

AUDITION MONOLOGUES FOR THE CRUCIBLE

Kindly prepare *ONE* monologue for auditions.

ABIGAIL WILLIAMS

Now look you. All of you. We danced, And Tituba conjured Ruth Putman's dead sisters. And that is all.. And mark this—let either of you breathe a word , or the edge of a word about the other things, and I will come on you in the black of some terrible night and I will bring a pointy reckoning that will shudder you. And you know I can do it, I saw Indians smash my dear parents heads on the pillow next to mine, and I have see some reddish work done at night, and I can make you wish you had never see the sun go down!!! Now you....Betty, sit up and stop this!!!

ELIZABETH PROCTOR

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's dare not call out such a farmer's wife but there be monstrous profit in it. She thinks to take my place, John. John, have you ever shown her somewhat of contempt? She cannot pass you in the church but you will blush...and I think she sees another meaning in that blush. I think you be somewhat ashamed, for I am there, and she so close. Go and tell her she's a whore. Whatever promise she may sense break it John!! Break it!!!!

JOHN PROCTOR

In what time and place? 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 (he starts to weep) Excellency, forgive me, forgive me. She thinks to dance with me on my wife's grave! And well she might! For I thought of her softly. God help me, I lusted, and there is a promise in such sweat! But it is 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 harlot when she see one!!!

REV. SAMUEL PARRIS

I cannot blink what I saw, Abigail, for my enemies will not blink it. I saw a dress lying in the grass and I thought I saw someone naked running through the trees. I saw it! Now tell me true, Abigail. Now my ministry's at stake; my ministry and perhaps your cousin's life....Whatever 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, 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, is there any other cause than you have told me, for Goody Proctor discharging 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.

REVEREND JOHN HALE

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. 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 judgement 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.

MARY WARREN

I never knew it before. I never knew anything before. When she come into the court I say to myself, I must not accuse this woman, for she sleep in ditches, and so very old and poor....But then....then she sit there, denying and denying, and I feel a misty coldness climbin' up my back, and the skin on my skull begin to creep, and I feel a clamp around my neck and I cannot breath air, and then.....I hear a voice, a screamin' voice, and it were my voice.....and all at once I remembered everything she done to me!!! So many time, Mister Proctor, she come to this very door beggin' bread and cider...and mark this...whenever I turned her away empty.....she mumbled!!! You must remember Goody Proctor—last month—a Monday I think...she walked away and I though my guts would burst for two days after. Do you remember it?

TITUBA

Bless Him. Bless Him. Eternal glory. Bless Him - bless God... Oh, bless the Lord. Was - was woman. It was black dark, and...Well, they was always talking; they was always runnin' round and carryin' on. I believe so, yes, sir. Oh, God bless you, Mr. Hale! Oh, God, protect Tituba! There was four. There was four. Oh, how many times he bid me kill you, Mr. Parris. He say, Mr. Parris must be kill! Mr. Parris no goodly man, Mr. Parris mean man and no gentle man, and he bid me rise out of my bed and cut your throat! But I tell him know. I don't hate that man. I don't want kill that man. 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.

DEPUTY GOVERNOR DANFORTH

Mister Hale, believe me; for a man of such terrible learning you are most bewildered—I hope you will forgive me. I have been thirty-two year at the bar, sire, and I should be confounded were I called upon to defend these people. Let you consider, now, and I bid you all do likewise:-- in an ordinary crime, how does one defend these people? Let you consider, now---and I bid you all do likewise -- -in an ordinary crime, how does one defend the accused? One calls up witnesses to prove his innocence. But witchcraft is ipso facto, on its face and by its nature, an invisible crime. Therefore, we must rely upon her victims-----and they do testify, the children certainly do testify. As for the witches, none will deny that we are most eager for their confessions. Therefore, what is left for a lawyer to bring out? I think I have made my point. Have I not?