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Dramatic Publishing

MARK TWAIN'S
Tom Sawyer

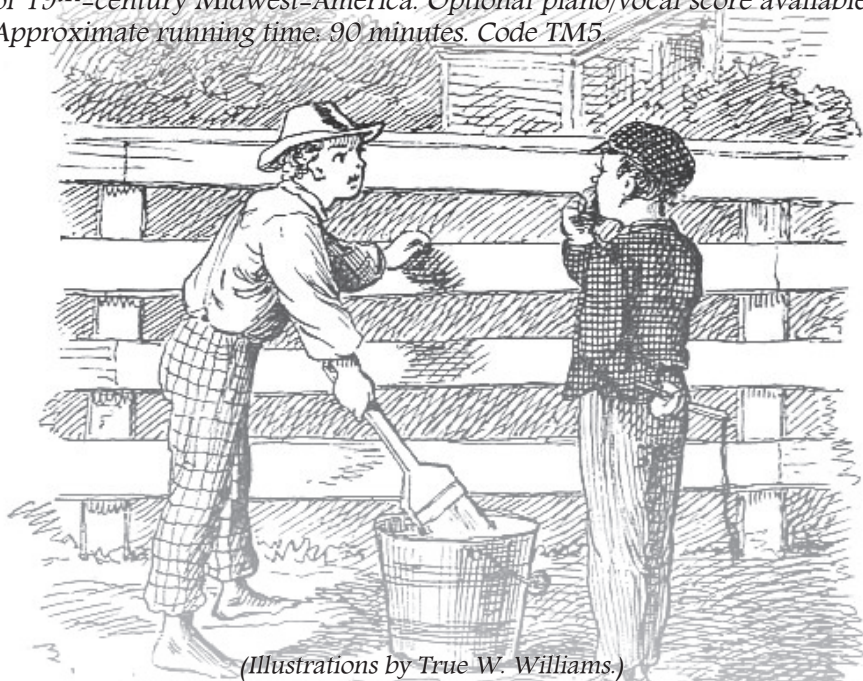


Comedy/Drama
with optional music

Adapted by
SARA SPENCER

MARK TWAIN'S Tom Sawyer

Comedy/Drama with optional music. Adapted by Sara Spencer. Based on the story by Mark Twain. Cast: 6m., 2w., 7 boys, 5 girls. In this literal adaptation of a legendary tale, all of the major adventures of Tom and his friends are brought to the stage. This version features Tom's story in its entirety—the famous whitewashing, the schoolroom episodes, the graveyard experience, the pirate adventure on Jackson's Island, the return to their own funeral at the village church, the trial of Muff Potter, finding and losing a treasure, getting lost in MacDougall's Cave and the rejoicing of the village at their rescue. Set: the frequent changes of scene are easily handled with a few well-chosen set pieces to suggest the effect. Costumes of 19th-century Midwest-America. Optional piano/vocal score available. Approximate running time: 90 minutes. Code TM5.



(Illustrations by True W. Williams.)

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Tom Sawyer



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(TOM SAWYER)

ISBN: 978-1-58342-830-6

TOM SAWYER

Characters

TOM SAWYER

SID SAWYER

ALFRED TEMPLE

BEN ROGERS

JIM HOLLIS

HUCKLEBERRY FINN

JOE HARPER

AMY LAWRENCE

JANIE HARDIN

GRACIE MILLER

SUSAN HARPER

BECKY THATCHER

AUNT POLLY

MRS. THATCHER

SCHOOLMASTER

MUFF POTTER

INJUN JOE

DR. ROBINSON

PREACHER

SHERIFF

TOM SAWYER

Musical Numbers

Music and Lyrics by Barbara Burnham

For producers wishing to present a musical version of this play, the following songs are provided:

ACT ONE

“When Monday Comes”

Solo: Tom Sawyer

“Come Along You All”

Duet: Muff Potter and Chorus of children

“Now Will You Promise”

