

*The Crucible*

By Arthur Miller

**ACT 4:**

A cell in Salem jail, that fall.

At the back is a high barred window; near it, a great, heavy door. Along the walls are two benches.

The place is in darkness but for the moonlight seeping through the bars. It appears empty. Presently footsteps are heard coming down a corridor beyond the wall, keys rattle, and the door swings open. Marshal Herrick enters with a lantern.

He is nearly drunk, and heavy-footed. He goes to a bench and nudges a bundle of rags lying on it.

In the corridor outside Tituba calls on – “Devil take me home! Devil, take me home!” and Hopkins’ voice orders her to move on. Herrick returns and begins to push old rags and straw into a corner. He sits and naps. Hearing footsteps and a man clearing his throat, Herrick wakes, and sees Danforth and Judge Hathorne. They are in greatcoats and wear hats against the bitter cold. They are followed in by Cheever, who carries a dispatch case and a flat wooden box containing his writing materials.

HERRICK: Good morning, Excellency, Judge Hathorne, Mister Cheever.

DANFORTH: Mister Parris asked to see us. Where is he?

HERRICK: I’ll fetch him.

DANFORTH: Marshal Herrick. When did Reverend Hale arrive?

HERRICK: It were toward midnight, I think.

DANFORTH: (Suspiciously.) What is he about here?

HERRICK: He goes among them that will hang, sir. And he prays with them. He sits with Goody Nurse now. And Mister Parris with him.

DANFORTH: Indeed. That man have no authority to enter here, Marshal. Why have you let him in?

HERRICK: Why, Mister Parris command me, sir. I cannot deny him.

DANFORTH: Are you drunk, Marshal?

HERRICK: No sir; it is a bitter night, and I have no fire here.

DANFORTH: Fetch Mister Parris.

HERRICK: Aye, sir.

DANFORTH: There is a prodigious stench in this cell.

HERRICK: I have only now cleared the prisoners out for you.

DANFORTH: What prisoners?

HERRICK: Tituba and Sara Good.

DANFORTH: Beware hard drink, Marshal.

HERRICK: Aye, sir. (He exits.)

HATHORNE: Let you question Hale, Excellency; I should not be surprised he have been preachin’ in Andover lately.

DANFORTH: We’ll come to that, Hathorne; speak nothin’ of Andover. Parris prays with him. That’s strange.

HATHORNE: Excellency, I wonder if it be wise to let Mister Parris so continuously with the prisoners. I think, sometimes, the man has a mad look these days.

DANFORTH: Mad?

HATHORNE: I met him yesterday coming out of his house, and I bid him good morning – and he wept and went his way. I think it is not well the village sees him so unsteady.

DANFORTH: Perhaps he has some sorrow.

CHEEVER: I think it be the cows, sir.

DANFORTH: Cows, Mister Cheever?

CHEEVER: There be so many cows wanderin’ the highroads, now their masters are in the jails, and much disagreement as to who they will belong to now. I know Mister Parris be arguin’ with farmers all yesterday – there is great contention, sir, about the cows, and contention make him weep, sir; it were always a man that weep for contention.

(Parris enters.)

PARRIS: Oh, good morning, sir, thank you for comin’. I beg your pardon wakin’ you so early. Good morning, Judge Hathorne....

DANFORTH: Reverend Hale have no right to enter this...

HATHORNE: Do you leave him alone with the prisoners?

DANFORTH: What’s his business here?

PARRIS: Excellency, hear me. It’s a providence. Reverend Hale has returned to bring Rebecca Nurse to God.

DANFORTH: He bids her confess?

PARRIS: Hear me. Rebecca have not given me a word this three months since she came. Now she sits with him, and her sister and Martha Corey and two or three others, and he pleads with them confess their crimes and save their lives.

DANFORTH: Why—this is indeed a providence. And they soften, they soften?

PARRIS: Not yet, not yet. But I thought to summon you, sir, that we might not think on whether it be not wise to – I had thought to put a question, sir, and I hope you will not –

DANFORTH: Mister Parris, be plain, what troubles you?

PARRIS: There is news, sir, that the court, the court must reckon with. My niece, sir, my niece – I believe she has vanished.

DANFORTH: Vanished!

PARRIS: I had thought to advise you of it earlier in the week, but...

