



Treasure Island - The Panto

by Dave Crump

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Characters:

Genie of the Gold:	Good fairy with attitude. She is an immortal in the panto tradition and is set stage right.
Captain Flint's Ghost:	The Baddie. Also an immortal therefore set stage left.
Jim Hawkins:	Male or female, audience participation character in the 'Buttons' style. He is nice but dim and is madly in love with Trudi.
Billy Bones:	One of the older pirates, fierce but scared of Long John. Cameo in first scene. He must come across as a once terrible pirate now down on his luck and too old to instil real fear, however, he certainly makes the villagers nervous. The actor playing Bones can go on to be a chorus pirate after the first scene (with appropriate change of costume/wig, etc.)
Ben Gun:	Comedy part in act two. Ben Gun is typical castaway with huge wig, beard and rough clothes. He is played as a Brummie or some other dialect which will help the comedy along.

(Note Ben and Billy could be the same actor)

Nellie Hawkins:	The Dame, Jim's mother. Typical panto dame she is after any man she can get.
Trudi Trelawny:	Principal Girl – Squire's daughter. A strong but feminine character, initially infatuated with Dr Livesey. Eventually she sees him for the pompous man he is.
Dr Livesey:	Principal Boy – decent but a little vain and pompous.
Squire Trelawny:	Old Village squire, scatty but kind hearted – a gentle comedy part.
Long John Silver:	A Loveable rogue. John is really the straight man in the comedy double act with Pew, however much comedy business can be generated with costume, and the wooden leg
Blind Pew:	Comedy pirate. The idiot of the comedy double act, Pew is smelly and foul in the extreme. The part should be played with much bottom scratching and nose picking.
Polly:	A gigantic talking Parrot.

Pirates:

Hands	A rough pirate with an eye patch and hook.
Bumpsadaisy	A busty wench pirate
Knees	Pirate.
Willing	An effeminate Pirate
Able	Pirate
Jolly Roger	A pirate who can't help laughing at inappropriate moments.

Chorus:

Pirates, villagers, etc.

Scenes:

Act 1

Scene 1 – The Admiral Benbow Inn

Scene 2 – Bristol Dock

Scene 3 – On Board the Hispaniola

Act 2

Scene 1 – The Prologue

Scene 2 – On Treasure Island

Scene 3 – The Stockade

Scene 4 – On Treasure Island – Near the Spot

Scene 5 – Bristol Dock/ Community Song

Walkdown.

PantoScripts Perusal

Act One

Scene 1.

The Admiral Benbow Inn

The interior of a harbour tavern somewhere in the Southwest of England, a collection of sailors, and villagers are gathered around tables and at the bar u.s.l. A busty serving wench is behind the bar. There is a practical front door u.s.r.

SONG 1

Jim Hawkins steps forward from amongst the crowd where he has been waiting on tables.

Jim: Who wants another drink?

Chorus: Aye!

Jim: Right, that's fifteen ales...

Chorus: Aye!

Jim: And one pina colada.

Butch man: Lovely!

Jim goes to exit then notices the audience.

Jim: Hello, what are you lot doing here? Do you all need a drink as well?

Audience: Yes!

Jim: Blimey we haven't even started. Well what would you like? *(Ad lib with audience here depending on what they shout)* Sorry Madam we don't serve sherry by the pint. I tell you what, sit tight for an hour and I'll organise some interval drinks. Oh I should introduce myself – I'm Jim, Jim Hawkins. I help my mother here at the Admiral Benbow.

Woman: Jim – fetch me something tall, cold and full of gin!

Jim: Sorry Mother's busy in the kitchen – *(to audience)* she said she was going off to cook the books. *(he gets a drink from the bar for the customer)* Business has been a bit slow since my father died. *(female customer gives him a coin in return for the drink)* To be honest I think the old place would fall down if it wasn't for the woodworm holding hands. I'm fed up of it – I could do with some excitement – still not much chance of that round here.

Trudi enters through main door, as the lady customer finishes the drink and leaves.

Trudi: Hello Jim.

Jim: *(Obviously very shy around her)* Oh, er, hello Miss Trelawny.

Trudi: Oh Jim, I wish you'd call me Trudi, we are friends after all.

Jim: Sorry miss, I mean Trudi. It's just that with you being the Squire's daughter and everything...

Trudi: Oh don't be silly. Now I've come to let you know that my father can't make dinner.

Jim: Don't worry, mom's already made it.

Trudi: I mean he's not coming here for his dinner - he's having tea with Dr Livesey.

Jim: How nice.

Trudi: Yeh, I wish I was having tea with Dr Livesey, he's sooo gorgeous. He makes me go all peculiar.

Jim: He makes me go all envious.

Trudi: Oh Jim, you are funny, as if a man like Dr Livesey would ever look twice at a girl like me.

Jim: Why not? I think you're lovely.

