

TREASURE ISLAND

A FULL LENGTH ADAPTATION OF ROBERT LOUIS
STEVENSON'S CLASSIC NOVEL

By Dan Neidermyer

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TREASURE ISLAND

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By Dan Neidermyer

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 MEN, 3 WOMEN, 10-11 EITHER)

PLEASE NOTE: Very flexible casting. Can have as many or as few cast members as desired. Females can be the narrators; also pirates (see notes).

“TREASURE ISLAND” is an interactive play. Therefore, there are several opportunities for members of the audience to be involved quite spontaneously within the action of the play. Each of these opportunities for audience participation is “guided” by the narrators.

NARRATORS

Two delightful storytellers who not only speak directly to and with the audience but also become involved within the action of the play.

NOTE: The narrators—although bearing “male” names---can be changed to females (with a name change). Also, the narrators can be one male and/or one female or any number of narrators can be used by sharing lines.

CUTHBERT (m/f)(57 lines)

BALFOUR (m/f).....(54 lines)

THE GOOD GUYS!

JIM HAWKINS (m).....A mighty brave cabin boy. (95 lines)

SQUIRE TRELAWNEY (m).....A local official who hires a ship to sail off in search of an enormous buried treasure. (55 lines)

MRS. HAWKINS (f)Jim's mother who is a widow and the owner of the Admiral Benbow Inn. (16 lines)

THE CUTTHROAT PIRATES--

NOTE: The cast can include as many or as few pirates as desired simply by sharing and/or combining lines. Females can also be pirates. History notes that women were also pirates, among them three women of the most treacherous of pirates ever!---Pretty Peg, Anne Bonney, and Mary Reade (both Anne and Mary were pirates in the Caribbean Sea and played a role in the history of Jamaica!)

CAPTAIN LONG JOHN SILVER (m/f) A wily and very sly buccaneer.
(91 lines)

DIRK (m/f)..... A nasty weasel of a pirate.
(50 lines)

BLACK DOG (m/f) An eye-patch wearing and one
very nasty pirate. (31 lines)

JUKES (m/f) Another of Silver's cutthroats.
(6 lines)

HAWKEYE (m/f) A mean critter if ever there was
one. (20 lines)

MORGAN (m/f)..... A gentleman of fortune
(otherwise known as a
"pirate"). (5 lines)

CULLEN (m/f)..... A thug and another of Silver's
gentlemen of fortune. (4 lines)

HANDS (m/f)..... Yet another gentlemen of
fortune. (1 line)

THE UNIQUE CHARACTERS!!

BILL BONES (m)..... Captain Flint's first mate who's got a
very real secret and something
everybody desperately wants! (38 lines)

BEN GUNN (m) A loony bird marooned on Skeleton
Island and this show's most unexpected
hero! (45 lines)

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AMONG THE TOWNSPEOPLE--

MRS. SNODGRASS (f)A woman going to market in Bristol, England. (2 lines)

MRS. WHITTLES (f)Another woman going to market in Bristol, England. (1 line)

A TRULY MAGNIFICENT ROLE--

CAPTAIN FLINT (m/f).....Is a stuffed parrot that is attached to Long John Silver's shoulder. The parrot "talks." Actually, any available voice backstage can be the "voice of Captain Flint, the parrot."

PRODUCTION NOTES

NOTE: *Treasure Island* can be staged in any type/any size staging facility available, with or without a stage. Each "setting" can be suggested by simple props that can be easily carried onstage within the actual action of the play...

Examples: A table and several chairs for the Admiral Benbow Inn; several trees (plastic) and large plants can suggest Skeleton Island, etc.

Sets can be as elaborate and/or as simple as desired. A stage crew can carry on the needed set pieces and/or characters within the play can carry on set pieces during their stage business (the script contains suggestions for the actors to carry on the set pieces as part of their action).

SCENE #1 Tiny seaport village located along the craggy, windswept coast of Western England. Early 1700's.

SCENE #2 The Admiral Benbow Inn. Early morning.

SCENE #3 Inside the Admiral Benbow Inn. Moments later.

SCENE #4 An English pub in Bristol. The next day.

- SCENE #5 Onboard the “Hispaniola.” Next morning, eight bells sharp.
- SCENE #6 Skeleton Island. Now.
- SCENE #7 Somewhere on Skeleton Island. Moments later.

PROPS

In keeping with this play, props can be as elaborate or as simple as desired; also, as few or as many as designed by the director.

- SCENE #2 Old table and several chairs
 Tablecloth
 Flint's treasure map
- SCENE #4 Several tables and chairs
- SCENE #5 Barrel
 “Jolly Roger” flag (the skull and cross bones flag of the pirates)
- SCENE #7 Old bones (plastic)
 Two gold coins

AUDIO EFFECT

Even before the curtain opens and the lights go up---the sound of wind and waves, even sea gulls fills the staging area.

TREASURE ISLAND

SCENE ONE

Tiny seaport village located along the craggy, windswept coast of Western England. Early 1700's.

From everywhere

Groups of TOWNSPEOPLE are milling about this little coastal port, many talking, a few bickering and bantering among themselves while most are going about their day's business. All talk and stage business is ad-libbed, consistent with the time and setting of this play.

Then suddenly

From the rear of the staging facility, running, shouting for all he's worth--

BALFOUR: *(shouting; loudly urging)* Run for your lives! Everyone---run for your lives! They're coming! They're coming!

From out of the townspeople

CUTHBERT: What's all the shouting about?

BALFOUR: *(issuing a warning)* They're coming!

CUTHBERT: Who's coming?

BALFOUR: PIRATES!

