Treasure Island

A Play in Four Acts and Ten Scenes

By Jules Eckert Goodman

Dramatized from the novel
by Robert Louis Stevenson

A Samuel French Acting Edition



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TREASURE ISLAND.

CAST.

Jim Hawkins
Mrs. Hawkins
Dr. Livesey
Squire Trelawney
Captain Smollett
Redruth
Hunter
Joyce
Allen
Gray
A Fruit Seller
Bill Bones the "Captain"
Black Dog
Pew
Long John Silver
Cptain Flint.....*The Parrot*
Morgan
Anderson
George Merry
Israel Hands
Dirk
O'Brien
Arrow
Dick
Ben Gunn.....*The Maroon*

TREASURE ISLAND.

THE SCENES OF THE PLAY.

ACT I. *The Admiral Benbow Inn, Black Hill Cove.*

ACT II. SCENE 1—*The quay at Bristol.*
SCENE 2—*The quay at Bristol, a few days later.*
SCENE 3—*The Hispaniola at anchor off Treasure Island some weeks later.*

ACT III. SCENE 1—*Treasure Island at dawn, the following day.*
SCENE 2—*The stockade, an hour later.*
SCENE 3—*The Hispaniola adrift, night of the same day.*

ACT IV. SCENE 1—*The stockade, the following morning.*
SCENE 2—*Spyglass Mountain; the North cache.*
SCENE 3—*Ben Gunn's Cave.*

The story of "Treasure Island" is so well known that only a brief résumé need be indulged in here to freshen everybody's memory, and how can this be done half so well as in the words of the immortal little hero, "Jim" Hawkins:

"Squire Trelawney, Dr. Livesey, and the rest of these gentlemen having asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of grace 17—, and go back to the

time when my father kept the 'Admiral Benbow' Inn, and the brown old seaman, with the sabre cut, first took up his lodging under our roof.

"I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him in a hand-barrow; a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man; his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat; his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails; and the sabre cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white. I remember him looking round the cove and whistling to himself as he did so, and then breaking out in that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards:

'Fifteen men on the dead man's chest——
Yo—ho—ho, and a bottle of rum.'"

TREASURE ISLAND.

ACT I.

SCENE:—*Interior of "Admiral Benbow Inn"'. Before the curtain goes up there is heard singing in loud boisterous voices. When the curtain rises the* CAPTAIN *is seen seated at the head of the table with five or six men about the table. (Stools for table—not chairs) All drinking and the* CAPTAIN *browbeating them.*

CAPTAIN. (*Seated table* R. *Singing with villagers before curtain goes up*)

"Fifteen dead men on a dead man's chest
Yo—ho—ho, and a bottle of rum.

(*Curtain. Cross to head of table* C. *Sits*) Wait! Wait I say—We'll sing that over and louder—everyone of you sing—Sing now—(*They sing*)

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

(*Hits on table with his tankard*) That's enough—Silence I say! (*As a man gets up*) Where you going?

MAN. I am going home, sir——

CAPTAIN. (*Thunders at him*) Sit down! Sit

down!—by thunder you'll do as I say—(*The man fearfully sits down. The* CAPTAIN *draws his cutlass and places it on the table in front of him*) Not one of you leaves, do you hear?

THE MEN. Yes—Yes——

CAPTAIN. It's a foggy evening and I'll have company—company—(*Hits on the table with the end of his cutlass*) Mrs. Hawkins!—Mrs. Hawkins I say——

(MRS. HAWKINS *rushes in from the taproom* L. C.)

MRS. HAWKINS. (L. *of table*) Yes—yes, Captain——

CAPTAIN. Why don't you come when you hear me—More drinks, Mrs. Hawkins——

MRS. HAWKINS. (*Pleadingly*) Oh, please—please, sir——

CAPTAIN. What! Did you hear what I said! Did you!

MRS. HAWKINS. Very well, sir, I'll get it! (*Goes out to taproom* L. C.)

CAPTAIN. You two, there—what were you whispering about—I saw you—I'll have no whisperings, you hear—Well—Why don't you speak?

A MAN. If you please, sir——

CAPTAIN. Who told you to speak—(*Hits on the table with end of cutlass*) Mrs. Hawkins! Mrs. Hawkins!—I'll have the rum! Rum! Rum you hear?

A MAN. Let me go get it for you, sir.

CAPTAIN. Sit down.

ANOTHER MAN. (*Getting up*) It's late and we must go——

CAPTAIN. Sit down, I say! (*The men sit down*) Not a man leaves—I'll not be left alone with those faces out there in the frog——

A MAN. But there are no faces——

CAPTAIN. Who asked you to speak—By thunder,

I've seen men run through for less—Rum! Rum! Rum!

MRS. HAWKINS. (*Coming in with tankards of drinks.* R. *of table*) Coming—Coming, sir——

THE MEN. (*Getting up*) But indeed, we've had enough——

CAPTAIN. What's that——

ANOTHER MAN. (*Getting up*) And we must go home, sir——

CAPTAIN. What!

(*Enter* DR. LIVESEY.)

MRS. HAWKINS. (*Pleadingly*) Oh, please, sir—you're driving all my business away——

CAPTAIN. Driving it away—I'm holding it here, madam. Sit down—(*As the men still stand and edge toward the door*) What, you refuse—You refuse to sit down and drink with me—Then, by thunder, we'll see.

(*With a cry the men rush out* R. C. *The* CAPTAIN *rushes up to go after them and comes face to face with* DR. LIVESEY *who enters.*)

DR. LIVESEY. (R. C.) Hello! What's all this!

CAPTAIN. (L. C. *Thunders at him*) Silence between decks!

DR. LIVESEY. Are you addressing me, sir!

CAPTAIN. Aye, that I am! (*Pounding on the table with the end of his cutlass*) Silence, I said! Silence—or——

DR. LIVESEY. (*Firmly*) Stop that!

CAPTAIN. What's that?

MRS. HAWKINS. (*Comes down* R. *Terribly afraid*) Oh, please sir, please——

CAPTAIN. (*Coming up angrily toward* DR. LIVESEY) Now say that again!

DR. LIVESEY. I said for you to stop it and I mean it!

CAPTAIN. (*Holding his cutlass in his hand*) Why you rum puncheon—weak-livered swab—you bandy legged lubber—I'll show you!

DR. LIVESEY. (*Firmly*) Put down that cutlass——

CAPTAIN. What you——

DR. LIVESEY. (*Staring* CAPTAIN *down*) Put it down, or upon my honor you shall hang next assizes—Put it down—(DR. *points. The* CAPTAIN *gives way*). And now you listen to me—I warned you against drinking *before*—You had a stroke and much against my will I dragged you headforemost out of the grave—And now, Mr. Bones——

CAPTAIN. That's not my name——

DR. LIVESEY. Well it will serve alright—and I tell you this—one glass of rum won't kill you, but if you take one you'll take another and I'll stake my wig if you don't break off short, you'll die—you understand? Die and go to your own place like the man in the Bible——

CAPTAIN. Well, that's my business——

DR. LIVESEY. Yes, and this is mine—I am a magistrate as well as a doctor—and if I find the least complaint about you hereafter—I'll take means to have you routed out of this—Now then away with you!

CAPTAIN. This is a free inn——

DR. LIVESEY. You heard what I said—Go!

CAPTAIN. (*On stairs*) You'll pay for this—you'll see—(*He starts upstairs*)

DR. LIVESEY. That's alright. And remember the very name of rum is death for you.

CAPTAIN. (*Goes out. Door upstairs*) Huh!

MRS. HAWKINS. (*Very afraid*) Oh, sir, I'm so glad you came—he's got all the people round here so afraid they'll hardly come to the inn any more—we're all in mortal terror of the man, sir!

DR. LIVESEY. In spite of my warning that it would kill him, he's been drinking, eh?

MRS. HAWKINY. (*Sits*) Oh, yes, sir—drinking and singing that horrid song—and blowing his nose so loud, sir, it sounds like the report of a cannon—(*As* DR. LIVESEY *smiles*) You may laugh but I never knew a man to put such fierceness into the blowing of his nose. And when I asks him for money, sir—why—why that's when he blows his nose the loudest.

DR. LIVESEY. I dare swear he owes you for his lodgings.

MRS. HAWKINS. That he does, sir. Oh, I appeal to you as magistrate—he's ruining me, sir—ruining me! (*Placing chair* c.)

DR. LIVESEY. Mrs. Hawkins—Squire Trelawney and I have been watching your lodger for some time.

MRS. HAWKINS. (*Mysteriously*) He's given Jim a silver penny every month to keep his eye open for a sea-faring man with one leg!

DR. LIVESEY. Ah, has he now!

