

GODOT ARRIVES
by Daniel Curzon

CHARACTERS:

Estragon (Gogo), a clownish hobo, male
Vladimir (Didi), a clownish hobo, male
Godot, any adult can play Godot, male or female, or even a child who can act
Bozo, a clownish but sinister clown, male

SET: A bare stage with a lone stylized tree on it. The props can be stored somewhere in view after they are used, to dramatize their importance to the characters.

ACT I

(The play opens where *Waiting for Godot* ends--with the two main hobo characters waiting.)

VLADIMIR: Maybe there is no Godot.

ESTRAGON: He'll come.

(Pause. More waiting.)

VLADIMIR: . . . But what if he doesn't--ever?

ESTRAGON: The little boy hasn't come today to tell us that Godot will be delayed.

VLADIMIR: That *is* a good sign.

ESTRAGON: I never liked that boy.

VLADIMIR: "Yes, sir." "Yes, sir." The little toady.

ESTRAGON: Insufferable.

VLADIMIR: What are you planning to do today?

ESTRAGON: I thought I might pee. . . . Several times.

VLADIMIR: Sounds like a full day. Should we have more banter between us?

ESTRAGON: I don't know. About what?

VLADIMIR: Whatever comes into our heads.

ESTRAGON . . . I can't think of anything.

VLADIMIR: Doesn't matter. . . . Nothing matters.

ESTRAGON: Do you think so?

VLADIMIR: Of course. But we've got to hope, Estragon.

ESTRAGON: Why do we have to hope?

VLADIMIR: Because our banter isn't very good.

ESTRAGON: (about audience) *They're* laughing. Or at least smiling. So far.

VLADIMIR: Well, what do they know! We're not funny. (to audience) We're not funny!

ESTRAGON: (blustering) We're serious.

VLADIMIR: Perhaps we should quit while we're ahead.

ESTRAGON: You think so? Are we ahead? A lot might happen, Vladimir.

VLADIMIR: Didn't before. And it took so long.

ESTRAGON: I remember. We were in a play.

VLADIMIR: A minor work.

ESTRAGON: But deep.

VLADIMIR: I'm not so sure. Easy to bamboozle people. Just never be clear.

ESTRAGON: (not very sure) But at least life *is* a stage? Yes?

VLADIMIR: It's a stage, yes. A stage we go through.

ESTRAGON: Will we ever catch on? Doesn't anybody ever catch on?

VLADIMIR: Oh, some might.

ESTRAGON: Are you just saying that so *they* won't leave?
(Points to audience)

VLADIMIR: You have to fucking compliment people.

ESTRAGON: Isn't it excruciating!?

VLADIMIR: Intolerable. But if you don't, you have to go it alone. And that's worse.

ESTRAGON: Is that why I put up with you, Didi?

VLADIMIR: I thought I was putting up with you.

ESTRAGON: Oh, I don't think so.

VLADIMIR: Surely you don't believe that I--

ESTRAGON: --You don't imagine that you--

VLADIMIR: All right then. It's settled. We'll pretend--

ESTRAGON: --to hope.

VLADIMIR/ESTRAGON: *Good!*

(GODOT arrives, with a Bag of Tricks. He or she wears something unexpected.)

GODOT: (leg hurting, rubbing it) Oh, my god! Oh, my god!

VLADIMIR: What's the matter?

GODOT: Oh, my god! (feels calf of leg)

ESTRAGON: I thought Godot was God. Why is s/he calling on Him then?

VLADIMIR: I don't know. Maybe s/he's just Meaning.

ESTRAGON: Excuse me. Are you God or just Meaning?

GODOT: (about leg) Charley horse.

ESTRAGON: (to VLADIMIR) That's Charley Horse.

VLADIMIR: (impatient with ESTRAGON) Just stand still. It'll\ go away.

GODOT: I can't stand still. It hurts too much.

ESTRAGON: Is that a comment on life?

GODOT: What?

VLADIMIR: Push out your heel. That sometimes works.

GODOT: Truly?

ESTRAGON: Try it.

GODOT: I can't do it alone. Help me.

(VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON look at each other, then deliberately don't help.)

GODOT: (in pain) Aren't you going to help me?

VLADIMIR: After the way you made us wait?

ESTRAGON: Precisely.

GODOT: But I have come at last.

VLADIMIR: Yes, but what have you brought us?

ESTRAGON: I don't see anything.

GODOT: I can't do anything until my leg is better.

(VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON look at each other again, decide to help.)

VLADIMIR: Stick it out--the heel. The heel only.

(GODOT tries.)

GODOT: Oh, the pain! The pain!

ESTRAGON: We didn't cry while we were waiting.

VLADIMIR: My sentiments exactly.

GODOT: My leg! My leg! My leg!

VLADIMIR: Maybe we'd better cut it off.

GODOT: My leg?

VLADIMIR: Yes.

ESTRAGON: You're right. Have you got a saw?

VLADIMIR: "Don't put all your bridges in one basket."

ESTRAGON: That's an old saw!

VLADIMIR: Oh, Gogo, you meant-- (Saws the air) (looking for a saw) Not on me. Haven't you? (looking for a saw) I must have lost it. (to GODOT) Have you got a saw?

GODOT: Let me check. (looks for one in his Bag of Tricks) I'm sure I had one. . . . But guess not.

ESTRAGON: Then how are we to cut off your leg to stop your pain?

VLADIMIR: Hey, look! I found a saw after all. (Has it)

ESTRAGON: (forgetful) Now why are we cutting this leg off?

VLADIMIR: I can't remember either. . . . But I know we were supposed to. (Starts to)

GODOT: Ah, there! My charley horse is gone!

VLADIMIR: So soon?

GODOT: I only had it to pass the time.

VLADIMIR: You too? But since we have the saw now, we might as well use it. (Goes toward GODOT to cut his leg off)

GODOT: (confused) Has Godot arrived yet?

ESTRAGON: (stopping) If you don't know, who does?

GODOT: I was distracted. Now I'm myself again.

VLADIMIR: Who are you again?

GODOT: What do you need?

ESTRAGON: That's the problem. We don't know.

GODOT: Have you been waiting for me?

VLADIMIR/ESTRAGON: (exasperated) Yes!

GODOT: Funny, no one ever told me. But never mind. Boy, have I got something for you! (Shakes the Bag of Tricks, then looks inside) How about this? (Pulls out a large banana)

ESTRAGON: A banana is the Meaning of Life?

GODOT: Sorry, that's part of my lunch. . . . Here. (Pulls out a manual, reads it with difficulty)

VLADIMIR: Well?

GODOT: Squat down.

ESTRAGON: Why?

GODOT: Because I said to.

VLADIMIR: (to ESTRAGON) You think we should, Gogo?

ESTRAGON: We've come this far.

(Both hunker down, having some difficult--creaking joints, toppling over.)

VLADIMIR: It's not easy to squat.

GODOT: No one said it was going to be.

ESTRAGON: (after several tries) I'm squatted.

VLADIMIR: Good. (to ESTRAGON sarcastically) Well, aren't you a sight!

GODOT: Are you going to squat or not?

VLADIMIR: To squat or not. That is--

ESTRAGON: -- the question.

GODOT: Don't be scatological with me.

VLADIMIR: I wasn't.

GODOT: I'm in a good mood now. I'll bring comfort to your souls.

ESTRAGON: Oh, good. My legs were starting to hurt.

VLADIMIR: Okay, I'm ready now.

GODOT: Remember, I could change my mind at any time, and you'd be left on your own again.

VLADIMIR: All right, all right!

GODOT: Are you in place?

VLADIMIR: Is this squat satisfactory?

GODOT: It'll have to do. I don't have all day. I must get to others.

ESTRAGON: (meaning in the universe) We're not alone then?

GODOT: You might as well be. Enough chatter now!
(consulting the manual) Have you fasted?

ESTRAGON: We're supposed to fast?

GODOT: To elevate the soul.

VLADIMIR: I had a bit of garbage about an hour ago.

GODOT: Then I can't actually promise this will work.
(Points to the manual)

ESTRAGON: What will work?

GODOT: I have a whole Bag of Tricks. (Throws away the
manual) You'll see. (Reaches into the Bag of
Tricks, pulls out another manual) Okay, sit
straight!

VLADIMIR: Sit straight?

GODOT: It's not that easy.

ESTRAGON: Like this? (Trying to sit straight)

GODOT: It's a start.

VLADIMIR: (to ESTRAGON) Move over, Gogo.

ESTRAGON: There's plenty of room over there.

VLADIMIR: I know, but I want to sit here.

ESTRAGON: But I don't want to move, Didi.

VLADIMIR: But I want you to move.

GODOT: We haven't got time for world history now! Sit
down, Vladimir. There. (Points)

VLADIMIR: His spot is better than mine!

GODOT: Two-four-six-eight! Close your eyes and concentrate!

(ESTRAGON and VLADIMIR close their eyes and concentrate)

(Pause)

VLADIMIR: (opening an eye) Why are we doing this?

GODOT: Two-four-six-eight! Try to go to a higher state!

ESTRAGON: How?

GODOT: Two-four-six-eight. I want you to levitate!

VLADIMIR: Levitate? How are we supposed to do that?

GODOT: Lift off.

ESTRAGON: Lift off? Like this? (Tries to lift his butt from the ground)

VLADIMIR: Are you sure about this?

