

The Crucible
Recall Audition
Mary Warren

MARY. (*Weakly, sickly.*) I am sick, I am sick, Mister Proctor. Pray, pray, hurt me not. My insides are all shuddery; I am in the proceedings all day, sir.

PROCTOR. (*Angrily in a loud voice as Mary is crossing.*) And what of these proceedings here ?-when will you proceed to keep this house as you are paid nine *pound* a year to do ?-and my wife not wholly well?

MARY. (*Crossing L. to Elizabeth, taking small rag doll from pocket in her undershirt.*) I made a gift for you today, Goody Proctor. I had to sit long hours in a chair, and passed the time with sewing.

ELIZABETH. (*Perplexed, she looks at the doll.*) Why, thank you, it's a fair poppet.

MARY. (*Fervently, with a trembling, decayed voice.*) We must all love each other now, Goody Proctor.

ELIZABETH. (*Amazed at her strangeness.*) -Aye, indeed we must.

MARY. I'll get up early in the morning and clean the house. I must sleep now.

PROCTOR. Mary. Is it true there be fourteen women arrested? MARY. No, sir. There be thirty-nine now. . . . (*She suddenly breaks off and sobs.*)

ELIZABETH. (*Rising and crossing to :Mary.*) Why, she's weepin' ! What ails you, child?

MARY. Goody Osburn. . . will hang! (*Elizabeth hugs her.*)

PROCTOR. Hang! Hang, y'say?

MARY. Aye. . .

PROCTOR. The Deputy Governor will permit it?

MARY. He sentenced her. He must - (*Taking her head from Elizabeth's shoulder. to ameliorate it.*) But not Sarah Good. For Sarah Good confessed, y'see.

PROCTOR. Confessed! To what'?

MARY. That she sometimes made a compact with Lucifer, and wrote her name in his black book-with her blood-and bound herself to torment Christians till God's thrown down. . . and we all must worship Hell forevermore. (*Elizabeth puts doll on table.*)

PROCTOR. But. . . surely you know what a jabberer she is. Did you tell them that?

MARY. Mister Proctor, in open court she near to choked us all to death.

PROCTOR. 'How choked you"

MARY. She sent her *spirit* out.

ELIZABETH. Oh, Mary, Mary, surely you. . .

MARY. She tried to kill me many times, Goody Proctor'

ELIZABETH. Why, ! never heard you mention that before.

MARY. (*Innocently.*) ! never *knew* it before. I never knew any. thing before. When she come into the court I say to myself, [must not accuse this woman, for she sleep in ditches, and so very old and poor. . . . But then. . . then she sit there, denying and denying, and I feel a misty coldness climbin' up my back, and the skin on my skull begin to creep, and I feel a clamp around my neck and I cannot breathe air; and then. . . (*Entranced as though it were a miracle.*) I hear a voice, a screamin' voice, and it were my voice. . . and all at once I remembered everything she done to me! (*Slight pause as Proctor watches Elizabeth pass him, then speaks, being aware of Elizabeth's alarm*)

PROCTOR. (*Looking at Elizabeth.*) Why?-What did she do to you?

MARY. (*Like one awakened to a marvellous secret insight.*) So many time, Mister Proctor, she come to this very door beggin' bread and a cup of cider-and mark *this-whenver* I turned her away empty-she *mumbled*.