MRS. HAWKINS. And that's the worst of it—the influence he has over my boy——

DR. LIVESEY. Jim's a good boy, I'll be bound——

MRS. HAWKINS. That he is, sir. Jim's the best boy in the world. The Captain is filling his head with stories—you should have heard the stories as he told about that boat—(*Indicates picture over mantel*)

DR. LIVESEY. (*Looks at picture and reads title*) Flint's Treasure Ship.

MRS. HAWKINS. He's got the boy so worked up, with his horrid tales of pirates and sea fights and treasure hunting that the lad is fair bewitched with the idea of going to sea—and—Oh, sir—(*Rise*) He's all I have. I want my money but I don't want my boy in his company. (*Puts chair back to table*)

DR. LIVESEY. I think I can promise you both, Mrs. Hawkins—Squire Trelawney is to meet me here to-night——

MRS. HAWKINS. Oh, sir, I hope there isn't going to be any fighting——

DR. LIVESEY. Can you keep a secret, Mrs. Hawkins?

MRS. HAWKINS. As close as the grave, sir——

DR. LIVESEY. You can, eh? Come here to the window—(*As she starts to the window*) No, it's so foggy you can't see—but there's a little lugger down at Kitt's Hole—I suspect that's the boat our friend is looking for——

MRS. HAWKINS. What—what is it?

DR. LIVESEY. (*Confidentially*) Smuggler——

MRS. HAWKINS. Oh!

DR. LIVESEY. That's what your Captain is—that's why he's waiting for one special seaman—and that, Mrs. Hawkins, is what the Squire and I have been waiting for—I've got men all over the countryside—Now, if we can keep an eye on the Captain—(*Enter* JIM *from taproom*) we'll get the whole crew of them—Oh, I say—You say Jim is close to the Captain.

MRS. HAWKINS. Hand and glove—more's the pity.

DR. LIVESEY. Jim.

JIM. Yes, sir—Come over here——

MRS. HAWKINS. (*Crossing*) That horrid man has had enough for to-day. The doctor wants to talk to you—(*Exits*)

DR. LIVESEY. Sit down.

JIM. (R. *Comes over and sits at the table*) Thank you, sir.

DR. LIVESEY. Jim, since your father died your mother has had only you to help her——

JIM. I do my best, sir.

DR. LIVESEY. I know you do—quite right, my boy. Jim, your mother tells me the Captain hasn't paid for his board and lodging.

JIM. He hasn't. Not since the first day, sir. He was at that door calling for a glass of rum, "This

is a handy little cove," says he. "Much company?"

DR. LIVESEY. Oh, he asked that, did he?

JIM. And when he heard as how there was very little, he says, "This is the berth for me." So in he comes with his sea-chest, and throws down three pieces of gold. "You can tell me when I've worked through that," says he.

DR. LIVESEY. Well, he has "worked through" it, hasn't he?

JIM. Oh, yes, sir, and much beside.

DR. LIVESEY. Jim, if your mother is to get what's owing her—you must watch his every move to-night—I shall be there in the village—the least thing that looks suspicious—any strangers that call him—any attempt of the Captain to leave—you send me word—by your mother—no matter what happens—don't you leave him for one moment——

JIM. (*Slightly afraid but trying to hide it*) Yes, sir—no, sir—yes, sir—(JIM *sits* R. *of table*)

DR. LIVESEY. Jim, there's a nasty fog out there—a fog, that hides things on the sea—A fog like that is bad for ships on good business, but it's good for ships on bad business—These men are on bad business—(*With sudden change of tone*) Hawkins, I am a magistrate——

JIM. Yes, sir——

DR. LIVESEY. Hawkins, I appoint you an officer of the crown——

JIM. (*Startled, arises*) Dr. Livesey.

DR. LIVESEY. (*Salutes him*) An officer of the crown, Hawkins!

JIM. (*Awkwardly returns the salute*) Aye—aye, sir!

DR. LIVESEY. You're the only one who can watch without suspicion—You're not afraid, Hawkins?

JIM. (*Fearfully*) No—no, sir—I—I'm not afraid——

(DR. LIVESEY'S *hands on* JIM'S *shoulders.*)

DR. LIVESEY. Then we'll unravel this mystery before midnight—Keep your eyes open—Remember —officer of the crown! (*Exits* DR. LIVESEY R. C.)

(JIM *salutes. During the last two preceding speeches there is heard a song as if the singer were approaching.*)

CAPTAIN. (*On stairs*) Jim, is he gone?
JIM. Who?
CAPTAIN. That swab of a doctor——
JIM. Yes.
CAPTAIN. Then go fetch me some rum, Jim——
JIM. But——
CAPTAIN. Rum—a whole tankard of it—fetch it to my room. (*Starts away*)
JIM. But, Captain—the doctor said——
CAPTAIN. The doctor be blowed—I—(*With sudden change of manner. He now becomes almost whiningly kind*) Nay—come here, Jim—I'm not meaning to be hard with you—you've been my friend—You're the only one I can trust. (*Confidentially*) And if ever I need someone it's to-day —there's things brewing to-day, Jim. (*Looks fearfully over his shoulder at the window*) I can feel it in the air.
JIM. It's just the fog, Captain.
CAPTAIN. Aye—the fog. It's full of faces, Jim —the fog—(*Keeps looking around furtively at the window*) Every step of the way from the cove I've seen 'em—faces Jim—like those of Flint's crew up there—They've been all around me—they're—(*Suddenly stares at the window*) See—see there at the window—look——
JIM. (*Crosses to window* C.) Why, there's nothing there!
CAPTAIN. Didn't you see a face—a face with an ugly look on't.
JIM. (*Goes to the door* R. C. *and looks out*)

There's not a person on the road. (*Comes back into the room* C.)

CAPTAIN. Faces—faces—everywhere in the fog —(*Turns suddenly*) You've kept your eye open for a sea-faring man with one leg?

JIM. Yes, sir—though it's no pay I've had these several weeks. (*Down* C.)

CAPTAIN. What! (*Roars at him*)

JIM. I said I'd had no pay—and—(*As* CAPTAIN *takes out his handkerchief to blow his nose*) That's alright, sir. You needn't mind.

CAPTAIN. (*Blows his nose*) No pay, eh. Well —well—(*Starts to roar and then changes his mind*) Well, there's your pay, lad—take it—take it—I'm needing friends to-day—(*As* JIM *takes the money*) There's a little lugger down at Kitt's Hole—Keep your eyes open—watch the road—and—Jim—anyone asks for me—you don't know me. You never heard o' me? Understand?

JIM. Not even the sea-faring man with one leg?

CAPTAIN. No! None of 'em—Bring my rum upstairs now—and keep your eyes open—(*Turns and glances at window*) There—there he is again—see 'im lookin' in that window.

JIM. I tell you there's no one—nothing.

CAPTAIN. Nothin', eh? It's the whole crew of 'em in the fog there—the whole crew of 'em—and it's going to be a fight—but we'll beat 'em yet—Give me that rum—quick—(*Goes upstairs*)

(JIM *goes timidly to the window and looks out; then he draws back. Finally he gets up his courage and goes to the door, looks out timidly, then grows bolder, goes outside, looks up and down and finally comes in and closes the door. He exits to the taproom. For a moment the stage is empty. Upstairs the* CAPTAIN *can be heard singing his song. Finally a face is seen peering at the window. Then the face disappears and*

soon the door opens and a man enters. "A pale tallowy creature, wanting two fingers of the left hand, and though he wore a cutlass he did not look much a fighter." He is BLACK DOG. *For a moment he stands listening to the singing and nodding sardonically. He is making for the entrance upstairs when* JIM *returns with a tankard of rum.* BLACK DOG *wheels quickly at* L.)

JIM. (*Surprised and startled* L. C.) I—I didn't hear you come in——

BLACK DOG. (L. *at stairs*) Umph!—Tidy little place Very tidy. Come here, sonny. Come nearer here. And what have you there? (*Goes up to* JIM *who tries to draw back*)

JIM. Some rum, sir——

BLACK DOG. (*Sniffs it*) Um—rum it is—good, strong rum——

JIM. (*Fearing he is to take it*) It's for the gentleman upstairs, sir.

BLACK DOG. For the gentleman upstairs. Good strong rum for the gentleman upstairs—You know what I think?

JIM. (*Back down* C.) No, sir.

BLACK DOG. I think it is just the sort of stuff that'd suit my old mate, Bill—Now, what do you think?

JIM. I don't know your mate, Bill, and so——

BLACK DOG. Don't you, now—that's too bad—What might you call your—gentleman upstairs?

JIM. Captain.

BLACK DOG. Well, my mate Bill might be called Captain——

JIM. (*Starting to go*) I'm sure he isn't the same——

BLACK DOG. We'll put it for argyment your cap'n has a cut on one cheek—and that the right one—(JIM *starts*) Ah, well—I told you—Now, is my mate, Bill, here?

JIM. (*Up two steps*) I'll go upstairs and let him know——

BLACK DOG. No, you won't. (*As* JIM *still starts to go, he thunders at him*) Stop, I say, or—Stop!

