

**Treasure Island**  
**By Robert Louis Stevenson**  
**Adapted by Andrew N. Holding**



**Parts:**

Black Dog (missing two fingers)

Billy Bones

Long John Silver

Dr. Livesey

Squire Trelawney

Jim Hawkins

Mrs. Hawkins

Pew – blind

Tom Redruth – the game keeper

Hunter – crew member

Abraham Gray – crew member, turns sides in the mutiny

Ben Gunn – maroon

Captain Smollett

**Pirates:**

Tom Morgan

Harry (aka Pirate 1) } chase after Black Dog after he runs out

Ben (aka Pirate 2) } of Long John Silver's pub

George Merry (referred to as George and Merry)

Dick (a rather quiet chap)

**Extras:**

The gardener (actor could also play Hunter)

2 others who turn up with Pew to raid the Inn

Hands - crew member (never on stage)

## **Scene 1: The Old Bucacaneer**

The scene opens at the 'Admiral Benbow'.

Billy Bones knocks on the door.

Jim opens and lets him in.

BB: "A glass of rum, will you?"

and sits himself at a table. Jim fetches the rum, BB then drinks slowly like a connoisseur.

BB: "This is a handy cove, and a pleast sittyated grog-shop. Much company, mate?"

Jim: "Sadly very little company of late, the more was the pity."

BB: "Well then, this is the berth for me. Help up my chest; I'll stay here a bit. I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want and a head up there to watch ships off. What mought call me? You mough call me Captain. Oh, I see what you're at -- there;"

BB throws down 4 gold on the threshold.

BB: "You can tell me when you've worked through that."

As BB walks off to his room, he says discretely to Jim:

BB: "You look like a smart one, keep your weather-eye open for a sea-faring man with one leg, you let me know when you see him. You do that and you can have a four-penny on the first of every month."

## **Many months pass**

Dr. Livesey walks into the room and sits at a table with the gardener, Jim and Mrs. Hawkins. They talk quietly. BB sits in the corner. Several people fill the room.

BB pipes up with the following:

BB: " Fifteen men on the dead man's chest-  
Yo-Ho-Ho, and a bottle of rum!  
Drink and the devil had done for the rest -  
Yo-Ho-Ho and a bottle of rum!"

The doctor looks perturbed, but continues to discuss something with the gardener, Jim and Mrs. Hawkins.

BB slams his hand down onto the table. Everyone goes silent, except the doctor.

BB: "Silence, there, silence on between the decks!"

Dr: "Were you addressing me, sir?"

BB: ....

Dr: I have only one thing to say to you, sir, that if you keep on drinking rum, the world will be soon be quit of a very dirty scoundrel!"

BB springs to his feet and draws a sailor's clasp knife *and places into the palm of his hand.*

BB: "I'll pin ya to the will with this!"

Dr doesn't so much as move.

Dr: "If you do not put that knife this instant into your pocket , I promise upon my honour, that you shall hang at next assizes."

A battle of looks follows, before BB puts away the weapon and resumes his seat, grumbling like a beaten dog.

Dr: "And now sir, since I now there's such a fellow in my district you can count I'll have my eye upon you day and night. I'm not a doctor only; I'm a magistrate; and if I catch a breath of a complaint against you, if it's only for a piece of incivility like to-

night's, I'll take effectual means to have you hunted down and routed out of this. Let that suffice. I believe my horse has now arrived."

Dr leaves.

**Lights fade.**

Knock on the door. Jim answers.

Jim: "What is for your service, may I enquire?"

Black Dog: "I will take a rum."

BD sits down. Takes the rum when it arrives.

BD: "Come here, sonny?"

Jim comes nearer.

BD: "Come nearer here."

Jim steps closer.

BD: "Is this table for my mate Bill?"

Jim: "I am sorry but I do not know your mate Bill, this table is for the captain."

BD: "Well, my mate Bill would be called the captain, as like as not. He has a cut on one cheek, and a mighty pleasant way with him, particularly in drink, has my mate Bill. We'll put it for argument like, that your captain has a cut on one cheek -- and we'll put it, if you like, that that cheek's the right one. Ah well! Now, is my mate Bill in this here house?"

Jim: "No sir, for he is out walking."

BD: "Which way, sonny? Which way has he gone?"

Jim points to the rock.

Jim: "But he'll return soon."

BD: "Ah, this'll be as good as a drink to my mate Bill."

The expression on BD's face is one of mallice.

BD: "I have a son of my own, as like you as two blocks, and he's all the pride of my 'art. But the great thing for boys is discipline, sonny -- discipline. Now, if you had sailed along of Bill, you wouldn't have stood there to be spoke to twice -- not you. The was never Bill's way, nor the way of such as sailed with him. And here, sure enough, is my mate Bill with a spyglass under his arm, bless his old 'art to be sure. You and me'll just go back into the parlour, sonny, and get behind the door, and we'll give Bill a little surprise -- bless his 'art I say again."

Jim and BD go hide.

BB walks in, BD greets him as he walks in as follows:

BD: "Bill!"

BB looks ill with shock.

BD: "Come, Bill, you know me; you know an old shipmate, Bill surely."

BB gasps:

BB: "Black Dog!"

BD: "And who else? Black Dog as ever was, come to see his old shipmate Billy, at the 'Admiral Benbow' Inn. Ah, Bill, Bill, we seen a sights of times, us two, since I lost them two talons."

BD shows two fingers missing.

BB: "Now look here, you've run me down; here I am; well, then speak up, what is it?"

BD: "That's you, Bill. You're in the right of it, Billy. I'll have a glass of rum from this dear child here, as I've took such a liking to; and we'll sit down, if you please, and talk square, like old shipmates".

Jim gets the rum and the two talk. He returns with the rum. The two bid Jim leave and go off to one side; Jim tries to listen in but fails to hear anything.

BB finally pipes up loud enough to hear.

BB: "No, no, no, no' and an end of it! If it comes to swinging, swing all, say I!"

The table is pushed out the way and the pair fight, they draw cutlasses. BD get's injured in the fight and drops his sword. BD leaves clutching the top of his arm.

BB: "Jim, RUM!" as he steadies himself on the wall.

Jim: "Are you hurt?"

BB: "Rum, I must get away from here. RUM! RUM!"

Jim runs to get the rum, but BB crashes to the floor.

Mrs. Hawkins rushes in

MH: "Dear, deary me! What a disgrace upon the house! And your poor father sick!"

They gather round him. Jim tries to feed the rum to BD but fails.

Dr. Livesey opens the door.

Jim + MH: "Oh, Doctor."

Jim: "What shall we do? Where is he wounded?"

Dr: "Wounded? A fiddle-stick's end! No more wounded than you

or I. The man has had a stroke, as I warned him. Now, Mrs. Hawkins, just run upstairs to your husband, and tell him if possible nothing about it. For my part, I must do my best to save this fellow's trebly worthless life; and Jim here will get me a basin."

The doctor rolls up his sleeves. Jim returns with a bowl.

Dr: "Prophetic (*as he points to a tattoo*). And now, Master Billy Bones, if that be your name, we'll have a look at the colour of your blood. (*Pause.*) Jim, are you afraid of blood?"

Jim: "No, sir."

Dr: "Well, hold the basin"

BB starts to stir.

BB: "Where's black dog?"

Dr: "There's no black dog here, except what you have on your own back. You have been drinking rum; you have had a stroke, precisely as I told you; and I have just, very much against my own will, dragged you head foremost out of the grave. Now, Mr. Bones--"

BB: "That's not my name."

Dr: "Much I care. It's the name of a buccaneer of my acquaintance; and I call you by it for the sake of shortness, and what I have to say to you is this: one glass of rum won't kill you, but if you take one you'll take another and another, and I stake my wig if you don't break off short, you'll die -- do you understand that? -- die, and go to your own place, like the man in the Bible. Come, now, make an effort. I'll help you to your bed for once."

Jim and Dr. hoist BB to bed (offstage). The Dr. yells back to BB:

Dr: "Now, mind you, I clear my conscience -- the name of rum for you is death."

The Dr. closes the door. He begins to head offstage:

Dr: "This is nothing. I have drawn blood enough to keep him quiet for a while; he should lie for a week where he is – that is the best thing for him and you; but another stroke would settle him."

The Dr. looks at Jim to console him.

Dr: "I must tend to your father now. I'm sorry, Jim - I fear the worst. There is little I can do and you should pray for him. I will do my best, but I fear his fate lies outside my control."

### **Lights fade**

### **Outside the Inn**

Pew: "Will any kind friend inform a poor blind man who has lost the precious sight of his eyes in the gracious defense of his native country, England, and God bless King George! – where or in what part of this country may he be?"