EVERYONE onstage---with much alarm and with "frightened" movements---shouts:

EVERYONE: PIRATES!!

CUTHBERT: *(not having shouted; a "show-me" kind of guy)* What's so terrible about pirates?

BALFOUR: You don't know!?

CUTHBERT: Would I be asking if I did?

During BALFOUR'S answer---EVERYONE gasps after each statement!

BALFOUR: They'll do anything to you! Pirates'll make you walk the plank in the middle of the sea! Pirates'll make you food for the fishes without ever thinking twice about it! Pirates'll hang you from the top mast of their ship like the Jolly Roger!

CUTHBERT: The Jolly Roger?

BALFOUR: The skull and crossbones flag they always flew whenever they took command of a ship.

CUTHBERT: But why would pirates do all those things?

BALFOUR: Because.

CUTHBERT: Because why?

BALFOUR: Just because they're "pirates," that's why! Pirates would rather sail the seven seas raiding and robbing ships than put in one day's hard and honest work onboard one of Her Majesty's ships.

CUTHBERT: And they're headed this way, pirates?

Once again----EVERYONE gasps at the word "pirates!"

BALFOUR: A whole ship full of 'em!

CUTHBERT: This is just a very tiny village. Why would pirates come here?

BALFOUR: How should I know?

BALFOUR now turns/walks toward the audience. HE speaks directly to the audience, as if taking the audience into his confidence.

BALFOUR: They're coming! Sure as the waves of the sea rush to the shore, pirates're coming here today. So---(*indicating the audience*) ---all of you best be careful---(*turning and indicating the TOWNSPEOPLE*)---and that includes all of you too!

TOWNSPEOPLE---once again---gasp and excitedly talk among themselves (ad-libbed)---for a moment. Then, EVERYONE onstage (except Balfour and Cuthbert) "freeze" in position.

AS:

CUTHBERT and BALFOUR become “narrators,” talking directly to the audience with much excitement. THEY speak quickly and most expressively, totally captivating the audience with both their speech and their antics.

CUTHBERT: *(speaking directly to the audience)* What he's--- *(indicating Balfour)*---trying to say---We've got a story to tell---a story that happened well over three hundred years ago---a story about cutthroat pirates---

BALFOUR: ---and a nice young English boy about 12 years of age.

CUTHBERT: Ours is a story about buried treasure.

BALFOUR: *(with big eyes and huge movements indicating mounds and mounds of buried treasure)* Lots and lots of pieces of eight and golden doubloons and precious jewels!

CUTHBERT: Plus an ocean voyage halfway around the world to find that very buried treasure.

BALFOUR: *(imitating the meanest buccaneer ever!)* Buried treasure that once belonged to the meanest, blood thirstiest buccaneer ever to sail the seven seas---Captain Flint! Why Blackbeard was a child put next to Captain Flint!

CUTHBERT: This tale of adventure at sea was written by Robert Louis Stevenson, who wrote that Flint's buried treasure was worth over 700,000 pounds!

BALFOUR: “Pounds” is a unit of English money. In our money today that buried treasure of silver guineas and golden doubloons and precious jewels---

CUTHBERT: *(quickly adding)*---and pieces of eight---which are pieces of pure gold!

BALFOUR: Flint's hidden treasure would be worth today---more than three hundreds years later, adjusting for inflation, and taking into consideration the cost of living index---that would make Flint's treasure worth more than ten millions dollars today!!

CUTHBERT: So you can see why everyone wanted to find that buried treasure in Robert Louis Stevenson's classic story called---
(by his actions, it's clear HE wants the audience to shout out the title of this story)

AUDIENCE:: "TREASURE ISLAND!"

CUTHBERT: "TREASURE ISLAND" was written in 1881.

BALFOUR: *(dumbfounded; looking at Cuthbert with an appropriate expression)* Wow! That long ago?!

CUTHBERT: And people all over the world are still reading "TREASURE ISLAND" to this day! Plus "TREASURE ISLAND" has been made into several movies.

BALFOUR: Double WOW!!

CUTHBERT: *(indicating the audience)* And now we're going to tell you that same story.

BALFOUR: *(correcting Cuthbert)* Actually, we're going to "show" you that same story.

CUTHBERT: And---from time-to-time---we may need some of you to help us tell the story. Is that okay? *(prompting the audience until HE gets a response)* Is that okay? *(upon receiving that response)* So right now---imagine yourselves in a tiny fishing village just off the rugged coast of Western England.

BALFOUR: The village of Bristol to be exact.

CUTHBERT: Life goes on pretty much normal UNTIL---

And with that statement, EVERYONE onstage becomes "animated" just as they were several moments ago, but now even more so.

THEN:

Rushing into the staging area---through the audience---asking individuals in the audience---

BILL BONES: *(randomly asking numerous audience members)*
Seen any strangers around here?...Seen any strangers around here?...Seen any strangers around here?

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BILL BONES interacts with each audience member for a few moments, depending upon that audience member's answer. Then, HE rushes onstage, asking various TOWNSPEOPLE (at random) the same question.

BILL BONES: Seen any strangers in town?...Seen any strangers in town?

FINALLY—

BILL BONES: Seen any strangers in town the last day or two?

MRS. SNODGRASS: Other than you?

BILL BONES: (rankled by her haughty and slightly disdainful answer)

Of course, other than me!

MRS. SNODGRASS: (pointing at her questioner) No-one “stranger” than you! (and cackling in laughter at her pun!)

During the above exchange---A band of cutthroat PIRATES “sneaks” into the staging area, slipping quietly through the audience. EACH PIRATE stops to ask an audience member---

PIRATE (S): (*whispering*) You seen a pirate around here? (*then---as if explaining to that audience member*) That pirate’s got something we want. Something very, very valuable! Your life if you be lyin’ to me!

