

MISS MAUDIE. The next Monday, people were streaming into town like it was Saturday. Seemed like the whole county was coming for Tom Robinson's trial.

(MISS STEPHANIE, all dressed up, is coming on.)

MISS MAUDIE. And where are you going?

MISS STEPHANIE. To the Jitney Jungle.

MISS MAUDIE. With a hat and gloves?

MISS STEPHANIE. I might just look in at the courthouse; see what Atticus is up to.

MISS MAUDIE. Be careful he doesn't hand you a subpoena. (With a smile.) You seem to know so much about the case.

(MISS STEPHANIE goes off into the group of assembling SPECTATORS. JEM, DILL and SCOUT are coming on cautiously.)

JEM. Let's wait till the last—don't let Atticus see us. (They keep themselves small.)

MISS MAUDIE. When I reached the courthouse square, it was 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 biscuits and syrup with warm milk from fruit jars. In the far corner of the square, Negroes sat in the sun—very quiet. At some invisible signal, they all got up and started into the courthouse.

(During the speech, SPECTATORS are coming on carrying folding chairs which THEY set up and sit on to

watch the trial. Lights are coming up. JUDGE TAYLOR has taken his place behind the bench, HECK TATE sits in the witness chair, BOB EWELL and MAYELLA are on the witness bench while ATTICUS and TOM ROBINSON are at the table. MR. GILMER is standing next to the witness. THEY're frozen. SCOUT, JEM, and DILL are coming in at the side, following REVEREND SYKES.)

SCOUT (with concern, SHE looks at the now set scene. To JEM.) We're too late. There's no seats.

REVEREND SYKES. You could come with me—if you'd care to sit on the colored side of the balcony. (THEY're nodding and going with him.)

JEM. Gosh, yes.

SCOUT (as THEY're taking seats with REVEREND SYKES and EXTRAS, if available. Noticing). Trial's already started. Prosecutor's taking testimony. (Courtroom action resumes.)

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

HECK (replying to MR. GILMER). Well, I was called—

MR. GILMER (motioning toward the AUDIENCE/JURY).

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

HECK (turning to AUDIENCE/JURY). 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 ni—Negro'd raped his girl. (REVEREND SYKES sighs.)

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 at ATTICUS expecting an objection, but ATTICUS just gives a slight shake of his head. HECK takes a breath.*) 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. He didn't call a doctor.

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 to HECK.*)

ATTICUS (*demanding*). Please repeat what you said.

HECK. Her right eye.

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

HECK. The right side.

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 (*crowding*). 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. 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