

# The Alternative Treasure Island

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# The Alternative Treasure Island

**Script by  
David Barrett**

Based on the novel by  
Robert Louis Stevenson

## Dramatis Personae

Jim Hawkins

Mrs Fancy Hawkins

Billy Bones

Man 1

Man 2

Squire Trelawney

Doctor Livesey

Captain Smollet

Seller 1

Seller 2

Pirates:

Long John Sliver

Israel Hands

Obadiah Smythe

Henry Cruickshank

Bart Boddington

Will Woodcock

Tom Foote

Chorus of commoners in the pub

Chorus of customers and stall-holders in the market

Chorus of pirates

## Synopsis of Scenes and Musical Numbers

### **Act 1**

- Scene 1 The Admiral Benbow Inn, Near Bristol, England
- Scene 2 Squire Trelawney's Drawing Room
- Scene 3 A Market Near Bristol
- Scene 4 On Board the Hispaniola
- Scene 5 On Board the Hispaniola, 3 Weeks Later

### **Act 2**

- Scene 1 On Treasure Island
- Scene 2 On Board the Hispaniola
- Scene 3 On Treasure Island
  
- Song 1 A Life in the West Country (Tune: Popeye the Sailor Man)
- Song 2 Peasants are Revolting (Tune: Drunken Sailor)
- Song 3 Down in Bristol Market (Tune: One Man Went to Mow)
- Song 4 The Market Sellers (Tune: Blow the Man Down)
- Song 5 Pirates Just Love Aarghs!  
(Tune: In the Quartermaster's Stores)
- Song 6 We Love to Murder, We Love to Maim  
(Tune: Fire Down Below)
- Song 7 The Wooden Leg Song (Blow the Wind Southerly)
- Song 8 A Life on the Sea is so Gay (Tune: Abdul Abulbul Amir))
- Song 9: Thank Goodness That's the End (Anchors Aweigh)

## Act 1, Scene 1 The Admiral Benbow Inn, Near Bristol

*The scene is one of cosy rural life in a humble, but comfortable Inn. A number of customers are enjoying an evening drink. There is a main entrance on one side and a back door the other. Fancy serves at the bar while Jim is collecting empty glasses and taking fresh drinks to the tables.*

### SONG 1 A Life in the West Country (Tune: Popeye the Sailor Man)

*Chorus:*

A loif in the West Country, is purrfect as loif could be,  
We ooh and we aah as we drink at the bar,  
With a missy upon each knee.

*Chorus:*

We're 'appy for folks to share our vistas and country air,  
Our fresh clotted cream is a city man's dream,  
And their wenches just don't compare.

*Mrs Hawkins:*

My loif in the West Country, is dandy as loif could be,  
I ooh and I aah as I serve at the bar,  
And it's scrumpy and toast for tea.

*Chorus:*

Her loif as a landlady, is peachy as loif could be,  
She winks at the men and she struts like a hen,  
As she lifts up her skirt at the knee.

*Jim:*

A boy living in a pub, will never go short of grub,  
I finish the dregs from the half-empty kegs,  
And I'm pissed as a newt in a tub.

*Chorus:*

If you speak in the Country way, the girls will be blown away,  
When you offer them Zoider, they grin even wider,  
And might lead you quite astray.

*Chorus:*

Our life in the West Country, Idyllic as loif could be,  
We ooh and we aah, we moo and we baa!  
If you stay awake you'll see.

JIM Mother, why do you keep doing that?  
MOTHER What dear?

JIM All that ooh aah stuff.

MOTHER We do live in the West Country, dear.

JIM But mother, we only moved here three weeks ago from Yorkshire.

MOTHER Yes, well it's easier than doing all that ee bah gum stuff. It makes my jaw ache.  
*(Billy Bones crosses from the bar and finds a seat.)*

JIM Captain Bones, please tell us one of your stories.  
*(Everyone starts to gather round.)*

MAN 1 Tell us about your life at sea.

BONES Well, it's a hard life to be sure. And you meet some right rum types aboard ship.

MAN 2 Tell us about them, Captain.

BONES Pirates, some of them; pirates and privateers. They have no honour and no regard for human life. But they look out for one-another, they do. And if a pirate betrays a confidence or is considered a traitor he is given the black spot.

JIM What's that? Is it a dog?

BONES No son, it's the pirates' death penalty. *(He stares into the distance.)* He will die a slow and lingering death. *(Stretching out his words.)* Slow and lingering. Lingering and slow!

JIM Tell us about the pirates.

BONES Well, there was Cap'n Bluebeard. 'E was a strange one. 'E fancied 'imself as an opera singer and was fond of dressing up in women's clothes. Every evening he would go to his cabin, put on a red velvet dress and spend the night trilling in a rich soprano.

MAN 1 Didn't she mind him doing that?

BONES Who?

MAN 1 The rich soprano. *(Everyone chuckles.)*

BONES Now there was old Blackbeard. 'E had his own ideas on combat. When the enemy was sighted he would insist his crew dance the hornpipe naked on deck.

MAN 2 Why on earth was that?

BONES He reckoned it would scare off the enemy.

MOTHER And did it work?

BONES It certainly did. Even the blackest-hearted buccaneers would flee at the sight of the men's do si dos as they bounced on deck.

JIM Tell us about Redbeard.

BONES Aargh, Redbeard, the strangest of the lot. A stranger tale I never heard tell. He would climb up to the crows nest with a crate of rum and not come down for three days. Three days, I tell ye! And while he was up there the men would hide below deck.

JIM Why was that, were they scared?

BONES No! 'E drank all the rum you see and he was so wobbly with all that drinkin' he wouldn't dare climb down when he was caught short. Any man crossing the deck may well be caught in more than a rain shower.

MOTHER That can't possibly be true, Billy.

BONES No, it ain't but it makes a good yarn. And I likes a good yarn!  
*(Sound of something dropping through the letter box.)*  
Aargh! What be that?

MAN 1 That be a letter. *(He goes to pick it up.)*  
MAN 2 *(Looking through the curtains.)* There's an ugly-looking crowd of men outside.  
BONES *(Bones goes to the window.)* Shiver me capstan chain, it's Sliver and his gang of cut-throats.  
MAN 1 *(Holding the letter.)* It's for you, Captain Bones. *(Hands him the letter.)*  
BONES What is this? A letter for me?  
*(He opens it with his dagger and unfolds it.)*  
What the....? No! No, not the black spot; it can't be! They've given me the black spot. *(Holds up the paper for all to see.)*  
JIM Quick mother, bar the door. *(She does so.)*  
BONES I'm done for! I knew they would come for me one day.  
*(He gasps in pain and clutches his chest, leaning against the bar. Jim and mother run forward to help him.)*  
It's too late to help me now – it's me heart. My time has come. You look to yourselves.  
JIM Hang in there, Captain. You don't have to die yet.  
BONES My chest, my chest.  
MOTHER We know where your heart is. We're not stupid.  
BONES *(Points)* My sea chest! It's in there; I want you to have it.  
JIM What's in there, Captain? What do you want us to have?  
BONES Aargh! Aargh! Look after it – it will bring you good fortune.  
MOTHER What will, Billy?  
BONES The.... The.... The.... *(He dies and slithers down the bar into a sitting position, head lolling to one side.)*  
MOTHER The chest! It's behind the bar.  
*(Men 1 and 2 lift up the chest and put it on the bar. Jim looks inside.)*  
JIM I don't understand. It's empty!  
MAN 1 No, look! Fixed to the underside of the lid.  
MAN 2 It's a piece of parchment – a scroll! *(He passes the map to Jim.)*  
JIM Look, mother, it's some sort of map.  
MOTHER It's a treasure map.  
JIM How do you know.  
MOTHER Look! It says, 'this is not a treasure map' on the top. Someone is trying to confuse us.  
MAN 1 That's not difficult.  
*(Others begin to gather around.)*  
JIM But the words are funny, mummy.  
MOTHER No they're not, clot. There in Irish. And it looks as though it were written by a pirate.  
JIM How do you know that?  
MOTHER Lots of the words have an aargh in them.  
JIM Can you speak Irish?  
MOTHER A little; I'll try:  
*(In an Irish accent.)* To follow these instructions now, do not go alone. You need to be in a tree.  
JIM In a tree?  
MOTHER Make sure yew trees stick together.  
JIM This is silly!

MAN 1 It means you three.  
 JIM Oh, I see.  
 MOTHER Take the track up the hill, ignoring the first and second turnings but pick up the turd.  
 JIM What does it mean, 'pick up the turd'?  
 MOTHER Hush, boy. Once you have picked it up, keep following it and don't take your eyes off it.  
 JIM Keep your eyes on the turd?  
 MOTHER When it goes downhill, follow it.  
 JIM I can't believe this!  
 MOTHER When it starts to get marshy, it will begin to break up. Please tread warily on it, following the footprints of people who've trodden before you and make sure you pick it up again on the other side of the marsh.  
 JIM Yuk!  
 MOTHER Provided you have followed my instructions at the beginning, you should be able to smell something by now.  
 JIM Double yuk! (*Holds his nose.*)  
 MOTHER When the road branches, the tree of you should stick together and leaf the first two large forks but take the turd.  
 JIM Not the turd again.  
 MOTHER Follow it into the trees and the smell will grow stronger.  
 JIM I should think it would by now.  
 MOTHER The smell should be on your right hand side.  
 JIM How does he know which hand you're holding it in?  
 MOTHER By now you should be able to tell where the fragrance is coming from.  
 JIM Isn't that obvious?  
 MOTHER You are descending through a grove of magnolias.  
 JIM That should disguise it a bit.  
 MOTHER This is where you may leave the turd turning.  
 JIM Thank goodness.  
 MOTHER Leave it behind you and as the trees get tick and you go into a dark wood, hold hands with the second and turd person so you don't get lost.  
 JIM Yuk!  
 MOTHER Take care not to get your clothes torn on a torn.  
 JIM What?  
 MOTHER At the hollow tree, stop, do a tree-point turn and take tree steps backwards from the tree.  
 JIM Then what?  
 MOTHER Turn around and follow the instructions on the bottom.  
 (*She turns round and Jim inspects her bottom.*)  
 JIM There's no instructions there.  
 MOTHER The bottom of the map, child!  
 JIM Do you suppose it tells us where the treasure is interred?  
 MOTHER Look, that's enough, Jim.  
 (*Sounds of angry, drunk voices approaching outside.*)  
 MAN 1 (*Peeping through the curtain.*) Now there's going to be trouble. Here comes that good-for-nothing pirate Long John Sliver and a crowd of his friends.  
 JIM Mother, bar the door.

MOTHER I already did.  
*(We hear a fearful banging of fists on the door. The drinkers hide under their tables in fright.)*

JIM Mother do something, quickly.

MOTHER Jim, I will try to distract them. You must leave by the back door and take the map to Squire Trelawney. He will know what to do with it.

JIM But I can't remember how to get to the Squire's house. I've only been there once.

MOTHER It's quite easy; I'll remind you. Follow the footpath through the fallow field and take the first fork to Falconer's ford.

JIM Follow the footpath through the fallow field and take the first fork to Falconer's ford.

MOTHER Risk wading the river and take the track till it meets Truscott's trail.

JIM Whisk raiding the wiver and trake the tack till it meets Tuskrots tail.

MOTHER Hike up the hill to the holly in the hollow by the hickory hedge.

JIM Hack up the hole to the hickow by the hollery hedge.

