

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

by Michele L. Vacca

(Based on Mark Twain's classic novel)

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CHARACTERS

VOICE OF MARK TWAIN

TOM SAWYER

HUCK FINN

JOE HARPER

ALFRED TEMPLE

SID SAWYER

BECKY THATCHER

SUSAN HARPER

AUNT POLLY

MRS. HARPER

INJUN JOE

PREACHER DOBBINS

MUFF POTTER

DOCTOR ROBINSON

NOTE: POSSIBLE DOUBLES

The same actress can play Susan Harper
and Mrs. Harper

The same actor can play Sid Sawyer and
Injun Joe

The same actor can play Alfred Temple and
Doctor Robinson

(SEE PRODUCTION NOTE BELOW CONCERNING MARK
TWAIN'S USE OF LANGUAGE IN HIS TIME.)

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER PRODUCTION NOTES:

CHARACTERS:

TOM SAWYER – the major character. Tom is all boys in one – he is good and bad, responsible and foolish on alternate days. He often has wonderful, grand daydreams that take him far beyond the boundaries of daily life.

HUCK FINN – Tom's friend, described by Twain as "the juvenile pariah of the village . . . son of the town drunkard." Good natured,

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self-sufficient, and totally uneducated, Huck enhances Tom's many adventures.

JOE HARPER – another of Tom's friends. Joe enjoys an adventure almost as much as Tom does.

ALFRED TEMPLE – a new boy in town who wears “shoes on a Friday,” thereby proving to the other boys he is a “sissy.”

SID SAWYER – Tom's half brother. Though more well behaved and obedient than Tom, he too is somewhat of a “sissy,” and often a tattletale as well.

BECKY THATCHER – a new girl in town, very pretty and sweet. Tom, of course, adores her at first sight.

SUSAN HARPER – Joe's younger sister. Susan tags along after her brother, trying to join in some of the games the boys play.

AUNT POLLY – Tom's and Sid's long suffering and devoted guardian. Polly, a simple soul, tries very hard to raise the boys properly, though Tom often alternately angers, confuses, and charms her.

MRS. HARPER – Joe and Susan's mother.

INJUN JOE – an evil and cruel man. Huck calls him “that murderin' half-breed.” The people in the town avoid him.

PREACHER DOBBINS – the town's minister and schoolmaster. He's a God-fearing man who always tries to do his best.

MUFF POTTER – another disreputable town character. Although Muff is a vagrant and a drunkard, he is not a fearsome man, and the children like him.

DOCTOR ROBINSON – the town's younger man of medicine. He is well educated, of course, and accustomed to authority.

THE VOICE OF MARK TWAIN – the narrator of the play. The narrative passages are primarily adapted cuttings from the novel. The voice should be taped, and accompanied by appropriate music. Music is particularly effective during Tom's daydream segments.

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COSTUMES: Costuming this play is very simple and economical. Straw hats, old shirts, knickers for the boys, simple dresses of the 1840's era for the women. And the Preacher and Doc Robinson both need frock coats and hats.

SETTINGS: Elaborate and heavy set pieces are not recommended for this play. Since there are so many different locations necessary for the action, the set changes should be as minimal as possible. Suggested scenery will work out more practically than a totally realistic approach. The Narrator provides time and space between scenes so that changes can be made. The Voice also helps establish individual settings by a description of location, time of day, etc. Music, of course, can also assist in the establishment of the moods. Briefly, the areas required for playing are; Aunt Polly's house (an interior), the street (a fence and bench near Aunt Polly's house), a neighboring garden (Becky's), the graveyard, the island, the church (a podium), and McDougal's Cave (interior).

GENERAL NOTE ON MARK TWAIN'S TIME IN HISTORY: As the reader of this playscript may note, some of the language usage in Mark Twain's time in history (roughly from 1835 to 1910) may be at variance with modern sensibilities. The flavor of the language in this playscript was derived directly from the Twain material. Character names such as "Injun Joe" or references to "that murderin' half-breed" can easily be altered. "Injun Joe" could be referred to as "Joe," and any reference to "that murderin' half-breed" could be deleted – such changes do no harm to Twain's or the adapter's intent, which is to tell a good story about growing up in 1840's rural Midwestern America. THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER was first published in 1876. It is still widely read, and remains the most popular of Twain's many books.

