

To Kill a Mockingbird—Trial Script

CHARACTERS—

Scout	Mayella Ewell	Tom Robinson	Bert, the Court Recorder
Jem	Sheriff Heck Tate	Dill	Narrator/Italics Reader
Atticus	Mr. Horace Gilmer	Calpurnia	Bailiff
Bob Ewell	Judge Taylor	Reverend Sykes	Jurors, “country folk” (non-speaking)
Link Deas	Dolphus Raymond	Mr. Braxton Underwood	

Scene one—Chapter 17

There is a colored balcony that runs along three walls of the courtroom like a second-story veranda. The jury sits to the left under long windows. The circuit solicitor, another man, Atticus, and Tom Robinson sit at tables with their backs to Jem and Scout. Just inside the railing that divides the spectators from the court, the witnesses sit on chairs. Their backs are to Jem and Scout. Judge Taylor sits on the bench. The witnesses sit to the right of Judge Taylor.

Bailiff: All rise! The Honorable Judge John Taylor presiding.

Judge: Be seated. Will the prosecution please call its first witness?

Gilmer: Your honor, I would like to call Sheriff Tate to the stand. ***Tate walks to the stand.***

Bailiff: ***holding the Bible*** Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Tate: ***facing Bailiff*** I do.

Bailiff: Be seated.

Scout: Are those the Ewells sittin’ down yonder?

Jem: Hush, Mr. Heck Tate’s testifyin’. ***Mr. Gilmer walks forward toward Heck.***

Gilmer: In your own words, Mr. Tate.

Tate: Well, I was called—

Gilmer: Could you say it to the jury, Mr. Tate? Thank you. Who called you?

Tate: I was fetched by Bob—by Mr. Bob Ewell yonder, one night—

Gilmer: What night, sir?

Tate: It was the night of November twenty-first. I was just leaving my office to go home when B—Mr. Ewell come in, very excited he was, and said get out to his house quick, some nigger’d raped his girl.

Gilmer: Did you go?

Tate: Certainly. Got in the car and went out as fast as I could.

Gilmer: And what did you find?

Tate: Found her lying on the floor in the middle of the front room, one on the right as you go in. She was pretty well beat up, but I helped her to her feet and she washed her face in a bucket in the corner and said she was all right. I asked her who hurt her, and she said it was Tom Robinson—Asked her if he took advantage of her, and she said, “Yes, he did.” So I went down to Robinson’s house and brought him back. She identified him as the one, so I took him in. That’s all there was to it.

Gilmer: Thank you.

Judge: Any questions, Atticus?

Atticus: Yes. ***Atticus gets up to question the witness.***

Atticus: Did you call a doctor?

Tate: No, sir.

Atticus: Didn’t call a doctor?

Tate: No, sir.

Atticus: Why not?

Tate: Well, I can tell you why I didn’t. It wasn’t necessary, Mr. Finch. She was mighty banged up. Something sho’ happened; it was obvious.

Atticus: But you didn’t call a doctor? While you were there did anyone send for one, fetch one, carry her to one?

Tate: No, sir.

Judge: He answered the question three times, Atticus. He didn’t call a doctor.

Atticus: I just wanted to make sure, Judge. Sheriff, you say she was mighty banged up. In what way?

Tate: Well...

Atticus: Just describe her injuries, Heck.

Tate: Well, she was beaten around the head. There was already bruises comin’ on her arms, and it happened about thirty minutes before—

Atticus: How do you know?

Tate: Sorry, that’s what they said. Anyway, she was pretty bruised up when I got there, and she had a black eye comin’.

Atticus: Which eye?

Tate: Let’s see...

Atticus: Can’t you remember?

Tate: Her left.

Atticus: Wait a minute, sheriff. Was it her left facing you or her left looking the same way you were?

Tate: Oh yes, that'd make it her right. It was her right eye, Mr. Finch. I remember now. She was bunged up on that side of her face...

Atticus: Sheriff, please repeat what you said.

Tate: It was her right eye, I said.

Atticus: No...**Atticus walks to the court reporter's desk and bends down.**

Bert: "Mr. Finch. I remember now. She was bunged up on that side of her face."

Atticus: Which side again, Heck?

Tate: The right side, Mr. Finch, but she had more bruises—you wanta hear about 'em?

Atticus: Yes, what were her other injuries?

Tate: Her arms were bruised, and she showed me her neck. There were definite finger marks on her gullet—

Atticus: All around her throat? At the back of the neck?

Tate: I'd say they were all around, Mr. Finch.

Atticus: You would?

Tate: Yes, sir. She had a small throat; anybody could'a reached around it with—

Atticus: Just answer the question yes or no, please, Sheriff. **Mr. Tate is silent. Atticus sits down, and Mr. Tate rises stiffly and steps down from the witness stand.**

Bert: Robert E. Lee Ewell. **Bob Ewell stands up, goes to the witness stand, and sits down.**

Bob: --so help me God. **Mr. Gilmer stands up to question the witness.**

Gilmer: Mr. Robert Ewell?

Bob: That's m' name, cap'n.

Gilmer: Are you the father of Mayella Ewell?

Bob: Well, if I ain't, I can't do nothing about it now. Her ma's dead. **The people in the courtroom laugh.**

Judge: **Sternly.** Are you the father of Mayella Ewell?

Bob: Yes, sir.

Judge: Is this the first time you've been in court? I don't recall ever seeing you here. Well, let's get something straight. There will be no more audibly obscene speculations on any subject from anybody in this courtroom as long as I'm sitting here. Do you understand? *Bob nods.*

Judge: All right, Mr. Gilmer.

Gilmer: Thank you, sir. Mr. Ewell, would you tell us in your own words what happened on the evening of November twenty-first, please?

Bob: Well, the night of November twenty-one I was comin' in from the woods with a load o' kindlin' and just as I got to the fence, I heard Mayella screamin' like a stuck hog inside the house. **Judge Taylor glances sharply at the witness.**

Gilmer: What time was it, Mr. Ewell?

Bob: Just 'fore sundown. Well, I was sayin' Mayella was screamin' fit to beat Jesus—**Judge Ewell glances at Mr. Ewell and silences him.**

Gilmer: Yes? She was screaming?

Bob: Well, Mayella was raisin' this holy racket, so I dropped m'load and run as fast as I could, but I run into th' fence, but when I got disentangled, I run up to th' window, and I seen—**Mr. Ewell's face grows scarlet, and he stands up and points his finger at Tom Robinson.** —I seen that black nigger yonder ruttin' on my Mayella. **Judge Taylor hammers his gavel on his desk, and Atticus stands up and goes over to Judge Taylor saying something to him. There is a moan from the colored people. Reverend Sykes leans across Dill and Scout, pulling at Jem's elbow.**

Sykes: Mr. Jem, you better take Miss Jean Louise home. Mr. Jem, you hear me?

Jem: Scout, go home. Dill, you'n Scout go home.

Scout: You gotta make me first. **Jem scowls at Scout and then turns to Reverend Sykes.**

Jem: I think it's okay, Reverend, she doesn't understand it.

