APPENDICES

DEATH OF A SALESMAN

CHARACTERS

WILLY LOMAN
LINDA
BIFF
HAPPY
BERNARD
THE WOMAN
LETTA
CHARLEY
UNCLE BEN
HOWARD WAGNER
JENNY
STANLEY
MISS FORSYTHE
WAITER

SCENE. The action takes place in Willy Loman’s house and yard and in various places he visits in New York and Boston of today.

ACT I

[A melody is heard, played upon a flute. It is small and fine, telling of the grass and trees and the horizon. The curtain rises.

Before us is the salesman’s house. We are aware of towering, angular shapes behind it, surrounding it on all sides. Only the blue light of the sky falls upon the house and forestage; the surrounding area shows an angry glow of orange. As more light appears we see solid vault of apartment houses around the small fragile-seeming home. An air of the dream clings to the place, a dream rising out of reality. The kitchen at center seems actual enough, for there is a kitchen table with three chairs, and a refrigerator. But no other fixtures are seen. At the back of the kitchen there is a draped entrance, which leads to the living-room. To the right of the kitchen, on a level raised two feet, is a bedroom furnished only with a brass bedstead and straight chair. On a shelf over the bed a silver athletic trophy stands. A window opens on to the apartment house at the side.

Behind the kitchen, on a level raised six and a half feet, is the boy’ bedroom, at present barely visible. Two beds are dimly seen, and at the back of the room a dormer window. (This bedroom is above the unseen living-room. At the left a stairway curves up to it from the kitchen.

The entire setting is wholly, or, in some places, partially transparent. The roof line of the house is one-dimensional; under and over it we see the apartment buildings. Before the house lies an apron, curving beyond the forestage into the orchestra. This forestage serves as the back yard as well as the locale of all Willy’s imaginings and of his city scenes. Whenever the action is in the present the actors observe the imaginary wall-lines, entering the house only through its door at the left. But in the scenes of the past these boundaries are broken, and characters enter or leave a room by sleeping “through” a wall on to the forestage.

[From the right, WILLY LOMAN, the Salesman, enters, carrying two large sample cases. The flute plays on. He hears but is not aware of it. He is past sixty years of age, dressed quietly. Even as he crosses the stage to the doorway of his house, his exhaustion is apparent. He unlocks the door, comes into the kitchen, and thankfully lets his burden down, feeling the soreness of his palm. A word-sigh escapes his lips—it might be “Oh, boy, oh, boy.” He closes the door, then carries his cases out into the living-room, through the draped kitchen doorway. LINDA, his wife, has stirred in her bed at right. She gets out and puts on a robe, listening. Most often oval, she has developed an iron repression of her exceptions for WILLY’S behavior; she more than loves him, admires him, as though his mercurial nature, his temper, his massive dreams and little cruelties, served her only as sharp reminders of...
the turbulent longings within him, longings which she shares but lacks the temperament to utter and follow to their end.]
LINDA. [hearing WILLY outside the bedroom calls with some trepidation].
Willy!
WILLY. It's all right. I came back.
LINDA. Why? What happened? [Slight pause.] did something happen, willy?
WILLY. No, nothing happened.
LINDA. You didn't smash the car, did you?
WILLY. [with casual irritation]. I said nothing happened. Didn't you hear me?
LINDA. Don't you feel well?
WILLY. I'm tired to the death. [The flute has faded away. He sits on the bed beside her, a little numb.] I couldn't make it. I just couldn't make it, Linda.
LINDA. [Very carefully, delicately]. Where were you all day? You look terrible.
WILLY. I got as far as a little above Yankers. I stopped for a cup of coffee. Maybe it was the coffee.
LINDA. What?
WILLY. [after a pause]. I suddenly couldn't drive any more. The car kept going off on the shoulder, y'know?
LINDA. [helpfully]. Oh. Maybe it was the steering again. I don't think Angelo knows the Studebaker.
WILLY. No, it's me. Suddenly I realize I'm goin' sixty miles an hour and I don't remember the last five minutes. I'm-I can't seem to keep my mind to it.
LINDA. Maybe it's your glasses. You never went for your new glasses.
WILLY. No, I see everything. I came back ten miles an hour. It took me nearly four hours from Yankers.
LINDA. [resigned]. Well, you'll just have to take a rest, Willy, you can't continue this way.
WILLY. I just go back from Florida.
LINDA. But you didn't rest your mind. Your mind is over-active, and the mind is what counts, dear. WILLY. I'll start out in the morning. May-be I'll feel better in the morning. [She is taking off his shoes.] These goddammed arch supports are killing me.
LINDA. Take an aspirin. Should I get you an aspirin? It'll soothe you.
WILLY. [with wonder]. I was driving along, you understand? And I was fine. I was even observing the scenery. You can imagine, me looking at scenery, on the road every week of my life. But it's so beautiful up there, Linda, the trees are so thick, and the sun is warm. I opened the windshield and just let the warm air bathe over me. And then all of a sudden I'm goin' off the road! I'm tellin' ya, I absolutely forgot I was driving. If I'd've gone the other way over the white line I might've killed somebody. So I went on again and five minutes later I'm dreamin' again, and I nearly- [He presses two fingers against his eyes. I have such thoughts, I have such strange thoughts.
LINDA. Willy, dear. Talk to them again. There's no reason why you can't work in New York.
WILLY. They don't need me in New York. I'm the New England man. I'm vital in New England.
LINDA. But you're sixty years old. They can't expect you keep traveling every week.
WILLY. I'll have to send a wire to Portland. I'm supposed to see Brown and Morrison tomorrow morning at ten o'clock to show the line. Goddammit, I could sell them! [He starts putting on his jacket.]
LINDA. [taking the jacket from him]. Why don't you go down to the palace tomorrow and tell Howard you've simply got to work in New York? You're too accommodating, dear.
WILLY. If old man Wagner was alive I'd a been in charge of New York now! That man was a prince, he was a masterful man. But that boy of his, that Howard, he don't appreciate. When I went north the first time, the Wagner Company didn't know where
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New England was!
LINDA. Why don’t you tell those things to Howard, dear?
WILLY. [encouraged]. I will, I definitely will. Is there any cheese?
LINDA. I’ll make you a sandwich.
WILLY. No, go to sleep. I’ll take some milk.
I’ll be up right away. The boys in?
LINDA. They’re sleeping. Happy took Biff on a date tonight.
WILLY. [interested]. That so?
LINDA. It was so nice to see them shaving together, one behind to 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 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. [worried and angered]. There’s such an undercurrent in him. He became a muddy 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 a 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. Shh!
WILLY. The trouble is he’s lazy, goddammit!
LINDA. Willy, please!
WILLY. Biff is a lazy bum!
LINDA. They’re sleeping. Get something to eat. Go on down.
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. [with pity and resolve]. 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 . . . [He loses himself in reminiscences]

