

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
Timothy Mason

Treasure Island was originally produced by the Children's Theatre Company in the 1975-76 season.

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CHARACTERS (In order of appearance):

JIM HAWKINS

BLIND PEW

BILLY BONES

MRS. HAWKINS

DR. LIVESEY

EMLYN JENKINS

EMLYN'S FRIEND

EMLYN'S 2nd FRIEND

BLACK DOG

DIRK

JOHN DANCER

SQUIRE TRELAWNEY

LONG JOHN SILVER

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT

O'BRIEN

ISRAEL HANDS

REDCLIFF

GEORGE MERRY

TOM MORGAN

DICK

RODGERS

HUNTER

REDRUTH

BENN GUNN

VOICE OF OLDER JIM HAWKINS

The Setting:

In its original production, this adaptation of *TREASURE ISLAND*, the sets, designed by were in grand and romantic-naturalistic style. The comprised four basic set locales: The Admiral Benbow, a naturalistic cut-away of an old English country inn on the western coast near Bristol; The Hispaniola, a fairly complete two-masted schooner of the period; The Island, which through the use of soft hanging trees and vines and a blue "sea-scrim" beyond, was capable of depicting four different island locations; the Stockade, one of the four island locales, with a log fortress and out, beyond the sea-scrim, a small model of the Hispaniola at anchor in the bay.

Within these four main locales, two other set locations were made possible through the use of an Act Curtain Scrim. This was painted with a crude map of Treasure Island (Flint's map), and served as the pre-set, as well as being brought in during some of the Jim Hawkins' narrative voice-overs. For the Captain's Cabin scene (Act I, scene vii), the Act Curtain was lowered, a wagon setting of the captain's cabin was rolled in U of it, and the scrim was burned through, revealing the cabin in a "framed" view. For the death of Israel Hands (Act 11, scene iv), the same technique was employed. The Act Curtain scrim came in during Jim Hawkins' narrative voice-over, and then was burned through to reveal an enlarged detail of the deck of the Hispaniola, with the center mast from which Israel falls into the sea (onto a gymnastics mat) prominent.

Obviously, not every producing company will be able to provide such elaborate settings for this play. However, this adaptation of *TREASURE: ISLAND* has been quite successfully produced by small community theatres and others throughout the United States. These notes on the setting are only intended to provide a rough image of the play as it was originally conceived and produced.

ACT I, SCENE I.

Night, the wind, the sea. The weathered sign-board, "Admiral Benbow", creaking on its hinges above the tavern door. The inn is empty but for Jim Hawkins polishing glasses behind the bar, and its warm and flickering light makes it feel cozy and safe compared to the wind-swept cobblestoned street outside.

VOICE OF

JIM HAWKINS

Although it's been years, I remember that night as if it were yesterday. The wind was up -- and the sea was high -- and it was bitterly cold for November. But my mother's inn, the Admiral Benbow, had quite settled down for the evening. Our only lodger, Captain bones, seemed to be quiet of once, and kept to his room. I had nearly given up hope we'd have any visitors at all when -- without warning -- my great adventure began. Of course, I -- Jim Hawkins -- had no notion I was starting out on my journey to Treasure Island.

We hear the tapping of a stick on the stones, and from the shadows see a hunched figure, wrapped in a huge tattered sea-cloak and hood, slowly drawing near to the tavern, making his way with a stick. He taps, walks, stops, and listens. He sniffs and cocks his blind head, as though he were smelling something out -- and then starts again.

Inside, Jim notices the tapping, looks up and listens. Blind Pew stops still. Jim goes back to polishing the glasses. Then he hears the tapping a second time -- Blind Pew has reached the tavern door -- and Jim leaves the bar, glass and cloth in hand, and walks to the door. Just as he opens the door, Pew ducks into a shadow and Billy Bones roars from upstairs.

BONES

Hawkins !

Jim drops the glass and it shatters on the floor.

JIM

Oh, bother the man!

BONES

Jim Hawkins!

