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Tom Sawyer

By Robert B. Sherman

Good morning, Sue Ellen.
Good morning, Mary.
Good morning, Robert.
Good morning, Allen.
Good morning, Mr. Dobbins.
Good morning, Steven.
Good morning, Mr. Dobbins.
Oh, a river's gonna flow
'Cross the land
'Cross the land
Oh, a river's gonna flow
To the sea
And a boy's gonna grow
To a man
To a man
Only once in his life
Is he free
Only one golden time in his life
Is he free
River runs warm in the summer sun
River runs cold when the summer's done
But a boy's just a dreamer
By the riverside
'Cause the water's too fast
And the water's too wide
Then the world turns around
And the boy grows tall
He hears the song of the river call
The river song sings
"Travel on, travel on"
You blink away your tear
And the boy is gone
Oh, a river's gonna flow
'Cross the land
'Cross the land
Oh, a river's gonna flow
To the sea
And the boy's gonna grow
To a man
To a man
Only once in his life
Is he free
Only one golden time in his life
Is he free

Hey, Huckleberry!

Hello, Huckleberry.

- How come you're playin' hooky?

- Same as you.

Never spent a day
in school in my life.

- So what you got in the sack?

- Somethin'.

- Somethin' like what?

- Something like Widder Douglas' dead cat.

She gave me ten cents
to get rid of it.

Looks pretty stiff.

Say, Hucky, what is dead cats
good for anyway?

Well, you know old Hoss Williams
is lyin' on his deathbed.

So what's that got to do
with a dead cat?

Well, I'm figurin'

you take that dead cat
along about midnight of a day
a sinner's been buried...

- Why midnight?

- 'Cause that's when the devil comes.

But you can't see him. You can
only hear somethin' like the wind.

And that's when he's
fetchin' the soul away.

- Who's fetchin'?

- The devil!

You heave a dead cat
on a fresh-dug grave,
the cat comes back to life
with the spirit of the dead man.
It's called cheatin' the devil.

- Did you ever try it before, Huck?

- No, but I'm fixin' to.

- Can I come with you?

- I don't know.

Ever been in a graveyard
at midnight? Plenty scary.

I wouldn't be scared.

I mean, why should I be scared?

I know you're down there.
You're down there, you little devil.
You're hidin' from me.
Hello, Muff!
- Hello, Huck. Hello, Tom.
- Hi, Muff.
Huck, would you lend me
your fishin' pole a minute?
Sure, Muff.
There! There you are,
you little devil. There!
- Here you are, Muff.
- Why, thank you.
You know, you're a-favorin' your pap
more and more every day, Huckleberry.
Seems to me like it was only yesterday
you was no bigger than a grasshopper.
Happy days they was
when your pap was livin'...
plunkin' on his banjo,
passin' his bottle around...
all free-hearted man he was.
Sing? He could sing
like a meadowlark.
Now... I got you now,
you little dickens.
There you are.
Of course, you never
knew your ma,
her dyin' like she did
as you was born.
- I ain't got no folks neither.
- Well, you got your aunt, ain't you?
That's all a feller needs... a friend.
"A little old friend in need
is a little old friend indeed,"
as the poet once said.
I've got to go.
I'll talk to you laddies later.
I've got an appointment.
Doc Robinson wants to see us.
Somethin' about that Injun Joe
freezes your blood.
Crazy mean

from the pain in his leg, I reckon.
- Hey, let's go fishin'.
- Yeah!
I am Tom Sawyer,
Black Avenger of the Spanish Main!
Name your name!
Huck Finn, the Red-Handed,
terror of the seas!
- 'Tis well. Give the countersign.
- Blood.
Come on.
- Hoist the colors.
- What sails we carry!
Courses, topsails,
and flying jib, sir.
Colors flying, sir.
Weighing anchor on the port side.
Luff and bring her to the wind.
Swing her to the starboard.
Aye-aye, sir.
Shake out the sheets and braces.
Lively now, me hearty.
Aye-aye, sir.
Mississippi River dead ahead!
Well, there's nothing like a broken arm
to keep a boy off an apple tree.
- At least till it heals.
- Thank you, Dr. Robinson.
I told you to come in the back way.
Just wanted to tell you it looks like
I'll probably be needin' you...
tomorrow night.
That Hoss Williams?
That soon, huh?
Can't last any longer than that.
Poor Hoss.
How is that leg, Joe?
It should be on you.
Tom Sawyer!
You, Tom!
Drat that boy!
Never here when you want him,
always underfoot when you don't.
A body could spend a lifetime

chasin' that boy.
Whippin' does no good.
Keepin' him in his room does no good.
There's no punishment devised
that could straighten out that boy.
From the time I get up in the morning
till the time I go to bed at night,
it's just one blessed thing
after another.

Mary!

- You seen Tom?

- No, Mother.

Sidney?

No, Mother,

I haven't seen Tom... all day.

Playin' hooky. Again!

That's twice this week.

Uncouth, irreverent, wild...

That irresponsible child

I try to teach him,

but who can reach him?

He never can be found,

leaves his trash around

Just won't learn

and he just keeps turnin' away

Tom Sawyer,

the devil's got him in tow

Tom Sawyer,

he's grief and worry and woe

He's late for supper and late for school

and he's takin' me for a fool

I'll bet Tom Sawyer will be

the death of me yet

Tom goes out with Huck,

swimmin' in the nude

Tom tears all his clothes

and he talks so crude

Hides dead snakes and things

underneath the stairs

And in Sunday school

never knows his prayers

Tom's a good boy,

Tom is kind

Tom holds wonders

in his mind

Tom's an orphan,

can't you see?

