

Treasure Island

by
Robert Louis Stevenson

adapted for the stage
by
Stewart Skelton

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SETTING: AN ATTIC
 A PARLOR
 AN INN
 A WATERFRONT
 THE DECK OF A SHIP
 AN ISLAND
 A STOCKADE ON THE ISLAND

CAST:
VOICE OF BILLY BONES
VOICE OF BLACK DOG
VOICE OF MRS. HAWKINS
VOICE OF CAP'N FLINT
VOICE OF JIM HAWKINS
VOICE OF PEW
JIM HAWKINS
PIRATES
JOHNNY
ARCHIE
PEW
BLACK DOG
DR. LIVESEY
SQUIRE TRELAWNEY
LONG JOHN SILVER
MORGAN
SAILORS
MATE
CAPTAIN SMOLLETT
DICK
ISRAEL HANDS
LOOKOUT
BEN GUNN

TIME:
LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

SCENE ONE

(A treasure chest sits alone on plank flooring. We hear the creak of rigging on a ship set adrift. As the lights begin to dim, we hear menacing, thrilling music building in the background. When a single spot is left illuminating the chest, the music comes to a crashing climax and quickly subsides to continue playing in the background. With the musical climax, the lid of the chest opens with a horrifying groan. Light starts to emanate from the chest, and the spotlight dims. Voices and the sounds of action begin to issue forth from the chest. The music continues underneath.)

VOICE OF BILLY BONES

(singing)

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest -
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest -
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

VOICE OF BLACK DOG

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

VOICE OF BILLY BONES

Black Dog!

VOICE OF BLACK DOG

And who else? Black Dog as ever was, come to see his old shipmate Billy, at the "Admiral Benbow" inn.

(The sounds of a brutal struggle: mugs crashing, tables overturned, cutlasses drawn and crossed, cries of anger. The music surges and subsides.)

VOICE OF BILLY BONES

Jim, you saw that seafaring man today?

VOICE OF JIM HAWKINS

Black Dog?

VOICE OF BILLY BONES

Ah! Black Dog. It's my old sea chest they're after. Now, if I can't get away nohow, and they tip me the black spot, mind you; you get on a horse and - - but you won't unless they get the black spot on me, or unless you see that Black Dog again, or a sea-faring man with one leg, Jim - him above all.

VOICE OF JIM HAWKINS

But what is the black spot, captain?

VOICE OF BILLY BONES

That's a summons, mate. I'll tell you if they get that. But keep your weather-eye open, Jim, and I'll share with you equals, upon my honour.

(The music surges again, then goes nearly silent as we hear the tapping of a blind man's stick on the flagstones. A door creaks and the tapping continues onto wooden flooring. The tapping stops.)

VOICE OF JIM HAWKINS

Here's a friend for you, captain.

VOICE OF BILLY BONES

Blind Pew!

VOICE OF PEW

Now, Bill, sit where you are. Hold out your left hand. Boy, take his left hand by the wrist, and bring it near to my right.

(Beat.)

And now that's done.

(The tapping resumes as Pew exits and the door closes.)

VOICE OF JIM HAWKINS

What is it, sir?

VOICE OF BILLY BONES

The Black Spot! They give me till ten o'clock! We'll do them yet.

(We hear BILLY BONES gasping as he suffers a massive stroke and collapses, dead. The music gives way to a mournful dirge.)

VOICE OF MRS. HAWKINS

Draw down the blind, Jim, they might come and watch outside. And now, we have to get the key off *that*; and who's to touch it, I should like to know!

VOICE OF JIM HAWKINS

He had till ten o'clock, mother.

(A clock starts booming out its strokes.)

VOICE OF MRS. HAWKINS

Now, Jim, that key.

(JIM HAWKINS enters from upstage carrying a lantern. He crosses to the open sea chest.)

VOICE OF MRS HAWKINS (Continued)

I'll show these rogues that I'm an honest woman. I'll have my dues, and not a farthing over.

(Jim kneels before the chest, reaches in, and pulls out a bundle of papers tied up in oilcloth. The music dies and the light from within the chest dies with it.)

JIM HAWKINS

And I'll take this to square the count.

(The clock strikes ten. Jim catches his breath and sets down his lantern. Offstage, we hear the voices of PIRATES. The voices grow loud and dangerous. The Pirates are coming!)

PEW (O.S.)

Down with the door!

PIRATES (O.S.)

Ay, ay, sir!

(There is a great crashing of glass and timber offstage, then a pause and a cry of surprise.)

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Bill's dead!

PEW (O.S.)

Search him, some of you shirking lubbers, and the rest of you aloft and get the chest!

(Jim clutches his oilskin bundle and scurries to another part of the stage just as the pirates enter and surround the chest.)

BLACK DOG

Pew, they've been before us. Someone's turned the chest alow and aloft.

PEW

Is it there?

ARCHIE

The money's there.

PEW

Curse the money! Flint's fist, I mean!

BLACK DOG

We don't see it here, nohow.

PEW

(shouting offstage)

Here, you below there, is it on Bill?

PIRATE (O.S.)

Bill's been overhauled a'ready, nothin' left.

PEW

It's these people of the inn - it's that 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.

JOHNNY

(picking up Jim's lantern)

Sure enough, they left their glim here.

PEW

Scatter and find 'em! Rout the house out!

(The Pirates begin ransacking the theatre. It is all JIM can do to avoid them. From offstage, we hear a signal in the form of a WHISTLE. The Pirates stop in mid-ransack.)

ARCHIE

There's Dirk.

(The WHISTLE sounds again, more urgently this time.)

BLACK DOG

Twice! We'll have to budge, mates.

(The Pirates head for the sea chest to take it away.)

PEW

Budge, you skulk!

(The Pirates stop.)

Dirk was a fool and a coward from the first - don't mind him. They must be close by; they can't be far. Scatter and look for them, dogs! Oh, shiver my soul, if I had eyes!

(One Pirate starts to search again halfheartedly.)

You have your hands on thousands, you fools, and you hang a leg! You'd be rich as kings if you could find it. There wasn't one of you dared face Bill, and I did it - a blind man! And I'm to lose my chance for you!

JOHNNY

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

BLACK DOG

They might have hid the blessed thing. Take the Georges, Pew and don't stand there squalling.

(With a cry, Pew lashes out with his walking stick. JIM scurries offstage. The Pirates duck and draw blades. But all stop when another WHISTLE is frantically blown and we hear the sounds of HORSES at a gallop. There is a PISTOL SHOT. The Pirates turn and fly in every direction. All but Pew.)

PEW

Johnny, Black Dog, Archie, you won't leave old Pew, mates - not old Pew!

(Just then, the noise of HORSES grows louder, bearing down upon the blind man. He screams and flees into the darkness pursued by HORSES and a volley of pistol shots.)

SCENE TWO

(DR. LIVESEY and SQUIRE TRELAWNEY enter with JIM between them.)

LIVESEY

They got the money, you say? Well then, Hawkins, what in fortune were they after? More money, I suppose?

HAWKINS

No, sir: not money, I think. In fact, sir, I believe I have the thing in my breast-pocket; and, to tell you the truth, I should like to get it put into safety. Here it is, doctor.

(Hawkins hands the oilcloth bundle to Dr. Livesey. Livesey and Trelawney bend over the bundle and examine it a moment, then straighten and turn to one another.)

LIVESEY & TRELAWNEY

Captain Flint!

LIVESEY

You've heard of him?

TRELAWNEY

Heard of him! Heard of him, you say! He was the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that sailed. The Spaniards were so prodigiously afraid of him, that, I tell you, sir, I was sometimes proud he was an Englishman. I've seen his top-sails with these eyes, off Trinidad, and the cowardly son of a rum-puncheon that I sailed with put back - put back, sir, into Port of Spain.

LIVESEY

Well, I've heard of him myself, in England. But the point is, had he money?

TRELAWNEY

Money! What were these villains after but money? What do they care for but money? For what would they risk their rascal carcasses but money?

LIVESEY

That we shall soon find out. What I want to know is this: Supposing that we have here some clue to where Flint buried his treasure, will that treasure amount to much?

TRELAWNEY

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

LIVESEY

Very well. Now then, if Jim is agreeable. . .

(looks at Jim who swallows and nods)

. . . we'll open the packet.

(Livesey opens the packet and out falls a map.)

TRELAWNEY

Right!

HAWKINS

What is it, Doctor?

LIVESEY

A map, Jim.

(He holds open the map and they read.)

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

TRELAWNEY

"The bar silver is in the north cache; you can find it by the trend of the east hummock, ten fathoms south of the black crag with the face on it."

HAWKINS

The arms are easy found, in the sand hill, North point of north inlet cape, bearing East and a quarter North."

TRELAWNEY

Livesey, you will give up this wretched practice at once. Tomorrow I start for Bristol. In three weeks' time - three weeks! - two weeks - ten days - we'll have the best ship, sir, and the choicest crew in England. Hawkins shall come as cabin-boy.

HAWKINS

Shall I, sir?

TRELAWNEY

You'll make a famous cabin-boy, Hawkins. You, Livesey, are ship's doctor; I am admiral. We'll have favourable winds, a quick passage, and not the least difficulty in finding the spot, and money to eat - to roll in - to play duck and drake with ever after!

LIVESEY

Trelawney, I'll go with you; and I'll go bail for it, so will Jim, and be a credit to the undertaking.

HAWKINS

I promise you that, sir.

LIVESEY

There's only one man I'm afraid of.

TRELAWNEY

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

LIVESEY

You, for you cannot hold your tongue. We are not the only men who know of this paper. These fellows who attacked the inn tonight - bold, desperate blades, for sure - and more, I dare say, not far off, are, one and all, through thick and thin, bound that they'll get that money. We must, from first to last, not one of us breathe a word of what we've found.

TRELAWNEY

Livesey, you are always in the right of it. I'll be as silent as the grave.

SCENE THREE

(The lights change and we hear a rousing sea shanty sung by SAILORS as the ship is put into place. TRELAWNEY hands a letter to a SAILOR who takes the letter down to HAWKINS, then assists in setting the ship.)

