

THE CRUCIBLE
SCREENPLAY
BY ARTHUR MILLER

BASED ON HIS PLAY

Revised 4/19/95

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SALEM VILLAGE; 1692

UNDER TITLES

INT. NIGHT. A GIRL'S BEDROOM.

The tense, excited face of a teenage girl, as she sits up in her bed.

She gets out of bed and starts to dress quickly.

INT. NIGHT. A STAIRWAY.

She creeps down the stairs.

EXT. NIGHT. SALEM VILLAGE.

The Village under the moon. Nothing moves now, the village sleeps. A wind rises and dies away. Distantly a dog barks.

A CLOAKED FIGURE surreptitiously emerges from a doorway and hurries in the direction of the forest.

Then another from another house.

CAMERA moves past the last house in town and heads for the forest, and now, VOICES OVER, we hear hurried whispers, giggles, the voices of young girls, excited, urgent. But we can't make out what they're saying.

EXT. NIGHT. FOREST.

The fog obscures all but the great pine trunks as CAMERA moves through the forest. CAMERA, in effect, is pursuing the whispers which are gradually gaining in numbers and volume--

CAMERA, moving fast now, catches sight of four or five GIRLS rushing through the forest, their excited faces intent on something ahead. Their dark capes, long skirts and caps are snatched at by branches and thorny canes but they crash through. Now they approach a CLEARING and go nearly breathless toward...

EXT. NIGHT. CLEARING.

CAMERA, facing the phalanx of trees at the clearing's edge, sees a dozen GIRLS bursting out into the open. These teenagers are exploding with a primeval force toward a release, which is...

TITUBA, a motherly black Barbados slave in her thirties is officiating at a rite over a boiling kettle of water. There are now a dozen girls around her as she lifts a live rooster over her head, spreading its wings. Now a girl takes up a tambourine and

launches a rhythmic beat. An impromptu dance begins, spreading out its enticing rhythms through all the girls.

TITUBA is singing softly, happily, waving the rooster over the dancers whose movements become more and more free and joyful. Some of them dance in pairs, laughing at their own upsurging feelings. Now an inspired MERCY LEWIS calls to TITUBA...

MERCY

Oh, Tituba, make Randolph Baker
love me!

Whoops of thrilled voices at this revelation of desire and the dancing increases its intensity.

GIRL 1

Abby!--who do you want!

ABIGAIL waves her down, laughing, but SUSANNAH WALCOTT, pointing at Abigail cries out...

SUSANNAH

She wants John Proctor!

At this, a screaming uproar, and ABIGAIL, laughing, rushes at SUSANNAH in mock anger...

MERCY

Make a spell on Randolph Baker,
Tituba!

MERCY is pulling her frock open and the screaming is becoming hysterical...

SUSANNAH

Get her John Proctor again!

This apparently scandalous reference sends ABIGAIL flying at SUSANNAH again in mock fury and they roll on the ground "fighting" and laughing...

MARY WARREN through all this is distinguished from the others by her non-participation, she is the scared and tempted observer.

At TITUBA's feet a boiling pot of water. TITUBA'S HEAD intersects the moon as she incants a Barbadian chant, the rooster raised up to heaven.

MERCY LEWIS is dancing naked, the rhythms are wild now.

Now ABIGAIL avidly whispers something into TITUBA's ear; TITUBA shows alarm and...

TITUBA

No-no, that be bad t'ing!

Overhearing from close by Little BETTY PARRIS, aged ten, watches wide-eyed and terrified, clutching hands with, RUTH PUTNAM, same age, likewise looking on in fascinated terror.

ABIGAIL defiantly grabs the rooster from TITUBA and with a smashing blow breaks its neck on the edge of the iron pot. More screams, now with real fright in the voices.

ABIGAIL catches the rooster's blood in her palm and starts to raise it to her lips...

TITUBA

No, Abby!

Defying TITUBA's attempt to wipe off her hand, ABIGAIL drinks from her palm.

A climactic scream of release from all around...

EXT. NIGHT. FOREST. PARRIS.

REVEREND PARRIS hurrying through the woods, listening for the now-nearby sounds of girls. A look on his face of incredulousness and alarm as he presses ahead.

EXT. NIGHT. CLEARING.

He steps out of the forest into the clearing, his face absolutely horrified at the sight of two girls, who having spotted him, rush away, and they are naked, clutching their clothing. MERCY LEWIS, naked, is sprinting toward the trees, carrying her dress and trying to drag along little RUTH PUTNAM, who is hysterical. MERCY finally runs off, leaving RUTH behind.

BETTY lies inert on the ground with ABIGAIL and TITUBA looking down in alarm at her.

EXT. NIGHT. FOREST.

Yards from this spot, RUTH PUTNAM is walking away into the woods, a transfixed blind gaze over her eyes.

EXT. NIGHT. CLEARING

PARRIS is momentarily paralyzed as he faces his own slave and his niece, ABIGAIL, over the prostrate body of his daughter, BETTY, lying unconscious in the grass. HE bends to pick up his daughter...

INT. DAY. RUTH PUTNAM'S BEDROOM.

MERCY wakes in shaft of sunlight, and as she turns sees that RUTH PUTNAM, who lies beside her, is on her back with her eyes open.

MERCY

My, you're up early.

RUTH doesn't react; stares dumbly.

MERCY

Now remember, none of us is saying anything about last night, are we.

No reaction.

MERCY

Ruth?

RUTH is motionless, eyes staring. MERCY touches her; no reaction. Gets up on one elbow and leans over her.

MERCY

Ruth? You're awake, aren't you?

No reaction. At first mystified, MERCY shakes her gently, her alarm growing. She now pulls her up to sitting position, lets go, and RUTH falls back, eyes always staring. MERCY shakes her. No reaction. Unnerved, MERCY starts to quickly dress.

EXT. DAY. VILLAGE.

MERCY slipping through the village. She walks modestly, hands at her sides, eyes lowered as she hurries along.

INT. DAY. BETTY PARRIS'S BEDROOM.

ABIGAIL in night dress is just letting MERCY in.

MERCY

(Frantically
whispering)

Something's gone wrong with Ruth.
She doesn't wake up but her eyes is
wide open!

ABIGAIL turns to look at BETTY who is sleeping peacefully.

MERCY

The Putnam's mustn't see her this
way or they'll be asking all sorts
of questions. Come look at her,

MERCY (Contd)
 Abby, will you? I'm terrible
 feared.

Undecided, ABIGAIL turns to sleeping BETTY who seems normal.

PARRIS enters.

PARRIS
 (Surprised)
 Mercy Lewis!

MERCY
 (Sweetly)
 Just stopping by, sir! On my way
 for the fresh milk, sir!
 (Backing out)
 Fresh milk for little Ruth, sir!

PARRIS
 Dress the child and come to my
 study; I must speak with you both.

TITUBA enters. PARRIS starts toward the door.

TITUBA
 (A cheerfully
 innocent front)
 Come to yo' breakfast, children.
 Come see the new mornin', Betty!

TITUBA playfully pulls BETTY's arms to raise her; as PARRIS turns to shut the door behind him he sees BETTY fall back unconscious to the pillow. He returns into the room as ABIGAIL now grasps her face and calls...

ABIGAIL
 Betty?

But BETTY lies inert. PARRIS is instantly alarmed...

PARRIS
 Betty!

She doesn't move and PARRIS pulls her out of bed but she slides to the floor. TITUBA, HE and ABIGAIL look down at her alarmed, perplexed.

EXT. DAY. VILLAGE.

ABIGAIL hurries through the village. A couple of LOOTS loading a wagon give her a knowing eye as she passes, and she angrily turns

away and hurries on to...

EXT. DAY. DOCTOR GRIGGS HOUSE.

The front door is opening; MRS. GRIGGS stands there.

ABIGAIL

If it please, Mrs. Griggs, Reverend Parris asks for the Doctor to come at once. Betty is gone sick--she can't wake up.

MRS. GRIGGS

(Big surprise)

Can't she!--the Doctor's gone to the Putnam's--their Ruth can't wake either!

ABIGAIL

Can't wake?!

This news is an alarming clap for Abigail; she rushes off. Leaving an extremely curious MRS. GRIGGS staring after her.

INT. DAY. RUTH'S BEDROOM.

GRIGGS is examining RUTH--her eyes, her body, her ears...PARRIS enters with ABIGAIL--who has brought him. MR. & MRS. PUTNAM are awaiting the Doctor's verdict. MERCY is standing by, filling with anxiety.

PARRIS

(on entering)

...Oh, Goody Ann, I hear that your Ruth is...

The Putnams almost violently shush him, turning back to the Doctor, who now is peering into space. Finally...

GRIGGS

I fear there be no medicines for this; I have seen nothing like it before. There be no fever nor wound...and yet she sleeps.

PARRIS

(Standing over the child)

Oh dear Lord, my Betty is the same...!

All eyes swerve to PARRIS; the Putnams are especially fired up, and for different reasons ABIGAIL and MERCY.

PARRIS (Contd)
...but her eyes are closed.

ANN PUTNAM
(to Doctor)
It's the Devil, isn't it; the Devil
is taking hold of them.

GRIGGS
(Distressed)
Oh, Goody Putnam, I know not...

ANN PUTNAM
(Pleading with the
Doctor)
Doctor, I beg you...she is my last,
my only! I cannot lose her!

GRIGGS
I shall do all I can, Goody Putnam-
-but this may be a sickness beyond
my art...

ANN PUTNAM
(Screaming at
Putnam)
Thomas!

PARRIS
Thomas, I beg you, we cannot leap
to witchcraft for the cause of
this.

PUTNAM is outraged. PARRIS presses on.

PARRIS
The time may come, but surely not
yet...

PUTNAM
Mr. Parris, you've heard the Doctor
say...!

PARRIS
(Plaintively
cutting him off)
Not yet! I need time; I must
think, I must pray...

PARRIS glances furiously at the terrified ABIGAIL and MERCY who
are close together...

GRIGGS
(to the Putnams)
Yes, I agree with Reverend Parris--

PUTNAM
(A burst of
outrage)
Are we to stand here watching her
die?

INT/EXT. NIGHT. TITUBA'S HUT, BEHIND PARRIS' HOUSE.

TITUBA scrubbing clothes in a basin. She is startled by ANN
PUTNAM's silent appearance. Ann has a purposefully softened
smile.

ANN
You must help me, Tituba. Don't be
frightened...

TITUBA
(warily)
No-no, Tituba not be frighten'.

ANN
My Ruth still cannot wake; the
spell is not broken; we fear for
her life now.

TITUBA
Mebbe you like for Tituba b'ile
some parsley soup with leek an'
potato?

ANN
(eyes widen at a
mystical meaning
here)
. Will that bring her spirit back?

TITUBA
Oh, Tituba-she don't know how that
be goin' do.

ANN
(Coming in close)
Break her free, Tituba. I know you
conjured her.

TITUBA
(Terrified, her eyes wide)
Oh no! No say Tituba-she conjure

TITUBA (Contd)

yo' baby!

(With far-seeing
instinct)

I beg you no say-me do that bad t'ing!

ANN

I know you people can speak to the
dead...

TITUBA

I never speak to the dead!

ANN

(Desperate solemnity now)

Pity me, Tituba. I have laid seven
babies unbaptized in the earth; and
now this child...all year I have
watched her shriveling like a
secret mouth be sucking on her
life, too. Someone in the Village
has gone over to the Devil and
murdered my babies. I know it!
Speak to my babies--ask them who
took them from me!

TITUBA

Oh no! Tituba can no be speakin'
to the dead!

ANN

(Backing Tituba
against a wall)

You will speak to my babies! Whose
filthy curse has caught my Ruth?

(Warning, backing
her to a wall)

You will not deny me, Tituba!

TITUBA's fear is far-seeing, paralyzing.

EXT. DAY. BLACKSMITH'S YARD.

BLACKSMITH is driving last nail into a shoe. Drops the horse's
hoof and turns to DR. GRIGGS who is taking up the reins preparing
to mount. Nearby an APPRENTICE is working bellows on a forge.

BLACKSMITH

He won't be limping more, Doctor.

GRIGGS
(Mounting the horse)
Thank you, Daniel.

BLACKSMITH
An' they still sleep?

GRIGGS
(From the saddle)
Who?

BLACKSMITH
The Putnam girl and Mr. Parris's
Betty.

GRIGGS
And where'd you hear that?

BLACKSMITH
Why, everywhere, the last few
days...

APPRENTICE
(With a wise, wide grin and
a glance about for interlopers)
There's some of our lassies be
playin' games in the forest that
their mothers never taught them,
don't y'know.
(Another glance right and left)
She flies, y'know.

GRIGGS
Flies! Oh come now, man.

BLACKSMITH
George Collins seen her with his
own eyes.

GRIGGS
Seen what?

BLACKSMITH
The Minister's daughter goin' over
Ingersoll's barn.

APPRENTICE
...And come down light as a bird, he says!

BLACKSMITH
What think you, Doctor--they're sayin' the
Devil's loose and prowlin' the Village.

GRIGGS

(Himself infected with
the possibility)

No-no-no...I'm sure the Devil has
better use of his time than to go
nagging honest folk in Salem
Village!

His horse rears up with a whinny, and he reins him in with
BLACKSMITH's help after a short struggle.

GRIGGS (Contd)

That were only a mouse--

(Points at floor)

I saw it pop out right over
there...

But GRIGGS rides out a bit unnerved. Leaving the BLACKSMITH and
APPRENTICE to look about anxiously at the floor and up in the
air.

EXT. DAY. HIGHROAD.

PARRIS and PUTNAM on horseback.

PARRIS

...What I fear, Thomas, is that if
I pronounce it witchcraft and it
turns out I am mistaken my enemies
in the congregation will make a
mockery of me. You underestimate
the faction that opposes me...

PUTNAM

--I have always taken your part
against any faction in our society,
but be sure of it, sir--you may not
count on me again if you will not
move on this.

PARRIS

Perhaps Reverend Hale will bring us
a clearer vision of...

PUTNAM

(Burst of contemptuous
impatience)

I am clear enough! There is a
murdering witch in the village; she
has clapped these children silent
because they have somehow
discovered her name! My daughter

PUTNAM (Contd)
is dying, Mr. Parris! I will know
who is killing her!

PARRIS's paralyzing fear is on his face as they ride on.

INT. DAY. HALE'S STUDY.

REV. HALE is just drawing a monstrous tome down off a shelf. On his table are others, also thick, some open.

HALE
(Resting hand tenderly
on the open book, idealism
shines from his happy eyes)
Here, Mr. Putnam, is all the
invisible world; in these books the
Devil stands stripped of all his
brute disguises. Here are all your
familiar spirits; your incubi and
succubi, your witches that go by
land, by air and by sea. Have no
fear, now we shall find him out if
he has come among us, and I mean to
crush him utterly if he has shown
his face!

PUTNAM
(His furious grin)
Mr. Hale, I believe I have at last
met a minister who is not only a
Christian, but a man!

HALE
Now then, tell me the first signs
you saw of this strangeness in the
children?

Now PUTNAM turns to PARRIS, and so HALE does too; and PARRIS, with the girls' dancing on his mind, struggles to both evade and speak.

INT. DAY. BETTY'S BEDROOM.

PARRIS, urgently entering the room.

PARRIS
Oh my dear child...dear, dear
one...wake...wake.

TITUBA opens the door and peeks in...

TITUBA
My Betty be nearty soon?

PARRIS
She may be dying, you bloody bitch!

TITUBA
No, no, we was only sporting...

PARRIS
Out of my sight!

ABIGAIL enters as TITUBA beats a retreat out the door. PARRIS, in turning from the exiting TITUBA sees something out the window.

EXT. DAY. PARRIS'S HOUSE.

A CROWD is gathering in front of his house, with an excited concern.

INT. DAY. BETTY'S BEDROOM.

He is turning in fear from the window.

ABIGAIL
Uncle? Perhaps you ought to go down and tell the people...

PARRIS
And what shall I tell them! That my daughter and my niece I discovered dancing like heathen in the forest?

ABIGAIL
We did dance, and let me be whipped if I must be--but they're talking of witchcraft--Betty's not witched.

PARRIS
Were you conjuring spirits in the forest? I want the truth now.

ABIGAIL
We never conjured spirits.

PARRIS
(Turns away to restrain himself)
Now hear me, child. You must know there is a faction in this church sworn to drive me from my pulpit...

ABIGAIL
Oh, I know that, sir.

PARRIS
They will destroy me now if my own
house turns out to be the center of
some obscene practice!
(He comes desperately to her)
...I saw someone naked running
through the trees.

ABIGAIL
No one was...

PARRIS
Don't lie to me, I saw it!

ABIGAIL
...It were only sport, Uncle!

PARRIS
(pointing down at BETTY)
You call this sport!--she cannot
wake!
(She clamps shut;
he shifts his tack)
Now give me upright answer--your
name in the town...it is entirely
white, is it not?

ABIGAIL
(Outraged)
There be no blush about my name, sir!

PARRIS
(Taking courage in hand)
Why did Goody Proctor discharge you
from her service?

ABIGAIL
(Her full confrontation--wild)
Because I refused to be her slave!

PARRIS
(With difficulty)
I have heard said that Mr.
Proctor...Mr. Proctor and you...

ABIGAIL
My name is good in the village--
Elizabeth Proctor is an envious
gossiping liar!

EXT. DAY. PARRIS' DOORWAY.

PARRIS is moving among the crowd outside his doorway trying to calm them.

TOWNSWOMAN
Why not send to Boston for help?

PARRIS
I assure you there is no need for that; I beseech you all--go back to your homes and...

INT. DAY. BETTY'S BEDROOM.

She pulls BETTY up.

ABIGAIL
I know you hear me, Betty...now stop this!! Wake up, Betty!!
(Yells into her face)
Betty!

In open fear for herself she releases BETTY who falls back, limp.

EXT. DAY FIELD.

JOHN PROCTOR is scything wheat and coming to the corner of his field, stops, looks back with deep satisfaction over the great rolling field. He turns, seeing...

ELIZABETH, his wife, approaching across the field...and from twenty yards off she indicates their house and calls...

ELIZABETH
Giles is here!

He starts toward her...

EXT. DAY. PROCTOR HOUSE.

PROCTOR and ELIZABETH are approaching GILES COREY who is just getting down from his gig. (His horse is old too).

He is helped by MARY WARREN, the Proctors' servant.

COREY
You've got to come with me to the village, John. Mr. Parris--God preserve us--has summoned a meeting of the society.

ELIZABETH

What for?

COREY

Why, for his benefit, no doubt--
when did that man ever call a
meeting for any other reason?

(to JOHN as well)

They say his daughter Betty's been
witched.

PROCTOR

Witched!

MARY WARREN is torn by fascination and guilt.

COREY

They say she sleeps and can't be
waked. And the Putnam girl, too.

ELIZABETH

Oh the poor children.

COREY

I smell mischief here, John, we'd
best look to it quickly...

ELIZABETH

(to PROCTOR)

How can they not wake up?

PROCTOR

God knows...Go on ahead, Giles,
I'll be right along.

COREY

(Turning to go-- to

ELIZABETH)

My Martha send her good greetings.

ELIZABETH

And ours to her.

COREY EXITS TO HIS GIG.

INT. DAY. PROCTOR COMMON ROOM.

PROCTOR is getting into a coat. ELIZABETH has the two BOYS
flanking her. As he makes to leave...

