



# Treasure Island

by Bradford and Webster

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## Treasure Island cast list

JIM HAWKINS	Principal boy. Traditionally played by a female. The hero of the story. Looking for adventure. In love with Felicity.
FELICITY TRELAWNY	Principal girl. Sweet and pretty. in love with Jim.
MA HAWKINS	The Dame. Traditionally played ~ flirty, fun and larger-than-life.
LONG JOHN SILVER	The “baddie”. Needs to be fit enough to hop around on one leg for the run of the panto! (see Additional Notes).
BILLY BRASS NICKY KNUCKLES	The comedy duo. A couple of dim-witted pirates. They need to have a good rapport with the audience.
SQUIRE TRELAWNEY	Father of Felicity. Quite likes Ma Hawkins.
FAIRY GODMOTHER	The narrator of the story .... but she is trying to do too much. Quite traditional, but with a bit of fun.
POLLY, the PARROT	Dry, sarcastic. Spends quite a lot of time sitting on her perch at the front of the stage.
CAPTAIN CORKER'UN	Very attractive Captain of the ship. She's pretending to be male, and wears a thin disguise (a moustache) to start with.
MARTHA, the BARMAID	Works at the Benbow Inn. Friendly, “down to earth”.
ROBINSON CRUSOE	A “James Bond” style character. Young, handsome, confident.
FRIDAY Plus MONDAY to THURSDAY	Crusoe's main companion. Four more “Crusoe companions”. All five are dancers, if possible, male or female.
THE BEARD SELLER	Small speaking role. One scene only
JOLLY ROGER BLIND PEW BLACK DOG	Pirates, with scripted lines.
CABIN BOY	Small speaking role.
BARMAN	Chorus role. One line in first scene.
ROBIN	Thief. Non-speaking role. One short appearance in first scene.

Chorus roles:- Inn Customers & Servers, Pirates & Sailors

**Scenes and Staging****ACT I****Scene 1 The Admiral Benbow Inn**

Full stage scene. "Old Inn" backcloth. Wooden tables and benches, and a bar set upstage. A couple of barrels will add to the scene.

**Scene 2 The Pirates' Cave**

Front of tabs or front cloth scene.

**Scene 3 The Admiral Benbow Inn  
~ after closing time**

Full stage scene. As Scene 1.

**Scene 4 The Quayside**

Front of tabs or front cloth scene.

**Scene 5 Aboard The Hispaniola**

Full stage scene. A "Ship's Deck" cloth, if possible. If not, use nautical props, such as barrels and ropes.

**ACT II****Scene 6 Aboard The Hispaniola**

Full-stage scene. As Scene 5.

**Scene 7 a) Fairy's Re-cap  
b) Treasure Island Beach**

Short front of tabs scene.

Full stage or half stage scene. Very little time to set up, so the ideal option would be to use a "Tropical Beach" cloth, either flown in, or on a track. If this is not possible. An artificial palm tree says "tropical island"!

**Scene 8 The Haunted Caverns**

Front of tabs or front cloth scene. Black cloth or tabs for UV number (see Additional Notes).

**Scene 9 Treasure Island Beach**

Full stage or half stage scene. As Scene 7a. Add "sand dunes" and treasure chest. "Davy Jones' Locker" is Upstage Right. The locker has practical doors, which open outwards. It must have a false back of black fabric, to enable Silver to run into it, without injury! (Have someone ready to catch him!).

**Song Sheet**

Front of tabs

**"Crusoe's" Cabaret Finale**

Full stage. This needs to be "glitzy"! If you can accommodate it, a sparkle cloth or shimmer curtain will enhance your finale. And a light-up flashing "Crusoe's" sign is a good addition.

## TREASURE ISLAND

### Act I

#### Scene 1      The Admiral Benbow Inn

*Curtains open on a bustling pub interior.*

OPENING SONG "Oom Pah Pah"

*Pub settles down.*

*Jim Hawkins, our hero, sits on a table with his feet on a stool and starts reading a book as the patrons return to their conversations.*

*Fairy enters, waves wand – all freeze. Fairy looks down at wand with a satisfied smile.*

FAIRY

Ah, good, it's working ... just had it serviced.  
Right, let's get going, shall we?

