

Treasure Island

Robert Louis Stevenson's classic tale of piracy and
adventure on the high seas. . . .

Adapted for round-the-table reading by Marjorie Ann York

Characters

SAILOR

JIM HAWKINS

LONG JOHN SILVER

MORGAN

HANDS

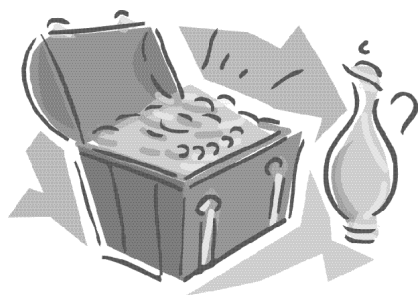
DOCTOR LIVESEY

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT

SQUIRE TRELAWNEY

BEN GUNN

MEMBERS OF THE CREW



SAILOR (*Singing loudly*):
Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest,
(*Fading*) Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

JIM: I'm Jim Hawkins, cabin boy
aboard the *Hispaniola*, sailing from
England to Treasure Island. (*Pause*)
One day, not long ago, an old sea dog
fell dead while staying at my family's
inn. In his sea chest was a treasure

map. It turns out the map first
belonged to the bloody pirate, Captain
Flint. I showed the map to my friends,
Doctor Livesey and Squire Trelawney,
and soon after we resolved to find the
treasure and split it three ways. So, we
bought and outfitted this schooner, and
as we were all landlubbers, we were
lucky to find a fine sailor, Captain
Smollett, to navigate the ship for us.
Then we hired a crew. Oh, they work
hard enough, but they're a rough lot,
and Captain Smollett doesn't trust

them. At first, our voyage had been very ordinary, until a few odd things began to happen. (*Mysteriously*) Our mate, Mr. Arrow, fell overboard one dark night. Then a few weeks later, I went down to get an apple from a barrel in the hold of the ship. Supplies were so low, I couldn't see into the barrel, so I climbed inside it to take my pick. Just as I got inside the barrel, I heard two of the crew, Hands and Morgan, coming toward me, along with Long John Silver, our one-legged cook.

SILVER (*Gruffly*): So what's ailing ye now, Morgan?

MORGAN (*Impatiently*): We're sick of holding off any longer.

SILVER: Ye'll be sicker of it afore I give the word to mutiny. (*Harshly*) Ye'll work proper, speak soft, and keep sober. When we get to the island, then we'll get the map—and the treasure.

HANDS (*Derisively*): D'ya think they're just gonna sit tight while we cut their throats and take the map?

MORGAN (*With bravado*): We took a vote. Didn't we, Hands?

SILVER (*Aghast*): Shiver me timbers! Ye voted in the Council?

HANDS (*Gruffly*): Aye, Silver. Them's pirates' rights. We know the rules.

SILVER (*Angrily*): I make the rules! First one goes agin' them, and I'll open him with me knife. We'll do as I said. Once at the island, we'll slit every honest throat aboard. Then the map is ours, and we'll take this ship home piled with treasure. I claim only one thing—Cap'n Smollett. An honest sea cap'n like him sticks in me gullet. (*Gleefully*) Why, I'll break his bones with me bare hands!

MORGAN (*Admiringly*): You're a *real*

man, Long John. Good as Cap'n Flint.

SILVER: Aye. Flint's crew were always the roughest. The devil himself would have been afeard to go to sea with us. And Flint was the best of the lot. It'll be an honor to wrestle Flint's map from Cap'n Smollett, (*Evilly*) and take over where he left off.

SAILOR (*Calling*): Land ho! Land ho!

JIM (*After a pause*): They ran up the ladder. I climbed out of the barrel and ran forward to report to my friends. In the captain's quarters, I told the story to the doctor, the squire, and the captain. The doctor was the first to speak.

DOCTOR: What do you suggest, gentlemen?

JIM: We'll just have to give them the map, Doctor Livesey. (*Anxiously*) They'll slit our throats for it, won't they, Captain Smollett?

CAPTAIN: Indeed they will, lad. It goes against the grain to command a ship of pirate scum.

SQUIRE: I agree with you, Captain. Now that they know about the treasure—

DOCTOR (*Thoughtfully*): But they don't know where it is, Squire Trelawney.

JIM: Why not give them fake map? By they time they figure it out, we could have the treasure and be gone.

