

a business, a business for the boys. (*Woman is primping, looking front.*) There's so much I want to make for...

WOMAN. Me? You didn't make me, Willy. I picked you.

WILLY. (*Hugs her, pleased.*) You picked me?
(*She is quite proper; his age.*)

WOMAN. I did. I've been sitting at that desk watching all the salesmen go by, day in and day out. But you've got such a sense of humor, and I think you're a wonderful man.

WILLY. (*Behind her.*) Sure, sure... (*His arms encircle her waist; hugs her savagely.*) Why do you have to go now?

WOMAN. It's two o'clock...

WILLY. No, come on in! (*He pulls on her, moving u.s. few steps.*)

WOMAN. My sisters'll be scandalized... When'll you be back?

WILLY. Oh, two weeks about. Will you come up again?

WOMAN. (*Turns in his arms.*) Sure thing. You do make me laugh. It's good for me. (*Kisses him.*)

WILLY. (*Holding her at arm's length.*) You picked me, heh?

WOMAN. Sure. Because you're so sweet. And such a kidder.

WILLY. (*Crossing u. to trellis entrance.*) Well... I'll see you next time I'm in Boston.

WOMAN. I'll put you right through to the buyers.

WILLY. Right. Well...bottoms up! (*Slaps her on rear.*)

WOMAN. You just kill me, Willy... You kill me. And thanks for the stockings. I love a lot of stockings. Well—good night.

WILLY. Good night. And keep your pores open!

WOMAN. Oh, Willy!

(*Music fades out. Woman bursts out laughing and Linda's laughter blends in. Woman disappears into dark. And now from the brightening area at kitchen table. Willy turns and goes to Linda, who is sitting where she was at table, darning pair of silk stockings.*)

LINDA. You are, Willy. The handsomest man. You've got no reason to feel that...

WILLY. (*Puts hand gently over her mouth.*) I'll make it all up to you,

Linda, I'll... (*Puts arm around her, takes her L. hand, which has stocking on it.*)

LINDA. There's nothing to make up, dear, you're doing fine, better than.

WILLY. (*Of her mending.*) What's that?

LINDA. Just mending my stocking, they're so expensive...

WILLY. (*Furious.*) I won't have you mending stockings in this house! Now throw them out!

(*She puts them in her pocket. Bernard enters running from D. L.*)

BERNARD. (*Crossing to below porch, great concern.*) Where is he? If he doesn't study...!

WILLY. (*Crossing to Bernard; with great agitation.*) You'll give him the answers!

BERNARD. I do, but I can't on a Regents; that's a state exam! They're liable to arrest me!

WILLY. (*To Linda.*) Where is he? I'll whip him, I'll whip him!

LINDA. (*Crossing D. to Willy's B, carrying sewing basket.*) And he'd better give back that football, Willy, it's not nice...

WILLY. (*To Bernard.*) Biff! Where is he? (*To Linda.*) Why is he taking everything?...

LINDA. He's too rough with the girls, Willy, all the mothers are afraid of him!

WILLY. I'll whip him...!

BERNARD. He's driving the car without a license!

(*Woman heard laughing L.*)

WILLY. Shut up!

LINDA. All the mothers...

WILLY. Shut up!

BERNARD. (*Backing quietly away and out.*) Mr. Birnbaum says he's stuck up...

WILLY. Get outa here!

BERNARD. If he doesn't buckle down he'll flunk math! (*He is gone off L.*)