GODOT: Two-four-six-eight! Make yourselves levitate!

ESTRAGON: I'm doing it! (Bounces around the stage, trying to float in the air) Did you see that one I just did?

VLADIMIR: Yeah, well, get a load of this! (Bounces, trying to get more elevation) Let's see you top that, Gogo!

ESTRAGON: Oh, yeah! (Bounces into the air -- but not that far, shall we say.)

VLADIMIR: You call that a higher state? Now here's a higher state! (Bounces up and down, falls over)

GODOT: Not bad! Now: two-four-six-eight! Reincarnate!

VLADIMIR: That doesn't scan, you know.

GODOT: (trying to make it scan) Two-four-six-eight! Don't you want to reincarnate?

VLADIMIR: It still doesn't scan.

GODOT: Everybody's a critic! And I don't like it.

ESTRAGON: How about: Two-four-six-eight! Everybody propagate!

GODOT: It scans, but it misses the point.

ESTRAGON: And what is the point?

GODOT: The point is it's about *later*, not now. *Later!*

ESTRAGON: What?

GODOT: Okay, this isn't your cup of tea. (Throws away the manual) Get up! (Gets a scrap from the Bag of Tricks) Read this!

ESTRAGON: (getting up) What is it?

GODOT: A precious scrap. (Gives them a "sacred" scrap with writing on it)

ESTRAGON: But I can't read.

GODOT: All the better.

VLADIMIR: I can read a little bit.

GODOT: (holding the "sacred" scrap) What does it say?

VLADIMIR: (trying to decipher the scrap) Don't . . .

GODOT: Good enough! Do that.

VLADIMIR: Do that? Do *what*?

GODOT: Just *don't*. Now read this side. (Flips the scrap)

VLADIMIR: (trying to decipher) Do . . .

GODOT: Good enough. Do that.

ESTRAGON: Do *what*?

GODOT: Honor that scrap.

ESTRAGON: (kissing the scrap) I honor it! I kiss it! I kiss it!

VLADIMIR: Is that good enough?

GODOT: You kiss it too.

VLADIMIR: (kisses it but not enthusiastically) Tell me why I'm kissing this scrap.

GODOT: Because it's too complicated to explain it to you, that's why.

ESTRAGON: I sort of like kissing it.

VLADIMIR: Why should I be kissing it? I don't even know what it says.

GODOT: I see trouble here. Gives me the scraps.

VLADIMIR: Here. (Gives his back)

ESTRAGON: Mine too? Do I have to? It's sort of pretty.

GODOT: (takes it) Others will find use for them. (Puts away the scraps) Now let me try to whip you. (Takes a whip out of the Bag)

VLADIMIR/ESTRAGON: (in dismay) Whip us?!

VLADIMIR: For what?

GODOT: To mortify your potty flesh.

ESTRAGON: We're already mortified. Can't you see that?

GODOT: *Pitiful* is not necessarily *mortified*.

VLADIMIR: My mind is wandering.

GODOT: That's why you need this. (Whips him)

VLADIMIR: Ouch!

GODOT: (to ESTRAGON) And so do you. (Whips him)

ESTRAGON: My mind wasn't wandering.

GODOT: It's good for you. Have another. (Whips them some more) Feel anything yet?

ESTRAGON: Whip burns.

GODOT: Ah! It's starting.

VLADIMIR: Will it get better than this?

GODOT: Ecstatic! Revelatory!

ESTRAGON: Really?

GODOT: Think of me as your father.

VLADIMIR: My father?

GODOT: And mother.

ESTRAGON: You don't look at all like--

GODOT: Stop talking! (Throws away the whip) Here it comes! (Gets some sand in a pail from the Bag.) Little children, little babies, big children, big babies, I hereby anoint thee with this sand. (Carefully pours or sprinkles sand on their knees.)

VLADIMIR: Wow!

GODOT: Did it get on your knees?

ESTRAGON: It did mine.

GODOT: Wonderful. It has to be on both knees, you know.

VLADIMIR: I could use a bit more sand on mine.

GODOT: Here you go. (Pours more sand on him)

VLADIMIR: (looking at the sand) Now what?

GODOT: Don't you feel it . . . infusing you?!

VLADIMIR: Can't say that I--

ESTRAGON: Maybe a little. Yes, I feel something . . .
infusing.

GODOT: That's more like it. My babes!

VLADIMIR: (confused) What exactly happened just then?

GODOT: (reverential) It's better not to speak now!

ESTRAGON: I've got! I've got it, Didi!

GODOT: (cautioning) Lips!

VLADIMIR: (whispering to ESTRAGON) What have you got?

GODOT: (whispering) *It!*

VLADIMIR: I don't feel anything.

GODOT: That doesn't look good for you. Bad, bad boy!
(Spanks him) That'll teach you, Vladimir.

VLADIMIR: What'd I do?

ESTRAGON: (laughing) Ha, ha, you got spanked and I didn't!

VLADIMIR: I'm trying! Something went wrong with mine. (to
ESTRAGON) And I think you're just faking it!

ESTRAGON: No, no, I'm feeling it! (Feels it, quivering)
Feeling it!

GODOT: (to VLADIMIR) Perhaps yours came too late for you.
That happens.

VLADIMIR: I started the same time Estragon did.

GODOT: That is my department, not yours.

VLADIMIR: Hey, but--

GODOT: Silence! Let me check your sand. (Checks it, sifts it) I don't think yours got on the *right part* of your left knee.

VLADIMIR: What do you mean? Look! (Shows his sand)

GODOT: No, sorry. Yours wasn't done properly. What a shame. (Puts away the sand)

VLADIMIR: Well, *you* did it!

GODOT: True, but that's the way it is.

VLADIMIR: Let's do it again then. (Offers knee)

GODOT: Too late, too late.

VLADIMIR: Say the words again.

GODOT: Not possible. The words and the sand have to coincide. Or else it doesn't work.

ESTRAGON: ("praying" but not in a traditional posture of prayer) Mine's working.

GODOT: Splendid, Estragon.

VLADIMIR: Now just who demands sand on someone's left knee?

ESTRAGON: It's like a fraternity initiation.

VLADIMIR: Would somebody as powerful as . . . ?

GODOT: The Great Whoever?--

VLADIMIR: -- really ask for sand on our knees?

GODOT: (loudly) Do not ask such questions!

VLADIMIR: Why not?

GODOT: Can't you guess?

VLADIMIR: I don't want guesses! I want answers!

GODOT: Self-important, aren't you?

ESTRAGON: Come on. Make *his* work. We share everything.

GODOT: Can't be done. Got to be going now. (Starts to leave)

VLADIMIR: Wait! Isn't there something you can do? You haven't exhausted that Bag of Tricks. Have you?

GODOT: Well . . . let's see. Okay, but I can't actually *promise* anything. . . . But I *will* anyway. (smiling) But only because *you* ask! (Looks in the Bag)

VLADIMIR: Try! Try!

GODOT: (Pulling out his/her own index finger out of the Bag) Let's purge you.

VLADIMIR: Purge me?

GODOT: (displaying the index finger) Which end would you prefer?

VLADIMIR: . . . Neither?

GODOT: Choose one. (Points to VLADIMIR'S mouth and butt)

ESTRAGON: (doesn't want to see a butt purge) Choose your mouth, *please*.

GODOT: Good choice. (to VLADIMIR) Here, let me stick my finger down your throat.

VLADIMIR: Down my throat?

GODOT: Do you want to be purged or don't you?

VLADIMIR: I guess so.

GODOT: Then open your purge-place. (Forces open VLADIMIR'S mouth)

VLADIMIR: (with mouth open) How's this?

GODOT: Don't know. Seen better. But let me give it a try. (About to stick a finger down the throat)

VLADIMIR: Can't I do it myself?

GODOT: No! No! No! No! (quickly) Oh, I suppose so.

VLADIMIR: What will happen when I do?

GODOT: Your uncleanness will void.

VLADIMIR: And then?

GODOT: We'll see.

ESTRAGON: If you like, you can borrow my finger.

VLADIMIR: You're most kind, Gogo. But no thank you.

ESTRAGON: Something wrong with my finger?

VLADIMIR: It's too good for the likes of me.

GODOT: Hurry up! You need this so badly. . . . I think.

VLADIMIR: (Placing a finger in his mouth) I don't care for this.

GODOT: It's not for you to decide. . . . Have you purged yet?

VLADIMIR: . . . Do I have to?

GODOT: Wicked child! I guess there's no rescuing you.

VLADIMIR: But I'm going to throw up. Right here.

GODOT: No pain, no gain.

ESTRAGON: That's plain.

VLADIMIR: (to ESTRAGON) Shut up.

ESTRAGON: (to GODOT, complaining to absent parents) Mum!
Dad!

GODOT: (to VLADIMIR) Purge!

VLADIMIR: Can't.

GODOT: Purge!

VLADIMIR: Can't.

GODOT: Have you honestly tried? Go over there and honestly try. (Points toward the audience)

VLADIMIR: Only because you say so.

GODOT: No, you've got it wrong. Because you say so!

(VLADIMIR goes to edge of stage, looks at audience, begins attempting to throw up in their direction)

VLADIMIR: Here I go! . . . (mimes heaving, but doesn't)
Okay, maybe this time. (Tries several times, goes into the audience) I think I almost made it that last time.

