

BERNARD. (*Crosses to 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? (*Willy looks at him as an intruder. Direct:*) I just bring it up because you asked me.

WILLY. (*Angrily.*) Nothing... What do you mean, “What happened?” What's that got to do with anything?

BERNARD. Well, don't get sore...

WILLY. What are you trying to do, blame it on me? If a boy lays down is that my fault?

BERNARD. Now, Willy, don't get...

WILLY. Well, don't... don't talk to me that way! What does that mean—“What happened?”

(*Charley enters from U. R. in vest, light-blue shirt, untied bow tie.*)

CHARLEY. (*Crosses to R. of table, picks up bag.*) Hey, you're going to miss that train. (*Waves a bottle of bourbon. Crosses above table, puts bag on chair L. of table. Opens bag, wraps bottle in pajamas. Puts in bag. Zips it shut.*)

BERNARD. Yeah, I'm going. (*Seeing bottle.*) Thanks, Pop. (*Puts on glasses. Picks up his rackets and hat. Puts on hat.*) Goodbye, Willy, and don't worry about it. You know, “If at first you don't succeed...”

WILLY. Yes, I believe in that.

BERNARD. (*Crossing to Willy.*) But sometimes, Willy, it's better for a man just to walk away.

WILLY. Walk away?

BERNARD. That's right.

WILLY. But if you can't walk away?