gogo!
What is it?
Did you ever read the Bible?
The Bible . . .
I must have taken a look at it.
Do you remember the Gospels?
I remember the maps of the Holy Land.
Coloured they were. Very pretty.
The Dead Sea was pale blue.
The very look of it made me thirsty.
That's where we'll go, I used to say,
that's where we'll go for our honeymoon.
We'll swim. We'll be happy.
You should have been a poet.
I was. Isn't that obvious?
Where was I...
How's your foot?
Swelling visibly.
Ah yes, the two thieves. Do you
remember the story?
No.
- Shall I tell it to you?
- No.
It'll pass the time. Two thieves,
crucified at the same time as our Saviour. One?
Our what?
Our Saviour. Two thieves.
One is supposed to have been saved and the other... damned.
Saved from what?
Hell. I'm going.
And yet... how is it this is not boring you I hope
how is it that of the four Evangelists only one speaks of a thief being saved.
The four of them were there or thereabouts and only one speaks of a thief being saved.
Come on, Gogo, return the ball, can't you, once in a while?
I find this really most extraordinarily interesting.
One out of four. Of the other three, two don't mention any thieves at all and the third says that both of them abused him.
Who?
What?
What's all this about? Abused who?
- The Saviour.
- Why?
- Because he wouldn't save them.
- From hell?
- Imbecile! From death.
- Well what of it?
Then the two of them must have been damned.
And why not?
But one of the four says that one of the two was saved.
They don't agree and that's all there is to it.
But all four were there. And only one speaks of a thief being saved.
Why believe him rather than the others?
Who believes him?
Everybody.
It's the only version they know.
People are bloody ignorant apes.
Pah!
Charming spot.
Inspiring prospects.
Let's go.
  - We can't.
  - Why not?
We're waiting for Godot.
Ah! Yes.
You're sure it was here?
What?
That we were to wait.
He said by the tree.
Do you see any others?
What is it?
I don't know. A willow.
Where are the leaves?
It must be dead.
No more weeping.
Or perhaps it's not the season.
Looks to me more like a bush.
  - A shrub.
  - A bush.
What are you insinuating?
That we've come to the wrong place?
He should be here.
He didn't say for sure he'd come.
  - And if he doesn't come?
  - We'll come back tomorrow.
And then the day after tomorrow.
  - Possibly.
  - And so on.
  - The point is?
  - Until he comes.
You're merciless.
We came here yesterday.
Ah no, there you're mistaken.
What did we do yesterday?
What did we do yesterday?
Yes.
Why...
Nothing is certain when you're about.
In my opinion we were here.
You recognize the place?
I didn't say that.
Well?
That makes no difference.
All the same...
...that tree...
...that stone...
...that bog...
You're sure it was this evening?
What?
That we were to wait.
He said Saturday.
I think.
You think.
I must have made a note of it.
But what Saturday? And is it Saturday?
Is it not rather Sunday? Or Monday?
Or Friday?
It's not possible!
Or Thursday?
What'll we do?
If he came yesterday and we weren't here
you may be sure he won't come again today.
But you say we were here yesterday.
I may be mistaken.
Let's stop talking for a minute,
do you mind?
All right.
Gogo!...
Gogo!...
GOGO!
I was asleep! Why will you never
let me sleep?
I felt lonely.
I had a dream.
Don't tell me!
- I dreamt that?
- DON TELL ME!
This one is enough for you?
It's not nice of you, Didi.
Who am I to tell my private nightmares
to if I can't tell them to you?
Let them remain private.
You know I can't bear that.
There are times when I wonder
if it wouldn't be better for us to part.
You wouldn't go far.
That would be too bad.
Wouldn't it, Didi, be really too bad?
When you think of the beauty
of the way.
And the goodness of the wayfarers.
Wouldn't it, Didi?
Calm yourself.
Calm...
Calm...
The English say cawm.
You know the story of the Englishman
in the brothel?
- Yes.
- Tell it to me.
Ah stop it!
An Englishman having drunk a little more
than usual proceeds to a brothel.
The bawd asks him if he wants a fair one,
a dark one or a red-haired one. Go on.
STOP IT!
You wanted to speak to me?
You had something to say to me?
Didi...
I've nothing to say to you.
You're angry?
Forgive me.
Come, Didi.
Give me your hand.
Embrace me!
Don't be stubborn!
You stink of garlic!
It's for the kidneys.
What do we do now?
Wait.
Yes, but while waiting.
What about hanging ourselves?
It'd give us an erection.
An erection!
With all that follows.
Where it falls mandrakes grow.
That's why they shriek when you
pull them up. Did you not know that?
Let's hang ourselves immediately!
From a bough?
I wouldn't trust it.
We can always try.
- Go ahead.
- No, after you.
No no, you first.
- Why me?
- You're lighter than I am.
Just so!
I don't understand.
Use your intelligence, can't you?
I remain in the dark.
This is how it is. The bough...
the bough...
Use your head, can't you?
You're my only hope.
Gogo lightbough not break
Gogo dead.
Didi heavybough break
Didi alone.
Where as-
I hadn't thought of that.
If it hangs you it'll hang anything.
But am I heavier than you?
I don't know. So you tell me.
There's an even chance.
Or nearly.
Well? What do we do?
Don't let's do anything. It's safer.
Let's wait and see what he says.
- Who?
- Godot
Ah! Yes.
Let's wait till we know exactly
how we stand.
On the other hand it might be better
to strike the iron before it freezes.
I'm curious to hear what he has to offer.
Then we'll take it or leave it.
What exactly did we ask him for?
Were you not there?
I can't have been listening.
Oh... Nothing very definite.
A kind of prayer.
- Precisely.
- A vague supplication.
Exactly.
- And what did he reply?
  - That he'd see.
That he couldn't promise anything.
That he'd have to think it over.
- In the quiet of his home.
- Consult his family.
- His friends.
- His agents.
- His correspondents.
- His books.
His bank account.
Before taking a decision.
- It's the normal thing.
- Is it not?
- I think it is.
- I think so too.
And we?
- I beg your pardon?
- I said, And we?
I don't understand.
- Where do we come in?
- Come in?
Take your time.
Come in?
On our hands and knees.
As bad as that?
Your Worship wishes to assert
his prerogatives?
We've no rights any more?
You'd make me laugh if it wasn't
prohibited.
We've lost our rights?
We got rid of them.
We're not tied?
We're not?
Listen!
I hear nothing.
Nor I.
-You gave me a fright.
-I thought it was he.
Who?
Godot.
The wind in the reeds.
I could have sworn I heard shouts.
And why would he shout?
At his horse.
Lets go.
Where?
Perhaps, we slept tonight his loft
all snug and dry.
Your belly is for in the high,
that's what waiting for. No?
Not all night.
It's still day.
I'm hungry!
Do you want a carrot?
Is that all there is?
I might have some turnips.
Give me a carrot.
It's a turnip!
Oh pardon! I could have sworn
it was a carrot.
All that's turnips.
You must have eaten the last.
Wait, I have it.
There, dear fellow. Give me the
turnip.
Make it last, that's the end of them.
I asked you a question.
-Did you reply?
-How's the carrot?
It's a carrot.
So much the better, so much the
better.
Well!. What was it you wanted
to know?
I've forgotten.
That's what annoys me.
I'll never forget this carrot.
Ah yes, now I remember.
Well?
We're not tied?
I don't hear a word you're saying.
I'm asking you if we're tied.
Tied?
Ti-ed.
