



TRIAL

1692

a rock opera by:
jesse marshall evans

nino & king

The historical tragedy of the 1692 witch trials and
executions of Salem Village, Massachusetts.

Our purpose for the production of "TRIAL: 1692" is to display, (musically), the events leading to, during, and after the awesome 'witch' trials and executions of 1692 in puritanical Salem Village, Massachusetts.

Our story begins with JUSTIN SYKES outside of the Salem Village church in the year 1690. He describes how the children need "SOMETHING TO DO". Then, a leap in time brings us to the year 1692 where "THE PROBLEM" began. From there you will witness one particular year of lies, blindness, and unjust suffering beginning with a 'few' false accusations and ending with a tragic climax.

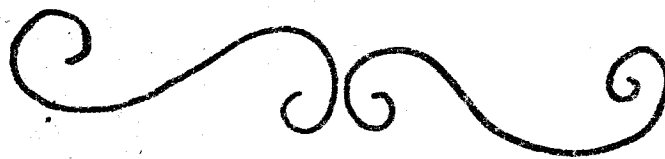
The characters were all quite real. The occurrences, the same. We have added only a 'pinch' of spice by taking the evil side of the conscience, making it visible, and giving it a name; SATAN.

The spirit of evil, invoked by the sound of a bell rung nine times, makes the various entrances of what we call "NINE BELLS" quite significant.

It is a very macabre story, but very true. In fact the story of the 1692 'witch hunt' dilemma is one of the most grim events in American history.

It is up to you, the viewer, to determine if our story really is a thing of the past!?

Nino King
NINO KING
(AUTHOR OF LYRICS)



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"TRIAL: 1692"

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(in order of appearance)

- JUSTIN SYKES - Main citizen and 'narrator' of story. 40 years of age.
Very concerned about the children of the village.
- THE GIRLS - ABIGAIL WILLIAMS
16 years of age. The most respected of the four girls.
Niece of the Reverrend Mr. Parris.
MARY WALCOTT
Also 16 years of age. The serious one of the four.
ANN PUTNAM
Age 12. Though she is the youngest, she is very cruel
possessing an almost 'evil' way of manipulating the
others, in thought and action. Though she begins the
'adventure' frightened, she soon throws away the fears
and becomes the main accuser.
MERCY LEWIS
19 years of age. The brightest of the four girls, and,
being the oldest, she is the most 'fed up' with every
day life.
- SATAN (THE DEVIL; or the 'EVIL SIDE OF THE MIND') Countless years of age.
Seen only to audience. Known and feared but not physically
visible to the people of the village. Suited in black,
(naturally).
- TIPUBA - A West Indian slave from the Island Barbados. Owned by
Mr. Parris. A very mystic woman.
- THE PARENTS - Mr. & Mrs. Williams
The parents of ABIGAIL WILLIAMS.
Mr. Parris
The guardian of MERCY LEWIS. The Reverrend of the Salem
Village church. Cruel and very much against anything not
pertaining to the good of the church.
Mr. & Mrs. Walcott
The parents of MARY WALCOTT.
Mr. Putnam
Father of ANN PUTNAM.
- THE CITIZENS - Ready to believe what they hear; fear what they don't
understand.
- THE MAGISTRATES - JOHN HATHORNE
The presiding magistrate. Handsome, proud, cruel, narrowminded.
JONATHAN CORBIN
The second magistrate. Less handsome, less proud, very
ambitious, sceptical.

CAST OF CHARACTERS (cont'd.)

THE JUDGES

- CAPTAIN SAMUEL SEWALL
Cruel, proud, authoritative.
- ISSAC ADDINGTON
Fond of giving orders.
- THOMAS DANFORTH
- JAMES RUSSEL
- MAJOR SAMUEL APPLETON
Cold, proud, puritanical judges.

THE ACCUSED

- SARAH GOODE
A very tired but very courageous woman.
- JOHN PROCTER
Young, handsome, defiant.
- REBECCA NURSE
A sickly and tired old woman.
- GEORGE JACOBS
Very loyal and courageous.
- ELIZABETH HOWE
Fairly young. A gypsy girl.
- GILES COREY
A strong man. Proud, courageous, defiant.

*NOTE: For the sake of context, we have brought to attention only the six accused listed above out of an approximate two-hundred that had been unjustly jailed within a three month period.

THE SHERRIFF

A WOMANS VOICE (TITUBA) on "ON GOES TIME"

THE ACCUSED THAT HANGED ON GALLOWS HILL -

SARAH GOODE
JOHN PROCTER
REBECCA NURSE
GEORGE JACOBS
ELIZABETH HOWE
BRIDGET BISHOP
SARAH WILDES
SUSANNAH MARTIN
GEORGE BURROUGHS (a clergyman)
MARY PARKER
JOHN WILLARD
MARTHA CARRIER
SAMUEL WARDWELL
MARTHA COREY (wife of GILES COREY)
MARY EASTY
ALICE PARKER
ANN PUDEATOR
MARGARETT SCOTT
WILMOT REED

