



SAINT KENTIGERN
COLLEGE

The Crucible

2013 Annual Drama Production

Synopsis

In the Puritan New England town of Salem, Massachusetts, a group of girls goes dancing in the forest with a black slave named Tituba. While dancing, they are caught by the local minister, Reverend Parris. One of the girls, Parris's daughter Betty, falls into a coma-like state. A crowd gathers in the Parris home while rumors of witchcraft fill the town. Having sent for Reverend Hale, an expert on witchcraft, Parris questions Abigail Williams, the girls' ringleader, about the events that took place in the forest. Abigail, who is Parris's niece and ward, admits to doing nothing beyond "dancing."

While Parris tries to calm the crowd that has gathered in his home, Abigail talks to some of the other girls, telling them not to admit to anything. John Proctor, a local farmer, then enters and talks to Abigail alone. Unbeknownst to anyone else in the town, while working in Proctor's home the previous year she engaged in an affair with him, which led to her being fired by his wife, Elizabeth. Abigail still desires Proctor, but he fends her off and tells her to end her foolishness with the girls.

Betty wakes up and begins screaming. Much of the crowd rushes upstairs and gathers in her bedroom, arguing over whether she is bewitched. A separate argument between Proctor, Parris, the argumentative Giles Corey, and the wealthy Thomas Putnam soon ensues. This dispute centers on money and land deeds, and it suggests that deep fault lines run through the Salem community. As the men argue, Reverend Hale arrives and examines Betty, while Proctor departs. Hale quizzes Abigail about the girls' activities in the forest, grows suspicious of her behavior, and demands to speak to Tituba. After Parris and Hale interrogate her for a brief time, Tituba confesses to communing with the devil, and she hysterically accuses various townsfolk of consorting with the devil. Suddenly, Abigail joins her, confessing to having seen the devil conspiring and cavorting with other townspeople. Betty joins them in naming witches, and the crowd is thrown into an uproar.

A week later, alone in their farmhouse outside of town, John and Elizabeth Proctor discuss the ongoing trials and the escalating number of townsfolk who have been accused of being witches. Elizabeth urges her husband to denounce Abigail as a fraud; he refuses, and she becomes jealous, accusing him of still harboring feelings for her. Mary Warren, their servant and one of Abigail's circle, returns from Salem with news that Elizabeth has been accused of witchcraft but the court did not pursue the accusation. Mary is sent up to bed, and John and Elizabeth continue their argument, only to be interrupted by a visit from Reverend Hale. While they discuss matters, Giles Corey and Francis Nurse come to the Proctor home with news that their wives have been arrested. Officers of the court suddenly arrive and arrest Elizabeth. After they have taken her, Proctor browbeats Mary, insisting that she must go to Salem and expose Abigail and the other girls as frauds.

The next day, Proctor brings Mary to court and tells Judge Danforth that she will testify that the girls are lying. Danforth is suspicious of Proctor's motives and tells Proctor, truthfully, that Elizabeth is pregnant and will be spared for a time. Proctor persists in his charge, convincing Danforth to allow Mary to testify. Mary tells the court that the girls are lying. When the girls are brought in, they turn the tables by accusing Mary of bewitching them. Furious, Proctor confesses his affair with Abigail and accuses her of being motivated by jealousy of his wife. To test Proctor's claim, Danforth summons Elizabeth and asks her if Proctor has been unfaithful to her. Despite her natural honesty, she lies to protect Proctor's honor, and Danforth denounces Proctor as a liar. Meanwhile, Abigail and the girls again pretend that Mary is bewitching them, and Mary breaks down and accuses Proctor of being a witch. Proctor rages against her and against the court. He is arrested, and Hale quits the proceedings.

