

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 living-room and LINDA follows.)

LINDA (shouting after BIFF): You invite him to dinner. He looks forward to it all day - (BIFF appears in his parents' bedroom looks around, and exits) - and then you desert him there. There's no stranger you'd do that to!

HAPPY: Why? He had a swell time with us. Listen, when I - (LINDA comes back into the kitchen) - 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 re-enters the kitchen.)

HAPPY: Mom, all we did was follow Biff around 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, ge your things together! (To BIFF) You can sleep in his apartment. (She starts to pick up the flowers and stops herself.) Pick up this stuff, I'm not your maid any more, Pick it up, you bum, you!

(HAPPY turns his back to her in refusal. BIFF slowly moves over and gets down on his knees, picking up the flowers.)

LINDA: 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 (not 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.)

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

BIFF (still on the floor in front of LINDA, the flowers in his hand; with self-loathing): 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: Now you hit it on the nose! (He gets up, throws the flowers in the wastebasket.) 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 right. Biff turns toward the noise.)

LINDA (Suddenly pleading): Will you please leave him alone?

BIFF: What's he doing out there?

LINDA: He's planting the garden!

BIFF (quietly): Now? Oh, my God!
(BIFF moves outside, LINDA following. The light dies down on them and comes up on the centre of the apron as WILLY walks into it. He is carrying a flashlight, a hoe, and a handful of seed packets. He raps the top of the hoe sharply to fix it firmly, and then moves to the left, measuring off the distance with his foot. He holds the flashlight to look at the seed packets, reading off the instructions. He is in the blue of night.)

WILLY: Carrots...quarter-inch apart. Rows...one-foot rows. (He measures it off.) One foot. (He puts down a package and measures off.) Beets. (He puts down another package and measures again.) Lettuce. (He reads the package, puts it down.) One foot - (He breaks off as BEN appears at the right and moves slowly down to him.) What a proposition, ts, ts. Terrific, terrific. 'Cause she's suffered, Ben, the woman has suffered. You understand me? A man can't go out the way he came in, Ben, a man has got to add up to something. You can't, you can't - (BEN moves toward him as though to interrupt.) You gotta consider, now. Don't answer so quick. Remember, it's a guaranteed twenty-thousand-dollar proposition. Now look, Ben, I want you to go through the ins and outs of this thing with me. I've got nobody to talk to, Ben and the woman has suffered, you hear me?

BEN (standing still, considering): What's the proposition?

WILLY: It's twenty thousand dollars on the barrelhead. Guaranteed, gilt-edged, you understand?

BEN: You don't want to make a fool of yourself. They might not honour the policy.

WILLY: How can they dare refuse? Didn't I work like a coolie to meet every premium on the nose? And now they don't pay off! Impossible!

BEN: It's called a cowardly thing, William.

WILLY: Why? Does it take more guts to stand here the rest of my life ringing up a zero?

BEN (yielding): That's a point, William, (He moves, thinking, turns.) And twenty thousand - that is something one can feel with the hand, it is there.

WILLY (now assured, with rising power): Oh, Ben, that's the whole beauty of it! I see it like a diamond, shining in the dark, hard and rough, that I can pick up and touch in my hand. Not like - like and appointment! This would not be another damned-fool appointment, Ben, and it changes all the aspects. Because he thinks I'm nothing, see, and so he spites me. But the funeral - (Straightening up) Ben, that funeral will be massive! They'll come from Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire! All the old-timers with the strange licence plates - that boy will be thunder - struck, Ben, because he never realized - I am known, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey - I am known, Ben, and he'll see it with his eyes once and for all. He'll see what I am, Ben! He's in for a shock, that boy!

BEN (coming down to the edge of the garden): He'll call you a coward.

WILLY (suddenly fearful): No, that would be terrible.

BEN: Yes. And a damned fool.

WILLY: No, no, he mustn't, I won't have that! (He is broken and desperate.)

BEN: He'll hate you, William.

(The gay music of the boys is heard.)

WILLY: Oh, Ben, how do we get back to all the great times? Used to be so full of light, and comradeship, the sleigh-riding in winter, and the ruddiness on his cheeks. And always some kind of good news coming up, always something nice coming up ahead. And never even let me carry the valises in the house, and simonizing, simonizing that little red car! Why, why can't I give him something and not have him hate me?

BEN: Let me think about it. (He glances at his watch.) I still have a little time. Remarkable proposition, but you've got to be sure you're not making a fool of yourself.

(BEN drifts off upstage and goes out of sight. BIFF comes down from the left.)

WILLY (suddenly conscious of BIFF, turns and looks up at him, then begins picking up the packages of seeds in confusion): Where the hell is that seed? (Indignantly) You can't see nothing out here! They boxed in the whole goddam neighbourhood!

BIFF: There are people all around here. Don't you realize that?

WILLY: I'm busy. Don't bother me.

BIFF (taking the hoe from WILLY): I'm saying good-bye to you, Pop. (WILLY looks at him, silent, unable to move.) I'm not coming back any more.

WILLY: You're not going to see Oliver tomorrow?

BIFF: I've got no appointment, Dad.

WILLY: He put his arms around you, and you've got no appointment?

BIFF: Pop, get this now, will you? Everytime I've left it's been a fight that sent me out of here. Today I realized something about myself and I tried to explain it to you and I - I think I'm just not smart enough to make any sense out of it for you. To hell with whose fault it is or anything like that. (He takes Willy's arm.) Let's just wrap it up, heh? Come on in, we'll tell Mom. (He gently tries to pull WILLY to left.)

WILLY (frozen, immobile, with guilt in his voice): No, I don't want to see her.

BIFF: Come on: (He pulls again, and WILLY tries to pull away.)

WILLY (highly nervous): No, no, I don't want to see her.

BIFF (tries to look into WILLY's face, as if to find the answer there): Why don't you want to see her?

WILLY (more harshly now): Don't bother me, will you?

BIFF: What do you mean, you don't want to see her? You don't want them calling you yellow, do you? This isn't your fault; it's me, I'm a bum. Now come inside! (Willy strains to get away.) Did you hear what I said to you? (WILLY pulls away and quickly goes by himself into the house BIFF follows.)

LINDA (to WILLY): Did you plant, dear?

BIFF (at the door, to LINDA): All right, we had it out. I'm going and I'm not writing any more.