Trudi: No I'm not Jim - not lovely enough for Dr Livesey anyway

SONG 2

The male chorus join in the song and Trudi is lost in their adulation not noticing Jim singing his heart out to her. Trudi is overwhelmed by all the men who end by going down on one knee and offering her a rose. She steps forward and only then acknowledges Jim.

Trudi: Sorry Jim, got distracted then - what were we talking about?

Jim: You wanted me to tell mom the Squire isn't coming for his tea.

Trudi: Sweet Jim - always so happy to help, I'll see you soon *(kisses him on the cheek)*.

She exits through front door.

Jim: *(Wistfully)* Isn't she lovely boys and girls? Trouble is I don't think my feelings are resyncopated. To tell you the truth I'm a bit lonely *(milks the audience for 'Ahs')*. I'm lonelier than that. I know, will you be my friends? Really? That's great. I tell you what, when I come on if I shout 'Ahoy boys and girls', will you all shout 'Ahoy there Jim'? Then I'll never feel like I'm not on my own. Shall we try it? *(he runs on and off a couple of times - each time getting the audience to shout louder and louder, finally all the crowd in the Inn shout it at him very loudly)*. All right, you lot there's no need to be sarcy.

Bones enters s.l.

Bones: What an infernal racket, *(it goes quiet, they are scared of the old pirate)*. Why don't you sing a good sailors song?...Fifteen men on a dead mans chest, Yo, Ho Ho and a bottle of rum', sing why don't you? *(A few people join in quietly)*, sing you scurvy dogs, sing! *(more sing louder, as he brandishes his sword)*. That's more like it. Jim - a bowl of curry and a drink. *(He sits down and everyone gradually stops singing.)*

Jim: Yes Mr Bones sir, What drink would you like?

Bones: *(Angrily)* Rum, boy rum!

Jim: I'm running, I'm running!! (*goes to bar*).

Bones: Fifteen men on a dead mans chest, yo ho ho....

Jim fetches a fresh bottle and a bowl of curry from off the bar. He places them on the table as the song reaches the last few lines (and a bottle of rum).

Jim: 'And a bottle of rum'. Mother says you're upsetting the other residents, can't you sing something else?

Bones: This lot just don't know how to enjoy 'emselfes, that's all. (*girl walks past as she exits*) Boo! (*She jumps a mile*).

The chorus exit gradually during the following conversation so that eventually only Jim and Bones are left.

Bones: 'Ere, I feel like I've had this curry before.

Jim: Yes, it's déjà vinaloo (*Looking at a coin*) Oh no! Look at this, that last customer has paid me with a dud coin!

Bones: Counterfeit?

Jim: Yes, she had two. (*Bites coin*) Fake – that's all we need.

Bones: (*Taking a swig from the bottle of rum*) You know Jim I shouldn't be drinking this with what I've got.

Jim: Why what have you got?

Bones: Twenty-eight pence.

Jim: Not only that, you owe three weeks rent.

Bones: Ah mate, well I've been meanin' to talk to ee about that. See I ain't got no more groats about me.....but I'll give you some'at worth much more, (*he clutches Jims collar and breaths rum all over him – in a harsh whisper*) Treasure it be, treasure.

Jim: (*To audience*) I don't think mom'll like this.

Bones: Let me tell you a tale that'll make you think I'm a liar.

Jim: I can't believe that.

Bones: I was botswain on this 'ere ship name of The Walrus. We landed on this little island. Our Captain, Flint that is, knew there was treasure there, and we set out to find it.

Jim: And did you?

Bones: (*Taking another spoonful of curry*) Just when we found the spot, a sandstorm blew up the like of which I ain't never seen – it weren't natural I tell you that. When we came to our senses Flint were standing there, dead. No-one knew who did it and we was scared – yes even us old pirates. (*look of horror from Jim*) That's right, pirates we were Jim.

Jim: What happened to Flint?

Bones: The first mate, buried him and took over as Captain. Long John they called him on account of his amazingly long.....

Jim: *(Interrupting hurriedly)* Yes well, then what?

Bones: The crew had only one thing on their minds – to get away from that island as fast as they could, and the treasure was never found.

Jim: What's this got to do with the rent?

Bones: Well, Long John searched the body for Flint's map but he couldn't find it.

Jim: Where was it?

Bones: I had it Jim, all the time, for safe keeping like –and I kept it my secret. Then back to Bristol, after a rum or three, I lets it slip I had the map, an' old Long John hears me. 'Oi you' he says, 'what me?' I says, 'yes you' he says, so we stood there you-ing and me-ing for a moment.....

Jim: Yes, yes?

Bones: I made a run for it. He couldn't catch me on account of only having the one leg.

Jim: Blimey!

Bones: I got away and made it to the Admiral Benbow, where you've been looking a'ter me ever since. I didn't think they'd find me here.

Jim: What do you mean?

Bones: It came by parrot post this morning. *(He picks up a parrot from under the table which he slams down on the table, it has a piece of paper tied to it's leg.)* I've got the black spot.

Jim: I've got a rash myself.

Bones: I'm going as fast as I can. Look there, *(taking the paper)* the black spot on that paper – it's the pirates warning.