DOCTOR (*Enthusiastically*): Capital idea, Jim! We could mark up our sailing chart showing the treasure on the opposite side of the island.

CAPTAIN (*Enthusiastically*): You've hit it! We'll be gone by the time they learn the difference.

SQUIRE: I'm for it. We've a few faithful

hands aboard. We'll beat Silver's crew at their own trickery.

CAPTAIN: We may as well force the issue right now, gentlemen, and save our necks. (*Shouting*) Pipe all hands! (*SAILOR mimics sound of bosun's pipe.*) Now we'll go and face that bunch of villains. But stick close together, gentlemen, and don't turn your backs to the likes of them. (*Pauses, loudly*) My lads, this is the place we've been sailing for. You've done good duty aloft and below, and to show appreciation, I'm passing out double rations of grog.

SILVER: Double grog and more!

CAPTAIN (*Loudly*): What say you, Silver? Come up and speak out.

SILVER: We'll take the grog and the treasure, too.

CAPTAIN (*Feigning ignorance*): What treasure?

SILVER (*In sneering tone*): Don't fool with me, Cap'n. We know this is a treasure ship, and we want our share.

CAPTAIN (*In disgust*): Mutiny, eh? I'll have you in irons.

SILVER: Not so, Cap'n. The crew is with me.

CAPTAIN (*Uncomfortably*): Oh? Well, speak your mind.

SILVER (*Triumphantly*): I know ye have a map showing where the treasure is hid. We want it.

CAPTAIN (*Firmly*): I'll see you stretched from a yardarm first!

SILVER: Ye'll not live to see it! (*Shouting*) Forward, lads!

DOCTOR: Wait! If we give you the map,

will you take an oath you'll not harm us?

SILVER: The map first, Doctor Livesey. Then I'll promise.

DOCTOR: Give it to them, Captain.

CAPTAIN (*Balking*): Why I'd rather— (*Conceding*) well, if you say so, doctor. Before I hand it over to you, Silver, will you and your men promise not to harm anyone aboard?

SILVER (*Impatiently*): Aye! Hand it over.

CAPTAIN: And your men?

SILVER: Speak out, lads.

CREW (*Shouting*): Aye! Aye!

CAPTAIN: Well, here's your map! Much good it may do you.

HANDS (*Shouting*): We have the map! Now let's slit their throats!

SILVER (*Roughly*): Back, ye fool! I've a better plan. No doubt ye know, Cap'n Smollett, we were pirate Flint's crew. That being so, we do nothing that's not our right. That gold on the island is rightly ours. I'd let yer blood for pleasure, but the gold is more important. We'll have that afore we slit yer throats.

CAPTAIN (*Furiously*): Stand back, I warn you!

SILVER: Ha! Ye've only a handful of men. I've nineteen on my side.

SQUIRE (*Angrily*): You'll hang, you scoundrel!

SILVER (*Scornfully*): I think not, ye landlubbing squire.

SQUIRE: You may win for now, but you'll

hang later.

SILVER (*Slyly*): Not while I can make a trade.

CAPTAIN (*Suspiciously*): A trade? What's in your scurvy mind now?

SILVER: I'll trade the young'un's life for mine.

DOCTOR (*Upset*): Jim? You wouldn't dare!

SILVER (*Laughing*): I'll not kill him, Doctor, at least not now. But any more of yer hanging talk, and I'll slit his throat for sure.

SQUIRE: Jim's only a boy!

SILVER: To me, he's a hostage (*Pause*) Get over here, young lad.

DOCTOR (*Protectively*): Leave the boy alone!

SILVER (*Warningly*): He'll not be harmed unless he's slow getting here.

JIM (*With spirit*): I'm not afraid, Doctor Livesey.

SILVER: Yer a brainy lad, Hawkins.

CAPTAIN (*Sternly*): Heaven help you if harm comes to that boy, John Silver.

