

Treasure Island by Tom Hitchcock

SAMPLE SCRIPT

Cast

Mrs Hawkins - (M) Typical voluptuous pantomime dame. A bit of a flirt. Mother of Jim
Jim Hawkins - (M/F) Principal Boy. In love with Jess
Jess - (F) Helper at the pub. Fancies Jim
Roger - (M) Helper at the greyhound. Friend of Jim's. Becomes cabin boy onboard ship.
Squire - (M) Typical blundering old fool.
Dr Livesey - (F/M) Local Doctor. Well respected. Educated man.
Captain Smollett - (F/M) Captain of Hispaniola. Upright well spoken gentleman.
Sebastian - (M) Interior and exterior designer, master of flamboyancy! outrages fashion guru!
Homosexual.
John - (M) Local Bar fly. Simple minded yokel.
Thomas - (M) Local Bar fly. Simple Minded yokel. Fancies Mrs Hawkins.
Billy Bones - (M/F) Old pirate. Can double up as another pirate later on. Covered in cobwebs
Long John Silver - (M) Devious and cunning. Gentleman, well spoken, but highly feared.
Blind Pew - (M/F) Blind pirate. Not to sharp.
Black Dog - (M/F) Fierce pirate.
Israel Hands - (M) Fearsome pirate. Not to be crossed with. Wants to be in charge.
Cornelius Cutlass - (M/F) Pirate. Not too clever, but clever enough.
Sam the Salmon beater - (M/F) Pirate, Salmon quiver when they hear his name.
Ben Gunn - (M) Marooned old loony. Dishevelled old man
Polly parrot - Off stage voice for parrot.

9 Male characters (M)

1 Female character (F)

8 characters can be played by Male or Females. (M/F)

Act One

Scene one: *A typical English Pub - (Make it the name of a local pub - if not use the name from the book 'Treasure Island' by Robert Louis Stevens. "Admiral Benbow")*

Curtains open to reveal a typical pub scene. An old dishevelled pirate sits in the corner, huddled to himself, mumbling.

Billy Bones: Fifteen men on a dead man's chest – Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of rum! Drink and the devil have done for the rest – Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of Rum!

John: (To Mrs Hawkins) Is he always like this missus?

Mrs H: Oh yes, every night, he comes down here, sits in the corner orders a rum, and mumbles to himself. Usually the same poem.

Thomas: Oh, well that explains a lot then.

Billy Bones: Ye talking about me, you lily livered land lubbers! You want to be careful for I am captain bones, the most feared pirate in all the land.

Thomas: What about Black Beard?

Billy Bones: Well, yes he was scary, I'll give you that.

John: And Blue Beard

Billy Bones: Aye Bluebeard, what a scallywag

Thomas: There was also the great pirate Roberts, he was the one which the guard ships in south America would sail the other way to avoid him.

Billy Bones: Aye that they did, that they did. But I am the most feared pirate from(Enter your village/town name) to Felixstowe!

Thomas: What about Calico Jack ?

Billy Bones: Hang Calico Jack!

John: They did, I think!

Billy Bones: Join with me – Fifteen men on a dead man's chest, yo, ho, ho an' a bottle of rum!

Mrs H: Gentlemen Please! This is a respectable establishment.

John/Thomas: Is it?

Billy Bones: I thought this was the(Enter name of the local pub)?

Mrs H: It is!

Billy Bones: So we are in the right place then! Ha, ha, me hearties.

Mrs H: That's Enough Mr Bones! I'll have less of your cheek, young man! Or you'll be out on your ear and I shall keep that treasure chest of goodies you have hidden in your room as payment due!

Billy Bones: There be no need for that missus. I see you're not the kind, a swashbuckler like me, wants to be crossing swords with, let alone words of an in gentlemanlike ilk.

Mrs H: There, that's a good boy. Go sit back in your corner and I shall bring you over another grog to keep you quiet.

Billy Bones: You two, come over here, an' let me tell you a tale of misery and woe that will set your world alight and salmon leap from the water in shock.

Thomas: I'd rather not, my life's depressing enough without some old pirate yarning on.

Billy Bones: It's a tale of buxom wenches and treasure!

