

- 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.~~

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!~~