TREASURE ISLAND: A NEW ADVENTURE
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TREASURE ISLAND: A NEW ADVENTURE received its world premiere production in New Orleans by the NOLA Project (A.J. Allegra, Artistic Director) at the Sydney and Walda Besthoff Sculpture Garden at the New Orleans Museum of Art on May 11, 2022. It was directed by A.J. Allegra and assistant directed by Sarah Chatelain. The costume design was by Kaci Thomassie and Baylee Robertson; the scenic design was by Ken Thompson; the lighting design was by Joan Long; the sound design was by Amara Skinner; the prop design was by Stephanie Dixon; the fight direction was by Alex Martinez Wallace; the movement direction was by Kaci Russell; the original music was by Jack Craft; the production manager was Jenny L. Billot; and the stage managers were Roger Bouche, Na'ilah Dabon, and Tessa Dufrene. The cast was as follows:

JIM HAWKINS ..... Liam Gillen
RUTH HAWKINS ..... Monica R. Harris
NO-GOOD NATHAN/RIDER ONASIS ..... Wayland D. Cooper
MARGARET PEW ..... Wendy Miklovic
URSULA ..... Megan Whittle
OXANA PIRANHA ..... Hayden Guthrie
STABBIN' JUDY ..... Ayla Miller
MERCY McFOUL ..... Christina "Cuba" Hatheway
GENTLE MARY ..... Elyse McDaniel
LONG JOHN SILVER ..... Reid Williams
FAT PHILLIP/HAMHOCK HANNIGAN ..... Bill Mader
SLENDER BRAD/STEED BONNET ..... Keith Claverie
CAPTAIN SMOLLETT ..... Khiry Armstead
ELEPHANT SMALL ..... Peter Jaymes Jr.
UNDERSTUDIES ..... Claire Frederiksen, Jared Goudsmit

The premiere student production of TREASURE ISLAND: A NEW ADVENTURE was presented by the Montgomery Bell Academy in Nashville, Tennessee, on November 21–23, 2024. The production was directed by Joseph Bromfield. The cast was as follows:

JIM HAWKINS ..... Isaac Roark
RUTH HAWKINS ..... Lizzie Wimberley
NO-GOOD NATHAN ..... Noah Wieck
RIDER ONASIS ..... Van Williamson
MARGARET PEW ..... Larkin Wilson
URSULA ..... Shelby Tompkins
OXANA PIRANHA ..... Kennedy Sanders
STABBIN' JUDY ..... Virginia Conner
MERCY McFOUL ..... Leah Fremont
GENTLE MARY ..... Caroline Thomas
LONG JOHN SILVER ..... Ethan Durham
FAT PHILLIP/ROCK GOD/SKELETON CREW ..... Nick Held
SLENDER BRAD/SKELETON CREW ..... Emma Pope
STEED BONNET/SKELETON KING ..... Philip Held
CAPTAIN SMOLLETT ..... Buck Brown
ELEPHANT SMALL ..... Kemper Evans
HAMHOCK HANNIGAN ..... Jack Kapanka
THE SKELETON CREW ..... Lily Campbell, Katherine Luttrull, Brody Willis

AUTHORS' NOTE

Thank you for reading our new adaptation of *Treasure Island*. When we set out to tackle this commission for the NOLA Project, we had a couple of goals in mind. First, we wanted to laugh and to make the audience laugh. This is certainly a comedic take on the classic adventure novel, much more akin to *A Muppet Treasure Island* or *Monty Python*, had they chosen to adapt the book. Second, we wanted more pirates. Frankly, the colonial stuff in the original novel—for us—was the boring part. What we love are the pirates! So for this adaptation, we set out to create opportunities for many more actors, especially women, to enjoy the freedom and fun of playing a lawless scallywag. As you will see in the pages ahead, this adaptation is a very loose one, but one that we feel is far more plain fun for a modern-day audience. We hope our love of the story and characters, and our sense of humor—which ranges from puns to slapstick to Grand Guignol—is something that you will enjoy as well. And we would encourage anyone who produces the play to make it your own and just have as much fun as humanly possible. There are enough serious matters in life as is.

Ahoy mateys,
A.J., James, and Alex

CHARACTERS

RUTH, a proper British innkeeper with a hidden wild side.

JIM, an eager, yet moody young teenager.

NO-GOOD NATHAN (OLD SAILOR), a rum-loving, surly pirate who just wants some alone time.

Crew of Pew
(All Women)

MARGARET PEW, a mostly blind, old, disgusting lady pirate. Maybe she was once joyful and lovely. Maybe.

URSULA, a well-meaning idiot.

GENTLE MARY, a sweet and gentle lover of all Earth's creatures, but with a murderous temper.

OXANA PIRANHA, a quiet and stealthy killer who can read people too well.

STABBIN' JUDY, just like the name says: a lady that loves the knife.

MERCY McFOUL, the smelly, rather grotesque one. Slow on land but quick in a fight.

Crew of Smollett
(All Men)

CAPTAIN JAMES SMOLLETT, a no-nonsense captain that is kinda over it.

LONG JOHN SILVER, an excessively friendly cook. Maybe too friendly.

MR. ELEPHANT SMALL, the muscle of the crew, but a secret scaredy-cat.

RIDER ONASIS, the gossipy mapmaker. Likes to think he is smarter than everyone. He's not.

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN, a greasy fella who indulges a bit too much in everything.

STEED BONNET, the gentleman pirate. A fop who prefers tea to rum.

FAT PHILLIP, a rabble rouser, instantly killed.

SLENDER BRAD, his friend, instantly killed.

NOTES

Ensemble members may be added to either crew to accommodate a larger cast.

Performance tracks for "Become a Seaman," "Bloody Bloody Bonny," and "Bonnie Bonnie Johnny," alongside a rehearsal track for "We're Off to Treasure Island" from the premiere 2022 production are available for purchase with a license of the show. If the music is used in production, the following credit is required on the title page of all programs:

Original Music by Jack Craft

If you are not using music from the premiere production, please substitute music cues with public-domain sea shanties.

TREASURE ISLAND:
A NEW ADVENTURE

ACT ONE

Prologue

The ensemble sets the stage as a sea shanty is sung. All-caps, indented lyics are sung. The rest is spoken.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT.
OUR TALE BEGINS ON THE WINDY COAST
OF BONNY OLD ENGLAND
WITH A HAWKINS LAD SOME TWELVE YEARS OLD
A BRAVE YOUNG BOY, OR SO I'M TOLD

MERCY McFOUL.
HE KEEPS HIS HOME AT THE SAILOR'S INN
THE ADMIRAL BENBOW
A HALFWAY HOUSE FOR THE WAYWARD MEN
KEPT AND CLEANED BY HIS MOTHER HEN…

The tune continues to be hummed underneath as the actors speak directly to the audience. The numbered Actor lines can be broken up and distributed among your cast as best fits your ensemble.

ACTOR 1. Now this play here be a pirate story—

ACTOR 2. Which means we better be warnin' ye.

ACTOR 3. This play ain't for the lily-livered or the faint of heart!

ACTOR 4. *(Sneaking up behind Actor 3.)* Boo!

ACTOR 3. *(Completely belying his grisly demeanor.)* AHHHH!!!

The other pirates roar with laughter and drink, shoot off guns, etc.

ACTOR 3. Why'd you do that??

ACTOR 4. I was testin' yer nerves! And they failed! Move aside. Now this here tale contains VIOLENCE!

Pirates cheer.

DANGER!

More cheers.

ADULT LANGUAGE!

Cheers.

ACTOR 7. It does *not* contain adult language.

ACTOR 5. Yes it do, ya blatherin' buck-eyed son-of-a-trout!!

ALL.

YO-HO, YO-HO! YO-HO, YO-HO!
YO-HO, YO-HO! WE'RE OFF TO TREASURE ISLAND

STEED BONNET.

SO HOIST THE SALES ON OUR DANG'ROUS TALE
OF SCOUNDRELS, THIEVES, AND CUTTHROATS

OXANA PIRANHA.

WE'LL SET A COURSE FOR THE INDIES WEST
AND SEARCH THE SEAS FOR THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST

ACTOR 6. It also contains one intermission!

ACTOR 3. What's an intermission?!!

ACTOR 8. A sea monster, ya fool!

ACTOR 5. No it's—

ACTOR 9. A hideous fanged creature that waits for her unsuspecting prey before she strikes!

ACTOR 3. Ahhh!

ACTOR 5. An intermission is—

ACTOR 9. Merciless claws that'll split ya clean in half! Tear your torso in two—!

ACTOR 6. An intermission ain't no sea monster!

ACTOR 3. I need my torso!!

ACTOR 7. An intermission is a break in the story!

The others do not get it.

A pause for reflection.

Still dumb silence.

A time to tinkle and drink rum.

Massive pirate cheer!

ALL.

YO-HO, YO-HO! YO-HO, YO-HO!
YO-HO, YO-HO! WE'RE OFF TO TREASURE ISLAND

ELEPHANT SMALL.

SO SWAB THE POOP DECK, MAN THE GUNS
AND SHIVER ME TIMBERS
ABOUT THE TREASURE KEEP IT MUM
YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM

ALL.

YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF RUM…

ACTOR 10. And lastly, our tale contains one scene of steamy sensuality.

ACTOR 7. It does not!

The other pirates hold for the truth.

ACTOR 10. Well it ought to!!!

