

The Crucible

By Arthur Miller

ACT 3:

The vestry room of the Salem meeting house, now serving as the anteroom of the General Court.

As the curtain rises, the room is empty, but for sunlight pouring through two high windows in the back wall. The room is solemn, even forbidding. Heavy beams jut out, boards of random widths make up the walls. At the right are two doors leading into the meeting house proper, where the court is being held. At the left another door leads outside.

There is a plain bench at the left, and another at the right. In the center a rather long meeting table, with stools and a considerable armchair snugged up to it.

Through the partitioning wall at the right we hear a prosecutor's voice, Judge Hathorne's, asking a question; then a woman's voice, Martha Corey's, replying.

COREY'S VOICE: I have evidence for the court!

DANFORTH'S VOICE: Take your seat.

COREY'S VOICE: Thomas Putnam is reachin' out for land.

DANFORTH'S VOICE: Remove that man.

COREY'S VOICE: You're hearin' lies, lies.

(Giles Corey's voice roars out.)

COREY: I have evidence for the court.

(The men argue.)

COREY: They'll be hanging my wife, Martha.

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!

HATHORNE: Show some respect for the Deputy Governor, Corey.

DANFORTH: Who is this man?

PARRIS: Giles Corey, sir, and a more contentious...

COREY: I am asked the question, Mister Parris, 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.

COREY: They be 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, ...

DANFORTH: Books? What books?

COREY: ... and they come and take her out of my house for.... It is my third wife, sir, and I never had no wife that be so taken with books, 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, Mister Hale. Clear this room.

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: 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 for 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 that?

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.

(All turn to see Mary Warren, Proctor, and Corey enter.

PARRIS: Mary Warren! What, what are you about here?

PROCTOR: She would speak with the Deputy Governor.

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: (Raises a hand.) Peace. What would you tell us, Mary Warren?

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?

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 Walcott, and... the others? They are also pretending?

MARY: Aye, sir.

DANFORTH: Indeed.

PARRIS: Excellency, you surely cannot think to let so vile a lie be spread in open court!

DANFORTH: Indeed not, but it strike hard upon me that she will dare come here with such a tale. 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 ...

PROCTOR: I know that, sir.

DANFORTH: Let me continue. I understand well, a husband's tenderness may drive him to extravagance in defense of a wife. Are you certain in your conscience, Mister, that your evidence is the truth?

PROCTOR: It is. And you will surely know it.

DANFORTH: And you thought 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...

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

PROCTOR: Why, no, sir.

CHEEVER: I – Your Excellency.

DANFORTH: Mister Cheever.

CHEEVER: I think it be my duty, sir – (To Proctor) You'll not deny it, John. (To Danforth) When we come to take his wife, he damned the court and ripped your warrant.

DANFORTH: He did that, Mister Hale?

PARRIS: Now you have it!

HALE: Aye, he did.

PROCTOR: It were a temper, sir. I knew not what I did.

CHEEVER: He plow on Sunday, sir.

DANFORTH: Plow on Sunday!

CHEEVER: I think it be evidence, John. I am an official of the court, I cannot keep it.

PROCTOR: I – I have once or twice plowed on Sunday. I have three children, sir, and until last year my land gave little.

HALE: Your Honor, I cannot think you may judge the man on such evidence.

DANFORTH: I judge nothing. 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.

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, Mary Warren, will swear she lied to you.

DANFORTH: Hmm. Judge Hathorne.

(Danforth and Hathorne speak to each other quietly.)

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

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: We have thought it too convenient to be credited. However, 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? (Proctor is silent.) Come man. You say your only purpose is to save your wife. Good then, she is saved at least a 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: Giles Corey and Francis Nurse are my friends. Their wives are also accused.

DANFORTH: I judge you not, sir. Sit down. I am ready to hear your evidence. Now, what depositions do you have for us, Mister Proctor? And I beg you be clear, open as the sky, and honest.

PROCTOR: I am no lawyer, sir, 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. They're all landholding farmers, members of the church. If you'll notice, sir—they've known the women many years and never saw no signs 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.

PARRIS: This is a clear attack upon the court!

HALE: Is every defense an attack upon the court?

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!

DANFORTH: It is not necessarily an attack, I think. Yet – Then I am sure, Mister Nurse, they may have nothing to fear. Mister Cheever, have warrants drawn for all of these—arrest for examination. (Cheever exits.)

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. (Pause.) Now, Mister Proctor, what other information do you have for us?

COREY: John, my deposition, give him mine.

PROCTOR: Aye. 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.

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

PARRIS: Very good, sir.

DANFORTH: You have no legal training, Mister Corey?

COREY: I have the best, sir—I am twenty-three times in court 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 years ago, I think.

DANFORTH: Indeed.

COREY: He never spoke to you of it?

DANFORTH: No, I cannot recall it.

COREY: That’s ... that’s strange, he gave me nine pounds 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.) Mister Putnam, sir. 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 Ruth to cry witchery upon George Jacobs that is now in jail.

PUTNAM: It is a lie!

DANFORTH: Mister Putnam states your charge is a lie. What you say 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, of the deposition. 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: 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 gave 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.