THE CAST

JUSTIN SYKES	LESLIE HARRISON
ABIGAIL WILLIAMS	SHIRLEY TIMPANO
MARY WALCOTT	MARTI EVANS
ANN PUTNAM	KATHY LENCH
MERCY LEWIS	PATTI BRITTON
SATAN	JEFF FAVERMAN
TITUBA	ROBIN FREEDMAN
MR. PUTNAM	WILLIAM J. PORTANOVA
MR. PARRIS	GERALD ANDERSON
JOHN HATHORNE	IRA ROSENTHAL
JONATHAN CORWIN	LARRY CEDAR
CAPTAIN SAMUEL STWELL	FRANK O'LEARY
ISSAC ADDINGTON	STEVE WELLS
SARAH GOODE	RICKEY SHUSSETT
JOHN PROCTER	TONY EDWARDS
REBECCA NURSE	DEBBIE MORRISON
GEORGE JACOBS	CARL McMILLAN
ELIZABETH HOWE	DONNA FORBER
GILES COREY	CLINT PETTY
THE SHERIFF	ARLO KING
THE CHOIR	SHIRLEY TIMPANO, KATHY LENCH MARTI EVANS, PATTI BRITTON, GERALD ANDERSON WILLIAM J. PORTANOVA, ARLO KING
THE CITIZENS & PARENTS	J.D. EVANS, WILLIAM J. PORTANOVA ARLO KING, GERALD ANDERSON

THE BAND

PERCUSSION GARY LEIGH
ELECTRIC BASS GUITAR RIC DALE
LEAD GUITAR DAVID WILLIAMS
PIANO, ORGAN, & TWELVE STRING GUITAR JESSE MARSHALL EVANS
ELECTRIC RHYTHM & TWELVE STRING GUITAR NINO KING

PRODUCTION

MUSICAL DIRECTION JESSE MARSHALL EVANS
DRAMATIC DIRECTION NINO KING
CHOREOGRAPHY ROBERTA RIDDLE
TECHNICAL DIRECTION ROBERT ROSENBLOOM
PROPS RIC DALE & NINO KING
MAKE-UP JUDY ELMASSIAN
COSTUMES THE CAST
PROGRAM DESIGN & PRODUCTION NINO KING

AMATEUR PERFORMANCE PRODUCED BY: JESSE MARSHALL EVANS & NINO KING

Our sincere thanks to those who helped to bring "TRIAL:1692"
to life, past and present.

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-change

-change

-change

DRASTIC
change

* MUSICAL INSPIRATION AND ARRANGEMENT BY RIC DALE

XET 1

"OVERTURE / NINE BELLS"

MUSIC: J. MARSHALL EVANS & NINO KING

"SOMETHING TO DO"

MUSIC: J. MARSHALL EVANS
LYRICS: NINO KING

Salem Village, Massachusetts: 1690
Outside of church.

JUSTIN

SYKES: Salem Village, sixteen-hundred-nine-o;
Look at the children with nowhere to go.
Up to the meeting house then down the street;
The children need something to do.
The children need something to do.

Every Sabbath they are preached not to sin;
Then on Wednesdays listen to it again.
They're brought up to know the ways of the Lord;
How to keep away from the Devils' horde.
They're brought up right but they stay kind of bored.
The children need something to do.
The children need something to do.

Everywhere you turn, the children looking for fun.
They search from morning till the fall of the sun;
Then start all over when the new day's begun.
The children have nothing to do.
The children need something to do.
The children need something to do.

"NINE BELLS"

"THE PROBLEM"

MUSIC: J. MARSHALL EVANS
LYRICS: NINO KING
MUSICAL INSPIRATION: RIC DALE

January, 1692. Outside of church.

ABIGAIL

WILLIAMS:

Mercy, Ann, and Mary listen to what I say;
This town just isn't changing and we get older every day!
We spend the Sabbath in the church,
And meetings half a week.
Our knowledge of our God is strong;
Our bodies growing weak!

MARY

WALCOTT:

What you speak is truth, I know,
Our entertainment lacks!
But when we shout out, laugh, or cry,
The old ones hold us back.

ANN

PUTNAM:

Should we leave the house of God,
And take up any sport?
Or listen to the preacher speak,
And watch our lives grow short!

THE GIRLS:

We've got to make things happen,
'Cause happening they're not.
We've lived the best years of our lives,
And now what have we got?!

MERCY

LEWIS:

I've got a thought of what to do;
But keep it between me and you.
For what I know's an honest sin,
And the sons of the church would turn us in.

THE GIRLS:

Tell us, Mercy.
Tell us now!
Tell us what, and when, and how.

MERCY:

Tituba, the Indian slave.
A power to her the Devil gave.
She knows and sees through rocks and trees;
Your present life, your destiny.
On your hand she reads the lines
And clues you in a step of time.
I know this 'cause she translated mine.
Let's see Tituba the Indian slave!

ABIGAIL: Surely that would be some fun!

MARY: A change from the unchanging sun!

ANN: We'll kick the Devil, make him run;
To prove he's not a frightening one!

MERCY: Stop! We'll tamper none with Satan,
Or his horde of beasts.
Nor will we touch our souls with evil,
To spice the Devil's feast.
We'll only have her clue us in;
Our future, what's to be.
It's fun we're seeking, not to sin;
'Cause sinning comes for free!

THE GIRLS: We'll see Tituba tonight at six.
We'll see Tituba tonight at six.

MERCY: And tempt we'll not the Devils' tricks.
And tempt we'll not the Devils' tricks.

"ON THEIR WAY"

MUSIC: J. MARSHALL EVANS,
NINO KING, &
RIC DALE

"SATAN'S' UNKNOWN VISIT"

MUSIC: J. MARSHALL EVANS
LYRICS: NINO KING

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Same time. Inside of church.

