

SOME TREASURE ISLAND!

A Comedy

rather freely adapted from R. L. Stevenson

by

NIGEL TIMMS

SchoolPlay Productions Ltd

15 Inglis Road, Colchester, Essex CO3 3HU

SOME TREASURE ISLAND!

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ISBN 978 1 872475 76 9

Printed and published by
SchoolPlay Productions Limited,
15 Inglis Road,
Colchester, Essex, CO3 3HU

CAST
(In order of appearance)

Sailors and Wenches	<i>Citizens of Bristol</i>
Jim Hawkins	<i>A lad</i>
An Old Sea Dog (Billy Bones)	<i>One of Cap'n Flint's pirates</i>
A Lackey	<i>Bones' porter</i>
Two busy Undertakers	
Mrs. Hawkins	<i>Jim's mother - a formidable lady</i>
Blind Pew	<i>Another of Flint's men, blind and redolent</i>
Doctor Livesey	<i>A specialist in stiffness of the upper lip</i>
Pirates	<i>Flint's scurvy crew of cut-throats</i>
Squire Trelawney	<i>An upper-class twit</i>
Long John Silver	<i>A monopod parrot fancier and sea-cook</i>
Captain Smollett	<i>A stout fellow</i>
Arrow	<i>A drunken sailor</i>
Hunter	<i>The Squire's gamekeeper</i>
Joyce	<i>The Squire's gardener</i>
Dick	<i>The Squire's bilious bootboy</i>
Ben Gunn	<i>A philosophical numismatist</i>
Cannibals	<i>A vegetarian dance company</i>

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SCENE 1

Outside the Admiral Benbow, which has moved to Bristol docks. A band is playing "Rule Britannia". SAILORS, PIRATES and WENCHES are going abaft and about, splicing mainbraces, taking in tops'ls, swarming up ratlines, soaking up rum, and generally being nautical. At last JIM HAWKINS is left alone wiping down the table outside the Inn and putting tankards etc on a tray. An Old Sea Dog (BILLY BONES) comes up behind him. A LACKEY carries his huge sea-chest.

OSD: Arr! *(JIM drops the tray of tankards).*

Jim: What did you have to do that for? *(Starts picking them up).*

OSD: We old sea dogs always say "Arr".

Jim: Oh?

OSD: No, "Arr".

Jim: I see.

OSD: No, that'd be "Ic". It's "Arr".

Jim: "Arr"?

OSD: Aye.

Jim: But you just said it was "Arr".

OSD: Do you mind if we start this conversation again?

Jim: No, not at all.

OSD: Thank 'ee kindly. *(OSD waits while JIM finishes assembling the tankards on the tray and stands with it).*

OSD: Arr! *(JIM drops the tray).*

Jim: What did you have to do that for? *(Starts picking them up).*

OSD: *(Thinks. Then:)* It doesn't matter why I said "Arr".

Jim: Oh.

OSD: Don't start that again.

Jim: O.K.

OSD: I'm warning you!

Jim: Sorry, sorry.

OSD: Now, where was I?

Jim: You just said, "Arr".

OSD: Oh, aye.

Jim: No, "Arr".

OSD: By all the bilious barnacles in the blasted Bermudas!

Jim: Sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry. Perhaps you'd better just say what you want.

OSD: (*Controls himself*). Be this, the Admiral, Benbow, Inn?

Jim: It is, Sir.

OSD: Then I shan't be needing this Lackey any more. (*Produces enormous pistol and shoots LACKEY*).

Lackey: Arr! (*Dies*).

OSD: What? Why, you scurvy son of a (*Shoots body several times more*).

Jim: I think he was only crying out in agony, actually.

OSD: Huh. I thought he was taking the mickey.

(*Enter TWO UNDERTAKERS who busily measure BODY before dragging it off*).

OSD: What the devil's going on here?

Jim: Oh, the local undertakers are very efficient. We get lots of pirates in Bristol, you know.

OSD: Pirates? (*Trying to look unlike a Pirate*). Surely not.

Jim: Don't worry, Sir. A respectable gentleman like yourself will be quite safe here at the Admiral Benbow.

(*Enter JIM'S mother, MRS. HAWKINS*).

Mrs. H: Jim? Jim? Oh, thank heavens you're safe. I thought I heard shooting.

Jim: It's all right, Mother. That was just this gentleman dismissing his Lackey.

OSD: Arr!

Mrs. H: (*Scared*) Agh!

Jim: No, it's more sort of "Arr!" Clench your teeth like this.

Mrs. H: Rrrr?

Jim: Arr!

Mrs. H: Arr!

OSD: Arr!

Mrs. H: Agh!

OSD: Never mind all that now. (*He sits at the table*). So Jim's your name, is it? Right then, Jim lad. Get below and fetch me a tot of rum. And shake a leg. Do you hear me? Shake a leg!

Jim: (*Puzzled*). Yes, Sir. (*Exit, shaking a leg*).

Mrs. H: He's a strange boy, is Jim. Of course, I've had to bring him up on my own.

(Moving closer). My husband ran away to sea when Jim was just a baby.

OSD: *(Pause. Edges away).* I wonder why.

Mrs. H: *(Undeterred).* So you're a seafaring man are you, Sir?

OSD: Me? Shiver me timbers no. I've never weighed anchor in me life, Ma'am. You wouldn't catch me sailing with the likes o' Captain Flint.

Mrs. H: Captain Flint? The notorious pirate?

OSD: Did I say Captain Flint? What a silly thing. I ought to be keelhauled for saying that. And I don't know where his treasure's buried either. Oops - I mean - I haven't really got a map of Treasure Island in that sea chest. I mean -

(Enter JIM with rum and visitors' book).

OSD: Ah, thankee kindly, Jim lad.

Jim: Would you sign the visitors' book, please Sir?

OSD: Arr, certainly. *(He writes).* There.

Jim: *(Reads).* Billy Bones.

Mrs. H: Oh!

OSD: What? Give it here, boy. *(He writes again).* That's better.

Jim: You've crossed out Billy Bones and put John Smith instead.

OSD: Arr. It were a spelling mistake.

Jim: A spelling mistake? But John Smith isn't spelled anything like Billy Bones....

Mrs. H: Oh Jim, leave Mr. Bones alone.

OSD: Smith.

Mrs. H: I've got to go now, or I'll be late for tea with Doctor Livesey. *(Sigh).* He's such a charming gentleman. Goodbye, Jim. Goodbye Mr. Bones. *(Exit).*

OSD: Smith!

Jim: Goodbye, Mother. Would you like some more rum, Mr. Smith?

OSD: Bones! I mean, yes! No! Wait, Jim lad. Sit down here by me and listen. There's one thing you could do for me while I'm staying here.

(During next speech, enter BLIND PEW, tapping with stick).

OSD: I'd take it very kindly if you could keep a weather eye out for any strange characters round here. There's one especially I've no wish to meet: Blind Pew, they call him.

Jim: Blind Pew? Would he by any chance wear a green eyeshade and go round tapping with a stick ... *(Detailed description of PEW'S costume follows).*

OSD: Why, Jim lad, that's him to the life! How do you know what he looks like?

Jim: Because he's standing over there.

OSD: Argh!

Pew: Come here, boy. Give me your hand. (*JIM goes to him and he takes JIM'S hand*). Now take me to Billy Bones.

Jim: That's not Billy Bones - it's John Smith. (*PEW twists his arm*). Ow! He's over here.

Pew: Why did you say his name was Smith?

Jim: It was a spelling mistake. Ow!

OSD: By thunder, Pew! How did you find me?

Pew: I might have lost me deadlights, but I can smell out an old sea dog like you.

Jim: You're none too sweet yourself. No wonder you're called Pew. Ow! Let go!

Pew: First put my hand into his hand. (*JIM does so*). There, Billy Bones - it's the black spot.

OSD: Ah, no! He's given me the black spot!

Pew: Aye, the black spot.

Jim: Good heavens, no! Not the black spot! (*Pause*). Er, what's the black spot?

OSD: It means, Jim lad, that I'm done for.

Jim: Done for?

Pew: Aye, done for.

OSD: Doomed.

Jim: Doomed?

Pew: Aye, doomed and done for.

Jim: Scuppered?

OSD: Scuppered.

Pew: Aye, scuppered, doomed and done for and scuppered.

Jim: Up some creek without a paddle?

OSD: Without a paddle.

Pew: Aye, without a paddle, scuppered, doomed and done for and scuppered up some creek without a paddle.

Jim: Sunk?

OSD: Sunk.

Pew: Aye, sunk without a paddle, doomed and done for

Jim: You missed out scuppered.

Pew: Scuppered, thank you, doomed and done for and, well, that's done anyway.

Jim: Phew!

Pew: Yes?