How do you mean tied?
Down.
But to whom? By whom?
To your man.
To Godot? Tied to Godot!
What an idea!
No question of it.
For the moment.
His name is Godot?
I think so.
Ah Yes.
Funny, the more you eat the worse it gets.
With me it's just the opposite.
In other words?
I get used to the muck as I go along.
- Is that the opposite?
- Question of temperament.
Of character.
Nothing you can do about it.
- No use struggling.
- One is what one is.
No use wriggling.
The essential doesn't change.
Nothing to be done.
Do you like to finish it?
On!
Back!
Let me go!
Stay where you are!
Be careful!
He's wicked.
With strangers.
- Is that him?
- Who?
- Er...
- Godot?
Yes.
I present myself: Pozzo.
Not at all!
- He said Godot.
- Not at all!
You're not Mr. Godot, Sir?
I am Pozzo!
Does that name mean nothing to you?
I say does that name mean nothing
to you?
- Bozzo... Bozzo...
- Pozzo... Pozzo...
PPPOZZZO!
Ah! Pozzo... let me see... Pozzo...
Is it Pozzo or Bozzo?
Pozzo
no I'm afraid I noI don't seem to
I once knew a family called Gozzo.
The mother had the clap.
We're not from these parts, Sir.
You are human beings none the less.
As far as one can see. Of the
same species as myself.
Of the same species as Pozzo!
Made in God's image!
Well you see?
- Who is Godot?
- Godot?
- You took me for Godot.
- Oh no, Sir,..
...not for an instant, Sir.
Who is he?
Oh he's a... he's a kind of
acquaintance.
Nothing of the kind, we hardly
know him.
True... we don't know him very well...
but all the same...
Personally, I wouldn't even know
him if I saw him.
You took me for him.
That's to say... you understand...
the dusk...
the strain...
waiting...
I confess... I imagined...
for a second...
Waiting?
So you were waiting for him?
- Well you see?
- Here?
On my land?
We didn't intend any harm.
We meant well.
The road is free to all.
- That's how we looked at it.
- It's a disgrace.
But there you are.
Nothing we can do about it.
Let's say no more about it.
Up pig!
Every time he drops he falls asleep.
Up hog!
Back!
Stop!
Turn!
Gentlemen, I am happy to have met you.
Yes yes, sincerely happy.
Closer!
Yes, the road seems long when one journeys all alone for...
yes...
yes, six hours, that's right,..
...six hours on end, and never a soul in sight.
Coat!
Hold that!
Coat!
Touch of autumn in the air this evening.
Whip!
Yes, gentlemen, I cannot go for long without the society of my likes...
...even when the likeness ...
is an imperfect one.
Stool!
Closer!
Back!
Further!
Stop!
That is why, with your permission,
I propose to...
...dally with you a moment,
before I venture any further.
Basket!
The fresh air stimulates the
jaded appetite.
Basket!
Further!
He stinks.
Happy days!
What ails him?
He looks tired.
Why doesn't he put down his bags?
How do I know?
Careful!
Say something to him.
- Look!
- What?
His neck!
Oh I say!
- A running sore!
- It's the rope.
- It's the rubbing.
- It's inevitable.
- It's the knot.
- It's the chafing.
He's not bad looking.
Would you say so?
A trifle effeminate.
- Look at the slobber.
- It's inevitable.
- Look at the slaver.
- Perhaps he's a halfwit.
A cretin.
Looks like a goiter.
It's not certain.
- He's panting.
- It's inevitable.
- And his eyes!
- What about them?
Goggling out of his head.
Looks like his last gasp to me.
It's not certain. Ask him a question.
- Would that be a good thing?
- What do we risk?
Mister...
Louder.
Mister...
Leave him in peace!
Can't you see he wants to rest?
Basket!
Basket!
Ah! That's better.
Please Sir...
What is it, my good man?
Er you've finished with the
you don't need the er bones, Sir?
You couldn't have waited?
No no, he does well to ask.
Do I need the bones?
No, personally I do not need them
any more.
But...
but in theory the bones go to
the carrier.
He is therefore the one to ask.
Go on, go on, don't be afraid,
ask him, he'll tell you.
Mister...
Excuse me, Mister...
You're being spoken to, pig!
Reply!
Try him again.
Excuse me, Mister...
the bones, you won't be wanting
the bones?
Mister!
Reply pig! Do you want them or
don't you?
They're yours.
I don't like it.
I've never known him to refuse
a bone before.
Nice business it'd be if he fell sick on me!
It's a scandal!
Are you alluding to anything in
particular?
To treat a man like that
I think that no
a human being
no it's a scandal!
A disgrace!
You are severe.
What age are you, if it's not
a rude question?
Sixty?
Seventy?
What age would you say he was?
Eleven.
I am impertinent.
I must be getting on.
Thank you for your society.
Unless I smoke another pipe
before I go.
What do you say?
Oh I'm only a small smoker, a very
small smoker,..
...it makes my heart go pit-a-pat.
It's the nicotine, one absorbs
it in spite of one's precautions.
You know how it is.
But perhaps you don't smoke?
Yes?
No?
It's of no importance.
But how am I to sit down,..
now without affectation,..
...now that
I have risen?
Without appearing to how shall
I say?
without appearing to falter.
I beg your pardon?
Perhaps you didn't speak?
It's of no importance.
Let me see...
Ah! That's better.
- Let's go.
- So soon?
One moment!
Stool!
More!
There!
Done it!
Let's go!
I hope I'm not driving you away.  
Wait a little longer, you'll  
ever regret it.  
We're in no hurry.  
The second is never so sweet...  
...as the first I mean. But it's  
sweet just the same.  
I'm going.  
Suppose you go now while it is  
still day, for there is no denying...  
...it is still day.  
Good. What happens in that case...  
...to your appointment with this...  
Godet...  
Godot...  
Godin...  
Anyhow you see who I mean,  
who has your future in his hands...  
...at least your immediate future?  
Who told you?  
He speaks to me again! If this goes on  
much longer we'll soon be old friends.  
Why doesn't he put down his bags?  
I too would be happy to meet him.  
The more people I meet the happier  
I become.  
From the meanest creature one  
departs wiser, richer,...  
...more conscious of one's blessings.  
Even you...  
who knows, even you, will have  
added to my store.  
Why doesn't he put down his bags?  
But that would surprise me.  
You're being asked a question.  
A question! Who? What?  
A moment ago you were calling me Sir,  
in fear and trembling.  
Now you're asking me questions.  
No good will come of this!  
- I think he's listening.  
- What?  
You can ask him now. He's on the alert.
Ask him what?
- Why he doesn't put down his bags.
- I wonder.

Ask him, can't you?
You want to know why he doesn't put down his bags, as you call them.
That's it.
You are sure you agree with that?
He's puffing like a grampus.
The answer is this.
But stay still, I beg of you, you're making me nervous!
Here.
- What is it?
- He's about to speak.

Is everybody ready?
Is everybody looking at me?
Will you look at me, pig!
Good.
I am ready.
Is everybody listening?
Hog!
Is everybody ready?
I don't like talking in a vacuum.
Good.
- Let me see.
- I'm going.

What was it exactly you wanted to know?
- Why he?
- Don't interrupt me!
If we all speak at once we'll never get anywhere.
What was I saying?
What was I saying?
Bags.
Why?
Always hold.
Never put down.
Why?
Ah! Why couldn't you say so before?
Why he doesn't make himself comfortable?
Let's try and get this clear.
