

laughing out of the other side of your face. They'll be calling him another Red Grange. Twenty-five thousand a year.

CHARLEY. (*Kidding.*) Is that so?

WILLY. Yeah, that's so.

CHARLEY. Well then, Willy, tell me something.

WILLY. What?

CHARLEY. Who is Red Grange?

WILLY. (*Throws D. hat, puts up fists.*) Put up your hands. Goddam you, put up your hands!

(*Charley ducks under fists, runs off U. L. Willy follows him. Traffic sounds outside.*)

Who the hell do you think you are, better than everybody else? You don't know everything, you big, ignorant, stupid... Put up your hands!

(*Light rises on R. side of the stage, on a small table, where Bernard, now mature, stands D.S. facing front. A hat and pair of tennis rackets on table and an overnight bag beside it. This is heard from behind the house during Jenny's and Bernard's lines:*)

What are you walking away for? Don't walk away! If you're going to say something say it to my face! I know you laugh at me behind my back. You'll laugh out of the other side of your goddam face after this game. Touchdown! Touchdown! Eighty thousand people! Touchdown! Right between the goal posts.

(*Bernard is a quiet, earnest, but self-assured young man. Willy's voice is coming from R. upstage now. Hearing, he listens toward upstage. Now Jenny, his father's secretary, comes in from U. R. Bernard is smoking cigarette. He is wearing dark blue double-breasted worsted suit, blue shirt, red and blue striped tie, black shoes.*)

JENNY. (*Distressed, on entering.*) Say, Bernard, will you go out in the hall and...

BERNARD. (*Crosses U. to L. of table.*) What is that noise? Who is it?

JENNY. Mr. Loman. He just got off the elevator.

BERNARD. Who's he arguing with?

JENNY. Nobody. There's nobody with him. I can't deal with him

any more, and your father gets all upset every time he comes. I've got a lot of typing to do and your father's waiting to sign it. Will you see him?

(*Traffic sounds stop. Jenny backs U. R. few steps. Willy enters from behind house U. R.; Jenny being by this entrance, he sees tennis rackets first, then Jenny.*)

WILLY. (*Gathering his wits.*) Jenny... Jenny... good to see you... How're ya? Workin'?—or still honest?

JENNY. Fine...

BERNARD. (*Jovial.*) Hello, Uncle Willy.

(*Jenny exits U. R.*)

WILLY. (*Almost shocked.*) Bernard! Well, look who's here! (*Comes guiltily to Bernard and warmly shakes his hand.*)

BERNARD. (*Sincere, quiet, modest.*) How are you? Good to see you.

WILLY. What are you doing here?

BERNARD. (*Very friendly.*) Oh, just stopped by to see Pop; get off my feet till my train leaves. I'm going to Washington in a few minutes.

WILLY. Is he in?

BERNARD. Yes, he's in his office with the accountant. (*Crosses to above table, gets chair. Puts it L. of table.*) Sit down.

WILLY. (*Sits.*) What're you going to do in Washington?

BERNARD. (*Off-hand.*) Oh, just a case I've got there, Willy.

WILLY. That so? (*Indicating rackets.*) You going to play tennis there?

BERNARD. I'm staying with a friend who's got a court.

WILLY. Don't say! His own tennis court. Must be fine people, I bet.

BERNARD. (*With interest.*) They are, very nice. Dad tells me Biff's in town.

WILLY. (*Big smile.*) Yeah, Biff's in. Working on a very big deal, Bernard.

BERNARD. (*Offers Willy cigarette.*) What's Biff doing?

WILLY. (*Takes silver case, looks at it, but doesn't take cigarette.*) Well,

he's been doing very big things in the West. But he decided to establish himself here. Very big. Did I hear your wife had a boy? (*Hands case back.*)

BERNARD. (*Proud but not boasting.*) That's right. Our second.

WILLY. Two boys! What do you know?

BERNARD. What kind of a deal has Biff got?

WILLY. Well, Bill Oliver—very big sporting goods man—called him in from the West. Long distance, *carte blanche*, special deliveries. Your friends have their own private tennis court?

BERNARD. You still with the old firm, Willy?

WILLY. (*A pause, then.*) I'm... I'm overjoyed to see how you made the grade, Bernard, overjoyed. (*Bernard looks away.*) It's an encouraging thing to see a young man really...really... Looks very good for Biff... Very... (*He breaks off. Then...*) Bernard... (*He is so full of emotion, he breaks off again.*)

BERNARD. (*Embarrassed for Willy.*) What is it, Willy?

WILLY. (*Small and alone, but intense.*) What...what's the secret?

BERNARD. (*Knowing what Willy means.*) What secret?

WILLY. How...how did you...? Why didn't he ever catch on?

BERNARD. (*Avoiding the issue.*) I wouldn't know that, Willy.

WILLY. (*Confidentially, desperately.*) You were his friend, his boyhood friend— (*Bernard crosses slowly to above table.*) There's something I don't understand about it. His life ended after that Ebbets Field game. From the age of seventeen nothing good ever happened to him.

BERNARD. (*Puts cigarette out in ashtray.*) He never trained himself for anything. (*Crosses to above L. of Willy.*)

WILLY. But he did, he did. After high school he took so many correspondence courses. Radio mechanics; television; God knows what, and never made the slightest mark. (*Touches Bernard's arm.*)

BERNARD. (*Crosses slowly to R. C., takes off his glasses.*) Willy, do you want to talk candidly?

WILLY. (*Rises, crosses, faces Bernard.*) I regard you as a very brilliant man, Bernard, I value your advice.

