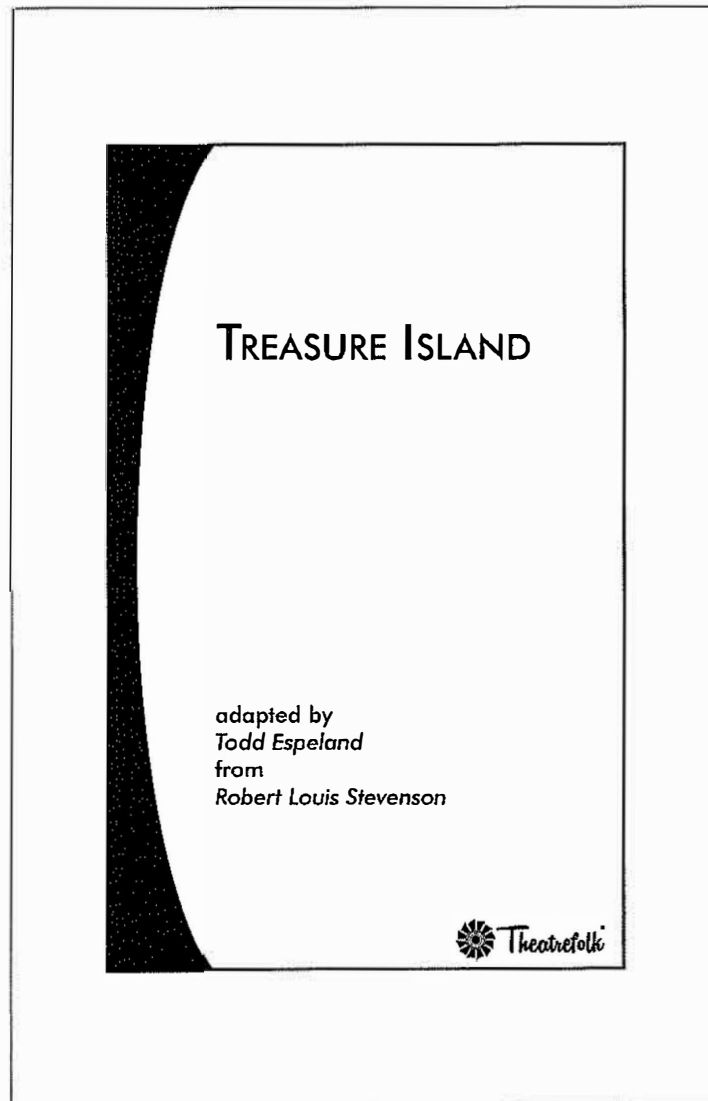


# Cover Sheet



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TREASURE ISLAND

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**ACT I SCENE I: A bedroom/The Admiral Bennbow Inn**

*Lights up.*

*Monologue light up on OLDER JIM HAWKINS.  
He is the  
storyteller and witness, orchestrating all the events.*

OLDER JIM: Here is the tale of *Treasure Island*. Dr. Livesey, and the other people who experienced this adventure asked me to write down the whole particulars about *Treasure Island*, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the **bearings** of the island.

position, location

It began with Billie Bones.

*BONES enters humming "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest" and stands in solo light like a memory.*

I remember as she came plodding to the inn door, her sea-chest with her. Tall, strong, and the **sabre** cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. Her very presence frightened me. I remember her often whistling to herself and then breaking out in that old sea-song that she sang so often.

Sword with a curved blade

BILLIE BONES/OLDER JIM: Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

*Lights up on The Admiral Bennbow Inn, JIM sits reading a book and his mother is frantically serving all the singing patrons. BILLIE goes and sits at a trunk furthest away from everyone.*

MRS. HAWKINS: Come Jim. Step lively and stop daydreaming. We are full of people and we stand to make a pretty penny tonight. And if you break another mug, I'll take it out of your hide.

JIM/OLDER JIM: (*reading a book*) Yes, Mother.

OLDER JIM: My father had died when I was very young. All he left my mother was this place, The Bennbow Inn. A dirty little inn at the end of a dank, dark dock.

MRS. HAWKINS: (*grabbing JIM's book*) Get that book out of your hands. We have customers.

JIM: Yes, mother.

MRS. HAWKINS: We need make some coin tonight, seein' how as that boarder of ours, the "Captain Bones" continues to not pay up what she owes. Now git these handed out all 'round.

Someone renting a room

*JIM takes two mugs from his mother and clinks them together, then clinks them again. JIM starts making a rhythm with them.*

JIM: One, two, ready, go!

*The patrons begin singing.*

*During the song one patron near MRS. HAWKINS sneakily takes mugs off her tray and drinks them down. At "Put him in the bilge and make him drink it" MRS. HAWKINS catches the thief, hits him with her tray and drags him off by the hair.*

the underwater body of a ship/nonsense, rubbish

PATRONS: (*singing*)

What shall we do with an angry sailor,  
What shall we do with an angry sailor,  
What shall we do with an angry sailor,  
Early in the morning?

Shave his chin with a rusty razor.  
Shave his chin with a rusty razor.  
Shave his chin with a rusty razor.  
Early in the morning!

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Weigh heigh and up she rises,  
Weigh heigh and up she rises,  
Weigh heigh and up she rises,  
Early in the morning!

What shall we do with an angry sailor,  
What shall we do with an angry sailor,  
What shall we do with an angry sailor,  
Early in the morning?

Put him in the bilge and make him drink it.  
Put him in the bilge and make him drink it.  
Put him in the bilge and make him drink it.  
Early in the morning!

Weigh heigh and up she rises,  
Weigh heigh and up she rises,  
Weigh heigh and up she rises,  
Early in the morning!

BILLIE BONES: (*Slamming her hands down on a table. Everyone stops singing.*) QUIET THERE BETWEEN DECKS AND SILENCE  
ALL AROUND! You scurvy dogs! That's not a proper sea  
shanty for the ears of Cap'n Bones!

Song, originally song  
by sailors while  
working

SQUIRE: But we were only enjoying a rousing song...

BILLIE BONES: Quiet yur face you fish bellied land-lubber before I  
slice off yur ear for not knowin' yur betters.

a person unfamiliar  
with the sea  
or sailing

PATRON 1: Hey Bones tell us a pirate story!

ALL PATRONS: YES, BONES!

PATRON 2: Yeah Bones! About making a scurvy dog walk the plank!

→ disease from a severe  
lack of Vitamin C

PATRON 3: Or giving the Black Spot to a scullion?

→ symbolic message of  
impending doom, death threat,  
or removal from leadership  
for a pirate

ALL PATRONS: YES, BONES!

PATRON 4: Or fierce storms at sea.

→ Kitchen servant

PATRON 5: And the Dry Tortugas.

→ "Dry Tortugas" in Spanish. Several  
islands near the Florida  
Keys

ALL PATRONS: YES, BONES!

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PATRON 6: And keel hauling a sailor.

ALL PATRONS: YES, BONES!

PATRON 7: And buried treasure hidden away on far away islands.  
(BONES looks alarmed by this suggestion)

SQUIRE: (acting out a sword fight) And daring sword fights on the high seas... (BONES pull a knife and grabs SQUIRE's face to shut him up)

BILLIE BONES: Quiet yur gob you droning flap-mouthed gull. And the name is "Cap'n Bones" and don't you forget it, 'else I'll cut you from gut to gullet.

DR. LIVESEY steps up and pulls SQUIRE away.

DR. LIVESEY: Now Captain Bones these kind people meant neither harm nor insult.

SQUIRE: If you do not put that knife this instant in your pocket, I promise, upon my honor, that I... (BONES leans threateningly closer to SQUIRE. SQUIRE breaks and runs to hide behind DR. LIVESEY.) ...that Doctor Livesey shall have you jailed.

BILLIE BONES: Were you addressing me you puny gudgeon?

DR. LIVESEY: Indeed, he was. And know I'm not a just doctor; I'm a magistrate; and if I catch breath of complaint against you, if it's only for a piece of incivility like tonight's I will have you arrested.

Dr. LIVESEY and BONES exchange a battle of looks.  
Eventually, grumbling, BONES puts away her weapon  
takes a seat.

BILLIE BONES: (sitting) Bah! No need to git riled. This is the berth for me. (to JIM) Here you, matey! (grabs JIM by the shoulder)

JIM: Yes, Captain Bones?

