

Finding Godot, Scene 4

A forest, midday. LUCAS walks
with his satchel and a smile.

LUCAS

Okay, so my truck dying wasn't part of the plan. But that doesn't matter. I made it to the forest, so now I mark my path as I go, search the area in sectors, and keep walking.

I can't wait to finally meet her. I wonder what her voice will sound like!

What if Dr. Norbach was right? What if Godot doesn't want me to find her? But Mom said she won't stop me. But that doesn't mean I'll be successful. For all I know, Godot gave me her blessing to get lost in a forest that scared off several explorers with lots more gear and experience than me.

Nevertheless, I must persist. For the betterment of humanity. For the betterment of people like me.

(Lights up on GABRIEL painting with an easel and canvas. LUCAS spots him and walks over.)

Hello there!

GABRIEL

(without looking up)

Silence.

LUCAS

(recoils)

I'm. . . Sorry?

GABRIEL

(waves hand at LUCAS)

I said be silent. You're disturbing the air.

(LUCAS stands shocked, then watches GABRIEL work. GABRIEL paints some more, then sighs deeply, like this is the first breath he's taken all day. He stands upright and steps back from his easel.)

GABRIEL

There. That wasn't too hard, was it?

LUCAS

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to interrupt.

GABRIEL

Most people don't. But they still lack the wherewithal to not. They lack patience.

LUCAS

Maybe they're just excited to hear you talk about your work.

GABRIEL

A good artist lets their work speak for itself.

LUCAS

I see.

GABRIEL

(grinning)

But I am no good artist. Come, come! Don't stand there, that angle does no justice! Over here!

(pulls LUCAS to easel)

Now then, see how I captured that hill?

LUCAS

That's a hill?

GABRIEL

Yes! See how it slopes to portray the approaching valley?

LUCAS

Yes?

GABRIEL

That hill is the highs of life.

LUCAS

Uh huh.

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GABRIEL

And the red I used? Perfect, wouldn't you agree?

LUCAS

But hills aren't red.

GABRIEL

Not in this reality!

LUCAS

What?

GABRIEL

You know of Godot, yes?

LUCAS

(special interest mentioned)

Yes! Yes, I do! In fact, I'm actually—

GABRIEL

Well, a couple of years ago, I hit a rut.

LUCAS

A rut?

GABRIEL

A rut! Artist's block! The only thing I was good for was eating food and seething at all the other artists who were chugging along just fine! They were all able to paint their bridges and portraits and oranges with no problem whatsoever! So in a rage, I ran from the city and found my way into this forest. I got lost, wandering for days with no food, no water, no person to keep me company. Eventually I collapsed in delirium, crying out, "Dear God, I've wasted my life." Then I passed out.

LUCAS

Oh my.

GABRIEL

But then I woke up! Crazy, right? And do you know who was at my side, nursing me back to health?

(LUCAS shakes his head.)

(immense reverence)

Godot.

(Beat.)

LUCAS

(ecstatic)

Godot *is* here? In the flesh? In this forest?

GABRIEL

If you believe she is.

LUCAS

But you just said—

GABRIEL

The human mind is a funny thing. Once a truth's inside, it takes a lot of convincing to remove it. And those truths alter your perspective of life, of reality. So you have to be careful what truths you let sneak into that little pile of mush in your skull. 'Cause some truths can loom over you and devour you.

Do you believe Godot is in this forest?

LUCAS

Yes?

GABRIEL

Then she is!

So anyway, after I regained coherency I complained to Godot about my art block. I said, "Godot, I need a muse! I have no inspiration! I beg you, give me something to paint! Give me a purpose!" And you wanna know what she said?

(clutching LUCAS' arm, whispering)

"Paint the world I saved you from."

(Beat. LUCAS doesn't get it.)

GABRIEL

Paint the past! The reality that once was, and the reality that would still be had she not saved us!

(runs to his easel)

That's why I paint the hills red. Because that's the color I know they once were. That's one of my truths.

Odd, isn't it? All it took was seven simple words, and suddenly I was invigorated. Motivated! Oh, I felt alive again! And I vowed to do as she commanded. I paint to remind myself of what once was, and will never be again because of our savior. The same savior who let me pursue art in the very first place.

(softly, reverently)

There is nothing more wonderful, more fulfilling, than creating art for your God.

(He stares at his work a moment, then starts packing up.)

Now then I apologize sincerely but I really must be going the sun will be setting in a few hours and if I don't paint the river today I will simply disintegrate! Oh, it was a pleasure meeting you young man safe journey on your travels and—

(He makes direct eye contact with LUCAS, stares intently, to remember his face, then smiles.)

Guard your truths. Keep them close to your heart, but don't let them sweep you away.

(He exits. LUCAS is alone, processing the whirlwind that just hit him. With a contemplative expression, he continues walking. BLACKOUT)