

PLAYS FOR  
**New Audiences**

A Division of Children's Theatre Company

# *Treasure Island*

by Timothy Mason

Based on the story by Robert Louis Stevenson

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CHARACTERS (In order of appearance):

JIM HAWKINS  
BLIND PEW  
BILLY BONES  
MRS. HAWKINS  
DR. LIVESEY  
EMLYN JENKINS  
EMLYN'S FRIEND  
EMLYN'S 2nd FRIEND  
BLACK DOG  
DIRK  
JOHN DANCER  
SQUIRE TRELAWNEY  
LONG JOHN SILVER  
CAPTAIN SMOLLETT  
O'BRIEN  
ISRAEL HANDS  
REDCLIFF  
GEORGE MERRY  
TOM MORGAN  
DICK  
RODGERS  
HUNTER  
REDRUTH  
BENN GUNN  
VOICE OF OLDER JIM HAWKINS

NOT LICENSED FOR PRODUCTION

## The Setting:

In its original production, this adaptation of *TREASURE ISLAND*, the sets, designed by were in grand and romantic-naturalistic style. The comprised four basic set locales: The Admiral Benbow, a naturalistic cut-away of an old English country inn on the western coast near Bristol; The Hispaniola, a fairly complete two-masted schooner of the period; The Island, which through the use of soft hanging trees and vines and a blue "sea-scrim" beyond, was capable of depicting four different island locations; the Stockade, one of the four island locales, with a log fortress and out, beyond the sea-scrim, a small model of the Hispaniola at anchor in the bay.

Within these four main locales, two other set locations were made possible through the use of an Act Curtain Scrim. This was painted with a crude map of Treasure Island (Flint's map), and served as the pre-set, as well as being brought in during some of the Jim Hawkins' narrative voice-overs. For the Captain's Cabin scene (Act I, scene VII), the Act Curtain was lowered, a wagon setting of the captain's cabin was rolled in U of it, and the scrim was burned through, revealing the cabin in a "framed" view. For the death of Israel Hands (Act II, scene IV), the same technique was employed. The Act Curtain scrim came in during Jim Hawkins' narrative voice-over, and then was burned through to reveal an enlarged detail of the deck of the Hispaniola, with the center mast from which Israel falls into the sea (onto a gymnastics mat) prominent.

Obviously, not every producing company will be able to provide such elaborate settings for this play. However, this adaptation of *TREASURE: ISLAND* has been quite successfully produced by small community theatres and others throughout the United States. These notes on the setting are only intended to provide a rough image of the play as it was originally conceived and produced.

## **ACT I, SCENE I.**

*Night, the wind, the sea. The weathered sign-board, "Admiral Benbow", creaking on its hinges above the tavern door. The inn is empty but for JIM HAWKINS polishing glasses behind the bar, and its warm and flickering light makes it feel cozy and safe compared to the wind-swept cobblestoned street outside.*

**VOICE OF JIM HAWKINS:** Although it's been years, I remember that night as if it were yesterday. The wind was up -- and the sea was high -- and it was bitterly cold for November. But my mother's inn, the Admiral Benbow, had quite settled down for the evening. Our only lodger, Captain bones, seemed to be quiet of once, and kept to his room. I had nearly given up hope we'd have any visitors at all when—without warning—my great adventure began. Of course, I— Jim Hawkins – had no notion I was starting out on my journey to Treasure Island.

*We hear the tapping of a stick on the stones, and from the shadows see a hunched figure, wrapped in a huge tattered sea-cloak and hood, slowly drawing near to the tavern, making his way with a stick. He taps, walks, stops, and listens. He sniffs and cocks his blind head, as though he were smelling something out – and then starts again.*

*Inside, JIM notices the tapping, looks up and listens. BLIND PEW stops still. JIM goes back to polishing the glasses. Then he hears the tapping a second time – BLIND PEW has reached the tavern door – and JIM leaves the bar, glass and cloth in hand, and walks to the door. Just as he opens the door, PEW ducks into a shadow and BILLY BONES roars from upstairs.*

**BONES:** Hawkins!

JIM drops the glass and it shatters on the floor.

**JIM:** Oh, bother the man!

**BONES:** Jim Hawkins!

**JIM:** Yessir, Cap'm Bones, sir. Straightaway, sir!

We hear a thin, high wail from the street which, if we knew it, serves BLIND PEW for laughter.

JIM hears it and turns back to the door.

**BONES:** HAWKINS! WILL YOU NOT STAND TO!

**JIM:** *(Turning back into the tavern)* Aye, sir. Coming, sir! *(Regarding to broken glass on the floor)* Never mind the mess, Jim.

JIM runs up the staircase and out of sight. The wind rises as PEW opens the tavern door a crack. Wisps of fog crawl in along the floor.

**PEW:** So it's "Captain" Bones, is it? We'll give you "Captain" my mate -- aye, we'll give you that and more.

High-pitched wail again. BILLY BONES appears on the staircase and clammers down into the tap-room, followed by JIM HAWKINS.