Jim: "You are at the 'Admiral Benbow', Black Hill Cove, my good man."

Pew: "I hear a voice, a young voice. Will you give me your hand, my kind young friend, and lead me in?"

Jim helps him.

Pew: "Now boy, take me to the captain."

Jim: "Sir, upon my word I dare not."

Pew: "Oh, that's it! Take me straight in, or I'll break your arm."

Jim yelps from the pain in his arm as Pew twists it.

Jim: "Sir, it is for yourself, I mean. The captain is not what he

used to be. He sits with a drawn cutlass. Another gentleman --"

Pew: "Come, now march."

They enter the inn.

Jim opens the parlour door.

Jim: (*obviously forced to say*) "Here's a friend for you, Bill."

BB tries to get up but fails, and looks mortified.

Pew: "Now, Bill, sit where you are. If I can't see, I can hear a finger stirring. Business is business. Hold out your left hand. Boy, take his left hand by the wrist and bring it to my right."

He passes a piece of paper.

Pew: "And now that's done."

Pew lets go of Jim and silently leaves.

BB: "Ten o'clock. Six hours. We'll do them yet. No one has the black spot on me!"

BB springs to his feet but suffers a stroke and falls face to the floor.

Jim runs over and cries for his mum, before bursting into tears.

Mrs. Hawkins runs up and consoles her son.

Mrs. Hawkins: "We must head to the hamlet and gather help. Come."

**Lights fade.**

*BB is lying dead on the floor in the Inn. Enter Jim and Mrs. Hawkins.*

MH: "To think those chicken-hearted men will not help a boy who lost his father only a week ago reclaim what is his. For our aid we have nothing more than a pistol and Mrs. Crossley's bag. Draw down the blind, they may return to watch from outside. And now we have to get the key off *that*; and who's to touch it I should like to know".

Jim kneels down and finds the piece of paper.

Jim: "It must be the black spot he spoke of, he had till ten tonight."

MH: "A good thing to that it is now only six. Now, Jim, that key."

Jim searches BB, getting worried that he can't find it.

MH: "Perhaps it's round his neck?"

Jim finds the key and heads to the chest.

MH: "Give me the key."

MH opens the chest. She and Jim empty the chest and eventually find a pouch of gold.

MH: "I will show these rogues that I'm an honest woman. I'll have my dues, and not a farthing more. Hold Mrs. Crossley's bag."

She counts out the money.

Jim pricks his ears.

Jim: "Mother, I hear the blind man's stick, take the whole and let's be going."

MH: "I'll take what I have."

Jim: (As he picks up an oilskin packet) "And I'll take this to the square to count."

**They get to the door and escape. They get some way.**

**Scene changes to outside the Inn.**

MH: "My dear, take the money and run on, I'm going to faint."

But Jim helps her down and hides with her at the side of the road.

Pew walks on and knocks on the door, with two others.

Pew: "Down with the door!"

Others: "Aye sir"

Door breaks. The two others enter while Pew waits outside.

Pew: "In, in, in!"

Other 1 (from inside the Inn): "Bill's dead!"

Pew: "Search him, one of you shirking lubbers, and the other one aloft and get the chest."

Other 2: (from inside the Inn): "Pew, they've been before us. Someone turned the chest out alow and aloft."

Pew: "Is it there?!"

Other 2: "The money's there."

Pew curses.

Pew: "Flint's fist, I mean."

Other 2: "We don't see it no here nohow."

Pew: "Here, you below there, is it on Bill?"

Other 1: "Bill's been over hauled a'ready. Nothin' left".

Pew: "It's these people of the Inn – it's that boy. I wish I had put his eyes out! They were here no time ago – they had the door bolted when I tried it. Scatter, lads and find 'em."

Other 2: "Sure enough they left their glim here."

Pew: (*striking his stick upon the road*) "Scatter and find 'em!"

The 2 others exit the Inn. A trumpet sounds in the distance, and the 2 others look at each other in surprise.

Other 1: "There's Dirk again. Twice! We'll have to budge, mates!"

Pew: "Budge, you skulk. Dirk was a fool and a coward from the first – you wouldn't mind him. They must be close by; they can't be far; you have your hands on it. Scatter and look for them, dogs! Oh, shiver my soul. If I had eyes! You have your hands on thousands, you fools, and you hang a leg! You'd be as rich as kings if you could find it, and you know's it's here, and you stand there malingering. There wasn't one of you that dared face Bill, and I did it – a blind man! And I'm to lose my chance for you! I'm to be a poor, crawling beggar, sponging for rum, when I might be rolling in a coach! If you had the pluck of a weevil in a biscuit, you would catch them still."

Other 1: "Hang it, Pew, we've got the doubloons!"

Other 2: " They might have hid the blessed thing. Take the Georges, Pew, and don't stand here squalling."

Pew lashes out with his stick. The 2 others try in vain to wrest his stick from him. A pistol shot is fired at them and the 2 others run.

Pew: "Johnny, Black Dog, Dirk, ----- you won't leave old Pew, mates – not old Pew!"

He wanders off the other side of stage and is trampled to death by the incoming riders.

Dr. Livesey walks on, having told some people (who are offstage)

to search the area.

Jim jumps out from his hiding place.

Jim: "Dr. Livesey!"

Dr: "Hawkins, you're safe. We came when I heard. They've got off, clean I'm afraid, except one who we trod down, poor soul. What in fortune were they after... money?"

Jim: "No, sir; not money, I think --- In fact sure, sir, I believe I have the thing in my breast pocket; and, to tell the truth, I should like to get it put in safety."

Jim removes the oilskin packet from his pocket and hands it to the Dr.

Dr: "To be sure, boy; quite right."

They head towards Mrs. Hawkins under Jim's direction as the scene closes.

### **Scene ends**

In Dr. Livesey's residence, Squire Trelawney is there, as is Jim.

Dr. (as he goes to take a seat): "Squire, you have heard of this Flint, I suppose?"

Squire: "Heard of him! Heard of him, you say! He was the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that sailed. Blackbeard was a child to Flint. The Spaniards were so prodigiously afraid of him, that, I tell you, sir, I was sometimes proud he was an Englishman. I've seen his topsails with these eyes, off Trinidad, and the cowardly son of a rum-puncheon that I sailed with put back -- put back, sir, into the Port of Spain."

Dr: "Well, I've heard of him myself, in England. But the point is, had he money?"

Squire: "Money! Have you heard the story? What were these villains after but money? What do they care for but money? For what would they risk their rascal carcasses but money?"

Dr: "That we shall soon know. But you cannot get so hot headed that I cannot get a word in. What I want to know is this: Supposing that I have here in my pocket some clue to where Flint buried his treasure, will that treasure amount to much?"

Squire: "Amount sire! It will amount to this if we have the clue you talk about: I will fit out a ship in Bristol dock, and take you and Hawkins here along, and I'll have that treasure if I search a year."

Dr: "Very well. Now then, if Jim is agreeable, we'll open the packet."

The Dr. removes the oilskin packet from his pocket and lays it before him on the table. It contains two things — a book and a sealed paper.

Dr: "First of all, we'll try the book."

Squire Trelawney and Jim are both peering over his shoulder. Dr. Livesey kindly motions to Jim to come round.

Dr. (looking at the first page): "Not much instruction there."

He flicks through the next few pages.

Dr: "I can't make head or tail of this."

Squire: "The thing is as clear as noonday. This is the black-hearted hound's account-book. These crosses stand for the names of ships or towns that they sank or plundered. The sums are the scoundrel's share, and where he feared an ambiguity, you see he added something clearer. 'Offe Caraccas,' now; you see, here was some unhappy vessel boarded off that coast. God help the poor souls that manned her—corral long ago."

Dr: "Right! See what it is to be a traveller. Right! And the

amounts increase, you see, as he rose in rank..." (*pause while looking at the book*) "Thrifty man! He wasn't the one to be cheated."

Squire: "And now, for the other."

The Dr. opens the sealed paper with great care. A map falls out.

Squire: "Livesey, you will give up this wretched practice at once. Tomorrow I start for Bristol. In three weeks' time — three weeks! — two weeks — ten days — we'll have the best ship, sir, and the choicest crew in England. Hawkins shall come as cabin-boy. You'll make a famous cabin-boy, Hawkins. You, Livesey, are ship's doctor. I am admiral. We'll take Redruth, Joyce, and Hunter. We'll have favourable winds, a quick passage, and not the least difficulty in finding the spot, and money to eat, to roll in, to play duck and drake with ever after."

Dr: "Trelawney, I'll go with you; and I'll go bail for it, so will Jim, and be a credit to the undertaking. There's only one man I'm afraid of."