JIM. But, sir, I must tell the Captain.

BLACK DOG. (*Then fawning again as* JIM *stops*) There—there—lad—I'm meaning you no harm. Why, I have a son of my own as like you as two blocks and he's all the pride of my 'art. But the great thing for boys is discipline, sonny. But you see I planned this as a great surprise to Bill—bless his 'art—and I couldn't have you spoil it. (*He takes out his cutlass and tries it*)

JIM. Oh, sir—I hope there's not going to be any trouble——

CAPTAIN. (*Upstairs*) Jim! Jim! Where's my rum!

BLACK DOG. (*Motions* JIM *to keep silent*) Sh-sh! Bill and me's old friends—he'll be glad to see me—Bill will. Bless his 'art——

CAPTAIN. (*Still upstairs*) Jim—Jim——

BLACK DOG. Sh-sh—not a word—or I'll wring your neck. (*Grasps* JIM *by the throat and urges him back of the stairs* L.)

JIM. What are you doing, sir?

BLACK DOG. Giving Bill a surprise—a little surprise.

(*The* CAPTAIN *comes down the stairs.*)

CAPTAIN. (*Furious*) Jim! Where has he gone—Jim, I say—(*Goes to* C. *head of table*) Jim!

BLACK DOG. (*Speaks when* CAPTAIN *gets above table. Steps out with cutlass drawn as* CAPTAIN *turns*) Hello, Bill!

CAPTAIN. (*Stops short as if stunned*) You—you——

BLACK DOG. Come, Bill. You know your old shipmate——

CAPTAIN. Black Dog! What do you want? (*Moves toward him*)

BLACK DOG. Just come to see my old shipmate, Billy, and talk over old times.

CAPTAIN. (*Bitterly*) Old times, huh? (*Moves toward* BLACK DOG)

BLACK DOG. (*Circles to* R. *of table*) A sight of times we've seen Bill, us two, since I lost them talons. (*Holds up mutilated hand*)

CAPTAIN. Now, look here, you've runned me down—here I am. Well then, speak up! What is it?

BLACK DOG. That's you, Bill—always to the point. (*Significantly to* JIM) I'll just have a glass of rum.

JIM. Here, sir. (*Makes as if to offer the tankard*)

BLACK DOG. (*Sinister*) That's for the gentleman upstairs—I'll have my own—(*As* JIM *hurries toward taproom*) Don't hurry back. (JIM *takes hold of the taproom door to close it*) Leave that open! None of your keyholes for me, sonny.

(JIM *goes out at taproom door.*)

CAPTAIN. (*Fiercely*) Well, out with it——

BLACK DOG. Now, we'll talk square like old shipmates.

CAPTAIN. Old shipmates, huh?

BLACK DOG. Sure, Bill—we're all here—Morgan and Hands and Pew and O'Brien.

CAPTAIN. Silver?

BLACK DOG. Aye, Silver. He's in command down there on the little lugger——

CAPTAIN. A nice little lugger it must be.

BLACK DOG. We all sailed with Flint and what we got like gentlemen of fortune belonged to——

CAPTAIN. Flint——

BLACK DOG. Aye, to Flint; and Flint to Flint's

crew—and that's what we've come for—what we're going to get.

CAPTAIN. Go on. Out with it all.

BLACK DOG. There's money about you, Bill Bones—(*Sits* R. *of table*) Money as belongs to us all—and more than money there's a little chart—Flint's fist—showing where all Flint's Treasure is hid—them things belongs to us all and by thunder them things we're goin' to have. Now you know, Bill.

CAPTAIN. And that's the message they sent by you?

BLACK DOG. Aye——

CAPTAIN. Then you can go back and tell 'em I'm still cap'n—and what I say is law—why you mess of swabs—you think you can give your orders to me—you——

BLACK DOG. It's more than that we'll be giving you—the little Black Spot——

CAPTAIN. Oh, you will, huh? You'll tip me off the Black Spot—well' let's see the one of you that dares—Send him along—or maybe you've got it. Have you? Have you? (*Raises his cutlass and rushes at* BLACK DOG *who avoids him*) Now, hand it over—hand it over——

BLACK DOG. I haven't it—but here it'll be alright—and you'll surrender things as don't belong to you or you'll swing——

CAPTAIN. I'll swing? Then, we'll all swing—and you can tell that to Silver—to Pew—to Hands—to O'Brien—to all of them. Bill Bones is still in command——

BLACK DOG. And that's the answer I'm to take back——

CAPTAIN. Yes. That's the answer and that—that—that. (*As he speaks he strikes with his cutlass.* BLACK DOG *tries to parry and fight, but he is quickly disarmed and flees and the* CAPTAIN *hurls his cutlass at him as he runs out the door. The* CAP-

TAIN *very much shaken himself follows to the door to pick up his cutlass and calls after* BLACK DOG) Tell that, too. Tell them whether Bill Bones has lost his arm—(*As he picks up his cutlass*) Tell that to the one who's to bring the Black Spot and—(*As he comes back into the room he suddenly totters and falls upon a stool*) Jim! Jim! (*The* CAPTAIN *seems about to swoon*)

JIM. What is it, Captain? (*With rum for* BLACK DOG)

CAPTAIN. Rum—rum—quick——

JIM. (*Rum on table* C.) The doctor warned you——

CAPTAIN. Look you, Jim, how my fingers fidget. I can't keep 'em still, not I. If I don't have a drain o' rum, I'll have the horrors; I seen some on 'em already. I seen old Flint in the corner there, behind you; as plain as print, I seen him; and if I get the horrors, I'm a man that has lived rough, and I'll raise Cain. The doctor himself said one glass wouldn't hurt me, and I've hardly had a drop to-day. I'll give you a golden guinea for a noggin, Jim.

JIM. You shouldn't touch the stuff, sir—(*Handing him the tankard*) There. (*As* CAPTAIN *drinks*) Oh, sir, I'd better call someone—I fear it's another stroke.

CAPTAIN. (*Holding on to* JIM) Don't you leave me—don't leave me, Jim—not now—I need you. (*Drinks*) You're the only one worth anything—and with your help—Jim, I'm going to beat 'em, yet—I will, Jim—I will! (*Drinks and seems to recover as he does so*)

JIM. You shouldn't touch that stuff, sir.

CAPTAIN. Eh?

JIM. The doctor said it was sure death.

CAPTAIN. What's he know about it? Doctors is all swabs, and that doctor there, why, what do he know about sea-faring men? (*Rise*) I been in

places hot as pitch, and mates dropping round with Yellow Jack and the blessed land a-heaving like the sea with earthquakes—(*Drops glass*)—what do the doctor know of lands like that?—a—and I lived on rum, I tell you. It's been meat and drink, and man and wife, to me, and if I don't get me rum, I'm a battered old hulk on the lee shore. My blood'll be on your head Jim—and on that doctor swab. You will give me one more noggin, won't you? (*Seems to grow fainter*)

JIM. (*Giving it to him from shelf up* c.) You're killing yourself.

CAPTAIN. (*Recovering*) Now, listen, Jim—that man just here—he's a bad 'un—but there's worse put him on—and they're out there on that ship—in the fog—waitin'—they're trying to get me—to tip me the Black Spot.

JIM. The what?

CAPTAIN. The Black Spot—that's about the worst disgrace can come to a pirate Captain—it means he must step down—that he's gone—done for—that he's got to do what his men say instead of them doing what he says—sometimes it means worse than that, too—that's what I'm fearing from that crowd out there—take a look at the door.

JIM. (*Looks out of door*) No one, sir.

CAPTAIN. Close the door. Come here. (*Confidentially, as* JIM *comes up*) It's up there in my old sea-chest—what they're after—but I'm going to try to get away first—and if I do—I'll promise you—I'll come back for you some day—and we'll go to sea—ah!—Aye, as I told you—in a schooner with a piping boatswain and pig-tailed singing seamen—to sea, Jim, bound for an unknown island to seek buried treasure—You'd like that?

JIM. Oh, yes——

CAPTAIN Well, I'll promise you—but if they tip me the Black Spot first you get word to that doctor magistrate—tell him to pipe all hands—and he'll

lay 'em aboard here at the Benbow Inn all of Flint's crew—all of 'em that's left——

JIM. (*Frightened*) Not Flint the Buccaneer?

CAPTAIN. Flint's crew—I was first mate—aboard that ship there—(*Points to print over mantel*) Old Flint's first mate—and I'm the only one as knows the place.

JIM. What place?

CAPTAIN. The place where Flint hid all his money—the chart's up there in my chest—Flint gave it to me in Savannah as he lay dyin'—but you won't peach, lad, 'less they get the Black Spot on me, will you, Jim?

JIM. No—no, Captain.

