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TREASURE ISLAND

by Robert Louis Stevenson

Adapted by Bryony Lavery

SAMUEL FRENCH

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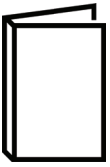
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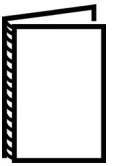
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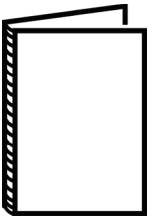
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AUTHOR'S NOTE

Polly Findlay(director), Lizzie Clachan(designer) and I were asked to make this version of "*Treasure Island*" for the Christmas show at The National Theatre 2014-2015. The show was to be staged in The Olivier, which has over a 1000 seats, with a wide deep stage area containing intelligent lights and a fantastic revolving drum, which can bring huge new locations and splendid surprises up through the floor. The piece needed to be big and exciting and a feast for eyes of all ages and gender!

And we all wanted to play with all the National's big expensive toybox of effects.

The book contains only two very minor appearances by women... Jim Hawkins mother in the inn scenes and a mention, much later, of a wife for Long John Silver. We felt that as this was a family Christmas show we needed to find more fabulous women characters to balance the already exciting male parts because *girls* would be watching this as well as boys. The three of us and Nick Hytner were initially in two minds about turning Jim into a girl. (I had already searched the Internet and discovered quite a crop of bloodthirsty women pirates for authenticity)...until during a two-week pirate-making/sailing/18th century/treasure/parrot workshop... we met the captivating and talented Patsy Ferran... who played Jim with such humour and pathos and comic genius timing, that we decided to pursue a female lead.)

Our premise was that she was a girl on the promisingly-dramatic axis of that terrible confusion of hormones over the safety but dullness of home and the excitement and danger of the unknown.

I wrote this for a newspaper article just before we opened...

"*Treasure Island* is the *rippingest* of Ripping Yarns. Ask people: grown ups or children what they remember about Treasure Island.... the list, in order, is almost always.... first...The Parrot... then... the terrifying arrivals to the Admiral Benbow Inn, Billy Bones the haunted alcoholic, Black Dog the murderous avenger, Blind Pew – unnaturally tall and threatening, then delivering... The Black Spot.

The story is terrifying because it imaginatively delivers that moment in life when, if we were lucky enough to have safe childhood homes, suddenly, on the outer perimeter of our

collective consciousness, dangerous human beings start to enter our lives.... and, like The Black Spot, we know it is a warning from the dark, dangerous world out there...

Jim Hawkins's father has just died. The story is full of unreliable substitute parents: Billy Bones, Squire Trelawney, all the pirates and crew on board the Hispaniola and, most attractive and unreliable substitute parent ever – the one-legged man – Long John Silver.

In this new, exciting world, the steady, honest good-hearted people who have looked after and kept Jim Hawkins safe until the moment the story begins suddenly seem dull as ditchwater and rather stupid and stuffy. Villains and cut-throat sailors seem dashing and glittering, dangerous transport (18th-century ship life!) and treasure almost within her grasp, the astonishing arrival of those first teenage hormones *insist* and *propel* Jim into the path of oncoming danger.

Treasure Island is about learning the hard, perilous way who and what to trust.

Jim Hawkins is each of us – girl or boy, grandma or grandad – leaving our safe, humdrum, drudgery-filled lives in our various poor inns to board ship, to sail the seas to find treasure!

In a book, all these people can be hinted at and our imaginations fill in and flesh out the missing bits. On stage, these characters must be playable constructs and above all, at Christmas, great fun for actors to play! We developed over, a year and many exploratory workshops, a sizable cast list of goodies and baddies, sailors and non-sailors, men and women all with strong personality traits that got them in and out of trouble, and made up two different gangs of people with their attendant strengths and weaknesses. This meant we could have lots of conflict and comedy and scariness on our magnificent ship, dangerous smelly island and in our spooky, dark subterranean treasure caves.

