

INT. THE GIRLS

ABIGAIL

(with hushed trepidation)

How is Ruth sick?

MERCY

It's weirdish, I know not- she seems to walk like a dead one since last night.

*ABIGAIL turns at once and goes to BETTY.*

ABIGAIL

(with fear in her voice)

Betty?

*Betty doesn't move. She shakes her.*

Now stop this! Betty! Sit up now!

*Betty doesn't stir. MERCY comes over.*

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

(holding MERCY back)

No, he'll be comin' up. Listen now; if they be questioning us, tell them we danced I told him as much already.

MERCY

Aye. And what more?

ABIGAIL

He knows Tituba conjured Ruth's sisters to come out of the grave.

MERCY

And what more?

ABIGAIL

He saw you naked.

MERCY

(clapping her hands together with a frightened laugh)

Oh, Jesus!

*ENTER MARY WARREN*

MARY WARREN

(breathless)

What'll we do? The village is out! I just come from the farm; the whole country's talkin' witchcraft! They'll be callin' us witches, Abby!

MERCY

(pointing and looking at

MARY WARREN)

She means to tell, I know it.

MARY WARREN

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 WARREN

I never done none of it, Abby. I only looked!

MERCY

(moving menacingly toward

MARY)

Oh, you're a great one for lookin', aren't you, Mary Warren? What a grand peeping courage you have!

*BETTY, on the bed, whimpers. ABIGAIL turns to her at once.*

ABIGAIL

Betty?

(going to BETTY)

Now, Betty, dear, wake up now. It's Abigail.

(She sits BETTY up and furiously shakes her.)

I'll beat you, Betty!

*BETTY whimpers.*

My, you seem improving. I talked to your papa and told him everything. So there's nothing to-

*BETTY darts off the bed, frightened of ABIGAIL, and flattens herself against the wall*

BETTY

I want my mama!

ABIGAIL

(with alarm, as she cautiously approaches Betty.)

What ails you Betty? Your mama's dead and buried.

BETTY

I'll fly to Mama. Let me fly!

*She raises her arms as though to fly, and streaks for the window, gets one leg out.*

ABIGAIL

(pulling her away from  
the window)

I told him everything; he knows now, he knows everything we-

BETTY

You drank blood, Abby! You didn't tell him that!

ABIGAIL

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

(smashes her across the  
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 my dear parents' heads on the pillow next to mine, and I can make you wish you had never seen the sun go down!

*She goes to BETTY and roughly sits her up.*  
Now, you sit up and stop this!

*But BETTY collapses in her hands and lies inert on the bed.*

MARY WARREN

(with hysterical fright)

What's got her?

*ABIGAIL stares in fright at BETTY.*  
Abby, she's going to die! It's a sin to conjure, and we-

ABIGAIL

(starting for MARY WARREN)

I say shut it, Mary Warren!