

SCENE 6: *Lights up/Curtain open. The PIRATES talk amongst themselves while SILVER and JIM sit together. DR. LIVESEY enters SL.*

DR. LIVESEY: Fortress ahoy! Doctor's visit!

SILVER: Doctor! Top of the morning to you, sir! Bright and early to be sure. As the saying goes, 'tis the early bird as gets the rations. (SILVER crosses CS.) We've quite a surprise for you too, sir. Rascal came and gave us a visit, he did. Slept like a true sailor right alongside ol' Long John.

DR. LIVESEY: Not Jim?

SILVER: The same Jim as ever was.

DR. LIVESEY: Well, duty first and pleasure afterwards, as you might have said yourself, Silver. Let's have a look at some of your crew.

(DR. LIVESEY goes amongst the PIRATES, holding his hand to their foreheads, and taking their pulse.)

DR. LIVESEY: You've all been taking your medicine, I see. You've had a close shave, gentlemen. Sleeping in your wet clothes had led you to your fevers, and only by getting into something dry did you manage to save yourselves.

PIRATE 1: I be startin' to think that death by fever is as appealin' as your medicine.

DR. LIVESEY: That may well be. And now, I should wish to have a talk with that boy, please.

PIRATE 2: No!

SILVER: Silence, you! (SILVER turns towards DR. LIVESEY.) We're all grateful-like for your kindness, Doctor. As such, I'm willing to extend a little good faith as to show my trust. Jim, would you promise not to run away, like a good lad?

JIM: Yes, Silver.

SILVER: Then, doctor, you have a nice chat with Jim. (DR. LIVESEY crosses SL. SILVER and JIM cross SL.) You'll make note of this here also, doctor. 'Twas my life I laid on the line for Jim, and got myself demoted for it too. Jim here will lay to it. Now, doctor, you mightn't find it too much, mayhap, to put in a good word for one such as myself?

DR. LIVESEY: I can't say that I feel at all inclined to help you, Silver.

SILVER: Doctor, as I told Jim but last night. I'm sided with the Squire now. I'm but a hairsbreadth from the crew mutinying on me. You'll speak me fair, doctor, and give me a bit o' hope to go on for the sake of mercy.

DR. LIVESEY: Why, John, you're afraid?

SILVER: I'm no coward, but it'd be a fool as to say that he don't fear a mutiny or swinging! You're a good man and true; I've never seen a better man! Don't say you'll forget the good that I've done as I know you won't soon forget the bad. I'll step aside here and let you have a word with Jim now.

(SILVER steps off to the side, leaving DR. LIVESEY and JIM standing together.)

DR. LIVESEY: So, Jim. Here you are. Heaven knows what thoughts were going through your head, but try to tell me why you deserted everyone?

JIM: Doctor, you might find it in you to forgive me. I have blamed myself enough for leaving you. It's likely that I'll soon die by gun or cutlass, but doctor what I fear is torture.

DR. LIVESEY: Jim, I can't have this. Let's run for it.

JIM: I can't do that, Doctor. I gave my word.

DR. LIVESEY: I know, I know! We can't help that, Jim. I'll take it on my shoulders if there is to be recompense. But you cannot stay here. One word of agreement from you and we are off like gazelles.

JIM: No, you know right well that you wouldn't do the thing yourself, nor would the Squire or Captain Smollett, and no more will I. Silver trusts me. But doctor, if they come to torture me, I might let slip a word of where the ship is, for it was I who took her back. She lies in the North inlet.

DR. LIVESEY: You regained the ship for us?

JIM: Yes, Doctor.

DR. LIVESEY: There is a kind of fate in this. Every step of this journey, it has been you who has saved our lives. Do you now suppose that we would let you lose yours? That would be a poor thanks, I should think. You discovered the plot to mutiny, you found Gwen—By the stars! Speaking of Gwen—Silver! *(SILVER crosses to them again.)* I'll give you a piece of advice: Don't you be in any great hurry after that treasure.

SILVER: I'm sorry, sir. But the boys are packing up and ready to go. If I make my stake to delay, they'll be about our ears in a oars' stroke with their cutlasses. It's by going after the treasure that's saving our lives.

