

John. (*She is backing away L., raising her hand in farewell.*) Fear naught. I will save you tomorrow. (*As she turns and goes D. L.*) From yourself I will save you. (*She is gone D. L.*) PROCTOR is left alone, amazed, in terror. Takes up his lantern and slowly exits U. L. as lights dim out and curtain falls.)

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

Scene Two

*The vestry room of the Meeting House. There are 3 entrances: one at D. L. leading to outside, one at D. R. leading to courtroom and one at U. R. leading to the judges' chambers. In the Meeting House proper, beyond the R. wall, offstage, an examination is going on as curtain rises. The stage is empty, but we hear offstage . . .*

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! (*Voices of townsfolk rise in excitement.*)

DANFORTH You will keep your seat!

COREY Thomas Putnam is reachin' out for land! (*Crowd louder.*)

DANFORTH Remove that man, Marshal! (*A roaring goes up from the people.*)

COREY You're hearing lies, lies!

HATHORNE Arrest him, Excellency!

COREY I have evidence, why will you not hear my evidence! (*COREY is half-carried into this vestry room by WILLARD, followed by PARRIS, all come from D. R.*) Hands off, damn you, let me go!

WILLARD Giles, Giles . . . !

COREY (*To WILLARD who is pulling him across stage.*) Out of my way, Willard! I bring evidence . . .

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

HALE (*Entering D. R., going after them.*) 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 – (*HATHORNE enters D. R. NURSE enters D. R. after HATHORNE.*)

HATHORNE How do you dare come roarin' into this court! Are you gone daft, Corey? (*Crowd subsides.*)

COREY You're not a Boston judge yet, Hathorne. You'll not call me daft! (*Enter DEPUTY GOVERNOR DANFORTH and behind him, EZEKIEL CHEEVER U. R. Silence falls. DANFORTH is a grave man in his sixties, of some humor and sophistication that does not, however, interfere with an exact loyalty to his position and his cause.*)