

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

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

DANFORTH (*Kindly.*) Then I am sure they may have nothing to fear. (*Hands CHEEVER the paper.*) Mister Cheever, have warrants drawn for all of these – arrest for examination. (*CHEEVER exits U. R. To PROCTOR.*) Now, Mister, what other information do you have for us? (*NURSE is still standing, horrified.*) 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. (*MARY suddenly sobs.*) She's not hearty, I see.

PROCTOR No, she's not, sir. (*To MARY, bending to her, holding her shoulders, quietly and kindly.*) Now remember what the angel Raphael said to the boy Tobias. Remember it.

MARY (*Hardly audible.*) 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 U. R. PROCTOR hands DANFORTH another paper.*) This is Mister

Corey's deposition. (*Crosses back to above MARY, pats her shoulders, then drops hands.*)

DANFORTH Oh? (*He looks down at it.*)

HATHORNE (*Suspiciously.*) What lawyer drew this, Corey?

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

DANFORTH (*Finishing the reading of it.*) It is very well-phrased. My compliments. Mister Parris, if Mr. Putnam is in the court, bring him in. (*PARRIS exits D. R.*) You have no legal training, Mister Corey?

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

DANFORTH (*Lightly.*) 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!