

To Kill A Mockingbird Script - Dialogue Transcript

Voila! Finally, the **To Kill A Mockingbird script** is here for all you quotes spouting fans of the Gregory Peck as Atticus Finch movie based on the Harper Lee novel. This script is a transcript that was painstakingly transcribed using the screenplay and/or viewings of To Kill A Mockingbird. I know, I know, I still need to get the cast names in there and I'll be eternally tweaking it, so if you have any corrections, feel free to [drop me a line](#). You won't hurt my feelings. Honest.

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To Kill A Mockingbird Script

Maycomb was a tired, old town,
even in 1932 when I first knew it.

Somehow it was hotter then.

Men's stiff collars wilted by 9:00 in the morning.

Ladies bathed before noon, after their 3:00 naps...

and by nightfall were like soft tea cakes...

with frostings of sweat and sweet talcum.

The 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. - Good morning, miss.

My daddy's getting dressed. Would you like me to call him for you?

- I don't care to bother. - Why, it's no bother, Mr. Cunningham.

He'll be happy to see you. Atticus!

Atticus?

It's Mr. Cunningham.

- Good morning, Walter. - Good morning, 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, 'morning.

'Morning.

Scout, I think maybe, uh, next time Mr. Cunningham comes, you better not call me.

- I thought you'd want to thank him. - Oh, I do.

I think it embarrasses him to be thanked.

Why does he bring you all this stuff?

He's paying 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.

- The 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 down out of there now and have your breakfast.

Calpurnia has a good one. Hot biscuits.

Not 'til you agree to play football for the Methodists.

Oh, son, I can't do that. I'm too old to get out there.

After all, I'm the only father you have.

Wouldn't want me to get my head knocked off, would you?

I ain't comin' down.

Suit yourself.

Good morning.

Good morning, Miss Maudie.

- What's going on over there? - I'm having a terrible time, Miss Maudie.

Jem's stayin' up in the tree until Atticus agrees to play football for the Methodists.

Atticus says he's too old.

Every time I'm wantin' to do something, he's too old.

He's too old for anything!

He can do plenty of things.

You be good, children. Mind Cal.

- 'Morning, Maudie. - 'Morning, 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 blessings and stop complaining, 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', I 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 'til 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.

I'm spending two weeks next door with my Aunt Stephanie.

My mama worked 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.

Well, if he's not dead, you've got one, haven't you?

- Hush, Scout.

What did I do? 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... — Shh.

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 scratching 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... judging from his tracks,

he's about six and a half feet tall.

He eats raw squirrels and all the cats he can catch.

There's a long, jagged scar that runs across his face.

His teeth are yellow and rotten.

His eyes are popped, and he drools most of the time.

Oh, I don't believe you.

Dill, what are you doing here?

My Lord, Aunt Stephanie! You almost gave me a heart attack!

Dill, I don't want you playing around that house over there.

A maniac lives there, and he's dangerous.

See? I was trying to warn him about Boo, but he wouldn't believe me.

You better believe him, Mr. Dill Harris.

Tell him about the time Boo tried to kill his papa.

I was standing in my yard when his mama come out yelling, "He's killing us all!"

Turned out that Boo was sitting in the living room cutting 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 cutting the paper.

They wanted to send him to an asylum,

but his daddy said, "No Radley is going to any asylum."

So they locked him up in the basement of the courthouse...

'til he nearly died of the damp...

and his daddy brought him back home.

There he is to this day, sitting over there with his scissors.

Lord knows what he's doing or thinking.

Six, seven, eight,

Six, seven, eight,

- Nine, ten!

Come on, Scout! It's 5:00!

- Where you going? - 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 you say "hey" to me, you ugly girl!

You say, "Good afternoon, Miss Dubose."

You come over here when I'm talking to you.

- You come over here, I said! - Hi, Atticus.

- Atticus, this is Dill. He's Miss Stephanie's nephew.

Don't your daddy teach you to respect old people?

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.

