

TREASURE ISLAND  
A PIRATICAL PANTOMIME

*A Work of Piratical Fiction by*

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*(Loosely) Based upon the Novel by*

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*With Additional Joke by*

CASSIE WICKS

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# CHARACTER LIST

## THE HAWKINGS

- JIM** - Our protagonist, of indeterminate age, probably late teens. Boring, responsible, hardworking, does most of the work at the family pub. Desperately in love with the local doctor.
- JEM** - Jim's younger brother, a far more lighthearted individual who would prefer not to work at all and certainly isn't going to put in any more effort than he absolutely has to. Enjoys nothing more than teasing Jim and -
- JAM** - Jem's twin sister, similarly lighthearted. Inclined to be immensely irritated by both her brothers, whether she has reason or otherwise.
- CARRIE** - Mother to all of the above, and typically the pantomime dame character. Outgoing, feisty, braver than one would imagine, though never takes life too seriously. Inclined to be at centre stage even when she actually isn't.

## THE VILLAGERS

- SQUIRE** - Squire Trelawney, the local landowner and Carrie's landlord. A bluff, gruff man, larger than life, Hagrid vibes. Not the brightest of souls and obsessed with money.
- TILLY** - Tilly Trelawney, the Squire's daughter. Has developed a mildly terrifying crush on Jim despite never having exchanged more than ten words with him. Looking for adventure, or something.
- DOCTOR** - Dr Emmett Livesey is the village GP, competent and no-nonsense in his demeanour, and far more intelligent than any of his patients.
- BILL** - Bill Bailiff, pun intended, is the Squire's enforcer, an individual not over-endowed with brains, but with a surprising musical talent and a secret ambition to become a rock star.

**BARNEY** - Constable Dunstable is the village policeman, chiefly spending his time rounding up sheep and issuing cart speeding tickets. Wants to be a detective but not tall enough.

## **THE PIRATES**

**CAPTAIN** - Captain Bill Bones is a fierce and unprincipled old sea-dog who loses his treasure map and his life in the same evening, having stolen the former from Long John Silver years before. Crime never pays, right?

**JOHN** - Long John Silver is a scourge of the seas, terror of navies across six continents, or so he says. In reality, he's... well, he's doing his best.

**JOAN** - Medium Joan Silver is sister to John, and generally a far better pirate all round, though she's frequently handicapped in her efforts by sibling rivalry and the fact that, in the best traditions of history, she's been overshadowed by her male relative. Booooo.

**HANDS** - John's right-*hand* man, Israel Hands is an enthusiastic pirate with a long history of seafaring misdeeds, but his age is beginning to catch up with him, and he's not so sharp as he once was.

**POTTS** - John's left-hand man (not a pun this time), Potts is younger than his counterpart and more competent, though he's apt to be overenthusiastic which can hamper his effectiveness.

**MEE** - The youngest of John's crew and the least experienced, he tends to be given any unpleasant job going, and will usually be found daydreaming if he's not actually doing anything specific.

**LUKE** - John's cabin boy has actually been on the ship for longer than anyone else save for Hands, and is more of a cabin teenager by now. However, natural inclinations towards shyness keep him from progressing through the ranks, and he is bullied mercilessly by all his comrades.

**JANE** - Joan's right-hand woman, Jane has aspirations upwards and isn't shy about showing it; she's the first to take command when her captain is away,

although her strategic abilities aren't the best in the world.

- SALLY -** Well-meaning and amiable, lacking in the degree of cut-throat thirst really necessary to make a splash in the high-flying world of celebrity piracy - and she knows it, though she tries not to let it bother her.
- JENNY -** Blunt-spoken and probably northern, she's never been afraid to give her views on what's going on around her where some of her colleagues would sooner stay silent. Regards a lot of things as more amusing than she should.
- IZZY -** Sister to Hands, though far more intelligent than he is or ever will be. Too trusting for her own good, especially in the company that she chooses to keep. Has some morals, though isn't quite sure where they are.
- JO -** Once at the top of the piratical league tables, a swashbuckling buccaneer to rival the best of them, Jo now prefers a quieter life, and makes a living as an undercover investigator for the Pirate Standards Authority.
- JACKY -** More an administrator than a pillager by nature, Jacky passed Piracy Training with flying colours but prefers the theory to the practice and is now employed alongside Jo as an investigator for the Pirate Standards Authority.

## **THE FAIRIES**

- LIQUID -** Fairy Liquid is the older and more experienced of the two fairies who inadvertently find themselves attempting to manage the course of the plot. With little time for lollygagging or other forms of tomfoolery, she's very much job-focused from beginning to end.
- CAKE -** Fairy Cake is the younger of the pair, inclined towards a more romantic view of life in general and their partnership in particular. A little intimidated by the company in which she finds herself, she's just out here doing her best.

## **THE DOCK RATS**

- POLLY -** A ship's parrot sent forth into the wide and wonderful world of the plot by the Fairies in order to keep an eye on things, she is the sole person with any

real idea of what's going on. Strong Mary Poppins vibes. Doesn't suffer fools gladly, or indeed at all.

**PETER** - Obsessed with the idea of winning his fortune in order to prove his worth to a rich boy who once turned down a date with him, Peter thoroughly bores all the others with his treasure stories and is probably the reason they hang round the docks at all.

