***To kill a mockingbird -* Courtroom Script**

**Characters**

**‘SCOUT’ FINCH** A young girl; her hair is plain and she wears overalls.

**JEAN LOUISE FINCH ‘SCOUT’ GROWN OLDER**; she wears simple modern clothes.

**JEM FINCH** Scout’s brother; an active boy, a few years older than her.

**ATTICUS FINCH** Their father; he is a tall, quietly impressive, ‘civilized’ man of nearly fifty. He wears glasses because of poor sight in his left eye and looks with his right when he wants to see something well. He acts as defense council for Tom Robinson. Wearing Suit and tie.

**CALPURNIA** The black housekeeper who has helped to bring up Scout and Jem since their mother died. She wears an apron.

**DILL** Friends of Scout and Jem. He is a little older than Scout and is small blond and wise. He is neat, well-dressed with an undercurrent of sophistication, but his laugh is sudden and happy.

**MISS STEPHANIE CRAWFORD** The neighborhood scold.

**MAYELLA EWELL** A poor girl of nineteen, accustomed to strenuous labor, who accuses Tom Robinson of attacking her.

**BOB EWELL** Her father; a little man who will not be bullied by others . He is ignorant and sharp-tempered.

**MR GILMER** The council for the prosecution in the trail of Tom Robinson.

**NATHAN RADLEY** A pale, then, leathery man; ‘Boo’ Radley’s older brother and guardian.

**TOM ROBINSON** A powerful, young black man, but with his left hand curled up and held to his chest.

**HELEN ROBINSON** His wife.

**REVEREND SYKES** A black minister, conservatively dressed in a black suit, white shirt and black tie.

**HECK TATE** The sheriff

**JUDGE TAYLOR** The judge who tries the case of Tom Robinson.

**COURT CLERK**

Characters without speaking parts –Helen Robinson, Mr. Nathan Radley, Mr. Cunningham and Miss Maudie

**JEAN** -The following Monday, ATTICUS told us to stay home, and for a while we did. People were streaming into town like it was Saturday. Seemed like the whole county was coming for Tom Robinson’s trial.

(*There is a bench for witnesses, a small table and chair, and another table with two chairs. As the scene is played, the jury is considered to be out in the audience. As* JEAN *continues,* JUDGETAYLOR *takes his place behind the bench.* HECK TATE *sits in the witness chair.* BOB EWELL *and* MAYELLA EWELL *sit on the bench, while* ATTICUS *and* TOM ROBINSON *sit at the table,* MR GILMER *is standing to the side of the witness chair.*

*Several characters sit to watch the trial:* MISS CRAWFORD, MISS ATKINSON, NATHAN RADLEY *and* MR CUNNINGHAM. HELEN ROBINSON *sits by herself and away from the white spectators*.)

**JEAN** (*continuing during the above*) When Jem, Dill and I reached the courthouse square, we found it covered with picnic parties. Apparently, the trial was to be a gala occasion. There was no room at the public hitching rail – mules and wagons were parked under every available tree. People were washing down biscuit and syrup with warm milk from fruit jars. Some were gnawing on cold chicken and cold fried pork chops. In the far corner of the square, the Negroes sat quietly in the sun, dining on sardines and crackers. At some invisible signal, they all got up and started into the courthouse. We didn’t want Atticus to see us, so we waited. Then, there were no seats left. Reverend Sykes asked if we’d care to sit on the coloured side if the balcony. Jem said, ‘Gosh, yes’ and we went in with him.

(SCOUT, JEM *and* DILL *are coming on during this with* REVEREND SYKES, *and they sit with* HELEN ROBINSON. REVEREND SYKES *gives her a reassuring pat, but she just stares forward.*)

**JEAN** By the time we got there the trial was already started. The prosecutor, a Mr. Gilmer from Abbottsville, was taking testimony from Heck Tate.

(JEAN *steps offstage*.)

**MR GILMER** In your own words, Mr Tate.

**HECK** (*replying to* MR GILMER) Well, I was called –

**MR GILMER** (*motioning toward the audience*) Could you say it to the jury, Mr. Tate? Who called you?

**HECK** (*turning toward he audience*) I was fetched by Bob – by MR Bob Ewell yonder, one night.

**MR GILMER** What night, sir?

**HECK** The night of November twenty-first. I was leaving my office to go home when B – Mr. Ewell came in, very excited he was, and said, get to his house quick, some N-Negro’d attacked his girl.

(REVEREND SYKES *sighs.* HELEN ROBINSON *closes her eyes with pain*.)

**MR GILMER** Did you go?

**HECK** Certainly. Got in the car and went out as fast as I could.

**MR GILMER** And what did you find?

**HECK** Found her lying on the floor. She was pretty well beat up, but I heaved her to her feet and she washed her face in the bucket, and she said she was all right.

**MR GILMER** go on.

**HECK** I asked her who hurt her and she said it was Tom Robinson.

(JUDGE TAYLOR *looks to* ATTICUS *expecting an objection, but* ATTICUS *just gives a slight shake of his head.* HECK *takes a breath*.)

**HECK** Asked her if he beat her up like that; she said, yes, he had. Asked her if he took advantage of her and she said, yes, he did. 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.

**MR GILMER** (*returning to his seat at the table*) Thank you.

**JUDGE TAYLOR** Any questions, Atticus?

(ATTICUS *turns his chair to the side and crosses his legs*.)

**ATTICUS** (*leaning back*) Yes. Did you call a doctor, Sheriff?

**HECK** No, sir.

**ATTICUS** (*with a slight edge*) Why not?

**HECK** It wasn’t necessary, Mr Finch. But she was mighty banged up.

**ATTICUS** And you didn’t –

**JUDGE TAYLOR** (*cutting in*) He’s answered the question, Atticus.

**ATTICUS** (*smiling*) Just wanted to make sure, Judge. (*Turning to* HECK) Sheriff, you say she was mighty banged up. In what way? Just describe her injuries, Heck.

