

INT. FRANCIS NURSE, GILES COREY, (ELIZABETH, PROCTOR, & HALE)

PROCTOR

Rebecca's in the jail?

FRANCIS NURSE

Aye, Cheever come and take her in his wagon. We've only now come from the jail, and they'll not even let us in to see them.

ELIZABETH

They've surely gone wild now, Mr. Hale!

FRANCIS NURSE

Reverend Hale! Can you not speak to the Deputy Governor? I'm sure he mistakes these people-

HALE

Pray calm yourself, Mr. Nurse.

FRANCIS NURSE

My wife is the very brick and mortar of the church, Mr. Hale.

(Indicating GILES)

and Martha Corey, there cannot be a woman closer yet to God than Martha.

HALE

How is Rebecca charged, Mr, Nurse?

FRANCIS NURSE

(With a mocking,
half-hearted laugh.)

For murder, she's charged!

(Mockingly quoting
the warrant:)

"For the marvelous and supernatural murder of Goody Putnam's babies." What am I to do, Mr. Hale?

HALE

(Deeply troubled.)

Believe me, Mr. Nurse, if Rebecca Nurse be tainted, then nothing's left to stop the whole green world from burning. Let you rest upon the justice of the court; the court will send her home, I know it.

FRANCIS NURSE

You cannot mean she will be tried in court!

HALE

(Pleading)

Nurse, though our hearts break, we cannot flinch; these are new times, sir. There is a misty plot afoot so subtle we

(MORE)

HALE (CONT'D)

should be criminal to cling to old respects and ancient friendships. I have seen too many frightful proofs in court- the Devil is alive in Salem, and we dare not quail to follow wherever the accusing finger points!

PROCTOR

(Angered)

How may such a woman murder children?

HALE

(In great pain.)

Man, remember, until an hour before the Devil fell, God thought him beautiful in Heaven.

GILES

I never said my wife were a witch, Mr. Hale; I only said she were reading books!

HALE

Mr. Corey, exactly what complaint were made on your wife?

GILES

That bloody mongrel Walcott charge her. Y'see, he buy a pig of my wife four or five year ago, and the pig died soon after. So he come dancin' in for his money back. So my Martha, she says to him, "Walcott, if you haven't the wit to feed a pig properly, you'll not live to own many," she says. Now he goes to court and claims that from that day to this he cannot keep a pig alive for more than four weeks because my Martha bewitch them with her books!