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Callback Sides by Character

Willy – 1, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 26, 30, 32, 33, 34, 36, 37

Linda – 1, 7, 11, 12, 15, 16, 35, 37

Biff – 2, 3, 5, 11, 13, 14, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 35, 37

Happy – 3, 4, 5, 13, 14, 27, 28, 29, 31, 35

Charley – 9, 23, 26, 38

Ben – 10, 21, 36

Howard – 17, 18, 20

Bernard – 5, 6, 24, 25

The Woman – 8, 32

Stanley – 27, 34

Miss Forsythe – 28, 31

Letta – 31

1 – WILLY/LINDA

(Willy wants Linda to acknowledge Biff's disappointing shortcomings. Linda wants Willy to accept Biff as he is.)

WILLY. The boys in?

LINDA. They're sleeping. Happy took Biff on a date tonight.

WILLY. That so?

LINDA. It was so nice to see them shaving together, one behind the other in the bathroom. And going out together ... you notice? - the whole house smells of shaving lotion.

WILLY. Figure it out; work a lifetime to pay off a house. You finally own it, and there's nobody to live in it.

LINDA. Well, dear, life is a casting-off, it's always that way.

WILLY. No, no, some people ... some people accomplish something. Did Biff say anything after I went this morning?

LINDA. You shouldn't have criticized him, Willy, especially after he just got off the train. You mustn't lose your temper with him.

WILLY. When the hell did I lose my temper? I simply asked him if he was making any money. Is that a criticism?

LINDA. But, dear, how could he make any money?

WILLY. There's such an undercurrent in him. He became a moody man. Did he apologize when I left this morning?

LINDA. He was crestfallen, Willy. You know how he admires you. I think if he finds himself, then you'll both be happier and not fight any more.

WILLY. How can he find himself on a farm? Is that a life? A farmhand? In the beginning, when he was young, I thought well, a young man - it's good for him to tramp around, take a lot of different jobs. But it's more than ten years now and he has yet to make thirty-five dollars a week!

LINDA. He's finding himself, Willy.

WILLY. Not finding yourself at the age of thirty-four is a disgrace!

LINDA. Sshh!

WILLY. The trouble is he's lazy, goddammit!

LINDA. Willy, please!

WILLY. Biff is a lazy bum!

LINDA. They're sleeping.

WILLY. Why did he come home? I would like to know what brought him home.

LINDA. I don't know. I think he's still lost, Willy. I think he's very lost.

WILLY. Biff Loman is lost. In the greatest country in the world a young man with such ... personal attractiveness, gets lost. ... And such a hard worker! There's one thing about Biff - he's not lazy.

LINDA. Never.

WILLY. I'll see him in the morning; I'll have a nice talk with him. I'll get him a job selling. He could be big in no time. My God ... remember how they used to follow him around in high school? When he smiled at one of them their faces lit up. When he walked down the street...

2 – BIFF MONOLOGUE

(Biff wants Happy to support his rejection of Willy's dream.)

BIFF. Hap, I've had twenty or thirty different kinds of jobs since I left home before the war, and it always turns out the same. I just realized it lately. In Nebraska when I herded cattle, and the Dakotas, and Arizona, and now in Texas. It's why I came home now, I guess, because I realized it - this farm I work on, it's spring there now, see. And they've got about fifteen new colts. There's nothing more inspiring or ... beautiful, than the sight of a mare and a new colt. And it's cool there now, see? Texas is cool now, and it's spring. And whenever spring comes to where I am, I suddenly get the feeling - My God, I'm not gettin' anywhere! What the hell am I doing, playing around with horses, twenty-eight dollars a week! I'm thirty-four years old, I oughta be makin' my future. That's when I come running home. And now - I get here, and I don't know what to do with myself. (Pause) I've always made a point of not wasting my life, and every time I come back here I know that all I've done is to waste my life.

3 – BIFF/HAPPY

(Biff wants Happy to commit to leaving home with him. Happy wants Biff to support his goal of achieving Willy's dream.)

BIFF. Are you content, Hap? You're a success, aren't you? Are you content?

HAPPY. Hell, no!

BIFF. Why? You're making money, aren't you?

HAPPY. All I can do now is wait for the merchandise manager to die ... And suppose I get to be merchandise manager? He's a good friend of mine, and he just built a terrific estate on Long Island. And he lived there about two months and sold it, and now he's building another one. He can't enjoy it once it's finished. And I know that's just what I would do. I don't know what the hell I'm workin' for. Sometimes I sit in my apartment ... all alone. And I think of the rent I'm paying. And it's crazy. But then...it's what I always wanted. My own apartment, a car and plenty of women. And still, goddammit, I'm lonely.

BIFF. Listen, why don't you come out West with me?

HAPPY. You and I, heh?

BIFF. Sure, maybe we could buy a ranch. Raise cattle, use our muscles. Men built like we are should be working out in the open.

HAPPY. The Loman Brothers, heh?

BIFF. Sure, we'd be known all over the counties!

HAPPY. That's what I dream about, Biff. Sometimes I want to just rip my clothes off in the middle of the store and outbox that

goddam merchandise manager. I mean I can outbox, outrun, and outlift anybody in that store, and I have to take orders from those common, petty sons of bitches till I can't stand it any more.

BIFF. I'm tellin' you, kid, if you were with me I'd be happy out there.

HAPPY. See, Biff, everybody around me is so false that I'm constantly lowering my ideals ...

BIFF. Baby, together we'd stand up for one another, we'd have someone to trust.

HAPPY. But if I were around you...

BIFF. Hap, the trouble is we weren't brought up to grub for money. I don' t know how to do it ...

HAPPY. Neither can I!

BIFF. Then let's go!

HAPPY. The only thing is ... what can you *make* out there?

BIFF. But look at your friend. Builds an estate and then hasn't the peace of mind to live in it ...

HAPPY. Yeah, but when he walks into the store the waves part in front of him. That's fifty-two thousand dollars a year coming through the revolving door, and I got more in my pinky than he's got in his head.

BIFF. Yeah, but ... You just said ...

HAPPY. I gotta show some of those pompous, self-important executives over there that Hap Loman can make the grade. I want to walk into the store the way he walks in. Then I'll go with you, Biff. We'll be together yet, I swear.

4 – HAPPY MONOLOGUE

(Happy wants Biff to validate his behavior.)

HAPPY. Take those two creatures we had tonight. Now weren't they gorgeous? I get that any time I want, Biff. Whenever I feel disgusted. The only trouble is, it gets like bowling, or something – I just keep knockin' them over and it doesn't mean anything. I'd like to find a girl ... steady, somebody with character. Like Mom, y'know, somebody with resistance! You're gonna call me a bastard when I tell you this. That girl Charlotte I was with tonight is engaged to be married in five weeks - the guy's in line for the vice-presidency of the store. I don't know what gets into me, maybe I just have an overdeveloped sense of competition or something. But I went and ruined her, and furthermore I can't get rid of her. And he's the third executive I've done that to. Isn't that a crummy characteristic! And to top it all I go to their weddings! Like I'm not supposed to take bribes. Manufacturers offer me a hundred-dollar bill now and then to throw an order their way. You know how honest I am, but it's like this girl, see, I hate myself for it. Because I don't want the girl .., and still ... I take it and ... I love it!

5 – WILLY/BIFF (teen)/HAPPY (teen)/ BERNARD (teen)

(Willy wants his sons' adulation. Willy's sons want Willy's unconditional love. Bernard wants to be taken seriously by all.)

WILLY. I got a surprise for you, boys.

BIFF. Whatta ya got, Dad?

HAPPY. Where's the surprise, Pop?

WILLY. In the back seat of the car.

BIFF. What is it, Hap?

HAPPY. It's a punching bag!

BIFF. Oh, Pop!

WILLY. It's got Gene Tunney's signature on it!

BIFF. Gee, how'd you know we wanted a punching bag?!

WILLY. Well, it's the finest thing for the timing.

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

WILLY. Jumping rope is good, too.

BIFF. Did you see the new football I got?

WILLY. Where'd you get a new ball?

BIFF. The coach told me to practice my passing.

WILLY. That so? And he gave you the ball, heh?

BIFF. Well, I borrowed it from the locker room.

WILLY. I want you to return that.

HAPPY. I told you he wouldn't like it.

BIFF. Well, I'm bringing it back!

WILLY. Sure, he's gotta practice with a regulation ball, doesn't he? Coach'll probably congratulate you on your initiative!

BIFF. Oh, he keeps congratulating my initiative all the time, Pop.

WILLY. You nervous, Biff, about the game?

BIFF. Not if you're gonna be there.

WILLY. What do they say about you in school now that they made you captain?

HAPPY. There's a crowd of girls behind him every time the classes change.

BIFF. This Saturday, Pop, this Saturday ... just for you, I'm going to break through for a touchdown.

HAPPY. You're supposed to pass.

BIFF. I'm takin' one play for Pop. (*To Willy.*) You watch me, Pop, and when I take off my helmet that means I'm breakin' out. Then you watch me crash through that line!

