

INT. MARY WARREN, PROCTOR, & ELIZABETH

PROCTOR

(Furious. Grabbing MARY
WARREN by her cloak.)

How do you go to Salem when I forbid it? Do you mock Me?
I'll whip you if you dare leave this house again! She does
not resist him, but hangs limply by his grip.

MARY WARREN

I am sick, I am sick, Mr. Proctor. Pray, pray, hurt me not.

*Her strangeness throws him off, and her evident
pallor and weakness. He frees her.*

My insides are all shuddery; I am in the proceedings all
day, sir.

PROCTOR

(Curiosity draining anger.)

And what of these proceedings here? When will you proceed
to keep this house, as you are paid nine pound a year to
do-- and my wife not wholly well?

*As though to compensate, MARY WARREN goes to
ELIZABETH with a small rag doll.*

MARY WARREN

I made a gift for you today, Goody Proctor. I had to sit
long hours in a chair, and passed the time with sewing.

ELIZABETH

(Perplexed, looking at
the doll.)

Why, thank you, it's a fair poppet.

MARY WARREN

(With a trembling,
decayed voice.)

We must all love each other now, Goody Proctor.

ELIZABETH

(Amazed by her strangeness)

Aye, indeed we must.

MARY WARREN

(Glancing at the room.)

I'll get up early in the morning and clean the house. I
must sleep now. She turns and starts off.

PROCTOR

Mary.

She halts.

Is it true? There be fourteen women arrested?

MARY WARREN

No, sir. There be thirty-nine now--

She suddenly breaks off and sobs and sits down, exhausted.

ELIZABETH

Why, she's weepin'! What ails you, child?

MARY WARREN

Goody Osburn-- will hang!

There is a shocked pause, while she sobs.

PROCTOR

Hang!

(He calls into her face.)

Hang, y'say?

MARY WARREN

(Through her weeping.)

Aye.

PROCTOR

The Deputy Governor will permit it?

MARY WARREN

He sentenced her. He must.

(To ameliorate it.)

But not Sarah Good. For Sarah Good confessed, y'see.

PROCTOR

Confessed! To what?

MARY WARREN

(In horror at the memory)

That she - that she sometimes made a compact with Lucifer, and wrote her name in his black book - with her blood - and bound herself to torment Christians till God's thrown down - and we all must worship Hell forevermore.

Pause.

PROCTOR

But- surely you know what a jabberer she is. Did you tell them that?

MARY WARREN

Mr. Proctor, in open court she near choked us all to death.

PROCTOR

How, choked you?

MARY WARREN

She sent her spirit out.

ELIZABETH

Oh, Mary, Mary, surely you--

MARY WARREN

(With an indignant edge.)

She tried to kill me many times, Goody Proctor!

ELIZABETH

Why, I never heard you mention that before.

MARY WARREN

I never knew it before. I never knew anything before. When she come into the court I say to myself, I must not accuse this woman, for she sleep in ditches, and so very old and poor. But then-- then she sit there, denying and denying, and I feel a misty coldness climbin' up my back, and the skin on my skull begin to creep, and I feel a clamp around my neck and I cannot breathe air; and then--

(Entranced.)

I hear a voice, a screamin' voice, and it were my voice-- and all at once I remembered everything she done to me!

PROCTOR

Why? What did she do to you?

MARY WARREN

(Like one awakened to a
marvelous secret
insight.)

So many time, Mr. Proctor, she come to this very door, beggin' bread and a cup of cider - and mark this; whenever I turned her away empty, she mumbled.