

# Treasure Island

**By Alex Bryant**

**Adapted from the novel by Robert Louis Stephenson**

# Treasure Island

Runtime: 80 mins

Cast size: 35-65. 47 M, 1 XF, plus or minus 15

*XF: Written as female, but possible to change with minimal adjustments to script*

## Introduction

Treasure Island is of course an adaptation of the classic Robert Louis Stevenson adventure. Changes from the original include simplifying the language and narrative, replacing all alcohol references with coffee (it works surprisingly well), and increasing the supernatural mood of the play in the form of Captain Flint's spectre. It features a huge and very flexible pirate ensemble, making this play suitable for large groups. The plot features many simultaneously unfolding adventures, so is easy to rehearse in multiple separate classes or groups. It will most appeal to an age range of 5-12. It calls for an almost entirely male cast, though because of this is just as fun for a mixed or all-female group. It calls for lots of action and combat scenes, so would work well in conjunction with a stage combat workshop. The parts vary in size, but are as evenly spread as possible, with multiple big roles, to ease line learning pressure, and even the smallest roles are written to allow those actors a moment of glory!

The play takes place in three broad locations: England, the Hispaniola, and Treasure Island, in turn. Major set changes can happen between these three locations, with sub-locations easy to evoke with minor set changes.

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But if you don't get around to doing anything, PLEASE let me know that you're staging this script, because it'd make me happy to know that it's getting put to good use.

## Synopsis

*Fifteen men on a dead man's chest...*

Those were the last words uttered by legendary pirate Captain Flint, but few dare speak them now. But to Jim, a humble innkeeper's son, those words are a call to adventure. Jim's dreams of a life at sea come true sooner than he imagines when grizzled sailor Billy Bones dies in mysterious circumstances, entrusting Jim with a weathered treasure map. Jim finds himself swept up in a voyage across the high seas to recover Flint's untold fortunes. But Flint's former crew, led by the dastardly Long John Silver, have not forgotten the treasure and are willing to do whatever it takes to find it first. As both sides battle with spirits, savages, and long-kept secrets, their fate will be decided on Treasure Island.

## **Character list**

*The script in its current form is written for the largest possible speaking cast size. It is written to allow for many groups of pirates, all on the same ship, who nonetheless feature in separate scenes so can be rehearsed completely separately. Those groups are given in the cast list below.*

*For even larger casts, the group scenes can always be stretched to include more characters. For smaller casts, the roles of Blandly and Taylor can be combined with those of Dance, Kitt, and Dogger; the roles of Abraham, Glen, Harry, and the other Regulars can be combined with other pirates (I would suggest using Group 2). For a more drastic cast size and play length reduction, scenes 2, 3, and 6b, with the characters of Pew, Black Dog, Johnny, Dance, Kitt, and Dogger, can be omitted.*

## **MEN OF HONOUR**

Jim Hawkins (Main, M) Honourable and courageous hero, with a strong sense of duty. Jim yearns for adventure and excitement in his life, but gets more than he bargained for when he stumbles across a treasure map.

Squire John Trelawney (Big, M) Pampered local squire, better suited to hunting than to seafaring. Self-appointed admiral of the Hispaniola.

Captain Alexander Smollett (Big, M) Sharp and uncompromising captain of the Hispaniola, not afraid to cause offence. Militaristic in all his words and actions.

Dr David Livesey (Big, M) Starchy but sensible ship's doctor. A blend of Trelawney and Smollett, forced to mediate between them.

Joyce (Big, M) Trelawney's giddy and excitable butler.

Redruth (Medium, M) Trelawney's laconic and mysterious footman.

Ben Gunn (Big, M): Sun-struck maroon with many hidden talents.

## **LAND LUBBERS**

Billy Bones (Medium, M) Paranoid former quartermaster on Captain Flint's crew.

Eyepatch, cut on check, pigtail.

Mother (Medium, XF): Firm and frugal landlord of the Admiral Benbow Inn. Undaunted by vagabonds, Mother does whatever she has to do get her dues.

Blandly (Small, M) Smug and sarcastic regular at the Admiral Benbow.

Taylor (Small, M) Pompous local doctor.

Blind Pew (Medium, M) Crooked, blind buccaneer.

Black Dog (Medium, M) aggressive, weaselly buccaneer. Missing two fingers of his left hand.

Johnny (Medium, M) Simple-minded, greedy buccaneer.

Mr Dance (Small, M) dashing police supervisor

Mr Kitt (Small, M) noble lieutenant

Mr Dogger (Small, M) excitable young ensign

Abraham Gray (Small, M) Wily bartender at the Spyglass Tavern

Patrick (Small, M) Helpful Spyglass regular

Glen (Small, M) Speedy Spyglass regular

Harry (Small, M) Loyal Spyglass regular

Regulars x 4+ (Non-speaking, M) *Four or more non-speaking REGULARS can be added in Scene 6.*

## **PIRATES**

Long John Silver (Main, M): Villainous but charismatic pirate captain. Ship's cook aboard the Hispaniola. Silver's kindly and harmless demeanour belies a ruthless cunning. Nevertheless, he has a soft spot for Jim.

Cap'n (Medium, M) Overly talkative parrot and faithful friend to Long John Silver. *Where there are no directions, assume that Cap'n is close by Silver at all times; have him appear to settle on Silver's shoulder occasionally too!*

Captain Flint (Medium, M): Sinister shade that haunts his former crew and claims each of their souls for his own. Glides around, invisible to all except those he is about to kill. *Flint's appearance can be genuinely scary, so this part may need to be toned down for some groups. In most of Flint's appearances he is followed by a growing line of characters who have died in previous scenes; if this is too logistically complex, he can just enter alone and leave with those characters who have died in the current scene.*

**PIRATE GROUP 1** (Scenes 9, 15, 16)

George Merry (Medium, M): hot-blooded lieutenant with a long-standing grudge against Silver.

Tom Morgan (Medium, M) Old mahogany sea-dog.

Job Anderson (Medium, M) Weathered pirate with one screw loose.

Alan (Medium, M) Nervous young pirate.

Dick (Medium, M) weak-hearted young seaman.

Allardyce (Non-speaking, M) The body of Flint's first victim.

Skeletons x 5 (Non-speaking, M) The bodies of Flint's next victims. *Can be played by stagehands, or cut.*

**PIRATE GROUP 2** (Scenes 7, 8, 10b)

Darby McGraw (Small, M)

Peter Scudamore (Small, M)

Bartholomew Roberts (Small, M)

Howell Davis (Small, M)

William Kidd (Small, M)

Edmund Teach (Small, M)

*Any number of additional non-speaking PIRATES can be added to these scenes.*

**PIRATE GROUP 3** (Scenes 11a, 12a)

John Hunter (Non-speaking, M) Unlucky gunner. *Can be played by a stagehand, who can supervise the onstage setup of the cannon!*

Israel Hands (Medium, M) Arrogant and short-tempered coxswain.

Harry O'Brien (Medium, M) Thick and irritable lookout.

## Scene character list

*This list is provided to help keep track of who is needed in which scene. Names in brackets are characters who are present, with minimal roles.*

1. THE LEGEND  
Jim, Mother, Bones, Blandly, Taylor, Kitt, Dogger, Dance, Flint
2. THE THREAT
  - a. Jim, Black Dog, Johnny, Pew, Bones
  - b. Jim, Bones, Flint
  - c. Jim, Mother, (Bones)
3. THE CONFRONTATION
  - a. Jim, Mother, Pew, Black Dog, Johnny
  - b. Jim, Mother, Pew, Black Dog, Johnny, Dance, Kitt, Dogger
  - c. Bones, Pew, Flint
4. A TREASURE MAP  
Jim, Trelawney, Dance, Kitt, Dogger, Livesey, Joyce
5. THE PORT  
Jim, Trelawney
6. AT THE SPYGLASS INN
  - a. Jim, Silver, Cap'n, Harry, Patrick (Abraham, Black Dog, Johnny, Regulars)
  - b. Jim, Silver, Black Dog, Johnny, (Regulars)
  - c. Jim, Silver, Morgan, Glen, Harry, Abraham, (Regulars)
7. SETTING SAIL
  - a. Smollett, Trelawney, Livesey, (McGraw, Scudamore, Roberts, Davis, Kidd, Teach)
  - b. Smollett, McGraw, Scudamore, Roberts, Davis, Kidd, Teach
8. LIFE AT SEA  
Jim, Silver, Cap'n, Joyce, Trelawney, Livesey, Smollett, (McGraw, Scudamore, Roberts, Davis, Kidd, Teach)
9. THE PLOT  
Jim, Silver, Cap'n, Merry, Job, Morgan, Alan, Dick
10. THE MUTINY
  - a. Jim, Smollett, Trelawney, Livesey, Joyce, Redruth
  - b. Smollett, Trelawney, Livesey, Joyce, Redruth, McGraw, Scudamore, Roberts, Davis, Kidd, Teach
  - c. Smollett, Trelawney, Livesey, Joyce, Redruth
11. FLEEING THE HISPANIOLA
  - a. Smollett, Trelawney, Livesey, Joyce, Hunter, Hands, O'Brien
  - b. Flint, The Dead
12. RECOVERING THE HISPANIOLA
  - a. Jim, Hands, O'Brien
  - b. Flint, The Dead
13. THE NEGOTIATION  
Smollett, Trelawney, Livesey, Joyce, Silver, Cap'n
14. THE MAROON  
Jim, Gunn
15. CAPTURED  
Jim, Silver, Cap'n, Morgan, Dick, Job, Merry, Alan
16. X MARKS THE SPOT
  - a. Jim, Silver, Cap'n, Morgan, Dick, Job, Merry, Alan, Gunn, (Allardyce, Skeletons)
  - b. Jim, Silver, Cap'n, Morgan, Dick, Job, Merry, Alan

- c. Jim, Silver, Cap'n, Gunn
  - d. Flint, The Dead
17. THE TREASURE CAVE
- a. Jim, Silver, Cap'n, Gunn, Trelawney, Livesey, Smollett, Joyce
  - b. Jim, Silver, Cap'n
  - c. Silver, Cap'n, Flint

### **Derelict, by Young Ewing Allison**

This poem was inspired by the refrain that Captain Flint was said to have sung on his deathbed. Flint's refrain features heavily in this adaptation, as he sings it to summon the dead to follow him. At his last appearance, he and all the dead sing an extract of this poem. I'd recommend taking the first, second, and last verses, and of course changing the last line of each to "Yo ho yo ho and a cappuccino!". You might also want to adapt the poem to be less gory.

At each appearance, the number of men on the dead man's chest increases in line with the play's body count. If you change the cast size, you may need to adjust the song lyrics a little too.

In my version, lines of the poem were rapped by each the dead in turn, while others beatboxed. There are many musical settings of this poem as well, if you feel rapping is too much of a stretch for this play!

In my version, the central refrain: "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest, yo ho yo ho and a cappuccino!" was sung to the following tune:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=srI1VsRDytw&t=36s>

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest—  
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—  
The mate was fixed by the bos'n's pike,  
The bos'n brained with a marlin spike,  
And Cookey's throat was marked belike  
It had been gripped  
By fingers ten;  
And there they lay,  
All good dead men  
Like break-o'-day in a boozing-ken—  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of the whole ship's list—  
Dead and be damned and the rest gone whist!—  
The skipper lay with his nob in gore  
Where the scullion's axe his cheek had shore—  
And the scullion he was stabbed times four.  
And there they lay,  
And the soggy skies  
Dripped all day long  
In upstaring eyes—  
In murk sunset and at foul sunrise—  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of 'em stiff and stark—  
Ten of the crew had the Murder mark—  
'Twas a cutlass swipe or an ounce of lead,  
Or a yawing hole in a battered head—  
And the scuppers glut with a rotting red  
And there they lay—  
Aye, damn my eyes—  
All lookouts clapped  
On paradise—  
All souls bound just contrariwise—  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum.