CREW (*Laughing and singing*): Fifteen men on the dead man's chest, Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum! (*Etc.*)

JIM: We boarded the longboat with the pirates and we went ashore, landing near a thicket of trees. While Silver and his men beached the boat, I ran far into the woods. (*Laughs*) They didn't even miss me! Suddenly I ran into what looked like a great white shaggy animal, but it turned out to be a man. He called himself Ben Gunn, a buccaneer marooned years ago on the island

by Long John Silver. When I told him my story, he said Silver was a villain and agreed to help us against the pirates. He wanted me to promise that we'd take him back to England with us. I couldn't speak for my friends, but I told him they were fair-minded men and we could probably use his help to sail the ship home. That made him happy, and we started toward his cave. As we walked, we heard gunfire. Ben Gunn said it was coming from Flint's stockade, which was still on the island. When Ben and I got to the stockade, there was the Union Jack waving in the breeze, and I saw Dr. Livesey, Captain Smollett, and the Squire, along with some honest crew members, defending the fort against the pirates. Ben decided to hide among the trees till I found out if my friends would take him in. We shook hands. Then I ran like mad toward the stockade. Doctor Livesey saw me coming and let me through the heavy gates.

DOCTOR (*In relief*): Praise heaven you're safe, Jim.

CAPTAIN: Good work, lad! How did you manage to escape Silver?

JIM (*Breathlessly*): I ran and hid as soon as we beached. Then I met a marooned buccaneer, named Ben Gunn. He knows a way to foil the pirates. Why, he used to sail with—

SILVER (*Calling*): Ahoy, stockade, ahoy!

CAPTAIN: It's that swine Silver!

DOCTOR: With a flag of truce!

CAPTAIN: Watch for trickery, men. Shoot if you spot a move.

SILVER (*Calling*): Flag o' truce. Cap'n Silver asks leave to come inside and make terms.

CAPTAIN (*Shouting*): Any treachery

will be on your side, Silver. *(Pause)* Hold your fire, men. One of you help him over the stockade.

SILVER *(Calling)*: As ye say, Cap'n Smollett. *(As if closer)* Morning, gentlemen, my respects. Well, Jim, we missed ye, lad.

DOCTOR: Enough of that! What do you want?

SILVER *(Angrily)*: That was a nice trick sending me off with a fake map!

CAPTAIN *(Feigning ignorance)*: Fake map?

SILVER *(Annoyed)*: Don't act uppity. You've the stockade, but we have the ship. Just look yonder and see the skull and crossbones at the masthead. *(Pause)* Thought the sight of our Jolly Roger would make ye change yer ways. *(Laughs)* We not only have the ship, but the stores and the ammunition, too. And we aim to get the treasure.

CAPTAIN *(Grimly)*: Along with our lives, no doubt.

SILVER *(With mock generosity)*: No, we'll leave ye those. But we mean to have the treasure map. Ye'd best come aboard the *Hispaniola* until we have the treasure. Once it's loaded on the ship, I'll give ye my word of honor to clap you somewhere safe ashore.

CAPTAIN *(Wryly)*: Naturally, you're to be trusted!

SILVER: If that's not to yer fancy, then ye can stay here. We'll divide stores with ye, man for man. I'll give ye my word to speak to the first ship I sight and send 'em to pick ye up. Ye'll not find a better bargain elsewhere, Cap'n.

CAPTAIN: Is that all?

SILVER: Every last word, by thunder!

Refuse, and ye've seen the last of me but musket balls.

CAPTAIN *(Tersely)*: Very good. Now hear me. If you'll come up, one by one, unarmed, I'll engage to clap you all in irons and take you home to a fair trial in England.

SILVER *(Astonished)*: Ye dare make terms!

CAPTAIN *(Vehemently)*: I've flown my sovereign's colors, and I'll see you all with Davy Jones before I'll sail under the Jolly Roger. You can't find the treasure, and there's not a man among you fit to sail the ship. They're the last good words you'll get from me. I'll put a bullet in your back when next I meet you. Now, off with you, double quick!

SILVER: I'm going. *(Pause, then calling)* Just remember: Them that die'll be the lucky ones.

JIM *(After a pause)*: They launched a furious attack on us, but we had the best shots inside the fort, so we beat the pirates off. Something had to be done fast, though. Somehow we had to reach the *Hispaniola* and beach it somewhere so the pirates couldn't find it. *(With resolve)* The more I thought about it, the more I figured I could do it. Ben Gunn had told me about a boat he'd made. With that I could reach the ship, cut her adrift and let her go ashore where she fancied. I decided to slip out without telling anyone my plan. *(After a pause)* I found Ben Gunn's boat hidden on the beach. The tide was with me, so I made it to the *Hispaniola* quickly. I cut her rope until the vessel drifted free. She turned on her keel, spinning across the current. *(Excitedly)* I was almost swamped. Then my little boat lurched and changed course. I was whirled along in the wake of the *Hispaniola*. The schooner turned twenty degrees and found a quiet bay. For hours I was

showered by flying spray until a great weariness grew upon me. I lay in my sea-tossed bed and dreamed of home. *(Pause)* It was day when I awoke, tossing at the southwest end of Treasure Island. There was a great swell upon the ocean. But I was very near land. It made me bold, and I sat up and paddled. Then the sea mounted against me and pulled me toward the *Hispaniola*. Lapping alongside her, I crawled along the bowsprit and tumbled head first on her deck.

