

TOM SAWYER WINS OUT

A One-Act play

by
Pauline Phelps



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A dramatization from incidents in Mark Twain's famous story, "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer."

CHARACTERS

Tom Sawyer.
Becky Thatcher, his sweetheart.
Huckleberry Finn, the bad boy of the village.
Amy Lawrence, a schoolmate of Becky's.
Mr. Dubbins, the schoolmaster.
Alfred Temple, Tom's hated rival.
Aunt Polly, Tom's aunt.
Mary, Tom's cousin.
Usher, (non-speaking part).
Extras, if desired.

SCENE: The stage of the Town Hall in St. Petersburg, Missouri.

DESCRIPTION OF CHARACTERS

TOM SAWYER: A regular boy, mischievous, impudent and freckled-faced. He has been dressed for the evening's performance in his store clothes, but looks and feels uncomfortable in them, and has already rumbled his hair so that it stands straight up from his head.

BECKY THATCHER: Younger than Tom, blonde, demure and sweet. On her first entrance she wears her school clothes, later appearing in a much ruffled white muslin, with white stockings and black shoes. Carries a large bouquet of garden flowers with this costume.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN: A couple of years Tom's senior, tall, gangling and dirty-faced. He is barefooted, his clothes in rags, and his whole appearance disreputable.

AMY LAWRENCE: A brunette, about the age of Becky. She may wear either white, pink or blue muslin, with white stockings and black shoes.

MR. DUBBINS: Middle-aged, excitable and truculent. He wears a wig of heavy red hair and under this his head must be covered with heavy gilt paper or gilded skull cap. This skull cap device should be fitted so closely to the head that it looks like a bald scalp, gilded. In case there is any question that it may come off when red wig is pulled off by Huck, it may be fastened securely to the head by adhesive tape. He is dressed in a neat black suit.

ALFRED TEMPLE: Around Tom's age, exceptionally well dressed, dandified in appearance and arrogant in manner.

AUNT POLLY: Tall and thin, with grey hair parted in the middle and combed down at the sides. She wears steel-rimmed spectacles. Her best dress of sober black, a paisley shawl, and a close-fitting bonnet complete her costume.

MARY: A pretty girl of fifteen, wearing flowered muslin and a leghorn hat.

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The scene is the stage of the Town Hall in St. Petersburg, Missouri. Entrances from the wings down L., and up L., and R. At back center is a large, cane-seated chair with a small stand in front of it. On stand is a lighted kerosene lamp. A wooden bench or settee extends from R. C. to R., and placed directly opposite it is a similar bench, slanting from L. C. to L. (Note: Should extras be desired upon the stage, more benches can be added.)

PROPERTIES

Sheet of paper.	(Tom)	(on stand)
Two handkerchiefs.	(Tom)	(in pockets)
Two pipes, tobacco and matches	(Huck)	(in pocket)
Bouquet.	(Becky)	(in hand)
Handkerchief.	(Mr. Dubbins)	(in pocket)
Ruler.	(Mr. Dubbins)	(in pocket)
Manuscript.	(Amy)	(in hand)
Bouquet	(Usher)	(in hand)
Handkerchief.	(Alfred)	(in pocket)

(At rise of curtain, Tom Sawyer is discovered leaning with one elbow on the stand and studying a page of foolscap paper, covered over with sprawling, boyish writing. His lips move as he repeats the words, and he scowls in an effort to concentrate.)

TOM: (Triumphantly, cramming the page into his pocket) I can say it now forwards and backwards. (Rehearsing, he walks down the stage with measured tread and makes a stiff bow) Ladies and gentlemen--(Corrects himself) Shucks. I forgot to bow to the people at the sides. (Bows to the front, then to the right side, then to the left, and clears his throat) Ladies and gentlemen--(A tremendous racket is heard from off stage, L. He turns angrily) Is that you, Alf Temple, interrupting me when I'm rehearsing? Come out here, and I'll knock your head off. (Slight pause) 'Fraidy cat--'fraidy cat. (Walks to up L. and speaks off) I can see you sneaking 'round in the wings any anybody that will sneak instead of fight is a--

BECKY: (Enters from down L. and speaks very meekly while Tom's back is turned) Is a what, Tom?

TOM: (Turns and comes toward her, very much embarrassed) Becky, I didn't know 'twas you. I didn't mean what I said 'bout knocking your head off. I wouldn't hit no girl--'specially a girl I'm engaged to. How'd you come to make all that racket, anyhow?

BECKY: It was dark in the wings, and I knocked over a drum and a fiddle.

TOM: They belong to our town orchestra. I could have played the jew's harp in it, but I didn't want nothing to take my mind off my oration. (Sits on bench at L. C. and motions Becky to a place beside him) Sit down, Becky.

BECKY: No, I can't.

TOM: (Rises) Aw, please.

BECKY: (Hesitates) I oughtn't to, 'cause I'm not dressed for the exercises, and you are. (Walks closer to Tom, saying admiringly) You look awful nice, Tom. Your nose is just as shiny.

TOM: (Taking this for the compliment that Becky intends) It ought to be, Aunt Polly scrubbed my face so hard with soft soap she 'most took the skin off.

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---