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The Crucible

By Arthur Miller

- Did you bring it?

- I got it in here.

Quickly.

Shh!

What you bring me?

Joseph Baker.

Richard Wilkens.

- Matthew Hopkins.

- Daniel Hopkins.

- Daniel Poole.

- Jacob Pope.

- William Bridges.

- Adam Town.

- Jacob Poole.

- Michael Pope.

Betty?

Ruth.

Make a spell on Joseph Baker,

Tituba.

Make him love me.

Make Daniel Poole my husband.

- Bring me Adam Town.

- I want Jacob Poole to love me forever.

Abby, who do you want?

- She wants John Proctor.

- Get her John Proctor again, Tituba.

No, Abby.

That be a bad thing!

Abby, no!

It's the minister!

Come away! He'll see us!

I can't move! Abby, I can't move!

Help me! Help me!

No! No! I can't move!

Help me, please!

I can't move!

Oh, help me!

No! No! No! No!

Help! No!

Dress the child

and come to my study.

Betty.

Betty!

Betty?

If it please, Mrs. Griggs...

Reverend Parris asks that the doctor
come at once. Betty's gone sick.

- She can't wake.

- Can't she?

The doctor's gone to the Putnams'.

Their Ruth can't wake either.

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.

Oh, dear Lord.

My Betty is the same.

- The same?

- Only her eyes are closed.

It's the devil, isn't it?

The devil has taken hold of them.

Oh, Goody Putnam, I know not...

Doctor, I beg you. She is my

last, my only. I cannot lose her.

I shall do all I can, Goody Putnam...

but this may be a sickness beyond
my art.

Thomas!

I beg you.

- We cannot leap to witchcraft for the cause of this.

- Don't you understand it, sir?

There are hurtful, vengeful spirits
laying hands on these children.

Let you take hold here.

Let no one charge you.

Declare it yourself.

Not yet.

I- I-I need time.

I must think.

I must pray.

Yes. I agree with Reverend Parris.

Good day to you, sir.

She still sleeps, then, Doctor?

- She flies, you know.

- Flies?

- Aye.

- Oh, come now, man.

- George Collins seen it with his own eyes.

- Seen what?

The minister's daughter going over...

Uncle, perhaps you ought to go down
and tell the people to...

What shall I tell them?

That my daughter and my niece...

I discovered dancing like heathen
in the forest?

We did dance...

and let me be whipped if I must be...

but they are talking of witchcraft.

Betty's not witched!

Were you conjuring spirits in the
forest?

- I want the truth now.

- We never conjured spirits.

Now hear me, child.

You must know that there is
a faction in this church...

- sworn to drive me from my pulpit.

- I know that, sir.

And they will destroy me now
if my own house...

turns out to be the center of some
obscene practice.

Now, I saw someone naked running
through the trees.

- No one was...

- Don't lie to me! I saw it!

- 'Twere only sport, Uncle.

- You call this sport? She cannot wake!

Now, give me upright answer now.

Your name in the town is entirely white.

Is it not?

There be no blush about my name, sir.

Why did Goody Proctor

discharge you from her service?

Because I refused to be her slave.

I- I have heard said that John Proctor...

John Proctor and you...

My name is good in the village!

Elizabeth Proctor's an envious,
gossiping liar!

Mr. Parris! They're asking for
you. You must come down, sir.

Betty, my sweet, wake up.

Wake up, Betty.

Betty.

Now, stop this!

I know you hear me.

Wake up now!

Betty!

John! Giles and Martha are here!

All right.

- Boys.

- Come on.

You got to come with me to
the village, John.

Mr. Parris, God help us, has
summoned a meeting of the society.

- What for?

- What for?

Why has that man ever
called a meeting...

except for his own benefit?

I'm explaining it, Martha.

Sorry not to have noticed.

They are saying his daughter Betty
has been witched.

- Witched?

- Aye. She sleeps and can't be waked...
and the Putnam girl too, they say.

- What do you know of this silliness, Mary Warren?

- Nothing.

I smell mischief here.

You must come with me, John.

Folk will be looking to your judgment.

- How can they not wake up?

- God knows.

- You go right ahead, Giles. I'll be along.

- Right.

- I'll see you soon, Elizabeth.

- Good-bye, Martha.

There are still flowers in the field.

You might cut some.

It's winter in here yet.

Aye, I'll cut some flowers.

Hurry! Hurry, we'll be late!
Wait for me!
I'll race you to the meetinghouse!
Get up, now. Get up.
Give a penny. Give a penny.
I know the devil.
Goody Osborne,
you have no permission to beg here.
I'll wait for you.
I fear this.
Fear it? Why?
Let us quiet our hearts.
You are all aware of the rumors...
of that spirit come among us out
of hell...
That hateful enemy of God
and all Christian people, the devil.
Now, I have invited...
the Reverend John Hale of
Beverly to come to Salem.
He has...
He has delved deeply
into all demonic arts...
and will surely go to the bottom
of this.
You may recall in Beverly last year...
they believed they had a witch...
until Mr. Hale examined her...
and decided she was innocent to
witchcraft.
But it-it may well be that in Salem...
he will find signs of
Lucifer, and if so...
you may be sure
he will hunt him down.
Let us turn our hearts...
to Psalm 73...
"Sure God is good to Israel. "
You will stop this now!
Betty!
What will we do?
The whole country's talking witchcraft!
She means to tell.
We've got to tell,

or they'll be calling us witches!
Witchery's a hanging error...
like they done in Boston two year ago.
You'll only be whipped for trying to
conjure the boys and the dancing.
Now, listen to me, Betty dear.
I've talked to your papa,
and I've told him everything...
so there's nothing to be feared
anymore.

I want my mama.
Your mama's dead and buried!
I'll fly to her!
Let me fly!
Stop it! Betty, come here!
Mama! No! Mama!
Why are you doing this?
I've told him.
He knows now.
You drank blood, Abby.
You didn't tell him that!
You never say that again!
You drank
a charm to kill John Proctor's wife.
No, Abby.
You drank a charm to kill Goody Proctor!
Shut up!
Is she going to die?
Now, look, you... all of you.
We danced.
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 with me a pointy
reckoning that will shudder you...
and you know I can do it.
I saw Indians smash my dear parent's
head on the pillow next to mine...
and I have seen some
reddish work done at night...

and I can make you wish
you never saw the sun go down.

- Mama!

- No, Betty!

Mama!

Mama! Mama!

- Mama!

- Keep still, you little devil!

Betty! Oh, Betty!

It's when she heard the psalm.

She run straight for the window.