ESTRAGON: A very good try. (to audience) Come on, cheer him on! Come on!

GODOT: Good, yes. Not nearly good enough!

VLADIMIR: So I'm done for?

GODOT: The rules are strict, and I'm never arbitrary. Nevertheless, I'll consider you partway there.

VLADIMIR: Oh, thank you, thank you! Where are we going again?

GODOT: Now, now, keep busy. You have to do something else as well.

ESTRAGON: What?

GODOT: Do you like salty things?

VLADIMIR: I hate them.

GODOT: Then have some salty things.

VLADIMIR: Like what?

ESTRAGON: My sweat is salty.

VLADIMIR: I do not wish to lick your sweat.

ESTRAGON: Godot said to have something salty.

VLADIMIR: Is that the only choice?

GODOT: (after thinking) Here, you can partake of my armpit.

(Offers it. VLADIMIR takes a reluctant lick.)

GODOT: How was it?

VLADIMIR: Awful.

GODOT: Perfect. Are you tired?

VLADIMIR: Yes.

GODOT: Then work.

VLADIMIR: (thinks, then "works" very hard at something, such as building a house) How's this?

GODOT: It makes me want to shrug, but I won't.

VLADIMIR: (does more work) How about this?

GODOT: So-so. Now, are you thirsty?

VLADIMIR: Indeed.

GODOT: Would you like something to drink? (Offers a bottle from the Bag)

VLADIMIR: Oh, please.

GODOT: Sorry, no drink! (Puts away bottle)

VLADIMIR: (starts to sit, weary and thirsty, pants) A drop?

GODOT: Tut, tut, no sitting!

VLADIMIR: No sitting? (Starts to get up)

GODOT: And no standing either.

VLADIMIR: What?

GODOT: (gesturing) Go on.

ESTRAGON: Go on?

GODOT: What's left?

VLADIMIR: What's left?

GODOT: . . . Up in mid-air.

VLADIMIR: I can't possibly.

GODOT: You can try.

VLADIMIR: (Tries to remain in mid-air. Needless to say, he doesn't succeed.) Why am I doing this?

ESTRAGON: To entertain us? I'm very entertained.

VLADIMIR: (to GODOT) Is that it?

GODOT: Because whatever you want -- you *can't* have. That way you know you're *good*. (Produces a woman's girdle from the Bag) Now wear this -- to cover your naughties.

VLADIMIR: My naughties? But why?

GODOT: Because. And, furthermore, because.

VLADIMIR: I hadn't thought of it that way.

ESTRAGON: (to VLADIMIR) See, I told you.

VLADIMIR: Told me what?

ESTRAGON: I forget. Can I wear one too?

GODOT: Good boy! (Produces another girdle) This girdle covers not only your naughties but your button. (meaning his bellybutton)

ESTRAGON: My button?

GODOT: You wouldn't want your button to show, would you?

ESTRAGON: . . . I guess not.

GODOT: Then wear it! (Throws girdle at him)

ESTRAGON: (putting on a girdle -- but not over the waist, over his *genitals*) Is my button showing, Didi? (Waddles around in his girdle)

VLADIMIR: I can see it, *Estrogen*.

ESTRAGON: (correcting him) *Estragon*! (to GODOT) He can see my button.

GODOT: (to VLADIMIR) Look not upon thy neighbor's button.

VLADIMIR: Sorry. (putting on the second girdle -- but over his *genitals*) Now will I get *it*?

GODOT: *It* takes time.

VLADIMIR: (to ESTRAGON) I'm afraid my girdle has a name on it, Gogo. (Parades around showing off the "designer" label on his girdle)

ESTRAGON: So?

VLADIMIR: Yours doesn't have one. But *mine* does! (Parades around more, flaunting girdle)

ESTRAGON: What about me?

GODOT: What about you?

ESTRAGON: My girdle doesn't have a name on it. And I'm being good, and he's getting all the attention.

GODOT: Your reward comes later.

ESTRAGON: How do I know that for sure?

GODOT: You'll have to trust me.

ESTRAGON: Who said I should trust you?

GODOT: I did.

ESTRAGON: But how do I know you're reliable?

GODOT: Because I just told you I was.

ESTRAGON: Oh, I see. That's clearer now.

GODOT: You're welcome.

ESTRAGON: Anything else I should do?

GODOT: How's your potty flesh?

ESTRAGON: I'm not sure.

GODOT: (to VLADIMIR) And yours, Vladimir?

VLADIMIR: I'm not sure either.

GODOT: (remembering) Oh, yes, there is something else I can suggest for you.

VLADIMIR/ESTRAGON: Yes?

GODOT: This. (Produces a Tater Tot from a box in the Bag)

VLADIMIR: What is it?

GODOT: A Tater Tot. (Shows box of little dried potato buds) But holy. Oops--forgot! (Blesses it.) Now it's holy. Have one.

VLADIMIR: (reaching out)

GODOT: Tut, tut, tut! No hands. Into the mouth. Come on, come on!

(VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON open their mouths. GODOT pops a Tater Tot into each mouth.)

GODOT: All done!

ESTRAGON: It's yummy. (chews) I haven't had anything to eat all day.

GODOT: (upset) You're not *chewing* that, I hope!

ESTRAGON: Why not?

GODOT: For God's sake, what do you think you're doing!

VLADIMIR: You said to.

GODOT: Swallow but don't *eat* it! What can you be thinking!

ESTRAGON: I don't see what the big--

GODOT: All right, I'm leaving. You two--hopeless!
Hopeless! (Starts to gather Bag of Tricks)

VLADIMIR: Don't leave!

ESTRAGON: We've waited so long!

GODOT: Do you have any idea what would happen to you if
it got back to the Big Whoever that you were
chomping on these Tater Tots?!

VLADIMIR: I thought you were the Big Whoever.

GODOT: That remains to be seen. Maybe I'm not.
(threateningly) But what if I *am*?

ESTRAGON: We're sorry then. Your rule wasn't very clear.

GODOT: That's the beauty of it. Besides, the rule was
clear. The rules are always clear. . . . What they
mean isn't clear! All right, I'll stay. (with
little finger wag) Because you asked, don't
forget!

VLADIMIR/ESTRAGON: (overlapping) So kind of you. So kind of
you.

GODOT: But!

VLADIMIR/ESTRAGON: But?

GODOT: Of course you have to be punished now.

VLADIMIR: I thought we already were being . . . punished.

GODOT: (playing with the words) *Being* is being punished,
correct. But this is different. Lie down.

ESTRAGON: Now--

GODOT: Lie down!

(VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON lie down)

VLADIMIR: Now what?

GODOT: I'm thinking of what would be appropriate for what you've done.

VLADIMIR: Done?

ESTRAGON: We've haven't done much of any--

GODOT: How about scalding water up your nostrils? (Mimes soaking them with a pail of hot water)

VLADIMIR: (sarcastically) Merely that?

GODOT: Something wrong with what I'm doing? You still think you're good. . . . How about if we put you in a big freezer until your nipples fall off?!

VLADIMIR/ESTRAGON: (together) Not our nipples!

GODOT: Just for an eon or two, and then we'll let you out.

VLADIMIR: (weakly) Eon or two?

GODOT: Maybe. But maybe not! These things are negotiable. How about scalding water up your nostrils and freezing nipples at the same time?

ESTRAGON: For eating Tater Tots?

GODOT: Have you no sense of proportion?

VLADIMIR: I don't think this--

ESTRAGON: --is the answer.

GODOT: No? Okay. I'm just vamping. How about this? May I kick you?

VLADIMIR: I don't think so.

GODOT: You know what--I will anyway.

(Kicks VLADIMIR very hard--in some place that is well padded, like the shin. Don't fake or pull the kick.)

GODOT: How did that feel?

VLADIMIR: Terrible.

GODOT: Hardly the right answer. (to ESTRAGON) How about you? (Kicks him equally hard)

ESTRAGON: Yikes! What are you doing?

GODOT: Nope, not the right answer.

ESTRAGON: What *is* the right answer?

GODOT: (in a sing-song) I can wait!

VLADIMIR: Godot is good at--

ESTRAGON: (a revelation) Waiting?!

VLADIMIR/ESTRAGON: (reacting to the twist on the famous title) What does that *mean*?!

GODOT: Haven't you figured it out yet?

VLADIMIR/ESTRAGON: No!

GODOT: I just kicked you. Right?

VLADIMIR/ ESTRAGON: Yes!

GODOT: Shall I kick you again? (Threatens to)

ESTRAGON: I don't know . . .

GODOT: While you're making up your mind, here-- (Kicks him in a different spot, perhaps in the butt) Now you understand?

ESTRAGON: I do not!

VLADIMIR: I think *I* do. (to ESTRAGON) To be sure, let me kick you.

ESTRAGON: Why?

VLADIMIR: You have to come to this yourself. (Kicks ESTRAGON) Got it now, Gogo?

ESTRAGON: (howling with pain) Ahhh! Ohhh! Stop that.

GODOT: Not the proper response.

ESTRAGON: (angry) What *is* the proper response?

GODOT: How many kicks will it take? (Offers to kick ESTRAGON again)

VLADIMIR: (to ESTRAGON) *I* caught on right away.