I don't think they're as nice as last year.

He gets her interested in something nice so she forgets to be mean.

Your yard is going to be the showplace of this town.

Well, grand seeing you, Miss Dubose.

"I had two cats...

which I brought ashore...

on my first raft.

And I had a dog."

Atticus, 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 tormenting them.

Yes, sir.

That's all the reading for tonight, honey. It's getting late.

- What time is it? - 8:30.

May I see your watch?

"To Atticus, my beloved husband."

Atticus, 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?

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.

I put them away,

and they're to be yours.

- Good night, Scout. - Good night.

- Good night, Jem. - Good night.

- Jem? - Yes?

How old was I when Mama died? - Two.

- How old were you? - Six.

- Old as I am now? - Mm-hmm.

- Was Mama pretty? - Mm-hmm.

Was Mama nice?

Mm-hmm.

- Did you love her? - Yes.

- Did I love her? - Mm-hmm.

- Do you miss her? - Mm-hmm.

- 'Evening, Atticus. - Good evening, Judge.

Rather warm, isn't it?

Yes, indeed.

How's Mrs. Taylor?

She's fine. Fine, thank you.

Atticus, you've heard about Tom Robinson.

Yes, sir.

Grand jury will get around to charging 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 thank you.

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.

Aw.

- Scared to, ain't you? - I ain't scared.

I go past Boo Radley's house nearly every day of my life.

- Always running. - You hush up, Scout.

- Come on, Dill! - Me first! Me first!

- Me first! Me first! - You gotta let Dill be first.

- No! Me, me, me! - Oh, let her be first.

All right, get in!

- Hurry up! - All right.

- You ready? - Uh-huh. Let her go.

Scout!

Scout, get away from there! Scout, come on!

Don't just lie there! Get up!

Come on, Scout.

Run for your life, Scout!

Come on, Dill!

Now who's a 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 looking for your daddy, he's inside the courthouse.

- Thank you, sir, but we're not looking... - Thank you, Mr. Townsend.

What's your daddy doing in the courthouse?

He's a lawyer, and he has a case.

The grand jury is charging his client today.

I heard something about it last night when Judge Taylor came over.

- Let's go watch. - No, Dill.

- He wouldn't like that. Dill! - Dill!

Dill, wait a minute.

Shh.

- Is that the courtroom?

Yeah. Shh.

- I can't see anything. - Shh.

Y'all lift me up so I can see what's going on.

- All right. - Make a saddle, Scout.

Not much is happenin'.

The judge looks like he's asleep.

I see your daddy and a colored man.

- The colored man... - Shh, shh.

The colored man looks to me like he's cryin'.

- I seen him with Mayella. - I wonder what he's done to cry about?

What's going on?

There's a whole lot of men sittin' together on one side,
and one man keeps pointin' at the colored man and yellin'.

They're taking the colored 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 doing here?

Hello, Atticus.

What are you doing 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, 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 going to the sheriff.

I'd have saved you and the sheriff and the taxpayers lots of trouble.

Excuse me. I'm busy.

Hey, Cap'n, somebody told me just now that they thought...

that you believed Tom Robinson's story agin ourn.

You know what I said?

I said, "You wrong, man. You dead wrong!

Mr. Finch ain't taking his story against ourn."

Well, they was wrong, wasn't they?

I've been appointed to defend Tom Robinson.

Now that he's been charged, that's what I intend to do.

- You taking his story... - If you'll excuse me, Mr. Ewell.

What kind of man are you?

You got children of your own.

Hey, Jem! Jem?

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, Dill.

- Jem, please, I'm scared. - Go home if you're scared!

I swear, Scout, you act more like a girl all the time.

- Come on, Dill. - Wait for me. I'm coming.

Shh.

We'll go around back...

and crawl under the fence at the rear of the lot.

- I don't believe we can be seen from there.

Come on.

Come on.

Come on.

Hold it up for me.

Shh.

Don't make a sound.

Spit on it.

All right.