Here are some more of our decisions:

We decided to summarily kill off both Jim's parents and provide her with a feisty but frail grandma who might die of old age before Jim ever got home again, thus providing more urgency in the adventure. Grandma thus becomes the moral compass of the story and Jim's constant star.

We wanted to push the notion of the huge crush Jim develops for Long John Silver. We were blessed, in this, by the magnetic performance of Arthur Darvill.

We wanted above the stage and audience, unifying us in our journey, the whole night sky so we could navigate across the world together. Jim learns from Silver how to find her way through the world by reading its page of stars.

The glorious rigging crew of The National rigged us a full rehearsal ship of sails with impressive knots and ratlines, and John Tamms provided us with a number of seafaring working songs, so each scene change could appear to seem activated by a working gang of sailors. Our ship, which rose up through the floor, was a vessel you just longed to be on!

We wanted a funny, magical and very malevolent parrot. Shopping for the perfect parrot, we had to ditch a real parrot option (toilet issues!)and settled for an animatronic one with a puppet master, a great parrot voice (Nick Fletcher, also Squire Trelawney) and some sleight-of-hand magic.

We decided that Jim, as in most of the book, would be our guide and would carry us quickly in her narration from one exciting scene to another. It would be her very personal, individual account of the whole treasure-fetching and what she learns therein.

We decided to push Squire Trelawney's bull-in-a-china-shop, over-sharing qualities for comic effect and make Dr.Livesey female, clever and impatient and full of what is *right* as a foil for the attractive but dangerous Silver.

We developed a whole crew of very individual sailors, both goodies and villains, who could rub up against one another and get things wrong in a way that was both adult, but also very recognizable as child types: bullies (Black Dog), an "its not fair" malcontent (Badger), a turncoat (Lucky Micky), the one-who-is-never-picked-for a-team(Grey), the eater (RedRuth), over-aggressive(Joan The Goat), so forth.

We decided that Ben Gunn could be our other young hero and between them, Jim and Ben Gunn could be the most resourceful of all "the goodies". So, we did indeed also have a Cabin *Boy*. We felt Ben Gunn, having not spoken to *anyone* for many years, would speak very, very fast indeed.

We had huge and splendid resources, courtesy of the miraculous staff of The National Theatre. One of our most precious resources was the spirited, playful, imaginative actors who experimented in both workshops and rehearsals with character, singing, movement and dreams. I long now to see other productions of this piece creating their own ships and skies and treasure islands of the imagination. As sailors say, I wish you all "Fair winds and a following sea".

Bryony Lavery

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"No man is an island, entire of itself;
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John Donne

CHARACTERS

ADMIRAL BENBOW INN

JIM HAWKINS JUNIOR – a teenage girl dressed like a boy
GRANDMA HAWKINS – a landlady
DOCTOR LIVESEY – a doctor and magistrate
SQUIRE TRELAWNEY – a squire with a big mouth
MRS. CROSSLEY – drinker and churchgoer
RED RUTH – future crew member
JOB ANDERSON – future crew member
LUCKY MICKY – future crew member
SHANTY BAND MAN – leader of all singing

VISITORS

BILL BONES – haunted villain
BLACK DOG – eight-fingered villain
BLIND PEW – blind villain

CREW OF THE HISPANIOLA

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT – captain
LONG JOHN SILVER – one-legged cook, charmer and villain
JOAN THE GOAT – headbutter
ISREAL HANDS – clumsy Brazilian
DICK THE DANDY – pirate voguist
KILLIGREW THE KIND – gentle killer
GEORGE BADGER – malcontent
GREY – a grey, forgettable character
CAPTAIN FLINT – a parrot

ISLAND INHABITANTS

BEN GUNN – marooned cabin boy

TREASURE

1. Wealth stored or accumulated, esp. in the form of precious metals, gold and silver coins
2. A store of anything valuable
3. Anything valued and presented as precious
4. To hold or keep as precious

ACT ONE

1. An Inn

Black Cove, South-West England.

