

## **Prolouge**

*Two show hosts enter the stage. They speak directly to the cameras/audience in a cheery/cringy manner. While talking they go over to their station (stage right). They talk about the big media spectacle that is the new settlement Salem on planet X. Also, they discuss the review of the last year which is shown as a video installation. A laughter/applause sign atop the stage.*

GARY: Hello hello and welcome everybody – greetings earthlings and beyond!

STELLA: It's Friday the 12<sup>th</sup> of July 2084 – in case you needed reminding... You tuned in on the X show where we talk about the latest happenings in our wonderful colonies in outer space. I'm your host Stellar Stella and I'm here with the one who's always over the moon, the fantastic Galactic Gary.

GARY: Why, thank you Stella! I was a little downtrodden before the show...

STELLA: Why what's the matter?

GARY: My boyfriend broke up with me this morning... *awkward pause*. He needed more space!  
*Finger guns*

*Laughter*

GARY: Dodged a meteor there! But she was always star-ring up trouble anyways...

STELLA: Gary, you never fail to make me simultaneously laugh and cringe... Alright, let's not get sidetracked and get our audience on board with the latest space news. First, we're gonna have a little review of the last year.

GARY: Keep tuned in everybody – we're about to rocket into another pun-packed adventure!

*[VIDEO INSTALLATION STARTS]*

GARY: WOW, that was extra – terrestrial! I just hope nobody spaced out!

STELLA: Oh Gary... you're the pun-damental force in our universe. Now, we wouldn't be here if there wasn't brand-new and extra-exciting news from our outer space colonies. Our cameras have followed the latest mission to make a new home on planet X --

GARY: The one we have all been excited about – Salem, now THAT'S a place to have children. But let's watch super-fresh footage that just came in this morning! And remember everyone...

STELLA/GARY: REDUCE, REUSE, RECYCLE!

*Applause. Curtain opens.*

## Act 1 Scene 1:

DOLLY: What are you doing out here? *Looks at Abigail.* Brandi-Lynn, you know you shouldn't be seen with...

BRANDI-LYNN, *interrupts her, fake joy:* Dolly! How nice! Abby and I were marvelling at the stars. How different they are compared to back home, how they light up the sky here!

DOLLY: No wonder, the stars are still visible here. *Looks at Brandy-Lynn like she is stupid.*

BRANDI-LYNN: Abby wanted to show me some constellations she made up and you know what a sucker I am for constellations. I mean, here we can create our own, isn't that amazing? Abby why don't you show them to Dolly?

ABIGAIL: I doubt she would recognise any. Have you ever looked up dolly or is your neck always as bent as when I see you with your new household the Tyremans?

DOLLY: Abby I...

ABIGAIL: Don't sweat it, Dolly, you can have them, by God, you can have *him*. Tell me, does he hit you? Do you like it?

BRANDI-LYNN: Abby!

DOLLY: He... you know how it is. Elly Tyrman is fine... but then he... I thought they wouldn't be as bad.

BRANDI-LYNN: I know, I know. But we will get through this and when our debts are paid, they can't do shit to us anymore! This is our chance at freedom, and I won't let that be ruined. *Looks at Abigail, who looks at her with raised eyebrows.* Abby, I'm sorry, but I must put myself first now, I can't be... you know... I'm sorry!

ABIGAIL: Oh, beat it. If that is your small-minded pursuit of happiness, if you love your happy-face-slave-work so much... *Looks at them intensely.* You don't have to endure this, you know.

BRANDI-LYNN: I told, you it's not that easy for me, ... for us. I mean, it's not easy for you – oh you know what I mean!

DOLLY: I cannot be out of work, Abby – I just started working for the Tyrmans.

ABIGAIL: But Dolly if you could have anything that you wanted, what would you choose?

DOLLY: I am gonna have everything I desire. I am here and I am happy. Well I will be once I find a husband.

ABIGAIL: You could be now...

DOLLY: What do you mean?

BRANDI-LYNN: What do you know Abby, what are you not telling us?

ABIGAIL: Nothing, I know nothing.

BRANDI-LYNN: Spit it out, what do you know?

ABIGAIL: Ynanna!

BRANDI-LYNN: Ynanna...what Abby...

ABIGAIL: Ynanna, she is more powerful than you think. In ways the spiritual leaders don't like. We could use her to our advantage and give destiny a little nudge in the right direction.

DOLLY: This is treason!

ABIGAIL: How will they now. Just trust me. Nobody will find out... if you keep your mouth shut. You will keep it shut. Ynanna has her price though.

**Act 1 Scene 2:**

YNANNA, *already taking a step backward*: How's my Phoebe doing?

NARWIT: Ynanna, get out of here!

YNANNA: My Phoebe's gonna be okay...

NARWIT: Leave! Phoebe. Why won't you wake up? Phoebe, wake up! I don't like this! What happened to you? My poor, innocent child.

ABIGAIL: Uncle? The medical center sent Candice over.

NARWIT: Hurry, hurry. My niece has not woken up since last night! She is hallucinating. It could be a fever.

ABIGAIL: Come in, Candice.

*CANDICE enters.*

NARWIT, *eagerly*: Do they have a diagnosis for me?

CANDICE, *craning around Narwit to get a look at Phoebe*: The medical center told me... I think they have found nothing yet. If I may say so, might be something strange, from this strange planet.

NARWIT: Then they must search on.

CANDICE: Aye, sir, they have been searchin' since you called, sir... *hesitantly* But they bid me tell you, that you might look to... unnatural things for the cause of it.

NARWIT, *his eyes going wide*: No-no. There is no unnatural cause here. I am sure of that. Quite sure. However, if there is anything... Oh Spirits be with me. Tell them I have sent for inquisitor Dark, and the inquisitor will surely confirm that. *To himself* I am just doing my job as spiritual leader of this colony. A man has to make hard decisions sometimes. I am just making sure...