LINDA. [trying to bring him out of it]. Willy, dear, I got a new kind of American type cheese today. It’s whipped.

WILLY. Why do you get American when I like Swiss?
LINDA. I just thought you’d like a change.
WILLY. I don’t want a change! I want Swiss cheese. Why an I always being contradicted?
LINDA. [with a covering a laugh]. I thought it would be a surprise.
WILLY. Why don’t you open a window in here, for God’s sake?
LINDA. [with infinite patience]. They’re all open, dear.
WILLY. The way the boxed us in here. Bricks and windows, windows and bricks.
LINDA. We should’ve bought the land next.
door.

WILLY. The street is lined with cars. There’s not a breath of fresh air in the neighborhood. The grass don’t grow anymore, you can’t raise a carrot in the backyard. They should’ve had a law against apartment houses. Remember those two beautiful elm trees out there? When I and Biff hung the swing between them.

LINDA. Yeah, like being a million miles from the city.

WILLY. They should’ve arrested the builder for cutting those down. They massacred the neighborhood. [Lost]. More and more I think of those days, Linda. This time of year it was lilac and wisteria, And then the peonies would come out, and the daffodils. What a fragrance in this room!

LINDA. Well, after all, people had to move somewhere.

WILLY. No, there’s more people now.

LINDA. I don’t think there’s more people, I think—

WILLY. There’s more people! That’s what’s ruining this country! Population is getting out of control. The competition is maddening! Smell the stink from that apartment house! And another one on the other side . . . how can they whip cheese?

[On Willy’s last line, Biff and Happy raise themselves up in their beds, listening.]

LINDA. Go down, try it. And be quiet.

WILLY. [turning to Linda, guilty]. You’re not worried about me, are you sweetheart?

BIFF. What’s the matter?

HAPPY. Listen!

LINDA. You’ve got to much on the ball to worry about.

WILLY. You’re my foundation and my support, Linda.

LINDA. Just try to relax, dear. You make mountains out of molehills.

WILLY. I won’t fight with him any more. If he wants to go back to Texas, let him go.

LINDA. He’ll find his way.

WILLY. Sure. Certain me just don’t get started till later in life. Like Thomas Edison, I think. Or B.F. Goodrich. One of them was deaf. [He starts for the bedroom doorway. I’ll put my money on Biff.

LINDA. And Willy- if it’s warm Sunday we’ll drive in the country. And we’ll open the windshield, and take lunch.

WILLY. No, the windshields don’t open on the new cars.

LINDA. But you opened it today.

WILLY. Me? I didn’t. [He stops.] Now isn’t that peculiar! Isn’t that remarkable—[He breaks off in amazement and right as the flute is heard distantly].

LINDA. What, darling?

WILLY. That is the most remarkable thing.

LINDA. What, dear?

WILLY. I was thinking of the Chevy. [Slight pause.] nineteen twenty-eight . . . when I has that red Chevy—[Breaks off.] That funny? I coulda sworn I was driving that Chevy today.

LINDA. Well, that’s nothing. Something must’ve reminded you.

WILLY. Remarkable. Ts. Remember those days? The way Biff used to simonize that car? the dealer refused to believe there was eighty thousand mile on it. [He shakes his head.] Heh! [To LINDA.] Close your eyes, I’ll be right up. [He walks out the bedroom.]

HAPPY [to BIFF]. Jesus, maybe he smashed up the car again!

LINDA [Calling after Willy.] Be careful on the stairs, dear! The cheese is on the middle shelf! [She turns, goes over to the bed, takes his jacket, and goes out the bedroom.]

[Light has risen on the boy’s room. Unseen, WILLY is heard talking to himself, “Eighty thousand miles,” and a little though. BIFF gets out of bed, comes downstage a bit, and a stand attentively. BIFF is two years older than his brother HAPPY, well built, but in these days bears a worn air and seems less self-assured.
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He has succeeded less, and his dreams are stronger and less acceptable than HAPPY’S. HAPPY is tall, powerfully made. Sexuality is like a visible color on him, or a scent that many women have discovered. He, like his brother, is lost, but in a different way, for he has never allowed himself to turn his face toward defeat and is thus more confused and hard-skinned, although seemingly more content.

HAPPY [getting out of bed]. He’s going to get his license taken away if he keeps that up. I’m getting nervous about him, y’know, Biff.

BIFF. His eyes are going.

HAPPY. No, I’ve driven with him. [He sees all right. He just doesn’t keep his mind on it. I drove into the city with him last week. He stops at a green light and then it turns red and he goes. [He laughs].

BIFF. Maybe he’s color-blind.

HAPPY: Pop? Why, he’s got the finest eye for color in the business. You know that.

BIFF. [sitting down on his bed]. I’m going to sleep.

HAPPY. You’re not still sound on Dad, are you, Biff?

BIFF. He’s all right, I guess.