Some agree, some disagree; a fight erupts. It's all jolly fun.

ALL.

YO-HO, YO-HO! YO-HO, YO-HO!
YO-HO, YO-HO! WE'RE OFF TO TREASURE ISLAND

ACTOR 1. Now our tale begins here, on the English seaside. In the year seventeen-somethin'-somethin' at the Admiral Benbow's Inn. Where owners Ruth and Jim Hawkins be welcoming a mysterious new traveler.

ALL. Ooooooooh.

As they exit:

YO-HO, YO-HO! YO-HO, YO-HO!
YO-HO, YO-HO! WE'RE OFF TO TREASURE ISLAND

Transition to:

1. The Inn

The innkeeper, Ruth Hawkins, welcomes her new guest, an Old Sailor, to the modest room. He glances about, uneasy and paranoid.

RUTH. Window overlooking the sea, just like you requested. Breakfast is served at sunup and not a moment sooner. Porridge is included with the night's stay. If it's something more you crave, a spot of jam or some pickled herring, for instance, it will cost ya extra.

The Old Sailor grumbles.

Check out is at the stroke of nine, I repeat, the stroke of nine, and if you tarry a second longer, it'll cost ya extra.

The Old Sailor grumbles.

It's a stone's throw to the harbor, but if you want a little privacy for your washing up—

OLD SAILOR. Lemme guess: It'll cost me extra.

RUTH. 'Twill.

OLD SAILOR. You think I'm made of gold, woman?

RUTH. I didn't say as much. But ye must've paid a pretty penny for that ascot.

OLD SAILOR. Did you just say BLACK SPOT?

RUTH. No I said your *ascot*. Don't see too many fancy neck scarves about these parts.

The Old Sailor grumbles and adjusts it. Is he hiding something?

Don't know what's taking my son so long with your luggage. Jim!!

Jim lugs in a giant treasure chest, huffing and puffing.

JIM. Comin'!

OLD SAILOR. Careful with that trunk, lad.

JIM. I am.

OLD SAILOR. It's a rarity, I tell ya, a precious rarity, keep a steady hand.

JIM. I'm being careful, look—

It slips from his hands and hits the floor.

—Oops.

OLD SAILOR. Arrgghh ya bilge rat!

JIM. It was heavy!

OLD SAILOR. That trunk's got more value than yer life, lad!

JIM. Then why don't you lug it yourself?

RUTH. JIM!

JIM. What?

RUTH. He's our guest.

JIM. And?

RUTH. And? We need a five-starfish review, Jim!

JIM. I'm just saying, is all. If I had a possession so rare and precious, I'd porter it myself!

OLD SAILOR. A shrewd lad, haha. Ah truths be told, this here trunk is right near impossible to open without the key, so I'll be reservin' me paranoia for other matters. *(Looks toward the sea, uneasy, then back to Jim.)* Do appreciate your service, lad. Me old back ain't what it used to be. And I haven't got the proper insurances anymore, what with the Whig Party comin' into power. Buncha blowholes. This colony has gone to hell in a land casket. Why, I remember when I was a lad of your age, life was tough! We didn't have these new-fangled steam engines and spinnin' jennies and what-have-ya. We worked our fingers 'til they were nothin' but knuckle nubs, see?! I can't even pick me own nose anymore. Not with *this* hand anyway. Now, with me *pickin'* hand, I can get to all sorts of nooks and crannies—

JIM. Alright, Mum, this guy's a crackpot.

RUTH. Jim!

OLD SAILOR. Did you just say BLACK SPOT?!

RUTH. No.

JIM. What's a black spot?

RUTH. Don't be nosy!

OLD SAILOR. Oh, it's the curse of all curses, lad. The inkblot of doom! The French kiss of death! Any pirate who gazes—

JIM. Pirate?!!

OLD SAILOR. Er, I mean, any law-abidin' seaman that's handed the black spot loses all life in an instant.

JIM. Coooooool!

OLD SAILOR. Cool? Cool?! They're after me, I tell ya!

JIM. Who? Pirates?

RUTH. Jim, mind your own!

OLD SAILOR. I've got enemies in all seven seas. Done deeds would make an undertaker blush. O, I ain't lived a good life. And what's worse, I'm too old to repent about it now. And what's worser still, I don't even *want* to repent. Truth be told, alls I want is a slab of bacon, a bottle of rum, and to be left ALONE!

RUTH. Well, the bacon and rum will cost you extra, but we can leave ya alone for free, Mr. …what was your name again?

OLD SAILOR. *(Thinks a second, then.)* Ya can just call me "Captain."

RUTH. Aye, Captain, how long has it been since you hoisted your mainsail?

JIM. Mum, gross!

RUTH. Tut! Make yourself useful and clean the stable like I been tellin' ya, Jim. Now!

JIM. Yes, Mum.

Jim starts to huff off.

Do you really know any pirates, Captain? Me father knew—

RUTH. Jim! That's enough now! Now ye heard the man wanted his privacy and his bacon! So you'll be givin' him the privacy whiles I prepare the pork!

JIM. But he said—

RUTH. That's enough! Do as I say and clean the stable! That donkey don't clean after herself.

JIM. I was just tryin' to make—

RUTH. I will count to ten.

JIM. FINE! *(Muttering as he exits.)* Dumb stable. Dumb donkey.

RUTH. Sorry about him. Ever since his father… Well, things have been difficult.

OLD SAILOR. Ah, missus. I understand completely. Important for a young fella to have a strong role model. Me own father died of the cannon fire when I was a lad. Is why I had to work so young.

RUTH. I'm so sorry. He was in the Royal Navy?

OLD SAILOR. No. Royal Circus. They shot him out of a cannon and he never came back.

He wipes a tear away with his knuckle nub.

RUTH. *(Backing out of the room.)* My goodness.

OLD SAILOR. Well say, missus, yer lookin' a bit familiar. Have we met—

Jim abruptly reenters.

JIM. You got a visitor, Captain!

OLD SAILOR. Whaat?!

In walks Margaret Pew, a tough, old pirate broad who has sailed the seven seas more than twice. That's fourteen seas! She has an eye patch over one eye and an ancient parrot upon her shoulder. She also has a nasty, wet cough and an old walking stick.

RUTH. We'll be right back with your bacon and rum, Cap'n.

She and Jim exit, leaving Margaret Pew and the Old Sailor alone.

OLD SAILOR. Margaret Pew, what an unpleasant surprise.

MARGARET PEW. Now, is that any way to greet an old friend?

OLD SAILOR. Ah, you're right. How's this: Margaret Pew, you old, scabby sea bass! Ya look worse for wear than that plague-ridden grackle upon your rottin' old humph of a shoulder!

MARGARET PEW. So good to see ya again…Nathan.

OLD SAILOR. Wish I could say the same. How did you find me?

MARGARET PEW. That rude boy downstairs showed me in.

OLD SAILOR. No, I mean…how did you *find* me.

MARGARET PEW. Followed the stench of traitor, didn't take long.

OLD SAILOR. I just bathed last week!

MARGARET PEW. Well I think you might have missed a…spot.

She begins slowly stalking him, coughing.

OLD SAILOR. *(Stammering.)* Now, now, Margaret Pew, are ya still angry ya fell into Wheelers Bay on your maiden voyage all those years ago?

MARGARET PEW. Fell in?! I was shoved! By you! You left me for drowned whilst the minnows pecked away at me eye!

OLD SAILOR. 'Twere your own fault!

MARGARET PEW. My fault?!

OLD SAILOR. For refusin' a dance with me.

MARGARET PEW. Why would I ever dance with you, ya grog-headed, festerin' pus bag?!

OLD SAILOR. Because I had more rhythm than Burly Bill and Timothy-Ten-Toes combined, ya wench!!

She raises her walking stick to strike him.

MARGARET PEW. "Wench," is it?!

OLD SAILOR. —And because…I loved you!

She lowers the walking stick.

MARGARET PEW. What did you say?

OLD SAILOR. Said I had more rhythm than Burly—

MARGARET PEW. No, the other thing.

OLD SAILOR. I…loved you.

A moment, then:

MARGARET PEW. Oh, vomit. Enough reminiscin', business before treasure!

OLD SAILOR. Ain't ya goin' to admit you loved me, too?

MARGARET PEW. I didn't sail all this way for…whatever this is you're thinkin'.

She wet coughs into a white handkerchief. It's gross.

OLD SAILOR. You might want to get that checked out.

MARGARET PEW. Oh, I'll survive. I can't say the same for you.

She hands him the handkerchief, cackling a bit with phlegmy laughter.

It really was swell seein' you, No-Good-Nathan. Say hi to your crew for me.

OLD SAILOR. My crew ain't been alive for nigh on thirteen years, you know that.

MARGARET PEW. I do. *(Points to her eye patch.)* I just winked at ya. Muah hahaha.

She blows him a gross kiss and exits with the tap-tap-tapping of her cane.

OLD SAILOR. Argh! I never loved ya anyway, ya old, crabby sea hag! May you stub your pinky toe on the metal bit of the bed frame that sticks out and DIE!

He looks down at the handkerchief and opens it to reveal… the black spot.

Oh. No. The black spot. No. But there's so much I never got to do. Climb Mount Everest. Eat a penguin. Live forever. NOOOOOOO—

He's dead. Pause. Ruth enters with a plate of bacon and a bottle of rum.