Above us, all the stars of the northern hemisphere in the incredible darkness of 18th century England...

Under the sky.

On the world's edge...

JIM HAWKINS JUNIOR...

A teenage girl in boy's attire...

JIM *(sings)*

BRIGHT MORNING STAR A-RISING
BRIGHT MORNING STAR A-RISING
BRIGHT MORNING STAR A-RISING
DAY IS A-BREAKING IN MY SOUL...

She sees the audience and...

Men various

Have chosen *me* to tell *you*

From *beginning to end*

Keeping nothing back but its *bearings*

All the particulars about Treasure Island...

Crows and rooks caw...

The bitter spiteful winter both my parents died

Before I could read this bright page above us

My old Grandma and I

GRANDMA Not so much of the "old"!

JIM ...ran the Admiral Benbow Inn
Above Black Cove

A fire blazes into being...

GRANDMA *Head-In-Dreams!!!*
Work!!!

JIM I *hated* work

And **JIM** *multi-tasks as old, overused things break for her as...*
On the very *coldest* of days
With no *food* in my belly.

GRANDMA Or in *mine.*

JIM The *First* arrived and the *terrible* dreams began.

2. The First

Arriving from a far distant perspective with a large sea chest… **BILL BONES**…

BONES Don't sing!

But the terrible singing continues…

Don't sing in my head!!!

Sees **JIM**.

This is a pleasant-sittyated grog shop, *and* a handy cove.

Much company, mate?

JIM Precious little.

BONES What's your name, swab?

JIM Jim Hawkins, sir.

BONES Be you boy or be you girl?

JIM That be *my* business.

BONES Then this be *my* business, take my sea chest and stow it *safe*.

This is the berth for me.

Although a spectacularly old woman, **GRANDMA** *lifts the heavy huge sea chest with ease…*

GRANDMA *Paying guest!!!*

Thank you, Heavens!!!

BONES I'm Billy Bones. I'm a plain man. Rum, bacon and eggs is what I want and that head up there to watch the road *thiswards*, and ships arriving *thatwards*…

JIM Yes, Mr. Bones.

BONES *Yes, Captain.*

JIM Yes, Captain.

BONES This… *(he throws down three/four gold pieces)* For my vittals and grog, Jim Hawkins.

GRANDMA And food for *us*, Jim!

BONES *seizes* **JIM** *in a painful grip…*

BONES Tell me. If ye *dare*, when I've worked through.

Keep a weather eye open *always* for a seafaring man with *one leg* and let *no Thing at all* near that chest!

He looks out to sea, along the road, everywhere…

JIM *Yes Captain!*

BONES *Grog!*

JIM He stays.

He drinks

in all weather foul or fair.

From dawn's earliest light

through all the long hard day to darkest night

we watch the road, the sea

like hawks, like eagles for a one-legged man…

so long so hard so *afeared*.

I begin to see this one-legged ghoul in my dreams!

GRANDMA *Head-in-Clouds!*

Paying customers*!!!*

JIM He stays.

He drinks *mightily* and watches *always* for this one legged seafaring man who now *lives* in my nightmares!

I think how he might have lost his leg!!!!

Benbow customers become nightmare leg-choppers!

RED RUTH Hold still!!!

FIRST UNLUCKY AMPUTEE Aaaarrrgggghhhhhhhhhhh!

SECOND UNLUCKY AMPUTEE Aaaaarrrrrgggghhhhhhhhhh!

THIRD UNLUCKY AMPUTEE Aaaaarrrrrgggggghhhhhhhhhh!

JIM Or was he always a monstrous kind of creature who *never* had but one leg

And that *in the middle* of his body!

A terrible cart goes by with a man so configured…

GRANDMA Jim! Folks is thirsty

Large brandy, Dr Livesey? It's medicinal…

DOCTOR It's not Mrs. Hawkins… But *yes.*

GRANDMA Brandy, *BrainGone!*

BONES Sing me to distraction, would ye?

