

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'

WILLARD. (*Crossing D, taking Tituba's R. arm, takes few steps as Sarah crosses to them, takes her L. arm, pulling her to door*) That ain't Satan, just a poor old cow with a hat full of milk. Come along now, out with you.

TITUBA. (*Calling towards window*) Take me home, Devil! Take me home!

SARAH. (*Following Tituba out D. Hallway to off L.*) Tell him I'm goin', Tituba! Now you tell him Sarah Good is goin', too!