JIM

Yessir, Cap'm Bones, sir. Straightaway, sir!

We hear a thin, high wail from the street which, if we knew it, serves Blind Pew for laughter. Jim hears it and turns back to the door.

JIM Nothin', Cap'm.

BONES *(Furtive whisper.)* Are ye cartin', Jim? Not a soul?

JIM Only Emlyn Jenkins, and he's making his way here to the Admiral Benbow, like as not.

BONES None other, then? Not as man -- listen to me, Jim -- not a man wif no eyes in his head?

JIM No eyes? *(Jim opens the door again and looks out. The wind.)* No, sir. Bless my soul, sir, there ain't.

BONES Not even...Jim! *(Jim turns back inside, closing the door.)* Not even...a sea-farin' man wif only one leg, Jim? There weren't none o'those out there, was there? *(Jim laughs.)*

JIM Oh, Cap'm! Beggin' your pardon, Cap'm, but you're a sight! One-legged men and men without no eyes, sir? I think you'll be wantin' your rum now, sir... *(Bones slowly begins to laugh.)*

BONES That's right, Jim. Ha haaa! Sharp as a handspike, ain't you, and only a yard long! *(Claps Jim on the back and they both laugh.)* Jim knows there's nought to be afeard of, don't he? Anyways, I was just tryin' you out, lad -- seein' what you was made on. Ha haaaa! Only ... see my mark, Jim? *(Indicating his scar.)* My mark tells me.

Mrs. Hawkins has been standing for a few moments past in the staircase door. She descends not and enters the taproom.

MRS. HAWKINS Tells you what, Mr. Bones? Tells you to pay up the three weeks food and lodgin' you owes me? Tells you to stop fillin' my boy Jim with outlandish stories, then, Mr. Bones? What does it tell you, uh?

BONES Ahhh, Mrs. Hawkins, you are a wonder, you are. And so's yer fine, boy, here. A couple o'wonders, you is. Ha haaaa!

MRS. HAWKINS The only wonder is I don't throw you out, Mr. Bones -- Captain or no Captain. *(Moving to the door.)* Lor' bless me, there's a wind. Jim! What's all this mess here? Not another broke glass, Jim!

JIM Yes, mum.

BONES Not to worry, Mrs. Hawkins. When I gets my own back, you'll be took care of proper, you and yer fine lad here.

MRS. HAWKINS I'd ruther be took care of now, Mr. Bones. I'd ruther you just paid for that drink what's in your hand already. Clear away the mess, Jim.

Bones grumbles off into the public room and sits. Jim begins to pick up the broken glass. His mother watches him for a moment.

MRS HAWKINS Jim...

JIM *(Looking up.)*Mum?

MRS. HAWKINS *(Suddenly moves to her son and hugs him.)* There now. Get busy. The good doctor'll be droppin' by tonight, or so he said.

JIM Dr. Livesey!

MRS. HAWKINS Who else?

JIM Will he bring toffee?

MRS. HAWKINS Never mind. And Jim...donlt listen with more than half an ear to that old rogue. *(Indicating Bones.)* Cause half of what he says is made up out of his head, and the other half is the fault o'rum. Go on, now. *(She exits up the stairs.)*

BONES *(Strident whisper.)* Jiiiim!

JIM Cap'm Bones?

As Jim approaches, Bones suddenly stands and grabs him by the shirt.

BONES It's my old sea-chest they're after, Jim.

JIM Who?

BONES They want what's inside it.

JIM Who is it you're talking about, Cap'm?

BONES Why, Flint's crew, of course! All old Cap'm Flint's crew, man and boy -- all that's left. I was first mate, I was, old Flint's first mate, and I'm the only one as knows the place. Flint gave it me in Savannah, when he lay a'dyin'. That's why they're after me, don't you know, an' if they find me, they'll tip me the black spot, they will, they'll put the black spot on Billy Bones.

JIM What's the black spot, captain?

BONES It means yer called for, matey. It's the summons.

