

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: Yeah...lotta dreams and plans.

Happy: About five hundred women would like to know what was said in this room!

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?

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: Oh, I still am, Biff...

Biff: Oh, go on!

Happy: I just control it, that's all. I think I got less bashful and you got more so. What happened, Biff? Where's the old humor, the old confidence? (*beat.*) 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: 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 on 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: What do you mean?

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 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: 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. And whenever spring comes to where I am, I suddenly get the feeling—My God, I'm not getting' 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. That's when I come running home. And now—I get here, and I don't know what to do with myself. 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, huh?

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: The Loman Brothers, heh?

Biff: Sure, we'd be known all over the counties!

Happy: That's what I dream about, Biff. Sometimes I just want to rip my clothes off in the middle of the store and outbox that goddamn merchandise manager. I mean I can outbox, outrun, 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: 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 right through the revolving door, and I got more in my pinky 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. But take those two creatures we had tonight. Now weren't they gorgeous?

Biff: Yeah, yeah, most gorgeous I've had in years.