

# THE ALTERNATIVE TREASURE ISLAND

A MASTER SCRIPT WITH A LICENCE TO PHOTOCOPY

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# THE ALTERNATIVE TREASURE ISLAND

## REGULAR VERSION

SCRIPT BY  
DAVID BARRETT

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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## Dramatis Personae

Jim Hawkins

Mrs Fancy Hawkins

Billy Bones

Man 1

Man 2

Squire Trelawney

Doctor Livesey

Captain Smollet

Seller 1

Seller 2

Pirates:

Long John Sliver

Israel Hands

Obadiah Smythe

Henry Cruickshank

Bart Boddington

Will Woodcock

Tom Foote

Chorus of commoners in the pub

Chorus of customers and stall-holders in the market

Chorus of pirates

## Synopsis of Scenes and Musical Numbers

### **Act 1**

- Scene 1 The Admiral Benbow Inn, Near Bristol, England
- Scene 2 Squire Trelawney's Drawing Room
- Scene 3 A Market Near Bristol
- Scene 4 On Board the Hispaniola
- Scene 5 On Board the Hispaniola, 3 Weeks Later

### **Act 2**

- Scene 1 On Treasure Island
- Scene 2 On Board the Hispaniola
- Scene 3 On Treasure Island
  
- Song 1 A Life in the West Country (Tune: Popeye the Sailor Man)
- Song 2 Peasants are Revolting (Tune: Drunken Sailor)
- Song 3 Down in Bristol Market (Tune: One Man Went to Mow)
- Song 4 The Market Sellers (Tune: Blow the Man Down)
- Song 5 Pirates Just Love Aarghs!  
(Tune: In the Quartermaster's Stores)
- Song 6 We Love to Murder, We Love to Maim  
(Tune: Fire Down Below)
- Song 7 The Wooden Leg Song (Blow the Wind Southerly)
- Song 8 A Life on the Sea is so Gay (Tune: Abdul Abulbul Amir)
- Song 9: Thank Goodness That's the End (Anchors Aweigh)

## Act 1, Scene 1 The Admiral Benbow Inn, Near Bristol

*The scene is one of cosy rural life in a humble, but comfortable Inn. A number of customers are enjoying an evening drink. There is a main entrance on one side and a back door the other. Fancy serves at the bar while Jim is collecting empty glasses and taking fresh drinks to the tables.*

### SONG 1 A Life in the West Country (Tune: Popeye the Sailor Man)

*Chorus:*

A loif in the West Country, is purrfect as loif could be,  
We ooh and we aah as we drink at the bar,  
With a missy upon each knee.

*Chorus:*

We're 'appy for folks to share our vistas and country air,  
Our fresh clotted cream is a city man's dream,  
And their wenches just don't compare.

*Mrs Hawkins:*

My loif in the West Country, is dandy as loif could be,  
I ooh and I aah as I serve at the bar,  
And it's scrumpy and toast for tea.

*Chorus:*

Her loif as a landlady, is peachy as loif could be,  
She winks at the men and she struts like a hen,  
As she lifts up her skirt at the knee.

*Jim:*

A boy living in a pub, will never go short of grub,  
I finish the dregs from the half-empty kegs,  
And I'm pissed as a newt in a tub.

*Chorus:*

If you speak in the Country way, the girls will be blown away,  
When you offer them Zoider, they grin even wider,  
And might lead you quite astray.

*Chorus:*

Our life in the West Country, Idyllic as loif could be,  
We ooh and we aah, we moo and we baa!  
If you stay awake you'll see.

JIM Mother, why do you keep doing that?

MOTHER What dear? \_\_\_\_\_

JIM All that ooh aah stuff.

MOTHER We do live in the West Country, dear.

JIM But mother, we only moved here three weeks ago from Yorkshire.

MOTHER Yes, well it's easier than doing all that ee bah gum stuff. It makes my jaw ache.  
*(Billy Bones crosses from the bar and finds a seat.)*

JIM Captain Bones, please tell us one of your stories.  
*(Everyone starts to gather round.)*

MAN 1 Tell us about your life at sea.

BONES Well, it's a hard life to be sure. And you meet some right rum types aboard ship.

MAN 2 Tell us about them, Captain.

BONES Pirates, some of them; pirates and privateers. They have no honour and no regard for human life. But they look out for one-another, they do. And if a pirate betrays a confidence or is considered a traitor he is given the black spot.