LINDA (goint to WILLY in the kitchen): I think that's the best way, dear. 'Cause there's no use drawing it out, you'll just never get along.

(WILLY doesn't respond.)

BIFF: People ask where I am and what I'm doing, you don't know, and you don't care. That way it'll be off you mind and you can start brightening up again. All right? That clears it, doesn't it? (WILLY is silent, and BIFF goes to him.) You gonna wish me luck, scout! (He extends his hand) What do you say?

LINDA: Shake his hand, Willy.

WILLY (turning to her, seething with hurt): There's no necessity to mention the pen at all, y'know.

BIFF (gently): I've got no appointment, Dad.

WILLY (erupting fiercely): He put his arm around...?

BIFF: Dad, you're never going to see what I am, so what's the use of arguing? If I strike oil I'll send you a cheque. Meantime forget I'm alive.

WILLY (to LINDA): Spite, see?

BIFF: Shake hands, Dad.

WILLY: Not my hand.

BIFF: I was hoping not to go this way.

WILLY: Well, this is the way you're going. Good-bye.
(BIFF looks at him a moment, then turns sharply and goes to the stairs.)

WILLY (stops him with): May you rot in hell if you leave this house!

BIFF (turning): Exactly what is it that you want from me?

WILLY: I want you to know, on the train, in the mountains, in the valleys, wherever you go, that you cut down your life for spite!

BIFF: No, no.

WILLY: Spite, spite, is the word of your undoing! And when you're down and out, remember what did it. When you're rotting somewhere beside the railroad tracks, remember, and don't you dare blame it on me!

BIFF: I'm not blaming it on you!

WILLY: I won't take the rap for this, you hear?
(HAPPY comes down the stairs and stands on the bottom step, watching.)

BIFF: That's just what I'm telling you!

WILLY (sinking into a chair at the table, with full accusation): You're trying to put a knife in me - don't think I don't know what you're doing!

BIFF: All right, phony! Then let's lay it on the line. (He whips the rubber tube out of his pocket and puts it on the table.)

HAPPY: You crazy -

LINDA: Biff! (She moves to grab the hose, but BIFF holds it down with his hand.)

BIFF: Leave it there! Don't move it!

WILLY (not looking at it): What is that?

BIFF: You know goddam well what that is.

WILLY (caged, wanting to escape): I never saw that.

BIFF: You saw it. The mice didn't bring it into the cellar! What is this supposed to do, make a hero out of you? This supposed to make me sorry for you?

WILLY: Never heard of it.

BIFF: There'll be no pity for you, you hear it? No pity!

WILLY (to LINDA): You hear the spite!

BIFF: No, you're going to hear the truth - what you are and what I am!

LINDA: Stop it!

WILLY: Spite!

HAPPY (Coming down toward BIFF): You cut it now!

BIFF (to HAPPY): The man don't know who we are! The man is gonna know! (To WILLY) We never told the truth for ten minutes in this house!

HAPPY: We always told the truth!

BIFF (turning on him): You big blow, are you the assistant buyer? You're one of the two assistants to the assistant, aren't you?

HAPPY: Well, I'm practically -

BIFF: You're practically full of it! We all are! And I'm through with it. (TO WILLY) Now hear this, Willy, this is me.

WILLY: I know you!

BIFF: You know why I had no address for three months! I stole a suit in Kansas City and I was in jail. (To LINDA, who is sobbing) Stop crying. I'm through with it.
(LINDA turns away from them, her hands covering her face.)

WILLY: I suppose that's my fault!

BIFF: I stole myself out of every good job since high school!

WILLY: And whose fault is that?

BIFF: And I never got anywhere because you blew me so full of hot air I

could never stand taking orders from anybody! That's whose fault it is!

WILLY: I hear that!

LINDA: Don't., Biff!

BIFF: It's goddam time you heard that! I had to be boss big shot in two weeks, and I'm through with it!

WILLY: Then hang yourself! For spite, hang yourself!

BIFF: No! Nobody's hanging himself, Willy! I ran down eleven flights with a pen in my hand today. And suddenly I stopped, you hear me! And in the middle of that office building, do you hear this? I stopped in the middle of that building and I saw - the sky. I saw the things that I love in this world. The work and the food and time to sit and smoke. And I looked at the pen and said to myself, what the hell am I grabbing this for? Why am I trying to become what I don't want to be? What am I doing in an office, making a contemptuous, begging fool of myself, when all I want is out there, waiting for me the minute I say I know who I am! Why can't I say that, Willy? (He tries to make WILLY face him, but WILLY pulls away and moves to the left.)

WILLY (with hatred, threateningly): The door of your life is wide open!

BIFF: Pop! I'm a dime a dozen, and so are you!

WILLY (turning on him now in an uncontrolled outburst): I am not a dime a dozen! I am Willy Loman, and you are Biff Loman!

(BIFF starts for WILLY, but is blocked by HAPPY. In his fury, BIFF seems on the verge of attacking his father.)

BIFF: I am not a leader of men, Willy, and neither are you. You were never anything but a hard-working drummer who landed in the ash-can like all the rest of them! I'm one dollar an hour, Willy! I tried seven states and couldn't raise it. A buck an hour! Do you gather my meaning! I'm not bringing home any prizes any more, and you're going to stop waiting for me to bring them home!

WILLY (directly to BIFF): You vengeful, spiteful mut! (BIFF breaks from HAPPY. WILLY, in fright, starts up the stairs. BIFF grabs him.)

BIFF (at the peak of his fury): Pop, I'm nothing! I'm nothing, Pop, Can't you understand that? There's no spite in it any more. I'm just what I am, that's all.

(BIFF'S fury has spent itself, and he breaks down, sobbing, holding on to WILLY, who dumbly fumbles for BIFF'S face.)

WILLY (astonished): What're you doing? What're you doing?

(To LINDA) Why is he crying?

BIFF (crying, broken): Will you let me go, for Christ's sake? will you take that phony dream and burn it before something happens? (Struggling to contain himself, he pulls away and moves to the stairs.) I'll go in the morning. Put him - put him to bed. (Exhausted, BIFF moves up the stairs to his room.)

WILLY (after a long pause, astonished, elevated): Isn't that - isn't that remarkable? Biff - he likes me!

LINDA: He loves you, Willy!

