

## Packet #1: Tom, Ben, Amy, Sid, Jeff, and Boys in General

TOM is standing, sad that he has to whitewash (paint) an entire fence. BEN comes along playing at being a Steamboat heading up the Mississippi river. They don't like each other.

**BEN** Chow, chow, ting-a-ling-a-ling. Set her for stabboard! Chow! I'm the mighty steamboat Missouri! Chow! Ch-chow-wow! Lively now! Take a turn 'round that stump! Stand by! Done with the engines! Bring her about! Ting-a-ling! I like apples, I like Saturdays, I like steamboats and I don't like Tom! (*TOM looks at him, then suddenly picks up the brush and starts to work, singing, whistling and having a great time*) Tom Sawyer, shame you gotta work on a Saturday.

**TOM** Oh, Ben, it's you. I warn't noticing.

**BEN** Say, I'm a-going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could, too? But of course you'd rather work—wouldn't you? 'Course you would.

*TOM paints another stroke, delicately.*

**TOM** What do you call work?

**BEN** Why, ain't that work?

**TOM** Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits TOM

**BEN** Oh, come, now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?

*TOM works even harder, admiring his work.*

**TOM** Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day? (*Looks at his work*) There's an art to it, Ben. See, a touch more here. Just so. My, oh, my, that's a pretty piece of work.

*BEN moves closer. Looks at TOM, then looks at the comes to a decision.*

**BEN** Say, Tom, let me whitewash a little.

**TOM** No—no—I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—if it was the back fence... but this one's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it's got to be done.

**BEN** No—is that so? Oh, come, now—lemme just try? Only just a little—I'd let you, if you was me, Tom.

**TOM** Ben, I'd like to, but if anything was to happen to it—

**BEN** Oh, shucks, I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. (*TOM ignores him*) Say—I'll give you the core of my apple.

**TOM** (*acting tempted*) Well, here—no, Ben, now I'm just afeard.

**BEN** I'll give you all of the apple!

**TOM** I can't hardly beat that, but you be careful. (*BEN starts to work*) That's good, Ben, that's real good. (*BEN works even harder*) You're gettin' a lot done, there, Ben, that's mighty fine.

*AMY LAWRENCE comes in, notices them.*

**AMY** Tom Sawyer, Ben Rogers, what you doin'?

**TOM** Hi, Amy. Just whitewashin' the fence—real artistic-like.

AMY Don't look like *you're* doin' it at all, Tom.

BEN Naw, Amy—Tom Sawyer's a-lettin' me whitewash the fence for him. Only one in two thousand can do it just right.

AMY I could do that.

BEN Could you now?

AMY Give me a brush.

BEN You gotta ask Tom.

AMY Tom Sawyer, will you let me whitewash this fence?

TOM Depends on how much you want to. You got to be real careful and you got to give me somethin' real nice. *{She puckers her lips for a kiss}* No, *real* nice.

AMY *(momentarily irritated)* Hm. How about this cat's-eye marble. I been savin' it to trade.

TOM All right, Amy, I jist can't pass that up. Here you go. *(Gives her a brush)* Be careful, Amy.

*AMY LAWRENCE starts to work. BEN goes back to doing the fence, too. JEFF THATCHER, a new kid, comes on. He stops.)*

JEFF Tom Sawyer, Ben, Amy Lawrence, I came by to see what passes for fun on a Saturday in this town, and here you are a-workin'? What you doin'?

BEN Jeff Thatcher, you came to the right place. We're a-whitewashin' the fence—real artistic-like.

JEFF And that's fun?

AMY Not only fun, Jeff, but puts you in the company of great artists like Michelangelo DaVinci. See, only one in two thousand can do it just right.

JEFF You sayin' I couldn't do it?

BEN You sayin' you could?

JEFF Give me a brush.

AMY You gotta ask Tom.

JEFF Tom Sawyer, will you let me whitewash this fence?

TOM Since you're new to town and all—if you, uh, give me somethin' you really treasure.

JEFF I got some broken, blue bottle glass I found by the river.

TOM Grab a brush.

*MUSIC. As the music plays, WILLIE MUFFERSON, SAMUEL RICE, GRACIE MILLER and GINNY WALTERS all come along and, to the music, negotiate with TOM. Soon, they 're all working on the fence. Finally, SID comes back from the well. He stops.*

SID What's a-goin' on here?