GODOT: Let's see about that, Vladimir. (Suddenly kicks VLADIMIR hard)

VLADIMIR: (trying to hold in the pain but grimacing despite the effort) (trying to say it very mildly) Oh Yes?

GODOT: (judging the effort) Sort of. But not really.

VLADIMIR: Try it again. Please!

GODOT: Okay! (Kicks him again--in a different place)

VLADIMIR: (trying hard not to react to the pain, then a little groan) . . . oh.

GODOT: Almost.

ESTRAGON: (mystified) What are you two doing?

GODOT: Estragon, you're not very smart, are you?

ESTRAGON: Smart enough.

GODOT: Nobody is smart enough! That's why you've called on me. And don't you forget it! (Suddenly kicks ESTRAGON hard) Your response?

ESTRAGON: Ouch! (catching on) Oh, now I see. (Realizing he must not show a response) I take it back. I didn't feel a *thing*. (Turns away, obviously in pain but trying hard to disguise it)

GODOT: I saw that!

ESTRAGON: Okay, let me try it again.

GODOT: (to VLADIMIR) You kick him.

VLADIMIR: Oh, I couldn't kick Gogo.

ESTRAGON: Right.

GODOT: Certainly you can--if I tell you to.

VLADIMIR: Well, then. But only with reluctance. (Kicks ESTRAGON even harder than GODOT did)

ESTRAGON: Hey! Didi!

VLADIMIR: Response?

ESTRAGON: (puts on a stone face) None.

GODOT: Sure? (Checks ESTRAGON out, moving around him)

ESTRAGON: (standing still, trying not to move or show anything.)

GODOT: Not bad. Not sincere. Still, not bad.

ESTRAGON: Are we done yet?

GODOT: Not by a long shot. You have a lifetime to go.

VLADIMIR: Is it time for another character yet?

GODOT: In time. When you are tedious.

VLADIMIR: I'm not tedious yet?

ESTRAGON: How about me?

GODOT: Close. But lessons, lessons, lessons first! (GODOT takes the Bag of Tricks, gets some things out) Ready or not, here I come! Who wants a sucker?

(Both VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON raise their hands)

GODOT: Two suckers. One born every minute. (Produces them) Suck!

(VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON suck the suckers, enjoying them loudly, hungrily)

GODOT: All right, give them back.

VLADIMIR: Hey!

ESTRAGON: No way!

GODOT: (beckoning) Back, back, back.

VLADIMIR: Why?

GODOT: A very crucial question: (wordplay) Why? . . . *Why* why? But why not *why not*?

VLADIMIR: (to ESTRAGON, about the murkiness) Huh?

ESTRAGON: I don't know.

GODOT: Suckers! Collecting suckers! (Gathers their suckers, then throws them away as though they're unimportant)

ESTRAGON: Hey, what is this?

GODOT: (impatiently) Don't hold on! Get it!

VLADIMIR: It was just a sucker.

GODOT: How about this? (Rubs their earlobes)

ESTRAGON: What are you doing now?

GODOT: Rubbing your earlobes. Nice, huh?

ESTRAGON: I guess so.

GODOT: (to VLADIMIR) And yours? (Rubbing both their earlobes at the same time)

VLADIMIR: I've had better.

GODOT: How's this? (Pleasuring their earlobes, making them writhe in pleasure)

VLADIMIR: Great.

ESTRAGON: A little more, over here. (Points to part of his earlobe)

GODOT: How's that?

ESTRAGON: Perfection.

GODOT: That's it! (Stops rubbing their earlobes)

ESTRAGON: *That's* it?

GODOT: If you depend on someone rubbing your earlobes, you're going to be disappointed when it stops.

VLADIMIR: Then don't stop!

GODOT: It always stops. Always. . . . Get it?

ESTRAGON: I don't want to get it.

GODOT: How about this? (Sets up to announce the following, clears throat first)

VLADIMIR/ESTRAGON: Yes?

GODOT: You two are . . . exquisite!

ESTRAGON: (flattered) Exquisite?

GODOT: One of a kind.

VLADIMIR: Really?

GODOT: Well, maybe two of a kind. But marvelous. Quite marvelous. Even charismatic.

VLADIMIR/ESTRAGON: My!

GODOT: You're also pieces of shit.

VLADIMIR: Really now!

GODOT: (warning) Let it go.

VLADIMIR: I'm not letting go!

ESTRAGON: You'd better.

VLADIMIR: Why should I?

ESTRAGON: Didi, we've got to. I think we're getting somewhere.

VLADIMIR: Are you sure? (irritated) Okay, I'm letting go!

GODOT: Let's test that? (Goes through the list--kicks them both, waits for their non-reactions; then rubs their earlobes fast, waits for non-reactions, checking for reactions)

VLADIMIR/ESTRAGON: (Show no reactions)

GODOT: Now hear this: You're exquisite, quite, quite marvelous, charismatic, and pieces of shit. (Again waits for non-reactions. Gets non-reactions from VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON) I believe you two may actually *be* learning!

VLADIMIR/ESTRAGON: (surprised) We are?

GODOT: (pets them) Good boys! Very good boys!

ESTRAGON: (reacting to the pets) This is nice. Isn't it, Didi?

VLADIMIR: I guess so.

GODOT: (petting them some more) You happy?

ESTRAGON: Oh, I thought it could be like this.

GODOT: (to VLADIMIR) And you?

VLADIMIR: It's all right.

GODOT: If you like this, remember it's just a taste of what's to come.

ESTRAGON: Really?

VLADIMIR: Don't get our hopes up, Gogo.

GODOT: If you can't trust me, who can you trust, hmm?

VLADIMIR: I don't know.

GODOT: (singing) Let me soothe those jangled nerves.
(Pets them) Like it, don't you? I have very good hands.

ESTRAGON: Great. . . . Are we there yet?

VLADIMIR: Are we?

GODOT: Just like kids in the back of an auto, aren't you?. . . But are you two to be scorned or pitied? That's what I *don't* know.

(GODOT stops, folds arms. Pause)

ESTRAGON: Yes? . . . Shall we go on?

GODOT: It's up to you. It's always up to *you*, you must realize!

VLADIMIR: I say . . . yes.

ESTRAGON: Me too. I too?

GODOT: (with a sigh) All right. Assume the position.

ESTRAGON: Which one?

GODOT: Where were we?

VLADIMIR: We were learning not to--

GODOT: I don't think that one is really working for you two. Let's see what else we have. (Looks into Bag of Tricks) By the way, why are you two here?

ESTRAGON: . . . We're waiting for Godot. I mean, we were.

VLADIMIR: But isn't *s/he* Godot?

ESTRAGON: Could we be wrong?

GODOT: Are you talking about me?

VLADIMIR: No.

GODOT: It's all right. I like people to talk about me. . . . But only good things.

ESTRAGON: Then you'll only give us good things, right, so that we'll say only good things about you.

GODOT: Don't be ridiculous! Who do you think you are?!

ESTRAGON: I'm Vladimir.

VLADIMIR: *I'm* Vladimir!

ESTRAGON: No, I am!

VLADIMIR: You're Estragon.

ESTRAGON: I am? Also known as Gogo?

VLADIMIR: That's right. And I'm sometimes known as Didi. Is it clear? You are--

ESTRAGON: Estragon.

VLADIMIR: Also called Gogo.

ESTRAGON: And you are--

VLADIMIR: Vladimir.

ESTRAGON: Also called Didi.

VLADIMIR: Exactly.

ESTRAGON: Oh, good, we finally got that all straightened out.

GODOT: (cruelly) You know what? It doesn't *matter* one iota who you are! (Taking prop out of Bag) Here. Something else for you. (Holds out an empty palm of the hand)

VLADIMIR: What is it?

GODOT: Can't you see?

ESTRAGON: There's nothing there.

GODOT: Sure there is. Take it. (They hesitate) Take it!

(VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON "take" the "nothing" from GODOT's hand)

GODOT: How do you like it?

VLADIMIR: But mine's so small! (about ESTRAGON's) He got more "nothing" than I did!

GODOT: Here's some more. Don't ever say I didn't give you plenty of "nothing."

VLADIMIR/ESTRAGON: (looking at their empty palms) Thank you.

GODOT: Thank you who?

VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON: Thank you, Godot.

GODOT: That's better. I may be indifferent, but I do like respect. . . . Go ahead.

VLADIMIR: What?

GODOT: Use it.

ESTRAGON: Oh, dear! . . . I dropped mine!

VLADIMIR: You would!

(They all search for the "nothing.")

GODOT: (finding it) Here it is! Hang onto it this time.

VLADIMIR: But come on! There's nothing here!

GODOT: . . . (cruelly) But it's all you've got.

ESTRAGON: This is absurd.

GODOT: Aha! Can transcendence be far away?

VLADIMIR: (looking at empty palm) You mean this really is it? *This*?

GODOT: All the better to use it, my dear. Bitch, bitch, bitch. If not this, what? My Bag of Tricks is not endless, you know.

ESTRAGON: I suppose not, but what is *this* exactly? (Holds out empty palm)

GODOT: Embrace it.

ESTRAGON: Embrace it?

GODOT: Embrace it.

VLADIMIR: (Suddenly, excitedly) I embrace it! (Embraces his empty palm) And I embrace yours too! (Holds ESTRAGON's empty palm to his chest)

ESTRAGON: (mystified, to GODOT) What's he doing?