Jim: Is that bad?

Bones: I'm as good as dead. Jim, take the map and find the treasure *(pushes away his empty bowl).*

Jim: Curry OK?

Bones: I might 'ave a go at the Abba medley later, but first let me finish my story. Near the spot where the treasure was marked, I found a bottle *(he gets a glass bottle with a gold top out of his pocket).* Look at that gold Jim.

Jim: Must be full cream.

Bones: That gold's worth the rent on its own – give it to your mother.

Jim: *(Examining the bottle)* It is pretty, but it's a bit grubby....

He rubs it and there is a flash, the Genie of the gold enters s.r. in a cloud of smoke, Jim and Bones freeze.

Genie: Hello boys and girls, fancy seeing you here. We don't normally get this many visitors to the seaside in December (*or whenever*). Oh, I'd better introduce myself – I am the Genie of the gold and I'm glad you're here, it's all about to happen at the Admiral Benbow and I could do with some help.

Captain Flint enters s.l.

Flint: Perhaps I can help, you pathetic little fairy.

Genie: I am not a fairy!

Flint: It's my gold and if anyone is going to tell these fools about it, it's me.

Genie: (*In a strop*) Fine.

Flint: I suggest you go back in your bottle, and put a cork in it.

Genie: Talk to the hand – the face ain't listening.

Flint: How dare you talk to me like that, don't you know who I am?

Genie: I'm sure you're going to tell us (*yawns*).

Flint: (*Deep voice*) I am Captain Flint...

Genie: (*Imitating deep voice*) I see.

Flint: The fiercest pirate that ever sailed the seven seas. I was the scourge of the British fleet, the curse of the Caribbean.

Genie: Was?

Flint: You see before you, the ghost of Captain Flint, the fiercest pirate that ever sailed the seven seas, I was the scourge

Genie: Yes, yes all right.

Flint: I was betrayed by my first mate.

Genie: Doesn't sound like much of a mate to me.

Flint: Long John Silver – he wanted the treasure for himself, so he did me in, and buried me there on Treasure Island.

Genie: (*To audience*) I wondered where they'd dug him up.

Flint: And now I'm back to seek my revenge. And I'm very good at being nasty, as you shall all find out! Ha ha.

Genie: Well let's get a few things straight. It was me who made the sandstorm on the island that scared off your crew. I am the Genie of the gold, and it's my job to protect that treasure.

Flint: So why ain't you looking after it now?

Genie: Well, although your pirates didn't find my treasure – one of them found me – or at least my bottle, and bought it back to England. I've been stuck here ever since.

Flint: Then the gold is unprotected?

Genie: For now, but you'll never get it.

Flint: I'm more interested in Silver than gold – they were right, you can't take it with you. I will have my revenge – I'll kill Silver, and anyone who dares sail with him back to Treasure Island, Ha ha! *(exits)*

Genie: I don't like the sound of that. I don't want the pirates finding my treasure, but I don't want anyone to get hurt either – pirates are people too you know. Well now I'm out of that bottle, I can keep an eye on Captain Flint – will you help me? Great, what an adventure – see you later kids!

Jim and Bones unfreeze.

Jim: Well it's certainly very pretty.

We hear a stick tapping in the street offstage

Bones: Listen Jim – can you hear that banging?

Jim: 'Ere, it's not that sort of hotel.

Bones: No outside...my times up...they've found me.

There is a knock at the door. Jim gets up to answer it

Jim: I'm sure it's nothing to worry about.

Bones: It's old Blind Pew – I recognise the smell *(increasingly panicked)*. They'll never take me alive, I won't let 'em. Jim, listen *(suddenly serious)* I wants to be buried at sea.

Jim: Why?

Bones: My wife says she wants to dance on my grave. *(He suddenly clutches his chest and begins to die dramatically)*.

Jim: Are you choking?

Bones: No I'm serious, Jim, me chest....

Jim: Is it your heart?

Bones: No, I mean the map – it's in me chest...*(collapses then lifts back up to say)*...beware the one legged man Jim, beware the one legged man....*(dies)*

The door of the inn crashes open, thunder and lightning outside, it is raining hard. Blind Pew is standing on the threshold, he is dressed in a rough coat, a black bandana is wrapped around his head and his long black hair trails over his shoulders, He has two eye patches and incredibly goofy teeth.

Pew: Shop?

Jim rushes to shut the door against the storm, as Pew steps forward. Jim can obviously smell a rancid smell.

Jim: Phew! *(Waving his hand in front of his face)*.

Pew: That's me – Pew, they call me, Blind Pew. I'm looking for the people who live here.

Jim: Well you've come to the right place. What a terrible night, it's raining cats and dogs out there.

Pew: I know I just stepped in a poodle.

Jim: *(Still gasping for air)* I thought you must have stepped in something.

Pew: Tell me sonny, have you got any Tenants?

Jim: No only Carling.

Pew: I mean anyone staying here? Only I'm looking for a man by the name of Billy Bones *(he steps over Bones)*. Pardon me *(looking at the body)*.

