

7. COREY, PROCTOR, FRANCIS NURSE, ELIZABETH, HALE (pp.39-40)

COREY. John!

PROCTOR. Giles! What's the matter?

COREY. They take my wife. And Rebecca Nurse! (*Nurse enters R.*)

PROCTOR. (*To Nurse.*) Rebecca's in the jail.

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

ELIZABETH. They've surely gone wild now, Mister Hale!

NURSE. Reverend Hale. Can you not speak to the Deputy Governor? — I'm sure he mistakes these people...

HALE. Pray calm yourself, Mister Nurse...

NURSE. My wife is the very brick and mortar of the church, Mister Hale — and Martha Corey, there cannot be a woman closer yet to God than Martha.

HALE. (*Incredulously.*) How is Rebecca charged, Mr. Nurse?

NURSE. For *murder*, she's charged! "For the marvelous and super- natural murder of Goody Putnam's babies." What am I to do, Mr. Hale?

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

NURSE. You cannot mean she will be tried in court!

PROCTOR. How may such a woman murder children?

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

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

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

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