

TREASURE ISLAND

A pantomime by Ben Crocker

**“The wittiest and most original writer working
in pantomime today” *AS Magazine***

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PRESS REACTION

“Perfect, proper panto.” *The Times, Beauty & the Beast*

“The show that still, I think, wins the prize as the sweetest in the land.” *The Daily Telegraph, Ali Baba & the Forty Thieves*

“This show bounds along and by the end the young crowd – like Cinderella, have had a ball.” *The Guardian, Cinderella*

“Absolutely delightful panto, put together with wit and verve by Ben Crocker” *The Daily Telegraph, Dick Whittington & His Cat*

“A glance around at the children – their faces truly shining, eyes wide and mouths open – illustrates the delight that pantomime still provides.” *The Times, Dick Whittington & His Cat*

“This is a show to be enjoyed by all ages, with enough hearty laughs to lighten anyone’s winter evenings.” *Express and Echo, Aladdin*

“All the ingredients for a jolly good panto romp are chucked into the mix... a rollicking good laugh from start to finish had the adults wiping tears of laughter from their eyes.” *The Stage, Sleeping Beauty*

“What really sets this pantomime apart is the quality of Ben Crocker’s script... Make no mistake; any theatre in the land would be proud to stage this top quality show.” *Oxford Times, Beauty & the Beast*

“Bristling with lots of imaginative ideas, this is a bright, upbeat pantomime with a huge feel-good factor. Ben Crocker takes a new look at the old fairy tale and comes up with a winner. It’s good, traditional family fun with lots of laughs and a fast pace.” *Western Morning News, Cinderella*

“The best family festive treat in the South West!” *Crediton Country Courier, Aladdin*

LIST OF CHARACTERS

| | |
|---|--|
| MRS HAWKINS (MUM) | Jim's Mum. Warm hearted, rumbustious Dame. |
| KITTIE. | A maid. (Scene 1 only) |
| JIM HAWKINS. | Principal Boy. |
| SQUIRE TRELAWNEY. | A bit dim. |
| JENNY TRELAWNEY. | The Squire's daughter. Principal Girl. |
| SEADOG SAM. | A pirate. |
| SEAWEED WILLY. | A nice pirate. |
| BILLY BONES. | (Scene 1 only) |
| LONG JOHN SILVER. | Pirate Leader and Villain of the Piece. |
| BLOOD BOILER. | A ferocious pirate. |
| GIZZARD SLITTER. | A very ferocious pirate. |
| The FRIDGE. | A very big ferocious pirate. |
| POLLY. | A parrot in her 70's. |
| MRS HENDERSON. | Chair of the Smuggler's Cove WI. |
| MRS BATTERSBY MRS SNOOK MRS CARTER-BROWN MRS TUBB MRS DODD | WI Members with scripted lines. |
| MRS PARKER. | Vice Chair of the Smuggler's Cove WI. |
| MISS NORMINGTON. | (DORIS) Senior and independently minded WI Member |
| BEN GUNN. | Shipwrecked Ship's Photographer. |
| CAPTAIN BLOODHEART (Non speaking role, Scene 9 only) | |
| CHORUS as Pub Customers, Pirates, WI Members, Ghosts etc. | |

LIST OF SCENES

PART 1.

- SCENE 1. The Admiral Benbow**
- SCENE 2. Pirate's Cove**
- SCENE 3. The Smuggler's Cove Women's Institute**
- SCENE 4. Outside Squire Trelawney's House**
- SCENE 5. Bristol Docks**

PART 2.

- SCENE 6. Aboard The Hispaniola**
- SCENE 7. Somewhere on Treasure Island**
- SCENE 8. X Marks the Spot**
- SCENE 9. The Haunted Grotto at Deadman's Cave**
- SCENE 9a. Water Guns at Dawn!**
- SCENE 10. The Lagoon**
- SCENE 11. Songtime**
- SCENE 12. The Wedding**

PART 1. SCENE 1.

The Admiral Benbow. Old fashioned, rough and ready pub. Bar, wooden tables and chairs etc.

MUM HAWKINS, JIM HAWKINS, BILLY BONES and the CHORUS as CUSTOMERS (Various seafaring ne'er do wells and their girlfriends), are discovered enjoying a rousing singsong... Up tempo OPENING NUMBER.

MUM. Hello Everybody and welcome to the Admiral Benbow – the home of neighbourly good cheer and friendly fellowship!

(The CHORUS loudly greet each other, shake hands, hug and back slap each other.)

Merry jests, happy laughter –

(The CHORUS all roar with laughter.)

And open handed generosity, where someone is always ready to stand the next round!

(The CHORUS are immediately silent and sit sheepishly at their tables etc. BILLY BONES is sat on his sea chest.)

What a po-faced, stingy lot. You'd think we were in **(Local town or village.)**

JIM. It's no good, Mum. Times are hard.

MUM. I know, Jim, I know – **(to Audience)** that's my son, Jim. And he's right – times are hard! And me, a poor wife, all alone in the world, except for my husband upstairs in bed at death's door...!

(KITTYE, a maid, runs on.)

KITTIE. Mrs Hawkins! Mrs Hawkins!

MUM. Yes, what is it, Kittie?

KITTIE. He's gone, Mrs Hawkins, he's gone!

MUM. Gone?

KITTIE. Gone!! **(Bursts into tears and exits.)**

MUM. I'll start again – And me a poor widow woman, all alone in the world, except for my son Jim, my maid Kittie, a pub-full of regulars -

(CHORUS suddenly spring to life, laughing, shouting and animatedly drinking etc.)

Who never pay for their drinks!

(CHORUS instantly resume their sheepish silence.)

And all me husband's debts! What are we going to do, Jim?

JIM. I don't know, Mum. There must be some way I can seek our fortune.

MUM. Oh, what a brave lad you are! After all, there's not much point in asking that lot of lazy, good for nothing seafaring ne'er-do-wells!

(CHORUS immediately spring raucously back into life.)

Will you shut up!

(CHORUS instantly resume their sheepish silence.)

KITTIE rushes back in.)

KITTIE. Mrs Hawkins, Mrs Hawkins!

MUM. Yes, what is it, Kittie?

KITTIE. It's a miracle!

MUM. What is?

KITTIE. He lives!!

MUM. Lives?

KITTIE. Lives!! **(Bursts into tears and exits.)**

MUM. Right. I'm going to start one more time... And me, a poor wife, all alone in the world, except for my husband still upstairs in bed at death's door, my son Jim, my maid Kittie, a pub-full of regulars -

(CHORUS suddenly spring to life, laughing and shouting etc.)

Will you just shut it!

(CHORUS are once again sheepishly silent.)

And all me husband's debts! What are we going to do, Jim?

JIM. I don't know, Mum. There must be some way I can seek our fortune.

MUM. Oh, what a brave lad you are! After all, there's not much point in asking that lot of lazy, good for nothing seafaring ne'er-do-wells!

(CHORUS immediately spring raucously back into life.)

I said, shut it!

(CHORUS instantly resume their sheepish silence.)

We seem to be going round in circles!

(KITTIE rushes back in.)

KITTIE. Mrs Hawkins, Mrs Hawkins...!

MUM. **(interrupting)** I'm not interested!

(KITTIE bursts into tears and exits.)

(To Audience.) Sufficient to say, we've got no money and Squire Trelawney will be here any minute for his rent!

SQUIRE. **(entering)** Mrs Hawkins!

MUM. Squire Trelawney!

SQUIRE. I'm here for me rent.

MUM. **(to Audience.)** You see?

SQUIRE. Dashed inconvenient I know – what with you being a poor wife, all alone in the world, except for your husband upstairs in bed at death's door, your son Jim, your maid Kittie, a pub-full of regulars -

(CHORUS spring to life, laughing and shouting etc.)

MUM. Shut it!

(CHORUS are immediately silent.)

SQUIRE. And all your husband's debts. **(Looks bemusedly at the silent CHORUS for a moment.)**

MUM. **(Aside to Audience.)** Fortunately, the Squire's a bit dim - with a terrible weakness for spotted dick.

SQUIRE. Anyway, I was just on my way to the Smuggler's Cove Women's Institute to judge the cake baking competition – when I thought, 'I know, why don't I drop in at the Admiral Benbow and collect me cash?!

MUM. Well, isn't that nice, in fact you're the very person I was hoping to see!

SQUIRE. I am?

MUM. You are. Because I need your opinion. I've just been baking –

SQUIRE. **(hopefully)** Spotted dick?

MUM. Oh, Squire. You're ahead of me – my extra special spotted dick! Would you like a nibble?

SQUIRE. Oh, Mrs Hawkins -

MUM. **(indicating wing)** It's out there waiting for you.

SQUIRE. You know my weakness!

MUM. I could cover it in custard.

SQUIRE. Oh, I say!

MUM. **(gesturing)** Shall we go through? **(Aside, as SQUIRE exits.)**
It's always the same. A bit of spotted dick and he's gone!
(Exits.)

(MUSIC. JENNY enters. Her eyes lock with JIM'S and they fall in love.)

JENNY. Hello...

JIM. Hello...

JENNY. I'm Jenny Trelawney. The Squire's daughter. I think he must have forgotten about me.

JIM. **(indicating)** He's just –

JENNY. Wandered off somewhere?

JIM. Yes.

JENNY. Who are you?

JIM. I'm Jim Hawkins. I live here.

JENNY. How wonderful to be living here amongst all these rough, colourful, dangerous types!

(The CHORUS burst into life.)

MUM. (popping head on) Shut it!

(The CHORUS fall silent.)

JENNY. It must be ever so exciting! (Whispering) Who's he?

JIM. Which one?

JENNY. The one with a big scar, dressed in black and sitting on a chest.

JIM. That's Billy Bones. He's done terrible, awful, wicked things!

JENNY. Really – like what?!!

JIM. We don't know – but every day he's out on the cliff, looking for ships, muttering to himself about a sailor with one leg.

JENNY. How deliciously gross! Why?

JIM. No one dare ask – he'd kill you as soon as look at you!

JENNY. That's so cool!

JIM. Yes, I suppose it is!

JENNY. Life can be very dull with Father. I just long for excitement!

JIM. Me too – I can't wait to escape and make my fortune!

JENNY. Oh, Jim - let's run away together and get married! I've loved you ever since I first saw you!

JIM. But that was two minutes ago!

JENNY. I know!!! What's the point of love if it's not at first sight? You do love me too, don't you?

JIM. Yes, of course I do.

(SQUIRE re-enters with MUM.)

SQUIRE. Delicious, Mrs Hawkins. Quite delicious! As always, your spotted dick reigns supreme! But now, if you'll excuse me – (**Sees JENNY**) Jennifer, what are you doing here?

JENNY. You left me outside.

SQUIRE. (**taking her aside**) Don't you realise this is not the sort of establishment for young ladies?

JENNY. Why ever not?

SQUIRE. Because young ladies do sewing and play the piano!

JENNY. But I want a life of adventure!

SQUIRE. The sooner we get you to the Women's Institute the better! I mean, just look at the crowd in here!

(**CHORUS spring into raucous life.**)

It's even worse than I thought! (**Grabs JENNY'S hand.**) Quick, we must go!

JENNY. Jim! (**Looks longingly at JIM.**)

JIM. Jenny! (**Looks longingly at JENNY.**)

SQUIRE. (**pulling JENNY towards the door**) Come along, Jennifer! (**Exits with JENNY.**)

MUM. (**to CHORUS**) Oy – belt up!!!