HAPPY (deeply moved): Always did, Pop.

WILLY: Oh, Biff! (staring wildly) He cried! Cried to me. (He is choking with his love, and now cries out his promise) That boy - that boy is going to be magnificent! (BEN appears in the light just outside the kitchen.)

BEN: Yes, outstanding, with twenty thousand behind him.

LINDA (sensing the racing of his mind, fearfully, carefully): Now come to bed, Willy. It's all Settled now.

WILLY (finding it difficult not to rush out of the house): Yes we'll sleep. Come on. Go to sleep, Hap.

BEN: And it does take a great kind of a man to crack the jungle.

(In accents of dread, BEN's idyllic music starts up.)

HAPPY (his arm around LINDA): I'm getting married, Pop, don't forget it. I'm changing everything. I'm gonna run that department before the year is up. You'll see, Mom. (He kisses her.)

BEN: The jungle is dark but full of diamonds, Willy. (WILLY turns, moves, listening to BEN.)

LINDA: Be good. You're both good boys, just act that way, that's all.

HAPPY: 'Night, Pop. (He goes upstairs.)

LINDA (to WILLY): Come, dear.

BEN (with greater force): One must go in to fetch a diamond out.

WILLY (to LINDA, as he moves slowly along the edge of the kitchen, toward the door): I just want to get settled down, Linda. Let me sit alone for a little.

LINDA (almost uttering her fear): I want you upstairs.

WILLY (taking her in his arms): In a few minutes, Linda. I couldn't sleep right now. Go on, you look awful tired. (He kisses her.)

BEN: Not like an appointment at all. A diamond is rough and hard to the touch.

WILLY: Go no now. I'll be right up.

LINDA: I think this is the only way, Willy.

WILLY: Sure, it's the best thing.

BEN: Best thing!

WILLY: The only way. Everything is gonna be - go on, kid, get to bed. You look so tired.

LINDA: Come right up.

WILLY: Two minutes.

(LINDA goes into the living-room, then reappears in her bedroom. WILLY moves just outside the kitchen door.)

WILLY: Loves me. (Wonderingly) Always loves me. Isn't that a remarkable thing? Ben, he'll worship me for it!

BEN (with promise): It's dark there, but full of diamonds.

WILLY: Can you imagine that magnificence with twenty thousand dollars in his pocket?

LINDA (calling from her room): Willy! Come up!

WILLY (calling into the kitchen): Yes! Yes. Coming! It's very smart, you realize that, don't you, sweetheart? Even Ben sees it. I gotta go, baby. 'Bye! 'Bye! (Going over to BEN, almost dancing) Imagine? When the mail comes he'll be ahead of Bernard again!

BEN: A perfect proposition all around.

WILLY: Did you see how he cried to me? Oh, if I could kiss him, Ben!

BEN: Time, William, time!

WILLY: Oh, Ben, I always knew one way or another we were gonna make it, Biff and I!

BEN (looking at his watch): The boat. We'll be late. (He moves slowly off into the darkness.)

WILLY (elegiacally, turning to the house): Now when you kick off, boy, I want a seventy-yard boot, and get right down the field under the ball, and when you hit, hit low and hit hard, because it's important, boy. (He swings around and

faces the audience.) There's all kinds of important people in the stands, and the first thing you know..... (Suddenly realizing he is alone) Ben! Ben, where do I....? (He makes a sudden movement of search.) Ben, how do I....?

LINDA (calling): Willy, you coming up?

WILLY (uttering a gasp of fear, whirling about as if to quiet her): Sh! (He turns around as if to find his way; sounds, faces, voices, seem to be swarming in upon him and he flicks at them, crying, 'Sh! Sh! Suddenly music, faint and high, stops him. It rises in intensity, almost to an unbearable scream. He goes up and down on his toes, and rushes off around the house.) Shhh!

LINDA: Willy?

(There is no answer. LINDA waits. BIFF gets up off his bed. He is still in his clothes. HAPPY sits up. BIFF stands listening.)

LINDA (with real fear): Willy, answer me! Willy!

(There is the sound of a car starting and moving away at full speed).

LINDA: No!

BIFF (rushing down the stairs): Pop!

(As the car speeds off, the music crashes down in a frenzy of sound, which becomes the soft pulsation of a single' cello string. BIFF slowly returns to his bedroom. He and Happy gravely don their jackets. LINDA slowly walks out of her room. The music has developed into a dead march. The leaves of day are appearing over everything. CHARLEY and BERNARD, sombrely dressed, appear and knock on the kitchen door. BIFF and HAPPY slowly descend the stairs to the kitchen as CHARLEY and BERNARD enter. All stop a moment when LINDA, in clothes of mourning, bearing a little bunch of roses, comes through the draped doorway into the kitchen. She goes to CHARLEY and takes his arm. Now all move toward the audience, through the wall-line of the kitchen. At the limit of the apron, LINDA lays down the flowers, kneels, and sits back on her heels. All stare down at the grave.)

REQUIEM

- CHARLEY: It's getting dark, Linda.
(LINDA doesn't react. She stares at the grave.)
- BIFF: How about it, Mom? Better get some rest, heh? They'll be closing the gate soon.
(LINDA makes no move. Pause.)
- HAPPY (deeply angered): He had no right to do that. There was no necessity for it. We would've helped him.
- CHARLEY (grunting): Hmmm.
- BIFF: Come along, Mom.
- LINDA: Why didn't anybody come?
- CHARLEY: It was a very nice funeral.
- LINDA: But where are all the people he knew? Maybe they blame him.
- CHARLEY: Naa. It's rough world, Linda They wouldn't blame him.
- LINDA: I can't understand it. At this time especially. First time in thirty-five years we were just about free and clear. He only needed a little salary. He was even finish with the dentist.
- CHARLEY: No man only needs a little salary.
- LINDA: I can't understand it.
- BIFF: There were a lot of nice days. When he'd come home from a trip; or on Sundays, making the stoop; finishing the cellar; putting on the new porch; when he built the extra bathroom; and put up the garage. You know something, Charley, there's more of him in that front stoop than in all the sales he ever made.
- CHARLEY: Yeah. He was a happy man with a batch of cement.
- LINDA: He was so wonderful with his hands.
- BIFF: He had the wrong dreams. All, all, wrong.
- HAPPY (almost ready to fight BIFF): Don't say that!
- BIFF: He never knew who he was.
- CHARLEY (stopping HAPPY's movement and reply. To BIFF): Nobody dast blame this man. You don't understand; Willy was a salesman. And for a salesman, there is no rock bottom to the life. He don't put a bolt to a nut, he don't tell you the law or give you medicine. He's a man way out there in the blue, riding on a smile and a shoeshine. And when they start not smiling

back - that's an earthquake. And then you get yourself a couple of spots on your hat, and you're finished. Nobody dast blame this man. A salesman is got to dream, boy. It comes with the territory.