BILLIE BONES: I'll stay here a bit. I'm a plain person; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want this evening and not a fight.

MRS. HAWKINS: Thank you for this kindness, Dr. Livesey. She's an odd one that "Capt'n" Bones.

punish someone by  
dragging them through  
the water under the  
keel of a ship

→ mouth  
→ talking  
→ short for "seagull"  
→ throat

→ a fish

→ civil officer,  
like a lawyer

a ship's dock

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DR. LIVESEY: She's a one silent by custom. Mostly, she would not speak when spoken to—

SQUIRE: (*interrupting*) But when a fire takes her, she will look up sudden and fierce and blow through her nose like a fog-horn and carry on, scaring everyone.

JIM: She's not so bad. Sometimes Captain Bones tells me stories about pirates and sailing the world. Then goes to that chest of hers and shows me coins and carvings and odd bits of things she's collected.

DR. LIVESEY: I am sure they are just tales of a pickled sailor trying to impress a young lad.

drunk

JIM: Captain Bones pays me four penny piece monthly to look out for "the seafaring man with one leg."

Silver British coin worth four pennies

MRS. HAWKINS: Well, I'd rather the "Captain" put that four penny piece towards her monthly tab. And refrain from putting a scare into this lot. And fillin yur head with tickle-brained tales of seafaring louts.

person lacking good manners

DR. LIVESEY: Well Jim, you watch that Billie Bones close. If she brings any more trouble to the inn you come and find me.

MRS. HAWKINS: Thank you, Doctor, but he won't need to. I'm able to keep that lout in line. Now git back to the tables. We got people to serve and coins to collect.

*The scene shifts to later that night. Patrons are leaving the Inn. JIM is cleaning up the tables from the night.*

BILLIE BONES: (*singing softly and carrying a small sea chest into the room*) 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!"

Look sharp and come here, Jim. Step lively boy and show some discipline boy.

*JIM plays along with "Captain" BONES and snaps to, comes over to BONES giving her a grand salute.*

JIM: Aye, aye sir.

BILLIE BONES: It's a grim night my boy. I'm feelin' it in me bones. It's a pinching, frosty night—the kind that makes the cove all grey with hoar-frost. Not good.

JIM: *(looking frightened)* Yes Captain?

BILLIE BONES: You been keepin' an eye out for that one-legged man like I been payin' ya?

JIM: I haven't seen him, Captain.

BILLIE BONES: Now tell me and tell me true, you seen no one-legged man?

JIM: No.

BILLIE BONES: Ah, yer a good lad, you are.

JIM: Sir? If I may ask Captain, why are you asking me to keep an eye out for a "one legged man"? M-Mother says you are a weedy, old fool who's drunk too much bilge water.

→ weak, feeble  
→ the dirty water that accumulates in the bilge of a ship

BILLIE BONES: *(shouts and scares JIM but turns into laughing)* Hahaha, never you mind, Jim. Never you mind. *(relaxing a bit)* Well now that's a good lookout. *(reaches in the chest and hands JIM a coin)* Here's your monthly due. *(hands JIM a second coin)* And here is another for being loyal. You'll bring me one noggin of rum, now, won't you, matey? If I don't have a drain o' rum, Jim, I'll have the horrors; I have lived rough and done mean things. *(BONES lingers over the chest and sets it aside)* I seen some one 'of em already. *(gets a faraway look in her eyes)* I seen old Flint's ghost in the corner there, behind you; as plain as print, I seen him. *(JIM brings BONES a mug. She drinks it straight down and falls asleep at the table. JIM covers her with a blanket.)*

small cup

JIM: It will be all right Bones...I mean Captn' Bones.

*There is a tapping sound and the door to the inn squeaks slowly open.*

JIM: I'm sorry but we are closed for the night, if you come back—

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BLIND PEW: *(interrupts JIM)* Will any kind friend inform a poor blind woman, who has lost the precious sight of her eyes in the gracious defense of her native country, England, where am I now?

JIM: You are in the Admiral Bennbow Inn, but I am afraid we are closed for—

*Interrupts JIM, grabs him fast, in a strong grip and pulls him in close.*

BLIND PEW: Will you give me your hand, my kind young friend, and lead me in?

*PEW's voice and manner changes from meek to something more intimidating.*

Now, take me to the "Captain." I've got something she is owed. *(shakes JIM)* Lead me straight up to her, and when I'm in view, cry out, 'Here's a friend for you, Bones.' Take me straight or I'll break your arm.

*JIM leads BLIND PEW to the BONES's table.*

JIM: H-Here's...Here's a friend for you, Bones.

*BONES raises her head, sees BLIND PEW and shakes off her sleep.*

BILLIE BONES: Hello Blind Pew. Yours is a face I never wanted to see again. I wasn't expecting you. I was expecting the other one. *(starts to rise like she is preparing for a fight)*

BLIND PEW: Now, Billie. Sit where you are! I can't see, but I can hear a finger stirring and I'll do a harm to this boy you might regret. Hold out your left hand. Boy, put this in her hand.

*PEW keeps a strong grip on JIM's arm. Slowly, JIM takes BONES's left hand and brings it to BLIND PEW's right hand. BLIND PEW presses an object into BONES's hand.*

BLIND PEW: They'll be coming for you soon. Tonight.



*BONES looks in her hand then springs up. BLIND PEW tosses JIM into BONES, knocking BONES over. PEW runs off. BONES stands with a great shout, reels, puts her hand to her throat and falls over. JIM runs to aid her.*

BILLIE BONES: Jim lad, it's the Black Spot they give me. Ah Jim! It's them. Them. They're wantin' me chest. Flint's map. I think they gave the knife *(draws her finger under her throat)* KRRRK! to old Benn Gunn to keep her silent. And me...I ran...I hid... *(collapses)*

JIM: Captn' let me get my mother...

BILLIE BONES: No lad, they want the map. *(reaches in her coat)* I've got one more job for you, sailor. *(pulls out a key)* you be keepin' this safe lad and you be hiding my chest *(points to the chest)* They be wantin' what belonged to Old Flint...*(dies)*

MRS. HAWKINS: *(entering)* What clamor is going on out here? You are supposed to be cleaning not prattling on and making a racket.

JIM: Mother, Captain Bones is dead.

MRS. HAWKINS: What?

JIM: There was a blind woman and I'm sure she was a pirate and she gave Captain Bones this... *(takes a round black piece of paper from BONES)* It's a Black Spot! Bones cried out and fell over and started carrying on about Flint's map and her chest and dead Benn Gunn.

MRS. HAWKINS: Easy Jim. A blind woman killed Old Bones?

JIM: No mother. She just handed Bones this. *(gives her the Black Spot)*

MRS. HAWKINS: The Black Spot. A pirate's warning. *(she takes it like it is alive and dangerous)* There is a message on it. "You have till ten tonight." That's soon, Jim. It must have been the drink and fright that killed her.

JIM: *(holds out the key)* I'm to be keeping this key safe.

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MRS. HAWKINS: Quickly Jim, bolt the door and draw down the blind. (*JIM runs off. MRS. HAWKINS sets the chest on the table. JIM comes back.*) Now Jim, that key.

*JIM hands her the key and she opens the chest.*

MRS. HAWKINS: I don't see all the fuss and mystery.

JIM: Her shells and trinkets.

MRS. HAWKINS: An oil cloth of papers.

JIM: And this bag. (*shakes it and it jingles sounding of coins*)

MRS. HAWKINS: I'll have what is due to us from her stay. I don't see why this blind woman gave the Black Spot to Bones. This isn't much of a treasure.

*We hear the tapping of BLIND PEW's cane and louder harsher voices.*

JIM: Mother take it all and let's be going. I think they are here.

MRS. HAWKINS: My dear, take the money and hide, I'm afraid I'm going to faint.

JIM: No fainting for you. Let's go out the back.

*They exit followed by running footsteps then violent banging on the door.*

BLIND PEW: Down with the door.

PIRATES: Aye Aye sir! (*violent crashing sound*)

BLIND PEW: In! In you dogs!

*PIRATES file in followed by BLIND PEW.*

JOHNNY: Bones is dead.

BLIND PEW: Some of you **shirking** lubbers search Bones, and the rest of you get the chest.

→avoiding a duty

BLACK DOG: (*searching the chest*) Pew, they've been here before us.

