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The Adventures of Mark Twain

By Susan Shadburne

It all started one day...
...after Tom heard about
Becky Thatcher...
...going down to see Saint Louis
with the judge.
It just worked on him thinking
about her down there having fun.
Time is slipping away,
and I'm getting older and older, Huck.
There's no wars breaking out,
no continents to explore.
No way a man can make
a name for himself.
And now Becky exploring.
What an outrage.
I heard tell the Saint Louis papers
been talking about...
...some kind of balloon up there.
Suppose Becky will see it.
But probably not.
-That's it.
-What?
All the continents and stuff been
discovered by Christopher Columbus.
But for certain sure,
nobody has charted the skies.
What the sam hill are you
carrying on about?
The balloon in the papers
near Saint Louis.
What about it?
You couldn't see an adventure
hanging from the end of your nose.
Full steam ahead.
Get your paper right here.
Halley's comet coming.
Extra. Extra.
The countryside was humming
because of the balloon...
...and folks said there was a comet
heading our way.
Penny a paper. Penny a paper.
--like even these ones.
He might let me at least...

...you know,
get on and walk around....
-It's taken me a long time.
-Doomed!
But once lost,
I could not find it with a dog.
-Great guns.
-Amazing.
Surely, Mr. Twain,
you aren't fool enough...
...to actually travel
in that fantastic contraption.
The man with a new idea is a fool...
...until the idea succeeds.
Why, Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn,
whatever are you doing here?
-Nothing.
-Why, Becky Thatcher...
...land sakes, what a coincidence...
...you being here the same time
as Huck and me.
Isn't he grand?
I got up close so I could see,
and he stopped.
He let me shake his hand.
-You shook his--?
-Well, that's nothing.
He's invited us to be
the first inspectors of his balloon.
-He has?
-Is that just more of your hot air?
Come, step lively, Huck.
We'd best be getting aboard.
So long, Becky.
Tom....
Where you really going
in that thing, Mr. Twain?
Going traveling?
Travel has no longer
any charm for me.
I've seen all the foreign countries
I care to see...
...except for heaven and hell...
...and I have only a vague curiosity

as concerns one of those.
No, friends,
I go to meet the comet.
He's not really gonna do that.
-Yes indeed, I surely plan to.
-But that's dangerous.
Come on, Huck.
Come on, hurry up.
You're nothing but a liar
and a stowaway, Tom Sawyer.
You too, Huck Finn.
You mustn't.
I came in with Halley's comet
in 1835...
...when I was born.
And I expect to go out with it.
Oh, I'm looking forward to that.
-Welcome to the hurricane deck.
-It stopped.
-Whoopee, let's go.
-What in tarnation is this thing?
Be careful, Tom.
-Tom, where are you?
-Great Scott, what a contraption.
-Huck.
-Look at that, Tom.
I thought I saw someone.
Gee willikers.
Look at this.
Huck.
-Whoopee.
-Oh, no.
-We're on our way.
-Oh, no!
Great Scott, we gotta get off.
Off? What's the matter with you?
Now, I'll be celebrated.
Tom Sawyer, the 'aeronort.'
-That'll show that Becky Thatcher.
-Show her what?
Caught you out, didn't I, Tom Sawyer?
You are stowaways.
-Becky, you're no balloon inspector.
-Neither are you.

Are you ever gonna catch it
when your Aunt Polly gets ahold of--
-Welcome to the hurricane deck.
-Boys. Tom. Huck.
-Mark Twain.
-And Becky Thatcher.
-How did he know our names?
-Hello, my angelfish.
More every day you remind me
of my wife, Livy, God rest her.
Same combination
of innocence and sand.
Same carefree laugh of a girl.
What happened to Livy,
Mr. Twain?
To the helm.
We've work to do.
Mr. Twain, there's been
some kind of an accident.
I think a miscalculation.
-Not by a considerable sight.
-But we're taking off.
What a view.
-How are we gonna get down?
-You keep a tight tongue, Huck.
-This is bully up here, Mr. Twain.
-This is glorious.
-Did we ever strike it lucky.
-Yeah.
-How high are we?
-How are we gonna get back down?
-Down is not our destination, my boy.
-Oh, no.
You mean we're--?
-Where are we going?
-To Halley's comet.
Halley's comet?
-We'd get--
-Burned to a crisp.
It will be the greatest
disappointment of my life...
...if I don't meet up with that comet.
-Have a look back here.
-The man's plumb crazy.

