

they fear to keep in Salem any more – since the news of Andover has broken here . . .

DANFORTH Andover is remedied. The court returns there on Friday, and will resume examinations.

PARRIS I am sure of it, sir. But the rumor here speaks rebellion in Andover, and it . . .

DANFORTH (*Strongly protesting.*) There is no rebellion in Andover.

PARRIS I tell you what is said here, sir. Andover have thrown out the *court*, they say, and will have no part of witchcraft. There be a faction here feeding on that news, and I tell you true, sir, I fear there will be riot here.

HATHORNE Riot! – Why, at every execution I have seen naught but high satisfaction in the town.
(DANFORTH *sits bench L.*)

PARRIS Judge Hathorne – it were another sort that hanged till now. Rebecca Nurse is no Bridget that lived three year with Bishop before she married him. John Proctor is not Isaac Ward that drank his family to ruin. (*To DANFORTH.*) Let Rebecca stand upon the gibbet and send up some righteous prayer, and I fear she'll wake a vengeance on you.

HATHORNE Excellency, she is condemned a witch. The court have . . .

DANFORTH (*In deep concern, he raises a hand to HATHORNE.*) Pray you. (*To PARRIS.*) How do you propose, then?

PARRIS Excellency . . . I would postpone these hangin's for a time.

DANFORTH There will be no postponement.

PARRIS Now Mister Hale's returned, there is hope, I think – for if he bring even *one* of these to God, that confession surely *damns* the *others* in the public eye, and none may doubt more that they are all linked to Hell. This way, unconfessed and claiming innocence, doubts are *multiplied*, many honest people will weep for them, and our good purpose is *lost* in their tears.

DANFORTH Cheever, give me the list. (*CHEEVER opens dispatch case, searches.*)

PARRIS It cannot be forgot, sir, (*DANFORTH rises, gets list from CHEEVER, takes spectacles out and reads by light of lamp.*) that when I summoned the congregation for John Proctor's excommunication, there were hardly thirty people come to hear it. That speak a discontent, I think, and . . .

DANFORTH There will be no postponement.

PARRIS Excellency . . .

DANFORTH Now, sir – which of these in your opinion may be brought to God? I will myself strive with him till dawn. (*Crosses to CHEEVER, hands him list.*)

PARRIS There is not sufficient time till dawn . . .

DANFORTH I shall do my utmost. Which of them do you have hope for?

PARRIS (*In a quavering voice, quietly.*) Excellency . . . a dagger . . . (*He chokes up.*)

DANFORTH (*Irritated.*) What do you say?

PARRIS Tonight, when I open my door to leave my house – a dagger clattered to the ground. (*Pleading plaintively.*) You cannot hang this sort. There is danger for *me*. I dare not step