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~~PUTNAM. She cannot eat.~~

~~HALE. Cannot eat! (*To Proctor and Corey.*) Do you men *also* have afflicted children?~~

~~PARRIS. No, no, these are farmers. John Proctor...~~

~~COREY. He don't believe in witches.~~

~~PROCTOR. I never spoke on witches one way or the other. Will you come, Giles?~~

~~COREY. No—no, John, I think not. I have some few queer questions of my own to ask this fellow.~~

~~PROCTOR. I've heard you be a sensible man, Mister Hale—I hope you'll leave some of it in Salem. (*Proctor goes out.*)~~

~~PARRIS. Will you look at my daughter, sir? (*Hale crosses R. to bed, followed by Parris. Corey follows to U. L. of Parris. Leads Hale to the bed.*) She has tried to leap out the window; we discovered her this morning on the highroad, waving her arms as though she'd fly.~~

~~HALE. Tries to fly?~~

~~PUTNAM. She cannot bear to hear the Lord's name, Mister Hale; that's a sure sign of witchcraft afloat.~~

~~HALE. No—no... Now let me instruct you. We cannot look to superstition in this. The Devil is precise; the marks of his presence are definite as stone and we must look only for his proper signs and judge nothing beforehand, and I must tell you all that I shall not proceed unless you are prepared to believe me if I should find no trace of hell in this.~~

~~PARRIS. It is agreed, sir—it is agreed—we will abide by your judgment.~~

~~HALE. Good then. Now, sir, what were your first warning of this strangeness?~~

~~PARRIS. Why, sir... I discovered her... and my niece Abigail and ten or twelve of the other girls, dancing in the forest last night.~~

~~HALE. You permit dancing?!~~

~~PARRIS. No—no, it were secret...~~

~~ANN. Mister Parris' slave has knowledge of conjurin', sir.~~

~~PARRIS. We cannot be sure of that, Goody Ann...~~

~~ANN. I know it, sir. I sent my child... she should learn from Tituba who murdered her sisters.~~

~~REBECCA. Goody Ann! You sent a child to conjure up the dead...?~~

~~ANN. (*Hysterically.*) Let God blame me, not you, not you, Rebecca! I'll not have *you* judging me any more! Mr. Hale, is it a natural work to lose seven children before they live a day?~~

PARRIS. Sssh!

HALE. (*Leafing through the book.*) Seven dead in childbirth?

ANN. Aye. (*Hale looks in book.*)

PARRIS. What book is that?

ANN. What's there, sir?

HALE. (*With a tasty love of intellectual pursuit. Looking at open book.*) Here is all the invisible world, caught, defined and calculated. (*Now looking at them. They are all enthralled with this.*) In these books the Devil stands stripped of all his brute disguises. Here are all your familiar spirits—your incubi and succubi, your witches that go by land, by air, and by sea; your wizards of the night and of the day. Have no fear now—we shall find him out if he has come among us, and I mean to crush him utterly if he has shown his face! (*Corey crosses near bed, looking at Betty.*)

REBECCA. Will it hurt the child, sir?

HALE. I cannot tell. If she is truly in the Devil's grip we may have to rip and tear to get her free.

REBECCA. I think I'll go then. I am too old for this.

PARRIS. Why, Rebecca, we may open up the boil of all our troubles today!

REBECCA. Let us hope for that. (*Up toward door.*) I go to God for you, sir.

PARRIS. (*Opens door.*) I hope you do not mean we go to Satan here!

REBECCA. I wish I knew. (*She goes out.*)

PUTNAM. Come, Mister Hale, let's get on. Sit you here. (*Hale sits on stool.*)

COREY. Mister Hale... I have always wanted to ask a learned man—What signifies the readin' of strange books?

HALE. What books? (*Ann rises.*)

COREY. I cannot tell; she hides them.

HALE. Who does this?

COREY. Martha, my wife. I have waked at night many times and found her in a corner, readin' of a book. Now what do you make of that?

HALE. Why, that's not necessarily...

COREY. It discomfits me! Last night—mark this—I tried and tried and could not say my prayers. And then she close her book and walks out of the house, and suddenly—mark this—I could *pray* again!

