

DILL. I've got a much better plan. (*Starting to go.*) See you.

(MR. CUNNINGHAM, a farmer, carrying a sack, is coming on as DILL runs past him.)

ATTICUS (*calling*). Afternoon. (*Aside to JEM and SCOUT, using DILL's confidential tone and nod.*) Regardless of any plans, you're to stay away from that house unless invited.

MR. CUNNINGHAM (*holding out the sack*). This is for you, Mr. Finch. Turnip Greens.

ATTICUS (*accepting the sack gravely*). Thank you very much.

MR. CUNNINGHAM. I'd like to pay cash for your services, but between the mortgage and the entailment—ATTICUS. This is just fine. Jem, please take this sack to Cal. (*JEM takes sack and goes inside.*) I'd say your bill is settled.

MR. CUNNINGHAM (*doubtfully*). You put in a lot of time.

ATTICUS. Let's see now. You left a load of stove wood in the backyard, then a sack of hickory nuts. At Christmas there was a crate of smilax and holly. Now a bag of turnip greens. I'm more than paid.

MR. CUNNINGHAM. If you say so.

SCOUT. Your boy's in my class at school, Mr. Cunningham. (*Uneasily, as SHE recalls.*) We had a disagreement the other day.

MR. CUNNINGHAM (*smiling*). I have a few with that boy myself, little lady.

SCOUT (*concerned*). I didn't actually beat him up bad.

MR. CUNNINGHAM (*amused*). If he can't defend himself against a girl, he'll just have to take it. (*To ATTICUS as HE goes.*) Much obliged, Mr. Finch.

ATTICUS (*after him*). Any time I can be of help.

SCOUT (*curious*). Why does he pay with stove wood and turnip greens?

ATTICUS. Because that's the only way he can.

SCOUT. Are we poor, Atticus?

ATTICUS. We are indeed.

SCOUT. As poor as the Cunninghams?

ATTICUS. Not exactly. The Cunninghams are country folks and the depression hits them hardest. (*Curious.*)

What was your trouble with my client's boy?

SCOUT. He said some things I didn't like. (*Shrugs.*) I rubbed his nose in the dirt.

ATTICUS. That's not very ladylike. What'd he say?

(JEM is coming back onto the porch with his football.)

SCOUT. Things. And I think we should have a talk. I've been watching for you to get home because—(*SHE is interrupted by JEM, who is cocking his arm to pass the football.*)

JEM. Atticus! Catch!

ATTICUS (*making no move*). Hang onto it, Son. Not today.

JEM (*coming down off the porch*). Atticus, will you be going out for the Methodists? For the football game?

ATTICUS. What game?

JEM (*eagerly*). It won't be till fall, but everyone's talking about it already. It's for fund-raising. The Methodists challenged the Baptists to a game of touch football.

ATTICUS (*smiling*). 'Afraid I wouldn't be of much help, Jem.