

## 2. PROCTOR AND ELIZABETH (pp.28-29)

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

PROCTOR. I'll think on it.

ELIZABETH. (*With her courage now.*) You cannot keep it, John.

PROCTOR. (*Angering.*) I know I cannot keep it. I say I will think on it!

ELIZABETH. (*Hurt, and very coldly.*) Good then, let you think on it.

PROCTOR. (*Defensively.*) 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.

ELIZABETH. You were alone with her?

PROCTOR. For a moment alone, aye.

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

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.

ELIZABETH. (*A little loftily.*) I have no...

PROCTOR. I'll not have it!

ELIZABETH. Then let you not earn it.

PROCTOR. (*With a violent undertone.*) You doubt me yet?!

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

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 I think on it. Let you look to your own improvement before you go to judge your husband any more. I have forgot Abigail, and...

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 a... 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. (*Firmly.*) 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. (*Now she would justify herself*) John, I am only...

PROCTOR. (*In outburst.*) 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.