John/Thomas: I'm right there. (They rush over and sit with Billy Bones)

Mrs H: Phew, that's a relief isn't it boys and girls! You know that Billy Bones can be a right nightmare at times, it's a good job I have worked out a way to keep him in check! Well, let me introduce myself. My name is Mrs Hawkins and I own this wonderful establishment, the.....(*Enter name of local pub*)! I hope you've heard of it. Oh you have. Well in that case why haven't I seen you in here before? Anyway, where was I, oh yes my name's Mrs Hawkins, wait a minute, I've done that bit. Oh silly me my mind is going these days. (*Thinking to herself and miming – I'm Mrs Hawkins and I own this establishment.....etc*) Ah that's it, I am a poor widow women with hardly a penny to my name. But luckily for me I have my wonderful son Jim to help me here, he is the brains of the family, so bright, he is like the car park flood lights at the.....(*Enter name of a second local pub*)! He has two great friends who work here as well, Roger and Jess. Oh what lovely children they are. But the matter of the fact is, I am so poor that I can't afford any more friends. (*A comforting 'ah' from the audience*) Poorer than that! (*Another comforting 'ah' from the audience*) So you see Jim, Roger and Jess are all that I have to keep me company and this business running. Ah, is that them I spy coming this way? Before they get here, I must tell you, I think Jim has a secret crush on Jess but we shall keep that too our selves wont we...

Enter Jim, Roger and Jess.

Jim: Hello Mum, we're here.

Mrs H: Yes I can see that, (*To audience*) See I told you he was clever didn't I, so observant!

Jess: Good evening Mrs Hawkins. How's everything going?

Mrs H: Yes very good thank you, Jess. Had to restrain Billy Bones over there.

Roger: I bet he enjoyed that!

Mrs H: Cheeky boy! (*Hitting him with a towel.*)

Billy Bones: Mrs Hawkins, Mrs Hawkins – more grog if you'd oblige me!

Roger: Don't tempt her, she likes the rough and ready types!

Jim: That's my mother!

Roger: Sorry Jim.

Mrs H: Right everybody, its last orders at the bar!

John: What you're closing now? But we've only just begun!

Thomas: I thought there was an extended license for pubs and bars!

Mrs H: There is, but not here, I'm tired. Plus I've run out of ale. The new stuff needs to settle for three days to be perfect. I've also run out of cheese and onion crisps because everyone eats them first.

Thomas: Maybe you should buy two boxes of them then.

Mrs H: What? And end up having to pay twice as much because they go twice as quick!

John: She has a point.

Billy Bones:She has two fine points if you ask me!

Jim: That's my mother!

Billy Bones:Sorry Jim Lad.

Mrs H: (*Addressing Jim, Jess and Roger*) Right you three. Make sure you lock the pub up after these gentlemen leave. Mr Bones – Don't make any more noise as you head to your room for the night, or else I shall run you through with your own cutlass. All I could hear last night was you hobbling on the landing.

John: Looking for her key hole again was you?

Billy Bones: Belay that nonsense, I was looking for the toilet.

Mrs H: My pot plant is not the toilet, so remember that.

Mrs H leaves.

Lights fade to black, and everyone leaves the stage, except Billy bones who stays sitting on a chair in the corner with his grog.

Billy Bones: (*Half asleep he mumbles*) Fifteen men on a dead man's chest, yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum.

SFX – Knocking on a door.

Billy Bones: Not now Mrs H I have a head ache!

SFX – knocking on a door

Billy Bones: Dang and blast it, sounds like Polly's breaking out of her cage again.

SFX- knocking on a door.

Billy Bones: Ok, ok, I gather you have discovered what a door is and the huge knocker on it. *(He goes to open the door)*

In bursts a pirate – Black Dog

Billy Bones: Black Dog!

Black Dog: Aye, tis me Billy Bones. I bring ye a message from your old crew. We're here and after what's rightly ours. If we don't get flint's treasure map by sun up then we'll be coming for you.

Billy Bones: Over my dead body!

Black Dog: Oh, well if that's how you want it, then we won't worry about coming tomorrow!

Billy Bones: You scurvy sea dog! I'll strike you down right here and now, except we mustn't wake the land lady – Fearsome temper!

Billy bones and Black Dog, have a scuffle, in a quiet manner. Every time the noise gets to loud by one of them, the other will 'shhh' them. They apologise and strike again quietly – needs choreographing! Eventually they end up with Black Dog over throwing Billy Bones and has him at his mercy.

Billy bones: No don't kill me black dog.

Black Dog: Give me the map Billy! Where is it?!

Billy Bones: I'll never tell you!

Black Dog: Then I shall give you this!

Black Dog hands a piece of paper to him.

Billy Bones: What is it?

Black Dog: The seaman's complaint!

Billy Bones: Eeugh! *(Reading it)* dysentery, syphilis, jippy tummy, Bad breath, B.O! Ah, what's this on my hand?

Black Dog: Tis the black spot.

Billy Bones: Not the black spot. Take it back black dog, I don't want it. I'll give you my ship the lusty Linda if you just take it back.

Black Dog: Too late for that Billy. You have till the sun up to bring the map or else the black spot consumes you and down in Davey Jones' locker you go!

Black dog exits

Billy Bones: Oh woe is me, woe, woe, woe. Tis the end I fear!

SFX – Cockerel crowing

Billy Bones: Blast! Sun comes up quick around here! (*He dies a comedic death*).