**HECK** There was already bruises comin’ on her arms, and she had a black eye startin’.

**ATTICUS** Which eye?

**HECK** Let’s see – her left.

**ATTICUS** Her left facing you, or her left looking the same way you were?

**HECK** (*thinking about it*) That’d make it her right. It was her right eye, Mr Finch. I remember now, she was banged up on that side of her face.

(ATTICUS *looks at* TOM, *then back at* HECK.)

**ATTICUS** No – you said she was banged up on that side of her face. Which side?

HECK The right side.

(REVEREND SYKES *and* HELEN *are whispering*.)

**ATTICUS** That’s all, Heck.

(HECK *steps down and walks over to the bench*.)

**MR GILMER** (*calling*) Robert Ewell.

(BOB EWELL *hops up and comes up to the witness chair. The* COURT CLERK *administers the oath*.)

**CLERK** Swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

**BOB EWELL** (*crowing*) So help me God.

(MR GILMER *nods toward the chair;* EWELL *sits.)*

**MR GILMER** Mr Robert Ewell?

**BOB EWELL** That’s m’name, cap’n

(MR GILMER *does not particularly like* EWELL.)

**MR GILMER** Are you the father of Mayella Ewell.

**BOB EWELL** Well, if I ain’t , I can’t do anything about it now. Her ma’s dead.

**JUDGE TAYLOR** (*firmly*) Are you the father of Mayella Ewell?

**BOB EWELL** (*cowed*) Yes, sir.

**JUDGE TAYLOR** Get this straight. There will be no audibly obscene speculations on any subject from anybody in this courtroom. Do you understand?

(EWELL *nods*)

**JUDGE TAYLOR** All right, Mr Gilmer.

**MR GILMER** Thank you, sir. Mr Ewell, tell us what happened on the evening of November twenty-first.

**BOB EWELL** 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.

**MR GILMER** What time was it, Mr Ewell?

**BOB EWELL** Just ‘fore sundown. Well, I was sayin’, Mayella was screamin’ like –

(*The* JUDGE *clears his throat, irritated, and* BOB EWELL *hesitates.*)

**MR GILMER** (*prodding*) Yes? She was screaming?

**BOB EWELL** She was raising this holy racket so I dropped m’ load and run as fast as I could up to the window – and I seen – I seen –

(*He gets up and points angrily at* TOM ROBINSON.)

**BOB EWELL** I seen that black nigger yonder attackin’ my Mayella!

(*There is a gasp from the spectators and a low moan from* HELEN ROBINSON. MR GILMER *is going up to the bench, where he speaks quietly to the* JUDGE. REVEREND SYKES *leans across to* JEM.)

**REV SYKES** Mr Jem. Take Miss Jean Louise home. Mr Jem, you hear me?

**JEM** (*turning to her*) Scout – go home. Dill, you ‘n’ Scout go home.

**SCOUT** You can’t make me.

**JEM** (*to* REVEREND SYKES) I think it’s okay, Reverend. She doesn’t understand.

**SCOUT** I most certainly do. I can understand anything you can.

**REV SYKES** (*disturbed*) This ain’t fit for Miss Jean Louise – or you boys, either.

(REVEREND SYKES *and the other spectators, talking excitedly o each other, are interrupted by* JUDGE TAYLOR, *who is banging his gavel for attention.*)

**JUDGE TAYLOR** Quiet! There has been a request that this courtroom be cleared of spectators, or at least of women and children – a request that for the time being will be denied. People generally see what they look for, and hear what they listen for. And they have the right to make whatever decisions they consider best for their children. You may feel there’s something here to be learned. Or you may decide you do not wish to face this problem. It’s up to you to make the decision. I suggest you do it right now. I’m interrupting this trail for a ten-minute recess.

(*The* JUDGE *bangs the gavel and rises.*)

 (*Revealed is the trial scene with everyone back in place after the short recess declared by* JUDGE TAYLOR. BOB EWELL *is in the witness stand,* MR GILMER *stands near him waiting,* ATTICUS *sits at his table with* TOM ROBINSON*, and the spectators are seated, as before.*)

**JUDGE TAYLOR** (*looking about; dryly*) I see we still have a few with us. Well, let’s get on.

(*He raps casually with his gavel and turns to* EWELL.)

**JUDGE TAYLOR** Mr Ewell, you will keep your testimony within the confines of Christian English usage, if that’s possible. (*Nods*) Proceed, Mr Gilmer.

**MR GILMER** (*uneasily*) Where we were – we were –

**JUDGE TAYLOR** (*to the point*) Mr Ewell, did you see the defendant attacking your daughter?

**BOB EWELL** Yes, I did.

**MR GILMER** (*to the* JUDGE) Thank you, sir. (*To* EWELL) You said you were at the window?

**BOB EWELL** Yes, sir.

**MR GILMER** Did you have a clear view of the room?

**BOB EWELL** Yes, sir.

**MR GILMER** How did the room look?

**BOB EWELL** All slung about, like there was a fight.

**MR GILMER** What did you do when you saw the defendant?

**BOB EWELL** I run around the house to get in, but he run out the front door just ahead of me. I sawed who he was, but I was too distracted about Mayella to run after him. Mayella was in there squallin’, so I run in the house.

**MR GILMER** Then what did you do?

**BOB EWELL** I run for Heck Tate quick as I could. I knowed who it was all right, passed the house every day, lived down yonder in that nigger-nest. (*Turning to the* JUDGE) Jedge, I’ve asked this county for fifteen years to clean out that nest down yonder. They’re dangerous to live around. (*Speaking as a ‘put-upon’ citizen*) ‘Sides devaluin’ my property.

