

## RS#6 Buff, Linda, Happy

**Start**



BIFF. (*At bottom of stairs.*) What is he doing out there?  
(*Happy comes downstairs.*)

LINDA. (*Crosses, picks up coat.*) Ssh!

BIFF. (*Following after her.*) God Almighty, Mom, how long has he been doing this?

LINDA. (*Sits chair L. of table.*) Don't, he'll hear you.

BIFF. (*Crosses above chair R. of table.*) What the hell is the matter with him?!

LINDA. (*Puts on glasses; irritated at his tone.*) It'll pass by morning.

BIFF. Shouldn't we do anything?

LINDA. (*Sewing lining of coat.*) Oh, my dear, you should do a lot of things, but there's nothing to do, so go to sleep.

HAPPY. (*Crossing L. to refrigerator.*) I never heard him so loud, Mom.

LINDA. Well, come around more often, you'll hear him.

BIFF. Why didn't you ever write me about this, Mom?

LINDA. How could I write to you? For over three months you had no address.

BIFF. (*Leaning across table on coat.*) I was on the move... But you know I thought of you all the time. You know that, don't you, pal?

LINDA. (*Takes his hands off coat.*) I know, dear, I know. (*Sews.*) But he likes to have a letter...just to know that there's still a possibility for better things.

BIFF. (*To Happy.*) He's not like this all the time, is he?

(*Happy nods.*)

LINDA. It's when you come home he's always the worst.

BIFF. When I come home?

LINDA. When you write you're coming he's all smiles, and talks about the future, and...he's just wonderful. And then the closer you seem to come the more shaky he gets, and then...by the time you get here...he's arguing, and he seems angry at you. I think it's just that maybe he can't bring himself to...to open up to you. Why are you so hateful to each other? Why is that?

BIFF. (*Evasively.*) I'm not hateful, Mom...

LINDA. But you no sooner come in the door than you're fighting!

BIFF. (*Appealing to her.*) I don't know why. I mean to change... I'm tryin', Mom, you understand?

LINDA. (*Stops sewing.*) Are you home to stay now?

BIFF. I don't know. I want to look around, see what's doin'...

LINDA. Biff, you can't look around all your life, can you?

BIFF. (*Leans on table.*) I just can't take hold, Mom. I can't take hold of some kind of a life.

LINDA. Biff, a man is not a bird, to come and go with the spring-time...

BIFF. Your hair... (*Touches her hair.*) Your hair got so gray.

LINDA. (*Pushes his hand away, starts sewing.*) Oh, it's been gray since you were in high school. I just stopped dyeing it, that's all.

BIFF. (*Trying to cheer her up.*) Dye it again, will ya? (*Crossing, sits r. of table.*) I don't want my pal looking old. (*Smiling.*)

LINDA. You're such a boy! You think you can go away for a year and... You've got to get it into your head now that one day you'll knock on this door and there'll be strange people here...

BIFF. What are you talking about? You're not even sixty, Mom.


LINDA. But what about your father?

BIFF. (*Lamely.*) Well, I meant him, too.

HAPPY. He admires Pop...

LINDA. Biff, if you don't have any feeling for him then you can't have any feeling for me.

BIFF. (*Leans forward on coat.*) Sure I can, Mom.

LINDA. (*Rises, picks up finished coat, speaks louder.*) No. You can't just come to see me, because I love him. (*Now with a threat, but only a threat, of tears.*) He's the dearest man in the world to me, and I won't have anyone making him feel unwanted, and low and blue. (*Crosses slowly to chair R. and tenderly hangs coat over back of it.*) You've got to make up your mind now, there's no leeway any more—either he's your father and you pay him that respect or else you're not to come here. I know he's not easy to get along with—nobody knows that better than me—but —  **End**