Totally unaware anything is happening in the audience---

BILL BONES grunts in disgust (at/to Mrs. Snodgrass) and quickly pulls himself toward the audience, addressing all in the audience directly and with quite the menacing swagger.

BILL BONES: Anyone seen a stranger come this way in the last hour or two?

AS BILL BONES moves toward the audience---

ALL THE PIRATES “hide,” crouching down behind individual members in the audience!

Rushing up toward Bill Bones---

MRS. WHITTLES: (with much concern) Storm's coming, mister!
Best be outta here before it comes!

BILL BONES: (*snapping back*) Somethin' far worse than a storm's gonna hit this miserable town if---

SUDDENLY---

DIRK: (*standing up in the audience; pointing toward Bill Bones*)
There he is!

BLACK DOG: (*standing up in the audience; pointing toward Bill Bones*) He's the one we want!

ALL PIRATES: (*shouting; rushing toward Bill Bones*) **BILL BONES!!!**

When the TOWNSPEOPLE onstage sees/hears the pirates, EVERYONE screams and runs for his/her life! Rushing offstage!

The PIRATES rush onstage toward Bill Bones. The result: a humorous, delightful CHASE as the PIRATES “race through” the exiting TOWNSPEOPLE. The TOWNSPEOPLE running for their lives; the PIRATES racing toward the one they want!

When the PIRATES “catch” BILL BONES---

ALL ACTION stops and “freezes” ---- AS:

CUTHBERT: (*indicating the pirates “holding” Bill Bones*) Pirates!
The very uttering of that word---“pirates!”---sent chilling shivers rushing up and down the backs of every man, woman, and child back in the 1700's!

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BALFOUR: (*indicating the pirates*) All those pirates were once friends! They were shipmates actually, setting sail, swabbing decks, hoisting anchors side-by-side on all the seven seas.

CUTHBERT: And Bill Bones---

BALFOUR: (*pointing toward Bill Bones*) That one---

CUTHBERT:---had what the others desperately wanted.

BALFOUR: And would do anything to get!

PIRATES become "animated," about to tear Bill Bones apart!

BLACK DOG: Where is it, Bones?

BILL BONES: (*very defiant*) Where is what?

DIRK: You know what!

JUKES: Flint's map!

BILL BONES: Ain't got no Flint's map!

HAWKEYE: That ain't gonna go, Bill Bones. You've got Flint's map!

ALL THE PIRATES: (*shouting their determination*) We want it---
NOW!!!

DIRK: You'll swing for what you've done to us, Bill Bones!

With much exaggerated stealth, CUTHBERT and BALFOUR crawl their way toward the pirates who still hold Bill Bones. CUTHBERT and BALFOUR do a very quick diversionary tactic and in a split second, BILL BONES wriggles himself free, breaking loose of the pirates and moves---ever so quickly---a few feet away from the cutthroats.

The PIRATES realize they've been bamboozled and turn toward Bill Bones who sneers---

BILL BONES: (*issuing a warning*) Kill me! And none of you'll ever find Flint's map! Never!

HAWKEYE: We all sailed with Flint. But there's you sailing off with Flint's map!

CULLEN: We all agreed to split the treasure!

BLACK DOG: But instead, there's you with the map---

HAWKEYE:---and the rest of us out in the cold with **nothing!**

ALL THE PIRATES yell and shout their anger! (ad-libbed)

DIRK: Ain't gonna go, Bill Bones! Ain't gonna go!

ALL THE PIRATES rushing Bill Bones, shouting angrily---

ALL THE PIRATES: We want our share of the treasure!!

Not hanging around---

BILL BONES: Ain't got no Flint's treasure!

AS all the pirates are chasing Bill Bones---

DIRK: You've were Flint's first mate. You've got his map!

BLACK DOG: 'Nd Flint's map shows where his treasure is buried!

Suddenly---

BILL BONES stops, turns, and faces all the pirates, looking them squarely in their eyes!

BILL BONES: If'en I did have Flint's map---I wouldn't give it to none of you! Everyone of you'd slit your own mother's throat for a single gold doubloon!

DIRK: (issuing his own warning) We're putting on you, Bill Bones, the "Black Spot!"

Immediately---

ALL THE PIRATES turn to face the audience and with much fright and great trembling fear shout---

ALL THE PIRATES: (gasping) The "Black Spot!"

BLACK DOG: (announcing the meaning of the "Black Spot") Death within the hour!

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BILL BONES: You'll never get Flint's map! Not his map! Not his treasure! (*loudly challenging*) So tell that to Long John Silver!

And with that, BILL BONES is gone! With ALL THE PIRATES after him!!

CUTHBERT: (*speaking directly to the audience*) Did we tell you Bill Bones was also a pirate? (*regardless how the audience answers*) Well, he was. "Captain" Bill Bones who somehow out-foxed Captain Flint to get his treasure map.

BALFOUR: (*turning to Cuthbert*) "Out-foxed," Cuthbert?

CUTHBERT: How else would you get Flint's map?

FROM OFFSTAGE---

JIM: (*calling*) Mother! Mother! Come quick! Hurry!

BALFOUR: (*indicating Jim*) That's Jim Hawkins. He and his mother run the Admiral Benbow Inn located high up on a cliff overlooking the sea.

JIM enters, carrying a small table, which HE places center stage.

JIM: (*after HE'S placed the table*) Mother! Mother! Come quick! Hurry!

SCENE TWO

The Admiral Benbow Inn. Early morning.

MRS. HAWKINS: (*Jim's mother and a widow*) enters, carrying a small bench and/or two small chairs, which SHE places at the table carried onstage by Jim.

