

(*mimicking an old crone*) “Why, your excellence, no curse at all. I only say my commandments;³ I hope I may say my commandments,” says she!

Elizabeth. And that’s an upright answer.

Mary Warren. Aye, but then Judge Hathorne say, “Recite for us your commandments!” (*leaning avidly toward them*) and of all the ten she could not say a
280 single one. She never knew no commandments, and they had her in a flat lie!

Proctor. And so condemned her?

Mary Warren (*now a little strained, seeing his stubborn doubt*). Why, they must when she condemned herself.

Proctor. But the proof, the proof!

Mary Warren (*with greater impatience with him*). I told you the proof. It’s hard proof, hard as rock, the judges said.

Proctor (*pauses an instant, then*). You will not go to
290 court again, Mary Warren.

Mary Warren. 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 Warren. But, Mr. Proctor, they will not hang them if they confess. Sarah Good will only sit in jail some time (*recalling*) and here’s a wonder for you; think on this. Goody Good is pregnant!

300 **Elizabeth.** Pregnant! Are they mad? The woman’s near to sixty!

Mary Warren. 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. 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—(*She has been edging toward offstage.*)

310 **Proctor.** I’ll official you! (*He strides to the mantel, takes down the whip hanging there.*)

Mary Warren (*terrified, but coming erect, striving for her authority*). I’ll not stand whipping any more!

Elizabeth (*hurriedly, as Proctor approaches*). Mary, promise now you’ll stay at home—

Mary Warren (*backing from him, but keeping her erect posture, striving, striving for her way*). The Devil’s loose in Salem, Mr. Proctor; we must discover where he’s hiding!

320 **Proctor.** I’ll whip the Devil out of you! (*With whip raised he reaches out for her, and she streaks away and yells.*)

Mary Warren (*pointing at Elizabeth*). I saved her life today!

(*Silence. His whip comes down.*)

Elizabeth (*softly*). I am accused?

Mary Warren (*quaking*). 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
330 you, they dismissed it.

Elizabeth. Who accused me?

Mary Warren. I am bound by law, I cannot tell it. (*to Proctor*) I only hope you’ll not be so sarcastical no more. Four judges and the King’s deputy sat to dinner with us but an hour ago. I—I would have you speak civilly to me, from this out.

Proctor (*in horror, muttering in disgust at her*). Go to bed.

340 **Mary Warren** (*with a stamp of her foot*). I’ll not be ordered to bed no more, Mr. Proctor! I am eighteen and a woman, however single!

Proctor. Do you wish to sit up? Then sit up.

Mary Warren. I wish to go to bed!

Proctor (*in anger*). Good night, then!

Mary Warren. Good night. (*Dissatisfied, uncertain of herself, she goes out. Wide-eyed, both, Proctor and Elizabeth stand staring.*)

Elizabeth (*quietly*). Oh, the noose, the noose is up!

Proctor. There’ll be no noose.

3. **commandments:** the Ten Commandments in the Bible.