CANDICE: Yes, sir. *She turns to go.*

ABIGAIL, *whispers*: Keep your mouth shut. Nothing happened, Candice.

NARWIT: Go directly home and speak of nothing you saw here. Everything is all right. Phoebe just has a little fever, you know how delicate she is.

CANDICE: Yes, sir. *She goes out.*

ABIGAIL: Uncle, there is rumor of witchcraft in town.; I think you should clear that up right away. I'll stay with Phoebe.

NARWIT: And what shall I say to them? That my daughter and my niece were discovered dancing like savage beasts in the forest? We are a happy community full of light and obedience. Why, Abby, why...

ABIGAIL: Since when is dancing a crime uncle, we did dance; alone, in the forest, I confessed it —punish me if you must. But they're speakin' of witchcraft. Phoebe's not under any dark force.

NARWIT: Abigail, I cannot speak openly to the community when I feel that you are hiding something. Punishment will come be sure of it, I want you to tell me if you conjured any dark spirits that my cloud your judgement now. Be open with me. I can help.

ABIGAIL: Phoebe is a little frightened girl and she fainted when our gathering was discovere. And there's the whole of it. But we never conjured spirits. I swear it on my dead mother's grave.

NARWIT: Abby I have many enemies. If this shall come out... Now then, in the midst of such disruption, my own household is discovered to be the very center of some obscene practice. Abominations are done in the forest-

ABIGAIL: It was just a stupid joke, some silly fun!

NARWIT, *pointing at PHOEBE*: You call this fun? *She is silent*. Why was Ynanna waving her arms, eyes turned white, howling at the moons? Why was she doing that? And I heard screaming, who was screaming?

ABIGAIL: That's just Ynanna. You know she was raised differently...

NARWIT: Now tell me the truth Abigail. The weight of this colony rests upon my shoulders, for now my office is at stake, my leadership is undermined. By lying you could gamble your cousin's life away. Our prosperity. Tell me now, before I talk to the people!

ABIGAIL: There is nothing more. I swear it, uncle.

NARWIT, *studies her, then nods, half convinced*: Abigail, I have fought here three long years to bend these stiff-necked people to me, and now, just now when some good respect is rising for me in this colony, you compromise my very character. I have given you a home, child, I have put clothes upon your back—now give me upright answer. Your name in the town—it is entirely clean, is it not?

ABIGAIL: By my good name, I swear it!

### Act 1 Scene 3

NARWIT: Oh, good day, Mr. Avarish.

AVARISH, *looking down at Phoebe*: Why, *her* eyes are closed! Look, Millicent.

MRS. AVARISH: That's strange. *To Narwit*: My daughter's eyes are open.

NARWIT, *shocked*: Your Naima is sick?

MRS. AVARISH, *with vicious certainty*: I'd not call it sick; Evil spirits possess her taking away all the health and good from the colony. Witches!!

*Narwit is struck.*

AVARISH, *as though for further details*: They say you've sent for the high inquisitor?

NARWIT, *with dwindling conviction now*: A precaution only. The inquisitor has much experience in all demonic arts, and has great knowledge of this planet.

MRS. AVARISH: They say she already exposed a witch!

NARWIT: Now, MRS AVARISH, they only thought that were a witch, and I am certain there be no element of witchcraft here. Especially not at a community leaders house. Not in this colony and not on this planet.

AVARISH: You don't know that. You can never be sure of such things...

NARWIT: But, Mr. Avarish, you cannot—

AVARISH: Millicent! Tell Mr. Narwit what you have done.

MRS. AVARISH: Community Leader Narwit, first let me tell you I am a proud and happy leader of this community. I am dutiful to my community and my husband. Still this planet or whatever has taken seven of my beautiful babies. Healthy beautiful children they withered away in my arms. Do think this natural causes? I certainly don't. And now my Naima is sick. Sick and strange indeed. So I came to ask your Ynanna...

NARWIT: Ynanna! What may Ynanna—?

MRS. AVARISH: Ynanna knows how to speak to the dead, Mr. Narwit. She uses the powers of this planet.

NARWIT: Oh dear, nobody can talk to the dead, besides it is against the definitive rules of our colony and community to conjure dark and unnatural secrets.

MRS. AVARISH: I was desperate! I want to know who murdered my babies!

NARWIT, *horrified*: Woman!

MRS. AVARISH: They were murdered, Mr. Narwit! I found the proof in the midst of the circle last night. Underneath the full moons, Ynanna's cauldron revealed it! My Naima told me everything. Poor child now she is under her spell.

AVARISH: Don't you understand? There is a murdering witch among us.

NARWIT, *to Abigail*: Then you were conjuring dark spirits last night.

ABIGAIL, *whispering*: Not I, sir. Ynanna and Naima did.

NARWIT: In my house? In my house? They will topple me with this! They will make of it an example, I am ruined!

#### From Act I, Scene 4

ABIGAIL: What is going on with Naima?

BRANDI-LYNN: I don't know. She seems to be sleepwalking everywhere. But if you ask me it is all show. They are just trying to avoid the consequences of their actions. Brats, spoiled little brats.

ABIGAIL, *turns at once and goes to Phoebe, and now, with fear in her voice*: Phoebe? Now stop this! Phoebe! Sit up now! You get us all in trouble.

*Phoebe doesn't move. Brandi-Lynn comes over.*

BRANDI-LYNN: Have you tried hitting her? I gave Naima a good one and it waked her for a minute. Here, let me have her.

Abigail, *holding Brandi-Lynn back*: No, Narwit will be back any minute. It will not sit well with him-. Listen, now; if they be questioning us, tell them we danced-I told him as much already.

BRANDI-LYNN: Oh man. And what more?

ABIGAIL: He knows Yanna called on Naima's dead sisters.

BRANDI-LYNN: Oh dear Spirits! What a pickle.

