



# Treasure Island

by Tom Pieman

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# TREASURE ISLAND – A PANTOMIME

By Tom Pieman

## Characters

JIM HAWKINS	Our hero (principal boy). Brave and adventurous. In love with Fanny, but a lower social standing. Solo song.
HARRIET HAWKINS	Jim's beloved Ma, a no-nonsense landlady. Traditional dame character. Occasionally flirts with the Squire.
SQUIRE ADAMS	Local landowner. Pompous but kind-hearted. Admires Jim's bravery, but not his amorous intentions toward Fanny.
FRANCES ADAMS	The Squire's niece. Known by everyone as Fanny, apart from her uncle. Smart and spirited.
CALYPSO	Spirit of the Sea. Traditional fairy role.
BEN GUNN	Castaway, marooned on the island. Not all there. Second act only, with his own song.
LONG JOHN SILVER	Pirate captain, main villain. Children should find him scary. The actor playing the one-legged Silver must be fit enough to cope with using a crutch, although scenes are not overly long.
SWASH & BUCKLE	Pirates, but only after being pressganged by Silver. Mostly provide comic relief in the style of traditional 'broker's men'.
PLUCKY	Silver's parrot. Likes to tell jokes, lead the dancing and interact with audience. A couple of scenes in each act.
BILLY BONES, BLACK DOG & BLIND PEW	Silver's gang members. Menacing pirates. Bones has the biggest part. They all die in the first act (the actors could double up as pirates below in second act).
BLUE PETER, JOLLY ROGER & ISAAC HOWARD	Pirates with mainly comedic scenes in the second act only. Peter is always miserable, while Roger's always happy. Isaac is afraid of everything.
CAPTAINS	PUGWASH, AMERICA, MAINWARING, KIRK, BIRDSEYE, HOOK (should be billed on the programme simply as Captains). All have lines in the first act 'auditions' scene only.

VILLAGERS / SAILORS	Four small speaking roles in first act. Non-speaking villagers / sailors in various scenes. Two (adult) sailors to run across stage in underwear in Act I, Scene 6.
PIRATES	Four small speaking pirate roles in second act. Non-speaking sailors / pirates in various scenes.
CHORUS / DANCERS	Plucky's dancers in Act I, Scene 3 Cheerleaders in Act I, Scene 4 Sharks in Act II, Scene 2 Island natives etc in Act II, Scene 5

### Scenes

Act I, Scene 1	Admiral Benbow Inn (full stage interior)
Act I, Scene 2	Smugglers' Cave (front of tabs)
Act I, Scene 3	Admiral Benbow Inn (full stage interior)
Act I, Scene 4	Bristol Docks (full stage exterior, then front of tabs)
Act I, Scene 5	Bristol Docks (full stage exterior)
Act I, Scene 6	On Board the Hispaniola (full stage exterior)
Act II, Scene 1	On Board the Hispaniola (full stage exterior)
Act II, Scene 2	On Board the Hispaniola (full stage exterior)
Act II, Scene 3	Below Deck (front of tabs)
Act II, Scene 4	On Board the Hispaniola – night (full stage exterior)
Act II, Scene 5	Island Shore (full stage exterior)
Act II, Scene 6	Island Shore – night (full stage exterior)
Act II, Scene 7	Forest (front of tabs) then Clearing / Stockade (full stage exterior)

**ACT I**            *(House lights down)*

**SCENE 1        THE ADMIRAL BENBOW INN**

MUSIC #1       *Drunken Sailor - Traditional (full chorus)*

*(After song, chorus members take places around the bar. Spot on CALYPSO SR)*

CALYPSO       Welcome friends, old and new,  
                     It's my pleasure to present to you  
                     A tale of pirates with a murderous plot  
                     And a treasure map where X marks the spot.  
                     Jim Hawkins here is the brave young man  
                     To scupper Long John Silver's plan.  
                     My name is Calypso, spirit of the sea,  
                     And our hero's fortunes are down to me.  
                     Jim's courage will win the day no doubt,  
                     But my magic might just help him out.  
                     And so our story's about to begin –  
                     The scene is The Admiral Benbow Inn  
                     Where young Jim lives with his dear, widowed Ma  
                     And dreams of escaping to lands afar.  
                     He longs for a life of adventure, does Jim  
                     But never suspects it could happen to him

JIM                *(Gathering glasses, etc)* Evening Tom, Joan. Let me take those away for you.  
                     Another rum, George? Coming right up.

VILLAGER 1     Busy tonight, Jim. You on your own?

JIM                Ma should be back soon to give me a hand.

VILLAGER 2     Hey, did you finish your chores?

JIM                What chores?

VILLAGER 2     I'll have a whisky, thanks Jim!

JIM                The old ones are the best, eh?

VILLAGER 3     *(Flirty)* Well I prefer the young ones. *(VILLAGER 4 enters SL looking shocked)*

VILLAGER 4     I can't believe it – I've just seen someone who looks identical to me, the spitting image.

VILLAGER 1     You must have a double.

VILLAGER 4     Very kind of you, I'll have a large rum!

MUSIC #2       *It's Raining Men – Weather Girls (play on music for MA)*

*(Spot on MA as she enters down aisle, carrying & dropping several umbrellas)*

MA Oooh, look at all these customers, Jim. Forget dry January! I haven't seen so many from the Women's Institute since we booked that stripper. And we're gonna need a Wacky Warehouse with all these kids! *(MA flirts with selected men on way to stage)* Don't forget to swipe right! *(To audience)* Welcome one and all, I'm Harriet Hawkins, landlady of this fine establishment. I hope my son's been looking after you. A good boy, Jim – he's been a rock since his father died, kept this place afloat. Mind you, he can be a real daydreamer, what with all the adventure stories he reads.

JIM Ma, you're back at last – it's getting busy in here. What are all those brollies for?

MA You said we needed them.

JIM *(Realises)* Sorry Ma, I meant little umbrellas... for cocktails.

