

INT. TITUBA

TITUBA

(Suddenly bursting out.)

Oh, how many times he bid me kill you, Mr. Parris!

PARRIS

Kill Me!?

TITUBA

(In a fury.)

He say Mr. Parris must be kill! Mr. Parris no goodly man, Mr. Parris mean man and no gentle man, and he bid me rise out of my bed and cut you throat!

EVERYONE Gasps.

But I tell him "No! I don't hate that man. I don't want kill that man." But he say, "You work for me, Tituba, and I make you free! I give you pretty dress to wear, and put you way high up in the air, and you gone fly back to Barbados!" And I say, "You lie, Devil, you lie!" And then he comes one stormy night to me and he say, "Look! I have white people belong to me." And I look- and there was Goody Good.