**MR GLIMER** (*wincing; hurriedly*) That’s all. Thank you, Mr Ewell.

(*Well satisfied with himself,* EWELL *hops down, smiling as he goes. He bumps into* ATTICUS*, who is approaching. There is a stir of amusement which EWELL construes as approval.)*

**ATTICUS** (*meanwhile; genially)* Just a minute, sir. Could I ask you a question or two?

(EWELL *darts a glance at the* JUDGE, *who nods his head toward the witness chair.)*

**BOB EWELL** (*going back*) Sure – go ahead.

**ATTICUS** Thank you, 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 for Mr. Tate. Did you, during all this running, run for a doctor?

**BOB EWELL** Wadn’t no need to.

**ATTICUS** Didn’t you think the nature of daughter’s injuries warranted immediate medical attention?

**BOB EWELL** Never called a doctor in my life. If I had, would’ve cost me five dollars. That all the questions?

**ATTICUS** Not quite. Mr. Ewell, you heard the sheriff’s testimony, didn’t you?

**BOB EWELL** (*deciding it is safe to answer)* Yes.

**ATTICUS** Do you agree with his description of Mayella’s injuries? Her right eye blackened, that she was beaten around the-

**BOB EWELL** Yeah. I hold with everything Tate said.

**ATTICUS** He said her right eye was blackened.

**BOB EWELL** I holds with Tate.

**ATTICUS** Mr. Ewell, can you read and write?

**MR GILMER** Objection. Can’t see what witness’s literacy has to do with the case, irrelevant ‘n’ immaterial

**ATTICUS** (*quickly*) judge, if you’ll allow the question, plus another one, you’ll soon see.

**JUDGE TAYLOR** All right. But make sure we see, Atticus. (*To MR GILMER*) Overruled.

**ATTICUS** (*to EWELL*) Will you write your name and show us?

**BOB EWELL** I most positively will. How do you think I sign my relief checks?

(*There is an amused stir among the spectators. ATTICUS is taking an envelope from his pocket and then unscrewing his fountain pen.*)

**SCOUT** (*while this is happening; a worried whisper*) Jem – do you think Atticus knows what he’s doin’?

**JEM** (*uncertainly*) *Seems* like he knows.

**SCOUT** Far back as I c’n remember, he said never, never, never, never ask a question on cross-examination unless you already know the answer.

**JEM** (*he remembers, too*) ‘Cause you might get an answer that’ll wreck your case.

**SCOUT** (*watching again; nervously*) Looks to me like he’s gone frog-sticking without a light.

(*ATTICUS has presented the envelope to BOB EWELL, shaken the fountain pen given him that, too.*)

**ATTICUS** Would you write your name for us? Clearly now, so the jury can see you do it.

(*With a flourish, EWELL finishes writing his name.*)

**MR GILMER** (*curiously*) What’s so interestin’?

**JUDGE TAYLOR** He’s left-handed

**ATTICUS** (*nodding*) That’s it.

**BOB EWELL** (*outraged*) What’s my bein’ left-handed have anything to so with it? (*TO JUDGE TAYLOR*) He’s tryin’ to take advantage of me. Ticking lawyers like Atticus Finch take advantage of me all the time with their tricking ways. But it don’t change what I saw, and I’ll say it again – I saw that nigger –

**ATTICUS** That’s all, Mr Ewell.

(*The furious little man is stalking back to his seat.*)

**JEM** (*meanwhile*) I think we’ve got him.

**SCOUT** Don’t count your chickens.

**DILL** (*hushed, eager*) Her *right* eye was blackened so it had to be someone left-handed.

**SCOUT** (*hushed in reply*) Maybe Tom Robinson’s left-handed.

**MR GILMER** (*calling*) Mayella Violet Ewell.

(*As MAYELLA approaches, the COURT CLERK administers the oath.*)

**CLERK** Swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

**MAYELLA** (*nodding; softly*) Yes.

(*MAYELLA sits.*)

**MR GILMER** Please tell the jury in your own words what happened on the evening of November twenty-first.

(*MAYELLA does not reply.*)

**MR GILMER** Where were you at dusk on hat evening?

**MAYELLA** On the porch.

**MR GILMER** (*trying to prod her along*) What were you doing on the porch?

(*MAYELLA hesitiates.*)

**JUDGE TAYLOR** Just tell us what happened. You can do that, can’t you?

(*MAYELLA whispers something to him from behind her hand.*)

**JUDGE TAYLOR** What was that?

**MAYELLA** (*pointing at ATTICUS*) *Him.* Don’t wan him doin’ me like he done Papa, makin’ him out left-handed.

**JUDGE TAYLOR** (*perplexed*) how old are you?

**MAYELLA** Nineteen and a half.

**JUDGE TAYLOR** I see. Well, Mr Finch has no idea of scaring you, and if he did, I’m here to stop him. Now sit up straight and tell us what happened.

(*MAYELLA takes a breath, and starts nervously.*)

**MAYELLA** Well – I was on the porch and – and h came and, you see there wa this old chiffarobe inthe 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 wasn’t feelin’ strong enough then, so he came by –

**MR GILMER** Who is ‘he’?

**MAYELLA** That’n yonder. Robinson.

**MR GILMER** Then what happened?

**MAYELLA** I said, come here, boy, and bust up this chifforobe for me, I gotta nickel for you. So he come in the yard an’I went in the house to het him the nickel. An’ ‘fore I knew it, he was at me. He got me ‘round the neck. I fought but he hit me agin and agin.