Fifteen men of 'em good and true—  
Every man jack could ha' sailed with Old Pew—  
There was chest on chest full of Spanish gold,  
With a ton of plate in the middle hold,  
And the cabins riot of stuff untold,  
And they lay there,  
That had took the plum,  
With sightless glare  
And their lips struck dumb,  
While we shared all by the rule of thumb—  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

More was seen through the stern light screen—  
Chartings no doubt where a woman had been!—  
A flimsy shift on a bunker cot,  
With a thin dirk slot through the bosom spot  
And the lace stiff dry in a purplish blot.  
Oh was she wench...  
Or some shuddering maid...?  
That dared the knife—  
And took the blade!  
By God! she was stuff for a plucky jade—  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest—  
Drink and the devil had done for the rest—  
We wrapped 'em all in a mains'l tight  
With twice ten turns of a hawser's bight  
And we heaved 'em over and out of sight—  
With a Yo-Heave-Ho!  
And a fare-you-well!  
And a sullen plunge  
In the sullen swell,  
Ten fathoms deep on the road to hell!  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!



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## Scene 1

*England set. The Admiral Benbow Inn. MOTHER stands behind the bar. JIM is cleaning. BLANDLY and TAYLOR are at a table, deep in conversation. KITT, DANCE, and DOGGER are at another. BILLY BONES enters, dragging a heavy chest, and sits at the bar. JIM, and to a lesser extent the others, begin to listen to BONES speak.*

BONES It's in the air. Enough years in my line of work, ye come to recognize it. Ye know the feelin' the air gets when a storm's about to come, it's the same when danger's acomin' too. The air's thick with the call of adventure tonight. Can feel it in every one of my bones.

*BLANDLY looks over, yawns obviously, and turns back.*

BONES Excuse me? Am I boring you?

*BLANDLY (sarcastic) Me? Oh, good heavens, no, I'm riveted.*

BONES *(not picking up on sarcasm; to BLANDLY with new enthusiasm)* Now don't get an ol' seaman wrong, I ain't afraid of no danger or adventure. I've sailed with Flint, the great Cap'n Flint, the pirate. And I was there by Flint's deathbed. Lying there like a corpse, barely breathing, the fever workin' at his brain. He was still holdin' firm to his old sea-chest though. This very chest, in fact, that you see before you. He turned to me and said, Billy, my boy, you're the only one out of them lot I ever trusted. That's why I want you to look after this box when I'm gone. Keep it, and never let it out of your sight. After all, Billy, you know what's inside. And then he began to sing: *(a deep and ominous tune)* Six dead men on a dead man's chest, yo ho yo ho and a cappuccino.

*Throughout this, BLANDLY and DANCE remain unimpressed; KITT and DOGGER get interested despite themselves; JIM slowly stops cleaning and listens with fascination.*

*FLINT enters, unnoticed by all.*

FLINT, BONES Drink and the devil have done for the rest, yo ho yo ho and a cappuccino.

*FLINT exits.*

BONES Why isn't anyone else singing? You must all know the tune. Come on, one more time.

BLANDLY We weren't all blessed with your beautiful singing voice, you know.

BONES *(ignoring comment)* Six dead men on a dead man's chest, yo ho yo ho and a cappuccino. Drink and the devil have done for the rest, yo ho yo ho and a cappuccino.

*The others try to join in, with varying degrees of enthusiasm. BONES slams his hand down on the bar in rage.*

BONES Never did I think I'd see the day when Flint's memory would be so sorely desecrated! But none of that matters now, now that I've got my chest. Yessir, I've got my chest, and nothing else matters, now that I've got my chest.

*Significant pause. BONES rubs chest greedily and protectively. JIM itches with excitement, waiting for BONES to carry on.*

JIM What's in the chest?

MOTHER Billy Bones, that's enough out of you. I don't want you filling my Jim's head with your far-fetched pirate stories -

BONES (*cutting MOTHER off explosively*) What's in the chest, boy? You're not to know! Because this chest is mine, and mine alone, do you hear?

BLANDLY Excuse me sir, if you must tell your tedious stories as such a volume, would you mind adjuring to another room? Some of us are trying to have conversations of our own.

BONES (*increasingly angry and afraid; drawing a long knife*) Silence there, between decks! Or I'll put you out of your misery.

BLANDLY At the rate you're drinking espressos, you'll have put yourself out of your misery before long!

BONES Why, you little -

*BONES jumps up and advances on BLANDLY. Everyone else reacts with shock; BLANDLY appears unflustered and remains seated. BONES clutches his heart and collapses. KITT, DANCE, and DOGGER exit, muttering to each other. TAYLOR picks up his doctor's bag and goes to help BONES.*

MOTHER Oh, how embarrassing. On the busiest night of the week as well.

JIM What shall we do, Doctor? Is he wounded?

TAYLOR Fiddlesticks! No more wounded than you or I. I suppose I must do my best to save this fellow's worthless life. Mrs Hawkins, could I trouble you to fetch me a bowl?

*MOTHER exits. As TAYLOR stares at BONES, BONES sits upright, sending TAYLOR reeling backwards.*

BONES The sailor with one leg! Where is he?

TAYLOR Be quiet, there are no sailors here. You have had a stroke, precisely as Mr Blandly warned you, and I have just, against my own will, saved you from your grave.

BONES With one leg! One leg!

TAYLOR Now, Mr Bones, many more of these espressos will kill you, do you understand? Next time, I do not intend to be here to save you.

*BLANDLY and TAYLOR exit.*

BONES Jim, my boy, I've always been good to you, haven't I? Jim, you'll bring me one more espresso, won't you?

JIM But the doctor -

BONES Doctors is all hot air, Jim, and that doctor there, what does he know about sailors? Just one noggin o' espresso, Jim.

*MOTHER enters with a basin and puts it down angrily.*

MOTHER Billy Bones, you're not getting a drop of espresso out of me or my boy until you've paid your bills. You're already a week behind payments on your room.

*PEW's cane is heard tapping along the ground. BILLY reacts with fear.*

BONES Bless my heart, it's not the man with one leg. It's blind Pew. Can't you hear him comin'?

MOTHER Stop this nonsense, Billy, and come with me. What you need is some rest.

*MOTHER and BONES exit, MOTHER supporting BONES.*

## Scene 2a

*BLACK DOG, JOHNNY, and PEW enter, PEW'S cane tapping loudly against the ground.*

PEW Will any kind friend inform a poor blind man what this place is?

JIM You're at the Admiral Benbow Inn, my good man.

PEW I hear a voice. A young voice. Might you be the proprietor of this tavern?

JIM I'm her son. My name's Jim.

BLACK Well, young Jim, we're looking for a guest of yours. He's a mate of mine, his name's Bill. You don't perchance know where he is, do you?

JIM I don't know who you mean.

JOHNNY I think you do. He's got an eyepatch here and a cut across his cheek like so. He's pretty hard to miss. Does that ring any bells for you?

*JIM looks shifty*

PEW I can sense your hesitation. Give me your hand, young Jim, and lead me to our friend Bill.

JIM Sir, upon my word I dare not. He's just suffered a stroke, and –

PEW Give me your hand, boy.

*JIM gives PEW his hand. PEW twists it sharply, and JIM cries out.*

PEW There. Now, lead me straight to Billy Bones, or I shall break your arm.

*BONES enters*

BONES You leave that boy alone, Pew. Your business is with me.

PEW *(Slyly)* Billy Bones.

BONES Pew. It's a pleasure to see you again after so many years. It's only more the pity that you can't see me. And Johnny, and Black Dog.

BLACK Who else? Black Dog as ever was, come to see his old shipmate Billy, at the Admiral Benbow Inn. You've led us on quite a merry dance, Billy Bones. It's almost like you didn't want to be found.

BONES Well, you've found me. Now what do you want?

JOHNNY What's the hurry? Can't we make time for the usual civilities? I'll have a shot of espresso from this dear child, and we can sit down and talk square like the old shipmates we are.

*JOHNNY puts a coin on the bar while JIM hands him a cup. BLACK pulls out a chair for PEW and guides him into it.*

JOHNNY Thank you, boy. Now, if you don't mind, would you be so kind as to give us a little privacy? We wouldn't want to bore you with our old stories.

*JIM exits nervously. BONES sits opposite PEW reluctantly.*

BLACK Now then, Billy, let's not make this difficult. You have something that belonged to Captain Flint, may Davy Jones keep his soul. Something that now rightfully belongs to us.

BONES *(attempting to hide his chest)* I know of no such item. All I have of Flint's is what he gave me and me alone.

PEW Black Dog, take his left hand by the wrist and bring it to me.

*BONES tries to stand up but is blocked by JOHNNY. BLACK grabs BONES's hand and holds it in front of PEW. PEW places a piece of cloth in BONES's hand and closes his own hand around BONES's for a moment.*

PEW (*Sinister*) And now it's over for you.

*PEW skips nimbly off, tapping his cane on the way. BONES holds the cloth up. It is marked with a single black spot.*

BONES The Black Spot!

*BONES cries out and falls to his knees, clutching his heart and breathing heavily.*

BLACK We'll be back in six hours, and we'll be having what's rightfully ours.

*BLACK DOG and JOHNNY stalk off behind PEW.*

## **Scene 2b**

BONES Six hours! I'll outwit them yet.

*BONES stands and attempts to drag his chest away. He falls to his knees again, and tries to push it along the ground. He gives up, panting hard.*

BONES Jim! Jim, my boy!

*JIM enters.*

JIM Captain! What's the matter?

BONES They've found me, Jimmy boy, it's all over. They've found me at last. They've given me the Black Spot.

JIM The Black Spot?

BONES It's the mark of death, my boy. In the days when Captain Flint ruled the seas, the Black Spot was his calling-card. If you was given the Black Spot, you was a dead man walking.

*BONES draws a finger across his throat.*

JIM But why would those men want to give it to you?

BONES I have something that they want more than anything else in the world. Jimmy, you're the only one that I can trust. Take this chest and hide it somewhere those buccaneers won't be able to find it. If Pew and his lot get their hands on my chest, all my effort will have been for nothing. Do you hear? Nothing.

*BONES shuffles over to JIM and clutches at his chest. CAPTAIN FLINT enters, looking steadily at BONES.*

BONES Ah! It's Captain Flint! He's come for me, I'm finished!

*JIM looks around and straight through FLINT, not seeing him.*

JIM Captain Flint? Where? What are you talking about?

FLINT (*singing*) Seven men on a dead man's chest, yo ho yo ho and a cappuccino.

BONES (*at the same time*) No, no, get away, you spectre, no...

*FLINT slowly raises his right hand, closed, then opens it to reveal a black spot on his palm. BONES screams and collapses. FLINT exits.*

## Scene 2c

*MOTHER enters holding candle, also not seeing FLINT.*

MOTHER Jim, what's the matter? I heard a commotion, and *(pauses, his face falling as he sees BILLY BONES.)* Oh, so he's gone and died now, has he, without even paying for his last week's accommodation. Jim, where are you going with that silly chest of his?

JIM Those men that threatened him – they said they were going to come back for it! We have to hide it.

MOTHER *(Snorts.)* A fat lot of good that'll do him now. No, Jim, what we're going to do is find the key to open this thing.

*JIM looks aghast.*

MOTHER No need to look at me like that. We'll take only what we're owed, not a penny more or less. Quick, search his pockets.

*JIM searches BONES's pockets, pulling out various bizarre objects.*

JIM There's nothing there!

MOTHER Perhaps he kept it around his neck.

*JIM pulls out a key on a string from around BONES's neck and looks at it in wonder. MOTHER snatches it from him.*

MOTHER Come on, Jim, no time to dawdle.