He needs our love

and sympathy

- Tom sneaks out at night...

- Tom has gumption...

- Always tellin' lies...

- Tom is strong...

- If he breaks his neck...

- Havin' fun...

- Won't be no surprise...

- Ain't doin' wrong...

- Dunce cap on his head...

- He loves to play...

- Every other day...

- And fish and swim...

- When there's chores at home...

- And you just wish...

- He's a mile away

- You were like him

Tom Sawyer,

that Tom is turnin' me gray

Tarnation, he'll never learn to obey

I know that boy could be

such a joy to me if he'd only be good

But he's always wastin' his time away,

exasperatin' me every day

No ambition and no respect,

he'll be the death of me yet

Worms!

Tom Sawyer!

Tom Sawyer,

that irresponsible child, that Tom

Tom Sawyer, uncouth,

irreverent, wild, that Tom

He's late for supper and late for school

and he's takin' me for a fool

He just won't learn

and he just keeps turnin'

And I'll bet Tom Sawyer

will be the death of me

Bet Tom Sawyer will be

the death of me yet!

- Tom?
- No, it's me.
- It's the Widder Douglas.
- Good evening, Martha.
My, you're just having supper.
I'd best call another time.
Well, now that you're here,
why don't you join us?
Oh, I couldn't.
- Yes, you could.
- Well, maybe just a bite.
Why don't you take Tom's place?
It appears he's late, as usual.
Thank you.
May I take your hat, Mrs. Douglas?
It's such a pretty one.
Oh, thank you, Miss Mary.
Mr. Douglas bought it for me
the last time we were in St. Louis.
Polly, it's so hard for me to believe...
only yesterday Mr. Douglas
and your Josh were...
- What smells so good?
- We're having lamb stew.
My favorite!
Dear Lord...
We thank Thee for the bounty
which we are about to receive. Amen.
How are you doing
in school this year, Sidney?
Best in the class,
just the same as last year.
I've never been to St. Louis.
I hear it's very modern.
Oh, my, yes.
They have gas lamps
on every street corner.
Why, you can go out at night,
and it's as bright as daytime.
And the stores!
My, this does smell good.
Tom's home.
You little beast!
Excuse me, Martha.

You two, stay here.

Apple butter, please, Miss Mary.

Well?

Oh, Aunt Polly.

Supper ready yet?

Has been for some time.

Well, I'm late because
of the Widder Douglas.

- The Widder Douglas?

- Yeah!

See, I was on my way home,
walkin' past the Widder's house,
when all of a sudden

I heard a scream
and a yell for help
from the top floor.

What could I do?

So I had to run up there
and see what was wrong.

- What was wrong?

- Well, there she was,
layin' stretched out on the floor...
must have fell or somethin'...
screamin' and a-hollerin'
like she's gonna die.

And a bone

stickin' right out of her leg.

Stickin' right out of her leg?

Well, I had to run clear across town
to fetch Doc Robinson.

He's up there right now

sewin' up the poor widder's leg.

- Must've needed 50 stitches.

- 50?

Yeah! And that's how come

I'm late for supper.

I sure worked up a big appetite
doin' all that runnin' and chasin'...

Good evening, Thomas.

What a string of fibs you tell,

Tom Sawyer.

I oughta wash

your mouth out with soap.

That's all right, Aunt Polly,

if'n you let me put some supper in first.
Why don't you tell the truth for once?
You were playin' hooky again,
weren't you?
And why's your shirt damp?
'Cause you were swimming
with Huckleberry Finn, weren't you?
- Aunt Polly.
- Don't you lie to me.
I have warned you time and again
to stay away from that trash.
No dinner for you tonight.
Upstairs, to bed with you this minute!
You're gonna need your sleep
'cause you're gonna pay for this tomorrow.
His idols
are the wastrels of this town,
like that no-good, shiftless,
foul-mouthed Huckleberry Finn.
Huckleberry Finn.
You know, Polly, he's not really bad.
He just has no one.
Well, I mean, he needs
a strong influence like Thomas.
Well, with those two it's hard
to figure who's influencin' who.
I think the time has come for some
good old-fashioned uninfluencin'.
- All of it?
- Two coats.
- Two coats?!
- All of it.
Quarter speed! Ding, ding!
Hard a port.
Steady as she goes.
The River Queen's
comin' around the bend.
Guess what I seen.
New family movin' in the empty house.
Name's Thatcher.
He's a judge.
They got a real pretty daughter.
Heck, girls ain't no fun.
Always gigglin' or weepin'.

What do you know about girls?
I was engaged to Amy Lawrence.
Always gigglin' or weepin'.
Poor Tom.
You're workin'
your head off, ain't you?
- No, I ain't.
- Then what you doin'?
- I feel sorry for you, Joe.
- You're sorry for me?
Yeah, 'cause you can't get
what I get.
- What you get?
- Satisfaction.
From whitewashin'?
You get more than that.
You get gratifaction.
Gratifaction?
Yeah.
That's what you get.
Gratifaction.
Yep, I feel sorry for you, Joe.
Let me have a turn.
Please, Tom?
You don't know
what you're askin', Joe.
I'll give you my glass stopper.
Genuine crystal.
It's pretty good,
but I don't know.
Just for a couple of licks.
All right, just for a couple.
That's all.
Watch you don't slop none.
What'd you give him
to do your chores?
What chores?
He's doin' your whitewashin',
ain't he?
I'm afraid you've got this
all turned around. Joe gimme this.
- He paid you?
- Sure.
Look at him havin' all that fun.

