

Parris: Now then, in the midst of such disruption, my own household is discovered to be the very center of some obscene practice. Abominations are done in the forest -

Abigail: It were sport, uncle!

Parris, *pointing at Betty*: You call this sport? *She lowers her eyes. He pleads*: Abigail, if you know something that may help the doctor, for God's sake tell it to me. *She is silent*. I saw Tituba waving her arms over the fire when I came on you. Why was she doing that? And I heard a screeching and gibberish coming from her mouth. She were swaying like a dumb beast over that fire!

Abigail: She always sings her Barbados songs, and we dance.

Parris: I cannot blink what I saw, Abigail, for my enemies will not blink it. I saw a dress lying on the grass.

Abigail, *innocently*: A dress?

Parris - *it is very hard to say*: Aye, a dress. And I thought I saw - someone naked running through the trees!

Abigail, *in terror*: No one was naked! You mistake yourself, uncle!

PARRIS, *with anger*: I saw it! *He moves from her. Then, re-solved*: Now tell me true, Abigail. And I pray you feel the weight of truth upon you, for 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: There is nothin' more. I swear it, uncle.

Parris, *studies her, then nods, half convinced*: Abigail, I have sought here three long years to bend these stiff-necked people to me, and now, just now when some good respect is rising 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/Parris

2017 Auditions

Abigail, with an edge of resentment: Why, I am sure it is, sir. There be no blush about my name.

Parris, to the point: Abigail, is there any other cause than you have told me, for your being discharged from Goody Proc-tor's service? I have heard it said, and I tell you as I heard it, that she comes so rarely to the church this year for she will not sit so close to something soiled. What signified that remark?

Abigail: She hates me, uncle, she must, for I would not be her slave. It's a bitter woman, a lying, cold, sniveling woman, and I will not work for such a woman!

Parris: She may be. And yet it has troubled me that you are now seven month out of their house, and in all this time no other family has ever called for your service.

Abigail: They want slaves, not such as I. Let them send to Barbados for that. I will not black my face for any of them! *With ill-concealed resentment at him:* Do you begrudge my bed, uncle?

Parris: No - no.

Abigail, in a temper: My name is good in the village! I will not have it said my name is soiled! Goody Proctor is a gossiping liar!

Enter Mrs. Ann Putnam. She is a twisted soul of forty-five, a death-ridden woman, haunted by dreams.

Parris, as soon as the door begins to open: No - no, I cannot have anyone'. *He sees her, and a certain deference springs into him, although his worry remains.* Why, Goody Putnam, come in.

Mrs. Putnam, full of breath, shiny-eyed: It is a marvel. It is surely a stroke of hell upon you.