

Death of a salesman dialogue order

Literature



Stanley is polishing glasses. He looks up as happy enters, stage right. He puts a glass in its place as happy takes a seat at the bar:

Stanley: Hey Mr. Loman. Long time no see. How ya been?

Happy: I'm good. Working hard. Scotch; make it a double.

Stanley: Comin' right up.

Stanley turns to get a glass and places it on the bar counter and pours the scotch:

Stanley: How's the family?

Happy: snatches the glass from the bar and drinks: Fine.

Stanley: How's your brother? Haven't seen him around here, lately either.

Happy: sipping: Good. He's gone. Went back to work at that ranch in Texas.

Stanley: Gone to Texas? I thought your father got him a job selling sporting goods?

Happy: shakes his head: Naw, He walked out on it. Left me the fountain pen. I took the job instead.

Stanley: Really?

Happy: he chuckles: Yeah. The guy liked my Florida idea.

Stanley: Your father must be happy. At least one son is following in his footsteps, so to speak.

Happy: stops and stares at Stanley: Yeah.

Stanley: How's Mr. Loman, Senior? He on the road?

Happy: drinks content whole: More please.

Stanley: goes on talking as he pours: Yup. Must be tough on your mother with him being on the road all the time. I don't know how she copes all these years.

Happy: whispers: She copes.

Stanley: What?

Happy: drinks: Nothing.

Stanley: Stanley laughs: Yeah, well. Your mother I'm sure is always happy when your father finally comes home from the road. Happy: stops Stanley with a gesture: Not this time, Stanley.

Stanley: What?

Happy: lifts his eyes to meet Stanley's: He's never coming home to ma again, Stanley. He's dead.

Stanley: his smile fades and he stares at Happy: I'm so sorry. When it happen?

Happy: sighs: About three weeks ago.

Stanley: strangely unnerved: What did it?

Happy: looks up to meet Stanley's eyes: He drove off one night and crashed his car.

Stanley: Accident? Happy: Looked like one at first, but then it began to seem like it may have been on purpose. That's what the cops told me and Biff anyway.

Stanley: stares at Happy: What do you think it was?

Happy: shrugs: I don't know Stanley. I wasn't there.

A silence fell between the two men:

Stanley: You know Mr. Lowman, I didn't want to say anything before but...

Happy: looks up and frowns at Stanley: What?

Stanley: Your father was acting weird the night you and your brother had that big party here.

Happy: frowns and shakes his head: Yeah. Like how?

Stanley: shrugs: I donno. He was talkin' to himself and then he started screamin." And then he fell out his chair. I helped get him back to his chair but he refused and just ran out still screamin' at nobody. I don't know what happened after that. I let him go, knowing he'd catch up with the two of you, outside.

Happy: nodding: I found him standing in front of this place in the cold without his coat. I called out his name, but he didn't answer me at first. He kept calling me Biff. I told him " It's Happy pop, not Biff, but he kept callin' me Biff so I gave him my coat and we went home.

The two men nodded their heads.

Stanley: How's your mother holding up? You're still living there, right?

Happy: sighs: Yeah. Be there a while. Keeping mama, company. She's ok. She cleans the house now. Stays up practically all night doing it. chuckles: I

help her clean everyday after work and the weekends. We both don't sleep much, anymore.

Stanley: smiles: You're a good son, Mr. Loman.

Happy: chuckles and shrugs: Yeah. Well.

Stanley: How's your brother dealing with it?

Happy: Before leaving for Texas, he told me he was going to miss the old man; that pop finally found a way to escape before they could really talk and that pop never listened to him, anyway. He wanted to leave after the funeral, but stayed a while longer for ma's sake.

Stanley: frowns: He wanted to leave after the funeral?

Happy: Yeah. He was angry and wanted to get away from the lying, hypocrisy that was pop as fast he could.

Stanley: Sounds like they didn't get along.

Happy: shakes his head: No not really. They were great pals when we were younger. It's just when Biff got older is when they grew apart.

Stanley: Yeah. He was always telling me " Watch out for that kid. He's going to be magnificent."

Happy: nodding his head: Yeah, pop had his big dreams for Biff, but Biff had other dreams. Realistic ones, he'll say. He never swallowed pops " You are going to be the greatest speech" he's heard since we were boys.

Stanley: chuckles: He gave you boys the same speech?

Happy: Biff got the whole speech, while I got the second hand version.

Chuckles: Yeah. He wanted more from Biff; he wanted him to be like a god.

Stanley: That's a tall order for any boy to live up to.

Happy: I donno. I listened to everything pop told Biff as if he was talking to me and I followed through. I took Biff's job and now I am top seller at the store. Its just Biff rejected the things Pop wanted for him and went down his own path.

Stanley: I'm sure he's looking down from heaven now and is very proud of the both of you.

Happy: nods: I'm hope so. Biff and pop were different types of people. I guess I understood him better.

Stanley: And Biff didn't.

Happy: nods his head: He told me that I now could have pop's dreams; he never wanted it anyway, because he knew who he was.

Stanley takes the half finished scotch bottle and pours it into Happy's empty glass; he then pours one for himself and places the bottle of scotch at his elbow.

Stanley: lifts glass: Here's to Willy Loman and his son's. May they all be happy at whatever they do.

Happy: smile and lifts glass: To you pop. I hope you're happy now in Heaven.
the glasses clink and they both drink:

The two swallow the contents in one gulp and moan at the taste.

Stanley: reaching for the bottle again: Let's have another.

Happy: lifts himself up from the stool: No more for me Stanley. It's getting dark. I got to go home before ma worries. She wants me to help her plant some carrots in the garden before supper.

Stanley: pours himself one: Ok. Mr. Loman. Have a good night. Say hi to your mother for me.

Happy: walks to the door and turns he smiles: Will do. Hey thanks for listening.

Stanley: smiles: Anytime. Your pop was a good man. We here at the bar are going to miss him.

Happy nods and goes out the door as daylight begins to fade.

End. Curtain falls.