

AUDITION INFORMATION FOR "THE CRUCIBLE"

WHEN: AUGUST 29th BEGINNING AT 3:15---sign ups for audition times will be available the week of August 21. CALL BACKS will be August 31st. Yes there is a day in between! We will also offer an audition workshop August 25 after school.

1. Make sure to READ THE PLAY!!!! I also suggest watch the movie starring Wynona Ryder. Do NOT watch the movie instead of reading the play! It is very important you read the play. A copy of the play can be found at <http://www.scribd.com/doc/21067412/The-Crucible-Text>
2. Choose two monologues from those in this packet to MEMORIZE and present at auditions. They should be from different characters. Males should choose from the male monologues and females from the female list. Make sure you understand what happens before and after your monologue occurs. It is important that it is clear to us that you understand what you are saying and what the underlying emotion is.
3. Be prepared to answer questions about the play. Again it is very important you have read it.
4. You must have any and all unavoidable conflicts listed on your audition sheet.
5. Please be aware that the following rehearsals must be attended by ALL CAST MEMBERS!! If you cannot ensure this, you will not be cast for the show. Check calendars now, and make sure parents understand. Other practices will take place Mondays through Thursdays after school.

November 7th—10th 3pm—6pm

November 11, 3-8pm

November 12, 8am-4pm

November 13, 1-8pm

November 14, 3-8

November 15, 4-9

November 16, 4-9

November 17, 4-9 Possible daytime show during school

November 18--- daytime show and opening night

November 19—show 7:30 pm

November 20—show 3pm(senior show)

November 21 and 22 strike 3-5pm

(all cast and crew must be present to be eligible to be part of other productions)

FEMALES

THE CRUCIBLE
by Arthur Miller

ABIGAIL: I cannot bear lewd looks no more, John. My spirit's changed entirely. I ought to be given Godly looks when I suffer for them as I do. Look at my leg. I'm holes all over from their damned needles and pins. The jab your wife gave me's not healed yet, y'know. And George Jacobs comes again and again and raps me with his stick - the same spot every night all this week. Looks at the lump I have.

Oh John, the world's so full of hypocrites! They pray in jail, I'm told they pray in jail! And torture me in my bed while sacred words are coming from their mouths! It will need God Himself to cleanse this town properly. If I live, if I am not murdered, I will surely cry out others until the last hypocrite is dead!

But John, 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 called 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 listen to me, and by God I will scrub the world clean for the love of Him! John, I will make you such a wife when the world is white again! You will be amazed to see me every day, a light of heaven in your house!

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 sleeps 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 breathe air; and then (entranced) I hear a voice, a screamin' voice, and it were my voice- and all at once I remembered everything she done to me!

(Like one awakened to a marvelous secret insight)

So many times, Mr. Proctor, she come to this very door, beggin' bread and a cup of cider-and mark this: whenever I turned her away empty, she mumbled. But what does she mumble? You must remember, Goody Proctor. Last month-a Monday, I think--she walked away, and I thought my guts would burst for two days after. Do you remember it?

And so I told that to Judge Hathorne, and he asks her so. "Sarah Good," says he, "what curse do you mumble that this girl must fall sick after turning you away?" And then she replies (*mimicking an old crone*) "Why, your excellence, no curse at all. I only say my commandments; I hope I may say my commandments," says she! Then Judge Hathorne say, "Recite for us your commandments!" (Leaning avidly toward them) And of all the ten she could not say a single one. She never knew no commandments, and they had her in a flat lie!

ABIGAIL:

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 breath 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 reconing 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!!!

Rebecca Nurse:

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. Mr. Parris, I hope you are not decided to go in search of loose spirits. I've heard promise of that outside.

Elizabeth:

She frightened all my strength away. She is no mouse no more. I forbid her go, and she raises up her chin like the daughter of a prince, and says to me "I must go to Salem, Goody Proctor, I am the official of the court!" Ay, it is a proper court they have now. They've sent four judges out of Boston, she says, weighty magistrates of the General court, and at the head sits the Deputy Governor of the Province. I wish to God she were mad. There be fourteen people in jaild now, she says. And they'll be tried, and the court have power to hang them too, she says. The deputy governor promise's hangin if they'll not confess, John. The towns gone wild, I think---Mary Warren speak of Abigail as though she were a saint, to hear her. She brings the other girls into the court, and where she walks the crowd will part like the sea for Israel. And folks are brought before them and if Abigail scream and howl and fall to the floor, the person's clapped in the jail for bewitchin her!!

MARY

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?

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's dare not call out such a farmers 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!!!!

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 to listen to me, and by God I will scrub the world clean for the love of God. Oh John, I will make you such a wife when the world is white again! You will be amazed to see me every day, a light of heaven in your house, a.....Why are you cold?!

MALES

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 dancing in for his money back. So my Martha she says to him "Walcott, if you havn'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 looks!!

DANFORTH

No, old man, you have not hurt these people if they are of good conscience. But you must understand, sir, that w person is either with this court or he must be counted against it, there be no road between. This is a sharp time, now, a precise time---we live no longer in the dusky afternoon when evil mixed itself with good and befuddled the world. Now by God's grace, the shining sun is up, and them that fear not light will surely praise it. I hope you will be one of those. She's not hearty I see!

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 witch craft 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?

PROCTOR

You cannot weep, Mary. Remember the angel what he say to the boy. Hold to it, now; there is your rock. (to Danforth) This is Mary warrens deposition. I I would ask you remember, sir, while you read it, that until two weeks ago she were know different than the other children are today. You saw her scream, she howled, she swore familiar spirits choked her; she even testified that Satan, in the form of women now in jail, tried to win her soul away. She swears now she never saw Satan; nor any spirit, vague or clear, that Satan may have sent to hurt her. And she declares her friends are lying now.

CHEEVER

The girl, the Williams girl, Abigail Williams, sir. She sat to dinner in Reverend Parris' house tonight, and without word nor warnin, she falls to the floor. Like a struck beast, he says, and screamed a scream that a bull would week to hear. And he goes to save her, and stuck two inches into her flesh of her belly he draws a needle out. And demandin of her how she come to be so stabbed, she.....testify it were your wife's familiar spirit pushed it in. Tis hard proof!! I find here a poppet Goody Proctor keeps. I have found it, sir. And in the belly of the poppet a needle stuck. I tell you true, Proctor, I never warranted to see such proof of Hell.

HALE

Proctor, I cannot think God be provoked so grandly by such a petty cause. The jails are packed, our greatest judges sit in Salem now----and hangin's promised. Man, we must look to cause proportionate . Were there murder done perhaps, and never brought to light? Abomination? Some secret blasphemy that stinks to heaven? Think on cause, man, and let you help me to discover it. For there's your way, believe it, there is your only way, when such confusion strikes upon the world. Let you counsel among yourselves; think on your village and what may have drawn from heaven such thundering wrath upon you all. I shall pray to God open up our eyes.

Paris:

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.

PROCTOR:

Spare me! You forget nothing and forgive nothing. Learn charity, woman. I have gone tiptoe in this house all seven months since she is gone, I have not moved from there to there without seeking to please you, and still aan everlasting funeral marches round your heart. I cannot speak but I am doubted every moment judged for lies as though I come into a court when I come into this house!!! No More!!! I should have roared you down when first you told me your suspicion. But I wilted and like a Christian, I confessed. Some dream I had must have mistaken you for God that day, but you're not, You're not. Let you remember it. Let you look sometimes for the goodness in me, and judge me not.

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 whore when she see one!!!

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.