The mood is high at the Benbow Inn  
But a tale of adventure's about to begin  
    *(she indicates towards Jim Hawkins)*  
I'm the guardian of that Jim Hawkins fella  
- a bit like the Godmother in Cinderella  
Though he can't see me, I'm always close by  
To keep him safe from evil's eye  
Young Jim's an adventurous kind of a lad  
So, it's not the easiest job I've had  
He'd love an adventure – just like in his book  
So I'll sprinkle magic fairy dust to bring him good luck

*Pause to allow silence to be appreciated.*

*Loud phone ring.*

*Fairy jumps, hand to chest, deep breath, then she fishes in her bag and pulls out a mobile phone.*

FAIRY

Yes! ... I'm at the Inn ... I AM working ... Hawkins. It's in the diary ... I know, I'm just leaving.  
*(to audience)* Sorry.

*Fairy shakes head, exasperated sigh.*

*Fairy waves her wand and exits. Pub-goers unfreeze. Ma Hawkins steps forward.*

MA

*(sees audience)* Oooh, hello! Thank you so much for popping into The Admiral Benbow Inn, we could do with a few more customers! I'm the landlady ..... Ma Hawkins is the name .... and that's my boy, Jim, over there!

*(to Jim)* Jim! Jim Hawkins! You haven't got time to read the Beano. You've got work to do.

JIM

*(scathingly)* It's not the Beano, mother.

MA

Oh, really. Is that so? What is it, then? ... the Dandy? Whizzer and Chips? Twinkle? My Little Pony Monthly?

JIM

Mother!! It's a book of adventures. Stories from far away lands. One day, I plan to have an adventure of my own. (*far away look*)

*Ma shakes her head and clouts Jim.*

MA

Not when there's floors to scrub and pots to wash. And where are those two good-for-nothings I took on last week to help out in the kitchen? I must've taken leave of my senses. Brass and Knuckles?! What was I thinking?

MARTHA

They're making themselves useful, Mrs Hawkins, they're doing the washing up.

*Ma is pleasantly surprised.*

MA

Ooooh, that's nice.

*Ma jumps and a look of panic spreads across her face.*

MA

No, not Brass and Knuckles! Not my best china!

*Right on cue, Brass and Knuckles enter both wearing aprons over their pirate costumes. Knuckles is carrying a big pile of plates and bowls on a tray. Brass is backing on ahead of him ready to catch the plates if they fall.*

BRASS

All done! No breakages.

*Knuckles trips and staggers across the stage. Brass dodges out of the way, then follows Knuckles. Knuckles heads towards Ma and Jim, trying to keep the pile upright. Ma, Jim and Brass shadow him, arms outstretched as he staggers back and forth, the pile leaning precariously. Eventually, the pile tips towards the audience and, of course, the plates are stuck on. Knuckles holds the tray upside down.*

BRASS

(*to audience*) Hey hey! Fooled you there, kids, didn't we?

KNUCKLES

Foiled you! Har har!

*Brass and Knuckles crack up, pleased with themselves, pointing at each other, then the china, laughing and slapping their thighs.*

*Ma steps forward and clouts Brass and then Knuckles.*

MA

Yes, very funny. So that's what you've been doing all day is it? Gluing my best china together?

*Ma takes tray off Brass and hands it to barmaid. Brass and Knuckles grin and shrug. Ma clouts Brass and Knuckles again and, shaking her head, goes off to bustle around in the background, leaving Brass and Knuckles at front of stage. Jim goes back to reading his book. Brass and Knuckles rub their respective heads.*

KNUCKLES

Ouch! That really hurt.

BRASS

I've a good mind to report her to the NSPCPC. That's the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pantomime Characters.

KNUCKLES

She's always clouting us.

BRASS

That's cos we're useless, Knuckles.

KNUCKLES

Aha! That's cos we're ... not really cooks, Brass.

BRASS

True.

*Brass looks over his shoulders to check no-one is listening and Knuckles follows suit. They edge right to the front of the stage and lean forward conspiratorially.*

BRASS

*(quietly)* Boys and girls, ssshhhhh *(finger to lips)* ... can you keep a secret?

*Knuckles stands straight.*

KNUCKLES

*(loudly)* He said 'can you keep a secret'?!!

*Knuckles indicates for a reply and cups his hand to his ear. Brass is a little surprised and indicates to him to keep his voice down.*

BRASS

Keep your voice down!

KNUCKLES

Ooh! Sorry.

BRASS

You see, boys and girls, we're under cover.

KNUCKLES

A nice warm duvet *(sigh)*.

BRASS

What?

KNUCKLES

Oh, nothing. Erm.

BRASS

We can't tell you who we really are.

KNUCKLES

No, Long John Silver would have our guts for garters if we told you that we were really pirates.

*Brass gasps in surprise and turns to Knuckles with finger to lips.*

BRASS  
Shhhhhhhhhhh!