*Dolly, enters.*

DOLLY: Oh dear Spirtis? We are done. So done. The colony's talking witchcraft! I just come from the farm! They'll be callin' us witches, Abby!

BRANDI-LYNN, *pointing and looking at Dolly*: She is going to break like the little twiggly twig she is.

DOLLY: Abby, we've got to tell. Witchery's no good ere. We'll be dead soon for that silly stunt of yours. Man have died for lot less foolishness. They are like mad cows ere. Runnin around blind and scared. Remember two winters ago the girl with all the hair. Bit of a loner. Not so happy and proper. Did not end well for her. We must tell the truth, Abby! You'll only be punished for dancin', and the other things!

ABIGAIL: Oh, *we'll* be punished!

DOLLY: I never done none of it, Abby. I only looked!

BRANDI-LYNN, *moving menacingly toward Dolly*: Oh, you're a great one for lookin', aren't you, Dolly? What a peeping Tom you are. Only looking that's for sure. Grow a pair!

*Phoebe, on the bed, whimpers. Abigail turns to her at once.*

ABIGAIL: Phoebe? Now, Phoebe, sweet Phoebe wake up now. It's Abigail. *She sits Phoebe up and furiously shakes her.* Wake up or I'll beat you, Phoebe! *Phoebe whimpers.*

PHOEBE, *runs of*: It is all your fault. Leave me alone. I want to go home. I am gonna fly back.

ABIGAIL, *approaches Phoebe*: What is your Problem. You are home. This is-

PHOEBE: I'll fly back. Let me fly! Like the birds and the bats I am gonna fly,

ABIGAIL, *pulling her away from the window*: I told him everything; he knows now, he knows everything we—

PHOEBE: You drank blood, Abby! You didn't tell him that! You did, you did! You want to kill Joe Tyrman's wife! You drank blood to to kill Elli Tyrman!

*But Phoebe collapses in her hands and lies inert on the bed.*

## From Act 2, Scene 1

*The Tyrman's pod, a couple days later.*

*From above, Elly Tyrman is heard softly singing. Presently the door opens and Joe Tyrman enters, carrying his gun, like a patriarch. He glances about the room as he comes toward the fireplace, then halts for an instant as he hears her singing. Elly Tyrman enters.*

ELLY TYRMAN: Why are you so late? It's almost dark.

JOE TYRMAN: I was planting – at the edge of the forest.

ELLY TYRMAN: Oh, you're finished then.

JOE TYRMAN: Yeah, the farm is seeded.

[uncomfortable silence]

JOE TYRMAN: Let's hope for a good summer.

ELLY TYRMAN: Agreed.

JOE TYRMAN: Are you doing okay today?

ELLY TYRMAN: I am. *She brings the plate to the table.*

JOE TYRMAN: It's delicious – well seasoned.

ELLY TYRMAN, *blushing with pleasure*: I took great care.

*Tyrman eats, then looks up.*

JOE TYRMAN, *with a grin*: I want to please you, Elly Tyrman.

ELLY TYRMAN—*it is hard to say*: I know it, John.

*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.*

JOE TYRMAN: You seem sad again. Are you?

ELLY TYRMAN—*she doesn't want friction, and yet she must*: You came home so late. I thought you had gone to Salem this afternoon.

JOE TYRMAN: Why? I have no business in Salem.

ELLY TYRMAN: You mentioned going, earlier this week.

JOE TYRMAN—*he knows what she means*: I thought better of it since.

ELLY TYRMAN: Dolly's there today.

JOE TYRMAN: Why'd you let her? You heard me forbid her to go to Salem anymore!

ELLY TYRMAN: I couldn't stop her.

JOE TYRMAN, *holding back a full condemnation of her*: It is a fault, it is a fault, Elly Tyrman—you're the mistress here, not Dolly.

ELLY TYRMAN: She frightened all my strength away.

JOE TYRMAN: How may that mouse frighten you, Elly Tyrman? You—

ELLY TYRMAN: She's no mouse. I forbid her to go, and she raises up her chin like one of the community leader's child and says to me, "I must go to Salem, Ms. Tyrman; I am an official of the court!"

JOE TYRMAN: Court! What court?

ELLY TYRMAN: Aye, it is a proper court they have now. They have the planet's administrator as the head judge.

JOE TYRMAN, *astonished*: Is she mad?!

ELLY TYRMAN: I wish. There are fourteen people in the jail now, she says. *Tyrman simply looks at her, unable to grasp it.* And they'll be tried, and the court has the power to execute them too, she says.

JOE TYRMAN, *scoffing, but without conviction*: Ah, they'd never—

ELLY TYRMAN: The Deputy Governor ordered execution if they'll not confess, Joe. The town's gone wild, I think. She spoke of Abigail like she was a saint. Abigail and the other girls are in the court, and people are brought before them, and if the girls scream and howl and fall to the floor—the accused is going to jail for bewitching them.

JOE TYRMAN, *wide-eyed*: Oh, that's dark.

ELLY TYRMAN: I think you must go to Salem, John. *He turns to her.* I think so. You must tell them it is a fraud. And tell him what she said to you last week in her uncle's house. That she said it had nothing to do with witchcraft.

JOE TYRMAN, *thinking beyond this*: Yeah, yeah, it is, it is surely.

ELLY TYRMAN: I would go to Salem now, John—please, go tonight.

JOE TYRMAN: I'll think about it.



## Act 2 Scene 2

MRS AVARISH, *angry mumbling, shaking her head, like she is reassuring herself*: Don't you deny it anymore, I know what you are, I know it. M-mm.

MARY-JUNE: Excuse me, Mrs Avarish?

MRS AVARISH: I know what you have done, what you are doing. I know it! My Naima, my Naima, she knows it. Mmm she knows it.