SATAN: So, this town's not blind at all;
They've been taught!
They're aware that I exist,
And of the powers that I've got!

CHOIR: Our father which art in Heaven;
Hallowed be thy name.

SATAN: Fools! Your father which is in Heaven,
Trembles at my fame!

CHOIR: Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
On Earth as it is in Heaven.

SATAN: My powers come, your soul I'll have won
On Earth before you get to Heaven!

CHOIR: Give us this day our daily bread;

SATAN: I'll take you when you've all been fed!

CHOIR: And lead us not into temptation;

SATAN: Right into my hexation!

CHOIR: Deliver us from evil.

SATAN: Not quite, I'll prevail!

CHOIR: For thine is the kingdom,

SATAN: Mine!

CHOIR: The power,

SATAN: Mine!

CHOIR: And the glory,

SATAN: Mine!

CHOIR: Forever, and ever, Amen.

Outside of church.

MARY: Mercy, come show us; let's not delay.
Take us to Titubas', show us the way.

ANN: My blood runs cold, I'm struck with fright.
The first time I have sinned will be our sinning tonight.

ABIGAIL: Ann, you're the youngest of the four of us here;
So we'll not put you down for the depth of your fear.
All we are doing is running away from the duldrums of living;
We're livening our day.

ANN: Still, I can't help it,
I wish I had stayed.

MARY: It's too late now;
We already have strayed.

MERCY: Follow me now,
Follow me fast,
Follow the future, outrun the past.
In three or five minutes we'll be at Titubas' door.
There'll be no turning back to the boredom before!

THE GIRLS: In three or five minutes we'll be at Titubas' door.
There'll be no turning back to the boredom before!

MERCY: When we've tasted excitement, we'll be begging for more!

Inside of church.

SATAN: They'll soon join my festive horde!

Outside of church.

JUSTIN SYKES: They're brought up right but they stay kind of bored.

Down the road.

THE GIRLS: We'll see Tituba tonight at six.

MERCY: And tempt we'll not the Devils' tricks!

By the church door.

JUSTIN SYKES: The children need something to do.

SYKES & SATAN: The children need something to do.
The children need something to do.

ALL: Amen.

"LONG SOUGHT EXCITEMENT"

MUSIC: J. MARSHALL EVANS
LYRICS: NINO KING
ARRANGEMENT: RIC DALE

The Last Few Miles. (On the road to Titubas')

ANN: How much more must we be led
Before this road that we have tread is ended?

ARIGAIL: Such complaints in words you've said!
Mercy knows the road ahead intended.

MARY: I see a light out through the night,
Up there a way like the breaking of a new day.

MERCY: Titubas', we're here!
So let's not be aware of Satanic fear.

THE GIRLS: Titubas', we're here!
So let's not be aware of Satanic fear.

Amuse us, Tituba. (Inside Titubas')

MERCY: Tituba, tell us our future, what's to be.
What will we see, when, where, and how will it be?
We've not been home, the time is late.
To amuse us, Tituba, expose our fate.

THE GIRLS: The time is late, expose our fate, the time is late.

WARNING # 1.

TITUBA: Sit then, children of curiosity and fears;
With the feeling of waisting your youth throughout the years.
Though I am but a masters' slave;
A power, to me, the Devil gave.
So if you've but an ounce of fear,
Then turn around and flee from here.
For it's more than just amusement;
But possible exposure to Satans' abuselement.
You fear not?

THE GIRLS: We'll laugh at him!

TITUBA: Your first lesson is to never laugh in the face of sin,
For he'll burn your eyes and tear your skin!
Now sit, close your eyes and I'll clue you in.

Present and Future.

TITUBA: You, Abigail, ~~I see~~ are the leader respected by the other three.
Rebellion is yours for the chance to be free;
And rebellion will live till they answer your plea.

DDD ORCHESTRA

Mary, a girl with a serious face.
You can manage any deed any time, any place.

Mercy, you're the oldest, you've lived life the most.
And you're tired of the 'father, the son, the holy ghost'.

Ann, a child with so much to do,
But you don't know where you're going, or how, or with who.
You'll stand by the side of who sees you ~~get~~ through.
And if danger is threatening, it is only to you.

You are all on a search for a new way of life.
You seek entertainment to hide from the strife.

→ DDD ORCHESTRA

Now I can see that your playing will end
With innocent suffering while you pretend.

The whole town will witness a terrible change.
Lives of your family and friends rearranged.

Then when they've all prayed and give up all hope;
The panic will cease at the end of a rope.
Your town will decay and eventually rot;
'Cause fun will destroy everything that you've got!

ABIGAIL: Nonsense old woman, you take us as fools!

MARY: We all are protected by the church and Gods' tools.

MERCY: Didn't I tell you that this would excite?
Even though it's far - fetched, it has livened our night.

ABIGAIL: Mercy, let's go back to our homes;
And leave now this slave girl alone!

MARY: I can't believe what I've heard here tonight!
Anything so tragic just couldn't be right!

ANN: Before we leave, Tituba, you'll tell us, I hope;
What did you mean by 'The end of a rope'?

WARNING # 2

TITUBA: Pay no attention, my children, just go.
The future is yours; in the future you'll know.
As for now go on back to your homes and sleep till the day.
Just don't look for fun that will lead you astray,
'Cause while you're asleep the Devil will play!
Devil will play! Devil will play!
Devil will play! The Devil will play!

