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# Treasure Island

by Nick Perrin & Ruth Kenward



## SCENE 1 The Pirate Crew

### SEA SOUNDS (Sound Effect)

( © Track 13 )

*Atmospheric background track to get audience in the mood, with wave sounds, seagulls calling, ship's bells, metallic hammering. Runs for up to 8 minutes before the show begins, or may simply be used as the pirates enter, singing.*

*[NARRATOR(S) in position. GEORGE MERRY, TOM MORGAN, ISRAEL HANDS, BLACK DOG, BLIND PEW, and ROGER, JACK, MOLL & BESS enter singing – unaccompanied – carrying ropes, knives, cutlasses, bottles of rum etc.]*

### FIFTEEN MEN (unaccompanied)

( © Track 1 )

**Solo Pirate** FIFTEEN MEN ON A DEAD MAN'S CHEST,  
**All Pirates** YO, HO, HO AN' A BOTTLE OF RUM,  
**Solo Pirate** DRINK AN' THE DEVIL HAD DONE FER THE REST,  
**All Pirates** YO, HO, HO AN' A BOTTLE OF RUM.

*(CHORUS join in - optional round)*

**All** YO, HO, HO, YO, HO, HO,  
YO, HO, HO, AN' A BOTTLE OF RUM.  
YO, HO, HO, YO, HO, HO,  
YO, HO, HO, AN' A BOTTLE OF RUM.  
YO, HO, HO, YO, HO, HO,  
YO, HO, HO, (clap) AN' A BOTTLE OF RUM.

*[TOM MORGAN stands apart peering with telescope (or hand to brow) towards where LONG JOHN SILVER will enter. PIRATES mime ad lib.]*

**ROGER** *(posh)* I say, I'm going to enjoy being a pirate!  
**JACK** Me too! *(swigs from hip flask)* Nice drop of rum, this! Hic!  
**GEORGE MERRY** Put it away, boy! No drinkin' on deck!  
**TOM MORGAN** *(as if he's suddenly seen him)* Long John Silver is a-comin'!  
**PIRATES** *(eagerly)* Long John Silver?  
**GEORGE MERRY** Aye! Look sharp! Get into line!

[GEORGE MERRY swipes at JACK, shoves him into position as PIRATES form a dishevelled, fidgety line across stage, with GEORGE MERRY at the opposite end from TOM MORGAN.]

TOM MORGAN 'Ere 'e be! A-comin' up the gangplank!  
 LONG JOHN SILVER *(offstage, with 'parrot' voice)* Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!  
 TOM MORGAN With 'is parrot!  
 [Enter LONG JOHN SILVER.]  
 GEORGE MERRY Ahoy there, matey!  
 LONG JOHN SILVER Ahoy there, Mr Merry! *(walking along the line)* Huh!  
 Call this rabble pirates? I needs a proper crew!  
 ISRAEL HANDS A proper crew for what, Mr. Silver?  
 LONG JOHN SILVER To get our 'ands on the treasure!  
 ALL PIRATES Treasure? What treasure?  
 LONG JOHN SILVER Flint's treasure!

[During the song JACK swigs from bottle, getting rowdier.]

**TREASURE**

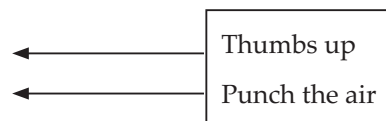
( © Track 2 / 23 )

|                          |   |  |  |
|--------------------------|---|--|--|
| <b>All</b>               | TREASURE!<br>TREASURE!  | YO, HO, HO!<br>YO, HO, HO!   |  |
| <b>Pirates</b>           | Rubies red!<br>Em'ralds green!<br>Sapphires blue!<br>An' silver too!  | <b>Chorus</b> YO, HO, HO!<br>YO, HO, HO!<br>YO, HO, HO!<br>YO, HO, HO! |  |
| <b>Pirates</b>           | Arr! That's what we're after!   |  |  |
| <b>All</b>               | LET'S GO SEARCH FOR TREASURE,<br>'CROSS THE SEA TOGETHER!<br>RAISE A CHEER FOR BUCCANEERS!<br>PIRATES BOLD FOR EVER!<br><i>(repeat)</i> |  | <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; display: inline-block;">           Hand to brow<br/>           Punch the air         </div>         |
|                          | IF WE GET THE STASH<br>WE'LL 'AVE LOADS O' CASH!<br>RAISE A CHEER FOR BUCCANEERS!<br>PIRATES BOLD FOR EVER!                             |  | <div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px; display: inline-block;">           Rub fingers together<br/>           Punch the air         </div> |
| <b>All</b>               | TREASURE!<br>TREASURE!  | YO, HO, HO!<br>YO, HO, HO!   |  |
| <b>Pirates</b>           | Ingots 'n' sov'reigns!<br>Heaps of diamonds!<br>Lovely loot!  | <b>Chorus</b> YO, HO, HO!<br>YO, HO, HO!<br>YO, HO, HO!<br>YO, HO, HO! |  |
| <b>Roger/Jack</b>        | Designer suits!   |  |  |
| <b>All Other Pirates</b> | <i>(wrinkling noses)</i> Designer suits?  |  |  |
| <b>All</b>               | <i>(ironic!)</i> Ooh!   |  |  |

WHEN WE GET THE TREASURE  
WE'LL BE MEN OF LEISURE!  
RAISE A CHEER FOR BUCCANEERS!  
PIRATES BOLD FOR EVER!

