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SF PERUSALS

Treasure Island

As presented at the Mermaid Theatre

Adapted from the book by Robert Louis Stevenson by Bernard Miles, Peter Coe and Josephine Wilson

Samuel French – London
New York – Sydney – Toronto – Hollywood



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TREASURE ISLAND

This play was first presented at the Mermaid Theatre, Puddle Dock on December 14th, 1959 with the following cast:

JIM HAWKINS	John Hall
BLACK DOG	David Airey
BILLY BONES	Colin Ellis
BLIND PEW	Philip Grout
ANDERSON	Norman Johns
HARRY	Ronald Pember
DR LIVESEY	David Dodimead
SQUIRE TRELAWNEY	Michael Shepley
REDRUTH	Roy Adams
LONG JOHN SILVER	Bernard Miles
MORGAN	Talfryn Thomas
CAPTAIN SMOLLETT	John Boxer
MERRY	Norman Mitchell
ISRAEL HANDS	Douglas Blackwell
DICK	Barry Jackson
O'BRIEN	Patrick Crean
TOM	Anthony Bate
GRAY	Gary Watson
ALAN	Richard Coe
BEN GUNN	John Ruddock
CAPTAIN FLINT	Jack Spratt

Directed by PETER COE

Designed by SEAN KENNY

Fights arranged by PATRICK CREAN

ACT ONE

The Admiral Benbow Inn and the Road outside
Bristol - The Quay and the Spyglass Inn
The Hispaniola
The Island
Another Part of the Island

ACT TWO

The Blockhouse in the Stockade
The Hispaniola
The Stockade
The Island

PRODUCTION NOTE

This script has been kept purposely free from any elaborate staging so that it can be performed with the minimum of theatrical equipment. But of course each producer must stage each incident with all the imaginative invention at his command.

For the original Mermaid production, the Admiral Benbow Inn consisted of a rostrum set in the centre of the stage with steps leading up to it. This later became the cabin of the ship. On the left hand side of the stage was a piece of scenery forming a window and a door with an inn sign hanging outside. For the 'Bristol' scene this was turned round, with the sign re-worded on the reverse, to become the Spyglass Inn. Set up stage was the back part of the ship with mast and steps down behind it. A large picture of the TREASURE ISLAND map was hung to mask this from the audience.

In the Mermaid productions, the boats actually moved across the stage - by means of a revolve when we had one, and on castors when we hadn't.

When the ship was centre, the upper stage of the theatre was used as an extra deck with steps leading down to the ship. When the ship moved left, the upper stage became part of the island, a cliff leading down to the stage, with ropes and hanging branches for the actors to swing down upon.

Since 1959, TREASURE ISLAND has been revived many times at the Mermaid and also toured the British Isles and Canada. Each year a new production was devised but always with the pirates building the ship in full view of the audience during the singing of sea shanties, adding and subtracting units that had served for the Benbow and Spyglass Inns.

Scenes to be elaborated and made overwhelmingly exciting by means of action and effects, like the storm and the fight in the stockade, can be invented afresh by each producer according to his resources. The fight between Israel Hands and O'Brien - not actually described by Stevenson in detail, but necessary and effective on stage - can be a thrilling set-piece of action, as indeed should be the fight between Hands and Jim. The moment when Jim is pinned to the mast by Hands' knife is a theatrical stunner; but it depends on the ingenuity of the stage-manager for its effectiveness. Some ingenuity may be needed, too, to make the discovery of the skeleton and the digging of the treasure pit effective if your stage has no trap. You may choose to hide the skeleton behind scenery and mask the digging behind the actors, or to build up the level of the stage to create a hollow for the skeleton and the pit. Or you may discover another and better (because it is your own) solution. The permutations

are endless whether using simple packing cases on different levels or a complicated realistic ship, revolves, slides, etc. - but the story and the language are the inspiration, and any producer catching this magic will at once want to produce it in his own way, whether it be with kitchen tables and chairs and a large pair of step-ladders for rigging, or with the most modern stage machinery.

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M

R.L.S. - Teller of Tales

To the people of Samoa, where he spent the last years of his life, Robert Louis Stevenson was 'Tusitala' - the Teller of Tales. Born at 8 Howard Place, Edinburgh, on 13 November 1850, he decided to be a writer when he was six, and although, to satisfy his father, he studied in turn engineering and the law, he 'lived with words' and never changed his mind. A consumptive, his life was spent roaming the world in search of a climate in which he might enjoy 'the ordinary existence of a human being'. His marriage (in 1880) to Mrs Osbourne, an American, brought him a stepson. He died in Samoa on 3 December 1894. His works include novels, history, biography, poems, essays, plays, and travel books, the best known being 'Virginibus Puerisque', 'A Child's Garden of Verses', 'Travels with a Donkey', 'Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde', 'Kidnapped', 'The Black Arrow', 'The Master of Ballantrae', 'Catriona', 'Weir of Hermiston' - and 'Treasure Island'.

Stevenson - as he saw himself

An Idler. All through my boyhood and youth I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write ... I lived with words.

(Memories and Portraits, 1887)

Small gifts. I imagine nobody had ever such pains to learn a trade as I had; but I slogged at it day in and day out; and I frankly believe (thanks to my dire industry) I have done more with smaller gifts than almost any man of letters in the world.

