

INHERIT

THE

WIND

by

**Jerome Lawrence
and
Robert Edwin Lee**

(1955)



(This material has been reconstructed from various unverified sources)

(2011)

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Introduction

"Inherit The Wind" is one of the most moving and meaningful plays in American theatre.

The accused was a slight, frightened man who had deliberately broken the law.

His trial was a Roman circus. The chief gladiators were the two great legal giants of the century. Like two bull elephants locked in mortal combat, they bellowed and roared imprecations and abuse.

The spectators sat uneasily in the sweltering heat with murder in their hearts, barely able to restrain themselves.

At stake was the freedom of every American.

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ACT I

Scene 1

In and around the Hillsboro Courthouse.

The foreground is the actual courtroom, with jury box, judge's bench and a scattering of trial-scarred chairs and counsel tables. The back wall of the courtroom is non-existent. On a raked level above it is the courthouse square, the Main Street and the converging streets of the town. This is not so much a literal view of Hillsboro as it is an impression of a sleepy, obscure country town about to be vigorously awakened.

It is important to the concept of the play that the town is visible always, looming there, as much on trial as the individual defendant. The crowd is equally important throughout, so that the court becomes a cock-pit, an arena, with the active spectators on all sides of it.

It is an hour after dawn on a July day that promises to be a scorcher. HOWARD, a boy of thirteen, wanders onto the courthouse lawn DCS He is barefoot, wearing a pair of his pa's cut-down overalls. He carries an improvised fishing pole and a tin can. He studies the ground carefully, searching for something. A young girl's voice calls from off-stage.

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MELINDA (Calling Sweetly) How-ard! (HOWARD, annoyed, turns and looks toward the voice. MELINDA, a healthy, pigtailed girl of twelve, skips on from SL) Hello, Howard. (HOWARD is disinterested, continues to search the ground.)

HOWARD Lo' Lindy.

MELINDA (Making conversation) I think it's gonna be hotter'n yesterday. That rain last night didn't do much good.

HOWARD (Professionally) It brought up the worms. (Suddenly he spots one in the lawn. Swiftly he grabs for it, and holds it up proudly) Lookit this fat one!

MELINDA (Shivering) How can you touch 'em? It makes me all goose-bumpy! (HOWARD dangles it in front of her face. She backs away, shuddering.)

HOWARD What're yuh skeered of? You was a worm once.

MELINDA (Shocked) I wasn't neither!

HOWARD You was so! When the whole world was covered with water, there was nuthin' but worms and blogs of jelly. And you and your whole family was worms!

MELINDA We was not!

HOWARD Blobs of jelly, then.

MELINDA Howard Blair, that's sinful talk! I'm gonna tell my pa and he'll make you wash your mouth out with soap!

HOWARD Ahhh, your old man's a monkey! (MELINDA gasps. She turns indignantly and runs off SL. HOWARD shrugs in the manner of a man-of-the-world) 'Bye, Lindy. (He deposits the worm in his tin can, and continues looking for more. RACHEL enters from SR. She is twenty-two, pretty, but not beautiful. She wears a cotton summer dress. She carries a small composition-paper suitcase. There is a tense, distraught air about her. She may have been crying. She looks about nervously, as if she doesn't want to be seen. When she sees HOWARD, she hesitates in the hope that the boy will not notice her. But he does see RACHEL and watches her with puzzled curiosity. Then he spots another

worm, tugs it out of the ground, and holds it up, wriggling. HOWARD addresses the worm) What do you wanta be when you grow up?
(The buildings swing open to reveal the courtroom. RACHEL stands uncertainly in the courthouse area. This is strange ground to her. Unsure, she looks about.)

RACHEL (Tentatively, calling) Mr. Meeker. . . ?
(After a pause, MR. MEEKER, the bailiff, enters SL. There is no collar on his shirt; his hair is tousled, and there is shaving soap on his face, which he is wiping off with a towel as he enters.)

MEEKER (A little irritably) Who is it? (Surprised) Why, hello, Rachel. (Xs to her) 'Scuse the way I look. (He wipes the soap out of his ear. Then he notices her suitcase) Not goin' away, are you? Excitement's just startin'.

RACHEL (Earnestly) Mr. Meeker, don't let my father know I came here.

MEEKER (Shrugs) The Reverend don't tell me his business. Don't know why I should tell him mine.

RACHEL I want to see Bert Cates. Is he all right?

MEEKER Don't know why he shouldn't be. I always figured the safest place in the world is a jail.

RACHEL Can I go down and see him?

MEEKER Ain't a very proper place for a minister's daughter

RACHEL I only want to see him for a minute.

MEEKER Sit down, Rachel. I'll bring him up. You can talk to him right here in the courtroom (RACHEL sits in one of the stiff wooden chairs. MEEKER starts out SR, then pauses) Long as I've been bailiff here, we've never had nothin' but drunks, vagrants, couple of chicken thieves. (A little dreamily) Our best catch was the fella from Minnesota that chopped up his wife; we had to extradite him. (Shakes his head) Seems kinda queer havin' a schoolteacher in our jail. (Shrugs) Might improve the writin' on the walls.

(MEEKER goes out SR. Nervously, RACHEL looks around at the cold, official furnishings of the courtroom. MEEKER returns to the courtroom, followed by BERT CATES. CATES is a pale, thin young man of twenty-four. He is quiet, shy, well-mannered, not particularly good looking. RACHEL and CATES face each other expressionlessly, without speaking. MEEKER pauses in the doorway.)

MEEKER I'll leave you two alone to talk. Don't run off, Bert.
(MEEKER goes out. RACHEL and CATES look at each other.)

RACHEL Hello, Bert

CATES Rache, I told you not to come here.

RACHEL I couldn't help it. Nobody saw me. Mr. Meeker won't tell. (Troubled) I keep thinking of you, locked up here –

CATES (Trying to cheer her up) You know something funny? The food's better than the boarding house. And you'd better not tell anybody how cool it is down there, or we'll have a crime wave every summer.

RACHEL I stopped by your place and picked up some of your things. A clean shirt, your best tie, some handkerchiefs.

CATES Thanks.

RACHEL (Rushing to him) Bert, why don't you tell 'em it was all a joke? Tell 'em you didn't mean to break a law, and you won't do it again?

CATES I suppose everybody's all steamed up about Brady coming.

RACHEL He's coming on a special train out of Chattanooga. Pa's going to the station to meet him. Everybody is!

CATES (turning away) Strike up the band.

RACHEL Bert, it's still not too late. Why can't you admit you're wrong? If the biggest man in the country – next to the President, maybe – if Matthew Harrison Brady comes here to tell the whole world how wrong you are –

CATES (turning back angrily) You still think I did wrong?

RACHEL Why did you do it?

CATES You know why I did it. I had the book in my hand, Hunter's Civic Biology. I opened it up, and read my sophomore science class Chapter 17, Darwin's Origin of Species. (RACHEL starts to protest) All it says is that man wasn't just stuck here like a geranium in a flower pot; that living comes from a long miracle, it didn't just happen in seven days.

RACHEL There's a law against it.

CATES I know that.

RACHEL Everybody says what you did is bad.

CATES It isn't as simple as that. Good or bad, black or white, night or day. Do you know, at the top of the world the twilight is six months long?

RACHEL But we don't live at the top of the world. We live in Hillsboro, and when the sun goes down, it's dark. And why do you try to make it different? (RACHEL gets the shirt, tie, and handkerchiefs from the suitcase) Here.

CATES Thanks, Rache.

RACHEL Why can't you be on the right side of things?

CATES Your father's side. (RACHEL starts to leave. CATES runs after her) Rache – (They embrace. MEEKER enters with a long-handled broom.)

MEEKER (Clears his throat) I gotta sweep.
(Rachel breaks away and hurries off.)

CATES (Calling) Thanks for the shirt!
(MEEKER, who has been sweeping impassively now stops and leans on the broom.)

MEEKER Imagine, Matthew Harrison Brady, comin' here. I voted for him for President. Twice. In nineteen hundred and again in oh-eight. Wasn't old enough to vote for him the first time he ran. But my pa did. (Turns proudly to CATES) I seen him once. At a Chautauqua meeting in Chattanooga. (Impressed, remembering) The tent-poles shook! (CATES moves nervously) Who's gonna be your lawyer, son?

CATES I don't know yet. I wrote to that newspaper in Baltimore. They're sending somebody.
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MEEKER (Resumes sweeping) He better be loud.

CATES (Picking up the shirt) You want me to go back down?

MEEKER No need. You can stay up here if you want.

CATES (Going toward the jail) I'm supposed to be in jail; I'd better be in jail!
(MEEKER shrugs and follows CATES off. The lights fade in the courtroom area, and the town swings into view: morning of a hot July day. The STOREKEEPER enters SR, unlocking her store. MRS. KREBS saunters across the square from DSL.)

STOREKEEPER Warm enough for you, Mrs. Krebs?

MRS. KREBS The Good Lord guv us the heat, and the Good Lord guv us the glands to sweat with.

STOREKEEPER I bet the Devil ain't so obliging.

MRS. KREBS Don't intend to find out.

(The REVEREND JEREMIAH BROWN, a gaunt, thin-lipped man, strides on from DSR. He looks around, scowling.)

STOREKEEPER Good morning, Reverend.

BROWN 'Morning.

MRS. KREBS 'Morning, Reverend.

BROWN Mrs. Krebs. (Shouting off) Where's the banner? Why haven't you raised the banner?

CORKIN (Entering DSR, followed by another workman) Paint didn't dry 'til jist now.

(They are carrying a rolled-up canvas banner.)

BROWN See that you have it up before Mr. Brady arrives.

(COOPER enters, gestures "hello" to the others.)

CORKIN Fast as we can do it, Reverend.

BROWN We must show him at once what kind of a community this is.

CORKIN Yes, Reverend. Come on, Phil. Hep.

(They rig the banner to halcyards between the buildings.)

MRS. KREBS Big day, Reverend.

CORKIN Indeed it is. Picnic lunch ready, Mrs. Krebs!

MRS. KREBS Fit'n fer a king.

(BANNISTER, PLATT and other townspeople gather excitedly. They are colorful small-town citizens, but not caricatured rubes.)

BOLLINGER (Running on from SL, carrying his cornet) Station master says old 94's on time out of Chattanooga. And Brady's on board all right!

COOPER The minute Brady gets here, people gonna pour in. Town's gonna fill up like a rain barrel in a flood.

STOREKEEPER That means business!

(MELINDA and her mother come on from USR and set up a lemonade stand.)

BANNISTER Where they gonna stay? Where we gonna sleep all them people?

MRS. KREBS They got money, we'll sleep 'em.

PLATT Looks like the biggest day for this town since we put up Coxey's army!

HOWARD (Bolting on from SL) Hey! Ted Finney's got out his big bass drum. And y' oughta see what they done to the depot! Ribbons all over the rainspouts!

MELINDA Lemonade! Lemonade!

(The workmen hoist the banner above the heads of the crowd, where it hangs for the remainder of the action. The banner blares: "READ YOUR BIBLE.")

CORKIN It's all ready, Reverend.

(The townspeople applaud. BOLLINGER toots a ragged fanfare. A HAWKER in a white apron wheels on a hot-dog stand. The crowd mills about, in holiday spirit.)

HAWKER Hot dogs! Get your red-hots! Hot dogs!
(MRS. MCCLAIN enters SR with a shopping bag full of frond fans.)

MRS. MCCLAIN Get your fans. Compliments of Maley's Funeral Home. Thirty-five cents.
(The stage is now full of eager and expectant people. MRS. BLAIR shoves her way through the crowd from USR, looking for her son.)

MRS. BLAIR (Calling) Howard. Howard!

HOWARD (Racing to her) Hey, Ma. This is just like the county fair.

MRS. BLAIR Now you settle down and stop runnin' around and pay some attention when Mr. Brady gets here. Spit down your hair. (HOWARD spits in her hand, and she pastes down a cowlick) Hold still!

(HOWARD flashes off through the crowd. ELIJAH, a "holy man" from the hills, comes on from DSR with a wooden vegetable crate full of books. He is bearded, wild-haired, dressed in a tattered burlap smock. His feet are bare. He sets up shop between the hot dogs and the lemonade, with a placard reading: "WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?")

ELIJAH (In a shrill, screeching voice) Buy a Bible! Your guidebook to eternal life!
(E.K. HORNBECK wanders on from SL, carrying a suitcase. She is a newspaperwoman in her middle thirties, who sneers politely at everything, including herself. Her clothes- those of a sophisticated city-dweller- contrast sharply with the attire of the townspeople. HORNBECK looks around, with wonderful contempt.)

MRS. MCCLAIN (To HORNBECK) Want a fan? Compliments of Maley's Funeral Home- thirty-five cents!

HORNBECK I'd die first.

MRS. KREBS (Unctuously, to HORNBECK) You're a stranger, aren't you, ma'am? Want a nice clean place to stay?

HORNBECK I had a nice clean place to stay, madame, And I left it to come here.

MRS. KREBS (Undaunted) You're gonna need a room.

HORNBECK I have a reservation at the Mansion House.

MRS. KREBS Oh? (She sniffs) That's all right, I suppose, for them as likes havin' a privy practically in the bedroom!

HORNBECK The unplumbed and the plumbing-less depths! Ahhhh, Hillsboro- Heavenly Hillsboro. The buckle on the Bible Belt.
(The HAWKER and ELIJAH converge on HORNBECK from opposite sides.)

HAWKER Hot dog?

ELIJAH Bible?
(HORNBECK up-ends her suitcase and sits on it.)

HORNBECK Now that poses a pretty problem! Which is hungrier- my stomach or my soul?
(HORNBECK buys a hot dog.)

ELIJAH (Miffed) Are you an Evolutionist? An infidel? A sinner?

HORNBECK (Munching the hot dog) The worst kind. I write for a newspaper.
(HORNBECK offers her hand) I'm E.K. Hornbeck, Baltimore Herald. I don't believe I caught your name . . . ?

ELIJAH (Impressively) They call me . . . Elijah.

HORNBECK (Pleased) Elijah! Yes! Why, I had no idea you were still around. I've read some of your stuff.

ELIJAH (Haughtily) I neither read nor write.

HORNBECK Oh. Excuse me. I must be thinking of another Elijah.

TIMMY (Running on from SL, breathlessly) Train's coming! I seen the smoke 'way up the track.
(The train whistle sounds off.)

BROWN (Taking command) All the members of the Bible League, get ready! Let us show Mr. Brady the spirit in which we welcome him to Hillsboro.
(MRS. BLAIR blows her pitch pipe and the townspeople parade off singing "Marching to Zion." But HORNBECK stays behind.) The STOREKEEPER emerges from this establishment and looks in her own store window. HORNBECK turns to her)
You're missing the show.

STOREKEEPER Somebody's got to mind the store.

HORNBECK May I ask your opinion, ma'am, on Evolution?

STOREKEEPER Don't have any opinions. They're bad for business.
(Off-stage, a cheer. Then the thumping drum into "Gimme That Old-Time Religion" sung by the unseen townspeople.)

HORNBECK (To the monkey) Sound the trumpet, beat the drum. Everybody's come to town.
(The crowd surges back, augmented, in a jubilant parade. Many are carrying banners, reading:
ARE YOU A MAN OR A MONKEY?/AMEND THE CONSTITUTION- PROHIBIT DARWIN /SAVE
OUR SCHOOLS FROM SIN
MY ANCESTORS AIN'T APES! /WELCOME MATTHEW HARRISON BRADY/ DOWN WITH
DARWIN /BE A SWEET ANGEL
DON'T MONKEY WITH OUR SCHOOLS! /DARWIN IS WRONG! /DOWN WITH EVOLUTION
/SWEETHEART, COME UNTO THE LORD

HORNBECK goes to the background to watch the show. MATTHEW HARRISON BRADY comes on
USL, a benign giant of a man, wearing a pith helmet. He basks in the cheers and the excitement, like
a patriarch surrounded by his children. He is gray, balding, paunchy, an indeterminate sixty-five. He is
followed by MRS BRADY; the MAYOR; REVEREND BROWN; TOM DAVENPORT, the circuit district
attorney; some newspapermen, and an army of the curious.)

ALL (Singing)

Gimme that old-time religion,
Gimme that old-time religion,
Gimme that old-time religion,
It's good enough for me!
It was good enough for father,
It was good enough for father,
It was good enough for father,
And it's good enough for me!
It was good for the Hebrew children,
It was good for the Hebrew children,

It was good for the Hebrew children,
And it's good enough for me!
Gimme that old-time religion,
Gimme that old-time religion,
Gimme that old-time religion,
It's good enough for me!

MAYOR (Speaks) Mr. Brady, if you please.

REVEREND (Singing) It is good enough for Brady.

CROWD

It is good enough for Brady,
It is good enough for Brady,
And it's good enough for me!

(Cheers and applause. BRADY seems to carry with him a built-in spotlight. So MRS. BRADY- pretty, fashionably dressed, a proper "Second Lady" to the nation's "Second Man" – seems always to be in his shadow. This does not annoy her. SARAH BRADY is content that all her thoughts and emotions should gain the name of action through her husband. BRADY removes his hat and raises his hand and steps DS. Obediently, the crowd falls to a hushed anticipatory silence.)

BRADY Friends- and I can see most of you are my friends, from the way you have decked out your beautiful city of Hillsboro- (There is a pleased reaction, and a spattering of applause. When BRADY speaks, there can be no doubt of his personal magnetism. Even HORNBECK, who slouches contemptuously at far left, is impressed with the speaker's power; for here is a man to be reckoned with) Mrs. Brady and I are delighted to be among you! (BRADY takes his wife's hand and draws her to his side) I could only wish one thing: that you had not given us quite so warm a welcome! (BRADY removes his alpaca coat. The crowd laughs. BRADY beams. MRS. MCCLAIN hands him a frond fan. BRADY takes it.) Bless you. (He fans himself vigorously) My friends of Hillsboro, you know why I have come here. I have not come merely to prosecute a lawbreaker, an arrogant youth who has spoken out against the Revealed Word. I have come because what has happened in a schoolroom of your town has unloosed a wicked attack from the big cities of the North! – an attack upon the law which you have so wisely placed among the statutes of this state. I am here to defend that which is most precious in the hearts of all of us: the living Truth of the Scriptures!
(Applause and emotional cheering.)