Duet: Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher

ACT TWO

“I’m A-Feared”

Duet: Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn

“Oath”

Duet: Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn

“Whitewash Song”

Two-Part Chorus, with Solos: All the Boys

“Who Done it”

Chorus, with Solos by Sheriff and Muff Potter

“Pirate Song”

Trio: Tom Sawyer, Joe Harper, and Huckleberry Finn

ACT THREE

“I’m Homesick”

Solo: Joe Harper

“Dirge”

Various Solos, with underlying mourning by Chorus

ACT FOUR

“He’s a Goner”

Chorus, with various Solos

“Aw Becky Don’t Cry” (Reprise of “Now Will You Promise”)

Duet: Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher

“Hallelou”

Chorus

“Square Dance”

Chorus. Square Dance called by Preacher

Lyrics for the above numbers will be found at the end of this play-book.

Music score is available from the publisher, at extra cost.

TOM SAWYER

Scenes

ACT ONE

- Scene 1. Tom Sawyer's bedroom.
- Scene 2. A village street.
- Scene 3. The Schoolroom.

ACT TWO

- Scene 1. The graveyard.
- Scene 2. A village street.

ACT THREE

- Scene 1. Jackson's Island.
- Scene 2. Jackson's Island, the fourth day out.
- Scene 3. The village church.

ACT FOUR

- Scene 1. The Courthouse, adjoining the jail.
- Scene 2. In MacDougall's Cave.
- Scene 3. The village church.
- Scene 4. A village street, two days later.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Tom Sawyer is not tailored to fit the needs of any known theatrical company. It requires twelve young people, in leading roles. It also requires eight adults. And since this is a play about the difference between the two, a sharp contrast between the generations is necessary.

Young people are rarely accomplished actors. And it is difficult for the most accomplished actor to simulate the miracle that is childhood. So the author of this play presents the producer with a near-impossible task, and has no advice to offer.

Nevertheless, I entrust this play to producers with the fervent hope that they will find the means to address it to all humanity. For although my play, like Mark Twain's book, is intended mainly for the entertainment of boys and girls, I hope it will not be shunned by men and women on that account. Part of my plan, like Mark Twain's, has been to pleasantly remind adults of what they once were themselves, and of how they felt, and thought, and talked, and what queer enterprises they sometimes engaged in.

—The Playwright

TOM SAWYER

ACT ONE

SCENE 1.—Tom's bedroom. A double bed, a wash-stand, a motto on the wall.

(Tom and Sid are asleep, Tom snoring vociferously, Sid snoring like a steam whistle.)

AUNT POLLY *(offstage)*. Tom! Oh, Tom! Monday!

TOM *(opens his eyes dazedly, yawns, then comes alert)*. Monday!

(He sighs drearily, then begins to plan. Feels around over his body for ailments, coughing experimentally, rejecting a loose tooth, etc. If desired, Song No. 1, "When Monday Comes", may be used here. Finally he unties the rag around his sore toe, and falls to groaning.)

Oh-h-h!

(But Sid snores on.)

Ohh-h-h-h! Oooh-h-h-h!

(No response from Sid. Tom reaches over and shakes him.)

Sid! Sid! Ohhhhh-h-h-h! Ooooh-h-h-h!

SID *(waking up)*. Tom! Say, Tom!

TOM. Ohhhhhh-h-h-h-h! Ooooooh-h-h-h!

SID *(shaking him)*. Here, Tom. Tom! What's the matter, Tom?

TOM. Oh, don't, Sid. Don't joggle me.

SID. Why, what's the matter, Tom? I must call Auntie.

TOM. No, never mind. It'll be over by and by, maybe. Don't call anybody. Ohhhhhhhhh-h-h-h-h-h!

SID. But I must. Don't groan so, Tom. It's awful! How long you been this way?

TOM. Hours. Ouch! Don't stir so, Sid. You'll kill me. Ohhhhhh-h-h-h!