BIFF: Charley, the man didn't know who he was.

HAPPY (infuriated): Don't say that!

BIFF: Why don't you come with me, Happy?

Happy: I'm not licked that easily. I'm staying right in this city, and I'm gonna beat this racket! (He looks at BIFF, his chin set.) The Loman Brothers!

BIFF: I know who I am, kid.

HAPPY: All right, boy. I'm gonna show you and everybody else that Willy Loman did not die in vain. He had a good dream. It's the only dream you can have - to come out number-one man. He fought it out here, and this is where I'm gonna win it for him.

BIFF (with a hopeless glance at HAPPY, bends toward his mother): Let's go, Mom.

LINDA: I'll be with you in a minute. Go on, Charley. (He hesitates.) I want to, just for a minute. I never had a chance to say good-bye.

(CHARLEY moves away, followed by HAPPY. BIFF remains a slight distance up and left of LINDA. She sits there, summoning herself. The flute begins, not far away, playing behind her speech.)

LINDA: Forgive me, dear. I can't cry. I don't know what it is, but I can't cry. I don't understand it. Why did you ever do that? Help me, Willy, I can't cry. It seems to me that you're just on another trip. I keep expecting you. Willy, dear, I can't cry. Why did you do it? I search and search and I search, and I can't understand it, Willy. I made the last payment on the house today. Today, dear. And there'll be nobody home. A sob rises in her throat.) We're free and clear. (Sobbing more fully, released) We're free. (BIFF comes slowly toward her.) We're free...We're free... (BIFF lifts her to her feet and moves out up right with her in his arms. LINDA sobs quietly. BERNARD and CHARLEY come together and follow them, followed by HAPPY. Only the music of the flute is left on the darkening stage as over the house the hard towers of the apartment buildings rise into sharp focus.)

แนววิจารณ์

แก่นเรื่อง มิลเลอร์ ต้องการแสดงให้เห็นโลกที่เต็มไปด้วยความคิดผิด ๆ เพราะเป็นโลกของทุนนิยม จึงทำให้คนมีความคิดว่า ความสำเร็จในชีวิตคือความมั่งคั่งทางด้านเงินทอง ซึ่งเป็นผลมาจากความฝันแบบอเมริกัน (American Dream)¹ นั่นเอง เมื่อมนุษย์ไม่สามารถประสบความสำเร็จทางการเงินเขาจึงทีกักเอาว่านั่นคือความล้มเหลวทั้งหมดของชีวิต และเมื่อไม่สามารถตื่นจากความฝันแบบอเมริกันและยอมรับความเป็นจริงในสังคมได้ มนุษย์ก็ไม่สามารถอยู่ในสังคมได้เช่นกัน

โครงเรื่อง วิลลี โลแมน (Willy Loman) เป็นพนักงานขายมีอายุ ผู้ประสบกับความล้มเหลวในชีวิตการดำเนินธุรกิจและลูกชายที่เขารักมากเกลียดเขา เขามีความคิดและความเชื่อว่าความสำเร็จในชีวิตคือการมีเงินทองมากมาย เมื่อเขาล้มเหลวเขาไม่สามารถเผชิญหน้ากับความจริงได้ เขาเฝ้าพรั่าสอนลูกชาย คือ บิฟ (Biff) และแฮปปี้ (Happy) ให้มีความเชื่อเช่นเดียวกับเขาว่า ความสำเร็จในชีวิตเกิดขึ้นได้ถ้าเขาร่ำรวย แต่ลูกชายเขาตระหนักว่าควรต้องรับผิดชอบต่อความล้มเหลวของตัวเอง และยอมรับความล้มเหลวนั้นเพื่อสู้กับชีวิตต่อไป แต่วิลลีไม่เคยตื่นจากความฝันแบบอเมริกันนั้นเลย ในที่สุดเขาจึงฆ่าตัวตาย เพื่อให้ลูกและภรรยาได้เงินประกันชีวิต

ตัวละครเอก

ตัวละครเอกในเรื่อง คือ วิลลี โลแมน และบิฟ

1. วิลลี โลแมน

1.1 เป็นคนมีความฝันแบบอเมริกัน (American Dream) คือปรารถนาที่จะประสบความสำเร็จในชีวิตด้วยอาชีพพนักงานขาย (salesman) โดยคิดที่จะปลูกฝังความคิดให้ลูกชายคนโตของเขา คือ บิฟ ด้วยทั้งที่บิฟชอบทำงานในฟาร์มมากกว่า วิลลีคิดว่าถ้าบิฟทำงานในฟาร์มเขาจะไม่ประสบความสำเร็จในชีวิต แต่ถ้าเป็นนักขายเขาจะมีอนาคตไกล จะเห็นได้จากการสนทนาของวิลลีและลินดาภรรยาของเขา ดังนี้ :-

Willy : How can he find himself on a farm? Is that a life? A farmland? In the beginning, when he was young, I thought, well, a young man, it's good for him to tramp around, take a lot of different jobs. But it's more than ten years now and he has yet to make thirty-five dollars a week!

¹ดูบทที่ 1 หน้า 8

Linda : He's finding himself, Willy.

Willy : Not finding yourself at the age of thirty-four is a disgrace!