PHOTOGRAPHER Mr. Brady. Mr. Brady, a picture?

BRADY I shall be happy to oblige! (The townspeople, changing "Go Tell It on the Mountain," move upstage. BRADY begins to organize a group photograph. To his wife) Sarah . . .

MRS. BRADY (Moving out of the camera range) No, Matt. Just you and the dignitaries.

BRADY You are the Mayor, are you not?

MAYOR (Stepping forward, awkwardly) I am, sir.

BRADY (Extending his hand) My name is Matthew Harrison Brady.

MAYOR Oh, I know. Everybody knows that. I had a speech of welcome ready, but somehow it didn't seem necessary.

BRADY I shall be honored to hear your greeting, sir.
(The MAYOR clears his throat and takes some notes from his pocket.)

MAYOR (Sincerely) Mr. Matthew Harrison Brady, this municipality is proud to have within its city limits the warrior who has always fought for us ordinary people. The lady folks of this town wouldn't have the vote if it wasn't for you, fightin' to give 'em all that suffrage. Mr. President Wilson wouldn't never have got to the White House and won the war if it wasn't for you supportin' him. And, in conclusion, the Governor of our state . . .

PHOTOGRAPHER Hold it! (The camera clicks) Thank you.
(MRS. BRADY is disturbed by the informality of the pose.)

MRS. BRADY Matt- you didn't have your coat on.

BRADY (To the PHOTOGRAPHER) Perhaps we should have a more formal pose (As MRS. BRADY helps him on with his coat) Who is the spiritual leader of the community?

MAYOR That would be the Reverend Jeremiah Brown.
(REVEREND BROWN steps forward.)

BROWN Your servant, and the Lord's.
(BRADY and BROWN shake hands.)

BRADY The Reverend at my left, the Mayor at my right. (Stiffly, they face the camera) We must look grave, gentlemen, but not too serious. Hopeful, I think is the word. We must look hopeful.
(BRADY assumes the familiar oratorical pose. The camera clicks. Unnoticed, the barefoot HOWARD has stuck his head, mouth agape, into the picture. The MAJOR refers to the last page of his undelivered speech.)

MAYOR In conclusion, the Governor of our state has vested in me the authority to confer upon you a commission as Honorary Colonel in the State Militia.
(Applause.)

BRADY (Savoring it) "Colonel Brady." I like the sound of that!

BROWN We thought you might be hungry, Colonel Brady, after your train ride.

MAYOR So the members of our Ladies' Auxiliary have prepared a buffet lunch.

BRADY Splendid, splendid- I could do with a little snack.
(Some of the townspeople, at BROWN'S direction, carry on from SR a long picnic table, loaded with foodstuffs, potato salad, fried turkey, pickled fruits, cold meats, and all the picnic paraphernalia.
RACHEL comes on following the table, carrying a pitcher of lemonade which she places on the table.)

BANNISTER (An eager beaver) You know, Mr. Brady- Colonel Brady- all of us here voted for you three times.

BRADY I trust it was in three separate elections!
(There is laughter. TOM DAVENPORT, a crisp, business-like young man, offers his hand to BRADY.)

DAVENPORT Sir, I'm Tom Davenport.

BRADY (Beaming) Of course. Circuit district attorney. (Putting his arm around DAVENPORT'S shoulder) We'll be a team, won't we, young man! Quite a team! (The picnic table is in place. The sight of the food being uncovered is a magnetic attraction to Brady. He beams, and moistens his lips) Ahhhh, what a handsome repast! (Some of the women grin sheepishly at the flattery. BRADY is a great eater,,, and he piles mountains of food on his plate) What a challenge it is, to fit on the old armor again! To test the steel of our Truth against the blasphemies of Science! To stand-

MRS. BRADY Matthew, it's a warm day. Remember, the doctor told you not to overeat.

BRADY Don't worry, Mother. Just a bite or two. (He hoists a huge drumstick on his plate, then assails a mountain of potato salad) Who among you knows the defendant? – Cates, is that his name?

DAVENPORT Well, we all know him.

MAYOR Just about everybody in Hillsboro knows everybody else.

BRADY Can someone tell me- is this fellow Cates a criminal by nature?

RACHEL (Almost involuntarily) Bert isn't a criminal. He's good, really. He's just- (RACHEL seems to shrink from the attention that centers on her. She takes an empty bowl and starts off with it.)

BRADY Wait, my child. Is Mr. Cates your friend?

RACHEL (Looking down, trying to get away) I can't tell you anything about him-

BROWN (Fiercely) Rachel! (To BRADY) My daughter will be pleased to answer any questions about Bertram Cates.

BRADY Your daughter, Reverend? You must be proud, indeed. (BROWN nods. BRADY takes a mouthful of potato salad, turns to RACHEL) Now. How did you come to be acquainted with Mr. Cates?

RACHEL (Suffering) At school. I'm a schoolteacher, too.

BRADY I'm sure you teach according to the precepts of the Lord.

RACHEL I try. My pupils are only second-graders.

BRADY Has Mr. Cates ever tried to pollute your mind with his heathen dogma?

RACHEL Bert isn't a heathen!

BRADY (Sympathetically) I understand your loyalty, my child. This man, the man in your jailhouse, is a fellow schoolteacher. Likable, no doubt. And you are loath to speak out against him before all these people. (BRADY takes her arm, still carrying his plate. He moves her easily away from the others. As they move) Think of me as a friend, Rachel. And tell me what troubles you. (BRADY moves her upstage USL and their conversation continues, inaudible to us. BRADY continues to eat, RACHEL speaks to him earnestly. The townspeople stand around the picnic table, munching the buffet lunch.)

BANNISTER Who's gonna be the defense attorney?

DAVENPORT We don't know yet. It hasn't been announced.

MAYOR (He hands a modest picnic plate to MRS. BRADY) Whoever it is, he won't have much of a chance against your husband, will he, Mrs. Brady? (There are chortles of self-confident amusement. But HORNBECK saunters toward the picnic table.)

HORNBECK I disagree.

MAYOR Who are you?

HORNBECK Hornbeck. E.K. Hornbeck, of the Baltimore Herald.

BROWN (Can't quite place the name, but it has unpleasant connotations.) Hornbeck . . . Hornbeck . . . (BRADY and RACHEL exit.)

HORNBECK I am a reporter, bearing news. When this sovereign state determined to indict the sovereign mind of a less-than-sovereign schoolteacher, my editors decided there was more than a headline here. The Baltimore Herald, therefore, is happy to announce that it is sending two representatives to "Heavenly Hillsboro": The most brilliant reporter in America today, Myself. And the most agile legal mind of the Twentieth Century, Henry Drummond. (This name is like a whip-crack.)

MRS. BRADY (Stunned) Drummond!

BROWN Henry Drummond, the agnostic?

BANNISTER I heard about him. He got those two Chicago child murders off just the other day.

BROWN A vicious, godless man!

(Blithely, HORNBECK reaches across the picnic table and chooses a drumstick. She waves it jauntily toward the astonished part.)

HORNBECK A Merry Christmas and a Jolly Fourth of July!

(Munching the drumstick, HORNBECK goes off SR. Unnoticed, BRADY and RACHEL have left the scene, missing this significant disclosure. There is a stunned pause.)

DAVENPORT (Genuinely impressed) Henry Drummond for the defense. Well!

BROWN Henry Drummond is an agent of darkness. (With resolution) We won't let him in the town!

DAVENPORT I don't know by what law you could keep him out.

MAYOR (Rubbing his chin) I'll look it up in the town ordinances.

BROWN I saw Drummond once. In a courtroom in Ohio. A man was on trial for a most brutal crime. Although he knew- and admitted- the man was guilty, Drummond was perverting the evidence to cast the guilt away from the accused and onto you and me and all of society.

MRS. BRADY Henry Drummond. Oh, dear me.

BROWN I can still see him. A slouching hulk of a man, whose head juts out like an animal's. (He imitates DRUMMOND'S slouch. MELINDA watches, frightened) You look into his face, and you wonder why God made such a man. And then you know that God didn't make him, that he is a creature of the Devil, perhaps even the Devil himself!

(Little MELINDA utters a frightened cry, and buries her head in the folds of her mother's skirt. BRADY re-enters with RACHEL, who has a confused and guilty look. BRADY'S plate has been scraped clean; only the fossil of the turkey leg remains. He looks at the ring of faces, which have been disturbed by BROWN'S description of the heretic DRUMMOND. MRS. BRADY comes toward him.)

MRS. BRADY Matt- they're bringing Henry Drummond for the defense.

BRADY (Pale) Drummond? (The townspeople are impressed by the impact of this name on BRADY) Henry Drummond!

BROWN We won't allow him in the town.

MAYOR (Lamely) I think- maybe the Board of Health- (He trails off.)

BRADY (Crossing thoughtfully) No. (He turns) I believe we should welcome Henry Drummond.

MAYOR (Astonished) Welcome him!

BRADY If the enemy sends its Goliath into battle, it magnifies our cause. Henry Drummond has stalked the courtrooms of this land for forty years. When he fights, headlines follow. (With growing fervor) The whole world will be watching our victory over Drummond. (Dramatically) If St. George had slain a dragonfly, who would remember him. (Crossing DS) (Cheers and pleased reactions from the crowd.)

MRS. BLAIR (Xing to BRADY) Would you care to finish off the pickled apricots, Mr. Brady? (BRADY takes them.)

BRADY It would be a pity to see them go to waste.

MRS. BRADY Matt, do you think-

BRADY Have to build up my strength, Mother, for the battle ahead. (Munching thoughtfully) Now what will Drummond do? He'll try to make us forget the lawbreaker and put the law on trial (He turns to RACHEL) But we'll have the answer for Mr. Drummond. Right here, in some of the things this sweet young lady has told me.

RACHEL But Mr. Brady-
(BRADY turns to BROWN.)

BRADY A fine girl, Reverend. Fine girl!
(RACHEL seems tormented, but helpless.)

BROWN Rachel has always been taught to do the righteous thing.
(RACHEL moves off.)

BRADY I'm sure she has.
(MELIDA hands him a glass of lemonade.)

BRADY Thank you. A toast, then! A toast to tomorrow! To the beginnings of the trial and the success of our cause. A toast, in good American lemonade!
(He stands lifting his glass. Others rise and join the toast. BRADY downs his drink.)

MRS. BRADY Mr. Mayor, it's time now for Mr. Brady's nap. He always likes to nap after a meal.

MAYOR We have a suite ready for you at the Mansion House. I think you'll find your bags already there.

BRADY Very thoughtful, considerate of you.

MAYOR If you'll come with me- it's only across the square.

BRADY I want to thank all the members of the Ladies' Auxiliary for preparing this nice little picnic repast.

MRS. KREBS (Beaming) Our pleasure, sir.

BRADY And if I seemed to pick at my food, I don't want you to think I didn't enjoy it. (Apologetically) But you see, we had a box lunch on the train.
(There is a good-humored reaction to this, and the BRADYS move off SR accompanied by the throng of admirers, singing "It is good enough for Brady." Simultaneously the lights fade down on the courthouse lawn as the building swing open and fade up on the courtroom area. HORNBECK saunters on DSL, chewing at an apple. She glances about the courtroom as if she were searching for something. When RACHEL hurries on DSR, HORNBECK drops back into a shadow and she does not see her.)

RACHEL (Distressed) Mr. Meeker. Mr. Meeker? (She calls down toward the jail) Bert, can you hear me? Bert, you've got to tell me what to do. I don't know what to do-
(HORNBECK takes a bite out of his apple. RACHEL turns sharply at the sound, surprised to find someone else in the courtroom.)

HORNBECK (Quietly) I give advice, at remarkably low hourly rates. Ten percent off to unmarried young ladies, and special discounts to the clergy and their daughters.

RACHEL What are you doing here?

HORNBECK (Xing CS) I'm inspecting the battlefield the night before the battle. Before it's cluttered with the debris of journalistic camp-followers. I'm scouting myself an observation post to watch the fray. (RACHEL starts to go off) Wait. Why do you want to see Bert Cates? What's he to you, or you to him? Can it be that both beauty and biology are on our side?

(Again she starts to leave. But HORNBECK crosses toward her)
There's a newspaper here I'd like to have you see. It just arrived from that wicked modern Sodom and Gomorrah, Baltimore!

(RACHEL looks at her quizzically as she fishes a tear sheet out of her handbag)
Not the entire edition, of course. No Happy Hooligan, Barney Google, Abe Kabibble. Merely the part worth reading: E.K. Hornbeck's brilliant little symphony of words. (Hornbeck offers her the sheet, but she doesn't take it) You should read it. (Almost reluctantly, she (Rachel) starts to read)

My typewriter's been singing
A sweet, sad song about the Hillsboro heretic,
B. Cates: boy-Socrates, latter-day Dreyfus,
Romeo with a biology book.

(Hornbeck looks over her shoulder, admiring her own writing. She takes another bite out of the apple)

HORNBECK I may be rancid butter, but I'm on your side of the bread.

RACHEL (Looking up, surprised) This sounds as if you're a friend of Bert's.

HORNBECK As much as a critic can be a friend to anyone. (She takes another bite out of her apple, then offers it to Rachel.) Have a bite? (RACHEL, busily reading, shakes her head) Don't worry. I'm not the serpent, Little Eva. This isn't from the Tree of Knowledge. You won't find one in the orchards of Heavenly Hillsboro. Birches, beeches, butternuts. A few ignorance bushes. No Tree of Knowledge. (RACHEL has finished reading the copy; and she looks up at HORNBECK with a new respect.)

RACHEL Will this be published here, in the local paper?

HORNBECK In the "Weekly Bugle"? Or whatever it is they call the leaden stuff they blow through the local linotypes? I doubt it.

RACHEL It would help Bert if the people here could read this. It would help them to understand . . . ! (She appraises HORNBECK, puzzled) I never would have expected you to write an article like this. You seem so-

HORNBECK Cynical? That's my fascination. I do hateful things, for which people love me, and lovable things for which they hate me. I am friend of enemies, the enemy of friends; I am admired for my detestability. I am both Poles and the Equator, with no Temperate Zones between.

RACHEL You make it sound as if Bert is a hero. I'd like to think that, but I can't. A schoolteacher is a public servant: I think he should do what the law and the school-board want him to. If the superintendent says, "Miss Brown, you're to teach from Whitley's Second Reader," I don't feel I have to give him an argument.

HORNBECK Ever give your pupils a snap-quiz on existence?

RACHEL What?

HORNBECK Where we came from, where we are, where we're going?

RACHEL All the answers to those questions are in the Bible.

HORNBECK (With a genuine incredulity) All?! You feed the youth of Hillsboro from the little truck-garden of your mind?

RACHEL (Offended, angry and turning away an Xing DS) I think there must be something wrong in what Bert believes, if a great man like Mr. Brady comes here to speak out against him.

HORNBECK Matthew Harrison Brady came here to find himself a stump to shout from. That's all.

RACHEL You couldn't understand. Mr. Brady is the champion of ordinary people, like us.

HORNBECK Wake up, Sleeping Beauty. The ordinary people played a dirty trick on Colonel Brady. They ceased to exist. (RACHEL looks puzzled) Time was when Brady was the hero of the hinterland, water-boy for the great unwashed. But they've got inside plumbing in their heads these days! There's a highway through the backwoods now, and the trees of the forest have reluctantly made room for their leafless cousins, the telephone poles. Henry's Lizzie rattles into town and leaves behind the Yesterday-Messiah, standing in the road alone In a cloud of flivver dust... (Emphatically, she brandishes the apple)

(HORNBECK strolls out of the courtroom and onto the town square; the lights dissolve as before from area to the other. RACHEL goes off in the darkness. The town swings back into view. The store fronts glow with sunset light. The SHOPKEEPER pulls the shade in his store window and locks the door. MRS. MCCLAIN crosses from SL fanning herself wearily.)

STOREKEEPER Gonna be a hot night, Mrs. McClain.

MRS. MCCLAIN I thought we'd get some relief when the sun went down.

(HORNBECK tosses away her apple core, then leans back and watches as the SHOPKEEPEEERRR and MRS. MCCLAIN go off SR. The ORGAN-GRINDER comes on, idly with his monkey. MELINDA enters alone, back to the audience, center stage. HORNBECK, silent and motionless, watches from the side. The faces of the buildings are now red with the dying moment of sunset.

A long, ominous shadow appears across the buildings, cast from a figure approaching from off stage. MELINDA, awed, watches the shadow grow. HENRY DRUMMOND enters SL, carrying a valise. He is hunched over, head jutting forward, exactly as BROWN described him. The red of the sun behind him hits his slouching back, and his face is in shadow. MELINDA turns and looks at DRUMMOND, full in the face.)

MELINDA (Terrified) It's the Devil!

(Screaming with fear MELINDA runs off SR. HORNBECK crosses slowly toward DRUMMOND, and offers her hand.)

HORNBECK Hello, Devil. Welcome to Hell.

The lights fade
[BO/Set change]

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Scene 2

Brown is discovered on a platform in the pit. Rachel enters SL alcove door.

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REVEREND BROWN (As RACHEL comes in) Rachel. I waited supper for you. It's on the table. (He gets up and goes to RACHEL.) Peace will come, my daughter. We must thank God that the sinner stands naked and exposed.

RACHEL Stop preaching, Pa. I have something to tell you.

REVEREND BROWN You're upset, daughter. Eat something and we'll talk in the morning.

RACHEL No, now! I'm not leaving Bert!

REVEREND BROWN I don't understand, you heard what Mr. Brady said.