Scout: I most certainly do. I c'n understand anything you can.

Jem: Aw, hush. She doesn't understand it, Reverend. She ain't nine yet.

Sykes: Mr. Finch know you all are here? This ain't fit for Miss Jean Louise or you boys either.

Jem: He can't see us this far away. It's all right, Reverend. **Judge Taylor leans back in his chair.**

Judge: There has been a request that this courtroom be cleared of spectators, or at least of women and children, a request that will be denied for the time being. People generally see what they look for, and hear what they listen for, and they have the right to subject their children to it, but I can assure you of one thing: You will receive what you see and hear in silence, or you will leave this courtroom, but you won't leave it until the whole boiling lot of you come before me on contempt charges. Mr. Ewell, you will keep your testimony within the confines of Christian English usage, if that is possible. Proceed Mr. Gilmer. **Mr. Gilmer and Atticus exchange glances.**

Gilmer: Mr. Ewell, did you see the defendant having sexual intercourse with your daughter?

Bob: Yes, I did.

Gilmer: You say you were at the window?

Bob: Yes, sir.

Gilmer: How far is it from the ground?

Bob: 'bout three foot.

Gilmer: Did you have a clear view of the room?

Bob: Yes, sir.

Gilmer: How did the room look?

Bob: Well, it was all slung about, like there was a fight.

Gilmer: What did you do when you saw the defendant?

Bob: Well, I ran around the house to get in, but he run out the front door just ahead of me. I sawed who he was, all right. I was too distracted about Mayella to run after 'I'm. I ran in the house, and she was lyin' on the floor squallin'—

Gilmer: Then what did you do?

Bob: Why, I run for Tate quick as I could. I knowed who it was, all right, lived down yonder in that nigger-nest, passed the house every day. Jedge, I've asked this county for fifteen years to clean out that nest down yonder. They're dangerous to live around.

Gilmer: Thank you, Mr. Ewell. **Bob makes a hasty descent from the stand and runs right into Atticus; the court laughs.**

Atticus: Just a minute, sir. Could I ask you a question or two? **Mr. Ewell backs up into the witness chair.** Mr. Ewell, folks were doing a lot of running that night. Let's see, you say you ran to the house; you ran to the window; you ran inside; you ran to Mayella; you ran for Mr. Tate. Did you, during all this running, run for a doctor?

Bob: Wasn't no need to. I seen what happened.

Atticus: But there's one thing I don't understand. Weren't you concerned with Mayella's condition?

Bob: I most positively was. I seen who done it.

Atticus: No, I mean her physical condition. Did you not think the nature of her injuries warranted immediate medical attention?

Bob: What?

Atticus: Didn't you think she should have had a doctor immediately?

Bob: I never thought of it. I never called a doctor before. Besides, it would cost me five dollars. That all?

Atticus: Not quite, Mr. Ewell. You heard the sheriff's testimony, didn't you?

Bob: How's that?

Atticus: You were in the courtroom when Mr. Heck Tate was on the stand, weren't you? You heard everything he said, didn't you?

Bob: Yes.

Atticus: Do you agree with his description of Mayella's injuries?

Bob: How's that?

Atticus: Mr. Tate testified that her right eye was blackened, that she was beaten around the—

Bob: Oh yea, I hold with everything Tate said.

Atticus: You do? I just wanted to make sure. **Atticus walks to the court reporter.** Bert, would you please read Mr. Tate's testimony to the court again?

Bert: **Reading from the transcript in a monotone voice.** "Well, she was beaten around the head. There was already bruises comin' on her arms...anyway, she was pretty bruised up when I got there, and she had a black eye comin'." Mr. Finch, "Which eye?...Was it her left facing you or her left looking the same way you were?" Mr. Tate, "Oh yes, that'd make it her right. It was her right eye, Mr. Finch. I remember now. She was bunged up on that side of her face...her arms were bruised, and she showed me her neck. There were definite finger marks on her gullet...I'd say they were all around, Mr. Finch."

Atticus: Thank you, Bert. You heard it again, Mr. Ewell. Do you have anything to add to it? Do you agree with the sheriff?

Bob: I holds with Tate. Her eye was blacked, and she was mighty beat up.

Atticus: Mr. Ewell, can you read and write?

Gilmer: Objection. Can't see what witness's literacy has to do with the case, irrelevant 'n' immaterial.

Atticus: Judge, if you'll allow the question plus another one, you'll soon see.

Judge: All right, let's see, but make sure we see, Atticus. Overruled.

Atticus: Can you read and write?

Bob: I most positively can. How do you think I sign my relief checks? **Atticus brings out a pen and an envelope. Atticus gives Bob the pen and envelope.**

Atticus: Would you write your name for us? Clearly now, so the jury can see you do it? **Mr. Ewell writes his name with his left hand.**

Bob: What's so interestin'?

Judge: You're left-handed, Mr. Ewell. **Bob turns to the jury.**

Bob: I don't see what my being left-handed has to do with it. I am a Christ-fearing man, and Atticus Finch is taking advantage of me.

Atticus: Thank you, Mr. Ewell. That will be all. **Mr. Gilmer stands to ask one last question.**

Gilmer: About your writing with your left hand. Are you ambidextrous, Mr. Ewell?

Bob: I most positively am not; I can use one hand good as the other.

Jem: We've got him.

Scene Two—Chapter 18

Bert: Mayella Violet Ewell...**Mayella walks to the stand.**

Gilmer: Where were you at dusk on that evening?

Mayella: On the porch.

Gilmer: Which porch?

Mayella: Ain't but one, the front porch.

Gilmer: What were you doing on the porch?

Mayella: Nothin'

Gilmer: Just tell us what happened. You can do that, can't you? **Mayella begins to sob.** That's enough now. Don't be 'fraid of anybody here, as long as you tell the truth. All this is strange to you, but you've nothing to be ashamed of and nothing to fear. What are you scared of? **Mayella says something behind her hands.**

Gilmer: What was that?

Mayella: Him. **She points at Atticus.**

Gilmer: Mr. Finch?

Mayella: Don't want him doin' me like he done Pap, tryin' to make him out left-handed.

Judge: How old are you?

Mayella: Nineteen and a half.

Judge: Mr. Finch has no idea of scaring you, and if he did, I'm here to stop him. That's one thing I'm sitting up here for. Now, you're a big girl, so you just sit up straight and tell the—tell us what happened to you. You can do that, can't you?

Scout: Has she got good sense?

Jem: Can't tell yet. She's got enough sense to get the judge sorry for her, but she might be just—oh, I don't know.

Mayella: Well, sir, I was on the porch and—and he came along and, you see, there was this old chiffarobe in the yard Papa'd brought in to chop up for kindlin'—Papa told me to do it while he was off in the woods, but I wadn't feelin' strong enough then, so he came by—

Gilmer: Who is "he"? **Mayella points to Tom Robinson.** I'll have to ask you to be more specific, please. The reporter can't put down gestures very well.

Mayella: That'n yonder. Robinson.

Gilmer: Then what happened?