*MOTHER opens the chest with the key. Both look into the chest in awe. MOTHER starts rummaging through and pulling out old, worthless items: clothing, a musket, a cutlass, and so on.*

MOTHER I don't understand. There's nothing here of value. Why was he so careful to protect it?

JIM Perhaps there's a secret compartment.

MOTHER Jim, don't be ridiculous, why –

*JIM has already started searching, and rips away some fabric to reveal a secret compartment. He pulls out a scroll and a bag of gold coins. Both are mystified.*

MOTHER Well, I'll be –

*PEW'S tapping cane is heard offstage. JIM pockets the scroll.*

JIM That's the blind man coming! His gang won't hesitate to kill us if they find us here!

MOTHER I'll show those rogues that I'm an honest woman. I'll have my dues, and not a farthing more. Hold my bag.

*JIM holds open a canvas bag and MOTHER counts out gold coins into it hastily. There is a loud thump on the door.*

PEW *(offstage)* Open up!

JIM Mother, just take the whole thing and let's be going!

PEW *(offstage)* Down with the door!

BLACK, JOHNNY Aye aye, sir!

### Scene 3a

*There is a loud crash as BLACK DOG and JOHNNY kick the door down. JIM and MOTHER close the bag, jump up and hide, leaving their candle and the bag of gold coins behind, just as PEW, BLACK DOG, and JOHNNY enter. BLACK DOG is holding a lantern, and holds it over BONES.*

BLACK Billy Bones is dead.

PEW Damnation! Well, search him, you shirking lubber, and the rest of you find the chest. *BLACK DOG starts searching BONES.*

JOHNNY Pew, the chest is right here. Someone's gone through it already.

*JOHNNY searches the chest.*

PEW Is it there?

JOHNNY *(Holding up money bag greedily)* The money's there.

PEW Who cares about the money? We need the map!

JOHNNY I don't see it.

PEW Black Dog! Is it on Bill?

BLACK Bill's been searched already. Nothin' left.

PEW It's the people of the inn – it's that boy. I should have poked his eyes out!

JOHNNY *(picking up candle)* Sure enough, they left their candle here.

PEW Scatter and find 'em! Rout the house out!

*BLACK DOG and JOHNNY begin searching for JIM and MOTHER, violently kicking over everything in the inn. A trumpet sounds offstage. PEW jumps in surprise.*

PEW What was that?

BLACK The warning signal! We have to flee, mates.

PEW Flee? You coward! That boy can't be far – we've nearly got the map! We'll be as rich as kings if we find it.

*They continue searching, until BLACK DOG and JOHNNY drag JIM and MOTHER out of their hiding places triumphantly and hold them firmly.*

PEW Thought you could pull the wool over old Pew's eyes, eh, boy? Come on, where is it?

MOTHER Just give these scumbags what they want, Jim.

JIM I don't have anything!

PEW We'll see how long it takes for you to change your tune.

### Scene 3b

*PEW takes out a dagger and raises it above his head. He blindly reaches towards JIM's head and grabs him by the chin. The trumpet sounds again, and DANCE, KITT, and DOGGER burst in. BLACK DOG and JOHNNY let go of MOTHER and JIM, draw their swords, and attack KITT and DOGGER. This allows JIM to narrowly avoid PEW's dagger. MOTHER and JIM*

*retreat to safety; MOTHER watching in fear, JIM with excitement. PEW shrieks in frustration and swings his dagger at DANCE, who dodges and cuts PEW down.*

DANCE Down, you villainous dog!

*BLACK DOG and JOHNNY are disarmed by KITT and DOGGER but manage to escape, JOHNNY grabbing the bag of doubloons as he exits.*

KITT *(running after BLACK DOG and JOHNNY)* We're too late. They've escaped into the night.

DANCE Tarnation! They've got off clean.

DOGGER At least you got that scoundrel Pew.

MOTHER Look at this place. We're ruined. Oh, Jim, why couldn't you have left that wretched scrap of paper for them to find?

DANCE What have they taken?

MOTHER Nothing but the old captain's money-bag. But they've destroyed everything.

KITT They took his gold? Then what else could they have been looking for?

JIM I believe they were after this. *(Produces map.)*

DANCE You risked your life for the sake of this scrap of paper?

JIM *(shrugging nonchalantly)* I thought it must be pretty important if they wanted it that much.

DANCE You have the courage of a lion, boy. We will need to make a full report to Squire Trelawney. It seems only fair that you are the one to present him with your remarkable find.

*All except MOTHER exit, who shakes her head mournfully then exits carrying broken furniture.*

### **Scene 3c**

*CAPTAIN FLINT enters.*

FLINT Eight dead men on a dead man's chest, yo ho yo ho and a cappuccino.

*FLINT raises his fist and opens it to reveal the Black Spot. BILLY BONES and PEW rise lightly and follow FLINT, to form the first members of THE DEAD.*

FLINT, THE DEAD Drink and the devil have done for the rest, yo ho yo ho and a cappuccino.

*All exit.*

### **Scene 4**

*Trelawney's house: a grand hall. TRELAWNEY is standing stiffly with a pipe in his mouth.*

*DANCE, KITT, DOGGER, LIVESEY, and JIM are assembled around him. JOYCE and REDRUTH are attending.*

TRELAWNEY An astonishing story, sirs, astonishing! Mr Dance, you are a noble fellow. You have done the world a service, getting rid of that scumbag Pew. But from the sound

of it, Jim Hawkins, you were truly the hero of the hour! Fending those buccaneers off almost single-handedly!

DANCE It's true; this boy and his mother showed remarkable courage tonight. It is only more the pity that we were too late to stop the villains, or save the inn from being wrecked.

TRELAWNEY I will not hear such a thing! You can tell your mother, Jim, that I will send my own men to refurbish your inn, and no expense will be spared replacing all that you have lost.

JIM (*gushing with relief*) Thank you, sir.

TRELAWNEY And so, Jim, am I to understand that you still have the thing they were after?

JIM Yes, sir. Here it is.

*JIM takes out the map and ALL stare at it in wonder. There is a spellbound pause.*

LIVESEY, TRELAWNEY (*Talking over each other*) Shall we (*awkward laugh*) I mean to say – no, you first.

TRELAWNEY Perhaps it is only fitting that we let Jim do the honours.

*JIM slowly opens the map, holding it up triumphantly to face the audience. The island is shaped like a fat dragon standing on end. At the centre is written 'Spyglass Hill'. Close to here is a red X. He begins to read.*

JIM It says, Skeleton Island, east south east and by east. Tall tree, spy-glass shoulder, bearing a point to the north of nor' nor' east. Ten feet.

ALL X marks the spot.

*A hushed pause.*

TRELAWNEY (*squeals and claps*) A treasure map! A real, live, treasure map! Oh, how thrilling! Come, we must all drink to celebrate. Joyce!

*TRELAWNEY rings a bell and JOYCE brings a tray of coffee cups, which REDRUTH serves.*

DOGGER It bears Flint's seal. It's the genuine article.

LIVESEY You have heard of this Captain Flint, I suppose?

KITT Heard of him! Heard of him, you say! He was the bloodthirstiest pirate ever to sail the high seas.

REDRUTH Aye. Blackbeard was a baby compared to Flint.

LIVESEY I've heard the name myself. But the point is, had he money?

JOYCE Money? He had treasure enough to drown in! Haven't you heard the stories?

*JOYCE and REDRUTH exit once all drinks are served.*

TRELAWNEY I've heard enough! I will find the island in this map if I search a year. If this truly is Flint's treasure we have stumbled upon, we can be sure it contains riches beyond all of our imaginations. (*To DANCE, KITT, and DOGGER*) Congratulations, sirs. I will see to it that the three of you are handsomely rewarded.

*DANCE, KITT, and DOGGER nod and exit.*

LIVESEY This sounds like an excellent plan, sir. I will help you assemble a crew to undertake this voyage.



TRELAWNEY You're coming, of course, Livesey! Every ship needs a doctor. And I have half a mind to take you, Jim. After the pluck you have shown tonight, I imagine you will make a famous cabin-boy. I'll need a good ship's cook, though, the finest that we can lay hands on, for if there's one thing I cannot abide it's eating badly. We'll need Joyce and Redruth there to serve us the meals. I myself will take on the role of Admiral. *(He gives a flourish.)* What could possibly go wrong?

LIVESEY *(ominous)* There's only one man I'm afraid of.

TRELAWNEY And which scoundrel's that?

LIVESEY You, sir, for you don't know how to keep a secret. We're not the only men who know of this map. These fellows who attacked the inn tonight are desperate to get this treasure too. Not one of us must breathe a word of what we're doing.

TRELAWNEY Livesey, you are always right. I'll be as silent as the grave.

*TRELAWNEY rings the bell and JOYCE and REDRUTH enter.*

TRELAWNEY Joyce! Redruth! My good men! We're all going on a treasure hunt!

*JOYCE squeals, claps his hands, pulls off his apron, and runs off. REDRUTH narrows his eyes. LIVESEY puts his face in his hands.*

## Scene 5

*The port. TRELAWNEY and JIM are strolling down a street.*

TRELAWNEY Jim, you have arrived not a moment too soon, for we sail tomorrow!

JIM Tomorrow?

TRELAWNEY Finding a good crew was far easier than I anticipated. My first stroke of good luck was to meet Alexander Smollett, who I have engaged to be the ship's captain. I wished a large crew, in case of natives, pirates, or those odious French, and I wasn't sure where I'd find them. But then, by a remarkable stroke of fortune, a man with one leg hobbled over to see us rigging our new ship. I told him about our expedition, and he told me he was willing to serve as ship's cook. Not only that, but he told me he knew a great many trustworthy men who would be able to complete our crew!

JIM *(alarmed)* One leg?

TRELAWNEY Why are you so alarmed?

JIM Billy Bones often talked about a sailor with one leg. He said to beware!

TRELAWNEY He can't have meant this man, Jim my boy! I've never met a man so honourable. He lost his leg serving in the King's navy.

JIM *(Relieved)* I see.

TRELAWNEY His name is Long John Silver. You will get a chance to meet him, for I must ask you to deliver this letter to him. He should be easy for you to find; he keeps an inn like yourself, called the Spyglass.

*TRELAWNEY give JIM a sealed letter.*

## Scene 6a

*Inside the Spyglass Inn. ABRAHAM is behind the bar, serving coffee. BLACK DOG and JOHNNY are closely huddled at the bar. GLEN and HARRY are at a table. PATRICK is near the door. Other REGULARS are dotted around. JIM enters nervously.*

JIM Well, this is the place – the Spyglass Inn. (To HARRY) Excuse me – I'm looking for a gentleman named Silver.

PATRICK Long John Silver, eh? He's never far away.

*SILVER enters as HARRY speaks.*

SILVER My ears are burning! Is someone trespassing on my grave?

JIM Mr Silver, sir?

SILVER Yes, my lad! Judging from that letter in your hand, you must be our new cabin boy. Pleased I am to see you.

JIM Jim Hawkins, sir, at your service.

*SILVER shakes JIM'S hand enthusiastically and reads the letter.*

SILVER We sail tomorrow, eh? (To the REGULARS) Lads! I sail tomorrow!

*The REGULARS raise their mugs and cheer. BLACK DOG and JOHNNY look up and notice JIM for the first time. They begin muttering to each other and ABRAHAM, occasionally looking at JIM.*

SILVER We must have a drink to celebrate.

JIM (hesitantly) I'll have a...a mocha latte, if you please, sir.

SILVER A mocha latte?

*SILVER bursts into jovial laughter. The REGULARS join in.*

SILVER You're a seafarer now, lad. Seafarers only drink espresso.

*SILVER produces three espresso mugs and pours coffee into each.*

JIM Well...if you insist. (Picks up a mug.) Why've you poured three drinks?

SILVER Whatever do you mean?

JIM There's only two of us. Who's the third drink for?

SILVER Ah. That third drink is for Captain Flint.