- Jem. - Shh. Spit some more.

All right.

Come on.

Hurry. Hurry.

Hurry!

Scout! Scout!

Quick. Come on.

- Shh!

- Quiet. - Shh.

- What are you gonna do for pants, Jem? - I don't know.

Dill? Dill?

You come on in now.

- Shh. - I better go.

- Dill? - Coming, Aunt Stephanie!

- So long. I'll see you next summer.

- So long. - So long.

- Dill! - I'm comin'!

I'm going back after my pants.

Please, Jem. Come on in the house.

I can't go in without my pants.

- Then I'm going 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 going with you. - You ain't. You stay right here.

I'll be back before you can count to ten.

Jem.

One. Two.

Three.

- Four. - Jem?

Scout?

Come on in.

- Five.

Six.

Seven. Eight.

Nine.

Ten.

Eleven.

Twelve.

Thirteen.

- Fourteen.

Jem!

- Shh.

What was that? What is it?

What happened? What happened?

What's goin' on? What is it?

Atticus, what is it?

Will somebody please tell me what's goin' on?

Uh, 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.

- Good night. Good night. - Good night, Atticus.

Oh, scared the living daylights out of me.

A prowler? He said a prowler?

Come on now. The excitement's over.

Time for bed.

Scout. Jem.

'Morning.

Good morning, Miss Maudie.

- 'Morning, Calpurnia. - 'Morning, Maudie.

Came to see if Jean Louise is ready for her first day of school.

- Scout! - Good morning, Miss Maudie.

- You ready too? - Yes, ma'am. - Scout!

What are you gonna do this morning with both children at school?

I don't know, and that's the truth.

I was thinking about that just now.

Scout!

Scout? Scout!

Did you hear me, Scout?

Now hurry.

Hey, look at Scout!

Shh.

- Come on in here, Scout.

Have your breakfast.

I think your dress is mighty becomin', honey.

Don't go tugging at that dress, Scout.

You want to 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!

Oh, Jem. Jem.

It's half an hour before school starts.

Sit right down and wait for your sister.

- Hurry up, Scout. - I'm trying to.

Come on! It's your first day. You want to be late?

- I'm ready. - Let's go!

Bye.

Bye, everybody!

Darn you, Walter Cunningham!

- Come on, Walter! - Come on, Walter!

- Scout! - Come on, Walter!

Cut that out!

What do you think you're doing?

He made me start off on the wrong foot!

I was trying 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! Stop it!

Is your daddy Mr. Walter Cunningham from Old Sarum?

Come home and have dinner with us, Walter.

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? – Uh-huh.
- How long you had a gun? – Oh, a year or so.
- Can I have the syrup, please? – Certainly, son.

Cal, will you bring in the syrup dish, please?

Yes, sir.

How old were you when you got your first gun, Atticus?

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 sooner or later he supposed...

the temptation to go after birds would be too much...

and that I could shoot all the blue jays I wanted, if I could hit 'em;

but to remember it was a sin to kill a mockingbird.

- Why? – Well, I reckon...

because 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, Scout?

All right.

Oh, thank you, Cal. That's for Walter.

- What in the Sam Hill are you doing, Wa...

But, Atticus, he's gone and drowned his dinner in syrup,

- And now he's pouring it all over... – Scout.

- What? – Come out here. I want to talk to you.

That boy is your company.

If he wants to eat that tablecloth, you'll let him.

If you can't act fit to eat like folks,

you can just sit here and eat in the kitchen.

Scout.

Scout.

- Scout, what in the world has got into you?

- I'm not going back. - Now, now.

Atticus, I'm not going 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,
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.

Well... maybe she's just nervous.

After all, it's her first day teaching school and being new here.

- Oh, Atticus... - Now, wait a minute.

If you learn this single trick, Scout,
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?

Until you climb inside of his skin and walk around in it.

But if I keep going to school, we can't ever read anymore.

Scout...

do you know what a compromise is?

Bending the law?

Uh... no.

