

CHARLEY. (*Sits on table between chair and table.*) Willy, what're you doin'? What the hell is goin' on in your head?

WILLY. Why, I'm simply...

CHARLEY. I offered you a job. You can make fifty dollars a week... and I won't send you on the road.

WILLY. I've got a job...

CHARLEY. Without pay? What kind of a job is a job without pay? (*Rises, moves to L. of Willy.*) Now look, kid, enough is enough. I'm not a genius but I know when I'm being insulted.

WILLY. Insulted?

CHARLEY. Why don't you want to work for me?

WILLY. What's the matter with you? I've got a job.

CHARLEY. Then what're you walkin' in here every week for?

WILLY. Well, if you don't want me to walk in here...

CHARLEY. I am offering you a job.

WILLY. (*Rises, moves L.*) I don't want your goddam job!

CHARLEY. When the hell are you going to grow up?

WILLY. (*Turns, furious.*) You big ignoramus, if you say that to me again I'll rap you one! I don't care how big you are!

(*Willy moves D. C. He's ready to fight. Pause.*)

CHARLEY. (*Kindly, going to him.*) How much do you need, Willy?

WILLY. I'm strapped, Charley, I'm strapped. I was just fired.

CHARLEY. (*Hating Howard.*) Howard fired you?

WILLY. That snotnose! Imagine that! I named him. I named him Howard.

CHARLEY. (*Hand on Willy's arm.*) Willy...when're you gonna realize that...? You named him Howard, but you can't sell that. The only thing you got in this world is what you can sell. And the funny thing is that you're a salesman, and you don't know that.

WILLY. (*Proud; fumbling.*) I've always tried to think otherwise. I always felt that if a man was impressive, and well liked, that nothing...

CHARLEY. Why must everybody like you? Who liked J. P. Morgan? Was he impressive? In a Turkish bath he looked like a butcher. But

with his pockets on he was very well liked. Now listen, Willy—I know you don't like me—and nobody can say I'm in love with you, but I'll give you a job because...just for the hell of it, put it that way. Now what do you say?

WILLY. I... I just can't work for you, Charley.

CHARLEY. What're you, jealous of me?

WILLY. I can't work for you, that's all, don't ask me why.

CHARLEY. (*Crosses R.; angered, takes out more bills.*) You been jealous of me all your life, you damned fool! (*Crosses back to Willy.*) Here, pay your insurance.

WILLY. I'm keeping strict accounts.

CHARLEY. I've got some work to do. Take care of yourself. (*Gives him bills.*) And pay your insurance. (*Crosses U., puts chair alongside table.*)

WILLY. (*Moving to R.*) Funny, y'know? After all the highways, and the trains and the appointments, and the years, you end up worth more dead than alive.

CHARLEY. Willy...nobody's worth nothin' dead. (*Slight pause, Willy is moving D.S. over R.*) Did you hear what I said? (*Willy crosses U., dreaming.*) Willy!

WILLY. (*Crosses to R. of table.*) Apologize to Bernard for me when you see him. I didn't mean to argue with him...he's a fine boy. They're all fine boys...and they'll end up big...all of them... Some day, they'll all play tennis together. Wish me luck, Charley...he saw Bill Oliver today.

CHARLEY. Good luck.

WILLY. (*On verge of tears.*) Charley...you're the only friend I got... Isn't that a remarkable thing? (*Goes out U. R.*)

CHARLEY. Jesus!

(*Charley stares after him a moment and exits D. R. [Music cue no. 12c.] Stanley, a young waiter, appears from up R., carrying a table. He is wearing tan shirt with brown and green tie, double-breasted brown glen-plaid suit and brown oxfords. He is followed by Happy, who is carrying two chairs. Table which was used as Charley's desk is now used as second table for restaurant scene.*)