(**CHORUS go back to their sheepish silence.**)

That's better. (**To JIM.**) What are you doing, staring at the door?

JIM. I'm in love, Mum.

MUM. What, with the Squire's daughter?

JIM. Yes – Jenny Trelawney.

MUM. You've only just met.

JIM. I know, but we're sort of engaged.

MUM. Don't be ridiculous. Even your Mum's spotted dick won't get you that far, the Squire would never allow you to marry his daughter. You're far too poor.

JIM. Well, that's where you're wrong. Just you wait and see! **(Exits.)**

MUM. Dear me - who'd be a mother, eh? Do you know, if I had my time again I'd come back as a man, I really would!... Anyway, the Squire's forgotten about his rent, so I can relax and say a proper hello to you lot! How are you - are you having a good time? **(Audience respond.)** Oh, dear. Am I facing the right way? I said - are you having a good time? **(Audience respond.)** That's better - can we have the houselights up, please...!
(HOUSELIGHTS up.) Oh, my goodness, what an ugly bunch of people - only joking... and I certainly wasn't talking about you, sir - I mean madam... **(Sees a man at the front.)** Ooh, my word! Look at you, you're gorgeous! What's your name, you handsome hunk? Roger? Ooh, Roger, I've got a feeling about you! **(Ad lib...)** Well, Roger, I'm going to have to wrench myself away from you because we've got some lovely people here today and I need to say some special hellos - so can we have a great big shout from... **(Ad lib, shout outs and birthdays - ending "And last, but not least, all the regulars from the Admiral Benbow!" The CHORUS all shout "Hello!" and burst into life.)** Fantastic! Well, it's lovely to see you all - on stage and off - but right now we really must get back to the plot.

(Doom laden chord. SEADOG SAM and SEAWEED WILLY enter.)

Who are you?

SAM. We're part of the plot.

WILLY. And we're pirates!

SAM. Sshhh! We're not pirates.

WILLY. Yes, we are, we're part of Long John Silver's -

SAM. Sshhh, sshhh, sshhh!!! No, we're not - we're just peaceable, fun loving seagoing folk, here to see our old friend Billy Bones!

(Another doom laden chord. All the CHORUS back away from BILLY BONES.)

BILLY. **(fearfully)** Seadog and Seaweed...

SAM. That's us - Seadog Sam and Seaweed Willy.

BILLY. What brings you here - shipmates?

SAM. You know what brings us here, Billy. We've come for our map.

BILLY. I ain't got no map.

SAM. Now, come along, Billy –

BILLY. I ain't got no map, I tell you!

SAM. Well, in that case, we've got something for you.

BILLY. No! I don't want anything!

SAM. Willy, give it to Billy.

BILLY. No!

SAM. It's the way of the sea, Billy... Now, Willy, give it to Billy.

WILLY. Righto. (**Carefully takes fabric Black Spot, about four inches in diameter, out of his pocket.**) It's just a black spot. (**Gives spot to BILLY.**)

CHORUS. (**horrified**) The black spot!!!

(**Huge doom laden chord, or sequence of chords. We see the spot in BILLY'S hand.**)

BILLY. The black spot!

CHORUS. The black spot!!!

BILLY. I'm doomed!!!! (**Clutches at his chest and starts to die theatrically.**)

WILLY. Why's he going like that?

SAM. It's the way of the sea, Willy.

WILLY. But all I did was give him a black spot!

BILLY. Doomed! Doomed!!! (**Clutches at his throat as he chokes...**)

WILLY. I wouldn't have given it to him if I'd known it would make him go like that! I feel really bad now!

SAM. Don't get yourself all agitated!

WILLY. I just feel so guilty. I mean, look at him!

(**EVERYONE is looking at BILLY BONES, who is expiring noisily.**)

I don't like hurting people! You know I don't like hurting people!

(WILLY bursts into tears. EVERYONE starts to ignore BILLY and tries to comfort WILLY. "There there, you didn't know!" etc etc.)

I just want to be a pirate. I don't want to hurt people!

(BILLY continues to sob loudly as EVERYONE continues to comfort him. "Of course, you don't want to hurt people... You were only doing your best..." etc.)

I would never have done it if I'd known that this would happen!

BILLY. Help me, help me!!

(EVERYONE ignores BILLY as they comfort WILLY.)

WILLY. I think the black spot is really horrible. I'm never ever going to give it to anybody ever again!

(JIM enters and BILLY crawls towards him.)

JIM. Mum! What's happening!???

MUM. It's just the black spot, dear. It's got Willy here really agitated.

JIM. But look – I think Billy Bones is dying!

MUM. What?

(EVERYONE now focuses on BILLY.)

BILLY. Eeeeeurghhhhhh! **(Slumps to floor.)**

MUM. Oh, no! Are you sure you want to die down here, dear? Wouldn't you prefer to die in your room?

BILLY. It's my doom!

MUM. No, not doom, dear – in your room...

BILLY. Doom...!!!!

MUM. Oh, just take him upstairs. **(To SAM and WILLY.)** You two, help Mr Bones here to his room, would you?

WILLY. **(tearfully)** I'm really, really sorry, Billy.

MUM. Yes, alright, alright –

SAM. Pull yourself together, Willy. **(To BILLY.)** Come along, Billy, old son. Let's get you upstairs and maybe you can tell us where you put that map.

(SAM and WILLY take BILLY off.)

MUM. That's it. Take him upstairs. Carefully does it. Mind how you go.... **(To Audience.)** What's all this talk about a map...?

CHORUS. **(talking over one another)** A map? A map? What map? Why's Billy Bones got a map...? etc. etc.

MUM. **(to CHORUS)** Oy, oy, oy – just pipe down and stop wittering on about stuff that doesn't concern you. Talk amongst yourselves.

(CHORUS obediently pipe down.)

Anyway, who cares about maps? He hasn't paid his bar bill for months. He must owe us a fortune.

JIM. Maybe there's some money in that old sea chest of his?

MUM. That's a thought. **(Goes to chest.)** Let's open it up and have a look. Hang on a second – do you think we should...? **(to Audience)** What do you think? Do you think we should do it...? **(Response.)** Really – do you really think we should open the chest? **(Response.)** Are you sure?? **(Response.)** Let's open the chest...! **(Opens chest and takes out a toilet roll.)** Well, that's useful... **(Takes out a large cuddly toy.)** Aaaah. Sweet....! And what's this...? **(Takes out furled brown parchment.)** It's a map!

JIM. Let me have a look. **(Takes map and unfurls it.)** It's not just a map, Mum. It's a treasure map! Look!

MUM. Oh, my goodness, Jim, you're right! It is a treasure map! There – X marks the spot! This could be worth a fortune!

(SAM and WILLY enter. They are bareheaded, their hats in their hands.)

Have you come to tell me the worst?

SAM. **(soberly)** I'm very sorry, but we have.

WILLY. **(sobbing)** He's gone.

MUM. You're sure?

SAM. (very soberly) We're sure.

MUM. Totally sure?

SAM. (even more soberly) Totally sure.

MUM. (gives SAM a big kiss) Sam - I love you!

SAM. Eh?

MUM. This could be the answer to all our prayers! Shed-loads of gold and goodness knows what! Jim – who do we know that's got a ship and wouldn't mind a quick treasure hunting trip to the Caribbean?!

JIM. The Squire owns The Hispaniola.

MUM. The Squire! We'll promise him half the treasure and all the spotted dick he can eat! I'll put this somewhere safe - (**Shoves map down her bust.**) and go to him immediately!

SAM. (aside to WILLY) Bloomin' heck! This wasn't supposed to happen.

JIM. He's at the Smuggler's Cove Women's Institute.

MUM. Judging the cake baking competition! (**Indicates bust.**) Wait till I show him what I've got in here! I need to get going!

SAM. (aside) So must we! We'll have to tell the boss!

MUM. We're going to be rich! Give everyone a free drink! (**Starts to exit.**)

CHORUS. (**waving tankards etc.**) Hooray!

SAM. Come along Seaweed, we've got to find Long John Silver!

(**SAM and WILLY rush off after MUM.**)

Rumbustious NUMBER with CHORUS and JIM.)

SCENE 2.

Pirate's Cove. Frontcloth.

(LONG JOHN SILVER and the PIRATES are discovered singing noisily.)

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Fifteen men on a dead man's chest...

SILVER. **(Breaking off from singing)** Look lads, we've got company! Hello **(local town or village)**! I said, hello **(local town or village)**! Blow me down - what a useless bunch of lubbers and swabs you are! **(Audience respond.)** Yes, that's what I said, you're all a useless bunch of lubbers and swabs...! **(Audience respond.)**

BLOOD B. They be noisy lubbers and swabs though, Cap'n.

SILVER. Bah! Lubbers and swabs, not even fit to bail out the bilge of my old Granny's rowboat! **(To Audience.)** Well, you're here in Pirate Cove now, so you'd better shape up, or I'll be wondering who's next for the black spot!

(The PIRATES all cower.)

ALL. Not the black spot!!

SILVER. Don't worry, lads. You know me – Long John Silver. Cuddly as Christmas and wouldn't hurt a fly. Besides, we're all shipmates. Tell 'em who you are, me hearties!

GIZZARD S. **(to Audience with vicious relish)** My name is - Gizzard Slitter! Cos I'd slit your gizzard, as soon as kiss your hand!!!

(PIRATES cheer and slap GIZZARD SLITTER on the back.)

SILVER. So, let that be a warning to you all! **(To BLOOD BOILER.)** And you, me horrible hearty, what do we call you?

BLOOD B. My name is – **(furiously)** Cecil Wilkinson!!!

SILVER. Not your real name, dummy. Your pirate name!

BLOOD B. Oh, sorry. My name is – **(even more furiously)** Blood Boiler!!!

SILVER. And why do we call you Blood Boiler?

BLOOD B. **(working himself into a rage)** Cos when I gets angry I go bonkers and when I go bonkers my blood boils and when my

blood boils – (**suddenly calming down**) I get a bit overheated and sometimes say things that I later regret.

SILVER. (**to Audience**) You don't want to be on the wrong end of his tongue. Something shocking it is. (**to THE FRIDGE**) And you, big boy, seventeen stone of pirate horribleness – what do we call you?

FRIDGE. My name is... The Fridge.

(**PIRATES cheer and chant. "Fridge! Fridge! Fridge! Fridge!!!"**)

SILVER. (**to Audience.**) Makes my blood run cold just to look at him!

POLLY. (**entering**) What about me?

SILVER. Oh, yes. This is Polly, my parrot. They live a long time, parrots - ancient, she is.

POLLY. Don't be rude.

SILVER. You see, she can talk! Say – 'Pretty Polly – Pretty Polly'!

POLLY. Only if I can sit on your shoulder.

SILVER. You can't sit on my shoulder. I've told you that before.

POLLY. But I'm a parrot.

SILVER. So?

POLLY. I don't feel like parrot.

SILVER. You've got feathers and things, haven't you?

POLLY. I want to feel like a proper parrot. I want to sit on your shoulder.

SILVER. Well, you can't.

POLLY. Why not?

SILVER. I'll fall over!

POLLY. You're not even a proper pirate. (**Exits.**)

SILVER. (**shouting after her**) I am a proper pirate! And I don't need a stupid old parrot sitting on my shoulder to prove I'm a proper pirate...! (**To OTHERS.**) Where are Seadog and Seaweed?

(We hear SEADOG SAM and SEAWEEED WILLY from other side. "Captain! Captain!")

