

TOM SAWYER

Screenplay by
Stephen Sommers

Based on Mark Twain's "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer"

Rewrite by
David Loughery
and
Ron Koslow

Laurence Mark Production

Revised Draft
September 6, 1994

FADE IN:

EXT. HANNIBAL, MISSOURI - NIGHT

Dark clouds drift across the moon.

Here on Earth, in the village of Hannibal, a brisk wind stirs the treetops, driving dead leaves down dark, empty streets. It's October, 1845, almost Halloween, and if this is a dress rehearsal for that night of spooky pleasure, then Halloween is sure to be a smash.

EXT. MAIN STREET

A black cat darts across our path and runs up the side of a tree. —We PUSH IN on the tree. THUNDER rumbles. Lightning flashes, illuminating a boy's name carved into the trunk of the tree: "TOM SAWYER."

A DARK FIGURE stalks past the tree. We PAN it down the street toward a grim building whose overhanging sign, shaped like a coffin, reads: "DR. J.R. ROBINSON,
UNDERTAKER AND TAXIDERMIST."

INT. DOC ROBINSON'S EMBALMING ROOM - NIGHT

Flickering candlelight illuminates a gruesome scene. The corpse of an elderly man is laid out on a slab. The man is dressed in a dark suit. His face is rouged and powdered, his eyes are closed and his hands have been folded across a Bible resting on his chest.

Hovering over him, vulture-like, is DOC ROBINSON, Hannibal's only undertaker, a man as gaunt and cadaverous as any body he has ever embalmed. At the moment, Doc is trying to create the proper look of contentment on the corpse's face, using his fingers to prod the pliable face muscles into a heavenly smile. But he can't get it right.

DOC ROBINSON
(under his
breath;
grumbling)
Smile, damn you.

That's when the door swings open, letting in a gust of wind. Some of the candles flicker and blow out, giving the room a darker, more macabre ambiance -- appropriate lighting for the entrance of INJUN JOE.

Doc Robinson turns and glares at the intruder -- a tall half-breed with long black hair, penetrating eyes and sharp, Satanic features. He is the dark figure we saw moments ago, Hannibal's scourge, Injun Joe.

DOC ROBINSON
(continuing)
Shut the door...

Injun Joe's eyes narrow to mean slits. He doesn't like being ordered about. But he closes the door and comes into the room.

INJUN JOE
(ill-tempered)
What do you want?

DOC ROBINSON
I have a job for you.

INJUN JOE
What kind of job?

DOC ROBINSON
It's heavy work, we'll need
another man...

Injun Joe peers through Doc -- knows he's up to no good...

INJUN JOE
When do you want it done?

DOC ROBINSON
Tomorrow night...

INJUN JOE
Where?

DOC ROBINSON
The graveyard.

Injun Joe raises and eyebrow...

DOC ROBINSON
(continuing)
Unless you're afraid.
(turns back to
his work)
The job pays two dollars. Take
it or leave it...

Injun Joe casually pulls a silver knife from inside his coat...

INJUN JOE

I'll take it.

(a beat)

But the job pays three dollars.

Injun Joe very delicately wipes the blade of his knife on Doc Robinson's chest, where his heart should be.

INJUN JOE

(continuing)

Unless you think I deserve
more.

DOC ROBINSON

(terrified)

No, no. Three dollars sounds
fair.

Injun Joe winks at Doc Robinson, then turns and strides out the door, letting it slam behind him. The resulting wind blows out the remaining candles.

Doc Robinson is left trembling in the darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. HANNIBAL - CLOCK - NIGHT

BELLS begin to toll the hour of midnight.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM SAWYER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE on a clock sitting on a night stand between two beds. As the minute hand moves to midnight, we hear covers RUSTLING and PAN over to TOM SAWYER as he sits up in bed, eyes flashing with excitement.

Tom throws off his covers to reveal that he's completely dressed and ready for action. Tom swings out of bed, a rugged, good-looking kid of twelve. He shoots a look at his cousin SIDNEY who occupies the other bed, snoring peacefully. Sid is a year younger than Tom and his opposite in every way. Outwardly a model boy, Sid is actually a mean, sneaky, little tattletale.

Tom, on the other hand, is a pure force of unbridled nature, born for trouble and adventure. He goes to the window, raises it and is halfway out when he hears:

SID

And where do you think you're
going?

Tom turns. Sid is sitting up in bed, smiling with smug superiority, having caught Tom in the act of sneaking out. But Tom doesn't seem worried.

TOM
Go back to sleep, Sid. I'm
just runnin' away from home.

SID
Again?

TOM
This time for good.
(can't contain
his excitement)
Me and Joe Harper and Ben
Rogers is goin' to New Orleans
to be steamboat men.

SID
Not if I tell Aunt Polly!

Sid is about to open his mouth and shout "Aunt Polly!" when Tom pounces on him and clamps a hand over his mouth.

TOM
I had a feelin' you was gonna
be your usual nasty self so I
rigged up a little surprise.

As Sid struggles, Tom reaches under the bed, pulling up handfuls of rope that he has already secured to the bed frame. As Sid thrashes, Tom ties him to the bed and shoves a dirty sock in his mouth to stifle his cries.

TOM
(continuing)
And just so you won't be
lonely...

Tom reaches under the bed and brings up a topless glass jar which he balances on Sid's heaving chest. Sid's eyes cross and bug out when he sees what's in the jar -- a big black spider! Sid is terrified of spiders. He freezes.

TOM
(continuing)
That's a black widow. Sid --
the most poisonous spider in
the whole world. You knock
over that jar and she's gonna
be mad.

Sid doesn't dare move. Tom saunters to the window.

TOM

{continuing}

'Course, I could be wrong. It might just be a harmless fruit spider. But there's only one way to find out...

And with a grin, Tom is gone out the window. Sid stares at the spider in the jar, trying to keep completely still. A big drop of sweat runs down his forehead.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom shimmies down the drainpipe and is gone into the night.

EXT. THE BACK ALLEYS OF HANNIBAL

Tom runs for all he's worth, heart soaring with boyish excitement. Right on cue, JOE HARPER hops over a fence and joins him. A moment later, BEN ROGERS comes through a gate and the three boys race through the night.

EXT. MAIN STREET

The shadows of Tom, Joe and Ben flash across the dark storefronts. The boys zoom around a corner and put on the brakes so they don't collide with MUFF POTTER, the town drunk who is ambling along. Muff is a friendly good-hearted fellow, a buddy to all the boys in Hannibal.

TOM

Hey, Muff!

MUFF

Howdy, boys. Where ya headed this time of night?

TOM

We're runnin' away from home.

MUFF

(good-naturedly)

Oh, I used to do that all the time -- 'til home ran away from me. Came back one day and everybody was gone...

TOM

Where'd they go?

MUFF

(chuckles)

As far away as they could.

Joe and Ben look at bit nonplussed. Is this a cautionary tale Muff's telling?

TOM
(to the boys)
Come on...

MUFF
Don't let me stop you.

Tom, Joe and Ben move off. Muff calls after them...

MUFF
(continuing)
Hey! When ya comin' back?

TOM
(over his
shoulder; as he
runs)
Never!

The boys are out of sight. Muff grins and takes a hit from his jug. This isn't the first time the boys have run away.

MUFF
Never, huh?
(chuckles; with
confidence)
See ya tomorrow.

EXT. MURRELL'S CREEK - NIGHT

Tom, Joe and Ben clamber down a steep wooded bank, thrashing their way through thick bushes and trees, slipping and sliding, overcome with excitement.

Shortly, they reach their own secret harbor where a log raft is anchored in the moonlight.

Tom, Joe and Ben board the raft and scramble about making her "seaworthy." Within seconds the anchor is raised and all lines are cast off. Wind takes hold of the bed-sheet sail and suddenly the raft is in motion. The strong current carries it downstream. Joe mans the rudder.

TOM
Goodbye, Hannibal!

Tom notices that his shipmates are gazing back at the down with a certain melancholy.

TOM

{continuing}

Don't tell me you're gettin' homesick already.

BEN

No, Tom. It's just... well, ain't you gonna miss your family?

TOM

You think steamboat men got families? Heck, that's the main reason we're runnin' away, ain't it? So's we can be free to do what we want -- when we want -- and not have to answer to nobody.

(snorts)

Families.

(goading them)

But if you boys want to go home...

BEN

No, Tom. We made a pact.

TOM

Last chance. Once we hit the Muddy, there's no turning back.

Joe and Ben steel their courage.

JOE

No, Tom. We're with ya. All the way.

Tom nods, proud of his crew.

TOM

Then it's full speed ahead.

They turn their backs to Hannibal as the raft carries them toward the big river.

RIVER JUNCTION

Where Murrell's Creek meets the Mississippi. From a HIGH ANGLE, we see Tom's "ship" as it joins the Big Muddy and sails downstream. The river is dark and treacherous but this is an exciting moment for Tom and his shipmates.

RAFT

Water comes crashing over the bow, spraying the boys. They love it. Riding the Mississippi is the 1840's equivalent of a roller coaster.

TOM

We made the Muddy, boys! Next stop -- New Orleans! Nothin' can stop us now!

That's when a dark shape looms in their path -- a sandbar!

TOM

(continuing)

Mister Harper -- hard to port!

Too late. The little raft smashes into the sandbar and upends itself. Tom, Joe and Ben are picked up and tossed into the water.

Tom hits his head on the edge of the raft and is stunned. The current yanks him down.

Darkness. Confusion.

Joe and Ben cling to the sandbar for dear life. Sputtering, gasping for breath, they look around to locate their captain and see Tom being swept downriver.

JOE

(terrified)

Tom!

But Tom hears nothing. He is unconscious, going under, coming up, at the mercy of the powerful current.

DOWNRIVER

A fallen elm overhangs the Mississippi, its trunk extending above the rising water.

Tom is swept along. As he passes under the tree, a FIGURE appears out of nowhere, dressed in rags and tatters. Quick as lightning, the Figure scrambles out to the end of the tree and dives in after Tom.

JOE AND BEN

They gape in disbelief.

BEN

What was that?

TOM

Pulled under. A hand grabs him from behind.

JOE AND BEN

They make their way to shore and hurry downriver.

RIVER BANK - CLOSE ON TOM

His limp body is carried to shore by the unseen Figure who gently places him on the bank. Filthy hands turn Tom on his back and pump his chest. Tom suddenly comes to life. He sputters and coughs up a gallon of the Mississippi. His eyes flicker open.

TOM'S POV - LOOKING UP

A strange face swings INTO FOCUS above him, framed against the night sky. The eyes flash, bright blue. Then, the face is gone.

TOM

He sits up as Joe and Ben arrive.

JOE

You all right, Tom?

TOM

'Course I'm all right.

BEN

If it hadn't been for that...

(shares a look

with Joe)

... whatever it was... you'd
have been a goner.

A chill wind comes up, RUSTLING the tree tops, bringing the surrounding forest to life. It sounds like someone -- or some thing -- is coming. The boys look at each other.

TOM

Town?

JOE AND BEN

(vigorous nods)

Town!

The boys scramble to their feet and run like hell. As they disappear up the shore, we hear TWIGS SNAPPING. FOOTSTEPS approach. A tattered shoulder moves INTO FRAME and the back of a boy's head. His hair is long and wild. It hangs to his shoulders.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HANNIBAL - DAWN

The sun comes up, casting long shadows. We see the sleepy little village with the Mississippi running on one side, hills and dense forest on the other.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

We see the shadow of a great pirate, fighting a cutlass duel with an invisible opponent. PULL BACK to reveal that it's Tom with a long stick, sword-fighting his way back home.

EXT. AUNT POLLY'S HOUSE

Tom shimmies up the drainpipe and climbs through the open window to his room.

INT. TOM'S ROOM

Tom looks around. No sign of Sid. As usual, Sid's bed is neatly made.

CUT TO:

INT. AUNT POLLY'S KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE on Tom's AUNT POLLY, a handsome woman in her forties. She is seated at the breakfast table. WIDEN to include Sid and Tom's pretty sixteen-year-old COUSIN MARY. All three are poker-faced, silently eating breakfast.

Tom enters in clean clothes. Determined to play the innocent until accused, Tom seats himself and tucks a napkin into his shirt.

TOM
(cheerful)
Mornin', everybody. What's for
breakfast?

AUNT POLLY
You can start with this...

Polly places a jar in front of Tom. It contains the spider.

TOM
Couldn't I just have some
scrambled eggs instead?

Polly takes Tom by the collar and pulls him out of his chair. She leads him out the back door.

AUNT POLLY
Tom, I've a mind to skin you
alive. Sneaking out 'til all
hours, worrying a body to
death...

Mary frowns, sorry for Tom. Sid couldn't be happier. He smirks and heaps his plate with eggs and grits, then wolfs them down.

CUT TO:

EXT. AUNT POLLY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Aunt Polly, still holding Tom by the collar, leads out on the back porch...

AUNT POLLY
Hand me that switch...

Tom gets the switch from behind the door...

TOM
(testing it in
the air)
... Seems mighty weak, Aunt
Polly. Must be all used up...

Tom hands her the switch, locking her with a carefully composed look of anguish and contrition.

TOM
(continuing)
I'll go and cut you a new
one...

He starts toward the birch tree but she stops him...

AUNT POLLY
(melting)
Tom... Tom, what am I gonna do
with you?

TOM
(feigning
innocence)
You mean before, or after my
whippin', Aunt Polly?

AUNT POLLY
(sadly)
I swore to your momma, my own
sister, on her death bed that
I'd raise you proper.

TOM
And you're sure doing that.

AUNT POLLY
(shakes her head)
No, I know I'm not doing my
duty by you -- but I haven't
got the heart to hit you.

TOM
Would it help if I just bent
over, real quiet, and looked
the other way?

AUNT POLLY
(in defeat)
No, no, every time I hit you my
old heart almost breaks. And
every time I let you off my
conscience hurts me just as
bad...

TOM
Yes'm.

She puts down the switch.

AUNT POLLY
I suppose I'll just be obliged
to make you work tomorrow.

TOM
Tomorrow?

AUNT POLLY
Well, I've got to do
something...

TOM
Tomorrow's Saturday...

AUNT POLLY
(turning away)
I've got to do some of my duty
by you...

Aunt Polly goes into the house. Tom hesitates a moment, then grabs up the switch and chases after her...

TOM
Aunt Polly...! Wait! I'll
take the whippin'!

CUT TO:

EXT. POLLY'S HOUSE - DAY__

Tom steps through the gate, carrying a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveys the fence that borders the yard -- thirty yards long, nine feet high. He'll be an old man before he finishes the job.

A small black kid named JEB comes around the corner, carrying an empty bucket.

TOM
Hello, Jeb, ol' buddy.

JEB
(wary)
Hello, Tom.

TOM
Tell ya what. I'll go to the
pump for you if you'll do some
paintin'.

JEB
Can't do it, Tom. Your Aunt
Polly said she'd lay me low if
I let you talk me into
paintin'.

TOM
You ain't afraid of her, are
you?

JEB
(nods a terrified
"yes")
Goodbye, Tom.

Jeb walks off. Tom thinks fast.

TOM
I'll show you my bloody toe!