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DIRK: *(searching the chest)* Someone's turned the chest and cleared it out.

BLIND PEW: Is it there?

BILGE: The money is there.

BLIND PEW: Curse the money. Flint's map is what I want.

DUNGBEE: We don't see it here nohow.

BLIND PEW: You there *(hits SCUTTLE with the cane)* is it on Bill?

SCUTTLE: Bone's been overhauled already. Nothin' left.

BLIND PEW: It's these people of the inn—it's that boy. I wish I had broken his arm and put his eyes out! They were here no time ago. Scatter and find 'em. They must be close by. Oh, shiver my soul. If I had eyes!

*The PIRATES ransack the inn. Two loud whistles are heard.*

BLACK DOG: There's Israel Hand's whistle. Twice! We'll have to leave, mates.

BLIND PEW: Hand is a coward, jumping at rats in the ally probably.

JOHNNY: The Magistrate might be coming, Blind Pew.

BLIND PEW: Don't you mind him. You'll have your hands on thousands, you fools. You'd be as rich as kings if you could find that map, and you know it's here, and you stand there skulking.

DIRK: Hang it, Pew. We've got the **doubloons**. Let's go.

BILGE: Aye Pew, we don't know that Bones had the blasted map.

DUNGBEE: Let's take the coin while we have it and stop your **squalling**.

BLIND PEW: There wasn't one of you dared face Bones, and I did it—and I'm blind! And I'm to lose my chance for you! You **pribbling** barnacle? *(swings her cane)* I'm to be a poor, crawling beggar, sponging for rum, when I might be rolling in a coach like a rich woman! *(swings her cane and hits SCUTTLE)*

gold Spanish coin

whining

silly quarreling

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SCUTTLE: OW! You old measle. Watch that cane!

BILGE: Stop the old minnow before she breaks my skull.

*Small fight with the PIRATES and PEW. Another whistle sounds. HANDS runs in.*

ISRAEL HANDS: I been blowing that warning whistle, boyos! The magistrate is coming with other men. Let's abandon ship.

*PIRATES run out of the inn. We hear the sounds of gunfire and startled horses.*

BLIND PEW: Johnny, Black Dog, Dirk! You won't leave old Pew, mates—not old Pew! Come back, lads. Come back, you joltheads!

*Stupid, foolish person*

*BLIND PEW exits out of the inn. We hear the sounds of horses rearing. DR. LIVESEY shouts "Look out." We hear BLIND PEW scream.*

OLDER JIM: *(we hear the sounds of what he is describing)* Just then the noise of horses topped the rise, and four or five riders came in sight in the moonlight and swept at full gallop down the slope. At this Pew realized her error. Utterly bewildered she turned with a scream, and was trampled right under the nearest of the coming horses. The four hoofs trampled her. She collapsed upon her face and moved no more.

JIM: Dr. Livesey, Dr. Livesey! In here!

DR. LIVESEY: *(outside)* Pull up, lads! Check that body! *(enters into the inn)* Jim are you and your mother all right? We heard the commotion and saw all manner of pirates pouring out of here.

MRS. HAWKINS: *(entering)* Look at all this mess, my poor inn. Jim, help me set this place in order.

*SQUIRE enters.*

SQUIRE: Doctor, that poor blind beggar was trampled under the hooves of your horse.

DR. LIVESEY: What happened here? And poor Bones, dead. Squire Trelawney, cover that body. That's no sight for good company.

JIM: (*in an excited rush*) Dr. Livesey that was no blind woman. That was the leader of a band of pirates who **ransacked** our inn. She almost broke my arm and gave Captain Bones the Black Spot which killed her dead, and then—

*go hurriedly through a place stealing things*

DR. LIVESEY: Slow down Jim. One at a time. Now tell me what was that band of pirates doing here? What did they want?

MRS. HAWKINS: Most likely the gold that Bones had in that chest of hers? And it looks like they got it too. That's weeks of gold I'm out now.

JIM: I don't think it was money they wanted. I think, in fact, sir, I believe I have the thing right here. I think they wanted this?

DR. LIVESEY: May I, Jim?

*JIM nods and hands DR. LIVESEY the oil cloth.*

MRS. HAWKINS: There better be a good answer in there as to why my home and livelihood has been **pillaged**.

*robbed*

*They gather around a table. DR. LIVESEY opens the oil cloth.*

SQUIRE: Well it seems to be a book and a sealed paper.

DR. LIVESEY: (*picking up the book*) This thing is as clear as noontide. This is the black-hearted hound's account-book. These crosses stand for the names of ships or towns that they sank or plundered with Captain Flint. God help the poor souls that they robbed with that blood thirsty Captain Flint.

SQUIRE: There are accounts here for sum of gold into the hundreds of thousands.

MRS. HAWKINS: (*picking up and opening the sealed paper*) And now for the other. (*unfolds the paper*) A map to an island. "Tall tree, Spy-glass shoulder, bearing a point to the North of North-Northeast. Skeleton Island East Southeast and by East. Ten feet."

JIM: This must be a map to find the gold in that account book?

MRS. HAWKINS: Well that settles it. Let's use this map and find the treasure. After all, I'm owed for three weeks' lodging.

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SQUIRE: Judging from this account book and with favorable winds, a quick passage, and not the least difficulty in finding the spot, we'll all have money to eat, to roll in, to play games with forever.

DR. LIVESEY: That settles it. Tomorrow Squire, you start for Bristol. Find the best ship, and the choicest crew in England. I'll be the ship's doctor.

MRS. HAWKINS: Jim shall come as cabin-boy. You'll be a great cabin-boy.

SQUIRE: Well it's hardly proper for young child to come aboard ship.

MRS. HAWKINS: And it's hardly proper for me not to knock you senseless but I'm not above doing it. I'm not to be trusting you lot with what my boy and I are owed.

DR. LIVESEY: There are only two people I'm afraid of. One is you, Mrs. Hawkins, when you get in a rage. Mrs. Hawkins, Squire will be my assistant and Jim shall be lead cabin-boy.

SQUIRE: Who is the other person you are afraid of? Name the dog, sir?

DR. LIVESEY: You. For you cannot hold your tongue. We are not the only people who know of this paper. These fellows who attacked the inn tonight—They are bold, desperate blades, for sure— We must speak of this to no one.

SQUIRE: Doctor, you are always in the right of it. We shall be as silent as the grave.

MRS. HAWKINS: Very well. Let us set off to secure us a ship.

**ACT I SCENE 2: The Docks.**

*During the scene the PIRATES of SILVER's crew enter and mix with the PATRONS doing dock activities and rough them up, threaten them for money or drag them offstage.*

OLDER JIM: It was longer than the Squire imagined before a ship was ready for the sea. So the weeks passed on, till one fine day there came a letter addressed to Dr. Livesey.

OLDER JIM/SQUIRE: Dear Dr. Livesey,

SQUIRE: The ship is bought and fitted. She lies at anchor, ready for sea. You never imagined a sweeter schooner. Two hundred tons of ship. Its name? The Hispaniola. It was the hiring of the crew that troubled me. I was having trouble gathering a good group of men. Till the most remarkable stroke of fortune brought me the very man that I required. Long John Silver he is called.

*SILVER enters with a parrot on his shoulders.*

I was standing on the dock, when, by the merest accident, I fell in talk with him.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Oh good Squire, I keep a humble public house here is Bristol I do. It is a modest place committed to the rest and recuperation of sailors needing a good home cooked meal and a comfortable bed to rest their heads.

*SILVER goes into a dramatic coughing fit.*

SQUIRE: That doesn't sound good, friend.

LONG JOHN SILVER: (weakly) No. Sadly it don't. It's the shore. The land been making me sick. I been away too long from the sea. I hoped coming down here to the docks and smelling the healing salt of the sea, would help raise my spirits.

SQUIRE: You don't say.

LONG JOHN SILVER: I lost me leg in service to our Dear Old Britain, serving Crown and Country. (another dramatic coughing fit) Aye, I served under the immortal Capin' Hawke. But, sadly, I've got me no pension. Me, who lost a leg for our dear old grand nation.

regular payment  
after a person  
retires from a job

SQUIRE: What?!? No pension? Imagine the abominable age we live in!

LONG JOHN SILVER: Now, now Squire. I was only doing my duty. *(chokes back a sob)* If...only I could...git back to sea...maybe I could be whole again.

