

HAPPY. Want one? (*Offers Biff his lighted cigarette.*)

BIFF. (*Taking it, crossing R., sits chair.*) I can never sleep when I smell it.

WILLY. (*In kitchen.*) What a simonizing job, heh! (*Exits out kitchen door L.*)

HAPPY. (*With deep sentiment.*) Funny, Biff, y'know?—us sleeping in here again? The old beds. All the talk that went across those two beds, huh? Our whole lives.

BIFF. Yeah...lotta dreams and plans.

HAPPY. (*With a laugh, deep and masculine.*) About five hundred women would like to know what was said in this room!

(*They share a soft laugh.*)

BIFF. Remember that big Betsy something—what the hell was her name, over on Bushwick Avenue?

HAPPY. With the collie dog!

BIFF. That's the one. I got you in there, remember? (*Both laugh.*)

HAPPY. Yeah, that was my first time— (*Crosses U. L., turns.*) I think. (*Combs hair.*) Boy, there was a pig!

(*They laugh, almost crudely. Linda takes Willy's coat, exits from bedroom.*)

You taught me everything I know about women. Don't forget that.

BIFF. I bet you forgot how bashful you used to be. Especially with girls.

HAPPY. Oh, I still am, Biff...

BIFF. Oh, go on!

HAPPY. (*Crossing D. to L. of Biff.*) I just control it, that's all. I think I got less bashful and you got more so. What happened, Biff? (*Sits above Biff, puts arm around him.*) Where's the old humor, the old confidence?

(*Biff rises, crosses L. to above chest, puts cigarette out in small can on floor above chest.*)

What's the matter?

BIFF. Why does Dad mock me all the time?

HAPPY. He's not mocking you, he...

BIFF. Everything I say there's a twist of mockery on his face. I can't get near him.

HAPPY. He just wants you to make good, that's all. I wanted to talk to you about Dad for a long time, Biff. Something's happening to him. He...talks to himself.

BIFF. I noticed that this morning. But he always mumbled.

HAPPY. But not so noticeable. It got so embarrassing. I sent him to Florida. And you know something? Most of the time he's talking to you.

BIFF. What's he say about me?

HAPPY. I can't make it out.

BIFF. What's he say about me?

HAPPY. (*Crosses, kneels on Biff's bed.*) I think the fact that you're not settled, that you're still kind of up in the air...

BIFF. There's one or two other things depressing him, Happy.

HAPPY. What do you mean?

BIFF. Never mind. Just don't lay it all to me.

HAPPY. But I think if you just got started... I mean...is there any future for you out there?

BIFF. I tell ya, Hap... I don't know what the future is; I don't know... what I'm supposed to want.

HAPPY. (*Sits chair.*) What do you mean?

BIFF. (*With frustration.*) Well, I spent six or seven years after high school trying to work myself up. Shipping clerk, salesman, business of one kind or another...and it's a measly manner of existence. To get on that subway on the hot mornings in summer; to devote your whole life to keeping stock, or making phone calls, or selling or buying... To suffer fifty weeks of the year for the sake of a two-week vacation, when all you really desire is to be outdoors, with your shirt off. And always to have to get ahead of the next fella... And still...that's how you build a future.

HAPPY. Well, you really enjoy it on a farm? Are you content out there? (*Biff is kneeling above chest and looking at athletic equipment in it. Finally finds old deflated football, puts other things back.*)

BIFF. (*With rising agitation.*) Hap, I've had twenty or thirty different kinds of jobs since I left home before the war, and it always turns out the same. I just realized it lately. In Nebraska when I herded cattle, and the Dakotas, and Arizona, and now in Texas. It's why I came home now, I guess, because I realized it—this farm I work on, it's spring there now, see. And they've got about fifteen new colts. There's nothing more inspiring or...beautiful, than the sight of a mare and a new colt. And it's cool there now, see? Texas is cool now, and it's spring. (*Crosses U.*) And whenever spring comes to where I am, I suddenly get the feeling—My God (*Crosses D.*), I'm not gettin' anywhere! (*Crosses U.*) What the hell am I doing, playing around with horses, twenty-eight dollars a week! (*Crosses D., to himself.*) I'm thirty-four years old, I oughta be makin' my future. That's when I come running home. And now—I get here, and I don't know what to do with myself. (*Pause.*) I've always made a point of not wasting my life, and every time I come back here I know that all I've done is to waste my life. (*Throws football into chest.*)

HAPPY. (*Awed.*) You're a poet, you know that, Biff? You're a... you're an idealist!

BIFF. No, I'm mixed up very bad. (*Closes chest cover.*) Maybe I oughta get married. Maybe I oughta get stuck into something. Maybe that's my trouble. I'm like a boy... I'm not married, I'm not in business, I just... I'm like a boy. Are you content, Hap? (*Sits on chest.*) You're a success, aren't you? Are you content?

HAPPY. Hell, no!

BIFF. Why? You're making money, aren't you?

HAPPY. All I can do now is wait for the merchandise manager to die... And suppose I get to be merchandise manager? He's a good friend of mine, and he just built a terrific estate on Long Island. And he lived there about two months and sold it, and now he's building another one. He can't enjoy it once it's finished. And I know that's just what I would do. I don't know what the hell I'm workin' for. Sometimes I sit in my apartment...all alone. And I think of the rent I'm paying. And it's crazy. But then...it's what I always wanted. My own apartment, a car and plenty of women. And still, goddammit, I'm lonely.

BIFF. (*With enthusiasm.*) Listen, why don't you come out West with me!

HAPPY. You and I, heh?

BIFF. Sure, maybe we could buy a ranch. Raise cattle, use our money. Men built like we are should be working out in the open.

HAPPY. (*Avidly.*) The Loman Brothers, heh?

BIFF. (*With vast affection.*) Sure, we'd be known all over the country!

HAPPY. (*Rises, enthralled.*) That's what I dream about, Biff. Sometimes I want to just rip my clothes off in the middle of the store and outbox that goddam merchandise manager. I mean I can outbox, outrun, and outlift anybody in that store, and I have to take orders from those common, petty sons of bitches till I can't stand it any more.

BIFF. (*Rises.*) I'm tellin' you, kid, if you were with me I'd be happy out there.

HAPPY. (*Enthused.*) See, Biff, everybody around me is so false that I'm constantly lowering my ideals...

BIFF. (*More enthused.*) Baby, together we'd stand up for one another, we'd have someone to trust.

HAPPY. But if I were around you...

BIFF. Hap, the trouble is we weren't brought up to grub for money. I don't know how to do it...

HAPPY. (*Shouts.*) Neither can I!

BIFF. (*Shouts.*) Then let's go!

HAPPY. (*Subdued.*) The only thing is...what can you *make* out there?

BIFF. But look at your friend. Builds an estate and then hasn't the peace of mind to live in it...

HAPPY. Yeah, but when he walks into the store the waves part in front of him. That's fifty-two thousand dollars a year coming through the revolving door, and I got more in my pinky than he's got in his head.

BIFF. Yeah, but... You just said...