HALE. Ah!—the stoppage of prayer—that is strange. (*Sits on bed, beside Betty.*) I'd like to speak further on that with you.

COREY. I'm not sayin' she's touched the Devil, now, but I'd admire to know *what* books she reads and *why* she hides them—she'll not answer me, y'see.

HALE. Aye, we'll discuss it. Now mark me, if the Devil is in her you will witness some frightful wonders in this room, so please to keep your wits about you. Mister Putnam, stand close in case she flies. (*Turns to Betty, helps her sit up.*) Now, Betty dear, will you sit up? (*Sits her up.*) H'mmmm. Can you hear me? I am John Hale, minister of Beverly. I have come to help you, dear. Do you remember my two little girls in Beverly?

PARRIS. How can it be the Devil? Why would he choose my house to strike?

HALE. What victory would the Devil have, to win a soul already had? It is the best the Devil wants, and who is better than the minister?

COREY. That's deep, Mister Parris, deep.

HALE. Does someone afflict you, child? It need not be a woman, mind you, or a man. Perhaps some bird, invisible to others, comes to you, perhaps a pig, or any beast at all. Is there some figure bids you fly? (*Pauses. Passes his hand over her face.*) In nomine Domini Sabaoth, sui filii que ite ad Infernos. (*Betty is laid back on pillow. Looks to Abigail.*) Abigail, (*Looks back to Betty.*) what sort of dancing were you doing with her in the forest?

ABIGAIL. Why—common dancing is all.

PARRIS. I think I ought to say that I—I saw a kettle in the grass where they were dancing.

ABIGAIL. That were only soup.

HALE. Soup? What sort of soup were in this kettle, Abigail?

ABIGAIL. Why, it were beans—and lintels, I think, and—

HALE. Mister Parris, you did not notice, did you—any living thing in the kettle? A mouse, perhaps, a spider, a frog—? (*Parris looks at her.*)

ABIGAIL. (*Hysterically, seeing Parris' look.*) That frog jumped in, we never put it in!

PARRIS. A frog, Abby!

ABIGAIL. We never put it in!

HALE. Abigail, it may be your cousin is dying—Did you call the Devil last night?

ABIGAIL. I never called him! Tituba called him!

PARRIS. She called the Devil!

HALE. I should like to speak with Tituba.

PARRIS. (*Takes Ann to door and returns as she goes out.*) Goody Ann, will you bring her up?

HALE. How did she call him?

ABIGAIL. I know not—she spoke Barbados.

HALE. Did you feel any strangeness when she called him? A sudden cold wind, perhaps? A trembling below the ground?

ABIGAIL. I didn't see no Devil!— (*To Betty, frantically.*) Betty, wake up, Betty! Betty!

HALE. You cannot evade me, Abigail. —Did your cousin drink any of the brew in that kettle?

ABIGAIL. She never drank it!

HALE. Did you drink it?

ABIGAIL. No, sir!

HALE. Did Tituba ask you to drink it?

ABIGAIL. She tried but I refused.

HALE. *Why* are you concealing? Have you sold yourself to Lucifer?

ABIGAIL. I never sold myself! I'm a good girl—I— (*Ann enters with Tituba.*) I did drink of the kettle!—She made me do it! She made Betty do it!

TITUBA. Abby!

ABIGAIL. She makes me drink blood!

PARRIS. Blood!!

ANN. My baby's blood?

TITUBA. No—no, chicken blood, I give she chicken blood!

HALE. Woman, have you enlisted these children for the Devil?

TITUBA. No—no, sir, I don't truck with the Devil!

HALE. (*Of Betty.*) Why can she not wake? Are you silencing this child?

TITUBA. I love me Betty!

HALE. You have sent your spirit out upon this child, have you not? Are you gathering souls for the Devil?

ABIGAIL. She send her spirit on me in *church*, she make me laugh at *prayer*!

PARRIS. She have often laughed at prayer!

ABIGAIL. She comes to me every night to go and drink blood!

TITUBA. You beg *me* to conjure, Abby! She beg *me* make charm—

ABIGAIL. I'll tell you something. She comes to me while I sleep; she's always making me dream corruptions!

TITUBA. Abby!

ABIGAIL. (*At r. of Betty's head. Hysterically, horrified.*) Sometimes