WILLY. Oh, wait'll I tell this in Boston! (*Bernard enters.*)

BERNARD. Biff, where are you? You're supposed to study with me today.

WILLY. Hey, looka' Bernard! What're you lookin' so anemic about, Bernard?

BERNARD. He's gotta study, Uncle Willy, he's got Regents next week.

HAPPY. Let's box, Bernard!

BERNARD. (*Getting away.*) Look out! (*To Biff.*) Listen, Biff, I heard Mr. Birnbaum say that if you don't start studyin' math he's gonna flunk you and you won't graduate. I heard him!

WILLY. You better study with him, Biff. Go ahead now.

BERNARD. I heard him!

BIFF. Oh, Pop, you didn't see my sneakers!

WILLY. Hey, that's a beautiful job of printing.

BERNARD. Just because he printed "University of Virginia" on his sneakers doesn't mean they've got to graduate him, Uncle Willy!

WILLY. What're you talking about? With scholarships to three universities they're gonna flunk him?

BERNARD. But I heard Mr. Birnbaum say ...

WILLY. Don't be a pest, Bernard!

BERNARD. Okay, I'll be waiting for you in my house, Biff.
(*Bernard exits. They laugh together.*)

WILLY. What an anemic! Bernard is not well liked, is he?

BIFF. He's liked, but he's not well liked.

HAPPY. That's right, Pop.

WILLY. That's just what I mean. Bernard can get the best marks in school, y'understand, but when he gets out in the business world, y'understand, you are going to be five times ahead of him. That's why I thank Almighty God you're both built like Adonises. Because the man who makes an appearance in the business world, "the man who creates personal interest, is the man who gets ahead." Be liked and you will never want.

6 – WILLY/BERNARD (teen)

(Young Bernard wants Willy to pay attention to Biff's challenges. Willy wants Bernard to protect Biff.)

BERNARD. Listen, Uncle Willy, I heard Mr. Birnbaum say that if Biff doesn't start studyin' math he's gonna flunk him and he won't graduate. I heard him!

WILLY. You better study with him. Go ahead now.

BERNARD. Just because he printed University of Virginia on his sneakers doesn't mean they've got to graduate him, Uncle Willy!

WILLY. What're you talking about? With scholarships to three universities they're gonna flunk him?

BERNARD. But I heard Mr. Birnbaum say ...

WILLY. Don't be a pest, Bernard!

BERNARD. Okay, but where is he? If he doesn't study...!

WILLY. 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. Where is he? I'll whip him, I'll whip him!

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

WILLY. Shut up!

BERNARD. Mr. Birnbaum says he's stuck up ...

WILLY. Get outta here!

BERNARD. If he doesn't buckle down he'll flunk math!

7 – WILLY/LINDA

(Willy wants Linda's respect and encouragement. Linda wants to boost Willy's self-esteem.)

LINDA. Did you sell anything?

WILLY. I did five hundred gross in Providence and seven hundred gross in Boston.

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

WILLY. Well, I didn't figure it yet, but ...

LINDA. 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. Two hundred gross ... that's ... *(She figures.)*

WILLY. 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.

WILLY. What do we owe?

LINDA. Well ... on the first there's sixteen dollars on the refrigerator ...

WILLY. Why sixteen?

LINDA. 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. I hope we didn't get stuck on that machine.

LINDA. They got the biggest ads of any of them.

WILLY. I know, it's a fine machine. What else?

LINDA. 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. No, they did a wonderful job. Then you owe Frank for the carburetor.

WILLY. I'm not going to pay that man! That goddam Chevrolet, they ought to prohibit the manufacture of that car!

LINDA. Well, you owe him three and a half. And odds and ends, comes to around a hundred and twenty dollars by the fifteenth.

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. Why? Why would they laugh at you? Don't talk that way, Willy.

WILLY. I don't know the reason for it, but they just pass me by. I'm not noticed.

LINDA. But you're doin' wonderful, dear. You're making seventy to a hundred dollars a week.

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

LINDA. Why? You're ...

WILLY. 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. Willy, darling ... You're the handsomest man in the world.

WILLY. Ah, no, Linda.

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

8 - WILLY/THE WOMAN

(Willy wants The Woman to stay with him for the night. The Woman wants to keep Willy interested.)

Note – The stage direction that The Woman “laughs” during the scene is included here, because The Woman’s laughter is a recurring motif in the play. The Woman may choose to laugh where indicated or at other times than those indicated, as you wish.)

WILLY. *(Still speaking to Linda.)* '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 a business, a business for the boys. There's so much I want to make for ...

WOMAN. Me? You didn't make me, Willy. I picked you. *(She laughs.)*

WILLY. *(Transitioning consciousness to The Woman, who is preparing to leave his hotel room.)* You picked me?

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. Sure, sure ... Why do you have to go now?

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

WILLY. No, come on in!

WOMAN. *(Laughing.)* My sisters'll be scandalized ... When'll you be back?

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

WOMAN. Sure thing. You do make me laugh. It's good for me.

WILLY. You picked me, heh?

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

WILLY. 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!

WOMAN. (*Laughing.*) 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! (*She laughs.*)

9 – WILLY/CHARLEY

(Willy wants Charley's advice. Charley wants to calm Willy's mind.)

WILLY. What're you doin' up?

CHARLEY. Couldn't sleep good. I had a heartburn.

WILLY. Well, you don't know how to eat.

CHARLEY. I eat with my mouth.

WILLY. No, you're ignorant. You gotta know about vitamins and things like that.

CHARLEY. Come on, let's shoot? Tire you out a little.

WILLY. All right, you got cards?

CHARLEY. *(Taking cards from his pocket.)* Yeah, I got them. Someplace. What is it with those vitamins?

WILLY. They build up your bones. Chemistry.

CHARLEY. Yeah, but there's no bones in a heartburn.

WILLY. What are you talkin' about? Do you know the first thing about it?

CHARLEY. Don't get insulted.

WILLY. Don't talk about something you don't know anything about.

CHARLEY. What're you doin' home?

WILLY. A little trouble with the car.

CHARLEY. Oh. *(Pause.)* I'd like to take a trip to California.

WILLY. Don't say.

CHARLEY. You want a job?

WILLY. I got a job, I told you that. What the hell are you offering me a job for?

CHARLEY. Don't get insulted.

WILLY. Don't insult me.

CHARLEY. I don't see no sense in it. You don't have to go on this way.

WILLY. I got a good job. What do you keep comin' in here for?

CHARLEY. You want me to go? (*Pause.*)

WILLY. Charley, I can't understand it. He's going back to Texas again. What the hell is that?

CHARLEY. Let him go.

WILLY. I got nothin' to give him, Charley, I'm clean, I'm clean.

CHARLEY. He won't starve. None a' them starve. Forget about him.

WILLY. Then what have I got to remember?

CHARLEY. You take it too hard. To hell with it. When a deposit bottle is broken you don't get your nickel back.

WILLY. That's easy enough for you to say.

CHARLEY. That ain't easy for me to say.

WILLY. Did you see the ceiling I put up in the living room?

CHARLEY. Yeah, that's a piece of work. To put up a ceiling is a mystery to me. How do you do it?

WILLY. What's the difference?

CHARLEY. Well, talk about it.

WILLY. You gonna put up a ceiling?

CHARLEY. How could I put up a ceiling?

WILLY. Then what the hell are you bothering me for?

CHARLEY. You're insulted again.

WILLY. A man who can't handle tools is not a man. You're disgusting.

CHARLEY. Don't call me disgusting, Willy.

WILLY. I'm getting awfully tired, Ben.

CHARLEY. Good, keep playing; you'll sleep better ... Did you call me Ben?

10 – WILLY/BEN/(imaginary Biff & Happy)

(Willy wants his sons to honor his brother, Ben. Ben wants to dominate all of them.)

WILLY. Boys! Boys!! *(Imaginary Biff and Happy enter.)* Listen to this. This is your Uncle Ben, a great man! ... Tell my boys, Ben!

BEN. Why, boys ... when I was seventeen I walked into the jungle, and when I was twenty-one I walked out ... *(He laughs.)* And by God I was rich!

WILLY. *(To boys)* You see what I been talking about? The greatest things can happen!

BEN. *(To Willy)* I have an appointment in Ketchikan Tuesday week.

WILLY. No, Ben, please ... Tell about Dad. I want my boys to hear. I want them to know the kind of stock they spring from. All I remember is a man with a big beard ... and I was in Mamma's lap ... sitting around a fire ... and some kind of high music.

BEN. His flute. He played the flute ...

WILLY. Sure, the flute, that's right!

BEN. Father was a very great, and a very wild-hearted man. We would start in Boston, and he'd toss the whole family into the wagon, and then he'd drive the team right across the country; through Ohio, and Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and all the western states. And we'd stop in the towns and sell the flutes that he'd made on the way. Great inventor, Father. With one gadget he made more in a week than a man like you could make in a lifetime.

WILLY. That's just the way I'm bringing them up, Ben ... Rugged, well liked, all around ...

