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 hoofed

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 'Wallcott,* 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! (Un*tangling* ragsfrom *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 *leapsup 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

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 *hypo*crites! *(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 I

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?