

DEATH OF A COMCAST SALESMAN

Written by

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INT. LOMAN HOUSEHOLD, NIGHT

LIGHTS UP on the cleaned and darkened interior of the Loman Household. It is raining outside. LINDA LOMAN (60s) hums to herself and sweeps the floor.

A car pulls in the driveway, its headlights panning across the room.

The front door opens, and WILLY LOMAN (60s) enters, dressed in a wrinkled suit and tie.

WILLY

Linda. Honey. I'm home.

LINDA

Oh Willy! I've missed you so! Any luck today?

Willy lays out a newspaper on the dinner table and takes a seat.

WILLY

Right I do, Linda. Signed up with a new company and all today. Seems like my luck has finally turned around so.

LINDA

Oh, that's great, Willy! I love you so!

WILLY

That so. You know, I've always wanted to do something with my life, something meaningful, like so. Provide services and such. Well, I think I may have finally found my calling. I start tomorrow.

LINDA

That's great! They've got you working weekends too!

WILLY

Rightly so.

LINDA

What's the name of this company?

WILLY

Comcast.

An uncomfortable silence.

LINDA
Willy, can you say that again?

WILLY
Comcast, spelled with that double C
and singular other letters, like
so.

Linda gets up and washes some dishes. She is nervous.

LINDA
That's... oh, boy... that's
really... wow... great...?

WILLY
Is there something wrong?

LINDA
I've got to go to the bedroom. And
cry for a long time.

Linda exits. The bedroom door slams. Sobs. Willy goes back to
his newspaper.

WILLY
Wonder what's gotten into her.

Headlights pan across the stage. Another car pulls into the
driveway. We hear chatter from outside between Willy's two
sons, BIFF (30s) and HAPPY (20s). The door unlocks and they
enter. Biff is holding some flowers.

WILLY (CONT'D)
Hello!

BIFF
Hello hello hello father! Wonderful
day today! Went down to the beach!
Went down to the other beach! Wow!
Where might mother be? These
flowers are for her.

HAPPY
I'm Happy!

WILLY
She's gone to bed early. She's
having some troubles. I want you
two sons to sit down.

Biff and Happy sit down.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Biff, you know that money I needed from you?

BIFF

You don't need it any more?

WILLY

Even better. I found a job.

Biff and Happy stand up, elated. They hug Willy.

BIFF

Oh! That's wonderful! So that means we're fine, then! Happy, the emotion not my brother, I am! I love you, Dad!

HAPPY

I'm Happy!

WILLY

Yes. It pays a good salary. We are fine, son. This house is once together back again.

BIFF

So what happened? Did Howard give you your job back? Tell us what happened dad!

WILLY

It was real simple. I was walking on the street in the city when a smart man approached me. He was asking if I had any sales qualification, I said yes, and he gave me the position right away! Strange that he didn't ask for any customer service experience.

BIFF

Oh that's wonderful! I better go down to the beach tomorrow and get some flowers for him! What's this company called?

WILLY

Comcast.

Uncomfortable silence. Biff drops the flowers on the floor. Happy sits down, sagging.

BIFF

You said-

WILLY

Comcast. What a pretty name! New company, they are. They can't do anything wrong, can they?

HAPPY

I'm sad.

BIFF

Dad, you asshole! Fuck you! No more flowers for you! Only flowers for mom! We're going to the bedroom to cry!

Biff and Happy exit. The bedroom door closes. Lots of crying.

WILLY

Oh, they never gave flowers to me anyway.

Another car pulls into the driveway.

Enter CHARLEY (60s) and his son BERNARD (20s). Charley holds a large table and sets it down. He sets up some cards on it.

CHARLEY

Salutations and commiserations, old friend! It is me, Charley, your neighbor! I drove right across the street to play cards with you!

BERNARD

Hello again Uncle Willy! We both look up to you and am sorry you have fallen into an economic depression!

WILLY

Greetings, greetings! It is I, Willy Loman, but with greater news than the fact that I am available for poker!

CHARLEY

It's Texas Hold 'Em, but go ahead! What may you have, my greatest and bestest neighbor and adulthood friend!

BERNARD

You're my friend too Uncle Willy!

WILLY

I no longer have to use your house
because we cannot pay our bills!

BERNARD

Oh that's wonderful! But I did
enjoy our time together in the
shower.

WILLY

I did too. Now, I don't know why,
but every time I've told people the
name of this company they've
freaked out and run to the bedroom
to cry!

CHARLEY

Horses and crapshoots! What kind of
nonsense is that! Capitalism is
great, and so is money. Any company
is a friend of mine. Tell me this
name.

WILLY

You promise you won't freak out?

CHARLEY

It is them who are wrong, Willy,
not you. Say this name.

WILLY

Comcast.

Barnard slaps Willy across the face.

CHARLEY

You fucking dickhead!

Charley produces a gun and shoots Willy in the stomach. Willy
goes down, screaming.

WILLY

Ouchies! My tender spot!

BERNARD

I hate you! I'm going to the
bedroom to cry!

CHARLEY

I'm following you too! Nutcase.

BERNARD

Dipshit.

The two exit to the bedroom. Extreme amounts of crying. Willy checks his wound.

WILLY

Well, if I pass now, at least I know that I did everything I could to make my family happy. I died a happy man.

Another car pulls up.

UNCLE BEN (dead) floats through the door.

UNCLE BEN

Willy. I have come to take you to the afterlife, where you can join me. I have longed for this moment longer than you can imagine. We can finally be together.

WILLY

Oh, oh Ben, you have no idea how much I have missed you. I'm sorry we didn't get to spend more time together.

UNCLE BEN

It's okay, because I was in the jungle and by God, I made some money. I hope you made money too. I love money.

WILLY

Yes, and I was about to make even more money, but then I got shot.

UNCLE BEN

You got a job?

WILLY

Right so! And it was a good one as well! But it got me killed, so maybe it wasn't so good after all.

UNCLE BEN

Now, what company may lead people to kill those who work for it?

WILLY

I don't know, but people seem to take offense to the fact that I now work at Comcast.

Uncle Ben utters a demonic phrase and Willy's soul falls through the stage into Hell. The portal closes.

UNCLE BEN

Well then. Off to the bedroom I go.

Uncle Ben exits. The bedroom door opens. Lots of crying. It closes.

A NARRATOR walks onto the stage.

NARRATOR

Nobody went to Willy's funeral. Actually, there wasn't even a funeral. Nobody bothered to even put Willy's body into a casket. His corpse just sort of remained in the living room, rotting and disintegrating. In the morning, Linda and the boys and Charley went down to the beach where they bought several flowers and then went down to the other beach and bought several more flowers and life went on and on like it did before. In a world of beaches and flowers, where does a man like Willy Loman fit in? The answer is that he doesn't. Fuck Comcast. Good night.

The Narrator exits. Lights down.