- I got six marbles.
- I done ate some, but it's half good.
Watch you don't slop any.
You call this work?
Well, ain't that funny
We ain't doin' this for money
Heck, it's a regular privilege
to be occupied
It's a source of pride
Anyone can swim and fish
on Saturday
Anyone can just lay down
Layin' in a hammock,
layin' in the grass
Like a lazy, no-good hound
They just know
that I'm soft-hearted
I was barely gettin' started
Now I'm givin' all of my fun away,
they keep beggin' me,
And I'm generous
I mean, when's the last time
you could slosh a buck full of wash
On a mile of fence?
Look at 'em smilin',
havin' a time
And all at my expense
And you get that deep-down inside
Gratification
Gratifyin'
Satisfact...
Well, I mean that
deep-down inside
Gratification
Oh, how good you feel
when your shoulder's to the wheel
You don't need nothin'
except ambition
Elbow grease for ammunition
And bang, what a righteous glow
you get from honest sweat
It's a natural bet
Anyone who puts his nose
to the grindstone's

Gonna get a great reward
Your eyes will see the glory
of the comin' of the Lord
And you get that
deep-down inside
Gratification
Pure enjoyment
from employ...
Well, I mean that
deep-down inside
Gratification
Oh, how good you feel
when your shoulder's to the wheel
You don't need nothin'
except ambition
Elbow grease for ammunition
And bang, what a righteous glow
you get from honest sweat
It's a natural bet
Anyone who puts his nose
to the grindstone's
Gonna get a great reward
Your eyes will see the glory
of the comin' of the Lord
And you get that
deep-down inside
Gratification
Gratifyin'
Satisfact...
Well, I mean that
deep-down inside
Gratification
Oh, how good you feel
when your shoulder's to the wheel
Get him!
- Just moved in?
- We're from St. Petersburg.
How do you like Hannibal?
We just moved.
What's your name?
Maximillian Q. Sullivan
at your service, ma'am.
But all my friends
just call me Mr. Bones.

I've spent the best part
of my life in a minstrel show.

I'm a minstrel man.

Aren't you awfully young
to be a minstrel man?

No, not really.

My folks was minstrels.

I just grewed up in family tradition.

Rebecca?

Rebecca, we've got

a lot of unpacking to do.

Father, I'd like you to meet

Mr. Maximillian Q. Sullivan.

He's a real minstrel man.

Everybody just calls him Mr. Bones.

Well, it's nice to meet you,

Mr. Sullivan.

Always pleasant to meet

a gentleman of the theater.

Any relation to the moving company?

Oh, well...

Sullivan's just my theater name.

My real name's Sawyer.

Maximillian Q. Sawyer.

Well, you must come and visit
as soon as we get settled.

Now come along, Rebecca.

We've got a lot of work to do.

Well, I guess I'd best be goin',

Mr. Bones.

You can just call me Tom.

What's your name?

Rebecca Thatcher.

But everybody just calls me Becky.

Well, I guess I'd better be goin'.

Me, too.

Bye, Tom.

Bye, Becky.

Who's that for, Muff?

That must be old Hoss Williams.

Let's go take a look.

Doc, you did a real good job.

He looks better than he did alive.

How'd you get rid of the yellow?

- How much, Clayton?
- That'll be 2.50, Doc.
2.50?! This is an outrage!
I never paid you more than \$2
for a casket before.
Labor and materials
gone sky-high, Doc.
I hardly make a cent.
In there lays the only man
in Hannibal, Missouri,
that could ever out-drink me.
What's the matter, boy?
Is somethin' ailin' you?
Just that I never saw
no one dead before.
Well, dyin's a part of livin'.
Come on.
You take old Hoss back there.
Some folks are gonna say
he drank himself to death.
Well, maybe he did.
I'll tell you one thing for sure,
only old Hoss knows that.
Just a minute, boy.
There you are.
Take a look
at the folks you've knowed
Young or growed
Some keep thrivin'
and some keep strivin' in vain
It's a matter of destiny
Who you'll be
Judge or the preacher
or a pitiful creature
They's hangin' from a tree
Whoa, a man's got to be
what he's born to be
So just sit back and wait
Be it soon or late
He'll be small or great
Yeah, a man's got to be
what he's born to be
So just sit back and wait
Soon or late,

small or great
There ain't no fightin' fate
Doesn't matter what you may try
By and by
Some get lucky
and some get stuck in the mud
That's the way the old world behaves
Why make waves?
Sooner or later, just like a potater
We're planted in our graves
Whoa, a man's got to be
what he's born to be
So just sit back and wait
Be it soon or late
He'll be small or great
Yeah, a man's got to be
what he's born to be
So just sit back and wait
Soon or late,
small or great
There' ain't no fightin' fate
Now, where's the future
in plans and schemes
When it seems
That old grim reaper
will soon be a-leapin' on you?
When it's over,
you'll know your bound
To be found
Wearin' your Sunday clothes,
sleepin' in sweet repose
Six feet underground
Whoa, a man's got to be
what he's born to be
So just sit back and wait
Be it soon or late
He'll be small or great
Yeah, a man's got to be
what he's born to be
So just sit back and wait
Soon or late,
small or great
There ain't no fightin' fate
No, sir,

there ain't no fightin' fate
There it is.
Cirrhosis is what took him.
Seems only fittin'.
- Cirrhosis?
- Of the liver.
- Turns you yellow and you die.
- How'd he get it?
Why, from drinkin', my boy.
From drinkin'.
Whoa, a man's gotta be
what he's born to be
So just sit back and wait
Be it soon or late
He'll be small or great
Yeah, a man's gotta be
what he's born to be
So just sit back and wait
Soon or late, small or great
There ain't no fightin' fate,
no, sir
There ain't no fightin' fate
Whiskey! The stinkin' smell
of whiskey in my house!
Now give me that shirt.
But it saved Muff's leg.
You see, this snake,
it was... it was...
just jumped out from under a rock,
bit Muff on the leg,
and slithered away.
Left him lyin' in the dirt,
writhin' and screamin', close to death.
Lies, lies, and more lies!
What kind of snake?
Sidney, you stay out of this. Mary!
But this stranger came along
with a snake-bite remedy.
And as he was
pouring it on Muff's leg,
he was kickin' so, that some of it
just happened to splash on my shirt.
And it just healed up like magic!
Can't even see the fang marks.