DANFORTH: Why?—how long is she gone?

PARRIS: This be the third night. She and Mercy Lewis are both gone.

DANFORTH: I will send a party for them. Where may they be?

PARRIS: Excellency, I think they be aboard a ship. My daughter tells me how she hears them speakin' of ships last week, and tonight I discover my... my strongbox is broken into.

HATHORNE: She have robbed you?

PARRIS: Thirty-one pound is gone. I am penniless.

DANFORTH: Mister Parris, you are a brainless man!

PARRIS: Excellency, it profit nothing you should blame me. I cannot think they would run off except they fear to keep in Salem anymore. Mark it, sir, Abigail had close knowledge of the town, and since the news of Andover has broken here –

DANFORTH: Andover is remedied. The court returns there on Friday, and will resume examinations.

PARRIS: I am sure of it, sir. But the rumor here speaks rebellion in Andover, and it...

DANFORTH: There is no rebellion in Andover!

PARRIS: I tell you what is spoken here, sir. Andover have thrown out the court, they say, and will have no part of witchcraft. There be a faction here feeding on that news, and I tell you true, sir, I fear there will be riot here.

HATHORNE: Riot!—Why, at every execution I have seen naught but high satisfaction in the town.

PARRIS: Judge Hathorne—it were another sort that hanged till now. Rebecca Nurse is no Bridget that lived three year with Bishop before she married him. John Proctor is not Isaac Ward that drank his family to ruin. (To Danforth.) I would to God it were not so, Excellency, but these people have great weight yet in the town. Let Rebecca stand upon the gibbet and send up some righteous prayer, and I feel she'll wake a vengeance on you.

HATHORNE: Excellency, she is a condemned witch.

DANFORTH: Pray you –

HATHORNE: The court have –

DANFORTH: How do you propose that, Mister Parris?

PARRIS: Excellency... I would postpone these hangin's for a time.

DANFORTH: There will be no postponement.

PARRIS: Now Mister Hale's returned, there is hope, I think—for if he bring even one of these to God, that confession surely damns the others in the public eye, and none may doubt any more that they are all linked to Hell. This way, unconfessed and claiming innocence, doubts are multiplied, and honest people will weep for them, and our good purpose is lost in their tears. It cannot be forgot, sir, that when I summoned the congregation for John Proctor's excommunication, there were hardly thirty people come to hear it. That speak a discontent, I think, and...

DANFORTH: There will be no postponement. Now, sir, which of the condemned, in your opinion, may be brought to God? I will, myself, strive with him 'till dawn.

PARRIS: There is not sufficient time till dawn.

DANFORTH: I shall to my utmost. Which of them do you have hope for?

PARRIS: Excellency... a dagger...

DANFORTH: What do you say?

PARRIS: Tonight, when I open my door to leave my house—a dagger clattered to the ground. You cannot hang this sort. There is danger for me. I dare not step out at night!

(Hale enters, exhausted.)

HERRICK: Reverend Hale, sir.

DANFORTH: Accept my congratulations, Reverend Hale; we are gladdened to see you returned to your good work.

HALE: You must pardon them. They will not budge.

DANFORTH: You misunderstand me, sir; I cannot pardon these when twelve are already hanged for the same crime. It is not just.

PARRIS: Rebecca will not confess?

HALE: The sun will rise in a few minutes. Excellency, I must have more time.

DANFORTH: Now hear me, and beguile yourselves no more. I will not receive a single plea for pardon or postponement. Them that will not confess will hang. Twelve are already executed; the names of these seven are given out, and the village expects to see them die this morning. Postponement, now, speaks a floundering on my part; reprieve or pardon must cast doubt upon the guilt of them that died till now. While I speak God's law, I will not crack its voice with whimpering. If retaliation is your fear, know this – I should hang ten thousand that dared to rise against the law, and an ocean of salt tears could not melt the resolution of the statutes. Now draw yourselves up like men and help me, as you are bound by Heaven to do. Have you spoken with them all, Mister Hale?

HALE: All ... all but Proctor. He is in the dungeon.

DANFORTH: (To Herrick.) What's Proctor's way now, Marshal?

HERRICK: He sits like some great bird; you'd not know he lived except he will take food from time to time.

DANFORTH: His wife... his wife must be well on with child now.

HERRICK: She is, sir.