Jim: I'm afraid, this is Mr Bones – he's dead.

Pew: Oh dear, that is awkward.

Jim: I can't stop now, I've got to go and get some help.

Pew: Just a minute boy, just a minute. I was an old friend of Billy's, could I see, I mean go up to his room like? He's got something that belongs to me.

Jim: I couldn't do that.

Pew: *(Suddenly agitated – he grabs Jim by the lapels and breaths all over him)* I need to find it boy, let me into his room and I'll have a feel round.

Jim: No chance, I may be daft but I'm not stupid.

Pew: *(Right in Jims face, Jim's arm in his grip)* Right, well, 'ave it your way. I'll be back with them as can see to look for it – and I should warn you, my associates are not as pleasant as me! *(He exits through front door, with a maniacal grin. Slamming the door behind him)*.

Jim: Well I hope they smell better. Gosh kids – when I said I wanted some excitement, I didn't mean right now!

Nellie Hawkins enters, she is wearing a comedy chef's costume, she fails to notice Bones' body.

Nellie: Jim, will you hurry up and lock up, it's late and I've got to get to weightwatchers.

Jim: In the middle of the night?

Nellie: Well what other time would you have a midnight feast? I've been cooking for hours. *(looking in her bag)* I've got boiled tongue, pigs trotters, fried liver, and pickled kidneys.

Jim: Never mind what's wrong with you – what have you got to eat?

Nellie: Stupid boy, I mean....Oh hello, *(noticing the audience)*.

Jim: Hello.

Nellie: Not you, them you idiot. What are you lot doing here

Jim: That's what I said.

Nellie: Oh, it's like looking out on a lovely garden of flowers, mind you it could do with a good weeding. Blimey sir, you need good eyesight to see through those glasses. Don't go out in the sun – you'll set your eyebrows on fire. I'm Nellie Hawkins, Jim's mum – he takes after me, I've got a big heart.

Jim: And a stomach to match.

Nellie: Less of your lip – I'll have you know, I've got an hour glass figure.

Jim: Only the sand's slipped to the bottom.

Nellie: I suppose I do like my grub, in fact I've got some toffees here would you like some?

Ad lib throwing toffees into audience.

Nellie: This is the last toffee so you'll have to suck it and pass it on.

Jim: Mum, I've got some bad news.

Nellie: Oh Jim, you haven't even started to clear up. Look at this – glasses everywhere, crisp wrappers, beer bottles, dead bodies lying about....AH!

Jim: It's Mr Bones, he's died of fright.

Nellie: I think I might join him. This is terrible!

Jim: He's not really dead – he's just a good actor.

Nellie: We could do with a few more like him. What scared him?

Jim: Pirates!

Nellie: Pirates?

Jim: Pirates. They came after him, looking for the treasure.

Nellie: Treasure?

Jim: Treasure – he said he'd got a map.

Nellie: Map?

Jim: Ma...Yes.

Nellie: Well where is it? Shall I check the body?

(She goes as if to make a grab for Bones)

Jim: No need, he told me it's in that old chest of his.

Nellie: Shame. You fetch Dr Livesey – he'll know what to do. I'll find the map.

Jim: Right, wish me luck boys and girls! *(exits s.r. through front door)*

Nellie: Excuse me kiddies, I'm off to rifle through the old mans drawers *(exits s.l.)*

Bones stands and goes to exit through door, The door bursts open and he is trapped behind it. Pew and the other pirates enter.

Pew: This is the place, see what you can find.

Pew stands by the door and they all file past holding their noses. They all begin searching under tables and behind the bar. Long John Silver enters. Door shuts and Bones collapses unconscious as Pirates move downstage. Bones then has to stay here through the rest of the scene.

John: Ahoy there mateys – what a terrible winter's night.

Hands: Aye John – I saw a poor old lady fall over today on the ice.

Knees: At least we presume she was poor – she only had 40pence in her purse.

John: That's my boys – Pew you old stinking dog – have you found the map yet?

Pew: Not yet Long John.

John: It won't be long.

Pew: No it will be square – most maps are.

John: Fascinating.

Pew: Fasten what?

John: Don't you know what that means? Can't you give me a sentence with fascinate in it?

Pew: *(Thinking hard)* I had this big coat, it had nine buttons, I could only fascinate.

John: You idiot – keep looking, well sniffing. *(To audience)* What a bunch! That there's Israel Hands – he used to be my right-hand man *(hands walks past – he has a hook on his right hand)* – still it stopped him biting his nails. Then there's Blind Pew – a man so ugly the dog won't lick his face, Able, Daisy, and *(Pirates passes him laughing to himself – he has a large black beard)* Oh yes Jolly Roger – look at him, he's like a young father Christmas. These men have survived hundreds of battles, cannon, mustard gas, pepper spray – they is all seasoned veterans – and they love looking for treasure – don't you boys?

All: Aye!

SONG 3

John: You know I like you Pew?

