

# Witch!

by Diana Sáenz

? September 16, 2000, Londonderry, New Hampshire

"Salem Village (Danvers) was ground zero of the witchcraft events of 1692, with virtually the entire 500 person population involved. Salem Town (Salem), though they had several accused witches who lived there and had the formal trials there, escaped the social and religious maelstrom that followed. When witch times were over, Salem Village didn't want to be reminded of those dark days. When the Village became independent in 1752, it was given the new name of "Danvers" and their association with the witchcraft was happily obscured. By the late 19th century, Salem became a tourist destination and the witchcraft events took on a caricature of a non-threatening witch riding a broomstick and wearing a conical hat". - Richard B. Trask, Town Archives. <http://etext.lib.virginia.edu/salem/witchcraft/Collection.htm>

**John Hathorne**, a successful farmer, became a noted Salem merchant and a politician. Hathorne's political skills won him a position as justice of the peace and county judge. A very religious man, Hathorne served on a committee to find a replacement for Salem minister George Burroughs in 1686. He later sentenced Burroughs to death in the 1692 witch trials. Hathorne believed the devil could use witches to undermine the purpose of the church and do harm to people. Because of this belief, Hathorne and another justice of the peace, Jonathan Corwin, took very seriously complaints about suspected witches. Both immediately issued warrants for Sarah Good, Sarah Osborne, and Tituba when witchcraft accusations were made against them. As justices of the peace, Hathorne and Corwin conducted initial examinations of the suspected witches. Hathorne often appeared to act more as a prosecutor than an impartial inquisitor. Consider this exchange during the Bridget Bishop examination:

Hathorne: How do you know that you are not a witch?

Bishop: I do not know what you say. . . I know nothing of it.

Hathorne: Why look you, you are taken now in a flat lye.

Hathorne died on May 10, 1717 in Salem. Many years later, Hathorne's grandson, author Nathaniel Hawthorne, added a "w" in his to distance himself

from Hathorne because of the role he played in the Salem trials.

**Tituba Indian** is described as early as 1697 in some of the original transcripts as being half black and half Indian, not (as commonly believed) a Negro slave. She is reputed to be from an Arawak village in the West Indies. The Arawak people migrated from Central South America hundreds of years before their discovery by Europeans. By the

time Tituba was born, slavery had been established and the surviving Arawak people were a mixture of African and Indian.

Tituba was believed to be captured as a child, taken to Barbados, and sold into slavery. It was in Barbados that her life first became entangled with that of Reverend Samuel Parris. She was likely between the age of 12 and 17 when she came into the Parris household. She was most likely purchased by Parris from one of his business associates, or given to settle a debt. Parris, at the time, was an unmarried merchant, leading to speculation that Tituba may served as his concubine.

Tituba helped maintain the Parris household on a day-to-day basis. When Parris moved to Boston in 1680, Tituba and another Indian slave named John accompanied him. Tituba and John were married in 1689 about the time the Parris family moved to Salem. It is believed that Tituba had only one child, a daughter named Violet, who would remain in Parris's household until his death.

Tituba made herself a likely target for witchcraft accusations when shortly after Parris's daughter, Betty, began having strange fits and symptoms, she participated in the preparation of a "witchcake" (a mixture of rye and Betty's urine, cooked and fed to a dog, in the belief that the dog would then reveal the identity of Betty's afflictor). Parris was enraged when he found out about the cake, and shortly thereafter the afflicted girls named Tituba as a witch. Parris beat her until she confessed.

Tituba was the first witch to confess in Salem, and she likely did it to avoid further punishment. In her confession she apologized for hurting Betty, claimed she never wanted to hurt Betty, and professed her love for the child. She also wove a lively tale of the active community of witches in Salem. She named Sarah Good and Sarah Osborne as witches. By confessing early on, Tituba avoided the ordeal of going to trial, joining with the afflicted girls in providing key evidence against accused witches. Her husband, John, would also fall into fits, and become afflicted.

When public sentiment towards the accusers and the trials began to change, Tituba recanted her confession. This further enraged Parris, who in retaliation, refused to pay the jailers fee to get Tituba out a prison. As a result, she spent thirteen months in jail until an unknown person paid the seven pounds for her release and bought her. It is likely that the same person bought her husband, John, because the puritans were not inclined to split up married couples, even slaves. It is unknown what happened to her after she began her life with her new owner

**Sarah Good** was the daughter of a prosperous Wenham innkeeper, John Solart. Solart took his own life in 1672 when Sarah was 17, leaving an estate of 500 pounds. After testimony of an oral will, the estate was divided between his widow and her two eldest sons, with a portion to be paid

to each of the seven daughters when they came of age. However, Mrs. Solart quickly remarried, her new husband came into possession of her share and the unpaid shares of the daughters, and as a result, most of the daughters never received a portion of the Solart estate.

Sarah married a former indentured servant, Daniel Poole. Poole died sometime after 1682, leaving Sarah only debts, which some sources credit her with creating for Poole. Regardless of the cause of the debt, Sarah and her second husband, William Good, were held responsible for paying it. A portion of their land was seized and sold to satisfy their creditors, and shortly thereafter they sold the rest of their land, apparently out of dire necessity. By the time of the trials, Sarah and her husband were homeless, destitute and she was reduced to begging for work, food, and shelter from her neighbors.

Good was one of the first three women to be brought in at Salem on the charge of witchcraft, after having been identified as a witch by Tituba. She fit the prevailing stereotype of the malefic witch quite well. Good's habit of scolding and cursing neighbors who were unresponsive to her requests for charity generated a wealth of testimony at her trials. At least seven people testified as to her angry muttering and general turbulence after the refusal of charity. Particularly damaging to her case, was an accusation by her only child, four-year-old Dorcas Good who was also arrested on March 23. At the time of her trial, Good was described as "a forlorn, friendless, and forsaken creature, broken down by wretchedness of condition and ill-repute." She has been called "an object for compassion rather than punishment." The proceedings against Good were described as "cruel, and shameful to the highest degree." This remark must have been due in part to the fact that some of the spectral evidence against Good was known to be false at the time of her examination. During the trial, one of the afflicted girls cried out that she was being stabbed with a knife by the apparition of Good. Upon

examination, a broken knife was found on the girl. However, as soon as it was shown to the court, a young man came forward with the other part of the knife, stated that he had broken it yesterday and had discarded it in the presence of the afflicted girls. Although the girl was reprimanded and warned not to lie again, the known falsehood had no effect on Good's trial. She was presumed guilty from the start. It has been said that "there was no one in the country around against whom popular suspicion could have been more readily directed, or in whose favor and defense less interest could be awakened."

Good was executed on July 19. She failed to yield to judicial pressure to confess, and showed no remorse at her execution. In fact, in response to an attempt by Minister Nicholas Noyes to elicit a confession, Good called out from the scaffolding, "You are a liar. I am no more a witch than you are a wizard, and if you take away my life God will give you blood to drink." Her curse seems to have come true. Noyes died of internal hemorrhage, bleeding profusely at the mouth.

Although he clearly deserved nothing, since he was an adverse witness against his wife and did what he could to stir up the prosecution against her, William Good was given one of the larger sums of compensation from the government in 1711. He did not swear she was a witch, but what he did say tended to prejudice the magistrates and public against her. The reason for his large settlement was his connections with the Putnam family. Although Good's daughter was released from prison after the trials, William Good claimed she was permanently damaged from her stay in chains in the prison, and that she was never useful for anything. Dorcas Good, suffered serious emotional damage, and died in her teens.

*An Account of Events in Salem* by Douglas Linder  
<http://www.law.umkc.edu/faculty/projects/ftrials/salem/SALEM.HTM>

**Characters**

John Hathorne - 51 years of age  
Tituba Indian - Approximately 26  
Sarah Good - 38  
Jailer - Between 40 and 50  
New Jailer - Any Age  
**Characters 3M, 2F; Cast Requirements 2M, 2F**

## Scenes

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"...that ages will not wear off that reproach and those stains which these things will leave behind them upon our land" – Thomas Brattle, 1692

Perhaps it is the dominance of January that leans upon the human spirit and dims its light...

**SCENE I    March 1, 1692.    The -- Inn.    Tituba's Examination.**

Hathorne: Tituba, what evil spirit have you familiarity with?

Tituba:    None

Hathorne: Why do you hurt these children?

Tituba:    I do not

Hathorne: Who is it then?

Tituba:    The devil for ought I know.

Hathorne: Did you ever see the devil?

Tituba:    The devil came and bid me serve him.

Hathorne: Who have you seen?

Tituba:    Four women sometimes hurt the children

Hathorne: Who were they?

Tituba: Goodwife Osborne and Sarah Good and I do not know who the other were. Sarah Good and Sarah Osborne would have me hurt the children. But I would not. There was a tall man of Boston that I did see.

Hathorne: When did you see them?

Tituba: Last night in Boston.

Hathorne: What did they say to you?

Tituba: They say they hurt the children.

Hathorne: And did you hurt the children?

Tituba: No there is four women and one man. They hurt the children and they all upon me and they tell me if I will not hurt the children they will hurt me

Hathorne: But did you not hurt them?

Tituba: Yes but I will hurt them no more

Hathorne: Are you not sorry you did hurt them?

Tituba: Yes.

Hathorne: Why do you hurt these poor Children? what harm have they done onto you?

Tituba<sup>1</sup>: They do no harm to me I no hurt them at all.

Hathorne: Why have you done it?

