

# Plays for Young Audiences

A PARTNERSHIP OF SEATTLE CHILDREN'S THEATRE AND CHILDREN'S THEATRE COMPANY-MINNEAPOLIS

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## *Treasure Island*

Story by  
**Robert Louis Stevenson**

Adapted for the Stage by  
**Toby Hulse**

*Treasure Island* was originally produced by the Watermill Playhouse, UK, in 2011.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Our hero, **EMILY**, a girl young enough to have dreams, but old enough to be slightly embarrassed by them.

The **PIRATES**, inhabitants of the tavern in **EMILY**'s imagination:

**MORGAN BLOOD**  
**JACK ABRAHAM**  
**CAPTAIN HENRY PAYNE**  
**ONE-EYED BART**  
**MARY ANN EVANS**

The **PIRATES** play, in turn, the characters in **TREASURE ISLAND**:

**BILLY BONES**  
**JIM'S MOTHER**  
**BLACK DOG**  
**DOCTOR LIVESEY**  
**BLIND PEW**  
**CAPTAIN SMOLLETT**  
**LONG JOHN SILVER**  
**ISRAEL HANDS**  
**PATRICK O'BRIEN**  
**TOM REDRUTH**  
**BEN GUNN**  
**SAMUEL HUNTER**  
**GEORGE MERRY**  
**DICK JOHNSON**  
**TOM MORGAN**

For the first production at the Watermill, Newbury, the doubling is as follows:

<b>MORGAN BLOOD</b>	Blind Pew, Long John Silver
<b>JACK ABRAHAM</b>	Billy Bones, Ben Gunn, Samuel Hunter, Tom Morgan
<b>CAPTAIN HENRY PAYNE</b>	Black Dog, Captain Smollett, George Merry
<b>ONE-EYED BART</b>	Doctor Livesey, Israel Hands, Dick Johnson
<b>MARY ANN EVANS</b>	Jim's Mother, Patrick O'Brien, Tom Redruth

The action of the play begins in **EMILY**'s living room, but soon moves to the tavern in her imagination. Once there it never really leaves – the various locations for the story of **TREASURE ISLAND** are created from the tavern furniture and fittings – and at several points, in particular during the songs, we should feel that we are definitely back in the tavern. The pirates stay onstage throughout, lurking in the shadows when they are not immediately part of the action.

## ACT ONE

*Christmas.*

*A modern living room, decorated for the season.*

*EMILY is on stage, possibly lit only by the flicker of a TV set, the amber glow of a gas fire and the lights on the Christmas tree. Perhaps she is watching a DVD of Pirates of the Caribbean.*

*She is dressed in a rather poor quality pirate dressing up outfit. It is too small for her.*

*She pauses the DVD.*

**EMILY**

'What do you want to be when you grow up?'

Grown ups are always asking you that, aren't they?

'What do you want do be when you grow up, Emily? Hey, maybe you want to be a fairy princess ballerina vet like all the other girls in your class?'

As if.

I just say business woman. That really shuts them up. Business woman. Not much they can say about that, is there? It sounds safe and secure and that's all that they're after. But I don't want to be a business woman; I don't even know what business women do...

I've given up saying what I really want to be, because grown ups just laugh at me:

'Oh Emily, how sweet, how totally adorable. But you can't be that when you grow up, because they're not real, they're only in stories and picture books and films. And anyway, that's just for boys.'

Sweet? Totally adorable? Just for boys? No way!

No way because, and you've got to promise not to laugh as well, because, when I grow up, I want to be a pirate. A proper, blood'n'guts, swashbuckling, swinging-from-a-rope pirate. With a deadly cutlass, a bloodied knife and a loaded pair of pistols, maybe an eye patch, a big hooped earring and a golden tooth glinting in the sun.

And there were girl pirates. Of course they had to dress up as men, but they were definitely girls and definitely pirates. I think, in fact, girl pirates

were the most ferocious pirates of them all – Mary Read and Anne Bonny, who sailed with Calico Jack; Rachel Wall who tore out the tongue of a woman just because she tried to steal her hat.

I want to sail with them, and with Henry Morgan, and with Captain Kidd, and with Edward Teach, old Blackbeard himself. I want to go to Madagascar, and Malabar, the Surinam, and Providence, and Portobello. I want to be at the fishing up of the wrecked Plate ships and at the boarding of the Viceroy of the Indies. I want to smell powder!

So that's it – my dream – to be a pirate. Every other job seems so dead and dull compared to that. But you can see why I don't tell anyone.

That's why I'm wearing these clothes.

Yes, I know they're rubbish, but it's the best ASDA can do. They wouldn't last five minutes in a fight to the death with a fearsome enemy, or protect me from a chill breeze off the Atlantic, and as for the pistols and the sword...

*EMILY shows us two plastic pistols and a Styrofoam cutlass.*

Useless! The sword's even got a sticker on – look. *[She reads.]* 'This is a toy and intended for play purposes only. Do not poke at people or animals.' 'Do not poke at people or animals!' As if – I mean, what damage is this going to do?

*She looks ruefully at the Styrofoam sword. Perhaps she tries a few cuts and thrusts with it, and watches it wobble.*

Pathetic.

*A smile.*

But you've got to have some kind of dream, haven't you? You should always dream. Especially at Christmas.

*She flicks the DVD forward a couple of chapters.*

This is the best bit.

*We hear the introduction to a fast, ragged, disrespectful, modern rendition of Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest.*

This is where I want to be.

*As the music plays, and **EMILY** describes the tavern and its inhabitants, we begin to see them too on the stage.*

*The pirates swing in on ropes, climb up through traps, pop out of barrels, emerge bleary eyed and drunken from under heaps of sail canvas.*

*As each pirate enters they join the accompaniment to the song on a weird and wonderful selection of instruments, until they have all but drowned out the CD.*

A tavern in a hidden port on the Spanish Main. It is filled with smoke. Sitting at its rough hewn wooden tables, leaning against the walls, slumped across the barrels are the scurviest group of salty seadogs seen this side of Davy Jones's locker. Pirates! Men and women from every nation in this world; drinking, singing, laughing; all thinking one thought, and one thought only – gold!

**SONG: Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest**  
(Lyrics: Young E. Allison, Arranged: Mark Stahl)

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!  
Drink and the devil had done for the rest,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!  
The mate was fixed by the bosun's pike,  
The bosun brained with a marlinspike,  
And cookey's throat was marked belike –  
It had been gripped by fingers ten;  
And there they lay, all good dead men,  
Like break o'day in a boozing ken,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of 'em good and true,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!  
Ev'ry man jack could ha' sailed with Old Pew,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!  
There was chest on chest of Spanish gold,  
With a ton of plate in the middle hold,  
And the cabins riot of stuff untold –  
And they lay there that took the plum,  
With sightless glare and their lips struck dumb,  
While we shared all by the rule of thumb,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Drink and the devil had done for the rest,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!  
We wrapped 'em all in a mains'l tight,  
With twice ten turns of a hawser's bight,  
And we heaved 'em over and out of sight,  
With a Yo-Heave-Ho! and a fare-you-well!  
And a sudden plunge in the sullen swell,  
Ten fathoms deep on the road to hell,  
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

*During the song, by the magic of theatre, **EMILY's** clothes have transformed into the jacket, shirt, breeches, stockings and buckled shoes of an eighteenth century cabin boy. She is delighted.*

**EMILY** What did I say? The best bit! Look at them all – my dream crew...

*She names and greets each pirate in turn, and they hail her back. There is a definite sense of competition amongst the pirates as to which of them can be the most piratical.*

... Morgan Blood...

