

RS#10 Happy, Linda, Biff

Start



HAPPY. Heh, what're you doing up? *(She says nothing, but moves toward Biff implacably.)* Where's Pop? Is he sleeping?

LINDA. Where were you?

HAPPY. *(Trying to laugh it off, crosses L. to her.)* We met two girls, Mom, very fine types... Here, we brought you some flowers... *(Offering them to her.)* Put them in your room, Ma...

(She knocks them to floor at Biff's feet.)

Now what'd you do that for?

(He backs up few steps. She stares at Biff, silent.)

Mom, I want you to have some flowers...

LINDA. *(To Biff, violently cutting Happy off.)* Don't you care whether he lives or dies?

HAPPY. *(Going to stairs.)* Come upstairs, Biff...

BIFF. *(With flare of disgust.)* Leave me alone! *(To Linda.)* What do you mean, lives or dies? Nobody's dying around here, pal.

LINDA. Get out of my sight! Get out of here!

BIFF. I wanna see the boss.

LINDA. You're not going near him!

BIFF. Where is he?

(He moves into the master bedroom sharply and then into bathroom.)

LINDA. *(Shouting after him.)* You invite him for dinner. He looks forward to it all day...and then you desert him there? There's no stranger you'd do that to!

HAPPY. Listen, when I desert him I hope I don't outlive the day!

LINDA. Get out of here!

HAPPY. Now look, Mom...

LINDA. Did you have to go to women tonight? You and your lousy rotten whores!

(Biff reenters kitchen. Crosses to R. of table.)

HAPPY. Mom, all we did was follow Biff around— *(Indicating Biff.)* trying to cheer him up! *(To Biff.)* Boy, what a night you gave me!

LINDA. Get out of here, both of you, and don't come back! I don't want you tormenting him any more. Go on now, get your things together. *(To Biff.)* You can sleep in his apartment. *(She starts to pick up flowers, stops herself.)* Pick up this stuff, I'm not your maid any more. Pick it up, you bum, you!

(Happy pushes hat forward over his eyes, turns his back to her in refusal, crosses U. to entrance to bedroom. Biff slowly moves over L. and gets down on his knees, picking up flowers.)

You're a pair of animals! Not one, not another living soul would have had the cruelty to walk out on that man in a restaurant!

BIFF. *(Looking at her.)* Is that what he said?

LINDA. He didn't have to say anything. He was so humiliated he nearly limped when he came in.

HAPPY. But, Mom, he had a great time with us...

BIFF. *(Cutting him off violently.)* Shut up!

(Without another word, Happy goes upstairs. Takes off coat, lies on bed, changes to black tie.)

LINDA. You! You didn't even go in to see if he was all right!?

(With self-loathing, he is still on floor in front of her, flowers in his hand.)

BIFF. No...didn't. Didn't do a damned thing! How do you like that, heh? Left him babbling in a toilet.

LINDA. You louse. You...

BIFF. Right! Now you hit it right on the nose! (*He gets up, throws flowers in wastebasket at R. of refrigerator.*) The scum of the earth, and you're looking at him!

LINDA. Get out of here!

BIFF. I gotta talk to the boss, Mom. Where is he?

LINDA. You're not going near him. Get out of this house!

BIFF. (*With absolute assurance, determination.*) No. We're gonna have an abrupt conversation, him and me...

LINDA. You're not talking to him...

(*Hammering is heard from outside the house, off R. Biff turns toward noise. Linda is suddenly pleading.*) Will you please leave him alone?

BIFF. What's he doing out there?

LINDA. (*Broken-hearted.*) He's planting the garden!

BIFF. Now?!... Oh, my God! ← **End**