Tituba: I have done nothing; I Can't tell when the  
Devil works.

Hathorne: What do the Devil tell you that he hurts them?

Tituba: No he tells me nothing?

Hathorne: Do you never see Something appear in Some  
shape?

Tituba: No never I see anything!

Hathorne: What familiarity have you with the devil, or  
what is it if you Converse with all? Tell the  
truth who it is that hurts them? You Master hath  
told me that you did confess to him. This  
examination will no longer tolerate hesitation!  
Now then, what appearance or how doth he appear  
when he hurts them? With what shape or what is  
he like that hurts them?

Tituba: The Devil for ought I know. . .Like a man I  
think yesterday I saw a thing like a man, that  
told me serve him and I told him no I would not

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do Such thing. That is when I see Goody Osborne and Sarah Good standing beside him. It was them then I knew who do his bidding and them that hurt the children. He would have me hurt them. They told me, *hurt the Children, go and hurt them or we will kill you!* At first I did agree with them but afterward I told them I do so no more.

Hathorne: Would they have had you hurt the Children the last night?

Tituba: Yes, but I was sorry and I said, I would do so no more. I would fear only God.

Hathorne: At first beginning with them, what then appeared to you—how did they appear?

Tituba: One like a man just as I was going to sleep came to me. This was when the children was first hurt he said he would kill the children and Elizabeth would never be well, if I would not serve him, he would do so to me.

Hathorne: Is that the Same man that appeared before to you that appeared the last night and told you this?

Tituba: Yes.



Hathorne: What other likenesses besides a man hath  
appeared to you?

Tituba: Likenesses?

Hathorne: Did he appear as a beast or any other  
form besides a man?

Tituba: Ah! Well. . .sometimes like a hog, and . .  
.sometimes like a great black dog. Four times  
like a dog, with paws this big and teeth as big  
as big as-

Hathorne: But what did they Say unto you?

Tituba: They told me serve him—that was the black dog.  
I told him I was afraid, he told me he would be  
worse then to me.

Hathorne: What did you say to him after that?

Tituba: I answered I will serve you no longer he told  
me he would do me hurt then.

Hathorne: What other Creatures have you seen?

Tituba: Oh. Well I have seen a bird.

Hathorne: What bird?

Tituba: A little yellow bird.

Hathorne: Where do it keep?

Tituba: With the man who hath pretty things there  
besides

Hathorne: What other pretty things?

Tituba: He hath not showed them unto me, but he said  
he would show them me tomorrow, and he told me if  
I would serve him I should have the bird.

Hathorne: What other Creatures did you see?

Tituba: Ah—saw two Cats, one red, another black—as big  
as a little dog.

Hathorne: What did these cats do?

Tituba: I don't know; I have seen them two times.

Hathorne: What did they say?

Tituba: Say, Master?

Hathorne: Yes, when they spoke to you? They did  
speak to you did they not?

Tituba: Yes! They say, serve him

Hathorne: When did you see them?

Tituba: Last night

Hathorne: Did they do any hurt to you or threaten you?

Tituba: They did scratch me.

Hathorne: What time?

Tituba: After prayer, because I would not serve them.

They stood before the fire.

Hathorne: What service do they expect from you?

Tituba: More hurt to the Children.

Hathorne: How did you pinch them when you hurt them?

Tituba: The other pull me and hall me to pinch the  
Children. I am very sorry for it.

Hathorne: Why did you hold your arm when you were  
Searched?

Tituba: Like how do you mean?

Hathorne: Like thus.

Tituba: I was tickled then and did not want to laugh  
at so grave a time.

Hathorne: Do the cats tickle you who suck you?

Tituba: I would not let no cats do so but they almost  
thrust me into the fire

Hathorne: How do you hurt those that you pinch? Do you  
get those cats? Or other things to do it for  
your? Tell us, how is it done?

Tituba: The man sends the cats to me and bids me pinch  
the children.

Hathorne: Did you ever go with Sarah Osborne and Sarah  
Good?

Tituba: They are very strong and pull me and make me  
go with them

Hathorne: Where did you go?

Tituba: Up to Mr. Putnam's to hurt their Child. I ride  
upon a stick or pole and Good and Osborne behind  
me we Ride taking hold of one another. Don't  
know how we go for I saw no trees nor path, but  
was presently there. Sarah Good and Osborne  
would have had me kill Thomas Putnam's Child last  
night. Good hath one of these birds the yellow  
bird and would have given me it, but I would not  
have it and at prayer time she stopped my ears  
and would not let me hear.

Hathorne: Did you never practice witch-craft in  
Barbados?

Tituba: Oh no!

Hathorne: But Have you seen it practiced there?

Tituba: I was only a girl when I am taken from my mother. I only remember my mother. I am so young then.

Hathorne: Did you see them do it now?

Tituba: Today I see them in the morning

Hathorne: But did you see them do it now while you are Examining?

Tituba: No, but I saw them hurt at other times. I saw Good hath a Cat beside the yellow bird which was with her.

Hathorne: What hath Osborne got to go with him?

Tituba: Some thing I don't know what it is. I can't name it, I don't know how it looks she hath two of them. One of them hath wings and two Legs and legs like a woman. Yesterday the children also saw the same.

Hathorne: What is the other thing that Good Osborne hath?

Tituba: A thing all over hairy, all the face hairy and a long nose and I dont know what it is. I can't name it. She hath two of them one of them hath wings and two Legs, it goeth upright and is about

two or three foot high and goeth upright like a man and last night it stood before the fire In Mr. Parris's hall.

Hathorne: What Clothes doth the man appear unto you in?

Tituba: Black Clothes Some times, Some times Serge Coat of other Color, a Tall man with white hair, I think.

Hathorne: What apparel do the woman wear?

Tituba: A black Silk hood with a White Silk hood under it, with top knots.

Hathorne: What Clothes the little woman?

Tituba: A serge Coat with a White Cap as I think.

*The girls scream out!*

Hathorne: Who hurts the children now?

Tituba: Goody Good and the Children—I cannot not tell—they have blinded me and do not let me see!

**SCENE II March 1, 1992 Sarah's Examination Trial**

Before the worshipfull Assts John Harthorn Jonathan  
Curren

Hathorne: Sarah Good what evil spirit have you  
familiarity with?

Sarah: *Sullen* None.

Hathorne: Have you made no contract with the devil?

Sarah: No.

Hathorne: Why doyou hurt these children? (*looking at  
the Girls*)

Sarah: I do not hurt them. I scorn it.

Hathorne: Who do you employ then to do it?

Sarah: No creature—I am falsely accused .

Hathorne: why did you go away muttering from Mr  
Parris' house?

Sarah: I did not mutter. I thanked him for what he  
gave my child.

Hathorne: have you made no contract with the devil?

Sarah: No, no, no!

Hathorne: Children look upon Sarah Good, and see,  
if this were the person that hath hurt you.

*The screams and cries of specters.*

Hathorne: Sarah Good do you not see now what you  
have done why do you not tell us the truth, why  
do you thus torment these poor children?

Sarah: I do not torment them.

Hathorne: Who do you employ then

Sarah: I employ nobody. I scorn it

Hathorne: How came they thus tormented?

Sarah: What do I know? Tis you who bring those others  
here and now tis you who charge me with it.

Hathorne: Whom do we bring?

Sarah: I know that you want me to say their names,  
John Hathorne—so you can do your wicked work.



Hathorne:           And you shall speak their names, you  
                          shall confess and break with the Devil by this  
                          confession!

Sarah:            I shall not!

Hathorne:           Then you will be damned. Take her away.

Sarah:            No wait!

Hathorne:        Hold! Do you wish to speak now Sarah Good?

Sarah:            I will speak--yes.

Hathorne:        With who do you conspire?

Sarah:            She is already here is she not? She hath  
                          already been accused, hath she not?

Hathorne:        Who?

Sarah:            She who you pulled from her sick bed.

Hathorne:        What is her name?

Sarah:            The old woman. Sarah Osborne. (*Muttering*)  
                          and Tituba, the Indian woman.

Hathorne: *(Gently)* Louder, Sarah Good, so that all may witness.

Sarah: Sarah Osborne and Tituba Indian.

Hathorne: Make note of that Sarah Good hath named Sarah Osborn to be in collusion with the Devil.

Sarah: Tis them who make me do their bidding.

Hathorne: They have bid you to hurt these children?  
*(Pause.)* They have caused you to visit them in their sleep?

Sarah: *(muttering)* I cannot.

Hathorne: Speak up, Goodwife Good.

Sarah: Tis my mortal soul you are asking for and this you shall not have! I scorn witchcraft and have no business in it. I do not go with anyone, nor do I know them any more than you know them. I cannot lie and face Him to whom I have given my prayer!

Hathorne: You lie now. You are so besotted with evil that you can only lie!

Sarah:        You have worn me down with this dreadful  
                  business (*pointing at the girls*) Wicked girls you  
                  shall have hell to pay for what you do today as  
                  you so boldly stare into the eyes of Eternity  
                  without flinching. Tis all of you who lie. I am  
                  a witch no more than you are a wizard and it is  
                  not His will that you torment me so.

Hathorne:        We torment the evil that thrives beneath  
                  our very floorboards!

