

PUTNAM I never heard you worried so on this society, Mister Proctor. I do not think I saw you at Sabbath meeting since snow flew.

PROCTOR I have trouble enough without I come five mile to hear him preach only hellfire and bloody damnation. There are many others who stay away from church these days because he hardly ever mention God any more.

PARRIS Why, that's a drastic charge . . .

REBECCA It's somewhat true; there are many that quail to bring their children . . .

PARRIS I do not preach for children, Rebecca. It is not the *children* who are unmindful of their obligations toward this ministry. Where is my wood? My contract provides I be supplied with all my firewood. I am waiting since November for a stick, and even in November I had to show my frost-bitten hands like some London beggar!

COREY You are allowed six pounds a year to buy your wood, Mister Parris.

PARRIS I am paid little enough without I spend six pound on firewood. The salary is sixty-six pound, Mister Proctor! I am not some preaching farmer with a book under my arm; I am a graduate of Harvard College.

COREY Aye, and well-instructed in mathematic!

PARRIS Mister Corey, you will look far for a man of my kind at sixty pound a year! I am not *used* to this poverty; I left a thrifty business in the Barbados to serve the Lord. I do not fathom it, why am I persecuted here?! I cannot offer one proposition but there be a howling riot of argument. I have often wondered if the Devil be in it somewhere; I cannot understand you people otherwise.

PROCTOR Mister Parris, you are the first minister ever did demand the deed to this house –

PARRIS I am your third preacher in seven years. I do not wish to be put out like the cat, whenever some majority feels the whim. You people seem not to comprehend that a minister is the Lord's man in the parish; a minister is not to be so lightly crossed and contradicted . . .

PUTNAM Aye!

PARRIS There is either obedience or the church will burn like hell is burning!

PROCTOR Can you speak one minute without we land in hell again? I am sick of hell!

PARRIS It is not for you to say what is good for you to hear!

PROCTOR I may speak my heart, I think!

PARRIS What, are we Quakers? We are not Quakers here yet, Mister Proctor. And you may tell that to your followers!

PROCTOR My followers!

PARRIS There is a *party* in this church; I am not blind; there is a faction and a party.

PROCTOR Against *you*?

PUTNAM Against him and all authority.

PROCTOR Why, then I must find it and join it.

REBECCA He does not mean that . . .

PROCTOR I mean it solemnly, Rebecca, I like not the smell of this "authority," I have a crop to sow, and lumber to drag home. What say you, Giles? Let's find that party. He says there is a party.