Jeb stops in his tracks. He turns around. Tom removes his left boot and lifts his foot. His big toe is wrapped in a bandage. Tom wiggles it seductively. Jeb is greatly tempted but thinks of Aunt Polly. He hurries on his way. Tom goes for the throat:

TOM
(continuing)
It's got pus.

Jeb stops. His face is in turmoil. Tom delivers the coup de grace:

TOM
(continuing)
Yellow -- dripping -- pus.

That does it. Jeb spins around.

JEB
You got a deal!

Jeb puts down the bucket and rushes over to Tom who starts to unwrap his bandage. Jeb bends over to get a close look and -- WHAP! -- a broom swats him on the ass. Jeb lets out a yelp, garbs his bucket and high-tails it down the road.

Tom looks up into the no-nonsense face of Aunt Polly. She points to the fence.

AUNT POLLY
No excuses!

And returns to the house.

Tom frowns. He laconically picks up the brush and is about to dip it in the whitewash when he hears one of the younger neighborhood boys, little BILLY NEWTON coming up the lane, whooping and clanging and pretending to be a steamboat.

A wicked smile spreads across Tom's face. He dips his brush in the whitewash bucket and begins painting the fence with great gusto. He whistles a happy tune. Billy Newton, completely baffled by Tom's behavior, cuts off his steamboat imitation and comes over to watch.

BILLY
You feelin' okay, Tom?

Tom turns, pretending to be surprised.

TOM
Oh. Hi, Billy. I was having so much fun I didn't hear you comin'.

BILLY
(astounded)
Fun?

TOM
Whitewashin' this here fence.

BILLY
That ain't fun. That's work.

TOM
If it was work, would I be
doin' it?

Tom frowns at Billy and shakes his head as if he's just too young to understand. Tom resumes his painting and whistling...

TOM
(continuing)
... Ain't every day a boy gets
a chance to whitewash a fence.

Billy watches...

BILLY
Say, Tom...

TOM
Hmm?

BILLY
Let me paint a little.

TOM'S FACE

He almost smiles.

TOM
(shakes his head)
Aunt Polly's awful particular
about this fence...

BILLY
Just a little...?

TOM
Billy, I'd like to -- but if I
was to let you start paintin'
and anything was to happen to
this fence, I'd be in big
trouble...

BILLY
I'll be real careful...

Tom continues painting...

TOM
(slyly)
... What'll you give me?

CUT TO:

SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

CAMERA IS CLOSE on a black cat's-eye marble held between two fingers. PULL BACK to reveal the fingers as Tom's. He sits under a tree among a pile of boy treasures -- a brass doorknob, tadpoles in a jar, candy, a kite, firecrackers etc. In the b.g., half a dozen small boys vigorously whitewash the fence. The job is almost done.

Tom shines the cat's-eye on his pants leg and slips it in his pocket. Then he picks up one of his treasures -- a book about Robin Hood and his Merry Men, complete with inspiring illustrations. Tom is deep in the book as Joe Harper and Ben Rogers come up Meadow Lane. They see Tom under the tree and approach.

TOM
(a trace of
sarcasm)
Well, if it ain't the two
bravest steamboat men on the
Mississippi.

BEN
(contrite)
Lookit, Tom, we're awful sorry
about last night not workin'
out.

JOE
We could build another boat...

Tom dismisses the idea. He's got a new idea.

TOM
Forget it. Anybody can be a
steamboat man these days. But
outlaws... that's somethin'
else.

JOE
(intrigued)
Outlaws?

Tom shows them the pictures in the book.

TOM

Sure. Like Robin Hood and his Merry Men. All we need is the woods and some bows and arrows. We'll rob from the rich and give to the poor!

On his excited look, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY

A horse and carriage travel down a tree-lined lane on the outskirts of Hannibal. The buggy's driver is a prosperous looking gentleman in his forties, HENRY THATCHER. On the seat beside him is his beautiful twelve-year old daughter, BECKY.

THATCHER

Hannibal's a wonderful place, Becky. It's not exactly St. Louis but I know you're going to like it.

BECKY

I hope so. What are the children like?

Before he can reply, Thatcher is forced to rein in the horses and stop.

A small tree lies across the road, blocking transit.

THATCHER

What the...

As if on cue, three boys scramble out of the greenery and position themselves in front of the carriage. Tom. Joe. Ben. All wielding crude homemade bows and arrows and wearing frond-leaf caps.

Tom swaggers forward, playing Robin Hood to the hilt.

TOM

Throw down your valuables or feel the tip of Robin Hood's black arrow!

Thatcher and Becky stare at the three "outlaws." It's all Thatcher can do to keep from laughing. Even Becky hides a smile.

Thatcher decides to play along.

THATCHER

I'm afraid the only thing I
have of value is my daughter
Rebecca...

Tom Sawyer sees Becky Thatcher for the first time. His
heart jumps into his throat.

THATCHER

(continuing)

... and I'd sooner take one of
your arrows in the heart than
hand over such a treasure.

With great effort, Tom swallows his heart and finds his
voice. He squeaks something, tries again. It helps if he
doesn't look at Becky. But that's impossible.

TOM

Well... uh... don't you have a
watch or something? Some
money?

THATCHER

I'm sorry. They were stolen by
bandits about a mile back.

Tom is frustrated. He has to get something.

TOM

Then I'll take that hat you're
wearing.

THATCHER

It was a gift from Rebecca's
late mother.

TOM

You intend to resist?

THATCHER

I'm afraid I must. You see,
I'm the new Judge in these
parts...

Joe and Ben look at each other. The new Judge!

THATCHER

(continuing)

... and if folks heard that I
let three highwaymen get the
better of me...

Thatcher reaches inside his coat pocket and takes out a
big pistol. He raises it and cocks the trigger.

Six eyeballs bug out in fear.

With a collective "Yah!" the three Merry Men drop their bows and arrows and haul-ass into the woods. Just for effect, the Judge FIRES a shot in the air.

Thatcher and Becky share a good laugh.

BECKY

Those are the silliest boys
I've ever seen.

EXT. FOREST

Tom, Joe and Ben run off in three different directions. We STAY with Tom who dodges trees, leaps over logs, stumbles and falls down. He goes to pick himself up when he is surprised to see two filthy bare feet in front of him. Slowly, Tom looks up.

TOM'S POV

Looming above him is a startling apparition -- HUCK FINN. Huck is Tom's age but a little taller and more muscular. Dressed in rags and tatters, Huck exudes a dangerous, heroic quality -- like a juvenile Tarzan or a Peter Pan gone to seed. A long knife is stuck in his belt.

TOM

Huck....!

HUCK

(nods in
recognition)

... Tom Sawyer.

TOM

(jumping up)

You're back...

HUCK

(shakes his head)

Just movin' through, more or
less.

TOM

Well, where'd you go? Where
you been?

HUCK

(snide)

You mean after your good
townfolk ran me out?

Tom nods...

HUCK
(continuing)
Lots of places, no place in
particular -- upriver,
downriver.

TOM
(realizing)
You're the one that pulled me
out last night.

Huck shrugs.

HUCK
I felt like a swim.
(motioning)]
Come on, I'll show you my
camp...

FOLLOW as Huck leads Tom through a wall of dense
vegetation ... They emerge in a hidden glade...

Tom looks around. The glade has been transformed into an
outdoor living room. A hammock hangs between two trees.
Cast-off furniture has been set about giving the place a
lived-in homey feel. Huck's most inspired decorative
touch is several empty picture frames which hang from the
trees.

Huck takes a seat in a throne-like, hollowed-out stump.

TOM
How long have you been livin'
here, Huck?

HUCK
About a month?

TOM
A month, huh?
(knowingly)
Last week, Aunt Polly whupped
me for swipin' a pie that was
coolin' on the window sill.
But it wasn't me -- I figured
it was Sid.

HUCK
He wanted it. But I beat him
to it.

TOM
... And a day later, old man
Cranston accused me of stealin'
three watermelons out of his
patch.

HUCK
 (smiles)
 He lied. I only got two.

TOM
 (only half-
 serious)
 I oughta punch you in the nose!

Huck rises from his "throne," a dangerous smirk on his face.

HUCK
 You're welcome to try.

Tom backs off, partially out of fear, partially out of respect...

TOM
 Maybe later.

Huck shrugs and flops into his "throne."

Tom looks around, finding Huck's lifestyle enormously agreeable.

TOM
 (continuing)
 When you're not stealin' food
 and hangin' it on me, what do
 you do all day?

HUCK
 Whatever I want.

TOM
 You're lucky.

HUCK
 (with bravado)
 Yep -- I'm a free man.

TOM
 I guess I oughta thank you for
 saving my life last night.

HUCK
 You want to thank me? Don't
 tell nobody I'm here.

Huck takes a puff on his pipe, blows a smoke ring...

TOM
 How 'bout if I come back some
 time?

HUCK
(shrugs)
Makes no never mind to me.

TOM
Then, I will... Hey, Huck...
Tom goes to Huck and extends his hand...

HUCK
(uncomfortable)
What's that for?

TOM
It's what friends do.

HUCK
(a trace of
surprise)
We friends?

TOM
It's up to you.

HUCK
Your old auntie catches you
with me, she'll whip you from
here to St. Louie.

TOM
Don't worry about her... I'm
glad you came back.

HUCK
You are...?

TOM
(nods)
Sure. We were friends before.
Don't you remember?

HUCK
(nods, a bit
awkward)
... Yeah, I guess we were.

They shake hands...

TOM
Well, we're friends again...

HUCK
(nods)
Yeah... I guess we are.

From the two boys, Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, bathed in
light of the afternoon sun...

CUT TO:

SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

ed bright red, the one-room school sits on a hill
looking the village. Class is already in session as
saunters up the walk, late on purpose.

CLASSROOM

strolls through the door. The other children turn to
at him. We see that the boys sit on one side of the
the girls on the other.

front, and wearing a bad wig, is an evil, self-
important would-be ladies' man, SCHOOLMASTER DOBBINS.

DOBBINS

Thomas Sawyer!

TOM

Sorry I'm late, Mister Dobbins.

DOBBINS

Well? What's your excuse this
time?

Tom spots Becky Thatcher. He sees that the only empty
chair on the girls' side is right beside her. Tom turns
back to Dobbins.

TOM

I ain't got none.

The entire classroom freezes. They hold their breath as
they look from Tom to Mr. Dobbins and back again. Sid can
barely contain his pleasure.

DOBBINS

You're not even going to try?

-TOM

No, Mister Dobbins. Wouldn't
be no point...

DOBBINS

You realize, of course, that I
shall have to punish you.

TOM

You want me to go to the
whipping post?

DOBBINS

No. Whipping's too good for
you. I shall have to think of
something more humiliating...

TOM

(in mock horror)

Please, Mister Dobbins, you're
not gonna make me sit with the
girls!

Dobbins smiles with supreme smugness.

-----DOBBINS-----

Once again, Thomas Sawyer, you
have outsmarted yourself.

Dobbins points to the girls' section.

Like a condemned prisoner, Tom trudges down the aisle and
drops into the seat next to Becky. As Dobbins starts the
lesson, Tom smiles mischievously at Becky. She pretends
she isn't impressed and ignores him.

Tom takes an apple out of his pocket, carefully shines it
on his sleeve, then gently places it in front of Becky as
an offering. Becky picks up the apple. She turns to Tom
and smiles sweetly. Then, with an expert flick of the
wrist, Becky tosses the apple out the window.

Tom doesn't care. Even her rejection is a clear reaction.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

A picture of serenity. Faintly, we hear Dobbin's VOICE.
"Class dismissed." An immediate explosion of children's
VOICES. The schoolhouse door booms open and kids fly out,
running in all directions. Liberation. Among them is Tom
who spies Becky walking down the hill toward town. Tom
decides to follow her at a distance.

ON BECKY

As she strolls along, aware that Tom is tailing her.
Becky decides to have some fun. She turns a corner, ducks
down an alley and takes off running.

TOM

He hurries around the corner and doesn't see Becky anywhere. Beginning to panic, he looks around in all directions. Over his shoulder, Becky appears at the end of the alley. She puts two fingers in her mouth and lets out a whistle. Tom whirls around but she is gone.

Tom grins. Hide and seek. With excitement, he decides to head her off at the next street.

NEXT STREET

Becky hides behind a pickle barrel as Tom runs past. She pops up, whistles and takes off in another direction. Tom does a U-turn and comes running back, determined to catch her.

LOCAL TAVERN

In the alley behind Hannibal's major den of iniquity, Injun Joe is in conversation with his sometimes partner in crime, the tavern keeper -- a heavy, unpleasant fellow named EMMETT.

EMMETT

Can't do it, Joe. I got a tavern to run. If I was to go with you tonight, they'd steal me blind.

INJUN JOE

You're just scared to go into the cemetery at night.

Emmett's face is revealed. But he tries to brush it off.

EMMETT

No, Joe. I ain't scared.

INJUN JOE

Forget it -- I'll find somebody who won't wet his drawers every time an owl hoots.

EMMETT

Sorry, Joe. -

Emmett enters the tavern, passing Muff Potter as he comes out, galumphing along in his amiable manner. Drunk or sober, he's always the same.

INJUN JOE

(pleased)

Muff Potter...

Injun Joe takes a step forward and that's when he collides with Tom, flying blindly down the alley in search of Becky. In a lightning quick move, Joe whips out his knife and throws Tom against the wall, shoving the knife under his jaw. Tom's eyes bug out.

Muff comes to Tom's rescue.

MUFF

Joe, wait! Tom don't mean no harm!

Which diffuses the situation. Injun Joe steps away from Tom and slides the knife back into his belt. Tom is quaking as Muff joins them, smiling his amiable smile.

MUFF

(continuing)

Hello, Tom.

TOM

(weakly)

Hello, Muff.

MUFF

Run along, Tom. Go on. Git.

Tom doesn't wait to be told twice. Shooting a fearful look at Injun Joe, he takes off.

MUFF

(continuing)

Don't mind Tom. He's just one of the town boys.

INJUN JOE

(eyeing Muff)

How'd you like to make some drinkin' money?

Muff licks his lips and grins.

MUFF

(agreeable; with humor)

Sure... what do I have to do?

INJUN JOE

Dig.

EDGE OF TOWN

Tom, desperate to find Becky, is happy to spot her walking down a hill toward Murrell's Creek. Tom knows a short-cut through the woods. He takes off.

EXT. MURRELL'S CREEK

Becky walks along slowly, shooting looks over her shoulder for Tom, disappointed that she actually lost him.

Becky approaches the creek where a picturesque footbridge spans a babbling brook. The perfect setting for a romantic encounter. To her surprise, Tom is there, nonchalantly balancing himself on the hand rail, imitating a tightrope walker. He pretends not to notice Becky coming along the trail, starting across the bridge.

Timing it for her arrival, Tom balances himself on one foot. He turns to see if she's looking. Becky, walking past, staring straight ahead, merely reaches out with her hand and gives Tom a shove.

Tom loses his balance and falls over. —Becky continues on her way. —It is only when she hears the big SPLASH that she breaks into a smile.

EXT. CREEK

Tom sits in the rushing water. It's only a few feet deep. He's not hurt but his dignity is severely dented. He clambers to his feet and is surprised to see Huck Finn relaxing under the bridge, lazily smoking his pipe.