As SHE enters---

MRS. HAWKINS: Yes, Jim---

JIM: Hurry, Mother, hurry!

MRS. HAWKINS: What's all yer fuss about, Jim?

JIM: *(pointing off into the distance)* Looks like a customer's comin' up the path, headin' this way, mum, right to us! *(NOTE: "Mum" is the English word most often used for "Mother" when speaking directly to one's mother.)*

MRS. HAWKINS: Well, I'll be gobsmacked! Sure does. *(NOTE: "Gobsmacked" is an English word for "totally amazed!")* We haven't had a customer in---

JIM: So long ago I can't remember the last time, mum.

MRS. HAWKINS: *(looking about the Inn, wistfully)* Since yer poor father died, Jim, we just haven't been able to keep the Admiral Benbow Inn afloat!

JIM: *(pointing off into the distance)* But with this customer---

MRS. HAWKINS: *(taking a second look at the individual way off in the distance)* Doesn't look respectable, Jim.

JIM: Who cares, mum? It's his shillings. Those will look very respectable.

MRS. HAWKINS: *(taking a third look at the individual way off in the distance)* From the looks of 'im, he hasn't got any shillings. No, Jim, that one's not for us.

JIM: You would turn him away, mum?

MRS. HAWKINS: *(exiting)* Aye, lad, you ask me, that one looks like trouble.

JIM: But, mum, we need the money.

JIM barely gets the line out when BILL BONES enters, moving through the audience, if possible.

BILL BONES: *(stopping in the audience to shout toward Jim)* This be the Admiral Benbow Inn?

JIM: Just as the sign hanging out front says, sir! As fine and establishment as any and all in England.

BILL BONES: *(coming closer to the stage and thus, to Jim)* Anyone here, kid?

JIM: What, sir?

BILL BONES: Anyone stayin' here?

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JIM: Many, many fine gentlemen---such as yourself, kind sir---have stayed here.

BILL BONES: *(now---almost in Jim's face, demanding)* Anyone stayin' here now?

JIM: Not at the moment, sir.

BILL BONES: Yesterday?

JIM: Not yesterday either, sir.

BILL BONES: The day before?

JIM: *(becoming quite suspicious)* Who wants to know?

BILL BONES: *(straightening up, so to speak)* A loyal subject of the King.

JIM: *(pointing at the man's clothes)* But how you look, kind sir---?

BILL BONES: I'll stay here then, mate. *(offering Jim a coin)* Here's some money. Ought to be more'n enuf.

JIM: *(taking the money; thanking him with the English words for thanks---"cheers")* Cheers, kind sir. Are you a sailor, sir?

BILL BONES: Now hold on, kid. Just because I'm stayin' here doesn't give you no call to be askin' me any questions.

JIM: Yes---but---

BILL BONES: *(but HE can ask questions! and HE does)* What's yer name, boy?

JIM: Jim---Jim Hawkins.

BILL BONES: You run this inn all by yerself?

JIM: Me and me mum. *(NOTE: "Me mum" is English for "my mother.")*

BILL BONES: What happened to yer father?

JIM: Died, sir. He got very sick one night quite suddenly and left me mum and I all alone in this world and with this inn.

BILL BONES: So you 'nd yer mum, the only ones here?

JIM: *(continuing to be suspicious)* You afraid of someone, sir?

BILL BONES: What?

JIM: I just mean---the way you're acting---

BILL BONES: *(grabbing JIM by the collar, warning)* I paid to stay here, not for you to be askin' questions or to be makin' any judgments about---

FROM OFFSTAGE---

MRS. HAWKINS: (*calling*) Jim? Is that you talking to that stranger comin' up the road?

JIM: (*trying to answer*) Yes, mum---and he's a---(*JIM wants to say "a very mean man," but can't because BILL BONES is tightening his grip on the boy, so JIM says*)---a real fine gentleman.

MRS. HAWKINS: (*entering; SHE also carries a long tablecloth*) A real fine gentleman, is he now?

BILL BONES: (*having let go of Jim the split second HE heard MRS. HAWKINS heading his way*) Pleased to make your acquaintance---(*bowing slightly*)---missus. Real, real sorry to hear about yer husband.

MRS. HAWKINS: (*taken aback; as SHE'S putting the cloth on the table*) You know about me husband?!

BILL BONES: His sudden unexpected departing, tragic, quite tragic. So you'll be needin' a few gold coins from me---

MRS. HAWKINS: We're full up at this moment. No rooms---

BILL BONES: Not what I heard.

MRS. HAWKINS: What you heard may not be the truth. Rumors and gossip, you know.

BILL BONES: From yer boy, Jim here?

JIM: He's really a very fine fellow, mum. And he give me---(*producing the coin*)---this!

MRS. HAWKINS: (*okay, all right, but---to Bill Bones*) So you'll be lodgin' with us. How long?

BILL BONES: 'Til I fancies I should be leavin'.

MRS. HAWKINS: (*exiting*) I'll be gettin' you some food then.

After his mum's left---

JIM: (*to Bill Bones*) You lookin' for someone? Or is someone lookin' for you?

BILL BONES: (*quickly and with much pride*) I give 'em the slip!

JIM: (*very curious*) Who?

NOTE: The following three entrances happen simultaneously.

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From through the audience---

DIRK: (*"disguised" as a blind individual*) Help me! Someone, help me! Someone take pity on a poor blind person! Help me! Help me!

From another area of the staging facility---

BLACK DOG: (*asking someone in the audience*) Did a stranger come this way?