MOTHER The third thoroughfare by the thorny thistles threads through to Three Thimbles Cottage.

MOTHER Now, repeat it all back to me.

JIM Follow the fork to Falconer's field and wade the river. Take the hickory up the hill to the hollow track by the holly hedge. The third thistle threads through the thimble to the thorny cottage.

MOTHER You weren't paying attention, boy, were you?

JIM I was mother. I just can't remember...  
*(There is a fearful banging on the door.)*

MOTHER Oh, to hell with it, just take the number 23. It stops right outside the Squire's house. And be careful, Jim. There's something evil in the air.

MAN 2 Must have been them beans you served for dinner.

JIM Bye, mum. I'll be back soon.

MOTHER *(Smothering him in kisses.)* Goodbye, Jimikins.

JIM Mother! Not in front of these people. *(Exits through the back door)*  
*(The door bursts open and Sliver and his friends flood in.)*

SLIVER Aargh!

PIRATES Aargh!

MAN 2 Aargh!

BART Hey, you can't do that. You're not a pirate!  
*(Sliver kicks Bart's shins.)* Neither are we of course.

SLIVER Where's that bones.

MAN 2 What sort of bone? Thigh bone, finger bone, funny bone?

OBADIAH Ah, so we have a comedian in our midst. Shall I kill him, Sliver.

SLIVER You can't go round killing people like that.

ISRAEL Why not? That's what pirates do, isn't it?

SLIVER But we're not pirates, are we!

TOM Of course not. We're sailors.

SLIVER I'll ask you one more time, ugly. Where's Billy Bones?

MAN 2 Over there, propping up the bar.

HENRY Where? We don't see him, do we boys?

PIRATES No!

MAN 2 I'll get him for you.

(He crosses to the bar and drags Billy Bones downstage by his feet.)  
 WILL Has he been drinking too much again?  
 MOTHER It's worse than that, I'm afraid.  
 SLIVER You don't mean he's dead?  
 MAN 1 Stiff as a gentleman's collar.  
 SLIVER Darn it! Where's his chest?  
 MAN 2 *(Bending down and pointing to the upper part of Bones's body.)*  
 Right here!  
 OBADIAH Please let me kill him, Sliver.  
 SLIVER I'd rather you killed the script-writer.  
 WILL Woman!  
 PIRATES Where?  
 WILL There!  
 PIRATES Oh, that one!  
 TOM I suppose it is - after a fashion..  
 WILL I say, woman!  
 MOTHER What?  
 WILL Give us Bones's sea chest or we'll re-decorate your inn – in red.  
 MOTHER Oh, what a good idea. I was thinking of a new colour scheme.  
 MAN 2 Better do what he says, Fancy. I don't think he is recommending a paint. *(She brings the chest from behind the bar.)*  
 TOM *(Laughing.)* Is that her name? Fancy!  
 HENRY Well, fancy that.  
 WILL No, I don't!  
 SLIVER *(Opening the chest.)* I don't see it here.  
 TOM Search the body, Bart.  
 OBADIAH It must be here somewhere.  
 MOTHER You won't find it in there.  
 TOM What won't we find, Fanny?  
 MOTHER Fancy!  
 TOM You've taken it, haven't you, wench?  
 MOTHER *(Smiling.)* Ooh, I haven't been called that for years. *(Sidles up to Tom.)*  
 TOM *(Slapping her face. She looks shocked at first, then smiles again.)* Tell us what you did with Billy Bones' scrolls, wench.  
 MOTHER *(Smiling.)* Will you slap me again if I don't.  
 WILL We want to know how Bones concealed his will and testaments.  
 MOTHER Let's not get too personal.  
 SLIVER *(Shouts.)* Enough!  
 PIRATES *(All jump in fright.)* Aargh!  
 SLIVER Right men, re-arrange the furniture.  
*(With lots of snarling and aarghing the pirates overturn tables and chairs and break a few bottles. They pour a mug of ale over Man 1, who tries to drink some as it dribbles down his face. One pirate picks up a bottle and hides behind an overturned table to drink it. No-one sees him hide, except for the audience.)*  
 Enough!  
 PIRATES *(All jump in fright again.)* Aargh!

SLIVER We are wasting our time, men. Woman, you have twenty-four hours. If you don't hand over the treasure map, your inn will be turned into a beacon! *(All gasp.)*

MOTHER No, we're not insured.

SLIVER Out men, out! Twenty-four hours – we'll be back. *(Pirates exit except for the one hiding, who tries to finish the bottle.)*

MOTHER What a horrible bunch. Someone needs to teach them some manners.

MAN 2 Well, at least the map is safe in Jim's hands. He should have reached Squire Trelawney's house by now.  
*(The pirate stops drinking and pricks up his ears.)*

MAN 1 Let's get the place straightened up.  
*(He goes to pick up the table where the pirate is hiding.)*  
What the devil. Hey, wait!  
*(The pirate is already halfway to the door and is gone before they can catch him.)*

MOTHER What have we done? Do you suppose he heard what we said about Jim?

MAN 2 Well I'm off to the Squire's house to see that Jim is safe.

MAN 1 Wait for me – I'm coming too.

OTHERS And me! *(etc.)*  
*(They all exit swiftly.)*

MOTHER *(As she exits.)* I suppose the tidying will wait until morning.  
*(Turns to look at audience.)* Unless you lot would like to tidy up while we're out. No, I thought not. Bye! *(She waves.)*

*(Blackout)*

*End of Scene*

## Act 1, Scene 2, Squire Trelawney's Drawing Room, Later that evening

### SONG 2 Peasants are Revolting (Tune: Drunken Sailor)

Why should we mix with the lower classes,  
Cider-swilling, chewing grasses,  
Sitting all day upon their asses,  
Down in Giles's hayfield?  
Quite unwashed and rather smelly,  
Seen in church in bright green wellies,  
Gravy stains upon their bellies,  
Peasants are revolting;

Old Misses Jones from the sausage factory,  
Five feet tall and very satisfactory,  
Gave my door key but it came back to me,  
In a string of chipolatas.  
On a Friday night in the village local,  
Had a few pints and I'm getting vocal,  
Dance a little jig with a smelly yokel,  
Peasants are revolting.

In my surgery with a reeking rustic,  
Suff'ring with a boil under her elastic,  
Fill it with a gallon of antiseptic,  
Light the blue touch paper.  
Old George Smith is the local farmer,  
Fancies himself as a bit of a charmer,  
Wears a silk thong underneath his armour,  
Peasants are revolting.

Little Sally Brown is a country bumpkin,  
She wears jumpers made of goatskin,  
Covers up her bouncing pumpkins,  
When she drives her tractor.  
Treading in piles of fresh manure,  
Wading through the dregs of the cider brewer,  
Kitchen smells like an open sewer,  
Peasants are revolting.

SQUIRE Yes, Doctor Livesey, I suppose you have all sorts coming to see you  
for medical attention.

DOCTOR Indeed, Trelawney. Occupational hazard, I'm afraid.  
*(The doorbell rings.)*

SQUIRE Who on earth could that be at this time of night? (*Goes to answer the door.*)

DOCTOR Are you expecting anyone?

SQUIRE (*As he exits.*) Not that I remember.  
(*The Doctor crosses to the window and looks through the curtain.*)  
(*Off*) Ah, it's young Jim from the Admiral Benbow. How are you young man?

JIM (*Entering the drawing room.*) Fine, thank you. Good evening, Doctor.

DOCTOR Good evening, young man.

SQUIRE You look quite out of breath, Jim, is everything alright.

JIM Yes, I mean no! You see, Captain Bones is dead....

DOCTOR My goodness!

JIM And some ugly men were after him. We found this treasure map in his trunk.... (*Taking the map out of his pocket and unfolding it.*)

SQUIRE Let me see that, boy.

DOCTOR Is this some sort of a joke?

SQUIRE On the contrary, my dear Doctor, this is deadly serious. You are aware that Bones at one time sailed in the company of the notorious Captain Flint.

JIM Wow!

DOCTOR I confess that is news to me.

SQUIRE If I'm not mistaken, this is in Flint's own hand.

JIM No, it's in your hand.

SQUIRE Look, it has directions on this side to get to the treasure location.

DOCTOR It's in Irish!

JIM Yes, but my mother has translated it. It tells us the starting point on a certain island for the search. The other side is in English and tells you exactly where the treasure is buried.

DOCTOR But what are these pictures of ice cream cornets?

SQUIRE My dear Doctor, I believe they are mountains. You have the map upside down.

DOCTOR (*Turning it the right way.*) But it doesn't make sense – it's in code.

SQUIRE Well, let's see if we can decipher it, gentlemen, shall we? (*Reads from the map.*) By the might of the loon,

DOCTOR It's a mad person?

SQUIRE Quiet, please! Ping your brick and be teady to roil.

DOCTOR Ping your brick? Teddy? Royal?

SQUIRE Keep the bee at your track.

DOCTOR What's this got to do with bees?

SQUIRE Do be quiet! Rounting to the cock take pour faces.

DOCTOR No idea!

SQUIRE Shake your tovel and ping your brick,

DOCTOR We've already pinged it once.

SQUIRE And dovel shirt until you shit a harp object.

DOCTOR I say, steady on old boy!

JIM Sounds painful to me.

SQUIRE You will then be rest with bliches beyond your drest beams.

DOCTOR I've got it!

SQUIRE See a doctor.

DOCTOR I am a doctor.  
 JIM Well look in the mirror.  
 DOCTOR It's full of spoonerisms.  
 SQUIRE Full of what?  
 DOCTOR Spoonerisms; you know, 'well boiled icicle – well oiled bicycle.'  
 Don't you see? You reverse the initial consonants of the meaningless  
 words and .....

SQUIRE Just tell us what it means, Doctor.  
 DOCTOR By the might of the loon – by the light of the moon, ping your brick  
 and be teady to roil – bring your pick and be ready to toil.

SQUIRE Ah, I'm beginning to understand.  
 JIM Go on, Doctor.  
 DOCTOR Keep the bee on your track – keep the tree on your back, rounting to  
 the cock take pour faces....

JIM Counting to the rock take four paces.  
 DOCTOR Very good. Shake your tovel – take your shovel... And shovel dirt  
 until you hit a sharp object.

JIM Oh, I thought it meant until you sh...  
 SQUIRE Alright, that's quite enough of that!  
 DOCTOR Well, we know how to find the treasure but how do we find the island.  
 JIM I think I can find it.  
 SQUIRE How?  
 JIM Look, it says at the top, 'Treasure Island, second on the left after Santa  
 Marco'.

DOCTOR Well what are we waiting for? Let's go!  
 SQUIRE But we need a ship and a crew.  
 DOCTOR I can charter a clipper.  
 JIM And I can be your cabin boy.  
 SQUIRE Excellent! And I suppose we ought to think about buying some  
 supplies and rations.  
*(Jim stands between them, looking from one to the other. Eventually he  
 becomes dizzy and goes to sit down.)*

DOCTOR Where to start? That's the art.  
 SQUIRE I'll take the trap to the market, if I can park it.  
 DOCTOR You'd better go soon, June.  
 SQUIRE I'll make a list, Chris.  
 DOCTOR We'll need lots of food, Dude.  
 SQUIRE And plenty of nectar, Hector. *(making drinking actions.)*  
 DOCTOR What about fresh veg, Reg?  
 SQUIRE Well, we don't all want scurvy, Herbie.  
 DOCTOR Shall we keep it in a barrel, Carol?  
 SQUIRE Or even in a keg, Meg.  
 DOCTOR What happens when it's gone, John?  
 SQUIRE Better get some cake, Jake.  
 DOCTOR Also some wheat, Pete.  
 SQUIRE Even some corn, Lorne.  
 DOCTOR How about barley, Charlie?  
 SQUIRE I should think so, Flo.  
 DOCTOR What sort of veg, Reg?