(Letter to Mr Iles, 1887)

£100. How much do you suppose (Cassell's) have offered for the book rights of 'Treasure Island'? I believe it would be an excellent jest to keep the answer till my next letter. For two cents I would do so. Shall I? Anyway I'll turn the page first. No - well, a hundred pounds, all alive O! A hundred, jingling, tingling, golden minted quid. Is not this wonderful?

(Letter to his mother, 1883)

Sickness. For 14 years I have not had a day's real health. I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in haemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness.

(Letter to George Meredith, 1893)

Grey Hills. It is a singular thing that I should live here in the South Seas under conditions so new and striking, and yet my imagination so continually inhabits that cold old huddle of grey hills from which we come.

(Letter to J.M. Barrie, 1893)

Stevenson - as others saw him

He was never so much in earnest, never so well pleased, never so irresistible, as when he wrote about himself.

(W.E. Henley)

A certain human being was so heavily stricken with a deadly danger of the lungs that he had to lie in bed day and night, and was permitted neither to move nor to speak. On the top of this his right arm was put into a sling to prevent haemorrhage. When the joys of this condition were but half exhausted, it was discovered that his eyesight was endangered and he was consequently condemned in addition to lie in complete darkness. In this state he composed the greater part of 'A Child's Garden of Verses'. Out of that horrible darkness and silence and immobility comes a voice that says:

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

(G.K. Chesterton)

Stevenson was one of the thinnest persons I ever met, fragile-looking and effeminate in appearance, with long black hair coming down to his shoulders, a face that in repose gave one the impression of weariness and discontent, while the mouth was perhaps suggestive of a vindictive temper if roused. But the face - and it was a very clever face - when lighted up by smiles could be very attractive, though it often betrayed a consciousness that he was playing down to the level of his audience, and that he wished his audience to recognise the fact.

(Sir Berry Cusack-Smith, 1898)

He was an out-and-out gipsy in temperament. A Scotsman to the backbone, he was a South Sea Islander much more than skin deep, a good deal of the cowboy, and quite half a Frenchman. The Romany spirit was always with him ... A witty, ever-ready talker, a charmingly responsive listener, he was the best of company, even when he was in his bed-prison.

(Charles D. Lanier)

It started with a map

In August 1881, Stevenson was at Braemar. 'It blew a good deal and rained in a proportion; my native air was more unkind than man's ingratitude.' Forced to spend a good deal of his time indoors, he turned for relaxation to his stepson. 'He shared enthusiastically in all my games - tin soldiers, marbles, chess, draughts ... we were partners in my little Printing-press; he wrote verses and engraved blocks for the miniature books I printed and sold; he painted scenery for my toy theatre and we gave performances with my mother as the only audience.'

On one of these occasions, when painting was the moment's pastime, Stevenson made the map of an island. 'It was elaborately and (I thought) beautifully coloured; the shape of it took my fancy beyond expression: it contained harbours that pleased me like sonnets; and with the unconsciousness of the predestined, I ticketed my performance 'Treasure Island' ... as I paused upon my map of 'Treasure Island', the future characters of the book began to appear there visibly among imaginary woods; and their brown faces and bright weapons peeped out upon me from unexpected quarters, as they passed to and fro, fighting, and hunting treasure, on these few square inches of a flat projection. The next thing I knew I had some papers before me and was writing out a list of chapters. How often have I done so, and the thing gone no further! But there seemed elements of success about this enterprise. It was to be a story for boys; no need of psychology or fine writing; and I had a boy at hand to be a touchstone ... On a chill September morning, by the cheek of a brisk fire, and the rain drumming on the window, I began 'The Sea Cook', for that was the original title.'

The story was quickly written - 'no writing, just drive along as the words come and the pen will scratch!' It was accepted for serial publication in 'Young Folks', and the first instalment appeared on 1 October 1881 under the title 'Treasure Island', which the editor substituted for Stevenson's original. As a serial the story drew no special notice and took second place to the luridly illustrated epic of 'Don Zalva the Brave'. Financially it was equally unremarkable - Stevenson received 'somewhere about £30'. He had to wait another two years for Cassell's to publish his story as a book before receiving the £100 he had hoped for and the success he deserved.

Yo-Ho-Ho!

If this don't fetch the kids, why, they have gone rotten since my day. Will you be surprised to learn that it is about buccaneers, that it begins in the 'Admiral Benbow' public-house on the Devon coast, that it's all about a map, and a treasure, and a mutiny, and a derelict ship, and a current, and a fine old Squire Trelawney, and a doctor, and another doctor, and a sea-cook with one leg, and a sea-song with the chorus 'Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum' (at the third Ho you heave at the capstan bars), which is a real buccaneer's song, only known to the crew of the late Captain Flint (died of rum at Key West, much regretted, friends will please accept this intimation); and lastly, would you be surprised to hear, in this connection, the name of Routledge? That's the kind of man I am, blast your eyes. Two chapters are written, and have been tried on Lloyd (his stepson) with great success; the trouble is to work it off without oaths. Buccaneers without oaths - bricks without straw. But youth and the fond parent have to be consulted.'

(R.L.S. to W.E. Henley, 1881)

The Real Long John Silver

Long John Silver really existed. But he was a writer and poet, not a pirate. And Stevenson met him, not aboard a schooner on the Spanish Main, but in the ward of an Edinburgh sanatorium.

His name? W.E. Henley, poet, critic, dramatist, then a man of 26.