I'll sing *ye* to distraction!

These *landlubbers* will drown your voices!!!

Sing!

FIFTEEN MEN ON THE DEAD MEN'S CHEST. YO HO HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM…

Takes out his knife…

Damn you all, *Sing or I'll cut ye!*

ALL CUSTOMERS *(sing, bullied…)*

DRINK AND THE DEVIL HAD DONE FOR THE REST – YO HO HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM…

SQUIRE Stop that *infernal* racket! I cannot hear myself *drink!*

BONES Sing!

ALL CUSTOMERS

"…AND A BOTTLE OF RUM…"

SQUIRE Silence!

BONES *Sing!*

SQUIRE *Silence!!!*

Some competitive "fist thumping" until **BONES** *rises and crosses to stand over the* **SQUIRE**… *Between them, with jug.*

JIM *(whisper:)* Squire Trelawney was Black Cove's most *important* fellow.

BONES I've lived my life among the wickedest men that God ever allowed on the sea... *Do not cross me!*

SQUIRE Were you addressing me sir?

BONES I *was* addressing you sir!

SQUIRE *One* word, sir, if you keep on drinking rum the world will soon be quit of a very dirty rascal.

BONES *draws a huge knife, puts it to* **SQUIRE***'s throat...*

BONES Sing!!!

SQUIRE

FIFTEEN MEN ON A DEAD/MAN'S CHEST...

Others join in...

YO HO HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM

The **DOCTOR** *erupts...*

DOCTOR Silence!!! Cease this *"yo ho hoing"* INSTANTER!!!

JIM Doctor Livesey was Black Cove's most quick thinking fellow.

DOCTOR You are threatening *a gentlemen*. There are *witnesses.*

If you do not put away that knife *this instant* I *promise* you shall *hang* at the next assizes! *(battle of looks)*

Hang, sir! By your astoundingly filthy *neck* sir!

Until your face turns *blue*, until your tongue *swells* and *blackens*. *Knife!!!*

BONES*, cowed, puts away his knife.*

I will have an eye upon you day and night... *Pour.*

JIM *pours.* **SQUIRE** *back, almost valiant, with...*

SQUIRE I'm Squire Trelawney. I'm the damn *magistrate* here!

If I catch a breath a *breath* of complaint against you.

I'll have you hunted down and strung as high as the stars in the night sky!

SQUIRE *and* **DOCTOR** *drain their drinks, exit.*

BONES *slaps his head…*

BONES *(quieter:) Still* the *terrible* singing!!!
More Grog!!!

He slaps down his tankard, it, being old, breaks…

3. Hard Times

JIM Bill Bones bid fare to *ruin* us.

GRANDMA *Good* Sir, the-matter-of-the-payment-of-the-room-the-bacon-the-eggs-the grog…

BONES My chewing tobacco, / Jim!

She fetches as…

GRANDMA Which-states-in-big-clear-writing-the-outstanding/-owed…

BONES My snuff, Girl.

JIM *fetches…*

GRANDMA Sir… This girl and me's had no supper nor breakfast! *Nought!* This girl's fetching and carrying for you for *free!*

JIM All this unpaid for *hurry* Captain!

BONES Who will hurry *here?* The one-legged one???

What will he have in his hand??? A *dagger?* The *Black Spot???*

I must not sleep!

He watches thiswards and thatwards…

But sees not the one-legged nightmare…

4. The Second Arrives...

JIM He *sleeps* not

He *pays* not.

GRANDMA So *we* Eat not!

JIM Then, like dirt gathering in a corner... The *second* arrives.

BLACK DOG, *pale, tallowy, appears in the gloom...*

Two legs but... I feel my heart grow *chill...*

BLACK DOG I'll take a rum.

Lad.

Lass?

He beckons with his left hand...on which, two fingers missing...

JIM He was wanting two fingers on his left hand!