RACHEL I love him, Pa! I love him!

REVEREND BROWN No, no! That is the love of Judas. This man has nothing to offer you but sin! I told you that from the beginning!

RACHEL What's he done? What's he done that's so terrible? Why do you hate him so?

REVEREND BROWN Because I love God and I hate his enemies.

RACHEL Bert loves God-

REVEREND BROWN Then what is he doing with Henry Drummond? Why is he bringing Henry Drummond here to spew his filth into the ears of our people? You're a school teacher, you know how easy it is to mold minds for good or to twist them for evil.

RACHEL Bert didn't twist any minds-

REVEREND BROWN You're infected with the poison of his agnosticism! Now get down on your knees and pray for forgiveness!

RACHEL Forgiveness for what?

REVEREND BROWN Because you have betrayed me! You have betrayed your faith!

RACHEL I'm not betraying anybody!

REVEREND BROWN I'm glad your mother isn't here to see what has become of you.

RACHEL Pa, please listen to me-

REVEREND BROWN If she is looking down from heaven, I ask for her to forgive you and to forgive me.

RACHEL Pa, ever since I was a little girl I'd wake up in the middle of the night afraid of the dark, like the whole house was upside down, and if I didn't hang onto the mattress, I'd fall out into the sky.

REVEREND BROWN Forgive her, mother. Forgive her, dear God.

RACHEL
(Trying to get through to him)
I wanted to run to you-

- to have you tell me that I was safe, that everything was all right! But I was always more afraid of you than of falling. And it's the same now!
Pa.... Pa!
Pa, get up! Please get up!

REVEREND BROWN

(Lost in the fervor of his prayer. He is crying.)

Forgive me my ignorance. I tried to be mother and father to our child, and I have failed.

I've failed. I've failed.

Tell me what to do, my dear Lord and God.

My faltering steps. . . I love my daughter! How can I save her? Tell me what to do!

(RACHEL looks in horror as her father ignores her, caught up in the rapture of his prayer with God.)

REVEREND BROWN And I will sprinkle clean water upon you and you shall be clean from all your filthiness and from your idols will I cleanse you. And a new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit put within you and I will tear out the stoney heart of flesh (RACHEL bolts out of the room) and I will give you a heart of flesh. . . .

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Scene 3

The courtroom. A few days later.

The townspeople are packed into the sweltering courtroom. The shapes of the buildings are dimly visible in the background, as if Hillsboro itself were on trial. Court is in session, fans are pumping. The humorless JUDGE sits at his bench; he has a nervous habit of flashing an automatic smile after every ruling. CATES sits beside DRUMMOND at a counsel table. BRADY sits grandly at another table, fanning himself with benign self-assurance. HORNBECK is seated on her window ledge. RACHEL, tense, is among the spectators. In the jury box, ten of the twelve jurors are already seated. BANNISTER is on the witness stand. DAVENPORT is examining him.

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DAVENPORT Do you attend church regularly, Mr. Bannister?

BANNISTER Only on Sundays.

DAVENPORT That's good enough for the prosecution. Your Honor, we will accept this man as a member of the jury.

(BANNISTER starts toward the jury box.)

JUDGE One moment, Mr. Bannister. You're not excused.

BANNISTER (A little petulant) I wanted that there front seat in the jury box.

DRUMMOND (Rising) Well, hold your horses, Bannister. You may get it yet!

(BANNISTER returns to the witness chair.)

JUDGE Mr. Drummond, you may examine the venireman.

DRUMMOND Thank you, Your Honor. Mr. Bannister, how come you're so anxious to get that front seat over there?

BANNISTER Everybody says this is going to be quite a show.

DRUMMOND I hear the same thing. Ever read anything in a book about Evolution?

BANNISTER Nope

DRUMMOND Or about a fella named Darwin?

BANNISTER Can't say I have.

DRUMMOND I'll bet you read your Bible.

BANNISTER Nope.

DRUMMOND How come?

BANNISTER Can't read.

DRUMMOND Well, you are fortunate. (There are a few titters through the courtroom) He'll do.
(BANNISTER turns toward the JUDGE, poised.)

JUDGE Take your seat, Mr. Bannister. (BANNISTER races to the jury box as if shot from a gun, and sits in the remaining front seat, beaming) Mr. Meeker, will you call a venireman to fill the twelfth and last seat on the jury?

BRADY (Rising) Your Honor, before we continue, will the court entertain a motion on a matter of procedure?

MEEKER (Calling toward the spectators) Jesse H. Dunlap. You're next, Jesse.

JUDGE Will the learned prosecutor state the motion?

BRADY It has been called to my attention that the temperature in this courtroom is now 97 degrees Fahrenheit. (He mops his forehead with a large handkerchief) And it may get hotter! (There is laughter. BRADY basks in the warmth of his popularity) I do not feel that the dignity of the court will suffer if we remove a few superfluous outer garments.
(BRADY indicates his alpaca coat.)

JUDGE Does the defense have any objection to Colonel Brady's motion?

DRUMMOND (Askance) I don't know if the dignity of the court can be upheld with these galluses I've got on.

JUDGE We'll take that chance, Mr. Drummond. Those who wish to remove their coats may do so.
(With relief, many of the spectators take off their coats and loosen their collar buttons. DRUMMOND wears wide, bright purple suspenders. The spectators react.)

BRADY (With affable sarcasm) Is the counsel for the defense showing us the latest fashion in the great metropolitan city of Chicago?

DRUMMOND (Pleased) Glad you asked me that. I brought these along special. (He cocks his thumbs in the suspenders) Just so happens I bought these galluses at Peabody's General Store in your home town, Mr. Brady. Weeping Water, Nebraska.
(DRUMMOND snaps the suspenders jauntily. There is amused reaction at this. BRADY is nettled: this is his show and he wants all the laughs. The JUDGE pounds for order.)

JUDGE Let us proceed with the selection of the final juror.
(MEEKER brings JESSE DUNLAP to the stand. He is a rugged, righteous-looking man.)

MEEKER State your name and occupation.

DUNLAP Jesse H. Dunlap. Farmer and cabinetmaker.

DAVENPORT Do you believe in the Bible, Mr. Dunlap?

DUNLAP (Vigorously) I believe in the Holy Word of God. And I believe in Matthew Harrison Brady!
(There is some applause, and a few scattered "Amens." BRADY waves acceptance.)

DAVENPORT This man is acceptable to the prosecution.

JUDGE Very well, Mr. Drummond?

DRUMMOND (Quietly, without rising) No questions. Not acceptable.

BRADY (Annoyed) Does Mr. Drummond refuse this man a place on the jury simply because he believes in the Bible?

DRUMMOND If you find an Evolutionist in this town, you can refuse him.

BRADY (Angrily) I object to the defense attorney rejecting a worthy citizen without so much as asking him a question!

DRUMMOND (Agreeably) All right. I'll ask him a question. (Saunters over to DUNLAP) How are you?

DUNLAP (A little surprised) Kinda hot.

DRUMMOND So am I. Excused.

(DUNLAP looks at the JUDGE, confused.)

JUDGE You are excused from jury duty, Mr. Dunlap. You may step down.
(DUNLAP goes back and joins the spectators, a little miffed.)

BRADY (Piously) I object to the note of levity which the counsel for the defense is introducing into these proceedings.

JUDGE The bench agrees with you in spirit, Colonel Brady.

DRUMMOND (Rising angrily) And I object to all this damned "Colonel" talk. I am not familiar with Mr. Brady's military record.

JUDGE Well – he was made an Honorary Colonel in our State Militia. The day he arrived in Hillsboro.

DRUMMOND The use of this title prejudices the case of my client: it calls up a picture of the prosecution, astride a white horse, ablaze in the uniform of a militia colonel, with all the forces of right and righteousness marshaled behind him.

JUDGE What can we do?

DRUMMOND Break him. Make him a private. I have no serious objection to the honorary title of "Private Brady."
(There is a buzz of reaction. The JUDGE gestures for the MAYOR to come over for a hurried, whispered conference.)

MAYOR (After some whispering) Well, we can't take it back-! (There is another whispered exchange. Then the MAYOR steps gingerly toward DRUMMOND) By—by the authority of—well, I'm sure the governor won't have any objection—I hereby appoint you, Mr. Drummond a temporary Honorary Colonel in the State Militia.

DRUMMOND (Shaking his head, amused) Gentlemen, what can I say? It is not often in a man's life that he attains the exalted rank of "temporary Honorary Colonel."

MAYOR It will be made permanent, of course, pending the arrival of the proper papers over the Governor's signature.

DRUMMOND (Looking at the floor) I thank you.

JUDGE Colonel Brady. Colonel Drummond. You will examine the next venireman.
(MEEKER brings GEORGE SILLERS to the stand.)

MEEKER State your name and occupation.

SILLERS George Sillers. I work at the feed store.

DAVENPORT Tell me, sir. Would you call yourself a religious man?

SILLERS I guess I'm as religious as the next man.
(BRADY rises. DAVENPORT immediately steps back, deferring to his superior.)

BRADY In Hillsboro, sir, that means a great deal. Do you have any children, Mr. Sillers?

SILLERS Not as I know of.

BRADY If you had a son, Mr. Sillers, or a daughter, what would you think if that sweet child came home from school and told you that a Godless teacher –

DRUMMOND Objection! We're supposed to be choosing jury members! The prosecution's denouncing the defendant before the trial has even begun!

JUDGE Objection sustained.
(The JUDGE and BRADY exchange meaningless smiles.)

BRADY Mr. Sillers. Do you have any personal opinions with regard to the defendant that might prejudice you on this behalf?

SILLERS Cates? I don't hardly know him. He bought some peat moss from me once, and paid his bill.

BRADY Mr. Sillers impresses me as an honest God-fearing man. I accept him.

JUDGE Thank you, Colonel Brady. Colonel Drummond?

DRUMMOND (Strolling toward the witness chair) Mr. Sillers, you just said that you were a religious man. Tell me something. Do you work at it very hard?

SILLERS Well, I'm pretty busy down at the feed store. My wife tends to the religion for both of us.

DRUMMOND In other words, you take care of this life, and your wife takes care of the next one?

DAVENPORT Objection.

JUDGE Objection sustained.

DRUMMOND While your wife was tending to the religion, Mr. Sillers, did you ever happen to bump into a fella named Charles Darwin?

SILLERS Not till recent.

DRUMMOND From what you've heard about this Darwin, do you think your wife would want to have him over for Sunday dinner?
(BRADY rises magnificently)

BRADY Your Honor, my worthy opponent from Chicago is cluttering the issue with hypothetical questions –

DRUMMOND (Wheeling) I'm doing your job, Colonel.

DAVENPORT (Leaping up) The prosecution is perfectly able to handle its own arguments.

DRUMMOND Look, I've established that Mr. Sillers isn't working very hard at religion. Now, for your sake, I want to make sure he isn't working at Evolution.

SILLERS (Simply) I'm just working at the feed store.
(Laughter from the crowd.)

BRADY Mr. Sillers, do you think you can render an impartial –

DRUMMOND (To the JUDGE) Objection, objection. The prosecution has already accepted this man. (The following becomes a simultaneous wrangle among the attorneys.)

BRADY I want a fair trial.

DRUMMOND So do I!

BRADY Unless the state of mind of the members of the jury conforms to the laws and patters of society-

DRUMMOND Conform! Conform! What do you want to do- run the jury through a meat-grinder, so they all come out the same? (Turning) Take a box seat there, Mr. Sillers.

DAVENPORT Your Honor, this is ludicrous!
(The JUDGE beats with his gavel)

JUDGE Gentlemen, you are both out of order. The bench holds that the jury has been selected. (BRADY lets his arms fall, with a gesture of sweet charity) Because of the lateness of the hour and the unusual heat, the court is recessed until ten o'clock tomorrow morning. (JUDGE raps the gavel, and the court begins to break up. Then the JUDGE notices a slip of paper, and raps for order again) Oh. The Reverend Brown has asked me to make this announcement. There will be a prayer meeting tonight on the courthouse lawn, to pray for justice and guidance. All are invited.

DRUMMOND Your Honor. I object to this commercial announcement.

JUDGE Commercial announcement?

DRUMMOND For Reverend Brown's product. Why don't you announce that there will be an Evolutionist meeting?

JUDGE I have no knowledge of such a meeting.

DRUMMOND That's understandable. It's bad enough that everybody coming into this courtroom has to walk underneath a big banner that says: "Read Your Bible!" Your Honor, I want that sign taken down! (Huge outcry from BRADY supporters screaming "NO!" A smattering of CATES supporters yells "YEAH!") Or else I want another one put up – just as big, just as big letters – saying "Read Your Darwin!"

BRADY (Exasperated) That's what I mean about this man!

DAVENPORT Your Honor, we want the learned counsel from the North to get every fairness and consideration in this trial. We must not forget that he is our guest.

DRUMMOND Guest, hell! I'm a lawyer in a courtroom!

BRADY Then behave like a lawyer! Stop using this courtroom as a platform for your obscene ideas. Trying to dirty the minds of our young people here.

JUDGE Gentlemen, you are both out of order. Court is adjourned.
(Woman stops on her way out to shout out across the courtroom)

MRS LOOMIS Henry Drummond! Aethiest! (She turns to HORNBECK) What are you going to say in your paper now?

HORNBECK He that sups with the Devil must have a long spoon!
(She smiles at HORNBECK and walks off.)

DUNLAP (Shouting to CATES as he walks out) We'll fix you, Cates! We'll run you out of town!
(As the formality of the courtroom is relaxed, there is a general feeling of relief. Spectators and jury members adjust their sticky clothes, and start moving off. Many of the townspeople gather around BRADY, to shake his hand, get his autograph, and to stand for a moment in the great man's presence. They cluster about him, and follow BRADY as he goes off SL, the shepherd leading his flock. In marked contrast, DRUMMOND packs away his brief in a tattered leather case; but no one comes near him. RACHEL moves toward BERT. They stand face-to-face, wordlessly. Both seem to wish the whole painful turmoil were over. Suddenly, RACHEL darts to DRUMMOND'S side. CATES opens his mouth to stop her, but she speaks rapidly, with pent-up tension.)

RACHEL Bert, you've got to call the whole thing off now.
(DRUMMOND looks at RACHEL, not unkindly.)

DRUMMOND Who are you?

CATES This is Rachel Brown. We're engaged.
(DRUMMOND turns to CATES.)

DRUMMOND Brown? Reverend Brown's daughter?

RACHEL Don't you see what's happening, Bert? They're using you as a weapon against your own people. What you think or believe isn't the point anymore. You're helping something bad.

DRUMMOND Whoa, now young lady. It's not as simple as all that. Good or bad, black or white, day or night. Do you know at the top of the world the twilight is six months long?

RACHEL Bert and I don't live at the top of the world! We live in Hillsboro! And when the sun goes down it's dark. And why do you have to come here and make it different?

DRUMMOND I didn't come here to make Hillsboro different. I came here to defend his right to be different, and that's the point. How about it boy?

CATES I don't know what the point is, anymore. I tried to open their kid's minds, their kids! And give them knowledge they could use. They're using it. . . as a stranglehold on me. Where do I finish? Dead with a paper medal on my chest? "Bert Cates, world's biggest chump." Well, let's face it. To him (pointing to HORNBECK) I'm a headline, to you I'm a cause. . .

DRUMMOND And to yourself? (Long pause) All right, let's face it. Now you chose to get into this by yourself. You didn't get into it because of his headline or because of my cause or maybe even because of their kids. You got into it because of yourself, because of something you believed in, for yourself.

CATES I didn't believe it would happen this way!

HORNBECK It could get worse. Those people are in a lean, hungry mood.

CATES People look at me as if I was a murderer.

DRUMMOND You are. Kill one of their fairy-tale notions, and they call down the wrath of God, Brady, and the state legislature on you every time.

RACHEL You make a joke out of everything. You seem to think it's so funny!

DRUMMOND Young lady, I know what Bert is going through. It's the loneliest feeling in the world. It's like walking down an empty street listening to your own footsteps. But all you have to do is knock on any door and say, "If you let me in, I'll live the way you want me to live and I'll think the way you want me to think." And all the blinds will go up and all the doors will open and you'll never be lonely ever again. (He takes a deep breath, then turns abruptly) Now, it's up to you, Cates. You just say the word and I'll change your plea and we'll call off the whole business- on one condition. If you honestly believe you committed a criminal act against the citizens of this state and the minds of their children. If you honestly believe that you're wrong and the law's right. Then the hell with it. I'll pack my grip and go back to Chicago, where it's a cool hundred in the shade.

RACHEL Bert, I've gone to my father's church every Sunday for as long as I remember. This is where I live. This is where my children will be born. What kind of life can we have?

CATES Well, what kind of life can we have if we give up now Rache, your father's kind? Hallelujah and ignorance here we come? Rache, what goes on in this town is not necessarily the Christian religion everywhere else, either. (Long pause) Rache, I can't live the way you want me to. You're the one who is going to have to decide. It's his church or our house. You can't live in both.

MEEKER I don't mean to rush you, Bert; but we gotta close up the shop.
(CATES and RACHEL share a long look at one another as DRUMMOND and HORNBECK look away, embarrassed. CATES leaves with MEEKER SR .)

DRUMMOND Don't let Brady scare you. He only seems to be bigger than the law.

RACHEL It's not Mr. Brady. It's my father. (Distraught) Is it true? Is Bert wicked?

DRUMMOND (With simple conviction) Bert Cates is a good man. Maybe even a great one. And it takes strength for a woman to love such a man. Especially when he's a pariah in the community.

RACHEL I'm only confusing Bert. And he's confused enough as it is.

DRUMMOND The man who has everything figured out is probably a fool. College examinations notwithstanding, it takes a very smart fella to say "I don't know the answer!"

(RACHEL smiles wanly, and walks out of the room SL, leaving HORNBECK and DRUMMOND.)