GODOT: Embrace *his*.

ESTRAGON: His what?

GODOT: It's not for me to say.

VLADIMIR: (melodramatically) I am embracing your absurdity!

ESTRAGON: (Stops VLADIMIR from embracing it) No, you're not. (Blows his "nothing" into the air) Go embrace that.

(VLADIMIR goes chasing after the floating "nothing," trying to catch it)

VLADIMIR: (falls down) Ouch! That hurt!

ESTRAGON: (after a bit, sincerely)) That was mean of me. Let me help you catch it, Didi.

VLADIMIR: Would you? . . . Please?

ESTRAGON: I think it's over there.

VLADIMIR: Really?

(ESTRAGON helps VLADIMIR try to catch the "nothing." It should be sweet.)

ESTRAGON: And when we find it, then I'll embrace your absurdity too!

(They run and leap about the stage, in the audience but are unable to catch it.)

GODOT: Look at them. My, aren't they silly beyond belief . . . and sort of pathetic? (Watches them chasing) Or are they incredibly brave to try so hard with so little going for them?

ESTRAGON: (to GODOT) Is there going to be a long speech now—about what all this means?

GODOT: (to audience) No, that can happen during the intermission. (to VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON) All right, stop! It's time for Bozo.

VLADIMIR/ESTRAGON: (stopping) Who?

GODOT: Bozo. (calling offstage) Come in, Bozo!

BOZO: (offstage) Must I?

GODOT: Absolutely. We need you.

(The lights go out immediately. Pause)

VLADIMIR: (in the dark) What's happening?

ESTRAGON: (in the dark) We're waiting for Bozo?

INTERMISSION

ACT II

(The same. Later.)

GODOT: (to audience) I hope you realize that *you've* been waiting for Bozo too.

ESTRAGON: (aggressively to GODOT) Hey! I've been thinking.

GODOT: I don't believe it.

ESTRAGON: Well, I have! I also had a legal stimulant during the intermission, as did they. I don't believe in Meaning anymore. So there!

VLADIMIR: Nor do I.

GODOT: (to audience) They don't believe in Meaning anymore. Well, do you believe in Bozo?

ESTRAGON: No!

VLADIMIR: There is no Bozo!

GODOT: You're positive?

ESTRAGON: None.

GODOT: You're convinced?

ESTRAGON: Well, pretty convinced.

VLADIMIR: Yeah, I mean, there *could* be a Bozo.

GODOT: What was that voice you heard before the break?

ESTRAGON: Our desperation?

VLADIMIR: I couldn't see him, but I did hear him.

ESTRAGON: (about GODOT) Maybe *s/he* threw his/her voice.

VLADIMIR: Did you?

GODOT: Don't you have the courage of your convictions?
You had so little evidence to go on before, and
yet you had them. Why not now? Why not the courage
of your *non-convictions*?

ESTRAGON: (to GODOT) Go away! Poof! Bye-bye!

VLADIMIR: I do.

ESTRAGON: You do what?

VLADIMIR: Have the courage of my . . . *new convictions*.

ESTRAGON: (about GODOT) Then why is s/he still here?

VLADIMIR: Because we don't have a trapdoor to drop her/him
through.

GODOT: There may be one over here. (Points) I dare you to
get rid of me.

BOZO: (offstage) Hey, I'm waiting!

GODOT: (wordplay) Bozo is waiting for us waiting for
Bozo. . . . Get it?

(Pause)

VLADIMIR: (about the difficulty of the thought) It's too
complicated! And it's the second act, for god's
sake. We're all tired.

ESTRAGON: (to GODOT, not sure what's going on) So? . . .

GODOT: What is your point?

VLADIMIR: (not that sure) The point is that . . . we . . .
don't know . . . if . . .

GODOT: I'm here or not?

ESTRAGON: We could just be talking to ourselves.

VLADIMIR: Right!

GODOT: Why ever would you want to do that?

ESTRAGON: (in a small voice) Because it's a big, bad Void out there.

GODOT: You're born over a trapdoor, the stage lights gleam for a moment, and then total darkness.

VLADIMIR: In the basement.

ESTRAGON: The run is over.

VLADIMIR: Out of a job.

ESTRAGON: Auditioning again.

VLADIMIR: What a drag.

GODOT: Nobody's forcing you to act.

VLADIMIR: How do you mean that--*to act*?

GODOT: I think profundity is lost on you. So I'm not going to give you any more.

ESTRAGON: Hah! We don't want any profundity!

VLADIMIR: Never.

ESTRAGON: Yeah, what did that ever do for us? So would you please stop bothering us.

(The lights go out.)

(The lights come back on. GODOT is gone.)

(BOZO is there.)

ESTRAGON: (about GODOT) S/he's gone?

VLADIMIR: I knew s/he didn't exist. . . . But maybe we should be afraid of *him*? (Shows fear of BOZO)

ESTRAGON: (about BOZO) Who *is* that?

VLADIMIR: I don't know.

BOZO: I'm Bozo.

(BOZO holds a gun out.)

ESTRAGON: What are you doing?

BOZO: (threateningly) I'm going to . . . (suddenly comically) squirt water into my face. I'm a clown!

VLADIMIR: Is that a good idea?

BOZO: You want to do it instead?

VLADIMIR: Could I?

BOZO: Of course. (Hands over the squirt gun)

ESTRAGON: Can I do it too?

BOZO: Certainly. (Produces a second squirt gun) Be my guest.

(Across the stage BOZO arranges himself as a target for them.)

ESTRAGON: Now?

BOZO: Whenever you're ready.

ESTRAGON: Okay, here goes. (Squirts the gun)

BOZO: (falls down whether hit or not) You did it!

ESTRAGON: (choose a line) I hit Bozo! / I didn't even hit you.

BOZO: I know! Isn't it wonderful!

VLADIMIR: Now me! Now me!

(BOZO gets into a different position)

BOZO: Fire away!

(VLADIMIR fires. He either hits BOZO or he doesn't.
Either way he goes very close and squirts him again)

VLADIMIR: (obviously lying) Now that wasn't cheating.

ESTRAGON: Yes, it was! You went right up to him.

VLADIMIR: He wanted it.

BOZO: I wanted it. (saying these words) Ho! . . . Ho! .
. . Ho!

VLADIMIR: See, he's laughing.

BOZO: (as words) Ho! Ho! Ho!

ESTRAGON: I don't think it's sincere.

VLADIMIR: How do you know?

ESTRAGON: Because I'm growing as an individual.

VLADIMIR: Oh, poppycock!

ESTRAGON: I've grown more than you have since the
intermission.

VLADIMIR: Like hell you have!

ESTRAGON: Not so passive.

VLADIMIR: Yes, you are. I'm the boss in this relationship.
And I'm the star of this play!

BOZO: We're all the star of our own play.

ESTRAGON: (to VLADIMIR) You can't be serious. You the star?!

VLADIMIR: It's obvious.

ESTRAGON: We'll just see about that.

VLADIMIR: Oh, we will?

(They face off.)

ESTRAGON: I've had enough of you bossing me around!

VLADIMIR: Well, I've had enough of you letting me boss you around!

BOZO: (interrupting) Aren't you going to squirt me anymore? . . . Ho! Ho! Ho!

VLADIMIR: It's no fun if you *enjoy* it!

ESTRAGON: Have you noticed that too?

BOZO: (To VLADIMIR) Squirt me! (to ESTRAGON) Squirt me!

ESTRAGON: (after a thought) No!

BOZO: Come on!

ESTRAGON: It's much more delightful--

VLADIMIR: --*not* to squirt you.

(VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON walk around BOZO, deliberately not squirting him and rubbing that in.)

BOZO: I can't stand it when you don't squirt me!

VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON: (as one, thrilled by their cruelty)
Oh, *yes!*

VLADIMIR: Now, are you a symbol of something, or are you real?

BOZO: I'm just a guy who likes to have people squirt me, especially in the face. Why does it have to mean something? I wanted a part to play, and this is the part I got! I can't be that fussy or I'll never work.

ESTRAGON: . . . I don't believe him. I think he *does* mean something. But what? (He suddenly squirts VLADIMIR by surprise) There! Take that, Didi!

VLADIMIR: Hey! (Chases ESTRAGON) (Stops, mugs for the audience)

ESTRAGON: Stop mugging. They like me more than they like you! And they always will.

VLADIMIR: They do not! . . . (to audience) Do you? You like me, don't you? . . . (seriously) Goddamn it, I hate having to be liked! God, this is humiliating.

GODOT: (entering immediately) How's it going?

ESTRAGON and VLADIMIR: Just fine without you!

GODOT: I'll bet! (to BOZO) Any luck yet, my friend?

BOZO: Don't get smug. I'm working on it.

(GODOT Immediately turns and leaves)

ESTRAGON: S/he's becoming a pest. (about GODOT and BOZO) What were they talking about?

VLADIMIR: Did we see Godot or not? . . . Something tells me it matters. Or it's supposed to.

ESTRAGON: You saw him/her. I didn't.

VLADIMIR: Or the other way around.

BOZO: I saw him/her.

VLADIMIR: But you're a Bozo. You don't count.

ESTRAGON: You're even lower than we are.

BOZO: That's what you'd like to tell yourselves.

VLADIMIR: Huh?