Mayella: I said come here nigger and bust up this chiffarobe for me. I gotta nickel for you. He coulda done it easy enough, he could. So he come in the yard an' I went in the house to get him the nickel, and I turned around an' fore I knew it he was on me. Just run up behind me, he did. He got me round the neck, cussin' me and sayin' dirt—I fought 'n' hollered, but he had me round the neck. He hit me agin 'n' agin. He chunked me on the floor an' choked me an' took advantage of me.

Gilmer: Did you scream? Did you scream and fight back?

Mayella: Reckon I did, hollered for all I was worth, kicked and hollered loud as I could.

Gilmer: Then what happened?

Mayella: I don't remember too good, but next think I remember Papa was in the room a standin' over me hollerin' "Who done it, Who done it?" Then I sorta fainted an' the next thing I knew Mr. Tate was pullin' me up offa the floor and leadin' me to the water bucket.

Gilmer: You say you fought him off as hard as you could? Fought him tooth and nail?

Mayella: I positively did.

Gilmer: That's all for the time being, but you stay there. I expect big bad Mr. Finch has some questions to ask you.

Judge: State will not prejudice the witness against counsel for the defense, at least not at this time.

Atticus: Miss Mayella, I won't try to scare you for a while, not yet. Let's just get acquainted. How old are you?

Mayella: Said I was nineteen, said it to the judge yonder.

Atticus: So you did, so you did, ma'am. You'll have to bear with me, Miss Mayella, I'm getting along and can't remember as well as I used to. I might ask you things you've already said before, but you'll give me an answer, won't you? Good.

Mayella: Won't answer a word you say long as you keep mockin' me.

Atticus: Ma'am?

Mayella: Long's you keep on makin' fun o' me.

Judge: Mr. Finch is not making fun of you. What's the matter with you?

Mayella: Long's he keeps on callin' me ma'am an' sayin' Miss Mayella. I don't hafta take his sass. I ain't called upon to take it.

Judge: That's just Mr. Finch's way. We've done business in this court for years and years, and Mr. Finch is always courteous to everybody. He's not trying to mock you; he's trying to be polite. That's just his way. **Taylor continued, speaking to Atticus now.** Atticus, let's get on with these proceedings, and let the record show that the witness has not been sassed, her views to the contrary.

Atticus: You say you're nineteen. How many sisters and brothers have you?

Mayella: Seb'n.

Atticus: You the eldest? The oldest?

Mayella: Yes.

Atticus: How long has your mother been dead?

Mayella: Don't know—long time.

Atticus: Did you ever go to school?

Mayella: Read 'n' write good as Papa yonder.

Atticus: How long did you go to school?

Mayella: Two year—three year—dunno.

Atticus: Miss Mayella, how does your father provide for your family?

Mayella: We get relief checks.

Atticus: And the relief checks are enough to take care of the whole family?

Mayella: Well, no. We have to make do with what we can. The relief checks aren't very big.

Atticus: What does your father do after he receives a relief check?

Mayella: Sometimes he goes off in the swamp for several days and when he comes home he's sometimes sick.

Atticus: Do you think he uses the money from the relief checks to buy liquor?

Mayella: I dunno. Maybe. Burris thinks maybe he does.

Atticus: Does he smell of liquor when he comes home?

Mayella: Yeah, but what if he does?

Atticus: What does your family do when the weather turns cold? Do you have enough to buy shoes and clothes?

Mayella: Well, the weather ain't often cold enough for us to need shoes, but when we do need 'em we make 'em from strips of old tires. They work great.

Atticus: That's very resourceful of you. Where do you get your water from?

Mayella: We haul it in buckets. There's this spring that runs out of one end of the dump.

Atticus: Aren't you afraid of the water being dirty?

Mayella: We keep the place clear of trash.

Atticus: What about bathing?

Mayella: If you wants to take a bath you take one. You have to haul your own water to take it so sometimes the kids don't take a bath real regular like.

Atticus: Is your family healthy?

Mayella: We do okay.

Atticus: No one ever gets sick?

Mayella: Well, the younger kids always seem to have a cold, and they suffer from ground itch. But we don't need to see no doctors.

Atticus: Hasn't anyone ever come to check on you to see why you aren't in school?

Mayella: There's this lady who comes around sometimes. She asked me why I didn't stay in school, and I wrote down the answer. I told her with two members of the family reading and writing, there was no need for the rest of them to learn. Our Papa needs us at home.

Atticus: Miss Mayella, a nineteen-year-old girl like you must have friends. Who are your friends? **Mayella frowns.**

Mayella: Friends?

Atticus: Yes, don't you know anyone near your age, or older, or younger? Boys and girls? Just ordinary friends?

Mayella: You makin' fun o' me agin, Mr. Finch? **Atticus remains silent letting her question answer is.**

Atticus: Do you love your father, Miss Mayella?

Mayella: Love him, whatcha mean?

Atticus: I mean, is he good to you, is he easy to get along with?

Mayella: He does tollable, 'cept when—

Atticus: Except when? **Mayella looks at her father.**

Mayella: Except when nothin'. I said he does tollable. **Atticus speaks gently.**

Atticus: Except when he's drinking? **Mayella nods.**

Atticus: Does he ever go after you?

Mayella: How you mean?

Atticus: When he's—riled, has he ever beaten you? **Mayella looks around, down at the court reporter, up at the judge.**

Judge: Answer the questions, Miss Mayella.

Mayella: My paw's never touched a hair o' my head in my life. He never touched me.

Atticus: We've had a good visit, Miss Mayella, and now I guess we better get to the case. You say you asked Tom Robinson to come chop up a —what was it?

Mayella: A chiffarobe, an old dresser full of drawers on one side.

Atticus: Was Tom Robinson well-known to you?

Mayella; Whaddya' mean?

Atticus: I mean, did you know who he was, where he lived? **Mayella nods.**

Mayella: I knowed who he was; he passed the house every day.

Atticus: Was this the first time you asked him to come inside the fence? **Mayella jumps slightly at the question. Atticus is aware of her reaction but does not react himself.**

Atticus: Was—

Mayella: Yes, it was.

Atticus: Didn't you ever ask him to come inside the fence before?

Mayella: I did not, I certainly did not.

Atticus: One "did not" is certainly enough. You never asked him to do odd jobs for you before?

Mayella: I mighta. There were several niggers around.

Atticus: Can you remember any other occasions?

Mayella: No.

Atticus: All right, now to what happened. You said Tom Robinson was behind you in the room when you turned around, that right?

Mayella: Yes.

Atticus: You said he got you round the neck cussin' and sayin' dirt—is that right?

Mayella: 'S right.

Atticus: You say "he caught me and choked me and took advantage of me"—is that right?

Mayella: That's what I said.

Atticus: Do you remember him beating you about the face? *Mayella hesitates*

Atticus: You seem sure enough he choked you. All this time you were fighting back, remember? You "kicked and hollered loud as you could." Do you remember him beating you about the face? *Mayella is silent, seemingly thinking to herself to get something straight.*

Atticus: It's an easy question, Miss Mayella, so I'll try again. Do you remember him beating you about the face? Do you remember him beating you about the face?

