

# Script of Trial from *To Kill a Mockingbird*

## Scene one—Chapter 17

Gilmer: In your own words, Mr. Tate.

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.*

Reporter: 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 sits down, and Mr. Tate rises stiffly and steps down from the witness stand.*

Clerk: 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 aobut 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.*

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.

Gilmer: What time was it, Mr. Ewell?

Bob: Just 'fore sundown. Well, Mayella was raisin' this holy racket, so I dropped m'load and run as fast as I could, but I fun 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: 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. Mr. Ewell, you will keep your testimony within the confines of Christian English usage, if that is possible. Proceed Mr. Gilmer.

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. Judge, 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 Tat 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.* "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. Here 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, soothe 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.

Scene one—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.*

Gilmer: 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 ot 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 di it while he was off in the woods, but I wasn'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 haftatake 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.

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: 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: 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: 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: 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? 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 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. 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?

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, 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: He blacked your right 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: You're a strong girl, what were you doing all the time, just standing there? 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? *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: 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 down and polishes his glasses.*

Mayella: I got sometin' to say. *Atticus speaks with compassion*

Atticus: 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 stinkin' cowards, stinkin' cowards, the lot of you. Your fancy airs don't come to nothin' – your ma'amin' 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.*

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.

Atticus: Were you acquainted with Miss Mayella Violet Ewell?

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

Atticus: Whose field?

Tom: I pick for Link Deas.

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 such, 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: 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: 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 realy quiet like an' I didn't quite know why. 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. 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. Then she shet the door in my face. I said Miss Mayella, where the chillum? 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 hing 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 thin, 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.

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.*

Atticus: The 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' chilun to hear—

Atticus: What did he say, Tom? You must tell the jury what he said. *Tom shuts his eyes tightly.*

Tom: 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'.

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: 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.*

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: 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. 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 realize 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 you run up behind her and grabbed her around the neck, is that right?

Tom: No suh, she's mistaken in hermind.

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: 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: 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. 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.

Atticus: (giving his closing arguments) In the absence of any corroborative evidence, this man was indicted on a capital charge and is now on trial for his life. Gentlemen, I would like to remind you that this case is not a difficult one. It requires no sifting through complicated facts, but it does require you to be sure beyond all reasonable doubt as to the guilt of the defendant. 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, but has been flatly contradicted by the defendant. The defendant is not guilty, but somebody in this courtroom is.

I would like to remind you that Thomas Jefferson once said that all men are created equal, and there is one human institution where this must be true, and that is the court. 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.