PROCTOR

There are still flowers in the fields, you might cut some. It's winter in here yet.

ELIZABETH

(Blaming herself and resisting it)

Aye! I'll cut some flowers!

He exits into the yard. We STAY with her as she watches him go; anxiety on her face, a desire to express and an inability...

INT. DAY. MEETING HOUSE.

PARRIS seated beside the pulpit. The Meeting House is packed. People still pushing in through the main door. At the back sit the GIRLS, not all in a row but scattered near each other.

PARRIS leaves his chair and steps to the pulpit. The hubbub quiets.

PARRIS

Let us quiet our hearts!

(audience grows silent)

You are all aware of the rumors...

CONGREGATION stirs with intense interest...

PARRIS (Cont)

...of that spirit come among us out of hell; that hateful enemy of god and of all Christian people--the Devil.

CONGREGATION--intensified, but still suppressed fascination.

PARRIS (Contd)

I have invited the Reverend John Hale of Beverly to come to Salem. He has delved deeply into all demonic arts, and he will surely go to the bottom of this. You will recall that...

ABIGAIL & GIRLS--are filled with excited fear at this news--the thing is getting concrete now! The GIRLS look to ABIGAIL who, immediately makes herself small and heads silently for the door. MERCY follows, then the OTHERS...PARRIS'S VOICE HEARD OVER THEIR DEPARTURE...

PARRIS (Contd V.O.)
 ...in Beverly last year they
 believed they had a witch until
 Mister Hale examined her and
 decided she was innocent to
 witchcraft...

PARRIS'S EYE CATCHES AN INDIGNANT PUTNAM'S and he quickly sounds
 militant...

PARRIS (Contd)
 ...But it may well be that in Salem
 he will find the signs of Lucifer,
 and if so you may be sure that he
 will hunt him down!

But the PUTNAMS don't look completely satisfied.

PARRIS (Contd)
 Now let us turn our hearts to the
 psalm number (?).

THE PSALM BEGINS...

INT. DAY. BETTY PARRIS' BEDROOM.

The Psalm can be heard as ABIGAIL storms into the room, followed
 by MERCY LEWIS and the rest. She strides directly to BETTY, yanks
 her up to a sitting position.

ABIGAIL
 You will stop this now!
 (Yells into her face)
 Betty!

MERCY leans in, grabs BETTY by the hair and smashes her across
 the face, but she falls back to the pillow, still inert. MARY
 WARREN rushes in. She is a meager girl, near terror now...

MARY WARREN
 What'll we do! The whole country's
 talkin' witchcraft!

MERCY LEWIS
 She means to tell!

MARY WARREN
 We've got to tell or they'll be
 callin' us witches, Abby!
 Witchery's a hangin' error, like
 they done in Boston two year ago!
 You'll only be whipped for trying

MARY WARREN (Contd)
to conjure the boys, and the
dancing!

ABIGAIL and MERCY, taking this to heart, turn back to BETTY.
MERCY makes a move to beat her again, but ABIGAIL stops her.

ABIGAIL
(Gently trying to get
BETTY to sit up)
Listen to me, Betty dear;--I talked
to your Papa, and I told him
everything so there's nothing to be
feared anymore.

BETTY darts off the bed and flattens against the wall.

BETTY
I want my mama!

ABIGAIL
Your Mama's dead and buried!

BETTY
I'll fly to her! Let me fly!

Arms raised, SHE springs to window and gets one leg out. ABIGAIL
and MERCY struggle to hold her back.

ABIGAIL
I told him everything, why are you
doing this!

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

ABIGAIL
Never say that again!

SHE lunges for BETTY who escapes.

BETTY
You drank a charm to kill John
Proctor's wife! You drank a charm
to kill Goody Proctor!

SHE rushes for the door, MERCY grabs her and strikes her face.

MERCY
Shut that!

ABIGAIL grabs her from MERCY and throws her on the bed with a smash to the face.

ABIGAIL

Now shut it!

BETTY

(Dissolving, whimpering)

Mama, Mama....!

In the momentary silence, MARY WARREN, staring in fright at BETTY...

MARY WARREN

Abby, she's going to die! It's a sin to conjure and we...

ABIGAIL

Now look you, all of you! -- We danced. And Tituba once conjured Ruth's dead sisters. And that is all. And mark this--let anyone 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' head on the pillow next to mine, and I have seen some reddish work done at night and I can make you wish you'd never seen the sun go down!

In a flash BETTY in panic is across the room and is almost out the window--the GIRLS scream as ABIGAIL and MARY WARREN now hold her by the ankles...

INT. DAY. MEETING HOUSE.

BETTY's screams cut through the singing. The CONGREGATION starts to stream out.

EXT. DAY. MEETING HOUSE.

They look up in amazement at the girl hanging out of the window. As they call out to her, the PUTNAMs, PARRIS and others run into PARRIS's house.

INT. DAY. BETTY'S ROOM.

At the window, as MERCY, ABIGAIL and PUTNAM together are pulling BETTY back into the room...

MERCY LEWIS

It's when she heard the psalm, I
think--she run straight for the
window.

ANN PUTNAM greets this news with the pleasure of her fears.
PARRIS meanwhile, hearing voices coming up the stairs, goes to
the door.

INT. DAY. STAIRWAY. PARRIS HOUSE.

GILES COREY is helping the community's senior member, REBECCA
NURSE, up the stairs.

PARRIS

Oh Rebecca, Rebecca, I fear we are
lost...

REBECCA

(Glancing behind
her to COREY)

There is hard sickness here, Giles
Corey, so please to keep the quiet.

COREY

I've not said a word, nobody can
testify I've said a word!

They enter bedroom.

INT. DAY. BETTY'S BEDROOM.

On their entry an explosion of whimpering from BETTY whose eyes
are closed. ABIGAIL and MERCY at the bedside.

ANN PUTNAM

She cannot bear to hear the Lord's
name--that's a notorious sign of
witchcraft afoot, Rebecca!

REBECCA goes to the bedside, feels BETTY's forehead.

EXT. DAY. OUTSIDE PARRIS'S HOUSE.

On the open area before the Parris House the excited CROWD is
looking up at the window as PROCTOR is tying his horse to a
railing.

INT. DAY. BETTY'S BEDROOM.

BETTY has subsided under REBECCA's hand, seems to sleep peacefully.

ANN PUTNAM

(Mysteriously)

What have you done?

PUTNAM

Huh! -- Goody Nurse, will you go to our Ruth and see if you can wake her?

REBECCA

I think she'll wake when she tires of it. I am twenty-six times a grandma, and they can run you bowlegged in their silly seasons.

SHE leads them out of the bedroom: the sleeping girl should be left alone.

INT. DAY. STAIRWAY + HALL OF PARRIS'S HOUSE.

REBECCA leads them all downstairs as PROCTOR is entering the hall.

REBECCA (Contd)

--So you've sent for Reverend Hale of Beverly, Mr. Parris.

PARRIS

Only to satisfy all that the Devil is not among us.

PROCTOR

(calling up from the hall)
And did you call a meeting before you decided to look for devils?

PUTNAM

A man cannot pick his teeth without a meeting in this society--I'm sick of meetings!

PROCTOR

The society will not be a bag to swing around your head, Mr. Putnam! We'll vote on this, and by name, not acreage...

REBECCA

Peace, dear friends!

With PARRIS, she leads them through into the parlour.

INT. DAY. PARRIS'S PARLOUR.

As they come in, PROCTOR can't help catch ABIGAIL with his glance. She swells with an excitement that makes him turn away at once.

REBECCA

Mr. Parris, I fear the seeking of loose spirits, it's sure to start us all to arguing again in the society. Let us rather blame ourselves than the Devil...

PUTNAM

How can we blame ourselves! The Putnam seed have people this province...!

ANN PUTNAM

...and we have but one child left of eight.

REBECCA

Oh goody Ann, we can only go to God for the cause of that.

ANN PUTNAM

God! You think it be God's work that you have never lost a child or grandchild either, and I bury all but one?

PROCTOR

And who or what give us leave to decide what is God's work, Goody Putnam, and what is not!

(turns to PUTNAM)

God has never spoke in my ear and I can't think of anyone else he's done the favor! -- My pardon, Rebecca.

HE STORMS OUT.

EXT. DAY. MEETING HOUSE.

HE enters a sheltered area (behind the Meeting House perhaps) to untie his horse.

ABIGAIL appears. She is avid, excited by his presence, he is

embarrassed by the openness of her feeling and yet deeply attracted. SHE advances confidently, starts to touch his chest, but he delicately grasps her wrists to lower her hands. He is flushed, smiling in his conflict.

PROCTOR

(Grinning at her deviltry)
Is this your mischief? -- I hear
the child goes flying through the
air.

ABIGAIL

Oh, she never flew--we were dancin'
in the woods last night and my
uncle leaped in on us, and she took
fright, is all.

PROCTOR

(Grins, loves her mad
spirit)
You'll be clapped in the stocks
before you're twenty.

ABIGAIL

(Kissing his hand)
Oh, John, give me a soft word.

PROCTOR

(Again he removes
her hands from him)
No, Abby, that's done with.

ABIGAIL

...I am waitin' for you every
night.

PROCTOR

You cannot--I never gave you hope
to wait for me.

ABIGAIL

I have something better than hope,
I think!

PROCTOR

Child...

ABIGAIL

How do you call me child!

PROCTOR

Wipe it out of mind--you must.
I'll not be comin' for you more.

ABIGAIL

You're surely sportin' with me.

PROCTOR

You know me better.

ABIGAIL

I know how you sweated like a
stallion whenever I come near you.
I saw your face when she put me out
and you loved me then and you do
now!

PROCTOR

Abby, I may think of you softly
from time to time but I will cut
off my hand before I reach for you
again.

(Turns away, closing his eyes)
We never touched.

ABIGAIL

Aye, but we did.

SHE pulls his face to her and kisses him; his feeling for her is
still there but he presses her away.

ABIGAIL

Oh, I marvel how a strong man may
let such a sickly wife be...

PROCTOR

You'll speak nothin' of Elizabeth!

ABIGAIL

She is blackening my name in the
village, telling lies about me!
She's a cold snivelling woman and
you bend to her!

PROCTOR

(Shakes her)
Do you look for whipping?

From the distant HOUSE, the CROWD, a new PSALM swells up.

ABIGAIL
 I look for John Proctor who put
 knowledge in my heart! I never
 knew what pretense Salem was--these
 Christian women and their
 covenanted men, and all of them
 boiling in lust! And now you bid
 me go dead to all you taught me? I
know you, John Proctor! --you loved
 me, and whatever sin it is, you
 love me yet!

SHE strides away toward the CROWD.

PROCTOR's eye follows her and he sees...

EXT. DAY. PARRIS HOUSE.

HALE's horse and gig coming to a halt before the PARRIS HOUSE;
 the CROWD is hushed, agog.

PROCTOR goes to HALE, who is unloading four enormous tomes.

PROCTOR
 Can I help you?

HALE
 Why thank you.
 (Hands him two of
 the books)

PROCTOR
 Heavy books!

HALE
 They must be, they are weighted
 with authority.

THEY ARE MOVING TOWARD THE PARRIS HOUSE.

PROCTOR
 I am John Proctor, Mr. Hale.

HALE
 You have afflicted children?

PROCTOR
 My children are healthy as bull
 calves, sir--like all the other
 children in this village.

INT. DAY. PARRIS HALLWAY.

They are entering the house.

PROCTOR

There are wheels within wheels
here, Mr. Hale, I hope you'll not
forget that...

SHOUTING IS HEARD through the door to the Parlour. The door is
ajar and HALE cautiously opens it, shy about interrupting, and
sees...

INT. DAY. PARRIS PARLOUR.

PARRIS

Where is my wood! My contract
provides I be supplied with all my
firewood...

COREY

You are allowed six pounds a year
to buy your wood...

PARRIS

That six pound is part of my
salary, Mr. Corey

COREY

Salary sixty pounds, plus six for
firewood!

PARRIS

I am not some preaching farmer with
a book under my arm, I am a
graduate of Harvard College!

COREY

Aye, and well-instructed in
arithmetic!

PARRIS

I cannot fathom you people--I can
never offer one proposition but I
face a howling riot of argument!--I
tell you I have often wondered if
the Devil be in it somewhere!

INT. DAY. PARRIS HALLWAY.

PROCTOR

Welcome to Salem.

HE pushes the door wide and both enter.

INT. DAY. PARRIS PARLOUR.

PARRIS
Mr. Hale! How good to see you
again!

PUTNAM
(Rushing to take books from
Hale; PROCTOR sets his two down)
Oh, allow me, sir!--Here is my wife, Goody Ann.

ANN PUTNAM
Will you come to our Ruth?

HALE
Aye, directly.
(turns to REBECCA)
You must be Rebecca Nurse.

REBECCA
Do you know me?

HALE
No, but you look as such a good
soul should--we have all heard of
your great charities in Beverly.

PROCTOR
Well, I must be home. Are you
coming, Giles?

COREY
I have some few queer questions of
my own to ask this fellow.

PROCTOR
I've heard you be a sensible man,
Mr. Hale--I hope you'll leave some
of it in Salem.

PARRIS and the PUTNAMS register this rebuke, as PROCTOR leaves.

HALE
Where is your daughter, Mr. Parris?

INT. DAY. PARRIS STAIRWAY.

They are mounting the stairs.

ANN PUTNAM
Our child cannot wake, sir, she
lies as though dead.

PUTNAM

And this one cannot bear the Lord's name--that's a sure sign of witchcraft afloat.

HALE

No, no, Goody Putnam, we cannot look to superstition in this. The marks of the Devil are definite as stone.

They move into BETTY's room.

INT. DAY. BETTY'S BEDROOM.

HALE

Now, my child, let us see what the Lord opens our eyes to see.

HE sits by BETTY and turns her hand, examines the palm and between the fingers. He bends her ear, looking behind it, then the other---looks up her nostrils---Now he glances at the surrounding people as he lifts the blanket and they turn modestly away. He draws back the blanket and looks at her legs, privates, between the toes....ABIGAIL slips into the room.

PARRIS

Here is my niece, Abigail.

HALE barely acknowledges her. She is scared, but comes to the other side of the bed, to smooth BETTY's hair, the concerned baby-sitter. HALE turns to PUTNAM.

HALE

I would like to examine your Ruth before I say more.

EXT. DAY. ROAD.

The PUTNAMS are leading HALE and a small CROWD of fascinated onlookers towards their house.

COREY

(Barging in)

I've always wanted to ask a learned man--what signifies the readin' of strange books, Mr. Hale? Many a night I've waked and found her in a corner, readin' of a book, and not the Bible either...

HALE

Who's that?

COREY

Martha, my wife. I'm not sayin' the Devil's touched her, but mark this...last night I tried and tried and could not say my prayers; and then she close her book and walks out the house--and suddenly--mark this--I could pray again!

HALE

Hmm!--the stoppage of prayer, yes...we'll discuss that.

INT. DAY. RUTH PUTNAM'S ROOM.

HALE has turned RUTH over and is examining the back of her neck. HE rises from the bed and while moving, as though searching for some sign, inspects the room, walls and ceiling and floor. ALL watch him breathlessly.

HALE

(to PARRIS and PUTNAMS)

Now I would have you remember--before this strangeness struck the children...do you recall any sort of...disturbance, perhaps...any unusual behavior?

PARRIS coughs nervously, gathering his wits.

HALE

Yes, Mr. Parris?

PARRIS

(Battling caution,
indicates ABIGAIL)

...I did discover my niece...with a number of her friends--dancing in the forest.

HALE

(Shocked)

You permit dancing?

PARRIS

Oh no!--it were secret.

ANN PUTNAM
(Unable to hold back)
Mr. Parris' slave has knowledge of
conjurin', sir.

PARRIS
That may not be true....!

ANN PUTNAM
It is true!--I sent my Ruth to her
to learn who murdered her sisters.

REBECCA
Goody Ann!--you sent a child to
conjure up the dead?

ANN PUTNAM
(Furiously)
I'll not have you judging me
anymore, Rebecca!
(To HALE)
Is it a natural work to lose seven
children before they live a week?

HALE is impressed; brows furled, he goes to his books, turns
pages until he finds a paragraph he wants...and avidly re-
reading.

REBECCA
...Will it hurt the child, sir?

HALE
...I cannot tell. If she is truly
in the Devil's grip we may have to
rip and tear to get her free.

REBECCA
...I think I'll go then. I am too
old for this.

PARRIS
Why, Rebecca, we may open up the
boil of all our troubles today!

REBECCA
Let us hope for that. There is
prodigious danger in seeking loose
spirits; I fear it. I go to god
for you, sir.

PARRIS
I hope you do not mean we go to Satan here!

REBECCA

I wish I knew.

REBECCA exits. HALE registers the rebuke, turns to ABIGAIL.

HALE

Abigail...you must tell me about
this dancing...

MERCY LEWIS

(Instantly breaking in)

...Common dancing is all is it, sir.

A hint of misgivings about the girls passes across HALE's face.
He turns to PARRIS and PUTNAM.

HALE

Gentlemen, stand close in case she
flies. -- Ruth, dear, I am Reverend
John Hale of Beverly; I have two
daughters about your age so I have
come to help you.

(Formally)

Now, child, I bid you sit up.

HE bends to RUTH, lifts her; SHE falls back.

PARRIS

(Terrified)

But why would he choose my house to
strike--there are all manner of
sinners in this village!

HALE

But it's always the best the Devil
wants, and who is better than the
Minister?

COREY

That's deep, Mr. Parris, deep!

HALE

Does someone come to you, child,
and bid you fly--a man? a woman?
Perhaps some bird? A pig, a
mouse?--Try to speak!

She doesn't respond; he intones, palm on her forehead.

HALE

In nomine Domini Saboath sui
filiique ite ad infernos!

But nothing happens. His eyes narrowing he turns back to ABIGAIL.

HALE

Tell me, child...when you are dancing, is there a fire...?

ABIGAIL

(Startled)

Why...

PARRIS

There was a fire--they were boiling something...

ABIGAIL

Lentils and beans...!

HALE

(to PARRIS)

Was anything moving in the pot...?

ABIGAIL

That jumped in, we never put it in!

HALE

What jumped in?

ABIGAIL

Why a....frog, I think.

Now HALE, alight with this first solid clue, moves to her with all the outraged dignity he can muster.

HALE

Your cousin and this child may be dying. Did you call the Devil last night?

ABIGAIL

(Terror-stricken
she can only
repeat)

The Devil?

HALE

(sensing meat)

The Devil, yes!

ABIGAIL

No, sir. We...we never, never...

HALE
 (to PARRIS)
 I must see these other girls!
 (to ABIGAIL)
 Who are they? I want their names.

ABIGAIL
 Why, there is Susannah...Susannah
 Walcott. And there is Sarah Hobbs,
 and Dorcas Parsons, and...

INT. DAY. MEETING HOUSE.

Some FIFTEEN GIRLS are standing in a row facing HALE, in the empty Meeting House. PARRIS is off to one side now with the PUTNAMS. ABIGAIL is beside HALE. The GIRLS are scared. HALE moves closer to them and tries to engage their evasive eyes.

HALE
 Did any of you summon Hell in that forest?

A collective inhale of terror from the GIRLS.

HALE
 Were you given to drink from out that kettle?