The summer passes and autumn arrives. The witch trials have caused unrest in neighboring towns, and Danforth grows nervous. Abigail has run away, taking all of Parris's money with her. Hale, who has lost faith in the court, begs the accused witches to confess falsely in order to save their lives, but they refuse. Danforth, however, has an idea: he asks Elizabeth to talk John into confessing, and she agrees. Conflicted, but desiring to live, John agrees to confess, and the officers of the court rejoice. But he refuses to incriminate anyone else, and when the court insists that the confession must be made public, Proctor grows angry, tears it up, and retracts his admission of guilt. Despite Hale's desperate pleas, Proctor goes to the gallows with the others, and the witch trials reach their awful conclusion.

Characters in the play:

TOWNS FOLK / JUDGES	
Tituba: F, 40s. Parris's servant, brought back from Barbados.	Reverend Parris: mid 40s. A widower with little understanding of children. Before entering the ministry, Parris was a merchant in Barbados, and his ministry still bears signs of his business background.
Ann Putnam: married to Thomas Putnam, an influential family in Salem. But of eight children born to her, only one daughter has survived, and she is jealous of Rebecca's large family.	Thomas Putnam: the eldest son of the richest man in the village, and with a high opinion of his own intellect. Married to Ann.
Rebecca Nurse: early 70s. Held in very high regard in the village, Rebecca is gentle and kind. She has eleven children and twenty six grandchildren!	John Proctor: a hard working farmer in his thirties. Well respected in Salem and not easily influenced by others.
Elizabeth Proctor: wife of John, she is "not wholly well", perhaps since the birth of their third child.	Giles Corey: a farmer in his early eighties, and going deaf, Giles is nevertheless a determined protector of his rights and property; to which end he has been in court six times during the year.
Francis Nurse: Husband of Rebecca, whom he tries to protect when she is accused of witchcraft.	Reverend John Hale: nearly 40; he is confident in his abilities as a specialist in ascertaining witchcraft, which he has studied in detail.
Sarah Good: a poor, confused beggar who is accused of witchcraft.	Ezekiel Cheever: Ezekiel is employed as a court official.
	Marshal Herrick: is also employed by the court, but he is uncomfortable about some of the things he is expected to do.
	Judge Hathorne: a lawyer from Boston, who is employed as the prosecutor.
	Deputy Governor Danforth: confident and determined that the law must be upheld, even at the risk of obscuring the truth.
	Hopkins: a messenger.
TOWNS CHILDREN	
Abigail Williams: late teens, an orphan, living with Rev. Parris, who is her uncle. Older than Betty, and able to influence the other girls.	
Susanna Walcott: teenager, younger than Abigail, and easily led by her, Susanna is a nervous girl. She works for the local doctor, Dr Briggs.	
Mercy Lewis: Miller describes her as "merciless". She is the Putnam's servant. Late teens.	
Mary Warren: late teens. The Proctor's servant. Naïve and subservient, she is easily swayed by Abigail.	
SOME OTHERS MAYBE REQUIRED FOR CHORUS TOWNSFOLK	

AUDITION TIPS:

1. Haven't memorized the material? Don't pretend you have. Try to memorize them. But if you can't, it's ok. We'd rather hear the material as written with the papers in your hand than hear you make up stuff just to prove that you tried (and failed) to memorize the material.
2. Don't make excuses. I don't want to hear that you have a cold, or that you have bed-head, or that your printer is broken. Do your best.
3. If I ask you to make a choice, make one. I commonly ask the people auditioning for me to choose between two monologues. I want to learn what YOU are attracted to, and I also want to see you make a choice. Don't say, "It doesn't matter. What do *you* want?" Actors have to make strong clear choices when developing characters. I want to see that side of you in everything you do.
4. Listen to direction given. You maybe asked to try something – don't hesitate, give the new direction or request a go as this is the audition panel seeing how well you listen and process information. Also access if you will be easy or hard to direct.
5. Don't presume anything. You maybe asked to read for a part you haven't prepared for, this DOES NOT mean anything. Remember its all about the final picture and you are one of many, so put your all into everything you are asked to do throughout the whole weekend.
6. Make your first 15 seconds count. When you meet someone for the first time, don't you make a lot of suppositions? We do too.
7. Be the 3 Cs. Be comfortable, charismatic and confident. Actors have to command attention. They have to be the most interesting people in seated in the theatre. Be someone that we want to get to know. If you can do that as yourself, I know you'll also be able to do that in a character.
8. Don't hesitate in the audition room. Your audition time is your time. Ensure you are on time and ready to go. If we are running behind don't make the audition panel wait longer than needed as we all want to get home on time.
9. Let us know where to find you. Ensure we have all your contacts to be able to contact you if required for a recall on Sunday
10. Don't start over. Screw up? Fight through it. And it probably wasn't as bad as you thought. You're more sensitive to it than we are. Always audition. The best way to master auditioning is just like everything else. Do it over and over. You'll get numb to the nerves. You'll be able to be yourself. And you'll get free practice! I used to go to dance calls, because learning a dance combination at an audition is a free dance class (and I needed them). Actors who get to work on sides with directors at an audition get a free coaching.

