



Treasure Island

by Helen Gard

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Treasure Island - A pantomime by Helen Gard

This panto was written and produced for a local Am dram group and ran for a week. (6 performances)

Running time approx. 2 hours including a 20 minute interval.

Treasure island the panto - Characters

Landlord of the Admiral Benbow -male (can double up as LJS)
Jim Hawkins - young male or could be female (principal boy)
Hyacinth Hawkins (Dame) - male
Long John Silver - male
Squire Trelawney - male
Sheila Blige (barmaid) - female
Belinda Gun - female
Captain Flint-male
Mac Rol - pirate-male or female
Jack Daw - pirate-male or female
Ivan Oder- pirate- male or female -
Sally Forth (Trelawney's niece)-female
Polly (rather large parrot)- male or female, could be a child
Mermaid Marion - female (can also double as client in the pub in Sc 1)
Sea urchins - youngsters
Natives - male or female
Eilashay - female (doubles up as Sheila Blige in Sc 1.)

Songs are included but suggestions only...copyright must be checked before using any.

SFX 1 Everyone enters in the dark...lights lift as music begins...
Smoke if possible

Scene 1

In The Admiral Benbow Inn. Bar, tables and chairs, pewter tankards, pirates and normal folk. All cast on stage for opening number, Sea Urchins dressed as street urchins

Song 1 'Master Of The House' - Les Miserables

Landlord's wife

Welcome, Monsieur, sit yourself down
And meet the best innkeeper in town
As for the rest, all of 'em crooks:
Roeking their guests and cooking the books

Landlord

Seldom do you see
Honest men like me

Wife

A gent of good intent
Who's content to be

All

Master of the house, doling out the charm
Ready with a handshake and an open palm
Tells a saucy tale, makes a little stir
Customers appreciate a bon-viveur

Landlord

Glad to do a friend a favor
Doesn't cost me to be nice
But nothing gets you nothing
Everything has got a little price!

All

Master of the house, keeper of the zoo
Ready to relieve 'em of a sou or two
Watering the wine, making up the weight

Pickin' up their knick-knacks when they can't see straight
Everybody loves a landlord
Everybody's bosom friend

Landlord

I do whatever pleases
Jesus! Won't I bleed 'em in the end!

All

Food beyond compare. Food beyond belief
Mix it in a mincer and pretend it's beef
Kidney of a horse, liver of a cat
Filling up the sausages with this and that
Residents are more than welcome
Bridal suite is occupied
Reasonable charges
Plus some little extras on the side!

Charge 'em for the lice, extra for the mice
Two percent for looking in the mirror twice **Wife** (Hand it over!)
Here a little slice, there a little cut
Three percent for sleeping with the window shut
When it comes to fixing prices
There are a lot of tricks he knows
How it all increases, all them bits and pieces
Jesus! It's amazing how it grows!

Wife

Master of the house!
Master and a half!
Comforter, philosopher

Hyacinth

Don't make me laugh!

Wife

Servant to the poor, butler to the great

Hyacinth

Hypocrite and toady and inebriate!

All

Everybody bless the landlord

Everybody bless his spouse!
Everybody raise a glass

Hyacinth

Raise it 'cos the man's a farce

All

Everybody raise a glass to the Master of the House!

Fanny: Now get yerselves 'ome and off to bed you youngens.

Wayne Bow: But we don't 'ave an 'ome missus.

Fanny: Well, this ain't a fittin' place fer you to be

Ray N: Oh, please let us stay. It's warm 'ere.

All children: Yes, go on.

Owen M: *Please* can we stay?! I'm 'ungry.

Fanny: No, no. There ain't no food for yer 'ere.

All Children: Oh! *(one of the girls starts to cry)*

Fanny: Besides the landlord... my dear 'usband 'll be after yer if yer not careful.

Al Coves: He's *so* mean. All we wants is a crust.

Limpet: Now we'll 'ave to go beggin' again tomorrow.

