**Call back Sides**

**Abigail:**

Shut up! All of you. We danced. That is all, and mark this, if anyone breathe a word or the edge of a word about the other things, I will come to you in the black of some terrible night, and I will bring with me a pointy reckoning that will shudder you! And you know I can do it. I saw Indians smash my dear parents’ heads on the pillow next to mine. And I have seen some reddish work done at night. And I can make you wish you had never seen the sun go down!

**ABIGAIL:**

 I cannot bear lewd looks no more, John. My spirit's changed entirely. I ought to be given Godly looks when I suffer for them as I do. Look at my leg. I'm holes all over from their damned needles and pins. The jab your wife gave me's not healed yet, y'know. And George Jacobs comes again and again and raps me with his stick - the same spot every night all this week. Looks at the lump I have.

Oh John, the world's so full of hypocrites! They pray in jail, I'm told they pray in jail! And torture me in my bed while sacred words are coming from their mouths! It will need God Himself to cleanse this town properly. If I live, if I am not murdured, I will surely cry out others until the last hypocrite is dead!

But John, you taught me goodness, therefore you are good. It were a fire you walked me through and all my ignorance was burned away. It were a fire, John, we lay in fire. And from that night no woman called me wicked any more but I knew my answer. I used to weep for my sins when the wind lifted up my skirts; and blushed for shame because some old Rebecca called me loose. And then you burned my ignorance away. As bare as some December tree I saw them all – walking like saints to church, running to feed the sick, and hypocrites in their hearts! And God gave me strength to call them liars and God made men listen to me, and by God I will scrub the world clean for the love of Him! John, I will make you such a wife when the world is white again! You will be amazed to see me every day, a light of heaven in your house!

**Side: Herrick, Sarah Good, Tituba**

**Salem Jail**

Herrick: Sarah, wake up! Sarah Good!

Sarah: Oh, Majesty! Comin’, comin’! Tituba, he’s here, His Majesty’s come!

Herrick: 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.

Herrick: Get along with you now, clear this place.

Sarah: 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? (*he gives her the flask)*

Herrick: And where you off to, Sarah?

Tituba: We goin’ to Barbados, soon the Devil gits here with the feathers and the wings.

Herrick: Oh? A happy voyage to you.

Sarah: A pair of bluebirds wining’ southerly, the two of us! Oh, it be a grand transformation, Marshal!

Herrick: You’d best give me that or you’ll never rise off the ground. Come along now.

Tituba: I’ll speak to him for you, if you desires to come along, Marshal.

Herrick: I’d not refuse it, Tituba; it’s the proper morning to fly into Hell.

Tituba: Oh, it be no Hell in Barbados. Devil, him be pleasure – man in Barbados, him be singin’ and dancin’ in Barbados. It’s you folks—you riles him up ‘round here; it be too cold ‘round here for that Old Boy. He freeze his soul in Masachusetts, but in Barbados he just as swweet and *---(a cow bellows*) Ays, sir! That’s him, Sarah!

Sarah: I’m here, Majesty!

**Side: Mary Warren and John Proctor**

PROCTOR: (*moving menacingly toward her)* You will tell the court how that poppet come here and who stuck the needle in.
MARY WARREN: She'll kill me for sayin' that!( *Proctor continues toward her).* Abby'll charge lechery on you, Mr. Proctor!
PROCTOR: ( *halting)* She's told you!
MARY WARREN: I have known it, sir. She'll ruin you with it, I know she will.
PROCTOR: (*hesitating, and with deep hatred of himself)* Good. Then her saintliness is done with. (*Mary backs from him).* We will slide together into our pit; you will tell the court what you know.
MARY WARREN*: (in terror)* I cannot, they'll turn on me –
*(Proctor strides and catches her, and she is repeating) "I cannot, I cannot!"*
PROCTOR: My wife will never die for me! I will bring your guts into your mouth but that goodness will not die for me!
MARY WARREN: (*struggling to escape him)* I cannot do it, I cannot!
PROCTOR: Make your peace with it! Now Hell and Heaven grapple on our backs, and all our old pretense is ripped away-make your peace!

MARY WARREN: "I cannot, I cannot.. *"*

PROCTOR: *(half to himself)* Peace. It is a providence, and no great change; we are only what we always were, but naked now. (*looks to the heavens*) Aye, naked! And the wind, God's icy wind, will blow!

