

DEATH OF A SALESMAN

HOWARD SIDE

WILLY

I'll go to Boston.

HOWARD

Willy, you can't go to Boston for us.

WILLY

Why can't I go?

HOWARD

I don't want you to represent us. I've been meaning to tell you for a long time now.

WILLY

Howard, are you firing me?

HOWARD

I think you need a good long rest, Willy.

WILLY

Howard...

HOWARD

And when you feel better, come back, and we'll see if we can work something out.

WILLY

But I gotta earn money, Howard. I'm in no position to...

HOWARD

Where are your sons? Why don't your sons give you a hand?

WILLY

They're working on a very big deal.

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

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

(Grasping Howard's arm)

Howard, you've got to let me go to Boston!

HOWARD

I've got a line of people to see this morning. Sit down, take five minutes, and pull yourself together, and then go home, will ya? I need the office, Willy.

(He starts to go, turns, remembering the recorder, starts to push off the table holding the recorder.)

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.