

VLADIMIR: He said Godot. ... We're waiting for Godot.

ESTRAGON: And if he doesn't come?

VLADIMIR: We'll come back tomorrow.

ESTRAGON: And then the day after tomorrow.

VLADIMIR: Possibly.

ESTRAGON: And so on.

VLADIMIR: The point is—

ESTRAGON: Until he comes.

VLADIMIR: You're merciless.

ESTRAGON: We came yesterday.

VLADIMIR: Ah no, there you're mistaken. ... What did we do yesterday? (*Silence. They look at each other blankly.*)

ESTRAGON: What did we do yesterday?

VLADIMIR: Why ... (*Pause.*) ... nothing is certain.

Questions:

1. Why are theatrical pauses and ellipses structurally vital to the momentum of this scene?
2. What profound psychological or philosophical reality does the recurring *silence* communicate to the audience?
3. Why do Vladimir and Estragon constantly repeat phrases and cyclical question loops?
4. In what specific ways does this fragmented exchange reflect the core post-war concept of *existential uncertainty*?