Mark it for a sign, Mr. Parris.

My mother told me that.

There is hard sickness here,

Giles Corey.

So please to keep the quiet.

I've not said a word.

Nobody can testify I've said a word.

Rebecca, I fear we're lost.

She cannot bear to hear the

Lord's name.

That's a notorious sign

of witchcraft afoot, Rebecca.

Mama. Mama.

What have you done?

Goody Nurse, will you go to our Ruth...

and see if you can wake her?

I think she'll wake when she tires

of it.

I am 26 times a grandma.

They can run you bowlegged in

their silly seasons.

So you've sent for Reverend Hale

of Beverly, Mr. Parris?

Only to satisfy all that the devil's

not among us.

- Mr. Proctor.

- Ah, John, come help us.

We are all at sea.

Why did you not call for a meeting

before you decided to look for devils?

Man cannot pick his teeth without

some sort of meeting in this society.

I'm sick of meetings.

Society will not be a bag to swing
around your head, Mr. Putnam.

Peace! Peace!

Dear friends... Mr. Parris,
I think you'd best send...

Reverend Hale back as soon as he come.
This will set us all to arguing again
in the society.

Let us rather blame ourselves
than the devil.

Blame ourselves?

How can we blame ourselves?

I'm one of nine sons.

The Putnam seed have
peopled this province.

And we have but one child left
of eight.

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

God? You think it be God's work...
that you have never lost a child or
grandchild either and I bury all but one?
And who will give us leave to decide what
is God's work, Goody Putnam, and what is not?
God never spoke in my ear. I can't think
of anyone else He done the favor.

Your pardon, Rebecca.

Aye.

Is this your mischief, huh?

I hear the child goes flying through
the air.

Oh, she never flew.

We were dancing in the woods.

My uncle leaped in on us.

She took fright is all.

You'll be clapped in the stocks
before you are 20.

Oh, John.

Give me a soft word.

No, Abby.

That's done with.

- I am waiting for you every night.

- You cannot.

I never gave you hope to wait for me.

I have something better than hope,
I think.
Child...
How do you call me child?
Wipe it out of mind... you must.
I'll not be coming for you more.
You're surely sporting with me.
You know me better.
I know how you sweated like a
stallion whenever I'd come near you.
I saw your face when she put me out.
You loved me then, and you do now.
Abby, I may think of you softly
from time to time...
but I will cut off my hand before
I reach for you again.
We never touched.
Aye...
but we did.
Oh, I marvel how a strong man
may let such a sickly wife...
Speak not.
You'll speak nothing of Elizabeth.
She is blackening my name in the
village, telling lies about me.
She's a cold, sniveling woman,
and you bend to her.
You look for whipping.
I look for John Proctor,
who put knowledge in my heart.
I never knew
what pretense Salem was...
with its Christian women and their
covenanted men...
and all of their boiling and lust.
And now you bid me go dead to all
you taught me?
I know you, John Proctor.
You love me.
Whatever sin it is, you love me yet.
- Give the man some peace.
- That's Mr. Hale, John.
I know who it is.
- Can I help you?

- Why, thank you.
Heavy books.
Well, they must be.
They're weighted with authority.
I'm John Proctor, Mr. Hale.
You have afflicted children?
My children
are as healthy as bull calves, sir...
like all the other children in this
village.
Where is my wood?
My contract provides I be
supplied with all of my firewood.
There are wheels within wheels here,
Mr. Hale.
I hope you'll not forget that.
That 6 is part of my salary,
Mr. Corey.
Salary is 60 plus 6 for...
I am not some preaching farmer
with a book under his arm.
I am a graduate of Harvard College.
I am well instructed in arithmetic!
I cannot fathom you people!
I can never offer one proposition...
but I face a howling riot of argument!
I've often wondered if
the devil be in it somewhere.
Welcome to Salem.
Mr. Hale! Oh.
Oh, good to see you!
Oh, well,
I see you've come well prepared.
This is Thomas Putnam.
How do you do, sir?
Allow me, sir.
This is my wife, Goody Ann.
Will you come to our Ruth? Her soul
seems flown away. Will you come to her?
Aye. I'll come directly.
And you must be Rebecca Nurse...
- and Mr. Nurse.
- You know me?
No, but you look as such a good

soul should.
All of us in Beverly
have heard of your great charities.
There is prodigious danger in seeking
loose spirits.
I fear it.
- Francis.
- Mr. Hale.
I go to God for you, sir.
I hope you do not mean that we go
to Satan here.
I wish I knew.
I hear you be
a sensible man, Mr. Hale.
Hope you'll leave some of it in Salem.
Our child cannot wake, sir.
She lies as though dead.
And this
one cannot bear the Lord's name.
- Aye.
- That's a sure sign of witchcraft afloat.
No, no, Mr. Putnam.
We must not look to superstition in this.
The marks of
the devil are as definite as stone.
What book is that?
What's there, sir?
Here 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.
I mean to crush him utterly if he
has shown his face.
Here is my niece, Abigail.
I'd like to examine your Ruth
before I say more.
Mr. Hale!
I've always

wanted to ask a learned man.

What signifies the reading of
strange books?

Many a night,

I've waked and found her in a corner...

reading of a book,

and not the Bible either.

- Who's that?

- Martha, my wife.

I'm not saying the devil's touched her,
but mark this...

Last night I tried and tried,

could not say my prayers.

Then, she close her book

and walked out of the house...

and suddenly,

mark this, I could pray again.

The stoppage of prayer.

- We'll discuss that.

- Mr. Hale.

Was there no warning of this affliction?

Do you recall any disturbance

before it struck?

Any unusual behavior?

Mr. Hale.

Mr. Parris.

I did discover my niece...

with a number of her friends...

dancing in the forest.

You permit dancing?

No. No.

'Twas secret.

Mr. Parris's slave

has knowledge of conjuring, sir.

Now, that may not be true.

Abigail, you must tell me about this
dancing.

Common dancing is all it is, sir.

Tell me, child, when you

are dancing, is there a fire?

Why...

There was a fire.

They were boiling something.

- Lentils and beans.

- Was anything moving in the pot?
That jumped in.
We never put that in.
What jumped in?
I must see these other girls.
Who are they?
I want their names.
Someone called the devil in that forest.
Who was it led you to dance around
the fire?
You can save yourselves if you tell
me who it was.
Was there one among you who drank
from the kettle?
Was there perhaps a casting of spells?
Was there?
Not I!
It wasn't me!
I swear it!
These two children may be dying!
Who?
Tituba.
I knew it!
- Tituba!
- Come out here! Now!
She made me do it!
- She made Betty do it!
- Tituba no do bad thing!
- She made me drink blood!
- You drank blood?
My babies' blood!
You murdered my babies, Tituba!
I want their names!
Who are they?
Why can the girls not wake?
Did you send your spirit
out to silence them?
- I love me Betty.
- Let's hang her!
- Hang up the witch!
- No! No, not Tituba!
You've conjured her to be silent,
have you not?
She... She begged me conjure.

