

MISS FORSYTHE. (*Stands, looking frightened.*) Well, I'm certainly happy to meet you.

HAPPY. Come back soon.

MISS FORSYTHE. I'll try.

HAPPY. (*An order.*) Don't try, honey, try hard.

(*She picks up handbag, exits. Stanley follows with champagne glass, shaking his head in bewildered admiration. Sits l. of table.*)

Isn't that a shame now? A beautiful girl like that? That's why I can't get married. There's not a good woman in a thousand...

BIFF. Hap, look...

HAPPY. I told you she was on call!

BIFF. Cut it out, will ya? I want to say something to you.

HAPPY. Did you see Oliver?

BIFF. (*With self-hate.*) I saw him all right. Now look, I want to tell Dad a couple of things and I want you to help me.

HAPPY. What? Is he going to back you?

BIFF. Are you crazy? You're out of your goddam head, you know that?

HAPPY. Why? What happened?

BIFF. I did a terrible thing today, Hap. It's been the strangest day I ever went through. I'm all numb, I swear.

HAPPY. You mean he wouldn't see you?

BIFF. Well, I waited six hours for him, see? All day kept sending my name in.

HAPPY. He remembered you, didn't he?

BIFF. (*Stops Happy with a gesture.*) Finally, about five o'clock he comes out, didn't remember who I was or anything... I felt like such an idiot, Hap...

HAPPY. Did you tell him my Florida idea?

BIFF. He walked away. I saw him for one minute.—How the hell did I ever get the idea I was a salesman there? I even believed myself that I'd been a salesman for him! And then he gave me one look and—I realized—we've been talking in a dream for fifteen years... I was a shipping clerk.

BIFF. Is Dad here? (*Sits r. of table.*)

HAPPY. His name is Biff. You might've heard of him? Great football player. (*Biff lights cigarette.*)

MISS FORSYTHE. Really? What team?

HAPPY. Are you familiar with football?

MISS FORSYTHE. No, I'm afraid not.

HAPPY. (*With authority.*) Biff is quarterback with the New York Giants. (*Biff looks at Happy, then at girl.*)

MISS FORSYTHE. Well!—that is nice, isn't it? (*She drinks.*)

HAPPY. Good health.

MISS FORSYTHE. I'm happy to meet you.

HAPPY. That's my name, Hap. It's really Harold, but at West Point they called me Happy.

MISS FORSYTHE. (*Now really impressed.*) Oh... I see. How do you do?

(*She turns, gets cigarette from bag. Stanley crosses between her and Happy and lights her cigarette.*)

BIFF. Isn't Dad coming?

HAPPY. You want her?

BIFF. Oh, I could never make that.

HAPPY. I remember the time that idea would never come into your head... Where's the old confidence, Biff?

BIFF. ...I just saw Oliver...

HAPPY. Wait a minute. I've got to see that old confidence again. Do you want her? She's on call.

BIFF. Oh, no— (*Looks at girl.*)

HAPPY. Watch this... (*Turns to girl; in a certain direct tone.*) Honey? (*She turns to him.*) Are you busy?

MISS FORSYTHE. Well, I am... (*She pauses, he takes a deliberate drag of his cigarette.*) but I could make a phone call.

HAPPY. (*As she takes notebook from handbag.*) Do that, will you, honey? And see if you can get a friend. We'll be here for a while. Biff is one of the greatest football players in the country.

MISS FORSYTHE. I'm expecting someone, but I'd like a...

HAPPY. Why don't you bring her...? Excuse me, miss, do you mind? I sell champagne, and I'd like you to try my brand. Bring her a champagne, Stanley.

*(Stanley puts menu on shelf of girl's table.)*

MISS FORSYTHE. That's awfully nice of you.

HAPPY. Don't mention it. It's all company money.

*(Happy laughs. Stanley laughs. She freezes him with a look. He exits. Happy deliberately knocks cigarettes off his table towards her, says, "Oops," and laughs.)*

MISS FORSYTHE. That's a charming product to be selling, isn't it?

HAPPY. Oh, gets to be like everything else. Selling is selling, y'know.

MISS FORSYTHE. I suppose.

HAPPY. You don't happen to sell, do you?

MISS FORSYTHE. No, I don't sell.

*(He picks up cigarettes and straddles his chair, facing her.)*

HAPPY. Would you object to a compliment from a stranger? *(She looks at him, a little arch.)* You ought to be on a magazine cover.

MISS FORSYTHE. I have been.

*(Stanley comes on with a glass of champagne.)*

HAPPY. What'd I say before, Stanley?—you see?—She's a cover girl.

STANLEY. Huh—oh, yeah, sure, sure. *(Serves her champagne.)*

MISS FORSYTHE. *(Takes drink.)* Thank you.

HAPPY. You know what they say in France, don't you? "Champagne is the drink of the complexion"... H'ya, Biff!

*(Happy rises, steps to above his table. Biff, wearing blue shirt, black tie, single-breasted blue-gray gabardine suit, has entered and crosses D. to R. of R. table. Stanley gets napkin from shelf of L. table, brings it to R. table for Biff.)*

BIFF. Hello, kid, sorry I'm late.

HAPPY. I just got here. Uh, Miss...

MISS FORSYTHE. Forsythe.

HAPPY. Miss Forsythe, this is my brother.