MARY-JUNE, *ever so slightly getting anxious*: Mrs Avarish, what does Naima know? How is she, by the way? Is she still sick? I could let my daughter have a look at her, she is a trained medic, she has experience with strange diseases that have afflicted settlers on other planets.

MRS AVARISH, *jumping up*: Don't you dare! Don't you let her touch my Naima, my last one – *realization*: you want to get rid of her, don't you? Of the witness? You want to finish the job!

MARY-JUNE: Please, calm down. What are you going on about?

MRS AVARISH: Oh, don't you deny it!

MARY-JUNE: If you honestly think... No, you cannot believe... Mrs Avarish!

MRS AVARISH: That's it! You thought I was gullible enough to swallow your lies – oh, and I was! – I will not forgive myself for that – but no, I have opened my eyes, Ynanna showed me... I see now what you have done to my family! They all have withered in my arms. Like flowers. Oh my beautiful flowers. My babies. You I will make sure...

MARY-JUNE: Mrs Avarish, please, just listen to me – you still have grace, your husband surely sees that, and I do – it is not your fault. And neither is it mine. There must be another explanation, maybe when you send your Naima to Ynanna –

MRS AVARISH: You... you are accusing me of witchcraft... you want to see me dead! But I have confessed what I had done... they know I only did it for my babies!

MARY-JUNE, *fighting with anger but not losing her composure*: Why would... why would anyone? Your children are the children of this colony, the future of this colony, a new world we are building together – Mrs Avarish, you surely understand that.

MRS AVARISH: You want yours to be the only future of this colony! But you won't see that happen... you are done.

*Exit Mrs Avarish.*

### Act 2 Scene 3

*Dixon Muski appears in doorway.*

DIXON: John!

JOE TYRMAN: Dixon! What's the matter?

DIXON: They take my wife.

*Mr Dolcezza enters.*

DIXON: And his Mary-June!

JOE TYRMAN, *to Tony*: Mary-June is in the *jail!*

TONY: Aye, Licksby come and take her in. We've only now come from the jail, and they'll not even let us in to see them.

ELLY TYRMAN: They've surely gone wild now, Inquisitor!

DARK: Pray calm yourself, Mr. Dolcezza.

TONY: My wife is the very brick and mortar of the colony, Mr. Dark—*indicating Dixon*—and Dolores Muski, she has given her life to the cause of this new world.

DARK: How is Mary-June charged, Mr. Dolcezza?

TONY, *with a mocking, half-hearted laugh*: For murder, she's charged! *Mockingly quoting the warrant*: "For the marvelous and supernatural murder of Ms. Avarish's babies." What am I to do, Inquisitor?

DARK, *turns from Tony, deeply troubled, then*: Believe me, Mr. Dolcezza, if Mary-June Dolcezza be tainted, then nothing's left to stop the whole green world from burning. Let you rest upon the justice of the court; the court will send her home, I know it.

TONY: She will be tried in court?

DARK, *pleading*: Dolcezza, though our hearts break, we cannot flinch; these are new times, sir. There is a misty plot afoot so subtle we should be criminal to cling to old respects and ancient friendships. I have seen too many frightful proofs in court—the Devil is alive in Salem, and we dare not quail to follow wherever the accusing finger points!

JOE TYRMAN, *angered*: How may such a woman murder children?

DARK, *in great pain*: Man, remember, until an hour before the Devil fell, God thought him beautiful in Heaven.

DIXON: I never said my wife were a witch, Inquisitor; I only said she were reading books!

DARK: Exactly what complaint were made on your wife?

DIXON: That bloody half wit charge her. Y'see, my wife's a hackler. She outsmarted that cheep goat by some acres of new land. Five or four years ago. Few years he come dancin' back looking for trouble. So, my Dolores, she says to him, "If y can't make a proper deal, he should look elsewhere for a better profession" she says. Now he goes to court and claims that she bewitched his head put clouds in there. My Dolores supposed to bewitch them with her books!

*Enter Licksby. A shocked silence.*

LICKSBY: Good evening to you, Tyrman.

JOE TYRMAN: Why, Mr. Licksby. Good evening.

LICKSBY: Good evening, all. Good evening, Inquisitor.

JOE TYRMAN: I hope you come not on business of the court.

LICKSBY: I do, Tyrman, aye. I am clerk of the court now, y'know.

*Enter Licksby, somewhat shamefaced at the moment.*

DIXON: It's a pity, Licksby, that an honest man might have gone to Heaven must burn in Hell. You'll regret this, do you know it?

LICKSBY: You know yourself I must do as I'm told. You surely know that, Dixon. Now believe me, Tyrman, how heavy be the law, all its tonnage I do carry on my back tonight. *He takes out a warrant.* I have a warrant for your wife.

JOE TYRMAN, *to Dark*: You said she were not charged!

DARK: I know nothin' of it. *To Licksby*: When were she charged?

LICKSBY: I am given sixteen warrants tonight, sir, and she is one.

JOE TYRMAN: Who charged her?

LICKSBY: Why, Abigail Williams charge her.

JOE TYRMAN: On what proof, what proof?

LICKSBY, *looking about the room*: Mr. Tyrman, I have little time. The court bid me search your house, but I like not to search a house. So will you hand me any poppets that your wife may keep here?

JOE TYRMAN: Poppets?

ELLY TYRMAN: I never kept no poppets, not since I were a girl.

LICKSBY, *embarrassed, glancing toward the mantel where sits Dolly's poppet*: I spy a poppet, Goody Tyrman.

ELLY TYRMAN: Oh! *Going for it*: Why, this is Dolly's.

LICKSBY, *shyly*: Would you please to give it to me?

ELLY TYRMAN, *handing it to him, asks Dark*: Has the court discovered a text in poppets now?

LICKSBY, *carefully holding the poppet*: Do you keep any others in this house?

JOE TYRMAN: No, nor this one either till tonight. What signifies a poppet?