-I wanna show you something.
-Well, I'm not. You stick with me.
See here.
Now, we cross the Atlantic...
...catch this trade wind...
...to where the comet's parabola
comes close to the Earth.
Or close enough.
How come a writer knows so much
about piloting and navigating?
Because long before I was a writer,
I was a Mississippi riverboat pilot.
Say, that's an uncommon fine frog.
Well, that's Homer.
You know, it was a frog like Homer
that put me in the writing business.
I wrote a story about The Celebrated
Jumping Frog of Calaveras County.
That's right here.
Home of Jim Smiley and
his famous frog, Dan'l Webster.
Famous frog?
Will you tell me what in tarnation
a frog could do to get hisself famous?
Oh, Tom.
I've been trying everything I know,
and I ain't even a little bit famous yet.
Well, I'll tell you all about him.
Just as it was told to me.
What a fellow, that Jim Smiley.
Always betting on anything
that turned up.
Only thing is,
he made sure he won every bet.
He caught a frog one day
and took him home...
...and said he'd calculate
to educate him.
All a frog wants is educating...
...and he can do most anything.
And so he never done nothing
for three months...
...but sat in his back yard
and learned that frog to jump.

And you bet he did learn him too.
All right, Dan'l,
let's just see how far you can go.
Come on back now.
One for accuracy.
Smiley knew a sucker
when he saw one.
What might that be
you got in the barrel?
Well, it might be a parrot.
Might be a canary, maybe.
But it ain't.
It's only just a frog.
So it is.
What's he good for?
Well, he's good enough
for one thing I should judge.
He can out-jump any frog
in Calaveras County.
Well, I don't see no points
about that frog...
...that's any better
than any other frog.
Maybe you just don't
understand frogs.
Anyway, I got my opinion...
...and I'll just rest 40 dollars...
...that he can out-jump any frog
in Calaveras County.
Well, I'm only a stranger here.
I ain't got no frog.
But if I had a frog, I'd bet you.
That's all right.
I'll go get you a frog.
You hungry, frog?
Smiley went to the swamp...
...and slopped around in the mud
for a long time.
Finally, he fetched a frog...
...and fetched him in
to give him to this fellow.
Eureka!
-Here he comes.
-There's your frog.

The likes of that....
Putting my money on Smiley's frog.
-Me too.
-Count me in.
Now then, if you're ready,
set him alongside of Dan'l...
...with his forepaws even
with Dan'l's...
...and I'll give the word.
On your marks, get set...
...get!
Come on, jump.
Get in there, boy, would you?
What's the matter with you?
Will you start jumping?
I said, get.
Get off that starting line.
Get going.
-Get off of that--
-Jump there. Come on now.
-Oh, no.
-Will you just jump?
Jump. Jump, frog. Get going.
-We won, frog.
-What do you mean, you won?
Dag blame it, Smiley.
That was the last 40 dollars I had.
Well, as I said before...
...I don't see no points about that frog
that's any better than any other frog.
I do wonder...
...why in tarnation
that there frog just give up.
Wonder if there ain't something
the matter with him.
Appears to look mighty
baggy somehow.
Why, blame my cats...
...if he don't weigh 50 pounds!
I've been hornswoggled!
He was the maddest man.
He took out after that fella,
but he never caught him.
Shucks, I could write a better

story than that one.

Tom!

That's what I said myself
when I heard it.

It was a big success all the same.

I became a writer.

I haven't worked a day since.

-Now, that's a job I'd like to get.

-If you get out of here alive.

There she is.

How come you wanna catch
that comet so bad, Mr. Twain?

The comet and I
are a part of the plan, angelfish.

No doubt

the Almighty has said here:

'Here goes those
two unaccountable freaks.

They came in together,
they must go out together.'

Here, set your eyes
on this celestial schooner.

Now ain't that
a heartwarming spectacle.

It's beauti--

Well, Tom and Huck and I,
well, see, we're not so sure--

That I know what I'm doing up here?

Angelfish,
it's just like piloting a river.

You get to know the shape of it.

Like following a hall
at home in the dark.

And even if you feel some fear,
you know no harm can come to you...

...because you've traveled
that hallway a hundred times...

...in nothing but bare feet and faith.

What are we gonna do?

You know your ownself...

...we gotta find a way off
of this here balloon, Tom Sawyer.

Adventure or no.

Okay now, Homer, over here.

