To Kill a Mockingbird

By Horton Foote
Maycomb was a tired old town... even in 1932, when I first knew it. Some how it was hotter then. Men's stiff collars

**wilted by 9:**
Ladies bathed before noon,

**after their 3:**
and by nightfall
were like soft tea cakes...
with frostin' s of sweat
and sweet talcum.
A day was 24 hours long,
but it seemed longer.
There was no hurry, for there was
nowhere to go and nothing to buy...
no money to buy it with...
although Maycomb County
had recently been told...
that it had nothing to fear
but fear itself.
That summer I was six years old.
- Good morning, Mr Cunningham.
- Mornin', miss.
My daddy's getting dressed.
Would you like me to call him for you?
- No, miss. I don't care to bother.
- Why, it's no bother, Mr Cunningham.
He'll be happy to see you!
Atticus!
Here's Mr Cunningham.
- Good morning, Walter.
- Mornin', Mr Finch.
I didn't want to bother you none.
I brung you these here hickory nuts
as part of my entailment.
Well, I thank you. The collards
we had last week were delicious.
- Well, mornin'.
- Morning.
Scout, I think maybe...
next time Mr Cunningham comes,
you better not call me.
- I thought you'd wanna thank him.
- I do.
I think it embarrasses him
to be thanked.
Why does he bring you
all this stuff?
He's payin' me
for some legal work I did for him.
- Why does he pay you like this?
- That's the only way he can.
He has no money.
- Is he poor?
- Yes.
- Are we poor?
- We are indeed.
Are we as poor
as the Cunninghams?
No, not exactly. Cunninghams
are country folks, farmers.
Crash hit them the hardest.
- Scout, call your brother.
- Atticus. Jem's up in the tree.
He says he won't come down
until you agree...
to play football
for the Methodists.
Jem.
Son, why don't you come on down out
of there now and have your breakfast?
Calpurnia has a good one.
Hot biscuits.
No, sir! Not until you agree
to play football for the Methodists.
Oh, son, I can't do that. I explained
to you I'm too old to get out there.
After all,
I'm the only father you have.
Wouldn't want me to go out there
and get my head knocked off, would you?
I ain't comin' down!
Suit yourself.
Mornin'.
- Morning, Miss Maudie.
- What's goin' on over there?
I'm havin' a terrible time.
Jem's stayin' up in the tree...
until Atticus agrees
to play football for the Methodists.
And Atticus says he's too old.
Every time I'm wantin'
to do somethin', he's too old!
- He's too old for anything!
- He can do plenty of things.
You be good, children.
Mind Cal.
- Mornin', Maudie.
- Mornin', Atticus.
He won't let me have a gun...
and he'll only play touch football
with me-- never tackle.
He can make somebody's will
so airtight, you can't break it.
You count your blessin's
and stop complainin'. Both of you.
Thank your stars
he has the sense to act his age.
- Jem, he is pretty old.
- I can't help that.
Hey.
- Hey yourself.
- I'm Charles Baker Harris. I can read.
You got anything needs readin',
l can do it.
How old are you?
Four and a half?
- Goin' on seven.
- No wonder then.
Scout's been readin'
since she was born...
and she don't start school
till next month.
You look right puny
for goin' on seven.
I'm little, but I'm old.
Folks call me Dill.
I'm from Meridian, Mississippi...
and I'm spendin' two weeks next door
with my Aunt Stephanie.
My mama works
for a photographer in Meridian.
She entered my picture
in the "Beautiful Child" contest...
and won five dollars on me.
She give the money to me, and I went
to the picture show 20 times with it.
Our mama's dead, but we got a daddy.
Where's your daddy?
I haven't got one.
- Is he dead?
- No.

If he's not dead,
you've got one. Haven't you?
Hush, Scout.
What did I do?
- Dill, this is Calpurnia.
- Pleased to know you, Dill.
Pleased to know you.
My daddy owns the L&N railroad.
He's gonna let me run the engine
all the way to New Orleans.
Is that so?
He says I can invite anybody--
There goes the meanest man
that ever took a breath of life.
Why is he the meanest man?
Well, for one thing...
he has a boy named Boo...
that he keeps chained to a bed
in the house over yonder.
Come on.
See? He lives over there.
Boo only comes out at night
when you're asleep and it's pitch-dark.
When you wake up at night,
you can hear him.
Once I heard him scratchin'
on our screen door...
but he was gone
by the time Atticus got there.
Wonder what he does in there.
- Wonder what he looks like.
- Well...
judgin' from his tracks,
he's about six and a halff feet tall.
He eats raw squirrels
and all the cats he can catch.
There's a long, jagged scar
that runs all the way across his face.
His teeth are yellow and rotten,
his eyes are popped...
and he drools most of the time.
I don't believe you.
Dill, what are you doin' here?
My Lord, Aunt Stephanie!
You almost gave me a heart attack!
I don't want you playing there.
There's a maniac lives there,
and he's dangerous.
See?
I was just tryin' to warn him about Boo,
but he wouldn't believe me.
You just better believe him,
Mr Dill Harris.
Tell him how Boo
tried to kill his papa.
I was standin' in my yard one day
when his mama come out yellin'...
"He's killin' us all!"
Turned out that Boo was cuttin' up
the paper for his scrapbook...
and when his daddy come by,
he reached over with his scissors...
stabbed him in his leg, pulled them out
and went right on cuttin' the paper.
They wanted to send him to an asylum,
but his daddy said...
"No Radley's goin' to any asylum."
So they locked him up
in the basement of the courthouse...
till he nearly died of the damp,
and his daddy brought him back home.
There he is to this day,
sittin' over there with his scissors.
Lord knows what
he's doin' or thinkin'.
Six, seven, eight...
nine, ten!
Come on, Scout! It's 5:00!
- Where you goin'?
- Time to meet Atticus.
- Why do you call your daddy Atticus?
- 'Cause Jem does.
- Why does he?
- I don't know.
He just started to
ever since he began talking.
Wait. Stop.
Miss Dubose is on her porch.
Listen, no matter what she says to you,
don't answer her back.
There's a Confederate pistol
in her lap under her shawl...
and she'll kill you
quick as look at you.
Come on.
- Hey, Miss Dubose.
- Don't say "Hey" to me, you ugly girl!
You say,
"Good afternoon, Miss Dubose."
You come over here
when I'm talkin' to you!
You come over here, I said!
- You listen to me when I'm talkin'!
- Atticus, this is Dill.
- How do you do, Dill?
- Don't your daddy teach you respect?
You come back here,
Jean Louise Finch!
Good afternoon, Miss Dubose.
My, you look like a picture
this afternoon.
He don't say a picture of what.
My goodness gracious,
look at your flowers.
Have you ever seen
anything more beautiful?
Miss Dubose, the gardens at Bellingrath
have nothing to compare...
with your flowers.
Well, I don't think
they're as nice as last year.
He gets her interested in something nice
so she forgets bein' mean.
I think that your yard is gonna be
the showplace of this town.
Well, grand seein' you,
Miss Dubose.
"I had two cats
which I brought ashore...
on my first raft.
And I had a dog."
Do you think Boo Radley
ever really comes...
and looks in my window at night?
Jem says he does. This afternoon
when we were over by their house--
Scout, I told you and Jem
to leave those poor people alone.
I want you to stay away from their house
and stop tormentin' them.
- Yes, sir.
- That's all the readin' for tonight.
- It's gettin' late.
- What time is it?