**BLOOD** Arrr!

**EMILY** ... Jack Abraham...

**ABRAHAM** Ahoy there!

**EMILY** ... Captain Henry Payne...

**PAYNE** Shiver me timbers!

**EMILY** ... One-Eyed Bart...

**BART** On'y one eye, but it be a good 'un!

**EMILY** ... and ...

**MARY ANN** [*Grunt.*]

**EMILY** [*Delighted with her clothes.*] And look at me! This is the real stuff. No more pretend dressing up for me. [*She turns to the **PIRATES.***] Shipmates?

**PIRATES** Aye, aye!

**EMILY**        *[To us.]* It's good, isn't it? *[To the PIRATES.]* What shall we do?

**BLOOD**        Walk the plank?

**ABRAHAM**     Drink a noggin of rum?

**PAYNE**        Swing from the rigging?

**BART**         Cuss like the devil hisself?

**MARY ANN**    *[Grunt.]*

*The PIRATES all cheer MARY ANN's suggestion.*

**EMILY**        What did she say?

**PAYNE**        What do ye think she said?

**EMILY**        Go on an adventure and dig up some gold?

*Sudden silence.*

**PAYNE**        That is... exactly what she said!

*More cheering.*

**EMILY**        Where shall we start?

**BLOOD**        Well, my dear...

**ABRAHAM**     ... that be up to you.

**PAYNE**        Where do you think an adventure should start?

**BART**         Think carefully – you're the one making all this up.

**MARY ANN**    *[Grunt.]*

*The PIRATES all murmur and nod in agreement.*

**EMILY**        What did she say?

**PAYNE**        What do ye think she said?

**EMILY**        That we have to start somewhere normal and boring, so the adventure is more exciting when we leave?

*Sudden silence.*

**PAYNE** That is... exactly what she said.

*Cheering.*

**EMILY** In that case this story starts with me at home.

**BLOOD** That it do.

**ABRAHAM** [*Pointing towards the modern living room.*] But not that there home, oh no.

**PAYNE** The Admiral Benbow.

**BART** A lonely inn on the coast road to Bristol. That be your home now.

**EMILY** Okay.

**MARY ANN** [*Grunt.*]

*The **PIRATES** all nod and slap each other on the back.*

**EMILY** What did she say?

**PAYNE** What do ye think she said?

**EMILY** That the best adventures start with the arrival of a mysterious stranger?

*Sudden silence.*

**PAYNE** That is... exactly what she said.

*Cheering.*

**EMILY** And –

**BLOOD** Yes?

**EMILY** And the mysterious stranger is going to be a seafaring man.

**BLOOD** To be sure!

**ABRAHAM** And I'm the stranger.

**EMILY** But you can't be the stranger – I know you. You're not a stranger. You're Jack Abraham.

**PAYNE** Not in the adventure he ain't.

**BART** And he may be other people too.

**EMILY** Really?

**BART** No other way to do it.

**MARY ANN** [*Grunt.*]

**EMILY** What did she say? No, wait. I'd like to hear what she said for myself. Does she ever talk?

**PAYNE** She can't talk, on account of having her tongue sliced off...

**EMILY** Yuk!

**PAYNE** That be the pirate way...

**EMILY** I think I'd like her to talk.

**PAYNE** Really?

**EMILY** Yes.

**PAYNE** Sure?

**EMILY** Definitely!

**PAYNE** Well, in that case, she can.

**EMILY** No more [*Grunt.*]?

**PAYNE** No more [*Grunt.*].

**EMILY** [*To MARY ANN.*] What did you say?

**MARY ANN** I said that I'm your mother.

**EMILY** My mother?

**MARY ANN** Your mother!

*A crescendo of laughing, cheering, whooping for joy.*

*An inn sign swings on to stage. It reads 'Admiral Benbow'.*

*Suddenly, abruptly, the atmosphere changes. We are no longer in a tavern in a hidden port on the Spanish Main, but an out-of-the-way English tavern on the coast road to Bristol.*

**ABRAHAM**, who is to play **BILLY BONES**, takes centre stage, the rest lurk in the shadows. **BONES** lies slumped across a table, semi-conscious, a bottle of rum in his hands. If we listen carefully we can hear him half-sing, half groan, snatches of 'Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest.'

**EMILY**, or rather **JIM HAWKINS**, as perhaps we should now call her, approaches with some caution.

**BONES** suddenly lurches awake and grabs **EMILY** by the collar.

**BONES** Boy!

**EMILY** Me?

**BONES** Yes, you. Boy!

**EMILY** Boy? But I'm a....

**BONES** Not now you're not.

**EMILY** No, of course I'm not. *[To us.]* Even the most ferocious girl pirates had to dress as men. *[In answer to his calls.]* Yes.

**BONES** Do you live here?

**EMILY** Er...

*From the shadows we hear the voice of **JIM's MOTHER**.*

**MOTHER** *[Off.]* Jim!

**EMILY** Jim?

**MOTHER** Yes, Jim!

**EMILY** Jim? But I'm called Emily.

**MOTHER** Not now you're not. You be Jim Hawkins.

**EMILY** *[To us.]* Of course I'm going to have to have a boy's name too. Jim Hawkins – that's quite cool. Sounds very pirate-y. *[To MOTHER.]* Yes, mother.

**MOTHER** Hurry up. It's time you finished out there in the bar. You've more chores to do here in the kitchen.

**EMILY** Chores?

**MOTHER** *[Off.]* Yes, chores. This inn doesn't run itself now, does it?

**EMILY** *[To us.]* Chores! This isn't much of an adventure so far!

**ABRAHAM** Ignore here. Pirates don't do chores.

**EMILY** No they don't.

**BONES** So, do you live here, Jim?

**EMILY** I do live here, yes.

**MOTHER** *[Off.]* Jim!

**EMILY** *[To MOTHER.]* In a minute, mother! *[To BONES.]* Carry on.

**BONES** Be this the Admiral Benbow, boy?

**EMILY** *[Spotting the inn sign.]* Yes, it be... is... be...

**BONES** No company?

**EMILY** *[Looking around at the empty room.]* No.

**BONES** Lonely?

**EMILY** Yes. I mean, aye. Aye, aye, sir.

**BONES** Out of the way.

**EMILY** Aye.

**BONES** No company, lonely and out of the way... Well, then, this is the berth for a mysterious stranger like me. Shake a leg to windwards and make a shift for my portage.

**EMILY** What?

**BONES** That be pirate talk.

**EMILY** Yes, but what does it mean?

**BONES** It means could you help me up with my chest please.

**EMILY** Aye, aye, sir.

***EMILY** drags **BONES**' chest on to the stage.*

*[To us.]* That's really heavy! *[To **BONES**.]* What's in it?

**BONES** What be in it?

**EMILY** Yes, what's in it?

**BONES** *[Suddenly turning on her.]* Never you mind! Keep caulked tighter than a bosun's whistle.

**EMILY** What?

**BONES** That be pirate talk.

**EMILY** Yes, but what does it mean?

**BONES** It means, don't go asking questions. Remember: dead men don't bite.

***EMILY** nods grimly.*

You seems to be a bright enough kind of a lad. Will you help me?

**EMILY** Aye, aye, sir. What do you want me to do?

**BONES** Keep a weather-eye open for a seafaring man with on'y one leg, and let me know the moment he appears. Did you catch that?