Linda : Shh!¹

วิลลี่เห็นว่าอาชีพที่เหมาะสมกับบิลคือนักขาย

Willy, with pity and resolve : I'll see him in the morning; I'll have a nice talk with him. I'll get him a job selling. He could be king in no time. My God! Remember how they used to follow him around in high school? When he smiled at one of them their faces lit up. When he walked down the street.....He loses himself in reminiscences.²

1.2 เขามีอายุ 60 ปี และเหน็ดเหนื่อยกับการเป็นนักขายที่ต้องเดินทางไปต่างจังหวัดเป็นประจำ เขาจึงต้องการประจำในสำนักงานในนิวยอร์ก แต่การขอตำแหน่งในสำนักงานกลับทำให้เขาถูกปลดออกจากบริษัท ทำให้เขาผิดหวังมาก จะเห็นลักษณะของเขาได้จากการบรรยายบุคลิกของเขาในฉากแรกว่า

He is past sixty years of age, dressed quietly. Even as he crosses the stage to the doorway of the house, his exhaustion is apparent.³

เขาเหนื่อยมากจากการเดินทาง และไม่สามารถเดินทางได้ เพราะเขาขับรถไม่ได้ และต้องกลับบ้านทั้ง ๆ ที่เดินทางไปได้เพียงนิดเดียว

Willy : I'm tired to the death. The flute has faded away. He sits on the bed beside her, a little numb. I couldn't make it. I just couldn't make it, Linda.

Linda, very carefully, delicately: Where were you all day? You look terrible.

Willy : I got as far as a little above Yonkers. I stopped for a cup of coffee. Maybe it was the coffee.

Linda : what?

Willy, after a pause : I suddenly couldn't drive any more. The car kept going off onto the shoulder, y' know?

Linda, helpfully : Oh. Maybe it was the steering again. I don't think Angelo know the Studebaker.

¹Death of A Salesman หน้า 11

²Ibid หน้า 11

³Ibid หน้า 8

Willy : No, It's me, it's me. Suddenly I realize I'm goin' sixty miles an hour and I don't remember the last five minutes. I'm I can't seem to--keep my mind to it.¹

เขาหวังว่าสักวันหนึ่งเขาจะมีธุรกิจของเขาเอง โดยไม่ต้องเดินทางอีกต่อไปเห็นได้จากการที่เขาบอกบิลฟ ดังนี้.-

Willy : Don't say? Tell you a secret, boys. Don't breathe it to a soul. Someday I'll have my own business, and I'll never have to leave home any more.²

เมื่อเขาไปพบกับโฮเวิร์ด (Howard) ลูกชายของเพื่อนเขาผู้เป็นเจ้าของบริษัทเพื่อขอตำแหน่งในสำนักงาน แทนการเดินทางไปขายสินค้าในเมืองต่าง ๆ เขาคิดหวังเมื่อถูกปลดออกจากงานเพราะเขาแก่เกินไป

Willy : 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 : 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 : With us?

Willy : Well, sure

แต่โฮเวิร์ดกล่าวว่าบริษัทของเขาไม่มีตำแหน่งว่างให้วิลลีเลย

Howard : I appreciate that, Willy, but there just is no spot here for you. If I had a spot I'd slam you right in, but I just don't have a single solitary spot.³

วิลลีเสียใจมากที่ได้รับ การปฏิเสธ เขาจึงกล่าวว่าการที่เขาตัดสินใจเป็นนักขายก็ เพราะ ได้รับแรงบันดาลใจจากการได้พบกับพนักงานขายมีอายุผู้หนึ่ง ซึ่งยังขายของได้มาก แม้ว่า เขาจะขายโดยการ ใช้โทรศัพท์ติดต่อเท่านั้น และเมื่อเขาสิ้นชีวิตประชาชนและลูกค้าของเขา มาในงานศพเขาอย่างมากมาย

Willy (angrily) : Business is definitely business, but just listen for a minute. You don't understand this. When I was a boy-eighteen, nineteen-I was already on the road. And there was a question in my mind as to whether selling had a future for me. Because in those days I had a

¹Death of A Salesman หน้า 8-9

²Ibid หน้า 23

³Ibid หน้า 61.-62

yearning to go to Alaska. See, there were three gold strikes in one month in Alaska, and I felt like going out. Just for the ride, you might say.

Howard (barely interested) : Don't say.

Willy : Oh, yeah, my father lived many years in Alaska. He was an adventurous man. We've got quite a little streak of self-reliance in our family. I thought I'd go out with my older brother and try to locate him, and maybe settle in the North with the old man. And I was almost decided to go, when I met a salesman in the Parker House. His name was Dave singleman. And he was eighty-four years old, and he'd drummed merchandise in thirty-one states. And old Dave, he'd go up to his room, y'understand, put on his green velvet slippers - I'll never forget - and pick up his phone and call the buyers, and without ever leaving his room, at the age of eight-four, he made his living. And when I saw that, I realized that selling was the greatest career a man could want. 'Cause what could be more satisfying than to be able to go, at the age of eighty-four, into twenty or thirty different cities, and pick up a phone, and be remembered and loved and helped by so many different people? Do you know? When he died - and by the way he died the death of a salesman, in his green velvet slippers in the smoker of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, going into Boston - when he died, hundreds of salesmen and buyers were at his funeral. Things were sad on a lotta trains for months after that. (He stands up. Howard has not looked at him.) In those days there was personality in it, Howard. There was respect, and comradeship, and gratitude in it. Today, it's all cut and dried, and there is no chance for bringing friendship to bear - or personality. You see what I mean? They don't know me any more.¹

1.3 เขามีความเชื่อมั่นว่าบุคลิกเป็นสิ่งสำคัญที่สุดในการประสบความสำเร็จในการเป็นพนักงานขาย วิชาความรู้หรือใบปริญญาไม่ใช่สิ่งจำเป็นเลย ดังนั้นเมื่อเขารู้ว่าบิฟสอบวิชาคณิตศาสตร์ตกเขาจึงไม่รู้สึกว่านั่นคือเรื่องสำคัญ และเขากลับคิดว่าเบอร์นาร์ดเพื่อนของบิฟผู้ซึ่งขยันเรียนจะไม่ประสบความสำเร็จในชีวิตของเขา

Willy : Bernard is not well liked, is he?

Biff : He's liked, but he's not well liked.

Happy : That's right, Pop.