**Side: John Proctor, Hale**

PROCTOR: (*with difficult):* I-I have no witness and cannot prove it except my word be taken. But I know the children's sickness had naught to do with witchcraft.
Hale,( *stopped, struck):* Naught to do-?
PROCTOR: Mr. Parris discovered them sportin' in the woods. They were startled and took sick.
*Pause.*
HALE: Who told you this?
PROCTOR: (*hesitates, the):* Abigail Williams.
HALE: Abigail!
Proctor: Aye.
HALE: (*his eyes wide)* Abigail Williams told you it had naught to do with witchcraft!
PROCTOR: She told me the day you came, sir.
HALE: (*suspiciously☺* Why-why did you keep this?
PROCTOR: I never knew until tonight that the world is gone daft with this nonsense.
HALE: Nonsense! Mister, I have myself examined Tituba, Sarah Good, and numerous others that have confessed to dealing with the Devil. They have *confessed* it.
PROCTOR: And why not, if they must hang for denyin' it? There are them that will swear to anything before they'll hang; have you never thought of that?
HALE: I have. I-I have indeed. And you- would you testify to this in court?
PROCTOR: I-had not reckoned with goin' into court. But if I must I will.
HALE: Do you falter here?
PROCTOR: I falter nothing, but I may wonder if my story will be credited in such a court. I do wonder on it, when such a steady-minded minister as you will suspicion such a woman that never lied, and cannot, and the world knows she cannot! I may falter somewhat, Mister; I am no fool.

**Side: John Proctor and Danforth**

PROCTOR: You will not use me! I am no Sarah Good or Tituba, I am John Proctor! You will not use me! It is no part of salvation that you should use me!
DANFORTH: I do not wish to-
PROCTOR: 1 have three children-how may I teach them to walk like men in the world, and I sold my friends?
DANFORTH: You have not sold your friends-
PROCTOR: Beguile me not! I blacken all of them when this is nailed to the church the very day they hang for silence!
DANFORTH: Mr. Proctor, I must have good and legal proof that you-
PROCTOR: You are the high court, your word is good enough! Tell them I confessed myself; say Proctor broke his knees and wept like a woman; say what you will, but my name cannot –
DANFORTH: (*with suspicion)* It is the same, is it not? If I report it or you sign to it?
PROCTOR: (*he knows it is insane)* No, it is not the same! What others say and what I sign to is not the same!
DANFORTH: Why? Do you mean to deny this confession when you are free?
PROCTOR: I mean to deny nothing!
DANFORTH: Then explain to me, Mr. Proctor, why you will not let-
PROCTOR: (*with a cry of his whole soul)*: Because it is my name! Because I cannot have another in my life! Because I lie and sign myself to lies! Because I am not worth the dust on the feet of them that hang! How may I live without my name? I have given you my soul; leave me my name!
DANFORTH: (*pointing at the confession in Proctor's hand*) Is that document a lie? If it is a lie I will not accept it! What say you? I will not deal in lies, Mister! (*Proctor is motionless).* You will give me your honest confession in my hand, or I cannot keep you from the rope. Proctor does not reply. Which way do you go, Mister?
*(His breast heaving, his eyes staring, Proctor tears the paper and crumples it.)*

**Side: Danforth, Mary Warren, Parris, Hathorne, Hale (A)**

DANFORTH, (*with a gleam of victory☺* And yet, when people accused of witchery confronted you in court, you would faint, saying their spirits came out of their bodies and choked you-
MARY WARREN: That were pretense, sir.
DANFORTH: I cannot hear you.
MARY WARREN: Pretense, sir.
PARRIS: But you did turn cold, did you not? I myself picked you up many times, and your skin were icy. Mr. Danforth, you-
DANFORTH: I saw that many times.
PROCTOR: She only pretended to faint, Your Excellency. They're all marvelous pretenders.
HATHORNE: Then can she pretend to faint now?
PROCTOR: Now?
PARRIS: Why not? Now there are no spirits attacking her, for none in this room is accused of witchcraft. So let her turn herself cold now, let her pretend she is attacked now, let her faint. He turns to Mary Warren. Faint!
MARY WARREN: Faint?
PARRIS: Aye, faint. Prove to us how you pretended in the court so many times.
MARY WARREN, ( *looking to Proctor*☺ I-cannot faint now, sir,
PROCTOR, (*alarmed, quietly*☺ Can you not pretend it?
MARY WARREN: I- (*She looks about as though searching for the passion to faint*.) I-have no sense of it now, I-
DANFORTH: Why? What is lacking now?
MARY WARREN: I-cannot tell, sir, I-
DANFORTH: Might it be that here we have no afflicting spirit loose, but in the court there were some?
MARY WARREN: I never saw no spirits.
PARRIS: Then see no spirits now, and prove to us that you can faint by your own will, as you claim.
MARY WARREN, (*stares, searching for the emotion of it, and then shakes her head: I-cannot do it.)*