Remember, we want you to be great. We're pulling for you more than you can ever imagine.

Because a great audition, means a great cast, which means we're one step closer to a great show.

The Crucible
Audition
Ann and Thomas Putnam

PUTNAM. (*Looking down at Betty.*) Why, *her* eyes is closed! Look you, Ann.

ANN. Why, that's strange. Ours is open.

PARRIS. Your little Ruth is sick?

ANN. *I'd* not call it *sick*; the Devil's touch is heavier than *sick*; it's *death*, y'know, it's death drivin' into them forked and hooped

PARRIS. Oh, pray not! Why, *how* does your child ail?

ANN. She ails as she must-she never waked this morning but her eyes open and she walks, and hears naught, sees naught, and cannot eat. Her soul is taken, surely.

PUTNAM. They say you've sent for Reverend Hale of Beverly?

PARRIS. A *precaution* only. He has much experience in all demonic arts, and I . . .

ANN. He has *indeed*, and found a *witch* in Beverly last year, and let you remember that.

PARRIS. Now, Goody Ann, they only thought that were a witch, and I am certain there be no element of witchcraft here.

PUTNAM. No witchcraft! Now look you, Mister Parris. . .

PARRIS. Thomas, Thomas, I pray you, *leap* not to *witchcraft*. I know that you, you least of all, Thomas, would ever wish so disastrous a charge laid upon me. We cannot leap to witchcraft. They will howl me out of Salem for such corruption in my house.

PUTNAM. Now, look you, Mister Parris; I have taken your part in all contention here, and I would continue; but I cannot if you hold back in this. There are hurtful, vengeful spirits layin' hands on these children.

PARRIS. But, Thomas, you cannot. . .

PUTNAM. Ann! Tell Mister Parris what you have done.

ANN. Reverend Parris, I have laid seven babies unbaptized in the earth. Believe me, sir, you never saw more hearty babies born. And yet, each would wither in my arms the very night of their birth. I have spoke nothin', but my heart has clamored intimations. And now, this year, my Ruth, my only-I see her turning strange. A secret child she has become this year, and shrivels like a sucking mouth were pullin' on her life, too. And so I thought to send her to your Tituba

PARRIS. To Tituba! What may Tituba . . . ?

ANN. Tituba knows how to speak to the *dead*, Mister Parris.

The Crucible

Audition

Betty Parris, Abigail Williams, Mercy Lewis and Mary Warren

ABIGAIL. How is Ruth sick?

MERCY. It's weirdish, I know not-she seems to walk like a dead one since last night.

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, She is seventeen, a subservient, naive girl.)*

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 I-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 .,

ABIGAIL. *(Betty whimpers.)* Betty? Now, Betty, dear, wake up now. It's Abigail. *(She sits Betty up, furiously shakes her.)* 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 . . .