Fang marks?!

- Upstairs. No supper. Upstairs!

- Aunt Polly!

Snake-bite remedy...

that's a good one.

Yes, it was.

I heard you.

Got the dead cat?

Better get goin'.

Beginnin' to smell.

Hucky, do you think the dead people
like for us to be here?

Wish I knowed.

Awful solemn, ain't it?

Hucky, do you reckon Hoss Williams
minds us takin' his spirit
and givin' it to the cat?

Heck, no. He's dead.

He ain't got no use for it.

When anybody's this dead,
how come they bury 'em so deep?

I don't know what you wanna
dig up old Hoss for anyhow, Doc.

I mean, just to look at his liver...

I can tell you what it looks like.

It looks like an old yellow sponge
drippin' and oozin' corn whiskey.

Quiet, you idiot.

Now get to work, both of you.

You ain't got no fun
in you nowhere.

Here. Quickly now, quickly.

Ten dollar ain't enough
for this rotten work.

Diggin' up graves... they catch you,
they lock you up forever.

I paid you good money in advance.

Now get to it.

You pay good money,
but you fix my leg bad.

How much your damn good money's
gonna pay for that?

- I want another \$10 now!

- We've been paid enough.

Let's get it done
and get outta here.
I think \$20 be more like it.
You scum! You've been paid
everything you're gonna get.
Who you calling scum,
Dr. Robinson?
Now wait a minute, Joe.
We don't wanna...
Damn it!
Wake up.
You killed the doc, you drunken fool.
- You think he seen us?
- I don't know. He could've.
We better hide in there.
In there?
Sure.
What was that?
It was me.
Ran into somethin'.
Hucky, what do you reckon
will come of this?
If Doc Robinson dies,
I reckon hangin' will come of it.
Look what I found!
Say, Huck, just suppose
somethin' happens
and Injun Joe didn't get hung.
He'd come after us to kill us,
knowin' what we know.
Well, I'll keep mum if you will.
All right, it's a blood pact.
Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer
swears they will keep mum about this.
They wish they may drop down dead
in their tracks if they ever tell.
And rot.
And rot.
Huck's blood.
Tom's blood.
I can't believe it.
You not only come to school,
you come to school on time.
- You are Tom Sawyer, aren't you?

- Yes, sir.

Wonders never cease.

- Good morning.

- Good morning, Mr. Dobbins.

Good morning, Casper.

What was that you was sayin'
about Muff Potter?

My pa was there when they
brought him to the jailhouse.

They say Injun Joe
saw the whole thing.

He tried to stop him, but he was
crazy drunk. You know how Muff gets.

Hey, Tom, did you hear Muff Potter
killed Doc Robinson?

- Mornin', Tom.

- Mornin'.

Good morning, children.

Good morning, Mr. Dobbins.

It's a nice day, isn't it?

It's a nice day, Mr. Dobbins.

And we're all happy to be here,
aren't we?

We're happy to be here, Mr. Dobbins.

Today we will continue
with the Crusades.

The Turks, who lived
in Central Asia,
north of the Altai Mountains
and the Gobi desert,

became divided between an Eastern
and a Western faction.

By the tenth century,
the Western Turks
had been much weakened
by wars with China and the Arab nations.

But, led by Seljuk,
the Turkish chieftain...

S-e-l-j-u-k...

the Arab nation was destroyed.

Then the Turks embraced
Mohammadenism with fervor.

Now, an active crusade
against the Moors in Spain

was progressing in 1084.
And the Christians,
under the Turkish rulers,
were made to suffer
cruel atrocities.
It was to be expected
that the Christian nations
would come to the assistance
of their subjects in the Byzantine Empire.
Whose slate is this?
Speak up.
- Rebecca Thatcher?
- It's my slate!
Here!
What you doin', Tom?
Restin' or hidin'?
Neither.
What's the matter, boy?
You haven't been yourself for days.
- You need some of the remedy?
- It ain't that, Aunt Polly.
Well, then what is it?
Somethin's botherin' you.
Well, if'n you knew somethin'
that someone else knew,
but you had to keep mum about it
because there was a blood pact,
and then someone else was in a heap
of trouble 'cause you couldn't tell.
Oh, Tom, I haven't got time for riddles.
What's your problem?
That is my problem.
I can't tell you.
- Well, then how can I help you?
- You can't.
I'll get you some of the remedy.
I was hopin' you'd come.
They got Muff stuck in jail.
Huck, we gotta say somethin' now.
We gotta tell 'em what we know.
We ain't sayin' nothin'.
What do you wanna do, get us killed?
He's dangerous, he's crazy.
- But, Huck...