SID. Tom, why didn't you wake me sooner? Oh, Tom, don't! It makes my flesh crawl to hear you.

TOM. I forgive you everything, Sid. Ohhh-h-h-h-h! Everything you ever done to me.

SID. Oh, Tom, you ain't dying, are you? Don't, Tom. Oh, don't! Maybe—

TOM. I forgive everybody, Sid. Tell 'em so, Sid. And Sid, you give my brass knob and my cat with one eye to Joe Harper. And tell him—Ohhh-h-h-h!

SID (*making for the door*). Oh, Aunt Polly! Come quick! Tom's dying!

AUNT POLLY (*offstage*). Dying?

SID. Yes'm. Don't wait. Come quick!

AUNT POLLY (*still offstage*). Rubbage! I don't believe it.

(*But she rushes in, just the same, and finds Tom on the bed, writhing.*)

You, Tom! Tom, what's the matter with you?

TOM. Oh, Auntie, I'm—Oh-h-h-h!

AUNT POLLY. What's the matter? What is the matter with you, child?

TOM. Oh, Auntie—my sore toe's mortified!

AUNT POLLY (*sinking on the bed with relief, and chuckling*). Tom, what a turn you did give me! Now you shut up that nonsense and climb out of this.

TOM (*quite subdued*). Aunt Polly, it seemed mortified. And—and it hurt so, I never minded my tooth at all.

AUNT POLLY. Your tooth, indeed. What's the matter with your tooth?

TOM. One of 'em's loose, and it aches perfectly awful. Oh-h-h-h-h!

AUNT POLLY. There, now, don't begin that groaning again. Open your mouth. Well, your tooth is loose, but you're not going to die about that. Sid, get me a hot iron off the kitchen stove.

(*Sid gleefully rushes off, as Aunt Polly pulls a spool of thread from her apron pocket, and attaches one end of it to the bed-post. The other end she attaches to Tom's tooth.*)

TOM (*shrinking away*). Oh, please, Auntie, don't pull it out. It don't hurt any more. I wish I may never stir if it does. Please don't, Auntie. I don't want to stay home from school.

AUNT POLLY. Oh, you don't, don't you? So all this was because you thought you'd get to stay home from school and go a-fishing. Oh, Tom, you'll be the death of me yet. Here, Sid.

(*Sid has re-entered with the iron, and gives it to her, gloating at Tom's misery. Aunt Polly thrusts the iron close to Tom's face. Tom jerks back, and the tooth is dangling by the bed-post.*)

SID. Goody, that's what you get.

TOM SAWYER

AUNT POLLY. Now you boys get your clothes on, and come on here to breakfast. I have an errand for you, Tom, before you go to school.

(Aunt Polly goes out.)

SID *(pulling on his pants underneath his night-shirt)*. Didn't you think you was smart now?

TOM *(peeling off his night-shirt and disclosing himself fully dressed underneath)*. You go to grass.

SID. A lot of good it did you.

TOM *(experimenting)*. I can spit!

SID. You better not spit in here. I'll tell Auntie on you.

TOM *(detaching the tooth from the bed-post)*. All right, tattle-tale. You're just riled because I can spit and you can't.

SID. What you goin' to do with that tooth?

TOM. Keep it awhile. Then I'll trade it.

SID. What'll you take for it?

TOM. Nothing you got, sissy. Maybe I'll trade it to Ben Rogers for that window-sash of his.

SID. Go ahead and do it. See if I care.

AUNT POLLY *(offstage)*. Tom! Come on here. You'll be late.

TOM. Yes'm, Aunt Polly. I'm comin'.

(He turns for a last word to Sid.)

Smarty.

(And goes out, dodging the pillow that Sid throws.)

ACT ONE

SCENE 2. A village street. A white board fence. A barrel.

(School bell is heard, off. Ben Rogers enters, walking carefully as he balances books, slate, and dinner pail on his head.)