SQUIRE We certainly want spuds, Dud.  
 DOCTOR Also some swede, Ede.  
 SQUIRE Watercress, Bess?  
 DOCTOR Prunes, June?  
 SQUIRE Lemons, Helen?  
 DOCTOR Melons, Melanie?  
 SQUIRE Kale, Kyle?  
 DOCTOR Mandarins, Miranda?  
 SQUIRE Cherries, Cherie?  
 DOCTOR Loganberries, Logan?  
 SQUIRE Olives, Olive?  
 DOCTOR Basil, Basil?  
 SQUIRE Clementines, Clementine?  
 DOCTOR Slow down, slow down. I can't write that fast.  
*(Pause.)*  
 SQUIRE Will we take arms?  
 DOCTOR Of course we'll need muskets, you silly old basket.  
 SQUIRE And cannon of course, you silly old horse.  
 DOCTOR With plenty of balls, you ignorant fool.  
 SQUIRE And gunpowder too, you stupid fat moo.  
 DOCTOR And musketry shot, you silly old clot.  
 SQUIRE And a musket ramrod, you silly old sod.  
 DOCTOR And barrels and kegs,  
 SQUIRE And buckets and pegs,  
 DOCTOR And water and ales,  
 SQUIRE And rigging and sails,  
 JIM Cannon and balls,  
 SQUIRE Carpenter's tools,  
*(By this time they are moving around the stage linked together like a train and the Squire has given up trying to make a list. The dialogue speeds up towards the song and Jim joins in, miming the motion of the wheel couplings.)*  
 DOCTOR Drums and fifes,  
 SQUIRE Dishes and knives,  
 JIM Muskets and shot,  
 SQUIRE Lobster and pot,  
 DOCTOR Hammocks and cots,  
 SQUIRE Kettles and pots,  
 JIM Whiskey and rum,  
 SQUIRE Damson and plum,  
 DOCTOR Peaches and cream,  
 SQUIRE Haddock and bream,  
 JIM Longboats and oars,  
 SQUIRE Cattle and horse,  
 DOCTOR Chickens and lamb,  
 SQUIRE Honey-roast ham,  
 JIM Custard and jam,  
 SQUIRE Fritters and spam,  
 DOCTOR Beans in a can,

SQUIRE      Gingerbread man.

**SONG 3      Down in Bristol Market** (Tune: One Man Went to Mow)

*Throughout the song, up until Sunday, each new item mentioned is thrown onto the stage from the wings. It is up to the actors to duck at the appropriate time (or not, at their peril). During the song, the crowd from the pub enters and near the end the pirates are seen looking through the window.*

Monday I shall buy, when I go to market;  
Sausages and beans, down in Bristol market.

Tuesday I shall buy, when I go to market;  
Cabbage, sausages and beans, down in Bristol market.

Wednesday I shall buy, when I go to market;  
Turnips, cabbage, sausages and beans, down in Bristol market.

Thursday I shall buy, when I go to market;  
Onions, turnips, cabbage, sausages and beans, down in Bristol market.

Friday I shall buy, when I go to market;  
Carrots, onions, turnips, cabbage, sausages and beans, down in Bristol market.

Saturday I shall buy, when I go to market;  
Spinach, carrots, onions, turnips, cabbage, sausages and beans, down in Bristol market.

Sunday I shall buy, when I go to market;  
*Each line a different soloist, getting faster;*

Corn and wheat and oats and rye,  
Chocolate doughnuts, apple pie,  
Oranges and dates and figs,  
Lamb and beef and roasted pigs,  
Frogs-legs, snails and jellied eels,  
Octopus and toasted seals,  
Haggis, kidneys, liver, tripe,  
Seagulls, albatross and snipe,  
Roasted cob-nuts, toasted cheese,  
Boiled potatoes, frozen peas,  
Mermaid served in seaweed pod,

*Slower*

You can't buy that, you silly sod! *(Pause)*

*All:*

Spinach, carrots, onions, turnips, cabbage, sausages and beans, down in Bristol market.

*End of Scene*

## Act 1, Scene 3, A Market Near Bristol

### SONG 4                      **Come All Ye Suckers** (Tune: Blow the Man Down)

*Solo:*

Come all ye suckers and come all ye fools,  
Visit our charming stalls;  
Open your purses and let's take a look,  
For we will delight in seeing you rooked.

*Chorus:*

We'll spot you suckers a mile down the lane,  
Thick-skulled, lacking in brain;  
Whether you're peasants or posh country folk,  
We can guarantee you'll all go home broke.

*Solo:*

We will short measure and short change you here,  
Ditch water strengthens the beer;  
Grain is improved with some finely-chopped grass,  
And sugar tastes grand with freshly ground glass.

*Chorus:*

Should you feel cheated, deceived and hoodwinked,  
We won't visit your clink;  
When you return with the magistrate's team,  
You'll find we've moved on to work pastures green.

*(Enter Squire Trelawney.)*

SQUIRE        Morning, my man.  
SELLER         That's correct!  
SQUIRE        I need to stock up on fresh fruit and vegetables for a voyage. Do you  
                         have any papaws?  
SELLER         *(Looks at his hands)* No, there's nothing wrong with them.  
SQUIRE        Lime?  
SELLER         No, I always walk like this.  
SQUIRE        Papaya?  
SELLER         You haven't bought anything yet.  
SQUIRE        How about some dates?  
SELLER         1066, the battle of Hastings, 1492, Columbus sailed the ocean blue.  
SQUIRE        Do you have anything with stones in?  
SELLER         How about some gravel?  
SQUIRE        Avocado?  
SELLER         No, I always walk.  
SQUIRE        *(Points)* That's a lychee.  
SELLER         No, it's the truth.

SQUIRE What about a pear?  
 SELLER Sorry, I've only got one left.  
 SQUIRE Do you have any passion fruit?  
 SELLER You kidding, have you seen my wife?  
 SQUIRE Rose-hips?  
 SELLER Don't ask personal questions.  
 SQUIRE Look, let's try vegetables then. Chilli?  
 SELLER Don't be ridiculous, it's summer.  
 SQUIRE What about a gourd?  
 SELLER Don't bring religion into this.  
 SQUIRE Brussels?  
 SELLER Never been there.  
 SQUIRE I really need peas.  
 SELLER Not here you don't! Go over there, behind that tree.  
 SQUIRE I'd also like a big leek.  
 SELLER Like I said, behind the tree.  
 SQUIRE French bean?  
 SELLER No only the Spanish.  
 SQUIRE What about Swedes?  
 SELLER No they've not been either.  
 SQUIRE What about your celery?  
 SELLER I only get paid a pittance.  
 SQUIRE Look, this is a waste of time. Your nuts?  
 SELLER So are you.  
 SQUIRE Have you got any pecans?  
 SELLER I told you to go behind that tree.  
 SQUIRE Pistachios?  
 SELLER No, I'm tee-total.  
 SQUIRE Cashews?  
 SELLER Bless you.  
 SQUIRE Hickory?  
 SELLER Try holding your breath.  
 SQUIRE What are your raspberries like?  
 SELLER Like this. *(Blows a huge raspberry)*  
 SQUIRE Right, that's it! I shall go elsewhere. It's amazing you sell anything with your attitude.  
 SELLER Why thank you, sir.  
 SQUIRE Now, let's try over here; I might have more joy with this chap.  
 Good day, my fellow.  
 SELLER 2 No, it's not!  
 SQUIRE Tell me, do you have any beans?  
 SELLER 2 Yes sir. Would you like French beans, runner beans, black beans, haricot beans, string beans, snap beans, wax beans, kidney beans, butter beans or has beans?  
 SQUIRE I'll have some of each please. Now, how about cabbage?  
 SELLER 2 We've got green cabbage, white cabbage, red cabbage, savoy cabbage, curly kale, Danish cabbage, Dutch cabbage, spring greens, napa cabbage, dwarf green cabbage, kohlrabi or cabbage whites?  
 SQUIRE I'll take three of each, and have you any onions?

SELLER 2 What sort do you want; green onions, garden onions, spring onions, Welsh onions, pickled onions, sweet onions, potato onions, tree onions or shallots?

SQUIRE Never mind the onions. How about mushrooms?

SELLER 2 Button mushrooms, black trumpet mushrooms, hedgehog mushrooms, king trumpet mushrooms, oak mushrooms, chicken mushroom, shaggy manes or truffles?

SQUIRE Just give me everything. Oh, and do you have any bananas? I don't see any here.

SELLER 2 Sorry, sir; we had a shipment yesterday but I had to throw them all away.

SQUIRE Oh dear! Why was that?

SELLER They were all bent.

SQUIRE *(Shaking his head in despair.)* Would you please send my order to the docks - to the Hispaniola?

SELLER 2 Sorry sir, we don't deliver.

SQUIRE Never mind! I'll get someone to collect it.  
*(Aside as he leaves the stall.)* I never thought shopping could be so difficult! Now I know why the song says, "The people of Bristol weren't at home." *(Tapping the side of his head)* I hope hiring the ship's crew will be a little easier. Ah, here are some likely looking characters. I'll ask them.  
*(He approaches some rough-looking characters who are lounging around, drinking ale.)*

Good day to you good fellows. I wonder if you can help me?

SLIVER Depends what you want, don't it.

SQUIRE Allow me to introduce myself; I am Squire Trelawney.

SLIVER And I am Long John Sliver.

SQUIRE Should that not be 'SILVER'?

SLIVER Aye, but the magistrate spelt it wrongly on me birth certificate, so I've been known as Sliver ever since.

ISRAEL *(Aside)* Sliver by name, slippery by nature.

SLIVER What is it you want?

SQUIRE I seek to hire some men.

ISRAEL *(Pointing to a very tall pirate.)* You don't need to hire him, he's seven feet already.

SQUIRE I need to contract some helpers.

ISRAEL Make up your mind. Do you want to higher them or contract them?

SQUIRE Well, both. You see, I need to procure some men, urgently.

HENRY We're not sick.

SQUIRE I'm prepared to be charged.

HENRY You want a bull then.

SQUIRE I'm interested in any man willing to be engaged.

TOM You're a pansy then.

SQUIRE I need men for an adventure.

TOM See what I mean.

SQUIRE Preferably sailors.

TOM That figures.

SQUIRE Look, I fear you misunderstand me. May I start again?

HENRY Be our guest.  
 SQUIRE I have been planning a secret operation.  
 WILL Will it be painful?  
 SQUIRE It is only painful to the assets in my coffers.  
 WILL Ah, I see! It makes your voice go higher then?  
 ISRAEL Don't talk about highering again.  
 SQUIRE Look, it's very simple; watch my lips. I have a clipper and I need a crew.  
  
 BART The barber's over there.  
 SQUIRE I cannot handle a cutter that size on my own.  
 WILL Like he said, the barber's over there.  
 SQUIRE I have only recently contracted a vessel.  
 BART I'd go and see a doctor about that.  
 SQUIRE It's large enough to make ten knots.  
 WILL Are you a masochist?  
 SQUIRE It's polished and ready to use but it's so large I'll need ten other men to help.  
  
