

- COREY I've changed my opinion of this man. Mister Parris, I beg your pardon. I never thought you had so much iron in you.
- PARRIS Why, thank you, Giles.
- COREY It suggest to the mind what the trouble be among us all these years. Think on it, wherefore is everybody suing everybody else. I have been six times in court this year.
- PROCTOR Is it the Devil's fault that a man cannot say you Good Morning without you clap him for defamation? You're old, Giles, and you're not hearing as well as you did.
- COREY John Proctor, I have only last month collected four pound damages for you publicly saying I burned the roof off your house, and I -
- PROCTOR I never said no such thing, but I paid you for it, so I hope I can call you deaf without charge. Come along, Giles, and help me drag my lumber home.
- COREY I'll be damned first!
- PUTNAM A moment, Mister Proctor. What lumber is that you're draggin' home, if I may ask you?
- PROCTOR My lumber. From out my forest by the riverside.
- PUTNAM Why, we are surely gone wild this year: what anarchy is this? - that tract is in my bounds, it's in my bounds, Mister Proctor.
- PROCTOR In your bounds! I bought that tract from Goody Nurse's husband five months ago.
- PUTNAM He had no right to sell it. It stands clear in my grandfather's will that all the land between the river and . . .

- PROCTOR Your grandfather had a *habit* of willing land that never belonged to him, if I may say it plain.
- COREY That's God's truth; he nearly willed away my north pasture but he knew I'd break his fingers before he set his name to it. Let's get your lumber home, John, I feel a sudden will to work coming on.
- PUTNAM You load one oak of mine and you'll fight to drag it home!
- COREY Aye, and we'll win, too, Putnam - this fool and I. Come on!
- PUTNAM I'll have my men on you, Corey! I'll clap a writ on you! (*Enter REVEREND JOHN HALE, 35, a ruddy, bright young man. He is loaded down with half a dozen heavy books.*)
- HALE Pray you, someone take these! (*PUTNAM crosses to HALE's L., helps him.*)
- PARRIS Mister Hale! Oh, it's good to see you again! (*Helping him as they cross D. to table.*) My, they're heavy!
- HALE (*Putting books on table.*) They must be, they are weighted with authority.
- PARRIS Well, you do come prepared!
- HALE We shall need hard study, if it comes to tracking down the Old Boy. You cannot be Rebecca Nurse?
- REBECCA I am, sir. Do you know me?
- HALE It's strange how I knew you, but I suppose you look as such a good soul should. We have all heard of your great charities in Beverly.