Henley, son of a poor Gloucestershire bookseller had lost one foot in childhood. For a few years he had grubbed a living as a freelance writer in London. Then he discovered that he had tuberculosis of the other foot. Every doctor he saw told him the foot would have to be amputated. But Henley had heard of a Doctor Joseph Lister and he believed he would be able to help him. All the doctors in London told him Lister was a quack. And that made him all the more determined to visit him.

Desperately poor and ill he journeyed to Edinburgh and placed himself in Lister's hands. Stevenson, who used to call at the hospital to visit the children, saw him there in 1875. 'It was very sad to see him there in a little room with two beds, and a couple of sick children in the other bed ... the gas flared and crackled, the fire burned in a dull economical way ... the poor fellow sat up in his bed with his hair and beard all tangled, and talked as cheerfully as if he had been in a King's palace, or the great King's palace of the blue air.'

'It was the sight of your maimed strength and masterfulness that begot John Silver,' Stevenson later wrote to him. 'The idea of the maimed man, ruling and dreaded by the sound, was entirely taken from you.'

His aim, he said, had been to strip Henley 'of all his finer qualities and higher graces of temperament, to leave him nothing but his strength, his courage, his quickness, and his magnificent geniality, and to try to express these in terms of the culture of a raw tarpaulin.'

The friendship struck up in that dim room between the two sick young writers was to last over the years. And they collaborated on four plays, 'Deacon Brodie','Beau Austin', 'Admiral Guinea', and 'Macaire', written 'for the dibbs'.

Unfortunately, Henley's ruthless honesty and unflinchingly independent views won him some powerful opposition in an age which swept its dirt under the carpet of cant and hypocrisy, and his reputation is still somewhat obscured by Victorian dust sheets. He died at Woking in 1903.

> 'It matters not how straight the gate,
> How charged with punishments the scroll,
> I am the master of my fate:
> I am the captain of my soul.'

And, by God, the bold, piratical fellow was!

Sing a Song of Sail by A.L. Lloyd

Until a hundred years ago, ships were moved by white canvas, hemp rope and brute force, and to make their work easier, the seamen used labour songs called shanties. These songs were classed either as 'capstan' or 'halyard' shanties.

Capstan shanties were sung as the men trudged round the capstan or turned the windlass. The rhythm of the work was continuous and dull, and the tunes of these shanties are generally of a rolling kind, like 'A-Roving', 'Shenandoah' and 'Lowlands Away'.

The halyard shanties were sung as the men hauled on the ropes, and are simpler songs having a hard-driving rhythm with a 'humph' in the beat where the pull came. There were different halyard shanties for the various kinds of pulling and hauling. Thus there were long-drag shanties, like 'Blow the Man Down' and 'Stormalong', and short-drag, or sweating-up shanties, like 'Haul Away Joe'.

One man, the shantyman, would lead the song and his mates would come crashing in on the refrain, with a strong pull together on the stressed word. They would rest on the rope while the shantyman rolled out his next line, then in they would come again with a bellow and a heave. 'A good shantyman is worth four hands on the rope,' so the saying went.

The shanties were never separated from the work associated with them, and never sung for fun. One hairy old shellback, asked to rake his memory for a forgotten shanty, remarked: 'If I'd a capstan bar in my hand I'd remember him fast enough.'

The words of the shanties were often improvised by the shantymen as the work went along, so were many of the tunes. For the rest they made use of Irish rebel songs, hymns, minstrel-show songs, the work chants of the Negro cotton-lumpers, traditional jigs and reels. 'You can make anything into a shanty,' said one old sailor.

When the smoke-stack replaced the sails and the donkey-engine and steam-winch supplanted the old windlass and capstan, the songs died away because their need was gone. Died away in the ships, that is. They have shown themselves much too tough and tenacious to disappear entirely, and they still live on in the mouths of many who wouldn't know a jib boom from a poop lantern. As Masefield remarks, they still have power to stir the blood like a drum-tap.

'Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest'

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

Some did stomp and some did swear,
O yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.
And they slashed and they ripped with never a care.
O yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.

That black flag ship was a ship of fame.
O yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.
She'd as crafty a crew as sailed the Main.
O yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.

There's but one man of her crew alive,
O yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.
What put to sea with seventy-five.
O yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.

Here's to old execution Dock,
O yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.
Where the crowds of pretty gals do flock.
O yo ho ho and a bottle of rum.

The Island

by Jim Hawkins

Grey-coloured woods covered a large part of the surface. This even tint was indeed broken up by streaks of yellow sandbreak in the lower lands, and by many tall trees of the pine family, out-topping the others - some singly, some in clumps; but the general colouring was uniform and sad. The hills ran up clear above the vegetation in spires of naked rock. All were strangely shaped, and the Spy-glass, which was by three or four hundred feet the tallest on the island, was likewise the strangest in configuration, running up sheer from almost every side, and then suddenly cut off at the top like a pedestal to put a statue on.

The place was entirely land-locked, buried in woods, the trees coming right down to high-water mark, the shores mostly flat, and the hill-tops standing round at a distance in a sort of amphitheatre, one here, one there. Two little rivers, or rather, two swamps, emptied out into this pond, as you might call it; and the foliage round this part of the shore had a kind of poisonous brightness.

From the ship we could see nothing of the house or stockade for they were quite buried among trees; and if it had not been for the chart on the companion, we might have been the first that had ever anchored there since the island arose out of the seas.