JIM *(After a slight pause.)* It's all nonsense, Cap'm. You're makin' it up out of your head!

Doctor Livesey appears at the door of the Benbow and opens it unnoticed.

BONES DAMN YOU, BOY! You keep a civil tongue!

DR. LIVESEY You, sir, would do well to mind your own advice. Let go that child.

JIM Dr. Livesey!

DR. LIVESEY Sir! Do as I say this instant!

BONES *(Releasing Jim from his grasp.)* Yes sir, yer honor, sir. We was just havin' a bit of a chat, me and Jim, wasn't we? Just fancy stories, sir, yer honor, no harm in that, it there? Besides...*(With an evil glance at Jim.)* Jim here is too bright to believe a word of 'em. Ain't you, Jim.

Emlyn Jenkins arrives at the Inn door with a couples of cronies. These are locales, a bit drunk already.

EMLYN Evenin', Dr. Livesey. Hello Jim. How's yer mum?

ANOTHER MAN *(Indicating Bones.)* Oh oh. He's here. Let's sit in here, what?

EMLYN Couple o'noggins, Jim!

JIM Right, Emlyn. *(Jim goes to fetch the rum.)*

DR. LIVESEY I doubt you need much more rum, Emlyn.

EMLYN Only one more to steady me nerves, Doctor. I just had an awful fright.

MRS. HAWKINS *(Appearing at the top of the staircase.)* Evening, Doctor. Jim, be quick an' fetch the Doctor what he wants.

DR. LIVESEY Nothing for me, Mrs. Hawkins. I'm waiting to hear what's happened to Emlyn Jenkins. It appears he's had "an awful fright."

EMLYN And that I did, sir...that I did, Mrs. Hawkins. It were awful. Thanks, Jim. *(Emlyn takes the mug which Jim has offered him.)*

DR. LIVESEY Well, come on, man. Tell us what it was and have done!

EMLYN Well, sir, it was not a furlong from the Benbow...not a furlong from yer own front door, ma'm, sorry to say it. I was on my way along, when I see's this old bent chap, lurkin' like in the shadows, I says to meself, there's some old seafarin' gent what's lost his way. I took him for an old man, see? And then, I heard this noise. It was like he was pokin' at the stones with a stick or somethin'.

Bones in the other room slowly rises, listening. Jim, stops polishing the glass that he holds in his hand and listens closely.

EMLYN And then, I get's closer to him, see? And still he's scrapin' away at the stones and movin' at a snail's pace. And then, sir, the clouds moved and the moon, it shone full in his face, and, beggin' yer pardon, ma'm, but this old man...he didn't have no eyes.

Jim drops the glass and it shatters. Bones utters a cry and sinks into his chair. Within the space of a moment, the wind blows open the outside door and the tavern is filed with fog. Light changes, the figures in the Benbow become indistinct and slow moving: a vague tableau of figures surrounding Billy Bones, trying to revive him.

ACT I, SCENE II

Continuous with the above. During the following voice-over narration, there is a passage of time: The figures in the dimly lit Benbow slowly move out of sight leaving only Bones and Jim Hawkins in the inn.

VOICE OF

JIM HAWKINS

Not the smallest wonder of that night was that my mother never scolded me for breaking not one, but two glasses in the course of the evening. She must have forgot to. For that was the beginning of the mysterious events which rid us at last of old Captain Bones, and started us off on our great adventure. As for Cap'm Bones, we finally managed to bring him around. But for days after, he never left his place in the tap-room, and despite all our good efforts, never once left his rum.

So things passed, until one day, about nine o'clock of a bitter, foggy, frosty, evening. I was just passing out the door when I saw someone drawing slowly near along the road.

Jim Hawkins steps out of the Benbow and then ducks back into the Inn, standing apprehensively at the door. We hear the stick. Jim peeks back out the door.

BLIND PEW

(Just coming into sight.) Will any kind friend inform a poor blind man, who has lost the precious sight of his eyes in the gracious defense of his native country -- God bless King George! -- where he may now be?

