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Dramatic Publishing

Robert Louis Stevenson's

TREASURE ISLAND

Adapted by
AURAND HARRIS

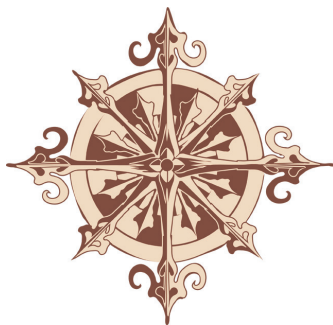


Music by
KEVIN DUNN

TREASURE ISLAND

Premiered at California State University, Northridge. An exciting theatrical adaptation of Robert Louis Stevenson's novel. Young audiences will thrill to the lightning adventure, exotic settings, sea chanteys and the salty pirate dialogue that makes this dramatization of Jim Hawkins' adventures irresistible in the hands of Aurand Harris, an American master-playwright for young people.

Musical. Adaptation by Aurand Harris. Music by Kevin Dunn. From the novel by Robert Louis Stevenson. Cast: 12m., 1w., or 10 minimum (9m., 1w.) with doubling. Along with young Jim Hawkins, the audience sails aboard the HMS Hispaniola for a daring adventure on Treasure Island. In a conflict between good and evil, Jim courageously faces danger, learns that evil can masquerade as good, and matures from a boy into manhood. All of Stevenson's famous characters are aboard—the good doctor and the squire, the sinister Blind Pew, the marooned Ben Gunn, the infamous Long John Silver, and a colorful crew of buccaneers. Production notes are available in the script containing details on sets and casting. *Three simple sets. 18th-century English costumes. Approximate running time: 65 minutes. Code: TM9.*



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Treasure Island



Dramatic Publishing

311 Washington St.
Woodstock, IL 60098-330
ph: 800-448-7469

www.dramaticpublishing.com

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DRAMATIC PUBLISHING
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(TREASURE ISLAND)

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TREASURE ISLAND

For

MARY JANE EVANS

and

All the Members of the Company

Who Presented the Premiere Performance

at

California State University, Northridge

1982

WORLD PREMIERE

California State University, Northridge
March 5 - 14, 1982

Directed by
AURAND HARRIS

Set Design: Owen W. Smith; *Lighting Design:* Randall Lyman; *Costume Design:* Ruth A. Brown; *Original Music:* Kevin Dunn; *Music arranged and performed by:* Ken Hardin. March 5, 6, 7, 12, 13, 14, 1982

CAST

Mother: Sharon Connors and Janet Lynn Allen; *Morgan:* Daniel Baker; *Blind Pew:* Ben Boydston; *Long John Silver:* Tony Frankel; *Jim:* Michael Griffiths; *Ben Gunn:* Kevin A. King; *Dogger:* Walter H. Kubelun; *Doctor:* Bruce Lanoil; *Dirk:* Paul Mayer; *Johnny:* Jeffrey Press; *Squire:* Peter Roderick; *Billy Bones:* Robert I. Rothrock; *Black Dog:* Michael Silverstein.

PRODUCTION STAFF

Production Advisor: Mary Jane Evans; *Assistant to the Director:* Janie Crowsigt-Bock; *Stage Manager:* Phyllis Buchwald; *Assistant Scene Designer:* Michael Shanman; *Assistant Costume Designer:* Kathryn King; *Costume Coordinator:* Laura Carlson; *Master Electrician:* Christopher Grant; *Sound Design:* Nick Dudzak; *Sound Coordinator:* Dan Frinta; *Makeup Design/Coordinator:* Marty Kasparian; *Faculty Technical Director:* Jerry Abbitt; *Costume Supervisor:* Hella Burrell; *Shop Foreman:* Dennis Dillon; *Director of Theatre:* John S. Furman; *Theatre Manager/Publicity/ Photography:* Jeffrey Levy; *Poster/Program Design:* John S. Furman, Jeffrey Levy; *House Manager:* Tom Resnick; *Program Preparation:* Sally Shulman.

PRODUCTION CREWS

Costumes: Dorothy Wells, Cindy Yost; *Sound:* Steve Pratt, Thomas Pratt; *Makeup:* Lisa Pion, Marcie Smolin; *Props:* Melanie Kay, Sharon Milliff, Lisa Vallette; *Lights:* Kelly Collier, Lynn Transue, Karen Sprinkle; *Sets:* Todd Baker, Ann Grennan, Shana Landsburg, James Lunsford; *Costume Construction Crew:* Kathryn King, Juanda Honore, Heidi Kaczinski, Tony Gartrell, Diane Callie, Susan Lee, Jim Bernardi, Virginia Bradford, Lori Bell. *Shop Construction Crew:* Eric Compton, Allan Morgan, Peter Roderick, Jerry Dea, Jeff Berghoff, Eric Bishop.