 WILL It must be some vessel.  
 SQUIRE The expedition could last months.  
 BART You're going to put it on show?  
 SQUIRE No I'm going to sail it.  
 BART Sail what?  
 SQUIRE The boat, the clipper.  
 WILL Have you been talking about a ship?  
 SQUIRE Of course I have.  
 WILL Well why didn't you say so?  
 SQUIRE I thought I did.  
 SLIVER Let's get this straight! You have a ship?  
 SQUIRE Yes.  
 SLIVER And you need men to crew it?  
 SQUIRE I said so, didn't I?  
 SLIVER Well you need look no further.  
 WILL Aargh!  
 TOM He means, aye.  
 SLIVER What do you need?  
 SQUIRE I need a helmsman.  
 SLIVER That'd be me, Long John Sliver's me name.  
 SQUIRE A ship's cook.  
 TOM That'd be me. Tom Foote at your service, sir.  
 SQUIRE A captain's steward.  
 SLIVER That's old Obadiah here.  
 SQUIRE Some deck hands.  
 SLIVER That's a job for these boys.  
 SQUIRE A lookout.  
 BART I'll do that, sir.  
 SQUIRE I think that's about it. Now tell me; have you ever been to sea?  
 OBADIAH To see what?  
 SQUIRE I mean, are you a lover of terra firma?  
 OBADIAH No, we don't watch horror movies.

HENRY I tried to row once and got my frilly embellishments tangled in the rowlocks.

SQUIRE That sounds very painful.

TOM Now, can we talk about the money?

SQUIRE How about ten guineas a head.

WILL I like a good head on my Guinness.

TOM You can't just pay us with beer.

SQUIRE You misunderstand me, you shall each gain many pounds on this voyage.

HENRY You're going to bribe us with lots of food?

SQUIRE I refer to riches.

TOM He means the food will be rich.

SQUIRE I'm not talking about the food. I'm trying to tell you that you shall each share the spoils of the trip.

ISRAEL Why should we have the worst bits.

SQUIRE I intend to reward you handsomely.

BART Well old Obadiah won't get anything – he's really ugly.

SQUIRE If you are all willing and able we should proceed to organise the indentures.

OBADIAH Yea, I need a new set. Me last ones fell overboard.  
*(He puts his fingers in his mouth and shows his gums. Pirates all laugh and shrink away in horror.)*

SQUIRE I refer to the details of the post.

BART We get letters at sea?

SQUIRE Not that sort of post – I mean the duties I shall currently charge you with.

BART The boat has electrics as well.

SQUIRE Look, just be at Bristol docks tomorrow night at eight. I shall be there with Captain Smollet and we will explain the roster to you.

BART There will be chickens on board?

WILL Roster not rooster.

SQUIRE And now, I bid you farewell. We shall meet again aboard on the morrow. *(Exits)*

BART It must be a big marrow if we can all get aboard it.

ISRAEL The morrow – you fool. It means tomorrow.

OBADIAH He don't half talk funny.

SLIVER Come on men, we must away and bid farewell to our loved ones.  
*(He starts to exit and no-one follows.)*

Well, what're you waiting for?

ISRAEL We ain't got no loved-ones.

SLIVER Oh no, I forgot. Then we need to go and get drunk.

ALL Aye, aye.

*(They all exit, hurriedly, leaving the stage empty, except for a few stall-holders. Who shake their heads in disapproval.)*

*End of Scene*

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21

## Act 1, Scene 4, On Board the Hispaniola

*The Hispaniola has seen better days and is in need of repair and a coat of paint. The Captain paces the deck tidying ropes and tackle. The Doctor walks up the gangplank.*

CAPTAIN Welcome aboard the Hispaniola, Doctor.  
DOCTOR Thank you. You must be Captain .....?  
CAPTAIN Smollet.  
DOCTOR No, I can't smell a thing; I have a cold.  
CAPTAIN It's my name – Smollet.  
DOCTOR Oh, I do beg your pardon.  
CAPTAIN You look a little shaky.  
DOCTOR I slipped and nearly fell into the water climbing up that runway there.  
*(He points to the gangplank.)*  
CAPTAIN That's the gangplank. My dear Doctor, I don't believe you are familiar with the parts of a ship.  
DOCTOR I've never set foot on a ship in my life.  
CAPTAIN Then I must educate you before the crew arrive or they will make you a laughing stock. This is the upper deck.  
DOCTOR What's the front end called?  
CAPTAIN Bows. *(The Doctor starts bowing.)* Stop that, you fool.  
DOCTOR Well, what's the back end called?  
CAPTAIN Stern!  
DOCTOR *(Sternly)* What's the back end called? Oh, I see. And over there?  
CAPTAIN The poop deck.  
DOCTOR *(Crossing his legs.)* Oh, I wondered what you do when you need to go.  
*(The Captain shakes his head in disbelief.)*  
DOCTOR *(Looking around.)* What about up there?  
CAPTAIN That's the crows nest. *(He ducks and covers his head with his arms.)*  
What on earth are you doing now?  
DOCTOR The crows might poop on me.  
*(The Captain shakes his head again.)*  
What's that thing?  
CAPTAIN That's the ships wheel.  
DOCTOR But where are the other three?  
CAPTAIN Not that sort of wheel, you idiot. The helmsman uses it to steer the ship.  
DOCTOR What are the sides called?  
CAPTAIN Bulwarks.  
DOCTOR I say, that's rude! And what're those little things?  
CAPTAIN Rowlocks.  
DOCTOR Look, I've had enough of this sort of language. I shall go to my room.  
CAPTAIN Quarters.  
DOCTOR Who did?  
CAPTAIN Your cot.  
DOCTOR By whom?  
CAPTAIN Your billet.

DOCTOR I'm not paying a penny for it.  
CAPTAIN See you in the mess.  
DOCTOR The only thing that's in a mess is this dialogue.  
*(The doctor is about to exit when there is a commotion and the crew arrive. They look curiously around the ship.)*

SLIVER Is this the 'Ispaniola, guv?  
DOCTOR It certainly is – and I'm Dr Livesey, co-leader of this expedition.  
CAPTAIN And I'm Smollet.  
SLIVER Never mind, I'm sure you can take something for that.  
*(The crew guffaw.)*  
Allow us to introduce ourselves; I'm Long John Sliver.  
*(Others step forward as they say their own name and the Captain shakes their hands.)*

ISRAEL Israel Hands, at your service, Cap'n.  
CAPTAIN You can be a deck hand, Hands.  
HENRY Henry Cruickshank, sir.  
CAPTAIN Is that a name or an ailment?  
*(Guffaws with laughter. Henry gives him the evil eye.)*

OBADIAH Obadiah Smythe, Cap'n.  
CAPTAIN Pleased to meet you, Odabiah.  
OBADIAH Obadiah, sir.  
CAPTAIN Yes, quite!  
BART Bart Boddington, at your service.  
WILL Will Woodcock, sir.  
CAPTAIN Sounds more like a surgical procedure than a name.  
TOM And I'm Tom Foote.  
CAPTAIN Any relation to Tom Thumb?  
*(He laughs again and the men begin to mutter under their breath. The Captain takes a huge cloth from inside his jacket and thoroughly wipes any residue of the handshakes from his hands. He then tosses the cloth over his shoulder.)*

DOCTOR Right men, shut your portholes and get in line!  
OBADIAH That ain't very polite.  
ISRAEL Can't you just say be quiet?  
DOCTOR I meant shut those portholes. Now have any of you cut-throats ever fired a musket?  
BART Why do you think we're called cut-throats?  
HENRY We ain't called musket-firers is we.  
TOM Have you ever tried cutting someone's throat with a musket?  
DOCTOR Alright, alright. Now the Captain here will show you the drills.  
WILL What is he a dentist?  
DOCTOR Good luck, Captain! Sooner you than me. *(Exits.)*  
CAPTAIN Now listen men! This is the stock, this the barrel and this is where you put your balls. *(The men look at one-another, shocked.)*

WILL It ain't very big.  
CAPTAIN When you're ready to fire, you squeeze the trigger, there is a quick flash and the balls shoot out of the end. Before you can say Jack Robinson your target is lying face-down on the floor.  
WILL Look, you may enjoy this sort of thing but we don't, see!

CAPTAIN Very well, let's forget the muskets and I'll explain the mortars to you.  
 BART Is he a ruddy bricklayer as well?  
 CAPTAIN You drop your little bag of powder down the muzzle.  
 BART We don't do drugs.  
 CAPTAIN Quiet there man, and listen. You can fire round shot or nails. The nails must first be cleaned with a brush to ensure accurate flight. The gunner will then light the fuse and stand back. After firing, damp the glowing remnants with a sponge and remove the spent fuse with tweezers. Now, I shall ask you some questions to see whether you have been listening.  
*(Enter Squire Trelawney upstage, unseen by the men.)*  
 CAPTAIN You clean the nails with a?  
 CREW Nailbrush!  
 CAPTAIN Then you prime the gun with a bag of?  
 CREW Powder!  
 CAPTAIN To prevent explosions you need a wet?  
 CREW Sponge  
 CAPTAIN Remove the spent fuse with?  
 CREW Tweezers  
 CAPTAIN Then rub down the barrel with a?  
 CREW Soft cloth  
 CAPTAIN And dry it with a?  
 CREW Towel!  
 CAPTAIN What sort of shot does the musket fire?  
 SQUIRE *(Crossing downstage)* I say, that list sounds like the contents of a lady's handbag.  
 CREW Balls!  
 SQUIRE *(Aside)* Was it something I said?  
 CAPTAIN Now look sharp men, and get on with those chores. We set sail in one hour.  
*(The Captain and squire exit deep in conversation. The crew disperses, grumbling, and does various nautical jobs such as knotting ropes, cleaning muskets and the like. Enter Jim, upstage. He conceals himself in a corner but is in view of the audience.)*  
 SLIVER Aargh!  
 HENRY Aargh!  
 SLIVER Aargh!  
 CREW Aargh! *(Sliver jumps in alarm.)*  
 SLIVER Alright, no need to overdo it! Now men, the time is nigh.  
 HENRY It's not night. The sun is still up.  
 SLIVER Don't interrupt! I will explain to you my plan. First, I will steal the treasure map from Trelawney. When we arrive at the island we'll make an excuse to go ashore and I will assume command. When we've found the treasure we will return to the ship and kill the Captain, Trelawney, Livesey and the boy.  
 ISRAEL Yea, kill them!  
 SLIVER Until then we must behave like a model crew.  
 HENRY What, you mean keep still – like this? *(He freezes.)*  
 BART But we're not models – we're real.  
 SLIVER I meant we must do everything by the book.