TOM

What are you doing here?

HUCK

Lookin' for jackasses.

TOM

Under a bridge?

HUCK

(pointing at Tom)

I found one, didn't I?

Tom sloshes over and sits down. He notices a burlap sack next to Huck.

TOM

What's in there?

HUCK

Dead cat.

TOM

Can I see it?

HUCK

Help yourself.

Tom takes a look in the sack and gets a whiff. He closes it, almost gagging.

TOM
He's dead all right.

HUCK
Wagon run him over. Guts came out at both ends.

TOM
What's a dead cat good for?

HUCK
To cure warts with.

TOM
I got a wart. How's it work?

HUCK
You take your dead cat to the graveyard at midnight on the day somebody wicked's been buried. And when the Devil comes, you have your dead cat at him and say, "Rat guts, rat guts, the Devil wears shorts. Dead cat, dead cat, swallow these warts." And off go your warts.

TOM
When're you gonna try it?

HUCK
Tonight.

TOM
(realizes)
That's right. They buried Old Hoss Williams today. The Devil's gonna want him for sure. Can I come with you, Huck?

HUCK
You might get scared.

TOM
(offended)
Not me! I ain't scared of nothin'!

On Tom's indignant look, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD WALL - NIGHT

Lightning flashes, illuminating Tom's frightened face as he and Huck clamber over a stone wall and enter the grounds of the Hannibal Graveyard. Talk about spooky. It's overgrown and Gothic as hell. THUNDER rumbles.

Something clutches Tom from behind. He lets out a cry and tries to run but something's holding him. Huck comes back and frees him from a tangle of vines.

TOM

Sorry.

HUCK

The Dead seems kinda lively tonight. But don't worry. I got just the thing. I learnt it from a witch woman.

(closes his eyes
and chants)

"Ghosts and goblins, stay away.
In your graves I bid you stay.
Haunt again... some other day."

(opens his eyes)

That oughta do it.

Both Tom and Huck feel better. Then, they hear it -- approaching FOOTSTEPS.

TOM

You sure you got the words right?

They see a dim ghostly light in the distance, coming their way. Tom and Huck run over and hide behind a marble mausoleum. Slowly, their heads peer out over the tomb.

Through the fog, THREE FIGURES appear.

Tom and Huck duck back down.

TOM

(continuing)

What do we do now?

—HUCK

Know any prayers?

Tom drops to his knees. He clasps his hands together and shuts his eyes.

TOM

(super-fast)

Now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep-I-
pray-the-Lord-my-soul-to-
keep...

Huck nudges Tom.

HUCK

Look.

Cautiously, Tom opens his eyes and joins Huck peering over the tomb. In the distance, the three figures have begun to dig up a grave.

TOM

That ain't Hoss Williams
they're diggin' up. They're
goin' for one of them old
graves.

Lightning flashes and the three figures are illuminated.

The man with the lantern is Doc Robinson. The other two men do the digging. They are Muff Potter and Injun Joe.

Tom whispers to Huck:

TOM

(continuing)

This is worse than ghosts.

HUCK

Who are they?

TOM

The first two ain't so bad.
Doc Robinson and Muff Potter.
Muff wouldn't hurt a fly. But
that third feller, he almost
slit my throat today...

(a gulp)

That's Injun Joe.

We PUSH IN on Huck's face to show that this name causes a chill to run up his spine.

HUCK

Injun Joe?

TOM

You know him?

HUCK

(evasive)

Let's just say I met him once
and I ain't anxious to meet him
again.

TOM

What do you think they're
doin'?

Muff's frightened voice:

MUFF

Look, fellers, I don't mind diggin', but grave-robbin's a whole other matter.

Tom and Huck turn to each other.

TOM AND HUCK

(at the same time)

Grave-robbers!

INJUN JOE

You want your money, Muff?
Shut up and dig.

CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER

Muff and Injun Joe are down in the grave, shovelling it out while Doc Robinson stands above, shining the lantern. Injun Joe's shovel hits wood. A coffin. Muff gulps, wondering why he ever came along.

MUFF

I need me a drink. Would it be all right if we took a break for a little libation?

DOC ROBINSON

No. Haul it out. Hurry.

Injun Joe and Muff lift a rotted wooden coffin out of the grave and set it on the ground.

DOC ROBINSON

(continuing)

Pry it open and tip it over.

Injun Joe jams his shovel into a groove and pops the lid open, then tips the coffin and rudely dumps the remains of a skeleton on the ground. The bones CLATTER.

Tom and Huck shiver.

Following the skeleton, a small wooden box falls out of the coffin. Lightning flashes, illuminating a word engraved on the box: "MURRELL."

Injun Joe turns to Doc Robinson in surprise. Muff realizes something, becomes very animated.

MUFF

Murrell! One-Eye Murrell! By
God!

turns to Huck. Tom is as excited as Muff.

TOM

One-Eye Murrell was a pirate.
Him and his gang used to
plunder up and down the river
'til the Army came and killed
'em in an ambush. Murrell's
treasure was never found.

Robinson shoves the box under his coat.

DOC ROBINSON

Put the coffin back and cover
your tracks.

Robinson starts to walk off. But Injun Joe steps into
his path.

INJUN JOE

Not so fast.

DOC ROBINSON

Get out of my way.

INJUN JOE

Give me the box.

Doc Robinson tries to push past Injun Joe but Joe seizes
the box. Doc Robinson refuses to let go and the two men
begin to struggle. Muff tries to intercede.

MUFF

Doc -- Joe -- let's discuss
this like gentlemen.

Injun Joe backhands Doc Robinson who falls to the ground,
losing his hold on the box which tumbles away.

MUFF

(continuing)

Now, Joe, what'd you do that
for?

Injun Joe pounces on the fallen box, rips the top off and
tips it over.

The box is empty except for a tattered piece of yellow
paper which flutters to the ground.

INJUN JOE

What the hell?

Injun Joe picks up the paper and grabs the lantern to look at it more closely. His evil face lights up.

INJUN JOE

(continuing)

It's a map to the treasure.

Tom and Huck look at each other in amazement.

MUFF

(excited)

Murrell's treasure! By glory,
we're rich! Joe, why didn't ya
tell me?

That's when Doc Robinson shoves Muff out of the way and charges Injun Joe.

DOC ROBINSON

It's mine!

Injun Joe fends Doc Robinson off. Muff tries to get between them.

MUFF

Now hold on.

Doc falls back. He grabs the grave's wooden headboard and swings it at Joe. Joe ducks and the board hits Muff -- right in the face. Muff hits the ground, out cold.

Joe stuffs the map in his pocket and leaps forward. He nails Doc with a left hook. Then a right jab. Left. Right. Doc staggers back and falls against the mausoleum right in front of Tom and Huck.

Injun Joe pulls his trademark silver knife out of his belt, then thinks better of it. He puts it back, goes over to Muff's body and takes out Muff's knife.

Injun Joe goes back over to Doc Robinson. He raises Muff's knife overhead. Lightning slashes the sky as Joe brings the knife down.

Tom and Huck's eyes widen. They can't see Doc on the other side of the tomb but they know where the knife is going. Injun Joe plunges it down. One. Two. Three times.

Tom and Huck turn and run. But Tom's jacket gets caught on a branch and rips.

Hearing them, Injun Joe scrambles over the tomb in time to see two small figures sprint through the tombstones and vanish into the fog. Then his eye catches something on the ground. He bends down and picks up Tom's cat's-eye marble. He stares at it.

He starts to groan awake.

When Joe returns, steps over Doc's dead body and tosses his bloody knife into the open grave. Then he runs off across the cemetery, disappearing into the gloom.

He sits up, disoriented.

MUFF

(looks around)

Doc? Joe?

At a flash of lightning, Muff sees Doc Robinson sprawled against the mausoleum, eyes open, face contorted, his chest shining with blood!

He runs to the body, touches Doc.

MUFF

(continuing)

Doc?

Realizing he's dead, Muff pulls back his hands. They are covered with blood.

MUFF

(continuing)

Omigod!

Muff staggers back. He looks around in fear and takes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

THUNDER booms. Lightning flashes. Tom and Huck run as fast as their feet will carry them. Every bush looks like a man. Every spindly branch is an arm reaching to grab them. Running this gauntlet of terror, they finally burst into...

EXT. HUCK'S CAMP

The boys flop down on Huck's "throne," huffing and puffing.

TOM

We gotta tell the Sheriff!

HUCK

I ain't tellin' nobody nothin'. And unless you're dumber than I think, you'll keep your mouth shut, too.

TOM
But we seen a murder!

HUCK
Yeah -- and there's gonna be
two more murders if we squeal
on Injun Joe. Believe me.
He'll hunt us down and kill us
if it's the last thing he ever
does.

This sinks in.

TOM
Well, when you put it like
that, I guess you're right. We
can't tell nobody.

HUCK
Damn right. And just so you
don't change your mind, we're
gonna swear an oath. We'll
write it down and sign it in
blood.

TOM
Our blood?

HUCK
Unless you want to go back and
borrow some from Doc Robinson.

Tom gulps at the idea. Huck picks up a pine shingle.

- - HUCK
(continuing)
You do it. I ain't much good
at writin'.

Tom checks his jacket and sees that his pocket has been
ripped open.

TOM
I lost my cat's-eye!

HUCK
We got bigger things to worry
'bout. Now write this down...

Tom grabs a piece of charcoal out of Huck's dormant
firepit.

HUCK

(continuing)

Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer swear
they will keep shut about what
they seen and may they drop
down dead if they ever tell.

TOM

And rot.

HUCK

And rot.

The SOUND OF SLIDING STEEL as Huck takes out his knife.
He slices his own finger, hands the knife to Tom. Tom
cuts his finger, too.

They write "TOM" and "X" at the bottom of the oath.

HUCK

(continuing)

Now we got to swear our loyalty
to each other.

They press their fingers together. Tom makes up the oath:

TOM

"Turtle guts. Frog slime.
Chickens and hens. You and me
will always be friends."

Huck nods grimly. This is serious stuff.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom is asleep. Suddenly, the window EXPLODES into a
thousand fragments as Injun Joe lands in the center of the
room, looking more satanic than ever. Tom jerks awake as
Joe pulls out his silver knife.

INJUN JOE

I'm gonna kill you, Tom Sawyer!

Injun Joe leaps up on the bed, looming over Tom.

INJUN JOE

(continuing)

You won't never wake up! Never
wake up!

Injun Joe lifts his knife and is about to bring it down.
Tom screams.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Tom's eyes pop open. He sees a blurry figure shaking him.

AUNT POLLY
Wake up, Tom! Wake up!

It's Aunt Polly. Sid is standing beside her.

SID
He's been moaning all night.
(a dark smile)
I think it's his sore tooth
again.

AUNT POLLY
Is that right, Tom? Is your
tooth bothering you again?

Tom is still disoriented.

TOM
Aunt Polly? Uh, no, I...

SID
I heard him, Aunt Polly.
Crying about his sore tooth.
I'll bet he'd feel better if it
was pulled.

Sid grins at Tom. As Aunt Polly turns to look at him,
Sid's grin turns into a look of deep concern.

AUNT POLLY
Sid, get me the thread.

Sid's hand comes up -- the thread already in it. Polly
takes it. Sid grabs Tom from behind and holds his arms.
Polly shoves her hand into Tom's mouth and ties the thread
around a back tooth.

AUNT POLLY
(continuing)
Hush, Tom. You've been
complaining about this tooth
for months. It's got to come
out sooner or later. And
you'll feel better if it's
sooner.

Polly takes the thread and strings it from Tom's mouth to the closed bedroom door, wrapping it around the doorknob.

SID

(calls out)

Mary! Could you come in here?

Tom's eyes widen. He struggles but Sid holds him tight. Polly steps away from the door as we hear Mary's FOOTSTEPS coming down the hallway.

TOM

(yells)

Go away, Mary! I'm buck naked!

The door bursts open. We hear a POP. Tom screams. Mary steps into the room.

MARY

What's all the fuss?

Something flies through the air and Mary catches it. In her hand is Tom's bloody tooth.

Tom holds his mouth and does a slow burn at Sid who smiles and picks up the string with Tom's tooth attached. He twirls it in playful triumph.

TOM

Some day, Sid...

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Three little kids are carrying their schoolbooks and walking down the boardwalk. Suddenly, Injun Joe steps in front of them. The kids freeze in terror. Injun Joe slowly raises his hand.

Between thumb and forefinger is the black cat's-eye marble.

EXT. MURRELL CREEK BRIDGE

Tom ambles along on his way to school, rubbing his jaw and thinking about his troubles.

BECKY'S VOICE

Hello, Tom.

Tom looks up and is surprised to discover Becky Thatcher waiting for him, balancing herself on the rail of the bridge just like he did.

TOM
(perks up)
Becky.

BECKY
I'm sorry I pushed you in the
creek yesterday.
(the ultimate
apology)
You can push me in if you want
to.

Tom breaks into a devilish grin.

TOM
Really?

Becky is suddenly afraid he'll do it.

BECKY
You wouldn't dare!

TOM
I would -- but I just don't
feel like it right now.

In gentlemanly fashion, Tom helps Becky down off the rail.

BECKY
Thank you.

TOM
You ever been engaged, Becky?

BECKY
No.
(but she's
interested)
How do you do it?

TOM
Well, you gotta tell each other
that you're sweethearts.

BECKY
And then what?

TOM
Well, then you're s'posed to
kiss.

BECKY
Really?

TOM
Sure...

BECKY

You first.

He steels his courage, then:

TOM

You're my sweetheart. There!
Now you got to say it to me.

BECKY

Turn your face away.
(as Tom complies)
But you can't tell anybody
ever.

TOM

I won't.

She leans close to him, so close her breath stirs his
hair.

BECKY

(whispers)
You're my sweetheart...

Tom grins.

TOM

Well, I guess it's all done but
the kissin' part.

Tom looks at Becky. Becky looks at Tom. Tom leans
forward. Becky leans forward. Tom's eyes. Becky's eyes.
Their lips move toward each other. Closer. Closer. Both
trying to pucker properly. Then... the world's fastest
kiss. It's so electric, they jump apart, both terrified.

Thinking fast, Tom reaches into his pocket and takes out a
rusty doorknob. He thrusts it into Becky's hand.

BECKY

What is it?

TOM

Your engagement ring.

BECKY

Oh, Tom, it's... it's
beautiful!

TOM

It sure is. Why, when I was
engaged to Amy Lawrence...

Becky's big eyes tell Tom he's blown it.

BECKY
You mean I'm not the first?

TOM
But, Becky, that was ages ago.
Two months at least...

Becky is on the verge of tears. She throws the doorknob at him.

BECKY
I hate you! I hate you! I
hope you die!

Becky runs off. Tom just stands there, hurt and confused. Then his pride takes over. He picks up the doorknob and marches off.

TOM
(exasperated)
... What'd I do??

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET

Tom walks along, moping, lost in his thoughts. He hardly notices that townspeople are flocking down the street, leaving their homes and shops.

JOE (O.S.)
Hey, Tom!

Tom looks up and sees Joe Harper waving to him.