About time too.

(SAM and WILLY enter.)

Did you give the black spot to Billy Bones like I told you?

SAM. Aye, aye, Captain, we gave it to him alright.

SILVER. And what did he do?

WILLY. He died.

SILVER. But not before begging me to forgive him and returning the map he stole from us, eh?!

SAM. No, he didn't do that.

SILVER. What?

WILLY. He got very upset.

SILVER. I bet he did! So, you searched through his things, found the map and brought it here, did you?

SAM. Not exactly.

SILVER. What?

WILLY. Mrs Hawkins did that. She found it and shoved it down her – 'you know whats'.

SILVER. Her you know whats? What are her you know whats??

SAM. Her, you know – her ladies'... her fenders!

PIRATES. **(nodding in recognition)** Aaah... Her fenders!

SAM. So, she shoved it down her fenders and took it to the Smuggler's Cove Women's Institute to show the Squire.

SILVER. What???!

WILLY. He's judging the cake baking competition.

SILVER. **(exploding)** You pair of incompetent, dozy, brainless goons! You were that close to the map and then you let it slip through your stupid fingers! Why's she showing it to the Squire?

SAM. So that they can sail off in his ship and go and get the treasure.

SILVER. Over my dead body! We'll have to go and get it back!

BLOOD B. But how are we going to do that? We can't go to the Women's Institute. We're pirates!

SILVER. I know we're pirates – but think about it, dummy. What is the one thing that all members of the Women's Institute have in common?

BLOOD B. **(a beat)** Is it cakes?

SILVER. No.

GIZZARD S. Jam?

SILVER. No.

FRIDGE. Knitting! They do knitting!

SILVER. No, it isn't cakes, jam or knitting! They're all actually...

FRIDGE. What?

SILVER. Women!

PIRATES. Ooooh!

SILVER. So, go and get yourselves ready. If they can be women, so can we. I want to see you three back here in a frock in five minutes! The Smuggler's Cove WI is going to get a little visit from the Pirate's Cove WI.... We'll get back our treasure map – and not only that, we'll win their cake baking competition into the bargain – so don't forget to bring a cake!

BLACKOUT.

SCENE 3

Smuggler's Cove Women's Institute. Full set. An old fashioned village hall. Chairs and benches as necessary. Maybe a bit of bunting.

The Female CHORUS as Members of the Smuggler's Cove WI, are discovered with JENNY and a slightly bemused SQUIRE. Overt "girl power" type NUMBER, such as the Spice Girls' "Wannabee". At the end, the WOMEN sit down, leaving MRS HENDERSON, the SQUIRE and JENNY standing centre.

MRS H. Ladies of the Smuggler's Cove WI, it is my great pleasure to welcome Squire Trelawney and his lovely daughter, Jennifer!

(Polite applause.)

We all know of the Squire's long held love for a bit of spotted dick, but I wonder how many of you are familiar with the full extent of his wide ranging and epicurean taste for cake and crumb – from the humble Dorset Knob, to the robust and sturdy Bedfordshire Clanger? We are indeed fortunate to have such an expert and knowledgeable judge for our annual cake baking competition!

(Polite applause.)

SQUIRE. Thank you, Mrs Henderson - Ladies. Well, you know me, I do like a nice bit of cake.

MRS B. You're always up for a nibble, Squire.

SQUIRE. I am indeed, Mrs Battersby.

MRS S. Do you remember my Brown Betties, Squire?

SQUIRE. Who could forget your Brown Betties, Mrs Snook – or indeed your equally persuasive ladies' fingers!

MRS S. **(delightedly)** Oh, Squire!

MRS H. Well, moving on -

SQUIRE. They were quite a handful!

MRS H. As I said, moving -

MUM. **(off)** Coo-ee!

MRS H. **(turning gratefully)** Ah, Mrs Hawkins!

MUM. Mrs Henderson!

MRS H. Have you brought a late entry for our cake baking competition?

MUM. I'm afraid not. **(Produces a bottle.)** But I have brought a bottle of my ultra-special, one hundred and forty four percent proof - ladies' pirate rum...

(All the LADIES become very interested.)

MRS H. Oh, really?

MUM. I was hoping for the considered opinion of the Ladies of the Smuggler's Cove WI...

MRS H. Well, I suppose we could suspend the proceedings for just a brief – Ladies, please... Wait for me!

(The LADIES have snatched the bottle and proceed to pass it around, swigging enthusiastically from the neck.

MUM takes the SQUIRE and JENNY down stage.)

SQUIRE. What is it, Mrs Hawkins?

MUM. **(delving in her bust)** Have a look at this!

SQUIRE. Oh, I say!

JENNY. **(bashing his arm)** Father!

MUM. **(producing map)** Look!

SQUIRE. It's a map.

JENNY. It's a treasure map – look, X marks the spot!

MUM. It's a passport to untold wealth! We just need to pop over to the Caribbean and get it.

SQUIRE. How?

MUM. In your ship, the Hispaniola, that's how! Take us there and I'll offer you half the treasure and all the spotted dick you can eat!

SQUIRE. All the spotted dick I can eat?

MUM. And half the treasure!

JENNY. Oh, father, say yes!!!

SQUIRE. Yes?

M & J. **(triumphantly)** Yes!!!!

SQUIRE. Eh?

MUM. You won't regret it, Squire! **(Stuffs map back down her bust.)**

JENNY. It will be a wonderful adventure. I must buy a new swim suit!

SQUIRE. What? Now hang on just a moment. Sailing off to the other side of the world is one thing – but not with you, Jennifer. You're a young lady! It's not the sort of thing ladies do!

JENNY. Mrs Hawkins is a lady!

SQUIRE. She's a - different sort of lady!

MUM. Well, really!

SQUIRE. You can't go. I won't permit it!

JENNY. And is that your final word?

SQUIRE. It is!

JENNY. Then you can jolly well judge the cake baking competition on your own!

SQUIRE. Jennifer!

(As JENNY starts to exit, LONG JOHN SILVER, GIZZARD SLITTER, BLOOD BOILER and THE FRIDGE enter dressed as women.)

JENNY. **(exiting angrily)** Oh, get out of my way!

MRS H. Who are you?

SILVER. We're the ladies of the Pirate's Cove WI!

(The PIRATES launch into a very brief, ghastly acapella version of the girl power number sung at the start of the scene. They end with jazz hands, leering grotesquely.)

MRS H. Well, ladies. What can I say, but welcome to Smuggler's Cove! I'm Mrs Henderson, the Chair.

SILVER. And I'm Mrs Silver, the Pirate's Cove, Chair. And this is Mrs Blood Boiler.

MRS H. Mrs Blood Boiler?

BLOOD B. (**daintily**) So pleased to meet you.

SILVER. Mrs Gizzard Slitter...

GIZZARD S. (**equally daintily**) Charmed, I'm sure.

FRIDGE. (**not at all daintily**) And I'm the Fridge.

MRS H. The Fridge?

FRIDGE. Yeah - and I'm a lady.

MRS H. A lady? Oh, I see - Lady Fridge! Do forgive me. (**To MRS CARTER-BROWN.**) Daphne, fetch a chair for Lady Fridge! (**excitedly**) Squire Trelawney, it's Lady Fridge!

SQUIRE. Lady Fridge!

FRIDGE. And we've brought some cakes.

MRS H. Oh, how lovely! You're going to enter our little competition. What have you brought?

GIZZARD S. (**producing it**) I've got a donut.

BLOOD B. (**producing it**) I've got a swiss roll.

FRIDGE. (**producing it**) And I've got a tin of tomato soup.

MRS S. That's not a cake.

FRIDGE. Yes, it is.

MRS H. Of course, it is!

FRIDGE. (**aggressively to MRS SNOOK**) See!?

MRS H. Well, Squire. It's judgement time. I had thought my angel cake might carry the day, but now I'm not so sure!

SQUIRE. What? Oh. Yes, of course. Well, let me see. As always, the standard has been very high. But this year, third prize goes to Mrs Carter-Brown, for her delightful pair of Battenbergs!

MRS C B. Oh, Squire! You can have a nibble whenever you want!

SQUIRE. I'm sure I will, Mrs Carter-Brown!

MRS C B. Maybe Wednesday?

MRS H. Daphne!

SQUIRE. And second prize goes to you, Mrs Henderson, for an angel cake which is almost beyond compare.

MRS H. Oh, Squire!

SQUIRE. Deserved as always, Mrs Henderson.

FRIDGE. It's a fix!

FRIDGE,
BB & GS. Fix! Fix! Fix...!

SQUIRE. (**topping the Pirates**) But this year, I'm sure you'll all agree with me that first prize absolutely must go to Lady Fridge!

FRIDGE. Eh?

SQUIRE. For her delicious tin of tomato soup!

FRIDGE. Have I won?

(**Polite applause. THE FRIDGE preens.**)

Thank you very much.

BLOOD B. (**aside to SILVER**) What about us? We brought cakes.

SILVER. (**aside**) Shut your faces. We're here to get the map!

MRS H. Thank you so much, Squire. And let me be the first to congratulate Lady Fridge – it's been fascinating to observe her culinary skills at close quarters.

(**More applause.**)

And now it's time to call upon our Vice Chair, Mrs Sheila Parker, to let us know what we can expect over the next few days.

MRS P. Thank you, Mrs Henderson - and well done indeed to Lady Fridge! Now, tomorrow afternoon we have a very jolly visit to Bristol docks for an exhibition of Sea Shanties and Nautical Knots.

MRS H. I thought that was next week.

MRS P. (**needed**) No, Davina, it's tomorrow.

MRS H. Really?

MRS P. Yes.

MRS H. (**tightly**) I see. And Mrs Lewellyn's Welsh-cake making demonstration?

MRS P. I think we all know that Blodwyn is incapacitated at the moment. But I was hoping that in her absence, Mrs Hawkins might care to share some of her own baking tips...?

MUM. What?

MRS P. Ladies, can we bring on the cookery table, please?

(**The necessary number of LADIES go to fetch a table and bring on the ingredients.**)

Oh – and the cookery tarpaulin!

MUM. The tarpaulin?!

MRS P. (**sweetly**) Just in case you make a mess. (**Calling**) And all the ingredients please...

(**The table is set up... Bowls of gloop etc. If space is limited, the cast can overflow from the stage into the auditorium.**)

There, Mrs Hawkins. We're all ready for you.

MUM. Right. Well, if you insist. (**Goes behind table.**)

SILVER (**aside to BLOOD B and GIZZARD S**) Now's your chance to get the map! (**Aloud.**) The ladies of Pirate's Cove would be happy to assist!

(**BLOOD BOILER and GIZZARD SLITTER lumber up to help.**)

MUM. Oh, that's very kind of you. Well, I think today we'll look at the art of icing the cake – and maybe we could take Lady Fridge's excellent tin of tomato soup to use by way of example.

(**BLOOD BOILER passes her the tin.**)

Thank you. And of course we need the icing mixture...

(GIZZARD SLITTER passes her a bowl of gloop.)

Which stage management made earlier... But of course, it really is important to beat the mixture thoroughly. So, I take the wooden spoon thus and give the stuff a good stir...

(MUM concentrates on beating the mixture...)

GIZZARD SLITTER moves surreptitiously behind her. We see his hands appear in front of MUM's bust as he attempts to find the map.

After a few moments, MUM becomes aware of this...)

MUM. Oy! Watch it, sunshine! **(Using a large wooden spoon, she whips a dollop of gloop into GIZZARD SLITTER'S face.)** Oh, I do apologise.