She begged me make charm.
She lies!
She sends her spirit into me in church.
- She makes me laugh at prayer.
- She have often laughed at prayer.
She comes into me when I sleep.
She makes me dream corruptions.
Why you say bad thing, Abby?
Some nights I wake...
and I find myself standing
naked in the open doorway...
without a stitch on my body,
and she makes me do that...
singing her damn Barbados songs,
tempting me!
Tituba, when did you compact with
the devil?
- Tell me!
- I don't.
I don't compact with the devil.
Either you must stop...
or I will beat you to your death!
No! No! No! No!
I did! I tell him!
I tell him.
I tell him.
I- I don't desire...
I don't desire to work for him!
Then you saw him?
You poor woman.
He has you by the throat
this very moment, doesn't he?
Now, Tituba, I'm going to break
his grip on both of you.
I'm going to pry open the hands
of Lucifer!
You would be a good Christian
woman once again, would you not?
- Aye, sir, a good Christian woman.
- You do still love God?
I love Him with all my being.
Now, in God's Holy
Name, and to His Glory...
- Glory, my dear, sweet Jesus.

- Open yourself.
Receive his cleansing light
within you. Do you want that?
I want that light.
Save me, Mr. Hale.
I will... if you open your heart to me.
Now, when the devil comes to you,
does he bring other people?
- Sarah Good. Does he bring Goody Good?
- Are they men or women?
Uh... I couldn't see.
- It was black dark.
- You saw him. Why couldn't you see others?
They was always talking and running
around and carrying on, sir.
- Out of Salem? Salem witches?
- Aye, I believe so! Yes, sir!
I will protect you.
You know the devil can never overcome
a minister, do you not?
I know that, sir.
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?
Was Sarah Good with him...
or Osborne?
Their names!
Their names!
How many time he bid me kill you,
Mr. Parris!
- Kill me?
- "Rise up, Tituba, and cut that man throat. "
That's what him tell me!
I said, "No, devil.
I don't hate that man. "
Him say, "Tituba, you work for me.
"I make you free.
"I give you pretty dress to wear.
"And I put you way up high in the air...
and you go flying back home to
Barbados. "

And I say, "No, devil. You lie. "
And then...
him come to me...
one stormy night...
and him say, "Tituba, look.
I has... white people belong to me. "
And I look...
I look...
and there was Sarah Good.
I knew it!
Oh, bless you, Tituba.
Aye.
And Goody Osborne.
- I knew it!
- Oh.
They were midwives to me three times...
and my babies shriveled in their hands!
I want to open my soul!
I want the light of God.
I want the sweet love of Jesus.
I did dance with the devil!
I saw him!
I wrote in his book!
I go back to Jesus.
I kiss His hand.
I saw Sarah Good with the devil!
I saw Goody Osborne with the devil!
I saw Bridget Bishop with the devil!
I saw Goody Howe with the devil!
I saw Goody Barrow with the devil!
I saw Goody Good with the devil!
I saw Goody Osborne with the devil!
Hallelujah!
Glory be to God!
It is broken! They are free!
Where's the Marshal?
Arrest Sarah Osborne!
Sarah Good in the jail.
Would you believe a court would ever
bother to jail that silly old turtle?
John! Giles! News from the village!
There were six more accused today!
More mischief here, Giles.
The town's gone wild, I think.

And now they've sent to Boston...
for the Deputy Governor
to come and take charge.
Ah, that's Danforth.
He'll bring some sense to it.
That's good news.
- Judge Hathorne condemned 14 more people to the jail last night.
- Fourteen?
And promised hanging if they don't
confess.
- Confess? To what?
- Bewitching the children.
Abigail Williams suffers most of all,
he says.
Save my cider.
I'll go home now, tell Martha.
I'm thinking if the crop comes good...
I'll buy Joseph Ward's heifer.
How would that please you?
Fine. It would.
I mean to please you, Elizabeth.
It would be well if you went to Salem.
Abigail told you it had not to do
with witchcraft.
Did she not?
They say Ezekiel Cheever is clerk
of the court now.
Can you not tell him?
God forbid you keep that from
the court, John.
It's a wonder they do believe her.
But they do.
Mary Warren says that
where Abigail walks...
the crowds part like the sea for Israel.
I think you must go at once.
I would go tonight, John.
- Will you?
- I will think on it.
You cannot...
I said, I will think on it.
How will I prove
what she told me, Elizabeth?
We were alone together.

I have no proof of what she said.
You were alone with her?
For a moment, alone, aye.
Then it is not as you told me.
For a moment is all.
There were others close by.
- Do as you wish then.
- Woman!
I'll not have
your suspicion anymore!
Now, John, if it were not Abigail
that you must go to hurt...
would you falter now?
I think not.
You will not judge me more, Elizabeth.
I forgot Abigail.
And I.
Spare me. You forget nothing
and forgive nothing.
In the seven months since she has gone...
I have not moved from there to there
without I think to please you...
but an everlasting funeral
still marches around your heart.
John, you are not open with me.
- You saw her with a crowd, you said.
- I plead my honesty no more.
- John, I am only...
- No more!
I should have rode you down when first
you told me your suspicion...
but I wilted, and like a Christian,
I confessed.
But you're not God, Elizabeth!
Let you look
for some goodness in me.
And judge me not.
The magistrate sits in your heart
that judges you.
I never thought you but a good man,
John...
only somewhat bewildered.
Oh, Elizabeth.
Your justice would freeze beer.

- Judge Hathorne.
- Judge Danforth.
- Judge Sewall.
- Sir.
- Mr. Parris. - Your
Honor. - Mr. Parris.
- Mr. Hale. -
Judge. - Mr. Hale.
The selectmen.
Thomas Putnam.
The afflicted girls, sir.
I assure you, gentlemen...
that His Majesty's government
is now determined...
that the devil shall not rule...
over one single inch of Massachusetts.
And if, indeed, he has come, here...
in Salem,
is where we shall dig him out.
Provided every precaution be taken
to guard against...
the testimony of distracted persons...
and, of course, the mad.
Indeed, Judge Sewall.
Bring in Sarah Osborne!
Now,
Sarah Osborne, here is Sarah Good...
who has confessed to witchcraft and
therefore will not hang.
I bid you, follow her example.
She testifies that when the devil came
to her, you were in his company.
There he stood, big as life, him and her...
and Osborne writing her name in
his book with her own red blood!
Your Honors...
I never see the devil in my life.
But I can dance as fast backwards
as I can forwards!
Sit down, I tell you. Sit!
Sit her down!
Let go of me!
You must stop your funning.
You must give up your stories.