HETTY. I want my mama I

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

BETTY. I'll fly to Mama, let me fly . . . ! *(Raises her arms asthough to fly. Mercy and Abigail thrust them down.)*

ABIGAIL. I told him everything, he knows now, he knows every thing we . . . *(Betty suddenly*

The Crucible
Audition
Deputy Governor Danforth

DANFORTH. These- will be sufficient. Sit you down, children. (*Silently they sit. Willard enters D. R., stands at D. R.*) Your friend Mary Warren has given us a deposition. In which she swears that she never saw familiar spirits, apparitions, nor any manifest of the Devil. She claims as well, that none of you have seen these things either. Now, children, this is a court of law. The law, based upon the Bible, and the Bible writ by Almighty God, forbid the practice of witchcraft, and describe death as the penalty thereof. But, likewise, children, the law and Bible damn all liars, and bearers of false witness. Now then. . . it does not escape me that this deposition may be devised to blind us; (*To Hathorne.*) it may well be that Mary Warren has been conquered by Satan who sends her here to distract our sacred purpose. If so, her neck will break for it. But if she speak true, I bid you now drop your guile and confess your pretense, for a quick confession will go easier with you. Abigail Williams, rise. (*Abigail rises slowly*) Is there any truth in this?

ABIGAIL. (*A contemptuous look at Mary.*) No, sir.

DANFORTH. Children, a very augur bit will now be turned into your souls until your honesty is proved. Will either of you change your positions now, or do you force me to hard questioning?

ABIGAIL. I have naught to change, sir. She *lies*.

DANFORTH. (*To Mary.*) You would still go on with this?

MARY. (*Faintly.*) Aye, sir.

DANFORTH. (*To Abigail*) A poppet were discovered in Mister Proctor's house, stabbed by a needle. Mary Warren claims that you sat beside her in the court when she made it, and that you saw her make it, and witnessed how she herself stuck her needle into it for safe-keeping. What say you to that:

ABIGAIL. (*A slight note of indignation.*) It is a lie, sir

The Crucible
Audition
Elizabeth Proctor

DANFORTH. Come here, woman. *(Elizabeth crosses to R. of Danforth, looking toward Proctor.)* Look at me only, not at your husband. In my eyes only. *(She looks at him.)*

ELIZABETH. Good, sir.

DANFORTH. We are given to understand that at one time you dismissed your servant, Abigail Williams.

ELIZABETH. That is true, sir.

DANFORTH. For what cause did you dismiss her? *(Elizabeth tries to glance at Proctor.)* You will look in my eyes only and not at your husband. The answer is in your memory and you need no help to give it to me. Why did you dismiss Abigail Williams?

ELIZABETH. *(Not knowing what to say, sensing a situation, she wets her lips to stall for time.)* She . . . dissatisfied me . . . *(Adding.)* and my husband.

DANFORTH. In what way dissatisfied you?

ELIZABETH. She were. . . *(She glances at Proctor for a cue.)*

DANFORTH. Woman, look at *me!* Were she slovenly? Lazy? What disturbance did she cause?

ELIZABETH. Your Honor, I . . . in that time I were sick. And I . . . My husband is a good and righteous man. He is never drunk, as some are, nor wastin' his time at the shovel board, but always at his work. . . . But in my sickness-you see, sir, I were a long time sick after my last baby, and I thought I saw my husband somewhat turning from me. And this girl. . . *(She turns to Abigail.)*

The Crucible
Audition
Francis Nurse and Giles Corey

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 Govenor? -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 marvellous 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!

The Crucible
Audition
John Proctor

DANFORTH (*A pause. His eyes stare incredulously at Proctor.*) You. . . you are a lecher?

NURSE. (*Horrified.*) John, you cannot. .

PROCTOR. No, Francis, it is true, it is true. (*Back to Danforth.*) She will deny it, but you will believe *me*, sir; a man. . . a man will not cast away his good name, sir, you surely know that-

DANFORTH In what time. . . ? In what time, in what place?

