

breathed on them. The tall Radley pecan trees shook their fruit into the adjoining schoolyard in the back, but the nuts lay untouched. Radley pecans would kill you. A baseball hit into the Radley yard was a lost ball and no questions asked.

(During this, MRS. DUBOSE has come out onto her porch. She's old and bad-tempered. Supporting herself [partially] with a cane, she crosses to her porch chair which is draped in shawls. JEM, an active boy a few years older than Scout, comes out onto the porch R, holding football.)

JEAN. My brother Jem -- before the fight when his arm got broken. (JEM tucks the football under his arm, plunges off the porch, and starts dodging imaginary tacklers. She smiles.) Alabama must be playing in the Rose Bowl with Jem scoring the winning touchdown.

MRS. DUBOSE (sharply). Where are you going this time of day, Jeremy Finch? Playing hooky, I suppose. I'll just call up the principal and tell him.

JEM. Aw, it's Saturday, Mrs. Dubose.

MRS. DUBOSE. I wonder if your father knows where you are?

JEM. 'Course he does.

MRS. DUBOSE. Maudie Atkinson told me you broke down her scuppernong arbor this morning. She's going to tell your father and then you'll wish you'd never seen the light of day!

JEM (indignant). I haven't been near her scuppernong arbor!

MRS. DUBOSE. Don't you contradict me! (JEM clutches the football as though plunging through center and with MRS. DUBOSE calling after him, bulls his way off L.) If you aren't sent to the reform school before next week, my name's not Dubose! (She starts back into house.)

JEAN. Mrs. Henry Lafayette Dubose. If she was on the porch when Jem or I passed, we'd be raked by her wrathful gaze, subjected to ruthless interrogation regarding our behavior, and given a melancholy prediction on what we'd amount to when we grew up, which was always nothing. Jem and I hated her. We had no idea that she was fighting a hard battle.

(REVEREND SYKES, a Negro minister, dressed conservatively in a black