JIM

(Taking cautious steps out of the tavern door.) You are at the Admiral Benbow, Sir, Black Hill Cove.

BLIND PEW

I hear a voice, a young voice. *(Will you give me your hand, my kind young friend, and lead me in? Jim tentatively holds out his hand, and Pew grads it like a vise and pulls Jim into the street with him.)* Now, boy, take me in to the Captain.

JIM

Sir, upon my word, I dare not!

BLIND PEW Take me in or I'll break your arm. *(Pew bends Jim's arm back behind him. Jim cries out.)*

JIM Sir, it is for yourself I mean. The captain is not what he used to be. He sits with a drawn cutlass...

BLIND PEW Come now, march! Lead me straight up to him, and when I'm in view, you say these words to him... *(Pew whispers into Jim's ear.)* And if you don't, I'll do this. *(He jerks Jim's arm back and up. Jim stifles a cry. Pew pushes Jim before him into the inn. Bones does not see them until Jim speaks.)*

JIM Herels...a friend...for you, Bill.

Bones looks up, and an expression of sickness and terror comes over his face. He makes a movement to rise.

BLIND PEW Now, Bill, sit where you are. If I can't see, I can still hear a finger stirring. Business is business. Hold out your left hand. Now, this dear child as I've took such a liking to, will take your left hand by the wrist and bring it hear to my right. *(Both Jim and Bones do as they're told. Pew passes something from the hollow of his hand into the palm of the captain's, which closes upon it instantly.)* And now, that's done.

Pew turns and taps his way out. Bones and Jim remain motionless for a moment, Jim still holding Bones' wrist. Then Bones pulls back his hand, and looks into the palm.

BONES Ten o'clock! *(In a sudden, unsteady fury, Bones picks up the cutlass from the table and lurches to the door.)* MISTER PEW... COME... BACK...

Bones screams and swings the cutlass aimlessly through the air, it strikes the "Admiral Benbow" signboard and notches it. Bones suddenly clutches at his heart, staggers back in the door, stands swaying for a moment and then, with a peculiar sound, fall from his whole height face foremost to the floor. Jim stoops over the body for a moment and then runs to the staircase.

JIM Mother! Come quick! It's Cap'm Bones!

Jim rushes back to the captain and kneels. Mrs. Hawkins appears for a moment in the door at the top of the stairs, then runs in the room.

MRS. HAWKINS What is it, then, Jim? Drunk?

JIM No, mum. The Captain is dead.

MRS. HAWKINS Dead!

Jim, with a great effort, turns Bones over on his back. Mrs. Hawkins lets out a brief scream.

JIM It was the blind man. He called him "Mister Pew."

MRS. HAWKINS He killed 'im?

JIM No, mum. He put the black spot on him. They was pirates, mum, both of 'em -- even Cap'm Bones. And there's others about -- all of Captain Flint's men.

MRS. HAWKINS The black spot? Pirates? God in heaven, boy, what are you talking about?

Jim suddenly remembers the black spot, kneels over the corpse and unfolds Bones' hands. He peels off a black circle of paper and stands.

JIM The black spot. It means you're called for. It must have been the fright killed him. The sea-chest! They're after his old sea-chest!

MRS. HAWKINS Well, dead men or no, I'm after the three weeks food and lodgin' Mr. Bones owes me, and is not likely to pay now. If there's aught to be had in that sea-chest what's rightfully mine, I mean to take it, be there ever so many pirates. (*Starting for the staircase.*) Dear Lord, if only yer poor father was alive.

JIM Mother! What time is it?

MRS. HAWKINS Oh, the Lord gave me a stupid son. Nearly ten, I should imagine. What do you want to know such a thing for?

JIM Because there's some writing on this here black spot. It says, "you have till ten o'clock!" Mother, they're coming back for him, they're coming back for whatever it is he's got!