From another area of the staging facility---

HAWKEYE: (*quite loudly*) I'd be wanting some refreshment. Where could I find---

BILL BONES rushes to the front of the stage, eyes the three who are entering, makes a snap decision, and rushes back to Jim. BILL BONES then hands something (Flint's map) to Jim.

BILL BONES: (*a stage whisper; most urgently*) Hide this, Jim. Tell no-one nothing.

JIM: But what is it?

BILL BONES: Guard this with your very life!

JIM: But what is it?

BILL BONES: I was Flint's first mate. As he lay a-dying, he gave me this. I'm the only one who knows the place where---

Before he can finish his statement, BILL BONES dives under the table, hiding beneath the table and the long tablecloth. DIRK, BLACK DOG, and HAWKEYE enter, walking onstage and thus into the Admiral Benbow Inn.

JIM: (*becoming the Innkeeper*) How can I help you, kind sirs?

BLACK DOG: A glass of rum!

DIRK: (*no longer acting blind*) Make that two.

HAWKEYE: Make that three.

JIM: Right away, kind sirs, but---

DIRK: Then get to it.

JIM: ---but sadly, I can't.

BLACK DOG, DIRK, and HAWKEYE: You can't?

JIM: Aye, kind sirs. The Admiral Benbow Inn's got no rum today. No rum, no ale. None whatsoever.

The PIRATES mumble a complaint (ad-libbed) as well as some disbelief.

BLACK DOG: None whatsoever?

DIRK: How can you run an inn with "none whatsoever?"

JIM: That's what I keep sayin' to me mum. But me mum says, "We must." So we do. *(moving toward the exit, his gestures urging his sudden guests to do the same)* Perhaps you should go to another inn, another inn way, way far down the road.

BLACK DOG: No rum. No ale. We'll take rooms then.

The PIRATES mumble (ad-libbed) their agreement.

JIM: I wish you could, but---unfortunately---

HAWKEYE: *(smelling a rat)* "Unfortunately?"

JIM: I've got no---

DIRK: *(grabbing Jim by the collar, demanding)* No rooms either?

JIM: Not that anyone would want to stay in.

DIRK: *(letting go of Jim with a push)* Then what's this place good for?

JIM: That's what I keep sayin' to me mum. But me mum says, "It's good fer learning me how to deal with not havin' nothing."

BLACK DOG: Then I should think you'd want our gold and silver coins.

JIM: Gold and silver coins!?

DIRK: *(pulling Jim aside, his arm around Jim's shoulder)* If you had rum or ale or a room, gold and silver coins a-plenty would find their way into your hands.

JIM: Then---I'm afraid---my hands must remain empty---because I have nothing for no-one. In fact, to tell you the truth---

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At Jim's mention of "to tell you the truth," BILL BONES pops his head out from under the tablecloth, kind of spying out what's happening. And what's happening or better said, "Who's" happening, HE doesn't like!

JIM sees BILL BONES' head and moves (furtively) to stand in front of the spying BILL BONES in an attempt to hide BILL BONES from the others. All the while, JIM is speaking, never having missed a beat.

JIM: (continuing)---anyone coming down the road these days lookin' for rum or ale or a room, me mum and I, we send them to the inn down the road---(now moving toward the exit, his gestures strongly urging these persistent visitors to do the same)---way, way from down the road.

BLACK DOG: (moving toward the table, totally unaware of Bill Bones) Then, we'll just sit and rest ourselves. At least you've got a table.

JIM: (quickly rushing back to the table) You can't sit---there---

DIRK: (becoming a bit suspicious) Why not?

JIM: These chairs, this table---they're very, very old. If you sit down--even for a moment---you might end up sitting on the floor. (again trying to move toward the exit) Best be going, all of you, to the inn way, way far down at the end of the road.

BLACK DOG: (also becoming a bit suspicious) I don't think so.

BOTH BLACK DOG and DIRK sit down, shoving their feet beneath the table! rather close to Bill Bones!

During the next several lines of dialogue---

BILL BONES looks out from beneath the tablecloth just as BLACK DOG and DIRK are about to look underneath, neither sees the other. This action is repeated several times throughout the following dialogue, becoming quite hilarious.

HAWKEYE: All right, matey---(*moving very close to Jim and with a threat*)---if you value your life, you'll tell us if our mate Bill Bones has been here.

JIM: (*quickly; truthfully*) Don't know anyone by that name.

Peeking out from under the tablecloth yet again, BILL BONES "observes" the following two lines of dialogue and upon hearing Jim's answer beams with pride.

Even gives a hearty gesture of approval of the young lad's bravery!

HAWKEYE: (*getting closer to Jim*) I'm going to ask you just one more time---

JIM: Ask me a hundred times, my answer's still the same. I don't know no-one by that name.

HAWKEYE: Maybe you don't know his name, but I reckon you know his face. Did someone looking like this---(*makes an incredibly ugly face*)---come in here?

BILL BONES "sees" Hawkeye's imitation of Bill Bones.

BILL BONES: (*asks the audience--mouthing the words of course*)---
"Do I look like that?"

JIM: (*with much defiance*) No-one's come in here, you---you---
"pirates!"

ALL THE PIRATES immediately gasp! in horror! in fear! in startled amazement!

ALL THE PIRATES: Pirates!?

THEN each PIRATE moves quickly toward the audience, each asking different sections of the audience---

BLACK DOG, DIRK and HAWKEYE: (*each saying*) Do I look like a pirate? Do I look like a pirate? Do I look like a pirate?

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FINALLY

DIRK: What makes you think we're "pirates," boy?

JIM: No reason.

HAWKEYE: There must be a reason.

JIM: No reason. Not really.

BLACK DOG: *(moving toward the table)* I think there's a reason.

