

# Death of a Salesman

HAPPY

He's going to get his license taken away if he keeps that up. I'm getting nervous about him, y'know, Biff?

BIFF

His eyes are going.

HAPPY

I've driven with him. He sees all right. He just doesn't keep his mind on it. I drove into the city with him last week. He stops at a green light and then it turns red and he goes.

BIFF

Maybe he's color-blind.

HAPPY

Pop? Why he's got the finest eye for color in the business. You know that.

BIFF

I'm going to sleep.

HAPPY

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

Remember that big Betsy something -- over on Bushwick Avenue?

HAPPY

With the collie dog!

BIFF

I got you in there, remember?

HAPPY

Yeah, that was my first time -- I think. Boy, there was a pig. 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

I think I got less bashful and you got more so. What happened, Biff? Where's the old humor, the old confidence? 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, Biff. He – talks to himself. And you know something? Most of the time he's talking to you. I think the fact that you're not settled, that you're still kind of up in the air...

BIFF

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 suffer fifty weeks of the year making phone calls, or selling or buying for the sake of a two-week vacation, when all you really desire is to be outdoors, with your shirt off. And still -- that's how you build a future.

HAPPY

Well, you really enjoy it on a farm? Are you content out there?

BIFF

Hap, I've had twenty or thirty different kinds of jobs since I left home, and it always turns out the same. 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 whenever spring comes to where I am, I suddenly get the feeling, my God, I'm not gettin' anywhere! What the hell am I doing, playing around with horses, twenty eight dollars a week! I'm thirty four years old, I oughta be makin' my future. 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.

HAPPY

You're a poet, you know that, Biff? You're a -- you're an idealist!

BIFF

No, I'm mixed up very bad. 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? 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

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 muscles. Men built like we are should be working out in the open.

HAPPY

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!

BIFF

Baby, together we'd stand up for one another, we'd have someone to trust.

HAPPY

See, Biff, everybody around me is so false that I'm constantly lowering my ideals...

BIFF

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

HAPPY

Neither can I!

BIFF

Then let's go!

HAPPY

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 finger than he's got in his head.

BIFF

Yeah, but you just said...

HAPPY

I gotta show some of those pompous, self-important executives over there that Hap Loman can make the grade. I want to walk into the store the way he walks in. Then I'll go with you, Biff. We'll be together yet, I swear.