**PIPER** - Nurses a minor crush on Peter which is really quite major, although she hides it better than some... maybe. Sometimes.

**PICKLE** - Simply very bored by life in general, far too cool for all of existence and especially as far as it extends to their friends.

**PEPPER** - Twin to Piper maybe, or maybe not; either way, very disapproving of any suggestion of romance within their group of friends, largely due to a natural disinclination to tolerate any kind of change at all. Wild child. Grumpy.

**POSIE** - Deeply and terminally posh, but inflicts herself on the Dock Rats as part of an ongoing bid to become cool. It's not going well for her, largely because the Dock Rats are not in fact cool, though she hasn't worked that bit out yet.

## THE MISCELLANY

**SMALL** - Captain Small, the worried old seaman who captains the group's ship on its brief and doomed voyage out in search of treasure. Deeply unhappy about pretty much everything.

**GHOSTIE** - One-scene part for 1.8 with singing potential; former dock worker who died a terrible death after being pushed over the edge by Ghoulie. Naive, innocent.

**GHOULIE** - Similar part. Former dock worker who died a terrible death due to falling in after Ghostie. Terminally grumpy.

**MILLIE** - Mermaid, friend of the fairies. Mercenary-minded. Has a limited sense of humour but considers herself to be utterly hilarious. Much like the author.

*Total: 36.*



## THE SONG LIST

### **SONG #1 - YO HO HOES**

*Master of the House - Les Mis; Oom-Pah-Pah - Oliver!; I'm Getting Married In The Morning - My Fair Lady;*

Introductory song; big chorus number; doesn't do a huge amount plot-wise, though it would be advantageous if it could introduce the Hawkingses in some degree, but sets a cheery mood for the piece.

Beginning of 1.1, big chorus number (ie pretty much everyone) with Carrie very much at the centre.

### **SONG #2 - WHAT ABOUT ANNE BONNY**

*Be Prepared - Lion King; Macavity - Cats; Funny Honey - Chicago; One - Chorus Line; Reviewing The Situation - Oliver!; Dance Again - A Very Potter Musical.*

A villain song for Medium Joan, in which she bemoans the horrors of being overlooked by misogynistic history. She also sets out her plans to rule the waves once she gets her hands on the treasure and can buy a fleet of ships, or similar.

End of 1.2, can either be totally solo or have Joan's crew as backing singers/dancers but still substantially her song.

### **SONG #3 - A PIRATE'S LIFE FOR ME**

*I'll Make A Man Out Of You - Mulan; I've Got A Dream - Tangled;*

A song in which the piratical individuals seek to sell their sailing talents to the panel of judges, with Joan's crew and the Dock Rats sneaking under John's radar to be included.

During 1.6, features the 2 pirate crews plus the Dock Rats and Polly. Carrie, Dr, Squire, and Tilly as judges/onlookers, either participating or otherwise.

### **SONG #4 - THE RESCUE SONG**

*Let's Get Physical - Olivia Newton-John; Holding Out For A Hero - Bonnie Tyler;*

A song in which the cast work up the courage to tackle the spooky and scary darkened corners of the Bristol dockyards in order to rescue their lost companions from the clutches of the Ghost.

Ends 1.8, substantially Jam, Jem, Jim, and Tilly, with background choreo/chorus from rescues and Ghost?

### **SONG #5 - STORMY WEATHER**

*In The Navy - Village People; Don't Stop Me Now - Queen; How Far I'll Go - Moana; Something New - Rumpelstiltskin [OULES HT22];*

A go-get-em song which captures the crew's excitement at the beginning of their adventure, morphing halfway into a representation of their growing alarm as weather conditions grow steadily worse and the ship is plunged into the middle of a storm. Doesn't that sound artistic?

Beginning of 2.1, with more or less everyone.

### **SONG #6 - THE FACE-OFF**

*The Confrontation - Les Mis; A Boy Like That - West Side Story;*

As the title and location suggests, this is an argumentative song which centres around the possession of the map. Dark and moody, with Long John establishing some actual evil just for a change.

Mid-2.3, with Long John and Squire chiefly, though also Doctor, Jam, Carrie for interjections and The Voice of Reason.

### **SONG #7 - TINKER-BELLE OF THE BALL**

*All I Ask of You - Phantom; On My Own - Les Mis; Memory - Cats*

A soft and gentle love song in which one fairy expresses her frustrated love for her colleague, and asks why she spends her life granting other people's wishes if her own must be unfulfilled.

End of 2.5, either solo or duet.

### **SONG #8 - THE FINAL SONG**

You know what you're doing here. Feel free to invent additional ships (pun intended) at random.

## A NOTE ON PANTOMIME TRADITIONS

Pantomime is a bizarre art form with a number of very specific traditions, some of which transfer into modern society better than others. I have generally sought to retain them wherever it has been possible to do so, with amendments being necessary for sensitivity in some cases.

The general feeling of pantomime is 'silly' and as such, it does not take itself too seriously - unlike me, evidently. Accordingly, it has traditionally been the practice to allow for a certain level of improvisation throughout the script, especially as it pertains to breaches of the fourth wall and interactions with the audience - though typically it is best if such interactions are limited to a certain degree.<sup>1</sup> There are therefore some sections of the script which are not laid out precisely as they will depend to some extent on audience responses. These sections should be evident. As a further result of this general feel, there is a lot of music in the script. As a counterbalance to this, it is around 30 pages shorter than 'Macbeth'.

