

Acting Edition

Harper Lee's To Kill a Mockingbird

by Aaron Sorkin

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|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

Harper Lee's To Kill A Mockingbird

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To Kill A Mockingbird

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The original Broadway production of *HARPER LEE'S TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD* was produced by Scott Rudin, Barry Diller, Lincoln Center Theater, Universal Theatrical Group, Eli Bush, John C. Gore Organization, Len Blavatnik, Peter May, Stephanie P. McClelland, James L. Nederlander, Eric Falkenstein, Suzanne Grant, Tulchin Bartner Productions, Benjamin Lowy, Al Noccollino, David Mirvish, Wendy Federman, Heni Koenigsberg, Patty Baker, Bob Boyett, Barbara H. Fried, True Love Productions, Jason Blum, Roxanne Seeman & Jamie deRoy, Eric Cornell & Jack Sennott, and the Shubert Organization. It premiered at the Shubert Theatre in New York City on December 13, 2018. The production was directed by Bartlett Sher, with scenic design by Miriam Buether, costume design by Ann Roth, lighting design by Jennifer Tipton, sound design by Scott Lehrer, hair and wig design by Campbell Young Associates, and original music by Adam Guettel. The music director was Kimberly Grigsby, and the production stage manager was J. Jason Daunter. The cast was as follows:

SCOUT FINCH Celia Keenan-Bolger
JEM FINCH Will Pullen
DILL HARRIS Gideon Glick
BAILIFF Thomas Michael Hammond
JUDGE TAYLOR Dakin Matthews
HORACE GILMER Stark Sands
SHERIFF HECK TATE Danny McCarthy
ATTICUS FINCH Jeff Daniels
BOO RADLEY, MR. CUNNINGHAM Danny Wolohan
TOM ROBINSON Gbenga Akinnagbe
MISS STEPHANIE, DILL'S MOTHER Liv Rooth
BOB EWELL Frederick Weller
CALPURNIA LaTanya Richardson Jackson
MAYELLA EWELL Erin Wilhelmi
MRS. HENRY DUBOSE Phyllis Somerville
LINK DEAS Neal Huff
MR. ROSCOE, DR. REYNOLDS Jeff Still
ENSEMBLE Baize Buzan, Ted Koch, David Manir, Aubie Merrylees,
Doron JéPaul Mitchell, Shona Tucker, Rebecca Watson

CHARACTERS

SCOUT FINCH

JEM FINCH

DILL HARRIS

BAILIFF

JUDGE TAYLOR

HORACE GILMER

SHERIFF HECK TATE

ATTICUS FINCH

MR. CUNNINGHAM

PRISON GUARD

TOM ROBINSON

MISS STEPHANIE

BOB EWELL

CALPURNIA

MAYELLA EWELL

MRS. HENRY DUBOSE

LINK DEAS

MR. ROSCOE

DILL'S MOTHER

DR. REYNOLDS

BOO RADLEY

MOB MEMBER #1

MOB MEMBER #2

MOB MEMBER #3

ACT ONE

(At rise:)

(TWO BOYS and a GIRL stand on an otherwise empty stage. They address the audience and each other.)

SCOUT. Something didn't make sense. On September second, 1934, the *Maycomb Tribune* reported, on page three in the lower right corner, that Mr. Bob Ewell died instantly when he fell on his knife. But why would his knife be pointed toward his chest when he fell?

JEM. He was drunk.

SCOUT. I've seen plenty of drunks and they may not be able to recite their own names but they know which end of a knife to be concerned with. Why was it pointed toward his chest?

JEM. Suicide.

SCOUT. You think after beating on me and beating on you he suddenly decided to kill himself?

JEM. Maybe.

SCOUT. Why?

JEM. Remorse.

SCOUT. Bob Ewell was incapable of experiencing that emotion and nobody kills themselves with a knife. What's more, the story in the *Tribune* said that broken glass was found in the pocket of his trousers. The drunks keep those bottles in the backside pockets so why did it break if he fell flat on his chest?

JEM. I don't know, why don't we leave it be.

SCOUT. (*To the audience.*) I know what you all are thinking.

JEM. Which is more than they can say for you.

SCOUT. You're thinking that if Bob Ewell didn't fall on his knife, it means someone else in this story was responsible. It would also mean that the most honest and decent person in Maycomb – the most honest and decent person – was harboring a lie.

DILL. Juliet.

JEM. What?