RUTH. …I forgot to mention, if ya have any problems waking in the mornings, we do offer rooster service, but it'll cost extra. Captain? Captain?

She checks his pulse.

Playin' dead won't work round here, Cap'n! Ain't the first time I've had a sailor stage his own death to get out of payin' a bill.

She dumps the rum bottle on him.

Up ya go, possum.

Nothing.

Very well then.

She kneels down over him and slaps him several times. Nothing!

A stubborn one, eh? Jim! Jim, come up here quick and bring a mirror!

JIM. *(From off.)* A mirror? What for?

RUTH. To check his breath!

Jim enters with a mirror.

JIM. It stinks!!

Jim sees the sight of the dead sailor.

Mum!

She grabs the mirror and checks for his breath. Nothing.

RUTH. Dead.

JIM. You killed him?!

RUTH. He was dead when I came in! That crusty old woman probably did him in.

JIM. How??

RUTH. Jim, I'm an innkeeper, not a coroner.

She starts to dig in the sailor's pockets.

The stingy skinflint still owes us a night's pay.

JIM. What are you doing?!

RUTH. Dead or alive, a bill's a bill, Jim! It's not stealing, just collecting what's due. Now open up that trunk.

JIM. I don't have the key.

RUTH. Search him.

JIM. I'd rather not. He starting to smell.

RUTH. He smelled the very same when he first walked in! Now hop to it!

They root around, both a bit grossed out.

Look under the ascot! He kept grabbin' at it!

JIM. The what?

RUTH. His neck rag!

Jim's eyes light up.

JIM. I feel something! The key! It's tied to a necklace.

RUTH. Pull it off!

JIM. *(Yanking his hand away.)* Ew ew ew! Nope.

RUTH. What?

JIM. It's tied to his chest hair!

He gags a bit. Ruth, ever the old tough, sticks her hand down the sailor's shirt. The sound of velcro is heard as she pulls out the key.

RUTH. Open it up, Jim, let's see what the old penny-pincher is hoarding.

Jim begins to unlock the trunk.

I'm guessing gold! Or silver! Or ambergris! Oh Jim, this could be our lucky day.

JIM. It's a blowfish.

RUTH. A what??

Jim begins producing the collection of oddities, including a taxidermied blowfish.

JIM. A blowfish. A bit of rope. A sack…

RUTH. Of gold?!?!

JIM. Of teeth.

Jim pulls out an eighteenth-century magazine of some sort.

A publication of some sort. *Sultry Sea Lasses of the Seven—*

RUTH. *(Snatching away the magazine.)* That's all you need to see of that. Outta my way. *(Digging through more.)* A compass, playing cards…

Jim pulls out a rope with some sort of latch attached.

JIM. What's this?

RUTH. A dongle.

JIM. Ew, Mum!

RUTH. 'S what it's called! Ooooh a silver bracelet! *(Bites it.)* Agh, tin! A pipe. Chip log. Tobacco. Land's sake! Ain't three shillings worth of junk in this ole trunk!

As she steps away, Jim picks something up.

JIM. What about this?

RUTH. Leave that be, Jim, nothing but a soiled hanky.

Jim unfolds the tea-stained cloth to quite a large size.

JIM. No. It's a map.

RUTH. A map?

JIM. Of an island. "Skull Island." Near "Jam-EYE-kah." Sounds foreign.

RUTH. Jamaica? That's in the Caribbean, clear across the globe!

JIM. What do you think this X means?

RUTH. Give it here! *(Examines the map.)* Man alive, Jim, do you know what that is?

JIM. Mum, don't say "man alive" in front of him. It's offensive.

RUTH. It's a treasure map, Jim! Oh my sweet son, this is the answer to our prayers!

JIM. A treasure map?! Well, what's the treasure?

RUTH. Only one way to find out. Check his arm!

JIM. For what?

RUTH. A marking of some sort, a tattoo.

JIM. But he's all sticky.

RUTH. Oh, move aside! *(Rolls up the sailor's sleeve.)* Look, Jim. The double-finned mermaid. I knew it!

JIM. Knew what?

RUTH. This was no sailor, Jim. This man was a pirate.

JIM. A pirate?! Maybe Father knew him!

RUTH. Hush now! And the double-finned mermaid means he was not just any pirate, but a member of Captain Flint's crew.

JIM. Who's Captain Flint?

RUTH. Only *the Most Dreaded Pirate Ever Known the World Over*!

JIM. Did Father know him??

RUTH. Perhaps. Jim, this is a map to Flint's treasure. The X marks the spot where it's buried.

JIM. Why do they bury the treasure? Why not buy stuff? You know, stuff they like?

RUTH. It's a pirate thing.

JIM. How do you know so much about pirates?

RUTH. I've read about 'em plenty, now hush! No wonder the old tightwad was so paranoid. A treasure map like this can get ya killed, sure.

Jim looks at her curiously.

JIM. But I thought pirates all had peg legs and parrots!

RUTH. Oh don't be so cliché.

Suddenly, from outside the inn, the sound of a parrot.

PARROT. Sqwaaaawk! This way to the map!

They freeze in terror.

RUTH. Jim. That haggard old woman. Did she say anything when she left?

JIM. She said she'd be returning soon enough. Soon enough indeed. And then she laughed like this: *(Muah ha ha.)* And then she coughed like this: *(Huak huak huak.)*

MARGARET PEW. *(Offstage.)* The trunk's in the room upstairs! *(Huak huak.)*

RUTH. Jim, we're in danger. Give me the map and hide, or they'll kill us both!

MARGARET PEW. *(Offstage.)* Break down the door if ye have to.

Jim and Ruth rush about hiding themselves. Just as they are out of sight, Margaret Pew and a fearsome crew of lady pirates storm into the room. Margaret Pew sniffs the air.

He's dead.

She pries the black-spot rag from the Old Sailor's hand. She looks at it.

Never fails.

She drops the rag.

Find the map!

The pirates begin rooting around the space, looking everywhere.

OXANA PIRANHA. This trunk's been opened.

MARGARET PEW. Find it!!

URSULA. Ow!!!

MARGARET PEW. What?!

URSULA. Poked meself on a blowfish.

MARGARET PEW. Well, be careful, you cack-handed klutz!

OXANA PIRANHA. It ain't here, Cap'n. Someone's thieved it up already.

MARGARET PEW. That frumpy innkeeper and her boorish son!

STABBIN' JUDY. Let's stab 'em both and question the corpses!

MARGARET PEW. I love the enthusiasm, Stabbin' Judy. But that may not be the best course of action. Why don't you stab *first* and ask questions *while* they're dyin'?

STABBIN' JUDY. …That's why you're the cap'n, Cap'n.

MERCY McFOUL. *(Entering.)* No sign of 'em, Captain. But there's an old donkey in the stable what let loose the biggest pile of dung I ever seen. Oh, look, a sack of teeth!

MARGARET PEW. Find them! They know where the treasure be!

URSULA. *(Pulling the dirty magazine from the trunk.)* They won't get far without this map!

MARGARET PEW. *(Striking Ursula.)* That's not a treasure map! That's a *Jolly Roger* magazine!

URSULA. Ow.

MARGARET PEW. You stupid, illiterate swine!

GENTLE MARY. No need for the name-callin', Cap'n. She's doin' her best.

MARGARET PEW. I can smell them. They're not far.

URSULA. *(Referring to the Old Sailor.)* Alls I smell is him.

OXANA PIRANHA. Like a bottle of old tuna.

MERCY McFOUL. Now, as I were sayin', this old donkey-dung pile was so big—

STABBIN' JUDY. How big was it?!

MERCY McFOUL. It was so big—

MARGARET PEW. Shut up! I'd bet me old life that snivelin' lad stole the map and his mum's protectin' him. Seek 'em out. Take the map, then gut them both like seals.

GENTLE MARY. Not the seals!

MARGARET PEW. No, Gentle Mary! Gut the mother and son! LIKE seals.

GENTLE MARY. Oh good, yes, *like* seals. I *do* like seals. Tiny ears and big noses, and such.

MARGARET PEW. Ah, Mary, you may be too gentle for your own good. Scour the radius!

OXANA PIRANHA. And what of the inn?

MARGARET PEW. Leave 'em a review. Then burn it to the ground!

PEW'S CREW. Oooooh. / Good Idea. / Burn it all. / We'll need matches. / Me matches are wet.

MARGARET PEW. Let's take to the streets!

The band of pirates clears out, moving through the audience in search of Jim and Ruth. Jim and Ruth come out of hiding.

RUTH. Jim. Go to your father's old bureau. Look for any clothes what might fit us both. Something manly. Something rugged. Something what says "disgruntled sailors."

JIM. For what?

RUTH. For what do you think, Jim? We're gonna disguise ourselves, board the next vessel bound for Carribean waters, and once we're spitting distance from Jamaica, jump ship and make for Skull Island!

JIM. But you don't know the first thing about sea travel. You never leave the inn!

RUTH. Jim, you've got to trust me.

JIM. Did you hear them? They's real pirates! They're gonna burn down the inn! Let's just hand over the map!

RUTH. Hand over the greatest treasure ever known to mankind? No, lad! We're gonna find that treasure for ourselves, come hell or high water.

JIM. …Or fire?!

RUTH. What?

JIM. Look!

Smoke billows in from below.

RUTH. Quick, Jim, the disguises!

JIM. But what about the inn??

Jim runs offstage and returns over the next lines with a sack of clothes.