It's an agreement reached by mutual consent.

Now... here's the way it works.

You concede the necessity of going to school,
we'll keep right on reading the same every night...

just as we always have.

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 any 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.

Scout, Jem, come on inside.

- Come on! 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 coming this way!

There he is.

He's got it, all right, Mr. Finch.

Stay inside, son. Keep them in there, Cal.

He's within range, Heck.

- Take him, Mr. Finch.

- Oh, no, Mr. Tate! He can't shoot! - Don't waste time, Heck.

He's got to be killed before he starts runnin'.

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.

- Atticus? - Yes, son.

- Nothin'. - What's the matter, boy? Can't you talk?

- Didn't you know your daddy is the best shot in this county? - Oh, 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.

Hey, Atticus, can we go with ya?

- Can we, please? - Huh, can we?

I have to go to the country on business, and you'll just get tired.

Oh, no, not me. I won't get tired.

Well, you promise to stay in the car while I talk to Helen Robinson?

- Mm-hmm. - And not nag me about leaving if you get tired?

- Huh-uh. - All right, climb in.

- Who's Helen Robinson? - She's 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.

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.

Cal, if you wait 'til I get Scout in bed, I'll drive you home.

Yes, sir.

Jem, do you mind stayin' here with Scout 'til I get Cal home?

- No, sir. - 'Night, Jem.

'Night, Cal.

Atticus! Atticus!

Atticus!

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 hold in, the better off everybody would be.

I soon forgot.

Cecil Jacobs made me forget.

Oh, what is it, Scout?

Atticus, do you defend niggers?

- Don't say "nigger," Scout. - 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, Atticus.

- He... - I don't care what the reasons are.

- I forbid you to fight. - Yes.

Anyway... I'm simply defending a Negro, Tom Robinson.

Now, Scout, 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 something again.

Scout.

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? - I'm walking 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, Scout.

- You do your feet this way. - Look, Jem.

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.

Jem, 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.

And this.

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...

the first time when I was gettin' out of my britches?

- Uh-huh. - Well, 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.

Ooh, I been up since 4:00.

- 4:00? - Oh, yes, I always get up at 4:00.

It's in my blood.

My daddy was a railroad man 'til he got rich.

Now he flies airplanes.

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 Sheriff Tate?

Tom Robinson, son.

Where's he been?

In the Abbottsville jail.

- Why? - The sheriff thought he'd be safer there.

They're bringin' him back here tonight...

because his trial is tomorrow.

- Well, good evenin', Heck. - Good evenin', Mr. Finch.

Come in.

The news has gotten around the county about my bringin' Tom Robinson back to the jail.

I, uh, heard there might be trouble from that bunch out at Old Sarum.

Cal, if I need you to stay here tonight, can you do it?

- Yes, sir, I can. - Thank you.

I think you better count on stayin'.

Yes, sir.

- What's goin' on? - Shh. Go back to sleep.

- What's goin' on? - Shh.

Hey, there's his car.

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 oughta 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. Well, that changes things some.

Atticus.

- Hey, Atticus. - Jem, go home.

Take Scout and Dill home with you.

- Son, I said go home. - No, sir.

- I'll send him home. - Don't you touch him!

Let him go! Let him go!

That'll do, Scout.

Ain't nobody gonna do Jem that way!

You get 'em out of here, Mr. Finch.

Jem, I want you to please leave.

- No, sir. - Jem!

I tell you, I ain't goin'.

Hey, Mr. Cunningham.

I said, "Hey, Mr. Cunningham." How's your entailment gettin' along?

Don't you remember me, Mr. Cunningham?

I'm Jean Louise Finch.

You brought us some hickory nuts one 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...

Atticus, I was just sayin' to Mr. Cunningham that entailments were bad,

but not to worry.

It 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 outta here.

Let's go, boys.

- Now you can go home.

All of you.

I'll be there later.

Come on.

Come on.

Mr. Finch, are 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.

- You 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 John, for holding my seat. - That's okay, Reverend.