**BONES:** Discipline, Jim! *(The tavern door shuts quickly and quietly. PEW feels his way on, into the darkness)* Discipline! NOW, if you had sailed along of Bones, you wouldn't or stood there to be spoke to twice -- not you. That was never the way with Cap'm Bones, nor the way of sich as sailed wif him. And you, wif yer paar

Daddy dead and done wif, you got to laarn yer propers, don't you Jim? Fetch me a noggin o'rum, boy.

**JIM:** Yessir, Cap'm. Aye, sir.

*JIM fills a glass. BONES suddenly stops dead still, facing the street door. JIM comes around to the CAPTAIN with a drink.*

**JIM:** Here it be, Cap'm. (*BONES does not respond.*) That'll be tuppence, Cap'm. (*BONES does not move*) Cap'm Bones, sir?

**BONES:** (*Slowly, after a pause*) What's here?

**JIM:** Sir?

**BONES:** What smells? I got a quare feelin' an' I don't like it. Somethin' rotten is here...or was. Quick, Jim! Step to the door and put yer head out! (*JIM hesitates.*) Do as yer told, boy! (*JIM runs to the door, opens it and looks out. The sound of the wind rises.*) Sing out if there's ought amiss, Jim! (*The wind. JIM finally closes the door.*)

**JIM:** Nothin', Cap'm.

**BONES:** (*Furtive whisper*) Are ye cartin', Jim? Not a soul?

**JIM:** Only Emlyn Jenkins, and he's making his way here to the Admiral Benbow, like as not.

**BONES:** None other, then? Not as man—listen to me, Jim—not a man wif no eyes in his head?

**JIM:** No eyes? (*JIM opens the door again and looks out. The wind.*) No, sir. Bless my soul, sir, there ain't.

**BONES:** Not even...Jim! (*Jim turns back inside, closing the door.*) Not even...a sea-farin' man wif only one leg, Jim? There weren't none o'those out there, was there? (*JIM laughs.*)

**JIM:** Oh, Cap'm! Beggin' your pardon, Cap'm, but you're a sight! One-legged men and men without no eyes, sir? I think you'll be wantin' a drink now, sir... (*BONES slowly begins to laugh*).

**BONES:** That's right, Jim. Ha haaa! Sharp as a handspike, ain't you, and only a yard long! (*Claps JIM on the back and they both laugh*) Jim knows there's nought to be afeard of, don't he? Anyways, I was just tryin' you out, lad -- seein' what you was made on. Ha haaaa! Only ... see my mark, Jim? (*Indicating his scar.*) My mark tells me.

*MRS. HAWKINS has been standing for a few moments past in the staircase door. She descends not and enters the taproom.*

**MRS. HAWKINS:** Tells you what, Mr. Bones? Tells you to pay up the three weeks food and lodgin' you owes me? Tells you to stop fillin' my boy Jim with outlandish stories, then, Mr. Bones? What does it tell you, uh?

**BONES:** Ahhh, Mrs. Hawkins, you are a wonder, you are. And so's yer fine, boy, here. A couple o'wonders, you is. Ha haaaa!

**MRS. HAWKINS:** The only wonder is I don't throw you out, Mr. Bones -- Captain or no Captain. (*Moving to the door.*) Lor' bless me, there's a wind. Jim! What's all this mess here? Not another broke glass, Jim!

**JIM:** Yes, mum.

**BONES:** Not to worry, Mrs. Hawkins. When I gets my own back, you'll be took care of proper, you and yer fine lad here.

**MRS. HAWKINS:** I'd ruther be took care of now, Mr. Bones. I'd ruther you just paid for that drink what's in your hand already. Clear away the mess, Jim.

BONES grumbles off into the public room and sits. JIM begins to pick up the broken glass. His mother watches him for a moment.

**MRS HAWKINS:** Jim...

**JIM:** *(Looking up)* Mum?

**MRS. HAWKINS:** *(Suddenly moves to her son and hugs him)* There now. Get busy. The good doctor'll be droppin' by tonight, or so he said.

**JIM:** Dr. Livesey!

**MRS. HAWKINS:** Who else?

**JIM:** Will he bring toffee?

**MRS. HAWKINS:** Never mind. And Jim...don't listen with more than half an ear to that old rogue. *(Indicating BONES)* Cause half of what he says is made up out of his head, and the other half is the fault o'rum. Go on, now. *(She exits up the stairs.)*

**BONES:** *(Strident whisper)* Jiiiiim!

**JIM:** Cap'm Bones?

As JIM approaches, BONES suddenly stands and grabs him by the shirt.

**BONES:** It's my old sea-chest they're after, Jim.

**JIM:** Who?

**BONES:** They want what's inside it.

**JIM:** Who is it you're talking about, Cap'm?

**BONES:** Why, Flint's crew, of course! All old Cap'm Flint's crew, man and boy -- all that's left. I was first mate, I was, old Flint's first mate, and I'm the only one as knows the place. Flint gave it me in Savannah, when he lay a'dyin'. That's why they're after me, don't you know, an' if they find me, they'll tip me the black spot, they will, they'll put the black spot on Billy Bones.