BLACK DOG Come here whatever you be. Come very nearer here.

JIM But *two* legs so... *(she nears him...)*

BLACK DOG Seafaring swab staying here with you lass?

JIM This is the captain's favoured billet sir.

BLACK DOG The "captain" is it? La di da! Cut on one cheek?

*(***JIM** *nods)* Mighty pleasant way with him *particular in drink?*

JIM *nods.*

Here?

JIM Upstairs sir.

BLACK DOG Upstairs is it? *(***BONES** *descends stairs as)*

You and me'll just go into the *shadows.*

Lifts **JIM** *by collar so feet barely skim the floor...*

And we'll give Bill a little surprise

Draws his cutlass…

Bless is dark traitoring heart

BONES *arrives,* **BLACK DOG** *reveals…*

Billy Bones!

BONES A-ha *villain!*

Like dogs on point…

BLACK DOG Come Bill, you know an old shipmate surely.

BONES Black Dog.

BLACK DOG As ever was. You took some running to earth, old shipmate.

BONES Here I am *shipmate.*

BLACK DOG *Mate* no longer

Since *I* lost these two talons!

I'll have a glass of rum from this dear child here

As I've took such a liking to

And we'll sit down and talk square.

None of your *keyholes* girl!!!

Now Bill

BONES Now, Black Dog…

Two shipmates sit to conduct a quick and combative whispered conversation…

GRANDMA *and* **JIM** *eavesdrop…*

BLACK DOG You *knows* what I wants, Bill!

BONES I knows *exactly* what you wants, Black Dog!

What's *my* share?

BLACK DOG What's *my* share too?

Where's *Flint's Fist, Billy?*

BONES Safely hid from *you*, Black Dog.

BLACK DOG Be warned Bones… I got most of *our old Walrus crew* lying off Black Cove in a tidy lugger grievous disappointed you *still* think it's *your* share when you just thieved it and ran!

JIM What is *this* about?

GRANDMA Not *bill settling!*

Whispering becomes more heated and audible…

BLACK DOG I *advise* you for your *health*…don't keep us/swabs waiting Billy Bones…

BONES And I advise *you*, Black Dog… Flint's Fist is *mine*

BLACK DOG Is *ours!*

BONES *Not so!*

BLACK DOG *Yes so!*

JIM *Flint's Fist*, what's that?

BLACK DOG We're *done* asking *nicely*

Hand over *Flint's Fist…fingers and thumb* or…it's The Black Spot for you!

BONES Or the Red Blood for you!

Both up and standing nose to nose…

Horrible dirty fight… In which **BLACK DOG** *gets* **BONES** *against a pillar…*

BLACK DOG Flint's Fist…where???

They fight up the stairs.

BLACK DOG *has* **BONES** *pinned to the bed…*

Tell, or ye die unpeaceful in bed instanter!!!

BONES *escapes, runs downstairs where* **BLACK DOG** *gets him on a table…*

Cough, villain!

BONES *throws him off with…*

BONES *Bleed*, villain!!!

BLACK DOG *in full flight, blood streaming…*

BLACK DOG Dim my deadlights would you?

Another will follow, Villain!

Death for all betrayers!!!

Exits… A last blow from him splits an inn upright in two pieces… The world starts to list…

BONES I am discovered! My sea chest!

I must get away from here…

But his body betrays him…he crashes to the floor.

GRANDMA Some black art has assailed him. Get Dr. Livesey!

JIM The doctor fortuitously was just then arriving…

DOCTOR *(checks* **BONES***'s unconscious pile of flesh…)* Is he breathing?

GRANDMA Doctor! Some *black art* has struck him down!

DOCTOR Some *black art*??? *Peasant* nonsense!

Scoundrel's had *a stroke*. We must do our best to save this fellow's very worthless life. Jim! Holding receptacle!

As **JIM** *finds something not quite appropriate to hold…*

Afraid of blood?