PROCTOR. (*Hanging head, turning front*) In the proper place -where my beasts are bedded. Eight months now, sir, it is eight months. She used to serve me in my house, sir. A man may think God sleeps, but God sees everything. I know it now. I beg you, sir, I beg you-see her what she is. My wife, my dear good wife took this girl soon after, sir, and put her out on the high road. And being what she is, a lump of vanity, sir. . . . (*Starts to weep.*) Excellency, forgive me, forgive me. She thinks to dance with me on my wife's grave ! And well ,he might !- for I thought of her *softly*, God help me, I lusted, and there is a promise in such sweat ! but it i, a whore's vengeance, and you must see it, I set myself entirely in your hands, I know you must see it now. My wife is innocent, except she know a whore when she see one.

The Crucible
Audition
Judge Hathorne

HATHORNE. Let you question Hale, Excellency; I should not be -surprised he have been preachin' in Andover lately.

DANFORTH We'll come to that speak nothin' of Andover Parris prays with him. That's strange
(Blows on his hands)

HATHORNE. I think sometimes Parris has a mad look these days

DANFORTH. Mad?

HATHORNE. I met him yesterday coming out of his house, and I bid him good morning-and he wept, and went his way. I think it is not well the village sees him so unsteady.

DANFORTH. Perhaps he have some sorrow.

CHEEVER. I think it be the cows, sir.

DANFORTH. The cows?

CHEEVER. There be so many cows wanderin' the highroads, now their masters are in the jails, and much disagreement who they will belong to now. I know Mister Parris be arguin' with farmers all yesterday-there is great contention, sir, about the cows. *(Danforth sits bench R.)*
Contention make him weep, sir, it were always a man that weep for contention

The Crucible
Audition
Rebecca Nurse

ANN. What have you done?

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

PROCTOR. Aye, that's the truth of it, Rebecca.

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

REBECCA. Perhaps she is not hungered yet. Mr. Parris, I hope you are not decided to go in search of loose spirits. I've heard promise of that outside. . . .

The Crucible
Audition
Reverend John Hale

HALE. (To *Elizabeth*.) Let you not mistake your duty as I mistook my own. I came into this village like a bridegroom to his beloved; bearing gifts of high religion, the very crowns of holy law I brought, and what I touched with my bright confidence, it died; and where I turned the eye of my great faith, blood flowed up. Beware, *Goody Proctor*-cleave to no faith when faith brings blood. It is mistaken law that leads you to sacrifice. (*She looks at him then front*) Life, woman, life is God's most precious gift; no principle however glorious may justify the taking of it. I beg you, woman-prevail upon your husband to confess. Let him give his lie. Quail not before God's judgment in this, for it may well be God damns a liar less than he that throws his life away for pride. Will you plead with him? I cannot think he will listen to another

ELIZABETH. (Quietly. With *loathing*.) I think that be the Devil's argument.

HALE. Woman, before the laws of God we are as swine. We cannot read His will.

ELIZABETH. (*Sincerely-simply*.) I cannot dispute with you, sir, I lack learning for it.

The Crucible
Audition
Reverend Parris

PARRIS.. Do you understand that?

ABIGAIL. I think so, sir.

PARRIS. Now then-in the midst of such disruption, my own household is discovered to be the very center of some obscene practice. Abominations are done in the forest. . . .

ABIGAIL. It were only sport, Uncle'

PARRIS. I saw Tituba waving her arms over the fire when I came on you; why were she doing that? And I heard a screeching and gibberish comin' from her mouth. .

ABIGAIL. She always sings her Barbados songs, and we dance.

PARRIS. I cannot blink what I saw, Abigail-for my enemies will not blink it. I saw a dress lying in the grass.

ABIGAIL. A dress?

PARRIS. Aye, a dress. And I thought I saw a ...someone naked running through the trees !

ABIGAIL. No one was naked! You mistake yourself, Uncle!

PARRIS. I saw it I Now tell me true, Abigail. Now my ministry's at stake; my ministry and perhaps your cousin's life. .. What. ever abomination you have done, give me :all of it now, for I dare not be taken unaware when I go before them down there

ABIGAIL. There is nothin' more. I swear it. Uncle

PARRIS. Abigail, I have fought here three long years; to bend these stiff necked people to me, and now , just now when there must be some good respect for me in the parish, you compromise my very character. I have given you a home, child, I have put clothes upon your back-now give me upright answer :-your name in the town-it is entirely white, is it not?