Pearl: Oh, come on. 'E ain't gonna change 'is mind. *(sighs and cries gently)*

Oyster: You're right there...let's go and see if we can find food and shelter for the night elsewhere. *(She ushers the younger girls out)*

All other children nod to each other and exit right grumbling.

Hyacinth: Yes, it's true he's a miserable, tight old land lord but I 'as to work fer 'im. I has no choice since my late husband died, God rest 'is soul, I've been the sole bread winner. *(Encourage audience to ah!)*
Yes, yes, sad but true. And my young lad Jim here *(puts her arm*

around him) wants to up and leave me all on me lonesome...travel the world on a ship he does... What's that you say? I don't look old enough to have a grown-up boy? I know, I know, I've looked after meself rather well, haven't I?

Mac Rol: Get us some ale Hyacinth old gal!

Jack Daw: Make that two Hyacinth.

Landlord: Don't keep the customers waiting Hyacinth!

Hyacinth: You see...ordered around from dawn 'til dusk...these wretched pirates. Never a moment's peace and with Jim 'ere wanting to travel abroad I'd be so lonely if it wasn't for me parrot, Polly.

Enter Polly

Polly: She'd be so lonely, so lonely, so lonely, Polly put kettle on.

Jim: Oh mum, you must keep Polly out of the bar! She keeps pooping on the tables, the customers don't like it!

Landlord: Yes Hyacinth Hawkins get her out of 'ere now! How many times do I 'ave to tell yer?

Hyacinth: I told yer didn't I? Miserable he 'is with little sense of 'umour. I tried to tell 'im a joke about a balaclava the other day and it went right over 'is 'ead.

Landlord: Out Polly now!

Hyacinth: Come along Polly, don't take it personal now.

Polly: Come along Polly...put the kettle on.

Hyacinth: Pretty Polly off you go, I'll come and feed you in a while.

Exit Polly

Fanny: What on earth do you feed 'er, Polly filler? Hahaha!

Hyacinth: Oh very funny!

Fanny: Well, You'd think so wouldn't ya...the size of 'er an' all!

Sheila: I remember when she was just a little chick...small she was, fitted in the palm of me 'and.

Fanny: Really? I can't remember her ever being small!

Sheila: Oh yes, little ball of fluff she was, so pretty.

Mac Rol: Like you then Sheila , a nice pretty little bit o' fluff! (*goes to touch her*)

Sheila: You keep her 'ands off me matey. You ain't gettin' nuffin' you ain't paid fer!

Fanny: Well said Sheila...the cheek of these men!

Trelawney: Miss Blige, a pint of ale if I may?

Sheila: Of course you may Squire Trelawney sir. I likes a man with manners...a bit of politeness goes a long way! (*Looking askance at Mac Rol*).

Hyacinth: (*Flirtatiously*) Oh Mr. Trelawney, 'ow lovely to see yer. What can I do fer ya?

Trelawney: Nothing thank you Mrs Hawkins, Miss Blige here is serving me.

Hyacinth: Sheila Blige?

Trelawney: Yes, Sheila Blige.

Hyacinth: I *bet* she would, given 'alf a chance! (*To audience*) What's she got that I 'aven't? I ask yer?

Landlord: Do you want the answers alphabetically?

Jack Daw: A fine figure is what she's got Mrs Hawkins?

Hyacinth: Well! I have a fine figure too, don't I every one?

Audience led by pirates, Oh no you don't!

Hyacinth: Oh yes I do! Etc (*until eventually she says*) I've got everything that she's got and it's still in working order I'll have you know!

Sheila: Yes, but you've got so much more of it Hyacinth!

Hyacinth: Charmed I'm sure!

Landlord: Including the ability to gossip for England...now get back on with your work or I'll fire you!

Hyacinth: At least what I've got, I puts to good use and don't go givin' it away like some I could mention. I works me fingers to the bone for you and what 'ave I got ter show fer it?