LICKSBY: Why, a poppet—he *gingerly turns the poppet over*—a poppet may signify—Now, woman, will you please to come with me?

JOE TYRMAN: She will not! *To Elly Tyrman*: Fetch Dolly here.

DARK: What signifies a poppet, Mr. Licksby?

LICKSBY, *turning the poppet over in his hands*: Why, they say it may signify that she—*He has lifted the poppet's skirt, and his eyes widen in astonished fear.* Why, this, this—

JOE TYRMAN, *reaching for the poppet*: What's there?

LICKSBY: Why—he *draws out a long needle from the poppet*—it is a needle! Licksby, LICKSBY, it is a needle!

*LICKSBY comes toward him.*

JOE TYRMAN, *angrily, bewildered*: And what signifies a needle!

LICKSBY, *his hands shaking*: Why, this go hard with her, Tyrman, this—I had my doubts, Tyrman, I had my doubts, but here's calamity. *To Dark, showing the needle*: You see it, sir, it is a needle!

DARK: Why? What meanin' has it?

LICKSBY, *wide-eyed, trembling*: The girl, the Williams girl, Abigail Williams, sir. She sat to dinner in Community Leader Narwit's house tonight, and without word nor warnin' she falls to the floor. Like a struck beast, he says, and screamed a scream that a bull would weep to hear. And he goes to save her, and, stuck two inches in the flesh of her belly, he draw a needle out. And demandin' of her how she come to be so stabbed, she—to *Tyrman now*—testify it were your wife's familiar spirit pushed it in.

JOE TYRMAN: Why, she done it herself! *To Dark*: I hope you're not takin' this for proof, Mister!

*DARK, struck by the proof, is silent.*

LICKSBY: 'Tis hard proof! *To DARK*: I find here a poppet Ms. Tyrman keeps. I have found it, sir. And in the belly of the poppet a needle's stuck. I tell you true, Tyrman, I never warranted to see such proof of evil spirits, and I bid you obstruct me not, for I—

*Enter Elly Tyrman with Dolly. Tyrman, seeing Dolly, draws her by the arm to DARK.*

JOE TYRMAN: Here now! Dolly, how did this poppet come into my house?

DOLLY, *frightened for herself, her voice very small*: What poppet's that, sir?

JOE TYRMAN, *impatiently, pointing at the doll in Licksby's hand*: This poppet, this poppet.

DOLLY, *evasively, looking at it*: Why, I—I think it is mine.

JOE TYRMAN: It is your poppet, is it not?

DOLLY, *not understanding the direction of this*: It—is, sir.

JOE TYRMAN: And how did it come into this house?

DOLLY, *glancing about at the avid faces*: Why—I made it in the court, sir, and—give it to Ms. Tyrman tonight.

JOE TYRMAN, *to DARK*: Now, sir—do you have it?

DARK: Dolly, a needle have been found inside this poppet.

DOLLY, *bewildered*: Why, I meant no harm by it, sir.

JOE TYRMAN, *quickly*: You stuck that needle in yourself?

DOLLY: I—I believe I did, sir, I—

JOE TYRMAN, *to Dark*: What say you now?

DARK, *watching Dolly closely*: Child, you are certain this be your natural memory? May it be, perhaps, that someone conjures you even now to say this?

DOLLY: Conjures me? Why, no, sir, I am entirely myself, I think. Let you ask Candice—she saw me sewin' it in court. Or better *still*: Ask Abby, Abby sat beside me when I made it.

DARK: Dolly—you charge a cold and cruel murder on Abigail.

DOLLY: Murder! I charge no—

DARK: Abigail were stabbed tonight; a needle were found stuck into her belly—

ELLY TYRMAN: And she charges me?

DARK: Aye.

ELLY TYRMAN, *her breath knocked out*: Why—! The girl is murder! She must be ripped out of the world!

JOE TYRMAN, *suddenly snatching the warrant out of Licksby's hands*: Out with you.

LICKSBY: Tyrman, you dare not touch the warrant.

JOE TYRMAN, *ripping the warrant*: Out with you!

LICKSBY: You've ripped the Deputy Governor's warrant, man!

JOE TYRMAN: Damn the Deputy Governor! Out of my house!

DARK: Now, Tyrman, Tyrman!

JOE TYRMAN: Get y'gone with them! You are a broken minister.

DARK: Tyrman, if she is innocent, the court—

JOE TYRMAN: If *she* is innocent! Why do you never wonder if Narwit be innocent, or Abigail? Is the accuser always holy now? I'll tell you what's walking Salem—vengeance is walking Salem. We are what we always were in Salem, but now the little crazy children are jangling the keys of the kingdom, and common vengeance writes the law! This warrant's vengeance! I'll not give my wife to vengeance!

ELLY TYRMAN: I'll go, John—

JOE TYRMAN: You will not go!

LICKSBY: I have nine men outside. You cannot keep her. The law binds me, John, I cannot budge.

JOE TYRMAN, *to DARK, ready to break him*: Will you see her taken?

DARK: Tyrman, the court is just—

ELLY TYRMAN: John—I think I must go with them. *He cannot bear to look at her. She is fighting her weeping.*

JOE TYRMAN: I will bring you home. I will bring you soon.

ELLY TYRMAN: Oh, John, bring me soon!

JOE TYRMAN: I will fall like an ocean on that court! Fear nothing, Elly Tyrman.

*She walks out the door, LICKSBY and Licksby behind her. For a moment, Tyrman watches from the doorway. The clank of chain is heard.*

*There are other men's voices against his. DARK, in a fever of guilt and uncertainty, turns from the door to avoid the sight; Dolly bursts into tears and sits weeping. Dixon Muski calls to DARK.*

DIXON: And yet silent, minister? It is fraud, you know it is fraud! What keeps you, man?