JOE
(calling)
Come on! School's been called
off!

TOM
Called off? What for?

JOE
There's been a murder!

Tom feels a chill go up his spine. He falls into step with the rest of the rushing townspeople.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Half the village has swarmed into the graveyard. The place is buzzing with excitement. Tom pushes his way through the crowd. He sees Becky's father, Judge Thatcher, conferring with the MAYOR. Doc Robinson's body is covered with a sheet. It lies near the dug-up grave.

MUFF (O.S.)

I didn't do it! I swear I
didn't do it!

All eyes turn as a frightened Muff Potter is brought forward by the SHERIFF and a FARMER who declares:

FARMER

That's right, Sheriff. I
caught Muff washing himself at
my trough early this morning.

The crowd gasps. Schoolmaster Dobbins steps forward.

DOBBINS

Well, that sounds mighty
suspicious, especially the
washing which is not a habit of
Muff Potter's.

FARMER

And there was blood all over
his shirt. I thought he'd just
killed a deer or something.

MUFF

No, wait a minute...!

Another town character, the WELSHMAN, pops out of the open grave holding up Muff's bloody knife.

WELSHMAN

Look here what I found! It's
Muff Potter's knife! I sold it
to him last winter.

DOBBINS

I say lynch him! Lynch him
now!

MUFF

You gotta believe me...

The crowd ROARS its approval. And charges forward. Muff panics. He breaks away from the Sheriff and runs like a scared rabbit -- right into Injun Joe. Joe decks him down with a hard blow.

The Sheriff and others pounce on Muff.

INJUN JOE
(announcing)
I saw the murder!

The crowd hushes.

SHERIFF
Tell us what you know.

INJUN JOE
I was passing by here last
night and I saw Muff and Doc
Robinson digging up that there
grave. And then, in a drunken
rage, I seen Muff Potter stab
the Doc.

Tom can't believe what he's hearing. The crowd SCREAMS
and YELLS in outrage. Muff pleads for his life.

MUFF
That ain't how it happened! I
swear! We found the map to
Murrell's Treasure! And Joe
and Doc got to fightin' --

A dark, scornful laugh from Injun Joe.

INJUN JOE
Murrell's Treasure! Do you
hear that, everybody? More
drunk talk from Muff Potter!

DOBBINS
(piping up)
Murrell's lost treasure is an
old wives' tale. I know the
history of this entire county
and I tell you it doesn't
exist.

MUFF
But I seen the map!

INJUN JOE
I say you're lyin'. I say
there ain't no treasure map.
And there never was.

Injun Joe looks to Emmett, the local tavern keeper and Joe's partner in crime. Emmett nods and yells:

EMMETT
Everybody who thinks there's a
"treasure map," raise yer
hands!

The crowd is silent.

-- EMMETT
(continuing)
Now. Those who think it's a
lie spewed out by Muff Potter
to save his guilty hide?

The crowd SCREAMS "Aye!" and raise their hands. SHOUTS of
"Tar him! Lynch him! String him up!" Muff looks around
with a pathetic hopelessness in his eyes.

Someone comes forward with a rope. That's when a loud
GUNSHOT causes everyone to freeze. Heads swivel in the
direction of Judge Thatcher who lowers his smoking gun.

THATCHER
(trying to keep
order; a
friendly smile)
Now, now, people. You wouldn't
deny me the pleasure of
presiding over his trial, would
you? What good's having a
judge if you don't let him
judge?

DOBBINS
We all know he's guilty!

A cane crashes down on Dobbins' head, dislodging his
toupee and causing him to see stars.

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE
And we all know you're an
idiot, Ed Dobbins.

The cane's owner pushes Dobbins aside and comes forward.
It's the WIDOW DOUGLAS, all in black finery, eighty if
she's a day, the richest, crustiest, most feared woman in
Hannibal. And in some ways, the most sensible. We hear
fearful MURMURS in the crowd of, "The widow!"... "Widow
Douglas!"...

WIDOW DOUGLAS
Listen to me, you pointy-headed
ghouls.

(MORE)

WIDOW DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Muff Potter may be the scum of the earth but he still deserves a fair trial and I aim to see that he gets one.

(to Thatcher;
demanding)

Judge! How soon can you get this show on the road?

Even Thatcher is intimidated by the old crone.

THATCHER

I could start hearing evidence day after tomorrow.

WIDOW DOUGLAS

Settled!

(turning her
withering gaze
on the crowd)

Now the rest of you "good citizens" go about your business and let the law do its job!

No one wants to get on the wrong side of the Widow. So, with the excitement of a trial to look forward to, the crowd begins to disperse. Dobbins walks away, painfully rubbing his head.

SHERIFF

Let's go, Muff.

The Sheriff leads Muff away. They walk past Tom who locks eyes with poor Muff and feels his fear.

-MUFF

I didn't do it, Tom.

Tom is about to say something when he sees Huck Finn in the distance, perched on top of a mausoleum, ragged clothes blowing in the wind.

Tom pushes through the crowd but once he gets to the mausoleum, there is no sign of Huck.

Tom is in hell. He turns to go. As he walks past a tall headstone, a leg snakes out and trips him. Tom lands face first in the tall grass. He rolls over and there's Huck, leaning against the headstone. He holds up the pine shingle oath.

HUCK

You want to drop dead and rot?

TOM

Muff's innocent. We got to do somethin' to help him.

HUCK

We don't got to do nothin'.

TOM

You'd let him hang for somethin' he didn't do?

HUCK

Ain't no skin off my butt.

TOM

(as an idea
forms)

What if there was another way?
A way that wouldn't make us
break our oath?

HUCK

What way is that?

TOM

Well.

(thinking)

What if we could get that
treasure map?

Huck nods.

HUCK

It would prove that Muff Potter
was tellin' the truth and Injun
Joe was lyin'. That's a good
idea, Tom.

TOM

Thanks.

HUCK

Only one little problem.

Huck rises and walks off.

HUCK

(continuing)

The person we'd have to get it
from is Injun Joe.

A frightening thought.- But Tom's not ready to back down.

TOM
(calling after
him)

Well, if you're scared...

Huck turns around and fixes Tom with a dark look. He knows he's being challenged.

HUCK
Why should I stick my neck out
for Muff Potter?

TOM
'Cause we know Muff didn't do
it!

HUCK
So?

TOM
So, not doin' anything about it
is wrong. We gotta help him.

HUCK
Says who?

TOM
(trying a
different tack)
What if it was you in Muff's
shoes?

HUCK
Well, it ain't.

TOM
What if it was me.

HUCK
(uncomfortable)
If you was that stupid, you'd
deserve what was comin' to you.

TOM
(shakes his head
in disappoint-
ment)
That's not what friends do... I
thought we were friends,
Huck...

Tom turns his back on Huck and walks away...

HUCK

Maybe I don't know what you're
talkin' about...

He watches Tom disappear through the cemetery. On
his face we see his mind struggling with... feelings?
He snorts and runs off into the woods.

CUT TO:

JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

Through the barred windows of his cell, we see Muff Potter
sitting in a pool of light, a defeated, pathetic
character. The cell door CLANGS open and Muff looks up
hopefully but it's only the Sheriff come to deliver Muff's
-- a hard biscuit--and a cup of water.

MUFF

(wishing)

Has anybody come to see me,
Sheriff?

JUMP BACK TO A LONGER SHOT to reveal that someone is
serving Muff from the shadowy roof of the building next
door. It's Huck, though we can barely make out his face,
just his tattered outline, rags blowing in the breeze.

SHERIFF

Don't be stupid, Muff.

(as he CLANGS the
door shut; a
cruel laugh)

Nobody cares about you. And
nobody's gonna miss you when
you're gone.

The words, meant for Muff, seem to have an effect on Huck.
At any rate, he turns and disappears into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

A respectable couple strolls along the boardwalk, enjoying
an evening stroll. Up ahead, a man steps into the glow of
a gaslamp to light a cigar. It's Injun Joe. The couple
tense. Then, they purposely scurry to the other side of
the street in order to avoid him.

INJUN JOE

(calls to them)

Evenin'....!

The couple ignore him and hurry on. Injun Joe chuckles, exhaling a cloud of black smoke. He likes the effect he has on people.

As Injun Joe continues on his way, we ANGLE UP to catch a glimpse of a dark figure in tatters running silently along the rooftops, following Joe on his journey.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom and Sid sleep. Sid snores peacefully. But Tom is tossing. Suddenly, a dirty hand clamps over his mouth. Tom's eyes pop open. He struggles, thinking it's Injun Joe, then sees that the hand belongs to Huck Finn.

HUCK

(whispers)

Injun Joe's on the move.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Tom and Huck sneak down the dark boardwalk.

TOM

What made you change your mind?

HUCK

(evasive)

I figgered if you did it alone
you'd probably just botch it
up.

Tom hides a smile, proud of Huck.

TOM

Yeah. Probably.

They continue along toward the only source of activity at this hour -- the tavern.

INT. TAVERN

Filled with trappers, traders and rivermen. They drink, play cards, argue and listen to MUSIC coming from a cheap rinky dink piano. In a corner at a table are Emmett the tavern keeper and Injun Joe.

EXT. ALLEY

Tom and Huck roll a rain barrel, upend it under a tall window and climb up on top. Balancing precariously, they peer through the grimy glass.

THEIR POV - THROUGH THE GLASS

They are right above Injun Joe and Emmett. Emmett is studying the treasure map and drinking a huge pitcher of beer. He slides the map over to Injun Joe who pockets it. Emmett speaks a few words. Joe nods. Then, deep in thought, Joe lifts up the cat's-eye marble and rolls it between his fingers.

EXT. ALLEY

Tom's heart stops.

TOM

He's got my cat's-eye!

Tom is so alarmed, he loses his balance. The barrel tips over and hits the ground with a CRASH. Tom and Huck go sprawling ass over elbow.

INT. TAVERN

Injun Joe and Emmett react to the commotion outside. They get up to investigate. Emmett brings his pitcher of beer.

EXT. ALLEY

The tavern's back door opens, letting out a shaft of light and the TINKLE of a piano. Emmett and Injun Joe step out and look around. Nothing seems amiss. The rain barrel is back where it was before, under the drainpipe.

EMMETT

Probably a drunk.

INJUN JOE

(a dark smile)

Well, it wasn't Muff Potter.

Emmett gets a hearty laugh out of this.

EMMETT

No. The only stumblin' he'll be doin' is at the end of a rope.

INJUN JOE

Well, I gotta be goin'. -I'll
see ya tomorrow... partner.

There is a hint of threat in the way Joe says "partner." Emmett, who is a huge man, looks uneasy. There's something about Injun Joe that just creeps people out.

EMMETT

Right, Joe. Tomorrow.

Injun Joe stalks off into the night. Emmett takes another sip from his pitcher of beer. But it's gone warm. Emmett pours the rest into the rain barrel and goes back inside the tavern, shutting the door.

Tom and Huck rise from the rain barrel, their heads soaked with beer.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN DOCK - NIGHT

A dozen fishing boats are tied up as well as barges, rafts and paddleboats. In the moonlight, we see Injun Joe slide into his canoe and push away from shore. We PAN him past Tom and Huck who hide on shore behind thick bushes. They hold their breath as Injun Joe glides past.

TOM

(whispers)

Come on. We'll borrow Muff's raft.

The boys run to the dock.

CUT TO:

EXT. MISSISSIPPI - NIGHT

Tom and Huck sail downstream on Muff Potter's raft. Tom mans the rudder while Huck stands forward, keeping Injun Joe's canoe in sight.

HUCK

He's headed for Jackson's Island.

TOM

Makes sense. I hear he's got a still out there. That's where he cooks his moonshine.

HUCK

Maybe I'll steal me some. I
ain't had a drink in two
months.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACKSON'S ISLAND - NIGHT

By the light of the moon, we see Huck and Tom secure their
raft on the bank of a foreboding, wooded island in the
middle of the Mississippi.

HUCK

Stumblin' on Injun Joe in the
dark ain't my idea of a good
time. We'll find us a place to
camp and wait 'til first light.

TOM

Okay. But let's leave the raft
here just in case we have to
make a quick getaway.

As the boys begin to tramp inland, the raft comes loose
and floats off downriver.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACKSON'S ISLAND - NIGHT

Tom and Huck stretch out in the tall grass on the bank of
a small stream fed by a cascading waterfall. They stare
up at a ceiling of twinkling stars.

TOM

You really got it made.

HUCK

(caught off
guard)

What?

TOM

Livin' like this all the time.
Sleepin' out in the open, under
the stars. Doin' what you
please. Nobody to tell you
when to go to bed. Nobody to
make you go to school or change
your shirt or clean your ears
or eat your dinner.

HUCK

Yep. This here's the way to live... Nobody's gonna tell me what to do or where to go, or when to be there...

(protesting a little too much)

You'll never catch me cooped up in some stuffy old house with some liver-lipped old lady makin' me eat whatever's on the plate in front of me.

TOM

You don't know how lucky you are.

Huck snorts and turns away, covering his vulnerability...

HUCK

(a beat)

Damn right...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAME SCENE - DAWN

Shafts of morning light stream through the trees. Tom is sprawled on the ground, waking up. He yawns, stretches and scratches.

TOM

Huck? --

Tom looks around. No sign of Huck. He's all alone. Now the woods begin to take on a sinister quality. Tom rises.

TOM

(continuing)

Huck?

Suddenly, Huck drops out of a tree and lands right in front of Tom. He is covered head to foot in mud and leaves, every square inch of him, looking like some jungle savage.

Only the whites of his eyes can be seen under the brown goop. Totally camouflaged.

Tom gapes at Huck, then breaks into a wide grin. Huck raises his hand -- it's filled with mud -- and glops it across Tom's face.

CUT TO:

EXT. INJUN JOE'S STILL - DAY

In a clearing, we FIND Injun Joe asleep beside his whiskey still. An empty bottle lies on the ground beside him and Joe is snoring up a storm.

In the woods beyond, we detect movement.

CLOSER

Huck peers around the side of a tree, still in his camouflage disguise. Tom sticks his head out from the other side. Now he, too, is wearing mud and leaves and looking like a wild savage. If it wasn't for the whites of their eyes, you'd think they were part of the forest.

HUCK

(observing Injun
Joe)

He's drunk asleep. Shouldn't
be too hard to get that map.

TOM

Yeah. Let's get it and git.

Tom takes a step forward, notices that Huck hasn't moved.

TOM

(continuing)

Ain't you comin'?

Huck casts a look at Injun Joe. Something registers on his face. Is it fear?

HUCK

One map don't need two boys.
I'll wait here.

Tom gives Huck a look, then starts tiptoeing forward. A twig SNAPS. Tom freezes. Injun Joe sits up, hungover and bleary-eyed. He stares right through Tom whose camouflage makes him invisible.

Injun Joe goes back to sleep, his snoring continues.

Tom lets out the breath he has been holding and creeps forward. He sees a corner of the map sticking out of Joe's pocket. Injun Joe snorts. Tom freezes. Then, Tom's muddy hand slowly reaches across Injun Joe's face, heading for the map.