DILL. Juliet killed herself with a knife. At the end of the play when Romeo's dead because he didn't know the poison Juliet took was only temporary. Powerful plot twist.

JEM. That was helpful, Dill, but I don't think Mr. Ewell knocked my sister down, broke my arm, knocked me unconscious and then performed the final scene from *Romeo and Juliet*.

SCOUT. Here's what we can agree on. My brother, Jeremy Finch, who everyone calls "Jem" and who, as he's happy to tell anyone who'll stand still long enough to listen, is four years older than me, was knocked unconscious and had his arm broke just above the elbow. It happened on the last night of summer. We can agree on this fact.

JEM. Nope.

SCOUT. Evidently we can *not* agree on this fact.

JEM. It *happened* on the last night of summer but it began much earlier.

SCOUT. Jem means it began with the trial of Tom Robinson.

JEM. No.

SCOUT. That is not what Jem means.

DILL. It began when I said we should make Boo Radley come out of his house.

JEM. It began with General Andrew Jackson.

SCOUT. *What?!*

JEM. If Jackson hadn't run the Creek Indians up the creek then our great, great-grandfather, Simon Finch –

SCOUT. *Oh it started with the damn trial!*

JEM. Fine.

DILL. Agreed.

JEM. *(To DILL.)* Do you even know what we're talking about?

DILL. I know most of it but if Bob Ewell didn't fall on his knife then I don't know the end. But I do know it started with the trial.

(The stage will now begin to fill with whatever the narrators are describing.)

SCOUT. The accused, Tom Robinson, sat right there. He was brought into the courtroom through a side door, wearing handcuffs and escorted by the bailiff, who unlocked and removed the handcuffs before motioning for Tom to sit.

DILL. Tom Robinson was a Negro. I placed his age at somewhere between eighteen and sixty – it's difficult to tell as the skin of a Negro doesn't age with the same rapidity as the skin of a white person. Due to gamma rays and whatnot.

JEM. That's our friend, Dill, that's my little sister, Scout, and you can probably reckon that neither one's a certified genius.

SCOUT. The point, if I can continue, is that Tom Robinson sat there. Mr. Horace Gilmer, the state's prosecuting attorney sat right here. He was a young man but he'd never lost a case.

DILL. Mr. Horace Gilmer would call just three witnesses to the stand, which was located here.

JEM. The witnesses being Sheriff Heck Tate, whose role was to offer the facts as he knew them, Mr. Bob Ewell and Miss Mayella Violet Ewell, Tom Robinson's accuser.

DILL. I imagine Bob Ewell woulda worn a different expression on his face if he knew that twenty-two days from now he'd be dead.

SCOUT. The jury was made up of twelve men, all white of course and all farmers.

JEM. Townsfolk rarely sat on juries – they were either struck or excused – so it was up to the farmers and they sat in two rows over here.

DILL. Every last seat in the courtroom was filled with what seemed like every last person in Maycomb.

SCOUT. The white folks sat downstairs and the colored folks sat up in the balcony and that included Calpurnia. I'm told Cal wasn't allowed inside the Methodist church where our mother's funeral was held – so she stood out on the sidewalk, facing the church with her head bowed for the duration of the service.

JEM. And sitting here at the defense table was Tom Robinson's court-appointed lawyer, our father, Atticus Finch.

(ATTICUS takes his place next to TOM at the defense table.)

SCOUT. But of course nothing could begin in this room until Judge Taylor walked in and the bailiff commanded us all to rise.

(Beat.)

Back then I imagined we were being summoned to do more than just stand. I imagined that when the bailiff called "All rise" that something large was required of us. Something stunning, magnificent and rare. That we

were being asked to rise – to raise ourselves to the level of a just God and to assume His work. Atticus took us to church each Sunday but this courtroom was his chapel and so ours too.

If justice could be found nowhere else it would be found here – dispensed by ordinary people with dirt on their hands who had, if only for a passing moment, been clothed in enormous power. All rise.

BAILIFF. (*Calling out.*) All rise!

(**JUDGE TAYLOR** *walks in and takes his seat at the bench.*)

JUDGE TAYLOR. Sit. I'd like to keep our ten-minute breaks to fifteen minutes. You've heard opening statements. Mr. Gilmer, please call your first witness.

GILMER. The State calls Sheriff Heck Tate.

(**SHERIFF TATE** *takes the stand.*)

BAILIFF. Place your left hand on the Bible, raise your right hand to God. Do you swear the testimony you give in this courtroom will be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

SHERIFF TATE. I do.