MRS. HAWKINS As she turns and runs up the stairs and out the door. Get help, Jim! I'll fetch the sea-chest!

Jim turns helplessly to the body and then to the outside door. He cautiously steps out and looks. No one. He goes back into the inn, and runs to the other outside door, opens it and looks out. Sees someone.

JIM Emlyn! Emlyn Jenkins! (*Emlyn pokes his head in the door.*)

EMLYN Hello, Jim, old man. How's yer mum?

JIM Quick, Emlyn! You must ride to Doctor Livesey's, you must fetch help at one! Bone is dead. Pirates. Flint's men!

EMLYN Flint! God help us!

JIM Quickly, Emlyn! Fetch the Doctor! Fetch Squire Trelawney! Go on, man!

EMLYN God help us! Pirates!

We hear him running off down the cobblestones. Form the stair case we hear a loud banging sound: it is Mrs. Hawkins dragging the sea-chest down the stairs.

MRS. HAWKINS Give us a hand, Jim. (*Jim runs to help her, together they pull the chest clattering down the stairs into the room.*) It's locked, Jim.

JIM Oh, mother. Let's never mind it! The blind man will be back, mother, and he won't be alone!

MRS. HAWKINS The key to it's on him, I'll wager. Go and see, Jim. (*Resignedly goes to the corpse, kneels by it.*)

JIM It's there, mother, round his neck.

MRS. HAWKINS We have to get it off him...Who's to touch it I should like to know.. .

Jim reluctantly pulls at the string. Bones' head flops up. Jim breaks the string and brings the key to the chest.

JIM There now. (*Opens the chest.*)

MRS. HAWKINS (*Looking in.*) Where's all the money? It's mostly papers and things.

JIM It's almost time, mother! Hurry!

MRS. HAWKINS Here's a bag. I'll show those rogues I'm an honest woman. I'll have what's owed to me and not a farthing over.

She begins picking through the bag of coins, pulling out one here and there and making a small pile of them. Jim goes to R door, bolts it; the window, locks it; and the L outside door, bolts it.

MRS. HAWKINS One an' eight. One an' eight, fourpenny. One an' nine.

JIM (*Furtive whisper.*) Mother! Listen!

She stops her counting and they both listen. The tapping on the blind man's stick, growing nearer. Pew at the door, Jim on the other side of it, not breathing. The door handle turns slowly. Locked. The handle is rattled. Locked. The tapping begins again and recedes.

JIM Mother, for mercy's sake, take all of it and let's be going!

MRS. HAWKINS I'll not have a penny more than is due to me.

JIM Well, take none of it then! Mother, They'll be back!

MRS. HAWKINS None of it? What an idea! None of it, indeed.

She goes back to counting. Jim examines a packet of papers he's pulled from the chest.

JIM Look what I've got here, mum. (*Just then, we hear a low whistle some distance away, and the clock begins to strike ten.*)

MRS. HAWKINS Oh, my Gawd.

JIM It's them, mother!

MRS. HAWKINS Well, I'll just have to take what I have.

JIM *(Putting the packet of papers into his vest.)* And I'll take this to square count. This way mum. *(Jim unbolts the street door, peeks out.)* Now!

MRS. HAWKINS Wait.

JIM Now, Mother! *(Jim takes her by the arm and urges her out into the street.)*

MRS. HAWKINS *(suddenly stopping.)* My dear, I'm afraid you'll have to take the money and run, because I'm going to faint.

JIM Not now!

She faints into his arms. Jim looks about him distractedly. The low whistle again, twice. Jim halfcarries, half-draws his mother to the tree, SL, and eases her down into the little ditch beneath the bridge. Then he too crawls down and hides there, although we can see his head peering out. Just then, we hear running footsteps and muttered speech. Four men come into view beneath the signboard -- two of them supporting Blind Pew, one at each hand.

BLIND PEW Down with the door!

DIRK It's open, Mister Pew.

BLIND PEW *(Screeching.)* Well then, in, in, in!

The three rush into the Benbow, leaving Pew standing in the street.

