

**Works by Samuel Beckett published by Grove Press**

**COLLECTED POEMS IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH**

**COLLECTED SHORTER PLAYS**

(All That Fall, Act Without Words I, Act Without Words II, Krapp's Last Tape, Rough for Theatre I, Rough For Theatre II, Embers, Rough for Radio I, Rough for Radio II, Words and Music, Cascando, Play, Film, The Old Tune, Come and Go, Eh Joe, Breath, Not I, That Time, Footfalls, Ghost Trio, . . . but the clouds . . . , A Piece of Monologue, Rockaby, Ohio Impromptu, Quad, Catastrophe, Nacht and Träume, What Where)

**COMPLETE SHORT PROSE: 1929-1989**

(Assumption, Sedendo et Quiescendo, Text, A Case in a Thousand, First Love, The Expelled, The Calmative, The End, Texts for Nothing 1-13, From an Abandoned Work, The Image, All Strange Away, Imagination Dead Imagine, Enough, Ping, Lessness, The Lost Ones, Fizzles 1-8, Heard in the Dark 1, Heard in the Dark 2, One Evening, As the story was told, The Cliff, neither, Stirrings Still, Variations on a "Still" Point, *Faux Départs*, The Capital of the Ruins)

**DISJECTA:**

Miscellaneous Writings and  
a Dramatic Fragment

**ENDGAME AND ACT WITHOUT  
WORDS**

**HAPPY DAYS**

**HOW IT IS**

**I CAN'T GO ON, I'LL GO ON:**  
A Samuel Beckett Reader

**KRAPP'S LAST TAPE** (All That Fall,  
Embers, Act Without Words I,  
Act Without Words II)

**MERCIER AND CAMIER**

**MOLLOY**

**MORE PRICKS THAN KICKS**  
(Dante and the Lobster, Fingal,  
Ding-Dong, A Wet Night,  
Love and Lethe, Walking Out,  
What a Misfortune,  
The Smeraldina's Billet Doux,  
Yellow, Draff)

**MURPHY**

**NOHOW ON** (Company,  
Ill Seen Ill Said, Worstward Ho)

**PROUST**

**STORIES AND TEXTS FOR NOTHING**  
(The Expelled, The Calmative,  
The End, Texts for Nothing 1-13)

**THREE NOVELS** (Molloy,  
Malone Dies, The Unnamable)

**WAITING FOR GODOT**

**WATT**

**HAPPY DAYS:**  
Production Notebooks

**WAITING FOR GODOT:**  
Theatrical Notebooks

**COLLECTED  
SHORTER PLAYS**

**SAMUEL BECKETT**



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New York

Written in 1981. First performed at Ohio State University in 1981.  
First published by Grove Press in 1981.

L = *Listener.*

R = *Reader.*

*As alike in appearance as possible.*

*Light on table midstage. Rest of stage in darkness.*

*Plain white deal table say 8' x 4'.*

*Two plain armless white deal chairs.*

*L seated at table facing front towards end of long side audience right. Bowed head propped on right hand. Face hidden. Left hand on table. Long black coat. Long white hair.*

*R seated at table in profile centre of short side audience right. Bowed head propped on right hand. Left hand on table. Book on table before him open at last pages. Long black coat. Long white hair.*

*Black wide-brimmed hat at centre of table.*

*Fade up.*

*Ten seconds.*

*R turns page.*

*Pause.*

R: [*Reading.*] Little is left to tell. In a last—

[*L knocks with left hand on table.*]

Little is left to tell.

[*Pause. Knock.*]

In a last attempt to obtain relief he moved from where they had been so long together to a single room on the far bank. From its single window he could see the downstream extremity of the Isle of Swans.

[*Pause.*]

Relief he had hoped would flow from unfamiliarity. Unfamiliar room. Unfamiliar scene. Out to where nothing ever shared. Back to where nothing ever shared. From this he had once half hoped some measure of relief might flow.

[*Pause.*]

Day after day he could be seen slowly pacing the islet.  
Hour after hour. In his long black coat no matter what the  
weather and old world Latin Quarter hat. At the tip he  
would always pause to dwell on the receding stream. How  
in joyous eddies its two arms conflowed and flowed united  
on. Then turn and his slow steps retrace.

[Pause.]

In his dreams—

[Knock.]

Then turn and his slow steps retrace.

[Pause. Knock.]

In his dreams he had been warned against this change. Seen  
the dear face and heard the unspoken words, Stay where  
we were so long alone together, my shade will comfort  
you.

[Pause.]

Could he not—

[Knock.]

Seen the dear face and heard the unspoken words, Stay  
where we were so long alone together, my shade will  
comfort you.

[Pause. Knock.]

Could he not now turn back? Acknowledge his error and  
return to where they were once so long alone together.  
Alone together so much shared. No. What he had done  
alone could not be undone. Nothing he had ever done  
alone could ever be undone. By him alone.

[Pause.]

In this extremity his old terror of night laid hold on him  
again. After so long a lapse that as if never been. [Pause.  
*Looks closer.*] Yes, after so long a lapse that as if never  
been. Now with redoubled force the fearful symptoms  
described at length page forty paragraph four. [Starts to  
*turn back the pages. Checked by L's left hand. Resumes  
relinquished page.*] White nights now again his portion. As  
when his heart was young. No sleep no braving sleep till—  
[Turns page.]—dawn of day.

[Pause.]

Little is left to tell. One night—

[Knock.]

Little is left to tell.

[Pause. Knock.]

One night as he sat trembling head in hands from head to  
foot a man appeared to him and said, I have been sent by—  
and here he named the dear name—to comfort you. Then  
drawing a worn volume from the pocket of his long black  
coat he sat and read till dawn. Then disappeared without a  
word.

[Pause.]

Some time later he appeared again at the same hour with  
the same volume and this time without preamble sat and  
read it through again the long night through. Then dis-  
appeared without a word.

[Pause.]

So from time to time unheralded he would appear to read  
the sad tale through again and the long night away. Then  
disappear without a word.

[Pause.]

With never a word exchanged they grew to be as one.

[Pause.]

Till the night came at last when having closed the book  
and dawn at hand he did not disappear but sat on without  
a word.

[Pause.]

Finally he said, I have had word from—and here he named  
the dear name—that I shall not come again. I saw the dear  
face and heard the unspoken words, No need to go to him  
again, even were it in your power.

[Pause.]

So the sad—

[Knock.]

Saw the dear face and heard the unspoken words, No need  
to go to him again, even were it in your power.

[Pause. Knock.]

So the sad tale a last time told they sat on as though  
turned to stone. Through the single window dawn shed no  
light. From the street no sound of reawakening. Or was it  
that buried in who knows what thoughts they paid no

heed? To light of day. To sound of reawakening. What thoughts who knows. Thoughts, no, not thoughts. Profounds of mind. Buried in who knows what profounds of mind. Of mindlessness. Whither no light can reach. No sound. So sat on as though turned to stone. The sad tale a last time told.

[Pause.]

Nothing is left to tell.

[Pause. R makes to close book.

Knock. Book half closed.]

Nothing is left to tell.

[Pause. R closes book.

Knock.

Silence. Five seconds.

Simultaneously they lower their right hands to table, raise their heads and look at each other. Unblinking.

Expressionless:

Ten seconds.

Fade out.]

Quad