

- ANN My mother told me that! When they cannot bear to hear the name of . . .
- PARRIS Rebecca, Rebecca, come to her . . . we're lost, she suddenly cannot bear to hear the Lord's name. (*REBECCA crosses to bed. GILES COREY enters. He is 83, knotted with muscle, canny, inquisitive, and still powerful.*) There is hard sickness here, Giles Corey, so please to keep the quiet.
- COREY I've not said a word. No one here can testify I've said a word. Is she going to fly again? I hear she flies.
- PUTNAM Man, be quiet now! (*REBECCA stands by BETTY, who becomes quiet.*)
- ANN What have you done?
- REBECCA Pray, calm yourselves. I have eleven children, and I am twenty-six times a grandma, and I have seen them all through their silly seasons, and when it come on them they will run the Devil bowlegged keeping up with their mischief. I think she'll wake when she tires of it. A child's spirit is like a child, you can never catch it by running after it; you must stand still, and for love it will soon itself come back.
- PROCTOR Aye, that's the truth of it, Rebecca.
- ANN This is no silly season, Rebecca. My Ruth is bewildered, Rebecca, she cannot eat.
- REBECCA Perhaps she is not hungered yet. Mr. Parris, I hope you are not decided to go in search of loose spirits. I've heard promise of that outside . . .
- PARRIS A wide opinion's running in the parish that the Devil may be among us, and I would satisfy them that they are wrong.

- PROCTOR Then let you come out and call them wrong. Are you our minister, or Mister Hale? Did you consult the wardens of the church before you called this minister to look for devils?
- PARRIS He is not coming to look for *devils!*
- PROCTOR Then what's he coming for?
- PUTNAM There be children dyin' in the village, Mister . . . !
- PROCTOR I see none dyin' . . .
- REBECCA Pray, John . . . be calm. Mister Parris, I think you'd best send Reverend Hale back as soon as he come. This will set us all to arguin' again in the society, and we thought to have peace this year. I think we ought rely on Doctor Griggs now, and good prayer . . .
- ANN Rebecca, the doctor's baffled.
- REBECCA If so he is, then let us go to God for the cause of it. There is prodigious danger in the seeking of loose spirits, I fear it, I fear it. Let us rather blame ourselves and . . .
- PUTNAM How may we blame ourselves? I am one of nine sons; the Putnam seed have peopled this province. And yet I have but one child left of eight - and now she shrivels!
- REBECCA I cannot fathom that.
- ANN You think it God's work you should never lose a child, nor a grandchild either, and I bury all but one?
- PUTNAM When Reverend Hale comes you will proceed to look for signs of witchcraft here.
- PROCTOR You cannot command Mister Parris. We vote by name in this society, not by acreage.