Sarah:        *Laughs* What floorboards do you mean, Mister  
                  Hathorne? If there are no floorboards in the  
                  stable where in I sleep or the trees where under  
                  I rest, then I should be ignorant of any Devil.  
                  He prefers the floorboards that warm the feet of  
                  them who own them. There he find creature  
                  comforts and time enough to feed upon their greed  
                  and fear that suckles more than any yellow bird  
                  that heathen slave women dream up to be believed  
                  by fools and them who covet their neighbor's  
                  fields-

Hathorne:        The Devil loves filth no less, and lurks  
                  in the soiled hem of your rank coat...Your evil  
                  eye is well known by everyone. We have proof

enough in those children, but we have the depositions of your townsmen. When you go from person's houses a-muttering. What words is it that you mutter that make their cattle die?

Sarah: I do not mutter. I speak my own manner of thanks.

Hathorne: You call your many quarrels with your neighbors, thanks?

Sarah: My quarrels are only that. Should I have such powers as to make cattle die, would it be that I now stand helpless before you?

Hathorne: Helpless not to those children whom you torment. Sarah Good, and yet you call these dozen men, women and children, false witnesses? You have, for all to wonder, named everyone a liar and proclaimed yourself the only righteous soul.

Sarah: If I must tell I will tell, but I am in confidence. That is my promise to Him if he should make my Dorcas well again when she hath fever.

Hathorne: We have had enough of such unholy confidences!

Sarah: Tis now you who speak against Him!

Hathorne: Tis now you who shall hang if you do not  
confess!

*They glare at each other, but Sarah loses her resolve  
and bows her head and buries her face in her  
hands.*

Hathorne: Do tell us then.

Sarah: If I must tell I will tell, it is the  
commandments. I may say my commandments I hope?

Hathorne: What commandment is it?

Sarah: A psalm.

Hathorne: What psalm?

Sarah: *After a long time she mutters over some part  
of a psalm*

Hathorne: *Losing patience.* Who do you serve?

Sarah: I serve Him. I serve Him and I take my own  
private council and speak, an honest woman, for

my soul. This is all I have and you contrive to take that from me as well.

Hathorne: Who is he that you serve?

Sarah: He who made heaven and earth—are you addled, man? I sayeth these same words many times now!

Hathorne: What do know of Heaven when here on Earth you have never been seen in God's house on any Sabbath.

Sarah: I have not the clothes to present myself in your church. But I am not the only one who doth not attend the Reverend Parris's sermons. His pews are notably empty of them who have plenty and proper togs. If this be a sin of witchcraft, why are they not here before you?

Hathorne: We do not know where this will take us, do we? It is time for good Puritans to examine their own souls lest they find themselves examined in public.

Sarah Good, though you are not willing to mention the word God and your answers are very wicked, spiteful in a manner reflecting and retorting

against the authority with base and abusive words and many lies. Even your husband hath said that he was afraid that you either were a witch or would be one very quickly. And when I asked him his reason why he said so of you and when I asked him whether he had ever seen any thing by you, he answered no, not in this nature, but it was your bad carriage to him, and indeed, I may say he say all this with tears that you are an enemy to all good.

*As Hathorne speaks, his words become an echo and Sarah returns to her cell.*

*SCENE III The Accusers Meet*

*Tituba is sitting alone in a cell on her bed.*

*The sound of footsteps and the Jailer enters with Sarah.*

Sarah: You can't put me in with her! Here me, you mule skinner, you scoundrel! She—we—I can't be with this beast-woman!

Jailer: Back there!. You belong together! *Exits*

Sarah: Not true! Not! Her skin is burnt by the Devil's Hell-fires. I will be consumed! (*To Tituba*) Step back Heathen! To the furthest end! (*She sits as far as she can in the cell and glares at Tituba.*) I know you are a witch! And your own husband, John Indian, is a wizard and as wicked as those girls, now. Accusing everyone and rolling about the floor—biting himself, a grown man!

Tituba: John does what I told him to do.

Sarah: *Sarah looks at him in surprise.* What an evil plan you have conspired?

Tituba: Better he accuse than be accused.

Sarah: You should fear more for your immortal soul.

Tituba: I fear what I choose to fear and you fear what you choose to fear.

Sarah: It is because of you that I am here! (*shouting to the jailer*) Hey there! Is there no compassion at all left? You have put my accuser with me!

Tituba: You were already accused—by the girls—you know that—the village knows that. My *confession*, was



beat out of me. And what of you? You accuse me  
and Sarah Osborn.

Sarah: They tricked me!

Tituba: You are too sly to be tricked.

Sarah: They wore me down.

Tituba: No one wears Goody Good down.

Sarah: You are wrong. They wear at me until I seethe  
and then there is only one way to shut them up.

Tituba: Can you be silent?

Sarah: I will be silent soon enough!

Tituba: No good to speak like this. It tempts fortune.

Sarah: It tempts fortune to be a beggar woman, to  
live in Salem Village, to be accused a witch and  
to have all who know you pelt you with mud and  
horse dung. Do you think I should worry about  
tempting fortune? Besides, to plead with them  
will do me no good. If I confess then I will  
damn my immortal soul. And I have little else  
but that.

Tituba: I will save what I know I have and that is  
life.

Sarah: Indeed, then it must be true what I once heard  
from a captain who's trade was slavery that you  
are without souls. There is no Hell or Heaven  
that awaits your passing because this is all you  
have. You have no place to go after you take  
your last ungodly breath—like any simple beast.

Tituba: And what do you know what beasts have or have  
not? This is where I live. (*tapping her heart*)  
My mother is here and the never-winters of my  
island. In your heart there is naught but a  
bloody soup. And it torments you— If you could  
see through my eyes, you would see just how evil  
all of you are.

Sarah: It is you who have done evil by having accused  
me. You will burn in Hell.

Tituba: I thought you need a soul to burn in Hell?

Sarah: You dusty bitch!

Tituba: Does a lump of dough squeak at me?

Sarah: You have learned of Him and yet you defy Him.

Tituba: Your God was thrust upon me. And I do not understand a God who hath a very small Heaven and will only let a few go to him. If he made everything we can see, why cannot he make a bigger Heaven to fit in all the good souls? Because my master hath oft said that just because we are god-fearing does not mean we shall be by his side. What makes you think that you have been chosen? And you have misbehaved so oft, what makes you think that you have not already lost that place?

Sarah: He is more generous than *they* will have you believe!

Tituba: What do you say? You who cannot read the scriptures, say he is *kinder*?

Sarah: Who sayeth I cannot read?!

Tituba: You can?

Sarah: I am a Solart. We have all learned to read. And besides, no one sayeth that you must read to enter Heaven!

Tituba: If you must know the word that he hath laid down in the holy book, then I think you must read the book.

Sarah: That is not so. You may know it all by heart.

Tituba: Still I don't forget my old gods, where if one tires of me—or I tire of him, I give my prayers to another and they do not wait for my death to send me to Heaven or Hell. One God is too much power to have over all men.

Sarah: You blaspheme! You are with the Devil! All this time you pray and mimic us. You are the living lie!

Jailer: Shut up in there!

Tituba: (*Whispering*). This is your punishment for bringing me to this place.

Sarah: (*Whispering back.*). I have brought you no place!

Tituba: You and your kind.

Sarah: God would not punish us because we have wanted to teach his word to a soulless wench!

Tituba: Does your god abide the folly of he who wastes His words on "soulless wenches? Wenches you have halled and pulled into His house to maketh bow down before Him but all the time they pray to their own many, many gods? I think he is not so forgiving.

Sarah: (*Sarah is taken aback.*) You must be a witch and are here to tempt me! (*to Jailer*) Get me out of this sinful place! The witch seeks to corrupt me! (*to Tituba*) I shall not listen to your wicked words! I shall sing psalms. (*She covers her ears and mumbles a psalm under breath.*)

Tituba: I can't be idle with my time. I must think—

Sarah: It is *His* will that you be here for what you have just told me is enough to burn you!

Tituba: Do not speak to me, foolish woman!

Sarah: I speak my mind!

Tituba: Which is why you are here. I have no choice. Those girls come to me and say, if you do not show us your magic, we will tell the Minister

that you are a witch. What magic I tell them? I have no magic. But they not believe me. So I say, what do you want? They say, we want to see our future husbands. And we want to know what their trade will be. I am sorry for them. They have nothing before them but hard work and when they marry, they shall labor even more and to lighten their hearts they shall have a lifetime of Sundays and all day prayer unless, of course, they die giving birth. So I make up something. I say, Break an egg on the lip of a jar and there his face will be. Can you believe that? A chicken's egg? But they are already filled with so much fear, afraid they will be caught. They think they see a coffin. I say, it is not a coffin. But it hath shape like one. I don't know what to think. And little Betty she goes into fits and then Abigail. I don't know what to think!

This is how I am here. I am without choice. But you—you have *begged* your way into this dungeon with that bitter mouth of yours and your discords—!

Sarah: You are to blame for all this with your damned eggs and coffins. If you went to your Master when the girls first threatened you, this would have been stopped at the seed!

Tituba: You see those girls pale as death—there are times I believe them myself. But they pretend. I know it is not poor old Sarah Osborne nor Sarah Good, a stupid cow whose own husband tell the judge to have her locked in chains—

Sarah: You—! *Sarah lunges as Tituba and they begin to tussle.*

*Enters the Jailer, an unloved man so defeated by life that it exudes subtly from every aspect of himself. His wife ran away with trapper after six months of marriage and he hath lived alone for 20 years. He does his job effectively, driven by the fear of starvation.*

Jailer: Stop it in there! *He bangs a stick of solid mahogany against the bars.*

Sarah: Get her out of here she is the Devil's tosspot.

