

THE WOMAN / WILLY

START →

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

WILLY. *(Hugs her, pleased.)* You picked me?

(She is quite proper; his age.)

WOMAN. I did. I've been sitting at that desk watching all the salesmen go by, day in and day out. But you've got such a sense of humor, and I think you're a wonderful man.

WILLY. *(Behind her.)* Sure, sure... *(His arms encircle her waist; hugs her savagely.)* Why do you have to go now?

WOMAN. It's two o'clock...

WILLY. No, come on in! *(He pulls on her, moving u.s. few steps.)*

WOMAN. My sisters'll be scandalized... When'll you be back?

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

WOMAN. *(Turns in his arms.)* Sure thing. You do make me laugh. It's good for me. *(Kisses him.)*

WILLY. *(Holding her at arm's length.)* You picked me, heh?

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

WILLY. *(Crossing u. to trellis entrance.)* Well... I'll see you next time I'm in Boston.

WOMAN. I'll put you right through to the buyers.

WILLY. Right. Well...bottoms up! *(Slaps her on rear.)*

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

WILLY. Good night. And keep your pores open!

WOMAN. Oh, Willy!

END

~~*(Willy fades out. Woman bursts out laughing and Willy's laughter blends in. Woman disappears into dark. And now from the brightening area at kitchen table. Willy turns and goes to Linda, who is sitting where she was at table, darning pair of silk stockings.)*~~

~~**LINDA.** You are Willy. The handsomest man. You got no reason to feel the way you do.~~

~~**WILLY.** *(Puts hand gently over her mouth.)* I'll make it all up to you,~~