ALL We're whitewashing the fence.

WILLIE Only one in two thousand can do it just right. SID. Is that so? I could do it.

SAMUEL You gotta ask TOM

GRACIE You gotta say: Tom Sawyer, can I whitewash that fence?

GINNY And you gotta give Tom somethin' really special.

SID All right, then. Tom Sawyer, can I whitewash that fence?

**TOM** And somethin' special?

**SID** I'll give you... *(Holds up and swings a dead rat)* I'll give you this dead rat on a string.

**TOM** What a treasure. Take a brush. *(SID starts painting. They 're all painting. TOM leans down, goes through his treasure as they paint. MUSIC again briefly. TOM looks up to see they're pretty much done.)* There, we're done. Thank you. See ya, Ben, Sid, Amy, everybody—you did a great job.

**BEN** Thanks for lettin' me help, Tom. Let's play pirates later on?

**TOM** Sure, Ben— *(BEN walks off like a steamboat. The BOYS follow him off.)* Once a bully, now a friend.

**AMY** Bye, Tom.

**TOM** Bye, my one true love. *(AMY giggles and leaves, the other GIRLS follow her)* I'm rich. *(SID looks at him crossways)* Better get inside with that water, Sid. And don't tell Aunt Polly you was a-helpin' me. *(SID goes inside all grumpy. TOM spreads out treasures and accounts for them)* Will you look at this? Besides the apple, the marble, the blue bottle glass to look through and the dead rat on a string; I've got a kite string but no kite, a harmonica, a key that won't unlock anything, a piece of chalk, a kitten with only one eye, a dog collar but no dog, four pieces of orange peel and a dilapidated old window sash. I'm rich!

## Packet #2: Tom &amp; Becky

In school that morning, TOM sat next to BECKY and drew pictures of a house and a man and a woman and then finally wrote “I love you” on the slate to her. They decided to meet by the river at lunchtime so he could teach her how to draw.

- BECKY** I brought my slate, Tom Sawyer, so’s you can learn me to draw.
- TOM** Ain’t you the smart one. See— *(He sits down beside her, guides her hand)* See, here’s how you make a house. Up, up, a triangle on top, and smoke a squiggling off into the sky.
- BECKY** I wish I were an artist.
- TOM** It wears off, onct you’re a good one. And the most famous ones are all dead.
- BECKY** Oh.
- TOM** Do you love rats?
- BECKY** No! I hate them! *(There is an awkward pause)* What I like is chewing-gum.
- TOM** Oh, I should say so. I wish I had some now.
- BECKY** Do you? I’ve got some. I’ll let you chew it awhile, but you must give it back to me.  
*TOM nods his head and BECKY takes her gum out and gives it to him. He plops it in his mouth. TOM puts his arm around BECKY’s shoulder.*
- TOM** Was you ever at a circus?
- BECKY** Yes, and my pa’s going to take me again some time, if I’m good. *(She removes his arm, a little shy)*
- TOM** I been to the circus three or four times—lots of times. I’m going to be a clown in a circus when I grow up.
- BECKY** Oh, are you! That will be nice. They’re! so lovely, all spotted up.
- TOM** Yes, that’s so. And they get slathers of money—most a dollar a day, Ben Rogers says. Say, Becky, was you ever engaged?
- BECKY** What’s that?
- TOM** Why, engaged to be married.
- BECKY** No.
- TOM** Would you like to?
- BECKY** I reckon so. I don’t know. What is it like?
- TOM** Like? Why, it ain’t like anything. You only just tell a boy you won’t ever have anybody but him, ever, ever ever, and then you kiss and that’s all. Anybody can do it.
- BECKY** Kiss? What do you kiss for?
- TOM** Why, that, you know, is to—well, they always do that.
- BECKY** Everybody?
- TOM** Why, yes, everybody that’s in love with each other. Do you remember what I wrote on the slate?
- BECKY** Ye—yes.