Jailer: You are both the Devil's tosspots. That is why you are here.

Tituba: Everyone knows this woman is not right in her head. You never know what she will do!

Jailer: Hey there—I will go in there and stop you both—

Tituba & Sarah together:

Tituba: I am a peaceful woman but I will not be badly used by one so filthy of body and mind—

Sarah: I am not fooled as you should not be by her clean manner nor prim dress. She hath the pride of a witch upon her person. She was scorched at birth—Satan had you sign his book and kissed you. Her skin is blackened by his kiss—

Jailer: *Starting to enjoy it.* A pair of she-devils — one burnt one white that you are! You are moving lasciviously even as you pretend to hate each other but you are both intent on making *me* your slave! I must take care that your specters do not visit me in my bed, your skirts flung up—



Pretending kindness, sly as cats—sent to me by  
Satan himself!

*Sarah and Tituba stop tussling and look at him.*

Tituba: Can you believe he takes pleasure of this?

Sarah: How now? This sad little mole finds his filthy  
pleasure not like other men who prefer a woman  
who chooses to give him her affection, but of  
poor captive women in misery!

Tituba: Look at her belly—

Sarah: My unborn child!

*The Jailer becomes self conscious and bangs the  
club against the bars.*

Jailer: No more fighting you hear? Else I will come  
in there and separate you with this! *He bangs the  
bars again and exits. Tituba and Sarah pull away.  
Now both composed.*

Sarah: Get over there. Get you far from here!

*(LIGHTS)*

**SCENE IV Sarah's Pedigree**

**Tituba & Sarah in their cell. Jailer holding a pot and ladel and a bag of bread.**

Jailer: Hold out your bowls—not so close to the bars—  
Stand back. *(He breaks off a piece of bread for each of them and drops it in their bowls.)*

Tituba: What is this? This is not fit for man nor  
woman!

Jailer: Aye, but then you are witches are you not?  
*Exits, chuckling at his own witticism.*

*The women begin eating. Sarah noisily consumes everything quickly as if afraid Tituba will take it from her. Tituba, eats gingerly, slowly giving an occasional look of disgust in Sarah's direction. Sarah finishes her soup and bread and licks her bowl. She then wipes the bowl with her filthy skirts.*

Sarah: You think you're better than I, do you not?  
Well I am a Solart. Does that mean nothing to you? My father was an affluent man. He drowned himself.

*(Tituba reacts)*

Oh yes, he did. His estate was worth 500 lbs! That is a sum someone like you cannot even imagine. But I shall tell you who the real witch was. My mother. She married before my father was even cold in his grave and did her best to disinherit his seven children. Me—the others managed to get me a tiny parcel of land. Then I married Daniel. *(sighs)* A beautiful—a handsome, man. An angel. An angel, that is, *and* an indentured servant, who died soon as he got me with child and I was forced to pay his debt with a piece of my land. Which left me desperate and so I married William, hardly better off than Daniel, and soon after we had to sell the rest of the land or starve.

Why do you think those women hate me so?

Tituba: Because you scold them when they refuse you charity and curse them when they give it to you.

Sarah: Oh she speaks at last and of course, she is wrong. They hate me because they know when they look at me, the same thing can happen to them at

any moment! They are terrified of me. . .(*sighs*)  
Providence.

But I was not born to beg for bread from people who do not know a fork from a knife, or to marry that simpering ne'er-do-well, Will Good. It was my mother who put me on this path to ruin.

Oh I know what you're thinking! You would say, that blame lay at my father's feet for leaving us at the mercy of his wife. But you were not there and could not see the way she nibbled at him day after day, year upon year. Till the poor man felt he had no recourse but to toss himself into a Winter's River. I can wager you now, it was her conspiracy all along to break his spirit—with her next-husband-to-be leaned up against the back door, awaitin'. They might as well have pushed my father into the water and held his head down. And if I am ruined and fated to go door to door, child in tow, asking for food and what-what, then of course, you can not be as humble before a bowl of soup as I.

*Tituba ignores Sara.*

"You cannot see, my life—a poor Indian slave woman. I am a puppet. *Sarah mocks Tituba. She stands up and holds her hands up like a puppet and moves her jaw mechanically.* Yes Master Parris. Whatever you say, Master Parris. Would you like eggs for dinner? I have a broken one in the jar here that will go bad if we do not cook it up right soon. Hmmm? Strange shape is it not? Pay no mind! I shall cut it into little pieces for your wee teeth to bite and your wee throat to swallow—careful now you might choke if you gobble up your food like that wicked Sarah Good! Oooo! *Sarah shows a knack for mimicry as she hold up the hem of her ragged skirt and wipes the imaginary master's imaginary lips.*

*Tituba gives the barest smile, in spite of herself.*

Oh, do I see a funny? *Tituba, turns her back to Sarah.* Well! I won't talk to you. I won't talk to you ever!

*She moves to sit again, then suddenly feels a spasm.. Sarah looks over her shoulder, but*

*Tituba has not noticed. Sarah sits down carefully, holding her belly.*

You cannot see my life either. You are a stubborn little heathen.

Tituba: *Sniffs.*

Sarah: Who are you to scorn me? You-you behave like the lady. An Indian slave woman! I am a free woman—at least you can say that about me! I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth.

Tituba: You would be better born with a honeyed tongue than a silver spoon and perhaps you would not be sitting here today.

Sarah: And you, Slave, have a razor tongue.

Tituba: I was born a free woman.

Sarah: By that you mean of course that you didn't wear clothes until Samuel Parris gave you some.

Tituba: You are not the only one "born free," as you say.

Sarah: Mmm. Well, none of us are free now, are we? Tis  
an idea as incorporate as their Spectral  
Evidence. *(She feels another contraction.)*

*A child can be heard from another cell crying.*

Sarah: Dorcas! Do not weep, child. Mama is here!

off stage: Mama! Mamaaaa!

Sarah: *(to the jailer)* Jailer! Jailer! She should be  
in here with me. You have not the smallest drop  
of human kindness—damn your black heart. I put a  
curse on you, Jailer! I put a curse on you and  
your family!

Tituba: He hath no family.

Sarah: How do you know?

Tituba: I know.

Sarah: Who told you? How is it that you are familiar  
with a Jailer in Boston?

Tituba: He hath opened up his breast to me and I saw  
his broken heart.

Sarah: Opened up his breast to you. He told you?

Tituba: He doth not need to tell me. This is what I know.

Sarah: Well damn his broken heart!

Tituba: Why do you curse him? He is doing what he hath been told to do. Why do you put a curse him at all? What if he should be reporting everything said in here? They will surely say it is more witchery.

Sarah: They are accusing everyone now—even men. The high and mighty have learned that they can also be knocked down. *To herself.* I must say, It tickles me a bit to see them equally foul. They, I am sure, must be amazed to find I do not smell so bad as they once thought. Now that their nosies are besieged by their own emanations. What they do not know is that they were always foul, but now I am not the only one who know their stench.

Tituba: Do you enjoy your neighbors' misfortune?

Sarah: Hang them all. Would it be that they hung each other and I would be rid of those who have scorned me and my little Dorcas. The way they



look at me and nod. From their dry lips they mutter, there now, we all knew she would someday sport a witches' chains. But they would not say that of Rebecca Nurse—all Puritan beliefs and an empty head! Well now it is filling up, I'll wager, confused she must be. In disbelief. But trusting in her loving family. She will be released. I know it. And she will be no wiser from this trouble, certain that it was her love for our Lord's or His love for her, that saved her and not her husband's money.

Tituba: This you say of someone who hath never been unkind to you.

Sarah: You are right. She was not *unkind*. But if she saw me ahead of her, picking lightly down the road wary of sharp stones, me barefoot and ragged and cold and holding my child from the wind. She pretend to not see us. She would gather a fledgling and nurture it before taking sight of me. I would rather see scorn in another's eyes that look upon me, than to look into eyes that do not see me at all.

Tituba: So she dont see you.

Sarah:     *(With satisfaction.)* They are all afraid.

Tituba:    Then there is Martha Cory.

Sarah:     She was easier to reach with that difficult  
            husband of hers. He hath argued with more people  
            in the village than I.

Tituba:    And her son that still live with them.

Sarah:     The Mulatto?

Tituba:    All that talk about a Black man visiting her,  
            bidding her to sign a book or pinch the children.  
            They take a truth and stretch it out into  
            fantastic shape.

Sarah:     Aye. Tis independence that singles you out,  
            just as Martha for her dalliance with an African  
            savage.

Tituba:    You do not know he was a savage.

Sarah:     A *black* man!

Tituba:    I am from Barbados. I have seen many black  
            men and I can say tis not them who is the savage  
            one. How many black men have you known?

Sarah: None, thank you. They are picking at us one-by-one. Me and you because we are naturally chosen in the first outcry of witchery. Then Bridget Bishop because she is the wife of a Tavern Keeper where they play shuffle-board to "unseasonable" hours, "corrupting the youth"—which want nothing better.

Tituba: I heard that she once wore a red scarf and went with men.

Sarah: Not a word of is true. That stupid girl hath mistaken Bridget Bishop for *Sarah* Bishop who did indeed wear a colorful scarf about her bodice once.

Tituba: A colored scarf—imagine that—and one, at that, that someone else hath worn.

Sarah: Then, there is Sarah Osborn, who did to her sons what my mother did to me—which does not inspire loyalty from them, no more than I would jump up to defend my own mother, if she were alive, and accused of witchery—which she surely would be.