BLACK DOG Mr. Pew! Bones is dead!

BLIND PEW Well search him, you dog! The rest of you aloft and get the chest!

JOHNNY They chest is right here!

DIRK Someone's been before us! It's been turned inside out!

BLIND PEW Is it in there?

JOHNNY The money's here.

BLIND PEW Damn the money! Flint's map, I mean! Is the map in there?

DIRK I don't see it nowheres.

BLIND PEW Black Dog! It is on Bones?

BLACK DOG Bones's been overhauled already. There's nothing left.

BLIND PEW It's those people of the inn -- it's the boy! I wish I had put his eyes out! They were here no time ago -- they had the door bolted when I tried it. Scatter, lads, and find 'em! Rout the house out! (*The men ransack the inn, overturning furniture, kicking in doors, while Pew stands in the street and raves.*) Find them! Find that boy! You have your hands on thousands, you fools, and you hang a leg! They must be close by! You have your hands on it! Oh, shiver my soul! If I had eyes! (*One by one, the three men cease the search and file out into the street.*)

DIRK There's no one, Pew. They've made off.

BLIND PEW Dogs! If you had the pluck of a Weevil in a biscuit, you would catch them still!

BLACK DOG Hang it, Pew, we've got the doubloons!

BLIND PEW Curse the doubloons! It's the map!

JOHNNY They might have hid the blessed thing. Take the doubloons and don't stand here squalling!

BLIND PEW Squalling, is it? I'll give you a squall about your filthy head, John Dancer! (*Pew begins striking at them blindly with his stick.*)

JOHNNY Ouch! I'll break your old neck, Pew, eyes or no eyes!

BLIND PEW Cowards !

DIRK Pew! I'm warning you!

BLACK DOG Get the stick from him!

BLIND PEW Cowards! Fools! I'm to lose my chance at fortunes because of you!

They struggle. Suddenly a series of frantic whistles from the distance. The men stop fighting and listen.

JOHNNY There's Morgan! It's up, lads!

BLACK DOG Someone's found us! Run ! (A pistol shot rings out.)

DIRK Run for it!

The three men scatter, abandoning Pew. The sound of horses galloping.

BLIND PEW Wait! Don't leave me! Johnny, Black dog, Dirk -- you won't leave old Pew, mates -- not poor Blind Pew! Come back! (Sound of horses closer.) Help me!

Pew staggering aimlessly, frenzied. He runs and trips into the ditch where Jim and his mother are hiding, landing directly on Jim.

BLIND PEW Help! Who's there? Help me!

Jim pushes Pew up and out of the ditch. Sounds of galloping horses very loud.

BLIND PEW (Staggering up the street and out of sight, screeching.) Alms! Alms for a blind man! Alms!

Loud horse whinny. Pew Screams. Horse hooves come to a stop. Silence.

JIM (On his feet, looking up the street after Pew.) Lord!

DR. LIVESEY (Off.) The man is dead. Stone dead.

JIM Oh, Doctor Livesey!

DR. LIVESEY *(Entering and shouting back to others behind.)* Jenkins! Take my horse!
(To Jim.) Hello, Hawkins. Terrible situation. I'm afraid I've killed a
blind beggar. Ran right into my path.

JIM It was no beggar, Doctor Livesey. It was Pew, the pirate, and he
would've put my eyes out, and mother's... *(Suddenly remembering.)*
Mother !

He turns to the ditch. Mrs. Hawkins, disgruntled and disheveled, is dusting herself off.

MRS. HAWKINS Good evening, Doctor Livesey.

DR. LIVESEY Mrs. Hawkins. *(Squire Trelawney and Emlyn Jenkins, having cared for
their horses, enter and gather round Jim and his mother.)* You know
Squire Trelawney, I believe?

MRS. HAWKINS *(Brushing off her muddy clothes.)* We've never really had the
pleasure, I'm afraid.

