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*Dramatic Publishing*

# TREASURE ISLAND



BY MAX BUSH

ADAPTED FROM ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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# TREASURE ISLAND

*Adventure. By Max Bush. Adapted from the novel by Robert Louis Stevenson. Cast: 10m., 2w., extras possible.* Sixteen-year-old Jim Hawkins' adventure begins when Billy Bones, the old sea-dog captain, appears one morning in the Admiral Benbow Inn. Billy Bones admits to Jim he was Flint the pirate's first mate and that he holds Flint's map that shows where his treasure is hidden. Bill's got the shakes because the rest of Flint's crew is coming for him. Jim takes the map, eludes the pirates and sets his course for adventure. Together with Doctor Livesay and Squire Trelawney, they quickly decide to outfit a ship—the Hispaniola—and travel the sea to hunt that treasure. Aboard ship, Jim meets Long John Silver, who befriends him. But Jim quickly learns who Long John really is and what his plans are. Once the Hispaniola anchors off the coast of Treasure Island, the pirates turn on Jim and his companions. Aided by Ben Gunn, the wild and half-insane maroon, Jim takes on the responsibility to save the ship and his shipmates and to secure that treasure. *Area staging. Approximate running time: 100 minutes. Code: TT4.*

Front cover: Circle Theater, Grand Rapids, Mich.

(l-r) Patrick MaClangs and John Donovan.

*Photo courtesy of the author. Cover design: Susan Carle.*

ISBN 10: 1-58342-855-0  
ISBN 13: 978-1-58342-855-9



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www.dramaticpublishing.com



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311 Washington St.  
Woodstock, IL 60098  
Phone: 800-448-7469  
815-338-7170



Printed on recycled paper

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# Treasure Island

Adapted by  
MAX BUSH

From the novel by  
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



**Dramatic Publishing Company**  
Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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(TREASURE ISLAND)

ISBN: 978-158342-855-9

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To the cast and crew of the Circle Theatre Production, for their  
patience, dedication and artistry.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I thank the following for their invaluable help in developing this script: Rosanne Steffens, Jason Marlett, Lynne Brown-Tepper, Kristin Ripley, the cast and crew of the original production and Dramatic Publishing for permission to re-work the script.



This version of *Treasure Island* was commissioned by the Circle Theatre in Grand Rapids, Mich. and opened at Aquinas College's Performing Arts Center June 28, 2012, with the following cast and crew:

Jim Hawkins.....	John Donovan
Mrs. Hawkins.....	Kristin Ripley
Captain Billy Bones.....	Douglas Heintzleman
Old Kate.....	Mary Brown
Doctor Livesey.....	Mike Sali
Blind Pew.....	Jack Gillissee
Black Dog.....	Bob Karel
Israel Hands.....	Mike Bremer
Squire Trelawney.....	Alex Mason
Captain Smollett.....	Richard Mulligan
Long John Silver.....	Patrick MacLangs
Dirk.....	Garrett Williams
O'Brien.....	Jack Heinan
Ben Gunn.....	John Foley

Director.....	Rosanne Steffens
Stage Manager.....	Jason Marlett
Fight Choreographer.....	Matt McKay
Lighting Designer.....	Catherine Marlett Dreher
Scenic Designer.....	Don Wilson
Costume Designer.....	Val Fischer
Sound Designer/Original Music.....	Todd Lewis
Properties Designer.....	Mary Jo DeNolf
Master Technician Scenery.....	Aurele Henning
Master Technician Electrical.....	Rachel Kieras
Light Board Operator.....	Mckenzie Spooner
Sound Engineer.....	Corina Brown
Hair & Makeup Design.....	Suzette Sroufe
Deck Crew.....	Elianna Bootzin, Brooke Bruce, Mckensie Spooner, Vanessa Spring-Frank, Cara Washington, Kyle Aspinall, Andrea Thiel, Carlee Bleeker
Production Interns.....	Lindsey Hansen, Kyle Jurrasic, Suzette Sroufe, Maris Wimmer
Board Liaisons.....	Will Guyeskey, David Weinandy

## SCENES

ACT I, Scene 1: Admiral Benbow Inn, England, 1760.

ACT I, Scene 2: Weeks later, aboard the ship Hispaniola.

ACT II, Scene 1: Later that day, a clearing on Skeleton Island/ the Stockade.

ACT II, Scene 2: Aboard the Hispaniola.

