

BERNARD/WILLY/BIFF/HAPPY

(Biff crosses to over L., practices football formations.)

WILLY. *(Crossing R.)* Oh, won't that be something!—me coming into the Boston stores with you boys carryin' my bags. What a sensation! *(Sees Biff.)* You nervous, Biff, about the game?

BIFF. I am if you're gonna be there.

WILLY. *(At R. of C.)* What do they say about you in school now that they made you a captain?

HAPPY. *(Above Willy.)* There's a crowd of girls behind him every time the class changes.

BIFF. *(Crosses to them.)* It's Saturday, Pop, this Saturday...just for you, I'm going to break through that line for a touchdown.

HAPPY. You're supposed to.

BIFF. I'm takin' one play off Pop. *(To Willy.)* You watch me, Pop, and when I take off my helmet that means I'm breakin' out. Then you watch me crash through that line. *(Charges R. between them.)*

WILLY. Oh, wait! Tell this in Boston!

(Happy puts punching bag down. Biff tosses football to Happy, who centers over L., passes it to Biff, then runs over L. although to receive a pass from Biff, who has faded back over R., just as Bernard enters from R. Bernard wears light-brown sweater and brown corduroy pants, knee-length. Bernard stops L. of Happy. Biff hits over R. Happy stops over L.)

START

BERNARD. Biff, where are you? You're supposed to study with me today.

WILLY. *(At R. C.)* Hey, looka Bernard! What're you lookin' so anemic about, Bernard?

BERNARD. He's gotta study, Uncle Willy, he's got Regents next week.

HAPPY. *(Crosses to Bernard; tauntingly, showing off for Willy.)* Let's box, Bernard!

BERNARD. Look out! *(Dodging over R. to Biff, getting away from Happy.)* Listen, Biff, I heard Mr. Birnbaum say that if you don't start studyin' math he's gonna flunk you and you won't graduate. I heard him!

WILLY. *(Hitting Bernard on rear.)* You better study with him, Biff. Go ahead now.

BERNARD. *(Crosses to R. and behind Biff.)* I heard him!

BIFF. *(Crosses D. C., sits.)* Oh, Pop, you didn't see my sneakers! *(Holds up a foot for Willy.)*

(Happy crosses to C. Bernard crosses above them, then D. to their L.)

WILLY. Hey, that's a beautiful job of printing.

BERNARD. *(Wiping his glasses on sweater, laying down the law.)* Just because he printed University of Virginia on his sneakers doesn't mean they've got to graduate him, Uncle Willy!

(They all cross after him, boys ad libbing.)

WILLY. *(Angered.)* What're you talking about? With scholarships to three universities they're gonna flunk him?

BERNARD. *(Backing away to L.)* But I heard Mr. Birnbaum say...

WILLY. Don't be a pest, Bernard!

(Bernard exits.)

(To boys.) What an anemic!

(Bernard reenters.)

END

BERNARD. *(Crossing to R. of Willy.)* Okay, I'm waiting for you in my house, Biff.

(He goes out. They laugh together.)

WILLY. *(At L. of group.)* Bernard is not well liked, is he?

BIFF. *(At R. of Happy.)* He's liked, but he's not well liked.

HAPPY. *(Between Biff and Willy.)* That's right, Pop.

(All slowly cross R. to D. R. Biff above Willy, Happy digging along below Willy, as—)

WILLY. *(Sincerely.)* That's just what I mean. Bernard can get the best marks in school, y'understand, but when he gets out in the business world, y'understand, you're going to be five times ahead of him. That's why I thank Almighty God you're both built like Adonises. Because the man who makes an appearance in the business world, "the man who creates personal interest, is the man who gets ahead." Be liked and you will never want. You take me, for instance; I never have to wait in line to see a buyer. "Willy Loman is here!" That's all they have to know, and I go right through.

BIFF. Did you knock them dead, Pop?