Willy : That's just what I mean. Bernard can get the best marks in school, y'understand, but when he gets out in the business world, y'understand, you are going to be five times ahead of him. That's why I thank Almighty God you're both built like Adonises. Because the man who

¹Death of A Salesman หน้า 63-64

makes an appearance in the business world, the man who creates personal interest, is the man who gets ahead. Be liked and you will never want. You take me, for instance. I never have to wait in line to see a buyer. "Willy Loman is here!" That's all they have to know, and I go right through.¹

1.4 เมื่อเขาไม่สามารถขายสินค้าได้เขาหลอกลินดา และลูก ๆ ว่าเขาได้เงินจากการขายสินค้าแต่ความจริงคือเขาขอยืมเงินจากซาลีเพื่อนของเขาทุกอาทิตย์

Willy : Charley, I'm strapped, I'm strapped. I don't know what to do. I was just fired.

Charley : Howard fired you?

Willy : That snotnose. Imagine that? I named him I named him Howard.

Charley : Willy, when're you gonna realize that them things don't mean anything? You named him Howard, but you can't sell that. The only thing you got in this world is what you can sell. And the funny thing is that you're a salesman, and you don't know that.²

1.5 เนื่องจากความเหงาในการเดินทางห่างภรรยาและลูกทำให้เขามีผู้หญิงอื่นและการที่บีฟค้นพบความจริงข้อนี้ทำให้เขาหมดความศรัทธาในตัววิลลีและไม่ไยดีกับการเรียนอีกต่อไป

Biff : Dad.....

Willy : She's nothing to me, Biff I was lonely, I was terribly lonely.

Biff : You - you gave her Mama's stockings! (His tears break through and he rises to go.)

Willy : (grabbing for Biff) : I gave you an order!

Biff : Don't touch me, you - liar!

Willy : Apologize for that!

Biff : You fake! You phony little fake! You fake! (Overcome, he turns quickly and weeping fully goes out with his suitcase. Willy is left on the floor on his knees.)³

1.6 เมื่อเขาพบว่าบีฟรักเขา เขาจึงตัดสินใจฆ่าตัวตายเพื่อให้บีฟได้เงินประกันชีวิตในการนำไปลงทุนทำธุรกิจของตัวเอง จะเห็นได้จากการสนทนาของเขากับบีฟดังนี้ :-

Willy : Loves me. (Wonderingly) Always loved me. Isn't that a remarkable thing? Ben, he'll worship me for it!

Ben (with promise) : It's dark there, but full of diamonds.

¹Death of A Salesman หน้า 25-26

²Ibid หน้า 76-77

³Ibid หน้า 95

Willy : Can you imagine that magnificence with twenty thousand dollars in his pocket?

Linda (calling from her room) : Willy ! Come up!

Willy (calling into the kitchen) : Yes! Yes. Coming! It's very smart, you realize that, don't you, sweetheart? Even Ben sees it. I gotta go baby. Bye! 'Bye! (Going over to Ben, almost dancing) Imagine! When the mail comes he'll be ahead of Bernard again.¹

2. บิฟ

2.1 เป็นคนหน้าตาดี แต่ไม่ประสบความสำเร็จในชีวิตดังจะเห็นได้จาก องค์ที่ 1 มิลเลอร์ บรรยายภาพว่าบิฟมีความฝันและทะเยอทะยานมากกว่าน้องชายของเขา ดังนี้.-

Biff is two years older than his brother Happy, well built, but in these days bears a worn air and seems less self-assured. He has succeeded less, and his dreams are stronger and less acceptable than Happy's.²

2.2 รู้ตัวเองว่ามีความฝันที่จะประสบความสำเร็จในอาชีพแม้ว่าเขาจะพยายามทำงานหลายอย่างแล้วไม่ประสบความสำเร็จเลย แอปป์น้องชายของเขา กล่าวว่บิฟเป็นคนช่างฝัน ดังนี้ :-

Biff, with rising agitation : Hap, I've had twenty or thirty different kinds of jobs since I left home before the war, and it always turns out the same. I just realized it lately. In Nebraska when I herded cattle, and the Dakotas, and Arizona, and now in Texas. It is why I came home now, I guess, because I realized it.....

And whenever spring comes to where I am, I suddenly get the feeling, my God, I'm not gettin' anywhere! What the hell am I doing, playing around with horses, twenty - eight dollars a week! I'm thirty - four years old, I oughta be makin' my future. That's when I come running home. And now, I get here, and I don't know what to do with myself. After a pause : I've always made a point of not wasting my life, and everytime I come back here I know that all I have done is to waste my live.

Happy : You're a poet, you know that, Biff? You're a - you're an idealist!³

2.3 เขาได้รับอิทธิพลจากบิดาของเขาคือวิลลีว่าทางไปสู่ความสำเร็จคือการเป็นพนักงานขาย แต่เขาชอบทำงานในไร่เขาจึงคิดไปขอยืมเงินจากบิล โอลิเวอร์ ซึ่งเคยชื่นชมเขาในอดีต แต่ต้องผิดหวังเพราะบิลจำเขาไม่ได้

¹ Death of A Salesman หน้า 107

² Ibid หน้า 14

³ Ibid หน้า 16-17

Biff : Remember Bill Oliver?

Happy : Sure, Oliver is very big now. You want to work for him again?

Biff : No, but when I quit he said something to me. He put his arm on my shoulder, and he said, "Biff, if you ever need anything, come to me."

Happy : I remember that. That sounds good.

Biff : I think I'll go to see him. If I could get ten thousand or even seven or eight thousand dollars I could buy a beautiful ranch.

Happy : I bet he'd back you. 'Cause he thought highly of you, Biff. I mean they all do. You're well liked, Biff. That's why I say to come back here, and we both have the apartment. And I'm tellin' you, Biff, any babe you want.....¹

2.4 เขาได้รับความเชื่อแบบผิด ๆ จากวิลลี่ว่าการประสบความสำเร็จไม่จำเป็นต้องเรียนหนังสือมาก เพียงแต่มีบุคลิกดี เมื่อเบอร์นาร์ดมาตามไปเรียนวิชาคณิตศาสตร์วิลลี่จึงไม่สนใจ และเมื่อวิลลี่รู้ว่าบิฟขโมยลูกบอลมาจากร้านที่เขาทำงาน วิลลี่ไม่ได้ตักเตือนบิฟว่าการขโมยเป็นสิ่งไม่ดีทำให้บิฟขโมยปากกาหมึกซึมของบิล โอลิเวอร์ เมื่อเขาไม่สามารถพบบิล

Linda : He's right, Willy, you've gotta_____

Willy, : exploding at her : There's nothing the matter with him! You want him to be a worm like Bernard? He's got spirit, personality-----

Willy : Loaded with it. Loaded! What is he stealing? He's giving it back, isn't he? Why is he stealing? What did I tell him? I never in my life told him anything but decent things.²

บิฟสารภาพกับแฮปปี้ว่า เขาไม่พบบิล เขาจึงขโมยปากกาของบิล

Happy : Why? What happened?

