

HECK. Her right eye.

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

HECK. The right side. (REVEREND SYKES and HELEN are whispering.)

ATTICUS. That's all, Heck. (HECK steps down and walks over to bench.)

MR. GILMER (calling). Robert Ewell. (BOB EWELL hops up and comes up to the witness chair. If an extra is available to be Court Clerk, he administers the oath. Otherwise this can be done by Mr. Gilmer holding out the Bible and asking "Swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?")

BOB EWELL (crowing). So help me God.

MR. GILMER (nods toward chair; EWELL sits). Mr. Robert Ewell?

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

MR. GILMER (doesn't particularly like EWELL). Are you the father of Mayella Ewell?

BOB EWELL. Well, if I ain't, I can't do anything about it now. Her ma's dead.

JUDGE TAYLOR (hard). Are you the father of Mayella Ewell?

BOB EWELL (cowed). Yes, sir.

JUDGE TAYLOR. Get this straight. There will be no audibly obscene speculations on any subject from anybody in this courtroom. Do you understand? (EWELL nods.) All right, Mr. Gilmer.

MR. GILMER. Thank you, sir. Mr. Ewell, tell us what happened on the evening of November 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.

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

BOB EWELL. Just 'fore sundown. Well, I was sayin', Mayella was screamin' like— (The JUDGE clears his throat, irritated, and BOB

EWELL hesitates.)

MR. GILMER (prodding). Yes? 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— (He gets up and points angrily at TOM ROBINSON.) I seen that black nigger yonder attackin' my Mayella! (There's a gasp from the spectators and a low moan from HELEN ROBINSON. MR. GILMER is going up to the bench, where he speaks quietly to the JUDGE. REVEREND SYKES leans across to JEM.)

REVEREND SYKES. Mr. Jem. Take Miss Jean Louise home. Mr. Jem, you hear me?

JEM (turning). Scout — go home. Dill, you 'n' Scout go home.

SCOUT. You can't make me.

JEM (to REVEREND SYKES). I think it's okay, Reverend. She doesn't understand.

SCOUT. I most certainly do. I can understand anything you can.

REVEREND SYKES (disturbed). This ain't fit for Miss Jean Louise — or you boys, either. (But REVEREND SYKES and the other spectators, talking excitedly to each other, are interrupted by JUDGE TAYLOR, who is banging his gavel for attention.)

JUDGE TAYLOR. Quiet! There has been a request that this courtroom be cleared of spectators, or at least of women and children — a request that for the time being will be denied. People generally see what they look for, and hear what they listen for. And they have the right to make whatever decisions they consider best for their children. You may feel there's something here to be learned. Or you may decide you do not wish to face this problem. It's up to you to make the decision. I suggest you do it right now. I'm interrupting this trial for a ten-minute recess. (The JUDGE bangs the gavel and rises. As he does, the curtain falls. If there's