

*(Taking her clothes from him.)* I just hope there's nobody in the hall. That's all I hope. *(To Biff.)* Are you football or baseball? *(Touching his hair.)*

BIFF. *(Pulling away.)* Football...

WOMAN. *(Angry, humiliated.)* That's me too. G'night.

*(She walks out U. I. A pause.)*

WILLY. *(Crosses to L. of Biff.)* 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... *(Biff hasn't moved.)* What's the matter? *(Biff remains motionless, tears falling.)* 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! *(Willy puts arm around him.)* 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. *(His weeping breaks from him.)* Dad...

WILLY. *(Infected by it; kneels at L. of Biff.)* Oh, my boy...

BIFF. Dad...

WILLY. *(Hugging Biff.)* She's nothing to me, Biff, I was lonely, I was terribly lonely...

BIFF. You...you gave her Mama's stockings! *(His tears break through.)*

WILLY. (*Without hesitation.*) Hurry downstairs and...  
BIFF. Somebody in there?

WILLY. No, that was next door... (*Picking up bag, giving it to Biff.*)  
(*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, Willy's bathrobe around her shoulders. Crosses to L. of Willy.*)

WOMAN. (*She lisps this.*) Can I come in? There's something in the bathtub, Willy, and it's moving.

(*Willy looks at Biff, who is staring open-mouthed and horrified at Woman.*)

WILLY. (*Closes her bathrobe.*) 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... (*Pushing her.*)

WOMAN. (*Resisting.*) But I've got to get dressed, Willy, I can't...

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

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

WILLY. (*Pushes her off L.*) Get outa here! (*Follows her.*) Go back, go back!

WOMAN. (*Off L.*) Where's my stockings? You promised me stockings, Willy!

WILLY. (*Off.*) I have no stockings here!

(*Biff crosses D. few steps, sits on suitcase facing front.*)

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

WILLY. (*Off.*) Here, for God's sake, will you get outa here!

(*He hands her a package. She enters, looking at stockings in box, followed by Willy with her clothes.*)

WOMAN. (*Entering.*) You've certainly got your nerve, Willy.