

A Wayne Scott • LifeHouse Production

The Adventures of



An Original Adaptation with
Script, Music, and Lyrics by
KELLY JANE SCHWARTZKOPF

Additional Music and Lyrics by
MELISSA & BETHANY SCHWARTZKOPF, NOLAN LIVESAY &
WAYNE R. SCOTT

Based on the Classic 1899 Novel by Samuel Clemens

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Revised Third Edition

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In Order of Appearance)

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|--------------------------------------|---|
| *Sam Clemens | The author. Tom Sawyer is his alter ego. Mid 30's. |
| Aunt Polly | Simple, godly and big-hearted but harried. Mid 30's to 40's. |
| Sidney | Tom's annoying and tattling little half-brother. 9-11 yrs. |
| Huck Finn | Tom's cohort and best friend. A social outcast. 15-16 yrs. |
| Jim | Aunt Polly's Negro slave boy. Honest and simple. 12-14 yrs. |
| *Muff Potter | Loveable town drunk. 40-60 yrs. |
| Becky Thatcher | Tom's love interest. Angelic, innocent and dainty. 11-13 yrs. |
| Amy Lawrence | A countrified flirtatious little charmer. Tom's ex-girl. 11-13 yrs. |
| Injun Joe | The vile villain; hated and feared by all. Mid 20-30 yrs. |
| Tom Sawyer | Imaginative, with a penchant for getting in trouble. 12-13 yrs. |
| Mary | Polly's daughter, Tom and Sid's cousin. "Mother hen" 15-19 yrs. |
| Ben Rodgers | Tom's friend, but also his nemesis. A know-it-all. 12-14 yrs. |
| Billy Fisher & Joe Harper | Tom's school chums. 11-14 yrs. |
| Judge Thatcher | New Circuit Judge. Becky's adoring father. 40-50 yrs. |
| *Jeff Thatcher | Attorney-At-Law and younger brother of the Judge. 20-30 yrs. |
| Reverend Walters | A blusterer. 30-60 yrs. |
| Widow Douglas | Compassionate, well-to-do, and stylishly good looking. 40-ish. |
| The Stranger | The Spaniard's partner in crime. 30-50 yrs. |
| *Young Doc Robinson | Town doctor. Well liked, but ruthless. 20-30 yrs. |
| *Bull Harbison | Compassionate town Sheriff. Mid 30's and up. |
| *Mr. Dobbins | The local schoolteacher. Tyrannical and pompous. 20-60 yrs. |
| Gracie Miller | Young, Adorable little cherub with a pronounced lisp. |
| Soloist | For the song "Holy Rise-Up Day." |

Townfolk of Hannibal, Missouri

*Musicians for Muff's Jug Boys Band: Males, expertly playing the following: Fiddle, guitar, bass fiddle, banjo, dulcimer (zither), harmonica, spoons, washboard, jug. May also play a main or supporting part, but this band will require extra music rehearsals. The band can also feature a female homeless "songbird" to add to the vocals.

“THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER”

By K. J. Schwartzkopf

SYNOPSIS OF SONGS

ACT I

Overture

1. "Mississippi".....Muff's Jug Boys Band and Sam
2. "Where's Tom Sawyer?".....Muff, Jim, Huck, Becky, Amy, Sam, Cohorts, Injun Joe, Crowd
3. "A Boy's Just a Blessing and a Curse".....Aunt Polly, Sid, and Mary
4. "Whitewashin'".....Huck, Tom, Jim, Boys
5. "Tom's Sweet on Becky".....Tom
6. "Deadly Oath".....Huck, Tom
"Where's Tom?" (Reprise).....Jeff, Tom, Aunt Polly, Judge, Sheriff, Joe, Townfolk

ACT II

Entr'acte

7. "Supposin' We Were Pirates".....Tom, Huck, Jim, "Ghost Pirates"
8. "Holy Rise-Up Day".....Soloist, Congregation, Muff
9. "Polly's Prayer".....Aunt Polly
"Becky's Sour on Tom" ("Tom's Sweet" Reprise).....Ben, Boys, Girls, Sid
10. "Missin' You on the Mississippi".....Townfolk, Ensemble
"Tom's Sweet on Becky" (Reprise).....Tom
11. "What a Predicament!".....Muff's Jug Boy Band and Sam
Finale: "Where's Tom Sawyer?" (Reprise).....Cast Ensemble
"A Boy's Just a Blessing and a Curse" (Reprise).....Cast Ensemble

"The Adventures of Tom Sawyer"

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*(Pre-show Muff's Jug Boys Band (*A Medley of Americana)¹*

ACT I

Overture

SCENE 1: SUMMER, DOWNTOWN HANNIBAL MISSOURI

SONG: "MISSISSIPPI"

(Sung by Muff's Jug Boy's Band and Sam. ^{2 3})

Band/ Sam

There's a river runnin' through this land o' mine
She cuts across the the Mason-Dixon line,
And as I think of her, she makes me pine,
Mississippi, take me home-
Mississippi--- Your waters brought me
And taught me the truth,
Mississippi--- You quench
The thirst of my youth.

Sam

As I'm lookin' back upon my childhood days,
I have to laugh at all my wicked ways,
But I can't help the way I was raised,
Mississippi, you're my home. ---
Mississippi--- Your waters brought me
And taught me the truth,
Mississippi--- You quench
The thirst of my youth.

(On the last line of song, Sam gestures to the following action)

(Music continues as underscore, fading after 45 seconds)

(Muff Potter and his two [or more] cohorts sit talking side stage. Young Samuel Clemens⁴ sits on another part of the stage, writing tablet and pencil in hand; Jim and Huck Finn flank him. All watch the following action unobtrusively)

Aunt Polly

(Visibly harried) Tom? (She looks and listens)

Sidney

No answer.

Aunt Polly

Tom!

Sidney

No answer.

Aunt Polly

(Angering) Sid!

Sidney

No ans..., huh?! *(Polly wags her finger under Sid's nose to silence him)*

Aunt Polly

(Determinedly, at the top of her lungs) Y-o-u-u, TOM! (After a moment) Humph!

¹ See Production Notes list.

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(Polly pulls down her spectacles to look over them, and then pushes them up to look under them, staring about intently)

Sidney (Smugly) Why don't you try looking through them once Aunt Polly?

Aunt Polly (Absently) Ha! Might as well be lookin' through a pair of stove lids for all the good they do. (Sid smirks, Polly notices and gets angry) Now no sass out of you Sidney Sawyer; I've had all I can take out of you and your half-brother, consarn him!!! (She grabs Sid's wrist and pulls him along, exiting the stage) Never did see the beat of that boy! When I lay hold of him you can bet he'll be sorry....

Cohort 1 (Laughing) Ain't that somethin', day in and day out, "Where's Tom? Where is that boy?"

Cohort 2 I tell ya, you could set yer watch by it, couldn't ya?

Huck More like the calendar; we been here a mighty long time, an' I don't mind saying' I'm more than a little sick of it, yesiree! (The cohorts mutter discontentedly)

Jim So that's it? That's all you got so far?

Muff We done told ya Huck, the rest is just about done...

Huck We just can't get on with it 'til Tom shows up and gets caught by Aunt Polly.

Jim Well, that just ain't gonna happen, Tom's way to slipperly for that!

Jim Mr. Clemens knows that Huck, he knows better than anybody. After all, he IS Tom! (Underscore fades out)

Huck Now see, that's the part I just ain't understandin'!

Sam (Chuckling) Well Huck, you see, most all of the characters in my stories are based on real people, people I knew in my youth; for instance, you were a boy named Tom Blankenship, a boy who slept in rain barrels, wore tattered clothes, and was the envy of every other boy in town. But Tom Sawyer, well he's not just one boy but four, three boys I knew and myself, a kind of mixture of all of us. And that's why we're in such a jam right now, because not a one of those boys, including me, was ever where he was supposed to be, and always where he was least expected, and least wanted for that matter. So...yer Tom and Samuel Clemens...but yer also this Mark Twain fella?

Huck That's my nom-de-plume! Uh, my pen name.

Sam I don't get it.

Huck Aw, come on Huck, yer jus' bein' a stubborn mule!

Jim Come on yerself Jim, you try comin' back into town after months of bein' gone, only to find out you're fic...fic...

Huck Fictillyicious!

Jim (Chuckling) I think you mean "fictitious" Jim.

Sam Sure, that's what I said!

Jim Made-up at any rate, just a character in some book. That don't go down so easy you know, findin' out you ain't really real!

Huck Oh now, I'm afraid I'm going to have to disagree with you there Old Huck; as far as my readers and I are concerned, you're all very real, at least up here! (He motions to his mind)

Sam But they ain't gonna be no readers unlessin' Tom gets here.

Jim That's true Jim. My publisher's expecting this story pronto, and it's nearly finished. But I can't figure out the end without Tom, and I still have the forward to write....

Sam Forward...what's that?

Jim The forward is the part of the book where I explain to my readers that the times during which this story was written...in this case the 1840's, may be very different from the times they themselves are living in, that is to say, the future.

Muff Whaddaya mean Mister Clemens?

Sam Well, a society evolves...uh...changes over time Muff. Attitudes about certain things, and certain people change. Now, I don't claim to have a crystal ball that sees into the future, but I can imagine certain things; for instance, here in the 1840's, we have some strange superstitions that I'm sure will seem downright silly to future generations. And hopefully people years from now will be more accepting of folks that are "different", those who come from different cultures or religions. And perhaps they'll be kinder and more understanding about folks who have special problems such as alcoholism, (Motioning toward Muff and the band) or homelessness (Patting Huck's shoulder) And, of course slavery will be abolished.

Jim (Excited) Abolished? You...you mean you think there won't be no more slaves?!

Sam Absolutely. Oh, it may be a long and hard-fought battle, but eventually every man will be free...if he wants to be.

Huck How 'bout pirates? Is there still gonna be pirates?

Sam *(Sagely, with a smile)* Oh sure Huck, there will still be pirates. 'Tis the nature of man that there will always be pirates; but now, back to the problem of Tom. Looks like we'll have to try to smoke Tom out.

Muff You mean the minstrel show. *(Sam nods the affirmative)*

Jim I think we oughta do a circus instead; Tom's mighty keen on circuses.

Huck Sure, that'd do it! One with lions an' clowns, an' fire-eaters an' such!

Sam Yes, that would do it all right. So uh... you boys got any of those on you...lions and fire-eaters and such?
(Jim looks puzzled, then pulls out his pockets, and looks under Huck's hat. Huck grabs it back)

Huck Don't be silly Jim!

Sam *(He lights up a cigar and starts writing)* Then it's got to be the minstrel show, something with plenty of zippety-doo-dah, so we can draw Tom's attention and keep it. So Muff, you and the fellas start playing, Jim and Huck, you join in and sing, and...

Huck Yeah, I still ain't too sure about that part....

Sam Aw, you'll both do fine! Oh, and uh, Huck... you'll be doing a bit of juggling too.

Huck Juggling, I ain't no juggler!

Jim *(Aside to Huck)* Remember Huck, he made you up; if he says you is, you is!

Huck But I ain't got nothin' to juggle with! I...HEY! *(Huck goes in his pockets and pulls out three juggling balls)* Where'd these come from? *(He looks at Sam, who grins and points to his own head)* Aw, all right then.

Jim Spooky!!!

Sam Ain't it!

Muff Well, that's plenty of "Zippety", but what about the "Doo-Dah" part, dancin' an' such? Minstrel shows always got dancin' in em'.

Jim Uh-uh, no-o-o way I'm gonna be a dancin' fool, not in public, I don't care what you say Mister!!!

Sam *(Laughing)* No, you won't have to Jim. The townsfolk will supply that part.

Huck All these starched shirts in Hannibal Mo. dancin' in the streets like a bunch of jackrabbits! Haw, I can't wait to see that!

Jim Me too!

Muff Ha-ha! Me three!

Sam Well, let's start the story over again then, and get this show on the road!
*(They all agree "Yep", "Well, all right", etc.)
(Lights transition to)*

Sam Uh-oh, we best clear out, here comes Aunt Polly again!
(The stage resumes the same set as at the beginning of scene 1, and is acted out identically)

Aunt Polly *(Visibly harried)* Tom? *(She looks / listens)*

Sidney No answer.

Aunt Polly Tom!

Sidney No answer.

Aunt Polly *(Angering)* Sid!

Sidney No ans..., huh?! *(Polly wags her finger...)*

Aunt Polly *(Determinedly, at the top of her lungs)* Y-o-u-u, TOM! *(After a moment)* Hummph!
(Polly pulls down her spectacles...)

Sidney *(Smugly)* Why don't you try looking through them once Aunt Polly?

Aunt Polly *(Absently)* Ha! Might as well be lookin' through a pair of stove lids for all the good they do. *(Sid smirks, Polly notices...)* Now no sass out of you Sidney Sawyer; I've had all I can take out of you and your half-brother, consarn him!!! *(She grabs Sid's wrist... exiting the stage)* Never did see the beat of that boy! When I lay hold of him you can bet he'll be sorry....

Cohort 1 *(Laughing)* Ain't that somethin', day in and day out, "Where's Tom! Where is that boy?" I tell ya, you could set yer watch by it, couldn't ya?

Muff Yep. *(Sighing)* Well boys, looks like we've no other choice. We're just gonna have to do this.

Huck You sure we can Muff?

Jim If Mr. Clemens says we can, I reckon we can!

Huck *(Cynically)* Aw, we're talkin' about some writer fella here Jim, not God Almighty himself!

Muff Still an' all Huck, I reckon we ain't got any other choice but to trust him. *(Huck sullenly nods his agreement)* Uh...all the same, I reckon a prayer right about now wouldn't hurt. *(They bow their heads in prayer briefly)*
(Song intro begins)

Muff All righty then, you boys ready? *(Cohorts nod yes. Then to Jim and Huck)* How 'bout you two? *(The boys nod yes)* Good! *(To audience)* I 'spect you folks out there are more'n ready! Let's go then, an-a-one, two, three, four!

