

DANFORTH  
HALE

DANFORTH. Mister Hale.

HALE. (*Regretfully.*) We cannot blink it more. There is a prodigious fear of this court in the country... (*Corey nods slightly in agreement.*)

DANFORTH. Then there is a prodigious guilt in the country. Are you afraid to be questioned here?

HALE. (*Not sure.*) ... I may only fear the Lord, sir, but there is fear in the country, nevertheless.

DANFORTH. (*He is angered now.*) Reproach me not with the fear in the country; there is fear in the country because there is a moving plot to topple Christ in the country!

HALE. But it does not follow that everyone accused is part of it.

DANFORTH. No uncorrupted man may fear this court, Mister Hale! (*Directly at Proctor.*) None! Mr. Corey, you are under arrest in contempt of this court. Now sit you down and take counsel with yourself, or you will be set in the jail until you decide to answer all questions. (*Corey goes for Putnam.*)

PROCTOR. No, Giles!

COREY. I'll cut your throat, Putnam! I'll kill you yet.

PROCTOR. (*Put Giles on bench L.*) Peace, Giles, peace! We'll prove ourselves, now we will.

COREY. Say nothin' more, John. He's only playing you. He means to hang us all.

DANFORTH. This is a court of law, Mister. I'll have no effrontery here.

PROCTOR. Forgive him, sir, for his old age. Peace, Giles, we'll prove it all now. (*Putnam exits D. R. Crossing to U. L. of Mary, Proctor puts his hands on her arms.*) You cannot weep, Mary. Remember the angel what he say to the boy. Hold to it, now; there is your rock. (*Mary quiets. He takes out a paper and turns to Danforth.*) This is Mary Warren's deposition. I... I would ask you remember, sir, while you read it, that until two week ago she were no different than the other children are today. (*He is speaking reasonably, restraining all his fears, his anger, his anxiety, like a young lawyer.*) You saw her scream, she howled, she swore familiar spirits choked her; she even testified that Satan, in the form of women now in jail, tried to win her soul away, and then when she refused...

DANFORTH. We know all this.

PROCTOR. Ay, sir. She swears now that she *never* saw Satan; nor *any* spirit, vague or clear, that Satan may have sent to hurt her. And she declares her friends are lying now.

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