Landlord: Bony fingers? Hahaha. Stop complainin' or I'll put ya down in the wine cellar. Whine cellar get it. *(Laughs to himself)*

Hyacinth: Oh very funny. You never speak to Sheila like that and I works just as hard as she does.

Landlord: She attracts the customers Hyacinth and she can sing.
Sheila...Give us a song gal.

Song 2: *Small Pleasures - Oliver the musical - for Sheila and the company.*

Sheila:

Small pleasures, small pleasures
Who would deny us these?
Gin toddies -- large measures --
No skimpin' if you please!
I rough it, I love it
Life is a game of chance.
I never tire of it --
Leading this merry dance.

If you don't mind having to go without things
It's a fine life.

All:

It's a fine life.

Sheila:

Tho' it ain't all jolly old pleasure outings...It's a fine life

All:

It's a fine life.

When you got someone to love
You forget your cares and strife
Let the prudes look down on us
Let the wide world frown on us
It's a fine,

All:

Fine life!

Sheila:

Who cares if straightlaced
Sneer at us in the street?
Fine airs and fine graces
Don't have to sin to eat.
We wander through *Alresford*
Who knows what we may find?
There's pockets left undone
On many a behind.

If you don't mind taking it as it turns out,
It's a fine life!
It's a fine life!
Keep the candle burning until it burns out
It's a fine life.
It's a fine life.
Though you sometimes do come by
The occasional black eye
You can always cover one
'Til he blacks the other one
But you don't dare cry.

Sheila:

No! If you don't mind having to like or lump it...
It's a fine life

All :

It's a fine life!

Sheila :

Tho' there's no tea-sipping and eating crumpet
It's a fine life!

All :

It's a fine life!

Sheila :

Not for me, the happy home
Happy husband, happy wife
Tho' it sometimes touches me...
...For the likes of such as me...
Mine's a fine...

All:

Fine... life!

Some adult cast can drift out here... TBC during blocking

Hyacinth: *(To audience and Jim)* Now let me just tell yer this, then I'd best get on or I'll lose me job. It's 'ard enough to make ends meet as it is. Just when I think I'm managing someone moves the ends! *(Looks from right to left and behind her then in a theatrical whisper)* It's about Flint...Captain Flint? 'es an evil old pirate an' I 'ears news only this morning that 'e's back from sea, yes 'e is! There's always trouble when 'es around so be on the lookout Jim and keep out of 'is way! I don't want you gettin' mixed up with likes of 'im.

Jim: Oh, you're making me nervous mum. I keep having bad dreams as it is. Last night I dreamt I had a horse's head in my bed.

Hyacinth: Oh that's just a nightmare.

Jim: Then I dreamt I was drowning in the sea but the sea was bright orange and all fizzy!

Hyacinth: *(Laughing)* Oh, that's just a Fanta -sea.

Jim: But I've had other awful dreams too. This morning I was dreaming that someone one was shouting Ready, steady, go! I woke up with a start! Then the other night I dreamt that I was eating a giant marsh mallow. When I woke up my pillow had gone.

Hyacinth: Oh so that's 'ow yer 'ead got stuffed with feathers!

Jim: Oh you can joke but dreams and nightmares every night are just driving me to the end of my tether.

Hyacinth: Don't worry dear, in your case that's not far to go.

Jim: Well nightmares are scary and now I'm afraid of this Captain Flint as well. What does he look like?

Hyacinth: Well 'es got black hair, or at least 'e did 'ave last time 'e was around these parts. 'E wears a patch over one eye and a hook for 'is left 'and.

Jim: What happened to his eye mum?

Hyacinth: A seagull pooped in it many years ago.

Jim: Well that's no reason to wear an eye patch all the time surely.

Hyacinth: It was the first day he got 'is 'ook.

Jim: Yes, but what happened to his eye?