Come on, children. Come on, come on.

This court's now in session. Everybody rise.

On the night of August 21,

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.

Thank you.

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, uh...

That was her left, facing you...

or looking the way that you were?

Oh, 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 and...

she showed me her neck.

There were definite finger marks on her gullet.

Well...

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, and nothing but the 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.

Well, that night...

I was comin' from the woods with a load of kindlin'...

and I heard Mayella screamin' as I got to the fence.

So 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.

Mm-hmm. Thank you, Mr. Ewell.

Would you mind if I just, uh, 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, 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, uh... can you read and write?

Yes, sir, Mr. Finch, I can read and I can write.

Good.

- Then will you write your name, please.

Write there. Show us.

So 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 and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

Sit down, please.

Now, Mayella...

suppose you tell us just what happened, huh?

Well, sir...

Sir... I was s-sittin' on the porch...

and he come along.

There's this old chifforobe in the yard,

and I-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...

a-standin' over me, hollerin', "Who done it? Who done it?"

Thank you, 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?

No.

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, y-yes! H-He hit me!

- He hit me!

Thank you.

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.

Tom, will you catch this, please?

Thank you.

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 something 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 nothing 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!

N-N...

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 and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

- I do. - Sit down.

Now, Tom...

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.

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?

Well, I went lots of times.

Seemed like every time I passed by yonder,
she would have some little something for me to do:
chopping kindlin' and totin' water for her.

Tom...

what happened to you...

on the evening of August 21 of last year?

Mr. Finch, I was going home as usual that evening.

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.

Well, 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 wondering why it was so quiet.

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?

Well, I said something 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 I could.

I asked her what.

And she said to just step on the chair yonder...

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 knows, 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?

Tom?

You've sworn to tell the whole truth. Will you do it?

What happened after that?

Mr. Finch,

I got down off the chair,

and I turned around...

and she sorta 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 outta here,"

and I tried to run.

Mr. Ewell cussed at her from the window.

He said he's gonna kill her.

And 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 pretty 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. - Mm-hmm.

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, she...

With Mr. Ewell and seven children on the place?

You did all this choppin' and work out of sheer 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.

Now I say "guilt," gentlemen,

because it was guilt that motivated her.

She's committed no crime.

She has merely broken a rigid and time-honored...

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 offense.

But what was the evidence of her offense?

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 caliber,

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 levelers.

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!

Now 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?

Well, 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 Honor.

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.

Tom.

Yes, Mr. Finch.

Miss Jean Louise.

Miss Jean Louise, stand up.

Your father's passin'.

Atticus?

I-I'm sorry, Atticus.

- Well, thank you, Maudie.

Atticus, can I see you for a minute?

Will you excuse me?

Jem?

Yes'm.

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.

Atticus.

I'm goin' with you.

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?

Spence, there isn't going to be any appeal.

Not now. Tom is dead.

Dead?

Helen.

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 every time I went by the 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 said he 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 goin'. It's almost 10:00...

and Atticus will be waiting 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. - Shh.

- What's the matter? - Hush a minute, Scout.

I thought I heard somethin'.

Ah... come on.

Wait.

- Jem, are you trying to scare me? - Shh.

- You know I'm too old. - Be quiet.

- I heard an old dog bayin'.

It's not that. I hear it when we're walking 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!

Scout! Scout!

What happened? What happened?

I don't know. I just don't know.

- Cal, 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.

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, Mr. Finch.

- 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.

Well, who was it?

Why, 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 set in the swing, Mr. Arthur.

Heck, I-I...

I guess that the thing to do is, uh...

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-defense.

I'll, uh... Well, 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.

But 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 bringin' 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 limelight...

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.

Neighbors bring food with death...

and flowers with sickness...

and little things in between.

Boo was our neighbor.

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 standing on the Radley porch was enough.

The summer that had begun so long ago had ended,

and another summer had taken its place.

And a 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.

Special help by [SergeiK](#)