TREASURE ISLAND

CAST

Mrs. Hawkins
Jim Hawkins
Billy Bones*
Dogger*
Blind Pew*
Dirk
Black Dog
Doctor Livesey
Squire Trelawney
Johnny*
Morgan*
Long John Silver
Ben Gunn*

*The same actor may double in two parts.

TIME: The year 1750.

PLACE: England, at the Admiral Benbow Inn, on the dock at Bristol;
at sea aboard the *Hispaniola*; and ashore on Treasure Island.

TREASURE ISLAND

Music by Kevin Dunn

for

Aurand Harris' Adaptation of

TREASURE ISLAND

is available from the publisher

Music is indicated in the italicized stage directions.

Producers of this play are advised to read the production playwright's notes, at the end of this playbook, specifying important directorial options for a simpler staging.

TREASURE ISLAND

PRODUCTION NOTES

To help the actor who plays Long John Silver hide his real leg, which can be belted up behind him, he can wear baggy knee pants; a knee length coat of the period, full in the back; and a rapier, which he never uses, but the handle is seen at his side in front, and the pointed end is seen extending from his coat behind, the rapier keeping the coat always extended which completely hides his real leg. He may have a short knife in his belt which he does use when he threatens the pirates.

For a simpler staging the following changes can be made:

Smaller cast (10)

The actors playing the parts of Billy Bones, Dogger and Blind Pew can double and also play the parts of Johnny, Morgan and Ben Gunn.

Fewer sets (3)

Scene 4 may be omitted and scene 2, on the dock, can be combined with scene 3, both being played on the ship, with a light change and music — “Sailing Sailing” — showing a passage of time. Between the first and second part of scene 2, a passage of time can also be indicated by Black Dog crossing, as the music of “Sailing Sailing” is being played, and adding a lighted lantern to the deck scene.

The play in three sets is staged:

- Scene 1. England, at the Admiral Benbow Inn
- Scene 2. Aboard the *Hispaniola*
- Scene 3. Ashore on Treasure Island

Although the concept of staging the play as if performed in a life size Toy Theatre is effective, any other appropriate style can be used.

Editor’s Note:

The term “Toy Theatre” as used in this script may for some readers require further explanation. During the nineteenth century in Europe and the United States, one immensely popular toy was a model theatre—about the size of an ordinary doll house—with a brightly painted proscenium arch. Scripts for well-known stories could be purchased, complete with printed

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pictures of the characters and the scenery. These sketches could be colored if they had been bought "plain." Then they were cut out and attached to cardboard for support. Backdrops were inserted and characters manipulated across the stage by means of sticks or wires projecting through the open top and sides of the theatre. As the script was read aloud by one or more persons, the flat paper-doll "actors" were moved about. The main characteristics of this homemade drama were bright colors and exciting tales; elaborate characterizations were harder to achieve since the two-dimensional "actors" were locked into a single position and expression, with only their human voices as expressive tools.

A logical next step was for a creative child to make up his own stories, to draw pictures as needed, or to playact roles himself. Among children who treasured toy theatres were Lewis Carroll, Hans Christian Andersen, Tad Lincoln, and Robert Louis Stevenson, who received one on his sixth birthday. Its importance to him and to his developing imagination is detailed in his 1883 essay "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured," an allusion to the price of the picture sets he had lovingly selected for his diminutive theatre at a nearby stationer's shop. Thus the life-size Toy Theatre staging for Aurand Harris's *Treasure Island*, as developed for its premiere production, seems particularly fitting.

A.G.

TREASURE ISLAND

(Overture: a medley of "A Sailor-ob," "Sailing, Sailing," ending with a repeat of "A Sailor-ob.")

Opening Song. Doctor Livesey, Mrs. Hawkins and Squire Trelawney enter in front of the main curtain and SING)

CHORUS:

We are going on
going on
going on
an—adventure.

We'll take you along
you along
you along
on—adventure!

So-o come along
come along
come along
come along,

You! And you! And you! And you!

JIM: *(A boy in the front row of the audience)* Me?