SQUIRE: 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. Well, sir, I thought I had only found a cook, but it was a crew I had discovered. Long John got a company together in a few days, of the toughest old salts imaginable.

*SILVER's "sickness" leaves him. The PIRATES who raided the Inn and roughed up people on the docks begin to line up behind SILVER.*

OLDER JIM: *(as CAPTAIN FLINT)* Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!

→ nickname for the Silver Spanish dollar. Global currency at that time.

SQUIRE: He showed me in a moment that they were just the sort of fresh-water swabs we needed for an adventure of importance.

→ a worthless fellow

OLDER JIM: Now, to tell you the truth, from the very first mention of Long John in the Squire's letter; I had taken a fear in my mind that he might prove to be the very one-legged sailor whom I had watched for so long. But when I came aboard ship one look at the man before me was enough to tell me he wasn't a scurvy buccaneer like Blind Pew and the others I had seen.

pirate

### ACT I SCENE 3: The deck of the Hispaniola.

*We are on the deck of the Hispaniola.*

*we are*

*loading on board the ship. JIM enters.*

OLDER JIM/JIM: Mr. Silver, sir?

*Hands SILVER a letter.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Yes, my lad? Oh! *(takes and looks at letter)* I see. You are our new cabin-boy; pleased I am to see you. Ah! Look at you boy. Gather 'round, lads. Look at this fine seafaring sailor. Take note, boys. This here Jim is the kind of sailor we be



needing more of. You are just the kind of brave bold soul who could be captain of his very own ship.

JIM: You think so, sir?

LONG JOHN SILVER: Indeed, I do. You and me should get on well, Hawkins. You're a smart lad you are. I see that when I set my eyes on you.

*DR. LIVESEY and SQUIRE come on board the ship.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Ah, I can see by your clothes that you are the esteemed Dr. Livesey, sir.

DR. LIVESEY: That I am, sir. And you must be the new cook? Long John Silver? Am I correct?

LONG JOHN SILVER: Aye sir, I used to run me own inn, but I been feeling the pull of the sea. I'm mighty grateful that Captain Smollett has brought me on board. I've just come from speaking with her, sir, she's wanting to speak with you. Jim, can come along with me. I'll show you where to stow your gear.

DR. LIVESEY: Let Jim stay. I want him to meet the Captain.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Very well, sir.

#### **ACT I SCENE 4: Captain Smollett's Private Cabin**

*SILVER exits. DR. LIVESEY, JIM and SQUIRE enter CAPTAIN SMOLLETT's quarters.*

DR. LIVESEY: Well, Captain Smollett, all is well, I hope.

SQUIRE: All shipshape and seaworthy?

SMOLLETT: Well, sir...I'm a plain speaking woman. Even at the risk of offending someone. I don't like this job; I don't like the sailors; and I don't like information being kept from me. That's short and sweet.

SQUIRE: (*taunting SMOLLETT*) Perhaps, "sir," you don't like the ship?

SMOLLETT: She seems a clever craft.

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SQUIRE: Possibly, "sir," you may not like your employer, either?

DR. LIVESEY: Settle down, Squire. No need for you to start a fight. Let's hear the captain out. Why don't you like this cruise, sir?

SMOLLETT: I was hired to sail this ship where you bid me. So far so good. But now I find that every man on board knows more than I do. I don't call that fair, now do you?

DR. LIVESEY: No I don't.

SMOLLETT: I learn we are going after treasure—heard it from the hired crew. Now, treasure is ticklish work; I don't like treasure voyages on any account. I don't like them, above all, when they are secret and when, begging your pardon, "Squire," the secret has been told to the parrot.

tricky, delicate

DR. LIVESEY: Whose parrot?

SMOLLETT: Silver's parrot. There's been too much blabbing already. *(looks pointedly at SQUIRE)*

SQUIRE: I never told anyone. I swear it.

SMOLLETT: All the sailors know it.

SQUIRE: Well it must have been the doctor. Or Hawkins!

DR. LIVESEY: It doesn't matter much who told.

SMOLLETT: The crew knows this is a treasure voyage. I don't trust them, sir. I didn't hire them. I think I should have had the choosing of my own crew.

DR. LIVESEY: Do you fear a mutiny, sir?

open rebellion  
against authority

SMOLLETT: No captain would go to sea at all if they thought there was to be a mutiny. I believe some of the sailors are honest; all may be for what I know. I ask you to take certain precautions and do things my way. Now if you excuse me, we have to cast off. *(exits)*

SQUIRE: That intolerable humbug! I declare I think her conduct unmanly and unsailor-ly.

nonsense, rubbish

DR. LIVESEY: She speaks her mind honestly.

JIM: I don't like that Captain. Long John Silver would make a better one than her.

DR. LIVESEY: Now Jim, Captain Smollett is in charge and we must trust in her and follow her.

### ACT I SCENE 5: The Deck of the Hispaniola

*JIM crosses out of SMOLLET's cabin onto the deck. We are on the deck of the Hispaniola. Throughout this next scene we see the sailors tending to the ship and their duties. SILVER's pirates move a large barrel into place*

OLDER JIM: All that night we were in a great bustle getting things stowed in their place, anchor was brought up; soon the sails began to fill with wind, and the land passed by and the Hispaniola had begun her voyage to the Isle of Treasure.

I am not going to relate that voyage in detail. The ship was a good ship, the crew were capable sailors, and the captain thoroughly understood her business. As the voyage got underway...

LONG JOHN SILVER: Come away, Hawkins! (*JIM crosses to LONG JOHN SILVER*)

OLDER JIM: I began spending more time with Long John Silver.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Come have a yarn with John.

OLDER JIM: He often invited me to join him in the galley, which he kept a clean as a new pin.

→ chat

→ kitchen of a ship

LONG JOHN SILVER: Nobody more welcome than yourself. You're a smart lad you are. I see that when I set my eyes on you.

OLDER JIM: He often told me stories of his many voyages and introduced me to his parrot.

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LONG JOHN SILVER: Here's Cap'n Flint—I calls my parrot Cap'n Flint, after the famous buccaneer— Cap'n Flint is predicting success to our voyage. Weren't you, cap'n?

OLDER JIM: (as CAPTAIN FLINT) Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!

LONG JOHN SILVER: The good Cap'n here has been on voyages all over the world and seen more gold coins than either of us could count.

OLDER JIM: (as CAPTAIN FLINT) Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!

LONG JOHN SILVER: Now, that bird is, maybe, two hundred years old, Hawkins—they live forever mostly.

OLDER JIM/SQUIRE: The Squire...

OLDER JIM/SMOLLETT: ...and Captain Smollett...

SQUIRE AND SMOLLETT: ...were still on pretty bad terms with one another.

SQUIRE: The squire made no bones about the matter; he despised the captain.

SMOLLETT: The captain, when she spoke, was sharp and short and dry, and not a word wasted.

DR. LIVESEY: She admitted that he seemed to have been wrong about the crew and that some of them were good sailors and all had behaved fairly well.

SMOLLETT: The captain also said that Jim was as good a young sailor as ever he had seen.

OLDER JIM: Soon we caught the swift Trade Winds and were sailing with a bright lookout day and night.

Winds that blow  
E to W just N+S  
of the Equator

*Scene shifts to onboard the ship.*

SMOLLETT: Gather around, crew. Gather around.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Move quickly you bilge rats!

SMOLLETT: By my computation this is the last day of our outward voyage; some time tonight, or at latest before noon tomorrow we will have reached our charted end point. We should be stopping for a bit and going ashore on a nearby island.

*The SAILORS cheer loudly.*

SMOLLETT: Have any of the men seen the land ahead?

LONG JOHN SILVER: I have, Captain. I was a cook on a trading ship that stopped here once. Skeleton Island it's called.

OLDER JIM: (*as CAPTAIN FLINT*) Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!

LONG JOHN SILVER: Settle down, settle down.

SMOLLETT: I thank you. I'll ask you later on to give us some help. (*to the SAILORS*) You all may go.

*The sun sets and the SAILORS clear off the deck. It is night. JIM remains onstage*

OLDER JIM: Now, just after sundown, when all my work was over and I was on my way to my bed, it occurred to me that I should like an apple.