*Knuckles joins in.*

BRASS & KNUCKLES  
Ssssshhhhhhhhhhh!!!!

BRASS  
Tut. You've spoiled the surprise, now.

KNUCKLES  
Sorry

BRASS  
*(to audience)* We didn't **want** to be pirates.

KNUCKLES  
No. We were press-ganged.

BRASS  
Kidnapped.

KNUCKLES  
*(sad)* Separated from our loved ones.

BRASS  
*(sadder)* Dragged off in the middle of the night. .... Oi! This is supposed to be sad.

KNUCKLES  
Sadder than that!

BRASS  
And we're quite nice, really.

KNUCKLES  
I am particularly lovely.

BRASS  
Yeah, we're your friendly neighbourhood pirates, like that dreamy Orlando Bloom.

KNUCKLES  
Or that Jack Pigeon.

BRASS  
Sparrow.

KNUCKLES  
Sparrow. Sorry.

BRASS  
Yeah..... Will Turner and Jack Sparrow *(sigh)* .....and who do we end up with?

BRASS & KNUCKLES  
Long John Silver!!



BRASS  
He's mean ....

KNUCKLES  
..... and nasty.

BRASS  
(*to audience*) Have you met him yet – Long John Silver?

AUDIENCE  
No

KNUCKLES  
.... well, you'd better watch out cos he's the most cruellest and despicable-est pirate you'll ever meet.

BRASS  
And he's the leader of the most notorious band of pirates ever known

KNUCKLES  
I thought that was Boris Johnson?! (*update, as required!*)

BRASS  
Hmm.....Long John Silver is VERY scary

KNUCKLES  
No-one in their right mind would want to work for him...

*They look at each other in a 'so does that mean we're not in our right mind?' kind of way*

KNUCKLES  
... but we HAVE to!

BRASS  
Yeah! Cos he said, if we ever ran away, he'd ...

*Brass rubs his thumbnail across his throat. Knuckles looks confused.*

KNUCKLES  
What? Stroke our necks with his thumb?

BRASS  
Yeah, I think so ...

KNUCKLES  
Oh, I bet if we weren't pirates, we'd have lots of friends.

BRASS  
But we've got lots of friends

KNUCKLES  
Who?

BRASS  
Er...the other pirates .... Roger...and Black Dog ..... and Blind Pew ..... and Deaf Magillicuddy....

KNUCKLES

*(sticks out bottom lip)* But they're all mean and nasty, like Long John Silver. I want some nice friends .... like that lot out there *(points to audience)*

BRASS

Well, I'm sure they'd be our friends – if we asked them. *(To audience)* Will you be our pirate pals?

AUDIENCE

Yes

KNUCKLES

I don't think they like us very much.

BRASS

Course they do. *(louder)* Will you be our pirate pals?

AUDIENCE

Yes!

BRASS

There you go, see. Tell you what – we could have our own special pirate greeting! When we see you, we'll shout out "ahoy, mateys!" and you can shout back "shiver me timbers!"

KNUCKLES

Oh yeah! Can you do that? I said **can you do that??** Great!! Oh! Oh! Let's have a go, Brass.

BRASS

OK. Have you got it? We say "Ahoy mateys" and you shout "Shiver me timbers"! Ready?

BRASS & KNUCKLES

Ahoy mateys!

AUDIENCE

Shiver me timbers!

BRASS

I reckon they can shout much louder than that, don't you Knuckles?

KNUCKLES

Yeah, Brass, much louder.

BRASS

One more time.

BRASS & KNUCKLES

Ahoy mateys!!

AUDIENCE

Shiver me timbers!

KNUCKLES

Yeah! Brilliant!!

BRASS

Great, kids!

*Ma looms up behind them carrying two brooms.*

MA  
What on earth do you think you are doing?

*Brass and Knuckles cower.*

BRASS  
Erm.

KNUCKLES  
Er.

*Ma raises her one of the brooms as if to strike them.*

MA  
Get back to work! I don't know what I'm paying you for.

*Ma hands over the brooms. Brass and Knuckles scamper upstage and start sweeping, pushing each other occasionally.*

MA  
(*sighing*) Not that I'm going to be able to pay them. Oh dear. Oh Jim, what's to become of us?

*Jim steps forward.*

JIM  
What's the matter mother?

MA  
I've just been counting the money in the till. It didn't take very long. Look.

*Ma holds up her purse. She tips it upside down and a single, tiny coin falls out.*

MA  
One farthing! That's all we've got left once we've paid the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker.

*Jim looks round.*

JIM  
We haven't got any candlesticks.

