

INT. MARY WARREN, PROCTOR, & ELIZABETH

PUTNAM

Goody Nurse, will you go to my Ruth and see if you can wake her?

REBECCA

I think she'll wake in time. Pray calm yourselves. I have eleven children, and I am twenty-six times a grandma, and I have seen them all through their silly seasons, and when it come on them they will run the Devil bowlegged keeping up with their mischief. I think she'll wake when she tires of it. A child's spirit is like a child, you can never catch it by running after it; you must stand still, and, for love, it will soon itself come back.

MRS. PUTNAM

This is no silly season, Rebecca. My Ruth is bewildered, Rebecca; she cannot eat.

REBECCA

Perhaps she is not hungered yet.

(To Parris:)

I hope you are not decided to go in search of loose spirits, Mr. Parris. I've heard promise of that outside.