**TOM** What was it?

**BECKY** I shan't tell you.

**TOM** Shall I tell you?

**BECKY** Ye-yes—but some other time.

**TOM** Oh, no, now. Please, Becky—I'll whisper it, I'll whisper it ever so easy. *(BECKY is quiet, TOM leans over, then whispers)* I—love—you. *(BECKY giggles, looks at him)* Now you whisper it to me—just the same. *(BECKY looks at him)*

**BECKY** You turn your face away so you can't see, and then I will. But you mustn't ever tell anybody—will you, Tom? Now you won't, will you?

**TOM** No, indeed, indeed I won't. Now, Becky. *(TOM turns his face, BECKY leans and whispers)*

**BECKY** I—love—you! *(She jumps up)* That's that! *(TOM chases her, stops her)*

**TOM** Now, it's all done but the kiss.

**BECKY** I already said I love you, ain't that enough?

**TOM** We gots to seal it with a kiss. Then it's just you and me and you walk with me, when there ain't anybody looking, and you choose me and I choose you at parties, because that's the way you do when you're engaged.

**BECKY** That's so nice. I never heard of it before.

**TOM** Oh, it's wonderful. The kiss, the time together. Why, me and Amy Lawrence— *(He stops dead, realizing he's said the unthinkable. BECKY is shocked, backs away)*

**BECKY** Oh, Tom! Then I ain't the first you've ever been engaged to? *(She begins to cry)*

**TOM** Oh, don't cry, Becky, I don't care for her anymore.

**BECKY** Yes, you do, Tom—you know you do!

**TOM** I plumb forgot her!

**BECKY** You remembered her name! I'll never kiss you. Never, ever, ever! *(She runs off TOM stares at the audience.)*

**TOM** This is worse than even havin' warts. My heart is broken!

## Packet #3: Aunt Polly, Sid &amp; Tom

A steamboat has arrived and all the town is out to meet it and see who's coming off of it. TOM has been playing hooky and swimming and his cousin SID knows it and wants to get TOM in trouble with AUNT POLLY.

**AUNT POLLY** Tom Sawyer, weren't you a gentleman, showing up in time to help take folks' baggage 'round town.

**TOM** Yes, ma'am, Cousin Mary's always tellin' me the Bible says them what helps others helps themselves.

**AUNT POLLY** Is that so?

**SID** Ask him about school, Aunt Polly.

**TOM** Sid, I'm gonna...

**AUNT POLLY** Tom, I suspect it was middling warm in school, aren't it?

**TOM** Yes'm.

**AUNT POLLY** Powerful warm, warn't it?

**TOM** Yes'm.

**AUNT POLLY** Didn't you want to go in a-swimming, Tom?

**TOM** No'm— Well, not very much.

**SID** Aunt Polly?

**AUNT POLLY** Yes, Sid?

**SID** Then ask him why his shirt's so wet.

**TOM** Uh, uh, uh...

**AUNT POLLY** Tom Sawyer, is your shirt wet?

**TOM** It's very hot. I was a-sweatin'?

**AUNT POLLY** Sid, he was a-sweatin'.

**SID** I'll bet he was. I would be too, if I'd played hooky.

**AUNT POLLY** Tom? Did you now?

**TOM** Heck, how could I've been playin' hooky when I learnt so much today.

**AUNT POLLY** What did you learn?

**TOM** That Sid's a tattletale. *(Starts to jump SID, POLLY holds him back)*

**AUNT POLLY** You're a-goin' to school tomorrow, Tom, and just to make sure you don't go nowhere else; you're wearin' your Sunday-best jacket and it better come home clean! Sid, get his jacket.

**SID** Here you are, Tom. *(Hands him his jacket)* Mind your manners.

**TOM** *(Grabs it roughly)* You mind yours.

**AUNT POLLY** *(points to the fence)* You get into any more trouble and you'll be whitewashin' that fence instead of playing this Saturday mornin'. *(She leaves)*

**SID** I know who's gonna whitewash that fence!

**TOM** You!

*SID runs off. TOM chasing him.*

*Later on, Tom has, indeed gotten into more trouble and has been sentenced to whitewashing the fence.*

**AUNT POLLY** *(enters with a bucket and some brushes)* Tom! Tom Sawyer! Don't you forget you owe me a day of chores. I've got to launder that suit, so's I want you to whitewash that fence and don't you try to get out of a good job and you can play *next* Saturday.