JIM (scared) Captain Flint? The pirate?

*Silver raises a mug, as if in offering, and looks mistily into the distance. Ominous pause. CAP'N enters, flapping its wings, settling on SILVER's shoulder.*

CAP'N Craaak! Pick-me-up! Pick-me-up! Craaak!

SILVER I named this 'ere bird after the legendary Captain Flint due to his refusal to die. 'E was already an old codger when I met him, and he's seen me through twenty years of ferocious sea battles. A few years back, he developed a terrible fondness for caffeine, and ever since I haven't been able to have a drink without him having one too.

*As SILVER speaks, CAP'N drinks the coffee from SILVER's hand. Then, he drinks SILVER's drink too. SILVER takes his own drink, is confused to find it empty, tries to pour another but finds the coffee pot empty too.*

SILVER Another round? Abraham!

*SILVER crosses to ABRAHAM, who makes more coffee for SILVER while the next scene unfolds.*

### **Scene 6b**

*As SILVER speaks, BLACK DOG and JOHNNY have become more animated, talking to ABRAHAM. When SILVER moves away, they stand up and stride over to JIM. As they talk, the other PIRATES gradually turn to watch.*

JOHNNY Well, ain't the world a remarkable place?

BLACK We was thinking that you look awful familiar, weren't we, Johnny?

JOHNNY Yeah. We was saying, we're sure we've seen that face before, but for the life of us we couldn't remember where.

BLACK Then, all of a sudden, I remember. It's our old friend, the innkeeper's son! I says.

JOHNNY The same innkeeper's son who lied to us then robbed us blind while our backs was turned.

BLACK Who watched as a poor blind man was cut down in cold blood.

JOHNNY So we thinks to ourselves, perhaps if we ask him nicely, he'll return what is rightfully ours. The map.

BLACK And if not, we'll just have to wring his sorry neck and take it from his cold, dead body. Just like he did to our mate Billy Bones.

*BLACK DOG lunges at JIM, who steps out of the way. JOHNNY grabs JIM by the lapels and lifts him into the air. SILVER notices what's happening for the first time and hurries over.*

JIM I don't have the map! I don't have the map!

SILVER *(suddenly ferocious; rapping a crutch on the floor)* Put the boy down!

*JOHNNY puts JIM down, who dusts himself off shakily.*

SILVER This is not the kind of behaviour I expect to see in the Spyglass Inn, gentleman. I run an establishment of repute.

BLACK Long John, what do you mean by –

SILVER That's Mr Silver to you! I've never met either of you before in my life! Now the two of you can clear off, and if you ever dare show your faces in here again, you'll have me to answer to.

*An astonished silence.*

BLACK *(quietly, to SILVER)* Long John, what kind of game do you think you're playing?

SILVER Not another word, you curs! Out!

*SILVER starts rapping BLACK DOG and JOHNNY across the legs with his crutches until they exit.*

### **Scene 6c**

SILVER One thousand apologies, my boy, for that despicable treatment. I don't normally get those sorts in my tavern. Did you know them?

JIM They were the buccaneers that attacked my inn.

SILVER Of course! Squire Trelawney told me about your sorry ordeal. Glen! Harry! After those scoundrels and we shall bring them to justice.

*GLEN and HARRY, confusedly, stand up and run after BLACK DOG and JOHNNY.*

SILVER Abraham! Did you serve them tonight? Come here.

*ABRAHAM steps forward.*

SILVER Now, Abraham, you've never clapped eyes on those scoundrels before, have you?

ABRAHAM *(Slyly)* Not, I sir. *(Salutes.)*

SILVER You don't know their names, do you?

ABRAHAM *(With a wink)* No, sir.

SILVER Just as well. If you were mixing with the likes of that, you would never put another foot in my house, you can bet on that. And what were they saying to you?

ABRAHAM *(flustered)* I...I can't remember, sir.

SILVER Can't remember? Come now, it was just a few minutes ago? Pipe up! What was it?

ABRAHAM *(Thinking frantically)* We was a-talkin' about... *(looking around and seeing the door)* doorknobs, Long John.

SILVER You were talking about doorknobs, were you? *(To JIM; stage whisper)* He's a good man, old Abraham, only a bit stupid. *(Taps a finger against his head.)* Let's see...now that I think about it, I may have seen those rogues here once or twice before. Last time, they had a blind man with them.

JIM Yes. His name was Pew. He came to the inn as well.

SILVER Pew, that's the name! Ah, if we catch these scoundrels, Squire Trelawney will be a happy man! What did they want with you?

JIM It was a guest of ours they were looking for. Billy Bones. He had an eyepatch and a cut across one cheek.

SILVER *(tutting)* These pirate types are always getting themselves mutilated in all manner of ways. *(Clears throat and tries to conceal his missing leg.)*

JIM He told me he was only afraid of one person in the world. A sailor with one leg.

SILVER How curious!

JIM You'll think me quite mad, but for a moment I thought you might be that man.

SILVER *(snorts with laughter)* A tough old pirate, afraid of someone like me! I can scarcely imagine something so fanciful. I haven't put out to sea for many years now, not since I lost my leg serving my country in the war. *(Stands up straight and salutes.)* I've had to content myself with cooking roast dinners for these rapscallions.

*A few of the patrons glance at SILVER and mutter. GLEN and HARRY re-enter, out of breath and exhausted.*

HARRY Silver! We lost them.

GLEN The streets were too crowded. We couldn't lay eyes on them.

SILVER To hell, the pair of you! What's Trelawney to think? I had two criminals sitting in my own tavern, drinking of my own coffee! In my youth I'd have chased 'em down myself, but now, with this old peg I hobble on, what can I do? *(Waves a crutch angrily.)*

JIM It's not your fault, sir. You did everything you could. I'll vouch for you to the admiral.

SILVER Oh, would you do that for me? You don't know what that means to an old sea-dog like me. (*Bursts into tears and hugs JIM.*) Many's the long year I've waited for a chance to return to the sea. We'll look out for one another, won't we?

JIM Yes. Sure thing.

SILVER (*Conspiratorially*) There's just one thing I'm not sure of, between you and me. The crew that Squire Trelawney has found. Land lubbers, the lot of them! They're not like you or me. They don't have the guts to face whatever we may face at sea! Storms. Monsters. Maybe even...pirates.

JIM Pirates?

SILVER (*Ominously*) Anything's possible. (*Breezily*) Luckily, I know a few men who'd be glad to join this voyage. Isn't that right, lads?

*REGULARS raise their mugs and cheer.*

SILVER (*Handing JIM a letter*) Take this letter back to Trelawney. And if he asks any questions, you'll help him see sense, won't you, Jim?

JIM Er...sure, Mr Silver.

SILVER That's my boy! You and me are going to make the greatest of friends, I can tell.

*Blackout.*

## Scene 7a

*Transition to Hispaniola set. The deck. The Union Jack is flying from the mast. The sails are down. MCGRAW, SCUDAMORE, ROBERTS, DAVIS, KIDD, and TEACH (the CREW) are hard at work. SMOLLETT is striding around, issuing instructions to crew. Lots of excitement, bustle, and noise. TRELAWNEY and LIVESEY enter and wander through the middle genially. SMOLLETT joins them, and stands to attention.*

SMOLLETT Captain Smollett, sir, requesting a word with the admiral.

LIVESEY We are always at the captain's orders.

*LIVESEY and SMOLLETT both salute smartly. As an afterthought, so does TRELAWNEY.*

TRELAWNEY (*putting on his sailor-speak on purpose*) I hope all is shipshape and seaworthy?

SMOLLETT To be blunt, no. I don't like this voyage, and I don't like the crew.

*TRELAWNEY and LIVESEY are shocked.*

LIVESEY Smollett, won't you explain your words?

SMOLLETT This voyage is going after treasure. It's my belief that neither of you two gentlemen know what you're letting yourself in for, so I'll tell you – a fight for your very lives. The promise of vast fortune can make monsters out of even the very best of men.

LIVESEY I daresay you're right. Next, you say you don't like the crew. Are they not good sailors?

SMOLLETT I don't like them, sir. They have shifty, weaselly faces, and all appear to have taken a heavy beating, although to what end I daren't imagine.

*A few of the CREW show off their assorted wounds as they move around the ship.*

TRELAWNEY I assure you these fine men are all veterans of the navy, and have sustained their injuries fighting for our country! Long John Silver himself told me so.

SMOLLETT (*Increasingly angry*) I'm sure he did, Admiral. It seems you and I will find a lot to differ on. Our opinions on that ship's cook are just the start.

TRELAWNEY Silver's roast potatoes are second to none!

SMOLLETT I wasn't referring to his cooking skills, Admiral. I was referring to whether we can trust him with our lives. He seems on uncommonly good terms with the rest of the crew. I've been told that he himself was the one to bring them onboard?

LIVESEY Aye. He made several recommendations to complete our crew.

SMOLLETT May I suggest, in that case, that this treasure map of yours be kept completely secret and hidden from everyone on board – even me and you, Admiral.

TRELAWNEY Very well. I see some merit in that idea; we may be caught and interrogated by the dastardly French. In that case, Livesey, I will entrust the map to you. Hide it as you see fit.

*TRELAWNEY hands the map to LIVESEY, who puts it away.*

LIVESEY A most excellent suggestion, Captain Smollett.

SMOLLETT May I make one more, before we set sail? Currently, you have your powder and weapons in the forehold, while you sleep alone in the cabin. Why not bring your own men, Joyce and Redruth, to sleep beside the cabin, and store your weapons underneath?

LIVESEY I see. You wish to keep the treasure's location secret from the crew, and keep the weapons and most trusted men at the back of the ship. In other words, you fear a mutiny.

SMOLLETT No man would set sail in the first place if he believed that. (*Draws himself up*) But there is no harm taking a few small precautions.

TRELAWNEY I will do as you desire, but think the worse of you.

SMOLLETT That's as you please, sir. You'll find I do my duty. (*Salutes and goes back to supervising crew.*)

LIVESEY Trelawney, I believe you have managed to get at least two honest men on board with you – that man and Long John Silver.

TRELAWNEY Silver is as honest as they come, no doubt about it. (*Points after SMOLLETT.*) But as for that intolerable humbug, I declare I think his conduct unmanly, unsailorly, and downright un-English.

LIVESEY Well, we shall see.

### **Scene 7b**

SMOLLETT (*To CREW*) All right, men! Are we ship-shape and ready to sail?

TEACH Aye-aye.

SMOLLETT Move the weapons under the cabin.

SCUDAMORE Why, by the powers, we don't have time to do that now! The wind's changing direction.

SMOLLETT My orders!

SCUDAMORE Aye-aye, sir. (*Salutes and exits.*)

SMOLLETT Get that anchor up!

KIDD Aye-aye, sir.

SMOLLETT Man the rigging!

ROBERTS Aye-aye, sir.

SMOLLETT Hoist the sails!

DAVIS Aye-aye, sir.

SCUDAMORE *re-enters. CREW sing a sea shanty; for example, Lillibullero, as they hoist the sails and then perform their ship chores to suggest the passage of time.*

### Scene 8

*The CREW remain working around the ship, SMOLLETT supervising. TRELAWNEY and LIVESEY are engaged in conversation. REDRUTH is staring out to sea. SILVER, CAP'N and JIM enter.*

JIM Long John, you told me this seasickness would go away eventually.

SILVER We've only been a few weeks at sea! These things take time, my boy.

JIM Israel Hands says I must not have the stomach to be a sailor.

SILVER You can ignore anything Israel says on the matter. I was there the first time Israel put out to sea; he threw up so much we had to change boats.

JOYCE *joins them, excitedly pointing at something on the horizon.*

JOYCE There! That must be land!

SILVER No, Joyce, that's just a wave.

JOYCE What about over there?

REDRUTH Looks to be a whale.

JOYCE What about that?