- We don't say nothin'.
I don't know what you expect me to do
when I get there.
What can I say?
No matter how you plead, Muff,
you ain't got a chance.
They're gonna hang you.
Some defense lawyer
you're gonna make, Clayton.
- How can I defend you if you're guilty?
- Well, that's just it... I ain't.
I mean, in my heart.
Drunk or sober...
...I'd never stick
no knife in no man.
But you was drunk.
I'm an easygoing man
by nature, Clayton.
Whiskey just makes me
more easygoing, you know that.
You'll never prove it, Muff.
You might as well face it,
they gonna hang you.
It occurs to me
that since you ain't gonna make
no money defendin' me,
you'd just as soon
see me hung
so you can fill the coffin
and make some money, you old skinflint.
Never crossed my mind, Muff.
It never crossed my mind.
Muff.
Tom.
I just wanted
to wish you luck tomorrow.
Thanks, lad.
I brought your little old friend
from the woodpile.
Well, bless you, boy.
Bless you.
I gotta go.
Good luck. Bye, Muff.
Bye, Tom.

I'll have a swig of that.

Partial payment.

For defendin' me

or buildin' my coffin?

Whichever.

And now would you repeat
to the court what you told me,

in your own words,

what you saw that morning?

Well, I was down at the brook

borderin' the graveyard,

and I seen him a-washin'

and a-scrubbin' in the water.

- Is that person now in this courtroom?

- Yep.

Would you kindly point

to the person you saw?

It was Muff Potter.

Yeah, we sell

this kind of sheep knife.

Did you ever sell that kind of knife

to Muff Potter?

As a matter of fact, I did.

Could it have been

that very knife?

Yeah.

Now tell me,

on the night after the murder,

was there anything

unusual about his behavior?

Well... no.

He was drunk, as usual.

Order!

Order!

My question was,

was there anything unusual?

Well, I suppose...

He was buyin' drinks all around,

and he had a lot of money on him,

and for Muff Potter,

that's unusual.

I wonder where he got all that money.

From Doc Robinson's pocket.

And I never before seen

a man so filled with hatred.
Before I could stop him,
he was on the Doc,
plungin' that knife in him.
He's a liar, he's a liar!
I seen it!
Didn't happen that way at all!
Order! Order!
I'll have order in my courtroom!
Order!
Now, Tom,
you come up here
and tell us exactly what you saw.
All right, Tom,
now tell me, were you alone?
Well...
Not exactly.
Well, who was with you then?
I was with
the Widder Douglas' dead cat.
Order!
I was tryin' to work the spirit
of Hoss Williams into the dead cat.
Where is that dead cat now?
He's probably still in the gunnysack
about 20 feet away from the grave.
That's where I left it
when I ran away.
And then what happened?
Then they started fightin'.
And as Doc Robinson
fetched up the shovel to shield himself,
he accidentally hit Muff on the head
and knocked him out cold.
And that's when...
...when Injun Joe
picked up a big rock
and knocked Doc Robinson
down into the grave.
That's when he...
picked up Muff's knife,
jumped in after him.
I heard the Doc scream.
After him!

I'm going straight to the county seat
and I'll demand a substantial reward
be posted for that killer.

- I'll go!

- So will I!

Me, too!

Daddy told me how brave you acted
in his courtroom the other day.

I had to.

They was gonna hang Muff.

Do you think they'll
ever catch Injun Joe?

He's probably way out West by now.

- Daddy's not so sure of that.

- I'm positive.

If I was wanted for murder,
I'd be out of the country.

Well, I hope you're right
and Daddy's wrong.

- Anyway, I'm proud of you, Tom.

- You are?

Sure.

I like you.

How come

I hear the sun

Laughin'

Up in the skies?

How come

I see the grass

Growin'

Before my eyes?

Crazy

What's happenin'

Feel like

I'm ten feet high

Nothin's

Impossible

If I try

I could fly

Wonderin'

What's just begun

Tinglin'

Yet sort of numb

How come?

How come?

How come?

Have you ever been engaged, Becky?

No, never.

It's real easy.

All you gotta do is say "I love you,"
and then you kiss.

- And then what?

- Then you're engaged.

You never go to parties
with nobody else,
you never walk to school
with nobody else,
and, of course, you don't
get married to nobody else.

Do you wanna get engaged, Tom?

Sure, if you do.

All right.

I'll say it first.

I love you.

Now it's your turn.

I love you.

Now all that's left
for us to do is to kiss.

It's so nice being engaged.

Why, sure. When me and Amy Lawrence
was engaged, we used to go...

Oh, Tom! Then I'm not the first one
you've been engaged to!

- Philanderer!

- What?

- Well, that's what you are!

- Yeah, but what does it mean?

I'm not sure. But even
if I did know, I wouldn't tell you!
Girls.

It was a blood pact.

You swore to keep mum!

I didn't say your name,
I swear it!

Injun Joe's gonna sneak up on you
one night and cut your throat.

I had to tell!

I couldn't let 'em hang Muff.

And before he kills you, he's gonna
make you tell who was with you.
Then he's gonna cut my throat!
- I ain't gonna tell, Hucky.
- I ain't gonna give you the chance.
I'm gonna hide out on the island
till they catch him.
I'm gonna take my raft over there
tonight, so if'n you wanna come...
Heavenly Father, bless this bounty
so graciously provided
for our physical needs
and make us grateful
for every blessing. Amen.
I just don't understand that boy.
If he'd just come home
for dinner on time once.
Oh, we'll know when Tom gets home.
You didn't!
Mary! You come back
and sit down here this minute.
Tom's home.
Beast!
Aunt Polly, honest,
I didn't have nothin' to do with it.
What happened to you, boy?
Look at you!
Well, there was this
runaway horse, you see,
and this poor old woman
was in the buggy screamin' for help.
So I grabbed the reins
and was drug nearly half a mile
down the street before I could stop it.
Then he kicked me!
You were with Huckleberry Finn.
Why don't you tell the truth for once?
He does tell the truth.
He did it in court and saved
an innocent man's life.
A drunkard. Hanging around
with murderers and grave robbers...
what's to become of you, boy?
You two, downstairs.