JIM What's that? Is it a dog?

BONES No son, it's the pirates' death penalty. *(He stares into the distance.)* He will die a slow and lingering death. *(Stretching out his words.)* Slow and lingering. Lingering and slow!

JIM Tell us about the pirates.

BONES Well, there was Cap'n Bluebeard. 'E was a strange one. 'E fancied 'imself as an opera singer and was fond of dressing up in women's clothes. Every evening he would go to his cabin, put on a red velvet dress and spend the night trilling in a rich soprano.

MAN 1 Didn't she mind him doing that?

BONES Who?

MAN 1 The rich soprano. *(Everyone chuckles.)*

BONES Now there was old Blackbeard. 'E had his own ideas on combat. When the enemy was sighted he would insist his crew dance the hornpipe naked on deck.

MAN 2 Why on earth was that?

BONES He reckoned it would scare off the enemy.

MOTHER And did it work?

BONES It certainly did. Even the blackest-hearted buccaneers would flee at the sight of the men's do si dos as they bounced on deck.

JIM Tell us about Redbeard.

BONES Aargh, Redbeard, the strangest of the lot. A stranger tale I never heard tell. He would climb up to the crows nest with a crate of rum and not come down for three days. Three days, I tell ye! And while he was up there the men would hide below deck.

JIM Why was that, were they scared?

BONES No! 'E drank all the rum you see and he was so wobbly with all that drinkin' he wouldn't dare climb down when he was caught short. Any man crossing the deck may well be caught in more than a rain shower.

MOTHER That can't possibly be true, Billy.

BONES No, it ain't but it makes a good yarn. And I likes a good yarn!  
*(Sound of something dropping through the letter box.)*  
Aargh! What be that?

MAN 1 That be a letter. *(He goes to pick it up.)*  
MAN 2 *(Looking through the curtains.)* There's an ugly-looking crowd of men outside.  
BONES *(Bones goes to the window.)* Shiver me capstan chain, it's Sliver and his gang of cut-throats.  
MAN 1 *(Holding the letter.)* It's for you, Captain Bones. *(Hands him the letter.)*  
BONES What is this? A letter for me?  
*(He opens it with his dagger and unfolds it.)*  
What the.....? No! No, not the black spot; it can't be! They've given me the black spot. *(Holds up the paper for all to see.)*  
JIM Quick mother, bar the door. *(She does so.)*  
BONES I'm done for! I knew they would come for me one day.  
*(He gasps in pain and clutches his chest, leaning against the bar. Jim and mother run forward to help him.)*  
It's too late to help me now – it's me heart. My time has come. You look to yourselves.  
JIM Hang in there, Captain. You don't have to die yet.  
BONES My chest, my chest.  
MOTHER We know where your heart is. We're not stupid.  
BONES *(Points)* My sea chest! It's in there; I want you to have it.  
JIM What's in there, Captain? What do you want us to have?  
BONES Aargh! Aargh! Look after it – it will bring you good fortune.  
MOTHER What will, Billy?  
BONES The.... The.... The.... *(He dies and slithers down the bar into a sitting position, head lolling to one side.)*  
MOTHER The chest! It's behind the bar.  
*(Men 1 and 2 lift up the chest and put it on the bar. Jim looks inside.)*  
JIM I don't understand. It's empty!  
MAN 1 No, look! Fixed to the underside of the lid.  
MAN 2 It's a piece of parchment – a scroll! *(He passes the map to Jim.)*  
JIM Look, mother, it's some sort of map.  
MOTHER It's a treasure map.  
JIM How do you know.  
MOTHER Look! It says, 'this is not a treasure map' on the top. Someone is trying to confuse us.  
MAN 1 That's not difficult.  
*(Others begin to gather around.)*  
JIM But the words are funny, mummy.  
MOTHER No they're not, clot. There in Irish. And it looks as though it were written by a pirate.  
JIM How do you know that?  
MOTHER Lots of the words have an aargh in them.  
JIM Can you speak Irish?  
MOTHER A little; I'll try:  
*(In an Irish accent.)* To follow these instructions now, do not go alone. You need to be in a tree.  
JIM In a tree?  
MOTHER Make sure yew trees stick together.  
JIM This is silly!