You bring me to harm.
Do you hear me?
You bring me to harm.
Oh! Stop hurting me, Goody Osborne!
Help me, Judge Danforth!
What are you doing to these girls?
What do you mumble to make them
so sick?
I was only-only
saying my Commandments.
I hope I may say my Commandments.
Pray, let her recite her Commandments.
Your Grace, I may only say my
Commandments outdoor.
There are ten Commandments.
Do you know any?
You have lied to the court.
I say, you have lied to the court.
Have you not?
I'm innocent to witch.
The devil knows that!
"Then Nebuchadnezzar the King
was astonished...
"and rose up in haste and spake and...
"said unto his counselors...
'Did not we cast three men bound
into the midst of the fire... "'
She's been to the court.
Get out of my garden, you
filthy beast! Whose goat is this?
Take your hands off my goat, woman!
And curb your wicked tongue!
Take your goat!
Get out of my garden!
The devil take you all!
All of you be damned!
Mary Sibber, you are arrested on
suspicion of witchcraft.
Any compact you have made with
the devil you must now confess.
This man is full of spite!
I am no witch!
His goats were eating my food!
These girls are mad!

I warned you once before, Proctor!
That's my lumber!
You're in my bounds!
My land's always run up through the
forest, and I haven't sold any, Putnam.
It is clear in my grandfather's will.
My land...
Your grandfather damn near willed
away my north pasture!
But he knew I'd break his arm if he
tried it. Go on!
Good morning! Morning,
Mr. Putnam!
Order!
Now, Ruth Putnam, when did you
last see Mr. Jacobs?
He come to me two night past...
when I was abed.
Ruth, you are mistaken.
You know me.
I am Mr. Jacobs, your neighbor.
I have 600 acres next to theirs.
She has known me all her life.
He come through my window.
Then he lay down upon me.
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. "
What say you to this charge,
Mr. Jacobs?
But... Your Honor...
I must have these sticks to walk with.
How may I come through a window?
But you could have sent out your spirit
through a window, could you not?
But how may my spirit go out of
my body?
There's a black man,
whispering at his shoulder.
Ruth Putnam has informed me
that there is a black man...
whispering

in your ear at this very instant.
He's there.
He's whispering. I see him!
I see... I see him.
A black man. The devil is here!
How dare you mock them, Martha Corey!
What else are fools good for?
How do you dare go to Salem again
when I forbade you?
- Stay where you are!
- No! Don't hurt me!
I beg thee, hurt me not!
Get in the house.
Go on!
I made a gift for you today,
Goody Proctor.
Well, thank you.
'Tis a fair poppet.
We must all love each other now.
Go on in.
What ails you, child?
Oh, Mr. Jacobs will hang!
- Hang?
- Aye, and Goody Osborne too.
The Deputy Governor will permit it?
He must...
but not Sarah Good.
She will only sit in jail some time...
for Sarah Good confessed, you see?
I am amazed you do not see...
the weighty work we do.
The devil is loose in Salem, Mr. Proctor.
We must discover where he's hiding.
So I'll be
gone every day for some time.
I am an official of the court now.
I'll thrash the devil out of you.
No! Aah!
I saved her life tonight!
I am accused?
You were somewhat mentioned...
but I told the court
I never seen no sign...
you ever sent your spirit out to

hurt no one, and they dismissed it.

Who accused me?

I am bound by law.

I cannot tell.

Go to bed, Mary.

I'll not be ordered to bed no more,
Mr. Proctor.

I am eighteen and a woman...

however single.

If you wish to sit up, then sit up.

I wish to go to bed.

- Good night then.

- Good night.

The noose is up.

There will be no noose.

Abigail wants me dead, John.

You know it.

Thank you, my dear.

God bless you, child.

I come to tell you to think on what
to do to save yourself.

Say you are blind to spirits,
you cannot see them anymore...
and you will never cry witchery
again.

I know you must speak so, John.

I understand...

but my spirit's changed entirely.

I suffer now.

It's the truth, John, look!

The bite your wife gave me is not
yet healed.

- My wife?

- Saturday she come into my bed...

in the middle of the
night and bited my breast.

My wife has not left
the house this month.

Why must she leave the house
to send her spirit on me?

Don't George Jacobs come jabbing at
me with his walking sticks?

Feel the lumps he give me only
last night.

Oh...

Ah!

George Jacobs is locked up in the jail.

And thank God he is!

They're going to hang him, you know.

- And he prays. He prays in jail.

- May he not pray?

Then torture me at night while he's
praying in the jail like a hypocrite!
And they all are! And thank God I have
the power to cleanse the town of them!

- Hear me.

- Aah!

If you cry words against my wife...
it will be the end of you.

I will not have her condemned!

I am but God's finger, John.

If He would condemn Elizabeth...

- she will be condemned.

- You know me.

If she is condemned, it will be the
end of you.

Samuel, I believe you are sometimes...
not entirely content with us.

Am I correct?

I must tell you, Thomas...

I had not expected so much of our
evidence...

to come from children. Had you?

I had not, but you cannot doubt...
the children are painfully attacked.

No. I see that plainly.

Recall the Gospel, Samuel.

"From the mouths of babes shall
come the truth. "

Aye, aye.

But it is also this Putnam woman.

I wonder if losing her children...
has not distracted her mind.

And Mr. Putnam...

I learn he's in constant disputation...
with his
neighbors over his boundaries...
and then there are some who tell me

he's not honest.

Dear friend...

no court can wait

for saints to provide evidence.

I shall be scrupulously just.

Surely you will rest on that.

I never doubted that, Thomas.

Whoa.

- Mr. Hale.

- Proctor.

Evening to you, sir.

You are Goodwife Proctor?

Aye, sir.

Elizabeth.

I know not if you're aware...

your wife's name is

mentioned in the court.

Our Mary Warren told us.

We're entirely amazed.

I am a stranger here, as you know...

and I find it hard to

draw clear opinion...

of them that are accused...

so I go tonight from house to house.

I come now

from Rebecca Nurse's house.

Rebecca's charged?

Well, God forbid that such a one

be charged...

but she is mentioned somewhat.

