

The Crucible

## Abigail/Proctor

2017 Auditions

Abigail: *confidential, wicked air.* We were dancin' in the woods last night, and my uncle leaped in on us. She took fright, is all.

Proctor, *his smile widening:* Ah, you're wicked yet, aren't y'! A *trill of expectant laughter escapes her, and she dares come closer, feverishly looking into his eyes.* You'll be clapped in the stocks before you're twenty.

*He takes a step to go, and she springs into his path.*

Abigail: Give me a word, John. A soft word. *Her concentrated desire destroys his smile.*

Proctor: No, no, Abby. That's done with.

Abigail, *tauntingly:* You come five mile to see a silly girl fly? I know you better.

Proctor, *setting her firmly out of his path:* I come to see what mischief your uncle's brewin' now. *With final emphasis:* Put it out of mind, Abby.

Abigail, *grasping his hand before he can release her:* John - I am waitin' for you every night.

Proctor: Abby, I never give you hope to wait for me.

Abigail, *now beginning to anger - she can't believe it:* I have something better than hope, I think!

Proctor: Abby, you'll put it out of mind. I'll not be comin' for you

more. Abigail: You're surely sportin' with me.

Proctor: You know me better.

Abigail: I know how you clutched my back behind your house and sweated like a stallion whenever I come near! Or did I dream that? It's she put me out, you cannot pretend it were you. I saw your face when she put me out, and you loved me then and you do now!

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Proctor: Abby, that's a wild thing to say -

Abigail: A wild thing may say wild things. But not so wild, I think. I have seen you since she put me out; I have seen you nights.

Proctor: I have hardly stepped off my farm this sevenmonth.

Abigail: I have a sense for heat, John, and yours has drawn me to my window, and I have seen you looking up, burning in your loneliness. Do you tell me you've never looked up at my window?

Proctor: I may have looked up.

Abigail, *now softening*: And you must. You are no wintry man. I know you, John. I *know* you. *She is weeping*. I cannot sleep for dreamin'; I cannot dream but I wake and walk about the house as though I'd find you comin' through some door. *She clutches him desperately*.

Proctor, *gently pressing her from him, with great sympathy but*

*firmly*: Child - Abigail, *with a pash of anger*: How do you call me

child!

Proctor: Abby, I may think of you softly from time to time. But I will cut off my hand before I'll ever reach for you again. Wipe it out of mind. We never touched, Abby.

Abigail: Aye, but we did.

Proctor: Aye, but we did

not.

Abigail, *with a bitter anger*: Oh, I marvel how such a strong man may let such a sickly wife be -

Proctor, *angered - at himself as well*: You'll speak nothin' of

Elizabeth!

Abigail: She is blackening my name in the village! She is telling -

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lies about me! . She is a cold, sniveling woman, and you bend

to her! Let her turn you like a -

Proctor, *shaking her*: Do you look for whippin'?

*A psalm is heard being sung below.*

Abigail, *in tears*: I look for John Proctor that took me from my sleep and put knowledge in my heart! I never knew what pretense Salem was, I never knew the lying lessons I was taught by all these Christian women and their covenanted men! And now you bid me tear the light out of my eyes? I will not, I cannot! You loved me, John Proctor, and whatever sin it is, you love me yet! *He turns abruptly to go out. She rushes to him. John, pity me, pity me!*

*The words "going up to Jesus" are heard in the psalm and Betty claps her ears suddenly and whines loudly.*

Abigail: Betty? *She hurries to Betty, who is now sitting up and screaming. Proctor goes to Betty as Abigail is trying to pull her hands down, calling "Betty!"*

Proctor, *growing unnerved*: What's she doing? Girl, what ails you? Stop that wailing!

*The singing has stopped in the midst of this, and now Parris rushes in.*

Parris: What happened? What are you doing to her? Betty! *He rushes to the bed, crying, "Betty, Betty!" Mrs. Putnam enters, feverish with curiosity, and with her Thomas Putnam and Mercy Lewis. Parris, at the bed, keeps lightly slapping Betty's face, while she moans and tries to get up.*

Abigail: She heard you singin' and suddenly she's up and screamin'.

Mrs. Putnam: The psalm! The psalm! She cannot bear to hear the Lord's name!