He moves along the line of them.

HALE
 Were you given to eat of anything?
 Was there perhaps--a casting of spells?

The GIRLS go rigid at this.

HALE
 Was there!!

SUSANNAH WALCOTT starts raising her pointing hand toward ABIGAIL...

ABIGAIL
 Not I! I never, never...
 (Her throat closes up)

HALE
 Who then!

ABIGAIL
 ...T...

HALE
Who!
ABIGAIL
Tituba!
ANN PUTNAM
(explodes)
I knew it!

EXT. DUSK. TITUBA'S CABIN.

HALE has TITUBA by the arm leading her through the doorway into the open. The OTHERS confront her. She is frightened, bewildered.

HALE
Tituba, you had these children
drink from a kettle in the forest,
did you not?

TITUBA
Tituba no do bad t'ing, only
playin' and dancin' for the
childrens...and singin' my Barbados
song for the moon...

PARRIS
What drink did you give them!

HALE
Was it blood?

MERCY LEWIS
It's Tituba! She made us!

HALE
You drank blood?

ABIGAIL
(On sight, pointing
at TITUBA)
She makes me drink blood!

ANN PUTNAM
My babies' blood?

PARRIS picks up a stick.

ANN PUTNAM
Who murdered my babies, Tituba?

Dumbstruck, TITUBA is silent.

ANN PUTNAM

I want their names! Who are they!

PARRIS whams the stick down on TITUBA's back and she goes to the floor. All his frustration is in his raised arm as he stands over her ready to strike again.

TITUBA

Chicken blood, I give she chicken blood!

HALE

Why can she not wake? Have you sent your spirit out to silence her?

TITUBA

I loves me Betty!

PUTNAM

Hang her!

TITUBA

No, no, don't hang Tituba!

HALE

You have conjured this child to be silent have you not?

TITUBA

(Points at ABIGAIL)

She beg me to conjure, she beg me make charm!

ABIGAIL

She lies! She sends her spirit into me in church, and makes me laugh at prayer!

PARRIS

She have often laughed at prayer!

ABIGAIL

She comes into me when I sleep, she makes me dream corruptions!

TITUBA

Why you say bad t'ing, Abby!

ABIGAIL

(Screaming at TITUBA)

I want it out! I cannot keep it
anymore!

(To HALE)

Some nights I wake and find myself
standing naked in the open doorway,
without a stitch on my body!...And
she makes me do that, singing her
damned Barbados songs, tempting
me...!

HALE

(Certain now, resolved)

You will wake this child, Tituba!--
Now when did you compact with the
Devil!

TITUBA

I don't, I don't compact...!

PUTNAM

Hang her before she kills these
children!

TITUBA

No! No!

PARRIS smashes the whip down on her and she cries out in pain.

PARRIS

Confess yourself or I will beat you
to your death!

TITUBA sees she is facing her end. Pleading desperately...

TITUBA

No-no! I...I tell him...I tell him
I don't desire...I don't desire to
work for him.

Then she has actually seen Lucifer! Her prestige shoots up. A
silence; everything stops; she looks from insane face to insane
face.

HALE

Then you saw him? Tituba?

TITUBA

But...but Mr. Reverend, I do believe
somebody else be witchin' these children.

HALE

Who?

TITUBA

I don't know, sir, but the Devil
got him numerous witches.

HALE

(With half-grin of
new awareness)

I see.--Oh you poor woman, He has
you by the throat this very moment,
doesn't He.

TITUBA, longing for this softening in Hale can only, in effect
submissively agree.

HALE

Now we will drive him out! Come to
Betty!

INT. DAY. BETTY PARRIS'S BEDROOM.

They gather around the bed where BETTY lies inert. The GIRLS
tensions are very high--they don't know where this cat is going
to land.

HALE

Now I am going to break his grip on
you, Tituba; I am going to pry open
the hand of Lucifer.

(He gently lifts her face)
You would be a good Christian woman
once again, would you not?

TITUBA

Oh aye, sir, a good...

HALE

Do you still love God?

TITUBA

Oh, I love Him with all my bein'.

HALE

(Takes her hands in
communion)
Now in God's holy name...

TITUBA

(She begins to weep
for herself now)
Oh bless him, bless him...

HALE
And to his glory...

TITUBA
(With increasing relief
now)
Oh eternal gloree...my sweet dear
Jesus...

HALE
(Victory in his
grasp, he has her
rolling)
Open yourself, receive his
cleansing light within you...! Do
you want that light!

TITUBA
Oh, I wants that light! Save me,
Mr. Hale!

HALE
I will if you open your heart to
me--when the Devil comes to you
does he bring other people?

ANN PUTNAM
Sarah Good? Does he bring Goody
Good?

PARRIS
Are they men or women?

TITUBA
Oh, I couldn't see, it was black
dark...

PARRIS
You could see him why couldn't you
see others?

TITUBA
(Cornered, desperate)
Well, they was always talking,
runnin' around, carryin' on...!

PARRIS
You mean out of Salem? Salem
witches?

TITUBA
Why I believe so, yes sir.

HALE

--I will protect you; you know the Devil can never overcome a Minister, do you not?

TITUBA

(Kissing his hand)

Oh I knows that!

HALE

Tituba--God put you in our hands to help cleanse this village, you are God's eyes! Now face God and speak utterly--who came to you with the Devil? Two? Three? Four?

TITUBA looks up at their blazing eyes.

ANN PUTNAM

Was Sarah Good with him, or Osborn?

PARRIS

Their names, their names!

His face so close to hers floods her with a sudden hatred which her new power paradoxically releases. Trembling with anger...

TITUBA

Oh, how many times he bid me kill you, Mr. Parris!

PARRIS

Kill me!

TITUBA

"Rise up, Tituba, and cut that man's throat!"--that's what he say. But I tell him, "No, Devil, I don't hates that man." And he says, "You works for me, Tituba, and I makes you free; I gives you pretty dress to wear, I puts you way high up in the air, and you goin' fly back to Barbados!"

That vision of freedom stops her for an instant, tears in her eyes.

TITUBA (Contd)

And I say, "You lie, Devil! And then he come one stormy night to me and he say--"Look! I has white

TITUBA (Contd)
people belongs to me!"

THEY are hanging on her every word, their imaginations totally in her hands. ABIGAIL is wideyed, and MERCY; and TITUBA has the feel of a power she never has known in her life.

TITUBA (Contd)
And I looks! I looks--and
there...there was Sarah Good.

ANN PUTNAM
I knew it!--Oh bless you, Tituba!

TITUBA
(Accepted at last!)
Aye--and Goody Osborne!

ANN PUTNAM
(to HALE)
I knew it! They were midwives to
me three times, and my babies
shriveled in their hands!

ABIGAIL
I want to open myself!

ALL turn to her, startled.

ABIGAIL
I want the light of God, I want the
sweet love of Jesus!

In the throes, with MERCY looking up at her enthralled and inspired too. Here at last is acceptance and holiness...and somehow vengeance.

ABIGAIL
I did dance for the Devil! I saw
him; I wrote in his book; I go back
to Jesus, I kiss his hand!
(Riding her feeling...)
I saw Sarah Good with the Devil! I
saw Goody Osborne with the Devil!

MERCY
I saw Bridget Bishop with the Devil!

Now BETTY sits up.

BETTY

I saw George Jacobs with the Devil! I saw Goody Howe with the Devil!

PARRIS

She speaks, she speaks!

HALE

Glory to God, it is broken--they're free!

Chaos. The GIRLS, screaming names, rush out into the street....

EXT. NIGHT. VILLAGE.

....and run headlong through the streets. The PUTNAMS, HALE and PARRIS -- all but GILES COREY -- follow them, arms raised, their prayers going up to heaven. ANN PUTNAM hugs TITUBA. PUTNAM suddenly yells--

PUTNAM

We must chain those people...!
Where's the
Marshal? Arrest
Sarah Good...!

EXT. NIGHT. SARAH GOOD'S HOVEL.

TWO RIDERS veer off a road into the yard of a hovel. As they dismount SARAH GOOD, seventy-five, appears in the doorway and they seize her. She is amazed.

EXT. DAY. COUNTRYSIDE.

SHE is another crone; she is bent over picking wild raspberries, a pipe stuck in her mouth. GALLOPING is heard and SHE turns as a RIDER reaches down and swings her up in the air and drapes her over his horse's neck.

INT. NIGHT. PARLOUR OF INGERSOLL'S TAVERN.

First Inquest. Everyone is still feeling the way into this unprecedented situation. ABIGAIL with a wan look that is both theatrical and real, one hand over her heart and her uncle PARRIS holding her other hand to comfort her, is staring in incipient terror at...

GOODY OSBORNE whose ears are being searched by HALE for signs of the Devil. Now he spreads her fingers, looks up her nose.

Bemused, she brushes a little lint off his lapel, grateful for this attention.

HALE steps back, peering at her expression of happy curiosity...Now HATHORNE goes to her. He is the local magistrate, scared, uncertain...

HATHORNE

Abigail Williams and these numerous other children say that you have come to her with the Devil. What say you?

OSBORNE

Why, blackberry makes the best jam.

HATHORNE

Why do you pretend to be an idiot! You have tried to bring these innocent children to the Devil, have you not? And now you torture them when they refuse?

OSBORNE

Oh, I never...

ABIGAIL lets out a gasp and bends over in pain...

ABIGAIL

Oh stop hurting me, Goody Osborne!
Help me, Mister Hale, I'm bursting!

ALL turn to her, alarmed. HALE rushes up to OSBORNE...and an inch from her face...

HALE

In God's name take your filthy spirit out of this child..!

Suddenly TWO DEPUTIES enter, and thrust two more arrested WOMEN staggering into the Parlor--ALL look at these with excited alarm.

EXT. DAY. VILLAGE.

PARRIS has ABIGAIL's elbow as they move along; she is pale, weakened, needs his support...MERCY and a FEW OTHER GIRLS follow in train. TWO WOMEN come up to her.

WOMAN 1

Brave girls!--the village will bless you to the last day of the world!

WOMAN 2

(to PARRIS)

How pale she is!

PARRIS
Walking about will do her good, the
doctor command it.

WOMAN 1
'Tis the Lord's work you do,
children.

ABIGAIL
Aye, but it be so very hard...

ABIGAIL, PARRIS and GIRLS move on.

WOMEN 1 & 2
(Deeply affected, watching
them go)

Ahh!

EXT. DAY. FOREST.

Reminding us of the surrounding forest, CAMERA moves rapidly
through trees, replicating the opening shot. But this time,
rather than giggling girls we hear effortful grunts and arrive
at...

PROCTOR and COREY, each handling a peavey, rolling an enormous
tree trunk onto a horse-drawn sledge. (Or ox-drawn)

COREY sits to rest as PROCTOR secures log to the sledge with a
chain. PROCTOR drops down beside him, catches his breath, and
looking around at the lovely day..

PROCTOR
--Livin' weather. God, Giles,
Massachusetts is a beauty in the
Summer!

COREY grunts agreement; he's preoccupied.

COREY
Sarah Good in the jail--would you
believe a court would ever bother
to jail that silly old turtle?

PROCTOR
Probably let her out in a week or
two. Judge Hathorne knows less law
than that horse's ass.

COREY
'Beginning to wonder if I should
have mentioned my Martha to that

COREY (Contd)

Minister. Don't know what got into me.

PROCTOR

Well, you never could stop talkin', Giles.

COREY

Had I witness, I could clap you for defamation for a charge like that.

PROCTOR gets up, laughing warmly.

PROCTOR

Come on home, I've cider for you...and thanks for the hand...

Suddenly a horseman gallops up; THOMAS PUTNAM is in the saddle looking outraged.

PUTNAM

I've warned you once, Proctor! That is my lumber! You are in my bounds!

PROCTOR

My land has always gone down to the river, and I haven't sold any, Putnam. You're trespassing!

PUTNAM

I warn you again--the new Provincial Charter allows new claims to be filed and I have done it! This is now my land! Besides, it's clear in my grandfather's will...

COREY

Your grandfather damn near willed away my north pasture...but he knew I'd break his arm if he tried it. You're all alike, Putnam..!

PROCTOR starts his horse moving, dragging the log.

PUTNAM

I'll have my men on you!

COREY simply grabs an axe and starts for PUTNAM who, with one last threatening look, gallops off. PROCTOR, deeply troubled,

leads the horse, dragging the log.

EXT. DAY. PROCTOR HOUSE.

PROCTOR and COREY are walking on either side of the dragged log toward the house in the middle distance.

PROCTOR now sees a MAN riding away from his house, and ELIZABETH standing there watching him depart. His curiosity is aroused and he snaps his whip over the horse to speed him along.

THEY arrive before ELIZABETH. SHE indicates the vanished rider.

ELIZABETH

Isaiah Goodkind's just come from the village--they've sent to Boston for the Deputy Governor to come and take charge.

COREY

Oh that's Danforth--he'll bring some sense to it. That's good news.

ELIZABETH

Judge Hathorne has condemned fourteen people to the jail last night.

PROCTOR

Fourteen!

ELIZABETH

And promise hangin' if they don't confess.

PROCTOR

Confess! To what!

ELIZABETH

Bewitchin' the children--Abigail Williams suffers most of all, he says.

A certain look passes between PROCTOR and ELIZABETH--a guilt in his eyes and in hers a plea for action from him. COREY, shaken by this news...

COREY

Save my cider. I'll go home now and tell Martha.

HE walks into the gathering night.

INT. DAY. PROCTOR COMMON ROOM.

PROCTOR washes up at a basin near fireplace.

PROCTOR
I am thinking if the crop comes
good I'll buy Joseph Ward's heifer.
How would that please you?

ELIZABETH
Aye, it would.

PROCTOR
I mean to please you, Elizabeth.

She nods; she forces herself to say as pleasantly as she can...

ELIZABETH
It would be well if you went to
Salem.

PROCTOR's torture in his faces as he wipes it off.

ELIZABETH
Abigail told you it had naught to
do with witchcraft, did she not?
They say Ezakiel Cheever's clerk of
the court now--can you not tell
him?

PROCTOR, delaying, scoops up food from a pot.

ELIZABETH
God forbid you keep that from the
Court, John.

PROCTOR
(Hesitates)
It's a wonder they do believe her.

ELIZABETH
But they do! Mary Warren says
that...
(Miming MARY)
...where Abigail walks the crowds
part like the sea for Israel. I
think you must go at once.
(Slight pause)
I would go tonight, John. Will you?

PROCTOR
I'll think on it.

ELIZABETH
You cannot keep it, John.

PROCTOR
I say I will think on it.

Rebuffed, she starts toward the stairs to leave.

PROCTOR
How will I prove what she told me,
Elizabeth! We were alone, I have
no proof of what she said.

ELIZABETH
...You were alone with her?

PROCTOR
...For a moment alone, aye.

ELIZABETH
Then it is not as you told me.

PROCTOR
For a moment is all--there were
others closeby...

ELIZABETH
Do as you wish, then.

SHE starts out.

PROCTOR
Woman.

SHE turns.

PROCTOR
I'll not have your suspicion
anymore.

ELIZABETH
(A smile to keep her dignity)
Now John, if it were not Abigail
that you must go to hurt would you
falter now? I think not.

PROCTOR
You will not judge me more, Elizabeth!
I have forgot Abigail, and...

ELIZABETH

And I.

PROCTOR

(Now his full resentment)
Spare me! You forget nothing and
forgive nothing. In this
sevenmonth since she is gone I have
not moved from there to there
without I think to please you, but
an everlasting funeral still
marches round your heart.

ELIZABETH

John, you are not open with me.
You saw her with a crowd, you said.
Now you...

PROCTOR

I'll plead my honesty no more...

ELIZABETH

John, I am only...

PROCTOR

No more! I should have roared you
down when first you told my your
suspicion. But I wilted, and like
a Christian I confessed. But you
are not God, Elizabeth! --Let you
look for some goodness in me, and
judge me not.

ELIZABETH

The magistrate sits in your heart
that judges you; I never thought
you but a good man, John, only
somewhat bewildered.

PROCTOR

(Laughs bitterly)
Oh Elizabeth, your justice would
freeze beer!

EXT. DAY. RIVER.

A canoe bearing THOMAS JACOBS is being tied to a small dock on
which stands his father, GEORGE JACOBS; he is crippled by
arthritis and uses two sticks to support himself.

As young THOMAS stands up in the canoe...

PUTNAM is a short distance upriver drawing in a fishnet when he sees...

THOMAS is canding up in the canoe lifting a hogshead onto the dock where his father stands trying ineffectually to help.

PUTTNAM's reaction is a combination of surprise and avidity.

INT. NIGHT. HATHORNE'S HOUSE.

They are in deep conference at a table.

PUTNAM

...and he raise the hogshead weighing surely more than fifty pound, and set it upon the docks it were a spool of thread. I tell you no natural Christian may stand his full height in a canoe bearing such a weight over his head without he tip over. That canoe never trembled in the water.

HALE

And his name?

PUTNAM

George Jacobs and his son Thomas.

EXT. DAY. COREY HOUSE.

COREY opens his door from within to confront the WOFFORDS. GOODY WOFFORD cradles a small dead pig in her arms.

GOODY WOFFORD

Here's the pig your wife sold me not two weeks ago and it is dead.

MARTHA appears beside COREY.

MARTHA

Well now, if you haven't the wit to feed a pig properly you won't be having live pigs very long, y'know. Come inside, Giles.

MARTHA pulls GILES clear of the closing door. GOODMAN WOFFORD is quite furious, and yells at the door...

WOFFORD

She must have her money back!

Door opens; COREY appears, shakes his head doubtfully.

COREY
I doubt she will.

EXT. NIGHT. RUTH'S BEDROOM.

ANN is putting RUTH to bed, tucks blanket, then starts to open a window...RUTH utters a tiny frightened sound. ANN turns to her.

ANN
You want fresh air, the doctor
said.

(But RUTH's anxiety
persists)
Why are you frightened?

RUTH stares at the window. ANN steps to it and looks out.

PUTNAM enters.

PUTNAM
I bid you good night, Ruth.

ANN
She fears the open window.

PUTNAM
(to RUTH)
Why?

RUTH stares in fear at the window.

PUTNAM
What do you see there?

RUTH
...How do Mr. Jacobs' son stand up
in the canoe?

PUTNAM
Oh! --it may be Jacobs is a wizard.
(Moving in close to her)
Is it Mister Jacobs you see in the
window?
(Her mouth open, looks at him
as though for his permission)

ANN
You mustn't fear to tell it, Ruth! You do
God's work to tell it! Say it, my darling,
do you see him now, is he here?

EXT. DAY. VILLAGE.

Flanked by six armored and helmeted mounted CAVALRYMEN a carriage is entering SALEM VILLAGE and pulling up before INGERSOLL'S TAVERN. A CROWD of townspeople watch as out of it emerge JOHN DANFORTH, DEPUTY GOVERNOR of the Province, and JUDGE SAMUEL SEWALL of the General Court in Boston. PARRIS, PUTNAM, HATHORNE and REVEREND HALE are there to greet them and lead them inside.

They move through the crowd and before the doorway are confronted by the GIRLS--all pious deference, bowing to the great gentlemen who are terribly curious about them, and deeply sympathetic, for these young females have actually seen and been attacked by spirits out of hell...they have suffered.

The JUDGES, with HALE, PARRIS and PUTNAM pass into the house.