CAPTAIN. Or 'less you see a sea-faring man with one leg—him above all others—you'll keep your weathery-eye open, lad? (*Gets up but he is very weak*) And if I get away, I'll pay you well—if I don't—you go to that chest and you takes out the money I owes your mother—and—a little package in oilcloth—take that to the doctor—he'll tell you what to do.

JIM. (*Goes to help the* CAPTAIN *who totters toward the stairs*) Let me help you——

CAPTAIN. No. Bill Bones can stand alone—yet—and with your help, sonny, we'll beat 'em—you'll see—we'll beat 'em yet——

JIM. (*Upstairs*) Mother—mother——

MRS. HAWKINS. What is it?

JIM. Those men down there at the cove.

MRS. HAWKINS. Yes.

JIM. They—they are pirates.

MRS. HAWKINS. What?

JIM. Flint's crew. They've come for the Captain up there. (*Whistle*) Hear that?

MRS. HAWKINS. What is it?

JIM. It's a signal. (*Whistle*) There's the answer. (*Noise*) He's heard it up there.

MRS. HAWKINS. (*Crosses to* L. *of stairs*) Oh,

dear, what shall we do. They'll be about our ears. What shall we do?

JIM. We must send word to the doctor.

MRS. HAWKINS. Yes—yes—come—quick——

JIM. No. I've got to stay—my orders were to watch——

MRS. HAWKINS. But——

JIM. Dr. Livesey made me an officer of the crown and I must stay—so you must go, mother.

MRS. HAWKINS. And leave you alone, Jim—no—no—no——

JIM. The doctor is relying on us, mother.

MRS. HAWKINS. But the fog's so thick!

JIM. Just to the village, and be sure to tell the doctor they're not smugglers they're pirates—Flint's crew—quick.

MRS. HAWKINS. (*Kissing him*) Oh, Jim—Jim. You close the door—you close it tight.

JIM. There—there, mother, quick—there's no time to lose—remember—(*Exits* L. I E. *He holds the door open and calls softly*) Mother—Mother—(*When he gets no answer, he closes the door and comes back into the room. Then suddenly he gives a start for there is heard the tapping of a person with a cone. The tapping comes closer and closer and finally stops outside the door*) What's that? (*There is a slight pause.* JIM *trembles. There is a knock at the door. With a gulp* JIM *stumbles back. A second knock and* JIM *masters his fear and approaches timidly the door. He opens it. There stands a man, "plainly blind—a great green shade over his eyes and nose; he was hunched as if with age and weakness, and wore a tattered old sea-cloak with hood, and that made him appear positively deformed. His voice was an odd sing-song." He is* PEW)

PEW. (R. C.) Will any kind friend inform a poor blind man where or in what part of the country he is?

JIM. You are at the Admiral Benbow Inn, Black Hill Cove.

PEW. I hear a young voice—Will you lead me in, my kind young friend?

JIM. (*Takes* PEW *by hand*) There, sir—easy now—gently and—Oh! (*He winces with pain as* PEW's *manner suddenly changes and he finds his arm gripped tight*) You're hurting my arm, sir—not so tight.

PEW. (*Hard and menacing*) Take me to the Captain.

JIM. (*Trying to get away*) Oh, please sir—please, sir——

PEW. Take me or I'll break your arm——

JIM. The Captain is ill, sir—very ill.

PEW. Lead me straight to him and then say: "Here's a friend for you, Bill." If you don't, this instant—I'll——

JIM. (*As* PEW *has suddenly stopped to urge him and now stands listening*) Please, let me go, sir—please.

PEW. I hear someone on the stairs—unless Pew's ears trick him it's our friend the Captain—Is it? Answer! (*Squeezes* JIM's *arm*) Is it?

JIM. It is, sir.

PEW. Then remember what I said. And I'm holding on to your arm—(*He tightens his grip upon* JIM *who winces. The* CAPTAIN *comes tottering downstairs under the weight of his sea-chest. He seems very feeble*)

CAPTAIN. We'll beat 'em, yet—We'll beat 'em, yet, Jim——

PEW. (*Whispers to* JIM *and pinches*) Say it! Now!

JIM. (*Winces under* PEW's *hold*) Here—here's a friend for you, Bill.

CAPTAIN. (*Turns and sees* PEW. *At sight of him he lets the chest fall with a crash and totteringly*

supports himself against it, seeming quite dazed) Pew!

PEW. (*To* JIM) Lead me to him. (*As* JIM *leads him up to the* CAPTAIN) Now, Bill, stay just where you are—business is business—hold out your hand—Boy, take his hand by the wrist and bring it close to mine. (JIM *does as directed and* PEW *passes a paper into the hands of the* CAPTAIN *who seems to crumple up when he receives it*) Now, that's done. Lead me to the door, Boy. (JIM *leads him to the door*) Good-day to you, Bill. (*He goes out.* JIM *comes running back to the* CAPTAIN *who stands staring at the paper in his hand*)

JIM. (*As the* CAPTAIN *stands swaying back and forth dizzily and looking down at the paper in his hand*) What—what is it?

CAPTAIN. The Black Spot. (*Turns over the paper and reads*) Till ten o'clock—(*With increasing force as if getting an idea*) They've got me but they shan't have that chest—Flint's fist—Bill Bones is still in command. They shan't have it—they shan't—they shan't—(*He stumbles up to the door and then as he gets there with a hoarse cry he puts his arm before his eyes and stumbles back into the room. He reels, puts his hand to his throat, stands swaying a moment and then, with a peculiar sound, falls from his whole height foremost to the floor. Falls* R. *of stairs*)

JIM. (*Bends over the* CAPTAIN) Captain! Captain! (*Feels his chest*) Oh! (*With a frightened cry he starts back as* MRS. HAWKINS *enters* L. 2) Mother! (*Points to* CAPTAIN) The Captain——

MRS. HAWKINS. Dead! Glory be!

JIM. Get a candle—You sent word to the doctor? (*Starts away*)

MRS. HAWKINS. (*Holding* JIM *back*) Yes. What are you going to do?

JIM. The Captain said I was to get the money

he owes us out of his sea-chest and I'm going to do it. (*Moves toward body*)

MRS. HAWKINS. Jim! (JIM *gets key from* CAPTAIN'S *hand*) Oh, Jim, don't.

JIM. Bring the candle, mother. (*Goes upstairs followed by* MRS. HAWKINS. *Off-stage*) Ah!

MRS. HAWKINS. (*Still at door*) What is it?

JIM. (*Off-stage*) A quadrant—tobacco!

MRS. HAWKINS. But the money, Jim, the money.

JIM. (*Enters on stairs*) Here it is.

MRS. HAWKINS. I'll take my due, not a penny more. What kind of money is this?

JIM. Pieces of eight. Spanish and French.

MRS. HAWKINS. Spanish and French, Jim, who was this man?

JIM. A pirate! A buccaneer. He sailed on that ship with Flint.

MRS. HAWKINS. Pirates!

JIM. All of them.

MRS. HAWKINS. Pirates' gold. Put it back. I won't touch it. Lock it up again.

JIM. All right, mother (*Exits and trunk slams. Re-enters*) It's all right. I've got it.

MRS. HAWKINS. Got what?

JIM. The package he said I was to take to the doctor.

(PEW'S *taps.*)

MRS. HAWKINS. What's that?

JIM. The blind man. He was here before for the Captain.

MRS. HAWKINS. They'll be murdering us all now.

JIM. (*Drawing mother downstairs*) Come, mother. Quick! The back way!

MRS. HAWKINS. I can't; my legs won't move.

JIM. Come! Come! (*They exit. Flag-stone outside door for* PEW *to tap. Noise outside*)

PEW. (*Outside*) Down with the door if they won't open it—beat it down! (*Shouts*) Will you open—or must we break it down—(*When no answer comes*) Down with the door, then, men——

MEN. (*Without*) Aye! aye!

PEW. Down with her! (*The men batter on the door as if with a large log. Finally the door is splintered to pieces*) Aye—that's it! That's it! Now in! In with you! (*There is a shout as the men rush in.* BLACK DOG—MERRY—HANDS—O'BRIEN *followed by* PEW. *To* L. C.) Now, scatter—search everywhere—quick—Quick, I say—Well, what's the matter—why do you stop? What is it? What is it? (MERRY *and* HANDS *over body.* BLACK DOG *at steps.* ANDERSON *to fireplace* R.)

MERRY. (*Who with the other men have stumbled over* BILL *and stand eyeing him*) Bill's dead!

PEW. Well! Well!

HANDS. He's dead—done for—don't you understand, Pew?

PEW. Search him, you shirking lubbers—The chart's here, somewhere, and we are going to get it—find that chest—look for it.

BLACK DOG. It's here, Pew.

PEW. Open it quick.

BLACK DOG. It's locked!

(ANDERSON *with poker crosses to* L.)