Has he not the right to?
Certainly he has.
It follows that he doesn't want to.
There's reasoning for you.
And why doesn't he want to?
Gentlemen, the reason is this.
Make a note of this.
He wants to impress me, so that
I'll keep him.
What?
Perhaps I haven't got it quite right.
He wants to mollify me, so that I'll
give up the idea of parting with him.
No, that's not exactly it either.
- You want to get rid of him?
- He wants to con me, but he won't.
You want to get rid of him?
He imagines that when I see how
well he carries I'll be tempted...
- ...to keep him on in that capacity.
- You've had enough of him?
In reality he carries like a pig.
It's not his job.
You want to get rid of him?
He imagines that when I see him
indefatigable I'll regret my decision.
Such is his miserable scheme.
As though I were short of slaves!
Atlas, son of Jupiter!
Well, that's that, I think.
Anything else?
You want to get rid of him?
Remark that I might just as well
have been in his shoes and he in mine.
If chance had not willed otherwise.
To each one his due.
You waagerrim?
I beg your pardon?
You want to get rid of him?
I do.
But instead of driving him away
as I might have done,..
I mean instead of simply kicking
him out on his arse,..
in the goodness of my heart
I am bringing him to the fair,..
where I hope to get a good price
for him.
The truth is you can't drive
such creatures away.
The best thing would be to kill them.
He's crying!
Old dogs have more dignity.
Comfort him,..
since you pity him.
Come on.
Wipe away his tears, he'll feel
less forsaken.
Here, give it to me, I'll do it.
Make haste, before he stops.
Oh the swine!
Hanky!
He's crippled me!
Show me.
I told you he didn't like strangers.
He's bleeding!
It's a good sign.
He's stopped crying.
You have replaced him as it were.
The tears of the world are a
constant quantity.
For each one who begins to weep,
somewhere else another stops.
The same is true of the laugh.
Let us not then speak ill of
our generation,..
it is not any unhappier than
its predecessors.
Let us not speak well of it either.
Let us not speak of it at all.
It is true
the population has increased.
Will night never come?
Guess who taught me all these
beautiful things.
My Lucky!
But for him all my thoughts,
all my feelings,..
would have been of common things.
Professional worries!
Beauty, grace, truth of the first water,
I knew they were all beyond me.
So I took a knook.
A knook?
That was nearly sixty years ago...
...yes, nearly sixty.
You wouldn't think it to look at me, would you?
Compared to him I look like a young man,
no?
Hat!
Now look.
Well, did you see?
And now you turn him away? Such an old and faithful servant!
Swine!
After having sucked all the good out of him you chuck him away like a...
like a banana skin.
Really...
I can't bear it... any longer...
the way he goes on... you've no idea...
it's terrible...
I'm going mad...
he must go...
I can't bear it... any longer...
- He can't bear it.
- Any longer.
- He's going mad.
- It's terrible.
How dare you! It's abominable!
Such a good master! Crucify him like that!
After so many years! Really!
He used to be so kind...so helpful...
and entertaining...my good angel...
and now...
He's killing me.
- Does he want to replace him?
- I don't know.
Ask him.
Gentlemen, I don't know what came over me. Forgive me.
Forget all I said.
I don't remember exactly what it was, but you may be sure there wasn't a word of truth in it.
Do I look like a man that can be made to suffer?
Frankly?
What have I done with my pipe?
- Charming evening we're having.
- Unforgettable.
And it's not over.
- Apparently not.
- It's only beginning.
- It's awful.
- Worse than the pantomime.
- The circus.
- The music-hall.
The circus.
What can I have done with that briar?
He's a scream. He's lost his dudeen.
I'll be back.
End of the corridor, on the left.
Keep my seat.
I've lost my Kapp and Peterson!
He'll be the death of me!
You didn't see by any chance?
Oh! He's gone!
Without saying goodbye! How could he!
He might have waited!
He would have burst.
Who? Who in that case...
- Come here.
- What for?
- You'll see.
- You want me to get up?
Quick!
Look!
Oh I say!
It's all over.
He's not pleased.
You missed a treat. Pity.
He subsides.
Indeed all subsides.
A great calm descends.
Listen!
Pan sleeps.
Will night never come?
You don't feel like going until it does?
Well you see?
Why it's very natural, very natural.
I myself in your situation, if I had an appointment with a Godet...
Godin...
Godet...
Godot...
Anyhow, you see who I mean,...
I'd wait till it was black night before I gave up.
I'd very much like to sit down,..
but I don't quite know how to go about it.
Could I be of any help?
- If you asked me perhaps.
- What?
If you asked me to sit down.
- Would that be a help?
- I fancy so.
Here we go.
Be seated, Sir, I beg of you.
No no, I wouldn't think of it!
Ask me again.
Come come, take a seat I beseech you, you'll get pneumonia.
You really think so?
It's absolutely certain.
No doubt you are right.
Thank you, dear fellow.
Done it again!
But I must really be getting along, if I am to observe my schedule.
Time has stopped.
Don't you believe it, Sir, don't you believe it.
Whatever you like, but not that.
Everything seems black to him today.
Except the firmament.
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?
I can't refuse you.
Have you...
- Where was I?
- Let's go.
Ah yes! The night.
Look!
Will you look at the sky, pig!
Good, that's enough.
What is there so extraordinary
about it?
Qua sky.
It is pale and luminous like any
sky at this hour of the day.
At this time a year...
In these latitudes.
When the weather is fine.
An hour ago...
...roughly after having poured
forth even since say...
...ten o'clock in the morning tirelessly
torrents of red and white light...
...it begins to lose its effulgence,..
...to grow pale...
pale...
...ever a little paler,..
a little paler
until...
pppfff!
Finished!
It comes to rest.
But?
But behind this veil of gentleness
and peace,..
night is charging and will burst
upon us...
pop!
Like that!
Just when we least expect it.
That's how it is on this bitch
of an earth.
So long as one knows.
One can bide one's time.
One knows what to expect.
No further need to worry.
Simply wait.
We're used to it.
Gentleman!
How did you find me?
Good?
Fair?
Middling?
Poor?
Positively bad?
Oh very good, very very good.
And you, Sir?
Oh tray bong, tray tray tray bong.
That's ok.
Bless you.
I have such need of encouragement!
I weakened a little towards the end,
you didn't notice?
Oh perhaps just a teeny weeny little bit.
I thought it was intentional.
You see my memory...
...is defective.
In the meantime, nothing happens.
You find it tedious?
Somewhat.
And you, Sir?
I've been better entertained.
Gentlemen,..
you have been civil to me.
- Not at all!
- What an idea!
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.
Even fifty pence would be a help.
We are not beggars!
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? 
- Even twenty five. 
- That's enough! 
- I couldn't accept less. 
- Is it enough? 
No doubt.
But I am liberal. It's my nature.
This evening.
So much the worse for me.
For I shall suffer, no doubt about that.
What do you prefer?
Shall we have him dance,.. or sing... or recite,.. 
- or think, or?
- Who?
Who!
You know how to think, you two?
- He thinks?
- Certainly.
Aloud.
He even used to think very prettily once, I could listen to him for hours.
Now...
So much the worse for me.
Well, show we have him to think something for us?
- I'd rather he dance, it'd be more fun.
- Not necessarily.
Wouldn't it, Didi, be more fun? I'd like well to hear him think. Perhaps he could dance first and think afterwards,.. if it isn't too much to ask him. Would that be possible? By all means, nothing simpler. It's the natural order.