Mayella: No, I don't recollect if he hit me. I mean yes I do, he hit me.

Atticus: Was your last sentence your own answer?

Mayella: Huh? Yes, he hit me – I just don't remember, I just don't remember ... It all happened so quick. *Judge Taylor Looks sternly at Mayella.*

Judge: Don't you cry, young woman.

Atticus: Let her cry if she wants to, Judge. We've got all the time in the world.

Mayella: I'll answer the question you got – get me up here an' mock me, will you? I'll answer any question you got.

Atticus: That's fine. There're only a few more, Miss Mayella, not to be tedious you've testified that the defendant hit you, grabbed you around the neck, choked you, took advantage of you. I want you to be sure you have the right man. Will you identify the man who raped you?

Mayella: I will, that's him right yonder.

Atticus: Tom stand up. Let Miss Mayella have a good long look at you. Is this the man, Miss Mayella? *Tom stands with his right hand on the back of the chair. His left hand is fully twelve inches shorter than his right and hangs dead at his side with a shriveled hand dangling at the end of the dead limb.*

Jem: Scout, Scout look! Reverend, he's crippled!

Sykes: He got it caught in a cotton gin, caught in Mr. Dolphus Raymond's cotton gin when he was a boy... like to bled to death... tore all the muscles loose from his bones-

Atticus: Is this the man who raped you?

Mayella: It most certainly is.

Atticus: How? *Mayella is raging*

Mayella: I don't know how he done it, but he done it – I said it all happened so fast I—

Atticus: Now, let's consider this calmly—

Gilmer: ***Standing to object***, Your Honor, I object. Mr. Finch is browbeating the witness. ***Judge Taylor laughs outright***

Judge: Oh sit down, Horace, he's doing nothing of the sort. If anything, the witness's browbeating Atticus.

Atticus: Now, Miss Mayella, You've testified that the defendant choked and beat you—and you didn't say that he sneaked up behind you and knocked you cold, but you turned around and there he was—do you wish to reconsider any of you testimony?

Mayella: You want me to say something that didn't happen?

Atticus: No, ma'am, I want you to say something that did happen. Tell us once more, what happened?

Mayella: I told 'ja what happened.

Atticus: You testified that you turned around there he was. He choked you then?

Mayella: Yes.

Atticus: Then released your throat and hit you?

Mayella: I said he did.

Atticus: He blacked your left eye with his right fist?

Mayella: I ducked and it—it glanced, that's what it did. I ducked and it glanced off.

Atticus: You're suddenly becoming clear on this point. A while ago you couldn't remember too well, could you?

Mayella: I said he hit me.

Atticus: All right, he choked you, he hit you, then he raped you, that right?

Mayella: It most certainly is.

Atticus: You're a strong girl, what were you doing all the time, just standing there?

Mayella: I told 'ja I hollered 'n' kicked 'n' fought. **Atticus takes off his glasses, looks at Mayella with his right eye**

Atticus: Why didn't you run? What were you doing all this time? You've got two good hands, surely you must have hit Mr. Robinson? Wasn't he reacting to your fighting back? How do you explain his being able to beat you and hold you down at the same time when all he has is one good arm? What did...

Judge: One question at a time, Atticus. Give the witness a chance to answer.

Atticus: All right, why didn't you run?

Mayella: I tried to...

Atticus: Tried to? What kept you from it?

Mayella: I—he slung me down. That's what he did, he slung me down 'n' got on top of me.

Atticus: You were screaming all this time?

Mayella: I certainly was.

Atticus: Then why didn't the other children hear you? Where were they? At the dump? **Mayella does not answer**

Atticus: Where were they? Why didn't your screams make them come running? Dump's closer than the woods isn't it? **Mayella does not answer.**

Atticus: Did you scream first at your father, instead of at Tom Robinson? Was that it? **No answer.**

Atticus: What did your father see through the window, the crime of rape or the best defense to it? Why don't you tell the truth child, didn't Bob Ewell beat you up? **Atticus turns away, sits, and polishes his glasses.**

Mayella: I got sometin' to say.

Atticus: **Atticus speaks with compassion.** Do you want to tell us what happened?

Mayella: I got somethin' to say an' then I ain't gonna say no more. That nigger yonder took advantage of me an' if you fine fancy gentlemen don't wanta' do nothin' about it then you're all yellow stinkn' cowards, stinkin' cowards, the lot of you. Your fancy airs don't come to nothin' – your ma'min' and Miss Mayelerin' don't come to nothin' Mr. Finch—**Mayella burst in real tears**

Gilmer: Your Honor, The state rests.

Judge: It's time we all did. We'll take ten minutes. **Mr. Braxton Underwood notices Jem and Scout, looks at the black people they sit by, snorts and looks away.**

Scout: Jem, Mr. Underwood's seen us.

Jem: That's okay. He won't tell Atticus, he'll just put it on the social side of the Tribune. You see Dill, we aren't supposed to be here, but Atticus won't know. Mr. Braxton will just report about

it in his newspaper. Atticus never reads the social register. He doesn't like gossip.

Scout: We come down sometimes to watch him. It's gonna take him the rest of the afternoon now. You watch. **Judge Taylor spits the end of his cigar into a spittoon.**

Dill: Bet he was hell with a spitball.

Judge: It's getting' on to four. Shall we try to wind up this afternoon? How 'bout it, Atticus?

Atticus: I think we can.

Judge: How many witnesses you got?

Atticus: One.

Judge: Well, call him.

Scene Three—Continuation of Trial

Tom Robinson is called to the witness stand. He lifts his right arm with his left hand to put it on the Bible. As he raises his right hand to take the oath, his useless left hand falls off the Bible. He tries again.

Judge: That'll do, Tom. **Tom takes the oath and sits down.**

Atticus: Tom, how old are you?

Tom: Twenty-five, suh.

Atticus: Are you married?

Tom: Yes, suh.

Atticus: Any children, Tom?

Tom: Three, suh.

Atticus: Tom, have you ever been in jail before?

Tom: Once. I got thirty days for disorderly conduct.

Atticus: It must have been disorderly. What did it consist of?

Tom: Got in a fight with another man, he tried to cut me.

Atticus: Did he succeed?

Tom: Yes, suh, I had to serve 'cause I couldn't pay the fine. Other fellow paid his'n. **Dill leans across Scout to talk to Jem.**

Dill: Jem, what in the heck is Atticus doing? Why does he want to bring up Tom's jail time?

Jem: Atticus is just showing the jury that Tom has nothing to hide.

Dill: Oh, guess that's pretty smart.

Atticus: Were you acquainted with Miss Mayella Violet Ewell?

Tom: Yes, suh, I had to pass her place goin' to and from the fields every day.

Atticus: Whose field?

Tom: I pick for Link Deas.

Atticus: Were you picking cotton in November?

Tom: No, suh, I works in his yard fall 'n' wintertime. I works pretty steady for him all year 'round. He's got a lot of pecan trees 'n' things.