HAWKINS

(reading)

"The ship is bought and fitted. She lies at anchor, ready for sea. You never imagined a sweeter schooner - a child might sail her - two hundred tons; name, *Hispaniola*. I got her through my old friend, Blandly, who has literally slaved in my interest, and so, I may say, did everyone in Bristol, as soon as they got wind of the port we sailed for - treasure, I mean."

(looking up)

Doctor Livesey will not like that. The squire has been talking after all.

(SQUIRE TRELAWNEY crosses down to find HAWKINS.)

TRELAWNEY

Here you are, and the doctor came last night from London. Bravo! the ship's company complete!

HAWKINS

Oh, sir, when do we sail?

TRELAWNEY

Sail! We sail tomorrow!

HAWKINS

And the crew?

TRELAWNEY

Oh! I had the worry of the deuce itself to find so much as half a dozen men for the crew, till the most remarkable stroke of fortune brought me the very man that I required. Long John Silver, he is called, and has lost a leg. I engaged him on the spot to be ship's cook. Between Silver and myself we got together in a few days a company of the toughest old salts imaginable - not pretty to look at, but fellows, by their faces, of the most indomitable spirit. I declare we could fight a frigate. Here, here's a note for John Silver. Will you take it to him, Hawkins?

HAWKINS

Yes, sir.

(Hawkins sets off across the stage.)

TRELAWNEY

You'll find him at the sign of the Spy-glass. Look out for a little tavern with a large brass telescope for sign.

SCENE FOUR

(HAWKINS enters the tavern to find LONG JOHN SILVER propped on his crutch. CAP'N FLINT, the parrot, is perched on his shoulder.)

CAP'N FLINT

Pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight!

(SILVER feeds her a cracker.)

HAWKINS

(holding out the note)

Mr. Silver, sir?

SILVER

(taking the note)

Yes, my lad, such is my name, to be sure. And who may you be?

(opens note)

Oh! I see. You are our new cabin-boy; pleased I am to see you.

(At this, one of the customers rises suddenly and makes for the door. Jim sees him and the two lock eyes for a moment.)

HAWKINS

Oh, stop him! It's Black Dog!

(And Black Dog runs off.)

SILVER

Who did you say he was? Black what?

HAWKINS

Dog, sir. Has Mr. Trelawney not told you of the buccaneers? He was one of them.

SILVER

So? In my house! Harry, run and catch him.

(Harry runs out.)

One of those swabs, was he? Was that you drinking with him, Morgan? Step up here.

(Morgan steps up.)

Now, Morgan, you never clapped your eyes on that Black - Black Dog before, did you, now?

MORGAN

(saluting)

Not I, sir.

SILVER

You didn't know his name, did you?

MORGAN

No, sir.

SILVER

By the powers, Tom Morgan, it's as good for you! If you had been mixed up with the like of that, you would never have put another foot in my house, you may lay to that. And what was he saying to you?

MORGAN

I don't rightly know, sir.

SILVER

Don't rightly know, don't you! Perhaps you don't happen to rightly know who you was speaking to, perhaps? Come, now, what was he jawing - v'yages, cap'ns, ships? Pipe up! What was it?

MORGAN

We were a-talkin' of keel-hauling.

SILVER

Keel-hauling, was you? And a mighty suitable thing, too, and you may lay to that. Get back to your place for a lubber, Tom.

(Morgan returns to his seat. Silver turns to Hawkins.)

He's quite an honest man, Tom Morgan, on'y stupid. And now, let's see - Black Dog? No, I don't know the name, not I. Yet I kind of think I've - yes, I've seen the swab. He used to come here with a blind beggar, he used.

HAWKINS

That he did, you may be sure. I knew that blind man, too. His name was Pew.

SILVER

It was! Pew! That were his name for certain. Ah, he looked a shark, he did! If we run down this Black Dog, now, there'll be news for Cap'n Trelawney! He talked o' keel-hauling, did he? I'll keel-haul him! See here, now, Hawkins, here's a blessed hard thing on a man like me, now, ain't it? There's Cap'n Trelawney - what's he to think?

SCENE FIVE

(SILVER and HAWKINS cross out of the tavern to the dock where they meet LIVESEY and TRELAWNEY.)

SILVER (Continued)

Here I have this confounded son of a Dutchman sitting in my own house, drinking my own rum!

HAWKINS

It was Black Dog, sir!

SILVER

Here young Hawkins comes and tells me of it plain, he did; and here I let him give us all the slip before my blessed deadlights! Now here it is: What could I do, with this old timber I hobble on? When I was an AB master mariner I'd have come up alongside of him, hand over hand, and broached him to in a brace of old shakes, I would; but now -

LIVESEY

We regret that Black Dog got away, but I think we can all agree there is nothing to be done.

SILVER

Ay, sir, that we can.

TRELAWNEY

As to the business at hand, we should like all hands aboard by four this afternoon.

SILVER

Ay, ay, sir.

(Silver salutes and leaves, giving Hawkins a wink.)

LIVESEY

Well, squire, I don't put much faith in your discoveries as a general thing; but I will say this, John Silver suits me.

TRELAWNEY

The man's a perfect trump.

LIVESEY

And now, Jim may come on board with us, may he not?

TRELAWNEY

To be sure he may. Take your hat, Hawkins, and we'll see the ship.

SCENE SIX

(The lights change as LIVESEY, TRELAWNEY and HAWKINS enter the ship area. SAILORS chant and set more rigging. The MATE pipes them aboard and salutes.)

MATE

Captain Smollett, sir, axing to speak with you.

TRELAWNEY

I am always at the captain's orders. Show him to the cabin.

(LIVESEY, TRELAWNEY & HAWKINS enter the cabin.
The MATE returns with CAPTAIN SMOLLETT, then leaves
to help with the rigging.)

TRELAWNEY (Continued)

Well, Captain Smollett, what have you to say? All well, I hope; all shipshape and seaworthy?

SMOLLETT

Well, sir, better speak plain, I believe, even at the risk of offence. I don't like this cruise, I don't like the men; and I don't like my officer. That's short and sweet.

TRELAWNEY

Possibly, sir, you may not like your employer, either?

LIVESEY

Stay a bit, stay a bit. The captain has said too much or he has said too little. You don't, you say, like this cruise. Now, why?

SMOLLETT

I was engaged, sir, on what we call sealed orders, to sail this ship for that gentleman where he should bid me. So far so good. But now I find that every man before the mast knows more than I do. I don't call that fair, now, do you?

LIVESEY

No, I don't.

SMOLLETT

Next, I learn we are going after treasure - hear from my own hands, mind you. Now, I don't like treasure voyages on any account; and I don't like them, above all, when they are secret, and when, begging your pardon, Mr. Trelawney, the secret has been told to the parrot.

HAWKINS

John Silver's parrot?

SMOLLETT

It's a way of speaking. Blabbed, I mean.

TRELAWNEY

Well, now. . .

LIVESEY

And the short and long of it, captain? Tell us what you want.

SMOLLETT

Well, gentlemen, are you determined to go on this cruise?

TRELAWNEY

Like iron.

SMOLLETT

Very good. Then I'll tell you what I've heard myself: that you have a map of an island; that there's crosses on the map to show where treasure is; and that the island lies--

TRELAWNEY

I never told that to a soul!

SMOLLETT

The hands know it, sir.

TRELAWNEY

Livesey, that must have been you or Hawkins!

HAWKINS

Me, sir?

LIVESEY

It doesn't much matter who it was.

SMOLLETT

Well, gentlemen, I don't know who has this map; but I make it a point, it shall be kept secret even from me. Otherwise I would ask you to let me resign.

LIVESEY

I see. You wish us to keep this matter dark. Perhaps then, we should make a garrison of the stern part of the ship, manned with our own people, and provided with all the arms and powder on board. For, to be sure, you fear a mutiny.

SMOLLETT

Sir, with no intention to take offence, I deny your right to put words in my mouth. Some of the men are honest; all may be for what I know. But I am responsible for the ship's safety and the life of every man Jack aboard of her. I ask you to take certain precautions, or let me resign my berth. And that's all.

TRELAWNEY

I will do as you desire; but I think the worse of you.

SMOLLETT

That's as you please, sir. You'll find I do my duty.

(SMOLLETT exits and silently orders SAILORS to start moving powder and arms to the stern of the ship.)

LIVESEY

Trelawney, contrary to my notions, I believe you have managed to get two honest men on board with you - that man and John Silver.

TRELAWNEY

Silver, if you like; but as for that intolerable humbug, I declare I think his conduct unmanly, unsailorly, and downright un-English.

LIVESEY

Well, we shall see.

SCENE SEVEN

(Lights change as the crew breaks into a work shanty. JOHN SILVER boards the ship and HAWKINS scurries on deck to watch the work.)

SILVER

So ho, mates! What's this?

SAILOR

We're a-changing of the powder, Jack.

SILVER

Why, by the powers, if we do, we'll miss the tide!

SMOLLETT

My orders! You may go down below, my man. Hands will want breakfast.

SILVER

Ay, ay, sir.

LIVESEY

That's a good man, captain.

SMOLLETT

Very likely, sir. Easy with that, men - easy. Mr. O'Brien, prepare to make way.

MATE

Ay, ay, sir! All hands, prepare to make way!

(HAWKINS stands on deck by a swivel-mounted deck gun to watch as the ship is launched. All hands to stations.)

SMOLLETT

Up anchor!

MATE

Ay, ay, sir! Up anchor!

SAILOR

Now, Long John, tip us a stave from below!

SAILOR

The old one!

SILVER

Ay, ay, mates! "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest - "

SAILORS

"Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

(The SAILORS strain at the capstan, hauling in the anchor chain. We can hear it clank as it comes aboard. MUSIC begins to build.)

SILVER

"Drink and the devil had done for the rest - "

SAILORS

"Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

(The MUSIC swells and tops the SAILORS as they haul in the anchor and let out the mainsail. Orders are shouted by SMOLLETT and the MATE through the singing of the shanty and creak of the rigging.)