BEN. Yeah? Well, *(To Biff)* hit that, boy ... hard as you can. *(Ben pounds his stomach and takes a boxing stance.)* Come on, get to me! *(Laughs.)*

WILLY. Go to it, Biff; go ahead, show him!

BEN. *(Sparring with Biff.)* Good boy! Good boy!

WILLY. How's that, Ben, heh?

BEN. Good boy!

(Ben suddenly trips Biff, and stands over him, the point of his umbrella poised over Biff's eye.)

BEN. Never fight fair with a stranger, boy ... you'll never get out of the jungle that way. *(Biff and Happy exit.)* I'll stop by on my way back to Africa.

WILLY. Can't you stay a few days?

BEN. I'll be late for the train.

WILLY. Ben, my boys ... can't we talk? - they'd go into the jaws of hell for me, see, but I ...

BEN. William, you're being first-rate with your boys. Outstanding, manly chaps!

WILLY. Oh, Ben, that's good to hear! Because sometimes I'm afraid that I'm not teaching them the right kind of ... Ben, how should I teach them?

BEN. William, when I walked into the jungle, I was seventeen. When I walked out I was twenty-one ... and by God, I was rich!

11 – LINDA/BIFF

(Linda wants Biff to respect Willy. Biff wants Linda to acknowledge Willy's tyranny.)

LINDA. Are you home to stay now?

BIFF. I don't know. I want to look around, see what's doin' ...

LINDA. Biff, you can't look around all your life, can you?

BIFF. I just can't take hold, Mom. I can't take hold of some kind of a life.

LINDA. Biff, a man is not a bird, to come and go with the springtime ...

BIFF. Your hair ... Your hair got so gray.

LINDA. Oh, it's been gray since you were in high school. I just stopped dyeing it, that's all.

BIFF. Dye it again, will ya? I don't want my pal looking old.

LINDA. You're such a boy! You think you can go away for a year and ... You've got to get it into your head now that one day you'll knock on this door and there'll be strange people here...

BIFF. What are you talking about? You're not even sixty Mom.

LINDA. But what about your father?

BIFF. Well, I meant him, too.

LINDA. Biff, if you don't have any feeling for him then you can't have any feeling for me.

BIFF. Sure I can, Mom.

LINDA. No. You can't just come to see me, because I love him. He's the dearest man in the world to me, and I won't have anyone making him feel unwanted, and low and blue. You've got to make up your mind now, there's no leeway any more - either he's your father and you pay him that respect or else you're not to come here. I know he's not easy to get along with - nobody knows that better than me - but -

BIFF. Stop making excuses for him! He always, always wiped the floor with you. Never had an ounce of respect for you. He's got no character. Charley wouldn't do this - spewing out that vomit from his mind.

LINDA. Then make Charley your father, Biff. You can't do that, can you? I don't say he's a great man. Willy Loman never made a lot of money; his name was never in the paper; he's not the finest character that ever lived. But he's a human being, and a terrible thing is happening to him. So attention must be paid. He's not to be allowed to fall into his grave like an old dog. Attention, attention must be finally paid to such a person. You called him crazy ...

BIFF. I didn't mean ...

LINDA. What happened to the love you had for him? You were such pals. ... How you used to talk to him on the phone every night! How lonely he was till he could come home to you!

BIFF. All right, Mom. I'll live here in my room, and I'll get a job. ... I'll keep away from him, that's all.

LINDA. No, Biff ... you can't stay here and fight all the time.

BIFF. He threw me out of this house, remember that.

LINDA. Why did he do that? I never knew why?

BIFF. Because I know he's a fake and he doesn't like anybody around who knows!

LINDA. Why a fake? In what way? What do you mean?

BIFF. Just don't lay it all at my feet. It's between me and him; that's all I have to say. I'll chip in from now on. He'll settle for half my pay check - he'll be all right. I'm going to bed.

12 – LINDA MONOLOGUE

(Linda wants her sons to respect Willy's dignity.)

LINDA. No, a lot of people think he's lost his ... balance. But you don't have to be very smart to know what his trouble is. The man is exhausted. A small man can be just as exhausted as a great man. He works for a company thirty-six years this March, opens up unheard-of territories to their trademark, and now in his old age they take his salary away ... Christmas time, fifty dollars! To fix the hot water, it cost ninety-seven fifty! For five weeks he's been on straight commission, like a beginner, an unknown ... When he brought them business when he was young, they were glad to see him. But now his old - friends, the old buyers that loved him so and always found some order to hand him in a pinch - they're all dead, retired. He used to be able to make six, seven calls a day in Boston. Now he takes his valises out of the car and puts them back and takes them out again and he's exhausted. Instead of walking he talks now. He drives seven hundred miles and when he gets there no one knows him any more, no one welcomes him. And what goes through a man's mind, driving seven hundred miles home without having earned a cent? Why shouldn't he talk to himself? Why? - When he has to go to Charley and borrow fifty dollars a week and pretend to me that it's his pay? How long can that go on? How long? You see what I'm sitting here and waiting for? And you tell me he has no character? The man who never worked a day but for your benefit? When does he get the medal for that? Is this his reward?

13 – BIFF/HAPPY

(Biff wants Happy to help him prepare for the interview. Happy wants Biff to take the interview preparation seriously.)

BIFF. All right, pal, all right. It's all settled now. I've been remiss ... But now I'll stay, and I swear to you, I'll apply myself. I don't fit in business - not that I won't try, I'll try, and I'll make good ...

HAPPY. Sure you will. The trouble with you in business was you never tried to please people.

BIFF. I know, I ...

HAPPY. Like when you worked for Harrisons'. Bob Harrison said you were tops and then you go and do some damn fool thing like whistling whole songs in the elevator like a comedian.

BIFF. So what? I like to whistle sometimes ...

HAPPY. You don't raise a guy to a responsible job who whistles in the elevator. Like when you'd go off and swim in the middle of the day instead of taking the line around ...

BIFF. Well, don't you run off? You take off sometimes, don't you? On a nice summer day...?

HAPPY. Yeah, but I cover myself. If I'm going to take a fade the boss can call any number where I'm supposed to be and they'll swear to him that I just left. I'll tell you something that I hate to say, Biff, but in the business world some of them think you're crazy.

BIFF. Screw the business world!

HAPPY. All right, screw it, great, but cover yourself!

BIFF. Lend me ten bucks, will ya? I want to buy some new ties.

HAPPY. I'll take you to a place I know. Beautiful stuff. Wear one of my striped shirts tomorrow.

BIFF. Gee, I'm gonna go in to Oliver tomorrow and knock him for a ...

HAPPY. Come on up. Tell that to Dad. Let's give him a whirl. Come on.

BIFF. You know - with ten thousand bucks, boy ...

HAPPY. That's the talk, Biff, that's the first time I've heard the old confidence out of you! You're gonna live with me, kid, and any babe you want, just say the word.

14 - WILLY/BIFF/HAPPY

(Willy wants Biff to take the business world seriously. Biff wants Willy and Happy to lighten up on him. Happy wants Biff to run with his idea.)

HAPPY. He's going to see Bill Oliver, Pop.

WILLY. Oliver? For what?

BIFF. He always said he'd stake me. I'd like to go into business, so maybe I can take him up on it.

WILLY. Sporting goods?

BIFF. I guess so. I know something about it and ...

WILLY. *(To Happy.)* He knows something about it! *(To Biff)* You know sporting goods better than Spalding, for God's sake! How much is he giving you?

BIFF. I don't know, I didn't even see him yet, but ...

WILLY. Then what're you talkin' about?

BIFF. Well, all I said was I'm gonna see him, that's all!

WILLY. Ah, you're counting your chickens again.

BIFF. Oh, Jesus, I'm going...!

WILLY. Don't curse in this house!

BIFF. Since when did you get so clean?

HAPPY. Wait a ...

WILLY. Don't use that language to me! I won't have it!

HAPPY. Wait a minute! I got an idea. I got a feasible idea. Come here, Biff, let's talk this over now, let's talk some sense here. When I was down in Florida last time, I thought of a great idea to sell sporting goods. It just came back to me. You and I, Biff ... we have a line, the Loman Line. We train a couple of weeks, and put on a couple of exhibitions, see?

WILLY. That's an idea!

HAPPY. Wait! We form two basketball teams, see? Two water-polo teams. We play each other. It's a million dollars' worth of publicity. Two brothers, see? The Loman Brothers ... displays in the Royal Palms ... all the hotels. And banners over the ring and the basketball court - Loman Brothers. Baby, we could sell sporting goods!

WILLY. That is a one-million-dollar idea!

BIFF. I'm in great shape as far as that's concerned.

HAPPY. And the beauty of it is, Biff ... it wouldn't be like a business ... we'd be out playin' ball again ...

BIFF. Yeah, that's ...

WILLY. Million-dollar ...

HAPPY. And you wouldn't get fed up with it, Biff, it'd be the family again, there'd be the old honor, and comradeship, and if you wanted to go off for a swim or somethin' well, you'd do it! Without some smart cooky gettin' up ahead of you!

WILLY. Lick the world! You guys together could absolutely lick the civilized world.