*(repeat)*

*[PIRATES jig about noisily, swinging by elbows, going 'Arrh',  
etc. 16 bars.]*



**Pirates** SO LET'S NOT DELAY!  
LET'S GET UNDER WAY!  
**All** RAISE A CHEER FOR BUCCANEERS!  
PIRATES BOLD FOR EVER!  
PIRATES BOLD \_\_\_\_\_ FOR EVER!



*[LONG JOHN SILVER hobbles Downstage, starts to speak during  
applause.]*

LONG JOHN SILVER *(over applause, raising index finger)* Hold on, me hearties!  
We need Flint's map!

*[PIRATES all gather round L.J.S., whispering excitedly.]*

ALL PIRATES *(whispering to each other)* Flint's map? Flint's map?

ISRAEL HANDS *(moving next to L.J.S.)* And d'yer happen to know where the map is?

LONG JOHN SILVER That I don't. But I do knows this!

*[Short pause, as ALL look expectantly at LONG JOHN SILVER.]*

ISRAEL HANDS What does yer know, then, Silver?

*[LONG JOHN SILVER looks around furtively, drawing  
PIRATES closer.]*

LONG JOHN SILVER *(dramatically, index finger raised)* Some scurvy bilge rat stole it from  
Cap'n Flint! And that somebody was – *(dramatic pause)* – Billy Bones!

ALL PIRATES *(whispering rapidly to each other)* Billy Bones? Billy Bones?

*[BLIND PEW begins to tap his way to D/Stage Right.]*

BLACK DOG *(angrily)* But where is Billy Bones?

BLIND PEW *(knowingly tapping stick on the floor)* Blind Pew knows where 'e be!

ALL PIRATES Where do 'e be, Blind Pew?

BLIND PEW 'E be at the inn! The Admiral Benbow!

LONG JOHN SILVER Arrh! Go there, Blind Pew! *(taking out paper with black spot on it)*  
Take Billy Bones the Black Spot!

*[ALL point dramatically, with large intake of breath.]*

ALL (inc. Chorus) Not the Black Spot!

LONG JOHN SILVER *(waving the piece of paper)* Aye! The Black Spot!

## THE BLACK SPOT

( © Track 14 )

- BLIND PEW                   *(sinister, taking the paper)* I'll give 'im the Black Spot, an' no mistake!  
*[Exit BLIND PEW, tapping stick as he goes, feeling his way.]*
- LONG JOHN SILVER   *(turns to GEORGE MERRY)* Get these bedraggled barnacles in shape!  
*[LONG JOHN SILVER moves to Right. GEORGE MERRY steps out of line to give instructions.]*
- GEORGE MERRY        Aye, Aye Cap'n. Arrh! Move it, yer blitherin' buccaneers!  
*[PIRATES attempt to form straight line, especially difficult for JACK who seems to be drunk. ROGER takes out comb and combs his hair. LONG JOHN SILVER inspects the line like a sergeant major.]*  
*(pointing with cutlass to ROGER's comb)* Stow that comb! Yer a pirate, not an 'airdresser!
- ROGER                   *(posh)* Oh! Frightfully sorry, sir! *(Quickly puts comb away, ruffles hair.)*
- LONG JOHN SILVER   *(mimicking)* Frightfully sorry, sir! *(angrily to George Merry)* Get 'em to speak proper pirate!  
*[LONG JOHN SILVER goes D/stage Right to watch the training. GENERAL NOTE: GEORGE MERRY & LONG JOHN SILVER should sound gruff and 'manly', NEW RECRUITS echoing should sound very polite.]*
- GEORGE MERRY        Open yer lugholes an' copy me!  
*(long and exaggerated, raising fist on 'Arrrh')* Arrrh!
- NEW RECRUITS         *(normal voice, raising fists limply)* Ah!
- GEORGE MERRY        Not like that, ya landlubbers! Do it like this!  
*(long and exaggerated)* Arrrh!
- NEW RECRUITS         *(with slightly more effort)* Aaah!
- LONG JOHN SILVER    'Opeless! *(pointing at parrot)* Me parrot can do better! Try summat else!
- GEORGE MERRY        Err.... *(leaning forward, shielding brow)* Tharrrr she blows!
- NEW RECRUITS         *(leaning forward, shielding brow)* Thar she blows!

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## OPTIONAL SECTION

- LONG JOHN SILVER    *(shaking head)* Scurvy scum! Can they at least fight like pirates?  
*[LONG JOHN SILVER hobbles to Stage Left. BLACK DOG & GEORGE MERRY change places.]*