

WILLY: You wait, kid, before it's all over we're gonna get a little place out in the country, and I'll raise some vegetables, a couple of chickens ...

LINDA: You'll do it yet, dear.

[WILLY walks out of his jacket. LINDA follows him.]

WILLY: And they'll get married, and come for a weekend. I'd build a little guest house. 'Cause I got so many fine tools, all I'd need would be a little lumber and some peace of mind.

LINDA [joyfully]: I sewed the lining ...

WILLY: I could build two guest houses, so they'd both come. Did he decide how much he's going to ask Oliver for?

LINDA [getting him into the jacket]: He didn't mention it, but I imagine ten or fifteen thousand. You going to talk to Howard today?

WILLY: Yeah. I'll put it to him straight and simple. He'll just have to take me off the road.

LINDA: And Willy, don't forget to ask for a little advance, because we've got the insurance premium. It's the grace period now.

WILLY: That's a hundred ... ?

LINDA: A hundred and eight, sixty-eight. Because we're a little short again.

WILLY: Why are we short?

LINDA: Well, you had the motor job on the car ...

WILLY: That goddam Studebaker!

LINDA: And you got one more payment on the refrigerator ...

WILLY: But it just broke again!

LINDA: Well, it's old, dear.

WILLY: I told you we should've bought a well-advertised machine. Charley bought a General Electric and it's twenty years old and it's still good, that son-of-a-bitch.

LINDA: But, Willy -

WILLY: Whoever heard of a Hastings refrigerator? Once in my life I would like to own something outright before it's

broken! I'm always in a race with the junkyard! I just finished paying for the car and it's on its last legs. The refrigerator consumes belts like a goddam maniac. They time those things. They time them so when you finally paid for them, they're used up.

LINDA [buttoning up his jacket as he unbuttons it]: All told, about two hundred dollars would carry us, dear. But that includes the last payment on the mortgage. After this payment, Willy, the house belongs to us.

WILLY: It's twenty-five years!

LINDA: Biff was nine years old when we bought it.

WILLY: Well, that's a great thing. To weather a twenty-five-year mortgage is -

LINDA: It's an accomplishment.

WILLY: All the cement, the lumber, the reconstruction I put in this house! There ain't a crack to be found in it any more.

LINDA: Well, it served its purpose.

WILLY: What purpose? Some stranger'll come along, move in, and that's that. If only Biff would take this house, and raise a family ... [He starts to go.] Good-bye, I'm late.

LINDA [suddenly remembering]: Oh, I forgot! You're supposed to meet them for dinner.

WILLY: Me?

LINDA: At Frank's Chop House on Forty-eighth near Sixth Avenue.

WILLY: Is that so! How about you?

LINDA: No, just the three of you. They're gonna blow you to a big meal!

WILLY: Don't say! Who thought of that?

LINDA: Biff came to me this morning, Willy, and he said, 'Tell Dad, we want to blow him to a big meal.' Be there six o'clock. You and your two boys are going to have dinner.

WILLY: Gee whiz! That's really somethin'. I'm gonna knock Howard for a loop, kid. I'll get an advance, and I'll come home with a New York job. Goddammit, now I'm gonna do it!

WILLY & LINDA

HAPPY: Don't mention it. It's all company money. [*He laughs.*]
 GIRL: That's a charming product to be selling, isn't it?
 HAPPY: Oh, gets to be like everything else. Selling is selling, y'know.
 GIRL: I suppose.
 HAPPY: You don't happen to sell, do you?
 GIRL: No, I don't sell.
 HAPPY: Would you object to a compliment from a stranger? You ought to be on a magazine cover.
 GIRL [*looking at him a little archly*]: I have been.
 [STANLEY comes in with a glass of champagne.]
 HAPPY: What'd I say before, Stanley? You see? She's a cover girl.
 STANLEY: Oh, I could see, I could see.
 HAPPY [*to the GIRL*]: What magazine?
 GIRL: Oh, a lot of them. [*She takes the drink.*] Thank you.
 HAPPY: You know what they say in France, don't you? 'Champagne is the drink of the complexion' - Hya, Biff!
 [BIFF has entered and sits with HAPPY.]
 BIFF: Hello, kid. Sorry I'm late.
 HAPPY: I just got here. Uh, Miss - ?
 GIRL: Forsythe.
 HAPPY: Miss Forsythe, this is my brother.
 BIFF: Is Dad here?
 HAPPY: His name is Biff. You might've heard of him. Great football player.
 GIRL: Really? What team?
 HAPPY: Are you familiar with football?
 GIRL: No, I'm afraid I'm not.
 HAPPY: Biff is quarterback with the New York Giants.
 GIRL: Well, that is nice, isn't it? [*She drinks.*]
 HAPPY: Good health.
 GIRL: I'm happy to meet you.
 HAPPY: That's my name. Hap. It's really Harold, but at West Point they called me Happy.