BIFF. I'll see Oliver tomorrow. Hap, if we could work that out ...

WILLY. But don't wear sportjacket and slacks when you see Oliver.

BIFF. No, I'll ...

WILLY. A business suit, and talk as little as possible, and don't crack any jokes.

BIFF. He did like me; always liked me ...

WILLY. Walk in very serious; you are not applying for a boy's job. Money is to pass - be quiet, fine and serious. Everybody likes a kidder but nobody lends him money.

HAPPY. I'll try to get some myself, Biff; I'm sure I can ...

WILLY. I see great things for you kids, I think your troubles are over. But remember, "start big and you'll end big"; ask for fifteen. How much you gonna ask for?

BIFF. Gee, I don't know...

WILLY. And don't say "Gee." "Gee" is a boy's word. A man walking in for fifteen thousand dollars does not say "Gee"!

BIFF. Ten, I think, would be top, though.

WILLY. "Don't be modest"; you always started too low. Walk in with a big laugh, don't look worried; start off with a couple of your good stories to lighten things up; it's not what you say, it's how you say it - "because personality always wins the day" ...

15 – WILLY/LINDA

(Willy wants Linda's support for his meeting with Howard. Linda wants to build Willy's confidence for the meeting.)

LINDA. You going to talk to Howard today?

WILLY. Yeah. I'll put it to him straight and simple; he'll just have to take me off the road.

LINDA. And, Willy, don't forget to ask him for a little advance, because we've got the insurance premium; it's the grace period now.

WILLY. That's a hundred...?

LINDA. A hundred and eight sixty-eight. Because - we're a little short again.

WILLY. Why are we short?

LINDA. Well, you had the motor job on the car ...

WILLY. That goddam Studebaker ...

LINDA. All told, about two hundred dollars would carry us, dear. But that includes the last payment on the mortgage. After this payment, Willy, the house belongs to us.

WILLY. It's twenty-five years?!

LINDA. Biff was nine years old when we bought it.

WILLY. Well..., that's a great thing. To weather a twenty-five-year mortgage is ...

LINDA. It's an accomplishment.

WILLY. All the cement, the lumber, the reconstruction I put in this house. There ain't a crack to be found in it any more.

LINDA. Well, it served its purpose.

WILLY. What purpose? Some stranger'll come along, move in, and that's that. If only Biff would take this house, and raise a family. (*Starts out.*) I'll be home early. Goodbye, it's late.

LINDA. Oh, I forgot! You're supposed to meet them for dinner.

WILLY. Me ?

LINDA. At Frank's Chophouse on 48th near Sixth Avenue.

WILLY. Is that so! How about you?

LINDA. No, just the three of you. They're gonna blow you to a big meal!

WILLY. Don't say! Who thought of that?

LINDA. Biff came to me this morning, Willy, and he said, "Tell Dad we want to blow him to a big meal!" Be there six o'clock. You and your two boys are going to have dinner.

WILLY. Gee whiz. That's really somethin'. I'm gonna knock Howard for a loop, kid. I'll get an advance, and I'll come home with a New York job. Goddammit, now I'm gonna do it.

LINDA. Oh, that's the spirit, Willy!

WILLY. I will never get behind a wheel the rest of my life!

LINDA. It's changing, Willy, I can feel it changing.

WILLY. Beyond a question. G'bye, I'm late ...

16 – LINDA MONOLOGUE

(Linda wants Biff to celebrate Willy's decision to remove the rubber pipe.)

LINDA. Hello? Oh, Biff! - I'm so glad you called. ...Yes, sure, I just told him. Yes, he'll be there for dinner at six o'clock. Listen, I was just dying to tell you: you know that little rubber pipe I told you about? That he connected to the gas heater? I finally decided to go down the cellar this morning and take it away and destroy it. But it's gone! Imagine! He took it away himself, it isn't there!
(Listens.) When? Oh, then you took it. Oh. ...Nothing, it's just that I'd hoped he'd taken it away himself. ...Oh, I'm not worried, darling, because this morning he left in such high spirits, it was like the old days! - Did Mr. Oliver see you? Well, you wait there then. Goodbye, dear, you got your comb? - That's fine. Goodbye, Biff dear.

17 - HOWARD MONOLOGUE

(Howard wants Willy to covet his expensive toy.)

HOWARD. Ever see one of these, Willy? Most terrific machine I ever saw in my life. I was up all night with it. Wire recorder. Just got delivery yesterday. Been driving me crazy. I bought it for dictation, but you can do anything with it. I tell ya, Willy - I'm gonna take my camera, and my handsaw, and all my hobbies and out they go. This is the most fascinating relaxation I ever found. They're only a hundred and a half. You can't do without it. Supposing you wanna hear Jack Benny, see? But you can't be home at that hour. So you tell the maid to turn the radio on when Jack Benny comes on, and this automatically goes on with the radio! You can come home twelve o'clock, one o'clock, any time you like, and you get yourself a Coke and sit yourself down, throw the switch and there's Jack Benny's program in the middle of the night!

18 – WILLY/HOWARD

*(Willy wants Howard to give him a New York sales position.
Howard wants Willy to accept his limits.)*

WILLY. Psst! Psst! Can I see you a minute, Howard?

HOWARD. Come in, Willy. Sorry to keep you waiting.

WILLY. I'd like to have a little talk with you, Howard.

HOWARD. Sure. Say, aren't you supposed to be in Boston?

WILLY. That's what I want to talk to you about, Howard.

HOWARD. What happened? What're you doing here?

WILLY. Well ...

HOWARD. You didn't crack up again, did you?

WILLY. Oh, no, no ...

HOWARD. Geez, you had me worried there for a minute. What's the trouble?

WILLY. Well ... tell you the truth, Howard ... I've come to the decision that I'd rather not travel any more.

HOWARD. Not travel! Well, what'll you do?

WILLY. Remember, Christmas time-when you had the party here? You said you'd try to think of some spot for me here in town.

HOWARD. With us?

WILLY. Well, sure.

HOWARD. Oh, yeah, yeah ... I remember. Well ... I couldn't think of anything for you, Willy.

WILLY. I tell ya, Howard ... the kids are all grown up, y'know ... I don't need much any more. If I could take home ... well, sixty-five dollars a week, I could swing it.

HOWARD. Yeah, but, Willy, see I ...

WILLY. I tell ya why, Howard ... speaking frankly and between the two of us, y'know? - I'm just a little tired.

HOWARD. Oh, I could understand that, Willy. But you're a road man, Willy, and we do a road business. We've only got a half dozen salesmen on the floor here.

WILLY. God knows, Howard, I never asked a favor of any man. But I was with the firm when your father used to carry you in here on his arms...

HOWARD. I know that, Willy, but ...

WILLY. Your father came to me the day you were born and asked me what I thought of the name of Howard, may he rest in peace!

HOWARD. I appreciate that, Willy, if I had a spot I'd slam you right in, but I just don't have a single solitary spot.

WILLY. Howard, all I need to set my table is fifty dollars a week.

HOWARD. But where am I going to put you, kid?

WILLY. Look, it isn't a question of whether I can sell merchandise, is it?

HOWARD. No, but it's a business, kid, and everybody's gotta pull his own weight. 'Cause you gotta admit, business is business.

WILLY. Business is definitely business, but just listen for a minute. You don't understand this.

HOWARD. That's just the thing, Willy ...

WILLY. If I had forty dollars a week ... that's all I'd need. Forty dollars, Howard.

HOWARD. Kid, I can't take blood from a stone, I ...

WILLY. Howard, the year Al Smith was nominated your father came to me and ...

HOWARD. I've got to see some people, kid ...

WILLY. I'm talking about your father! There were promises made in this office! You mustn't tell me you've got people to see - I put thirty-four years into this firm, Howard, and now I can't pay my insurance! You can't eat the orange and throw the peel away - a man is not a piece of fruit! (Pause.) Now pay attention. Your father - in 1928 - I had a big year. I averaged a hundred and seventy dollars a week in commissions.

HOWARD. Now, Willy, you never averaged ...

WILLY. I averaged a hundred and seventy dollars a week in the year of 1928! And your father came to me ... or rather I was in the office here ... it was right over this desk ... and he put his hand on my shoulder ...

HOWARD. Willy, I gotta see some people. Pull yourself together...
(Howard Exits.)

WILLY. Pull myself together! What the hell did I say to him! My God, I was yelling at him! How could I!...?

19 – WILLY MONOLOGUE

(Willy wants Howard to respect his craft.)