SMOLLETT

Secure anchor!

MATE

Secure anchor!

SMOLLETT

Make sail, Mr. O'Brien!

MATE

Ay, ay, sir. Let go the mizzen! Watch that jib!

SMOLLETT

Step lively, Mr. Hands!

MATE

Topgallants out!

SMOLLETT

Steady there, steady!

MATE

Hoist the mainsail!

SMOLLETT

Take her into the wind, Mr. O'Brien!

MATE

Ay, ay, sir!

(The MUSIC climaxes as the mainsail snaps open and catches the wind. The SAILORS scurry into the rigging as the MATE takes the helm.)

SMOLLETT

Steady at the helm, Mr. O'Brien. We've a fair wind and set to make a good run.

MATE

Ay, sir, that we do.

SMOLLETT

(he sees HAWKINS leaning on the gun)

Here, you ship's boy, out o' that! Off with you to the cook and get some work.

HAWKINS

(passing TRELAWNEY)

I quite agree with you, squire. I don't like Captain Smollett at all.

SMOLLETT

I'll have no favourites on my ship.

(LIVESEY and TRELAWNEY clear to the cabin and eventually all but the MATE will clear the deck.)

SCENE EIGHT

(HAWKINS enters the cook's galley. SILVER's parrot sits in a cage in one corner.)

SILVER

Come away, Hawkins; nobody more welcome than yourself, my son. Sit you down and hear the news. Here's Cap'n Flint - I call my parrot Cap'n Flint, after the famous buccaneer - here's Cap'n Flint predicting success to our v'yage. Wasn't you, Cap'n?

CAP'N FLINT

Pieces of eight, pieces of eight, pieces of eight, pieces of eight, pieces of eight - -

(The parrot quiets down when SILVER tosses a kerchief over the cage.)

SILVER

Now, the bird, is, may be, two hundred years old, Hawkins - they lives for ever mostly; and if anybody's seen more wickedness, it must be the devil himself. She's sailed with England -

HAWKINS

The great Captain England, the pirate?

SILVER

Ay, lad. She's been at Madagascar, and at Malabar. She was at the fishing up of the wrecked Plate ships. It's there she learned "Pieces of eight," and little wonder; three hundred and fifty thousand of 'em. Hawkins! She was at the boarding of the Viceroy of the Indies at Goa, she was; and to look at her you would think she was a baby. But you smelt powder -

(he lifts the kerchief)

- didn't you, Cap'n?

CAP'N FLINT

Stand by to go about!

SILVER

Ah, she's a handsome craft, she is.

(he gives the parrot a treat)

There. You can't touch pitch and not be mucked, lad.

SCENE NINE

(Lights change to bring up the cabin where LIVESEY, TRELAWNEY and SMOLLETT are talking.)

SMOLLETT

I'll admit, squire, I seem to have been wrong about the crew. Some are as brisk as I'd want to see and all have behaved fairly well. Every man on board seems well content, and they must be hard to please if they had been otherwise; for it is my belief there was never a ship's company so spoiled since Noah put to sea. Double grog on the least excuse and always a barrel of apples standing open on deck for anyone to help himself that has a fancy. Never knew good come of it, yet. Spoil foc's'le hands, make devils. That's my belief.

(SMOLLETT exits.)

TRELAWNEY

A trifle more of that man, and I should explode.

SCENE TEN

(Lights change and it is night at sea. We hear the swish of the sea against the bows and around the sides of the ship, and the breeze in the canvas. HAWKINS comes on deck and makes for the cabin, then stops and crosses to the apple barrel.)

HAWKINS

I fancy I should like an apple.

(He tries reaching in, but cannot reach the remaining apples in the barrel. So, he climbs into the barrel.)

There are scarce any apples left.

(HAWKINS does find an apple and starts to gnaw on it. As he eats, SILVER and DICK come up on deck.)

SILVER

No, not I. Flint was cap'n; I was quartermaster, along of my timber leg. The same broadside I lost my leg, old Pew lost his deadlights.

(He sits, leaning against the barrel. DICK crouches nearby.)

We was on the *Walrus*, Flint's old ship, as I've seen a'muck with the red blood and fit to sink with gold.

DICK

Ah! He was the flower of the flock, was Flint!

SILVER

Davis was a man, too, by all accounts. I never sailed along of him; first with Cap'n England, then with Flint, that's my story; and now here on my own account, in a manner of speaking. But now, you look here: you're young, you are, but you're as smart as paint. I see that when I set my eyes on you, and I'll talk to you like a man. There was some that was feared of Flint; but Flint his own self was feared of me. Feared, he was, and proud. They was the roughest crew afloat, was Flint's, and most on 'em aboard here; the devil himself would have been feared to go to sea with them. Well, now, I tell you, I'm not a boasting man, but you may be sure of yourself in old John's ship.

DICK

Well, I tell you now, I didn't half a quarter like the job till I had this talk with you, John; but there's my hand on it now.

SILVER

And a brave lad you were, and smart, too, and a finer figurehead for a gentleman of fortune I never clapped my eyes on.

(ISRAEL HANDS appears behind DICK.)

Dick's square.

ISRAEL

Oh, I know'd Dick was square. He's no fool, is Dick. But, look here, here's what I want to know, Long John: We've been to sea long enough, we ought to spot the island in a day or two. How long are we a-going to wait? I've had a'most enough o' Cap'n Smollett; he's hazed me long enough, by thunder! I want to go into that cabin, I do. I want their pickles and wines, and that.

SILVER

Israel, your head ain't much account, nor ever was. But you're able to hear, I reckon; leastways, your ears is big enough. Now, here's what I say: you'll berth forward, and you'll live hard, and you'll speak soft, and you'll keep sober, till I give the word; and you may lay to that, old son.

ISRAEL

Well, I don't say no, do I? What I say is, when? That's what I say.

SILVER

When! By the powers! Well, now, if you want to know, I'll tell you when. The last moment I can manage; and that's when. Here's a first-rate seaman, Cap'n Smollett, sails the blessed ship for us.

SILVER (Continued)

Here's this squire and doctor with a map and such - I don't know where it is, do I? This squire and doctor shall find the stuff, and help us to get it aboard, by the powers. Then we'll see. If I was sure of you all, sons of double Dutchmen, I'd have Cap'n Smollett navigate us half-way back again before I struck.

DICK

Why, we're all seamen aboard here, I should think.

SILVER

We're all foc's'le hands, you mean. We can steer a course, but who's to set one? That's what all you gentlemen split on, first and last. But I know the sort you are. You're never happy till you're drunk. Split my sides, I've a sick heart to sail with the likes of you!

ISRAEL

Easy all, Long John. Who's a-crossin' of you?

SILVER

Oh, hurry and hurry and hurry! If you would on'y lay your course, and a p'int to windward, you would ride in carriages, you would. But not you! I know you. You'll have your mouthful of rum tomorrow, and go hang.

DICK

But, when we do lay 'em athwart, what are we to do with 'em, anyhow?

SILVER

There's the man for me! That's what I call business. Well, what would you think? Put 'em ashore like maroons? That would have been England's way. Or cut 'em down like that much pork? That would have been Flint's or Billy Bones's.

ISRAEL

Billy was the man for that. "Dead men don't bite," says he. Well, he's dead now hisself; he knows the long and short of it now.

SILVER

But mark you here: I'm an easy man; but this time it's serious. Dooty is dooty, mates. I give my vote - death. When I'm in Parlyment, and riding in my coach, I don't want none of these sea-lawyers in the cabin a-coming home, unlooked for, like the devil at prayers. Wait is what I say; but when the time comes, why let her rip!

ISRAEL

John, you're a man!

SILVER

You'll say so, Israel, when you see. Only one thing I claim - I claim Trelawney. I'll wring his calf's head off his body with these hands. Dick! You jump up, like a sweet lad, and get me an apple, to wet my pipe like.

(DICK rises and starts to lean into the barrel.)

ISRAEL

Oh, stow that! Don't you get sucking of that bilge, John. Let's have a go of the rum.

(DICK stops as ISRAEL produces a flask. They toast and drink in turn.)

ISRAEL

Here's to old Flint.

DICK

To luck!

SILVER

Here's to ourselves, and hold your luff, plenty of prizes and plenty of duff.

(SILVER drinks. At this moment, the moon shines in the sky and we hear a lookout's cry.)

LOOKOUT(O.S.)

Land ho!

SCENE ELEVEN

(The ship is alive now with men rushing up on deck to see. In the rush, HAWKINS slips out of the barrel.)

SMOLLETT

Where does it lie!

LOOKOUT(O.S.)

Off the port bow!

SMOLLETT

At the helm!

MATE

Ay, sir!

SMOLLETT

Lay her a couple of points nearer the wind!

MATE

Ay, ay, sir!

TRELAWNEY

There!

(HAWKINS hurries to Dr. Livesey's side.)

HAWKINS

Doctor Livesey?

LIVESEY

Oh, Hawkins, I've left my pipe below. Will you run and fetch it for me?

HAWKINS

Doctor, I must speak with you.

LIVESEY

Yes?

HAWKINS

I have terrible news.

(LIVESEY bends for HAWKINS to whisper in his ear.)

SMOLLETT

And now, men, has any one of you ever seen that land ahead?

SILVER

I have, sir. I've watered there with a trader I was cook in.

SMOLLETT

The anchorage is on the south, behind an islet, I fancy?

SILVER

Yes, sir; Skeleton Island they calls it.

(LIVESEY straightens and crosses to TRELAWNEY to relay the message.)

SILVER (Continued)

It were a main place for pirates once, and a hand we had on board knowed all their names for it. That hill to the nor'ard they calls the Fore-mast Hill. But the main - that's the big 'un with the cloud on it - they usually calls the Spy-glass, by reason of a look-out they kept when they was in the anchorage cleaning; for it's there they cleaned their ships sir, asking your pardon.

(LIVESEY and TRELAWNEY carefully make their way closer to SMOLLETT.)