DRUMMOND You ever been in love, Hornbeck?

HORNBECK Only with the sound of my own words, thank God.

(DRUMMOND puts on his hat, touches the brim of it as a gesture of good-bye and goes slowly off.)

SET CHANGE TO OUTSIDE

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Scene 4

The courthouse lawn. The same night. The oppressive heat of the day has softened into a pleasant summer evening. Two lampposts spread a glow over the town square, and TWO WORKMEN are assembling the platform for the prayer meeting. One of the WORKMEN glances up at the READ YOUR BIBLE banner.

FIRST WORKMAN What're we gonna do about this sign?

SECOND WORKMAN The Devil don't run this town. Leave it up.

(BRADY enters SL and Xs to CS, followed by a knot of reporters. HORNBECK brings up the rear; she alone is not bothering to take notes. Apparently this informal press conference has been in progress for some time, and BRADY is not bringing it to a climax.)

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BRADY -and I hope that you will tell the readers of your newspapers that here in Hillsboro we are fighting the fight of the Faithful throughout the world!

(All write. BRADY eyes HORNBECK, leaning lazily, not writing.)

REPORTER What is your personal opinion of Henry Drummond?

BRADY I'm glad you asked me that. I want people everywhere to know I bear no personal animosity toward Henry Drummond. There was a time when we were on the same side of the fence. He gave me active support in my campaign of 1908- and I welcomed it (Almost impassioned, speaking at writing tempo, so all the reporters can get it down) But I say that if my own brother challenged the faith of millions, as Mr. Drummond is doing, I would oppose him still! (The WORKMEN pound; the townspeople begin to gather) I think that's all for this evening, gentlemen. (The reporters scatter. BRADY turns to HORNBECK) Miss Hornbeck, my clipping service has sent me some of your dispatches.

HORNBECK How flattering to know I'm being clipped.

BRADY It grieves me to read reporting that is so- biased.

HORNBECK I'm no reporter, Colonel. I'm a critic.

BRADY I hope you will stay for Reverend Brown's prayer meeting. It may bring you some enlightenment.

HORNBECK It may. I'm here on a press pass, and I don't intend to miss any part of the show.

BRADY I have been in many cities and I have seen the altars upon which they sacrifice the futures of their children to the Gods of Science. And what are their rewards? Confusion and self-destruction. New ways to kill each other in wars. I tell you, going the way of scientists is the way of darkness

HORNBECK Mr. Brady, Do you seriously believe that the majority of the American people hold with your views?

(DRUMMOND enters SR and stays out if view)

BRADY Not just the views of Matthew Harrison Brady, Miss Hornbeck. There isn't one state in the union where the evolutionists are in the majority. It'll be the people themselves of our great land who will speak. The attacks upon me stem from a vociferous minority which happens to control the press. I hope you gentlemen will not be swayed by this same negative bias God may be a matter of indifference to the evolutionists, and the life beyond hold no charm for them, but the mass of mankind was intended to worship (They X slightly US). . . . (BRADY'S speaking fades out to a low talk as SARAH BRADY enters SL. DRUMMOND sees her and motions for her to come over to him.)

DRUMMOND (Loud whisper) Sarah! (MRS. BRADY smiles and joins him.) Here, sit with me.

MRS. BRADY Thank you.

DRUMMOND He'll be busy for a while. (He appraises her for a moment before he sits down) Wow, where is it? The hat with the little blue feather?

MRS. BRADY Blue feather?

DRUMMOND You used to wear it for the conventions, and it was much too becoming.

MRS. BRADY (Laughing) Oh, Henry! And whatever happened to that skinny black tie you used to wear? Not very attractive, like an old shoe lace.

DRUMMOND (Smiling) Back in the shoe. How are you, Sarah? How are you?

MRS. BRADY A little greyer, Henry. And you?

DRUMMOND A little grimmer.

MRS. BRADY We've missed you, Henry. You don't make many good friends in a lifetime. I never dreamed that our ideas would separate us.

DRUMMOND (Looks over at BRADY, still holding court with the reporters.) He still has a loud voice.

MRS. BRADY He still has something to say, Henry.

DRUMMOND (Smiling in good humor) You mean about how everyone else should live?

MRS. BRADY Oh, don't be cynical! I think every man longs to be his brother's keeper and be cared for in return.

DRUMMOND It sounds more convincing coming from you.

MRS. BRADY (Chuckling) He doesn't have a blue feather in his hat, that's all.
(DRUMMOND laughs)

DRUMMOND You know, looking back, I don't think Matt would have made a great president. But I would have voted for him for king, just to have you for queen.

MRS. BRADY And what would you have been?

DRUMMOND Your Majesty's loyal opposition.

BRADY (His speech becoming audible again) Of our belief of the written word of the Bible. I believe that Hillsboro (stops for a burp from the food he has been shoveling down) will become the shrine of all those millions upon millions who find a rallying point for their expression of God's will.
(REVEREND BROWN enters SR. HORNBECK passes them jauntily, and crosses downstage.)

BRADY Good evening, Reverend. (noticing Sarah) How are you, Mother? Reverend, I'm looking forward to your prayer meeting.

BROWN You will find our people are fervent in their belief.
(MRS. BRADY crosses to her husband.)

MRS. BRADY I know it's warm, Matt; but these night breezes can be treacherous. And you know how you perspire.
(She takes a small kerchief out of her handbag and tucks it around his neck. He laughs a little.)

BRADY Mother is always so worried about my throat.

BROWN (Consulting his watch) I always like to begin my meetings at the time announced.

BRADY Most commendable. Proceed, Reverend. After you.

(BROWN mounts the few steps to the platform. BRADY follows him, loving the feel of the board beneath his feet. This is the squared circle where he had fought so many bouts with the English language, and won. The prayer meeting is motion picture, radio, and tent-show to these people. To them, the REVEREND BROWN is a combination Milton Sills and Douglas Fairbanks. He grasps the podium and stares down at them sternly. BRADY is benign. He sits with his legs crossed, an arm crooked over one corner of his chair.)

BROWN Brothers and sisters, I come to you on the Wings of the Word. The Wings of the Word are beating loud in the treetops! The Lord's Word is howling in the Wind, and flashing in the belly of the Cloud!

WOMAN I hear it!

MAN I see it, Reverend!

BROWN And we believe the word.

ALL We believe!

BROWN We believe the Glory of the Word!

ALL Glory, Glory! Amen, amen!

(RACHEL comes on SR, but remains at the fringes of the crowd.)

BROWN Harken to the Word! (He lowers his voice) The Word tells us that the World was created in Seven Days. In the beginning, the earth was without form, and void. And the Lord said, "Let there be light!"

VOICES Ahhhh . . . !

BROWN And there was light! And the Lord saw the Light and the Light saw the Lord, and the Light said, "Am I good, Lord?" And the Lord said, "Thou art good!"

MAN (Deep-voiced, singing) And the evening and the morning were the first day!

VOICES Amen, amen!

BROWN (Calling out) The Lord said, "Let there be Firmament!" And even as he spoke, it was so! And the Firmament bowed down before Him and said, "Am I good, Lord?" And the Lord said, "Thou art good!"

MAN (Singing) And the evening and the morning were the second day

VOICES Amen, amen!

BROWN On the Third Day brought He forth the Dry Land, and the Grass, and the Fruit Tree! And on the Fourth Day made he the Sun, the Moon, and the Stars- and He pronounced them Good!

VOICES Amen.

BROWN On the Fifth Day He peopled the sea with fish. And the air with fowl. And made He great whales. And He blessed them all. But on the morning of the Sixth Day, the Lord rose, and His eye was dark, and a scowl lay across His face. (Shouts) Why? Why was the Lord troubled?

ALL Why? Tell us why! Tell the troubles of the Lord!

BROWN (Dropping his voice almost to a whisper) He looked about Him, did the Lord; at all His handiwork, bowed down before Him. And He said, "It is not good, it is not enough, it is not finished. I . . . shall . . . make . . . Me . . . a . . . Man!"

(The crowd bursts out into an orgy of hosannahs and waving arms.)

ALL Glory! Hosannah! Bless the Lord who created us!

WOMAN (Shouting out) Bow down! Bow down before the Lord!

MAN Are we good, Lord? Tell us! Are we good?

BROWN (Answering) The Lord said, "Yea, thou art good! For I have created ye in My Image, after My Likeness! Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the Earth, and subdue it!"

MAN (Deep-voiced, singing) The Lord made Man master of the Earth . . . !

ALL Glory, glory! Bless the Lord!

BROWN (Whipping 'em up) Do we believe?

ALL (In chorus) Yes!

BROWN Do we believe the Word?

ALL (Coming back like a whip-crack) Yes!

BROWN Do we believe the Truth of the Word?

ALL Yes!

BROWN (Pointing a finger toward the jail) Do we curse the man who denies the Word?

ALL (Crescendo, each answer mightier than the one before) Yes!

BROWN Do we cast out this sinner in our midst?

ALL Yes!

(Each crash of sound from the crowd seems to strike RACHEL physically, and shake her.)

BROWN Do we call down hellfire on the man who has sinned against the Word?

ALL (Roaring) Yes!

BROWN (Deliberately shattering the rhythm, to go into a frenzied prayer, hands clasped together and lifted heavenward) O lord of the Tempest and the Thunder! O Lord of Righteousness and Wrath! We pray that Thou wilt make a sign unto us! Strike down this sinner, as Thou didst Thine enemies of old, in the days of the Pharaohs! (All lean forward, almost expecting the heavens to open with a thunderbolt. RACHEL is white. BRADY shifts uncomfortably in his chair; this is pretty strong stuff, even for him) Let him feel the terror of Thy sword! For all eternity, let his soul writhe in anguish and damnation-

RACHEL No! (She rushes to the platform) No, Father. Don't pray to destroy Bert!

BROWN Lord, we call down the same curse on those who ask grace for this sinner- though they be blood of my blood, and flesh of my flesh!

BRADY (Rising, grasping BROWN'S arm) Reverend Brown, I know it is the great zeal of your faith which makes you utter this prayer! But it is possible to be overzealous, to destroy that which you hope to save- so that nothing is left but emptiness. (BROWN turns) Remember the wisdom of Solomon in the Book of Proverbs- (Softly) "He that troubleth his own house . . . shall inherit the wind." (BRADY leads BROWN to a chair, then turns to the townspeople) The Bible also tells us that God forgives His children. And we, the Children of God, should forgive each other. My good friends, return to your homes. The blessings of the Lord be with you all. (Slowly the townspeople move off, singing and humming "Go Tell It on the Mountain." BRADY, MRS. BRADY, and RACHEL remain on stage alone.)

MRS. BRADY (To RACHEL) We'll take you home.

RACHEL I can't go home. He hates me.

MRS. BRADY He doesn't hate you.

RACHEL He damned me. My own father damned me to hell.

MRS. BRADY No man has the power to damn.

RACHEL He's always done it. He did it to Bert, and the little Stebbins boy.

BRADY (Perking up) Stebbins boy?

RACHEL That's how the whole thing started. The Stebbins boy was just an innocent child.

BRADY God has no wrath for the innocent, my dear.

RACHEL That's what Bert said. He used to say that when we were together. If I could just explain it clearly, then you'd understand. Mr. Brady, please-

BRADY We'll do all we can to help you. Come, let's go home.
(They walk over toward the corner of the stage, where DRUMMOND is sitting in a rocker on the front stoop. MRS. BRADY stops with RACHEL as BRADY gives her a quick kiss.)

BRADY I'll be right up, Sarah.

MRS. BRADY All right, Matt. Good night, Henry.

DRUMMOND Good night.
(BRADY walks onto the stoop with DRUMMOND and takes in the evening.)

BRADY You're up late.

DRUMMOND Too hot to sleep.

BRADY No use trying to fool ourselves, Henry. We're just not the men we used to be.

DRUMMOND By the size of the meal you packed away tonight, I'd say you hadn't changed in forty years.

BRADY (Breaks out in laughter and then settles into the chair next to DRUMMOND) Funny how two people can start from the same point and drift apart.

DRUMMOND It's the nature of the life process.

BRADY There used to be a mutuality of understanding and admiration. Why is it, my old friend, that you have moved so far away from me?

DRUMMOND Well, all motion is relative, Matt. Perhaps it is you who have moved away by standing still.

BRADY If progress means abandoning God, abandoning the faith of our fathers...

DRUMMOND I saw a demonstration of that faith tonight. It's a pretty deadly instrument, I'd say.

BRADY What you saw was a reflection of the violence and hate in the world around them, Henry. Your world. But they're driven to it because their faith was challenged. These are simple people, Henry. Poor people. They work hard and they need to believe in something... something beautiful. They're seeking for something more perfect than what they have.

DRUMMOND Window shopping for heaven.

BRADY Why do you want to take it away from them, Henry? It's all they have. A golden chalice of hope.

DRUMMOND (Chuckling) Ahhh. . . . like my Golden Dancer.

BRADY Your what?

DRUMMOND Golden Dancer. She was in the big side window of the general store in Wakeman, Ohio. I used to stand out in the street and say to myself, "If I had Golden Dancer I'd have everything in the world that I wanted." (He cocks an eyebrow) I was seven years, and a very fine judge of rocking horses. (He looks off again, into the distance) Golden Dancer had a bright red mane, blue eyes, and she was gold all over, with purple spots. When the sun hit her stirrups, she was a dazzling sight to see. But she was a week's wages for my father. So Golden Dancer and I always had a plate glass window between us. (Reaching back for the memory) But, let's see, it wasn't Christmas; must've been my birthday- I woke up in the morning and there was Golden Dancer at the foot of my bed! Ma had skimped on the groceries, and my father'd worked nights for a month. (Re-living the moment) I jumped into the saddle and started to rock- (Almost a whisper) And it broke! It split in two! The wood was rotten, the whole thing was put together with spit and sealing wax! All shine, and no substance! And that's how I feel about that demonstration I saw tonight, Matt. All glitter and glamour. You say you're giving the people hope? I think you're stealing their hope.

BRADY No, no. I'm-

DRUMMOND (Getting up, and continuing seamlessly) As long as the prerequisite for that shining paradise is ignorance, bigotry and hate, I say to hell with them.

(The words have a sharp impact on BRADY. He takes two faltering steps backward, looks at DRUMMOND again, then moves off the stage. DRUMMOND stands alone. Slowly the lights fade on the silent man.)

SET CHANGE

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ACT 2

Scene 1

The courtroom, two days later. It is bright midday, and the trial is in full swing. The JUDGE is on the bench; the jury, lawyers, officials and spectators crowd the courtroom. HOWARD, the thirteen-year-old boy, is on the witness stand. He is wretched in a starched collar and Sunday suit. The weather is as relentlessly hot as before. BRADY is examining the boy, who is a witness for the prosecution.

BRADY Go on, Howard. Tell them what else Mr. Cates told you in the classroom.

HOWARD Well, he said at first the earth was too hot for any life. Then it cooled off a mite, and cells and things begun to live.

BRADY Cells?

HOWARD Little bugs like, in the water. After that, the little bugs got to be bigger bugs, and sprouted legs and crawled up on the land.

BRADY How long did this take, according to Mr. Cates?

HOWARD Couple million years. Maybe longer. Then comes the fishes and the reptiles and the mammals. Man's a mammal.

BRADY Along with the dogs and the cattle in the field: did he say that?

HOWARD Yes, sir.

(DRUMMOND is about to protest against prompting the witness; then decides it isn't worth the trouble.)

BRADY Now, Howard, how did man come out of this slimy mess of bugs and serpents, according to your- "Professor"?

HOWARD Man was sort of evolved. From the "Old World Monkeys."
(BRADY slaps his thigh.)

BRADY Did you hear that, my friends? "Old World Monkeys"! According to Mr. Cates, you and I aren't even descended from good American monkeys! (There is laughter) Howard, listen carefully. In all this talk of bugs and "Evil-ution," of slime and ooze, did Mr. Cates ever make any reference to God?

HOWARD Not as I remember.

BRADY Or the miracle He achieved in seven days as described in the beautiful Book of Genesis?

HOWARD No, Sir.

(BRADY stretches out his arms in an all-embracing gesture.)

BRADY Ladies and gentlemen-

DRUMMOND Objection! I ask that the court remind the learned counsel that this is not a Chautauqua tent. He is supposed to be submitting evidence to a jury. There are no ladies on the jury.

BRADY Your Honor, I have no intention of making a speech. There is no need. I am sure that everyone on the jury, everyone within the sound of this boy's voice, is moved by his tragic confusion. He has been taught that he wriggled up like an animal from the filth and the muck below! (Continuing fervently, the spirit is upon him) I say that these Bible-haters, these "Evil-utionists," are brewers of poison. And the legislature of this sovereign state has had the wisdom to demand that the peddlers of poison- in bottles or in books- clearly label the products they attempt to sell! (There is applause. HOWARD gulps. BRADY points at the boy.) I tell you, if this law is not upheld, this boy will become one of a generation, shorn of its faith by the teachings of Godless science! But if the full penalty of the

law is meted out to Bertram Cates, the faithful the whole world over, who are watching us here, and listening to our every word, will call this courtroom blessed.
(Applause. Dramatically, BRADY moves to his chair. Condescendingly, he waves to DRUMMOND.)
Your witness, sir.
(BRADY sits. DRUMMOND rises, slouches toward the witness stand.)

DRUMMOND Well, I sure am glad Colonel Brady didn't make a speech!
(Nobody laughs. The courtroom seems to resent DRUMMOND'S gentle ridicule of the orator. To many, there is an effrontery in DRUMMOND'S very voice- folksy and relaxed. It's rather like a harmonica following a symphony concert)
Howard, I heard you say that the world used to be pretty hot.

HOWARD That's what Mr. Cates said.

DRUMMOND You figure it was any hotter than it is right now?

HOWARD Guess it musta been. Mr. Cates read it to us from a book.

DRUMMOND This the book? (Pulls out his copy of Darwin's book) Charles Darwin's Theory of the Evolution and The Descent of Man?

