

~~VAL~~~~Sure!~~~~ESTER~~~~Throw our responsibilities out the window?~~~~VAL~~~~Why not?~~~~ESTER~~~~We made a commitment.~~~~VAL~~~~Yes, but it's not working. All we're doing is waiting. And if it doesn't go anywhere, what's the point?~~~~ESTER~~~~What's the point of anything? It's what we do. Best not think about it.~~~~VAL~~~~But I want more than this. I don't want to wait.~~~~ESTER~~~~Oh! Well, I'm afraid you'll just have to Mr. Bathroom Pisser! There are no short cuts! We all must suffer for our art! We all must pay our dues! We all must wait for *Waiting for Godot!*~~~~*ESTER grabs his vest and sits on his stool. VAL sits in the chair. Silence.*~~~~VAL~~~~(thinking)~~~~Who is he do you think?~~~~ESTER~~~~Who is who?~~~~VAL~~~~Godot? You ever wonder that?~~~~ESTER~~~~Who is Godot?~~

VAL

Yes.

ESTER

No. Who is Godot?

VAL

Yes, that's what I'm asking.

ESTER

And I'm asking you, who the hell are you talking about?

VAL

Who is Godot, the guy we're waiting for?

ESTER

We're waiting for the director.

VAL

Yes, I know. But, in the play it is who we are waiting for. And I'm asking, who is Godot? Why are we, or they, waiting for him? Is he God? Does he represent some sort of fatherly approval? Is he an abstract thing, like an ideal? Some sort of purpose maybe, or good news? Or, is he the carrot dangling on the end of a stick. A threat or an empty promise. Because he doesn't come in the end. He does not come. What kind of people hang around waiting for a promise that doesn't come?

ESTER

(deep in thought)

I want you to listen to me very carefully.

(beat)

I have no idea what you are talking about. But I am trying to focus on my character's wants, so if you could just please be quiet...

*ESTER stands at the rack and stares at the hanger that once held his vest. Silence.*

VAL

You're mad that I got a talent agent.

ESTER

OF COURSE I'M MAD! Who the hell are you? What have you done? What have you accomplished? You're brand new to this business. You haven't paid your dues. Why should you get a break while we hardworking, true artists have to suffer.

VAL

I thought you were supposed to suffer for your art.

ESTER

Not me! You! You are supposed to suffer. I've suffered enough! I've been suffering for years! And I hate it. I hate all this suffering! There is nothing noble about being rejected every day for your art. Having to pull yourself up like a lackey and say, "Well, I guess I wasn't meant to have that job!" As if there is meaning to any of this! I mean, look at him! What did he do? He walked into a water closet, relieved himself, and got signed by a talent agent?! Where is the sense, the logic, the art in that? I can piss! Look, I can do it right now! Why not me? Call that agent!

*ESTER grabs VAL's coffee cup, takes it UPSTAGE, sets it down, steps up on the ladder a couple steps and begins to piss into the coffee cup. VAL is horrified.*

ESTER

Let him know I can piss on command! Critics have reviewed my piss and said, "Why, yes, it's the best piss in town!"

*ESTER sets the coffee down again.*

VAL

You pissed in my coffee.

ESTER

You've been pissing in mine since the day I met you.

~~*Silence. ESTER sits down next to the costume rack. VAL sits at his chair by the two coffee cups. Slowly, he pushes the piss cup away from him. They sit in silence for awhile. Only the play from the speaker can be heard.*~~

~~VAL~~

~~You and I are the only ones really doing it, you know.~~

~~ESTER~~

~~Must you go on like this?~~