

It's Complicated #1

PROCTOR: If the crop is good I'll buy George Jacob's heifer. How would that please you?

ELIZABETH: Aye, it would.

PROCTOR *(with a grin):* I mean to please you, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH *(It is hard to say):* I know it, John.

(He gets up, goes to her, kisses her. She receives it. With a certain disappointment, he returns to the table.)

It's Complicated #2

PROCTOR (as gently as he can): Cider?

ELIZABETH (*with a sense of reprimanding herself for having forgot*): Aye! (*She gets up and goes and pours a glass for him. He now arches his back.*)

PROCTOR: This farm's a continent when you go foot by foot droppin' seeds in it.

ELIZABETH (*coming with the cider*): It must be.

PROCTOR (*drinks a long draught, then, putting the glass down*): You ought to bring some flowers in the house.

ELIZABETH: Oh! I forgot! I will tomorrow.

It's Complicated #3

(There is a pause. She is watching him from the table as he stands there absorbing the night. It is as though she would speak but cannot. Instead, now, she takes up his plate and glass and fork and goes with them to the basin. Her back is turned to him. He turns to her and watches her. A sense of their separation rises.)

PROCTOR: I think you're sad again. Are you?

ELIZABETH *(She doesn't want friction, and yet she must):* You come so late I thought you'd gone to Salem this afternoon.

PROCTOR: Why? I have no business in Salem.

It's Complicated #4

ELIZABETH: Let you go to Ezekiel Cheever—he knows you well. And tell him what she said to you last week in her uncle's house. She said it had naught to do with witchcraft, did she not?

PROCTOR *(in thought):* Aye, she did, she did. *(now, a pause)*

ELIZABETH *(quietly, fearing to anger him by prodding):* God forbid you keep that from the court, John. I think they must be told.

PROCTOR *(quietly, struggling with his thought):* Aye, they must, they must. It is a wonder they do believe her.

ELIZABETH: I would go to Salem now, John—let you go tonight.

It's Complicated #5

ELIZABETH: I would go to Salem now, John—let you go tonight.

PROCTOR: I'll think on it.

ELIZABETH (*with her courage now*): You cannot keep it, John.

PROCTOR (*angering*): I know I cannot keep it. I say I will think on it!

ELIZABETH (*hurt, and very coldly*): Good, then, let you think on it. (*She stands and starts to walk out of the room.*)

It's Complicated #6

PROCTOR: I am only wondering how I may prove what she told me, Elizabeth. If the girl's a saint now, I think it is not easy to prove she's fraud, and the town gone so silly. She told it to me in a room alone—I have no proof for it.

ELIZABETH: You were alone with her?

PROCTOR (*stubbornly*): For a moment alone, aye.

ELIZABETH: Why, then, it is not as you told me.

PROCTOR (*his anger rising*): For a moment, I say. The others come in soon after.

ELIZABETH (*quietly—she has suddenly lost all faith in him*): Do as you wish, then. (*She starts to turn.*)

It's Complicated #7

PROCTOR: Woman. *(She turns to him.)* I'll not have your suspicion any more.

ELIZABETH *(a little loftily):* I have no—

PROCTOR: I'll not have it!

ELIZABETH: Then let you not earn it.

PROCTOR *(with a violent undertone):* You doubt me yet?

ELIZABETH *(with a smile, to keep her dignity):* John, if it were not Abigail that you must go to hurt, would you falter now? I think not.

PROCTOR: Now look you—

ELIZABETH: I see what I see, John.

It's Complicated #8

PROCTOR *(with solemn warning)*: You will not judge me more, Elizabeth. I have good reason to think before I charge fraud on Abigail, and I will think on it. Let you look to your own improvement before you go to judge your husband any more. I have forgot Abigail, and—

ELIZABETH: And I.

PROCTOR: Spare me! You forget nothin' and forgive nothin'. Learn charity, woman. I have gone tiptoe in this house all seven month since she is gone. I have not moved from there to there without I think to please you, and still an everlasting funeral marches round your heart. I cannot speak but I am doubted, every moment judged for lies, as though I come into a court when I come into this house!

It's Complicated #9

PROCTOR: I'll plead my honesty no more, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH (*now she would justify herself*): John, I am only—

PROCTOR: No more! I should have roared you down when first you told me your suspicion. But I wilted, and, like a Christian, I confessed. Confessed! Some dream I had must have mistaken you for God that day. But you're not, you're not, and let you remember it! Let you look sometimes for the goodness in me, and judge me not.

ELIZABETH: I do not judge you. The magistrate sits in your heart that judges you. I never thought you but a good man, John—(with a smile)—only somewhat bewildered.