MAN 1 It means you three.  
 JIM Oh, I see.  
 MOTHER Take the track up the hill, ignoring the first and second turnings but pick up the turd.  
 JIM What does it mean, 'pick up the turd'?  
 MOTHER Hush, boy. Once you have picked it up, keep following it and don't take your eyes off it.  
 JIM Don't take your eyes off it?  
 MOTHER When it goes downhill, follow it.  
 JIM I can't believe this!  
 MOTHER When it starts to get marshy, it will begin to break up. Please tread warily on it, following the footprints of people who've trodden before you and make sure you pick it up again on the other side of the marsh.  
 JIM Yuk!  
 MOTHER Provided you have followed my instructions at the beginning, you should be able to smell something by now.  
 JIM Double yuk! (*Holds his nose.*)  
 MOTHER When the road branches, the tree of you should stick together and leaf the first two large forks but take the turd.  
 JIM Not the turd again.  
 MOTHER Follow it into the trees and the smell will grow stronger.  
 JIM I should think it would by now.  
 MOTHER The smell should be on your right hand side.  
 JIM How does he know which hand you're holding it in?  
 MOTHER By now you should be able to tell where the fragrance is coming from.  
 JIM Isn't that obvious?  
 MOTHER You are descending through a grove of magnolias.  
 JIM That should disguise it a bit.  
 MOTHER This is where you may leave the turd turning.  
 JIM Thank goodness.  
 MOTHER Leave it behind you and as the trees get tick and you go into a dark wood, hold hands with the second and turd person so you don't get lost.  
 JIM Yuk!  
 MOTHER At the hollow tree, stop, do a tree-point turn and take tree steps backwards from the tree.  
 JIM Then what?  
 MOTHER Turn around and follow the instructions on the bottom.  
 (*She turns round and Jim inspects her bottom.*)  
 JIM There's no instructions there.  
 MOTHER The bottom of the map, child!  
 JIM Do you suppose it tells us where the treasure is interred?  
 MOTHER Look, that's enough, Jim.  
 (*Sounds of angry, drunk voices approaching outside.*)  
 MAN 1 (*Peeping through the curtain.*) Now there's going to be trouble. Here comes that good-for-nothing pirate Long John Sliver and a crowd of his friends.  
 JIM Mother, bar the door.  
 MOTHER I already did.

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*(We hear a fearful banging of fists on the door. The drinkers hide under their tables in fright.)*

JIM Mother do something, quickly.  
MOTHER Jim, I will try to distract them. You must leave by the back door and take the map to Squire Trelawney. He will know what to do with it.  
JIM But I can't remember how to get to the Squire's house. I've only been there once.  
MOTHER It's quite easy; I'll remind you. Follow the footpath through the fallow field and take the first fork to Falconer's ford.  
JIM Follow the footpath through the fallow field and take the first fork to Falconer's ford.  
MOTHER Risk wading the river and take the track till it meets Truscott's trail.  
JIM Whisk raiding the wiver and trake the tack till it meets Tuskrots tail.  
MOTHER Hike up the hill to the holly in the hollow by the hickory hedge.  
JIM Hack up the hole to the hickow by the hollery hedge.  
MOTHER The third thoroughfare by the thorny thistles threads through to Three Thimbles Cottage.  
MOTHER Now, repeat it all back to me.  
JIM Follow the fork to Falconer's field and wade the river. Take the hickory up the hill to the hollow track by the holly hedge. The third thistle threads through the thimble to the thorny cottage.  
MOTHER You weren't paying attention, boy, were you?  
JIM I was mother. I just can't remember...  
*(There is a fearful banging on the door.)*  
MOTHER Oh, to hell with it, just take the number 23. It stops right outside the Squire's house. And be careful, Jim. There's something evil in the air.  
MAN 2 Must have been them beans you served for dinner.  
JIM Bye, mum. I'll be back soon.  
MOTHER *(Smothering him in kisses.)* Goodbye, Jimikins.  
JIM Mother! Not in front of these people. *(Exits through the back door)*  
*(The door bursts open and Sliver and his friends flood in.)*  
SLIVER Aargh!  
PIRATES Aargh!  
MAN 2 Aargh!  
BART Hey, you can't do that. You're not a pirate!  
*(Sliver kicks Bart's shins.)* Neither are we of course.  
SLIVER Where's that bones.  
MAN 2 What sort of bone? Thigh bone, finger bone, funny bone?  
OBADIAH Ah, so we have a comedian in our midst. Shall I kill him, Sliver?  
SLIVER You can't go round killing people like that.  
ISRAEL Why not? That's what pirates do, isn't it?  
SLIVER But we're not pirates, are we!  
TOM Of course not. We're sailors.  
SLIVER I'll ask you one more time, ugly. Where's Billy Bones?  
MAN 2 Over there, propping up the bar.  
HENRY Where? We don't see him, do we boys?  
PIRATES No!  
MAN 2 I'll get him for you.  
*(He crosses to the bar and drags Billy Bones downstage by his feet.)*