MA *(Noisily drops them at side of stage)* Well that was a wasted trip. Anyway, I can't see any of this lot going for fancy cocktails.

JIM I thought it might attract some more discerning clientele.

MA *(Exaggerating)* 'Discerning clientele', round here – like who?

JIM Er... Squire Adams.

MA Oooh yes, I wouldn't mind a Harvey Wallbanger with him! Hang on, it's not the Squire you're after, it's his niece Fanny.

JIM *(Dreamily)* Aah, sweet Fanny Adams.

MA *(Clipping his ear)* And that's all you'll be getting if the Squire catches you! Now go and serve some customers while I nip down to the cellar *(MA exits SR)*

JIM Sorry to keep you, Vicar. One large whisky. *(VICAR downs drinks)*. Now don't drink it all at... oh, you have. *(VICAR staggers off SL)*. Night then, Vicar. That sermon won't write itself now, will it?

*(BONES enters SR, dragging a battered chest)*

BONES I be looking for a room, lad.

JIM Of course, sir. It's tuppence a night.

BONES Much obliged, boy, here's a shilling – I'll be staying for a few days.

JIM And what brings you to the Admiral Benbow, sir?

BONES A bit of... business in the area. I spotted this place on Arrrr BNB.

JIM I'll show you the room. Let me take your luggage up.

BONES *(Aggressively)* Nobody touches that chest but me, lad! *(More calmly)* And I'm not too keen on advertising my presence here, if ye catch my drift. So if ye want to earn another shilling, young'un, just be sure to let me know if ye hear anything of any smugglers in these parts.

JIM I will, Mr....?

BONES        Bones. You can call me Billy.

JIM            Jim Hawkins at your service, Billy.

BONES        *(Walking off SR with arm round JIM)* Look after me Jim, lad, and I'll see ye right.  
*(Sinisterly to audience, after JIM has exited)* But cross me and ye will regret it.  
*(Exits SR dragging chest).*

MUSIC #3     *Country House – Blur (play on music for SQUIRE)*  
*(Spot on SQUIRE & FANNY as they enter up aisle)*

SQUIRE      Come along now, Frances, dear. A tavern's no place for a refined young lady.  
*(Looking at audience)* There are some unsavoury looking characters around.

FANNY        Oh Uncle, these are good honest folk. They can't help being from [local place names] *(SQUIRE shudders).*

SQUIRE      *(Entering stage)* Mrs Hawkins, a pleasure as always. Young Master Jim.  
You've met my niece, Frances?

MA            *(Ignoring FANNY)* Squire Adams, what a delight. Could I offer you a drink?

SQUIRE      Why not? We'll have a craft ale and a prosecco, I guess.

MA            Guess again! This isn't [local bar]. You can have whisky, rum or beer.

FANNY        What about a cocktail? *(Pointing to sign)* Look, happy hour 2 for 1.

JIM            *(Excitedly passing cocktail menu)* Here you go, my very own creations.

FANNY        *(Disappointed)* Oh, there's only two! What's a 'smelly juggler'?

JIM            That's 2 parts whisky, 1 part rum.

FANNY        And a 'jelly smuggler'?

JIM            2 parts rum, 1 part whisky ... or is it the other way round?

SQUIRE      Smuggler you say – well that happens to be why we're here – to give you a warning.  
There's talk of smugglers along the coast. Villainous vermin by all accounts.

MA            Smugglers! *(Suggestively)* But Squire, with these brutish brigands at large, who will  
protect my maidenly virtue?

SQUIRE      *(Flustered)* Why, Jim here's a brave, strapping young lad.

FANNY        *(Dreamily)* Absolutely...

SQUIRE      Come now, Mrs Hawkins, you needn't fear being ravaged by these rogues... however  
desperate they may be.

MA            Charming!

SQUIRE Look, I'll leave one of my men here and return in the morning. Now, I'm afraid we must be leaving. Frances, bid Mrs Hawkins goodnight.

FANNY *(To JIM rather than MA)* Farewell.

JIM Goodnight Fanny... I mean, Frances... Miss Adams.

SQUIRE *(Huffing)* Come along dear. *(Spot on SQUIRE & FANNY as they exit down aisle)*

MA Well, what do you make of that, son?

JIM She's beautiful.

MA Not Fanny, the smugglers! And you've about as much chance of marrying her as finding a treasure map, so snap out of it.

JIM *(Dolefully)* You're right – who am I kidding? *(Rings bell)* Last orders, ladies and gents, last orders. Seems like I'll be stuck here forever, serving pints to this lot. And Fanny could never fall in love with a common innkeeper's son like me. *(Spot on JIM for song)*

MUSIC #4 *A Million Dreams – The Greatest Showman*  
*(Close tabs. Then spot on CALYPSO entering SR)*

CALYPSO Poor Jim  
  
Little does he realise this new, mysterious guest  
Could hold his fate locked up inside a battered wooden chest,  
And while he dreams of life beyond the humdrum of the tavern  
Silver and his pirate gang conspire a nearby cavern *(spot off, exit SR)*

## SCENE 2 THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE

*(Front of tabs. Smallest children enter SL as pirates)*

MUSIC #5 *A Pirate went to Sea - Traditional*  
*(Children exit SL. SWASH enters SL, blowing up balloons. BUCKLE enters SR)*

BUCKLE 'Ere, Swash, what are you doing?

SWASH Playing the piano... What does it look like I'm doing, Buckle? Silver said we needed the balloons.

BUCKLE Doubloons, you dipstick! Gold coins.

SWASH Oh, I did wonder why he'd want balloons. But then, he told us to arrange a party. I thought it must be his birthday.

BUCKLE A search party! To find Billy Bones and that map he pinched.

SWASH So we won't be needing these either? *(Produces party blower and blows it)*



BUCKLE Give me strength! It's dark enough in this cave without you being so dim.

SWASH Well, I have got these (*Produces four birthday cake candles*).

BUCKLE Four candles... four candles, are you trying to be funny?