Hyacinth: *(to the audience)* He ain't got much of a brain but then 'e took after 'is father in looks as well. *(to audience and Jim)* Anyways, we gotta see 'im before 'e sees us so be on yer guard. We'll get this lot to 'elp us. They ain't doin' much else from what I can see. It'll keep them on their toes...keep them awake. If you sees a pirate of the aforementioned description will you please shout out, 'Watch out, Flint's about!' A quick practise then...

Landlord: Hyacinth...are you gossiping again..get on with your work! There's tables need clearing over here.

Ivan moves near to Jim

Jim: Good lord! What's that dreadful smell?

Landlord: That's Ivan, he just arrived this morning. Been aboard ship so long he's forgotten how to wash!

Jim: Can I get you anything ... new around here are you... Ivan is it?

Ivan Oder: Ivan Oder at your service, just come off a ship and looking fer work as a matter o' fact. Know anyone who needs a first class deck hand?

SFX 2 Stage darkens and sinister music plays enter Captain Flint.

Audience... Watch Out, Flint's about! (encouraged by cast)

Hyacinth: Oh dear Lord, talk of the devil!

Flint: *(shouting)* Get me a jug of ale and don't dawdle, I've a raging thirst on me! Second thoughts Make that two!

Jim hides behind his mother, everyone goes quiet and people creep as far away as possible from Flint

Jim: Oooooer!

Sheila: It's alright Jim, I'll get this order, I've a couple of jugs right here.

Flint: Nice jugs, just what I'm after!

Hyacinth: *(to the audience)* I'm sure she'll oblige her in 'er Bingo dress!

Jim: What's a Bingo dress mum.

Hyacinth: Eyes down and look in!

Flint: Now listen up everyone, I've news of Billy Bones. He's been given The Black Spot! *(Everyone gasps and shrinks back a little further)* Yes, found guilty in pirate law of double crossing me he was. So he's been given The Black Spot **SFX3 Da Da Da** and he's DEAD!

More gasps

All: *(Ad lib...)* Not the black spot...oh no...how dreadful etc.

Flint: Oh yes 'e 'as and let that be a lesson to ye all me 'earties. No one double crosses Captain Flint and gets away with it, ya hear?! Now...I'm looking for crew to come with me to Treasure Island where I have reason to believe that Billy Bones has buried some treasure. *MY* treasure from years ago.

Hyacinth: It won't be 'is treasure...everything 'es ever 'ad 'es stolen!

Deathly silence and no one moves

Flint: Well come on then, don't be shy, who's comin' with me? You Ivan Oder?

Ivan: 'Er no sir, Captain Flint sir, I've business 'ere to attend to.

Jim: But I thought you just said you were looking for work.

Ivan: Oh no, you're quite mistaken.

Jim: I'm sure I'm not, he did say it didn't he everyone.

Audience ...oh yes he did etc.

Flint: Well, no matter, I don't think I could stand the smell on board to be truthful! *(Spots Jim)* ARRRR Jim lad, what about you, or arrrrrre ye still tied to yer mother's apron strings?

Jim: No sir, I mean Yes sir...that is to say sir, I *am* still tied to my mother's apron strings and couldn't possibly go to sea and leave her behind. You see my father died recently and I have to stay and help support her.

Hyacinth: Well, that's a first!

Flint: What about you Mac Rol? *(Mac hides behind a woman)* I'm talking to you Rol...get herself out 'ere and face me like a man.

Mac hesitantly puts his head around to see Flint

Mac: Oh no sir, sorry sir but I'm otherwise engaged just at present.

Flint: So Gary Baldi, will ye be accompanying me?

Gari B: No, no, no, no, no *(GB just hides behind nearest female shaking his head and stuttering)*

Flint: No great loss! And what say you Jack Daw?

Jack: Oh shame, we've both just accepted a job working for a shoe maker haven't we Mac?

Mac: Yes, yes, we have ...that's how I'm otherwise engaged as a matter of fact.

Flint: Cobblers!

Jack: No it's true isn't it Mac?

Mac Rol: Yes of course, we wouldn't lie to you Captain Flint would we Jack?