- 8:
- May I see your watch?
 "To Atticus,
my beloved husband."
Jem says this watch
is gonna belong to him someday.
- That's right.
- Why?
Well, it's customary for the boy
to have his father's watch.
What are you gonna give me?
Well...
I don't know that I have much else
of value that belongs to me.
But there's a pearl necklace.
There's a ring
that belonged to your mother.
And I put them away...
and they're to be yours.
- Good night, Scout.
- Good night.
- Good night, Jem.
- Good night.
Yes?
- How old was I when Mama died?
- Two.
- How old were you?
- Six.
Old as I am now?
Was Mama pretty?
Was Mama nice?
- Did you love her?
- Yes.
- Did I love her?
- Yes.
Do you miss her?
- Evenin', Atticus.
- Good evening, Judge.
Rather warm, isn't it?
Yes, indeed.
- How's Mrs Taylor?
- She's fine. Fine, thankyou.
Atticus, you heard about Tom Robinson.
Yes, sir.
Grand jury will get around to chargin' him tomorrow.
I was thinking about appointing you to take his case.
Now, I realize you're very busy these days with your practice.
And your children need a great deal of your time.
Yes, sir.
I'll take the case.
I'll send a boy over for you tomorrow when his hearing comes up.
- Well, I'll see you tomorrow, Atticus.
- Yes, sir.
- And thankyou.
- Yes, sir.
Hey, Jem...
I bet you a "Grey Ghost"
against two "Tom Swifts"
you wouldn't go any farther
than Boo Radley's gate.
- Scared to, ain't you?
- I ain't scared.
I go past Boo Radley's house
every day of my life.
- Always running.
- You hush up, Scout.
- Come on, Dill!
- Me first!
- You gotta let Dill be first.
- No, me!
Let her be first.
All right. Get in!
- Hurry up!
- All right.
- You ready?
- Uh-huh. Let her go.
Get away from there!
Scout, come on!
Don't just lie there! Get up!
Come on!
Run for your life!
Come on, Dill!
Now who's the coward?
You tell them about this...
back in Meridian County,
Mr Dill Harris.
I'll tell you what let's do.
Let's go down to the courthouse, and
see the room that they locked Boo up in.
My aunt says it's bat-infested,
and he nearly died from the mildew.
Come on! I bet they got chains
and instruments of torture down there.
Come on!
-Jem Finch?
- Yes, sir.
If you're lookin' for your daddy,
he's inside the courthouse.
- Thank you, sir, but we're not look--
- Thank you, Mr Townsend, sir.
What's your daddy doin'

