

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.