DIRK: *(moving toward the table)* So do I.

BLACK DOG: *(motioning toward the table or rather toward what's underneath the table)* And I think the reason's----

ALL THE PIRATES grab the tablecloth and table, pulling both high into the air, exposing---

ALL THE PIRATES: BILL BONES!

BILL BONES: *(taking a sudden leap, pleading)* Help me, Jim!

What follows is an amazing, frantic chase! JIM is constantly trying to get between the pirates and Bill Bones. But finally---

DIRK: *(grabbing Bill Bones)* Bill Bones, the "Black Spot" has fallen on you!

A huge gasp from the pirates!

AS BILL BONES' entire body spasms, big-time!

THEN it's over! **BILL BONES** falls, rolls, stands up, then falls and rolls yet again, but for his last. **HE** becomes stone still and silent.

DIRK: *(issuing an order)* Search him, mates! He's got Flint's map sure as the sun comes up in the morning. Search him!

BLACK DOG and HAWKEYE rush to search the fallen Bill Bones. The search is desperate, frantic, wild! But to no avail.

During the pirates' searching of Bill Bones---JIM sneaks out of the inn, totally unobserved by the pirates who are much, much too into finding a treasure map on a dead body to even care about a young Jim Hawkins.

BLACK DOG: Nothing!

DIRK: Keep searching!

HAWKEYE: He's got no map!

DIRK: Keep looking!

BLACK DOG: We don't see it here no how.

DIRK: Keep searching!

BLACK DOG: We can search all day, all night too, but nothin's left!

HAWKEYE: Bill's been overhauled already!

DIRK: *(concluding the obvious)* Someone must have gotten to him before we did.

From another area of the staging facility---

JIM rushes into the staging area, running lickety-split through the audience.

DIRK: *(pointing toward the escaping Jim)* Him! After him!

And in a flash, HAWKEYE, BLACK DOG, and DIRK race toward Jim who doesn't stay where he is right now---for obvious reasons!

A fun, hilarious, exciting chase! which---after a few moments---takes JIM and ALL THE PIRATES out of the staging facility.

JUST AS CUTHBERT and BALFOUR enter.

CUTHBERT: Poor Bill Bones.

BALFOUR: Poor Jim Hawkins.

CUTHBERT: *(turning to Balfour, astounded)* Poor Jim Hawkins!
Why? Jim's got the map.

BALFOUR: That's exactly why.

CUTHBERT: But he got away.

BALFOUR: How could he possibly do that?

ALL THE PIRATES (every pirate now joins Black Dog, Dirk, and Hawkeye) rush into the staging facility, loudly asking the audience---

ALL THE PIRATES: Which way he'd go? Which way he'd go?

With exaggerated hand motions, CUTHBERT and BALFOUR urge the audience to tell the pirates the "wrong" way. The PIRATES rush off in the direction told them by the audience.

CUTHBERT: *(pointing to the audience)* That's why. *(now turning to Bill Bones)* Now what're we going to do about him?

BALFOUR: Nothing.

CUTHBERT: Nothing?! We can't just let him there, lying in middle of the Admiral Benbow Inn!

BALFOUR: Why not?

CUTHBERT: It wouldn't be civil.

BALFOUR: Civil? What's that mean?

CUTHBERT: Civilized.

BALFOUR: So?

CUTHBERT: So---"civilized" people don't leave other people who've just been done in by the Black Spot lying in the middle of an inn's floor. What if other customers come in? They'd trip over--- *(pointing at Bill Bones)*---him.

BALFOUR: Okay. We'll just have to move him.

BALFOUR and CUTHBERT try to move Bill Bones. THEY struggle to pick him up. They can't. THEY struggle to pull him by his feet. They can't. With all their concerted energy, THEY struggle to pull him by his arms. They can't do that either.

Thus, there's only one thing to do!

CUTHBERT: *(turning to the audience)* We're going to need some help.

CUTHBERT and BALFOUR seek and get help from the audience. Together, THEY succeed in moving/carrying Bill Bones safely offstage, where he is laid to rest. As EVERYONE is moving/carrying Bill Bones---CUTHBERT AND BALFOUR (give appropriate ad-libbed "thanks" to any and all who are helping to move/to carry Bill Bones to his final resting place)

AS CUTHBERT and BALFOUR and the SEVERAL AUDIENCE MEMBERS are moving/carrying Bill Bones offstage---JIM enters, no longer pursued by pirates and now talking with SQUIRE TRELAWNEY.

JIM: *(pointing to the map given to him by Bill Bones, which SQUIRE TRELAWNEY is now holding, his eyes glued to the scrawled writing on the map)* What do you think it means?

TRELAWNEY: *(not taking his eyes off the map)* Never seen anything like this.

JIM: Could it be "buried treasure," Squire?

TRELAWNEY: Don't even utter those words, Jim. You don't know who might be listening.

JIM and SQUIRE TRELAWNEY continue walking to the table that was previously the Admiral Benbow Inn. (During the stage business with Cuthbert and Balfour and the moving of Bill Bones, a stage hand has upright the table and returned both the table and tablecloth to their rightful positions. Or---during their narration---CUTHBERT and BALFOUR could have done this movement.)

SCENE THREE

Inside the Admiral Benbow Inn. Moments later.

JIM: There's no-one here, Squire, only me mum.

TRELAWNEY: When it comes to---(a stage whisper)---"buried treasure"---and secret treasure maps---the very walls have ears. Trust no-one, Jim. No-one, no how, no time.

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JIM: Guess that's why I was to guard this---(*pointing to the map*) --- with my very life.