RUTH. Let it burn! This is divine providence, Jim! Our first customer in months is carrying our ticket to riches. We're gettin' out of the inn business!

JIM. But how will we know how to—?

RUTH. Jim. Ya gotta trust me. You must always trust yer mother. Do you trust me, Jim?

JIM. Yes, Mum.

Ruth removes the tricorne hat from the dead Old Sailor.

RUTH. From this moment on… *(Places the cap upon her head.)* It's Captain Mum to ye!

2. The Pier

[MUSIC: "Bloody Bloody Bonny"]

Long John Silver sits on a crate, slicing apples. Other sailors work around him, loading up for a journey. Ruth and Jim enter, now disguised as sailors. Jim fidgets with his disguise.

RUTH. Now remember, Jim: We're two sailor brothers come up on hard times when our cinnamon ship was capsized in a horrible storm off the English coast. We're hard up and lookin' for work on any vessel bound for the West Indies.

JIM. Cinnamon ship, storm, West Indies. Got it. Shall I use an accent? "Crikey—"

RUTH. No, best let me do the talking. If anyone asks, we hate the Dutch and love French women. Otherwise we keep our heads down and work. Don't want to make waves.

JIM. But the ocean—

RUTH. Shut it—

LONG JOHN SILVER. Ahoy, mateys. Be ye lost?

RUTH. Nay! **JIM.** Aye!—I mean Nay! I mean…Argh!

Ruth shakes her head.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Well perhaps this old sea dog can help ye. Be ye sailors or landlubber?

RUTH. Sailors we are. And lookin' for work.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Where be your crew?

RUTH. Dead.

JIM. They all died in a Dutch storm we hated while searchin' for French women!!

RUTH. What he means is—

LONG JOHN SILVER. Ah, I plundered many a Dutch galleon and French brothel meself, heh heh.

RUTH. What ship be this?

LONG JOHN SILVER. *The Hispaniola*. Though she be but small, she be swift.

JIM. Are you captain?

LONG JOHN SILVER. Haha! With this bum leg here? No. A simple cook I am. Apple?

JIM. Sure!

Long John Silver gets up, hobbles toward Jim, an apple slice speared onto his knife.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Stave off the gout.

JIM. What happened to your leg?

RUTH. That's impolite!

LONG JOHN SILVER. Haha! Polite sailors! Now that's somethin' of an oxymoron.

JIM. Am not!

RUTH. Sorry, sir, he's—

LONG JOHN SILVER. Ah, it's no matter. 'Twas but many years ago when I last was boulevardin' on me own two gams. In the fairest part of London Town was I—shoppin' for a ladies' brassiere large enough that I might hoist it up and use it as a mainsail. Low and behold, some fancy lad from fancy-lad school figures himself a master tinker and in the finest London lingerie store (Antoinette's Antoinighties, of course), he installs a kind of revolvin' door at the storefront. In go I—as fully put together as I was when me mother pushed me into the world. But on the way out, a buxomy tiger of a woman (probably shoppin' the same as I) gets to rushin' her way in. Me slower leg couldn't manage the intricacies of the foolish butcher door, and as quick as a haddock, it's cut clean off, and continued to spin in the evil mechanism.

JIM. Cool.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Now Antoinette, bein' a seamstress of course, offered to sew it back on, which I accepted. But it didn't quite work the same as before. The whole thing from the knee down plain died and turned to gray mush. But the toenails kept growin', funny enough. Care to see?

RUTH. No thank you! **JIM.** Sure!!

Long John Silver laughs and restrains from the display.

LONG JOHN SILVER. What's your name, lad?

RUTH. He's Jack. And I'm…Rolf.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Germans?

Jim looks to Ruth.

RUTH. Only on our mother's side.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Aye. Good. Can never trust a full German. Allow me to introduce meself. The name is Silver. John Silver. But many aboard here call me "Long John."

JIM. Why the nickname?

LONG JOHN SILVER. It's a long story.

RUTH. Is that a joke?

Long John Silver hangs his head in shame.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Aye.

RUTH. Where be *The Hispaniola* bound, Mr. Silver?

LONG JOHN SILVER. Port Royal, Jamaica. This very night at high tide, we set sail. Deliverin' tea.

RUTH. Port Royal be a town of ill repute. Pirate town.

LONG JOHN SILVER. You've been?

RUTH. I've heard.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Well, pirates need their tea the same as respectable men.

JIM. Are you a pirate?

LONG JOHN SILVER. Ha!

RUTH. Ji—Jack!

LONG JOHN SILVER. No! There be no pirates here. Privateers we are. Simple deliveries be our trade. And if we happen to spy some Dutch pottery or Portuguese treasure, we only take it in the name of His Majesty. He's signed us a letter.

RUTH. Lookin' for any more privateers to join? We're in need of work and are well skilled.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Are ye now? Know ye how to tie a reef knot?

RUTH and JIM. Aye.

LONG JOHN SILVER. A clove hitch?

RUTH and JIM. Aye.

LONG JOHN SILVER. A bandicoot backslide bob?

JIM. Aye.

RUTH. Nay.

JIM. Nay!

LONG JOHN SILVER. Good! I made that one up. 'Twere a test. I like the cut of yer jibs. Too bad this here crew be fully manned.

RUTH. Damn.*

LONG JOHN SILVER. Ah! The mouth of a true sailor!

RUTH. Mr. Silver, but if there's anyway we could be of use—

As they plead, two sailors come storming down the gangplank.

FAT PHILLIP. Not a minute further!

SLENDER BRAD. Aye!

FAT PHILLIP. And not until we receive our rightful pay!

SLENDER BRAD. Two shillings a week ain't enough to live on, I tells ya! Long John!

LONG JOHN SILVER. What be this scuttle?

FAT PHILLIP. We're tired of workin' months on end for peanuts!

Fat Phillip tosses out several peanut shells from his pocket.

SLENDER BRAD. Yeah, I'm allergic!

FAT PHILLIP. And we're tired of providin' our own beddin'!

SLENDER BRAD. And medical supplies!

FAT PHILLIP. And gunpowder!

LONG JOHN SILVER. Take it up with SMOLLETT ye lads!

SLENDER BRAD. That's just what we intend to do!

FAT PHILLIP. Long John, ye ought to join us! And them fellas too!

Captain Smollett emerges.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. Join ye in what exactly?

* Alternate line: Rats!

Slender Brad and Fat Phillip turn to face Captain Smollett, quaking slightly.

SLENDER BRAD. A union, Captain Smollett.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. A union?

FAT PHILLIP. Aye! A union of privateers to be paid decent wages!

SLENDER BRAD. And provided decent workin' conditions aboard this ship!

FAT PHILLIP. We're on strike! And not privateerin' a minute further 'til we gets our due.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. I see. This will require some careful negotiation. Elephant?

A giant, grisly-looking sailor with an eye patch emerges.

ELEPHANT SMALL. Aye, Captain?

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. Negotiate with our new "Union."

ELEPHANT SMALL. Aye.

He walks up to Fat Phillip and Slender Brad. He indicates to Brad.

Stand there.

Slender Brad steps directly in front of Fat Phillip as told. Elephant Small calmly takes out a musket and fires a single shot through the both of them. They fall down, dead.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. Smart to put the slender fella in front. Saves on musket balls.

ELEPHANT SMALL. Aye. Thrifty.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. Fat Phillip, Slender Brad: Ye drive a hard bargain. But 'fraid I'll have to decline.

ELEPHANT SMALL. Do I rip their arms off now, Captain?

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. That won't be necessary, Mr. Elephant. Silver!

LONG JOHN SILVER. Aye, Captain?

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. Scour the docks and find me two more dedicated deckhands. Mr. Small, salvage the weapons, collect the peanuts, and dump the bodies in the bay.

ELEPHANT SMALL. Aye, Aye.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. We sail at sundown!

JIM. *(To Ruth.)* They seem nice.

RUTH. I told you to let me do the talking.

JIM. I was just trying to be helpful.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Jack. Rolf. It seems today that the sea gods be whisperin' in yer favor. *(Removing his cap ceremoniously.)* Welcome aboard *The Hispaniola*.

3. The Ship

[MUSIC: "Bonnie Bonnie Johnny"]

On board The Hispaniola. *A major tempest is underway, but the pirates are enjoying themselves nonetheless. Nothing to do but ride out the storm. On board is Long John Silver, Captain Smollett, Steed Bonnet (the gentleman pirate), and Rider Onasis (the mapmaker). Hamhock Hannigan (the weapons expert) has a large jug of rum and is attempting to fill the mug of Elephant Small (the muscle). Each time he is about to fill the glass, the boat sways, throwing the entire crew to the other side of the stage. "Jack" and "Rolf" are also aboard, though Jack is looking a bit queasy.*

ELEPHANT SMALL. Don't spill any!!

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN. I'm tryin', I'm tryin', I'm tryin'!!

SMOLLETT'S CREW. Whooooooooaaaaaaa!!!

They all sway back to the other side of the boat and crash-land all over each other. The pirates laugh.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. This lad's lookin' a bit green!

JIM. It's nothing. I'm just not feeling too— *(Gags a little but stops himself.)*

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. I've got just the cure! More rum for the new mates!!

JIM. Oh god.

RUTH. No thankee! We don't drink.

A pause. Then uproarious laughter as Long John Silver tops them off.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. A sense of humor, I sees. I like a man who can laugh in the face a death!