SMOLLETT

I have a chart here. See if that's the place.

(He hands SILVER a clean copy of the map, without markings. The crew gathers in.)

SILVER

Yes, sir, this is the spot to be sure; and very prettily drawed out. Who might have done that, I wonder? Ay, here it is: "Capt. Kidd's Anchorage" - just the name my shipmate called it.

SMOLLETT

Thank you, my man. I'll ask you, later on' to give us help. You may go.

(As SILVER heads for the galley, he stops by HAWKINS.
TRELAWNEY speaks to SMOLLETT.)

SILVER

Ah, this here is a sweet spot, this island - a sweet spot for a lad to get ashore on. When you want to go a bit of exploring, you just ask old John, and he'll put up a snack for you to take along.

(SILVER claps HAWKINS on the back and starts to exit.
CAPTAIN SMOLLETT turns and address the crew.)

SMOLLETT

My lads, I've a word to say to you. This land that we have sighted is the place we have been sailing to. Mr. Trelawney, being a very open-handed gentleman, as we all know, has just asked me a word or two, and I was able to tell him that every man on board had done his duty, aloft and aloft, as I never ask to see it done better, why, he and I and the doctor are going below to the cabin to drink your health and luck, and you'll have grog served out for you to drink our health and luck. I'll tell you what I think of this: I think it handsome. And if you think as I do, you'll give a good sea cheer for the gentleman that does it.

(The crew cheer.)

SILVER

One more cheer for Cap'n Smollett!

(They cheer again. LIVESEY, TRELAWNEY and
SMOLLETT exit to the cabin where HAWKINS awaits them.
LIVESEY pours drinks for all, then the three men raise their
glasses to HAWKINS. The SAILORS crowd into the galley
for grog.)

LIVESEY

To your, health, Master Hawkins.

TRELAWNEY

Your health.

SMOLLETT

And luck and courage.

(All four of them drink.)

TRELAWNEY

Now, captain, you were right, and I was wrong. I own myself an ass, and I await your orders.

SMOLLETT

No more an ass than I, sir. I never heard of a crew that meant to mutiny but what showed signs before. But this crew beats me.

SILVER

Here's to treasure, lads, and plenty of it!

(The crew raises a boisterous cheer.)

HAWKINS

Captain, with your permission, that's Mr. Silver.

LIVESEY

A very remarkable man.

SMOLLETT

He'd look remarkably well hanging from a yard-arm, sir.

TRELAWNEY

And to think they're all Englishmen! Sir, I could find it in my heart to blow the ship up.

SMOLLETT

Well, gentlemen, the best that I can say is not much. We must lay to, if you please, and keep a bright look out.

ISRAEL

To Long John Silver!

(The crew raise another boisterous cheer. CAP'N FLINT tops the cheer with a screech.)

CAP'N FLINT

Stand by to go about! Pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight!

DICK

I'll drink to that, Cap'n Flint!

(The SAILORS burst into laughter, then the song, "Fifteen men".)

SMOLLETT

It's trying on a man, I know. It would be pleasanter to come to blows. But there's no help for it till we know which of the ship's company is with us and which against us. Lay to, and whistle for a wind, that's my view.

LIVESEY

Jim here can help us more than anyone. The men are not shy with him, and Jim is a noticing lad.

TRELAWNEY

Hawkins, I put prodigious faith in you.

HAWKINS

I'll not let you down, squire.

(The men raise their glasses again as the SAILORS end their shanty and an image of the treasure map is projected onto the mainsail.)

LIVESEY, TRELAWNEY & SMOLLETT

Here, here!

(They drink as the SAILORS all gather on deck, looking out to the island.)

ISRAEL

What I want to know is, when do we go ashore?

MATE

Soon's we pilot into that anchorage, I'll warrant.

DICK

What I want to know is when we - -

SILVER

Belay that, Dick Johnson. There's some of the crew as don't care to jine. Until we sort things out, square like, you'll keep it below decks.

SMOLLETT

We'd best put in and drop anchor, I think.

(SMOLLETT, TRELAWNEY, LIVESEY and HAWKINS join the crew on deck.)

SMOLLETT

Take in sail, Mr. O'Brien.

MATE

Ay, ay sir. Take in the mizzen! Reef topsail! Steady on the main.

(The SAILORS grumble and throw surly glances at the MATE and SMOLLETT. They go about their business, but sluggishly and none too neatly. SILVER makes to ease the tension.)

SILVER

Step lively, lads! Can't you smell the treasure in the air?

LIVESEY

(sniffing)

I don't know about treasure, but I'll stake my wig there's fever here.

(SILVER joins SMOLLETT and the MATE at the helm. LIVESEY, TRELAWNEY and HAWKINS stand in the bow.)

SMOLLETT

Steady as she goes, Mr. O'Brien.

MATE

Ay, sir.

SILVER

There's a strong scour with the ebb, and this here passage has been dug out, in a manner of speaking, with a spade.

SMOLLETT

Drop anchor.

MATE

Drop anchor!

(The crew grumble and turn to the task. We hear a clanking of chains and the splash of an anchor in the bay. SMOLLETT crosses to the bow.)

SMOLLETT

Sir, if I risk another order, the whole ship'll come about our ears by the run. You see, sir, here it is. I get a rough answer, do I not? Well, if I speak back, pikes will be going in two shakes; if I don't, Silver will see there's something under that, and the game's up. Now, we've only one man to rely on.

TRELAWNEY

And who is that?

SMOLLETT

Silver, sir. He's as anxious as you and I to smother things up. This is a tiff; he'd soon talk 'em out of it if he had the chance, and what I propose to do is give him the chance.

LIVESEY

Captain, I think we should allow the men to go ashore.

TRELAWNEY

If they all go, why, we'll fight the ship. If they none of them go, well, then, we hold the cabin, and God defend the right.

SMOLLETT

If some go, you mark my words, sir, Silver'll bring 'em aboard again as mild as lambs.

LIVESEY

Jim.

HAWKINS

Yes, sir?

LIVESEY

Loaded pistols to all of us. Prepare a brace for yourself as well.

HAWKINS

Certainly, sir!

(HAWKINS scurries to break out pistols and pass them around to TRELAWNEY, LIVESEY, and SMOLLETT. SMOLLETT, meanwhile, turns to address the crew.)

SMOLLETT

My lads, we've had a long voyage, and are all tired and out of sorts. A turn ashore'll hurt nobody - you can take the boats, and as many as please can go ashore for the rest of the day. I'll fire a gun half an hour before sundown.

(A great cheer goes up from the crew. SMOLLETT, LIVESEY, and TRELAWNEY repair to the cabin as the crew scramble to go off in the boats, Silver giving them orders.)

SILVER

Out with the boats! You'll go Dick, ay, and you too Tom Morgan. Israel! Mr. Hands, you'll be wanting to stay on board, I reckon.

ISRAEL

It's a fine thing you goin' ashore and me left here on this - -

SILVER

I've work to do ashore. And you here.

ISRAEL

Be sure you're takin' Alan and Bill with you. They'll not join, you can lay to that.

SILVER

I know my dooty, Israel Hands. All in the boats that's goin' ashore! Ah, lads, you're in for a treat, you are.

(As SILVER and the last of the crew clamber overboard into the boats, HAWKINS sneaks by ISRAEL and the MATE to slip overboard himself.)

DICK

Is that you, Jim? Keep your head down.

SILVER

Is that Jim in the other boat?

MATE

Shove off!

(We can hear the slap of oars in the water as the boats shove off, the SAILORS singing a shanty and fading away. ISRAEL turns toward the cabin, sneers and checks the knife in his belt. The MATE produces two bottles and hands one to ISRAEL. Music starts to build underneath.)

MATE (Continued)

Sharp enough, is it?

ISRAEL

Ay, mate. Sharp enough. Sharp enough.

MATE

To Treasure Island.

ISRAEL

To Treasure Island!

(The music crescendos as the Treasure map on the mainsail gives way to a sinister, bone-white Jolly Roger on a field of black and the rest of the stage goes dark. The music comes to a crashing end.)

END ACT ONE

-- INTERMISSION --

ACT TWO

SCENE TWELVE

(The stage is transformed into a temperate island of trees and hills. Birds can be heard in the trees, insects in the undergrowth. As houselights fade, we can hear the island's surf. Presently, we hear a cry of anger, then another, then one horrid, long-drawn scream followed immediately by a cloud of marsh-birds taking flight. The cry echoes away and the birds settle again.)

DICK (O.S.)

Long John! Long John Silver!

SILVER (O.S.)

Over here, Dick

DICK (O.S.)

Alan's done for.

SILVER (O.S.)

So's Bill.

DICK (O.S.)

Any sign of Jim Hawkins?

SILVER (O.S.)

Nary a breath of 'im. Come, lad, let's be heading back to find the others.

(HAWKINS runs onstage and trips. He gets to his hands and knees as he sees something in the weeds. He starts to peer closer, then we hear the rattle of a rattlesnake. HAWKINS jumps back and gets to his feet. He cautiously steps around the snake and starts to leave the clearing. Just as he turns to leave, a shadowy figure starts to step into the clearing, then darts back under cover. HAWKINS freezes. We hear some rustling in another spot and HAWKINS whirls around in fright.)

HAWKINS

Are you bear, man, or monkey? Could be cannibals.

(HAWKINS moans with fear and backs toward some bushes. A hand reaches through the brush behind HAWKINS. The hand touches his shirt. HAWKINS screams, tumbling to the other side of the stage. At the same time, we hear a cry from within the brush. HAWKINS gets to his feet and turns to run when BEN GUNN steps in to the clearing. They stare at one another for a second, then GUNN drops to his knees and holds out his clasped hands.)

HAWKINS

Who are you?

GUNN

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

HAWKINS

Three years! Were you shipwrecked?

(As he speaks, GUNN gets up and crosses to HAWKINS. He examines the boy's clothing and hands as things of wonder.)

GUNN

Nay, mate - marooned. Marooned three years agone, and lived on goats since then, and berries, and oysters. My heart is sore for Christian diet. You mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now? No? Well, many's the long night I've dreamed of cheese - toasted, mostly - and woke up again, and here I were.