Jim: No, I was just saying, you know, phew, he's really finished, isn't he?

Pew: Aye, finished, sunk, without a paddle

Jim: Yes, thank you very much, I'm sure your tea must be ready by now (*JIM helps PEW away*).

Pew: scuppered, doomed and done for and scuppered and sunk up some creek without a paddle, finished (*Exit*).

Jim: Well, Mr. Bones

OSD: *(Absently)*. Smith.

Jim: Mr. Smith - what are you going to do now?

OSD: Do? I can do nothing. Once the black spot is put on you, Jim lad, you're for Davy Jones's locker.

Pew: *(Enters raving)*. Aye, you're for Davy Jones's locker, finished, scuppered, sunk and doomed and done for up some creek without a paddle *(JIM helps him off again. Meanwhile the OLD SEA DOG has some kind of fit or seizure, and staggers to his feet clutching his heart. JIM returns in time to cradle him in his arms as he lies dying)*.

Jim: What's the matter? Are you ill?

OSD: *(Pause)*. Of course I'm ill, you fool. You'd be ill if you were sunk, scuppered, doomed and done for

(Enter MRS. HAWKINS, arm in arm with DR. LIVESEY).

Mrs. H: Good heavens, Mr. Bones!

OSD: *(Weakly)*. Smith.

Jim: He's dying, Mother!

Dr. Liv: Let me see. I am a doctor. *(Starts examination)*.

Jim: He's got the black spot.

Dr. Liv: *(Leaps away)*. Of course, I've little experience of tropical diseases.

Mrs. H: Oh, Dr. Livesey! Can't you do anything for him?

OSD: It's no use, I'm up some creek without a paddle.

Mrs. H: Which creek?

OSD: Shi shi shivermetimbers! *(Dies)*.

Dr. L: He's dead!

Mrs. H: Poor Mr. Bones!

OSD: *(Revives)*. Smith! *(Dies again. A sad little tableau forms around the body)*.

Mrs. H: And to think we'll never know if he really had a treasure map in his old sea chest. *(Pause. JIM drops him on the floor as they all rush to the sea chest. While they open it and search for the map, the UNDERTAKERS enter and measure BILLY BONES before dragging him off)*.

Jim: I've got it!

Mrs. H: Let's see!

Dr. Liv: Give it here, boy. I am a doctor. Now then, hm, yes, certainly, yes, I am in no need of a second opinion. This is definitely a map!

Mrs. H: Oh, Doctor Livesey - you're so clever!

Jim: Mother, Doctor! There's no time to waste! We must act!

Dr. Liv: Well, we're doing our best.

Jim: No, I mean we must do something. I suggest we take the map to Squire Trelawney at once. He'll know what to do. And we must go quickly, before Blind Pew gets back again.

Mrs. H: Blind who?

Jim: Pew!

Mrs. H: Oo!

Dr. Liv: Listen! (*Very faintly, offstage, the sound of pirates on the march*).

Pirates: (*Off*). *Forty four bottles of beer,
Forty four bottles of beer,
You take one down and pass it around, there'll be
Forty three bottles of beer on the wall.*

*Forty three bottles of beer,
Forty three bottles of beer*

(*The song continues through the following dialogue until the PIRATES enter and are stopped by PEW*).

Jim: It's Pew and his men! They're coming!

Mrs. H: Oo!

Dr. L: Don't worry, Mrs. Hawkins. Jim's right. We must go to Squire Trelawney's house at once. He'll know what to do.

Jim: Quick! Before they see us!

(*Exit JIM, DR. LIVESEY and MRS. HAWKINS. The PIRATES' singing gets closer, until they enter, BLIND PEW led at their head. They are a scurvy crew*).

Pew: Pir-ates, halt!

Pirates: Arr, Arr, etc.

Pew: Pipe down, yer swabs! We must be at the Admiral Benbow Inn. I smell rum.

Pirates: You certainly do. Phew!

Pew: Silence, mangy dogs! Now, find Billy Bones and feed him to the fishes. And bring me his map of Treasure Island!

Pirates: Arr, Arr, etc.

(*They begin ransacking the Inn and searching in the old sea chest. They find all sorts of unlikely things, but not the map. While they search they sing*).

Pirates: *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!*

*Fifteen men on the dead man's chest -
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
One walked the plank and he went west -
Fourteen men on the dead man's chest!*

*Fourteen men on a dead man's chest -
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
One got hanged and he went west!
Thirteen men on a dead man's chest!*

Thirteen men on a dead man's chest -

1st Pirate: Avast there, shipmates! Lower your sails! It ain't here!

Pew: What? The map's not here?

2nd Pirate: Nor neither's that Billy Bones! He's weighed anchor and set sail and cleared harbour!

Pew: Curses! Foiled again!

Pirates: Arr! Arr! (*Various piratical curses*).

1st Pirate: Avast there! Hush yer noise. I thought I heard someone coming! (*All listen*).

Sq. Tr: (*Offstage*). I say, jolly good, what? Absolutely spiffing. Top hole. Super.

2nd Pirate: It's Squire Trelawney!

Pirates: (*Terrified*). Squire Trelawney? Arrgh....!

(*Panic. They all exit leaving PEW tapping helplessly around*).

Pew: Don't leave me, shipmates! Where are you? Help!

(*Enter SQUIRE TRELAWNEY, DR. LIVESEY, MRS. HAWKINS and JIM. The SQUIRE, busy talking, barges into PEW without seeing him, knocking him to the ground*).

Sq. Tr: Jolly good show, jolly good show. Absolutely ripping piece of luck finding this map, Livesey old chap. By jingo, we must get ourselves a boat and a captain at once and, you know, jolly well set sail for good old Treasure

Island. We'll all end up absolutely jolly well stinking rich. *(By now PEW has painfully staggered to his feet).*

Mrs. H: But aren't you afraid of pirates, Squire Trelawney?

Sq. Tr: Pirates? Absolutely not, by Jove. I'd like to see any jolly old pirate try to get between me and the pieces of eight, what? I'd whip out my trusty cutlass, *(He does so).* and I'd go, Ha, take that and that, a-and that *(While demonstrating his swordsmanship he unwittingly strikes PEW with a backswing, leaving the cutlass sticking in him)* and - that's funny. Dash it all, where's me jolly old cutlass gone, eh?

Pew: Uurgh!

Sq. Tr: Ah, thank you, my good man. *(Takes cutlass out of PEW and continues demonstration).* Yes, by heavens, I'd go, ha, ha

(PEW slumps to the ground, ignored by the others. The UNDERTAKERS rush in, measure him and remove him).

Sq. Tr: yes, by jingo, that's about what I'd jolly well do. *(Puts cutlass away. The others applaud politely).*

Dr. Liv: When do we sail?

Sq. Tr: As soon as we've got a ship, and a crew of jolly Jack Tars to sail her. Give me your hand, Sir. To Treasure Island!

Dr. Liv: Treasure Island!

Jim: Treasure Island!

Mrs. H: Treasure Island!

(Embarrassed pause. All look at her).

Sq. Tr: Er, you weren't thinking of coming too, Mrs. Hawkins?

Mrs. H: Of course.

Dr. L: Well, actually, I'm afraid er

Mrs. H: What?

Jim: Treasure hunting's man's work, Mother. You can't come.

Sq. Tr: Woman on a ship jolly bad luck, eh Doctor?

Dr. Liv: Oh, indeed.

Jim: Sorry, Mum.

Mrs. H: But it's not fair.

Sq. Tr: Life isn't, old thing

Dr. Liv: Nobody ever said that it was.

Mrs. H: Huh! We'll see. *(She flounces off).*

Sq. Tr: By Jove. She's not happy, eh, what?

Jim: She'll be happy enough when she sees the treasure!

Dr. Liv: Indeed she will, Jim. To the docks!

Sq. Tr: To the jolly old docks: and hurray for Treasure Island!

Jim: Hurray!

(They exit. The BAND strikes up another nautical number. SAILORS rush backwards and forwards with ropes, barrels etc. Enter LONG JOHN SILVER, one leg, crutch, parrot. He looks around, then beckons to the PIRATES who creep on and gather round him).

LJS: Avast there. Look lively you scurvy dogs, arr. Now you listen to me. Squire Trelawney's got the map, see, on account of Blind Pew's bungling; and he's going to set sail for Treasure Island to get Flint's Treasure, right?

Pirates: Arr!

LJS: So what do you think we're going to do now?

1st Pirate: Feed him to the fishes!

Pirates: Arr! Arr!

LJS: No, you got the ship's biscuits for brains? If we do him in here, we'll swing for it, every man jack of us.

Pirates: Urr! *(All feel throats).*

LJS: We got to be patient, shipmates, arr. Now the Squire'll be here in a minute to try and raise a crew, and it's in my mind to give him one - us!