HOWARD Yes sir.

DRUMMOND (Leaning on the arm of the boy's chair) That's right, Howard. That's the very book he read to you in your classroom. You figure anything's wrong about that, Howard?

HOWARD Well, I dunno-

DAVENPORT (Leaping up, crisply) Objection, Your Honor. The defense is asking that a thirteen-year-old boy hand down an opinion on a question of morality!

DRUMMOND (To the JUDGE) I am trying to establish, Your Honor, that Howard- or Colonel Brady- or Charles Darwin—or anyone in this courtroom- or you, sir- has the right to think!

JUDGE Colonel Drummond, the right to think is not on trial here.

DRUMMOND (Energetically) With all respect to the bench, I hold that the right to think is very much on trial! It is fearfully in danger in the proceedings of this court!

BRADY (Rises) A man is on trial!

DRUMMOND A thinking man! And he is threatened with fine and imprisonment because he chooses to speak about what he thinks.

JUDGE Colonel Drummond, would you please rephrase your question.

DRUMMOND (To HOWARD) Let's put it this way, Howard. All this fuss and feathers about Evolution, do you think it hurt you any?

HOWARD Sir?

DRUMMOND Did it do you any harm? You still feel reasonably fit? What Mr. Cates told you, did it hurt your baseball game any? Affect your pitching arm?
(He punches HOWARD'S right arm playfully)

HOWARD No, sir. I'm a leftie.

DRUMMOND A southpaw, eh? Still honor your father and mother?

HOWARD Sure.

DRUMMOND Haven't murdered anybody since breakfast?

DAVENPORT Objection.

JUDGE Objection sustained.
(DRUMMOND shrugs.)

BRADY Ask him if his Holy Faith in the scriptures has been shattered-

DRUMMOND When I need your valuable help, Colonel, you may rest assured I shall humbly ask for it.
(Turning) Howard, do you believe everything Mr. Cates told you?

HOWARD (Frowning) I'm not sure. I gotta think it over.

DRUMMOND Good for you. Your pa's a farmer, isn't he?

HOWARD Yes, sir.

DRUMMOND Got a tractor?

HOWARD Brand new one.

DRUMMOND You figure a tractor's sinful, because it isn't mentioned in the Bible?

HOWARD (Thinking) Don't know.

DRUMMOND Moses never made a phone call. Suppose that makes the telephone an instrument of the Devil?

HOWARD I never thought of it that way.

BRADY (Rising, booming) Neither did anyone else! Your Honor, the defense makes the same old error of all Godless men! They confuse material things with the great spiritual realities of the Revealed Word! (Turning to DRUMMOND) Why do you bewilder this child? Does Right have no meaning to you, sir?

(BRADY'S hands are outstretched, palms upward, pleading. DRUMMOND stares at BRADY long and thoughtfully.)

DRUMMOND (In a low voice) Realizing that I may prejudice the case of my client, I must say that "Right" has no meaning to me whatsoever! (There is a buzz of reaction in the courtroom) Truth has meaning- as a direction. But one of the peculiar imbecilities of our time is the grid of morality we have placed on human behavior: so that ever act of man must be measured against an arbitrary latitude of right and longitude of wrong- in exact minutes, seconds, and degrees (He turns to HOWARD) Do you have any idea what I'm talking about, Howard?

HOWARD No, sir.

DRUMMOND Well, maybe you will. Someday. Thank you, son. That's all.
(HOWARD gets up slowly, but has clearly found a new hero in DRUMMOND.)

BRADY I've seen what you can do to a jury. Twist and tangle them. Nobody's forgotten the Endicott Publishing case- where you made the jury believe the obscenity was in their own minds, not on the printed page. It was immoral what you did to that jury. Tricking them. Judgment by confusion. Think you can get away with it here?

DRUMMOND I'm not trying to get away with anything! I'm simply thing to prevent the clock-stoppers from dumping a load of medieval nonsense into the United States Constitution.

JUDGE This is not a Federal court.

DRUMMOND (Slapping his hand on the table) Well, dammit, you've got to stop 'em somewhere.

BRADY Your Honor, it's obvious what he's trying to do. He's trying to make us forget the lawbreaker and put the law on trial. Well, we have the answer for you in our next witness. (BRADY stops dramatically for effect.) Call Miss Rachel Brown to the stand.

DAVENPORT Will Miss Rachel Brown come forward, please?
(RACHEL emerges from among the spectators. She comes forward quickly, as if wanting to get the whole thing over with.)

DRUMMOND Did you know about this?
(CATES, rising, shakes his head no, in bewilderment.)

HORNBECK He didn't, but we should have.
(RACHEL walks, bewildered, towards CATES on her way to the stand.)

CATES Rache, what did you tell him?

DRUMMOND Take it easy, son.
(MEEKER swears her in perfunctorily.)

HORNBECK (Arm on CATES) Sit down, Sampson. You're about to get a haircut.

MEEKER Rachel, do you solemnly swear that the testimony you are about to give is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

RACHEL I do.

BRADY Now my dear, I just want you to repeat some of the things you told me last night.

RACHEL Please, Mr. Brady.

BRADY Well, Rachel, you said you wanted people here to understand, didn't you my dear?

RACHEL Yes.

BRADY Then just answer my questions. Now, you are an old friend of the defendant's, Bertram Cates?

RACHEL We... We're engaged to be married.

BRADY (With exaggerated gentleness) Is Mr. Cates a member of the spiritual community to which you belong?

DRUMMOND (Rises) Objection! I don't understand this chatter about "spiritual communities." If the prosecution wants to know if they go to the same church, why doesn't he ask that?

JUDGE Uh- objection overruled. (DRUMMOND slouches, disgruntled. CATES stares at RACHEL disbelievingly, while her eyes remain on the floor. The exchange between DRUMMOND and the JUDGE seems to have unnerved her, however) You will answer the question, please.

RACHEL I did answer it, didn't I? What was the question?

BRADY Do you and Mr. Cates attend the same church?

RACHEL Yes, we did.

BRADY Do you now?

RACHEL (Slight pause, then an evasive answer) No.

BRADY Did Mr. Cates leave the Church?

RACHEL No, not really, not the spirit of it.

BRADY But the body of it, right? Mr. Cates left the Church you and he once attended together.

RACHEL Yes.

BRADY Why?

RACHEL It was because of what happened to the little Stebbins boy.

BRADY Would you tell us about that, please?

RACHEL It was two summers ago. The boy was eleven years old. He was one of Bert's students. He lived right next door, and Tommy Stebbins used to come over to the boarding house and look through Bert's microscope. Bert said the boy had a quick mind, and he might even be a scientist when he grew up.

BRADY Yes?

RACHEL (Faltering. This is difficult for her) He went to the river with the other boys and went swimming. He... he got a cramp, and drowned. Bert felt awful about it.

BRADY Go on.

RACHEL At the funeral, Pa preached that Tommy didn't die in a state of grace, because... because his father wouldn't allow him to be baptized-
(CATES, who has been smoldering through this recitation, suddenly leaps angrily to his feet.)

CATES Tell 'em what your father really said! That Tommy's soul was damned, writhing in hellfire!

DUNLAP (Shaking a fist at CATES) Cates, you sinner!
(The JUDGE raps for order. There is confusion in the courtroom.)

CATES Religion's supposed to comfort people, isn't it? Not frighten them to death!

JUDGE We will have order, please! Now, sit down Bert!
(DRUMMOND tugs CATES back to his seat.)

RACHEL Don't you see? Bert thought it wasn't fair that a little child couldn't go to heaven! It wasn't God he abandoned, only the Church!

BRADY Well then, my dear. It is true then that because of what happened to the Stebbins boy, Burt Cates left the Church. (RACHEL looks at BRADY in horror) You've said nothing wrong. We are merely beginning to gain some insight into the experiences that sometimes will lead a young man astray.

DRUMMOND Objection! Whether my client went astray is a matter of interpretation. Strike it from the record!
(The JUDGE nods.)

JUDGE (Nodding) Objection sustained. The jury is directed to disregard the remarks of counsel.

BRADY Very well. (BRADY turns, about to play his trump card) Now, my dear. Will you tell the jury some more of Mr. Cates' opinions on the subject of religion?

DRUMMOND Objection! Hearsay testimony is not admissible.

JUDGE The court sees no objection to this line of questioning. Proceed, Colonel Brady.

BRADY Will you merely repeat in your own words some of the conversations you had with the defendant?

(RACHEL'S eyes meet BERT'S. She hesitates)

CATES (Rising) Rachel, you can't! The things I said to you were questions. Questions you ask your own heart. Some of the things I've talked to you about are things you just say to your own heart. If you say those things out loud, he'll make 'em sound like answers.

RACHEL (Pathetically, to BRADY) I can't-

BRADY You won't hurt him, Rachel. (Motioning to CATES) This is for his own good. Speak up.

RACHEL Mr. Brady, I confided in you-

BRADY We're here to serve the truth, Rachel. Only the truth.

RACHEL (Evasively) I can't remember-
(BRADY looks quickly to the JUDGE for guidance.)

JUDGE (Quietly) Rachel, you are testifying under oath. It is unlawful to withhold pertinent information.

RACHEL Bert was just talking about some of the things he'd read. He- He-

BRADY Were you shocked when he told you these things? (RACHEL looks down) Describe to the court your inner-most feelings when Bertram Cates said to you: "God did not create Man! Man created God!"

(There is a flurry of reaction.)

DRUMMOND (Leaping to his feet) Objection!

RACHEL (Blurting) Bert didn't say that! He was just bitter because of the little Stebbins boy! He said "Man created a vengeful God out of his own bigotry, and the Devil out of his own Hell!"
(BRADY is pleased. RACHEL seems hopelessly torn.)

BRADY (Frenzied, boring in on her) And what about when he was wondering what was on the other side of the moon? Did he ever mention the possibility of Heaven? Did he ever mention that? (Spins around to the audience in the gallery) Or did he say he say there was nothing but a world of stars and moons and galaxies and universal dust? (Spins back to RACHEL as the crowd becomes riled up) Tell us! Tell us some more! What did he say about the holy state of matrimony? Did he compare it with the breeding of animals?

(The crowd in the gallery erupts as this as the JUDGE pounds his gavel for order.)

DRUMMOND (Roaring) Objection!

BRADY (Not missing a beat, continuing from his last line as he pushes in on RACHEL) You want to help him, don't you? You want the good people of this town to see what happened to his brain so they can help bring his back to his senses, don't you? (BRADY loses control and begins pounding the witness box as he bullies her. RACHEL is beginning to sob uncontrollably on the stand.) Come on, tell it! Tell it all!

MRS. BRADY (Stands up and screams in shock) Matt!
(BRADY stops suddenly, realizing that he has gone too far. He looks up, shell shocked as RACHEL continues to sob uncontrollably as she crumbles into a near breakdown.)

BRADY (Long pause as BRADY pulls himself together and realizes what he has just done.) Under the circumstances, I believe the witness should be excused.

(BRADY returns to his seat as RACHEL continues to cry. After a long pause the JUDGE speaks.)

JUDGE Colonel Drummond, do you have any objections to excusing the witness from cross-examination at this time, subject to later recall?

DRUMMOND Your Honor, the defense must have a chance to challenge the words put in the mouth of the witness by the prosecutor.
(CATES is moved by RACHEL'S obvious distress.)

CATES (To DRUMMOND) Don't plague her. Let her go.

DRUMMOND May I have a moment please? (Turns to CATES) Do you want every word he just put in her mouth to go into the record?

CATES It's not that important.

HORNBECK (Incredulously) Not that...! He just pulled you apart like a plucked chicken.

CATES Please do as I say, you've got to.

DRUMMOND I've got to what? Send you to jail.

CATES Let her go.

HORNBECK You all American idiot. She just handed them your head on a silver platter. You can't let her get away with that-

CATES (Cutting her off) Damn it, stay out of this! It's none of your business.

DRUMMOND Don't tie my hands, son.

CATES (After a beat) Let her go, or I'll change my plea to guilty.

DRUMMOND (Turns to the JUDGE, then sighs) No questions.

JUDGE (Gently) For the time being, the witness is excused. (REVEREND BROWN comes forward to help his daughter from the stand. His demeanor is unsympathetic as he escorts her from the courtroom. There is a hushed bubble of excitement) Does the prosecution wish to call any further witnesses?

DAVENPORT Not at the present time, Your Honor. The prosecution rests.

JUDGE We shall proceed with the case for the defense. Colonel Drummond.

DRUMMOND (Rising) Your Honor, I wish to call Dr. Amos D. Keller, head of the Department of Zoology at the University of Chicago.

BRADY Objection.
(DRUMMOND turns, startled.)

DRUMMOND On what grounds?

BRADY I wish to inquire what possible relevance the testimony of a Zoo-ology professor can have in this trial.

DRUMMOND (Reasonably) It has every relevance! My client is on trial for teaching Evolution. Any testimony relating to his alleged infringement of the law must be admitted!

BRADY Irrelevant, immaterial, inadmissible.

DRUMMOND (Sharply) Why? If Bertram Cates were accused of murder, would it be irrelevant to call expert witnesses to examine the weapon? Would you rule out testimony that the so-called murder weapon was incapable of firing a bullet?

JUDGE I fail to grasp the learned counsel's meaning.

DRUMMOND Oh. (With exaggerated gestures, as if explaining things to a small child) Your Honor, the defense wishes to place Dr. Keller on the stand to explain to the gentlemen of the jury exactly what the evolutionary theory is. How can they pass judgment on it if they don't know what it's all about?

BRADY I hold that the very law we are here to enforce excludes such testimony! The people of this state have made it very clear that they do not want this zoo-ological hogwash slobbered around the schoolrooms! And I refuse to allow these agnostic scientists to employ this courtroom as a sounding board, as a platform from which they can should their heresies into the headlines!

JUDGE (After some thoughtful hesitation) Colonel Drummond, the court rules that zoology is irrelevant to the case.

(The JUDGE flashes his customary mechanical and humorless grin.)

DRUMMOND

Agnostic scientists! Then I call Dr. Allen Page- (Staring straight at BRADY) Deacon of the Congregational Church- and professor of geology and archeology at Oberlin College.

BRADY (Drily) Objection!

JUDGE Objection sustained.

(Again, the meaningless grin.)

DRUMMOND (Astonished) In one breath, does the court deny the existence of zoology, geology, and archeology?

JUDGE We do not deny the existence of these sciences, but they do not relate to this point of law.

DRUMMOND (Fiery) I call Walter Aaronson, philosopher, anthropologist, author! One of the most brilliant minds in the world today! Objection, Colonel Brady?

BRADY (Nodding, smugly) Objection.

DRUMMOND Your Honor! The Defense has brought to Hillsboro- at great expense and inconvenience- six noted scientists! The great thinkers of our time! Their testimony is basic to the defense of my client. For it is my intent to show this court that what Bertram Cates spoke quietly one spring afternoon in the Hillsboro High School is no crime! It is incontrovertible as geometry in every enlightened community of minds!

DAVENPORT In this community, Colonel Drummond- and in this sovereign state- exactly the opposite is the case. (To the JUDGE) The language of the law is clear, Your Honor. We do not need experts to question the validity of a law that is already on the books.

(DRUMMOND, for once in his life has hit a legal roadblock.)

DRUMMOND Well, what DO you need? A gallows to hang him from?

DAVENPORT That remark is an insult to this entire community!

DRUMMOND This community is an insult to the world! (An outburst from the crowd as DRUMMOND strides to the bench) Your Honor, I request permission to withdraw from this case!

(DRUMMOND strides back to the defense table and starts putting books and briefs into his case.)

CATES (Rising in alarm) Mr. Drummond, you can't quit now!

DRUMMOND Why not? You were ready to five minutes ago.

JUDGE (As he gavels the crowd to silence) Colonel Drummond! What reasons can you possibly have?

DRUMMOND (Points to the crowd with angry gestures) Well, there are two hundred of them! And if that's not enough, there's one more. I think my client has already been found guilty. (The crowd begins commotion again, saying things like "I can't believe it." BRADY rises and addresses the JUDGE and the entire crowd.)

BRADY (Eloquently) Is Mr. Drummond saying that this expression of an honest emotion will in any way influence the Court's impartial administration of the law?

DRUMMOND (Turns to BRADY, in righteous anger) I say that you cannot administer a wicked law impartially. You can only destroy. You can only punish! And I warn you (Points first at BRADY, then to various members of the audience and the JUDGE) that a wicked law, like cholera, destroys everyone it touches! Its upholders as well as its defilers!

JUDGE Colonel Drummond!

DRUMMOND (Striding to the JUDGE's bench. This speech builds to a crescendo at the end.) Can't you understand that if you take a law like evolution and make it a crime to teach it in the public schools, tomorrow you can make it a crime to teach it in the private schools? And tomorrow you may make it a crime to read about it? (Turns to the crowd in the gallery and begins addressing them. The crowd has grown strangely quiet during all of this as they listen. BRADY looks worriedly.) And soon you may ban books and newspapers. And then you may turn Catholic against Protestant, and Protestant against Protestant, and try foist your own religion upon the mind of man! If you can do one, you can do the other! Because fanaticism and ignorance is forever busy and needs feeding. (Strides slowly back to the JUDGE'S bench) And soon, Your Honor, with banners flying and drums beating we'll be marching backward. . . . BACKWARD- to the glorious ages of that sixteenth century when bigots burned the man who dared bring enlightenment and intelligence to the human mind! (DRUMMOND turns with disgust back to the defense table as he continues to pack his bag.)

JUDGE (In an angry, but shocked tone) I hope counsel does not mean to imply that this court is bigoted.

DRUMMOND Your Honor has the right to hope!

JUDGE I have the right to do more than that!

DRUMMOND (Slamming his hand down on the table) You have the power to do more than that!