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

Adapted by Michele L. Vacca

ACT I

(On Stage! – E-mail: classtage@aol.com – protected by copyright)

(CURTAIN LIGHTS AND OVERTURE MUSIC . . . AFTER THE MUSIC HAS PLAYED FOR A FEW MOMENTS, THE VOICE OF THE STORYTELLER IS HEARD. HE SPEAKS IN A PLEASANT DRAWL.)

VOICE: Good day, everybody. You don't know me, so I'm going to introduce myself to you. My name is Mark Twain. When I was a boy – back in the 1840's – I knew some really interestin' people, and we had some good times. When I grew up, I decided I was goin' t' be a writer, so I wrote about some of the people I knew, and some of the things that happened when I was a boy. 'Course life was a little diff'rent, then; there weren't any radios, or televisions, or telephones, or electricity, or airplanes, or cars. Life was a little slower, and a whole lot quieter. 'Course people still managed to enjoy themselves, and sometimes they got hurt – because whether people have cars and airplanes or not, they are still pretty much the same as people in other times and places. Anyway, as I was sayin', when I grew up I decided to write about some of the people I'd known and things they'd done. One of my books I called The Adventures of Tom Sawyer. I enjoyed writing that book because it was really a lot about me, and my friends, and the times we had one summer. The story takes place in a little village on the Mississippi River – on the Missouri side. It's spring – sometime in the 1840's. (AS THE STAGE LIGHTS COME UP) There. You can see some of the people in the story now. There's Tom Sawyer. He's the most important character in the story. And there's his friend, Huck – Huckleberry Finn. Huck's an orphan, and he doesn't have to go to school. There's Joe Harper, and his sister, Susan. And Tom's half brother, Sid. There's

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Tom's Aunt Polly in the kitchen. And Preacher Dobbins . . . Well, why don't we listen real carefully, and see what's happenin' in the adventures of Tom Sawyer . . .

(AS THE VOICE FADES, THE LIGHTS COME UP FULL. THE CHARACTERS HAVE APPEARED AS THE VOICE NAMES THEM. TOM IS TRYING TO BALANCE HIS HAT UPSIDE DOWN. HE CARRIES AN ALMOST EMPTY JAR OF JAM, WHICH HE SHARES WITH THE OTHERS. AS THE VOICE AND MUSIC FADE AND THE PREACHER GOES, AUNT POLLY'S VOICE IS HEARD.)

AUNT POLLY: (OFF IN THE KITCHEN.) Tom!

TOM: (TO THE OTHERS.) Uh – oh! It's Aunt Polly.

SID: (TO TOM.) Now you'll catch it!

TOM: Hush up, Sid.

SUSAN: That's right, Sid. You hush up. (STICKS OUT HER TONGUE.)

SID: (TO SUSAN.) Oh, who asked you, anyway? (STICKS OUT HIS TONGUE.)

JOE: Better hide, Tom.

TOM: I'll see you all later. (HE RUSHES OFF – SID HOLDS THE JAM.)

HUCK: (EATING THE JAM.) We'll tell her we ain't seen you, Tom.

SID: Well, I'm going to tell. Tom's always stealing the jam, and I never get any. (TAKES THE JAR.) Look, it's all gone. Strawberry, too.

JOE: (MOCKING.) Awwww, poor Siddy.

SUSAN: (MOCKING.) Poor little Sid.

SID: You leave me alone, Susan Harper. (SHOVES HER.)

JOE: (SHOVES SID.) You leave my sister alone, Sid Sawyer.

AUNT POLLY: (ENTERS.) Tom! Where are you, Tom?! (SHE CROSSES AROUND LOOKING FOR HIM.) Tom!

TOM: (SNEAKS UP BEHIND THE BOYS WHILE AUNT POLLY'S BACK IS TURNED, GRABS JAM JAR FROM SID, AND RUSHES INTO THE HOUSE.)

POLLY: (TURNS.) What was that?

JOE: I dunno.

HUCK: Me neither.

SUSAN: Me neither.