GILMER. Please state your name and occupation for the record.

SHERIFF TATE. Heck Tate, H-E-C-K, T-A-T-E, I'm the Sheriff of Maycomb County.

GILMER. Can you tell us what happened on the evening of November twenty-first?

SHERIFF TATE. I was leaving my office and going home when Bob Ewell came in, very excited he was, and said get out to his house quick, some nigger'd raped his oldest girl Mayella. We got in my car and I went as fast as I could.

GILMER. And what did you find?

SHERIFF TATE. Found Mayella Ewell beat up on the floor in the middle of the front room. I asked her who hurt her and she said it was Tom Robinson.

GILMER. Is Tom Robinson in this courtroom today?

SHERIFF TATE. Yes sir.

GILMER. Would you point him out, Sheriff?

(SHERIFF TATE points to TOM.)

JUDGE TAYLOR. The witness has identified the defendant.

GILMER. Sheriff, can you describe her injuries?

SHERIFF TATE. Well, she was beaten around the head. There was already bruises comin' on her arms and she had a black eye comin'.

GILMER. Go on.

SHERIFF TATE. I asked her if Robinson took advantage of her and she said yes he did. So I went down to Robinson's house and brought him back.

GILMER. Thank you.

JUDGE TAYLOR. Any questions, Mr. Finch?

ATTICUS. One or two, Your Honor.

(To SHERIFF TATE.) Which eye?

SHERIFF TATE. Beg your pardon?

ATTICUS. Sheriff, you said she had a black eye coming and I'm asking you sir, which eye?

SHERIFF TATE. *(Thinks...)* Let's see...

(Pointing to an invisible person.) Her left.

ATTICUS. Was it her left facing you or her left looking the same way you were?

SHERIFF TATE. Oh yes, that would make it her right. It was her right eye, Mr. Finch. I remember now, she was bunged up on the right side of her neck and face.

ATTICUS. Sheriff, please repeat what you just said.

SHERIFF TATE. It was her right eye.

ATTICUS. Any other injuries?

SHERIFF TATE. Her arms were bruised.

ATTICUS. Both arms?

SHERIFF TATE. Both arms. And she showed me her neck. There were definite finger marks on her gullet.

ATTICUS. All around her neck?

SHERIFF TATE. They were all around.

ATTICUS. Both sides of her neck.

SHERIFF TATE. Both sides.

ATTICUS. Right and left.

GILMER. Your Honor, does Mr. Finch plan on asking each of his questions three times?

ATTICUS. I do not sir, no. Thank you.

(The lights snap out except for pinspots that remain on JEM and SCOUT.)

JEM. *(To the audience.)* Why not say, "I'll question the witness any way I damn please"? Our father was wise, and kind, and a scholar, but when it came to confrontation he was meek.

SCOUT. He wasn't weak.

JEM. I didn't say weak, did I? I said meek. A weak person can't fight. A meek person won't fight.

SCOUT. You used to idolize him. You always said you wanted to be just like him.

JEM. I still do!

(Beat.)

I do.

(Beat.)

But Maycomb was in the fight of its life. Atticus says there's fundamental goodness in everyone and I say bein' polite is no way to win a war.

DILL. *(To the audience.)* Tom Robinson was being accused of a capital offense. The electric chair. The trial lasted six hours.

MR. CUNNINGHAM. Mr. Finch, I don't know how I'll ever repay you.

(The lights come back up and the cast and courtroom are gone. In its place is the front porch of the Finch house. ATTICUS is saying goodnight to a MAN in well-worn overalls and a hat. SCOUT is sitting on the railing of the porch and observing the action -)

ATTICUS. Let that be the least of your worries, Mr. Cunningham.

(Handing him papers.) You file this with the clerk at the County Land Bureau. I've already spoken to Gus Jolly at the bank.

MR. CUNNINGHAM. *(Signing the documents.)* My family's had that land since before Maycomb was founded.

ATTICUS. If there weren't Cunninghams in Maycomb we wouldn't recognize ourselves.

MR. CUNNINGHAM. Never had any trouble with the bank. Always had A-1 credit.

ATTICUS. And you will again. Just hang on a little longer. Our darkest days are always followed by our finest hours.

MR. CUNNINGHAM. Thank you kindly. I won't take more a your time.

ATTICUS. You'll give my best to Thelma and Walter Junior?

MR. CUNNINGHAM. I will, yes sir.