Enter Jim

Jim: (*Stepping over Billy Bones*) Morning Billy. Rough night? You should have slept in your bed. You would have been more comfortable. Would you like breakfast?..... Hello Mr Bones? Cat got your tongue? Oh well, I'll go and make breakfast for the other guests.

Jim goes to leave as Roger walks in.

Jim: Whatever you do, don't get talking to him, you'll never get away from him!

Roger: Morning Mr Bones, wakey, wakey, rise and shine. Mr Bones? (*Touches Billy Bones' hand, lifts it up and it flops to the floor.*) Oh my god, he's dead! Mrs Hawkins, Mrs Hawkins, come quick.

Mrs Hawkins enters

Mrs H: What is it Roger? What's all the commotion about?

Roger: Its Mr bones, he's dead.

Mrs H: Oh my god! He hasn't paid the bill yet! Quick Roger, call for Doctor Livesey immediately.

Roger exits.

Mrs H: Now how am I going to get any payment from him? Crafty old seadog, turning his toes up now, bet he did this on purpose. Oooo, what's that hanging from his belt? Looks like a key. Bet it fits the chest! (*To audience*) Not mine you filthy minded young man, the one in his room. I'll go and check.

Mrs H exits

Enter Doctor Livesey, Squire Trelawney, Roger and Jim.

Squire: Ah ha, is this the body, my boy?

Roger: Yes sir, it is.

Doctor: Marvellous, right clear the way, give me room to examine the deceased.

(They all stand around whilst the Doctor examines Billy Bones.)

Squire: Well, well, well my boys, did he leave any treasure? I mean, you must have heard the rumours about the old boy.

Jim: Yes sir, we heard them, although they weren't true, I mean, he owed my mother rent for all the days he stayed here.

Squire: In the eyes of the law, your mother has first claims to any of his belongings to the sum of what would cover the costs.

Jim: Well that is good news.

Doctor: Well I have examined the body and can conclude with great success that he is in fact dead!

All except the Doctor 'Gasp' in amazement!

Doctor: My examination concludes that he has been dead since the cockerel called at sun up. So Roger, you were the first one to discover the body?

Roger: Yes and ...no! Jim actually saw him first, then I came in to talk to Mr Bones and set the tables, and discovered he was dead.

Doctor: Is this true Jim?

Jim: Yes sir.

Doctor: Then why Roger, did you try and talk to him if Jim found him dead?

Jim: Well, I didn't know he was dead.

Doctor: Didn't know he was dead? He is sprawled across your floor, he is stone cold.

Jim: *(Said in a confused yet panicked and annoyed tone)* Well I didn't know, I mean it's not every day I find a dead body. I mean he's a heavy drinker and not normally full of chat first thing in the morning. I've found him asleep in many places in the pub after a good drink. So if he's not singing 'oh what a beautiful morning', I don't immediately think oh great there's another one snuffed it in the night, another name in the Greyhound's big book of remembrance!

Squire: That's enough of that young man. I know its emotional for you but remember you're in the presence of your elders, so act accordingly - there's a good chap!

Enter Mrs Hawkins and Jess

Mrs H: Oh Jim there you are, you'll never guess what we have found in his chest. Oh good morning squire, Doctor. Hope you are both well.

Squire/Doctor: Good morning Mrs Hawkins.

Jess: Jim, you'll never guess, we've found a treasure map! The rumours were true.

Mrs H: We are rich Jim my boy! And as he owes us money, the map is ours and consequently the treasure.

Roger: If there is any!

Mrs H : *(Smacking Roger round the head)* Cheeky scamp! Of course there is.

Squire: Ma'am may I interject.

Mrs H: Not in here please, we have just cleaned the floor!

Squire: I am curious as to how we are to gain this treasure?

Mrs H:We?

Squire: Of course, 'we', the good Doctor and I are present in your wonderful news and therefore need to protect your finest assets!

Doctor: And there's none finer than yours Mrs Hawkins!

Jim: That's my mother!

Doctor: Sorry Jim!

Jess: Least someone's getting attention!

Roger: Hey?

Jess: Not you Roger!

Doctor: What the squire means dear, is that we need to come with you and help you on your voyage. Therefore adding protection for you and also capital to aid you in finding a ship and crew!

Mrs H: Oh I do love a strong minded man! Shall we go kids?

Jim/Roger/Jess: Yes mum. Let's go!

Squire: First my lady, may I examine the map?

She hands the Squire the map, with the actual map facing the audience.

Squire: My god, it's going to be hard to find our way, there's nothing on it! The woman must be barking mad!

Jess: Squire, you have it the wrong way round.

Squire: So I have, ah ha , there it is. Hmm... looks like its somewhere near the west indies! My wife went to the west indies.