PEW. Break it open. Smash it open! (*Chest thrown downstairs and smashed open*) Is it there? The chart?

MERRY. They've been here before us.

BLACK DOG. Someone's turned the chest alow and aloft!

HANDS. (*Who has been searching through the chest*) There's some money——

PEW. Hang the money—it's Flint's fist I want, Flint's fist——

BLACK DOG. We don't see it nowhere.

MERRY. And Bill's been overhauled already—nothin' left——

PEW. It's that boy—I wish I'd put his eyes out. That chart must be here somewhere. Scatter and look for it. (*The men dash upstairs and shout*) Look everywhere—under the tables—behind the curtains—turn everything upside down. (*The men turn over the tables, tear down the hangings,* HANDS *tips over the chairs and scatters over the place all the furniture. A whistle is heard*) What's that!

BLACK DOG. It's Dirk's warning. We'll have to budge, mates.

PEW. Budge, you skulk—we don't stir until we find that chart.

BLACK DOG. But that signal——

PEW. You have your hands on it—scatter and look for it. Oh, shiver my soul, if I had my eyes—(*Another whistle.* HANDS *rushes in and the others*) Well—well—why are you coming back?

HANDS. Twice—you heard—Dirk's called—we'd better go.

PEW. (*Stands in the doorway*) Not one of you are going to leave. Why, you fools, you have your hands on thousands and you hang a leg. You'd be rich as kings and you stand there malingering—and I to lose my chance for you. If you had the pluck of a weevil in a biscuit you'd stand your ground.

BLACK DOG. We're not going to stand here and be caught.

PEW. Nut one of you goes till you find it—or maybe you've got it. (*The whistle again and sharply*) And you're hiding it on me——

HANDS. Stand out of the way, Pew—we're going——

PEW. You're not—I believe you've got it and trying to hide it from me—Give it to me—or you don't pass—(*There is sound of horses approaching*)

BLACK DOG. Don't you hear them coming—those horses?

HANDS. Out of the way——

PEW. Not until you give it——

HANDS. Alright, then, men—at him.

(*They make a lunge at* PEW *who strikes back with his staff. They quickly overpower him and throw him into a far corner of the room. Then they rush out as the horses are heard stopping near by.* DR. LIVESEY'S *voice is heard giving orders without.*)

DR. LIVESEY. There they go—after them.

PEW. (*Groping blindly*) Black Dog—Hands—You won't leave old Pew—you'll save your old mate—(JIM *glides in*) You'll save—who's there? Who is it? Answer?

JIM. It's I—Jim Hawkins.

PEW. You! You stole that chart—by the living thunder if I can get my hands on you I'll tear your heart out—I'll—(*Making big sweeps with his cane he rushes about*)

JIM. (*Terrified*) Help! Squire! Dr. Livesey! Help!

PEW. I'll get you, you young rat—I'll get you—

JIM. (*As* PEW *comes nearer darts out the door*) Squire! Dr. Livesey. Help—quick——!

PEW. I'll get you—I'll wring your neck—(*He rushes out the door. Then of a sudden there is the report of a pistol. There is a shriek and then* JIM *rushes into the room. Almost at once he is followed by the* SQUIRE *and* DR. LIVESEY)

DR. LIVESEY. Jim, what's this story we hear about pirates?

JIM. It's true, sir.

SQUIRE. This was Flint's crew.

JIM. Yes, sir—and that man there was Flint's mate.

SQUIRE. But if this is true——

JIM. Here, sir, is the proof of it—(*Offers packet*)

DR. LIVESEY. What's this?

JIM. I took it from his sea-chest there. It's a map showing where Flint buried his treasure.

SQUIRE. What?

DR. LIVESEY. By gad, if this should be——

SQUIRE. Thousands upon thousands Flint buried, and hundreds have tried to find it—if this should prove the clue to Flint's treasure——

DR. LIVESEY. Tall tree—Spy-glass Mountain bearing a point to the North of N. N. E. (BLACK DOG *appears*) Skeleton Island E. S. E. The gold is in the North Cache.

SQUIRE. By gad, Livesey, that's it. We'll go to Bristol; we'll fit out a ship and we'll have that treasure if it takes a year—And Hawkins shall go with us.

JIM. You don't mean it—To go to sea with a piping boatswain and pig-tail singing seamen—bound for an unknown island to seek buried treasure——

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE I:—*The Quay at Bristol. The entire back of stage is taken up with a sailing vessel, tied to her pier. Upon her side there is painted her name, "Hispaniola." A gang-plank comes from the ship's side down to the wharf. At right, some dusty old buildings line the side down* R. I, *where there is a small inn, with the sign of a "Spy-glass" hanging from above the door. There is a bench in front of this inn and from its window hangs a cage with a parrot. The*

left side is taken up with a large warehouse, down to L. I *where there is the entrance to a street. The center of the stage is taken up with barrels and coils of rope and boxes.*

When the curtain rises, three or four men each with a box or a barrel upon his shoulders, are starting for the ship from the wharf. They go up the gang-plank upon the ship and then vanish from sight. Then the stage is deserted. From his cage the parrot calls. "Pieces of eight!" Stand by to go about. "Pieces of eight." Finally there comes hurriedly in from L. I BLACK DOG, *followed by a man.* BLACK DOG *goes to the inn door at* R. I *and peers in in. Within men can be seen drinking—at times bits of song come out—a roistering scene. Fruit girl down* L. *seated.*

BLACK DOG. (*Enters from street up* L., *goes to window. Turns from door to his companion*) See that man in there with one leg—hopping about on a crutch?

MAN. Yes.

BLACK DOG. You go up to him quiet-like and say, Silver, there's a man out there as would like to talk to you." (*As the man starts in*) Quiet-like, remember.

(*The man goes in.* BLACK DOG *gazes through the window for a moment, then he goes up to the ship and stares at her. From within the inn there comes sound of songs and ribaldry. At last* SILVER *appears at the door* L.)

SILVER. Who's looking for Long John, Silver? (BLACK DOG *turns*) You! Black Dog!

BLACK DOG. A nice turn you did me—leavin' me here at the Cove——

SILVER. (*Angrily*) And a nice turn you all did me—with your bungling—you and Pew and the rest

of you—lettin' a fortune slip through your fingers! (*Points inside inn, where the men are singing*) Look at 'em there! All you're good for is to come whinin' to Silver and drink his grog!

BLACK DOG. Easy there, Long John.

SILVER. Well, it's so; isn't it? Isn't it?

BLACK DOG. (*Comes up confidentially as if having something to tell*) When we all ran from that place—I got lost in the fog—(*Looks about cautiously*)

SILVER. Well?

BLACK DOG. Well, I must have run in a circle for I landed up again where I started——

SILVER. The inn?

BLACK DOG. (*Goes to him* C. *Nods*) It was dark and I crept up to the windy——

SILVER. (*Intense now*) Yes!

BLACK DOG. There was Billy Bones dead upon the floor—and at a table—three of 'em pawing over a chart——

SILVER. (*Eagerly*) Flint's fist!

BLACK DOG. Flint's fist.

SILVER. (*Tense*) Three of 'em, you say?

BLACK DOG. One was a boy—he'd got the chart and given it to the men.

SILVER. And the men?

BLACK DOG. One they called Doctor.

SILVER. And the other? The other?

BLACK DOG. He was older and looked like your country gentleman.

SILVER. (*Excitedly*) His name?

BLACK DOG. It was squire—squire something—or——

SILVER. Squire—Trelawney?

BLACK DOG. (*Astonished*) The very same!

SILVER. Ha! I guessed it! I guessed it!

BLACK DOG. But——

SILVER. (*Points to Hispaniola*) See that boat? That belongs to Squire Trelawney. (*As* BLACK

DOG *starts*) And she's sailing on sealed orders——

BLACK DOG. Then, you know——

SILVER. The squire and I have already passed the time of day—I've been watching him—I been wondering what all this is about—(*With sudden change*) That's why I have all the men in there now. Any of 'em see you down at the Cove?

BLACK DOG. None but the boy—and he saw only Pew and me.

SILVER. Good. (*Confidentially*) They haven't shipped their crew yet—I'm going to try to make our friends here take us to Flint's treasure—in their own ship—aye, even find the treasure for us—and then——

BLACK DOG. What then?

SILVER. (*Sinister*) Then we'll pay 'em for it! (TRELAWNEY *and* SMOLLETT *appear upon the ship.* SILVER *points them out to* BLACK DOG. *Turns him around*) Either one of those your squire?

BLACK DOG. Aye—the old man——

SILVER. Go inside—You'll find all the men there—but not a word!

(BLACK DOG *goes into the inn.* SILVER *wanders up the quay as* SMOLLETT *and the* SQUIRE *come down from the boat.*)

SMOLLETT. I will try, sir; but they are not so easy to get!