*Tyrman is half braced, half pushed into the room by two deputies and LICKSBY.*

*Tyrman stands there, gulping air. Horses and a wagon creaking are heard.*

DARK, *in great uncertainty*: Mr. Tyrman—

JOE TYRMAN: Out of my sight!

DARK: Charity, Tyrman, charity. What I have heard in her favor, I will not fear to testify in court. God help me, I cannot judge her guilty or Innocent—I know not. Only this consider: the world goes mad, and it profit nothing you should lay the cause to the vengeance of a little girl.

JOE TYRMAN: You are a coward! Though you be ordained in God's own tears, you are a coward now!

DARK: Tyrman, I cannot think God be provoked so grandly by such a petty cause. The jails are packed—our greatest judges sit in Salem now—and hangin's promised. Were there murder done, perhaps, and never brought to light? I'll withdraw and I shall pray God open up our eyes.

*DARK goes out.*

JOE TYRMAN: Get out! Everybody, get out!

DIXON: Good night, then.

TONY: We will discuss further in the morning.

*Dixon Muski and Mr Dolcezza go out.*

#### **From Act II Scene 4**

DOLLY, *in a fearful squeak of a voice*: Mr. Tyrman, very likely they'll let her come home once they're given proper evidence.

JOE TYRMAN: You're coming to the court with me, Dolly. You will tell it in the court.

DOLLY: I cannot charge murder on Abigail.

JOE TYRMAN, *moving menacingly toward her*: You will tell the court how that poppet come here and who stuck the needle in.

DOLLY: She'll kill me for sayin' that! *Tyrman continues toward her*. Abby'll charge lechery on you, Mr. Tyrman!

JOE TYRMAN, *halting*: She's told you!

DOLLY: I have known it, sir. She'll ruin you with it, I know she will.

JOE TYRMAN, *hesitating, and with deep hatred of himself*: Good. Then her saintliness is done with. *Dolly backs from him*. We will slide together into our pit; you will tell the court what you know.

DOLLY, *in terror*: I cannot, they'll turn on me—

*Tyrman strides and catches her, and she is repeating, "I cannot, I cannot!"*

#### **Act 3 Scene 1**

*Scene about the trial of Mary-June Dolcezza and Dolores Muski.*

*Mary-June Dolcezza and Dolores Muski have been accused of witchcraft; Mary-June Dolcezza additionally of being responsible for the death of the Avarishs' babies.*

*Dumb show: the court in session, a witch (maybe Sarah Osburn) is being condemned, the crowd cheers. Next case. Outside Dixon and Tony are fighting to get in; only their voices are heard from backstage.*

JUDGE: Next case! Mary-June Dolcezza and Dolores Muski. Mr Licksby, inform the women.

*Exit Licksby.*

*Enter ADMINISTRATOR.*

ADMINISTRATOR: Hathorne, I will preside over this case.

JUDGE: Sir? This matter is simple...

ADMINISTRATOR, *firmer*: I will preside. Make room. Get the inquisitor.

JUDGE: Yes, Sir.

*Exit Hathorne. Enter Licksby.*

LICKSBY: Sir, they demand a lawyer... *surprised*: Mr Administrator, Sir.

ADMINISTRATOR, *in a teacher's manner*: Tell me: would you let them have a lawyer? What did you say to them?

LICKSBY: Sir, usually the colony's lawyer's association would provide one if requested...

ADMINISTRATOR: Mr Licksby, your narrow-mindedness would surprise me. But then again, you fit right into this picayune court of simple colonists. This is why I have taken control of the proceedings, and I am very glad to have the inquisition's support. A good thing they insisted on inquisitor Dark accompanying this mission to eradicate any dark and unknown forces this planet might throw at us.

*Enter Inquisitor DARK in the background, quietly taking a seat.*

ADMINISTRATOR, *continues*: Now, Mr Licksby, have you any knowledge of these accused withes' power? Do you know, what this planet's forces are capable of?

LICKSBY, *intimidated*: No, Sir, no knowledge at all... *at Dark*: I swear, nothing of the sort!

*ADMINISTRATOR has a brief look to Dark, who gives a slight nod.*

ADMINISTRATOR, *to Licksby*: Then you are in no way competent to allow them a lawyer, whom they would corrupt and bend to their will. Send them in.

## **From Act 3 Scene 2**

JUDGE: Excellency, will you permit me? *He points at Dolly.*

ADMINISTRATOR, *with great worry*: Pray, proceed.

JUDGE: You say you never saw no spirits, Dolly, were never threatened or afflicted by any manifest of the Evil spirits threating this colony..

DOLLY, *very faintly*: No, sir.

JUDGE, *with a gleam of victory*: And yet, when people accused of witchery confronted you in court, you would faint, saying their spirits came out of their bodies and choked you—

DOLLY: That were pretense, sir.

ADMINISTRATOR: I cannot hear you.

DOLLY: Pretense, sir.

NARWIT: But you did turn cold, did you not? I myself picked you up many times, and your skin were icy. High Administrator, you—

ADMINISTRATOR: I saw that many times.

JOE TYRMAN: She only pretended to faint, Your Excellency. They're all marvellous pretenders.

JUDGE: Then can she pretend to faint now?

JOE TYRMAN: Now?

NARWIT: Why not? Now there are no spirits attacking her, for none in this room is accused of witchcraft. So let her turn herself cold now, let her pretend she is attacked now, let her faint. *He turns to Dolly.* Faint!

DOLLY: Faint?

NARWIT: Aye, faint. Prove to us how you pretended in the court so many times.

DOLLY, *looking to Tyrman*: I—cannot faint now, sir.

JOE TYRMAN, *alarmed, quietly*: Can you not pretend it?

DOLLY: I—*She looks about as though searching for the passion to faint*. I—have no sense of it now, I—

ADMINISTRATOR: Why? What is lacking now?

DOLLY: I—cannot tell, sir, I—

ADMINISTRATOR: Might it be that here we have no afflicting spirit loose, but in the court there were some?

