Appendix

*Ohio Impromptu* Holograph, Typescripts, and Production Script
Little remains to be told.

in a final effort to —

but

Little remains to be told.

Percy: "I think

in a fit of effort to strain which he went from his home where he had lived to bring alive together

people to a small prearranged meeting

and to begin to build. From it developed what he could just see the development of the

idea of planting in a young area

to teach children of doing some


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I am not so sure. There we are, you have
back to him, they said, for 20 hours.
Of my lot, I said, you that.
I have this point, they said, let you
check your death of cold again.
Certainly not, I said, still.
This cat, they said, for your health.
I believe not, I said, the New world and her.
They said, in the state.
If this. We cannot be more precise.

So far.

Process straight to them, they said, and
add role to me.
Added when, I said.
The students, they said, and further.
At my lot. I said, that.
Do not overlay your hair. They said, if
you do not wish it to be extended.

Praise what am I playing, I said.
Be yourself, they said, yourself.
Myself? I said, What are you intimating?

Thank.
...after a time a little that was not a little has not been. 

you, after as doing a before and as much been. 

now, now with 

infinitive force 

the scene 

fourth paragraph form, 

above a turn 

will have left. 

that, since that, since a time, since a turn 

while night again this Wh as when his heart was young. 

No think no 

present heart, his returning together heart is heart. 

triumphs 

let remain be held. 

must remain to be held. 

Penned hence 

winter hence to be held. 

...
EDITORS' NOTE. Bracketed words and phrases indicate deletions by S.B.; a blank space enclosed in parentheses within brackets indicates an indecipherable deletion.

[VERSO OF LEAF 1]

I am out on leave. Thrown out on leave.
Back to time, they said, for 24 hours.
Oh my God, I said, not that.
Slip [into] on this shroud, they said, lest you catch your death of cold again.
Certainly not, I said.
This cap, they said, for your [death’s-head] skull.
Definitely not, I said.
The New World outlet, they said, in the State of Ohio. We cannot be more precise. Pause.
Proceed straight to [Lima] the nearest campus, they said, and address them.
[Address] whom? I said.
The students, they said, and professors.
Oh my God, I said, not that.
Do not overstay your leave, they said, if you do not wish it to be extended.
Pause.
What am I to say? I said.
Be yourself, they said, [you’re ( )] stay yourself.
Myself? I said. What are you insinuating?
[Yourself before, they said.]
Pause.
[And after.]
[Pause.] 
[Not during? I said.]

[LEAVES 1-3]

Little remains to be told.
In a final effort to—
Knock.
Little remains to be told.
Pause & knock
In a [final] last effort to obtain relief he moved from (the house) where they had [lived] been so long [together alone] alone together to a small furnished room on the [right] other bank. From its single window he could just see the downstream extremity of the Island of Swans [where as a young man he had sauntered dreaming] wandered [dreaming of things to come.]
[Pause. Sip]
[Little remains to be told.]
[In its extreme emptiness and ] Relief he—
[Knock]
[Little remains to be told.]
[Pause. Knock.]
[In its extreme unfamiliarity (strangeness) the room held some hope of help. The narrow bed. Small table. Two? chairs. No books. No pictures. Nothing ever shared.]
Relief he had hoped wd. flow from [the strange] unfamiliarity. Unfamiliar room. Unfamiliar scene. [neighborhood] To go out to where nothing ever shared. To come back to where nothing ever shared. From this he had once half hoped some small measure of relief might [would] flow.
Pause. Sip.
[Those days were rare]

Rare were the days when he was not to be seen slowly pacing the island. In his long black coat no matter what the temperature & [a sort of] old world Latin Quarter hat. At the tip he would pause to observe the receding [waters flood] stream. How [its two arms parted by the slit of land in ( )] in joyous [( )] eddies its two arms conflowed and flowed united on. Then turn & his slow steps retrace.

In his dreams—
Knock
Turn turn & his slow steps retrace.
Pause. Knock

In his dreams (many a time) he had been warned against this change. Seen the dear face and heard the unspoken words, Stay where you are, [Aloysius] Mortimer, [( )] my ghost will comfort you.

Blows nose.

Could he not now turn back? Acknowledge his error & return to where they had [been] lived so long [together] alone together. [Shared so much] alone together so much shared. No. The answer was no. What he had done alone [there was no undoing] could not be undone. Nothing he had ever done could ever be undone. By him.

[Sip] Refills glass.

It was in this extremity that his old terror of night laid hold [of] 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. Hm. Now with redoubled force the [same] fearful symptoms [as] described [on page ( )] at length [on] page forty [( )] paragraph four. (Starts to turn back the pages. Gesture stops him. [Returns to] Resumes present page.) White nights again his lot. As when his heart was young. No sleep no [facing] braving sleep till [morning light] dawn of day.

Drinks
Little remains to be told. [Just one last] One night—
Knock
Little remains to be told.
Pause. Knock.
just one last event, incredible as that may seem, and its consequences outcome. It happened thus. One moonlit night as [( )] in his [vain] [search of] [for] vain quest of calm he [walked] roamed the streets, in his long black coat and old world Latin Quarter hat, he heard himself hailed by name. He who since his flight [( )] had gone his ways unknown. He turned to face the intruder. A small old man. Long white hair. Ravaged face. Wretchedly attired. [( )] In the long look exchanged slowly a name: White. See appendix 4. (Turns pages forward to ap. 4) White:

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 read to you. Drawing then a vol. from [his long black] the pocket of his long black coat he sat and read till [morning light] dawn. Then [went] disappeared without a word.