(*As MAYELLA collects herself*)

**MR GILMER** Go on.

**MAYELLA** An’ he took advantage of me.

**MR GILMER** Did you scream and fight back?

**MAYELLA** Kicked and hollered loud as I could.

**MR GILMER** Then what happened?

**MAYELLA** Don’t remember too good, but Papa came in the room and was hollerin’ who done it? Then I sorta fainted, an’ the next thing I knew Mr Tate was helpin’ me over to the water bucket.

**MR GILMER** You fought Robinson hard as you could – tooth and nail?

**MAYELLA** I positively did.

**MR GILMER** But he took advantage of you?

**MAYELLA** (*holding back a sob*) I already told ya.

**MR GILMER** That’s all for now. But stay here. I expect big, bad Mr Finch has some questions.

**JUDGE TAYLOR** (*primly*) State will not prejudice the witness against councel for the defence.

(*ATTICUS, smiling, has risen. He opens his coat, hooks his thumbs in his vest ad without looking directly at MAYELLA, speaks to her casually to her.*)

**ATTICUS** Miss Mayella, I won’t try to scare for a while, not yet. Let’s gat acquainted. How old are you?

**MAYELLA** Said I was nineteen, said to the judge yonder.

**ATTICUS** You’ll have to bear with me, Miss Mayella. I 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 as long as you keep on mockin’ me.

**ATTICUS** (*startled*) Ma’am?

**MAYELLA** Long as you call me ‘ma-am’ and say ‘Miss Mayella.’ (*To JUDGE TAYLOR.*) I don’t have to take his sass.

**JUDGE TAYLOR** That’s just Mr Finch’s way. We’ve done business in this court for years and Mr Finch is always courteous. Atticus, let’s get on – and let the record show that the witness has not been sassed.

**ATTICUS** How many sisters and brothers have you?

**MAYELLA** Seb’m.

**ATTICUS** You the oldest?

**MAYELLA** Yes.

**ATTICUS** How long has you mother been dead?

**MAYELLA** Don’t know. Long time.

**ATTICUS** How long did you go to school?

**MAYELLA** Two years – three year – dunno.

**ATTICUS** Miss Mayella, a nineteen-year-old girl must have friends. Who are your friends

**MAYELLA** (*puzzled*) Friends?

**ATTICUS** Don’t you know anyone near your age? Boys – girls – just ordinary friends?

**MAYELLA** (*angry*) Yon makin’ fun o’ me again, Mr Finch?

**ATTICUS** Do you love your father, Miss Mayella?

**MAYELLA** Love him, whatcha mean?

**ATTICUS** Is he good to you, is he easy to get along with?

**MAYELLA** He does tollable ‘cept when –

**ATTICUS** Except when?

**MAYELLA** I said he does tollable.

**ATTICUS** (*gently*) Except when he’s drinking?

(*The question is asked so gently that in spite of herself, MAYELLA nods.*)

**ATTICUS** When he’s riled – has he ever beaten you?

(*MAYELLA looks around, startled.*)

**JUDGE TAYLOR** Answer the question, Miss Mayella.

**MAYELLA** My paw’s never touched a hair o’ my head –

(*ATTICUS considers her a moment*.)

**ATTICUS** We’ve had a good visit, Miss Mayella. Now we’d better get to the case. You asked Tom Robinson to come chop up a – what was it?

**MAYELLA** A chiffaroe, a old dresser.

**ATTICUS** Was Tom Robinson well known to you?

**MAYELLA** Whaddya mean?

**ATTICUS** Did you know who he was, where he lived?

**MAYELLA** (*nodding*) I knowed who he was. He passed the house every day.

**ATTICUS** (*turning away; casually*) Was this the first time you asked hom to come inside the fence?

(*MAYELLA jumps, looking about nervously.*)

**ATTICUS** Was this –

**MAYELLA** Yes, it was.

**ATTICUS** Didn’t you ever ask him to come inside the fence before?

**MAYELLA** (*ready now*) I did not. I certainly did not.

**ATTICUS** (*serenely*) You never asked him to do odd jobs for you before?

**MAYELLA** (*conceding*) I mighta.

**ATTICUS** Can you remember any other occasions?

**MAYELLA** No.

**ATTICUS** (*firmer*) All right, now to what happened. You said Tom Robinson got you around the neck – is that right?

**MAYELLA** Yes.

**ATTICUS** You say – ‘he caught me and chocked 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’re sure enough he chocked you. All this time you were fighting back, remember? You kicked and hollered. Do you remember him beating you about the face?

(*MAYELLA is looking about, uncertain how to reply.*)

**ATTICUS** It’s an easy question, Miss Mayella, so I’ll try again. 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 you last sentence your answer?

**MAYELLA** Yes, he hit – I just don’t remember – it all happened so quick!

**JUDGE TAYLOR** 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** (*sniffing wrathfully*) Get me up here an’ mock me, will you? I’ll answer any questions you got.

**ATTICUS** That’s fine. There’s only a few more. Will you identify the man who attacked you?

**MAYELLA** I will. That’s him yonder.

**ATTICUS** Tom, stand up. Let Miss Mayella have a good look at you. Is this the man, Miss Mayella?

(*TOM stands. He is a powerful young man, but his left hand is curled up and held to his chest.*)

**JEM (***hushed*) Scout – Reverend – his left hand! He’s crippled.

**REV SYKES** (*whispering*) Caught in a cotton gin when he was a boy – like to bled to death. Tore all the muscles loose.