Flint: Oh yes you would!

Audience participation oh no they wouldn't etc.

Flint: (to the audience) Well, I'll not be wastin' me time 'ere talkin' to you useless lot of land lubbers. I'm off to The Fawcett Inn down the road. There'll be someone there who's bound to oblige. But watch out ...if I find you've been lying to me...there's always The Black Spot!

SFX 4 Sinister music plays as he exits

*Exits through the audience brandishing his cutlass
Everyone sighs with relief once he's gone and the lights come up a little brighter.*

Hyacinth: Poor old Billy Bones...he used to rent a room 'ere, right above this bar 'e did, before 'is ...demise. O' course you know what this means don't yer? It means I 'as another job now sortin' out 'is room. Clearin' the space for another tenant.

Jim: I'll help you mum. Many hands make light work.

Landlord: Closin' time good people...off you go now... Excitement's over, some of us needs to get to our beds. Hyacinth...finish the clearing up and be back 'ere tomorrow at 10 am.

Hyacinth: I'd like to get to me bed too but no one ever thinks of me!

Audience Ahhh

People drift away. Only people left now are Trelawney, Jim and Hyacinth.

Trelawney: Well, I must also take my leave. I have much business to attend to in the morning and I now have to sort out Billy Bones' death certificate. I will act as his solicitor Mrs Hawkins so if you'd be good enough to bring any personal effects that you find in his room, I'd be very grateful.

Hyacinth: Ooh, yes Sir Squire Trelawney sir, I'd be pleased to do that for yer. I'll be there as early as possible. What time do you rise in the morning?

Trelawney: I'll be up and about by about 8.00.

Hyacinth: *(to the audience)* Well I'll be there by 7.00 then if I can.

Jim: And will your niece Sally be there Mr Trelawney? Does she still work for you?

Trelawney: Yes indeed she does. I will see you tomorrow then.

Jim goes all starry eyed and gazes into space Chris to play a little something to suggest Jim in love

Hyacinth: *(To audience)* Oh yes, I forgot to tell ya. He's mad for Trelawney's niece ya know. Sally Forth, lovely girl, I do approve. It would be nice if 'e settles down with 'er. It would stop 'im leavin' 'ere and going off to sea, so it would. I'm also rather keen on Sally's Uncle , The Squire, Squire Trelawney but he never seems to notice me. Come along Jim 'elp me with the clearin' up or we'll never get to bed tonight! *(Jim just still gazes ahead, Hyacinth shouts)*
Jim...I'm talk in' to yer , yer great soft 'appeth. Sally won't give ya a second glance unless ya man up a bit! A girl likes a bit o' brawn and brain and you ain't got the latter so at least appear to be manly! Now come on, let's go and look in Billy Bones's room now before we goes to bed. We'll 'ave to do it now if we wants to get to Trelawney's 'ouse before 'es up!

Scene 2

In Bill Bones's room above the bar. Scarcely furnished. A bed, candle, and an old sea chest. Hyacinth, Jim and Polly on stage. SFX 5 Very dimly lit and Hyacinth is carrying a candle in a holder.

SFX 5 some sinister music and creaking of floor boards

Jim: It's very dark mum, I'm a bit scared.

Hyacinth: Don't be such a ninny...What's to be scared of?

Jim: Well, we're in a dead man's room aren't we...in the dark.

Hyacinth: So?

Jim: Ghosts!

Hyacinth: Don't be so ridiculous Jim. There ain't no ghosts in here! There ain't no ghosts full stop.

SFX 6 They hear a WHOOOOOO sound and Jim jumps into his mother's arms

Jim: What was that then?

Hyacinth: What was what?

Jim: That noise...It sounded like a ghost!

Polly: Like a ghost!

Hyacinth: *(To the audience)* I didn't hear anything did you?

Audience led by Jim: Oh yes we did

SFX 7 WHOOOOOOOOO

Jim: There it is again!

Polly: Again!