Pirates: Us?

LJS: Aye, us, arr!

Pirates: Arr, us, aye why?

LJS: Why? Can't you figure out anything for yourselves? Squire'll take us to the island, find the treasure for us, and then bring us back again with it. But before we sails into port, me hearties - kwchch! *(Throat-cutting gesture).*

Pirates: Arr! Ha-harr! *(Much horrible cackling.)*

(Enter SQUIRE and CAPTAIN SMOLLETT).

LJS: Avast! Stand by to go about! Here he comes now. You make yourselves scarce - leave this to me. *(PIRATES retreat).*

Sq.Tr: so you see, Captain Smollett, that jolly old treasure's as good as ours already.

Cap S: Sh! Not so loud. Squire Trelawney. Wharfs have ears. If any pirates get to hear about this adventure, we could all end up walking the plank.

Sq. Tr: Don't worry about a thing, old lobsterpot. You're with me?

Cap S: Sir, I am.

Sq. Tr: Top hole! Spiffing! Shake on it. (*They shake hands*).

Cap S: So, you have your ship and your captain; now you need a crew you can trust.

Sq. T: Are you suggesting that Doctor Livesey and young Jim Hawkins are not to be trusted?

Cap S: No, it's just that there's only two of them. A ship's crew is usually rather larger than that.

Sq. T: Oh. Well, let's see: there's Hunter, the gamekeeper, old Joyce, the gardener, and, er I know, we'll take young Dick who does the jolly old boots and things. How many's that?

Cap S: You're up to five.

Sq. T: Well, that's absolutely splendid, then.

Cap S: But still not enough.

Sq. T: Oh dash - isn't it?

Cap S: No it isn't, and it would help if at least some of the crew had been to sea before.

Sq. T: Really? I see, need men of experience, what? Well, this is Bristol, isn't it, eh? Should be plenty of old salts hanging around here somewhere.

Cap S: It's the ones that haven't been hung yet that I'm worried about. I don't want any pirates sneaking aboard my ship, pretending to be honest sailors.

Sq. T: Oh, leave that to me, my dear old seafarer. I'm a jolly good judge of character; I know a rogue when I see one.

LJS: Begging your pardon, Sir

Sq. T: Yes, my good man?

LJS: I couldn't help overhearing what you was a-saying of just now, touching how you was wanting a crew.

Sq. T: Quite right, old monopod. A good, trustworthy crew for the good ship Hispaniola, sailing under the good Captain Smollett here, looking for buried treasure - (*CAPTAIN SMOLLETT kicks him*). Ouch! Er on a jolly special voyage.

LJS: Well now, Sir, if this ain't your lucky day. It just so happens that me and my shipmates here have just returned from a missionary voyage, converting the poor benighted heathen to the ways of righteousness. We've had a very pleasant little holiday here in Bristol, saying prayers and singing hymns and such, and now we're raring to go to sea again. So, if it's a trustworthy crew you're a-wanting

Sq. T: By jingo, Smollett! Did you hear that?

Cap S: I did.

Sq. T: Splendid piece of luck, what?

Cap S: It might be.

Sq. T: Do you mean to tell me you don't trust this honest fellow?
Cap S: I've been going to sea long enough not to trust one-legged men with dead parrots on their shoulders.
LJS: It's not dead.
Cap S: Yes it is.
LJS: No it's not, it's resting. It's tired and worn out after singing hymns all afternoon.
Cap S: That parrot wouldn't sing hymns if you
Sq. T: I say, gentlemen, please! Enough of this unoriginal material. Now, my good fellow, what is your name?
LJS: My name, Sir, be Long John Silver, arr.
Sq. T: Arr?
LJS: I mean, R.N., Sir, stands for Royal Navy.
Sq. T: By jove, yes, of course it does. Do you know, Mr. Silver, for one minute there I thought you sounded like a, ha ha, like a pirate! (*Laughter*).
LJS: What, me Sir? Ha ha, perish the thought! (*Laughter*).
Cap S: (*Not laughing - clears throat loudly*). H'hrm!
Sq. T: Eh, what? Oh, quite right, Captain Smollett, no time to waste in idle chit-chat, eeh? Mr. Silver, you and your men are hired.
Cap S: Hired? I don't like it.
Sq. T: Oh, we're going to have a super time. Get your men aboard, Mr. Silver.
LJS: Aye-aye, Sir! (*To PIRATES*). Right yer swabs - I mean, er, if you gentlemen are ready, you may go on board the good ship Hispaniola, which you will observe, bobbing bravely on the briny, just over there.
Pirates: (*Good as gold*). Yes, Mr. Silver.

(*They file out as DR. LIVESEY and JIM enter*).

Dr. L: I say, what a splendid-looking body of men.
LJS: Why, thankee kindly, Sir. They be the new crew of the Hispaniola.
Jim: The Hispaniola? That's the name of our ship!
LJS: Then we be going to be shipmates. Allow me to introduce meself. Long John Silver, at your service.
Jim: I'm Jim Hawkins, and this is Doctor Livesey.
LJS: Pleased to meet you, Jim lad. Doctor. (*Handshakes*).
Sq. T: And this, gentlemen, is Captain Smollett.
Cap S: I still don't like it. And I don't like him. (*SILVER*). Or his men.
LJS: Oh, come now Cap'n Smollett Sir, we'll serve you right all right, so we will. (*Nasty smile*). Me and my men be experts on treasure.
Dr. L: Treasure! Who said anything about treasure?

Sq. T: By jove, that's supposed to be a jolly old secret! How did you know we're going after Captain Flint's treasure - ow! (*As DR. LIVESEY kicks him*).

LJS: Did I say "treasure"? Well blow me down. I meant to say "pleasure", of course - me and my men be experts on pleasure cruises.

Cap S: I don't trust this man.

Jim: Well I do. I like the cut of his jib. We're going to be shipmates aren't we, Long John.

LJS: Arr. I mean, we are, Jim lad, we are.

Jim: And I like his parrot. What do you call it?

LJS: Cap'n Flint.

Cap S: What!

LJS: It be a co-incidence.

Cap S: (*Cynical*). Be it really. Squire, I fear stormy waters lie ahead of us.

Sq. T: Oh poppycock. We're going to have a simply spiffing time. I must say I'm really looking forward to finding the - you know what! Eh? Ha ha! Well - what are we waiting for? We've got our ship, we've got our crew: last one aboard's a jolly old landlubber, eh, what?

(*Exit SQUIRE, DR. LIVESEY and JIM cheering, and CAPTAIN SMOLLETT grim and definitely not cheering. LONG JOHN waits, then cackles hideously before hopping off after them*).

LJS: Arr! Ha ha harr, arr! Arr!

SCENE 2

The Afterdeck of the HISPANIOLA at sea. CAPTAIN SMOLLETT, SQUIRE TRELAWNEY, and DOCTOR LIVESEY stand on the poop, gazing out to sea with telescopes and stiff upper lips. HUNTER patrols menacingly with a shotgun under his arm. JOYCE tends a large potted plant. DICK, seasick, polishes boots. JIM HAWKINS is scrubbing the lower deck, where there is a large apple barrel. Around him the PIRATES heave on ropes, polish cannon, splice mainbraces. etc., singing "What shall we do with the drunken sailor?". ARROW, a drunken sailor, leans on the ship's wheel for support.

Pirates: *What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor
Ear-ly in the morning?*

Arrow: Avasht there, shwabs! I know yer, hic, shinging 'bout me!

Pirates: Arr!

*Chop him into little bits and feed him to the fishes -
Chop him into little bits and feed him to the fishes -
Chop him into little bits and feed him to the fishes -
Ear-ly in the morning!*

Arrow: It'sh a shlander, Shquire Trelawney, Shir. A shlander. I'm ash shober ash a, hic, a judge.

Sq. T: Don't take any notice, my dear old stag-at-eve; you know the old saying: sticks and stones may break my bones, but words can never hurt me.

Arrow: Arr. Shticksh shticksh'n shtonesh arr.

(HUNTER suddenly raises his shotgun and fires into the air. EVERYONE jumps. A moment later a dead seagull drops onto the deck).

Dr. Liv: Really, Hunter, do you have to keep on doing that?

Hunt: Don't seem to be that many rabbits round here, Doctor. Got ter shoot something.

Sq. T: I do wish you'd warn us next time. Say yoiks, or tally-ho or whatever. Well chaps, isn't this absolutely spiffing. A life on the ocean wave, what? The wind in your face, the heaving waves of the mighty ocean.

(DICK rushes to the side and is noisily seasick).

Joyce: *(Ironic).* Wonderful. I'd be a lot happier if I thought the helmsman could steer a straight course.

Sq. T: Mr. Arrow? I've the greatest confidence in Mr. Arrow.