BART But I can't read.  
 SLIVER You don't need to read, you need to act.  
 BART I've never acted in my life.  
 HENRY *(Unfreezing)* That's pretty obvious!  
 SLIVER Your life will not last much longer if you don't stop whinging.  
*(Jim tries to exit but trips on a rope. He falls down and freezes.)*  
 WILL What was that?  
 TOM Probably just the ship's cat.  
 WILL There is no ship's cat. *(Henry goes to look and finds Jim hiding.)*  
 HENRY Aargh, what have we here? A spy?  
 ISRAEL It's the cabin boy. *(Dragging Jim roughly forwards.)* Let's string him up.  
 BART He's not a guitar.  
 ISRAEL We'll hang him from the yard-arm.  
 OBADIAH Which bit's the yard-arm?  
*(They all look around, baffled and shrugging.)*  
 ISRAEL Well it doesn't have to be the yardarm, does it?  
 SLIVER Silence! All of you. Now tell me, boy, what did you hear?  
 JIM N...n...nothing, sir.  
 SLIVER I don't like your tone, boy.  
 BART I told you, he's not a guitar.  
 ISRAEL Kill him!  
 SLIVER If you don't tell us what you heard, boy, we will lash you to the main mast and use you for target practice.  
*(He draws his cutlass and winces as if he has cut his groin.)*  
 HENRY Yea, let's.  
 JIM Honestly sir, I heard nothing; I was asleep.  
 SLIVER I'm not sure I believe you, boy. But we'll give you the benefit of the doubt.  
 CREW *(Disappointed)* Oh!  
 HENRY Couldn't we just kill him a little bit.  
 SLIVER No! Not yet. But if we find out he knows about our plans.....  
 HENRY Yes, our plans.  
 SLIVER We'll cut him into a thousand pieces and feed him to the dogs.  
 BART Sharks, Sliver.  
 SLIVER Sharks. Now be gone boy and do not come on deck again, unless we ask you to. Do you understand?  
 JIM No sir, I mean yes, sir. *(Backs away and exits.)*  
 HENRY Sliver, you're a spoilsport! You could have let us slice him up...  
 WILL And feed him to the sharks.  
 SLIVER Don't be such fools; we may have a use for him later. Now lets get this vessel ready to sail. Hurry up! Do as I say.  
 CREW Aargh! *(Sliver jumps again.)*  
 SLIVER And don't keep saying that.  
 BART Why not? Pirates just love aarghs!

**SONG 5      Pirates Just Love Aarghs! (Tune: In the Quartermaster's Stores)**

Verse 1:

Five years old and time to go to school just to learn, the three Rs,  
The first day I learned the alphabet and I got as far as R.  
My teacher she said, 'John, you're a star, if you work hard you will go far',  
But all I could say was, 'I just love aarghs'.

Verse 2:

Then one day my tooth began to throb, and I cried in the car.  
But the dentist simply said to me, 'Open wide and just say ah!'  
My psychiatrist was shocked to see, the problem which afflicted me,  
A boy of my age just should not love aarghs.

Verse 3:

Very soon I became a teenage lout; greasy hair, loud guitars,  
All the girls were very fond of me, 'cos they knew I just loved aarghs.  
Said Dad, 'You're a waste of space me lad', he called me names and I got mad;  
So I joined the crew of the Bismillaarghh!

Verse 4:

In a dungeon, stretched out on the rack, I'm in pain, shout hurrah!  
When the tort'rer turns his little wheel I just love to cry out aargh!  
My left arm is nearly six feet long, my neck would grace the finest swan,  
But I'm quite content, 'cos I just love aarghs!

*(Down below.)*

JIM                    Sir, I regret that I have come to bring you the gravest of news.  
CAPTAIN            Has someone died?  
JIM                    No, it's worse than that.  
CAPTAIN            My mother-in-law is here?  
JIM                    Even worse than that.  
CAPTAIN            *Ozzy Osborne is running for president?*  
*(A name and post of local interest may be substituted.)*  
JIM                    No, not quite that bad. You see, we have been caught up in a tangled  
web of duplicity.  
CAPTAIN            I really must get those sailors to clean the ship.  
JIM                    There has been a whitewash.  
CAPTAIN            Well at least that's a start.  
JIM                    I have at last realised that Sliver is a complete spoof.  
CAPTAIN            I thought so – have you seen the way he walks?  
JIM                    I mean he is involved in sedition.  
CAPTAIN            What he does in private is no concern of mine.  
JIM                    The crew are not all sailors.  
CAPTAIN            That's a relief.  
JIM                    They are mutineers.  
CAPTAIN            I'd better speak loudly then.  
JIM                    Privateers.  
CAPTAIN            I'll shout at them in private then.

JIM Racketeers.  
 CAPTAIN I said I'd shout.  
 JIM They're oddballs.  
 CAPTAIN It's a common ailment.  
 JIM Misfits.  
 CAPTAIN It must be the oddballs.  
 JIM They are all revolting.  
 CAPTAIN You're telling me.  
 JIM Look, Captain, you've got to believe me. They're only here for their fortunes.

CAPTAIN Surely they sing more than four tunes in this show.  
 JIM They're taking you for a ride.  
 CAPTAIN That's what I'm paying them for.  
 JIM If you don't act now we will all be in trouble.  
 CAPTAIN Has the director been complaining about my acting again?  
 JIM You must make an edict and castigate the lot of them.  
 CAPTAIN I don't want a ship crewed by eunuchs.  
 JIM They should be flogged.  
 CAPTAIN I wouldn't get much for that lot.  
*(Sliver crosses stage with a parrot on his shoulder, carrying the jolly roger. He tries to hide this behind his back when he sees the Captain. The Captain looks shocked.)*

SLIVER Aargh, Cap'n, Jim, lad. *(Exit Sliver.)*  
 CAPTAIN Strange, if I didn't know better I'd say he was a pirate. *(Jim has his head in his hands in despair.)* Pirates are very fond of aarghs!  
 JIM That's exactly what I've been trying to tell you. They are pirates – the whole lot of them.

CAPTAIN Well, shiver me mizzen! We're in trouble.  
 JIM You've got to get them off the ship.  
 CAPTAIN Alright boy, I'll think of something, don't you worry.  
*(There is a pregnant pause as they look pensive, during which Tom appears in the shadows and eavesdrops.)*

JIM Well?  
 CAPTAIN Well what?  
 JIM Have you thought of something?  
 CAPTAIN Not yet.  
 JIM Well I have. When we arrive at the island you must let the pirates have shore leave.

CAPTAIN Good idea, get them off the ship.  
 JIM Then, we can arm ourselves and confront them in our own time on the island.

CAPTAIN Why don't we just sail away into the sunset.  
 JIM What, and leave the treasure? That's what we came here for.  
 CAPTAIN Oh yes, the treasure.  
 JIM We must tell the Doctor and the Squire right away.  
 CAPTAIN Aye lad. Come on! *(They exit.)*  
 TOM *(Aside)* Why the dirty, double-crossing duo. Just wait till I tell the others. *(He turns to exit but, in his haste, he walks into a door and falls down unconscious.)* *End of Scene*

## Act 1, Scene 5, The Hispaniola, Three Weeks Later

*All the pirates, except Bart, who is in the crow's nest, are lounging around on the deck, doing nothing in particular.*

### **SONG 6      We Love to Murder, We Love to Maim** (Tune: Fire Down Below)

We love to murder we love to maim,  
We thought of taking up boxing once but that was not the same.  
Blood, sweat, tears, screams and guts,  
We do love slaughtering sailor boys and chopping off their legs. *(or a word that rhymes with guts!).*

We'd love to tie a rope round your neck,  
Your eyes would pop as you made the drop, before you hit the deck.  
Young, old, we don't give a fart,  
We'll chop your arms and your legs off first and then cut out your heart.

We love to slash and we love to cut,  
We always slice their ears off first then kick them in the butt.  
Pain, death, misery and dread,  
You give us any trouble boys, we'll just hack off your head.

We love to torture, we love to slay,  
We waste no time at the top of the tide when anchors are aweigh.  
Sharpen every pirate sword,  
We'll spray the deck at the end of the day, to wash the guts overboard.

*(All exit apart from Henry, who is pacing the deck, anxiously awaiting news from the crow's nest. He is busy tying knots in a length of rope.)*

HENRY      Ahoy there in the crow's nest!

BART        *(Off)* Ahoy to you too, Henry!

HENRY      What news?

BART        It's too early to tell. When the sun gets hotter the mist will burn away and we might see land.

HENRY      What, already? We've only just cast off.

BART        That was eight weeks ago.

HENRY      Holy cannonballs, I must have dozed off.  
*(Enter Will with a paint-brush in his hand.)*

WILL        This is impossible!

HENRY      What is, Will?

WILL        The Cap'n wants me to waterproof the ropes with pitch but I can't get it to dry and it just washes off with the waves.

HENRY      Never fear, Will, I have the very thing you need.

WILL        What's that?

HENRY Just a moment. *(He digs around in a locker and pulls out a pair of bellows. These are made of two polished oak plates with handles, joined with a concertinaed leather air-sack with a protruding air pipe.)*

WILL What on earth is that?

HENRY Bellows!

WILL *(Shouting.)* What on earth is that? *(Henry puts his hands over his ears.)*

HENRY It's called a bellows, you fool.

WILL What does it do?

HENRY It blows. All you need to do is to paint a few yards of rope and then puff it dry with the bellows like this.  
*(Henry works the bellows and a loud sound like passing wind erupts from the air tube.)* Ooh, excuse me!

WILL What a glorious sound, Henry. Reminds me of the sound that comes from Israel Hands hammock when I'm trying to sleep at night. I'll go and get on then. See you at five bells for the afternoon watch. *(Exits)*

HENRY I'll come and help you, Will. Otherwise you'll never be finished in time. You do the painting and I'll work the bellows. *(Follows Will off. Enter the Squire from the other side, dressed only in long-johns or shorts and a striped jumper. He runs on the spot for a few seconds and then does a few press-ups.)*

BART *(Reaching the deck after climbing down from the crow's nest.)*  
Good mornin', Squire.

SQUIRE And a very good morning to you, sailor.

BART You don't need to dress up for us you know.

SQUIRE It's time for my daily exercise, sailor. After that huge meal of beans and a hundred varieties of cabbage last night one needs to work it off.

BART But what sort of exercise do you do?

SQUIRE I have a routine I must complete each day. I start with simple stretches, like this. Then I touch my toes. .... *(As he bends over, a loud farting sound erupts from offstage, where Henry is operating the bellows.)*

BART *(Looking aghast at the Squire and discretely moving further away from him.)* You certainly need to work something off there.

SQUIRE What on earth do you mean? Am I putting on weight?

BART Not at all, Squire. Carry on.  
*(The Squire runs to and fro a few times, humming to himself as he goes and then touches his toes again. As he bends over there is another huge farting sound. Bart tries to stifle his giggles.)*

SQUIRE I say, are you feeling quite well, sailor?

BART Never felt better, why?

SQUIRE Oh, I just wondered. Perhaps you might try chewing charcoal. It's very good at settling your stomach after a heavy meal.

BART Thanks Squire, but I don't think I'm the one whose stomach needs settling. I would suggest you stay on deck until it passes.

SQUIRE I intend to stay until I complete my exercise, unless it becomes too windy.

BART I believe it already has.  
*(There is another huge sound.)*

SQUIRE Look young man it simply is not polite to do that in public, you know.

BART It weren't me – it were you.

SQUIRE How dare you. *(Enter Doctor.)*  
If I were a younger man I'd teach you a lesson for your insolence.

BART If you were a younger man you might be able to control your flatulence.

DOCTOR Now then, what is going on here? We cannot have arguments aboard ship.

SQUIRE This sailor keeps on .... passing wind – and he is trying to blame me. *(A huge fart sound.)*

BART Now that weren't me – it were him.

DOCTOR I can prescribe a remedy for you, Trelawney; charcoal tablets.

