

HAPPY. Me? Who goes away? Who runs off and...?  
BIFF. Yeah, but he doesn't mean anything to you—you could help him. I can't! Don't you understand what I'm talking about? He's going to kill himself, don't you know that?  
HAPPY. Don't I know it! Me!  
BIFF. Help him. ... Jesus... help him. ... Help me, help me, I can't bear to look at his face!  
*(Ready to weep, Biff picks up tube, hurries out up R. Stanley enters, crosses above to L. of L. table. Puts chair above it. Puts lamp on shelf of table.)*  
HAPPY. *(Starting after him.)* Where are you going?  
MISS FORSYTHE. What's he so mad about? *(Crosses R.)*  
HAPPY. Come on, girls, we'll catch up with him.  
MISS FORSYTHE. *(As he pushes her out.)* Say, I don't like that temper of his!  
HAPPY. *(Crosses to R. table, gets pen, then U. to exit.)* He's just a little overstrung, he'll be all right!  
WILLY. *(Off L., as Woman laughs.)* Don't answer! Don't answer!  
LETTA. *(At L. of Happy at exit.)* Don't you want to tell your father...?  
HAPPY. *(Pushes Letta out.)* No, that's not my father. He's just a guy... Come on, we'll catch Biff, and, honey, we're going to paint this town! Stanley, where's the check! Hey, Stanley!  
*(They exit. Stanley looks at L., then calls to Happy.)*  
STANLEY. Mr. Loman! Mr. Loman!  
*(He picks up a chair and follows them off. Knocking is heard off L. The Woman laughs off L. [Music cue no. 13.]*  
WILLY. Will you stop laughing? Will you stop?  
*(The Woman enters D. L., crosses to L. C. Willy follows her. She is dressed in a slip.)*  
WOMAN. Aren't you going to answer the door? He'll wake the whole hotel.  
WILLY. I'm not expecting anybody. *(Putting on his vest. His collar is unbuttoned. He is carrying his coat. His tie is untied. Buttons cuffs on shirt.)*

WOMAN. Why'n't you go get yourself another drink, honey, and stop being so damn self-centered?

WILLY. I'm so lonely.

WOMAN. You know you ruined me, Willy? You ruined me! From now on, whenever you come to the office, I'll see that you go right through to the buyers. You ruined me. *(Crosses to him. Hugs him.)*

WILLY. That's nice of you to say that.

WOMAN. Gee, you are self-centered! Why so sad? You are the saddest, self-centeredest soul I ever did see-saw. *(She laughs. Pulls him around and L. by his belt.)* Come on inside, drummer boy. It's silly to be dressing in the middle of the night. *(Knocking is heard.)* Aren't you going to answer the door?

WILLY. They're knocking on the wrong door. It's a mistake.

WOMAN. Then tell him to go away!

WILLY. There's nobody there. *(Knock.)*

WOMAN. It's getting on my nerves. There's somebody standing out there and it's getting on my nerves!

WILLY. *(Pushing her off; worried.)* All right, stay in the bathroom here, and don't come out. I think there's a law in Massachusetts about it, so don't come out. It may be that new room clerk. He looked very mean. So don't come out. It's a mistake.

*(Music fades out. Finally pushes her off L. Knocking is heard. He walks away U. L.)*

Biff...

*(Biff enters past Willy. Biff has on sweater with "S" on it and three-quarter-length raincoat.)*

BIFF. *(Crosses D.)* Why didn't you answer?

WILLY. *(Following him.)* Biff! What are you doing in Boston?

BIFF. *(At L. C., puts small suitcase D.)* Why didn't you answer? I've been knocking for five minutes, I called you on the phone...

WILLY. *(At Biff's L.)* I just heard you. I was in the bathroom and had the door shut. Did anything happen home?

BIFF. Dad... I let you down.

WILLY. What do you mean?

BIFF. Dad...

WILLY. Biffo, what's this about? *(Starts to pick up bag.)* Come on, let's go downstairs and get you a malted...

BIFF. Dad, I flunked math.  
*(Willy stops.)*

WILLY. Not for the term.

BIFF. The term. I haven't got enough credits to graduate.

WILLY. *(Puts bag D.)* You mean to say Bernard wouldn't give you the answers?

BIFF. He did, he tried, but I only got a sixty-one.

WILLY. And they wouldn't give you four points?

BIFF. Birnbaum refused absolutely. I begged him, Pop, but he won't give me those points. You gotta talk to him before they close the school. Because if he saw the kind of man you are, and you just talked to him in your way... I'm sure he'd come through for me. The class came right before practice, see, and I didn't go enough. Would you talk to him? He'd like you, Pop. You know the way you could talk.

WILLY. You're on. We'll drive right back.

BIFF. Oh, Dad, good work! I'm sure he'll change it for you!  
*(Willy picks up suitcase, hands it to Biff. They cross U. to entrance.)*

WILLY. Go downstairs and tell the clerk I'm checkin' out. Go right down.

BIFF. *(Crosses back few steps.)* Yes, sir! See, the reason he hates me, Pop...one day he was late for class so I got up at the blackboard and imitated him... I crossed my eyes and talked with a lithp.

WILLY. *(Laughs.)* You did? The kids like it?

BIFF. They nearly died laughing!

WILLY. Yeah? What'd you do?  
*(Biff crosses back D., puts suitcase D., stands straight.)*

BIFF. The thquare root of thixthy-twee is... *(Willy bursts out laughing, Biff joins him.)* And in the middle of it he walked in!  
*(Willy laughs and Woman joins in, off.)*

WILLY. *(Without hesitation.)* Hurry downstairs and...

BIFF. Somebody in there?