GIZZARD S. **(in a high voice)** Not at all, Mrs Hawkins. I think I must have slipped.

MUM. That's quite alright, Mrs Gizzard Slitter. But I think, as I wasted a tiny bit, I'll just look for a larger bowl of icing mixture. **(Bobs down below table.)**

(Egged on by GIZZARD SLITTER, BLOOD BOILER goes down too. Suddenly MUM springs up with a larger bowl of gloop.)

Mrs Blood Boiler, what are you doing?!

BLOOD B. **(in a high voice)** I'm so sorry, Mrs Hawkins. I was just looking for my little spotty hankie.

MUM. That's quite alright, Mrs Blood Boiler. I can assure you it's not there.... I think we'll assume that the mixture has been thoroughly beaten - so now we'll carefully ice the cake, ensuring a smooth and even coverage....

(Using the wooden spoon, the tin disappears in a mound of gloop.)

There... that's the sort of effect we're aiming for....

GIZZARD S. **(picking up large icing piper)** What's this?

MUM. That's for adding decoration. You just give it a squeeze –

GIZZARD S. Like this?

(GIZZARD SLITTER give a good squeeze, so that gloop squirts out and hits BLOOD BOILER.)

BLOOD B. Oy...! **(Sweetly)** Excuse me, Mrs Hawkins... **(Leans over, takes icing piper and deliberately squirts GIZZARD SLITTER.)**

GIZZARD S. You did that on purpose! **(Snatches back piper and empties contents into BLOOD BOILER'S face and then speaks to MUM in his ladies' voice.)** I'm so sorry, Mrs Hawkins, please continue with your fascinating demonstration.

MUM. Yes, well, where was I...? Oh, yes. The art of piping. Maybe we need to put a little more icing mixture in the bag.

(MUM picks up the smaller bowl of gloop.

BLOOD BOILER snatches it out of her hand and up-ends it on GIZZARD SLITTER'S head.)

Never mind, fortunately, we have another bowl.

(MUM picks up the larger bowl of gloop.

GIZZARD SLITTER snatches it out of her hand and up-ends it on BLOOD BOILER'S head.)

Oh, well. Easy come, easy go. Now, where was I...?

(GIZZARD SLITTER and BLOOD BOILER have found two large, creamy cakes from the cake baking competition...)

Ladies, ladies – not the Lemon Surprise and the Gooseberry Jam Pavlova Cake!

(MUM tries to intervene, but at the crucial moment she gets between the two PIRATES and receives each cake in the side of the face...

We hold the image for a second or two and then – BLACKOUT.)

SCENE 4

Outside Squire Trelawney's House. Frontcloth or tabs.

(POLLY discovered.)

POLLY. Hello, it's me – and I'm fed up. Waiting around all day – and all because they bungled getting the map back. It's a dog's life being a parrot! Long John Silver wants to know when Trelawney plans to sail, so he's got me keeping watch outside the Squire's house. Then he wants me to fly over and tell him! I mean, I ask you – flying at my age! I'll do myself an injury. **(Hears something off.)** Someone's coming. I better hide. **(Exits.)**

(JENNY enters with JIM.)

JENNY. It's not fair! He won't let me go just because I'm a girl!

JIM. I'd let you go if it was up to me.

JENNY. But it's not up to you! It's up to my father and he is so eighteenth century!

JIM. There'll be other adventures.

JENNY. What other adventures? You'll all be off to the Caribbean and I'll be stuck at home sewing! You do realise he wants to set sail tomorrow?

JIM. Tomorrow?

POLLY. **(off)** Tomorrow??!!

JENNY. What was that?

JIM. I don't know. **(Looks off.)** Oh, I think it's just a parrot.

(POLLY runs rather slowly and stiffly across the stage, flapping her wings as if taking off. JENNY and JIM watch her as she exits.)

JENNY. You're right. It was just a parrot... Anyway, he wants to set sail tomorrow.

JIM. If he can find a crew.

JENNY. He's bound to find a crew. And then I'll lose you – only days after I first found you!

JIM. I'll come back!

JENNY. Who knows whether you'll come back? You might catch some dreadful disease, or drown in a shipwreck – you might get eaten by a whale!

JIM. Well, hopefully that won't happen.

JENNY. But it might – and it's so unfair, because boys have all the fun!

JIM. Well, I'll just have to try not to enjoy myself.

JENNY. **(moved)** Would you do that for me?

JIM. Of course. Even if I was being eaten by a whale – I'd force myself not to enjoy it.

JENNY. **(laughs)** Oh, Jim. You say the silliest things... You will be careful though, won't you? Having found you, I don't think I could bare to lose you.

JIM. Nor me - I couldn't bare to lose you either.

(NUMBER. At the end of which JIM exits, waving sadly.)

JENNY. **(to herself)** Goodnight, Jim... Goodnight, my love. **(To Audience)** And if Father thinks I'm going to let my own true love go without me, he's got another think coming!

(LONG JOHN SILVER steps out of the shadows.)

SILVER. Excuse me, Miss.

JENNY. Oh! Who are you?

SILVER. Silver's the name, Miss. Long John Silver. I was wondering if your father was at home?

JENNY. I should think so. Why?

SILVER. Just tell him an old sea going cove was hoping to see a man about a dog.

JENNY. Oh, very well. But he won't be interested. He sets sail for the Caribbean tomorrow! **(Exits.)**

(POLLY totters on.)

POLLY. See? It's tomorrow!

SILVER. What are you huffing and puffing about?

POLLY. I'm shattered! All this flying takes it out of me.

SILVER. Well, go and have a rest.

POLLY. Let me sit on your shoulder.

SILVER. I've told you before. You can't sit on my shoulder. I'll fall over!

POLLY. **(going for his shoulder)** Let me just try.

SILVER. No, I'll look ridiculous.

(They start to tussle.)

Get off, will you!

POLLY. I want to sit on your shoulder!

SILVER. You can't sit on my shoulder – just leave me alone! You beady eyed old feather duster!

POLLY. Don't you call me a feather duster!

SILVER. Well, don't try and sit on my shoulder!

POLLY. I'll fly off and leave you and then you'll be sorry!

SILVER. You can hardly fly round the corner!

POLLY. No? Well, just you watch me, Long John Silver. Just you watch!

SILVER. Polly!

POLLY. Take a good look, because you may never see me again!

(POLLY again runs slowly and stiffly across the stage, flapping her wings.)

SILVER. Polly, come back! Come back, you ungrateful, dodderly old dodo!

(The SQUIRE enters.)

SQUIRE. I beg your pardon?

SILVER. Oh, nothing, sir nothing at all. I was just larking around with my parrot.

SQUIRE. (looks off) Oh, yes. I see. The one up in that tree.
(A foam coconut or similar projectile is thrown at SILVER from as high as possible in the wing.)

Ow! Yes, that's her, sir. Up there in that tree.

SQUIRE. My daughter said you wanted to have a word with me about a dog?

SILVER. Only in a manner of speaking, if you follow my drift?

SQUIRE. Absolutely... What do you mean?

SILVER. Long John Silver's the name – and word is, you plan a voyage over the seas to the Caribbean?

SQUIRE. I do indeed. Tomorrow, on the afternoon tide if I can find a crew. **(Conspiratorially)** Between you, me and the gatepost – we're after buried pirate treasure!

SILVER. No??!!

SQUIRE. All very hush hush, of course. But I need twenty* strong hands, who'll sail for a share of the booty and all the spotted dick they can eat! (* *Adjust number up or down to suit your own production.*)

SILVER. Then count me in, Mr Squire Trelawney, sir! I'll find you twenty of the saltiest seadogs you ever did see and all ready to sail before teatime tomorrow!

SQUIRE. Really?

SILVER. Man and boy, I've sailed the seven seas. If I can't find them, no one can!

SQUIRE. What a fortunate stroke of chance!

SILVER. We'll be there, sir. Don't you fret!

SQUIRE. Then it's a bargain. I look forward to welcoming you and your chums aboard the Hispaniola! **(Extends hand to shake.)**

SILVER. You won't regret it, sir! **(Spits into his hand.)** It's a bargain!
(SILVER shakes a now reluctant SQUIRE vigorously by the hand.)

SQUIRE. I'm sure it will all be very, er, jolly. Well, I'll bid you goodnight. Shall we say two o'clock tomorrow?

SILVER. Two o'clock it is, sir!

(SQUIRE exits.)

And good night to you too, Mr Squire Trelawney, sir! **(To POLLY.)** Are you going to stay sulking up in that tree all day, or are you going to come down here to your genius of a Captain who's just got us all aboard the Hispaniola!?

(Another similar projectile is thrown at SILVER from the wing.)

Ow!

(POLLY 'flies' back on stage.)

POLLY. Serves you right. Where are you going to get twenty salty seadogs?

SILVER. I'll get Sam and Willy recruiting in the morning. There must be plenty of blood-thirsty lads out there who'd like a share of the treasure and won't mind doing the dirty when the time comes!

POLLY. What, you mean –

SILVER. Oh, yes. The Squire and that Hawkins woman won't be coming back to Bristol. Once I've got the map, they'll be food for the fishes and we'll be digging up pirate gold by the bucketload! **(Laughs wickedly.)** And you lot can shut up. Lubbers and swabs, every one of you...! Yes, you're all a lot of lubbers and swabs... Silence...! I'll see you all aboard the Hispaniola! **(Laughs wickedly with POLLY.)**

(Optional NUMBER. BLACKOUT.)

SCENE 5.

Bristol Docks. Full set. Maybe the prow of the Hispaniola is visible upstage.

SAM and WILLY are discovered.

SAM. Well, here we are at Bristol Docks and we haven't found a single person to recruit!

WILLY. The Captain told us there'd be loads of people.

SAM. He'll be in a right old temper if we don't find anyone. I wonder where everybody is. Hang on a second, Willy. I've just had a thought!

WILLY. What!

SAM. Maybe we're looking in the wrong place. (**Pointing at Audience.**) Look out there!

WILLY. Wow! You're right. Look - there's loads of people!

SAM. And some of them seem pretty vicious to me.

WILLY. They're totally psychotic! (**Points.**) Look at that one!

SAM. Oh, my goodness, gives me the creeps just to look at him! (**Choosing another audience member.**) And what about you, Madam? Are you the sort to enjoy a spot of cold blooded murder in the sunny Caribbean...?

(MRS HENDERSON enters from the back of the hall with the LADIES of the Women's Institute.)

MRS H. Come along, Ladies, this way... This way to the dockside.

MRS S. Are you sure this is the way, Mrs Henderson?

MRS H. Yes, of course I'm sure, Mrs Snook. This way, Ladies, this way for nautical knots and sea shanties...!

MRS P. There seem to be an awful lot of people sitting about, Davina.

MRS H. Yes, I appreciate that, Mrs Parker. Just do your best to ignore them.

MRS P. I don't think this is the way.

MRS H. I think you can trust me to find my way to Bristol dockside, Mrs Parker!

MRS P. Well, if you're sure.

MRS H. Of course I'm sure!

SAM. Hello, ladies, are you looking for somebody?

MRS H. Are you the nautical knot man?

SAM. I know a sheet bend from a cleat hitch when I see one.

MRS H. You see, Mrs Parker - we've found the nautical knot man! This way Ladies, we've arrived!

(Ad lib as the LADIES excitedly gain the stage, supervised by MRS HENDERSON.)

Come along, Ladies, no dawdling! Etc etc...