INT. NIGHT. INGERSOLL'S TAVERN.

The locals are seated facing JUDGE DANFORTH and SEWALL, who are just finishing a meal. SEWALL--actually on the verge of becoming an alcoholic, is never without his glass of wine.

DANFORTH

--I assure you, Gentlemen, His Majesty's Government is determined that the Devil shall not rule over one single inch of Massachusetts; and if he indeed has come, here in Salem is where we shall dig him out!

The locals are wrapt, awed, excited. Now JUDGE SEWALL gathers himself, raising a monitory finger.

SEWALL

...Provided every precaution be taken to guard against the testimony of distracted persons...and of course, the mad.

DANFORTH

(Just barely registering the dissent)

Indeed, Judge Sewall.

INT. DAY. MEETING HOUSE.

The Meeting House is packed. This is the biggest entertainment they have ever witnessed, and holy besides.

At the front are the Court--JUDGES SEWALL and THOMAS DANFORTH and the local JUDGE HATHORNE. This group is flanked by PARRIS on one side and REVEREND HALE on the other. Two GUARDS in breastplates and helmets carrying pikes. A few feet from them sits the defendant...GOODY OSBORNE. In her sixties, a bag lady, in effect, her bundles of junk at her feet. She is mumbling to herself, and looking around and brainlessly greeting people. But occasionally a sinister threatening look flashes on her face.

JOHN CHEEVER, normally a tailor but court clerk today, has pen poised over his writing box, nervous about being able to keep up, with his primitive shorthand.

In a group nearby sit the GIRLS.

MARY WARREN, seated next to ABIGAIL, is busy sewing a rag doll.

In the audience we spot REBECCA & FRANCIS NURSE and THOMAS & ANN PUTNAM.

Now GILES COREY & MARTHA, his third wife twenty years his junior, are just entering and take their seats. MARTHA wears a blazing red sash around her middle, which is outrageous to TWO LADIES seated nearby.

1ST LADY

Well!--the red sash has honored us!

2ND LADY

And wearing it to Meeting now!

HATHORNE concludes a whispered conference and turns from the judges to GOODY OSBORNE.

A few feet away sits GOODY GOOD, another woman of similar type. GOOD has no teeth and is in tattered clothes.

HATHORNE

Now, Goody Osborne--here is Sarah Good whom you have just heard confessing to this court that when the Devil came to her she saw you in his company...

SARAH GOOD

(Interrupting)

Oh there they stood big as life, him and her! And Osborne writing her name in his book, with her own red blood!--I saw it all Thursday last right there on the King's road by Frazier's apple orchard.

AUDIENCE: An amazed rumble.

OSBORNE

Oh, your honors, I never see the
Devil but Oh, I can dance backwards
as fast as him forwards...

She gets up and piping up a tune throws herself into a jig moving
backwards with her backside up in the air.

HATHORNE

Sit down! Sit, I tell you!

Suddenly without warning she flies over to MARY WARREN who is
totally absorbed in her sewing and startled, throws up her arms
in fright.

OSBORNE

Dance with me, Mary, I've done no
wrong...!

FROM MARY WARREN'S POV: GOODY OSBORNE'S filthy hag face swiftly
closes in.

MARY WARREN, startled, springs away and lets out a full
hysterical scream which she can't stop.

DANFORTH

What are you doing to this girl!
(Turns to MARY)
Mary Warren, what is happening...!

MARY WARREN

(Pointing at
OSBORNE)

I remember it now! Oh Mr.
Danforth, it was last month...
she come to the door begging and
when I refused her...she...she
mumbled!

DANFORTH

Mumbled what?

MARY WARREN

I never knew it till this moment,
Mr. Danforth--this woman have
cursed my belly!

HATHORNE

What say you! What did you mumble to
make her so sick?

OSBORNE

I was only saying my commandments!
I hope I may say my commandments!

This slows them for the moment.

SEWALL

(to DANFORTH)

Excellency, pray let her recite her
commandments.

OSBORNE

Oh your Grace...I may only say my
commandments outdoor.

DANFORTH, with a silent chuckle, in effect puts SEWALL's
tenderness down.

FROM THE AUDIENCE--a couple of young men burst into loud
laughter. They are better-dressed and have an educated look.
DANFORTH looks out sternly over the Audience.

DANFORTH

Mr. Herrick! We shall wish to
question these gentlemen who are so
amused.

MARSHALL HERRICK, with an ASSISTANT, walks down the aisle to the
LAUGHERS, one of whom stands up defiantly.

DANIEL PHIPPS

My name, sir, is Daniel Phipps; I
am Governor William Phipps's
nephew, with my friend Allan Henry
of Harvard University; we have come
to witness this...extraordinary
spectacle you are conducting here!

DANFORTH

(First he smiles,
then he points)

Arrest them both, Mr. Herrick, for
disruption of the Court!

PHIPPS and FRIEND are flummoxed, incredulous as HERRICK and
ASSISTANT take them in charge.

DANIEL PHIPPS

Sir, I must return to Cambridge!

DANFORTH

Take them to the jail.

The lesson is not lost on the audience, which is thoroughly cowed as the two students are led out, PHIPPS outraged -- "This is outrageous! I must return to Cambridge this afternoon!" -- and he is gone. Now Danforth turns back to OSBORNE.

OSBORNE

There are ten Commandments. Do you know any?

OSBORNE simply blows out her toothless cheeks and stares idiotically.

DANFORTH

You have lied to the court. I say you have lied to the court, have you not!

OSBORNE

I am innocent to a witch! The Devil knows that!

DANFORTH

Do you think to dupe us with this foolery? Take her to the jail!

SHE is led out dancing and laughing happily, waving to people. but no one is kidding with her anymore.

DANFORTH

(She has threatened his dignity; he glares after her, then...)

Goodman Jacobs? Come forward.

Jacobs' name arouses high expectation in the audience--he is a well-known personality. Heads crane to get a glimpse of him.

From the front row GEORGE JACOBS makes his way to a seat before the girls.

On JACOBS' rise, we see a quick animation in the face of THOMAS PUTNAM, a hot eagerness in fact to see the man condemned. ANN PUTNAM is in a continuous sweat, almost panting with excitement.

Just behind the Putnams sits a man, JOSEPH WARD, 50, who has a distinctive old scar across his cheek.

HATHORNE

Ruth Putnam, rise.

(She does)

Now child--Where last did you see
Mr. Jacobs?

RUTH PUTNAM

He come to me two night past when I
was abed.

THOMAS PUTNAM is inwardly urging her on, proud of her.

JACOBS

(Amazed)

Ruth!--you are mistaken--you know
me, I am Mister Jacobs, your
neighbor...

(to HATHORNE)

I have six hundred acres next to
theirs, she has known me all her
life!

RUTH PUTNAM

He come through my window...

JACOBS

Through?

RUTH PUTNAM

And then he lay down upon me...

(Panting)

...I could not take breath, his
body crush heavy upon me. And he
say in my ear, "Ruth Putnam, I will
have your life if you testify
against me in court." I was in
terrible fear. And I called upon
my lord Jesus Christ. And Mr.
Jacobs flew out through my window
clappin' his ears shut against the
name of God. Then he flew up
through the trees.

DANFORTH

What say you to this charge, Mr.
Jacobs?

JACOBS

... Why, your honor, I must have
these sticks to walk with, how may
I come through a window...?

HATHORNE

But you could have sent out your
spirit through a window, could you
not?

PUTNAM and ANN wideyed at imminent victory.

A SILENCE. JACOBS, with all eyes on him and the girls staring at
him fearfully, turns to the audience...

RUTH PUTNAM rushes to DANFORTH and whispers into his ear, as....

JACOBS

(to the audience)

But how may my spirit go out of my
body and I know nothing about it?

(to the Judges)

...I know nothing of
this...nothing!

DANFORTH

Ruth Putnam has informed me that
there is a black man whispering in
your ear at this very instant!

Amazed, JACOBS looks around himself...

ABIGAIL

(Points toward JACOBS)

I see him! A tall black man's at
his ear!

MARY WOLCOTT

(Points at JACOBS)

He's there, he's whispering!

OTHER GIRLS

I see him!! He's there! The black man, etc.

JACOBS

Excellency, these poor children are
crazed...I am innocent!

Old JACOBS looks on simply flummoxed, mouth agape.

THE CONGREGATION IS YELLING AT JACOBS...

Amid the chaos CAMERA close on THOMAS PUTNAM who leans over the
ANN and speaks excitedly into her ear.

JOSEPH WARD, the man with the facial scar seated behind them is
overhearing PUTNAM, and looks shocked at what he has heard.

Now MARTHA COREY seated next to COREY lets out a loud mocking laugh and stands up and starts for the exit door shaking her head. COREY, after a momentary hesitation, rises and catches up with her.

MAN

How dare you mock them, Martha
Corey!

WOMAN

Shame! Shame!

OTHERS join yelling "Shame!" "God forgive you Martha Corey!" after the departing MARTHA and COREY. The pandemonium grows...

Now REBECCA & FRANCIS NURSE rise and make their way out with their five SONS. REBECCA seems near fainting. Now people are astonished that the sainted Rebecca is deserting the ship.

INT. NIGHT. LATER. PROCTOR HOUSE.

ELIZABETH is reading her Bible. PROCTOR is seated, nailing the heel onto a child's boot he is repairing, when...suddenly, as out of air, MARY WARREN is standing in the dark doorway, startling them. His frustration turns him on her now.

PROCTOR

How do you dare go to Salem again
when I forbade you!

He starts for a whip hanging on the wall.

MARY

I am sick!--pray, hurt me not!

She breaks down weeping; its genuineness stops him. After a moment she produces a rag doll, a 'poppet,' as she moves to ELIZABETH.

MARY

I made a gift for you today, Goody
Proctor.

ELIZABETH

Why, thank you! It is a fair
poppet.

MARY

We must all love each other now.

ELIZABETH is mystified by this, and nods and takes the poppet. MARY starts toward the stairs but again breaks down into helpless

ABIGAIL

I always knew you'd come for me one day.

(Patting his hand reassuringly)
We shall live long and well, my darling--

PROCTOR

Abby, I cannot...

ABIGAIL

...if I am not murdered.

PROCTOR

(Surprised)

Murdered?

ABIGAIL

(Pulls up her nightgown)

Look!--I'm all lumps and holes from their damned needles and pins...feel the lump..!

(Presses his hand on her thigh)

And the jab your wife give me's not healed yet.

(Touches her stomach)

PROCTOR

(Certain now that she's mad)

When was that?

ABIGAIL

Saturday--she come to me in my bed the middle of the night. And George Jacobs...jabbin' at me with his walking sticks...and the same spot every night--look!

(Lifts her hair to show her neck)

PROCTOR

George Jacobs' been in the jail all this month, Abby.

ABIGAIL

And thank god he is! They're going to hang him, you know. And he prays, you know, he prays in jail!

PROCTOR

May he not pray?

ABIGAIL

And torture me at night while he's
praying in the jail? That
hypocrite!--but they all are and
thank god I have the power to
cleanse the town of them!

PROCTOR

...You mean to cry out still
others?

ABIGAIL

Until the last hypocrite is dead.

PROCTOR

Abby...is there no one--good?

ABIGAIL

You.

PROCTOR

I!? How am I good?

ABIGAIL

You gave me my life! It were a
fire we lay in, John, and it burned
my ignorance away. I used to blush
for shame because some old Rebecca
called me loose, or when Elizabeth
turned me out of the house; but
then...I remembered your love for
me, and I knew I was good--it's
they were the hypocrites not me!
You put this knowledge in my heart,
John, and now our dear good Lord
sends me strength to clean the
world of hypocrites for him!--Oh,
John, I will be a light of heaven
in your house.

SHE sees now that HE is not responding, and perplexity rises in
her face.

PROCTOR

Hear me, Abby--If ever you cry
witch against my wife it will be
the end of you.

She seems surprised by his reference to ELIZABETH.

PROCTOR

I will not have her condemned.

ABIGAIL

(Incredulous)

John, I am but God's finger; if he would condemn Elizabeth she will be condemned.

PROCTOR

(leans close to her face)

You know me, Abby--if she is condemned it will be the end of you.

HE starts away.

ABIGAIL

(To the air)

Oh, hypocrites, have you won him too!

PROCTOR exits. We stay with her for a moment; her eyes are fearful, but a determination flows over her face.

INT. NIGHT. INGERSOLL'S TAVERN. COREY.

A game of shovelboard is going on. The place is packed because the celebrities are here--JUDGE DANFORTH, JUDGE SEWALL, JUDGE HATHORNE, and of course THE GIRLS. They are stars come to this dark little corner of the Province and are served food and drink with pleasurable excitement.

The GIRLS are transformed now--they sit at tables sipping, gorging on hor d'oeuvres, greeting friends and being introduced to strangers.

DANFORTH rises from the Judges' table and makes his way through the crowd to the game where ABIGAIL and a slavishly admiring young buck are playing; she is unpracticed and clumsily shoves the piece off the board as DANFORTH arrives and extending his hand to the stick...

DANFORTH

May I, Miss Williams?

ABIGAIL

Oh, Judge Danforth, I'd be much honored!

SHE hands him the stick and while the admiring crowd looks on he demonstrates with a direct hit that shoves all the pieces off the board and leaves his on the edge. A great cheer goes up, and ABIGAIL claps hands delightedly and she laughs an inch away from the great Judge's enormously flattered face...

One person is not laughing. In a corner of the room GILES COREY is observing all this with shock, turns and hurries out.

Now ABIGAIL's expression changes to a very intense one and she whispers into DANFORTH's ear. His smile dies and his eyes become intent. She exits the shot.

SEWALL observes this Abigail-Danforth confab and seems unhappy with it.

EXT. NIGHT. INGERSOLL TAVERN.

DANFORTH now watches as MARSHALL HERRICK is cracking a whip over a team of horses which begin drawing the long open wagon; there are chains hanging from stakes spaced along its sides. CHEEVER is seated beside HERRICK, clutching a leather case on his lap.

INT. NIGHT. INGERSOLL PARLOR.

SEWALL is drinking alone, contemplating space. DANFORTH enters and comes over to him.

DANFORTH

Samuel, I believe you are sometimes not entirely content with us, am I correct?

SEWALL

(A moment--then decides to speak)

I must tell you, John--I had not expected so much of our evidence to come from children...had you?

DANFORTH

(Unwillingly...)

I had not. But you cannot doubt the children are painfully attacked?

SEWALL

No-no, I see that plainly.

DANFORTH

Recall the Gospel, Samuel--"From the mouths of babes shall come the truth..."

SEWALL

Aye, but it is also this Putnam woman; I wonder if losing her children has distracted her mind-

SEWALL (Contd)

-she seems at times to show some madness in her eyes. And Mr. Putnam--I learn that he is in constant disputation with his neighbors about his boundaries...and there are even some....

(Daring to say it...)
...who tell me he is not honest.

DANFORTH

(Patting his arm--both threat and love)

Dear friend, no court can wait for saints to provide evidence. I shall be scrupulously just--surely you will rest on that.

SEWALL

(Courage failing)

...I have never doubted that, Thomas.

...and he swallows a drink.

INT. NIGHT. PROCTOR HOUSE.

Beside the fireplace she is at the crib, rocking it, staring. The sound of a carriage and horse turns them to the door. PROCTOR goes and opens it.

EXT. NIGHT. PROCTOR HOUSE.

REVEREND HALE descending from his gig. ELIZABETH emerges from the house.

PROCTOR

Mr. Hale! why good evening to you, sir, come in.

HALE

(Nods to PROCTOR)

You are Goodwife Proctor.

ELIZABETH

Aye, sir--Elizabeth.

HALE stares into her eyes for a long moment. Then he looks at PROCTOR penetratingly.

HALE

I know not if you are aware--your wife's name is mentioned in the court.

PROCTOR

Our Mary Warren told us, we are entirely amazed.

HALE

I am a stranger here, as you know. And I find it hard to draw a clear opinion of them that are accuse. And so I go tonight from house to house...I come now from Rebecca Nurse's house...

ELIZABETH

Rebecca's charged!

THEY enter the house talking.

INT. NIGHT. PROCTOR COMMON ROOM.

HALE

God forbid that such a one be charged, but she is...mentioned somewhat.

ELIZABETH

I hope you will never believe that Rebecca trafficked with the Devil.

HALE

(This is exactly what's been troubling him, so he stiffens, and evades...)

Goody Proctor, this is a strange time; none can any longer doubt the powers of darkness are attacking this village--

PROCTOR

--We have no knowledge in that line, Mister Hale.

HALE

(He vaguely senses evasion here)
--I thought, sir, to put some questions as to the Christian character of this house, if you'll permit me.

PROCTOR

We have no fear of questions.

HALE

In the book of record that Mr. Parris keeps I note that you are come to Sabbath meeting but twenty six time in seventeen month.

PROCTOR

...I will be straight with you, Mr. Hale; no minister before him ever demanded the deed to the house we lend him. And since we built the Meeting House there were pewter candlesticks upon the altar; but Parris came, and week after week preach nothing but golden candlesticks until he had them. I'll not deny it, when I look to heaven and see my money glaring at his elbows, it hurt my prayer, sir, it hurt my prayer.

HALE

Hmmm. --Your children...how comes it that the last is not baptized?

PROCTOR

(Dreading he is
getting in deeper)

I...like it not that Mr. Parris lay his hand on my baby. I'll not conceal it, sir, I see no light of god in that man.

HALE

The man's ordained, therefore the light of God is in him.

PROCTOR

(angered now)

What's your suspicion, Mr. Hale?--I nailed the roof upon the church, I hung the door...

HALE

...Oh that's a good sign...

ELIZABETH

Maybe we are too hard on Parris, but sure we never loved the Devil here.

HALE

...Do you know your Commandments,
Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH

I surely do--I am convenanted, sir,
there be no mark upon my Christian life.

HALE

And you, Mister?

PROCTOR

I...yes, I am sure I do.

HALE

Let you repeat them, if you will.

PROCTOR

The Commandments.

HALE

Aye.

PROCTOR

(Counting on his fingers)
Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt
not covet thy neighbor's goods, nor
make unto thee any graven image.
Thou shalt not take the name of the
Lord in vail; thou shalt have no
other gods before me.

(Starting to falter)
Thou shalt remember the Sabbath Day
and keep it holy.

(Pause)
Thou shalt honor thy father and
mother; thou shalt not bear false
witness.

(He is stuck)
Thou shalt not make unto thee any
graven image.

HALE

You have said that twice, sir.

PROCTOR

Aye...

(Lost, eyes desperate...)

ELIZABETH

Adultery, John.

PROCTOR

Aye!--You see, sir, between the two of us we do know them all. I think it be a small fault.

HALE

(Getting up out of his chair)

Theology, sir, is a fortress; no crack in a fortress may be accounted small. I will bid you both goodnight, then...

HE rises to leave...

ELIZABETH

Mr. Hale?

(HALE turns to her. SHE turns to PROCTOR)

Will you tell him?

HALE

What's that?

PROCTOR

(Erect, prepared for the onslaught)

Sir...I know that the children's sickness had naught to do with witchcraft.

HALE reacts with total alertness--he has suspected this himself, but the Devil could be tricking him now.

PROCTOR

Mr. Parris discovered them sportin' in the woods. They were startled and took sick.

HALE

Who told you this?