in the courthouse?
He's a lawyer,
and he has a case.
The grand jury's chargin'
his client today.
I heard somethin' about it last night
when Judge Taylor came over.
- Let's go watch!
- No, Dill!
He wouldn't like that.
Wait a minute!
- Is that the courtroom?
- Yeah.
I can't see anything.
You all lift me up
so I can see what's goin' on.
All right. Make a saddle.
Not much is happenin'.
The judge looks like he's asleep.
I see your daddy
and a coloured man.
The coloured man--
The coloured man looks to me
like he's cryin'.
- I seen him with my Mayella.
- I wonder what he's done to cry about?
What's goin' on?
There's a whole lot of men
sittin' together on one side...
and one man keeps pointin'
at the coloured man and yellin'.
- They're takin' the coloured man away.
- Where's Atticus?
I can't see your daddy now either.
- I wonder where in the world--
- Scout, Jem.
What in the world
are you doin' here?
Hello, Atticus.
What are you doin' here?
We came down to find out
where Boo Radley was locked up.
We wanted to see the bats.
I want you all back home
right away.
- Yes, sir.
- Run along now.
I'll see you there for dinner.
Hey, howdy, Cap'n.
- Mr Ewell.
- Cap'n, l--
I'm real sorry they picked you to defend that nigger that raped my Mayella.
I don't know why I didn't kill him myself instead of goin' to the sheriff.
I'd have saved you and the sheriff and the taxpayers lots of trouble.
- Excuse me, Mr Ewell. I'm very busy.
- Hey, Captain...
somebody told me just now...
they thought that you believed
Tom Robinson's story agin ours.
You know what I said?
I said, "You wrong, man.
You dead wrong!
Mr Finch ain't takin' his story against ours."
- They was wrong, wasn't they?
- I'm appointed to defend Tom Robinson.
Now that he's been charged,
that's what I intend to do.
- You takin' his story--
- If you'll excuse me.
What kind of man are you?
You got children of your own.
I think we ought to stay right here in Miss Stephanie's yard.
You don't have to come along,
Angel May.
What are you gonna do?
Gonna look in a window at the Radley house...
and see if we can get a look at Boo Radley!
Come on.
- Please. I'm scared.
- Then go home if you're scared!
I swear, you act more
like a girl all the time.
- Come on.
- Wait for me. I'm coming.
We'll go around back...
and crawl under the high wire fence
at the rear of the Radley lot.
I don't believe
we can be seen from there.
Come on.
Come on.
Come on.
Hold it up for me.
Don't make a sound.
Spit on it.
All right.
Spit some more.
All right.
Come on.
Come on. Hurry!
Hurry!
Quick! Come on!
Quiet!
- What are you gonna do for pants?
- I don't know.
You come on in now.
I better go.
Coming, Aunt Stephanie!
So long.
I'll see you next summer.
So long!
I'm comin'!!
- I'm goin' back after my pants.
- Please, Jem. Come on in the house.
I can't go in without my pants.
- Then I'm goin' to call Atticus.
- No, you're not.
Now listen. Atticus ain't never
whipped me since I can remember...
and I plan to keep it that way.
- Then I'm goin' with you.
- You ain't! Now you stay right here.
I'll be back
before you can count to ten.
One, two...
three, four--
Come on in.
Five...
six, seven, eight...
nine, ten...
What was that? What is it?
What happened?
What's goin' on? What is it?
What is it?
Will somebody please tell me
what's goin' on?
Mr Radley shot at a prowler
out in his collard patch.
A prowler? Oh, Maudie!
Whoever it was
won't be back anytime soon.
Mr Radley must have scared them
out of their wits.
Well, good night.
Scared the livin' daylights
out of me.
Come on now. The excitement's over.
Time for bed.
Mornin'.
- Good morning, Miss Maudie.
- Good morning, Calpurnia.
Came to see if Jean Louise
is ready for her first day at school.
- Hey, Jem. Y'all ready?
- Yes, ma'am.
What are you gonna do with yourself
with both children at school?
I don't know,
and that's the truth.
I was thinkin' about that just now.
Did you hear me? Now hurry!
Hey, everybody.
Look at Scout!
Come on in here.
Have your breakfast.
I think your dress
is mighty becomin', honey.
Now don't go tuggin' at that dress.
You wanna have it all wrinkled
before you even get to school?
I still don't see why
I have to wear a darn old dress.
- You'll get used to it.
- I'm ready!
It's half an hour
before school starts.
Sit back down
and wait for your sister.
- Hurry up!
- I'm tryin' to.
Come on! It's your first day.
You wanna be late?
- I'm ready.
- Let's go!
Bye!
Darn you, Walter Cunningham!
Cut that out!
What do you think you're doin'?
He made me start off
on the wrong foot!
I was tryin' to explain
to that darn lady teacher...
why he didn't have no money
for his lunch, and she got sore at me!
Stop it!
Your daddy Mr Walter Cunningham
from Old Sarum?
Come home and have dinner with us.
We'd be glad to have you.
Our daddy is a friend
of your daddy's.
Scout here is crazy.
She won't fight you no more.
I hope that's a dinner
that you enjoy.
Yes, sir. I don't know when
I've had a roast.
We've been having squirrels
and rabbits lately.
My pa and I go hunting
in our spare time.
You got a gun of your own?
- How long you had a gun?
A year or so.
Can I have the syrup, please?
Certainly, son.
Will you bring in the syrup dish, please?
Yes, sir.
How old were you when you got your first gun?
Thirteen or fourteen.
I remember when my daddy gave me that gun.
He told me that I should never point at anything in the house...
and that he'd rather I shoot at tin cans in the backyard.
But he said that soon the temptation to go after birds would be too much...
and that I could shoot all the bluejays I wanted...
if I could hit 'em.
But to remember it was a sin to kill a mockingbird.
Why?
I reckon 'cause mockingbirds don't do anything...
but make music for us to enjoy.
Don't eat people's gardens.
Don't nest in the corn cribs.
They don't do one thing but just sing their hearts out for us.
How'd you like school?
All right.
Thankyou, Cal.
That's for Walter.
What in the sam hill are you doin'--
But Atticus, he's gone and drowned his dinner in syrup...
and now he's pourin' it all over.
- What?
- Come out here. I wanna talk to you.