WILLY [underneath them in the living-room]. Yes, sir, eighty thousand miles eighty-two thousand!

BIFF. You smoking?

HAPPY. [holding out a pack of cigarettes] want one?

BIFF. [taking a cigarette]. I can never sleep when I smell it.

WILLY. What a simonizing job, Heh!

HAPPY. [with deep sentiment]. Funny, Biff, y’know? Us sleeping in here again? The old beds. [He pats his bed affectionately. All the talk that went across those two beds, huh? Our whole lives.

BIFF. Yeah. Lotta dreams and plans.

HAPPY. [With a deep and masculine laugh. About five hundred women would like to know what was said in this room.

[They share a soft laugh.]

BIFF. Remember that big Betsy something—what the hell was her name—over on Bushwick Avenue?

HAPPY. [combing his hair]. With the collie dog!

BIFF. That’s the one. I got you in there, remember?

HAPPY. Yeah, that was my first time— I think. Boy, there was a pig! [They laugh, almost cruelly.] You taught me everything I know about women. Don’t forget that.

BIFF. I bet you forgot how bashful you used to be. Especially with girls.

HAPPY. Oh, I still am, Biff.

BIFF. Oh, go on.

HAPPY. I just control it, that’s all. I think I got less bashful and you got more so. What happened, Biff? Where’s the old humor, the old confidence? [He shakes BIFF’S knee. BIFF gets up and moves restlessly about the room.] what’s the matter?

BIFF. Why does Dad mock me all the time?

HAPPY. He’s not mocking you, he

BIFF. Everything I say there’s a twist of mockery on his face. I can’t get near him.

HAPPY. He just wants you to make good, that’s all. I wanted to talk to you about Dad for a long time, Biff. Something’s happening to him. He talks to himself.

BIFF. I noticed that this morning. But he always mumbled.

HAPPY. But no so noticeable. It got so embarrassing. I sent him to Florida. And you know something? Most of the time he’s talking to you.

BIFF. What’s he say about me?

HAPPY. I think the fact that you’re not settled, that you’re still kind of up in the air . . .

BIFF. There’s one or two other things depressing him, Happy.
HAPPY. What do you mean?
BIFF. Never mind. Just don’t lay it all to me.
HAPPY. But I think if you got started-I mean—is there any future for you out there?
BIFF. I tell ya, Hap, I don’t know what the future is. I don’t know what I’m supposed to want.
HAPPY. What do you mean?

BIFF. Well, I spent six or seven years after high school trying to work myself up. Shipping clerk, salesman, business of one kind or another. And it’s a mealy manner of existence. To get on that subway on the hot mornings in summer. To devote your whole life to keeping stock, or making phone calls, or selling or buying. To suffer fifty weeks of the year for the sake of a two-week vacation when all you really desire is to be outdoors, with your ahead of the next fella. And still—

HAPPY. Well, you really enjoy it on a farm?
Are you content out there?
BIFF. [with rising agitation]. Hap, I’ve had twenty or thirty different kind 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 getting anywhere. What the hell am I doing, playing ground 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. [After a pause.] I’ve always made a point of not wasting my life, and everytime I come back here I know that all I’ve done is to wait my life.

HAPPY. You’re a poet, you know that, Biff? You’re—a poet? You’re an idealist!

BIFF. No, I’m mixed up very bad. Maybe I oughta get married. maybe I oughta get stuck into something. Maybe that’s my trouble. I’m like a boy. I’m not married, I’m not in business, I just—I’m like a boy. 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. [moving about with energy, expressiveness]. All can I 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. [with enthusiasm]. 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. [avidly. The Loman Brothers, heh?

BIFF. [With vast affection]. Sure, we’d be
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Known all over the counties!
HAPPY. [enthralled]. 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 goddamn 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. [enthused]. 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. 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 finger than he's got in his head.

BIFF. Yeah, but 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. But take those two we had tonight. Now weren't they gorgeous creatures?

BIFF. Yeah, yeah, most gorgeous I've had in years

HAPPY. 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. You still run around a lot?

BIFF. Naa. I'd like to find a girl steady, somebody with substance.

HAPPY. That's what I long for.

BIFF. Go on! You'd never come home.

HAPPY. I would! Somebody with character, with resistance! Like Mom, y'know? You're gonna call me bastad when I tell you this. That girl Charlotte I was with tonight is engaged to be married in five weeks. [He tries on his new hat]

BIFF. No, kiddin'!

HAPPY. Sure, 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 over-developed 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! [Indignantly, but laughing.] like I'm not supposed to take bribes. Manufactures 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!

BIFF. Let's go to sleep.

HAPPY. I guess we didn't settle anything, heh?

BIFF. I just got one idea that I think I'm going to try.

HAPPY. What's that?

BIFF. Remember Bill Oliver?

HAPPY. Sure, Oliver is very big now. You want to work for him again?

BIFF. No, but when I quit he said something to me. He put his arm on my shoulder, and he said, "Biff, if you ever need anything, come to me."

HAPPY. I remember that. That sounds good.

BIFF. I think I'll go to see him. If I could
get ten thousand or even seven or eight thousand dollars I could buy a beautiful ranch.

HAPPY  I bet he'd back you. 'Cause he thought highly of you, Biff. I mean, they all do. You're were liked, Biff. That's why I say to come back here, and we both have the apartment. And I'm tellin' you, Biff, any babe you want...

BIFF. No, with a ranch I could do the work I like and still be something. I just wonder though. I wonder if Oliver still thinks I stole that carton of basketballs.

HAPPY. Well, I think he was going to. I think that's why I quit. I was never sure whether he knew or not. I know he thought the world of me, though. I was the only one he'd let look up the place.

WILLY. [below]. You gonna was the engine, Biff?

HAPPY. Shh!

[BIFF 'looks at HAPPY, who is gazing down, listening. Willy is mumbling in the parlor.]