DOLLY: I never saw no spirits.

NARWIT: Then see no spirits now, and prove to us that you can faint by your own will, as you claim.

DOLLY, *stares, searching for the emotion of it, and then shakes her head*: I—cannot do it.

JUDGE: How could you think you saw them unless you saw them?

DOLLY: I—I cannot tell how, but I did. I—I heard the other girls screaming, and you, Your Honor, you seemed to believe them, and I—It were only sport in the beginning, sir, but then the whole world cried spirits, spirits, and I—I promise you, Mr. Administrator, I only thought I saw them but I did not.

*Administrator peers at her.*

NARWIT, *smiling, but nervous because the Administrator seems to be struck by Dolly's story*: Surely Your Excellency is not taken by this simple lie.

ADMINISTRATOR, *turning worriedly to Abigail*: Abigail. I bid you now search your heart and tell me this—and beware of it, child, to God every soul is precious, and His vengeance is terrible on them that take life without cause. Is it possible, child, that the spirits you have seen are illusion only, some deception that may cross your mind when—

ABIGAIL: Why, this—this—is a base question, sir.

ADMINISTRATOR: Child, I would have you consider it—

ABIGAIL: I have been hurt, High Administrator; I have seen my blood runnin' out! I have been near to murdered every day because I done my duty pointing out the witches of this colony—and this is my reward? To be mistrusted, denied, questioned like a—

ADMINISTRATOR, *weakening*: Child, I do not mistrust you—

ABIGAIL, *in an open threat*: Let you beware, High Administrator. Think you to be so mighty that the power of Hell may not turn your wits? Beware of it! There is—*Suddenly, from an accusatory attitude, her face turns, looking into the air above-it is truly frightened.*

ADMINISTRATOR, *apprehensively*: What is it, child?

ABIGAIL, *looking about in the air, clasping her arms about her as though cold*: I—I don't know . A wind, a cold wind, has come. *Her eyes fall on Dolly.*

DOLLY, *terrified, pleading*: Abby!

BRANDI-LYNN LEWIS, *shivering*: Your Honor, I freeze!

JOE TYRMAN: They're pretending!

JUDGE, *touching Abigail's hand*: She is cold, Your Honor, touch her!

BRANDI-LYNN LEWIS, *through chattering teeth*: Dolly, do you send this shadow on me?

DOLLY: Lord, save me!

CANDICE: I freeze, I freeze!



ABIGAIL, *shivering visibly*: It is a wind, a wind!

DOLLY: Abby, don't do that!

ADMINISTRATOR, *himself engaged and entered by Abigail*: Dolly, do you witch her? I say to you, do you send your spirit out?

*With a hysterical cry Dolly starts to run. Tyrman catches her.*

DOLLY, *almost collapsing*: Let me go, Mr. Tyrman, I cannot, I cannot—

ABIGAIL, *crying to Heaven*: Oh, , take away this shadow!

JOE TYRMAN: Stop this at once you pest! You are a whore. a lying cheating whore.

LICKSBY: John!

ADMINISTRATOR: Silence! Stop this at once! Licksby...

ABIGAIL: Administrator, he is lying!

JOE TYRMAN: Mark her! Now she'll suck a scream to stab me with, but—

ADMINISTRATOR: You will prove this! This will not pass!

JOE TYRMAN, *trembling, his life collapsing about him*: I have known what she is. We have been ...intimate.

ADMINISTRATOR: What are you saying?

JOE TYRMAN: It is all my fault I betrayed my wife, my good hearted trusting wife, the colony. All for this creature. Charge me, imprison me but heavens stop this charade at once.

ABIGAIL: He is lying

JUDGE: The session is postponed.

### **From Act 3 Scene 3**

*The door opens. Elly Tyrman enters with Narwit. Narwit leaves her. She stands alone. Everybody else has turned their backs at her.*

ADMINISTRATOR: Mr. Licksby, report this testimony in all exactness. Are you ready?

LICKSBY: Ready, sir.

ADMINISTRATOR: Come here, woman. *Elly Tyrman comes to him, glancing at Tyrman's back.* Look at me only, not at your husband. In my eyes only.

ELLY TYRMAN, *faintly*: Good, sir.

ADMINISTRATOR: We are given to understand that at one time you dismissed your servant, Abigail Williams.

ELLY TYRMAN: That is true, sir.

ADMINISTRATOR: For what cause did you dismiss her? *Slight pause. Then Elly Tyrman tries to glance at Tyrman.* You will look in my eyes only and not at your husband. The answer is in your memory and you need no help to give it to me. Why did you dismiss Abigail Williams?

ELLY TYRMAN, *not knowing what to say, sensing a situation, wetting her lips to stall for time*: She—dissatisfied me. *Pause.* And my husband.

ADMINISTRATOR: In what way dissatisfied you?

ELLY TYRMAN: She were—*She glances at Tyrman for a cue.*

ADMINISTRATOR: Woman, look at me! *Elly Tyrman does.* Were she slow? Lazy? What disturbance did she cause?

ELLY TYRMAN: Your Honor, I—in that time I were sick. And I—My husband is a good and righteous man. He is never drunk as some are, nor wastin' his time, but always at his work. But in my sickness—you see, sir, I were a long time sick after my last baby, and I thought I saw my husband somewhat turning from me. And this girl—*She turns to Abigail.*

ADMINISTRATOR: Look at me.

ELLY TYRMAN: Aye, sir. Abigail Williams—*She breaks off.*

ADMINISTRATOR: What of Abigail Williams?

ELLY TYRMAN: I came to think he fancied her. I admit, I was jealous. And so one night I lost my wits, I think, and put her out.

ADMINISTRATOR: Your husband—did he indeed turn from you?

ELLY TYRMAN, *in agony*: My husband—is a good man, sir. He believes in the colony and our society. Our way of live only permits one woman, one family.