Now over there.
Well?
I got a plan
just starting to brew.
Well, what is it?
First, we gotta get Becky off.
She talks too much.
Can't keep a secret.
So me and Huck was thinking...
...we should set her down
and let Becky off.
Things are liable to get pretty rough.
There is nothing comparable
to the endurance of a woman.
But this is different, Mr. Twain.
We're aeronorts,
and girls don't belong--
That's ''aeronauts.''
She would have to horn in
on this expedition.
-To the main deck.
-There's that thing again.
Come on, let's go investigating.
-Tom, where you going?
-This thing's really amazing.
Gives me the creeps.
''Table of Contents.''
Welcome to the works of Mark Twain.
This is the Indexovator.
Choose your story
and proceed to the correct door.
Let's have a look around.
Okay, now, I gotta know about this
secret plan if we're gonna be partners.
Okay.
We're gonna watch and learn...
...just the most we can
about flying this here balloon--
-Welcome to Injun Joe.
-Look!
That was close. I don't ever
wanna meet that guy again.
He was scary.
Well, what then?

What you said.

After we learn the most we can
about this here balloon...?

Welcome to

the library-billiard room.

Have you ever seen

a place like this, Huck?

Tom, where you going?

Listen here, Tom. I want--

-Look at all this. What a contraption.

-Tom, I gotta know about the plan.

Guess those must be the classics
everybody's always talking about.

What's a classic?

Something everybody wants
to have read...

...but nobody wants to read.

-Library-billiard room.

-Oh, here you are.

-Doggone it.

-What you guys doing?

-Oh, what does this thing do?

-Go ahead, give it a try.

That's my monument
to Adam and Eve.

There she goes again.

Thanks.

-They're naked.

-So are we all the day we're born.

But we learn to be modest.

Not all over.

Just in places.

But it 's just as well,
I suppose.

Naked people have little
or no influence in society.

The way I heard it, that Eve
caused nothing but trouble.

Well, I heard that each found
the other a considerable nuisance...

...in the beginning.

Perhaps you would be interested
in my research.

-Yes, sir, I surely would.

-And so would I.
Well, have a look here.
The Diary of Adam and Eve.
It all started with the world's
first birthday party.
Oh, this is nice.
What am I doing?
There, okay.
This is good.
This is cute.
Oh, what a surprise.
He's gonna love this place.
Adam.
This is for you.
-Adam.
-Oh, yeah.
Adam.
Adam.
-What?
-It's for you.
-Hello?
-Oh, no.
Here we go.
This was truly paradise.
And Adam figured
to keep track of it all.
But as it turned out...
...someone else was
keeping track of paradise as well.
Saturday.
I think it is a man.
I had never seen one,
but it looked like one.
I feel more curiosity about it
than about any of the other reptiles.
It has frowzy hair, no hips,
and tapers like a carrot...
...so I think it is a reptile...
...though it may be architecture.
I was afraid of it at first,
for I thought it was going to chase me.
But it was only trying to get away.
I waited a good while,
then gave it up and went home.

Sunday.

Today, the same thing.

I've got it up a tree again.

It is resting, I suppose.

It looks to me like the creature
is more interested in resting...

...than anything else.

Oh, no.

It was trying to catch the speckled
fishes that play in the pool...

...and I had to clod it...

...to try to make it go up
the tree again and let them alone.

This new creature

is a good deal in the way.

I wish it would hang out with the
other animals and leave me alone.

The new creature eats
too much fruit.

This morning found it trying to shake
apples out of that forbidden tree.

Wanting to make friends...

...I tried to get him
some of those apples.

I failed...

...but I think the good intention
pleased him.

Where's my--?

Ladder.

During the last day or two...

...I have taken the work
of naming things off his hands.

He is evidently very grateful.

The new creature says,

'It looks like grass. '

That is not a reason.

It is imbecility and high-handed,
it seems to me.

Everything's named before

I can lodge a protest.

I get no chance

to name anything myself.

He has no gift at that line.

I do not let him see

that I'm aware of his defect.
The naming goes recklessly on
in spite of anything I can do.
My life is not as happy as it was.
Sunday.

The new creature says
its name is 'Eve. '
Well, that's all right.
I have no objections.
Says it's to call it Eve
when I want it to come.
In that case, I said it was....
Superfluous.

This morning, he used
a surprisingly good word.
Yes, it is a large, good word
and will bear repetition.

Superfluous.

Superfluous.

Where did he get that word?
I don't think I've ever used it.

Superfluous.

Yes, yes, I like that one.

Friday.

Adam! Oh, no, no, don't!
She took to beseeching him
to stop going over the falls...
...but they had no other use
that he could see.

I went over the falls in a barrel.

Not satisfactory to her.

Went over in a tub.

Still not satisfactory.

Adam, please!

What I need is a change of scene.

I escaped last night.

But she hunted me out.

We'll immigrate again...

...when the occasion offers.

Sunday.

