

- ANN How high did she fly, how high?
- PARRIS No – no, she never flew . . .
- ANN Why, it's sure she did; Mister Collins saw her goin' over Ingersoll's barn, and come down light as bird, he says!
- PARRIS Now, look you, Goody Putnam; she never . . .  
(Enter THOMAS PUTNAM, a well-to-do, hard-handed landowner near fifty.) Oh, good morning, Mister Putnam . . .
- PUTNAM It is a providence the thing is out now! It is a providence.
- PARRIS What's out, sir, what's . . . ?
- PUTNAM (Looking down at BETTY.) Why, her eyes is closed! Look you, Ann.
- ANN Why, that's strange. Ours is open.
- PARRIS Your little Ruth is sick?
- ANN I'd not call it *sick*; the Devil's touch is heavier than sick, it's *death*, y'know, it's death drivin' into them forked and hoofed.
- PARRIS Oh, pray not! Why, *how* does your child ail?
- ANN She ails as she must – she never waked this morning but her eyes open and she walks, and hears naught, sees naught, and cannot eat. Her soul is taken, surely.
- PUTNAM They say you've sent for Reverend Hale of Beverly?
- PARRIS A *precaution* only. He has much experience in all demonic arts, and I . . .
- ANN He has *indeed*, and found a *witch* in Beverly last year, and let you remember that.

- PARRIS Now, Goody Ann, they only thought that were a witch, and I am certain there be no element of witchcraft here.
- PUTNAM No witchcraft! Now look you, Mister Parris . . .
- PARRIS Thomas, Thomas, I pray you, *leap not to witchcraft*. I know that you, you least of all, Thomas, would ever wish so disastrous a charge laid upon me. We cannot leap to witchcraft. They will howl me out of Salem for such corruption in my house.
- PUTNAM Now, look you, Mister Parris; I have taken your part in all contention here, and I would continue; but I cannot if you hold back in this. There are hurtful, vengeful spirits layin' hands on these children.
- PARRIS But, Thomas, you cannot . . .
- PUTNAM Ann! Tell Mister Parris what you have done.
- ANN Reverend Parris, I have laid seven babies unbaptized in the earth. Believe me, sir, you never saw more hearty babies born. And yet, each would wither in my arms the very night of their birth. I have spoke nothin', but my heart has clamored intimations. And now, this year, my Ruth, my only – I see her turning strange. A secret child she has become this year, and shrivels like a sucking mouth were pullin' on her life, too. And so I thought to send her to your Tituba –
- PARRIS To Tituba! What may Tituba . . . ?
- ANN Tituba knows how to speak to the *dead*, Mister Parris.
- PARRIS Goody Ann, it is a formidable sin to conjure up the dead!