

morbid; the truth is not in the Delafields; all the Bufords walk like that; if Mrs. Grace sips gin out of Lydia E. Pinkham bottles, it is nothing unusual — her mother did the same.

JEAN. She was also your principal source of information about Boo Radley.

MISS STEPHANIE (coming closer; confidentially and with relish). When that boy was in his teens, he took up with some bad ones from Old Sarum. They were arrested on charges of disorderly conduct, disturbing the peace, assault and battery, 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.

JEAN. I'd have to ask -- as she intended. (To her.) Miss Stephanie, what happened fifteen years later?

MISS STEPHANIE (delighted to continue). Boo Radley was sitting in the living room cutting some items from The Maycomb Tribune to paste 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.

JEAN. How do you know? How can you be sure he's still there?

MISS STEPHANIE (as she goes into her house; emphatically). Because I haven't seen him carried out yet. (She exits.)

JEAN (regarding Radley house). Jem and I had never seen him. That didn't come till later, and when it did, we were in no condition to take much notice, being in fear for our lives! (She turns back toward the audience.) People said Boo Radley went out at night when the moon was down. When azaleas froze in a cold snap, it

was because he 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.)