Atticus: You say you had to pass the Ewell place to get to and from work. Is there any other way to go?

Tom: No, suh, none's I know of.

Atticus: Tom, did she ever speak to you?

Tom: Why, yes suh, I'd tip my hat when I'd go by, and one day she asked me to come inside the fence and bust up a chiffarobe for her.

Atticus: When did she ask you to chop up the—the chiffarobe?

Tom: Mr. Finch, it was way last spring. I remember it because it was chopin' time and I had my hoe with me. I said I didn't have nothin' but this hoe, but she said she had a hatchet. She give me the hatchet, and I broke up the chiffarobe. She said, "I reckon I'll hafta give you a nickel, won't I?" An' I said, "No ma'am, there ain't no charge." Then I went home. Mr. Finch, that was way last spring, way over a year ago.

Atticus: Did you ever go on the place again?

Tom: Yes, suh.

Atticus: When?

Tom: Well, I went lots of times. ***The crowd murmurs and then quiets down.***

Atticus: Under what circumstances?

Tom: Please, suh?

Atticus: Why did you go inside the fence lots of times?

Tom: She'd call me in, suh. Seemed like every time I passed by yonder she'd have somethin' for me to do—chopin' kindlin', totin' water for her. She watered them red flowers every day—

Atticus: Were you paid for your services?

Tom: No suh, not after she offered me the nickel the first time. I was glad to do it. Mr. Ewell didn't seem to help her none, and neither did the chillun', and I knowed she didn't have no nickels to spare.

Atticus: Where were the other children?

Tom: They was always around, all over the place. They'd watch me work, some of 'em, some of 'em'd set in the window.

Atticus: Would Miss Mayella talk to you?

Tom: Yes, sir she talked to me.

Scout as Narrator: As Tom Robinson gave his testimony, it came to me that Mayella Ewell must have been the loneliest person in the world. She was even lonelier than Boo Radley, who had not been out of the house in twenty-five years. Tom Robinson was probably the only person who was ever decent to her.

Atticus: Did you ever at any time, go on the Ewell property—did you ever set foot on the Ewell property without an express invitation from one of them?

Tom: No suh, Mr. Finch, I never did. I wouldn't do that, suh.

Atticus: Tom, what happened to you on the evening of November twenty-first of last year?

Tom: Mr. Finch, I was goin' home as usual that evenin', an' when I passed the Ewell place Miss Mayella were on the porch, like she said she were. It seemed really quiet like an' I didn't quite know why. I was studyin' why, just passin' by, when she says for me to come there and help her for a minute. Well, I went inside the fence an' looked around for some kindlin' to work on, but I didn't see none, and she says, "Naw, I got somethin' for you to do in the house. Th' old door's off its hinges an' falls' comin' on pretty fast." I said, "You got a screwdriver, Miss Mayella?" She said she sho' had. Well, I went up the steps an' she motioned me to come inside and I went in the front room and looked at the door. I said Miss Mayella, this door look alright. I pulled it back 'n forth and those hinges was all right. Then she shet the door in my face. Mr. Finch, I was wonderin' why it was so quiet like, an' it come to me that there weren't a chile on the place, not a one of 'em, and I said Miss Mayella, where the chillum?
—**Tom's velvet black skin began to shine, and he runs his hand over his face**—I say where the chillun? An' she says—she was laughin', sort of—she says they all gone to get ice creams. She says, "Took me a slap year to save seb'n nickels, but I done it. They all gone to town."

Atticus: What did you say then, Tom?

Tom: I said somethin' like why Miss Mayella, that's right smart o' you to treat 'em. I meant it was smart of her to save like that, an' nice of her to treat them.

Atticus: I understand you, Tom. Go on.

Tom: Well, I said I bes' be goin', I couldn't do nothin' for her, an' she says oh yes I could, an' I ask her what, and she says to just step on that chair yonder an' git that box down from on top of the chiffarobe.

Atticus: Not the same chiffarobe you busted up? **Tom smiled.**

Tom: No suh, another one. Most as tall as the room. So I done what she told me an' I was just reachin' when the next thing I knows she—she'd grabbed me round the legs, grabbed me round the legs, Mr. Finch. She sacred me so bad I hopped down an' turned the chair over—that was the only thing, only furniture disturbed in that room, Mr. Finch, when I left it. I swear 'fore God.

Atticus: What happened after you turned the chair over? **Tom stops, looks at Atticus, then at the jury, then at Mr. Underwood.** Tom, you're sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, will you tell it? **Tom runs his hand nervously over his mouth.** What happened after that?

Judge: Answer the question. **One-third of his cigar had vanished.**

Tom: Mr. Finch, I got down offa that chair an' turned around an' she sorta jumped on me.

Atticus: Jumped on you? Violently?

Tom: No suh, she—she hugged me. She hugged me round the waist. **The crowd murmurs. Judge Taylor slams down the gavel, and as he does, the overhead lights come on in the courtroom; the afternoon sun had left the windows.**

Atticus: Then what did she do? **Tom swallows hard.**

Tom: She reached up an' kissed me 'side o' the face. She says she never kissed a grown man before an' she might as well kiss a nigger. She says what her papa do to her don't count. She says, "Kiss me back, nigger." I say Miss Mayella, let me outta here an' tried to run, but she got her back to the door an' I'da had to push her. I didn't wanta harm her, Mr. Finch, an' I say lemme pass, but just when I say it, Mr. Ewell yonder hollered through th' window.

Atticus: What did he say? **Tom swallows hard and his eyes widen.**

Tom: Somethin' not fit to say—not fittin' for these folks' chillun to hear—

Atticus: What did he say, Tom? You must tell the jury what he said.

Tom: **Tom shuts his eyes tightly.** He says you goddam whore, I'll kill ya.

Atticus: Then what happened?

Tom: Mr. Finch, I was runnin' so fast, I didn't know what happened.

Atticus: Tom, did you rape Mayella Ewell?

Tom: I did not, suh.

Atticus: Did you harm her in any way?

Tom: I did not, suh.

Atticus: Did you resist her advances?

Tom: Mr. Finch, I tried to 'thout bein' ugly to her. I didn't want to be ugly. I didn't wanta push her or nothin'.

Scout as Narrator: Until my father explained it to me later, I did not understand the subtlety of Tom's predicament: he would not have dared strike a white woman under any circumstances and expect to live long, so he took the first opportunity to run—which would be seen as a sure sign of guilt.

Atticus: Tom, go back once more to Mr. Ewell. Did he say anything to you?

Tom: Not anything, suh. He mighta said somethin', but I weren't there—

Atticus: That'll do. What you did hear, who was he talking to?

Tom: Mr. Finch, he was talkin' and lookin' at Miss Mayella.

Atticus: Then you ran?

Tom: I sho' did, suh.

Atticus: Why did you run?

Tom: I was scared, suh.

Atticus: Why were you scared?