Tituba: They shall have to accuse half the town if they begin with anyone who ever took what was not theirs.

Sarah: Aye. Tis a great convenience that Thomas Putnam's girl is the worst of the afflicted, as she circles round those who have been friends of her father's half-brother, Joseph who Thomas hath long resented for inheriting their father's estate.

Tituba: They try themselves on us and we are brought down very easy, and so they reach up another rung.

Sarah: Try as they might, the Putnams always make a mess of business and wind up the butt of conversation at the tavern. When I was a girl of sixteen or so, the Putnams—you how they protect their reputation? Well, they invested in some ironworks and hired a vile old Scotsman who was supposed to be skilled in this business to run it for them. Everyone knows the Putnams have never had a head for anything more than sticking a seed in the ground and pulling out a carrot. Naturally, the business went to hell very

quickly. But to make matters worse, the Scotsman and his family were scandalous lot which must have given the Putnams many a sleepless night.

Tituba: I know his three sons were arrested for indecency to a servant girl, and charged with lewd behavior, and using bad words and going about naked. What gods did they pray for?

Sarah: P'haps a druid or a dragon or the Fairy Prince.

Tituba: Ah! Tis sad, a man cant go naked on his own property.

Sarah: T'was not theirs to begin with. Did you know their own dear mother was scolded by the magistrates for taking a chair down to where the men and boys go swimming in the all- together. She set herself down and took her pleasure with witty but rude opinions of a lascivious-(*another contraction*) Oh!

Tituba: What is it?

Sarah: Nothing. I am too amused by these tales.

Tituba: You felt a pain?

Sarah: Do you not feel a pain? They have chained a four-year girl over there. My innocent Dorcas, whom they cannot even give to me to comfort. Yes I feel a pain. It would comfort me was well, I think.

Tituba: There is so much evil here. Among my people, we did not have a word for war. War is the Master's word we learn it from him when he comes and gives it to us. . . A little babe like that in chains. I do not understand your ways.

Sarah: They are not my ways.

Tituba: Yes they are.

Sarah: They are not my ways!

Tituba: I do not see you different than those who have put us here. If you were in their house, if you were Hawthorn's wife—you would be rolling in the floor sticking pins into your fingers, pointing at some other poor wench and crying to the world that her specter hovered over you.

Sarah: That I would! I would get rid of the lot of them!

Tituba: There.

Sarah: *Is surprised at her own reaction and suddenly a little ashamed.* I do not know what I would do. *(Another contraction)* I only spoke from anger, you pushed at me. I do not know what I would do. Yes I do know what I would do. If I were Hathorne's rich wife, I would take my dowry, lock his mousy kin whom fairness hath not cared to grace in their rooms and run off with the first jolly tinker or trapper to pass through the village. I would leave a note written on red silk—sign it with my elegant mark—feathery as you please and nail it to the front door for all the world to see about how unworthy a husband he hath been—bloodless man that he must be—it is evident in his face.

Tituba: His own son cannot abide him.

Sarah: Is that true?

Tituba: He hides from him to visit Philip English's daughter.

Sarah: The husband of Mary English who is here in prison?

Tituba: Aye.

Sarah: Well imagine that! (Another contraction) Oh, Dear Lord! (*Sarah's contraction is much stronger this time.*)

Tituba: The child is coming!

Sarah: No!

Tituba: No? This is not something that awaits your consent.

Sarah: I cannot bear to have a babe in this monstrous place. I would rather die!

Tituba: Woman, careful what you say. Jailer! Jailer!

Sarah: Hey what are you doing?

Tituba: He must bring us some water and towels.  
Jailer! Jailer!

*Jailer Enters.*

Jailer: What is it now?

Tituba: The child is coming. We will need water and towels!



Jailer: Water and Towels? Are you sure?

Tituba: Water and towels! Do not be the fool! Hurry  
now-go!

*The jailer runs around in confusion for a moment  
wringing his hands and mumbling "Water and  
towels" then scurries out.*

Sarah: Did you see that? He was like a lost mouse! He  
hath indeed gone to look for water and towels! I  
am amazed. That fool of a man hath gone to look  
for towels.

Tituba: Is that what gives you mirth?

Sarah: What is this you defend this jailer who does the  
bidding of his masters and does it well?

-Oh my! I will need to lie down I think. It  
comes quick enough this time.

Tituba: When did you begin to have pains?

Sarah: Early this morning. Before daybreak. But they  
were slow and far between.

Tituba: Why did you not say something? You ate as if  
there was no child about to come.

Sarah: I eat when I have food before me. I should know  
if I will need my strength! Oh! Ohhh! Ahhh!

*Lights Black.*

**SCENE V Mercy**

*Sarah, Tituba and the Jailer. Sarah is lying down  
holding the baby, who is wrapped in old clothes.*

Jailer: What will you name her?

Sarah: Mercy. There is so little of that now we need a  
Mercy.

Tituba: Mercy.

Jailer: Mercy. A sweet thing she is.

Tituba: Aye. So innocent.

Jailer: Aye.

Sarah: She sleeps well. You have done good work, my  
little one.

*Jailer enters. He brings a pail of milk.*

Jailer: I have brought you this, Goody Good.

Sarah: What is it?

Jailer: *Embarrassed.* Milk. For you to drink. To give  
you strength for the child.

*Sarah and Tituba stare at each other in surprise.*

Sarah: I-I (*pause*) I--

Tituba: Thank the man.

Sarah: Yes, thank you. *She takes the milk and drinks  
it hungrily.*

Jailer: I have an old cow, but she still give me milk.

Sarah: It is good milk.

Jailer: Yes, it is good milk. I am told it is good  
milk.

Tituba: Do you not drink it yourself?

Jailer: Oh yes. In the morning. Every morning, well  
except for. . .

Tituba: You are a thoughtful man.

Jailer: I (*embarrassed.*) For the child, you see. I  
shall fetch the pail later.

*Exits.*

**SCENE VI A Peaceful Child**

*Tituba and Sarah. Sarah is sitting hold the child*

Sarah: She is a sweet child. A peaceful child.

Tituba: She looks a little pale. Hath she eaten?

Sarah: Oh yes several times. You were sleeping.

Tituba: Oh.

Sarah: Tell us a story.

Tituba: What kind of story? I don't know no stories.

Sarah: You must know some stories. From your home.

Tituba: I don't remember no stories. It was too long ago.

Sarah: What is your home like? You remember that, don't you?

Tituba: It seems that I forgot when I was taken from there. I remember that my mother and my Aunties told stories, but I cant remember them for some reason.

Sarah: How old were you when you last saw your mother and aunts?

Tituba: I was still a girl. It was before I have my blood. I do remember my village.

Sarah: I'll wager it was nothing like Salem Village.

Tituba: Well it never snowed for one thing.

Sarah: Can you imagine, little Mercy? Not a single flake.

Tituba: We have no word for snow. But there is water everywhere. We go in the ocean. The ocean water is warm.

Sarah: Warm? Imagine that. And you can bathe in it?

Tituba: Oh yes. But it is salty of course so you are not really clean. We bath in other waters, more inside the island. And we have trees that look very different there. We have one tree that is all trunk. Then at the very top, like a wide hat—but they are leaves—not branches like trees here. The leaves this big that pop out from the top of the tree. And from these trees, giant

seeds. Big as your head. You crack them open and milk comes out.

Sarah: Milk? Like cows' milk?

Tituba: Much sweeter than cows milk. And the inside of the seed is a white meat that you scrape off the seed shell with your teeth.

Sarah: A shell of meat and milk? Do you cook it?

Tituba: There is no need.

Sarah: Then you need never work. There is always food.

Tituba: Aye. Food grows in abundance. We must work to fetch it. But we do not grow—not like you must grow corn here. And there is never lack of rain, or too much rain to ruin the crops like happens here. They grow by themselves.

Sarah: What a miracle! Why would anyone want to live here if they have lived on your island?

Tituba: I would ask myself questions like that every day about your people when I first came here. None of this made any sense to me. Then after a



time I see how hard it is for people with skin like snow to be in the sun for very long. How they turn red as beets and their skin fall off. Or they go into a swoon just because of a little sun. It makes me believe that we are made especially for certain places. Just like plants.

Sarah: And you think we would have the sense of a potato and stay where we are planted. What is the weather like? Do we have anything like it here?

Tituba: Some days in the summer here are like my Islands. When it very hot and damp.

Sarah: I could not bear that!

Tituba: But we have ocean breeze to cool us. It is different. And we do not wear so much clothes. In fact it is not a sin to wear nothing.

Sarah: So it is true? That the people march around naked as cats and dogs?

Tituba: We paint our bodies and look no more naked than cats and dogs.

Sarah: You wear paint? Do you hear that Mercy. They paint on their linen and collars!

Tituba: No, we do not paint on *clothes*. We paint lines and pictures in all colors.

Sarah: And the men as well?

Tituba: Aye.

Sarah: There must be fornicating where ever one goes!

Tituba: No more than here. It is the every day custom and as a man in a frock coat and a woman in an apron and bonnet. You do not need clothes. It must be hard for you to understand.

Sarah: I would have to go to sleep and have a very long dream and in the dream I would find myself flying over the land and ocean and into many sunsets like a bird going south. And then I would have to fall softly into the whitest sand and have some of your meat and milk seeds and bath in a island pond and forget about everything.

Tituba: Then you would take your clothes off?

Sarah: Well, not right away.

If you do not have a word for war nor a word for snow, tell me then what word do we not have a word for?