Tom, you did a brave thing.
Mary, don't you disobey me, too.
Now, you listen to me.
Your mother
was my favorite sister.
We were very close.
When she was dying,
I promised her
that I would raise you
as if you were my own.
Now God knows I have tried.
But you continue
to disobey me, to lie to me,
to cavort with the trash in this town.
I'm afraid you're gonna grow up to be
a wastrel like your father was, God forbid.
Don't you talk
about my father like that.
Well, that's what he was...
a no-good, irresponsible bum,
leaving your mother and you,
a tiny baby.
No use lying to yourself
about him, too.
I am not gonna let you turn into
what he was, as God is my witness.
Well, if'n I was God...
Don't you dare to take
the name of the Lord in vain!
May God forgive you.
If'n I was God
Well, just for spite
I wouldn't set the sun at night
Till everyone was treated right
By everyone else they see
If'n I was God
I'd fix it so
Without explainin', folks would know
They'd know what's goin' on inside
Of everyone else like me
Nobody'd hurt nobody else
I wouldn't let it be
Nobody'd have a need to pray
Except for thankin' me

lf'n I was God
I'd make us wise
So's everyone could realize
That everywhere beneath the sun
Everyone needs everyone
And God
That ain't half what I would do
lf'n I
Was
You
Jump!
Thank you, Sidney.
- Good morning, Mother.
- Good morning, dear.
Go set the table, please.
Oh, Mary, go see what's keeping Tom.
He must be starving by now.
Tom, breakfast is ready.
Ma! Ma, Tom's gone
and his bed hasn't been slept in!
Oh, a river's gonna flow
'Cross the land
'Cross the land
Oh, a river's gonna flow
To the sea
And the boy is gonna grow
To a man
To a man
Only once
In his life
Is he...
Freebootin', freebootin',
kickin' up our feet in the sand
Freebootin', freebootin',
livin' off the fat of the land
Got no doors to shut us in,
we got no ties that bind
Rollin' down the road to sin,
we got no nevermind
Like a big fat cow
a-chewin' on her cud
Like a catfish grubbin'
in the bottom of the mud
We're happy as a coot

and we don't give a hoot
Ain't we fine?
Freebootin', freebootin',
kickin' up our feet in the sand
Freebootin', freebootin',
livin' off the fat of the land
Nobody's tellin' us when to rise
or when to sleep or eat
Nobody's here to criticize
or whack us on the seat
Like a hog in slime,
we're wallerin' our time
Doin' what we're doin'
and it ain't no crime
We don't give a dang,
let the world go hang
Ain't life sweet?
Freebootin', freebootin',
kickin' up our feet in the sand
Freebootin', freebootin',
livin' off the fat of the land
We're thick as thieves
and tough as mules
We don't know wrong from right
We got no bounds,
got no rules
We don't know day from night
We got no worries,
we just don't care
Mean as a buzzard
and hungry as a bear
Better steer clear
and you better beware
We may bite
If'n I had knowed
how much fun smoking was,
I would have started long ago.
You know, we could live the rest
of our lives out here on this island
and they'd never find us.
But they'd miss us.
They'd be sorry.
Probably give us up for dead.
Probably. I wish I could die.

Just temporary, for a day or so.
You know, my spirit
would walk right down Main Street,
right past Becky Thatcher.
I wouldn't even speak to her.
That'd show her.
I wonder where Injun Joe is right now.
He's probably hidin' out
somewheres in South America.
I mean, that's where I'd go
if they was after me. Wouldn't you?
I don't know.
I wish they'd caught him by now.
I just don't believe it.
I really don't.
Now, we've just got to
face the facts.
We must look at this logically.
The Finn boy's raft is missing.
We've established beyond
a question of a doubt
that the hat we found
at the riverbank was Tom's.
I still won't believe they're drowned.
He's been missing for 24 hours.
But they're good swimmers.
They know the river.
We can't rule out any possibilities.
They may very well have drowned.
No.
I'm sure they'll turn up...
safe and sassy.
Well, if they don't show up by mornin',
I'm for draggin' the river.
I'm sorry.
I'm afraid he's right.
Good night, Mary.
Come on, Becky.
- Good night.
- Good night.
- Good night.
- Good night.
- I know they'll be fine.
- I don't know, ma'am, I hope so.

- You two should be in bed.
- I'll stay up with you, Mother.
No. No one's staying up.
I'll leave a light in the window.
Off to bed with you now.

Tom Sawyer

That irresponsible child
Tom goes off with Huck
Swimmin' in the nude
Tom holds wonders in his mind
But he just won't learn
And he just keeps turnin' away
Tom Sawyer
The devil's got him in tow
Raises Cain in school
If he'll ever go
Though he tries my poor heart so
Oh, Lord, please spare him
And, Lord, take care of
My Tom

- What was that?

- I don't know.

Fire!

- What are they doin'?
- They're draggin' the river.
The sound of the cannon
brings up the dead bodies.
Somebody must've drowned.
Maybe they're lookin' for us.
Heck, nobody's lookin' for me.
Aunt Polly'd be worried
somethin' awful.
Hucky, I gotta go home.
Well, how we gonna do that, swim?
We got no raft.