That boy is your company...
and if he wants to eat up
that tablecloth, you let him, you hear?
And if you can't act fit
to eat like folks...
you can just sit here
and eat in the kitchen.
What in the world
has got into you?
- Now, now.
- I'm not goin' back.
  I'm not goin' back
to school anymore.
Now, Scout.
It's just the first day.
I don't care.
Everything went wrong.
The teacher got mad
as the devil at me...
and said you were teaching me
to read all wrong...
and to stop it.
and then acted like a fool and tried
to give Walter Cunningham a quarter...
when everybody knows Cunninghams
won't take nothin' from nobody.
Any fool
could have told her that.
Maybe she's just nervous.
After all, it's her first day
teachin' school and bein' new here.
Now wait a minute.
If you learn this single trick...
you'll get along a lot better
with all kinds of folks.
You never really
understand a person...
until you consider things
from his point of view.
Sir?
Till you climb inside of his skin
and walk around in it.
But if I keep goin' to school,
we can't ever read anymore.
Do you know
what a compromise is?
Bendin' the law?
No, it's an agreement
reached by mutual consent.
Now here's the way it works.
You concede the necessity
of goin' to school...
we'll keep right on readin'
the same every night...
just as we always have.
Is that a bargain?
There just didn't seem to be...
anyone or anything
Atticus couldn't explain.
Though it wasn't a talent that would
arouse the admiration of our friends...
Jem and I had to admit
he was very good at that.
But that was all he was good at...
we thought.
See? There he is.
Come on inside.
Come on. Get in.
Mr Finch? This is Cal.
I swear to God, there's a mad dog
down the street a piece.
He's comin' this way!
There he is.
He's got it, all right, Mr Finch.
Stay inside, son.
Keep him in there, Cal.
He's within range, Heck.
- Take him, Mr Finch.
- No, Mr Tate.
- He can't shoot!
- Don't waste time.
For God's sake,
he's got to be killed right away.
Look where he is. I can't shoot
that well, and you know it.
- I haven't shot a gun in years.
- I'd feel mighty comfortable...
if you did now.
Don't go near that dog.
He's just as dangerous dead as alive.
Yes, sir.
Yes, son.
- Nothin'.
- What's the matter, boy?
Can't you talk? Didn't you know your
daddy's the best shot in this county?
Hush, Heck.
Let's get back to town.
- Remember, now. Don't go near that dog.
- Yes, sir.
I'll send Zeebo out right away
to pick him up.
Can we go with you?
- Can we? Please?
- Huh? Can we?
No. I have to go to the country
on business, and you'll just get tired.
No, not me!
I won't get tired.
Well, promise to stay in the car
while I talk to Helen Robinson.
And not nag me about leavin'
if you do get tired.
All right. Climb in.
- Who's Helen Robinson?
- The wife of the man I'm defending.
- Good evening, David.
- Good evening.
- Good evening, Helen.
- Evening, Mr Finch.
I came over to tell you
about my visit with Tom.
- Yes, sir.
- And to let you know...
that I got a postponement
of the trial.
Would you tell my daddy
to come out here, please?
You nigger lover.
There's no need to be afraid of him,
son. He's all bluff.
Nigger lover!
There's a lot of ugly things
in this world, son.
I wish I could keep 'em all away from you.
That's never possible.
If you wait till I get Scout in bed, I'll drive you home.
Yes, sir.
Do you mind stayin' here with Scout till I get Cal home?
- No, sir.
- Night, Jem.
Night, Cal.
Atticus had promised me he would wear me out...
if he ever heard of me fightin' anymore.
I was far too old and too big for such childish things.
And the sooner I learned to holdin...
the better off everybody would be.
I soon forgot.
Cecil Jacobs made me forget.
What is it?
Atticus, do you defend niggers?
- Don't say "nigger."
- I didn't say it.
Cecil Jacobs did.
That's why I had to fight him.
Scout, I don't want you fightin'.
- I had to. He--
- I don't care what the reasons are.
- I forbid you to fight.
- Yes, sir.
Anyway, I'm simply defending a Negro. Tom Robinson.
There are some things...
that you're not old enough to understand just yet.
There's been some high talk around town...
to the effect that I shouldn't do much about defending this man.
If you shouldn't be defending him,
then why are you doing it?
For a number of reasons.
The main one is,
that if I didn't...
I couldn't hold my head up in town.
I couldn't even
tell you or Jem...
not to do somethin' again.
You're gonna hear some ugly talk
about this in school.
But I want you
to promise me one thing:
that you won't get
into fights over it...
no matter what they say to you.
Yes, sir.
What are you doing?
Walkin' like an Egyptian.
We were studyin'
about 'em in school.
Teacher says we wouldn't be
no place without 'em.
Is that so?
Cradle of civilization. They invented
embalming and toilet paper.
That's wrong.
You do your feet this way.
Look.
Look. The boy wears hair in front
of his eyebrows like you do.
Yeah, and the girl
wears bangs like you.
These are of us.
You awake?
- Go back to bed.
- I can't go to sleep.
- Go back to bed.
- What you got in the box?
Nothin'. Go back to bed.
Come on.
If I show you, will you swear
never to tell anybody?
- I swear.
- Cross your heart.
I found all of these...
in the knothole of that old tree
at different times.
This is a spelling medal.
You know they used to award these
in school to spelling winners...
before we were born.
And another time I found this.
This.
And Scout...
you know somethin' else
I never told you...
about that night I went back
to the Radley house?
Somethin' else? You never told me
anything about that night.
Well...
you know the first time when I was
gettin' out of my britches?
They was all in a tangle...
and I couldn't get 'em loose.
Well, when I went back, though...
they were folded
across the fence...
sort of like
they was expectin' me.
It was to be a long time...
before Jem and I
talked about Boo again.
School finally ended
and summer came...
and so did Dill.
  - Good mornin'!
  - Good mornin'.
My, you're up
mighty bright and early.
  - I been up since 4:00.

