

TREASURE ISLAND

BY

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ADAPTED BY

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DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.

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TREASURE ISLAND was first performed on the Olivier stage of the National Theatre, London, England, on December 3, 2014. It was directed by Polly Findlay; the set design was by Lizzie Clachan; the lighting design was by Bruno Poet; the music was by Dan Jones and John Tams; the sound design was by Dan Jones; the fight direction was by Bret Yount; and the movement was by Jack Murphy. The cast was as follows:

JIM HAWKINS	Patsy Ferran
GRANDMA	Gillian Hanna
BILL BONES	Aidan Kelly
DR. LIVESEY	Helena Lymbery
SQUIRE TRELAWNEY/PARROT	Nick Fletcher
MRS. CROSSLEY	Alexandra Maher
RED RUTH	Heather Dutton
JOB ANDERSON	Raj Bajaj
SILENT SUE	Lena Kaur
BLACK DOG	Daniel Coonan
BLIND PEW	David Sterne
CAPTAIN SMOLLETT	Paul Dodds
LONG JOHN SILVER	Arthur Darvill
LUCKY MICKY	Jonathan Livingstone
JOAN THE GOAT	Clare-Louise Cordwell
ISRAEL HANDS	Angela de Castro
DICK THE DANDY	David Langham
KILLIGREW THE KIND	Alistair Parke
GEORGE BADGER	Oliver Birch
GREY	Tim Samuels
BEN GUNN	Joshua James
SHANTY MAN	Roger Wilson
PARROT	Ben Thompson

CHARACTERS

Admiral Benbow Inn

JIM HAWKINS, JUNIOR—a teenage girl dressed like a boy

GRANDMA HAWKINS—a landlady

DOCTOR LIVESEY—a doctor and thinker

SQUIRE TRELAWNEY—a squire with a big mouth

MRS. CROSSLEY—drinker and churchgoer

RED RUTH—future crew member

JOB ANDERSON—future crew member

LUCKY MICKY—future crew member

SHANTY BAND MAN—various singers and musicians

Visitors

BILL BONES—haunted villain

BLACK DOG—eight-fingered villain

BLIND PEW—blind villain

Crew of the *Hispaniola* ...

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT—captain

LONG JOHN SILVER—one-legged cook, charmer, and villain

JOAN THE GOAT—headbutter

ISRAEL HANDS—clumsy Spaniard

DICK THE DANDY—pirate vogueist

KILLIGREW THE KIND—gentle killer

GEORGE BADGER—malcontent

GREY—a grey, forgettable character

CAPTAIN FLINT—a parrot

Island Inhabitants

BEN GUNN—marooned cabin boy

Treasure:

1. wealth stored or accumulated, esp. in the form of precious metals, gold and silver coins
2. a store of anything valuable
3. anything valued and presented as precious
4. to hold or keep as precious

“No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main.”

—John Donne

TREASURE ISLAND

1. An Inn...

Black Cove, South West England.

Above us, all the stars of the Northern Hemisphere in the incredible darkness of 18th-century England...

Under the sky... On the world's edge...

Jim Hawkins, Junior... A teenage girl in boys' attire... She sees the audience and ...

JIM. Men various
Have chosen *me* to tell *you*
From *beginning* to *end*
Keeping nothing back but its *bearings*
All the particulars about Treasure Island...

Crows and rooks caw...

The bitter spiteful winter both my parents died
Before I could read this bright page above us
My old Grandma and I

GRANDMA. Not so much of the "old"!

JIM. ...ran the Admiral Benbow Inn
Above Black Cove

A fire blazes into being...

GRANDMA. *Head-in-Dreams!!!*
Work!!!!

JIM. I *hated* work.

And Jim multi-tasks as...

Old, overused things break for her as...

On the very *coldest* of days

With no *food* in my belly
GRANDMA. Or in *mine*
JIM. The *First* arrived and the *terrible* dreams began

2. The First

*Arriving from a far distant perspective with a large sea chest...
Bill Bones...*

BONES. Don't sing!

But the terrible singing continues...

Don't sing in my head!!!

Sees Jim.

This is a pleasant-sittyated grog shop, *and* a handy cove.

Much company, mate?

JIM. Precious little

BONES. What's your name, swab?

JIM. Jim Hawkins, sir.

BONES. Be you boy or be you girl?

JIM. That be *my* business.

BONES. Then this be *my* business, take my sea chest and stow it
safe.

This is the berth for me.

*Although a spectacularly old woman, Grandma lifts the heavy,
huge sea chest with ease...*

GRANDMA. *Paying guest!!!*

Thank you, Heavens!!!

