

and you don't care. That way it'll be off your mind and you can start brightening up again. All right? That clears it, doesn't it?

*(Willy is silent and Biff goes to him, crossing below table.)*

You gonna wish me luck, scout? *(Extends his hand.)* What do you say?

LINDA. *(Above L. of Willy.)* Shake his hand, Willy.

WILLY. *(Turning to her, seething with hurt.)* There's no necessity to mention the par 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 check, 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... Goodbye.

*(Biff looks at him a moment, then turns sharply and goes toward kitchen door. 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 crosses to R. of table. Linda crosses U. R.)*

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?

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

WILLY. *(Sinking in chair R. of table.)* You're trying to put a knife in me, don't think I don't know what you're doing!

BIFF. *(Crosses to above table.)* All right, phoney! Then let's lay it on the line.

*(He whips rubber tube out of his pocket, puts it on table.)*

~~LINDA. Biff!~~

~~*(She moves to grab hose, but Biff holds it down with his hand.)*~~

~~HAPPY. *(Crosses to L. of Biff.)* You crazy!~~

BIFF. Leave it there! Don't move it! *(Linda above R. of Willy, puts her arms around him.)*

WILLY. *(Doesn't look at it.)* What is that?

BIFF. You know goddamn 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. *(Starts to rise; to Linda.)* You hear the spite!

BIFF. *(Grabs Willy, pushes him down.)* No, you're going to hear the truth, what you are and what I am!

LINDA. Stop it!!

WILLY. Spite!

HAPPY. 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. (*Linda sobs, turns v.s.*) Stop crying. I'm through with it.

(*Linda turns away from them, hands on 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. (*Rises, crosses to D. R. corner of kitchen.*) Then hang yourself; for spite, hang yourself!

BIFF. (*Putting tube in his pocket, crosses D. to L. of Willy.*) 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... I saw...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 building 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 turn Willy to him to face him, but Willy pulls away, crossing below table to L. end of kitchen, with hatred and threat.*)

WILLY. The door of your life is wide open!

BIFF. (*Crosses to R. of table.*) 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 crosses above toward Willy, but Happy grabs him above table.*)

BIFF. 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 am not a leader of men, Willy, and neither are you; you were never anything but a hard-working drummer who landed in the ashcan like all the rest of them! I'm not bringing home any prizes any more and you're going to stop waiting for me to bring them home!

WILLY. (*To his face now.*) You vengeful, spiteful mutt!

(*Biff breaks away from Happy and goes for Willy, who goes to stairs to escape, but Biff grabs him and pulls him around, shaking him.*)

BIFF. (*At the peak of his fury, shaking him.*) 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...

(*His fury has spent itself and he breaks down, sobbing, holding on to Willy, who takes him in his arms, comforting.*)

WILLY. 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 phoney dream and burn it before something happens? (*Struggling to contain himself, he pulls away and moves to stairs.*) I'll go in the morning. Put him...put him to bed...

(*In exhaustion he moves out, upstairs to his room.*)

WILLY. (*Astonished, elevated.*) Isn't that...isn't that remarkable? Biff! He likes me!

~~LINDA. (*Above table.*) He loves you, Willy!~~

~~HAPPY. (*v.s. in kitchen, deeply moved.*) Always did, Pop.~~

~~WILLY. Oh... Biff! (*He is 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 light just outside kitchen at R.*)~~

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

~~(*Music cue no. 15A.*)~~

~~LINDA. (*Senses the racing of his mind—fearfully, carefully.*) Now come to bed, Willy. It's all settled now.~~