ABIGAIL. Why, I am sure it is, sir, there be no blush about my name.

PARRIS. Abigail, is there any other cause than you have told me, for Goody Proctor dischargin' you? It has troubled me that you are now seven months out of their house, and in all this time no other family has ever called for your service.

ABIGAIL. They want slaves, not such as I. Let them send to Barbados for that,

The Crucible
Audition
Suzanna Walcott

ABIGAIL. Come in, Susanna. (*Susanna Walcott, a little younger than -Abigail, enters.*)

PARRIS. What does the doctor say, child?

SUSANNA. Dr. Griggs he bid me come and tell you, Reverend sir, that he cannot discover no medicine for it in his books.

PARRIS. Then he must search on.

SUSANNA. Aye, sir, he have been searchin' his books since he left you, sir, but he bid me tell you, that you might look to un-natural things for the cause of it.

PARRIS. No-no. There be no unnatural causes here. Tell him I have sent for Reverend Hale of Beverly, and Mister Hale will surely confirm that. Let him look to medicine, and put out all thought of unnatural causes here. There be none.

SUSANNA. Aye, sir. He bid me tell you.

ABIGAIL. Speak nothin' of it in the village, Susanna.

PARRIS. Go directly home and speak nothin' of unnatural causes.

SUSANNA. Aye, sir. I pray for her. (*goes out.*)

The Crucible
Audition
Tituba

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

PARRIS. Kill me!

TITUBA. *(Starting to weep.)* He say Mister Parris must be kill! Mister Parris no goodly man, Mister Parris mean man and no gentle man, and he bid me rise out of my bed and cut your throat!

(Parris backs away a step L., then all straighten tip. They gasp.)

I tell him, no! I don't hate that man I I don't want kill that man I But he say, You work for me Tituba, and I make you free ! I give you pretty dress to wear, and put you way high up in the air and you gone fly back to Barbados' And I say, You lie, Devil, you. lie' And then he come one stormy night to me, and he say, Look' I have white people belong to me. And I look.. And there was Goody Good.

The Crucible

Audition

Tituba, Sarah Good, Marshall John Willard and Hopkins

WILLARD. (*Crossing L. toward bench.*) Sarah, wake up! Sarah Good! (*Crosses R. to Tituba. shakes her.*) Tituba.

SARAH. (*Sits up.*) Oh, majesty! Comin', comin'! (*Uncovering herself.*) Tituba, he's here! His Majesty's come! (*Untangling rags from legs and feet.*)

WILLARD. (*.At window U L.*) Go to the north cell, this place is wanted now.

TITUBA. That don't look to me like His Majesty; look to me like the Marshal. (*Slowly Sits up. yawning.*)

WILLARD. (*Takes out flask*) Get along with you now, clear this place. (*he drinks*)

SARAH. (*Scratching herself*) Oh, is it you, Marsha!? I thought sure you be the Devil comin' for us. . . Could I have a sip of cider for me goin'-away'

WILLARD. (*Handing her flask.*) And where are you off to, Sarah? (*Tituba untangling rags.*)

TITUBA. (*.A Sarah drinks*) We goin' to Barbados, soon the Devil gits here with the feathers and the wings.

WILLARD. Oh? A happy voyage to you.

SARAH. A pair of bluebirds wingin' southerly, the two of us! - Oh, it be a grand transformation, Marshal! (*She raises the flask to drink again.*)

WILLARD. (*Taking flask from her.*) You'd best give me that or you'll never rise off the ground. Come along now. (*Tituba rises, Picks up her rags.*)

TITUBA. I'll speak to him for you, if you desire to come along, Marshal.