Then let him dance.
Do you hear, hog?
He never refuses?
He refused once.
Dance, misery!
Is that all?
Encore!
I'd do as well myself.
With a little practice.
He is tired.
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?
The Scapegoat's Agony.
The Hard Stool.
The Net.
He thinks he's entangled in a net.
Nobody comes,..
nobody goes,..
it's awful!
Tell him to think.
Give him his hat.
His hat?
He can't think without his hat.
Give him his hat.
Me! After what he did to me!
Never!
I'll give it to him.
Tell him to go and fetch it.
It's better to give it to him.
I'll give it to him.
You must put it on his head.
Tell him to take it.
It's better to put it on his head.
I'll put it on his head.
What's he waiting for?
Stand back!
Think, pig!
Stop!
Forward!
Stop!
Think!
On the other hand with regard to?
Stop!
Back!
Stop!
Think!
Given the existence as uttered
forth in the public works of Puncher
and Wattmann of a personal God
quaquaquaqua
with white beard quaquaquaqua
outside time without extension
who from the heights of divine apathia
divine athambia divine aphasia
loves us dearly
with some exceptions
for reasons unknown but time
will tell
and suffers like the divine Miranda
with those who
for reasons unknown but time will tell
are plunged in torment plunged in fire
whose fire flames if that continues
and who can doubt it will fire
the firmament that is to say blast
hell to heaven
so blue still and calm
so calm with a calm which even though
intermittent is better than nothing
but not so fast and considering
what is more
that as a result of
the labors left unfinished crowned
by the Acacacademy of Anthropopopometry
of Essy-in-Possy of Testew and Cunard
it is established beyond all doubt
all other doubt than that which clings
to the labors of men that as a result
of the labors unfinished of Testew
and Cunnard it is established as
hereinafter but not so fast for reasons
unknown that as a result of the public
works of Puncher and Wattmann it is
established beyond all doubt
that in view of the labors of Fartov and Belcher
left unfinished for reasons unknown of Testew
and Cunard left unfinished
it is established what many deny
that man in Possy of Testew and Cunard
that man in Essy that man
in short that man in brief
in spite of the strides of alimentation
and defecation
wastes and pines
wastes and pines and concurrently
simultaneously what is more
for reasons unknown in spite of the
strides of physical culture
the practice of sports such as
tennis football running cycling
swimming flying floating riding
gliding conating camogie skating
tennis of all kinds dying flying
sports of all sorts autumn summer
winter winter tennis of all kinds
hockey of all sorts penicillin and
succedanea in a word I resume
I cant currently, simultaneously
for reasons unknown

to shriek and dwindle
in spite of the tennis I resume
flying gliding golf over nine and eighteen
holes tennis of all sorts in a word
for reasons unknown in Feckham
Peckham Fulham Clapham namely
concurrently simultaneously what
is more for reasons unknown but
time will tell to shriek and dwindle I resume
Fulham Clapham in a word the dead
loss per head since the death of
Bishop Berkeley being to the tune of
one inch four ounce per head
approximately by and large more or less
to the nearest decimal good measure
round figures stark
naked in the stockinged feet in
Connemara in a word for reasons
unknown no matter what matter
the facts are there and considering
what is more much more grave that
in the light of the labors
lost of Steinweg and Peterman
it appears what is more much more
grade that in the light the light
the light of the labors
lost of Steinweg and Peterman that
in the plains in the mountains
by the seas by the rivers running
water running fire the air is the same
and then the earth namely the air
and then the earth in the great cold
the great dark the air and the earth
abode of stones in the great cold
alas alas in the year of their Lord
six hundred and something the air
the earth the sea the earth abode
of stones in the great deeps
the great cold on sea on land
and in the air I resume for reasons
unknown in spite of the tennis
the facts are there but time
will tell I resume alas alas on
on in short in fine on on abode
of stones who can doubt it I resume
but not so fast I resume the skull
fading fading fading and concurrently
simultaneously what is more for reasons
unknown in spite of the tennis on
on the beard the flames the tears
the stones so blue so calm alas alas
on on the skull the skull the skull
the skull in Connemara in spite of
the tennis the labors abandoned left
unfinished graver still abode
of stones in a word I resume
alas alas abandoned unfinished
the skull the skull in Connemara
in spite of the tennis the skull
alas the stones Cunard
ten... the stones...
so calm... Cunard...
His hat!
unfinished!.. 
Avenged! 
Give me that! 
There's an end to his thinking! 
But will he be able to orientate 
himself? 
I will orientate him! 
Up pig! 
Perhaps he's dead. 
You'll kill him. 
Up scum! 
Help me! 
How? 
Raise him up! 
He's doing it on purpose! 
You must hold him. 
Come on, come on, raise him up. 
To hell with him! 
Come on, once more. 
-What does he take us for? 
-Come on! 
Don't let him go! 
Don't move! 
Hold him tight! 
Don't let him go! 
Dont move! 
Now! You can let him go. 
Forward! 
Stop! 
Back! 
Stop! 
Turn! 
Done it! 
He can walk. 
Thank you, gentlemen,.. 
thank you 
and let me... 
let me wish you... 
wish you... 
what have I done with my watch? 
A genuine half-hunter, gentlemen, 
with deadbeat escapement! 
Twas my granpa gave it to me! 
Perhaps I dropped it.
Well now isn't that just?
Perhaps it's in your fob.
Wait!
I hear nothing.
Come in here and listen.
Surely one should hear the tick-tick.
Silence!
-I hear something.
-Where?
- It's the heart.
- Damnation!
Silence!
Perhaps it has stopped.
Which of you smells so bad?
He has stinking breath and
I have stinking feet.
I must go.
And your half-hunter?
I must have left it at the manor.
On the stain way.
-Then adieu
-Adieu
-Adieu
-Adieu
-Adieu
-Adieu
Adieu.
-And thank you.
-Thank you.
-Not at all.
-Yes yes.
-No no.
-Yes yes.
No no.
I don't seem...
...to be able...
to depart.
Such is life.
You're going the wrong way.
I need a running start.
Stand back!
On!
On!
On!
Faster!
- Faster!
- Faster!
Back!
Stool!
-Stool!
-Stool!
Stool!
Stool!
Stool!
On!
On!
On!
Adieu!
Adieu!
Adieu!
Adieu!
Adieu!
Adieu!
That passed the time.
It would have passed in any case.
Yes, but not so rapidly.
What do we do now?
I don't know.
Let's go.
We can't.
Why not?
We're waiting for Godot.
Ah! Yes.
How they've changed!
Who?
Those two.
That's the idea, let's make
a little conversation.
-Haven't they?
-What?
Changed.
Very likely. They all change.
Only we can't.
Likely! It's certain. Didn't you
see them?
I suppose I did. But I don't
know them.
Yes you do know them.
No I don't know them.
We know them, I tell you.
You forget everything.
Unless they're not the same...
Why didn't they recognize us then?
That means nothing. I too pretended
not to recognize them.
And then nobody ever recognizes us.
Forget it.
What we need? Ow!
Ow!
Unless they're not the same...
Didi! It's the other foot!
Unless they're not the same...
Mister!
Off we go again.
Approach, my child.
Mister Albert...?
Yes.
What do you want?
Approach!
Approach when you're told, can't you?
What is it?
Mr. Godot... 
Obviously...
Approach.
Will you approach!
What kept you so late?
You have a message from Mr. Godot?
Yes Sir.
Well, what is it?