SQUIRE. (R. C.) My dear, Captain Smollett, there must be plenty of men——

SMOLLETT. (L. C.) But your requirements are peculiar, sir——

SQUIRE. (R. C.) What! Merely men—not afraid of anything on sea or land? Surely sir, English manhood has not gone back so far that the spirit of adventure is lost——

SMOLLETT. (L. C.) All very well, sir—but asking your pardon—I don't know the nature of this voyage.

SQUIRE. And are not to! Sealed orders, sir——

SMOLLETT. Quite right. But you must realize this makes it difficult to get men—honest men.

SQUIRE. It shouldn't. England has stood for centuries for her sailors to unknown lands—and on unknown seas—her Drakes and Raleighs—and Hawkes—and——

SMOLLETT. Very well, sir—I'll do the best I can. (*Starts away up* L.)

SQUIRE. (*Follows him up*) And make haste, Captain—my friends come within three days—I must be ready, then——

SMOLLETT. I'll try, sir.

(*He goes off* L. U. *The* SQUIRE *is going toward the vessel, when* SILVER *puts himself in his way.*)

SILVER. (L. C. *Indicates ship*) I never tire of looking at her, sir——

SQUIRE. (R. C.) Pretty, isn't she?

SILVER. Never saw a sweeter little craft.

SQUIRE. (*Indicates* SILVER'S *loss of leg*) Not a sea-faring man?

SILVER. I lost that, sir, in defense of my country.

SQUIRE. (*Drawing nearer, interested*) Did you, now?

SILVER. Aye, sir, under the immortal Hawkes!

SQUIRE. What! Not really——

SILVER. A fact, sir.

SQUIRE. Pensioned of course——

SILVER. No, sir—never asked it—never needed it—I keep the Spy-glass there——

SQUIRE. Still you should have your reward.

SILVER. I have, sir. (*Salutes*) In England—my country—God bless her!

SQUIRE. (*Enthusiastically*) A fine spirit—the true spirit of an Englishman!

SILVER. There's only one thing—my health's not good ashore—having been to sea so long—that's

why I keep my inn here on the quay—where I can get a bit of salt-air and meet sea-faring men—why, every sailor as comes to port knows Long John Silver——

SQUIRE. Do they now!

SILVER. They're all welcome, sir, whether they can pay or no—because of my love of her out there—the sea—(*The* SQUIRE TRELAWNEY *starts rather surprised at* SILVER) I tell you, when the sea once gets into you, sir—it's hard to ever lose her! May sound queer to you, sir—but it's a fact——

SQUIRE. (*Studying* SILVER) No—no, I think I understand——

SILVER. When I think of the times, I've seen—dirty weather and clear-fights at close quarters—hand to hand—and cutlass against cutlass—against pirate and buccaneer. (SQUIRE *starts but* SILVER *hurries on*) And then I thinks of me in there doling out grog—and, sir, it's like torture, and when I comes out here and sees a trim little schooner like that a-sailin'—why I'd give my life, sir, for just one more chance at the old sea——

SQUIRE. (*Who has been thinking and studying* SILVER) You say you know every sea-faring man in Bristol?

SILVER. Aye—sir—they all come to the Spy-glass.

SQUIRE. Well, suppose—just suppose now I wanted a special sort of crew—men not only sailors but fighters, perhaps——

SILVER. (*Points to inn*) There are men in there now—enough to man this boat—men who have sailed as I have sailed—against Flint himself. (SILVER'S *parrot begins to squawk*) Excuse me, sir—that's my parrot—I call him Captain Flint—that's why he piped up when he heard the name.

SQUIRE. You mean to say you have sailed against Flint?

SILVER. It's to him I owe the loss of this—(*In-*

dicates leg) You see, sir, that's what makes it so hard—to have been through all that and to sit idle and hear the sea calling—begging for a chance, sir—a chance that means life, sir——

SQUIRE. Suppose, now, you were offered that chance——

SILVER. You don't mean it, sir?

SQUIRE. You could help me get together a crew?

SILVER. Yes, sir——

SQUIRE. At once.

SILVER. I'll see to everything, sir. (*As the* SQUIRE *starts* SILVER *goes on quickly*) But there are honest men in there—Englishmen—ready for any purpose.

SQUIRE. I like your talk, sir—you're engaged.

SILVER. Oh, thank you, sir!

SQUIRE. And now about a crew. My captain has found difficulty——

SILVER. Might I ask, sir, what sort of voyage this is to be?

SQUIRE. (*Suspiciously*) Why?

SILVER. So I may judge about the men.

SQUIRE. I want tough men—such as you just spoke of—men willing to board Flint himself!

SILVER. I know the very men for you. They're in there now. You go to your cabin and I'll send them to you——

SQUIRE. Very well. If I could get them before Captain Smollett returns.

SILVER. I'm sure you can——

SQUIRE. I'll show him. He with his trouble about getting honest men—Send them along, Silver —(*Starts up boat*)

SILVER. Yes, sir—at once, sir—and I want to thank you, sir——

SQUIRE. (*Goes up on ship*) Not at all. Glad we met, Silver——

SILVER. It's a great thing, for me, sir—a great thing. (*The* SQUIRE *disappears in the schooner.*

SILVER'S *manner changes at once*) Heaven has sent him to me. (*He hastens to the door of the inn and calls*) Hands—Arrow—Morgan—Anderson—Merry—all you men.

(*They all come out.*)

BLACK DOG. (*Next to* SILVER) Was I right?

SILVER. It's Flint's treasure he's after, alright. (HANDS *makes movement toward ship. There is a slight change of manner*) I'm to engage his crew—(*There is much astonishment and guffawing among the crew at this*) Easy—there—you are to be that crew—you're to go to him now—You, Arrow, are to be mate——

ARROW. Aye, Cap'n.

SILVER. Anderson, coxswain.

ANDERSON. Coxswain is it!

SILVER. Merry, you boatswain.

MERRY. My old job.

SILVER. The rest of you as he pleases—he's waitin' in his cabin for you. Go now—quick. Act natural—nothing suspicious. (*As they start away*) Look innocent and—fierce! On with you! (*They start to leave when* SILVER *holds back* BLACK DOG *who crosses last*) Wait!

BLACK DOG. Well?

SILVER. He might recognize you.

BLACK DOG. I told you I saw only the boy.

SILVER. We'll take no chances—You'll stay hidden in there till we sail. (*As* BLACK DOG *makes a gesture of protest, he pushes him toward the inn door*) We've got him baited—and we'll get him—hook and all. (*He shoves* BLACK DOG *into the inn and then he goes quickly up on the ship*)

PARROT. Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE 2:—*The Quay at Bristol. The Hispaniola ready to sail. When the curtain rises there is a string of men going between the ship and wharf, carrying boxes and barrels upon their shoulders. The pirate crew. Upon the side of the ship there stands* ISRAEL HANDS *with bo'sain's whistle, as if directing the men. A little farther away stands* CAPTAIN SMOLLETT *watching.*

As the men work some sing a rude sea-song, but not the "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest." Others are shouting and talking excitedly; about the whole scene there is an air of excitement and noise.

HANDS. (*As the last man comes up the plank*) That all?

ANDERSON. (*Comes aboard with a box*) Aye, aye, sir.

MORGAN. That's all of it.

(HANDS *turns to* SMOLLETT *and salutes.*)

HANDS. Captain Smollett——

SMOLLETT. (*Upper deck*) Well, Mr. Hands?

HANDS. (*Below deck*) Everything right, sir?

SMOLLETT. Sure you've missed nothing?

HANDS. Sure, sir.

SMOLLETT. All ready to cast off?

HANDS. All sir—all ready—Shall I give the word, sir?

(BLACK DOG *enters.*)

SMOLLETT. Squire Trelawney is not here yet—Have all the men stand by.

HANDS. Aye—aye, sir.

SMOLLETT. Mr. Hands?

HANDS. Yes, sir.

SMOLLETT. (*With change*) Who gave you the orders for the stowing of those stores?

HANDS. I thought you did, sir!

SMOLLETT. (*Dismissing him*) Very well.

HANDS. Aye, aye, sir. (*Goes out. For a moment* SMOLLETT *stands as if thinking and then he turns as if to follow* HANDS. *Meanwhile* BLACK DOG *has sneaked upon the scene and is slinking up the gang-plank when* SMOLLETT *turns and sees him*)

SMOLLETT. Well, my man? Who are you?

BLACK DOG. (*On gang-plank*) A—A friend of one of the crew, sir—I have a message.

SMOLLETT. This boat is ready to sail—no one boards her now.

BLACK DOG. But, sir, it's important—most important I see him.

SMOLLETT. Who?

BLACK DOG. Silver, sir. Long John Silver.

SMOLLETT. (*Calls*) Silver! John Silver!

SILVER. (*Without*) Aye, sir.

SMOLLETT. Man to see you.