Squire: "And who's that? Name the dog, sir!"

Dr: "You, for you cannot hold your tongue. We are not the only men who know of this paper. These fellows who attacked the Inn tonight — bold, desperate blades, for sure — and the rest who stayed aboard that lugger, and more, I dare say, not far off, are, one and all, through thick and thin, bound that they'll get that money. We must none of us go alone till we get to sea. Jim and I shall stick together in the meanwhile; you'll take Joyce and Hunter when you ride to Bristol, and from first to last, not one of us must breathe a word of what we've found."

Squire: "Livesey, you are always in the right of it. I'll be as silent as the grave."

**Lights fade.**

**Scene 2: The Sea Cook**

In the same room, Jim has been waiting with Redruth for some time.

Redruth: "Young Jim, here..."

Redruth hands him a letter.

Jim: "To be opened, in the case of his absence, by Tom Redruth or young Hawkins." (Looks to Redruth.) "Shall I?"

Redruth: "Please, I'm no good at reading script."

Jim (reading): "Old Anchor Inn, Bristol, March 1st

Dear Livesey — As I do not know whether you are at the hall or still in London, I send this in double to both places.

The ship is bought and fitted. She lies at anchor, ready for sea. You never imagined a sweeter schooner — a child might sail her — two hundred tons; name, HISPANIOLA.

I got her through my old friend, Blandly, who has proved himself throughout the most surprising trump. The admirable fellow literally slaved in my interest, and so, I may say, did everyone in Bristol, as soon as they got wind of the port we sailed for — treasure, I mean."

Jim: "Redruth, Dr. Livesey will not like that. The squire has been talking, after all."

Redruth: "Well, who's a better right? A pretty rum go if squire ain't to talk for Dr. Livesey, I should think."

Jim (reading): "Blandly himself found the HISPANIOLA, and by the most admirable management got her for the merest trifle. There is a class of men in Bristol monstrously prejudiced against Blandly. They go

the length of declaring that this honest creature would do anything for money, that the HISPANIOLA belonged to him, and that he sold it me absurdly high — the most transparent calumnies. None of them dare, however, to deny the merits of the ship.

So far there was not a hitch. The workpeople, to be sure — riggers and what not — were most annoyingly slow; but time cured that. It was the crew that troubled me.

I wished a round score of men — in case of natives, buccaneers, or the odious French — and I had the worry of the deuce itself to find so much as half a dozen, till the most remarkable stroke of fortune brought me the very man that I required.

I was standing on the dock, when, by the merest accident, I fell in talk with him. I found he was an old sailor, kept a public-house, knew all the seafaring men in Bristol, had lost his health ashore, and wanted a good berth as cook to get to sea again. He had hobbled down there that morning, he said, to get a smell of the salt.

I was monstrously touched — so would you have been — and, out of pure pity, I engaged him on the spot to be ship's cook. Long John Silver, he is called, and has lost a leg; but that I regarded as a recommendation, since he lost it in his country's service, under the immortal Hawke. He has no pension, Livesey. Imagine the abominable age we live in!

Well, sir, I thought I had only found a cook, but it was a crew I had discovered. Between Silver and myself we got together in a few days a company of the toughest old salts imaginable — not pretty to look at, but fellows, by their faces, of the most indomitable spirit. I declare we could fight a

frigate.

Long John even got rid of two out of the six or seven I had already engaged. He showed me in a moment that they were just the sort of fresh-water swabs we had to fear in an adventure of importance.

I am in the most magnificent health and spirits, eating like a bull, sleeping like a tree, yet I shall not enjoy a moment till I hear my old tarpaulins tramping round the capstan. Seaward, ho! Hang the treasure! It's the glory of the sea that has turned my head. So now, Livesey, come post; do not lose an hour, if you respect me.

Let young Hawkins go at once to see his mother, with Redruth for a guard; and then both come full speed to Bristol.

John Trelawney."

### **Lights fade/up again.**

Jim: "Where are we?"

Redruth: "Bristol."

Jim: "The smell of tar and salt, it's amazing! Those wonderful figureheads, that have all been so far over the ocean. So many old sailors, with rings in their ears, and whiskers curled in ringlets, and tarry pigtails, and their swaggering, clumsy sea-walk. I am going to sea myself, to sea in a schooner, with a piping boatswain and pig-tailed singing seamen, to sea, bound for an unknown island, and to seek for buried treasure!"

Squire enters.

Squire: "Here you are, and the doctor came last night from London. Bravo! The ship's company complete!"

Jim: "Oh, sir, when do we sail?"

Squire: "Sail! We sail tomorrow!"

**Lights down and up.**

Jim is in the room (at LJS inn), with other customers. LJS enters with a parrot on his shoulder.

Jim (holding out a note): "Mr. Silver, sir?"

LJS: "Yes, my lad, such is my name, to be sure. And who may you be?"

He notices the letter.

LJS: "Oh! I see. You are our new cabin-boy; pleased I am to see you."

LJS takes Jim's hand in his large firm grasp.

Just then one of the customers rises suddenly and makes for the door.

Jim: "Oh, stop him! It's Black Dog!"

LJS: "I don't care two coppers who he is. But he hasn't paid his score. Harry, run and catch him."

One of the customers, Harry, gets up and runs after him.

LJS: "If he were Admiral Hawke, he shall pay his score. Who did you say he was? Black what?"

Jim: "Dog, sir. Has Mr. Trelawney not told you of the buccaneers? He was one of them."

LJS: "So? In my house! Ben, run and help Harry. One of those swabs, was he? Was that you drinking with him, Morgan? Step

up here."

*(Ben as in Pirate 2, not Ben Gunn.)*

Another person, Tom Morgan, comes forward.

LJS (very sternly): "Now, Morgan, you never clapped your eyes on that Black — Black Dog before, did you, now?"

Morgan (with a salute): "Not I, sir."

LJS: "You didn't know his name, did you?"

Morgan: "No, sir."

LJS: "By the powers, Tom Morgan, it's as good for you! If you had been mixed up with the like of that, you would never have put another foot in my house, you may lay to that. And what was he saying to you?"

Morgan: "I don't rightly know, sir,"

LJS: "Do you call that a head on your shoulders, or a blessed dead-eye? Don't rightly know, don't you! Perhaps you don't happen to rightly know who you was speaking to, perhaps? Come, now, what was he jawing — v'yages, cap'ns, ships? Pipe up! What was it?"

Morgan: "We was a-talkin' of keel-hauling."

LJS: "Keel-hauling, was you? And a mighty suitable thing, too, and you may lay to that. Get back to your place for a lubber, Tom."

LJS (whispers to Jim): "He's quite an honest man, Tom Morgan, on'y stupid. And now, let's see — Black Dog? No, I don't know the name, not I. Yet I kind of think I've — yes, I've seen the swab. He used to come here with a blind beggar, he used."

Jim: "That he did, you may be sure, I knew that blind man too. His name was Pew."

LJS: "It was! Pew! That were his name for certain. Ah, he looked a shark, he did! If we run down this Black Dog, now, there'll be news for Cap'n Trelawney! Ben's a good runner; few seamen run better than Ben. He should run him down, hand over hand, by the powers! He talked o' keel-hauling, did he? I'LL keel-haul him!"

Harry and Ben (aka Pirates 1 and 2) return, out of breath, having lost Black Dog.

LJS: "See here, now, Hawkins, here's a blessed hard thing on a man like me, now, ain't it? There's Cap'n Trelawney — what's he to think? Here I have this confounded son of a Dutchman sitting in my own house drinking of my own rum! Here you comes and tells me of it plain; and here I let him give us all the slip before my blessed deadlights! Now, Hawkins, you do me justice with the cap'n. You're a lad, you are, but you're as smart as paint. I see that when you first come in. Now, here it is: What could I do, with this old timber I hobble on? When I was an A B master mariner, I'd have come up alongside of him, hand over hand, and broached him to in a brace of old shakes, I would; but now — "

LJS's jaw drops, as if he has remembered something.

LJS: "The score! Three goes o' rum! Why, shiver my timbers, if I hadn't forgotten my score!" (Laughing:) "Why, what a precious old sea-calf I am! You and me should get on well, Hawkins, for I'll take my davy I should be rated ship's boy. But come now, stand by to go about. This won't do. Dooty is dooty, messmates. I'll put on my old cockerel hat, and step along of you to Cap'n Trelawney, and report this here affair. For mind you, it's serious, young Hawkins; and neither you nor me's come out of it with what I should make so bold as to call credit. Nor you neither, says you; not smart — none of the pair of us smart. But dash my buttons! That was a good un about my score."

