

THE CRUCIBLE

---

By Arthur Miller  
Production notes by Lisa Hall  
For Utah Valley University, Fall 2025  
REHEARSAL SCRIPT

**UPDATED 9/25/2025**

## SETTING & DESIGN ELEMENTS

A backdrop of fine, organic webbing holding carcasses, clothing, and trinkets. A bed, a table, and a few chairs as needed.

None of the men see or hear any primitive. Each woman sees only her own primitive. All primitives can see one another. The Primitives are instinct, rage, & chaos.

Music permissions given for all noted cues by artist, Kiki Rockwell.

Sections marked in BLUE are a TEXT focus. The dancers are blocked alongside characters, and music is a soundscape.

Sections marked in GREEN are a DANCE focus. Choreography is primary, and music may have lyrics.

Sections marked in PINK are DUETS, staged interactions between primitives and actors

<b>ACT I</b>	<b>POWER MOVERS</b>	<b>LX 0.1</b>
	<b>LIGHT CHECK</b>	<b>LX 0.2</b>
	<b>BLACKOUT CHECK</b>	<b>LX 0.3</b>
	<b>HOUSE OPEN</b>	<b>LX 0.4</b>
	<b>HOUSE TO HALF</b>	<b>LX 0.5</b>
	<b>BLACKOUT</b>	<b>LX 0.6</b>

### I.1.1

**DANCE/ Primitives: Tituba, Abigail, Betty, Susanna, Mercy, Mary**

*Tituba, Abigail, Betty, Susanna, Mercy, and Mary gather around a flickering fire. The lovely shadows of trees surround them. They murmur and laugh, relaxed. Abigail helps Mercy loosen her corset. The calm song becomes more energetic as the primitives dance.*

*Parris watches silently from the shadows. Mercy catches movement and sees him. She cries out and the girls look up, alarmed. He steps forward and they scream, scattering.*

GO w/ Curtain	<b>LX 5</b>
VISUAL - Tituba motions girls to cauldron	<b>LX 10</b>
VISUAL - Girls begin throwing items into cauldron	<b>LX 15</b>
VISUAL - Girls stand to begin dancing	<b>LX 20</b>
VISUAL - Primitives move to upstage ladders	<b>LX 23</b>
VISUAL - Girls begin to circle cauldron	<b>LX 25</b>
VISUAL - Parris Enters SL	<b>LX 30</b>
VISUAL - Parris Yells/Girls run away	<b>LX 35</b>
BLACKOUT for Scene Change	<b>LX 40</b>

### I.2.1

**TEXT/ Primitives: Betty, Tituba, Abigail, Susanna**

*A bedroom in Reverend Parris' house, Salem, Massachusetts, in the Spring of the year 1692. Parris is on his knees beside a bed. His daughter Betty, aged 10, is asleep in it. A slow rising of light, it is dawn. As he prays, Tituba enters. No matter what Tituba goes through, she is not groveling, helpless, or distraught. This is a woman of power, always composed, always smart about the situation she finds herself in.*

LIGHTS UP **LX 45**

TITUBA

My Betty be hearty soon?

PARRIS

Out of here!

TITUBA

My Betty not goin' die...

PARRIS

Out of my sight! Out of my...

*(Tituba exits)*

Oh, my God! God help me! Betty. Child. Dear child. Will you wake, will you open up your eyes! Betty, little one...

*Abigail enters, worried.*

ABIGAIL

Uncle? Susanna Wallcott's here from Doctor Griggs.

PARRIS

Oh? The doctor. Let her come, let her come.

ABIGAIL

Come in, Susanna.

*Susanna enters.*

PARRIS

What does the doctor say, child?

SUSANNA

Dr. Griggs he bid me come and tell you, Reverend sir, that he cannot discover no medicine for it in his books.

PARRIS

Then he must search on.

SUSANNA

Aye, sir, he have been searchin' his books since he left you, sir, but he bid me tell you, that you might look to unnatural things for the cause of it.

PARRIS

No - no. There be no unnatural causes here. Tell him I have sent for Reverend Hale of Beverly, and Mister Hale will surely confirm that. Let him look to medicine, and put out all thought of unnatural causes here. There be none.

SUSANNA

Aye, sir. He bid me tell you.

ABIGAIL

Speak nothin' of it in the village, Susanna.

PARRIS

Go directly home and speak nothin' of unnatural causes.

SUSANNA

Aye, sir. I pray for her.

*Susanna exits.*

## I.2.2

DUET/ Primitives: Abigail, Betty

ABIGAIL

Uncle, the rumor of witchcraft is all about, I think you'd best go down and deny it yourself. The parlor's packed with people, sir. I'll sit with her.

PARRIS

And what shall I say to them? That my daughter and my niece I discovered dancing like heathen in the forest?!

ABIGAIL

Uncle, we did dance; let you tell them I confessed it. But they're speakin' of witchcraft; Betty's not witched.

PARRIS

Abigail, I cannot go before the congregation when I know you have not opened with me. What did you do with her in the forest?

ABIGAIL

We did dance, uncle, and when you leaped out of the bush so suddenly, Betty was frightened and then she fainted. And there's the whole of it.

PARRIS

Child. Sit you down.

ABIGAIL

I would never hurt Betty, I love her dearly, I -

PARRIS

Now look you, child - I have no desire to punish you; that will come in its time. But if you trafficked with spirits in the forest, I must know it, for surely my enemies will, and they'll ruin me with it.

ABIGAIL

But we never conjured spirits.

PARRIS

Then why can she not move herself since midnight? This child is desperate! It must come out - my enemies will bring it out. Let me know what you done there. Abigail, do you understand that I have many enemies?

ABIGAIL

I know it, Uncle.

PARRIS

There is a faction that is sworn to drive me from my pulpit. Do you understand that?

ABIGAIL

I think so, sir.

PARRIS

Now then - in the midst of such disruption, my own household is discovered to be the very center of some obscene practice. Abominations are done in the forest -

ABIGAIL

It were only sport, Uncle!

PARRIS

I saw Tituba waving her arms over the fire when I came on you; why were she doing that? And I heard a screeching and gibberish comin' from her mouth...

ABIGAIL

She always sings her Barbados songs, and we dance.

VISUAL  
Primitives move upstage into tree

LX 53

PARRIS

I cannot blink what I saw, Abigail - for my enemies will not blink it. I saw a dress lying in the grass.

ABIGAIL

A dress?

PARRIS

Aye, a dress. And I thought I saw a...someone naked running through the trees!

ABIGAIL

No one was naked! You mistake yourself, Uncle!

PARRIS

I saw it! Now tell me true, Abigail. Now my ministry's at stake; my ministry and perhaps your cousin's life...Whatever abomination you have done, give me all of it now, for I dare not be taken unaware when I go before them down there.

VISUAL  
Primitives move back to downstage

LX 54

ABIGAIL

There is nothin' more. I swear it, Uncle.

PARRIS

Abigail, I have fought here three long years to bend these stiff-necked people to me, and now, just when there must be some good respect for me in the parish, you compromise my very character. I have given you a home, child, I have put clothes upon your back - now give me upright answer: - your name in the town - it is entirely white, is it not?

ABIGAIL

Why, I am sure it is, sir, there be no blush about my name.

PARRIS

Abigail, is there any other cause than you have told me, for Goody Proctor dischargin' you? It has troubled me that you are now seven months out of their house, and in all this time no other family has ever called for your service.

ABIGAIL

They want slaves, not such as I. Let them send to Barbados for that, I will not black my face for any of them!

### I.2.3

TEXT/ Primitives: Betty, Abigail, Ann

GO with music cue  
I.2.3

**LX 55**

*Ann Putnam enters.*

PARRIS

No - no, I cannot have anyone. Why, Goody Putnam, come in.

ANN

It is a marvel. It is surely a stroke of hell upon you -

PARRIS

No, Goody Putnam, it is -

ANN

How high did she fly, how high?

PARRIS

No - no, she never flew -

ANN

Why, it's sure she did; Mister Collins saw her goin' over Ingersoll's barn, and come down light as a bird, he says!

PARRIS

Now, look you, Goody Putnam; she never -

*(Thomas Putnam enters.)*

Oh, good morning, Mister Putnam.

PUTNAM

It is a providence the thing is out now! It is a providence.

PARRIS

What's out, sir, what's - ?

PUTNAM

Why, her eyes is closed! Look you, Ann.

ANN

Why, that's strange. Ours is open.

PARRIS

Your little Ruth is sick?

ANN

I'd not call it sick, the Devil's touch is heavier than sick, it's death, y'know, it's death drivin' into them forked and hoofed.

PARRIS

Oh, pray not! Why, how does your child ail?

ANN

She ails as she must - she never waked this morning but her eyes open and she walks, and hears naught, sees naught, and cannot eat. Her soul is taken, surely.

PUTNAM

They say you've sent for Reverend Hale of Beverly?

PARRIS

A precaution only. He has much experience in all demonic arts, and I -

ANN

He has indeed, and found a witch in Beverly last year, and let you remember that.

PARRIS

Now, Goody Ann, they only thought that were a witch, and I am certain there be no element of witchcraft here.

PUTNAM

No witchcraft! Now look you, Mister Parris -

PARRIS

Thomas, Thomas, I pray you, leap not to witchcraft. I know that you, you least of all, Thomas, would ever wish so disastrous a charge laid upon me. We cannot leap to witchcraft. They will howl me out of Salem for such corruption in my house.



PUTNAM

Now, look you, Mister Parris; I have taken your part in all contention here, and I would continue; but I cannot if you hold back in this. There are hurtful, vengeful spirits layin' hands on these children.

PARRIS

But, Thomas, you cannot -

PUTNAM

Ann! Tell Mister Parris what you have done.

### I.2.4

**DANCE/ Primitives: Betty, Abigail, Ann**

GO with music cue  
I.2.4

**LX 60**

*Focus on Ann's dance of grief during this dialogue.*

ANN

Reverend Parris, I have laid seven babies unbaptized in the earth. Believe me, sir, you never saw more hearty babies born. And yet, each would wither in my arms the very night of their birth. I have spoke nothin', but my heart has clamored intimations. And now, this year, my Ruth, my only - I see her turning strange. A secret child she has become this year, and shrivels like a sucking mouth were pullin' on her life, too. And so I thought to send her to your Tituba -

PARRIS

To Tituba! What may Tituba - ?

ANN

Tituba knows how to speak to the dead, Mister Parris.

PARRIS

Goody Ann, it is a formidable sin to conjure up the dead!

ANN

I take it on my soul, but who else may surely tell us what person murdered my babies.

PARRIS

Woman!

ANN

They were murdered, Mister Parris! And mark this proof! Mark it! Last night my Ruth were ever so close to their little spirits, I know it, sir. For how else is she struck dumb now except some power of darkness would stop her mouth! It is a marvelous sign, Mister Parris!

PUTNAM

Don't you understand it, sir? There is a murdering witch among us bound to keep herself in the dark. Let your enemies make of it what they will, you cannot blink it more.

LX 65

PARRIS

Then you were conjuring spirits last night.

ABIGAIL

Not I, sir, not I. Tituba and Ruth.

PARRIS

Now I am undone.

PUTNAM

You are not undone. Let you take hold here. Wait for no one to charge you - declare it yourself. You have discovered witchcraft -

PARRIS

In my house!? In my house, Thomas? They will topple me with this! They will make of it a -

## I.2.5

TEXT/ Primitives: Betty, Abigail, Ann, Mercy

*Mercy Lewis enters.*

MERCY

Your pardons...I only thought to see how Betty is.

PUTNAM

Why aren't you home? Who's with Ruth?

MERCY

Her grandma come. She's improved a little, I think - she give a powerful sneeze before.

ANN

Ah, there's a sign of life!

MERCY

I'd fear no more, Goody Putnam, it were a grand sneeze; another like it will shake her wits together, I'm sure.

PARRIS

Will you leave me now, Thomas, I would pray a while alone -

ABIGAIL

Uncle, you've prayed since midnight. Why do you not go down and -

PARRIS

No - no. I'll wait till Mister Hale arrives.

PUTNAM

Now look you, sir - let you strike out against the Devil and the village will bless you for it! Come down, speak to them - pray with them - they're thirsting for your word, Mister! Surely you'll pray with them.

PARRIS

I have no stomach for disputation this morning. I will lead them in a psalm. But let you say nothing of witchcraft yet. I will not discuss it. The cause is yet unknown. I have had enough contention since I came, I want no more.

*Putnam exits.*

ANN

Mercy, you go home to Ruth, d'ye hear?

MERCY

Aye, Mum.

*Ann exits.*

PARRIS

If she starts for the window, cry for me at once.

ABIGAIL

Yes, Uncle.

PARRIS

There is a terrible power in her arms today.

*Parris exits.*

## **I.2.6**

**DUET/ Primitives: Betty, Abigail, Mercy, Mary**

ABIGAIL

How is Ruth sick?

MERCY

It's weirdish, I know not - she seems to walk like a dead one since last night.

ABIGAIL

Betty? Now stop this! Betty! Sit up now!

MERCY

Have you tried beatin' her? I gave Ruth a good one and it waked her for a minute. Here, let me have her -

ABIGAIL

No, he'll be coming' up. Now look you, if they be questioning us tell them we danced - I told him as much already.

MERCY

And what more?

ABIGAIL

He saw you naked.

MERCY

Oh, Jesus!

*Mary Warren enters.*

VISUAL  
Mary Enters

**LX 67**

MARY

What'll we do, the whole village is out!

MERCY

"What'll we do?"

MARY

I just come from the farm, the whole country's talkin' witchcraft! They'll be callin' us witches, Abby!

MERCY

"They'll be callin' us witches, Abby." She means to tell, I know it.

MARY

Abby, we've got to tell. Witchery's a hangin' error, a hangin' like they done in Boston two year ago! We must tell the truth, Abby! - you'll only be whipped for dancin', and the other things!

ABIGAIL

Oh, we'll be whipped!

MARY

I never done none of it, Abby, I only looked!

MERCY

Oh, you're a great one for lookin', aren't you, Mary Warren?

ABIGAIL

Betty? Now, Betty, dear, wake up now. It's Abigail. I'll beat you, Betty! My, you seem improving. I talked to your papa and I told him everything. So there's nothing to -

BETTY

I want my mama!

ABIGAIL

What ails you, Betty? Your mama's dead and buried -

BETTY

I'll fly to Mama, let me fly!

ABIGAIL

I told him everything, he knows now, he knows everything we -

BETTY

You drank blood, Abby, you drank blood!

ABIGAIL

Betty, you never say that again! You will never -

BETTY

You did, you did! You drank a charm to kill John Proctor's wife! You drank a charm to kill Goody Proctor!

ABIGAIL

Shut it! Now shut it!

BETTY

Mama, mama!

ABIGAIL

Now look you. All of you. We danced. And Tituba conjured Ruth Putnam's dead sisters. And that is all. And mark this – let either of you breathe a word, or the edge of a word about the other things, and I will come to you in the black of some terrible night and I will bring a pointy reckoning that will shudder you. And you know I can do it; I saw Indians smash my dear parents' heads on the pillow next to mine, and I have seen some reddish work done at night, and I can make you wish you had never seen the sun go down! Now you - sit up and stop this!

MARY

What's got her? Abby, she's going to die! It's a sin to conjure and we -

ABIGAIL

I say shut it, Marry Warren!

*John Proctor enters. All the primitives cower except Abigail's, who becomes acutely attuned to, and wary of, John.*

VISUAL  
John Proctor enters SR

LX 69

MARY

Oh! I'm just going home, Mister Proctor.

PROCTOR

Be you foolish, Mary Warren? Be you deaf? I forbid you leave the house, did I not? Why shall I pay you? I am looking for you more often than my cows!

MARY

I only come to see the great doings in the world.

PROCTOR

I'll show you a great doin' on your arse one of these days. Now get you home; my wife is waitin' with your work!

*Mary exits.*

MERCY

I'd best be off. I have my Ruth to watch...Good morning, Mister Proctor.

*Mercy exits.*

## I.2.7

### DUET/ Primitives: Abigail, Betty

GO with music cue  
I.2.7

LX 70

*This begins one of the most intense sections thus far, an intricate balance between Abigail, her Primitive, and John. For the most part, Betty's hides. When staging this, consider: what does Abigail's Primitive want, if there were no strictures? It shouldn't be sexual. That's how Miller via the character of John wants to see her.*

ABIGAIL

She's only gone silly, somehow. She'll come out of it.

PROCTOR

So she flies, eh? Where are her wings?

ABIGAIL

Oh, John, sure you're not believin' she flies!

PROCTOR

The road past my house is a pilgrimage to Salem all morning. The town's mumbling witchcraft.

ABIGAIL

Oh, posh! We were dancin' in the woods last night, and my uncle leaped in on us. She took fright, is all.

PROCTOR

Dancin' by moonlight! You'll be clapped in the stocks before you're twenty.

ABIGAIL

Give me a word, John. A soft word.

PROCTOR

No - no, Abby, I've not come for that.

ABIGAIL

You come five mile to see a silly girl fly? I know you better.

PROCTOR

I come to see what mischief your uncle's brewin' now. Put it out of mind, Abby.

ABIGAIL

John - I am waitin' for you every night.

PROCTOR

Abby, you'll put it out of mind. I'll not be comin' for you more.

ABIGAIL

You're surely sportin' with me.

PROCTOR

You know me better. |

LX 75

## I.2.8

### DANCE/ Primitives: Abigail, Betty

*Consider what movements and actions John and Abigail take that are different from their words. Perhaps here Abigail is not so much the evil temptress, and more the deeply confused and conflicted girl, who has core desires but also a near-total lack of power. She is genuinely hurt. And John, rather than being the martyred saint resisting her unreasonable advances, is perhaps still pretty much the man who had sex with his underage, virgin servant.*

ABIGAIL

I know how you clutched my back behind your house and sweated like a stallion whenever I come near! I saw your face when she put me out and you loved me then and you do now!

VISUAL  
John and Abby to SL

LX 80

PROCTOR

Abby, that's a wild thing to say...

ABIGAIL

A wild thing may say wild things. I have seen you since she put me out, I have seen you nights.

PROCTOR

I have hardly stepped off my farm this sevenmonth.

ABIGAIL

I have a sense for heat, John, and yours has drawn me to my window. Do you tell me you've never looked up at my window?

PROCTOR

Perhaps I...have.

ABIGAIL

I know you, John, I know you. I cannot sleep for dreamin', I cannot dream but I wake and walk about the house as though I'd find you comin' through some door.

PROCTOR

Child...

ABIGAIL

How do you call me child!

PROCTOR

Abby, I may think of you softly from time to time. But I will cut off my hand before I'll ever reach for you again. Wipe it out of mind - we never touched, Abby.

ABIGAIL

Aye, but we did.

PROCTOR

Aye, but we did not.

ABIGAIL

Oh, I marvel how such a strong man may let such a sickly wife be -



PROCTOR

You'll speak nothin' of Elizabeth!

