

STANLEY/HAPPY

START

STANLEY. *(Putting table down D. R.)* That's all right, Mr. Loman, I can handle it myself.

(He turns and takes chairs from Happy and places them at table, one on L. and one on R. Music fades out. Happy crosses L., then back to R. of table.)

HAPPY. *(Glancing around.)* Oh, this is better. *(Sits R. of table.)*

STANLEY. Sure, in the front there you're in the middle of all kindsa noise. *(Crosses to other [desk] table, puts jukebox lamp on it that he got from lower shelf on above side of desk.)* Whenever you got a party, Mr. Loman, you just tell me and I'll put you back here. *(Gets tablecloth from shelf, spreads it on Happy's table.)* Y'know, there's a lotta people they don't like it private, because when they go out they like to see a lotta action around them, because they're sick and tired to stay in the house by theirselves. But I know you, you ain't from Hackensack. You know what I mean? *(Crosses U., gets napkin.)*

HAPPY. So how's it coming, Stanley?

STANLEY. *(Crosses D., puts napkin on Happy's table.)* Ah, it's a dog's life. I only wish during the war they'da took me in the army.—I coulda been dead by now. *(Crosses U., gets menu and ashtray.)*

HAPPY. My brother's back, you know.

STANLEY. *(Crosses back.)* Oh, he come back, heh? From the Far West?

HAPPY. Yeah, big cattle man, my brother, so treat him right. And my father's coming too...

STANLEY. Oh, your father too! *(Offers menu.)*

HAPPY. You got a couple of nice lobsters?

STANLEY. *(At above table.)* Hundred percent big.

HAPPY. I want them with the claws.

STANLEY. Don't worry, I don't give you no mice. *(Happy laughs.)* How about some wine? It'll put a head on the meal.

HAPPY. No...you remember, Stanley, that recipe I brought you from overseas? With the champagne in it?

STANLEY. Oh, yeah, sure. I got it tacked up yet in the kitchen. But that'll have to cost a buck apiece anyways.

HAPPY. That's all right.

STANLEY. What'd you, hit a *number* or somethin'?

HAPPY. (*Confidential.*) No, it's a little celebration. My brother is...
(*Puts cigarette in mouth.*) I think he pulled off a big deal today. I think we're going into business together.

STANLEY. (*Confidential, too.*) Great! That's the best for you. Because a family business, you know what I mean?—that's the best.

HAPPY. That's what I think.

STANLEY. (*Lights Happy's cigarette.*) 'Cause what's the difference, somebody steals?—It's in the family, know what I mean? (*Happy laughs.*)

END

HAPPY. (*Raises his head.*) Sir! (*Closes eyes, looking down.*)

STANLEY. What?

HAPPY. You notice I wasn't lookin' right or wrong, was I?

STANLEY. No.

HAPPY. And my eyes are closed?

STANLEY. So what the...?

HAPPY. Strudel's coming?

STANLEY. (*Catching on, looks around.*) Ah, no, there's no... (*Breaks off, looking off.*)

(*A furred, lavishly dressed girl [Miss Forsythe] enters U. R. Crosses to L. and below second table. Both men follow her with their eyes. She puts bag on table. Takes off gloves, looking over Happy's head.*)

Jeez, how'd ya know?

HAPPY. I got radar on something. (*Leifting Stanley's arm, looking under it, staring directly at her profile.*) Ooooooooo... Stanley!

STANLEY. I think that's for you, Mr. Loman.

(*Girl removes fur coat.*)

HAPPY. Look at that mouth. Oh, God! And the binoculars.

STANLEY. Jeez, you got a life, Mr. Loman.

(*Girl sits L. of table, pulling chair forward.*)

HAPPY. Wait on her. (*Gives Stanley menu.*)

STANLEY. (*Going to girl's table.*) Would you like a menu, ma'am?