

Why don't we hang

E. Why don't we hang ourselves?

V. With what?

E. You haven't got a bit of rope?

V. No.

E. Then we can't.

V. Let's go.

E. Wait, there's my hand.

V. It's gone.

E. You could hang onto my legs.

V. And who'd hang onto mine?

E. True.

MAGUIRE

# ONE DAY, SAMUEL BECKETT

*Edited by Burçin Erol*

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