That evening. The four girls are at home, asleep.

SATAN: Sleep young girls.
Sleep and dream till the rise of the Sun.
When your minds are at their weakest states, you'll see me.

Sleep young girls.
Dream of your visit at Titubas' and those horrible things she told you.
It scared you!

Dream young girls.
A nightmare to make you scream!
To wake you up in a flash of chills, quite freezing!

Dream young girls.
Because of Titubas' words you see:
A giant creature swallowing you;
A vicious man chasing, reaching out for you.

Hideous animals of all sizes and shapes,
Bite at your feet, there is no escape!

You see and feel them as real as life.
Wherever you run there's no place to hide!

Dream, sleep, scream!
Sweat from what you've seen!

Shake, chill, wake!
Freeze until you break!

How I laugh at your nightmarish fright,
From the tricks being played on your minds tonight.
Your subconscious is making you see what is not.
Let's say that the mind is a strange power that you've got!

Titubas' words you have built up yourself.
From innocent fun, to the beginning of hell!

Sleep young girls.
Dream young girls.
Wake, shake, and scream, young girls!

Whatever occurs has been brought on by you.
You chose to sin and I helped you pull through!

Inside the church. One week later.

CHOIR: Forever, and ever, Amen.

MR. & MRS.
WILLIAMS: Every night for seven days our child has woke up screaming.
She's yelled out words of fear, and death, in the middle of her
dreaming.

MR. PARRIS: Mercy, too, has awakened chilled;
Stares frightened when I speak.
She's shivered in a pool of sweat every night this week.

MR. & MRS.
WALCOTT: Little Mary's cried for help; "Dear God, please come and save me!
Free me from this firey hell, and creatures that enslave me!"

MR. PUTNAM: Ann used to soundly sleep until the Sun would wake her.
Now something in her dreams that creeps, has given way to shake her.

Outside the church.

MARY: We have sinned by submitting to the devil!
To stray away from normal life for fun is strictly evil.
If our parents or the town found out what we did that night;
They'd persecute us, curse our names,
We'd never see the light.

ABIGAIL: All we sought was change.
To slightly rearrange the boring days and monotonous ways,
By doing something strange.

ANN: You know we've got to stick together.
They'll never know the facts!
Let's make it seem the fault of those who've made a devils' pact!

MERCY: The witches?

MARY: Those with power all?

MERCY:& MARY: The ones to whom the Devil calls?

ANN: The Witches!
They will take the blame,
To save us from disgrace and shame!

MARY: But we know of none.

ANN: We'll make them up!

MARY: Widowed wives and useless lives!

MERCY: Point our fingers at the innocent?

ANN: To save ourselves, we must!
So let us promise, secret's kept.
Each other we must trust.

ABIGAIL: I'll not tell! I'll save my name!

MERCY: Nor will I, you have my word.

MARY: This will be our secret game...

ANN: That no one else has heard!

The parents and citizens are dispersing from the church. They notice the girls and approach them.

THE PARENTS

& CITIZENS: Tell us, girls, what frightens you?
What makes you scream at night?
To see you shiver, shake, and cry,
Is a suffering, torturous sight.

ANN: While we slept the devil crept, because he thought we sinned.
But we were against his every wish, so we didn't let him in.

MARY: We have been chosen by Satan himself.
He wants us to leap before we look.

ANN: The town is infested with witches that requested
We go ahead and sign the Devils' book.
Witches right here in our town!
Among us, yet not one has been found!

THE PARENTS

& CITIZENS: Oh, God, they've been afflicted!
Witches have them addicted!
Right here in our town yet not one has been found.
Point them out!
Point them out!
Point them out!
We must find them, not let them run about!

ANN: Sarah Goode! I saw her!
She spoke to me in dreams.

MARY: Sarah Wildes, the gypsy girl!
A likely one it seems.

ABIGAIL: Elizabeth Howe, who lives not far from here!
I saw a man in black whispering in her ear.

MERCY: Tituba, the Indian slave!
A power to her the Devil gave!

ANN: Susannah Martin and Rebecca Nurse!
Those two, I'm sure, of the bunch are the worst!

MR. PARRIS: Seek and cease them! Bring them here!
Sinners hang on Gallows Hill!

ALL: Seek and cease them! Bring them here!
Sinners die on Gallows Hill!

"ATTENTION"

MUSIC: J. MARSHALL EVANS
LYRICS: NINO KING

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The same day a few hours later. The four girls are together by the church.

MARY: A handsome show we gave today.
They believed us every inch of the way.

ANN: Such attention we've received.
The fools are blind so they believed!
This is all more fun than I ever thought.
Be proud of the acting talent that we've got.

MERCY: Silence yourselves from being so proud.
Our lies, by God, not quite aloud!

ABIGAIL: Mercy is right, we'll surely be damned.

MARY: Silence, you two, we did what we planned.

ANN: In order to save us from an earlier doom;
We're only doing what we have to do.
Do you want to die?
Or keep up the lie?

MERCY: We'll keep up the lie though it's not quite right.
And I've found it hard to sleep at night.

ANN: Do you care more for your lack of sleep?
Or the life you can most easily keep?

MERCY: So let it be done.

ABIGAIL: So let it be done.

ANN: You must admit that attention is fun.

