

HALE
TITUBA,
PARRIS
PUTNAM

START

I wake and find myself standing in the open doorway and not a stitch on my body! (*Covering herself with her arms, turning upstage and away.*) I always hear her laughing in my sleep. I hear her singing her Barbados songs and tempting me with—

HALE. Tituba, I want you to wake this child.

TITUBA. Mister Reverend, I never—

TITUBA. I have no power on this child, sir.

HALE. You most certainly do, and you will loose her from it now! When did you compact with the Devil?

TITUBA. I don't compact with no Devil!

PARRIS. You will confess yourself or I will take you out and whip you to your death, Tituba!

PUTNAM. This woman must be hanged! She must be taken and hanged!

TITUBA. (*Kneeling.*) No—no, don't hang Tituba. I tell him I don't desire to work for him, sir.

HALE. Who, the Devil? Now, Tituba, I know that when we bind ourselves to Hell it is very hard to break with it entirely. Now, we are going to help you tear yourself free. —You would be a good Christian woman, would you not, Tituba?

TITUBA. Ay, sir, a good Christian woman.

HALE. And you love these little children?

TITUBA. Oh, yes, sir, I don't desire to hurt little children!

HALE. And you love God, Tituba?

TITUBA. I love God with all my bein'.

HALE. Now in God's holy name...

TITUBA. Bless Him... bless Him...

HALE. And to His Glory...

TITUBA. Eternal Glory... Bless Him... Bless God...

HALE. Open yourself, Tituba—open yourself and let God's holy light shine on you.

TITUBA. Oh, bless the Lord.

HALE. When the Devil comes to you does he ever come... with another person? Perhaps another person in the village? Someone you know.

PARRIS. Who came with him?

PUTNAM. Sarah Good? Did you ever see Sarah Good with him?—or Osburn?

PARRIS. Was it man or woman came with him?

TITUBA. Was... was woman.

PARRIS. What woman? A woman, you said. What woman?

TITUBA. It was black dark, and I...

PARRIS. You could see him, why could you not see her?

TITUBA. Well, they was always talking, they was always runnin' round and carryin' on.

PARRIS. You mean out of Salem? Salem witches? (*Hale indicates to Parris to take it easy.*)

TITUBA. I believe so, yes, sir.

HALE. (*Calmly. Now he takes her hand.*) Tituba. You must have no fear to tell us who they are, do you understand? We will protect you. The Devil can never overcome a minister. You know that, do you not?

TITUBA. Aye, sir, oh, I *do*.

HALE. You have confessed yourself to witchcraft, and that speaks a wish to come to heaven's side. And we will bless you, Tituba...

TITUBA. (*Deeply relieved.*) Oh, God bless you, Mister Hale...!

HALE. You are God's *instrument* put in our hands to discover the Devil's agents among us. You are selected, Tituba, you are chosen to help us cleanse our village. So speak utterly, Tituba, turn your back on him and face God, face God, Tituba, and God will protect you.

TITUBA. Oh, God, protect Tituba!

HALE. Who came to you with the Devil? Two? Three? Four?—how many?

TITUBA. (*Pants, and begins rocking back and forth, staring ahead.*) There was four. There was four.

PARRIS. Who? Who? Their names, their names!

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 up. They gasp.*) I tell him, no! 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.

PARRIS. Sarah Good!

TITUBA. (*Rocking violently.*) Aye, sir, and Goody Osburn...

|| END
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