



SCOUT                    You reckon that's somebody's hidin' place?

JEM                      Naw, don't anybody much but us pass by there, unless it's some grown person's -

SCOUT                    Grown folks don't have hidin' places. You reckon we ought to keep 'em?

JEM                      Tell you what. We'll keep 'em till school starts again and then ask around. See how they've been slicked up? These are important to somebody.

SCOUT                    How's that, Jem...?

JEM                      ~~Well, Indian heads ... Well, they come from the Indians. They're real strong magic and bring you good luck. These are real valuable to somebody. I'm gonna hide 'em someplace safe.~~

~~(Jem goes inside the house. Scout ponders the Radley tree.)~~

JEAN LOUISE            ~~Finders were keepers unless title were proven. Plucking an occasional camellia, getting a squirt of hot milk from a neighbor's cow on a summer day was part of our ethical culture, but money was different. There wasn't much of it around, even though Macomb County had recently been told that it had nothing to fear but fear itself.~~

~~(Walter Cunningham enters carrying a sack full of hickory nuts.)~~

JEAN LOUISE & SCOUT    ~~(together) Hey, Mr. Cunningham.~~

CUNNINGHAM            ~~(to Scout) Afternoon', Miss.~~

SCOUT                    ~~My daddy's not home yet. You want me to tell him something for you?~~

CUNNINGHAM            ~~No, Miss...I...I'll just leave these here on the porch.~~

SCOUT                    ~~(seeing her father walking down the road in the distance) Wait a minute, Mr. Cunningham, there he is. (calling) Atticus! (to Mr. Cunningham again) You're lucky you caught him. He'll be happy to see you. (to her father as he enters) Atticus, Mr. Cunningham's here.~~

ATTICUS                   Hello, Walter.

CUNNINGHAM            ~~'Afternoon, Mr. Finch. I...I didn't want to bother you none. I brought you these hickory nuts.~~