WILL Has he been drinking too much again?  
 MOTHER It's worse than that, I'm afraid.  
 SLIVER You don't mean he's dead?  
 MAN 1 Stiff as a gentleman's collar.  
 SLIVER Darn it! Where's his chest?  
 MAN 2 *(Bending down and pointing to the upper part of Bones's body.)*  
 Right here!  
 OBADIAH Please let me kill him, Sliver.  
 SLIVER I'd rather you killed the script-writer.  
 WILL Woman!  
 PIRATES Where?  
 WILL There!  
 PIRATES Oh, that one!  
 TOM I suppose it is - after a fashion..  
 WILL I say, woman!  
 MOTHER What?  
 WILL Give us Bones's sea chest or we'll re-decorate your inn – in red.  
 MOTHER Oh, what a good idea. I was thinking of a new colour scheme.  
 MAN 2 Better do what he says, Fancy. I don't think he is recommending a  
 paint. *(She brings the chest from behind the bar.)*  
 TOM *(Laughing.)* Is that her name? Fancy!  
 HENRY Well, fancy that.  
 WILL No, I don't!  
 SLIVER *(Opening the chest.)* I don't see it here.  
 TOM Search the body, Bart.  
 OBADIAH It must be here somewhere.  
 MOTHER You won't find it in there.  
 TOM What won't we find, Fanny?  
 MOTHER Fancy!  
 TOM You've taken it, haven't you, wench?  
 MOTHER *(Smiling.)* Ooh, I haven't been called that for years. *(Sidles up to Tom.)*  
 TOM *(Slapping her face. She looks shocked at first, then smiles again.)* Tell  
 us what you did with Billy Bones' scrolls, wench.  
 MOTHER *(Smiling.)* Will you slap me again if I don't.  
 WILL We want to know how Bones concealed his will and testaments.  
 MOTHER Let's not get too personal.  
 SLIVER *(Shouts.)* Enough!  
 PIRATES *(All jump in fright.)* Aargh!  
 SLIVER Right men, re-arrange the furniture.  
*(With lots of snarling and aarghing the pirates overturn tables and  
 chairs and break a few bottles. They pour a mug of ale over Man 1,  
 who tries to drink some as it dribbles down his face. One pirate picks  
 up a bottle and hides behind an overturned table to drink it. No-one  
 sees him hide, except for the audience.)*  
 Enough!  
 PIRATES *(All jump in fright again.)* Aargh!  
 SLIVER We are wasting our time, men. Woman, you have twenty-four hours. If  
 you don't hand over the treasure map, your inn will be turned into a  
 beacon! *(All gasp.)*

MOTHER No, we're not insured!  
SLIVER Out men, out! Twenty-four hours – we'll be back. *(Pirates exit except for the one hiding, who tries to finish the bottle.)*

MOTHER What a horrible bunch. Someone needs to teach them some manners.  
MAN 2 Well, at least the map is safe in Jim's hands. He should have reached Squire Trelawney's house by now.  
*(The pirate stops drinking and pricks up his ears.)*

MAN 1 Let's get the place straightened up.  
*(He goes to pick up the table where the pirate is hiding.)*  
What the devil. Hey, wait!  
*(The pirate is already halfway to the door and is gone before they can catch him.)*

MOTHER What have we done? Do you suppose he heard what we said about Jim?  
MAN 2 Well I'm off to the Squire's house to see that Jim is safe.  
MAN 1 Wait for me – I'm coming too.  
OTHERS And me! *(etc.)*  
*(They all exit swiftly.)*

MOTHER *(As she exits.)* I suppose the tidying will wait until morning.  
*(Turns to look at audience.)* Unless you lot would like to tidy up while we're out. No, I thought not. Bye! *(She waves.)*

*(Blackout)*

*End of Scene*