JIM No sir

DOCTOR Then, hold the receptacle *firm*.

A bag full of terrible early medical appliances.

DOCTOR *selects the most gruesome and opens a vein…*

Red blood spouts and gushes…

BONES *comes to…* **BONES** *in full fight mode…*

BONES *…Where's Black Dog???*

DOCTOR There is no *black dog* here

you have had a stroke

and *I* have just dragged you head foremost out of the grave.

BONES Get me a grog/ Girl...

DOCTOR *No More grog!*

Jim, keep this *utter* f*ool* from the poison which will *snuff* him out like the brief candle all men really are!

Exits with bag.

JIM *and* **GRANDMA** *prop up* **BONES**...

JIM My nightmares now were all of *Flint's Fist!*

What was it?

It's terrifying!!!

Was it... A *severed hand* with *no arm attached?*

A severed hand on her shoulder from behind.

Aaagh!

BILL BONES Grog!!!

5. A Terrible Island in the Brain...

JIM *No grog!!!*

No!!!

BONES Sleep has left me Jim!

Living men will pursue you

But *ghost* men are the ones who *catch* you!

If I close my eyes, I am *bobbing* off that *terrible* island with Flint upon it.

I am *cold* inside to think of Flint.

Grog-in here, girl!!!

Holds out his goblet.

JIM I'll get you grog on *one* condition...

BONES Name it!

JIM You answer my *questions!*

BONES Done!

JIM *fetches bottle, but keeps it, despite all* **BONES***'s valiant and ingenious attempts, out of his grasp...* **JIM** *pours a very small tot.*

BONES *drains it off.*

Grog!

JIM *Question!!!*

What is Flint's Fist?

BONES I cannot tell ye that!

Grog

JIM No.

And successfully keeps the bottle from **BONES**.

BONES *(until...)* Flint's Fist...unlocks *a secret*...shhhh!

Reaches for bottle but **JIM** *holds it away...*

JIM Who was Flint? Who was *Flint?*

BONES The ghost who sings *always* in my head!

(sings)

FIFTEEN MEN ON A DEADMAN'S CHEST... AAAAHHHH!

JIM *pours a tot...* **BONES** *drinks...holds out his goblet for more.*

BONES *whimpers,* **JIM** *advances the bottle a bit... Some island sounds...*

Six Set out all-a-singing...

BONES *clutches his head.*

But only *Flint* came back!

Grog!

JIM *withholds the grog from* **BONES***'s grasp...*

JIM *Question!*

What *happened* to the six???

BONES Yes, Jim...*what* happened to the six...?

Counts off on his fingers...

McGraw... Allardyce... O'Docherty

Thimble the Sail Mender? ...that scrawny *cabin boy?*

Grimes the Giant... Grimes the Giant..?

Grog Jim

JIM *Question!*

Who is the one-legged man you watch for?

BONES He is the very *devil* himself!

Grog!

JIM *Question!*

What is The Black Spot?

BONES It is the thing that will enter my head and heart
and take me through the doors of hell!
Stop singing in my head!

And he forces **JIM***'s hand to pour…*

JIM And he watches thiswards and thatward.
And so do I…

And they watch, terrified…

6. The Third Arrives...

JIM Until...

A bitter foggy frosty night

...A *terrible* sound

...The *third!!!*

...A weird terrifying approaching tapping... **BLIND PEW**.

BLIND PEW Will any kind friend inform a poor blind man where or in what part of this country he be???

JIM You have Black Hill Cove at your back

The Admiral Benbow Inn before you.

BLIND PEW I hear a *young* voice.

Will you give me your hand?

JIM *holds out his hand.* **BLIND PEW** *grips it like a vice and pulls him close.*

Now... boy?

BLIND PEW *fumbles at her...*

JIM *Girl!*

BLIND PEW Bring the captain to me.

JIM I dare not.

BLIND PEW Bring him here straight or I'll break your arm.

An awful wrench.

