

MISS MAUDIE (*calling over*). His name's Arthur, and he's still alive.

SCOUT. How do you know?

MISS MAUDIE. What a morbid question. I know because I haven't seen him carried out yet.

SCOUT. Jem says maybe he died an' they stuffed him up the chimney.

MISS MAUDIE. He just stays in the house, that's all. Wouldn't you stay in the house if you didn't want to come out?

SCOUT. But I wanta come out.

MISS STEPHANIE (*bursting to get into this. With a relish*). When that boy was in his teens, he took up with some bad ones from Old Sarum—(*Front.*)—probably drinking stumphole whiskey. They were arrested on charges of disorderly conduct, disturbing the peace, and using abusive and profane language in the presence and hearing of a female. Boo Radley was released to his father, who shut him up in that house and he wasn't seen again for fifteen years.

MISS MAUDIE (*to SCOUT*). Now she'll tell you what happened fifteen years later.

MISS STEPHANIE (*gives MAUDIE a brief look*). Boo Radley was sitting in the living room cutting some items from *The Maycomb Tribune* to post in his scrapbook. As his father passed by, Boo drove the scissors into his parent's leg, pulled them out, wiped them on his pants and resumed his activities. Boo was then thirty-three. Mr. Radley said no Radley was going to any insane asylum. So he was kept home where he is till this day. (*Snippily.*) Or Miss Maudie would've seen him carried out.

SCOUT. All my life I've never seen him.

MISS STEPHANIE (*melodramatic*). I saw him. It was stormy, and I woke up in the middle of the night—and there was Boo Radley, his face like a skull—looking in the window, staring at me in my bed!

SCOUT (*fascinated*). What'd you do?

MISS MAUDIE (*helpfully*). She scared him away.

(*SCOUT and MISS STEPHANIE look to MISS MAUDIE.*) SCOUT (*bewildered*). How?

MISS MAUDIE (*with a wicked smile*). She moved over in the bed to make room for him. (*MISS STEPHANIE stares at her for an instant, then gasps.*)

MISS STEPHANIE (*furious*). You have a streak, Miss Maudie. (*Starts off, then pauses to fire a parting shot.*)

A streak I could not properly describe in front of a young lady.

(*As MISS STEPHANIE exits, MRS. DUBOSE is coming out onto her porch.*)

MISS MAUDIE (*nodding after STEPHANIE, with her smile*). She's right. (*Brightly.*) Afternoon, Mrs. Dubose. (*A grunt in reply does not daunt MISS MAUDIE.*) You must smell my mimosa—(*As SHE goes.*)—angels' breath. (*MRS. DUBOSE is carefully arranging herself in a shawl-draped chair.*)

(*JEM enters L with football.*)

JEM (*calling*). Hey, Scout! (*He tosses the football up, catches it, tucks it under his arm and starts dodging imaginary tacklers.*)