**EMILY** A sea-faring man with only one leg.

**BONES** That's it, and tell me straightway the instant you claps eyes on him. Now fetch me rum.

**EMILY** Aye, aye, sir. What's your name?

**BONES** I'm a stranger. Captain is good enough for me. Rum, boy! And remember, a seafaring man with on'y one leg...

*EMILY turns to us.*

**EMILY** *[To us. With gruesome relish.]* A pirate with only one leg! I wonder how he lost it? A single blow from a cutlass in a ferocious duel? Blown away by a cannonball? Bitten off by a crocodile? Or maybe – yes! – maybe, he is some kind of pirate monster, who only ever had one leg, right in the middle of his body. Imagine him chasing you, leaping from deck to deck, clambering up the mast.

*BONES has taken to singing again, with much greater purpose.*

Why do you think the Captain's so frightened? And what's he got in that old chest that he doesn't want me to see?

*MOTHER has joined them.*

**MOTHER** Well, let's hope that it's stuffed full of gold, for he's been here three months now, and long drunk what he gave us when he first arrived. Your Captain'll ruin us if he stays much longer. His drinking! Our Dr Livesey says that, if he doesn't leave off rum, he'll die, and the world will soon be quit of a very dirty scoundrel.

*BONES' singing is reaching a fearful crescendo.*

**EMILY** I like him.

**MOTHER** Jim, you do not!

**EMILY** I do.

*With a strangled gurgle BONES collapses on to the table.*

**MOTHER** A fine sort he is to like... He's drunk himself out cold again. What kind of a captain's that? Well, let him lie there.

*She drapes a dishcloth over his head.*

A bed's too good for him, say I. Be sure to bring those bottles through, Jim.

**EMILY** Yes, mother.

*EMILY begins to tidy the tavern.*

**MOTHER** exits.

**EMILY** stops her chores.

**EMILY** [To us.] Isn't this the best sort of dream? The Captain's arch-enemy needs to appear now...

Without **EMILY** noticing, **BLACK DOG** enters the Admiral Benbow. It is only chance that means he does not recognise **BONES** under the dishcloth.

Suddenly he is behind **EMILY**, grabbing her by the shoulder and making her jump.

**BLACK DOG** Sonny! I'm looking for my mate Bill. Is my mate Bill lodging here?

**EMILY** I've no idea who your mate Bill is.

**BLACK DOG** He has a cut on one cheek, the right one, and a mighty pleasant way with him, particularly in drink. And as like as not he has called himself the Captain.

**EMILY** Who are you?

**BLACK DOG** I'm Black Dog, the Captain's arch-enemy, of course.

**EMILY** What?

**BLACK DOG** You said I needed to appear. So I did.

*EMILY cannot help but start.*

I seed you jump then... I'm thinking that you do know my mate Bill.

**EMILY** No...

**BLACK DOG** Now I'll ask again, is he lodging here?

*EMILY doesn't know what to say. BLACK DOG is coming perilously near to where BONES lies on the table.*

**EMILY** Yes –

**BLACK DOG** – Ha! –

**EMILY** – but he’s gone out for a walk...

**BLACK DOG** Which way, sonny, which way?

**EMILY** That way. If you’re quick you can catch him up.

**BLACK DOG** That I shall.

***BLACK DOG** strides out...*

***EMILY** rushes to wake **BONES**.*

**EMILY** Captain! Captain!! Captain!!!

***BONES** begins to stir.*

*... and strides back in again.*

**BLACK DOG** Bill.

***BONES** can only stare.*

Come on, Bill, you know me; you know an old shipmate, Bill, surely.

**EMILY** I tried to warn you, Captain.

**BLACK DOG** That you did, and I shall see to you later.

**BONES** Black Dog – only you could be so bold. So you’ve run me down at last. Well then, speak up: what is it?

**BLACK DOG** You know full well what I am after. I’ve come for what you’ve got a-hidden in that sea chest of yours.

**BONES** What’s in my chest is mine by rights.

**BLACK DOG** We were in it together, Bill, shipmates to the death. Now, hand it over!

**BONES** Never!

*With a terrifying roar, **BONES** leaps to his feet, kicking over his stool and jumping on to the table.*

**BLACK DOG** What now, eh, Bill? What now?

**BONES** You shall have a taste of my cutlass.

***BONES** reaches for his cutlass but before he can draw it **BLACK DOG** makes good his escape.*

**BLACK DOG** We're coming, Bill, do you hear, we're coming!

***BONES** suddenly clutches at his chest and falls to his knees.*

**BONES** Jim, rum...

*He collapses.*

***EMILY** rushes to him.*

**EMILY** Dead! *[Checking his pulse.]* No, not dead – passed out, I think. What should I do? My mother talked about a doctor, what was his name?

**LIVESEY** *[Entering]* Dr Livesey.

**EMILY** *[To us.]* Wow! It happened again. I thought of someone and they appeared.

**LIVESEY** Let me to him, Jim, my boy.

***LIVESEY** examines **BONES**.*

**EMILY** Is he wounded?

**LIVESEY** Wounded? A fiddle-stick's end! No more wounded than you or I. I warrant the man has collapsed from too much rum. *[He opens up **BONES**'s shirt.]* Here's a pretty sight – tattooed like the Devil himself.

**EMILY** *[Reading.]* 'Billy Bones, his fancy.'

**LIVESEY** Well, I guess we know the true name of our mysterious Captain now.

**EMILY** Billy Bones...

***BONES** begins to come round.*

**BONES** Where's Black Dog?

**LIVESEY** There's no Black Dog here, except what you have on your own back. You have been drinking rum; you have collapsed. Now, Mr Bones –

**BONES** That's not my name. I'm a stranger –

**LIVESEY** The deuce I care. What I have to say to you is this: I stake my wig that if you don't break off drinking rum, you'll die. Do you understand that? Now, go to your bed and rest. Do not get out of your bed for a week. Do you hear me? For at least a week.

*And with this he exits.*

**EMILY** Let me help you, Captain.

**BONES** A week, boy? I can't stop here a week. They're coming for me. I must weigh anchor. I'll shake out another reef, matey, and daddle 'em again, as I did afore.

**EMILY** What?

**BONES** That be pirate talk.

**EMILY** Well, I guessed that – what does it mean?

**BONES** It means it's time for me to go.

**EMILY** Why didn't you just say that?

**BONES** 'Cause I be a pirate. I gotta speak like that. Now, bring me a noggin of rum, won't you, matey?

**EMILY** The doctor –

**BONES** Doctors is all swabs. I been in places hot as pitch, and mates dropping round with Yellow Jack –

**EMILY** – pirate talk? –

**BONES** – pirate talk: Yellow Fever –

**EMILY** – carry on –

**BONES** – and I lived on rum, I tell you. I'm in a tighter place now, Jim, and I need a noggin of rum.

**EMILY** Well, just one.

**BONES** Good lad. You're the only one here that's worth anything. A true shipmate.

***EMILY** swells with pride at this and then fetches the rum, which **BONES** drinks greedily.*

A true shipmate.

***BONES** tries to stand, but collapses again.*

I'm done for. My ears is singing.

*Pause.*

Jim, you seed that seafaring man?

**EMILY** Black Dog?

**BONES** Aye, Black Dog. He's a bad 'un, but there's worse that sent him. You send for that doctor, and get him to fetch the soldiers. Tell 'em, Flint's crew are coming to the Admiral Benbow – all of 'em that's left alive, that is.

**EMILY** Flint?

**BONES** I was Cap'n Flint's first mate, I was, and I'm the on'y one as knows. He gave it to me, when he lay a-dying, to me, do you hear? He gave it to me.

**EMILY** What did he give you?

**BONES** Never you mind. Keep your weather-eye open, Jim. Since I cannot stand I shall sit for 'em here. Make sure you send for the doctor.

