

~~SCOUT~~ ~~Maybe you can fix it.~~

~~JEM~~ ~~You reckon we oughta write a letter to whoever's leaving us these things?~~

~~SCOUT~~ ~~That'd be right nice, Jem. We can thank 'em -- what's wrong? (*Jem is staring straight ahead.*) What are you lookin' at?~~

~~JEM~~ ~~That old dog down yonder.~~

~~JEAN LOUISE~~ ~~What followed was the first in a sequence of events that would forever alter the impression Jem and I held of our father.~~

~~SCOUT~~ ~~What's he doing?~~

JEM ~~I'm not sure. (*calling*)~~ Cal! Can you come down the sidewalk a minute?

SCOUT It's only Tim, and he's gone lopsided, that's all.

CALPURNIA (*off*) What for, Jem? I can't come outside every time you want me.

JEM There's something wrong with that old dog down yonder.

CALPURNIA (*off*) I can't wrap up any dog's foot right now.

JEM He's sick, Cal. Something's wrong with him.

CALPURNIA (*coming out onto the porch*) What's he doin', trying to catch his tail?

JEM No, he's doin' like this. (*Jem gulps, hunching his shoulders and twisting his torso.*) Only not like he means to.

CALPURNIA You tellin' me a story, Jem Finch?

JEM No, ma'am. And he's coming this way.

CALPURNIA Where?

JEM Over here. (*He runs over to where he first spotted the dog.*)

CALPURNIA (*following Jem*) Runnin'?

JEM No, just moseyin'. See, there he is.

CALPURNIA I don't see any...(*she suddenly sees the dog in the distance*) Sweet Jesus. That's Tim gone mad, alright. (*She starts to herd the*

*children toward the house.) You get your sister off the street. I'll call for help. (She runs ahead into the house.)*

- JEM *(dragging Scout up on to the porch) Come on.*
- SCOUT *(looking back over her shoulder ) Old Tim's walkin' like his right legs are shorter than his left ones.*
- JEM Look at him shake. He can't even stay on the road.
- CALPURNIA *(off, clicking the phone) Operator, Operator - Gimme Mr. Finch's office - right away!*
- SCOUT *(to Jem) You started something.*
- CALPURNIA *(pulling the phone out onto the porch) Mr. Finch, this is Cal. I swear to God there's a mad dog down the street a piece and he's comin' this way, yes sir, he's - Mr. Finch, I declare he is - yes sir...yessir...yes- (She hangs up.)*
- JEM What'd Atticus say?
- CALPURNIA *(She shakes her head and rattles the telephone hook again) Miss Eula May ma'am, I'm through talking to Mr. Finch. Listen, can you call Miss Rachel and whoever's got a phone on this street and tell 'em a mad dog's comin'? Please ma'am hurry! Radleys got a phone?*
- JEM I don't think so. They won't come out anyway, Cal.
- CALPURNIA *(handing the phone to Scout) I don't care. I'm gotta tell 'em. (She runs off the porch.) You stay on that porch! (She runs up to the Radley gate and calls out.) Mr. Radley! Mr. Radley, mad dog's comin'! Mad dog's comin'! Don't come outside! Mad dog!*
- ~~SCOUT *She's supposed to go around in back.*~~
- ~~JEM *Don't make any difference now. (stepping off the porch) I've lost sight of him!*~~
- ~~*(There is the sound of a car quickly pulling up.)*~~
- ~~CALPURNIA *(calling toward the car) Mr. Finch, Mr. Finch. Over here, Mr. Finch!*~~
- ~~*(Atticus runs on with Heck Tate who carries a rifle.)*~~
- ~~ATTICUS *Get on the porch, Son. Where is he, Cal?*~~