(The LADIES are now all on stage.)

Well, we're here. You can start your demonstration. **(To WILLY.)**
And are you the sea shanty man?

WILLY. What?

SAM. We're sea shanty men, nautical knot men, whatever tickles your fancy men!

MRS H. I don't need my fancy tickled, thank you very much. We're here for your exhibition.

DORIS. You can tickle my fancy, sailor!

MRS H. Miss Normington!

DORIS. **(to SAM)** Call me Doris.

SAM. I will, Doris – but we've got something much more exciting than nautical knots to share with you, haven't we, Willy?

WILLY. Yes, cos we're actually pirates!

LADIES. PIRATES???!!!

SAM. That's right. And very soon we'll be in the Caribbean, doing all sorts of pirating over there!

LADIES. Pirating in the Caribbean!

SAM. Where it's always sunny and the rum flows free! So, this is the big question. Would you like to be pirates too?

MRS H. Pirates? (**To MRS PARKER.**) Mrs Parker, I really think you've exceeded your brief here! We're here for an afternoon out, not to be press ganged into some cut-throat voyage to the other side of the world!

MRS P. Well, I think pirating is a very jolly idea!

DORIS. I've never been a pirate in panto.

MRS S. I've been an Indian Squaw in the Hunt of Hiawatha!

MRS H. We were all Indian Squaws in the Hunt of Hiawatha!

MRS CB. And we were the fairies in Sleeping Beauty.

MRS TUBB. And Cinderella.

MRS DODD. And Snow White, I was a fairy in Snow White.

DORIS. I was a dwarf.

MRS S. I was a dwarf too!

MRS P. Eleven of us were dwarfs!

SAM. Eleven?!

DORIS. I think it's more fun being a dwarf, but I've never been a pirate.

MRS CB. If I was a pirate, could I have my own line?

SAM. Of course you could! What would you like to say?

MRS CB. Oh, I don't know, er – yo ho ho and a bottle of rum - something like that?

MRS D. Oh, yes! That would be ever so jolly!

MRS P. I want to say "Damn your eyes!" - and wear a sword!

MRS S. So do I! And an eye patch!

(The LADIES excitedly decide that they would like to be pirates.)

**“And me, I want to wear one too!” “I want to wear a beard!”
“I want to wear a blue beard!” “I want a big scar on my
cheek!” etc etc...)**

SAM. In that case, Ladies. Come this way and let’s get you kitted out in all the very latest pirate fashions!

(The LADIES exit excitedly, shepherded by SAM and WILLY.)

MRS H. Ladies, ladies – come back. We don’t want to be pirates in a pantomime! Ladies! Ladies...! **(To Audience.)** Oh, well – in for a penny, in for a pound, I suppose - although I’m going to keel haul Sheila Parker when I get her alone! **(Exits with LADIES.)**

(JENNY pokes her head on the other side, she wears a moustache.)

JENNY. It’s me, Jenny Trelawney. And if girls can’t go to sea, I’ve decided to be a man. **(Enters, she still wears a dress.)** Although, I think I’m going to need a bit more than this facial fuzz.

(We hear a loud whistle off.)

It’s Jim!

(JIM enters, carrying a bundle of clothes.)

Jim!

JIM. Oh, my goodness!

JENNY. What?

JIM. I think I prefer you clean shaven.

JENNY. It’s just pretend, silly. Did you bring the clothes?

JIM. Absolutely, here they are. **(Hands over bundle of clothes.)** But what if your father finds out?

JENNY. So what if he does? Once we’re out to sea he won’t want to turn back, not if it’s hundreds of miles away from home. Anyway, don’t worry. The next time you see me, I’ll be the roughest toughest sea dog in town! **(Suddenly stops.)** You will still – sort of – like me, won’t you? Even if I look ever so manly?

JIM. Of course, I’ll still – sort of – like you.

JENNY. Oh, Jim, you say the sweetest things. Now, you go and find my Dad – and I'll get changed in to these!

(JENNY and JIM exit.

LONG JOHN SILVER and the PIRATES enter.)

SILVER. Well, here we are, lads, Bristol docks – and there's the Hispaniola!

BLOOD B. But there's nobody else here!

GIZZARD S. We're all on our own. Willy and Sam must have messed up.

FRIDGE. I don't like being on my own. I get the willies when I'm on my own.

BLOOD B. You're not on your own, you big wazzock. You're with us!

FRIDGE. Oh, yeah.

SILVER. But where are Seadog and Seaweed? I told 'em to meet us here with at least a dozen new hands! The pair of useless, no good, stayabed, land lubbing, lazy swabs! I'll pulverise the pair of 'em when I see 'em!

(WILLY and SAM enter.)

SAM. Afternoon, Captain. We've just been rounding up the new recruits - and what a bloodthirsty bunch we've found for you, Captain!

SILVER. You have?

WILLY. Lots of them!

SILVER. What did I say, eh, lads? **(Clapping WILLY and SAM on the back.)** Seadog and Seaweed - I'd trust them with me own Mother's life! A bloodthirsty bunch, eh?

SAM. Wait till you see them. They're horrible!

WILLY. Really scarey!

SAM. Savage and ferocious!

SILVER. Well, what are we waiting for? Let's meet them!

(We hear "Yooohoo!" and all the LADIES stream on dressed as pirates.)

Who are you?

(THE LADIES burst into a cheerleading routine with pom poms.)

LADIES. We are PIRATES!
Pirate pride! Pirate pride!
We're stepping up, so step aside!
We're the best, we're here to win
Pirate power's here again!
P-I-R-A-T-E-S!
We - are - PIRATES!!!

(LONG JOHN SILVER and his pirates are gobsmacked.)

SILVER. **(to SAM)** Really scary...?!

SAM. Well, you know....

SILVER. **(exploding)** Savage and ferocious...?!!!

SAM. It was the best we could do, sir!

MRS P. Every year we play the goodies in panto, so this is our chance to have a bit of fun.

MRS CB. And be a bit bad!

DORIS. But not very bad. I don't want to be very bad.

MRS H. None of us are going to be very bad.

FRIDGE. But pirates ARE bad!

SILVER. **(to SAM and WILLY)** You pair of useless, dim-witted, unseaworthy, gnat brained, barnacle crusted -

(POLLY enters.)

POLLY. Captain!

SILVER. What is it, Polly?

POLLY. Squire Trelawney's on his way.

SILVER. Damnation - we still need a crew!

BLOOD B. Maybe we could train 'em up a bit, sir?

SILVER. In five minutes?

MRS CB. We're very keen.

MRS P. Super keen!

SILVER. You need to be more than keen. If you want to be pirates, you need to look tough!

MRS P. Come along, ladies, look tough!

(**LADIES look tough.**)

SILVER. Tougher than that.

MRS H. Tougher than that, Mrs Parker!

MRS P. We are looking tough!

(**MRS PARKER and the LADIES look tougher.**)

SILVER. And sound as if you mean it!

(**LADIES look tough and sound as if they mean it. "Urghh!"**)

GIZZARD S. Maybe they should curse a bit, sir?

SILVER. Yes – let's hear some real pirate cursing. You! (**Points at MRS PARKER.**) Let's hear your worst pirate curse!

MRS P. (**pulls fierce face**) Oh, fiddlesticks!

SILVER. I'm quaking in my boot. And you with the woolly hat – really make my ears bleed! (**Points at MRS SNOOK.**)

MRS S. (**pulls fierce face**) Oh – bother, bother, bother!

SILVER. Gordon Bennett! And you! (**Points at DORIS.**)

DORIS. (**pulls fierce face**) I'll spill your guts all over the deck, you no good, dirty stinking pirate - BUM!!!

(**EVERYONE cheers.**)

SILVER. Not bad, not bad at all!

(**JENNY enters disguised as a man.**)

And who are you?

JENNY. I'm the roughest toughest seadog in town!

SILVER. Then welcome aboard, me heartie!

(The **SQUIRE, MUM HAWKINS and JIM** enter.)

SQUIRE. Ahoy, there, Mr Silver, I see we have a crew! May I present, Mrs Hawkins, who has the map tucked safely into –

MUM. Somewhere only I have the key.

SQUIRE. (to **JENNY**) Do I know you from somewhere?

JENNY. I don't know. Do you?

SQUIRE. You look deuced familiar. Nevermind, I'm sure it'll come to me. Anyway, we sail with the afternoon tide. So, all aboard everyone, for all the spotted dick you can eat!

MUM. And next stop Treasure Island!

NUMBER. CURTAIN.

PART 2. SCENE 6.

Aboard The Hispaniola. Ship's Wheel UC, ideally on rostrum.

(All the PIRATES, together with the WI PIRATES, MUM HAWKINS, JIM HAWKINS, JENNY and SQUIRE TRELAWNEY are revealed. LONG JOHN SILVER has a parrot on his shoulder.

Rousing, sea going NUMBER, at the end of which the SQUIRE is centre.)

SQUIRE. Good morning, me hearties! And what a fine morning it is. I'm delighted to tell you that Treasure Island is now in sight!

(ALL cheer.)

So you can all have a half day holiday!

SILVER. Three cheers for the Squire and the good ship Hispaniola! Hip, hip...

(ALL cheer three times led by SILVER.)

And now, Squire, I'm afraid to tell you that the whole crew has decided to mutiny! Grab 'em, me hearties!!

(BLOOD BOILER grabs MUM, GIZZARD SLITTER grabs JIM and THE FRIDGE grabs the SQUIRE.)

JIM. Let me go!

MUM. What's going on?

SILVER. Nothing personal, but this is a pirate ship now - and we want to take the treasure for ourselves! So hand over the map and maybe we'll go easy on you!

MUM. **(protecting her chest)** I'll do no such thing!

SILVER. Blood Boiler, Gizzard Slitter – get the map!

(BLOOD BOILER and GIZZARD SLITTER go to do what has been asked, but almost immediately pull back.)

BLOOD B. We can't go jiggling about in there!

MUM. Jiggling about!?

GIZZARD S. That's ladies' business, Captain.

SILVER. Don't be such a pair of wusses!

SQUIRE. Mr Silver, I must protest!

SILVER. Oooh, must you?! Any more chat and I'll have you walking the plank before you can say Jack Robinson!

JENNY. You can't make the Squire walk the plank!

SILVER. Oh, no? Who says, I can't? I thought you were the roughest toughest seadog in town – but maybe I was mistaken. Maybe you aren't quite what you seem! **(Whips off her moustache.)** Well, well, well... I'm surprised at you Squire – allowing your daughter to come on a dangerous trip like this!

SQUIRE. Jennifer!

JENNY. I'm sorry, father!

SILVER. **(grabbing JENNY)** Now, any more nonsense and she goes over the side!

JIM. Give him the map, Mum!

JENNY. It's alright, Jim. It's all part of the adventure!

JIM. No, it isn't, Jenny! **(To MUM.)** Just give him the map!

MUM. Alright, alright, I was going to give him the map! **(Goes to fish it out.)** Hang on a second – I can't find it! Excuse me a second. **(Turns her back and tries to find map.)** It's gone!

SILVER. Oh, no it isn't!

MUM. **(turning to Audience)** Oh, yes it is!

SILVER. Oh, no it isn't!

MUM. Oh, yes it is!

SILVER. It isn't, it isn't, it isn't!

MUM. It is, it is, it is!

SILVER. How can it be gone!?!?

MUM. I don't know – it just is!

SILVER. (moving L or R with JENNY) Right! Over the side with her!