Tituba: Oh. One of the words that I can still remember is *Anak-kc*. It is when you wake up in the morning and have a –like a–tremble–and you know a good thing is about to come.

Sarah: Yes. I don't think we have a word for that.  
*Anak-kc*?

Tituba: *Anak-kc*.

Sarah: *Anak-tc*.

Tituba: Yes, that is it.

Sarah: But I want to return to the custom where you paint your bodies. Brightly colored paint. No, I can't imagine that kind of innocence. It sounds like Eden.

Tituba: Innocence. Yes that is what we were before your people came and made us slaves.

Sarah: I am sorry.

Tituba: Why are you sorry?

Sarah: For what happened.

Tituba: Well you were not there, I think.

Sarah: Mercy hath passed.

Tituba: Passed?

*Sarah sighs and rocks the infant.*

What do you mean, *passed*? Let me see!

*Sarah does not let Tituba near.*

When? How?

Sarah: Last night. She stopped breathing.

Tituba: How could she? She was fine. She was a fine  
hale baby that come out of you!?

Sarah: I willed her to go.

Tituba: What do you mean?

Sarah: When I was still carrying her. A week before  
her birth. I wished it. And now it hath  
happened. But I no longer willed it, but it was

too late. His Lord had already answered my prayer.

Tituba: You *prayed* for Mercy to die?

Sarah: To wish something *is* a prayer because he grants your wishes. I did not mean it. Except at that moment I was without hope. And Dorcas chained to the wall. I could not bear to give them another child so they could misuse her as Dorcas hath been misused and as I have been.

And yet when Mercy was born. I...I had forgotten my wish. I only felt new hope. But it was too late. He hath heard me.

Tituba: The child dying hath not died because of your wish. You have not good food and it was plain that the child was small. This is no place to have a thing so fragile.

Sarah: Tis no place for anyone.

Tituba: We must call the Jailer.

Sarah: Do you think so?

Tituba: Yes. Don't you?

Sarah: I s'pose. I like to hold her so, even if she  
no longer breathes her sweet baby sighs nor doth  
she coo.

Tituba: Jailer! Jailer! Come here, Quick!

Sarah: It is my pleasure to keep her.

Tituba: What do you mean?

Sarah: She is my child.

Tituba: Tis not good. You must let her go. She must  
be given back to the dirt.

Sarah: You shall not make me bury my Mercy-No!

*Jailer enters.*

Jailer: What is it?

Tituba: The baby hath died.

Jailer: What? No!

Tituba: It was not a strong baby. You could see that.  
It was a small baby.

Jailer: Aye but!—(pause) Ah well. What a shame! How can such a thing live in a place like this? What a shame. (pulls out his keys to unlock the door)

Sarah: No! Stay away from us!

Tituba: Woman—you must give up the poor thing.

Sarah: She is no *thing*! She is my Mercy! No! Stay! Stop! Stop! She's mine!

*Jailer takes the child. Sarah becoming hysterical.*

Jailer: Give it here—Let it go. (To Tituba) Hath she gone daft?

Tituba: She's in great sorrow.

Sarah: Mercy! Come back! Oh forgive me? I did not mean it. Forgive me. Forgive meeeee!

*Jailer exits with child. Sarah weep hysterically, face down in her bed. While Tituba recites the Lord's Prayer.*

**Lights down.**

**SCENE VII June 30, 1692 Washing.**

*Sarah has her back turned and does not move from her bed.*

Tituba: Say, there!

*Sarah does not answer.*

Tituba: You have not washed for so long that I can no longer abide you. Get up, do you hear? It is high time you become familiar with a cloth and water again. *Shaking Sarah.* Do you not hear me?

Sarah: Let me be.

Tituba: You do not let me be!

Sarah: I say nothing to you.

Tituba: You offend my senses.

Sarah: Leave me.

Tituba: If you are so grieved you would stop eating as well and waste away so they would remove you from this cell and give me relief.



Sarah: Oh my, she who fear Death more than anything must be fearfully offended to speak so wantonly of it.

Tituba: Tomorrow is your trial. Do you want to show yourself in such a manner?

Sarah: They have murdered my child. Let them see what they have done to the mother.

Tituba: You must go before them and be mistress of your own self. If you let yourself be seen so, they will be disgusted and show you no mercy at all.

Sarah: It be six weeks since Mercy died.

Tituba: If you will not listen. . .Jailer! Jailer!  
(pause) Jailer! Jailer! Come here if you please.

*Enters Jailer with a pail of water.*

Jailer: What is it?

Tituba: Can it be that that be water you have there?

Jailer: Aye, it is. I am delivering it to the cells.

Tituba: Good give it here to me. I am in desperate need of it.

Jailer: Tis, she who seems more than anyone to be in desperate need.

Tituba: I shall make good use of it. I promise you.

Jailer: Mmm.

*Opens the jail and places the water by Tituba. Tituba takes a cloth and soaks it in the water, wringing it out, she moves towards Sarah.*

Sarah: What now? Stay your hand! You shall not touch me!

Tituba: Then you leave me no choice! *Tituba realizes that she cannot force her, so she takes the bucket of water and drenches Sarah with it.*

.Sarah: *Sarah screams with indignation* Are you mad? I shall catch my death!

Tituba: Not in this heat. It shall cool you off and I hope clean you up a bit!

Sarah: Jailer—do you not see what this wench hath done to me? I demand to be moved.

Jailer: It is high time that someone took the matter  
in hand. I commend you, Dark Lady, it takes  
courage to dampen a she-cat like that one!

Tituba: Then, I beg you, bring me another pail, so I  
may drench her again.

Jailer: That I will and gladly!

Sarah: No! I prithee. I shall wash myself. If I am  
a She-cat, she is the She-devil who seeks to  
drown me. Here with that towel!

Jailer: I shall even bring thee a bit of soap for it  
is a day to celebrate!

*Exits laughing.*

Sarah: *(Shouting after Jailer)* Do not bother  
yourself!

Tituba: You shall wash everything.

Sarah: Tis a sad day when a slave woman commands a  
Solart.

Tituba: Tis a sad day when a Solart must be commanded  
to wash.

Sarah: Is tomorrow really my trial?

Tituba: You and the others.

Sarah: Who all?

Tituba: Sarah Wildes, Susannah Martin, Elisabeth Howe  
and Becky Nurse.

Sarah: And Bridget Bishop?

Tituba: ...I told you.

Sarah: Told me?

Tituba: She was hanged over a fortnight ago. I told  
you this.

Sarah: Dearest Lord, how could I not have heard you?  
Then I am as good as hanged. A dozen blood lusty  
liars have stepped up for each of us. But  
Rebecca Nurse will be acquitted.

Tituba: She hath many friends and petitions they have  
signed.

Sarah: She hath money as well.

Tituba: That may help. But you must think of  
yourself. You must plan what you will do if they

do this or that. You must stay composed and, and  
. .

Sarah: Keep my own council?

Tituba: Aye.

Sarah: They will surely anger me. I cannot abide any  
length of stupidity.

Tituba: If you do, it will only feed their lust. They  
shall fancy themselves all the more pious.

Sarah: How have you managed to stay so clean all this  
time?

Tituba: I will not let them see that they have beaten  
me.

Sarah: You are a proud woman, indeed.

Tituba: And you are not?

Sarah: Do you think? It hath taken us down two such  
different paths. I am thought melancholy but tis  
more a great anger hath consumed me. I care  
nothing for my person. While you, you have seen  
fit to be a docile woman, you have the village

all convinced you love the Parris children. You are a comely woman. Perhaps a little vain?

Tituba: Perhaps. But tis more than vanity or pride. And though we go down different paths, we come to the same door.

Sarah: No. We go to different doors. They have stolen you away from your island, and yet you show great tolerance of them, so as you show the Jailer.

Tituba: Tis not for them that I am so. Tis for me. My heart is not a young girl's heart. I do not care to help them. Tis for me I do it and me alone.

Sarah: Now that is a confession coming from you.

Tituba: When I confess in March, there is the one truth I tell.. I can not love them or their children. I feel pity sometimes. But a bitter pity it is. I love no one.

Sarah: Not your husband, John Indian?

Tituba: Well, perhaps, but not like a husband. We have been put together. We are told to work and to sleep together.

Sarah: Yet you command him to look out for himself.

Tituba: Why should we both be punished? He hath enough to bear without my trouble.

Sarah: That shows some love, I think.

Tituba: Tis not love as you think.

Sarah: Then what?

Tituba: Tis more that John Indian and I must help the other. Tis an unspoken agreement we share.

Sarah: I see. But I have not such an agreement with my own husband. Tis less than love we have.

*Pause.*

Can it be better to be a slave than a beggar?

Tituba: I would have traded with you out there any time.

Sarah: I am too familiar with one and know nothing of the other. On several time as I set out to find a

tree to lean against on a cold night I envy you  
as I watch you close the door behind me, locked  
tight inside the Reverend's fine house.

Tituba: But would you trade?

Sarah: *(pause.)* But what if I must listen to Thomas  
Gage and his idiot wife go up there and babble  
about a senseless goat that break its leg the day  
after I pass their farm? What if some putrid man  
complain that I have come to him in the night and  
lain atop his hoary body and make him sin with my  
specter?

Tituba: And they will.

Sarah: I will be forced to laugh or scoff at such  
notions—I shall tell them—!