SONG: "WHERE'S TOM SAWYER?"⁵

Muff Well, once 'pon a time in Missouri (*pronounced misery)
There lived a man named Mark Twain,
An' he took to writin' stories an' such
An' his stories brought him...much fame!
Tales of jumpin' frogs, an' a pauper an' prince
An' a yank who knew King Arthur,
But the tale that made ol' Mark Twain great
Was the one 'bout Tom Sawyer!⁶

Jim & Huck Which Tom?
Muff Our Tom.
Jim & Huck Tom Sawyer?
Muff That's right!
An' we'd like to share this jolly tale, but Tom just can't be found!
Jim & Huck Where's Tom?
Muff & Cohorts Where's Tom?
Jim & Huck Tom Sawyer?
All 5 *(Shouted)* HEY, TOM!
Iffen Polly can't ketch ol' Tom right quick, we can't get off the ground!

Muff *(Over 2 measure vamp)* You boys see him?
Jim & Huck Nope.
Muff Best get to it then....
Huck *(Pulling out juggling balls)* Oh, all right.... Hey, look! I'm juggling! I'M JUGGLING!
Muff But Aunt Polly ain't the only one
Who's workin' on Tom's capture,
Just as cute as buttons are these two
Amy La'rnce and Becky... Thatcher.
Don't you know, that Tom's a giggalo,
Romancin' is his real art.
So the question be in chapter three
Which one will win Tom's heart?
Becky & Amy You like Tom?
I LIKE TOM!
TOM SAWYER?!
Jim & Huck *(Chuckling)* That Tom!
All 5 (Men) There ain't been a boy since Romeo who tortured ladies so!
Becky & Amy *(Going angrily at Huck & Jim)* Where's Tom!

⁵ See Production Notes list.

Jim & Huck (Nervously) Where's Tom?!

Becky & Amy Tom Sawyer!!!

Jim & Huck Oh, that Tom!

All 5 Tom, you best show soon and pick a gal,
Or these two are gonna blow!

Becky & Amy ([Vamp 2] *Angrily, to each other*) OH!!! (They stomp off)

Huck Well, do somethin' Jim!

Jim Me?! (He shrugs and cartwheels. The crowd applauds and throws coins which Jim scurries to collect, until the vamp turns ominous. Joe steps on the coin Jim's trying to pick up. Huck ducks behind the other, hiding)
(Ominious vamp 2)

Injun Joe (Grabbing Jim by the collar) You seen Tom Sawyer?

Jim Na...na...no sir!

Injun Joe You see'm, you tell me! (He slinks about the stage. The crowd avoids him)

Muff (Scared) There goes Injun Joe of Hannibal, Mo.

Add Jim A devil bent on murder!

Add Cohorts He is surly, mean, and mighty low!

All but Muff (No Huck) And he'll try to frame Muff...Potter!

All 4 But don't worry none, Tom foils his plan
In chapter three and twenty!
But by saving Muff, Tom Sawyer makes
A pow'rful enemy!
Poor Tom!

Crowd Poor Tom!

All 4 Tom Sawyer!

Crowd RUN TOM!
Spooky Injun Joe is after you,
He's gonna make you pay!

Sam COME BACK TOM!

Crowd COME BACK TOM!

Sam & All 4 Tom Sawyer!

Sam (Shout) COME ON BACK!
In the end ol' Joe will get his due, and Tom will save the day!

Jim (Vamp 4) Sa sa...say, Mr. Clemens? Don't you reckon it's time we had a little of that "doo-dah" you promised, cuz' that Injun Joe jus' scared all the "zippety" right outta me!

Huck Me too!

Muff Me three!

Sam (Chuckling) Right now seems like the perfect time boys! (Over Banjo) Hey Jeff! "Doo dah, doo-dah!"

Jeff (Over Banjo) Hey Sue! Doo-dah, doo-dah!

Jeff, Sue, Sam (Over Banjo) Hey all! "Doo-dah! Doo-dah!"

Crowd Doooooooooooo-dah!!! (16 measure hoe-down, with inserted "Whee!", "Whee!"
"Whee!", "Doo-dah, Doo-dah!")

½ Crowd Where's Tom?

Rest of Crowd Where's Tom?

All Tom Sawyer!

(Shout) HEY TOM!
We've been kickin' up this "doo-dah" so
You'd come and join the show!

½ Crowd Hey Tom!

Rest of Crowd Hey Tom!

All Tom Sawyer!
WHERE'S TOM?!

So the thing that we've just got to know is

½ Crowd Where's...Tom...Sawyer?
Rest of Crowd Where's Tom Sawyer? Where's Tom Sawyer? Where's Tom Sawyer?
Tom *(Over crazy heralding trumpet and horse whinny)* Somebody callin' me?
All HEY TOM!
Tom WHAT?!
(Song ends. Underscore continues)

Sam *(Slower pace)* Well, we finally got Tom to come out of hiding. But I have a feeling' Aunt Polly's gonna make him wish he was somewhere else fishin'. She had her hands full with Tom, that's fer sure. And everybody knew it!
Aunt Polly *(Entering angrily, switch in hand)* TOM!!!
Tom *(Brightly looking about as the town exits)* Oh, Hello Aunt Polly! Say, did you just see what just happened here? Why, everybody was kickin' up their knickers, even the Widow Douglas! I tell you Auntie; I've never seen the like! What's got into everybody you s'pose?
(Aunt Polly grabs Tom roughly by the ear and hauls him offstage)
(Lights transition to)

SCENE 1A: DRAGGING TOM HOME⁷

Tom HE-E-EY, AUNT POLL-Y-Y-Y! WHAT'D I DO-O-O?! WHAT'T I DO-O-O?!
Aunt Polly *(Whirling around to face Tom, letting loose for a moment)* WHAT DID YOU DO?! DARE YOU ASK ME SUCH A THING TOM?! HA!!! Better to ask me what you haven't done young man! That would be the shorter answer! Yer my dead sister's own son Tom, and I promised at her death bed that I'd do right by her two boys, but land sakes Tom, if you aren't the reason God put the words in the Good Book, "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble"! *(She grabs Tom by the ear again, and amid Tom's protests, continues her tirade up on stage)*
(Lights transition to)

SCENE 2: AUNT POLLY'S HOUSE, INTERIOR

(Tom is eventually thrown into a kitchen chair at the table where Sid and Mary are seated, eating supper. Tom reaches for a bowl of stew, and Polly switches his hand back)
(Music begins to fade)

Tom Ow, Aunt Polly, why'd you do that for!
Aunt Polly You aren't getting a bite out of anything Tom Sawyer, exceptin' this switch, until you tell me why you played hooky from school yesterday, an' didn't come home 'til the middle of the night; why you climbed in your window an' tied up your poor half-brother in his bedclothes, an' then lit out this morning before it was even light out! WELL?!
Tom *(Nervously)* Well...uh... I...ha! I can explain everything Aunt Polly. You see, I...I was on my way to school yesterday; Mary can tell you....
Mary I told you Mama, he was right behind me.
Aunt Polly Mary, it's Tom I'm askin'.
Tom Well, see, I dropped back behind the others on account of my shoe came untied. I was about to run and catch up, when something caught my eye. It...it was this big yellin' dog see, a stray I've never seen before. And it had something lacy and white in its mouth. I looked real close, and don't you know what I thought but that it was a little newborn baby!
Aunt Polly *(Incredulously)* BABY! Oh TOM! The lies you do tell!!!
Tom Now, I didn't say it was a baby Auntie, I said I thought it was a baby. *(Dramatically)* So, thinkin' that, well naturally I jumped up and started chasing the critter. And it led me a

⁷ See Production Notes list.

real merry chase, right into the middle of a deep dark forest, where I got good and lost! Suddenly, didn't the varmit turn, and then I saw what it was he really had... why, it was a pie, all wrapped up in a fancy napkin.

Aunt Polly

A pie.

Tom

Yes'm.

Aunt Polly

And did you get some of that pie there on your shirt Tom?

Tom

Why, why, yes, I reckon I did. Ha-ha, must have gotten there when I wrestled it away from the dog...thinkin' it was a baby of course.

Aunt Polly

And where's that pie now Tom?

Tom

Well uh...ha-ha, I got powerful hungry finding my way out of that forest, so I ate my half and gave the dog the other half. *(Polly gives him a black look)* Well I had to Aunt Polly, or he might'a taken a bite out of me! So getting' home took me all day and most the night; that's why I didn't show up 'til late. Then I had to climb in my bedroom window so as to not wake you. And when I climbed in, what an awful sight met my eyes! It was Sidney, thrashing around and moaning, gripped in the throws of a terrible nightmare. Well, I tried real hard to wake him, but the poor little tyke was unconscious entirely. So I tied him to the bedpost so he wouldn't fall out and break something.

Sid

(Whining in protesting) You tied me up so I couldn't tell!

Aunt Polly

Hush now Sid, let your brother finish; continue Tom.

Tom

Well, I...I'm just about done. As for leaving early this morning, well after all Aunt Polly, it is Saturday. Oh I know I've got a few chores to do but... *(Tom pulls up short as Aunt Polly glares at him, angrily hitting the switch in her hand)* Why...why don't you believe me Aunt Polly?

Aunt Polly

Oh, I believe you Tom... *(Tom is relieved momentarily)* ...I believe you if that yellow varmint of a dog goes by the name of HUCKLEBERRY FINN!!!

Tom

(Shocked) Huck?! But, no Aunt Polly, I...

Aunt Polly

Don't you dare to tell me any more whoppers Tom, DONT YOU DARE! I just knew my trouble was doubled when I saw that boy back in town! It was likely him got you ditchin' out of school and your chores, an' then put you up to stealing my blueberry pie off the sill where I put it to cool, and...

Tom

That was your pie Aunt Polly?! I swear I didn't know! And Huck wouldn't...

Mary

Huck's not that bad Mama!

Tom

He only come back to town 'cuz his pap's in prison, and he didn't have nowhere else to go!

Aunt Polly

PRISON! YOU HEAR THAT MARY, PRISON!!! NOW, NOT ANOTHER WORD FROM EITHER OF YOU! *(She tries to regain her composure)* Firstly, there will be no supper for you Tom Sawyer. Nor no more Huck Finn neither! You will go up those stairs, you will get in the bath I drew hours ago, an' you will scrub yourself 'til you're pink all over. I only wish I could scrub that black soul of yours Tom, I surely do!

Tom

(Incredulous) A bath! You gonna' make me take a bath Aunt Polly? I just took one last week! And what for, if you're just gonna' just send me to bed with no supper?

Aunt Polly

I'm not sending you to bed Tom; you're going to church with the rest of us.

Tom

CHURCH! BUT IT'S SATURDAY AUNT POLLY!

Aunt Polly

Well, if you'd quit yer daydreaming and pay attention in church Tom, you'd know that there's a special meeting tonight; the Reverend's been announcing it for a month of Sundays! He's introducing the new circuit judge and his family, they've just moved into town. An' in honor of the event, Reverend Sprague will likely present the Memory Verse Bibles, so you make sure to bring along your gold memory tickets Sid.

Sid

(Sickening sweet) Yes Aunt Polly.

Aunt Polly

Now up you go Tom, an' mind you wash all over, especially this natty head of hair! *(She grabs the hat off of Tom's head to run her hand through his hair, and stops dead)* Tom Sawyer... why's your head all wet?

Tom

(Fidgety) Oh, uh... well, it was mighty hot Aunt Polly, so I run my head under the water pump.

Sid

Then how come your shirt isn't all wet?

Tom

(In Sid's face) Cuz' it must have dried, that's why!

Aunt Polly

Tom, did you go swimming, after I forbid it, in punishment for what you did to Sidney last week?!

Tom Why Aunt Polly, you yourself sewed me into this shirt yesterday, so I couldn't get it off over my head. Now you know Aunt Polly, if I tried to swim in this big old sack of a shirt, I'd drown for sure!

Aunt Polly *(Looking closely at the collar, suspicious)* Well, it appears you're telling the truth this time! *(Tom starts to exit up the stairs, relieved)*

Sid *(Smugly)* But Aunt Polly, didn't I see you sew that collar with white thread? And isn't it sewed with black thread now?

Aunt Polly TOM SAWYER!!! *(She grabs the switch and starts after him)*

Tom MY! LOOK BEHIND YOU AUNT! *(Aunt Polly whirls around, snatching up her skirts. Tom flees up the stairs to safety. Polly whirls back)*

Aunt Polly Hang the boy, can't I ever learn anything?! Ain't he played that same trick on me over and over? Never was a bigger fool than an old fool! *(Shouting up the stairway)* TOM! DON'T YOU EVEN THINK OF GOING OUT THAT WINDOW, CUZ' AFTER I GOT SID UNTIED FROM THE BEDSHEETS THIS MORNING, I HAD HIM NAIL THE WINDOW SHUT, SO THERE'LL BE NO MORE MOONLIGHT ESCAPES!

Tom *(From above)* I'll get you Sid, I surely will! *(Sid breaks out in peels of laughter, but is silenced with a look from his aunt)*

(Song intro begins)

Aunt Polly *(Completely disheartened)* "Spare the rod and spoil the child."; ain't that how it goes Mary? I know Tom's full of Old scratch, but laws-a-me, he's my own dead sister's boy an' every time I spank him, how my heart does break! But every time I let him off, my conscience pains me so.

Mary Mama, you've done the best you can....

Aunt Polly No, no I haven't, but I've got to do my duty by him, or I'll be the ruination of that child!

SONG: "A BOY'S JUST A BLESSING (AND A CURSE!)"

Aunt P Oh a boys just a blessin', and a curse.
Just when you think that he's gone bad, well then...

Sid He gets even worse!

Aunt P It makes my hands just go up,
I doubt he'll ever grow up,
And yet with all this mis'ry I can't seem to beat him!
I pray, "Lord, please bless him", then I curse!
I lose all self-control when he just up and steals my pie!

Sid And feeds it to a dog! And just remember the black eye he gave me when I tried to...

Mary *(Spoken, cutting Sid off)* Quiet Sid! Speaking of remembering Mother...
Remember the time Tom made us all that special breakfast treat,
Eggs and flapjacks and the flapjacks flipped themselves!
We were mystified, it made us laugh and laugh until we cried!
Do you remember?

Aunt P *(Smiling)* Yes I remember!

Sid *(Indignantly)* But Aunt Polly... To-o-o-m made us all those dumb flapjacks so he could hide what he had done!

Mary Oh, come on Sid, t'was all in fun!

Sid Oh, fun? You call that fun?!
He-e-e pu-u-u-t toads in the flour and then he lied,
Then I ate one and nearly died!
I was throwing up all day and night!

Aunt P That's right! That was a mighty long ni-i-i-ight...
(A spoken argument ensues)

Mary You weren't dying Sid, you just had a belly ache!