**TOM** But—

**AUNT POLLY** Ain't no buts about it. You spoiled your Sunday suit pickin' a fight with that nice new boy and now you're gonna pay the price. *(She leaves.)*

**TOM** Whitewash the fence. Whitewash the fence! I hates doin' whitewashin'. It just runs off each year so you have to do it over the next one. It's like cleanin' a room only worse. What am I gonna—

*SID comes out of the house with a bucket.*

**TOM** Hey, Sid, what ya doin'?

**SID** On my way to the well, fetch some water, never you mind. Then I gets to play all day long.

**TOM** I hate to see you have to go all that ways, Sid. Tell you what—I'll go fetch the water, and you whitewash the fence.

**SID** Now, Tom Sawyer, Miss Polly told me to be careful when I walked past you 'cause'n you'd probably try to get me to do your work, and see here—you're tryin' to get me to do your work.

**TOM** No, I'm not.

**SID** Yes, you are.

**TOM** All right, I am. I'll give you my best marble.

**SID** I ain't even supposed to be listenin' to you, no how.

**TOM** How about this? I'll show you my sore toe. Take the bandage off n everythin'.

**SID** Your sore toe?

**TOM** It's all a-swollen up, you know.

**SID** *(leans down)*. Now that's mighty tempting.

*AUNT POLLY comes out and throws her shoe at SID.*

**AUNT POLLY** Sid, I told you that Tom Sawyer would be tryin' to get out of work. Get down to the well with you, in a hurry, now.

*SID takes off running. TOM picks up the shoe.*

**TOM** You're a sure shot with a shoe, Aunt Polly.

**AUNT POLLY** You'll be the next target, young man, if'n you don't get back to work.

## Packet #4: Aunt Polly &amp; Tom

TOM and his friends had run away and hid on an island for a few days and everyone thought they'd drowned in the river. TOM returns to his own funeral and tells everyone they are alive.

**AUNT POLLY** Tom Sawyer, I just don't know what to do with you. Worry in' me to death.

**TOM** Oh, Aunt Polly, I ain't all bad, am I?

**AUNT POLLY** Sometimes I'm not certain, Tom. You give us such a scare.

**TOM** I tried to tell you—there was much on my mind, and I had a note I was givin' to you, tellin' you I was goin' to the island to think, but when I was gonna give it to you, you was asleep, so peaceably, that when I started to hand it to you, I give you a kiss on the forehead instead.

**AUNT POLLY** A kiss?

**TOM** And then forgot completely to leave the note. See, Aunt Polly, I ain't all bad.

**AUNT POLLY** You gived me a kiss?

**TOM** Won't you forgive me?

**AUNT POLLY** Give me one more and then off to school with you. *(TOM gives her a kiss on the cheek.)*  
You may prove yourself a good boy, yet.



## Packet #5: Tom &amp; Huck

HUCK FINN is TOM'S best friend. They meet on the road as TOM is headed to school one morning.

**TOM** Huck Finn, yer up early.

**HUCK FINN** You, too. You shore been reg'lar goin' to school since that Thatcher girl showed up.

**TOM** A man could mind his own business. What's that you got?

**HUCK FINN** A man could mind his own business.

**TOM** Now, Huck, ain't fair throwin' back. What is it?

**HUCK FINN** Dead cat.

**TOM** Lemme see him, Huck. *(Looks in the bag.)* My, he's pretty stiff. Where'd you get him?

**HUCK FINN** Bought him off'n a boy.

**TOM** What'd you give?

**HUCK FINN** A bladder I got over to the slaughterhouse.

**TOM** So what is dead cats good for, Huck?

**HUCK FINN** Good for? Cure warts with.

**TOM** That ain't the only way, now, is it? I play with frogs so much that I've always got considerable many warts. Sometimes I take 'em off with a bean.

**HUCK FINN** Yes, bean's good. I've done that.

**TOM** Have you? What's your way?

**HUCK FINN** You take and split the bean, and cut the wart so as to get some blood, and then you put the blood on one piece of the bean and take and dig a hole and bury it 'bout midnight at the crossroads in the dark of the moon, and then you burn up the rest of the bean. You see that piece that's got the blood on it will keep drawing and drawing, trying to fetch the other piece to it, and so that helps the blood to draw the wart, and pretty soon, off she come.