(MR. CUNNINGHAM exits and ATTICUS sits on the porch swing, opens the newspaper and as he does -)

SCOUT. Atticus?

ATTICUS. Yes, ma'am.

SCOUT. Is Mr. Cunningham in trouble?

ATTICUS. No.

SCOUT. Why does he need a lawyer?

ATTICUS. I've been helping him with his entailment. You've heard that word around here, right?

SCOUT. Jem described it as a condition of having your tail stuck between, say, a rock and another rock.

ATTICUS. Honey, I'm all for your brother imparting knowledge to you but it'd be a good idea to double check with me before you take it out into the world.

SCOUT. Will Mr. Cunningham ever pay us?

ATTICUS. Not in money, no. But before the year's out I'll have been paid. You watch.

SCOUT. How?

ATTICUS. A load of stovewood's gonna appear in the yard, a sack of hickory nuts'll show up on the back steps, turnip greens, greenbrier, holly...

SCOUT. Why does he pay you like that?

ATTICUS. That's what he's got.

SCOUT. Are we poor?

ATTICUS. We are indeed.

SCOUT. Are we as poor as the Cunninghams?

ATTICUS. The crash hit the farmers the hardest. And Mr. Cunningham's a very proud man. So I don't want you and your brother talkin' around town about what you just saw, you hear?

SCOUT. But the Cunninghams have about a million acres, don't they?

ATTICUS. Six.

SCOUT. Six million acres?!

ATTICUS. They have six acres. Which would go to ruin if he took a WPA job.

SCOUT. Can't he sell a couple?

ATTICUS. Nope.

SCOUT. Why not?

ATTICUS. Entailment.

SCOUT. Are you sassin' me?

ATTICUS. Entailment means that he's not allowed to sell the land and the little money he makes he has to give to the bank in interest payments.

SCOUT. Well why doesn't he just –

ATTICUS. The bank won't take potatoes.

JEM. (*To the audience.*) Scout says it was right about now that Judge John Taylor showed up to the house. He'd been to our place many times but Scout thought it was strange that this time he came on foot instead of in his DeSoto.

(**JUDGE TAYLOR** *enters.*)

SCOUT. Hey, Judge Taylor.

JUDGE TAYLOR. Evenin' Miss Jean Louise. Atticus.

ATTICUS. Evenin' Judge.

SCOUT. Where's your car?

JUDGE TAYLOR. Over at Howard's garage. Problem with the starter motor. That's the little motor that starts the big motor.

SCOUT. What starts the little motor?

JUDGE TAYLOR. I've no earthly idea.

ATTICUS. Scout, go on upstairs and get ready for bed. I'll be up in a minute to teach you more property law.

JUDGE TAYLOR. G'night Scout.

SCOUT. G'night, Judge.

(SCOUT exits into the house.)

JUDGE TAYLOR. Tom Robinson's gonna plead guilty and take eighteen years.

(ATTICUS takes that in...)

(Pause.)

ATTICUS. A battery. A battery is what starts the starter motor.

JUDGE TAYLOR. You hear what I said?

ATTICUS. That's what Vernon's telling him to do? Plead?

JUDGE TAYLOR. May be his best bet to see the sky again. 'Least that's what Vernon says.

ATTICUS. Vernon would have him confess to killing Archduke Franz Ferdinand if it meant leaving the office an hour early.

JUDGE TAYLOR. You agree that Vernon was wrong?

ATTICUS. There's no case against Tom Robinson.

JUDGE TAYLOR. I'm aware.

ATTICUS. I'm not saying there's a weak case, there's *no* case.

JUDGE TAYLOR. I won't have grounds to throw it out on summary judgement, the girl's gonna testify, so's her father.

ATTICUS. A Maycomb jury – *even* a Maycomb jury – isn't gonna send a man to his death with no evidence that he did it and exculpatory evidence that he did not. Times are changing.

JUDGE TAYLOR. You're sure about that?

ATTICUS. Am I – I'm – Yes, I'm –

(Pause.)

No, I'm not *sure*...but he could also walk on appeal – a legal remedy of which he would no longer be able to avail himself if he pleads guilty. Did Vernon advise Tom Robinson that he's waiving his rights, did he explain that? Does Robinson know what an appeal is?

JUDGE TAYLOR. I don't know the answers to any of those questions but I want Tom Robinson to have a jury trial. It's time.

(Pause.)

ATTICUS. Your car isn't being repaired.