SWASH (*To the audience*) Well that's what we usually do.

BUCKLE Look, Silver will be back any minute, so you'd better get rid of this stuff sharpish.

SWASH You're right (*Starts popping balloons, making BUCKLE jump*). Anyway, what did you find out in the village?

BUCKLE Apparently, there's an inn not five miles from here, called The Admiral Benbow. Bones might be hiding out there. (*They don't notice SILVER, BLACK DOG & BLIND PEW entering SL*)

SWASH Let's hope that's enough to keep Silver happy for a bit. D'you know, he's the blood-thirstiest blackguard in Blighty. (*BUCKLE gestures to stop, but SWASH carries on*). He's the scurviest sailor on the seven seas. (*BUCKLE more animated to no avail*). He's the cruellest crook on crutches. He's... (*BUCKLE finally realises*) standing behind me, isn't he?

SILVER (*Calmly*) Oh you say the nicest things. Please, don't stop on my account.

SWASH Er, actually I think I'm finished.

BUCKLE I think you are too!

SILVER (*Shouting*) Now listen 'ere you worthless excuses for pirates. I want that map! And if that treacherous Billy Bones thinks he can steal from Long John Silver, I'll rip out his guts and grill his gizzard for supper! So you two clowns, Squash and Bucket, you'd better hope he's at that inn. Now get out of my sight!

SWASH Yes, boss. (*Quietly to BUCKLE as they exit SR*) I think he got our names wrong.

BUCKLE Best not mention it right now!

SILVER Right lads, those press-ganged poltroons might just have done something useful for once. Get yourselves over to that tavern in the morning, and if Bones is there, you give him a little something from me (*cut throat gesture*).

DOG & PEW Arrr...

SILVER Come on boys, let's have some supper. Tomorrow could be a busy day.

DOG (*As they exit SL*) I think I saw a cake through here, boss.

SILVER And where's that overgrown budgie of mine?

(*PLUCKY enters SR, talks to audience*)

PLUCKY Has he gone? About blinkin' time. What's up, have you never seen a talking six-foot parrot before?! Pleased to meet you all, my name's Plucky, Plucky the Parrot. Oh, it's not because I is brave – no, it's what that wicked weasel Silver calls me because he likes to pluck my tail feathers! And I can't just fly off to escape him. You see, there's a curse on me that will only be lifted when Captain Flint's treasure is found. It makes me sad (*aah*) sadder than that! (*aah*) Sick as a parrot, you might say! How about you all help me keep my spirits up, boys and girls, mums and dads? Every time you see me, shout out "Perk up, Plucky!" – Shall we give it a try? (*exits SR and reappears – audience responds*). Not bad, but I reckon you'll be louder next time. Hey, who wants to hear one of Plucky's parrot jokes, eh? Ok, what do you get if you cross a parrot with a centipede? A walkie-talkie! Let's try another. Why are there no aspirin in the jungle? Because the paracetamol! You've heard that one before, eh? One last go. Two parrots on a perch, one says to the other "can you smell fish?" All right, let's liven things up with some dancing (*enter children*).

MUSIC #6 *Dancers start doing Birdie Dance, PLUCKY gestures to cut off music abruptly.*

PLUCKY Woah, woah, woah, I might be a parrot, but the Birdie Dance – that's ancient! *Music changes to Apache (Jump On It) – Sugarhill Gang.* Now you're talking – go for it guys! (*After dancers finish*) Well that's perked me up no end! Right, I'm off to see if there's any of that cake left. Later! (*PLUCKY & children exit SL*)

### SCENE 3 THE ADMIRAL BENBOW INN

(*BONES is drunkenly singing*)

BONES Fifteen men on a dead man's chest, yo ho ho and a bottle of rum. (*Grabs the bottle off the bar*) Oh, don't mind if I do! (*Drinks it*). And I'll be a dead man before they get their stinking hands on what's in my chest. (*Resumes singing*) Farewell and adieu to you fair Spanish ladies, farewell...

(*JIM enters SR*)

JIM Mr Bones, what's all this commotion? I thought you were keeping a low profile. How much have had to drink? It's barely 10 o'clock.

BONES I won't lie to ye, boy, I've had a couple.

JIM Couple of bottles by the sound of it. You don't want to wake up Ma when she's having her... beauty sleep.

BONES I heard there's some villains hereabouts. Reckon they wants to get their hands on my chest.

(*MA enters SR, wearing dressing gown, curlers, face mask, etc*)

MA What's all this racket, Jim? Who's this... gentleman? (*Covering her bosom*) And what's all this talk of putting hands on chests?

JIM Luggage, Ma, belonging to Mr Bones here. He paid for a room last night. Seems he's three sheets to the wind and likes a bit of karaoke with his kippers.

MA Why didn't you tell me he was here? (*Discreetly to JIM*) Squire Adams warned us about strangers. He could be dangerous.

BONES Begging your pardon, ma'am. Didn't mean to wake you.

MA Well, I suppose as you're staying I should fetch you some coffee (*MA exits SL*).

BONES Fine looking woman that, Jim.

JIM Blimey, you must be drunk! Anyway, why would the smugglers be interested in your chest, Mr Bones.

BONES 'Cause they is low-down horn-swagging scum, and they wants my treasure map.

JIM (*Excitedly*) Treasure?!

BONES Aye, the legendary treasure of the devil's own Captain Flint. And I needs an adventurous young lad like ye to help me find it, Jim. Just as long as we can keep it safe from the clutches of ... (*Interrupted by knocking*) Who's that?

(*SQUIRE & FANNY enter SR*)

SQUIRE Good day, Master Hawkins. (*Eyeing up BONES*) And who's this fellow?

JIM Morning Squire, Miss Adams. This is Mr Bones, he's a... guest.

SQUIRE Guest, eh? (*Looking him over*) Wouldn't know anything about smugglers would you, Mr Bones?

BONES Not I, sir. Smugglers you say?

SQUIRE Indeed. And despicable dogs too.