**TOM** That's it, Huck—that's it, though when you're burying it if you say "Down bean; off wart; come no more to bother me!" it's better. But say—how do you cure 'em with dead cats?

**HUCK FINN** Why, you take your cat and go and get in the graveyard 'long about midnight when somebody that was wicked has been buried, and when it's midnight a devil will come, or maybe two or three, but you can't see 'em, you can only hear something like the wind, or maybe hear 'em talk, and when they're taking that feller away, you heave your cat after 'em and say, "Devil follow corpse, cat follow devil, warts follow cat, I'm done with ye!" That'll fetch any wart.

**TOM** Sounds right. So, when you going to try out that cat?

**HUCK FINN** Tonight. Midnight. I reckon those spirits'll come after old Hoss Williams then.

**TOM** Lemme go with you?

**HUCK FINN** Of course—if you ain't afeard.

**TOM** Afeard! 'Tain't likely. Will you meow?

**HUCK FINN** Yes—and you meow back, if you get a chance.

**TOM** I'll do her.

**HUCK FINN** Go fishin' with me?

**TOM** Gots to go to school. That girl's gonna be there for sure.

**HUCK FINN** Can't believe you favor her over diggin' some worms and catching a nice catfish or two.

**TOM** Cain't believe it myself, but I must, 'cause I do. I'm gonna be late, now.

## Packet #6: Tom &amp; Ben

*BEN'S a new kid in town.*

- BEN** Hello, there, Mr. Sawyer. Chance meetin' you after my first day of school. You'd best take a different way home on account of I'm the meanest, toughest kid you ever laid eyes on.
- TOM** I wish I'd laid my eyes by the side of my bed and never had to look at you. I can't get in no fight on account Aunt Polly will put me to work tomorrow and I hate to work on Saturday. *(TOM looks at BEN, tries to walk by)*
- BEN** Where you goin'?
- TOM** I can't nary afford to mess up my clothes—
- BEN** You're gonna if you mess with me.
- TOM** I don't want to get in no fight. I'd whomp you too bad.
- BEN** No, you wouldn't.
- TOM** Would.
- BEN** Wouldn't.
- TOM** What's your name?
- BEN** 'Tisn't any of your business, maybe.
- TOM** I 'low I'll make it my business.
- BEN** Why don't you?
- TOM** If you say much, I will.
- BEN** Much, much, much! There now.
- TOM** Oh, you think you're mighty smart, don't you? I could lick you with one hand tied behind me, if I want to.
- BEN** Why don't you do it? You say you can do it.
- TOM** I will, if you fool with me.
- BEN** Ain't that a pretty suit—why you dressed up for church on a Friday?
- TOM** I like dressin' this way. The girls like me better for it.
- BEN** Bet no girls like you at all.
- TOM** What is your name, other than Tarnation Irritation?
- BEN** I'll tell you my name. I'll make you feel it. *(Shoves him a bit.)* I'm Ben Rogers.
- TOM** Don't think you can be bullyin' me, Ben Rogers.
- BEN** What you gonna do about it? I think you're afraid.
- TOM** I isn't afraid.
- BEN** You are.
- TOM** I ain't.
- BEN** You are.
- TOM** I'll tell my big brother on you, and he can thrash you with his little finger and I'll make

him do it, too.

**BEN** What do I care for your big brother? I've got a brotier that's bigger than he is—and what's more, he can throw your brother over that fence there.

**TOM** No, he can't, 'cause my big brother don't actually exist. He's imaginary.

**BEN** So what, mine, too, and I can imagine him throwing your big brother over the fence, so there.

**TOM** Now, you listen here. *(Draws a foot across the ground.)* This is my side of town and that's yours. Stay on your side or else.

**BEN** Or else... *(Crosses the line)* ...what?

**TOM** You're like to vex me certain enough, Ben Rogers.

**BEN** I'll fight you, too.

**TOM** By jingo, for two cents I'd wallop you right now

**BEN** *(fishes two cents from his pocket)*. Here you are then. Let's see you do it! *(BEN pushes TOM, who falls and scrambles back up)*

**TOM** Hey, now! *(They fight.)*

## Packet #7: Injun Joe, Muff Potter, &amp; Doc Robinson

DOC ROBINSON has paid INJUN JOE, a local troublemaker, and MUFF POTTER, the town drunk, to dig up a recently buried body in the graveyard for his own research.