MA  
You're missing the point. We're poor. And I owe the Squire four months back rent. What are we going to do?

*Jim stands heroically.*

JIM  
Mother, I think it's time I went off on an adventure ... just like in my book. The hero always comes back with riches beyond their wildest dreams.

MA  
Oh really! Well, Jim Hawkins, you can go off on as many adventures as you like, once you've ...

JIM  
(*disheartened*) ... scrubbed the floors and washed the pots. Yes mother.

*Jim goes to slope off. Ma collects tray of food from wings.*

MA

But before you do that, take this up to that Billy Bones in room 13. He's not come down for his dinner. Probably been a bit too noisy for him tonight, what with all the singing.

*Ma looks round scathingly at the chorus, who turn their heads away to avoid her gaze.*

JIM

All right mother.

*Jim takes the tray and exits, watched with interest by Brass and Knuckles.*

*Pub door opens and Squire Trelawney enters with his daughter, Felicity. Ma just happens to be bending over with her rear to the Squire.*

SQUIRE

Ah, Mrs Hawkins, there you are. Radiant as ever.

*Ma stands up straight as if she has been goosed. She tidies her hair before she turns.*

MA

Squire Trelawney, and the lovely Felicity. What brings you to my humble establishment?

*Ma flutters her eyelashes. Squire puts on serious face.*

SQUIRE

I think we both know what I'm after, Mrs Hawkins.

*Ma feigns shock.*

MA

Mr Trelawney!! There are children present!!!

*Squire is flustered and embarrassed but also a little excited.*

SQUIRE

Um ... ah ... er .... Oh, Mrs Hawkins ... I ... er ... I'm here to discuss your ... er ... rent arrears.

MA

Are you sure that's the ... ah ... rear you want to ... (*pout*) discuss?

*Ma shakes her booty, just a little.*

*Squire doesn't know where to look.*

*Jim enters with tray.*

JIM

Ma, he's not there!

*Brass is waiting to take the tray from Jim*

BRASS

Waste not, want not!

*Brass & Knuckles take the tray to a table and tuck into the food.*

*Ma rushes downstage to meet Jim.*

MA

Not now, Jim, I'm flirting outrageously with the squire to make him forget why he came round.

JIM

The squire? Oh is Felicity ...?

*Jim turns to see Felicity.*

JIM

... here. *(big sigh)* Yes. *(ridiculously insipid smile)*

MA

Oh, for heaven's sake, pull yourself together, boy. You know the squire doesn't approve of you and Felicity seeing each other. Now what was it you wanted to say?

JIM

Oh, yeah, sorry, it's Billy Bones. He's gone.

MA

What do you mean, he's gone?

JIM

I mean he's not there. And Mr Bones hasn't missed dinner once since he's been staying here.

MA

Oooer. How mysterious!

*Mysterious chords.*

JIM

I know! And I found this.

*Jim holds up a large piece of paper with a large black spot on it.*

*Everyone lets out a gasp. Brass and Knuckles aren't shocked at all but are looking round with a kind of terrified anticipation.*

ALL

The black spot!!!

*Another gasp from everyone. Brass and Knuckles do the little Black Spot dance (rub front with both hands, spin round and spit).*

*Martha the barmaid takes a step forward, looking a bit scared.*

MARTHA

What is it? What does it mean?

*As Brass and Knuckles huddle together in slightly guilty but excited fashion, everyone else shrugs and admits they have no idea.*

VARIOUS

No idea/dunno/actually, now you come to mention it etc

MARTHA

*(disappointed)* Oh.

*Knuckles can't help himself and blurts out.*

KNUCKLES

I know what it means!

*Brass immediately gasps and slaps a hand over Knuckles's mouth. Brass puts his finger to his lips and shushes Knuckles extremely loudly and aggressively.*

BRASS

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh ....!!!!

*Everyone else turns to look at Brass and his shush fades off.*

BRASS

... sssshhhhhh ... shhh ... shh ... ahem.

*Brass puts his hands behind his back and starts whistling tunelessly and looking round in a 'what-me-I-wasn't-doing-anything' fashion.*

*Squire Trelawney snatches the spot from Jim and strides over to Brass and Knuckles. Squire waves spot at them.*

SQUIRE

Do you know what this is?

*Brass and Knuckles look at each other. They turn to the Squire.*

BRASS & KNUCKLES

No! .... er .....yes.

SQUIRE

Well!?!?

*Brass and Knuckles look at each other again. Again, they turn to the Squire.*

BRASS & KNUCKLES

It's ...

*Everyone leans forward to hear.*

BRASS & KNUCKLES

... the Black Spot!!