Perhaps the most obvious of the pantomime traditions is that of the dame; a caricatured female character played by a male actor. I have written in a character loosely filling this role (though, I hope, without too many problematic elements) in the form of Jim's mother, and I shall leave all else to your casting discretion. Similarly, there is the tradition of the principal boy - the main male character of the piece being played by a female actor. The most obvious candidate for this would be Jim, however it makes no difference to the script.

Please note that this is not intended to be the funny bit.

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<sup>1</sup> A note for actors: this is a comment upon the typical nature of pantomime and by no means constitutes permission for you, specifically, to present directors with more grey hairs than they are likely in any case to acquire. And when you do, please remember I never said you could.

## 1.1 - THE OLD ADMIRAL BENBOW INN

*A bar-room scene. As many of the cast onstage as will fit, except BARNEY, the SQUIRE, TILLY, BILL BAILIFF, the DOCTOR. The CAPTAIN sitting centre stage. CARRIE at the bar, JEM and JAM doing waiter-type things; JIM likewise, with the caveat that he should find himself with the CAPTAIN at the end of CARRIE's monologue. Cheerful and boisterous background acting.*

### SONG #1 - YO HO HOES

*Audience applause (hopefully) interrupted by -*

**CARRIE:** All right, all right, you lot, settle down. You're not at Port and Policy now, you know. Blimey, you can tell we've got Balliol in tonight. Are you all happy to be here? *(probable awkward pause)* Ooh dear, it's going to be a long night. This is what we call a *pantomime*. Or sometimes we just call it panto, because mime is silent. That means you're here to work. We do this thing called *audience participation*, and the audience is you. Oh, yes. And it's only going to get more difficult from now on, so let's try this again - I said, are you all happy to be here? *(pause for audience response)* Well, it'll do for now, I suppose. I'd offer you all a drink, only it's not real alcohol in them bottles. Now, my name is Carrie Hawking, and this is the Old Admiral Benbow Inn. I run this place, I do, all on my own, because I'm a poor widow woman alone in the world. *(pause, probably also awkward silence)* I said, I'm a poor widow woman alone in the world. Oh, much poorer than that... And lonelier... That's better. It was a terrible shock when I lost my husband. We had so much in common. We both loved art, literature, and other men. Still, he left me two lovely kids. And another one as well. That's my Jim, over there. Don't tell anyone the others are working, though, will you? They've introduced child labour laws, apparently, and I'm far too beautiful to go to prison - who laughed?! You're barred. Now, the rest of you make yourselves comfortable; I'll just go and freshen up - the Squire's coming in later,

and it doesn't pay to look this good in front of the landlord. He might put the rent up, and I can't afford it as it is. There's a cost of living crisis, you know. See you all soon!

*Exit CARRIE.*

*Enter BARNEY.*

**BARNEY:** Evening, all.

**VARIOUS:** Evening, Constable.

**BARNEY:** No trouble in here tonight, is there?

**JEM:** Only the usual.

**BARNEY:** We've had reports of some undesirable behaviour in the area.

**JAM:** Nothing to do with us, officer.

**BARNEY:** Oh no? A naked man ran past three old ladies at the bus stop earlier. Two of them had a stroke!

**JEM:** What about the third?

**BARNEY:** She couldn't reach.

**JAM:** Well, I'm sure none of our customers would do anything like that. None of them are ever in any trouble.

**BARNEY:** What, none of them?

**JEM:** ... Maybe just one...

**Meaningful looks to JIM and the CAPTAIN, who are mid-conversation:**

**JIM:** I'm not sure if we've *got* any more rum, Captain.

**CAPTAIN:** No more?! Why is the rum gone?

**JIM:** I can't serve you, Captain. You know what the doctor said.

**CAPTAIN:** Allons-y?

**JIM:** No, actually-

**CAPTAIN:** Bow ties are cool?

**JIM:** No, the doctor said, "If you don't cut down on your drinking, your liver will explode and you will die a terrible and painful death". (*a pause*) It's not as catchy, I know.

**CAPTAIN:** You know what I think of doctors? I think they're a-

**JIM:** (*cutting in*) Captain, please, we have *guests*.

**CAPTAIN:** Lily-liver.

**JIM:** That's what you'll end up with if you're not careful, Captain.

**CAPTAIN:** What are you insini- insidu- insangua... suggesting, Jim?

**JIM:** I *won't* serve you any more rum, sir.

**CAPTAIN:** Then maybe someone else will. Oi, you two! Over here!

**JEM and JAM come to join them.**

**JEM:** Yes, sir?

**More**

**JAM:** You called, sir?

**JEM:** What can we do, sir?

**JAM:** Anything for you, sir.

**JEM:** Anything at all, sir.

**JAM:** Unless it's illegal.

**JEM:** Or unpleasant.

**JAM:** Or boring.

**JEM:** Or we don't want to.

**JIM:** Will you two shut up?!

**JEM: }** *together.*

**JAM:** No.

**JIM:** And what are you doing on the ground anyway? Get up and stop acting like idiots in front of the customers!

*JEM and JAM, who until this point have been walking on their knees, exchange disappointed glances and stand up to their full height.*