LX 83

ABIGAIL

She is blackening my name in the village! She is telling lies about me! She is a cold sniveling woman and you bend to her! Let her turn you like a -

PROCTOR

Do you look for whippin'!

*Abigail is in this moment her most vulnerable, still, sincere.*

ABIGAIL

I look for John Proctor that put knowledge in my heart! I never knew what pretense Salem was, I never knew the lying lessons I was taught by all these Christian women and their covenanted men! And now you bid me tear the light out of my eyes? I will not, I cannot! You loved me, John Proctor, and whatever sin it is you love me yet! John, pity me, pity me!

## I.2.9

TEXT/ Primitives: Betty, Abigail, Ann, Rebecca

*Hearing the chanted psalms, Betty covers her ears, screaming. Abigail says her name, John asks "What's she doing? Girl, what ails you? Stop this wailin' girl!"*

VISUAL  
Betty screams

LX 85

*Parris enters.*

PARRIS

What happened? What are you doing to her! Betty!

*Ann and Putnam enter.*

ABIGAIL

ABIGAIL. She heard you singin' and suddenly she's up and screamin' -

ANN

The psalm! The psalm! She cannot bear to hear the Lord's name!

PARRIS

No, God forbid -

ANN

Mark it for a sign, mark it!

*Rebecca Nurse enters. The entrance of Rebecca and her primitive is a turning point for the others.*

PUTNAM

That is a notorious sign of witchcraft afoot, a prodigious sign!

ANN

My mother told me that! When they cannot bear to hear the name of -

PARRIS

Rebecca, Rebecca, come to her - we're lost, she suddenly cannot bear to hear the Lord's name.

*(Giles Corey enters.)*

There is hard sickness here, Giles Corey, so please to keep the quiet.

COREY

I've not said a word. No one here can testify I've said a word. Is she going to fly again? I hear she flies.

PUTNAM

Man, be quiet now!

*Rebecca goes to Betty, who quiets.*

ANN

What have you done?

REBECCA

Pray, calm yourselves. I have eleven children, and I am twenty-six times a grandma, and I have seen them all through their silly seasons, and when it come on them they will run the Devil bowlegged keeping up with their mischief. I think she'll wake when she tires of it. A child's spirit is like a child, you can never catch it by running after it; you must stand still, and for love it will soon itself come back.

PROCTOR

Aye, that's the truth of it, Rebecca.

ANN

This is no silly season, Rebecca. My Ruth is bewildered, Rebecca, she cannot eat.

REBECCA

Perhaps she is not hungered yet. Mr. Parris, I hope you are not decided to go in search of loose spirits. I've heard promise of that outside -

PARRIS

A wide opinion's running in the parish that the Devil may be among us, and I would satisfy them that they are wrong.

PROCTOR

Then let you come out and call them wrong. Are you our minister, or Mister Hale? Did you consult the wardens of the church before you called this minister to look for devils?

PARRIS

He is not coming to look for devils!

PROCTOR

Then what's he coming for?

PUTNAM

There be children dyin' in the village, Mister -

PROCTOR

I see none dying -

REBECCA

Pray, John...be calm. Mister Parris, I think you'd best send Reverend Hale back as soon as he come. This will set us all to arguin' again in the society, and we thought to have peace this year. I think we ought rely on Doctor Griggs now, and good prayer -

ANN

Rebecca, the doctor's baffled.

REBECCA

If so he is, then let us go to God for the cause of it. There is prodigious danger in the seeking of loose spirits, I fear it, I fear it. Let us rather blame ourselves and -

PUTNAM

How may we blame ourselves? I am one of nine sons; the Putnam seed have peopled this provence. And yet I have but one child left of eight - and now she shrivels!

REBECCA

I cannot fathom that.

ANN

You think it God's work you should never lose a child, nor a grandchild either, and I bury all but one?

PUTNAM

When Reverend Hale comes you will proceed to look for signs of witchcraft here.

PROCTOR

You cannot command Mister Parris. We vote by name in this society, not by acreage.

PUTNAM

I never heard you worried so on this society, Mister Proctor. I do not think I saw you at Sabbath meeting since snow flew.

## PROCTOR

I have trouble enough without I come five mile to hear him preach only hellfire and bloody damnation. There are many others who stay away from church these days because he hardly ever mention God any more.

**I.2.10****DANCE/ Primitives: Betty, Abigail, Ann, Rebecca**

*The dialogue fades away and we focus on the primitives, while the others mime their lines.*

PARRIS. Why, that's a drastic charge -

REBECCA. It's somewhat true; there are many that quail to bring their children -

PARRIS. I do not preach for children, Rebecca. It is not the children who are unmindful of their obligations toward this ministry. Where is my wood? My contract provides I be supplied with all my firewood. I am waiting since November for a stick, and even in November I had to show my frost-bitten hands like some London beggar!

COREY. You are allowed six pounds a year to buy your wood, Mister Parris.

PARRIS. I am paid little enough without I spend six pound on firewood. The salary is sixty-six pound, Mister Proctor! I am not some preaching farmer with a book under my arm; I am a graduate of Harvard College.

COREY. Aye, and well-instructed in mathematic!

GO with music cue  
I.2.10

**LX 90**

PARRIS. Mister Corey, you will look far for a man of my kind at sixty pound a year! I am not used to this poverty; I left a thrifty business in the Barbados to serve the Lord. I do not fathom it, why am I persecuted here?! I cannot offer one proposition but there be a howling riot of argument. I have often wondered if the Devil be in it somewhere; I cannot understand you people otherwise.

PROCTOR. Mister Parris, you are the first minister ever did demand the deed to this house -

PARRIS. I am your third preacher in seven years. I do not wish to be put out like the cat, whenever some majority feels the whim. You people seem not to comprehend that a minister is the Lord's man in the parish; a minister is not to be so lightly crossed and contradicted -

PUTNAM. Aye!

PARRIS. There is either obedience or the church will burn like hell is burning!

PROCTOR. Can you speak one minute without we land in hell again? I am sick of hell!

PARRIS. It is not for you to say what is good for you to hear!

PROCTOR. I may speak my heart, I think!

PARRIS. What, are we Quakers? We are not Quakers here yet, Mister Proctor. And you may tell that to your followers!

PROCTOR. My followers!

PARRIS. There is a party in this church; I am not blind; there is a faction and a party.

PROCTOR. Against you?

PUTNAM. Against him and all authority.

PROCTOR. Why, then I must find it and join it.

REBECCA. He does not mean that -

PROCTOR. I mean it solemnly, Rebecca; I like not the smell of this "authority," I have a crop to sow, and lumber to drag home. What say you, Giles? Let's find that party. He says there is a party.

COREY. I've changed my opinion of this man. Mister Parris, I beg your pardon. I never thought you had so much iron in you.

VISUAL  
All 4 dancers move to apron **LX 105**

PARRIS. Why, thank you, Giles.

COREY. It suggest to the mind what the trouble be among us all these years. Think on it, wherefore is everybody suing everybody else. I have been six times in court this year.

PROCTOR. Is it the Devil's fault that a man cannot say you Good Morning without you clap him for defamation? You're old, Giles, and you're not hearing as well as you did.

COREY. John Proctor, I have only last month collected four pound damages for you publicly saying I burned the roof off your house, and I

PROCTOR. I never said no such thing, but I paid you for it, so I hope I can call you deaf without charge. Come along, Giles, and help me drag my lumber home.

COREY. I'll be damned first!

PUTNAM. A moment, Mister Proctor. What lumber is that you're draggin' home, if I may ask you?

VISUAL  
Dancers move to apron

LX 115

PROCTOR. My lumber. From out my forest by the riverside.

PUTNAM. Why, we are surely gone wild this year: what anarchy is this?-that tract is in my bounds, it's in my bounds, Mister Proctor.

PROCTOR. In your bounds! I bought that tract from Goody Nurse's husband five months ago.

PUTNAM. He had no right to sell it. It stands clear in my grand- father's will that all the land between the river and

VISUAL  
Dancers run to men upstage

LX 120

PROCTOR. Your grandfather had a habit of willing land that never belonged to him, if I may say it plain.

COREY. That's God's truth; he nearly willed away my north pasture but he knew I'd break his fingers before he set his name to it. Let's get your lumber home, John, I feel a sudden will to work coming on.

VISUAL  
Dancers move to apron

LX 125

PUTNAM. You load one oak of mine and you'll fight to drag it home!

COREY. Aye, and we'll win, too, Putnam-this fool and I. Come on!

PUTNAM. I'll have my men on you, Corey! I'll clap a writ on you!

## I.2.11

### TEXT/ Primitives: Betty, Abigail, Ann, Rebecca

Go with sound cue  
I.2.11

LX 135

*Reverend John Hale enters, carrying a stack of books.*

HALE

Pray you, someone take these!

PARRIS

Mister Hale! Oh, it's good to see you again! My, they're heavy!

HALE

They must be, they are weighted with authority.

PARRIS

Well, you do come prepared!

HALE

We shall need hard study, if it comes to tracking down the Old Boy. You cannot be Rebecca Nurse?

REBECCA

I am, sir. Do you know me?

HALE

It's strange how I knew you, but I suppose you look as such a good soul should. We have all heard of your great charities in Beverly.

PARRIS

Do you know this gentleman? Mister Thomas Putnam. And his good wife Ann.

HALE

Putnam! I had not expected such distinguished company, sir.

PUTNAM

It does not seem to help us today, Mister Hale. We look to you to come to our house and save our child.

HALE

Your child ails, too?!

ANN

Her soul, her soul seems flown away. She sleeps and yet she walks...

PUTNAM

She cannot eat.

HALE

Cannot eat! Do you men also have afflicted children?

PARRIS

No, no, these are farmers. John Proctor . . .

COREY

He don't believe in witches.

PROCTOR

I never spoke on witches one way or the other. Will you come, Giles?

COREY

No-no, John, I think not. I have some few queer questions of my own to ask this fellow.

PROCTOR

I've heard you be a sensible man, Mister Hale. I hope you'll leave some of it in Salem.

*Proctor exits.*

PARRIS

Will you look at my daughter, sir? She has tried to leap out the window; we discovered her this morning on the highroad, waving her arms as though she'd fly.

HALE

Tries to fly?

PUTNAM

She cannot bear to hear the Lord's name, Mister Hale; that's a sure sign of witchcraft afloat.

HALE

No...no. Now let me instruct you. We cannot look to superstition in this. The Devil is precise; the marks of his presence are definite as stone and we must look only for his signs and judge nothing beforehand, and I must tell you all, that I shall not proceed unless you are prepared to believe me if I should find no trace of hell in this.

PARRIS

It is agreed, sir-it is agreed-we will abide by your judgment.

HALE

Good then. Now, sir, what were your first warning of this strangeness?

## **I.2.12**

**DUET/ Primitives: Betty, Abigail, Ann, Rebecca**

*Big transition of energy.*

PARRIS

Why, sir . . . I discovered her and my niece Abigail and ten or twelve of the other girls, dancing in the forest last night.

HALE

You permit dancing?!

PARRIS

No - no, it were secret.

ANN

Mister Parris' slave has knowledge of conjurin', sir.

PARRIS

We cannot be sure of that, Goody Ann. . . .

ANN

I know it, sir. I sent my child ... she should learn from Tituba who murdered her sisters.

REBECCA

Goody Ann! You sent a child to conjure up the dead . . . ?

ANN

Let God blame me, not you, not you, Rebecca! I'll not have you judging me any more! Mr. Hale, is it a natural work to lose seven children before they live a day?

PARRIS

Sssh!

HALE

Seven dead in childbirth?

ANN

Aye.

PARRIS

What book is that?

ANN

What's there, sir?

### I.2.13

**DANCE/ Primitives: Betty, Abigail, Ann, (Rebecca)**

*He focuses on the book while the real, invisible world of the primitives moves and develops.*

HALE

Here is all the invisible world, caught, defined and calculated. **In these books the Devil stands** stripped of all his brute disguises. Here are all your familiar spirits - your incubi and succubi, your witches that go by land, by air, and by sea; your wizards of the night and of the day. Have no fear now - we shall find him out if he has come among us, and I mean to crush him utterly if he has shown his face!

REBECCA

Will it hurt the child, sir?



HALE

I cannot tell. If she is truly in the Devil's grip we may have to rip and tear to get her free.

REBECCA

I think I'll go then. I am too old for this.

PARRIS

Why, Rebecca, we may open up the boil of all our troubles today!

REBECCA

Let us hope for that. I go to God for you, sir.

PARRIS

I hope you do not mean we go to Satan here!

REBECCA

I wish I knew.

*Rebecca exits.*

PUTNAM

Come, Mister Hale, let's get on. Sit you here.

COREY

Mister Hale, I have always wanted to ask a learned man. What signifies the readin' of strange books?

HALE

What books?

COREY

I cannot tell; she hides them.

HALE

Who does this?

COREY

Martha, my wife. I have waked at night many times and found her in a corner, readin' of a book. Now what do you make of that?

**LX 145**

HALE. Why, that's not necessarily. . .

COREY. It discomfits me! Last night - mark this - I tried and tried and could not say my prayers.

And then she close her book and walks out of the house, and suddenly - mark this - I could pray again!

HALE. Ah! The stoppage of prayer - that is strange. I'd like to speak further on that with you.

COREY. I'm not sayin' she's touched the Devil, now, but I'd admire to know what books she reads and why she hides them - she'll not answer me, y' see.

HALE. Aye, we'll discuss it. Now mark me, if the Devil is in her you will witness some frightful wonders in this room, so please to keep your wits about you. Mister Putnam, stand close in case she flies. Now, Betty dear, will you sit up? H'mmmm. Can you hear me? I am John Hale, minister of Beverly. I have come to help you, dear. Do you remember my two little girls in Beverly?

PARRIS

How can it be the Devil? Why would he choose my house to strike?

HALE

What victory would the Devil have, to win a soul already had? It is the best the Devil wants, and who is better than the minister?

COREY

That's deep, Mister Parris, deep.

## **I.2.14**

**DUET/ Primitives: Betty, Abigail, Ann, Tituba**

Go with sound cue  
I.2.14 **LX 147**

HALE

Does someone afflict you, child? It need not be a woman, mind you, or a man. Perhaps some bird, invisible to others, comes to you, perhaps a pig, or any beast at all. Is there some figure bids you fly? In nomine Domini Sabaoth, sui filiiq; ite ad Infernos. Abigail, what sort of dancing were you doing with her in the forest?

ABIGAIL

Why - common dancing is all.

PARRIS

I think I ought to say that I...I saw a kettle in the grass where they were dancing.

ABIGAIL

That were only soup.

HALE

Soup? What sort of soup were in this kettle, Abigail?

ABIGAIL

Why, it were beans - and lintels, I think, and -

HALE

Mister Parris, you did not notice, did you, any living thing in the kettle? A mouse, perhaps, a spider, a frog...?

ABIGAIL

That frog jumped in, we never put it in!

PARRIS

A frog, Abby!

ABIGAIL

We never put it in!

HALE

Abigail, it may be your cousin is dying - Did you call the Devil last night?

ABIGAIL

I never called him! Tituba called him!

PARRIS

She called the Devil!

HALE

I should like to speak with Tituba.

PARRIS

Goody Ann, will you bring her up?

**LX 150**

*Abigail's rejoices in the chaos. Ann exits. This is a period where Abigail's and Betty's become more and more manic and confused.*

HALE

How did she call him?

ABIGAIL

I know not - she spoke Barbados.

HALE

Did you feel any strangeness when she called him? A sudden cold wind, perhaps? A trembling below the ground?

ABIGAIL

I didn't see no Devil! Betty, wake up, Betty! Betty!

HALE

You cannot evade me, Abigail. Did your cousin drink any of the brew in that kettle?

ABIGAIL

She never drank it!

HALE

Did you drink it?

ABIGAIL

No, sir!

HALE

Did Tituba ask you to drink it?

ABIGAIL

She tried but I refused.

HALE

Why are you concealing? Have you sold yourself to Lucifer?

ABIGAIL

I never sold myself! I'm a good girl, I -

*(Ann and Tituba enter.)*

I did drink of the kettle! She made me do it! She made Betty do it!

LX 155

TITUBA

Abby!

ABIGAIL

She makes me drink blood!

PARRIS

Blood!!

ANN

My baby's blood?

TITUBA

No - no, chicken blood, I give she chicken blood!

HALE

Woman, have you enlisted these children for the Devil?

TITUBA

No no, sir, I don't truck with the Devil!

HALE

Why can she not wake? Are you silencing this child?

TITUBA

I love me Betty!

HALE

You have sent your spirit out upon this child, have you not? Are you gathering souls for the Devil?

ABIGAIL

She send her spirit on me in church, she make me laugh at prayer!

*As they talk about Tituba attacking them, the primitives are visually attacking hers.*

PARRIS

She have often laughed at prayer!

ABIGAIL

She comes to me every night to go and drink blood!

*Abigail's is free, chaotic, full of rage.*

TITUBA

You beg me to conjure, Abby! She beg me make charm -

ABIGAIL

I'll tell you something. She comes to me while I sleep; she's always making me dream corruptions!

TITUBA

Abby!

*Drastic heightening.*

ABIGAIL

Sometimes I wake and find myself standing in the open doorway and not a stitch on my body! I always hear her laughing in my sleep. I hear her singing her Barbados songs and tempting me with -

TITUBA

Mister Reverend, I never -

HALE

Tituba, I want you to wake this child.

TITUBA

I have no power on this child, sir.

HALE

You most certainly do, and you will loose her from it now! When did you compact with the Devil?

TITUBA

I don't compact with no Devil!

PARRIS

You will confess yourself or I will take you out and whip you to your death, Tituba!

PUTNAM

This woman must be hanged! She must be taken and hanged!

TITUBA

No - no, don't hang Tituba. I tell him I don't desire to work for him, sir.

**LX 160**

HALE

Who, the Devil? Now, Tituba, I know that when we bind ourselves to Hell it is very hard to break with it entirely. Now, we are going to help you tear yourself free. You would be a good Christian woman, would you not, Tituba?

TITUBA

Ay, sir, a good Christian woman.

HALE

And you love these little children?

TITUBA

Oh, yes, sir, I don't desire to hurt little children?

HALE

And you love God, Tituba?

TITUBA

I love God with all my bein'.

HALE

Now in God's holy name

TITUBA

Bless Him . . . bless Him. . . .

HALE

And to His Glory .

TITUBA

Eternal Glory. . . . Bless Him. . . . Bless God.

HALE

Open yourself, Tituba - open yourself and let God's holy light shine on you.

TITUBA

Oh, bless the Lord.

HALE

When the devil comes to you does he ever come . . . with another person?  
Perhaps another person in the village? Someone you know.

PARRIS

Who came with him?

*Launches into a new tone.*

PUTNAM

Sarah Good? Did you ever see Sarah Good with him? -or Osborn?

PARRIS

Was it man or woman came with him?

TITUBA

Was . . . was woman.