PROCTOR

(the name dries his mouth)

Abigail Williams.

HALE

...Abigail Williams told you it had naught to do with witchcraft?

PROCTOR

She told me the day you came, sir.

HALE

Why did you keep this?

PROCTOR

I never knew till tonight that the world has gone mad with this nonsense.

HALE

Nonsense! Mister, I have myself examined Tituba, Sarah Good, and twenty six others who have confessed to dealing with the Devil. They have confessed it.

PROCTOR

And why not, if they must hang for denyin' it? Have you ever thought of that?

HALE

(His own doubts touched)
I...have indeed. And you--would you testify to this in court?

PROCTOR

....I had not reckoned on going into court....

HALE

You falter here...

PROCTOR

I may wonder if such a court will believe me when a minister as steady-minded as yourself will suspicion such a woman. She have never lied, sir, and cannot, and the world knows she cannot. I may falter somewhat before I go into your court...I am not a fool.

HALE

(HE turns from PROCTOR to ELIZABETH)

I have a rumor that you do not believe there are witches in the world. Is that true?

PROCTOR

(Waffling)

...The Bible speaks of witches, so we....

ELIZABETH

Sir, I am a good woman. I know it.
If you believe that I may do only
good work in the world and yet be
secretly bound to Satan, then
must tell you I do not believe it.

HALE

(Frightened)

But you do believe there are
witches in...

PROCTOR

You bewilder him...!

ELIZABETH

If he think I am one then I say
there are none!

HALE

You surely do not fly against the
Gospels...

ELIZABETH

(Snapping out of control)

Question Abigail Williams about the
Gospels, not myself!

THEY are turned by the sound of horses hoofs outside. PROCTOR
rushes to the door; HALE and ELIZABETH following.

EXT. NIGHT. PROCTOR HOUSE.

The two old men gallop up to a stop. From the saddle...

COREY

They've taken my Martha...and
Rebecca!

HALE

Taken Rebecca! On what charge?

FRANCIS

"For the supernatural murder of
Goody Putnam's babies!" We're
going to try to see them...we
wanted you to know!

COREY AND FRANCIS gallop off.

PROCTOR
(Furiously to HALE)
Rebecca Nurse have murdered
children? Mr. Hale? Are you still
believing this?

HALE
(Desperately hanging on)
Man, remember...until an hour
before the Devil fell God thought
him beautiful in Heaven!

From a distance the sound of a heavy wagon startles them. A moment of dread. A swinging lantern is seen, then a wagon, on which sits EZEKIEL CHEEVER, with TWO MARSHALS in the wagon and SIX PRISONERS, all chained.

CHEEVER
Good evenin' to you, Proctor---all.

CHEEVER comes down. No one replies. MARSHAL HERRICK, a large man who is evading PROCTOR's eyes, comes up beside CHEEVER.

CHEEVER
--I have a warrant for your wife.

PROCTOR, outraged, looks to HALE.

HALE
I know nothing of this. Who
charged her?

CHEEVER
Why, Abigail Williams charge her.

ELIZABETH moves in speechless fury. Wordless, PROCTOR leads her to the door and she goes into the house, then he turns to CHEEVER.

PROCTOR
For what crime, on what proof?

CHEEVER
I like not to search a house,
Proctor, but by law I must enter.

PROCTOR hesitates, then decides to let him and HERRICK pass, and follows them in.

INT. NIGHT. PROCTOR COMMON ROOM.

ELIZABETH is standing, waiting.

CHEEVER

Will you hand me any poppets that
your wife may keep here?

ELIZABETH

I have kept no poppet since I were
a girl.

CHEEVER stares persistently at a point; all turn to look--

On the mantle is the poppet MARY brought for ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH

Oh!

(Goes to fetch it)

This is Mary's....

CHEEVER holds out a hand and she gives it over. In silence he
carefully examines the poppet. Then, again cryptically, while
reaching out for ELIZABETH...

CHEEVER

Now woman, by warrant you must come
with me...

PROCTOR knocks his hand up and strides to the stairs and yells
up...

PROCTOR

Mary! Come down here! Mary?

MARY

(From above)

Aye, sir!

CHEEVER, meanwhile has been handling the poppet and suddenly
pulls his hand away, stuck by something under the apron...he
draws out needle.

CHEEVER

Herrick! Herrick! It is a needle!

PROCTOR

What of it?

CHEEVER

I had my doubts, Proctor, but this
is calamity!

(Showing it to HALE)

You see it, sir, it is a needle!

HALE

What signifies a needle?

CHEEVER

(Bug-eyed)

The Williams girl...Abigail...today at Reverend Parris' house she fall to the floor with a needle stuck two inches into her belly! And she testify it were your wife's familiar spirit pushed it in!

PROCTOR

By what proof?

CHEEVER

Why man, have I not discovered a needle stuck in the belly of your wife's poppet? I tell you true, Proctor, I never warranted to see such proof of Hell! Take her, Herrick!

MARY WARREN enters from the stairway; with a warning look at HERRICK, PROCTOR brings her to CHEEVER.

PROCTOR

Mary...tell how this poppet come into my house.

MARY

(Stalling)

What poppet's that, sir?

PROCTOR

(Grabs CHEEVER's hand with the poppet)

This poppet, this poppet!

MARY

Why...I made it in court...and give it to Goody Proctor tonight.

PROCTOR looks challengingly at HALE.

HALE

Mary, a needle have been discovered inside this poppet...

MARY

Oh I meant no harm by it, sir.

PROCTOR
You stuck it in yourself?

MARY
For safekeeping, aye. I must have
forgot to take it out.

HALE
Child...you are quite certain this
be your natural memory--no one
might be conjuring you to say this?

MARY
Oh no sir, I am entirely myself.
(A bright idea)
Let you ask Abby--Abby sat beside
me when I made it.

ELIZABETH
That girl is murder! She must be
ripped out of the world!

CHEEVER
You heard that, Herrick--"ripped
out of the world!"

PROCTOR snatches the warrant out of CHEEVER's hand and rips it
up.

CHEEVER
You've ripped the Deputy Governor's
warrant!

PROCTOR
Damn the Deputy Governor! Out of
my house!

HALE
Now Proctor, Proctor...

PROCTOR
And you with them. You are a
broken minister!

HALE
I promise you, if she is innocent,
the court will...

PROCTOR
If she is innocent! Why do you
never wonder if Parris be innocent,
or Putnam or Abigail? Is the

PROCTOR (Contd)
accuser always holy now, were they
born this morning as pure as God's
fingers? I'll tell you what's
walking Salem--vengeance! The
little crazy children are jangling
the keys of the kingdom and common
vengeance writes the law!--I'll not
give my wife to vengeance!

THE SECOND MARSHAL has entered during the above.

THE TWO PROCTOR CHILDREN appear on the stair, awakened from
sleep.

PROCTOR faces HERRICK now, a standoff. PROCTOR turns to HALE.

HALE
Let her go, man, I promise you the
court will be just...

PROCTOR
Pontius Pilate! God will not let
you wash your hands of this!

PROCTOR seizes his rifle off the mantle. A struggle for it
begins; he wrests it free and tries to aim at CHEEVER and the
MARSHALS.

ELIZABETH
No! John!
(She forces his gun down)
I must go with them.

PROCTOR
I'll bring you home soon!

ELIZABETH
(with no belief)
Aye, John. Bring me soon.

SHE goes to the children. They are open-mouthed and scared; she
kisses them, then she turns and walks out with the MARSHALS.

EXT. NIGHT. PROCTOR'S HOUSE.

SHE is mounting the wagon in which the other prisoners sit.
PROCTOR reaches over to touch her; a MARSHAL starts to cuff her
to a chain...

PROCTOR
You'll not chain her!

He leaps over the side of the wagon, there is a fight and the MARSHALS subdue him and drag him off the wagon and down to the ground.

HERRICK

(To the three men,
pleadingly)

In God's name, John, let me stand
to my duty, I must chain them all!

CHEEVER on the driver's seat cracks a whip and the wagon drives off.

PROCTOR

Still silent? Though you be
ordained in God's own tears you are
a coward, Mr. Hale!

HALE

Our God is just, Proctor--He could
never be provoked so grandly by the
mere vengeance of a girl! I tell
you there must have been some
secret blasphemy in Salem to have
drawn down Heaven's wrath upon this
village!

PROCTOR receives HALE's piercing, questioning look--and lowers his guilty gaze.

HALE mounts his gig.

HALE

I shall pray to God to open up our
eyes.

HE rides off. PROCTOR enters the house.

INT. NIGHT. PROCTOR HOUSE.

MARY WARREN is coming down the stairs. PROCTOR is entering from outside. He glances up at her as she descends.

MARY

I have them all abed.

PROCTOR

You are coming with me to the court
tomorrow.

(She turns in alarm)

You will tell the court how that
poppet come here and who stuck the

PROCTOR (Contd)
needle in.

MARY
I cannot charge murder on Abigail.

HE moves. SHE begins to back in fear toward the stair.

MARY
She'll charge lechery on you, Mr.
Proctor!

HE halts, teeth clenching with embarrassment and anger.

PROCTOR
She's told you?

MARY
I have known it.--She'll ruin you
with it, I know she will.

PROCTOR
...So be it, then. But her
saintliness is done with.

MARY
And your good name!

HE takes another step toward her and she dashes for the
stair...he catches her.

PROCTOR
My wife will not die for me!

MARY
I cannot do it, they'll turn on me!

PROCTOR lifts her off the floor by the throat--she is choking.

PROCTOR
That goodness will not die for me,
Mary! I will bring your guts into
your mouth but she will not die for
me!

He drops her to the floor as she weeps--"I cannot, I cannot do
it!"

PROCTOR
You will tell the court what you
know; make your peace with it.

SHE continues wailing, "I cannot, I cannot!" HE goes to the door, looks ahead at the stars. With bitter irony...

PROCTOR

Peace!--now Hell and Heaven grapple
on our backs and all our old
pretense is ripped away...

With dread he looks straight up at the stars.

PROCTOR

Aye... And God's icy wind will
blow!

EXT. DAY. SALEM VILLAGE.

A CROWD is trying to get into the jammed MEETING HOUSE. Fiercely excited atmosphere, like the minutes preceding a rock concert. Now an open carriage drives up with ABIGAIL seated next to the driver and THE GIRLS behind her. They are all being saintly and suffering in dignity.

The carriage halts before the Meeting House and YOUNG MEN vie for the privilege of helping the girls down--most especially ABIGAIL. She is tragically happy, and with her arm in a young man's she walks through the crowd, which parts before her in profound awe and curiosity. She deigns to recognize a few folk with a nod. She is swollen with an inner resolution of all her life's conflicts--in short, she is with the Lord.

INT. DAY. MEETING HOUSE.

The house is full. THE JUDGES are at the improvised bench listening to JUDGE HATHORNE's interrogation of MARTHA COREY. HALE and PARRIS are seated nearby. THE GIRLS are in their places, looking on. We are in mid-interrogation.

GOODY and GOODMAN WOFFORD sit nearby.

HATHORNE

(Indicating the Woffords)
Now, Martha Corey, how did you know
beforehand that Goody Wofford's
pigs were to die the night of your
visit to her?

MARTHA

As you know well, Mr. Hathorne, I
have kept pigs all of my life and
so I had suspicions that her
pigs...

HATHORNE
 Suspicions?--you said that her pigs
 would soon die, Martha Corey, how
 came you to know that?

MARTHA
 Mr. Hathorne, I am innocent to a
 witch, I know not what a witch is.

The CROWD is angered by her obduracy.

HATHORNE
 (Playing to the audience)
 If ye know not what a witch is how
 do you know you are not one?

MARTHA bites her lip in frustration; her being boxed in arouses
 gratifying laughter in the audience.

But ABIGAIL is now biting her lip like MARTHA...and THE GIRLS
 follow suit...

HATHORNE
 Before God, Martha Corey, why do
 you make them bit their lips?
 Look, there is blood!

THE GIRLS' LIPS ARE BLEEDING...

MARTHA
 I scorn it! I scorn it!

EXT. DAY. MEETING HOUSE.

PROCTOR, FRANCIS NURSE, GILES COREY---and the four NURSE SONS are
 dismounting before the Meeting House. MARY WARREN is behind
 PROCTOR on his horse.

From inside the Meeting House a mighty roar of anger from the
 audience is heard and it frightens MARY. PROCTOR grips her hand
 reassuringly.

A MAN standing with others at the Meeting House door peering
 inside, sees COREY and in a suppressed voice, pointing within...

MAN
 Giles! It's your Martha!

COREY instantly hurries to the doorway and pushes his way in.
 The others follow.

INT. DAY. MEETING HOUSE.

COREY and PROCTOR & THE NURSES are pushing their way through the crowd toward the front where the interrogation is continuing, but DANFORTH is smelling blood no....

HATHORNE pulls MARTHA to ABIGAIL who on her approach sinks to the floor unconscious. The other girls fall down in all directions, utterly lifeless.

DANFORTH

In God's name, Martha Corey, how
can you continue to deny this
power!

PROCTOR, pulling the terrified MARY, and followed by COREY and NURSE, smashes his way up to DANFORTH.

PROCTOR

Your Excellency...!

PARRIS instantly rushes to DANFORTH, pointing at PROCTOR.

PARRIS

Beware that man!

COREY

We have evidence for the court!
The girls are frauds!

CAMERA finds ABIGAIL, who with blood on her lips glares out at...

MARY WARREN, who averts her gaze from ABIGAIL'S. PROCTOR still has her by the hand.

COREY

They are frauds! We have the
proof, sir!

(Pointing at MARY WARREN)

Mary Warren's come back to tell the
truth!

DANFORTH and SEWALL are both struck by MARY's threat to the Government, and eye her with some alarm. HATHORNE tries to recover.

HATHORNE

How dare you come roarin' into this
court!

SOLDIERS starting to move in to take them.

DANFORTH

Who is this man?

PARRIS

Giles Corey, and a more
contentious...

COREY

I am old enough to answer!

(to DANFORTH)

I am Giles Corey. I have written a
deposition that will open up your eyes, sir!

DANFORTH raises a hand to stay the soldiers. AUDIENCE IN
TURMOIL.

COREY

This is John Proctor, he has three
hundred acres and Francis Nurse,
sir, with twelve hundred acres...

MAN IN AUDIENCE

Arrest them, arrest them..!

2ND MAN

Beware Giles Corey, Judge! Corey
is always mischief!

A sudden quiet as JUDGE SEWALL rises and comes to DANFORTH
touches his arm and takes him aside for an unheard conference.
This is so unusual that the audience and the principals go quiet.
Now DANFORTH, with SEWALL whispering into his ear glances at MARY
WARREN in particular, and rather unwillingly nods agreement.

Now DANFORTH beckons HATHORNE to him, gives an order, HATHORNE
goes to CHEEVER, whispers officiously into his ear; CHEEVER
stands facing the audience...

CHEEVER

The court is in recess!

AUDIENCE is surprised at this unprecedented news.

Chaotically, furious DANFORTH with SEWALL behind him, is moving
toward a door to one side...behind them, COREY, NURSE, PROCTOR
and MARY WARREN. As they leave:

MARY WARREN seems about to faint and PROCTOR kneebends and
whispers encouragement into her ear.

PROCTOR

Remember what the Angel Gabriel say
to the boy Tobias--'do that which
is good and no harm can come to
thee.'

MARY is so shaken that he takes her hand, starts softly reassuring her.

INT. DAY. INGERSOLL'S TAVERN.

ALL are filing into the TAVERN ROOM; DANFORTH, SEWALL and HATHORNE are arranging themselves behind a long table.

COREY

...I never called my wife a witch, your Excellency, I only said she were readin' strange books...

NURSE

We mean no disrespect, sir...

DANFORTH

Disrespect?--this is disruption, Mister! This is the highest court of the supreme government of the province, do you know it?--who is this man?

HALE

His wife's Rebecca Nurse that were condemned this morning.

DANFORTH

Nurse? Indeed!--I have only good report of your character, sir--I am amazed to find you in this uproar.

NURSE

Excellency, we have proof for your eyes---the girls are frauds.

PARRIS

This is contempt, sir!

COREY

I have broke charity with my wife!
(Bursting into tears)

PROCTOR enters with MARY WARREN who seems more composed now.

PARRIS

Mary Warren! We were told you are sick. What are you about here?

PROCTOR

(Pressing PARRIS aside)
She has been striving with her

PROCTOR (Contd)
soul, she would speak with his
Excellency.

PARRIS
(Pointing at
PROCTOR)
Beware this man, sir, this man is
set and bound to destroy my
ministry!

HALE
Judge Sewall, I think you must hear
the child.

DANFORTH
We "must" do nothing but what
justice bids us do, Mr. Hale. --
What would you tell us, Mary
Warren?

SHE is tongue-tied, swallowing a dry throat.

PROCTOR
She never saw no spirits, sir. She
will swear to you that none of the
other girls ever saw them either.

CAMERA canvases the faces--they are all aware that this girl is
the ultimate challenge to the Government itself. She stands
surrounded by big men, PROCTOR's frail reed, and he holds onto
her little hand in his big fist.

DANFORTH
...What is your name?

PROCTOR
John Proctor; my wife is Elizabeth.

DANFORTH takes a moment to glare down at MARY, who averts her
eyes. He turns to PROCTOR.

DANFORTH
You are aware, Mister, that the
entire contention of the State in
these trials is that the voice of
Heaven is speaking through the
children.

PROCTOR
I am, sir. But you are mistaken.
The girls are not in touch with

PROCTOR (Contd)
Heaven. It were all pretense, sir.

DANFORTH
(an estimating look at
PROCTOR, then to MARY)
And the other girls? They are also
pretending?

MARY
Aye, sir.

CAMERA finds HALE and JUDGE SEWALL; HALE's eyes blaze with hope as he gives SEWALL, his possible ally, an importuning look. SEWALL is all indecision but fixed on MARY's next words.

PARRIS
(To PROCTOR,
outraged)
And you intended to spread this lie
in open court before the whole
Village?

PROCTOR, his heart in his mouth, ignoring PARRIS, turns to DANFORTH.

PROCTOR
We were sure his Excellency would
welcome the truth as we can prove
it, sir.

DANFORTH
(Out of the blue)
Have you ever seen the Devil, Mr.
Proctor?

PROCTOR
(Startled)
I?...No, sir.

DANFORTH
There is no desire lurking in your
heart to undermine these
investigations?

CAMERA finds the faltering in PROCTOR's eyes at this prevarication.

PROCTOR
No sir. I have come only to save
my innocent wife...and my friends'.
(Indicates COREY and NURSE)

sobbing. ELIZABETH goes to her.

ELIZABETH
What ails you, child?

MARY
Goody Osborne will hang!

PROCTOR
Hang!
(SHE sobs, nodding)
The Deputy Governor will permit it?

MARY
He must. She lied to the court.
(to ELIZABETH)
She had the gall to swear she were
sayin' her commandments when I
turned her away, beggin' at the
door--but she were cursing my
stomach!

ELIZABETH
Maybe they were her commandments.

MARY
Then how could she not recite a
single one!

PROCTOR
Then it was you accused her?

MARY
I had to when she condemned
herself!

PROCTOR
But the proof, the proof!

MARY
I told you the proof--it's hard
proof, hard as rock the judges
said.

ELIZABETH stares at her in fear. MARY looks from her to PROCTOR,
realizes their disbelief.