**ATTICUS** Is this the man who attacked you?

**MAYELLA** It most certainly is.

**ATTICUS** (*hard*) How?

**MAYELLA** (*raging*) I don’t know how, but he did. I said it all happened so fast I –

**ATTICUS** Let’s consider this calmly.

**MR GILMER** Objection. He’s browbeating the witness.

**JUDGE TAYLOR** Oh, sit down, Horace.

**ATTICUS** Miss Mayella, you’ve testified the defendant chocked and beat you. You didn’t say he sneaked up behind you and knocked you cold. Do you wish to reconsider any of your 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.

**MAYELLA** I already told ya.

**ATTICUS** He hit you? He blacked you left eye with his right fist?

**MAYELLA** (*seeing the point*) I ducked and it – it glanced. That’s what it did. I ducked and it glanced off.

**ATTICUS** You’re a strong girl. Why didn’t you run?

**MAYELLA** Tried to –

**ATTICUS** And you were screaming all this time?

**MAYELLA** I certainly was.

**ATTICUS** Why didn’t the other children hear you? Where were they?

(*MAYELLA makes no reply.*)

**ATTICUS** Why didn’t your screams make them come running?

(*MAYELLA makes no reply.*)

**ATTICUS** Did you scream at your father instead of Tom Robinson? Is that it?

(*MAYELLA makes no reply.*)

**ATTICUS** Who beat you up? Tom Robinson or your father?

(*MAYELLA makes no reply.*)

**ATTICUS** Miss Mayella – what did your father really see in that window?

(*MAYELLA covers her mouth with her hands.*)

**ATTICUS** Why don’t you tell the truth, child – didn’t Bob Ewell beat you up?

(*With this, ATTICUS turns away, and lets out a breath. He looks a little as though his stomach hurts. MAYELLA’S face is a mixture of terror and fury.*)

**MAYELLA** (*gasping a quick breath and calling out*) I – I got somethin’ to say.

(*ATTICUS walks back and sits wearily at the table.*)

**ATTICUS** (*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 black man yonder took advantage of me an’ if you fine fancy gentlemen don’t wanta do nothin’ about it then you’re all yellow stinkin’ cowards, stinkin’ cowards, the lot of you. Your fancy airs don’t come to nothin’ – your ma’amin’ and Miss Mayerllerin’ don’t come to nothin’, Mr Finch.

(*MAYELLA covers her face with her hands to hold back her sobs.*)

**MR GILMER** That’s all. (*Helping her out of the witness chair*) You can step down now.

(*As MAYELLA continues on to the bench to sit with her father, MR GILMER turns to JUDGE TAYLOR.*)

**MR GILMER** Sir – the State rests

**JUDGE TAYLOR** Shall we try to wind up this afternoon? How about it, Atticus?

**ATTICUS** I think we can.

**JUDGE TAYLOR** How many witnesses you got?

**ATTICUS** One.

**JUDGE TAYLOR** Well, call him.

**ATTICUS** (*rising*) I call Tom Robinson.

(*TOM rises and walks towards the witness chair. The COURT CLERK holds the bible to him. TOM cannot put his crippled left hand on the bible, so he touches it with his right.*)

**TOM** Sorry, sir.

**JUDGE TAYLOR** That’s alright, Tom.

**CLERK** Do you swear the evidence you’re about to give us is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

**TOM** (*nodding*) I swear. (*TOM is motioned into the witness chair and he sits quietly and, naturally, afraid.*)

**ATTICUS** You’re Tom Robinson, twenty-five years of age, married with three children, and you’ve been in trouble with the law once before. A thirty-day sentence for disorderly conduct. What did that consist of?

**TOM** Got in a fight with another man. He tried to cut me. But it wasn’t much. Not enough to hurt.

**ATTICUS** You were both convicted?

**TOM** (*nodding*) I had to serve ‘cause I couldn’t pay the fine. The other fellow paid his’n.

**ATTICUS** Were you acquainted with Mayella Violet Ewell?

**TOM** Yes, sir. I had to pass her place goin’ to and from the field everyday.

**ATTICUS** who’s field?

**TOM** I work for Mr Link Deas.

**ATTICUS** You pass the Ewell place to get to work. Is there any other way to go?

**TOM** No, sir, non’s I know of.

**ATTICU**S Tom, did she ever speak to you?

**TOM** Why, yes, sir. I’d tip m’hat when I’d go by and one day she asked me to come inside the fence and bust up a chiffarobe?

**ATTICUS** When did she ask you to chop up the – the chiffarobe?

**TOM** Mr Finch, it was way last spring. After it broke up 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. That was way over a year ago.

**ATTICUS** Did you ever go on the place again?

**TOM** Yes, sir.

**ATTICUS** When?

**TOM** I went there lots of times.

(*There is a murmur among the spectators, and JUDGE TAYLOR raps his gavel without comment.*)

**ATTICUS** Under what circumstances?

(*TOM does not quite understand.*)

**ATTICUS** Why did you go inside the fence lots of times?

TOM She’d call me in. Seemed like every time I passes by yonder, she’d have somethin’ for me to do – choppin’ kindlin’, totin’ water for her.

**ATTICUS** Where were the other children?

**TOM** They were always around, all over the place.

**ATTICUS** Would Miss Mayella talk to you?

**TOM** Yes, sir, she talked to me.

**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, sir, Mr Finch, I never did. I wouldn’t do that, sir.

**ATTICUS** Tom, what happened to you on the evening of November twenty-first?

(*The spectators draw in a collective breath and lean forward.*)

**TOM** Mr Finch, I was goin’ home as usual that evening’, and when I passed the Ewell place, Miss Mayella were on the porch, like she said she were. It seemed real quiet like, an’ I didn’t quite know why. She called to me to come there and help her a minute. Well, I went inside the fence an’ looked for some kindlin’ to work on, but I didn’t see none, and she says ‘Naw, I got somethin’ for you t do in the house. Th’ old door’s off it’s hinges.’ I said you got a screwdriver, Miss Mayella? She said she had. Well, I went up the steps and she motioned for me to come inside. (*Taking a breath*) I went in an’ looked at ther door. I said Miss Mayella, this door look all right. Those hinges was all right. Then she shet the door. Mr Finch, I was wonderin’ why it was so quirt like, ‘n it come to me that there weren’t a chile on the place, not one of ‘em, an’ I said Miss Mayella, where the chillun?