Biff (breathlessly) : I did 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. Even tried to date his secretary so she'd get me to him, but no soap.

¹ Death of A Salesman หน้า 19-20

² Ibid หน้า 31-32

Happy : Because you're not showin' the old confidence, Biff. He remembered you, didn't he?

Biff (stopping 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. I got so mad I could've torn the walls down! 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 what a ridiculous lie my whole life has been. We've been talking in a dream for fifteen years. I was a shipping clerk.

Happy : What'd you do?

Biff (with great tension and wonder) : Well, he left, see. And the secretary went out. I was all alone in the waiting - room. I don't know what came over me, Hap. The next thing I know I'm in his office-panelled walls, everything. I can't explain it. I - Hap, I took his fountain pen!¹

2.5 เขารู้ว่าบิดาของเขาหวังในตัวเขามากกว่าสักวันหนึ่งเขาจะเป็นพนักงานขายผู้ยิ่งใหญ่ แต่เขาเห็นความจริงว่า เขาไม่สามารถเป็นอย่างที่บิดาคิดไว้ และเขาก็กลัวการเผชิญหน้ากับความล้มเหลวในชีวิตโดยบอกความจริงกับวิลลีว่าเขาเคยติดคุก และคงจะไม่สามารถเป็นอย่างที่วิลลีต้องการได้

Biff : You're practically full of it! We all are! And I'm through with it. (to Willy) Now hear this, Willy, this is me.

Willy : I know you!

Biff : You know why I had no address for three months? I stole a suit in Kansas City and I was in jail. (To Linda, who is sobbing) Stop crying. I'm through with it.

บิฟค้นพบว่าเขาต้องการอะไรในชีวิต เขาต้องการทำงานกลางแจ้งในไร้ไม่ใช่เป็นพนักงานขาย

Biff :Why am I trying to become what I don't want to be? What am I doing in an office, making a contemptuous, begging fool of myself, when all I want is out there, waiting for me the minute I say I know who I am! Why can't I say that, Willy? (He tries to make Willy face him, but Willy pulls away and moves to the left.)

Willy (with hatred, threateningly) : The door of your life is wide open!

¹Death of A Salesman หน้า 82

Biff : Pop! I'm a dime a dozen, and so are you!

Willy (turning on him now in an uncontrolled outburst) : I am not a dime a dozen! I am Willy Loman, and you are Biff Loman!

Biff : I am not a leader of men, Willy, and neither are you. You were never anything but a hard-working drummer who landed in the ash-can like all the rest of them! I'm one dollar an hour, Willy! I tried seven states and couldn't raise it. A buck an hour! Do you gather my meaning? I'm not bringing home any prizes any more, and you're going to stop waiting for me to bring them home!

Willy (directly to Biff) : You vengeful, spiteful mut!

Biff (at the peak of his fury) : Pop, I'm nothing! I'm nothing. Pop. Can't you understand that? There's no spite in it any more. I'm just what I am, that's all.¹

แม้ว่าบิฟ จะไม่ประสบความสำเร็จตามที่บิดาของเขาคาดหวัง แต่บิฟแสดงให้เห็นว่า แท้จริงแล้วเขาก็รักวิลลีและต้องการให้วิลลีตื่นจากความฝันมาเผชิญกับความเป็นจริง

Willy (astonished) : What're you doing? What're you doing? (To Linda) Why is he crying?

Biff (crying, broken) : Will you let me go, for Christ's sake? Will you take that phony dream and burn it before something happens?

Willy (after a long pause, astonished, elevated) : Isn't that isn't that remarkable? Biff - he likes me!

Linda : He loves you Willy!

Happy (deeply moved) : Always did, Pop.²

การใช้ภาษา

ภาษาที่ใช้ในบทละครเป็นภาษาพูดที่ไม่คำนึงถึงหลักไวยากรณ์ที่ถูกต้อง เพราะมีเลอว์ต้องการแสดงให้เห็นว่าครอบครัววอลแมน เป็นครอบครัวคนชั้นกลางที่ไม่มีการศึกษามากนัก ตัวละครจึงใช้ภาษาพูดที่สั้นและย่อมาก ตัวอย่างเช่น

ในองก์ที่ 1 ในการสนทนาของวิลลีและลินดา

Willy, after a pause : I suddenly couldn't drive any more. The car kept going off onto the shoulder, y'know?

¹Death of A Salesman หน้า 104-105

²Ibid หน้า 106

หรือ Willy : No, it's me, it's me. Suddenly I realize I'm **goin'** sixty miles and hour and I don't remember the last five minutes.

หรือในการสนทนาของบิฟ และแฮปปี

Biff : Yeah. **Lotta** dreams and plans.

หรือ Biff : I'm thirty - four years old, I oughta be **makin'** my future.

หรือการสนทนาของวิลลีและลินดาในองก์ที่ 2

Willy : Go on, you look **awful** tired.

หรือ Linda : Willy, **you coming up?**

ที่ถูกควรเป็น	y'know?	=	do you know?
	goin'	=	going
	Lotta	=	Lots of
	makin'	=	making
	awful	=	awfully
	you coming up?	=	are you coming up?

