

INT. ELIZABETH & DANFORTH

**PUTNAM**

Why, her eyes is closed! Look you, Ann.

**MRS. PUTNAM**

Why, that's strange.

(To PARRIS:)

Ours is open.

**PARRIS**

Your Ruth is sick?

**MRS. PUTNAM**

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 Ruth ail?

**MRS. PUTNAM**

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.

*PARRIS is struck.*

**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..

**MRS. PUTNAM**

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, Mr 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**

Mr. Paris, 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 Mr. Parris what you have done.

**MRS. PUTNAM**

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?

**MRS. PUTNAM**

Tituba knows how to speak to the dead, Mr. Parris.

**PARRIS**

Goody Ann, it is a formidable sin to conjure up the dead!

**MRS. PUTNAM**

I take it on my soul, but who else may surely tell us what person murdered my babies?

**PARRIS**

Woman!

**MRS. PUTNAM**

They were murdered, Mr. Parris! And mark this proof! Mark it! Last night my Ruth were ever so close to their little spirits; I know it, sir. For how else is she struck dumb now except some power of darkness would stop her mouth? It is a marvelous sign, Mr. Parris !

**PUTNAM**

Don't you understand it, sir? There is a murdering witch among us, bound to keep herself in the dark.

*PARRIS turns to BETTY, a frantic terror rising.*  
Let your enemies make of it what they will, you cannot blink it more.