PARRIS

What woman? A woman, you said. What woman?

TITUBA

It was black dark, and I ...

PARRIS

You could see him, why could you not see her?

TITUBA

Well, they was always talking, they was always runnin' round and carryin' on.

PARRIS

You mean out of Salem? Salem witches?

TITUBA

I believe so, yes, sir.

HALE

Tituba. You must have no fear to tell us who they are, do you understand? We will protect you. The Devil can never overcome a minister. You know that, do you not?

TITUBA

Aye, sir, oh, I do.

HALE

You have confessed yourself to witchcraft, and that speaks a wish to come to heaven's side. And we will bless you, Tituba.

TITUBA

Oh, God bless you, Mister Hale . . . !

HALE

You are God's instrument put in our hands to discover the Devil's agents among us. You are selected, Tituba, you are chosen to help us cleanse our village. So speak utterly, Tituba, turn your back on him and face God, face God, Tituba, and God will protect you.

HALE

Oh, God, protect Tituba!

HALE

Who came to you with the Devil? Two? Three? Four?— how many?

TITUBA

There was four. There was four.

PARRIS

Who? Who? Their names, their names!

TITUBA

Oh, how many times he bid me kill you, Mister Parris!

PARRIS

Kill me! |



**I.2.15****DANCE / Primitives: Betty, Abigail, Ann, Tituba**

*Another shift where the rage and chaos in the primitives is ignited, focused dance sequence.*

TITUBA

He say Mister Parris must be kill! Mister Parris no goodly man, Mister Parris mean man and no gentle man, and he bid me rise out of my bed and cut your throat! I tell him, no! I don't hate that man! I don't want kill that man! But he say, You work for me, Tituba, and I make you free! I give you pretty dress to wear, and put you way high up in the air and you gone fly back to Barbados! And I say, You lie, Devil, you. lie! And then he come one stormy night to me, and he say, Look! I have white people belong to me. And I look. . . . And there was Goody Good.

GO with music cue  
I.2.15 **LX 170**

*Sequence shifts, she is close to her primitive. Visible impacts as they name names.*

PARRIS

Sarah Good!

TITUBA

Aye, sir, and Goody Osburn.

ANN

I knew it! Goody Osburn were midwife to me three times. I begged you, Thomas, did I not? I begged him not to call Osburn because I feared her, my babies always shriveled in her hands.

HIT on Music Shift  
Music Intensifies **LX 172**

HALE

Take courage, you must give us all their names. How can you bear to see these children suffering? Look at them, Tituba - look at their God-given innocence; their souls are so tender; we must protect them, Tituba; the Devil is out and preying on them like a beast upon the flesh of the pure lamb. . . . God will bless you for your help. . . .

*Abigail's chaos and rage crest. Continued visible impacts with each name.*

ABIGAIL

I want to open myself! I want the light of God, I want the sweet love of Jesus! I danced for the Devil; I saw him; I wrote in his book; I go back to Jesus; I kiss His hand - I saw Sarah Good with the Devil! I saw Goody Osburn with the devil! I saw Bridget Bishop with the Devil!

BETTY

I saw George Jacobs with the Devil! I saw Goody Howe with the Devil!

VISUAL  
Betty sits up in bed **LX 175**

PARRIS

She speaks. She speaks!

HALE

Glory to God! It is broken, they are free!

BETTY

I saw Martha Bellows with the Devil!

ABIGAIL

I saw Goody Sibber with the Devil!

PUTNAM

The marshal, I'll call the marshal!

HALE

Let the marshal bring irons.

LX 177

BETTY

I saw Alice Barrow with the Devil!

LX 180

ABIGAIL

I saw Goody Hawkins with the Devil!

BETTY

I saw Goody Pike with the Devil.

ABIGAIL

I saw Mister Barton with the Devil!

VISUAL Bring lights up on dancers  
upstage when heads are stacked LX 183

BETTY

I saw Goody Cobb with the Devil.

ABIGAIL

I saw Goody Franklin with the Devil.

BETTY

I saw Goody Hopper with the Devil.

*Huge inhale/gasp for all. Music continues under scene transition.*

BLACKOUT for Scene Change LX 185

**I.3.1****TEXT/ Primitives: Elizabeth**

Lights Up LX 190

*Proctor's house, eight days later. Their kitchen is empty. Elizabeth sings to the children offstage. John enters with gun, washes his hands. Elizabeth enters and serves them a stew.**Elizabeth's primitive is beaten down, what Abigail's would become if subjected to the same life. She moves with repression.*

ELIZABETH

What keeps you so late? It's almost dark.

PROCTOR

I were planting far out to the forest edge.

ELIZABETH

Oh, you're done then.

PROCTOR

Aye, the farm is seeded. The boys asleep?

ELIZABETH

They will be soon.

PROCTOR

Pray now for a fair summer.

ELIZABETH

Aye.

PROCTOR

Are you well today?

ELIZABETH

I am. It is a rabbit.

PROCTOR

Oh, is it! In Jonathan's trap?

ELIZABETH

No, she walked into the house this afternoon; I found her sittin' in the corner like she come to visit.

PROCTOR

Oh, that's a good sign walkin' in.

ELIZABETH

Pray God. It hurt my heart to strip her, poor rabbit.

PROCTOR

Oh, it is well seasoned.

ELIZABETH

I took great care. She's tender?

PROCTOR

Aye. I think we'll see green fields soon. It's warm as blood beneath the clods.

ELIZABETH

That's well.

PROCTOR

If the crop is good I'll buy George Jacobs' heifer. How would that please you?

ELIZABETH

Aye, it would.

PROCTOR

I mean to please you, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

I know it, John.

PROCTOR

Cider?

ELIZABETH

Aye!

PROCTOR

This farm's a continent when you go foot by foot droppin' seeds in it.

ELIZABETH

It must be.

PROCTOR

On Sunday let you come with me and we'll walk the farm together; I never see such a load of flowers on the earth. Massachusetts is a beauty in the spring!

ELIZABETH

Aye, it is.

PROCTOR

I think you're sad again. Are you?

ELIZABETH

You come so late I thought you'd gone to Salem this afternoon.

PROCTOR

Why? I have no business in Salem.

ELIZABETH

You did speak of goin', earlier this week.

PROCTOR

I thought better of it, since.

ELIZABETH

Mary Warren's there today.

PROCTOR

Why'd you let her? You heard me forbid her go to Salem any more!

ELIZABETH

I couldn't stop her.

PROCTOR

It is a fault, it is a fault, Elizabeth - you're the mistress here, not Mary Warren.

ELIZABETH

She frightened all my strength away.

PROCTOR

How may that mouse frighten you, Elizabeth? You -

ELIZABETH

It is no mouse no more. I forbid her go, and she raises up her chin like the daughter of a prince, and says to me, "I must go to Salem, Goody Proctor, I am an official of the court!"

*Elizabeth's grows - something surges through her.*

PROCTOR

Court! What court?

ELIZABETH

Ay, it is a proper court they have now. They've sent four judges out of Boston, she says, weighty magistrates of the General Court, and at the head sits the Deputy Governor of the Province.

PROCTOR

Why, she's mad.

ELIZABETH

I would to God she were. There be fourteen people in the jail now, she says. And they'll be tried, and the court have power to hang them too, she says.

PROCTOR

Ah, they'd never hang.

ELIZABETH

VISUAL LX 191  
Elizabeth moves to SL bench

The Deputy Governor promise hangin' if they'll not confess, John. The town's gone wild, I think- Mary Warren speak of Abigail as though she were a saint, to hear her. She brings the other girls into the court, and where she walks the crowd will part like the sea for Israel. And folks are brought before them, and if Abigail scream and howl and fall to the floor - the person's clapped in the jail for bewitchin' her.

VISUAL LX 193  
Elizabeth moves to table

PROCTOR

Oh, it is a black mischief.

ELIZABETH

I think you must go to Salem, John. I think so. You must tell them it is a fraud.

*Elizabeth's fights physically against an unaware John*

PROCTOR

Aye, it is, it is surely.

ELIZABETH

Let you go to Ezekiel Cheever - he knows you well. And tell him what she said to you last week in her uncle's house. She said it had naught to do with witchcraft, did she not?

PROCTOR

Aye, she did, she did.

### I.3.2

DUET/ Primitives: Elizabeth.

Go with music cue LX 195  
I.3.2

*Elizabeth's throws herself on him*

ELIZABETH

God forbid you keep that from the court, John; I think they must be told.

PROCTOR

Ay, they must, they must. . . . It is a wonder that they do believe her.

ELIZABETH

I would go to Salem now, John . . . let you go tonight.

PROCTOR

I'll think on it.

ELIZABETH

You cannot keep it, John.

PROCTOR

I know I cannot keep it. I say I will think on it!

ELIZABETH

Good then, let you think on it.

PROCTOR

I am only wondering how I may prove what she told me, Elizabeth. If the girl's a saint now, I think it is not easy to prove she's fraud, and the town gone so silly. She told it to me in a room alone - I have no proof for it.

Dance music begins  
Music speeds up **LX 200**

ELIZABETH

You were alone with her?

PROCTOR

For a moment alone, aye.

ELIZABETH

Why, then, it is not as you told me.

*The height of Elizabeth's rage*

PROCTOR

For a moment, I say. The others come in soon after.

ELIZABETH

Do as you wish, then.

PROCTOR

Woman. I'll not have your suspicion any more.

*He grabs her and her primitive shrinks back.*

ELIZABETH

I have no -

PROCTOR

I'll not have it!

ELIZABETH

Then let you not earn it.

PROCTOR

You doubt me yet?!

ELIZABETH

John, if it were not Abigail that you must go to hurt, would you falter now? I think not.

*They continue on, locked against each other.*

PROCTOR

Now look you.

ELIZABETH

I see what I see, John.

PROCTOR

You will not judge me more, Elizabeth. I have good reason to think before I charge fraud on Abigail, and I will think on it. Let you look to your own improvement before you go to judge your husband any more. I have forgot Abigail, and -

HIT in music resuming  
After brief stop in music **LX 203**

ELIZABETH

And I.

PROCTOR

Spare me! You forget nothing and forgive nothing. Learn charity, woman. I have gone tiptoe in this house all seven- month since she is gone; I have not moved from there to there without I think to please you, and still ... an everlasting funeral marches round your heart. I cannot speak but I am doubted; every moment judged for lies as though I come into a court when I come into this house!

ELIZABETH

John, you are not open with me. You saw her with a crowd, you said. Now, you -

PROCTOR

I'll plead my honesty no more, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

John, I am only . .

Music slows down **LX 204**

PROCTOR

No more! I should have roared you down when first you told me your suspicion. But I wilted, and like a Christian, I confessed. Some dream I had must have mistaken you for God that day, but you're not, you're not. Let you remember it. Let you look sometimes for the goodness in me, and judge me not.



ELIZABETH

I do not judge you. The magistrate sits in your heart that judges you. I never thought you but a good man, John, only somewhat bewildered.

PROCTOR

Oh, Elizabeth, your justice would freeze beer.

### **I.3.3**

**TEXT/ Primitives: Elizabeth, Mary.**

Go with music cue  
I.3.3 **LX 205**

*Mary Warren enters.*

PROCTOR

How do you go to Salem when I forbid it! Do you mock me? I'll whip you if you dare leave this house again!

MARY

I am sick, I am sick, Mister Proctor. Pray, pray, hurt me not. My insides are all shuddery; I am in the proceedings all day, sir.

PROCTOR

And what of these proceedings here? When will you proceed to keep this house as you are paid nine pound a year to do? And my wife not wholly well?

MARY

I made a gift for you today, Goody Proctor. I had to sit long hours in a chair, and passed the time with sewing.

ELIZABETH

Why, thank you, it's a fair poppet.

MARY

We must all love each other now, Goody Proctor.

ELIZABETH

Aye, indeed we must.

MARY

I'll get up early in the morning and clean the house. I must sleep now.

PROCTOR

Mary. Is it true there be fourteen women arrested?

MARY

No, sir. There be thirty-nine now. . . .

ELIZABETH

Why, she's weepin'! What ails you, child?

MARY

Goody Osborn ... will hang!

*Increase in tension.*

PROCTOR

Hang! Hang, y'say?

MARY

Aye.

PROCTOR

The Deputy Governor will permit it?

MARY

He sentenced her. He must - But not Sarah Good. For Sarah Good confessed, y'see.

PROCTOR

Confessed! To what?

*Focus on Mary's throughout following.*

MARY

That she sometimes made a compact with Lucifer, and wrote her name in his black book, with her blood, and bound herself to torment Christians till God's thrown down ... and we all must worship Hell forevermore.

PROCTOR

But... surely you know what a jabberer she is. Did you tell them that?

MARY

Mister Proctor, in open court she near to choked us all to death.

PROCTOR

How choked you?

MARY

She sent her spirit out.

ELIZABETH

Oh, Mary, Mary, surely you...

MARY

She tried to kill me many times, Goody Proctor!

ELIZABETH

Why, I never heard you mention that before.

### I.3.4

**DUET/ Primitives: Elizabeth, Mary.**

*She's wild, chaotic. Continues throughout following.*

Go with music cue  
I.3.4 **LX 210**

MARY

I never knew it before. I never knew anything before. When she come into the court I say to myself, I must not accuse this woman, for she sleep in ditches, and so very old and poor. . . . But then . . . then she sit there, denying and denying, and I feel a misty coldness climbin' up my back, and the skin on my skull begin to creep, and I feel a clamp around my neck and I cannot breathe air; and then . . . I hear a voice, a screamin' voice, and it were my voice . . . and all at once I remembered everything she done to me!

PROCTOR

Why? What did she do to you?

MARY

So many time, Mister Proctor, she come to this very door beggin' bread and a cup of cider, and mark this, whenever I turned her away empty - she mumbled.

ELIZABETH

Mumbled! She may mumble, hungry.

MARY

But what does she mumble? You must remember, Goody Proctor, last month, a Monday, I think - she walked away and I thought my guts would burst for two days after. Do you remember it?

ELIZABETH

Why I do, I think, but -

MARY

And so I told that to Judge Hathorne, and he asks her so - "Goody Good," says he, "what curse do you mumble that this girl must fall sick after turning you away?" And then she replies: "Why, your excellence, no curse at all; I only say my commandments; I hope I may say my commandments," says she!

ELIZABETH

And that's an upright answer.

MARY

Aye, but then Judge Hathorne say, "Recite for us your commandments!" - and of all the ten she could not say a single one. She never knew no commandments, and they had her in a flat lie!

PROCTOR

And so condemned her?

MARY

Why, they must when she condemned herself.

PROCTOR

But the proof, the proof?

MARY

I told you the proof - it's hard proof, hard as rock the judges said.

PROCTOR

You will not go to that court again, Mary Warren.

MARY

I must tell you, sir, I will be gone every day now. I am amazed you do not see what weighty work we do.

PROCTOR

What work you do! It's strange work for a Christian girl to hang old women!

MARY

But, Mister Proctor, they will not hang them if they confess. Sarah Good will only sit in jail some time . . . and here's a wonder for you, think on this. Goody Good is pregnant!

ELIZABETH

Pregnant! Are they mad? The woman's near to sixty!

MARY

They had Doctor Griggs examine her and she's full to the brim. And smokin' a pipe all these years and no husband either! But she's safe, thank God; for they'll not hurt the innocent child. But be that not a marvel? You must see it, sir, it's God's work we do. So I'll be gone every day for some time. I'm . . . I am an official of the court, they say, and I . . .

PROCTOR

I'll official you!

MARY

I'll not stand whipping any more! The Devil's loose in Salem, Mister Proctor, we must discover where he's hiding!

PROCTOR

I'll whip the Devil out of you...!

MARY

I saved her life today!

ELIZABETH

I am accused?

### **I.3.5**

**TEXT/ Primitives: Elizabeth, Mary.**

Go with music cue  
I.3.5 **LX 225**

MARY

You are somewhat mentioned. But I said I never see no sign you ever sent your spirit out to hurt no one, and seeing I do live so closely with you, they dismissed it.

ELIZABETH

Who accused me?

MARY

I am bound by law; I cannot tell it. I hope you'll not be so sarcastical no more - four judges and the King's deputy sat to dinner with us but an hour ago. I . . . I would have you speak civilly to me, from this out.

*The primitives both react, Mary's is triumphing here by speaking her truth. That continues throughout following.*

PROCTOR

Go to bed.

MARY

I'll not be ordered to bed no more, Mister Proctor! I am eighteen and a woman, however single!

PROCTOR

Do you wish to sit up? Then sit up.

MARY

I wish to go to bed!

PROCTOR

Good night, then!

MARY

Good night.

*Mary exits.*

### **I.3.6**

**DUET/ Primitives: Elizabeth.**

Go with music cue  
I.3.6 **LX 230**

*Elizabeth's primitive is the focus now, filling the space and interacting with Elizabeth and John.*

ELIZABETH

Oh, the noose, the noose is up!

PROCTOR

There'll be no noose.

ELIZABETH

She wants me dead; I knew all week it would come to this!

PROCTOR

They dismissed it. You heard her say.

ELIZABETH

And what of tomorrow? She will cry me out until they take me!

PROCTOR

Sit you down.

ELIZABETH

She wants me dead, John, you know it!

PROCTOR

I say sit down! Now we must be wise, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

Oh, indeed, indeed!

PROCTOR

Fear nothing. I'll find Ezekiel Cheever. I'll tell him she said it were all sport.

ELIZABETH

John, with so many in the jail, more than that is needed now, I think. Would you favor me with this? Go to Abigail.

PROCTOR

What have I to say to Abigail?

ELIZABETH

John...grant me this. You have a faulty understanding of young girls. There is a promise made in any bed.

PROCTOR

What promise?

### I.3.7

**DANCE/ Primitives: Elizabeth.**

*Elizabeth's flourishes here. Focus on Elizabeth's continues throughout following to send of section.*

ELIZABETH

Spoke or silent, a promise is surely made. And she may dote on it now - I am sure she does - and thinks to kill me, then to take my place. It is her dearest hope, John, I know it. There be a thousand names, why does she call mine? There be a certain danger in calling such a name I am no Goody Good that sleeps in ditches, nor Osborn drunk and half-witted. She'd dare not call out such a farmer's wife but there be monstrous profit in it. She thinks to take my place, John.

Dance music begins **LX 235**

*Pause in the text as we focus on the choreography.*

HIT - Music slows  
Primitive stands on table **LX 237**

### I.3.8

**DUET/ Primitives: Elizabeth.**

PROCTOR

She cannot think it!

**LX 238**

ELIZABETH

John, have you ever shown her somewhat of contempt? She cannot pass you in the church but you will blush -

PROCTOR

I may blush for my sin.

ELIZABETH

I think she sees another meaning in that blush.

PROCTOR

And what see you? What see you, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH

I think you be somewhat ashamed, for I am there, and she so close.

PROCTOR

When will you know me, woman? Were I stone I would have cracked for shame this seven-month!