Arrow: Hic!

Joyce: He drinks like a drama teacher.

Sq. T: Trust me, my dear old rhododendron bush. I'm a topping good judge of character. Didn't I hand-pick these trustworthy jack tars to be our crew?

Pirates: Arr! arr! *(General outburst of PIRATICAL cursing).*

Joyce: You certainly did.

Dr. Liv: They do seem to have changed just a teensy little bit since we've been at

sea, Squire.

Sq. T: Oh, I expect it's just the jolly old sea breezes getting into them, eh Captain?

Cap S: I said I didn't like it before we left Bristol, and I still don't like it. A crew of ruffians, a drunken helmsman, a cook with one leg and a dead parrot on his shoulder, and a lunatic in charge.

Sq. T: Oh, I wouldn't say that, Captain. You might be a little bit peculiar, but I wouldn't call you a lunatic.

Cap S: I was referring to you, Squire.

Sq. T: Huh! Well, if that's your jolly old attitude, I shall just go and jolly well look through my jolly old telescope.

(The SQUIRE stalks off with his telescope).

Cap S: You do that. Steer south by south west, Mister Arrow.

Arrow: Aye aye, Cap'n Shmollett Shir. Shouf by shouf wesht by shouf Can't we go north? I can shay that.

Cap S: Mr. Arrow!

Arrow: Aye, aye, Shir. Shouf by, shouf

(LONG JOHN SILVER comes on deck).

LJS: Arr! Shipmates! It be dinnertime, by thunder! Salt pork and ship's biscuits in a nice weevil sauce, arr!

Pirates: Urrgh!

1st Pirate: Why can't we have proper food, like they have at the Captain's table?

LJS: Patience, yer miserable mollusc! Just you wait until - you know what - Ha ha harr, arr. Then you'll be able to have all the fish fingers you can eat! Arr!

Pirates: Arr! Arr!

(THE PIRATES go below, cackling hungrily).

Cap S: Well, gentlemen? Shall we go and have lunch?

Sq. T: *(Still looking through telescope).* Not jolly hungry.

Dr. L: Oh, do stop sulking, Squire.

Sq. T: Jolly well demand an apology.

Cap S: Oh, very well. I'm sorry that I pointed out how completely and utterly useless you are.

Sq. T: *(Turns round delighted).* Spoken like a man, my dear old ancient mariner. Shake. *(Shake).* Now, did somebody mention lunch?

(ALL set off to go below. ARROW makes as if to follow).

Cap S: Not you, Arrow. Someone's got to steer the blasted boat. *(ARROW goes back to the wheel alone).*

Arrow: Shnot fair. My tummy'sh rumbling. *(Pause).* I know, I'll have one of them applesh out of that there barrel. *(He makes his way unsteadily to the barrel. As he reaches it a hand comes out holding an apple. ARROW regards it drunkenly, then takes the apple).* Thankee kindly, arr. *(He walks away a step or two, stops, looks at the apple, the barrel, the apple, the audience).* Shivermetimbers! Thish ship'sh haunted! There'sh a ghosht in the apple barrel!! Yeaaaargh! *(He rushes screaming up the step onto the poop and jumps overboard. SFX: colossal splash).*

(After a moment, the TWO UNDERTAKERS come on deck, wearing snorkel masks, and follow him over the side. SFX: two more loud splashes. Pause. MRS. HAWKINS slowly appears over the top of the barrel [where she's been stowing away]. She produces an apple and takes a bite. When she hears LONG JOHN and DICK she ducks back inside. Enter LONG JOHN SILVER and DICK, the bootboy.)

LJS: Arr! Arr! Shivermetimbers, arr! I noticed you wasn't eatin', so p'raps this is a good time to have a word with 'ee, young Dick lad. You look to me to be as shipshape a sailor as ever weighed anchor.

Dick: That's very kind of you, Mr. Silver, Sir. But in fact, this is the first time I've ever been to sea.

LJS: Is that a fact now? When I saw you jigging in the rigging, I thought to meself, there's a man who's sailed the seven seas, arr.

Dick: Oh, no Sir.

LJS: You don't need to call me Sir, Dick - seeing as how we're messmates. Down sails and sit 'ee here with me awhile. *(They sit down in front of the apple barrel).* Now, why do you think Squire Trelawney is making this voyage?

Dick: He told me he wanted to travel: see the world.

LJS: Is that all he said? Nothing about.... buried treasure?

Dick: Buried treasure? He never mentioned it.

LJS: Arr! Well now he wouldn't, would he, seeing as how he's planning to keep it all for himself and his friends.

Dick: What?

LJS: I'll tell you all about it. Many years ago, a certain Captain Flint, who was a great friend of mine, by the way, happened to come into a lot of money.

Dick: Really, how?

LJS: *(Pause)*. Never mind how, Dick. The fact is, he'd got all this lovely lolly and didn't know how to keep it safe.

Dick: From pirates, you mean?

LJS: Shh! Arr, from gentlemen of fortune, and such. Well, it so happened that when he received the money, there wasn't a bank handy to pay it in.

Dick: Why not?

LJS: Because he was at sea at the time.

Dick: He got the money at sea? How?

LJS: Er it's what's called an offshore investment we don't need to go into all the details just now. The fact is, that owing to these various circumstances, he decided the best thing to do was to bury it on an island nearby. And there it lies to this day.

Dick: Didn't he ever go back for it, then?

LJS: Alas, no. Poor Cap'n Flint's been in Davy Jones' locker for many a long year. But before he died, he said to me, Long John, he said, I'm a goner. The money's yours.

Dick: Really?

LJS: Well, no, not in those very words. But the point is, Dick lad, it's to Cap'n Flint's treasure island that we be sailing now. Squire Trelawney be making this voyage because he's got hold of a map, belonging to another friend of mine, Billy Bones, showing exactly where the treasure's buried.

Dick: And he's going to keep it! But that Cap'n Flint left it to you, Long John.

LJS: Exactly. To me and my friends, Dick. I'll be needing friends like you around when I'm, er, persuading the Squire to share the treasure out more fairly, arr!

Dick: You can count on me, Long John!

LJS: Good lad, Dick, good lad. Now, just fetch me an apple out of this here barrel, to save an old peg-leg having to get up. *(To parrot)*. All this talking's made me a bit peckish, eh Cap'n Flint? Harr!, pieces of eight, eh? Pieces of eight!

(He continues to play with the PARROT while DICK gets up, goes to the barrel and looks inside. Reaction of astonishment. An arm comes out holding a large apple, with which it bashes DICK on the head. He slumps on the deck. Instantly the UNDERTAKERS climb back over the side, measure him, and drag him below. LONG JOHN has noticed none of this. Getting impatient, he looks around and gets up).

LJS: Dick? Dick! It don't take this long to fetch a bloomin' apple, do it? *(He looks around, then sees something in the distance)*. Hold hard, what's that I see? Shivermetimbers, it's land! We're there! Land ho! Land ho! Drop

anchor! All hands on deck! (*EVERYONE rushes on deck. Much excitement, pointing, peering through the telescopes, cheering, etc. - The PIRATES cannot wait to get at the gold.*)

1st Pirate: At last! Treasure Island! We'll all be rich!

Pirates: To the boats! To the boats! (*They dash off.*)

LJS: (*Trying to stop them, getting bashed about.*) Hold hard, yer scurvy lubbers! Not yet! Wait! (*He gets knocked over, JIM helps him up.*)

Jim: Come on, Mr. Silver, I'll help you. I want to see the island, too.

LJS: No, Jim, not yet.... (*JIM helps him to the boats anyway. Sound of PIRATES rowing: Heave-ho, heave-ho, etc. The noise gradually dies down, leaving only the SQUIRE, CAPTAIN SMOLLETT, DOCTOR LIVESEY, HUNTER and JOYCE.*)

Dr. L: Well. Here we are then.

Sq. T: What?

Hunter: He said, Here we are then.

Sq. T: Oh.

Joyce: Waiting.

Sq. T: Waiting for what?

Cap S: Waiting for the leader of the expedition to tell us what we're supposed to do now the men have all deserted the ship.

Sq. T: They did seem rather keen to get ashore, what?

Dr. L: Just a little.

Sq. T: I say!

Others: Yes?

Sq. T: You don't suppose by any chance

Others: Yes?

Sq. T: I mean, you don't suppose they've somehow found out about the, the you know what?

Hunt: You mean the treasure?

Sq. T: What? How did you know about the treasure?

Joyce: The men've been talking about nothing else ever since we left Bristol.

Sq. T: By Jove! Then that means Livesey! Pass me that tube of upper-lip-stiffening-cream. (*A large tube is handed to the SQUIRE, who rubs it in.*) Gentlemen! It means the men are revolting!