Sid Aunt Polly called the doctor!

Mary Well, if you weren't so dumb that you actually ate one!

Sid Well I WAS HUNGRY!!!

Aunt P (Musical cue) Now Mary, Sidney's right... (*Plunk, Plunk!*)
That was bad. (*Plunk, plunk*)

Mary But Mama, I still say,
Tom's more a blessing than a curse!
Just when you think he's gone bad...

Sid Well then he...
Mary ...does something sweet!
Remember the time he knit those nice new slippers for your feet,
And they kept you cozy warm all winter long? Remember?
They were pretty too; you're favorite colors, lavender and blue!

Aunt (Fondly) Yes I remember... that I remember.

Sid (Loudly beligerant, spoken) THEN REMEMBER THIS!
H-e-e-e knit those dumb old slippers after he had burned down
Moe Brown's barn!

Mary But then Tom fell and broke his arm
While running into town...

Sid ...To-o-o tell Old Moe his barn burned down
'Cuz Tom was cookin' rabbit stew
In the middle of the hay loft too!
That's true! That was a mighty good ste-e-ew!!!

Aunt Polly

Sid (Shouted) AUNT POLLY!!! (*Another argument, nose-to-nose*)

Mary He didn't burn it all the way down!

Sid I had to do his chores for three whole months!

Mary Well it's hard to knit slippers with just one arm!!!

Aunt P (Musical cue) No Mary! Sidney's right! (*Plunk, Plunk!*)
That was mighty bad! (*Plunk, BOING!!!*)

Mary (Meekly) But...Mama?
Tom can be a blessing...
Sid He's a curse!
Mary Sometimes Tom can do what's right...
Sid He goes from bad to worse! Bleh!
He makes me want to throw up!
Mary OH SID, WHY DON'T YOU GROW UP!!!
Polly That boy will be the death of me one day!
Mary (Pleading) Tom Sawyer will make you proud someday; believe me Mother!
Sid HAH! He'll always be just a no-account!
Mary What-- just like his brother!
Sid Tom's a curse!
Mary Blessing!
Sid Curse!
Mary Blessing!
Sid (Shrewdly) Blessing!
Mary Curse! Curse!!! (*Mary covers her mouth in alarm*)
Aunt P (Brokenhearted) Oh yer right Mary...
Oh that Tom...! Heaven bless him...! He's my curse!!! (*Plunk, plunk!*)

(End of song)

Mary But Mama...

Aunt P TOM! YOU BETTER BE DRESSED AN' READY, OR I'M COMIN' UP TO DO THE
JOB MYSELF! IFFEN YOU MAKE US LATE, BY CORN, I'LL... (*She's silenced as
Tom appears at the top of the stairs*) Why, Tom! Is that yer funeral suit? Why, don't you
look nice Tom!

Tom Why thank you Aunt Polly! I reckoned I ought to dress up proper for such a landmark
occasion as a new Judge. (*Aunt Polly smiles at Tom, but grows suspicious as Sidney
snorts derisively. She grabs Tom roughly to check behind his ears*) Oh, they're clean
Aunt Polly, and just smell my hair!

Aunt P HmMMM. (*Quickly presented, military fashion*) Nails? Palms? Wrists? Back of neck? Teeth? (*Tom smiles, then puffs in her face so she can smell his breath*)

Mary Mother? Sid's face is a little dirty, and his breath smells too. (*Sid makes a face at her*)

Aunt P Well, we're plumb out of time so.... (*Amid Sid's whiney protests, she grabs a hanky, spits on it and washes his face, then grabs a bar of soap and sticks it in his mouth*)

Sid BLEH!!! AUNT POLLY!!! WHY YOU ALWAYS GOTTA DO-O-O THAT!!!

Aunt P Now quit yer whinin' Sid! Come on everybody, quick!
(*Transition music begins*)
(*She drags Sid out of the house*)

SCENE 2A: WALKING TO CHURCH

(*Dialogue at apron. Town gathers little by little on and offstage. Stage is being set for church*⁸)

Sam (*Slower pace*) Aunt Polly, God Bless her, was goin' to raise her family in the ways of the Lord or die tryin'! And she was determined to get them to the special church meetin' no matter what – even if she had to drag the younguns there...

Aunt P Now Sid, what's yer verse?

Sid Psalm 45, verse 2 “Thou art fairer than the children of men grace is poured into thy lips therefore God has blessed thee forever”. (**King James*) Do you think they'll make us recite Aunt Polly?

Aunt P Well, I ain't sure, but it's always best to be prepared.

Reverend My sentiments exactly. (*Oratorical*) “And they said unto Jesus, where wilt thou go that we prepare?” Luke 229*. (**King James*)

Aunt P Uh-h-h...yes...well, we're sorry that we're late Reverend Sprague.

Reverend Oh, not to worry dear lady, as you can see, we're still setting up. Besides, the guests of honor haven't even arrived yet. Oh, hello Sidney, Mary...Thomas. Have you memorized the Sermon on the Mount yet Thomas?
(*Music ends*)

Mary (*Quickly*) Oh, he knows it all right Reverend; we've been working on it every night after supper. (*The Reverend eyeballs Tom skeptically, then walks away*) Well, how 'bout it Tom?

Tom Aw, Mary....

Mary Oh, come on now Tom. We've been working on it for two whole weeks!

Tom (*Dully*) “Blessed are the...” uh...uh...

Mary (*Patiently*) “...poor...”

Tom Yes, “Blessed are the poor...” uh...uh...

Mary “...in spirit...”

Tom “...in spirit; Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they...they...”

Mary “...theirs...”

Tom Oh yeah. “...for theirs”. “Blessed is the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn, for they...they...”

Mary “...sha...”

Tom “...for they”...uh...

Mary S,H,A....

Tom S,H, huh? Oh, I don't know what it is!

Mary Shall Tom, shall! “...blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted”! Oh Tom, you poor thickheaded thing!

Tom Aw Mary, what you want to be mean for?!

Mary Oh Tom, I...I'm not teasing you, but you simply must learn it.

Tom Well, how come they always give me the hardest? Why, Sid's is easy, I could learn that in a snap! (*Mary looks skeptical*)

⁸ See Production Notes list.

Mary Now Tom, you know Sidney's younger than you and he practices much more. Oh, don't get discouraged Tom, you'll manage it. And here's a peppermint for when you do! *(She hands him a candy and kisses him on the cheek. Tom brightens)*

Amy Lawrence *(Running over)* Oh Mary, Mother was wondering if... *(Coyly)* Oh, hello Tom, I didn't see you there! You haven't come 'round for such a long time! Why, don't you look just elegant in your celluloid collar and all?! Isn't that the suit you wore to yer Ma's funeral? *(Tom gives her a dirty look, Mary saves the situation by leading Amy away)*

Mary Did you say your Ma needed something Amy?

Amy Oh, yes, she just wanted yer Ma's recipe for...

Mary *(Over her shoulder)* Don't wander off Tom; they'll be starting soon!

Widow Douglas Oh Tom! Tom Sawyer! Just the fellow I want to see. How are you Tom?

Tom *(A bit gloomy)* Oh, passible Widow...er, I mean, Mrs. Douglas.

Widow And Huckleberry, how is he? I heard he's come back to town. Terrible thing about his father, eh?

Tom Well, I wouldn't rightly know, I just caught a glimpse of him earlier today.

Widow Then you haven't spoken to him? Well, I know you will, and when you do, you tell him to come around to my house and see me. Anything that he wants or needs, he'll have if he just comes 'round. Give him that message for me, will you dear? *(Transition music begins)*

Tom Oh, all right, I mean...yes Ma'am.

SCENE 3: CHURCH/ SCHOOL INTERIOR

(Tom wanders onto the stage where others are gathering and passes a boy who is reciting nervously to himself)

Boy "Jesus wept."... "Jesus wept."... "Jesus wept."... *(Tom turns back)*

Tom *(Disgustedly)* Jesus wept! That's what they gave ya to learn?!

Boy I've been sick! "Jesus wept." John 11:35. "Jesus wept."....

Tom *(Tom spots Becky, standing alone reading a book. He rushes to a group of boys)* Hey! Hey, who's that there in the pink dress? *(Music ends)*

Ben Rogers Who knows, who cares? It's just a girl.

Billy Fisher That ain't just any girl Ben, you know that! That there's the new judges' daughter, old Jeff Thatcher's niece, don't you know?

Joe Harper I heard they came all the way from Constantinople, that's twelve miles away!

Ben *(Sarcastic)* Well then, that just makes them world travelers, don't it? Who still cares?!

Tom Well uh... I reckon it wouldn't hurt to just give her a welcome. It's the hospitable thing to do. *(He saunters over to Becky nonchalantly)* How 'do. I'm Tom Sawyer. *(He pokes out his hand to shake, she just smiles over her book demurely)* Uh...would you like a peppermint? *(He pulls it from his pocket)*

Becky *(Sweetly)* Why, thank you, but I already have one. *(As lady-like as possible, she shows him the mint in her mouth)*

Judge Thatcher *(Calling)* Becky? Rebecca sweetheart? Come dear, we're about to begin.

Becky Yes Papa! *(She turns to leave, pausing to look back coyly at Tom, smiling. Tom's jaw drops, and a harp sounds, freezing all action on stage save Tom. He clasps his hands dramatically to his breast and turns to the audience)*

Tom *(Music begins with a harp glissando)* And then an angel came down from heaven and landed right here in Hannibal Mo., Becky Thatcher! *(During the next few measures of lilting harp and violin, Tom flits around the frozen stage ballet-style, improvising the following)* Rebecca! Rebecca, Rebecca, Rebecca! *(Echo)* Becky...Becky...Becky! Oh Rebecca! Rebecca, Rebecca, oh, oh, oh! Becky, Rebecca! *(Tom resumes the same pose as when the action froze. The violin music transitions to church organ music, cueing the actors to unfreeze. Townfolk file to their seats, the group of boys pass Tom who is frozen with his hanging jaw and clasped hands)*

Ben You say somethin' Tom?
Tom Huh? Oh...a... no, just got a *(cough)*...frog in my throat. *(Tom jumps at Ben)*
 Hey Ben! You got any of them gold tickets on you?
Ben Uh, sure.... *(Suddenly suspicious)* Why?
Tom Wanna swap? *(He offers Ben the peppermint)*
Ben Swap! You know how many verses I had to memorize for each of these; two-hundred!
Tom So you got enough for a Bible then?
Ben Well...no, but....
Tom So swap me! Aw Ben, you know them Bibles ain't worth more than forty cents each!
 Look, I'll throw in a brand new fishin' hook an' line too.
Ben *(Considering)* I'll give ya one of my tickets for the peppermint, fishhook, and yer blue
 cat's eye marble.
Tom What, only one ticket? Aw, but....
Aunt P. Tom, quit yer dallyin', the meeting is about to start.
Ben Take it or leave it Tom....
Tom *(Desperately)* I'LL TAKE IT!
*(Tom bargains with other children as the meeting starts. He finally slips into his seat
 behind Sidney and slips something out of Sid's pocket)*
(The organ music ends)
Reverend *(Officiously)* Welcome good folk of Hannibal, and thank you Mrs. Sprague for that
 inspiring music on such a formidable occasion as this. Ha! You uh, you know, it may
 have only taken the Good Lord seven days to create the universe, but it took Him
 considerably longer to bless us with our own circuit judge, ha-ha!
*(No one laughs. The Widow Douglas, seated in the forefront with the
 other guests leans forward, tugs on the Reverend's coattail, whispering discreetly)*
Widow D. Remember Reverend Sprague, what the Lord gives He can also take away. Perhaps we
 should move on?
Reverend Oh, uh, certainly...of course. Well, I'd like to present to all of you the Right Officious
 and Honorable Efram Josephis Thatcher, Circuit Judge to the great state of Missouri, and
 brother to our own Jefferson Thatcher, Attorney-at Law. *(Applause)*
Judge Thatcher *(Standing)* And this is my dearest and only daughter Rebecca. *(Becky curtsseys prettily.
 More polite applause, except from Tom who whistles and hoots until Aunt Polly stops
 him)*
Reverend Good! Now uh... in celebration of the Judge and his dear daughter's arrival, we will be
 announcing the recipients of the Gold Ticket Bibles. You see Judge, the good children of
 our town have... *(Two boys start rough housing in their seats)* AHM!!! *(They cease)*
 Yes... the... the children have been most diligent in their endeavor to... *(A ball of paper
 sails across the room, the Reverend glares)* ...to memorize Holy Scripture in order to
 receive these golden tickets. Each ticket represents two hundred memorized passages,
 and five tickets may be exchanged for this handsome leather-bound Bible.
Judge Wonderful Reverend, a most worthy endeavor! Why, I did the same thing as a boy, and
 am happy to say I still have my Bible; I count it among my most prized possessions!
Reverend *(Beaming)* Indeed! Well now children, I want you to all sit up just as straight and pretty
 as you can and give me all your attention. There, that is the way good little boys and
 girls should do! Now for those who have their five golden tickets, please come forward
 one at a time, and present them to me. *(Sidney stands up proudly and marches to the
 front)* Oh, Sidney Sawyer, splendid! *(To the Judge)* One of our finest students Judge,
 and an inspiration to every boy in town. *(The boys snicker and make faces. The Rev.
 claps for attention)* There, there! Sidney, let us count out the tickets... one, two, three,
 four, fi...uh...Sidney? Have you a fifth ticket on you? There seems to be one missing.
(Sid frantically checks his pocket and the floor back to his seat. Polly looks also) Oh I'm
 so sorry Sidney, perhaps another day. Well...is there any other to come forward...
 anyone? *(To everyone's shock, Tom goes up. There are mutters and some laughter from
 the crowd. Aunt Polly jumps up)*
Aunt P Tom? TOM!
Tom *(Confidently waving his hand to still the crowd)* Not to worry Aunt Polly!
Reverend Thomas Sawyer, why have you interrupted these proceedings?! *(Tom hands him the
 tickets)* Why...WHAT?!

Judge *(Standing)* Another Sawyer is it? My, my, I must congratulate this fine young Biblical scholar. *(Shaking Tom's hand)* A fine, fine boy; a manly little fellow indeed! And I'm sure it's all owing to you and young Sidney's splendid upbringing. *(Polly sinks down in her seat)* May I Reverend? *(Speechless, the Reverend hands him the Bible)* Here you are Master Sawyer; and you wouldn't take gold for the thousand verses that that Bible represents would you, no indeed you would not! And now, if you wouldn't mind sharing with this good congregation a bit of the Godly wisdom you've acquired?