VISUAL  
Primitive steps off table **LX 239**

ELIZABETH

Then go - and tell her she's a whore. Whatever promise she may sense - break it, John, break it.

PROCTOR

Good, then. I'll go.

ELIZABETH

Oh, how unwillingly!

PROCTOR

I will curse her hotter than the oldest cinder in hell, fear not. But pray, begrudge me not my anger!

ELIZABETH

Your anger! I only ask you...

PROCTOR

Woman, am I so base? Do you truly think me base?

ELIZABETH

I never called you base.

PROCTOR

Then how do you charge me with such a promise! The promise that a stallion gives a mare I gave that girl!

ELIZABETH

Then why do you anger with me when I bid you break it?

PROCTOR

Because it speaks deceit, and I am honest! But I'll plead no more! I see now your spirit twists around the single error of my life, and I will never tear it free!

**LX 240**

ELIZABETH

You'll tear it free - when you come to know that I will be your only wife, or no wife at all! She has an arrow in you yet, John Proctor, and you know it well!



**I.3.9****TEXT/ Primitives: Elizabeth.**

*Hale enters, looking weary. Elizabeth's primitive retreats.*

HALE

Good evening.

PROCTOR

Why, Mister Hale! Good evening to you, sir. Come in, come in.

HALE

I hope I do not startle you.

ELIZABETH

No - no, it's only that I heard no horse. ...

HALE

You are Goodwife Proctor.

PROCTOR

Aye: Elizabeth.

HALE

I hope you're not off to bed yet.

PROCTOR

No - no... let you come in, Mister Hale. We are not used to visitors after dark, but you're welcome here. Will you sit you down, sir?

HALE

I will. Let you sit, Goodwife Proctor.

PROCTOR

Will you drink cider, Mister Hale?

HALE

No, it rebels my stomach - I have some further traveling yet tonight. Sit you down, sir. I will not keep you long, but I have some business with you.

PROCTOR

Business of the court?

HALE

No no, I come of my own, without the court's authority. Hear me. I know not if you are aware, but your wife's name is ... mentioned in the court.

PROCTOR

We know it, sir. Our Mary Warren told us. We are entirely amazed.

HALE

I am a stranger here, as you know. And in my ignorance, I find it hard to draw a clear opinion of them that come accused before the court. And so this afternoon, and now tonight, I go from house to house. . . . I come now from Rebecca Nurse's house and ...

ELIZABETH

Rebecca's charged!

HALE

God forbid such a one be charged. She is, however . . . mentioned somewhat.

ELIZABETH

You will never believe, I hope, that Rebecca trafficked with the Devil?

HALE

Woman, it is possible.

PROCTOR

Surely you cannot think so.

HALE

This is a strange time, Mister. No man may longer doubt the powers of the dark are gathered in monstrous attack upon this village. There is too much evidence now to deny it. You will agree, sir?

PROCTOR

I... have no knowledge in that line. But it's hard to think so pious a woman be secretly a Devil's bitch after seventy year of such good prayer.

*Big reaction.*

HALE

Aye. But the Devil is a wily one, you cannot deny it. However, she is far from accused, and I know she will not be. I thought, sir, to put some questions as to the Christian character of this house, if you'll permit me.

PROCTOR

Why, we... have no fear of questions, sir.

HALE

Good, then. In the book of record that Mister Parris keeps, I note that you are rarely in the church on Sabbath Day.

PROCTOR

No, sir, you are mistaken. ...

HALE

Only twenty-six time in seventeen month, sir. I must call that rare. Will you tell me why you are so absent?

PROCTOR

Mister Hale, I never knew I must account to that man for I come to church or stay at home... My wife were sick this winter.

### I.3.10

**DANCE/ Primitives: Elizabeth.**

*Focus on Elizabeth and her primitive while the men's dialogue goes silent.*

Go with music cue  
I.3.10 **LX 265**

HALE. So I am told. But you, Mister, why could you not come alone?

PROCTOR. I surely did come when I could, and when I could not I prayed in this house.

HALE. Mister Proctor, your house is not a church; your theology must tell you that.

PROCTOR. It does, sir, it does; and it tells me that a minister may pray to God without he have golden candlesticks upon the altar.

HALE. What golden candlesticks.

PROCTOR. Since we built the church there were pewter candlesticks upon the altar; Francis Nurse made them, y'know, and a sweeter hand never touched the metal. But Parris came, and for twenty week he preach nothing but golden candlesticks until he had them. I labor the earth from dawn of day to blink of night, and I tell you true, when I look to heaven and see my money glaring at his elbows - it - it hurt my prayer, sir, it hurt my prayer. I think, sometimes, the man dreams cathedrals, not clapboard meeting houses.

HALE. And yet, Mister, a Christian on Sabbath Day must be in church.... Tell me - you have three children.

Dance ends **LX 270**

### I.3.11

**TEXT/ Primitives: Elizabeth.**

PROCTOR

Aye. Boys.

HALE

How come it that only two are baptized?

PROCTOR

I like it not that Mister Parris should lay his hand upon my baby. I see no light of God in that man. I'll not conceal it.

HALE

I must say it, Mister Proctor; that is not for you to decide. The man's ordained, therefore the light of God is in him.

PROCTOR

What's your suspicion, Mister Hale?

HALE

No - no, I have no ...

PROCTOR

I nailed the roof upon the church, I hung the door -

HALE

Oh, did you! That's a good sign, then.

PROCTOR

It may be I have been too quick to bring the man to book, but you cannot think we ever desired the destruction of religion. I think that's in your mind, is it not?

HALE

I... have . . . there is a softness in your record, sir, a softness.

ELIZABETH

I think, maybe, we have been too hard with Mister Parris. I think so. But sure we never loved the Devil here.

### **I.3.12**

#### **DUET/ Primitives: Elizabeth.**

HALE

Do you know your commandments, Elizabeth?

*Another focus on Elizabeth's primitive directly interacting with John, who doesn't see her.*

ELIZABETH

I surely do. There be no mark of blame upon my life, Mister Hale, I am a covenanted Christian woman.

HALE

And you, Mister?

PROCTOR

I . . . am sure I do, sir.

HALE

Let you repeat them, if you will.

PROCTOR

. . . The Commandments?

HALE

Aye.

LX 275

PROCTOR

Thou shalt not kill.

HALE

Aye.

PROCTOR

Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods, nor make unto thee any graven image. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord in vain; thou shalt have no other gods before me ... thou shalt remember the Sabbath Day and keep it holy. Thou shalt honor thy father and mother. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.

HALE

You have said that twice, sir.

PROCTOR

Aye.

ELIZABETH

Adultery, John.

PROCTOR

Aye! You see, sir, between the two of us we do know them all. I think it be a small fault.

HALE

Theology, sir, is a fortress; no crack in a fortress may be accounted small.

PROCTOR

There be no love for Satan in this house.

HALE

I pray it, I pray it dearly. Well then, I'll bid you good night.

LX 280

ELIZABETH

Mister Hale. I do think you are suspecting me somewhat? Are you not?

HALE

Goody Proctor, I do not judge you. My duty is to add what I may to the Godly wisdom of the court. I pray you both good health and good fortune. Good night, sir.

### **I.3.13**

**TEXT/ Primitives: Elizabeth.**

*She gets more agitated.*

ELIZABETH

I think you must tell him, John.

HALE

What's that?

ELIZABETH

Will you tell him?

PROCTOR

I . . . I have no witness and cannot prove it, except my word be taken. But I know the children's sickness had naught to do with witchcraft.

HALE

Naught to do...?

PROCTOR

They were discovered by Mr. Parris sporting in the woods. They were startled, and took sick.

HALE

Who told you this?

PROCTOR

Abigail Williams.

HALE

Abigail!

PROCTOR

Aye.

HALE

Abigail Williams said it had naught to do with witchcraft?

PROCTOR

She told me the day you came, sir.

HALE

Why . . . why did you keep this?

PROCTOR

I never knew until tonight that the world is gone daft with this nonsense.

HALE

Nonsense! Mister, I have myself examined Tituba, Sarah Good and numerous others that have confessed to dealing with the Devil. They have confessed it.

PROCTOR

And why not, if they must hang for denyin' it? There are them that will swear to anything before they'll hang; have you never thought of that?

HALE

I have. I . . . I have indeed. And you . . . would you testify to this in court?

PROCTOR

I. . . had not reckoned with going into court. . But if I must I will.

HALE

Ah, you falter there? I think you -

PROCTOR

I falter nothing, but I...I may wonder if my story will be credited in such a court. I do wonder on it, when a minister as steady minded as you will suspicion such a woman that never lied; she cannot lie, and the world knows she cannot. I may falter somewhat, Mister, I am no fool.

HALE

Proctor, let you open with me now, for I have heard a thing that troubles me. It's said you hold no belief that there may even be witches in the world. Is that true, sir?

PROCTOR

I know not what I have said; I may have said it. I have wondered if there be witches in the world.

HALE

Then you do not believe . . . ?

PROCTOR

I have no knowledge of it; the Bible speaks of witches, and I will not deny them.

HALE

And you, woman?

ELIZABETH

I... I cannot believe it.

HALE

You cannot!

PROCTOR

Elizabeth, you bewilder him!

ELIZABETH

I cannot think the Devil may own a woman's soul, Mister Hale, when she keeps an upright way, as I have. I am a good woman, I know it; and if you believe I may do only good work in the world, and yet be secretly bound to Satan, then I must tell you, sir, I do not believe it.

HALE

But, woman, you do believe there are witches in...?

ELIZABETH

If you think that I am one, then I say there are none.

HALE

You surely do not fly against the Gospel, the Gospel...

PROCTOR

She believe in the Gospel, every word!

ELIZABETH

Question Abigail Williams about the Gospel, not myself!

*Then a moment of glee for her primitive as she speaks the truth.*

PROCTOR

She do not mean to doubt the Gospel, sir, you can - not think it. This be a Christian house, sir, a Christian house.

HALE

God keep you both; let the third child be quickly baptized and go you without fail each Sunday into Sabbath prayer; and keep a solemn, quiet way among you. I think.

*Giles Corey enters.*

COREY

John!



PROCTOR

Giles! What's the matter?

COREY

They take my wife. And Rebecca Nurse!

*Francis Nurse enters.*

PROCTOR

Rebecca's in the jail!

NURSE

John Cheever come and take her in his wagon. We've only now come from the jail and they'll not even let us in to see them.

ELIZABETH

They've surely gone wild now, Mister Hale!

NURSE

Reverend Hale. Can you not speak to the Deputy Governor? I'm sure he mistakes these people ...

HALE

Pray calm yourself, Mister Nurse. ...

NURSE

My wife is the very brick and mortar of the church, Mister Hale, and Martha Corey, there cannot be a woman closer yet to God than Martha.

*Reaction.*

HALE

How is Rebecca charged, Mr. Nurse?

NURSE

For murder, she's charged! "For the marvelous and supernatural murder of Goody Putnam's babies." What am I to do, Mr. Hale?

HALE

Believe me, sir, if Rebecca Nurse be tainted, then nothing's left to stop the whole green world from burning. Let you rest upon the justice of the court; the court will send her home, I know it...

NURSE

You cannot mean she will be tried in court!

PROCTOR

How may such a woman murder children?

HALE

Man, remember, until an hour before the Devil fell, God thought him beautiful in Heaven.

COREY

I never said my wife were a witch, Mister Hale, I only said she were reading books!

### I.3.14

**DANCE/ Primitives: Elizabeth.**

Go with music cue  
I.3.14 **LX 285**

*Focus on Elizabeth and her primitive.*

HALE. Mister Corey, exactly what complaint were made on your wife?

COREY. That bloody mongrel Wallcott charge her. Y' see, he buy a pig of my wife four or five year ago, and the pig died soon after. So he come dancin' in for his money back. So my Martha she says to him, "Wallcott, if you haven't the wit to feed a pig properly, you'll not live to own many," she says. Now he goes to court and claims that from that day to this he cannot keep a pig alive for more than four weeks because my Martha bewitch them with her books!

Enter Cheever.

CHEEVER. Good evening. Good evening to you, John Proctor.

Enter Willard.

PROCTOR. Why ... Mister Cheever. Good evening.

CHEEVER. Good evening, all. Good evening, Mister Hale.

PROCTOR. I hope you come not on business of the court?

CHEEVER. I do, Proctor, aye. I am clerk of the court now, y'know.

COREY. It's a pity, Ezekiel, that an honest tailor might have gone to heaven must burn in hell. You'll burn for this, do you know it?

CHEEVER. You know yourself I must do as I'm told. You surely know that, Giles. And I'd as lief you'd not be sending me to hell. I like not the sound of it, I tell you, I like not the sound of it.

Now believe me, Proctor, how heavy be the law, all its tonnage I do carry on my back tonight...I have a warrant for your wife.

VISUALI  
Primitive runs to Hale **LX 287**

Dance music ends **LX 290**

### I.3.15

**TEXT/ Primitives: Elizabeth.**

*Back to the present, a quick zoning in on what's being said and on the silence between lines. Elizabeth's primitive stalks the room, sensing danger and the walls closing in. There is an especially strong reaction to Abigail's name.*

PROCTOR

What say you? A warrant for my wife? You said she were not charged!

HALE

I know nothin' of it. When were she charged?

CHEEVER

I am given sixteen warrant tonight, sir, and she is one.

PROCTOR

Who charged her?

CHEEVER

Why, Abigail Williams charge her.

PROCTOR

Abigail Williams? On what proof, what proof!

CHEEVER

Mister Proctor, I have little time. . . . The court bid me search your house, but I like not to search a house. So will you hand me any poppets that your wife may keep here.

PROCTOR

Poppets?

ELIZABETH

I never kept no poppets, not since I were a girl.

CHEEVER

I spy a poppet, Goody Proctor.

ELIZABETH

Oh! Why, this is Mary's.

CHEEVER

Would you please to give it to me?

ELIZABETH

Has the court discovered a text in poppets now?

CHEEVER

Do you keep any others in this house?

PROCTOR

No, nor this one either till tonight. What signifies a poppet?

CHEEVER

Why, a poppet... a poppet may signify. Now, woman... will you please to come with me.

PROCTOR

She will not. Fetch Mary here.

CHEEVER

No - no, I am forbid to leave her from my sight.

PROCTOR

You'll leave her out of sight and out of mind, Mister. Fetch Mary, Elizabeth.

*Elizabeth exits.*

### **I.3.16**

TEXT/ Primitives: None.

*Fast and strange in the primitive's absence, like the sound going in and out.*

HALE

What signifies a poppet, Mister Cheever?

CHEEVER

Why, they say it may signify that she... Why, this, this . . .

PROCTOR

What's there?

CHEEVER

Why...it is a needle! Willard, Willard, it is a needle!

PROCTOR

And what signifies a needle!

CHEEVER

Why, this go hard with her, Proctor, this . . . I had my doubts, Proctor, I had my doubts, but here's calamity. . . . You see it, sir, it is a needle!

HALE

Why? What meanin' has it?

CHEEVER

The girl, the Williams girl, Abigail Williams, sir. She sat to dinner in Reverend Parris' house tonight, and without word nor warnin', she falls to the floor. Like a struck beast, he says, and screamed a scream that a bull would weep to hear. And he goes to save her, and stuck two inches in the flesh of her belly he draw a needle out. And demandin' of her how she come to be so stabbed, she . . . testify it were your wife's familiar spirit pushed it in.

PROCTOR

Why, she done it herself! I hope you're not takin' this for proof, Mister Hale.

CHEEVER

'Tis hard proof! I find here a poppet Goody Proctor keeps. I have found it, sir. And in the belly of the poppet a needle stuck. I tell you true, Proctor, I never warranted to see such proof of Hell, and I bid you obstruct me not, for I . . .

### I.3.17

**DUET/ Primitives: Elizabeth, Mary.**

*Elizabeth and Mary enter. It is a silent and slow battle between Mary and Elizabeth - constricted by the text and the presence of the men. The battle between their primitives, however, is raging and wild.*

PROCTOR

Here now! Mary, how did this poppet come into my house?

MARY

What poppet's that, sir?

PROCTOR

This poppet, this poppet.

MARY

Why, I...I think it is mine.

PROCTOR

It is your poppet, is it not?

MARY

It...is, sir.

PROCTOR

And how did it come into this house?

MARY

Why . . . I made it in the court, sir, and... give it to Goody Proctor tonight.

PROCTOR

Now, sir - do you have it?

HALE

Mary Warren... a needle have been found inside this poppet.

MARY

Why, I meant no harm by it, sir.

PROCTOR

You stuck that needle in yourself?

MARY

I... I believe I did, sir, I...

PROCTOR

What say you now?

HALE

Child... you are certain this be your natural memory? - may it be, perhaps, that someone conjures you even now to say this?

MARY

Conjures me? Why, no, sir, I am entirely myself, I think. Let you ask Susanna Wallcott - she saw me sewin' it in court. Ask Abby, Abby sat beside me when I made it.

PROCTOR

Bid him begone, Mister. Your mind is surely settled now. Bid him out, Mister.

ELIZABETH

What signifies a needle?

HALE

Mary... you charge a cold and cruel murder on Abigail.

MARY

Murder! I charge no -

HALE

Abigail were stabbed tonight; a needle were found stuck into her belly.

ELIZABETH

And she charges me?!

HALE

Aye.

*Elizabeth's is defeated.*

ELIZABETH

Why - The girl is murder! She must be ripped out of the world!

CHEEVER

You've heard that, sir! Ripped out of the world! Willard, you heard it! . . .

PROCTOR

Out with you!

CHEEVER

Proctor, you dare not touch the warrant.

PROCTOR

Out with you!

CHEEVER

You've ripped the Deputy Governor's warrant, man!

PROCTOR

Damn the Deputy Governor! Out of my house!

HALE

Now, Proctor, Proctor.

PROCTOR

Get y' gone with them! You are a broken minister.

HALE

Proctor, if she is innocent the court...

PROCTOR

If she is innocent! Why do you never wonder if Parris be innocent, or Abigail? Is the accuser always holy now? Were they born this morning as clean as God's fingers? I'll tell you what's walking Salem - vengeance is walking Salem. We are what we always were in Salem, but now the little crazy children are jangling the keys of the kingdom, and common vengeance writes the law! This warrant's vengeance; I will not give my wife to vengeance!

ELIZABETH

I'll go, John . . .

PROCTOR

You will not go!

WILLARD

John, I have nine men outside. You cannot keep her. The law binds me, John, I cannot budge.

PROCTOR

You will see her taken?

HALE

Proctor, the court is just. . . .

PROCTOR

Pontius Pilate! God will not let you wash your hands of this!

ELIZABETH

John. I think I must go with them. Mary . . . there is bread enough for the morning; you will bake in the afternoon. Help Mister Proctor as you were his daughter you owe me that, and much more. When the children wake, speak nothing of witchcraft... it will frighten them. . . .

PROCTOR

I will bring you home. I will bring you soon.