When I was a boy ... eighteen, nineteen, I was already on the road. And there was a question in my mind as to whether selling had a future for me. Because in those days I had a yearning to go to Alaska. See, there were three gold strikes in one month in Alaska, and I felt like going out; just for the ride, you might say. And I was almost decided to go, when I met a salesman in the Parker House. His name was Dave Singleman. And he was eighty-four years old, and he'd drummed merchandise in thirty-one states. And old Dave ... he'd go up to his room, y'understand, put on his green velvet slippers - I'll never forget - and pick up his phone and call the buyers and without ever leaving his room, at the age of eighty-four, he made his living. And when I saw that, I realized that selling was the greatest career a man could want. 'Cause what could be more satisfying than to be able to go, at the age of eighty-four, into twenty or thirty different cities, and pick up a phone, and be remembered and loved and helped, by so many different people? Do you know; when he died - and by the way he died the death of a salesman, in his green velvet slippers in the smoker of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, going into Boston - but when he died, hundreds of salesmen and buyers were at his funeral. Things were sad on a lotta trains for months after that. See what I mean? In those days there was personality in it, Howard; there was respect, and comradeship, and gratitude in it. Today, it's all cut and dried, and there's no chance for bringing friendship to bear ..., or personality. They don't know me any more.

20 – WILLY/HOWARD

(Willy wants Howard to give him a New York sales position. Howard wants Willy to resign.)

(Willy accidentally turns on the wire recorder; Howard's son's voice continues reciting names of State Capitols.)

WILLY. Ha! Howard! Howard! Howard!

(Howard rushes in.)

HOWARD. What happened?

WILLY. *(Pointing at machine.)* Shut it off, shut it off!

HOWARD. *(Stops machine.)* Look, Willy...

WILLY. I gotta get myself some coffee. I'll get some coffee ...

HOWARD. Willy, look ...

WILLY. I'll go to Boston.

HOWARD. Willy, you can't go to Boston for us.

WILLY. Why can't I go?

HOWARD. I don't want you to represent us ... I've been meaning to tell you for a long time now.

WILLY. Howard ... are you firing me?

HOWARD. I think you need a good long rest, Willy ...

WILLY. Howard ...

HOWARD. And when you feel better, come back, and we'll see if we can work something out.

WILLY. But I gotta earn money, Howard. I'm in no position to ...

HOWARD. Where are your sons? Why don't your sons give you a hand?

WILLY. They're working on a very big deal ...

HOWARD. This is no time for false pride, Willy. You go to your sons and you tell them that you're tired. You've got two great boys, haven't you?

WILLY. Oh, no question, no question, but in the meantime ...

HOWARD. Then that's that, heh?

WILLY. All right, I'll go to Boston tomorrow.

HOWARD. No, no ...

WILLY. I can't throw myself on my sons - I'm not a cripple!

HOWARD. Look, kid, I'm busy this morning ...

WILLY. Howard, you've got to let me go to Boston!

HOWARD. I've got a line of people to see me this morning. Take five minutes and pull yourself together, and then go home, will ya? I need the office, Willy. Oh, yeah ... whenever you can this week, stop by and drop off the samples. You'll feel better, Willy, and then come back and we'll talk. Pull yourself together, kid, there's people outside.

21 – WILLY/BEN

(Willy wants Ben's guidance. Ben wants Willy to come with him to Alaska.)

WILLY. Oh, Ben, how did you do it? What is the answer? Did you wind up the Alaska deal so quickly?

BEN. Doesn't take much time if you know what you're doing. Just a short business trip; boarding ship in an hour. Wanted to say goodbye.

WILLY. Ben, I've got to talk to you.

BEN. Haven't the time, William ...

WILLY. Ben, nothing's working out, I don't know what to do.

BEN. Now look here, William. I've bought timberland in Alaska and I need a man to look after things for me.

WILLY. God, timberland! Me and my boys in those grand outdoors!

BEN. You've a new continent at your doorstep, William; get out of these cities, they're full of talk and time-payments and courts of law. Screw on your fists and you can fight for a fortune up there.

WILLY. Sure, sure... But I am building something with this firm here, Ben, and if a man is building something he must be on the right track, mustn't he?

BEN. What are you building? Lay your hand on it. Where is it? I've got to go...

WILLY. Why am I wrong?

BEN. Goodbye, William.

WILLY. Ben ... am I right? Don't you think I'm right? I value your advice.

BEN. William, you have a new continent up there. You could walk out rich.

WILLY. We'll do it here, Ben! You hear me? We're gonna do it here.

22 - WILLY MONOLOGUE

(Willy wants Ben to accept his philosophy of the life of a salesman.)

Look at this boy, Ben! Without a penny to his name three great universities are begging for him, and from there the sky's the limit, because it's not what you do, Ben. It's who you know and the smile on your face! It's contacts, Ben, contacts; the whole wealth of Alaska passes over the lunch table at the Commodore Hotel, and that's the wonder, the wonder of this country, that a man can end with diamonds here on the basis of being liked! And, Ben! When he walks into a business office his name will sound out like a bell and all the doors will open to him! I've seen it, Ben, I've seen it a thousand times! You can't feel it with your hand like timber, but it's there!

23 – WILLY/CHARLEY

(Charley wants to playfully provoke Willy on Biff's big game day. Willy wants Charley to treat him with respect.)

WILLY. Let's go! I got no room for you, Charley.

CHARLEY. Room? For what?

WILLY. In the car.

CHARLEY. You goin' for a ride? I wanted to shoot some casino.

WILLY. Casino! Don't you realize what today is?

CHARLEY. No, what's goin' on?

WILLY. He's playing in Ebbets Field.

CHARLEY. Baseball in this weather?

WILLY. Come on, come on!

CHARLEY. Wait a minute, didn't you hear the news?

WILLY. What?

CHARLEY. Don't you listen to the radio? Ebbets Field just blew up.

WILLY. Go to hell! *(Charley laughs.)* You! Go to hell! *(To family)*
Come on, come on, we're late.

CHARLEY. Knock a homer, Biff, knock a homer!

WILLY. I don't think that was funny, Charley. This is the greatest day of his life.

CHARLEY. Willy ... when are you going to grow up?

WILLY. Yeah, heh? When this game is over, Charley, you'll be laughing out of the other side of your face. They'll be calling him another Red Grange. Twenty-five thousand a year.

CHARLEY. Is that so?

WILLY. Yeah, that's so.

CHARLEY. Well then, Willy, tell me something.

WILLY. What?

CHARLEY. Who is Red Grange?

WILLY. Put up your hands. Goddam you, put up your hands! 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!

24 – WILLY/BERNARD

(Willy wants Bernard's advice. Bernard wants to comfort Willy.)

BERNARD. Hello, Uncle Willy.

WILLY. Bernard! Well, look who's here!

BERNARD. How are you? Good to see you.

WILLY. What are you doing here?

BERNARD. 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. Sit down.

WILLY. What're you going to do in Washington?

BERNARD. Oh, just a case I've got there, Willy.

WILLY. That so? *(Indicating tennis 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. They are, very nice. Dad tells me Biff's in town.

WILLY. Yeah, Biff's in. Working on a very big deal, Bernard.

BERNARD. What's Biff doing?

WILLY. 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?

BERNARD. 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. (*Pause.*) I'm ... I'm overjoyed to see how you made the grade, Bernard, overjoyed. It's an encouraging thing to see a young man really ... really ... Looks very good for Biff ... Very ... (*Pause.*) Bernard ...

BERNARD. What is it, Willy?

WILLY. What ... what's the secret?

BERNARD. What secret?

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

BERNARD. I wouldn't know that, Willy.

WILLY. You were his friend, his boyhood friend - 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. He never trained himself for anything.

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.

BERNARD. Willy, do you want to talk candidly?

WILLY. I regard you as a very brilliant man, Bernard, I value your advice.

BERNARD. 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. 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. 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. 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. Don't take it so hard.

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

25 – BERNARD MONOLOGUE

(Bernard wants Willy to solve a mystery.)

BERNARD. Willy ... I remember, it was June ... and our grades came out. And Biff flunked math. He was ready to enroll in summer school. 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? 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?

26 – WILLY/CHARLEY

(Willy wants Charley's validation. Charley wants to stabilize Willy's life.)

CHARLEY. *(Handing cash to Willy)* There's some money, fifty dollars.

WILLY. Charley, look ... I got my insurance to pay. ...If you can manage it ... I need a hundred and ten dollars. I'd draw it from my bank, but Linda would know, and I ...

CHARLEY. Sit down, Willy.

WILLY. I'll pay every penny back.

CHARLEY. Now listen to me, Willy.

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

CHARLEY. 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? 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. I don't want your goddam job!

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

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

CHARLEY. How much do you need, Willy?

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

CHARLEY. Howard fired you?

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

CHARLEY. 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. 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. You been jealous of me all your life, you damned fool!
(*Handing cash to Willy*) Here, pay your insurance.

WILLY. 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.*)
Did you hear what I said? Willy!

WILLY. Charley ... you're the only friend I got ... Isn't that a remarkable thing? (*Exits.*)

CHARLEY. Jesus!

27 – HAPPY/STANLEY

*(Happy wants Stanley to make the evening special for him.
Stanley wants to reassure Happy that all his needs will be met.)*

STANLEY. *(Situating restaurant table for Happy.)* That's all right, Mr. Loman, I can handle it myself.

HAPPY. *(Observing table placement in room.)* Oh, this is better.