Pew: I wish I could say the same about you.

John: You could if you told lies like I do. You've got exactly two minutes to find that map.

Pew: Shall I search his room?

John: *(Sarcastically)* What a good idea *(they exit)*. Look at him – he looks and smells like a widow's first husband.

Pew and Hands enter with Nellie.

Pew: John, we found this 'ere... *(Feels her all over – there is a loud claxon as he squeezes her chest)* woman.

Nellie slaps his hand.

John: *(Looking her up and down)* A pirate's nightmare – a sunken chest with no chance of booty.

Nellie: Pirates!

John: Aye, that's right – Pirates.

Nellie: You're not a real pirate – that Parrot's dead.

John: It's stuffed

Nellie: Is that what killed it?

John: I lost my real parrot back on Treasure Island.

Nellie: What do you call a lost parrot?

Pew: A polygon.

John: And what do we call you foul wench?

Nellie: Since you asked so nicely – my friends call me Nellie.

John: Well then Nellie, a certain Billy Bones, was stopping at a certain Inn, when he dropped down dead, and he had a certain map which belonged to a certain gentlemen who would like it back – now would you happen to know where that certain map might be?

Nellie: Well I'm not certain.

John: Come on – tell us what you know or we could get ugly!

Nellie: Bit late for that. *(Pew draws his sword and puts it to her throat)* Aagh! All right – I'll tell you anything you want to know.

Pew: I've always wondered how you get a fat girl to go out with you.

Nellie: Piece of cake.

John: Enough! Where's the map.

Nellie: Oh he's so tough, and a terrible over-actor!

John: Tough! I'll tell you how tough I am – I cut me own leg off just so I could shoplift from shoe shops.

Hands: Plus he'd found a crutch and didn't want it to go to waste.

Pew: I felt a bump somewhere about here John, *(indicating her chest)*

John: Ah, now this is what I calls a treasure chest (*he reaches into her bosom*). Have I got it?

Nellie: Depends what you mean by it! This is outrageous – I'll give you two weeks to stop it! Keep going like this and you'll have to marry me.

John: I'm already married – to Eileen.

Pew: She's only got the one leg an all.

(The claxon sounds again, John's hand comes back caught in a large mousetrap)

Flint: (*Offstage mic*) Old Long John your end is nigh, touch my treasure and you'll die! Ha ha ha!

Pirates react with fear!

John: What was that?

Flint: (*Offstage mic*) Though you buried me in sand, I'll grab you with my icy hand.

Pew: It sounded like old Captain Flint.

John: Stuff and nonsense – he's long since dead. Now enough trickery, let me have it.

Nellie: If you say so!

Nellie floors him with her handbag. Meanwhile Captain Flint enters, creeping on behind them. Then follows the classic ghost scene, during which Flint scares each in turn. Pirates enter from bedroom – they are scared off first, while Pew helps up John. This must be quite quick, even quicker if the audience fail to shout 'It's behind you' on cue.

Nellie: What's that boys and girls – it's behind me? What a ghost? Don't be silly, there's no such thing as ghosts.

The audience is reacting to the ghost of Flint. All ad lib "it's behind you", etc. John recovers and stands up. As John exits, Bones tries to get up but once again gets hit by the door and collapses.

John: (*Seeing Flint*) Blistering Barnacles! (*exits*).

Pew: What's everybody shouting about?

Flint leans over his shoulder.

Flint: I'll hang you from the yard arm Pew!

Nellie: I thought he was highly strung.

Pew: I recognise that breath, it is Captain Flint! Ah! (*exits*)

Flint then creeps up on Nellie, as she turns to face him.

Nellie: Oh, I like a man with spirit. Come here! (*goes to grab him*)

Flint: Ah! (*Nellie chases him off, exit s.l.*)

Genie appears s.r.

Genie: There she goes, the girl who puts the 'Cor' in corset, the 'urge' in surgical stockings and the 'tense' in incontinence pants. Well done kids – I reckon all your noise scared them off – keep up the good work! Oo, here she comes, the thinking man's Christina Aguilera (*or similar star popular with kids – she sings a burst of 'Genie in a bottle' as she exits*).

Genie exits s.r.

Nellie: He's scarpered – typical man. My husband was the only one who ever stuck around, oh it was so romantic how we met, we both worked at B&Q and he knew I needed help in the bathroom department. He was a gentleman from the start, the first time I saw him he held a door open for me – I said thank you and he said 'I'd give it five minutes before I go in there, if I were you.' Eventually we got sellotaped together at the checkout and after that we were an item.

Bones gets up and tries to get out of the door, The door bursts open and Jim, Squire Trelawny and Dr Livesey enter, Bones is once again behind the door, it closes and he collapses.

Jim: Ahoy there boys and girls! (*Audience respond*) Mum, are you all right?

Nellie: Oh Jim, Squire Trelawny, Doctor Livesey (*cuddling up to him*) Oh, Doctor Livesey....

Dr Livesey: We heard screams.

Squire: There were men running from the house wild with fear.