BONES. I'm Billy Bones. I'm a plain man. Rum, bacon, and eggs
is what I want

and that head up there to watch the road *thiswards*, and ships arriving
thatwards...

JIM. Yes, Mr. Bones

BONES. Yes, *Captain*

JIM. Yes, Captain

BONES. This...

He throws down three/four gold pieces...

For my vittles and grog. Jim Hawkins.

GRANDMA. And food for *us*, Jim!

Bones seizes Jim in a painful grip.

BONES. Tell me, if ye *dare*, when I've worked through
Keep a weather eye open *always* for a seafaring man with *one leg*
and let *no thing at all* near that chest!

He looks out to sea, along the road, everywhere...

JIM. *Yes Captain!*

BONES. *Grog!*

JIM. He stays.

He drinks

in all weather foul or fair.

From dawn's earliest light

through all the long hard day to darkest night

we watch the road, the sea

like Hawks, like Eagles for a one-legged man ...

so long so hard so *afear'd*

I begin to see this one-legged ghou! in my dreams!

GRANDMA. *Head-in-Clouds!*

Paying Customers!!!

JIM. He stays

He drinks *mightily* and watches *always* for this one-legged seafaring
man who now *lives* in my nightmares!

I think how he might have lost his leg!!!!

Benbow customers become nightmare leg-choppers!

RED RUTH. Hold still!!!

FIRST UNLUCKY AMPUTEE. Aaaarrggggghhhhhhhhhhhhh!

SECOND UNLUCKY AMPUTEE. Aaaarrggggghhhhhhhhhhhhh!

THIRD UNLUCKY AMPUTEE. Aaaarrggggghhhhhhhhhhhhh!

JIM. Or was always a monstrous kind of creature who *never* had
but one leg

And that *in the middle* of his body!

A terrible cart goes by with a man so configured.

GRANDMA. Jim! Folks is thirsty

Large brandy, Dr. Livesey? It's medicinal...

DOCTOR. It's not, Mrs. Hawkins... But yes.

GRANDMA. Brandy, *BrainGone!*

BONES. Sing me to distraction, would ye?

I'll sing *ye* to distraction!

These *landlubbers* will drown your voices!!!

Sing!

“Fifteen men on the dead man’s chest

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum...”

He takes out his knife.

Damn you all, *sing or I'll cut ye!*

ALL CUSTOMERS. (*Sing, bullied...*)

“Drink and the devil had done for the rest—

Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum...”

SQUIRE. Stop that *infernal* racket!

I cannot hear myself *drink!*

BONES. Sing!

ALL CUSTOMERS.

“...and a bottle of rum...”

SQUIRE. Silence!

BONES. *Sing!*

SQUIRE. *Silence!!!!*

Some competitive fist-thumping, until Bones rises and crosses to stand over the Squire... Between them, with jug, Jim...

JIM. (*Whispers.*) Squire Trelawney was Black Cove’s most *important* fellow

BONES. I’ve lived my life among the wickedest men that God ever allowed on the sea... *Do not cross me!*

SQUIRE. Were you addressing me, sir?

BONES. I *was* addressing you sir!

SQUIRE. *One* word, sir, if you keep on drinking rum, the world will soon be quit of a very dirty rascal

Bones draws a huge knife. Puts it to Squire’s throat...

BONES. Sing!!!

SQUIRE.

“Fifteen men on a dead / man’s chest...”

Others join in ...

“Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum...”

The Doctor erupts...

TREASURE ISLAND

by Robert Louis Stevenson

adapted by Bryony Lavery

16M, 6W

It's a dark, stormy night. The stars are out. Jim, the innkeeper's granddaughter, opens the door to a terrifying stranger. At the old sailor's feet sits a huge sea-chest, full of secrets. Jim invites him in—and her dangerous voyage begins. Robert Louis Stevenson's classic tale of murder, money, and mutiny is brought to life in this thrilling adaptation.

"Jim Hawkins becomes a girl rebelling against gender roles in this imaginative adaptation, which keeps alive the wit and excitement of the book... it offers variations on Stevenson's original without vandalising it... This version, like the book, is a tribute to the wit, honour and resourcefulness of children..."
—**The Guardian (US)**

"... remarkable... Bryony Lavery's sharply written adaptation makes Jim Hawkins a Jemima... and lights up the ambiguous centre of Robert Louis Stevenson's story."
—**The Observer (UK)**

"Bryony Lavery [has] taken Robert Louis Stevenson's classic pirate story by force, and given it quite the refit. TREASURE ISLAND boasts pace, daring, [and] gruesome comedy..."
—**Time Out (London)**

Also by Bryony Lavery
FROZEN

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