

HAPPY/BIFF

START

HAPPY. I gotta show some of those pompous, self-important executives over there that Hap Loman can make the grade. I want to walk into the store the way he walks in. Then I'll go with you, Biff. We'll be together yet, I swear. But take those two creatures we had tonight. Now weren't they gorgeous?

BIFF. Yeah, yeah, most gorgeous I've had in years.

HAPPY. I get that any time I want, Biff. Whenever I feel disgusted. The only trouble is, it gets like bowling, or something—I just keep knockin' them over and it doesn't mean anything. You still run around a lot?

BIFF. Naahh... I'd like to find a girl...steady, somebody with substance.

HAPPY. That's what I long for...

BIFF. Go on... You'd never come home.

HAPPY. I would! Somebody with character. Like Mom, y'know, somebody with resistance! *(Crosses R., gets hat off hook on bedroom wall, puts it on.)* You're gonna call me a bastard when I tell you this. That girl Charlotte I was with tonight is engaged to be married in five weeks.

BIFF. No kiddin'.

HAPPY. Sure—the guy's in line for the vice-presidency of the store—I don't know what gets into me, maybe I just have an over-developed sense of competition or something. *(Crosses L. to Biff; they cross U.)* But I went and ruined her, and furthermore I can't get rid of her. And he's the third executive I've done that to. Isn't that a crummy characteristic!

(They cross D. Biff starts to sit on chair, Happy takes his arm and stops him.)

And to top it all I go to their weddings! Like I'm not supposed to take bribes. Manufacturers offer me a hundred-dollar bill now and then to throw an order their way. You know how honest I am, but it's like this girl, see, I hate myself for it. Because I don't want the girl...and still... I take it and... I love it!

~~*(Biff: Happy is hurt.)*~~

END