(*MA enters SL, throws herself dramatically at SQUIRE*)

MA Squire, oh thank goodness you're here – there were two ruffians round the back with this message for Mr Bones (*shows envelope*)

BONES (*Opens letter*) The Black Spot! (*Dramatic music*)

SQUIRE That can only mean one thing.

FANNY What, a place where there's lots of accidents?

SQUIRE Well, no...

JIM Where the black ball goes on a snooker table?

SQUIRE Er...

MA Hang on... (*Reads from dictionary*) "a fungal or bacterial disease of plants".

SQUIRE Oh all right, it can mean several things.

BONES 'Tis the pirate curse, and it means death! (*Collective gasp from others*).  
Well, I ain't afeared of them – Blind Pew, Black Dog, and worst of all...  
(*Clutches his heart*) Si...

FANNY He's trying to say something – si... si... sick, he's going to be sick! A bucket, Mrs Hawkins (*MA gets bucket from SL and puts in middle of stage*)

BONES (*Shakes his head*) Si... Si...

SQUIRE Si... sit down, he wants to sit down. Quick, Jim, get a chair.

BONES Si... (*Dies*)

JIM He's... dead! (*Dramatic music*) The curse of the black spot strikes, just like he said.

MA Hey, one of those scoundrels with the letter had a white stick. Blind Pew! They must be the smugglers Bones was hiding from.

JIM They won't have gone far. They're after his treasure map, and they're prepared to kill for it, so they'll be armed.

FANNY Jim, how will we defend ourselves?

JIM Let's see what else old Bones kept in that chest of his (*Exits SR*)

MA (*Throwing herself at SQUIRE*) Who will save us from these murderous monsters?

SQUIRE Compose yourself madam! They wouldn't attack in broad daylight.

DOG (*From SR wings*) Come on out, Billy, or we'll have to come in!

SQUIRE Perhaps I, er, under-estimated them.  
  
(*JIM re-enters SR, lugging the chest*)

JIM Here's the chest. Squire, search Bones for a key. I'll fetch a crowbar. Ma, there's an axe in the cellar.

FANNY (*Lifting the lid*) Or we could just open it. (*Takes out gun*) Look, a pistol!

JIM (*Takes out map*) And here's the map!

PEW (*From SL wings*) Last chance, Billy. Give us what we want and we might just let ye live.

SQUIRE Gentlemen, Mr Bones is dead. Your black spot put paid to him. (*Unconvincingly*)  
And there's no treasure map here.

PEW Funny, I don't recall mentioning no map. Perhaps we should come inside and help ye look for it (*Crashing sound as PEW enters SL and DOG enters SR*).

DOG Well, well, this is a fine scene, Pew. A pretty, little thing with a dirty, great gun. Ma and Pa stood over that traitor Bones' body. And what have we here if it ain't a young fella holding a treasure map?

PEW            So one of ye was lying to us. And ye know what happens if ye double-cross us  
(*draws knife menacingly*).

DOG            Pew, get the map! (*PEW moves towards JIM, steps in bucket and stumbles forward, plunging the knife into DOG, whose pistol goes off. Both men fall to the floor dead*).

FANNY        (*Inspecting DOG*) I think he's dead. What about the other one?

JIM            Looks like he's kicked the bucket!

SQUIRE      (*Prising off MA*) I think we're safe, Mrs Hawkins.

JIM            Bones is dead, and so are his pirate pals. You know what that means?

MA            Three bodies to move before opening time!

JIM            It means the map is all ours! (*Holding up map*) Look, X marks the spot – Captain Flint's treasure. We'll be rich beyond our wildest dreams, Ma. No more slaving away in here. It's the adventure of a lifetime! (*slaps thigh*)

MA            But son, that treasure's already cost three men their lives. And it's a perilous journey, even if you had a ship.

SQUIRE      Leave that to me, Mrs Hawkins. I'll find us a worthy vessel. I'll have my man put word out straight away that we're looking for a captain and crew. I suggest we leave in the morning for Bristol, Jim.

MA            Well, if you're going, I'm coming with you.

FANNY        So am I!

SQUIRE      Don't be preposterous! Two ... (*Looks at MA*) ladies on a ship full of red-blooded sailors. I forbid it! Come on Jim, we've got lots to prepare (*JIM & SQUIRE exit*).

MA            Pompous pillock! Oh – no offence, dear.

FANNY        I couldn't have said it better myself. (*Mocking*) I forbid it! Why should we stay behind while they go off adventuring? One way or another, I'm getting on that boat!

MA            That makes two of us. Come on, we need a plan (*FANNY & MA exit down aisle*)

MUSIC #7     *Sisters are doing it for themselves – Aretha Franklin.*  
(*Close tabs. Enter CALYPSO SR.*)

CALYPSO     The Squire has put his foot down – no women on board!  
But Fanny is furious and just won't be ignored.  
Her uncle's protestations will be to no avail;  
One way or another she'll be there when they set sail.  
To the old docks at Bristol our story now proceeds;  
A boat, crew and skipper are what Jim Hawkins needs.  
But choosing the right captain could be a tricky call –  
As picking Long John Silver would jeopardise them all.  
  
(*Exit CALYPSO SR*)

#### SCENE 4 BRISTOL DOCKS

MUSIC #8 *Oh I do like to be beside the quayside – Traditional (younger children as sailors).*

*JIM, FANNY, SQUIRE & MA enter and sit down for captain 'auditions' in style of X-Factor / BGT. Each CAPTAIN has appropriate play on music.*

JIM Looks like all the captains are here, Squire.

MA *(To SQUIRE, pushing up bosoms)* Bristol's finest.

SQUIRE Absolutely, Mrs Hawkins. There should be a decent crew for hire amongst this lot. Right, let's have the first candidate. *(PUGWASH enters SL)*

PUGWASH Cap'n Pugwash, sir, at your service.

SQUIRE Good day. What on earth is that on your shoulder?

PUGWASH Beg pardon?

SQUIRE *(Pointing)* On your shoulder man?