Mr. Hale.

I hope that you will never believe...

that Rebecca trafficked with the devil.

Goody Proctor, this is a strange time.

None can any longer doubt...

that powers of darkness

are attacking this village.

We have no knowledge in that line,

Mr. Hale.

I thought, sir...

to put some questions as to the

Christian character of this house...

if you'll permit me.

We have no fear of questions, sir.

Come in.

In the Book of Record Mr. Parris keeps...

I note that you are come

to Sabbath meeting...

but 26 time in 17 month.

Sit down, Mr. Hale.

I'll be straight with you.

No minister before Parris ever demanded
the deed to the house we lend him.

Since we built the meetinghouse,
there were pewter candlesticks...

upon the pulpit...

but Mr. Parris came, week after week...

preached nothing but golden
candlesticks until he had them.

I'll not deny it, sir.

When I look to heaven...

and see my money glaring at his
elbows, it hurt my prayer, sir.

It hurt my prayer.

And your children...

How comes it the last is not baptized?

I like it not that Mr. Parris
lay his hand upon my baby.

I'll not conceal it.

I see no light of God in that man.

The man's ordained.

Therefore, the light of God is in him.

What is your suspicion, Mr. Hale?

I nailed the roof upon the church.

- I hung the door.

- That's a good sign.

Maybe we are too hard on Parris...

but sure we never loved the devil here.

Do you know your Commandments,
Elizabeth?

I surely do.

I'm covenanted, sir.

There be

no mark upon my Christian life.

And you, mister?

Aye, I am sure I do.

Let you repeat them, if you will.

My Commandments?

Aye.

"Thou shall not kill.

Thou shall not steal.

"Thou shall not covet thy neighbors'
goods...

"nor make unto thee any graven image.

"Thou shall not take the name of the
Lord in vain.

"Thou shall have no other Gods before me.

"Thou shall remember the Sabbath Day
and keep it holy.

"Thou shall honor thy father and mother.

Thou shall not bear false witness. "

"Thou shall not make unto thee... "

- You said that twice.

- I know.

- Adultery, John.

- Aye.

Aye, you see, between the two of us...

we do know them all...

I think it be a small fault.

Theology, sir...

is a fortress.

No crack in

a fortress may be accounted small.

I bid you both good night then.

Mr. Hale!

Mr. Hale...

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

What's that?

Mr. Parris... he discovered them
sporting in the woods.

They were startled and took sick.

- Who told you this?

- Abigail Williams.

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

- She told me the night you came, sir.

- Why did you keep this?

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

Mister, I have myself examined Tituba,
Sarah Good, and 26 others...

who have confessed to dealing
with the devil... they've confessed it!
And why not, when they must hang
for denying it?
- You ever thought of that?
- I have a rumor you do not believe...
there are witches in the world...
is that true?
Well, the Bible speaks of witches, so...
Sir, I am a good woman.
I know it.
If you believe that I may only
do good work in the world...
and yet be secretly bound to Satan...
then I must tell you, I do not believe it.
- You bewilder him.
- But you do believe there are witches?
If he think I am one,
then I say there are none.
You surely do not fly against the Gospels.
Question Abigail Williams about
the Gospels, not myself!
John! John!
They've taken my Martha and Rebecca!
Taken Rebecca?
On what charge?
For the supernatural murder of
Goody Putnam's babies!
Rebecca Nurse have murdered children?
Are you still believing this?
Remember, until an hour
before the devil fell...
God thought him beautiful in heaven.
I never harmed no one!
No! Never!
I never harmed no one!
Dear Rebecca!
We'll soon have you free, Martha.
Pity Cheever, not us.
He's the one going to hell.
Good evening to you,
Proctor. All.
Cheever.
- I have a warrant for your wife.

- I know nothing of this!

Who

charged her?

Why, Abigail Williams charged her.

For what crime?

On what proof?

I like not to search a man's house...

but by law, I must enter.

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

I have

kept no poppets since I were a girl.

Oh. This is Mary's.

Mary, come down here.

Mary!

I had my doubts,

Proctor, but this is calamity.

- You see it, sir. 'Tis a needle.

- What signifies a needle?

The Williams girl, Abigail, today at
the tavern, she fall to the floor...

with a needle stuck two inches into
her belly...

and she testified

your wife's spirit pushed it in!

Mary, tell how this poppet came
to be in my house.

- What poppet's that, sir?

- This poppet. This poppet!

I made that in court and give
it to Goody Proctor yesterday.

Mary, a needle's been discovered
inside that poppet.

- I meant no harm by it, sir.

- You stuck it in yourself?

For safekeeping.

I must have forgot to take it out.

Child, you are quite certain
this be your natural memory?

No one might be conjuring you
to say this?

No, sir. I am entirely myself.

Let you ask Abby.

Abby sat beside me when I made it.

That girl is murder.
She must be ripped out of the world!
You heard that, Herrick.
"Ripped out of the world. "
- Out of my house!
- Now, Proctor...
And you with them!
You are a broken minister.
I promise you, if she is innocent...
If she is innocent?
Why is there never wonder if Parris
be innocent?
Or Putnam?
Or Abigail?
Are the accusers 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!
John. John.
I think I must go with them.
Mary, there is bread enough for the
morning.
You will bake in the afternoon.
Heed your father.
Help him.
- Yes, Mother.
- Yes, Mother.
- I'll bring you home soon.
- Aye, John, bring me soon.
Be good, my boys.
I will fall like an ocean on that court.
Fear nothing, Elizabeth.
Let go.
Joseph, let go.
Let go, Joseph.
I will fear nothing.
How can you do this?
She has children!
Don't you touch her!

God will never forgive you!

- You'll not chain her!

- Get your hands off her!

- I'll kill you!

- In God's name, John...

let me stand to my duty...

I must chain them all!

Giles, look to those poor children!

Help them, Giles!

You are coming with me to the court
tomorrow.

You will tell the court

how that poppet come here...

and who stuck the needle in.

I cannot charge murder on Abigail.

She'll charge lechery on you,

Mr. Proctor.

- My wife will not die for me.

- I cannot do it.

Goodness will not die for me, Mary.

I will bring your guts into your

mouth, but she will not die for me!

You will tell the court what you know!

Make your peace with it!

- I can't do it!

- Peace!

I can't do it!

They'll turn on me!

Now hell and heaven grapple on
our backs...

and all our old pretense is ripped away.

Aye, and God's icy wind will blow.

Now, Martha Corey,

how did you know beforehand...

that Goody Worford's pigs were to die

the night of your visit to her?

