

# Inherit the Wind

By Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee

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## ACT III

*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, bows low to BRADY.)*

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.

DRUMMOND

Sometimes I think the law is like a horse race. Sometimes it seems to me I ride like fury, just to end up back where I started. Might as well be on a merry-go-round, or on a rocking-horse ... or ... (He half closes his eyes, his voice is far away, his lips barely move.) Golden Dancer ...

CATES

What did you say?

DRUMMOND

That was the name of my first long shot. 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. (*Reliving 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!

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

RADIO MAN

(*To JUDGE*)

I think this is the best place to put it – if its 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, worried, brandishing a telegram.*)

MAYOR  
(To JUDGE)

Merle, gotta talk to you, Over here. (*He draws the JUDGE aside, 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 begun 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. 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. 1 –

*(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 adjourned.

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. They 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 prostate 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; 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. 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 fella 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, 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.)*

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.

*(He goes off.)*

CATES

Colonel Drummond.

DRUMMOND

Bert, I am resigning my commission in the Stale 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. 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.)*

CURTAIN