SFX 8 Repeat a couple more times

Hyacinth: Oh that! It's just the Landlord snorin' in the next room.

Jim: Are you sure mum...I don't like it in here...I don't like it one bit!

Jim: Agh! What's that? It looks like a dead baby ghost!

Hyacinth: *(picks up a large hanky from the floor)* It's a bloomin' 'andkerchief you daft thing! Now let's have a quick look around for 'is personal effects and then we can get out of 'ere.

Jim goes to one corner of the stage, Hyacinth another and Polly to another they are all looking around and walking backwards until the bump into each other. Jim lets out a scream!

Jim: Don't hurt me, don't hurt me, I don't mean any harm! *(Sees it's his mum he's bumped into)* Oh mum, I thought you were a ghost!

Polly: Thought you were a ghost!

Hyacinth: What are you talking about you idiot. No one's going to hurt you. Although I might clip you round the ear if you don't toughen up, you great big ninny!

Polly: Found a chest, pieces of eight, pieces of eight!

Jim: Oooh yes, look mum a chest.

Hyacinth: Drag it over 'ere .

Polly: Look inside, pieces of eight!

Hyacinth: Well, 'e didn't 'ave much did 'e poor man? All that's left is this

old chest by the looks of things.

Jim: There might be an address of some family, his mother perhaps who would need to know he's gone.

Polly: Look inside, look inside.

Hyacinth: Ah Jim lad...that's a kind thought. If you dies, I 'opes you'll be as thoughtful towards me.

Jim: Well, I would mum if I could but if I'm dead I wouldn't be able to would I?

Hyacinth tries to open the lid of the chest SFX 9 low spot on chest and characters centre

Hyacinth: It's very tightly closed, I can't lift the lid.

Jim: Is it locked mother?

Hyacinth: Good thinkin' my boy...let us see. Ah, yes it is ... a padlock no less. Now where do you suppose 'es put the key?

Jim: What kind of key mum? Is it F sharp or E flat minor? You see I have remembered some of the piano lessons you paid for. I'm not completely useless. I knew it would come in handy someday.

Polly: Padlock key you twit!

Jim: Don't you call me a twit. I bet you couldn't play a scale on a piano like I can!

Polly: I can...I'm clever! I'm clever!

Jim: *(sarcastically)* Oh really! Where did you learn?

Polly: At the Polytechnic.

Jim: I bet!

Polly: Betting's bad. You shouldn't bet.

Hyacinth: Stop bickerin' you two and get lookin' for the key.

They all look around the darkened room until Polly comes up with a key in her beak.

Polly: Key , Key!

Hyacinth: Well done Polly, where did you find it?

Polly: Can't remember!

Jim: But you've only just found it. You can't have forgotten already!

Polly: I have a rare condition that affects my memory!

Jim: Really? What's that?

Polly: Polynesia.

Jim: I've 'eard of *am...nesia* but not Polynesia.

Hyacinth: Stop teasin' 'im Polly. You know 'es intellectually challenged.

Jim: Am I? What does that mean mum?

Hyacinth: Never mind now ...let's get this 'ere chest open!

Hyacinth turns the key and the chest opens with a SFX 10 loud creaking as lid opens. Polly and Jim gather around to see what's inside. Hyacinth lifts out a pair of spotty underpants.

Jim: Hmm, good taste in underwear. I wonder if he bought them from Jack Wills in Winchester. Very nice but very expensive.

Polly: Long John Silver shops there.

Hyacinth: Really? How do you know that Polly?

Polly: Guessing.

Jim: What makes you guess that?

Polly: Cost him an arm and a leg!

Jim: Look a comb! But he was bald wasn't he?

Hyacinth: This'll be the first time 'es parted with it then. Parted with it...hahaha...Oh I do make myself laugh.

Jim: Ooh look some string.

Hyacinth: That ain't no use it's tied in a circle.

Jim winds it around his hands and starts playing the children's cat's cradle game

Jim: Oh it *is* useful, look, we can play cat's cradle. Your turn mum.

