~~SCOUT~~ ~~Yes, sir? *(She comes down off the porch.)*~~

~~ATTICUS~~ ~~Mr. Ewell fell on his knife. Can you possibly understand?~~

~~SCOUT~~ ~~Yes sir, I understand. Mr. Tate was right.~~

~~ATTICUS~~ ~~What do you mean?~~

~~SCOUT~~ ~~Well, it'd be sort of like shooting a mockingbird, wouldn't it?~~

(Atticus holds Scout a moment. Boo has quietly come back out on to the porch.)

BOO Miss Jean Louise?

SCOUT Yes, Mr. Arthur?

BOO Will you take me home?

SCOUT Mr. Arthur, bend your arm down here, like that. That's right sir. *(They walk off the porch arm in arm.)*

ATTICUS Arthur - *(Scout and Boo pause)* - Thank you for my children.

~~*(Scout and Boo continue on toward the Radley house as Atticus goes up on the porch. He watches them for a moment before going inside.)*~~

~~JEAN LOUISE~~ ~~We came to the street light on the corner. I wondered how many times Dill had stood there watching, waiting, hoping. Boo and I walked up the steps to his porch. He gently released my hand, went inside, and shut the door behind him. I never saw him again.~~

~~I stood on Boo's porch next to that long shuttered window. Street lights winked down the road to the post office corner. I'd never seen our neighborhood from this angle. There was Mrs. Dubose's and Miss Rachel's...and there was our house. In daylight, I thought, you could see all the way to town.~~

~~Daylight...and in my mind, the night faded. It was daytime and the neighborhood was busy. Two children scampered down the sidewalk toward a man approaching in the distance. The man waved, and the children raced each other to him. It was springtime. The children stopped at the oak tree...delighted, puzzled, apprehensive. Now it was summer: the man walked into the street, dropped his glasses and shot a dog; his boy trudged down the sidewalk dragging a fishing pole behind him. Summer waned, and his children trotted to and fro, the day's woes and triumphs on their~~