

(CALPURNIA comes out onto the porch, wiping her hands on a tea towel.)

CALPURNIA. What is it, Jem? I can't come out every time you want me.

JEM. Somethin' wrong with that old dog down yonder.

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

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

CALPURNIA (finally interested). Tryin' to catch his tail?

JEM. No, he's doin' like this. (JEM gulps, like a goldfish, hunching his shoulders and twisting his torso, while CALPURNIA watches narrowly.)

CALPURNIA (her voice hardening). You tellin' me a story, Jem Finch?

JEM. No, Cal. And he's coming this way.

CALPURNIA. You two get in off the street. (CALPURNIA hurries inside.)

JEM (to SCOUT). Come on.

SCOUT (reluctantly coming up onto the porch with JEM). He's not even in sight.

CALPURNIA (off. Loud and anxious; on a telephone just inside the porch door). Operator, hello—Miss Eula May, ma'am? Please gimme Mr. Finch's office—right away! SCOUT (to JEM). You started something.

CALPURNIA (off. On the telephone, half-shouting). Mr. Finch, this is Cal. There's a mad dog down the street a piece. Jem says he's comin' this way! Yes—yessir—yes! (SHE hangs up.)

JEM (calling in). What's Atticus say?

CALPURNIA (off, calling back). In a minute. (SHE rattles the telephone hook and then speaks loudly again.) Miss Eula May. I'm through talking to Mr. Finch. Listen,

can you call Miss Crawford and whoever's got a phone on this street and tell 'em a mad dog's comin'? Please ma'am...hurry! (CALPURNIA comes back on porch.)

SCOUT. What about the Radleys? They got a phone? (SHE starts toward the Radley house.)

CALPURNIA. Both of you—inside the house and stay inside! (SHE pauses to look off.) That's Tim gone mad all right! (SHE comes after SCOUT who has stopped to shout at the silent Radley house.)

SCOUT. He's comin' now, Mr. Radley!

CALPURNIA (giving SCOUT a fierce swat on the seat).

Get inside! (SCOUT is muttering bitterly as she goes up onto the porch.)

SCOUT. You always pick on me.

CALPURNIA. You stay back! (CALPURNIA races up on the Radley porch where SHE starts banging on the door, at the same time casting about nervous glances.) Mr. Nathan—Mr. Boo! Mad dog's comin'! Mad dog's

comin'! Hear me? Don't come outside. Mad dog!

SCOUT. She's supposed to go around in back.

JEM. Don't matter this time. (Suddenly tense as HE watches.) I see him! There he is! Cal! (CALPURNIA herds them ahead of her onto the porch, anxiously looking back. JEM is considering the situation offstage again.) Old Tim's walkin' like his right legs are shorter than his left legs. (They ALL lean forward to watch. From off there is the sound of an automobile approaching and coming to a stop.)

SCOUT (noticing offstage). He brought the sheriff—JEM. Someone has to stop Old Tim.

(ATTICUS comes on with HECK TATE, who carries a heavy rifle.)