- 4:
Yes. I always get up at 4:00.
It's in my blood.
You see, my daddy was a railroad man
till he got rich.
Now he flies aeroplanes.
One of these days...
he's just gonna swoop
down here at Maycomb...
pick me up
and take me for a ride.
- Who's that in the car with the sheriff?
- Tom Robinson, son.
- Where's he been?
- In the Abbottsville Jail.
- Why?
- Sheriff thought he'd be safer there.
They're bringin' him
back here tonight...
because his trial is tomorrow.
- Good evenin', Heck.
- Good evenin', Mr Finch.
Come in.
News has gotten around that I brought
Tom Robinson back to the jail.
I heard there might be trouble
from that bunch out at Old Sarum.
If I need you to stay here tonight,
can you do it?
- Yes, sir, I can.
- Thanyou.
- I think you better count on stayin'.
- Yes, sir.
- What's goin' on?
- Go back to sleep.
What's goin' on?
There's his car.
See? There he is over there!
No, Scout. Don't go to him.
He might not like it.
I just wanted to see where he was
and what he was up to.
He's all right.
Let's go back home.
Come on.
- He in there, Mr Finch?
- He is.
He's asleep. Don't wake him.
You know what we want.
Get aside from that door, Mr Finch.
Walter...
I think you ought to turn
right around and go back home.
- Heck Tate's around here somewhere.
- No, he ain't.
Heck and his bunch
is out in Old Sarum lookin' for us.
We knowed he was,
so we come in this other way.
You ain't thought about that,
had you, Mr Finch?
- I thought about it.
- I can't see Atticus.
That changes things some.
Jem, go home,
and take Scout and Dill with you.
- Son, I said go home.
- No, sir.
- I'll send him home.
- Don't you touch him! Let him go!
That'll do!
Ain't nobody
gonna do Jem that way!
Now you get them out of here.
- I want you to please leave.
- No, sir.
- I tell you I ain't goin'.
- Hey, Mr Cunningham.
I said, "Hey, Mr Cunningham."
How's your entailment getting along?
Don't you remember me,
Mr Cunningham?
I'm Jean Louise Finch.
You brought us some hickory nuts
one early morning. Remember?
We had a talk.
I went and got my daddy
to come out and thank you.
I go to school with your boy.
I go to school with Walter.
He's a nice boy.
Tell him "hey" for me, won't you?
You know somethin',
Mr Cunningham?
Entailments are bad.
Entailments--
I was just sayin' to Mr Cunningham
that entailments were bad...
but not to worry.
Takes a long time sometimes.
What's the matter?
I sure meant no harm,
Mr Cunningham.
No harm taken, young lady.
I'll tell Walter you said "hey."
Let's clear out of here.
Let's go, boys.
Now you can go home.
All of you.
I'll be there later.
Come on.
Mr Finch, they gone?
They've gone.
They won't bother you anymore.
Morning, Mr Strikes.
- How do you do?
- Ever seen so many people?
Just like on Saturday.
- Where you goin'?
- I can't stand it any longer.
- I'm goin' to the courthouse and watch.
- Better not.
- You know what Atticus said.
- I don't care if he did.
I'm not gonna miss the most exciting
thing that ever happened in this town.
It's packed solid.
They're standin' all along the back.
- Reverend.
- Yes?
-Reverend Sykes, are you going upstairs?
- Yes, I am.
Thank you, Brother Joe,
for holding my seat.
Come on, children.
Come on, come on.
This court's now in session.
Everybody rise.
On the night of August 21...
I was just leaving my office
to go home when Bob--
Mr. Ewell-- came in.
Very excited he was,
and he said...
to get to his house
as quick as I could...
that his girl had been raped.
I got in my car and went out there
as fast as I could.
She was pretty well beat up.
I asked her if Tom Robinson
beat her like that.
She said yes, he had.
I asked if he'd
taken advantage of her.
She said yes, he did.
That's all there was to it.
Thankyou.
Did anybody call
a doctor, Sheriff?
- No, sir.
- Why not?
Well, I didn't think
it was necessary.
She was pretty well beat up.
Somethin' sure happened.
It was obvious.
Now, Sheriff, you say that she
was mighty beat up. In what way?
Well, she was beaten
around the head.
There were bruises
already comin' on her arms.
She had a black eye startin'.
- Which eye?
- Let's see.
It was her left.
Well, now, was that--
That was her left,
facing you...
or looking the way
that you were?
Yes, that would make it her right eye.
It was her right eye, Mr Finch.
Now I remember.
She was beaten up
on that side of her face.
Which side again, Heck?
The right side.
She had bruises on her arms.
She showed me her neck. There were definite finger marks on her gullet.
All around her neck,
at the back of her throat?
I'd say they were all around.
The witness may be seated.
Robert E. Lee Ewell.
Place your hand on the Bible, please.
Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, so help you God?
- I do.
- Sit down, please.
Now, Mr Ewell...
you tell us,
just in your own words...
what happened on August 21.
That night...
I was comin' from the woods
with a load of kindlin'...
and I heard Mayella screaming as I got to the fence.
I dropped my kindlin', and I run as fast as I could, but I run into the fence.
But when I got loose,
I run up to the window...
and I seen him with my Mayella!
What did you do...
after you saw the defendant?
I run around the house tryin' to get in...
but he done run through the front door just ahead of me!
But I seen who it was, all right!
I seen him.
And I run in the house and...
poor Mayella was layin'
on the floor squallin'.
Then I run for Mr Tate
just as quick as I could.
Thankyou.
Would you mind if I just
ask you a few questions, Mr Ewell?
No, sir, Mr Finch,
I sure wouldn't.
Folks were doin'
a lot of running that night.
You say that you ran to the house,
you ran to the window...
you ran inside, you ran to Mayella
and you ran to Sheriff Tate.
Did you, during all this running,
run for a doctor?
There wasn't no need to.
I seen who done it.
Now, Mr Ewell, you've heard
the sheriff's testimony.
Do you agree with his description
of Mayella's injuries?
I agree with everything
Mr Tate said.
Her eye was blacked.
She was mighty beat up,
mighty beat up.
Now, Mr Ewell, can you--
Can you read and write?
Yes, sir, Mr Finch,
I can read and I can write.
Good.
Then will you write
your name, please?
Right there.
Show us.
What's so interesting?
You're left-handed, Mr Ewell.
What's that got to do with it, Judge?
I'm a God-fearin' man.
That Atticus Finch,
he's tryin' to take advantage of me!
You got to watch tricky lawyers
like Atticus Finch!
Quiet! Quiet, sir.
Now the witness
may take his seat.
Mayella Violet Ewell.
Put your hand
on the Bible, please.
Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth,
the whole truth, so help you God?
Sit down, please.
Now, Mayella...
suppose you tell us
just what happened, huh?
I was sittin' on the porch
and he come along.
There's this old chifforobe
in the yard...
and I said...
"You come in here, boy,
and bust up this chifforobe...
and I'll give you a nickel."
So he come on in the yard...
and I go in the house
to get him the nickel...
and I turn around
and before I know it, he's on me.
I fought and hollered...
but he had me around the neck...
and he hit me,
again and again.
And the next thing I knew,
Papa was in the room...
standin' over me, hollerin'...
"Who done it? Who done it?"
Thankyou, Mayella.
Your witness, Atticus.
Miss Mayella...
is your father good to you?
I mean, is he easy
to get along with?
Does tolerable.
Except when he's drinking.
When he's riled, has he ever beaten you? My pa's never touched a hair on my head in my life. You say that you asked Tom to come in and chop up a-- What was it? A chifforobe. Was that the first time... that you ever asked him to come inside the fence? Yes. Didn't you ever ask him... to come inside the fence before? I might have. Can you remember any other occasion? You say... "He caught me, he choked me, and he took advantage of me." Is that right? Do you remember him beating you about the face? No. I don't... recollect if he hit me. I mean, yes! He hit me! He hit me! Thankyou. Now, will you identify the man who beat you? I most certainly will. Sittin' right yonder. Tom, will you stand up, please? Let Miss Mayella have a good long look at you. Will you catch this, please? Thankyou. Now, then, this time will you please catch it with your left hand. I can't, sir. Why can't you? I can't use my left hand at all. I got it caught in a cotton gin.
when I was 12 years old.
All my muscles were tore loose.
Is this the man who raped you?
It most certainly is.
How?
I don't know how he done it.
He just done it.
You have testified...
that he choked you
and he beat you.
You didn't say that he sneaked up
behind you and knocked you out cold...
but that you turned around...
and there he was.
Do you want to tell us
what really happened?
I got somethin' to say...
and then I ain't
gonna say no more!
He took advantage of me!
And if you fine...
fancy gentlemen...
ain't gonna do
nothin' about it...
then you're just
a bunch of lousy...
yellow, stinkin' cowards...
the whole bunch of ya!
And your fancy airs
don't come to nothin'!
Your "ma'am"-ing
and your "Miss Mayella"-ing...
it don't come to nothin',
Mr Finch!
You sit down now.
Atticus.
Mr Gilmer.
