

Monday, I think – she walked away and I thought my *guts* would burst for two days after. Do you remember it?

ELIZABETH Why . . . I do, I think, but . . .

MARY And so I told that to Judge Hathorne, and he asks her so – “Goody Good,” says he, “what *curse* do you mumble that this girl must fall sick after turning you away?” And then she replies: (*Mimicking an old crone.*) – “Why, your excellence, no curse at all; I only say my commandments; I hope I may say my commandments” says she!

ELIZABETH And that’s an upright answer.

MARY Aye, but then Judge Hathorne say, “Recite for us your commandments!” – and of all the ten she could not say a single one. She never knew no commandments, and they had her in a flat lie!

PROCTOR And so condemned her?

MARY (*Impatient at his stupidity.*) Why, they *must* when she condemned herself.

PROCTOR But the proof, the proof?

MARY (*With greater impatience with him.*) I told you the proof – it’s hard proof, hard as rock the judges said.

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 sarcaistical no more – four judges and the King’s deputy sat to dinner with us but an hour