**JIM:** These are my brother and sister, Jem and Jam, Captain.

**CAPTAIN:** Jam's a bloody strange name.

**JAM:** Thank you, sir.

**JEM:** Tell him what it's short for.

**JAM:** No.

**JIM:** Go on, tell him.

**JAM:** I said *no*.

**JEM:** It's short for Jam-ima.

**CAPTAIN:** Jam-ima?

**JIM:** Mum's never been the best at spelling.

**JEM:** She launched a whole film franchise and she spelt her name wrong on every one.

**JAM:** She called them Carry: On Film. But people never got the punctuation right.

*Enter the SQUIRE, with TILLY.*

**JEM:** Ooooooh, *look*.

**JAM:** It's Jim's *crush*.

**JIM:** Be quiet! I don't need you giving her any more ideas!

**TILLY:** (*flirting outrageously*) Hi, Jim.

**JIM:** (*obviously unaffected*) Hi, Tilly.

**SQUIRE:** Young man, I've warned you about consorting with my daughter!

**JIM:** I haven't been consorting with anyone, sir.



**SQUIRE:** A likely story! Is your mother about?

**JIM:** I expect so, sir.

**SQUIRE:** Then find her at once! She owes me six months' rent, and I'm not waiting any longer for it. Either she pays today, or you're all out.

**TILLY:** Daddy-

**JIM:** She's busy scrubbing out the cellar, sir,

**SQUIRE:** I don't care if she's scrubbing out the king's backside! I've waited long enough! Take me to her this instant.

**JIM:** But... But...

**SQUIRE:** No arguing!

**JAM:** You'll have to do what he says, Jim.

**JIM:** *(sighs)* It's this way.

*Exit JIM, JAM, JEM, the SQUIRE, and TILLY.*

*Blackout.*

*Exeunt.*

## 1.2 - PIRATE VIDEOS

*Front-cloth, always supposing that we had one. Enter LONG JOHN SILVER, preferably to a villainous musical cue.*

**JOHN:**     *(To audience)* Blimey, you're a scurvy-looking lot. They don't make rascallions like they used to, eh? Right, I bet you've heard of me. My name is *(With drama and menace)* Long John Silver. *(Invite booing)* Oh, yes. Scourge of the seas, terror of the... terraces? *(Recovering)* My piratical crew are feared from Radcliffe Square to Rotherham, and for good reason. Do you know why? Well, I'll tell you. It's because-

*Enter MEDIUM JOAN SILVER, with menace.*

**JOAN:**     -Because of the *smell*.

**JOHN:**     Sister, *dearest*.

**JOAN:**     Brother, *dearest*. Taking your little friends out to play again?

**JOHN:**     I suppose you think you're funny.

**JOAN:**     No, no. I think I'm *hilarious*.

**JOHN:**     I'm trying to monologue here.

**JOAN:**     Well, that's not fair; it's *my* turn to monologue. I never get a chance to put a word in!

**JOHN:**     Because you're always nagging! You never leave me alone! Even when we were kids, you could never go away and play with your dolls; you had to steal my swords and play with my Action Man!

**JOAN:**     Oh, here we go again. You've always been jealous! Just because I'm better with a sword than you are -

**JOHN:** That is so untrue!

**JOAN:** Want to prove it?

**JOHN:** ...All right, all right. Do your stupid monologue if you have to.

**JOAN:** Thanks very much, I will. *(To audience)* Blimey, you're a scurvy-looking lot. They don't make rascallions-

**JOHN:** That's what I said! Will you stop stealing my lines?! Stealing is a crime!

**JOAN:** But stealing is what piracy is all about! *(Sighs)* Right, I am Medium Joan Silver, and whatever my brother has been telling you, it's a pack of lies.

**JOHN:** How dare you!

**JOAN:** This fool allowed our best treasure map to fall into the hands of a crooked old captain in a pub one night, and now we've got to steal it back. Does that sound like good pirating to you? *(Invite audience response)* Right! So push off, little brother, and leave us to do what your lackeys can't handle.

**JOHN:** Look here-

**JOAN:** Don't send a man to do a pirate's job.

*She whistles. Enter JANE, IZZY, SALLY, and JENNY, in raucous fashion.*

**JOAN:** *(cont.)* Quiet! Now, you take a good look, Long John. This is what a properly terrifying pirate crew looks like.

*It is not.*

**JOAN:** (*cont.*) You won't have met them of course. Allow me to introduce Jane Anytime, Izzy Anyone, Sally Anyhow, and Jenny Anywhere.

**JOHN:** Is who anyone?

**IZZY:** I'm Anyone.

**JOHN:** But you're someone, surely.

**IZZY:** Only sometimes.

**JOHN:** Where do you pick these people up?

**JOAN:** Oh, Anyhow and Anywhere. Anything for a laugh.

**JOHN:** Right. Well, you can all push off, anyhow and anywhere you like, but it can't be any time, it's got to be now. I've got a meeting.