DR. LIVESEY: Well, Silver, if that be so, I'll go one step further. Be on the watch for mutiny and bloodshed when you find it.

SILVER: I haven't asked many questions these past days, sir. But this is enough! Why you've given me the map? Never asked. Yet I do as you bid without so much as a word of hope! If you won't tell me what you mean plain out, just say so and I'll turn in my crutch here and now.

DR. LIVESEY: No. I've no right to say more. It is not my secret, you see, Silver, or I would tell you all, upon my word. And as for a bit of hope, Silver, I'll tell you this. If you get us all out of this wolf-trap alive and well, I'll do my best to save you.

SILVER: You couldn't say more, I'm sure, sir. Not even if you was my mother!

DR. LIVESEY: I have another bit of advice for you. Keep the boy close beside you, and when you need help, halloo. I'm off to seek it for you, and that will show itself when the time is right. Good-bye, Jim.

(DR. LIVESEY exits SL. SILVER and JIM cross CS. The rest of the PIRATES cross CS, carrying various tools such as shovels, picks, or weapons. SILVER addresses them, brandishing the map in his hand.)

SILVER: Well boys, the time has come. For years we sailed under ol' Flint and what did we receive? A cold shoulder and mere farthings for our troubles. Well no more! We've Flint's map, lads! Our troubles are over!

PIRATES: Huzzah!

(With a cheer, JIM, SILVER, and the PIRATES exit off the stage DSR into the audience. Lights down. Curtain close. JIM, SILVER, and the PIRATES circle the auditorium. Lights up/Curtain open. The rock wall has been removed. JIM, SILVER, and the PIRATES enter stage DSL. They wander about the stage. PIRATE 1 wanders SR and looks offstage.)

PIRATE 1: BY THE POWERS!!!

(EVERYONE on stage crosses to PIRATE 1 and looks offstage.)

SILVER: A skeleton? That be what frightened you so?

PIRATE 2: He was a sailor when alive.

SILVER: Well, what else would you expect him to be, a bishop of church? But what I don't like about this is the way the bones lay. That ain't natural.

PIRATE 3: I'd say it ain't. 'e be laying all straight-like, (PIRATE 3 *stands straight and lifts his arms above his head, as if in a dive.*) hands lifted as if he was a compass needle.

SILVER: A compass needle? (SILVER *pulls a compass from his coat and examines it.*) Aye, that be exactly what he is! This is one of Flint's tricks, and no mistake. Six men he went ashore with. All six killed. This one he carried here and laid him out like a compass pointer.

PIRATE 1: 'Tain't nat'ral.

SILVER: It ain't natural, nor nice, says you. Messmates, just think if Flint was living, this would be a hot spot for you and me. Six there were, and six we are, including Hawkins here. And what became of those six? Bones they are and made to compasses!

PIRATES: Flint was laughin' when they took 'im to the gallows. He always sang "Fifteen men on a dead-man's chest" and ever since, when I hear it, I feel like 'e be watchin' me! Somethin' don't feel right 'bout this. Do you suppose that ol' Flint might be walkin the earth back from the dead?

SILVER: Come, come. He's dead, and he don't walk, that I know; least-ways, he won't walk by day, and you may lay to that. It's childspilay to find the stuff now. I've half a mind to dine dainty-like before dirtying my hands.

PIRATE 3: Don't much feel like eatin' nothin'. Thinking of Flint gives me the shakes.

SILVER: Well, praise your stars he's dead.

PIRATE 2: He was a cruel cap'n too. Gives me the shakes to remember the cries of those 'e killed.

GWEN: (*Offstage and trying to sound ghostlike.*) Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

PIRATE 3: It's Flint!

SILVER: Stand by and go about! This won't do. It's someone skylarking, someone that's flesh and blood!

GWEN: (*Offstage and ghostlike.*) Darby M'Graw! Darby M'Graw! By thunder, fetch my rum, Darby!

PIRATE 1: That fixes it! Let's get ourselves off this place!

PIRATE 2: They was 'is last words. His last words on the ship afore we set sail from this island, and 'e got caught by the Navy.

SILVER: *(To himself.)* Nobody in this island ever heard of Darby. No one but he who sailed aside of Flint three years past. *(SILVER turns to the PIRATES, drawing his cutlass.)* I come here to get that treasure, and I'll not be beat by man or spirit! I was never afraid of Flint while he was alive, and by the powers, I'll face him dead!

