

*(He turns around as if to find his way, and moves R. [Music cue no. 16.]*

LINDA. Willy?

*(As music rises, Willy rushes off U. R. Music stops. No answer. She waits. Linda, with real embodied fear.)* Willy answer me! ...Willy!

*([Music cue no. 16A.] There is the sound of a car—car door slams—starting and moving away at full speed. Car rushes away. Loud crash of car.)*

No!!!

*(Linda kneels on bed looking out of window. Happy and Biff rush to head of stairs.)*

HAPPY and BIFF. Pop!

*(As music changes Linda exits. Boys cross to their beds, put on coats with black arm bands. They already have on black ties. Charley and Bernard enter from U. L., cross D. Knock on kitchen door, then they enter. Bernard and Charley are wearing dark blue double-breasted suits, and black ties. Charley enters first, crosses to L. of table. Bernard follows, closes door, crosses to D. L. of kitchen. Happy and Biff come downstairs. Happy crosses to below bathroom door. Biff stays on stairs. Linda enters from bathroom wearing veil, black dress and gloves, and carrying a wreath. She looks at boys, then crosses to Charley. The boys exchange a look. She takes Charley's arm and they all walk forward through kitchen to D. C. Linda moves forward, places wreath D. C. She then sits down C. They all move as she sits. Bernard moves L. and a few feet up, Charley stays just to L. and above Linda. Happy and Biff look at each other, then move. Happy moves to R. of Charley. Biff moves few feet R. and above.)*

## REQUIEM

CHARLEY. It's getting dark, Linda.

*(Linda doesn't react, staring at grave which is D.S. above footlights R. of C.)*

BIFF. How about it, Ma? Better get some rest. They'll be closing the gate soon.

*(But she makes no move.)*

HAPPY. *(As if defending himself against an accusation.)* He had no right to do that. There was no necessity for it. We would've helped him.

CHARLEY. *(Grunting.)* H'mmm.

BIFF. Come along, Mom.

LINDA. *(Pause.)* Why didn't anybody come?

CHARLEY. It was a very nice funeral.

BIFF. *(Crosses D. a step.)* It's almost night, Ma.

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 finished with the dentist.

CHARLEY. *(To Linda.)* No man only needs a little salary.

LINDA. I can't understand it.

BIFF. *(Comforting Linda.)* 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. *(Still dazed.)* He was so wonderful with his hands.

BIFF. He had the wrong dreams. All, all wrong.

HAPPY. Don't say that.

BIFF. He never knew who he was.

HAPPY. That's an insult.

*(Charley grabs his arm, stops him.)*

CHARLEY. Nobody dast blame this man. You don't understand; *(Crosses to Biff.)* 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—boy, 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 never knew who he was.

*(Charley turns away.)*

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. *(Squats L. of Linda.)* Let's go, Mom.

LINDA. I'll be with you in a minute. Go on, Charley. *(He hesitates.)* I want to, just a minute.

*(Charley crosses U. to L. of table that is L. of trellis entrance. Bernard crosses to below table. Happy crosses to above table.)*

I never had a chance to say goodbye.

*(Biff rises, remains a slight distance up and L. of Linda. She sits there, summoning herself.)*

Forgive me, dear. I can't cry. I don't understand it; I can't cry. It seems to me that you're just on another trip. I keep expecting you. Willy, dear, 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.

*([Music cue no. 17.] Now a sob rises in her.)* We're free and clear...

*(Sobbing more fully, released.)* We're free...

*(Biff comes slowly to her L.)* We're free... We're free...

*(Biff lifts her to her feet and moves out up R. with her in his arms quietly sobbing. Bernard and Charley come together and follow them, followed by Happy. Only music of the flute is left on the darkening stage as:)*

## CURTAIN