Suddenly, some mud drips off Tom's arm and lands splat in Joe's mouth. Tom is scared shitless. But Injun Joe, still sleeping, merely licks the mud off his lips and swallows it. Then he goes back to snoring.

Tom reaches over to get the map. His fingers close around the edge and he slowly draws it out of Joe's pocket. Further. Further. He's almost got it.

And that's when a cannon fires nearby. BOOM!

Tom leaps back (without the map) and slams into Injun Joe's still. It tips over and CRASHES to the ground. Whiskey spills and spurts. Equipment CLATTERS and CLANKS.

Huck comes out of nowhere. He grabs Tom and snatches him into the surrounding foliage. The boys freeze, trying to blend in.

Injun Joe leaps to his feet. He looks around at his destroyed still and stomps around angrily. He doesn't notice the four eyeballs watching him from the foliage.

Injun Joe draws his knife. The eyes in the foliage widen.

INJUN JOE
Goddamn wild boars!

Injun Joe throws his knife. It spins end over end and slams directly into the center of a bull's-eye painted on a distant tree. One hell of a throw.

Tom and Huck. Their eyes are bugging out now. They look at each other in fear.

BOOM! The cannon roars again.

Injun Joe turns in the direction of the cannon fire. He picks up his rifle, retrieves his knife and stalks off to investigate.

OVER to Tom and Huck. They look at each other. And take off.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACKSON'S ISLAND - SHORELINE - DAY

BOOM! The cannon fires again. The two jungle savages run through the trees, skidding to a stop at the edge of the bank they landed on.

TOM
(looking around)
The raft's gone!

BOOM! Closer. The boys hit the ground and squirm under some bushes.

A ferryboat comes downriver, a big cannon mounted on the prow. White smoke lays across the water. BOOM! The cannon fires again.

TOM
(continuing)
What're they doin'?

HUCK
Lookin' for somebody's what's
drowned. You shoot a cannon
over the water to make the body
come to the top.

TOM
(thrilled)
I wonder who it was.

As the ferryboat draws closer, Tom and Huck are able to see the passengers -- Aunt Polly, Cousin Mary, the Sheriff and OLD TIM.

TOM
(continuing;
realizes)
It's me. I'm the one who
drowned!

Tom busts up laughing. Huck has to clamp a hand over his mouth to keep him from being heard as the ferryboat passes by.

AUNT POLLY
Tom spent half his school days
swimming in this river. He was
a good swimmer.

OLD TIM
I'm sorry, Miss Polly, but if
he was on that raft when the
steamboat hit it, it wouldn't
matter a hoot how good a
swimmer he was.

BOOM! The cannon barks again. The Sheriff leans out.

SHERIFF
Look sharp! His body mighta
washed up on the shore and got
tangled in the brush!

Polly bursts into tears. Mary gives the Sheriff a harsh look. He shrugs apologetically.

The ferryboat continues downriver. They're far enough pst for Huck to remove his hand from Tom's mouth. Tom lets out a whoop of enjoyment.

-TOM

Did you see their faces?

HUCK

(he did; and it's
made an
impression)

Your aunt looked real sad.

TOM

She sure did!—Boy, this is the
best trick that's ever been
pulled in the history of
Hannibal. They really miss me.
What do you think of that?

Huck isn't able to enjoy Tom's merriment.

HUCK

I dunno. I ain't never been
missed.

TOM

(laughing)

They think I'm dead.

HUCK

It could still happen.

Huck points into the distance. Injun Joe is seen paddling
away from the island. As the smile disappears from Tom's
face...

CUT TO:

EXT. MISSISSIPPI RIVER - DAY

Tom and Huck are each on a log, paddling furiously toward
the bank where Injun Joe's canoe is beached. The boys are
back in their clothes again.

TOM

Looks like he's headin' for the
hills.

They slip off their logs and let them float away. The
boys slog through the water, then run past the canoe and
head into the woods.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODS - DAY

The sky has turned dark. A heavy rain is falling.

Tom and Huck creep through the darkening forest, following a narrow beaten path. They stop.

HUCK

I don't see his prints. He must've turned off on that road a mile back.

They turn around. That's when they hear RATTLING and CLANKING coming up the path behind them.

TOM

What's that?

HUCK

I dunno -- but it's gettin' closer.

TOM

Then what're we standin' here for?

The boys take off running. As they disappear, we see the source of the RATTLING and CLANKING. It's Injun Joe and Emmett the tavern keeper on a rickety wagon pulled by a broken-down horse.

EXT. CLEARING

Tom and Huck emerge from the woods and are caught in the full downpour of the rainstorm. Ahead of them is a spooky-looking deserted mansion smothered in woods.

TOM

That's the old Hawkshaw place.

HUCK

I hope it's dry inside.

TOM

It's supposed to be haunted.

HUCK

That ain't no big deal. Ghosts don't come out 'til night.

They hear the CLANKING behind them.

TOM

You sure about that?

With no place else to go for safety or shelter, the boys hightail it to the haunted house. Rain pours down. The wind SLAMS the shutters open and shut.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE — DAY

But it might as well be night it's so dark outside. The door CREAKS open. Tom and Huck enter, brushing thick cobwebs out of their way.

Rats scurry everywhere. The plaster walls are cracked and chipped. Weeds have overgrown the floorboard. Tom and Huck are trying to be brave.

— HUCK

See? It ain't so bad. Not a ghost in sight.

And that's when the front door falls off its hinges and SLAMS to the floor. Tom and Huck leap out of their skins and bolt up a rickety staircase.

INT. UPSTAIRS

Tom and Huck scramble down a cobwebbed hallway. Tom pushes a door open -- and a ghost jumps out at them!

TOM AND HUCK

Yaaahhhhhh!

Then they see it's just a rotted bed sheet, blowing in the breeze and connected to a large canopy bed. The boys enter the room. And see a large human-like bulge under the bed covers. They both stare at it.

FOOTSTEPS and CLANGING approach from outside.

— HUCK

Listen!

The boys drop to their knees and look down through a hole made by a missing floorboard.

Below, Injun Joe and Emmett enter the house carrying shovels and picks.

Without thinking, Tom jumps up to run but Huck grabs him, holds him fast.

Downstairs, Injun Joe looks up, suspicious.

INJUN JOE

What was that?

EMMETT

(uneasy)

They say this place is haunted.

INJUN JOE

By rats maybe. Let's get to work.

Injun Joe pulls out the treasure map and unfolds it.

INJUN JOE

(continuing)

Accordin' to Murrell's map, it should be right next to the fireplace. _____

Emmett goes to the fireplace, swings his pick and brings it down with force. SMASH!

Injun Joe puts the map down on a dusty table and goes over to help Emmett.

Tom and Huck exchange excited grins. The map is almost directly below them. Huck digs into his pocket and pulls out a fishing line with a hook attached. Tom nods eagerly.

As Injun Joe and Emmett dig up the floor, the hook slowly descends from above. —

EMMETT

You sure about the fireplace?

INJUN JOE

Ain't that what I said?

And just to prove it, Injun Joe stalks over to the table. He snatches up the map and walks back to the fireplace. He doesn't feel the hook snag his hat and lift it off his head!

INJUN JOE

(continuing)

See? Right here! Fireplace!

Behind him, Injun Joe's hat floats in mid-air.

Tom and Huck look at each other. What should they do? Reel it in? Let it fall? —

EMMETT

Well, if this is the right place, he sure buried it deep. I'm halfway to China.

INJUN JOE

Keep diggin'.

As Injun Joe crosses the room, Huck does his best to try and follow him with the hat, hoping to drop it back on his head. He manipulates the hat like a puppeteer, trying to get it over Joe's head.

Emmett's pick strikes metal.

EMMETT
(with excitement)
Think I hit somethin'.

Emmett turns around to get Injun Joe's reaction -- and sees the hat floating a foot above his head.

EMMETT
(continuing; in
terror)
--Jesus Christ!--

Emmett screams like a woman. He drops his tools, scrambles past Joe and races out the door.

INJUN JOE
What the...

Injun Joe looks up and sees his hat.

As the hat drops into Injun Joe's face, he lets out a cry and takes off after Emmett.

EXT. OUTSIDE

Injun Joe and Emmett run down the road to where their horse and wagon are parked. Soaked to the skin, greatly out of breath, they turn around and regard the haunted house. As Joe's heart rate returns to normal, so does his greed.

INJUN JOE
(angry)
Wait a minute! Ghosts or no
ghosts, that treasure is mine!
I'm goin' back! You with me or
not?

EMMETT
With you -- I guess.

INT. HAUNTED HOUSE

Tom and Huck have taken over the excavation. Huck's pick strikes something metal. The two boys look at each other in excitement.

Then, they bend down and, struggling together, lift out a heavy metal box. They set it on the floor. Huck smashes the lock with his pick and Tom jerks the chest open.

Their eyes widen. The chest is filled with gold and silver coins. A fortune.

TOM
(awestruck)
Murrell's treasure.

FOOTSTEPS in approach. The boys turn. CAMERA SWINGS to the open doorway as Injun Joe enters.

INJUN JOE
(calling back to
Emmett)
Come on, you coward. It wasn't
ghosts -- it was cobwebs.

Joe spies the treasure chest. CAMERA SWINGS with him as he rushes across the room. Tom and Huck have vanished.

Injun Joe drops to his knees, digs his fingers into the coins.

INJUN JOE
(continuing;
slavering)
Look at you, you beautiful
money.

Behind him, Emmett enters. He is cautious but when he sees the prize, he rushes over to have a look.

EMMETT
How'd you dig it up so fast?

INJUN JOE
(realizes)
I didn't.

EMMETT
(chilled)
Then who did?

They look around, spooked. But Injun Joe's determined to have the treasure, no matter what the cost.

INJUN JOE
I don't care if it was Old Jack
Scratch himself. It's ours
now. We're rich.

The money dissolves Emmett's concerns.

EMMETT

Hello, Texas, and the good
life!

Injun Joe slams the chest shut.

INJUN JOE

No. We'll wait 'til after the
trial. I got to testify. Make
sure Muff takes the blame for
Doc's murder.

EMMETT

Where we gonna keep it in the
meantime?

INJUN JOE

At Number Two, under the cross.
Load it on the wagon.

Emmett lifts the heavy chest and staggers toward the door
with it. Injun Joe picks up the lantern, then reaches
into his pocket and takes out the treasure map.

INJUN JOE

(continuing)

Guess we won't be niddin' this.

Injun Joe sticks one corner of the map into the lantern
flame and tosses it over his shoulder as he goes out the
door. The burning map wafts through the air.

Tom and Huck explode from behind some curtains. They make
a dive for the burning map. But by the time they catch
it, the map -- the evidence that could save Muff -- is
burnt to a crisp.

Tom and Huck clamber to their feet and run to the door.
They are just in time to see Injun Joe's wagon thunder
away, moving too fast to follow.

The boys turn to each other in dismal defeat.

TOM

No more map. __

HUCK

No more treasure.

TOM

No more Muff.

On that grim thought...

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLS ABOVE HANNIBAL - DUSK

Night falls as Tom and Huck trudge back to town.

TOM

I wish I knowed what "Number
Two, under the cross" meant.

HUCK

If you ask me, we're better off
not knowin'.

TOM

Why?

HUCK

'Cause we're pushin' our luck.
Messin' with Injun Joe is the
best way I know to end up dead.

TOM

What is it with you and Injun
Joe?

HUCK

You seen what he can do with a
knife?

TOM

Yeah. They say he's the best
knife-fighter on the
Mississippi.

Huck's face darkens.

HUCK

No.

(a beat)

My pap's the best. He taught
Injun Joe's everythin' he
knows.

TOM

(with surprise)

Your pap? But you said your
folks was dead.

A beat. We see that this is hard for Huck.

HUCK

My ma died when I was born.
And Pap never had much use for
me. He was too busy runnin'
from the law. Him and Injun
Joe met in jail.

It takes Tom a moment to take all this in. He looks at
Huck who has told it coldly, factually, without emotion.

TOM

Where's your pap now?

Huck shrugs, feigning indifference.

HUCK

Dead or drunk in jail. From
the day I was born, he never
done nothin' but beat me like a
rented mule...

(as his anger
bursts loose)

... and show me how to do this!

Super-fast, Huck draws his knife and throws it. The knife
flies end over end and embeds itself -- WHAP! -- in the
center of the mile marker twenty feet ahead. It's an
impossible shot but Huck has done it with deadly accuracy.

TOM

Wow.

Tom is astounded. He turns to Huck and sees a savage look
on the boy's face -- a look that tells him there is a side
to Huck that is capable of great ferocity. Then, the look
is gone.

Huck jogs to the mile marker and yanks out his knife. He
wipes the blade on his pants and shoves it back in his
belt.

Tom joins him. He tries to think of something to say.
Luckily, BELLS begin to toll in the distance, coming from
Hannibal.

TOM

(continuing)

You hear that?

HUCK

Church bells.

TOM

But it ain't Sunday.

HUCK
Them's funeral bells.

TOM
You're right. I wonder who died?

HUCK
You got a short memory.

Tom breaks into a huge mischievous smile.

TOM
With all the excitement, I almost forgot. I'm dead. Hey, Huck, you want to come to my funeral?

HUCK
Hell. Why not?

TOM
Come on! I don't want to miss this!

Tom runs down the hill. Huck follows.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH ATTIC - NIGHT

From a HIGH ANGLE POV we can see people slowly filtering in to the sanctuary. Most are sniffing and sobbing. All this is accompanied by bad ORGAN MUSIC.

The POV belongs to the "deceased" himself, Tom Sawyer. Hiding up in the attic with Huck, Tom peers through one of a hundred or so cracks in the church ceiling. Tom is beside himself with glee when he sees Aunt Polly, Sid and Mary coming up the aisle, looking distraught.

Tom hears VOICES outside. He makes his way to the wall and looks through a crack.

He sees a bunch of KIDS standing outside the church.

FIRST KID
(proudly)
Tom Sawyer beat me up once! He knocked out two of my front teeth.

SECOND KID
That's nothin'. He knocked out all my teeth and broke my arm.

Then Tom sees:

TOM

Becky.

And she looks so sweet and sad, standing next to a teary-eyed SUZY HARPER.

BECKY

I wish I could see him just one more time.

(sniffling)

I'd call him my sweetheart and kiss him, right in front of everybody.

This is too much. Tom is in total ecstasy.

EXT. ACROSS THE CHURCHYARD

The black cat's-eye marble, held between Injun Joe's thumb and forefinger. PULL BACK as Injun Joe slaps a coin into Joe Harper's hand, right on top of another coin. Joe Harper looks at the coins and starts reeling off history.

JOE

Mickey Douglas got the cat's-eye from his cousin in St. Louis. Then he traded it to Alfred Temple who sold it to Doug Tanner who traded it to Johnny Miller who -- no, wait. Alfred sold it to Johnny who traded it to Doug...

Fed up, Injun Joe grabs Joe Harper by the collar.

INJUN JOE

(intense)

Just tell me who owned it last.

Joe Harper looks into that evil face and almost wets his pants.

JOE

Tom Sawyer. Tom Sawyer owned it last.

Injun Joe's eyes widen. Joe Harper shakes his head sadly.

JOE

(continuing)

But it don't matter 'cause now Tom's dead.