"THE MAGISTRATES / THE ACCUSED"

MUSIC: J. MARSHALL EVANS
LYRICS: NINO KING

A few days later. In the street of Salem Village.

A CITIZEN: There's John Hathorne the head Magistrate.
And Jonathan Corwin too.
They're coming down the road almost to the gate;
With the judges, what a splendid crew!

A LITTLE BOY
& ANN: Now we can begin the trial to convict the witches with a smile.
It will begin in just a little while.
And we'll rejoice together when it's through.

MR. PARRIS: Look! The sherriff is down the road.
He's bringing us a cursed load;
Those sinners with the book of Satan himself.
They'll hang and then they'll rot in Hell!

MR. PUTNAM: The witches, they are on their way.
They will regret their every day!
We'll hear what the Magistrates say,
And we'll rejoice together when it's through.

MR. PARRIS: Tell us, Magistrate Hathorne, those witches, will you try them all?

JOHN HATHORNE: We'll try them, my good fellow, that's why you gave us a call.

MR. PUTNAM,
MR. PARRIS,
& A CITIZEN: Magistrate Corwin, talk to the girls that have been cursed
and bewitched.

MR. PUTNAM: Tell us, Corwin, what would you do if your daughter was cursed
and bewitched?

JONATHAN
CORWIN: Bring me the girls that have pointed them out.

THE GIRLS: Here we are, sir, what did you want to talk about?

The girls gather around Magistrate Corwin.

JONATHAN

CORWIN:

Children, I have heard some news;
Witches put a curse on you.
Tell me now, is this true?
What do these witches do?

Witches flying on a broom;
Fill the sky, there is no room.
Aint that somethin', aint that neat!
What do you want for trick-or-treat?

Are their noses full of warts?
Do they talk in words or snorts?
Have they brewed a secret sauce?
And just who is the witches boss?

Come on now, tell the truth.
Are they really mean to you?
Just what do these goblins do?

Hey, hey, mamma don't act so cold!
Is it true what I've been told?
Do they spook your house at night?
And are they such an awful sight?

I have been informed on their use of pins.
And you can take them out before they stick them in.
Baby, don't you that to lie is a sin?
Is that what they really do?

One little, two little, three little witches,
Flying 'round in the sky.
Four little, five little, six little witches.
You know you can't fool this guy!

Come on, tell me, what do these witches do?

Now really, you don't think I believe in ghouls do you?

The girls to Magistrate Corwin.

ABIGAIL: Dear Mr. Corwin, do you think that we lie?
We have been afflicted, the others and I!
We have suffered, and panicked, and screamed, and cried!
And we'll continue to suffer till they've all been tried.

JOHN HATHORNE: So we've heard.
So we've heard.

JONATHAN
CORWIN: Quite absurd!
Quite absurd!

ANN: (screaming) Stop! No!
She is hurting me, hurting me!
She is sticking pins in my side and twisting my arm!
She is doing me harm!
She is doing me harm!

ABIGAIL: Do you hear how she screams?

HATHORNE: But there's nobody there.

ABIGAIL: That's 'cause witches can send their souls through the air!

CITIZENS: Who is hurting you?
Who is hurting you?

ANN: Sarah Goode! She's a witch!
She's the one that makes me twitch!

HATHORNE: Cease her! Arrest her!

SARAH GOODE: Young girl you lie!
'Tis someone else not I!
I'm not twisting your arms!
I'm not doing you harm!

THE GIRLS: It is you and you do!

SARAH GOODE: No it's not I!
They are telling a lie!

CITIZENS: Cease her, arrest her and the others accused!
Our children tormented, beguiled, and abused.

SARAH GOODE: No, it's not I!
They are telling a lie!

SCENE
CEASE
ORIGINAL

HATHORNE: Cease her, arrest her, and throw her in jail!

THE GIRLS: Nobody put up the bail.

MR. PARRIS: And the same to the other accused witches and wizzards as well!

The next day. The jail office.

HATHORNE: Is there evidence to try?
Do they live or do they die?

CORWIN: Do we let the accused just go?
Tell me now, I want to know.

JUDGE SEWALL: We must try them in court and this witchcraft abort.
Or the young girls will suffer until then.

JUDGE
ADDINGTON: We've got to do it now!
We already know just how.
We'll make this bloody, cursed witchcraft end.

MERCY: They are guilty, we know.
We have devils' marks to show.
They have bitten us through spirits never seen.

ANN: We don't want to make a fuss,
But they're tantalizing us to sign the devils' book;
They say it's keen.

SEWALL: Set the date for the trial.
We will see if they're so vile.
Until then, put each one of them in jail.

HATHORNE: Girls, it's up to you.
You've got to see it through.
Point out each one you think is a witch.
If there's evidence to try;
They will live or they will die.
But this town will never keep a Devils' bitch!

XCTZ

Three months later. Inside the village jail.

JOHN PROCTER: Here we've been for the last three months.
Who knows how much longer we'll stay.
Those girls, on a rampage, have gone a bit wild!
Now, two-hundred of us are locked away.

GEORGE JACOBS: I think they've gone too far!
I even think they've gone as far as they can go.
They've pointed us out one by one!
They're accusing everyone!
Now will we die waiting in jail?

ELIZABETH HOWE: What did we ever do to them?
What have we done to make them want us locked away?
They say we're witches and wizzards.