- Then let's make one.

- Can't, no tools.

Fire!

Well, maybe we could make
a signal flag,
stop the barge on its way
back to Hannibal.
Tom, they're on their way
back to Hannibal.

But maybe we can look along
the water's edge and find some logs.
Maybe we can
fasten 'em together. Maybe.
You take this side.
I'll take the other.
Come here!
Look!
The raft!
Let me hide myself in Thee
Let the water and the blood
From Thy wounded side which flowed
Rock of Ages, cleft for me
Let me hide myself in Thee
Amen
Now, my friends,
the eulogy for our two young men
will be spoken
by the Honorable Judge Cyrus Thatcher.
Thomas Sawyer and the lad
we've all come to know
and love as Huckleberry Finn,
a boy who made
his own way in the world,
without the benefit
of a mother or father to guide him,
gone...
gone from our midst,
taken in the spring of their bloom.
And how much poorer are we
for their loss.
I was fortunate enough
to get to know Tom Sawyer.
And I want to say here
how proud I was to be his friend.
No commonplace boy would have
stood up in my courtroom so courageously
and accused a murderer face to face.
It took great courage
to tell the truth, but he did.
And I want to go on record in stating
that when he took
a thrashing in school
to protect my little girl...

she told me all about it...
that was a magnanimous lie he told.
Of course he was given
to exaggerations,
but they were never malicious.
How many times have we seen
only the faults and the flaws
and never noticed the sweetness?
Within our hearts will always live
the sunshine of their happy laughter,
the memory of their winning ways,
and the everlasting glow
of the rare promise
of these dear lost lads.
Thomas, Huckleberry...
Wherever you are now,
we will remember you.
It's a miracle!
Praise the Lord!
Thank God you're safe!
When I get you home, I'm gonna
thrash you within an inch of your life.
- Our prayers has been answered.
- They certainly have.
But you're so thoughtless.
You never think of anyone but yourself,
leaving us all to believe
that you'd been drowned.
- Thank God they're safe!
- Thank God!
Oh, I'm so glad you showed up alive,
I haven't got the heart to punish you.
But I should.
It's wonderful, Polly! Wonderful!
Wonderful!
Terrible!
Huckleberry.
- I'm glad you're safe, Huckleberry.
- Thank you, ma'am.
Now, you'd best come to my place
and let me fix you a good meal.
I'd just as soon go to my place, ma'am.
Nonsense! You're coming with me.
They found them, but they's alive.

You ain't gonna make nothin'.
Now get on out of there,
you old scalawag.
You're in my way.
Giddyup here!
I just hope we got enough here.
I don't know why it is people always
eat so much more when they eat outdoors.
Thank you, Sidney. You wanna get
my parasol and shawl?
Yes, Mother.
You know, I had a dream last night.
I dreamt that awful Injun Joe
came prowling around right in this house.
Oh, hush, child.
Why, if that murderin' Indian
were still anywhere around here...
you heard what the men
said two weeks ago.
He's probably
far out of the country by now.
Thank you, Sidney.
Take your cake, young lady.
Time we got a move on.
Tom!
You, Tom!
Now don't you stray away
from me today, you hear?
But why, Aunt Polly?
Never you mind.
Just do as I say.
All right.
Hi, Tom!
- Hi, Tim!
- Hi, Tim!
- Hey, Sidney!
- Happy Fourth!
- Hi, Joe! Hi, Jason!
- Happy Fourth!
Happy Fourth!
Load up the vittles,
pickles and hams
Melons and cherry pie
Fritters and dumplin's,

turkeys and yams
Packin' a big supply
Apples and peaches,
soda to sip
Cider is gonna flow
With a hey and a ho,
and away we go
On a holiday in Hannibal, Mo...
...ssouri!

Latch up the winders,
lock up the doors
Gotta get on the go
Line up the buggies,
wagons, and rigs
Meet all the folks you know
You bring a fiddle,
you bring a drum
You bring an old banjo
And a hey and a ho,
and away we'll go
On a holiday in Hannibal, Mo...
...ssouri!

- Who brung the watermelons?
- I done

Put 'em in the buggy
by the box of red plums
- Who brung the lemonade?
- Ask Ern

It's here in the wagon
with the buttermilk churn
- Where's Mary?

- With Nelly
Standin' guard
over jams and jelly
- Where's all the fireworks?
- Don't know

But you're gonna see 'em all the way
from here to St. Joe
Better get ready,
the time is right
We'll be gone all day
and half of the night
The road is rugged
so hold on tight

No time for lollygaggin',
everybody on the wagon
Giddyup!
Giddyup the horses,
give 'em the reins
They know the way to go
Down by the river,
over the ridge
Into the old meadow
Oh, what a feelin',
oh, what a day
Bright as a daisy glow
With a hey and a ho,
and away we go
On a holiday in Hannibal, Mo...
...ssouri!
Oh, what a feelin',
oh, what a day
Bright as a daisy glow
With a hey and a ho,
and away we go
On a holiday in Hannibal, Mo...
...ssouri!
Oh, what a feelin',
oh, what a day
Bright as a daisy glow
With a hey and a ho,
and away we go
On a holiday in Hannibal
Mo-ssouri
There it is.
- That's McDougal's Cave?
- That's it.
How'd you like to taste
the best drinkin' water in Missouri?
You mean in there, Tom?
Sure. There's
an underground spring in there.
Well, actually it's a river.
Me and Huck's been in there many a time.
My folks told me a lot of people
went in there and never came out.
And I heard they found
a human skull in there!