CHORUS:

You will meet a pirate,
You will greet a pirate,
Hear a pirate sing with zest,
"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest."

JIM: *(Standing)* Pirates? Pirates!

CHORUS:

Search for treasures, but take care!
Bones and skulls are buried there!

JIM: Buried treasures!

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CHORUS:

Sail with pirates in disguise,
Crouch and catch you by surprise!

JIM: A pirate ship!

CHORUS:

Dare you share the danger?
Draw a knife to save your life?
Come on board, man and boy!
Gun and sword, ship ahoy!

JIM: (*On the stage*) I will. I will go with you!

CHORUS:

A great adventure it will be!
A treasure island in the sea!
Blow the bugle! Beat the drums!
Young Jim Hawkins, our hero, comes!

JIM: Me? Me?

CHORUS:

You're the hero in our story,
Who fights for right and glory;
Back to days of pirates bold,
Back to days of buried gold,
Back in time our story spins,
And our adventure, adventure, adventure,
adventure begins!

(Chorus exits. Jim remains, looking about in wonder. The main curtain opens, revealing the proscenium of an intimate theatre, resembling a life size Toy Theatre—like one with which Robert Louis Stevenson played when he was a boy. The main curtain of the Toy Theatre is closed, and on it suddenly is projected "TREASURE ISLAND.")

JIM: Treasure Island!

Scene 1

(The curtain of the Toy Theatre rises. See production notes for a simpler staging. The scene is the interior of the Admiral Benbow Inn, England, 1750. This is a painted backdrop, as were all the drops in a Toy Theatre, with furniture, windows, sky, trees, etc. painted on in perspective. The drop serves only as a background. All the action is played downstage in front of the Toy proscenium and close to the audience.)

MRS. HAWKINS: *(Enters U.L. inside the Toy Theatre. Music dims out)* Jim? Jim Hawkins! There's much to do. Bring up another keg of ale—Jim? *(Comes downstage, outside "house")* Here you are. Always outside looking at the sea. I heard the stage coach go by. We'll hope it brings a traveler. We could use another lodger at the Admiral Benbow Inn. Here, put on your apron.

JIM: *(Takes apron, puzzled)* Apron?

MRS. HAWKINS: Now be about your work. Draw some water and come into the dining room and lay the table for tea. *(Exits into "house")*

JIM: Wear an apron? Set the table for tea? Where are the pirates? The buried treasure? I thought I'd meet a fierce, fighting buccaneer. A terrifying robber of the sea! *(Billy Bones enters L, fulfilling Jim's description of him)* With a pistol at his belt, and a cutlass at his side, a patch over his eye, and a voice like a clap of thunder.

BONES: *(Shouts)* BOY! *(Jim jumps in fright)* Be this the Admiral Benbow Inn? *(Jim nods)* Aye, it's a handy cove, and has a good view of the sea. Be there many lodgers inside? *(Louder)* I asked you, mate, if the rooms be filled with lodgers? *(Jim shakes his head)* Then this is the place for me. *(Calls off L)* Here you, bring up alongside the chest. *(Dogger, a villager, enter L, carrying a small sea chest)* I'll be lodging here. Put it down inside.

DOGGER: Yes, Sir. *(Carrying the chest into "house", he stumbles. Bones holds him by the collar)*

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BONES: Easy, matey! That sea chest is all I have. Give it a care!

DOGGER: Safe it will be, sir, inside. (*Exits U. L.*)

BONES: You, lad, can you not speak? (*Jim nods*) Then pipe up. Give us a wag of your tongue. .

JIM: Yes, sir.

BONES: You can call me “Captain.”

JIM: Yes, sir. Captain.

BONES: The great thing with boys is discipline. If you be the serving boy, wear your apron.

JIM: But I. . .

BONES: Your apron—on! Before I raise my voice and my cutlass! Discipline, that’s what you learn on my ship! (*Jim quickly puts on apron*) I’ll have a sit inside and a bottle of rum.

JIM: Rum?

BONES: Aye, lad, I’ll tell you rum is my best mate. I been places hot as pitch, men dropping dead with Yellow Jack, and I lived on rum.

JIM: You’ve sailed in ships?

BONES: Aye, the stories I could tell. But I’m not talking. (*Tosses a coin in the air*) See that? A silver fourpenny. It’s yours—

JIM: (*Grabs for it*) Mine?

BONES: —if—you keep your eyes open and tell me if any seafearing men be coming along. And mark ye, be on the lookout for the worst one. He’s only got one leg.