SILVER Joyce, that's the same wave again.

JOYCE (*slumping in disappointment*) I had so hoped that today would be the day we finally sighted the target of our voyage. It's my birthday!

TRELAWNEY *overhears and moves over.*

TRELAWNEY It's your birthday? Well, why didn't you say so? Double espressos for the entire crew tonight!

CREW *cheers.*

SMOLLETT I've never seen a ship's crew so spoiled. Spoil the crew, spoil the voyage. That's my belief.

CREW *shoot SMOLLETT evil looks and mutter amongst themselves.*

LIVESEY (*fiddling with his snuff box*) I couldn't agree more.

SMOLLETT You yourself are hardly blameless, Livesey. (*Indicating LIVESEY's snuff box*) Shouldn't a doctor like yourself know to keep away from snuff?

LIVESEY What? I wouldn't dream of touching the stuff. No, this is where I keep my own personal supply of Parmesan. Nothing quite like a snuff box for preserving the flavour.

SMOLLETT (*Unimpressed*) To be frank, sirs, I don't think either of you are quite suited for the hardships that a life at sea requires.

*SMOLLETT moves away and checks on CREW.*

TRELAWNEY If I have to deal much more with that man, I shall explode.

LIVESEY He does his job admirably. We will soon reach our destination, thanks in no small part to his steady hand.

TRELAWNEY But why shouldn't we allow ourselves the finer things in life? We're explorers, not prisoners! Speaking of which, Jim boy, you couldn't fetch an apple from the stores for me? We should plan our arrival. I've been assured that a sighting of land is imminent!

JIM Right away, Admiral!

*JIM exits hurriedly. TRELAWNEY and LIVESEY move away, miming conversation.*

*Blackout.*

## Scene 9

*The hold. Barrels everywhere, including an almost empty apple barrel. JIM enters, and falls into this barrel while trying to retrieve an apple. Shortly afterwards, MERRY enters and leans against the apple barrel, followed by JOB, MORGAN, ALAN, and DICK. JIM reacts with shock as they begin to talk.*

MERRY If Cap'n Smollett orders me about one more time, I'll break his sorry neck!

JOB You won't if I get there before you.

MORGAN Patience, lads. We'll get our chance.

ALAN Look here, here's what I want to know, Morgan: how long are we going to carry on serving these land-lubbers? I want to take that Trelawney's cabin, I do. I want to sleep in his feather bed, and eat all his cheese.

MORGAN Alan, your head's not screwed on right, never was. We're to keep our heads down until Long John Silver gives the word.

*JIM is horrified at the mention of SILVER's name.*

MERRY And when's that goin'a be? All we've done is watch, and wait, while those fools have both hands in the coffee barrel. Why are we listening to that one-legged codger Silver anyways?

*SILVER enters, followed by CAP'N. JIM is gobsmacked.*

SILVER I'll tell you why, Merry. Because this one-legged codger's been elected cap'n. Because I alone, among all of you, am a man of honour. A man of my word. (*Sits down with a sigh.*) And that's why you can be sure of yourself in Long John Silver's ship. Ask Job Anderson here, or Tom Morgan.

MORGAN What do you think we should do with 'em, Silver? Put 'em ashore like maroons? Or cut 'em down before they know what's hit 'em?

JOB Cap'n Flint wouldn't have had a second thought. Dead men don't bite, said he, and I for one agree with him.



MERRY I give my vote – death. When I'm back home in my mansion, I don't want none of these lubbers turning up on my doorstep with a sword in their hand. When the time comes, we let 'er rip! *(Makes bloodthirsty gesture.)*

JOB Why take our chances? I claim Trelawney for myself. I'll wring his head off his body!

SILVER *(Bitter)* If you insist, boys. We'll finish with 'em at the island, as soon as the treasure's on board. But let it be known what a pity I think it is. These men will never come back to haunt us, and we could leave them unharmed and still take the treasure for ourselves. It's a sorry day when you gentlemen don't even listen to your own elected cap'n.

MERRY *(Sarcastically)* A sorry day indeed. Alan, jump up, will you, and get me an apple to wet my pipe.

*JIM begins to curl up in terror, shrinking away from his impending discovery.*

MORGAN Good idea, Merry. Grab one for me while you're up there.

SILVER A fine suggestion. A sweet, juicy apple would do me a world of good.

*ALAN reaches, without looking, into the empty barrel, narrowly missing JIM.*

ALAN Darn it, we must be almost out. Help me tip this barrel over, will you Merry?

*MERRY stands up and, with ALAN, prepares to tip the barrel over with JIM inside. JIM panics.*

REDRUTH *(offstage)* Land ahoy! Land ahoy!

*SILVER, CAP'N, MERRY, JOB, MORGAN, DICK, and ALAN jump up and exit hurriedly. JIM relaxes for a moment, then immediately springs out to deliver the news of what he's just heard.*

### Scene 10a

*The back of the ship. TRELAWNEY, LIVESEY, JOYCE, and REDRUTH are preparing to embark excitedly. JIM enters, out of breath, and runs between them, trying to be heard.*

JIM Admiral Trelawney, I have some important news –

TRELAWNEY Don't worry, my boy, I've already heard! We've reached the treasure island already, can you imagine?

JIM No, Admiral, it's something else –

TRELAWNEY Come and find me later. There's so much to do! *(Moves away)*

JIM Dr Livesey, I just overheard –

LIVESEY There you are, Jim! Fetch me my doctor's bag. We shall need it when we embark for land. *(Moves away)*

JIM Captain Smollett, I fear there'll be a mutiny!

SMOLLETT *(stopping at once, and taking JIM to one side)* A mutiny, you say? What makes you say such a thing?

JIM I overheard them scheming in the hold. They plan to kill you as soon as the treasure is found.

SMOLLETT Who looked to be in charge of this plan?

JIM *(reluctantly)* John Silver, Captain.

SMOLLETT Long John Silver, eh? Have no fear, I shall get to the bottom of this. Jim, inform the crew that we shall not embark for land until I have spoken to certain members of the crew. If a mutiny is what they plan, we shall make them show their hand.

JIM *(reluctantly)* Right away, Captain. *(Exits.)*

TRELAWNEY Not embark for land? Ridiculous! We could set up camp on Treasure Island by nightfall, and have our riches in the hold tomorrow!

SMOLLETT And our bodies left to rot on the island while these pirates sail away.

TRELAWNEY Smollett, I don't know what these men have done to make you doubt them.

SMOLLETT We shall see, soon enough.

JOYCE The crew seem most agitated to set down anchor, Captain. They're jumping and cheering on the foc's'le. And waving their swords in excitement! They seem to be coming this way... *(JOYCE's face falls.)*

SMOLLETT *(determined and urgent)* So they have chosen to mutiny now instead. More fool them. All the guns are sequestered here, just as I planned. Dr Livesey, you take the door. Don't expose yourself. Trelawney, you take the east side, and Joyce, you the west. Mr Redruth, you're the best shot; you and I will take the north side. We're heavily outnumbered, I needn't tell you that, but we have the better position and the better arms.

*As SMOLLETT speaks, REDRUTH and JOYCE fetch muskets and swords and hand them around. LIVESEY and TRELAWNEY build a barricade out of crates and barrels. ALL take up defensive positions with muskets.*

TRELAWNEY Joyce, serve out a round of espresso to all hands. Lord knows we'll need it.

SMOLLETT Joyce, stay at your post! Coffee is the last thing we need if we're to keep a steady aim.

*Pause.*

JOYCE If you please, sir, if I see anyone, am I to fire?

SMOLLETT Of course!

JOYCE Oh. I've never shot anyone before. Is it hard?

SMOLLETT Hang it, it's just the same as shooting anything else!

*With a little cry, JOYCE fires.*

LIVESEY Did you hit your man?

JOYCE *(after looking around)* I believe not, sir. Actually, sir, it may not have been a man. It may have been a seagull.

SMOLLETT At least you're being honest. Reload your gun, and don't delay.

### **Scene 10b**

REDRUTH Three men approaching the outer barricade!

SMOLLETT Fire!

*TRELAWNEY, LIVESEY, SMOLLETT, JOYCE, and REDRUTH open fire, pausing in between each shot to reload their muskets.*

*MCGRAW, SCUDAMORE, DAVIS, and KIDD enter stealthily from all directions, brandishing cutlasses.*

*TEACH enters carrying a Jolly Roger. He strikes down the Union Jack and replaces it with his flag. He is shot by SMOLLETT and dies.*

*ROBERTS enters and takes up a hidden position from which he shoots SMOLLETT, who reels back, clutching his side. He reloads and takes aim at TRELAWNEY, but is shot by REDRUTH and dies.*

*MCGRAW reaches the stockade first, wrenches JOYCE's musket out of his hand and stuns him with it.*

*MCGRAW* At 'em, all hands! All hands!

*MCGRAW, DAVIS, KIDD, and SCUDAMORE attack. TRELAWNEY, LIVESEY, and REDRUTH pick up cutlasses and retaliate.*

*DAVIS draws his cutlass and swings at SMOLLETT on the ground, who rolls out of the way and knocks DAVIS down. They grapple for SMOLLETT's musket; SMOLLETT wins and shoots DAVIS.*

*KIDD and LIVESEY fight; KIDD is killed.*

*SCUDAMORE and TRELAWNEY fight; SCUDAMORE disarms TRELAWNEY and is about to kill him when he is killed by REDRUTH. MCGRAW sneaks up behind REDRUTH and stabs him in the back. MCGRAW, realizing he is the last standing, makes a run for it.*

*LIVESEY* The last one's getting away! We can't let any of those rogues return to warn the others!

*SMOLLETT (searching for a gun)* Our ammunition is gone. It is lost.

*Unnoticed by the others, JOYCE stands up, picks up his musket, and shoots the fleeing MCGRAW, who is killed.*

*TRELAWNEY* Not a bad shot, my good man. We'll make a fighter out of you yet.

### **Scene 10c**

*LIVESEY* Captain! You've been hit.

*SMOLLETT* It is nothing, a mere flesh wound. Ignore me and tend to Redruth. He looks to be in graver danger.

*LIVESEY crosses to REDRUTH.*

*REDRUTH* Am I done for, doctor?

*LIVESEY* Redruth, my man, you're going home.

*REDRUTH* At least I had a lick at them first.

*TRELAWNEY* Redruth, say you forgive me for dragging you into this?

*REDRUTH* Dragging me in? Why, I've been in since the beginning! I sailed under Captain Flint himself. I turned my back on my evil ways many years ago. But when Flint's map was brought to us, I knew that destiny was calling me home.

*TRELAWNEY* My own footman, a pirate?

*REDRUTH* Aye. That would be me.

*Astonished silence.*

*REDRUTH* Perhaps someone ought to read a prayer, or something. Isn't that the custom? Although I doubt the Lord himself could save me from Flint's clutches now.

*REDRUTH dies. SMOLLETT and LIVESEY sorrowfully place the fallen Union Jack over him.*

SMOLLETT We don't have time to give Redruth his last rites. There will be more coming. We have no choice but to retreat to land while we can.

TRELAWNEY We can't leave Redruth here! He died saving our lives.

SMOLLETT And we'll all join him unless we take this chance! Ready the boats. Take whatever arms and supplies you can find.

### Scene 11a

*JOYCE and LIVESEY fetch a boat, which they, SMOLLETT, and TRELAWNEY all embark on. JOYCE and LIVESEY begin rowing, while SMOLLETT steers. TRELAWNEY sits at the back, doing nothing.*

TRELAWNEY We'll never get ashore at this rate. Can't you pull a little harder?

JOYCE I can't! I can feel my hands blistering up!

LIVESEY Look astern, Cap'n!

*HANDS, O'BRIEN, and HUNTER wheel out a cannon, cackling with glee, and load it to fire.*

JOYCE The cannon!