**Side: Danforth, Mary Warren, Parris, Hathorne, Hale (B)**

PROCTOR: Mary, tell the Governor what they-( *He has hardly got a word out, when, seeing him coming for her, she rushes out of his reach, screaming in horror.)*MARY WARREN: Don't touch me-don't touch me!
PROCTOR: (*astonished*:) Mary!
MARY WARREN☹ *pointing at Proctor*:) You're the Devil's man!
PARRIS: Praise God!
PROCTOR☹ *numbed*) Mary, how-?
MARY WARREN: I'll not hang with you! I love God, I love God.
DANFORTH: (*to Mary*) He bid you do the Devil's work?
MARY WARREN: (*hysterically, indicating Proctor*) He come at me by night and every day to sign, to sign, to-
DANFORTH: Sign what?
PARRIS: The Devil's book? He come with a book?
MARY WARREN: ( *hysterically, pointing at Proctor, fearful of him*) My name, he want my name. "I'll murder you," he says, "if my wife hangs! We must go and overthrow the court," he says!
PROCTOR*: (turning, appealing to Hale*) Mr. Hale!
MARY WARREN:( *her sobs beginning*) He wake me every night, his eyes were like coals and his fingers claw my neck, and I sign, I sign...
HALE: Excellency, this child's gone wild!
PROCTOR: (*as Danforth's wide eyes pour on him*) Mary, Mary!
MARY WARREN: ( *screaming at him*) No, I love God; I go your way no more. I love God, I bless God.
DANFORTH: (*to Proctor*) What are you? (*Proctor is beyond speech in his anger.)* You are combined with anti-Christ, are you not? I have seen your power; you will not deny it! What say you, Mister?

**Side: John Proctor and Elizabeth Proctor**

John: I think you are sad again. Are you?

Elizabeth: You come so late I thought you’d gone to Salem this afternoon.

John: Why? I have no business in Salem?

Elizabeth: You did speak of going, earlier this week.

John: (knowing what she means) I thought better of it since.

Elizabeth: Mary Warren’s there today.

John: Why’d you let her? You heard me forbid her to go to Salem any more!

Elizabeth: I couldn’t stop her.

John: *(holding back condemnation of her)* It is a fault, it is a fault, Elizabeth – you’re the mistress here, not Mary Warren.

Elizabeth: She frightened all my strength away.

John: How may that mouse frighten you, Elizabeth? You—

Elizabeth: It is a mouse no more. I forbid her to go, and she raises up her chin like thd daughter of a pr4ince and says to me, “I must go to Salem, Goody Proctor; I am an official of the court!”

John: Court! What court?

Elizabeth: Aye, it is a proper court they have now. They’ve sent four judges out of Boston, she says, weighty magistrates of the General Court, and at the head sits the Deputy Governor of the Province.

John: Shy, she’s mad.

Elizabeth: I would to God she were. There be fourteen people in the jail now, she says. And they’ll be tried, and the court have power to hang them too, she says.

John: Ah, they’d never hang—

Elizabeth: The Deputy Governor promise hangin’ if they’ll not confess, John. The town’s gone wild, I think. She speak of Abigail, and I thought she were a saint to hear her. Abigail brings the other girls into the court, and where she walks the crowd will part like the sea for Israel. And folks are brought before them, and if they scream and howl and fall to the floor – the person’s clapped in the jail for bewitchin’ them.

John: Oh, it is a black mischief.

Elizabeth: I think you must go to Salem, John. I think so. You must tell them it is a fraud.

John: Aye, it is, it is surely.