Some time later he reappeared [again] with the same volume as before this time without preamble sat and read [the] it through the long night through. Then [went] disappeared without a word.

So from time to time unheralded he would appear to read the old tale through & night away, then disappear without a word.

Till the night came when having [ended] closed the book and [daylight] dawn at hand [( )] he did not disappear without a word but sat on a little while [in silence] without a word.

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

Pause
Nothing—
Knock

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

Pause. Knock
Nothing remains to be told.
Pause.
Look
Curtain

Pause
Closes book.
Pause
Simultaneously they [( )
right] lower their right hands to
Table, raise their heads and look
At each other. Expressionless.
Five seconds.
Fade out.

L: Listener
R: Reader

As alike in appearance as possible,
Light on table mid-stage. Rest of stage in darkness.
Plain white deal table say 8' × 4'. Two plain armless white
deal chairs.
L seated facing [audience] front towards [with audience
right] end [end (his left)] of long side audience right. Bowed
head [resting] propped on right hand, face invisible, [Long
black coat. ( )] Left hand on table. Long black coat. Long
grey hair.
R seated in profile short side audience right, bowed head
[resting] propped on right hand, left hand on table, book on
table before him open at last pages. Long black coat. Long grey
hair.
Fade out on table.
Pause
R. turns page.
Pause
[So a last time the sad tale unwound]
So the sad tale a last time told They sat on as though turned
to stone. Through the single window dawn gave no light. From
the streets no sound of toil renewed. Or was it that buried in
who knows what thoughts they gave no heed? To light of
dawn. Sound of renewing toil [renewed]. Who knows what
thoughts. [Thoughts?] No, not thoughts. [No.] Profounds of
mind. Buried in who knows what profounds of mind. Of mind-
lessness. Whither no light can reach. No sound. So sat on. As
though turned to stone. The sad tale a last time told.
Pause
Nothing remains to tell.
Pause.
Knock, Book half closed.
Nothing remains to tell.
R closes book
Pause. Knock.
Silence. 5”.
Simultaneously etc.

[SIGNED:]
Samuel Beckett
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 *»»i« deal chairs.

L seated facing front towards end of long side audience right. Bowed head propped on right hand. Face invisible. Left hand on table, long black coat, long grey hair.

R seated in profile centre of short side audience right. Bowed hair propped on right hand, left hand on table, Book on table before him open at last page. Long black coat, long grey hair.

Fade up on table.
Pause.
R turns page.
Pause.

R (reading). Little remains to be told. In a last - (L knocks on table.) Little remains to be told. (Pause, Knock.) In a last attempt to obtain relief he moved from where they had stood so long alone together to a small familiar room on the other bank. From its single window he could just see the downstream extremity of the At Isle of Swans. (Pause.) Relief he had hoped would flow from unfamiliarity. Unfamiliar room. Unfamiliar scene. To go out to where nothing ever shared. To come back to where nothing ever shared. From this he had once half hoped some small measure of relief might flow.

Pause.

Hour after hour. Long days he was to be seen slowly pacing the island. In his long black coat no matter what the temperature and old world Latin Quarter hat. At the tip he would gaze the receding stream. Now in joyous eddies its two arms conflowed and flowed united on. Then turn 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 you are, my guest will comfort you. Could he not now turn back? Acknowledge his error and return to where their hands had held so long alone together. Alone together so much shared. No. What he had done could not be undone. Nothing he had ever done could ever be undone. By him alone.

Knock.

Could he not now turn back? Acknowledge his error and return to where they had held so long alone together. Alone together so much shared. No. What he had done could not be undone. Nothing he had ever done could ever be undone. By him alone.
Pause.
(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 read to you. Then drew a volume from the pocket of his long black coat he sat and read till dawn. Then disappeared without a word.

Pause. This time without preamble sat and

Some time later he reappeared at the same hour with the same volume and read it through the long night through. Then disappeared without a word.

Pause. So from time to time unheralded he would appear to read the sad tale through and disappear without a word.

Pause. This time when having closed the book and dawn at hand he did not disappear but sat some time without a word. 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. Nothing remains to be told.

Pause. He closed book.

Pause. Simultaneously they lower their right hands to title, raise their heads and look at each other/expressionless.

Fade out.
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 grey hair. white


Fade up on table.
Ten seconds.
R turns page.

Pause.

R (reading). Little remains to tell. In a last - (L knocks with left hand on table.) Little to tell. (Pause. Knock.) In a last attempt to obtain relief he moved from where they had been so long alone together to a single room on the far bank. From its single window he could just 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.

Daily he could be seen slowly pacing the isle. 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 o’ day.

Pause.

Little remains to tell. One night —

Knock.  
Little remains 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 read to 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 reappeared at the same hour with the same volume and this without preamble sat and read it through again the long night through. Then disappeared 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 (soul).

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. 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 again 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 renewing toil. Or was it that buried in who knows what thoughts they gave / no heed? To light of day. Sound of renewing toil. What thoughts who knows, no, not thoughts. Profounds of mind. Buried in who knows what profound 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 remains to tell.

Pause. / R makes to close book.
Knock. Book half closed.
Nothing remains to tell.

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.
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.


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 would 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 chance. 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/struck 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 bravery 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 disappeared 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 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 profound 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.


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.