The State rests, Judge.
Tom Robinson, take the stand.
Put your hand on the Bible.
Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth,
the whole truth, so help you God?
- I do.
- Sit down.
Were you acquainted
with Mayella Violet Ewell?
Yes, sir.
I had to pass her place
going to and from the field every day.
Is there any other way to go?
No, sir.
None's I know of.
And did she ever speak to you?
Why, yes, sir.
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 chifforobe for her.
She give me the hatchet,
and I broke it up.
And then she said...
"I reckon I'll have
to give you a nickel, won't I?"
And I said, "No, ma'am.
There ain't no charge."
And I went home.
Mr Finch, that was way last spring,
way over a year ago.
Did you ever go
on the place again?
Yes, sir.
When?
I went lots oftimes.
Seemed like every time
I passed by yonder...
she'd have some little
somethin' for me to do:
chopping kindlin'
and totin' water for her.
What happened to you...
on the evening
of August 21 of last year?
I was goin' home
as usual that evenin'.
When I passed the Ewell place...
Miss Mayella were on the porch,
like she said she were.
She said for me to come there
and help her a minute.
I went inside the fence...
and I looked around for some kindlin'
to work on, but I didn't see none.
Then she said
to come in the house...
she has a door needs fixin'.
So I follows her inside...
and I looked at the door,
and it looked all right.
Then she shut the door.
All the time I was wonderin'
why it was so quiet like.
And then it come to me.
There was not a child
on the place.
And I said, "Miss Mayella,
where are the children?"
She said, "They all gone
to get ice cream."
She said it took her a year to save
seven nickels, but she'd done it.
And they'd all gone to town.
What did you say then?
I said somethin' like...
"Why, Miss Mayella,
that's right nice of you to treat 'em."
She said, "You think so?"
"Well," I said, "I best be goin'."
I couldn't do nothin' for her.
And she said yes, I could.
And I asked her what.
And she said to just step
on the chairyonder...
and get that box down
from on top of the chifforobe.
So I done like she told me...
and I was reachin'...
when the next thing I know,
she grabbed me around the legs.
She scared me so bad, I hopped down
and turned the chair over.
That was the only thing--
only furniture--
disturbed in the room, Mr Finch...
I swear, when I left it.
And what happened
after you turned the chair over?
You've sworn to tell the whole truth.
Will you do it?
What happened after that?
I got down off the chair...
and I turned around...
and she sort of jumped on me.
She hugged me around the waist.
She reached up
and kissed me on the face.
She said she'd never kissed
a grown man before...
and she might as well kiss me.
She says for me
to kiss her back...
and I said, "Miss Mayella,
let me out of here"
and I tried to run.
Mr Ewell cussed at her
from the window.
He said he's gonna kill her.
What happened after that?
I was runnin' so fast,
I don't know what happened.
Tom, did you rape Mayella Ewell?
I did not, sir.
Did you harm her in any way?
I did not, sir.
Robinson...
you're good at bustin' up chifforobes
and kindlin' with one hand, aren't ya?
Strong enough to choke the breath
out of a woman...
and sling her to the floor?
- I never done that, sir.
- But you're strong enough to.
I reckon so, sir.
How come you so all-fired anxious
to do that woman's chores?
Looks like she--
she didn't have nobody to help her.
Like I said--
With Mr Ewell and seven children
on the place?
You did all this choppin' and work
out ofsheer goodness, boy?
You're a mighty good fella,
it seems.
Did all that for not one penny?
Yes, sir.
I felt right sorry for her.
She seemed--
You felt sorry for her?
A white woman?
You felt sorry for her.
To begin with...
this case should never
have come to trial.
The State has not produced
one iota...
of medical evidence...
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...
on cross-examination...
but has been flatly contradicted
by the defendant.
There is circumstantial evidence
to indicate that...
Mayella Ewell was beaten...
savagely...
by someone who led,
almost exclusively, with his left.
Tom Robinson now sits before you,
having taken the oath...
with the only good hand
he possesses...
his right.
I have nothing but pity
in my heart...
for the chief witness
for the State.
She is the victim...
of cruel poverty and ignorance.
But my pity...
does not extend so far...
as to her putting
a man's life at stake...
which she has done in an effort
to get rid of her own guilt.
I say "guilt," gentlemen...
because it was guilt...
that motivated her.
She's committed no crime.
She has merely broken
a rigid and time-honoured...
code of our society.
A code so severe that whoever breaks it
is hounded from our midst...
as unfit to live with.
She must destroy the evidence...
of her offence.
But what was the evidence
of her offence?
Tom Robinson, a human being.
She must put Tom Robinson
away from her.
Tom Robinson was to her
a daily reminder...
of what she did.
Now, what did she do?
She tempted a Negro.
She was white,
and she tempted a Negro.
She did something that,
in our society, is unspeakable.
She kissed a black man.
Not an old uncle...
but a strong, young Negro man.
No code mattered to her
before she broke it...
but it came crashing down
on her afterwards.
The witnesses for the State...
with the exception
of the sheriff of Maycomb County...
have presented themselves
to you gentlemen, to this court...
in the cynical confidence...
that their testimony
would not be doubted.
Confident that you gentlemen...
would go along with them
on the assumption--
the evil assumption--
that all Negroes lie...
all Negroes are basically
immoral beings...
all Negro men are not
to be trusted around our women.
An assumption that one associates
with minds of their calibre...
and which is, in itself,
gentlemen, a lie.
Which I do not need
to point out to you.
And so...
a quiet, humble,
respectable Negro...
who has had
the unmitigated temerity...
to feel sorry
for a white woman...
has had to put his word
against two white people's.
The defendant is not guilty...
but somebody
in this courtroom is.
Now, gentlemen...
in this country...
our courts are
the great levellers.
In our courts...
all men are created...
equal.
I'm no idealist
to believe firmly...
in the integrity of our courts
and of our jury system.  
That's no ideal to me.  
That is a living, working reality!  
I am confident that  
you gentlemen will review...  
without passion...  
the evidence  
that you have heard...  
come to a decision...  
and restore this man  
to his family.  
In the name of God...  
do your duty.  
In the name of God...  
believe...  
Tom Robinson.  
How long has the jury  
been out now, Reverend?  
Let's see.  
Almost two hours now.  
I think that's an awful  
good sign, don't you?  
Court's now in session.  
Everybody rise.  
Gentlemen of the jury,  
have you reached a verdict?  
We have, Your Honour.  
Will the defendant please rise  
and face the jury.  
What is your verdict?  
We find the defendant  
guilty as charged.  
Gentlemen,  
this jury is dismissed.  
Court is adjourned.  
I'll go to see Helen  
first thing tomorrow morning.  
I told her not to be disappointed,  
we'd probably lose this one.  
Miss Jean Louise.  
Miss Jean Louise, stand up.  
Your father's passin'.  
I'm sorry, Atticus.  
Thank you, Maudie.
Atticus, can I see you
for a minute?
Will you excuse me?
Yes, ma'am?
I don't know if it'll help...
but I want to say this to you.
There's some men
in this world...
who are born to do
our unpleasant jobs for us.
Your father's one of them.
Oh, well.
What's the matter, Atticus?
Tom Robinson's dead.
They were taking him
to Abbottsville...
for safekeeping.
Tom broke loose and ran.
The deputy...
called out to him to stop...
and Tom didn't stop.
He shot at him to wound him...
and missed his aim.
Killed him.
The deputy says...
Tom just ran like a crazy man.
The last thing I told him
was not to lose heart...
that we'd ask for an appeal.
We had such a good chance.
We had more than a good chance.
I have to go out
and tell his family.
You look after
the children, Maudie.
Atticus, you want me
to go with you?
No, son. I think I'd better
go out there alone.
I'm goin' with you.
All right, son.
Hello, Mr Finch.
I'm Spence, Tom's father.
Hello, Spence.
- Is Helen here?
- Yes, sir.
She's inside lyin' down,
tryin' to get a little sleep.
We been talkin'
about the appeal, Mr Finch.
How long do you think it'll take?
There isn't going
to be any appeal.
Not now. Tom is dead.
Dead?
Boy.
Go inside and tell Atticus Finch
I said to come out here.
Go on, boy.
By October, things
had settled down again.
I still looked for Boo everytime
I went bythe Radley place.
This night my mind
was filled with Halloween.
There was to be a pageant representing
our county's agricultural products.
I was to be a ham.
Jem saidhe would escort me
to the school auditorium.
Thus began our longest
journey together.
- Scout.
- Yeah?
Will you come on?
Everybody's gone.
- I can't go home like this.
- Well, I'm going.