*They do the little dance again. Ma steps forward and takes spot from Squire.*

MA

We can see it's the Black Spot, but what does it mean?

*Brass and Knuckles look worried. They check with each other again before taking a deep breath.*

BRASS

It's an oooooooooold piiiiiiirate cuuuuuurse ...

KNUCKLES

... and it means you won't never see that Billy Bones again ...

BRASS

... whoever he may be ... ahem.

*Ma is shocked. She looks down at the spot. She sees something.*

MA

Wait!! There's something written on the back! It says ...You won't ever seeeeeeeeee me again, signed Billy Bones. Oh! Well, that's not very lucky. Billy Bones owes me four week's board and lodging. How am I going to pay my rent now?

SQUIRE

I'm sure we can come to some arrangement, Mrs Hawkins.

MA

Oh! Squire Trelawney!

*Ma flutters her eyelashes at him again. Then she has a thought.*

MA

Wait! Maybe he left some money up in his room. Jim, did you see anything up there?

JIM

No, nothing at all.

MA

I'll go and check. You are a man after all and you never see anything unless there's an arrow and a big sign saying 'Look here!' Don't worry, Squire Trelawney, you'll get your rent money.

*Ma exits.*

*Squire makes silent flirty small talk with Martha. Felicity slides over to Jim.*

FELICITY

Oh, Jim.

*Jim puts his finger to his lips, looks over both shoulders to check no-one is looking and takes Felicity's hand and leads her to a front corner of the stage.*

FELICITY

Oh, Jim, I've missed you so much. My father says I can't see you because you're poor ... and he won't let me out of the house on my own any more – he says cutthroats and pirates have been seen around Smuggler's Cove.

JIM

Pirates? Really? Have you seen a ship in the bay? I've read all about pirates, Blackbeard, Bluebeard, Pinkbeard ... and the most famous and dangerous one of all ... Long John Silver!

FELICITY

Oh Jim, I know what you're thinking. I dream of going on an adventure too. How I wish we could go together.

*Jim takes both Felicity's hands in his own. They sigh.*

*Over on the other side of the stage, Squire has moved over to talk to Brass and Knuckles.*

SQUIRE

You two seem to know an awful lot about pirate curses. You wouldn't happen to be **pirates** would you?

KNUCKLES

Yes ... I mean, no.

*Brass turns to audience and puts his finger to his lips.*

BRASS

No definitely not sir. You wouldn't catch us dead with pirates.

KNUCKLES

Certainly not ones with only one leg. No sir.

*Brass hits Knuckles on the shoulder.*

BRASS

We're just yer general seafaring types. Definitely not pirates. Do we look like pirates? (*they obviously do*)

SQUIRE

Well, yes, actually

BRASS

So... just because we look a bit "piratey" – you're presuming that we're pirates? That's a bit like saying that Robin over there is a thief.

KNUCKLES

(*waving*) Hello Robin.

*The crowd parts, so that Robin is visible. He waves. He is wearing a stripey jumper and carrying a bag labelled "swag". He steals a couple of tankards, then makes a hasty exit.*

SQUIRE

OK, so you're not pirates.

*Squire turns to go.*

*Brass and Knuckles look at each other.*

BRASS & KNUCKLES

Phew.

*Ma enters.*

MA

Oooh, have you seen the size of this chest? It's very impressive.

SQUIRE

Oh, er, madam I was trying not to look.

MA

I think I may need a hand

SQUIRE

Sounds like an offer I can't refuse.

*Squire heads towards Ma rubbing his hands. Jim stands, mouth open in shock. He indicates to Felicity in a "have you seen those two" fashion.*

MA

Through here.

*Ma exits. Squire follows with a glint in his eye.*

JIM

(*to Felicity*) He may not approve of me, but he certainly seems to approve of my mother



*Ma and Squire enter carrying Billy Bones' chest.*

SQUIRE

You're right. It is an enormous chest.

JIM

*(Realisation dawns)* Oh! That kind of chest!

*Ma and Squire put chest down on table.*

*Brass and Knuckles show interest in the chest.*

JIM

Mum, are you just going to open up Billy Bones' chest and take his money?

MA

Well, I ...

CUSTOMERS & BAR STAFF

Open the box! / Take the money! etc ...

*The shouting gets organised, splitting between those on stage left and those on stage right.*

*As they shout, Ma turns to them and puts her hand to her mouth, trying to make a decision.*

STAGE LEFT

Take the money!

STAGE RIGHT

Open the box!

STAGE LEFT

Take the money!

STAGE RIGHT

Open the box!