Jim laughs along but doesn't understand.

**Lights down, lights up.**

LJS drops Jim off with Squire Trelawney and Dr. Livesey.

Squire: "All hands aboard by four this afternoon."

LJS (as he leaves): "Aye, aye, sir."

Dr: "Well, squire, I don't put much faith in your discoveries, as a general thing; but I will say this, John Silver suits me."

Squire: "The man's a perfect trump."

Dr: "And now, Jim may come on board with us, may he not?"

Squire: "To be sure he may. Take your hat, Hawkins, and we'll see the ship."

## **Lights Down**

### **Scene 3: The Stockade**

Captain Smollett: "As you've now seen by now, we are nearly at shore, has any one of you ever seen that land ahead?"

LJS: "I have, sir, I've watered there with a trader I was cook in."

Captain: "The anchorage is on the south, behind an islet, I fancy?"

LJS: "Yes, sir; Skeleton Island, they calls it. It were a main place for pirates once, and a hand we had on board knowed all their names for it. That hill to the nor'ard they calls the Fore-mast Hill; there are three hills in a row running south'ard —fore, main, and mizzen, sir. But the main—that's the big un, with the cloud on it — they usually calls the Spy-glass, by reason of a lookout they kept when they was in the anchorage cleaning, for it's there they cleaned their ships, sir, asking your pardon."

Captain: "I have a chart here, See if that's the place."

LJS: "Yes, sir." (He takes it off the Captain, but looks

disappointed when he realises it is a copy of the map without the location of the treasure.) "This is the spot, to be sure, and very prettily drawed out. Who might have done that, I wonder? The pirates were too ignorant, I reckon. Aye, here it is: 'Capt. Kidd's Anchorage' — just the name my shipmate called it. There's a strong current runs along the south, and then away nor'ard up the west coast. Right you was, sir to haul your wind and keep the weather of the island. Leastways, if such was your intention as to enter and careen, and there ain't no better place for that in these waters."

Captain: "Thank you, my man, I'll ask you later on to give us a help. You may go."

Captain turns to talk to Squire and Dr.

LJS (to Jim): "Ah, this here is a sweet spot, this island — a sweet spot for a lad to get ashore on. You'll bathe, and you'll climb trees, and you'll hunt goats, you will; and you'll get aloft on them hills like a goat yourself. Why, it makes me young again. I was going to forget my timber leg, I was. It's a pleasant thing to be young and have ten toes, and you may lay to that. When you want to go a bit of exploring, you just ask old John, and he'll put up a snack for you to take along."

He pats Jim on the back and leaves to talk to the rest of crew.

Captain Smollett, Squire and Dr. Livesey are talking.

Dr (to Jim): "Would you mind to fetch a man his pipe?"

Jim (whispering): "Doctor, let me speak. Get the captain and squire down to the cabin, and then make some pretence to send for me. I have terrible news."

Dr: "Thank you, Jim, that was all I wanted to know."

Captain (turns to the crew): "My lads, I've a word to say to you. This land that we have sighted is the place we have been sailing for. Mr. Trelawney, being a very open-handed gentleman, as we all know, has just asked me a word or two, and as I was able to

tell him that every man on board had done his duty, alow and aloft, as I never ask to see it done better, why, he and I and the doctor are going below to the cabin to drink YOUR health and luck, and you'll have grog served out for you to drink OUR health and luck. I'll tell you what I think of this: I think it handsome. And if you think as I do, you'll give a good sea-cheer for the gentleman that does it."

A cheer follows.

LJS: "One more cheer for Cap'n Smollett!"

Another cheer.

**Lights down.**

**Lights up. Downstairs.**

Squire: "Now, Hawkins, you have something to say. Speak up."

Jim: "While we sailed here, I went on deck for an apple from the barrel that the cook had placed there for us. I heard Long John, Hands and others a plotting, he plans to take the booty from us that we seek, he plans a mutiny! I would have told you sooner, but while I hid there it was not long before we spied land and since we've not had a chance to speak."

Dr: "Jim, take a seat. You are a brave lad, it a good thing you told us this."

Squire: "Now, captain, you were right, and I was wrong. I own myself an ass, and I await your orders."

Captain: "No more an ass than I, sir, I never heard of a crew that meant to mutiny but what showed signs before, for any man that had an eye in his head to see the mischief and take steps according. But this crew, beats me."

Dr: "Captain, with your permission, that's Silver. A very remarkable man."

Captain: "He'd look remarkably well from a yard-arm, sir. But this is talk; this don't lead to anything. I see three or four points, and with Mr. Trelawney's permission, I'll name them."

Squire: "You, sir, are the captain. It is for you to speak,"

Captain: "First point. We must go on, because we can't turn back. If I gave the word to go about, they would rise at once. Second point, we have time before us — at least until this treasure's found. Third point, there are faithful hands. Now, sir, it's got to come to blows sooner or later, and what I propose is to take time by the forelock, as the saying is, and come to blows some fine day when they least expect it. We can count, I take it, on your own home servants, Mr. Trelawney?"

Squire: "As upon myself."

Captain: "Three, ourselves make seven, counting Hawkins here. Now, about the honest hands?"

Dr: "Most likely Trelawney's own men, those he had picked up for himself before he lit on Silver."

Squire: "Nay, Hands was one of mine."

Dr: "I did think I could have trusted Hands."

Squire: "And to think that they're all Englishmen! Sir, I could find it in my heart to blow the ship up."

Captain: "Well, gentlemen, the best that I can say is not much. We must lay to, if you please, and keep a bright lookout. It's trying on a man, I know. It would be pleasanter to come to blows. But there's no help for it till we know our men. Lay to, and whistle for a wind, that's my view."

Dr: "Jim here, can help us more than anyone. The men are not shy with him, and Jim is a noticing lad."

Squire: "Hawkins, I put prodigious faith in you."

### **Scene 3: The Stockade**

**Still on the boat, Redruth, Dr, Smollett and Squire are all in the room, hunter enters.**

Hunter: "They've all but a few left to shore, but Jim Hawkins's gone too. There are 3 left the for'cas'le. To check on us no doubt, Hands is one of 'em".

Dr: "I would not doubt Jim Hawkins's motives."

A shot and scream is heard off stage (a long way away). Squire looks horrified, as he works out what is going on, then sits down in shock.

Captain Smollet: "That will be first of our men..."

The doctor takes control.

Dr: "We move, we have no time. Redruth, take these muskets and guard those left behind, while we prepare to disembark. There is a stockade ashore we can go there. Captain, you help him."

Redruth takes the weapons and leaves stage, to guard those on stage against Hands and others.

Captain (following Redruth): "Mr. Hands, here are two of us with a brace of pistols each. If any one of you six make a signal of any description, that man's dead."

Dr: "Hunter, take as much water, food and powder as you can find and load it in".

They grab some bags and items and take them off stage in the opposite direction to where the captain and Redruth left. Squire gets up and starts to help at some point. Then the captain returns.

Captain (nodding towards someone offstage): "There's a man new to this work. He came nigh-hand fainting, doctor, when he heard the cry. Another touch of the rudder and that man would join us."

Dr: "Do it, we must go now!"

Redruth backs on, keeping his aim on the side on the stage.

Captain: "Now, men, do you hear me?"

No reply.

Captain: "It's to you, Abraham Gray— it's to you I am speaking."

No reply.

Captain (louder): "Gray, I am leaving this ship, and I order you to follow your captain. I know you are a good man at bottom, and I dare say not one of the lot of you's as bad as he makes out. I have my watch here in my hand; I give you thirty seconds to join me in. (Pause.) Come, my fine fellow, don't hang so long in stays. I'm risking my life and the lives of these good gentlemen every second."

Abraham runs on with a cut on his check, past Redruth who lowers his guns and turns. They all make for the Jollyboat off the other side of the stage.

Abraham (relieved): "I'm with you, sir."

### **On the Jollyboat**

Squire, Redruth, Captain, Doctor, and Hunter are on the boat. Doctor on the rudder, Redruth and Captain on oars.

Dr: "I cannot keep her head for the stockade, sir, the tide keeps washing her down. Could you pull a little stronger?"

Captain: "Not without swamping the boat. You must bear up, sir,

if you please — bear up until you see you're gaining."

Dr: "We'll never get ashore at this rate, we are nearly at right angles to the way we ought to go!"

Captain: "If it's the only course that we can lie, sir, we must even lie it, we must keep upstream. You see, sir, if once we dropped to leeward of the landing-place, it's hard to say where we should get ashore, besides the chance of being boarded by the gigs; whereas, the way we go the current must slacken, and then we can dodge back along the shore."