JIM. Death?

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. Like your fella Silver there who came head-to-head with Captain Edward Flint.

JIM. The most dreaded pirate known the world over?

LONG JOHN SILVER. 'Tis true I were spittin' distance to Flint. And I've stared down Blackbeard. And Calico Jack. And I once dragged Captain Morgan to his carriage after a few too many.

STEED BONNET. You'd think names were anchors the way you're dropping them.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Flint was a most dastardly demon.

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN. They say his buried treasure be worth near a million pound.

STEED BONNET. If it even exists.

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN. They say his crew buried it on some island off the coast of Jamaica.

Jim looks at Ruth with wide eyes and a dropped jaw. She covers his mouth.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. But no man knows for certain which it is.

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN. They say once his crew buried it, Flint slaughtered the whole lot of 'em.

STEED BONNET. Aye. And before the Royal Navy hung him up in the gibbet, he burned the only map leading to the treasure.

RIDER ONASIS. …That's not necessarily so.

Pirates gasp! They look over at Rider Onasis as his old, craggy brow peers over the atlas he's been studying until now.

Flint's crew had one sole survivor. Nathaniel Low.

SMOLLETT'S CREW. Oooooh.

RIDER ONASIS. Flint left him for dead on the island. Nathaniel Low gone nearly mad tryin' to escape. Finally fashioned himself a coconut canoe and set out to sea. 'Tweren't long 'fore he got snagged in the net of a Dutch tradin' ship.

SMOLLETT'S CREW. Ahh the Dutch! / I do hate the Dutch! / Look at me! I'm a Dutchy! *(Etc.)*

RIDER ONASIS. None of the Dutch blokes on board spoke a lick o' English and none knew the meanin' of Low's starbuck tattoo. They assumed him mad and tossed him into an asylum in Bristol. But while on board, they say he redrew a map fresh from memory. Where that map is, only he can say.

ELEPHANT SMALL. So what happened to this Nathaniel Low?

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN. Did he escape?

ELEPHANT SMALL. And what of the Dutch? Did they die?

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN. Why didn't he return for the treasure?

STEED BONNET. Sounds like a lunatic to me.

Agreement. Agreement!

RIDER ONASIS. Low escaped the asylum alright. But return for the treasure, he wouldn't dare. Too afeared.

ELEPHANT SMALL. Because of the Dutch??!

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. Shut up!!

RIDER ONASIS. Flint dealt in black magic and placed a curse on the island so's that the treasure would be guarded…by the dead skeletons of his slaughtered crew!

A giant clap of thunder scares the rum out of everyone. Elephant Small screams.

Were ye screamin' at me story or were ye screamin' at the thunder?!

SMOLLETT'S CREW. The thunder. / The weather surprised me. / I thought the storm had passed. *(Etc.)*

ELEPHANT SMALL. I was screamin' at the story.

STEED BONNET. Storybook foolishness! A skeleton crew!

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN. Yea! Ain't no such thing as skeletons!

A big ruckus. Another fight nearly breaks out.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. ENOUGH! Rider Onasis, where's ye hear of such things?

RIDER ONASIS. Oh…just around, 'tis all.

Various grumblings. "Oh." / "Well then." / "In that case." Etc.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. Well, there ye go! 'Tis verified!

ELEPHANT SMALL. I hear Flint picked an island be surrounded by piranhas.

LONG JOHN SILVER. And sharks.

RIDER ONASIS. And kraken!

GASP.

SMOLLETT'S CREW. Kraken?! / Really? / How big? / It can't be!

JIM. What's a kraken?

Thunder in the distance.

RIDER ONASIS. The thunder is a kraken.

Pause. The pirates burst into great laughter. Elephant Small doesn't get it and stares up.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. Ye ought to know the monsters of the deep by now! Jack. What be your age?

JIM. *(Thinks. Then.)* Thirty-seven.

Huh???

Gout. Stunted me growth.

SMOLLETT'S CREW. Ah. / Very well. / Should've eaten more apples. / Makes sense. *(Etc.)*

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN. They say a kraken took down the last ship went searchin' for the treasure. *The Mermaid's Revenge*.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. What's he be the captain?

RIDER ONASIS. A SHE! Margaret Pew. *The Mermaid's Revenge* be a ship of all lady pirates.

A moment. Then all the men burst out in laughter, save Ruth.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. That was a good one!

ELEPHANT SMALL. An all-lady pirate crew!

STEED BONNET. I nearly spat my tea.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. Killed by kraken they couldn't have been. Probably died of a slumber party!

More manly laughter.

STEED BONNET. *(Wiping a tear of laughter away.)* Ah, how patently absurd.

RUTH. 'Tisn't not!

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. What say ye, Rolf?

RUTH. It is NOT absurd. A lady-pirate crew. Why is that absurd?

ELEPHANT SMALL. Well, let's count the ways. One: They be lasses. Two: They be women!

RUTH. Have ye no knowledge of Anne Bonny? Or Mary Read?

STEED BONNET. They be *anomalies*!

ELEPHANT SMALL. Yeah, they be a…Mona Lisas.

RUTH. There be dozens, nay, *hundreds* of female pirates aboard every ship in the sea. But most be disguised. And the fools aboard be too drunk and stupid to even notice.

JIM. Rolf! *(To the others.)* He's joking!

RUTH. I seen the all-lady crew of Pew with me own eyes. They be real! And I can—

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. Avast!

There is a silence as Captain Smollett walks closer to Ruth.

Ye've laid eyes on them, ya say?

RUTH. *(Quaking a bit. She's in deep.)* Aye…from a distance.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. Aboard what ship?

RUTH. Huh?

Captain Smollett pulls out his cutlass and points it toward Ruth's throat.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. Aboard what ship did ye encounter 'em?

RUTH. The, uh…*The Mermaid's. Revenge*.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. Not their ship. Yours. What's the last ship ye and your seasickly brother Jack sailed with.

RUTH. Oh. Yes. Um. Well, it was the uh, *The Rolling*…

JIM. *Marmoset*.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. *The Rolling Marmoset*?

RUTH. Aye.

A tense moment. Then—

ELEPHANT SMALL. *I* served aboard *The Rolling Marmoset*! Ye don't look familiar to me.

RUTH. Oh! I mean… Sorry. Yes, I was confused! I meant…

JIM. *The Freaky…*

RUTH. *Seagull!*

This placates the men for a moment. Then…

RIDER ONASIS. I served aboard *The Freaky Seagull*. And I don't recall the likes of ye.

The men begin surrounding Jack and Ruth.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Well I was a cook for both *The Rolling Marmoset* AND *The Freaky Seagull* and I recollect both these fellas clear as day!

SMOLLETT'S CREW. Oooooh!

LONG JOHN SILVER. *(To Elephant Small and Rider Onasis.)* And as for ye two hush puppies, ye lot spent the whole voyage drunk as school teachers!

SMOLLETT'S CREW. Aaaargh!

Suddenly, a great clap of thunder sounds as the ship sways massively, sending all bowling over.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Alright! All ye's get to yer quarters! There's not to do but ride out the storm tonight.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. Aye, we've a long day ahead. What with the six more months of sailin' and all.

The sailors grumble complacently and gather their stuff to move below deck. When all but Long John Silver have gone, Ruth approaches Long John Silver, who is cleaning up the mess.

RUTH. Thankee Mr. Silver. Sorry for losin' me temper. Can't say we deserve your kindness, but 'tis well appreciated.

JACK. Yea. *(Gags.)* Thanks.

RUTH. Alright, Jack, let's get ye to bed.

They turn to follow the others.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Not so fast.

He pulls a rusty spatula off from his belt and puts it to Ruth's throat.

You weren't bein' truthful with me on the dock, were ya?

Ruth and Jim look to each other.

Oh, it's alright, I've talked me own way aboard many a vessel. But

just so I know exactly WHO I'm coverin' for, let's lay it all out on the table. What is it ye fellas 're hidin'?

RUTH. Honest work is all we're seekin'. Nothing more.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Nows there be two things this old cook can't abide: Onions is the first. Liars is the second. Now, I've already dumped the lot of onions overboard. So unless ye be wishin' to join 'em, you'll be tellin' me the truth.

As Long John Silver says the last line, he slides up a large knife against Jim's chest.

RUTH. We have a map!

JIM. Rolf!

LONG JOHN SILVER. To where?

RUTH. Captain Flint's treasure. I *think* it's to Flint's treasure!

LONG JOHN SILVER. Bologna!

JIM. It's true.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Show it.

RUTH. We can't. It's, it's—

LONG JOHN SILVER. Show it now or over with the onions ye go.

Jim pulls the map out from his shirt.

Argh, it be all covered in sweat.

JIM. It's very humid.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Open it.

Jim obliges. Silver pulls out an eyeglass and examines, groaning a lot.

Pssh, a fine forgery. I weren't born yesterday.

RUTH. It's not a fake.

LONG JOHN SILVER. And why should I believe ye?

JIM. Because we stole it off a dead man.

RUTH. Jack!

LONG JOHN SILVER. …A dead man, ya say? Now here's a tale…

JIM. The one-eyed woman called him No-Good Nathan.

LONG JOHN SILVER. The one-eyed woman?

RUTH. She had a humph and she smelled like old shrimp!

Jim finally hurls.

LONG JOHN SILVER. The dead man. How did he die?