LIVESEY We're sitting ducks!

*HUNTER, HANDS, and O'BRIEN open fire. During each shot, HUNTER readies the powder and ball and passes tools to HUNTER; HANDS packs the barrel and loads the ball; O'BRIEN aims the cannon and lights the fuse. The cannon wheels back as it fires; they place their hands over their ears and jump to the sides each time, before starting the process again. A shot lands next to the boat, causing it to pitch wildly. The men on board cling to the sides and groan.*

SMOLLETT We must show these rogues we're not afraid to fight back. Who's the best shot?

LIVESEY Trelawney, out and away.

TRELAWNEY I do a little game hunting, but, ah...

*Another shot lands, causing the same reaction as before.*

SMOLLETT Someone hand that man a musket! Trelawney, pick me off one of those men. Israel Hands, if possible. I never did like him.

*Another shot lands. TRELAWNEY misfires and drops his musket and wheels wildly with his arms, saved from falling in by the others. He fumbles to reload his musket.*

LIVESEY Steady. We'll soon be out of range.

SMOLLETT Hold your oars so Trelawney can take a shot.

*JOYCE and LIVESEY stop rowing. TRELAWNEY aims and fires at HANDS, who is reloading the cannon at this point. HANDS ducks simultaneously, and HUNTER, standing behind him, is hit instead. HANDS and O'BRIEN stare in surprise at their fallen comrade, then carry on loading the cannon. Meanwhile, JOYCE and LIVESEY carry on rowing.*

TRELAWNEY Haha! Keep holding the boat steady and I'll get another one!

SMOLLETT No time. We must make the shore before the others head us off. (To HANDS and O'BRIEN) Keep firing, for all I care. You'll run out of gunpowder before long.

LIVESEY We may be too late! Incoming fire!

*Another shot is fired, landing directly on the boat. TRELAWNEY, LIVESEY, SMOLLETT, and JOYCE dive off the boat as it explodes and sinks.*

JOYCE Aaah! I'm sinking! I'm sinking...(gurgling noises)

*They soon discover they can stand up.*

LIVESEY It appears we reached the shallows in the nick of time.

TRELAWNEY Hang on a second. Where's Jim?

*ALL look around in horror as they realize for the first time they've left JIM behind.*

LIVESEY Who was the last to see him?

SMOLLETT I ordered him to tell the crew we weren't embarking for land. That was directly before the mutiny began.

TRELAWNEY That means they have him! Heavens, what will I tell his mother if we return home without him?

SMOLLETT At this rate, we shall be lucky if any of us return home at all. We've lost all our food and half our ammunition. We must move inland and find a defensive position without delay.

*TRELAWNEY, LIVESEY, SMOLLETT, and JOYCE exit.*

### **Scene 11b**

*FLINT enters the ship, followed by THE DEAD.*

FLINT Fifteen men on a dead man's chest, yo ho yo ho and a cappuccino.

*FLINT raises his fist, and opens it to reveal the Black Spot. REDRUTH, MCGRAW, HUNTER, SCUDAMORE, ROBERTS, DAVIS, KIDD, and TEACH rise lightly and join THE DEAD*

FLINT, THE DEAD Drink and the devil have done for the rest, yo ho yo ho and a cappuccino.

*All exit.*

*Blackout.*

### **Scene 12a**

*The deck of the ship. HANDS and O'BRIEN enter.*

O'BRIEN With Cap'n Silver and his men gone to hunt down the last of Trelawney's men, it's just you and me left aboard, Hands! What do you say we open up a coffee barrel or two?

HANDS Cap'n Silver left us on board for a reason, O'Brien. It's up to us to find where Trelawney hid that map so we can get the treasure and sail home.

O'BRIEN How do we know they haven't taken it ashore with them?

HANDS You idiot! That's why Silver's gone looking for them. And if they won't give it up willingly, why, there's fifteen of us and only four of them! I'd take those odds any day.

*HANDS and O'BRIEN begin searching onstage as they're talking. They continue their search until O'BRIEN pulls JIM out from his hiding place and holds him in an armlock.*

O'BRIEN Hands! Hands! Look what I found quiverin' behind the powder barrel. It's the cabin-boy.

HANDS Why, if it isn't young Jim. Glad you could join us. While you're here, perhaps you wouldn't mind telling us where Trelawney hid the treasure map?

JIM What treasure map?

O'BRIEN The treasure map that you stole from Billy Bones' dead body, by all accounts.

JIM Oh, THAT treasure map. I haven't seen it since we set sail.

*HANDS slaps JIM.*

HANDS Tell the truth, boy. Or maybe you'd prefer to wait until Cap'n Silver returns.

JIM Captain Silver? I don't know any Captain Silver.

*HANDS slaps JIM again.*

HANDS Captain Silver is the only rightful captain of this ship! He's worth ten of that rat Smollett. *(To O'BRIEN)* Tie him up until Long John Silver gets back. He can decide what to do with this rat.

*HANDS and O'BRIEN begin tying JIM up, wrapping rope several times around his waist before tying a knot at the back.*

HANDS Give me the other end of that rope. I need to make a double sheet bend to make it more secure.

O'BRIEN What are you talkin' about? If you wanted to make a double sheet bend, you should have passed your end back under mine. I thought we was making a clove hitch.

HANDS A clove hitch? You lubber, we're tying this rat up, not making daisy chains! Give the end to me.

O'BRIEN If you tie another hitch in there, the whole thing'll become unravelled in a blink. My grandmother could tie knots better than you.

HANDS You don't have a clue, and you never will!

*HANDS lunges at O'BRIEN with a dagger. O'BRIEN dodges, smashes a bottle and advances on HANDS. They fight. HANDS and O'BRIEN kill each other at the same time. After a pause, JIM stands up sheepishly and shrugs the rope off. He picks up a telescope and aims it at the shore.*

JIM No-one in sight – they must have retreated inland. Well, if I'm the last man left alive on this ship, I suppose that makes me captain.

*Looking up, JIM sees the Jolly Roger flying overhead.*

JIM And while I'm captain, we can't have the Jolly Roger flying.

*JIM pulls down the Jolly Roger and replaces it with the Union Jack.*

JIM God save the King! And down with Captain Silver!

*JIM exits.*

## **Scene 12b**

*FLINT enters, followed by THE DEAD.*

FLINT Seventeen men on a dead man's chest, yo ho yo ho and a cappuccino.

*FLINT raises his fist, and opens it to reveal the Black Spot. O'BRIEN and HANDS rise lightly and join THE DEAD.*

FLINT, THE DEAD Drink and the devil have done for the rest, yo ho yo ho and a cappuccino.

*All exit.*

### Scene 13

*Transition to Treasure Island set. A stockade on Treasure Island. LIVESEY is tending to SMOLLETT's wound. TRELAWNEY is relaxing. JOYCE is keeping watch nervously. SILVER and CAP'N approach cautiously, carrying a white flag.*

JOYCE Who goes? If you take a step closer, we'll fire.

CAP'N Craak! Parler! Parler! Craak!

SILVER I come with a flag of truce, to make terms. Can I come in?

SMOLLETT Keep indoors, men. Ten to one, this is a trick. *(To SILVER)* My man, I have not the slightest desire to talk to you. If you wish to talk to me, you can do so from there.

SILVER *(sitting on the ground)* As you will, but someone'll need to help me up. Now, look here, you've held up a pretty good defence so far. You escaped the ship with your lives. Well, most of you. But we've found your hiding place now. You don't have the ammunition to hold us off again, or the food to sit tight here for much longer. And you've only three men left who can fight. We, on the other hand, still have the Hispaniola, with all its supplies.

SMOLLETT Get to the point, man.

SILVER Here it is. We want the treasure, and we'll have it – that's my point! You still have the treasure map, don't you?

LIVESEY Maybe.

SILVER I know you have the map, for my men on the ship have sent no word of finding it. So, give it to us, we'll let you stay here unharmed. Why, we'll even divide our stores with you, and I give my word that I'll speak to the first ship I see, and tell them to pick you up here. A handsomer deal you couldn't hope to make.

SMOLLETT Is that all?

SILVER Yes.

SMOLLETT Very good. Now tell me, if you will, where you have sailed the ship?

SILVER We still have it anchored in the bay.

SMOLLETT *(Looking towards bay)* Is that so? I can't see it.

SILVER What do you mean? It's there in the bay, clear as –

*SILVER looks towards bay and discovers the ship missing. He is astonished.*

SILVER Well now, I – that is to say –

SMOLLETT You've said enough, Long John Silver. Now you'll hear me. My name is Alexander Smollett, I truly have served my King and country, and I'll see you all to Davy Jones. You can't find the treasure. You can't fight us. You can't even keep the ship in one

place, which makes you just as marooned as we are. Those are the last words you'll get from me, for in the name of heaven, I'll put a bullet in your head if we ever meet again.

SILVER (*furious*) Give me a hand up!

SMOLLET Not I.

SILVER Who'll give me a hand up?

*SILVER looks plaintively at each of them in turn, reaching out his hand. All turn their backs on SILVER. SILVER turns to CAP'N last. CAP'N shrugs hopelessly. SILVER drags himself along the ground, until he reaches a prop by which to pull himself to his feet. He spits on the ground.*

SILVER There! That's what I think of ye. This is the last you'll see of me but musket-balls. Redruth is lucky that he's already dead.

*SILVER exits.*

SMOLLETT A curse on that man. But night is drawing in. Joyce, you take first watch. Everyone else, try to get some rest.

*TRELAWNEY, LIVESEY, and SMOLLETT lie down to sleep. JOYCE takes a musket and stands, watching.*

#### **Scene 14**

*A deserted part of the island. JIM is walking around fearfully. He hears a noise and whirls around; nothing there. He hears a noise from the other side; nothing there. Suddenly, BEN GUNN appears and attacks JIM with a crude wooden staff. GUNN fights like a wild animal, cutting off JIM'S attempts to escape and eventually pinning him down.*

GUNN Who are you?

JIM Jim Hawkins, sir.

*GUNN releases his hold of JIM.*

JIM Who are you?

GUNN Ben Gunn. I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am, and I haven't spoke to a soul these last three years.

JIM Three years! Were you shipwrecked?

GUNN Nay, mate. Marooned. Marooned three years ago, and lived on goats since then, and berries, and oysters. But mate, my heart yearns for a square meal. You mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now? (*Sniffs JIM hopefully.*) You know. Cheese.

JIM Cheese?

GUNN Cheese!

JIM Cheese?

GUNN Oh, what I wouldn't give for the tiniest nibble. Many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese – toasted, mostly – and then woken up and found myself in this accursed place again.

JIM You can have cheese by the barrel if I can find my friends. Have you seen any sign of them?



GUNN I'm not dreaming now, am I? (*Begins feeling JIM's face and clothes*) When you've lived like I have, it no longer matters much whether you're dreaming or awake. Wait a minute! Who was you sent by? What ship do you sail with?

JIM The Hispaniola, sir.

GUNN (*terrified*) That ain't Captain Flint's ship?

JIM No, sir.

GUNN I saw a ship in the bay, flying the Jolly Roger, and a group of men taking cover in a fort on the hill. They didn't look like pirates, but I didn't want to take no chances.

JIM Then my friends are safe! Lead me to this fort, and you will be rewarded. You have nothing to fear; Flint is dead.