SQUIRE Now look here, Livesey, do you not take a gentleman at his word? I tell you, it is not me. *(Another fart.)*

BART There he goes again!

SQUIRE Right young man, don't say I didn't warn you. *(The Squire takes off his jacket and hands it to the Doctor. He tries to grab Bart, who runs off.)*

BART *(As he exits.)* Doctor, do something – he's gone mad!

SQUIRE Stop! Stop at once, I say. *(Runs off after Bart. There is a grotesquely long fart.)*

DOCTOR My goodness, that was long-range. They should call him Bart the Fart! *(Enter Will and Henry.)*

HENRY *(Blowing the bellows as he enters.)* Well that was quick, Will. What a brilliant idea of yours to use the bellows. *(They stop in their tracks when they see the shock on the Doctor's face.)* Morning Doctor.

WILL *(Looking from the Doctor to the bellows.)* Surely you didn't think... *(The Doctor roars with laughter and Will and Henry join in. To the accompaniment of rhythmic sounds from the bellows they do a little jig.)*

DOCTOR *(Still laughing.)* I'd better go and stop the Squire before he kills that sailor. *(He grabs the bellows from Henry.)* Trelawney! I say, Trelawney! *(As he exits he looks at the audience and makes one last farting sound and Will and Henry laugh again.)*

OBADIAH Land ahoy, shipmates! Land ahoy!  
*(Pirates appear from all sides, cheering. Enter Jim and the Captain)*

CAPTAIN Gather round, crew; your captain wishes to speak. *(They gather round.)*  
Men, you have worked hard to keep the vessel in ship-shape and on course. As a reward, you shall be allowed twenty-four hours shore leave whilst the Squire, Doctor, Jim and myself man the ship.

PIRATES Hoorah for the Captain!

SLIVER Just one thing, Cap'n.

CAPTAIN Yes, Sliver, what is it.

SLIVER Two of the crew will remain behind as well. They've been sick with the fever, you see, and need to rest. *(Several of the crew take out hankies and dab the faces of Hands and the other Pirate.)*

CAPTAIN Is that absolutely necessary, Sliver?

SLIVER Yes, Captain, it is.

CAPTAIN Oh, very well then.

HENRY        Are we dismissed, Cap'n?  
CAPTAIN     Certainly, men.  
PIRATES     Hurrah!  
*(They exit very noisily, leaving the Squire, Doctor, Captain and Jim alone.)*

JIM            Oh dear!  
CAPTAIN     Never mind, Jim. We can handle two pirates if needs be.  
JIM            If you say so, Captain.  
CAPTAIN     Gentlemen, let's retire to my cabin. I have a fine bottle of claret waiting for just such an occasion as this.  
*(The three men exit.)*

JIM            *(To audience.)* I'm not waiting around here for something to happen. Can you keep a secret? I'm planning to sneak aboard one of the longboats and accompany that lot ashore. I intend to find the treasure before they do. And then – we'll simply sail off back to Bristol and leave them ashore. I'm just off to find some weapons. Shh! Don't tell.  
*(Exit Jim.)*

*End of Scene*

## Act 2, Scene 1, On Treasure Island

*The pirates are sitting on the beach, drinking rum. Sliver stands to address the throng. During the following dialogue, Jim appears and conceals himself behind a rock, in view of the audience but not the pirates.*

SLIVER       Buccaneers, the time has come for mutiny!  
ALL           Hear, hear, mutiny!  
PIRATE       And mayhem!  
SLIVER       The time has come for mutiny and mayhem!  
ALL           Hear hear, mutiny and mayhem!  
PIRATE 2     And murder!  
SLIVER       The time has come for mutiny, mayhem and murder!  
ALL           Hear, hear, mutiny, mayhem and murder!  
PIRATE 3     And malice!  
SLIVER       The time has come for mutiny, mayhem, murder and malice!  
ALL           Hear, hear, mutiny, mayhem, murder and malice!  
PIRATE 4     And mutilation!  
SLIVER       The time has come for mutiny, mayhem, murder, malice and mutilation!  
ALL           Hear, hear, mutiny, mayhem, murder, malice and mutilation!  
PIRATE 5     And manslaughter!  
SLIVER       The time has come for mutiny, mayhem, murder, malice, mutilation  
                  and manslaughter!  
ALL           Hear, hear, mutiny, mayhem, murder, malice, mutilation and  
                  manslaughter!  
PIRATE 6     And maltreatment!  
SLIVER       The time has come for mutiny, mayhem, murder, malice, mutilation  
                  manslaughter and maltreatment! *(Continuing hurriedly)*  
                  When the Captain and his friends arrive on the island. I propose the we  
                  capture them and take control of the ship. I will be the captain, of  
                  course.  
WILL         *(Standing)* I want to be the captain.  
TOM          *(Standing)* I do.  
HENRY        *(Standing)* That's not fair, I've never had the chance to be the captain.  
OBADIAH     *(Standing)* Neither have I.  
                  *(They all start talking and arguing at the same time and all hell breaks  
                  loose.)*  
SLIVER       Silence! We'll get nowhere by squabbling amongst ourselves. I'm the  
                  captain and that's final.  
OBADIAH     Look! They've launched a longboat from the Hispaniola. It's heading  
                  this way.  
SLIVER       Right men, here's what we'll do. We'll all hide behind these rocks and  
                  when they land on the beach we'll jump them and tie them up.  
HENRY        Kill them!  
SLIVER       No, Henry!  
WILL         Torture them!  
SLIVER       No, Will!

OBADIAH Can't we even cut off their ears?  
 SLIVER No, Obadiah! Bart, bring the rope.  
 HENRY I want to tie them up.  
 WILL That's not fair, I want to.  
 TOM No, me.  
 SLIVER Will you be quiet! I shall take charge of the tying up myself. Now, hide quickly before they see us.

OBADIAH *(From behind the rock.)* I don't see why we can't torture them a little.  
 HENRY Couldn't we just pull their toe-nails out?  
 SLIVER I said no! Now be quiet.  
*(Enter Captain Smollet, Squire Trelawney and Doctor Livesey.)*

DOCTOR It seems deserted. Where do you think they've gone? Their boat's here so they must be around somewhere.

CAPTAIN Look, they've got a fire going.  
 SQUIRE I sense something nasty in the air.  
 DOCTOR *(Inspecting the fire.)* It could be what they're cooking.  
 SQUIRE What on earth is it?  
 DOCTOR It looks like rissoles.  
 CAPTAIN Ah, rissoles! *(This spoken quickly and in a West Country accent.)*  
*(The pirates break cover and charge at them. Henry grabs the Captain, Will grabs the Doctor and Bart the Squire.)*  
 What the devil? Unhand us you ruffians!

SLIVER You don't give the orders around here any more; I do. Now tie them up!  
 SQUIRE *(Turning his head to look at Bart.)* Not you again. I believe we have unfinished business. Now, tell us what you have done with Jim.  
*(Obadiah and Tom take one end of the rope each and run around the prisoners and the three pirates in opposite directions.)*

SLIVER Not seen him, Squire. He stayed aboard ship.  
 CAPTAIN You lying scoundrel!  
 HENRY Hey, you're not supposed to tie us up as well.  
 TOM Get down then.  
*(The three pirates crouch down so that they escape the tightening coils of rope. Tom ties the ends together and Obadiah roughly forces the prisoners to sit.)*

SQUIRE Captain, use your authority to stop this madness. Have you no control over your sailors.

SLIVER I'm the captain now – *(He takes the Captain's hat and puts it on his own head)* see?

TOM And we're not sailors – we is pirates.  
 PIRATES Aargh! Pirates! *(There follows much aarghing from the pirates.)*  
 SLIVER Silence! Keep your aarghs to yourselves.  
 WILL Aargh!  
 SLIVER I said stop it. *(He stamps on Will's toe.)*  
 WILL Aargh!  
 SLIVER I told you to stop it.  
 WILL But I did.  
 SLIVER You said 'aargh' again.  
 WILL Yes but that wasn't aargh as in, 'aargh, me hearties', it was aargh as in aargh you stamped on my toe.

SLIVER Silence, you fool!

DOCTOR Untie us, you brigands.

SLIVER We will, Doctor, we will – just as soon as we have found the treasure. And we shall leave you in peace here on the island.

CAPTAIN Marooned, marooned!

SLIVER And now, gentlemen, we have business to conduct, if you'll excuse us. *(The pirates cross to the fire and sit around it. Someone brings out several bottles of rum, which they pass around, while Sliver explains his plans. Meanwhile...)*

JIM *(From behind a rock.)* Pst!

DOCTOR *(Frowning)* Not again, Squire. Did you not take those charcoal tablets I gave you?

SQUIRE I told you, it was not me.

JIM Pst!

DOCTOR There you go again.

JIM It's me, here, behind this rock.

SQUIRE Jim, we thought you'd been killed. How did you get here?

JIM Never mind. I'm going to try to rescue you. Later, when they're asleep.

CAPTAIN Good lad.

JIM In the meantime, I'm off to find the treasure. Then I'll take care of those two pirates on the Hispaniola.

DOCTOR But Sliver has the treasure map.

JIM I don't need the map. I've memorized it.

SQUIRE Be careful, lad. Israel Hands is a dangerous man.

JIM It's alright, Mr Trelawney, I have a gun and a sword. *(He shows the weapons, creeps behind the rock and we see him melt into the trees behind. The focus shifts to the pirates.)*

HENRY It sounds like an excellent plan, Cap'n Sliver.

TOM An excellent plan, indeed.

SLIVER Pass the rum, boys, I need a night-cap. *(They do so and he takes an extremely long draught then belches, loudly.)*

WILL Let's sing our song one more time. *(The pirates utter words of approval.)*

SLIVER No, please, not more singing; I have a head-ache. *(Will starts an unaccompanied reprise of part of song 6. During the song, Sliver lies on his back and falls asleep. At the end, the pirates applaud themselves.)*

HENRY Just look at old Sliver. Sleeping like a baby. *(Sliver snores.)*

WILL *(Pinching Sliver's cheeks)* Coochie coochie coo, Sliverkins. *(Obadiah fiddles with Sliver's leg.)*

OBADIAH 'Ere, look at this! His leg is screwed on.

BART Wow, it is too. Hey, let's unscrew it while he's asleep.

HENRY He'll be hopping mad.

WILL He'll kill you, Bart.

BART If he wakes up, he'll certainly be hopping.

TOM He'll have to catch us to kill us. *(Sliver snores even more loudly.)*

BART Here goes.

*(He begins unscrewing the leg. Sliver snorts and shuffles but does not wake. Eventually the leg comes off and Bart holds it aloft, like a trophy.)*  
Voila! One wooden leg. Hey, it rattles! I do believe there is something inside.

HENRY Open it, Bart. Let's see what's in it.

WILL Here, give it to me. *(He snatches the leg.)* Hey, it's heavier than I expected. There must be a door somewhere. Here we are.

HENRY What's inside, Will?

*(Will tips the leg up and a pile of sweets falls out.)*

TOM The crafty devil! That's where he hides his sweets.

*(Sliver snorts and they all hush.)*

OBADIAH They're no good to us. We've got no teeth to chew them.

HENRY I think we should give them to those children out there. I'm sure they like sweets.

TOM Do you like sweets children?

HENRY There you are, you see. Children always like sweets. Here Tom, help me give these out, will you.