There was not a breath of air moving, nor a sound but that of the surf booming half a mile away along the beaches and against the rocks outside. A peculiar stagnant smell hung over the anchorage - a smell of sodden leaves and rotting tree trunks.

Perhaps it was the look of the island, with its grey, melancholy woods, and wild stone spires, and the surf that we could both see and hear foaming and thundering on the steep beach - at least, although the sun shone bright and hot, and the shorebirds were fishing and crying all around us, and you would have thought anyone would have been glad to get to land after being so long at sea, my heart sank, as the saying is, into my boots; and from that first look onward I hated the very thought of Treasure Island.

Masters of the Spanish Main

Within a few years of Christopher Columbus discovering the West Indies in 1492, the Spaniards had claimed ownership of practically the whole of the American continent, ransacking the New World for treasure of all kinds and shipping the spoils back to Europe.

But by 1590 the English, French and Dutch were challenging the Spanish supremacy of the High Seas, and considered it legitimate sport to rob the robbers, and in their turn plundered the Spanish Galleons. All Europeans banded together against the Spaniards, calling themselves 'Brethren of the Coast'. Arriving home with priceless gold bullion, spices, cured hides and precious stones, these privateers often found great favour and were appointed to high diplomatic positions. But with the width of the Seas between them and their fatherlands, they thieved, plundered and lived as out and out pirates.

For nearly three centuries maritime warfare was waged on the Spanish Main. The French were the first to establish a base, on the Island of Hispaniola, where they hunted and dried the meat of the wild cattle, hence the name 'beef-dryer' or 'boucanier'. (Another pirate title, 'Filibuster', seems to have been the nearest the French could get to 'Freebooter'.) Hunters and savages, they 'drest in coarse linen steeped in the blood of the slaughtered animals and wore belts of raw hide in which they stuck sabres and knives'.

Other great settlement centres were Jamaica, Puerto Rico and Tobago, and as African slaves were gradually imported, they were forced below ground to work and expand the fabulous gold and diamond mines along the coast. As other merchandise such as rice, tobacco and spirits became more profuse, so did the Pirates.

John Hawkins

John Hawkins instigated the infamous slave trade between Africa and America, selling negroes for hides, sugar, ginger and pearls. He won such favour in England and took home such extravagant booty to fill the royal coffers, that Queen Elizabeth I appointed him Treasurer of the British Navy. He sailed on many a wild South Seas skirmish with Francis Drake, and under Drake fought against the Spanish Armada in 1587. He died mysteriously at sea en route for yet another plundering expedition to Puerto Rico.

Captain Henry Morgan

Welsh Henry Morgan (born 1635), the greatest pirate of them all, shipped

himself to Barbados as a lad, where he 'lived modestly' with 'Vast Designs in View'. Strategy soon turned his fleet from a few men and one ship to 2,000 men and 28 sail. His greatest haul was at Panama, the port for all the gold and silver from Peru. He stampeded wild bulls into the Spanish lines, took the city in two hours and left it burning behind him with loot estimated at 400,000 pieces of eight.

Transported back to England to stand trial for piracy, his fortunes changed with the news of his conquest of Panama. In 1675 he was knighted and returned to Jamaica as Deputy Governor, where he lived semi-respectably for thirteen years.

L'Olonnois the Cruel

Frenchman Jean David Nau, from the district of l'Olonne, was indentured as a young boy to a plantation owner in the Indies, but ran away and boarded a pirate vessel in Tortuga. As a plunderer and torturer, he became the most feared and hated pirate on the Seas. He was even known to tear out the tongues or hearts of his living victims, and once escaped slaughter by hiding under the dead bodies of his companions. Eventually he met the end he deserved: shipwrecked and attacked by Indians, he was 'torn in pieces alive, and his body thrown limb by limb into the fire, and his ashes into the air, to the intent no trace nor memory might remain of such an infamous, inhuman creature'.

Captain Kidd

Captain Kidd was aged fifty and a wealthy trader when he was shanghaied into leading a syndicate of noblemen to 'suppress the pirates'. Bribed with £1,200, he reluctantly agreed, and signed on the condition 'no prey, no pay'.

For three years he sailed the Seas coping with low stores and mutinous men before he captured anything. (Legend has it that he buried more treasure than he kept; buried it deep with a slaughtered member of his crew to haunt all seekers.) By the time he reached the Leeward Islands with booty worth £30,000, he was branded as a freebooter. Or was he a political scapegoat for his wealthy backers? All we know is that he was dragged back in chains to England, tried at the Old Bailey (where he was refused access to his documents) and hung at Execution Dock in 1701.

Blackbeard or Edward Teach

Eighteenth Century Blackbeard was 'of the most bloody Disposition and cruel to Brutality'. He carried a sling with 3 pairs of pistols as well as cutlass and knives, and plaited his greasy beard into tails, sticking lighted

matches under his hat to add to the awesome spectacle. His dastardly career lasted only 20 months, during which time he hoarded gold, rum and drugs. Finally boarded in Ocracoke Inlet, he was hacked down by Captain Maynard, and his filthy head slung from the bloody bowsprit in 1718.

The only member of his crew to escape massacre was gunner Israel Hands, whom Blackbeard had shot through the knee the night before to 'remind him who he was'. Unable to take part in the battle, he was pardoned and sent back to England. He died, a crippled beggar, on the streets of London.