JIM. Give him the map, Mum!

MUM. But I haven't got it! I mean – it really is gone!!

DORIS. It's alright. I've got it.

MRS H. Miss Normington!

MUM. How come you've got it?

DORIS. You were having forty winks and it was peeking out. I just wanted to see where we were going, that's all. (**Handing it to SILVER.**) There's no need for all this fuss, you know.

SILVER. Well done, Pirate Miss Normington.

DORIS. I've had it for ages. You only had to ask.

SILVER. Yes, alright. Thank you very much.

DORIS. We can all be pirates without all this grumpy shouting.

SILVER. (**trying to keep his temper**) Yes, alright.

WILLY. Let's all be nice, friendly pirates!

SILVER. Don't be ridiculous! We've got the map, we've won – let them walk the plank, all four of them!

MUM, SQ,
J & J. Walk the plank??!!

SILVER. Run it out, me hearties and we'll keep the treasure for ourselves!

MRS H. Now, just a moment, Mr Silver.

SILVER. What is it now?

MRS H. A pirate ship this may be, but we can't afford to ignore health and safety.

SILVER. What?

MRS H. Walking the plank is inherently dangerous. People could be killed.

SILVER. Yes, I know – that's the whole point!

DORIS. **(pointing at JENNY)** You can't kill her, she's only a girl!

MUM. What about me and my boy?

SQUIRE. And me!

DORIS. You're not girls.

SILVER. Alright, alright! We'll set the girl adrift and those three can walk the plank! Does that satisfy you?

JENNY. If they walk the plank, I walk the plank and I won't take no for an answer!

SILVER. Alright, all four of you can walk the plank, I don't care!

MRS H. No, no, no. I won't have it. Miss Normington's right. You can't kill a girl!

JIM. Or a boy!

MRS H. He's got a point. Ladies, we need to confer.

(The LADIES go briefly into a huddle. POLLY enters.)

POLLY. **(pointing dramatically at SILVER)** Traitor!!!

SILVER. What?

POLLY. What's she doing on your shoulder?

SILVER. It's not how it looks, Polly, I can explain!

POLLY. You don't need to. I'm off!

(Runs off stiffly, waving arms as if to take off.)

SILVER. Polly!

MRS H. Mr Silver, we've decided that even though we're pirates and pirates are meant to be bad, we're not happy with killing a boy either.

SILVER. Oh, very well. Cast the girl and the boy adrift – and let those two walk the plank.

MRS H. And we're not prepared to run out the plank without some sort of risk assessment. It's dangerous.

SILVER. Yes, I know it's dangerous!!

MRS H. Well, you can't do it then.

SILVER. Gizzard Slitter, Blood Boiler and Fridge – run out the plank!

FRIDGE. **(torn)** We don't want to upset the Ladies.

GIZZARD S. They don't think it's right, Captain.

SILVER. Alright, alright – just to keep the Ladies happy – we'll set all four of them adrift.

MUM. With water and provisions, so it's not dangerous.

SILVER. Maybe you'd like cake!

SQUIRE. Oh, that's an awfully good idea, cake would be delicious!

DORIS. Hang on a moment... **(Goes off.)**

SILVER. What now?!

(DORIS reappears immediately with a tin marked CAKE.)

DORIS. Here's one I baked earlier. It might just come in handy. **(Gives MUM a conspiratorial wink.)**

MUM. Thank you, Doris. Come along my dears... Cast adrift, thousands of miles from home! Oh, well - it could be worse, I suppose - at least it's nice and sunny.

(Lights dim suddenly.)

Or maybe not. But still, it could be worse. There could be thunder.

(Loud rumble of thunder.)

But thunder never hurt anybody. It could be worse - there could be storm force wind!

(A large fart is heard. EVERYONE looks at MRS PARKER.)

MRS P. Sorry.

MUM. Nevermind, it could all be a lot worse – there could be lightning!

(Huge flash and clap of lightning.)

SILVER. Yes, alright, alright, we get the idea – now over the side and into the boat.

MUM. **(making to exit)** Oh, well, it could still be worse.

SILVER. Will you shut up!

SQUIRE. **(exiting with MUM, JIM and JENNY)** That's the spirit, Mrs Hawkins - there could be hurricanes and waves the size of houses!

SILVER. **(shouting after him)** I said, shut up!

(Hurricane winds and general storm noises. Light flickers on and off. EVERYONE rushes from one side to the other side as the Ship is repeatedly buffeted by the storm.)

ALL. Aaaah....! Aaaah...! Etc.

BLOOD B. **(at the wheel)** Captain! There's hurricanes and waves the size of houses – and this one's going to catch us!!!

GIZZARD S. It's a monster!

SILVER. You're right. **(Shouting)** Hold tight, everybody! We're going to ride the wave, we're going to surf our way in to Treasure Island!!!!

(ALL scream and run forward into snap BLACKOUT.)

SCENE 7.

Somewhere on Treasure Island. (Frontcloth or tabs.)

SILVER. (shouting off) Polly! Polly, where are you? Polly!

BB, GZ, F. (also shouting off) Here pretty Polly! Here pretty Polly!

(SILVER and the PIRATES enter.)

SILVER. It's no good! I've lost her. She'd never have survived that storm. I've lost the only true friend I ever knew! To think I'll never see her beaky little face again!

BLOOD B. Or stroke her fluffy little feathers! **(Bursts into tears.)**

FRIDGE. Or hear her funny little parrotty voice! **(Bursts into tears.)**

GIZZARD S. And all she ever wanted to do was sit on your shoulder!

SILVER. And I never let her!!! **(Bursts into tears with GIZZARD S.)**

(POLLY enters and watches them.)

If only she were here now, I'd make it up to her. I'd show her what she meant to me.

GIZZARD S. She had years left in her!

SILVER. Seventy-eight and still going strong!

POLLY. Oy, oy – a little less specific with the age, thank you!

ALL. Polly!

BB, GS, F. You're alive!

SILVER. And a good thing too – now you can be of some use.

POLLY. Charming! I thought you were going to make it up to me.

SILVER. That's when I thought you were dead – now you're not, I want you to fly up and have a look around, so we can get our bearings to read the map.

POLLY. I can't fly anymore – I'm too old.

SILVER. Says who?

POLLY. Says me. I can't fly.

SILVER. What's the use in being a parrot if you can't fly!?

POLLY. I could sit on your shoulder.

SILVER. I want you to fly!

POLLY. (**stubbornly**) Can't.

SILVER. Look – all parrots can fly! (**Rips parrot off shoulder and lobs it into the wing.**) See???!

POLLY. That's not flying, it's throwing.

SILVER. No, it isn't. Look, I'll show you! (**Strides into wing and fetches parrot.**) Here little parrot - fly away, fly like a good little birdie! (**Lobs into the other wing.**) See? That's flying!

(**MRS HENDERSON enters L with the WI PIRATES, she carries the parrot.**)

MRS H. Mr Silver, this cruel and heartless behaviour towards your parrots is disgraceful!

MRS CB. Parrots are our feathered friends!

DORIS. And it was very nasty of you to set four innocent people adrift in a storm!

SILVER. But we're pirates – that's what we do!

DORIS. On a nice, sunny day it might have been a bit of fun, but with tsunamis and all sorts, it just wasn't cricket!

MRS H. Quite right, Miss Normington. It's not the way we play the game.

MRS P. I think we should all stop being pirates.

MRS H. May I remind you, Mrs Parker, that it was you that got us into this scrape? But that said, we agreed to be bad this year and we now have to see it through. Where exactly is this treasure, Mr Silver?

SILVER. That's the whole point. I don't know which part of the island we've washed up in!

MRS H. (**taking map**) Let me see. Hmmm... (**Tears map in half.**) I suggest you go one way, we go the other way and we'll see who gets there first. Come along ladies, we'll go this way.

(MRS HENDERSON, POLLY and the WI PIRATES exit, leaving the PIRATES dumbstruck.)

FRIDGE. She tore our map in half.

SILVER. Yes, I know she tore our map in half!

GIZZARD S. What are we going to do now?

SILVER. There's only one thing we can do.

BLOOD B. What's that?

SILVER. We'll go the other way.

(SILVER exits with the PIRATES.

JIM and JENNY enter in the auditorium.)

JIM. Come along, Mum.

JENNY. And you too, Father, you're so slow!

(MUM and SQUIRE enter.)

SQUIRE. I'm exhausted!

MUM. I'm beyond exhausted! I can't believe I was buffeted and bounced all the way ashore in that horrible little boat without once letting go of this cake! I need to sit down.

(Sits on a male audience member.)

Ooh. A nice comfy man. What's your name...? Stanley?
(Shouts across audience.) Sorry, Roger! Stanley was just – available... Now, don't get any funny ideas, Stanley. Just because I've chosen you over Roger.

JIM. Come along, Mum. This is Treasure Island, we need to find the treasure before the others do!

MUM. But we haven't got a map, we don't know where X marks the spot is anymore! And I'm comfy here.

JIM. I know, but we can at least try!

MUM. **(getting up)** Oh, very well. Thank you, Stanley – for your availability... Come along, Squire.

SQUIRE. I don't think I can go another step.

JENNY. (gaining stage) Yes, you can, Father!

SQUIRE. I can't!

JENNY. Yes, you can! (Brightly) Oh, what's that delicious smell? I think it might be spotted dick!

SQUIRE. Really? Where? Up there – are you sure? (Rapidly gains stage.) Where?

JENNY. No, I'm sorry, it's gone. I must have been mistaken.

SQUIRE. No spotted dick?

JENNY. I'm afraid not.

SQUIRE. No traditional fruity sponge?

JENNY. I'm sorry.

SQUIRE. No suet with a hint of citrus zest?

JENNY. Not even a squashed currant.

SQUIRE. I think I want to cry. I'm famished!

MUM. The Squire's right. I'm famished too. I don't think I can take another step without something to eat. So, it's just as well we've got Doris's cake.

SQUIRE. Oh, yes – Doris's cake!

JIM. But we need to try and conserve provisions!

MUM. No chance, sunshine. Cop hold of this tin. (Removes cake from tin and goes to eat it.) Boy - am I going to enjoy this!

JIM. Stop!

MUM. What?

JIM. Look! It's a map!

MUM. A map?

JENNY. Jim's right. It's a map! Doris must have iced the map onto the cake. Look - X marks the spot!

MUM. Well blow me down with a feather – good old Doris! Suddenly, I don't feel so hungry!

SQUIRE. Couldn't we just have a nibble?

JENNY. No, you can't have a nibble!

MUM. You and your nibbling – you're as bad as Stanley!

JENNY. You can't nibble your way to a fortune. We need to follow the cake!

MUM. Come along then, we'll go the pretty way, we need to follow that squiggly pink bit there... Oooh – I can almost smell all that lovely lolly. We are going to be rich!

NUMBER. BLACKOUT.

SCENE 8.

X Marks the Spot. Frontcloth or tabs. A table and chair are set R or L. A big sign proclaims. 'Ben Gunn, Photographer. Welcome to X Marks the Spot'.

BEN GUNN is revealed sat at the table.

BEN. (gloomily) Welcome to X Marks the Spot, an island paradise. (Sighs.) Three years I've been here, selling pictures of the island and it's the same every day. No one ever comes. I don't know why I bother really.

(WILLY and SAM enter in the auditorium.)

WILLY. Look Sam, we've found it! X Marks the Spot – and we did it without the map!

BEN. People! Actual people!!! (To SAM and WILLY) Ahoy there!