As you know well, Mr. Hathorne...

I have kept pigs all my life...

and pigs that is not fed properly

is very likely to die!

I had suspicions.

Suspicions? You predicted the pigs

would die, Martha Corey.

How came you to know that?

Mr. Hathorne,
I am innocent to a witch!
I know not what a witch is.
If you know not what a witch is...
how do you know you are not one?
- Excellency.
- Beware that man.
We have evidence for the court.
The girls are frauds!
Mary Warren has come back to tell
the truth.
She's a liar!
- Who is this man?
- Giles Corey, and a more contentious...
I'm old enough to answer!
I am Giles Corey. I have
written a deposition...
which will open up your eyes, sir.
This is John Proctor.
He has 300 acres.
And Francis Nurse... 500 acres.
The court is in recess!
Your Excellency...
I never called my wife a witch.
I only said she were reading
strange books.
We mean no disrespect, sir.
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?
His wife's Rebecca Nurse,
that were condemned this morning.
Nurse... indeed.
I have only
good report of your character, sir.
I am amazed to find you in this uproar.
Excellency, we have proof for your eyes.
The girls are frauds.
Mary Warren...
we were told you were sick.
What are you about here?

She has been striving with her soul,
Mr. Parris...
and she would speak with His Excellency.
Beware this man! This man is set
and bound to destroy my ministry.
Judge Sewall,
I think you must hear this child.
We must do nothing but what
justice bids us do, Mr. Hale.
What would you tell us, Mary Warren?
She never saw no spirits, sir...
and she will swear to you...
that none of the other girls ever saw
them neither.
And you intend to spread this lie
in open court before the whole village?
We were sure His Excellency
would welcome the truth...
as we can prove it, sir.
Have you ever seen the devil, Mr. Proctor?
No.
And there is no desire lurking in
your heart...
to undermine these investigations?
No, sir.
I come only to save...
my innocent wife and my friends.
What do you make of this?
God help me, I cannot say...
but I'm sure the child
must be heard, Thomas...
or it will surely spread that you
silenced her.
Is this the one?
Aye, she's the one.
Your wife, Mr. Proctor,
sent me a claim...
that she is pregnant now.
There be no sign of it.
We have examined her body.
But if she says she is pregnant,
she must be.
That woman will never lie, Mr. Danforth.
- She will not?

- Never, sir. Never.
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 has delivered...
will you drop this charge?
She is saved, at least this year...
and a year is long.
Your purpose is accomplished, mister.
Or is your design somewhat...
larger?
These are my friends.
Their wives are all...
There you have it!
He comes to overthrow the court!
- Sir, I am no lawyer.
- The pure in heart need no lawyers, Mr. Proctor.
Proceed as you will... and quickly.
This is a sort of testament signed
by 91 people...
and if you will notice, they declare...
they've known our
wives over many years...
never seen no sign they had dealings
with the devil!
This is a clear attack upon the court.
Is every defense an
attack upon the court?
All innocent and Christian people
are happy for the courts in Salem.
These are gloomy for it.
I think you must wish to know why.
Mr. Cheever, have warrants
drawn for all of these...
Arrest for examination.
These are God-fearing men.
I have brought trouble on these people.
Not if they are of good conscience,
Mr. Nurse.
You misunderstand, 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.
Mr. Herrick...
find Mr. Putnam...
and bring him here to me.
This is...
Very well phrased.
You have no legal training?
I have the best, sir.
I am 33 time in court in my life...
and always plaintiff too.
You know,
your father tried a case of mine once.
Might be 35 year ago, I think.
Did he?
He never spoke to you of it?
No. I'm afraid I cannot recall it.
Well, that's strange.
He give me 5 damages.
Did he? Well done.
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.
It is a lie.
This man is killing his neighbors
for their land.
- But where is your proof?
- My proof is there.

The day his daughter cried out on
Jacobs...
he was heard to say he bid her do it.
I have it from an honest man...
who was there when he said it.
And the name of this man?
Why...
I cannot give you his name.
Then I shall have no choice...
but to arrest you for contempt of court.
Do you know that?
This is a hearing.
You cannot clap me for contempt
of a hearing.
Oh?
It is a proper lawyer.
Very well.
Mr. Corey...
the court is now in session.
Oh, my God.
No!
Your Honor, if what he says is true...
why will he not tell us this man's name?
Excellency, it is understandable
that he conceals the man's name.
There is prodigious fear of this court
in the country.
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
be forced to answer our questions.
- Mr. Proctor...
- I'll cut your throat, Putnam!
Remove him.
Fear them all, John!
He means to hang us all!
Have no fear, Giles!
This will bring you home!
Mary Warren's deposition, sir.

She swears upon her immortal soul...
she lied and her friends lie now.
They never saw Satan,
and no witch ever hurt them.
That is the truth, sir.
Excellency, clearly this goes...
to the heart of the matter.
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.
- Now, look you, sir...
I have signed 17 death warrants!
This argument you must let lawyers
present to you!
For a man of such terrible learning...
you are most bewildered, Mr. Hale.
Do forgive me.
I have been 42 year at the bar...
and were I called to defend these
people...
I promise you,
I should be confounded.
Consider now.
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?
But this one claims...
the girls are not truthful.
But that is precisely
what I am about to consider.
What more may you ask of me?
Mr. Herrick, bring the children here.
I should like to question Mary.

Will you be silent?

Enter.

Children...

the Bible... damns all liars.

Your friend Mary Warren...

has given us a deposition stating...

that she never saw familiar spirits...

and was never attacked...

by any manifest of the devil.

She claims, as well, that you never saw
these things either...

and that you are all pretending.

Now, it may be

that Satan has conquered Mary...

and 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 all confess your pretense
now...

for a quick confession

will go easier with you.

Abigail Williams.

- Is there any truth in this?

- No, sir.

The poppet that were discovered
in the Proctor house...

She claims she made it in the court...

and that you saw her stick the needle
into it for safekeeping.

That is a lie, sir.

Did you see Goody Proctor's spirit...

and did she stab you as you have
charged?

Goody Proctor sent her spirit,
and it stabbed me.

If she is lying, it can only mean...

she would see your wife hanged.

She would wish that, sir.

This child would murder your wife?

It is not a child!

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

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

- What is this dancing?

- Mr. Parris discovered them himself...

in the dead of night,

and they have danced there naked.

Naked?

When I first arrived from Beverly,

Mr. Parris told me that.

I did not say they were naked!

But she have danced?

Aye.

Mary Warren.

If you will permit me, Excellency.