**EMILY** I will.

***EMILY** turns to us.*

**EMILY** *[To us.]* What a story! There is definitely something in that sea chest – probably treasure, old Flint's treasure. Billy Bones said Flint gave it to him as he lay dying. Flint must have been a fearsome pirate captain. And now the rest of Flint's crew are coming after it. That's why Black Dog was here. I bet the next thing that will happen is that they'll tip Billy Bones the Black Spot – it's a warning, a pirate warning: do as we say, or face the consequences. They'll send the most terrifying and ferocious pirate of them all.

***EMILY** is interrupted by a tap-tap-tapping. The effect is eerie and deeply disturbing.*

What on earth is that?!

Oh no – the most terrifying and ferocious pirate of them all! I thought of someone and they appeared. I'm going to need to be more careful!

**BLIND PEW** enters.

Phew – it's only a poor blind beggar.

**PEW** Will any kind friend inform an unfortunate blind man where or in what part of the country he may now be?

**EMILY** You are in the Admiral Benbow.

**PEW** I hear a voice – a young voice. Will you give me your hand, my kind young friend?

**EMILY** Of course. Anything to help a poor blind beggar.

*EMILY holds out her hand and PEW takes it.*

**PEW** Now, boy, can you take me to the captain?

**EMILY** I don't think that's a very good idea. He's not very well and he's got a cutlass.

**PEW** A cutlass, eh?

**EMILY** Yes, and this other man came and... well... you're blind...

*By way of answer, PEW twists EMILY's arm behind her back.*

**PEW** Take me to him straight, or I'll break your arm. And when I'm in view, cry out, 'Here's a friend for you, Bill.'

**BONES** There is no need, Pew, I am here.

**PEW** Sit there then. Do not move. If I can't see, I can hear a finger stirring. Business is business. Hold out your left hand. Boy, take his left hand by the wrist, and bring it near my right.

*EMILY does so. PEW places something in BONES's hand.*

And now that's done.

**PEW** exits.

*A long pause, during which all we can hear is the tap-tap-tapping of PEW's stick.*

**BONES** looks at the paper in his hand. He shows it to **EMILY**.

**BONES** *[Reading.]* 'Ten tonight.'

**EMILY** The Black Spot!

**BONES** Ten o'clock. Six hours. We'll do 'em yet!

*He springs to his feet, then suddenly clutches at his throat, falls and dies.*

**EMILY** rushes to the body.

**MOTHER** enters.

**EMILY** He's dead. I think the shock of getting the Black Spot killed him.

**MOTHER** The Black Spot?

**EMILY** *[Showing her the paper.]* Look.

**MOTHER** *[Reading.]* 'You have till ten tonight.'

*The clock starts striking.*

**EMILY** and **MOTHER** are frozen in fear.

*It strikes six.*

**EMILY** What should we do?

**MOTHER** I'll tell you what we should do. I did not like him when he was alive, and I like him even less now. But I'm not letting him go to his grave owing as much money as he does. We shall open his chest, take what is rightfully ours, and no more, and then send for someone to get rid of his body. Now where do you think he keeps the key?

**EMILY** Around his neck.

**MOTHER** I'm not touching... that.

**EMILY** Me neither. He's dead.

**ABRAHAM** *suddenly sits up.*

**ABRAHAM** I'm not really dead.

**EMILY** What?

**ABRAHAM** I'm not really dead.

**EMILY** Yes, you are – the shock of getting the Black Spot...

**ABRAHAM** Oh, Billy Bones is dead and gone to Davy Jones's locker, but I'm fit enough to cross the bar 'gainst a nor-norwester.

**EMILY** What?

**ABRAHAM** It really don't matter. Now get the key. It's around my neck. You need it to open the chest.

**ABRAHAM** *collapses again.*

**EMILY** *retrieves the key from around BONES's neck.*

Good lad! Have a peek inside...

**ABRAHAM** *walks off stage with a smile.*

**EMILY** And now for the chest!

**EMILY** *drags the chest from its hiding place and opens it. She unpacks the contents item by item.*

A suit of clothes...

**MOTHER** These are very good. They've never been worn – why should he go about in those filthy rags, when he had such finery?

**EMILY** He is – he was – a pirate. It's what they do. Two pistols...

**MOTHER** Put those down. It's not safe for you to be swinging those around.

**EMILY** They're not loaded.

**MOTHER** Still...

**EMILY** Five shells – West Indian I think –

**MOTHER**      However would you know?

**EMILY**        Most pirate hideouts are in the West Indies.

**MOTHER**      Are they now? And how do you know that?

**EMILY**        Telly.

**MOTHER**      What? What's telly?

**EMILY**        Oh, don't worry about it. Aha! Here we are! *[She lifts out a canvas bag. It jingles when shaken]* This will be the treasure that Black Dog was after. It doesn't seem very heavy.

**MOTHER**      *[Snatching the bag from her.]* It seems heavy enough to me. *[She opens the bag and tips out a small pile of assorted coins of no great value.]* I'll show these rogues I'm an honest woman. I'll take what I'm owed and not a farthing more.

*She begins to count out the coins.*

*EMILY turns to us.*

**EMILY**        *[To us.]* This can't be right. They wouldn't have chased Billy Bones all the way here just for this. There must be something else in the chest...

*She roots deeper.*

I imagine there's a false bottom in the chest. Aha! Here it is. Now, let's see what he's got hidden in here...

*She pulls out a packet of papers wrapped up in oilskin.*

This feels like papers. Maybe a map. Yes, it will be a map. A treasure map! This is what they're coming for at –

*The clock strikes ten.*

**EMILY**        Ten o'clock! Mother, take the lot and run.

*We hear a tap-tap-tapping approaching the inn.*

**MOTHER**      I can't do that. It wouldn't be fair. Now, where was I?

**EMILY**        Mother!

**MOTHER** 1, 1 and 6, and a farthing makes...

**EMILY** Mother!!

**MOTHER** Jim, you've made me lose count. I'll have to start all over again.

**EMILY** There isn't time!!!

*As if to prove her point the door to the inn is kicked open, and there stands **BLIND PEW**, possibly silhouetted against a sudden flash of lightning.*

**PEW** Give it to me, boy! I know you have it!

### **SEQUENCE TO MUSIC**

*To a pulsing, heart-racing underscore we see **EMILY** and **MOTHER** hide from **PEW**.*

*Other pirates appear behind him and at his order they begin to rip the Admiral Benbow apart, searching for the map. Throughout **PEW** is clearly in charge, terrifyingly agile and alert.*

*The map being nowhere to be found, **PEW** urges his men to look for **EMILY** and **MOTHER**. They cower in their hiding place, discovery only moments away.*

*Suddenly, with a wave of his stick, **PEW** stops the search. He has heard **EMILY** and **MOTHER**. The pirates freeze in their places. **PEW** motions them to stand back, so that in effect they leave the stage.*

*The underscore is little more than a tap-tap-tapping as he approaches where they are hiding.*

*Unbearable tension.*

***PEW** discovers **EMILY** and **MOTHER**. He raises his stick above his head.*

**EMILY** Wait! There's something I have to do... Something that Billy Bones told me to do... Let me think! Yes, I remember! Doctor Livesey! And soldiers!