RUTH. I can't say *how* he died. But when we found him, alls he had gripped in his hand was an old handkerchief. With a black spot.

LONG JOHN SILVER. The black spot…

A laugh grows in his belly as he puts the pieces together. He does a small jig on his dead leg.

Don't ya see, Nathaniel Low and No-Good Nathan be one and the same!

JIM. *(Returning wearily.)* What'd I miss?

LONG JOHN SILVER. Have ye fools any idea how many men would kill ya if they knew ye had this?

JIM. Ladies too.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Huh?

RUTH. So I suppose you'll be takin' the map for yourself and tossin' us overboard?

LONG JOHN SILVER. An old cook with a dead leg won't manage such a hunt alone. And treasure huntin's a team sport haha. I can help ya find it! 'Tis more than enough buried treasure to share three ways and live like kings the rest of our days.

RUTH. Three share?

LONG JOHN SILVER. Aye.

RUTH. So you won't tell the others?

LONG JOHN SILVER. Ye must be daft. Tea delivery be but a respectable front for this lot. Privateers they be in name only. No, this ship be full of pirates.

Another thunderclap.

RUTH and JIM. Pirates?

LONG JOHN SILVER. And you can never trust a pirate. Remember that. Now, to shows I'm honest, I'll return it to ya. You fellas best keep it well hidden and keep yer heads down. And I promise to be your protector on board.

JIM. Thankee, Mr. Silver!

LONG JOHN SILVER. But ye mustn't let a word of this contract escape the bounds of this sacred circle.

JIM. It's more of a triangle.

RUTH. Jack!

JIM. I mean, we promise! I mean, *do* we promise?!

RUTH. Aye, Long John. We promise.

LONG JOHN SILVER. A blood oath we make.

He cuts his own hand. Ruth and Jim reluctantly offer theirs.

JIM. Is this sanitary?

LONG JOHN SILVER. It's necessary!

He shakes hands with both of them.

Good. Now, get some rest because tomorrow we begin yer trainin'.

JIM. For what?

LONG JOHN SILVER. I can tell by the feel of yer soft hands that ye's aren't true seafarin' men. But if ye wish to survive this journey long enough to even sniff the salty coast of Skull Island, you'll need to learn the ways of the sea. And I am a true seaman.

JIM. Gross!

RUTH. JACK!

4. The Sea

[MUSIC: "Become a Seaman"]

A 1980s-style ballad/shanty with the following lyrics is played as Jim and Ruth train with Long John Silver and the sailors. Sailors walk across the space, à la boxing-round girls, with large cards denoting the tasks being learned (arm wrestlin', bird callin', achor liftin', deck swabbin', cannon firin', rum drinkin', etc.) as well as the time passing (two months, four months, six months, etc.).*

ROCK GOD.

NO ONE GETS TO TELL YOU WHAT YOU'VE SEEN, MAN.
NO ONE KNOWS WHAT IT'S LIKE TO FEEL SO FREE.
A COUNTRY SHOULDN'T HAVE A KING OR QUEEN, MAN.
SO LEAVE IT ALL BEHIND AND FOLLOW ME.
EVERY NIGHT YOU WONDERED WHEN THE FEELIN' OF LONGIN' WOULD GO AWAY.
YOU'D FALL UPON YOUR KNEES, CLASP YOUR HANDS, LOOK UP AND PRAY.
DREAMIN' OF THE FRESH BRISK OCEAN SPRAY.

DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO LIVE UPON THE SEA, MAN.
CAN YOU RIDE WITH THE WAVES AND THE WHALES AND DOLPHINS TOO.
LEAVE THE LAND AND THE HORSE, WE'LL LET THE WIND SET THE COURSE!
LIVE THE DREAM, MAN. BECOME A SEAMAN.

YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO FIND SOME SELF-ESTEEM, MAN.
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO BE STRONG: LIFT UP THAT CHIN.
BECAUSE TONIGHT YOU'RE GONNA DRINK ALL OF THE CREAM, MAN.

* Music is available to license through Concord, but you may also use a public-domain sea shanty or original composition for this song.

TONIGHT, WE AIN'T GONNA LOSE, WE'RE ALL GONNA WIN.
EVERY NIGHT YOU WISHED TO WAKE UP TO A BRAND-NEW SHINY DAY.
WHERE THE LAWS OF GOD AND MAN DON'T APPLY IN ANY WAY.
CUT THE CHAINS AND WE'LL ESCAPE FROM THE FRAY.
DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO LIVE UPON THE SEA, MAN.
CAN YOU RIDE WITH THE WAVES AND THE WHALES AND DOLPHINS TOO.
LEAVE THE LAND AND THE HORSE, WE'LL LET THE WIND SET THE COURSE!
LIVE THE DREAM, MAN. BECOME A SEAMAN.
FREE. WE'RE GONNA BE FREE.
FREE TO BE ALL OF YOU AND FREE TO BE ALL OF ME.
WE'LL WEAR PINK SHOES AND STEAL GOD'S BOOZE TO SPITE THE BOURGEOISIE.
DO YOU HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO LIVE UPON THE SEA, MAN.
CAN YOU RIDE WITH THE WAVES AND THE WHALES AND DOLPHINS TOO.
LEAVE THE LAND AND THE HORSE, WE'LL LET THE WIND SET THE COURSE!
LIVE THE DREAM, MAN. BECOME A SEAMAN. LIVE THE DREAM, MAN.
BECOME A SEAMAN. LIVE THE DREAM. MAN.
BECOME A SEAAAAMAAAAANNNN.

Finally, when the training is complete…

5. The Attack

RIDER ONASIS. *(Peering through a spyglass.)* LAND, HO!!!!!!

The sailors cheer, each grabbing for the spyglass to see for themselves.

SMOLLETT'S CREW. LAND HO! / THERE SHE IS! / LAND HA!—I MEAN HO! *(Etc.)*

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. Mateys, there she be! Jamaica!

STEED BONNET. How exotic.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. Fifty knots and we'll reach Port Royale. And you know what that means??!

JIM. What's that mean?

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. It means rum!

Cheers.

LONG JOHN SILVER. And cocoa!

Cheers.

STEED BONNET. And a clean change of clothes!

Half-hearted cheers.

RIDER ONASIS. AND WOMEN!!!

Massive cheers. An EXPLOSION on deck! Shards of wood fly up.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. What the—

Another explosion.

ELEPHANT SMALL. Attack!!

Another explosion.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. We're under attack!

Lots of screaming over the following:

Batten the hatches! Ready your positions! Man the starboard side! We'll not let those Dutch dogs take us without a fight! Run a shot across the bow!

RUTH. Jim, stay by me!

In a flurry of action, Pew's crew takes over The Hispaniola. *Margaret Pew hobbles on.*

MARGARET PEW. James SMOLLETT, if it be women yer jonesin' for, look no further. They're here!

ELEPHANT SMALL. Lady pirates! There ain't no such—

Ursula socks him across the face.

MARGARET PEW. Scabies and mental men, don't make any sudden moves!

OXANA PIRANHA. This here be a hostage situation.

ELEPHANT SMALL. You knocked out my toof!

MARGARET PEW. We don't care about that! All we care about be the map.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. What map?!

MARGARET PEW. Flint's treasure map! We've reason to believe it be aboard this here sloop.

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN. This here is a schooner.

MARGARET PEW. Men. Always obsessed with the size of their boat. *(Kicking Hamhock Hannigan's "coconuts.")* I take it none of you ever been in a hostage situation.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. Actually, I have. The trick is to always—

Judy stabs him.

MARGARET PEW. Stabbin' Judy!

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT. —Do what they say.

He falls down dead.

STABBIN' JUDY. Oops. Force a habit.

ELEPHANT SMALL. Captain, my captain!

MARGARET PEW. *(To Elephant.)* Look at me! Look at me. I'm the captain now. That map be aboard this ship!

PEW'S CREW. AAARRGHHH!

MARGARET PEW. So let's play a little game: First man to give up the map lives. As for the rest…

JIM. Death?

MARGARET PEW. Who said that?!

MERCY McFOUL. The little fella.

JIM. No it wasn't it was—Arrgh?

MARGARET PEW. You remind me o' that snotty little runt at the inn we burned down.

The female pirates chuckle evilly.

Now there's two ways of doin' things this day, fellas. Two ways. And I cannot recommend highly enough the first way. For the second

way, while deathly entertainin', is all goin' to be a bit gruesome. Gentle Mary, tell 'em the first way.

GENTLE MARY. The first way is, one of ya has a map. It's a map we've been a huntin' for a long time now. Give over the aforementioned map, and we show ya a bit of mercy. An empty island all to yerself, and a bottle of rum to keep you company.

STEED BONNET. *(Mumbling.)* I'm presently feeling unenthused.

RIDER ONASIS. If we HAD any such map, we'd give it, ya overboiled lobster!

She ignores him.

MARGARET PEW. The second way involves me flexin' me creative muscles, and not a pirate here, exceptin' for me crew of course, wants to see me flexin' me creative muscles.

PEW'S CREW. AAARRGHHH!

MARGARET PEW. So what will it be, gentlemen? Do we do things the nice and borin' way? Or do we do things the…honestly-probably-a-little-over-the-top way?

PEW'S CREW. AAARRGHHH!

A beat.

STEED BONNET. Ah, go powder your nose, you dew-beating, gillie-wet-foot mumblecrust! We haven't seen your map, so return to your saddle-goose ship and leave us be.