**IZZY:** Incompetents Anonymous?

**SALLY:** Swordplay for Dummies?

**JANE:** Pirating For Beginners?

**JOHN:** Just GO!

***JOAN and Co move off to one side of the stage but do not leave. HANDS, POTTS, MEE, and LUKE enter and form a clump.***

**JOHN:** Are we all here?

**HANDS:** Aye, perfectly.

**JOHN:** ... Not *can* we all hear; *are* we all here?

**LUKE:** Right. Let's get on with things.

**MEE:** Who asked for your opinion, boy?

**JOHN:** Quiet! Now, what I'm going to tell you is top secret.

**LUKE:** What did he say?

**POTTS:** Have you lost your last brain cell?

**LUKE:** No, I -

**HANDS:** What did he say?

**POTTS:** (*loudly*) He says it's top secret!

*Jane & Co shuffle closer.*

**JOHN:** I want you all to swear a solemn oath to me, Long John Silver, here and now, that you'll not breathe a word of this to another living soul, ever. Potts?

**POTTS:** I'll agree to that. Mee?

**MEE:** Same here. Hands?

**HANDS:** Aye, aye, I accept.

**LUKE:** So do I.

**HANDS:** No one asked you.

**JOHN:** And you remember this is top secret?

*Jane & Co shuffle closer again.*

**POTTS:** We do.

**JOHN:** Right. (*glances suspiciously around; Jane & Co pretend to be pieces of furniture, or something*) Come closer.

*Everyone does, including Jane & Co.*

**JOHN:** You all remember old Billy Bones?

*Potts, Hands and Luke look blank.*

**MEE:** You must remember Billy. No one ever called him Billy *Bones*, mind, on account of his permanent-

**POTTS:** Oh, aye. I remember now. Old Billy Bone-

**MEE:** (*interrupting*) That's the one. Disappeared after we sank in cold water with the *Golden Rind*, taking everyone else's treasure with him.

**POTTS:** That miserable old sod. What about him?

**JOHN:** (*with sinister undertones*) I've found him.

*Gasps from everyone.*

**JENNY:** The cunning bugger.

**HANDS:** Who said that?

**POTTS:** Mee.

**HANDS:** Didn't sound like you.

**POTTS:** It wasn't me. It was Mee.

**MEE:** I'm Mee, and it wasn't me.

**HANDS:** Well, it wasn't me, Mee.

**POTTS:** Mimi? Who the hell's Mimi?

**JOHN:** Oh, shut up, the lot of you. Now, there are rules for this kind of situation.

**MEE:** I didn't think pirates believed in rules.

**HANDS:** The first rule of pirate club is that we don't have rules.

**JOHN:** Billy Bones was really mean to me. We had to invent rules just for him.

**LUKE:** Right.

**JOHN:** So we should teach him a lesson.

**MEE:** Right.

**JOHN:** And then maybe we'll get my treasure map back off him. I only lent him the damn thing for a week, he's had it for twenty years,

**HANDS:** The same thing happened to my lawnmower.

**JOHN:** Well, gentlemen, it seems we're agreed. It's time we tipped the old captain the Black Spot.

*Exit LONG JOHN, HANDS, POTTS, MEE, and LUKE.*

**JOAN:** I *knew* that brother of mine was up to something.

**JENNY:** You always think he's up to something, Joan.

**JOAN :** Yes, and I'm always right.

**IZZY:** She's got a point, Jenny.

**JOAN:** I've got all the points.

**SALLY:** Can I borrow one?

**JOAN:** Depends. What is it?

**SALLY:** They're getting away.

**JOAN:** That *is* a point. Well done, Sally. Didn't know you had it in you. *(Following can be directed largely to audience)* Well, I'm not having my brother and his gang of idiots beat us to any kind of treasure. He's been looking for a chance to get one over on me ever since I got better marks than him in our G-Sea-SEs, and he'll never accept that his *little* sister can be a better pirate than him. Well, we'll show him this time...

SONG #2 - WHAT ABOUT ANNE BONNY?

*Exeunt.*

*Enter JO and JACKY with clipboards, after a suitable interval.*

**JO:** Well! Wasn't *that* enlightening?



**JACKY:** It certainly was, Jo. All kinds of regulations being breached.

**JO:** You're telling me, Jacky. *(Consults clipboard.)* To start with, it's totally against Code of Practice A to be involved in piratical opposition with your relatives.

**JACKY:** And it's a complete breach of Code of Practice B to hand out the Black Spot without filling in Form A6554 for approval first.

**JO:** Not to mention that sexism in the workplace absolutely shatters Code of Practice D into pieces.

**JACKY:** What happened to Code of Practice C?

**JO:** Oh come on. Everyone knows this. *(gesturing to audience)* I bet even they know this.

**JACKY:** We never covered it in training!

**JO:** It's because pirates always get lost at C! *Obviously!*

**JACKY:** I'm very concerned by what we've seen here, Jo.

**JO:** I think I agree. You know what that means? It's time to go...

**JO:** *(together)*

**JACKY:** Undercover!

**JACKY:** I love going undercover! We haven't done that in ages! Should we pick sides?

**JO:** No, we should remain impartial, *Jacky*.

**JACKY:** That's not what I mean! Shall I embed myself with Joan?

**JO:** That's definitely not impartial!

**JACKY:** Shut up!

**JO:** We can discuss all this back at base. First off, we have to fill out our pre-assessment assessment and make sure we can claim back expenses.