JIM: One leg?

BONES: One leg—and a peg one. (*exits into “house”, U.L., calling*) Rum! I’m wanting a bottle of rum!

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JIM: (*Excited, speaks to audience*) He looks like a pirate.

BONES: *Off, sings. No music, but see Music IV*) “Fifteen men on a dead man’s chest, Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum—”

JIM: He sounds like a pirate!

BONES: (*Off, sings*) “Drink and the Devil has done for the rest, Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum.”

JIM: I think he is a pirate! (*Music of “Yo-ho-ho” plays loudly, as Jim happily pantomimes dueling, excitedly slashing with imaginary cutlass. He gives a final happy “yo-ho-ho!” and exits D.R. Music IV reaches a climax for the end of the scene*)

SCENE 2

(The same. Mrs. Hawkins enters D.L. She wears a hat and shawl. She enters "house," talking toward L, where she thinks Jim is, and hangs her hat and shawl in the closet which is at R)

MRS. HAWKINS: I'm back, Jim. All the village is talking about the Captain. And after last night. Falling on the floor like he did! Heart attack. Yes, and too much rum. Rum will be the death of him, all right. Well, I've sent for Dr. Livesey. I am not going to let the Captain die before he pays me for his lodging. Jim? Where are you?

JIM: *(Off)* Up here.

MRS. HAWKINS: Every day he sits, watches every ship in the cove, every man that goes by. He's done something wicked, I'll wager, and his evil deeds are about to catch up with him. Jim! Where are you?

JIM: *(Off)* Coming down.

MRS. HAWKINS: Down? Where?

JIM: *(Jumps to floor and crawls out of fireplace)* In the fireplace.

MRS. HAWKINS: Jim, what have you been up to?

JIM: I've been up to the top! Climbed the pegs in the chimney and saved a bird's nest.

MRS. HAWKINS: *(Takes bird's nest)* Let me have it. Now, Jim, you must keep the Captain quiet until the doctor comes. I want no more heart attacks. And no more rum. Listen. Someone is coming up the road. See who it is. *(She exits U. R. Jim comes out of "house," looks D.L.)*

JIM: It's a blind man.

PEW: *(Blind Pew is heard tapping his cane off D.L. He enters, a dreadful*

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looking figure, tapping his way toward the inn) Will any kind friend inform a poor blind man who lost the sight of his eyes defending England, where or in what part of this country he may now be?

JIM: You are in front of the Admiral Benbow Inn.

PEW: I hear a voice, a young voice. Come. Stand closer. Is this the inn where Billy Bones lives?

JIM: There is one here who calls himself "Captain."

PEW: Would he have a cut on his right cheek and a patch on his left eye?

JIM: Yes.

PEW: He's the same! *(Cackles with a laugh)* We're going to give Bill a little surprise. Now lend me your hand and lead me in.

JIM: *(Pew feels for Jim's hand, then suddenly grips it, twisting Jim's arm behind him)* Oh!

PEW: *(With menace and cruelty)* Now, boy, take me in to the captain. Or I'll break your arm. March. *(Raises his cane to strike)* Which way? *(Jim, in pain, leads Pew into "house")* Call him to come out.

JIM: Captain. Captain, sir.

BONES: *(Off)* Aye! Who calls?

PEW: When he come in the room, you cry out, "Here's a friend for you, Billy Bones."

BONES: *(Enters U.L., dazed with rum)* Who calls?

JIM: Here's a friend for you, Billy Bones. *(Pew pushes Jim aside)*

BONES: Be it—aye, it is Blind Pew! *(Reaches for his cutlass)*

PEW: Put your hand down, Bill. *(Raises his cane)* I cannot see you, but I can hear a finger stirring. You know why I'm here. Boy, take his hand and bring it near me. Quick! His hand! *(Jim does as he was ordered. Pew dramatically puts a piece of paper into the palm of Bones)* There. It's done. You've been warned, Billy Bones. You've been warned.

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(Laughs) Boy, the door? Which way be the door! *(Jim, frightened, starts Pew in the right direction)* And now—I'm off. *(Pew quickly taps out and exits D.R.)*

JIM: Shall I stop him?

BONES: Nay, it's too late. They give me the Black Spot.

JIM: What is—the Black Spot?

BONES: It's a summons. *(Reads)* "Six o'clock." They'll come to kill me at six o'clock.

JIM: Who?

BONES: All of Flint's crew. I was Flint's first mate, and I'm the only one that knows—knows where the treasure is buried.

