

PROCTOR Then it is *proved*. Why must I *say* it?

DANFORTH Why "must" you say it! Why, you should rejoice to say it if your soul is purged of any love for Hell!

PROCTOR They think to go like saints. I like not to spoil their names.

DANFORTH Mister Proctor, do you think they go like saints? Look you, sir – I think you mistake your duty here. It matters nothing what she thought – she is convicted of the unnatural murder of children, and you for sending your spirit out upon Mary Warren. Your soul alone is the issue here, Mister, and you will prove its whiteness or you cannot live in a Christian country. Will you tell me now what persons conspired with you in the Devil's company? To your knowledge was Rebecca Nurse ever . . . ?

PROCTOR I speak my own sins, I cannot judge another. I have no tongue for it.

HALE Excellency, it is enough he confess himself. Let him sign it, let him sign it . . .

PARRIS It is a great service, sir – it is a weighty name, it will strike the village that he confess. I beg you, let him sign it. The sun is up, Excellency!

DANFORTH (*To PROCTOR.*) Come then, sign your testimony. Mr. Cheever, take it to him. (*CHEEVER gives PROCTOR a pen.*) Come, man, sign it.

PROCTOR You have all witnessed it – it is enough.

DANFORTH You will not sign it?!

PROCTOR (*Desperately.*) You have all witnessed it; what more is needed?

DANFORTH Do you sport with me? You will sign your name or it is no confession, Mister! (*PROCTOR*

*signs.*) Your second name, man. (*PROCTOR signs last name.*)

PARRIS Praise be to the Lord!

DANFORTH (*Perplexed, but politely extending his hand.*) If you please, sir.

PROCTOR (*Dumbly, looking at paper.*) No.

DANFORTH Mister Proctor, I must have . . .

PROCTOR (*Putting paper behind him. Childishly befuddled.*) No – no. I have signed it. You have seen me. It is done! You have no need for this.

PARRIS Proctor, the village must have proof that . . .

PROCTOR Damn the village! I confess to God and God has seen my name on this! It is enough!

DANFORTH No, sir, it is . . .

PROCTOR You came to save my soul, did you not? Here! – I have confessed myself, it is *enough!*

DANFORTH You have not con . . .

PROCTOR I have confessed myself! Is there no good penitence but it be public? God does not need my name nailed upon the church! God sees my name, God knows how black my sins are! – it is enough!

DANFORTH Mister Proctor . . .

PROCTOR You will not use me! I am no Sarah Good or Tituba, I am John Proctor! You will not use me! It is no part of salvation that you should use me!

DANFORTH I do not wish to . . .