DANFORTH: What think you, Mister Parris?—You have closer knowledge of this man; might her presence soften him?

PARRIS: It is possible, sir—he have not laid eyes on her these three months. I should summon her.

DANFORTH: Is she yet adamant? Has he struck at you again, Marshal?

HERRICK: He cannot, sir, he is chained to the wall.

DANFORTH: Fetch Goody Proctor to me. Then let you bring him up.

HERRICK: Aye, sir. (Herrick exits.)

HALE: Excellency, if you postpone a week, and publish to the town that you are striving for their confessions, that speak mercy on your part, not faltering.

DANFORTH: Mister Hale, as God have not empowered me like Joshua to stop this sun from rising, so I cannot withhold from them the perfection of their punishment.

HALE: If you think God wills you to raise rebellion, Mister Danforth, you are mistaken.

DANFORTH: You have heard rebellion spoken in the town?

HALE: Excellency, there are orphans wandering from house to house; abandoned cattle bellow on the highroads, the stink of rotting crops hangs everywhere, and no man knows when the harlots' cry will end his life—and you wonder yet if rebellion's spoke? Better yet you should marvel how they do not burn your province!

DANFORTH: Mister Hale, have you preached in Andover this month?

HALE: Thank God they have no need of me in Andover.

DANFORTH: You baffle me, sir. Why have you returned here?

HALE: Why, it is all simple. I come to do the Devil's work. I come to counsel Christians they should belie themselves. There is blood on my head! Can you not see the blood on my head?

DANFORTH: Mister Hale.

PARRIS: Hush!

(Elizabeth enters.)

DANFORTH: Remove her chains, Marshal.

HERRICK: Aye, sir.

DANFORTH: Goody Proctor. I hope you are hearty?

ELIZABETH: I am ... I am yet six month before my time.

DANFORTH: Pray, be at your ease, we come not for your life. We... Mister Hale, will you speak with the woman?

HALE: Goody Proctor, your husband is marked to hang this morning.

ELIZABETH: I have heard it.

HALE: You know, do you not, that I have no connection with the court? I come of my own, Goody Proctor. I would save your husband's life, for if he is taken I count myself his murderer. Do you understand me?

ELIZABETH: What do you want of me?

HALE: Goody Proctor, I have gone this three month like our Lord into the wilderness. I have sought a Christian way, for damnation's doubled on a minister who counsels men to lie.

HATHORNE: It is no lie.

HALE: It is a lie! They are innocent!

HATHORNE: You cannot speak of lies.

HALE: (To Elizabeth.) Let you not mistake your duty as I mistook my own. I came into this village like a bridegroom to his beloved, bearing gifts of high religion; the very crowns of holy law I brought, and what I touched with my bright confidence, it died; and where I turned the eye of my great faith, blood flowed up. Beware, Goody Proctor – cleave to no faith when faith brings blood. It is mistaken law that leads you to sacrifice. Life, woman, life is God's most precious gift; no principle however glorious may justify the taking of it. I beg you, woman—prevail upon your husband to confess. Let him give his lie. Quail not before God's judgment in this, for it may well be God damns a liar less than he that throws his life away for pride. Will you plead with him? I cannot think he will listen to another.

ELIZABETH: I think this be the Devil's argument.

HALE: Woman, before the laws of God we are as swine! We cannot read His will!

ELIZABETH: I cannot dispute with you, sir; I lack learning for it.

DANFORTH: Goody Proctor, you are not summoned here for disputation—be there no wifely tenderness within you? He will die with the sunrise. Your husband. Do you understand it? What say you? Will you contend with him? Are you stone? I tell you true, woman, had I no other proof of your unnatural life, your dry eyes now would be sufficient evidence that you delivered up your soul to Hell! A very ape would weep at such calamity! Have the devil dried up any tear of pity in you? Take her out. It profit nothing she should speak to him!

ELIZABETH: Let me speak with him, Excellency.

PARRIS: You'll strive with him?

DANFORTH: Will you plead with him? Will you plead for his confession, or will you not?

ELIZABETH: I promise nothing. Let me speak with him.

(Herrick enters with Proctor, chained. He is bearded, filthy. Proctor goes slowly to Elizabeth.)

HERRICK: John Proctor, Your Excellency.

HALE: Pray, leave them, Excellency.

