

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 kinds a 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 theirself. 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.*)

HAPPY. (*Raises his head.*) Sh! (*Closes eyes, looking front.*)

STANLEY. What?

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

STANLEY. No.

HAPPY. And my eyes are closed?

STANLEY. So what's the...?

HAPPY. Strudel's comin'.

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 or something. (*Lifting Stanley's arm, looking under it, staring directly at her profile.*) Oooooooooo... Stanley!

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

(*Girl removes fur piece.*)

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?