JUDGE And I exercise that power! Colonel Drummond, I order you to show cause tomorrow morning at 10:00 as to why you should not be held in contempt of this court! And in the meanwhile, I order that you be held in custody of the bailiff. Bail is set at \$2,000!

DRUMMOND Two thousand dol- . . . ? (Laughs) Why don't you make it four thousand?

JUDGE (Shaking his head in anger, as the crowd begins to laugh) It's four, Colonel Drummond!

HORNBECK Your Honor, my paper will post the bond.

JUDGE Can you prove legal authorization to make such a commitment for your employer?

HORNBECK I'll wire my paper immediately.

JUDGE Fine! Until then, Colonel Drummond can avail himself of our municipal accommodations! (Crowd begins to speak to one another, shocked. MR. STEBBINS jumps forward with hat in hand.)

MR. STEBBINS Your Honor, I'll put up my farm for Mr. Drummond.

JUDGE We have no way of ascertaining the value of your farm, sir.
MR. STEBBINS It ought to be worth that much.

JUDGE The law demands that bond be posted in cash.

BANKER Your Honor, my bank will honor the offer on the security of this farm. He has considerably more equity in it than that.

JUDGE (Reluctantly) Very well. You can make arrangements with the court clerk.
(STEBBINS walks up to the defense table. DRUMMOND rises to greet him.)

DRUMMOND Who are you?

STEBBINS My name is John Stebbins.
(Beat as the two of them look one another in the eye. STEBBINS walks over to the court clerk.)

DRUMMOND eyes him for a moment, then grabs his coat and bag and leaves the court.

PHOTOGRAPHER in the back takes a picture as he leaves.)

SET CHANGE

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Scene 2

(The setting is DRUMMOND & HORNBECK'S hotel porch. We here the angry mob outside singing "We'll Hang Bert Cates to a Sour Apple Tree" to the tune of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

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HORNBECK Hooligans of the world, unite. You've got nothing to burn but your intellectuals. (Looking offstage at the mob) Well, there are some of the boobs who make our laws. That's the democratic process.

DRUMMOND I supposed you have something better to suggest?

HORNBECK Looks like you're going out in a blaze of glory, counselor. Well, you were pretty impressive for a while there today, Henry. "Your Honor, after a while you'll be setting man against man, creed against creed, Et cetera, et cetera Ad nauseum, unquote." Henry, why don't you wake up? Darwin was wrong, man's still an ape! When he first achieved the upright position, he took a look at the stars and thought they were something to eat. He couldn't reach them and he decided they were groceries belonging to a bigger creature. That's how Jehovah was born.

DRUMMOND I wish I had your worm's eye view of history. It would certainly make things a lot easier.

HORNBECK Oh no, not for you. You'd still be spending your time trying to make sense out of what is laughingly referred to as the Human Race! Why don't you take your blinders off? Don't you know the future's already obsolete? You think Man still has a noble destiny? I tell you he's already started on his backward march to the salt and stupid sea from which he came.

DRUMMOND What about men like Bert Cates?

HORNBECK Cates? A monkey who tried to fly. Cates climbed to the top of the totem pole, but then he jumped. There was nobody there to catch him. Not even you.

DRUMMOND You were there, you saw what they did to my witnesses.

HORNBECK (Pulling out a flask and two glasses.) What you need is a drink.

DRUMMOND What I need is a miracle.

HORNBECK (Takes a copy of the Bible out of her bag and tosses it to DRUMMOND) Miracle? Here's a whole bag full Courtesy of Matthew Harrison Brady.

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(HORNBECK returns to pouring the drinks as DRUMMOND peruses the Bible. DRUMMOND gets a wry smile on his face, as if he has gotten an idea.)

Scene 3

(Lights up on the Court Room, next day. DRUMMOND still cradles the Bible in his hand with lots of notes sticking out of it. He thoughtfully strides up to the JUDGE.)

DRUMMOND Your Honor, I feel I owe you an apology. Any remarks leading up to the contempt citation I regret very much. I realize your Honor is trying to be fair. I'm very sorry for any remarks that were made in the heat of the moment.

JUDGE My friends, Colonel Drummond. The man that I believe came into the world to save mankind from sin taught that it was Godly to forgive. I believe in those principles. I accept Colonel Drummond's apology. I withdraw the contempt citation.

DRUMMOND Thank you, Your Honor.

BRADY Your Honor, I too should like to add that in the spirit of forgiveness, I feel no animosity toward learned counsel from Chicago. He is well known to have ridden hobby horses before. Perhaps he will

return to his home having learned a lesson. And we commend him to learn in his heart the words of him who said, "If you search, come unto me and I will give you light."

HORNBECK (Aside to CATES) That's why he hasn't an enemy in the world. Only his friends hate him. (BRADY overhears this and gives HORNBECK a long look.)

DRUMMOND Perhaps there is much to learn from the learned counsel of the prosecution. Your honor, there were some remarks I made yesterday. . . Mainly that I would like to withdraw from the case. If it pleases the court, I would like to withdraw my withdrawal and continue as counsel for Bertram Cates.

JUDGE I see no reason why Colonel Drummond should not continue as counsel for the defense. Proceed Colonel Drummond.

DRUMMOND Thank you. (DRUMMOND paces back towards the defense table) Your Honor, the court has ruled out any evidence as to scientific knowledge or the Darwinian theory. (There's the glint of an idea in his eye) Would the court admit expert testimony regarding a book known as the Holy Bible?

JUDGE (Hesitates, turns to BRADY) Any objection, Colonel Brady?

BRADY If the counsel can advance the case of the defendant through the use of the Holy Scriptures, the prosecution will take no exception!

DRUMMOND Good! (With relish) I call to the stand one of the world's foremost experts on the Bible and its teachings- Matthew Harrison Brady! (There is an uproar in the courtroom. The JUDGE raps for order.)

DAVENPORT Your Honor, this is preposterous!

JUDGE (Confused) I- well, it's highly unorthodox. I've never known an instance where the defense called the prosecuting attorney as a witness. (BRADY rises. Waits for the crowd's reaction to subside.)

BRADY Your Honor, this entire trial is unorthodox. If the interests of Right and Justice will be served, I will take the stand.

DAVENPORT (Helplessly) But Colonel Brady- (Buzz of awed reaction. The giants are about to meet head-on. The JUDGE raps the gavel again, nervously.)

JUDGE (To BRADY) The court will support you if you wish to decline to testify- as a witness against your own case. . . .

BRADY (With conviction) Your Honor, I shall not testify against anything. I shall speak out, as I have all my life- on behalf of the Living Truth of the Holy Scriptures! (DAVENPORT sits, resigned but nervous.)

JUDGE (To MEEKER, in a nervous whisper) Uh- Mr. Meeker, you'd better swear in the witness, please. . . (DRUMMOND moistens his lips in anticipation. BRADY moves to the witness stand in grandiose style. MEEKER holds out a Bible. BRADY puts his left hand on the book, and raises his right hand.)

MEEKER Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

BRADY (Booming) I do.

MRS. KREBS And he will! (BRADY sits, confident and assured. His air is that of a benign and learned mathematician about to be quizzed by a schoolboy on matters of short division.)

DRUMMOND Am I correct, sir, in calling on you as an authority on the Bible?

BRADY I believe it is not boastful to say that I have studied the Bible as much as any layman. And I have tried to live according to its precepts.

DRUMMOND Bully for you. Now, I suppose you can quote me chapter and verse right straight through the King James Version, can't you?

BRADY There are many portions of the Holy Bible that I have committed to memory.
(DRUMMOND crosses to counsel table and picks up a copy of Darwin.)

DRUMMOND I don't suppose you've memorized many passages from the Origin of Species?

BRADY I am not in the least interested in the pagan hypotheses of that book.

DRUMMOND Never read it?

BRADY And I never will.

DRUMMOND Then how in perdition do you have the gall to whoop up this holy war against something you don't know anything about? How can you be so cocksure that the body of scientific knowledge systematized in the writings of Charles Darwin is, in any way, irreconcilable with the spirit of the Book of Genesis?

BRADY Would you state that question again, please?

DRUMMOND Let me put it this way. (He flips several pages in the book) On page nineteen of Origin of Species, Darwin states-
(DAVENPORT leaps up.)

DAVENPORT I object to this, Your Honor. Colonel Brady has been called as an authority on the Bible. Now the "gentleman from Chicago" is using this opportunity to read into the record scientific testimony which you, Your Honor, have previously ruled is irrelevant. If he's going to examine Colonel Brady on the Bible, let him stick to the Bible, the Holy Bible, and only the Bible!
(DRUMMOND cocks an eye at the bench.)

JUDGE (Clears his throat) You will confine your questions to the Bible.
(DRUMMOND slaps shut the volume of Darwin.)

DRUMMOND (Not angrily) All right. I get the scent in the wind. (He tosses the volume of Darwin on the counsel table) We'll play in your ball park, Colonel. (He searches for a copy of the Bible, finally gets MEEKER'S. Without opening it, DRUMMOND scrutinizes the binding from several angles) Now let's get this straight. Let's get it clear. This is the book that you're an expert on?
(BRADY is annoyed at DRUMMOND'S elementary attitude and condescension.)

BRADY That is correct.

DRUMMOND Now tell me. Do you feel that every word that's written in this book should be taken literally?

BRADY Everything in the Bible should be accepted, exactly as it is given there.

DRUMMOND (Leafing through the Bible) Now take this place where the whale swallows Jonah. Do you figure that actually happened?

BRADY The Bible does not say "a whale," it says "a big fish."

DRUMMOND Matter of fact, it says "a great fish"- but it's pretty much the same thing. What's your feeling about that?

BRADY I believe in a God who can make a whale and who can make a man and make both do what He pleases!

VOICES Amen, amen!

DRUMMOND (Turning sharply to the clerk) I want those "Amens" in the record! (He wheels back to BRADY) I recollect a story about Joshua, making the sun stand still. Now as an expert, you tell me that as true as the Jonah business. Right? (BRADY nods, blandly) That's a pretty neat trick. You suppose Houdini could do it?

BRADY I do not question or scoff at the miracles of the Lord- as do ye of little faith.

DRUMMOND Have you ever pondered just what would naturally happen to the earth if the sun stood still?

BRADY You can testify to that if I get you on the stand.
(There is laughter.)

DRUMMOND If they say that the sun stood still, they must've had a notion that the sun moves around the earth. Think that's the way of things? Or don't you believe the earth moves around the sun?

BRADY I have faith in the Bible!

DRUMMOND You don't have much faith in the solar system.

BRADY (Doggedly) The sun stopped.

DRUMMOND Good. (Level and direct.) Now if what you say actually happened- if Joshua halted the sun in the sky- that means the earth stopped spinning on its axis; continents toppled over each other, mountains flew out into space. And the earth, arrested in its orbit, shriveled to a cinder and crashed into the sun. (Turning) How come they missed this tidbit of news?

BRADY They missed it because it didn't happen.

DRUMMOND It must've happened! According to natural law. Or don't you believe in natural law, Colonel? Would you like to ban Copernicus from the classroom, along with Charles Darwin? Pass a law to wipe out all the scientific development since Joshua? Revelations- period!

BRADY (Calmly, as if instructing a child) Natural law was born in the mind of the Heavenly Father. He can change it, cancel it, use it as He pleases. It constantly amazes me that you apostles of science, for all your supposed wisdom, fail to grasp this simple fact.
(DRUMMOND flips a few pages in the Bible.)

DRUMMOND Listen to this: Genesis 4:16, "And Cain went out from the presence of the Lord, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the East of Eden. And Cain knew his wife!" Where the hell did she come from?

BRADY Who?

DRUMMOND Mrs. Cain. Cain's wife. If, "In the beginning" there were only Adam and Eve, and Cain and Abel, where'd this extra woman spring from? Ever figure that out?

BRADY (Cool) No, sir. I will leave the agnostics to hunt for her.
(Laughter)

DRUMMOND Never bothered you?

BRADY Never bothered me.

DRUMMOND Never tried to find out?

BRADY No.

DRUMMOND Figure somebody pulled off another creation, over in the next county?

BRADY The Bible satisfies me, it is enough.

DRUMMOND It frightens me to imagine the state of learning in this world if everyone had your driving curiosity. (DRUMMOND is still probing for a weakness in Goliath's armor. He thumbs a few pages further in the Bible.) The book now goes into a lot of "begats." (He reads) "And Aphraxad begat Salah; and Salah begat Eber" and so on and so on. These pretty important folks?

BRADY They are the generations of the holy men and women of the Bible.

DRUMMOND How did they go about all this "begetting"?

BRADY What do you mean?

DRUMMOND I mean, did people "begat" in those days about the same way they get themselves "begat" today?

BRADY The process is about the same. I don't think your scientists have improved it any.
(Laughter)

DRUMMOND In other words, these folks were conceived and brought forth through the normal biological function known as sex. (There is a hush-hush reaction through the court. HOWARD'S mother clamps her hands over the boy's ears, but he wriggles free) What do you think of sex, Colonel Brady?

BRADY In what spirit is this question asked?

DRUMMOND I'm not asking what you think of sex as a father, or as a husband. Or a Presidential candidate. You're up here as an expert on the Bible. What's the Biblical evaluation of sex?

BRADY It is considered "Original Sin."

DRUMMOND (With mock amazement) And all these holy people got themselves "begat" through "Original Sin"? (BRADY does not answer. He scowls, and shifts his weight in his chair.) All this sinning make 'em any less holy?

DAVENPORT Your Honor, where is this leading us? What does it have to do with the State versus Bertram Cates?

JUDGE Colonel Drummond, the court must be satisfied that this line of questioning has some bearing on the case.

DRUMMOND (Fiery) You've ruled out all my witnesses. I must be allowed to examine the one witness you've left me with my own way!

BRADY (With dignity) Your Honor, I am willing to sit here and endure Mr. Drummond's sneering and his disrespect. For he is pleading the case of the prosecution by his contempt for all that is holy.

DRUMMOND I object, I object, I object.

BRADY On what grounds? Is it possible that something is holy to the celebrated agnostic?

DRUMMOND Yes! (His voice drops, intensely) The individual human mind. In a child's power to master the multiplication table there is more sanctity than in all your shouted "Amens!", "Holy, Holies!" and "Hosannahs!" An idea is a greater monument than a cathedral. And the advance of man's

knowledge is more of a miracle than any sticks turned to snakes, or the parting of waters! But are we now to halt the march of progress because Mr. Brady frightens us with a fable? (Turning to the jury, reasonably) Gentlemen, progress has never been a bargain. You've got to pay for it. Sometimes I think there's a man behind a counter who says, "All right, you can have a telephone; but you'll have to give up privacy, the charm of distance. Madam, you may vote; but at a price; you lose the right to retreat behind a powder-puff or a petticoat. Mister, you may conquer the air; but the birds will lose their wonder, and the clouds will smell of gasoline!" (Thoughtfully, seeming to look beyond the courtroom) Darwin moved us forward to a hilltop, where we can look back and see the way from which we came. But for this view, this insight, this knowledge, we must abandon our faith in the pleasant poetry of Genesis.

BRADY We must not abandon faith! Faith is the important thing!

DRUMMOND Then why did God plague us with the power to think? Mr. Brady, why do you deny the one faculty which lifts man above all other creatures of the earth: the power of his brain to reason. What other merits have we? The elephant is larger, the horse is stronger and swifter, the butterfly is more beautiful, the mosquito more prolific, even the simple sponge is more durable! (Wheeling on BRADY) Or does a sponge think?

BRADY I don't know. I'm a man, not a sponge.
(There are a few snickers at this; the crowd seems to be slipping away from BRADY and aligning itself more and more with DRUMMOND.)

DRUMMOND Do you think a sponge thinks?

BRADY If the Lord wishes a sponge to think, it thinks.

DRUMMOND Does a man have the same privileges that a sponge does?

BRADY Of course.

DRUMMOND (Roaring for the first time: stretching his arm towards CATES) This man wishes to be accorded the same privilege as a sponge! He wishes to think!
(There is some applause. The sound of it strikes BRADY exactly as if he had been slapped in the face.)

BRADY But your client is wrong! He is deluded! He has lost his way!

DRUMMOND It's sad that we aren't all gifted with your positive knowledge of Right and Wrong, Mr. Brady. (DRUMMOND strides to one of the uncalled witnesses seated behind him and takes from him a rock, about the size of a tennis ball. DRUMMOND weighs the rock in his hand as he saunters back toward BRADY) How old do you think this rock is?

BRADY (Intoning) I am more interested in the Rock of Ages, than I am in the Age of Rocks.
(A couple of die-hard "Amens." DRUMMOND ignores this glib gag.)

DRUMMOND Dr. Page of Oberlin College tells me that this rock is at least ten million years old.

BRADY (Sarcastically) Well, well, Colonel Drummond! You managed to sneak in some of that scientific testimony after all.
(DRUMMOND opens up the rock, which splits into two halves. He shows it to BRADY.)

DRUMMOND Look, Mr. Brady. These are the fossil remains of a pre-historic marine creature, which was found in this very county- and which lived here millions of years ago, when these very mountain ranges were submerged in water.

BRADY I know. The Bible gives a fine account of the flood. But your professor is a little mixed up on his dates. That rock is not more than six thousand years old.

DRUMMOND How do you know?

BRADY A fine Biblical scholar, Bishop Usher, has determined for us the exact date and hour of the Creation. It occurred in the year 4004 B.C.

DRUMMOND That's Bishop Usher's opinion.

BRADY It is not an opinion. It is a literal fact, which the good Bishop arrived at through careful computation of the ages of the prophets as set down in the Old Testament. In fact, he determined that the Lord began the Creation on the 23rd of October in the Year 4004 B.C. at- uh, at 9 A.M.!

DRUMMOND That Eastern Standard Time? (Laughter) Or Rocky Mountain Time? (More laughter) It wasn't daylight-saving time, was it? Because the Lord didn't make the sun until the fourth day!

BRADY (Fidgeting) That is correct.