It's almost 10:
and Atticus will be waitin' for us.
All right, I'm comin'.
But I feel like a fool
walkin' home like this.
It's not my fault
you lost your dress.
I didn't lose it.
Just can't find it.
- Where are your shoes?
- I can't find them either.
- You can get 'em tomorrow.
- But tomorrow's Sunday.
You can get the janitor
to let you in. Come on.
Here, Scout. Let me hold onto you
before you break your neck.
Jem, you don't have
to hold me.
- What's the matter?
- Hush a minute, Scout.
I thought I heard somethin'.
Come on.
Wait.
Are you trying to scare me?
You know I'm too old.
Be quiet.
- I hear an old dog bayin'.
- It's not that.
I hear it when
we're walkin' along.
When we stop,
I don't hear it anymore.
Oh, yeah, my costume rustlin'.
Halloween's got ya.
I hear it now.
I'll bet it's just old
Cecil Jacobs tryin' to scare me.
Cecil Jacobs is a big, wet hen!
Come on.
Run, Scout!
Run, Scout! Run! Run!
What happened?
I don't know.
I just don't know.
- Tell Dr Reynolds to come over.
- Yes, sir.
- You all right?
- Yes, sir.
- Are you sure?
- Yes, sir.
Sheriff Tate, please.
Atticus, is Jem dead?
No. He's unconscious.
We won't know how badly he's hurt until the doctor gets here.
Heck? Atticus Finch.
Someone's been after my children.
He's got a bad break, as far as I can tell.
Like somebody tried to wring his arm off.
I'll be right back, Atticus.
- How's the boy, Doc?
- He'll be all right.
Sheriff Tate.
What is it, Heck?
Bob Ewell's lyin' on the ground under that tree down yonder...
with a kitchen knife stuck up under his ribs.
He's dead.
- Are you sure?
- Yes, sir.
He's not gonna bother these children anymore.
Miss Scout, you think you could tell us what happened?
I don't know.
All of a sudden somebody grabbed me, knocked me down on the ground.
Jem found me then.
Then Mr Ewell, I reckon, grabbed him again, and Jem hollered.
Then somebody grabbed me.
Mr Ewell, I guess.
Somebody grabbed him... and then I heard someone pantin' and coughin'.
Then I saw someone carrying Jem.
Who was it?
There he is, Mr Tate.
He can tell you his name.
Hey, Boo.
Miss Jean Louise,
Mr Arthur Radley.
I believe he already knows you.
Heck, let's go out on the front porch. Would you like to say good night to Jem, Mr Arthur? You can pet him, Mr Arthur. He's asleep. You couldn't if he was awake, though. He wouldn't let you.