Tituba: Nothing. That is what you will tell them.  
You will not raise an eyebrow as is your wont.  
You will not cough. And you must weep. It is  
always good to weep. This is what you own  
husband do when he damn you with his foolishness

Sarah: I am no William Good and they shall not  
witness that of me!



Tituba: And what of your child that lie there chained  
and weep every night in her dreams?

Sarah: P'haps I can find the tears.

*[lights.]*

"Those are Therefore in thier Maj'ties name  
William & Mary now King & Queen over England &ca:  
to will & Command you that upon Tuesday next  
being the 19th day for [torn] Instant July  
between the houres of Eight & [torn] in [torn]  
forenoon the same day you Safely conduct the s'd  
Sarah Good Rebecka Nurse Susann Martin Elizabeth  
Howe & Sarah Wild From thier Maj'ties goal in  
Salem afores'd to the place of Execution & there  
Cause them & Every of them to be hanged by the  
Neck untill they be dead and of the doings herein  
make return to the Clerke of the said Court &  
this precept and hereof you are not to fail at  
your perill and this Shall be your sufficient  
Warrant given under my hand & seale at Boston th  
12't day of July in the fourth year of Reign of  
our Soveraigne Lord & Layd Wm & Mary King and  
Queen &ca: " - *Transcript from the Trial of  
Sarah Good*

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**SCENE VIII The Sentence**

Jailer returns with Sarah.

Tituba: They have given you Death.

Sarah: Yes.

Tituba: What happened? What did they say?

Sarah: It was a shameful business. I cannot understand how they have me the liar when their own proceedings bare their own lies so shamefully. The girls are screaming and such and one of them cries out—

Tituba: Which one?

Sarah: I do not know her—with their tear stained faces and gaping maws, I cannot hardly recognize the ones I do know! So the girl sayeth she is being stabbed by my specter and shows them a knife or rather the broken blade of a knife. Then a young man comes forward and says, that that was his knife that he was sharpening the day before and that the afflicted girl was there, watching him and that he broke the knife and threw it away right in front of her. Then he shows us the shaft and where it was broken and of course, it match the blade in a perfect fit where it had broken!

Tituba: And what did the judges say to that?

Sarah: They scold the wench as if she had broken a cup and they went on with the trial as if everything else that was being said about me was true! My scorn for them was so o'erwhelming that I do not remember to weep as you advise me.

Tituba: There was no turning them away.

Sarah: I have never seen such a travesty. As I have said all along.

Tituba: And Rebecca Nurse?

Sarah: All of us!

Tituba: Rebecca too?!

Sarah: I cannot believe they have condemned poor Becky. Me? Women like me are always chosen for this kind of folly. But Becky? I think not. Though it was her own words that they used against her.

Tituba: How so?

Sarah: They had pronounced her innocent, but the wicked Ann Putnam begins anew to cry out so. So

they bring out Abigail Hobbs—Did you know she hath confessed?

Tituba: No. There so many comings and goings about here.

Sarah: Becky sayeth, "What, do these persons give in evidence against me now, they used to come among us.?"<sup>2</sup>

Tituba: Yes! How could she have any evidence as she hath been here in this prison these long three months—almost as long as we be here.

Sarah: And that is what Rebecca meant as well. A fool can see that! But they turn it around and they sayeth, there then, Rebecca Nurse as good as admits that they are all witches!

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<sup>2</sup> When the Verdict not Guilty was, the honoured Court was pleased to object against it, saying to them, that they think they let slip the words, which the Prisoner at the Bar spake against her self, which were spoken in reply to Goodwife Hobbs and her Daughter, who had been faulty in setting their hands to the Devils Book, as they have confessed formerly; the words were "What, do these persons give in Evidence against me now, they used to come among us." After the honoured Court had manifested their dissatisfaction of the Verdict, several of the Jury declared themselves desirous to go out again, and thereupon the honoured Court gave leave; but when we came to consider of the Case, I could not tell how to take her words, as an Evidence against her, till she had a further opportunity to put her Sense upon them, if she would take it; and then going into Court, I mentioned the words aforesaid, which by one of the Court were affirmed to have been spoken by her, she being then at the Bar, but made no reply, nor interpretation of them; whereupon these words were to me a principal Evidence against her.

*Thomas Fisk.* When Goodwife Nurse was informed what use was made of these words, she put in this following Declaration into the Court.

"These presents do humbly shew, to the honoured Court and Jury, that I being informed, that the Jury brought me in Guilty, upon my saying that Goodwife Hobbs and her Daughter were of our Company; but I intended no otherways, then as they were Prisoners with us, and therefore did then, and yet do judge them not legal Evidence against their fellow Prisoners. And I being something hard of hearing, and full of grief, none informing me how the Court took up my words, and therefore had not opportunity to declare what I intended, when I said they were of our Company."

Tituba: So be it when they are looking for blood not truth.

Sarah: And most lustily do they please to hang us. And there begin a clamor in the court room and poor Becky is partial deaf and knows not what the clamor is about and only looks confused. So the jury goeth out again and return with a pronouncement of guilty!

Tituba: But why should I be amazed that not even a respected woman can escape this madness?

Sarah: You knew they would.

Tituba: I did not think that far.

Sarah: Because you knew it. You should have said it.

Tituba: Said what?

Sarah: What you knew! You should have told me what you knew—to spare me.

Tituba: Spare you what?

Sarah: Spare me what? Why bothering to be quiet and show humility. For this I bathed? I would have told them my mind. But you tell me keep to

yourself and say nothing and now I am to hang for  
all the good it did me. And this is your fault!

Tituba: There you go. It is your wont.

Sarah: Have I not suffered enough? Have I—

Tituba: It is your wont, like a drunkard goes to mead,  
you go to discord. It is what you have done all  
your life, is it not? Do you think you lift the  
stone in your heart by sharp words? They say to  
you, you are a witch you go the way of Goody  
Bishop but you do not weep or pray like any other  
woman, you come to me with fists in your words.  
You will not change—you will go up that hill with  
the devil on your tongue!

Sarah: Woman—I have had my fill of the Devil! (Pause)  
It is not the devil that speaks. . .It is my own  
scorn for them from the very center of my soul,  
can you not see that?

Tituba: You do not hide your bitterness—we know that.

Sarah: Perhaps you have some truth here, Tituba. I  
should not come back here and make discord with  
you. When I come with my child, hungry...to your

Master's door, I go from your kitchen where you have looked me in eye and speak to me without cold in your voice and I think that you see me. Pause. I have tried to change but I have no such patience. I will not keep my peace from now on.  
.

Tituba: You spoke my name—!

Sarah: What do you say?

Tituba: You have never called me by my name these months.

Sarah: You have never called me by mine. And what matter is it?

Tituba: I have.

Sarah: When?

Tituba: In the beginning but then when you never called my by my name, then I would not call you by yours. (begins to weep) I don't know. But it pulls at my heart.

Sarah: You are weeping?

Tituba: I don't know.



Sarah: I can see you are!

Tituba: I have not heard my name since the coldest part of winter and it make me see my mother and the sun out there where common beasts roam but we cannot, god's children cannot. We have seen too much – you and me, Sarah Good. And I am sorry for the meanness of your life and for mine, stolen and sold then to bring me to this place and my master a man who cannot laugh. Who should come *here* and ask *me* for mercy. I am Tituba and I have something to confess to all of you who looks for evil to root out of we who you have betrayed. I am Tituba and know because I have seen more sun in one day than you will ever look upon. Tituba, Tituba, Tituba, Tituba and it gives me peace—the sound of my name is the sound of the drums from my island home. I am sorry for everyone for everyone, everyone, everyone—

Sarah: Tituba?

Tituba: Everyone, everyone—

Sarah: Tituba, Tituba, Tituba, Tituba,

Tituba & Sarah: Tituba, Tituba, Tituba, Tituba, Tituba,  
Tituba, Tituba,

*They fall into a kind of mantra and begin to move to the sound. The Jailer comes out to see what is the noise and stops. . .watching them. His closes his eyes, buries his face in his hands, falls to his knees and rocks every so slightly to the rhythm of the words.*

***[Lights black.]***

**SCENE IX - July 19, 1692 Sarah is taken away.**

*It is early morning.*

Sarah: Tituba.

Tituba: Yes?

Sarah: Do I wake thee?

Tituba: I am awake. My thoughts are going so fast. I  
dnt think that I have slept at all but for  
moments of forgetfulness. How do you fair?

Sarah: I am ready now. I can say that I feel a  
lightness in my heart because it is almost over.

Tituba: But, Sarah, are you not afraid?

Sarah: I am afraid for moments, I am terribly afraid  
and my whole being trembles. But then as if  
angels enters me, I am just as quickly quiet  
again. And I can pray to Him and ask him to take  
me home. I have looked inside my heart and asked  
for his forgiveness and He hath granted me that.

Tituba: I could not be so brave. I would be crying and wailing and make a great noise. I would not let them sleep.

Sarah: (*Laughs softly.*) I do not know the words to describe where I am present. It is a feeling I have never had. It is a peace. I only want one thing.

Tituba: What is that? Can I give it to?

Sarah: No. It is not in your power. I only want them to come and take me, before my little Dorcas wakes. I do not want to her to see them take me way.

Tituba: Poor child.

Sarah: Aye. She clung to me all day, yesterday. She could not be consoled. They have broken her, I am so afraid for her. What will become of her? I cannot imagine why that Jailer let me spend that time with her. They must have given him an order.

Tituba: I think not, Sarah Good. I saw him go to and fro. Timid as a cat, as if afraid someone would come.

