

HALE (*Crossing D. L.*) I denounce these proceedings! I quit this court! (*HALE exits D. L.*)

PROCTOR You are pulling heaven down and raising up a whore.

DANFORTH (*Shocked.*) Mister Hale, Mister Hale!

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

Scene Three

Three months later. A cell in Salem jail.

A high barred window at back L., a door upstage R. Two benches down stage L. and R. Stool U. R. of L. bench. The barred window effect was achieved in the Broadway production by making a "gobo" of small laths nailed across each other, leaving approximately two inch square openings. If this is put in front of the light supplying light for sunlight and moonlight effects, a bar-like effect is produced on the floor and faces of the actors who stand in the beam. There is only one entrance to this scene. In the Broadway production it was U. R. The night sky is seen through the window, and moonlight pouring through. The cell in otherwise in darkness, cold shadows blackening it.

On the rise, the place appears empty. Off in the distance the painful bellowing of a cow is heard, crying to be milked.

TITUBA lying on R. bench. SARAH lying bench L. WILLARD enters with two lanterns, drinks from flask which he carries.

WILLARD (*Crossing L. toward bench.*) Sarah, wake up! Sarah Good! (*Crosses R. to TITUBA, shakes her.*) Tituba.

SARAH (*Sits up.*) Oh, majesty! Comin', comin'! (*Uncovering herself.*) Tituba, he's here! His Majesty's come! (*Untangling rags from legs and feet.*)

WILLARD (*At window U. L.*) Go to the north cell, this place is wanted now.

TITUBA That don't look to me like His Majesty; look to me like the Marshal. (*Slowly sits up, yawning.*)

WILLARD (*Takes out flask.*) Get along with you now, clear this place. (*He drinks.*)

SARAH (*Scratching herself.*) Oh, is it you, Marshal? I thought sure you be the Devil comin' for us . . . Could I have a sip of cider for me goin'-away?

WILLARD (*Handing her flask.*) And where are you oft to, Sarah? (*TITUBA untangling rags.*)

TITUBA (*As SARAH drinks.*) We goin' to Barbados, soon the Devil gits here with the feathers and the wings.

WILLARD Oh? A happy voyage to you.

SARAH A pair of bluebirds wingin' southerly, the two of us! – Oh, it be a grand transformation, Marshal! (*She raises the flask to drink again.*)

WILLARD (*Taking flask from her.*) You'd best give me that or you'll never rise off the ground. Come along now. (*TITUBA rises, picks up her rags.*)

TITUBA I'll speak to him for you, if you desire to come along, Marshal.

WILLARD I'd not refuse it, Tituba; it is the proper morning to fly into Hell. (*SARAH folding rags.*)

TITUBA (*Folding rags that covered her.*) Oh, it ain't no Hell in Barbados. Devil, him be pleasure-man in Barbados, him be singin' and dancin' in Barbados. You folks, you riles him up 'round here; it be too cold 'round here for that Old Boy. He freeze his soul in Massachusetts, but in Barbados, he just as sweet and – (*SARAH rises with bundle. A bellowing cow is heard, and TITUBA leaps up and calls to off.*) Yes, sir! That's him, Sarah!