PUGWASH A carrot, sir.

FANNY Shouldn't that be a parrot?

PUGWASH I'm a bit deaf.

JIM *(Scoffing)* What good's a carrot?

PUGWASH Helps you seen in the dark.

JIM But that's just an old wives' tale!

PUGWASH Allow me to demonstrate *(shines carrot / torch prop around)*.

SQUIRE Well I suppose that must come in handy.

PUGWASH Very kind, sir, I'd love a brandy.

SQUIRE *(Louder and slower)* I said it must come in handy.

PUGWASH Oh yes, what with my eyesight not being so good these days.

SQUIRE Indeed... I'm afraid it's a no from me *(buzzer sound effect)*.

PUGWASH What's that, sir?

SQUIRE *(Shouting)* You may leave, Pugwash.

*(AMERICA bulldozes past PUGWASH as he exits SL)*

AMERICA *(Self-importantly)* Greetings, citizens. I'm Captain America *(hurrahs from off-stage)*

SQUIRE One of our cousins from across the pond, eh?

AMERICA Yes sir. I believe you require my assistance with your mission. My ship is at your disposal, as are my men (*more whooping from crew*).

SQUIRE Quite... and which is your vessel?

AMERICA Over there (*pointing off-stage*) – ain't she a beauty – Trumpy McTrumpface!

FANNY What a... charming name for a boat. And such an interesting shade of orange.

AMERICA Thank you kindly, ma'am.

MA That's an unusual figurehead on the bowsprit – I can't quite make it out?

AMERICA Why that's the greatest hero in the history of the US of A.

JIM Abraham Lincoln?

FANNY George Washington?

MA Colonel Sanders?

AMERICA No, Mickey Mouse! (*Enter older children dressed as cheerleaders*)

MUSIC #9 *Hey Mickey – Tony Basil*

SQUIRE Call me old-fashioned, but it's all too bold and brash for me. After all, we don't want to draw unwelcome attention from pirates.

FANNY You are old-fashioned uncle, but I agree (*buzzer*).

MA (*In cod American accent*) Sorry buddy – looks like you're outta here. Have I nice day!  
(*MAINWARING enters SL as AMERICA exits*).

M'WARING The name's Mainwaring.

SQUIRE That's more like it, a good British captain, with a fine crew I'll wager.

M'WARING The finest, sir. Seasoned sailors all (*pointing to crew off-stage*)

MA That lot! Not exactly spring chickens, are they?

FANNY And where was your last voyage to?

M'WARING The West Indies.

JIM My aunt once visited the Caribbean.

MA Jamaica?

JIM No, she went of her own accord.

M'WARING Stupid boy!

FANNY And when was this?

M'WARING Let me see (*struggling to recall*) ... 1736.

MA That's nearly ten years ago! And what about that parrot – is it stuffed?

M'WARING Afraid so. The parrot is no more. He's expired and gone to meet his maker. Bereft of life, he rests in peace. He's shuffled off his mortal coil and joined the choir invisible. This is a dead parrot!

MA (*Aside*) If you ask me, him and his crew aren't far behind.

FANNY I'm going to say no (*buzzer*). Could you send in the next one please?  
(*M'WARING stomps off and KIRK enters*). And what is your name?

M'WARING (*Interrupts*) Don't tell him, Kirk!

SQUIRE Kirk, thank you, Mainwaring.

KIRK Captain James T Kirk.

SQUIRE (*Aside*) Not another yank!

KIRK Captain's log, star date 1745. These are the voyages of the star ship Enterprise. Its five-year mission, to explore strange new worlds, to seek out new civilisations, to boldly go where no man has gone before.

SQUIRE Steady on old chap. I was thinking 5 months not 5 years. So this 'star' ship of yours, how fast can she go – 30, 40 knots?

KIRK Warp factor 9, with fresh supplies of dilithium crystals, of course.

FANNY (*Bemused*) Of course... so quick enough to outrun any pirates then?

KIRK You mean Klingons on the starboard bow?

JIM Klingons? Warp factor? I think this chap's one oar short of a rowing boat!

SQUIRE It's worse than that, Jim – he split an infinitive! (*Buzzer*)

MA Next! Where did you find this lot?! (*BIRDSEYE enters SL as KIRK leaves*).

BIRDSEYE Captain Birdseye, sir.

SQUIRE So tell me Birdseye, how many hands of you got?

BIRDSEYE Same as everyone else, two!

SQUIRE Deck hands, you fool. How many men?

BIRDSEYE I'm... er... between crews just now. (*Angrily*) The last lot were mutinous maggots.

JIM What about your ship?

BIRDSEYE Stolen by the treacherous crew. I did try one of them new Apple i-Boats.

FANNY What happened?

BIRDSEYE It kept synching.



JIM No crew, no ship, you haven't even got a parrot!

MA The only thing on his shoulder's a chip.

FANNY Sounds like four no's to me (*buzzer*). Who's next? (*HOOK and SMEE step forward as BIRDSEYE slinks off cursing*). You must be Captain Hook.

HOOK That's right, ma'am. Whatever gave it away?

SQUIRE Hook – I'm sure I know that name from somewhere.

FANNY How did you come by your... appendage?

HOOK (*Waving his hook*) If you means this, I got it from a second hand shop.

JIM And the patch?

HOOK I had somethin' in me eye and forgot about me hook!

MA What about that puny looking bird on your shoulder?

HOOK That's me sparrow. I calls him Captain Jack Sparrow.

FANNY A sparrow?!

HOOK Found him in me garden. Well you don't see many parrots down Bristol way.

FANNY What are those on your feet?

HOOK Those are me crocs.

JIM And who's the first mate?

HOOK It's Smee.

MA How can it be you – you're the Captain!

HOOK No... Mr Smee. He's my right hand man.

SQUIRE Of course, I remember now (*pointing*) – he's a pirate! (*buzzer*)

HOOK We've been rumbled, Smee – leggit! (*HOOK & SMEE scarper off stage*)

FANNY Thank heavens you recognised him, Uncle.