All Others: They certainly are!

Sq. T: But they seemed so, so trustworthy.

Cap S: None of them was to be trusted. Not even young Jim Hawkins, it seems.

Sq. T: What? Jim Hawkins gone, too? I say, it it really is appalling.

Dr. L: I've never trusted that little blighter Hawkins. Or his frightful mother. (*By now they've moved to the deck in front of the apple barrel, so they don't see a*

furious MRS. HAWKINS slowly stand up inside it). Lord knows how many times I've been to their dreadful grotty little pub because little Jimmy's got a snuffle or the old bag's having a fit of the vapours. And to think the silly cow actually wanted to come on the voyage with us! Ah well. gentlemen, we might be faced with a bunch of murderous cut-throats, but at least there aren't any ghastly, boring, ugly old hags like Mrs. blasted Hawkins aboard.

Mrs. H: Is that so?

All: Yeaargh!

Mrs. H: You miserable worm, Livesey! You make me want to throw up over the side! So that's what you think of me, is it? Well, let me tell you know-it-all men something. While you've been sitting in your cabin for the last six weeks, swilling port and stuffing yourselves silly with fish fingers, I've been keeping my ears open. And I can tell you, by the way, it's no joke, sitting in an apple barrel for six weeks. I shall have to go in a minute. But, before I do, you might like to know that among the interesting things I've overheard in there is the fact that Flint's stockade is still on the island. Don't forget we've still got the map, and the food. So all we've got to do is barricade ourselves in and starve them out - they'll never find the treasure without Flint's map! And now I really must go.

Sq. T: But what about Jim?

Mrs. H: Jim? Jim? You can trust Jim. He's in the cubs. And now I really must
(Pause).

Cap S: Go?

Mrs. H: I think it's too late.

Dr. L: No matter, dear lady - you have saved our lives! Can you forgive me for those harsh words?

Mrs. H: Oh, Doctor Livesey, you're such a gentleman.

Sq. T: And now, to the stockade! I'll get the jolly old map!

Dr. L: I'll get the fish fingers!

Cap S: (To HUNTER and JOYCE). And you men can help me get the boat ready! We'll have that treasure yet!

All: Hurray! (Exit).

SCENE 3

On the ISLAND by the STOCKADE. The HISPANIOLA visible, moored in the bay.
Gentle surf.

(Offstage, the approaching sound of PIRATES rowing: Heave-ho! Heave-ho!
followed by much splashing and oathing. Enter PIRATES, looking for
treasure).

Pirates: Arr, arr, treasure, arr, lemme at it! Arr etc.

1st Pirate: (Looking at his feet). Oh no! (Takes off trainers).

Pirates: What?

1st Pirate: (Pouring out sand). Sandy trainers!

Pirates: Urgh!

2nd Pirate: Never mind that. Where's the treasure?

Pirates: Arr! Where is it? Arr etc.

(The search is renewed. Enter LONG JOHN and JIM HAWKINS).

LJS: Avast there, ye scurvy swabs! (PIRATES stop looking and turn to him,
looking grim). What in the name of thunder do ee think thee be looking for?

Pirates: We be looking for the treasure, of course!

LJS: You evil-smelling scum! I've met bilge-rats with more brains than you!
Didn't I tell ee to wait until the Squire found it?

1st Pirate: We don't want to wait, do we, lads?

Pirates: No, arr, no, no.

2nd Pirate: We want the treasure now!

Pirates: Aye! arr!

LJS: A plague on yer for a bunch of blithering barnacles! And would you be so
kind as to tell me just how you expect to find Flint's treasure without Flint's
map?

Pirates: Dur, urm, oh, er etc. (Much head-scratching).

LJS: Exactly, you can't. So you'll have to down sails and drop anchor and wait for
the Squire to find it. But then

Pirates: Arr! Ha ha harr! (Evil mirth).

Jim: Then what?

LJS: Then, Jim lad, (With meaning). he gets it!

Pirates: Arr! ha ha harr! (More fiendish cackling).

Jim: Well of course he gets it. And then we load it onto the ship and sail back to
Bristol, where you get your wages and Dr. Livesey, The Squire and I sell it

for an unbelievably enormous sum of money (*going slower as he begins to realise*) and live in luxury and idleness for the rest of our er, lives. (*Gulp*).

LJS: Not quite, Jim lad. When I say he gets it, I mean

1st Pirate: We'll keelhaul the swab, arr!

2nd Pirate: No, we always do that. Let's make him walk the plank.

3rd Pirate: I like a good hanging meself. From the highest yardarm.

4th Pirate: Or we could tie him over the mouth of a cannon and blow him to bits.

1st Pirate: Too quick. I say we keelhaul him.

2nd Pirate: Plankwalking's more fun.

3rd Pirate: Hang 'im!

4th Pirate: Blow 'im ter bits!

1st Pirate: Keelhaul 'im!

2nd Pirate: Shut yer face!

1st Pirate: Shut yer own!

All Pirates: Arr!

(The debate continues: Cutlasses are produced and used. By the time LONG JOHN has restored order, there are several bodies lying around).

LJS: Pipe down yer lubbers! Hold hard!

(Enter UNDERTAKERS).

LJS: Now look what you've done. At this rate there won't be enough of you left to sail the treasure away!

Untkr 1: *(Measuring busily).* Excuse me, please.

LJS: *(Moving away).* Oh, sorry. *(Bodies dragged off).*

Jim: But Long John, it sounds to me as if you mean to keep the treasure yourself.

LJS: You're a clever lad, Jim, full marks. Aye, there's to be a little re-distribution of wealth, arr. Full Marx.

Jim: So Captain Smollett was right! You're not to be trusted! Why, you - you're - you're pirates!

Pirate: Arr!

Jim: I must warn Squire Trelawney at once!

LJS: Not so fast, Jim lad, not so fast. *(JIM is grabbed by the PIRATES).* You ain't warning nobody. Now I might be minded that dead men tell no tales, arr, by thunder; but because I likes the cut o' yer jib, I'll give yer a choice. Arr, arr. Either you joins with us: or.... you walks the plank with the rest of 'em! Now, what's it to be?

1st Pirate: No, I think we should keelhaul 'em.

Pirates: No! Blow 'em to bits - Hang 'em - etc.

(Fighting resumes. In the confusion JIM gets away and runs off. Another PIRATE drops dead).

LJS: Confound it, yer blithering boneheads, hold hard, stop it!

(Silence. Enter UNDERTAKERS).

LJS: Where's the boy? Shivermesides, if he hasn't escaped! After 'im, afore he warns the Squire! After him!

Pirates: Arrfter him!

(ALL chase off after JIM. Pause. JIM crosses, running. Pause. PIRATES cross, cursing, LJS pegging behind. Pause. UNDERTAKERS cross. JIM re-crosses. Pause. PIRATES re-cross. Pause. LJS re-crosses halfway, when JIM crosses in the opposite direction. Pause while LJS shuffles round. PIRATES cross, knocking him down from behind. He struggles to his foot. UNDERTAKERS re-cross, knocking him down again. UNDERTAKERS at once re-enter and start measuring him).

LJS: Avast, swabs! I'm not done for yet!

(He gets up, bashing UNDERTAKER 1 with his crutch in the process, and hops off. UNDERTAKER 2 regards the body of his colleague, shrugs, measures him, and tries to drag him away, but UNDERTAKER 1 recovers, protesting).

Undtkr 1: Get off!

Undtkr 2: Sorry. *(UNDERTAKER 1 bashes UNDERTAKER 2; both exit squabbling.)*

(Pause. Enter SQUIRE TRELAWNEY, DR. LIVESEY, MRS. HAWKINS, CAPTAIN SMOLLETT, with JOYCE and HUNTER laden with baggage).

Sq. T: At last! Jolly old Treasure Island! Spiffing!

Mrs. H: Jim! Jim, where are you?

Dr. L: And where's that crowd of maniacs got to?

Sq. T: Oh, I don't think there'll be any tourists here.

Cap S: The pirates, you clot.

Hunter: *(Taking shoe off)*. Oh no!

Others: What?

Hunter: *(Pouring out sand)*. Sandy trainers!

Others: Urgh.

(JIM HAWKINS re-crosses behind them, running).

Jim: He-elp! *(Exit)*.

Cap S: Did you hear something?

Mrs. H: Yes. It sounded like Jim shouting for help.

Dr. L: It sounded like he was being chased.

Sq. T: By jove! But who could be chasing him?

(PIRATES re-cross behind them, cursing, and exit).

Dr. L: P-p-p-perhaps it was the

(LONG JOHN hops across behind them).

LJS: Arr! Shivermetimbers, by thunder! *(Exit)*.

Dr. L: P-p-p-pirates!

All: Yeargh!

