

Jem: Hey Dill!
 Jem NT, CSL
 Jem: Catch!
 D. 2 CSR
 Boys play catch

old."
 DILL. You watchin' for your father?
 SCOUT. That's right, (Struck with sudden curiosity.) What about your daddy?
 DILL (cautiously). What do you mean?
 (JEM, still carrying the football, is coming back on DL.)

SCOUT. You never say anything about him.
 DILL. Because I haven't got one.
 SCOUT. Is he dead?
 DILL. No.
 SCOUT. Then if he isn't dead, you've got one, haven't you? (DILL is embarrassed.)
 JEM. Never mind her, Dill.
 SCOUT (exasperated). If his father isn't dead, how can he say he hasn't got one?

[NR. NT FOHR]

JEM (has taken her arm). Scout! (She stops at his tone and turns to look with him at the door to the Radley place, which is opening.)
 (NATHAN RADLEY, a pale, thin, leathery man is coming out.)

J. 2 USC porch
 S. 2 under DSR bench
 D. 2 under CSR bench

SCOUT (relaxing, softly). Nathan Radley.
 JEAN (at R). When old Mr. Radley died some folks thought Boo might come out, but they had another think coming. Boo's older brother, Nathan -- that's him -- moved in and took his father's place. At least Nathan Radley would speak to us. (NATHAN, preoccupied, is passing by.)

[N.R. 2 b/h USL bench]

JEM (nervously clearing his throat). Hidy do, Mr. Nathan.
 NATHAN (walking off). Afternoon.
 JEAN (thoughtfully). Looking back for a place to begin -- perhaps it would be what happens next. (She considers this a moment, nods confirmation to herself, and steps off R. Meanwhile SCOUT, JEM and DILL have all turned to look back at the Radley place.)
 JEM. Now Boo Radley's in there all by himself.

J. 2 DSR landing