Tom: Mr. Finch, if you was a nigger like me, you'd be scared, too. **Atticus sits down. Mr. Gilmer begins to walk to the front. In the meantime, Link Deas stands up and speaks.**

Link: I just want the whole lot o' you to know one thing right now. That boy's worked for me for eight years, and I ain't had a speck o' trouble outa him. Not a speck.

Judge: **roaring, his speech miraculously unimpaired by his cigar. Shut your mouth, sir!** Link Deas, if you have anything you want to say you can say it under oath and at the proper time, but until then, you get out of this room, you hear me? I'll be damned if I'll listen to this case again! **Judge Taylor glares at Atticus. Atticus puts his head down and is laughing into his lap. Scout looks at Jem.**

Jem: It ain't like one of the jurymen got up and started talking. I think it'd be different then. Mr. Link was just disturbing the peace or something.

Judge: Bert, expunge everything you wrote down after "Mr. Finch, if you were a nigger like me, you'd be scared too." **He turns to the jury.** You gentlemen will disregard the interruption and everything Mr. Deas has said. Go ahead Mr. Gilmer.

Gilmer: You were given thirty days once for disorderly conduct, Robinson?

Tom: Yes, suh.

Gilmer: What'd the nigger look like when you got through with him?

Tom: He beat me, Mr. Gilmer.

Gilmer: Yes, but you were convicted, weren't you?

Atticus: It was a misdemeanor, and it's in the record, Judge.

Judge: Witness'll answer though.

Tom: Yes, suh, I got thirty days.

Gilmer: Robinson, you're pretty good at busting up chiffarobes and kindling with one hand, aren't you.

Tom: Yes, suh, I reckon so.

Gilmer: Strong enough to choke the breath out of a woman and sling her to the floor?

Tom: I never done that, suh.

Gilmer: But you are strong enough to?

Tom: I reckon so, suh.

Gilmer: Had your eye on her for a long time, hadn't you, boy?

Tom: No, suh, I never looked at her.

Gilmer: Then you were mighty polite to do all that chopping and hauling for her, weren't you, boy?

Tom: I was just tryin' to help her out, suh.

Gilmer: That was mighty generous of you. You had chores at home after your regular work, didn't you?

Tom: Yes, suh.

Gilmer: Why didn't you do them instead of Miss Ewell's?

Tom: I done 'em both, suh.

Gilmer: You must have been pretty busy. Why?

Tom: Why what, suh?

Gilmer: Why were you so anxious to do that woman's chores? **Tom hesitates before answering.**

Tom: Looked like she didn't have nobody to help her, like I says, —

Gilmer: With Mr. Ewell and seven children on the place, boy?

Tom: Well, I says it looked like they never help her none—

Gilmer: You did all this chopping and work from sheer goodness, boy?

Tom: Tried to help her I says. **Gilmer smiles at the jury.**

Gilmer: You're a mighty good fellow, it seems—did all this for not one penny?

Tom: I felt right sorry for her, she seemed to try more'n the rest of 'em—

Gilmer: **You** felt sorry for *her*; you felt *sorry* for her? **Tom realizes his mistake and shifts uncomfortably. Nobody below likes the answer. Gilmer pauses to let it sink in.** Now you went by the house as usual, last November twenty-first and she asked you to come in and bust up a chiffarobe?

Tom: No, suh.

Gilmer: Do you deny that you went to the house?

Tom: No suh—she said she had somethin' for me to do inside the house—

Gilmer: She says she asked you to bust up a chiffarobe, is that right?

Tom: No suh, it ain't.

Gilmer: They you say she's lying, boy? **Atticus jumps to his feet.**

Tom: I don't say she's lyin', Mr. Gilmer, I say she's mistaken in her mind.

Gilmer: She says she went into the house to get a nickel, is that right?

Tom: She must be mistaken in her mind, such.

Gilmer: She says she turned around and you jumped her.

Tom: She's mistaken in her mind, suh.

Gilmer: She says you run up behind her and grabbed her around the neck, is that right?

Tom: No suh, she's mistaken in her mind.

Gilmer: She says you threw her on the floor, choked her, and took advantage of her. Did you do that, boy?

Tom: No suh, she's mistaken in her mind.

Gilmer: She says she fought you as hard as she could.

Tom: She's mistaken in her mind, suh.

Gilmer: She says she screamed.

Tom: She's mistaken in her mind, suh.

Gilmer: Didn't you want the nickel, boy?

Tom: Suh, she didn't offer me no nickel. She's mistaken in her mind.

Gilmer: She says you were cussing at her and calling her names, is that right?

Tom: No suh, she's mistaken in her mind.

Gilmer: Are you saying that none of this happened the way Mayella Ewell says it did?

Tom: Suh, I says she's mistaken in her mind.

Gilmer: She says you used helping out as an excuse to beat her and take full advantage of her.

Tom: She's mistaken in her mind, Mr. Gilmer.

Gilmer: Didn't Mr. Ewell run you off the place, boy?

Tom: No suh, I don't think he did.

Gilmer: Don't think, what do you mean?

Tom: I mean I didn't stay long enough for him to run me off.

Gilmer: You're very candid about this, why did you run so fast?

Tom: I says I was scared, suh.

Gilmer: If you had a clear conscience, why were you scared?

Tom: Like I says before, it weren't safe for any nigger to be in a -fix like that.

Gilmer: But you weren't in a fix—you testified that you were resisting Miss Mayella Ewell. Were you scared that she'd hurt you, you ran, a big buck like you?

Tom: No suh, I's scared I'd be in a court just like I am now.

Gilmer: Scared of arrest, scared you'd have to face up to what you did.

Tom: No suh, scared I'd hafta face up to what I didn't do.

Gilmer: Are you being impudent to me, boy?

Tom: No, suh, I didn't go to be. **Dill begins to cry.**

Jem: Scout, take him outside.

Scout: You take him.

Jem: Scout, do as I say. I'm better at remembering what's going on. I'll tell you everything. Now take Dill outside. He needs some fresh air, I reckon.

Scout: Okay. Come on, Dill. **Scout and Dill get up to leave.**

Scout: Ain't you feeling good? **As they run down the stairs, Mr. Link Deas speaks.**

Link: Anything happenin' Scout?

Scout: No, sir. Dill here, he's sick. **Motioning to Dill.** Come on out under the trees. Heat got you, I expect. **They chose the fattest live oak and sat under it.**

Dill: It was just him I couldn't stand.

Scout: Who, Tom?

Dill: That old Mr. Gilmer doin' him that a way, talking so hateful to him—

Scout: Dill, that's his job. Why, if we didn't have prosecutors—well, we couldn't have defense attorneys, I reckon.

Dill: I know all that, Scout. It was the way he said it made me sick, plain sick.

Scout: He was supposed to act that way, Dill, he was cross—

Dill: He didn't act that way when—

Scout: Dill, those were his own witnesses.

Dill: Well, Mr. Finch didn't act that way to Mayella and old man Ewell when he cross-examined them. The way that man called him 'boy' all the time and sneered at him, an' looked around at the jury every time he answered—

Scout: Well, Dill, after all he's just a Negro.

