

BIFF. Why did I go? Why did I go? Look at you! Look at what's become of you!

*(Off L. The Woman laughs.)*

WILLY. Biff, you're going to go to that lunch tomorrow or...

BIFF. I can't go. I've got no appointment!

HAPPY. Biff, for...!

WILLY. Are you spiting me? *(Slaps Biff.)*

BIFF. Don't take it that way! Goddammit!

*(Biff crosses to below table. Willy rises. Happy gets between them.)*

WILLY. You rotten little louse! Are you spiting me?!

WOMAN. *(Off L.)* Someone's at the door, Willy!

BIFF. I'm no good, can't you see what I am!?

HAPPY. *(Walking Willy to c.)* Hey, you're in a restaurant! Now cut it out, both of you!

*(Biff leans heavily on table, standing below it. Miss Forsythe and Letta enter to them. Biff crosses R.)*

Hello, girls, sit down. *(Crosses to above L. chair of R. table.)*

*(The Woman laughs off L.)*

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

*(Willy unties necktie, unbuttons his vest. Pushes her to chair above R. table. Then crosses to L. of L. table. Biff crosses to R. of R. table.)*

WOMAN. *(Off L.)* Willy, are you going to wake up?

HAPPY. How're ya, miss, sit down... What do you drink?

*(Letta sits above R. table.)*

MISS FORSYTHE. *(Picking up fur, gloves.)* 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! *(Girls laugh.)* This is my father.

LETTA. Sit down with us, Pop.

HAPPY. Sit him down, Biff!

BIFF. *(Crosses below, gets drink, going to him.)* Come on, slugger,

drink us under the table. To hell with it! (*Willy drinks. Biff takes him to chair L. of R. table.*) Come on, sit down, pal.

WOMAN. (*Now urgently.*) Willy, are you going to answer the door! (*On Biff's last insistence Willy has been about to sit; Woman's call pulls him back. He rises, starts R. and then U.S., befuddled.*)

BIFF. Hey, where are you going?

WILLY. Open the door.

BIFF. The door?

WILLY. ...The washroom...the door...where's the door?

BIFF. (*Leading Willy to L.*) Just go straight down.

(*Willy moves L. and exits.*)

WOMAN. Willy, Willy, are you going to get up, get up, get up, get up!

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

(*Happy sits L. of R. table.*)

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

BIFF. (*Crosses slowly to her.*) 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 crosses R. to above R. table. Letta rises, crosses above him to R. of L. table.*)

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. (*Takes rolled-up hose from his pocket and puts it on table in front of Happy.*) Look what I found in the cellar, for Christ's sake. How can you bear to let it go on?

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!

*(Ready to weep, Biff picks up tube, hurries out up R. Stanley enters, crosses above to L. of L. table. Puts chair above it. Puts lamp on shelf of table.)*

HAPPY. *(Starting after him.)* Where are you going?

MISS FORSYTHE. What's he so mad about? *(Crosses R.)*

HAPPY. Come on, girls, we'll catch up with him.

MISS FORSYTHE. *(As he pushes her out.)* Say, I don't like that temper of his!

HAPPY. *(Crosses to R. table, gets pen, then U. to exit.)* He's just a little overstrung, he'll be all right!

WILLY. *(Off L., as Woman laughs.)* Don't answer! Don't answer!

LETTA. *(At L. of Happy at exit.)* Don't you want to tell your father...?

HAPPY. *(Pushes Letta out.)* 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! Stanley, where's the check! Hey, Stanley!

*(They exit. Stanley looks at L., then calls to Happy.)*

STANLEY. Mr. Loman! Mr. Loman!

*(He picks up a chair and follows them off. Knocking is heard off L. The Woman laughs off L. [Music cue no. 13.]*

WILLY. Will you stop laughing? Will you stop?

*(The Woman enters D. L., crosses to L. C. Willy follows her. She is dressed in a slip.)*

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

WILLY. I'm not expecting anybody. *(Putting on his vest. His collar is unbuttoned. He is carrying his coat. His tie is untied. Buttons cuffs on shirt.)*