

DEATH OF A SALESMAN

Arther miller

Linda, willy's wife stays for a moment longer at his gravestone.

Linda: I'll be with you inn a minute. Go on, Charley. I want to, just for a minute. I never got a chance to say goodbye. (she sits there summoning herself) Forgive me, dear, I can't cry. I don't know what it is, but I can't cry. I don't understand it. Why did you ever do that? Help me, willy, I can't cry. It seems to me that you're just on another trip. I keep expecting you. Willy, dear, I can't cry. Why did you do it? I search and search and I search, and I can't understand it Willy. I made the last payment on the house today. Dear. And there'll be nobody home. (a sob rises in her throat). We're free and clear, (sobbing more, fully, released) We're free. We're free..... we're free.... (linda walks off.