STANLEY. Sure, in the front there you're in the middle of all kindsa' noise. Whenever you got a party, Mr. Loman, you just tell me and I'll put you back here. *(Setting tablecloth.)* Y'know, there's a lotta people they don't like it private, because when they go out they like to see a lotta action around them, because they're sick and tired to stay in the house by theirself. But I know you, you ain't from Hackensack. You know what I mean?

HAPPY. So how's it coming, Stanley?

STANLEY. Ah, it's a dog's life. I only wish during the war they'da took me in the army. – I coulda' been dead by now.

HAPPY. My brother's back, you know.

STANLEY. Oh, he come back, heh? From the Far West?

HAPPY. Yeah, big cattle man, my brother, so treat him right. And my father's coming too ...

STANLEY. Oh, your father too!

HAPPY. You got a couple of nice lobsters?

STANLEY. Hundred percent big.

HAPPY. I want them with the claws.

STANLEY. Don't worry, I don't give you no mice. How about some wine? It'll put a head on the meal.

HAPPY. No ... you remember, Stanley, that recipe I brought you from overseas? With the champagne in it?

STANLEY. Oh, yeah, sure. I got it tacked up yet in the kitchen. But that'll have to cost a buck apiece anyways.

HAPPY. That's all right.

STANLEY. What'd you, hit a number or somethin'?

HAPPY. No, it's a little celebration. My brother is ... I think he pulled off a big deal today. I think we're going into business together.

STANLEY. Great! That's the best for you. Because a family business, you know what I mean? – that's the best.

HAPPY. That's what I think.

STANLEY. 'Cause what's the difference, somebody steals? – It's in the family, know what I mean?

28 – BIFF/HAPPY/MISS FORSYTHE

(Happy wants to seduce Miss Forsythe. Biff wants Happy's attention. Miss Forsythe wants the men's respect.)

HAPPY. *(Approaching Miss Forsythe, who is seated at restaurant table.)* Excuse me, miss, do you mind? I sell champagne, and I'd like you to try my brand. *(To Waiter.)* Bring her a champagne, Stanley.

MISS FORSYTHE. That's awfully nice of you.

HAPPY. Don't mention it. It's all company money.

MISS FORSYTHE. That's a charming product to be selling, isn't it?

HAPPY. Oh, gets to be like everything else. Selling is selling, y'know.

MISS FORSYTHE. I suppose.

HAPPY. You don't happen to sell, do you?

MISS FORSYTHE. No, I don't sell.

HAPPY. Would you object to a compliment from a stranger? You ought to be on a magazine cover.

MISS FORSYTHE. I have been.

HAPPY. *(To Waiter.)* What'd I say before, Stanley? – you see? – She's a cover girl.

MISS FORSYTHE. *(Receiving drink from Waiter.)* Thank you.

HAPPY. You know what they say in France, don't you?
"Champagne is the drink of the complexion." (*Biff Enters.*) ...
H'ya, Biff!

BIFF. Hello, kid, sorry I'm late.

HAPPY. I just got here. Uh, Miss...

MISS FORSYTHE. Forsythe.

HAPPY. Miss Forsythe, this is my brother.

BIFF. (*To Happy.*) Is Dad here?

HAPPY. His name is Biff. You might've heard of him? Great
football player.

MISS FORSYTHE. Really? What team?

HAPPY. Are you familiar with football?

MISS FORSYTHE. No, I'm afraid not.

HAPPY. Biff is quarterback with the New York Giants.

MISS FORSYTHE. Well! – that is nice, isn't it?

HAPPY. (*Lifting glass.*) Good health.

MISS FORSYTHE. I'm happy to meet you.

HAPPY. That's my name, Hap. It's really Harold, but at West Point
they called me Happy.

MISS FORSYTHE. Oh ... I see. How do you do?

BIFF. (*Pulling Happy aside.*) Isn't Dad coming?

HAPPY. You want her?

BIFF. Oh, I could never make that.

HAPPY. I remember the time that idea would never come into your head ... Where's the old confidence, Biff?

BIFF. ... I just saw Oliver ...

HAPPY. Wait a minute. I've got to see that old confidence again. Do you want her? She's on call.

BIFF. Oh, no –

HAPPY. Watch this ... (*Turns to Miss Forsythe.*) Honey? Are you busy?

MISS FORSYTHE. Well, I am ... but I could make a phone call.

HAPPY. Do that, will you, honey? And see if you can get a friend. We'll be here for a while. Biff is one of the greatest football players in the country.

MISS FORSYTHE. (*Rising.*) Well, I'm certainly happy to meet you.

HAPPY. Come back soon.

MISS FORSYTHE. I'll try.

HAPPY. Don't try, honey, try hard.

(*Miss Forsythe exits.*)

29- BIFF/HAPPY

(Biff wants Happy to help him placate Willy. Happy wants to convince Biff to try again.)

HAPPY. Did you see Oliver?

BIFF. I saw him all right. Now look, I want to tell Dad a couple of things and I want you to help me.

HAPPY. What? Is he going to back you?

BIFF. Are you crazy? You're out of your goddam head, you know that?

HAPPY. Why? What happened?

BIFF. I did a terrible thing today, Hap. It's been the strangest day I ever went through. I'm all numb, I swear.

HAPPY. You mean he wouldn't see you?

BIFF. Well, I waited six hours for him, see? All day kept sending my name in.

HAPPY. He remembered you, didn't he?

BIFF. Finally, about five o'clock he comes out, didn't remember who I was or anything ... I felt like such an idiot, Hap ...

HAPPY. Did you tell him my Florida idea?

BIFF. He walked away. I saw him for one minute. – How the hell did I ever get the idea I was a salesman there? I even believed myself that I'd been a salesman for him! And then he gave me one look and – I realized – we've been talking in a dream for fifteen years ... I was a shipping clerk.

HAPPY. What'd you do?

BIFF. Well, he left, see. And the secretary went out. I was all alone in the waiting room. I felt so mad I could've torn the walls down. I don't know what came over me, y'know? The next thing I know I'm in his office ... panelled walls, everything. I can't explain it ... I ... Hap, I took his fountain pen. (*Feeling pen under his coat.*)

HAPPY. Jeez, did he catch you?

BIFF. Then I ran out ... I ran down all eleven flights ... I ran and ran...

HAPPY. That was awful dumb ... what'd you do that for?

BIFF. I don't know, I just ... wanted to take something, I don't know. You gotta help me, Hap, I'm gonna tell Pop.

HAPPY. You crazy? What for?

BIFF. Hap, he's got to understand that I'm not the man somebody lends that kind of money to. He thinks I've been spiting him all these years and it's eating him up ...

HAPPY. That's just it. You tell him something nice ...

BIFF. I can't ...

HAPPY. Say you got a lunch date with Oliver tomorrow ...

BIFF. So what do I do tomorrow?

HAPPY. You leave the house tomorrow and come back at night and say Oliver is thinking it over. And he thinks it over for a couple of weeks, and gradually it fades away and nobody's the worse.

BIFF. But it'll go on forever!

HAPPY. Dad is never so happy as when he's looking forward to something.

30 – WILLY/BIFF

(Willy wants Biff to commit to Oliver. Biff wants Willy to see him.)

WILLY. Well, what happened, boy? Everything go all right?

BIFF. Pal ... I had an experience today.

WILLY. That so? What happened?

BIFF. I'm going to tell you everything from first to last. It's been a strange day. I had to wait quite a while for him, and ...

WILLY. Oliver ...?

BIFF. Yeah, Oliver. All day, as a matter of cold fact. And a lot of ... instances ... facts, Pop; facts about my life came back to me. Who was it, Pop ... who ever said I was a salesman with Oliver?

WILLY. Well, you were ...

BIFF. No, Dad, I was a shipping clerk.

WILLY. But you were practically ...

BIFF. Dad, I don't know who said it first, but I was never a salesman for Bill Oliver.

WILLY. What're you talking about?

BIFF. Let's hold on the facts tonight, Pop, we're not going to get anywhere bullin' around; I was a shipping clerk!

WILLY. All right, now listen to me ...

BIFF. Why don't you let me finish?

WILLY. I'm not interested in any stories about the past or any crap of that kind because the woods are burning, you understand? There's a big blaze going on all around; I was fired today.

BIFF. How could you be ...?

WILLY. I was fired, and I'm looking for a little good news to tell your mother, because the woman has waited and the woman has suffered. The gist of it is that I haven't got a story left in my head, Biff. So don't give me a lecture about facts and aspects. I am not interested. Now what've you got to say to me? Did you see Oliver?

BIFF. Jesus, Dad!

WILLY. You mean you didn't go up there?

BIFF. I did ... I ... saw him. How could they fire you?

WILLY. What kind of a welcome did he give you?

BIFF. He won't even let you work on commission?

WILLY. I'm out! So tell me, he gave you a warm welcome?

BIFF. Oh, well, it was kind of ...

WILLY. I was wondering if he'd remember you. Imagine, man doesn't see you for ten, twelve years and gives you that kind of a welcome!

BIFF. Pop, look ...

WILLY. You know why he remembered you, don't you? Because you impressed him in those days.

BIFF. Let's talk quietly and get this down to the facts, huh?