*JIM stops at a barrel. He looks in it and pulls out one or two rotten apples. JIM searches the barrel for a good one. We hear footsteps approaching. JIM hides behind the barrel.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: (*enters talking to sailors*) ...not I. Flint was cap'n and I was quartermaster. It was on that same ship that I lost me leg and Pew lost his deadlights.

→ Naval officer who navigates, steers, signals

ISRAEL HANDS: Ah! He was the best that Cap'n Flint.

→ eyes

OLDER JIM: (*as CAPTAIN FLINT*) Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!

LONG JOHN SILVER: Not you, Captain. Quiet down. We was talking about the 'real' Captain Flint.

BILGE Aye he was fierce too.

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LONG JOHN SILVER: He was. So were his men. And do you know  
where are they now, Dan?

DAN: I don't know?

LONG JOHN SILVER: Well...most of them are on board here.

*SILVER and the others laugh.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Nobody more welcome than yourself to join  
us in this plan. You're a smart lad, you are. I see that when I set  
my eyes on you.

ISRAEL HANDS: Here's what I want to know, Silver. How long are  
we going to stand off?

JOHNNY: I've had enough of that Cap'n Smollett!

ALL SAILORS: Yeah!

BILGE: She's hazed me long enough by thunder.

DUNGBEE: I want to go into that cabin, I do. I want their soft  
pillows and fine food.

ISRAEL HANDS: Aye Silver, when do we act?

LONG JOHN SILVER: Israel, you isn't that bright are ya? But you  
are able to hear I think. Your ears are big enough. (*grabs*  
*ISRAEL*) You'll keep sober till I give the word. I tell you I'm not a  
boasting man. There was some feared of Pew and some feared  
of Flint, but both Pew and Flint were feared of me.

ISRAEL HANDS: I hear you, Silver. But when?

JOHNNY: Aye, when are we going to take the ship?

LONG JOHN SILVER: Well now, if you want to know, I'll tell you  
when. The last moment I can manage, and that's when. Here's  
this squire and doctor with a map and such—I don't know  
where it is, do I? No more than you do. We make others do  
our work for us.

DUNGBEE: Silver you mean to have the squire and doctor find the  
treasure, and help us to get it aboard?

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LONG JOHN SILVER: Aye. Then we force Cap'n Smollett to navigate us halfway back again before I strike.

SCUTTLE: We are all able sailors, I should think. Why not take out Smollett now?

LONG JOHN SILVER: We can steer a course, but who's to set one. We have Smollett get us halfway home.

ISRAEL HANDS: But I want to take em' out now!

LONG JOHN SILVER: What's the hurry? Think. How many ships have I seen sunk? How many foolish lads I seen greet the executioner? And all for this same hurry and hurry and hurry. We wait. We be patient.

DAN: When do we lay 'em athwart? *(pull next to them)*

*punish, attack*

BILGE: What are we to do with them anyhow?

LONG JOHN SILVER: Well, what do you think?

BLACK DOG: Put 'em ashore and maroon them on an island?

ISRAEL HANDS: That would be England's way. But dead men don't bite.

DIRK: That would have been Flint's way.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Right you are. But this time it's serious. I give my vote...*(pause)*...death.

*They all laugh.*

ISRAEL HANDS: Only let me claim one thing. I claim the Squire. I'll wring that calf's head off his body with these hands.

LONG JOHN SILVER: For now, wait is what I say, but when the time comes do what you want.

DAN: I'll tell you now, I didn't like the job till I had this talk with you Silver. There's my hand on it now.

*They shake hands.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Here's to old Flint.

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OLDER JIM: (*as CAPTAIN FLINT*) Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!  
Pieces of eight!

LONG JOHN SILVER: Here's to ourselves and plenty of prizes and  
plenty of treasure.

*They exit. JIM hesitantly pokes his head up from  
behind the barrel.*

OLDER JIM: The little scene that I had overheard was the last act in  
the corruption of one of the honest sailors—perhaps of the  
last one left aboard. The moon had risen and just as its light fell  
on me the voice of the lookout shouted.

HUNTER (*offstage*): LAND HO!

**ACT I SCENE 6: Captain SMOLLETT's cabin.**

*JIM leaps out from behind the barrel -  
The scene changes into the SMOLLETT's quarters.*

JIM: ...and once they left the deck, I jumped out of hiding and came  
to tell you.

SQUIRE: Well Captain, you were right and I was wrong. I'm a fool,  
and I wait your orders.

SMOLLETT: No more a fool than I, Squire. I never heard of a crew  
that meant to mutiny that an observant captain didn't see the  
signs beforehand and take steps to stop it.

DR. LIVESEY: Captain, it seems Silver laid the plan. He is a very  
remarkable man.

SQUIRE: He'd look remarkable hanging from the yard arm.

SMOLLETT: I see three of four points. One, we must go on. If we  
turned back the crew would rise at once. Second, we have  
time. At least until the treasure is found. Third, there must be  
faithful sailors on board.

SQUIRE: I'll wager that Hunter and Tom have not thrown in with  
those pirates.



DR. LIVESEY: Counting our servants and ourselves there are at least six of us. Seven counting Jim here.

SQUIRE: We need to know who else might be on our side.

DR. LIVESEY: Jim here can help with that.

JIM: I promise to do all I can. But...

DR. LIVESEY: Speak freely, son.

JIM: Well sir...I feel pretty desperate. I'm small and I'm...well...I'm not able to fight well.

DR. LIVESEY: Jim, you have something better than might. You are clever and honorable and all the men trust you. You need to be our eyes and ears. Slip in with Silver's group and let us know if you overhear them planning anything.

SMOLLETT: Hawkins, I have great faith in you. And all of us must be brave in the face of this. Maybe when we go ashore we can slip away from Silver and find a place to hold up and make a stand against these mutineers.

DR. LIVESEY: Squire and I will stay aboard and try to gather up all the weapons we can and keep any of Silver's people from taking control of the ship too soon.

*Knock at the door.*

SMOLLETT: Enter.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Beggin' your pardon, Captain, but the men want to know when we might be going ashore?

SMOLLETT: I don't see a better time than now. Ready the boats and the sailors. Jim, why don't you set ashore with Silver here and lend the men a hand. I could use your eyes on the island.

JIM: But...Captain...I...?

LONG JOHN SILVER: Ah Jim, don't be scared of the island. You can come ashore with me and good old Silver will be sure to keep you safe aye boy.

**ACT I SCENE 7: Various places in the jungle on Skeleton Island.**

*Skeleton Island.*

OLDER JIM: As we set off to Skeleton Island I realized I would be alone on the island with Long John and his men. Terror took hold of me. I tried to curl up and hide in the back of the boat. Once we made it ashore I jumped up and out of the boat, swung myself out, and ran into the nearest **thicket** while Silver and the rest were still a hundred yards behind.

*dense group  
of bushes or  
trees*

LONG JOHN SILVER: (*offstage*) Jim, Jim!

OLDER JIM: I ran until I could run no longer. I was so pleased at having given the slip to Long John that I began to enjoy myself and look around me with some interest on the strange land that I was in. I had crossed a marshy tract full of willows, bulrushes, and odd, outlandish, swampy trees. I was enjoying exploring the island on my own. All at once there was a bustle amongst the trees.

*JIM hides. Enter SILVER and TOM.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Mate, it's because I think good of you that I'm bringing you this warning.

TOM: But Silver, I want no part of this. Isn't there another way?

LONG JOHN SILVER: You're a smart lad you are. I see that when I set my eyes on you. That's why I'm here giving you a choice. You can't make nor mend this; it's time to save your neck and join with us.

*Out step HANDS and DUNGBEE.*

TOM: Silver, you've been a good friend but I'd rather lose my hand than betray the captain. I want nothing to do with mutiny.

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*HANDS pulls a knife.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Are you sure that's your choice?

TOM: Silver, you've been a mate of mine for a long time, but you're a mate of mine no more. If I die like a dog, I'll die in my duty.

*miserable death*

*They fight. TOM is injured and runs off chased by SILVER, HANDS and DUNGBEE. JIM steps out of hiding  
BENN  
GUNN enters*

JIM: Who...who are you?

BENN: Are you real?

JIM: Are you real? Who are you?

BENN: Gunn...Benn Gunn. You mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, do you?

JIM: Cheese?

BENN: What do you call yourself, sir?

JIM: Jim.