HAPPY. You hear that?

[They listen WILLY laughs warmly.]

BIFF. [growing angry]. Doesn't he know Mom can hear that?

WILLY. Don't get your sweetheart dirty, Biff?

[BIFF 'looks of pain crosses BIFF'S face]

HAPPY. Isn't that terrible? Don't leave again will you? You'll find a job here. You gotta stick around. I don't know what to do about him, it's getting embarrassing.

WILLY. What a simmozing job!

BIFF. Mom's hearing that!

WILLY. No Kiddin', Biff, you got a date? Wonderful!

HAPPY. Go on to sleep. But talk to him in the morning, will you?

BIFF [reluctantly getting into bed]. With her in the blousie. Brother!

HAPPY. [getting into bed]. I wish you'd have good talk with him.

[The light on their room begins to fade.]

BIFF [to himself in bed]. That selfish, stupid...

HAPPY. Sh... Sleep, Biff.

[Their light is out. Well before they have finished speaking. WILLY'S form is dimly seen below in the darkened kitchen. He opens the refrigerator, searches in there, and takes out a bottle of milk. The apartment houses are fading out, and the entire house and surroundings become covered with leaves. Music insinuates itself as the leaves appear.]

WILLY. Just wanna be careful with those girls, Biff, that's all. Don't make any promises. No promises of any kind. Because a girl, y'know, they always believe what you tell em, and you're very young, Biff, you're too young to be talking seriously to girls.

[Light rises on the kitchen WILLY, talking, shuts the refrigerator door and comes down to the kitchen table. He pours milk into a glass. He is totally immersed in himself, smiling faintly.]

WILLY. Too young entirely. Biff, you want to watch your schooling first. Then when you're all set, there'll be plenty of girls for a boy like you. [He smiles broadly at a kitchen chair.] That so? The girls pay for you? [He laughs.] Boy, you must really be makin' a hit.

[WILLY is gradually addressing physically a point off-stage, speaking through the wall of the kitchen, and his voice has been rising in volume to that of a normal conversation.]

WILLY. I been wondering why you polish the car so careful. Ha! Don't leave the hubcaps, boys. Get the chamois to the hubcaps. Happy use newspaper on the windows, it's the easiest thing. Show him how to do it, Biff! You see, Happy? Pad it up, use it like a pad. That's it, that's it, good work. You're doin' all right, Hap. He pauses, then nods in approbation for a few seconds, then looks upward.] Biff, first thing
we gotta do when we get time is clip that big branch over the house. Afraid it's gonna fall in a storm and hit the roof. Tell you what. We get a rope and sling her around, and then we climb up there with a couple of saws and take her down. Soon as you finish the car, boys, I wanna see ya. I got a surprise for you, boys.

BIFF [outstage]. whatta ya got, dad?
WILLY. No, you finish first. Never leave a job till you're finished remember that. [Looking toward the "big trees."]
BIFF, up in Albany I saw beautiful hammock. I think I'll buy it next trip, and we'll hang it right between those two elms. Wouldn't that be something? Just swingin' there under those branches. Boy, that would be...

[YOUNG BIFF and YOUNG HAPPY appear from the direction Willy was addressing. HAPPY carries rags and pail of water. BIFF, wearing a sweater a block "S", carries football.]
BIFF [pointing in the direction of the car offstage]. How's that, Pop, professional?
WILLY. Terrific. Terrific job, boys. Good work, Biff.
HAPPY. Where's the surprise, Pop?
WILLY. In the back seat of the car.
HAPPY. Boy! [He runs off.]
BIFF. What is it, Dad? Tell me, what'd you busy?
WILLY [laughing, cuffs him]. Never mind something I want you to have.
BIFF. [turns and starts off]. What is it, Hap?
HAPPY [offstage]. It's punching bag!
BIFF. Oh, Pop!
WILLY. It's got Gene Tunneely's signature on it!
[HAPPY runs outstage with a punching bag]
BIFF. Gee, how'd you know we wanted a punching bag?
WILLY. Well, it's the finest thing for the timing.
HAPPY [lies down on his back and pedals with his feet]. I'm losing weight, you notice, Pop?

WILLY [to HAPPY]. Jumping rope is good too.
BIFF. Did you see the new football I got?
WILLY [examining the ball]. 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. [He laughs confidentially.]
WILLY [laughing with him at the theft]. I want you to return that.
HAPPY. I told you he wouldn't like it!
BIFF [angrily]. Well, I'm bringing it back!
WILLY [stopping the incipient argument, to HAPPY]. Sure, he's gotta practice with a regulation ball, doesn't he? [To Biff]. Coach'll probably congratulate you on your initiative!
BIFF. Oh, he keeps congratulating my initiative all the time, Pop.
WILLY. That's because he likes you. If somebody else took that ball there'd be an uproar. So what's the report boys, what's the report?
BIFF. Where'd you go this time, Dad? Gee we were lonesome for you.
WILLY [pleased, puts an arm around each boy and they come down to the apron]. Lonesome, heh?
BIFF. Missed you every minute.
WILLY. Don't say? Tell you a secret, boys. Don't breathe it to a soul. Someday I'll have my own business, and I'll never have to leave home any more.
HAPPY. Like Uncle Charley, heh?
WILLY Bigger than Uncle Charley! Because Charley is not liked. He's liked, but he's not well liked.
BIFF. Where'd you go this time, Dad?
WILLY. Well, I got on the road, and I went north to Providence. Met the Mayor.
BIFF. The mayor of Providence!
WILLY. He was sitting in the hotel lobby.
BIFF. What'd he say?
WILLY. He said, "Morning!" And I said, "You got a fine city here, Mayor."
And then he had coffee with me. And then I went to Waterbury. Waterbury is a fine city. big clock city, the famous Waterbury clock. Sold a nice bill there. And then Boston.Boston is the cradle of the Revolution. A fine city. And a couple of other towns in Mass, and on to Portland and Bangor and straight home!