Major Bonnet

Many reasons have driven brigands to piracy, but perhaps the oddest was Stede Bonnet's - to escape from a nagging wife. He was a rich colonial planter and 'ill qualified for the business'. When he joined forces with Blackbeard in 1718, he was constantly cheated and humiliated by him. Back on his own and laden with rice, pork and tobacco, he beached his sloop for careening and cleaning. Stranded on the mud at low tide, he was attacked and quickly surrendered to the Law. Back in Charleston, he was unceremoniously 'hung from the neck until he was dead'. It is rumoured that he was the first pirate to introduce Walking the Plank as a pastime for his mutinous crew.

Bartholomew Roberts

Bartholomew Roberts (1682-1722) came to prominence when he was nominated in place of Captain Davis, who had been slaughtered in an ambush ashore. With sheer audacity, he would sail into a fleet of ships, select the richest, and board and manoeuvre her away from her escorting men-o'-war before the lumbering vessels could tack into the wind. When one ship refused to pay ransom of 8 pounds of gold-dust, he set fire to her with 80 slaves still on board. His violent history ended when another man-o'-war decoyed him out from the safety of harbour, 'then attacked and ran out his lower tier of guns, and blew him to bits with the first broadside'.

Bloody Ned Low

Edward Low, born in Westminster in the 18th Century, went out to Boston as a rigger, deserted with 12 others in an open boat and soon earned a brutal reputation in the Caribbean as a filibuster. He would cut off the lips of his prisoners, grill them and make them eat them. Or encourage his men to put a musket down a man's throat and fire it. When his own jaw was 'laid bare to the teeth by a cutlass', he found fault with

his drunken surgeon's work. He was struck such a blow that the stitches burst and was bid to 'sew up his chops himself and be damned'. Finally his own men set him adrift in a small boat without water or provisions. Picked up by a French ship he was summarily hanged from the yard-arm.

Ann Bonny & Mary Read

Two spirited women have won firm niches for themselves in the Pirate gallery. Irish Ann, daughter of a wealthy lawyer, rejected a respectable suitor to run away to sea with penniless James Bonny. He soon lost her to 'Calico' Rackham; disguised as a man, she fought many battles by his side.

On one of the ships they captured was Mary Read. Also disguised, she had been cabin-boy, deserter, soldier and brigand in turn. When the ship was attacked by invading Governor's men, the two women were the last to be left cutting and slashing on deck. They were both sentenced to death. Mary died of fever in prison, but Ann lived to spit at her lover before his death: 'If you'd fought like a man, you need not have been hanged like a dog'.

Pierre le Grand

Pierre le Grand had varied success as a buccaneer until the day he and 28 men in a small sloop, against overwhelming odds, boarded a Spanish man-o'-war under cover of darkness. Taken by surprise, the captain surrendered at pistol point and the crew was forced to man the ship to pirate command. Peter the Wise, as he is sometimes called, discovering the ship to be full of Spanish bullion, sailed straight for home and retired to a life of wealth and luxury.

Bartolemew Portuguez

Bartolemew Portuguez set out for the Caribbean well equipped with ship, crew and cannons. He attacked and enslaved many a treasure vessel, manoeuvring triumphantly through battles lasting five or six hours. Known as the pirate who couldn't swim, he once broke out of irons and escaped from a man-o'-war through a port-hole, taking with him two empty earthenware wine-jars (their mouths bound with oil-cloth and tarred rope) to act as floating life-savers. After numerous adventures, he captured the ship that had taken him prisoner. But his victory was short-lived: he sailed into a storm and the man-o'-war sank to the bottom of the ocean, where its treasure still lies today.

TREASURE ISLAND

ACT ONE

THE ADMIRAL BENBOW INN AND THE ROAD OUTSIDE

JIM, sleeves rolled up and wearing an apron, polishes glasses. BLACK DOG enters U.L., crosses to the Inn sign, peers up at it, then enters the Inn, and unseen by JIM, sits at a table.

BLACK DOG — Rum!

(JIM pours a noggin and takes it to him. BLACK DOG drinks.)

Where be the other people of the Inn, sonny?

JIM — There's only me. My mother's out.

BLACK DOG — Come here, sonny. Come nearer here. Is this here table set for my mate Bill?

JIM — I don't know your mate Bill. This is for a gentleman who lives here. We call him the Captain.

BLACK DOG — Well, my mate Bill would be called Captain as like as not. He has a cut on one cheek, and a mighty

pleasant way with him, particularly in drink, has my mate Bill. Now, we'll put it for argument like, that your Captain has a cut on one cheek - and we'll put it, if you like that the cheek's the right one. Ah now, is my mate Bill in this here house? Is he?

JIM He's out walking.

BLACK DOG Which way, sonny? Which way is he gone? Show me which way! (He drags JIM to the door. They see BILLY BONES coming.) Ah! Here sure enough is my mate Bill with his spy-glass under his arm.

(BILLY BONES enters U.L., telescope under his arm, muttering 'Fifteen men on a dead man's chest' to himself.)

Bless his old heart to be sure. You an' me'll just get up here where he can't see us, and we'll give my mate Bill a little surprise - bless his 'art, I say again. (He pulls JIM behind the door.)

(BILLY BONES enters the Inn, still singing 'Fifteen Men'.)

Bill!

(BILLY BONES spins round.)

Come, Bill, you know me, you know an old shipmate, Bill, surely?