*The door bursts open. There stands **DR LIVESEY**, with soldiers armed with muskets, just as **EMILY** imagined.*

***PEW** wheels towards them and the soldiers shout BANG!*

***PEW** collapses in a crumpled heap. He is dead.*

**MOTHER** Dr Livesey!

**LIVESEY** Yes.

**MOTHER** You come in remarkably good time.

**LIVESEY** Indeed.

**MOTHER** How did you know?

**LIVESEY** Jim here thought to send for me.

**EMILY** I did.

**LIVESEY** Yes, just as Billy Bones told you to.

**EMILY** I remembered.

**LIVESEY** Good lad.

**EMILY** *[Pointing at PEW.]* I think he is dead.

**LIVESEY** Did they fire their muskets?

**EMILY** Well, they shouted BANG!

**LIVESEY** Then he is dead.

**BLOOD** *sits up.*

**BLOOD** That's right. I'm dead. Now, let's get on with the story. You need to look at the map.

**BLOOD** *exits.*

**EMILY** *is puzzled, but before she can challenge anything...*

**LIVESEY** What the deuce were those devils after?

**EMILY** *[Holding out the oilskin packet.]* I think they wanted this.

**LIVESEY** And what is that? *[Taking the packet.]* Let me have a look.

**LIVESEY** *He cuts open the packet and unfolds the contents.*

It's a map. A treasure map.

**EMILY** *[To us.]* I imagine it's Captain Flint's treasure map.

**LIVESEY** It's Captain Flint's treasure map.

**EMILY** *[To us.]* Told you.

**MOTHER** Captain Flint?

**LIVESEY** Have you really not heard of Captain Flint? He was the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that sailed. That notorious blackguard Blackbeard was but a child to Flint.

**MOTHER** Had he money?

**EMILY** Of course he did.

**LIVESEY** Money! Legend has it he amassed the largest fortune ever known, and buried it on an island well out of sight of men's eyes. He told no one where it lay and went to the grave with the secret left untold. Yet here we have a map giving the precise location of that island, and instructions where to look for the treasure. Look, he's even drawn red crosses to show us where to dig! How frightfully kind of him.

**EMILY** 'X marks the spot'! It's perfect.

**MOTHER** What will you do?

*The other pirates from the tavern have joined the group onstage.*

**PIRATES** Yes, what will we do?

**LIVESEY** Do? Why, we go post haste to Bristol, there fit out a ship and take ourselves treasure hunting! We'll have that gold if we have to search a year!

**EMILY** And what about me? Do I stay here, at home, with my mother?

**BLOOD** Never!

**ABRAHAM** Leave you behind?

**PAYNE** We can't be leaving you behind – you're the one making this up.

**BART** This be your adventure!

**MARY ANN** *[Grunt.]*

**EMILY** My adventure! My pirate adventure!

**SONG: This Adventure Of My Own.**

Edward Teach was an evil man,  
'Cross seven oceans feared,  
Burnt tapers in his hair and hat,  
Went by the name of Blackbeard.

He killed a man in cold, cold blood,  
A member of his crew;  
Without a thought, just for the sport,  
He'd do the same to you.

And when at last they shot him down,  
Cut off that dreadful head,  
His body swam twice round the ship  
And stained the ocean red. Ha! Ha!

These men of old were pirates bold,  
Men of the skull and cross-bone,  
And my life will be just as wild,  
In this adventure of my own.

Henry Morgan worked the land,  
His family had a farm,  
But he preferred to sail the seas,  
And do the Spanish harm.

Morgan, he sacked Panama,  
And Portobello too,  
Destroyed each city totally  
With his cruel, drunken crew.

And, what do you think his punishment  
For this life of piracy?  
The King made Hen-ery a sir, and  
Governor of Jamaic-ee. Ha! Ha!

These men of old were pirates bold,  
Men of the skull and cross-bone,  
And my life will be just as wild,  
In this adventure of my own.

Now Kidd he was a Scottish rogue  
Who sailed for the King,  
But, instead of hunting buccaneers,  
He turned to pirating.

He drank and swore and argued,  
He killed a shipmate dead,  
Picked up a wooden bucket, and  
Threw it at his head.

They captured Kidd and strung him up,  
A sight for everyone,  
He swung in Execution Dock,  
A-drying in the sun. Ha! Ha!

These men of old were pirates bold,  
Men of the skull and cross-bone,  
And my life will be just as wild,  
In this adventure of my own.

And now I am pirate bold,  
My flag the skull and cross-bone,  
No more will I be safe, secure,  
In this adventure of my own.

*During the song the stage has been transformed, so that the furniture and fittings from the tavern have become the deck of the Hispaniola.*

*The **PIRATES** step back to admire their work.*

**BLOOD** What do you think?

**EMILY** It's great. What is it?

**BLOOD** The Hispaniola.

**EMILY** The *what*?

**BLOOD** The Hispaniola, our ship.

**ABRAHAM** Look: two masts, rigged fore and aft, tiller, everything you'd want.

**EMILY** Yes! I see it all. I love it.

**PAYNE** Her.

**EMILY** Her?

**PAYNE** Ships are always called 'she'.

**EMILY** Well, in that case, I love her!

**LIVESEY** And I found her all by myself!

**EMILY** Dr Livesey! Hello.

**LIVESEY** She's a schooner, and so neatly trimmed a child might sail her.

**EMILY** Let's hope I do not have to...

**LIVESEY** Sail the ship? A fiddlestick's end. What the deuce gave you that idea? The captain sails the ship.

**EMILY** I know that. It's just I don't know how to sail a ship.

**MARY ANN** We could always help ye, if ye had to.

**EMILY** No, I'll leave the sailing to the captain!

**CAPTAIN SMOLLETT** *comes on to deck.*

**LIVESEY** Speak of the devil – there he is now. Watch out, he is a sharp man, but a damned fine sailor if ever I saw one. [To **SMOLLETT**.] Captain Smollett, all well, I hope; all shipshape and seaworthy?

**SMOLLETT** I do not like this cruise, sir.

**LIVESEY** No?

**SMOLLETT** I learn we are going after treasure, sir.

**LIVESEY** We are.

**SMOLLETT** I do not like treasure voyages, sir.

**LIVESEY** No?

**SMOLLETT** Above all, when they are secret, sir –

**LIVESEY** – but –

**SMOLLETT** – and the secret has been blabbed to every man aboard, sir.

**LIVESEY** I did not say a word!

**SMOLLETT** Every man in the crew knows more than I do, sir.

**LIVESEY** The deuce they do!

**SMOLLETT** They know you have a map, sir.

**LIVESEY** They shall not see it!

**SMOLLETT** That is sound, sir.

**LIVESEY** You don't trust the crew?

**SMOLLETT** I do not, sir.

**LIVESEY** You fear a mutiny?

**SMOLLETT** I do, sir –

**LIVESEY** – but –

**SMOLLETT** – there'll be trouble afore this voyage is out, sir.

**LIVESEY** I stake my wig on every single one of these men.

**SMOLLETT** It's your wig, and you can lose it as you please. You'll find *I do my duty... sir!*

***SMOLLETT exits.***

**LIVESEY** Pah! Miserable old humbug. We have the grandest of crews, all known and personally recommended to me by our ship's cook.

**EMILY** The ship's cook?

**LIVESEY** A capital fellow! I met him by the merest accident. I was standing on the dock when he came up to me and bade me good morning. Seems he is an old sailor, knows all the most honest seafaring men in Bristol, and was only too happy to help me find the crew I needed. I took him on as ship's cook by way of thanks. You should go and say your hellos. You'll be seeing a lot of each other, what with you being cabin boy. You'll find him in the galley, goes by the name of Silver, Long John Silver. You can't miss him – he's a seafaring man with only one leg...

