

## RS#7 Willy & Howard

**Start** →

WILLY. I'm definitely going to get one. Because lots of time I'm on the road, and I think to myself, what I must be missing on the radio!

HOWARD. Don't you have a radio in the car?

WILLY. Well, yeah, but whoever thinks of turning it on?

HOWARD. Say, aren't you supposed to be in Boston?

WILLY. (*Gets chair off L., puts it L. end of table.*) That's what I want to talk to you about, Howard. You got a minute?

HOWARD. (*Crosses to above table.*) What happened? What're you doing here?

WILLY. Well...

HOWARD. (*Not concerned with Willy's well-being.*) You didn't crack up again, did you?

WILLY. Oh, no, no...

HOWARD. Geez, you had me worried there for a minute. What's the trouble?

WILLY. (*Sits on chair, puts hat under it.*) Well...tell you the truth, Howard... I've come to the decision that I'd rather not travel any more.

HOWARD. Not travel! Well, what'll you do?

WILLY. (*Definite.*) Remember, Christmas time—when you had the party here? You said you'd try to think of some spot for me here in town.

HOWARD. (*Incredulous.*) With us?

WILLY. Well, sure.

HOWARD. (*Businesslike—drops head.*) Oh, yeah, yeah... I remember. Well... I couldn't think of anything for you, Willy.

WILLY. I tell ya, Howard...the kids are all grown up, y'know... I don't need much any more. If I could take home...well, sixty-five dollars a week, I could swing it.

HOWARD. (*Crosses R. few steps.*) Yeah, but, Willy, see I...

WILLY. I tell ya why, Howard...speaking frankly and between the two of us, y'know?—I'm just a little tired. (*Starting to resent having to grovel.*)

HOWARD. (*Crosses to R. of table.*) Oh, I could understand that, Willy. (*Businesslike.*) But you're a road man, Willy, and we do a road business. (*Willy rises.*) We've only got a half dozen salesmen on the floor here.

WILLY. (*Crosses to above table.*) God knows, Howard, I never asked a favor of any man. But I was with the firm when your father used to carry you in here on his arms...

HOWARD. (*Embarrassed and irritated.*) I know that, Willy, but...

WILLY. Your father came to me the day you were born and asked me what I thought of the name of Howard, may he rest in peace! (*Crosses to L. end of table.*)

HOWARD. I appreciate that, Willy, if I had a spot I'd slam you right in, but I just don't have a single solitary spot. (*Turns, crosses few steps R. Pause.*)

← **End**