JUDGE TAYLOR. It's parked 'round the corner. I thought you'd think it best no one notice I was callin' on you.

(Beat.)

But I'm callin' on you.

ATTICUS. I'm not a criminal lawyer. I handle land disputes. Service agreements. Foreclosures. I can write a will.

JUDGE TAYLOR. Well Robinson doesn't need someone to do his taxes right now.

ATTICUS. My first two criminal clients were the last two people hanged in Maycomb.

JUDGE TAYLOR. If you're worried about what the townsfolk would say –

ATTICUS. I'm not.

JUDGE TAYLOR. – it would be perfectly natural. It'd be ugly as hell.

ATTICUS. I'm not worried about what people in the town would say.

JUDGE TAYLOR. I'm saying if you were it would be perfectly natural.

ATTICUS. I'm not.

JUDGE TAYLOR. You're respected in the community, you have a comfortable law practice, you spend two weeks a year in Montgomery as –

ATTICUS. Wait –

JUDGE TAYLOR. – as a member of the Legislature, there's reelection to think about.

ATTICUS. I run unopposed.

JUDGE TAYLOR. Maybe you're thinkin' about higher office. Maybe governor.

ATTICUS. I have no intention of seeking more than I already have. I'm a small town lawyer who gets paid in vegetables and Judge, you should make some effort to conceal that you're goading me.

JUDGE TAYLOR. You've got kids, I get it. It's a lot to ask.

ATTICUS. Yes I do. I have kids.

JUDGE TAYLOR. Thing is, so does Tom Robinson.

(Beat.)

Have kids.

ATTICUS. You would describe me as a heartless man?

JUDGE TAYLOR. I would not. 'Fact we've been friends thirty years and I'd describe you as the kindest man known to me.

ATTICUS. Thank you, but it seems you're under the impression that I would sacrifice my oath and my morality for an easier path to walk.

(There's a long silence between the two men, as if they're each waiting for the other to speak.)

ATTICUS *loses the contest.*

(Pause.)

You heard me mention that my first two criminal clients –

JUDGE TAYLOR. I did, yes sir. The Haverford brothers dispatched a blacksmith over a misunderstanding arising from the perceived wrongful detention of a mare if I recall. They did it in front of three witnesses and their alibi was the sonofabitch had it comin'. Over your strong advice they refused to plead down to second degree murder and escape with their lives so all you could do for your first two criminal clients was be present at their departure, which I suspect was the beginning of your profound distaste for criminal law. Now two minutes ago you said the State didn't have a case, did you not? And morning to night you say the people of Maycomb are fundamentally good. So: Does Robinson get his day in court with competent counsel or does he spend eighteen years in an Alabama state prison?

(Pause.)

ATTICUS. In the future, Judge, when you come to my house, park your car in front.

PRISON GUARD. *(Calling out.)* Gate!

(We hear the metal clang of a heavy gate being opened and then the clacking of footsteps. The clacking turns into ATTICUS.)

(TOM looks up and ATTICUS takes off his hat.)

ATTICUS. Tom Robinson?

TOM. Yes suh.

ATTICUS. I'm Atticus Finch.

TOM. Yes suh.

ATTICUS. Vernon Hockney told you I was coming?

TOM. Yes suh.

ATTICUS. Did he tell you why?

TOM. Not really, no suh.

(ATTICUS wrestles with how to approach this...)

ATTICUS. I'm a lawyer. I know the facts of your case and if you so choose, I will defend you in open court in front of a jury of...not so much your peers, but still a group of people to whom a not-guilty verdict...is available.

(Pause.)

TOM. 'Scuse me, suh?

ATTICUS. Yeah, I wasn't able to follow that either.

(Beat.)

I can't tell you how to plead, but I can and I must give you my best advice.

TOM. You want to be my lawyer now?

ATTICUS. Tom, the very last thing I want in the world is to be your lawyer right now. Negro man, white teenage girl, I wouldn't be going in with a winning hand. But I'm compelled to defend you as an officer of the Court.

ATTICUS. And in that capacity I've taken a solemn oath to give you my best counsel which is that you can not and you must not plead guilty and go to jail for a crime you did not and could not commit. I believe in the law. You're not guilty and I will defend you. If you sign this form in triplicate.

TOM. Mr. Hockney seems to think my best chance is to –

ATTICUS. I know what Mr. Hockney thinks.

(Pause.)

TOM. Are you tryin' to say he's a bad lawyer?