HAWKINS

If ever I can get aboard again, you shall have cheese by the stone.

GUNN

If ever you can get aboard again, says you? Why, now, who's to hinder you?

HAWKINS

Not you, I know.

GUNN

And right you was! Now you - what do you call yourself, mate?

HAWKINS

Jim.

GUNN

Jim, Jim. Well, now, Jim, you wouldn't think I had had a pious mother - to look at me?

HAWKINS

Why, no, not in particular.

GUNN

Ah, well, but I had - remarkable pious. And I was a civil, pious boy. And here's what it come to! But it were Providence that put me here. I've thought it all out in this here lonely island, and I'm back on piety. You don't catch me tasting rum so much; but just a thimbleful for luck, of course, the first chance I have. I'm bound I'll be good, and I see the way to. And, Jim, - I'm rich. Rich! rich! I says. Ah, Jim, you'll bless your stars, you will, you was the first that found me! Now, Jim, you tell me true; that ain't Flint's ship?

HAWKINS

It's not Flint's ship, and Flint is dead; but I'll tell you true, as you ask me - there are some of Flint's crew aboard; worse luck for the rest of us.

GUNN

Not a man - with one - leg?

HAWKINS

Silver?

GUNN

Ah, Silver! That were his name.

HAWKINS

He's the cook; and the ringleader, too. They mean to mutiny and kill us all.

GUNN

And who's on the side of right?

HAWKINS

Well, there's Dr. Livesey, Captain Smollett, Squire Trelawney - he's the one what financed the cruise - and myself, of course.

GUNN

You're a good lad, Jim, and you're all in a clove hitch, ain't you? Well, you just put your trust in Ben Gunn - Ben Gunn's the man to do it. Would you think it likely, now, that your squire would prove a liberal-minded one in case of help - him being in a clove hitch, and all?

HAWKINS

Why, the squire is the most liberal of men.

GUNN

Ay, but you see, what I mean is, would he be likely to come down to the toon of, say, one thousand pounds out of money that's as good as a man's own already?

HAWKINS

I am sure he would. As it was, all hands were to share.

GUNN

And a passage home?

HAWKINS

Why, the squire's a gentleman. And, besides, if we got rid of the others, we should want you to help work the vessel home.

GUNN

Ah, so you would. Now, I'll tell you what. I were in Flint's ship when he buried the treasure. He went ashore with six strong men and came back alone; the six all dead - dead and buried. Billy Bones was the mate; Long John, he was quartermaster; and they asked Flint where the treasure was. "Ah," says he, "you can go ashore, if you like, and stay," he says; "but as for the ship she'll beat up for more, by thunder!" Well, I was in another ship three years back, and we sighted this island. "Boys," said I, "here's Flint's treasure; let's land and find it." Twelve days they looked for it, and every day they had the worse word for me, until one fine morning all hands went aboard. "As for you, Benjamin Gunn," says they, "here's a musket," they says, "and a spade, and pickaxe. You can stay here, and find Flint's money for yourself," they says. Three years I have been here and most of that time spent looking for that treasure. Now, what do you think - -

(We hear a ragged volley of musket shots. Then, the island's echoes bellow to the thunder of a cannon.)

HAWKINS

They have begun to fight!

(GUNN and HAWKINS begin to scurry for cover as the cannon booms out again. Musket shots can be heard intermittently.)

GUNN

Left, left, keep to your left hand, mate Jim! Under the trees with you! There's where I killed my first goat. They don't come down here how; they're all mastheaded on them mountings for the fear of Benjamin Gunn! And down there's where I keep my boat. Hard to handle, but she floats, she does!

(Amidst the noise and confusion, GUNN and HAWKINS disappear.)

SCENE THIRTEEN

(The scenery shifts to that of the stockade in a clearing. A Union Jack flutters above. The cannon continues to boom, followed by crashes in the trees as the balls fall here and there. We can see, in the stockade, LIVESEY and SMOLLETT stand guard with muskets while TRELAWNEY loads his. A shot from the cannon comes perilously close.)

SMOLLETT

Oho! Blaze away! You've little enough powder already, my lads!

LIVESEY

Captain, the stockade is quite invisible from the ship. It would be the flag they are aiming at. Would it not be wiser to take it in?

SMOLLETT

Strike my colours! No, sir, not I.

TRELAWNEY

I quite agree.

LIVESEY

Yes, so do I.

HAWKINS (O.S.)

Hullo!

LIVESEY

Someone's hailing us.

HAWKINS (O.S.)

Doctor! squire! captain! Hullo, is that you!

TRELAWNEY

It's Jim Hawkins!

(HAWKINS stumbles into the clearing and runs to meet his friends.)

SMOLLETT

Safe and sound, I'll warrant.

LIVESEY

That he is, captain, that he is.

TRELAWNEY

It's good to see you, Jim.

HAWKINS

And I'm ever so happy to see you again, squire.

LIVESEY

We were terribly worried about you, Jim.

HAWKINS

I'm truly sorry, Doctor Livesey.

LIVESEY

Don't be. It's because of you that we decided to make our move.

TRELAWNEY

And just in time, too. Israel Hands and the mate were planning to do us in.

LIVESEY

Fortunately, we made for shore before they could act.

SMOLLETT

Here, they've stopped their cannonade. Perhaps they've given up for the day.

TRELAWNEY

Blown themselves up, more than likely.

HAWKINS

Oh, doctor, I saw Long John Silver kill a man, one of the good men in the crew. And I heard them kill another.

LIVESEY

I feared that might have been the case.

HAWKINS

And I met a wondrous fellow, Ben Gunn by name. He's been marooned on this island for three years.

TRELAWNEY

Three years?

HAWKINS

Yes, sir, living on goats, berries and oysters, says he. He dreams of cheese.

TRELAWNEY

Cheese?

HAWKINS

I am not very sure whether he's sane.

LIVESEY

If there's any doubt about the matter, he is. A man who has been three years biting his nails on a desert island, Jim, can't expect to appear as sane as you or me. It doesn't lie in human nature. Was it cheese you said he had a fancy for?

HAWKINS

Yes, sir, cheese.

LIVESEY

Well, Jim, You've seen my snuff-box, haven't you? And you never saw me take snuff; the reason being that in my snuff-box I carry a piece of Parmesan cheese - a cheese made in Italy, very nutritious. Well, that's for Ben Gunn!

SMOLLETT

Flag of truce!

(A white flag appears through the trees and out steps SILVER with DICK holding the flag.)

TRELAWNEY

Silver himself!

SMOLLETT

On your guard, men. Ten to one this is a trick. Who goes? Stand, or we fire.

SILVER

Flag of truce!

SMOLLETT

And what do you want with your flag of truce?

DICK

Cap'n Silver, sir, to come on board and make terms!

SMOLLETT

Cap'n Silver! Don't know him. Who's he?

SILVER

Me, sir. These poor lads have chosen me cap'n, after your desertion, sir. We're willing to submit if we can come to terms, and no bones about it. All I ask is your word, Cap'n Smollett, to let me safe and sound out of this here stockade, and one minute to get out o' shot before a gun is fired.

SMOLLETT

My man, I have not the slightest desire to talk to you. If you wish to talk to me, you can come, that's all. If there's any treachery, it'll be on your side, and Lord help you.

SILVER

That's enough, cap'n. A word from you's enough. I know a gentleman, and you may lay to that.

(SILVER approaches the stockade alone.)

SMOLLETT

Close enough, my man. You had better sit down.

SILVER

You ain't a-going to let me inside, cap'n?

SMOLLETT

Silver, you're either my ship's cook - and then you were treated handsome - or Cap'n Silver, a common mutineer and pirate, and then you can go hang!

SILVER

(sitting)

Well, well, cap'n, you'll have to give me a hand up again, that's all. Ah, there's Jim! The top of the morning to you, Jim. Why, there you all are together like a happy family, in a manner of speaking.

SMOLLETT

If you have anything to say, my man, better say it.

SILVER

Right you are, Cap'n Smollett. Dooty is dooty, to be sure. Well, here it is. We want that treasure, and we'll have it - that's our point! You would just as soon save your lives, I reckon; and that's yours. You have a chart, haven't you?

SMOLLETT

That's as may be.

SILVER

Oh, well, you have, I know that. Now, I never meant you no harm, myself.

SMOLLETT

We know exactly what you mean to do, and we don't care; for now, you see, you can't do it.

SILVER

You give us the chart to get the treasure by, and stop shooting our men. You do that and we'll offer you a choice. Either you come aboard along of us, once the treasure's shipped, and then I'll give you my word of honour, to clap you somewhere safe ashore. Or, if that ain't to your fancy, then you can stay here, you can. We'll divide stores with you, man for man; and upon my word I'll speak the first ship I sight, and send 'em here to pick you up. And I hope that all hands in this here stockade will overhaul my words, for what is spoke to one is spoke to all.

SMOLLETT

Is that all?

SILVER

Every last word, by thunder! Refuse that, and you've seen the last of me but musket-balls.

SMOLLETT

Very good. Now you'll hear me. If you'll come up one by one, unarmed, I'll engage to clap you all in irons, and take you home to a fair trial in England. If you won't, my name is Alexander Smollett, I've flown my sovereign's colours, and I'll see you all to Davy Jones. You can't find the treasure. You can't sail the ship - there's not a man among you fit to sail the ship. You can't fight us - Jim here got away from a boatload of you. Your ship's in irons, Master Silver. I stand here and tell you so; and they're the last good words you'll get from me; for, in the name of heaven, I'll put a bullet in your back when next I meet you. Tramp, my lad. Bundle out of this, please, hand over hand, and double quick.

SILVER

Give me a hand up!

SMOLLETT

Not I.

SILVER

Who'll give me a hand up?

(HAWKINS makes to help, but SMOLLETT holds him back. With no help coming from either side, SILVER crawls to the trees and pulls himself up, then turns and spits.)