BIFF. Gee, I'd love to go with you sometime, Dad.

WILLY. Soon as summer comes.

HAPPY. Promise?

WILLY. You and Hap and I, and I'll show you all the towns. America is full of beautiful towns and fine, upstanding people. And they know me, boys, they know me up and down New England. The finest people. And when I bring you fellas up, there'll be open sesame for all of us, 'cause one thing, boys: I have friends. I can park my car in any street in New England, and the cop will protect it like their own.

This summer, heh?

BIFF and Happy [together]. Yeah! you bet!

WILLY. We'll take our bathing suits.

HAPPY. We'll carry your bags, Pop!

WILLY. oh, won't that be something! I'm comin' into the Boston store with you boys carring' my bags. What a sensation!

[BIFF is prancing around, prancing passing the ball.]

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 [taking WILLY'S hand]. This Saturday Pop, this Saturday just for you, I'm going to break through for a touch down.

HAPPY. You're supposed to pass.

BIFF. I'm takin' one play for Pop. You watch me, Pop, and when I take off

my helmet, that means I'm breakin' out. Then watch me crash through that line!

WILLY [kisses BIFF]. Oh, wait'll I tell this in Boston!

[BERNARD enters in knickers, he is younger than BIFF, earnest and loyal, a worried boy.]

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

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

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

HAPPY [tauntingly, spinning BERNARD around]. Let's box, Bernard!

BERNARD. Biff! [He gets away from Happy.] 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!

[He holds up a foot for WILLY to look at.]

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

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

WILLY [angrily]. 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! [To his boys.] What an anemic!

BERNARD. Okay. I'm waiting for you in my house, Biff.

[BERNARD goes off. The LOMANS laugh]

WILLY. 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 I mean. Bernard can get the best marks in school, y'understand, but when he gets out in the business world, y'unde
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[He turns to go.]

WILLY [unable to resist]. And if anything falls of the desk while you're talking to him-like a package or something-don't you pick it up. They have office boys for that.

LINDA. I'll make a big breakfast.

WILLY. Will you let me finish? [To BIFF.] Tell him you were in the business in the west. Not farm work.

BIFF. All right, Dad.

LINDA. I think everything-

WILLY [going right through her speech].

And don't undersell yourself. Not less than fifteen thousand dollars.

BIFF [unable to bear him]. Okay. Good night, Mon [He starts moving.]

WILLY. Because you got a greatness in you, Biff, remember that... you got all kinds a greatness... [He lies back, exhausted. BIFF walks out.]

LINDA [calling after BIFF]. Sleep well, darling!

HAPPY. I'm gonna get married, Mom. I wanted to tell you.

LINDA. Go to sleep, dear.

HAPPY [going]. I just wanted to tell you.

WILLY. Keep up the good work... [Happy exits.] God... remember that Ebbets Fields game The championship of the city?

LINDA. Just rest. Should I sing to you?

WILLY. Yeah, sing to me. [LINDA hums a soft lullaby.] When that team came out he was the tallest, remember?

LINDA. Oh, yes. And in gold.

[BIFF enters the darkened kitchen, takes a cigarette, and leaves the house. He comes downstage into a golden pool of light. He smokes, staring at the night.]

WILLY. Like a young god. Hercules something like that. And the sun, the sun all around him. Remember how he waved to me? Right up from the field, with the representatives of three

Collage standing by? And the buyers I brought, and the cheers when he came out-Loman, Loman, Loman! God Almighty, he'll be great yet. A star like that, magnificent, can never really fade away!

[The light on Willy is fading. The gas heater begins to glow through the kitchen wall, near the stairs, a blue flame beneath red coils.]

LINDA [timidly]. Willy dear, what has he got against you?

WILLY. I'm so tired. Don't talk any more.

[BIFF slowly returns to the kitchen. He stops, stares toward the heater.]

LINDA. Will you ask Howard to let you work in New York?

WILLY. First thing in the morning. Everything'll be all right.

[BIFF reaches behind the heater and draws out a length of rubber tubing. He is horrified and turns his head toward WILLY'S room, still dimly lit, from which the strains of LINDA'S desperate but monotonous humming rises.]

WILLY. [staring through the window into the moonlight.] Gee, look at the moon moving between the buildings!

[BIFF wraps the tubing around his hand and quickly goes up the stairs.]

curtain

ACT II

[Music is heard, gay and bright. The curtain rises as the music fades away.]

[Willy, in his shirt sleeves, is sitting at the kitchen table, sipping coffee, his hat in his lap. LINDA is filling his cup when she can.]

WILLY. Wonderful coffee. Meal in itself.

LINDA. Can I make you some eggs?

WILLY. No. Take a breath.

LINDA. You look so rested, dear.

WILLY. I slept like a dead one. First time in months. Imagine, sleeping till ten on a Tuesday morning. Boys left nice and early, heh?