Go ahead.

Let's go sit in the swing, Mr Arthur.

I guess the thing to do is—

Good Lord. I must be losin' my memory. I can't remember whether Jem is 12 or 13.

Anyway, it'll have to...

come before the county court.

Of course, it's a clear-cut case of self-defence.

I'll run down to the office—

Mr Finch...
do you think Jem killed Bob Ewell?

Is that what you think?

Your boy never stabbed him.

Bob Ewell fell on his knife.

He killed himself.

There's a black man dead for no reason.

Now the man responsible for it is dead.

Let the dead bury the dead this time, Mr Finch.

I never heard tell it was against the law for any citizen...
to do his utmost to prevent a crime from being committed...

which is exactly what he did.

Maybe you'll tell me it's my duty to tell the town all about it...

not to hush it up.

You know what'll happen then.

All the ladies in Maycomb, includin'
my wife, will be knockin' on his door... 
brinin' angel food cakes. 
To my way of thinkin',
takin' one man... 
who done you and this town 
a big service... 
and draggin' him 
with his shy ways into the lime light-- 
To me, that's a sin. 
It's a sin. 
And I'm not about 
to have it on my head. 
I may not be much, Mr Finch... 
but I'm still sheriff 
of Maycomb County... 
and Bob Ewell fell on his knife. 

Good night, sir. 
Mr Tate was right. 
What do you mean? 
Well, it would be... 
sort of like shooting 
a mockingbird, wouldn't it? 
Thank you, Arthur. 
Thank you for my children. 

Neighbours bring food 
with death... 
and flowers with sickness... 
and little things in between. 

Boo was our neighbour. 
He gave us two soap dolls... 
a broken watch and chain... 
a knife... 
and our lives. 

One time Atticus said 
you never really knew a man... 
until you stood in his shoes 
and walked around in them. 

Just standin' 
on the Radley porch was enough. 
The summer that had begun 
so long ago had ended... 
and another summer 
had taken its place... 

and fall.
And Boo Radley had come out.
I was to think
of these days many times...
of Jem and Dill...
and Boo Radley and Tom Robinson.
And Atticus.
He would be in Jem's room
all night...
and he would be there
when Jem waked up in the morning.