TRELAWNEY: (*reading from the map*) Hmmm.... "tall tree--- spyglass shoulder, bearing a point to the north of north northeast...Skeleton Island---east southeast and by east...ten feet---The bar silver is in the north cache; you can find it by the---"

JIM: Silver! Golly, gee, it **is** a treasure map!

TRELAWNEY: (*shushes Jim*) Ssshhhh! (*then, very loudly, "correcting" any impressions the ears in the wall might have gotten*) It's just some old lady's words rambling on about her vacation trip to some island last summer, Jim, that's all, nothing more. (*then, quietly, with words meant only for Jim's ears*) This has got to be it, Jim. Flint's map to his buried treasure.

JIM: (*also quietly*) But where, Squire?

TRELAWNEY: (*continuing with a stage whisper*) Somewhere called Skeleton Island.

JIM: Never heard of it.

TRELAWNEY: Someone has. And we're going to find that someone and that island.

JIM: "We're?"

TRELAWNEY: I'll hire a ship. We'll set sail for this Skeleton Island--- wherever that is. I'll be captain, and you, Jim, you'll be my cabin boy.

JIM: (*with loud enthusiasm*) **WOW!**

TRELAWNEY: Ssshhhh!

JIM: (*with subdued enthusiasm*) wow.

TRELAWNEY: Now, Jim, you must tell no-one nothing.

JIM: Tell no-one nothing. That's how I got this (*indicating the map*) in the first place!

TRELAWNEY: (*moving to exit*) Come, Jim, we're off to hire us a ship. And a crew!

JIM: (*saluting*) Aye, aye, Captain!

AS SQUIRE TRELAWNEY and JIM are exiting---

The TOWNSPEOPLE noisily enter, laughing, several singing any old ditties, others telling jokes and salty stories. The PIRATES also enter, but “hidden” within all the people having a grand, convivial, very social time!

NOTE: AS the TOWNSPEOPLE enter, several carry tables, others chairs, and in moments “set up” an English pub.

SCENE FOUR

An English pub in Bristol. The next day.

SQUIRE TRELAWNEY and JIM enter.

SQUIRE TRELAWNEY stands on a chair, trying to make himself heard above the din in the pub.

TRELAWNEY: *(loudly announcing)* Sailors! A cook! A first mate! Crew positions available on my ship for everyone! With fair pay for all sailing onboard my ship! Who'll be sailing with me onboard the “Hispaniola!”

A peg-legged gentleman, leaning on his crutch (which he handles with a marvelous dexterity) under his arm, a beautiful, multi-colored PARROT perching on his shoulder, suddenly moves forward, toward the Squire. His movements silence everyone in the pub! For this is none other than LONG JOHN SILVER, one of the fiercest pirates ever to step foot onboard a ship! any ship!

Everyone in the pub knows who this be-crutched and be-parrotted gentleman is. Everyone---that is---but Squire Trelawney, who's about to be taken in---quite easily!

SILVER: Excuse me, Captain.

TRELAWNEY: Trelawney's the name. And who might you be?

SILVER: *(with a sly grin)* Silver, Captain Trelawney, Long John Silver.

TREASURE ISLAND

TRELAWNEY: Well, Long John Silver, you ever pilot a ship?

SILVER: *(another sly grin)* Me, Captain? Now do I look like a land lubber? *(NOTE: "Lubber" means someone wed to the dry land rather than wanting to sail the seas.)*

TRELAWNEY: You've sailed the sea then?

Trelawney's question brings laughs, grins, and snickers from among the people in the pub.

SILVER: *(with a spurious graciousness)* Most of my life, Captain Trelawney. Why I'm more at home onboard a wave-rolling ship than ever on dry land. Me, I love the smell of salt and the feel of the waves slapping up against a hull.

TRELAWNEY: *(looking at Long John's peg leg)* But you're---

SILVER: *(immediately realizing what Trelawney might say)* I lost me health---*(NOTE: "Me" is an English expression for "my.")*---here onshore, long, long time ago, Captain. Now, I run a public house---*(looks around, his expression urging those in the pub to agree with him)*

The TOWNSPEOPLE---responding to Silver's urging---ad-lib their agreement.

SILVER: *(with yet another sly grin)* But lately, I've been wanting to put back out to sea. I'd be a fine cook for you, Captain Trelawney. That and I know a lot of fine sailors, all of whom have sailed every sea known to man.

TRELAWNEY: Then you might be my man, Long John.

SILVER: Might be, Captain?

TRELAWNEY: I'm hiring a crew for an ocean voyage.

SILVER: An ocean voyage? For what reason, Captain?

TRELAWNEY: I'm not at liberty to mention that, Long John.

SILVER: Why not, Captain?

TRELAWNEY: Our destination's not the most safe in the seven seas.

SILVER: You sailing through dangerous storms?

TRELAWNEY: Much worse than dangerous storms I'm afraid.

SILVER: Now what could be worse than dangerous storms that would break up a ship and send its cargo and crew to the briny deep?

JIM: *(unable to contain himself any longer; shouting)* Pirates!

EVERYONE in the pub (PIRATES included) gasps. (Remember: the very uttering of the word---pirates---sends chills up and down every man, woman, and child's back! And now is no exception!) THEN:

SILVER: Pirates!?

TRELAWNEY: Quiet, Jim! You'll tell too much. You'll scare off our crew.

SILVER: You're sailing somewhere---?

TRELAWNEY: That's just it, Long John. We don't know "where" that "somewhere" is.

SILVER: Perhaps I might know, Captain. In all me many years at sea, I've sailed under the flags of Her Majesty's ships for many a long voyage and to the most out-of-the-way places.

JIM: *(again, unable to contain himself, shouting)* Skeleton Island!