LINDA. They were out of here by eight o'clock.
WILLY. Good work!
LINDA. It was so thrilling to see them leaving together. I can’t get over the shaving lotion in this house!
WILLY. [smiling]. Mmm-
LINDA Biff was very changed this morning. His whole attitude seemed to be hopeful. He couldn’t wait to get downtown to see Oliver.
WILLY. He’s heading for a change. There’s no question, there simply are certain men that take loner to get solidified. How did he dress?
LINDA. His blue suit. He’s so handsome in that suit. He could be a anything in that suit!
[WILLY gets up from the table. LINDA holds his jacket for him.]
WILLY. There’s no question, no question at all. Gee, on the way home tonight I’d like to buy some seeds.
LINDA. [laughing]. That’d be wonderful. but no enough sun gets back there. Nothing’ll grow any more.
WILLY. You wait, kid, before it’s all over we’re gonna get a little place out in the country, and I’ll raise some vegetables, a couple of chickens . . .
LINDA. You’ll do it yet, dear.
[WILLY walks out of his jacket. LINDA follows him.]
WILLY. And they’ll get married, and come for a weekend. I’d build a little guest house. Cause I got so many fine tools, all I’d need would be a little lumber and some peace of mind.
LINDA. [joyfully]. I sewed the lining . . .
WILLY. I could build two guest houses, so they’d both come. Did he decide how much he’s going to ask Oliver for?
LINDA. [getting him into the jacket]. He didn’t mention it, but I imagine ten or fifteen thousand. 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 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 eighty, sixty-eight. Because we’re a little short again.
WILLY. Why are we short?
LINDA. And you had the motor job on the car . . .
WILLY. That goddam Studebaker!
LINDA. And you got one more payment on the refrigerator . . .
WILLY. But it just broke again!
LINDA. Well, it’s old, dear.
WILLY. I told you we should’ve bought a well-advertised machine. Charley bought a General Electric and it’s twenty years old and it’s still good, that son-of-a-bitch.
LINDA. But, Willy-
Willy Whoever heard of a Hastings refrigerator? Once in my life I would like to own something outright before it’s broken! I’m always in a race with the junkyard! I just finished paying for the car and it’s on its last legs. The refrigerator consumes belts like a god-dam maniac. They time those things. They time them so when you finally paid for them, they’re used up.
LINDA. [buttoning up his jacket as he unbuttons it]. 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 lumer, 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
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come along, move in, and that's that.
If only Biff would take this house, and
raise a family . . . [He starts to go]
Good-bye, I'm late.

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

WILLY. Me?

LINDA. At Frank's Chop House on Forty-eighth 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 and 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. [He starts to go again.]

LINDA. [calling after him as she runs to the
kitchen table for a handkerchief].
You got your glasses?

WILLY. [feels for them, then comes
back in]. yeah, yeah, got my glasses.

LINDA. [giving him the handkerchief]. And
a handkerchief.

WILLY. Yeah, handkerchief.

LINDA. And your saccharine?

WILLY. Yeah, my saccharine.

LINDA. Be careful on the subway stairs.

[She kisses him, and a silk stocking is
seen hanging from her hand. Willy notices it.]

WILLY. Will you stop mending stockings?
At least while I'm in the house. It
gets me nervous. I can't tell you
please.

[ LINDA hides the stocking in her
hand as she follows Willy across the
forestage in front of the house.]

LINDA. Remember. Frank's Chop House.

WILLY. [passing the apron]. Maybe beets
would grow out there.

LINDA. [laughing]. But you tried so many
times.

WILLY. Yeah. Well, don't work hard today.

[He disappears around the right corner of
the house.]

LINDA. Be careful!

[As WILLY vanishes, LINDA waves to him.
Suddenly the phone rings. She runs across
The stage and into the kitchen and lifts it.]

LINDA. Hello? Oh, Biff! I'm so glad you,
I just . . . yes, sure, I just told him.

Yes, he'll be there for dinner at
six o'clock, I didn't forget. 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!
[She 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! I'm not afraid
any more. Did Mt. Oliver see you? . . .
well, you wait there then. And
make a nice impression on him,
darling. Just don't perspire too much
before you see him. And have a nice
time with Dad. He many have big
news too! That's right, a New York
job. And be sweet to him tonight,
dear. Be loving to him. Because he's
only a little boat looking for a harbor.
[She is trembling with sorrow and
joy.] Oh, that's wonderful, Biff,
you'll save his life. Thanks, darling.
Just put your arms around him when
he comes into the restaurant. Give
him a smile. That's the boy . . . good-
bye, dear . . .
You got your comb? . . . That's fine.
Good-bye, Biff dear.

[In the middle of her speech, HOWARD WAGNER, thirty-six, wheels in a small type-
Writer table on which is a wire-recording ma-
chine and proceeds to plug it in; this is on the
left forestage. Light slowly fades on LINDA
as it rises on HOWARD. HOWARD is intent
on threading the machine and only glances
over his shoulder as WILLY appears.]

WILLY. Pst. Pst!
HOWARD. Hello, Willy, come in.

WILLY. Like to have talk with you, Howard.
HOWARD. Sorry to keep you waiting, I'll
be with you in minute.

WILLY. What's that, Howard?
HOWARD. Didn't you ever see one of
these? Wire recorder.

WILLY. Oh, can we talk a minute?
HOWARD. Records things. Just go de-
livery yesterday. Been driving me
crazy, the most terrific machine I ever
saw in my life. I was up all night with it.

WILLY. What do you do with it?
HOWARD. I bought it for dictation, but
you can do anything with it. Listen to
this. I had it home last night. Listen
to what I picked up. The first one is
my daughter. Get this. He flicks the
switch and "Roll out the Barrel" is heard
being whistled. Listen to that kid whistle.
WILLY. That's life like, isn't it?
HOWARD. Seven years old. Get that tone.

WILLY. Ts, ts. Like to ask a little favor it
you . . .

[The whistling breaks off, and the voice
of Howard's daughter is heard.]

HIS DAUGHTER. "Now, you, Daddy.

HOWARD. She's crazy for me! [Again the
same song is whistled.] That's me!

Ha! [He winks]

WILLY. You're very good!

[The whistling breaks off again. The ma-
chine runs silent for a moment.]

HOWARD. Sh, get this now, this is my son.

HIS SON. "The capital of Alabama is Mont-
gomery; the capital of Arizona is

MASTERPIECES OF THE THEATRE

Phoenix; the capital of Arkansas is
Little Rock; the capital of California
is Sacramento. . . ." [and on, and on.]

HOWARD. [holding up five fingers.] Five
years old, Willy!

WILLY. He'll make an announcer some day!

HIS SON. [continuing]. "The capital . . ."

HOWARD. Get the alphabetical order!