DOC Here it is—hurry, men—the moon might come out at any moment.

There is a grunt from INJUN JOE.

MUFF POTTER I don't know about this, Doc Robinson, stealin' a body.

DOC It's for medical studies, Muff Potter, just keep diggin'.

INJUN JOE Do what he says, Muff—the moon may come out soon.

MUFF POTTER I'm diggin' but five ain't hardly enough money for such a job, 'specially when we gets to the body.

INJUN JOE There it is, Doc—now another five if you want it.

MUFF POTTER That's the talk.

DOC But we had an agreement—I paid you in advance.

INJUN JOE Agreements don't mean nothin', Doc Robinson—I been waitin' for this a long time. Five years ago you drove me away from your father's kitchen one night, when I come to ask for something to eat, and you said I warn't there for any good; and when I swore I'd get even with you if it took a hundred years, your father had me jailed for a vagrant. Did you think I'd forget? And now I've got you and you got to settle, you know!

DOC Darn you, Joe, a deal's a deal. *(DOC shoves JOE)*

INJUN JOE Ouch.

MUFF POTTER *(closes in)* Leave him alone, Doc, he's my partner. I got a knife!

DOC pulls a gun, but JOE moves fast.

INJUN JOE We don't need him anymore, Muff, not at all.

He circles around and suddenly jumps forward, grabs a rock and knocks out MUFF, then quickly jumps forward and grabs MUFF's knife. DOC fires the gun, but it doesn't go off, so JOE stabs DOC, killing him and then lowers him into the coffin.

INJUN JOE That score is settled, now!

He puts the body down, takes a watch on a watch chain from the body, holds it up in the air, then puts it in his pocket, looks at bodies.

INJUN JOE But who they gonna blame for this—if n they ever dig these two up? *(He looks at MUFF, leans down, opens up MUFF's hand and puts the knife into his grip.)*

INJUN JOE *(kicking MUFF awake)* Wake up, Muff, see here what you done?

MUFF POTTER *(standing)* What? *(Looks down)* Doc's dead? Why who? *(Looks at the knife in his hand)*

INJUN JOE It's a dirty business, Muff. What did you do it for?

MUFF POTTER !! I never done it!

INJUN JOE Look here! That kind of talk won't wash.

MUFF POTTER I thought I'd got sober. I'd no business to drink tonight. But it's in my head yet. I'm all in a muddle; can't recollect anything of it, hardly. Tell me, Joe—honest, now, old feller—did I do it? *(JOE nods.)*

- INJUN JOE** Why, you two was scuffling and he fetched you one with a rock and you fell flat; and then up you come, all reeling and staggering, like, and snatched the knife and jammed it into him, just as he fetched you another awful clip and here you've laid, dead as a wedge till now,
- MUFF POTTER** Oh, I didn't know what I was a-doing. I wish I may die this minute. It was all on account of the whiskey; and the excitement, I reckon. Joe, don't tell! Say you won't tell, Joe! I always liked you, Joe, and stood up for you, too! Don't you remember? You won't tell, will you, Joe?
- INJUN JOE** No, you've always been fair and square with me, Muff Potter, and I won't go back on you. You be off yonder way, and I'll go this. Move, now, and don't leave any tracks behind you. *(MUFF leaves quickly, JOE mutters)* The deed is done. *(He kicks the coffin and walks off)*

## Packet #8: Miss Dobbins, Alfred, Becky, Tom, Sid, &amp; Mary

Schoolteachers, such as MISS DOBBINS, were a lot stricter at the time of the play. Children were regularly whipped with a lash when they got into trouble. Meanwhile, TOM and BECKY have had a falling out and ALFRED has moved in to woo her for himself.

