



## Sample Pages from Treasure Island

Welcome! This is copyrighted material for promotional purposes. It's intended to give you a taste of the script to see whether or not you want to use it in your classroom or perform it. You can't print this document or use this document for production purposes.

Royalty fees apply to all performances **whether or not admission is charged**. Any performance in front of an audience (e.g. an invited dress rehearsal) is considered a performance for royalty purposes.

Visit <https://tfolk.me/p360> to order a printable copy or for rights/royalty information and pricing.

**DO NOT POST THIS SAMPLE ONLINE.  
IT MAY BE DOWNLOADED ANY TIME FROM THE LINK ABOVE.**

# TREASURE ISLAND

adapted by  
*Todd Espeland*  
from  
*Robert Louis Stevenson*



*Treasure Island*

Copyright © 2019 Todd Espeland

CAUTION: This play is fully protected under the copyright laws of Canada and all other countries of the Universal Copyright Convention and is subject to royalty. Changes to the script are expressly forbidden without written consent of the author. Rights to produce, film, or record, in whole or in part, in any medium or in any language, by any group amateur or professional, are fully reserved.

Interested persons are requested to apply for amateur rights to:

**Theatrefolk**

theatrefolk.com

help@theatrefolk.com

Those interested in professional rights may contact the author c/o the above.

No part of this script covered by the copyrights hereon may be reproduced or used in any form or by any means - graphic, electronic or mechanical - without the prior written permission of the author. Any request for photocopying, recording, or taping shall be directed in writing to the author at the address above.

## Cast

**Older Jim Hawkins:** Male, adult Jim who recounts the tale

**Jim Hawkins:** Male, young and unsure of himself

**Billie Bones:** Female, bold, brash and hiding a secret

**Mrs. Hawkins:** Female, Jim's mother, a tough no-nonsense woman who runs the Bennbow Inn

**Dr. Livesey:** Male, honorable and honest

**Squire Trelawney:** Male, impulsive side kick to Dr. Livesey

**Blind Pew:** Female, bitter and angry

**Long John Silver:** Male, friendly and warm but with a harsh dark side

**Captain Smollett:** Female, Captain of the Hispaniola, sharp and dry personality

**Benn Gunn:** Female, marooned on Skeleton Island for 3 years, a little crazy from all the time alone

**Johnny:** Female pirate in Long John Silver's crew

**Black Dog:** Male pirate in Long John Silver's crew

**Dirk:** Female pirate in Long John Silver's crew

**Bilge:** Female pirate in Long John Silver's crew

**Dungbee:** Male pirate in Long John Silver's crew

**Scuttle:** Male pirate in Long John Silver's crew

**Israel Hands:** Male pirate in Long John Silver's crew

**Dick:** Male crew member of the Hispaniola who is convinced to join Silver's crew

**Tom:** Male crew member of the Hispaniola

**Hunter:** Male crew member of the Hispaniola

Various Inn Patrons and Sailors

Character gender has been broken up to give everyone a chance to play good roles in *Treasure Island*. However, it should be noted that historically there were female pirates. Anne Bonney, an Irish pirate operating in the Caribbean, was one of the most famous female pirates of all time. The little that is known of her life comes largely from Captain Charles Johnson's *A General History of the Pirates*.

In the original production at Fort Wayne Youtheatre, the role of Long John Silver was played by a woman because she proved herself to be

the actor most capable of taking on the role. We did have discussions about her playing Silver as a man or a woman. We reached the decision for her to play Silver as a man, mostly because she wanted to take on that challenge. With the exception of Mrs. Hawkins, you are encouraged to play with the genders of the characters if it works for you and your pool of actors. This is theatre, after all. Please remember to adjust the gender pronouns if you do cast against gender.

### The Set

The original production of *Treasure Island* at the Fort Wayne Youtheatre was staged in a Black Box Theatre on a deep thrust stage. The play can be adapted for almost any theatre configuration from in-the-round to flat proscenium.

This is a fast-paced show and the scene changes should be done quickly without going to a blackout.