BENN: Jim, sir. Many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese—  
toasted, mostly—and woke up again, and here on this island.  
But it were luck that put me here. Three years.

JIM: Three years? (BENN nods) Were you shipwrecked?

BENN: (nods) Marooned three years ago. But it were luck that put me here. I'm rich. (dances around) Rich! Rich! (stops dancing)  
Except for cheese, I'm rich. You were the first that found me.  
I'll make you rich, too. I lived on berries and oysters since then, but, mate, my heart is sore for some cheese. Oh cheese.

*stranded on a remote island*

JIM: If ever I can get aboard again you shall have all the cheese you want, I promise you.

BENN: Why, now, who's to hinder you? – Now, Jim sir, that ain't Flint's ship anchored out in the bay is it?

*hold back*

JIM: Flint's ship? No, it's not Flint's ship. Flint is dead. But Flint's men are aboard and plotting to take over the ship.

BENN: Not a man with one leg?

JIM: Silver?

BENN: Aye Silver, that was his name.

JIM: He's the ringleader. He plans of killing the captain and crew once he gets the treasure buried here.

BENN: Jim, sir, you're all in a **clove hitch**, ain't you? Well, you just put your trust in Benn Gunn— Benn Gunn will do it. Would you think it likely, now, that your captain would help give passage home to Benn Gunn?

rope knot

JIM: I'm sure she would. The captain's honorable. And besides, if we got rid of the others, we should want you to help sail the ship home.

BENN: *(her eyes grow distant)* Now, I'll tell you what, I were in Flint's ship when he buried the treasure by himself. He was ashore nigh on a week, and us waiting for him on Flint's ship The Walrus. How he done it, not a man aboard us could make out. Billie Bones was the mate; Long John, he was quartermaster; Blind Pew was a deck hand; and they asked Flint where the treasure was. 'Ah,' says he, 'you can go ashore, if you like, and stay,' he says. Well, I was in another ship, with the same men except Bones, three years back, and we sighted this island. '**Scallywags**,' said I, 'here's Flint's treasure; let's land and find it.' Twelve days they looked for it, and every day they had the worse word for me, until one fine morning all the sailors went aboard, pulled me off the ship, and stranded me. Laughing they said 'We aren't heartless, Gunn,' says they, 'here's some rifles and powder, a **spade**, and pick-axe. You can stay here and find Flint's money for yourself.'

→ rascal

→ shovel

JIM: How will I get back aboard the ship?

BENN: Ah, Jim, sir, that's a problem, for sure. Well, there's my boat, that I made with my two hands. I keep her under the white rock. A white rock hidden in a cove.

*Far off we hear gunshots and the sounds of a fight.*

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BENN: Now there's your friends sure enough.

*More gunshots and sounds of fighting.*

JIM: That's coming from the bay.

BENN: It's likely the mutineers. That's a problem for sure. Sounds like there's been fighting.

JIM: I need to hurry on to join my friends.

*BENN grabs JIM's arm to keep him from running off and looks him in the eye for the first time.*

BENN: When Benn Gunn is wanted, you know where to find her.  
(*points to where they are standing*) Just where you found her today. And you'll say this: "Benn Gunn has reasons of her own."

JIM: You have a plan? (*BENN nods*) Should I tell the Captain or the doctor you're to be found where I found you?

*BENN nods solemnly.*

JIM: May I go?

BENN: (*nods*) Yes. Benn Gunn will be there when she is needed.

*There is another loud bang. JIM runs off.*

**ACT I SCENE 8: Skeleton Island**

*Scene shifts to new place on Skeleton Island.*

*Offstage there are shouts and the sound of fighting.  
Enter DR. LIVESEY carrying the SQUIRE, who has a head wound, followed by BLACK DOG.*

BLACK DOG: That's enough runnin' you coward. Stand and fight.

DR. LIVESEY: (*holding BLACK DOG off with a dagger*) Cowards? You and your men attacked us as soon as Silver was off the ship.

BLACK DOG: Silver was wrong to wait. All we were getting for it was more thrashing from the Captain. Why put off the inevitable? Besides, Hands got the fun of clubbing the Captain over the head.

SQUIRE: We got the best of a few of you. *(he falls over and out of DR. LIVESEY's arms)*

BLACK DOG: Once I take out the good doctor, I'll finish knocking your brains out.

*JIM emerges from the jungle and knocks out BLACK DOG from behind.*

DR. LIVESEY: Well done, Jim. We were right to trust in you, lad.

JIM: I ran off from Silver as soon as we got to the beach, sir. I heard the commotion aboard ship and came running.

DR. LIVESEY: Those dogs attacked us and took the Captain hostage. I guess they got anxious and didn't trust Silver's plan.

SQUIRE: *(groggy)* They got the Captain, Jim!

DR. LIVESEY: We cannot wait here. The good Squire and I managed to get away but most of the mutineers came running after us.

JIM: Who's left aboard ship?

DR. LIVESEY: Israel Hands led the attack. From the number of them out hunting for us, Hands may be the only one left on board.

JIM: I know where you can hide.

DR. LIVESEY: Did you find the stockade?

*a barrier for defense  
against attack*

JIM: Better. I met an old sailor who was marooned on this island. Her name is Benn Gunn. Follow this trail to a marshy tract full of willows and oddly shaped trees. Benn is wild looking but she is harmless. When you find her say this: "Benn Gunn has reasons of her own."

DR. LIVESEY: Can we trust her, Jim?

JIM: I think so. She was kind to me and wants to be free of this island. She may have some weapons that can help us.

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*JIM starts to run off*

SQUIRE: Where are you going, Jim?

JIM: Benn told me of a boat she built. I have a plan that might give us a leg up on Silver and his men.

DR. LIVESEY: Jim, come with us. We can hide until they are gone.

JIM: I don't mean to disobey an order doctor, but I think I have an idea to help.

*DR. LIVESEY and SQUIRE exit.*

OLDER JIM: And off I ran before Dr. Livesey could convince me otherwise and I lost my nerve.

**ACT I SCENE 9: The deck of The Hispaniola**

*The following monologue is long enough to cover this scene shift. To shift back to the deck of the ship, strike the tree and rocks. You can leave the covered trunks. Just remove the coverings and put them in the trunks.*

*JIM sneaks around.*

OLDER JIM: I was a fool and certainly I was going to do a foolish, over-bold act; but I was determined to do it.

I found Benn's tiny boat and cast off towards the Hispaniola. As darkness fell, a cold fog rolled in. It gave me enough cover to carry out my plan without being seen. Luckily the tide carried me right up beside the anchor cable. My plan was to cut its anchor ropes. The ship would be cast adrift and possibly run aground. The pirates would be trapped on the island. That could give our side some measure of advantage over them.

→ set a boat free

→ a ship stuck in shallow water

*We come back to the ship. ISRAEL HANDS and HUNTER are fighting on the deck. HUNTER stabs HANDS in the side. HANDS disarms HUNTER and stabs him in the belly. HUNTER collapses offstage. HANDS collapses on the deck. JIM slowly advances, pointing a pistol at HANDS.*

ISRAEL HANDS: *(quietly, without looking around)* Hawkins. *(JIM jumps back with shock. ISRAEL still doesn't turn.)* One of yer allies thought he could take the ship from me. He was wrong. Water please.

JIM: *(still pointing the pistol)* Are you much hurt?

ISRAEL HANDS: If that doctor was aboard, I'd be right enough in a couple of turns, but I don't have no manner of luck. As for that swab, he's good and dead, he is. And where might you have come from?

JIM: I've come aboard to take possession of this ship, Mister Hands, and you'll please regard me as your captain until further notice.

ISRAEL HANDS: God save the King. This here's an unlucky ship, this Hispaniola, Jim. There's a power of men been killed since you and me took ship to Bristol. I never seen such dirty luck. Give me some water, boy. I've hardly any strength enough and that water will as likely be my last, lad, for I'm for my long home.

*JIM gets some water and goes to bring it to HANDS. As JIM gets to him, HANDS pulls out a knife and jumps up quickly.*

JIM: Don't take another step, Mister Hands!

ISRAEL HANDS: No one is taking this ship from me. Dead men don't bite, Hawkins...

*HANDS lunges at JIM. JIM fires but the gun doesn't go off.*

ISRAEL HANDS: Your powder is too wet, lad. I tell you what, I wanted the Squire's head but I'll settle for yours instead.