Dill: I don't care one speck. It ain't right. Somehow it ain't right to do 'em that way. Hasn't anybody got any business talkin' like that—it just makes me sick.

Scout: That's just Mr. Gilmer's way, Dill, he does 'em all that way. You've never seen him get good 'n down on one yet. Why, when—well, today Mr. Gilmer seemed to me like he wasn't half trying. They do 'em all that way, most lawyers I mean.

Dill: Mr. Finch doesn't.

Scout: He's not an example, Dill. He's—he's the same in the courtroom as he is on the public streets.

Dill: That's not what I mean.

Dolphus: I know what you mean, boy. **Mr. Dolphus Raymond peered around the trunk at us.** You aren't thin-hided, it just makes you sick, doesn't it? Come on round here, son, I got something that'll settle your stomach. Here, take a good sip. It'll quieten you. **Dolphus offers Dill a drink from the bottle he holds in a paper sack. Dill sucks on the straws, smiles, and drinks at length.**

Dolphus: Hee, hee.

Scout: Dill, you watch out now.

Dill: Scout, it's nothin' but Coca-Cola.

Dolphus: You little folks won't tell on me now, will you? It'd ruin my reputation if you did.

Scout: You mean all you drink in that sack's Coca-Cola? Just plain Coca-Cola?

Dolphus: Yes, ma'am. That's all I drink most of the time.

Scout: Then you just pretend you're half—? I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't mean to be—**Dolphus chuckles to himself**. Why do you do like you do?

Dolphus: Wh—oh yes, you mean why do I pretend? Well, it's simple. Some folks don't—like the way I live. Now, I could say the hell with 'em, I don't care if they don't like it. I do say I don't care if they don't like it, right enough—but I don't say the hell with 'em, see?

Dill and Scout: No, sir.

Dolphus: I try to give 'em a reason, you see. It helps folks if they can latch onto a reason. When I come to town, which is seldom, if I weave a little and drink out of this sack, folks can say "Dolphus Raymond's in the clutches of whiskey—that's why he don't change his ways. He can't help himself, that's why he lives the way he does."

Scout: That ain't honest, Mr. Raymond, makin' yourself out badder'n you are already—

Dolphus: It ain't honest but it's mighty helpful to folks. Secretly, Miss Finch, I'm not much of a drinker, but you see they could never, never understand that I live like I do because that's the way I want to live.

Scout: Why are you telling us all this?

Dolphus: Because you're children and you can understand it, and because I heard that one **he jerks his head at Dill**—things haven't caught up with that one's instinct yet. Let him get a little older and he won't get sick and cry. Maybe things'll strike him as being—not quite right, say, but he won't cry, not when he gets a few years on him.

Dill: Cry about what, Mr. Raymond?

Dolphus: Cry about the simple hell people give other people—without even thinking. Cry about the hell white people give colored people, without even stopping to think they're people too.

Scout: Atticus says cheatin' a colored man is ten times worse than cheatin' a white man. Says it's the worst thing you can do.

Dolphus: I don't reckon it's—Miss Jean Louise, you don't know your Pa's not a run-of-the-mill man, it'll take a few years for that to sink in—you haven't seen enough of the world yet. You haven't even seen this town, but all you gotta do is step back inside the courthouse. **Scout remembers the trial**.

Scout: C'mon Dill. You all right now?

Dill: Yeah. Glad t've metcha, Mr. Raymond, and thanks for the drink, it was mighty settlin'. **Scout and Dill race back into the courthouse. Reverend Sykes has saved their seats**.

Scout: Shoot, we missed it. **Atticus is halfway through his speech to the jury**.

Atticus: ...absence of any corroborative evidence, this man was indicted on a capital charge and is now on trial for his life.

Scout: **Scout punches Jem on the arm.** How long's he been at it?

Jem: He's just gone over the evidence and we're gonna win, Scout. I don't see how we can't. He's been at it about five minutes. He made it as plain and easy as—well, as I'da explained it to you. You could've understood it, even.

Scout: Did Mr. Gilmer—

Jem: Sh-h. Nothing new, just the usual. Hush now. **Scout and Jem look down at Atticus, who was speaking easily, walking slowly up and down in front of the jury. Atticus did something Scout never saw him do before or since—he unbuttoned his vest, unbuttoned his collar, loosened his tie, and took off his coat. To Jem and me, this was the equivalent of him standing before us stark naked.**

Atticus: Gentlemen, I shall be brief, but I would like to use my remaining time with you to remind you that this case is not a difficult one, it requires no minute sifting of complicated facts, but it does require you to be sure beyond all reasonable doubt as to the guilt of the defendant. To begin with, this case should have never have come to trial. This case is as simple as black and white.

The state has not produced one iota of medical evidence to the effect that the crime Tom Robinson is charged with ever took place. It has relied instead upon the testimony of two witnesses whose evidence has not only been called into serious question on cross-examination, but has been flatly contradicted by the defendant. The defendant is not guilty, but somebody in this courtroom is.

I have nothing to but pity in my heart for the chief witness for the state, but my pity does not extend so far as to her putting a man's life at stake, which she has done in an effort to get rid of her own guilt.

I say guilt, gentlemen, because it was guilt that motivated her. She has committed no crime, she has merely broken a rigid and time-honored code of our society, a code so severe that whoever breaks it is hounded from our midst as unfit to live with. She is the victim of cruel poverty and ignorance, but I cannot pity her: she is white. She knew full well the enormity of her offense, but because her desires were stronger than the code she was breaking, she persisted in breaking it. She persisted, and her subsequent reaction is something that all of us have known at one time or another. She did something every child has done—she tried to put the evidence of her offense away from her. But in this case she was no child hiding stolen contraband: she struck out at her victim—of necessity she must put him away from her—he must be removed from her presence, from this world. She must destroy the evidence of her offence.

What was the evidence of her offence? Tom Robinson, a human being. She must put Tom Robinson away from her. Tom Robinson was her daily reminder of what she did. What did she do? She tempted a Negro.

She was white, and she tempted a Negro. She did something that in our society is unspeakable: she kissed a black man. Not an old Uncle, but a strong young Negro man. No code mattered to her before she broke it, but it came crashing down on her afterwards.

Her father saw it, and the defendant has testified as to his remarks. What did her father do? We don't know, but there is circumstantial evidence to indicate that Mayella Ewell was beaten savagely by someone who led most exclusively with his left. We do know in part what Mr. Ewell did: he did what any God-fearing, preserving, respectable white man would do under circumstances—he swore a warrant, no doubt signing with his left hand, and Tom Robinson now sits before you, having taken the oath with the only good hand he possesses—his right hand.

And so a quiet, respectable, humble Negro who had the unmitigated temerity to 'feel sorry' for a white woman has had to put his word against two white people. I need not to remind of their appearance and conduct on the stand—you saw them for yourselves. The witness for the state, with the exception of the sheriff of Maycomb County, have presented themselves to you gentlemen, to this court, in the cynical confidence that their testimony would not be doubted, confident that you

gentlemen would go along with them on the assumption—the evil assumption—that all Negroes lie, that all Negroes are basically immoral beings, that all Negro men are not to be trusted around our women, an assumption that one associates with minds of their caliber.