The set is made up of one large platform, four trunks, two fake rocks, a tree, a large ship's wheel, and various chairs or stools brought on and off. The individual pieces were chosen because they are simple and can fit in many of the show's settings. It is also helpful if they can hold or hide props and fabric for quick set changes.

Up stage center: One 8'x8' platform made up of two 4'x8' platforms painted to look like the cover of an old copy of *Treasure Island*. This platform will be transformed to become various large set pieces from the deck of a ship, the inside of a cabin, a large table in the Bennbow Inn, or a hill to be climbed.

Two posts are attached to the platform and rigged with rope to look like the deck of a ship, docks, and decorations in a seaside inn. The legs of the platform are covered in white fishing net to hide the underside of the platform and to dress the set. Within the netting was placed skulls, crossed bones, shells, rolled up treasure maps, and various fishing gear. All of this is to dress the set and give the feel for this seafaring community.

Downstage left and right and center stage left and right: four old trunks. Two downstage and two center stage. These trunks can become tables in the inn, trunks on the deck of a ship, and you can cover them with netting or jute or simple brown fabric to hide them

and make them become mounds of dirt and rocks in the jungle of Skeleton Island.

The fabric and props can be kept in the trunks. *Treasure Island* is a script that goes back and forth between large cinematic scenes and smaller scenes between two and four characters. This set design leaves you with a considerable amount of open center stage area to play scenes or the ability to focus smaller scenes around one trunk or up on the 8'x8' platform.

The tree, the rocks and the ship's wheel can be brought in and moved between scenes to help establish setting. If you have a large enough stage you can change where you set the rocks and the tree to show us various places on Skeleton Island.

Hanging is a 12'x15' canvas drop cloth to give the impression of a sail and to be used for projections. Hanging around the sail are swagged ropes that are tied to the posts on the 8'x8' platform. The canvas drop can be purchased at any home hardware store. You can also hang a flat or simple sheet of fabric to get the impression of the sail.

The projections used in the original production were all public domain images from classic editions of *Treasure Island*.

### **Long John Silver's Peg Leg**

In the original production, we took a knee brace and attached two weathered boards on either side of the brace using an super Velcro, like a splint. The inseam board was shorter, while the outer board was up to the hip.

We then attached a leather belt at the top around the thigh and another one by the ankle.

Lastly we added two scarves in the middle to give support. You can find images of the final product on the Theatrefolk website.

## Original Production

*Treasure Island* premiered at the Fort Wayne Youtheatre, with generous support from the Indiana Arts Commission and Arts United, on October 5th 2018 in the Parkview Physicians Group ArtsLab Theatre at the Arts United Arts Campus Fort Wayne with the following cast:

**Older Jim Hawkins:** Bobby Way

**Jim Hawkins:** Zidon Spradling

**Mrs. Hawkins:** Melody Browning

**Dr. Livsey:** Noah Abdool

**Squire Trelawney:** Will Guthrie

**Blind Pew:** Kayden Ptak

**Long John Silver:** Kimee Gearhart

**Captain Smollett:** Alexandra Sittler

**Billie Bones:** Margaret Gaughan

**Benn Gunn:** Robert Gevers

**Johnny:** Violet Park

**Black Dog:** Keegan Combs

**Dirk:** Megan Schwartz

**Dick:** Keegan Dobson

**Bilge:** Alivia Wheeler

**Dungbee:** Paige Billian

**Scuttle:** Jaina Dodds

**Israel Hands:** Corbin Veltum

**Tom:** Landon Richey

**Hunter:** Gavin Dobson

**Inn Patrons and Sailors:** Ty Budenz, Noah Graves, Jonathan Lowden, Mary Hutchinson, Kamila Ojuri, Nola Bianski, Kaleb Mantle

**Director:** Todd Espeland

**Stage Manager:** Sloan Amburgey-Thomas

**Set Design:** Todd Espeland and Christopher J Murphy

**Light Design:** Brock Eastom

**Light Operator:** Lana Thompson

**Sound & Projection Design:** Christopher J Murphy

**Sound Operator:** Sydney Holub

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

*The Treasure Island book cover is projected on the screen. Lights up. Four trunks are in place with stools and chairs, ready to transform into The Admiral Bennbow Inn.*

*A youth, contemporarily dressed, comes running into the bedroom with a copy of the book Treasure Island. This youth will become JIM in the show. Jim opens the book and begins to read. OLDER JIM HAWKINS steps up onto the 8x8 platform.*

*Monologue light up on OLDER JIM HAWKINS. OLDER JIM is onstage the whole time. 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.

