

~~ATTICUS~~ Thank you, Walter.

~~CUNNINGHAM~~ *(He starts to go but turns back.)* Mr. Finch, I don't know when I'll ever be able to pay you, between the mortgage and the entailment case dragging on...

~~ATTICUS~~ This is just fine, and I thank you. The turnip greens we had last week were delicious.

~~CUNNINGHAM~~ Much obliged, Mr. Finch. *(There is an awkward pause.)* Well, good bye.

~~ATTICUS~~ Good bye, Walter.

~~*(Scout and Atticus watch Mr. Cunningham leave.)*~~

~~ATTICUS~~ Scout, I think maybe the next time Mr. Cunningham comes, you don't need to call me.

~~SCOUT~~ I thought you'd want to thank him.

~~ATTICUS~~ Oh, I do. I think it embarrasses him to be thanked. *(He starts toward the front porch.)*

~~SCOUT~~ Why does he bring you all this stuff?

~~ATTICUS~~ He's paying me for some legal work I did for him.

~~SCOUT~~ Why is he paying you like this?

~~ATTICUS~~ That's the only way he can.

~~SCOUT~~ Is he poor?

~~ATTICUS~~ Yes.

~~SCOUT~~ Are we poor?

~~ATTICUS~~ We are indeed.

~~SCOUT~~ Are we as poor as the Cunninghams?

~~ATTICUS~~ No, not exactly. The Cunninghams are country folks, farmers, and the crash hit them the hardest.

~~*(Jem runs out of the house with his football.)*~~

JEM Atticus!

ATTICUS Evening, Jem.

JEM Atticus - catch!

ATTICUS Hang on to it, Son. Not tonight.

JEM Atticus, will you be going out for the Methodists? (*Atticus looks at Jem quizzically.*) The Methodists challenged the Baptists to a game of touch football.

ATTICUS (*heading toward the porch*) 'Afraid I wouldn't be of much help, Jem.

JEM Everybody's father's playing.

ATTICUS Except yours. I'd break my neck.

CALPURNIA (*coming out of the house*) Evening, Mr. Finch.

ATTICUS Evening, Cal.

JEM Every other father...

ATTICUS I'm too old for that sort of thing, son. (*He goes inside.*)

JEM (*turning away with anger, but careful that his father doesn't hear*) You're too old for anything!

CALPURNIA What's going on out here?

SCOUT Jem wants Atticus to play football and Atticus says he's too old.

JEM He's old and feeble. He's nearly fifty.

CALPURNIA (*tartly*) I don't call fifty very old.

SCOUT And doesn't do anything.

CALPURNIA He can make somebody's will so airtight can't anybody meddle with it.

JEM Shoot...

CALPURNIA Well, what do you want him to do?

JEM Drive a dump truck for the county; run for sheriff; work in a garage - *some*thin"! Other fathers go hunting, play poker and fish.

CALPURNIA            ~~Seems to me you'd be proud of him.~~

SCOUT                   ~~Why? He just works in a law office and he reads.~~

CALPURNIA            ~~You're lucky, you know! You two have the benefit of your father's age. If Mr. Finch was thirty you'd find life quite different.~~

JEM                     ~~I sure would.~~

CALPURNIA            ~~You count your blessings and stop complaining...both of you. (giving Scout a swat) Now get inside and wash up, your supper's ready. (The children scoot into the Finch house followed by Calpurnia.)~~

JEAN LOUISE           ~~Calpurnia's hand was wide as a bed slat and twice as hard. She had been with us ever since Jem was born, and I had felt her tyrannical presence as long as I could remember.~~

~~Our summertime boundaries - within calling distance of Calpurnia - were Mrs. Henry Lafayette Dubose's house two doors to the south of us, and the Radley Place three doors to the north. We were never tempted to break them. The Radley place was inhabited by an unknown entity the mere description of whom was enough to make us behave for days on end; Mrs. Dubose was plain hell. It was our habit to run and meet Atticus the moment we saw him round the post office corner in the distance, but it was often a treacherous journey.~~

JEM & SCOUT           ~~(running out of the house) Atticus!~~

~~(Mrs. Dubose has come out on her porch.)~~

MRS. DUBOSE           ~~Where are you two going at this time of day? Playing hooky, I suppose. I'll just call up the principal and tell him!~~

JEM                     ~~(as they pass) Aw, it's summer, Mrs. Dubose.~~

MRS. DUBOSE           ~~Listen to me when I'm talking to you. Doesn't your daddy teach you to respect old people. You come back here, Jeremy Finch.~~

~~(Atticus enters carrying a briefcase and a newspaper.)~~

JEM                     ~~(under his breath to Atticus) Atticus...~~

MRS. DUBOSE           ~~If you aren't sent to the reform school before next week, my name's not Dubose!~~

ATTICUS                ~~(herding the children toward Mrs. Dubose) Good evening, Mrs.~~