Jim: Not for the first time.

Nellie hits him.

Dr Livesey: Mrs Hawkins I haven't seen you for a long time.

Nellie: I know, Doctor, I've been ill.

Dr Livesey: Are you all right now?

Nellie: I could do with a rub down with surgical spirit. (*Seductively sidles up to him*). Where have you been all my life?

Dr Livesey: Well most of it I wasn't even born – I'm so young you see, and handsome, and dashing.

Squire: Quite. Now, what did we come in for?

Dr Livesey: Honestly Trelawny you'd forget your own name if it wasn't sewn in the back of your trousers.

Squire: That's true – until I was fourteen, I thought my name was Mark Spencer.

Dr Livesey: Jim said something about you needing rescuing? That's right up my street.

Squire: So we didn't have too far to come.

Jim: Mom, did you find the map?

Nellie: Yep and I moved it from one chest to another – 'Ere – get your arm in there Doctor (*thrusting forward her bosom*).

Dr Livesey: I'm a Doctor not a vet.

Nellie: Never mind (*she gives the map to the Squire*).

They all gather round the map.

Dr Livesey: What do you make of it Trelawny?

Squire: (*Taking it*) Well I can do a paper hat or a reasonable swan (*doing some quick origami*).

Dr Livesey: (*Taking it back*) Look at this, Spyglass Hill, Skeleton point. It certainly looks like a treasure map.

Nellie: All that lovely money!

Squire: That reminds me Livesey, I meant to ask you how much you'd charge to take out a couple of wisdom teeth?

Dr Livesey: Eighty pounds

Squire: Good god – can you do it any cheaper?

Dr Livesey: I suppose I could do it without anaesthetic that would be sixty pounds.

Nellie: The old skinflint won't pay that much

Dr Livesey: Well if I don't use the electric tools and rip them out with pliers that would be twenty pounds.

Squire: Still too much.

Dr Livesey: Fine, I'll get one of the servants to have a crack at it – that will be a fiver.

Squire: Excellent – book the wife in for Thursday.

Jim: Sorry to interrupt but what about Treasure Island?

Dr Livesey: We don't have much time, those pirates will obviously stop at nothing to get this map

Nellie: Oh, I could have been ravaged. What a disappointment!

Dr Livesey: I say we beat them to the treasure!

Squire: I'll go to Bristol and make the travel arrangements, I know a thing or two about them, er. Pointy, floaty things.

Dr Livesey: Boats?

Squire: That's them!

Jim: What an adventure! I can't wait to go to sea!

Nellie: Don't be silly Jim, you're staying here with me – it's too dangerous for a young boy like you.

Jim: What! But Mom – I'm nearly eighteen!

Nellie: *(To the audience)* What an actor! Sorry Jim, my decision is final – don't confuse me with the facts.

SONG 4

Nellie: *(Spoken)* You know Jim, how I was when you're father died? I couldn't go through that again – it took me nearly three hours to recover.

Dr Livesey: What did he die of?

Jim: Fallen arches.

Squire: Fallen arches?

Nellie: A bridge fell on him.

Song continues

Squire: *(To audience)* She's not much of a singer, but people pay to watch her Adam's apple go up and down.

Dr Livesey: I've got it!

Nellie: Well keep it to yourself.

Dr Livesey: Why don't you come along too Mrs Hawkins?

Nellie: Oh now you're talking – I love a tropical cruise, although my last one was a great disappointment, Mr Hawkins took me up the congo.

Squire: Up the congo? What was disappointing about it?

Nellie: I didn't see a drop of UmBongo.

Dr Livesey: Right, it's settled – till we sail Mrs Hawkins and Jim can stay at my cottage; they should be safe there.

Nellie: *(Cuddling him again)* Yes, but you might not be.

Squire: Trudi can come too.

Jim: This gets better and better!

They all exit – Blackout.

Scene 2
Bristol Docks.

The scene is a busy harbour, there are fishermen sewing nets, a mixture of sailors, pirates and gentry promenade the quayside, there is a gangplank leading off upstage then s.l.

Squire Trelawny enters, s.r. and meets Dr Livesey and Trudi as they enter s.l.

Dr Livesey: We got your message – is everything arranged?

Squire: Quite so. I have a first-class ship, the Hispaniola – only cost me five guineas.

Trudi: That's cheap.

Squire: Got it in the sales – sails get it? Oh please yourselves. And I have a top rate crew.

Dr Livesey: Where did you find them?

Squire: It was a real stroke of luck. I bumped into a fellow in the pub, I mean in my lodgings, who turned out to be an old sailor. He was only too willing to help.

Trudi: That's wonderful.

Squire: He's hand picked a fine group of upstanding men, apart from a couple who keep falling over – here they are now.

Long John enters s.r. Pew, Hands, Knees and Daisy follow behind and line up ready for inspection.

Squire: Ah Mr Silver, allow me to introduce my associate Dr Livesey and my daughter Trudi.

John: It is an honour (*tips his hat*).