GILES COREY: It's so easy to lie!
Attention is all that they're after.
And just for fun they'd see us die!

ELIZABETH HOWE: I see that every day another is here to stay.
And maybe just die waiting in jail.

SARAH GOODE: We've been here three long months now.
And out of two-hundred, sixty five have passed away.
The food is long past stale!
We're sickened and we're getting pale.
And we might just die waiting in jail.

JOHN PROCTER: I've heard that they have some proof.
Proof they need to have us hang on Gallows Hill.
We're old enough to die.
But not from belief of a lie.
And not in a cell, we don't want to die waiting in jail!

GEORGE JACOBS: The trial date has been set now.
We'll face the judges and the magistrates as well.
Before we're laid in sod, I'd like to pray to God;
That we won't just die waiting in jail.

JOHN PROCTER: It's been three months of waiting.
And in this time I feel I've gotten to know you well.
I never knew before what I know now and even more.
And I don't want to lose it to die waiting in jail.

ELIZABETH HOWE: We'd have a lot to live but we are sickly and our chances
don't look good.
Those girls will see us die!
They are wrapped up in their lie.
But do we have to die waiting in jail?

GEORGE JACOBS: If we are guilty, hang us!
Though trust in God is all we ever thought or knew.

JOHN PROCTER: All that we can do to see this crisis through,
Is to pray that we won't die waiting in jail.

SARAH GOODE: We've been accused unjustly!
We've been accused of crimes we did not commit.

ELIZABETH HOWE: Our health is not so well since we've been locked up in this cell.

JOHN PROCTER: Dear God, don't let us die waiting in jail.

ELIZABETH HOWE: Dear God, don't let us die waiting in jail.

ALL: Dear God....!

"I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU MR. HATHORNE / OUT THERE SOMEWHERE"

MUSIC: J. MARSHALL EVANS
LYRICS: NINO KING

The next day. The jail.

SARAH GOODE: I'd like to talk to you, Mr. Hathorne.
I'd like to talk to you about the trial.
I'd like to ask you, Mr. Hathorne;
Why have we been accused?
We never did abuse those children.

JOHN HATHORNE: I really don't know what to tell you.
I find that words are hard to say.
If I should try to prove they lie,
The town wouldn't understand the reason why.

SARAH GOODE: But we're not guilty Mr. Hathorne.
We never did those things they've said.
We're not guilty Mr. Hathorne.
They're just children with imagination in their heads.
We're not to blame for the cause of their ~~little~~ game.
~~If it were true, then why am I pleading to you?~~

JOHN HATHORNE: Stop it, now!
There's not a tear in my eyes!

SARAH GOODE: You believe it's the truth and not lies?

JOHN HATHORNE: I have to try you!

SARAH GOODE: I'll defy you!

JOHN HATHORNE: Then you will die!
You will die!
You will die!
You will die!

SARAH GOODE: How hard it is to make somebody understand,
When they turn around and look the other way.
The length of our lives is right there in your hands,
And you won't hear a word I say.
To save yourself you'd throw it all away.

Who do you turn to when there's nowhere to go?
The truth lies inside me.
You don't want to know.
Someone please believe me before I go.

SARAH GOODE: Out there somewhere is an ear ready to listen to a truth,
that here, I know will not be found.

Out there somewhere are two eyes that will open and will
see the blindness hovering around.

I don't know just where;
But I know, I know it's there.

Out there somewhere lies a field of golden pastures that
I know I want to see before I die.

Out there somewhere is a child that is crying and I know
I can not comfort If I die.

I don't know just where;
But I know, I know it's there.

There's still so much I want to see,
And still so much to do.
But death continues endlessly,
The same for me and you.
I'll never do the things I want to try
If I die.

We're not guilty, Mr. Hathorne.
We've never done those things they've said.
We're not guilty, Mr. Hathorne.
They're just children with imagination in their heads.

"TRIAL: 1692 (THE COURT OF OYER AND TERMINER)"

MUSIC: J. MARSHALL EVANS
LYRICS: KING KING

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A few weeks later. Ingersolls Inn (the building used as the courthouse).

THE CITIZENS: 'Tis time for the trial to begin in awhile.
'Tis time for the trial to begin.

THE SHERIFF: Magistrates Hathorne, Corwin, and the honorable judges.

JONATHAN CORWIN: Bring in the accused!

JOHN HATHORNE: Bring in the accusers!

THE SHERIFF: Here they are now, magistrates.

JOHN HATHORNE: Then let the court of oyer and terminer begin.

JONATHAN CORWIN: Let the trial begin.

JOHN HATHORNE: Young girls, are these the witches that have signed the Devils' book?

MERCY LEWIS: Yes they are, sir, every one of them!

JONATHAN CORWIN: Young girls, are they the ones that torment you when you look?

MARY WALCOTT: Yes they are, sir, every one of them!

JOHN PROCTER: They are lying!
You are blind!
We've done nothing of the kind!

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS: Yes they have, sir, every one of them!

GEORGE JACOBS: They are making you look bad!
If we'd done the things they've said we have,
Would we kneel ourselves to pray?

JOHN PROCTER: Would we praise God every day?

ELIZABETH HONE: Is that the action of a witch?

JOHN PROCTER: She's a lying little bitch!

ANN PUTNAM: They are evil, sir, every one of them!

SATAN: So you've said.
So you've said.

JOHN HATHORNE: Sarah Goode, take the stand and tell us, I demand;
Are you a witch?