VISUAL  
Primitives fight **LX 305**

ELIZABETH

Oh, John, bring me soon!

PROCTOR

I will fall like an ocean on that court! Fear nothing, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

I will fear nothing. Tell the children I have gone to visit someone sick. . . .

VISUAL  
Primitives exit upstage left **LX 310**

*Elizabeth exits with Cheever and Willard.*

### **I.3.18**

**TEXT/ Primitives: Mary.**

PROCTOR

Willard! Willard, don't chain her!

*(Proctor exits. Mary's is in a state of arousal and agitation, power and fear.)*

Damn you, man, you will not chain her! Off with them! I'll not have it! I will not have her chained!

COREY

And yet silent, Minister? It is fraud, you know it is fraud! What keeps you, man!

*Willard brings Proctor back in.*



PROCTOR

I'll pay you, Willard, I will surely pay you!

WILLARD

In God's name, John, I cannot help myself. I must chain them all. Now let you keep inside this house till I am gone! Man, are you blind?

*Willard exits.*

HALE

Mister Proctor -

PROCTOR

Out of my sight!

### **I.3.19**

**DANCE/ Primitives: Mary.**

*Focus on Mary's throughout muted text.*

Go with music cue  
I.3.19 **LX 315**

HALE. Charity, Proctor, Charity - what I have heard in her favor I will not fear to testify in court. God help me, I cannot judge her guilty nor innocent. . . . I know not. Only this consider the world goes mad, and it profit nothing you should lay the cause to the vengeance of a little girl.

PROCTOR. You are a coward! Though you be ordained in God's own tears, you are a coward now!

HALE. Proctor, I cannot think God be provoked so grandly by such a petty cause. The jails are packed, our greatest judges sit in Salem now-and hangin's promised. Man, we must look to cause proportionate. Were there murder done perhaps, and never brought to light? Abomination? Some secret blasphemy that stinks to heaven? Think on cause, man, and let you help me to discover it. For there's your way, believe it, there is your only way, when such confusion strikes upon the world. Let you counsel among yourselves; think on your village, and what may have drawn from heaven such thundering wrath upon you all. I shall pray God open up our eyes.

Hale exits.

NURSE. I never heard no murder done in Salem.

PROCTOR. Leave me, Francis, leave me.

Nurse exits.

COREY. John...tell me, are we lost?

PROCTOR. Go home now, Giles. We'll speak on it tomorrow.

COREY. Let you think on it; we'll come early, eh?

PROCTOR. Aye. Go now, Giles.

COREY. Good night, then.

Corey exits.

Dance ends **LX 320**

**I.3.20**

**DUET: track and timing.**  
**Primitives: Mary.**

MARY

Mister Proctor, very likely they'll let her come home once they're given proper evidence.

PROCTOR

You're coming to the court with me, Mary. You will tell it in the court.

MARY

I cannot charge murder on Abigail.

PROCTOR

You will tell the court how that poppet come here and who stuck the needle in.

MARY

She'll kill me for sayin' that! Abby'll charge lechery on you, Mister Proctor!

PROCTOR

. . . She's told you!

MARY

I have known it, sir. She'll ruin you with it, I know she will.

PROCTOR

Good. Then her saintliness is done with. We will slide together into our pit. You will tell the court what you know.

**LX 325**

MARY

I cannot. They'll turn on me.

PROCTOR

My wife will never die for me. I will bring your guts into your mouth, but that goodness will not die for me.

MARY

I cannot do it. I cannot.

PROCTOR

Make your peace with it. Now Hell and Heaven grapple on our backs, and all our old pretense is ripped away. Make your peace.

MARY

I cannot.

## PROCTOR

Peace! It is a Providence and no great change. We are what we always were, but naked now. Aye, naked. And the wind, God's icy wind, will blow.

BLACKOUT LX 330

---

INTERMISSION

HOUSE UP

Intermission - House UP LX 340

---

HOUSE TO HALF

End of Intermission  
House to Half LX 345

---

BLACKOUT

BLACKOUT LX 350

---

ACT IIII.4.1

DUET/ Primitives: Abigail.

Go w/ Curtain LX 355

*In the woods at night. Abigail's primitive is stalking, waiting for the rage or honesty to break.*

VISUAL  
Abby begins to move downstage LX 360

PROCTOR

I must speak with you, Abigail. Will you sit?

ABIGAIL

How do you come?

PROCTOR

Friendly.

ABIGAIL

I don't like the woods at night. Pray you, stand closer. I knew it must be you. When I heard the pebbles on the window, before I opened up my eyes I knew. I thought you would come a good time sooner.

LX 365

PROCTOR

I had thought to come many times.

ABIGAIL

Why didn't you? I am so alone in the world now.

PROCTOR

Are you! I've heard that people ride a hundred mile to see your face these days.

ABIGAIL

Aye, my face. Can you see my face?

PROCTOR

Then you're troubled?

ABIGAIL

Have you come to mock me?

PROCTOR

No, no, but I hear only that you go to the tavern every night, and play shovelboard with the Deputy Governor, and they give you cider.

ABIGAIL

I have once or twice played the shovelboard. But I have no joy in it.

PROCTOR

This is a surprise, Abby. I'd thought to find you gayer than this. I'm told a troop of boys go step for step with you wherever you walk these days.

ABIGAIL

Aye, they do. But I have only lewd looks from the boys.

PROCTOR

And you like that not?

ABIGAIL

I cannot bear lewd looks no more, John. My spirit's changed entirely. I ought be given Godly looks when I suffer for them as I do.

PROCTOR

Oh? How do you suffer, Abby?

ABIGAIL

Why, look at my leg. I'm holes all over from their damned needles and pins. The jab your wife gave me's not healed yet, y'know.

PROCTOR

Oh, it isn't.

ABIGAIL

I think sometimes she pricks it open again while I sleep.

PROCTOR

Ah?

ABIGAIL

And George Jacobs - he comes again and again and raps me with his stick - the same spot every night all this week. Look at the lump I have.

PROCTOR

Abby - George Jacobs is in the jail all this month.

ABIGAIL

Thank God he is, and bless the day he hangs and lets me sleep in peace again! Oh, John, the world's so full of hypocrites! They pray in jail! I'm told they all pray in jail!

PROCTOR

They may not pray?

ABIGAIL

And torture me in my bed while sacred words are comin' from their mouths? Oh, it will need God Himself to cleanse this town properly!

PROCTOR

Abby - you mean to cry out still others?

ABIGAIL

If I live, if I am not murdered, I surely will, until the last hypocrite is dead.

PROCTOR

Then there is no one good?

ABIGAIL

Aye, there is one. You are good.

PROCTOR

Am I! How am I good?

*She fuses with Abigail, both touching a well of sincerity and emotion inside them.*

ABIGAIL

Why, you taught me goodness, therefore you are good. It were a fire you walked me through, and all my ignorance was burned away. It were a fire, John, we lay in fire. And from that night no woman dare call me wicked any more but I knew my answer. I used to weep for my sins when the wind lifted up my skirts; and blushed for shame because some old Rebecca called me loose. And then you burned my ignorance away. As bare as some December tree I saw them all - walking like saints to church, running to feed the sick, and hypocrites in their hearts! And God gave me strength to call them liars, and God made men to listen to me, and by God I will scrub the world clean for the love of Him! Oh, John, I will make you such a wife when the world is white again! You will be amazed to see me every day, a light of heaven in your house, a - Why are you cold?

PROCTOR

My wife goes to trial in the morning, Abigail.

ABIGAIL

Your wife?

PROCTOR

Surely you knew of it?

ABIGAIL

I do remember it now. How - how is she well?

VISUAL  
Primitive moves to SR Ladder **LX 370**

VISUAL  
Primitive moves from Ladder **LX 375**

PROCTOR

As well as she may be, thirty-six days in that place.

ABIGAIL

You said you came friendly.

PROCTOR

She will not be condemned, Abby.

ABIGAIL

You brought me from my bed to speak of her?

PROCTOR

I come to tell you, Abby, what I will do tomorrow in the court. I would not take you by surprise, but give you all good time to think on what to do to save yourself.

ABIGAIL

Save myself!

PROCTOR

If you do not free my wife tomorrow, I am set and bound to ruin you, Abby.

ABIGAIL

How - ruin me?

PROCTOR

I have rocky proof in documents that you knew that poppet were none of my wife's; and that you yourself bade Mary Warren stab that needle into it.

ABIGAIL

I bade Mary Warren - ?

PROCTOR

You know what you do, you are not so mad!

ABIGAIL

Oh, hypocrites! Have you won him, too?! John, why do you let them send you?

PROCTOR

I warn you, Abby!

ABIGAIL

They send you! They steal your honesty and -

PROCTOR

I have found my honesty!

ABIGAIL

No, this is your wife pleading, your snivelling, envious wife! This is Rebecca's voice, Martha Corey's voice. You were no hypocrite!

PROCTOR

I will prove you for the fraud you are!

ABIGAIL

And if they ask you why Abigail would ever do so murderous a deed, what will you tell them?

PROCTOR

I will tell them why.

ABIGAIL

What will you tell? You will confess to fornication? In the court?

PROCTOR

If you will have it so, so I will tell it! I say I will! If you can still hear, hear this! Can you hear! You will tell the court you are blind to spirits; you cannot see them any more, and you will never cry witchery again, or I will make you famous for the whore you are!

ABIGAIL

Never in this world! I know you, John - you are this moment singing secret Hallelujahs that your wife will hang!

PROCTOR

You mad, you murderous bitch!

ABIGAIL

Oh, how hard it is when pretense falls! But it falls, it falls! You have done your duty by her. I hope it is your last hypocrisy. I pray you will come again with sweeter news for me. I know you will - now that your duty's done. Good night, John. Fear naught. I will save you tomorrow. From yourself I will save you.

BLACKOUT for Scene Change **LX 390**

*Abigail exits, John leaves the other way.*

## II.5.1

TEXT/ Primitives: None.

Lights UP **LX 395**

*The vestry room of the Meeting House. In the Meeting House proper, offstage, an examination is going on. The stage is empty, but we can hear it. Back to the varying speed, in and out sound, strangeness until the primitives return.*



HATHORNE

Now, Martha Corey, there is abundant evidence in our hands to show that you have given yourself to the reading of fortunes. Do you deny it?

MARTHA

I am innocent to a witch. I know not what a witch is.

HATHORNE

How do you know then that you are not a witch?

MARTHA

If I were I would know it.

HATHORNE

Why do you hurt these children?

MARTHA

I do not hurt them. I scorn it!

COREY

I have evidence for the court!

DANFORTH

You will keep your seat!

COREY

Thomas Putnam is reachin' out for land!

DANFORTH

Remove that man, Marshal!

COREY

You're hearing lies, lies!

HATHORNE

Arrest him, Excellency!

COREY

I have evidence, why will you not hear my evidence!

*(Enter Corey being dragged by Willard, with Parris following.)*

Hands off, damn you, let me go!

WILLARD

Giles, Giles . . .!

COREY

Out of my way, Willard! I bring evidence.

WILLARD

You cannot go in there, Giles - it's a court!

*Hale enters.*

HALE

Pray be calm a moment.

COREY

You, Mr. Hale, go in there and demand I speak.

HALE

A moment, sir, a moment.

COREY

They'll be hangin' my wife

*Nurse and Hathorne enter.*

HATHORNE

How do you dare come roarin' into this court! Are you gone daft, Corey?

COREY

You're not a Boston judge yet, Hathorne. You'll not call me daft!

*Danforth and Cheever enter.*

DANFORTH

Who is this man?

PARRIS

Giles Corey, sir, and a more contentious -

COREY

I am asked the question and I am old enough to answer it! My name is Corey, sir, Giles Corey. I have six hundred acres, and timber in addition. It is my wife you be condemning now.

DANFORTH

And how do you imagine to help her cause with such contemptuous riot? Now begone, your old age alone keeps you out of jail for this.

COREY

They're tellin' lies about my wife, sir, I...

DANFORTH

Then you take it upon yourself to decide what this court shall believe and what it shall set aside?

COREY

Your Excellency, we mean no disrespect for

DANFORTH

Disrespect, indeed! It is disruption, Mister. This is the highest court of the supreme government of this province, do you know it?

COREY

Your Excellency, I only said she were readin' books, sir, and they come and take her out of house for...

DANFORTH

What books, what...?

COREY

It is my third wife, sir, and I never had no wife that be so taken with books, d'y'understand, sir, and I thought to find the cause of it, d'y'see, but it were no witch I blamed her for. I have broke charity with the woman, I have broke charity with her.

HALE

Excellency, he claims hard evidence for his wife's defense. I think that in all justice you must...

DANFORTH

Then let him submit his evidence in proper affidavit. You are certainly aware of our procedure here, Mr. Hale. Clear this room.

WILLARD

Come now, Giles.

*Willard takes Corey out.*

NURSE

We are desperate, sir; we come here three days now and cannot be heard.

DANFORTH

Who is this man?

NURSE

Francis Nurse, your Excellency.

HALE

His wife's Rebecca that were condemned this morning.

DANFORTH

Indeed! I am amazed to find you in such uproar - I have only good report of your character, Mister Nurse.

HATHORNE

I think they must both be arrested in contempt, sir.

DANFORTH

Let you write your plea and in due time I will ...

NURSE

Excellency, we have proof for your eyes, God forbid you shut them to it. The girls, sir, the girls are frauds.

DANFORTH

What's what?

NURSE

We have proof of it, sir. They are all deceiving you.

HATHORNE

This is contempt, sir, contempt!

DANFORTH

Peace, Judge Hathorne. Do you know who I am, Mister Nurse?

NURSE

I surely do, sir, and I think you must be a wise judge to be what you are.

DANFORTH

And do you know that near to four hundred are in the jails from Marblehead to Lynn, and upon my signature?

NURSE

I...

DANFORTH

And seventy-two condemned to hang by that signature?

NURSE

Excellency, I never thought to say it to such a weighty judge, but you are deceived.

**II.5.2****DUET/ Primitives: Mary.**

*Enter Mary, Proctor, Willard, and Corey. Mary's primitive is as haunted as the girl herself. She is torn between the live-giving chaos of the lies and the potent power of telling the truth now.*

PARRIS

Mary Warren! What, what are you about here?

PROCTOR

She would speak with the Deputy-Governor.

DANFORTH

Did you not tell me Mary Warren were sick in bed?

WILLARD

She were, Your Honor - when I go to fetch her to the court last week, she said she were sick.

COREY

She has been strivin' with her soul all week, Your Honor; she comes now to tell the truth to you.

DANFORTH

Who is this?

PROCTOR

John Proctor, sir. Elizabeth Proctor is my wife.

PARRIS

Beware this man, Your Excellency, this man is mischief.

HALE

I think you must hear the girl, sir, she ...

DANFORTH

Peace. What would you tell us, Mary Warren?

**LX 400**

PROCTOR

She never saw no spirits, sir.

DANFORTH

Never saw no spirits?!

COREY

Never.

PROCTOR

She has signed a deposition, sir. . .

DANFORTH

No, no, I accept no depositions. Tell me, Mister Proctor, have you given out this story in the village?

*Throughout this section Mary and her primitive are locked in a delicate dance, always at odds with the little dialogue she is given.*

PROCTOR

We have not.

PARRIS

They've come to overthrow the court, sir! This man is -

DANFORTH

I pray you, Mister Parris. Do you know, Mister Proctor, that the entire contention of the State in these trials is that the voice of Heaven is speaking through the children?

PROCTOR

I know that, sir.

DANFORTH

And you, Mary Warren... how came you to cry out people for sending their spirits against you?

MARY

It were pretense, sir.

DANFORTH

I cannot hear you.

PROCTOR

It were pretense, she says.

DANFORTH

Ah? And the other girls? Susanna Wallcott, and . . . the others? They are also pretending?

MARY

Aye, sir.

DANFORTH

Indeed. Now, Mister Proctor, before I decide whether I shall hear you or not, it is my duty to tell you this. We burn a hot fire here; it melts down all concealment. Are you certain in your conscience, Mister, that your evidence is the truth?

PROCTOR

It is. And you will surely know it.

DANFORTH

I take it you came here to declare this revelation in the open court before the public?

PROCTOR

I thought I would, aye . . . with your permission.

DANFORTH

Now, sir - what is your purpose in so doing?

PROCTOR

Why, I...I would free my wife, sir...

### **II.5.3**

**DANCE/ Primitives: Mary.**

*The longer it all goes on, the more difficult it is for Mary and her primitive to remain calm.*

GO with music cue  
II.5.3 **LX 405**

DANFORTH. There lurks nowhere in your heart, nor hidden in your spirit, any desire to undermine this court?

PROCTOR. Why, no, sir.

DANFORTH. I tell you straight, Mister - I have seen marvels in this court. I have seen people choked before my eyes by spirits, I have seen them stuck by pins and slashed by daggers. I have until this moment not the slightest reason to suspect that the children may be deceiving me. Do you understand my meaning?

PROCTOR. Excellency, does it not strike upon you that so many of these women have lived so long with such upright reputation, and ...

PARRIS. Do you read the Gospel, Mister Proctor?

PROCTOR. I read the Gospel.

Dance ends **LX 410**

### **II.5.4**

**TEXT/ Primitives: Mary.**

PARRIS

I think not, or you should surely know that Cain were an upright man and yet he did kill Abel.

PROCTOR

Aye, God tells us that. But who tells us Rebecca Nurse murdered seven babies by sending out her spirit on them? It is the children only, and this one will swear she lied to you.

DANFORTH

Judge Hathorne!

HATHORNE

Aye, she's the one...

DANFORTH

Mister Proctor . . . this morning, your wife sent me a claim in which she states that she is pregnant now.

PROCTOR

My wife pregnant!

DANFORTH

There be no sign of it - we have examined her body.

PROCTOR

But if she say she is pregnant, then she must be! That woman will never lie, Mister Danforth.

DANFORTH

She will not?

PROCTOR

Never, sir, never.

DANFORTH

Mister Proctor, if I should tell you now that I will let her be kept another month; and if she begin to show her natural signs, you shall have her living yet another year until she is delivered. What say you to that? Come now. You say your only purpose is to save your wife. Good then, she is saved at least this year, and a year is long. What say you, sir? It is done now. Will you drop this charge?

PROCTOR

I - I think I cannot.

DANFORTH

Then your purpose is somewhat larger?

PARRIS

He's come to overthrow this court, Your Honor!



PROCTOR

These are my friends. Their wives are also.

## II.5.5

**DANCE/ Primitives: Mary, Abigail, Susanna, Betty, Mercy.**

*As these muted sections increase, Mary's fights against the judging eyes of the other primitives. They don't enter, but they do exist around the margins as if Mary is imagining them.*

GO with music cue  
II.5.5 **LX 415**

DANFORTH. I judge you not, sir. Sit down. I am ready to hear your evidence.

PROCTOR. I come not to hurt the court, I only...