ACT II, Scene 3: Various locations on Skeleton Island.

**TIME and PLACES:** 1700s. The Admiral Benbow Inn, aboard the Hispaniola, on Skeleton Island.

**RUNNING TIME:** Approximately 100 minutes not including intermission, depending on scene changes and length of fights.

# TREASURE ISLAND

## CHARACTERS

Jim Hawkins .....	16
Mrs. Hawkins.....	Jim's mother
Captain Billy Bones .....	An old salt
Old Kate.....	A pirate
Doctor Livesey.....	Doctor friend of Jim's
Blind Pew.....	A pirate
Israel Hands .....	A pirate
Black Dog.....	A pirate
Squire Trelawney.....	Friend of Doctor Livesey
Long John Silver.....	A pirate, ship's cook
O'Brien .....	An Irish pirate
Captain Smollett .....	Ship's captain
Dirk.....	A young seaman
Ben Gunn.....	A maroon
Extras .....	Pirates/Ship's crew

[Blind Pew could double with Ben Gunn; Captain Billy Bones with O'Brien]

# ACT I

## SCENE 1

AT RISE: *Spot up on JIM HAWKINS, holding a broom. He narrates directly to the audience.*

JIM. Squire Trelawney and Dr. Livesey have asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end. They asked to keep nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that only because there is still treasure not lifted. To begin, I go back to the time when my mother kept the Admiral Benbow Inn, and the day the Old Seaman appeared. *(Lights up on inn behind JIM. JIM wields the broom like a sword.)* I'm tired of this here deck swabbin' dooty. When's this ship gonna set sail?

*(MRS. HAWKINS enters carrying a tray of mugs.)*

MRS. The floor, Jim, you'll swab this deck while there's no customers to service.

JIM. Yes, Mother. *(To Audience.)* I remember the sea-dog as if it were yesterday, as he came through the inn door.

*(CAPTAIN BILLY BONES enters dragging an old sea chest, singing)*

BONES. *Fifteen men on a dead man's chest—Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!*" As this be an inn, I'll have some rum.

*(JIM doesn't move. MRS. stares at BONES.)*

BONES *(cont'd)*. Rum! Do you not know a thirsty man when you set eyes on him?

*(MRS. moves to the rum.)*

BONES *(cont'd, taking in the inn)*. This is a handy cove, and a pleasant sittiyated grogshop. Much company, mate?

MRS. Very little company, and there's the pity. No one here except the good Doctor Livesey.

BONES. Just the one, you say?

JIM. But she's a fine old inn, sir, with good meals and a high lookout to sea.

*(MRS. holds the cup of rum, but does not give it to him.)*

BONES. Well then, this is the berth for me. I'm a plain man; rum and bacon and eggs is what I want, and that head up there for to watch ships off.

MRS. And what might we call you?

BONES. You might call me Captain. *(Reaches for mug, MRS. pulls it away.)* Oh, I see what you're at ... there. *(Slaps four gold pieces on the barrel head.)* You can tell me when I've worked through that.

*(MRS. gives BONES the rum, which he drinks slowly, savors. JIM moves quickly, picks up a piece of the gold.)*

JIM. Spanish.

BONES. Aye, that's some better.

*(MRS. picks up the gold.)*

MRS. Jim will show you to your room and give you all you need. *(To JIM alone.)* Take care with this one, Jim. *(MRS. Exits.)*

BONES. Would you help me with my chest, boy?

JIM. Yes, sir. *(JIM quickly moves to the chest, they both carry it in.)* It looks like an old sea chest.

BONES. But what is the best place for it?

JIM. In your room?

BONES. Aye ... nay. In the corner, there, out of the way. Look that no one comes near my chest, or I shall be forced to pin them against the wall with my cutlass.

JIM. I'll see to it, sir.

BONES. Aye, any man—or boy—who would be touching my chest, I'd have to feed to the sharks, if you catch the meaning.

JIM. Yes, sir.

BONES. What are you called, matey?

JIM. Jim. Jim Hawkins.

BONES. Well, then, Jim Hawkins, tell me, any seafaring men gone by along the road today?

JIM. None, except for yourself.

BONES. There's a silver fourpenny piece, the first of every month, if you would only keep your weather eye open for a seafaring man with one leg, and let me know the moment you see him. Here—for the agreeing to it. *(Holds up a silver four penny piece.)*

JIM. I'll agree, then.

