

Le Cafe Arbre

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THE MAN sits at a table in front of Le Cafe Arbre. Throughout the play various people go in and out of the cafe. This could be projected on a screen behind The Man in order to facilitate speeding time. The Man is well dressed, wearing a light, linen suit and a cream fedora. He reads a Parisian paper. A SONG plays from a small, tinny radio. Something by Jacques Brel or Edith Piaf.

The Man drinks his espresso.

The Man reads his paper.

THE WAITER enters.

THE MAN  
Un autre espresso, s'il vous plaît.

Oui, Monsieur.

THE WAITER

The Waiter takes the empty espresso cup and exits. The man looks at his watch.

He is waiting for someone.

The Waiter returns with another espresso.

Merci.

THE MAN

The Waiter exits.

The Man drinks his espresso.

He reads his paper.

He waits.

Time speeds up behind him. The day moves to afternoon. Evening.

THE BOY enters, stumbling, looking exhausted.

He cautiously approaches The Man and shuffles back and forth in front of him. The Man puts his paper down and looks at The Boy.

Oui?

THE MAN

The Boy hands him a folded piece of parchment paper. The Man unfolds and reads the writing on the paper. He sighs and folds the paper carefully and puts it in his breast pocket.

Ainsi soit-il. Demain?

THE MAN

Oui Monsieur. Demain.

THE BOY

The Man stands, hands The Boy a coin.

Merci.

THE BOY

Demain?

THE MAN

Oui.

THE BOY

The Man exits. Night passes.

The music fades away.

The next morning:

The music returns, either Edith Piaf or Jacques Brel, whichever was not used in the first section.

The Man sits at his table, drinking espresso. He is reading a novel and is more impatient than previously. He checks his watch. The Waiter enters, takes the empty cup.

THE WAITER

Un autre espresso, Monsieur?

THE MAN

Oui, s'il vous plaît. Et un croissant.

The Waiter exits. The man reads. Sighs. Looks around. The Waiter returns. The Man sips espresso. Time moves forward. Day to afternoon to evening.

The Boy enters shyly and goes to The Man and holds out a piece of folded parchment paper. The Man takes it, opens it and reads. Then folds it carefully and puts it in his breast pocket.

THE MAN

Demain?

THE BOY

Oui, Monsieur Godot. Demain.

The Man exits. The Boy goes to the table, sits in the chair and snaps his fingers. The Waiter enters.

THE WAITER

Monsieur Godot?

THE BOY

Il sera de retour. Demain.

THE WAITER

S'il découvre ce que vous faites . . .

THE BOY

(acting as if he'd  
been caught out)

S'il vous plaît monsieur, je suis juste un garçon simple et j'ai été confondu. J'ai essayé de mon mieux, monsieur, je suis désolé, monsieur.

The Boy grins, eats the rest of the croissant. The Waiter shakes his head.

The stage goes dark.

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The music fades.