*ISRAEL lunges at JIM. They struggle.*

ISRAEL HANDS: Where is that brave sailor Hawkins?

*The knife gets knocked away. JIM clubs HANDS with the pistol. HANDS falls overboard with a splash.*



OLDER JIM: I was now alone upon the ship; the tide had just turned. I calmed myself and I speedily doused the jibs and brought them tumbling to the deck. The main-sail was a harder matter. At last I got my knife and cut it down. All night, I was, with great difficulty, able to guide the ship into a hidden cove, away from where the mutineers knew it to be. The schooner was clear at last from buccaneers and ready for our own men to board and get to sea again. In this moment of calm, I was haunted by the thought of Hands attacking me and falling overboard. When I last saw him a fish or two whipped past his body. But he was dead enough, and drowned.

Now that I had saved the ship, I thought I would try to free Captain Smollett from where Silver and his men kept her hostage. I stumbled in the dark across the island. I impatiently drew near to the stockade.

**ACT I | SCENE 10: The stockade on Skeleton Island.**

*Scene shift to the stockade.*

*PIRATES bring in a chair for SILVER - his 'throne.'*

*JIM gets on hands and knees to crawl into the stockade. He hits a stool knocking it over. Loudly we hear SILVER's bird, CAPTAIN FLINT, shout...*

OLDER JIM: (as CAPTAIN FLINT) Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!

*Sounds of running and shouts. A hand grabs JIM. It is SILVER.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Who goes?

*SILVER tosses JIM to entering PIRATES. SILVER takes a seat on a chair like it's a throne as the remaining pirates enter.*

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LONG JOHN SILVER: So, here's Jim Hawkins, **shiver me timbers!**  
Dropped in eh? Welcome lad. What brings you all this way then?

exclamation of shock

JIM: I want you to free the Captain. If you have honor you will not keep her as a hostage. Take me instead.

LONG JOHN SILVER: I've always liked you, I have. You have spirit.  
The picture of my own self when I was young  
The Captain is gone, lad.

JIM: You killed her?

LONG JOHN SILVER: *(laughs)* No, Jim. We traded her to the good doctor for the map. *(holds out the map)* Yesterday, Dr. Livesey came with a **flag of truce**. 'Well,' says the doctor, 'let's bargain.' We bargained, the doctor and I, and here we are. They got the Captain and I got the map.

a white flag displayed to signal a ceasefire

OLDER JIM: *(as CAPTAIN FLINT)* Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!  
Pieces of eight!

JIM: And so now I'm in your hands and you have me as hostage?

LONG JOHN SILVER: I don't say nothing as to your being in our hands. I never seen good come out o' threatening. You can be free to go to the doctor and the captain. Or. You can stay with us and the treasure. Lad, no one's a pressing you. Take your bearings. None of us won't hurry you.

SCUTTLE: What are you offering this brat a choice for?

LONG JOHN SILVER: You'll perhaps **batten down your hatches** till you're spoke to, my friend. Well Mr. Hawkins?

be quiet

JIM: Is that all?

LONG JOHN SILVER: That is all.

JIM: And now I am to choose?

LONG JOHN SILVER: And now you are to choose.

JIM: Well. I am not such a fool but I know pretty well what I have to look for. I've seen too many die since I fell in with you. But there's a thing or two I have to tell you. The ship is lost. It was

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I who cut her cable and it was I who brought her where you'll never see her more, not one of you. So even if you find the treasure you have no way home. I no more fear you than I fear a fly.

*The PIRATES shout and move towards JIM.*

BILGE: I'll wring your little neck you bug.

JIM: Kill me if you please. If you spare me and act with honor, I'll try to save you from the gallows when you are tried for piracy.

→ a structure for hanging criminals

LONG JOHN SILVER: (standing) 'Avast there! Who are you, Bilge? Maybe you thought you were captain here perhaps.

→ "Stop! Cease!"

BLACK DOG: Bilge is right.

DUNGBEE: I stood hazing long enough from Captain Smollett. I'll be hanged if I'll be hazed by you, Silver.

→ humiliation

LONG JOHN SILVER: Did any of you want to have it out with me? Him that wants it shall get it! I'll take a cutlass to him that dares and show him the color of his insides.

→ a short sword used by sailors

ALL: But Long John!

JOHNNY: That rat deserves to have his neck cut.

LONG JOHN SILVER: I like Jim Hawkins, now; I never seen a better kid than that. He's more a man than any pair of rats of you in this here house.

*The PIRATES gather together and whisper to each other.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: You seem to have a lot to say? Pipe up and let me hear it.

SCUTTLE: Beggin' your pardon, sir. This crew don't like bullying of no kind any longer.

DAN: This crew has rights like other crews.

DIRK: Forecastle council!

when a pirate crew meets without the Captain

BLACK DOG: We claim our right to step outside for a council.

*SILVER stands and gives an elaborate salute. The PIRATES march out.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Now you look here, Jim Hawkins. You're within half a plank of death and that's worse than torture. But mark you, I'll stand by you through thick and thin. I didn't mean to, not till you spoke up and said you would try to save us from the gallows if caught. You was brave boy and I admire that. I says to myself, you stand by Hawkins, John, and Hawkins'll stand by you.

JIM: You mean all's lost?

LONG JOHN SILVER: Aye, by gum, I do! Ship gone, neck gone — that's the size of it. That lot are outright fools and cowards. That's why they struck too soon once I was off ship. But I'll save your life—if so be I can—and, tit for tat, you save Long John from swinging on the gallows when we get back to England.

→ interjection of emphasis

→ retaliation, "this for that"

JIM: What I can do, that I will do.

LONG JOHN SILVER: It's a bargain. (*SILVER and JIM shake hands*) Ah, you and me might have done a power of good together.

*The PIRATES return.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Step up there. I won't eat you. Hand it over Lubber!

*BLACK DOG steps up to SILVER, takes his hand and puts something in it.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Lookiee here! The Black Spot.

JOHNNY: Belay all that talk. This crew has tipped you the Black Spot in full council.

"stop"

BLACK DOG: Just turn it over and see what's wrote there.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Thanky, Johnny, you always was brisk for business, and know the rules by heart I'm pleased to see. Ah! 'Ousted'— that's it, is it?

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DIRK: Aye, that means you ain't our Captain no more.

LONG JOHN SILVER: *(smiles)* Thank you, Dirk. Very pretty wrote, to be sure. Why, you was gettin' quite a leadin' man in this here crew. You'll be cap'n next, I shouldn't wonder.

BLACK DOG: You don't fool this crew no more. You're over now.

SCUTTLE: You've made a hash of this voyage!

"mess"

LONG JOHN SILVER: 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. Well, who crossed me? Who forced my hand? Who got impatient and tried to take over the ship once I was off?

DUNGBEE: You blame us, Silver?

LONG JOHN SILVER: But who done it? Why, it was Black Dog, and Hands, and you, Dungbee! All of you! And you have the Davy Jones's insoleness to give me the Black Spot?

→ legendary, mythical pirate

JIM: It seems their bumbling sank all of us.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Jim's right. Oh Jim, you are a smart one, you are. You fools sank the lot of us!

DAN: Shut yur gob, boy!

SCUTTLE: I'll waste you myself.

LONG JOHN SILVER: No, the lad is right. And are we going to waste a hostage? Jim might be our last bargaining chip.

JIM: Yes, you can use me to bargain your way to freedom, if you are caught.

LONG JOHN SILVER: We'll see who's glad to have a hostage if it comes to that.

BILGE: We had a hostage! The captain, and you gave her up.

DIRK: This brat aren't no good to us.

JIM: Silver made the bargain and gave away the captain in order to get the most important thing you need. *(he waits for an answer from the PIRATES)* The whole reason you are here?

*The PIRATES cannot think of an answer.*

LONG JOHN SILVER/JIM: The map!

OLDER JIM: *(as CAPTAIN FLINT)* Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!

LONG JOHN SILVER: You ain't got the brains of a cockroach.

JIM: You lot lost him the ship but he got the map to the treasure. And he took me hostage and I might be able to help you get back to the ship.

LONG JOHN SILVER: No, Jim, no. Don't help this lot of **dunderheads**. All I done for you lot and this is the thanks I get.

a stupid person

JIM: Shame on you. Think of all he has done for you rats.