Are you afraid, Becky?
Well, no, no, I'm not afraid.
It's just that...
Well, I don't wanna miss the fireworks.
We'll be back
in plenty of time for that.
Here.
Stay right there.
I'll be right back.
Oh, Aunt Polly!
Where are you goin'
so fast, boy?
Nowhere.
Nowhere is somewhere.
I'm gonna go get Becky Thatcher
a drink of water.
Who's comin'?
- Not me.
- Or me.
Becky?
- Are you sure we should, Tom?
- Of course I'm sure.
My, this is big!
That's nothin'.
Wait till you see what's up ahead.
Look.
Here it is, Becky.
Here.
My, this is good, Tom.
See? What did I tell you?
Tom!
Becky, come on!
I'm gonna kill you, Tom Sawyer.
I'm gonna kill you!
You'll never get
out of here alive!
Do you hear me?
You'll never get
out of here alive!
Rebecca?
Polly, have you seen Rebecca?
Well, last time I saw her
she was with Tom.
But I haven't seen either of 'em

since before the fireworks.

Where's Tom Sawyer?

Tom and Becky

are in McDougal's Cave.

- McDougal's Cave?

- I told them not to go in there.

Tom said somethin'

about an underground spring.

A drink of water.

All right, all right, everybody, calm down.

I know where they are. Tom and me's

been to that river many a time.

- Can you show 'em how to get there?

- Sure.

I found a lantern!

They can't be far away.

Becky! Tom!

- Hear that?

- We're here!

Injun Joe!

It's Injun Joe's!

- I can't hear them anymore.

- We'd better keep on goin'.

Come on.

Up here.

Don't look down, Becky.

I'm tired.

Don't cry, Becky.

Hear that, Becky? They'll be here

in no time. I just know it.

I told you, Becky.

They're here!

Now I've got you, Tom Sawyer.

Now you're dead!

Bull's-eye.

- Good morning, Constable.

- Morning, Judge.

- Morning, Miss Becky.

- Mornin'.

Thomas.

Rebecca has told me everything.

How you pleaded with her

not to follow you into that cave.

Young man, if you suspected

that that murderer was hiding in there,
you should have gotten
some grown men to find him.
That was a foolhardy...
but uncommonly heroic
thing you did.

- Thomas, have you seen Huckleberry?
- No, ma'am.
He didn't sleep in his bed last night.
I'm beside myself with worrying.
Well, don't you worry, Mrs. Douglas.
I'll go find him right away.
Not till after the services, young man.
Don't you agree, Martha?
Oh, yes.
But yes, of course, Polly.
Huck.
Huckleberry, what you doin'
back down here?
The poor Widder's beside herself
worryin' over you.
Ain't you got no feelings,
no consideration?
What?
All you're thinkin' about
is your own self.
I don't understand you, Huck.
Well, I give it two weeks,
and it just don't work.
She makes me get up
the same time every mornin'.
She makes me wash.
I gotta wear them fancy clothes
that just smothers me.
I can't smoke, I can't chaw.
I gotta wear shoes all Sunday.
I gotta ask to go swimmin'.
I gotta ask to go fishin'.
Well, I'll be damned
if I don't have to ask to do everything.
- Is it that bad, Huck?
- I tell you,
I had to sneak up to the attic
and cuss for ten minutes

just to get the taste
back in my mouth.
Well, just the same, Huck,
you could've faced up to it,
told her you was leavin'
instead of worryin' her half to death.
Is that all you can say?
Oh, Huck!
I gotta tell you,
swimmin' and fishin' ain't all.
One of these days
you're gonna find that out.
One of these days you
gotta have some responsibility!
Old John.
Hey, Muff!
Hello, Tom.
What you doin', Muff?
I'm glad to have a chance
to say good-bye to you.
- Where you off to, Muff?
- Oh, just movin' on, just movin' on.
A man's gotta change his habits
every once in a while.
Have you changed, Muff?
Well, the way things turned out,
I reckon I'll have to.
That means
that I'll never see you anymore.
We'll meet up somewheres
on the road somewheres.
You can't never tell.
- Thanks.
- Thanks?
For bein' my friend.
There you are. There!
- It's for snakebites.
- Oh, Muff, you haven't changed a bit.
Bye, lad.
Come on, John.
- Thank you, Judge. You have a nice time.
- Thank you, Mary. I know we will.
I think I gave him
enough clothes, I really do.

Tom, just think!
All the way to St. Louis,
and for two whole weeks!
- It's mighty nice of you, Cyrus.
- It's my pleasure, Polly.
And don't worry,
I'll take good care him.
I know you will.
Strange, I miss him already.
I know what you mean.
Well, good-bye, Polly. Good-bye.
Come along, Rebecca.
Bye-bye, Mary. Bye, Martha.
Good-bye, Sidney. Good-bye.
Sidney.
Speak up, Sidney.
Have a good time, Tom.
Thank you, Sidney.
I'll buy a present, Cousin Mary.
Maybe an expensive St. Louis hat.
Thank you, Tom.
I love you, Tom.
I love you, Aunt Polly.
- Bye.
- Bye.
- Good-bye.
- Good-bye, Mary.
- Bye.
- Bye.
Bye, Tom!
Bye!
And the world turns around
and the boy grows tall
He hears the song
of the river call
The river song sings
"Travel on, travel on"
You blink away a tear
And the boy is gone
Oh, a river's gonna flow
'Cross the land
'Cross the land
Oh, a river's gonna flow
To the sea

And the boy is gonna grow
To a man
To a man
Only once in his life
Is he free
Only one golden time in his life
Is he
Free