

The Color Purple Sides

Side 1: Celie, Nettie, Pa, Mister pp.14-20-dialogue only

While Celie and Nettie play, Mister asks Pa if he can marry Nettie.

(Mister is talking to Pa. and Celie and Nettie are playing away from them.)

Celie: It's time for you to get married, have one good year before you get big.

Nettie: I can't get married. I'm still in school. Who that man talking to Pa?

Celie: Girl at church say he lookin' for a new wife take care his mean chirren.

Nettie: Well I see where they get that mean from. Look at him holdin' his whip like he got a horse waitin' somewhere. You see any horse?

Celie: (laughs) You don't want to get married? (they continue talking inaudibly)

Pa: Why you want to know so much about tobacco?

Mister: Thinkin' about plantin' it.

Pa: You is not. Now what you doin' here?

Mister: I want to marry Nettie.

Pa: She too young.

Mister: She's the cutest thing-

Pa: (interrupting) She's gonna to be a teacher. You can have Celie though. She too old to be livin' at home.

Mister: I don't want Celie. She ugly.

Pa: Whyn't you quit comin' round heere and just go marry yo Shug Avery? (they talk quietly)

Nettie: Who Shug Avery?

Celie: She Mister ol' girlfriend.

Mister: Shug Avery not a child-raisin' woman, you know that. She the Queen Honeybee.

Side 1, p. 2

Pa: She a low-down ho is what everybody say. You lookin' for a new Shug Avery, you better go to Memphis. All we got here is one pretty girl you can't never have, and one ugly girl can work like a man.

Mister: I really want that girl.

Pa: I told you no!

Celie: You want any kids?

Nettie: Someday I guess. I know you do.

Celie: Doctor say I can't have no more kids. So I think God just want me to take care of you.

Pa: Celie, come here. Mister want to look at you.

Mister: No, I don't neither.

Pa: You think you goin' git some fresh girl to marry you now? Celie!

Nettie: Celie, no!

Celie: If I don't go with him, he'll take you and you'll never finish school.

Mister: (getting a good look at Celie) She worse than I thought. She don't even look like kin to Nettie. Maybe I . . .

Pa: Maybe you put Celie in charge of yo chirren fore they git big enough to kill you in the night.

Mister: Naw, I think I just buy that cow you got down by the crib.

Pa: You take Celie, I'll give you that cow. (Mister look at both women, then-)

Mister: Come on, girl. (Nettie runs to embrace Celie.)

Nettie: I'll come see you every . . . (but just as they reach each other Mister pulls Celie away and whips her with the riding crop)

Mister: I said come on! (Mister cracks his whip)

Nettie: He can't hit her!

Mister: She goin' to be his wife. He do what he want.

Side 2: Harpo, Mister, Celie, Sophia, pp. 31-38
Harpo brings Sophia to meet his Pa.

Harpo: Miss Celie, this here's Sofia.

Sophia: Nice to meet you, Ma'am.

Celie: You too.

Harpo: Pa, this here is Sophia.

Mister: Look like you done got yourself in trouble

Sophia: No, suh, I ain't in no trouble. Big though. . . big though.

Mister: Who the Daddy?

Sophia: Harpo!

Mister: How he know that?

Sophia: He know cuz he the only one!

Harpo: (trying to calm her) Sophia. Sophia.

Mister: Celie, get me some lemonade. (Sophia watches as Celie quickly and timidly gets lemonade.) Young girls ain't no good these days. Legs open to every Tom, Dick, and Harpo.

Sophia: I ain't that kind.

Mister: (laughs) And I ain't gon' let my boy marry you cuz you in the family way. A pretty gal like you--mebbe you want his money.

Sophia: (she laughs) He don't have any money. You buy his food and clothes. What do I want to marry Harpo for when he still livin' here with you?

(Celie hands Mister a glass of lemonade. . . he waves it away rudely)

Mister: Ain't cold enough. You want my Harpo cause your daddy done put you out. You 'bout to live in the street!