เพลง

เพลงเป็นส่วนประกอบที่สำคัญของบทละครเรื่องนี้ จะเห็นได้ว่า ในองก์ที่ 1 เมื่อเปิดฉากจะได้ยินเสียงเพลงจากขลุ่ย และขลุ่ยจะเป็นส่วนประกอบในหลาย ๆ ฉาก เพราะบิดาของวิลลี โสแมนคือคนทำขลุ่ยขาย และเสียงขลุ่ยจะปรากฏเมื่อวิลลีระลึกถึงความหลังเมื่อยามหนุ่มเมื่อพี่ชายของเขาคือเบนชวนไปชุดทองที่อลาสกา แต่เขาไม่ได้ไปเพราะหลงใหลในอาชีพพนักงานขายและมีความตั้งใจจะเป็นพนักงานขายผู้ยิ่งใหญ่ เหมือนกับบิดาของเขาที่มีความสามารถในการขายขลุ่ยนั่นเอง

กิจกรรม

1. ให้นักศึกษา อ่านบทละครเรื่อง Death of A Salesman ทั้งเรื่อง
2. ให้นักศึกษา วิเคราะห์ตัวละครตัวอื่น ๆ ในละครเรื่องนี้ อาทิ แฮปปี ชาร์ลี
3. ให้นักศึกษาอ่านบทละครเรื่องอื่น ๆ ของ อาร์เทอร์ มิลเลอร์ เพื่อเปรียบเทียบแก่นเรื่องว่าเหมือนหรือแตกต่างกันอย่างไร

บทสรุป

บทละครในยุคเศรษฐกิจตกต่ำหลังสงครามโลกครั้งที่ 1 มีการผสมผสานรูปแบบ และเทคนิคหลายอย่างเข้าด้วยกัน เพื่อมุ่งแสดงความจริงโดยมีการรวมเอาลักษณะละครแบบสมจริง มาผสมกับจินตนาการและเทคนิคต่าง ๆ ตามแต่ความต้องการของนักแต่งบทละครแต่ละคน โดยมีแก่นเรื่องที่มุ่งแสดงสภาพชีวิตของคนทั่วไปในสังคมในภาวะเศรษฐกิจตกต่ำว่ามีความยากจน คับแค้นอย่างไร โดยเฉพาะอย่างยิ่งชีวิตของพวกกรรมกร (ในโรงงานอุตสาหกรรม) ที่ถูกเอาเปรียบจากพวกนายทุน รวมทั้งความล้มเหลวในชีวิตอันเกิดมาจากความฝันแบบอเมริกัน (American Dream) ด้วยนั่นเอง

แบบทดสอบ

1. จงอธิบายลักษณะของละครสังคมนิยมแปรรูป

แนวตอบ ละครสังคมนิยมมุ่งเสนอให้ผู้ชมเห็นว่าละครแตกต่างจากชีวิตจริงโดยการนำเอาเทคนิคใหม่ ๆ มาใช้ในการละครและมุ่งแสดงปัจเจกบุคคลใน “ลักษณะ” ต่าง ๆ กัน (อธิบายรายละเอียดดูหัวข้อ ละครสังคมนิยมแปรรูป)

2. นักแต่งบทละครในยุคเศรษฐกิจตกต่ำหลังสงครามโลกครั้งที่ 1 มีใครบ้าง

แนวตอบ เทนเนสซี วิลเลียมส์ อาร์เทอร์ มิลเลอร์

(อธิบายรายละเอียดดูเพิ่มเติมจากหัวข้อ นักแต่งบทละครในยุคเศรษฐกิจตกต่ำหลังสงครามโลกครั้งที่ 1)

3. จงบอกชื่อบทละครที่มีชื่อเสียงของ เทนเนสซี วิลเลียมส์ มาสัก 2 เรื่อง

แนวตอบ A Streetcar Named Desire (1947) Cat On A Hot Tin Roof (1955)

4. จงอธิบายขบวนการล่าคอมมิวนิสต์ว่ามีความสำคัญต่อการเขียนบทละครในยุคนี้อย่างไร

แนวตอบ ขบวนการล่าคอมมิวนิสต์ (The Communist – Hunting Hysteria) เป็นขบวนการที่ก่อตั้งขึ้นโดย นายโจเซฟ แมคคาร์ธี (1908-1957) ซึ่งเป็นวุฒิสมาชิกพรรคต่อต้านคอมมิวนิสต์ โดยกล่าวหาประชาชนในอาชีพต่าง ๆ ว่าเป็นคอมมิวนิสต์ ทำให้นักเขียนชื่อ อาร์เทอร์ มิลเลอร์ แต่งบทละคร เรื่อง The Crucible (1953) โคร่งเรื่องเป็นเรื่องราวของการกล่าวหาว่าประชาชนในอาชีพต่าง ๆ กันเป็นพอมดและทรمانจนตายไป อย่างไรก็ตามขบวนการล่าคอมมิวนิสต์นี้สิ้นสุดลงในปี 1954

5. จงวิจารณ์ตัวละครตัวใดตัวหนึ่งในละครเรื่อง Death of A Salesman โดยยึดแนววิจารณ์ที่ได้ให้ตัวอย่างไว้แล้วคือมีการยกบทเจรจาสนับสนุนความคิดเห็นด้วย

แนวตอบ แฮปปี้ ขอยกตัวอย่างเป็นแนวทาง 2 ข้อ ดังนี้

1. ลักษณะภายนอกเป็นคนหน้าตาดี และไม่ยอมพ่ายแพ้ต่อโชคชะตา สามารถยอมรับความจริงในชีวิตได้ จะเห็นได้จากการบรรยายในองก์ที่ 1

Happy is tall, powerful made. Sexuality is like a visible color on him, or a scent that many women have discovered. He, like his Brother, is lost, but in a different way, for he has never allowed himself to turn his face toward defeat and is thus more confused and hard-skinned, although seemingly more content.

2. แม้ว่าเขาจะมีห้องเช่าอยู่ตามลำพัง มีรถขับ และมีผู้หญิงรุ่มล่อมเขามากมาย แต่เขายังรู้สึกเหงา

Happy: But then, it's what I always wanted. My own apartment, a car, and plenty of women. And still. goddammit, I'm lonely.

เขาไม่สามารถจะแข่งขันเพื่อให้ได้ตำแหน่งสูงขึ้นในบริษัท เขาจึงหาทางออกด้วยการมีความสัมพันธ์กับผู้หญิงที่เป็นคู่หม้ายของเจ้านายหรือหัวหน้าของเขาในบริษัท เพราะนั่นคือสิ่งที่ทำให้เขามีความรู้สึกว่าได้ชนะคู่ต่อสู้ เช่น ในองก์ที่ 1 เมื่อเขาคุยกับบีฟ

Happy: Sure, the guy is in line for the vice-presidency of the store. I don't know what gets into me, maybe I just have an overdeveloped sense of competition or something, but I went and ruined her, and furthermore I can't get rid of her. And he's the third executive. I've done that to. Isn't that a crummy characteristic? And to top it all, I go to their weddings!