Injun Joe looks around at all the mourners piling into the church. He gives an evil grin...

INJUN

Too bad. I'm so sad.

Joe Harper backs away and hurries into the church.

INT. CHURCH

People are sniffing and crying and dabbing their eyes. Polly, Mary and Sid sit together in the front pew. Surprisingly, even Sid seems sad. Mary pats Sid's hand.

MARY

You miss him, don't you?

Sid nods, feeling truly sorry for... himself.

SID

With Tom dead, I got nobody to snitch on.

We see the Widow Douglas sitting off to herself, regal and hawk-like. She dabs a tear, then looks around crossly to make sure no one saw her.

Judge Thatcher stands at the pulpit.

THATCHER

Tom Sawyer wasn't a bad boy.

(a look at Becky)

Not from what I'm told.

(resuming)

He was just mischievous and willful. In that respect, I guess you'd have to admit there's a little bit of Tom Sawyer in all boys.

(a beat)

I know I speak for everybody when I say we're going to miss him.

Up above, Tom grins, loving every minute. He turns to Huck.

TOM

I'm beginnin' to miss me, too.

Huck is getting fed up with Tom's perverse enjoyment.

HUCK

How long are you gonna make your aunt suffer?

TOM
What do you mean?

Through the crack, we see Aunt Polly crying.

TOM
(continuing; a
twinge of
regret)
She does look sad.
(feeling for her;
under his
breath)
Don't cry, Aunt Polly. I'm
okay.

HUCK
~~You got all these folks bawlin'~~
their eyes out. Go home,
Tom...

Down below, Judge Thatcher looks up to heaven.

THATCHER
Lord, we'd do anything to have
Tom back.

Huck reaches out and gives Tom a shove. Tom falls on the plaster ceiling which gives way beneath him.

The church ceiling opens up and Tom drops down. He lands in front of the pulpit. Tom sits up, looking surprised, shaking the plaster dust out of his hair.

Aunt Polly lets out a cry. The entire congregation rushes to Tom. Polly hugs him. He lets himself be fawned over, enjoying all the attention.

Everybody is talking at once. Some are elated. Some are laughing at the joke. But most are pretty damn furious.

Through a window, Huck drops down and looks in at the celebration. Left out. Unloved. Huck turns and walks away.

Becky works her way toward Tom. He sees her coming, pulls away from Polly and steps forward to meet her.

TOM
Hello, Becky. Ain't you glad
to see me?

Becky lifts a fist and punches him. Whap! Right in the nose. Tom staggers back. Becky storms off. Judge Thatcher follows her, giving Tom a sympathetic look. Tom holds his bloody nose.

People crowd around Tom, welcoming him back from the dead.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Tom tramps through the forest until he enters...

HUCK'S CAMP

Where Huck is shoving some articles into a burlap sack.

TOM

Huck. What're you doin'?

Huck turns, acknowledges Tom with a curt nod, then goes back to his activity.

HUCK

Packin'.

TOM

What for?

HUCK

Time to move on down the river.

TOM

(confused)

Why?

HUCK

"Why?" 'Cause it's what I do.
I never stay long in one place.
Gotta keep movin'.

TOM

What about Muff Potter?

HUCK

We tried. It didn't work out.

Tom is upset, trying to find a way to keep Huck from leaving.

TOM

But, Huck, you can't go.

HUCK

Gimme one good reason.

- - TOM
(struggling to
think)
Well. The Big Harvest
Celebration is comin' up. It's
gonna be tons of fun...

HUCK
(a harsh laugh)
You gonna introduce me to all
the folks? That's a good one.
They'll run you out of town on
the same rail.

TOM
Naw, they won't...

HUCK
I don't leave places 'cause I
want to. I leave 'cause sooner
or later they find me and run
me out. This time I'm gonna
beat 'em to the punch.

TOM
(not giving up)
... I thought we was friends.

Huck gives Tom a cold look...

HUCK
You thought wrong -- I ain't
got no friends. Ain't got time
for 'em...

Tom is heartbroken. Huck hefts his sack. He turns to go,
hesitates. Looks back at Tom.

HUCK
(continuing)
But if I did have one, I'd want
him to be like you.

And with that, Huck Finn disappears into the forest.

Tom just stands there, stunned. The world has become a
deflated balloon. Tom looks around at Huck's camp, so
lonely now. The hammock. The empty picture frames.

Tom turns to go and walks right into Injun Joe.

TOM
Yaahhh!

Injun Joe gives him a hard shove and Tom falls down on his ass. He scrambles backwards and bumps up against Huck's "throne." Remaining at a distance, Injun Joe reaches into his pocket. He takes out the black cat's-eye and gives it an underhand toss.

INJUN JOE

You lose somethin'...?

Tom's wide, frightened eyes follow the marble's trajectory as it comes down, hits the ground and rolls right up to his feet.

TOM

(in terror)

That ain't mine.

Injun Joe slides out his long silver knife.

INJUN JOE

Don't lie to me, boy.

Tom changes gears:

TOM

You know, you're right. That is my cat's-eye. Reason I didn't recognize it right away is 'cause I lost it in the graveyard. Musta been two or three months ago.

With lightning speed, Injun Joe hurls his knife. Tom clamps his eyes shut, hears a THUNK. Cautiously, Tom opens his eyes. Realizes he wasn't the target. Tom turns and sees that Joe has thrown the knife at an old portrait hanging on a nearby tree. It's a portrait of a distinguished looking man. Injun Joe's knife is stuck right in his heart. Tom gets the "point."

INJUN JOE

Fetch me the knife.

Tom is paralyzed.

INJUN JOE

(continuing; a
sinister hiss)

I said fetch it.

Trembling all over, Tom manages to stand. He crosses to the tree, pulls the knife out. Then, knees knocking, he walks to Injun Joe.

INJUN JOE
(continuing)
Now. Give it to me.

Tom holds out the knife. Injun Joe doesn't take it right away.

INJUN JOE
(continuing)
You'd like to stick it in me,
wouldn't you? Like to gut me
good. Here's your chance.
(a beat)
Go ahead.
(continuing; a
beat)
All you gotta do is kill me and
--then go tell ~~everybody~~ in
Hannibal what you know.

But Tom can't bring himself to do it. Joe is just too damned scary. In a blur of motion, Injun Joe snatches the knife and Tom finds the blade being pressed to his throat. Injun Joe holds him, hisses into his ear:

INJUN JOE
(continuing)
You didn't kill me, boy. Big
mistake. 'Cause if you ever
say what you know, I'm sure as
hell gonna kill you.

Injun Joe lets out a terrifying laugh. He throws Tom to the ground and is suddenly gone. Tom looks around. It's like Joe was never there.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Tom glumly walks along the boardwalk. The TOWN BARBER calls to a SHOPKEEPER.

BARBER
I'm closing up tomorrow to go
to the trial. How about you?

SHOPKEEPER
Wouldn't miss it for the world.
It ought to be almost as much
fun as the hanging!

Tom takes note and walks on. A horse-drawn carriage CLOPS by, carrying Judge Thatcher and Becky.

As they pass, Tom and Becky lock eyes. Tom is hoping for some sign of affection. Instead, Becky contorts her face and sticks her tongue out. The final blow.

Tom sits down under a tree. He stares into the distance looking quite dejected.

WIDOW DOUGLAS (O.S.)

Thomas Sawyer...!

Tom looks up to find the Widow Douglas peering down on him from her smart carriage.

TOM

Yes, ma'am...?

WIDOW DOUGLAS

What's wrong with you, boy?

WIDOW DOUGLAS

Nothing?! Then get your chin off your chest. A boy your age shouldn't be moping about. You look pathetic...

TOM

Widow Douglas, I sort of feel that way.

WIDOW DOUGLAS

Well, buck up -- enjoy your youth while you've got it...

(moving on)

It doesn't get any easier, I promise you that...

Widow Douglas drives off leaving Tom to contemplate the ominous prospects.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Muff Potter sits on his cot, staring into the shadows looking devastated...

Suddenly, in the barred window above the bed, we see Tom's face...

TOM

Hey, Muff...!

MUFF

(turning, looking up)

Tom...!

TOM
How're you doin', Muff?

MUFF
(sadly)
Not so good...

TOM
I brought you some corn bread.
I saved it from dinner...

Tom pushes the corn bread through the bars in a checked
napkin...

MUFF
Gee, thanks...

He starts hungrily eating the corn bread.

TOM
They treatin' you okay?
Muff stops eating...

MUFF
(terrified)
Tom, they're gonna hang me.
Tom looks distressed -- he doesn't know what to say.

TOM
(finally)
... Maybe not.

MUFF
(desperate)
I'm innocent -- I didn't do it,
I swear. I done some crazy
stupid things in my life, but I
never killed anyone. You gotta
believe me.

TOM
I do.

MUFF
You do?

TOM
Yep. I do.

MUFF
How come? Nobody else does.

Tom struggles with what to say...

TOM

Well, I know you, Muff...
Sometimes, when you're drunk
you get kinda disgustin' --
but, I know you wouldn't hurt a
fly.

MUFF

(starts to cry)
Doesn't matter -- they're gonna
hang me anyway...
(sobbing)
Just my luck... Just my lousy
godforsaken luck...

TOM

(now quite
uncomfortable) -----
Don't cry, Muff...

MUFF

Why not?

TOM

(searching for a
reason)
Maybe they won't hang you...

MUFF

(woeful)
... It's gonna take a
miracle... Why would a miracle
happen to me...?

Tom huddles in the window, deeply touched and feeling
horrible...

TOM

... I don't know, Muff -- I
guess, all kinds of strange
things can happen to almost
anyone.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom lies in bed, staring out the window at the stars.
Sid's bed is empty. The door opens, letting in a shaft of
light from the hall. Tom looks up as Aunt Polly enters, a
look of concern on her face.

AUNT POLLY

Why, Tom, it's not bedtime for
another hour. Are you feeling
all right?

Polly sits down on the edge of the bed, puts her hand on Tom's forehead.

AUNT POLLY

(continuing)

You don't have a fever. What's ailing you?

Tom looks at her, emotions whirling across his face.

TOM

Aunt Polly, what if you swore an oath, promisin' not to tell somethin'. But the somethin' you promised not to tell needs tellin'.

AUNT POLLY

What happens if you break the oath?

TOM

You drop dead. And rot.

AUNT POLLY

Not good.

TOM

Yeah, and on top of that, somebody'll cut your throat with a knife.

AUNT POLLY

Not good at all.

—TOM

But if you don't tell, somethin' worse might happen -- to somebody who don't deserve it.

Polly looks at the boy. She sees the trouble he's in.

AUNT POLLY

Tom, for as long as I can remember, you've been nothing but trouble to me. Most of the time you're selfish and irresponsible.

(fondly)

But deep down, you're a good boy. You've got a good heart. And I believe you'll know the right thing to do and you'll do it.

Polly ruffles Tom's hair, gets up. She crosses the room, smiles at him from the door.

AUNT POLLY
(continuing)
Just follow your heart.

Polly exits and closes the door. Tom considers her wise words and gulps:

TOM
Muff's a goner.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN HALL - DAY

Packed to the rafters.

Familiar faces include Polly, Mary, Sid, Becky, Schoolmaster Dobbins, Emmett, the Sheriff, the Widow Douglas, and Injun Joe.

Tom sneaks into the back of the room and looks around.

Muff Potter, haggard and hopeless, sits in chains next to his DEFENSE LAWYER. Injun Joe sits with the other witnesses. Judge Thatcher presides from behind his bench.

The PROSECUTOR, a man with an irritating theatrical flair, displays Muff's knife as he questions the Welshman.

PROSECUTOR
And you're sure you sold this --
knife?

WELSHMAN
Sure I'm sure. Last Winter.

PROSECUTOR
And is the man you sold it to
in this room?

WELSHMAN
'Course he is. Why, I --

PROSECUTOR
Could you point out the owner
of this knife, please?

WELSHMAN
Are ya blind? He's right
there!
(points to Muff)
Muff Potter!

PROSECUTOR
That will be all.
(turns to the
Defense)
Your witness.

The Defense rises.

DEFENSE
No questions.

Muff links lower in his chair.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Injun Joe is on the stand. The entire courtroom is transfixed.

INJUN JOE
So I headed up to the cemetery.
I often like to sit up there
and watch the stars.

Tom's eyes narrow, mad as hell. Muff just shakes his head.

INJUN JOE
(continuing)
Anyways, I saw Muff drunk.
Real drunk and in a rage. I
saw him lift the knife and
before I knew what was
happening, he plunged it down
into the Doc. Four times he
stabbed him.

The whole crowd cringes and squirms.

The Prosecutor smiles and turns to the Defense.

PROSECUTOR
Your witness.

The Defense rises.

DEFENSE
No questions.

Judge Thatcher frowns. Someone in the crowd yells:

SOMEONE
We know he's guilty but by God,
you gotta at least pretend to
give him a fair trial!

Shouts and cat-calls. The Defense ignores it. Judge Thatcher pounds his gavel.

THATCHER
Order! Order in the court!

The Prosecutor steps up.

PROSECUTOR
By the testimonies of these
simple citizens, we have proved
beyond a shadow of a doubt that
Muff Potter is guilty of the
murder of Doctor Jonas
Robinson. We rest our case!

Injun Joe walks back to his chair, a smirk on his face.

THATCHER
Counsel for the defense. Do
you have a defense?

The crowd yells as the Defense slowly rises.

DEFENSE
We do, Your Honor. The Defense
calls to the stand -- Thomas
Sawyer!

The whole crowd gasps.

Aunt Polly is shocked.

Tom feels all eyes on him as he walks up the aisle. He
glances at Injun Joe who gives him a vicious look.

Tom places a trembling hand on the Bible.

THATCHER
Do you swear to tell the truth,
the whole truth and nothing but
the truth, so help you God?

TOM
I... I...

Tom looks at Injun Joe's iron face. Unseen by others, Joe
slowly reaches into his jacket and draws out his knife.

THATCHER
Thomas Sawyer, do you swear to
tell the truth?

Schoolmaster Dobbins whispers loudly:

DOBBINS

It would certainly be the first time.

The crowd titters. This really pisses Tom off. He looks at Dobbins, grits his teeth and says:

TOM

I do!

The Defense steps forward.

DEFENSE

Mister Sawyer, where were you on the twenty-eighth of this month at the hour of midnight?

Tom mumbles something.

THATCHER

Louder, please.

TOM

I was... uh... in the graveyard.

The crowd gives a start. Polly's eyes widen.

DEFENSE

And what were you doing there?

TOM

Tryin' to get rid of warts.

The crowd laughs. Tom gives them an angry look, then catches eyes with Injun Joe. For Tom's benefit, Joe draws out his knife a little further.

DEFENSE

Were you close to the grave that Muff Potter was digging up?

TOM

(eyes on Joe's knife)

I... I... —

In the crowd, Dobbins stands up.

DOBBINS

You're wasting your time. This boy wouldn't know the truth if it kicked him in the teeth!

Judge Thatcher pounds his gavel. The Prosecutor stands.

PROSECUTOR

Your Honor, he's right.
Everybody in this courtroom
knows Tom Sawyer and what an
irresponsible teller of tales
he is. Some would call him an
outright liar!