Sophia: I ain't livin' in no street. I take my baby to my sister and her husband's. I don't stay no where they don't treat me right. (she starts to leave, looks back) Come on, Harpo!
(Harpo stands)

Side 2, p.2

Mister: Don't you move, boy.

(Harpo is caught between them and is afraid to move)

Celie: (to Sophia) You want some lemonade? (Sophia takes glass and drinks it all)

Sophia: At least somebody around here knows how to treat a lady! Don't make me wait too long, Harpo! (she leaves; Harpo starts after her)

Mister: Harpo!!

Side 3: Squeak and Harpo's first meeting. pp 42-44

Squeak: What y'all buildin' here?

Harpo: Juke joint.

Squeak: Ya'll need a waitress?

Harpo: Sho do. Be done a week from today. You come back then.

Squeak: All right then, I will. I got my outfit already. You like yella? (she turns to leave and turns back) My name's Squeak. Who gon' sing at yo Juke Joint?

Harpo: Whoever want to, I guess.

Squeak: I always wanted to sing.

Harpo: What you sing about- -bein' skinny?

Squeak: You git Shug Avery come sing here you make a lot of money. She comin' to town, you know. Everybody gettin' ready to lock up they men, my Mama say.

Harpo: Uh-huh.

Squeak: Is it true her Daddy the preacher? Only he don't speak to her no more on account of her having all those babies and not marryin' their Daddy. Who their Daddy, you know?

Harpo: He my Daddy, I think. Only his Daddy wouldn't let him marry her.

Squeak: Then Shug Avery practically yo Mama. She sing fo you, Harpo. I know she will. You so pretty.

Harpo: Men ain't pretty!

Squeak: You is.

Side 4: Shug & Celie

2 scenes fused, one early-one several days later, p. 54 then pp. 60-61

(Celie carefully combs Shug's hair)

Shug: Can't you hurry none?

Celie: You so tender-headed, I got to take my time. Otherwise you be tryin' to slap me for hurtin' you. I'm gonna work on your head like you were my own little girl, Olivia.

Shug: The other day you say you think your sister dead. Why?

Celie: If she alive, she write me, that's why.

Shug: What if she been writin' you, and her letters got lost in the mail?

Celie: I thought about that. But people get the wrong mail, they send it back to the post office, they don't keep it. And it ain't like people don't know where I live. I get mail from the church.

Shug: My Daddy the damn preacher. Don't say church to me.

Celie: I'm sorry. I pullin' too hard?

Shug: No. That feel just right. Feel like my Grandma used to do.

(Several days later; Celie is working on Shug's dress)

Celie: You gained a little weight back, but no enough, yet

Shug: Tell the truth, Miss Celie. Do you mind if Albert sleep with me?

Celie: You still love him?

Shug: I got what you call a passion for him. He weak, I know, but he smell right to me. He make me laugh.

Celie: And you like to sleep with him?

Shug: I just love it. Don't you?

Celie: I don't like it at all. Most times I pretend I ain't there. He never know the difference. Just do his business, get off, go to sleep.

Shug: Do his business? You make it sound like he goin' to the toilet on you.

Side 4, p. 2

Celie: That what it feel like.

Shug: You never enjoy it ever?

Celie: No, never. He think I'm ugly. It all right.

Shug: No. You ain't ugly. You the grace of God if I ever saw it. I had an ounce of what you got, I wouldn't have to run around shakin' my titties and wavin' my ass in everybody face. (Celie reacts in disbelief) You don't believe me?

(Shug takes Celie over to the mirror)

Shug: Miss Celie. . . Miss Celie. . . . look here. Look at yourself. You're too beautiful for words!

Side 5: Mister, Ol' Mister, Celie, pp. 55-57

Ol' Mister: I heard my fool son got his ho back. I come to see for myself. Just couldn't rest til you got her in yo house, could you.

Celie: Ol' Mister? You want a cool glass of water? (he nods yes)

Ol' Mister: Just what is it about this Shug Avery, anyway? Even her Daddy say she easy. She ain't even clean. People say she got the nasty woman disease.