Why, I--

For Adam, Sunday was getting
to be more and more trying.

It was selected and set apart...

...as the day of rest.
I go to the water
when I need someone to talk to.
It is a good friend to me...
...and my only one.
It talks when I talk.
It is sad when I am sad.
And it comforts me with sympathy.
She nearly strangled
and said it was most uncomfortable.
This made her sorry for the creatures
that live there, which she calls...
-... 'fosh. '
-Fish.
I don't see that they are
any happier than they were before.
Only quieter.
He is avoiding me...
...and seems to wish
I would not talk to him.
So I made friends with the animals.
She thinks that things aren't right.
The buzzard, for instance.
She thinks it was intended
to live on decayed flesh.
But we cannot overturn the whole
scheme to accommodate the buzzard.
They both should fall...
...or they both should fly.
I don't know which.
One of these is a fake.
Congratulations, my dear.
You have discovered
the law of gravity.
Why so I have.
I always say it's best to prove things
by actual experiment...
...or you'll never get educated.
Don't you agree?
Oh, I do indeed.
Knowledge is not easily come by.
But there is a fine
adult-education course nearby...
...if you're interested

in that sort of thing.
Really?
She has taken up with a snake,
and I'm glad...
...because the snake talks,
and this enables me to get some rest.
But he advised her
to keep away from that tree.
He told her it would bring
death into the world.
But that's wonderful, Adam.
You'll have fresh meat
for the buzzards...
...and the lions and tigers can quit
eating that ridiculous grass.
Have you ever looked
at their teeth, Adam?
They aren't herbivores.
-I foresee trouble.
-If they were meant to eat grass...
-We'll immigrate.
-...they'd have had cuds.
He escaped, and rode all night
as fast as he could go...
...hoping to get clear of the garden
and hide in some other country...
...before the trouble
over that apple should begin.
I've got it. Come on.
That does it.
Too bad.
-Hellfire, hurricanes.
-Holy cow, what was that?
Bully, a lightning storm.
All hands on deck.
Quickly now.
-It's a blind night out.
-What a storm.
-Homer. Homer, come back.
-All hands, lay to.
-Look out.
-We're gonna crash.
Like hell we are.
Get to your battle stations,

you landlubbers.
-Huck, fasten that boom.
-Great Scott.
Becky, lower the pressure valve.
Gotta find the mark.
Tom!
Fetch the sounding gun.
Sound out.
-Hey, look.
-Sound out.
I'm seeing things, Homer.
The trigger. Pull the trigger!
Mark 15. I think.
Fifteen? Can't be.
Huck, look!
What?
-I thought I saw someone.
-Me too.
We've hit a bar.
We're coming about.
Pull in the stabilizer.
-Frog overboard.
-What should I do, Mr. Twain?
-Becky, take the wheel.
-Okay.
-Steady as you go.
-Okay.
-What's happening down there?
-Hang on there, little fella.
-I can't see. What's happening?
-Oh, no.
Homer!
I can't look.
Hang on, Homer.
Hang on.
-He's got him.
-He got him!
Homer.
-Who's the leadsman?
-I am, sir.
Devil reef ahead.
Becky, hard astarboard.
Spin her. Spin her.
Spin her!

-We're heading for the rocks.
-Helm alee. Port your helm.
-No, not that way.
-To the starboard.
Turn, Becky.
-Mr. Twain?
-Starboard!
The other way.
The other way!
What? Oh, no.
-Oh, no.
-Back her, quick.
By God, back the immortal soul
out of her.
The rocks! The rocks!
Oh, no!
Ahead one half!
Mr. Twain!
Now we need altitude.
Up ship.
We'll drop ballast.
Now!
Ahead full.
Here, I'll take her now.
We've lost valuable time.
As deck hands,
you've got a lot to learn.
Of course, training is everything.
I mean, a cauliflower is just
a cabbage with a college education.
I'll show you the ropes later on.
You go down and get warm.
Let's go.
You cabbages.
Welcome to the hurricane deck.
I don't think we're ever
gonna get back home.
Oh, yes, we are.
Tom has got a plan.
Don't you, Tom?
What?
-What in the...?
-Tom!
Aunt Polly?