Tom jumps to his feet, angry as hell:

TOM

I was there! And the knife
didn't stab Doc Robinson four
times. He was stabbed three
times.

In the gallery, the Sheriff is startled. He stands up.

SHERIFF

He's right! And I ain't told
that to a soul!

Tom goes for it:

TOM

(continuing)

Injun Joe and the Doc got into
a fight. Muff tried to break
it up and the Doc hit him with
a grave marker, knockin' him
cold.

Tom grabs the Bible and points it at Injun Joe.

TOM

Injun Joe took Muff's knife and
killed the Doc! It was Injun
Joe!

Injun Joe leaps up and throws his knife. It whistles
through the air. Tom lifts the Bible in front of his
face. The knife slams into the Bible -- WHAM! The blade
comes out on the other side -- an inch from Tom's nose!

The crowd screams.

Injun Joe charges across the room. He decks the
Prosecutor, elbows the Sheriff, head-butts Dobbins in the
nose -- and leaps out the window with a crash.

People yell and rush for the exits. Dobbins screams:

DOBBINS

My node! He broke my node!

Tom stares at the knife embedded in the Bible. Then he looks at Muff Potter. Muff grins at him, tears in his eyes, eternally grateful.

Hands grab Tom and lift him up. People come forward to congratulate him.

VOICES

'Atta boy, Tom! -- Tom's a
hero! -- Hurray for Tom! --
Hurray for Tom Sawyer!

The Defense Lawyer comes over and pats Tom on the shoulder...

DEFENSE LAWYER

Tom, you did the right thing
coming to me.

In all this confusion, Judge Thatcher nods to the Sheriff who unlocks Muff's chains. He's a free man!

CUT TO:

EXT. MISSISSIPPI - DOWNRIVER - DAY

A lazy stretch of the Big Muddy, about fifty miles south of Hannibal. Two flatboats pass each other, travelling in opposite directions. The FLATBOATMAN heading NORTH calls to the FLATBOATMAN heading SOUTH.

NORTH

Say! You been up to Hannibal?

SOUTH

Just left this mornin'!

NORTH

Did they hang Muff Potter yet?

SOUTH

You ain't heard? Muff didn't do it. It was Injun Joe murdered Doc Robinson. Tom Sawyer testified he seen Joe do the killin'.

The men are not aware that their conversation is being overheard by Huck Finn who lounges in a tree along the shoreline, smoking his pipe.

NORTH

I'll be damned.
 (then; a happy
 thought)
 Say! When they gonna hang
 Injun Joe? I'd pay money to
 see that!

SOUTH

Ain't gonna happen! Joe got
 away!

Huck feels his blood run cold.

NORTH

Lordy. I wouldn't want to be
 that Sawyer boy!

CUT TO:

INT. AUNT POLLY'S HOUSE - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

TICK -- TICK -- TICK -- the only sound we hear is the
 ticking of the grandfather clock in Aunt Polly's sitting
 room...

Aunt Polly is busy with her knitting. Tom sits in a
 straight chair reading a book about King Arthur's Knights
 -- but he can barely concentrate. Every CREAK, every BUMP
 triggers his worst fears. His eyes dart from window to
 window -- this is a boy who is terrified...

Sid sits nearby doing his multiplication tables. He's
 clearly enjoying Tom being spooked.

AUNT POLLY

(without looking
 up)

You boys lookin' forward to the
 Harvest Celebration tomorrow?

SID

I sure am.

Tom is silent.

AUNT POLLY

How 'bout you, Tom?

Tom shakes his head, sullenly.

AUNT POLLY

(continuing)

But you've been talking about
 it for months.

TOM
I don't think I'll be goin'
this year.

SID
(acting shocked)
Not going to the Harvest
Celebration??

TOM
Shut up, Sid.

AUNT POLLY
Tom, you shouldn't have to
worry. The whole town'll be
there -- safety in numbers, you
know.

SID
(suddenly sitting
up)
... Did you hear that?

TOM
(reacting)
Hear what?

SID
I heard something...

TOM
Where??

SID
Maybe the front door...

AUNT POLLY
Well go see!

Sid gets up and leaves the room.

HOLD on Tom as he hears the door open and close...

SID (O.S.)
(muffled)
One moment, please...

We hear FOOTSTEPS moving toward the sitting room...

Now Sid pokes his head into the room...

SID
(to Tom,
gleefully)
Oh, Tom -- there's an Indian
gentleman to see you.

Tom, furious, hurls a brocade pillow at Sid's head.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom lies awake in bed, eyes wide, staring into the darkness...

Sid is fast asleep in the next bed, snoring away.

The wind BLOWS -- a branch SNAPS in the tree outside the bedroom window.

Tom practically jumps out of his skin... Out of the corner of his eye, he steals a glance at the tree and sees, standing in the tree...

The SILHOUETTE of a man...

Tom freezes... Is it his imagination playing tricks on him again?

Another SNAP and then, a BUMP...

Tom does the only thing he can think of -- he buries his head under the covers...

ANGLE - THE WINDOW

As CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN, we discover there is, in fact, someone in the tree...

CLOSER ANGLE - THE WINDOW SILL

We see a grimy hand start to pry open the window. The window CREAKS...

UNDER THE COVERS

Tom shivers and then, very tentatively, pokes his head out from under the covers -- just in time to see...

A DARK FIGURE COMING THROUGH THE WINDOW

Tom bolts up and is about to scream when a dirty hand clamps over his mouth.

VOICE

Shhh...

Back lit against the window we see the silhouette of Huckleberry Finn.

HUCK
(whispering,
nasty)
Scared? You should be.

TOM
(catching his
breath)
Huck -- what are you doing??

Huck shoves the pine shingle in Tom's face -- their oath of secrecy.

HUCK
Remember this? _____

TOM
Yeah, but Huck...

HUCK
Accordin' to this, you should be dead and startin' to rot about now.

TOM
I had to help Muff. Not to help him woulda been wrong.

HUCK
You swore an oath. You swore.
Don't that mean anything?

-----TOM
Not if it's gonna end up hurtin' someone.

HUCK
Well, the "someone" that's gonna be hurt turns out to be you. And you better keep me out of it! This is your mess...

TOM
Huck... Wait... .

But in a flash, Huck is out the window and down the tree... And Tom is left alone in the dark.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

CLOSE on Tom running through a cornfield. At first, we think Tom is running from something. Then, we see that he's running toward...

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

The big Harvest Celebration is underway. This is a celebration that traces its roots to pagan times, combining aspects of the Harvest Home and All Hallow's Eve.

Food is everywhere. There are games and contests, played by children and adults. Kids bob for apples in tubs of water. A BAND plays popular songs. The whole town has turned out...

We FIND Old Tim who's entertaining a group of wide-eyed kids.

OLD TIM

If you go to the crossroads and
listen to the wind, you can
learn all the most important
things that will befall you in
the next twelve months.

MOVING THROUGH, we FIND Becky and a group of GIRLS are enacting an old superstitious rite to foretell your husband. The girls stand in line with eyes closed and chant:

BECKY AND GIRLS

"I sew hemp seed and he who is
to be my husband, let him come
and harrow it."

The girls toss seeds over their shoulders, giggling and enjoying their silliness.

GIRL IN CHARGE

Now turn and you shall see the
form of your husband.

The girls turn but there's only an empty field behind them. They laugh and go off to some other activity. Except for Becky. She hesitates. Suddenly, Tom emerges from the adjacent cornfield. He walks up to her...

TOM

(a shy smile)
Hello, Becky.

Becky lets out a gasp.

BECKY

Oh, no!

Embarrassed, Becky turn sand flees. Tom runs after her. He catches her but she won't look him in the eye.

TOM

What's wrong? Am I that bad to look at?

---BECKY

(blurting)

We're going to be married!

TOM

(shocked)

What?

Becky reacts to his expression.

BECKY

(miffed)

Well, you needn't look so disappointed. I don't like it any better than you do.

And with that, Becky runs off to join the other girls. Tom stands there, looking bewildered. Joe Harper joins him.

JOE

What's wrong with you?

TOM

I think I just got married and divorced at the same time.

Before Joe can question this, Old Tim shouts out to all the kids:

OLD TIM

Who's ready for the cave?

With whoops and cheers, the children assemble. Torches are handed out and Old Tim leads the throng up a trail toward t gaping hole in the side of the mountain -- MacDougal's Cave.

CUT TO:

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

The place is empty. Everyone's at the celebration. All but Emmett. He's loading a shovel and a pick into a burlap sack when he hears the door CREAK open. A shadow falls over Emmett and the bar.

EMMETT

—(as he turns)

Can't you read the sign? It
says we're clo...

Emmett cuts off in mid-word. The man standing in the doorway wears a long coat and a low slouch hat which conceals his face. He steps into the light. It's Injun Joe.

EMMETT

(continuing)

Joe!

INJUN JOE

(a knowing evil
smile)

Gonna do a little diggin'
without me?

EMMETT

(nervous; popping
sweat)

No, Joe. I was just gettin'
the tools ready for when you
came back. Boy, am I glad to
see you.

Injun Joe remains ice cold.

INJUN JOE

I don't think you're glad to
see me. I think you was gonna
go to Number Two under the
cross and get the treasure for
yourself.

EMMETT

Joe, I wouldn't cheat you.

Emmett's eyes lower to the gun he keeps under the bar. He moves closer to it.

INJUN JOE

That's right. You wouldn't
cheat me. 'Cause you're smart
enough to know that if you
did...

Emmett goes for the gun. But his fingers never reach it. Injun Joe's knife comes sailing like a missile and embeds itself in Emmett's chest. Emmett falls to the floor, dead.

INJUN JOE
 (continuing; a
 deadly grin)
 ... I'd have to kill you.

CUT TO:

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The adults carry torches and are busy exploring the beautiful ancient Indian hieroglyphics on the cave walls. The children carry candles and are busy running and chasing each other in the forechambers, their LAUGHTER booming and ECHOING all over.

Judge Thatcher calls to Becky who is playing tag with her girlfriends.

THATCHER
 Be careful, Rebecca.

OLD TIM
 Remember, kids, stay to the
 forechambers!

Becky races around a stone column and runs into Tom.

TOM
 (mocking tone)
 Be careful, Rebecca. Stay to
 the forechambers with the other
 children, Rebecca.

Becky gives him a look.

BECKY
 I'll go where I please.

Becky looks off to a dark, foreboding tunnel. She calls out to Suzy Harper.

BECKY
 (continuing)
 Come on, Suzy! Let's go down
 that tunnel.

Suzy gives the tunnel a quick glance.

SUZY
 Not me!

Suzy runs off. Becky's eyes shift nervously, aware that Tom is watching her.

BECKY
 Maybe I'll go down it myself.

Becky looks at Tom. He smirks.

TOM

I dare ya.

That's all she has to hear. Angry, pride taking over, Becky picks up a lantern someone has left on a rock and storms off into the dark tunnel.

As Becky enters the tunnel, her look of defiance becomes a look of dread, but she doesn't let Tom see it.

Tom is surprised by her boldness. And impressed. He follows her. He doesn't hear Old Tim and the other adults calling to all the children.

OLD TIM

Okay! Time to go!

CUT TO:

EXT. ABOVE MACDOUGAL'S CAVE - NIGHT

Higher up on the mountain, Injun Joe lugs the sack containing pick and shovel.

INJUN JOE - SEEN FROM A DISTANCE

This seems like someone's POV. Injun Joe slogs along. From the valley below, the MUSIC drifts up, eerily. Joe arrives at a secret entrance to the caves -- a small opening hidden by the surrounding foliage. He disappears within.

ANGLE - HUCK

Huck moves out from behind a boulder. It's clear he's been following Injun Joe... He hesitates for a moment, torn as to what to do -- struggling with his feelings and his fears...

CUT TO:

INT. CAVE - SATAN'S CATHEDRAL

Tom and Becky step into an enormous cavern with a small creek running through it. The banks of the creek are encrusted with a frostwork of glittering crystals. Becky is awestruck.

BECKY

It's beautiful.

Tom shrugs, pretending to be aloof and unimpressed.

TOM

I've been here plenty of times.
It's called Satan's Cathedral.

Becky gives him a look.

BECKY

Well, I'll find a cavern you
haven't been to and I'll name
it myself.

Becky crosses the cavern, headed for another tunnel.

CUT TO:

INT. CAVE - PASSAGE WAY

Injun Joe makes his way down a dark passage, moving toward
the bowels of the cave...

CUT TO:

EXT. CAVE

All the children scramble out, covered in mud and slime
but happy as can be. Old Tim says to the Welshman:

OLD TIM

That's the last of 'em as far
as I can see.

The Welshman pats Old Tim on the back as they follow the
others downhill.

CUT TO:

INT. CAVE

Becky enters another huge cavern. It is filled with
stalactites and stalagmites that shine from the light of
Becky's lantern.

BECKY

This one's even more beautiful.

TOM

(as he enters;
blase)

We call it Aladdin's Palace.

Becky glares at him. Tom smiles. Then, wanting to
impress her, he cups his hands over his mouth.

TOM
(continuing)
Hellooooo!

His voice ECHOES across the cavern.

CUT TO:

INT. CAVE - TUNNEL

Injun Joe, stooped over in a low tunnel, reacts to the distant sound of a HUMAN VOICE somewhere in the cave...

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD

Aunt Polly meets Judge Thatcher in front of the bonfire.

AUNT POLLY
Hello, Judge.

THATCHER
Miss Polly.

AUNT POLLY
I was wondering if you've seen Tom.

THATCHER
Why, no. Last time I saw him he was with Rebecca. They were chasing around in the cave.
(looking around)
I thought they came out with everybody else but I don't see them.

Sheriff Hicks comes running up, frightened and out of breath.

THATCHER
(continuing)
What is it, Sheriff? What's wrong?

SHERIFF
Judge, I was making my rounds in town when I seen the door to the tavern standing open. I went inside and there he was -- Emmett -- lying there deader than a mackerel -- with a big knife-hole in his heart.

THATCHER

A knife, you say?

SHERIFF

Only one man can throw a knife
like that.

Polly grips Thatcher's arm.

AUNT POLLY

Injun Joe! He's come back to
get his revenge on Tom!

THATCHER

(realizing)

And if Becky's with him...

(then; quickly)

We've got to find them!

INT. CAVE - ALADDIN'S PALACE

Tom and Becky both holler. Their VOICES ECHO and bounce
off the walls. They yell louder, having a great time.

Suddenly, a loud RUMBLING ricochets around the cavern.
Tom stops yelling, a look of concern on his face. Becky
yells again. Tom grabs her.

TOM

Stop, Becky!

BECKY

You don't tell me what to do.

(shouting)

Hellooooo!

TOM

No, Becky --

Too late. A group of huge boulders are jarred loose and
CRASH down into the cavern. Tom grabs Becky and pulls her
out of the way of the avalanche.

CUT TO:

INT. CAVE - SMALL CHAMBER

While moving through a small chamber, Injun Joe hears the
SOUNDS of the avalanche. He quickly darts into an
adjoining tunnel...

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD

Judge Thatcher is organizing a group of men to return to the caves. They are lighting torches, cocking rifles, etc.

