

DEATH OF A SALESMAN

THE WOMAN SIDE

THE WOMAN

Me? You didn't make me, Willy. I picked you.

WILLY

(Pleased)
You picked me?

THE WOMAN

(Who is Willy's age)
I did. I've been sitting at that desk watching all the salesmen go by, day in, day out. But you've got such a sense of humor, and we do have such a good time together, don't we?

WILLY

Sure, sure.
(He takes her in his arms.)
Why do you have to go now?

THE WOMAN

It's two o'clock...

WILLY

No, come on in!
(He pulls her.)

THE WOMAN

... my sisters'll be scandalized. When'll you be back?

WILLY

Oh, two weeks about. Will you come up again?

THE WOMAN

Sure thing. You do make me laugh. It's good for me. And I think you're a wonderful man.

WILLY

You picked me, heh?

THE WOMAN

Sure. Because you're so sweet. And such a kidder.

WILLY

Well, I'll see you next time I'm in Boston.

THE WOMAN

I'll put you right through to the buyers.

WILLY

(Slapping her bottom)

Right. Well, bottoms up!

THE WOMAN

(Slaps him gently and laughs)

You just kill me, Willy.

(He suddenly grabs her and kisses her roughly.)

You kill me. And thanks for the stockings. I love a lot of stockings. Well, good night.