SILVER

There, that's what I think of ye. Laugh, by thunder, laugh! Before an hour's out, ye'll laugh upon the other side. Them that die'll be the lucky ones.

(SILVER disappears into the trees and SMOLLETT turns to his small crew.)

SMOLLETT

We're outnumbered, I needn't tell you that, and we'll be boarded before the hour's out.

(Suddenly, musket barrels are shoved out from the trees and a volley is fired at the stockade.)

SMOLLETT

Give it to 'em, men!

(The defenders return fire. With a horrible cry, PIRATES rush from the trees, knives and cutlasses drawn.)

PIRATE

At 'em, all hands - all hands!

(SMOLLETT fires a pistol and a PIRATE falls.)

SMOLLETT

Out lads, out, and fight 'em in the open! Cutlasses!

(The defenders meet the pirates in the open and fight. DICK and HAWKINS come face to face. As the pirate lifts his sword for a killing blow, HAWKINS leaps to the side and rolls.)

(LIVESEY fells another pirate, and SILVER fires a pistol to severely wound SMOLLETT. The surviving pirates retreat into the trees.)

LIVESEY

Back into cover!

(The defenders scramble into the stockade, TRELAWNEY helping SMOLLETT.)

TRELAWNEY

The captain's wounded.

SMOLLETT

Have they run?

LIVESEY

All that could, you may be bound, but there's five of them will never run again.

SMOLLETT

Five! Come, that's better. That leaves us three to nine.

(They all look at HAWKINS in the doorway, blood streaming down his cutlass from a cut across the knuckles.)

SMOLLETT

Four to nine. That's better odds than we had at starting.

LIVESEY

Here, Jim, let me bind that for you.

HAWKINS

It's a fleabite compared to what we gave them, sir.

SMOLLETT

Ay, lad, that it is!

(SMOLLETT starts coughing. TRELAWNEY comforts him.)

TRELAWNEY

Easy, my good man.

LIVESEY

There, that should do it.

(LIVESEY gives Jim's ear a pull, then, puts a pistol in his belt and girds on a cutlass. He puts the treasure map and the snuff box in his pocket, then puts on his hat, and with a musket in hand, leaves the stockade and disappears into the trees.)

TRELAWNEY

Livesey?

SMOLLETT

Why, in the name of Davy Jones, is Dr. Livesey mad? Going out alone like that?

HAWKINS

Why no. He's about the last of his crew for that, I take it! The doctor has his idea; and if I am right, he's going now to see Ben Gunn.

TRELAWNEY

The maroon?

HAWKINS

The boat!

(HAWKINS straps on a brace of pistols and a knife.)

TRELAWNEY

See here, Hawkins.

SMOLLETT

What boat?

HAWKINS

As we were running from the cannon fire, Ben told me of a boat he had made, not easy to handle, says he, but seaworthy. And he told me where he hid it.

TRELAWNEY

Yes?

HAWKINS

Well, I mean to see what's about with our ship, begging your pardon, sir.

SMOLLETT

You'll leave us shorthanded, Jim.

HAWKINS

Yes, Cap'n Smollett, but this may be our only chance to see what their next move will be. I won't let you down, I promise.

(He bolts for the trees.)

TRELAWNEY

Jim!

SMOLLETT

Save your breath, Mr. Trelawney. He's only a boy, and he has made up his mind.

SCENE FOURTEEN

(Lights change and scenery shifts. We hear the beating of the surf and the creak of rigging. What comes into full view is a dark and dirty *Hispaniola*, mainsail furled and sloppy. A Jolly Roger flies from the cabin. In the distance, we hear the chorus of pirates singing drunkenly, "Fifteen Men." It is blackest night, with only the ghostly white of the Roger's skull and bones and a dim glow from the cabin breaking the dark. We can hear angry grumbling from the cabin. Suddenly, the window is thrown open and the MATE bellows out.)

MATE

I tell, you, Israel, we're adrift! Someone's cut the anchor line!

ISRAEL

Stow that, you drunken dog! You and I are the only ones aboard. If anyone cut the anchor line, you did.

MATE

Did not. I've been here with you all this time.

ISRAEL

Ay! Fillin' me with rum, you backstabbin' lubber!

MATE

I'll make you rue those words, Israel Hands.

(With a savage cry, the two men lock in combat and struggle onto the deck. Knives flash in the lantern light and ISRAEL cries out. Then the MATE screams and gurgles his last. ISRAEL crawls to the bulwark and props himself up. His head rolls and his chin drops to his chest. There is a pause. Then, HAWKINS climbs over the side and slips into the cabin. He picks up the lantern and surveys the mess. Upon finding the dead MATE, he gasps and jumps back. ISRAEL moans and HAWKINS pulls a pistol to face the wounded pirate.)

HAWKINS

Mr. Hands.

ISRAEL

Brandy.

(HAWKINS replaces his pistol and gets a bottle from the cabin. As he hands it to ISRAEL, the sky barely begins to lighten with the coming morning. ISRAEL drinks.)

ISRAEL

Aye, by thunder, but I wanted some o' that!

HAWKINS

Much hurt?

ISRAEL

If that doctor was aboard, I'd be right enough in a couple of turns. As for that swab, O'Brien, he's good and dead, he is. He warn't no seaman, anyhow. And where might you have come from?

HAWKINS

I've come aboard to take possession of this ship, Mr. Hands; and you'll please regard me as your captain until further notice. By-the-bye, I can't have these colours, Mr. Hands; and, by your leave, I'll strike 'em. Better none than these.

(HAWKINS strikes the Jolly Roger and chucks it overboard.)

HAWKINS

God save the King! And there's an end to Captain Silver.

ISRAEL

I reckon, Cap'n Hawkins, you'll kind of want to get ashore, now.

HAWKINS

I'll tell you one thing, I'm not going back to Captain Kidd's anchorage. I mean to get into North Inlet, and beach her quietly there.

ISRAEL

To be sure, you does.

(He watches as HAWKINS starts to work with the rigging, then pulls himself up to look ahead.)

ISRAEL

Now, look there; there's a pet bit to beach a ship in. Fine flat sand, trees all around of it, and flowers a-blowing in the breeze.

HAWKINS

And once beached, how shall we get her off again?

ISRAEL

Why so, you take a line ashore there on the other side at low water; take a turn about one o' them big pines; bring it back, take a turn around the capstan, and lie-to for the tide. Come high water, all hands take a pull upon the line, and off she comes as sweet as natur'. And now, boy, stand by the helm. We're near the bit now, and she's too much way on her.

(HAWKINS runs to take the helm. ISRAEL inches along behind him. The surf gets louder.)

ISRAEL (Continued)

Starboard a little - so - steady - starboard - larboard a little - steady - steady! Now, my hearty, luff!

(The rigging strains and creaks as HAWKINS spins the wheel. He turns around just in time to see ISRAEL on his feet, knife raised to strike. Both of them cry out, HAWKINS with terror, ISRAEL with rage. ISRAEL lunges forward as HAWKINS leaps to the side. ISRAEL trips over a keg and sprawls onto the deck. For a moment, he lies as though dead. HAWKINS recovers and steps to the other side of the deck. ISRAEL stirs, then pulls himself to his feet. HAWKINS pulls one of his pistols and takes aim as ISRAEL advances.)

HAWKINS

I warn you, sir!

(ISRAEL laughs wickedly and takes a step forward.
HAWKINS pulls the trigger and the hammer falls. Nothing.)

ISRAEL

Your powder's wet, boy. Now stand still, and we'll make this quick like.

(HAWKINS scrambles into the mainmast rigging and proceeds to recharge his pistols. ISRAEL lashes out and barely misses. Then, with a crash of water and thunderous groan of timber, the ship is grounded. ISRAEL flies off his feet and smacks his head on the bulwark. HAWKINS barely manages to keep his hold on the mast but loses a pistol in the water.)

HAWKINS

She's on the beach!

(HAWKINS finishes with his remaining pistol as ISRAEL gets to his feet and makes for the mast. With his knife clenched in his teeth, ISRAEL starts to climb the rigging. HAWKINS cocks his pistol and aims.)

HAWKINS (Continued)

One more step, Mr. Hands, and I'll blow your brains out! Dead men don't bite, you know.

(ISRAEL stops to assess the situation. Slowly, he removes the knife from his mouth.)

ISRAEL

Jim, I reckon we're fouled, you and me, and we'll have to sign a truce. I'd have had you but for that there lurch when we grounded; but I don't have no luck, not I; and I reckon I'll have to strike my colours, which comes hard, you see, for a master mariner to a ship's youngster like you, Jim.

(With that, ISRAEL's hand flashes and the knife is thrown. At the same instant, HAWKINS fires. With a choked cry, ISRAEL looses his grasp and plunges overboard. With a moan, HAWKINS pulls a knife from the skin of his shoulder and drops it on the deck. He climbs from the mast and looks over the bulwarks, then surveys the ship with pride.)

HAWKINS

Cap'n Hawkins coming ashore!

(He clammers over the side.)

SCENE FIFTEEN

(The lights change and the set shifts to the stockade. It is still before sun up and details are hard to make out in the stronghold, but we see bodies lying on the floor and hear the sound of snoring, and a small occasional noise, a pecking of sorts. HAWKINS approaches with stealth. He enters the stockade and begins to lie down to sleep when the shrill cry of CAP'N FLINT rends the air.)

CAP'N FLINT

Pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight! pieces of eight!

(The sleepers stir to their feet.)

SILVER

Who goes?

(HAWKINS turns to run but is captured. The sky continues to brighten.)

SILVER

So, here's Jim Hawkins, shiver my timbers! Dropped in, like, eh? Well, come, I take that friendly!

(to other pirates)

You gentlemen, bring yourselves to! You needn't stand up for Mr. Hawkins; he'll excuse you, you may lay to that. And so, Jim, here you are, and quite a pleasant surprise for poor old John. I've always liked you, I have, always wanted you to jine and take your share, and die a gentleman, and now, my lad, you've got too. But I'm all for argyment; I never seen good come out o' threatening. If you like the service, well, you'll jine; and if you don't, Jim, why you're free to answer no - free and welcome, shipmate.