MARY
I am amazed you do not see the
weighty work we do! The Devil's
loose in Salem, Mr. Proctor, we
must discover where he's hiding!

MARY (Contd)
(Gathering her courage)
So I'll be gone every day for some
time. I am an official of the
court now...

PROCTOR strides to his whip, takes it down...

MARY
I will not stand whipping anymore!

PROCTOR
I'll whip the Devil out of you!

Whip in hand he chases after her, grabs her...

MARY
(Pointing at ELIZABETH)
I saved her life tonight!

ELIZABETH leaps to her feet, her premonitions confirmed. PROCTOR
releases MARY, HE and ELIZABETH stand stunned.

ELIZABETH
I am accused?

MARY
You were somewhat...mentioned. But
I told the court that I never see
no sign you ever sent your spirit
out to hurt no one, and they
dismissed it.

ELIZABETH
Who accused me?

MARY
I am bound by law, I cannot tell;
it were done in camera -- that's a
secret session. It is what kept me
so late.

ELIZABETH moves, staring in calculation, fear...

PROCTOR
Go to bed, Mary.

MARY
I'll not be ordered to bed no more,
Mr. Proctor! I am eighteen and a
woman, however single!

PROCTOR
Do you wish to sit up? Then sit
up.

MARY
I wish to go to bed!

PROCTOR
Goodnight then!

MARY
Goodnight!

Angrily, uncertain of herself, she stamps out.

ELIZABETH
The noose is up!

PROCTOR
There'll be no noose...

ELIZABETH
Abigail wants me dead, John. You
know it.

PROCTOR is burning with guilt as he looks at his wife.

PROCTOR
I'll go to Ezekiel Cheever and tell
him what she said to me.

ELIZABETH
(Delicately)
I think you must go to Abigail...

PROCTOR
(Bridling)
What have I to say to Abigail?

ELIZABETH
John--grant me this--you have a
faulty understanding of young
girls. There is a promise made in
any bed...

PROCTOR
The promise that a stallion gives a
mare I gave that girl.

ELIZABETH

(Desperation moves her
to him)

I tell you, John, she thinks to
kill me and then to take my place.

PROCTOR

(Outraged, knowing it is
true)

She cannot think that!

ELIZABETH

Why not? Have you ever shown her
the smallest contempt? She cannot
pass you in the church but you will
blush...

PROCTOR

I may blush for my sin.

ELIZABETH

Or that you've not ceased to want
her...

(HE glares at her)

--so she may think.

PROCTOR

Want her? I curse her! When will you
know me, woman!

ELIZABETH

Good then, go...and tell her she's
a whore, and smash whatever promise
she may feel! She has not done
with me, John--I know that girl!

Angry--with himself as well as at her-- HE takes his rifle from
its rack.

A sob escapes her; she turns away.

PROCTOR

I'll plead my honesty no more! I
see now your spirit twists around
the single error of my life and I
will never tear it free!

ELIZABETH

You'll tear it free when you know
that I will be your only wife, or
no wife at all! She has an arrow
in you yet, John Proctor, and you

ELIZABETH (Contd)

know it well!

EXT. DAY. WOODS.

HE is waiting under a tree. The fall leaves are blazing. SHE is uncertain whether he is an apparition or really there and is filling up with awe as she approaches him. She reaches out and after an instant's hesitation dares touch him and her hand stiffens with the joyful shock of his reality. His having come to her is her victory.

ABIGAIL

Oh, John, John!--it is you!

HE watches as SHE embraces him--takes a hand and kisses it.

ABIGAIL

So many come to me in spirit only!
But here is your warm hand...your
glorious eyes. Come, come sit with
me, I am all changed, you know.
Oh my god, how have I longed for
you. Am I beautiful anymore?
Remember how you used to say,
"Abigail, you are beautiful." Am I
still?

PROCTOR

(Difficulty)

Aye.

ABIGAIL

Say that to me.

PROCTOR

...You are beautiful.

ABIGAIL

...Abigail.

PROCTOR

You are beautiful, Abigail.

In this instant he can't help fear her profound attraction. She senses this and moves her lips to his face and he carefully, almost tenderly deflects her but she presses to him and kisses him and moves his hand to her breast...He grasps her wrists.

PROCTOR

Abby, my heart breaks if I harmed
you, but I...

DANFORTH now exchanges a glance with SEWALL; he goes to SEWALL and leads him to a corner.

DANFORTH

(Sotto voce)

What do you make of this?

SEWALL

(Strongly)

God help me, I cannot say; but I am sure the child must be heard, Thomas, or it will surely spread that you silenced her.

DANFORTH, unhappy, beckons HATHORNE; briefly whispers to him...

HATHORNE

Aye, she's the one.

DANFORTH turns thoughtfully to confront PROCTOR.

DANFORTH

Your wife, Mr. Proctor, has sent me a claim that she is pregnant now.

PROCTOR astonished, half-happy and half-alarmed.

DANFORTH

There be no sign of it--we have examined her body.

PROCTOR

But if she say she is pregnant, then she must be. That woman will never lie, Mr. Danforth.

DANFORTH

She will not?

PROCTOR

Sir, there are them that cannot weep and them that cannot sing--my wife cannot lie.

DANFORTH

You say you have no other purpose than to safeguard her; very well--the law forbids harm to the innocent child. So if I tell you now that your wife will be safe until she is delivered--will you drop this charge?

PROCTOR glances at COREY and NURSE.

DANFORTH

She is saved at least this year,
and a year is long.--Your purpose
is accomplished, Mister.

PROCTOR can't find words for the moment.

DANFORTH

Or is your design somewhat...larger?

PROCTOR

These are my friends. Their wives
are also accused...

PARRIS

There you have it! He has come to
overthrow the Court, your Honor!--
It is all dust in your eyes!

PROCTOR

(Taking out his document)
Sir, I am no lawyer, but I...

DANFORTH

The pure in heart need no lawyers,
Mister Proctor. Proceed as you
will, and quickly.

PROCTOR

(Holding out document
to DANFORTH)

This is a sort of testament signed
by ninety-one people; they declare
their good opinion of Rebecca, my
wife and Martha Corey.

PARRIS

Their good opinion!

But DANFORTH pays him no mind and reads the petition and names.
PARRIS cranes over his shoulder.

PROCTOR

They are all landholding farmers
and members of the church, sir--if
you will notice, they declare
they've know our wives over many
years and never seen no sign they
had dealings with the Devil.

PARRIS

(Sweating, looking down
at some of the weighty names)
They should be summoned for
questioning.

NURSE

Oh, Excellency, no! I gave them
all my word no harm would come to
them for signing this!

PARRIS

This is a clear attack upon the
court!

HALE

Is every defense an attack upon the
court?

PARRIS

All innocent and christian people
are happy for the court's in Salem;
these are gloomy for it!

(To DANFORTH)

I think you must wish to know why!

DANFORTH glances over to SEWALL, who looks back at him
enigmatically, pained but irresolute. DANFORTH holds the
petition to to CHEEVER.

DANFORTH

Mr. Cheever, have warrants drawn
for all of these--arrest for
examination.

NURSE

I have brought trouble on these
people!

DANFORTH

Not if they are of good conscience,
Mr. Nurse. You must understand,
sir--a person is either with this
Court or against it, there be no
road between. This is a new time,
a precise time; we live no longer
in the dusky afternoon when evil
mixed itself with good and
befuddled the world. Now, by God's
grace, the good folk and the evil
entirely separate! I hope you will
find your place with us.

HERRICK reenters, takes his place near the door.

HERRICK

The girls are here, sir.

PROCTOR lays a paper before DANFORTH, who reads; PARRIS and HATHORNE read over DANFORTH's shoulder. DANFORTH is clearly impressed by what he reads and looks over at COREY, then...

DANFORTH

Mister Herrick, find Mr. Putnam and bring him here to me.

HERRICK goes out. DANFORTH turns to COREY.

DANFORTH

This is very well phrased, you have no legal training?

COREY

I have the best, sir--I am thirty-three time in court in my life. And always plaintiff, too.

DANFORTH

(amused)

Ah, then--you are much put-upon.

COREY

I am never put-upon; I know my rights and I will have them. -- You know, your father tried a cast of mine--might be thirty-five year ago, I think.

DANFORTH

Did he.

COREY

He never spoke to you of it?

DANFORTH

(Even more amused--rather likes COREY)

No, I'm afraid I cannot recall it.

COREY

That's strange--he give me five pound damages...

DANFORTH

Did he!--well done!

THOMAS PUTNAM enters with HERRICK. PUTNAM looks about with a defensive anger.

DANFORTH

Mr. Putnam, we have an accusation by Mr. Corey against you. He states that you prompted your daughter to cry witchery upon George Jacobs so that you might buy up his forfeited land.

PUTNAM

It is a lie.

DANFORTH

(To COREY)

What say you to that?

COREY

A fart on Thomas Putnam is what I say to that! This man is killing his neighbors for their land!

DANFORTH

But where is your proof!

COREY

(Pointing to his deposition)

The proof is there! The day his daughter cried out on Jacobs, he said she'd given him a fair gift of land!--I have it from an honest man who heard him say it!

HATHORNE

And the name of this man?

COREY

(Taken aback)

Why, I...I cannot give you his name.

HATHORNE

And why not?

COREY

You know well why not--he'll lay in jail if I give his name! I mentioned my wife's name once and I'll burn in hell long enough for that. I stand mute.

DANFORTH

Then I shall have no choice but to arrest you for contempt of court, do you know that?

COREY

This is a hearing; you cannot clap me for contempt of a hearing!

DANFORTH

Oh, it is a proper lawyer! Very well.

DANFORTH briskly rises and leads the company out of the tavern--

INT. DAY. MEETING HOUSE.

---into the now empty Meeting House.

DANFORTH

Mr. Cheever, begin the record. Mr. Corey, the court is now in session. Now sir, the Government and Central Church demand of you the name of him who reported Thomas Putnam a common murder.

EXT. DAY. MEETING HOUSE.

MARY is about to enter the Meeting House. Now ABIGAIL sees her, and then MERCY does--and both stare at her penetratingly with enormous self-assurance, and begin to move toward her. MARY flees in fear behind the Meeting House. She clasps her hands to Heaven and is rocking back and forth...

MARY

Oh my God, hold me in thy hand!

INT. DAY. MEETING HOUSE.

MARY is opening the door to the anteroom, enters to find a full-fledged fight going on. Unnoticed she makes her way to PROCTOR's side.

PARRIS

He must name this man!

PROCTOR

Mr. Corey has that story in confidence, your honor!

HALE

Excellency, it is understandable that he conceal the man's name--there is prodigious fear of this court in the country!

DANFORTH

No uncorrupted man may fear this court!--None! Giles Corey, you are under arrest in contempt. Now decide; either you give me the man's name who accuses Mr. Putnam, or you will sit in jail until you answer our questions.--Mr. Proctor, what more do you have for us?

COREY makes a rush for Putnam--

PROCTOR

No!

COREY

I'll cut your throat, Putnam, I'm not done with you!

PROCTOR and GUARD subdue COREY.

COREY

Say no more, John, he means to hang us all!

PROCTOR

Peace, Giles, we'll prove it all now. Excellency...

Takes out a scroll, lays it before DANFORTH.

PROCTOR

Mary Warren's deposition, sir.

DANFORTH opens the scroll.

PROCTOR

She swears upon her immortal soul that she lied and her friends lie now--they never saw Satan and no witch ever hurt them. And that is the truth, sir.

DANFORTH for the first time seriously reads this deposition. CAMERA emphasizes the stillness, the decisiveness of the moment. DANFORTH now looks off in thought.

HALE

Excellency, clearly this goes to the heart of the matter.

DANFORTH turns to him admitting as much.

HALE

In god's name, sir--a claim so weighty cannot be argued by a farmer; send him home and let him return with a lawyer.

DANFORTH

Now look you, sir...

HALE

(Exploding)

I have signed seventy-two death warrants! This very morning I signed the excommunication of Rebecca Nurse! This argument you must let lawyers present to you!

DANFORTH

(Cool, hardened)

For a man of such terrible learning, you are most bewildered, Mr. Hale--do forgive me. I have been thirty-two year at the bar, and were I called to defend these people, I promise you I should be confounded. Consider now...

(To all, relishing the clean symmetry of it all)

In an ordinary crime, witnesses are called to prove guilt or innocence. But witchcraft is an invisible crime, therefore who may witness it? The witch, of course, and the victim. Now we cannot expect the witch to accuse herself, can we? Therefore we may only rely upon her victims!--and the children certainly testify! Therefore, what is left for a lawyer to bring out?

HALE

But this one claims the girls are not truthful...

DANFORTH

But that is precisely what I am

DANFORTH (Contd)
about to consider. What more may
you ask of me? Mr. Herrick, bring
the children here.

HERRICK goes out, as...

PARRIS
I should like to question Mary.

DANFORTH
(Sudden furious outburst)
Will you be silent!!

PARRIS is shocked. DANFORTH beckons MARY to him; PROCTOR nudges
her to go.

DANFORTH
Then you tell me that you sat in my
court callously lying?

MARY
I did sir.

DANFORTH
You are going to jail, my child, do
you understand that?
(Her mouth drops open)
Oh yes--you lied in the court--or
are you lying now? Either way you
have committed perjury, my dear.

MARY
I cannot lie more--I am with God
now.

She bursts into tears as ALL THE GIRLS enter, led by ABIGAIL.
DANFORTH indicates a bench for them and they sit.

DANFORTH
Children--the Bible damns all
liars.
(HE looks from one girl
to the next)
Your friend, Mary Warren, has given
us a deposition stating that she
never saw familiar spirits, and has
never been attacked by any manifest
of the Devil. She claims as well
that none of you have seen these
things either, and that you are all
pretending.

DANDORTH (Contd)

(Turns to MARY and PROCTOR)

It may be that Satan has conquered Mary...

(PROCTOR and MARY stiffen in fear)

...and has sent her here today to distract our sacred purpose. If so her neck will break for it. But if she speak true--I bid you confess your pretense now, for a quick confession will go easier with you. --Abigail Williams, is there any truth in this?

ABIGAIL

No sir.

DANFORTH

(Indicating MARY's Deposition)

The poppet that were discovered in the Proctor house--she claims that she made it in the court, and that you saw her stick the needle into it for safekeeping...

ABIGAIL

That is a lie, sir.

DANFORTH

--Did you see Goody Proctor's spirit, and did she stab you as you have charged?

ABIGAIL

Goody Proctor sent her spirit and it stabbed me.

DANFORTH

(To PROCTOR)

If she is lying, it can only mean she would see your wife hanged.

PROCTOR

She would wish that, sir.

DANFORTH

This child would murder your wife?

PROCTOR

(His tension deepens as he
sets out on conflict with
ABIGAIL)

It is not a child. She were twice
this year put out of this very
meetin' house for laughter during
prayer.

DANFORTH

(To PARRIS)

Laughter during...!

PARRIS

She were under Tituba's power, sir,
but she is solemn now.

PROCTOR

Solemn? -- Mary, tell the Governor how
she led you to dance in the woods....

PARRIS

This man is blackening my name
since I came to Salem!

DANFORTH

What is this dancing?

PROCTOR

Mr. Parris discovered them himself
in the dead of night! And they
have danced there naked.

DANFORTH

(To PARRIS--it is
turning into a
nightmare)

Naked!

HALE

When I first arrived from Beverly
Mr. Parris told me that.

PARRIS

I did not say they were naked!

DANFORTH

But she have danced?

PARRIS

...Aye.

With new eyes DANFORTH turns now to look at ABIGAIL. Has this young bitch trapped him? HATHORNE comes to the rescue.

HATHORNE

Mary...

(to DANFORTH)

--If you will permit me...

DANFORTH

(Hopefully)

Pray, proceed.

HATHORNE

In the court you would faint, when people accused of witchery sent their spirits out to choke you...

MARY

That were pretense, sir.

HATHORNE

But your skin turned icy and pale...

DANFORTH

Indeed, I saw that many times.

PROCTOR

They are all marvelous pretenders!

HATHORNE

Then can she pretend to faint now?

PROCTOR and MARY are caught unprepared.

HATHORNE

Why not? If it were all pretense, pretend now. Come, turn cold, Mary--Faint!

MARY

(To PROCTOR--something is indeed missing now)

I...cannot faint now.

PROCTOR

Can you not pretend it?

MARY

I...

(Searching within for a feeling)

...I have no sense of it now...

DANFORTH

(Pouncing)

Why, what is lacking now?

SHE is flummoxed, her throat closed.

DANFORTH

Is it that we have no afflicting
spirit loose but in the court there
were some?

MARY

I never saw no spirits.

PARRIS

Then faint by your own will. Come,
do it!

SHE tenses herself, closes her eyes, tries to collapse, then
shakes her head helplessly.

PARRIS

Are you protecting Satan?
Confess!--you did see attacking
spirits!

MARY

No!--I only thought I saw them but
I did not!

(Appealing to DANFORTH)

Your Honor...I heard the other
girls screaming and you...you
seemed to believe them...and then
the whole world cried, 'spirits,
spirits!' and I...

SHE breaks into helpless sobs. DANFORTH seems to be reached by
her genuine emotion and turns now to ABIGAIL.

DANFORTH

Child, I must ask you to search
your heart--is it possible the
spirits you have seen were illusion
only, some sort of...

ABIGAIL

Why this is a base question!

DANFORTH

I only ask you to consider...!

ABIGAIL

(Absolutely outraged)
What shall I "consider"? Have I
seen my blood runnin' out of my
flesh, or have I not? Is this my
reward for risking my life--to be
mistrusted and questioned and
denied..?

DANFORTH

Oh my child I do not mistrust...

ABIGAIL

(Striding up to him,
pointing into his face)
Beware, Mr. Danforth! Do you think
yourself so mighty that the Devil
may not turn your wits?

DANFORTH

What say you!

ABIGAIL

The Devil is no respecter of
persons, he may corrupt anyone..!

Suddenly SHE is swung about as though some invisible hand tapped
her shoulder.

ABIGAIL

I feel the power of Hell in this
room..!

SHE is suddenly looking upward, terrified, and all eyes follow
hers, and she begins to shiver...THE OTHER GIRLS now do the same,
whimpering.

CAMERA FINDS MARY'S FACE--she sees what is coming!

MARY

Oh Abby, no!

ABIGAIL

A wind, a cold wind...

CAMERA FINDS PROCTOR--he doesn't know who to turn to...

MERCY LEWIS

Your Honor, I freeze!

PROCTOR

They're pretending!

HATHORNE
(Touching ABIGAIL)
She is cold as ice, Your Honor!

ABIGAIL
Mary, stop this wind!

DANFORTH
(Descending on MARY)
Do you witch her? Take back your
spirit!

With an hysterical cry MARY starts rushing for the door and
PROCTOR catches her...

MARY
Let me go, I cannot, I cannot do it!

ABIGAIL
(Dropping to her knees,
arms upstretched)
Oh, Heavenly Father, take away this
torment....!

PROCTOR leaps at ABIGAIL, grabbing her by the hair, pulling her
to her feet.

PROCTOR
Whore! How do you call Heaven!

HERRICK
(Breaking his grip on her)
John!

PROCTOR
(Thrown back, breathless)
It is a whore, Mr. Danforth!

ABIGAIL
He lies, he lies!