(*TOM pauses to run his hand over her face.*)

**ATTICUS** (*quietly*) Go on Tom.

**TOM** I say where the chillun, an’ she says – she was laughin’ sort of – she says they all gone to town to get ice creams. She says, ‘Took me a slap year to save seb’m nickels, but I done it. They all gone to town.’

(*Intensely uncomfortable and shifting in his seat, TOM stops.*)

**ATTICUS** Tom, what did you say then?

**TOM** (*taking a breath*) I said somethin’ like, why Miss Mayella, that’s right smart o’ you to treat ‘em. An she said ‘You think so?’ I don’t think she understood what I was thinkin’ – I meant it was smart of her to save like that, an’ nice of her to treat ‘em.

**ATTICUS** I understand. Go on.

**TOM** I said I best be goin’, I couldn’t do nothin’ for her, an’ she says oh yes I could, an’ I ask her what, an’ she says to just step on that chair yonder an’ git that box down from on top of the chiffarobe.

**ATTICUS** Not the same one you busted up?

**TOM** (*smiling*) No, sir, another one. Most as tall as the room. So I done what she told me, an’ I was just reachin’ when she – she grabbed me round the legs, Mr Finch. She scared me so bad I hopped down an’ turned the chair over – that was the only thing, only furniture ‘sturbed in that room, Mr Finch, when I left it. I swear ‘fore God.

**ATTICUS** What happened after you turned the chair over?

(TOM *has come to a sop, looking about the room nervously.*)

**ATTICUS** Tom, you’ve sworn to tell the whole truth.

(TOM *still hesitates.*)

**ATTICUS** (*prodding*) What happened after that?

**JUDGE TAYLOR** Answer the question.

**TOM** When I got down offa that chair, she sorta – jumped at me.

**ATTICUS** Jumped? Violently?

**TOM** No, sir, she – she hugged me. She hugged me round the waist.

(*There’s a growing murmur as the spectators react to each other at this. It is cut short by JUDGE TAYLOR’S gavel.*)

**ATTICUS** Tom – what did she do them?

**TOM** (*swallowing hard*) She says she never had her arms round a grown man before, an’ she might as well start with me. She says ‘Hug me back.’ I say Miss Mayella lemme outa here an’ I 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** Somethin’ not fittin’ to say – not fittin’ for these folks ‘n’ chillun to hear.

**ATTICUS** Tom, you *must* tell the jury what he said.

**TOM** (*shutting his eyes*) He says you damn slut, I’ll kill ya.

**ATTICUS** Then what happened?

**TOM** (*shutting his eyes again; unhappily*) I was runnin’ so fast, Mr Finch, I didn’t know what happened.

**ATTICUS** Tom, did you attack Mayella Ewell?

**TOM** I did not, sir.

**ATTICUS** Did you harm her in any way?

**TOM** I did not.

**ATTICUS** Did you resist her advances?

**TOM** Mr Finch, I tried to ‘thout bein’ ugly to her. I didn’t wanta be ugly. I didn’t wanta push her or nothin’.

**ATTICUS** Let’s go back to Mr Ewell. Who was he talking to?

**TOM** He were talkin’ and lookin’ at Miss Mayella.

**ATTICUS** Then you ran.

**TOM** I sure did.

**ATTICUS** Why did you run?

**TOM** I was scared, sir.

**ATTICUS** Why were you scared?

**TOM** Mr Finch, if you was black like me, you’d be scared, too.

(ATTICUS *nods agreement with this, turns to MR GILMER as though saying ‘Your witness,’ and goes back to his chair. MR GILMER is rising and moving toward TOM. As this happens a VOICE calls in – apparently from the spectators, but actually offstage.)*

**VOICE** I want the whole lot of you know one thing right now. Tom Robinson’s worked for me eight years an’ I ain’t had a speck o’ trouble outa him. Not a speck.

**JUDGE TAYLOR** (*rapping angrily with his gavel*) That’s enough. Link Deas. If you have anything to say, you can say it under oath and at the proper time. (*To the jury*) You’re to disregard the remark from Link Deas. (*Turning to MR GILMER*) Go ahead, Mr Gilmer.

**MR GILMER** You were given thirty days for disorderly conduct, Robinson?

**ATTICUS** (*from his chair*) It was a misdemeanour and it’s in the record, Judge.

**JUDGE TAYLOR** Witness’ll answer, though.

**TOM** Yes, sir. I got thirty days.

(*MR GILMER looks significantly at the jury – the audience – then turns back to TOM.*)

**MR GILMER** You’re pretty good at busting up chiffarobes and kindling with one hand, aren’t you?

**TOM** Yes, sir, I reckon so.

**MR GILMER** Strong enough to choke the breath out of a woman.

**TOM** I never done that, sir.

**MR GILMER** But you’re strong enough?

**TOM** I reckon so, sir.

**MR GILMER** Had your eye on her for a long time, hadn’t you, boy?

**TOM** No, sir, I never looked at her.

**MR 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, sir.

**MR GILMER** That was mighty generous of you. Why were you so anxious to do that woman’s chores?

**TOM** (*hesitating*) Looked like she didn’t have nobody to help her.

**MR GILMER** With Mr Ewell and seven children on the place, boy?

**TOM** Well, I says it looked like they never help her none.

**MR GILMER** You did all this chopping and work from sheer goodness, boy?

**TOM** Just tried to help her.

**MR GILMER** You’re a mighty good fellow, it seems – did all this for not one penny.

**TOM** Yes, sir. I felt right sorry for her. She seemed to try more’n the rest of ‘em.

**MR GILMER** (*he has got him*) *You* felt sorry for *her!* You felt *sorry* for her!

(*The spectators are shifting uncomfortably at this.)*

**MR GILMER** (*to the jury*) He felt sorry for her. (*Turning back to TOM*) Now you went by the house as usual last November twenty-first and she asked you to come in and bust up the chiffarobe?

