

The Crucible

Elizabeth Proctor - Audition Monologue

Spoke or silent, a promise is surely made. And she may dote on it now - I am sure she does - and thinks to kill me, then to take my place. It is her dearest hope, John, I know it. There be a thousand names, why does she call mine? There be a certain danger in calling such a name - I am no Goody Good that sleeps in ditches, nor Osburn drunk and half-witted. She'd dare not call out such a farmer's wife but there be monstrous profit in it. She thinks to take my place, John. John, have you ever shown her somewhat of contempt? She cannot pass you in church but you will blush... I think you be somewhat ashamed, for I am there, and she so close. Go - and tell her she's a whore. Whatever promise she may sense - break it, John, break it.