

Waiting for Godot

extract from Act II

VLADIMIR:

(sententious.) To every man his
little cross. *(He sighs.)* Till he dies.
(Afterthought.) And is forgotten.

ESTRAGON:

In the meantime let us try and converse calmly, since we are incapable of keeping silent.

VLADIMIR:

You're right, we're inexhaustible.

ESTRAGON:

It's so we won't think.

VLADIMIR:

We have that excuse.

ESTRAGON:

It's so we won't hear.

VLADIMIR:

We have our reasons.

ESTRAGON:

All the dead voices.

[...]

(Long silence.)

VLADIMIR: Say something!

ESTRAGON: I'm trying.

(Long silence.)

VLADIMIR:

(in anguish.) Say anything at
all!

ESTRAGON:

What do we do now?

VLADIMIR: Wait for Godot.

ESTRAGON: Ah!

[...]

VLADIMIR:

When you seek you hear.

ESTRAGON: You do.

VLADIMIR:

That prevents you from finding.

ESTRAGON: It does.

VLADIMIR:

That prevents you from thinking.

ESTRAGON:

You think all the same.

VLADIMIR:

No no, it's impossible.

ESTRAGON:

That's the idea, let's contradict
each another.

[...]

ESTRAGON:

Well? If we gave thanks for our mercies?

VLADIMIR:

What is terrible is to *have* thought.

ESTRAGON:

But did that ever happen to us?