HAWKINS

Am I to answer, then?

SILVER

Lad, no one's a-pressing of you. Take your bearings. None of us won't hurry you, mate.

HAWKINS

Well, if I'm to choose, I declare I have a right to know what's what, and why you're here, and where my friends are.

MORGAN

Wot's wot? Ah, he'd be a lucky one as knowed that!

SILVER

You'll perhaps batten down your hatches till you're spoke to, my friend. Yesterday morning, Mr. Hawkins, down came Doctor Livesey with a flag of truce. Says he, "Cap'n Silver, you're sold out. Ship's gone." We looked out, and, by thunder! the old ship was gone. "Well," says the doctor, "let's bargain." And here we are: stores, brandy, stockade, the firewood, and in a manner of speaking, the whole blessed boat, cross-trees to kelson. As for them, they've tramped off; I don't know where's they are. And lest you should take it into that head of yours, that you was included in the treaty, here's the last word that was said: "How many are you," says I, "to leave?" "Three," says he - "three, and one of us wounded. As for that boy, I don't know where he is, confound him," says he, "nor I don't much care. We're about sick of him." These was his words.

HAWKINS

Is that all?

SILVER

Well, it's all that you're to hear, my son.

HAWKINS

And now am I to choose?

SILVER

And now you are to choose, and you may lay to that.

HAWKINS

Well, I am not such a fool but I know pretty well what I have to look for. Let the worst come to the worst, it's little I care. I've seen too many die since I fell in with you. But there's a thing or two I have to tell you, and the first is this: here you are, in a bad way: ship lost, treasure lost, men lost; your whole business gone to wreck; and if you want to know who did it - it was I! I was in the apple barrel the night we sighted land, and I heard you, John, and you, Dick Johnson, and Israel Hands, who is now at the bottom of the sea, and told every word you said before the hour was out. And as for the schooner, it was I who cut the cable, and it was I that killed the men you had aboard of her, and it was I who brought her where you'll never see her more, not one of you. The laugh's on my side; I've had the top of this business from the first; I no more fear you than I fear a fly. Kill me, if you please, or spare me. But one thing I'll say, and no more; if you spare me, bygones are bygones, and when you fellows are in court for piracy, I'll save you all I can. It is for you to choose. Kill another and do yourselves no good, or spare me and keep a witness to save you from the gallows.

(He pauses for breath. None of the pirates move, but sit staring at him.)

HAWKINS (Continued)

And now, Mr. Silver, I believe you're the best man here, and if things go the worst, I'll take it kind of you to let the doctor know the way I took it.

SILVER

I'll bear it in mind.

MORGAN

I'll put one to that. It was him that knowed Black Dog.

SILVER

Well, and see here. I'll put another again to that, by thunder! for it was this same boy that faked the chart from Billy Bones. First and last, we've split upon Jim Hawkins!

MORGAN

Then here goes!

(MORGAN springs to his feet with a knife.)

SILVER

Avast there! Who are you, Tom Morgan? Maybe you thought you was cap'n here, perhaps. By the powers, but I'll teach you better! There's never a man looked me between the eyes and seen a good day a'terwards, Tom Morgan, and you may lay to that.

DICK

Tom's right.

MORGAN

I stood hazing long enough from one. I'll be hanged if I'll be hazed by you, John Silver.

SILVER

Did either of you gentlemen want to have it out with me? Well, I'm ready. Take a cutlass, him that dares, and I'll see the colour of his inside, crutch and all.

(No one moves.)

That's your sort, is it? P'r'aps you can understand King George's English. I'm cap'n here by 'lection. You won't fight as gentlemen o' fortune should; then, by thunder, you'll obey, and you may lay to it! I like that boy, now. He's more a man than both you rats, and what I say is this: let me see him that'll lay a hand on him - that's what I say.

(SILVER leans back and watches as MORGAN and DICK withdraw into a corner and whisper together, occasionally glancing back at Long John.)

SILVER

You seem to have a lot to say. Pipe up and let me hear it, or lay to.

DICK

Ax your pardon, sir, you're pretty free with some of the rules; maybe you'll kindly keep an eye on the rest. This crew is dissatisfied, this crew has its rights like other crews, I'll make so free as that; and by your own rules, I take it we can talk together. I ax your pardon, sir, acknowledging you for to be cap'n at this present; but I claim my right, and steps outside for a council.

(He salutes and steps outside.)

MORGAN

According to rules.

(He, too, salutes and steps outside where he and DICK have their council. SILVER whispers to HAWKINS.)

SILVER

Now, you look here, Jim Hawkins, you're within half a plank of death, and, what's a long sight worse, or torture. They're going to throw me off. But, you mark, I stand by you through thick and thin. I didn't mean to; no, not till you spoke up. But I says to myself: You stand by Hawkins, John, and Hawkins'll stand by you. You're his last card, and, by the living thunder, John, he's yours! You save your witness, and he'll save your neck!

HAWKINS

You mean all's lost?

SILVER

Ay, by gum, I do! Ship's gone, neck gone - that's the size of it. I'll save your life - if so be as I can - from them. But, see here, Jim - tit for tat - you save Long John from swinging.

HAWKINS

What I can do, that I'll do.

SILVER

It's a bargain! You speak up plucky, and, by thunder! I've a chance.

(holds out a bottle to HAWKINS)

Will you have a taste, mate?

HAWKINS

No, thank you.

SILVER

Well, I'll take a drain myself, Jim. I need a caulker, for there's trouble on hand. And talking o' trouble, why did that doctor give me the chart, Jim?

(HAWKINS is taken aback.)

Ah, well, he did, though. And there's something under that, no doubt - something, surely, under that, Jim - bad or good.

(DICK and MORGAN start to return.)

HAWKINS

Here they come.

SILVER

Well, let 'em come, lad - let 'em come. I've still a shot in my locker.

(DICK and MORGAN enter. MORGAN gives the other a little shove, and DICK steps haltingly toward SILVER.)

SILVER

Step up, lad. I won't eat you. I know the rules, I do; I won't hurt a depytation.

(DICK steps forward and passes something to SILVER, hand to hand, then steps smartly back to join MORGAN. SILVER holds up the object, a crudely cut circle of black paper.)

HAWKINS

The black spot!

SILVER

Ay, Jim, the black spot. Where might you have got the paper? Why, hillo! look here, now: this ain't lucky! You've gone and cut this out of a Bible. What fool's cut a Bible?

MORGAN

Ah, there! - there! Wot did I say? No good'll come o' that, I said.

SILVER

What soft-hearted lubber had a Bible?

MORGAN

It was Dick.

SILVER

Then Dick can get to prayers. He's seen his slice of luck, has Dick, and you may lay to that.

DICK

Belay that talk, John Silver. This crew has tipped you the black spot in full council, as in dooty bound; just you turn it over, as in dooty bound, and see what's wrote there. Then you can talk.

SILVER

Thanky, Dick. You has the rules by heart, I'm pleased to see. Well, what is it anyway?

(he turns it over and reads)

Ah! "Deposed" - that's it, is it? Very pretty wrote, to be sure.

DICK

You're over now, and you'll step down and help vote a new cap'n.

SILVER

And I thought you knew the rules. I'm still your cap'n, mind - till you outs with your grievances, and I reply; in the meantime, your black spot ain't worth a biscuit.

MORGAN

First, you've made a hash of this cruise - you'll be a bold man to say no to that. Second, you let the enemy out o' this here trap for nothing. Why did they want out? I dunno; but it's pretty plain they wanted it. Third, you wouldn't let us go after them on the march. And then, fourth, there's this here boy.

SILVER

Is that all?

DICK

Enough, too. We'll all hang for your bungling.

SILVER

I made a hash o' this cruise, did I? Well, now, you all know what I wanted; and you all know, if that had been done; that we'd 'a' been aboard the *Hispaniola* this morning as ever was, every man of us alive, and fit, and the treasure in the hold of her, by thunder! Well, who crossed me? Who forced my hand, as was the lawful cap'n? Why, it was Anderson, and Hands, and you, Tom Morgan! You sank the lot of us! That's for number one. And if you want to know about number four, and that boy, why, shiver my timbers! isn't he a hostage? Are we a-going to waste a hostage? He might be our last chance. Kill that boy? not me mates! And as for number two, and why I made a bargain - you look here - that's why!

(SILVER tosses the treasure map on the floor. DICK and MORGAN leap upon it and tear it from one another's hands, laughing and swearing as if it were the gold itself.)

MORGAN

Yes, that's Flint, sure enough. J.F., and a score below, with a clove hitch to it.

DICK

Mighty pretty. But how are we to get away with it, and us no ship?

(SILVER springs to his feet, er, foot.)

SILVER

Now I give you warning, Dick. One more word of your sauce, and I'll call you down and fight you. How? Why, how do I know? You lost the ship; I found the treasure. Who's the better man at that? And now I resign, by thunder! Elect whom you please to be your cap'n now; I'm done with it.

MORGAN

Silver!

(DICK gives him a look and MORGAN snarls.)

DICK

Long John Silver for cap'n!

SILVER

So that's the toon, is it? And now, shipmates, this black spot? 'Tain't much good, is it? Here, Jim - here's a cur'osity for you.

(He tosses the paper to HAWKINS. LIVESEY enters the clearing.)

LIVESEY

Stockade, ahoy! Here's the doctor.

SILVER

You, doctor! Top o' the morning to you, sir! We've quite a surprise for you, too, sir. We've a little stranger here - he! he! A noo border and lodger, sir.

LIVESEY

Not Jim?

SILVER

The very same Jim as ever was.

LIVESEY

Well, well, duty first and pleasure afterwards, as you might have said yourself, Silver. Let us take a look at Tom Morgan's bandages first.

(He examines Morgan.)

LIVESEY (Continued)

You're doing well, my friend; your head must be as hard as iron.

MORGAN

Dick don't feel well, sir.

LIVESEY

Don't he? Well, step up here, Dick, and let me see your tongue.