WILLY. Well, what happened? It's great news, Biff; did he take you into his office or'd you talk in the waiting room?

BIFF. Well, he came in, see, and ...

WILLY. What'd he say? – betcha he threw his arm around you!

BIFF. Well, he kinda ...

WILLY. He's a fine man. Very hard man to see, y'know. Is that where you had the drinks?

BIFF. ... Yeah, he gave me a couple of ... no, no ...!

WILLY. How'd he react to the Florida idea?

BIFF. Dad, will you give me a minute to explain?

WILLY. I've been waiting for you to explain since I sat down here! What happened; he took you into his office, and what?

BIFF. Well ... I talked ... and ... and he listened, see ...

WILLY. Famous for the way he listens, y'know. What was his answer?

BIFF. His answer was ... Dad, you're not letting me tell you what I want to tell you!

WILLY. You didn't see him, did you?

BIFF. I did see him!

WILLY. What'd you insult him or something? You insulted him, didn't you?

BIFF. Listen, will you let me out of it, will you just let me out of it!

WILLY. Tell me what happened?

BIFF. I can't talk to you!

WILLY. What happened?

BIFF. Shut up and leave me alone!

31–BIFF/HAPPY/MISS FORSYTHE/LETTA

(Happy wants to seduce the women. Biff wants Happy's attention. Miss Forsythe and Letta want the men to take them on an adventure.)

HAPPY. Hello, girls, sit down.

MISS FORSYTHE. I guess we might as well. This is Letta.

HAPPY. *(To Letta.)* How're ya, miss, sit down ... What do you drink?

MISS FORSYTHE. Letta might not be able to stay long.

LETTA. I gotta get up very early tomorrow. I got jury duty. I'm so excited! Were you fellows ever on a jury?

BIFF. No, but I been in front of them! This is my father. *(Indicating Willy, who is not present in the staging of this callback scene.)*

LETTA. Sit down with us, Pop.

HAPPY. Sit him down, Biff!

BIFF. Come on, slugger, drink us under the table. Come on, sit down, pal. *(Pause, then responding to Imaginary Willy.)* The washroom? Just go straight down. *(Imaginary Willy exits.)*

LETTA. I think it's wonderful you bring your daddy along.

MISS FORSYTHE. Oh, he isn't really your father!

BIFF. Miss Forsythe, you've just seen a prince walk by. A fine, troubled prince. A hardworking, unappreciated prince. A pal ... you understand? A good companion. Always for his boys.

LETTA. That's so sweet.

HAPPY. Well, girls, what's the program? We're wasting time. Come on, Biff. Gather around. Where would you like to go?

BIFF. Why don't you do something for him?

HAPPY. Me!

BIFF. Don't you give a damn for him, Hap?

HAPPY. What're you talking about? I'm the one who ...

BIFF. I sense it, you don't give a good goddam about him.

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. Hap ... help him. ... Jesus ... help him. ...Help me, help me, I can't bear to look at his face! (*Biff exits.*)

HAPPY. Where are you going?

MISS FORSYTHE. What's he so mad about?

HAPPY. Come on, girls, we'll catch up with him. (*Begins to leave.*)

MISS FORSYTHE. Say, I don't like that temper of his!

HAPPY. He's just a little overstrung, he'll be all right!

LETTA. Don't you want to tell your father...?

HAPPY. 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! (*They exit.*)

32 – WILLY/THE WOMAN/BIFF

(Willy wants to hide The Woman. The Woman wants Willy's full attention. Biff wants Willy to return home.)

(Knocking at door.)

WOMAN. Aren't you going to answer the door? He'll wake the whole hotel.

WILLY. I'm not expecting anybody. *(Buttoning his shirt.)*

WOMAN. Whyn'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.

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

WOMAN. Gee, you are self-centered! Why so sad? You are the saddest, self-centerested soul I ever did see-saw. Come on inside, drummer boy. It's silly to be dressing in the middle of the night. *(Knocking.)* 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. *(Knocking.)*

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

WILLY. 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. (*Woman exits; Willy opens the door; Biff enters.*) Biff ...

BIFF. Why didn't you answer?

WILLY. Biff! What are you doing in Boston?

BIFF. Why didn't you answer? I've been knocking for five minutes, I called you on the phone ...

WILLY. 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. Biff, what's this about? Come on, let's go downstairs and get you a malted ...

BIFF. Dad, I flunked math.

WILLY. Not for the term.

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

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

BIFF. 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. You did? The kids like it?

BIFF. They nearly died laughing!

WILLY. Yeah? What'd you do?

BIFF. The "thquare woot" of "thixthy-thwee" is ... And in the middle of it he walked in!

(They laugh and Woman joins in, offstage.)

WILLY. Hurry downstairs and...

BIFF. Somebody in there?

WILLY. No, that was next door ...

(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.)

WOMAN. Can I come in? (*Lisping.*) There's "thumthing" in the bathtub, Willy, and "it'th" moving. (*She laughs again.*)

WILLY. 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 ...

WOMAN. But I've got to get dressed, Willy, I can't ...

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

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

WILLY. Get outa here! Go back, go back!

WOMAN. Where's my stockings? You promised me stockings, Willy!

WILLY. I have no stockings here!

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

WILLY. (*Handing her packages.*) Here, for God's sake, will you get outta here!

WOMAN. You've certainly got your nerve, Willy. I just hope there's nobody in the hall. That's all I hope. (*To Biff.*) Are you football or baseball?

BIFF. Football...

WOMAN. That's me too. G'night. (*She exits.*)

33 – WILLY/BIFF

(Willy wants to reassure Biff. Biff wants to hold Willy to account.)

WILLY. 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 ... What's the matter? 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! 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. Dad...

WILLY. Oh, my boy ...

BIFF. Dad ...

WILLY. She's nothing to me, Biff, I was lonely, I was terribly lonely

...

BIFF. You ... you gave her Mama's stockings!

WILLY. (*Grabbing Biff.*) I gave you an order!

BIFF. (*Escaping Willy's grasp.*) Don't touch me, you ... liar!
(*Rises.*)

WILLY. Apologize for that!

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

(*Biff exits.*)

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

34 – WILLY/STANLEY

(Stanley wants to restore Willy's dignity. Willy wants to save face.)

(Willy is on restroom floor.)

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

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

WILLY. But we were supposed to have dinner together.

STANLEY. Can you make it?

WILLY. I'll ... sure, I can make it. Do I ... I look all right?

STANLEY. Sure, you look all right.

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

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

WILLY. No, take it. You're a good boy.

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

WILLY. Here ... *(Giving Stanley all the money in his wallet.)* here's some more. I don't need it any more. *(Willy begins to exit; Stanley follows and slips the money into Willy's jacket pocket, unobserved.)* Tell me ... is there a seed store in the neighborhood?

STANLEY. Seeds? You mean like to plant?

WILLY. Yes. Carrots, peas...

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

WILLY. Oh, I'd better hurry. I've got to get some seeds. I've got to get some seeds, right away. Nothing's planted. I don't have a thing in the ground. (*Willy exits.*)

STANLEY. (*To Other Waiter.*) Well, whatta you looking at!?

35 – LINDA/BIFF/HAPPY

(Linda wants to discipline her sons. Biff wants Linda to face the reality that Willy is abusive. Happy wants to keep the peace.)

(Biff and Happy enter and find Linda waiting for them.)

HAPPY. Heh, what're you doing up? Where's Pop? Is he sleeping?

LINDA. Where were you?

HAPPY. We met two girls, Mom, very fine types ... Here, we brought you some flowers ... Put them in your room, Ma ... *(Linda knocks the flowers to the floor.)* Now what'd you do that for? Mom, I want you to have some flowers ...

LINDA. Don't you care whether he lives or dies?

HAPPY. Come upstairs, Biff ...

BIFF. Leave me alone! *(To Linda.)* What do you mean, lives or dies? Nobody's dying around here, pal.

LINDA. Get out of my sight! Get out of here!

BIFF. I wanna see the boss.

LINDA. You're not going near him!

BIFF. Where is he?

LINDA. You invite him for dinner. He looks forward to it all day ... and then you desert him there? There's no stranger you'd do that to!

HAPPY. Listen, when I desert him I hope I don't outlive the day!

LINDA. Get out of here!

HAPPY. Now look, Mom...

LINDA. Did you have to go to women tonight? You and your lousy rotten whores!

HAPPY. Mom, all we did was follow Biff around - trying to cheer him up! *(To Biff)* Boy, what a night you gave me!

LINDA. Get out of here, both of you, and don't come back! I don't want you tormenting him any more. Go on now, get your things together. *(To Biff)* You can sleep in his apartment. *(Indicating flowers.)* Pick up this stuff, I'm not your maid any more. Pick it up, you bum, you! *(Biff picks up the flowers.)* You're a pair of animals! Not one, not another living soul would have had the cruelty to walk out on that man in a restaurant!

BIFF. Is that what he said?

LINDA. He didn't have to say anything. He was so humiliated he nearly limped when he came in.

HAPPY. But, Mom, he had a great time with us...