- BECKY** *(whispers to ALFRED)* Now, show me what you were gonna.
- They go into the school. TOM follows along and peers in, watching them. The rest of the kids chat among themselves. ALFRED takes her to the teacher's desk.*
- ALFRED** See, Miss Dobbins has this science book about the human body—and she usually keeps it locked up—but I know where the key is. It's most certain thd onriest thing you ever seen. But I'm gonna let you see it 'cause someday we's gonna be married. Here.
- He hands her the key and dashes out. BECKY takes the book, opens it up. She gasps looking at the pictures.*
- BECKY** Human Anatomy. The... *(She flips the pictures, and holds one way out, gasps again. Suddenly a cry comes out)*
- MARY** Miss Dobbins' comin', Miss Dobbins! Everybody in!
- MISS DOBBINS enters (stage, not yet the school). BECKY panics and drops the book, tearing a page from it.*
- BECKY** Oh, no...
- She starts to pick it up, but the kids all pour into the room.*
- MARY** Everyone get to yer seats!
- ALFRED enters, looks at embarrassed BECKY.*
- ALFRED** Becky? *(She stands frozen)* Sit down!
- She moves to her seat, leaving the book. TOM comes with others. MISS DOBBINS enters last.*
- MISS DOBBINS** Aren't you all being good and quiet. *(Notices book)* What's this? My book. My best science book. The key? Who? Torn? *(The tension is intense)* Who tore this book? Who took this book from its place and tore it and...? Who? *(She looks around the room, eyes light on SID)* Sid, do you know who did this?
- SID looks at TOM as if to accuse him, TOM glares at him.*
- SID** I dunno, ma'am.
- MISS DOBBINS** *(goes down the list, looking each student in the eye. TOM stares at BECKY)* Samuel? Willie? Billy? Imogene? Mary? Clara? Jeff? Alfred Temple? *(ALFRED thinks for a short moment, glances at BECKY, then shakes his head. TOM is irritated.)* Becky Thatcher?
- BECKY** *(distraught, mumbles)* I, uh, I... I have to say. I—
- TOM** *(suddenly stands up)* I did it! I tore that there book and I'd do it again. That book belongs to the devil, Miss Dobbins, and I tore it for religious reasons.
- MARY** I knew yer soul could be saved, Tom Sawyer.
- MISS DOBBINS** You? You, Tom Sawyer?! Tarnation! This is not a devil's book. This is science! Science! You, Tom Sawyer, will stay and clean the entire school tonight. Yer lucky I don't give you a beating. All of you, go home! Now! And see to your studies.

## Packet #9: Tom, Huck, &amp; Joe Harper

The boys are running off to be pirates downriver on a raft. TOM and HUCK are hiding out after witnessing a murder and JOE joins them.

TOM Pirates of the Spanish Main! This is Tom Sawyer, the Black Avenger calling!

HUCK FINN Huck Finn, the Red-Handed here.

JOE And Joe Harper, the Terror of the Seas.

TOM We have always said that when faced with danger and certain death, we brothers of the sea would set out ne'er to return, right?

HUCK FINN Aye, Captain.

JOE We're yers, sir!

TOM The time has come to take the ship down to the gulf of Mexico and isles beyond!

HUCK FINN Then, let's be off!

They quickly outfit a raft like they're going to take off in a sailing ship.

I TOM Luff, and bring her to the wind!

JOE Aye-aye, sir!

TOM Steady, stead-y-y-y!

HUCK FINN Steady it is, sir!

TOM Let her go off a point!

JOE Point it is, sir!

TOM What sail's she carrying?

HUCK FINN Courses, tops'ls, and flying-jib, sir!

TOM Send the r'yals up! Lay out aloft, there, half a' dozen of ye! Lively, now!

JOE Aye-aye, sir!

TOM Hard a port! Stand by! Steady it is!

HUCK FINN Aye-aye, sir!

They arrive at an island and pull ashore.

JOE This is the life.

HUCK FINN We don't never need to go back.

TOM We don't have to get up mornings, and don't have to go to school, nor wash.

HUCK FINN Pirates don't have to do anything, ain't that so?

TOM That's so.

JOE Nothin'? We don't get to do nothin'?

TOM We'll have a bully time. We'll take ships and burn them, and get the money and bury it in awful places on our secret island where there's ghosts and things to watch it.

HUCK FINN And we kill everybody in the ships—make them walk the plank.

JOE Only not the women.



**TOM** No, no, we won't kill the women—we're too noble. And the women that pirates meet are always beautiful. Like Becky.

