

## 6. ABIGAIL, MARY, MERCY, BETTY (pp.11-12)

ABIGAIL. Betty? (*Betty doesn't move. She shakes her.*) Now stop this! Betty! Sit up now!

MERCY. Have you tried beatin' her? I gave Ruth a good one and it waked her for a minute. Here, let me have her...

ABIGAIL. No, he'll be comin' up. Now look you, if they be questioning us tell them we danced — I told him as much already.

MERCY. And what more?

ABIGAIL. He saw you naked.

MERCY. Oh, Jesus! (*Falls back on bed. Enter Mary Warren, breathless*)

MARY. What'll we do, the whole village is out!

MERCY. (*Mimicking her.*) "What'll we do?" (*Sitting up.*)

MARY. I just come from the farm, the whole country's talkin' witchcraft! They'll be callin' us witches, Abby!

MERCY. (*Mimicking her.*) "They'll be callin' us witches, Abby." She means to tell, I know it.

MARY. Abby, we've got to tell. Witchery's a hangin' error, a hangin' like they done in Boston two year ago! We must tell the truth, Abby! — you'll only be whipped for dancin', and the other things!

ABIGAIL. Oh, *we'll* be whipped!

MARY. I never done none of it, Abby, I only looked!

MERCY. Oh, you're a great one for lookin', aren't you, Mary Warren? (*Betty whimpers.*)

ABIGAIL. Betty? Now, Betty, dear, wake up now. It's Abigail. (*She sits Betty up,* ) I'll beat you, Betty! (*Betty whimpers.*) My, you seem improving. I talked to your papa and I told him everything. So there's nothing to...

BETTY. I want my mama!

ABIGAIL. What ails you, Betty? Your mama's dead and buried...

BETTY. I'll fly to Mama, let me fly... !

ABIGAIL. I told him everything, he knows now, he knows every thing we...

BETTY. You drank blood, Abby, you drank blood!

ABIGAIL. Betty, you never say that again! You will never...

BETTY. You did, you did! You drank a charm to kill John Proctor's wife! You drank a charm to kill Goody Proctor!

ABIGAIL. (*Slaps her face.*) Shut it! Now shut it!

BETTY. (*Collapsing on the bed*) Mama, Mama... ! (*She dissolves into sobs.*)

ABIGAIL. Now look you. All of you. We danced. And Tituba conjured Ruth Putnam's dead sisters. And that is all. And mark this —let either of you 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' heads on the pillow next to mine, and I have seen some reddish work done at night, and I can make you wish you had never seen the sun go down! (*Betty cries Louder.*) Now you... sit up and stop this! (*Betty collapses in her hands.*)

MARY. What's got her? Abby, she's going to die! It's a sin to conjure and we...

ABIGAIL. I say shut it, Mary Warren!