Abraham: "The current's less a'ready, sir, you can ease her off a bit."

Dr: "Thank you, my man."

Captain: "The Gun!"

Dr: "I have thought of that. They could never get the gun ashore, and if they did, they could never haul it through the woods."

Captain: "Look astern, doctor."

Gray (hoarsely): "Israel was Flint's Gunner."

Captain: "Who's the best shot?"

Dr: "Mr. Trelawney, out and away."

Captain: "Mr. Trelawney, will you please pick off one of these men, sir? Hands, if possible."

Squire looks as cool as steel, but checks his gun priming.

Captain: "Now, easy with that gun, sir, or you'll swamp the boat. All hands stand by to trim her when he aims."

Squire raises his gun and rowing ceases. He fires.

Squire: "Missed Hands! But got another."

Captain: "Give way, then. We mustn't mind if we swamp her now. If we can't get ashore it's all up."

Dr: "Only one of the gigs is being manned, sir, the crew of the other most likely going round by shore to cut us off."

Captain: "They'll have a hot run, sir, Jack ashore, you know. It's not them I mind; it's the round-shot. Carpet bowls! My lady's maid couldn't miss. Tell us, squire, when you see the match, and we'll hold water."

They row for a bit more. Squire packs his gun.

Squire: "They're ready!"

Captain: "Hold!"

They hold again. The ball (football?) flies over their heads and lands in the water near them.

Dr: "We're swamped, but no great harm, not much more and we can wade ashore!"

## **Lights Down**

Back to Jim who is alone in the woods. He notices someone: a maroon.

Jim: "Who's there?"

Ben: "Ben Gunn, I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am; and I haven't spoke with a Christian these three years."

Jim: "Three years! Were you shipwrecked?"

Ben "Nay, mate, marooned."

Jim: "Marooned three years ago, and lived on goats since

then, and berries, and oysters. Wherever a man is, says I, a man can do for himself. But, mate, my heart is sore for Christian diet. You mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now? No? Well, many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese — toasted, mostly — and woke up again, and here I were. If ever I can get aboard again, you shall have cheese by the stone."

Ben: "If ever you can get aboard again, says you? Why, now, who's to hinder you?"

Jim: "Not you, I know."

Ben: "And right you was, Now you — what do you call yourself, mate?"

Jim: "Jim."

Ben: "Jim, Jim. Well, now, Jim, I've lived that rough as you'd be ashamed to hear of. Now, for instance, you wouldn't think I had had a pious mother — to look at me?"

Jim: "Why, no, not in particular."

Ben: "Ah, well, but I had — remarkable pious. And I was a civil, pious boy, and could rattle off my catechism that fast, as you couldn't tell one word from another. And here's what it come to, Jim, and it begun with chuck-farthen on the blessed gravestones! That's what it begun with, but it went further'n that; and so my mother told me, and predicked the whole, she did, the pious woman! But it were Providence that put me here. I've thought it all out in this here lonely island, and I'm back on piety. You don't catch me tasting rum so much, but just a thimbleful for luck, of course, the first chance I have. I'm bound I'll be good, and I see the way to. And, Jim, I'm rich. Rich! Rich! I says. And I'll tell you what: I'll make a man of you, Jim. Ah, Jim, you'll bless your stars, you will, you was the first that found me. Now, Jim, you tell me true: that ain't Flint's ship?"

Jim: "It's not Flint's ship, and Flint is dead; but I'll tell you true, as you ask me — there are some of Flint's hands aboard; worse luck for the rest of us."

Ben: "Not a man — with one — leg?"

Jim: "Silver?"

Ben: "Ah, Silver! That were his name."

Jim: "He's the cook, and the ringleader too."

Ben grabs Jim's wrist.

Ben: "If you was sent by Long John, I'm as good as pork, and I know it. But where was you, do you suppose?"

Jim: "I was with a Dr. Livesey, and our Squire Trelawney, sir. But that Silver, he plots for the ship and has the crew on his side! I fear those honest to our captain are already dealt with."

Ben: "You're a good lad, Jim, and you're all in a clove hitch, ain't you? Well, you just put your trust in Ben Gunn — Ben Gunn's the man to do it. Would you think it likely, now, that your squire would prove a liberal-minded one in case of help — him being in a clove hitch, as you remark?"

Jim: "Our Squire is of a most liberal character."

Ben: "Aye, but you see. I didn't mean giving me a gate to keep, and a suit of livery clothes, and such; that's not my mark, Jim. What I mean is, would he be likely to come down to the toon of, say one thousand pounds out of money that's as good as a man's own already?"

Jim: "I am sure he would, as it was, all hands were to share."

Ben: "AND a passage home?"

Jim: "Why, the squire's a gentleman. And besides, if we got rid of the others, we should want you to help work the vessel home."

Ben: "Ah, so you would. Now, I'll tell you what. So much I'll tell you, and no more. I were in Flint's ship when he buried the

treasure; he and six along — six strong seamen. They was ashore nigh on a week, and us standing off and on in the old WALRUS. One fine day up went the signal, and here come Flint by himself in a little boat, and his head done up in a blue scarf. The sun was getting up, and mortal white he looked about the cutwater. But, there he was, you mind, and the six all dead — dead and buried. How he done it, not a man aboard us could make out. It was battle, murder, and sudden death, leastways — him against six. Billy Bones was the mate; Long John, he was quartermaster; and they asked him where the treasure was. 'Ah,' says he, 'you can go ashore, if you like, and stay,' he says; 'but as for the ship, she'll beat up for more, by thunder! Well, I was in another ship three years back, and we sighted this island. 'Boys,' said I, 'here's Flint's treasure; let's land and find it.' The cap'n was displeased at that, but my messmates were all of a mind and landed. Twelve days they looked for it, and every day they had the worse word for me, until one fine morning all hands went aboard. 'As for you, Benjamin Gunn,' says they, 'here's a musket,' they says, 'and a spade, and pick-axe. You can stay here and find Flint's money for yourself,' they says.

He pauses.

Ben: "Well, Jim, three years have I been here, and not a bite of Christian diet from that day to this. But now, you look here; look at me. Do I look like a man before the mast? No, says you. Nor I weren't, neither, I says."

Another pause.

Ben: "Just you mention them words to your squire, Jim. Nor he weren't, neither — that's the words. Three years he were the man of this island, light and dark, fair and rain; and sometimes he would maybe think upon a prayer (says you), and sometimes he would maybe think of his old mother, so be as she's alive (you'll say); but the most part of Gunn's time (this is what you'll say) — the most part of his time was took up with another matter. And then you'll give him a nip, like I do."

Another pause.

Ben: "Then, then you'll up, and you'll say this: Gunn is a good man (you'll say), and he puts a precious sight more confidence — a precious sight, mind that — in a gen'leman born than in these gen'leman of fortune, having been one hisself."

Jim: "Well, I don't understand one word that you've been saying. But that's neither here nor there; for how am I to get on board?"

Ben: "Ah, "that's the hitch, for sure. Well, there's my boat, that I made with my two hands. I keep her under the white rock. If the worst come to the worst, we might try that after dark. What's that?"

Echos of the cannon in the distance.

Jim: "They have begun to fight! Follow me."

### **Lights Down**

The Doctor, Squire, Abraham, Captain, and Hunter enter the stockade. Squire and Hunter are carrying Redruth. They carry him over and lay him down. Squire takes and holds Redruth's hand, crying. The doctor gets over.

Redruth: "Be I going, doctor?"

Dr: "Tom, my man, you're going home."

Redruth: "I wish I had a lick at them with the gun first,"

Squire: "Tom, say you forgive me, won't you?"

Redruth: "Would that be respectful like, from me to you, squire? Howsoever, so it be, amen!"

A pause.

Redruth: "I thought someone might read a prayer, it's the custom, sir."

Squire: "Of course." Squire quietly says a prayer, while still holding Redruth's hand as the others look on. They pause, and Redruth passes.

The captain walks off and pulls out his log and starts to write.

Hunter: "Somebody hails us!"

Jim (from off stage): "Doctor! Squire! Captain! Hullo Hunter, is that you?"

Hunter lets him in, Dr. runs over.

Hunter: "Aye, good to see you, young sir".

#### **Scene 4: Captain Silver**

**In the stockade, Hunter is by the door.**

Captain: "Is this Ben Gunn a man?"

Jim: "I do not know, sir, I am not very sure whether he's sane."

Dr: "If there's any doubt about the matter, a man who has been three years biting his nails on a desert island, Jim, can't expect to appear as sane as you or me. It doesn't lie in human nature. Was it cheese you said he had a fancy for?"

Jim: "Yes, sir, cheese".

