

- ~~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.~~

Dubose.

MRS. DUBOSE Ah. Good evening, Mr. Finch.
(Jem and Scout hide behind Atticus' back.)

ATTICUS My, you look like a picture this evening.

JEM *(whispering to Scout)* He didn't say a picture of what. *(Atticus wacks Jem lightly with his newspaper.)*

ATTICUS My goodness gracious, look at your flowers. Did you ever see anything more beautiful?

MRS DUBOSE Oh, I don't think they're as nice as last year.

ATTICUS Oh, I can't agree with you.

JEM *(whispering to Scout)* No matter what she says, don't answer her back - there's a Confederate pistol under her shawl.

ATTICUS I think your yard is going to be the showplace of the town this summer. Well, grand seeing you Mrs. Dubose. *(turning to Jem and offering his arm to Scout)* Jeremy...Jean Louise...shall we?

~~*(They cross the street to home.)*~~

~~JEAN LOUISE It was at times like this when I thought my father, who hated guns, had never been to any wars and would not play football, was the bravest man who ever lived.~~

~~*(Jem and Scout break away from Atticus and start a game of tag. Dill crouches in the next yard, watching.)*~~

~~And that was the summer Dill came to us.~~

~~*(Scout and Jem stop dead in their tracks when they see Dill.)*~~

~~JEAN LOUISE and SCOUT *(together)* Hey -~~

~~DILL Hey yourself. I'm Charles Baker Harris, but folks call me Dill.~~

~~JEM That's a funny name.~~

~~DILL 's not any funnier'n yours. Aunt Rachel says your name's Jeremy Atticus Finch.~~

~~JEM At least I'm big enough to fit mine. Your name's longer than you~~