Sarah: I don't know. He is afraid of his own shadow.

Tituba: These days make strong men weak and timid men brave.

Sarah: I don't know. I have not quite forgotten the lust he shamefully acknowledge to us when he first brought you.

Tituba: I thought you were all forgiveness a moment ago.

Sarah: Forgiveness? Not at all! My own peace within doth not require that. I forgive no one! They do warrant any forgiveness. They are deserving only my cursesm and that is how I shall occupy the time spent on the ride to the gallows. I shall amuse myself with thinking up some colorful words, so they remember the day they hang Sarah Good.

Tituba: There is the Sarah I know...and, in a fashion, have come to love.

Sarah: Tituba, you have given me a great pleasure just now. In me there hath grown a great fondness for you. I do love thee as well. We have suffered so together..

Tituba: *(Teeth chattering)* Look, I am shaking so. I am so afraid for you

Sarah: Soft—I hear them!

*Enters Jailer.*

Jailer: Sarah, they are here.

Sarah: *(Her tone immediately changes toward the Jailer.)* So be it.

*Jailer unlocks her chains.*

Sarah: Tituba, Tituba—my arms feel like angel wings! *As she gets up, she almost falls, from weakness. The Jailers catches her.* Stay—Devil! Keep your vile hands away from my person. A pox on you children's children and a pox on you!

*The Jailer backs off in shock.*

Tituba: Sarah—!

Jailer: I-I only meant to help you!

Sarah: Help me to the gallows? You are no man, you-  
you frog! I shall get there on my own two feet!  
Step back and give me air!

Fear not, Tituba, I am almost in celebration.  
Remember what I told you. I shall keep myself  
amused.

*Sarah and Jailer exit. Lights down.*

**SCENE X The Jailer**

*Enters Jailer.*

Jailer: *Whispering.* Tituba.

Tituba: What is it?

Jailer: I seek your council.

Tituba: About what?

Jailer: About Sarah. I want to hear what advice you  
may give me.

Tituba: What can I say to you about Sarah?

Jailer: She was a piece of work, that one.

Tituba: Aye. But that is no news.

*Jailer:* Do you think she meant what she said to me?

Tituba: You mean about cursing your family?

Jailer: Well not that I have a family. No one shall  
bear my name. I am the end of my line. But it  
is that—I know I was unthinking in the beginning—  
no, I was cruel. But I was a fool because I  
believed it were true what they said about you.



Then as I saw the prison fill up it become clear to me that all these people could not be witches or wizards but are cheated of their property, and if they have none, like Sarah, of their life. And so, I have hoped to be kinder these past few months—to all of you. (Pause) But it was Sarah who turned me round with the child she bore and she lost. And her grief for it. I could only feel a deep, deep shame, not only for me, but for what hath happened here and doth continue. I—I tried to show her kindness, but she cursed me so, and I am. . .I am lost for what to think.

Tituba: In the West Indies, where I am from, when I was little, my Auntie once found a cat. It was thin as parchment from hunger. Nearly dead. So she brought it back to life, caring for it like a mother to her child. When the cat got strong, it turned out that it was a very mean animal, and bit everyone who got near it. It piss on her bed—not like any other cat that goeth about its business in private. It climb the walls of her little hut and broke her only cooking pot. I don't know how many times the cat bit my poor Auntie. We all told her to get rid of the cat

but she said, "No, the cat is a lost spirit looking for forgiveness. If I turn away from it, it will never find peace."

Jailer: What a kind-hearted woman, your Auntie must have been.

Tituba: Aye and little soft in the head as well. So on the day that it lie dying with its last breath as my Auntie bent down to comfort it, the cat bit her—bloodied her hand—then it died.

Jailer: *Starts laughing. It becomes heartier.*

*The laughter becomes infectious and Tituba joins in the laughter.*

Jailer: Aye, that Sarah was that very cat, me thinks.

Tituba: More hiss than bite, tho'.

Jailer: But what a hiss. Do you know what she said to Reverend Noyes right before they. . .took her life?

Tituba: Do tell me, Jailer, did she curse him soundly as she said she would?

Jailer: I went straight away and wrote down her words when no one was looking—precious words they were. *(Pulling out piece of paper.)* Old Nicolas, all pompous and pious, tells her to confess "*for you are a witch and you know it,*" says he, and little Sarah stares him straight in the eye and replies, "*You are a liar. I am no more a witch than you are a wizard, and if you take away my life, God will give you blood to drink!*"

Tituba: Dear God, the man did not swoon?

Jailer: He paled white as linen and a gasp went through the crowd. Everyone was convinced that she was a witch and talked about it in the tavern, giving more foolish testimony about this and that cow dying and that she cursed their porridge and such nonsense.

Tituba: She would not yield, that Sarah Good. She had a spirit that none could break. I am proud of her and proud to know her.

Jailer: So said I as much that night.

Tituba: You? Who heard you?

Jailer: Everyone who was in the tavern. We had all had a bit too much cider. And I am sick of this business and am convinced that there are no witches here and Sarah Good, difficult as she might be—more impossible a woman I have never known—was no witch. Just a poor unfortunate creature who life cheated over and over again and God did abandon.

Tituba: Do not say that! Her God could not abandon such a spirit. He hath taken her to his bosom, her faith in him was so great.

Jailer: P'haps. I wish it with all me heart that you are right. *(Pause.)*

I have come to say good-bye.

Tituba: Good-bye?

Jailer: Careful! The other jailer will hear you!

Aye. I spoke eloquently that night and bitterly. If I do not leave, I shall be swinging from those same gallows. I had a good epithet for that Thomas Putnam and his wife and daughter. They have brought more honest souls down than anyone

else. They are traveling from town to town  
accusing others. I expect a visit from Ann  
Putnam and her girls at any moment.

Tituba: You are a good man, Jailer.

Jailer: Thomas. My name is Thomas.

Tituba: Thomas. Godspeed to you.

Jailer: Aye. I thank you. I wish that you...I wish  
with all me heart that...this turns out well for  
you, Tituba.

Tituba: Thanks to you, Thomas, you have raised my  
spirits tonight.

*Jailer exits. Lights black..*

**SCENE XI May 1493 Tituba's release.**

*Tituba is facing so that her back is to the cell.*

Tituba: Sarah. I miss your face, though the cell smells better. I miss your odd ways and sometimes I even miss your arguments. I think of stories that you would have liked, such as those grandmother told to me. They were old stories that her mother told her, whose father was from Haiti which was at one time ruled by us, the Awarak. We name Haiti so because it means mountain after mountain, and Haiti is a place wherever a body turns, the mountains are in the eye—Well except when we are turned to the sea. We were many back then. And knew Christopher Columbus who was the governor there, and when one of his ships was wrecked in a storm, my ancestors took their canoes out to save what they could of the ship. But they understand not Christopher's love for these objects so they save everything that they could find. They save the spy glass and metal things that Christopher use to find his

way to their island, they save the rope and barrels and sail. They even save the broken pieces of wood from the wrecked ship, small pieces—this big—whatever they can pluck from the sea.

*Sarah laughs.*

Yes, I knew that would tickle you.

And when they bring in everything, everything, everything, they look at what was saved for this strange white man and they began to weep. They weep for Christopher Columbus, and his men who they believe worship these things. My ancestors thought these were the white men's gods.

*Sighs.* But I often thought my ancestors were right, do you know, Sarah, what I mean?

*Pause.* I am weary, my friend. I miss old Thomas, who had more heart than the Jailer now. Do you know why I still languish here?

Do you remember Mary Cosset, the indentured servant? She earned her freedom after 12 years, and she has taken pity on me. She brings me

fresh vegetables from her own garden—such a kind soul. We have talked for hours by now.

And Sarah, I made a confession. A real confession. I told the magistrates that I had made it all up, that Master Samual had beat me and that I had no choice but to make up the stories—and to go with the girls. That I was afraid, but that I had sinned—sinned terribly against you and Sarah Osborn. You know that everyone of us are pardoned?

But when Samuel Parris learned of my confession, his wrath was such that he would have nothing more of me and that I should rot in prison for he will not pay my debt to the Jail Master. And so everyone is gone but I am left. The first one here and the last. But I have confessed and I am unburdened. Tis not what I would have done a year ago. Your courage lives in me.

At lease the chains have been removed. Someone by the name of Osgood paid for your little one's release, but I have heard that she is ruined, as are many others. So Mary tells me.



And Abigail, shunned by every man is a spinster  
at nineteen, though she be penitent, it—

*Enter New Jailer.*

NJ: Tituba Indian, get your things together.

Tituba: What is it? What has happened?

NJ: You are released from prison.

Tituba: How is this so?

NJ: Samuel Cocklin, a weaver it seems, has paid your  
debt. You belong to him now.

Tituba: Oh. Then I won't return to that mirthless  
house of Parris. Will you tell Mary when she  
comes to visit? Will you thank her for me?

NJ: If I see her.

Tituba: Promise you will thank her for me?

NJ: Aye, I will.

Tituba: I am ready.

*New Jailer unlocks the door. Tituba stares at the  
open space before.*

NJ: What is it woman?

Tituba: What? Oh. . .*takes one step beyond the cell.*

*This is not a dream! As she exits behind the jailer, she stops and turns around.*

Sarah? There's daylight out there. How shall I greet the sun? *Pause.* Yes, yes, of course! *She straightens her back, tilts her head up, and with great dignity, exits.*

**[Curtain.]**