What kept you so late?
Let him alone.
You let me alone.
Do you know what time it is?
It's not my fault, Sir.
And whose is it? Mine?
I was afraid, Sir.
Afraid of what?
Of us?
Answer me!
I know what it is, he was afraid of
the others.
How long have you been here?
A good while, Sir.
You were afraid of the whip?
Yes Sir.
The roars?
Yes Sir.
The two big men.
Yes Sir.
Do you know them?
No Sir.
Are you a native of these parts?
Do you belong to these parts?
Yes Sir.
That's all a pack of lies.
Tell us the truth!
But it is the truth, Sir!
Will you let him alone!
What's the matter with you?
What's the matter with you?
I'm unhappy.
Not really! Since when?
I'd forgotten.
Extraordinary the tricks that memory plays!
Well?
Mr. Godot?
I've seen you before, haven't I?
I don't know, Sir.
You don't know me?
No Sir.
It wasn't you came yesterday?
No Sir.
This is your first time?
Yes Sir.
Words...
words...
Speak.
Mr. Godot told me to tell you
he won't come this evening
but surely tomorrow.
Is that all?
Yes Sir.
You work for Mr. Godot?
Yes Sir.
What do you do?
I mind the goats, Sir.
Is he good to you?
Yes Sir.
He doesn't beat you?
No Sir, not me.
Whom does he beat?
He beats my brother, Sir.
Ah, you have a brother?
Yes Sir.
What does he do?
He minds the sheep, Sir.
And why doesn't he beat you?
I don't know, Sir.
He must be fond of you.
I don't know, Sir.
Does he give you enough to eat?
Does he feed you well?
Fairly well, Sir.
You're not unhappy?
Do you hear me?
Yes Sir.
Well?
I don't know, Sir.
You don't know if you're unhappy or not?
No Sir.
You're as bad as myself.
Where do you sleep?
In the loft, Sir.
With your brother?
Yes Sir.
In the hay?
Yes Sir.
All right, you may go.
What am I to tell Mr. Godot, Sir?
Tell him...
...tell him you saw us.
You did see us, didn't you?
At last!
What are you doing?
Pale for weariness.
Eh?
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the likes of us.
Your boots, what are you doing with your boots?
I'm leaving them there.
Another will come, just as... as... as me,...
but with smaller feet, and they'll make him happy. But you can't go barefoot! Christ did.
Christ! What has Christ got to do with it. You're not going to compare yourself to Christ!
All my life I've compared myself to him. But where he lived it was warm, it was dry! Yes. And they crucified quick. We've nothing more to do here. Nor anywhere else.
Ah Gogo, don't go on like that. Tomorrow everything will be better. How do you make that out? Did you not hear what the child said? No.
He said that Godot was sure to come tomorrow. What do you say to that?
Then all we have to do is to wait on here. Are you mad? We must take cover. Come on.
Pity we haven't got a bit of rope. Come on. It's cold. Remind me to bring a bit of rope tomorrow. Yes. Come on.
How long have we been together all the time now?
I don't know. Fifty years perhaps. Do you remember the day I threw myself into the Rhone? We were grape harvesting.
You fished me out.
That's all dead and buried.
My clothes dried in the sun.
There's no good harking back on that.
Come on.
-Wait!
-I'm cold!
Wait!
I sometimes wonder if we wouldn't
have been better off alone,..
...each one for himself.
We weren't made for the same road.
It's not certain.
No!
Nothing is certain.
We can still part, if you think it
would be better.
It's not worthwhile now.
No!
It's not worthwhile now.
Well?
Shall we go?
Yes.
Let's go.
A dog came in...
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...
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...
Then all the dogs came running
And dug the dog a tomb...
And dug the dog a tomb
You again!
Come here till I embrace you.
Don't touch me!
Do you want me to go away?
Gogo!
Did they beat you?
Gogo!
Where did you spend the night?
Don't touch me! Don't question me!
Don't speak to me! Stay with me!
- Did I ever leave you?
-You let me go
Look at me.
Will you look at me!
What a day!
Who beat you? Tell me.
Another day done with.
Not yet.
For me it's over and done with,
no matter what happens.
I heard you singing.
That's right, I remember.
That finished me.
I said to myself, He's all alone,
he thinks I'm gone for ever, and he sings.
One is not master of one's moods.
All day I've felt in great form.
I didn't get up in the night, not once!
You see, you piss better when
I'm not there.
I missed you... and at the same
time I was happy.
Isn't that a strange thing?
Happy?
Perhaps it's not quite the right word.
And now?
And now?...There you are again...
There we are again.
There I am again.
You see, you feel worse when
I'm with you. I feel better alone too.
Then why do you always come
crawling back?
I don't know.
No, but I do. It's because you don't know how to defend yourself. I wouldn't have let them beat you.
- You couldn't have stopped them.
- Why not?
There was ten of them.
No, I mean before they beat you. I would have stopped you from doing whatever it was you were doing. I wasn't doing anything.
- Then why did they beat you?
- I don't know.
Ah no, Gogo,..
...the truth is there are things that escape you that don't escape me,..
...you must feel it yourself. I tell you I wasn't doing anything. 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. But it not enough that. There you are back and there i am happy.
I wasn't doing anything.
You must be happy too, deep down, if you only knew it.
Happy about what? To be back with me again. Would you say so? Say you are, even if it's not true. What am I to say? Say, I am happy. I am happy. So am I. So am I. We are happy. We are happy. Well. What do we do now, now that we are happy? Wait for Godot. Oh, yes. Things have changed here
since yesterday.
And if he doesn't come?
We'll see when the time comes.
I was saying that things have
changed here since yesterday.
Everything oozes.
Look at the tree.
It's never the same pus from
one second to the next.
The tree, look at the tree.
And was it not there yesterday?
Yes of course it was there yesterday.
Do you not remember? We nearly
hanged ourselves from it.
Thats right.
All but hanged ourselves from it.
But you wouldn't. Do you not
remember?
You dreamt it.
Is it possible you've forgotten already?
That's the way I am. Either I forget
immediately or I never forget.
And Pozzo and Lucky, have you
forgotten them too?
Pozzo and Lucky?
He's forgotten everything!
I remember a lunatic who kicked
the shins off me.
Then he played the fool.
That was Lucky.
I remember that. But when was it?
And his keeper, do you not remember him?
- He gave me a bone.
- That was Pozzo.
And all that was yesterday, you say?
Yes of course it was yesterday.
And here where we are now?
Where else do you think?
Do you not recognize the place?
Recognize!
What is there to recognize?
All my lousy life I've crawled
about in the mud! And you talk...
...to me about scenery! Look at this
muckheap! I've never stirred from it!
Calm yourself, calm yourself.
You and your landscapes! Tell me
about the worms!
All the same, you can't tell me
that this bears any resemblance to...
...to the Macon country for example.
You can't deny there's a big difference.
The Macon country! Who's talking
to you about the Macon country?
But you were there yourself,
in the Macon country.
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!
But we were there together,
I could swear to it!
Picking grapes for a man called...
...can't think of the name of the man,
at a place called...
...can't think of the name of the place,
do you not remember?
Yes. It's possible. I didn't notice anything.
But down there everything is red!
I didn't notice anything, I tell you!
You're a hard man to get on with, Gogo.
It'd be better if we parted.
You always say that and you always
come crawling back.
The best thing would be to kill me,
like the other.
What other?
What other?
Like billions of others.
To every man his little cross.
Till he dies.
And is forgotten.