[The machine breaks off suddenly.]

Wait a minute. The maid kicked the
plug out.

WILLY. It certainly is a

HOWARD. Sh, for god's sake!

HIS SON. "It's nine o'clock, Bulova watch
time. So I have to go to sleep."

WILLY. That's really is

HOWARD. Wait a minute! The next is
my wife.

[They wait]

HOWARD'S VOICE. "Go on, say
something." [pause.] "Well, you gonna talk?

HIS WIFE. "I can't think of anything."

Howard's Voice. "Well, talk-it's turning."

HIS WIFE [shyly, beaten]. "Hello." [silence]

"Oh, Howard, I can."

HOWARD. [snapping the machine off.]

that's was my wife.

WILLY. That's is wonderful machine. Can
we

HOWARD. I tell you, Willy, I'm gonna take
my camera, and my band saw, and all
my hobbies, and out they go. This is
the most fascinating relaxation I ever
found

WILLY. I think I'll get one myself.

HOWARD. Sure, 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 at home
at that hour. So you tell the maid to
turn the and this automatically goes
on with the radio . . .

WILLY. And when you come home you . . .

HOWARD. 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 witch, and
There's Jack Benny's program in the middle of the night!

WILLY. I'm definitely going to get one,
Because lots of time I'm on the road,
And I think to myself, what I must be
missing on the radio!

HOWARD. Don't you have a radio in car?
WILLY. Well, yeah, but who ever thinks of
turning it on?

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

WILLY. That's what I want to talk to you
about. Howard. You got a minute?
[He draws a chair in from the wing.]

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, Christmastime, when
you had the party here? You said
you'd try to think off 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
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 salesman 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 in 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 place.

HOWARD. I appreciate that, Willy, but
there is no spot here for you. If I had
a spot I'd slam you right in, but
I just don't have a single solitary
spot.

[He looks for his lighter. WILLY has picked
it up and gives it to him. Pause.]

WILLY. [with increasing anger.] 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.

WILLY. [desperately.] Just let me tell you a
story, Howard—

HOWARD. 'Cause you gotta admit, business is business.

WILLY. [angrily] business is definitely busi-
ness, but just listen for a minute. You
don't understand this. When I was a
boy eighteen, nineteen I was al-
ready 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.

HOWARD. [barely interested]. Don't say.

WILLY. Oh, yeah, my father lived many
years in Alaska. He was an adven-
turous man. We've got quite a little
streak of self-reliance in our family.
I thought I'd go out with my older.
brother and try to locate him, and maybe settle in the North with the old man. And I almost decided to go, when I met a salesmen 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 salesmen, in his green velvet slippers in the smoker of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, going into Boston when he died, hundreds of salesmen and buyers were at funeral. Things were sad on a lotta trains for months after that. [He stands up. Howard hasn't looked at him]. 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. You see what I mean? They don't know me any more.

Howard [moving away, toward the right]. 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 [desperation is on him now]. Howard the year Al Smith was nominated,

your father came to me and-

Howard [starting to go off]. I've got to see some people, kid.

Willy [stopping him]. I'm talking about your father! There were promises made across this desk! 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! [after a 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 [impatiently]. Now, Willy, you never averaged-

Willy [banging his hand on the desk]. 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 [getting up]. You'll have to excuse me, Willy; I gotta see some people. Pull yourself together. [going out]. I'll be back in a little while.

[on Howard's exit, the light on his chair grows very bright and strange]

Willy. Pull myself together! What the hell did I say to him? My God, I was yelling at him! How could I? Willy breaks off, staring a the light, which occupies the chair, animating it. He approaches this chair, standing across the desk from it.] Frank, Frank, don't you remember what you told me that time? How you put your hand on my shoulder, and Frank... [He leans on the desk and as he speaks the dead man's name he accidentally switches on the recorder, and instantly-]

Howard's son... of New York is Albany. The capital of Ohio is Cincin-
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nati, the capital of Rhode Island is..."
[ the recitation continues.]
WILLY [leaping away with fright, shouting].
Ha! Howard! Howard! Howard!
Howard!
HOWARD [Rushing in]. What happened?
WILLY [pointing at the machine, which continues nasally. Childishly, with capital cities]. Shut it off! Shut it off!
HOWARD [pulling the plug out]. Look, Willy...
WILLY [pressing his hands to his eyes]. I gotta get myself some coffee. I'll get some coffee...
[ WILLY starts to walk out. HOWARD stops him.]
HOWARD [rolling up the cord]. Willy, look...
WILLY. I'll go to Boston.
HOWARD. Willy, you can't go to Boston for us.
WILLY. Why can 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 fairing 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 [grasping HOWARD'S arm]. Howard, you've got to let me go to Boston.
HOWARD [hard keeping himself under control]. I've got a line of people to see this morning. Sit down, take five minutes, and pull yourself together and then go home, will ya? I need the office, Willy. [ he starts to go turns, remembering the recorder, start to pull off the table holding the recorder.] 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.
[ HOWARD exits, pushing the table off left. WILLY stares into space, exhausted. Now the music is heard- BEN'S music- first distantly, then closer, closer. As WILLY speaks, BEN enters from the right. He carries valise and umbrella.]
WILLY. Oh, Ben, how did you do it what Is the answer? Did you wind up the Alaska deal already?
BEN. Doesn't take much time if you know What you're doing. Just a short business trip. Boarding ship is an hour. Wanted to say goodbye.
WILLY. Ben, I've go to talk to you.
BEN [glancing at his watch]. Haven't the time, William.
WILLY [crossing the apron to BEN]. 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. Yes, yes! Linda, Linda!
[LINDA enters as of old, with the wash.]
LINDA. Oh, you're back?
BEN. I haven't much time.
WILLY. No, wait! Linda, he's got a proposition for me in Alaska.
LINDA. But you've got- [TO BEN] He's got a beautiful job here.
WILLY. But in Alaska, kid, I could-
LINDA. You're doing well enough, Willy!
BEN [to LINDA]. Enough for what, my dear?
LINDA. [frightened of BEN and angry at him.] Don't say those things to him! Enough to be happy right here, right now.[To WILLY, while BEN laughs.]
Why must everybody conquer the world? You're well liked, and the boys love you, and someday- [to BEN]-why, old man Wagner told him just the other day that if he keeps it up he'll be a member of the firm, didn't he, Willy?