**LIVESEY** exits.

**EMILY** turns to us.

**EMILY** [To us.] Only one leg? A seafaring man with only one leg! Is this the pirate that Billy Bones warned me against? Surely not – a man like that wouldn't be a cook! Doctor Livesey said I would find him in the galley, that's the ship's kitchen. Now, I wonder where –

*Without realising it, she has wandered closer to the galley.*

**PARROT** Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!

**EMILY** What was that?

**LONG JOHN SILVER** appears. *He walks with a crutch, but clearly has two legs.*

**SILVER** Don't worry on account of him. That's just Cap'n Flint.

**EMILY** Captain Flint!

**SILVER** After the famous buccaneer. I sailed with him long while back.

**EMILY** I see.

**EMILY** turns to us.

[To us.] He's a seafaring man with only one leg and one of Flint's crew too! He is definitely the pirate Billy Bones was trying to escape from. But, hang on... [To **SILVER**.] you're supposed to only have one leg.

**SILVER** That's true.

**EMILY** And you've got two.

**SILVER** I have?

**EMILY** Yes, you have.

**SILVER** No, I've only got one.

**EMILY** But I can see the other one.

**SILVER** No, you can't.

**EMILY** Yes, I can.

**PAYNE** *[Secretly.]* Look, I was supposed to be blind afore and I weren't, and that was no bother to you. One-Eyed Bart, well, he's clearly got two. And you're supposed to be a boy called Jim. So, now...

**EMILY** I get it. You're Long John Silver, and you've only got one leg. *[To us.]* I mustn't let him know that I know who he is.

**SILVER** Arrr! And who may you be?

**EMILY** I'm the new cabin boy.

**SILVER** Of course you are. Young Jim Hawkins. Pleased I am to see you.

**EMILY** Me too, Mr Silver.

*They shake hands.*

**SILVER** No, you must call me John, as does all my other friends.

**EMILY** Yes, John.

**SILVER** Why, my lad, you're shaking. You're not afeard of old John, are you?

**EMILY** No.

**SILVER** Then why are you shaking?

**EMILY** Cold.

**SILVER** In summer? In the galley? With the stove going?

**EMILY** I'm not frightened of you.

**SILVER** Splendid, but there's something on your mind, ain't there?

**EMILY** No.

**SILVER** What is it?

**EMILY** Nothing.

**SILVER** Come on, out with it.

**EMILY** Er...

**SILVER** Tell me, lad!

**EMILY** *[EMILY is lost for words. To us]* Mustn't give anything away... *[To SILVER.]* How old is your parrot?

**SILVER** Cap'n Flint? Now, that bird is, maybe, two hundred years old . She's sailed with Henry Morgan, and with Cap'n Kidd, and with Edward Teach, old Blackbeard hisself. She's been at Madagascar, and at Malabar, the Surinam, and Providence, and Portobello. She was at the fishing up of the wrecked Plate ships and at the boarding of the Viceroy of the Indies out at Goa, she was. You've smelt powder, haven't you, Cap'n?

**PARROT** Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!

**SILVER** Hah! And here's Cap'n Flint predicting success to our v'yage. Wasn't you , Cap'n?

**PARROT** Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!

**SMOLLETT** *[Off.]* All hands on deck! We sail with the tide.

*The stage is a bustle of men, ropes and whistles.*

**SAILOR** Now, Long John, tip us a stave.

**SAILOR** The old one.

**SILVER** Aye, aye, mates.

*To 'Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest' the anchor is raised and the sails unfurled.*

*A stiffening wind fills the canvas and the Hispaniola springs forward eagerly.*

*EMILY and the CREW lean on the bow rail and feel the spray on their faces. A beautiful inspiring moment of forward progress.*

**EMILY** So what happens now?

*The PIRATES sit down on deck.*

**BLOOD** We waits.

**EMILY** We wait?

**ABRAHAM** Three weeks, maybe a month.

**EMILY** What?

**PAYNE** Takes a mighty long time to sail where we're a-going, even with fair winds and kind weather.

**EMILY** I can't wait that long. [*Referencing the audience.*] We can't wait that long!

**BART** Can't or won't?

**EMILY** We want to get on with the adventure.

**MARY ANN** Well, where do ye want to be? Exactly.

**EMILY** Arrived at the island. At Treasure Island. No. Wait. The night *before* we arrive at the island. The night before is always more exciting. Think of Christmas Eve.

**BART** Are you sure?

**EMILY** Absolutely.

**MARY ANN** Then get in the apple barrel.

**EMILY** The what?

**ABRAHAM** The apple barrel, over there. Don't worry we've eaten most of the apples during the voyage –

**EMILY** – alright –

**BLOOD** [*As EMILY climbs in.*] – only a few mouldy ones at the bottom.

**EMILY** Urgh!

**BART** Keep out of sight. And whatever ye do, don't make a noise.

**EMILY** But it's really –

**PAYNE** Sssh! You're going to hear something mighty interesting.

*The **PIRATES** become **LONG JOHN SILVER, ISRAEL HANDS, O'BRIEN** and the rest of the mutinous crew around the apple barrel. They*

are also able to drop back into being the **PIRATES** in order to speak to **EMILY** when the occasion demands it. **EMILY** pops out of the barrel whenever she speaks to us.

**SILVER** Come closer, shipmates. Come closer.

**EMILY** *[To us.]* That's Long John Silver's voice.

**PAYNE** That's right. Now keep quiet.

**HANDS** Tell me something, John.

**EMILY** *[To us.]* And that's Israel Hands, the coxswain.

**ABRAHAM** Keep quiet.

**O'BRIEN** Me and Hands has a question for you, Long John.

**EMILY** *[To us.]* But who's that?

**MARY ANN** I'm Patrick O'Brien now. Get back in that there barrel. Do ye want me to catch you?

**EMILY** No.

**MARY ANN** Good.

**HANDS** Here's what we want to know, Silver.

**SILVER** What is it you want to know?

**HANDS** How long are going to hold off? I've had a'most enough o' Cap'n Smollett, by thunder!

**SILVER** Israel. Israel Hands, me old crewmate. We must bide our time and wait till I gives the word.

**HANDS** When?

**SILVER** When! by the powers! The last moment I can manage is when.

**HANDS** Why?

**SILVER** Why, Israel? Have you forgotten what we're a-here for? Lis'n. Cap'n Smollett sails the ship for us. The doctor – he's got the map – he finds the

treasure for us, and he gets it aboard. They do all the work. And when the treasure's in the hold, then we strike.

**HANDS** But we will strike?

**SILVER** That's why we shipped aboard...

**EMILY** *[To us.]* Captain Smollett was right. They are going to mutiny and steal the treasure!

**PIRATES** *[To EMILY.]* Sssh!

**SILVER** Yes, but on'y after you has found it.

**PIRATES** *[To SILVER.]* Sssh!

**ABRAHAM** Keep listening.

**O'BRIEN** What are we to do with 'em?

**SILVER** Well, what do you think? Leave 'em marooned ashore? Or cut 'em down like that much pork? That would have been Flint's or Billy Bones's way.

**HANDS** Billy was the man for that. 'Dead men don't bite' says he.

**SILVER** An' right he was – dead men don't bite. So I gives my vote – wait, let 'em find the treasure for us, and then, when the time comes, why, death!

