

DEATH OF A SALESMAN

BEN, WILLY, LINDA

WILLY

(Slamming the door after him)
Ignoramus!

BEN

(As Willy comes toward him through the wall-line of the kitchen)
So you're William.

WILLY

(Shaking Ben's hand)
Ben! I've been waiting for you so long! What's the answer? How did you do it?

BEN

Oh, there's a story in that.
(Linda enters the forestage, as of old, carrying the wash basket.)

LINDA

Is this Ben?

BEN

(Gallantly)
How do you do, my dear.

LINDA

Where've you been all these years? Willy's always wondered why you...

WILLY

(Pulling Ben away from her impatiently)
Where is Dad? Didn't you follow him? How did you get started?

BEN

Well, I don't know how much you remember.

WILLY

Well, I was just a baby, of course, only three or four years old...

BEN

Three years and eleven months.

WILLY

What a memory, Ben!

BEN

I have many enterprises, William, and I have never kept books.

WILLY

I remember I was sitting under the wagon in — was it Nebraska?

BEN

It was South Dakota, and I gave you a bunch of wild flowers.

WILLY

I remember you walking away down some open road.

BEN

(Laughing)

I was going to find Father in Alaska.

WILLY

Where is he?

BEN

At that age I had a very faulty view of geography, William. I discovered after a few days that I was heading due south, so instead of Alaska, I ended up in Africa.

LINDA

Africa!

WILLY

The Gold Coast!

BEN

Principally diamond mines.

LINDA

Diamond mines!

BEN

Yes, my dear. But I've only a few minutes...