GUNN Flint? Dead? (*Laughs insanely*) Flint ain't dead, why, many a summer's night I've heard him singing his old songs across the bay. (*Sinisterly*) 'Six dead men on a dead man's chest, yo ho yo ho something something.' (*Pause*) He sang that old tune when we first came here. I was in Flint's ship when he buried his treasure on this island. He and six men embarked for land, boats laden down with treasure. He came back two days later. Alone! He'd buried the treasure, and killed all six men so that none would ever find the burial spot. Billy Bones was the first mate; Long John Silver was the quartermaster. We asked him where the treasure was. And in reply, he opened his mouth and sang that very song... 'Six dead men on a dead man's chest, yo ho yo ho something something.' None of us dared challenge him after that. But then I found myself in another ship, three years back, and we sighted this island. 'Boys,' said I, 'here's Flint's treasure; let's land and search for it.' And search for it we did, for twelve long days, until one fine morning all my shipmates returned aboard. 'As for you, Benjamin Gunn,' says they, 'here's a spade. You can stay here and find Flint's money for yourself.' And they sailed away, never to be seen again. And, Jim, what could I do but dig, and dig, and dig, until I must have dug up every inch of this damned island, and nowhere, not nowhere, did I find a single slice of cheese.

JIM Sorry, cheese?

GUNN Aye. Cheese.

JIM Cheese?

GUNN Cheese! (*Begins crying.*)

JIM It seems our misfortune is also yours. Some of Flint's old crew sailed with us, and mutinied the moment we reached shore.

GUNN (*terrified again*) Not a man – with one – leg? (*Hops around a bit*)

JIM Long John Silver?

GUNN The very same!

JIM He's the ship's cook, and their ringleader too. They captured the ship and forced every honest man ashore. Luckily, I was able to capture the ship back from them and sail it to the other side of the island.

GUNN (*Terrified*) You captured the ship? From pirates? What dread spectre are you?

JIM (*modestly*) It was nothing. But Long John Silver's men will kill all my friends if we don't find them and sail away quickly!

GUNN If I come across Long John, I'm as good as dead.

JIM If you were to help us, our chances would be greater.

GUNN I see. And if I were to fight for you, would that secure me a passage home?

JIM Of course!

GUNN We don't need your ship. I've built us a coracle that will take us straight home. I keep it just behind this rock.

*GUNN takes out a model boat from his hiding place.*

GUNN Climb aboard, matey! With two hands on deck we'll be in England in no time.

*GUNN laughs hysterically. JIM backs steadily away and exits. GUNN shrugs.*

GUNN Very well, old Benjamin Gunn knows how to take care of himself. But there's one thing you can be sure of, boy, you mark my words: you can all dig yourselves into early graves, but none of you are ever going to find that treasure!

*GUNN laughs hysterically and skips off.*

*Blackout.*

### Scene 15

*The fort at night. Darkness. SILVER, CAP'N, JOB, MORGAN, DICK, MERRY, and ALAN are sleeping on the floor. JIM enters silently.*

JIM (*whispered, as he tries to identify the sleeping figures*) Dr Livesey? Admiral Trelawney? Captain Smollett?

CAP'N Craaw! Intruder! Intruder! Intruder! Intruder! (*Continues*)

*PIRATES spring to their feet.*

SILVER Who goes there?

*JIM runs one way, collides with JOB, runs the other way, and collides with DICK who holds him fast, struggling.*

DICK Got him, Cap'n.

SILVER (*To CAP'N*) Shut your beak, we've got 'im already.

*CAP'N ceases his refrain.*

SILVER So, here's Jim Hawkins, shiver my timbers! What a pleasant surprise for poor old John. I always hoped you would come to your senses and come to our side. I take it that's why you're here?

JIM Before I answer, I have a right to know what's what, and why you're here, and where my friends are.

JOB Ah, wouldn't you like to know?

SILVER (*To JOB, severely*) You'll batten down your hatches until you're spoken to, my friend. (*To JIM, pleasantly, lighting up his pipe*) Yesterday morning, down came Dr Livesey to our camp with a flag of truce. Says he, "Cap'n Silver, I've rethought my position, and decided you can have the accursed treasure map. It's brought us nothing but trouble and we'd rather keep our lives." So we let them leave this fort in peace. I noticed you weren't among their number and asked where you were. The doctor said, "That wretched boy? He's either dead or he's become a pirate. We haven't seen hide nor hair of him since we landed, and to be frank I don't much care."

JIM (*deeply upset*) Really?

SILVER I'm afraid so. Your so-called friends all think you've deserted them already, so you can't go back to them, even if you could find them. So either you start a third ship's company, which you might find lonely, or you throw your fate in with ours and become a pirate. I know you've got it in you, Jimmy lad.

JIM It seems I have no choice.

SILVER I knew you'd see sense, my boy!

JIM But first, there's a thing or two I have to tell you. The first is, you're not in such a good position yourself. No ship, no treasure, no men, your whole plan has failed, Long John Silver, and it was all thanks to me! It was I who overheard your plans from the apple-barrel, and reported every word of it to the Captain. It was I who captured the ship, and sailed her to a place you'll never find her. Kill me or let me live, for all I care, but remember the laugh's been on my side from the first, and Captain Flint will drag you all to the bottom of the sea with him before I betray my country!

*Astonished pause. JIM is breathing heavily.*

DICK I suppose we'll just have to kill 'im then.

MORGAN And not a moment too soon! Here goes!

*MORGAN draws a knife and advances on JIM. SILVER steps in between them.*

SILVER Avast, there! I like that boy, now; I never seen a better boy than that, and I won't stand by and see him killed. Cross me, and you'll go where many a good man's gone before you, to feed the fishes.

JOB I've had enough of this talk from Cap'n Smollett. I'll be hanged if I have to hear it from you, too, Silver.

SILVER Do any of you gentlemen want to have it out with ME? Him that dares, take a cutlass, and cut them down, before my pipe's empty!

*Long pause. Then, JOB, DICK, MERRY, ALAN, and MORGAN begin muttering to each other.*

HARRY Asking your pardon, sir, this crew's dissatisfied, and this crew has its rights like any other crew. I claim my right to step outside for a council. *(Salutes and exits.)*

JOB So be it. *(Salutes and exits.)*

MORGAN It's the best way. *(Salutes and exits.)*

DICK According to rules. *(Salutes and exits.)*

ALAN Begging your apology, sir. *(Salutes and exits.)*

*After a moment, MERRY simply looks hard at SILVER and exits.*

CAP'N Craak! Human rights! Human rights! Craak! *(Exits.)*

SILVER Not you too, Captain Flint! Now, you look here, Jim Hawkins. They're going to depose me. And why? Because I stood by you, through thick and thin.

JIM What do you need me for?

SILVER *(chuckling)* Ah, you're a smart one. See here, I'm no fool. I know you've got that ship safe somewhere. I don't know how you did it – maybe Hands and O'Brien turned soft, or maybe you really did kill them. *(Shakes his head in wonder)* Who knows what you're capable of, lad. Ah, you and me might have done a lot of good together, if we had met in different circumstances.

*CAP'N enters and returns to SILVER. MORGAN, DICK, JOB, and ALAN enter and salute in turn. MERRY enters last, not saluting. After a brief murmured argument, the group pushes ALAN forward, who walks, shaking, to SILVER with a closed fist in front of him.*

SILVER What's this then? Step up, lad, I won't eat you. I know the rules, I do.

*ALAN opens his hand and gives a piece of cloth to SILVER, who unfolds it to reveal the Black Spot.*

CAP'N Craaw! Black Spot! Black Spot! Craaw!

SILVER I thought as much.

JOB First, you've made a hash of this cruise.

MERRY Second, you let the enemy out of this fort for nothing. Why were they so keen to go? They must've had a reason.

MORGAN Third, you wouldn't let us have a pop at them as they were leaving.

DICK And fourth, you defend the life of this good-for-nothing boy, who's brought us nothing but ill-will and contempt.

SILVER Is that all?

MERRY That's more'n enough good reasons. We'll all hang for your bungling.

SILVER But if we'd done as I'd said from the start, we'd still be aboard the Hispaniola, alive and merry, with our treasure in the hold! Who forced us to mutiny before we'd even embarked, but you, Merry? Meanwhile, we got the supplies, we got the fresh water, and we have this!

*SILVER triumphantly unrolls the map and shows it to the crew. All open their mouths in amazement.*

JIM I don't understand! Why would Dr Livesey –

*The map is passed around all the pirates eagerly, who crow and ad lib. The below lines are spoken overlapping.*

DICK Now what do you think of your lily-livered doctor, eh, boy? Ha ha!

JOB Yes, that's Flint's map, sure enough! I'd know his seal anywhere.

ALAN We've got it now! We'll be as rich as kings!

CAP'N Craak! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Craak!

MERRY *(After the excitement has died down)* Mighty pretty. But how are we to get away with it, without a ship?

SILVER *(springing to his feet)* I'll tell you how – this boy! He's the one that stole it from under our very noses, he whose throat you would have slit without a second thought!

MORGAN Fair enough.

SILVER Fair? I reckon so. And now I resign, by thunder! Elect whoever you like to be your cap'n now, I'm done with it.

*JOB, MORGAN, DICK, and ALAN look at each other sheepishly.*

JOB, MORGAN, DICK, ALAN: Long John Silver forever! Silver for cap'n!

*MERRY spits on the ground.*

MERRY It's too late for that, boys. We've tipped him the Black Spot. His soul belongs to Captain Flint now.

SILVER (*Modestly batting away the song*) Is that what you think? You're forgetting I was a dear friend to Flinty in his life. I'm sure he's still a reasonable fellow, even in his death. Looks like this cloth ain't worth much anymore. Here, Jim, a souvenir of your travels. (*Tosses JIM the Black Spot cloth.*) Now, let's find that treasure!

*All roar with excitement and exit.*

### Scene 16a

*The treasure site. ALLARDYCE, and other SKELETONS, are standing, as if hanging, each pointing with one arm. These could be scattered around auditorium walkways. GUNN is hiding behind a shrub. SILVER, CAP'N, JIM, JOB, MORGAN, MERRY, HARRY, and ALAN traipse on in single file, hacking with cutlasses at the undergrowth. MORGAN is holding the map. JIM is at the back, tied up around his waist; SILVER holds the other end of the rope. All are looking a bit tired and lost.*

JOB What does the treasure map say again?

MORGAN Skeleton island, east-south-east and by east.

HARRY Well, we've come that far at least.

MORGAN Tall tree.

MERRY There are enough of those about here.

MORGAN Spy-glass shoulder, bearing a point to the north of nor' nor' east.

SILVER I'd take that to be this plateau, to the side of the peak.

JOB Still a mighty large area to be searching.

MORGAN Ten feet. X marks the spot. But the X is too big to be much good, now that we're so close.

*ALAN, who has moved further ahead, cries out.*

ALAN Over there! Someone on the brow of the hill!

HARRY So there is. The wretched doctor, perhaps.

DICK He's dead. Long dead. Why, he's nothing more'n a skeleton. (*Cuffs ALAN.*) You sounded like you was bein' attacked.

*The group inch closer and inspect ALLARDYCE.*

JOB By thunder! This is one of Flint's jokes, and no mistakes. This is one of the six he killed.

ALAN (*fearfully*) Six men Flint killed to protect this treasure. And six men are we.

MERRY We've got nothing to fear from Flint. I saw him dead with my own eyes.

JOB Aye, his body's down below, but his spirit still walks. And he still considers us his crew.

SILVER Come, lads. Poor Allardyce was left out here to point the way forwards, and forwards we shall go.

*The group follows the direction that ALLARDYCE points, and then the direction each subsequent SKELETON points, with barely-concealed fear mounting. This could take them around auditorium, ad-libbing as they pass audience.*

GUNN (*concealed onstage, singing ghostily into a bottle*) Six dead men on a dead man's chest, yo ho yo ho and a cappuccino. Drink and the devil have done for the rest, yo ho yo ho and a cappuccino. (*Continues singing until his discovery.*)

*All except SILVER react in startled terror to the singing, in their own ways.*

MERRY It's Flint!

MORGAN They was his last words he ever spoke.

SILVER Hold on a minute – there's an echo. Now, no man has ever seen a spirit with a shadow, so why would its voice have an echo?