DANFORTH: Mister Proctor, you have been notified, have you not? I see light in the sky, Mister; let you counsel with your wife and may God help you turn your back on Hell. Come, gentlemen.

PARRIS: If you would like a cup of cider, Mister Proctor, I am sure – (Proctor stares.)

(The men exit.)

ELIZABETH: John.

PROCTOR: The child?

ELIZABETH: It grows.

PROCTOR: There is no word of the boys?

ELIZABETH: They're well. Rebecca's Samuel keeps them.

PROCTOR: You have not seen them?

ELIZABETH: I have not.

PROCTOR: You are .... You are a marvel, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: You – have been tortured?

PROCTOR: Aye, they come for my life now.

ELIZABETH: I know it.

PROCTOR: None... have yet confessed?

ELIZABETH: There be many confessed.

PROCTOR: Who are they?

ELIZABETH: There be a hundred or more, they say. Goody Ballard is one; Isaiah Goodkind is one. There be many.

PROCTOR: Rebecca?

ELIZABETH: Not Rebecca. She is one foot in heaven now. Naught can hurt her more.

PROCTOR: And Giles?

ELIZABETH: You have not heard of it?

PROCTOR: I hear nothin', where I am kept.

ELIZABETH: Giles is dead.

PROCTOR: Dead? ... When were he hanged?

ELIZABETH: He were not hanged. He would not answer aye or nay to his indictment; for if he denied the charge they'd hang him surely, and auction out his property. So he stand mute, and died Christian under the law. And so his sons will have his farm. It is the law, for he could not be condemned a wizard without he answer the indictment, aye or nay.

PROCTOR: Then how does he die?

ELIZABETH: They press him, John.

PROCTOR: Press?

ELIZABETH: Great stones they lay upon his chest until he plead aye or nay. They say he give them but two words. "More weight," he says. And died.

PROCTOR: "More weight! "

ELIZABETH: Aye. It were a fearsome man, Giles Corey.

PROCTOR: I have been thinkin' I would confess to them, Elizabeth. What say you? What say you if I give them that?

ELIZABETH: I cannot judge you, John.

PROCTOR: What would you have me do?

ELIZABETH: As you will, I would have it. I want you living, John. That's sure.

PROCTOR: Giles' wife? Have she confessed?

ELIZABETH: She will not.

PROCTOR: It is a pretense, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: What is?

PROCTOR: I cannot mount the gibbet like a saint. It is a fraud. I am not that man. My honesty is broke, Elizabeth, I am no good man.

ELIZABETH: Oh, John.

PROCTOR: Nothing's spoiled by giving them this lie that were not rotten long before.

ELIZABETH: And yet you've not confessed till now. That speak goodness in you.

PROCTOR: Spite only keeps me silent. It is hard to give a lie to dogs! (He holds her hand.) I would have your forgiveness, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: It is not for me to give, John. I am –

PROCTOR: I'd have you see some honesty in it. Let them that never lied die now to keep their souls. It is pretense for me, a vanity that will not blind God nor keep my children out of the wind. What say you?

ELIZABETH: John, it come to naught that I should forgive you, if you'll not forgive yourself. It is not my soul, John, it is yours. Only be sure of this, for I know it now: Whatever you will do, it is a good man does it. I have read my heart this three month, John. I have sins of my own to count. It needs a cold wife to prompt lechery.

PROCTOR: Enough, enough –

ELIZABETH: Better you should know me!

PROCTOR: I will not hear it! I know you!

ELIZABETH: You take my sins upon you, John –

PROCTOR: No, I take my own, my own.

ELIZABETH: John, I counted myself so plain, so poorly made, no honest love could come to me! Suspicion kissed you when I did; I never knew how I should say my love. It were a cold house I kept!

(Hathorne enters.)

HATHORNE: What say you, Proctor? The sun is soon up.

ELIZABETH: Do what you will, John. But let none be your judge, there be no higher judge under Heaven than Proctor is! Forgive me, forgive me, John—I never knew such goodness in the world!

PROCTOR: I want my life.

HATHORNE: You'll confess yourself?!

PROCTOR: I will have my lie.

HATHORNE: God be praised!—It is a providence! He will confess! Proctor will confess!

PROCTOR: Why do you cry it! It is evil, is it not, Elizabeth? It is evil.