BONES (*grabs JIM tightly by the wrist*). You hear me, now!

A seafaring man with one leg! You run to me!

JIM. Aye, with one leg.

*(BONES throws a coin to JIM. JIM examines the coin.)*

JIM (*cont'd*). Dutch. (*JIM turns to the audience.*) How that one-legged sailor haunted my dreams. On stormy nights, when the wind shook the four corners of the house, and surf roared along the cove, I would see him—now the leg would be cut off at the knee, now at the hip; now he was a monstrous kind of a creature with one leg in the middle of his body. To see him leap and run and pursue me over hedge and ditch was the worst of nightmares ... It was one January morning, very early—the cove all grey, the sun still low. The captain had risen earlier than usual, and set out down the beach.

*(JIM sets up a table for breakfast. OLD KATE enters, looks around.)*

JIM (*cont'd*). What service, then?

KATE. I'll take a glass a rum, sonny, since you ask.

JIM. Rum?

KATE. Aye, rum, do you know what that is?

JIM. Yes, but the women don't usually ask—

KATE. Then fetch me a noggin', as I'm terrible thirsty, and wants some.

JIM. Right away.

KATE. Get many customers in this here inn?

JIM. We've just the two, the doctor and the captain. Are you looking for a room? If you are, this is a fine old—

KATE. Tell me, sonny, is this here table for my mate Bill?

JIM. I do not know your mate Bill. This is for a person staying in our house we call Captain.

KATE. He might be called Bill, then again, my mate Bill would be called Captain, as like as not. He has a cut on one cheek, and a mighty pleasant way with him, particularly when he drinks, has my mate Bill. We'll put it, for argument like, that your Captain has a cut on one cheek—and we'll put it, if you like, that that cheek's the right one. Ah, well, I told you. Now, is my mate Bill in this here inn?

JIM (*handing her rum*). Out walking.

KATE. Which way?

JIM. Seaward.

KATE. For why?

JIM. He's searching.

KATE. For a ship?

JIM. Aye.

KATE. To board?—To sail?—What ship?—What course?

JIM (*starts out the door*). I'll go to the cliff and fetch him, if you please, and—

KATE (*blocks his way*). Nay, stay, sonny.

JIM (*continues around her*). But I'm as sure as rain I could find—

KATE (*explodes, shoves JIM into a chair*). Anchor here, boy! (*Sweetly*.) There's a good lad, and sure. No need to speak to you, twice. I have a son of my own, as like as you as two blocks, and he's all my pride. Aye, but here is Bill's breakfast; so he'll be returning, now, won't he? (*Looks out window*.) And here, sure enough, is my mate Bill, with a spyglass under his arm, bless his 'art, to be



sure. Come here. Come nearer Old Kate. As you'll be wantin' payment for rum.

*(JIM goes to her, KATE grabs him, pulls him into a corner.)*

KATE *(cont'd)*. Becalmed here, then. And not a word, sonny. *(Draws her cutlass.)* We'll give Bill a little surprise. This'll be as good as drink to my mate Bill.

BONES *(running on)*. Jim! Rum, Jim! There's a ship in the harbor, a Spanish Galleon—Jim—*(Moving quickly to his chest. He checks it, sees it's still locked.)* with the devil's own crew, and by the mast, it was a dark wind ablowin' that brought it hereabouts, I can tell you.

KATE. Bill.

*(BONES wheels around, stands, knocks chair over. KATE blocks his way out the door.)*

KATE *(cont'd)*. Come, Bill, you know me; you know an old shipmate, surely.

BONES. Old Kate.

KATE *(releasing JIM)*. Old Kate as ever was, come for to see her old shipmate Billy Bones, at the Admiral Benbow Inn. Ah, Bill, Bill, we have seen a sight of times, us two. *(Points cutlass at BONES.)*

BONES. You've run me down; here I am; well, then speak up: What is it?

KATE. That's you, Bill. You're in the right of it, Billy. "What is it?" you say, "no need for your cutlass, Kate." Well, then ... *(Lowers her cutlass.)* I'll have another glass a rum from this dear child here, as I've took such a liking

to; and we'll sit down, if you please, and talk square, like old shipmates.

*(She slowly lowers her cutlass onto the table. BONES considers a moment, then slowly lowers his cutlass onto the table.)*

BONES. Rum, Jim. *(Goes to get them rum.)*

KATE. I want what you got, Bill, what belongs to all of us.