**TOM** No, sir.

**MR GILMER** Do you deny you went by the house?

**TOM** No, sir.

**MR GILMER** She says she asked you to bust up the chiffarobe. Is that right?

**TOM** No, sir, it ain’t.

**MR GILMER** (*his tone is dangerous*) You say she’s lying, boy?

(*ATTICUS is rising to protest, but TOM handles the question.*)

**TOM** I don’t say she’s lying, Mr Gilmer. I say she’s mistaken in her mind.

(*ATTICUS sits again. The light on the court scene begins to dim except for a spot light on SCOUT, JEM and DILL, who is increasingly upset.*)

**MR GILMER** (*his tone rougher*) Tell me, boy. Why did you run away?

**TOM** I was scared, sir.

**MR GILMER** If you had a clear conscience, boy, why were you scared?

**TOM** Like I says before, it weren’t safe for any black man to be in a – fix like that.

**MR GILMER** (*sarcastically*) But you weren’t in a fix. You testified you were resisting her advances. Were you scared she might hurt you – a big fellow like you?

**TOM** No, sir. I was scared I’d be in court, just like I am now.

**MR GILMER** (*his voice rising*) Scared you’d had to face up to what you did.

**TOM** No, sir. Scared I’d have to face up to what I didn’t do.

**MR GILMER** You bein’ impudent to me, boy?

**TOM** I didn’t go to be.

**JEAN** (*thoughtfully*) For an instant Scout and I were almost together. I expect there’s a little of the older woman already in every young girl – but they’re not in touch very often. (*Considering the trial*) We only seem to grow up at special times – such as the time I walked back into that courthouse.

(*SCOUT punches JEM for attention.*)

**SCOUT** His speech to the jury?

(*JEM nods.*)

**SCOUT** How long’s he been at it?

**JEM** Just finished going over the evidence. An’ Scout – we’re gonna win! I don’t see how we can’t!

**DILL (***suspiciously*) Did that Mr Gilmer –

**JEM** Nothin’ new. Just the usual. Hush now.

(*ATTICUS, who as paused by the table, has been unbuttoning his vest, unbuttoning his collar, and loosening his tie.*)

**ATTICUS** (*looking up at the JUDGE*) With the court’s permission?

(*JUDGE TAYLOR nods, and ATTICUS takes off his coat and vest and puts them on his chair.*)

**JEM** (*startled*) Never saw him do that before.

**SCOUT** (*equally impressed*) Me either.

(*They are all leaning forward. ATTICUS looks directly out to the audience which is where the imaginary jury sits.*)

**ATTICUS** (*still at his table*) Gentlemen, this case is not a difficult one, it requires no minute sifting of complicated facts. This case is as simple as black and white.

(*ATTICUS moves slowly to the front of the stage.*)

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

(*ATTICUS looks back a MAYELLA.*)

**ATTICUS** I have nothing but pity in my heart for the chief witness for the state. But my pity does not extend to her putting a man’s life at stake. And this is what she’s done – done it in an effort to get rid of *her* guilt! I say guilt, because it was guilt that motivated her. She committed no crime, but she broke a rigid code of our society, a code so severe that whoever breaks it is hounded from our midst as unfit to live with. She’s the victim of cruel poverty and ignorance, but she knew full well the enormity of her offence and she persisted in it.

(*ATTICUS pauses and takes a breath.*)

**ATTICUS** She persisted and her subsequent reaction is something every child has done – she tried to put the evidence of her offence away, out of sight. What was the evidence? Not a stolen toy to be hidden. The evidence that must be destroyed is Tom Robinson, a human being. Tom Robinson, a daily reminder of what she did. What did she do? She tempted a Negro. She did something that in our society is unspeakable. She’s white and she tempted a Negro. Not an old uncle, but a strong, young black man. No code mattered to her before she broke it – but it came crashing down on her afterwards! Her father saw what happened. And what did he do?

(*ATTICUS looks at EWELL.*)

**ATTICUS** There is circumstantial evidence to the effect that Mayella Ewell was beaten savagely by someone who led almost exclusively with his left hand.

(*EWELL rises, fists clenched.*)

**BOB EWELL** (*furious*) Damn you ta –

(*JUDGE TAYLOR raps sharply for order, and HECK TATE motions EWELL down while ATTICUS watches, unimpressed.*)

**ATTICUS** Then Mr Ewell swore out a warrant, no doubt signing it 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!

**BOB EWELL** (*back on his feet; raging*) You trickin’ lyin’ –

**JUDGE TAYLOR** (*rapping hard; angry*) Shut your mouth, sir, or you’ll be fined for contempt!

(*EWELL is forced back into his seat by HECK TATE.*)

**ATTICUS** So a quiet, respectable Negro man who had the unmitigated temerity to feel sorry for a white woman is on trial for his life. He’s had to put his word against his two white accusers. I need not remind you of *their* conduct here in court – their cynical confidence that you gentlemen would go along with them on the assumption – the evil assumption – that *all* Negroes lie, that *all* Negroes are basically immoral, an assumption one associates with minds of their calibre. However, you know the truth – and the truth is, *some* Negroes lie, and some Negro men are not to be trusted around women – black or white. And so with some white men. This is a truth that applies to the entire human race, and to no particular race.