(Sid Sawyer comes in behind him, deliberately jostles him, knocking the things to the ground.)

(Amy Lawrence enters, jumping rope.)

(Susan Harper and Becky Thatcher enter, admire Amy's jumping rope. May take a few trial jumps.)

(Gracie Miller and Jane Hardin enter. Jane proudly exhibits a bandaged finger, and enjoys a momentary fame, as all the girls cluster around.)

(Jim Hollis enters, balancing a straw on his nose.

(Tom Sawyer dashes in, pointing off to a vision behind him.

(The vision enters, Alfred Temple, walking primly, and wearing a hat, shoes, and spectacles. The girls are impressed, the boys either envious or resentful. Tom yanks his jacket as he passes. Alfred turns in umbrage.

(From the opposite direction, Muff Potter enters, the town tramp, fishing pole over his shoulder. If desired, Song No. 2, "Come Along You All", may be used here. Some of the children may reflect the town's opinion of this low character.

(During the above scene, ad-libbed conversation may be used if the producer feels the need. Preferably, however, the scene should be covered by indistinguishable school-child chatter.

(The second school bell is heard off, insistently. Muff Potter shambles off toward the river. The children bustle off toward school. As Alfred Temple starts out, Tom purposely slings his books so as to strike Alfred in the small of the back. Alfred turns to glare at him.)

ALFRED. That's the second time.

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. I can.

ALFRED. You can't.

TOM. Can!

ALFRED. Can't!

TOM. 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 pretty smart, don't you? I could lick you with one hand tied behind me, if I wanted to.

ALFRED. Well, why don't you? You say you can do it.

TOM. Well, I will—if you fool with me.

ALFRED. Oh, yes. I've seen whole families in the same fix.

TOM. Smarty! You think you're some now, don't you? Oh, 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. Say, if you give me much more of your sass, I'll light into you.

ALFRED. Oh, of course you will.

TOM. Well, I will.

ALFRED. Well, why don't you do it, then? What do you keep on saying 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. Get away from here.

ALFRED. Go away yourself.

TOM. I won't!

ALFRED. I won't either!

(Joe Harper enters on the run, late for school, but stops to watch this drama.)

TOM *(drawing a line on the path with his toe)*. I dare you to step over that, and I'll lick you till you can't stand up. And anybody that would take a dare will steal sheep.

ALFRED *(stepping over it promptly)*. Now you said you'd do it. Let's see you do it.

TOM. Don't you crowd me. You better look out.

ALFRED. Well, you said you'd do it. Why don't you do it?

TOM. By jingo, for two cents, I would do it.

ALFRED *(holding out two pennies)*. There, mister. There's your two cents.

(Tom strikes the two pennies to the ground, and the two boys come to grips. The fight does not last long. In a few moments Tom is astride of the new boy, pounding him with both fists.)

TOM. Holler 'nuff.

ALFRED (*struggling and crying*). I won't.

TOM (*pounding on*). Holler 'nuff!

ALFRED. 'Nuff! 'Nuff!

TOM (*letting him go*). There, that'll learn you. Better look out who you're fooling with next time.

ALFRED (*crying, as he brushes himself off*). Never you mind, mister. You just see what I do to you the next time I catch you out.

(He starts off to school, snuffing, but when Tom's back is turned, he picks up a stone and flings it at Tom, then takes to his heels as Tom makes a show of starting off in pursuit.)

JOE. Hey, watch out! Gee whillikers, Tom, what was that all about?

TOM. I didn't like his airs.

JOE. Well—you better come on. It's late.

TOM (*flushed with victory*). It's too hot to hurry.

(The final bell is heard, off.)

JOE (*bolting off*). There's the bell!

(He exits.)

TOM. Wait for me, Joe!

(Automatically, Tom starts to bolt off after Joe, and turns to pick up his books. But just at this point, Huckleberry Finn meanders in, swinging a dead cat by the tail. Tom is lost in admiration.)

