

*(Howard picks up cigar from ashtray, gets lighter from pocket.)*

WILLY. That really is...

HOWARD. Wait a minute! The next is my wife. *(Lights cigar. They wait.)*

HOWARD'S VOICE. "Go on, say something." *(Pause.)* "Well, you gonna talk?"

VOICE OF WIFE. "I can't think of anything."

HOWARD'S VOICE. "Well, talk—it's turning."

HOWARD. *(Snaps it off.)* That was my wife.

WILLY. That is a wonderful machine...

HOWARD. *(With a challenging tone.)* 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.

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 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! *(Continues without interruption.)*

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 switch 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 the car?

WILLY. Well, yeah, but whoever thinks of turning it on?

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

WILLY. *(Gets chair off L., puts it L. end of table.)* That's what I want to talk to you about, Howard. You got a minute?

HOWARD. *(Crosses to above table.)* What happened? What're you doing here?

WILLY. Well...

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. (*Quietly but final.*) 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. (*Shouts—grabs him.*) Howard, you've got to let me go to Boston!

HOWARD. (*Holding Willy off; hard, keeping himself under control.*) 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. (*Puts chair off L.*) 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.

(*He pushes table off L. Howard goes out. Willy stands staring front. Now music is heard. [Music cue no. 11]—Ben's music—first distantly, then closer, closer... Ben enters from U.S. R. smoking cigarette, puts valise and umbrella on table L. of trellis entrance.*)

WILLY. (*Almost a whisper.*) Oh, Ben, how did you do it? What is the answer? Did you wind up the Alaska deal so quickly?

BEN. (*Crosses down, checks watch. Very businesslike.*) 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. (*Crosses to C., stays U.S. a little.*) 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. (*Crosses to Willy at C.*) 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