MARGARET PEW. Ursula?

URSULA. Aye, Cap'n?

MARGARET PEW. Get the poppy-corn. For we're about to have a SSSHHHHHOOOOOWWWWWW!

She roughly grabs and drags Steed Bonnet downstage right while Oxana Piranha grabs Rider Onasis and drags him downstage left.

RIDER ONASIS. Wait, I didn't say anythin'!

STEED BONNET. I don't have the map, I told you!

MARGARET PEW. Now, kids, don't try this at home.

Margaret Pew cuts open Steed Bonnet's belly and drags out a comically large string of red innards to downstage center. Oxana Piranha does the same to Rider Onasis. Margaret

Pew ties the ends of the two men's innards together center stage, and Oxana Piranha and Margaret Pew return to their respective ends and stand behind the men. They begin swinging the tied innards together in a circle like a jump rope. Gentle Mary daintily lifts her dress and jumps downstage center and begins jumping rope. She looks peaceful as she does so. Mercy McFoul and Ursula are eating poppy-corn together at this point. The men are screaming in horror. Margaret Pew and Oxana Piranha have a little chanty song they do while Gentle Mary skips innards.

MARGARET PEW and OXANA PIRANHA.

UGLY SMELLY PIRATES,
BELLIES FULL OF GUTS.
THE MAP WE DO REQUIRE IT,
AND SO WE'LL KICK YOUR BUTTS.
SOME OF YOU WE'LL DROWN,
AND SOME OF YOU WILL BURN.
BUT FIRST WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN,
SO YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT YOUR TURN.

At this point the men are THOROUGHLY dead and the women appear to be holding them up as much as they're swinging their intestines. They let the bodies fall and they remain downstage for the rest of the scene.

MARGARET PEW. *(A monstrous roar.)* Who's next?! You!

She marches toward Hannigan.

You've been a naughty, naughty boy, haven't you?

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN. No! I been a good boy!

MARGARET PEW. Awww. Tell your captain the truth… Haven't you been naughty?

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN. I haven't.

MARGARET PEW. Now, now…

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN. I swear.

MARGARET PEW. *(Baby voice.)* Yes you have.

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN. I haven't.

MARGARET PEW. You have.

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN. I haven't!

MARGARET PEW. You have.

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN. I haven't!!

Margaret Pew merely gives a disapproving, parentally patronizing look.

(Emotionally breaking now.) I have…

MARGARET PEW. Yes that's right.

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN. I have.

MARGARET PEW. The truth will set you free.

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN. I left bread crumbs in the crow's nest! I never swabbed the deck when I was s'posed to… *(Weeping openly.)* I farted in the captain's quarters and said it was him.

MARGARET PEW. The Boo Box.

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN. Not that!

MARGARET PEW. The Boo Box.

HAMHOCK HANNIGAN. Not that! NOOOOOOOOO!

Ursula and Mercy McFoul drag Hamhock Hannigan downstage while Gentle Mary and Oxana Piranha enter with a large chest. They deposit Hamhock Hannigan inside the chest, open a trapdoor on the chest's lid, and Stabbin' Judy enters with a variety of critters, which she pours into the chest. The lid is closed. He shrieks.

MARGARET PEW. Now we're cookin' with kerosene! Who's next? Is it you, big fella?

ELEPHANT SMALL. I ain't afwaid of you.

MARGARET PEW. Oh you're not?

ELEPHANT SMALL. I ain't scared o' nothin', you shell-less hermit cwab.

MARGARET PEW. Bring him here.

Oxana Piranha and Ursula drag him downstage.

What a big, brave man he is. Must be thirsty after all this fun we've been havin'. Judy? Go and fetch us a cup of seawater.

ELEPHANT SMALL. *(Beginning to feel worried.)* W-what do you want THAT for?

MARGARET PEW. Bring it here. I figured that after such a long day, you might be needin' somethin' to drink.

She holds up the glass of water. It's brown.

ELEPHANT SMALL. Git away fwom me.

MARGARET PEW. Come on. Come on. Open the dock, here comes the ship! *(Slowly lifts the seawater to Elephant Small's face.)* That's a good boy.

ELEPHANT SMALL. No. NO! It smews wike doody cacka! NO! NAAAAAAHHHHHHOOH!

MARGARET PEW. There's a good lad. Drink up.

This is a big production. Most of the water doesn't actually go in Elephant Small's mouth—he mostly sputters and spills it all over his face. Whenever anything DOES go in his mouth, he gargle-screams very loudly. He eventually swallows a little, and in doing so, convulses violently and dies a very long and spasmy death.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Argghh, me whole crew.

MARGARET PEW. Who will it be next?

She approaches Jim, who is quaking.

Perhaps it'll be that scrubby lad what reminds me of the inn boy…

The lady pirates "ooh," "ahh," and "arggh." Then Margaret Pew suddenly takes her dagger up toward the nose of Long John Silver.

Or perhaps we'll use a bit a fire to barbecue the cook. What say ye to that, Long John?

LONG JOHN SILVER. I don't have yer map, ye barnacle-faced old salamander.

MARGARET PEW. Well then, a good, ole-fashioned keel-haulin'?

JIM. Keel-haulin'?

OXANA PIRANHA. Aye! 'S where we drag the old cook along the underside of the ship in order to help us clean off some of that pesky coral what do be stickin' to her bottom.

MERCY McFOUL. We might just help even out your unfortunate leg situation there, Mr. Silver.

LONG JOHN SILVER. I tells ya, you're barkin' up the wrong tree, ya pack o' labradoodles.

MARGARET PEW. *(Suddenly turning to Jim.)* The wrong tree, is it? Perhaps it ought to be a shrub I'm barkin' up.

JIM. W-w-what?

MARGARET PEW. *(Getting extra close.)* What be your name, lad? I don't recognize ye amongst this crew of Carribean trash.

JIM. Jack.

MARGARET PEW. And how old be ye?

JIM. Thirty-seven.

MARGARET PEW. Blimey. Was it gout did stunt your growth so?

JIM. Aye.

Other pirates groan in acknowledgement.

MARGARET PEW. And THIS IS WHY I BE TELLING YA TO BRING MORE LIMES, LASSES!

They grumble.

OXANA PIRANHA. She's right.

MARGARET PEW. Now, lad. Will ye be givin' me the map I suspect yer holdin'?

Jim looks to Ruth. Then Long John Silver. Long John Silver shakes his head. Then back to Margaret Pew.

JIM. Nay.

Pirates gasp!

MARGARET PEW. Mary, grab me Creativity Journal! I'll be needin' to be extra crafty here.

GENTLE MARY. Here she is, Cap'n.

Gentle Mary holds a book titled 101 Tortures and the Pirates Who Love Them *as Margaret Pew licks her fingers grossly and flips through the pages.*

MARGARET PEW. Boring. Boring. Tired of that. Last one didn't go well. *(Finds one.)* Ursula!

URSULA. Aye, Captain!

MARGARET PEW. Check starboard side. See if there be sharks.

Ursula begins walking somewhere.

That's PORT side you idiot! How many times…!

Ursula holds up two hands in some sort of memory device for which side is which. She quickly reroutes.

URSULA. Sorry. Sorry. Sorry.

MARGARET PEW. Stuff 'em in a sack. Now tell me, be there sharks?

URSULA. No sharks. Crocodiles mostly.

MARGARET PEW. Ah, yes, the tropics! Well, crocs seek their supper same as sharks. So we'll go with this one. An oldy, but a classic: Get the plank!!!

PEW'S CREW. THE PLANK!!

A big hubbub as they begin to set up a long plank that will reach over the edge of the stage, out into the lagoon.

MARGARET PEW. Jack, lad, ever fought off thirty hungry crocs with yer hands tied behind yer back?

JIM. I obviously have not.

MARGARET PEW. Well, there's a first time for everythin'. PIRANHA!

Oxana Piranha quickly binds Jim's hands behind his back, ushering him to the plank.

OXANA PIRANHA. Up ye go, swine.

MARGARET PEW. Best hope they go for the head first, lad. There's less meat there, but as soon as that goes, the rest becomes much easier to endure.

RUTH. NO!!!! STOP!!

MARGARET PEW. What do YE be cluckin' about, ye bloated booby??

RUTH. Take me!

MARGARET PEW. You'll wait your turn!! The book's got enough for everyone.

RUTH. He doesn't have any map, don't hurt him!

MARGARET PEW. Say goodbye to your dwarfish friend.

RUTH. He's not my friend!

MARGARET PEW. So, you won't be missin' him.

RUTH. He's my…brother.

MARGARET PEW. Yer brother?!

RUTH. Yes.

MARGARET PEW. Well that's precious. And thrifty. Only need to issue one notice to yer parents.

The pirates maliciously laugh.

Now quit stallin' for time! The way this works, Jack, is you go off the scary end while we stay here and watch. To the edge now!

Jim moves toward the edge, quaking badly.

STABBIN' JUDY. Hey, no cryin'!

Jim stops, then turns around to look at his mother.

MARGARET PEW. Why the cold feet?!?! Shall we be dramatically countin' down from eight??

JIM. Why eight?

MARGARET PEW. Because you're about to get ATE by the crocodiles!!! Alright, here we go, lad.

JIM. Mum.

MARGARET PEW. They always want their mum in the end. No matter how old. From eight! And—

PEW'S CREW. Eight! **URSULA.** One!