BIFF. Shut up!

(Happy Exits.)

LINDA. You! You didn't even go in to see if he was all right!?

BIFF. No... didn't. Didn't do a damned thing! How do you like that, heh? Left him babbling in a toilet.

LINDA. You louse. You . . .

BIFF. Right! Now you hit it right on the nose! *(Throws flowers in wastebasket.)* The scum of the earth, and you're looking at him!

LINDA. Get out of here!

BIFF. I gotta talk to the boss, Mom. Where is he?

LINDA. You're not going near him. Get out of this house!

BIFF. No. We're gonna have an abrupt conversation, him and me

...

LINDA. You're not talking to him ... (*Hammering is heard from outside the house.*) Will you please leave him alone?

BIFF. What's he doing out there?

LINDA. He's planting the garden!

BIFF. Now?! ... Oh, my God!

36 – WILLY/BEN

(Willy seeks Ben's approval of suicide to generate life insurance. Ben wants Willy to proceed with caution.)

WILLY. Ben, I want you to go through the ins and outs of this thing with me. I've got nobody to talk to, Ben, and the woman has suffered, you hear me?

BEN. What's the proposition?

WILLY. It's twenty thousand dollars on the barrelhead; guaranteed, gilt-edged, you understand?

BEN. You don't want to make a fool of yourself. They might not honor the policy.

WILLY. How can they dare refuse? Didn't I work like hell to meet every premium on the nose? And now they don't pay off? Impossible!

BEN. It's called a cowardly thing, William.

WILLY. Why? Does it take more guts to stand here the rest of my life ringing up a zero?

BEN. That's a point, William. And twenty thousand ... that is something one can feel with the hand, it is there.

WILLY. Oh, Ben, that's the whole beauty of it! I see it like a diamond, shining in the dark, hard and rough that I can pick up and touch in my hand. ...And it changes all the aspects; because he thinks I'm nothing, see, and so he spites me, but the funeral ... Ben, that funeral will be massive! They'll come from Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire ... all the old-timers

with the strange license plates - that boy will be thunderstruck, Ben, because he never realized - I am known! Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey - I am known, Ben, and he'll see it with his eyes once and for all; he'll see what I am, Ben! He's in for a shock, that boy!

BEN. He'll call you a coward ...

WILLY. No, that would be terrible!

BEN. Yes. And a damned fool ...

WILLY. No, no, he mustn't. I won't have that!

BEN. He'll hate you, William.

WILLY. Oh, Ben, how do we get back to all the great times? Used to be so full of light, and comradeship, the sleigh-riding in winter, and the ruddiness on his cheeks; and always some kind of good news coming up, always something nice coming up ahead; and never even let me carry the valises in the house, and simonizing, simonizing that little red car! Why, why can't I give him something and not have him hate me?

BEN. Let me think about it. (*He glances at his watch.*) I still have a little time. Remarkable proposition, but you've got to be sure you're not making a fool of yourself.

37 – WILLY/LINDA/BIFF

BIFF. Pop ... I'm saying goodbye to you, Pop. I'm not coming back any more.

WILLY. You're not going to see Oliver tomorrow?

BIFF. I've got no appointment, Dad.

WILLY. He put his arm around you and you've got no appointment?

BIFF. Pop, get this now, will you? Every time I've left it's been a fight that sent me out of here. Today I realized something about myself and I tried to explain it to you and I ... I think I'm just not smart enough to make any sense out of it for you. To hell with whose fault it is or anything like that! Let's just wrap it up, heh? I'm going and I'm not writing any more.

LINDA. I think that's the best way, dear. 'Cause there's no use drawing it out, you'll just never get along.

BIFF. People ask where I am and what I'm doing, you don't know, and you don't care. That way it'll be off your mind and you can start brightening up again. All right? That clears it, doesn't it? You gonna wish me luck, scout? (*Extends his hand.*) What do you say?

LINDA. Shake his hand, Willy.

WILLY. There's no necessity to mention the pen at all, y'know ...

BIFF. I've got no appointment, Dad.

WILLY. He put his arm around ...?

BIFF. Dad, you're never going to see what I am, so what's the use of arguing? If I strike oil I'll send you a check, meantime forget I'm alive.

WILLY. (*To Linda.*) Spite, see?

BIFF. Shake hands, Dad.

WILLY. Not my hand.

BIFF. I was hoping not to go this way.

WILLY. Well, this is the way you're going ... Goodbye. (*Biff begins to leave.*) May you rot in hell if you leave this house!

BIFF. Exactly what is it that you want from me!?

WILLY. I want you to know, on the train, in the mountains, in the valleys, wherever you go, that you cut down your life for spite!

BIFF. No - no ...

WILLY. Spite, spite is the word of your undoing, and when you're down and out remember what did it. When you're rotting somewhere beside the railroad tracks, remember, and don't you dare blame it on me! ...

BIFF. I'm not blaming it on you!

WILLY. I won't take the rap for this, you hear?

BIFF. That's just what I'm telling you!

WILLY. You're trying to put a knife in me, don't think I don't know what you're doing!

BIFF. All right, phoney! Then let's lay it on the line. (*He whips rubber tube out of his pocket, slaps it on table.*)

LINDA. Biff!

BIFF. Leave it there! Don't move it!

WILLY. (*Doesn't look at it.*) What is that?

BIFF. You know goddamn well what that is.

WILLY. I never saw that.

BIFF. You saw it, the mice didn't bring it into the cellar! What is this supposed to do, make a hero out of you? This supposed to make me sorry for you?

WILLY. Never heard of it.

BIFF. There'll be no pity for you, you hear it? No pity!

WILLY. You hear the spite!

BIFF. No, you're going to hear the truth, what you are and what I am!

LINDA. Stop it!!

WILLY. Spite!

BIFF. The man don't know who we are! The man is gonna know! (*To Willy.*) We never told the truth for ten minutes in this house! And I'm through with it. Now hear this, Willy, this is me.

WILLY. I know you!

BIFF. You know why I had no address for three months? I stole a suit in Kansas City and I was in jail. (*Linda sobs.*) Stop crying. I'm through with it.

WILLY. I suppose that's my fault!

BIFF. I stole myself out of every good job since high school!

WILLY. And whose fault is that !?

BIFF. And I never got anywhere because you blew me so full of hot air I could never stand taking orders from anybody! That's whose fault it is!

WILLY. I hear that!

LINDA. Don't, Biff.

BIFF. It's goddam time you heard that! I had to be boss big shot in two weeks, and I'm through with it!

WILLY. Then hang yourself; for spite, hang yourself!

BIFF. (*Putting tube in his pocket.*) No! Nobody's hanging himself, Willy! I ran down eleven flights with a pen in my hand today ... and suddenly I stopped, you hear me? And in the middle of that office building ... I saw ... do you hear this! – I stopped in the middle of that building and I saw ... the sky. I saw the things that I love in this world; the work and the food and time to sit and smoke. And I looked at the pen and said to myself, what the hell am I grabbing this for? Why am I trying to become what I don't want to be? What am I doing in an office building making a contemptuous, begging fool of myself, when all I want is out there, waiting for me the minute I say I know who I am! Why can't I say that, Willy!

WILLY. The door of your life is wide open!

BIFF. Pop! I'm a dime a dozen and so are you!

WILLY. I am not a dime a dozen! I am Willy Loman, and you are Biff Loman!

BIFF. I'm one dollar an hour, Willy! I tried seven states and couldn't raise it. A buck an hour, do you gather my meaning? I am not a leader of men, Willy, and neither are you; you were never

anything but a hard-working drummer who landed in the ashcan like all the rest of them! I'm not bringing home any prizes any more and you're going to stop waiting for me to bring them home!

WILLY. You vengeful, spiteful mutt!

BIFF. Pop, I'm nothing, I'm nothing, Pop! Can't you understand that? There's no spite in it any more. I'm just what I am, that's all...

(He breaks down, sobbing, holding on to Willy, who takes him in his arms, comforting.)

WILLY. What're you doing? What're you doing? *(To Linda.)* Why is he crying?

BIFF. *(Crying, broken.)* Will you let me go, for Christ's sake? Will you take that phoney dream and burn it before something happens? *(Biff pulls away.)* I'll go in the morning. Put him ... put him to bed ... *(Biff exits to bedroom.)*

WILLY. Isn't that... isn't that remarkable? Biff! He likes me!

LINDA. He loves you, Willy!

WILLY. Oh... Biff! He cried! Cried to me! That boy ... that boy is going to be ... magnificent!

38 – CHARLEY MONOLOGUE

(Charley defends Willy in eulogy.)

CHARLEY. Nobody dast blame this man. You don't understand; Willy was a salesman; and for a salesman, there is no rock bottom to the life. He don't put a bolt to a nut, he don't tell you the law, or give you medicine. He's a man way out there in the blue, riding on a smile and a shoeshine; and when they start not smiling back - boy, that's an earthquake. And then you get yourself a couple of spots on your hat, and you're finished. Nobody dast blame this man. A salesman is got to dream, boy; it comes with the territory.