LONG JOHN SILVER: I won't do nothing for you lot no more.

JIM: Maybe you should tear up the map, too.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Good idea, Jim. I resign by thunder! *(starts to tear up map)*

BLACK DOG: No wait.

DUNGBEE: Maybe we was wrong.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Elect whom you please to be your cap'n. I'm done with it. *(starts to walk away)*

SCUTTLE: No wait! You really have been good to us.

JOHNNY: I elect Silver for cap'n! Silver forever.

ALL: Cap'n forever! Captain Silver! Captain Silver! Captain Silver!

LONG JOHN SILVER: Alright. Let's let bygones be bygones. Lucky for you as I'm not revengeful. But what about this Black Spot? Not much good now is it? Here Jim, here's a curiosity for you.

TREASURE ISLAND

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SCUTTLE: Well we got the map and our hostage and our cap'n. Let's go find that treasure!

ALL: Treasure!

OLDER JIM: (as CAPTAIN FLINT) Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!

*All but JIM and SILVER exit.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Jim, I saved your life and you saved mine. I'll not forget it.

*SILVER exits.*

OLDER JIM: That was the end of the night's business. But I was hardly calm. All I could think about was my perilous position, and the remarkable game that I saw Silver now engaged upon. Keeping the mutineers together with one hand and grasping with the other after every means, possible and impossible, to make peace and save his miserable life.

**ACT I SCENE II: The jungle on Skeleton Island**

*the hill  
named "Spy Glass Shoulder." Have the PIRATES enter from on one side of the platform and climb over it when they go to dig up gold. This gives a good obstacle between the pirates and JIM/SILVER.*

*BENN GUNN sneaks on and props a skeleton upon a rock. She takes care to point the skeleton's arm towards the opposite side of Spy Glass Shoulder indicating that the treasure is in that direction. She laughs to herself and runs off. We hear the shouts of SILVER's group.*

*JIM appears.*

OLDER JIM: The party spread itself abroad, in a fan shape, shouting and leaping to and fro. The sun started to set as we followed the map and searched.

BLACK DOG: Tall tree, Spy-glass shoulder, bearing a point to the North of North-Northeast. Skeleton Island East Southeast and by East. Ten feet."

DUNGBEE: (*screams and points at the skeleton*)  
AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

JOHNNY: He was a sailor.

BILGE: But what sort of a way is that for bones to lie.

DAN: It ain't natural.

LONG JOHN SILVER: (*examining the bones*) I've taken a notion into my old numbskull, that this here skeleton is the compass; (*points to the distance*) there's the tip-top point o' Skeleton Island, stickin' out like a tooth. Just take a bearing, will you, along the line of them bones.

*a stupid or foolish person*

JIM: The body points straight in the direction of the island and the compass reads East Southeast by East.

LONG JOHN SILVER: If it don't make me cold inside to think of Flint. This is one of HIS jokes. Make no mistake.

JOHNNY: (*points*) There are three tall trees about in the right line from Skeleton Island.

SCUTTLE: And there is Spy-glass shoulder.

BLACK DOG: This is the way, mates! Huzza, all together!

*The PIRATES run up and begin to dig for treasure on the opposite side of the platform. SILVER stays with JIM.*

OLDER JIM: We broke into a dead run. Before us was a great excavation. One of the boards had the name Walrus, the name of Flint's ship branded on it. The treasure had been found. And the treasure had been lost. It was already dug up. The thousands of pieces of gold were gone.

DIRK: Where is it?

SCUTTLE: Where did it go?



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DUNGBEE: Who got here before us?

LONG JOHN SILVER: *(Hands JIM his pistol. Whispers.)* Jim. Take that and stand watch for trouble.

BILGE: *(holds up two coins)* Two guineas!

gold British coin

BLACK DOG: *(to SILVER)* That's your seven thousand gold pieces, is it?

DAN: You're one for bargaining, ain't you?

DIRK: You're one that never bungled nothing, ain't you.

→ messed up

JOHNNY: You wooden headed lubber!

LONG JOHN SILVER: Dig away, lubbers. You'll find some pig-nuts and I shouldn't wonder.

→ bitter flavored hickory nut

BLACK DOG: Pig-nuts! Mates do you hear that? I tell you now, that Silver there knew it all along.

*The two sides face off opposite each other.*

LONG JOHN SILVER: Ah Black Dog, trying to be captain again? You're a pushing lad to be sure.

BLACK DOG: Mates there's the two of them who brought us all here and blundered this whole journey. That old sad liar and the other is that cub that I mean to have the heart of! NOW MATES!

*The PIRATES advance on SILVER and JIM. The sounds of three musket shots, scaring off most of the PIRATES. DAN and BLACK DOG are left. DAN knocks away JIM's gun and grabs him. BLACK DOG and SILVER fight. SILVER beats BLACK DOG. JIM grapples with DAN. Out runs DR. LIVESEY, SMOLLETT, SQUIRE and BENN GUNN. All three are aiming rifles at the PIRATES.*

SMOLLETT: Stand down double quick lads.

*DAN backs away, hands in the air. BLACK DOG runs off.*

JIM: Doctor Livesey!

SMOLLETT: Let them run. There is nowhere to go and we are armed.

LONG JOHN SILVER: Thank ye kindly, doctor. You came in about the nick, I guess, for me and Hawkins.

DR. LIVESY: We have been following you and those mutineers all day. Benn Gunn here set this all up.

LONG JOHN SILVER: So it's you Benn Gunn. Well, you're a nice one to be sure. Never thought I'd see you again.

BENN: I'm Benn Gunn, I am. How do, Mr. Silver.

JIM: But Captain, I thought you were injured.

SMOLLETT: The Dr. and Mr. Gunn here were able to tend to my wounds after he and the Squire traded me for the map.

DR. LIVESY: You are a real hero, Jim. We found Benn Gunn just where you said she would be. She said we should trade the map for the Captain. After we got the Captain, she then led us to you and had us follow you and the mutineers.

BENN: I had a plan to free you Jim, sir.

SMOLLETT: Benn here knew the map was useless. In her long, lonely wanderings about the island she had found the treasure.

BENN: I had dug it up and carried it on my back, in many weary journeys, to a cave I was living in.

SQUIRE: You should see that cave, Jim! Gold, gold, gold and more gold!

BENN: I told you I'll make you rich too, Jim sir. And I shall. You helped ol' Benn Gunn.

SMOLLETT: (turns on SILVER) John Silver you're a prodigious villain and imposter. A monstrous imposter, sir. And one who I will see severely punished. Hanged I'd say—

remarkable or  
impressive

TREASURE ISLAND

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JIM: (*interrupting*) Captain sir, I beg you, we must let Silver go. He saved me from the pirates when they wanted to hurt me and, well sir, I promised to save him. He's been a villain, but one with some honor.

SMOLLETT: Jim, you are the one with honor. (*to SILVER*) 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.

heavy stones used for grinding grain

LONG JOHN SILVER: I thank ye for standing by me, Jim. I said it before but you and me might have done a power of good together.

*Everyone exits except JIM, OLDER JIM and SILVER.*

OLDER JIM: What a supper we had that night, with all my friends around me. It was a feast. The next morning, we fell early to work, to transport of this great mass of gold to the Hispaniola. The three fellows still abroad upon the island did not greatly trouble us. We kept close watch for them as we worked. We sailed for home. A great store of treasure in our hold.

OLDER JIM/JIM: I couldn't wait to see Mother and tell her of our adventure and show her our portion of the treasure.

*JIM exits.*

OLDER JIM: As for Silver, he planned a daring escape.

LONG JOHN SILVER: While at sea, in the dead of night, he had cut through a trunk and took one of the sacks of coin, with perhaps three or four hundred pieces of gold in it. He then took one of the smaller boats and was never seen again.

*SILVER exits. JIM enters and sits next to or in front of OLDER JIM.*

OLDER JIM: That formidable seafaring man with one leg was at last gone clean out of my life. A life that he helped save. I hope he has found some comfort in the rest of his life. It is to be hoped

so, I suppose, for his chances of comfort in another world are very small.

I never want to see the shores of Treasure Island again, but sometimes when I hear the surf booming I can still hear the sharp voice of Silver's bird, Captain Flint, calling out 'Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!'

*JIM closes the book. Lights out.*

— THE END —