PROCTOR
(Pointing at her --
to DANFORTH)
Mark her now,--she'll stab me with
a scream but she is a whore!

DANFORTH
This will not pass, you will prove
this!

PROCTOR
 (Watching his life
 disintegrate)
 ...I have known her, sir. I have
 known her.

DANFORTH
 In...in what time, what place?

PROCTOR
 In the proper place--where my
 beasts are bedded. My wife, my
 dear good wife...saw her for what
 she is and put her out on the
 highroad. And being what she is, a
 lump of vanity...
 (HE nearly breaks down)
 ...she thinks to dance with me on
 my wife's grave. And well she
 might--god help me, I lusted. But
 this is a whore's vengeance now. --
 I set myself entirely in your
 hands.

DANFORTH
 (Blanched)
 Do you deny every scrap and speck
 of this?

ABIGAIL
 If I must answer that question I
 will leave and never come back, and
 I will tell the world that Satan
 has won Salem Village!

SEWALL
 (Unable to restrain
 anymore)
 It is not your place to threaten
 the Court!

PROCTOR
 Your Honor--what man will cast away
 his good name?!

DANFORTH is head to head with ABIGAIL and is looking at her with
 fear and intense suspicion.

ABIGAIL
 What look do you give me!

SEWALL taps on DANFORTH's arm.

ABIGAIL
I will not have such looks!

As SHE turns on her heel and marches toward the door...

DANFORTH
You will not leave this room!

HERRICK steps in front of her. She halts. DANFORTH now turns to SEWALL questioningly. SEWALL whispers in his ear. DANFORTH nods agreement.

DANFORTH
Mr. Parris, go and bring goodwife Proctor here.

PARRIS
Excellency, this is all a snare....!

DANFORTH
(Frustrated)
Bring her! And let you knock before you enter.

PARRIS goes out.

DANFORTH
Now we shall touch the bottom of this swamp. Your wife, Mr. Proctor--you say that when she put this girl out of your house, she put her out for a harlot, and knew her for a harlot.

PROCTOR
Aye, sir, she knew her for a harlot.

DANFORTH
(To ABIGAIL)
If she tell me, child, it were for harlotry, may God spread his mercy on you!

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

DANFORTH
Hold!
(To ABIGAIL)
Turn your back.
(She looks at him in angry alarm)

DANFORTH (Contd)
Turn your back!

SHE turns her back to him.

DANFORTH
(To PROCTOR)
Do likewise.
(Glances about to all)
No one may speak or gesture aye or
nay.
(To the door)
Enter!

ELIZABETH enters with PARRIS. Her eyes search for PROCTOR.

DANFORTH
Mr. Cheever, report this testimony
in all exactness.

CHEEVER bends to his paper, ready.

DANFORTH
You will look at me only, Goody
Proctor, in my eyes only. We are
informed that at one time you
dismissed your servant, Abigail
Williams.

ELIZABETH assents.

DANFORTH
Why? For what cause?

ELIZABETH begins to glance toward PROCTOR.

DANFORTH
You need not look at your husband,
the answer is in your memory! Why
did you dismiss Abigail Williams?

ELIZABETH
She...dissatisfied me.
(Adding)
And my husband.

DANFORTH
In what way, dissatisfied you?

ELIZABETH
She were...
(Glancing at PROCTOR for a clue)

DANFORTH

Look at me! Were she slovenly?
Lazy? What was it?

ELIZABETH

Your Honor, I...My husband is a
good and righteous man, never drunk
or wastin' his time at the
shovelboard...but I were a long
time sick after my last baby, and I
thought I saw him turnin' from me.
And this girl...

(Starts to glance at ABIGAIL)

DANFORTH

Look at me.

ELIZABETH

Aye sir. Abigail Williams...
(She breaks off)

DANFORTH

What of Abigail Williams?

ELIZABETH

I came to think he fancied her, and
so...one night I lost my wits, I
think, and put her out on the
highroad.

DANFORTH

And did he indeed turn from you?

ELIZABETH

(In agony)

My husband is a goodly man, sir.

DANFORTH

Then he did not turn from you.

ELIZABETH

(Desperately trying to
glimpse PROCTOR)

He...

DANFORTH

To your own knowledge has John
Proctor committed the crime of
lechery?

(SHE cannot speak)

Answer my question. Is your
husband a lecher!

ELIZABETH
(Faintly)

No, sir.

DANFORTH
(To HERRICK)
Remove her!

HERRICK bundles HER TOWARD THE DOOR...

PROCTOR
(Crying out toward her)
Elizabeth, I've confessed it!

ELIZABETH
Oh, God!

The door bangs shut behind her and Herrick.

HALE is instantly on his feet appealing to SEWALL.

HALE
I beg you, stop now!

But SEWALL, who agrees with him, can only turn wordless to DANFORTH.

DANFORTH
She spoke nothing of lechery, this man has lied!

HALE
It is a natural lie to tell! Judge Danforth, I cannot shut my conscience to it-- I believe this man--private vengeance is working though this testimony! By my oath to Heaven, this girl is false!

ABIGAIL lets out a weird, wild, chilling scream, her eyes turned toward the ceiling. ALL GIRLS turn up, horror on their faces...

DANFORTH
What is it!

SEWALL
What's there!

The whole COMPANY is searching the ceiling. GIRLS WHIMPERING IN FEAR.

MERCY LEWIS
(Pointing up
suddenly)
It's on the beam...behind the
rafter!

DANFORTH
What, what is it!

ABIGAIL
Why do you come, yellow bird!

PROCTOR
Where's a bird! I see no bird!

DANFORTH
Be quiet!

PROCTOR
(To HALE)
Do you see a bird?

DANFORTH
Be quiet!!

ABIGAIL
(To the "bird" above)
But you cannot want to tear my
face! Envy is a deadly sin, Mary!

MARY WARREN
(Realizing...)
NO! Abby!

ABIGAIL
Oh Mary, this is a black art to
change your shape!

MARY
Abby, I'm here!

PROCTOR
They're pretending, Mr. Danforth!

ABIGAIL
Oh, please, Mary--don't come down!

SUSANNAH WALCOTT
She stretching her claws!

PROCTOR
They're lying!

Led by ABIGAIL, the girls are climbing over furniture to get away from a point above them from which the "bird" is about to swoop.

ABIGAIL
Please, Mary, don't hurt me!

MARY
(To DANFORTH)
I'm not hurting her!

DANFORTH
(He grabs hold of MARY,
pointing upwards)
Why does she see you up there!

MARY
She sees nothin'!

Now ABIGAIL becomes transfixed, staring upwards--and ALL THE GIRLS likewise--as they fall under MARY's power.

ABIGAIL
She sees nothin'!

MARY
Abby you mustn't!

ALL GIRLS
Abby you mustn't!

MARY
I'm here, I'm here!

ALL GIRLS
I'm here, I'm here!

This ulallelia sets DANFORTH's skin crawling...

DANFORTH
Draw your spirit out of them, Mary
Warren!

MARY
(Helplessly)
Oh, Mr. Danforth...!

ALL GIRLS
Oh, Mr. Danforth...!

DANFORTH
Have you compacted with the Devil!

MARY
Never! Never!

GIRLS
Never, never!

DANFORTH
Why must they repeat you!

MARY
They're sporting!

GIRLS
They're sporting!

MARY
(Growing hysterical,
stamping her feet)
Abby, stop it!

GIRLS
Abby, stop it!

MARY
Stop it!

GIRLS
Stop it!

MARY
(Top of her lungs,
raising her fists)
Stop it!!

GIRLS
(Miming her, raising
their fists)
Stop it!

Utterly confounded, MARY whimpers helplessly--the GIRLS mimic her whimpering. She moves, they move. DANFORTH and SEWALL likewise, look on with wonder and terror.

PROCTOR
They're gulling you, Mister, it's
all fraud!

HALE
You cannot believe them!

DANFORTH
(Perceiving a new,
dreadful angle)
What brought you to this turnabout,
Mary Warren? -- Has the Devil got
to you?

MARY is terrified, now that he seems to believe the GIRLS.

PROCTOR
God damns all liars, Mary!

DANFORTH
Have you made compact with Lucifer
to destroy this investigation.

MARY is transfixed with fear.

PROCTOR
(Sensing her weakening)
Mary, hold to the truth!

SHE is shaking her head, dumb. DANFORTH turns her roughly to
face him.

DANFORTH
What has brought this change in you! You have
made compact with the Devil, have you not?

ABIGAIL
She's spreading her wings!

PROCTOR
Remember what the Angel Raphael
said--do what is good and--

ABIGAIL suddenly points upward.

ABIGAIL
Mary, don't! Don't!

HALE
I see nothing up there!

EVERYONE is searching the upper air, ceiling, beams...

DANFORTH
(Pointing upward to the
"bird")
Do you confess this power!

ABIGAIL
She's coming down, she's walking
the beam!

MARY
It isn't me!

GIRLS
It isn't me!

PARRIS
Satan!--begone from this child...!

ABIGAIL
LOOK OUT, SHE'S COMING DOWN!

THE GIRLS, shielding their heads as though a bird were pecking at them, rush out of the Meeting House with the whole mob after them...

EXT. DAY. OUTSIDE MEETING HOUSE.

A mass exodus out the front door and into the area before the Meeting House, led by the screaming girls. Unbounded hysteria sweeps the crowd of people who were waiting outside the Meeting House, and they run after the GIRLS who rush down toward the beach and into the water.

EXT. DAY. WATER'S EDGE.

The CROWD struggles to rescue the hysterical GIRLS from drowning, as PROCTOR, up to his calves in water, catches up with MARY. She wrenches herself out of his grasp, and looking up at him in open terror...

MARY WARREN
Don't touch me!

PROCTOR
(Astonished)
Mary!

MARY WARREN
You're the Devil's man!

CRIES of dread go up from the crowd..."Hang him! Begone with him. Arrest him!" Simultaneously with...

PARRIS & GIRLS
Praise God!

MARY

(To PROCTOR)

I go your way no more, I love God!

FROM THE CROWD; "Hallelujah!" "Praise to the Lord," etc.

DANFORTH

(Now with vast inner
relief)

He bid you do the Devil's work?

MARY

He come at me by night to sign, to
sign...

DANFORTH

Sign what!

PARRIS

The Devil's book? He come with a book?

MARY

My name, he want my name. "I'll
murder you," he says, "if my wife
hangs--we must go and overthrow the
court," he says!

FROM THE CROWD...cries of shock and outrage.

HALE

This child's gone wild!

PROCTOR

Mary, Mary...!

MARY

No! I go your way no more, I love
God, I bless God!

Now turning to ABIGAIL, she beings to sob in contrition.

MARY

Oh Abby--I'll never hurt you more!

ALL watch with wonder as the errant child returns to ABIGAIL's
forgiving embrace.

Now DANFORTH, charged with a clear vision, turns with infinite
hatred to PROCTOR.

DANFORTH

I have seen your power. You are combined with anti-Christ, you will not deny it!

HALE

Excellency...

DANFORTH

I'll have nothing from you, Mr. Hale!

(To PROCTOR)

Will you confess yourself befouled with Hell or do you keep that black allegiance yet? What say you!

PROCTOR

(Looks out on the breathless villagers)

I say you are pulling Heaven down and raising up a whore! I say God...I say God is dead!

An enormous gasp of shocked revulsion from the CROWD.

PARRIS

(To the audience)

Do you hear it, do you hear it!!

DANFORTH

Marshal! Take him and Corey with him to the jail!

HALE

I denounce these proceedings! I quit this court!

HE rushes away up the beach toward the town.

DANFORTH

Mr. Hale!

As HALE pushes through the crowd, crazed FACES OF VILLAGERS loom up before him. A MAN spits at him. A WOMAN scratches at his face. ANOTHER MAN starts striking at him with a walking stick...HE escapes.

CAMERA finds PROCTOR and COREY being hustled away past JUDGE SEWALL--whose look is totally desolated, defeated.

EXT. DAWN. GALLOWS.

A cold Spring morning. Swirling fog over the gallows which

overlook a precipice with the sea far below. A crowd is gathered below the platform on which stand aged GEORGE JACOBS, arms tied behind him, and MARTHA COREY. Nooses are being lowered over them. A MAN has to support JACOBS to keep him on his feet, but MARTHA stands erect and defiant.

CAMERA finds HALE pressing through the crowd, climbing onto the platform. Faces around him are rapt, deeply excited as they watch their neighbors about to be executed. Noticing him, people throw him hostile looks. Before he can get close to the condemned...THE EXECUTIONER steps before him forbiddingly.

HALE

I am Reverend Hale, I would pray
with them.

EXECUTIONER

You cannot, they are all
excommunicated, their souls go down
to Hell and can no more be saved.
Begone, sir.

EXT. DAY. SHORE.

A stoneboat is being pulled by an oxen team and comes to a halt. It is loaded with large boulders. GILES COREY, arms trussed, is forced to the ground.

Nearby, PARRIS looks on with CHEEVER. PARRIS now nods to the TWO MEN who proceed to lay stones on his chest. When two large ones are lowered on him, he groans.

CHEEVER

Purge your contempt, and give us
the name of the man that accused
Putnam. You will say it, Corey!

COREY stares up at PARRIS. PARRIS signals, and another stone is laid upon him.

PARRIS

Speak, man, we cannot relent! What
say you, Corey!

COREY

More weight!

PARRIS straightens, fear and anger on his face. And to the MEN...

PARRIS

--Lay on!

But the TWO MEN hesitate, frightened by COREY's courage.

PARRIS

You are commanded by the Court--Lay
on, I say!

(Looking down at COREY)

More weight indeed!

A big boulder is set on COREY. A gigantic final sigh escapes him. The scared eyes of the MEN at this transcendent defiance and the faith that must lie behind it.

INT. DAY. MEETING HOUSE.

CONGREGATION attentive as PARRIS at the pulpit is in mid-speech, so that we see him speaking before we hear...

PARRIS

And whether living now or
dead...George Jacobs, Sarah Good,
Giles Corey, Martha Carrier, Mary
Easty, Elizabeth How, Mary Parker,
Ann Foster, Rebecca Nurse...

CAMERA finds the NURSE CLAN and their outrage...

PARRIS (Contd)

...and John Proctor, having
committed the crime of witchcraft
are from this church, with all its
blessings and every hope of heaven,
hereby excommunicated!

THE CONGREGATION: the dread importance of this act is evident from their awed expressions.

EXT. DAY. GALLOWS.

FROM DIFFERENT ANGLES: One after another QUICK SHOTS OF BODIES BEING 'DROPPED'--HANGED.

EXT. DAY. MONTAGE OF SALEM AND COUNTRYSIDE.

CAMERA details the ruin of the community. Each of these shots should be on different farms, with different barns and houses.

A barn; its doors hang open; four cows mooing painfully for milking, wander out into the barnyard and then down the road.

A kitchen; a pig is rooting about and knocks over the kitchen table and finding a bucket of apples gobbles them up. No one is there to interfere.

A farm bedroom; rats are gnawing at the straw bedding.

A water barrel it stands raised on a rack outside a kitchen, and a horse moves past it and knocks the bung off and the water pours out onto the ground.

PROCTOR's field (where we saw him scything) now hooves of cattle trample it as half a dozen cows move at random onto it.

Highroad; a ten year old girl going down the road holding the hands of two bewildered younger children, their faces scared.

INT. NIGHT INGERSOLL HOUSE.

ABIGAIL is seated by the fire, she is dressed for outdoors as though for a quick visit. DANFORTH facing her. SEWALL, drinking nearby, keeps glancing fearfully over at her. He has a drawn look now. She seems in distress physically, like someone in a fever. DANFORTH is trying to understand her message to him.

ABIGAIL

I cannot sleep, sir. A woman comes to my bed every night now and tears at my eyes.

DANFORTH

Ah? Can you make out who she may be?

ABIGAIL

I believe she be Reverend John Hale's wife.

DANFORTH is taken aback. SEWALL's alcoholic stare widens. But ABIGAIL's gaze is persistent, challenging.

DANFORTH

(A tinge of warning in his tone)

You must be mistaken, my child. The wife of a Minister is not likely to be...

ABIGAIL

Satan may reach anyone, sir.

(she rises, mission done)

Perhaps Reverend Hale ought to be informed of my suffering. I should not like to cry out a minister's wife.

HE takes her meaning. They both become aware of SEWALL's silence

and turn to him. He stares with outrage at ABIGAIL, then turns to DANFORTH with a demanding glare in his eyes, and DANFORTH decides...

DANFORTH
You are mistaken, child. You
understand me.

This first real resistance stiffens ABIGAIL--but she shows fear too.

EXT. DAY. GALLOWS.

A CROWD watching as BODIES are being thrown into the abyss from the gallows platform.

JACOB'S SON is dragging the body of GEORGE JACOBS. HANGMAN stops him. SEWALL is nearby.

HANGMAN
You cannot have him.

SEWALL
For God's sake, man, it is his
father!

HANGMAN
I am commanded to see them buried
in the air for the birds to feed
on--they are not to befoul the
earth!

A man cries out, "Let them be buried!" Another: "This is wrong!" A third: "They can do no harm in the ground!" etc.

This bubbling of resistance stiffens the guarding SOLDIERS in defensiveness and rattles the HANGMAN...

EXT. DUSK. HIGH ROAD TO ANDOVER.

TWO CARRIAGES moving along in tandem, horses at a quick canter.

INT. DUSK. DANFORTH'S CARRIAGE.

DANFORTH, SEWALL, PARRIS and ABIGAIL, who is staring moodily out of the window.

SEWALL
(Profoundly disturbed,
near desperation)
Turn back, I beseech you. It must
end now.

DANFORTH

On the contrary, Samuel. It must begin now.

(SEWALL turns to him
in astonishment)

After the hearings in Andover this week, we shall go on to Topsfield, to Boxford and Wenham---aye to Boston herself! I shall dig out every one of these monsters until every inch of Massachusetts belongs again to God!

PARRIS of course looks delighted, inspired; SEWALL is appalled.

INT. NIGHT. GIRLS' CARRIAGE.

SEVEN are crowded into the carriage. ABIGAIL is not among them, but MARY WARREN and MERCY LEWIS and RUTH PUTNAM are. MERCY primps, anticipating the arrival. Now RUTH looks about at them all, and naively...

RUTH PUTNAM

If we don't know anyone in
Andover...how are we
to...to...proceed?

The others glance at her; the question raises some anxiety.

EXT. NIGHT. HIGHROAD.

The horses are now at a gallop. They rear up as suddenly a barricade of logs and stones appears on the highway and both carriages abruptly stop.

DANFORTH'S HEAD sticks out of the carriage as he looks about in the darkness and yells at the driver.

DANFORTH

What is it!

Now from out of the darkness a HORSEMAN appears and canters up to the carriage door. Now behind him another, and another, until there are about twenty or more; they are armed FARMERS and TOWNSPEOPLE OF ANDOVER.

1ST HORSEMAN

Good evenin', your Honor-sir.

DANFORTH

Have you stopped us?

1ST HORSEMAN

Aye, sir. If you please, sir, we have no need of the Court in Andover. You will turn back, sir.

DANFORTH

I am Deputy Governor Danforth patent authority from the Crown's Governor at Boston--you will stand aside.

1ST HORSEMAN

We cannot obey that order, sir-- Andover has no need of your Court.

TWO HORSEMEN take the bridle of the carriage horses and turn them.