THATCHER

Those of you with wives and children, make sure they're safe. The rest of you -- with me. My daughter and Tom Sawyer may still be in the caves.

Old Tim steps forward.

OLD TIM

I'll lead ya, Judge.

THATCHER

(a nod of thanks)

Let's go.

With Old Tim in front, they set off, torches blazing.

INT. ALADDIN'S PALACE

Amid the settled rubble, Tom and Becky see that the way out is sealed off.

BECKY

Oh, Tom, we're trapped.

TOM

Don't you worry, Becky. We'll find a way out.

BECKY

How?

Tom holds up his candle. A breeze blows. The candle flickers.

TOM

(pointing)

This way.

They move around a large outcropping of rocks and find a small tunnel. The wind blows their hair. Tom's candle goes out. He takes the lantern from Becky.

Tom and Becky look at each other. Becky takes Tom's hand... and they enter the tunnel.

CUT TO:

EXT. MACDOUGAL'S CAVE

A procession of torches approaches the mouth of the cave. Old Tim leads the way.

INT. CAVE - TUNNEL

Tom and Becky run down a spooky passage, yelling:

TOM AND BECKY
Help! Help! Can anybody hear
us?

They round a corner -- and run right over a skeleton. CRUNCHING its bones. Becky screams. Tom guides his candle to illuminate the skeleton.

The skeleton is holding a rusty cutlass and there's an eyepatch still in place over the skull. Tom can't contain his delight.

TOM
One-Eye Murrell!

INT. CAVE

Old Tim leads the search party into Satan's Cathedral. He notices a cloud of dust wafting out of a connecting tunnel.

OLD TIM
Oh, Lordy.

THATCHER
What's it mean?

OLD TIM
There's been a cave-in.

On Judge Thatcher's stricken look, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. ANOTHER CAVERN

Tom is carrying Murrell's rusty cutlass as he and Becky come into the next chamber where a waterfall cascades down from the ceiling and into a black hole.

TOM
Well, at least we got water.
You thirsty?

Becky shakes her head "no." She points to the lantern in Tom's hand. The candle inside is almost a stub.

BECKY

This is all the light we've got. When this goes out... it'll go dark forever.

TOM

Don't worry, Becky.
Everything's gonna be just --

Tom sees something and stops.

Behind the waterfall, something seems to be moving.

Becky turns to look...

Very slowly, something comes through the center of the waterfall. It's a watery face! The water slowly forms around the face, then spreads to reveal...

TOM

(continuing)

Injun Joe!

The waterfall explodes as Injun Joe leaps through it -- carrying a torch which bursts into sparks but continues to burn.

INJUN JOE

(a shout from
hell)

Tom Sawyer!

Tom grabs Becky and they race into another tunnel. Behind them, Injun Joe hits the ground. He looks to see which way they went and follows.

INT. TUNNEL

Tom and Becky run as if chased by the Devil himself. Up ahead is a junction. Tom chooses a direction and they disappear into the darkness.

Seconds later, Injun Joe arrives. He stops, cocks his head to one side, trying to hear their FOOTSTEPS. But the ECHOES are confusing here.

EXT. MACDOUGAL'S CAVE

The search party emerges. Aunt Polly and others rush forward to get the news. Judge Thatcher, stoic, goes to Polly, takes her by the arms.

THATCHER

There's been a cave-in.

AUNT POLLY

Oh, no.

THATCHER

The children may be all right.
Tim says there are other ways
in and out.

Polly is a strong woman but this is too much.

AUNT POLLY

If I lose him again, I don't
know what I'll do.

INT. ENORMOUS CAVERN

Tom and Becky arrive in the most spectacular chamber of
all. It is a large cliff, overhanging a bottomless abyss.

As they enter, a cloud of bats suddenly flap to life and
dive-bomb them.

Becky screams. Tom pulls her close and they duck as the
bats flutter past and disappear.

Then, all is quiet.

Tom straightens up and then he sees it in the lantern
light -- on the wall nearby has been carved a big Roman
Numeral "II."

—TOM

(realizing)

Number Two!

Tom swings the lantern. There is a large rock formation
on the far wall, shaped like a cross.

TOM

(continuing)

Under the cross!

BECKY

What are you talking about?

Tom notices a jagged incline that leads upward toward a
small hole in the cave ceiling. Through the hole, we see
blue sky. They've found the way out.

TOM

Becky -- look!

She sees it, her heart soaring.

TOM
(continuing)
Go on. I'm right behind you.

Becky scrambles up the incline. Tom runs over to the area under the cross. He sees freshly dug earth. Tom drops to his knees and begins to dig frantically with the rusty cutlass, scooping out dirt until it strikes a hard object. The chest. Murrell's treasure.

Becky has reached the hole in the ceiling, realizes Tom is still below.

BECKY
(calling back)

Tom!

TOM
(shouts back)
Find your father! Bring him back!

Becky hesitates.

BECKY
Tom...

TOM
Hurry!

Becky is gone.

Tom grabs the chest, starts to lift it out when he is struck from behind. Tom goes sprawling.

Injun Joe looms over Tom, a wicked grin spreading across his satanic features.

INJUN JOE
Looks like I get it all. the
treasure and you.

Injun Joe draws his knife. Tom swings the rusty cutlass into Joe's leg. The half-breed lets out a cry of pain and staggers back.

Tom gets to his feet. He charges Injun Joe but Joe backhands him.

Tom hits the ground, losing his grip on the cutlass. It skitters across the cave floor.

Knife in one hand, Joe pounces. He grabs Tom by the neck and raises his blade, when:

VOICE FROM BEHIND
Get your hands off my friend!

Injun Joe turns in surprise. He looks up. Huck Finn stands on the rocks above him.

INJUN JOE
What the...

Huck launches himself into space and lands with both feet on Injun Joe's chest. Joe goes flying, skidding across the slick cave floor, stopping an inch from the cliff's edge.

Huck hovers over Tom who grins at him through his pain.

TOM
Huck.

Injun Joe is on his feet, his knife flashing in the light of the lantern. He gapes at Huck.

INJUN JOE
I know you. You're Pap Finn's
boy -- Blueberry!

Huck gives Joe a deadly look and corrects him:

HUCK
Huckleberry.

Injun Joe advances, knife gleaming.

INJUN JOE
Your old man was the best
knife-fighter on the
Mississippi. Did he teach you?

Huck whips out his knife.

HUCK
He taught me.

INJUN JOE
Then let's see what you got...
river trash.

Huck's eyes flash and narrow to mean slits.

HUCK
(through clenched
teeth)
I ain't river trash.

Injun Joe and Huck go at it.

As Tom watches, Huck wields his knife with great skill, dueling Injun Joe back-and-forth, both moving closer, ever closer to the cliff's edge. Joe's knife slashes at Huck's clothing but Huck holds his own.

INJUN JOE

(as he fights)

You got guts, boy. And in a minute, they're gonna be on the ground.

Huck fights valiantly but he's a boy and Injun Joe is a man. With his free hand, Joe explodes a fist off Huck's jaw and the boy goes flying, losing his knife.

Huck lands on the cave floor, stunned. Injun Joe raises his knife to throw it.

INJUN JOE

(continuing)

It's over, boy. I never miss.

That's when Tom shouts from behind:

TOM

Let's see you hit this!

Injun Joe whirls around and is horrified to see that Tom is holding the treasure chest over his head, preparing to hurl it over the cliff and into the abyss. Joe lets out a cry from the bottom of his soul...

JOE

No!!!

... and charges Tom.

Tom hurls the chest into the air and Injun Joe (in SLOW MOTION) makes a spectacular dive for it, arms outstretched. In mid-air, Joe catches the chest in his arms and hugs it to his body only to realize that Tom has tricked him into leaping over the edge of the cliff.

With a scream on his lips, Injun Joe falls to his doom.

It's over. Tom crosses to Huck and helps him up.

TOM

What made you come back?

HUCK

(shrugs)

Seemed like the right thing to do.. Maybe we are friends, after all.

Fair enough. The two boys venture to the cliff's edge.

HUCK

Well, I guess Injun Joe got his treasure.

TOM

Did he?

(a grin)

You don't think I could have lifted that chest with all those coins in it, do you?

Tom indicates the spot where he dumped out the entire treasure. The gold and silver coins sparkle. They sparkle almost as brightly as the eyes of Tom and Huck.

There is a loud CLAMOR from above.

VOICES

Tom! Tom, are you all right?

The boys look up to discover a sea of concerned faces peering down from the hole in the ceiling. Becky, Judge Thatcher, Old Tim and Aunt Polly. Even Sid.

Seeing all the people, Huck retreats into the shadows but Tom grabs his arm and brings him back into the light.

The townspeople marvel at the strange-looking boy.

SID

Who's that?

TOM

(with pride)

Huck Finn! Not only did he save my life but he's one of the two richest boys in the county!

Huck looks at Tom in surprise.

SID

Who's the other one?

TOM

(a big grin)

You're lookin' at him.

Tom steps aside to allow the sun to shine on Murrell's treasure. As the others gasp, Tom looks at Huck and winks at him. Huck breaks into a big grin -- it's the first time we've ever seen him smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABOVE MACDOUGAL'S CAVE - DAY

Nearly the entire town has converged around the hole to the cave... Even Muff Potter is there.

Now, Tom and Huck emerge from the hole lugging their gold in sacks. As the boys appear a loud ROAR erupts from the crowd...

There is much back slapping and embracing: Tom and Huck; Tom and Aunt Polly; Tom and Becky...

Now, the Widow Douglas confronts Huck...

WIDOW DOUGLAS

Young man, what's to become of you? Have you begun to think about your future?

HUCK

(shakes his head)

No, ma'am -- never had one.

WIDOW DOUGLAS

Well, you've got one now and you'd best begin.

MUFF

(shouting out)

Three cheers! Three cheers for the bravest boys in Hannibal!

As the crowd begins to CHEER...

CUT TO:

EXT. HANNIBAL - MAIN STREET - DAY

CAMERA IS CLOSE on the front page of the local paper, hanging in the window of the newspaper office.

The headline reads: "TOM SAWYER, HERO -- BOYS DISCOVER LOST TREASURE."

PULL BACK to reveal Tom looking at the headline. He is all duded up in new clothes, playing the role of reluctant celebrity but loving every minute. We don't see who he's talking to.

TOM

Bein' a rich hero ain't all it's cracked up to be.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)
-- People after you all the
time... wantin' to meet you and
shake your hand... borrow
money. You never get no time
for yourself.

Tom turns away from the headline and saunters down the
boardwalk, We WIDEN to show that he's being followed by a
group of admirers -- little kids, not a one of them over
five years old. Tom's fan-club.

TOM
(continuing)
Then there's all the social
obligations...

Judge Thatcher and Becky ride by in their carriage.

Becky calls to Tom:

BECKY
Don't forget, Tom. You
promised to take me to Suzy's
birthday party! Three o'clock
sharp!

Tom smiles and waves back obediently, now the henpecked
boyfriend.

TOM
I'll be there, Becky!

But as soon as Becky's out of sight, Tom turns gloomy.

TOM
(continuing)
And the worst part -- even Sid
is bein' nice to me.
(sighs)
Tell the truth, if I had it to
do over again, I'd rather have
my freedom instead of money and
fame.

Tom catches sight of himself in a window reflection.

TOM
(continuing)
You wouldn't catch Huck Finn in
a silly get-up like this!

Tom reaches a decision. He takes off his new jacket, rips
off his collar and tie, pulls off his boots and socks and
thrusts them on the kids.

Liberated, Tom is off and running toward the hills above Hannibal.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Tom is shouting happily as he runs.

TOM
Huck! Hey, Huck!

EXT. HUCK'S CAMP

Tom bursts into the clearing and is startled to discover a WELL-DRESSED BOY poking through Huck's possessions. The boy's back is turned to CAMERA.

TOM
(indignant)
Hey! What are you doin' here?

BOY
(over his
shoulder)
Takin' one last look. That
okay with you?

The Boy turns and stands. It's Huck Finn, magically transformed. His hair is cut and combed. His face is scrubbed. His suit is brand new. He's almost unrecognizable.

TOM
(can't believe
it)
Huck?

Tom approaches him, gaping.

HUCK
(wanting Tom's
approval)
What do you think?

TOM
I think one of us has lost his
mind.

HUCK
The Widow Douglas is gonna
adopt me.

TOM
The Widow? Well, she's okay.
But, Huck...

HUCK
What?

Tom indicates the camp.

TOM
You're givin' this up? Movin'—
to town?

HUCK
Why not?

TOM
The next thing you're gonna
tell me is you want to go to
school.

HUCK
I start tomorrow mornin'.

Tom looks like he's been hit with a brick.

TOM
(weakly)
I gotta sit down.

Tom lowers himself into Huck's "throne," sadly shaking his head.

TOM
(continuing)
Huck, you're the last person in
the world I ever expected to
get civilized.

HUCK
I done a lot of things, Tom.
But I ain't never been
civilized. I figger it'll be
kind of an adventure.

TOM
Oh, Huck... Huck... say it
ain't so.

HUCK
(looks around)
I gotta get goin'. Promised
the Widow I'd take her to the
church social.

TOM
(in disbelief)
Church social?

Huck nods. Tom snaps. He goes ballistic.

TOM
(continuing)
That's it! That tears it! You want to turn into a town boy, go ahead. I ain't gonna stop you! But I'm stayin' right here. I'm gonna live here in the open like a free man! And I ain't never goin' back! Somebody's gotta carry on!

Tom folds his arms across his chest, determined not to budge. Huck regards him, hiding a sly smile.

HUCK
Suit yourself, Tom. I hope it works out for you.... what with Winter comin' and all. Yep, looks like it's gonna be a cold one.

Huck turns to go, hesitates.

HUCK
(continuing)
Well, if you change your mind, you know where to find me.

TOM
And you know where to find me!

Huck walks off through the trees and down the hill toward Hannibal. Tom watches him, stewing, shaking his head, seething with righteous indignation.

Tom turns to the audience, utterly confident:

TOM
(continuing)
Don't worry. He'll be back.

That's when a cold breeze WHISTLES through the trees. Tom shivers, thinking "Winter." He frowns at Huck disappearing down the hill.

TOM

(continuing)

Look at him. He won't stand a chance down there. He'll be lost like a babe in the woods with nobody to show him the tricks. And nobody knows 'em as good as me.

Tom starts to go after Huck, reacts to the audience.

TOM

(continuing)

Don't gimme that look. I'm makin' a major sacrifice here.

Tom runs down the hill calling:

TOM

(continuing)

Huck! Hey, Huck! Wait up!

Huck turns and waits as Tom runs down the hill to join him.

HUCK

You comin' along?

TOM

I guess I got to. Somebody's gotta look out for you... Civilization can be a dangerous place...

HUCK

(nods)

... Turtle guts. Frog slime.

TOM

(smiles)

Chicken and hens...

They laugh...

CAMERA RISES AND FRAMES the two boys, the town and the river beyond in one of Huck's empty picture frames. We HOLD on his shot as Tom and Huck walk down the hill to Hannibal, figures in a landscape, friends forever.

FADE OUT.

THE END