CREW *(Singing faintly)*:
Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum! *(Etc.)*

JIM: The few pirates left aboard were all below. I struck down the Jolly Roger and hoisted the Union Jack. The ship was ours again! A few minutes later I had her sailing easily before the wind along the coast of Treasure Island. I headed her straight for the shore. She hit. . .staggered. . .and ground in the sand. I jumped clear and hurried to the stockade. It was very dark, but with the moon to help, I sighted the campfire. Surely that would be Ben Gunn. I ran joyfully toward it.

SILVER *(Calling)*: Who goes?

JIM *(Whispering)*: It was Silver! I tried to retreat and not even breathe.

SILVER *(Harshly)*: Come here, I say! Hands, go fetch him. *(Pause)* Ah, Hands, bring yer prize to the firelight. Let's see what ye caught. *(Surprised)* Well, bless my bones—it's Jim Hawkins. *(Laughs)* Come to call, lad? Now, that's right friendly. So ye come to join us now we got the real map.

JIM *(Alarmed)*: The real map?

SILVER: Aye, lad. Ye sound like a parrot. Doctor Livesey did a bit of trucing.

JIM *(Defiantly)*: He wouldn't trade with

the likes of you!

SILVER *(Angrily)*: Batten down yer hatches till yer spoken to! *(Calmly)* As I was saying, the doctor came to terms. Says he: "Cap'n Silver, let's bargain. We're beaten. You can have the map." *(Triumphantly)* Silver has beaten ye, lad!

JIM: Have you? Where's the *Hispaniola*? *(Boldly)* It's gone!

SILVER *(Roaring)*: By thunder, you lie!

MORGAN: Enough of this! I'm for slitting Hawkins.

SILVER: Avast there, Morgan! Shiver me timbers! Where's the ship? Rough out there on the *(Breaks off, alarmed)*—why, I can't see it on the water.

JIM: You won't, either! The ship's lost. So's the treasure, and so are all of you. Marooned here with us. *(Proudly)* And I did it all.

SILVER *(Angrily)*: Why, you—I'll take a cutlass to you, I will!

HANDS *(Gleefully)*: Run the young 'un through.

SILVER: Avast, ye swabs, I say! Maybe ye all think you're cap'n here. I'll teach ye better. Take a cutlass, him that dares, and I'll see the color of his insides. I'm the best man here by a long sea mile—and I like the boy. He's more a man than any pair of rats of you.

MORGAN: Yer pardon, sir, but you're pretty free with the rules.

SILVER: Say yer piece, Morgan. Pipe up or lay to.

MORGAN: This crew's dissatisfied. We have rights. I say you be cap'n, but we

claim our rights and demand a council.

CREW (*Shouting; ad lib*): Aye! Council! Morgan's right! (*Etc.*)

SILVER: Run, ye scurvy dogs! Council if ye like. Ye don't scare Long John. (*Whispering*) You're within a plank of death, lad, and so am I. They'll slip me the Black Spot for sure.

JIM (*Whispering*): The Black Spot?

SILVER (*Still whispering*): Aye. That's a summons. Means the cap'n has to do the crew's bidding. You're my last card, Jim Hawkins, and by the living thunder, I'm yours. I'll save my witness and ye'll save my neck.

JIM: You mean all's lost?

SILVER: Aye, by gum, I do. Ship's gone—neck's gone—that's it. I see no schooner. I'm tough, but I've given out. That lot at council are fools and cowards. I'll save yer life, but ye'll save Long John from swinging.

JIM (*Whispering*): I'll do what I can. Shh! They're coming.

SILVER (*Whispering*): Let 'em come, lad. I've still a shot in my locker. (*Normal voice*) Well, step up. Hand it over, lubber. I know the rules, I do. (*Pause*) The Black Spot! I thought so. (*Suspiciously*) Where'd you get the paper? (*Pause*) Ye fools! Ye fools! Ye've gone and cut this out of a Bible. What dog of ye cut a Bible? Answer me! Ye'll all swing for this.