Dr: "Well, Jim, just see the good that comes of being dainty in your food. You've seen my snuff-box, haven't you? And you never saw me take snuff, the reason being that in my snuff-box I carry a piece of Parmesan cheese — a cheese made in Italy, very nutritious. Well, that's for Ben Gunn! (Pause.) Mr. Smollett, you look distracted."

The captain is staring off into the distance by this point.

Captain: "First ship that ever I lost."

Hunter: "Flag of truce!" (Then in surprise:) "Silver himself!"

Captain: "Keep back, men. Ten to one this is a trick."

Captain: "Who goes? Stand, or we fire."

LJS: "Flag of truce."

Captain (to the men behind him): "All hands to load muskets. Lively, men, and careful."

Captain (to LJS): "And what do you want with your flag of truce?"

Pirate: "Cap'n Silver, sir, to come on board and make terms."

Captain: "Cap'n Silver! Don't know him. Who's he. Cap'n, is it? My heart, and here's promotion!"

LJS: "Me, sir. These poor lads have chosen me cap'n, after your *desertion*, sir. We're willing to submit, if we can come to terms, and no bones about it. All I ask is your word, Cap'n Smollett, to let me safe and sound out of this here stockade, and one minute to get out o' shot before a gun is fired."

Captain: "My man, I have not the slightest desire to talk to you. If you wish to talk to me, you can come, that's all. If there's any treachery, it'll be on your side, and the Lord help you."

LJS: "That's enough, cap'n. A word from you's enough. I know a gentleman, and you may lay to that. You ain't a-going to let me inside, cap'n? It's a main cold morning, to be sure, sir, to sit outside upon the sand."

Captain: "Why, Silver, if you had pleased to be an honest man, you might have been sitting in your galley. It's your own doing. You're either my ship's cook — and then you were treated handsome — or Cap'n Silver, a common mutineer and pirate, and then you can go hang!"

LJS: "Well, well, cap'n, you'll have to give me a hand up again,

that's all. A sweet pretty place you have of it here. Ah, there's Jim! The top of the morning to you, Jim. Doctor, here's my service. Why, there you all are together like a happy family, in a manner of speaking."

Captain: "If you have anything to say, my man, better say it."

LJS: "Right you were, Cap'n Smollett, Dooty is dooty, to be sure. Well now, you look here, that was a good lay of yours last night. I don't deny it was a good lay. Some of you pretty handy with a handspike-end. And I'll not deny neither but what some of my people was shook — maybe all was shook; maybe I was shook myself; maybe that's why I'm here for terms. But you mark me, cap'n, it won't do twice, by thunder! We'll have to do sentry-go and ease off a point or so on the rum. Maybe you think we were all a sheet in the wind's eye. But I'll tell you I was sober; I was on'y dog tired; and if I'd awoke a second sooner, I'd 'a caught you at the act, I would. He wasn't dead when I got round to him, not he."

*(This is Ben Gunn's work, you're not supposed to know what the hell happened.)*

Captain: "Well?"

LJS: "Well, here it is: we want that treasure, and we'll have it — that's our point! You would just as soon save your lives, I reckon; and that's yours. You have a chart, haven't you?"

Captain: "That's as may be."

LJS: "Oh, well, you have, I know that. You needn't be so husky with a man; there ain't a particle of service in that, and you may lay to it. What I mean is, we want your chart. Now, I never meant you no harm, myself."

Captain: "That won't do with me, my man. We know exactly what you meant to do, and we don't care, for now, you see, you can't do it."

Captain fills his pipe.

LJS: "If Abe Gray—"

Captain (slightly losing his temper): "Avast there! Gray told me nothing, and I asked him nothing; and what's more, I would see you and him and this whole island blown clean out of the water into blazes first. So there's my mind for you, my man, on that."

Silver calms down at the Captain losing his temper slightly.

LJS: "Like enough, I would set no limits to what gentlemen might consider shipshape, or might not, as the case were. And seein' as how you are about to take a pipe, cap'n, I'll make so free as do likewise."

Silver and the Captain eye each other up as LJS fills his pipe and starts smoking.

LJS: "Now, here it is. You give us the chart to get the treasure by, and drop shooting poor seamen and stoving of their heads in while asleep. You do that, and we'll offer you a choice. Either you come aboard along of us, once the treasure shipped, and then I'll give you my affy-davy, upon my word of honour, to clap you somewhere safe ashore. Or if that ain't to your fancy, some of my hands being rough and having old scores on account of hazing, then you can stay here, you can. We'll divide stores with you, man for man; and I'll give my affy-davy, as before to speak the first ship I sight, and send 'em here to pick you up. Now, you'll own that's talking. Handsomer you couldn't look to get, now you. And I hope (raising his voice) that all hands in this here block house will overhaul my words, (stops raising his voice) for what is spoke to one is spoke to all."

Captain (tapping out his pipe in his hand): "Is that all?"

LJS: "Every last word, by thunder! Refuse that, and you've seen the last of me but musket-balls."

Captain: "Very good. Now you'll hear me. If you'll come up one by one, unarmed, I'll engage to clap you all in irons and take you home to a fair trial in England. If you won't, my name is Alexander Smollett, I've flown my sovereign's colours, and I'll

see you all to Davy Jones. You can't find the treasure. You can't sail the ship — there's not a man among you fit to sail the ship. You can't fight us — Gray, there, got away from five of you. Your ship's in irons, Master Silver; you're on a lee shore, and so you'll find. I stand here and tell you so; and they're the last good words you'll get from me, for in the name of heaven, I'll put a bullet in your back when next I meet you. Tramp, my lad. Bundle out of this, please, hand over hand, and double quick."

Silver is fuming. But with only 1 leg can't get up from sitting down.

LJS: "Give me a hand up!"

Captain: "Not I."

LJS "Who'll give me a hand up?"

LJS struggles to his feet.

LJS: "There! That's what I think of ye. Before an hour's out, I'll stove in your old block house like a rum puncheon. Laugh, by thunder, laugh! Before an hour's out, ye'll laugh upon the other side. Them that die'll be the lucky ones."

As Silver turns to leave:

Dr: "Mr. Smollet, if I may have a moment of your time."

Silver slows down, curious as to what is happening but still mad. The Doctor and Smollet talk in whispers. They agree on something but Smollet isn't happy with it.

Dr (holding out a parchment): "Silver, take this if it is what you desire so much, but I promise you it will bring you no luck."

LJS snatches the map and checks it. Still mad, he accepts that it is the genuine article.

Dr: "We'll leave this stockade tonight, then it will be yours."

Silver: "The chart is only `alf of what I need. As your Cap'n `ere made so clear, we canna sail the ship withou' you, and if we return we'll be in irons before we sail. For my saftey I must ask for young Jim `ere."

Jim steps forward, eager but naïve.

Dr: "No."

Silver: "Ah, but anyone but Jim, you migh' leave behind. But you wouldn' maroon one as young as this `ere lad."

Jim (looking at the Dr.): "It's Okay, I'll go."

### **Lights down**

**Lights up, we are in the pirate-overrun stockade. There are 5 pirates + LJS + Jim.**

LJS: "Now, you see, Jim, so be as you are here, I'll give you a piece of my mind. I've always liked you, I have, for a lad of spirit, and the picture of my own self when I was young and handsome. I always wanted you to jine and take your share, and die a gentleman, and now, you've got to. Cap'n Smollett's a fine seaman, as I'll own up to any day, but stiff on discipline. 'Dooty is dooty,' says he, and right he is. Just you keep clear of the cap'n. You can't go back to your own lot, for they won't trust you; and without you start a third ship's company all by yourself, which might be lonely, you'll have to jine with Cap'n Silver. If you like the service, well, you'll jine; and if you don't, Jim, why, you're free to answer no — free and welcome, shipmate; and if fairer can be said by mortal seaman, shiver my sides!"

Jim: "Am I to answer, then?"

LJS: "Lad, no one's a-pressing of you. Take your bearings. None of us won't hurry you, mate; time goes so pleasant in your company, you see."

Jim: "Well, if I'm to choose, I declare I have a right to know what's what."

Pirate: "Wot's wot? Ah, he'd be a lucky one as knowed that!"

Silver (annoyed): "You'll perhaps batten down your hatches till you're spoke to, my friend."

Jim: "Well, I am not such a fool but I know pretty well what I have to look for. Let the worst come to the worst, it's little I care. I've seen too many die since I fell in with you. But there's a thing or two I have to tell you, and the first is this: here you are, in a bad way your whole business gone to wreck; and if you want to know who did it — it was I! I was in the apple barrel the night we sighted land, and I heard you, John. And as for the schooner, you need me if you ever want to sail here again, you know that. The laugh's on my side; I've had the top of this business from the first; I no more fear you than I fear a fly. Kill me, if you please, or spare me. But one thing I'll say, and no more; if you spare me, bygones are bygones, and when you fellows are in court for piracy, I'll save you all I can. It is for you to choose. Kill another and do yourselves no good, or spare me and keep a witness to save you from the gallows."