(Celie spits into Ol' Mister's glass, twirls it around with her finger and then hands it to him. Mister sees her but doesn't say anything)

Mister: You ain't got it in you to understand. I love Shug Avery. Always have., always will. I should have married her when I had the chance.

Ol' Mister: Yeah, and throwed your life away.

Mister: My life throwed away without her.

Ol' Mister: You married Shug Avery, she woulda took you off to Memphis and what woulda happened to my farmland, huh?

Mister: Is that all you care about, yo farmland?

Ol' Mister: You'd care about this land too if you was born a slave on it, like I was. You'd know what it meant to own somethin'. You'd want to pass it on to yo kids, see it grow into somethin' better, see it prosper.

Mister: We doin' all right.

Ol' Mister: You think I raised you so you could do all right? You had chances I never had and look at you. Whole town's laughin'.

Mister: We talkin' about Shug now? I thought we was talkin' about yo farm.

Ol' Mister: We talkin' about what's important here.

Mister: To you!

Ol' Mister To a man.

Mister: To a man like you. Celie, hand Pa his hat.

Side 5; p. 2

(She does & Ol' Mister realizes he's being kicked out)

Ol' Mister: All right, then. (Ol' Mister finally drinks the water, hands the glass back to Celie and leaves.)

Celie: Next time, I'll put a little Shug Avery pee in his glass. See how he like that.

Mister: That be all right with me.

Celie: How come he wouldn't let you marry Shug Avery?

Mister: Not my kind, he said.

Celie: You shoulda done it anyway.

Mister: I married Shug Avery where would you be?

Celie: I don't know. Dead maybe. . . like Nettie. Least I get to see Nettie in Heaven.

Mister: Who I shoulda married is Shug. Married Nettie. Married anybody besides you. All you got all these years is uglier. (He storms out)

Nettie Monologue:

When Mister threw me out that day, I was so mad, I went straight to the church. But when the Reverend's wife opened the door, she had two little children with her. And something about those children made my mad go away. So I asked if they needed help with those children, and they said they were going to Africa as missionaries and maybe I could come with them. Then one day on the boat over here . . . the Reverend asked me about my family. And I told him about you and everything happened to you . . . and he told me, Celie! He's the one Pa gave your babies to! Adam and Olivia are right here with me. I teach your children ABC's for the missionaries. These babies sent by God are Yours: Adam and Olivia-alive! We're going to be working with a tribe called the Olinka. I've been teaching the Olinka to read. But some of the women have become very suspicious of me because girls have never been taught to read here. Girls have never been taught anything at all. I don't understand everything they're saying, but what it sounds like to me is they think I should be married.

Mister's Monologue:

(He's staggering in the dark, hallucinating he's being attacked by bats and approached by disapproving people.)

No! No! Leave me alone! Get out of . . get out! No! Leave me alone you. . .No! Goddamn bats get out of my . . .! No! Stop! Get away from me! Ow! Help!!!!!! What are you lookin' at? Bunch of damn fools. Celie cursed me! I don't have to stay here. . . worthless town. I can walk right down this road. By myself. Never see nobody I know ever again. Nobody!

Nobody to put up with-
Nobody to mess with me-
Nobody to push me around-
Nobody to tell me what to do-
Nobody expect somethin' of me-
Nobody to tell me who I am and who I ain't

Nobody!

Harpo happy-what right he got to be happy: wife leave, girlfriend leave him too, his mama die in his arms. Somebody tell me how he keep findin' so much good from so much bad?

Celie Monologue:

Dear Nettie. . . Us never seen anything as beautiful as Shug Avery house. It's big and pink and look sort of like a barn. 'Cept where you would put hay, Shug got bedrooms and toilets and a big ballroom where she and her band sometime work. My bedroom looks out over the creek.

Coupla months ago, Shug come back from a road trip, all bloated from eatin' bad food and she wanted me to make her some pants that would fit no matter what size she was. You see, Shug can bunch up the bottoms if she want to wear 'em when she's singin'. They almost look like a dress. Now everybody wants some of my pants. Look who's wearin' the pants now!