

MAYELLA (as they cross the stage). Yes, Pa.

BOB EWELL. I told ya—stay outa town right now. Hear?

MAYELLA (resigned). I hear. (They continue off.)

MISS MAUDIE (front). Bob Ewell and his daughter, Mayella. Good times or bad they live off the county in a cabin by the garbage dump near a small Negro settlement. (Smiles wryly.) All Bob Ewell can hold onto that makes him feel better than his nearest neighbors is that if scrubbed with lye soap in very hot water—his skin is white.

SCOUT (to REVEREND SYKES, puzzled). Why'd you stop talking. Those are just Ewells.

MISS MAUDIE (as SHE exits. Half to herself). I'm not surprised they stopped talking. (The singing has begun again.)

REVEREND SYKES. We have a lot of calls to make. Goodbye, Miss Jean Louis.

SCOUT. Call me Scout.

REVEREND SYKES. See you Sunday, Miss Cal.

CALPURNIA. We'll bring all we can.

SCOUT (after him). Bye. (As they exit, she turns to CALPURNIA. She wants to know.) What did Tom Robinson do?

CALPURNIA. You mean what do they say he did? Old Mr. Bob Ewell accused Tom of raping his girl and had him arrested and put in jail.

SCOUT (scornfully). But everyone in Maycomb knows what kind of folks the Ewells are.

(JEM has come back on, hearing the last of this.)

JEM. What's the singing?

SCOUT. Jem—what's rape?

JEM (after short consideration). Ask Cal.

CALPURNIA (even shorter consideration). I think you better ask your father. (Going.) We'll be eating soon.

SCOUT. I'd just like to know—

(SCOUT stops as DILL is entering.)

SCOUT. Hey—

DILL. Hey, yourself. I'm Charles Baker Harris. I can read. JEM. So what?

DILL. I just thought you'd like to know. Folks call me Dill. I'm staying with my Aunt Rachel.

SCOUT (critically). You're sort of puny.

DILL (defensively). I'm little, but I'm old.

SCOUT (curious). How old's your father?

DILL. I haven't got one.

SCOUT. Is he dead?

DILL. No.

SCOUT. Then if he's not dead, you've got one, haven't you? (DILL is embarrassed.)

JEM. Never mind her, Dill.

SCOUT (persisting). If his father isn't dead, how can he say he hasn't got one? How... (SHE is interrupted by JEM who grabs her arm.)

JEM. Scout! The Radley Place!

(SCOUT stops at his tone, and turns to look with him at the Radley door, which is opening. NATHAN RADLEY, a pale, thin, leathery man is coming out.)

SCOUT (with relief). Nathan Radley.

JEM (clearing throat nervously). Hidy-do, Mr. Nathan.

NATHAN (preoccupied). Afternoon. (Exits.)

SCOUT (*explaining to DILL. Hushed*). Boo Radley's older brother. (*Ominously*.) Boo Radley's in there—all by himself—an' he hasn't come out in twenty, thirty years.

DILL. Thirty years!

JEM. When old Mr. Radley died, some folks thought Boo'd have to come out, but Nathan moved in and took his father's place.

DILL. Wonder what he does. Looks like he'd stick his head out the door sometime.

JEM. I think he comes out when it's pitch dark. Azaleas wilt 'cause he breathes on them. Nobody touches a pecan that falls off the Radley pecan tree...it'll kill you. I've seen his tracks in our backyard many a morning, and one night I heard him scratching on the back screen.

DILL. Wonder what he looks like?

JEM. (*professionally*). Judging from his tracks, he's about six-and-a-half feet tall, he eats raw squirrels and any cats he can catch. What teeth he has are yellow and rotten. His eyes pop and most of the time he drools.

DILL (*with decision*). Let's make him come out.

SCOUT (*shocked*). Make Boo Radley come out?

JEM. If you want to get yourself killed, all you have to do is go up and knock on that door.

DILL (*challenging*). You're scared—too scared to put your big toe in the front yard.

JEM. Ain't scared, just respectful.

DILL. I dare you.

JEM. (*trapped*). You dare me? (*JEM turns to look at the house apprehensively*.)

SCOUT. Don't go near it, Jem. If you get killed—what with Atticus so old—what would become of me? (*JEM does not respond.*)

DILL (*impatiently*). Well?

JEM. Don't hurry me. (*JEM starts slowly toward the house.*)

DILL. Scout and me's right behind you. (*As JEM continues toward the Radley house, SCOUT and DILL follow, SCOUT pausing beside the tree. JEM hesitates. SCOUT notices something in a knothole in the tree and takes it. In a hushed voice.*) Someone's at the window! Look at the curtains! (*The curtains have been pulled slightly to the side, and now they fall back into place.*)

JEM (*horrified*). He was watching! He saw me!

SCOUT (*absently putting a piece of chewing gum in her mouth.*) Don't ever do that.

JEM (*considering her*). Where'd you get the chewing gum?

SCOUT (*as SHE chews, SHE nods toward the tree*). It was sticking in the knothole.

JEM (*shocked*). That tree? Spit it out! Right now!

SCOUT (*obeying, but indignant*). I was just getting the flavour.

JEM (*grimly*). Suppose Boo Radley put it there? Suppose it's poison? You go gargle!

SCOUT (*shaking her head*). It'd take the taste outa my mouth.

DILL (*still concentrating on the Radley house*). Let's throw a pebble against the door—and as soon as he sticks his head out, say we want to buy him an ice cream. (*Logically.*) That'll seem friendly. Maybe he'd feel better.

SCOUT. How do you know he don't feel good now?

DILL (*concerned*). How'd you feel if you'd been shut up for a hundred years with nothing but cats to eat? (*Searching about.*) 'Course if you'd rather I throw the pebble—