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

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

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 prodigious guilt in the country. Are *you* afraid to be questioned here?

HALE: I – 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.

DANFORTH: No uncorrupted man may fear this court, Mister Hale! None! Giles 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 goes for Putnam.)

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

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

COREY: Say nothin' more, John. Governor Danforth means to hang us all.

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

PROCTOR: Forgive him, sir, forgive him for his old age. Peace, Giles, we'll prove it all now. (Putnam exits.) You cannot weep, Mary. Remember the angel what he say to the boy. Hold to it, now; there is your rock. (Mary quiets.) This is ... 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: Aye, 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.

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

DANFORTH: It surely does, Mister Hale.

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, 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 the witness to prove his innocence. But witchcraft is *ipso facto*, on its face and by its nature, an invisible crime, is it not? 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 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.

PROCTOR: Here you are, sir.

(Danforth reads.)

PARRIS: I should like to question...

DANFORTH: Mister Parris, I bid you be silent! Mister Cheever, will you go into the court and bring the children her?

CHEEVER: Yes, sir.

DANFORTH: Mary Warren, how come 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? 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....

CHEEVER: Here are the girls, sir, Susanna Walcott, Mercy Lewis, Betty Parris, and Abigail Williams. Ruth Putnam is not in the court, sir. Nor the other children.

DANFORTH: These will be sufficient. Sit you down, children. (Silently they sit.) 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 bearers of false witness. Now then... it does not escape me that this deposition may be devised to blind us; (To Hathorne.) 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 speaks true, I bid you now drop your guile and confess your pretense, for a quick confession will go easier with you. Abigail Williams, rise. (Abigail rises slowly.) Is there any truth in this?

ABIGAIL: (Angrily looks at Mary.) No, sir.

DANFORTH: Children, a very auger 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 Warren?

MARY: Aye, sir.

DANFORTH: (To Abigail.) 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. (Mary looks at Abigail, then back.)

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 were her poppet. Mister Danforth, what profit this girl to turn herself about? What may Mary Warren gain but hard questioning and worse?

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

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

DANFORTH: This child would murder your wife?

PROCTOR: It is not a child. 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: Your Excellency, she were under Tituba's power at that time, but she is solemn now.

COREY: Aye, 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.... 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.

DANFORTH: In a moment, sir. What is this dancing?

MARY: I... Mister Proctor...

PROCTOR: Abigail leads the girls to the woods. Your Honor, they have danced there naked....

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: But you discovered them dancing in the woods?

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: (Unwillingly.) Aye, sir.

HATHORNE: Excellency, will you permit me? (Points at Mary.)

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: (Very faintly.) 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.

HATHORNE: 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.

HATHORNE: Then can she pretend to faint now?

PARRIS: Why not?

PROCTOR: Now?

PARRIS: There are no spirits attacking her, for none in this room is accused of witchcraft. So let her turn herself cold now, let her pretend she is attacked now, let her faint. Faint!

MARY: Faint?

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

MARY: I... I cannot faint now, sir.

PROCTOR: Mary, can you not pretend it?

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

DANFORTH: Why? What is lacking now?

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? It were attacking spirits made you faint!

MARY: No, sir, I —

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

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

DANFORTH: *Thought* you saw them!

MARY: But I did not, your Honor.

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

MARY: I... I cannot tell how, but I did. 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, and then the whole world cried spirits, spirits, and 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! 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...

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... (She shivers.)

DANFORTH: What is it, child?

ABIGAIL: (Hugs herself, cold.) I... I know not. A wind, a cold wind has come. (Looks at Mary.)

MARY: Abby!

MERCY: Your Honor, I freeze!

PROCTOR: They're pretending!

HATHORNE: (Touches Abigail's hand.) She is cold, your Honor, touch her!

MERCY: Mary, do you send this shadow on me?

MARY: Lord save me!

SUSANNA WALCOTT: I freeze—I freeze.

ABIGAIL: It is a wind, a wind!

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, Mister Proctor, I cannot, I cannot...

ABIGAIL: —Oh, Heavenly Father, take away this shadow.

PROCTOR: How do you dare call Heaven? Whore! Whore!

DANFORTH: Man! What do you – ?

PROCTOR: It is a whore.

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 say such things.

PROCTOR: Oh, Francis, Francis, I wish you had some evil in you that you might know me! (To Danforth.) A man will not cast away his good name. You surely know that.

DANFORTH: In – in what time? In what place?

PROCTOR: In the proper place—where my beasts are bedded. On the last night of my joy, some eight months past. She used to serve me in the 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 for 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.... (Starts to weep.) 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.

DANFORTH: Abigail Williams, you deny every scrap and title of this?

ABIGAIL: If I must answer that, I will leave and I will not come back again. (Starts to exit.)

PROCTOR: I have made a bell of my honor! I have rung the doom of my good name – you will believe me, Mister Danforth! My wife is innocent.

DANFORTH: Mister Parris, go into the court and bring Goodwife Proctor out.

PARRIS: Your Honor, this is all a –

DANFORTH: Bring her out! 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. I have paid much to learn it, sir.