*A phone rings. The Barman answers it.*

BARMAN

Hello. *(pause)* It's for you, Mrs Hawkins.

*He hands phone to Ma.*

MA

Hello. Oh, really. How much? Ooooh, I'll have to think about it.

*Ma cups hand over mouthpiece.*

MA

It's the banker. He's offered me three pounds fourteen shillings and ninepence. What should I do?

STAGE LEFT

Deal!

STAGE RIGHT

No deal!

STAGE LEFT

Deal!

STAGE RIGHT

No deal!

MA

Wait! I've decided! I'm going to take the money AND open the box!

*Ma gives phone back to Barman and pulls the top of the box open.*

MA

Ooooooh, what have we got here?

*As Ma calls out what she has found, she throws the items to the assembled throng, who scarper as they are hit by an assortment of dirty underwear.*

MA

Dirty pants ... dirty socks ... more dirty pants ... Treasure Weekly magazine ... a pair of bloomers ... I'd always wondered about that man ... some old papers ...

*Ma throws the papers and they land in Jim's hands. He is startled. Brass and Knuckles stand, gasp, point, hug each other, and generally overact. Jim and Felicity start to investigate the papers.*

MA

Aha! Now, we get to the good stuff. Money money money money money!!

*Ma starts picking out coins and piling them up beside her on the table. She counts out loud as she picks out the coins.*

MA

One ... seven ... three ... five ...twelve ...fourteen ... (to audience) I'm completely self taught, you know.

*Brass and Knuckles start creeping towards Jim and Felicity, as they unfold what looks like a map. Just as they get up behind them, Squire, who has been watching Ma count money, strides over to Jim and Felicity. Brass and Knuckles scarper and exit.*

SQUIRE

What have got there, young Jim?

JIM

It's some kind of map. I think it might be a treasure map.

SQUIRE

Oh Jim, you and your imagination. What makes you think it's a treasure map?

FELICITY

Well, daddy, there's a big red X and it says "treasure buried here".

*Squire grabs the map and inspects it.*

SQUIRE

By George you're right! I've always liked you, you know, young Hawkins.

*Squire pats Jim on the head. Jim pulls a face. Ma has finished counting the cash. She calls out.*

MA

Fourteen pounds, twelve shillings and sixpence! And it's all mine!

JIM

You can forget about that, mum.

MA

Forget about it? Forget about it? This is more money than I've seen in one place in a month of Sundays! (*pops the money into her purse and jangles it*) Two months of Sundays! I'll be able to pay off my rent arrears, buy a new frock and get my hair done.

JIM

But mum, we've found a treasure map.

*Ma sticks the purse down her cleavage and joins Jim and Squire.*

MA

Oooh, treasure, one of my two favourite words.

JIM

What's the other one?

MA

Mine.

SQUIRE

I'm not much of a sailor but I think this island is about 20 miles east of the coast of Trinidad.

MA

What makes you say that?

SQUIRE

Well, it says here that the island is ...

ALL

... about 20 miles east of the coast of Trinidad.

*General groan.*

SQUIRE

You know what we should do, I'll buy a boat and get a crew together and we can sail off to find the treasure!

FELICITY

(*excited*) Oh, daddy!

ALL

Hurray!

SONG "Money Money Money" or "We're in the Money"

## Scene 2      The Pirates' Cave

*Fairy enters, speaking into her mobile 'phone*

FAIRY

Yes, I know we're busy at this time of year – but I'm not the only Fairy Godmother in Pantoland. My priority is sorting out young Jim Hawkins here, and his family.... *(pause)*..... Cinderella? She already has her **own** Fairy Godmother .....*(pause)*..... on holiday?! During panto season?! *(shakes head, pause)* Yes, I realise everything's been thrown out of whack by Covid ... Well, I'll try to squeeze in that nice Dick Whittington fellow, if I can ..... but Peter Pan? I'm not exactly Tinkerbell, now, am I? Look, I have to go.....

*Fairy puts phone in her bag.*

FAIRY

Sorry about that. Now where were we? Ah, yes....

Jim's dream of adventure is about to come true  
He just needs a ship and a competent crew  
He's found the map, so they'll soon be away  
He needs to find treasure – they've got bills to pay!  
So, everything's going to plan, I am sure  
But a little more fairy dust – I have some more

*She sprinkles some magic fairy dust, then exits*

*There's a nasty cough from the opposite wings and Long John Silver enters, singing (?).*

SILVER

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest, yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum ...