DRUMMOND (Sharply) The first day. Was it a twenty-four-hour day?

BRADY The Bible says it was a day.

DRUMMOND There wasn't any sun. How do you know how long it was?

BRADY (Determined) The Bible says it was a day.

DRUMMOND A normal day, a literal day, a twenty-four-hour day?
(Pause. BRADY is unsure.)

BRADY I do not know.

DRUMMOND What do you think?

BRADY (Floundering) I do not think about things that . . . I do not think about!

DRUMMOND Do you ever think about things that you do think about? (There is some laughter. But it is dampened by the knowledge and awareness throughout the courtroom, that the trap is about to be sprung) Isn't it possible that first day was twenty-five hours long? There was no way to measure it, no way to tell! Could it have been twenty-five hours?
(Pause. The entire courtroom seems to lean forward.)

BRADY (Hesitates- then) It is . . . possible . . .
(DRUMMOND'S got him. And he knows it! This is the turning point. From here on, the tempo mounts. DRUMMOND is now fully in the driver's seat. He pounds his questions faster and faster.)

DRUMMOND Oh. You interpret that the first day recorded in the Book of Genesis could be of indeterminate length.

BRADY (Wriggling) I mean to state that the day referred to is not necessarily a twenty-four-hour day.

DRUMMOND It could have been thirty hours! Or a month! Or a year! Or a hundred years! (He brandishes the rock underneath BRADY'S nose) Or ten million years!
(DAVENPORT is able to restrain himself no longer. He realizes that DRUMMOND has BRADY in his pocket. Red-faced, he leaps up to protest.)

DAVENPORT I protest! This is not only irrelevant, immaterial- it is illegal! (There is excited reaction in the courtroom. The JUDGE pounds for order, but the emotional tension will not subside) I demand to know the purpose of Mr. Drummond's examination! What is he trying to do?
(Both BRADY and DRUMMOND crane forward, hurling their answers not at the court, but at each other.)

BRADY I'll tell you what he's trying to do! He wants to destroy everybody's belief in the Bible, and in God!

DRUMMOND You know that's not true. I'm trying to stop you bigots and ignoramuses from controlling the education of the United States! And you know it!
(Arms out, DAVENPORT pleads to the court, but is unheard. The JUDGE hammers for order.)

JUDGE (Shouting) I shall ask the bailiff to clear the court, unless there is order here.

BRADY How dare you attack the Bible?

DRUMMOND The Bible is a book. A good book. But it's not the only book.

BRADY It is the revealed word of the Almighty. God spake to the men who wrote the Bible.

DRUMMOND And how do you know that God didn't "spake" to Charles Darwin?

BRADY I know because God tells me to oppose the evil teachings of that man.

DRUMMOND Oh. God speaks to you.

BRADY Yes.

DRUMMOND He tells you exactly what's right and what's wrong?

BRADY (Doggedly) Yes.

DRUMMOND And you act accordingly?

BRADY Yes.

DRUMMOND So you, Matthew Harrison Brady, through oratory, legislation, or whatever, pass along God's orders to the rest of the world! (Laughter begins) Gentlemen, meet the "Prophet from Nebraska!"
(BRADY's oratory is unassailable; but his vanity- exposed by DRUMMOND'S prodding- is only funny. The laughter is painful to BRADY. He starts to answer DRUMMOND, then turns toward the spectators and tries, almost physically, to suppress the amused reaction. This only makes it worse.)

BRADY (Almost inarticulate) Please-!

DRUMMOND (With increasing tempo, closing in) Is that the way of things? God tells Brady what is good! To be against Brady is to be against God!
(More laughter.)

BRADY (Confused) No, no! Each man is a free agent-

DRUMMOND Then what is Bertram Cates doing in the Hillsboro jail? (Some applause) Suppose Mr. Cates had enough influence and lung power to railroad through the State Legislature a law that only Darwin should be taught in the schools!

BRADY Ridiculous, ridiculous! There is only one great Truth in the world-

DRUMMOND The Gospel according to Brady! God speaks to Brady, and Brady tells the world! Brady, Brady, Brady, Almighty!
(DRUMMOND bows grandly. The crowd laughs.)

BRADY The Lord is my strength-

DRUMMOND What is a lesser human being- a Cates, or a Darwin- has the audacity to think that God might whisper to him? That an un-Brady thought might still be holy? Must men go to prison because they are at odds with the self-appointed prophet? (BRADY is now trembling so that it is impossible for him to speak. He rises, towering above his tormentor- rather like a clumsy, lumbering bear that is

baited by an agile dog) Extend the Testaments! Let us have a Book of Brady! We shall hex the Pentateuch, and slip you in neatly between Numbers and Deuteronomy!
(At this, there is another burst of laughter. BRADY is almost in a frenzy.)

BRADY (Reaching for a sympathetic ear, trying to find the loyal audience which has slipped away from him) My friends- Your Honor- My Followers- Ladies and Gentlemen-

DRUMMOND The witness is excused.

BRADY (Unheeding) All of you know what I stand for! What I believe! I believe, I believe in the truth of the Book of Genesis! (Beginning to chant) Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, First Samuel, Second Samuel, First Kings, Second Kings-

DRUMMOND Your Honor, this completes the testimony. The witness is excused!

BRADY (Pounding the air with his fists) Isaiah, Jeremiah, Lamentations, Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah-
(There is confusion in the court. The JUDGE raps.)

JUDGE You are excused, Colonel Brady-

BRADY Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah-
(BRADY beats his clenched fists in the air with every name. There is a rising counterpoint of reaction from the spectators. Gavel.)

JUDGE (Over the confusion) Court is adjourned until ten o'clock tomorrow morning!
(Gavel. The spectators begin to mill about. A number of them, reporters and curiosity seekers, cluster around DRUMMOND. DAVENPORT follows the JUDGE out.)

DAVENPORT Your Honor, I want to speak to you about striking all of this from the record.
(They go out.)

BRADY (Still erect on the witness stand) Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi . . .
(His voice trails off. He sinks, limp and exhausted into the witness chair. MRS. BRADY looks at her husband, worried and distraught. She looks at DRUMMOND with helpless anger. DRUMMOND moves out of the courtroom and most of the crowd goes with him; Reporters cluster tight about DRUMMOND, pads and pencils hard at work. BRADY sits, ignored, on the witness chair. MEEKER takes CATES back to the jail. MRS. BRADY goes to her husband, who still sits on the raised witness chair.)

MRS. BRADY
(Taking his hand) Matt... Matt dear. Let's go home.
(BRADY looks about to see if everyone has left the courtroom, before he speaks.)

BRADY Home?

MRS. BRADY Back to the hotel.
(MRS. BRADY takes BRADY by the hand and leads him gently, like a confused child, out of the courtroom as the members stare at him in shock.)
The curtain falls

SET CHANGE

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Scene 4

(Scene is the BRADY'S hotel room in the pit. There is a knock on the alcove door. MRS. BRADY rises to answer.)

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MRS. BRADY Who is it? (Opens the door to reveal RACHEL.)

RACHEL Where is he? I've got to talk to him.

MRS. BRADY Not now, Rachel. He isn't feeling well.

RACHEL Yes, now. He's got to tell Bert it wasn't my fault.

MRS. BRADY (Overlapping Rachel's lines) Rachel, please be quiet. He's sleeping...

RACHEL Why should I be quiet? (Pulling away to try to get to BRADY'S door) I want the whole world to know that Matthew Harrison Brady's a fake!

MRS. BRADY (Slapping Rachel across the face as she spins her around) Rachel! (MRS. BRADY is shocked at what she has just done. Long pause as RACHEL gingerly feels her cheek and tries to work out what has just happened.) I'm sorry.

RACHEL I found myself in bed today. In the middle of the day. I was dreaming I was in the witness chair, chained to it. (Makes eye contact with MRS. BRADY) I kept begging him to let me go.

MRS. BRADY Rachel, Rachel... It's been a nightmare for all of us.

RACHEL But mine was real. I turned to your husband for help. He encouraged me to open up my heart to him and then he twisted my words. He tricked me. Why? Why did he do it?

MRS. BRADY I don't know. I don't know why he did it. (RACHEL turns away) Maybe it meant too much to him. Maybe he was tired or afraid.

RACHEL I taught my pupils that Matthew Harrison Brady was a great man. Next to God almost. What do you want me to teach them now?

MRS. BRADY He's still the same man.

RACHEL No! If he could do such an evil thing, then he must be an evil man. And everything he stands for must be evil, too!

MRS. BRADY (In frustrated anger, as she faces RACHEL) Oh, stop it. Stop it! Youth can be so pure. What do you know of good or evil? What do you understand of the sum of a man's life?

RACHEL He betrayed me!

MRS. BRADY You betrayed yourself. You see my husband as a saint, so he must be right in everything he says and does. And then you see him as a devil, and everything he says and does must be wrong. Well, my husband is neither a saint nor a devil. He's just a human being and he makes mistakes.

RACHEL How can you defend him?

MRS. BRADY It's not he I'm defending. I'm defending the forty years I've lived with this man and watched him carry the burdens of people like you. If he's been wrong, at least he stood for something. What do you stand for? Do you believe in Bertram Cates? I believe in my husband, what do you believe in?

(The door opens and BRADY comes out in a dressing gown, clearly still out of sorts.)

Matt...

BRADY I was asleep. . . . What can I do for you, child?

RACHEL I'm not your child any longer, Mr. Brady. Yours (RACHEL takes a long look at MRS. BRADY) or anyone else's.
(RACHEL exits as both watch. BRADY sits down.)

BRADY Well, what did she want, Mother?

MRS. BRADY She's been hurt, Matt. You hurt her. Oh Matt, you were always a good man. (MRS. BRADY takes BRADY'S hand) That's why I loved you even from the beginning. Oh, people said that you made mistakes, wrong decisions... You could have been president three times over-

BRADY Oh, Sarah...

MRS. BRADY But I never doubted you, Matt, because your decisions were honest. You never sacrificed your principles just to win.

BRADY I didn't mean to hurt her. Sarah, a victory here would be a monument to God that would last a thousand years.

MRS. BRADY But Matt, every man has to build his own monument. You can't do it for them, Matt. If you do, it becomes your monument, not theirs. And they'll topple it the minute they find a flaw in it.

BRADY You mean. . . a flaw in me don't you, Sarah?

MRS. BRADY (Sighs) They turned away from you this afternoon, Matt.

BRADY They didn't understand. I'll make them understand. They have to understand. (BRADY scrambles for the notes he has written out for his closing argument.) My speech. Where's my speech?

MRS. BRADY Matt...

BRADY (Rising as he becomes more agitated, digging through his brief case) I'll make them listen!

MRS. BRADY Matt!

BRADY Where's my speech? I must have it! I'll make them understand!

MRS. BRADY Matt, please don't get excited.

BRADY Here... here it is! I have it all down on paper. It isn't just this case, it's God Himself that's on trial! (BRADY collapses into the chair again, trembling.) Then they'll have to listen to me. They will listen to me.

MRS. BRADY (Gently) They'll listen, dear.

BRADY Mother. They laughed at me, Mother!

MRS. BRADY Shhh...

BRADY I can't stand it when they laugh at me!
(She stands beside and behind her husband, putting her arms around the massive shoulders and cradling his head against her breasts.)

MRS. BRADY (Soothing) It's all right, baby. It's all right. (MRS. BRADY sways gently back and forth, as if rocking her husband to sleep) Baby . . . Baby . . . !

SET CHANGE

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Scene 5

The courtroom, the following day. The lighting is low, somber. A spot burns down on the defense table, where DRUMMOND and CATES sit, waiting for the jury to return. DRUMMOND leans back in a meditative mood, feet propped on a chair. CATES, the focus of the furor, is resting his head on his arms. The courtroom is almost empty. Two spectators doze in their chairs. In comparative shadow, BRADY sits, eating a box lunch. He is drowning his troubles with food, as an alcoholic escapes from reality with a straight shot. HORNBECK enters SL, bows low to BRADY.)

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HORNBECK Afternoon, Colonel. Having high tea, I see. (BRADY ignores him) Is the jury still out? Swatting flies and wrestling with justice- in that order?

(HORNBECK crosses to DRUMMOND. CATES lifts his head)

I'll hate to see the jury filing in; won't you, Colonel? I'll miss Hillsboro- Especially this courthouse; a mélange of Moorish and Methodist; it must have been designed by a congressman!

(HORNBECK smirks at her own joke, then sits in the shadows and pores over a newspaper. Neither CATES nor DRUMMOND have paid the slightest attention to her.)

CATES (Staring straight ahead) Mr. Drummond. What's going to happen?

DRUMMOND What do you think is going to happen, Bert?

CATES Do you think they'll send me to prison?

DRUMMOND They could.

CATES They don't ever let you see anybody from the outside, do they? I mean- you can just talk to a visitor- through a window- the way they show it in the movies?

DRUMMOND Oh, it's not as bad as all that. (Turning toward the town) When they started this fire here, they never figured it would light up the whole sky. A lot of people's shoes are getting hot. But you can't be too sure.

(At the other side of the stage, BRADY rises majestically from his debris of paper napkins and banana peels, and goes off.)

CATES (Watching BRADY go off) He seems so sure. He seems to know what the verdict's going to be.

DRUMMOND Nobody knows. (He tugs on one ear) I've got a pretty good idea. When you've been a lawyer as long as I have- a thousand years more or less- you get so you can smell the way a jury's thinking.

CATES What are they thinking now?

DRUMMOND (Sighing) Someday I'm going to get me an easy case. An open-and-shut case. I've got a friend up in Chicago. Big lawyer. Lord how the money rolls in! You know why? He never takes a case unless it's a sure thing. Like a jockey who won't go in a race unless he can ride the favorite.

CATES You sure picked the long shot this time, Mr. Drummond.

(A RADIO MAN comes on SL, lugging an old-fashioned carbon microphone. The JUDGE, carrying his robe over his arm, comes on SR and scowls at the microphone.)

RADIO MAN (To JUDGE) I think this is the best place to put it- if it's all right with you, Your Honor.

JUDGE There's no precedent for this sort of thing.

RADIO MAN You understand, sir, we're making history here today. This is the first time a public event has ever been broadcast.

JUDGE Well, I'll allow it- provided you don't interfere with the business of the court.
(The RADIO MAN starts to string his wires. The MAYOR hurries on SL, worried, brandishing a telegram.)

MAYOR (To JUDGE) Merle, gotta talk to you. Over here. (He draws the JUDGE aside DSL, not wanting to be heard) This wire just came. The boys over at the state capitol are getting worried about how things are going. Newspapers all over are raising such a hullabaloo. After all, November, ain't too far off, and it don't do any of us any good to have any of the voters getting' all steamed up. Wouldn't do no harm to just let things simmer down. (The RADIO MAN reappears.) Well, go easy, Merle.
(Tipping his hat to DRUMMOND, the MAYOR hurries off.)

RADIO MAN (Crisply, into the mike) Testing, Testing.
(DRUMMOND crosses to the microphone.)

DRUMMOND (To the RADIO MAN) What's that?

RADIO MAN An enunciator.

DRUMMOND You going to broadcast?

RADIO MAN We have a direct wire to WGN, Chicago. As soon as the jury comes in, we'll announce the verdict.
(DRUMMOND takes a good look at the microphone, fingers the base.)

DRUMMOND Radio! God, this is going to break down a lot of walls.

RADIO MAN (Hastily) You're- you're not supposed to say "God" on the radio!

DRUMMOND Why the hell not?
(The RADIO MAN looks at the microphone, as if it were a toddler that had just been told the facts of life.)

RADIO MAN You're not supposed to say "Hell," either. DRUMMOND
(Sauntering away) This is going to be a barren source of amusement!
(BRADY re-enters and crosses ponderously to the RADIO MAN.)

BRADY Can one speak into either side of this machine?
(The RADIO MAN starts at this rumbling thunder, so close to the ear of his delicate child.)

RADIO MAN (In an exaggerated whisper) Yes, sir. Either side.
(BRADY attempts to lower his voice, but it is like putting a leash on an elephant.)

BRADY Kindly signal me while I am speaking, if my voice does not have sufficient projection for your radio apparatus.
(RADIO MAN nods, a little annoyed. HORNBECK smirks, amused. Suddenly the air in the courtroom is charged with excitement. MEEKER hurries on- and the spectators have begin to scurry expectantly back into the courtroom. Voices mutter: "They're comin' in now. Verdicts been reached. Jury's comin' back in." MEEKER crosses to the JUDGE'S bench, reaches up for the gavel and raps it several times.)

MEEKER Everybody rise. (The spectators come to attention) Hear ye, hear ye. Court will reconvene in the case of the State versus Bertram Cates.
(MEEKER crosses to lead in the jury from SR. They enter, faces fixed and stern.)

CATES (Whispers to DRUMMOND) What do you think? Can you tell from their faces?
(DRUMMOND is nervous, too. He squints as the returning jurors, drumming his fingers on the table top. CATES looks around, as if hoping to see RACHEL- but she is not there. His disappointment is

evident. The RADIO MAN has received his signal from off-stage, and he begins to speak into the microphone.)

RADIO MAN (Low, with dramatic intensity) Ladies and gentlemen, this is Harry Esterbrook, speaking to you from the courthouse in Hillsboro, where the jury is just returning to the courtroom to render its verdict in the famous Hillsboro Monkey Trial case. The Judge has just taken the bench. And in the next few minutes we shall know whether Bertram Cates will be found innocent or guilty. (The JUDGE looks at him with annoyance. Gingerly, the RADIO MAN aims his microphone at the JUDGE and steps back. There is a hushed tension all through the courtroom.)

JUDGE (Clears his throat) Gentlemen of the Jury, have you reached a decision?

SILLERS (Rising) Yeah. Yes, sir, we have, Your Honor. (MEEKER crosses to SILLERS and takes a slip of paper from him. Silently, he crosses to the JUDGE'S bench again, all eyes following the slip of paper. The JUDGE takes it, opens it, raps his gavel.)