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SID: Well, I know – ouch! (SUSAN HAS KICKED HIM.)
POLLY: Tom! Oh, what’s wrong with that boy? You, TOM!
SID: (DODGING SUSAN.) He’s in the house, Aunt Polly!
POLLY: Oh, he is, is he? Well, just wait till I get a-hold of that boy! (SHE GOES INTO THE HOUSE.)
SUSAN: (AS THEY GO.) Sid, you’re a nasty old tattletale! (THE CHILDREN CHASE SID OFF.)
POLLY: (IN THE HOUSE.) I never did see the beat of that boy! (LOOKS UNDER THE TABLE, ETC.) You-u-u-u, Tom! (HEARS A SLIGHT NOISE – TOM IS TRYING TO SNEAK OUT OF THE HOUSE. HE TIPTOES ACROSS THE ROOM, BUT SHE TURNS QUICKLY AND CATCHES HIM BY THE COLLAR.) There! I might of thought of that closet. What have you been doing in there?
TOM: (HOLDING JAM JAR BEHIND HIS BACK – SAYS INNOCENTLY.) Nothing, Aunt Polly.
POLLY: “Nothing, Aunt Polly” – indeed! Look at your hands! And look at your mouth. What is that?
TOM: I don’t know, Aunt.
POLLY: Well, I know. It’s jam! That’s what it is! (GRABS JAR FROM HIS HAND.) Forty times I’ve said if you didn’t let that jam alone, I’d skin you. Fetch me the switch. (SHE TURNS TO PUT THE JAR ON THE TABLE.)
TOM: (CRIES OUT SUDDENLY IN ALARM.) My! Look behind you, Aunt!
POLLY: (SCREAMS, PULLS HER SKIRTS OUT OF DANGER, AND MEANWHILE TOM ESCAPES.) Tom! (AFTER A MOMENT OF SURPRISE SHE REALIZES THE TRICK AND LAUGHS GENTLY TO HERSELF.) Hang the boy, can’t I never learn? Ain’t he played enough tricks for me to know better by this time? (WITH A LAUGH.) But old fools is the biggest fools there is. Can’t learn an old dog new tricks, as they say. But my goodness, the boy never plays the same tricks twice, so how’s a body to know what’s coming? But laws-a-me! He’s my own dead sister’s boy, poor thing, and I ain’t got the heart to lash him, somehow. (SHE SIGHS AND SMILES RUEFULLY – AS THE LIGHTS FADE ON HER.) (THE STREET: TOM AND JOE AND HUCK AND SUSAN ENTER, ALL IN GOOD SPIRITS.)

SUSAN: Tom! Tom, are you going to play war tomorrow? Tom?
Are you, huh? Tom?

TOM: I dunno. Say, Joe, are we going to play war tomorrow?

JOE: I dunno. Say Huck, are we going to play war tomorrow?

HUCK: I dunno. Say, Tom, are we going to play war tomorrow?

TOM: I dunno.

SUSAN: You are, too! You always play war on Saturdays!

TOM: We do?

JOE: Do we?

HUCK: (SHRUGS.) I dunno!

SUSAN: (TOTALLY EXASPERATED.) Oh, boys! Tom Sawyer, if you don't let me play war with you-all tomorrow, I'm going to tell your Aunt Polly that you played hooky this afternoon!

TOM: Go ahead and tell her, but Sid prob'ly did already, anyhow.

BOYS: (LAUGH.)

SUSAN: Why won't you let me play war with you?

JOE: 'Cause you're a girl, and girls don't play war.

SUSAN: I don't see why not! That's the stupidest thing I ever heard! (SHE STOMPS OUT – AS THE BOYS LAUGH.)

(SUDDENLY ALFRED TEMPLE APPEARS WALKING DOWN THE STREET. THE BOYS WATCH HIM.)

TOM: Say, who's that?

HUCK: I ain't never seen him before.

JOE: Me neither.

TOM: I don't like his looks.

(ALFRED HAS PAUSED, CENTER, AND LOOKS AROUND IN A SELF-SATISFIED WAY.)

JOE: (TO TOM.) Me, neither. Look, he's wearing shoes. On a Friday.

TOM: That's so. Look at his necktie. (BOYS LAUGH.)

HUCK: (TO JOE AND TOM.) Watch this. (HE WAVES AT ALFRED IN A MOCK FRIENDLY WAY.)

ALFRED: (HESITATES, WAVES BACK.)

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BOYS: (LAUGH.)
ALFRED: (LOOKS AT THEM TURNS HIS FACE AWAY, HIS NOSE IN THE AIR.)
JOE: Say, did you see that?
HUCK: He don't seem very friendly.
TOM: I'll take care of him. I don't like his citified airs.
JOE: Me, neither. He thinks he's better'n us.
TOM: You both stay here. (TOM SWAGGERS OVER TO ALFRED.)
JOE: Look at that Tom. He's a brave one.
HUCK: That's so.