BONES. And what might that be?

KATE. You know, Bill, and you'll be givin' it to me.

BONES. I can't give what I don't know you want.

KATE. Ah, you're thinking of sailin' to another reef, to trick us again, and live among the good folks and sich. But you'll not escape us this time, no, nor any time, more, and that's an end on it.

*(JIM places drinks on table.)*

BONES. Go, Jim, and leave the door wide open. Waits there, for if I call you.

JIM. I won't be far, Captain.

*(They watch him go and speak once he is out of sight.)*

KATE. We were all in Flint's crew: Pew, Hands, Silver, Black Dog, we all risked hangin' to take that gold.

BONES. If it comes to swinging, swing all, say I.

KATE. We're in the right of it, Billy, you know. We want what we fought for.

BONES. And what is that?

KATE. We know you took the map. You took Flint's map when he died and it belongs to all of us, Bill. And we wants our lawful share of that treasure.

BONES. No one'll get their share, 'cause no man or woman will touch that treasure. The ghost of Flint guards it and him that touches that gold'll breathe no more.

KATE. I ain't afeared of no sperrit! And I want that map!

BONES. I don't have it.

KATE. You do!

BONES. I lost it!

KATE. You didn't!

BONES. I sold it!

KATE (*jumping up, grabbing her cutlass*). You got it, Bill, in that chest, there! That'll be yours, so let us open it to see the insides!

BONES (*jumping up, grabbing his cutlass*). Hands off my chest, witch! I'm not afeared of you or them who's comin'!

KATE. Keep back, you old salt, or I'll shipwreck you right here!

*(BONES pushes table over at KATE, but she jumps back. KATE picks up a chair and tosses it at BONES, but he dodges it. She moves toward the chest, BONES heads her off. He swings, she ducks; she swings her cutlass, he blocks. Then she swings her elbow and the blow lands. BONES staggers back, KATE kicks him, kicks him again, he falls. She kicks him again when he is down. She moves to the chest, tries to open it, as he scrambles up. KATE pulls on the chest, but it won't open.)*

KATE (*cont'd*). Aaaahhhh! The key! You'll be givin' me that key!

*(BONES moves to KATE, grabs her by her hair and tosses her away from chest.)*

KATE (*cont'd*). I'll have that key if I have to cut it from your blessed neck!

BONES. Perhaps you don't rightly know who you is speakin' to.

*(She goes for him and they cross cutlasses. MRS. enters, screams. BONES lands an elbow to KATE's stomach. This takes the wind out of her and she retreats. BONES goes on the attack, chases her, slicing in large arcs, she backs up, ducking and dodging.)*

MRS. Stop this fighting! My god, she's a woman! Captain!

BONES. Out! Out! Away, away, Witch! Away!

KATE. We'll be back, Billy, and we'll make an end on it!

MRS. Captain! This is my house and you will stop this, now!

*(One final swing, which slams into the Admiral Benbow sign, and KATE is gone.)*

BONES (*leaning against a wall*). Jim! Rum! I must get away from here. (*Staggers to get his chest, but collapses instead onto the floor. His eyes roll up into his head.*)

*(JIM runs on.)*

MRS. Run and fetch Doctor Livesey, for this man is sorely breathing! Go, Jim!

*(JIM runs off.)*

BONES. It's not a doctor I need. It's rum. Doctors are all swabs.

MRS. Dear, deary me. What a disgrace upon this house. Fighting, and a woman. Big, hulking, chicken-hearted man.

BONES. You'll batten down your hatches till you're spoke to, woman.

MRS. You needn't be so husky with me—especially when you haven't paid your score of the last week's rum and lodging. I'm not one to be cheated.

BONES. No one's cheatin' the likes o' you, so you can stow your blessed tongue.

MRS. What mischief did you do, upon that poor woman?

BONES. Old Kate? She tain't no woman. A devil she is. And she's given me the shakes!

*(JIM enters with DOCTOR LIVESEY.)*

MRS. Oh, Doctor, what shall we do?

LIVESEY. Never you worry, Mrs. Hawkins, I will do my best to save this fellow's trebly worthless life.

BONES. Hands off, ye swab!

LIVESEY. If I am to help you—

BONES. Silence there between the decks! *(He grabs up his cutlass.)*

LIVESEY *(calmly)*. Were you addressing me, sir?

BONES *(feverishly turning)*. Where's Old Kate?!