Welcome to
The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.
Well, I lay, if I get a....
-You, Tom, now you get going.
-But, Aunt Polly, I'm an aeronort.
-I'm on a balloon with Huck.
-Aunt Polly?
-What's going on?
-Where'd he go?
We're home.
Oh, Huck, open the door.
Hurry up.
Tom!
That was close.
She was gonna make me
whitewash that old fence again.
Tom Sawyer, you chowderhead.
Open that door.
If you want off so bad....
-Oh, no.
-Where did it go?
Close enough to home
to bark our shins, and now it's gone.
Look, somebody's coming.
Oh, Mr. Twain.
What's the matter?
Welcome to
The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.
Am I already famous?
Don't you care about nothing else,
you lummoX?
Fame is a vapor.
The only earthly certainty
is oblivion.
Welcome to
The Mysterious Stranger.
What?
Hello.
Who are you?
An angel.
-What's your name?
-Satan.
-What's the matter?
-Nothing.

Only it's sure a sorry name
for an angel.
-Please, come in.
-A magician.
Come on.
Amazing. It's like an island.
-Did you see that?
-Mercy's sake.
How did you learn to do that?
I didn't learn it at all.
It comes naturally to me...
...like other curious things.
-Are you hungry?
-Sure am.
What kind of fruit
do you like the most?
-Oranges.
-Apples.
Grapes.
-Where'd he go?
-What happened to him?
There.
-Oh, boy.
-Can we help?
You may make some people.
I'll make the king and queen.
I'm a make a soldier.
Look at that little village.
There. Here's a buddy.
Now we'll give them life.
They're moving.
Looks like my pap
on Saturday night.
Look. They're moving.
They're just like regular people.
I find you humans quite interesting.
Even though you are a worthless,
greedy lot.
How annoying that sound is.
Fools.
What fascinations there are
on this planet.
Strange mortals
with curious customs.

We'll have a storm now...
...and an earthquake, if you like.
You must stand aside,
out of danger.
I can do no wrong...
...for I do not know what it is.
You murdered them.
Never mind them.
People are of no value.
We could make more sometime...
...if we need them.
Life itself is only a vision...
...a dream.
Nothing exists
save empty space and you.
And you are but a thought.
I wanna go home.
-Welcome to Injun Joe.
-Reckon I'm getting out of here.
No, Huck.
Not that way, Huck.
-Mr. Twain, close the door!
-Mr. Twain, close the door!
Remember your old friend,
Injun Joe?
Mr. Twain, why did you do this?
I realized that
from the cradle up...
...I have been like
the rest of the race...
...never quite sane at night.
But, Mr. Twain....
Welcome To
The Damned Human Race.
That does it.
We're only waiting
for the right moment now.
-Right moment for what?
-Yeah.
Becky, do you swear not to tell?
-Sure.
-On your grandmother's bones?
-Well, do you?
-Yeah.

We're gonna hijack this balloon.

-What?

-Hijack?

Can't you see it?

''Tom Sawyer, Aeronort...

...Saves Airborne Friends from
Madman's Death Wish.''

When, Tom?

Tomorrow.

Okay, so you line that up
with the sun.

-Right?

-Yeah.

Mr. Twain?

What's this?

Now you be careful there.

That's the central power panel.

London. Right on schedule.

Good thing too.

That comet won't be around again
until 1'm 1 50.

By that time,

l may have changed my mind.

All right, scouts,

what did you uncover?

Well, the steering looks pretty easy.

l found the power thrusters,

but l don't know--

Well, l've found a way

to stop this ship cold.

-What's that?

-Welcome to Mark Twain's Notebook.

l reckon it's Mr. Twain.

I am the only man living

who understands human nature.

God has put me in charge

of this branch office...

...and when I retire, there will be
no one to take my place.

l shall keep on doing my duty...

...for when l get over

on the other side...

...l wanna use my influence to have
the human race drowned again.

This time drowned good.
No omissions. No ark.
Sometimes the old man
seems powerful unhappy.
I think he's lonely.
I think he's asleep.
Thunderation, we struck it lucky.
-This is our chance.
-What?
We're gonna sashay on over there...
...hog-tie Mr. Twain,
and hijack this here ship.
-I don't think--
-Don't be a couple of sissies...
...in the face of a real adventure.
Tom, is this necessary?
There. That ought to hold him.
Hey, don't set those keys there.
The key always has to be
just out of the prisoner's reach...
...so he can plan his escape.
Confound it, that's foolish, Tom.
To the helm, aeronorts.
-That's ''aeronauts.''
-Come on.
Welcome to the hurricane deck.
-Look.
-We had you all tied up.
No, no, no.
That was just a little writer's block.
I never saw such a escape artist.
You look about as disappointed
as Presbyterians in hell.
We'll never get home.
They're thinking we're gonna die
when we meet up with that comet.
Suppose we do die...
...is there truly a heaven or a hell?
Oh, I don't know.
I don't want to express an opinion.
You see, I'd have friends
in both places.
Now, consider
Old Captain Stormfield.