DANFORTH. Marshal, go into the Court and bid Judge Stoughton and Judge Sewall declare recess for one hour. And let them go to the tavern, if they will. All witnesses and prisoners are to be kept in the building.

WILLARD. If you'll forgive me, sir, I've known him all my life. It is a good man, sir.

DANFORTH. I'm sure of it, Marshal.

**LX 417**

*(Willard exits.)*

Now what deposition do you have for us, Mister Proctor? And I beg you be clear, open as the sky, and honest.

PROCTOR

I am no lawyer, so I'll . . .

DANFORTH

The pure in heart need no lawyers. Proceed as you will.

PROCTOR

Will you read this first, sir? It's a sort of testament. The people signing it declare their good opinion of Rebecca and my wife, and Martha Corey.

PARRIS

Their good opinion!

PROCTOR

These are all covenant people, landholding farmers, members of the church. If you'll notice, sir - they've known the women many years and never saw no sign they had dealings with the Devil.

DANFORTH

How many names are here?

NURSE

Ninety-one, Your Excellency.

PARRIS

These people should be summoned for questioning.

NURSE

Mister Danforth, I gave them all my word no harm would come to them for signing this.

**LX 420**

PARRIS. This is a clear attack upon the court!

HALE. Is every defense an attack upon the court? Can no one . . . ?

PARRIS. All innocent and Christian people are happy for the courts in Salem! These people are gloomy for it. And I think you will want to know, from each and every one of them, what discontents them with you!

HATHORNE. I think they ought to be examined, sir.

DANFORTH. It is not necessarily an attack, I think. Yet...

NURSE. These are all covenanted Christians, sir...

DANFORTH

Then I am sure they may have nothing to fear. Mister Cheever, have warrants drawn for all of these - arrest for examination.

*(Cheever exits.)*

Now, Mister, what other information do you have for us? You may sit, Mister Nurse.

NURSE. I have brought trouble on these people, I have...

DANFORTH. No, old man, you have not hurt these people if they are of good conscience. But you must understand, sir, that a person is either with this court or he must be counted against it; there be no road between. This is a sharp time, now, a precise time - we live no longer in the dusky afternoon when evil mixed itself with good and befuddled the world. Now, by God's grace, the shining sun is up, and them that fear not light will surely praise it. I hope you will be one of those. She's not hearty, I see.

PROCTOR. No, she's not, sir. Now remember what the angel Raphael said to the boy Tobias. Remember it.

MARY. Aye.

PROCTOR. "Do that which is good and no harm shall come to thee."

DANFORTH. Come, man, we wait you.

COREY. John, my deposition, give him mine.

PROCTOR. Aye.

*(Cheever enters and hands Danforth a paper.)*

This is Mister Corey's deposition.

DANFORTH

Oh?

HATHORNE

What lawyer drew this, Corey?

COREY

You know I never hired no lawyer in my life, Hathorne.

VISUAL - All Primitives move  
downstage to Mary's Primitive **LX 440**

DANFORTH

It is very well-phrased. My compliments. Mister Parris, if Mr. Putnam is in the court, bring him in.

*(Parris exits.)*

You have no legal training, Mister Corey?

VISUAL - All Primitives move  
upstage from Mary's Primitive **LX 445**

COREY

I have the best, sir - I am thirty-three time in my life. And always plaintiff, too.

DANFORTH. Oh, then you're much put-upon.

COREY. I am never put-upon; I know my rights, sir, and I will have them. You know, your father tried a case of mine, might be thirty-five year ago, I think.

DANFORTH. Indeed?

COREY. He never spoke to you of it?

DANFORTH. No. I cannot recall it.

COREY. That's strange. He give me nine pound damages. He were a fair judge, your father. Y'see, I had a white mare that time, and this fellow come to borrow the mare -

Putnam enters.

Aye, there he is!

DANFORTH. Mr. Putnam, I have here an accusation by Mr. Corey against you. He states that you coldly prompted your daughter to cry witchery upon George Jacobs that is now in jail.

PUTNAM. It is a lie!

DANFORTH. Mr. Putnam states your charge is a lie. What say you to that?

COREY. A fart, on Thomas Putnam! That is what I say to that!

DANFORTH. What proof do you submit for your charge, sir?

COREY. My proof is there! If Jacobs hangs for a witch he forfeit up his property - that's law! And there is none but Putnam with the coin to buy so great a piece. This man is killing his neighbors for their land!

DANFORTH. But proof, sir, proof...

COREY. The proof is there! I have it from an honest man who heard Putnam say it! The day his daughter cried out on Jacobs, he said she'd given him a fair gift of land.

HATHORNE. And the name of this man?

COREY. What name?

HATHORNE. The man that give you this information?

COREY. Why, I... I cannot give you his name.

HATHORNE. And why not?

COREY. You know well why not! He'll lay in jail if I give his name!

HATHORNE. This is contempt of the court, Mister Danforth!

DANFORTH. You will surely tell us the name.

VISUAL - Primitives pick up Mary's  
Primitive **LX 450**

VISUAL  
Primitives run to exit **LX 455**

COREY

I will not give you no name. I mentioned my wife's name once and I'll burn in hell long enough for that. I stand mute.

DANFORTH

In that case, I have no choice but to arrest you for contempt of this court, do you know that?

COREY

This is a hearing; you cannot clap me for contempt of a hearing.

DANFORTH

Oh, it is a proper lawyer! Do you wish me to declare the court in full session here? Or will you give me good reply?

COREY

I cannot give you no name, sir, I cannot...

DANFORTH

You are a foolish old man. Mister Cheever, begin the record. The court is now in session. I ask you, Mister Corey . . .

HIT - Music intensifies  
Mary's Primitive dances **LX 460**

PROCTOR

Your Honor . . . he has the story in confidence, sir, and he -

PARRIS

The Devil lives on such confidences! Without confidences there could be no conspiracy, Your Honor!

HATHORNE

I think it must be broken, sir.

DANFORTH

Old man, if your informant tells the truth let him come here openly like a decent man. But if he hides in anonymity I must know why. Now, sir, the government and central church demand of you the name of him who reported Mister Thomas Putnam a common murderer.

HALE. Excellency -

DANFORTH. Mister Hale...

HALE. We cannot blink it more. There is a prodigious fear of this court in the country. . .

DANFORTH. Then there is a prodigious guilt in the country. Are you afraid to be questioned here?

HALE. . . . I may only fear the Lord, sir, but there is fear in the country, nevertheless.

DANFORTH. Reproach me not with the fear in the country; there is fear in the country because there is a moving plot to topple Christ in the country!

HALE. But it does not follow that everyone accused is part of it.

**LX 465**

**II.5.6****TEXT/ Primitives: Mary.**

DANFORTH

No uncorrupted man may fear this court, Mister Hale! None! Mr. Corey, you are under arrest in contempt of this court. Now sit you down and take counsel with yourself, or you will be set in the jail until you decide to answer all questions.

*Corey lunges for Putnam.*

PROCTOR

No, Giles!

COREY

I'll cut your throat, Putnam! I'll kill you yet.

PROCTOR

Peace, Giles, peace! We'll prove ourselves, now we will.

COREY

Say nothin' more, John. He's only playing you. He means to hang us all.

DANFORTH

This is a court of law, Mister. I'll have no effrontery here.

PROCTOR

Forgive him, sir, for his old age. Peace, Giles, we'll prove it all now.

*Putnam exits.*

PROCTOR

You cannot weep, Mary. Remember the angel what he say to the boy. Hold to it, now; there is your rock. This is Mary Warren's deposition. I... I would ask you remember, sir, while you read it, that until two week ago she were no different than the other children are today. You saw her scream, she howled, she swore familiar spirits choked her; she even testified that Satan, in the form of women now in jail, tried to win her soul away, and then when she refused . . .

DANFORTH

We know all this.

PROCTOR

Ay, sir. She swears now that she never saw Satan; nor any spirit, vague or clear, that Satan may have sent to hurt her. And she declares her friends are lying now.

*A culmination of Mary and her primitive's dance. She is left wrung out and tired, the men not seeing the physical cause.*

HALE

Excellency, a moment. I think this goes to the heart of the matter, sir.

DANFORTH

It surely does.

HALE

I cannot say he is an honest man, I know him little. But in all justice, sir, a claim so weighty cannot be argued by a farmer. In God's name, sir, stop here; send him home and let him come again with a lawyer. . . .

DANFORTH

Now look you, Mister Hale

HALE

Excellency, I have signed seventy-two death warrants; I am a minister of the Lord, and I dare not take a life without there be a proof so immaculate, no slightest qualm of conscience may doubt it.

DANFORTH

Mister Hale, you surely do not doubt my justice?

HALE

I have this morning signed away the soul of Rebecca Nurse, Your Honor. I'll not conceal it - I tell you true, sir, my hand shakes yet as with a wound! I pray you, sir, this argument let lawyers present to you.

DANFORTH

Mister Hale, believe me; for a man of such terrible learning you are most bewildered - I hope you will forgive me. I have been thirty-two year at the bar, sir, and I should be confounded were I called upon to defend these people. Let you consider, now - and I bid you all do likewise: in an ordinary crime, how does one defend the accused? One calls up witnesses to prove his innocence. But witchcraft is ipso facto, on its face and by its nature, an invisible crime. Therefore, who may possibly be witness to it? The witch, and the victim. None other. Now we cannot hope the witch will accuse herself; granted? Therefore, we must rely upon her victims - and they do testify, the children certainly do testify. As for the witches, none will deny that we are most eager for their confessions. Therefore, what is left for a lawyer to bring out? I think I have made my point. Have I not?

HALE

But this child claims the girls are not truthful, and if they are not -

DANFORTH

That is precisely what I am about to consider, sir. What more may you ask of me? Unless you doubt my probity?

HALE

I surely do not, sir. Let you consider it, then.

DANFORTH

And let you put your heart to rest. Her deposition, Mister Proctor.

PARRIS

I should like to question...

DANFORTH

Mister Parris, I bid you be silent! Sit you down, Mr. Proctor. You sit there. Mister Cheever, will you go into the court and bring the children here.

**LX 467**

### II.5.7

**DUET/ Primitives: Mary, Susanna, Mercy, Betty, Abigail.**

*Cheever exits.*

DANFORTH

Mary Warren, how came you to this turnabout? Has Mister Proctor threatened you for this deposition?

MARY

No, sir.

DANFORTH

Has he ever threatened you?

MARY

No, sir.

DANFORTH

Has he threatened you?

MARY

No, sir.

DANFORTH

Then you tell me that you sat in my court, callously lying when you knew that people would hang by your evidence? Answer me!

MARY

I did, sir.

DANFORTH

How were you instructed in your life? Do you not know that God damns all liars? Or is it now that you lie?

MARY

No, sir - I am with God now.

DANFORTH

You are with God now.

MARY

Aye, sir.

DANFORTH

I will tell you this - you are either lying now, or you were lying in the court, and in either case you have committed perjury and you will go to jail for it. You cannot lightly say you lied, Mary. Do you know that?

MARY

I cannot lie no more. I am with God, I am with God. . . .

*She literally carries her exhausted primitive on her back.*

*Cheever enters with Susanna, Mercy, Betty, and Abigail.*

*The primitives that enter now seem more abstractly muscular, powerful, drunk on the chaos they are living within. They settle in formidable opposition to Mary's.*

CHEEVER

Ruth Putnam's not in the court, sir, nor the other children.

DANFORTH

These will be sufficient. Sit you down, children.

*(Willard enters.)*

Your friend Mary Warren has given us a deposition. In which she swears that she never saw familiar spirits, apparitions, nor any manifest of the Devil. She claims as well, that none of you have seen these things either. Now, children, this is a court of law. The law, based upon the Bible, and the Bible writ by Almighty God, forbid the practice of witchcraft, and describe death as the penalty thereof. But, likewise, children, the law and Bible damn all liars, and bearers of false witness. Now then... it does not escape me that this deposition may be devised to blind us; it may well be that Mary Warren has been conquered by Satan who sends her here to distract our sacred purpose. If so, her neck will break for it. But if she speak true, I bid you now drop your guile and confess your pretense, for a quick confession will go easier with you. Abigail Williams, rise. Is there any truth in this?



ABIGAIL

No, sir.

*An increase in pressure and agitation*

DANFORTH

Children, a very augur bit will now be turned into your souls until your honesty is proved. Will either of you change your positions now, or do you force me to hard questioning?

ABIGAIL

I have naught to change, sir. She lies.

DANFORTH

You would still go on with this?

MARY

Aye, sir.

*The other primitive's behind hers long to attack on her behalf.*

DANFORTH

A poppet were discovered in Mister Proctor's house, stabbed by a needle. Mary Warren claims that you sat beside her in the court when she made it, and that you saw her make it, and witnessed how she herself stuck her needle into it for safe-keeping. What say you to that?

ABIGAIL

It is a lie, sir.

DANFORTH

While you worked for Mister Proctor, did you see poppets in that house?

ABIGAIL

Goody Proctor always kept poppets.

PROCTOR

Your Honor, my wife never kept no poppets. Mary Warren confesses it was her poppet.

CHEEVER

Your Excellency.

DANFORTH

Mister Cheever.

CHEEVER

When I spoke with Goody Proctor in that house, she said she never kept no poppets. But she said she did keep poppets when she were a girl.

PROCTOR

She has not been a girl these fifteen years, your Honor.

HATHORNE

But a poppet will keep fifteen years, will it not?

PROCTOR

It will keep if it is kept, but Mary Warren swears she never saw no poppets in my house, nor anyone else.

PARRIS

Why could there not have been poppets hid where no one ever saw them?

PROCTOR

There might also be two golden candlesticks in my house, but no one ever saw them!

PARRIS

We are here, your Honor, precisely to discover what no one has ever seen.

PROCTOR

Mister Danforth, what profit Mary Warren to turn herself about? What may she gain but hard questioning and worse?

DANFORTH

You are charging Abigail Williams with a marvelous cool plot to murder, do you understand that?

*As they argue, the primitives are set loose on one another.*

PROCTOR

I do, sir. I believe she means to murder.

DANFORTH

This child would murder your wife?

PROCTOR

It is not a child, sir. Now hear me, sir. In the sight of the congregation she were twice this year put out of this meetin' house for laughter during prayer.

DANFORTH

What's this? Laughter during . . . !

PARRIS

Excellency -

DANFORTH

Do you deny it, Mister Parris?

PARRIS

I... do believe it happened once - she is sometimes silly, but she is solemn now.

COREY

Ay, now she is solemn and goes to hang people!

DANFORTH

Quiet, man.

HATHORNE

Surely it have no bearing on the question, sir. He charges contemplation of murder.

DANFORTH

Aye. . . . But it strikes hard upon me that she will laugh at prayer. Continue, Mister Proctor.

PROCTOR

Mary. Now tell the Governor how you danced in the woods.

PARRIS

Excellency, since I come to Salem this man is blackening my name. He -

DANFORTH

In a moment, sir. What is this dancing?

MARY

I... Mister Proctor...

PROCTOR

Abigail leads the girls to the woods, your Honor, and they have danced there naked.

## **II.5.8**

**DANCE/ Primitives: Mary, Susanna, Mercy, Betty, Abigail.**

*Again, as the men talk about the girls, the primitives are expressing a strong visual, physical story that contrasts with the spoken text.*

PARRIS

Your Honor, this -

PROCTOR

Mister Parris discovered them there in the dead of night! There's the "child" she is!

DANFORTH

Mister Parris...

PARRIS

I can only say, sir, that I never found any of them - naked, and this man is...

DANFORTH

You discovered them dancing in the woods? Abigail?

HALE

Excellency, when I first arrived from Beverly, Mister Parris told me that.

DANFORTH

Do you deny it, Mister Parris?

PARRIS

I do not, sir, but I never saw any of them naked.

DANFORTH

But she have danced?

PARRIS

Aye, sir.

HATHORNE

Excellency, will you permit me?

DANFORTH

Pray, proceed.

HATHORNE

You say you never saw no spirits, Mary, were never threatened or afflicted by any manifest of the Devil or the Devil's agents?

MARY

No, sir.

HATHORNE

And yet, when people accused of witchery confronted you in court, you would faint, saying their spirits came out of their bodies and choked you.

MARY

That were pretense, sir.

DANFORTH

I cannot hear you.

MARY

Pretense, sir.

PARRIS

But you did turn cold, did you not? I myself picked you up many times, and your skin were icy. Mister Danforth, you...

DANFORTH

I saw that many times.

PROCTOR

She only pretended to faint, your Excellency. They're all marvelous pretenders.

*Zooming in, aggressive focus on Mary by the other primitives, what will she decide to do? It begins a sequence of physically bullying Mary's primitive as Mary herself tries to stand against the onslaught.*

HATHORNE

Then can she pretend to faint now?

VISUAL  
2 female Primitives begin duet dance SL **LX 505**

PROCTOR

Now?

PARRIS

Why not? Now there are no spirits attacking her, for none in this room is accused of witchcraft. So let her turn herself let her pretend she is attacked now, let her faint. Faint!

MARY

Faint?

PARRIS

Aye, faint! Prove to us how you pretended in the court so many times.

MARY

I . . . cannot faint now, sir.

PROCTOR

Can you not pretend it?

MARY

I.. I have no sense of it now, I ...

DANFORTH

Why? What is lacking now?

MARY

I .. cannot tell, sir, I -

DANFORTH

Might it be that here we have no afflicting spirit loose, but in the court there were some?

MARY

I never saw no spirits.

PARRIS

Then see no spirits now, and prove to us that you can faint by your own will, as you claim.

MARY

I . . . cannot do it.

PARRIS

Then you will confess, will you not? Attacking spirits made you to faint!

MARY

No, sir, I...

PARRIS

Your Excellency, this is a trick to blind the court.

MARY

It's not a trick! I... I used to faint because . . . I - I thought I saw spirits.

DANFORTH

Thought you saw them!

MARY

But I did not, your Honor.

*The other primitives celebrate*

HATHORNE

How could you think you saw them unless you saw them?

MARY

I... I cannot tell how, but I did. I . . . I heard the other girls screaming, and you, your Honor, you seemed to believe them and I... It were only sport in the beginning, sir, but then the whole world cried spirits, spirits, and I... I promise you, Mister Danforth, I only thought I saw them but I did not.

PARRIS

Surely your Excellency is not taken by this simple lie.

DANFORTH

Abigail Williams! I bid you now search your heart, and tell me this - and beware of it, child, to God every soul is precious and His vengeance is terrible on them that take life without cause. Is it possible, child, that the spirits you have seen are illusion only, some deception that may cross your mind when -

VISUAL  
Primitives move back to behind bench **LX 510**

ABIGAIL

Why, this...this...is a base question, sir.

DANFORTH

Child, I would have you consider it -

ABIGAIL

I have been hurt, Mister Danforth; I have seen my blood runnin' out! I have been near to murdered every day because I done my duty pointing out the Devil's people - and this is my reward? To be mistrusted, denied, questioned like a -

DANFORTH

Child, I do not mistrust you.