Sq. T: Quick! To the stockade!

Mrs. H: Wait! What about Jim?

Cap S: Oh yes, Jim!

Dr. L: We must do something about Jim.

Hunter: Before the pirates catch him.

Joyce: And make him walk the plank.

Hunter: Or keelhaul him.

Dr. L: Or hang him from the highest yardarm.

Cap S: Or blow him to bits. *(Pause)*.

All: Quick! To the stockade!

(General noisy panic, picking up baggage, colliding with one another, falling over, etc., until they all exit into the stockade).

(Pause. Enter BEN GUNN, in battered old bowler hat, large black overcoat, baggy trousers held up with string, and gigantic boots. He shuffles downstage splay-legged, stops and takes off his hat. JIM crosses behind him, yelling, and exit. GUNN shuffles right, peers off. Takes off hat, scratches

head, looks in hat, blows in it, replaces it. PIRATES cross behind him, cursing and exit. GUNN shuffles left, peers off. Starts back, sits. Takes off left boot, pours out sand. Replaces boot. Struggles unsuccessfully with right boot. Falls back exhausted. Resumes the struggle. Gives up).

Gunn: Nothing to be done.

(Enter JIM, exhausted. He stands, looking back the way he's come. GUNN gets up, peers out front, takes off hat, scratches head, looks into hat, blows into it several times, replaces it. Goes left as JIM goes right. Both peer off. They back towards one another, circle, JIM goes right, GUNN goes left. Both peer off. They back towards one another and collide. Both yell and turn).

Jim: Who - who are you?

Gunn: *(Takes off hat, scratches head).* That's a question I've often asked myself. *(Replaces hat).* And the answer's always the same. *(Tries to remember the answer).*

Jim: Well?

Gunn: Oh, yes thank you, all things being considered. *(He muses on his good health).*

Jim: My name's Jim Hawkins. *(No reaction).* That's our ship out there - the Hispaniola. I'm being chased by pirates. They want to kill me and the others and steal the treasure.

Gunn: It's really most annoying *(He sits).*

Jim: Annoying! They want to kill us!

Gunn: the way the sand gets in your boots. *(He struggles with his right boot).*

Jim: Never mind your boots. What am I going to do?

Gunn: *(He gives up).* Nothing to be done.

Jim: Nothing? But I can't just stand here waiting to be killed!

Gunn: Nothing wrong with waiting. I'm always waiting. I've been waiting for *(He muses).*

Jim: Waiting for what?

Gunn: Waiting for ooh, ever such a long time.

Jim: But they could be here at any moment and murder us both!

Gunn: Well, that would make a change. I've often said to myself, Ben, I've said, Ben you old son of a Gunn, what you need is a change.

Jim: Look here, Ben, we're in deadly danger.

Gunn: But then, of course, that's the one thing I've got plenty of, come to think of it.

Jim: Danger?

Gunn: Change. Are you by any chance a numismatist?

Jim: What?

Gunn: A collector of rare and interesting coins. No? I am. It's a hobby of mine.

Jim: Coins? You've got a collection of coins?

Gunn: Pieces of eight, doubloons, gold and silver crowns, all of great historical interest and I should think of considerable commercial value too.

Jim: Where did you get them?

Gunn: Quite by chance. I was digging in my vegetable patch one day when my spade struck something solid - a sort of large box; and inside

(The PIRATES are heard cursing offstage).

Jim: Ben, could you show me your collection now?

Gunn: Well, if you're really interested

Jim: I am. Very.

Gunn: I wouldn't want to bore you.

Jim: I'm really very, very, very keen on coins.

Gunn: You're not saying that just to please me?

(The sound of PIRATES is now terrifyingly close).

Jim: Honestly. I would like nothing better than to see your collection.

Gunn: Well, in that case *(Stands, takes off hat, scratches head, blows in hat, replaces it)* let's go.

(They exit. JIM urging GUNN on, just before the PIRATES enter from the other side. LONG JOHN is last, as usual).

Pirates: Arr, arr.

1st Pirate: But I be tellin you, he was here. I saw him from the top of the hill.

2nd Pirate: Well, he ain't here now.

LJS: Wait for me, you lubbers! By thunder, where's that boy?

Pirates: Gorn.

LJS: Curses! Foiled again.

2nd Pirate: Hold hard shipmates! What's that there? *(Points to Stockade).*

LJS: Arr! That be old Cap'n Flint's stockade.

2nd Pirate: P'raps the boy be hiding in there.

LJS: P'raps he is. You go and have a look, while I think what to do next. *(2nd PIRATE goes into stockade).* Now then, lads, Squire Trelawney'll be here soon, so we've got to take him by surprise, and grab the map.

1st Pirate: Ambush him!

LJS: Arr, that's right, we'll ambush him.

3rd Pirate: I thought we were going to make him walk the plank.

Pirates: Keel haul him... blow him ter bits.... etc.

LJS: Perishing porpoises! Will you stow it and listen! Right, we're going to.... just a minute, where's Davy got to?

3rd Pirate: He's been gone a long time.

(UNDERTAKERS cross through PIRATES and go into Stockade).

Undtkr: Excuse me.

LJS: What the blazes.... ?

(UNDERTAKERS immediately re-enter from Stockade, dragging the body of 2nd PIRATE, and exit).

1st Pirate: It must be them!

3rd Pirate: The Squire and the others! They must be in there already!

LJS: *(To Stockade).* Ahoy! We know you be in there! Come out with your hands up, or by thunder I'll

(He is interrupted by a volley of shots from the Stockade. Cursing, the PIRATES take cover. SQUIRE TRELAWNEY appears at a loophole).

Sq.T: Take that, you jolly old pirates, you! I know your game now, by jove! We've got the map, and you'll never find the treasure without it. So you might as well surrender!

LJS: Never! I'm a patient man, Squire! If you don't hand over the map, we'll starve you out, arr!

Pirates: Arr!

Dr.L: *(Appears by the SQUIRE).* We've got the fish fingers, too!

Pirates: Ur!

LJS: Curses! Foiled again. *(SQUIRE and DOCTOR withdraw, laughing).* But hold hard shipmates. We're not sunk yet, by thunder! If they won't come out willingly, we'll blast them out!

1st Pirate: How, Long John?

LJS: Why, me hearties, we'll go back to the Hispaniola, and load up the cannon and then

3rd Pirate: We bombard the Stockade!

Pirates: Arr!

LJS: They'll soon come out when they've got cannon balls whistling round their heads!

3rd Pirate: Arr! Bombardin' be more fun than walking the plank!

1st Pirate: No it be not!

3rd Pirate: Yes it be!

Pirates: Arr!

LJS: Now don't start that again, yer swabs. Get fell in, we're off back to the boats!
(*The PIRATES form a squad*). Right me hearties: by the left, quick march!
(*Exit PIRATES, singing*).

Pirates: *Ninety-nine bottles of beer*
 Ninety-nine bottles of beer
 You take one down, and pass it around
 There'll be ninety-eight bottles of beer on the wall.

Ninety-eight bottles of beer etc.

(*The sound fades into the distance. Pause*).

(*Enter CANNIBALS with grass skirts, blowpipes, bows and arrows, shrunken heads etc. They creep around cautiously. Suddenly they are frightened by a shriek from MRS. HAWKINS in the Stockade*).

Mrs. H: (*Offstage*). Aieeee! Unhand me, Squire! (*The CANNIBALS close in on the Stockade to listen*).

Sq T: (*off*). I'm most frightfully sorry, Mrs. Hawkins, I was looking for the fish fingers.

Mrs. H: (*off*). Well, you won't find them there! (*CANNIBALS exchange glances, move closer*).

Cap S: (*off*). I think the pirates have gone.

Dr. L: (*off*). Someone ought to go out and have a look.

Sq T: (*off*). Jolly good idea. Hunter!

Hunter: (*off*). Sir!

Sq T: (*off*). Go outside and check for pirates.

Hunter: (*off*). Not I, Sir!

Sq T: (*off*). Then who, Sir?

Joyce: (*off*). Why, you Sir!

Sq T: (*off*). Not I, Sir! Any volunteers?

(*Pause. Then SQUIRE TRELAWNEY is thrown out of the Stockade. He turns at*

once, and so does not see the CANNIBALS, who are staring at him in surprise).

Sq T: You rotten lot! *(He turns and sees the CANNIBALS).* Argh!!

(He dashes back into the Stockade. His scream panics the CANNIBALS, who run away and take cover. Their heads emerge slowly during the following).

Cap S: *(off).* What is it, Squire?

Sq T: *(off).* Ca-ca-ca-ca-cannibals!

Mrs. H: *(off).* Nonsense! This island is uninhabited.

Sq T: *(off).* But I tell you I saw them.