**JACKY:** *(sighs)* Sorry, you're right. Let's go. Lots of paperwork to do.

**JO:** These pirates aren't going to know what's hit them...

*Exeunt.*

*Blackout.*

### 1.3 - TROUBLE IN PARADISE

*A bedroom scene - CARRIE's bedroom, to be precise. Decorated as garishly and as lavishly as budget allows, in the worst possible taste.*

*Enter FAIRY CAKE and FAIRY LIQUID.*

**CAKE:** Come on, come on, we're awfully late... Is this the place?

**LIQUID:** I'm not sure. It doesn't look much like Cinderella's kitchen to me.

**CAKE:** It doesn't look like any sort of kitchen. I think this is a boudoir.

**LIQUID:** Oh, is it? I thought that was a kind of perfume.

**CAKE:** This looks more like Evil Stepmother or maybe Ugly Sister territory.

**LIQUID:** Well, there's an audience, at least. We haven't turned up in some ghastly dress rehearsal.

**CAKE:** How many times do I have to apologise for that?!

**LIQUID:** We must have taken a wrong turn in the Enchanted Forest... One of them, anyway.

**CAKE:** Let's see... *(to an audience member)* Excuse me, do you mind lending me your programme? Thank you. Hmm... Oh, dear. Oh dear.

**LIQUID:** What's the matter?

**CAKE:** Treasure Island.

**LIQUID:** ...You mean we have to put up with a lot of ghastly smelly stupid pirates?

**CAKE:** It's worse than that.

**LIQUID:** What could be worse than that?

**CAKE:** This is *amateur dramatics*. We have to put up with a lot of ghastly smelly stupid *students*.

*Both groan.*

**LIQUID:** Well, I suppose we'll just have to make the best of it. (*assumes a much more theatrical tone/voice/stance/etc.*) Greetings, everybody!

**CAKE:** (*likewise*) This is Fairy Liquid, and I am Fairy Cake!

**LIQUID:** We keep this show running on the path it should take.

**CAKE:** Though on this occasion we're not where we should be -

**LIQUID:** All will be fine now, just you wait and see!

**CAKE:** We'll go off now and do some research.

**LIQUID:** Don't fret, you won't be left in the lurch.

**CAKE:** We're not far away, and still within shout.

**LIQUID:** So give us a call if there's pirates about!

*Exeunt.*

*Enter JIM, JEM, JAM, the SQUIRE, and TILLY.*

**JIM:** I really think you should wait outside, Squire - my mother might be changing or something, and I don't think—

**SQUIRE:** Quite right, lad; you don't think, not at all. And if you thought for one

moment, then if you thought I was going to hang around out there all day, you'd have another think coming.

**JIM:** *(Baffled)* Would I?

**SQUIRE:** You would. Anyway, *(insulting)* as far as I can tell, nothing about your mother's wardrobe has changed in the last thirty years, so I don't see—

**CARRIE:** *(Offstage)* Oh, Squire, you do flatter me!

*Enter CARRIE, in a hideous dressing gown, preferably floral.*

**CARRIE:** *(cont.)* But you really shouldn't barge in on me like this. People might get ideas. *(Pointing to audience member)* Yes, you up there. I can see what you're thinking. And all I can say is it's *disgusting*.

**JAM:** People have already got ideas, Mum.

**CARRIE:** Yes, but there's a real danger they might be *right*. *(Pointing to same person)* Except you up there. *Disgusting*, I say.

**SQUIRE:** I hardly think so. *(To audience)* You wouldn't believe something as ridiculous as that, would you?

**CARRIE:** What's ridiculous about it?!

**JAM:** Well.. To be fair, Mum...

**CARRIE:** All right, all right. But come on, Squire, it's only human to gossip.

**JEM:** You can't call *him* human.

**SQUIRE:** And what, I beg, is that supposed to mean?

**JEM:**        *(To audience)* Is it human to throw a poor old widow woman—

**CARRIE:**  Oi!

**JEM:**        — to throw a poor youngish widow woman out of her home and her business, at Christmas of all times?

*(Oh yes it is, oh no it isn't, etc etc etc etc etc.)*

**TILLY:**     They're right, Daddy. I think it's perfectly vile and horrid of you.

**SQUIRE:**  When you're older, Tilly, my dear, you will understand these things. Sometimes in business, hard decisions have to be made.

**CARRIE:**  What are you trying to say?

**SQUIRE:**  Unless you have the money to pay me what you owe immediately, I shall have no option but to call in Bill Bailiff and have you thrown out of this pub.

*Enter BILL BAILIFF, with menace.*

**BILL:**       What are your orders, Squire?

**SQUIRE:**  Will you pay me, Mrs Hawking?

**JIM:**        She can't!

**JEM:**        We don't have any money!

**CARRIE:**  Everything's going up all the time! Even eggs are going up again!

**JEM:**        That'll surprise the chickens.

**JAM:**        Have a heart, Squire Trelawney!

**BILL:** We can't help that, Mrs Hawking. Times are tough everywhere. Even the Squire's down to his last footman. If you can't pay, we'll have to repossess the place.