WILLY. No, that was next door... *(Picking up bag, giving it to Biff.)*  
*(The Woman laughs offstage.)*

BIFF. Somebody got in your bathroom!

WILLY. No, it's the next room, there's a party...  
*(The Woman enters laughing, Willy's bathrobe around her shoulders. Crosses to L. of Willy.)*

WOMAN. *(She lisps this.)* Can I come in? There's something in the bathtub, Willy, and it's *moving*.  
*(Willy looks at Biff, who is staring open-mouthed and horrified at Woman.)*

WILLY. *(Closes her bathrobe.)* Ah...you better go back to your room...they must be finished painting by now. They're painting her room so I let her take a shower here. Go back, go back...  
*(Pushing her.)*

WOMAN. *(Resisting.)* But I've got to get dressed, Willy, I can't...

WILLY. Get out of here...go back, go back... *(Suddenly striving for the ordinary.)* This is Miss Francis, Biff, she's a buyer...they're painting her room. ...Go back, Miss Francis, go back...

WOMAN. But my clothes, I can't go out naked in the hall...

WILLY. *(Pushes her off L.)* Get outa here! *(Follows her.)* Go back, go back!

WOMAN. *(Off L.)* Where's my stockings? You promised me stockings, Willy!

WILLY. *(Off.)* I have no stockings here!  
*(Biff crosses D. few steps, sits on suitcase facing front.)*

WOMAN. *(Off.)* You had two boxes of size nine sheers for me and I want them!

WILLY. *(Off.)* Here, for God's sake, will you get outa here!  
*(He hands her a package. She enters, looking at stockings in box, followed by Willy with her clothes.)*

WOMAN. *(Entering.)* You've certainly got your nerve, Willy.

*(Taking her clothes from him.)* I just hope there's nobody in the hall. That's all I hope. *(To Biff.)* Are you football or baseball? *(Touching his hair.)*

BIFF. *(Pulling away.)* Football...

WOMAN. *(Angry, humiliated.)* That's me too. G'night.

*(She walks out U. L. A pause.)*

WILLY. *(Crosses to L. of Biff.)* Well, better get going. I want to get to the school first thing in the morning. Get my suits out of the closet... I'll get my valise... *(Biff hasn't moved.)* What's the matter? *(Biff remains motionless, tears falling.)* She's a buyer. Buyer for J. H. Simmons... She lives down the hall... They're painting... You don't imagine... *(He breaks off. Pause.)* Now listen, pal, she's just a buyer. She sees merchandise in her room and they have to keep it looking just so... *(Pause. He assumes command.)* All right, get my suits. *(Biff doesn't move.)* Now stop crying and do as I say. I gave you an order. Biff, I gave you an order! Is that what you do when I give you an order? How dare you cry! *(Willy puts arm around him.)* Now look, Biff, when you grow up you'll understand about these things. You mustn't...you mustn't overemphasize a thing like this. I'll see Birnbaum first thing in the morning.

BIFF. Never mind.

WILLY. Never mind! He's going to give you those points. I'll see to it.

BIFF. He wouldn't listen to you.

WILLY. He certainly will listen to me. You need those points for the U. of Virginia.

BIFF. I'm not going there.

WILLY. Heh?...if I can't get him to change that mark you'll make it up in summer school. You've got all summer to...

BIFF. *(His weeping breaks from him.)* Dad...

WILLY. *(Infected by it; kneels at L. of Biff.)* Oh, my boy...

BIFF. Dad...

WILLY. *(Hugging Biff.)* She's nothing to me, Biff, I was lonely, I was terribly lonely...

BIFF. You...you gave her Mama's stockings! *(His tears break through.)*

WILLY. *(Grabs him.)* I gave you an order!

BIFF. Don't touch me, you...liar! *(Rises.)*

WILLY. Apologize for that!

BIFF. You fake! You phoney little fake! You fake!

*(Overcome, he turns quickly, and weeping fully, goes out with his valise, U. L. Willy is left on floor on his knees.)*

WILLY. *(Shouting.)* I gave you an order! Biff, come back here or I'll beat you! Come back here! I'll whip you!

~~*(Stanley comes in from R., runs across L. and stands in front of him, Willy shouts at him.)* I gave you an order...~~

~~*(Other Waiter follows Stanley in, stops above R. table, watching.)*~~

~~STANLEY. Hey, let's pick it up, pick it up, Mister Loman. *(He helps him to his feet.)* Your boys left. They said they'll see you home.~~

~~WILLY. But we were supposed to have dinner together.~~

~~STANLEY. *(Helping him on with his coat.)* Can you make it?~~

~~*(Music cue no. 14.)*~~

~~WILLY. I'll...sure, I can make it. *(Suddenly concerned about his clothes.)* Do I... I look all right?~~

~~STANLEY. Sure, you look all right. *(Flicks a speck off his lapel.)*~~

~~WILLY. Here...here's a dollar.~~

~~STANLEY. Oh, your son paid me, it's all right.~~

~~WILLY. *(Putting it in his hand.)* No, take it. You're a good boy.~~

~~STANLEY. Ah, no, you don't have to...~~

~~WILLY. Here...here's some more. I don't need it any more. *(Crosses R. past Stanley.)*~~

~~*(Slight pause. Stanley follows, puts money in Willy's pocket.)*~~

~~Tell me...is there a seed store in the neighborhood?~~

~~STANLEY. Seeds? You mean like to plant?~~

~~WILLY. *(At R. c.)* Yes. Carrots, peas...~~

~~*(Other Waiter picks up Willy's hat from under chair.)*~~

~~STANLEY. Well, there's hardware stores on Sixth Avenue, but it may be too late now.~~