

The Crucible

Audition

John Proctor

DANFORTH (*A pause. His eyes stare incredulously at Proctor.*) You. . . you are a lecher?

NURSE. (*Horrified.*) John, you cannot. .

PROCTOR. No, Francis, it is true, it is true. (*Back to Danforth.*) She will deny it, but you will believe *me*, sir; a man. . . a man will not cast away his good name, sir, you surely know that-

DANFORTH In what time. . . ? In what time, in what place?

PROCTOR. (*Hanging head, turning front*) In the proper place -where my beasts are bedded. Eight months now, sir, it is eight months. She used to serve me in my house, sir. 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 high road. And being what she is, a lump of vanity, sir. . . . (*Starts to weep.*) Excellency, forgive me, forgive me. She thinks to dance with me on my wife's grave ! And well ,he might !- for I thought of her *softly*, God help me, I lusted, and there is a promise in such sweat ! but it i, a whore's vengeance, and you must see it; I set myself entirely in your hands, I know you must see it now. My wife is innocent, except she know a whore when she see one.