

- MARY *(Fervently, with a trembling, decayed voice.)*
We must all love each other now, Goody Proctor.
- ELIZABETH *(Amazed at her strangeness.)* – Aye, indeed we must.
- MARY I'll get up early in the morning and clean the house. I must sleep now.
- PROCTOR Mary. Is it true there be fourteen women arrested?
- MARY No, sir. There be thirty-nine now . . . *(She suddenly breaks off and sobs.)*
- ELIZABETH *(Rising and crossing to MARY.)* Why, she's weepin'! What ails you, child?
- MARY Goody Osburn . . . will hang! *(ELIZABETH hugs her.)*
- PROCTOR Hang! Hang, y'say?
- MARY Aye . . .
- PROCTOR The Deputy Governor will permit it?
- MARY He sentenced her. He must – *(Taking her head from ELIZABETH'S shoulder. To ameliorate it.)* But not Sarah Good. For Sarah Good confessed, y'see.
- PROCTOR Confessed! To what?
- MARY That she sometimes made a compact with Lucifer, and wrote her name in his black book – with her blood – and bound herself to torment Christians till God's thrown down . . . and we all must worship Hell forevermore. *(ELIZABETH puts doll on table.)*
- PROCTOR But . . . surely you know what a jabberer she is. Did you tell them that?

- MARY Mister Proctor, in open court she near to choked us all to death.
- PROCTOR *How* choked you?
- MARY She sent her *spirit* out.
- ELIZABETH Oh, Mary, Mary, surely you . . .
- MARY She tried to kill me many times, Goody Proctor!
- ELIZABETH Why, I never heard you mention that before.
- MARY *(Innocently.)* I never *knew* it before. I never knew anything before. When she come into the court I say to myself, I must not accuse this woman, for she sleep in ditches, and so very old and poor . . . But then . . . then she sit there, denying and denying, and I feel a misty coldness climbin' up my back, and the skin on my skull begin to creep, and I feel a clamp around my neck and I cannot breathe air; and then . . . *(Entranced as though it were a miracle.)* I hear a voice, a screamin' voice, and it were my voice . . . and all at once I remembered everything she done to me! *(Slight pause as PROCTOR watches ELIZABETH pass him, then speaks, being aware of ELIZABETH'S alarm.)*
- PROCTOR *(Looking at ELIZABETH.)* Why? – What did she do to you?
- MARY *(Like one awakened to a marvelous secret insight.)* So many time, Mister Proctor, she come to this very door beggin' bread and a cup of cider – and mark *this* – whenever I turned her away empty – she *mumbled*.
- ELIZABETH Mumbled! She may mumble, hungry.
- MARY But *what* does she mumble? You must remember, Goody Proctor – last month – a