SQUIRE Madam. *(They enter the Benbow.)*

MRS. HAWKINS Will you look! They've ruined everything! And Bones there still
owes me for three weeks! *(The men look at each other and laugh.)*

SQUIRE Jenkins. Draw a thimble-full of rum for Mrs. Hawkins, there's a
good man. *(Jenkins does so, Mrs. Hawkins sits apart.)*

DR. LIVESEY Now, Jim. Suppose you tell us what these rogues were after. What
did they want with poor Bones here?

JIM If I'm not mistaken, sir, it was this. *(Jim pulls the oil-skin packet of
papers from his vest. Livesey takes it.)*

DR. LIVESEY If Jim is agreeable ... ? *(Jim nods. Livesey opens the packet and unrolls a
small scroll.)*

SQUIRE A map, Livesey! It's Flint's map!

DR. LIVESEY You've heard of this Flint, then?

SQUIRE Heard of him? He was the blood-thirstiest buccaneer that sailed. Blackbeard was a child to Flint.

DR. LIVESEY Well, I've heard of him myself. But what I want to know is this: supposing what we hold here is some clue to where Flint buried his treasure, will that treasure amount to much?

SQUIRE Amount, sir!

DR. LIVESEY Pray, keep your voice down!

SQUIRE Amount, sir! It will amount to this: If we have the clue you talk about, I'll fit out a ship in Bristol dock and take you and Hawkins here, and Jenkins along, and we'll have that treasure if I search a year.

DR. LIVESEY Well, it's clearly the map of an island. *(Reading from the map.)* "Skeleton Island E.S.E. and by E. Ten feet, Tall tree, Spyglass Shoulder, bearing a point to the N. Of N.N.E."

SQUIRE That's it, man! That's it! Livesey, tomorrow I start for Bristol. We'll have the best ship, sir, and the choicest crew in England. Hawkins shall come as cabin-boy. You'll make a famous cabin-boy, Hawkins!

MRS. HAWKINS My Jim?

SQUIRE Famous, Mrs. Hawkins, famous!

DR. LIVESEY Trelawney! I'll go with you, and so will Jim. There's only one man I'm afraid of.

SQUIRE And who's that? Name the dog, sir!

DR. LIVESEY It's you, sir, for you cannot hold your tongue. We are not the only men who know of this map. Those fellows who attacked the inn tonight ...

Livesey falls silent, looking beyond Jim and the Squire to the man who has just opened the tavern door. The other two see him looking and turn.

MRS. HAWKINS *(Faintly.)* Oh, my gracious ...

LONG JOHN
SILVER Beg pardon if I'm interruptin'.

JIM It's the one-legged man!

DR. LIVESEY Jim! I'm ashamed of you! This is the man that saved your life, and the life of your dear mother!

LONG JOHN No, sir. The lad's dead right. Count me legs any way you choose -- there's only one of 'em.

JIM Saved my life?

DR. LIVESEY It was he who told us you were under attack by pirates.

JIM But I sent Emlyn Jenkins...

SQUIRE Mr. silver, here, got to us before Emlyn. He keeps a public house in Bristol, and he overheard these rogues planning the whole thing. If it hadn't been for Silver, we would have been too late. Silver, I want you to meet Hawkins. Jim Hawkins.

LONG JOHN Awww, Jim. The pleasure is all mine, I'm sure. The pleasure is Long John Silver's entirely, Jim, entirely!

JIM I...I'm sorry, Mr. Silver. I mistook you for somebody else. Thank you, sir.

LONG JOHN Ha haaa. There's a trump, gentlemen! This Hawkins is a trump, that's for sure. *(He tousles Jim's hair and cuffs him on the shoulder.)* Now, gentlemen. Did I hear talk of a sea-farin' voyage, or did I not? Ha haa! *(The parrot on Silver's shoulder squawks and says, "PIECES OF EIGHT, PIECES OF EIGHT!")* There now, Cap'm Flint. Ha haaa! Gentlemen, meet Cap'm Flint. . .

Curtain.