Dr Livesey: The Squire tells me you're a retired sailor.

John: Oh yes sir – had to settle for a landlubbers life after losing the leg sir.

Trudi: What happened?

John: Went on holiday with Cannibals, it was self-catering.

Dr Livesey: (*Looking at the line up*) In my medical opinion most of your crew have had a fairly rough time of it Silver.

John: Oh ah sir, and all the better they are on account of it. There's not a better gang of fighters if we get into a pickle Squire.

Squire: And I bet you'd cut the mustard, pickle, mustard, oh well never mind.

Dr Livesey: Do you expect trouble?

John: Well, there's a whisper that you're going treasure hunting.

Pirates react – ad lib 'treasure, Oh Ah, etc.'

Dr Livesey: Trelawny, I told you not to breath a word.

John: See there's some right rough types about down here.

Squire: Dear me!

John: Course what you've really got to look out for is. (*Dramatic pause, looks left and right*) ...pirates.

All: (*Gasps of horror - mock horror from the pirates*) Pirates!

John: That's why I've decided to come with you - as a cook.

Trudi: So you'll be in the ship's kitchen?

Dr Livesey: It's called a galley at sea my dear.

Trudi: Oh you are clever Doctor.

Squire: I knew that, of course - so you'll be in the galley's kitchen?

John: (*To pirates*) Men, this is Dr Livesey - he'll be our captain for this 'ere voyage.

Dr Livesey is inspecting the crew, he first comes to Pew.

Dr Livesey: What do you do for a living my man? You are living I take it? (*Holding his nose against the smell*)

Pew: Lookout sir.

Two pirates carry across a chest and Livesey gets hit with it.

Pew: I told you to lookout sir.

Dr Livesey: Lookout - I see....(*with a look of disgust to Trelawny*). (*To Hands, who has a hook and an eye patch*). Now I see what you mean when you said we were short handed. Who are you?

Hands: Hands sir.

Dr Livesey: What happened to your hand, Hands?

Hand: It was an elaborate knitting accident sir.

Dr Livesey: And your eye?

Hands: Well, I was gazing up at the sunset one day when a seagull flew over and - well, seagull dropping sir - right in me eye.

Dr Livesey: Well that wouldn't cause you to lose an eye.

Hands: I'd only just had the hook sir.

Dr Livesey: Good grief. (*He moves on to the next man.*) What do you do - since you appear to be the only one with all your limbs?

Knees: I get the supplies from the cash and carry sir.

Dr Livesey: So you're a whole sailor.

Knees: Yes sir, my names Knees.

Trudi: So...Hands, Knees and...?

Bumpsydaisy: (*She is a busty girl*) Bumpsydaisy sir.

Dr Livesey: God help us.

John: They may look rough sir but they is intelligent.

Dr Livesey: Really? (*To Pew*) If you had ten pence in one hand and ten pence in the other what would you have?

Pew: 70p sir.

Dr Livesey: How do you work that out?

Pew: I've got 50p in my pocket.

Dr Livesey: This man is blind, knock kneed, stupid – and (*sniffing Pew*) may be decomposing.

John: Ah you're just flattering us now sir.

Dr Livesey: You're suggesting we go to sea with a blind lookout?

Squire: My dear Livesey, my eyes were never good, and I have a wife to prove it. I have every faith in Mr Silver.

John: Oh yes, we're all mesmerised by the chance of a bit of adventure. Ain't that right Pew?

SONG 5

John: (*Snaps his fingers and they all come to their senses*) Captain Livesey sir, I have taken the liberty of loading all the provisions aboard and by your leave, I suggest we all make the most of our last few minutes on dry land, by visiting the duty-free shop.

Dr Livesey: Very well, we sail in ten minutes.

Squire: Capital, capital. Well, hop to it!

Pirates and Squire all exit s.l. in a stampede.

Trudi: So, where's Jim?

Dr Livesey: He's helping his mother with her luggage.

Trudi: (*After an awkward pause*) Well, this is nice.

Dr Livesey: Yes. Er.. Trudi would you do me the honour of, well, would you?

Trudi: Yes?

Dr Livesey: There's been something I've wanted to ask you since we got here.

Trudi: Oh yes! Of course I've been waiting for you to say something.

Dr Livesey: Good – will you help me into my uniform? I'm Captain you see – I look bloomin' gorgeous in it.

Trudi: Well! (*exits s.l.*)

Dr Livesey: Strange filly (*he exits s.r. up gangplank*)

John and Pew enter s.l. Pew is carrying a large sack.

John: Have you got everything?

Pew: Yep, I've got the rum (*he gets it out of the sack*)

John: Good

Pew: I've got the swords

John: Ssh.

Pew: And I've got my lucky pants (*he gets out a pair of very large, very dirty pants*).

John: I hope that's all.

Pew: I hope they're mine! (*He sniffs them*) They are mine.

John: Anything else?

Pew: Well, I've just bought something off that fella selling holiday stuff (*he exits*)

John: Strike me stump, what now?