(TOM AND ALFRED EYE EACH OTHER. AS ONE MOVES, THE OTHER MOVES. THEY CIRCLE EACH OTHER, UNTIL AT LAST –)

TOM: I can lick you!
ALFRED: I'd like to see you try it.
TOM: Well, I can do it.
ALFRED: No, you can't either.
TOM: Yes, I can.
ALFRED: No, you can't.
TOM: Can!
ALFRED: Can't!
TOM: (AFTER A PAUSE.) What's your name?
ALFRED: 'Tisn't any of your business, maybe.
TOM: Well, I 'low I'll make it my business.
ALFRED: Well, why don't you?
TOM: If you say much, I will.
ALFRED: 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 wanted to.
ALFRED: Well, why don't you do it? You say you can do it.
TOM: Well, I will, if you fool with me.
ALFRED: Oh, yes, of course you will.
TOM: Smarty! (AS ALFRED TURNS AWAY.) What a hat!
ALFRED: You can lump that hat, if you don't like it. I dare you to knock it off – and anybody that will take a dare will suck eggs!
TOM: You're a liar!
ALFRED: You're another!
TOM: Say, if you give me much more of your sass, I'll take and
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bounce a rock off'n your head.

ALFRED: Oh, of course you will.

TOM: Well, I will.

ALFRED: Well, why don't you do it, then? What do you keep sayin' you will for? Why don't you do it? It's because you're afraid.

TOM: I ain't afraid.

ALFRED: You are.

TOM: I ain't.

ALFRED: You are.

TOM: (A PAUSE AS THEY CIRCLE EACH OTHER AGAIN.) Get away from here!

ALFRED: Go away yourself!

TOM: I won't

ALFRED: Well, I won't either.

(THEY SHOVE AT EACH OTHER, PUFFING AND GLARING, NEITHER GAINING THE ADVANTAGE. FINALLY THEY RELAX A MOMENT.)

TOM: (DRAWING A LINE ON THE GROUND WITH HIS BIG TOE.) I dare you to step over that line, and I'll lick you until you can't stand up. Anybody that will take a dare will steal sheep.

ALFRED: (STEPS OVER THE LINE.) There! Now you said you'd do it. Now let's see you do it.

TOM: (THE TWO OF THEM BEGIN FIGHTING EACH OTHER, ROLLING ON THE GROUND, PULLING AND TUGGING AT EACH OTHER'S CLOTHES AND HAIR UNTIL TOM EMERGES ON TOP, TWISTING ALFRED'S ARMS BACK AS HE POUNDS ALFRED WITH HIS FREE HAND.) Holler 'nuff!

ALFRED: (SOBBING WITH ANGER AND FRUSTRATION.) No! No!

TOM: Holler 'nuff!

ALFRED: (AT LAST.) 'Nuff!

TOM: (LETS HIM GO, STANDS, BRUSHES OFF DIRT.) That's more like it.

ALFRED: You – you – you – bully!

TOM: Now, that'll learn you. Better look out who you're fooling with next time.

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ALFRED: (BRUSHING OFF HIS CLOTHES, CRYING AND SNIFFLING.) You – you just wait!
TOM: (NOW TRIUMPHANT, ACTS AS THOUGH HE'S GOING TO CHASE ALFRED OFF.) Boo!
ALFRED: (SCREAMS, RUNS FURTHER AWAY.)
TOM: (LAUGHS.)
ALFRED: You wait! You – you – you bully! I'll get you!
TOM: Yeaaaahhhhh! (LAUGHS.)

(ALFRED RUNS AWAY. JOE AND HUCK JOIN TOM AND PAT HIM ON THE BACK, LAUGHING WITH HIM. THEY DRIFT BACK TO AUNT POLLY'S HOUSE.)