Hyacinth snatches it away

Hyacinth: For goodness sake. Let's get on with the job shall we?

Polly: Pieces of eight, pieces of eight! (*points a wing into the chest*)

Jim: OOh she's right, look mum. Gold coins!

Hyacinth: I'll look after those thank you very much. He ain't never given me a tip the whole while 'es been 'ere. He owes money at the bar too.

Jim: You can't just keep it mum. That's stealing from him!

Hyacinth: No dear, it's not stealing from 'im because 'es dead. It's just creative accounting. Anyway, if I *remembers* I'll give some to the Landlord, what's 'is name? Ooh I think I've got a touch of Polly's Polynesia. (*Laughs to herself*)

Jim: (*pulls out a picture*) Oh look mum, drawings. This could be his mother.

Hyacinth: And this his dad.

Polly: And that's Sheila Blige!

Hyacinth: I always thought 'e 'ad a soft spot for 'er and look...a poem addressed to 'er. The bottom's torn off! I'll see if I can find the other bit.

Jim takes the parchment and starts to read it:

Jim: You're in my heart
You're in my head
I'd like to take you
to my.....

Hyacinth: (*reads from the torn off bit*) mum so that you could meet her.

Jim: That's nice isn't it?

Audience laugh and

Hyacinth: (*to audience*) What was you thinkin' the endin' would be then eh?
This is a family show...minds like sewers!

They take it in turns to pull out various funny items ,

Hyacinth: Well nothing of much worth here.

Jim: Or of much interest

Then Polly holds up a parchment scroll,

Polly: What's this?

Hyacinth stands up and takes it from her SFX 11 lighting changes to low lit again as hyacinth stands up and unrolls it.

Hyacinth: Well blow me down, if it isn't a map!

Jim: Isn't it a map? It looks like a map to me.

Hyacinth: Yes it's a map. I just said so.

Jim: No, you said 'it *isn't* a map.'

Hyacinth: I said, 'Blow me down *if* it isn't a map!' It's an expression!

Jim: So we don't have to blow you down then do we because it is a map?

Hyacinth: No of course not!

Jim: That's good because I'm getting tired and you are quite large and I think it would take a lot of blow...

Hyacinth delivers him a clip around the ear which shuts him up

Hyacinth: Stupid boy!

Hyacinth looks at the map, the others look over her shoulder.

Hyacinth: It's a map alright but I can't make 'ead nor tail of it.

Jim: It's got palm trees and water.

Polly: Well done!

Jim: And a big red cross here. What do you suppose that means mum?

Hyacinth: X marks the spot!

Polly: X marks the spot!

Jim: Spot, what kind of spot, not the Black Spot!

Hyacinth: Ah Jim lad. You have no more brains than you was born with. No not the Black spot. That's what they give the pirates who has broken the rules in some way.

Polly: Treasure, pieces of eight , pieces of eight!

Hyacinth: Polly's right. I think it means that the treasure is buried here under these palm trees.

Jim: Treasure! Ooh exciting. Where is the map *of* mother?

Hyacinth: Well I'm not sure but we'll take it to Squire Trelawney tomorrow.
He's a learned man, he'll be able to help us I'm sure.

Polly: Treasure, pieces of eight!

Hyacinth: Yes, we could get rich Polly, Maybe, our luck is about to change at last!

SFX 12 - Lights lift for song and dance.

Song 3: We're In The Money? For Hyacinth, Jim and Polly

We're in the money, we're in the money;
We've got a lot of what it takes to get along!

We're in the money, that sky is sunny,
Old Man Depression you are through, you done us wrong.

We never see a headline about breadlines today.
And when we see the landlord we can look that guy right in the eye

We're in the money, come on, my honey,
Let's lend it, spend it, send it rolling along!

Scene 3

SFX 13 Normal lighting *Mr. Trelawney's house* **SFX Long and loud knocking is heard.** *Mr Trelawney goes to the entrance and Jim, Polly and Hyacinth enter.*

Trelawney: Alright, alright I'm coming.