SQUIRE Oh, I know a pirate when I see one, my dear. No cut-throat captain will get past me!

FANNY Well that's the last one. Looks like we'll have to choose the best of a bad bunch. (*SILVER, SWASH & BUCKLE enter*).

SILVER Beg pardon, your lordship. If you're after a captain, look no further. They calls me Long John Silver. My crew's fit and ready to sail, and (*pointing off stage*) the Hispaniola's the finest boat in Bristol dock.

SQUIRE She certainly looks a sturdy vessel. And these are your men?

SILVER They are, sir. Brave and loyal. (*Coughs to prompt response*)

SWASH Oh, absolutely.

BUCKLE A privilege to serve under him.

SILVER And not forgetting my faithful feathered friend (*PLUCKY enters*)

PLUCKY (*Banter with audience who are supposed to shout 'Perk up, Plucky'*) I'm expecting better in the second half!

MA Hey, that big bird can talk!

PLUCKY I'm not the only one, love. 'Course I can talk – parrots are dead clever. I went to poly-technic, I'll have you know. Studied poly-tics. I can do all the phrases: 'Who's a pretty boy then?' 'Show us your knickers!' 'Give us a kiss!' 'Pieces of nine!'

FANNY Don't you mean 'Pieces of eight'?

PLUCKY That's inflation for you. I blame Brexit! (*Checks mobile*) 'Scuse me a minute, I've got a tweet.

MA So tell us Mr Silver, what was your most recent voyage.

SILVER 'Twas a trip to the Spanish main, in search of gold. I can show you me testimonials.

MA (*Saucily*) Ooohh Captain, I'm sure that won't be necessary.

SQUIRE Right, I think we'll take a vote now. It's a big fat yes from me.

FANNY A million per cent yes.

MA I don't like him... I love him!

JIM (*Less enthusiastically*) I suppose you've got four yes's then.

SILVER Much obliged to you. I'll go and make ready the ship. Come on lads. That means you too, birdbrain! (*SILVER, SWASH, BUCKLE & PLUCKY exit*).

SQUIRE Good man. We set sail in the morning.

FANNY Jim, you don't seem convinced about Silver?

JIM I can't put my finger on it, but there's something about him I just don't trust.

SQUIRE Nonsense, Jim! He'll be a splendid skipper, mark my words. Let the journey begin!

MA (*Overly dramatic*) You boys go off and have your adventure.

FANNY (*Sarcastic*) Yes, leave us weak and feeble ladies behind. I'm sure we'll find some cleaning or embroidery to do!

SQUIRE That's the ticket, dear. I'm glad you've seen sense at last.

JIM Oh Ma, you'll be fine. Look after the regulars for me. Just think, in a few months we'll be rich. Wish me luck! And Fa... Miss Adams, I... wanted to tell you that I lu... I lu...

FANNY Yes, Jim...

JIM ... I look forward to seeing you on my return.

FANNY And I do too, Jim. Keep an eye on that stubborn old uncle of mine.

SQUIRE Farewell Mrs Hawkins. God bless, my dearest Frances. We'll see you both before long. Come on, Jim (*JIM & SQUIRE exit*).

FANNY Sooner than you think. Come on, we need to get on that ship (*FANNY & MA exit. Close tabs. SILVER enters, followed by SWASH & BUCKLE*).

SILVER Buffoons! Chumps! Fools!

SWASH What have we done now, boss?

SILVER Not you two incompetent idiots... for once. I'm talking about that pretentious prat and cocky kid. And as for that other bloke in the dress...

BUCKLE Er, that was his mother.

SILVER Well that's the last she'll see of her precious son. Once we've found MY treasure, it's au revoir 'Awkins and sayonara Squire (*cut throat gesture*).

BUCKLE Couldn't you just steal the map... and not kill anybody?

SILVER (*SILVER chuckles, SWASH chuckles, BUCKLE chuckles. SILVER explodes*) Where's the fun in that? Call yourselves pirates!

SWASH Not really, no.

SILVER (*Exasperated*) Well go and find me some! We need to replace Black Dog and Blind Pew. And don't come back with any lily-livered losers... like you two (*SWASH & BUCKLE exit SL*). That pair don't know their arrrs from their elbows! (*To audience – hiss & boo*) The treasure's almost in my grasp – I can taste it. And if I have to cut a few throats along the way, all the better! (*SILVER exits*).

## SCENE 5 BRISTOL DOCKS

(*Tabs open. Younger children on stage as sailors*)

MUSIC #10 *Blue Peter / Portsmouth – Mike Oldfield, with hornpipe dance.*

(*Children exit. FANNY enters up aisle, followed by MA holding frying pan*).

FANNY There's sure to be someone along in a moment. We just need to find a good spot – let's try over there. You'd better get hidden Mrs H.

MA Right you are, Fanny (*exits SL*). You lead them over and I'll do the rest.

FANNY Shh – there's two coming now. (*SAILORS enter*) Hello, boys!  
(*Suggestively*) Say, I'm new in town and looking for a couple of strapping sailors to show me the ropes. I could make it worth your while, if you know what I mean...

*(Exits SL, followed eagerly by SAILORS. Sound effect of being hit with frying pan)*  
That'll teach them to take advantage of a young lady!

MA Hashtag Me Too! Come on, let's get these outfits on.

*(SWASH & BUCKLE enter SR or up aisle)*

SWASH What did we ever do to deserve this, eh Buckle?

BUCKLE Beats me, Swash. All I know is we're desperate for deckhands.

SWASH There's plenty of sailors around, but one mention of Long John Silver and they all run a mile.

BUCKLE Who can blame 'em? We'll just have to be 'ecumenical with the truth'.

SWASH You what?

BUCKLE Lie! Find a couple of unsuspecting lads and tell 'em anything to get on board.

SWASH I suppose...

BUCKLE Curse that limping lunatic, that crutch-cradling criminal, that useless unidexter...