JUDGE The jury's decision is unanimous. Bertram Cates is found guilty as charged! (There is a tremendous reaction in the courtroom. Some cheers, applause, "Amens." Some boos. BRADY is pleased. But it is not the beaming, powerful, assured BRADY of the Chautauqua tent. It is a spiteful, bitter victory for him, not a conquest with a cavalcade of angels. CATES stares at his lap. DRUMMOND taps a pencil. The RADIO MAN talks rapidly, softly into his microphone. The JUDGE does not attempt to control the reaction.)

HORNBECK (In the manner of a hawker or pitchman) Step right up, and get your tickets for the Middle Ages! You only thought you missed the Coronation of Charlemagne!

JUDGE (Rapping his gavel, shouting over the noise) Quiet, please! Order! This court is still in session. (The noise quiets down) The prisoner will rise, to hear the sentence of this court. (DRUMMOND looks up quizzically, alert) Bertram Cates, I hereby sentence you to-

DRUMMOND (Sharply) Your Honor! A question of procedure!

JUDGE (Nettled) Well, sir?

DRUMMOND Is it not customary in this state to allow the defendant to make a statement before sentence is passed? (The JUDGE is red-faced.)

JUDGE Colonel Drummond, I regret this omission. In the confusion, and the- I neglected- (Up, to CATES) Uh, Mr. Cates, if you wish to make any statement before sentence is passed on you, why, you may proceed. (Clears throat again. CATES rises. The courtroom quickly grows silent again.)

CATES Your Honor, I am not a public speaker. I do not have the eloquence of some of the people you have heard in the last few days. I'm just a schoolteacher.

MRS. BLAIR Not any more you ain't!

CATES (Pause. Quietly) I was a schoolteacher. (With difficulty) I feel I am . . . I have been convicted of violating an unjust law. I will continue in the future, as I have in the past, to oppose this law in any way I can. I-

CATES isn't sure exactly what to say next. He hesitates, then sits down. There is a crack of applause. Not from everybody, but from many of the spectators. BRADY is fretful and disturbed. He's won the case. The prize is his, but he can't reach for the candy. In his hour of triumph, BRADY expected to be swept from the courtroom on the shoulders of his exultant followers. But the drama isn't proceeding according to plan. The gavel again. The court quiets down.)

JUDGE Bertram Cates, this court has found you guilty of violating Public Act Volume 37, Statute Number 31428, as charged. This violation is punishable by fine and/or imprisonment. (He coughs) But since there has been no previous violation of this statute, there is no precedent to guide the bench in passing sentence. (He flashes the automatic smile) The court deems it proper- (He glances at the MAYOR) – to sentence Bertram Cates to pay a fine of- (He coughs) one hundred dollars. (The mighty Evolution Law explodes with the pale puff of a wet firecracker. There is a murmur of surprise through the courtroom. BRADY is indignant. He rises, incredulous.)

BRADY Did Your Honor say one hundred dollars?

JUDGE That is correct. (Trying to get it over with) This seems to conclude the business of the trial-

BRADY (Thundering) Your Honor, the prosecution takes exception! Where the issues are so titanic, the court must mete out more drastic punishment-

DRUMMOND (Biting in) I object!

BRADY To make an example of this transgressor! To show the world-

DRUMMOND Just a minute. Just a minute. The amount of the fine is of no concern to me. Bertram Cates has no intention whatsoever of paying this or any other fine. He would not pay it if it were one single dollar. We will appeal this decision to the Supreme Court of this state. Will the court grant thirty days to prepare our appeal?

JUDGE Granted. The court fixes bond at . . . five hundred dollars. I believe this concludes the business of this trial. Therefore, I declare this court is adjourn-

BRADY (Hastily) Your Honor! (He reaches for a thick manuscript) Your Honor, with the court's permission, I should like to read into the record a few short remarks which I have prepared-

DRUMMOND I object to that. Mr. Brady may make any remarks he likes- long, short or otherwise. In a Chautauqua tent or in a political campaign. Our business in Hillsboro is completed. The defense holds that the court shall be adjourned.

BRADY (Frustrated) But I have a few remarks-

JUDGE And we are all anxious to hear them, sir. But Colonel Drummond's point of procedure is well taken. I am sure that everyone here will wish to remain after the court is adjourned to hear your address.

(BRADY lowers his head slightly, in gracious deference to procedure. The JUDGE raps the gavel) I hereby declare this court is adjourned, sine die.

(There is a babble of confusion and reaction. HORNBECK promptly crosses to MEEKER and confers with him in whispers. Spectators, relieved of the court's formality, take a seventh-inning stretch. Fans pump, sticky clothes are plucked away from the skin.)

MELINDA (Calling to HOWARD, across the courtroom) Which side won?

HOWARD (Calling back) I ain't sure. But the whole thing's over!
(A couple of HAWKERS slip in the courtroom with Eskimo Pies and buckets of lemonade.)

HAWKER Eskimo Pies. Get your Eskimo Pies!
(JUDGE raps with his gavel.)

JUDGE (Projecting) Quiet! Order in the- I mean, your attention, please. (The spectators quiet down some, but not completely.) We are honored to hear a few words from Colonel Brady, who wishes to address you-

(The JUDGE is interrupted in his introduction by MEEKER and HORNBECK. The confer sotto voce. The babble of voices crescendos.)

HAWKER Get your Eskimo Pies! Cool off with an Eskimo Pie!

(Spectators flock to get ice cream and lemonade. BRADY preens himself for the speech, but is annoyed by the confusion. HORNBECK hands the JUDGE several bills from his wallet, and MEEKER pencils a receipt. The JUDGE bangs the gavel again.)

JUDGE We beg your attention, please, ladies and gentlemen! Colonel Brady has some remarks to make which I am sure will interest us all!
(A few of the faithful fall dutifully silent. But the milling about and the slopping of lemonade continues. Two kids chase each other in and out among the spectators, annoying the perspiring RADIO MAN.)

BRADY stretches out his arms, in the great attention-getting gesture.)

BRADY My dear friends . . . ! Your attention, please! (The bugle voice reduces the noise somewhat further. But it is not the eager, anticipatory hush of olden days. Attention is given him, not as the inevitable due of a mighty monarch, but grudgingly and resentfully) Fellow citizens, and friends of the unseen audience. From the hallowed hills of sacred Sinai, in the days of remote antiquity, came the law which has been our bulwark and our shield. Age upon age, man have looked to the law as they would look to the mountains, whence cometh our strength. And here, here in this-
(The RADIO MAN approaches BRADY nervously.)

RADIO MAN Excuse me, Mr. —uh, Colonel Brady; would you . . . uh . . . point more in the direction of the enunciator . . . ?

The RADIO MAN pushes BRADY bodily toward the microphone. As the orator is maneuvered into position, he seems almost to be an inanimate object, like a huge ornate vase which must be precisely centered on a mantel. In this momentary lull, the audience has slipped away from him again. There's a backwash of restless shifting and murmuring. BRADY'S vanity and cussedness won't let him give up, even though he realizes this is a sputtering anticlimax. By God, he'll make them listen!)

BRADY (Red-faced, his larynx taut, roaring stridently) As they would look to the mountains whence cometh our strength. And here, here in this courtroom, we have seen vindicated- (A few people leave. He watches them desperately, out of the corner of his eye) We have seen vindicated-

RADIO MAN (After an off-stage signal) Ladies and gentlemen, our program director in Chicago advises us that our time here is completed. Harry Y. Esterbrook speaking. We return you now to our studios and "Matinee Musicale."

(He takes the microphone and goes off. This is the final indignity to BRADY; he realizes that a great portion of his audience has left him as he watches it go. BRADY brandishes his speech, as if it were Excalibur. His eyes start from this head, the voice is a tight, frantic rasp.)

BRADY From the hallowed hills of sacred Sinai . . .
(He freezes. His lips move, but nothing comes out. Paradoxically, his silence brings silence. The orator can hold his audience only by not speaking.)

STOREKEEPER Look at him!

MRS. BRADY (With terror) Matt-
(There seems to be some violent, volcanic upheaval within him. His lower lip quivers, his eyes stare. Very slowly, he seems to be leaning toward the audience. Then, like a figure in a waxworks, toppling from its pedestal, he falls stiffly, face forward. MEEKER and DAVENPORT sprint forward, catch BRADY by the shoulders and break his fall. The sheaf of manuscript, clutched in his raised hand, scatters in mid air. The great words flutter innocuously to the courtroom floor. There is a burst of reaction. MRS. BRADY screams.)

DAVENPORT Get a doctor!
(Several men lift the prostrate BRADY, and stretch him across three chairs. MRS. BRADY rushes to his side.)

JUDGE Room! Room! Give him room!

MRS. BRADY Matt! Dear God in Heaven! Matt!

(DRUMMOND, HORNBECK and CATES watch, silent and concerned- somewhat apart from the crowd. The silence is tense. It is suddenly broken by a fanatic old WOMAN, who shoves her face close to BRADY'S and shrieks.)

WOMAN (Wailing) O Lord, work us a miracle and save our Holy Prophet
(Rudely, MEEKER pushes her back.)

MEEKER (Contemptuously) Get away! (Crisply) Move him out of here. Fast as we can, Hank. Bill. Give us a hand here. Get him across the street to Doc's office.

BRADY (As he is carried out SL; in a strange, unreal voice) Mr. Chief Justice, Citizens of these United States. During my term in the White House, I pledge to carry out my program for the betterment of the common people of this country. As your new President, I say what I have said all of my life. . . .
(The crowd tags along, curious and awed. Only DRUMMOND, CATES and HORNBECK remain, their eyes fixed on BRADY'S exit. DRUMMOND stares after him.)

DRUMMOND How quickly they can turn. And how painful it can be when you don't expect it. (He turns) I wonder how it feels to be Almost-President three times- with a skull full of undelivered inauguration speeches.

HORNBECK Something happens to an Also-Ran. Something happens to the feet of a man who always comes in second in a foot-race. He becomes a national unloved child, A balding orphan, an aging adolescent who never got the biggest piece of candy. Unloved children, of all ages, insinuate themselves into spotlights and rotogravures. They stand on their hands and wiggle their feet. Split pulpits with their pounding! And their tonsils turn to organ pipes. Show me a shouter, And I'll show you an also-ran. A might-have-been, An almost-was.

CATES (Softly) Did you see his face? He looked terrible. . . .
(MEEKER enters SL. CATES turns to him. MEEKER shakes his head: "I don't know.")

MEEKER I'm surprised more folks ain't keeled over in this heat.

HORNBECK He's all right. Give him an hour or so to sweat away the pickles and the pumpernickel. To let his tongue forget the acid taste of vinegar victory. Mount Brady will erupt again by nightfall, spouting lukewarm fire and irrelevant ashes.
(CATES shakes his head, bewildered. DRUMMOND watches him, concerned.)

DRUMMOND What's the matter, boy?

CATES I'm not sure. Did I win or did I lose?

DRUMMOND You won.

CATES But the jury found me- DRUMMOND
What jury? Twelve men? Millions of people will say you won. They'll read in their papers tonight that you smashed a bad law. You made it a joke!

CATES Yeah. But what's going to happen now? I haven't got a job. I'll bet they won't even let me back in the boarding house.

DRUMMOND Sure, it's gonna be tough, it's not gonna be any church social for a while. But you'll live. And while they're making you sweat, remember- you've helped the next fella.

CATES What do you mean?

DRUMMOND You don't suppose this kind of thing is ever finished, do you? Tomorrow it'll be something else- and another fella will have to stand up. And you've helped give him the guts to do it!

CATES (Turning to MEEKER, with new pride in what he's done) Mr. Meeker, don't you have to lock me up?

MEEKER They fixed bail.

CATES You don't expect a schoolteacher to have five hundred dollars.

MEEKER (Jerking his head toward HORNBECK) This lady here put up the money.

HORNBECK With a year's subscription to the Baltimore Herald, We give away- at no cost or obligation- a year of freedom.

(RACHEL enters SR, carrying a suitcase. She is smiling, and there is a new lift to her head. CATES turns and sees her.)

CATES Rachel!

RACHEL Hello, Bert.

CATES Where are you going?

RACHEL I'm not sure. But I'm leaving my father.

CATES Rache . . .

RACHEL Bert, it's my fault the jury found you guilty. (He starts to protest) Partly my fault. I helped. (RACHEL hands BERT a book) This is your book, Bert. (Silently, he takes it) I've read it. All the way through. I don't understand it. What I do understand, I don't like. I don't want to think that men come from apes and monkeys. But I think that's beside the point. (DRUMMOND looks at the girl admiringly.)

DRUMMOND That's right. That's beside the point. (RACHEL crosses to DRUMMOND.)

RACHEL Mr. Drummond, I hope I haven't said anything to offend you. You see, I haven't really thought very much. I was always afraid of what I might think- so it seemed safer not to think at all. But now I know. A thought is like a child inside your body. It has to be born. If it dies inside you, part of you dies, too! (Pointing to the book) Maybe what Mr. Darwin wrote is bad. I don't know. Bad or good, it doesn't make any difference. The ideas have to come out- like children. Some of 'em healthy as a bean plant, some sickly. I think the sickly ideas die mostly, don't you, Bert? (BERT nods yes, but he's too lost in new admiration for her to do anything but stare. He does not move to her side. DRUMMOND smiles, as if to say: "That's quite a girl!" The JUDGE walks in slowly from SL.)

JUDGE Brady's dead. (They all react. The JUDGE starts toward his chambers.)

DRUMMOND I can't imagine the world without Matthew Harrison Brady.

CATES (To the JUDGE) What caused it? Did they say? (Dazed, the JUDGE goes off without answering.)

HORNBECK Matthew Harrison Brady died of a busted belly. (DRUMMOND slams down his brief case) You know what I thought of him, and I know what you thought. Let us leave the lamentations to the illiterate! Why should we weep for him? He cried enough for himself! The national tear-duct from Weeping Water, Nebraska, who flooded the whole nation like a one-man Mississippi! You know what he was: A Barnum-bunkum Bible-beating bastard! (DRUMMOND rises, fiercely angry.)

DRUMMOND You smart-aleck! You have no more right to spit on his religion than you have a right to spit on my religion! Or my lack of it!

HORNBECK (Askance) Well, what do you know! Henry Drummond for the defense even of his enemies!

DRUMMOND (Low, moved) There was much greatness in this man.

HORNBECK Shall I put that in the obituary?
(DRUMMOND starts to pack up his brief case.)

DRUMMOND Write anything you damn please.

HORNBECK How do you write an obituary for a man who's been dead thirty years? "In Memoriam-M.H.B." Then what? Hail the apostle whose letters to the Corinthians were lost in the mail? Two years, ten years- and tourists will ask the guide, "Who died here? Matthew Harrison Who?" (A sudden thought) What did he say to the minister? It fits! He delivered his own obituary! (He looks about the witness stand and the JUDGE'S bench, searching for something) They must have one here some place. (HORNBECK pounces on a Bible) Here it is: his book! (Thumbing hastily) Proverbs, wasn't it?

DRUMMOND (Quietly) "He that troubleth his own house shall inherit the wind: and the fool shall be servant to the wise in heart."

(HORNBECK looks at DRUMMOND, surprised. she snaps the Bible shut, and lays it on the JUDGE'S bench. HORNBECK folds her arms and crosses slowly toward DRUMMOND, her eyes narrowing.)

HORNBECK We're growing an odd crop of agnostics this year!
(DRUMMOND'S patience is wearing thin.)

DRUMMOND (Evenly) I'm getting damned tired of you, Hornbeck.

HORNBECK Why?

DRUMMOND You never pushed a noun against a verb except to blow up something.

HORNBECK That's a typical lawyer's trick: accusing the accuser!

DRUMMOND What am I accused of?

HORNBECK I charge you with contempt of conscience! Self-perjury. Kindness aforethought. Sentimentality in the first degree.

DRUMMOND Why? Because I refuse to erase a man's lifetime? I tell you Brady had the same right as Cates: the right to be wrong!

HORNBECK "Be-Kind-To-Bigots" Week. Since Brady's dead, we must be kind. God, how the world is rotten with kindness!

DRUMMOND A giant once lived in that body. (Quietly) But Matt Brady got lost. Because he was looking for God too high up and too far away.

HORNBECK You hypocrite! You fraud! (With a growing sense of discovery) You're more religious than he was!

(DRUMMOND doesn't answer. Hornbeck crosses toward the exit hurriedly) Excuse me, gentlemen. I must get me to a typewriter and hammer out the story of an atheist who believes in God.
(She goes off SL.)

CATES Colonel Drummond.

DRUMMOND Bert, I am resigning my commission in the State Militia. I hand in my sword!

CATES Doesn't it cost a lot of money for an appeal? I couldn't pay you . . .
(DRUMMOND waves him off.)

DRUMMOND I didn't come here to be paid. (He turns) Well, I'd better get myself on a train.

RACHEL There's one out at five-thirteen. Bert, you and I can be on that train, too!

CATES (Smiling, happy) I'll get my stuff!

RACHEL I'll help you!

(They start off SR. RACHEL comes back for her suitcase. CATES grabs his suit jacket, clasps DRUMMOND'S arm.)

CATES (Calling over his shoulder) See you at the depot!

(RACHEL and CATES go off. DRUMMOND is left alone on stage. Suddenly he notices RACHEL'S copy of Darwin on the table.)

DRUMMOND (Calling) Say- you forgot-

(But RACHEL and CATES are out of earshot. He weighs the volume in his hand; this one book has been the center of the whirlwind. Then DRUMMOND notices the Bible, on the JUDGE'S bench. He picks up the Bible in his other hand; he looks from one volume to the other, balancing them thoughtfully, as if his hands were scales. He half-smiles, half-shrugs. Then DRUMMOND slaps the two books together and jams them in his brief case, side by side. Slowly, he climbs to the street level and crosses the empty square.)

The curtain falls

End

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