LJS: "I'll bear it in mind".

Morgan: "I'll put one to that. (Pause.) Then here goes!"

Morgan springs up, drawing his knife.

LJS: "Avast, there. Who are you, Tom Morgan? Maybe you thought you was cap'n here, perhaps. By the powers, but I'll teach you better! Cross me, and you'll go where many a good man's gone before you, first and last, these thirty year back — some to the yard-arm, shiver my timbers, and some by the board, and all to feed the fishes. There's never a man looked me between the eyes and seen a good day a'terwards, Tom Morgan, you may lay to that."

Morgan pauses, but the pirates start talking in the background.

Pirate 1: "Tom's right."

Pirate 2: "I stood hazing long enough from one I'll be hanged if I'll be hazed by you, John Silver."

LJS: "Did any of you gentlemen want to have it out with ME? Put a name on what you're at; you ain't dumb, I reckon. Him that wants shall get it. Have I lived this many years, and a son of a rum puncheon his hat athwart my hawse at the latter end of it? You know the way; you're all gentlemen o' fortune, by your account. Well, I'm ready. Take a cutlass, him that dares, and I'll see the colour of his inside, crutch and all, before that pipe's empty."

No one stirs.

LJS: "That's your sort, is it? Well, you're a gay lot to look at, anyway. Not much worth to fight, you ain't. P'r'aps you can understand King George's English. I'm cap'n here by 'lection. I'm cap'n here because I'm the best man by a long sea-mile. You won't fight, as gentlemen o' fortune should; then, by thunder, you'll obey, and you may lay to it! I like that boy, now; I never seen a better boy than that. He's more a man than any pair of rats of you in this here house, and what I say is this: let me see him that'll lay a hand on him — that's what I say, and you may lay to it."

The pirates start to talk amongst themselves.

LJS: "You seem to have a lot to say. Pipe up and let me hear it, or lay to."

Pirate 1: "Ax your pardon, sir, you're pretty free with some of the rules; maybe you'll kindly keep an eye upon the rest. This crew's dissatisfied; this crew don't vally bullying a marlin-spike; this crew has its rights like other crews, I'll make so free as that; and by your own rules, I take it we can talk together. I ax your pardon, sir, acknowledging you for to be captaing at this present; but I claim my right, and steps outside for a council."

The pirates leave, one saying "According to rules" and another saying "Forecastle council".

LJS and Jim are alone.

LJS: "Now, look you here, Jim Hawkins. You're within half a plank of death, and what's a long sight worse, of torture. They're going to throw me off. But, you mark, I stand by you through thick and thin. I didn't mean to; no, not till you spoke up. I was about desperate to lose that much blunt, and be hanged into the bargain. But I see you was the right sort. I says to myself, you stand by Hawkins, John, and Hawkins'll stand by you. You're his last card, and by the living thunder, John, he's yours! Back to back, says I. You save your witness, and he'll save your neck!"

Jim: "You mean all's lost?"

LJS: "Aye, by gum, I do! Ship gone, neck gone — that's the size of it. As for that lot and their council, mark me, they're outright fools and cowards. I'll save your life — if so be as I can — from them. But, see here, Jim — tit for tat — you save Long John from swinging."

Jim: "What I can do, that I'll do."

LJS: "It's a bargain! You speak up plucky, and by thunder, I've a chance!"

LJS hobbles to the fire place.

LJS: "Understand me, Jim, I've a head on my shoulders, I have. I'm on squire's side now. I know they can get the ship home. Now you mark me. I ask no questions, nor I won't let others. I know when a game's up, I do; and I know a lad that's staunch. Ah, you that's young — you and me might have done a power of good together!"

Jim: "Here they come."

LJS: "Well, let 'em come, lad — let 'em come. I've still a shot in my locker."

The door opens, and the five pirates stand huddled together just inside. They push one of their number forward.

LJS: "Step up, lad. I won't eat you. Hand it over, lubber. I know the rules, I do; I won't hurt a depytation."

Pirate 1 hands him a note.

LJS: "The black spot! I thought so. Where might you have got the paper? Why, hillo! Look here, now; this ain't lucky! You've gone and cut this out of a Bible. What fool's cut a Bible?"

Morgan: "Ah, there! There! Wot did I say? No good'll come o' that, I said."

LJS: "Well, you've about fixed it now, among you. You'll all swing now, I reckon. What soft-headed lubber had a Bible?"

Pirate 1 (pointing to one of the other pirates): "It was Dick."

LJS: "Dick, was it? Then Dick can get to prayers. He's seen his slice of luck, has Dick, and you may lay to that."

George: "Belay that talk, John Silver. This crew has tipped you the black spot in full council, as in dooty bound; just you turn it over, as in dooty bound, and see what's wrote there. Then you can talk."

LJS: "Thanky, George, You always was brisk for business, and has the rules by heart, George, as I'm pleased to see. Well, what is it, anyway? Ah! 'Deposed' — that's it, is it? Very pretty wrote, to be sure; like print, I swear. Your hand o' write, George? Why, you was gettin' quite a leadin' man in this here crew. You'll be cap'n next, I shouldn't wonder. Just oblige me with that torch again, will you? This pipe don't draw."

George: "Come, now, you don't fool this crew no more. You're a funny man, by your account; but you're over now, and you'll maybe step down off that barrel and help vote."

LJS: "I thought you said you knowed the rules. Leastways, if you don't, I do; and I wait here — and I'm still your cap'n, mind — till you outs with your grievances and I reply; in the meantime, your

black spot ain't worth a biscuit. After that, we'll see."

George: "Oh, you don't be under no kind of apprehension; WE'RE all square, we are. First, you've made a hash of this cruise — you'll be a bold man to say no to that. Second, you let the enemy out o' this here trap for nothing. Why did they want out? I dunno, but it's pretty plain they wanted it. Third, you wouldn't let us go at them upon the march. Oh, we see through you, John Silver; you want to play booty, that's what's wrong with you. And then, fourth, there's this here boy."

LJS: "Is that all?"

George: "Enough, too, We'll all swing and sun-dry for your bungling."

LJS: "Well now, look here, I'll answer these four p'int's; one after another I'll answer 'em. I made a hash o' this cruise, did I? Well now, you all know what I wanted, and you all know if that had been done that we'd 'a been aboard the HISPANIOLA this night as ever was, every man of us alive, and fit, and full of good plum-duff, and the treasure in the hold of her, by thunder! Well, who crossed me? Who forced my hand, as was the lawful cap'n? Who tipped me the black spot the day we landed and began this dance? Ah, it's a fine dance — I'm with you there — and looks mighty like a hornpipe in a rope's end at Execution Dock by London town, it does. But who done it? Why, it was you, George Merry! And you're the last above board of that same meddling crew; and you have the Davy Jones's insolence to up and stand for cap'n over me — you, that sank the lot of us! By the powers! But this tops the stiffest yarn to nothing."

(Pause.)

LJS: "That's for number one. Why, I give you my word, I'm sick to speak to you. You've neither sense nor memory, and I leave it to fancy where your mothers was that let you come to sea. Sea! Gentlemen o' fortune! I reckon tailors is your trade."

Morgan: "Go on, John. Speak up to the others."

LJS: "Ah, the others! They're a nice lot, ain't they? You say this cruise is bungled. Ah! By gum, if you could understand how bad it's bungled, you would see! We're that near the gibbet that my neck's stiff with thinking on it. You've seen 'em, maybe, hanged in chains, birds about 'em, seamen p'inting 'em out as they go down with the tide. 'Who's that?' says one. 'That! Why, that's John Silver. I knowed him well,' says another. And you can hear the chains a-jangle as you go about and reach for the other buoy. Now, that's about where we are, every mother's son of us, thanks to him, and other ruination fools of you. And if you want to know about number four, and that boy, why, shiver my timbers, isn't he a hostage? Are we a-going to waste a hostage? No, not us; he might be our last chance, and I shouldn't wonder. Kill that boy? Not me, mates! And number three? Ah, well, there's a deal to say to number three. Maybe you don't count it nothing to have a real college doctor to see you every day — you, John, with your head broke — or you, George Merry, that had the ague shakes upon you not six hours ago, and has your eyes the colour of lemon peel to this same moment on the clock? And maybe, perhaps, you didn't know there was a consort coming either? But there is, and not so long till then; and we'll see who'll be glad to have a hostage when it comes to that. And as for number two, and why I made a bargain — well, you came crawling on your knees to me to make it — on your knees you came, you was that downhearted — and you'd have starved too if I hadn't — but that's a trifle! You look there — that's why!"