SILVER. (*Coming*) Coming sir, coming—What is it, sir? (*Sees* BLACK DOG *and starts*)

SMOLLETT. This fellow here says he has a message for you.

SILVER. (*Recovering himself and feigning surprise*) A message for me, my good man?

BLACK DOG. Aye——

SILVER. (*Noticing that* SMOLLETT *is watching and that* BLACK DOG *is growing embarrassed*) Well—well—speak up, my man.

BLACK DOG. (*Indicates inn*) There's someone there as would like to talk to you. He said it was most important. (*Crosses* L.)

SILVER. (*To* SMOLLETT) I don't know who it could be, nor what he wants—Can I go ashore, sir?

SMOLLETT. We're already to cast off.

SILVER. I won't be but a jiffy, sir.

SMOLLETT. Very well. (*Goes out*)

SILVER. Thank you, sir. (*Comes down with* BLACK DOG *and turns fiercely upon him* L.) By all the powers what are you tryin' to do?

BLACK DOG. That boat's sailin'?

SILVER. Well?

BLACK DOG. It'll never sail without me! If I don't go—I'll blow the whole thing. (*As* SILVER *starts to threaten him*) I will. I'm going. You hear?

SILVER. You'll do as I say—(HANDS *comes rushing down.* SILVER *crosses to gang-plank*) How now, Hands? (*Stage* R.)

HANDS. That Captain Smollett.

SILVER. What's he done?

HANDS. He's down below snooping around——

SILVER. You put the powder where I told you?

HANDS. Aye.

SILVER. And their men—bunked with ours?

HANDS. Aye.

SILVER. Did he notice it?

HANDS. I don't know—he acts suspicious-like.

SILVER. (*Turns angrily on* BLACK DOG) You hear that, Black Dog—you hear? Now you go inside there and wait. Go, I say, or by thunder, I'll run you through.

BLACK DOG. (*Driven to the inn door*) You'll never go without me—never!

SILVER. Go! (BLACK DOG *goes in.* SILVER *storms*) Luck never came with that man. (*Suddenly*) Hands, Black Dog doesn't go on this criuse.

HANDS. Aye—aye.

SILVER. (*As* SQUIRE *and* DR. LIVESEY *come from street* L. U.) Go inside there—Watch him, don't leave him out of your sight, and wait your chance and when you get it you know what to do.

(*Stiletto bus.* HANDS *goes in as* DR. LIVESEY *and* SQUIRE *come down*)

HANDS. Aye, aye, sir. (*Exits into door of Inn*)

SQUIRE. I don't know what to make of it.

DR. LIVESEY. I'm sure he'll come, Squire.

SILVER. (*Comes forward*) Everything ready and ship-shape—Just waiting for you, sir——

SQUIRE. (*Testily*) Hawkins hasn't come——

DR. LIVESEY. You told him he might stay till the last minute with his mother.

SILVER. If we wait—we'll miss the tide. That means another twelve hours delay, sir.

SQUIRE. (*Excitedly*) Look at her there! Everything ready and to be held up now—by Gad, it's hard, sir.

SILVER. (*Parrot*) Would you mind if I took my old shipmate, Captain Flint, with us—he goes on all my voyages with me. (*Starts away and then stops*) Oh, perhaps you gentlemen would join us—in a glass of grog, or——

SQUIRE. Thank you, Silver, but if you'll excuse me.

SILVER. Certainly, sir.—I understand, sir. (*Goes in*)

SQUIRE. An honest fellow and capable.

DR. LIVESEY. Well, Squire, I don't usually put much faith in your discoveries, but John Silver suits me. (*Start for boat*)

SQUIRE. (*Crosses* R.) The man's a perfect trump—We've grown quite familiar.

DR. LIVESEY. Squire, you haven't told him anything——

SQUIRE. Not a word. I have been most discreet. On the contrary—I've got all his simple little secrets from him. (*As they start for the boat*) He leaves a wife to manage his inn——

DR. LIVESEY. Indeed?

SQUIRE. A lady of colour.

DR. LIVESEY. No!

(*They laugh and go up into the boat. Enter* JIM L. U. *with bundle. Goes to Inn and knocks.*)

SILVER. Well, my lad?

JIM. Silver—Mr. Silver—I'm looking for——

SILVER. That's my name, lad—and who may you be?

JIM. (*Hands* SILVER *a letter.* C.) Hawkins, sir.

SILVER. (R. C. *Crosses to* R.) Oh, I see. You are our new cabin boy. Pleased I am to see you. We've been waiting for you.

(*There is a sound of commotion within the inn.*)

JIM. (L. C. *of window*) Oh, sir—what's that?

SILVER. (R. C. *of window, puts* JIM *behind him. Trying to cover the noise*) Oh, that—that's nothing, lad—just some men drinking there in my house.

JIM. I think it's a fight!

(BLACK DOG *pursued by* HANDS *appears at the door.*)

BLACK DOG. I know my rights and you can't stop me. I'd fight the whole crew of you. (*Exit* L. U.)

JIM. (*Suddenly recognizes* BLACK DOG. *Cries out. Points excitedly to* BLACK DOG) Why, it's Black Dog! (SILVER *puts him* R.) Stop him, sir—stop him.

SILVER. Hands! After that man—quick.

(HANDS *rushes out* L.

JIM. (R.) It was Black Dog. I'm sure of it.

SILVER. (R. C.) I don't care two coppers who he is. He hasn't paid his score. What did you say his name was? Black what?

JIM. Black Dog, sir. Hasn't Mr. Trelawney told you of the buccaneers?

SILVER. What?

JIM. He was one of them, sir.

SILVER. So! One of those swabs—In my house! (*As* HANDS *returns. Comes on from street* L. U.) Well?

HANDS. He got away, sir.

SILVER. (*Meaningly*) You know who that was, Hands?

HANDS. No, sir.

SILVER. (*With meaning*) Black Dog. Isn't it so, Hawkins?

JIM. Yes, sir.

SILVER. And do you know who Black Dog is?

HANDS. No, sir.

SILVER. One of Flint's crew. (*As* HANDS *starts*) Now, Hands, you was drinking with him in there. Aye—That's who you've let go—Now aboard with you and be a little more particular who you consort with hereafter. (HANDS *exits ship*) Now, see here, Hawkins; this is a blessed hard thing on a man like me. There's Squire Trelawney —what's he to think? Here I have this confounded son of a Dutchman sitting in my own house, drinking my own rum—Here you comes and tells me of it plain and I let him give us the slip before my blessed dead-lights.

JIM. It wasn't your fault.

SILVER. Nay, that it wasn't—but it might look so.

JIM. I'll explain it to the Squire.

SILVER. Will you, now?

JIM. Just as soon as I see them.

SILVER. (*Anxiously*) No—no—lad you wait till we sail—and then when he sees how I work and knows me better—then you ups and tells him—and he'll understand.

JIM. Very well, sir.

SILVER. There's a lad for you—and—(*Stops suddenly and breaks out into a laugh*) Why, what a precious old sea-calf I am.

JIM. What is it, sir?

SILVER. That swab got away without paying his score—three goes of rum—Shiver my timbers if I hadn't forgotten my score. (*Falls on a bench laughing*) Dash my buttons but that's a good 'un about my score.

(*As they laugh* SQUIRE *and* DR. LIVESEY *comes down from ship.*)

DR. LIVESEY. Jim, my lad, we've been anxious about you.

SQUIRE. (R. C.) Where have you been?

JIM. It was mother kept me, sir—she's so afraid —and she's quite alone.

SQUIRE. I sent her a boy to take your place——

JIM. Yes, sir, and very kind it was—only—he can't take my place, sir.

DR. LIVESEY. That's conceit for you, Squire.

JIM. (*Crosses to* DR. LIVESEY R.) Oh, no—no, sir—you see there is just mother and me now—and —(*Breaking*) We've never been parted before— (*Cries*)

DR. LIVESEY. (*Comes up and pets* JIM) There —there—Jim, I understand—of course.

SILVER. (*Significantly to the* SQUIRE) Begging your pardon, sir—don't you think it might be good if I took him on board, sir?

JIM. (*Mastering himself*) Oh, I'm alright, sir —I'm alright.

SILVER. (*Crosses* R. *to* JIM) Come with me, lad —Silver will show you your quarters. (*Leads him up gang-plank*)

SQUIRE. (R. DR. LIVESEY *crosses to* L. C.) And now, the ship's company is complete—and (CAPTAIN SMOLLETT *comes hurrying down*) Well,

sir, already to sail? We mustn't miss this tide, sir.

SMOLLETT. (R.) Squire Trelawney—I don't like this criuse and I don't like my crew.

SQUIRE. (R. C. *startled*) Eh?

SMOLLETT. I was engaged to sail this ship under sealed orders.

SQUIRE. Right.

SMOLLETT. Then if that is so, how is it every man before the mast knows more than I do.

DR. LIVESEY. (C.) Squire!

