

RS#5 Willy, Ben, Linda

WILLY. Ignoramus!

(Willy leaves kitchen after Charley goes out, slams kitchen door. Goes to Ben, r. c. on apron below kitchen. Puts hands on Ben's arms, shakes him.)

Start



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

BEN. Oh, there's a story in that.

(Linda enters from U. L. behind house, carrying wash basket. Crosses D. onto apron.)

LINDA. Is this Ben? *(Puts basket down.)*

(Ben crosses L. to her, takes off hat.)

BEN. *(Gallantly.)* How do you do, my dear.

(She wipes hands on apron, then shakes hands.)

LINDA. *(As Willy crosses to Ben.)* Where've you been all these years? Willy's always wondered why you...

WILLY. *(Pulling Ben away from her impatiently, taking him D. R.)* 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, when you left I was just a baby, of course, only three or four years old...

(Linda picks up basket, crossing slowly to c.)

BEN. Three years and eleven months.

WILLY. What a memory, Ben!

BEN. *(Putting hat on.)* 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. Sure, the flowers. I remember you walking away down some open road...

BEN. *(Laughs.)* 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. *(Turns L. to Linda.)*

LINDA. *(Back up a step.)* Africa!

WILLY. The Gold Coast!

BEN. Principally diamond mines.

LINDA. *(Back up a step.)* Diamond mines!

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

WILLY. No... Boys! Boys!!

(Boys: U. R. behind house, calling "Hup, Hup!" Young Biff and Happy appear, running from behind house. Willy is between boys and Ben.)

Listen to this. This is your Uncle Ben, a great man! ... Tell my boys, Ben!

(Happy flops on stomach, Biff kneels above him.)

BEN. Why, boys...when I was seventeen I walked into the jungle, and when I was twenty-one I walked out... *(He laughs.)* And by God I was rich! *(Walks L. to C. Linda backs up.)*

WILLY. *(To boys.)* You see what I been talking about? The greatest things can happen!

BEN. *(Crosses R. to Willy, glancing at his watch.)* I have an appointment in Ketchikan Tuesday week.

WILLY. *(Stops him.)* No, Ben, please... Tell about Dad. *(To boys.)* I want my boys to hear. I want them to know the kind of stock they spring from. All I remember is a man with a big beard...and I was in Mamma's lap...sitting around a fire...and some kind of high music. *(Music cue no. 7.)*

BEN. His flute. He played the flute...

WILLY. Sure, the flute, that's right! ← **End**