Which, gentlemen, we know is in itself a lie as black as Tom Robinson's skin, a lie I do not have to point out to you. You know the truth, and the truth is this: some Negroes lie, some Negroes are immoral, some Negro men are not to be trusted around women—black or white. But this is a truth that applies to the human race and to no particular race of men. There is not a person in this courtroom who has never told a lie, who has never done an immoral thing, and there is no man living who has never looked upon a woman without desire." **Atticus pauses and takes out his handkerchief. Then he takes off his glasses and wipes them, and we saw another "first": we had never seen him sweat—he was one of those men whose faces never perspired, but it was shining tan.**

One more thing, gentlemen, before I quit. Thomas Jefferson once said that all men are created equal, a phrase that the Yankees and the distaff side of the Executive branch in Washington are fond of hurling at us. There is a tendency in this year of grace, 1935, for certain people to use this phrase of context, to satisfy all conditions. The most ridiculous example I can think of is that people who run public education promote the stupid and idle along with the industrious—because all men are created equal, educators will gravely tell you, the children left behind suffer terrible feelings of inferiority. We know all men are not created equal in the sense some people would have us believe—some people are smarter than others, some people have more opportunity because they're born with it, some men make more money than others, some ladies make better cake than others—some people are born gifted beyond the normal scope of men.

But there is one way in this country which all men are created equal—there is one human institution that makes a pauper the equal of a Rockefeller, the stupid man equal of an Einstein, and an ignorant man equal of any college president. That institution, gentlemen, is a court. It can be the Supreme Court of the United States or the humblest J.P. court in the land, or this honorable court which you serve. Our courts have their faults, as does any human constitution, but in this country our courts are the great levelers, and in our courts all men are created equal.

I'm no idealist to believe firmly in the integrity of our courts and in the jury system—that is no ideal to me, it is a living, working reality. Gentlemen, a court is no better than each man of you sitting before me on this jury. A court is only as sound as its jury, and a jury is only as sound as the men who make it up. I am confident that you gentlemen will review without passion the evidence you have heard, come to a decision, and restore this defendant to his family. In the name of God, do your duty. **Almost inaudible, as he's walking away, he says** In the name of God, believe him...

Dill: Looka yonder! **Calpurnia makes her way up the middle aisle, walking straight toward Atticus.**

Judge: It's Calpurnia, isn't it?

Cal: Yes sir. Could I pass this note to Mr. Finch, please sir? It hasn't got anything to do with the trial. **Judge nods**

Atticus: **reads the note.** Judge, my children are missing and haven't turned up since noon. I, could you—

Underwood: I know where they are, Atticus. They're right up yonder in the colored balcony, been there since precisely one-eighteen p.m.

Atticus: Jem, come down from there. **Jem comes down and approaches Atticus at the bench.**

Jem: **quietly to Atticus.** We've won, haven't we?

Atticus: **Shortly,** I've no idea. You've been here all afternoon? Go home with Calpurnia and get your supper—and

stay home.

Jem: Aw, Atticus, let us come back. Please let us hear the verdict, *please* sir.

Atticus: The jury might be out and back in a minute, we don't know. Tell you what, you all can come back when you've eaten your supper, and if the jury's still out, you can wait with us. But I expect it'll be over before you get back.

Jem: You think they'll acquit him that fast?

Atticus: ***Opens his mouth, but shuts it without an answer.*** Hurry, Jem. Do what I say.

Jem, Scout, and Dill are marched home by Calpurnia for supper. Aunt Alexandra is not happy; she's even less happy when Jem tells her that Atticus said they could return for the verdict. When they return after an hour of being gone, Reverend Sykes has saved their seats, but nothing else in the courtroom has really changed.

Jem: Don't fret Reverend; we've won it. Don't see how any jury could convict on what we heard.

Rev: Now don't be so confident, Mr. Jem. I ain't seen a jury decide in favor of a colored man over a white man.

Jem: But Reverend, it wasn't rape—

Rev: Mr. Jem, this ain't a polite this for a little lady to hear.

Jem: Aw, she doesn't know what we're talking about. Scout, this is too old for you, ain't it?

Scout: It most certainly is not. I know every word you're saying.

Jem: What time is it Reverend?

Rev: Getting on toward eight.

Scout as Narrator: When the clock bonged eleven times I was past feeling: tired from fighting sleep, I allowed myself a short nap against Reverend Sykes's comfortable arm and shoulder. I jerked awake and made an honest effort to remain so, by looking down and concentrating on the heads below: there were sixteen bald ones, fourteen men that could pass for redheads, forty heads varying between brown and black, and—I remembered something Jem had once explained to me when he went through a brief period of psychical research: he said if enough people—a stadium full, maybe—were to concentrate on one thing, such as setting a tree afire in the woods, that the tree would ignite of its own accord. I toyed with the idea of asking everyone below to concentrate on setting Tom Robinson free, but thought if they were as tired as I, it wouldn't work. Dill was sound asleep, his head on Jem's shoulder, and Jem was quiet.

Scout: Ain't it a long time?

Jem: Sure is, Scout, ***he said happily.***

Scout: Well, from the way you put it, it'd just take five minutes.

Jem: ***Raises his eyebrows.*** There are things you don't understand

Bailiff: All rise! ***The jury and the judge enter with the verdict...***

Scout as Narrator: What happened after that had a dreamlike quality: in a dream I saw the jury return, moving like underwater swimmers, and Judge Taylor's voice came from far away and was tiny. I saw something only a lawyer's child could be expected to see, could be expected to watch for, and it was like watching Atticus walk into the street, raise a rifle to his shoulder and pull the trigger, but watching all the time knowing that the gun was empty. A jury never looks at a defendant it has convicted, and when this jury came in, not one of them looked at Tom Robinson. The foreman handed a piece of paper to Mr. Tate who handed it to the clerk who handed it to the judge...

Judge: Guilty... guilty... guilty...guilty... Jem's hands were white from gripping the balcony rail, and his shoulders jerked as if each "guilty" was a separate stab between them.

Scout as Narrator: Dimly, I saw Atticus pushing papers from the table into his briefcase. He snapped it shut, went to the court reporter and said something, nodded to Mr. Gilmer, and then went to Tom Robinson and whispered something to him. Atticus put his hand on Tom's shoulder as he whispered. Atticus took his coat off the back of his chair and pulled it over his shoulder. Then he left the courtroom, but not by his usual exit. He must have wanted to go home the short way, because he walked quickly down the middle aisle toward the south exit. I followed the top of his head as he made his way to the door. He did not look up. Someone was punching me, but I was reluctant to take my eyes from the people below us, and from the image of Atticus's lonely walk down the aisle.

Rev: Miss Jean Louise? Scout looks around. They were standing. All around us and in the balcony on the opposite wall, the Negroes were getting to their feet. Reverend Sykes's voice was as distant as Judge Taylor's: Miss Jean Louise, stand up. Your father's passin'.