ABIGAIL

Let you beware, Mister Danforth - think you to be so mighty that the power of Hell may not turn your wits!? Beware of it! There is...

DANFORTH

What is it, child?

*She is starting to get physically and emotionally overwhelmed and broken down, bullied, disintegrating.*

ABIGAIL

I... I know not. A wind, a cold wind has come.

MARY

Abby!

MERCY

Your Honor, I freeze!

PROCTOR

They're pretending!

HATHORNE

She is cold, your Honor, touch her!

MERCY

Mary, do you send this shadow on me?

MARY

Lord save me!

ABIGAIL

I freeze - I freeze.

MARY

Abby, don't do that!

DANFORTH

Mary Warren, do you witch her? I say to you, do you send your spirit out!

MARY

Let me go, Proctor, I cannot, I cannot -

ABIGAIL

"Oh, Heavenly Father, take away shadow."

*Abigail's and her followers become more wild, indigent, and powerful.*

PROCTOR

Whore! How do you dare call Heaven!

DANFORTH

Man! What do you -

PROCTOR

It is a whore.

PARRIS

Now here, here . . . !

DANFORTH

You charge -

ABIGAIL

Mister Danforth, he's lying!

PROCTOR

Mark her, now she'll suck a scream to stab me with, but -

DANFORTH

You will prove this, this will not pass.



PROCTOR

I have known her, sir. I have . . . known her.

DANFORTH

You... you are a lecher?

NURSE

John, you cannot...

PROCTOR

No, Francis, it is true, it is true. She will deny it, but you will believe me, sir; a man...a man will not cast away his good name, sir, you surely know that -

DANFORTH

In what time...? In what time, in what place?

PROCTOR

In the proper place | where my beasts are bedded. Eight months now, sir, it is eight months. She used to serve me in my house, sir. A man may think God sleeps, but God sees everything. I know it now. I beg you, sir, I beg you see her what she is. My wife, my dear good wife took this girl soon after, sir, and put her out on the high road. And being what she is, a lump of vanity, sir.... Excellency, forgive me, forgive me. She thinks to dance with me on my wife's grave! And well she might! For I thought of her softly: God help me, I lusted, and there is a promise in such sweat! But it is a whore's vengeance, and you must see it; I set myself entirely in your hands, I know you must see it now. My wife is innocent, except she know a whore when she see one.

LX 520

*Abigail's turns ferociously on John.*

DANFORTH

You deny every scrap and tittle of this?

ABIGAIL

If I must answer that, sir, I will leave and I will not come back again.

HALE

She does not deny it, Mr. Danforth. She does not deny it!

## II.5.9

TEXT/ Primitives: Mary, Susanna, Mercy, Betty, Abigail, Elizabeth.

DANFORTH

You will remain where you are. Sit you down! Mister Parris, go into the court and bring Goodwife Proctor out. Mister Parris. And tell her not one word of what's been spoken here. And let you knock before you enter.

*(Parris exits.)*

Now we shall touch the bottom of this swamp. Your wife, you say, is an honest woman?

PROCTOR

In her life, sir, she have never lied. There are them that cannot sing, and them that cannot weep - my wife cannot lie.

DANFORTH

And when she put this girl out of your house, she put her out for a harlot -

PROCTOR

Ay, sir.

DANFORTH

And knew her for a harlot?

PROCTOR

She knew her for a harlot.

DANFORTH

Good, then. And if she tell me, child, it were for harlotry, may God spread His mercy on you!

*(There is a knock.)*

Hold!

*(To Abigail, and then Proctor.)*

Turn your back. Turn your back. You do likewise. Now let neither of you turn to face Goody Proctor. No one in this room is to speak one word, or raise a gesture ay or nay.

Enter!

*(Parris enters with Elizabeth.)*

Mister Cheever, report this testimony in all exactness. Are you ready?

CHEEVER

Ready, sir.

DANFORTH

Come here, woman. Look at me only, not at your husband. In my eyes only.

ELIZABETH

Good, sir.

DANFORTH

We are given to understand that at one time you dismissed your servant, Abigail Williams.

ELIZABETH

That is true, sir.

DANFORTH

For what cause did you dismiss her? You will look in my eyes only and not at your husband. The answer is in your memory and you need no help to give it to me. Why did you dismiss Abigail Williams?

ELIZABETH

She .. dissatisfied me . . . and my husband.

DANFORTH

In what way dissatisfied you?

ELIZABETH

She were -

DANFORTH

Woman, look at me! Were she slovenly? Lazy? What disturbance did she cause?

ELIZABETH

Your Honor, I . . . in that time I were sick. And I... My husband is a good and righteous man. He is never drunk, as some are, nor wastin' his time at the shovelboard, but always at his work. . . . But in my sickness - you see, sir, I were a long time sick after my last baby, and I thought I saw my husband somewhat turning from me. And this girl . . .

DANFORTH

Look at me!

ELIZABETH

Aye, sir. Abigail Williams . . .

DANFORTH

What of Abigail Williams?

ELIZABETH

I came to think he fancied her. And so one night I lost my wits, I think, and put her out on the high road.

DANFORTH

Your husband... did he indeed turn from you?

ELIZABETH

My husband... is a goodly man, sir -

DANFORTH

Then he did not turn from you!

ELIZABETH

He...

DANFORTH

Look at me! To your own knowledge, has John Proctor ever committed the crime of lechery?  
Answer my question! Is your husband a lecher!

## **II.5.10**

**DUET: track and timing.**

**Primitives: Mary, Susanna, Mercy, Betty, Abigail, Elizabeth.**

*Like a fever breaking, the primitives react to the chaos with increasing agitation, but none of them seem to know anymore what they actually want.*

ELIZABETH

No, sir.

DANFORTH

Remove her.

PROCTOR

Elizabeth, tell the truth, Elizabeth!

DANFORTH

She has spoken. Remove her.

PROCTOR

Elizabeth, I have confessed it!

ELIZABETH

Oh, John!

*Elizabeth exits.*

*Mary's hides alongside Mary, as Abigail's, Susanna's, Mercy's, and Betty's enter a frantic dance that opposes the eerie stillness of their girls. The focus on them as a group against Mary's remains throughout the following.*

PROCTOR

She only thought to save my name!

HALE

Excellency, it is a natural lie to tell; I beg you, stop now; before another is condemned! I may shut my conscience to it no more... private vengeance is working through this testimony! From the beginning this man has struck me true. I believe him now! By my oath to heaven, I believe him, and I pray you call back his wife before we -

DANFORTH

She spoke nothing of lechery, and this man lies!

HALE

I believe him! I cannot turn my face from it no more. This girl has always struck me false! She -

*Abigail screams, staring at the ceiling.*

VISUAL  
Abby screams **LX 525**

ABIGAIL

You will not! Begone! Begone, I say!

*The other girls rise and look up as well.*

DANFORTH

What is it, child? What's there? Child! Girls! Why do you...?

MERCY

It's on the beam! Behind the rafter!

DANFORTH

Where!

ABIGAIL

Why? Why do you come, yellow bird?

PROCTOR

Where's a bird? I see no bird!

ABIGAIL

My face? My face!?

PROCTOR

Mister Hale

DANFORTH

Be quiet!

PROCTOR

Do you see a bird?

DANFORTH

Be quiet!!

ABIGAIL

But God made my face; you cannot want to tear my face. Envy is a deadly sin, Mary.

MARY

Abby!

ABIGAIL

Oh, Mary, this is a black art to change your shape. No, I cannot, I cannot stop my mouth; it's God's work I do...

MARY

Abby, I'm here!

PROCTOR

They're pretending, Mister Danforth!

ABIGAIL

Oh, please, Mary! Don't come down...

MERCY

Her claws, she's stretching her claws!

PROCTOR

Lies - lies -

ABIGAIL

Mary, please don't hurt me!

MARY

I'm not hurting her!

DANFORTH

Why does she see this vision!?

HALE

You cannot believe them.

*Their movement echos the call and response of the dialogue.*

MARY

She sees nothin'!

ABIGAIL

She sees nothin'!

MARY

Abby, you mustn't!

ABIGAIL AND MERCY

Abby, you mustn't!

MARY

I'm here, I'm here!

GIRLS

I'm here, I'm here!

DANFORTH

Mary Warren! Draw back your spirit out of them!

MARY

Mister Danforth . . . !

GIRLS

Mister Danforth!

DANFORTH

Have you compacted with the Devil? Have you?

MARY

Never, never!

GIRLS

Never, never!

DANFORTH

Why can they only repeat you?!

PROCTOR

Give me a whip - I'll stop it!

MARY

They're sporting!

GIRLS

They're sporting!

MARY

Abby, stop it!

GIRLS

Abby, stop it!

MARY

Stop it!!

GIRLS

Stop it!!

MARY

Stop it.

GIRLS

Stop it.

DANFORTH

A little while ago you were afflicted. Now it seems you afflict others; where did you find this power?

MARY

I . . have no power.

GIRLS

I... have no power.

PROCTOR

They're gulling you, Mister!

DANFORTH

Why did you turn about this past two weeks? You have seen the Devil, have you not?

MARY

I...

GIRLS

I ...

PROCTOR

Mary, Mary, God damns all liars!

DANFORTH

You have seen the Devil, you have made compact with Lucifer, have you not?

PROCTOR

God damns liars, Mary!



DANFORTH

I cannot hear you. What do you say? You will confess yourself or you will hang! Do you know who I am? I say you will hang if you do not open with me!

PROCTOR

Mary, remember the angel Raphael . . . do that which is good and...

ABIGAIL

The wings! Her wings are spreading! Mary, please, don't, don't . . . ! She's going to come down! She's walking the beam! Look out! She's coming down!

**LX 535**

*Chaos.*

PROCTOR

Mary, tell the Governor what they...

MARY

Don't touch me . . . don't touch me!

PROCTOR

Mary!

MARY

You are the Devil's man!

PARRIS

Praise God!

*Full chaos, both physical and emotional.*

PROCTOR

Mary, how ... ?

MARY

I'll not hang with you! I love God, I love God -

DANFORTH

He bid you do the Devil's work?

MARY

He come at me by night and every day to sign, to sign, to...

DANFORTH

Sign what?

PARRIS

The Devil's book? He come with a book?

MARY

My name, he want my name; I'll murder you, he says, if my wife hangs! We must go and overthrow the court, he says... !

PROCTOR

Mister Hale...!

*And a huge celebration from the primitives as Mary's rejoins them.*

MARY

He wake me every night, his eyes were like coals and his fingers claw my neck, and I sign, I sign.

HALE

Excellency, the child's gone wild.

PROCTOR

Mary, Mary . . . !

MARY

No, I love God; I go your way no more, I love God, I bless God. Abby, Abby, I'll never hurt you more!

DANFORTH

What are you! You are combined with anti-Christ, are you not? I have seen your power, Mister, you will not deny it!

HALE

This is not witchcraft! These girls are frauds! You condemn an honest man!

DANFORTH

I will have nothing from you, Mister Hale! Will you confess yourself befouled with hell, or do you keep that black allegiance yet? What say you?

PROCTOR

I say...God is dead!

PARRIS

Hear it, hear it!

PROCTOR

A fire, a fire is burning! I hear the boot of Lucifer, I see his filthy face. And it is my face and yours, Danforth.

For them that quail to bring men out of ignorance, as I have quailed, and as you quail now when you know in all your black hearts that this be fraud. God damns our kind especially, and we will burn, we will burn together!

## II.5.11

**DANCE: track and timing/ Primitives: Mary, Susanna, Mercy, Betty, Abigail.**

GO with sound cue  
II.5.11

**LX 550**

*The girl's celebration drowns out these lines.*

DANFORTH. Marshal, take him and Corey with him to the jail!

HALE. I denounce these proceedings! I quit this court!

*Hale exits.*

PROCTOR. You are pulling heaven down and raising up a whore.

DANFORTH. Mister Hale, Mister Hale!

## II.6.1

**DUET/ Primitives: Abigail, Mercy.**

GO with sound cue  
II.6.1

**LX 555**

*In the dark, with muted lanterns, Abigail and Mercy escape. Their primitives are closely twinned with them.*

BLACKOUT for Scene Change **LX 560**

## II.6.2

**TEXT/ Primitives: Sarah, Tituba.**

Lights UP **LX 565**

*Three months later. A cell in Salem jail. Tituba and Sarah laying down. Willard enters.*

WILLARD

Sarah, wake up! Sarah Good! Tituba.

SARAH

Oh, majesty! Comin', comin'! Tituba, he's here! His Majesty's come!

WILLARD

Go to the north cell, this place is wanted now.

TITUBA

That don't look to me like His Majesty; look to me like the Marshal.

WILLARD

Get along with you now, clear this place.

SARAH

Oh, is it you, Marshal? I thought sure you be the Devil comin' for us. . . . Could I have a sip of cider for me goin'-away?

WILLARD

And where are you off to, Sarah?

TITUBA

We goin' to Barbados, soon the Devil gits here with the feathers and the wings.

WILLARD

Oh? A happy voyage to you.

SARAH

A pair of bluebirds wingin' southerly, the two of us!— Oh, it be a grand transformation, Marshal!

WILLARD

You'd best give me that or you'll never rise off the ground. Come along now.

TITUBA

I'll speak to him for you, if you desire to come along, Marshal.

WILLARD

I'd not refuse it, Tituba; it is the proper morning to fly into Hell.

TITUBA

Oh, it ain't no Hell in Barbados. Devil, him be pleasure-man in Barbados, him be singin' and dancin' in Barbados. You folks, you riles him up 'round here; it be too cold 'round here for that Old Boy. He freeze his soul in Massachusetts, but in Barbados, he just as sweet and - Yes, sir! That's him, Sarah!

SARAH

I'm here, Majesty.

*Hopkins enters.*

HOPKINS

The Deputy-Governor's arrived.

WILLARD

Come along, come along.

TITUBA

No, he comin' for me. . . . I goin' home!

WILLARD

That ain't Satan, just a poor old cow with a hatful of milk. Come along now, out with you.

TITUBA

Take me home, Devil! Take me home!

SARAH

Tell him I'm goin', Tituba! Now you tell him Sarah Good is goin', too!

*Hopkins and Willard take Tituba and Sarah off, we hear Tituba say "Take me home, Devil, Devil, take me home!" And Hopkins' voice ordering her to move on.*

### **II.6.3**

TEXT/ Primitives: None.

GO with sound cue  
II.6.3

**LX 566.5**

*Willard enters, then Danforth, Hathorne, and Cheever. No primitives throughout this section. It again has the kind of surreal, slow/fast, loud/quiet feeling.*

WILLARD

Good morning, Majesty.

DANFORTH

Where is Mister Parris?

WILLARD

I'll fetch him.

DANFORTH

Marshal. When did Reverend Hale arrive?

WILLARD

It were toward midnight, I think.

DANFORTH

What is he about here?

WILLARD

He goes among them that will hang, sir. And he prays with them. He sits with Goody Nurse now. And Mister Parris with him.

DANFORTH

Indeed. That man have no authority to enter here, Marshal; why have you let him in?

WILLARD

Why, Mister Parris command me, sir. I cannot deny him.

DANFORTH

Are you drunk, Marshal?

WILLARD

No, sir, it is a bitter night, and I have no fire here.

DANFORTH

Fetch Mister Parris.

WILLARD

Aye, sir.

DANFORTH

There is a prodigious stench in this place.

WILLARD

I have only now cleared the people out for you.

DANFORTH

Beware hard drink, Marshal.

WILLARD

Ay, sir.

*Willard exits.*

HATHORNE

Let you question Hale, Excellency; I should not be surprised he have been preachin' in Andover lately.

DANFORTH

We'll come to that; speak nothin' of Andover. Parris prays with him. That's strange.

HATHORNE

I think sometimes Parris has a mad look these days.

DANFORTH

Mad?

HATHORNE

I met him yesterday coming out of his house, and I bid him good morning - and he wept, and went his way. I think it is not well the village sees him so unsteady.

DANFORTH

Perhaps he have some sorrow.

CHEEVER

I think it be the cows, sir.

DANFORTH

The cows?

CHEEVER

There be so many cows wanderin' the highroads, now their masters are in the jails, and much disagreement who they will belong to now. I know Mister Parris be arguin' with farmers all yesterday - there is great contention, sir, about the cows. Contention make him weep, sir, it were always a man that weep for contention.

*Parris enters, distraught.*

PARRIS

Oh, good morning, sir, thank you for comin', I beg your pardon wakin' you so early. Good morning, Judge Hathorne.

DANFORTH

Reverend Hale have no right to enter this . . .

PARRIS

Excellency, a moment.

HATHORNE

Do you leave him alone with the prisoners?

DANFORTH

What's his business here?

PARRIS

Excellency, hear me. It is a providence. Reverend Hale has returned to bring Rebecca Nurse to God.

DANFORTH

He bids her confess?

PARRIS

Hear me. Rebecca have not given me a word this three month since she came. Now she sits with him, and her sister and Martha Corey and two or three others, and he pleads with them confess their crimes and save their lives.

DANFORTH

Why - this is indeed a providence. And they soften, they soften?

PARRIS

Not yet, not yet. But I thought to summon you, sir, that we might think on whether it be not wise to... there is news, sir, that the court, the court must reckon with. My niece... I believe she has vanished.

**LX 567**

DANFORTH

Vanished!

PARRIS

I had thought to advise you of it earlier in the week, but ...

DANFORTH

Why? How long is she gone?

PARRIS

This be the third night - Mercy Lewis is gone, too.

DANFORTH

I will send a party for them. Where may they be?

PARRIS

Excellency, I think they be aboard a ship. My daughter tells me now she heard them speakin' of ships last week, and tonight I discover my ... my strongbox is broke into.

HATHORNE

She have robbed you?!

PARRIS

Thirty-one pound is gone. I am penniless.

DANFORTH

Mister Parris, you are a brainless man!

VISUAL  
Girls upstage exit **LX 568**

PARRIS

Excellency, it profit nothing you should blame me. I cannot think they would run off except they fear to keep in Salem any more - since the news of Andover has broken here.

DANFORTH

Andover is remedied. The court returns there on Friday, and will resume examinations.



PARRIS

I am sure of it, sir. But the rumor here speaks rebellion in Andover, and it . . .

DANFORTH

There is no rebellion in Andover.

PARRIS

I tell you what is said here, sir. Andover have thrown out the court, they say, and will have no part of witchcraft. There be a faction here feeding on that news, and I tell you true, sir, I fear there will be riot here.

HATHORNE

Riot! Why, at every execution I have seen naught but high satisfaction in the town.

PARRIS

Judge Hathorne - it were another sort that hanged till now. Rebecca Nurse is no Bridget that lived three year with Bishop before she married him. John Proctor is not Isaac Ward that drank his family to ruin. Let Rebecca stand upon the gibbet and send up some righteous prayer, and I fear she'll wake a vengeance on you.

HATHORNE

Excellency, she is condemned a witch. The court have ...