ELIZABETH: I cannot judge you, John, I cannot!

PROCTOR: Then who will judge me? God in Heaven, what is John Proctor? What is John Proctor? I think it is honest, I think so. I am no saint. Let Rebecca go like a saint; for me it is fraud!

ELIZABETH: I am not your judge, I cannot be. Do as you will. Do as you will.

PROCTOR: Elizabeth, would you give them such a lie? Say it. Would you ever give them this?

ELIZABETH: John.

PROCTOR: You would not; if tongs of fire were singeing you, you would not! – It is evil. Good then, it is evil, and I do it.

(The men enter. It is a business-like, rapid entrance.)

DANFORTH: Praise to God, man, praise to God; you shall be blessed in Heaven for this. Now then, let us have it. Are you ready, Mister Cheever?

CHEEVER: I have ink, paper, and pen.

PROCTOR: Why must it be written?

DANFORTH: Why, for the good instruction of the village, Mister; this we shall post upon the church door! Now, then, Mister, will you speak slowly, and directly to the point for Mister Cheever's sake? Mister Proctor, have you seen the Devil in your life? Come, man, there is light in the sky; the town waits at the scaffold, I would give out this news. Did you see the Devil?

PROCTOR: (Looks at him, then away.) I did.

PARRIS: Praise God!

DANFORTH: And when he come to you, what were his demand? Did he bid you to do his work upon the earth?

PROCTOR: He did.

DANFORTH: And you bound yourself to his service?

HERRICK: Rebecca Nurse, Your Excellency. (Rebecca enters.)

DANFORTH: Come in, come in, woman.

REBECCA: Ah, John! You are well, then?

DANFORTH: Let you witness this man's good example that you may come to God yourself. Now hear it, Goody Nurse! Say on, Mister Proctor—did you bind yourself to the Devil's service?

REBECCA: Why, John!

PROCTOR: (Face turned away.) I did.

DANFORTH: Now, woman, you surely see it profit nothin' to keep this conspiracy any further. Will you confess yourself with him?

REBECCA: John—God send His mercy on you!

DANFORTH: I say, will you confess yourself, Goody Nurse?

REBECCA: Why, it's lie, it's a lie; how may I damn myself? I cannot. I cannot.

DANFORTH: Mister Proctor. When the Devil came to you did you see Rebecca Nurse in his company? Come, man, take courage—did you ever see her with the Devil?

PROCTOR: No.

DANFORTH: Did you ever see her sister, Mary Easty, with the Devil?

PROCTOR: No, I did not.

DANFORTH: Did you ever see Martha Corey with the Devil?

PROCTOR: No, I did not.

DANFORTH: Did you ever see anyone with the devil?

PROCTOR: I did not.

DANFORTH: Proctor, you mistake me. I am not empowered to trade your life for a lie. You have most certainly seen some person with the Devil. Mister Proctor, a score of people have already testified they saw Goody Nurse with the devil.

PROCTOR: Then it is proved. Why must I say it?

PARRIS: Why must you say it? Why, you should rejoice to say it if your soul is truly purged of any love for Hell!

PROCTOR: They think to go like saints. I like not to spoil their names.

PARRIS: Mister Proctor, do you think they go like saints?

PROCTOR: This woman never thought she done the Devil's work.

DANFORTH: Look you, sir. I think you mistake your duty here. It matters nothing what she thought – she is convicted of the unnatural murder of children, and you for sending your spirit out upon Mary Warren. Your soul alone is the issue here, Mister, and you will prove its whiteness or you cannot live in a Christian country. Will you tell me what persons conspired with you in the Devil's company? To your knowledge, was Rebecca Nurse ever –

PROCTOR: I speak my own sins, I cannot judge another. I have no tongue for it!

HALE: Excellency, it is enough he confess himself. Let him sign it, let him sign it.

PARRIS: It is a great service, sir—it is a weighty name, it will strike the village that Proctor confess. I beg you, let him sign it. The sun is up, Excellency!

DANFORTH: Come then, sign your testimony. Give it to him, Mister Cheever. (Proctor looks at the confession and pen.) Come, man, sign it.

PROCTOR: You have all witnessed it—it is enough.

DANFORTH: You will not sign it?

PROCTOR: You have all witnessed it; what more is needed?