EVERYONE in the pub gasps. The PIRATES---however---beam with sheer excitement. For they know---even as Long John Silver knows---what "Skeleton Island" means. Captain Trelawney might just as well have said, "I'm sailing to find Flint's buried treasure."

TRELAWNEY: Ever heard of it, Silver? Skeleton Island?

SILVER: *(lying)* No, Captain, can't say as I have. *(thinking; trying to remember)* Skeleton Island---now that's a new one to me sure as I'm livin'.

Rushing forward---

JUKES: Skeleton Island, Long John, is where Flint's---

Before Jukes can finish his foolish outburst, SILVER swats him with his crutch.

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SILVER: *(turning back to admit to Trelawney)* There's always somewhere new just over the horizon when you're sailing the seven seas, Captain.

TRELAWNEY: Pay's good onboard my ship, Long John.

SILVER: *(becoming a bit obstinate)* I don't know, Captain...sailing where you're sailing...a sea cook like meself and a crew...well, we meet up with pirates, we just might never return. I've got me safety to think of...that of meself and Captain Flint---

TRELAWNEY AND JIM: *(horrified)* Captain Flint!

TRELAWNEY: He's the meanest, cruelest buccaneer ever to set sail

SILVER: *(indicating the parrot on his shoulder)* "Captain Flint's" what I call me parrot here. Me fine feathered friend, "Captain Flint."

AUDIO: SPECIAL EFFECT:

PARROT: Pieces of eight. Pieces of eight.

SILVER: *(describing his parrot)* Captain Flint here, he could be, maybe, as much as two hundred years old. Parrots live forever, and if anybody's seen more wickedness than me Captain Flint here, it must be the very devil himself. He's sailed with the great Cap'n England, the pirate. He's been at Madagascar and to Malabar, then on to Surinam. Even seen some of the most murderous things a bird or man could ever see at Portobello---

AUDIO: SPECIAL EFFECT:

PARROT: Stand by to go about.

TRELAWNEY: Regular sailor, that parrot of yours.

TRELAWNEY: Aye, shiver me timbers, that he is. As fine a parrot as befitting to his name--Captain Flint. And you should hear him when his language becomes a little "salty!" He never shuts up! Just keeps on talking and talking and talking. Would tell all he knows, this parrot would.

TRELAWNEY: Well, Silver, if your parrot's any indication of your sailing, then you've sailed enough voyages to crew my ship. Are you with us, Long John?

SILVER: *(looking about the room)* Perhaps if we take along some of me own sailor friends gathered here in this pub along onboard your ship, Captain---?

ALL THE PIRATES step forward, eager to crew Trelawney's ship, especially where it's bound.

TRELAWNEY: *(eying those who've just stepped forward)* You're all sailors?

ALL THE PIRATES: *(most enthusiastically)* Aye, aye, Captain.

THEN ALL ACTION in the pub "freezes" in position.

CUTHBERT and *BALFOUR*---who have slipped into the pub unseen---now step forward, moving to speak directly to the audience.

CUTHBERT: I wish there was some way to tell him---(*indicating Squire Trelawney*)---what they---(*indicating the pirates and Long John Silver*)---really are.

BALFOUR: But if we did---that would be changing Robert Louis Stevenson's story.

CUTHBERT: *(trying to reason with Balfour)* But their safety---(*indicating Jim and Squire Trelawney*)---pirates, you know---(*changing his voice and demeanor, acting like a "pirate"* --- *exaggerated of course*) "Walk the plank!"

BALFOUR pantomimes "walking the plank," complete with falling into the sea, swimming and flailing his arms for his very life, then slipping beneath the waves or sliding into the mouth of a great white shark!

AS BALFOUR slips into the great white---

CUTHBERT: "Food for the fishes!"

*Then---**pulling himself out of the great white---*

BALFOUR: There must be a way we could warn Jim and Squire Trelawney!

CUTHBERT: There is no way, no way at all---unless---

CUTHBERT and *BALFOUR* join the pirates (currently in a freeze)-

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AS ALL onstage become “animated.”

ALL THE PIRATES PLUS CUTHBERT AND BALFOUR: (*most enthusiastically*) Aye, aye, Captain.

TRELAWNEY: Then sign on, everyone of ye. We set sail for Skeleton Island tomorrow! At eight bells sharp! (*exiting with JIM*) See you at the docks early tomorrow morning, men!

SILVER: (*making certain Trelawney and Jim are gone, then most heartily*) Well, shiver me timbers. It's a fine day now, ain't it, mates?

ALL THE PIRATES: (*including CUTHBERT and BALFOUR who for the remainder of this scene and the next scene act with/as the pirates---ad-lib their agreement with Long John Silver*) “Captain Long John Silver.”

DIRK: That kid's the one who has Flint's map.

SILVER: You certain of that?

DIRK: I'd walk the plank with my eyes blindfolded, my hands tied behind my back, 'nd my feet in heavy leg irons if'en I was wrong.

SILVER: (*pushing his crutch into Dirk's chest*) You'll do just exactly that if you are wrong!

BLACK DOG: Sniveling kid! I'd like to hang him high!

SILVER: Only after we've got the map! Until then, we're sailors onboard the “Hispaniola.” After we've got the map, we're---

PIRATES: (*with a loud, determined shout*) **PIRATES!**

Which causes EVERYONE in the pub to gasp! and to exit rather quickly, running for their very lives, if the truth were known. Only the PIRATES left onstage---

SILVER: No, no, no, mates. After we've got the map, we're “gentlemen of fortune!” Good fortune! Because we'll all be--- (*with a sly and greedy grin*)---rich!

BY DAN NEIDERMYER

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