BILLY Black Dog!

(BLACK DOG advances, JIM remains by door.)

BLACK DOG And who else? Black Dog as ever was, come for to see his old shipmate, Billy, at the 'Admiral Benbow' Inn. Ah, Bill, Bill, we've seed a sight of times, us two, since I lost them two talons. (He holds up hand, showing two fingers missing.)

BILLY Now look here, you've run me down; alright, here I am; now, speak up. What is it?

BLACK DOG That's you, Bill, you're in the right of it, Billy. So, I'll have another glass of rum from this dear child

here, as I've took such a liking to; and we'll sit down, if you please, and talk square, like old shipmates.

BILLY — No, no, not I - you'll not have what I've got. I'll see you swing first - one an' all (He draws his cutlass.)

(BLACK DOG jumps back, overturning the table. They fight, while JIM watches helpless. BLACK DOG is bested but escapes and exits U.L. BILLY starts to follow but collapses.)

Jim. Rum!

(JIM helps BILLY to a chair, gets rum, and gives it to BILLY, who drinks it.)

JIM — Are you hurt?

BILLY — It's my heart, boy. I got to get away from here. The lubbers is going about to get the wind of me this blessed moment, lubbers as couldn't keep what they got, and want to nail what's another's. Jim, that seafaring man, he's a bad 'un, but there's worse that put him on. All old Flint's crew, all on 'em that's left. But I'll trick 'em. I'm not afraid of 'em. I'll shake out another reef, matey, and diddle 'em again.

JIM — I don't understand.

(BILLY beckons JIM, who goes and kneels by him.)

BILLY — I'll let you into a little secret, Jim. I was first mate, I was, old Flint's first mate, and I'm the only one as knows the place. He gave it me in Savannah when he lay a-dying, you see. Now if I can't get away nohow, and they tips me the black spot, mark you, it's the chart, the map, in my old sea-chest they're after.

JIM — What's the black spot, Captain?

BILLY — That's a summons, matey. And it's one of them that'll bring it. You go for help, Jim, before they come.

(JIM rises.)

And I'll share the treasure with you equals, upon my honour. You get the Squire and tell 'im to pipe all hands - magistrates and such - and he'll run 'em to earth at the 'Admiral Benbow' Inn, all old Flint's crew, man and boy - the whole lot of 'em. And, Jim, keep your eyes skinned for a seafaring man with one leg. Him above all. Now go.

(BLIND PEW enters U. L. tapping his long cane, as JIM leaves the Inn. JIM stops. PEW approaches him.)

PEW (whining) Will any kind friend inform a poor blind man who has lost the precious sight of his eyes in the gracious defence of his native country, England, and God bless King George - where or in what part of his native country he may now be?

JIM You are at the 'Admiral Benbow', Black Hill Cove, my good man.

PEW I hear a voice, a young voice. Will you please give me your hand, my kind young friend, and lead me in?

(JIM takes his hand.)

(Viciously.) Now, boy, take me to the Captain.

JIM Sir, upon my word I dare not.

PEW Oh, so that's it. You take me in or I'll break your arm. Lead me to him straight and when I'm in view cry out: 'Here's a friend for you, Bill'. If you don't, I'll do this. Come now, march! (He twists JIM's arm. JIM gives a suppressed cry. They enter the Inn.)

JIM (terrified) Here's a friend for you, Bill.

PEW Now, Bill, stay where you are. If I can't see I can hear a finger stirring. Now, business is business. Hold out your left hand. Boy, take his left hand by the wrist, and bring it near to mine.

(JIM obeys. PEW grips BILLY's hand and places in it the black spot.)

Now, that's done.

(BILLY sits stunned. PEW releases JIM, leaves Inn and exits U.L. BILLY looks at his hand.)

BILLY — The black spot! Jim, my chest! Help me, lad. Help me get it. (He rises with JIM's help and pulls the sea-chest from behind the curtain. They drag it D.S. and BILLY opens it. He takes out the map, and rises.) The map! We'll do 'em yet, Jim. We'll do 'em yet. (He starts for the door but stops, reels, clutches throat and falls dead.)

(JIM rushes to BILLY. PEW's stick is heard again, coming faster. JIM looks out, hurries back to BILLY, takes the map from his hand and hides it under his coat. He leaves the Inn by a back way as PEW and BLACK DOG enter U.L. followed by MERRY, MORGAN, ANDERSON and HARRY.)

PEW — In, in, in! Get in there. Get in there!

(They rush into the Inn.)

ANDERSON — Here's Bill. He's dead.

PEW — Search him, and you shirking lubbers, get the chest.

BLACK DOG — (seeing chest) The chest's here. They've been here before us. Someone's turned it out alow and aloft.

PEW — Is it there?

BLACK DOG — The money's here - doubloons. (He finds a few gold coins.)

PEW — Flint's fist, I mean the chart.

BLACK DOG — We don't see it here, nohow.

PEW — Is it on Bill?

ANDERSON — Bill's been overhauled already, there's nothin' left.

PEW — It's them people of the Inn - it's that boy. I wish I'd put his eyes out. They was here no time ago. Scatter, lads, and find 'em. Scatter, find 'em. Rout the house out.

(The pirates search. In the distance a whistle is heard.)

ANDERSON Quiet! That were Dirk's whistle.

(They listen. Whistle.)

Twice. We'll have to budge, mates.