Mary...

in the court, you would faint...

when people accused of witchery sent
their spirit out to choke you.

It were pretense, sir.

But your skin turned icy and pale.

They are all marvelous pretenders.

Then can she pretend to faint now?

Why not?

If it were all pretense, pretend now.

Come.

Turn cold, Mary.

Faint.

I cannot faint now.

Can you not pretend it?

I have no sense of it now.

Why? What is lacking now?

Is it that we have

no afflicting spirit loose...

but at the trials, there were some?

I never saw no spirits!

Then faint by your own will.

Come. Do it.

I can't.

Are you protecting Satan? Confess!

You did see attacking spirits!

No! I only thought I saw them,

but I did not!

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...
Come, Mary.
Child...
I must ask you to search your heart.
Is it possible the spirits you have seen
may be illusion only?
- Some sort of...
- Why, this is a base question.
I only ask you to consider.
What shall I consider? Have I seen
my blood running out of my flesh...
or have I not?
Is this my reward for risking my life...
to be mistrusted and
questioned and denied?
Oh, my child, I do not mistrust.
Beware, Mr. Danforth.
Do you think yourself so mighty the
devil may not turn your wits?
What say you?
Satan is no respecter
of persons, Mr. Danforth.
He may corrupt anyone!
Oh!
I feel the power of hell in this room.
Oh, Abby, no.
A wind.
A cold wind.
Your Honor, I freeze.
They're pretending.
She's cold as ice, Your Honor.
Mary, stop this wind!
- Do you witch her?
- No.
- Take back your spirit.
- Let me go! I cannot do it!
Oh, Heavenly Father, take away
this torment!
Whore!
How do you call heaven?
Proctor! For God's sakes, man!

- Here's a whore, Mr. Danforth!
- He lies!
She'll stab me with a scream,
but she is a whore!
This will not pass.
You will prove this.
I have known her, sir!
I have known her.
In what time? What place?
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 high road...
and being what she is...
a lump of vanity...
she thinks to dance with me...
on my wife's grave, and well she might.
God help me!
I lusted!
For this is
a whore's vengeance now.
I place myself entirely in your hands.
Do you deny every scrap and speck
of this?
If I must answer that question...
I will leave and never come back...
and I will tell the world that Satan
has won Salem!
Your Honor...
what man will cast away his good name?
What look do you give me?
I will not have such look!
You will not leave this room.
Mr. Parris, go to the jail...
and bring Goodwife Proctor here.
Excellency, this is all a snare.
Bring her.
Now...
we shall touch the bottom of
this swamp.
Your wife, Mr. Proctor,
you say is an honest woman.
In her life, sir, she have never lied.

And when she put this girl out of
your house...
she put her out for a harlot...
and knew of her a harlot?
Aye, sir, she knew her for a harlot.
If she tell me, child,
it were for harlotry...
may God spread His mercy on you.
Halt!
Turn your back.
Turn your back.
Do likewise.
No one may speak...
or gesture aye or nay.
Mr. Cheever...
report this testimony in all exactness.
Enter.
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.
Why? For what cause?
Need not look at your husband.
The answer is in your memory.
Why did you dismiss Abigail Williams?
She dissatisfied me... and my husband.
In what way dissatisfied you?
She were...
Look at me.
Was she slovenly?
Lazy?
What was it?
Your Honor...
My husband...
is a good and righteous man.
He's never drunk or wasting his time
at the shovelboard...
but I were a long time sick last year...
and I thought I saw him turning
from me, and this girl...
Look at me.
Aye, sir.

What of Abigail Williams?

I came to think he fancied her.

And so one night, I lost my wits,
I think...

and put her out on the high road.

And did he indeed turn from you?

He...

To your own knowledge...

has John Proctor committed the
crime of lechery?

Answer my question.

Is your husband an adulterer?

No, sir.

- Remove her.

- Elizabeth, I've confessed it.

- Oh, God.

- This should stop now!

She spoke nothing of lechery.

It is a natural lie to tell!

Judge Danforth, I cannot shut my
conscience to it. I believe this man!

Private vengeance is working through
this testimony!

By my oath to heaven, this girl is false!

Aah!

What is it?

What's there?

It's on the beam, beneath the rafter.

Why do you come, yellow bird?

But you cannot want to tear my face!

Envy is a deadly sin, Mary!

Oh, this is a black art, to change
your shape!

- Abby, I'm here!

- No, Mary, don't come down!

- I'm not hurting her!

- Why does she see you up there?

- She sees nothing!

- She sees nothing!

- Have you compacted with the devil?

- Never. Never!

- Never! Never!

- Never! Never!

- Why must they repeat you?

- They're sporting!
- They're sporting!
- They're sporting!
- Abby, stop it.
- Abby, stop it!
- Stop it!
- Stop it!
- Stop it!
- Stop it!

What brought you to this turnabout,
Mary Warren? Has the devil got to you?
God damns all liars, Mary.

Have you made compact with the devil
to destroy this investigation?

Hold to the truth!

What brought this change in you?

You have made compact with the devil,
have you not?

She's spreading her wings!

She's coming down!

Look out! She's coming down!

Put an end to this now!

I'm telling you, sir!

I know this girl! She's entirely false!

They'll run into the sea!

Stop! Stop them!

Get your hands off me!

Don't touch me!

You're the devil's man!

I go your way no more!

I love God.

He bid you do the devil's work?

He come at me by night to sign.

Sign what?

The devil's book?

He come with a book?

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.

No! I go your way no more!

- This girl's gone wild!

- I love God.

I bless God!

Oh, Abby.

John Proctor!

I have seen your power!

You are combined with Antichrist!

You will not deny it!

Excellency, this man...

I'll hear nothing from you, Mr. Hale!

Will you confess yourself befouled
with hell?

Or do you

keep that black allegiance yet?

What say you?

I say you are pulling heaven down...

and raising up a whore!

I say God is dead!

Do you hear him?

Do you hear him?

John Proctor, you're dead!

I quit this court!

For having committed the crime
of witchcraft...

Rebecca Nurse, George Jacobs...

Mary Easty, John Willard...

Martha Corey, Elizabeth Howe...

John Proctor, Elizabeth Proctor...

Mary Sibber, Hannah Bellows...

Bridget Bishop, and Sarah Osborne...

are from this church,

with all its blessings...

and every hope of heaven,

hereby excommunicate.

No!

No!

No! I'm innocent!

I'm innocent. Oh!

I am no witch!

You'll all burn in hell!

Uhh! Ah!

Purge your contempt...

and give us the name of

the man that accused Putnam.

You will say it, Corey.

