

HERRICK: John!

DANFORTH: Man! Man, what do you –

PROCTOR (*breathless and in agony*): It is a whore!

DANFORTH (*dumbfounded*): You charge – ?

ABIGAIL: Mr. Danforth, he is lying!

PROCTOR: Mark her! Now she'll suck a scream to stab me with, but –

DANFORTH: You will prove this! This will not pass!

PROCTOR (*trembling, his life collapsing about him*): I have known her, sir. I have known her.

DANFORTH: You – you are a lecher?

FRANCIS (*horrified*): John, you cannot say such a –

PROCTOR: Oh, Francis, I wish you had some evil in you that you might know me! (*To Danforth*) A man will not cast away his good name. You surely know that.

DANFORTH (*dumbfounded*): In – in what time? In what place?

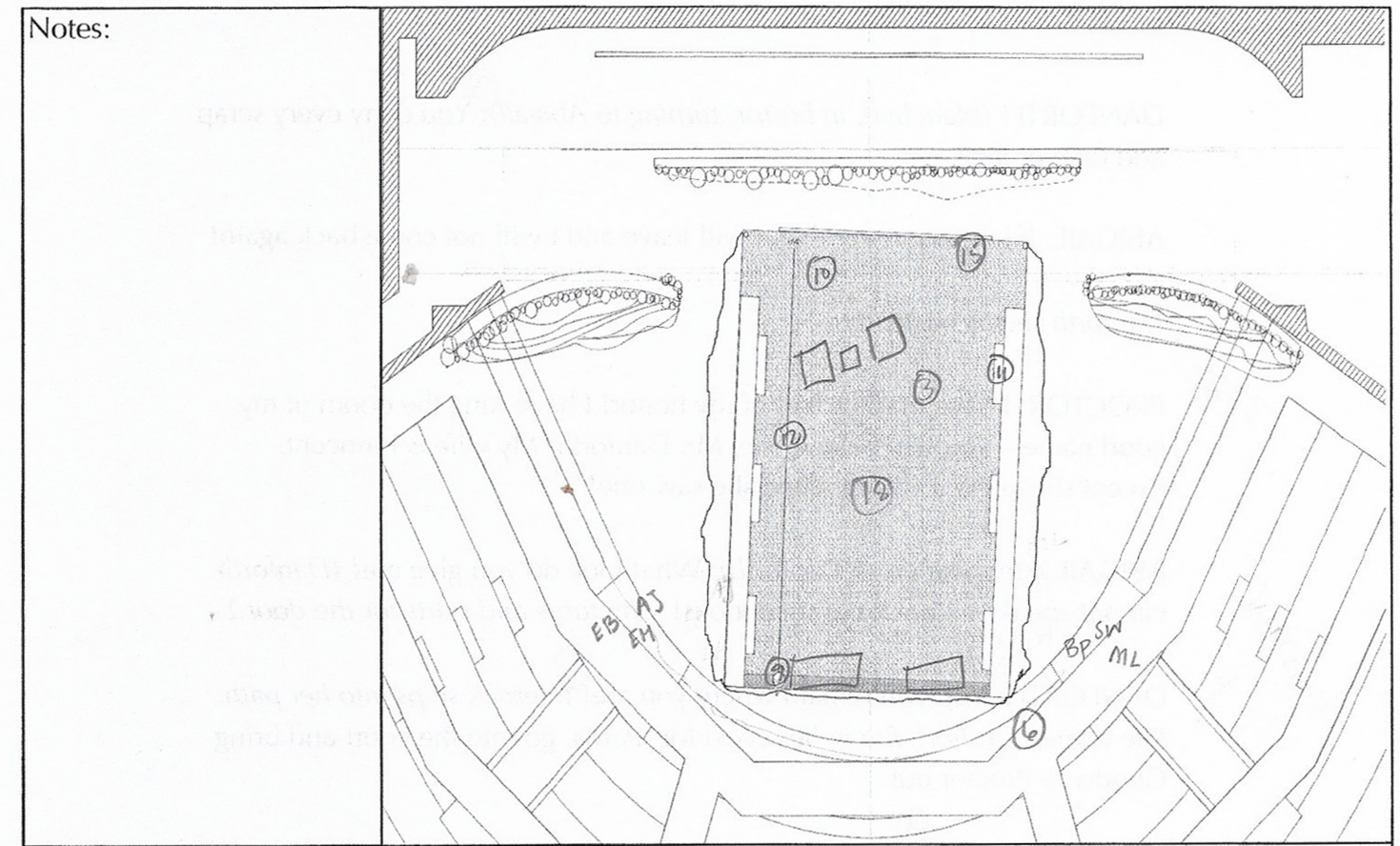
PROCTOR (*his voice about to break, and his shame great*): In the proper place – where my beasts are bedded. On the last night of my joy, some eight months past. She used to serve me in my house, sir. (*He has to clamp his jaw to keep from weeping*) A man may think God sleeps, but God sees everything. I know it now. I beg you, sir, I beg you – see her what she is. My wife, my dear good wife, took this girl soon after, sir, and put her out on the highroad. And being what she is, a lump of vanity, sir – (*He is being overcome*) Excellency, forgive me, forgive me. (*Angrily against himself, he turns away from the Governor for a moment. Then, as though to cry out is his only means of speech left*) She thinks to dance with me on my wife's grave! And well she might, for I thought of her softly. God help me, I lusted, and there is a promise in such sweat. But it is a whore's vengeance, and you must see it, I set myself entirely in your hands. I know you must see it now.

MURMUR  
35:00

35:30

36:00

36:30



② JP ↓  
GD FLLW

③ GD X ↓ ③  
JM step ↑

④ ANX ↓ ④  
MW ↓ ④  
EM x ↑ ④  
EL V ④

⑪ FN step ↓ ⑫

⑬ FN step ↑

⑭ MH release JP, X ↑ ⑮, GD step in ⑧

Time: 28:40