*(Tom and Henry take handfuls of sweets FOH and distribute them during the song.)*

### **SONG 7      The Wooden Leg Song** (Tune: Blow the Wind Southerly)

Verse 1:

If you fall foul of a musket or cannonball,  
Or you are slashed by a cutlass or sword;  
Do not despair if the surgeon cuts your leg off,  
Just count your blessings and wait your reward.

Think of the savings, your finances flourishing,  
Socks you'll need singly and never in twos.  
Shoes will be half price and don't waste the left-overs.  
Sell them to Jake and you simply can't lose.

Should you one day find little woodworm holes,  
Cut your losses and throw it away;  
You don't need a surgeon, you just need a carpenter,  
Tailor-made limbs is a specialist trade.

Verse 2:

If your foe thinks you're a harmless monoped,  
Stab through their heart with the tip of your peg.  
Should he be winning and you're on your last legs,  
At least you've already one foot in the grave.

Sporting successes, gold medals and accolades,  
You'll be a champ in the three-legged race.  
You'll find your stump will be great on the cricket pitch,  
Stump before wicket won't hold in your case.

If your leg should give you an itch,  
You should wash it and spin it in your tumble-drier.  
But should you find the problem persisting  
Then chop up the leg and you've fuel for fire.

*(During the song, Sliver wakes and tries to stand but falls over. The pirates tease him but eventually he gets his leg back.)*

SLIVER I've had enough of this hilarity. Let's get some sleep; we have work to do tomorrow. *(They all lie down, grumbling.)*  
Not you, Obadiah, you can take the first watch.  
OBADIAH *(Standing)* It's always old Obadiah! Never one of you younger ones. *(He goes to one side to begin the watch.)*  
HENRY That's right! We youngsters need our sleep, you know.  
BART Goodnight, John; goodnight everyone. *(Murmurs of goodnight from the others.)*  
TOM Goodnight, everyone.  
BART Goodnight, Tom.  
WILL Goodnight, Tom, goodnight, Bart, goodnight Henry, goodnight, everyone.  
HENRY Goodnight, Will, goodnight.....  
SLIVER *(Shouts)* SHUT UP!

*The lights dim on stage as the pirates lie down to sleep except for Obadiah, who is on watch. The focus changes to FOH or one side of the stage where we see Jim creeping furtively along, carrying a pick.*

JIM *(In a whisper.)* Now, let me see; take the track up the hill, ignoring the first and second turnings but pick up the turd. Ping your brick and be teady to roil. Keep the bee at your track and dovel shirt until you shit a harp object. I can do it, I can do it! *(Exit Jim.)*

*Blackout*

*End of Scene*

## Act 2, Scene 2, The Hispaniola

*The deck of the ship is guarded by Israel Hands. The other pirate is below. Hands is relaxing downstage with a bottle of rum. Jim appears, climbing silently onto the deck and he edges towards Hands. He fails to notice a bucket on the deck and kicks it. Hands leaps up at once.*

HANDS           What the devil?  
JIM               En garde you despicable rogue.  
HANDS           What nonsense is this? A boy with a boy's weapon.  
JIM               Hold up your epee.  
HANDS           You hold up your rapier. Aha, I see your weapon has a large pommel.  
JIM               And yours has a large coquille.  
HANDS           You shall soon feel the thrust of my point.  
JIM               And you shall feel the slash of mine.  
HANDS           We shall make our piste here on the deck.  
JIM               No thanks, I've just been.  
HANDS           I shall make the first riposte.  
JIM               And I shall make a counter-riposte.  
HANDS           I shall make a counter-counter-riposte.  
JIM               And I shall make a counter-counter-counter-riposte.  
HANDS           Prepare to have your guts holed.  
JIM               You prepare to have your holes gutted.  
HANDS           And prepare to be a fillet.  
JIM               You prepare to fillet a bee.  
HANDS           Your end is in sight.  
JIM               Well look the other way then.  
HANDS           I shall pierce your guts with my skewer.  
JIM               And I shall sever your trunk with my shank.  
HANDS           My blade will strike your pommel.  
JIM               And my foible shall part your flesh.  
HANDS           I'm watching you like a hawk, Hawkins.  
JIM               And I'm keeping my eye on your hands, Hands.  
HANDS           Prepare to field a blow.  
JIM               You prepare to blow afield.  
HANDS           I shall make a thrust to the waist.  
JIM               Then you shall waste your thrust.  
HANDS           Be ready to duck your head.  
JIM               And you be ready to head your duck.  
HANDS           Your blood will make the sea boil.  
JIM               Your boil will make the blood see.  
HANDS           Your days are numbered.  
JIM               Your numbers are dazed.  
HANDS           Prepare to gasp your last breath.  
JIM               You prepare to breathe your last gasp.  
HANDS           Prepare to loose blood.  
JIM               And you prepare to bloody lose.

HANDS Over my dead body.  
 JIM Exactly!  
 HANDS Forsooth, thou art a beslubbering, beetle-headed barnacle.  
 JIM And thou art a fawning, flap-mouthed foot-licker.  
 HANDS Thou art nothing but a frothy, fen-sucked flirt-gill.  
 JIM Rather that than a ruttish, rump-fed ratsbane.  
 HANDS Enough of this foolish posturing. Let's get on with the duel.  
 JIM As you wish.  
*(He makes one thrust and Hands falls down dead.)*  
 Well that was easier than I expected. Yuk, he's made my sword bloody.  
*(As he cleans the blade on Hands's shirt the other pirate appears behind him.)*

PIRATE Avast there, ye pock-ridden landlubber!  
 JIM *(Jim jumps in alarm.)* Behold, another villain!  
*(He readies himself for the fight, then stops to ponder.)*  
 What exactly does that mean, 'avast there'?

PIRATE It means..... it means.... How the hell should I know? It's the sort of thing pirates say, ain't it? And it's in the script. I guess it means something like, 'you'd better watch out you little runt 'cos I'm gonna kick arse!'

JIM Come on then! I'm ready.  
*(The pirate makes a blood-thirsty growl and charges at Jim. Jim steps aside and the pirate impales his sword in the hull. He pulls it free with a curse and turns around to see Jim stepping towards him. They make several parries with first Jim and then the pirate giving ground. The pirate lunges at Jim and Jim parries the sword out of his hand. It clatters to the floor; or bounces if it is plastic.)*  
 Aha! Not so clever now are you, without a weapon?

PIRATE The fight's not over till the ugly man gurgles.  
 JIM Then let's see you gurgle.  
*(Jim makes a thrust at the pirate's guts but he side-steps and kicks Jim off-balance to the deck. Jim drops his sword as he falls. The pirate quickly picks up his own sword and holds the point to Jim's neck.)*

PIRATE *(Panting with the effort.)* As I said, boy, it's not over yet. Have you any last words?  
*(Jim is astonished to see his mother climb out of a trunk with a dagger in her hand.)*

JIM *(In a babyish voice.)* Mummy!  
 PIRATE Cowards often call for their mothers when they look death in the eye.  
 JIM No, it really is my mother. She's behind you. *(Fancy creeps nearer.)*  
 PIRATE You don't really think I'm going to fall for that, do you? It's the oldest trick in the book.

JIM Don't say I didn't warn you.  
 MOTHER Take that you pathetic excuse for a pirate.  
*(She stabs him neatly between the ribs from behind. He turns with an expression of surprise and horror on his face. Clutching his side in disbelief, he falls to the deck.)*

PIRATE Ugh! No! No, mummy! *(He dies.)*  
 JIM Cowards often call for their mothers when they look death in the eye.

*(In a babyish voice again.)* Mummy! *(Looks at the audience, coughs and clears his throat. In a deeper voice.)* Mother, what on earth are you doing here?

*(They embrace briefly.)*

MOTHER Keeping an eye on you, Jimmikin.

JIM Please don't call me that when there are people about.

MOTHER *(Stepping over Hands body and looking distastefully at it.)*

Trust you to get yourself mixed up with pirates.

JIM Mother, I have to rescue the others. The pirates have mutinied and they are holding them hostage.

MOTHER Well, what do you want me to do?

JIM Help me conceal the ship the other side of that headland and I'll go back and rescue them.

MOTHER All on your own?

JIM I do have a plan, Mother.

MOTHER Alright dear, but first you must go and have a bath. You're filthy and you've got some of that horrible man's blood on you.

JIM Alright, Mother, if it will keep you quiet. *(Exits)*

MOTHER I don't know what the world's coming to these days. Young boys can sail off and kill pirates but they don't know when to have a bath. Thank goodness the fairer sex are more gentle and caring.

*(She kicks Hands violently in the guts.)*

Take that, you ugly fat \*\*\*\*\*! *(You choose the word.)*

*Blackout*

MOTHER *(In the blackout.)* And that – and that! And as for you, you piece of dead meat! How would you like a taste of your own medicine, eh?  
*(Sounds of breaking bones.)*

*End of scene*

## Act 2, Scene 3, On Treasure Island

*(The stage is empty. Enter Sliver, dragging Jim by the ear. His hands are tied behind his back.)*

- SLIVER Look here, shipmates! Look what your captain has found wandering around the island. *(Throwing Jim to the ground on one side.)*  
*(Enter pirates from all directions.)*
- TOM Well, if it ain't the little cabin boy, Jim. How're ya doin', Jim lad?
- JIM I was doing alright, till I met you.
- HENRY Oh, don't be like that, Jim. We're your friends.
- WILL Why don't yer join us, boy? Become a pirate – it's a great life, sailing the seven seas!
- BART Swashbuckling! *(Mimes a duel.)*
- OBADIAH Stealing gold doubloons and pieces of eight from the Spanish!
- SLIVER It's so cool being the lords of the Spanish Main!
- BART He's right, boy, a life on the sea is so gay!

### **SONG 8      A Life on the Sea is so Gay, Sliver and Pirates** (Tune: Abdul Abulbal Amir)

When at anchor we ride on the crest of a wave,  
Our hearts are so macho and brave;  
With your feet on the deck and your face in the spray,  
A life on the sea is so gay.

When the ship's making way in the ocean so vast,  
The crossbones is pinned to the mast.  
With murder and mayhem and blood-shed by day,  
A life on the sea is so gay.

If it's raining outside then we go down below,  
And count all the plunder and dough.  
It's quite wrong to say that crime doesn't pay,  
A life on the sea is so gay.

We are harmless and legless for most of the time,  
From whiskey and cheap Aussie wine.  
At night we drink rum when tied up in the bay,  
A life on the sea is so gay.

It's great fun getting shot at and stabbed in the neck  
And spilling your guts on the deck.  
As long as you've breath left to shout out hurray!  
A life on the sea is so gay.

*(During the last two lines of the last verse, the pirates dance a little gay step.)*

So who cares if we're sworn at and flogged every night,  
And suffer from scurvy and lice?  
'Cos we're gay, yes we're gay, yes we're gay, yes we're gay,  
Our life on the sea makes us gay.

*(After the song, the pirates exit, unnoticed by Sliver [who is too busy bowing], except Henry.)*

SLIVER I have to say, me hearties, that it is good to know that I'm surrounded  
by such a good bunch of.....

*(He turns round to see all the pirates gone, except Henry.)*

Hey, where have they all gone?

HENRY 'Ere, Sliver, the mail has arrived.

SLIVER There's too many of those already; I'd prefer a female.

HENRY It's definitely for you.

SLIVER How do you know?

HENRY It has your name and address on it.

SLIVER A male called John with a dress on? What sort of pansy is he?