ATTICUS. Professional courtesy forbids that. I'm sure there are many things at which he excels.

TOM. I've been locked in a cage for seven months, Mr. Finch, and I'm starin' at eighteen years more of it. You think courtesy's a priority?

ATTICUS. 'Course you're right about that. I'm sorry. It was important to my mother that I know how to behave.

TOM. So Hockney's a bad lawyer and you're a good one.

ATTICUS. You got any money?

TOM. You know I don't.

ATTICUS. Then I'm the best one you can afford.

TOM. And why do you think I've got a chance?

ATTICUS. Well for one thing you didn't do it.

TOM. Well I've heard about a lot a people didn't do it. I was guilty soon as I was accused.

ATTICUS. I get called an optimist a lot but I don't get called stupid. I understand why you think you'll be mistreated. But this trial wouldn't happen on a sidewalk or at a lunch counter or a park bench, it would happen in an American court of law and you should have faith in that institution.

TOM. I've heard plenty a stories.

ATTICUS. Of Negroes going to jail for crimes they didn't commit.

TOM. If it's a choice between jail and the other –

ATTICUS. It's not.

TOM. I've got little ones at home and –

ATTICUS. There's a third option.

TOM. My kids are very little and I don't want –

ATTICUS. I understand, but you have –

TOM. *Please let me say what I'm wantin' to say, Mr. Finch!*

*(ATTICUS is surprised by the small outburst
and by the realization that he was being rude...)*

(Pause.)

ATTICUS. I'm sorry, of course.

(Pause.)

TOM. I don't want 'em to have to imagine me bein' 'lectrocuted.

(Beat.)

The way kids is they'd have that nightmare over and over. Jail won't be easy on 'em but they'd get accustomed. Their daddy bein' 'lectrocuted is more than they can handle at this age. They don't have the shoulders for it yet.

ATTICUS. Did you rape Mayella Ewell?

TOM. No.

ATTICUS. *Could* you have raped Mayella Ewell?

TOM. No.

ATTICUS. In eighteen years your kids are gonna be grown up and they're not gonna know who you are. And just to keep the roof their mother'll have to clean three houses 'stead of one so they'll never know her either. We've got a good judge, we've got the facts, we've got the law, and if all that fails we've got an appeal. Tom, there's exculpatory evidence – that's evidence of innocence. Mayella was beaten on both sides of her face and choked on both sides of her neck. All around, right and left.

TOM. I've heard stories, we all know 'em.

ATTICUS. My family's lived here for generations. I know these people. Do we have ignorant citizens who are stuck in the old ways? Yes. Does that extend as far as sending an obviously innocent man to his death?

(There's a long silence...)

(Pause.)

TOM. You gonna answer that question?

(Pause.)

ATTICUS. I'll be back in the morning. We'll talk some more.

TOM. Yes suh.

ATTICUS. Hey Tom, one thing. They're gonna ask you why you were doing chores for Mayella. Fixing the door and busting up wood?

TOM. She asked me to.

ATTICUS. I know, but why did you?

TOM. I'm not understandin'.

ATTICUS. She wasn't paying you.

TOM. She needed the help.

ATTICUS. It's the end of a long work day for you, you've got your own chores at home, you see what I'm asking?

TOM. I don't hate white people, Mr. Finch, if that's what –

ATTICUS. No. Pretend I'm the state prosecutor – he's a guy by the name of Gilmer and he's smart – I'm him now and I'm asking you the question: Why were you so eager to do chores for Mayella Ewell?

TOM. I guess I just felt sorry for her.

ATTICUS. Good. That's perfectly reasonable, the jury'll understand that. See? Just the truth. That's what you'd say in court.

(But ATTICUS takes a moment to think about it – his confidence in the people of Maycomb starting to show a small fracture...)

You can't say that in court. You can't say you felt sorry for Mayella. You understand why?

(Pause.)

TOM. I do, yes.

ATTICUS. You'd just say... You'd say... You'd just say this – You'd say it looked like she could use a hand.

TOM. Yes suh. I's taught how to behave too.

(Lights up on SCOUT.)

SCOUT. The electric chair was the only way they killed you in Alabama. Two thousand volts but just seven amps. A speedier death would need a higher current. This way it basically just cooked you. But Tom signed the form, in triplicate, and the next day he appeared in court with Atticus to enter a plea.

(Lights up on the courtroom.)

JUDGE TAYLOR. And how does the defendant plead?

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