Huckleberry!

HUCK. H'lo.

TOM. What's that you got?

HUCK. Dead cat.

TOM. Lemme see him, Huck. My, he's pretty stiff. Where'd you get him?

HUCK. Bought him off'n a boy.

TOM. What'd you give?

HUCK. I give a piece of lickerish, and a bladder that I got at the slaughter-house.

TOM. Say—what is dead cats good for, Huck?

HUCK. Good for? Cure warts with.

TOM. Cure warts with? I know other ways—but how do you cure them with dead cats?

HUCK. Why, you take your cat, and go and get in the graveyard about midnight, where 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 'em. And when they're takin' that feller away, you heave the cat after 'em and say, "Devil foller corpse, cat follow devil, wart foller cat, I'm done with ye!" That'll fetch any wart.

TOM. Sounds right. When you going to try it, Huck?

HUCK. Tonight. I reckon they'll come after old Hoss Williams to-night.

TOM. But they buried him on Saturday. Didn't the devils get him Saturday night?

HUCK. Why, how you talk! How could their charms work till midnight, and then it's Sunday. Devils don't slosh around much of a Sunday, I don't reckon.

TOM. That's so, I bet. Hey, lemme go with you.

HUCK. All right—if you ain't afeared.

TOM. Feared? 'Tain't likely. Will you meow under my window?

HUCK. Yes. And you meow back if you get the chance.

TOM. I will—if Aunt Polly ain't awake. Well, so long, Hucky.

HUCK. You ain't goin' to school now, are you? You'll get a lickin' for bein' late.

TOM. I have to.

HUCK. Why?

TOM. Sid'll tell on me if I don't.

HUCK (*drawing something from his pocket with a great show of unconcern*). Suit yourself.

TOM. What's that?

HUCK. Nothing but a tick.

TOM. Where'd you get him?

HUCK. Out in the woods.

TOM. What'll you take for him, Huck?

HUCK. I don't know. I don't want to sell him.

TOM. Oh, all right. It's a mighty small tick anyway.

HUCK. Oh, anybody can run down a tick that don't belong to you. I'm satisfied with it. It's a good enough tick fer me.

TOM. Sho, there's ticks a-plenty. I could have a thousand of 'em if I wanted to.

HUCK. Well, why don't you? Because you know mighty well you can't, that's why. This is a pretty early tick, I reckon. It's the first one I've seen this year.

TOM. Say, Huck, I'll give you my tooth for him.

HUCK. Less see it.

TOM (*showing it proudly*). There!

HUCK. Is it genuwyne?

TOM. Genuwyne? Watch!

(*And showing the cavity, he spits through it.*)

HUCK. All right. It's a trade.

TOM (*sadly*). I haven't even had the chance to show that tooth to anybody yet.

HUCK. You can show 'em the hole.

TOM. That's so. Well, so long, Huck. I might as well go on and get my lickin'.

HUCK. Don't forget tonight.

TOM (*going off*). I won't.

(*He leaves.*)

HUCK. So long.

(*He watches Tom off, then looks the tooth over appreciatively, and pockets it. He looks down at the dead cat on the ground.*)

Here, kitty, kitty.

(*He gathers the cat up by the tail, and swings off with it.*)

ACT ONE

SCENE 3. The schoolroom. Two long benches on each side. The master's desk. A hat-rack, hung with bonnets, hats, and dinner pails.

(*The girls are seated on one side of the room, the boys on the other.*)

MASTER. Fourth Reader!

(*Amy Lawrence, Gracie Miller, and Ben Rogers approach the Master's desk.*)

Amy Lawrence, you may recite.

AMY (*sing-songing it off*). Shameful Death.

There were four of us about that bed.
The mass-priest knelt at the side—

MASTER. You may not go on, Amy, until you can deliver that piece with the proper expression.