Hyacinth: Oh Mr. Trelawney, sir, Please excuse my over exhuberant knockers.
These two 'ere just couldn't wait, fightin' over 'oo was to knock yer door first they was.

Trelawney: Never mind Mrs. Hawkins...

Hyacinth: Please call me Hyacinth, Mr Trelawney Sir.

Trelawney: Well, Hyacinth, have you got Billy Bones's personal effects with you.

Hyacinth: Such as they are sir.

Polly: Such as they are sir.

Sally enters, Jim Immediately goes trance like ... play some love music

Sally: Good morning Uncle, Hyacinth, Polly, Jim.

Jim: *(looking love struck)* Good morning Miss Forth.

Sally: Please call me Sally, no need to stand on ceremony.

Jim looks at the sole of his shoes...

Jim: Did I stand on semolina? I didn't *see* any.

Sally: No Jim, I said no need to stand on *ceremony*, and call me Sally.

Jim: Oh I am a sally, Silly. I mean silly, Sally.

Hyacinth: Don't mind 'im, 'es just a little love sick.

Polly: Sick! Jim's sick!

Hyacinth: Pull yerself together Jim and stop gawpin' at poor Sally.

Polly: Sally Forth, gawping, silly Jim.

Jim: Put a sock in it Polly!

Sally strokes Polly

Sally: Ah Polly, can I get you some bird seed?

Polly: Don't mind if I do Sally Forth.

Jim: Can I help you Sally?

Sally: I'm sure I can manage Jim. Bird seed isn't heavy you know.

Hyacinth: Mr Trelawney Sir, or may I call you Thomas?

Trelawney: No you may not call me Thomas.

Hyacinth: Sorry sir, If I overstepped the mark.

Trelawney: That's not the problem...my name isn't Thomas.

Jim: What is it then?

Trelawney: I'd really rather not say.

Polly: Go on! Spill the beans!

Sally: Yes do tell uncle, I've often wondered.

Trelawney: Well, alright then but you musn't laugh.

Jim: Of course we won't.

Hyacinth: Definitely not.

Polly: I might.

Sally: Sh Polly!

Trelawney: Oh, very well...It's Tangakwunu.

Deathly silence...then Polly starts to laugh raucously and everyone else joins in.

Trelawney: I knew you'd laugh. It's such a stupid name.

Hyacinth: No sir, no it's not but it *is* very unusual.

Sally: Where does it come from.

Trelawney: My mother said that it is native American for rainbow. Apparently there was a beautiful rainbow in the sky when I was born so she called me Tangakwunu.

Everyone laughs again

Jim: Well, it could be worse she could have called you 'Rainbow' I suppose.

Trelawney: Let's get on shall we. What have you found?

Hyacinth: Well 'ere's 'is personal effects. They don't amount to much but there is a map we'd like you to look at, what with you being so

knowledgeable and all. *(to audience)* I do admire intellect in a man...most attractive!

Jim: What's intellect mother?

Hyacinth: Something you and your father lacked dear but never mind now.

Trelawney: Hmm, now let's see...Ah yes, this is most definitely a map.

Polly: A map, a map!

Jim: We thought so too sir.

Trelawney: A treasure map.

Hyacinth: We thought that too Tangakwunu.

Polly: Treasure map!

Hyacinth: Didn't old Flint mention that Billy Bones had hidden some of his treasure?

Trelawney: He did indeed and I do believe you've stumbled upon the map that shows us where.

Jim: Oh no Mr. Trelawney, we didn't stumble on it, Polly found it in the chest.

Sally: Clever Polly.

Polly: Clever Polly! Clever Polly!

Trelawney: See this X here?

Jim: Mum says X marks the spot!

Trelawney: X marks where the treasure is hidden.

Jim: Where's that then?

Trelawney: Here dear boy, here.

Jim: But where's here?