Tom Huh?

Judge *(Chuckling)* A verse Son. Which one out of the thousand is your favorite?

Tom *(Nervously)* Oh...uh...uh... *(Brightening)* "Jesus wept"!

Judge *(Visibly moved)* Indeed...indeed. And where Thomas, can this hallowed passage be found?

Tom Uh...uh...ha-ha....

Becky *(Quietly)* I think he's nervous Papa.

Judge Oh, of course, quite understandable son. Perhaps something easier then, I know! Thomas, can you tell me then the names of the first two apostles appointed by Jesus? *(Tom is petrified speechless)*

Reverend Answer the gentleman Thomas. Don't be afraid!

Widow D *(Coaxing)* Now, I know you'll tell me Tom. The names of the first two disciples were...

Tom *(Suddenly)* SODOM AND GOMMORAH! *(Havoc erupts)*

(Underscore begins)

Town 1 DID YOU EVER HEAR THE LIKE?!

Town 2 THAT BOY NEEDS A WHOPPIN'!, ETC....

Sidney AND HE STOLE MY GOLD TICKET!!!

Tom *(Dragged past Becky by Aunt Polly, he shouts to her over the din)* BECKY! BECKY! "THOU ART FAIRER THAN THE CHILDREN OF MEN, GRACE IS POURED FROM THY LIPS, THEREFORE GOD HAS BLESSED THEE FOREVER!!!" *(Becky blushes happily as Polly's family exits the stage and across the apron, followed down by the Widow Douglas. The Judge joins her. Polly and the kids exit. The stage is cleared)*

Judge *(Weeping with merriment)* Astonishing! Forgive me dear lady if I offend you, but that... that was the funniest thing I've ever heard!

Widow *(Wryly)* Offended?! Oh no Judge Thatcher. Tom Sawyer has always been my major source of entertainment! Welcome to Hannibal!

(Brief blackout)

(Transition music begins)

SCENE 3A: TOM AND JIM'S DISCUSSION (In front of apron)

(Apron lights up)

Sam *(Regular pace)* Tom's an entertainin' fella all right. Folks laughed about Sodom and Gomorah for weeks. And as long as Tom lived, no one ever let him forget that time at church. And some people actually took time to look-up just who were the first two disciples.

Jim Iffen I were you, I would'a said David an' Goliath!

Tom Is that the answer then?

Jim Don't rightly know, but I reckon they's as good a guess as any.

Tom I reckon. So anyway, Aunt Polly's got me whitewashin' the fence now. Who ever heard of that; church on a Saturday and whitewashin' on a Sunday? Why, Sunday's s'posed to be the day of rest.

(Music ends)

Jim Well I wouldn't know nothin' about that; I gots to fetch water everyday, Sunday or no.

Tom Say Jim, you hate fetchin' water so; let me do it and you can whitewash some.

Jim Can't do that Master Tom, why Missus Polly, she told me she s'pected you would ask me to whitewash. She said "Jim, you tend to yer own business or I'll tan yer hide good!"

Tom Oh Jim, you know she's just sayin' that, but she never whacks anybody, 'cept over the head with her thimble, and who cares for that? Tell you what Jim, I'll give you a marble... my white alley marble.

Jim My, my, that's a bully marble Tom, it sure is but... but iff'n I cross Missus Polly...uh-uh. *(Jim picks up the bucket and starts to leave)*

Tom *(Calling after)* And besides that I'll show you my sore toe! *(Jim turns back)* It's a sight to see Jim, all green n' pussey! *(Overcome with curiosity Jim gives in, puts his bucket down and bends to Tom's toe. Aunt Polly appears suddenly behind him)*

Aunt Polly JIM! *(Jim picks up the bucket and goes flying out the curtain)* *(To Tom)* NOW, RIGHT NOW MISTER, MARCH! *(Tom is marched on stage to fence [The unpainted two foot section])* Front and back both, and give it a good thick coat or you'll do it twice! *(She exits)*

SCENE 4: AUNT POLLY'S HOUSE, EXTERIOR FENCE

Tom *(Eying the fence)* Ha-ha, this ain't gonna be so bad! *(He adjusts a drop cloth and picks up one of the various painting implements, dips it in, and starts to paint. As he does the unexplained fence "grows" doubling in size.⁹)* Hey! Consarn it! What the...!? Blasted fence; I ain't never gonna get done this way! *(He kicks the fence, and turns around. The fence kicks back!)* Hey! Dag-nabbit! Well all right then! *(Tom picks back up the brush and starts painting¹⁰. Ben Rogers shuffles by doing his best train imitation)*

Ben Choo-choo-choo, choo-choo-choo-choo, WHOO-WHOO! *(Ben slows down to peer at Tom)*

Tom *(Pleasantly)* Oh, hello Ben; I hardly noticed you. What are you playin' at there?

Ben I'm a train o' course. An' how 'bout you, what are you s'posed to be? Oh, I know, yer Tom Sawyer, the famous Bible scholar... ha! *(Tom goes placidly back to painting the fence)*

Ben *(Pulling out an apple and shining it)* Say, I'm goin' swimmin' I am. Don't you wish you could? Course you do! But you can't, cuz' yer old Aunt Polly's punishin' you, ain't she?

Tom *(Laughing lightly)* Ha-Ha! You call this a punishment Ben?

Ben 'Course I do, makin' you work on a Sunday.

Tom *(Carelessly)* Well, maybe it is and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer!

Ben Oh come on now, you don't mean to say you like it?

Tom Like it? Of course, why shouldn't I? Its not every day a boy gets the chance to whitewash a fence, is it? *(Tom steps back to gauge the effect, adding a painter's touch here and there)*

Ben Say Tom, let me whitewash a little.

Tom *(Considers, is about to say yes, then changes his mind)* No...no I reckon it wouldn't do Ben. You see Aunt Polly's mighty particular about this fence. It has to be done ju-u-ust right and I reckon there ain't a boy in a thousand, maybe even two thousand, that she'd trust to do the job.

Ben Is that so? Oh, come on Tom, lemme just try! Ain't we friends? Why, I'd let you do it if it was my fence.

Tom I'd like to Ben, honest Injun, but...

Ben I'll give you this apple Tom! And the fishhook and marble I got from you last night. Pleeeeze Tom?

Tom Well...all right Ben, but its gotta be perfect! *(Ben gives a whoop of pleasure, hands Tom the apple and grabs a bucket. Billy and Joe enter with a kite)*

Billy What you doin' there Ben?

Ben Whitewashin' the fence of course; Tom's lettin' me!

Joe *(Dumbfounded)* You...you like whitewashin'?

Ben Sure lamebrain, who wouldn't? *(Billy and Joe are astounded)*

Joe Hey, Tom, let me try! I got a penny from my ma for beatin' her rugs!

⁹ See Production Notes list.

Billy Give ya' my kite for a chance Tom!
Tom Well...aw...all right, why not! Lucky for you boys I'm in a mighty charitable mood!
(¹¹Three other boys run in, emptying their pockets and taking up a brush or broom. Huck saunters up behind Tom with a burlap bag in hand)

Huck Hey Tom.
Tom *(Turning, surprised as he takes the boys treasures)* Huck? Hey Huck! Wondered when you'd show up! How you doin' Huck?
Huck Not as good as you it seems. I was just thinkin' we might go down an' work on the raft, but yer busy by the looks of it.
Tom Well, uh, Aunt Polly's got me paintin' the fence, you see...
Huck So you talked this bunch of jackrabbits into doin' it fer ya. Haw-haw! That sounds about like you, Tom.
Joe Gee this is bully Tom! Wish I could do it every day!
Tom Oh, so do I Johnny! But just like Christmas, fence whitewashin' day comes only once a year!
Huck Well...I ain't got nothin' better to do while I wait fer ya. Maybe I'll just do a piece myself. *(He puts down the bag and picks up a broom; the boys move to give him a spot. Jim enters with water buckets and is dumb-founded)*

SONG: "WHITEWASHIN'"

Jim Tom...Tom...what the hay? What...what are ya'll doin' there?!
Ben Why, what does it look like Jim? We're...
Boys *(Close harmony)* Whitewashin'! Whitewashin'! Whitewashin'
Huck I'm gonna do some...
Boys Whitewashin'! Whitewashin'! Whitewashin'!
Huck *(Broom is air guitar)* I want to do some whitewashin'!
 I want to make it white!
 I want to do some whitewashin'!
 I want to make it gleam at ni-i-ight!!!
(The boys look at him like he's lost his mind. Huck stands up and looks coolly embarrassed)

Tom *(Handing Huck what's left of the apple)* That's all right Huck. You always were a bit ahead of your time.
Boys *(Barbershop)* Whitewashin'...
 Whitewashin'...
 Whitewashin'...
 Whitewashin'...
 Whitewashin-n-n-n-n-n *(Resolves into starting note)*

Ben Oh who cares about an apple?
Billy Flyin' kites?
Joe Or penny's pay?
All 3 When a fella can have much more fun
 On this fence whitewashin' day!
 Swimmin' holes are overrated!
Others Minstral shows are just O.K.
All Boys There is more entertainment right here
 On this fence whitewashin' day!
 We'll do just like the artists do
 And paint each picket so!
 Each slat and crease a masterpiece!
Ben Just like a Michelangelo!
Boys; With a broom and paint and polish
 We can brush our cares away!
 Everything's lookin' rosy and bright

¹¹ See Production Notes list.

Tom On this fence whitewashin' day.
Huck Oh give me a home...
Tom Yoddle-yoddle-yoddle!
Huck Where the fences don't roam!
Huck Yoddle-yoddle-yoddle!
Huck Where the dear little boys gently play.
Boys Play...play...play!
Tom (Barbershop) Where cursin' ain't heard,
Nor discouraging word...
Ben HEY! That's my spot Huck!
Huck Nope, (*Huck paints Ben's front*) that's yer spot Ben! Haw!
All On this fence whitewashin' day!
Tom and Jim Mind that you boys don't miss a spot,
And clean up when yer through!
Aunt Polly's got an eagle eye,
She'll take it out on you!
Boys Oh, broom an' bristles all picked up,
An' the pail, an' the cup!
We ain't shirked, we done the work
Dear Aunt Polly!
We've made each picket spic-'n'- span
An' sparklin' through an' through!
We've had our fun, but we ain't done...
It's time to start on you! (*They grab Tom and paint the overalls he has on over his church pants*)
With some sweat, whitewash, and teamwork
We've done larked the day away!
So who wants to climb high in the trees?
Or fly kites way up high in the breeze?
Ben, Joe & Billy When this fence looks as fine as you please! Hurray!
Others 'Cuz paintin' up is child's play
All On this fence whitewashin' day!

(End of Song)
Ben Ha! Well, everything here's cleaned up; reckon we'd better clean up ourselves now.
Let's head to the swimmin' hole fellas!
Boys "Yeah!", "Alright!", "Sounds good!", etc.
Billy Last one there's a dirty dog! (*They go running*)
Joe You comin' Tom? Huck?
Jim (*Left out*) Uh...s'pose I'd best get this water to Missus Polly.
Huck I reckon I'll stick here a mite longer.
Tom Yeah, I gotta put this stuff away. Maybe we'll meet ya later.
Joe Suit yerself! (*He exits*)
Tom So Huck, I'm mighty glad to see you back, I surely am. Why didn't you come look me up right off?
Huck Couldn't find ya boy!
Tom Uh-oh, Huck. Aunt Polly's comin'. Best duck out! (*Polly enters*)
Aunt Polly Tom Sawyer! What in glory are you standin' around fer when...
Tom All done Aunt Polly! May I go play now?
Aunt Polly Tom, don't lie to me, I can't bear it. I... (*She looks at the fence over her glasses*)
What...what is all this?!
Tom Three coats Aunt Polly, done and done!
Aunt Polly (*Examining the fence suspiciously*) Why I never! There's no getting around it Tom, you can work when you've a mind to, though you've seldom a mind to. Well, go 'long then and play, but come back sometime in the next year or I'll tan yer hide good! (*She exits and Huck comes out of hiding*)
Huck Still gettin' 'round Aunt Polly too I see.
Tom Ha! Sometimes. So Huck, what's in the bag?

Huck This? Aw, tell ya later, it needs a few days seasoning first. So, where we headed, Tom?

SCENE 4A: TOM AND HUCK MEET THE ROBBERS

Tom Let's quick get down to the raft before it gets dark entirely! *(They run to the side-stage apron only for Huck to stop Tom dead in his tracks)*

Huck Hey Tom, hold up a minute. *(Lowering his voice)* Look...there's somethin' there in the bushes, there along the path, can't you see it? *(He points to a bush at the opposite end of the apron)* I...I think it's a bear.

Tom No...no really?! *(He starts toward it cautiously, then turns back laughing)* Ha-ha! That...that ain't no bear Huck, why, it's only the deaf and dumb Spaniard that's been moochin' around town! *(The Spaniard reveals himself; the audience sees only his hunched back. Tom starts toward him but Huck grabs him back violently, pulling him down)* Hey! What's a matter with you Huck?!

Huck Quiet! I... I know that feller from somewhere.

Tom Well, he's...

Huck Shhh!
(Music fades)

Tom *(Quieter)* He's been all around town lately. He sits around an' panhandles for money until someone runs him off for a vagrant. I don't know why we're whisperin' like this; he can't hear us, he's deaf an' dumb I tell ya!

Huck Maybe not, but I bet that feller he's talkin' with could. *(A stranger has appeared)*

Tom What?!

Huck Shhh...let's get closer so we can hear. *(He and Tom creep forward slightly)*

Spaniard *(Back always to audience, his voice also disguised)* It's a good thing this is still here, hidden so close to the path.

Stranger I told you it'd be safe. My daddy always did say iffen you want to hide somethin', keep it out in full view. Ha-ha, he... *(He stops as the Spaniard holds a gun against his chest)*

Spaniard How 'bout this gun? Is it hidden enough for you?

Stranger *(Terrified)* N...n...now...ain't no need for that! I just done just what you said, I...I moved the box! I thought it'd be safe in that ol' haunted house. How was I s'posed to know that kids played there? But it's safe an' sound an' all here, ain't it? *(The Spaniard grunts and puts the gun away, grabbing up a small metal chest from behind the bush)* Where...where you takin' it now?

