

WILLY. Knocked 'em cold in Providence, slaughtered them in Boston.

*(Happy lies on his back, doing bicycle exercises.)*

HAPPY. I'm losing weight, you notice, Pop?

*(Linda enters from behind house U. L., a rayon-cotton rose-print housedress and apron on, a ribbon in her hair, carrying a basket of washing.)*

LINDA. *(With great energy, youth.)* Hello, dear! *(Crossing D. to L. c.)*

WILLY. *(Crossing to R. c.)* Sweetheart!!

LINDA. How'd the Chevy run?

WILLY. Chevrolet, Linda, is the greatest car ever built. Marvelous. *(To boys.)* Since when do you let your mother carry wash up the stairs?

BIFF. Grab hold there, boy! *(Hits Happy on the rear.)*

HAPPY. Where to, Mom? *(Takes basket, picks up punching bag as he runs L., crosses to below porch outside kitchen door L.)*

LINDA. Hang them up on the line. *(Crossing R. to Willy.)* And you better go down to your friends, Biff. The cellar is full of boys, they don't know what to do with themselves.

BIFF. Ah, when Pop comes home they can wait!

*(Willy laughs appreciatively.)*

WILLY. You better go down and tell them what to do, Biff.

BIFF. I think I'll have them sweep out the furnace room...?

WILLY. Good work, Biff.

BIFF. *(Goes directly into kitchen and calls U.S.)* Hellas! Everybody sweep out the furnace room! I'll be right down!

VOICES. *(Off U. L.)* "All right!" "Okay, Biff."

BIFF. George and Sam and Frank, come out back, we're rangin' up the wash! Come on, Hap, on the double!

*(Biff crosses D., lies up behind Happy. Both say "Hup, Hup" as Happy, carrying out basket, and Biff, carrying football, run out up behind house.)*

LINDA. *(Crossing L., looking after them.)* The way they obey him!

WILLY. Well, that's training, the training. I'm tellin' you I was sellin' thousands and thousands, but I had to come home.

*(Linda crosses R. to him. He picks her up, hugs her.)*

LINDA. Oh, the whole block'll be at that game. Did you sell anything?

WILLY. *(Puts her down, crosses D. R.)* I did five hundred gross in Providence and seven hundred gross in Boston.

LINDA. No! Wait a minute, I've got a pencil. *(Crosses after him. She pulls pencil and paper out of apron pocket.)* That makes your commission... *(Figures on his L. arm.)* Two hundred... My God! Two hundred and twelve dollars!

WILLY. *(Shaking her off arm.)* Well, I didn't figure it yet, but...

LINDA. *(Kindly.)* How much did you do?

WILLY. Well, I...I did...about a hundred and eighty gross in Providence. Well, no...it came to...roughly two hundred gross in the whole trip.

LINDA. *(Without hesitation.)* Two hundred gross...that's... *(She figures.)*

WILLY. *(Embattled, crosses to c.)* The trouble was that three of the stores were half closed for inventory in Boston. Otherwise I woulda broke records...

LINDA. Well, it makes seventy dollars and some pennies. That's very good. *(Crosses L. to him.)*

WILLY. *(Blaming her.)* What do we owe?

LINDA. *(As Willy crosses L.)* Well...on the first there's sixteen dollars on the refrigerator...

WILLY. Why sixteen? *(Turns.)*

LINDA. *(Apologizing.)* Well, the fan belt broke, so it was a dollar eighty.

WILLY. But it's brand new.

LINDA. Well, the man said that's the way it is; till they work themselves in, y'know.

WILLY. *(Crossing U. into kitchen, goes L. of table.)* I hope we didn't get stuck on that machine.

LINDA. (*Crossing U. to R. of table.*) They got the biggest ads of any of them.

WILLY. I know, it's a fine machine. What else? (*Crosses out of kitchen.*)

LINDA. (*Crossing to below chair R. of table.*) Well...there's nine sixty for the washing machine; then the roof, you got twenty-one dollars remaining...

WILLY. It don't leak, does it?

LINDA. (*Still figuring on pad.*) No, they did a wonderful job. Then you owe Frank for the carburetor.

WILLY. (*Crossing to just past Linda.*) I'm not going to pay that man! That goddam Chevrolet, they ought to prohibit the manufacture of that car!

LINDA. (*Not sad.*) Well, you owe him three and a half. (*Crossing to behind Willy, staying in kitchen.*) And odds and ends, comes to around a hundred and twenty dollars by the fifteenth. (*Hugs him.*)

WILLY. A hundred and twenty dollars! My God, if business don't pick up I don't know what I'm gonna do.

LINDA. Well, next week you'll do better.

WILLY. Oh, I'll knock 'em dead next week. I'll go to Hartford. I'm very well liked in Hartford. You know the trouble is, Linda... People don't seem to take to me.

LINDA. Oh, don't be foolish.

WILLY. I know it when I walk in. They seem to laugh at me.

LINDA. (*Crossing to refrigerator, puts pad and pencil in apron pocket, gets stockings from sewing basket.*) Why? Why would they laugh at you? Don't talk that way, Willy.

WILLY. (*Crosses D. R.*) I don't know the reason for it, but they just pass me by. I'm not noticed.

LINDA. (*Looking at stockings; cheerfully.*) But you're doin' wonderful, dear. You're making seventy to a hundred dollars a week.

WILLY. (*Talking more to himself than to her.*) But I gotta be at it ten, twelve hours a day. Other men... I don't know...they do it easier. I don't know why... I can't stop myself. ...I talk too much. A man oughta come in with a few words. One thing about Charley. He's a man of few words, and they respect him.

LINDA. You don't talk too much, you're just lively...

WILLY. (*To her; smiles.*) Well, I figure, what the hell, life is short, a couple of jokes. (*To himself.*) I joke too much! (*The smile goes.*)

LINDA. Why? You're...

WILLY. (*Facing front, talking to himself.*) I'm fat. I'm very...foolish to look at, Linda. I didn't tell you, but Christmas time, I happened to be calling on F. H. Stewart's, and a salesman I know...as I was going in to see the buyer I heard him say something about...walrus. And I... I cracked him right across the face. I won't take that. I simply will not take that. But they do laugh at me... I know that...

LINDA. Darling...

WILLY. I gotta overcome it. I know I gotta overcome it. I'm not dressing to advantage, maybe...

LINDA. (*Crossing D., bringing stockings and sewing basket, sits L. of table.*) Willy, darling... You're the handsomest man in the world. (*Laughs lightly.*)

(*The Woman laughs as she enters L., behind and to R. of clothes hook as indicated on stage plan. Crosses D. to R. of second portal toward kitchen door. Takes jacket and hat from hook on portal and puts them on. The Woman is invisible to Linda.*)

WILLY. Ah, no, Linda.

LINDA. To me you are. (*Slight pause.*) The handsomest.

(*[Music cue no. 5.] Linda and Woman laugh together again.*)

And the boys, Willy, few men are idolized by their children the way you are... (*Puts on glasses, mends stockings.*)

WILLY. (*With great feeling; crosses L. slowly, straight across stage.*) You're the best there is, Linda, you're a pal, you know that? On the road...on the road I want to grab you sometimes and just kiss the life outa you...

(*Woman crosses to D. L. The laughter is loud and Willy moves into a brightening area where Woman is standing, putting on her scarf, looking front and laughing softly.*)

(*Crossing slowly to her.*) 'Cause I get so lonely...especially when business is bad and there's nobody to talk to. I get the feeling that I'll never sell anything again, that I won't make a living for you, or