Come on over here, Tom.
I've got something to show you.
Look at that.
-Stormfield, is that you?
-Why, ahoy there, Mark Twain.
Where might you be going?
I might-- No, I most assuredly am
going to heaven.
An optimist.
Racing his own comet too.
Stormfield is a man with faith.
Means he's willing to believe
in what he knows ain't so.
What was that?
Oh, my.
Well, quick, where are you from?
San Francisco.
-Is it a planet?
-Planet? Why, it's a city.
And moreover, it's one
of the biggest and the finest.
Well, that's delightful,
but we don't deal in cities here.
Where are you from in
a more general way?
I beg your pardon?
Put me down for California.
Is it a constellation?
Oh, my goodness, no.
It's a state.
I'm from America,
the United States of America.
-There ain't any such orb.
-Orb?
What are you talking about,
young fella?
It ain't an orb. It's a country.
-Why, America is one of the finest--
-Silence!
Now, once and for all,
where are you from?
-Just say I'm from the world.
-What world?
-Why, the world, of course.

-''The world''?

Well, there's billions of them.

Next.

The one that has a sun and the moon
and Mars, Neptune, and Jupiter--

Hold on.

-Jupiter?

-Jupiter.

Jupiter.

Seems to me we had a man from there
eight or 900 years ago.

Did you come straight here
from your system?

Yes, sir.

That is not true.

And this is no place for a fib.

You wandered from your course.

How did that happen?

I'm sorry. I take back what I said.

I confess. I raced a little

with a comet one day--

Only just the least little bit.

Only the tiniest little bit.

So that divergence has caused

all this trouble.

Well, it's landed you at a gate that's
billions of leagues from the right one.

Oh, go on in.

You'll be safe forever, and you won't
have any more trouble. Next.

I'm off.

Well, quick, where are you from?

Well, I beg your pardon, mister...

...but ain't you forgot something?

Forgot something?

-Not that I know of.

-Why, my harp.

And my wreath and my halo and
my hymnbook and my palm branch.

I never heard of these things before.

Oh, trust me.

You won't be conspicuous
in this district without it.

Well, good day.

Turns me on.
Do it again to me, just like that.
Yes!
Sock it to me, sock it to me,
sock it to me.
Oh, yeah.
Hey there.
-Yes, man.
-Yes, man.
-Dare we do any more?
-Yeah! Yes, yes, yes.
Well....
Well, look who's here.
You know, I begin to see...
...that a man has got to be
in his own heaven to be happy.
Oh, perfectly correct.
Did you imagine that the same heaven
would suit all sorts of people?
-Go that way.
-A million leagues or so.
Well, thank you, sir.
-So long.
-Au revoir.
It's been swell. It's been grand.
Harp, hymnbook, pair of wings.
-Halo, size 1 3.
-Size 1 3.
-For Captain Eli Stormfield of--
-San Francisco, you betcha.
Make him out a clean bill
of health and let him in.
Show me a cloud. I'm all right now.
I think--
Oh, sorry, I forgot.
Supposed to be quiet.
A harp, a hymnbook and wings?
Good God, what a swindle.
I'm led to consider a different path.
Heaven for climate,
hell for company.
Either way,
you gotta die to get there.
Land sakes. Set her back!

-What's that?
-Ah, the Sphinx.
Nothing to be afraid of.
It's only the ''Phanx.''
That's ''Sphinx.''
Now, with the right wind,
we should go aloft right here.
The comet is still some time off.
Best we should impose
on this great beast...
...to secure our anchor.
We're cooked. That's the end.
We're goners.
There is no sadder sight
than a young pessimist...
...except an old optimist.
Let's see....
-We'll have to wait to ascend...
-Come on.
...until exactly 6:00.
So when the alarm goes off,
the knife cuts the rope...
...and the ax smashes the--
-What?
-Thought I heard him coming.
No, it's only Homer.
I think that ought to do it.
Why don't we just take the ax
and smash it now?
What's the good of a plan
that's no more trouble than that?
Timing's everything.
You heard Mr. Twain. Six o'clock.
Come on.
My good old ancestor, Adam.
How deep a debt of gratitude
we owe to Adam and Eve.
They brought death into the world.
The diary.
-Oh, yeah.
-Yeah.
We never finished
Adam and Eve's story.
Oh, that's right.