Mrs. H: *(off).* Impossible. Men, really, I'll look myself. *(She comes out of the Stockade. The CANNIBALS take one look and duck down in terror).* I thought as much, Squire Trelawney, you're seeing things. Come out, all of you, there's no-one here.

(The OTHERS emerge. CAPTAIN SMOLLETT, upstage centre, trains his telescope on the HISPANIOLA).

Sq T: But I could have sworn

Dr. L: Touch of the sun, Squire. The imagination plays strange tricks in a place like this.

(Unnoticed by the others, he stoops to inspect a bush. A CANNIBAL is behind it. They see one another, and straighten, face to face. DR. LIVESEY turns his head front. The CANNIBAL quickly hides somewhere else. LIVESEY looks back - he's gone. Reaction of surprise, rubs eyes, produces bottle of rum, drinks deep).

Cap S: *(Looking through telescope).* The pirates!

Others: *(Gathering round SMOLLETT upstage)* Where?

Cap S: On the Hispaniola. I can see them.

Mrs. H: Don't tell me they're going to sail away and maroon me here alone with all these men!

Cap S: They seem to be loading one of the cannon.

Sq T: Loading a jolly old cannon? Whatever for?

Cap S: They're going to fire! Look! *(Cannon flash on ship).*

Dr. L: I didn't hear anything. *(Bang!).* Oh yes I did.

Hunter: That's because light travels faster than sound. *(Sound of incoming*

cannonball begins). You see, light travels at a hundred and eighty six thousand miles per second

Cap S: Everybody down! *(All duck. Flashpot explodes downstage)*.

Sq T: By jingo! That was close!

Cap S: They're preparing to fire again!

Hunter: Anyway, as I was saying, light travels faster than sound, and in fact, if you look for the flash of the gun *(Cannon flash on ship)*. and count in seconds

CapS: They've fired again!

Hunter: you can estimate the range. *(Bang)*. It's quite a simple calculation
(Sound of cannon ball begins).

Joyce: Here it comes!

Mrs. H: Take cover! *(She dives behind a bush)*

Cap S: No, there's no need. They've aimed too high. This one'll go right over our heads.

(MRS. HAWKINS is the only one hiding. The OTHERS all follow the flight of the ball over their heads and into the auditorium. There is a colossal explosion at the back of the hall, followed by the crashing of falling objects, screams etc. Enter UNDERTAKERS. They run through the Audience to the back).

Undtkr 1: It's all right, we're coming!

Undtkr 2: Sorry about this won't be long.

Undtkr 1: *(At rear of Hall)* Is this all that's left?

Undtkr 2: Looks like it.

Undtkr 1: Come on, then.

(They run back to the stage carrying a severed leg).

Sq T: By jove! What have you got there?

Undtkr 1: It's a member of a member of the audience.

Sq T: Well, that's one who won't be asking for his money back.

Undtkr 2: Here, we might be able to flog it to Long John Silver.

Undtkr 1: Good idea! *(Exit with leg)*.

Dr. L: I say, shouldn't we be getting out of here in case any more cannon balls come over?

Mrs H: *(Still behind bush)*. It's not the cannonballs I'm afraid of *(She slowly stands up, face to face with a CANNIBAL who was sharing her hiding place)*
.... it's the cannibals!

Others: Yeaargh!

Cannibals: *(Frightened by the yelling)*. Yeaargh!

(ALL dash round in a panic - then exit LIVESEY, SMOLLETT, JOYCE, HUNTER and MRS. H., still screaming).

1st Can: Oh, thank goodness they've gone.

2nd Can: What a horrible, noisy lot.

3rd Can: These tourists get worse every year.

1st Can: No manners at all. And what WERE they dressed like?

2nd Can: What were they yelling about, anyway?

3rd Can: They said we were cannonballs.

1st Can: Cannonballs?

3rd Can: Cannonballs.

2nd Can: Cheeky devils. I know for a fact I've lost half a stone this month.

1st Can: Don't get angry, dear.

2nd Can: I'm not. I'm just hurt and upset and

3rd Can: Don't take any notice.

2nd Can: and really deeply sorry that people don't have the, the social skills

1st Can: Yes, yes

2nd Can: don't really understand the feelings of native populations.

1st Can: Quite.

2nd Can: Look at the case of the Spanish conquest of Mexico.

1st Can: Yes.

2nd Can: Or the activities of English adventurers in the Caribbean right up to the present day.

1st Can: Mm.

2nd Can: No respect for indigenous American Indian populations

1st Can: I know, Darling, but

2nd Can: European culture spread by force of arms

(He marshals his thoughts)

1st Can: *(To 3rd CAN)* What's for supper tonight?

3rd Can: Haven't a clue, Dear. *(1st CAN gestures towards 2nd CAN)* Oh I see. Yes, about time, actually.

(During next speech 1st CAN fetches ridiculously large club and prepares to prepare dinner).

2nd Can: You see, what's basically at stake here is the whole issue of cultural transmission in the context of social and developmental inequality. I think we ought to form a working party to look seriously at the possibility of dialoguing pro-actively with the imperialist aggressors with a view to interfacing cultural areas defined by shared inherent value systems in a

meaningful exchange of

(1st CAN hits 2nd CAN on the head. 2nd CAN drops dead).

3rd Can: For this relief, much thanks.

(Enter UNDERTAKERS, creeping towards 2nd CAN).

1st Can: How would you like him?

3rd Can: What was the recipe you used last week for the lovely sheep farmer?

1st Can: Shepherd Pie, of course.

3rd Can: Oh, yes. Lovely, that was.

(UNDERTAKERS grab 2nd CAN and make off with him. CANS 1 and 3 see this just too late).

1st Can: Hey! Come back here, you bodysnatchers!

3rd Can: That's our dinner you've got there!

1st Can: Shouldn't we chase them?

3rd Can: Well

(Indecision. Then JIM'S voice is heard offstage).

Jim: *(Off).* Gosh, it's incredibly heavy!

1st Can: Hide!

(They hide. JIM enters with BEN GUNN. They are carrying a huge treasure chest between them).

Jim: It's no good, I can't carry it any further. Phew! *(They put it downstage. JIM sits down on it, exhausted).*

Gunn: It's really very kind of you, Jim, to offer to take me back to England. I know the trustees of the British Museum will be very excited to receive my collection. I can see it now. *(He removes his hat reverently).* "A special exhibition: The Gunn Collection of eighteenth century gold and silver coinage". There's glory for you. *(Replaces hat.)*

(During this speech the CANNIBALS have been creeping up behind JIM. As he speaks, one of them peers round slowly into his face).

Jim: Oh, don't worry, Ben, we'll get the treasure - I mean the collection - back to Bristol all right Yearrrgh! Cannibals!

Gunn: Oh, hullo, Penelope. What's with the fancy dress?

1st Can: Well, Ben darling, we've been working on this really divine new piece of choreography - we're ever so thrilled with it aren't we, loves?

Cannibs: Mm, super, m'yes we are, too etc.

1st Can: In fact we were just about to rehearse it when all that frightful noise started - what was going on?

Gunn: Well - (*Deep breath*). Billy Bones had Flint's map of Flint's treasure and Pew tried to get it but Trelawney got it and came here with a crew of cut-throats but they didn't get 'cos I had it and it'll all turn out OK in the end 'cos Jim'll fix it.

1st Can: Oh I see. And this is

Gunn: Jim.

1st Can: How d'you do?

Jim: Very well, thank you.

1st Can: This, Jim, is CAOS. (*Pronounced "chaos"*).

Jim: (*Looking round at production*). It certainly is.

1st Can: No, no. I should say, we are CAOS. C-A-O-S: the Cannibals' Amateur Operatic Society. (*JIM looks at GUNN, appalled*).

Gunn: It's life, Jim, but not as we know it.

1st Can: In fact, we don't do musicals any more - just straight plays; I'm afraid we got a bit peckish during one rehearsal and ate the orchestra.

Jim: Agh! Then you really are cannibals!

1st Can: Not very much any more. Dear Ben grows such lovely vegetables, and in any case, nearly everyone who's washed ashore these days seems to have Mad Sailors' Disease.

Gunn: Have a carrot. (*Takes one from pocket, offers it*).

1st Can: No thanks, I've just put one out. (*GUNN eats it himself*).

Jim: Good heavens, is that the time?

(*ALL look for watches, clocks etc., which they do not have*).

Jim: I've got to sail Ben's coracle out to the Hispaniola, discover that Israel Hands has killed all the surviving pirates in a drunken brawl, kill Israel Hands, and then cast the ship adrift so that it beaches conveniently in the bay over there before re-joining the others and sorting everything out and generally becoming the hero of the whole thing.

(*No reaction. GUNN chews his carrot contentedly*).