SQUIRE. That's not true!

SMOLLETT. (*Meaningly*) I learn we are going after treasure—Now, treasure is ticklish work and I don't like treasure voyages on any account—but when they're secret and the secret's been blabbed

---

SQUIRE. Blabbed!

SMOLLETT. Yes, sir, blabbed—Why, sir, it's life or death and a close run.

SQUIRE. If you're afraid.

DR. LIVESEY. (*Holding back* SQUIRE) Squire! (*To* SMOLLETT. SQUIRE *crosses 2 to apple stand*) You say you don't like the crew—aren't they good seamen?

SQUIRE. (*Goes to apple stand*) I dare him to deny that.

SMOLLETT. Six of the men I chose were discharged.

SQUIRE. They were fresh water swabs. Silver showed me that. (*Crosses to box—sits*)

SMOLLETT. And do you think it fair that this Silver—the ship's cook—should have had more authority than I in choosing my own crew?

SQUIRE. It was a chance to get men quickly.

SMOLLETT. A slur on me, sir——

DR. LIVESEY. (*As* SQUIRE *is about to reply*) Captain Smollett. Just what are you aiming at? Come.

SMOLLETT. (*With sudden determination*) You gentlemen know the risks you're running?

SQUIRE. We do.

SMOLLETT. And you are determined to go?

SQUIRE. We are.

SMOLLETT. Then I have this to say. Without my orders those men put all the powder and arms in the forehold—there's a place under our cabin—why not put them there?

SQUIRE. But——

DR. LIVESEY. (*Stopping the* SQUIRE) Alright, Captain. What else?

SMOLLETT. You have some of your people with you——

SQUIRE. You don't doubt them, too?

SMOLLETT. Berth them beside the cabin.

DR. LIVESEY. (*Intercepting the* SQUIRE *as he again starts to answer*) Go on, Captain Smollett.

SMOLLETT. (*Meaningly*) I've heard you have a certain chart—that there are crosses on that chart.

SQUIRE. (*Rises. Startled*) I never told that to a soul.

SMOLLETT. Every man aboard knows it, sir——

SQUIRE. Then Livesey it must have been you

SMOLLETT. I don't know who has this chart and I don't want to know—but I insist it be kept secret.

DR. LIVESEY. In short you fear a mutiny?

SMOLLETT. I deny your right, sir, to put those words into my mouth. No Captain would be justified in going to sea if he had ground to say that.

SQUIRE. What then?

SMOLLETT. Some of these men may be honest—perhaps all are. But I am responsible for the ship's safety and the life of every man Jack aboard her and I demand that I be allowed to take these precautions—or I resign!

SQUIRE. Well then (*Angrily*) You can——

DR. LIVESEY (*To* SQUIRE) Wait. I agree with

Captain Smollett. I think it wise to do as Captain Smollett says.

SQUIRE. (*Crosses* R. C. *to* SMOLLETT) Very well, then—I am overruled. (*Turns to* CAPTAIN) But let me tell you I think the worse of you, Captain Smollett, but do as you wish.

SMOLLETT. Thank you, sir. As soon as we are under way I'll give orders for the removal of the arms from the forehold. (CAPTAIN *goes to his position on the boat*)

SQUIRE. (*As he and* DR. LIVESEY *follow*) I should have sent him packing.

DR. LIVESEY. Squire, I think you have two honest men aboard. Captain Smollett and John Silver.

SMOLLETT. (*On the boat*) Boatswain, ahoy! (*Boatswain blows*) Pipe all hands.

(*Enter* CREW.)

MERRY. Aye, aye, sir.

SQUIRE. Doesn't it set you all atingle, Livesey?

SMOLLETT. Top-man aloft.

MORGAN *and* O'BRIEN. Aye, aye, sir.

SQUIRE. (*Coming up to top of gang-plank*) Off at last, Livesey.

SMOLLETT. Loose your top-gallant—(JOYCE *and* RED)

JOYCE *and* RED. Aye, aye, sir.

SQUIRE. Seaward Ho—hang the treasure——

DR. LIVESEY. (*At foot of gang-plank*) Squire—Squire——

SQUIRE. It's the glory of the sea that's turned my head.

(DR. LIVESEY *and* SQUIRE *go on ship.*)

SMOLLETT. Cast off your gang-plank.

HUNTER *and* GRAY. Aye, aye, sir.

SMOLLETT. Haul on your main sheet——

HANDS. Aye, aye, sir.

(CREW *does so and starts to sing "Fifteen Men."* BLACK DOG *enters from street and sneaks aboard.* SQUIRE *has gone up on bridge.*)

DR. LIVESEY. Jim—Jim—Is Jim aboard?

(JIM *dashes out from among the pirates.*)

JIM. Here, Doctor.

SMOLLETT. Cast off your hawser forward——

JIM. We're starting, sir—we're starting—(JIM *turns towards pirates*)

SQUIRE. Livesey! (DOCTOR *goes to* SQUIRE)

JIM. (*Turns from pirates*) That was the song the Captain used to sing—The Pirates song—

(BUS. ***until***)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE 3:—*The Hispaniola at anchor close to "Treasure Island." The part of ship shown is some of the stern and most of the amidships, the main part of the stage being taken up with what is called the "waist" of the ship. Upon the right, however, there is seen a small portion of the poop, with small brass cannon mounted upon it. In the background there can be seen a vague outline of "Treasure Island" with Spy-glass Mountain glowing in the moonlight.*

When the curtain rises the men are discovered in with TRELAWNEY, SMOLLETT *and* DR. LIVESEY. *Others of the men are along the rail, some even in the rigging.*

SMOLLETT. (*On upper deck and using his hands as megaphone*) All fast there, forrard? (*Folding up chart, etc.*)

DIRK. (*Extreme* L.) All fast, sir——

SMOLLETT. Anchorage good?

DIRK. Aye, aye, sir.

SMOLLETT. The current's pretty strong here——How she's holding——

DIRK. Firm in over seven fathom, sir—She'sn't dragged an inch!

SMOLLETT. Good! (*Turns to* CREW *in waist*) My lads, that Island there is the place we've been sailing to. (*Murmurs of satisfaction among* CREW, *etc.*) Squire Trelawney has a word to say——

SQUIRE. (*Coming forward* R. C.) Captain Smollett has told me how every man of you has done his duty alow and aloft as I never ask to see it better done; and so, to show my appreciation, I have had Silver here make ready a special mess—and double grog below decks!

SILVER. (*As the* CREW *gives a shout*) My lads, I hold this handsome, and, if you think as I do, you'll give good sea cheer for Squire Trelawney. (*As the* CREW *cheer*) Come, now, below and we'll drink a health to these gentlemen. Below——

(ALL *go off with talking and gesticulating* L.)

SQUIRE. (R. C. *Coming down*) Well, Captain Smollett, you'll admit now you were wrong.

SMOLLETT. (C.) How so, sir?

SQUIRE. A splendid voyage—a fine brisk crew—and here we are!

SMOLLETT. Aye, sir, here we are—but we're not home again.

SQUIRE. (*Testily*) By heavens, there's no pleasing you. I'm going below. (*As he goes out* R.) A trifle more of that man and I should explode. (*To* DR. LIVESEY) Yes, sir? Have you seen nothing suspicious?

DR. LIVESEY. Yes—much (R.)

SMOLLETT. Then——?

DR. LIVESEY. I believe you're right.

SMOLLETT. I tell you this crew is on the verge of mutiny—and—(*Stops short as he sees* HANDS *come from men's quarters*) What is it, Mr. Hands?

HANDS. Some of the men didn't report to mess, sir—just looking for 'em, sir—(*As* SMOLLETT *watches him keenly*) Haven't seen 'em 'bout deck, sir, have you?

SMOLLETT. Not a soul, Hands.

HANDS. Thank you, sir—(*Exits to upper deck where he continues his search; now and then looking surreptitiously at* DR. LIVESEY *and* SMOLLETT *who watch him. His actions are suspicious*)

DR. LIVESEY. You see that?

SMOLLETT. There's something in the air. We'll hear from that crew before the night's over——

DR. LIVESEY. I believe you're right.

SMOLLETT. Then we must take some precautions —Squire or no Squire——

DR. LIVESEY. Come below—We must make the Squire listen to reason.

(*They go out. They have scarcely gone when* BLACK DOG *steals in* L. *He makes over toward the cabin when he is met by* HANDS *who comes from upper deck.*)

HANDS. Where you going?

BLACK DOG. Down to that cabin—and if I find that boy——

HANDS. You're not—You're going below——

BLACK DOG. Stand out of my way.

HANDS. You heard Silver's orders——

BLACK DOG. Aye, I've heard his orders and I've heard his talk and—(HANDS *whistles*) So—you've signalled for him—Shiver my timbers—but you'll pay for that. (*Springs at* HANDS *and they struggle*