



HUCKLEBERRY FINN: PART I

CAST

NARRATOR	<i>Huck Narrating</i>
HUCK	<i>Half-Orphaned Boy</i>
WIDOW	<i>Kindly, Old Woman</i>
WATSON	<i>Widow's Sister</i>
TOM	<i>Young Rascal</i>
JIM	<i>Miss Watson's Slave</i>
BEN	<i>St. Petersburg Boy</i>
JO	<i>St. Petersburg Boy</i>

NARRATOR: You don't know about me unless you have read a book by the name of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*—but that ain't no matter. That book was made by Mr. Mark Twain, and he told the truth...mainly. There was things which he stretched, but mainly he told the truth. That is nothing. I never seen anybody but lied one time or another.

Now the way that book winds up is this—Tom and me found some money that

some no-good robbers had hid in a cave, and it made us rich. We got six thousand dollars apiece—all gold. It was an awful sight of money when it was piled up.

Judge Thatcher took that money from us and put it out at interest. That way it fetched us one dollar a day, all the year round. Well, that was more than a body knew what to do with.

The Widow Douglas, a kindly, old lady about town, took me for a son and allowed she would sivilize me.

WIDOW: Oh, Huckleberry, you poor, little lamb! You'll come home and live with me!

NARRATOR: But it was rough living in the house all the time, considering how dismal regular and decent the widow was in all her ways. When I couldn't stand it no longer, I lit out. I got into my old rags and moved back into my sugar barrel again and was free and satisfied. But Tom Sawyer he hunted me up.

TOM: What you doin', Huck? What do you mean by runnin' away from the widow like that?

HUCK: Tom, she was dressin' me up in those stiflin' clothes and makin' me take a bath near every week. Ain't natural.

TOM: C'mon, Huck. I'm startin' a band of robbers. You can join up with us if you're livin' with the widow and bein' respectable.

NARRATOR: So I went back.

WIDOW: (*weeping*) Oh, Huckleberry! The Good Lord has brought you back to me!

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NARRATOR: The widow, she cried over me and called me a poor lost lamb. She called me a lot of other names, too, but she never meant no harm by it. She put me in them new clothes again, and I couldn't do nothing but sweat and sweat and feel all cramped up.

WIDOW: We'll just pretend like none of that other trouble ever happened. Now wash up for supper.

HUCK: *(to himself)* Wash up? Hmph.

NARRATOR: Well, then, the old thing commenced again. The widow rung a bell for supper, and you had to come on time.

WIDOW: Not yet, Huckleberry. First, we must say grace. *(praying)* Lord, bless this food we are about to receive and bless our dear, little Huckleberry.

NARRATOR: Before you eat, you had to wait for the widow to tuck down her head and grumble a little over the vittles—though there warn't really anything the matter with them. Then after supper the widow got out her book.

WIDOW: Now, let's read a little from the Good Book. Huckleberry, have you ever heard the story about Moses in the bulrushes?

HUCK: No, ma'am.

NARRATOR: So she learned me about Moses and the bulrushes, and I was in a sweat to find out all about him.

HUCK: *(excitedly)* Shucks! This Moses sure did do the adventurin'. Where does he live now, ma'am?

WIDOW: Well, he doesn't live. He died hundreds of years ago.

HUCK: Oh.

NARRATOR: Turns out, Moses has been dead a considerable long time. So then I didn't care no more about him because I don't take no stock in dead people.

HUCK: Time for a smoke. Will you let me?

WIDOW: *(shocked)* Good heavens, no, child! It's a mean practice, and it ain't clean! You must try not to do it anymore.

NARRATOR: That is just the way with some people. Here she was a-bothering about Moses, which was no kin to her, and no use to anybody, being dead, you see, yet finding fault with me for doing a thing that had some good in it.

HUCK: Don't you take snuff?

WIDOW: I do, Huckleberry. But that's plumb different!

NARRATOR: The widow was just half the trouble. Her sister, Miss Watson, a tolerable slim old maid with goggles on, had just come to live with her.

WATSON: Oh my! Looks like I came just in time! This poor child cannot read nor write, I suspect.

NARRATOR: Now Miss Watson took a set at me with a spelling-book. She worked me

middling hard for about an hour, but it was deadly dull, and I was fidgety.

WATSON: Don't put your feet up there, Huckleberry!

HUCK: Yes'm.

WATSON: Don't scrunch up like that, Huckleberry! Set up straight!

HUCK: Yes'm.

WATSON: Don't gap and stretch like that, Huckleberry! Why don't you try to behave?

NARRATOR: Then the widow made her ease up a bit on me. I couldn't stand it much longer. Then Miss Watson told me all about the bad place.

WATSON: Have you ever heard of "the bad place," Huckleberry? Hell? It's a fiery pit—a place of eternal punishment for lost souls!

HUCK: I wish I was there.

WATSON: (*screeching*) What? Lord, help this child!

HUCK: I didn't mean no harm. All I want was to go somewhere other than here. I'm not particular.

WATSON: Huckleberry, it's plumb wicked to say what you just said! I wouldn't say it for the whole world! I'm going to live my life so that I go to heaven—to the good place.

NARRATOR: Well, I couldn't see no advantage in going where she was going, so

I made up my mind I wouldn't try for it. But I never said so, because it would only make trouble and wouldn't do no good. Now she had got a start, and she went on and told me all about the good place.

WATSON: (*happily*) Oh, heaven will be wonderful! All you have to do is play your harp and sing, forever and ever.

NARRATOR: I didn't think much of it, but I never said so.

HUCK: You reckon Tom Sawyer will go to heaven?

WATSON: Ha! Not by a considerable sight!

NARRATOR: I was glad about that because I wanted him and me to be together. Miss Watson, she kept pecking at me, and it got tiresome and lonesome.

WIDOW: Well, I suspect it's time for our evening prayers.

NARRATOR: By and by they fetched the slaves in and had prayers, and then everybody was off to bed. I went up to my room with a piece of candle and put it on the table. Then I set down in a chair by the window and tried to think of something cheerful, but it warn't no use.

HUCK: (*sigh*) I feel so lonesome I wish I was dead.

NARRATOR: The stars were shining, and the leaves rustled in the woods ever so mournful. (*hooting of an owl*) Then I heard an owl, away off, who-whooping about somebody that was dead and a whipporwill