AMY (*using broad gestures*). There were four of us about that bed.

The mass-priest knelt at the side.
I and his mother stood at the head.
Over his feet lay the bride.
We were quite sure that he was dead,
Though his eyes were open wide.
He did not die in the night,
He did not die in the day,
But in the morning twilight—

(*But Tom Sawyer appears at the door, and all action is suspended.*)

MASTER. Thomas Sawyer!

TOM. Sir?

MASTER. Come up here. Now, sir, why are you late again, as usual?

TOM. I — uh — I —

MASTER. Speak up.

TOM. Well — uh — I — I — (*defiantly*) — I stopped to talk with Huckleberry Finn!

MASTER (*horrified*). You — you did what?

TOM. Stopped to talk with Huck Finn.

MASTER. Thomas Sawyer, this is the most astounding confession I have ever listened to. No mere ruler will answer for this. Take off your jacket.

(*Tom does. The Master takes up a switch from the desk, and goes to the door.*)

Now, come here, sir.

(*They go out, and we hear the switching off stage, while the children flock to the doorway to see it. But when the Master comes back, they are all sitting primly in their seats again. The Master returns, propelling Tom ahead of him.*)

Now, sir, go and sit with the girls! And let this be a warning to you.

(*The room titters, and Alfred Temple looks justified, as Tom takes a seat beside Becky Thatcher.*)

The Fourth Reader will continue with its lesson. Amy Lawrence, you will finish learning the poem for tomorrow. Benjamin Rogers!

BEN. It was the schooner Hesperus—

MASTER. You will announce the title of your piece, Benjamin.

BEN. The Wreck of the Hesperus.
It was the schooner Hesperus
That — that —

MASTER (*prompting*). That sailed.

BEN. That sailed — that sailed — that sailed the windy sea.

MASTER. The wintry sea.

(While the recitation continues in pantomime, Tom puts a peach in front of Becky Thatcher. She thrusts it away. He puts it back.)

TOM. Please take it. I got more.

(Becky pretends to be absorbed in her book.)

I'll draw you a picture.

BEN. Blue were her eyes — blue were her eyes—

MASTER (*prompting*). As the.

BEN. Blue were her eyes as the —

MASTER. Zero, Benjamin. You may spend the rest of the hour studying the poem. Grace Miller!

GRACIE. A Lament.
O world! O time! O life!

MASTER (*correcting*). Oh world, o life, o time.

GRACIE. O world! O life! O time!
On whose last steps I climb —

(This continues silently, while we hear Tom's conversation with Becky.)

BECKY (*trying to see Tom's slate*). Let me see it.

TOM (*showing it*). It's not much.

BECKY. It's nice. Make a man.

TOM (*dashing off a man in a few strokes*). All right.

BECKY. It's a beautiful man. Now make me coming along.

TOM. Here you are. Only that's not pretty enough.

BECKY. Silly, it's ever so nice. I wish I could draw.

TOM. It's easy. I'll learn you.

BECKY. Oh, will you? When?

TOM. At recess. Do you go home for dinner?

BECKY. I'll stay if you will.

TOM. Good. That's a whack.

BECKY. What are you drawing now?

TOM. I'm not drawing. I'm writing.

BECKY. What are you writing?

TOM. Oh, it ain't anything.

BECKY. Yes it is.

TOM. No it ain't. You don't want to see.

BECKY. Yes I do. Please let me.

TOM. You'll tell.

BECKY. No I won't. Deed and double deed I won't.

TOM. You won't tell anybody at all? Ever, as long as you live?

BECKY. No, I won't ever tell anybody. Now, let me.

TOM. Oh, you don't want to see.

BECKY. Now that you treat me so, I will see!

(She pulls the slate away from him, but is overcome with shyness when she reads it.)

Oh, you bad thing!

(The master at this point bears down on Tom, and leads him by the ear to his own seat, beside Joe Harper.)