Spaniard To number two, under the cross, where it'll be safe for sure.

Stranger But...why don't we just get out of here? There's more there than we can ever use!

Spaniard I told you, I ain't finished here yet! Now you do what I say, or I'll kill you!

Stranger All right...all right! We'll do it yer way! *(As they exit the boys come out of hiding)*

Tom *(Excitedly)* Did you see that box Huck, that box the Spaniard was carrying?! Deaf an' dumb...boy he sure has hornswaggled everybody in town, he has! You say you know him Huck? Where from? Is he a robber, or a pirate maybe?

Huck *(Nervously)* I...I don't know. I can't remember...

Tom What d'you s'pose they meant; "Two under the cross?" Come on Huck... let's follow 'em an see what's in that chest.

Huck NO! It's almost dark Tom...time to get home.

Tom Aw, but Huck...

Huck DO WHAT I SAY TOM! *(Calming)* An' don't be such a blamed fool. *(He exits opposite of the robbers. Tom is dumbfounded. He walks back to the stage)*
(Transition music begins)

Tom Aw...who's a fool? Just 'cuz a fella wants to have a little fun...a little adventure...a little... *(He stops dead in his tracks as he spots Becky, seated next to Aunt Polly's fence on a hay bale or bench, reading her Bible)*
(Lighting transitions to)

SCENE 5: AUNT POLLY'S HOUSE, EXTERIOR (At sunset)

Becky *(Sweet and slightly flirty)* Why...why hello Thomas Sawyer.

Tom Oh, why... Becky Thatcher isn't it? Ha-ha, I didn't see you sittin' there. Oh, and uh, it's Oh! (*Blushing*) And I prefer just Becky. (*She moves over on the bale/ bench. Tom gladly sits down*)
(*Music ends*)

Tom Swell! So...uh...uh...So Becky, how do you feel about rats?!

Becky Rats! Ugh! I hate them!

Tom Oh...oh me too, live ones that is! I mean, do you like dead ones, the kind you tie a string to and swing over yer head? (*She shakes her head no emphatically and hides behind her Bible. Tom is worried momentarily until she says...*)

Becky What...what I really like is chewing gum, and circuses!

Tom (*Brightening*) Boy howdy, me too! Fact, I wish I had some right now!

Becky (*Dimly*) Had what? A circus?

Tom Ha-ha, no...some gum of course.

Becky Oh, do you?! Why, I have some right here. (*She pulls out a box with pre-chewed gum from her pinafore*) I'll let you chew it awhile if you like, but you must promise to give it back. (*She hands it to him; he happily pops it in his mouth*)

Tom Ha! I'm agreeable! Uh, hey, speakin' of circuses, I plan on bein' a circus clown when I grow up... (*He pops up and does a cartwheel*)...iffen I don't become a pirate that is.

Becky Oh, that's nice! Why, they're ever so lovely when they're spotted all over!

Tom (*Dimly*) Pirates? Oh... ha-ha, you mean clowns. Oh, sure, they're my favorite really. Hey...uh...hey Becky...ya wanna be engaged?

Becky Engaged? What's that?

Tom You mean you ain't never...really...I mean a girl like you? Amazin'! Well it's real easy. You tell a boy you love him and you won't have nobody but him, never, ever, ever! Then you kiss, an' it's done. Why, everybody's engaged.

Becky Everybody?

Tom Sure, if they're in love that is.

Becky But...I hardly know you.

Tom But sometimes it happens like that...why Robin Hood and the Maiden Marion got in love (*snap*) just like that! You remember what I shouted to you last night at the meetin'?

Becky Course I do...that was sweet! Oh, I hope you weren't in too much trouble!

Tom Aw, no more than usual. So, whattaya say Becky?

Becky Well...all right. But...you go first Tom.

Tom But, that ain't the way it's done Becky. The girl always says it first! Look, (*He hands her a glass doorknob*) I'll give ya this if you will. See that there? It's an engagement ring. It's yours to keep forever.

Becky Oh...it's beautiful Tom! But, but you say it first Tom...pleeeeeease! Say it soft and sweet! Oh please Tom, do!

Tom Well...all right Becky. I...

Becky Oh no Tom, not to my face, it's too embarrassing! Please Tom, turn around and say it.

Tom (*Chuckling he turns away*) Aw Becky, yer the most particular little thing!

SONG: "TOM'S SWEET ON BECKY"

(*Sung with utter sincerity and sweetness in crooning "Little Rascal" Alfalfa style*)

Tom

I'm sweet on Becky.
 She's the wind through the trees
 Sweet smellin' as a catfish cooked in butter!
 Her soft voice soothes like buzzin' bees on a breeze.
 Just like a three-legged mule, she's like no other.
 Closer than the bandage on my big toe
 She's as wiggly as a can of worms.
 When she passes by the big ol' bull frogs croak her name
 (Croak) Becky, Becky, Becky!
 Softer than the pad-pad of a paddle-wheel goin' up the mighty
 Mississipp'
 Warm as fresh baked apple pie

She's the apple of my eye....
I'm sweet on Becky.
She's a cool swimmin' hole.
I like her more than tormentin' my brother!
I wouldn't trade her for a night full of stars!
Be my sweetheart Becky girl, I'll have no other.
Cross my heart, I love you Becky, like no other.

(Song ends. Underscore continues)

Tom How was that Becky?
Becky Oh Tom, Tom, that was the nicest thing anybody ever said, especially the wiggly worm part.
Tom Now you Becky...now you tell me.
Becky I'll tell you Tom, but turn your face away, please dear Tom so I can whisper it in your ear.
(Tom does) I love you Tom Sawyer! *(She leaps up and dashes away. Tom catches her by the hand)*
Tom Now don't run away Becky! It's all done now, 'cept for the kiss. Don't be afraid of that Becky, it ain't anything at all. Just close yer eyes and pucker. *(Becky does so demurely. Tom gives her a quick peck)*
Becky *(Giggling)* Why, why you're right Tom, that wasn't anything at all! So now what happens?
Tom Well, after this, you'll pick me and I'll pick you at parties, and we'll walk home together after school and even hold hands, when nobody's lookin' that is. And of course you ain't never to marry anybody but me!
Becky Oh Tom, being engaged is ever so nice!
Tom Oh sure, it's real bully! Why, when me and Amy Lawrence was engaged we...
Becky *(Gasping, crying out)* Oh, Tom! Then I ain't the first you've ever been engaged too?!
(She begins to sob)
Tom *(Pleading)* Oh, don't cry Becky! I don't care for Amy any more, truly I don't!
Becky Oh yes you do Tom; you know you do! *(She shoves the doorknob at him and runs away sobbing)* Oh I hate you Tom Sawyer! I'll hate you forever!
Tom BECKY! Aw... *(Shouting)* A GIRL'S JUST A BLESSIN', AN'A CURSE!!!
Sam *(Fairly brisk)* Tom just got his first taste of the ways and whims of love. A man never knows what to expect from romance – and Tom might as well accept this well-known fact early in life. But it wasn't long before Huck Finn came around to lure Tom into further adventures...
(Blackout)
(The underscore transitions briefly, then fades)

SCENE 5A: AUNT POLLY'S HOUSE, EXTERIOR (In the moonlight)

(“Night” lighting up)

(Huck crouches near the fence, yowling like an alley cat)

Huck Eeeyowwww! Eeeyowwww! Hey, EEEYOWWWW ALREADY! *(Tom answers with a small “Meow” and comes over the fence)*
Tom Sorry I took so long Huck. I can't get out of my window ever since Sid nailed it shut, so I had to go out the back door past Aunt Polly who was guardin' it as usual. I had to wait 'til she was asleep and snorin' good and loud.
Huck Yep, I figured you'd be under lock an' key. Heard you got a good whoppin' from the teacher at school today. What was it fer this time?
Tom Ha! He asked me why I was late and I told him straight out that I'd been talkin' to that no good, no-account Huck Finn!
Huck HAW! That musta got him madder then a wet hen! Bet he wholliped you but good.
Tom He did, but then I expected he would, so I put a copy of the Hannibal Gazette down my trousers so it didn't hardly hurt at all! *(The boys shake hands in congratulation, but Huck draws his back)*
Huck Hey boy, yer bleedin'!

Tom *(Surprised)* What? Ouch! Must've caught it on the fence! *(He takes out his handkerchief and ties it around his hand)* Hey Huck, you got that sack again! Come on, what's in it?

Huck Dead cat.

Tom Dead?! Can I see it?

Huck Yeah, but best we get away from here, so Joe Harper's hound dog don't get a whiff of it an' start howlin'. *(He exits offstage to the apron for a scene change. He opens the bag for Tom. All that's exposed is a stiff bushy tail)*

SCENE 5B: WALKING TO THE GRAVEYARD

Tom Gee, he's good and stiff Huck...WHEW! And mighty ripe too! Where'd ya find him?

Huck He was a stray the Widder Douglas had been feeding; he dropped dead behind her house. Looked like he'd been poisoned. The Widder paid me with a meal to take him away.

Tom You've been to see the Widow then? Good! She was askin' after ya the other night at the town meetin'.

Huck Aw, she just thinks I'm just a charity case.

Tom That ain't so Huck. Why she likes ya. She worries about ya, with yer Pap in prison an' all. She just wants to....

Huck *(Beligerantly)* Wants to what?! Stick me in school?! Stick shoes on my feet?! Make me into a proper little man like Ben Rogers, or Joe Harper...or YOU?!

Tom Aw, Huck...

Huck Well, I can't abide do-gooders, that's all!

Tom *(Trying to break the tension)* Well, uh... say, what's a dead cat good for anyways?

Huck *(Still sullen)* Why, to cure this here wart with, that's what.

Tom Really? Hey, I got a wart! How do you go about it?

(Spooky underscore begins)

Huck Well, you take a cat that's good an' dead, an' you go into the graveyard at midnight under a full moon. Then you go 'round to a grave where a wicked ol' sinner's just been buried, an' you wait fer the Devil to come and take his soul.

Tom De...De...Devil?!

Huck Sure...or one of his nasty little minions. Then, just when you hear it gatherin' the sinner's soul up, you heave the cat at it an' shout "Devil follow corpse, cat follow Devil, wart follow cat, I'm done with ya!" Believe you me, that'll fetch off any wart.

Tom Ha-ha! Sounds about right. When you gonna try it Huck?

SCENE 6: THE GRAVEYARD AT MIDNIGHT

(Sinister underscore begins)

Huck Why, tonight o' course! Why else do you think we come here? *(Tom is visibly shocked to see they're in the graveyard)* The moon's full an' they just buried ol' Hoss Williams. Now there's a miserable ol' sinner if there ever was one! He beat his slaves regular an' remember when he shot the Parson's dog just 'cuz it chased his ol' mule? So, let's get to it then. Where's yer wart?

Tom *(Nervously)* Uh...ha! That's all right Huck, your wart's bigger'n mine...you go right ahead.

Huck One cat'll handle both. Now, the grave's over here somewheres.

Tom *(Seizing Huck's arm)* Shhhh! Huck, what's that?! *(Voices are heard, and a lantern appears in the distance)* Huck, lookie there! It's the Devil's minions! See that devil fire there?! Oh, let's run Huck!

Huck Don't be a chicken-liver Tom, them devils ain't here for us! Just hunker down behind that gravestone an' hush! *(The boys hide. Young Doc Robinson, Muff and Injun Joe arrive. Muff carries two shovels and Joe a lantern)*

Doc Here it is...now hurry men, there's no time to waste!

Muff *(Clearly drunk)* Aw Doc, th'ain't nob'dy round fer milz 'n' milz. Tell me why we're doin' thiz again, huh? *(He leans on the Doc, breathing in his face. Doc throws him off, disgusted)*

Doc I told you Muff, I need the body parts for studying! I thought you were going to bring someone with you to help Joe, not this drunken reprobate!

Muff Aw, Doc... *(Hiccup)*

Joe Muff here got a conscience. He gotta liquer up good to dig up dead folk. An' you stand there all high falootin', callin' my friend Muff names eh? Well, what you think this makes you, what you think they call you in town if they see this? Maybe worse than a drunk I figure. *(He menaces the Doc)*
(Music ends)

Muff Now, now. It don' matter Joe. Doc ain't hurtin' me none... *(Hiccup)*

Doc Now listen here you, what I do, I do in the name of science! I've paid you good money in advance to do this job you worthless half-breed....

Joe *(Seething with anger)* Half-breed is it? Sure, that's what you called me that cold winter, when I come to your door freezin' an' hungry an' hurt. You drive me away, sayin' you don't help out no worthless half-breed cuz' you don't want to ruin yer reputation! Well I tell you, you'll help me now or you regret it. *(He grabs Doc by the collar and shakes him)* You'll give me all the money you got on you or...!

Muff *(Getting between Doc and Joe)* Now Joe, that ain't right, you know it ain't...

Joe GET OFF ME YOU!!! *(Joe pushes muff away hard. He loses his balance and falls. Doc has grabbed Muff's shovel to defend himself and as Muff comes back up he is knocked out by the back swing of the Doc's shovel. Joe hits Doc in the abdomen with the other shovel handle, then in the face. Doc goes down. Joe is about to split Doc's skull with the shovel, but thinks better of it, grabs a knife from Muff's belt and stabs Doc through the heart. Tom gives a small cry.)*

Tom Aahhh!

Joe *(Whipping around)* Who's that?! Who's there?! *(Seeing no one he cold-bloodedly rubs the blood from the knife on Muff's clothes, then puts the knife into Muff's hand. Before he leaves, he goes through the Doc's pockets and kicks the corpse for good measure)* Now that score's settled, Devil take you!!! *(Joe exits and the boys come out of hiding, looking upon the grizzly scene momentarily)*

Huck Come on Tom! *(Tom is dazed; Huck shakes him)* I said come on, before that devil comes back!
(Music begins; introduction to "Deadly Oath")
(Lighting transitions to)

SCENE 6A: RUNNING FROM THE DEVIL

(The boys fly offstage and run through the audience)

Sam *(Regular pace)* Well, that was just about the most blood-curdlin' thing Tom and Huck had ever seen. Gives me the willie's myself, just thinkin' about it. But getting' outta this pickle is gonna take some cogitatin'. So Tom and Huck caught their breath and started thinkin' a spell...

Tom Bu...but Huck, we...we gotta go back Huck! We gotta see to Muff, see if he's alive!