PEW Budge, you skulk. Dirk was a fool and a coward from the first - you wouldn't mind him, would you? They must be close by; they can't be far; you have your hands on it. Scatter, you dogs, and find them. Find 'em, I say. Find the map. Oh, shiver my soul, if I had eyes!

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

PEW You could have your hands on thousands, you fools, and you hang a leg. You'd be as rich as kings if you found the chart, and you know it's here, and you stand there malingering.

ANDERSON They might have hidden the blessed thing. Take the doubloons, Pew, and don't stand there squalling.

(Whistle. The pirates signal to each other and one by one creep out during PEW's speech and exit U.L.)

PEW There wasn't one of you dared face Bill, but I faced him - a blind man! Am I to lose my chance because of you? Am I to be a poor crawling beggar, sponging for rum, when I could be rolling in a coach? If you had the pluck of a weevil in a biscuit you'd catch 'em still. (He senses he is alone.) Anderson? Harry? - Harry, Black Dog, you wouldn't leave old Pew, not old Pew. Harry, Black Dog, you wouldn't leave old Pew! (He searches frantically with his stick.)

(Horses are heard approaching. PEW hears them and tries to find the door. The sound of horses is very loud. PEW finds the door, rushes out U.L. Immediately there is a pistol shot and PEW screams. The horses are heard to stop. JIM, SQUIRE TRELAWNEY, DR LIVESEY and TOM REDRUTH enter U.L. and come into the Inn.)

TRELAWNEY There's nobody here.

LIVESEY Here's Bill. (He examines him.) He's dead. I warned this scoundrel what would happen to him if he didn't lay off the rum. He's had a heart attack. Redruth, give me a hand will you?

(DR LIVESEY and REDRUTH carry BILLY out D.R.)

TRELAWNEY Well Jim, it's lucky we were on our way. They might have set the place on fire.

JIM What made you come, sir?

TRELAWNEY We heard there was a strange lugger lying in Kitts Cove. So we set a watch and saw six of the rascals come ashore. We followed them here.

(DR LIVESEY and REDRUTH re-enter.)

Tom, better take the men and get after them.

REDRUTH Right, sir. (He leaves Inn and exits U.L.)

JIM I shouldn't have let the blind man in, sir. But I really thought he would break my arm.

TRELAWNEY You couldn't do anything else, my boy. You were lucky to get away with your life.

LIVESEY What in the devil's name were they after?

JIM This, I believe, sir. (He takes the map from his pocket, and gives it to LIVESEY.)

LIVESEY (unfolding map) A map of an island. (Reads.) 'Skeleton Island, Tall tree, Spy-glass Shoulder, bearing a point N. of N.N.E. Seven paces. Bulk of treasure here, but the bar silver is in the North Cave. This is the stockade. Good water here. Aug. 1, 1750, J.F.'

TRELAWNEY J.F.? John Flint! (He takes the map.) This is Captain Flint's Treasure Island.

JIM Who was Captain Flint?

TRELAWNEY The bloodthirstiest buccaneer that ever sailed. Blackbeard was a child compared to Flint. The Spaniards were so prodigiously afraid of him I don't

mind telling you, there were even times when I was proud he was an Englishman.

LIVESEY — But had he money?

TRELAWNEY — Money, sir? Money? What else did these rascals want but money? Flint laid up more Spanish gold than - Look at this. 'Bulk of treasure here - '. Livesey, you will give up this wretched practice of yours at once. Tomorrow I'll start for Bristol. In three weeks' time - three weeks? - two weeks! ten days! I'll have the finest ship, sir, and the choicest crew in England. Hawkins, you can come as cabin-boy. You'll make a famous cabin boy, Hawkins. Livesey, you'll be ship's doctor; and I'll be admiral. We'll take Tom Redruth, my gamekeeper. We'll have favourable winds, a quick passage, not the slightest difficulty in finding the spot - and money, money, money to eat - to roll in - to play duck and drake with ever after.

LIVESEY — Trelawney, I'll go with you, and I'll ask Mrs Hawkins if she can spare Jim along.

JIM — She'll let me if you ask her, sir.

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

TRELAWNEY — And who's that, sir? Name the dog.

LIVESEY — You, sir, for you cannot hold your tongue. We are not the only people who know of this map. Those fellows who attacked the Inn tonight, and more, I dare say, not far off, will kill to get that money. Now listen, not one of us must breathe a word of what we've found.

TRELAWNEY — Livesey, you are always in the right of it. I'll be as silent as the grave. Now let's get back to my study and lay our plans over a bowl of hot punch.

(TRELAWNEY, LIVESEY and JIM leave the Inn and exit U.L.)

BRISTOL - THE QUAY AND THE SPYGLASS INN

(Sound effect of gulls. Singing a sea shanty, the company dismantles the Admiral Benbow and assembles the Spyglass, L. The PIRATES gather in the Spyglass, drinking. CAPTAIN FLINT, SILVER's parrot, is in his cage. SILVER, wearing an apron, polishes glasses. The PIRATES are still, as TRELAWNEY, LIVESEY and JIM enter U.R. and cross to look out D.R., apparently over the harbour.)

TRELAWNEY There she is, Livesey. A fine ship - the Hispaniola. Two hundred tons of solid British oak, with a copper bottom. Shipshape alow and aloft.

LIVESEY She looks a handsome craft eh, Jim? But who's going to sail her?