*He starts hacking again.*

SILVER

That it should come to this. Hiding out in Smugglers' Cove. Ha! I'm no smuggler, I'm a PIRATE! Long John Silver!!!! The meanest, cruellest, bloodthirstiest pirate that ever sailed the seven seas. And the damp in this cave is playing merry hell with my bronchitis. *(cough, cough)* Aaaaarrggghh! I didn't lose my leg and my eye so I could sit around in some squalid hole waiting for one of those idiots to find Captain Flint's treasure map. I want my treasure!! Where is everybody?!?

*Pirates enter, singing:*

SONG "Yo Ho, Yo Ho, A Pirate's Life for Me" (Disney)

SILVER

Stop it!! Stop being so bloomin' jolly! Yes, I'm talking to you Roger, you're the worst of them!! You've got nothing to be jolly about. Has any one of you found me Captain Flint's treasure map??? Eh???

*Pirates look embarrassed.*

SILVER

*(Sigh)* Thought not. Ah, you're no comfort to an ill man. I'm sick.... sick as a ....

*Silver looks around.*

SILVER

Where's me parrot?? Has anyone seen Polly?

*A human-sized parrot wanders on looking distinctly uninterested.  
Silver beams.*

SILVER

Ah. There she be. Hello Polly! Helloooo Polly!

*Polly gives a little bored wave.*

SILVER

Polly want a cracker? Eh? Polly want a cracker?

*Silver fishes in his pocket and pulls out a cracker.  
Polly looks at the cracker without great enthusiasm.*

POLLY

Nah, I've just had a cup o' tea and a packet of pork scratchings. Thanks all the same. Maybe later.

*Polly smiles thinly, raises her eyebrows and goes to sit on her perch. Silver is disappointed. Brass and Knuckles rush in, each more desperate than the other to tell Silver the news, their heads bobbing up above each other as they speak.*

BRASS

Captain!

KNUCKLES

Captain!

BRASS

Captain!

KNUCKLES

Captain!

BRASS

The map!

KNUCKLES

The map!

BRASS

It's here!

KNUCKLES

It is!

BRASS

It is!

KNUCKLES

It's here!

*Sudden moment of realisation. They rush to the front. Silver is non-plussed.*

BRASS & KNUCKLES

Ahoy there, mateys!

AUDIENCE

Shiver me timbers!

BRASS

*(to Knuckles)* I think we need to do that again.

KNUCKLES

Even louder this time.

BRASS & KNUCKLES

Ahoy there, mateys!

AUDIENCE

Shiver me timbers!

KNUCKLES

Brilliant!

BRASS

Now, where were we? Ah yes.

*They rush back over to Silver.*

BRASS

The map!

KNUCKLES

The map!

*They stand, panting, grinning, hyperventilating, overexcited.  
Silver sighs. He is not impressed.*

SILVER

Just a moment lads.

*Silver bashes their heads together. They collapse to the floor, dazed.*

SILVER

There, that's better. Now, Brass, Knuckles, tell me slowly, one at a time. Have I got this right? You've got the map??

*Brass and Knuckles exchange worried glances.*

BRASS

Er ... no.

KNUCKLES

Sorry.

SILVER

And there I was, getting my hopes up.

BRASS

But we've seen it.

KNUCKLES

At the Benbow Inn.

*Silver's eye is wide with excitement.*

SILVER

Seen it, have ye? At the inn, no less; out of Billy Bones' chest I'll wager, now that he's (*evil grin*) disappeared. (*serious face*) And it's definitely the map?

BRASS

Definitely, Captain Silver, sir, definitely the map. Saw it with our own eyes, Cap'n.

KNUCKLES

(*indicates a short distance, with hands*) We was that far away!! It was definitely Captain Flint's map!

SILVER

It is NOT Flint's map, it is MY map! And MY treasure!

ROGER

(*smiling, jolly as always*) Oh, I thought we were going to share it.

SILVER

Ah, oh, of course we are. As I said, it is OUR map and OUR treasure. So, what are we waiting for? Let's be off to the inn to get back what is rightfully ours. And if anyone tries to stop us, they'll be joining Billy Bones in Davy Jones's locker! Are you with me lads?

ALL

Yes!!

SILVER

Brass! Knuckles! You found the map, you can lead the way.

*Brass and Knuckles swallow hard.*

BRASS

Us?

SILVER

Yes.

KNUCKLES

Attack the inn?

SILVER

Yes.

BRASS

With swords and everything?

SILVER

With swords and ... everything.

KNUCKLES

But Jim's really nice. He reads to us.

BRASS

You're not going to hurt him, are you?

SILVER

Oh, no. **I'm** not going to hurt a fly.

