

DEATH OF A SALESMAN
Miss Forsythe, Letta Side

HAPPY

Hello, girls, sit down.

MISS FORSYTHE

I guess we might as well. This is Letta.

BIFF

(Ignoring Willy)

How're ya, miss, sit down. What do you drink?

MISS FORSYTHE

Letta might not be able to stay long.

LETTA

I gotta get up very early tomorrow. I got jury duty. I'm so excited! Were you fellows ever on a jury?

BIFF

No, but I been in front of them!

(The girls laugh.)

This is my father.

LETTA

Isn't he cute? Sit down with us, Pop.

HAPPY

Sit him down, Biff!

BIFF

(Going to him)

Come on, slugger, drink us under the table. To hell with it! Come on, sit down, pal.

(On Biffs last insistence, Willy is about to sit.)

LETTA

I think it's sweet you bring your daddy along.

MISS FORSYTHE

Oh, he isn't really your father!

BIFF

(At left, turning to her resentfully)

Miss Forsythe, you've just seen a prince walk by. A fine, troubled prince. A hardworking, unappreciated prince. A pal, you understand? A good companion. Always for his boys.

LETTA

That's so sweet.

HAPPY

Well, girls, what's the program? We're wasting time. Come on, Biff. Gather round. Where would you like to go?

BIFF

Why don't you do something for him?

HAPPY

Me!

BIFF

Don't you give a damn for him, Hap?

HAPPY

What're you talking about? I'm the one who-

BIFF

I sense it, you don't give a good goddam about him.

(He takes the rolled-up hose from his pocket and puts it on the table in front of Happy.)
Look what I found in the cellar, for Christ's sake. How can you bear to let it go on?

HAPPY

Me? Who goes away? Who runs off and —

BIFF

Yeah, but he doesn't mean anything to you. You could help him — I can't! Don't you understand what I'm talking about? He's going to kill himself, don't you know that?

HAPPY

Don't I know it! Me!

BIFF

Hap, help him! Jesus... help him... Help me, help me, I can't bear to look at his face!
(Ready to weep, Willy hurries out, up right.)

HAPPY

Where are you going?

MISS FORSYTHE

What's he so mad about?

HAPPY

Come on, girls, we'll catch up with him.

MISS FORSYTHE

(As Happy pushes her out)
Say, I don't like that temper of his!

HAPPY

He's just a little overstrung, he'll be all right!

WILLY

(Off left, as The Woman laughs)
Don't answer! Don't answer!

LETTA

Don't you want to tell your father...

HAPPY

No, that's not my father. He's just a guy. Come on, we'll catch Biff, and, honey, we're going to paint this town! Stanley, where's the check! Hey, Stanley!
(They exit.)