Huck *(Slowing down to walk, looking around nervously)* He's alive Tom, I could see him breathin'. He's passed out, that's all. Now hush up an' let me think!

Tom What's to think Huck? Young Doc Robinson's dead, dead as a doornail, and by that evil Injun Joe's devil hand. He's gonna get hung fer sure!

Huck *(Somberly)* Ain't gonna be no hangin' Tom, 'cuz ain't nobody but us know Joe done it.

Tom Why, sure, but once we tell what we seen...

Huck *(Whirling angrily on Tom)* What's a matter with you Tom?! We ain't gonna tell nobody nuthin' you hear?! Why, what if somethin' should happen, what if nobody should believe us an' Joe should go free?

Tom But they'll believe us Huck, of course they will!

Huck Oh yeah?! Is that so! When's the last time anybody believed YOU Tom! Yer like that feller always cryin' wolf! An' they won't believe me neither, you know it! So we go tell on that crazy Injun, an he gets off an comes after us! Why, he'd think no more of killin' us than he would drownin' a sack of new-born kittens! I'm tellin' you Tom, we gotta keep quiet about this...an' swear by it too!

SONG: "DEADLY OATH"

Huck We'll swear by an oath most solemn, what we seen we'll never
tell...

Tom We won't?

Huck And if one of us go an' blab it, our souls will be damned to He...

Tom Don't say it Huck!

Huck We gotta keep mum, so ol' Injun Joe don't find us an slit our
throats!

Tom (Gulp!)

Huck So who 'ere breaks this oath most solemn, may he drop dead an'
rot an' smell!

(Song continues as underscore)

Tom All right, all right, I won't tell Huck!

Huck Good! Now, we'll swear to it under the full moon by puttin' our mark in blood on this
here piece of bark. *(He picks up a piece and takes out his pocketknife to cut his thumb)*
(He jumps scared by the knife) What you doin' there Huck?!

Tom Gonna cut my finger, so I can make my mark in blood.

Huck *(Gently taking the knife away)* Don't...don't do that Huck. It ain't sanitary and it'll be
bad luck fer sure! I reckon there's been enough blood spilled tonight. Look, we...we can
open up the cut I got in my hand. *(He unwraps the handkerchief and squeamishly*
squeezes his palm) There... there's enough blood to share.

Huck *(Putting the knife away)* Well, guess yer right. All right then. *(Tom signs first, then he*
helps Huck make his mark)

Tom "T"... "S"...that's for me. Now... *(Guiding Huck's finger)* "H"... "F"... that stands for
you, Huck Finn.

Huck *(Taking the bark and gazing at it)* I never seen my name spelled out like that. *(He sits*
down on the floor at the apron of the stage)

Tom Yep...too bad it's for such a black purpose as this, ain't it?

Huck You got that right.

(Song resumes)

Huck *(Sleepily)* We gotta keep mum so ol' Injun Joe don't send both all to Heck-
an'-
Gone! *(Tom sits next to him)*

Huck and Tom So who 'ere breaks this oath most solemn will drop dead *(yawn)*
...an' rot *(yawn)*...an...smell.... *(The boys fall asleep)*

(Blackout)
(Underscore continues, then fades)

Sam *(Fairly brisk)* Those boys were just plum tuckered out from their ordeal and they
nodded off right there in the middle of the field. And they woulda slept there through the
next day if it weren't for Tom's bratty brother, Sydney...

SCENE 6B: MUFF GETS CAUGHT

(Apron lights up)
(Tom and Huck are asleep by the stage apron. Sidney is kicking at Tom)

Sid Wake up! Aw, come on wake up!

Tom *(Growling, half-asleep)* Kick me once more you little worm and I'll tie you up in yer bed
sheets again! Tell Aunt Polly I'll get up for a school presently-y-y-zzzzz *(Snore)*

Sid There isn't any bedsheets you edjeet, nor school neither! School's been cancelled on
account'a Doc Robinson's gotten murdered.

Huck *(Sleepily)* Yeah...murdered... *(Bolting upright)* Murdered! Tom! Wake up!

Tom *(Dreaming)* I ain't tellin' Huck! I ain't goin' to Hell...o, what are we doin' out here?!

Sid Sleepin' like some worthless vagabonds, that's what, and I'm telling Aunt Polly too!
She's been lookin' for you! *(He starts skipping off, but is stopped by Huck)*

Huck Wait! Did I hear you say somebody got murdered?

Sid The Doc I said, and the whole town's up in arms! But they caught the culprit red-handed they did, they got him down at the courthouse right now. An' Judge Thatcher's gonna start the trial as soon as he can get a jury, 'cuz the whole town is screamin' about lynchin' the dirty no good!

Tom They caught him?! (*Happily*) Hey Huck, you hear? They caught him!

Huck (*Suspicious*) Who? Who'd they catch?

Sid (*Snotty*) Why...that ol' drunken sot, Muff Potter of course! Oh...that's right...ol' Muff's a good friend of yers, ain't he? Oh ain't that just too bad? (*Huck makes a lunge at Sid and he goes screaming away*) Aunt Polly, help! Aunt Po-o-ll-y-y-y!

Tom How can that be so Huck?! Why, ol' Muff didn't do it! How could the town say so? Everybody knows ol' Muff wouldn't hurt a fly!

Huck Folks believe what they wanna believe Tom, when you gonna learn that?

Tom Then, Huck, we...I mean we gotta...

Huck We don't gotta nuthin Tom! Didn't we swear? If Muff wants to tell on Injun Joe, let him!

Tom But Huck, how can he tell when he don't know? He was knocked out colder than a codfish remember?

Huck By hokey, that's so Tom, but it ain't no never mind to me. NO! I'm stayin' alive Tom, yer hear?! I'M STAYIN' ALIVE! (*He walks stubbornly off. Tom is miserable. He walks to the courthouse [stage] where the Sheriff is holding Muff*)
(*Underscore begins*)

Tom (*Poking his head in*) Sheriff?

Sheriff Tom...Tom Sawyer, go on home son, this ain't no place for a boy.

Tom But Sheriff, please...I gotta talk to Muff a minute. Please, I just gotta!

Sheriff Well, all right, reckon it can't hurt. But make it short Tom, the trial's gonna start real soon. (*He walks to another part of the room. Tom approaches Muff sorrowfully and Tom sees he's handcuffed to the chair*)

Tom Hey Muff.

Muff (*Brightly*) Oh...oh hey Tom! Ain't it good to see you though! (*He tries to raise his cuffed hands to shake, but has to pat Tom instead*)

Tom So, what happened Muff?

Muff I guess I don't rightly know Tom. Ya see, well, they say I got knocked in the head pretty good but...(*sigh*) I... I guess I was drinkin' quite a lot last night, that's why I can't remember. Truth is Tom, I...I don't even know how I got in the cemetery! One minute I'm downin' my jug of whiskey, the next the Sheriff's tellin' me to wake up. I got a knife in my hand, an' blood all over my clothes, an' I see the Doc lyin' there, but I don't know why, I swear it Tom!

Tom Aw Muff, why'd you have to do it, why'd you have to drink so much?

Muff Aw Tom, I know. It's just been hard that's all, since I lost my wife and little girl to the fever. You know how it is Tom, you losin' yer ma an' all. (*Chuckling*) But life ain't been all bad Tom. After all, I got my friends; the boys an' you an' Huckleberry. We've had some good times together, ain't we? Remember the time we made them kites an' I helped you an' Huck fix up that raft? An' there's all them times we went fishin' an'...

Sheriff Sorry to cut this off Muff, but they're gonna let everybody in soon.

Muff Oh, sure Sheriff. (*Tom starts to leave*) Tom? (*He turns*) Always remember the good times Tom, do that for me, won't ya? I got ol' Jeff Thatcher as a lawyer, but I...I don't see how he'll be able to do anythin'. 'Pon my soul Tom, I never meant to hurt anybody...oh, it's awful ain't it Tom, just awful! The poor Doc was so young an' promisin'! (*He starts to cry and Tom flees*)
(*Brief blackout*)

Sam (*Moderate pace, not too fast*) Well, I don't know about you, but I feel downright sorry for Muff Potter. And it's beginning to dawn on one Tom Sawyer that mabe – just maybe – he holds the key to gettin' Muff out of this jam. The question is, can Tom muster the courage to tell what he knows...The moment of truth came at Muff's trial – where Judge Thatcher's services were needed sooner than anyone expected...

SCENE 7: COURTHOUSE INTERIOR (The Trial)

Judge *(Striking his gavel, trying to silence the shouting crowd during the blackout)* Order in the court! I said order in this court! I'll have no more such outbursts, do you hear?
(Lights come up slowly)
(The courthouse is packed with jury and spectators. Muff is seated next to Jeff Thatcher and the Sheriff nervously questions the witness, Injun Joe)

Sheriff Now Joe, to repeat your answer, you say that you followed Muff Potter to the cemetery that night, because when you saw him carrying those shovels, you were afraid he might be trying to rob the graves. Rob them of what exactly?
(Music ends)

Joe Jewelry, watches, gold teeth maybe. I figured he needed money for his whiskey. He ask me fer some a few days ago, but I tell him no. Muff tell me a long time ago, he didn't see why them folks got buried with all that finery. He didn't see why they need it, when they was all goin' to a place where the streets was lined with gold.

Muff I said that? I don't remember.

Joe 'Course you don't remember you old fool; you don't remember nothin', even fightin' with the Doc when he tried to stop you from diggin'! When I got there, you two was scufflin', an' the Doc pitched you in the head with a shovel, but you come back up, all reelin' an' staggerin', an' you snatched up yer knife and jammed it into his heart, just as he hit ya again, then you both went down. *(The crowd reacts, Muff cries, and the judge bangs his gavel)* But there's one more thing I wanna say, ya hear, THERE'S ONE MORE THING! *(This silences the crowd)*

Sheriff Uh, go on Joe.

Joe You've always been fair an' square with me Muff Potter, an' I won't turn my back on you now. I went 'n' fetched the sheriff 'cuz I knew I could'n live with myself otherwise. You killed the Doc as cold-blooded as I ever seen, but I reckon it weren't yer fault so much as the demon whiskey you guzzle. So even if the jury does hang you, well I reckon you'll end up in heaven anyways, seein' as how yer such a brainless fool!

Muff Oh Joe, you're an angel! I'll bless you for that Joe, 'till the day I die!

Judge Any more questions Sheriff?

Sheriff Uh, no Judge, that's all. I rest my case.

Judge Attorney Thatcher?

Jeff No questions your Honor.

Judge Then you may step down Mr., uh, Joe.

Townfolk 1 Hey, Jeff! You ain't asked nobody any questions all afternoon!

Townfolk 2 Haw! Yeah! It appears ol' Jeff Thatcher wants Muff's neck in a noose as much as the jury do!

Judge *(Pounding his gavel)* That will be enough I say, or I'll clear this courtroom!

Jeff *(Walking to the front, silencing the crowd with his hands)* That's all right brother...
(chuckling) I mean, Judge Thatcher. *(He bows slightly to the Judge as the crowd laughs)*
 You see good folk of Hannibal, there's been no need to question anyone. The defense concedes as fact that Muff Potter was drunk, that he did carry two shovels the graveyard last night, and even that the murder weapon was Muff's very own knife.

Townfolk 2 *(Standing)* Haw! Now I rest my case! *(More laughter)*
(Music for the following song reprise begins)

Jeff *(Silencing them again)* But...but what we do not concede is the fact that Muff Potter went there alone to rob graves, nor that he murdered Doctor Robinson. AND I CAN BACK UP THESE CLAIMS WITH AN EYE WITNESS! *(The crowd murmurs)*

Judge Then by all means, call him up here.

SONG: "WHERE'S TOM"

(Reprise, done slowly and haltingly)

Jeff Then I'd like to call to the witness stand...
 Tom Sawyer! *(Tom enters, making his way to the witness stand slowly)*

Aunt Polly, Mary & Sid *(Disbelieving)* Tom Sawyer?!

Huck (Upset) Tom Sawyer!
Tom (Apologetically waving to him) Oh, hey Huck... (All sit back down)
Jeff (Grabbing the Bible) Sit yourself down Tom right in that chair.
Place your right hand on this Bible here...
Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the
truth, so help you God? (Tom nods yes nervously)
Judge (Kindly sung) Now Tom.... (Tom looks at his hands without
answering)
Tom Sawyer?

Tom Oh, hey Judge! (The judge is amused)
Judge You know son, you have nothing to fear here, so just sit up and speak nice and clear, and
it'll all be over real soon.
Tom Yep... (gulp) that's what I'm afraid of... (a few titters from the audience)
Jeff Now Tom, can you tell us where you were last night around midnight?
Tom Yessir...
Tom I was in the graveyard, playin' around,
I weren't makin' any trouble.
Jeff (Spoken) And then?
Tom Then I saw Muff Potter walkin' there
With a lantern an' two... shovels.
Jeff But he wasn't alone now, was he son?
Tom N...no sir, he was with Doc Robinson...
Jeff And the man who really killed the Doc; (spoken) now isn't that so
Tom?
Joe (Jumping up) HE'S A LIAR!
Townfolk 2 Yeah, a liar!
Townfolk 1 That Tom Sawyer!
Joe (Growling) An' everybody knows it!
(Sung) That boy's told whoppers all his life,
An' caused us all such grief an' strife!
(Shouted) GET HIM GONE!
Townfolk WHOP HIM GOOD!
A Few Others (Irate, sung) WHOP TOM SAWYER!
(Song continues as underscore)

Judge NOW THAT IS ENOUGH! ANOTHER OUTBURST AND I'LL THROW ALL YOUR
HIDES IN JAIL! (Everyone simultaneously sits down and shuts up)
Jeff (Confident) Now Tom, it's sure enough true what these fine folks have said. You sure
have been known to tell some mighty good whoppers in your time; a few of them even
fooled me. So can you give us all proof Tom, any proof at all that you were really there in
the cemetery that night and truly saw the crime?
Tom Well I... I...uh...
Jeff Well, maybe this will help you out Tom. May I Sheriff? (The Sheriff nods yes and Jeff
takes Huck's bag from next to him and holds it up for all to see) Now Tom, Sheriff Bull
Harbison found this sack not twenty feet from Hoss Williams' grave, the spot where the
Doc's body and Muff Potter were found. This bag was behind a tombstone Tom, where a
fella would have had a bird's-eye view of the crime on that full-moon night.
(Song resumes)

Jeff Now, nobody but the sheriff here has looked into this bag...
Sheriff That's so....
Jeff So only he who put what's in this bag would ever know...
What really happened on that night.
Do you know what's in here?
Tom A cat!
Sheriff That's right! (The crowd is aghast!)
Jeff Then, Tom, tell me who murdered Doc that night...