BERNARD. (*Moves D. R. past Willy, holding up glasses, looking at them.*) Oh, the hell with the advice, Willy! I couldn't advise you. There's just one thing I've always wanted to ask you. When he was supposed to graduate, and the math teacher flunked him...

WILLY. Oh, that son of a bitch ruined his life!

BERNARD. (*A step.*) Willy, all he had to do was go to summer school and make up that subject.

WILLY. That's right, that's right...

BERNARD. Did you tell him not to go to summer school?

WILLY. Me? I ordered him to go!

BERNARD. Then why wouldn't he go?

WILLY. (*Crosses U.*) Why? Why! Bernard, that question has been trailing me like a ghost for the last fifteen years. He flunked the subject, and laid down and died like a hammer hit him!

BERNARD. (*Crosses U. to him.*) Take it easy, kid...

WILLY. Let me talk to you, I got nobody to talk to. Bernard... Bernard, was it my fault? Y'see?—it keeps going around in my mind, maybe I did something to him. I got nothing to give him, you see.

BERNARD. (*Not wanting to talk about it; patting Willy.*) Don't take it so hard.

WILLY. Why did he lay down? What is the story there?—you were his friend?

BERNARD. Willy... I remember, it was June...and our grades came out. And he'd flunked math.

WILLY. ...That son of a bitch...

BERNARD. No, Biff was *ready* to enroll in summer school.

WILLY. (*Incredible.*) He was?

BERNARD. He wasn't beaten by it at all. But then... Willy, he disappeared from the block for almost a month. And I got the idea that—Did he go up to New England to see you? (*Willy stares in silence.*) Willy?

WILLY. (*Now with the strong edge of resentment against Bernard.*) Yeah, he came to Boston. What about it?

BERNARD. (*Crosses to Willy.*) Well, just that when he came back... I'll never forget this...it always mystifies me. Because I'd thought so well of Biff, even though he'd always taken advantage of me. I loved him, Willy, *y'know*? And he came back after that month and took his *sneakers*—remember those sneakers with "University of Virginia" printed on them? He was so proud of those, wore them every day. And he took them down in the cellar...and *burned them* up in the furnace. We had a fist fight; it lasted at least half an hour. Just the two of us, punching each other down the cellar...and crying right through it. ...I've often thought of how strange it was that I knew right then that he'd given up his life. ...What happened in Boston, Willy? (*Willy looks at him as an intruder. Direct:*) I just bring it up because you asked me.

WILLY. (*Angrily.*) Nothing. ... What do you mean, "What happened?" What's that got to do with anything?

BERNARD. Well, don't get sore...

WILLY. What are you trying to do, blame it on me? If a boy lays down is that my fault?

BERNARD. Now, Willy, don't get...

WILLY. Well, don't... don't talk to me that way! What does that mean—"What happened?"

(*Charley enters from U. R. in vest, light-blue shirt, untied bow tie.*)

CHARLEY. (*Crosses to R. of table, picks up bag.*) Hey, you're going to miss that train. (*Waves a bottle of bourbon. Crosses above table, puts bag on chair L. of table. Opens bag, wraps bottle in pajamas. Puts in bag. Zips it shut.*)

BERNARD. Yeah, I'm going. (*Seeing bottle.*) Thanks, Pop. (*Puts on glasses. Picks up his rackets and hat. Puts on hat.*) Goodbye, Willy, and don't worry about it. You know, "If at first you don't succeed..."

WILLY. Yes, I believe in that.

BERNARD. (*Crossing to Willy.*) But sometimes, Willy, it's better for a man just to walk away.

WILLY. Walk away?

BERNARD. That's right.

WILLY. But if you can't walk away?

BERNARD. (*After slight pause; sorry for him.*) I guess that's when it's tough. (*Charley turns around to them with bag.*) Goodbye, Willy.

WILLY. (*Very loving.*) Goodbye, boy.

(*Bernard crosses below table to R. of Charley, takes bag.*)

CHARLEY. (*With arm on Bernard's shoulder.*) How do you like this kid? Gonna argue a case in front of the Supreme Court.

BERNARD. (*Protesting.*) Pop!

WILLY. (*Genuinely shocked, pained, and happy.*) No! The Supreme Court!

BERNARD. I gotta run. Bye, Dad!

CHARLEY. Knock 'em dead, Bernard!

(*Bernard goes off U. R.*)

WILLY. The Supreme Court—and he didn't even mention it.

CHARLEY. (*Not gloating.*) He don't have to—he's gonna *do* it. (*Crossing U. to above chair L. of table.*)

WILLY. (*Crosses slowly to far R.*) And you never told him what to do. Did you? You never took any interest in him.

CHARLEY. (*Takes out his wallet.*) My salvation is that I never took any interest in anything. There's some money, fifty dollars. I got an accountant inside. (*Crosses to above table. He starts to pull some bills out of wallet, but Willy's line stops him.*)

WILLY. Charley, look... (*Crosses U. with difficulty.*) I got my insurance to pay. ...If you can manage it... I need a hundred and ten dollars. (*Charley doesn't reply for a moment—merely stops moving.*) I'd draw it from my bank, but Linda would know, and...

CHARLEY. (*Pulling chair out L. of table.*) Sit down, Willy.

WILLY. (*Moves toward chair L.*) I'm keeping an account of everything, remember.

CHARLEY. Willy...

WILLY. I'll pay every penny back. (*He sits.*)

CHARLEY. Now listen to me, Willy.

WILLY. I want you to know I appreciate...