MASTER. Now, Thomas Sawyer, we'll see if you can behave yourself a little better in your own seat. Fifth Reader!

(Susan Harper, Jim Hollis, and Alfred Temple approach the Master's desk.)

James Hollis, what is the capital of the state of Missouri?

JIM. The capital of the state of Missouri is—the capital of the state of Missouri—

MASTER. Zero. Susan Harper, what is the capital of the state of Missouri?

SUSAN. Saint Louis.

MASTER. Zero. Alfred Temple.

ALFRED. The capital of the state of Missouri is Jefferson City.

MASTER. Correct. There, boys and girls, is an example of how a question should be answered. James Hollis, name another important city in the state of Missouri.

(While this goes on in pantomime, Tom at his seat pulls out his tick. Joe Harper is promptly interested.)

JOE. What's that you got, Tom?

TOM. It's a tick. What'd you think it was?

JOE. What you going to do with him?

TOM. Just play with him.

JOE. Suppose he crawls away from you.

TOM (*placing the tick on his slate*). I'll turn him back with my pencil.

JOE. He's coming over my way.

TOM. Don't let him go off, Joe. Turn him back.

JOE. Mighty lively little tick, ain't he?

TOM. Sure is. He's the first one this year, too. Quit proddin' him. Let him come over to my side.

JOE. Let me play with him a little.

TOM. Tell you what. I'll draw a line. Now as long as he's on your side of the slate, you can stir him up, and I'll leave him alone. But if you let him get away and get on my side, you're to leave him alone as long as I can keep him from crossing over.

JOE. All right. Go ahead. Start him up.

(The tick scene proceeds in pantomime.)

MASTER. James Hollis, what are the chief products grown in the state of Missouri?

JIM. The chief products grown in the state of Missouri are — are — fishing —

MASTER. Susan Harper, what are the chief products grown in the state of Missouri?

SUSAN. Corn.

MASTER. Corn and what else?

SUSAN. Just corn.

MASTER (*with a bland assurance that here at last will come the exemplary answer*). Alfred Temple, what is produced in the state of Missouri besides corn?

ALFRED. Whiskey.

MASTER. Ahem! Will you all open your books to page 165, and read just what it says.

(The Fifth Reader turns pages industriously, while our attention is drawn to Tom and Joe again.)

JOE. Tom, you let him alone.

TOM. I only want to stir him up a little, Joe.

JOE. No sir, it ain't fair. You just let him alone.

TOM. Blame it, I ain't going to stir him much.

JOE. Let him alone, I tell you.

TOM. I won't.

(The whole room is watching the tick scene now, for the Master is descending on the two boys.)

JOE. You shall. He's on my side of the line.

TOM. Look here, Joe Harper, whose is that tick?

JOE. I don't care whose tick he is. He's on my side of the line, and you shan't touch him.

TOM. Well, I just bet I will, though. He's my tick, and I'll do what I blame please with him, or die.

(But here the Master interferes, and both boys receive a sounding whack across the shoulders.)

MASTER. What is that thing?

TOM. Only just a tick.

(The Master, after one helpless, horrified glance, gingerly picks up the tick, and throws it out the door.)

MASTER. Let that be the end of that nonsense, Thomas Sawyer. Now. Everybody will get out your copy books. Open them to the page you have prepared for today.

(Everybody does, and the Master passes from one to the other, looking them over as he goes.)

Alfred Temple—ah! I should like to show the whole room just what a perfect page can look like. Compare that, for example, with this one. Thomas Sawyer, there are five big blots on this page, three words misspelled, and the writing is very irregular. You will remain during the recess period, and rewrite the whole lesson. The rest of you may put away your books. We now adjourn for recess.

(There is a general rush for the dinner pails, and then the door. Tom joins the movement, and whispers to Becky.)

TOM. Put on your bonnet and let on you're going home. Then when you get to the corner, give the rest of 'em the slip, and come back through the lane.

BECKY. All right.