Speak, man!

We cannot relent!

What say you, Corey?
More... weight.
Lay on.
You are commanded by the court.
Lay on!
Aah!
I cannot sleep, sir.
A woman comes to my
bed every night now...
and tears at my eyes.
Can you make out who she may be?
I believe she be
Reverend John Hale's wife, sir.
You must be mistaken, my child.
The wife of a minister is not likely...
Satan may reach anyone, sir.
Why then, absolutely no one...
in the world is safe...
Is that your meaning?
You are mistaken, child.
You understand me?
The Williams girl.
Come away from her.
God forgive you, Abigail Williams.
I beseech you, Thomas.
It must end... now.
It has struck the people very hard...
that so many will not confess.
There's a faction here, Thomas,
feeding on that noose.
They're sick of hanging.
I tell you, Samuel, I shall not rest...
until every inch of this province...
belongs again to God.
Quickly.
I've got it.
They mean to take you this morning.
There's a ship in Boston harbor.
It's bound for the Barbados.
I have money for the guard.
I never dreamed any of this for you.
I wanted you was all.
Listen to me, John.
I have money.

We could see tomorrow on the ocean.
The jailer will let you go.
Let me call him.
I must board ship, John.
Will you not speak?
It's not on a ship we'll meet again,
Abigail...
but in hell.
- Vanished?
- She's run off with 31.
Ha! I am penniless.
Mr. Parris...
you are a...
brainless man!
Excellency, hear me.
I beg you.
Let us postpone
more hangings for a time.
Now, these three that must die
this morning...
John Proctor, Rebecca Nurse,
Martha Corey...
They have great weight yet in the town.
Now, if you let them stand upon
the scaffold...
and send up some innocent prayer...
then they will wake a vengeance on you.
Then Proctor must confess.
Now.
He must confess.
Please give me some water.
Where are you going with her?
Where are you taking her?
Pray, be at your ease.
We come not for your life.
We...
Mr. Hale.
John is marked to hang this morning.
I have no connection
with the court, Goody Proctor.
I come to save your husband's life.
Do you understand me?
We must help John give them the
lie they demand.

It is no lie.
You cannot speak of lies.
It is a lie.
They're innocent.
I tell you, woman...
life is God's most precious gift.
No principle, 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.
I think that may be
the devil's argument.
Are you stone?
He will die with the morning...
but if he will confess...
you shall both be at home tomorrow.
I promise nothing...
but let me speak with him alone.
The child?
It grows.
Oh...
No word of the boys.
They're well.
Rebecca's Francis keeps them.
But you have not seen them.
I have not.
They come for my life now.
I'm thinking I will confess, Elizabeth.
What say you if I give them that?
If I confess?
I cannot judge you, John.
What would you have me do?
As you will, I would have it.
Oh, I want you living, John.
That's sure.
How can I mount the
scaffold like a saint?
I'm not that man.
'Tis a pretense.
My honesty's broke.
Nothing's spoiled giving them this lie

that were not...
rotten long before.
And yet you've not confessed till now.
It's only spite keeps me silent.
It's hard to give a lie to dogs.
I would have
your forgiveness, Elizabeth.
It is not for me to give, John...
if you will not pardon yourself.
It is not my soul, John.
It is yours.
Only be sure that...
whatever you will do it is a good man
does it.
I have sins of my own to count.
It needs a cold wife to prompt lechery.
Oh, enough.
Enough.
It's better that you should know me.
You take my sins upon you.
No. I take my own.
I take my own.
John...
I counted myself so plain...
so poorly made that 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.
Oh, my love.
Oh, my love.
Forgive me. I never knew such
goodness in the world.
Shh, shh.
Oh, John, forgive me.
My love.
Oh, forgive me.
Forgive me.
Oh, shh.
Forgive me.
I want my life!
God be praised!
This is God's work!

Bring out the condemned!
Rebecca Nurse, Martha Corey!
Why must it be written?
Why, for the good instruction of
the village...
this we shall post upon the church door.
Ah... John.
Courage, man.
Your good example may bring them
to God as well.
Hear this!
Goody Nurse.
Now, Mr. Proctor...
did you bind
yourself to the devil's service?
John...
Oh, John, not you.
I did.
Now, woman, you see...
it profit nothing to keep this
conspiracy any further.
Will you confess yourself
with him?
It is a lie!
It is a lie!
How may I damn myself?
God send his mercy on you, John.
Now...
Mr. Proctor...
when the devil appeared to you...
did you see Rebecca Nurse in his
company?
No.
Did you see her sister, Mary Easty,
with the devil?
No, I did not.
Did you ever see Giles Corey with
the devil or his wife...
I did not see them.
Did you ever see anyone with
the devil?
No, I did not.
Let him sign it, Excellency.
It is enough he confess himself.

It is a weighty name, sir. It will strike
the village that Proctor confessed.

Let him sign and be done with
it, for God's sake! Thomas!

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If you please, Mr...

No, no. You have seen me sign it.

You have no need of this.

- Proctor, the village must have proof!

- Damn the village!

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!

Now, look you, Proctor...

How may I teach my sons to walk like
men in the world if I sold my friends?

You have not sold your...

I blacken all of them when

I nail this to the church...

and they have hanged for silence.

I must have good and legal proof...

that you have confessed to witchcraft,
Proctor.

You are the high courts.

Your word is good enough.

Tell them Proctor broke to his knees
and wept like a woman.

But...

- my-my name I cannot sign.

- Why?

Do you mean to deny this confession
when you are free?

I mean to deny nothing.

Then explain to me why you will not...

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!
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?
Marshal.
Man, you will hang.
You cannot.
I can, and there's your first marvel,
that I can.
Give them no tear.
Show one and now show a stoney
heart, and sink them with it!
Who weeps for these...
weeps for corruption.
Take them.
Proctor.
Proctor...
Go to him.
There is time yet.
Proctor!
Proctor!
In the name of God, confess!
Confess.
Will you plead with him?
Be his helper.
Go to him.
Take his shame away!
He have his goodness now.
God forbid I take it from him.
God bless you, Rebecca!
God bless you, Proctor!
God bless you, Rebecca.
You're a good man, John Proctor.
You're a good man.
Our Father... which art in heaven...
hallowed be Thy name.
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done...
in earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread...
and forgive us our trespasses...

as we forgive them that trespass
against us.

Lead us not into temptation...

but deliver us from evil...

For Thine is the kingdom, the power,
and the glory...

Forever and ever...

After 19 executions the Salem witch hant was brought to an end, as more as
accused people refused to save themselves by giving false confessions.