Doctor: Jamaica?

Squire: No, she went there of her own accord! Yes, yes. Right! Mrs Hawkins you fine lady you, I shall find you a ship, a captain and a crew. Lets plot a course everyone!

Mrs H: Right that's settled then. Squire and Dr, you go and sort the ship and crew out, we shall close up the pub and sort things here. Soon all our troubles will be over!

ALL: Hurray.

Billy Bones: Mrs Hawkins, I think I will pull through. Please, help me I need a doctor.

Squire Shoots Billy Bones. SFX - Pistol Fire

Mrs Hawkins: Now all our troubles are over!

*Curtains close
End of Scene One*

Scene Two, Front of tabs.
Long John silver enters front stage right.

Silver: Ah ha, boys and girls, tis I, Long John Silver! The meanest pirate that ever lived! I have sailed the seven seas and secured many treasures, moving from port to port has its benefits. Now I hear that Squire Trelawney is after having a ship and crew. Well I'm going to get me aboard that ship and steal that map. Claiming what is rightfully mine. Ha ha ha (*laughing menacingly*) I'll need help though, I'll call upon Blind Pew, the best look out you could ever want. Black Dog, the fiercest fighter ever, Israel Hands – coxswain and a number of others; perhaps Cornelius cutlass and Sam the salmon beater, yes they're the best round these here shores. Once I have the treasure in my hands, I'll release my companions into Davey Jones' locker, keeping the treasure to myself. (*Audience Boo*) Oh thank you everyone, I do love boos, especially rum!

Enter Squire

Squire: Good evening young man, is this Felixstowe docks?

Silver: Aye, that it is.

Squire: Oh goody. I'm after a man, well actually a few men.

Silver: I'm not that kind of sailor squire!

Squire: No, no I didn't mean it like that. I'm after a crew. In fact I have been told of a fellow, called Long John Silver, apparently he is the best around and he has a few extra hands to help.

Silver: Tis I that lay claim to that name.

Squire: Marvelous. Now that I've found you at last, I am setting forth an expedition leaving imminently. I have a ship, a captain but I lack a seafaring crew. Can I count on you?

Silver: Depends where our destination be? If it's a suicide mission I'd rather keep my legs on land than visit Mr. Jones' locker for a fool's errand.

Squire: Oh my dear fellow, our destination is for lands afar, we harbour a hefty reward for all that take part. Any more information than that and I am not at liberty to divulge, until an accord has been secured. So can we shake on you and your men joining us?

Squire holds out his hand.

Silver: You have a woman's hand my lord, I'll wager those ten dainty pinkies have never weighed anchor in a swirling storm.

Squire: Well you're right there old chap! But that shouldn't matter for I am funding this expedition. *(Holds up a purse of money)*

Silver: You have a woman's purse me lord, I'll wager that purse has never been used as a tiny life boat. I'll wager it's never had ten sea sick, shipwrecked mariners bobbing along in it!

Squire: Again your right there, Long John. I can see you're a man who's seen much in life.

Silver: I am but a simple man squire; rum and bacon and eggs are what I desire!

Squire: So we have an accord then do we?

Silver: Certainly do sire, I shall summon my men and meet you at the ship, pray tell, what be the name of the bountiful ship we be venturing upon?

Squire: The Hispaniola!

Silver: The fastest ship in Felixstowe!

Squire: Not just Felixstowe, the United Kingdom. Well I shall be off now chap, shall see you at sun up.

Silver: *(In an over excited manner)* Aye aye cap'n, when the sun arises over the crest of the glistening blue ocean and the wind is in the sails we shall away. I feel good tides be heading our way tomorrow.

Squire: *(In an uneasy manner)* Yes...Quite.

Squire exits

Silver: Blast it, if only I knew where we were heading I could pre-empt the lie of the land. I shall have to bide my time to nab the map. A cunning and devious plan is needed indeed. So boys and girls, a warning to ye. Keep quiet about what I plan on doing or else, I shall have to introduce you to a friend of mine. *(brandishing his cutlass)*

Polly parrot: Pieces of eight, pieces of eight.

Silver: Be Jesus Polly, you frightened the life out of me. Keep your beak shut or else I'll run you through as well. You will be known as an ex parrot. Norwegian blue!

Polly Parrot: Pieces of eight, pieces of eight, Polly stays quiet.

SFX: Polly farts.

Silver: Polly, you stinky animal, how dare you break wind before me!

Polly: Didn't know it was your turn first! Pieces of eight.

Silver: That's enough Polly! (*Sniffs the air, and round to his jacket*) Oh, Polly you dirty bird, you've pooped on my shoulder! (*Brushing the residue off into the audience*) I'd best get this cleaned up and put a bag under your tail feathers!

Silver exits

End of Scene Two

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