BOZO: That's why you love me. You want to do something else to me? Well, call me Mr. Entertainment! How about me attending to your stomachs?

ESTRAGON: We have been awfully hungry.

VLADIMIR: Mine's growling even as we speak.

BOZO: Well, then, how about . . .

(BOZO pulls out all the stops, balloons, streamers, noise-makers, party snacks)

ESTRAGON: What's all this?

BOZO: For good time call Bozo. (Offers a snack) Snack?

ESTRAGON: But we're so used to hunger.

VLADIMIR: And Godot said we should fast and be whipped and--

BOZO: You don't need him/her anymore. Remember?

VLADIMIR: Old habits die--

ESTRAGON: --hard.

GODOT: (walking straight through without stopping)
Besides, you're not really sure whether I'm *not* here or not! (Exits)

ESTRAGON: I'm sure!

VLADIMIR: Yeah, you're not here--*there*! Stay out of here!
It's our turn. We're not waiting for Godot any longer!

(Big music cue: *Da Dum!*)

ESTRAGON: Now we're waiting for Godot to *stay away!*

(Big music cue: *Da Dum!*)

VLADIMIR: Music to my ears!

ESTRAGON: (sincerely) I'm afraid.

VLADIMIR: So am I, Gogo.

ESTRAGON: (blustering about the offstage GODOT) The big ham!

BOZO: Would you like a big ham?

ESTRAGON: Oh, man, yes.

BOZO: It's forbidden in several places. But that's all behind you now.

VLADIMIR: It is!

BOZO: Okay. Lift up your shirts.

ESTRAGON: I don't have a shirt.

BOZO: Under that?

ESTRAGON: (opening his coat a little) Can't afford one.

BOZO: What about you?

VLADIMIR: I have part of one. (opening his coat, showing a very ragged shirt)

BOZO: Even better to show me your belly. Show time! Show!

ESTRAGON: All of it?

BOZO: All.

VLADIMIR: You're sure. Godot said--

BOZO: Show!

(They show their bellies.)

VLADIMIR: (eager to show off) Now what? Now what?

BOZO: Worship them.

ESTRAGON: His or mine?

BOZO: Your own.

VLADIMIR: Worship my belly?

BOZO: Puff it out.

VLADIMIR: (trying) I can't.

ESTRAGON: *I can!* (Shows a puffed-out belly, walks around displaying it)

BOZO: Excellent. Now adore it.

ESTRAGON: (Tries to bow to his own belly) Like this? (Can't do it)

VLADIMIR: Like this? (Shows another way to adore his own belly, perhaps lying down) See! Oh, what a fabulous belly!

BOZO: Very good! Both of you--raise up thy bellies!

ESTRAGON: Like this? (Tries)

VLADIMIR: Watch me!

(VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON have their bellies raised, probably using their hands to hold them up)

BOZO: Couldn't be better. (Begins pouring snacks over their bellies) Have some! . . . Have some more! (Keeps pouring them, preferably something dry)

ESTRAGON: (pouring snacks over himself) Oh, this is great! Great!

VLADIMIR: (also indulging) I didn't realize snack food could be this satisfying. (Pours some over his own head)

ESTRAGON: Your consumption is so conspicuous.

VLADIMIR: You're just jealous because I'm gaining on you in popularity.

ESTRAGON: You are not! (Pours snacks over himself)

VLADIMIR: I'll have a fan club before you will.

ESTRAGON: You'll be the only member.

BOZO: Want something else?

VLADIMIR: What?

BOZO: Let's do something with your wienies.

ESTRAGON? Did you say . . . our wienies?

BOZO: Out with them!

VLADIMIR: (looking at the audience) Not here!

BOZO: Why not?

ESTRAGON: (meaning the audience) Because *they're* looking.

BOZO: It's *all* show biz!

VLADIMIR: Okay, I will. (about ESTRAGON) He won't steal this act from me! (Starts to unzip fly) See this! . . . No, I can't. I'm basically shy.

ESTRAGON: You *should* be shy.

VLADIMIR: Hey!

ESTRAGON: I'm not shy. (Gets up, does a little striptease number) (to audience) How you like it so far? (Does more stripping) Any more and it'll cost you!

VLADIMIR: You're low and vulgar.

ESTRAGON: When you've got it, you ought to flaunt it! When you've got it, you ought--

BOZO: Now what do you do with *it*? (Points)

ESTRAGON: (not sure) I . . . ah . . .

VLADIMIR: I know!

BOZO: Then demonstrate.

VLADIMIR: All right, I will. (Gets up) (singing and dancing, ad lib): You find yourself in this little space. (Gestures to the whole world) So put your wienie in some pretty place. Not too big. And not too teeny!

ESTRAGON: Hey, I like that. (joining VLADIMIR but competitively) How does it go?

VLADIMIR: (not helping, singing on his own) You find yourself--

ESTRAGON: (picking it up) --in this little space. (Gestures to mean the theater itself) So you put your wienie--

VLADIMIR: -- in some pretty place. Not too big.

ESTRAGON: And not too teeny!

ESTRAGON and VLADIMIR: (together) You find yourself in this little space. So you put your wienie in some pretty place. (Now) Not too big! And not too teeny!

(They become more of a show business "act.")

VLADIMIR: (still singing) And why do we do it?

ESTRAGON: (still singing) Because Godot is an old, nasty, nasty meanie!

VLADIMIR: (singing) And why do we do it?

ESTRAGON: (singing) Because we love our peenies!

VLADIMIR: (singing) That's the reason why we do it! Because we love our peenies!

BOZO: (singing) That's the reason why they do it! Because they love their peenies!

THE THREE: (in harmony) That's why (we, they) do it! Because (we, they) love (our, their) peenies!

(Big ending for all. Bows.)

BOZO: You're incredible.

VLADIMIR: Do we get to do it for *real* now? With our--

BOZO: --Nice people don't usually want to see others do it--not in the theater.

ESTRAGON: (innocently) I do.

BOZO: Maybe in the midnight show. Put away your peenies now.

VLADIMIR: I guess it would be pornography.

ESTRAGON: (about the audience) *They* do it, don't they? Isn't that pornography?

BOZO: No, only *other* people are pornography.

ESTRAGON: (about the audience) I wouldn't mind watching them do it.

VLADIMIR: Me either. I'd even do it with 'em! *Va Va Vum!*

ESTRAGON: (to audience) Come on, do it! Do it in the aisle(s)!

VLADIMIR: We'll sing the Peenie Song for you. (Starts) You find yourself in this little space--

GODOT: (walking through) Hedonists! . . . Decadents! . .
. Whores! Nerd-do-wells! (Exits)

VLADIMIR: Oh god, s/he's such a bore! S/he's spoiled the
mood now!

ESTRAGON: I'm still in the mood.

BOZO: Then you'd better have a little squirt.

ESTRAGON: (naughtily) Really?

BOZO: Really. (By surprise he squirts ESTRAGON in the
face with a seltzer bottle) There's a little
squirt. (as words) Yuck . . . yuck . . . yuck.

ESTRAGON: This?

BOZO: I know you had another one last week. (meaning an
orgasm) A real one.

VLADIMIR: He did? When?

ESTRAGON: None of your business.

VLADIMIR: Where was I? I'm always with you.

ESTRAGON: Never you mind. . . . *If* I did.

VLADIMIR: Are you making a god of your peenie?

ESTRAGON: Once a week?

VLADIMIR: Once a week, then twice a week, then ten times a
day. Then . . . well, see where it leads.

ESTRAGON: No, it pretty much stops there.

BOZO: You never know unless you try!

VLADIMIR: (to ESTRAGON) Did you really ever do it ten times
a day?

ESTRAGON: (bragging) What do you think?!

BOZO: (to audience) See how I got their attention? (to ESTRAGON and VLADIMIR) I think you two need a distraction. See that over there? (Points)

VLADIMIR: What? (Goes to look)

BOZO: See them?

ESTRAGON: What is it?

VLADIMIR: (bringing paddles and a shuttlecock back) These are . . .

ESTRAGON: (helping) A badminton set?

BOZO: Yes! A badminton set! Here!

(They all help set up the badminton game.)

VLADIMIR: But there's no net.

BOZO: I forgot it. Besides, you don't need a net!

ESTRAGON: Of course we do.

BOZO: Try it. (Makes them take the paddles, the shuttlecock) Come on, you guys. What did Auntie Mame say?!

ESTRAGON and VLADIMIR: Who?

BOZO: Take advantage of this world!

ESTRAGON: Life is a badminton game and most poor bastards--

VLADIMIR: -- don't have a net.

BOZO: Not funny.

VLADIMIR: Life is a badminton game and most poor bastards don't have a shuttlecock. (to the audience) Now that's funny. (when they don't laugh) . . . Cock.

ESTRAGON: But we have a shuttlecock!

VLADIMIR: You're slipping back into your old self, Gogo.

ESTRAGON: No! No, I'm not! Change is possible. It has to be!
Or it's *too* awful!

VLADIMIR: (to BOZO) Is change possible?

BOZO: Sure. How much do you want? (offers change from
his pocket)

VLADIMIR: Not that kind of change!

BOZO: You're asking a clown?

ESTRAGON: Well, we've been asking you all along. Is that a
mistake?

VLADIMIR: Maybe we should ask someone who really knows.

ESTRAGON: Like a psychic.

