

# TREASURE ISLAND

a play by

Ken Ludwig

based on the novel by

Robert Louis Stevenson

Production draft  
July 10, 2007

Copyright 2007  
by Ken Ludwig

## Place and Time

The action takes place in England and the West Indies.  
The time is 1774

### Cast

Jim Hawkins		Actor One
Long John Silver Jim's Father		Actor Two
<u>The Civilians</u>	<u>The Pirates</u>	
Dr. Livesey	Captain Flint	Actor Three
Squire Trelawney The Bailiff	Job O'Brien	Actor Four
Captain Smollet	Black Dog	Actor Five
Reverend Mainwaring	Jemmy Rathbone Ben Gunn Josiah Bland	Actor Six
Jim's Mother	Anne Bonny	Actor Seven
Widow Drews	Justice Death	Actor Eight
Bailiff's son	Blind Pew Israel Hands Calico Jack	Actor Nine
Bailiff's Son	George Merry	Actor Ten
Inn Guest Boy with Barrow	Ezekiel Hazard Tom Morgan Cut Purse	Actor Eleven
Bristol Sailor	Billy Bones Additional Pirates as needed	Actor Twelve

In addition, everyone except Jim Hawkins and Long John Silver doubles, variously, as the customers at the Admiral Benbow Inn, the sailors in Bristol, a lady at the dock, etc

Scene One

Strong music attacks us in the darkness. Prokofiev, here and throughout the play. Then the lights come up on a pirate ship in 1774 in the middle of a desperate chase across the deck. The ship is rolling, as mighty waves slap the side of the vessel without mercy. Lightning flashes and thunder roars, as though the gods were playing roughly with their favorite toys. “As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,/They kill us for their sport.” Everything about this moment is dangerous and exciting.

The man being chased is named JEMMY RATHBONE. He’s sly and filthy. The pirates chasing him include ISRAEL HANDS, BLACK DOG, ANNE BONNY, GEORGE MERRY, EZEKIEL HAZARD, JOB O’BRIEN and JUSTICE DEATH. With shouts and cries, they careen around the deck, in and out of the foc’sle, around the bowsprit and through the rigging. These men are after blood.

Grab ’im!

HANDS

’old ’im!

DEATH

HANDS

Trap ’im between you, ya dogs!

MERRY

You miserable dolts! How far can he get?! We’re on a Ship!

BONNY

I got him!

BLACK DOG

Got him!

RATHBONE

(caught)

*Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!*

(The pirates tackle him and pin his arms behind him.)

BLACK DOG

Bonny, hold him down!

BONNY

Stop yer squirmin!

RATHBONE

I ain't done nothin'!

Leave me alone!

MERRY

Get up, you dog!

BLACK DOG

Where is it?!

RATHBONE

I never seen it!

HAZARD

You lyin' filth, *where is it!*

RATHBONE

Get Flint! He'll tell ya it ain't me!  
*Cap'n Flint!!!*

BONNY

I wouldn't do that if I was you.

RATHBONE

(in tears, knowing he's about to be killed)

I never seen it in me life, I swear!  
*FLINT! FOR GOD'S SAKE! COME OUT HERE!*  
*FLIIIIINT!*

HANDS

Here he comes!

BONNY

It's Flint.

DEATH

Flint.

BLACK DOG

It's Flint!

MERRY

Get outa the way!

(CAPTAIN JAMES FLINT steps out of the foc'sle. He looks evil beyond description. He has a hideous scar on one side of his face. He has a mop of greasy red hair sticking out of the sides of his black, tattered hat. He's missing three fingers from his left hand. And he hasn't shaved in a week. He carries himself, however, with some daintiness, and he uses the fingers he has left to him with the delicacy that civilized people use to pick up fine jewelry or canapés.)

RATHBONE

Oh, Cap'n Flint! Thank God above you's 'ere.  
They was gonna kill me, Cap'n. Kill me fer  
Nothin'!

(George Merry brings his cutlass down towards Rathbone's head and Captain Flint parries the blow with a flick of his wrist, saving Rathbone's life. Then, to Rathbone:)

FLINT

Where ... is ... the map?

RATHBONE

Map, sir?

FLINT

Little piece o' paper with lines on it.

RATHBONE

I ain't got it, Cap'n. I never seen it.

FLINT

Think very hard about this, Jemmy.

RATHBONE

I swear to you on me life, sir!

FLINT  
“Your life?” Well that’s a very appropriate  
Choice of language, now ain’t it, Jemmy?  
(to Death – and meaning it)  
Skin him alive.

(They drag Rathbone away.)

RATHBONE  
*Noooooooooooooooooo!*

FLINT  
*Tear the  
Flesh from his bones, cut out his heart through his  
Throat and throw the WHOLE MESS OVERBOARD!!*

RATHBONE  
*Sir I swear, I ain’t got the map!*

FLINT  
Who’s got it then?

RATHBONE  
... Billy Bones, sir.

BONNY  
But Bones is dead.

RATHBONE  
No he ain’t. Ya thought he was dead, we all did.  
But that night after the treasure was buried  
And the men what buried it put to death,  
Well I was watch that night and around about  
Three bells I hears a noise, and afore I knows it  
There comes Billy Bones a-clamberin’ over  
The side o’ the ship – ’e ’ad survived, ya see –  
And he limps to your quarters and he steals the map!