SARAH GOODE: I am not sir!

THE GIRLS: Yes she is!
Yes she is!

(ANN and MARY fall into fits)

ANN & MARY: Stop! No!
She is hurting me, hurting me!

ANN: She is biting my arm!

MARY: She is doing us harm!

JUDGE SEWALL: Her body is not there.

ANN: But her spirit's in the air!

THE JUDGES: She is guilty, lock her up!

SARAH GOODE: I am not!
I am not!

JOHN HATHORNE: Rebecca Nurse, take the stand and tell us, I demand;
Are you a witch?

REBECCA NURSE: I am not, sir!

THE GIRLS: Yes she is!
Yes she is!

(ABIGAIL and MERCY fall into fits)

ABIGAIL & MERCY: Stop! No!
She is hurting me, hurting me!

ABIGAIL: She sticks pins in my side!

MERCY: She is ripping my hide!

JUDGE ADDINGTON: There is nobody there!

ANN: She sends her soul through the air!

THE JUDGES: She is guilty, lock her up!

REBECCA NURSE: Oh, dear God, I am not!

SATAN: She is right.
She is not.

JUSTIN SYKES: Twenty more they had tried, then they called it a day.
Everyone that took the stand was abused then locked away.
At the next morning sunrise;
Another would be terrorized.
By the faces of the people that once were their friends.

ANN: Mr. Hathorne, there is another.
A member of Sarah Goodes' family.

JOHN HATHORNE: Bring the accused up, now!
Bring the accused up, now!

ANN: It is her! Dorcas Goode!
She is evil!

ISSAC ADDINGTON: Dorcas Goode?
But she is a child of two.

ANN: A child she is.
But evil clear through.

SAMUEL SEWALL: She's an infant! How could she....

ANN: (cutting him off) She's as guilty as the others!

SAMUEL SEWALL: We will not try that child!
She can't even speak!

ISSAC ADDINGTON: I believe your story is a little bit weak!

ANN: I demand justice!

ISSAC ADDINGTON: We're not denying you that.
But to cast blame on a child;
That's a little bit wild!

ANN: (falling into a fit) Stop! No!
She is hurting me, hurting me!
She is scratching my eyes!
She is strong for her size!

JOHN HATHORNE: Have Dorcas Goode join her mother in jail!

SAMUEL SEWALL: Lock her up as you will but that child will not hang!

JUSTIN SYKES: And so the trial went the same;
Every time John called a name,
The girls would fall in fits.
The accused would not admit.
So, obviously they were lying and were guilty.
~~Then~~ Tituba calmly confessed because she thought that it was best.
She was right.
She was right.
The judges set her free.
A few others tried the same, not caring of their name.
How odd!
How odd!
The judges set them free.

JUSTIN SYKES:

Those who knew that they were right;
Pleaded innocent put up a fight,
Were locked in jail and waited there to die.

Are the girls telling the truth?
Imagination of a youth?
I'm afraid we'll never know what is false and what is so.
But our eyes are open wide at the happenings inside.

SATAN:

And you've had them open since it all began!

JOHN HATHORNE:

Giles Corey, take the stand and tell us, I demand;
Are you a wizzard?
(GILES is silent)

THE CITIZENS:

He won't talk, he won't talk.
He won't talk, he won't talk.

JOHN HATHORNE:

My good fellow, what's your plea?

THE CITIZENS:

He won't talk, he won't talk.
He won't talk, he won't talk.

JOHN PROCTER:

He won't talk.
He is strong.
You can't make him think he's wrong!

JOHN HATHORNE:

He will speak, I will make him!

JOHN PROCTER:

I'm afraid you'll never break him!

JOHN HATHORNE:

He must talk.
We must know;
Do we hang or let him go?

JOHN PROCTER:

He won't speak!
He's not weak!
Speak not a word, Giles!
You are innocent, just as we!

JOHN HATHORNE:

We will make this man confess with a persuasion that is best.
Take him out and use a press!

JOHN PROCTER:

Giles Corey will not confess!

"THE PRESSING OF GILES"

MUSIC: J. MARSHALL EVANS
LYRICS: NINO KING

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Without a struggle, GILES COREY is tortured for a plea in front
of all the townspeople.

JUSTIN SYKES: Giles Corey wouldn't talk.
 Wouldn't say if he was guilty or not.
 His words he calmly stored as they layed him under a board.
 Placing boulders large in size on the top, before our eyes.
 Though the weight crushed him down;
 Giles did not emit a sound.

 The judges had to know;
 If they should hang or let him go.
 With such an iron will;
 Giles kept his silence still.

 Why should he defend himself against what he didn't do?
 Though he was very strong, it wouldn't be too long
 'Till Giles would encounter sudden fate.

 With his last dying breath,
 Before he met his death,
 He shouted to the jury:

GILES COREY: MORE WEIGHT!

The next day. In back of Ingersolls Inn.

ABIGAIL: Mercy, Ann, and Mary, listen to what I say;
I think we've gone a bit too far.
We have carried it away!

MARY: What you speak is truth, I know.
The innocent will die.
But should we turn each other in?
Or keep up with the lie?

ANN: If either one of you should talk,
I swear I'll turn you in!
I'll make them think that you're a witch!
I'll let them know you've sinned!

MERCY: Ann, how could you be so cruel?
How could you turn us in?
You're in this just as much as we!
You also chose to sin!