(*ATTICUS pauses to clean his glasses with his handkerchief, speaking in a casual, lower key as he does so.*)

**ATTICUS** In this year of grace, 1935, we’re beginning to hear more and more references to Thomas Jefferson’s phrase about all men being created equal. But we know hat all men are *not* created equal – in the sense that some men are smarter than others, some have more opportunity because they’re born with it, some men make more money, some ladies make better cakes, some people are born gifted beyond the normal scope –

(*ATTICUS puts his glasses back on. Speaking directly to the audience, he comes all the way down to the front of the stage. His manner has changed and he is speaking with controlled passion.*)

**ATTICUS** But there’s only one way in which all men *are* created equal. There’s one human institution that makes the pauper the equal of a Rockefeller, the stupid man the equal of an Einstein. That institution, gentlemen, is a court of law. In our courts – all men are created equal.

(*ATTICUS looks out at the imaginary jury for a moment and then continues, totally committed.*)

**ATTICUS** I’m no idealist to believe so firmly in the integrity of our courts and in the jury system – that’s no ideal to me, it is a living, working reality. But a court is only as sound as its jury, and a jury is only as sound as the men who make it up. (*ATTICUS pauses to take a breath*.) I’m confident that you gentlemen will review without passion the evidence you’ve heard, come to a decision and restore this defendant to his family. In the name of God, do your duty!

(*ATTICUS continues to look toward the front of the stage for a moment, then turns, walks back, and sits at the table with TOM ROBINSON. Nothing else happens on the stage until ATTICUS is seated. Then SCOUT reaches across and punches JEM.*)

**SCOUT** Did he say somethin’ else? As he was walkin’ back?

**JEM** I think he said – In the name of God, believe him!

(*DILL tugs at SCOUT and JEM.*)

**DILL** (*pointing*) Looka yonder!

(*CALPURNIA, carefully dressed, is coming shyly into the trial area. She pauses, waiting for recognition.*)

**JUDGE TAYLOR** (*becoming aware of her*) It’s Calpurnia, isn’t it?

**CALPURNIA** Yes, sir. Could I speak to Mr Finch, please, sir? It hasn’t got anything to do with – with the trial.

**JUDGE TAYLOR** (*nodding*) Of course.

(*ATTICUS is crossing over to her.*)

**ATTICUS** (*concerned*) What is it, Cal?

(*CALPURNIA is whispering to him quickly, and ATTICUS turns to JUDGE TAYLOR.*)

**ATTICUS** Judge – she says my children are missing, haven’t turned up since noon. I – could you –

**MS STEPHANIE** (*calling*) They’re up here, Atticus – (*nodding*) Yonder.

**ATTICUS** (*calling*) Jem – Scout – come down. Meet me outside.

(*ATTICUS crosses to JUDGE TAYLOR and whispers something. The JUDGE nods, and ATTICUS crosses over to the children with CALPURNIA following.*)

**SCOUT** (*to JEM*) Is he mad?

**JEM** (*shrugging*) We’ll find out.

(*ATTICUS, exhausted, is approaching them, followed by the outraged CALPURNIA.*)

**SCOUT** (*calling to him as he comes*) Hey, Atticus.

**JEM** (*excitedly*) We’ve won, haven’t we, Atticus?

**ATTICUS** (*shortly*) I’ve no idea. You’ve been here all afternoon? (*They nod.*)

**ATTICUS** Well, go home with Calpurnia and stay home.

**JEM** Aw, Atticus. Please let us hear the verdict.

**ATTICUS** Tell you what- eat your supper, and then Cal can bring you back.

**CALPURNIA** (*protesting*) Sir?

**ATTICUS** They’ve heard it all up to now! They might as well hear the rest.

**DILL** Suppose the jury comes back before –

**ATTICUS** Probably will. They might be out and back in a minute.

**JEM** You think they’ll acquit him that fast?

**ATTICUS** (*quietly*) Go eat your supper, and if the jury is still out when you get back, you can wait up there with Cal and hear the verdict. (*Deeply appreciative*) Thank you, Cal.

 (CALPURNIA and kids leave for a short time and return)

**REV SYKES** (*meanwhile; to JEM*) They moved around some when the jury went out.

**JEM** How long have they been out?

**REV SYKES** ‘Bout an hour. Mr Finch and Gilmer did some more talkin’ and Judge Taylor charged the jury.

(*They are all waiting.*)

**JEAN** (*quietly*) Several hours went by – and we waited. I don’t think anyone expected the jury to be out so terribly long. Then suddenly it was happening!

**HECK** This court will come to order.

(HECK *escorts* TOM ROBINSON *to the table where* ATTICUS *waits.*)

**JEM** Scout – Look. Look at the jury comin’ in!

**SCOUT** They’re *not* looking at the defendant!

**DILL** (*more nervous*) What does it mean?

**HECK** (*calling*) The defendant will rise. (HECK hands a slip of paper to JUDGE TAYLOR)

**DILL** (*as this is happening; a frantic whisper*) What’s it mean, Scout?

**SCOUT** (*miserable*) You’re gonna see.

**DILL** See what?

**JEM** Hush.

(JUDGE TAYLOR *has read the slip of paper. He suddenly seems very tired. He picks up his gavel, ready to rap with it, but sees it is not necessary. He leans forward.*)

**JUDGE TAYLOR** The jury finds the defendant – guilty.

**HELEN** (*not quiet out loud, her lips forming his name*) Tom – Tom –

**SCOUT** (*in shock*) We lost! It’s all lost!

**JEM** (*heartbroken*) How could they find him guilty?