Tom *(Spoken with trepidation)* It...it was... INJUN JOE!
 (All is chaos as Injun Joe dives for Tom and then runs away to elude capture. Tom and Huck run opposite and disappear. Aunt Polly looks around frantically)

Polly WHERE'S TOM?!
Crowd WHERE'S TOM?!
 TOM SAWYER!
 HEY TOM!

Muff That Injun may have got away,
All But Tom, our hero, saved the day.
½ Crowd *Shouted happily*) THANKS TOM!

Rest of crowd THANKS TOM!
 Tom Sawyer!
 Tom Sawyer! Tom Sawyer! Tom Sawyer!

All *(Crazy trumpet & horse whinny)*
 HEY TOM!

(End of song)
(Blackout)

End of ACT I

LifeHance
T.H.E.A.T.E.R

ACT II

Entr'acte

SCENE 1: JACKSON'S ISLAND (In the evening) ¹²

*(Underscore "Deadly Oath")
("Night" lights up)*

Sam *(Regular pace)* Well, after all the ruckus at Muff's trial, Huck and Tom had to get away from Injun Joe – and they both got the same idea. They both headed for Jackson's Island.

(Huck sits at a campfire ¹³, tending a cooking pot. He hears a noise in the scrub and pulls out his hunting knife)

Huck Who's there?! I say, who is it?! Show yerself or by jingo I'll...

Tom *(Coming out from behind the scrub)* Oh, hey Huck! Boy howdy that smells good.

Huck *(Putting his knife away)* Hey yerself, an' see how you like it! *(He jumps on Tom, pinning him to the ground)* WHERE'S MY RAFT?!

Tom Hey Huck, what's the idea?!

Huck ANSWER ME! AND WHY AIN'T YOU DEAD?!

Tom Now, now Huck, what kind of a thing is that for you to say to yer best friend?!

Huck What kind of a best friend hangs his best friend out to dry, huh?! Steals his raft an' leaves him to the likes of that filthy Injun Joe?! We took a deadly oath remember! Why ain't you dropped dead and stinkin' yet?!

(Music ends)

Tom But Huck, Injun Joe weren't after you, he was after me! Please let me up Huck, please. I'm too hungry and tired to go a wrestlin'. Why, I nearly drowned comin' over....

Huck *(Frustrated)* AAAAH! *(He lets Tom up and starts back to his pot angrily)* Don't talk to me!

Tom Aw, come on Huck, you ain't that angry, are you? *(Silence)* Aw Huck, I couldn't let poor ol' Muff get hanged, you know I couldn't, the poor ol' sot! You shoulda seen him cryin' Huck, he really thought he'd done the murder! And Injun Joe ain't lookin' for no one but me....

Huck *(Quick and angry)* He ain't, ain't he? I swear Tom, you ain't got nairy a brain in that thick head. Whattaya think Injun Joe'll do when he can't find you, huh? Why he'll go after them that's close to ya.... Who's that you ask? How 'bout yer best friend Huck?!

Tom Well gee Huck, I'm sorry, I didn't think about that....

Huck That's fer sure!

¹² See Production Notes list.

¹³

Tom Hey, uh, Huck, what ya cookin'? Smells mighty good, it does.

Huck It's a little dish called MINE! COOK YER OWN! These are my supplies an' I had to borrow ol' Jeff Thatcher's row boat to get 'em here.

Tom Jeff let you borrow his boat? Gee, he's swell, I... *(Huck gives him a dirty look)* Oh... you mean you borrowed it without askin'? Well, where is it now?

Huck Floatin' down river. He'll find it an' just think it came untied. So where's yer supplies?

Tom Well, I... sorta didn't bring any.

Huck WHAT?!

Tom Well, I was in a hurry, an' I wasn't quite thinkin' straight, an' anyway, the supplies woulda' been lost when the raft sank.

Huck Sank!

Tom Uh, yeah. I was floatin' down the river last night, and I was so tired and worried that I got to day-dreamin', and before I knew what was happening, I looked up, and there was the Mississippi Belle headin' straight for me. Why, I just barely had time to jump! I lost my hat and everything!

Huck You let a paddle wheeler take out our raft? CARNSARN IT TOM! WHY DIDN'T YOU DROWN! *(He starts for Tom again, but they both stop dead when they hear another noise)*

Tom Shhh, Huck, what's that? *(Huck draws his knife and signals for Tom to be quiet as he creeps toward the scrub. The underscore music becomes tense. He raises his knife and out comes Him, muttering sorrowfully)*

Jim *(Despondent)* I don't care, kill me if you want, I ain't got no reason left to live...

Tom Jim?!

Huck Dag-nabbit Tom, did you bring the whole stinkin' town of Hannibal with ya?!

Tom Jim! How'd you get here?

Jim I floated over on a hollow log. When I saw that the raft was gone, I figured you fellas had taken it here to Jackson's Island like you was always talkin' about doin'. I was hoping the dad-blamed log would sink an' end my misery, but it floats too good.

Tom But why are you here Jim?

Jim 'Cuz after the trial Missus Polly was steamin' mad that she couldn't find you. An' when she went to make supper, all the cream in the milk pitcher had disappeared. Since you wasn't there to hang it on, she blamed me, said I must'a drunk the cream, that I swear I never even tasted! Then she whacked my behind an' told me to go find you or she'd sell me down river.

Tom Aw, Jim, she'd never sell ya!

Jim Oh is that so?! You didn't see her, you don't know. But I knew, knew that even if I found ya, it weren't no use, since yer Tom Sawyer and yer never where yer supposed to be which is home! So I reckoned to come here to the island an' be a hermit, livin' offa' bees in some cave, an' dyin' after a while of cold an' want an' grief, just a poor no-account runaway hermit slave. But afore I start eatin' bees, do ya think I could have a little somethin' of what's in that pot? It smells mighty good....

Huck *(Sighing resignedly)* Another mouth to feed. I swear if we ain't gonna have to waylay some poor fella in the next boat that comes by, just so we can sneak back over an' snatch some more supplies. Then we'll be pirates for real.

Tom Hey...that's so, ain't it?! *(Becoming excited)* Why we could be the Tom Sawyer crew! TERRORS OF THE MISSISSIPPI!

Jim Pirates? Uh-uh! They'd catch me and hang this poor ol' slave boy fer sure! I'll stay a hermit.

Tom But Jim, don't you see, iffen yer a pirate you won't be a slave no more.

Jim *(Gary Coleman-like)* What you talkin' 'bout Tom?
(Music begins)

Tom When yer a pirate, yer yer own man! You don't answer to no one but yerself, and yer captain once in a while, and that's me!

Jim Well, yer my masser right now mostly, so I reckon that would work out. But...what is it a pirate do?

Tom What do they do? Come on Huck, let's tell him!

SONG: "SUPPOSIN' WE WERE PIRATES"

Tom Supposin' we were pirates, Jim, upon the dancin' sea!
I'm the Black Avenger bold!

Huck I can plunder my own weight in gold.
I'm Huck Finn the Red-Handed.
And Jim, you can be... *(Tom and Huck look at each other for agreement)*

Tom and Huck The Terror of the Seas!
Tom and Huck Yo - ho!!!! *(Chorus starts on the "ho")*
Ghost Pirates Yo-ho-ho-ho, Aargh, Avast!
Tom, Huck & Pirates Tankard up and find a lass.
Raise skull and cross-bones up the mast.
Dead men tell no tales.

(Pirates continue the chorus one more time to underscore dialogue)

Jim What's that! This place is haunted!
Huck Naw, it's just the pirate crew in his head.
Jim That's right scary Tom!
Huck You ain't heard nothin' yet!
Tom

Huck Our band of scurvy seamen have commandeered this island here.
We'll raid the passing paddle boats.
Take all their bounty to our fort!
Live alone with none to tell us
Where to go
Tom Or how to dress
Tom and Huck Or 'specially what to do.
Huck We'll be just like Dread Pirate Walker smug'ling his gold!
Tom We'll be cruel just like Edward Low,
Blackbeard, Black Bart—evil foes!
Huck Watch out on the Mississipp!
Tom, Huck, Jim We'll be the smarmiest blaggards ever known on sea or shore!
Tom, Huck, Jim Yo - ho!!!! *(Chorus starts on the "ho")*
Ghost Pirates Yo-ho-ho-ho, Aargh, Avast!
Tom, Huck, Pirates Tankard up and find a lass.
Raise skull and cross-bones up the mast.
Dead men tell no tales.
Dead men tell no tales.
Dead men tell-ll-ll-ll...NO TALES!

(End of song. Underscore continues, then fades)

Tom So luff, an' bring her to the wind!
Huck Aye-aye Captain!
Tom Send up the r'yals up! Lay out aloft! There, half a dozen of ye, foretopmaststuns, shake out the maintogalians, sheets an' braces!

Jim Uh... Captain... what do all those things mean exactly?
Tom Mean? Mean! Why every pirate knows it don't mean nothin'! Us pirates only say all that for *style!*

Jim Oh...
Tom All right ya scurvy crew, give the password!
Huck & Jim *(Ominously)* BLOOD!
Huck Which reminds me Captain, I think we all best chow down on this corn pone an' bacon afore it burns entirely.

Jim Corn pone an' bacon? I love corn pone an' bacon! *(Dishing up around the campfire)*
Joe Ain't this swell?
Tom Its NUTS!!! What would the boys say if they could see us now?
Jim Reckon they'd just die to be here, hey Hucky?
Huck I reckon so, anyways I'm suited!

Tom And it's sure shootin' better than bein' a hermit, 'cuz a hermit always has to be doin' considerable prayin' and that ain't no fun! *(A cannon boom is heard in the distance)*
 What's that? *(He and the boys get up and look far in the distance)*

Jim It's comin' from that boat out there...why, they's firin' cannons! Oh Lawdy Captain Tom, you don't think that could be the Dread Pirate Walker a-comin' to get us?!

Huck Don't be silly Jim! That's the cannon boat from St. Petersburg. They bring it out when ever anybody's drowned. The booms bring the bodies floatin' up to the top. Wonder who drowned? *(Boom!)*

Tom *(After a moment, excited)* Maybe it's us! *(The boys look dim)* Don't ya see fellas, maybe the Mississippi Belle reported hittin' our raft. Sure, it was nighttime, but it was full moon bright too!

Jim Then they thinks we's all dead?

Huck Reckon that could be so.

Jim *(Uncomfortably)* I ain't never been dead before. I ain't certain I like it. Maybe...maybe we outta go back.

Tom Aw Jim, what're you, a baby, cryin' for your bottle? *(Boom!)*

Huck Sure...you go on back Jim, but watch yer back fer Injun Joe. I reckon you'll wind up wishin you was dead iffen he gets his devil hands on you.

Jim But...what would he be wantin me for?!

Huck In case you know where Tom is o'course!

Tom Huck, this is perfect! Injun Joe will think we're dead, along with everybody else, and we'll be free to come and go as we please!

Huck As long as we don't get caught sneakin' over fer supplies.

Tom Aw, we'll be as quiet as...ghosts *(Ghostly laugh)* MWAHAHAH!

Jim *(Nervously)* I...I don't want no more supper. I jus' want to go to bed. *(He curls up by the campfire. Tom and Huck sit down. Huck pulls out a corncob pipe)*

Tom Hey...hey Huck, let me try a draw on that.

Huck Ha, no way no how. Last time I gave ya a puff, ya turned green, an' coughed up yer innards.

Tom Oh yeah, I remember.... *(Bored, Tom starts drawing in the dirt. Jim, who is nearest, sits up and reads what he's writing)*

Jim What's that yer writin' there Tom? B...E...C...K...what's that spell?

Tom *(Hurriedly wiping out the letters)* Nothin'! Since when can you read?

Jim I can't rightly, Miss Mary's jus' been teachin' me the letters.

Tom Well, I thought you was so tired! I'm tired! Let's all just go to sleep then! You too Huck!

Huck All right then, don't get nervous...Mommy! *(He snuffs his pipe and lies down)*
(The booming gives way to crickets and other night sounds. Tom settles in)
(Huck voice-over) "Whattaya think Injun Joe will do when he can't find you Tom, huh? Why, he'll go after those close to ya.... Who's that you ask? How 'bout yer best friend Huck! *(Echo Huck...Huck...Huck.... Tom bolts upright)* Or Aunt Polly, or Mary, or...BECKY! *(He gets up quietly, whispering)* Sorry boys, I got to go back an' warn em' about Joe. I'll have to just leave em' a note or Aunt Polly will lock me up for the rest of my days. Don't worry mateys, yer Captain ain't jumpin' ship, he be back by daybreak. *(He salutes them and sneaks off)*
(Blackout)
(Tom's "Ghost Crew" is heard in the blackout singing to allow the boys time to exit the stage. Skull and cross bone dancers lit with blacklight can be added here for visual interest while set change takes place)

SCENE 1A: THE BOYS GO TO THEIR OWN FUNERAL

(Transition music begins)

Sam *(Fairly slow)* So Tom slipped off Jackson's Island and quietly made his way back to Aunt Polly's to leave her a note of warning and assure his family he was all right. The trouble is – Aunt Polly didn't see Tom's note. In fact, everybody thought Tom and Huck and Jim

had all met their maker. The whole town gathered to mourn the renegades – and Tom may be the first person who ever did see his own funeral...

SCENE 2: CHURCH INTERIOR (THE FUNERAL)

(Transition music fades)

Reverend Now, this is the part of the memorial service where we speak our fondest memories of the dearly departed. Those memories and this, Tom's hat, are reminders of our dear departed boys. So just rise and speak clearly, so everyone can share in your remembrance.

Mary *(Standing)* My name is Mary, and I guess you all know that Tom was my cousin, though in truth, I loved him like a brother. The thing I remember best about Tom was the way he could make us all laugh...except maybe Sid. He was always cuttin' up, and was always so kind and good for me. He was such a dear! *(She sits down and bursts into tears)*

Reverend Moe Good Mary. Anyone else?