Pew: (*Enters carrying ironing board – pause as John and audience take this in*) It's a surfboard.

John: (*Hitting Pew*) Now all we've got to do is sit tight and let them sail us right back to Treasure island.

Pew: D'you remember the last trip, you saved that drunken mermaid?

John: Drunk? She was legless.

Pew: You said she had a lovely figure.

John: Oh Ar, thirty-six, twenty-four, one eighty a pound

Squire enters carrying bottle of rum s.l.

Squire: I can't think what's keeping Mrs Hawkins – I told her very clearly to be on time. Six o'clock sharp – to be blunt.

Exit s.r. Nellie enters s.l. with Willing and Able, heavily loaded with luggage.

Nellie: Here I am – sorry about the wait.

Squire: Don't worry, with a little exercise you'll soon lose it.

Nellie: What do you think girls? (*Holds up two Tesco carrier bags*) matching luggage! I've come on this trip to get away from it all.

Squire: (*Looking at luggage*) I think you've bought most of it with you.

Nellie: Where's Dr Doolittle?

Squire: It's Captain Doolittle, I mean Livesey, now. And he's forward.

Nellie: Well lucky me!

Squire: What are your names men?

Able: I'm Able sir.

Willing: And I'm Willing.

Nellie: Willing and Able, it's a dream come true. That big one's got his eye on me – the good eye that is. The other ones glass.

Squire: How do you know?

Nellie: It came out in conversation.

A few of the pirates enter s.r. and are in deep discussion, plotting their mutiny.

Squire: Come on I'll introduce you to the other sailors – some of them have been away at sea for three years.

Nellie: Oh goody, they'll be desperate for some female company, but I don't know much about ships.

Squire: You don't know much about sailors!

Nellie, and Squire go to talk to the sailors. Jim and Trudi enter with more luggage.

Jim: Ahoy there boys and girls! (*Audience respond*). Oh Trudi isn't this exciting?

Trudi: It certainly is.

Jim: I took the bus to get here – it was great, I've never driven a bus before.

Trudi: Jim!

Jim: Only joking, mind you it was so crowded even the driver was standing up! I said to him – does this bus stop at the docks – and he said well if it doesn't there'll be an almighty big splash.

Nellie: Come on you two – we'll be off soon.

Trudi: I can't wait – a summer cruise with the lovely Dr Livesey.

Jim: Oh.

Squire: Now come on Jim, cheer up – everyone loves a cruise. A south facing cabin for me of course, they're the best you know.

SONG 6

Dr Livesey comes down the gangplank.

Dr Livesey: Let's get you all aboard. Trudi you can help Mr Silver in the galley.

Trudi: Anything you say Doctor.

She exits up gangplank s.r.

Jim: *(very sarcastically)* Anything you say Doctor.

Dr Livesey: It will be nice to have the company of a pretty girl on the trip. *(He looks romantically after Trudi).*

Nellie: Well you've got that - I'm coming. I'm all pink and dimples.

Jim: More like all drink and pimples.

Nellie exits up gangplank s.r.

Squire: Jim you can be cabin boy.

Jim: Great!

Squire and Jim exit up gangplank. Followed by the pirates as John and Pew enter s.l.

Dr Livesey: Pew, weigh the anchor!

He exits up the gangplank s.r.

Pew: We already did Sir. 12 pound four ounces.

John and Pew exit up gangplank s.r. If scenery allows - the gangplank should run away from the audience then turn left off stage right. Pew is last to exit - he goes up gangplank but doesn't turn left and carries straight on falling off into water just as he says this last line. Bucket of water thrown into air and a loud Kerplosh.

Genie enters s.r.

Genie: Oh boys and girls, this isn't good at all, Nellie hasn't recognised the pirates and it looks like they've gotten themselves a free ride back to Treasure Island. They're all in danger - not to mention my treasure. Still, I guess I can hitch a lift as well can't I? It will be nice to get back home.

Flint enters s.r.

Flint: Ha, ha, don't count your chicken's fairy. You won't be getting that far. I'm going to start by scaring the pants off that woman.

Genie: That's a visual image I never want again. But you don't scare me.

Flint: Yet I'm so terrifying, the pathetic landlubbers out there think so, I am terrifying aren't I? *(Audience respond)* Oh yes I am! *(etc)* Well if I'm not terrifying then you must think me handsome - I'm hard to resist - don't you think my lips just beg to be kissed?

Audience/Flint 'Oh no your not' etc. ad lib

Flint: Oh be quiet you snivelling sea slugs.

Genie: Why don't you just go back down where you came from and give us all a rest.

Flint: Oh, I'll go – but only when I've taken the ship and all these little kiddies down with me, the Hispaniola'll be sunk and her crew with her! They won't be coming home and nor will you lot – Ha ha!

Genie: You seem to have an obsession with revenge.

Flint: We'll see about that!

He exits with an evil laugh.

Genie: I think I've got my work cut out here. See you later!

She exits. Blackout

PantoScripts Perusal