DANFORTH: And when she put this girl out of your house, she put her out for a harlot?

PROCTOR: Aye, sir.

DANFORTH: And knew her for a harlot?

PROCTOR: Aye, sir. She knew her for a harlot.

DANFORTH: Good, then. And if she tell me Abigail, it were for harlotry, may God spread His mercy on you! (A knock.) Hold! Turn your backs both of you. Now let neither of you turn to face Goody Proctor. No one in this room is to speak a word or raise a gesture aye or nay. (To the door.) Enter! (Elizabeth & Parris enter. She looks for Proctor.) Mister Cheever, report this testimony in all exactness.

CHEEVER: Yes, sir.

DANFORTH: Are you ready? – Are you ready?

CHEEVER: Yes, 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? (Elizabeth tries to glance at Proctor.) Why did you dismiss Abigail Williams?

ELIZABETH: (Wets her lips.) She... dissatisfied me... and my husband.

DANFORTH: In what way dissatisfied you?

ELIZABETH: She were... (Glances at Proctor.)

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... (To Abigail.)

DANFORTH: Look at me!

ELIZABETH: Yes, 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 Look at me!

ELIZABETH: He –

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

ELIZABETH: No, sir.

DANFORTH: Remove her, Marshal. (Proctor and Abigail turn.)

PROCTOR: Elizabeth, tell the truth!

DANFORTH: She has spoken. Remove her.

PROCTOR: Elizabeth, I have confessed it!

ELIZABETH: Oh, God! (Door closes behind her.)

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. By my oath to heaven, I believe him now, and I pray you call back his wife before we –

DANFORTH: She spoke nothing of lechery, and this man has lied!

HALE: I believe him! This girl has always struck me false! She has ...

(Abigail screams up to ceiling.)

ABIGAIL: You will not! Begone! Begone, I say! (Mercy and Susanna look up.)

DANFORTH: What is it, child? (Everyone looks up as Abigail points.) 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: Mister Hale, do you see a bird?

DANFORTH: Be quiet!

ABIGAIL: (To a "bird.") 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....

PROCTOR: They're pretending, Mister Danforth!

MARY: Abby, I'm *here*!

ABIGAIL: Oh, please, Mary!—Don't come down....

SUSANNA WALCOTT: 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?!

MARY: She sees nothin'!

ABIGAIL: (Hypnotized.) She sees nothin'!

MARY: Abby, you mustn't!

ABIGAIL: 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. They — !

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?

HALE: You cannot believe them!

MARY: I — I —

DANFORTH: Mary

PROCTOR: Mary, God damns all liars!

DANFORTH: You have seen the Devil, you have compacted 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!

PROCTOR: Mary —

DANFORTH: Do you know who I am? I say you will hang if you do not open with me!

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

ABIGAIL: (Pointing upward.) The wings! Her wings are spreading!
Mary, please, don't, don't...!

HALE: I see nothing, Your Honor!

DANFORTH: Do you confess this power? Speak!

ABIGAIL: She's going to come down! She's walking the beam!

DANFORTH: Will you speak!

MARY: I cannot!

GIRLS: I cannot!

PARRIS: Cast the Devil out! Look him in the face! Trample him,
and we'll save you, Mary, only stand fast against him and –

ABIGAIL: Look out! She's coming down!

(All scream.)

PROCTOR: Mary, (Gently touches her arm.) Mary, Mary, Mary,
tell the Governor what they...

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

PROCTOR: Mary!

MARY: You're property of the Devil.

PROCTOR: Mary!

MARY: You're the Devil's man!

PROCTOR: Mary.

PARRIS: Oh, Praise God!

GIRLS: Praise 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! He wake me every night, his eyes were like coals and his
fingers claw my neck, and I sign, I sign....

HALE: Excellency, this child's gone wild.

PROCTOR: Mary, Mary...!

MARY: No, I love God; I go your way no more, I love God, I love
God.... Abby, I'll never hurt you more!

DANFORTH: What are you, Proctor? You are combined with anti-
Christ, are you not? I have seen your power; you will not deny it;
what say you, Mister?

HALE: Excellency –

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 – 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 their ignorance, at least 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!

DANFORTH: Marshal, take him and Corey with him to the jail!

HALE: I denounce these proceedings!

PROCTOR: You are pulling Heaven down and raising up a whore!

HALE: I quit this court!

DANFORTH: Mister Hale.

HALE: I quit this court!

DANFORTH: Mister Hale! (Hale exits.)

(Sometime after the court proceedings.)

(Recitation of the Lord's Prayer.)

HATHORNE: Goody Good, sentenced to hang! (Drum beat.)
Tituba, sentenced to hang. (Drum beat.) Bridget Bishop,
sentenced to hang. (Drum beat.) Goody Osburn, sentenced to
hang. (Drum beat.) Goody Bibber, sentenced to hang. (Drum
beat.) Goody Booth, sentenced to hang. (Drum beat.) Isaac
Ward, sentenced to hang. (Drum beat.)

(Tituba in jail.)

TITUBA: Devil, take me home. Devil, take me home.

(Curtain Falls)