-I guess we have time.
-Sure, we've got plenty of time.
Now, let's see, where were we?
Oh, yeah.
Eve had just eaten the apple...
...and rearranged the world a little.
After the disaster, Adam found
a place outside the garden...
...and was fairly comfortable
for a while.
I was not sorry she came.
There are but meager
pickings here...
...and she brought
some of those apples.
It was against my principles...
...but I find that principles have
no real force...
...except when one is well-fed.
I find she's at least a companion.
I would be lonely and depressed
without her...
...now that we've lost our property.
Tuesday.
She says it is ordered
that we will work for a living hereafter.
She will be useful.
I will superintend.
-What is it?
-Fire.
-How do you know?
-It looks like fire.
It annoyed him that I should know,
and he must ask.
-How did it come?
-I made it.
-What are these?
-Coals.
He picked one up, but changed
his mind and put it down again.
Then he went away.
Nothing interests him.
I was mistaken about her
in the beginning.

Perhaps it is better to live
outside the garden with her...
...than inside without her.
Would you like to see my etchings?
Eve calls it 'Cain. '
I believe she caught it
in the timber.
It's a new and different
kind of animal.
A fish, perhaps.
Sometimes she carries it
in her arms half the night...
...when it complains
and wants to get to the water.
I have never seen her do this
with any other fish...
...and it troubles me greatly.
I have come to like Sundays.
Superintending all the week
tires the body so.
I have not seen a fish
that could laugh.
This makes me doubt.
I do not love Adam
on account of his brightness...
...though I think in time
it will develop.
He is self-educated...
...and really knows
a multitude of things.
But none of them are true.
It isn't a fish.
Now, in my judgment, it is either
an enigma or some kind of bug.
I never had a thing perplex me so.
Perhaps I could take it apart
and see what its arrangements are.
It is not a kangaroo.
It is probably some kind of bear.
Mama. Papa.
This resemblance to words
is extraordinary...
...and is a thing
which no other bear can do.

This one will be less dangerous when
it has company of its own species.
I will make an exhaustive search.
Why do I love him?
I guess just because he is a man...
...and because he is mine.
It has been a weary hunt...
...yet I have had no success.
But without so much
as stirring from home...
...she has caught another one.
-Hi, Daddy.
-I never saw such luck.
-They were children.
-Good.
Adam and Eve
discovered it in time.
It was their coming
in that small shape that puzzled them.
Abel is a good boy...
...but if Cain had stayed a bear,
it would have improved him.
-What's going on?
-Here we go.
It is my deepest hope that we may
pass from this life together, but if--
But if one of us must go first,
let it be me.
For he is strong,
and I am weak and am not--
And am not so necessary
to her as she is to me.
Life without him would not be life.
How could I endure it?
Wind in the east.
I think we shall have rain.
-What is it?
-Well, it's a...
-...valentine.
-Valentine?
Where did you get that word?
Well, it-- It looks like a valentine.
It's a good word
and bears repeating.

The garden is lost...
...but I have found him
and am content.
Wherever she was...
...there was Eden.
I'm tired and old.
I wish I were with my Livy.
That's really why you want
to meet the comet, isn't it?
And I am looking forward to that.
But, Mr. Twain,
we're too young to die.
Die? Fiddlesticks.
You're not gonna die.
But how are we gonna get home?
Soon as I get to that comet,
this vessel's all yours.
-This ship?
-You mean it?
-Oh, bully!
-Oh, no.
Tom, the power.
Oh, no.
Oh, no.
What in tarnation?
The power.
Dag blame it, what's going on?
-We smashed the power panel.
-What?
-We didn't know.
-We're trapped in here.
If we can't get
to the emergency power switch...
-...the air bag will blow us all to hell.
-Oh, no.
-Tom Sawyer, I ought to knock your--
-The porthole. Come on.
Tom, let me try.
It's too small.
-There must be a way.
-Wouldn't bet on it.
Homer. He can do it.
Homer? Huck, this is serious.
I been educating him.

He can do most anything.
It's a chance in a million.
-At least give him a try.
-What else we got?
All right.
Huck,
the emergency power button...
...is just inside the back rail
near the helm...
...one foot forward
of the stabilizer control wheel.
What's the distance between my hand
and the stabilizer control wheel?
About 14 feet.
Fourteen and a half feet.
Homer, 14 and a half big ones
as the crow flies, inside the fence...
...hold the backflips until you see
the driver, slide one big one due east.
-What the--?
-It's the pressure.
-Oh, no.
-Well, here goes.
All right, Homer. One for accuracy.
Drat. He missed.
-I knew he couldn't.
-What are we gonna do?
-Homer. Homer!
-Homer!
Homer! Come on, you old toad.
Hit the button.
Homer. Homer.
Will you listen to me, Homer?
-By jinks, he did it!
-Homer.
-Now, look lively, you swags.
-All right!
Let's go.
-Explorers, name your names.
-Huck Finn the Red-Handed.
-Becky Thatcher, Terror of the Skies.
-And Tom Sawyer, Aeronort.
To your battle stations.
Come on.