PIRATE 3: Avast, Silver! Don't you cross a spirit!

SILVER: You've all gone as scared as girls! Spirit is it? Well maybe. But there's one thing not clear to me. *(SILVER thinks slowly as if saying the first that comes to his mind.)* There . . . was an echo . . . Now, no man has seen a spirit with a shadow . . . So, what's Flint's spirit . . . Doing with such a thing . . . as an echo?

(SILVER frowns and looks as though he's trying to understand what he just said. JIM looks disbelieving at SILVER. SILVER looks at JIM and shrugs. The PIRATES all seem much relieved.)

PIRATE 2: Well, that's so. You've a head on your shoulders, Silver, and no mistake. Now as I think back on it, it wasn't so much a voice like Flint's—it was more like—

SILVER: Why, shiver me timbers! It was the voice of Gwen Mosebry!

PIRATE 2: Why, so it were! Nobody paid Gwen a twit when she was onboard, so why should we pay her mind now, dead or alive?

(The PIRATES all laugh loudly.)

SILVER: Now, let's see what the map here says.

(The PIRATES all crowd around SILVER and examine the map.)

PIRATE 1: Why, that says—

PIRATE 3: The treasure's just ahead, lads!

PIRATE 2: All together mates! The treasure is ours!

(JIM, SILVER, and the PIRATES all cross SL. SILVER stops and hold JIM back as the PIRATES exit SL.)

SILVER: So that's what the good doctor meant . . . Jim, take this and stand by for trouble.

(SILVER gives JIM a pistol. The PIRATES shout in anger and enter SL. PIRATE 2 steps forward.)

PIRATE 2: Two Guineas! That's what's left of Flint's treasure! Where's the seven hundred thousand pounds of gold you promised!?

SILVER: *(Very coolly.)* Dig away. You might find a shiny sixpence.

PIRATE 2: A shiny sixpence!?! You hear that, lads? I tell you now, that man knew it all along. Look in the face of him and you'll see it wrote there.

SILVER: Ah, pushing for the place of cap'n are you again? Try your luck, then.

PIRATE 2: Mates, there are two of them alone here. One's the cripple that brought us here for "a shiny sixpence". The other is the boy that spoilt things from the start. I for one mean to have the boy's neck! Come on—

(SILVER lifts a pair of pistols and fires, killing two of the PIRATES, PIRATE 2 being one of them. The other PIRATES raise their cutlasses and attack. JIM shoots one of them with SILVER'S borrowed pistol, drops the pistol and pulls SILVER'S cutlass from SILVER'S belt, killing the last PIRATE. DR. LIVESEY, SQUIRE TRELAWNEY, CAPTAIN SMOLLETT, and GWEN enter SR, all armed with muskets.)

SQUIRE TRELAWNEY: Jim! Are you all right?

JIM: I'm quite all right, thank you, sir.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Mr. Silver. If you please.

(CAPTAIN SMOLLETT up a pair of handcuffs. SILVER sighs.)

SILVER: Cap'n. Surely you don't mean to make a cripple try to walk with his hands hooked together so as he can't make use of his crutch? I be unarmed. I'll come without so much as a sour word.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Jim, what do you think? Will you vouch that Mr. Silver will keep his word?

JIM: I believe that I can vouch for him, sir.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Very well. Mr. Silver, you first.

SILVER: *(Noticing GWEN.)* And so it is you, Gwen!

GWEN: Well, how do, Mr. Silver? Pretty well, I thank ye, says you.

(GWEN proceeds to slap SILVER across the face.)

SILVER: Now did I really deserve that?

GWEN: Well, Flint ain't here to get 'is dues, now is 'e? Ye be the closest I'll get.

CAPTAIN SMOLLETT: Mr. Silver, please.

(CAPTAIN SMOLLETT gestures for SILVER to exit SR. SILVER looks at JIM and smiles before exiting slowly SR, CAPTAIN SMOLLETT, DR. LIVESEY, JIM, GWEN, and SQUIRE TRELAWNEY following close behind.)

(Lights down. Curtain close.)