**HANDS** John, you're a man!

**SILVER** Only one thing I claims – I claims Livesey – I'll wring his calf's head off his body with these hands.

**EMILY** *[To us.]* He's going to kill us all! I must warn Captain Smollett and Dr Livesey.

**ABRAHAM** Get down!

**EMILY** But I need –

**ABRAHAM** Get down, I say.

**SILVER** Patrick, be a sweet lad, and get me an apple, to wet my pipe like.

**O'BRIEN** Aye, Long John.

**EMILY** No!

***O'BRIEN** approaches the barrel.*

**HANDS** Oh, stow that, Patrick! Let's have a go of the rum.

**O'BRIEN** Aye, Hands.

***O'BRIEN** stops.*

**SILVER** Nay, Israel, it's an apple I wants. Patrick, fetch me an apple.

**O'BRIEN** Aye, Long John.

***O'BRIEN** goes for the barrel again.*

**SILVER** An' make it a fresh one. The ones up top get all shrivelled in the sun. Reach right down to the bottom.

**O'BRIEN** Aye, Long John.

***O'BRIEN** puts his arm right into the barrel.*

**SILVER** That's it. Have a real decent feel about...

*Just when it seems impossible that he hasn't discovered **EMILY's** hiding place...*

**LOOKOUT** *[From the cross trees.]* Land ahoy! Island off the weather bow!

**O'BRIEN** *[Taking her hand from the barrel.]* The island!

**ABRAHAM** Treasure Island!

**PAYNE** Our first sight of Treasure Island!

**EMILY** *[Climbing, with some relief, out of the barrel and trying to avoid being seen. To us]* I can't believe I wasn't caught then! The only thing that could have saved me was finding the island. And that's exactly what happened. *[To the **PIRATES.**]* What does it look like?

**BLOOD** What do you imagine?

**SONG: Treasure Island**

**EMILY:**

I imagine,  
In my mind's eye,  
The island of my dreams.

At first I see an endless golden beach,  
Without a human print upon the sand,  
Which leads to forest, dense and dark and green,  
Where clouds of colour'd birds wheel through the air.

**CREW:**

And what you see,  
In your mind's eye,  
What you see, it's all there.

**EMILY:**

And, rising from the trees, three cloud-capp'd peaks,  
One taller than the rest, the Spy-Glass Hill,  
A wild stone spire of treach'rous jagged rocks,  
And, in a hidden cave, a wild man's lair.

**CREW:**

And what you see,  
In your mind's eye,  
What you see, it's all there.

**EMILY:**

And, shimm'ring in the fierce heat of the sun,  
A deadly swamp with water, pois'nous green,  
And, there! beneath the stinking surface, lurks  
A jewelled snake, eyes fix'd in glassy stare.

**CREW:**

And what you see,  
In your mind's eye,  
What you see,  
Is all there.

**EMILY:**

And somewhere on that island, buried deep,  
Now waiting for us brave and daring few,  
Lies all that's left of evil Captain Flint:  
A hidden chest of treasures, rich and rare.

**CREW:**

And what you see,  
In your mind's eye,

What you see,  
Is all there.

**EMILY:**  
I imagine,  
In my mind's eye,  
The island of my dreams.

**SMOLLETT** Now, men, has any one of you ever seen that land ahead?

**SILVER** I have, sir. Skeleton Island they calls it.

**SMOLLETT** The anchorage is on the south, I fancy?

**SILVER** Aye, sir.

**SMOLLETT** I have a map here. Is this the place?

***SMOLLETT** hands **LONG JOHN SILVER** a map. As he studies it, **EMILY** peers over his shoulder.*

**SILVER** A map, you say?

**EMILY** *[To us.]* Captain Smollett can't just hand him the map like that. Once he's got the map, he'll be able to find the treasure for himself. And if he can find the treasure for himself, he won't need us. And if he doesn't need us, then... then we'll all be killed!

**PAYNE** Don't worry, This isn't the same map you found in Billy Bones's chest. It's a copy – none of the red crosses are on it.

**EMILY** Good plan.

**PAYNE** Thank 'ee kindly.

**SILVER** And is the map that has led us here?

**SMOLLETT** Aye, Silver, it is.

**SILVER** *[Giving none of his disappointment away.]* Yes sir, this is the spot to be sure; and very prettily drawn out. Who might have done that I wonder?

**SMOLLETT** Thank you, my man. I'll ask you, later on, to give us a help. You may go. *[To the **CREW.**]* We make for the bay on the south end. Put her on a starboard tack and keep to the weather of the island. When we reach calm waters, drop anchor.

**CREW** Aye, aye, sir!

*The **CREW** leap into action to follow **SMOLLETT**'s orders.*

***EMILY** pulls **SMOLLETT** and **LIVESEY** to one side. They talk privately amidst the bustle of the ship.*

**EMILY** Captain, Doctor, I need to speak to you. I've got really bad news.

**LIVESEY** What is it, Jim?

**EMILY** The captain is right – the crew are all pirates, and they know about the map and the treasure, and, after we have found it and dug it up, they are going to take over the ship and kill us all.

**LIVESEY** No!

**EMILY** Long John Silver said he'd pull your head off with his own hands.

**LIVESEY** The deuce he will! I'm rather fond of my head, and I think he'll find it's very firmly fixed. What are we to do?

**SMOLLETT** Well, I see four points. First, we go on because we can't go back – if we did, they'd attack at once. Second point, we have time – at least, until this treasure's found. Third point, there are a few faithful men who will fight beside us when it comes to blows.

**LIVESEY** But we are hopelessly outnumbered – there are far more pirates than there are honest men.

**SMOLLETT** Yes, but the honest men are all English men.

**EMILY** Captain, you said there were four points...

**SMOLLETT** Indeed there are. Fourth point, and most importantly, we have Jim here. He can help us more than anything. The men are not shy with him, and he is a noticing lad. Jim, you shall be our eyes and ears and tell us everything that these scoundrels are up to. Without you, Jim, I fear we would be lost.

**LIVESEY** Hawkins, I put prodigious faith in you.

*We hear the cry of 'Drop anchor!' and the rattle of chains. Clouds of birds are sent screeching into the sky.*

*Silence.*

We're here.

**SMOLLETT** Do not say a word and keep a bright look out. Silver does not know we're on to him, and we must keep it that way as long as we can...

*[To the **CREW.**] My lads, we've had a long voyage, and are all tired and out of sorts. A spell on dry land'll hurt nobody. Take the gigs, and as many as please can go ashore for the afternoon.*

*A cheer that takes over the whole ship, sweeping the **PIRATES** playing **SMOLLETT** and **LIVESEY** up with it, so that they become part of the **CREW.***

*Perhaps a rousing chorus of 'Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest'.*

***EMILY** watches them launch a gig and all pile in.*

**EMILY** *[To us.]* I know what I have to do now! I am the eyes and ears of Captain Smollett and Dr Livesey. I have to follow the pirates ashore, work out what their plans are, and then report back to the Captain and the Doctor here on the Hispaniola. I'll stow away in the gig. Yes, and I will take these...

*Almost as if from nowhere **EMILY** produces two pistols and tucks them into the waistband of her breeches.*

... a pair of loaded pistols. Now to hide in the boat. I've just got to hope that none of them notice me...

***EMILY** manages to slip unseen into the gig and hide in the foresheets.*

*The gig pulls away from the Hispaniola. Four members of the **CREW** row, **SILVER** sits aft with the tiller.*

So far, so good...

**SILVER** Cast off!

**EMILY** *[To us.]* We're leaving the Hispaniola...

**SILVER** Pull for Treasure Island, lads!

**EMILY** *[To us.]* Not far now, I can hear the breakers on the beach...

**SILVER** Bring her right up on the sand!

**EMILY** *[To us.]* Nearly there...

*The gig beaches on the shore.*

*A ragged cheer from the **CREW**. They climb out of the gig.*

Now, hang back until it's safe to get closer to them, then listen to what they're plotting.