**HUCK FINN** Like her, huh?

**JOE** When we do all that?

**TOM** First ship we see.

**JOE** Don't see none.

**HUCK FINN** Be patient.  
*They wait a moment.*

**TOM** Maybe tomorrow.  
*There is a beat. Time passes.*

**TOM** Pirates have to be patient.  
*There is a beat. Time passes.*

**TOM** This ain't a very busy part of the Seven Seas.

**JOE** What do we eat?

**TOM** I reckon we got to steal what we eat.

**HUCK FINN** But who do we steal it from—ain't no one on the riyer but us'uns.

Packet #10: Deacon Brown, All Girls, Miss Miller, Miss Peters, Preacher Charles, Judge Thatcher, Peter, Molly, Cousin Mary, Alfred, Huck Finn, Amy Lawrence, Aunt Polly

*A steamboat has arrived bringing with it a bunch of new people to town including a bunch of girls, orphans for the new Methodist Orphans' Home, a Deacon, the new Judge, and more. The whole town has turned out to welcome everyone.*

**PREACHER** Citizens of St. Petersburg, Missouri. Hallelujah and amen.

**CROWD** Hallelujah and amen!

**PREACHER** We are pleased to welcome to our fair flower of the Mississippi some wayfaring strangers in a strange land—which shall not be long strange to them as we open our hearts with— *(Looks up)* His most generous love. Samaritans we shall be. I welcome Deacon Brown and the sweet orphan girls he has brought to occupy the new Methodist home.

*Cheers.*

**DEACON** All the way from sinful Cincinnati, the good leaders of the church heard the call from St. Petersburg—a welcome home for these lovely ladies as they train for lives of being Godfearing women ready to grow into the Rachels and Ruths who will help populate the Western Expansion of this great land.

**PREACHER** Hear, hear, and amen.

**CROWD** Amen.

**PETER** Can I play?

**DEACON** Oh, yes, Oh, yes, I present my own children, Peter and Molly.

*PETER runs off and finds some other BOYS. MOLLY lifts a hand in a shy hello.*

**MOLLY** Er, hi...

*COUSIN MARY runs up and takes her hand.*

**MARY** Come on, we'll meet you up with some of the girls.

**DEACON** And, of course, my lovely charges.

*As he introduces the GIRLS, they each curtsy and say "charmed, from four very politely.*

**DEACON** Ruth,

**RUTH** Charmed.

**DEACON** Stella,

**STELLA** Charmed.

**DEACON** Ruby,

**RUBY** Charmed.

**DEACON** Holly,

**HOLLY** Charmed.

**DEACON** Kitty,

KITTY *(Gets flustered, blurts out)* Oh, uh, hi, y'all!

DEACON *(Clears his throat, then)* Jean,

JEAN Enchanté.

DEACON Speaks French.

PREACHER Ah.

DEACON Naomi,

NAOMI Charmed.

DEACON And Myrtle.

MYRTLE I...

*MYRTLE bursts into tears. MISS MILLER and MISS PETERS step forward and cradle MYRTLE. ALFRED TEMPLE steps forward as well.*

MISS MILLER There, there. You'll be all right.

MISS PETERS You'll love it here.

ALFRED Let's get their bags! Come on, boys.

*The BOYS are reluctant, ALFRED moves toward the steamboat.*

PREACHER In honor of our new arrivals, we'll have a picnic, following the annual Bible Verse Competition, a week from Sunday. Deacon, will you bring the Methodist girls to join us?

DEACON You may be a Baptist, but I do believe we share the same Bible. *(There is a ripple of laughter among the adults)*

ALFRED The bags, boys?

PREACHER Not so fast, Alfred, though you are a good lad. Ladies and gentlemen, we also greet our new Judge Thatcher. *(Greetings from all.)*

JUDGE My thanks, my thanks. And I present my children, Jeff and Becky.

*He ushers them forward. JEFF looks over at TOM, HUCK has moved up behind him, JEFF nods at them.*

HUCK FINN *(to TOM)* He looks bully. Get him in the gang.

TOM Yeah, but look at her.

AMY *(who is still near TOM)* No, you don't.

*She thwacks him. He laughs. SID notices.*

SID Aunt Polly, there's Tom!

AUNT POLLY Tom Sawyer!

*The crowd looks around, realizes TOM may be in trouble. TOM sizes up the situation.*

TOM Come on, gang, let's help— *(draws out the name in a ridiculous fashion)* —“Alfred” with the bags.