*JOB, MORGAN, MERRY, HARRY, and ALAN look at one another, wholly convinced.*

MORGAN Well, that's so. You've a head on your shoulders, Long John Silver. And come to think of it, it didn't sound like Flint's voice. It sounded more like...

JOB By the powers! Ben Gunn!

*JOB draws back the scenery to reveal BEN GUNN in his hiding place. GUNN continues singing ghostily, even as he turns to see ALL looking at him. With a final, disappointed 'Ooooooh', he stops. There is a pause while all assess the situation. Then, at the same time, SILVER, JOB, MORGAN, ALAN, MERRY, and DICK fall on GUNN, who jumps up and manages to evade capture. There is a brief chase.*

MERRY Get back here, you wretch! I'll wring your puny throat!

GUNN Still going after the treasure, boys? (*ghoulishly*) Well, Ben Gunn did his level best to warn you away from your fool's mission. You only have what's coming to you.

*GUNN exits. With cries of rage, MERRY and JOB start after GUNN.*

## **Scene 16b**

MORGAN Leave it. It doesn't matter.

SILVER Stop fighting, we're here! There's the tall tree. Now for that last part of the instructions. Ten feet. Now, take some rope and count ten feet from each edge of the clearing.

*JOB, MORGAN, DICK, and ALAN each walk to a separate corner of the stage and unravel a length of rope that's tied there. They turn towards each other and begin counting steps inwards. By 'Ten!', they have reached a central, forming an 'X' with their ropes. They can also start from each corner of the house, passing the rope through the audience; final treasure location could be in the auditorium as well.*

JOB, MORGAN, DICK, ALAN: One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!

ALL X marks the spot!

DICK Pass me a shovel.

*MERRY and HARRY join the other four, carrying shovels and other makeshift digging implements. All six begin frantically digging. ALAN taps a shovel tentatively against the floor, as if he's hit something.*

ALAN I think I've hit something!

*JOB, MORGAN, HARRY, and ALAN drop their shovels and bend down to pick up crates marked 'FLINT'S BOOTY'. Some of these are hidden further afield in the audience, so they spread out to retrieve them. Others look into their boxes with a growing sense of disappointment.*

HARRY Empty. Empty.

JOB Every one of these boxes, empty.

DICK What's going on here?

ALAN This must be a trick. The real treasure is buried deeper.

*JOB, MORGAN, MERRY, DICK, and HARRY start digging again.*

MERRY Don't worry, lads!

*All turn to look at MERRY hopefully.*

MERRY (*holding up a single gold coin, which he's found among the empty boxes*) I've found a two guinea piece. (*In sudden rage, he throws it at SILVER.*) Two guineas! That's the treasure I've come all this way for, is it? You wooden-headed lubber!

*JOB, MORGAN, HARRY, and ALAN stand to look accusingly at SILVER.*

SILVER After my head again, Merry? You've already tried to curse me with death once. Are you sure you want to try again so soon?

DICK (*drawing cutlass*) If Captain Flint won't claim your soul, what say we do it instead?

MERRY (*drawing cutlass*) Mates, there's only two of them; one's the old cripple that brought us all to this hell-hole, chasing after a fool's dream, and the other's the boy who stranded us all here.

CAP'N Craak! Cap'n Flint! Cap'n Flint! Craak!

JOB (*drawing cutlass*) Merry, you clean forgot that flea-ridden bird on Silver's shoulder.

MORGAN (*drawing cutlass*) Too right, Job, what an oversight that would have been.

MERRY Say hello to Cap'n Flint for me.

*All move in slow-motion.*

*HARRY and ALAN draw their muskets and aim at SILVER. SILVER draws two muskets and shoots HARRY and ALAN one after the other. They collapse.*

*JOB and MORGAN run at SILVER, attacking him from both sides with cutlasses. SILVER fends them both off with his crutches. JIM pulls MORGAN off SILVER by wrapping rope around his neck, while SILVER forces JOB backwards. JOB is now attacked by CAP'N, who flies at his face, cawing furiously. JOB collapses onto his back, CAP'N on top of his chest. Meanwhile, MORGAN recovers, lunges at JIM a few times before being hit on the back of the head by a shovel from SILVER and collapsing.*

*MERRY advances on SILVER. SILVER blocks him using his crutches, the fight ranging across the stage. Soon, SILVER disarms MERRY, his cutlass flying out of reach.*

SILVER Merry, I reckon I settled you.

*MERRY turns and starts to run back into the audience. SILVER throws one of his crutches at him; it spins through the air (puppeted by CAP'N) and spears MERRY through the back. He collapses into the audience. SILVER bows to audience.*

SILVER (*To audience*) Thank you very much.

### Scene 16c

*GUNN enters behind SILVER and points a musket at his head. GUNN is now dressed in extravagant clothes and dripping with jewellery. SILVER stands, breathing hard and leaning heavily on his one crutch, and turns. He freezes and puts his hands up at the sight of GUNN.*

SILVER Ben Gunn. I might have known this was all your doing.

GUNN Poor Ben Gunn was marooned here for three years. Three years! Three years I searched, and I dug, and I sweated, and I waited. Until, one fine day, I found Flint's treasure, oh yes, and I carried every last bit of it back to my cave, on the other side of the island. Ah, if you could see it, Long John Silver! It's like nothing you could ever imagine. And it's all Ben Gunn's. Well, it was all mine, until I spent it on this. *(Takes out LIVESSEY's snuff box and opens it.)* Cheese! *(Takes a bite.)* Ah, Silver, it's like nothing I've ever tasted. *(To JIM)* Now, Jim, I was hoping I'd find you here. I have some guests at my humble cave who would be most pleased to see you again.

JIM Trelawney? Livesey? Are they safe? What about Captain Smollett?

GUNN Yes, they're all quite safe. We were going to throw a party, but Livesey insisted I find you first. And so here I came. I had a funny feeling you'd come here sooner or later. Now, Jim, we can all be headed back, just as soon as you've tied Long John Silver up.

*JIM uses his rope to tie SILVER up. GUNN, JIM, SILVER, and CAP'N exit.*

### Scene 16d

*FLINT enters slowly, followed by THE DEAD.*

FLINT Twenty two men on a dead man's chest, yo ho yo ho and a cappuccino.

*FLINT raises his fist, and opens it to reveal the Black Spot. JOB, MORGAN, MERRY, ALAN, and HARRY rise lightly and join THE DEAD.*

FLINT, THE DEAD Drink and the devil have done for the rest, yo ho yo ho and a cappuccino.

*FLINT and THE DEAD sing or rap an extract of Derelict (see opening information)*

### Scene 17a

*Gunn's cave, filled with treasure. TRELAWNEY, LIVESSEY, SMOLLETT, and JOYCE are sitting cheerily around a fire. GUNN, JIM, SILVER, and CAP'N enter.*

TRELAWNEY *(standing up with effort)* Jim! Jim, my boy! We thought all was lost.

JIM I'm so sorry I didn't flee the ship with you. You must have thought me turned to piracy.

LIVESSEY Don't be ridiculous! Ben Gunn here came to find us, and told us of your escapades in full. Why, you outsmarted those pirates at every turn! Do you think we would let you stay their prisoner?

SMOLLETT You uncovered the plot, you recovered the Hispaniola, and you found Ben Gunn.

JOYCE The best deed you ever did!



TRELAWNEY I see you're not travelling alone. (*To SILVER, hostile*) As for you, Long John Silver, you're a villain and a rogue of the highest order.

SILVER (*his usual charming self*) Thank you kindly sir. (*Salutes.*)

LIVESEY It is only a pity that Ben Gunn did not put a bullet in your head while your back was turned.

SILVER I couldn't agree more! (*Salutes.*)

SMOLLETT What brings you here, man?

SILVER Someone's got to be the ship's cook, ain't they?

TRELAWNEY Silence, you dog, and not another word from you. We will take you back if needs must, but only to see you hang for what you've done.

SMOLLETT Now that Gunn is returned, we may as well begin loading the treasure. It looks like we have three days' work ahead of us, or more, so let's not delay.

JOYCE The ship is anchored just outside the cave, and its hold is cleared to receive its bounty.

SMOLLETT I will look after this hostage and see he doesn't shoot us in the backs.

JIM Can't I do that?

SMOLLETT What?

JIM Watch the hostage, I mean. I'm in no fit shape to transport this treasure.

*TRELAWNEY, SMOLLETT, and LIVESEY exchange glances.*

TRELAWNEY As you like, my boy. Here, take this musket, and don't hesitate to shoot the rascal if he so much as blinks out of turn.

SMOLLETT Fall to it, boys! The voyage home is but a few short days away.

*TRELAWNEY, LIVESEY, SMOLLETT, JOYCE, and GUNN pick up some of the treasure and carry it offstage.*

### **Scene 17b**

SILVER (*slowly, craftily, peppered with pauses while he waits for JIM to reply*) Thank you kindly for saving me from Smollett, he'd have shot me and made out I tried to escape as soon as your backs were turned. You're a good lad, I always thought it. You're here, I presume, to keep up your end of the bargain? Twice, I saved your life from those low-life pirates. How about you repay the favour? One good turn deserves another, don't it? Come on, all you have to do is turn your back for a second, and I'll be gone from your life, never to return. The others will never blame you. What do you say?

*Not speaking, with a stern expression, JIM paces up to SILVER and unties his rope.*

JIM Smart as paint. Knew that from the moment I laid eyes on you. Now go.

*SILVER starts to go, making a sudden dart downwards. JIM starts in fright and points his musket at SILVER.*

JIM Don't you dare try anything now!

SILVER Don't be foolish, my boy. I was only thinking, none of you on that ship are too fond of tobacco, are you? So you would be none the worse off if I took this as well?

*SILVER picks up a box marked 'TOBACCO' and backs away.*

SILVER Jim Hawkins, it's been an honour to sail with you.

JIM The honour was mine.

*SILVER salutes. JIM salutes back. JIM turns to address audience. SILVER sits and lights his pipe.*

JIM *(to audience)* None protested when I told them that Long John Silver had given me the slip. We simply loaded the Hispaniola with our fortunes and made a swift voyage home. You can imagine the stir we caused on our arrival home! Out of the twenty-seven men who had sailed out, only five returned. The rest had returned to Captain Flint's crew, where no doubt they are still sailing across the wrong side of eternity. Of Silver, we heard no more. For all I know, he still lives in comfort with his faithful parrot, on Treasure Island. *(Exits.)*

### **Scene 17c**

SILVER This ain't such a bad life after all. Don't know what Ben Gunn was complaining about; he should've thanked us for leaving him here. The simple life, free of everyday stresses and strains; why, I reckon people would pay good money to come to a place like this and relax on the beach every day. Eh, Cap'n?

*FLINT enters, unseen, behind SILVER.*

CAP'N *(flapping around with increasing agitation)* Craaw! Cap'n Flint! Cap'n Flint! Craaw!

SILVER Yes, well done, you stupid bird, you know your own name. What do you want, a medal? Because I happen to have one right here. *(SILVER pulls out a gold medal.)*

CAP'N Cap'n Flint! Cap'n Flint! Cap'n Flint!

SILVER If you carry on like this, I'll have to take you back to your cage. *(Turns to see FLINT.)* Ah.

*FLINT slowly raises a closed fist.*

FLINT *(singing)* Twenty three men on a dead man's chest, yo ho yo ho and a cappuccino.

*FLINT opens his hand to reveal the Black Spot. Blackout.*

SILVER *(in darkness)* Why, hello there, Flinty! Long time, no see.  
*Curtain call.*

## The End

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About me: I live in Oxford, UK, where I'm currently working on the *God Machine* series. *God Machine* is an epic urban fantasy for teenagers and up, set in an alternative London where magic exists, but is illegal and doesn't work anyway. I'm also an improv comedian with Hivemind: [www.hivemindimprov.com](http://www.hivemindimprov.com). Take a look around my site to find out more!

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