DANFORTH

Pray you. How do you propose, then?

PARRIS

Excellency . . . I would postpone these hangin's for a time.

DANFORTH

There will be no postponement.

PARRIS

Now Mister Hale's returned, there is hope, I think - for if he bring even one of these to God, that confession surely damns the others in the public eye, and none may doubt more that they are all linked to Hell. This way, unconfessed and claiming innocence, doubts are multiplied, many honest people will weep for them, and our good purpose is lost in their tears.

DANFORTH

Cheever, give me the list.

PARRIS

It cannot be forgot, sir, that when I summoned the congregation for John Proctor's excommunication, there were hardly thirty people come to hear it. That speak a discontent, I think, and -

DANFORTH

There will be no postponement.

PARRIS

Excellency . . .

DANFORTH

Now, sir - which of these in your opinion may be brought to God? I will myself strive with him till dawn.

PARRIS

There is not sufficient time till dawn.

DANFORTH

I shall do my utmost. Which of them do you have hope for?

PARRIS

Excellency . . . a dagger.

DANFORTH

What do you say?

PARRIS

Tonight, when I open my door to leave my house - a dagger clattered to the ground. You cannot hang this sort. There is danger for me. I dare not step outside at night.

*Hale enters, exhausted.*

DANFORTH

Accept my congratulations, Reverend Hale; we are gladdened to see you returned to your good work.

HALE

You must pardon them. They will not budge.

DANFORTH

You misunderstand, sir; I cannot pardon these when twelve are already hanged for the same crime. It is not just.

PARRIS

Rebecca will not confess?

HALE

The sun will rise in a few minutes. Excellency, I have more time.

DANFORTH

Now hear me, and beguile yourselves no more. I will not receive a single plea for pardon or postponement. Them that will not confess will hang. Twelve are already executed; the names of these seven are given out, and the village expects to see them die at dawn. Postponement, now, speaks a ... a floundering

*(Willard enters.)*

on my part; reprieve or pardon must cast doubt the guilt of them that died till now. While I speak God's law, I will not crack its voice with whimpering. If retaliation is your fear, know this - I should hang ten thousand that dared to rise against the law, and an ocean of salt tears could not melt the resolution of the statutes. Now draw yourselves up like men and help me, as you are bound by heaven to do. Have you spoken with them all, Mister Hale?

HALE

All but Proctor. He is in the dungeon.

DANFORTH

What's Proctor's way now?

WILLARD

He sits like some great bird; you'd not know he lived except he will take food from time to time.

DANFORTH

His wife . . . his wife must be well on with child now.

WILLARD

She is, sir.

DANFORTH

What think you, Mister Parris? You have closer knowledge of this man; might her presence soften him?

PARRIS

It is possible, sir - he have not laid eyes on her these three months. I should summon her.

DANFORTH

Is he yet adamant? Has he struck at you again?

WILLARD

He cannot, sir, he is chained to the wall now.

DANFORTH

Fetch Goody Proctor to me. Then let you bring him up.

WILLARD

Ay, sir.

*Willard exits.*

HALE

Excellency, if you postpone a week, and publish to the town that you are striving for their confessions, that speak mercy on your part, not faltering.

DANFORTH

Mister Hale, as God have not empowered me like Joshua to stop this sun from rising, so I cannot withhold from them the perfection of their punishment.

HALE

If you think God wills you to raise rebellion, Mister Danforth, you are mistaken.

DANFORTH

You have heard rebellion spoken in Salem?

HALE

Excellency, there are orphans wandering from house to house; abandoned cattle bellow on the highroads, the stink of rotting crops hangs everywhere, and no man knows when the harlots' cry will end his life-and you wonder yet if rebellion's spoke? Better you should marvel how they do not burn your province!

DANFORTH

Mister Hale, have you preached in Andover this month?

HALE

Thank God they have no need of me in Andover.

DANFORTH

You baffle me, sir. Why have you returned here?

HALE

Why, it is all simple. I come to do the Devil's work. I come to counsel Christians they should belie themselves. There is blood on my head! Can you not see the blood on my head!!

PARRIS

Hush!

## II.6.4

**DUET: track and timing/ Primitives: Elizabeth.**

GO with sound cue  
II.6.4

**LX 569**

*Willard brings in Elizabeth and exits again. Elizabeth's primitive accompanies her, but is totally untethered, moving with impulse, fury, whatever she wants, without holding back. Elizabeth also has this unmoored feeling to her, a sense of being totally connected to her psyche, despite the rhetoric she may spout.*

DANFORTH

Goody Proctor. I hope you are hearty?

ELIZABETH

I am yet six month before my time.

DANFORTH

Pray, be at your ease, we come not for your life. We... Mister Hale, will you speak with the woman?

HALE

Goody Proctor, your husband is marked to hang this morning.

ELIZABETH

I have heard it.

HALE

You know, do you not, that I have no connection with the court? I come of my own, Goody Proctor. I would save your husband's life, for if he is taken I count myself his murderer. Do you understand me?

ELIZABETH

What do you want of me?

HALE

Goody Proctor . . . I have gone this three month like our Lord into the wilderness. I have sought a Christian way, for damnation's doubled on a minister who counsels men to lie.

HATHORNE

It is no lie, you cannot speak of lies.

HALE

It is a lie! They are innocent!

DANFORTH

No more. No more. I'll hear no more of that.

HALE

Let you not mistake your duty as I mistook my own. I came into this village like a bridegroom to his beloved; bearing gifts of high religion, the very crowns of holy law I brought, and what I touched with my bright confidence, it died; and where I turned the eye of my great faith, blood flowed up. Beware, Goody Proctor - cleave to no faith when faith brings blood. It is mistaken law that leads you to sacrifice. Life, woman, life is God's most precious gift; no principle however glorious may justify the taking of it. I beg you, woman - prevail upon your husband to confess. Let him give his lie. Quail not before God's judgment in this, for it may well be God damns a liar less than he that throws his life away for pride. Will you plead with him? I cannot think he will listen to another.

ELIZABETH

I think that be the Devil's argument.

HALE

Woman, before the laws of God we are as swine. We cannot read His will.

ELIZABETH

I cannot dispute with you, sir, I lack learning for it.

DANFORTH

Goody Proctor, you are not summoned here for disputation - be there no wifely tenderness within you? He will die with the sunrise. Your husband. Do you understand it? What say you? Will you contend with him? Are you stone? I tell you true, woman, had I no other proof of your unnatural life, your dry eyes now would be sufficient evidence that you delivered up your soul to Hell! A very ape would weep at such calamity! Have the devil dried up any tear of pity in you? Take her out - it profit nothing she should speak to him!

ELIZABETH

Let me speak with him, Excellency.

PARRIS

You'll strive with him?

DANFORTH

Will you plead for his confession, or will you not!

ELIZABETH

I promise nothing. Let me speak with him.

VISUAL  
John enters **LX 569.1**

---

*Willard enters with Proctor, who is chained. Willard removes the chains and exits.*

HALE

Pray, leave them, Excellency.

*Hale exits.*

DANFORTH

Mister Proctor, you have been notified, have you not? I see light in the sky, Mister; let you counsel with your wife and may God help you turn your back on hell.

*Danforth, Cheever, and Hathorne exit.*

PARRIS

If you desire a cup of cider, Mister Proctor, I am sure I... God lead you now.

*Parris exits. Elizabeth's primitive is unlike we have seen her; she reveals that while Elizabeth continues to play the role Proctor requires of her, she has transcended the need to constrain her inner impulses. Elizabeth and her primitive are more focused on one another than they are on John.*

ELIZABETH

You have been chained?

PROCTOR

Aye. The child?

ELIZABETH

It grows.

PROCTOR

There is no word of the boys?

ELIZABETH

They're well. Rebecca's Daniel keeps them.

VISUAL  
Elizabeth sits down in chair

**LX 569.2**

PROCTOR

You have not seen them?

ELIZABETH

I have not.

PROCTOR

You are a . . . marvel, Elizabeth. They come for my life now.

ELIZABETH

I know it.

PROCTOR

None . . . have yet confessed?

ELIZABETH

There be many confessed.

PROCTOR

Who are they?

ELIZABETH

There be a hundred or more, they say. Goody Ballard is one; Isaiah Goodkind, is one...There be many.

PROCTOR

Rebecca...?

ELIZABETH

Not Rebecca. She is one foot in heaven now. Naught may hurt her more.

PROCTOR

And Giles?

ELIZABETH

You have not heard of it?

PROCTOR

I hear nothin', where I am kept.

ELIZABETH

Giles is dead.

PROCTOR

When were he hanged?

ELIZABETH

He were not hanged. He would not answer ay or nay to his indictment; for if he denied the charge they'd hang him surely, and auction out his property. So he stand mute, and died Christian under the law. And so his sons will have his farm. It is the law, for he could not be condemned a wizard without he answer the indictment, ay or nay.

PROCTOR

Then how does he die?

ELIZABETH

. . . They press him, John.

PROCTOR

Press?

ELIZABETH

Great stones they lay upon his chest until he plead ay or nay. They say he give them but two words. "More weight," he says. And died.

PROCTOR

More weight!

ELIZABETH

Ay. It were a fearsome man, Giles Corey.



PROCTOR

I have been thinkin' I would confess to them. What say you? If I give them that?

ELIZABETH

I cannot judge you, John.

PROCTOR

What would you have me do?

ELIZABETH

As you will, I would have it. I want you living, John. That's sure.

PROCTOR

Giles' wife? Have she confessed?

ELIZABETH

She will not.

PROCTOR

It is a pretense, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

What is?

PROCTOR

I cannot mount the gibbet like a saint. It is a fraud. I am not that man. My honesty is broke, Elizabeth, I am no good man. Nothing's spoiled by giving them this lie that were not rotten long before.

ELIZABETH

And yet you've not confessed till now. That speak goodness in you.

PROCTOR

Spite. Spite only keeps me silent. It is hard to give a lie to dogs! I would have your forgiveness, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

It is not for me to give, John, I am -

PROCTOR

I would have you see some honesty in it. Let them that never lied die now to keep their souls. It is pretense for me, a vanity that will not blind God nor keep my children out of the wind. What say you?

ELIZABETH

John . . . it come to naught that I should forgive you. Will you forgive yourself? It is your soul, John. Only be sure of this, for I know it now: Whatever you will do, it is a good man does it. I have read my heart this three month, John. I have sins of my own to count. It needs a cold wife to prompt lechery. . .

VISUAL  
Elizabeth stands and  
moves stage left **LX 570**

PROCTOR

Enough, enough.

ELIZABETH

Better you should know me!

PROCTOR

I will not hear it! I know you!

ELIZABETH

You take my sins upon you, John!

PROCTOR

No, I take my own, my own!

ELIZABETH

I counted myself so plain, so poorly-made, no honest love could come to me! Suspicion kissed you when I did; I never knew how I should say my love. It were a cold house I kept . . . !

## II.6.5

**TEXT: track and timing/ Primitives: Elizabeth.**

*Hathorne enters.*

HATHORNE

What say you, Proctor? The sun is soon up.

ELIZABETH

Do what you will. But let none be your judge, there be no higher judge under heaven than Proctor is! Forgive me, forgive me, John - I never knew such goodness in the world!

PROCTOR

I want my life.

HATHORNE

You'll confess yourself?!

PROCTOR

I will have my life.

HATHORNE

God be praised! It is a providence!

*(He calls offstage)*

He will confess! Proctor will confess!

PROCTOR

Why do you cry it! It is evil, is it not? It is evil.

ELIZABETH

I cannot judge you, John, I cannot!

PROCTOR

Then who will judge me? God in Heaven, what is John Proctor, what is John Proctor! I think it is honest, I think so: I am no saint. Let Rebecca go like a saint, for me it is fraud!

ELIZABETH

I am not your judge, I cannot be...

PROCTOR

Would you give them such a lie? Say it. Would you ever give them this? You would not; if tongs of fire were singeing you you would not! It is evil. Good then, it is evil, and I do it!

*Hathorne, Danforth, Cheever, Parris, and Hale enter.*

DANFORTH

Praise to God, man, praise to God; you shall be blessed in Heaven for this. Now then... let us have it. Are you ready, Mister Cheever?

PROCTOR

Why must it be written?

DANFORTH

Why, for the good instruction of the village, Mister; this we shall post upon the church door! Where is the Marshal?

PARRIS

Willard! Hurry!

DANFORTH

Now, then, Mister, will you speak slowly, and directly to the point for Mister Cheever's sake? Mister Proctor, have you seen the Devil in your life? Come, man, there is light in the sky; the town waits at the scaffold; I would give out this news. Did you see the Devil?

PROCTOR

I did.

PARRIS

Praise God!

DANFORTH

And when he come to you, what were his demand? Did he bid you to do his work upon the earth?

PROCTOR

He did.

DANFORTH

And you bound yourself to his service?

## **II.6.6**

**DUET/ Primitives: Elizabeth, Rebecca.**

*Willard enters with Rebecca. Elizabeth's and Rebecca's have a final dance with one another, in full recognition of their power and their vulnerabilities in the world these men have created.*

DANFORTH

Ah, Rebecca Nurse. Come in, come in, woman!

REBECCA

Ah, John! You are well, then, eh?

DANFORTH

Courage, man, courage - let her witness your good example that she may come to God herself. Now hear it, Goody Nurse! Say on, Mister Proctor - did you bind yourself to the Devil's service?

REBECCA

Why, John!

PROCTOR

I did.

DANFORTH

Now, woman, you surely see it profit nothin' to keep this conspiracy any further. Will you confess yourself with him?

REBECCA

Oh, John - God send His mercy on you!

PROCTOR

Take her out!

DANFORTH

I say will you confess yourself, Goody Nurse!

REBECCA

Why, it is a lie, it is a lie; how may I damn myself? I cannot, I cannot.

DANFORTH

Mister Proctor. When the Devil came to you did you see Rebecca Nurse in his company? Come, man, take courage - did you ever see her with the Devil?

PROCTOR

No.

DANFORTH

Did you ever see her sister, Mary Easty, with the Devil?

PROCTOR

No, I did not.

DANFORTH

Did you ever see Martha Corey with the Devil?

PROCTOR

I did not.

DANFORTH

Did you ever see anyone with the Devil?

PROCTOR

I did not.

DANFORTH

Proctor - you mistake me. I am not empowered to trade your life for a lie. You have most certainly seen some person with the Devil. Mister Proctor, a score of people have already testified they saw this woman with the Devil.

PROCTOR

Then it is proved. Why must I say it?

DANFORTH

Why "must" you say it! Why, you should rejoice to say it if your soul is purged of any love for Hell!

PROCTOR

They think to go like saints. I like not to spoil their names.

DANFORTH

Mister Proctor, do you think they go like saints? Look you, sir - I think you mistake your duty here. It matters nothing what she thought - she is convicted of the unnatural murder of children, and you for sending your spirit out upon Mary Warren. Your soul alone is the issue here, Mister, and you will prove its whiteness or you cannot live in a Christian country. Will you tell me now what persons conspired with you in the Devil's company? To your knowledge was Rebecca Nurse ever . . .

PROCTOR

I speak my own sins, I cannot judge another. I have no tongue for it.

HALE

Excellency, it is enough he confess himself. Let him sign it, let him sign it.

PARRIS

It is a great service, sir - it is a weighty name, it will strike the village that he confess. I beg you, let him sign it. The sun is up, Excellency!

DANFORTH

Come then, sign your testimony. Mr. Cheever, take it to him. Come, man, sign it.

PROCTOR

You have all witnessed it - it is enough.

DANFORTH

You will not sign it?!

PROCTOR

You have all witnessed it; what more is needed?

DANFORTH

Do you sport with me? You will sign your name or it is no confession, Mister! Your second name, man.

PARRIS

Praise be to the Lord!

DANFORTH

If you please, sir.

PROCTOR

No.

DANFORTH

Mister Proctor, I must have -

PROCTOR

No - no. I have signed it. You have seen me. It is done! You have no need for this.

PARRIS

Proctor, the village must have proof that -

PROCTOR

Damn the village! I confess to God and God has seen my name on this! It is enough!

DANFORTH

No, sir, it is...

PROCTOR

You came to save my soul, did you not? Here! I have confessed myself, it is enough!

DANFORTH

You have not con -

PROCTOR

I have confessed myself! Is there no good penitence but it be public? God does not need my name nailed upon the church! God sees my name, God knows how black my sins are! It is enough!

DANFORTH

Mister Proctor.

PROCTOR

You will not use me! I am no Sarah Good or Tituba, I am John Proctor! You will not use me! It is no part of salvation that you should use me!

DANFORTH

I do not wish to ...

PROCTOR

I have three children - how may I teach them to walk like men in the world and I sold my friends?!

DANFORTH

You have not sold your friends. . . .

PROCTOR

Beguile me not! I blacken all of them when this is nailed to the church the very day they hang for silence!

DANFORTH

Mister Proctor, I must have good and legal proof that you ...

PROCTOR

You are the high court, your word is good enough! Tell them I confessed myself; say Proctor broke his knees and wept like a woman; say what you will, but my name cannot.

DANFORTH

It is the same, is it not? If I report it or you sign to it?

PROCTOR

No, it is not the same! What others say and what I sign to is not the same!

DANFORTH

Why? Do you mean to deny this confession when you are free?

PROCTOR

I mean to deny nothing!

DANFORTH

Then explain to me, Mr. Proctor, why you will not let . . .

PROCTOR

Because it is my name! Because I cannot have another in my life! Because I lie and sign myself to lies! Because I am not worth the dust on the feet of them that hang! How may I live without my name? I have given you my soul, leave me my name!

DANFORTH

Is that document a lie? If it is a lie I will not accept it! What say you? I will not deal in lies, Mister! You will give me your honest confession in my hand, or I cannot keep you from the rope. What way do you go, Mister?

*(Proctor tears the paper.)*

Marshal.

PARRIS

Proctor, Proctor!

HALE

Man, you will hang! You cannot!

PROCTOR

Pray God it speak some goodness for me. Give them no tear. Show them a heart of stone and sink them with it.

REBECCA

Let you fear nothing. There is another judgment waits us all.



DANFORTH

Hang them high over the town. Whoever weeps for these weeps for corruption. Take them!

*Danforth and Hathorne exit.*

WILLARD

Come, man.

REBECCA

I have not had my breakfast.

*Willard and Proctor support Rebecca as they exit.*

## II.6.7

**DANCE/ Primitives: Elizabeth.**

PARRIS

Go to him, Goody Proctor! There is yet time! Proctor! Proctor!

*Parris exits.*

HALE

Woman, plead with him! It is pride, it is vanity. Be his helper! What profit him to bleed? Shall the dust praise him? Shall the worms declare his truth? Go to him, take his shame away.

ELIZABETH

He have his goodness now. God forbid I take it from him.

**LX 580**

**BLACKOUT LX 590**

**END**

**BOWS**

**LX 595**

**BLACKOUT**

**LX 600**

**HOUSE UP**

**LX 605**