JIM: A buried treasure?

BONES: Aye, chests of gold and silver and jewels. A king's fortune, it is! And I have the map that shows where the money's buried.

JIM: A map?

BONES: It's the treasure map they want. It's the map they'll kill for. *(Choking)* Rum! Get me some rum! So I can swallow! The map is in the chest. *(Starts L)* We must get the chest! Aye! Get the chest. *(Talks as he exits L, and continues to speak while he is off stage)* Rum! Fetch me some rum, lad!

JIM: I daren't, sir. You're sick and I promised that I wouldn't.

BONES: *(Off)* Get the Constable! Call the Squire! Tell 'em all to lay on quick at the Admiral Benbow! Flint's gang is coming for the map. *(Enters, dragging the chest)* Lend me a hand, boy. I'll shake them off.

JIM: How?

BONES: I'll ship to another reef. Aye, I'll give them the slip. *(Sits on chest, breathing heavily)* A drink of rum, Jim. I'm begging you. A swallow of rum, boy. Look at me. I'm a poor old hulk on a lee shore. And I warn you, lad, if you don't give me a drink and I die a-choking, my blood

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will drip on you. (*Holds up hand which shakes*) Aye, look! My fingers are a-fighting. I've got the shakes, I have. Look. I can see Old Flint. He's there in the corner. Do you see him?

JIM: No. No one is there.

BONES: Morgan . . . and Dirk . . . and Black Dog. Aye, they're all here. Stop! Hold your pace. Knives . . . swords! Ah, a fight you want, is it? I'll fight you. I'll fight you for the map. There! There! Devil take you all! (*He slashes with cutlass, growing more delirious. Suddenly he drops his cutlass, grabs his heart, gives an animal-like cry, and falls, bent over and clutching the sea chest*)

JIM: Captain? Captain!

MRS. HAWKINS: (*Enters U.L.*) What is it?

JIM: It's the Captain.

MRS. HAWKINS: Another heart attack! Captain! (*She shakes him, then draws back in fear*) He doesn't move.

JIM: Is he dead?

MRS. HAWKINS: (*Puts hand near to Bones' nose*) No breath.

JIM: A blind man came and he gave him the Black Spot.

MRS. HAWKINS: He's dead. We must go for help. But, first, I'll claim the money he owes me. (*Starts to touch the dead body, but pulls back*) You . . . You, Jim, look in his pocket for a key to the chest.

JIM: Me? (*With fear of the dead, he cautiously searches Bones' coat pockets, giving articles to Mrs. Hawkins*) A knife . . . tobacco. That's all.

MRS. HAWKINS: The key. I'll warrant he wears the key around his neck. Open his collar.

JIM: (*Rolls Bones forward, off the chest, face up*) It's here. On a string.

MRS. HAWKINS: Use the knife. (*Jim cuts string*) Give me the key. Yes, it fits. (*She opens chest, lifting items*) Some papers tied in oilcloth. Ah! Here it is, a bag of money! Now as my witness, Jim, I'll only take what's rightfully mine, and not a farthing over.

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(A loud signal whistle is heard, off)

JIM: Listen. *(A second whistle is heard)*

MRS. HAWKINS: Someone's whistling.

JIM: It's a signal. They're coming. Quick!

MRS. HAWKINS: First I'll have the money he owes me.

JIM: *(Third whistle is heard)* It's the pirates for sure!

MRS. HAWKINS: Pirates!

JIM: They're coming closer. Take the bag of money.

MRS. HAWKINS: Yes!

JIM: *(Hurries her out)* Quick! Go out the back way!

MRS. HAWKINS: Yes. Come, Jim. Hurry!

JIM: And for the fourpenny you still owe me, I'll take this. *(Holds up oil-cloth packet)* Goodby, Billy Bones. *(He hears Pew, looks toward front, then starts U.R., stops when he realizes he is trapped)*

PEW: *(Off)* Stand guard! Surround the house, mateys. Watch the back door. Shoot if a body moves! *(He enters D.R. Black Dog is guiding him. Dirk follows)* Where be the door? The door?

JIM: *(Desperate, points to closet door)* I'll hide—in the closet! *(He hides, as Pew and pirates enter "house")*

DIRK: *(Discovering Bones on the floor)* What's here? Look!

PEW: What is it?

DIRK: It's Bill. Billy Bones.

PEW: Where? *(Raises his cane to strike)*

DIRK: He's dead.

PEW: Dead?