When I'm in view, cry out "Here's a friend for you, Bill." If you don't...

Even more awful wrench.

JIM Aaagh!

"Here's a friend for you, Bill".

BONES *Blind Pew!!!*

BONES *tries and fails to rise...*

BLIND PEW Now Bill. If I can't *see* you, I can hear *a finger stirring.*
Hold out your right hand and bring it near my left.

He obeys him.

You came not of your own account to *us.*
We come to *you...*
Your last chance to serve us fair, Bill Bones.

BONES I would rather walk through the doors of hell
than serve you villains fair, Blind Pew.

BLIND PEW Then here you are.

He passes something to **BONES***'s hand.*

I will return with your old shipmates from The Walrus
By ten o'clock.
Discover whether there be any sailor's honour left in you...

He closes **BONES***'s hand round...*

And now that's done.

And he exits, tapping...

JIM *watches* **BONES** *who opens his hand, sees what's there.*

BONES *(feels something snap in his brain)* Get my... *(he feels something stop in his chest)* ...Oh Jim...

Then, with a peculiar sound crumples... horribly to the floor...

JIM Grandma!!!
Wake him *up!*

GRANDMA *(she can't)* He's dead!!!

JIM I do not at *all* like people *dying!*

She opens out **BONES***'s hand… Goes quite still.*

The *Black Spot.*

…Oh, *Grandma…*

Blind Pew said they return at ten *o'clock.*

Some *terrible* villains want *something.*

GRANDMA/JIM Which will be in his sea chest!

Inn Clock strikes… six beats…

GRANDMA We have four hours!

JIM We should just run Grandma!

GRANDMA Our *neighbours* will help us against these varmints…

But the inn is deserted but for **MRS. CROSSLEY***, finishing her Ladies Delight…*

That pile of evil bones owes us, Jim!!!

I will *not* lose money that belongs to my poor hungry fatherless motherless shoeless girl!

JIM *(goes and finds a very rusty pistol…)* Mother's pistol!

Not bravely:

Here we will stay! And…small thanks to all *chicken-hearted drinkers*!

GRANDMA I'll thank you for that bag Mrs. Crossley to put our lawful money in!

MRS. CROSSLEY I have *a chicken* in this bag, Mrs. Hawkins.

JIM *(points Mother's pistol)* We'll thank you for that bag Mrs. Crossley.

And cocks it… **MRS. CROSSLEY** *hands over the bag…* **JIM** *opens it…a live hen clucks out, which* **JIM** *hands to* **MRS. CROSSLEY**…

You'll get your church bag *back*, Mrs. Crossley if you bring back here *anyone* who will save an honest landlady and her granddaughter!

GRANDMA Get the Doctor…get Squire Trelawney. Get *anybody.*

MRS. CROSSLEY Don't get it over all bloody when they kill you! It's my *church* bag!!!

Exit **MRS. CROSSLEY***, bladdered, with hen.*

GRANDMA Locked!

JIM String round his neck! Key!

GRANDMA Unlock! *Unlock!*

JIM *opens the chest carefully. Together, they look in.*

JIM *takes out a large octopus…*

Then…a large statue of The Virgin Mary then…

A long rope, at the end, an anchor…

Then…

JIM Old account book…all stained. Papers…/various…

GRANDMA What?
Any/thing?

JIM Old bills… *(reads one paper)* "McGraw's drinks total owed".

(Shows to **GRANDMA.** *It's a huge amount!) …reads another.*

…the collected love ballads of Donal O'Docherty…lock of yellow hair…these are his fellow *crew* on The Walrus.

GRANDMA *Nothing* to pay his damn bill?

JIM No.

GRANDMA I'll put them with the kindling, at very least Bill Bones will light our fire and *warm* us…

Places the papers ready to blaze.

JIM *(examines the lid)* Grandma… I think this…may be a *false* lid!!!

She rips it. Coins cascade down…

GRANDMA We could be rich on this, Jim!!!

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