

INT. PROCTOR, (DANFORTH, & FRANCIS NURSE)

PROCTOR

(Trembling, his life
collapsing around him.)

I have known her, sir. I have known her.

DANFORTH

You- you are a lecher?

FRANCIS NURSE

(Horrorified.)

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
with great shame.)

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 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.