In the meantime let us try and
converse calmly,..
...since we are incapable of
keeping silent.
You're right, we're inexhaustible.
It's so we won't think.
We have that excuse.
It's so we won't hear.
We have our reasons.
All the dead voices.
They make a noise like wings.
Like leaves.
Like sand.
Like leaves.
They all speak together.
Each one to itself.
Rather they whisper.
They rustle.
They murmur.
They rustle.
What do they say?
They talk about their lives.
To have lived is not enough for them.
They have to talk about it.
To be dead is not enough for them.
It is not sufficient.
They make a noise like feathers.
Like leaves.
Likes ashes.
Like leaves.
Say something!
I'm seeking.
Say anything at all!
What do we do now?
Wait for Godot.
Ah! Yes.
This is awful!
Sing something.
No no!
We could start all over again perhaps.
That should be easy.
It's the start that's difficult.
You can start from anything.
Yes, but you have to decide.
True.
Help me!
I'm seeking.
When you seek you hear.
- You do.
- That prevents you from finding.
- It does.
- That prevents you from thinking.
  You think all the same.
No no, it's impossible.
That's the idea, let's contradict
each another.
Impossible.
You think so?
We're in no danger of ever thinking
any more.
Then what are we complaining about?
Thinking is not the worst.
Perhaps not. But at least there's that.
That what?
That's the idea, let's ask each
other questions.
What do you mean, at least there's that?
That much less misery.
True.
Well? If we gave thanks for our mercies?
What is terrible is to have thought.
But did that ever happen to us?
Where are all these corpses from?
These skeletons.
- Tell me that.
- True
We must have thought a little.
At the very beginning.
A charnel-house! A charnel-house!
You don't have to look.
- You can't help looking.
- True
Try as one may.
I beg your pardon?
Try as one may.
We should turn resolutely towards
Nature.
- We've tried that.
- True.
- On it's not the worst, I know.
- What?
To have thought.
Obviously.
But we could have done without it.
Que voulez-vous?
I beg your pardon?
Que voulez-vous.
Ah! Que voulez-vous.
Exactly.
That wasn't such a bad little canter.
Yes, but now we'll have to find something else.
Let me see.
Let me see.
Let me see.
- Ah!
- Well?
What was I saying, we could go on from there.
What were you saying when?
At the very beginning.
The very beginning of WHAT?
This evening... I was saying...
I was saying . . .
I'm not a historian.
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!
The tree?
-Do you not remember?
-I'm tired.
Look at it.
I see nothing.
But yesterday evening it was all pale and bare like a skeleton.
And now it's covered with leaves.
Leaves?
In a single night.
It must be the Spring.
But in a single night!
We weren't here yesterday, I tell you.
Another of your nightmares.
And where were we yesterday evening according to you? How would I know? In another compartment. There's no lack of void. Good. We weren't here yesterday evening. Now what did we do yesterday evening? Do? Try and remember. Do... ...I suppose we blathered. About what? Oh . . . this and that I suppose, nothing in particular. Yes, now I remember, yesterday evening we spent blathering... ...about nothing in particular. That's been going on now for half a century. You don't remember any fact, any circumstance? Don't torment me, Didi. The sun. The moon. Do you not remember? They must have been there, as usual. You didn't notice anything out of the ordinary? Alas! And Pozzo? And Lucky? - Pozzo? - The bones. They were like fishbones. It was Pozzo gave them to you. I don't know. And the kick. That's right, someone gave me a kick. It was Lucky gave it to you. And all that was yesterday? - Show me your leg. - Which? Both. Pull up your trousers. Pull up your trousers. I can't. The other.
The other, pig!
There's the wound! Beginning to fester!
And what about it?
Where are your boots?
- I must have thrown them away.
- When?
- I don't know.
- Why?
I don't know why I don't know!
No, I mean why did you throw them away?
Because they were hurting me!
There they are! At the very spot
where you left them yesterday!
They're not mine.
Not yours!
Mine were black. These are brown.
You're sure yours were black?
Well they were a kind of gray.
And these are brown.
Well they're a kind of green.
Show me.
Well of all the
You see, all that's a lot of bloody
Ah! I see what it is. Yes, I see
what's happened.
All that's a lot of bloody
It's elementary. Someone came and
took yours and left you his.
Why?
His were too tight for him,
so he took yours.
But mine were too tight.
For you. Not for him.
I'm tired!
- Let's go.
-We can't
Why not?
We're waiting for Godot.
Ah! Yes.
What'll we do, what'll we do!
There's nothing we can do.
But I can't go on like this!
Would you like a radish?
Is that all there is?
There are radishes and turnips.
Are there no carrots?
No. Anyway you overdo it with your carrots.
Then give me a radish.
It's black!
It's a radish.
I only like the pink ones, you know that!
Did you not wanted?
I only like the pink ones!
Then give it back to me.
I'll go and get a carrot.
This is becoming really insignificant.
Not enough.
What about trying them.
I've tried everything.
No, I mean the boots.
Would that be a good thing?
- It'd pass the time.
- I assure you, it'd be an occupation.
- A relaxation.
- A recreation.
- A relaxation.
- Try.
- You'll help me?
- I will of course.
We don't manage too badly, eh Didi, between the two of us?
Yes yes. Come on, we'll try the left first.
We always find something, eh Didi, to give us the impression we exist?
Yes yes, we're magicians.
But let us persevere in what we have resolved, before we forget.
Come on, give me your foot.
The other, hog!
Higher!
Try and walk.
Well?
It fits.
We'll try and lace it.
No no, no laces, no laces!
You'll be sorry.
Let's try the other.
- Well?
- It fits too.
- They don't hurt you?
- Not yet.
- Then you can keep them.
- They're too big.
Perhaps you'll have socks some day.
True.
- Then you'll keep them?
- That's enough about these boots.
Yes, but
Enough!
I suppose I might as well sit down.
That's where you were sitting
yesterday evening.
If I could only sleep.
Yesterday you slept.
I'll try.
Wait.
Bye bye bye bye
Bye bye
Not so loud!
Bye bye bye bye
Bye bye bye bye
Bye bye bye bye
Bye bye...
There . . . there . . .
Didi is here... don't be afraid...
There... there... it's all over.
I was falling
It's all over, it's all over.
I was on top of a
Don't tell me!
Come, we'll walk it off.
That's enough. I'm tired.
You'd rather be stuck there doing
nothing?
Yes.
Please yourself.
Let's go.
- We can't.
- Why not?
We're waiting for Godot.
Ah! Yes.
Can you not stay still?
I'm cold.
We came too soon.
It's always at nightfall.
But night doesn't fall.
It'll fall all of a sudden,
like yesterday.
- Then it'll be night.
- And we can go.
Then it'll be day again. What'll we do, what'll we do!
Will you stop whining! I've had about my bellyful of your lamentations!
I'm going.
Well!
Farewell.
Lucky's hat.
I've been here an hour and never saw it.
Fine!
You'll never see me again.
I knew it was the right place.
Now our troubles are over.
Must have been a very fine hat.
- Here
- What?
Hold that.
How does it fit me?
How would I know?
No, but how do I look in it?
Hideous.
Yes, but not more so than usual?
Neither more nor less.
Then I can keep it.
Mine irked me.
How shall I say?
It itched me.
I'm going.
Will you not play?
Play at what?
We could play at Pozzo and Lucky.
Never heard of it.
I'll do Lucky, you do Pozzo.
Go on.
What am I to do?
Curse me!