VLADIMIR: I hear they can be very good, if you get the right
one.

BOZO: Madame Dora--she's the tops.

VLADIMIR: Underneath that clown make-up, I believe you're
cynical.

BOZO: Who me? Ho! Ho! Ho! (aside, about the clown make-
up) It's the only way I can get away with it.

GODOT: (appearing) When do I come back on? My agent told
me this was a starring part.

BOZO: Well, maybe it takes a star to make a starring
part. (Strikes star pose)

GODOT: You call that being a star? I can merely walk
across the stage and I have people like that!
(Cups hand)

BOZO: Prove it.

GODOT: Think I can't? (Walks across the stage slowly, doing whatever s/he can to make the audience watch)

BOZO: . . . It's not working.

GODOT: It is too!

BOZO: Not.

GODOT: Too. (Hands out some food to members of the audience) Here! Here! Here! See! I have them eating out of the palm of my hand!

VLADIMIR: I thought you two were above this.

BOZO: We are! . . . Play badminton! (to GODOT) It's still my turn out here.

GODOT: Why do we even bother with these fools?

BOZO: It's their play? They have to think they're important?

(BOZO and GODOT shrug)

GODOT: Why does everybody always expect me to have all the answers!?

BOZO: Or me either?

ESTRAGON: (playing badminton, to BOZO) Can I abuse a substance while I'm doing this?

BOZO: Of course. Which one?

VLADIMIR: Me too!

BOZO: Will some of these do? (Offers pills)

ESTRAGON: Terrific!

VLADIMIR: How many should we take? (Taking several)

BOZO: It's up to *you*, you know.

VLADIMIR: (annoyed) We *get* it, Bozo!

VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON: (together, ponderously) Yes! It's up to us! We get it!

BOZO: . . . You still won't remember that.

ESTRAGON: (at badminton) Here's my serve! (Hits the shuttlecock)

(He and VLADIMIR hit the shuttlecock back and forth several times, well or badly)

ESTRAGON: My point!

VLADIMIR: What do you mean, your point? It was clearly out.

ESTRAGON: It was in!

VLADIMIR: Gogo, it was out.

ESTRAGON: Didi, it was in.

VLADIMIR: Estragon, it was . . . out.

ESTRAGON: Vladimir, I don't know how to say this. But it was very in.

VLADIMIR: You obviously can't see very well.

ESTRAGON: Obviously you can't see at all.

VLADIMIR: How would you like me to poke your eye out, and then we'll see who sees well and who doesn't!?

ESTRAGON: How would you like me to kill you and use one of your eyeballs to play with? Then we'd see whose eye is "better," wouldn't we?

(They get quite seriously now. Play this sequence extremely *realistically*.)

VLADIMIR: I won the game. You forfeited by cheating.

ESTRAGON: You cheated. You always cheat!

VLADIMIR: You fucking little shithead. You can't win fairly so you fuck around and think we'll give you points because you're so fucking cute! Well, you're not. You're a fuck! That's all you are!

ESTRAGON: And do you know what you are? You're an asshole. You're worse than an asshole. You're an asshole with semen and shit dribbling out of your crack. That's what you are!

VLADIMIR: (about the audience) You're losing their sympathy.

ESTRAGON: I don't care! You're not winning this fucking badminton game, asshole!

BOZO: Now that's what I like. People who have their priorities straight.

VLADIMIR: But there's nothing we can do about anything -not you, not Godot, or anything else for that matter! At least we can control this goddamn badminton game! Now--goddamn it--it's my serve! (He smashes the shuttlecock at ESTRAGON)

ESTRAGON: Hey! Watch it!

VLADIMIR: My point! (Gets the shuttlecock) . . . You ready?

ESTRAGON: Do your worst, Mr. Polyps in Your Ass!

VLADIMIR: Hit this, Fucksickle!

(He smashes it. They begin to lose all sense of scoring and just smash it at each other a number of times.)

ESTRAGON: (hitting the shuttlecock) Ha! Made you run for that one, didn't I?

VLADIMIR: (hitting the shuttlecock) At least mine go two-tenths of a second faster than yours!

BOZO: (to audience) And that's so important.

ESTRAGON: If we just had a net I'd really whip your--

VLADIMIR: --you think so? (to BOZO) Get us a net. What are you here for anyway? Get us a net! A net!

ESTRAGON: (stopping play) Right. What is this? What's the use of playing without a net?

BOZO: What's the use of playing *with* one? If you get the larger picture. . . . Do you ever get the larger picture?

ESTRAGON: Oh god, that's really bleak. (Throws down the badminton racket)

VLADIMIR: We used to be waiting for Godot . . . Now we're badmintoning for Godot.

ESTRAGON: And we can't even say it right.

BOZO: Do I spy a little despair here? Hmm? Hmm?

VLADIMIR: Do you *want* us to despair?

ESTRAGON: Is that what you're here for? (suspicious) Just who are you anyway?

BOZO: I am Bozo! I defy description!

ESTRAGON: Can I abuse another substance?

BOZO: Of course.

VLADIMIR: They don't last long enough.

ESTRAGON: You know what?

VLADIMIR: What?

ESTRAGON: I really just want to sit down for a moment . . .
(He does.)

VLADIMIR: Do you mind if I join you? (He does.)

(ESTRAGON begins to cry, *sincerely, believably.*)

VLADIMIR: (sympathetically) What are those? Tears?

ESTRAGON: No.

(He continues to cry.)

(VLADIMIR begins to cry too.)

ESTRAGON: (sympathetically) What are those?

VLADIMIR: Nothing. . . . Sense memory.

ESTRAGON: Are you Method?

VLADIMIR: I don't know. Are you?

ESTRAGON: Technique. . . . Oh, I don't know what I am.

(They both sit and cry honestly for a while. It should be touching. Take the time.)

BOZO: (after a bit) You've milked that enough.

VLADIMIR: It was sincere.

BOZO: Yeah!

ESTRAGON: It was. . . . Only mine was more sincere than yours.

VLADIMIR: What are you talking about? *I* was more sincere!

ESTRAGON: You've got to be kidding.

VLADIMIR: Should we ask them? Huh? By applause?

ESTRAGON: I'm up for it.

VLADIMIR: Okay then, audience, who cried better? Me or him?

ESTRAGON: It was me, wasn't it?

(They show their tears to the audience, their red eyes, etc.)

(Pause)

VLADIMIR: This is shameful. Is it all just cheap tricks? And then they leave? What am I doing?! What am I doing here!?

ESTRAGON: Oh, now you're going to be more tortured than me? So they'll think you're deeper than I am? Will you stop at nothing?

VLADIMIR: I'll stop at nothing to beat you.

BOZO: Bozo is waiting!

GODOT: (appearing) So is Godot!

BOZO/GODOT: And we don't like it!

BOZO: (to VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON) Have you the strength to go on?

VLADIMIR: I don't know.

GODOT: We could end it here. With a blackout.

ESTRAGON: Maybe we should.

BOZO: (pleased, to GODOT) I won.

GODOT: Not quite yet.

BOZO: I won.

GODOT: Not definitely!

ESTRAGON: (more suspiciously) Do you two have some kind of bet about us?

GODOT: (lying) No.

BOZO: Don't take yourselves so seriously.

VLADIMIR: That's all we've got.

BOZO: Oh, poor babies.

GODOT: Go ahead, whine. (about the audience) See if that wins you any prizes!

ESTRAGON: What's left?

VLADIMIR: Yes, is there anything left?

GODOT: Of course, darlings.

BOZO: In here!

(Both GODOT and BOZO touch the heads of VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON)

GODOT: (to BOZO) After you?

BOZO: How kind of you.

GODOT: Only because I'm confident I'll win.

BOZO: Not as confident as I, I'll bet. (Smiles wickedly)

GODOT: We'll see.

(GODOT starts to blindfold ESTRAGON and VLADIMIR)

VLADIMIR: Hey!

ESTRAGON: What are you doing?

GODOT: Easy! . . . So you can concentrate. (Touches their heads again) So you won't be distracted.

BOZO: They'll screw it up.

GODOT: No they won't.

ESTRAGON: Screw what up?

GODOT: Are you ready?

(The blindfolds on the two are in place.)

BOZO: You can take the blindfolds off, you know. At any time.

VLADIMIR: At any . . .

ESTRAGON: . . . time. We know! (really understanding for the first time) . . . Oh, my god, I *do* know.

VLADIMIR: Of course. I really do know too. . . now.

(A real moment of realization about the metaphysical nature of Bozo and Godot)

BOZO: (smirking) . . . Well, as long as you know. That's so *important*.

GODOT: What's two times two?

VLADIMIR: Four.

GODOT: Four times four?

ESTRAGON: . . . Sixteen.

BOZO: (sarcastically) Very good!

GODOT: You two can go on and on like this.

BOZO: Until your brains explode.

GODOT: Until your brains compose.

BOZO: My turn?

GODOT: Of course.

BOZO: Wait till you see! (Goes off, brings back an empty painter's canvas, a large one)

VLADIMIR: (blindfolded) What is it?

BOZO: Feel it.

ESTRAGON: (blindfolded) It's a . . . It's a . . .

GODOT: A rectangle.

BOZO: No helping! . . . Do you know what it is yet?

ESTRAGON: It's art.

BOZO: Very good.

VLADIMIR: Who's art?

