

WOMAN. Why'n't you go get yourself another drink, honey, and stop being so damn self-centered?

WILLY. I'm so lonely.

WOMAN. You know you ruined me, Willy? You ruined me! From now on, whenever you come to the office, I'll see that you go right through to the buyers. You ruined me. *(Crosses to him. Hugs him.)*

WILLY. That's nice of you to say that.

WOMAN. Gee, you are self-centered! Why so sad? You are the saddest, self-centeredest soul I ever did see-saw. *(She laughs. Pulls him around and l. by his belt.)* Come on inside, drummer boy. It's silly to be dressing in the middle of the night. *(Knocking is heard.)* Aren't you going to answer the door?

WILLY. They're knocking on the wrong door. It's a mistake.

WOMAN. Then tell him to go away!

WILLY. There's nobody there. *(Knock.)*

WOMAN. It's getting on my nerves. There's somebody standing out there and it's getting on my nerves!

WILLY. *(Pushing her off; worried.)* All right, stay in the bathroom here, and don't come out. I think there's a law in Massachusetts about it, so don't come out. It may be that new room clerk. He looked very mean. So don't come out. It's a mistake.

*(Music fades out. Finally pushes her off l. Knocking is heard. He walks away U. L.)*

Biff...

*(Biff enters past Willy. Biff has on sweater with "S" on it and three-quarter-length raincoat.)*

BIFF. *(Crosses D.)* Why didn't you answer?

WILLY. *(Following him.)* Biff! What are you doing in Boston?

BIFF. *(At l. c., puts small suitcase D.)* Why didn't you answer? I've been knocking for five minutes, I called you on the phone...

WILLY. *(At Biff's l.)* I just heard you. I was in the bathroom and had the door shut. Did anything happen home?

BIFF. Dad... I let you down.

WILLY. What do you mean?

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.)*