ADMINISTRATOR: Then he did not turn from you.

ELLY TYRMAN, starting to glance at Tyrman: He—

ADMINISTRATOR, *reaches out and holds her face, then*: Look at me! To your own knowledge, has Joe Tyrman ever committed the crime of adultery? *In a crisis of indecision she cannot speak.* Answer my question! Was your husband intimate with Abigail Williams?

ELLY TYRMAN, *faintly*: No, sir.

ADMINISTRATOR: Remove her, Licksby.

JOE TYRMAN: Elly, tell the truth!

ADMINISTRATOR: She has spoken. Remove her!

JOE TYRMAN, *crying out*: Elly, I have confessed it!

ELLY TYRMAN: Oh, God! *The door closes behind her.*

JOE TYRMAN: She only thought to save my name!

DARK: Excellency, it is a natural lie to tell; I beg you, stop now before another is condemned! I may shut my conscience to it no more—private vengeance is working through this testimony! From the beginning this man has struck me true. By my oath to this colony, I believe him now, and I pray you call back his wife before we—

ADMINISTRATOR: She spoke nothing of adultery, and this man has lied!

#### **From Act 3 Scene 4**

*Brandi-Lynn is working in the Avarish household, maybe cleaning or rearranging the room. Mr Avarish enters, confidently, it is very clear he wants something from Brandi-Lynn but tries to be as subtle as possible. Brandi-Lynn doesn't go in on his demands which angers Mr Avarish.*

MR AVARISH, *leaning against the doorway, trying to be suave*: Brandi-Lynn dear, I trust you've been happy?

BRANDI-LYNN, *unsure about what to make of this unusual friendliness*: Well, sure, as I should be. I'm nearly done, Sir, dinner will be on time.

MR AVARISH: Don't worry, dear, don't overwork yourself. It's important to look after your wellbeing, especially now that you have other duties. Speaking of which... *pauses*

BRANDI-LYNN, *anxiously*: I know, Sir, I promise they won't interfere with my service to you, I'll make sure of that. Sir, I...

MR AVARISH: No – no, that's not what I mean, I trust you can manage your duties and I have no complaints, neither does Millicent, be sure of that, or come to me!

BRANDI-LYNN: Sir?

MR AVARISH, *slowly, hesitantly*: The thing is, dear, – and who am I to have knowledge about these things? – but the thing is – with the colony talking and all, *big gesture* “witchcraft” – who can tell anymore who is involved in such dealings?

BRANDI-LYNN: It is unsettling sure... *quickly* but I'm keeping my good spirits *nods, smiles*.

MR AVARISH: But one hears things you know... things, bad things, and then they're about honorable people – Mary-June Dolcezza, I mean! – but then, the inquisitor would know, wouldn't she? Would she, Brandi-Lynn?

BRANDI-LYNN: I would think so, Sir. She trusts Abigail.

MR AVARISH: So I heard, so I heard. Also, Hathorne seems to trust her blindly. *Pause* Dolores Muski.

BRANDI-LYNN: What's that, Sir?

MR AVARISH: Oh nothing, dear, just another one of the names. Makes you think, doesn't it? Makes you think about Dixon. I mean – his wife, a witch? *His wife?* But then again, there's these rumours, I'm sure you've heard, I mean you're pretty much involved in the court and all.

BRANDI-LYNN: Not that I could say, no, Sir.

MR AVARISH: No? Well, I believe they will reach you soon, so I could just spill the tea. It's that he is believed to be involved in the dealings of his wife, you know, dark forces and all. Has enriched himself quite a bit these last years and he doesn't seem to stop at the question of other people's property. Has won every civil case for land deeds – he sues, he wins. Doesn't that strike you as odd?

BRANDI-LYNN, *deflecting*: Sir, I am not sure I follow. I am not... *finding confidence* Dixon never struck me as cunning if I'm honest.

*She realizes she has stopped working and busies herself as she thinks to notice disappointed glances by Mr Avarish.*

MR AVARISH *continues*: That surely can't be good for building a society. We have to work together, everyone doing their part, and we can't have someone so selfish endangering this whole project. *Pause* Brandi-Lynn, dear, I'm going to be frank with you. Fact is – Dixon seems to be after our resources – the mines, mostly – please, don't worry too much – but I fear we need your help, Millicent and I, we as your supporters, your financiers – you depend on those resources yourself. Dark trusts you as well, doesn't she?

BRANDI-LYNN: I may work in the court, but as a simple servant I don't have such an influence.

MR AVARISH, *now more direct, firmer*: Brandi-Lynn, you have to realize what is at stake here. This is your future too – and don't forget: You're bound to our fate, to our business to exact. *Standing*

*now, slowly moving towards her.* And don't you fool me, I *know* that you're in it with Abigail – don't think I haven't been aware that you were meeting with her these last months even though Millicent had *explicitly* forbidden it. I had refrained from telling her. Have I made a mistake in trusting you?

BRANDI-LYNN, *defiantly, seeing offence her best option:* Mrs Avarish, she accused Mary-June Dolcezza, didn't she? She put out the rumours of her being a...

MR AVARISH, *angry:* You stop that right now, girl! You won't talk about your benefactor like this! We put you on this planet, you owe us!

BRANDI-LYNN: It is true, isn't it? Mrs Avarish sent Mary-June Dolcezza to the gallows!

MR AVARISH, *very angry:* Mary-June Dolcezza is a witch! She is a witch and will be condemned for it – and Dixon Muski is just the same, and he will answer for his crimes, his cunning, devilish undermining of our society! *Calmer, but threateningly, close to Brandi-Lynn:* And you, girl, will help. You will pull your weight. You can't afford not to. *Starts to leave, stops briefly.* And pick up your pace, your work has become sluggish, lately.

*Exit Mr Avarish.*