Naughty!
Stronger!
Gonococcus! Spirochete!
Tell me to think.
What?
Say, Think, pig!
Think, pig!
I can't.
That's enough of that.
Tell me to dance.
Dance, hog!
I'm going.
I can't!
Gogo!
There you are again at last!
I'm accursed!
Where were you? I thought you were
gone for ever.
At for arise. They're coming!
- Who?
- I don't know.
- How many?
- I don't know.
It's Godot! At last! Gogo! It's Godot!
We're saved! Let's go and meet him!
Gogo! Come back!
There you are again again!
I'm in hell!
Where were you?
At for arise.
No. Don't want on a plato.
Served up on a plato.
They're coming there too!
We're surrounded!
Imbecile! There's no way out there.
There! Not a soul in sight!
Off you go! Quick!
You won't?
Well I can understand that.
Wait till I see.
Your only hope left is to disappear.
Where?
Behind the tree.
Quick! Behind the tree.
Decidedly this tree will not have been the slightest use to us.
I lost my head. Forgive me.
It won't happen again.
Tell me what to do.
There's nothing to do.
You stand there and watch out.
Don't move!
Back to back like in the good old days.
Do you see anything coming?
What?
Do you see anything coming?
No.
Nor I.
You must have had a vision.
What?
You must have had a vision.
There is no need to shout!
Do you
Oh pardon!
Carry on.
- No no, after you.
- No no, you first.
I interrupted you.
On the contrary.
Ceremonious ape!
Punctilious pig!
Finish your phrase, I tell you!
Finish your own!
Moron!
That's the idea, let's abuse each other.
Moron!
Vermin!
Abortion!
Morpion!
Sewer-rat!
Curate!
Cretin!
Critic!
Now let's make it up.
- Gogo!
- Didi!
Your hand!
Take it!
Come to my arms!
Yours arms?
My breast!
Off we go!
How time flies when one has fun!
What do we do now?
While waiting.
While waiting.
We could do our exercises.
Our movements.
Our elevations.
- Our relaxations.
- Our elongations.
- Our relaxations.
- To warm us up.
To calm us down.
Off we go.
That's enough. I'm tired.
We're not in form.
What about a little deep breathing?
I'm tired breathing.
You're right.
Let's just do the tree, for the balance.
The tree?
Your turn.
Do you think God sees me?
You must close your eyes.
God have pity on me!
And me?
On me! On me! Pity! On me!
What is it?
Who is it?
Is it Godot?
At last! Reinforcements at last!
Help!
Is it Godot?
We were beginning to weaken. Now
we're sure to see the evening out.
Help!
We are no longer alone, waiting
for the night, waiting for Godot,
waiting for...
waiting.
All evening we have struggled,
unassisted. Now it's over.
It's already tomorrow.
Time flows again already.
The sun will set, the moon rise,
and we away... from here.
Pity!
Poor Pozzo!
I knew it was him.
- Who?
- Godot.
But it's not Godot.
It's not Godot?
It's not Godot.
- Then who is it?
- It's Pozzo.
Here! Here! Help me up!
He can't get up.
Let's go.
- We can't.
- Why not?
We're waiting for Godot.
Ah! Yes.
Perhaps he has another bone for you.
- Bone?
- Chicken. Do you not remember?
It was him?
- Yes.
- Ask him.
Perhaps we should help him first.
- To do what?
- To get up.
- He can't get up?
- He wants to get up.
Then let him get up.
- He can't.
- Why not?
I don't know.
We should ask him for the bone first. Then if he refuses we'll leave him there. You mean we have him at our mercy? Yes. And that we should subordinate our good offices to certain conditions? What? That seems intelligent all right. But there's one thing I'm afraid of. What? That Lucky might get going all of a sudden. Then we'd be ballocksed. Lucky? The one that went for you yesterday. I tell you there was ten of them. No, before that, the one that kicked you. Is he there? As large as life. For the moment he is inert. But he might run amuck any minute. Help! And suppose we gave him a good beating, the two of us. You mean if we fell on him in his sleep? Yes. That seems a good idea all right. But could we do it? Is he really asleep? No, the best would be to take advantage of Pozzo's calling for help In anticipation of some tangible return. And suppose he Let us not waste our time in idle discourse! 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 man kind they were addressed...
those cries for help still ringing
in our ears!
But at this place, at this
moment of time, all mankind is us,..
Help!
...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?
It is true that when with folded
arms we weigh the pros and cons...
we are no less a credit to our species.
The tiger bounds to the help of his
congeners without the least reflection,..
...or else he slinks away
into the depths of the thickets.
But that is not the question.
What are we doing here, that
is the question.
And we are blessed in this, that
we happen to know the answer.
Yes, in this immense confusion
one thing alone is clear.
We are waiting for Godot to come
Ah! Yes.
Or for night to fall.
We have kept our appointment and
that's an end to that.
We are not saints, but we have kept
our appointment.
How many people can boast as much?
Billions.
- You think so?
- I don't know.
You may be right.
Help!
All I know is that the hours are long,
under these conditions,..
...and constrain us to beguile
them with proceedings which
how shall I say
which may at first sight seem reasonable,
...until they become a habit.
You may say it is to prevent our reason from foundering.
No doubt.
But has it not long been straying in the night without...
end of the abyssal depths?
That's what I sometimes wonder.
You follow my reasoning?
We are all born mad. Some remain so.
Help! I'll pay you!
How much?
- A pound!
- It's not enough.
I wouldn't go so far as that.
You think it's enough?
No, I mean so far as to assert that I was weak in the head,..
when I came into the world.
But that is not the question.
Two pounds!
- We wait.
- We are bored.
No, don't protest, we are bored to death, there's no denying it.
Good.
A diversion comes along and what do we do?
We let it go to waste.
Come, let's get to work!
In an instant all will vanish...
and we'll be alone once more,
in the midst of nothingness!
Two pounds!
We're coming!
What's the matter with you all?
Help!
I'm going.
Don't leave me!
Where am I?
Gogo!
Help!
Help!
I'm going.
Help me up first, then we'll go together.
You promise?
I swear it!
And we'll never come back again?
Never!
We'll go to the Pyrenees.
Wherever you like.
I've always wanted to wander in the Pyrenees.
You'll wander in them.
Who farted?
Pozzo.
Here! Here! Pity!
It's revolting!
- Quick! Give me your hand!
- I'm going.
I'm going.
Well I suppose in the end I'll get up by myself.
In the fullness of time.
What's the matter with you?
Go to hell.
- Are you staying there?
- For the time being.
Come on, get up, you'll catch a chill.
Don't worry about me.
Come on, Didi, don't be pig-headed!
Pull!
Help!
We've arrived.
Who are you?
We are men.
Oh sweet mother earth!
Can you get up?
I don't know.
Try.
Not now, not now.
What happened?
Will you stop it, you! Pest!
He can think of nothing but himself!
What about a little snooze?
Did you hear him? He wants to
know what happened!
Don't mind him. Sleep.
- Pity!
- What?
- Pity!
- What is it?
It's this bastard Pozzo at it again.
Make him stop it. Kick him in
the crotch.
Will you stop it! Crablouse!
LUCKY!
He's off!
LUCKY!
He's down!
What do we do now?
Perhaps I could crawl to him.
Ow Yeah!
Call to him.
Pozzo!
Pozzo!
Together.
Pozzo! Pozzo!
We can try him with other names.
It'd be amusing.
What'd be amusing?
To try him with other names,
one after the other.
