**Extract 2 - Proctor and Elizabeth**

Elizabeth: What keeps you so late? It’s almost dark.

Proctor: I were planting far out to the forest edge.

Elizabeth: Oh, you’re done then.

Proctor: Aye, the farm is seeded. The boys asleep?

Elizabeth: They will be soon. *And she goes to the fireplace, proceeds to ladle up stew in a dish.*

Proctor: Pray now for a fair summer.

Elizabeth: Aye.

Proctor: Are you well today?

Elizabeth: I am. *She brings the plate to the table, and, indicating the food:* It is a rabbit.

Proctor: *going to the table*: Oh, is it! In Jonathan’s trap?

Elizabeth: No, she walked into the house this afternoon; I found her sittin’ in the corner like she come to visit.

Proctor: Oh, that’s a good sign walkin’ in.

Elizabeth: Pray God. It hurt my heart to strip her, poor rabbit. *She sits and watches him taste it.*

Proctor: It’s well seasoned.

Elizabeth: *blushing with pleasure*: I took great care. She’s tender?

Proctor: Aye. *He eats. She watches him.* I think we’ll see green fields soon. It’s warm as blood beneath the clods.

Elizabeth: That’s well.

 *Proctor eats, then looks up.*

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, does to her, kisses her. She receives it. With a certain disappointment, he returns to the table.*

Proctor: *as gently as he can*: Cider?

Elizabeth: *with a sense of reprimanding herself for having forgot*: Aye! *She gets up and goes to pour a glass for him. He now arches his back.*

Proctor: The 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 draughty, then, putting the glass down*: You ought to bring some flowers in the house.

Elizabeth: Oh! I forgot! I will tomorrow.

Proctor: It’s winter in here yet. On Sunday let you come with me, and we’ll walk the farm together; I never see such a load of flowers on the earth. *With a good feeling he does and looks up at the sky through the open doorway.* Lilacs have a purple smell. Lilac is the smell of nightfall, I think. Massachusetts is a beauty in the spring!

Elizabeth: Aye, it is.