WILLARD. I'd not refuse it, Tituba; it is the proper morning to fly into Hell. (*Sarah folding rags.*)

TITUBA. (*folding rags that covered her.*) Oh, it ain't no Hell in Barbados. Devil, him be pleasure-man in Barbados, him be singin' and dancin' in Barbados. You folks, you riles him up 'round here i it be too cold 'round here for that Old Boy. He freeze his soul in Massachusetts, but in Barbados, he just as sweet and - (*Sarah rises with bundle. .A bellowing cow is heard, and Tituba leaps up and calls to off*) Yes, sir! That's him, Sarah!

SARAH. (*Towards window.*) I'm here, Majesty. (*Hopkins enters.*)

HOPKINS The Deputy-Governor's arrived.

WILLARD Come along, come along.

TITUBA. No, he comin' for me. . . . I goin' home'

The Crucible
Audition
Ezekiel Cheever

CHEEVER. Why. . . *(Draws a long needle from doll.)* it is a needle! Willard, Willard, it is a needle!

PROCTOR. And what signifies a needle!

CHEEVER. Why, this go *hard with* her, Proctor, this.. I had my doubts, Proctor, I had my doubts, but here's calamity. . *(Crosses to :Hale, shows needle)* You see it, sir, it is a needle!

HALE. Why? What meanin' has it?

CHEEVER. The girl, the Williams girl, Abigail Williams, sir. She sat to dinner in Reverend Parris' house tonight, and without word nor warnin', she falls to the floor. Like a struck beast, he says, and screamed a scream that a bull would weep to hear. And he goes to save her, and stuck two inches in the flesh of her belly he draw a needle out. And demandin' of her how she come to be so stabbed, she. . . *(To Proctor.)* testify it were your wife's familiar spirit pushed it in.

PROCTOR. Why, she done it herself! I hope you're not takin' this for proof, Mister Hale.

CHEEVER. 'Tis hard proof!-I find here a poppet Goody Proctor keeps. I have found it, sir. And in the belly of the poppet a needle stuck.

The Crucible
Recall Audition
Abigail Williams and John Proctor

ABIGAIL. I cannot bear lewd looks no more, *John* My spirit's changed entirely. I ought be given Godly looks when I suffer *for* them as I do.

PROCTOR. Oh? How do you suffer, Abby?

ABIGAIL. (*Pulls up dress*) Why, look at my leg. I'm holes all over *from* their damned needles and pins. (*touching her stomach.*) The jab your wife gave me's not healed yet, y'know.

PROCTOR. (*Seeing her madness now.*) Oh, it isn't.

ABIGAIL. I think sometimes she pricks it open again while I sleep.

PROCTOR. Ah?

ABIGAIL. And George *Jacobs*-(*Sliding up her sleeve.*) *he* comes again and again and raps me with *his* stick-the same spot every night all this week. Look at the lump I have.

PROCTOR. Abby - George *Jacobs* is in the jail all this month.

ABIGAIL. Thank God *he* is, and bless the day *he* hangs and lets me sleep in peace again! Oh, *John*, the world's so full of *hypocrites*! (*Astonished, outraged.*) They pray in jail! I'm told they all pray in jail!

PROCTOR. They may not pray?

ABIGAIL. And torture me in my bed while sacred words are comin' *from* their mouths? Oh, it will need God Himself to cleanse this town properly!

PROCTOR. Abby - you mean to cry out still others?

ABIGAIL(*Front*) If I live, if I am not murdered, I surely will, until the last hypocrite is dead.

PROCTOR. Then there is no one good?

ABIGAIL. Aye, there is one. You are good.

PROCTOR. Am I! How am I good?

ABIGAIL. Why, you taught me goodness, therefore you are good. It were a fire you walked me through, and all my ignorance was burned away. It were a fire, *John*, we lay in fire. And *from* that night no woman dare call me wicked any more but I knew my answer. I used to weep for my sins when the wind lifted up my skirts; and blushed *for* shame because some old Rebecca called me loose. And then you burned my ignorance away. As bare as some December tree I saw them all-walking like saints to church, running to feed the sick, and hypocrites in their hearts! And God gave me strength to call them liars, and God made men

The Crucible
Recall Audition
Mary Warren

MARY. (*Weakly, sickly.*) I am sick, I am sick, Mister Proctor. Pray, pray, hurt me not. My insides are all shuddery; I am in the proceedings all day, sir.