Muff My name's Moe Brown. Well I...I reckon you all remember the time Tom Sawyer burned down my barn... mostly. Well, I forgive him. And... and that boy could make a mighty tasty rabbit stew! And that's all I have to say about that. *(He sits)*

Polly Tom... Tom was a mighty good friend! Course he was, after all he saved my life, didn't he? An' little Jim was too. Oh, he weren't the hardest workin' fella I ever met, but he was respectful even to an' old sot like me. An' he was good and faithful, 'specially to Tom; why he practically worshipped Tom. I reckon he would'a followed ol' Tom to the ends of the earth, which is, well, sorta what he did. *(He sits down, crying softly)*

Mary *(Rising slowly)* Tom was my dear sister's son. He...he never meant no harm. He was just, well...mischievous. Giddy an' harum-scarum, you know, like a young colt, but he weren't really bad. Before Tom left, I have to say he vexed me real bad because he...he broke my good sugar bowl and wouldn't own up to it. That sugar bowl had been in my family for years. So I thumped him on the head, good an' hard, with my thimble. An' as fer poor little Jim...

Mary Polly Mama, don't...

Judge I got to Mary, confession's good for the soul. Well, I found Jim had drunk the cream off the top of the milk pitcher, so I gave him a whack an' sent him out after Tom. I didn't know I was sendin' the poor dear child to his death! An' I just pray that the good Lord can forgive me for my terrible temper. *(She breaks down in Mary's arms)*

Reverend Of course dear lady, our Lord is all-forgiving. It's just a shame that Injun Joe's the one who scared the boys so badly. But I have Pinkerton detective hot on his trail.

Mary Muff Widow Yes, that's so. Well, now on to Huckleberry Finn. Anybody? Anybody? *(No one speaks)*

Mary Muff Widow *(Rising dignified)* And mine. *(The crowd murmurs softly)* It's true! Oh, not many of you good Christian folk had much use for him. But I know for a fact that Huckleberry Finn did the best he could with the cards he was dealt in life. And I'd like to remind you all that Jesus said, "If you do unto the least of these, you also do unto me." Well, Huck wasn't the least, not in my heart anyway. He was a child of God, and just as precious as the others. *(She sits and the congregation is ashamed)*

Sid *(Sid pops up)* I broke the sugar bowl! *(He pops down. He pops back up)* And I gave the cream to the cat!

Mary Sid SIDNEY!

Reverend Polly WELL HE WAS HUNGRY!

Reverend Polly It's all right Sidney. I'm sure the All Mighty will forgive you if your Aunt Polly will. *(Tearful)* 'Course I will, God forgive us both. *(She wails)* Oh! Iffen I only knew where they were! Iffen I only knew! Iffen I could only see their dear dead faces one last time! *(Other sorrowful wails and weeping)*

Reverend *(Song introduction begins)*

Reverend *(To heaven)* You hear that Lord? *(He snuffs his pipe and lies down)* You hear?! Please Lord, grant us this request! Bring these boys to us so we can say a proper farewell! Where are they Lord? Where?!

Soloist¹⁴ Why, I know where they are Reverend... *(There are shocked gasps around the room)*
an' so do you all if you think about it! Why them boys aren't floatin' down the
Mississippi, no! We all been lookin' for 'em in the wrong place!

SONG: "HOLY RISE-UP DAY"

Soloist *(Slowly and with feeling)* 'Cuz them boys are dry an' safe an' sound.
Surrounded by the angels
Who are takin' them straight to the arms of Jesus!
Yes, they're goin' where no temptation, nor misery is found.
Can I hear an Amen? Them boys are heaven bound!

A few voices

Soloist

Amen!
Right now the angels are a leadin' them
Right through them pearly gates
And they're walkin' down the streets of purest gold!
And they'll face the Father who will say "Your sins have been
redeemed!"
SO GIVE ME THEM RAGS!
Now in righteousness you're clothed."

(Vamp 7 beats, the music speeds up)

Soloist

Congregation

Soloist

Congregation

Soloist

So give us some joy!
Joy!
Lord, give us some joy!
Joy!
And give us that peace that brings our grievin' to an end!
'Cuz Tom and Huckleberry and Jim,
They've shed the burden of their sins,
And their joy will come in the morning!
Let's count our blessings!

Congregation

Soloist

Congregation

Soloist

Amen!
Let's count our blessings!
Amen!
And thank the Lord for givin' 'em to us in the first place!
'Cuz if we all will count our blessings
There won't be no more distressing,
For the Lord will give us unsurpassin' peace.
So now there's ONE!

Congregation

Soloist

Congregation

Soloist

Congregation

Soloist

Congregation

Soloist

Congregation

Soloist

One! For the grace of our Father!
TWO!
Who sent our sweet holy Savior!
THREE!
Three! Was the Spirit come down to lead us in The Way, so that...
FOUR!
Our boys could rise up to heaven!
FIVE!
Where they're alive now in Jesus,
On that Holy Rise-Up Day!
So though we have a cause to cry,
We'll meet them in the by-and-by
And see our boys a-cradled in the arms of Jesus!
They've gone before us to a place,
And seen the good Lord face-to-face,
And don't you know he loves them little sinners much better than we
can!

A few

(Shout) AMEN!

¹⁴ See Production Notes list.

Soloist So we count SIX!
Congregation Six! For the great resurrection!
Soloist SEVEN!
Congregation Sev'n! Where we'll all meet in heaven!
Soloist EIGHT!
Congregation Eight! We'll rejoice with the saints who led us in The Way!
Soloist TOO MANY TO COUNT!
Congregation *(Cut loose)* Are the disciples and angels
Who will be singin' God's glory
On that Holy Rise-Up Day!

All Yes on that Holy Rise-Up Day
God's gonna take our cares away!
On that Holy Rise-Up Day!
(Echo) Rise-Up Day!
When Saint Peter blows his horn,
We're gonna jump up and be reborn
On that Holy Rise-Up Day!
Ah----men. *(Hold the "n")*

Muff *(On his feet, wailing)* I feel 'em Reverend!
Congregation I feel 'em! I feel them boys' spirits lookin' down on us from heaven!
(Still holding the "n") On that Holy-Rise-Up Day,
God's gonna take our sins away!
On that Holy-Rise-Up Day!
Tom, Huck and Jim with all the saints
Are gonna greet us at those gates,
On that Ho-ly- Rise- Up Day! *(Soloist improvises "Day")*
Ah----men! *(Soloist improvises here also)*

All *(Song ends. Underscore continues)*

(During the repeat chorus, the boys have moved forward up the aisle to the front. At the conclusion of the song they uncover their heads)

Tom *(Nervously laughing)* Well, looks like you'll meet up with us a lot sooner than that. *(No one moves. There is stunned silence)*

Huck *(Also nervous)* Ha! Yeah, an' ha! We may not be clothed in righteousness, but we sure could use some dry clothes about now... ACHOOO!

Polly *(Finally reacting)* TOM!
Widow HUCK! *(The women along with Mary leap up and grab the boys in a tight bear hugs. Becky and the judge join them. Jim hangs back until Muff slaps him on the back joyfully)*

Muff Ol' Jim! Ain't this a shocker! Darned if we ain't glad to see you all! Where in tarnation you boys been?!

Sid *(Ticked off)* I doubt it was HEAVEN! *(The congregation happily gathers around)*
(Music fades)

Polly Hush Sid! Where were you boy? Iffen you knew the heartache you put us all through...
Tom We're sorry, awful sorry Aunt Polly. But we just had to get away from Injun Joe, so we holed up at Jackson's Island. But when we found out that the Pinkerton Detective was comin' we...

Judge Why son, how did you find out about that? I only just sent for him, and the only few I told about it were your Aunt and the Widow Douglas.

Tom Oh, uh, well...you see, it...it was in a dream! Sure, that's what it was!
Mary Dream Tom?
Tom *(Dramatically)* Yeah. You see... night before last I had the strangest dream. Though I lay over there on the island, cold and hungry and ever so scared, *(Huck rolls his eyes)* I dreamed I was warm an' cozy in our kitchen Aunt Polly. And all the people I love best were sittin' round the kitchen table Mary and the Widow, Becky and...
(off-handedly) oh yeah Sid, you was there too. And Aunt Polly was pacin' the floor like a cat an' wringin' her hands. An' you were all talkin' sober an' quiet-like. Then suddenly there was a knock on the door and in comes Judge Thatcher followed by Muff, and they

both looked real sorrowful. The Judge was holdin' my hat, and he says "Sorry Polly, we found it in the river." And Muff says "It was stuck onto what was left of their raft, the one I helped 'em build." And then you grabbed onto the hat Aunt Polly, and clasped it to yer bosom, and cried out, "Then it must be true! It must be! Tom wouldn't go no where without his favorite hat!" And Muff says "Huck must be gone too! Tom would never take the raft out without Huck!" *(Tom winks at Huck)* "Oh no! Jim likely followed the others!" said Mary.

Polly *(Gasping)* Mercy be! That was just how it happened! *(The others nod in agreement and the congregation gets wide-eyed. Mary goes to get Tom's hat)*

Muff An' then what happened Tom?!

Tom Well, then everybody just sorta broke down cryin'. And you all started sayin' how you missed us, and how sorry you were you treated us so bad, all except Sid that is, he wasn't sorry at all. But sorriest was you Becky, for you said you'd treated me hatefully and didn't you wish you hadn't done so. And you wished you had the glass doorknob back to remember me by.

Becky Oh Papa! It's so, it's so! *(She bursts into tears in the Judge's arms)*

Tom And then I woke up, and the tears were streamin' down my face. So I woke up the fellas and said, "Boys, I know it's mighty dangerous, but we must go back! We mustn't let our loved ones mourn!"

(Tom picks up his hat. A piece of paper falls out. Sid picks it up and reads it)

Polly Oh Tom! That weren't no ordinary dream, that dream was a prophecy!

Sid Or the biggest, fattest lie he ever told! Look what just dropped out of his hat! *(He holds it up and Tom tries to grab it, but Polly is quicker. She reads it)*

Polly "Dear Aunt Polly, I just came back to say, don't worry. We ain't dead like the Judge said. We're only hidin' out. I've taken some vittles from the pantry. We might come back some day when we're grown up pirates, and we'll pay you back with some loot. P.S. Tell Becky I forgive her."

Becky *(Angrily)* You forgive me! You were listening in on the whole thing! Oooh! *(She pushes him down into the crowd. The Judge is astounded. Becky huffs off)*

Judge Rebecca! I'm sorry...I mean I'm glad...I mean... *(He gives up and tips his hat)* Ladies, gents! *(He shakes a surprised Jim's hand in farewell and runs off after Becky. Muff picks up Tom. Polly grabs him by the ear)*

Polly Tom sawyer, I've got a notion to skin you alive, ALL THREE OF YOU!

Tom But, ow! Auntie, I didn't think you...

Polly You certainly didn't think! You snuck over and saw our sorrow and laughed and laughed I just bet! An' then you think to make a fool of me with that lie of a dream!

Townfolk 2 That boy needs a whoppin! *(Disgusted, the congregation leaves)*

Tom But I wasn't laughing Aunt Polly! I come over in the first place to warn you all to watch out for Injun Joe. Then I put that note in my hat where I thought you'd find it, then I went back to try an' convince Jim an' Huck that it was safe to come back too. And honest Aunt Polly, I was awful sad to see you cry so! I was so sad I even kissed your cheek when you finally fell asleep, and whispered to you not to cry.

Polly *(Letting go of his ear)* You...you say you kissed me Tom?

Tom Honest Injun Aunt Polly.

Polly *(Softening)* I...I felt it. But I dreamed it was an angel come to kiss my tears away... *(She hardens again)* Kiss me again Tom, an' then off with you... *(He kisses her cheek. Huck sneezes again)* All of you get into some dry clothes! An' Mary, heat up the stew...dish out double portions to fill them empty bellies. But no dessert mind you Tom, none for a whole week! Now get on with ya! *(All of them but Polly leave, with Mary and Sid bringing up the rear)*

Mary Aren't you coming Mama?

Polly No, I...I reckon I'll just sit here awhile and gather my thoughts. *(Mary and Sid leave)*
(Song intro. begins)

Sid No dessert! That little varmint should be living on bread and water!

Mary "The Prodigal Son" has returned Sid. Mama'd kill the fatted calf if she had one.

SONG: "POLLY'S PRAYER" (Sung with feeling)

Polly *(Pacing, upset)*

Oh a boy's just a blessing and a curse!
Just when you think he's gone bad well then...
He gives you a kiss ... *(Sigh)*
(Angrily) So he runs away and makes believe he's dead!
Can you tell me Lord what runs through that boy's head!
Lord I'd run away too if you'd let me
What else can be said?!
Oh help! *(Sigh)*
Lord forgive him!
Lord forgive me
For not making Tom the man he ought to be.
For not taking time to make him see
Just how much he means to me and to You....
God please keep him!
God please keep me
In a place where we can know and do Your will;
And be still and bring vexation to an end. Amen to that!
Lord please keep him...and keep me.
Oh when I look at Tom
Don't I see his poor sweet Mother's eyes
Lookin' back at me?
And he has he nose, and her chin,
And her smile, and her heart!
Don't you know, I remember Tom's first step,
His first tooth, his first word,
Chasin' butterflies
And big stray dogs!
And his first black eye...and his first lie...
And his first tear... Oh dear!
Heaven help him!
Heaven help me!
Lord please make us strong, the road it seems so long!
But with each new step I know You're there
And that Thomas is in your care!
It's better care than I could give
Because you care, you let him live...
So let him grow a man...
And let him understand...
That we both need each other so...
Heaven help him!

(Polly sits and puts her face in her hands to cry)

(Music segues to the next scene)

(Brief blackout)

(Lights up on)

Sam

Aunt Polly's the salt of the earth... Truly a God-fearin' woman of faith. And it took the fear O' God to keep Tom in line. Seemed like wherever Tom went, trouble had a way of findin' him – and school was no exception.

SCENE 3: SCHOOL INTERIOR (Same as Church)

(The children are despondent, even terrified as Mr. Dobbins circles the classroom, menacing the students by striking a long switch across his palm. Tom sits in a "corner", back to the audience in a tall dunce cap)

Mr. Dobbins

And since you are all so preoccupied with the misadventures of this...*(Pointing to Tom)* young hooligan, every lunch period and recess will be spent in diligent study for the remainder of the week. *(A few moans)* And you will excel, not only on your end-of-the-