MARGARET PEW. *Down, Ursula!!* DOWN YE BLATHERIN' FOOL!

URSULA. Sorry.

MARGARET PEW. Again!

PEW'S CREW. Eight! Seven! Six!

JIM. Help me!

MARGARET PEW. Enough! No talkin'! Six!

URSULA. We already said six—

MARGARET PEW. Shut Up!!!!!! Five!

PEW'S CREW. Four! Three!

RUTH. Please no!

PEW'S CREW Two! **URSULA.** What comes next??

PEW'S CREW. *One!!!!*

LONG JOHN SILVER. I HAVE THE MAP!

PEW'S CREW. Whaaaaaa??????

MARGARET PEW. Search him!

The pirates move to search him. They pat him down. He giggles a little.

LONG JOHN SILVER. I be ticklish.

MERCY McFOUL. He ain't got it!

MARGARET PEW. *Ain't got it?!?!* That is it!! Switch 'em up! First the cook, then the dwarf!! John Silver, I been longin' for this day. Hoo hoo, hoo hoo, ooh, that was good.

OXANA PIRANHA. Up you go, cook. Dead leg and all.

LONG JOHN SILVER. I can bring you to Flint's treasure!

MARGARET PEW. How!

LONG JOHN SILVER. You wanna know where the map is?

PEW'S CREW. WHERE????

Long John Silver slowly and dramatically brings a finger up. Where is it going??

The suspense is killing me!! Finally, he points to his head.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Here.

URSULA. OFF WITH HIS HEAD!!

MARGARET PEW. NO, you imbecile!!

LONG JOHN SILVER. I memorized the map before destroyin' it to be sure that none would find it.

GENTLE MARY. How clever!

LONG JOHN SILVER. And I'll take ye to it. But I require me crew.

MERCY McFOUL. *(Referring to the carnage on deck.)* Well it's a bit late for that.

LONG JOHN SILVER. I'll take what's left. But this be the bargain: You spare meself, Jack, and Rolf, and we'll lead ye to the treasure.

OXANA PIRANHA. How do we know ye be tellin' the truth?!

LONG JOHN SILVER. That be a fair point.

STABBIN' JUDY. *(Brandishing her cutlass.)* Oh, I'll give ye a fair point!

LONG JOHN SILVER. Either ye be trustin' us three. Or ye can can kill us all now and leave here just as empty-handed as ye were when ye set course from Bristol these six months past.

RUTH. He's right! Ya need us to find that treasure! I suppose you're all expectin' a handsome fee for this here expedition.

MERCY McFOUL. Aye!

URSULA. That's true!

STABBIN' JUDY. And I'm union!

RUTH. Well, by the looks of her, that one-eyed hag ain't exactly swimmin' in gold coin.

MERCY McFOUL. Hey that's true!

OXANA PIRANHA. He's right!

STABBIN' JUDY. I didn't think about that!

MARGARET PEW. Everyone who wants to stay alive, shut your mouth.

Silence.

RUTH. It's true though, innit, Captain Pew? You got no money to pay these lasses. Not without a treasure.

MARGARET PEW. *(Suddenly on the spot.)* Ye's all will be paid!

OXANA PIRANHA. Oh yea?

STABBIN' JUDY. When?

OXANA PIRANHA. And with what?!

All eyes to Margaret Pew.

MARGARET PEW. With… With… Ugh, fine, Silver. You got a deal. But I swear if astray you do be leadin' us, I'll sever every last one of your four remainin' limbs.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Four?

MARGARET PEW. Use yer imagination.

PEW'S CREW. Oooooh.

MARGARET PEW. First you'll be tellin' me which island the treasure's buried. I do already have knowledge of that, so if you'll be lyin' now, I'll know straight away. Survey says…

Margaret Pew moves a blade directly to Long John Silver's throat. He looks to Ruth and Jim.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Skull Island.

A tense moment. Then she pulls the blade away.

MARGARET PEW. Correct. Oxana Piranha, set a course for Skull Island!

OXANA PIRANHA. Oh, am I steerin' this thing? I mean, Aye, Aye.

MARGARET PEW. Mary and Ursula, clear the deck of this mess and throw the dead bodies overboard. Be sure to strip them for valuables first.

GENTLE MARY. Aye, Aye.

MARGARET PEW. McFoul, be tyin' our prisoners up.

MERCY McFOUL. With pleasure.

MARGARET PEW. And I'll be temporarily retirin' to me new captain's quarters to consult the maps and have me an Epsom soak. Me dogs are killin' me.

URSULA. Wild dogs killed me brother. Dachshunds.

MARGARET PEW. I mean me feet!! Now shut it and get to work!! And Piranha!

OXANA PIRANHA. Aye, Captain?

MARGARET PEW. Keep a weather eye open.

OXANA PIRANHA. For what?

MARGARET PEW. For the INTERMISSION!

The lady pirates cheer!

End of Act One

ACT TWO

1. Prisoners

Mercy McFoul pushes on Jim, Ruth, and Long John Silver, who are all tied up.

RUTH. You really didn't need to tie us. We've nowhere else to go.

MERCY McFOUL. Shut yer gob!

She socks Ruth across the face.

JIM. Hey!

LONG JOHN SILVER. Rolf! Are ye hurt?

RUTH. I can take it!!

She spits in Mercy McFoul's face. Mercy McFoul grabs her by the throat and pulls her very close.

MERCY McFOUL. Hey. Don't I know you?

Suddenly, Ruth kicks Mercy McFoul between the legs.

Arrrrgh!! Ye slimy dog!

Mercy McFoul pulls out her blade to stab, as…

GENTLE MARY. Mercy McFoul! Be quittin' with that! Me and Ursula need a hand. Cap'n wants two barrels o' rum in her quarters but they be heavy! Bring the strong fella.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Me?

GENTLE MARY. No.

JIM. Me??

GENTLE MARY. No! *(Pointing to "Rolf.")* Him!

MERCY McFOUL. But he spat at me and gave me a kick to the—

GENTLE MARY. Quiet! These barrels ain't hoistin' themselves!

URSULA. Anyone fights back, water-lung the little fella.

Ruth looks to Jim, then back to Mercy McFoul.

RUTH. Please don't.

McFoul laughs grossly, lets Ruth free, then reties Silver and Jim.

MERCY McFOUL. Ye best be not tryin' anythin' funny, Rolf. I knows who you are…

Before Ruth can respond, Gentle Mary grabs Mercy McFoul and leads her off to help with a barrel. Ruth moves to the barrel Ursula is struggling with.

URSULA. It's heavy and fulla rum.

RUTH. Oh move aside.

Ruth hoists the barrel up easily and carries it off as Ursula follows.

URSULA. Men…

Jim and Long John Silver are now left alone, tied up together on deck.

JIM. What's water-lungin'?

LONG JOHN SILVER. Worse than it sounds.

JIM. Do ye think we'll die?

LONG JOHN SILVER. Eventually.

JIM. I don't wanna die!

LONG JOHN SILVER. Shhh, you won't today, Jack, you won't. I promise. *(Secretively.)* Have ye still got the map?

JIM. Aye. In me sock. It's excessively moist now.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Good lad, good. Don't dare be lettin' a soul know of it. Look at me. We're in this together, right? I'm here to protect ye. And ain't I done a right good job thus far?

JIM. A lot better than me mu—brother.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Ah, don't be so hard on him. He's got a good fight in him.

JIM. This voyage was his idea! And I nearly walked the plank to my death!

LONG JOHN SILVER. Ah, innkeepers ain't used to the foul ways of pirates. He cares for ya.

JIM. But he didn't save me from the plank. You did!

LONG JOHN SILVER. Ah…

JIM. Why'd you do it, Mr. Silver? To save the map?

LONG JOHN SILVER. No Jack, no. It's just, despite your thirty-seven years of age, ye remind me of me son.

JIM. You have a son?

LONG JOHN SILVER. Had, lad. Had.

JIM. Oh.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Some twenty year back. Wasn't takin' much to schoolin' so I brought him aboard the *HMS Dartmouth* where I was cook. After I lost me leg in that blasted brassiere shoppe, 'twere the only honest work I could get. His mother thought him too young to work with the old surly sailors, but I brought him along. Made him a cabin boy and lookout. Somewheres round the Sound of Mull, a tremendous storm found us. I told him to keeps below deck by me, but he was somethin' brave and the captain ordered him to take the crow's nest and keep a lookout for rocks as we were nearin' the Scottish coast. When the swell finally passed, I went up to find him, but the mast had cracked clear off in the tempest and the crow's nest was nowheres to be found. All told, we lost fifteen men in that storm.

Though a hard seafaring man, we begin to see the shell of Long John Silver crack a bit.

JIM. I'm so sorry.

LONG JOHN SILVER. When I returned home, his mother cursed my soul and turned me out.

JIM. That's the last time you saw her?

LONG JOHN SILVER. 'Twas. And men with no home or family has but one way to go: the open water.

JIM. I'm sorry Long John.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Ah, ye needn't be. But thank ye. I don't tell many about that, try to keep the salt water in the sea. So we'll just be leavin' that between us. But when I saw ye up there on the plank, it felt like I be given a second chance to save me boy.

JIM. I'm ever so thankful.

LONG JOHN SILVER. Have ye much family in Bristol?

JIM. No. Well. My…bull-headed brother, obviously and… Father died when I was wee. Not sure how. Me mum would never tell me—

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!



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