BOZO: Yours. His.

ESTRAGON: Is it beautiful?

BOZO: Unbelievably.

GODOT: Don't promise so much.

BOZO: I didn't talk when it was your turn.

GODOT: Yes, you did!

VLADIMIR: (about the canvas, feeling it, blindfolded) What's it of?

BOZO: Whatever you want.

GODOT: Don't get your hopes up too high.

BOZO: Shut up!

GODOT: Just don't.

ESTRAGON: Why not?

BOZO: Don't listen to him/her. It's going to make you immortal.

VLADIMIR: For how long?

BOZO: How long do you want immortality to be?

VLADIMIR: Two years?

ESTRAGON: Didi!

VLADIMIR: Let's ask for what we can get!

ESTRAGON: But we can get more than that.

VLADIMIR: Did you feel that canvas? I give it fifty years, at best.

ESTRAGON: A hundred. Two.

VLADIMIR: Three! Four! Big deal.

GODOT: Be aware it all comes to rot.

BOZO: Shhh!

VLADIMIR: Godot's right.

BOZO: Wait! I've got more. (Starts to get more) Quills! Pens! Paper!

VLADIMIR: Don't bother.

BOZO: Why not? Dance! Try dancing!

ESTRAGON: Should we?

BOZO: Go on! Go on!

(VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON try "artistic," balletic dances -- separately.)

BOZO: Bravo! Now try it together.

VLADIMIR: Together?

ESTRAGON: Us?

BOZO: Sure.

(ESTRAGON and VLADIMIR slow dance together.)

BOZO: Hear that?

ESTRAGON: What?

BOZO: The music.

VLADIMIR: I can barely hear it.

BOZO: Listen!

(As they dance together, the music gets more noticeable)

VLADIMIR: . . . It is sort of nice, isn't it?

BOZO: You did that.

VLADIMIR: I did?

BOZO: The two of you.

ESTRAGON: Me too?

GODOT: But you also created rap!

(Blast of rap music. BOZO enjoys it as the other three cringe)

GODOT: It's my turn again.

BOZO: All right. (under his breath, gleefully to GODOT)
I almost had them there.

GODOT: Believe me, I was worried. Okay, Estragon,
Vladimir, listen carefully. I'll only say it once.

ESTRAGON/VLADIMIR: *It's up to us?*

GODOT: Okay, I think you've finally got that one down. Now I'm running out of ideas. (Shows the Bag of Tricks, which is almost empty)

BOZO: Even Godot is limited.

GODOT: You need not sink into despair. Not as long as you have these. (Meaning their heads)

VLADIMIR: But what if we lose them?

ESTRAGON: Yes?

GODOT: Then it won't matter at all.

VLADIMIR: You mean, if we're not here, you're not there?

ESTRAGON: Really?

GODOT: I can't answer that.

BOZO: I can. (Makes a "phhttt" noise--an everything- is- all-gone sound)

GODOT: But your heads are still here! Think! Think! Think! You are because you think.

BOZO: No, you think because you are.

GODOT: Your minds can invent a universe!

BOZO: And computer viruses!

GODOT: End diseases.

BOZO: Mass destruction.

GODOT: Pure thought itself!

BOZO: Solipsism! Madness!

GODOT: Then plain old common sense.

BOZO: Hysteria's more fun!

GODOT: (looking in the Bag) I can't find anything else in here.

BOZO: (pleased) I know that. (to ESTRAGON and VLADIMIR)
I guess there's only one thing left.

ESTRAGON: What?

BOZO: Can't you guess? (Starts handing realistic-looking knives to ESTRAGON and GODOT) And, please, no broken tree limbs this time--as a comic out. (Points to the tree onstage) Really kill yourselves this time. (about audience) They'll think you're fabulous. Nothing like a death to make people think you're serious. (to GODOT, offering a third knife) How about you. Godot?

(GODOT waves away the knife)

VLADIMIR: (looking at his knife) Is this the way it really ends?

BOZO: Slit your throats. And then we'll both go away.

GODOT: Don't! Maybe I can find something else. (Looks in Bag)

BOZO: You'll be at peace at last. (aside to GODOT) And I'll win!

GODOT: You will have nothing! (Still looking for something else in the Bag. Can't find a thing. Looks up) It's empty, I'm afraid.

(Pause)

VLADIMIR: I'm ready. (Holds his knife to his own throat)

ESTRAGON: Are you just doing this to win against me?
(meaning for audience approval)

VLADIMIR: I don't think so. But I don't know. . . . I just don't know.

ESTRAGON: Maybe it would be easier if you . . . did mine.
(meaning cut his throat)

VLADIMIR: And you did mine?

ESTRAGON: Think that might help us both?

VLADIMIR: (seriously) I think so. . . . (then slyly) Shall I do you first?

ESTRAGON: (with look toward audience) And *then* I'm supposed to do yours?

VLADIMIR: Oh, right! I didn't think it through.

ESTRAGON: I'm not so sure now. How do I know you won't slit my throat and then win a Tony Award?

VLADIMIR: Because this isn't Broadway.

ESTRAGON: Oh. It's not? . . . It could be Broadway.

BOZO: Are you two going to kill yourselves or not?

GODOT: Actually I could go for an answer too.

ESTRAGON: We could just leave it here--with the knives to our throats.

VLADIMIR: Like this?

(They put their knives to *each other's* throats)

ESTRAGON: Yeah!

(They look at GODOT, BOZO, and the audience hopefully.)

VLADIMIR: (gulping) I'm not so sure we should have them vote on this one.

BOZO: Oh, I hate those wimpy endings, when you don't know how it really ends!

GODOT: I'm not that big on them myself.

ESTRAGON: (about the audience) And I know they don't like them.

VLADIMIR: Okay, then what do we do?

BOZO: Come on! Come on! (to audience) Tell 'em!

GODOT: Even I think it's about time.

(ESTRAGON and VLADIMIR look knowingly at each other)

ESTRAGON: Are you thinking the same thing I am?

VLADIMIR: I think I may be.

(They slowly turn on BOZO with their knives pointed)

BOZO: (backing away) Hey, now! I'm not real!

VLADIMIR: Then it won't hurt.

ESTRAGON: Get him!

(He and VLADIMIR chase BOZO around the stage, then off)

BOZO: Help! Help! No! Help!

(There are offstage shouts and noises of a chase as GODOT watches)

(Pause)

BOZO: (running onstage, then off) No! You can't do this!

VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON: (running onstage) (together) Yes!
(They run off.) Aha! Caught you!

BOZO: No! No!

(They kill BOZO offstage, stabbing and stomping him)

(Pause)

ESTRAGON: He's still twitching.

VLADIMIR: There!

(They give a final stomp)

(ESTRAGON and VLADIMIR re-appear on stage, wiping their blades. ESTRAGON is wearing BOZO's hat or another obvious part of his clothing.)

GODOT: A good decision.

ESTRAGON and VLADIMIR: (together) Thank you.

(ESTRAGON and VLADIMIR look at each other knowingly again. Then immediately they go after GODOT)

GODOT: Wait now! What are you doing?

(They chase GODOT off in another direction, through the audience to the back of the theater.)

GODOT: Now, Estragon! . . . Vladimir! I'm not susceptible to . . .

ESTRAGON: We'll see, won't we?

ESTRAGON/VLADIMIR: (as one) Yes!

(They pounce on GODOT and start to kill him offstage)

GODOT: Oh! No! No! You can't! I'm all you've got going for you! Etc.

(GODOT dies at the back of the theater. Pause)

VLADIMIR: (coming back to the stage) I never realized how truly satisfying that would be. (He is wearing GODOT's hat or has something else of his--the Bag perhaps.)

ESTRAGON: It was great!

(They tip their trophies from their victims at each other.)

(Pause)

ESTRAGON: And now what?

VLADIMIR: (about the audience) We'd better get off, while we can. *They* may have knives.

(They start to leave separately. They stop.)

VLADIMIR: Shall we go together?

ESTRAGON: Should we? . . . Perhaps we should break up. Character change.

VLADIMIR: But we're friends.

ESTRAGON: Are we? . . . I doubt it.

VLADIMIR: No? What else have we got?

ESTRAGON: Hell is other people.

VLADIMIR: Hell may be other people, but they're all we *really* know is here.

(They touch one another to verify that each is there.)

VLADIMIR: Is it not so?

ESTRAGON: It seems.

VLADIMIR: The rest is . . . ?

(Pause. They dawdle.)

ESTRAGON: Okay, let's go together. . . . (a question to the other) But with knives or without? (Holds his knife up as if to throw it away)

VLADIMIR: Without--of course. (Starts to throw his knife away, then think better of it) But then you never know, do you? (He keeps his knife for protection after all)

ESTRAGON: (keeping his knife too) Right. You never know. Okay, let's go together. . . . At least for now.

VLADIMIR: . . . At least for now.

(They go off together arm in arm--at least for now)

(GODOT and BOZO enter from where they were killed.)

GODOT: (to audience) Well, what else did you--

BOZO: --expect *from us*?

BOTH: Death?

BOZO: (about ESTRAGON and VLADIMIR) Now I think they went--

GODOT: --that way!

BOZO/GODOT: (as one) Yes! (They laugh.)

(GODOT and BOZO follow VLADIMIR and ESTRAGON, with determination)

LIGHTS OUT

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