DANFORTH

Take your hands off those horses! We will go to Andover! Stand aside!

1ST HORSEMAN gallops up to DANFORTH's window.

1ST HORSEMAN

Goodnight to you, sir!

HORSEMEN whip the carriage horses which take off at a gallop back toward Salem.

INT. DANFORTH'S CARRIAGE.

The carriage is rocking along; DANFORTH is seething. Silence for a long moment. Now he turns to PARRIS and HATHORNE.

DANFORTH

Proctor must confess!

ABIGAIL's eyes fill the screen. She sees the end.

EXT. NIGHT. PARRIS' HOUSE.

HE opens his front door and as he turns and closes it behind him, a dagger which was stuck into the wood, clatters to the ground. Sheer terror lights up his face; he looks left and right and hurries off.

CAMERA rises to a second floor window.

INT. NIGHT. PARRIS' BEDROOM.

ABIGAIL, dressed in her cloak, has a hammer in her hand ready to

strike at a small strongbox lock. MERCY LEWIS, likewise in a cloak, stands watch in the window, looking down. She now turns to ABIGAIL.

MERCY

He's gone!

ABIGAIL brings the hammer down on the lock and the box springs open revealing three or four small bags. She quickly opens one, spills a few of its coins onto her palm to inspect them, then sweeps up all the bags and hurries out with MERCY.

EXT. NIGHT. PROCTOR'S JAIL.

ABIGAIL moves quickly over bleak mud-flats towards the collection of huts that serve as jails for the condemned. She is admitted to the smallest of them.

INT. NIGHT. PROCTOR'S JAIL.

PROCTOR, chained, is huddled alone. ABIGAIL moves towards him.

ABIGAIL

They mean to take you this morning.

(HE stares ahead)

There's a ship in Salem harbor.

It's bound for the Barbados at first tide. I have money for the guard. We could sail before light.

(HE turns to her)

Elizabeth is safe; they'll not touch her for the baby's sake; you have done your duty.

SHE comes closer, seeing that he now seems to be listening to her.

ABIGAIL

I never dreamed any of this for you.

(Tears flow into her eyes)

I wanted you, was all.

PROCTOR

How many have died...because you wanted me?

SHE bursts into sobs. It affects him.

PROCTOR

How many! They tell me nothing here.

ABIGAIL

...Seventeen.

PROCTOR

Who?--George Jacobs? Martha Corey?
Rebecca?

ABIGAIL

Rebecca is alive but she is
condemned.

PROCTOR

(Stretches his face up to
Heaven and groans)
Ohhh. My God, I am damned forever
that I did not stop you!

Abject, desperate, SHE is bent to the ground before him. Now SHE
reaches tentatively to touch him.

ABIGAIL

Listen to me, I have money for the
jailer...we could see this dawn on
the ocean!

Suddenly, her feeling thrusts her to him, and she kisses his
lips. HE tries to turn but she holds him--as though the magic of
her body will recapture him. And in fact, this first human
touch, despite everything, reaches into him. She senses that she
has begun to reach him...

PROCTOR

I curse your body, I curse your
flesh...!

ABIGAIL

The jailer will let you go, let me
call him!

His eye catches the sight of someone behind her...

JOHN HALE is standing over them.

HALE

You are to hang this dawn.

HE kneebends to speak confidentially, close.

HALE

Hear me, Proctor, you must confess.

PROCTOR looks into HALE's eyes and understands his guilt.

HALE

Yes. I have helped to murder you
if you die.

Now PROCTOR looks to this 'whore', who bears the same message as the Minister. The guilt is now upon all of them, and it creates a kind of communion for this moment.

PROCTOR

A strange matter, isn't it...that
you...and this whore...and I...be
all of us guilty?

(With wondrous bitterness)
I tell you, the Devil must be
laughing at us all...

(Reaches to HALE and
touches his hand)
I am lost for an answer, Mr.
Hale...I must think on it.

ABIGAIL and HALE get to their feet. HALE leaves. She bends to him.

ABIGAIL

--I must board ship. I will send
Mercy Lewis for your answer.

EXT. NIGHT. JAIL.

DANFORTH is just emerging from his carriage before the jail-huts. PARRIS greets him on the ground with HERRICK standing near. PARRIS is much changed--open fear is seeping out of him. DANFORTH is different, too--a certain unabashed violence is in his face now. As they speak, the open cart that will take the condemned to execution is drawing up; SEWALL and HATHORNE are also descending from the carriage.

DANFORTH

Reverend Hale have no permission to
enter this jail!

PARRIS

It is a Providence, sir!--He is
returned to bring the prisoners to
God. He's with Proctor now.

Together they move into the JAIL, the others following...

DANFORTH

(Surprised, excited)
He bids Proctor confess?

PARRIS

Aye, but...

(Breaks off, filling
up with fear)

DANFORTH

Be plain, what troubles you?

PARRIS

My niece have vanished.

DANFORTH

Abigail!? Where!--she must be
found!

PARRIS

I know not. My strongbox is broken
into.

DANFORTH

She have robbed you?

PARRIS

Thirty-one pound is gone, I am
penniless.

DANFORTH

Mr. Parris, you are a brainless
man!

PARRIS

Excellency, hear me! -- I believe
she feared to keep in Salem, now
that Andover has rebelled...

DANFORTH

Andover will be remedied; the Court
will open there next week!

PARRIS

I beg you, sir...postpone more
hangings for a time.

DANFORTH

There will be no postponement.

REVEREND HALE emerges from PROCTOR's hut.

DANFORTH

Good morning, Mr. Hale; we are glad
to see you returned to your duty.

HALE

I must have more time, or you must
pardon them. They will not budge.

DANFORTH

I cannot pardon these when
seventeen have died for the same
crime--it is not just!

HALE stands there, caught between fury at DANFORTH and his guilt.
Now SEWALL speaks up for the first time.

SEWALL

I cannot bear more hanging. Might
his wife's presence soften him?
She must be well on with child
now...

DANFORTH

(Instantly)

Yes!--let him see her.

(To HERRICK)

Fetch the woman here, and have
Proctor brought up.

HERRICK moves towards the largest of the huts.

HALE

(To DANFORTH)

Excellency, if you postpone a
week...

DANFORTH

Mr. Hale, while I speak God's law I
will not crack its voice with
whimpering!

HALE

(Outburst)

Whimpering?--I tell you sir, you
may yet marvel that the people have
not burned your province! --
Abandoned children wander the
highroads, and no man knows when
that harlot's cry will end his
life!

DANFORTH

...You baffle me--why have you
returned here?

HALE

Why, to do the Devil's work. I come to counsel Christians to believe themselves.

(Into DANFORTH's face full force)

---There is blood on my head, can you not see the blood on my head!

INT/EXT. NIGHT. JAIL.

THEY turn towards the opening doors of the large jail-hut. Crammed inside are all the condemned women, filthy and manacled. HERRICK is pulling ELIZABETH out.

ELIZABETH

I am yet six month before my time.

DANFORTH

Pray be at your ease, we come not for your life, we...

(Breaks off...)

Mr. Hale?

HALE

John is marked to hang this morning.

(Shocked, SHE inhales sharply)

I have no connection with the court, Goody Proctor. I come to save your husband's life, for if he die I am his murderer. Do you understand me?

(SHE watches him, uncertain of his intent)

We must help John Proctor to give them the lie they demand.

HATHORNE

It is no lie, you cannot speak of lies!

HALE

It is a lie! They are innocent!

DANFORTH

Get on with it!

HALE

I tell you, woman, life is God's most precious gift. No principle

HALE (Contd)
 however glorious may justify the
 taking of it. Will you plead with
 him?--Let him give his lie; it may
 be that God damns a liar less than
 he that throws away his life for
 pride.

ELIZABETH
 I think that may be the Devil's
 argument.

HALE
 Woman, before the laws of God we
 are as swine, we cannot read his
 will!

In tense conflict SHE stands motionless, desperate, unsure.

DANFORTH
 Be there no wifely tenderness
 within you?--he will die with the
 sunrise!

(SHE looks at him,
 lost, scared)
 Are you stone?--a very ape would
 weep at such calamity!--Take her
 out!

THEY turn as PROCTOR approaches, manacled, filthy.

ELIZABETH
 I promise nothing, but let me speak
 with him.

HALE indicates that they should walk a distance from the jail, so
 that they may be alone. DANFORTH faces PROCTOR.

DANFORTH
 I see light in the sky, Mister.

As PROCTOR and ELIZABETH go, PARRIS comes to them.

PARRIS
 If you desire a cup of cider, Mr.
 Proctor...I am sure they would...

PROCTOR's dead-eyed look of contempt silences him .

EXT. DAWN. MUD FLATS.

THEY are alone, two figures in a bleak world, as dawn slowly

breaks. In the distance is the jail, and outside of it stand those who await PROCTOR's decision. PROCTOR indicates her swollen belly.

PROCTOR

The child?

ELIZABETH

It grows.

PROCTOR

No word of the boys?

ELIZABETH

They're well. Rebecca's Samuel keeps them.

(She downs a flow of tears)

PROCTOR

They come for my life now.

(She nods)

None have yet confessed?

ELIZABETH

Many, they say...Goody Ballard is one, Isaiah Goodkind...twenty, thirty or more...

PROCTOR

Is it true?--they pressed Giles?

ELIZABETH

(Nods)

But his sons will have the farm, for he died Christian under the law and not a wizard.

(A tender smile for the old man)

They say he give them but two words--"More weight," he says. And died.

HE shuts his eyes in wonder and pain.

PROCTOR

What would you have me do, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH

I cannot be your judge.

PROCTOR

How can I mount the gibbet like a saint? It is a pretense, I am not that man. My honesty is broke-- nothing's spoiled by giving them this lie that were not rotten long before.

ELIZABETH

And yet you've not confessed till now...

PROCTOR

Only spite keeps me silent, it is hard to give a lie to dogs. -- I would have your forgiveness, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

It is not for me to give, John...if you will not pardon yourself.

(HE turns away now)

It is not my soul, John, it is yours.

(With immense difficulty)

Only be sure...that whatever you will do it is a good man does it.

(this is news; he turns surprised)

I have sins of my own to count--it needs a cold wife to prompt lechery.

PROCTOR

(In great pain)

Enough, enough--

ELIZABETH

Better you should know me!--you take my sins upon you.

PROCTOR

No, I take my own, my own!

ELIZABETH

John, I counted myself so plain, so poorly made, no honest love could come to me! Suspicion kissed you when I did; I never knew how I should say my love. It were a cold house I kept!

HATHORNE is approaching over the mud-flats. PROCTOR turns to ELIZABETH as though for her final opinion.

ELIZABETH
...Forgive me. I never knew such
goodness in the world!
(she covers her face,
weeping)

PROCTOR
(To HATHORNE)
I want my life.

HATHORNE
(With a mystical thrill)
God be praised, it is a Providence!

HE calls out towards the jail, at the top of his voice:

HATHORNE
He will confess! Proctor will
confess!

EXT. DAWN. JAIL.

An immediate reaction from those standing outside the jail. HALE and PARRIS run out towards the PROCTORS.

EXT. DAWN. MUD-FLATS.

PROCTOR
(Stung, rushing to HATHORNE)
Why do you cry it!!
(Turns to ELIZABETH--
a questioning tone)
It is evil.(?)

ELIZABETH
(Tortured for him)
I cannot judge you--I cannot!

PROCTOR
Then who will judge me? God in
Heaven, what is John Proctor, what
is John Proctor!
(Moving in a fury, a
tantalizing search)
I think it is honest--let Rebecca
go like a saint...for me it would
be fraud.

ELIZABETH
I cannot be your judge!

PROCTOR
Would you ever give them such a
lie?--say it!
(she turns away)
Good then--it is evil, and I do it!

HALE and PARRIS have reached them and are leading them back to the jail.

EXT. DAWN. JAIL.

A table has been brought out; CHEEVER is sitting at it with his writing box. PROCTOR is brought to him.

Meanwhile, the jail doors open as GUARDS prepare to bring out the condemned to the carts that will take them to the gallows.

DANFORTH
Praise to God, you are blessed in
Heaven for this!--Are you ready,
Mr. Cheever?

PROCTOR
Why must it be written?

DANFORTH
Why, for the good instruction of
the Village--this we shall post
upon the church door! Now then...
(In effect, dictating
to CHEEVER)
Mr. Proctor, have you seen the
Devil in your life?

PROCTOR's jaws lock.

DANFORTH
Come man, the town waits at the
scaffold, I would give out this
news. Did you see the Devil?

PROCTOR
I did.

ELIZABETH shuts her eyes as though stabbed. REBECCA NURSE is meanwhile dragged out towards the waiting cart. Behind her, the four other women who are condemned to hang this day.

REBECCA

Oh John, you are well then, eh?

DANFORTH

Now, when the Devil appeared to you, did you see Rebecca Nurse in his company?

PROCTOR

No.

DANFORTH

(Eyebrows go up)

Courage, man, your good example may bring her to God as well.--Hear this, Goody Nurse. -- Now, Mr. Proctor, did you bind yourself to the Devil's service?

REBECCA, now manacled in the cart, looks on astonished.

PROCTOR

I did.

DANFORTH

Now, woman, you see it profit nothing to keep this conspiracy any further. Will you confess yourself with him?

REBECCA

(calling from the cart)

Why it is a lie, it is a lie; how may I damn myself? Oh, God send his mercy on you, John!

DANFORTH

...Did you see her sister, Mary Easty, with the Devil?

PROCTOR

No, I did not.

DANFORTH

Did you ever see Giles Corey with the Devil, or his wife Martha. -- They are both executed, you know.

PROCTOR

I did not see them.

DANFORTH

(Realizing...)

Did you ever see anyone with the Devil?

PROCTOR

No, I did not.

DANFORTH

Mr. Proctor, a score of people have testified they saw these people with the Devil.

PROCTOR

Then it's proved, why must I say it?

DANFORTH

'Must?'--You should rejoice to expose them if your soul is truly purged of any love for Hell!

PROCTOR

They thought to go like saints, I like not to spoil their names.

DANFORTH

...And do you think they went like saints?

PROCTOR

(Knows he is hanging
by a thread)

This woman never thought she done the Devil's work...

DANFORTH

Now look you, Mister!--she is convicted of murdering the Putnam children, and you for sending out your deceiving spirit into Mary Warren; Your soul alone is the issue here and you will prove its whiteness or you cannot live in a christian country! Now give me proof that you have broken with that conspiracy. Did you see Rebecca Nurse....?

PROCTOR

I will speak my own sins, I cannot judge another...

PROCTOR (Contd)
(Outburst)
I have no tongue for it!

HALE
Let him sign it, Excellency--it is
enough he confess himself!

PARRIS
It is a weighty name, sir, it will
strike the Village that Proctor
confess...

SEWALL
(His first open show of
anger at DANFORTH)
Let him sign and be done with it!--
for God's sake, Thomas!

DANFORTH unwillingly gestures to CHEEVER who goes to PROCTOR with
the confession and a pen. PROCTOR glances at the confession and
away...

PROCTOR
You have all witnessed it--it is
enough.

DANFORTH
You will sign your name or it is no
confession, Mister.

Agonized, PROCTOR signs the confession. PARRIS claps his hands
and closed his eyes in prayerful thanks to God. DANFORTH reaches
for the paper but PROCTOR snatches it up, and a wild terror and a
boundless anger spring into him. DANFORTH has his hand out.

DANFORTH
If you please, Mister.

PROCTOR
No-no, you have seen me sign it,
you have no need for this.

PARRIS
Proctor, the Village must have
proof that...

PROCTOR
Damn the Village! God has seen my
name on this, it is enough!

DANFORTH

Do you sport with me?

PROCTOR

I have confessed myself! Is there no good penitence but it be public? God does not need my name nailed to the church, God knows how black my sins are!

DANFORTH

Now look you, Proctor...!

PROCTOR

You will not use me! I am no Sarah Good or Tituba, I am John Proctor! It is no part of salvation that you use me!

DANFORTH

You should be joyful that you...!

PROCTOR

How may I teach my sons to walk like men in the world and I sold my friends!

DANFORTH

You have not sold your...

PROCTOR

I blacken all of them when you nail this to the church and they have hanged for silence!

DANFORTH

I must have good and legal proof that you have confessed to witchcraft, Proctor!

PROCTOR

You are the High Court, your word is good enough! Tell them Proctor broke to his knees and wept like a woman, but my name I cannot sign...

DANFORTH

Why? Do you mean to deny this confession when you are free?

PROCTOR

I mean to deny nothing!

DANFORTH

Then explain to me why you will not let...

PROCTOR

Because it is my name! Because I cannot have another in my life! Because I lie and sign myself to lies! Because I am not worth the dust on the feet of them you have hanged! I have given you my soul, leave me my name!

DANFORTH

Is that document a lie? If it is I will not accept it! You will give me your honest confession in my hand or I cannot keep you from the rope. Which way do you go, Mister?

PROCTOR goes motionless. Suddenly he rips the paper, crumples it up; HE is weeping in fury, but erect.

DANFORTH

Marshal!

PARRIS

(Hysterically...his life
in shreds)

Proctor, Proctor...!

HALE

Man, you will hang; you cannot!

PROCTOR

I can. And there's your first marvel, that I can.

ELIZABETH rushes to him and weeps against his hand.

PROCTOR

Give them no tear. Show honor now, show a stony heart and sink them with it.

(HE kisses her with great passion)

DANFORTH

Who weeps for these, weeps for corruption. Take them!

DANFORTH sweeps into his carriage. PROCTOR is dragged to the

cart. The DRIVER cracks the whip and it starts to move off.

REBECCA
Fear not, dear friends, another
judgement waits us all.

ELIZABETH is staring after them.

PARRIS
Go to him! There is yet time!--
(Rushing towards the
departing cart)
Proctor!--Proctor!

HALE
Woman, plead with him! Be his
helper! Go to him, take his shame
away!

EXT. DAY. MUD FLATS.

The cart from ELIZABETH'S POV is moving swiftly towards the gallows, PARRIS helplessly running after it.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
He have his goodness now. God
forbid I take it from him!

EXT. DAY. ROAD.

The CROWD lining the road to the gallows is confronted with the burning resolve of PROCTOR and the faith of REBECCA as the cart passes them. PROCTOR looks out over the chastened community to the sunrise.

EXT. DAY. GALLOWS.

The rope is tightened on both of them, its slack gone; his face lifts toward the sky; the conflict in his eyes has given way to a kind of certainty of belief.

REBECCA
Our father...

PROCTOR & REBECCA
(Some pathos in his voice
at first)
...who art in Heaven, hallowed be
thy name...

PROCTOR

(HE raises his voice, defiantly
looking down to his tormentors)

Thy kingdom come thy will be
done...on earth as it is in
Heaven..!

The thump of the trap opening and their faces drop out of the
CAMERA, leaving the quivering ropes.

MONTAGE: The wandering cattle, the wrecked kitchens, the broken
fences, the ruined crop in a field, the looted saddler's shop, a
burned roof...

SUPERIMPOSED:

For almost a hundred years after the Salem witch hunt, most
of the farms of the condemned lay vacant and unused, in the
common belief that they were under a curse.

It was not until 1962 that the legislature of the
Commonwealth of Massachusetts could muster a majority vote
offering an apology to the descendants of the condemned, but
full pardon has never been given the hanged.

THE END