

DANFORTH Mr. Putnam states your charge is a lie. What say you to that?

COREY A fart on Thomas Putnam! That is what I say to that!

DANFORTH What proof do you submit for your charge, sir?

COREY My proof is there! (*The paper.*) If Jacobs hangs for a witch he forfeit up his property – that's law! And there is none but Putnam with the coin to buy so great a piece. This man is killing his neighbors for their *land!*

DANFORTH But proof, sir, proof . . .

COREY (*Emphatically.*) The proof is *there!* – I have it from an honest man who heard Putnam say it! The day his daughter cried out on Jacobs, he said she'd given him a fair gift of land.

HATHORNE And the name of this man?

COREY (*Taken aback.*) What name?

HATHORNE The man that give you this information?

COREY (*He hesitates.*) Why, I . . . I cannot give you his name.

HATHORNE And why not?

COREY You know well why not! – He'll lay in jail if I give his name!

HATHORNE This is contempt of the court, Mister Danforth!

DANFORTH (*Kindly, as to a child.*) You will surely tell us the name.

COREY (*Quietly.*) I will not give you no name. I mentioned my wife's name once and I'll burn in hell long enough for that. I stand mute.

DANFORTH (*Rather regretfully.*) In that case, I have no choice but to arrest you for contempt of this court, do you know that?

COREY This is a hearing; you *cannot* clap me for contempt of a hearing.

DANFORTH Oh, it is a proper lawyer! Do you wish me to declare the court in full session here? – or will you give me good reply?

COREY I cannot give you no name, sir, I cannot . . .

DANFORTH You are a foolish old man. Mister Cheever, (*CHEEVER crosses D. to stool above table. Sits, opens writing box, prepares to write. Puts on glasses.*) begin the record. The court is now in session. I ask you, Mister Corey . . .

PROCTOR Your Honor . . . he has the story in confidence, sir, and he . . .

PARRIS The Devil lives on such confidences! (*To DANFORTH.*) Without confidences there could be no conspiracy, Your Honor!

HATHORNE I think it must be broken, sir.

DANFORTH (*To COREY, in friendly tone, but a little impatient.*) Old man, if your informant tells the truth let him come here openly like a decent man. But if he hides in anonymity I must know why. Now, sir, the government and central church demand of you the name of him who reported Mister Thomas Putnam a common murderer.

HALE *Excellency* . . .

DANFORTH Mister Hale.

HALE (*Regretfully.*) We cannot blink it more. There is a prodigious fear of this court in the country . . . (*COREY nods slightly in agreement.*)