

- ABIGAIL Betty? (*BETTY doesn't move. She shakes her.*)
Now stop this! Betty! Sit up now!
- MERCY Have you tried beatin' her? I gave Ruth a good one and it waked her for a minute. Here, let me have her . . .
- ABIGAIL No, he'll be comin' up. Now look you, if they be questioning us tell them we danced – I told him as much already.
- MERCY And what more?
- ABIGAIL He saw you naked.
- MERCY Oh, Jesus! (*Falls back on bed. Enter MARY WARREN, breathless. She is seventeen, a subservient, naive girl.*)
- MARY What'll we do, the whole village is out!
- MERCY (*Mimicking her.*) "What'll we do?" (*Sitting up.*)
- MARY I just come from the farm, the whole country's talkin' witchcraft! They'll be callin' us witches, Abby!
- MERCY (*Mimicking her.*) "They'll be callin' us witches, Abby." She means to tell, I know it.
- MARY Abby, we've got to tell. Witchery's a hangin' error, a hangin' like they done in Boston two year ago! We must tell the truth, Abby! – you'll only be whipped for dancin', and the other things!
- ABIGAIL Oh, we'll be whipped!
- MARY I never done none of it, Abby, I only looked!
- MERCY Oh, you're a great one for lookin', aren't you, Mary Warren?

- ABIGAIL (*BETTY whimpers.*) Betty? Now, Betty, dear, wake up now. It's Abigail. (*She sits BETTY up, furiously shakes her.*) I'll beat you, Betty! (*BETTY whimpers.*) My, you seem improving. I talked to your papa and I told him everything. So there's nothing to . . .
- BETTY I want my mama!
- ABIGAIL What ails you, Betty? Your mama's dead and buried . . .
- BETTY I'll fly to Mama, let me fly . . . ! (*Raises her arms as though to fly. MERCY and ABIGAIL thrust them down.*)
- ABIGAIL I told him everything, he knows now, he knows everything we . . . (*BETTY suddenly springs off bed, rushes across room to window where ABIGAIL catches her.*)
- BETTY You drank blood, Abby, you drank blood!
- ABIGAIL (*Dragging BETTY back to bed and forcing her into it.*) Betty, you never say that again! You will never . . .
- BETTY You did, you did! You drank a charm to kill John Proctor's wife! You drank a charm to kill Goody Proctor!
- ABIGAIL (*Slaps her face.*) Shut it! Now shut it!
- BETTY (*Collapsing on the bed.*) Mama, Mama . . . ! (*She dissolves into sobs.*)
- ABIGAIL Now look you. All of you. We danced. And Tituba conjured Ruth Putnam's dead sisters. And that is all. And mark this – let either of you breathe a word, or the edge of a word about the other things, and I will come to you in the black of some terrible night and I will bring a pointy reckoning that will shudder you. And you know I can do it; I saw Indians smash