SWASH Who you on about now?

BUCKLE Silver, you simpleton. If you hadn't noticed, he's missing a leg.

SWASH Right.

BUCKLE Left, actually.

SWASH So what are we going to do – it's got me stumped *(groan)*.

BUCKLE I'd go out on a limb to say we're in big trouble.

SWASH We won't have a leg to stand on if we don't find anyone.

BUCKLE We'd have to hop it.

SWASH Yeah, leg it

BUCKLE Let's face it, Swash, we can't just wander around and expect to find two sailors desperate to board the Hispaniola.

*(MA & FANNY enter SL, dressed in the sailors' outfits).*

FANNY *(In pirate voice, starting too high)* Beggin' your pardon, did you say the Hispaniola?

MA *(High – low voice).* You wouldn't be looking for a couple of deckhands, by any chance?

BUCKLE Gentlemen, it's your lucky day! *(Puts arms round FANNY & MA and exits SR).*

SWASH And ours! *(follows them off stage).*

*(The two sailors stagger on SL in their underwear, see the audience and run off SR).*

*(Enter CALYPSO SR)*

CALYPSO     And now my friends our tale proceeds to this momentous day;  
Our hero's quest for untold wealth is getting underway.  
The Hispaniola waits in dock, ready to depart;  
For Jim and Fanny, Squire and Ma the fun's about to start.  
They don't suspect that buccaneers make up the ship's whole crew,  
And as for Silver's pirate past – they haven't got a clue!  
So let's all wish them bon voyage, farewell, good luck, God speed –  
And come back in the second half to see if they succeed.

*(Exit CALYPSO SR)*

MUSIC #11     *Wish Me Luck – Traditional, full chorus (Close tabs. End of first half)*

**ACT II**             *(House lights down)*

**SCENE 1        ON BOARD THE HISPANIOLA**

*(SILVER and PIRATES disguised as sailors on board, plus FANNY, MA, SWASH & BUCKLE. Chorus and supporting cast as sailors for opening number – ship sailing).*

MUSIC #12     *Nautical version of mini-disco favourite 'Chu chu ua', with all the sailors doing the relevant actions – Aye aye captain / Shiver me timbers / Splice the mainbrace / Heave Ho / Swab the deck / Thar she blows / Hard astern / Avast behind / Hoist the mainsail / Anchors aweigh / Walk the plank!*

*(JIM and SQUIRE enter)*

SQUIRE        This is the life, eh, Jim. The open sea, wind filling the sails.

JIM                It's incredible – a world away from serving pints and collecting glasses. *(Passing MA)*  
If only Ma could see me now!

SQUIRE        You there, Buckle isn't it? *(BUCKLE wanders over)* This is a spiffing ship – tell me, do you know anything of its history?

BUCKLE          I believe it was originally in the French navy, Squire. Hence the motto inscribed on the helm, which translates as "To the water, it is the hour!"

SQUIRE        Ah yes, "A l'eau, c'est l'heure" *(hallo sailor)*

JIM                *(Repeats)* A l'eau, c'est l'heure. *(and again)* A l'eau c'est l'heure. And how did Silver acquire such a fine vessel?

SWASH          Well, it was captured by pirates...

BUCKLE          *(Interrupting)* And Silver won it many years later in a game of poker.

SQUIRE        Poker, eh, Jim! These sea-faring fellows have some fantastic tales to tell.

JIM                *(Unconvinced)* Fantastic indeed, Squire.

SQUIRE (To BUCKLE) Let's meet a few of the crew.

BUCKLE Right you are, sir (*approaches ROGER & PETER*). These two are able seamen.

ROGER (*Enthusiastically*) Welcome aboard, sir – what a beautiful day we're having! Roger Smiley at your service. 'Jolly Roger' they calls me. You'll have a fantastic voyage, mark my words.

PETER (*Grumpily*) Pah! Months of hard graft in the wind and rain, with nothing to eat but stale ship's biscuit riddled with maggots. It's a miserable life! The name's Peter Grimm, sir, pleased to make your acquaintance.

SQUIRE Well you don't sound it!

BUCKLE That's why he's known as 'Blue Peter'. A right pair those two make.

SQUIRE Quite. And what about this chap?

SWASH A not-so-able seaman, you might say.

ISAAC (*Nervously mumbling*) Isaac Howard, sir.

SQUIRE What's that – you're a coward?!

ISAAC No sir, Isaac... Howard.

SWASH Nice lad. Not sure he's cut out to be a sailor though. He gets vertigo up the crow's nest and claustrophobia below deck. (*ISAAC runs off SL – vomiting sound effect*). Oh, and sea-sickness!

(*Approaching FANNY & MA*) Here's a couple of our newest recruits.

SQUIRE And you are?

FANNY (*High – low voice*) Er...Fran... Frank Spencer

MA Harri.... Harry Marks

SQUIRE Marks & Spencer, eh – that's got a certain ring to it.

JIM And there's something familiar about their faces too... (*SILVER enters*)

SILVER What's goin' on here? Why are these two stood around chattin'?

SQUIRE Ah, Silver, Jim and I were just getting acquainted with some of your crew.

SILVER (*Sarcastically*) Oh, sorry to break up your party, gentlemen, but would you two mind awfully getting back to work?

MA / FANNY Aye aye, Captain!

SILVER Buckle, where did you find this pathetic pair? One's barely out of short trousers while the other's seen better days – at least he can grow a bit of facial hair! (*FANNY restrains MA*) You two, batten down the 'atches and loose the jib. (*FANNY & MA look at each other, puzzled*). Well, what are you waiting for, you lazy landlubbers?!

BUCKLE        Yeah, lose the jibs and button down your britches!

MA            Oh, I've had enough of this (*takes off hat & shakes hair theatrically*). You can stick your jibs and your buttons.

JIM            Ma! What the...?

SQUIRE      Good lord, Mrs Hawkins!

MA            Looks live I've blown our cover, Frank (*FANNY takes off hat*)

SQUIRE      Frances, not you as well?!