**TILLY:** *(melodramatically)* Oh, Jim... however will you survive?

**JIM:** There must be something we can do!

**JAM:** What about the Captain? He must owe Mum loads!

**JEM:** All that booze... And I bet he never pays his laundry bill.

**JIM:** Come on! Let's go and get some money off him right now!

*Exit JIM, JEM, and JAM.*

*Blackout.*

*Exeunt.*

## 1.4 - SPOTS AND SOLUTIONS

*As 1.1.*

*Enter JIM, JEM, JAM from one side; enter LONG JOHN, HANDS, POTTS, MEE, and LUKE from the other.*

**JIM:** Now, you know what we've got to do?

**JEM:** Go up to the Captain, get him in a good mood, then get the cash off him to save Mum and the Admiral Benbow Inn.

**JIM:** Right. Let's go.

**JOHN:** Now, you know what we've got to do?

**POTTS:** Go up to the Captain, get him in the back with a rusty dagger, then get the map off him to make us all rich beyond our wildest dreams.

**JOHN:** Right. Off you go.

*(By now, JIM et al are miming conversation with the CAPTAIN.)*

**LUKE:** ... What, us? By ourselves?

**MEE:** Oh, don't be so pathetic.

**JOHN:** There's one of him and five of you. What do you want, a machine gun?

**MEE:** Well, actually, it might help—

**JOHN:** Just *go!* The sooner you start, the more chance you have of catching him unawares. Look, he's distracted, see?



*Enter JO and JACKY, in a manner allowing for the possibility that the pirates do not in fact see them. The pirates continue to mime an argument along the established lines.*

**JO:** There they are, look. Now, do we know what we're doing?

**JACKY:** We're being bloodthirsty and piratical and also making sure to keep our log up to date.

**JO:** In the best traditions of the Piratical Standards Authority. And in the best traditions of the PSA, when I say 'we', I really mean 'I'.

**JACKY:** What?

**JO:** You're just not ready for field work yet. Here, hold my clipboard... I'm going in.

*JO hands the clipboard to JACKY, and goes to join the pirates. JO, HANDS, POTTS, MEE, and LUKE begin creeping up behind the CAPTAIN in exaggerated fashion. JACKY stands back and looks sulky.*

**CAPTAIN:** I'm just a poor sailor man, Jim lad. I'd love to help you if I could, but my hands are tied.

**JEM:** Why have you been spending so much on drink if you don't have any money?

**CAPTAIN:** Simple - when I'm drunk, I forget I don't have any money.

**JAM:** But you must have *something*!

**CAPTAIN:** ... I promised I'd never speak of this to a living soul, but you've touched me, you have. Touched my black, withered old heart. The fact is, I have something that might help you. Listen close, now...

*They lean in, just as POTTS stabs the CAPTAIN in the back and he collapses on top of them.*

**JAM:** Hey, get off!

**JEM:** That's not helping anyone!

**JIM:** Wait a minute, something's wrong! Is there a doctor in the house?

*All look out expectantly into the audience.*

**JEM:** Or even a medical student? A biochemist? Anyone?

*Opportunity for an ad lib section here, perhaps asking anyone foolish enough to admit to medical knowledge to make a diagnosis. References to stabbing of any sort should, of course, be dismissed with scorn and mildly derogatory remarks about the volunteer's capabilities. Following this:*

**DOCTOR:** Here, let me through. I'll take a look at him.

**JIM:** *(Wildly overenthusiastic.)* Oh, Doctor Livesey! I didn't know you were in tonight! Thank heavens you're here!

**DOCTOR:** All right, enough of the hysterics. Everyone back, give me space.

*A brief intense silence.*

**DOCTOR:** I'm afraid he's dead.

*JIM faints melodramatically.*

**DOCTOR:** Slap him in the face and bring him round, somebody.

*JIM hastily wakes up.*

**JIM:** No, no, honestly, I'm fine - unless you want to give me the kiss of life... Dead, did you say? But you're so brilliant, doctor, surely you of all people can cure him?

**DOCTOR:** He's been *curing* himself for years - pickled in booze and salt. Whoever did this has probably done him a favour; it would have been a slower and more painful death otherwise.

**JAM:** The villains! *(To audience)* Did anyone see where they went?

*With luck - they're behind you! The villains should ideally, therefore, be behind JAM, trying and failing to snag the map off the CAPTAIN's body - until this point, at which juncture they make a hasty exit, almost bumping into JANE, SALLY, IZZY, and JENNY entering.*

**JIM:** *(to audience, disappointed in their poor information)* No, it looks like they've made their escape, I'm afraid.

*Enter SQUIRE, TILLY, BILL BAILIFF, CARRIE.*

**CARRIE:** What on earth is going on?!

**JIM:** *(cont.)* But he's left his bag under the table, look! I've always wondered what was in here... He never let anyone see inside. *(to the audience)* Do you think I should open it?

**SQUIRE:** *(leaving time for potential audience response)* I think I should see that, lad. I'll be entitled to anything that's in there, after all.

**JAM:** Uh, who says?

**BILL:** I do, actually. I do the enforcing around here, and if the Squire says it's his money, then it's his money. So hand it over, kid.

*Enter BARNEY.*

**BARNEY:** This here is a police matter, it seems to me. *(to CAPTAIN)* Now then, sir, can you give me a description of your attackers?

**CARRIE:** Look here, Officer.

**BARNEY:** Do I have to?

**CARRIE:** Cheeky! This man has died in my inn, he owes me money, and I am going to collect it. That's legal enough, isn't it?