HENRY It's not a flower it's just a loose sheet.....

SLIVER You'd better keep him away from me then.

HENRY Bent in half and stuck with a seal.

SLIVER I feel sorry for the poor seal.

HENRY Someone's stamped a motto on the bottom.

SLIVER That's a cheek?

HENRY It says, 'look inside at your peril'.

SLIVER I don't want to hear any more of this.

HENRY The initials LJS are engraved on the front.

SLIVER Funny place to have a tattoo. Must have been painful.

HENRY It's bright blue.

SLIVER That would be because of the cold.

HENRY You're not quite grasping it are you?

SLIVER That's not my style.

HENRY You may recognise the hand.

SLIVER Will I recognise the rest of him?

HENRY The script is not very educated.

SLIVER Blame the script-writer. Look, Cruickshank, is there a point to all this?

HENRY Do you or do you not want your post?

SLIVER Of course! I am happy being a captain.

HENRY *(Shouting)* Sliver, I have a letter for you!

SLIVER Oh goody, is it from my mummy? Just a moment, there is no post on  
this island. Who can it be from?

*(SLIVER opens the envelope and almost faints when he sees the black spot.)*

By the shades it cannot be so. It's the black spot.

*(The hand holding the letter begins to shake uncontrollably. Henry grabs the hand to try to stop it and he too shakes uncontrollably.)*

How dare they call me a traitor?

HENRY *(Still shaking.)* Looks like you're on your own now, Sliver. Good luck!  
*(He lets go of Sliver's hand but continues to shake as he exits.)*

SLIVER *(Aside)* Those fools will not cope without a leader. They've scarcely got a brain cell between them. I guarantee that within a day they'll be begging me to come back. Begging, do you hear?  
*(Drops to his knees and clasps his hands together, looking upwards.)*  
 Begging on their knees. Sliver, we beg you help us!  
 Help us, please, before it's too late.

JIM Mister Sliver!  
*(Sliver hastily rises and dusts off his knee.)*

SLIVER Oh, it's you, boy. I forgot you were there.

JIM It's good to see that you are a man of faith after all, Mister Sliver.

SLIVER What? Oh that! I was just... oh, never mind. I've got the black spot!

JIM Have you seen a doctor?

SLIVER No, I mean I'm an outcast.

JIM *(Shrinking back)* Is it leprosy then?

SLIVER I mean this. *(Shows Jim the paper.)*

JIM Not you as well. This is what killed Captain Bones.

SLIVER Jim lad, you've got to help me.

JIM I will never help you, Sliver, you black-hearted buccaneer, not if we were the last people on earth.

SLIVER There will be a reward.

JIM *(Changing his tune.)* What would you like me to do, John?

SLIVER I would like us to be a team. I have decided not to co-operate with those cut-throats anymore.

JIM Could that be something to do with them sacking you as their leader and threatening to kill you?

SLIVER Well, that might have a little to do with it. But I have a big advantage over them.

JIM What's that?

SLIVER I have this! *(He pulls out a handkerchief.)*

JIM You have a snotty handkerchief and they don't?

SLIVER *(Fumbling in his pockets)* No, that's not it. It's this!  
*(Pulls out a picture and shows it.)*

JIM So, you have a picture of Madonna – so what?  
*(He hides it, embarrassed and fumbles again)*

SLIVER Here it is!

JIM That looks more disgusting than the handkerchief. What is it?

SLIVER The treasure map, Jim lad.

JIM The treasure map!

SLIVER Indeed it is – and it will make us both rich.

JIM But I can't work with you – I'm your hostage.

SLIVER Not any more.

JIM But you can't let me go. The pirates will be suspicious.

SLIVER Then you must pretend to be my hostage – and I will pretend to be your captor.

JIM But they might still suspect.

SLIVER Then I will pretend to beat you and mistreat you.

JIM But they may realise that you're pretending.

SLIVER Not if you double-bluff them.

JIM You mean, I must make them believe that I'm pretending to pretend to be your hostage and then they won't guess that I really am pretending and not pretending to pretend.

SLIVER Yes – I think that's it!

JIM But that means you'll have to pretend to pretend to beat me and that means you really will beat me and I'll scream and cry.

SLIVER What's wrong with that?

JIM If I scream they won't believe that I'm pretending to pretend to be your hostage and that you're pretending to pretend to be my captor. They'll think I'm just pretending, which I will be, and the truth will be out.

SLIVER I'm not even sure of the truth myself now.

JIM Look, instead of wasting time pretending, why don't you untie me and we'll go and get the treasure.

SLIVER I was just about to suggest that myself. *(He unties Jim.)*  
*(Sliver unfolds the map as if it is something nasty.)*

JIM I can't understand this. It's written in Irish.

JIM Of course it is. Captain Flint was Irish so he wrote it in his own language.

SLIVER Keep the bee at your track.

JIM Mr Sliver.....

SLIVER Quiet boy, I'm reading. Ping your brick and be teady to roil. What is this?

JIM Mr Sliver, I've already found the treasure!  
*(Sliver looks at Jim, frozen and with an open mouth.)*

JIM I sneaked off and found the treasure last night when you lot were all drunk.

SLIVER Did you now, by the spirit of Blue-beard's blue beard. Well what are we waiting for? Let's put our best foot forward.

JIM Or in your case, your only foot.  
*(Enter the pirates, carrying three large, wooden treasure chests.)*

TOM Not so fast, Sliver, you double-crossing, traitorous, conspiratorial, defecting, renegade turncoat!  
*(The pirates surround them, with muskets loaded and levelled.)*

SLIVER There's no need to use my full title.

JIM Oh no! The treasure!

TOM That's right lad. I had you followed last night. It was very helpful of you to show us where the treasure was.

HENRY *(To Tom)* Now can we kill them, Captain?

SLIVER He's not the captain, I am.

JIM Captain Smollet's the captain.

BART I want to be captain.

OBADIAH It's my turn. I've never had a turn at being captain.

HENRY Neither have I.  
*(General uproar breaks out and some resort to fisticuffs. Suddenly Tom fires his pistol and there is silence.)*

TOM Stop bickering – all of you. I'm the captain and I give the orders. The prisoners shall be shot.

BART I want to do it.

HENRY No me....

TOM *(Raising his pistol and waving it at them.)*  
I'm warning you. If you are insupo.... insubber .... insobud.... if you disobey me you will all be shot! *(Murmurs of dissent.)*  
Now, bring the other three and we will make a firing squad.  
*(Obadiah and Will go to fetch them. They are still tied together. Henry puts up his hand and fidgets from one foot to the other.)*

TOM Yes, Henry, what is it?

HENRY *(In a small voice.)* Please may I be in the firing squad?

TOM You're all in the firing squad. *(Expressions of delight from the pirates.)*  
Now, load your muskets and line the prisoners up.  
*(The prisoners are arranged in a line upstage. Meanwhile, Fancy Hawkins enters FOH. The pirates form a line facing upstage so the audience see only their backs.)*  
Take aim and on my count of three fire at will.  
*(They all aim their muskets at Will.)*

OBADIAH Are you sure you want us to fire at him?

TOM Not at Will, you fool. It means fire when you like.  
*(They aim at the prisoners again.)*

WILL What now?

TOM When I say three.  
*(There is a musket-shot.)*

BART Darn it, I missed.

TOM Not yet, Bart.

BART But you said 'three'.

TOM Yes, but I didn't count up to it.  
1, 2, .....

FANCY *(Disguising her voice and still in hiding.)* Hold your fire. You are surrounded and we've got you covered. *(Murmur of alarm.)*

TOM *(Anxiously)* Who are you?

FANCY His Majesty's navy. Now, drop your weapons and raise your hands - very slowly.

TOM Never! We will fight to the last man.  
*(There is a rifle-shot and Tom's hat flies into the air.)*

HENRY I think we'd better do as he says, Cap'n.

FANCY *(Speaking to a non-existent force.)* Hold your fire, men! I believe they will surrender.

TOM Better drop your weapons, me hearties. *(They drop their muskets.)*

FANCY And your cutlasses. *(They do so.)*  
Now boy, collect the weapons and untie those prisoners.  
*(Jim collects all the weapons and uses a cutlass to cut the prisoners bonds. The three men each take a musket and train it on the pirates. Jim does the same.)*

FANCY Now turn around – very slowly.  
*(The pirates turn around and peer into the audience.)*

TOM Where are they all? I don't see anyone.

BART Come out navy. Show yourselves.  
*(Fancy comes out of hiding.)*

TOM Saints alive if it isn't Fanny.

FANCY Fancy!  
 JIM Mother!  
 MOTHER Jim!  
 SQUIRE Mrs Hawkins!  
 MOTHER Squire Trelawney! Doctor Livesey!  
 DOCTOR Fancy!  
 CAPTAIN *(Sings)* Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.  
 PIRATES *(Sing)* Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all.  
 WILL But where is the navy?  
 FANCY I'm the navy!  
 OBADIAH We've been outsmarted – by a woman.  
 FANCY It's not difficult to outsmart you.  
 JIM Well done, Mother.  
 FANCY Now, you lot, lift those chests.  
*(The pirates puff out their chests.)*  
 Not those chests, the treasure chests. Load them into the longboats. It's time to get off this island.  
*(She waves her pistol and the pirates obey.)*  
 HENRY But we'll never all fit in that boat with the treasure.  
 FANCY Exactly! We'll need to leave you behind.  
 WILL You can't just leave us behind.  
 FANCY Why not? You would have done the same. Besides look at the golden beaches, bright blue sea and palm trees. You only need to build an airport and before long tourists will be flocking here in their thousands.  
 WILL What's an airport?  
 FANCY Never mind! Everyone in the boat.  
*(Pirates move as well.)* Not you lot! I told you, we're leaving you.  
 PIRATES Oh!  
 BART I want my mummy!  
*(She pushes the boat off and steps into it.)*  
 FANCY Farewell, pirates. Don't forget to change your socks every two days.  
 JIM *(To audience.)* Well, that's it folks. We were going to sail back to Bristol but we thought you wouldn't have another eight weeks to spare. There's just one thing I'm sad about.  
 OTHERS Ah!  
 JIM I was hoping I'd have a long monologue in this show. You know, a bit like a narrator. I think I'll do one now.  
*(The others mutter and whisper to one-another, shaking their heads.)*  
 I'm going to tell you the end of the story. Here goes....  
*(Clears his throat.)*  
 Some weeks later, the Hispaniola docked in Bristol. The passengers said their farewells and.....  
*(This is interrupted, much to Jim's disgust, by the introduction to the last song.)*

**SONG 9      Thank Goodness That's the End** (Tune: Anchors Aweigh)

Thank goodness that's the end of this year's play,  
You need a medal if you've sat right through without once yawning;  
We'll unlock all the doors, it's time to go,  
Any complaints should be addressed to the director of the show.

Poor RL Stevenson, God rest his soul,  
He's been so busy turning in his grave he's quite exhausted;  
He would not recognise much of this plot,  
If he could get the writer up against a wall he would be shot.

If you're a masochist you will not mind,  
Being subjected to the product of a cow's behind; so  
You can come free to see tomorrow's show,  
We hope the man who's bought the other ticket will not get to know.

You'll be so glad to hear this song is done,  
Now you can soothe your cramps and cure the numbness in your bum; just  
Be real good sports and grant an amnesty,  
So that the cast may leave alive and with assured impunity.

*The End*

*(If you got this far, you deserve a medal)*