

5. PROCTOR, ELIZABETH, MARY WARREN (pp.31-32)

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

MARY. (*Defiantly.*) 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. (*Happy with wonders of the court.*) 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*. (*Smiling happily.*) 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! (*Rises, gets whip.*)

MARY. (*Striving for her authority.*) 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... ! (*With whip raised she yells.*)

MARY. (*Pointing at Elizabeth.*) I saved her life today! (*Silence. His whip comes down.*)

ELIZABETH. (*Softly.*) I am accused?

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. (*To Proctor.*) I ... 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.

PROCTOR. (*In disgust at her.*) 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. (*Stamping foot.*) I wish to go to bed!

PROCTOR. (*In anger.*) Good night, then! (*She starts out L.*)

MARY. Good night. (*She goes out L. He throws whip down.*)

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. (*Without conviction.*) They dismissed it. You heard her say..

ELIZABETH. And what of tomorrow? — she will cry me out until they take me!