JOE: Say, Tom, that was a good fight!
HUCK: You sure showed him.
TOM: It warn't nothing much.
JOE: Good ole Tom. He can lick anybody.
HUCK: (AGREES.) Anybody!
TOM: (MODESTLY.) Well, I don't know about that
JOE: (LOYALLY.) Anybody!
HUCK: That's so.
SID: (WHO HAS COME OUT OF THE HOUSE AND NOW SEES TOM.) Oh, Tommmmm!
TOM: What you want, sissy?
BOYS: (LAUGH.)
SID: You better not call me names. I'll tell Aunt Polly.
TOM: Go ahead, sissy.
SID: Aunt Polly's waiting for you, Tom. And you're going to catch it. So there!
TOM: (MOCKS HIM.) So there!
SID: You stop that!
TOM: (MOCKS HIM.) You stop that!
SID: Aunt Polly! Aunt Pollllllyyyyy!
TOM: (GOING UP TO SID, SHOVES HIM.) Now you done it, tattletale.
SID: Aunt Polly!
TOM: Sid, you hush up.
SID: Help! Aunt Polly! (THE BOYS LAUGH.)

(PREACHER ENTERS, SEES THE BOYS SHOVING EACH OTHER. JOE TRIES TO WARN TOM.)

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JOE: Say, Tom! Tom! It's Preacher Dobbins! Tom!

PREACHER: Now, children, let's not fight. Now, now, now. (HE IS ACCIDENTALLY STRUCK BY A FLYING ARM OR ELBOW.) Oh! Oh, my goodness me! (CRIES OUT, STAGGERS, FALLS UNCONSCIOUS.)

TOM: (STOPS.) What happened? The Preacher!

JOE: I tried to warn you, Tom.

SID: Tom! You've killed him! Aunt Polly! Tom's killed the Preacher!

POLLY: (RUSHES OUT.) Tom's what? Oh, my gracious! Preacher! (BENDS DOWN.) Preacher Dobbins!

PREACHER: (MOANS.) "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil . . ."

POLLY: Preacher! Wake up! Mr. Dobbins!

PREACHER: (SITS UP.) Oh, my! I must have – been dreaming . . . yes . . .

POLLY: Are you all right?

PREACHER: Oh, yes, Miss Polly, just fine. A little dizzy. But I'll be . . . all right . . . (HE STARTS TO GO.) . . . I think. "Oh Lord, can one go upon hot coals, and not be burned?"

PREACHER: (HE IS GONE.)

POLLY: Tom Sawyer, you're going to come to a bad end! I can just see it.

TOM: Awww, Aunt Polly

SID: He hit the Preacher. I saw him do it. I saw him!

POLLY: Tom, this time, I've got to punish you. Tomorrow you're going to whitewash the fence –

TOM: On Saturday??

POLLY: That's right. Now, come along inside. Supper's ready.

TOM: But, Aunt Polly –

POLLY: Hush up, Tom. (To JOE AND HUCK.) Run along, now, boys. Come on Sid. As for you, Tom, it's bad enough for you to hit the Preacher, but you were fighting with Sid, and you played hooky today, (AS HER VOICE BEGINS TO FADE) and you took the last of the jam, and – (THEY GO INSIDE.)

JOE: Poor Tom. (THEY GO.)

VOICE: (AS THE LIGHTS DIM.) Poor Tom, indeed. Aunt Polly had made up her mind. He would have to spend his Saturday holiday working. Saturday morning came, and the air was bright and fresh. The locust trees were in

bloom and the fragrance filled the air. It was a perfect day for doing anything – any – thing except painting Aunt Polly’s fence.

– END OF 1st E-MAIL SEGMENT –

2nd E-mail Segment – further action later in Act I culminating with Tom’s first meeting with Becky Thatcher.

VOICE: (. . . AS MUSIC BEGINS . . . DURING THIS “DREAM SEQUENCE” TOM AND POLLY ACT OUT TOM’S DAYDREAMS.) Tom brooded a while about the unfairness of life. He pictured himself lying sick unto death, and his aunt bending over him – beseeching one little forgiving word, but he would turn his face to the wall, and die with that word unsaid. Ah, how would she feel then? He pictured himself leaving home, and wandering all over the world for years, a homeless traveler, unwanted and unloved. How sorry she would be that she abused him! She would wait, year after year, growing older and older, praying that her dear boy would come back! Then he thought he would become a great and wicked outlaw, striking terror into the hearts of the countryside. He would act without mercy, robbing and looting, until he was so rich and terrible that everyone would have to do what he said. Ah, how sorry she would be – knowing that it was all her fault that he turned to a life of crime . . .

(AS TOM CONCLUDES THE LAST DAYDREAM HE SUDDENLY SEES BECKY ENTER HER GARDEN.)

VOICE. As these strange and terrible thoughts went through Tom’s mind, he suddenly found himself in front of a friend’s house, and in the garden he saw a girl – a girl he’d never seen before . . .