DANFORTH: Do you sport with me? You will sign your name or it is no confession, Mister! (Proctor indecisively signs.)

PARRIS: Oh, Praise be to the Lord. He has signed.

DANFORTH: (Extends his hand.) The paper, if you please, sir.

PROCTOR: No.

DANFORTH: Mister Proctor, I must have...

PROCTOR: No—no I have signed it. You have seen me. It is done! You have no need for this.

PARRIS: Proctor, the village must have proof that...

PROCTOR: Damn the village! I confess to God and God has seen my name on this! It is enough!

DANFORTH: No, sir, it is...

PROCTOR: You came to save my soul, did you not? Here—I have confessed myself, it is enough!

DANFORTH: You have not con...

PROCTOR: I have confessed myself! Is there no good penitence but it be public? God does not need my name nailed upon the church! God sees my name, and God knows how black my sins are!

DANFORTH: Mister Proctor...

PROCTOR: It is enough. You will not use me! I am no Sarah Good or Tituba, I am John Proctor! You will not use me! It is no part of salvation that you should use me!

DANFORTH: I do not wish to use you, Mister Proctor ...

PROCTOR: I have three children—how may I teach them to walk like men in the world and I sold my friends?

DANFORTH: You have not sold your friends...

PROCTOR: Beguile me not! I blacken all of them when this is nailed to the church the very day they hang for silence!

DANFORTH: Mister Proctor, I must have good and legal proof that you...

PROCTOR: You are the high court, your word is good enough! Tell them I confessed myself, say Proctor broke his knees and wept like a woman, say what you will, but my name cannot...

DANFORTH: It is the same, is it not? If I report it or you sign to it?

PROCTOR: No, it is not the same! What others say and what I sign to is not the same!

DANFORTH: Why? Do you mean to deny this confession when you are free?

PROCTOR: I mean to deny nothing!

DANFORTH: Then explain to me, Mr. Proctor, why you will not let...

PROCTOR: Because it is my name! Because I cannot have another in my life. Because I lie and sign myself to lies! Because I am not worth the dust on the feet of them that hang! How may I live without my name? I have given you my soul, leave me my name!

DANFORTH: Is that document in your hand a lie? If it is a lie I will not accept it! What say you? I will not deal in lies, Mister. You will give me your honest confession in my hand, or I cannot keep you from the rope. Which way do you go, Mister?

(Breast heaving, eyes staring, Proctor tears the paper.)

DANFORTH: Marshal!

PARRIS: Proctor, Proctor!

HALE: Man, you will hang—you cannot!

PROCTOR: I can. And there is your first marvel, that I can. You have made your magic now, for I do think I see some shred of goodness in John Proctor. Not enough to weave a banner with, but white enough to keep it from such dogs.

ELIZABETH: John – (Weeping.)

PROCTOR: Elizabeth –

ELIZABETH: (Weeping) – Oh, John.

PROCTOR: Give them no tears, Elizabeth! Tears pleasure them!  
Show honor now, show a stony heart and sink them with it!

(He kisses her.)

REBECCA: Let you fear nothing, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: Aye.

REBECCA: Another judgment waits us all.

DANFORTH: Take Goody Nurse and Proctor, Marshal. Hang them  
high over the town. Who weeps for these, weeps for corruption.  
(Danforth exits.)

(Rebecca almost falls.)

REBECCA: I've had no breakfast, John.

PROCTOR: Give me your hand, Rebecca. Lean on me.

HERRICK: Come, man. Rebecca, come.

(Elizabeth stares at the empty doorway.)

PARRIS: Go to him, Goody Proctor. There is yet time! ... Go to  
him! Proctor! (Parris runs after the condemned.) Proctor!

(Elizabeth crosses to window and looks out.)

HALE: Plead with him, woman! (Elizabeth avoids Hale's eyes.) It  
is pride, it is vanity. Be his helper! What profit him to bleed?  
Shall the dust praise him? Shall the worms declare his truth? Go  
to him, take his shame away.

ELIZABETH: (Firmly.) He have his goodness now. God forbid I  
take it from him.

(The drum roll crashes, then heightens violently. Hale weeps in  
frantic prayer, and the new sun is pouring in upon her face, and  
the drums rattle like bones in the morning air as Proctor and  
Rebecca are hanged. )

**THE CURTAIN FALLS**