Jim: Right then. I'll be off. Now. And if - if I should fail to return, tell Mother - tell her I sailed Ben's coracle out to the Hispaniola, discovered that Israel Hands had killed all the surviving pirates in a drunken - er - brawl, and, er, so on. All right?

(Still no reaction. GUNN sits, has another go at removing his right boot).

Jim: Right, I'll get along then, shall I? *(Pause).* Right. Farewell! *(Exit).*

(Pause).

1st Can: Well, let's go.

Gunn: *(Still struggling).* We can't.

1st Can: Why not?

Gunn: *(Gives up).* Because we're waiting.

1st Can: Waiting for what?

Gunn: Waiting for Jim to fix it.

(Pause).

1st Can: I know!

Gunn: Oh dear.

1st Can: While we're waiting

Gunn: I was afraid of this.

1st Can: We can do our new dance! Music!

Gunn: I'm sure I've got another carrot here somewhere.

(Music. GUNN retreats with his new carrot the cannibals dance, and the HISPANIOLA moves out of sight. GUNN sleeps. The dance ends, exit CANNIBALS. Loud weeping heard offstage. Enter SQUIRE TRELAWNEY, DR. LIVESEY, MRS. HAWKINS, HUNTER and JOYCE).

Sq T: *(Sobbing bitterly).* Oh dear oh dear. Oh dear oh deary me. Oh jolly well blinking heck!

Mrs. H: There, there, Squire, it can't be helped.

Sq T: But to think we came all this way, and had all that trouble with those beastly pirates, just to find somebody else has been and dug it up first! Boo-hoo! Oh!

Cap S: Do you want to borrow my upper-lip-stiffening cream, Squire?

Sq T: No, no. I'm too depressed. Oh dear oh dear. *(He moves to the treasure*

chest). Now I shall never find the treasure! (*He sits down on it*). Where can it be?

(They all make a tragic tableau round the SQUIRE, and freeze. BEN GUNN wakes up, yawns, stretches, takes his hat off, scratches his head, blows into his hat, replaces it. He considers his right boot, wiggles the foot, sighs. He looks up at the others, looks front, thinks. Looks at them again, gets up, walks round them, inspecting them. He looks twice at MRS. HAWKINS seen her before somewhere. He stops by DR. LIVESEY, takes out another carrot, bites it, chews).

Gunn: Er (*Prods LIVESEY with carrot*). What's up, Doc?

Dr. L: (*Pause. Regards GUNN tragically*). We're all frightfully upset and depressed and so on because we came all the way to Treasure Island in search of Flint's treasure, and it seems someone else has been here before us and taken it.

Gunn: (*Removes hat, scratches head*). Nothing to be done?

Dr. L: Nothing.

Gunn: That's how it seems to me, too. (*Muses, replaces hat, walks slowly splay-legged to one side. Pause. Suddenly....*).

LJS: (*Offstage*). Arr! Jim lad! (*Enter LONG JOHN - ON TWO LEGS! The new one is clothed in the same material as the one salvaged by the UNDERTAKERS. He has his arm round JIM. The PARROT is gone*). Avast, there, shipmates!

All: (*Jumping back in amazement*). Long John Silver!

Mrs. H: And Jim! Oh Jim, you're alive! (*She cuddles him*).

Jim: Aw, gerrof, Mum.

Sq T: B-b-b-but Long John! You've got two legs!

LJS: (*Dancing a jig*). Arr, 'aven't I just! I be a reformed character, I be. These two swabs came up ter me and offered me a second-hand leg, so ter speak. They wanted a hundred guineas for it, but I knocked 'em down a bit; and when they'd got up again they said they'd nail it on for ten: and here I be! Harr!

Dr L: But you said you're a reformed character. I find that hard to believe.

Jim: It's true, Doctor Livesey. I fell into the sea when the ship hit the beach, and Long John saved me from drowning!

Dr L: Good heavens!

LJS: Arr! Where were you when the ship hit the beach?

Sq T: Well, that is absolutely jolly super, eh Captain Smollett? Even you will have to admit that Long John has changed!

Cap S: I said I wouldn't trust a man with one leg and a parrot on his shoulder; and now I see a man with two legs and no parrot. Therefore, I am prepared to trust him.

Sq T: Oh yes, the parrot. Whatever happened to that?

LJS: Well, you see, Squire, turns out it was dead after all. Them two swabs who gave me me new leg took it in part exchange. I thought it had been niffing a bit lately. Ooh, arr, look over here. *(Goes to treasure chest)*. I see you've found it, then.

Mrs. H: Found it? Found what?

LJS: Why, old Flint's treasure, o'course! I'd know that chest anywhere!

Others: *(Not GUNN or JIM)*. Flint's treasure!

(They gather round open-mouthed. The SQUIRE opens the Chest to gasps of admiration and delight. The Treasure is examined enthusiastically, while JIM goes to GUNN who is toying absently with a carrot).

Jim: Ben?

Gunn: *(Upset)*. They're quite wrong, you know.

Jim: What about?

Gunn: It's not dead at all.

Jim: I'm afraid it is. Quite dead. It only stayed on his shoulder because it was pickled in rum.

Gunn: On his shoulder? What was on his shoulder?

Jim: His parrot.

Gunn: Oh, ah. I thought they said my carrot was dead.

Jim: No, the parrot.

Gunn: That's all right then.

Jim: *(Thinks)*. It's not all right for the parrot.

Gunn: *(Considers this)*. True.

Mrs. H: Hey, Jim! Come and look at this lot!

Jim: I've seen it.

Mrs. H: What! How?

Jim: Ben Gunn showed it to me. This is Ben Gunn. He found it.

(Pause).

Mrs. H: We've met.

Jim: What?

(Pause. GUNN takes off hat, fiddles, puts it back on).

Gunn: Hello, dear. *(Pause)*. I hoped - I mean, I thought you weren't going to recognise me.

Jim: Daddy! *(Runs to BEN, who pats him paternally)*.

Gunn: That's ma boy.

Mrs. H: *(Angry)*. Benjamin Hawkins! So this is where you've been all this time!

Gunn: Yes, dear.

Mrs. H: Living in this tropical paradise with a lot of vegetarian cannibals while I've been sweating my guts out in Bristol!

Gunn: Yes, dear.

Mrs. H: And you've found all this treasure, so you're absolutely filthy stinking rich *(Complete change)*. Oh, you are clever, Darling. *(Goes to embrace him)*.

Jim: He wants to take it back to England and donate it to the British Museum.

(Pause. This news is not well received. MRS. HAWKINS retreats to the treasure chest protectively. GUNN takes off his hat and fiddles with it nervously in the nasty silence).

Others: Does he, by thunder!

Gunn: Er historical importance

(Pause).

LJS: Well, now, blow me down. If I weren't a reformed character, which I am, and if I was given to murdering people, which I'm not any more, I'd be minded to feed Mr. Ben Wotsisname here to the fishes.

Sq T: Or jolly well keelhaul the swab.

Dr L: Or blow him to bits.

Cap S: Hanging's slower

Mrs. H: Arr, hang him from the highest yardarm.

(Nasty pause).

Jim: Just a minute. I think I've got the answer to this. You want to give your collection to the Museum because of its historical interest, don't you, Dad?

Gunn: A-a-academic, er research, um scholarly er

Jim: But your collection contains loads of duplicates, doesn't it?

Gunn: Duplicates? I suppose it does

LJS: How many different kinds of coins be there in here, Ben?

Gunn: Oh, about a dozen, I think. Yes, twelve or thirteen.

Dr L: Then if we give you one example of each

CapS: You can give those twelve or thirteen coins to the Museum

Mrs. H: And they'll be happy, won't they, dear?

Jim: And you'll be happy, won't you, Dad?

Gunn: Happy? (*Looks at MRS. H; looks away*). I suppose I shall.

Sq T: We'll all be jolly well happy. Because the rest of it

LJS: We'll divide up amongst ourselves! Arr! Jim lad! Pieces of eight, arr!
To the Hispaniola! Hurray! (*LONG JOHN starts to sing as JOYCE and HUNTER pick up the Chest; BEN, MRS. HAWKINS and JIM link arms and they all join in*):

*Fifteen men on a 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!*

(*Exit, jigging, all except SQUIRE TRELAWNEY, who moves down centre to speak the epilogue*).

Sq T: Now that the pirates are all o'erthrown
Let each one go to his own home,
It's jolly late. But first, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Bristol. Let me not,
Now I have the treasure got,
And pardoned Long John Silver, dwell
On Treasure Island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
By clapping loudly with your hands. Wait for it !
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails -
Which was, to get filthy stinking rich.
For my ending is despair,
Unless your cheering fills the air. Not yet !
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence jolly well set me free, what!
Now's yer chance! Hurray! (*Exit*).

THE END