(he does)

No, I should be surprised if he did! the man's tongue is fit to frighten the French. It's fever.

MORGAN

Ah, there, that comed of sp'iling Bibles.

LIVESEY

That comed, as you call it, from camping in a bog. You'll all have the deuce to pay before you get that malaria out of your systems.

(hands DICK some pills)

Take these, they'll help a little. And now I should wish to have a talk with that boy, please.

DICK

No!

SILVER

Si-lence! Doctor, I was a-thinking of that. Hawkins, will you give me your word of honour as a young gentleman not to run off?

HAWKINS

You have my word, sir.

SILVER

Then, doctor, you just step outside to the edge of the clearing, and once you're there, I'll bring the boy down to talk to you. Good day to you, sir, and all our dooties to the squire and Cap'n Smollett.

(LIVESEY steps out.)

DICK

You're playing double!

MORGAN

Trying to make a separate peace for yourself an' leave us to swing alone!

DICK

I say we kill 'em both while we outnumber 'em.

SILVER

No, by thunder! It's us must break the treaty when the time comes. Till then, I'll gammon that doctor, if I have to ile his boots with brandy. Come on, Jim.

(HAWKINS steps lively, and SILVER holds him back.)

Slow, lad, slow. They might round upon us in a twinkle of an eye, if we was seen to hurry.

(They step into the clearing and stop a good distance from LIVESEY.)

SILVER (Continued)

You'll make a note of this here also, doctor, and the boy'll tell you how I saved his life. When the time comes, doctor, you wouldn't think it too much, mayhap, to give me one good word? You'll please bear in mind it's not my life only now - it's that boy's into the bargain; and you'll speak me fair, doctor, and give me a bit o' hope to go on, for the sake of mercy.

LIVESEY

Why, John, you're not afraid?

SILVER

Doctor, I'm no coward! no, not I - not *so* much!

(snaps his fingers)

But I'll own up fairly, I've the shakes upon me for the gallows. You're a good man and a true; and you'll not forget what I done good, not any more than you'll forget the bad, I know. And I step aside - see here - and leave you and Jim alone. And you'll put that down for me, too, for it's a long stretch is that!

(SILVER steps back, leaving HAWKINS a short distance from LIVESEY. DICK and MORGAN watch from the stockade.)

LIVESEY

So, Jim, here you are. As you have brewed, so shall you drink, my boy. Heaven knows I cannot find it in my heart to blame you; but this much I will say, be it kind or unkind: when Captain Smollett was well, you dared not have gone off; and when he was ill, and couldn't help it, by George, it was downright cowardly!

HAWKINS

Doctor, you might spare me. I have blamed myself enough; my life's forfeit anyway, and I should have been dead by now, if Silver hadn't stood for me; and, doctor, believe this, I can die - and I daresay I deserve it - but if they come to torture me - -

LIVESEY

Jim. Jim, I can't have this. Come along, and we'll run for it.

HAWKINS

Doctor, I gave my word.

LIVESEY

I know, I know. We can't help that, Jim, now. I'll take it on my shoulders, blame and shame, my boy; but stay here, I cannot let you. Come! Into the trees and we'll run for it like antelopes.

HAWKINS

No, you know right well you wouldn't do the thing yourself; neither you, nor squire, nor captain; and no more will I. But, doctor, you did not let me finish. If they come to torture me, I might let slip of where the ship is; for I got the ship, and she lies in North Inlet, on the southern beach.

LIVESEY

The ship!

HAWKINS

At half-tide she must be high and dry.

LIVESEY

Every step, it's you that saves our lives; and do you suppose by any chance that we are going to let you lose yours? Silver! I'll give you a piece of advice.

(SILVER approaches.)

Don't be in any great hurry after that treasure.

SILVER

I can only, asking your pardon, save my life and the boy's by seeking for that treasure; and you may lay to that.

LIVESEY

Well, Silver, if that is so, I'll go one step further: look out for squalls when you find it. If we both get alive out of this wolf-trap, I'll do my best to save you, short of perjury.

SILVER

You couldn't say more, I'm sure, sir, not if you was my mother.

LIVESEY

Keep the boy close beside you. Goodbye, Jim.

(LIVESEY shakes hands with HAWKINS, nods to SILVER and disappears into the trees.)

SILVER

Jim, if I saved your life, you saved mine; and I'll not forget it. I seen the doctor waving you to run for it - with the tail of my eye, I did; and I seen you say no, as plain as hearing. You and me must stick close and we'll save our necks in spite of fortune.

MORGAN

Silver!

DICK

About that treasure. When do we go for it?

SILVER

Right away, mates! Right away. As for hostage, that's his last talk, I guess, with them he loves so dear. Once we got the ship and treasure both, and off to sea like jolly companions, why, then, we'll talk Mr. Hawkins over, we will, and we'll give him his share, to be sure, for his kindness. Gather your gear, mates, and let's find that treasure!

SCENE SIXTEEN

(The lights and scenery change as the pirates take up picks, shovels, muskets and cutlasses. HAWKINS stays close to SILVER's side. SILVER reads the map.)

SILVER

"Tall tree, Spy-glass shoulder, bearing a point to the N. of NNE. Skeleton Island ESE and by E. Ten feet."

(The pirates pace out and follow SILVER's directions.)

DICK

There are three tall trees, about in the right line from Skeleton Island.

MORGAN

Spy-glass Shoulder, I take it, means that lower p'int there.

SILVER

It's child's play to find the stuff now. I've half a mind to take a rest, first.

DICK

Ay, rest. Like the six strong men Cap'n Flint brought ashore with him and left to rot. I can feel his evil spirit over me now, I can.

SILVER

Ah, well, my son, you praise your stars he's dead.

MORGAN

He was an ugly devil. Dear heart, but he died bad, did Flint! Now he raged, and now he hollered for the rum, and now he sang. "Fifteen Men" were his only song.

DICK

Look! That tree! That must be it!

MORGAN

Huzza, mates, all together!

(MORGAN and DICK run off and very soon after, we hear a low moan. They return, DICK holding a dirty board from a smashed packing crate with the name *Walrus* branded on it.)

HAWKINS

Walrus. The name of Flint's ship!

MORGAN

Someone's been here afore us. It's gone. It's all gone!

DICK

Maybe they missed something?

(MORGAN and DICK look at one another, then dash back to the hole and dig. Bits of dirt fly onstage as they root like pigs for truffles. SILVER hands HAWKINS one of his pistols.)

SILVER

Jim, take that, and stand by for trouble.

DICK (O.S.)

Gold!

MORGAN (O.S.)

Give it me! That's all?

(DICK and MORGAN enter, smeared with dirt. MORGAN holds a single gold coin and shakes it at SILVER.)

MORGAN

Two guineas! That's your treasure, is it? You're the man for bargains, ain't you? You're him that never bungled nothing, you wooden-headed lubber!

DICK

I tell you, now, that man there knew it all along. Look in the face of him, and you'll see it wrote there.

MORGAN

Well, the two of them's alone there against us. One's the old cripple that brought us all here and blundered us down to this; the other's that cub that I mean to have the heart of. Now, mate - -

(Just as MORGAN raises his musket, three shots crack out from the trees. MORGAN falls into the undergrowth near the hole and struggles to draw his cutlass. DICK runs off. SILVER fires his pistol into MORGAN.)

SILVER

Morgan, I reckon I settled you.

(Enter LIVESEY, TRELAWNEY and BEN GUNN.)

SILVER (Continued)

Thank ye kindly, doctor. You came in in about the nick, I guess, for me and Hawkins. And so it's you, Ben Gunn! Well, you're a nice one to be sure.

GUNN

I'm Ben Gunn, I am.

(pause)

And, how do, Mr. Silver? Pretty well, thank ye, says you.

TRELAWNEY

Ben's the one found the treasure and carried it bit by bit to his cave where it's lain stored in safety since two months before we arrived.

SILVER

Ben, Ben, to think as you've done me!

LIVESEY

Now you know why I gave you that treasure map.

SILVER

Ah, it were fortunate for me that I had Hawkins here. You would have let old John be cut to bits, and never given it a thought, doctor.

LIVESEY

Not a thought.

TRELAWNEY

John Silver, you're a prodigious villain and imposter - a monstrous imposter, sir. I am told I am not to prosecute you. Well, then, I will not. But the dead men, sir, hang about your neck like millstones.

SILVER

(saluting)

Thank you kindly, sir.

TRELAWNEY

I dare you to thank me! It is a gross dereliction of my duty. Stand back.

(SILVER and BEN GUNN stand aside as LIVESEY pours drinks for himself, TRELAWNEY and HAWKINS. They stand and toast.)

LIVESEY

Our perilous adventure done, we thank the Lord for a safe passage home.

TRELAWNEY

Here's to Captain Smollett who took his share of the treasure and is now retired from the sea. And here is to Ben Gunn, who spent his share in three weeks. Fortunately, I had a place for him, a lodge to keep. He is a notable singer in church on Sundays.

(Lights out on BEN GUNN.)

LIVESEY

Here's to Long John Silver, who escaped from the *Hispaniola* in the dead of night, a sack of coins by his side.

(Lights out on SILVER.)

HAWKINS

That formidable seafaring man with one leg has at last gone clean out of my life. And here's to Flint's treasure - great heaps of coin and bars of gold - that we had come so far to seek, and that had cost the lives of seventeen men from the *Hispaniola*. The bar silver and the arms still lie, for all that I know, where Flint buried them; and certainly they shall lie there for me.

(Lights fade on LIVESEY and TRELAWNEY.)

HAWKINS (Continued)

Oxen and wain-ropes would not bring me back again to that accursed island;
(We hear the surf in the background as music begins.)
and the worst dreams that ever I have are when I hear the surf booming about its coasts,
or start upright in bed, with the sharp voice of Captain Flint still ringing in my ears:

CAPTAIN FLINT (O.S.)

Pieces of eight! pieces of eight!

(The music roars to an end and blackout on HAWKINS.)

THE END (Arrr!)