Silver throws down the map.

Pirate 1: "Yes, that's Flint, sure enough. J. F., and a score below, with a clove hitch to it; so he done ever."

George: "Mighty pretty, But how are we to get away with it, and us no ship."

LJS: "Now I give you warning, George. One more word of your sauce, and I'll call you down and fight you. How? Why, how do I know? You had ought to tell me that — you and the rest, that lost me my schooner, with your interference, burn you! But not you, you can't; you hain't got the invention of a cockroach. But civil you can speak, and shall, George Merry, you may lay to

that."

Morgan: "That's fair enow."

LJS: "Fair! I reckon so; I found the treasure. Who's the better man at that? And now I resign, by thunder! Elect whom you please to be your cap'n now; I'm done with it."

All: "Silver! Barbecue forever! Barbecue for cap'n!"

LJS: "So that's the toon, is it? George, I reckon you'll have to wait another turn, friend; and lucky for you as I'm not a revengeful man. But that was never my way. And now, shipmates, this black spot? 'Tain't much good now, is it? Dick's crossed his luck and spoiled his Bible, and that's about all."

LJS (to Jim): "Here, Jim — here's a cur'osity for you." (Tosses the note to Jim.) "'morrow we go for treasure!"

**Lights down.**

**Lights up on the island.**

Silver looks off the stage, taking bearings with his compass.

LJS: "There are three 'tall trees' about in the right line from Skeleton Island. 'Spy-glass shoulder,' I take it, means that lower p'int there. It's child's play to find the stuff now. I've half a mind to dine first."

Morgan: "I don't feel sharp. Thinkin' o' Flint — I think it were — as done me."

LJS: "Ah, well, my son, you praise your stars he's dead."

Pirate 1: "He were an ugly devil, that blue in the face too!"

George: "That was how the rum took him, Blue! Well, I reckon he was blue. That's a true word."

Ben Gunn (from offstage): "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest — Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

George: "It's Flint, by —!"

LJS: "Come, this won't do. Stand by to go about. This is a rum start, and I can't name the voice, but it's someone skylarking — someone that's flesh and blood, and you may lay to that."

The voice breaks out again.

Ben: "Darby M'Graw, Darby M'Graw! Darby M'Graw! Fetch aft the rum, Darby!"

Pirate 1 (gasps): "That fixes it! Let's go."

Morgan: "They was his last words, his last words above board."

Dick gets out his Bible and starts praying on it. Silver is the only one holding form.

LJS: "Nobody in this here island ever heard of Darby, not one but us that's here. Shipmates, I'm here to get that stuff, and I'll not be beat by man or devil. I never was feared of Flint in his life, and, by the powers, I'll face him dead. There's seven hundred thousand pound not a quarter of a mile from here. When did ever a gentleman o' fortune show his stern to that much dollars for a boozy old seaman with a blue mug—and him dead too?"

George: "Belay there, John. Don't you cross a sperrit."

LJS: "Sperrit? Well, maybe, But there's one thing not clear to me. There was an echo. Now, no man ever seen a sperrit with a shadow; well then, what's he doing with an echo to him, I should like to know? That ain't in natur', surely?"

George: "Well, that's so. You've a head upon your shoulders, John, and no mistake. 'Bout ship, mates! This here crew is on a wrong tack, I do believe. And come to think on it, it was like Flint's voice, I grant you, but not just so clear-away like it, after all. It was liker somebody else's voice now — it was liker —"

LJS: "By the powers, Ben Gunn!"

Morgan: "Aye, and so it were, Ben Gunn it were!"

Dick: "It don't make much odds, do it, now? Ben Gunn's not here in the body any more'n Flint."

George: "Why, nobody minds Ben Gunn, dead or alive, nobody minds him."

LJS: "I told you, I told you you had sp'iled your Bible. If it ain't no good to swear by, what do you suppose a sperrit would give for it? Not that!"

They continue walking, until they spy the spot.

George: "Huzza, mates, all together."

They then break into a run. Well, not LJS being a cripple, but you get the idea. The first to get there stops in surprise and lets out a scream.

Pirate 1 (picking up a board with WALRUS on it): "What's this?"

George: "It's been rifled, the seven thousand pounds are gone!"

LJS tries to get over to the hole, but he's behind Jim.

LJS: "Jim, take that" (as he hands Jim a pistol) "and stand by for trouble."

LJS runs for cover and beckons Jim.

George: "Two guineas! That's your seven hundred thousand pounds, is it? You're the man for bargains, ain't you? You're him that never bungled nothing, you wooden-headed lubber!"

LJS: "Dig away, boys, you'll find some pig-nuts and I shouldn't wonder."

George: "Pig-nuts! Mates, do you hear that? I tell you now, that man there knew it all along. Look in the face of him and you'll see it wrote there."

LJS: "Ah, Merry, standing for cap'n again? You're a pushing lad, to be sure

George: "Mates, there's two of them alone there; one's the old cripple that brought us all here and blundered us down to this; the other's that cub that I mean to have the heart of. Now, mates —"

3 shots go off from offstage. George tumbles, Pirate 2 falls.

LJS fires 2 more shots into George.

LJS: "George, I reckon I settled you."

At the same moment, the Doctor, Gray and Ben Gunn join them from offstage, with smoking muskets.

Dr: "Forward! Double quick, my lads. We must head 'em off the boats."

LJS: "Doctor, see there! No hurry! They've gone the wrong way! They've cut themselves off from the boats!"

LJS takes a breather and calms down.

LJS: "Thank ye kindly, doctor. You came in in about the nick, I guess, for me and Hawkins. And so it's you, Ben Gunn! Well, you're a nice one, to be sure."

Ben: "I'm Ben Gunn, I am. And, how do, Mr. Silver? Pretty well, I thank ye, says you."

LJS: "Ah, it were fortunate for me that I had Hawkins here. You would have let old John be cut to bits, and never given it a thought, doctor."

Dr (cheerily): "Not a thought."

### **Lights fade and back up.**

Doctor, Gray, Ben Gunn, Squire and Jim stand at the opening of the cave, talking quietly amongst themselves about LJS's fate. LJS arrives, on his own.

Squire walks towards LJS to deliver their verdict.

Squire: "John Silver!"

LJS walks over to the waiting party and salutes.

Squire: "You're a prodigious villain and imposter — a monstrous imposter, sir. I am told I am not to prosecute you. Well, then, I will not. But the dead men, sir, hang about your neck like millstones."

LJS: "Thank you kindly, sir,"

Squire: "I dare you to thank me! It is a gross dereliction of my duty."

Dr: "Come inside."

They enter the cave, Smollet waits inside.

Captain: "Come in, Jim. You're a good boy in your line, Jim, but I don't think you and me'll go to sea again. You're too much of the born favourite for me. Is that you, John Silver? What brings you here, man?"

LJS: "Come back to my dooty, sir, and by gum is Cap'n Flint's cache! But how!"

Dr: "It was old Ben who bested you. I realised when you told us that he'd killed some of your men, thinking it was us. It was there, at the stockade that day, it occurred to me the maroon that Jim spoke off would never have left the cache for you to find, and he would have moved it many years ago. When I gave you that map, did I not tell you it was worthless?"

Captain: "I believe it is time to set sail to Bristol."

**Lights fade.**

**Lights up. Only Jim is here, writing a diary.**

Jim: "All of us returned to Bristol with an ample share of the treasure and used it wisely or foolishly, according to our natures. Captain Smollett is now retired from the sea. Gray not only saved his money, but being suddenly smit with the desire to rise, also studied his profession, and he is now mate and part owner of a fine full-rigged ship, married besides, and the father of a family. As for Ben Gunn, he got a thousand pounds, which he spent or lost in three weeks, or to be more exact, in nineteen days, for he was back begging on the twentieth.

Of Silver we have heard no more. That formidable seafaring man with one leg has at last gone clean out of my life; but I dare say he met his old Negress, and perhaps still lives in comfort with her and his parrot. It is to be hoped so, I suppose, for his chances of comfort in another world are very small.

The bar silver and the arms still lie, for all that I know, where Flint buried them; and certainly they shall lie there for me. Oxen and wain-ropes would not bring me back again to that accursed island; and the worst dreams that ever I have are when I hear the surf booming about its coasts or start upright in bed with the sharp voice of Silver's parrot still ringing in my ears: 'Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!'"

**LIGHTS DOWN.**