ANN: We are in this very deep, so we can't quit now.
We've got to keep the lie the truth.
No matter where or how.
What have those people done for us?
They deserve to die!

ABIGAIL: If they were guilty yes, they should!
But what's the reason why?

ANN: We've started something we can't quit.
The trial's reached an end.
So do we call it to a halt and let them know that we pretend?

MERCY: Little Ann, she speaks the truth.
If we confess we go to jail.
And not a single one in town would ever put up bail.

ABIGAIL: Then it's settled, we keep it up.
However cruel and mean.
But as long as we all live, our consciences will not be clean!

ANN: Besides, the awakening of this town is the best I've ever seen!

Days later. The last meeting at Ingersolls Inn.

JOHN HATHORNE: The trial is finished and the guilty will hang.
Tomorrow at dawn on Gallows Hill.
We have tried all accused and nineteen will die.
They are locked up for now they will spend their last night.

JUDGE SEWALL: We have had a fair trial, the girls helped us out.
We can't let the Devil roam all about.

JOHN HATHORNE: They've been sentenced to die by the judges and I.
At the rise of the sun, before everyone.

JUDGE ADDINGTON: It's been a long time, now they'll pay for their crime.
We've done what we should for the village's good.

JOHN HATHORNE: Now we'll rest until the executions.

THE CITIZENS: The witches have been sentenced to die.
The witches have been sentenced to die.

"ON GOES TIME"

MUSIC & LYRICS: NINO KING

A womans' voice (TITUBA) is heard somewhere in the distance.

TITUBA: Day will break.
 Moon will rise.
 Sun will shine.
 On goes time.

"WE'RE NOT DYING FOR YOU"

MUSIC & LYRICS: NINO KING

Just before sunrise, John Procter and the other convicted 'witches and wizzards' are looking through the jail bars at the flock of people gathered outside to witness the executions.

JOHN PROCTER: Look out the window, up Gallows Hill.
 The rope that's been hanging is hanging there still .
 One time we all knew who was our friend.
 Now we're alone and awaiting the end.

 The young girls talked falsely.
 Why did they lie?
 Why were we picked to go forward and die?
 No one beleived us.
 No one would hear.
 A disease that has lasted and cursed us a year.

 Everyone's waiting, look at them smile.
 For their amusement we die in awhile.
 Those vultures are drooling.
 Won't leave 'till it's done.
 Truth lost the battle, deception has won.
 (Yelling at the waiting crowd)
 Go, damn you, leave! Don't you know we're not guilty of any
 such action against God, our Lord!
 Why do you stand there like tigers just waiting to eat any
 creature that enters your horde.
 Go! Go! No, we're not dying for you or the liars that put
 us in jail.
 Go! Go! No, we're not dying for you!
 No! We're not dying for you!

Dawn.

THE CITIZENS: Dawn has come, hang the witches!
Dawn has come, hang the witches!

THE SHERRIFF: Come, witches, to Gallows Hill.
The dawn has come you must die now.

(THE SHERRIFF grabs JOHN PROCTERS' arm. There is a struggle.)

THE SHERRIFF: Come.

JOHN PROCTER: NO!

THE SHERRIFF: Come!

JOHN PROCTER: NO!

JOHN HATHORNE: Now!

JOHN PROCTER: NO!

JUDGE SEWALL: NOW!

JOHN PROCTER: NO!!

JUDGE ADDINGTON: COME!

JOHN PROCTER: NO!!

A CITIZEN: HANG THEM!

JOHN PROCTER: NO!

A CITIZEN: HANG THEM!

JOHN PROCTER: NO!

A CITIZEN: HANG THEM!

JOHN PROCTER: NO! NO! NO! NO!

THE CITIZENS: HANG THEM! HANG THEM! HANG THEM!

JOHN PROCTER: (A long piercing scream as the SHERRIFF and JUDGES
jerk him out of the cell) NO!!!

"THE MARCH TO GALLOW'S HILL"

MUSIC: NINO KING
NAMES: HISTORY

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The convicted are marched up to the gallows and hanged, one by one.
THE SHERIFF reads off their names as they die and agonizing pleas
are emitted from the victims.

THE SHERIFF: Sarah Goode,
Rebecca Nurse,
George Jacobs,
Elizabeth Howe,
Bridget Bishop,
Sarah Wildes,
Susannah Martin,
George Burroughs,
Mary Parker,
John Willard,
Martha Carrier,
Samuel Wardwell,
Martha Corey,
Mary Easty,
Alice Parker,
Ann Pudeator,
Margarett Scott,
Wilmot Reed,
John Procter.

"ON GOES TIME (REPRISE)"

TITUBA: Day will break.
Moon will rise.
Sun will shine.
On goes time.

"SOMETHING TO DO (REPRISE)"

MUSIC: J. MARSHALL EVANS
LYRICS: NINO KING

JUSTIN SYKES: Salem Village, sixteen-hundred-nine-two.
Since the trial and executions have been through;
The town's decaying and now rotting away.
All the people have long since moved away.

And the children need something to do.
The children need something to do.

JUSTIN SYKES

&

SATAN:

The children need something to do.

THE CHOIR:

The children need something to do.

"NINE BELLS / 1693"

MUSIC: NINO KING
ARRANGEMENT: J. MARSHALL EVANS

"NINE BELLS"

"My goes time"