HANDS (*Roughly*): Enough talk, John Silver. This crew tipped ye the Black Spot in full council. You're deposed.

SILVER: The Black Spot's not worth a biscuit! I have the map and the boy as hostage. I'm still cap'n.

HANDS: We want Flint's map. Then we

find the treasure. And we're gonna dig for it now.

SILVER: So that's it, Hands. Well, shovels it is, then. We'll find the treasure. Hawkins, here, will lead us to the ship, or he'll walk the plank for it. Are ye with me? (*CREW cheers.*)

JIM (*After a pause*): The pirates were now in good humor. Picking up shovels, we went treasure hunting. Silver led the way. They dragged me along as they struggled through the trees. But as we got near the treasure, the crew began to sing and leap to and fro. Morgan found the spot first. . . .

MORGAN (*Yelling angrily*): There's a hole here already! The treasure's gone. There's nothing here but a piece of old wood with Flint's name on it. We'll keelhaul ye for this, Silver, ye and Hawkins, too!

SILVER: Avast! First scum of ye makes a move to me'll be sorry. I'll split ye with me cutlass.

DOCTOR (*Calling*): Don't anyone make a move!

JIM (*Relieved*): Doctor Livesey! Am I glad to see you! And Ben Gunn.

SILVER: By thunder—Ben Gunn!

GUNN: Aye, Mister Silver. The same ye marooned so long ago.

DOCTOR: Are you all right, Jim?

JIM: I am now, sir.

SILVER: Aye, doctor. Ye came in about the nick for me and Hawkins.

DOCTOR (*Dismissively*): No one addressed you, Silver. I'd not care if we found you dead.

SILVER: That's unkind, seeing that I

saved the boy's life.

DOCTOR (*In disbelief*): Is that true, Jim?

JIM: It is, sir.

DOCTOR: So you double-crossed your crew, Silver.

SILVER (*Slyly*): No, I just like the lad.

DOCTOR: And especially your own neck, no doubt.

JIM: I promised to save him from swinging, Doctor.

DOCTOR: So that's it. Well, Silver, as much as I hate to say it, you might have saved your neck after all.

JIM (*Interrupting*): But how did you ever find me, Doctor?

DOCTOR: We've Ben Gunn to thank for that. He's been watching.

JIM: But the treasure's gone.

GUNN: Aye. I have it. 'Tis how I spent my time. Digging it up.

SILVER (*Astonished*): You have the treasure?

GUNN (*Proudly*): That I have—the doctor's seen it.

SILVER (*Sadly*): Ben, old shipmate, to think it's ye that beat me.

GUNN: Aye! And pretty well, too.

SILVER: But, Ben, old friend—

GUNN: I'm no friend to you, nor you to me. Jim and the doctor are me friends. I know ye not at all, Mister Silver.

JIM (*After a pause*): So we returned to the *Hispaniola*. My friends had found

it and were standing guard. Captain Smollett wanted to put Silver in irons. I told them about my promise, but they didn't care. Doctor Livesey talked the captain and the squire into letting me keep my promise. For saving my life, Silver was let aboard as a free man. The captain just ignored him, but Squire Trelawney had to speak his mind.

SQUIRE: John Silver, you're a prodigious villain and a monstrous impostor. But I'm told I am not to prosecute you—well, then I will not.

SILVER: Thank ye kindly, sir.

SQUIRE (*Crossly*): Don't thank me! It is a gross dereliction of my duty. You should swing from a yardarm.

JIM: Those were the last words that anyone aboard the *Hispaniola* spoke to Long John Silver—(*Sheepishly*) except every now and again I spoke to him. After all, he did save my life. Well, anyway, three days later the gold, a huge fortune, was all loaded aboard. We weighed anchor and, before noon, to my great joy, we lost sight of Treasure Island. . . . In a few days, Long John Silver escaped in one of the boats, taking a sack of coins with him. But it was well worth it to get rid of him. We finally landed in Bristol. Ben Gunn spent his part of the treasure like there was no tomorrow. Captain Smollett retired from the sea. The Squire, Doctor, and I settled comfortably back into our lives. (*Eerily*) But at night when I hear the surf pounding on the coast, I sit upright in bed and hear far off the sound of Flint's men and their cut-throat song.

SAILOR (*Singing*):
Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum! (*Etc.*)

THE END