PROCTOR. (*Angrily in a loud voice as Mary is crossing.*) And what of these proceedings here ?-when will you proceed to keep this house as you are paid nine *pound* a year to do ?-and my wife not wholly well?

MARY. (*Crossing L. to Elizabeth, taking small rag doll from pocket in her undershirt.*) I made a gift for you today, Goody Proctor. I had to sit long hours in a chair, and passed the time with sewing.

ELIZABETH. (*Perplexed, she looks at the doll.*) Why, thank you, it's a fair poppet.

MARY. (*Fervently, with a trembling, decayed voice.*) We must all love each other now, Goody Proctor.

ELIZABETH. (*Amazed at her strangeness.*) -Aye, indeed we must.

MARY. I'll get up early in the morning and clean the house. I must sleep now.

PROCTOR. Mary. Is it true there be fourteen women arrested? MARY. No, sir. There be thirty-nine now. . . . (*She suddenly breaks off and sobs.*)

ELIZABETH. (*Rising and crossing to :Mary.*) Why, she's weepin' ! What ails you, child?

MARY. Goody Osburn. . . will hang! (*Elizabeth hugs her.*)

PROCTOR. Hang! Hang, y'say?

MARY. Aye. . .

PROCTOR. The Deputy Governor will permit it?

MARY. He sentenced her. He must - (*Taking her head from Elizabeth's shoulder. to ameliorate it.*) But not Sarah Good. For Sarah Good confessed, y'see.

PROCTOR. Confessed! To what'?

MARY. That she sometimes made a compact with Lucifer, and wrote her name in his black book-with her blood-and bound herself to torment Christians till God's thrown down. . . and we all must worship Hell forevermore. (*Elizabeth puts doll on table.*)

PROCTOR. But. . . surely you know what a jabberer she is. Did you tell them that?

MARY. Mister Proctor, in open court she near to choked us all to death.

The Crucible
Recall Audition
Elizabeth and John Proctor

ELIZABETH. Oh, the noose, the noose is up!

PROCTOR. There'll be no noose. . . .

ELIZABETH. She wants me dead; I knew all week it would come to this!

PROCTOR. (*Without conviction.*) They dismissed it. You heard her say. . .

ELIZABETH. And what of tomorrow?-she will cry me out until they take me!

PROCTOR. Sit you down. . . .

ELIZABETH. She wants me dead, John, you know it!

PROCTOR. I say sit down! Now we must be wise, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH. (*With sarcasm, and a sense of being lost.*) Oh, indeed, indeed!

PROCTOR. (*Not looking at her.*) Fear nothing. I'll find Ezekiel Cheever. I'll tell him she said it were all sport.

ELIZABETH. John, with so many in the jail, more than that is needed now, I think. Would you favor me with this?-Go to *Abigail*.

PROCTOR. 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. (*Striving against his anger. Looking at her.*) What promise?

ELIZABETH. Spoke or silent, a promise is surely made. And she may dote on it now-I am sure she does-and thinks to kill me, then to take my place. It is her dearest hope, John, I know it. There be a thousand names, why does she call mine? There be a certain danger in calling such a name-I am no *Goody Good* that sleeps in ditches, nor *Osburn* drunk and half-witted. She'd dare not call out such a farmer's wife but there be monstrous profit in it. She thinks to take my place, *John*.

PROCTOR. (He knows *it* is true.) She cannot think it!

ELIZABETH. John, have you ever shown her somewhat of contempt? She cannot pass you in the church but you will blush.

PROCTOR. I may blush *for* my sin.

ELIZABETH. I think she sees another meaning in that blush.

PROCTOR. And what see you? What see you, Elizabeth?