*Brass and Knuckles relax.*

SILVER  
*(shouts)* **You** are!!!!

*Brass and Knuckles jump.*

SILVER  
 You're pirates! You're supposed to be **bad!** Now bring me my map!!!

KNUCKLES  
 Aye aye, Cap'n Silver.

*Sharp intake of breath from all the other pirates, including Brass. You could hear a pin drop.*

SILVER  
 What did you say??!!

*Silver rubs his eyepatch. Knuckles is oblivious to the tension in the situation.*

KNUCKLES  
 I said aye ...

*Brass slaps his hand over Knuckles' mouth to prevent him continuing.*

BRASS  
 He said aye, Captain Silver, definitely just the one aye, not two ayes. Ha ha. Cos if he did, he wouldn't have a leg to stand on ...ulp.

*Silver is simmering.*

BRASS  
 We'll be off to get this map, then.

*Silver raises his hand but Brass and Knuckles turn and run off before he can hit them. The other pirates follow, with Silver limping along behind, leaving Polly sitting, shaking her head, disdainfully.*

POLLY  
 It'll all end in tears. You mark my words.

*Blackout.*

### **Scene 3      The Admiral Benbow Inn, after closing time.**

*The barmaid, Martha, is wiping tables, spitting on her cloth as she does so. Jim enters with a small bag/suitcase.*

MARTHA  
 Are you all ready for your adventure, Jim?

JIM  
 I've been ready all my life, Martha.

MARTHA  
 Do you really think you'll find the treasure?

JIM  
 Oh, I don't know. But just looking for it is going to be such fun.



*Ma enters in a rush.*

MA

Oh, dear me no, Jim. FINDING the treasure is going to be such fun. Ooooh, and SPENDING it. And waving it around in front of all the poor people just to let them know how rich we are. But, of course, it's not going to change me.

JIM

Of course not, mother. Are you all packed, mum?

MA

Oh yes. All ready to go. You wouldn't be a love and bring my bag down for me, would you?

JIM

Of course, mum.

*Jim rolls his eyes and exits.*

MA

I'm only bringing the one bag, of course. Can't take up too much space on the ship. Need to leave lots of room for all that lovely treasure.

*Jim enters pulling something with a rope over his shoulder.*

JIM

Martha, could you give me hand?

MARTHA

Of course, Jim, dear.

*Martha goes to help and, between them, they pull onto the stage the biggest suitcase in the history of suitcases. They stop, short of breath, and lean on the case.*

JIM

This is, without doubt, the biggest suitcase in the history of suitcases. Ever. Even the dinosaurs had smaller suitcases than this. I thought you said we were travelling light.

MA

No. I said **you** were travelling light ... so that **I** could take more stuff. I've got to look my best, you know. Once I'm a RICH widow, I'll be fighting them off with a stick. Though I don't think I'll bother with the stick. .... or the fighting them off.

*Ma pouts and flutters her eyelashes.*

JIM

Mother!!!!

MA

*(all innocent)* What?

*Jim and Martha struggle to pull the case to the centre.*

JIM

Blimey, mum, what have you got in here? Everything we own?

MA

Just a few bits and pieces.

JIM

*(opening the suitcase)* Just a few bits and pieces? Let's have a look! I think you've packed everything but the.....

*Jim pulls out of the suitcase, a sink, with taps and everything*

JIM

Mu-um! Now I **know** you've packed everything.

MA

Harumph! I was going to use it to wash my smalls.

JIM

Smalls!!!???? Nothing that **you** wear could possibly be described as **smalls**

*Jim pulls out what looks like a large rolled up tent from the case.*

JIM

Mum, why have you packed a tent?

*Jim walks to front holding "tent". Martha follows.*

MA

I don't remember packing a tent.

*Jim and Martha take a corner each of the "tent". They hold it up and let it drop. It is not a tent but a gigantic pair of bloomers. Jim and Martha crack up.*

JIM

So, these'll be your SMALLS, will they, mum!?

MARTHA

I think you're going to need a bigger sink, Mrs Hawkins!

MA

Give those here!

*Ma snatches the bloomers from them.*

MA

These are my comfy pants, for when I'm relaxing. I like them roomy.

JIM

Roomy's the word all right. You could sleep a family of four in there.

*Jim and Martha go back to rummaging in the case. They find something else.*

JIM

Talking of sleeping, you didn't need to pack your own hammock, mum.

MA

Hammock? I don't remember ...

*Jim and Martha take either end of a massive bra and swing it over the top of the suitcase as they bring it to stage front.*

JIM

Wahay! You could fit the whole crew in here!