

ATTICUS                    ~~That's all, Heck.~~

JUDGE                    ~~Witness may be excused.~~

~~(Heck steps down. There is an exchange of nods between the lawyers and the Judge.)~~

MR. GILMER              Robert E. Lee Ewell...

*(Bob Ewell hops up and heads straight for the bible with the utmost cockiness.)*

JUDGE                    Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth...

BOB EWELL              *(showing off)* So help me God! *(He struts to the witness chair.)*

MR. GILMER              Mr. Robert Ewell?

BOB EWELL              That's m'name cap'n.

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                    Are you the father of Mayella Ewell?

BOB EWELL              Yes, sir.

JUDGE                    Well, let get something straight. There will be no audibly obscene speculations on any subject from anybody in this courtroom as long as I'm sitting here. Do you understand? *(Ewell nods.)* All right Mr. Gilmer.

MR. GILMER              Thank you, sir. Mr. Ewell, tell us what happened on the evening of May twenty-first.

BOB EWELL              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.

*(The Judge shoots Bob Ewell a look.)*

MR. GILMER              What time was it, Mr. Ewell?

BOB EWELL              Just 'fore sundown. Well, I was sayin', Mayella was screamin' fit to beat Jesus!

JUDGE *(warning)* Mr. Gilmer...

MR. GILMER *(to the Judge)* Yes sir. *(to Ewell)* She was screaming?

BOB EWELL She was raising this holy racket so I dropped m' load and run as fast as I could up to the window - and I seen - I seen - *(getting up and pointing angrily at Tom Robinson)* I seen that black nigger yonder ruttin' on my Mayella!

*(There is a noisy response from the courtroom. Judge Taylor bangs his gavel. Atticus crosses to the Judge's bench.)*

~~REV. SYKES Mr. Jem. Take Miss Scout home. Mr. Jem, you hear me?~~

~~JEM Scout - go home; you 'n' Dill go home.~~

~~SCOUT You can't make me.~~

~~JEM I think it's okay, Reverend. She doesn't understand.~~

~~SCOUT I most certainly do.~~

~~REV. SYKES This ain't fit for Miss Scout - or you boys either.~~

JUDGE Quiet! There has been a request that this courtroom be cleared of spectators, a request that for the time being will be denied. People generally see what they look for and hear what they listen for. But I can assure you of one thing: you will receive what you see and hear in silence, or you will leave this courtroom. Mr. Ewell, you will keep your testimony within the confines of Christian English, if that's possible. Proceed Mr. Gilmer.

MR. GILMER Where were we...

JUDGE Mr. Ewell, did you see the defendant having sexual intercourse with your daughter?

BOB EWELL Yes, I did.

MR. GILMER Thank you, sir. *(to Ewell)* You said you were at the window?

BOB EWELL Yes, sir.

MR. GILMER Did you have a clear view of the room?

BOB EWELL Yes, sir.

MR. GILMER How did the room look?

BOB EWELL All slung about, like there was a fight.

MR. GILMER What did you do when you saw the defendant?

BOB EWELL I run around the house to get in, but he run out the front door just ahead of me. I sawed who he was, but I was too distracted about Mayella to run after him. Mayella was in there squallin', so I run in the house.

MR. GILMER Then what did you do?

BOB EWELL I run for Heck Tate quick as I could. I knowed who it was all right, passed the house every day, lived down yonder in that nigger-nest. Judge, I've asked this county for fifteen years to clean out that nest down yonder. They're dangerous to live around. 'Sides devaluin' my property...

MR. GILMER Thank you!...Mr. Ewell. That's all.

*(Ewell hops down from the witness stand and begins to head back to his seat.)*

ATTICUS Just a minute, sir. Could I ask you a question or two?

BOB EWELL Sure - go ahead.

ATTICUS Thank you, Mr. Ewell. *(He gestures for Ewell to sit on the stand again.)* Folks were doing a lot of running that night. Let's see, now, you say you ran to the house, you ran to the window, you ran inside, you ran for Mr. Tate. Did you, during all this running, run for a doctor?

BOB EWELL There weren't no need to. I seen who done done it.

ATTICUS Didn't you think the nature of your daughter's injuries warranted immediate medical attention?

BOB EWELL Never called a doctor in my life. If I had, would've cost me five dollars. That all?

ATTICUS Not quite. Mr. Ewell, you heard the sheriff's testimony, didn't you?

BOB EWELL Yes.

ATTICUS Do you agree with his description of Mayella's injuries? Her right eye blackened, that she was beaten around the -

BOB EWELL Yeah, I hold with everything Tate said.

ATTICUS                    You do? I just want to make sure. He said her right eye was blackened.

BOB EWELL                I holds with Tate.

ATTICUS                    Mr. Ewell, can you read and write?

MR. 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. But make sure we see, Atticus. Overruled.

ATTICUS                    Will you write your name and show us? *(He pulls a pen and an old envelope from his coat pocket.)*

BOB EWELL                I most positively will. How do you think I sign my relief checks?

SCOUT                      Jem - do you think Atticus knows what he's doin'?

JEM                         Seems like he does.

ATTICUS                    Would you write your name for us? Clearly now, so the jury can see you do it.

*(With a flourish, Ewell writes his name.)*

BOB EWELL                What's so interestin'?

JUDGE                      You're left-handed, Mr. Ewell.

ATTICUS                    That's it.

BOB EWELL                Well, what's that go to do with it? I'm a Christ-fearin' man. He's tryin' to take advantage of me. Trickin' lawyers like Atticus Finch take advantage of me all the time with their trickin' ways. But it don't change what I saw, and I'll say it again - I saw that nigger -

ATTICUS                    That's all, Mr. Ewell.

JUDGE                      The witness is excused.

*(Ewell steps down and returns to his seat.)*

~~JEM                         I think we've got him.~~

~~MR. GILMER                Mayella Violet Ewell.~~