TOM: (WHEN HE FIRST SEES HER HE STOPS SHORT, STARES FOR A MOMENT, THEN SIDLES UP TO

THE FENCE AND WHISTLES A TUNE AS HE STARES AT HER.)

BECKY: (LOOKS UP AT HIM QUICKLY.)

TOM: (QUICKLY TURNS AWAY, PRETENDING HE DOESN'T KNOW SHE'S THERE. HE WHISTLES.)

BECKY: (GIGGLES, LOOKS AT HIM SHYLY.)

TOM: (SECRETLY PLEASED, WHISTLES A LITTLE MORE, THEN TURNS A CARTWHEEL.)

BECKY: (PEEKS SHYLY, GIGGLES.)

TOM: (ENCOURAGED, DOES A HANDSTAND AND WALKS A FEW STEPS ON HIS HANDS. HE PEEKS AT BECKY, AND AS A RESULT, FALLS.)

BECKY: (GASPS, LOOKS TO SEE IF HE IS HURT.) Oh!

TOM: (ON THE GROUND. GRINS AT HER.)

BECKY: (GIGGLES, TURNS AWAY SHYLY.)

TOM: (AGAIN ENCOURAGED, TRIES ANOTHER STUNT – A FEW VAUDEVILLE DANCE LEAPS PERHAPS.)

BECKY: (STARTS MOVING SLOWLY TOWARD HER HOUSE TO GO INSIDE.)

TOM: (JUMPS UP, GOES TO FENCE, LOOKS AFTER HER.)

BECKY: (SHE PASSES HIM – GIGGLES, HURRIES TOWARD HOUSE.)

TOM: (LEANS BACK SO HE CAN SEE HER UNTIL THE LAST MOMENT.)

BECKY: (JUST BEFORE SHE DISAPPEARS, THROWS A FLOWER OVER THE FENCE AT HIM. SHE GIGGLES, THEN HURRIES INSIDE.)

TOM: (STILL LEANING ON THE FENCE WATCHING THE FLOWER AS IT SAILS PAST HIS HEAD. HE FALLS AGAIN. LOOKS TOWARD THE HOUSE, JUMPS UP AND CROSSES TO THE FLOWER. HE PUTS HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS, WHISTLES AS HE LOOKS UP AND DOWN THE STREET.

GRADUALLY, HE EDGES NEARER AND NEARER THE FLOWER, UNTIL HE MOVES HIS FOOT TO IT, PICKS IT UP BETWEEN HIS TOES. THEN HE HOPS TO A MORE SECLUDED POINT WHERE HE REMOVES THE FLOWER FROM BETWEEN HIS TOES, AND PUTS IT QUICKLY INTO HIS POCKET. WHISTLING AGAIN, HE RETURNS TO THE FENCE AND LOOKS TOWARD THE HOUSE WHERE

BECKY DISAPPEARED. HE LEANS OVER THE FENCE, LOOKING, FINALLY TURNS AWAY, GLANCES BACK, SUDDENLY DOES ANOTHER CARTWHEEL, THEN A LEAP FOR GOOD MEASURE. FINALLY HE REALIZES SHE IS NOT GOING TO COME BACK OUTSIDE. DEJECTED, HE STARTS TO TURN AWAY – WALKING SLOWLY, DRAGGING HIS FEET, OCCASIONALLY TURNING TO LOOK BACK AT THE HOUSE.)

VOICE:

For a little while Tom had forgotten his troubles. The new girl was very pretty, and he had enjoyed entertaining her. But she, too, had rejected him and had gone back into the house. What should he do now? Go back home? So that Aunt Polly could again punish him – for something he had not done? Or perhaps he could venture into the cold, cruel world – and be seen no more? Oh, the tragedy of it. Suddenly he knew what to do. He returned to the house where he had seen the girl. He looked up at the house for a moment, then he lay down on the ground, clasped his hands across his chest, holding the now – wilted flower she had given him. And thus he would die – he thought – out in the cold world with no shelter over his homeless head. And so she would see him when she looked out in the morning . . .

TOM:

(ON THE GROUND, MOANS AND GROANS IN HIS DYING AGONY.) Ohhhhh! Ohhhhh! I'm dyin'! Ohhhhh!

– END OF TOTAL E-MAIL
SEGMENT –

THERE ARE 55 TOTAL PAGES IN THE
COMPLETE PLAYBOOK.