S & W. Ahoy there!

SAM. Who are you?

BEN. Ben Gunn's the name. Ship's photographer. Shipwrecked and marooned on this island three years ago. You're the first people I've seen ever since! Would you like a souvenir picture?

SAM. We can't stop for pictures, we're hunting for treasure.

WILLY. And X Marks the Spot is where it is!

BEN. Not any more it isn't, I dug it all up ages ago. Left a huge hole.

SAM. You what?!

BEN. I can sell you a photo of the hole.

SAM. Is that all there is?

BEN. No, the hole's gone. I filled it back in.

(SILVER and the PIRATES enter.)

SILVER. Look lads! We've found it! X Marks the Spot – just as it said on the map! We're rich! I mean mega mega mega rich!

(The PIRATES cheer and start chanting. "Rich, rich, rich...! etc.")

Hang on, hang on – Sam and Willy – they’re here too!

WILLY. We found it Captain!

SILVER. You have?

WILLY. It was in a hole.

SILVER. What?

SAM. But it’s all gone and not even the hole’s left.

WILLY. Though Mr Gunn can sell you a picture of the hole if you want. He’s a photographer.

SILVER. I don’t want a picture of his stupid hole! We’ve come half way round the world to find treasure!

BEN. You came in a ship?

SILVER. Of course we came in a ship.

BEN. Well, in that case, I could maybe tell you where I put the treasure...

SILVER. You could...?

BEN. In return for a share and your promise to take me back to England.

SILVER. Done, Mr Gunn! You’ll sail back to England a rich man! Where is it?

BEN. Somewhere safe.

SILVER. Somewhere safe?

BEN. Somewhere very very very safe!

SILVER. Well, what are we waiting for? Let’s go and get it, where is it?!

BEN. **(pointing)** Just over there in the Haunted Grotto at Deadman’s Cave.

(SILVER and the PIRATES are instantly deflated.)

SILVER. What?

BEN. Watched over by all manner of ghosts and the ghost of the most evil pirate who ever lived - Captain Bloodheart!

BB, GS & F. Captain Bloodheart!!??

BEN. Shipwrecked on the Island and determined to wreak his wicked vengeance on the living.

SAM. I've just remembered!

SILVER. What?

SAM. I think we left the iron on. We'd better get back to the ship. Come on, Willy! (**Grabs WILLY and hastily exits.**)

SILVER. Come back here, you lily livered poltroons!

BLOOD B. (**pointing to SILVER'S shoulder**) Maybe if we send in the parrot...?

SILVER. Send in the parrot??!!

BLOOD B. See if she comes back out again?

FRIDGE. Or maybe she'll be murdered to death by ghosts!

BEN. The ghosts aren't any trouble during the day – they only come out at night. But we can't go now.

SILVER. Why not?

BEN. Cos Night falls quick in these parts.

(**Snap BLACKOUT and loud thump.**)

Night's fallen... We'll wait till dawn and get a bite to eat. There's coconut, coconut, or coconut. You better come with me.

(**ALL PIRATES exit with BEN GUNN.**)

(**off**) You haven't got any cake, have you? I could murder a nice bit of cake.

SILVER. (**off**) There'll be cake a plenty aboard ship – half our crew are most enthusiastic bakers!

BEN. (**off**) Sounds right up my street!

(**MUM's head pokes head on cautiously. She carries a torch which lights her face. She looks back into wing and puts a finger to her lips.**)

MUM. Ssssh!

SQUIRE. **(also pokes head on, face lit by torch)** A fellow cake lover!

MUM. I said Sssh!

J & J. **(also poke their heads on, faces lit by torches)** Sssssh!

MUM. Nevermind cakes, what do we do about the treasure?

JIM. We'll just have to go in and get it tonight.

MUM. What?!

JENNY. Jim's right. It's our only chance to beat Long John Silver at his own game.

MUM. But how do we get past Captain Bloodheart and all his ghosts?

JIM. We'll fool them. The sail on that boat we came in on was as thin as a sheet – we'll tear it up and disguise ourselves as ghosts!

JENNY. Brilliant!

SQUIRE. Now just a second, Jennifer –

JENNY. Have you got a better idea?

SQUIRE. Er... any ideas, Mrs Hawkins...?

MUM. I'm afraid not.

JIM. Then that's decided. We go in tonight!

JENNY. How exciting! We could all be dead in the morning! Let's go!

SQUIRE. What, now?

JENNY. Yes, now!

(All four torches go out simultaneously – BLACKOUT.)

SCENE 9.

The Haunted Grotto at Deadman's Cave. Fullset.

Spooky DANCE or UV sequence, involving SKELETONS, GHOSTS, ZOMBIE MARINERS etc etc...

As they exit, MUM, SQUIRE, JENNY and JIM enter in the auditorium dressed in white sheets as ghosts.

JIM. This is it, we're in the cave now, there's no going back.

SQUIRE. I can't see anything.

MUM. You've got your costume on back to front, silly. **(Turns costume around for SQUIRE.)**

JENNY. There seem to be an awful lot of people!

MUM. I know, but don't worry, they're probably dead... Oh, look – there's Stanley.

JIM. Mum, we need to hurry up!

MUM. Yes, of course, dear. Let's go up there and see what we can see...

(Ad lib as they ALL gain the stage.)

JIM. Look, there's a sign – it says 'Treasure'!

JENNY. And it's pointing over there!

JIM. Let's go and have a look.

(They ALL go off R. The sign – hinged and with fishing line – magically moves and points L.)

(off) It's very dark!

JENNY. **(off)** And hard to see!

MUM. **(off)** Let's try the other way. **(Reappearing.)** Look, silly, you took us the wrong way. It's this way.

(They reappear in a line. Two additional White Sheet GHOSTS tag on the back.)

We'll try over here. **(To Audience.)** What...? Ghosts...? Yes, I know we've dressed up as ghosts. It's so we won't be noticed.

(They ALL go off L. The sign magically moves to point back the other way.)

(off) Which way do we go now?

JIM. **(off)** I don't know.

JENNY. **(head popping back on, pointing R)** Look! It was that way all along!

MUM. **(leading everyone back on)** That's funny. Alright then, we'll try again that way.

(They reappear in a line. Now, there are four White Sheet GHOSTS tagged on the back.)

(To Audience.) What's that...? Ghosts...? Look, I've told you. It's a disguise. We're all dressed as ghosts, all four – **(Turns to see the other ghosts)** five... six... seven... eight of us...!

ALL. Aaaah!!!!

(Short comedy chase, ending with the SQUIRE backing on cautiously one side and MUM the other. They bump into each other.)

BOTH. Aaaah!!!!

(They turn, see each other and run back the way they came, colliding with JENNY and JIM, who are entering R and L. They scream.)

JENNY. } Dad!
JIM. } Mum!

JENNY. **(lifting off her sheet)** Look, it's me!

JIM. **(lifting off his sheet)** And me!

SQUIRE. Jenny!

MUM. Jim! **(lifting off her sheet)** Oooh, I'm too old for all this caper.

SQUIRE. **(lifting off his sheet)** Me too.

JIM. Well, we're still in one piece.

MUM. You're right. Maybe those ghosts aren't so dangerous after all.

SQUIRE. Do you think there's anything to eat?

JENNY. Dad, don't be ridiculous!

JIM. We need to find the treasure before Long John Silver and his Crew.

JENNY. Exactly. Just as long as evil Captain Bloodheart doesn't find us first!

MUM. Ooh. I wish you hadn't mentioned that. Gives me the collywobbles just to think of it. **(To Audience.)** You will tell us if you see him, won't you?

(The ghost of CAPTAIN BLOODHEART enters.)

Yes, alright, alright – but you only have to tell us if you actually see him. What – you can see him...? Are you sure...? Really...?

(BLOODHEART exits.)

You're having us on. I don't believe you. **(Turns round.)** Look - there's nobody there at all! I reckon you were just trying to scare us.

SQUIRE. Well, they've made me scared.

JENNY. And they've even made me a little bit scared.

JIM. Maybe if we sing a song that would help us to feel a bit braver.

MUM. Alright then, let's sing... **(Choose song.)** Altogether – after four. Four!

ALL. **(They start to sing. BLOODHEART enters, crosses behind the group and taps JIM on the shoulder. JIM turns, sees BLOODHEART, cries out and is chased off by him. The OTHERS continue singing ignoring the Audience. They then break off.)**

MUM. What are you shouting about this time?

JENNY. Where's Jim?

(Audience shout.)

MUM. What? Captain Bloodheart? Are you sure? You are? Well, we'll just have to sing it again then, won't we?

(They start singing. BLOODHEART enters and taps JENNY on the shoulder. She turns, sees BLOODHEART, cries out and is chased off by him. The other two continue singing, ignoring the AUDIENCE. They then break off.)

MUM What is it this time?

SQUIRE. Where's Jenny?

(AUDIENCE shout.)

MUM. What? That Bloodheart again? Are you sure? You are? Well, we'll just have to sing it again then, won't we?

(They start singing. BLOODHEART enters and taps the SQUIRE on the shoulder. The SQUIRE turns and sees BLOODHEART, cries out and is chased off by him.)

MUM. Yes, what is it? And where's the Squire? Captain Bloodheart? No, I don't want to believe you. I'll just have to sing it again then, won't I?

(MUM sings. BLOODHEART enters and taps her on the shoulder. Slowly, she turns to face him. BLOODHEART screams and runs off.)

MUM. Well, really... What a puny ghost! I don't know why we worried.

JIM. (off) Mum! Look!

(JIM and JENNY enter carrying a chest.)

JENNY. We've found the treasure! It must be worth millions!!

JIM. And there's loads more round the corner!

(MUM opens chest.)

MUM. Oh, my goodness! There's a fortune in here!

SQUIRE. (off) Mrs Hawkins! Mrs Hawkins! **(Enters, dragging another chest.)** Look – I've found the treasure!

JENNY. Even more of it!

JIM. Let's see! **(Opens chest.)**

MUM. It's not treasure.

JIM. No, but it's maybe just as useful. Now we can defend ourselves!
(Takes out a large, brightly coloured water gun.)

(The OTHERS enthusiastically take out three more water guns.)

JENNY. Does everyone know how these things work?

MUM. Oh, I should think so – like this. (Sprays Audience.)

SQUIRE. You mean like this? (Sprays Audience.)

JIM. Absolutely. The trick is to give the trigger a really good hard pull.
(Sprays Audience.)

JENNY. Like this! (Sprays Audience.) Now, we're ready for anything!

(We hear a loud cock crow.)

JIM. That must be dawn breaking.

SILVER. (off) Come on lads, it's safe. In you go and fetch out the treasure!

JENNY. They're coming!

JIM. We're ready for them. Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes!

(SILVER enters with the PIRATES.)

SILVER. Well, well, well – what have we here? Thought you'd beat us to it, did you? Too bad you won't live to see the noon day sun! Get 'em lads!

JIM. Fire!

SCENE 9a. (NB. The action is continuous.)

Water Guns at Dawn! Tabs

The four GOODIES squirt the PIRATES, who all recoil, allowing the GOODIES to escape in to the auditorium.

The PIRATES chase after them with SILVER remaining downstage exhorting his PIRATES to catch the GOODIES.

NB. As soon as possible, the Tabs are drawn to allow the scene change behind to take place.

Meanwhile, in the auditorium mayhem is breaking out, as the PIRATES chase after the GOODIES who fire at them with the water guns, accidentally on purpose also catching the audience.