*The **CREW** disperse leaving **LONG JOHN SILVER** and **TOM REDRUTH** on the beach.*

**BLOOD** Make sure you hear this. You'll like it.

**EMILY** Er... ok.

**SILVER** Now, Tom, all's I want to know is, are you for us or agin us?

**REDRUTH** Silver, I...

**SILVER** Mate, it's to save your neck that I'm a-speaking.

*A sudden cry in the distance, then another, then a long drawn out scream. The marsh birds rise with a screech.*

***REDRUTH** leaps away from **LONG JOHN SILVER**.*

John! What was that?

**SILVER** That? Oh, I reckon that'll be Alan Joyce, mate, speaking his last.

**REDRUTH** Alan Joyce! Then God rest his soul! And as for you, John Silver, you're a mate of mine no more. You've killed Alan, have you? Kill me too, if you can. I defies you.

***REDRUTH** turns his back on **LONG JOHN SILVER** and walks away.*

***LONG JOHN SILVER** hits him across the back of the head with his crutch and, with fearsome agility, leaps on his prostrate body. He pulls out a knife and buries it twice into **REDRUTH**.*

***LONG JOHN SILVER** stands up and calmly wipes his knife.*

**SILVER** No one defies me, Tom.

**LONG JOHN SILVER** suddenly spots **EMILY**.

**EMILY** You killed him!

***EMILY** clambers out of the gig, and begins to run...*

**SILVER** Come back here, Jim lad!

**EMILY** You killed him!

**SILVER** Aye.

**EMILY** That's three, no, four, people dead already, and we haven't even started looking for the treasure.

**MARY ANN** [*Sitting up.*] I'm not really dead.

**EMILY** I don't care. That was horrid. Can't I, I don't know, meet someone who's been shipwrecked or something?

**MARY ANN** We'll see what we can do.

**BLOOD** We are pirates though!

*... but she has gone.*

### **SEQUENCE TO MUSIC**

*We see **EMILY** race, terrified, away from the beach, through trees and bushes, over rocks, through a marsh. The music is urgent and frenzied.*

***EMILY** begins to climb upwards until she reaches the side of a hill, steep and stony. As she looks to the summit a shower of gravel is dislodged from above. There is someone up there!*

*The music changes – slow, sinister, tense.*

*Letting us know what she is about to do, **EMILY** pulls out the pistols that she has tucked into her waistband, and tries to creep up the other side of the hill to ambush the mysterious stranger.*

*She reaches the spot where she imagined him to be. There is no one there.*

*She turns around, puzzled.*

*Suddenly a wild figure is there in front of her. It is **BEN GUNN**.*

***EMILY** points the pistols with shaking hands.*

**GUNN** Don't shoot.

*She lowers her pistols.*

**EMILY** Who are you?

**GUNN** Ben Gunn. I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am; and I haven't spoken with a Christian these three years.

**EMILY** Three years! Were you shipwrecked or something?

**GUNN** Nay, mate, marooned, and lived on goats, and berries, and oysters. You mightn't have a piece of cheese about you, now? Many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese – toasted, mostly. Just a piece of cheese?

**EMILY** No, sorry.

**GUNN** I'm rich...

**EMILY** Sorry, I haven't got any cheese.

**GUNN** Tell me, what do you call yourself?

**EMILY** They call me Jim.

**GUNN** Jim, Jim, ah, Jim, you'll bless your stars, you will, you was the first that found me. Ben Gunn's got a secret for you.

**EMILY** A secret?

**GUNN** For a morsel of cheese...

**EMILY** You can have all the cheese you can eat if I ever get aboard again.

**GUNN** If you ever get aboard again, says you. Why, now, who's to hinder you? Not a seafaring man with only one leg?

**EMILY** Yes!

**GUNN** Not... Silver? If you was sent by Long John, I'm as good as pork.

**EMILY** No, he didn't send me. He's about to take over our ship, him and the other pirates.

**GUNN** He's the very devil is he. Silver and me was shipmates. We was on board when Flint buried the treasure; he and six strong seamen went ashore. Flint come back by hisself, and the six? All dead.

I shipped aboard another ship, and we sighted this island. 'Boys,' said I, 'let's land and find Flint's treasure.' The cap'n was displeased at that. Says he, 'You can stay here and find it for yourself.' Are you sure you don't have just a crumb of cheese?

**EMILY** If we get out of this alive, I'll get Captain Smollett and Dr Livesey to bring you back to England with us, and then you can eat as much cheese as you like.

**GUNN** Much obliged, I'm sure. Just you mention these words to your captain, Jim: three years he were the man of this island, and the most part of Gunn's time (this is what you'll say) – the most part of his time was took up with a secret matter. And then you'll give him a pinch.

**EMILY** A pinch?

**GUNN** Yes, like I do.

***BEN GUNN pinches EMILY.***

**EMILY** Ow! I've got no idea what you're talking about, but who cares? I can't get back on board anyway.

**GUNN** Ah, that's the hitch, for sure. Well, there's my boat, that I made with my two hands. I keep her under the white rock.

**EMILY** You've got a boat?

**GUNN** Of course. I have a boat.

**EMILY** Then what are we waiting for? Let's get back to the Hispaniola.

*They set off.*

*A sudden flash and bang from a cannon. Then another. And another. The sound of the cannon is the cast shouting BANG! very loudly.*

**GUNN** Ha! What's that?

*The Union Flag is run up the audience's heads.*

Now, there's your captain, sure enough.

**EMILY** No, he's still on board ship. More likely it's the pirates.

**GUNN** That? Look at the flag! Pirates would fly...

**EMILY** ... the Jolly Roger! That's the captain all right, but why's he on land? What's happened to the ship?

*Shouting.*

*A volley of musket fire.*

The fighting's started. Follow me.

**GUNN** No, not where Silver is. Rum wouldn't bring me there.

**EMILY** But...

**GUNN** You'll find Ben Gunn again, just where you found him today. And him that comes is to have a white thing in his hand. You won't forget?

*Another volley of musket fire.*

**EMILY** ducks instinctively. She stands up, looks around, but **BEN GUNN** has gone.

**EMILY** I won't forget!

*More musket fire and shouting.*

Ha! This is where the adventure really begins!

### **SONG: The High Seas**

You could seek out a life that is cosy and safe,  
A life where nothing goes wrong,  
But we seek a life full of danger and fear,  
Of action and laughter and song.

So let's haul up the anchor, and hoist all the sails,  
Batten the hatches 'gainst blustery gales,  
Leave our homes far behind, to do as we please,  
And seek for adventure upon the high seas.

You could spend all your days with your eyes closed tight shut,  
And never ask, 'What's over there?'  
But we travel onwards, daring always to look,  
As there's marvellous sights everywhere.

So let's haul up the anchor, and hoist all the sails,  
Batten the hatches 'gainst blustery gales,  
Leave our homes far behind, to do as we please,  
And seek for adventure upon the high seas.

You could say 'I'm like this, it's the way that I'm made',  
And never be ready to change,  
But how will you know if you're clever or brave,  
Without trying the new and the strange?

So let's haul up the anchor, and hoist all the sails,  
Batten the hatches 'gainst blustery gales,  
Leave our homes far behind, to do as we please,  
And seek for adventure upon the high seas.

So what keeps us stuck in the same boring place?  
What stops us from daring to grow?  
It's the fear of adventure, the fear of the new,  
The fear of the things we don't know.

So let's haul up the anchor, and hoist all the sails,  
Batten the hatches 'gainst blustery gales,  
Leave our homes far behind, to do as we please,  
And seek for adventure upon the high seas.

**END OF ACT ONE**