

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* con-
duct here in court—their cynical confidence that you
gentlemen would go along with them on the assump-
tion—the evil assumption—that *all* Negroes lie, that *all*
Negroes are basically immoral, an assumption one asso-
ciates with minds of their caliber. 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 particu-
lar race. (*ATTICUS pauses to clean his glasses with his
handkerchief, speaking in a casual, lower key as he
does so.*) In this year of grace, 1935, we're beginning
to hear more and more references to Thomas Jeff-
erson's phrase about all men being created equal. But we
know that 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/JURY, he comes all the way D to the
front of the stage. His manner has changed and HE is
speaking with controlled passion.*) But there's one way
in which all men are created equal. There's one human
institution that makes the pauper the equal of a Rocke-

feller, the stupid man the equal to an Einstein. That in-
stitution, gentlemen, is a court of law. In our courts—
all men are created equal. (*ATTICUS looks out at the
AUDIENCE/JURY for a moment and then continues,
totally committed.*) 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 out front 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 with 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.*)