Eventually, the PIRATES escape back to SILVER on stage, where he and the PIRATES run off.)

JIM. We've won!

ALL. Hooray! We did it! We did it! We did it!

SQUIRE. Oh, I'm pooped. Do you think we could all have a bit of Doris's cake?

JENNY. Do you know - I really think we could!

JIM. So do I. Where is it?

MUM. Oh, dear. I left it just outside the cave.

SQUIRE. But we know where the cave is now.

MUM. I know, but so do the pirates!

JIM. They'll have gone back for the treasure!

JENNY. Oh, no - we'll have to go and chase them off again!

(MRS HENDERSON enters with the WI PIRATES, a lot of them are armed with cutlasses, which they put to the GOODIES' throats etc.)

MRS H. Not so fast! We're the pirates too, remember!

MUM. Mrs Henderson!

MRS H. Pirate Henderson to you, Mrs Hawkins! Just think what all that treasure will do for the Village Hall Restoration fund!

MUM. But you can't - I mean - **(To DORIS)** Doris!

DORIS. I'm really sorry about this, Mrs Hawkins. I did my best to help, but we're being bad this year in panto.

MRS H. We'll take those, thank you.

(The WI PIRATES relieve the GOODIES of their water guns.)

Pirate Parker.

MRS P. Yes, Mrs Henderson – I mean, Pirate Henderson.

MRS H. Take six ladies to help Captain Silver unload the treasure from the cave. Meanwhile, we'll escort the prisoners back to the Hispaniola.

MRS P. Yes, Pirate Henderson. Before we go – could we all just sing a pirate song?

(The WI PIRATES all agree excitedly.)

MRS H. I don't see why not. It is panto after all.

(The WI PIRATES all sing.)

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum,
Fifteen men on a dead man's chest!
Drink and the devil had done for the rest,
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
P - I - R - A - T - E - S
We - are - PIRATES!!!!

(BLACKOUT.)

SCENE 10.

The Lagoon. Full set. Maybe the prow of the Hispaniola is visible upstage.

WILLY and SAM stagger on exhausted.

WILLY. How many chests of treasure have we loaded aboard?

SAM. Twenty-two. We're rich men.

WILLY. We're all rich men.

SAM. And women. It's equal opportunities here on the Hispaniola – and this afternoon, we sail back to Bristol!

(SILVER enters with the PIRATES.)

SILVER. There you are, you lazy lubbers. Have you finished yet?

SAM. Aye aye, Captain, all safely stored and stowed away.

SILVER. Excellent! **(Calling.)** Bring out the prisoners!

MRS H. **(off)** Bring out the prisoners!

MRS P. **(off)** Bring out the prisoners! **(Entering.)** Left right, left right, left right....etc.

(MRS HENDERSON and MRS PARKER and the WI PIRATES march out with MUM, SQUIRE, JIM and JENNY at cutlass point.)

MRS P. Halt! All four prisoners present and correct, Pirate Henderson!

MRS H. All four prisoners present and correct Captain Silver!

JENNY. All four prisoners fed up with being treated like this. I demand that you release us immediately!

PIRATES. **(derisively)** Ooooh!

SILVER. You do, do you?

JIM. Yes, she does and so do I!

MUM. Me too! We found the treasure.

SQUIRE. And it's my ship and it's not fair! **(Bursts into tears.)**

SILVER. Well, I'm very sorry about that – but this is the pirate way!
(Laughs wickedly with the PIRATES.

Then the WI PIRATES laugh wickedly.)

We scorn your tears! We laugh at your weakness!

(SILVER leads PIRATES in wickedly laughing at their weakness.

Then MRS HENDERSON leads the WI PIRATES in laughing at their weakness.)

No share in the treasure for you and a bigger share in the treasure for us!

(Again, SILVER leads the PIRATES in laughing at the GOODIES, followed by MRS HENDERSON leading the WI PIRATES in laughing at the GOODIES.)

And that's why we're going to leave you here on the island to rot, moulder and to die!!

(SILVER and the PIRATES roar with wicked laughter.

The WI PIRATES are suddenly po-faced.)

MRS P. That seems a bit much.

MRS H. Captain Silver, we can't possibly leave them here to rot, moulder and to die.

MRS P. We know the Squire socially.

SILVER. I don't care how you know him!

MRS B. He judges all our competitions.

MRS CB. And his visits to nibble my Battenbergs are the highlight of my week!

SILVER. Well, I'm very sorry about that – but we're pirates!

MRS CB. Then I resign. I don't want to be a pirate anymore. And if it means leaving the WI, then so be it!

MRS H. Daphne!

DORIS. I think all this pirating has gone far enough.

MRS P &
MRS S. Here, here!

BLOOD B. We could let them go, Captain.

GIZZARD S. And be a bit flexible...

FRIDGE. We don't want to upset the ladies.

SILVER. Will you shut up! Or else I'll make you slit their throats one by one!

MRS H. Captain Silver, I think you've crossed a line!

DORIS. I agree - and it's time to bring out the black spot!

(All the PIRATES draw back in terror.)

PIRATES. Not the black spot!

DORIS. It's in my bag.

(DORIS takes black spot out of large handbag. SILVER shrinks away from her.)

Here we are, Captain Silver. This is for you. The black spot.
(Gives SILVER black spot.)

SILVER. Aaah! I don't want it! **(Slaps it on GIZZARD SLITTER.)**

GIZZARD S. Neither do I! You have it! **(Slaps it on BLOOD BOILER.)**

BLOOD B. That's not fair. He gave it to you!

(BLOOD BOILER slaps it back on GIZZARD SLITTER. They rapidly slap it back and forth on to each other, until GIZZARD SLITTER appears to throw it across the stage, where it lands with a bonk from the pit on SAM, who has one previously hidden in his hand.)

SAM. Aaaah! The black spot, I've got the black spot – I'm too young to die!

WILLY. Get rid of it, Sam!

SAM. You're right, Seaweed. I will. **(Grasping his hand)** You're a true friend.

(WILLY realises that he now has the black spot in his hand.)

WILLY. Aaaaah! I've got the black spot! I've got the black spot! I've got the black spot! Get off me, get off me!

(WILLY flings off the black spot which appears to land on the FRIDGE.)

FRIDGE. Aaaaah! Now, I've got the black spot and it's not fair! I don't want to be a pirate. I want to be an accountant! **(Bursts into tears.)**

(JIM breaks free and goes to the FRIDGE.)

JIM. Oh, give it to me!

JENNY. Jim, be careful.

JIM. It's alright, Jenny. This black spot belongs – and will be returned to one man only. Long John Silver.

(JIM plants the spot firmly on SILVER'S chest, where it stays.)

SILVER. Aaaaah! The black spot! I'm doomed! Doomed! Doomed!

MUM. Oh, dear. We had this whole business with Billy Bones!

SILVER. **(tragically collapsing against the pros)** Cut down before my time! A dead man walking!

DORIS. It's just a black spot. I could always put it back in my bag.

SILVER. What...? You could?

DORIS. But you'd need to promise to be good. If you want to be a pirate, you've got to be nice.

SILVER. I could be nice. I could be very nice.

BLOOD B. I want to be nice too.

GIZZARD S. I want to be really nice.

WILLY. And me.

SAM. And me.

FRIDGE. And me. I want to be the nicest – and a little bit cuddly.

DORIS. **(to SILVER)** So do you give your word to be nice?

SILVER. Yes, I give my word, I want to be nice!

DORIS. And good. Do you promise to be good?

SILVER. Yes, alright, I promise to be good!

(**POLLY enters with BEN GUNN.**)

POLLY. And do you promise to be kind to parrots?

SILVER. Polly! Yes, alright, I'll be kind to parrots – you can even go on my shoulder if you like.

POLLY. I don't need to go on your shoulder. Mr Gunn here gave me a piggy back.

BEN. I guess, three years on a desert island, teaches a man how to treat a parrot.

POLLY. It certainly does.

JIM. And what are we going to do with all the treasure?

JENNY. We'll give it all away!

ALL. (**aghast**) WHAT???!!

JENNY. Well, half of it – at least half of it - and there'll still be plenty to go round.

JIM. Jenny's right, there are all sorts of good things we can do –

JENNY. And talking of good things, Jim and I want to get married.

SQUIRE. But, Jennifer –

JENNY. What?

MUM. (**to JENNY**) He just wants to congratulate you and wish you a long and happy life together. (**To SQUIRE**) Just think, you'll be able to visit your grandchildren, have spotted dick every Sunday and there'll be a great big cake at the wedding!

SQUIRE. Well, if you put it like that –

BEN. And I'll take the photos!

MRS H. Are you a photographer, Mr Gunn?

BEN. I certainly am!

MRS H. Do you do calendar shoots?

BEN. Calendar shoots?

DORIS. That's a brilliant idea! We could stop all this pirating and become glamour models instead! I could be Miss January!

BEN. I'll go and get my camera! **(Exits.)**

MUM. So, it's back to dear old Bristol!

SQUIRE. With lots of treasure!

SILVER. Good intentions!

JENNY. Engaged to be married!

MUM. And with some sexy holiday snaps to take back home!

MRS H. Line up ladies – we need to look confident, sensual and sassy!

SILVER. What about us?

MRS P. You can look confident, sensual and sassy too!

(BEN reappears with a large, old fashioned camera.)

BEN. Get in position, folks. Let's make this a good one!

(EVERYONE poses for a photo.)

Say cheese!

ALL. Cheese!

(There is a flash – and into NUMBER. “Flash Bang Wallop” would be excellent here.

BLACKOUT.)

SCENE 11.

Songtime. Front Cloth or Tabs.

MUM is revealed.

MUM. Are you having a good time? (**AUDIENCE reaction.**) I said – are you having a good time...?! Fantastic – me too. Well, here we are, back in Bristol. Jim and Jenny are getting married. You wouldn't believe the makeover the WI are planning for the village hall – and all the pirates around here are so nice and helpful! All we need now is a good, old fashioned, sea going sing song. Would you like to sing a song? (**AUDIENCE response.**) I said, would you like to sing a song? (**AUDIENCE response.**) Brilliant – 'cos we've got nothing else to do - all we need now is a song...

(MUSIC. Songsheet descends.)

Would you believe it? Anyone would think we'd rehearsed this! Shall I teach it to you....?

(Ad lib songsheet, following local customs and traditions. At some point SAM and WILLY, or the SQUIRE can be brought on to assist.)

Well, I've got to make myself look quite unspeakably lovely for the wedding –

So, you can sing it all one more time with Sam and Willy!

SAM. Right everyone, it's the last time, so let's go really bonkers.

WILLY. And also sing it very loud!

SAM. Thank you (**Name of MD**)!

(The song is sung for the last time, at the end of which SAM and WILLY exit waving.

BLACKOUT.)

SCENE 12.

The Wedding. Fullset.

(Walkdown. ALL turn in as JIM and JENNY meet UC.)

MUM. Hip, hip!

ALL. Hooray!

JIM. We fell in love and at first sight,

JENNY. Our stars were crossed, but now they're right.

SILVER. We once were bad, but now we're good,

FRIDGE. And think of others like we should.

SQUIRE. We've had adventures beyond measure,

SAM. And came home safe to share our treasure.

MRS H. We women were the ones that won it,

DORIS. Us and the black spot, that's what done it!

MUM. But every step, we took it with you.
So, goodnight, God bless -

ALL. And safe home too!

(Reprise a NUMBER.

FINAL CURTAIN.)