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.

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. The projection on the screen changes from the cover of Treasure Island to a dank ally outside the Bennbow Inn.*

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.

*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 JIM exits and changes into a costume that is in the style of the show and returns to wait on the singing patrons. 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.*

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!

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!

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.

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!

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

ALL PATRONS: YES, BONES!

PATRON 4: Or fierce storms at sea.

PATRON 5: And the Dry Tortugas.

ALL PATRONS: YES, BONES!

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 giglet. 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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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.*)

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—

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.

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.

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

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*)

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!

*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—

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.

*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 noonday. This is the black-hearted hound's account-book. These crosses stand for the names of ships or towns that they sank or plundered 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.

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 OLDER JIM's monologue the PATRONS enter and remove the chairs and stools and take ropes and bags out of the trunks to create activity on the docks. Four stools or chairs are placed on the 8x8 platform for when it becomes CAPT. SMOLLETT's private quarters.*

*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 in 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.

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!

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

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.

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

*We are on the deck of the Hispaniola. Trunks can be moved and switch places, to show that 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. SMOLLETT's quarters are the four chairs or stools set on the 8x8 platform.*

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.

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.

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?

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.

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 on the upstage side of the 8x8 platform. Ropes can be carried across the stage. A large ship's wheel can be brought out center stage to set the idea that we are aboard the Hispaniola.*

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.

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.

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.

*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 chartered 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 and crosses to OLDER JIM.*

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.

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

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.

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

DICK: 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?

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.

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

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.

DICK: 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.

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 and runs off.  
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.

*Lights fade. End of Act One.*



**ACT 2 SCENE 1: Various places in the jungle on Skeleton Island.**

*Skeleton Island. During intermission, remove the chairs and ship's wheel. Cover the four trunks with rough fabric like jute, burlap or old scrim. This will make them look like more earthy. A tree with hanging moss can be set near the downstage left trunk. Fake foam or plastic rocks can be set on stage - one on the 8x8 platform and one by one of the trunks.*

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.

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 thinks 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 steps 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.

*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.

*They fight. TOM is injured and runs off chased by SILVER, HANDS and DUNGBEE. JIM steps out of hiding and backs up to the 8x8 platform. BENN GUNN enters, goes up on the 8x8 platform and crawls up to JIM.*

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.

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?

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?

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. 'Scurvywags,' 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.'

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.*

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 2 SCENE 2: Skeleton Island

*Scene shifts to new place on Skeleton Island. You can make the shift to a new location by moving the placement of the tree and rocks. Avoid moving the covered trunks.*

*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 I 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?

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.

*JIM starts to run off opposite from where BENN GUNN is.*

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 be meaning 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 2 SCENE 3: 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.

*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. One way to theatrically accomplish this fall overboard is to have HANDS do a trust fall into the waiting arms of several of the pirates off to the side of the 8x8 platform. The PIRATES can carry him off like he is*

*floating. Make sure the PIRATES are in the dark. If you are doing this on a proscenium stage HANDS can do the trust fall upstage.*

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 2 SCENE 4: The stockade on Skeleton Island.**

*Scene shift to the stockade. You do not need to do much to shift to the stockade. Shift the trunks so they are against the 8x8 platform and have the 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.*

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

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 and handsome. 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.

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?

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

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

DICK: This crew has rights like other crews.

DIRK: Forecastle council!

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



[help@theatrefolk.com](mailto:help@theatrefolk.com) [www.theatrefolk.com](http://www.theatrefolk.com)

# Want to Read More?

**Order a full script** through the link above. You can get a **PDF file** (it's printable, licensed for one printout, and delivered instantly) or a **traditionally bound and printed book** (sent by mail).