Homer, you're a hero.
Let's go.
There it goes.
-Damn, we missed it.
-Let's catch it.
Aye, aye. Hard astarboard.
Okay, here we go.
We need altitude.
Jettison the superfluous.
Toss the typesetter.
Worst damn investment I ever made.
Shove the formal wear.
I have all I need.
Hold on there.
Keep that manuscript.
It won't be published for years.
We are fast rising from affluence
to poverty.
It's way ahead of us.
-Ahead full.
-Right.
-Commission the auxiliary thrusters.
-Aye, aye, sir.
-All right, pour on the coal.
-Yes, sir.
All hands lay to.
Raise the stabilizers!
Put some steam into them.
Stabilizers activated, sir.
-Tom?
-Yes, sir.
Lower the pressure valve.
-Okay, we're catching it.
-Here, let me help, Tom.
Meteors.
Watch out ahead, sir.
Don't be afraid. Providence protects
children and idiots.
I know it's true. I've tested it.
-Tom!
-I got it.
We're gaining on her.
-We're hit.
-Fire up the handy retriever.

We got one.
Got another one.
-They're thinning out.
-This is critical.
We're entering the channel.
Huck, pull back
the thrusters one half.
-Aye, aye, captain.
-We must be very careful.
Getting shallow and murky.
-Can't see.
-Larboard lead there.
-To the sounding guns.
-Yes, sir.
Sound out.
Mark three.
-Mark three.
-Ahead one third.
Yes, captain.
Half twain.
-Starboard half twain.
-That's too close.
-Mr. Twain!
-Good God.
Hang on. Back two-thirds.
-Aye, aye, sir.
-Tom, sound out.
-Less twain.
-Port less twain.
Now stand by, Huck.
-Mark twain.
-Mark twain.
Mark twain.
Now let her have it.
Every ounce you've got.
Dad-blame.
-Hang on.
-Okay.
By jinks, we've done it!
-We made it.
-Doggone it.
That was bully.
Great guns, that was well done.
Cabbages to cauliflowers.

Yeah, okay, calm down, Homer.
Come on out and show yourself.
There you go,
scaring everybody again.
-Great Scott, look!
-And you haunted me long enough.
Let's get this over with.
-Two Mark Twains?
-What's going on?
-How can there be two of you?
-This is craziness.
Everyone is a moon
and has a dark side. . .
. . .which he never shows to anybody
if he can help it.
I've seen you before.
You've been on this ship
the whole time, haven't you?
Why don't we tie that other one up
to keep him from going with you?
-Yeah.
-He's such a rascalion.
He must come with me, Tom.
I'm not whole without him.
What about us?
You shall ably sail the Mark Twain
around the world...
. . .for a long time.
You are a capable crew...
. . .and this ship,
a large enough body of work...
. . .that you may live forever.
Or long enough.
My books are water.
Those of the great geniuses are wine.
Everybody drinks water.
Let me see.
There are a number of things
I need to tell you before I go.
Always obey your parents.
When they are present.
Be respectful of your superiors.
If you have any.
Rise early, for it is the early bird

that catches the worm.
I once knew a man who tried it,
got up at sunrise.
Horse bit him.
-It's time.
-I'm still considering whether to go.
I have never seen
an atom of truth...
. . .that there is a future life.
Yet I am strongly inclined
to expect one.
Anyway, don't be such a sissy
in the face of a real adventure.
Well....
And I'm not as big a fool as Stormfield.
If I can't swear, I won't stay.
Look.
Mr. Twain,
where's the comet going now?
To Eden, angelfish.
Back to Eden.
I found this
in Adam and Eve's diary.
You can have it.
Yeah, well, I found these.
The human race, in all its poverty,
has only one truly effective weapon:
Laughter.
Against the assault of laughter...
...nothing can stand.
-Hang on.
-Grab a rail.
Okay now, level her out.
Well, this is one adventure Mr. Twain
wouldn't get around to writing.
Steady as you go.
So I figured to get it all down
before I forgot a single thing.
Let me help you write it, okay?
-After all, I am pretty much the hero.
-Well, I....
When it's done, we'll get it
to a publisher, just like Mr. Twain.
-Okay, you start it.

-You're asking for it, Huck.

Okay, ready?

The Adventures of Mark Twain...

...by the great, famous,

world-renowned...

...celebrated author and aeronaut...

... Tom Sawyer.