FANNY        Sorry, Uncle, but there was no way we were missing out on this trip.

SQUIRE      (*Indignantly*) We shall have to head back to port immediately.

SILVER        We ain't turning around for no man... or woman! You better carry on this family reunion below deck... and the rest of you, back to work! (*SILVER exits and sailors make themselves busy*).

SQUIRE      (*Following SILVER*) Might I have a word with you, old chap? (*SQUIRE exits*)

MA            (*Following SQUIRE*) Looks like you're stuck with us, Squire! (*MA exits*)

                (*JIM & FANNY move closer together*).

FANNY        Please don't be angry with me, Jim. I only wanted to be a part of your adventure.

JIM            Oh Fanny, how could I be angry when I... love you.

MUSIC #13    *Shape of You (Ed Sheeran – with pirates doing 'ooh-aar' in the chorus).*

SQUIRE      (*From wings*) Frances, where are you?

FANNY        We'd better go. It'll take a while to calm him down, but he's a big softy at heart.

JIM            I guess now's not a good time to tell him that his precious niece has fallen for a lowly landlady's son.

FANNY        Let's keep it under our hats for now. Coming uncle! (*JIM & FANNY exit – close tabs*)

## SCENE 2        ON BOARD THE HISPANIOLA

(*Front of tabs. Enter CALYPSO SR with hat, sunglasses, fan, etc*)

CALYPSO     Things have heated up a bit from when I saw you last;  
                   Since setting sail from Bristol, two long months have passed  
                   And now, instead of shivering under gloomy English skies,  
                   The sun beats down relentlessly – and everybody fries!  
                   No shade from the sun, no wind in the sails, no land upon the horizon;  
                   Everyone's homesick, sunburnt and bored – it isn't really surprisin'.

*(CALYPSO exits SR. Open tabs. PIRATES and SQUIRE sitting around on board in sweltering heat)*

PETER I can't take much more of this blasted heat. Give me British rain any day. And it's so calm we've barely moved these last two days.

ROGER Chill out, Pete! Once the wind picks up, we'll be at the island in no time. And you're getting a cracking tan. What's not to like?

ISAAC That reminds me, time for more Factor 50 – can't risk getting burnt, what with my sensitive skin!

PETER Perhaps some rum to raise our spirits, Squire?

ROGER That be a good idea.

SQUIRE That *is* a good idea.

ROGER Glad you agree, sir.

SQUIRE No, I mean the word is 'is'.

PETER Iz-lz?

SQUIRE *(Pompously)* Yes, 'is'...the third person singular present indicative of the verb 'to be'.

PETER Be that so, sir?

SQUIRE Yes... I mean no...

ROGER I think I is be-mused

PETER And I is be-fuddled

ISAAC And I is be-wildered

SWASH *(Walks across holding skull & crossbones)* To be or not to be, that be the question.

SQUIRE *(Exasperated)* Oh, enough of all these 'be's'

ISAAC Bees – where? I hates bees *(waves arms)*, I got an allergy. Get 'em away from me, help!! *(jumps overboard, splash sound effect)*

SWASH Man overboard!

BUCKLE Somebody throw him a rope.

ROGER *(Children as sharks swim up the aisle – Jaws theme)* Quick, I can see a shark!

PETER Well, I hope it's hungry.

SWASH There's another... and some more.



ROGER        Funny, they don't seem very interested in Isaac. Maybe it's all the sun cream!

BUCKLE        Aaahh, look – that one's just a baby.

MUSIC #14    *Baby Shark – Pinkfong (older children dressed as sharks)*

*(As children exit the stage, ISAAC is helped back on stage from the wings, looking soggy & bedraggled)*

ISAAC        Much obliged to you all.

ROGER        Crikey, that was a close shave. Come on, let's get you some grog, to calm those nerves of yours.

PETER        Just watch Silver don't catch you – he's worse than any shark!

SQUIRE       Come on, Jim, let's get out of this heat (*PIRATES & SQUIRE exit. Close tabs*)

### SCENE 3        BELOW DECK

*(PLUCKY enters SL)*

PLUCKY        *(Perk up, Plucky... )* You're finally getting the hang of it! Hey everyone, are you enjoying the show? *(cheer)* I said are you enjoying the show? *(bigger cheer)* You need to make lots of noise because their recording us tonight – it's one of them pirate videos! Talking of which, I've got a few pirate jokes for you. Here goes. What happened when Bluebeard fell overboard in the Red Sea? He was marooned! A bit off-colour that one. Okay, why do pirates take so long to learn the alphabet? Because they spend years at C. One more – this is my favourite. What did the pirate say on his 80<sup>th</sup> birthday? Aye Matey! Come on, what do you expect for [ticket price]? Anyway, I tell you what, this tropical weather beats chilly old England. And once we find the treasure, I'll be free from Silver's curse. I just hope that Jim and the others don't fall foul of that pitiless peg-leg. *(SILVER enters SL)* Talk of the devil...

SILVER        What are you squawkin' about to this rabble, eh? *(boos)*. The untimely demise of our four guests, I shouldn't wonder. Well, as much as I'd like to skewer that Squire, I reckon I can ransom him and his niece for a pretty penny. The lad Jim's got plenty of spirit I'll grant you, but he ain't pirate material and he's worth nothing to me. Same goes for his moaning Ma. Looks like it won't end well for the Hawkins family *(boos)*.

PLUCKY        I wouldn't bet on that, Silver, you nasty old goat.

SILVER        Oh, get back on your perch you feathery flea-bag and work on your rotten jokes *(SILVER grabs a tail feather as PLUCKY exits SL)*. Swash, Buckle – get your blunderin' behinds in here. *(SWASH & BUCKLE enter)* Now listen up. Make sure all the lads know the plans tonight. We're only forty leagues off the island, so if the wind picks up later it should be land ahoy tomorrow. And then it starts to get interesting...

BUCKLE        What do you mean 'interesting', boss?