GIRL [*now really impressed*]: Oh, I see. How do you do? [*She turns her profile.*]
 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. [*He turns to look at the GIRL.*]
 HAPPY: I'm telling you. Watch this. [*Turning to the GIRL*] Honey? [*She turns to him.*] Are you busy?
 GIRL: Well, I am ... but I could make a phone call.
 HAPPY: 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.
 GIRL [*standing up*]: Well, I'm certainly happy to meet you.
 HAPPY: Come back soon.
 GIRL: I'll try.
 HAPPY: Don't try, honey, try hard.
 [*The GIRL exits. STANLEY follows, shaking his head in bewildered admiration.*]
 HAPPY: 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. New York is loaded with them, kid!
 BIFF: Hap, look -
 HAPPY: I told you she was on call!
 BIFF [*strangely unnerved*]: Cut it out, will ya? I want to say something to you.
 HAPPY: Did you see Oliver?
 BIFF: 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?

GIRL | HAPPY | BIFF

BIFF: No, but I been in front of them! [*The girls laugh.*] This is my father.

LETTA: Isn't he cute? Sit down with us, Pop.

HAPPY: Sit him down, Biff!

BIFF [*going to him*]: Come on, slugger, drink us under the table. To hell with it! Come on, sit down, pal.

[*On BIFF's last insistence, WILLY is about to sit.*]

THE WOMAN [*now urgently*]: Willy, are you going to answer the door!

[*The WOMAN's call pulls WILLY back. He starts right, befuddled.*]

BIFF: Hey, where are you going?

WILLY: Open the door.

BIFF: The door?

WILLY: The washroom ... the door ... where's the door?

BIFF [*leading WILLY to the left*]: Just go straight down.

[*WILLY moves left.*]

THE WOMAN: Willy, Willy, are you going to get up, get up, get up, get up?

[*WILLY exits left.*]

LETTA: I think it's sweet you bring your daddy along.

MISS FORSYTHE: Oh, he isn't really your father!

BIFF [*at left, turning to her resentfully*]: Miss Forsythe, you've just seen a prince walk by. A fine, troubled prince. A hard-working, unappreciated prince. A pal, you understand? A good companion. Always for his boys.

LETTA: That's so sweet.

HAPPY: Well, girls, what's the programme? We're wasting time. Come on, Biff. Gather round. Where would you like to go?

BIFF: Why don't you do something for him?

HAPPY: Me!

BIFF: Don't you give a damn for him, Hap?

HAPPY: What're you talking about? I'm the one who -

BIFF: I sense it, you don't give a good goddam about him.

[*He takes the rolled-up hose from his pocket and puts it on the*

table in front of HAPPY.] Look what I found in the cellar, for Christ's sake. How can you bear to let it go on?

HAPPY: Me? Who goes away? Who runs off and -

BIFF: Yeah, but he doesn't mean anything to you. You could help him - I can't. Don't you understand what I'm talking about? He's going to kill himself, don't you know that?

HAPPY: Don't I know it! Me!

BIFF: Hap, help him! Jesus ... help him ... Help me, help me, I can't bear to look at his face! [*Ready to weep; he hurries out, up right.*]

HAPPY [*starting after him*]: Where are you going?

MISS FORSYTHE: What's he so mad about?

HAPPY: Come on, girls, we'll catch up with him.

MISS FORSYTHE [*as HAPPY pushes her out*]: Say, I don't like that temper of his!

HAPPY: He's just a little overstrung, he'll be all right!

WILLY [*off left, as the WOMAN laughs*]: Don't answer! Don't answer!

LETTA: Don't you want to tell your father -

HAPPY: No, that's not my father. He's just a guy. Come on, we'll catch Biff, and, honey, we're going to paint this town! Stanley, where's the check! Hey, Stanley!

[*They exit. STANLEY looks toward left.*]

STANLEY [*calling to HAPPY indignantly*]: Mr Loman! Mr Loman!

[*STANLEY picks up a chair and follows them off. Knocking is heard off left. The WOMAN enters, laughing. WILLY follows her. She is in a black slip; he is buttoning his shirt. Raw, sensuous music accompanies their speech.*]

WILLY: Will you stop laughing? Will you stop?

THE WOMAN: Aren't you going to answer the door? He'll wake the whole hotel.

WILLY: I'm not expecting anybody.

THE WOMAN: Whyn't you have another drink, honey, and stop being so damn self-centred?

LETTA | MISS FORSYTHE | THE WOMAN