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

BEN. What are you building? Lay your hand on it. Where is it?
WILLY [hesitantly.] That's true, Linda. There's nothing.
LINDA. Why? [TO BEN] there's a man eighty-four years old.

WILLY. That's right, Ben, that's right. When I look at that man I say, what is there to worry about?

BEN. Bah!

WILLY. It's true, Ben. All he has to do is go into any city, pick up the phone, and he's making his living and you know why?

BEN [picking up his valise]. I've got to go.

WILLY [hissing BEN back]. Look at his boy!

[BIFF, in his high-school sweater, enters carrying suitcase. HAPPY carries BIFF'S shoulder guard, gold helmet, and football pants.]

WILLY. 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 his country, that a man can end with diamonds here on the basis of being liked! [He turns to BIFF.] And that's why when you get out on the field today it's important. Because thousands of people will be rooting for you and loving you. [To BEN, who has again begun to leave.] 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!

BEN. Good-bye, William.

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

BEN. There's a new continent at your doorstep, William. You could walk out rich. Rich! [He is gone.]

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

[Young BERNARD rushes in, the gay music of the boys is heard.]

BERNARD. Oh, gee, I was afraid you left already!

WILLY. Why? What time is it?

BERNARD. It's half past one!

WILLY. Well, come on, everybody! Ebbets Field next stop! Where's the pennants? [He rushes through the wall-line of the kitchen and out into the living room.]

LINDA. [to BIFF]. Did you pack fresh underwear?
DEATH OF A SALESMAN

BIFF [who has been limbering up]. I want to go!
BERNARD. Biff, I’m carrying your helmet, ain’t I?
HAPPY. No, I’m carrying the helmet.
BERNARD. Oh, Biff, you promised me.
HAPPY. I’m carrying the helmet.
BERNARD. How am I going to get in the locker room?
LINDA. Let him carry the shoulder guards.
[She puts her coat and hat on in the kitchen.]
BERNARD. Can I, Biff? ‘Cause I told everybody I’m going to be in the locker room.
HAPPY. In Ebbets Field it’s the clubhouse.
BERNARD. I meant the clubhouse, Biff!
HAPPY. Biff!
BIFF. [grandly, after a slight pause]. Let him carry the shoulder guards.
HAPPY [as he gives BERNARD the shoulder guards]. Stay close to us now.
WILLY [handing them out]. Everybody wave when Biff comes out on the field. [HAPPY and BERNARD run off.] You set now, boys?
BIFF. Ready to go, Pop. Every muscle is ready.
WILLY [at the edge of the apron]. You realize what this means?
BIFF. That’s right, Pop.
WILLY [feeling BIFF’S muscles]. You’re coming home this afternoon captain of the All-Scholastic Championship Team of the City of New York.
BIFF. I got it, Pop. And remember, pal, when I take off my helmet, that touchdown is for you.
WILLY. Let’s go! [He is starting out, with his arm around BIFF, when CHARLEY enters, as of old, in knickers.] 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 [Furiously]. Casino! [Incredulously.] don’t you realize what today is?
LINDA. Oh, he knows, Willy. He’s just kidding you.
WILLY. That’s nothing to kid about!
CHARLEY. No, Linda, what’s goin’ on?
LINDA. he’s playing in Ebbets Field.
CHARLEY. Baseball in this weather?
WILLY. don’t talk to him. Come on, come on! [He’s pushing them out.]
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. you go to hell! [CHARLEY laughs.]
CHARLEY. laugh.
WILLY [the last to leave, turning to.
CHARLEY]. 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. [kidding]. Is that so?
WILLY yeah, that’s so.
CHARLEY. Well, then. I’m sorry, Willy. but tell me something.
WILLY. what?
CHARLEY. Who is Red Grange?
WILLY. put up your hands. Goddam you, put up your hands.
[CHARLEY, chuckling, shakes his head and walks away, around the left corner of the stage. WILLY follows him. The music rises to a mocking frenzy.]
WILLY. Who the hell do you think you are, better than everybody else? You don’t know everything, you big, ignorant, stupid... put up your hands!

Light rises, on the right side of the forestage, on a small table in the reception room of CHARLEY’s office. Traffic sounds are heard.

BERNARD, now mature, sits whistling to himself. A pair of tennis rackets and an overnight bag are on the floor beside him.

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

[BERNARD, a quiet, earnest, but self-assured young man. WILLY’s voice is coming from right upstage. Now, BERNARD lowers his feet of the table and listens. JENNY, his father’s secretary, enters.]

JENNY [distressed]. Say, Bernard, will you go out in the hall?

BERNARD. What is that noise? Who is it?

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

BERNARD [getting up]. Who’s he arguing with?

JENNY. Nobody. There’s nobody with him. I can’t deal with him any more, and your father gets all upset every time he comes. I’ve got a lot of typing to do, and your father’s waiting to sign it. Will you see him?

WILLY [entering]. Touchdown! Touchdown! [he sees JENNY.] Jenny, Jenny, good to see you. How’re ya? Workin’? or still honest?

JENNY. Fine. How’ve you been fellin’?

WILLY. Not much anymore Jenny. Ha, ha!

[he is surprised to see the rackets]

BERNARD. Hello, Uncle Willy.

WILLY [almost shocked]. Bernard! Well, look who’s here!

[He comes quickly, guiltily to BERNARD and warmly shakes his hand.]