TRELAWNEY Well, I had little difficulty in finding a skipper - Captain Smollett, a first rate sailor and a perfect gentleman. But I had the trouble of the deuce finding a crew, till fortune gave me the very man I required. I was standing on the quay here, when quite by chance, I fell in talk with him. He told me he was an old sailor, but now he's the landlord of a public house - the Spyglass over there. He knows every seafaring man in Bristol. He was looking for a good berth as cook to get back to sea again. Well, of course I engaged him at once as ship's cook. He's called Long John Silver and he's lost a leg in the service of his country.

LIVESEY So, you've found a cook.

TRELAWNEY Found a cook, sir? I've found an entire crew. Silver and myself between us collected a company of the toughest old salts imaginable, not very pretty to look at, mark you, but men by their faces of the most indomitable spirits. I declare we could fight a frigate.

LIVESEY Good. And when do we sail?

TRELAWNEY Sail, sir? We sail this evening on the flood tide. Hawkins, be a good lad and take this note into the Spyglass across there. Ask for Mr John Silver, he's

coming with us as ship's cook.

JIM — Aye, aye, sir. (He takes the note, and crosses to the Spyglass.)

TRELAWNEY — 'Aye, aye, sir.' Quite the seafaring man already.

LIVESEY — You said yourself he would make a famous cabin boy.

(As LIVESEY and TRELAWNEY exit U.R., movement and talk start up in the Spyglass. JIM enters, paging SILVER, whose back is turned.)

JIM — Mr Silver - Mr Silver.

SILVER — (turning) Such is my name to be sure, lad. And who might you be?

JIM — I'm Jim Hawkins. The new cabin boy.

SILVER — Pleased I am to see you, lad.

JIM — A note from Admiral Trelawney - (He sees BLACK DOG sitting with the PIRATES.)

(BLACK DOG sees JIM and rushes out.)

Hey! Stop him! That's Black Dog - Stop him!

SILVER — (to all, for JIM's benefit) I don't care two coppers who he is. He hasn't paid his score. (Shouting.) Hey, you haven't paid your score! Harry, run and catch him. If he was Admiral Hawke himself, he shall pay his score, he shall.

(HARRY sitting near the door goes off in pursuit.)

What did you say his name was? Black what?

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

SILVER — So! In my house! One of those swabs was he? Hey Morgan, was that you drinking with that swab? Step up here -

(MORGAN comes forward.)

Now then, Morgan, you never clapped your eyes on this 'ere Black Dog before, did you?

MORGAN — No, not I, sir.

SILVER — You didn't know his name, did you?

MORGAN — No indeed, sir.

SILVER — By the powers, Tom Morgan, it's as well for you. If you'd been mixed up with the likes of that you'd never have set another foot in my house, and you may lay to that. (To JIM.) He's an honest man is Tom Morgan, only he's just a little bit stupid. Now, let's see - Black Dog? No, I don't know the name, not I. Yet I kind of think I've - yes, I've seen the swab. He used to come here with a blind beggar, he used.

JIM — I knew that blind man, too. His name was - er -

SILVER — Now, what was his name? It's on the tip of my tongue - New? Dew?

JIM — Pew.

(HARRY enters cautiously - is waved back by SILVER.)

SILVER — Pew. That was his name for certain. Oh and he looked a shark he did. Now, if we run down this 'ere Black Dog, there'll be good news for Admiral Trelawney. Harry's a good runner. Few seamen runs better than him. He should run him down hand over hand, by the powers. (Unseen by JIM, he beckons HARRY in.)

(Re-enter HARRY, pretending to breathe hard.)

MORGAN) MERRY) (ad lib) — Did you land him, Harry? Did you run him down, Harry?

HARRY — No, lads. He had too big a start. (He returns to his place.)

SILVER — See here now, Hawkins, here's a hard thing on a man like me, now, ain't it? Here I have this confounded buccaneer a-sitting in my own house, a-drinking my own rum, and here you comes and tells me about it, and then I lets him give me the slip right under my blessed dead-lights. Sitting here a-drinking my rum!

HARRY Hey Barbecue, he hasn't even paid for it!

(HARRY and MORGAN laugh.)

SILVER He hasn't even paid for it! (He roars with laughter.) What an old sea-calf I am to be sure. I reckon I should be rated ship's boy, not you. We shall be having buccaneers aboard this old Hispaniola before we know where we are. But come now, stand by to go about. This won't do. Dooty is dooty, messmates. (He taps the letter.) We've had our orders from Admiral Trelawney. He wants me to lay in some extra stores, so you come along with me, and then we'll be getting aboard. Dash my buttons! Fancy letting him get away without paying his score. Lead on, lad. Lead on.

(SILVER and JIM exit, taking the parrot. The PIRATES, singing a sea shanty, strike the Spyglass and set up the Hispaniola.)

THE HISPANIOLA

(Much activity aboard, carrying of stores and equipment, all CREW concerned. TRELAWNEY and LIVESEY are in the cabin area looking at charts. CAPTAIN SMOLLETT is piped aboard and appears on the upper deck level from behind. ANDERSON salutes him.)

SMOLLETT (to ANDERSON) Do you call that a salute, my man? (To MERRY.) Here, you get aft and bear a hand with the loading.

MERRY Aye, aye, sir. (He exits behind.)

SMOLLETT (to REDRUTH) Tell Squire Trelawney I want a

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