It'd pass the time. And we'd be
bound to hit on the right...
...one sooner or later.
I tell you his name is Pozzo.
We'll soon see.
Abel! Abel!
Help!
Got it in one!
I begin to weary of this motif.
Perhaps the other is called Cain.
Cain! Cain!
Help!
He's all humanity.
Look at the little cloud.
Where?
There. In the zenith.
Well? What is there so wonderful about it?
Let's pass on now to something else, do you mind?
I was just going to suggest it.
But to what?
Suppose we got up to begin with?
No harm trying.
Child's play.
Simple question of will-power.
And now?
Help!
- Let's go.
- We can't.
- Why not?
- We're waiting for Godot.
Ah! Yes.
What'll we do,..
...what'll we do!
Help!
What about helping him?
- What does he want?
- He wants to get up.
- Why doesn't he?
- He wants us to help him get up.
Why don't we? What are we waiting for?
He is doing it on purpose.
We must hold him.
Feeling better?
Who are you?
Do you not recognize us?
I am blind.
- Blind?
- Perhaps he can see into the future.
Blind? Since when?
I used to have wonderful sight
Expand! Expand!
Let him alone.
Can't you see he's thinking of the days when he was happy.
Memoria praeteritorum bonorum
That must be unpleasant.
Quite wonderful!
I'm asking you if it came on you all of a sudden.  
I woke up one fine day as blind as Fortune.  
Sometimes I wonder if I'm not still asleep.  
And when was that?  
I don't know.  
But no later than yesterday  
Don't question me!  
The blind have no notion of time.  
The things of time are hidden from them too.  
Well just fancy that!  
I could have sworn it was just the opposite.  
Where is my menial?  
He's about somewhere.  
Why doesn't he answer when I call?  
I don't know.  
He seems to be sleeping.  
Perhaps he's dead.  
- Go and see is he hurt.  
- We can't leave you.  
You needn't both go.  
- You go.  
- Me?  
After what he did to me?  
Never!  
Yes, yes let your friend go, he stinks so.  
What is he waiting for?  
What are you waiting for?  
I'm waiting for Godot.  
What exactly should he do?  
Well to begin with he should pull on the rope,... as hard as he likes so long as he doesn't strangle him.  
He usually responds to that.  
If not...  
...he should give him a taste of his boot,...  
...in the face and the privates
as far as possible.
You see, you've nothing to be afraid of.
It's even an opportunity to revenge yourself.
And if he defends himself?
No no, ...
...he never defends himself.
I'll come flying to the rescue.
Don't take your eyes off me.
Make sure he's alive before you start.
No point in exerting yourself if he's dead.
He's breathing.
Then let him have it.
The brute!
What's gone wrong now?
My friend has hurt himself.
- And Lucky?
- So it is he?
- What?
- It is Lucky?
I don't understand.
And you are Pozzo?
Certainly...
...I am Pozzo.
The same as yesterday?
Yesterday?
We met yesterday.
Do you not remember?
I don't remember having met anyone yesterday.
But tomorrow I won't remember having met anyone today.
So don't count on me to enlighten you.
But
Enough!
Up pig!
You were bringing him to the fair
to sell him.
You spoke to us.
He danced.
He thought.
You had your sight.
As you please.
Let me go!
Up!
He is getting up!
It better.
He is picking up bags.
Now is all said.
Whip!
Where do you go from here?
None of my business.
How changed you are?
Whip!
Rope!
What is there in the bag?
Sand.
On!
Don't go yet.
I'm going.
What do you do when you fall
far from help?
We wait till we can get up.
Then we go on.
On!
Before you go...
...tell him to sing.
- Who?
- Lucky.
- To sing?
- Yes
Or to think.
Or to recite.
But he is dumb.
Dumb!
Dumb. He can't even groan.
Dumb!
Since when?
Have you not done tormenting me
with your accursed time!
It's abominable!
When!
When!
One day, is that not enough for you,..
...one day any like other day
one day he went dumb,..
one day I went blind,
one day we'll go deaf, one day
we were born, one day we shall die,..
the same day,..
the same second,
is that not enough for you?
They give birth astride of a grave,..
...the light gleams an instant,..
...then it's night once more.
On!
Why will you never let me sleep?
I felt lonely.
I was dreaming I was happy.
That passed the time.
- I was dreaming that
- Don't tell me!
I wonder is he really blind.
Blind?
Who?
What want truly blind say had
no notion of time.
But who?
Pozzo.
Is he blind?
So he said.
You dreamt it.
It seemed to me he saw us.
Lets go.
We can't.
Ah! Yes.
Are you sure it wasn't him?
- Who?
- Godot.
- But who?
- Pozzo.
Not at all!
Not at all!
Not at all!
I suppose I might as well get up.
I don't know what to think any more.
Didi my feet!
Help me!
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?
He'll know nothing.
He'll tell me about the blows
he received and I'll give him a carrot.
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.
But habit is a great deadener.
At me too someone is looking,..
...of me too someone is saying,..
He is sleeping,..
...he knows nothing, let him sleep on.
I can't go on!
What have I said?
Mister...
Mister Albert...
Off we go again.
Do you not recognize me?
No Sir.
It wasn't you came yesterday.
No Sir.
This is your first time.
Yes Sir.
You have a message from Mr. Godot.
Yes Sir.
He won't come this evening.
No Sir.
But he'll come tomorrow.
Yes Sir.
Without fail.
Yes Sir.
Did you meet anyone?
No, Sir.
Two other...
...men?
I didn't see anyone, Sir.
What does he do,..
...Mr. Godot?
Do you hear me?
Yes Sir.
Well?
He does nothing, Sir.
How is your brother?
He's sick, Sir.
Perhaps it was he came yesterday.
I don't know, Sir.
Has he a beard, Mr. Godot?
Yes Sir.
Fair... or black?
Or...
Or red?
I think it's white, Sir.
Christ have mercy on us!
What am I to tell Mr. Godot, Sir?
Tell him...
tell him you saw me and that...
...that you saw me.
You're sure you saw me,.n
...you won't come and tell me
tomorrow that you never saw me!
What's wrong with you?
Nothing.
I'm going.
So am I.
Was I long asleep?
I don't know.
Where shall we go?
Not far.
Oh yes, let's go far away from here.
We can't.
Why not?
We have to come back tomorrow.
What for?
To wait for Godot.
Ah Yes!
He didn't come?
No.
And now it's too late.
Yes,..
now it's night.
And if we dropped him?
If we dropped him?
He'd punish us.
Everything's dead but the tree.
What is it?
It's the tree.
But what kind?
I don't know.
A willow.
Lets go.
Why don't we hang ourselves?
With what?
You haven't got a bit of rope?
No.
Then we can't.
Let's go.
Wait, there's my belt.
It's too short.
You could hang onto my legs.
And who'd hang onto mine?
True.
Show me all the same.
It might do in a pinch.
But is it strong enough?
We'll soon see.
Not worth a curse.
You say we have to come back tomorrow?
Yes.
Then we can bring a good bit of rope.
Yes.
Didi?
Yes.
I can't go on like this.
That's what you think.
If we parted? That might be better
for us.
We'll hang ourselves tomorrow.
Unless Godot comes.
And if he comes?
We'll be saved.
Well?
Shall we go?
Pull on your trousers.
- What?
- Pull on your trousers.
You want me to pull off my trousers?
Pull ON your trousers.
Ah Yes!
Well?
Shall we go?
Yes.
Let's go.