**BARNEY:** Um, well-

**CARRIE:** See! Right, here goes.

*She pulls a large bag from under the CAPTAIN's chair and begins rummaging through it.*

**CARRIE:** Gold, gold, silver, gold...

**SQUIRE:** Yes... But I'm afraid you can't possibly pay your rent in chocolate coins, Mrs Hawking.

**CARRIE:** Then I'm ruined! *(throws chocolate coins out to the audience)* All there is in here is this scruffy old bit of paper.

*She holds it up. JANE, JENNY, IZZY, SALLY, and JACKY all edge closer to get a good look.*

**CARRIE:** *(cont.)* It may as well go on the fire.

**BILL:** Wait a minute...

**CARRIE:** What?

**BILL:** That looks like a map to me.

**SQUIRE:** And me, now you mention it...

**CARRIE:** But we have Google for that these days!

**SQUIRE:** Maybe so, But I don't think Google would tell you where to find *buried treasure*.

*Collective gasp.*

**TILLY:** Are you sure, Daddy?

**SQUIRE:** I used to be an expert on these things. Mrs Hawking... If you would like, I will take this map in payment of your rent.

**JIM:** Hang on a minute.

**JEM:** If you're going on an adventure to find buried treasure, why can't we come too?

**JAM:** We can help!

**SQUIRE:** This will be a serious expedition, not a school trip!

**TILLY:** Good! School trips are boring anyway!

**SQUIRE:** Tilly, darling-

**TILLY:** It's an adventure, and we all want to come!

**ALL:** Right!

**SQUIRE:** *(sighs)* Oh... very well.

**TILLY:** *(grabbing JIM's hand)* Come on, then! We've got a lot of packing to do!

**JIM:** *(disentangling himself)* And, um... We'll need a doctor too, right?

**DOCTOR:** If you insist, I suppose.

**TILLY:** Fine, whatever, now come *on*, everyone!

*Exit all but JANE, JENNY, IZZY, SALLY, who are left CS looking despondent; the CAPTAIN, who is dead, and BARNEY, who is confused. Also JACKY, who is lurking in a corner looking thoughtful.*

**JANE:** Well, that could have gone better.

**JO:** No kidding.

**JENNY:** Bugger.

**SALLY:** The race is on, I guess. And we're already behind.

**JANE:** Come on, then. We've got some catching up to do.

*Exit JANE, IZZY, SALLY, JENNY, JO.*

**JACKY:** That's *interesting*. Treasure, huh? Voyage, huh? Well, if Jo thinks I'm going to stay at the office and write up his reports... Ha. He can think again.

*Blackout.*

*Exeunt.*

## 1.5 - DOCKLANDS LIGHT FAILWAY

*The Docks at Bristol, probably. Crates and things for background if so inclined, or not.*

*Enter FAIRY LIQUID and FAIRY CAKE.*

**LIQUID:** Oh dear, oh dear, what are we to do?  
Our friends are tied up with this dastardly crew!

**CAKE:** There's trouble ahead, of that much I'm sure,  
And the danger will grow once they're far from the shore.

**LIQUID:** But don't yet despair, for we have a good plan.  
We'll find Jim as many kind friends as we can.

**CAKE:** If enough people will stand at his side,  
It'll be the best help that we can provide.

**LIQUID:** So many good sailors are kindly at heart,  
Though I will say it's tricky to know where to start.

**CAKE:** It's panto, so cliché's a pretty safe bet,  
So how do we normally deal with a threat?

**LIQUID:** We gave Cat a dick - no; the other way round...

**CAKE:** For dear Cinderella, a pumpkin was found,

**LIQUID:** And then Sleeping Beauty was saved with a kiss -

**CAKE:** But that's problematic, so give it a miss.

**LIQUID:** Our Snow White was saved by the Seven Dwarves.

**CAKE:** Though the pirates might notice them sneaking on board.

**LIQUID:** I do think perhaps we were right with the cat,  
But surely the pirates would still notice that?

**CAKE:** Pirates have cats, I'm quite sure that it's true.  
But just to be safe, what else might we do?

**LIQUID:** One creature you find on a pirate-type gent  
Is a parrot, so how would it be if we sent  
A flash-feathered creature to take up a perch  
Somewhere that wouldn't leave Jim in the lurch?

**CAKE:** But we must be subtle, we must take great care,  
For Jim is already in great danger there.  
We must find a way to keep Polly quite near  
That won't let John know he has something to fear.

**LIQUID:** If we were to find, then, a small group of friends  
With courage enough to support our own ends.  
Then Polly would have all the help she would need,  
A crew of her own, so she's bound to succeed.

**CAKE:** A brilliant plan, and I'm quite sure it's right.  
I'll make the request, and we'll have it tonight.

**LIQUID:** For now, then, we'd better go make ourselves scarce,  
Soon Jim and his family will be millionaires!

*Exeunt.*

*Enter PETER, PIPER, PICKLE, PEPPER, and POSIE. They disport themselves comfortably amongst the grime.*

**PETER:** All right, I call this meeting of the Bristol Amateur



Treasure-hunting Society to order. Peter - that's me - in the chair.

**PEPPER:** On the box.

**PETER:** Silence for the Chair's address, Pepper. It's in the BATS constitution. Where was I...

**PEPPER:** On the box.

**PETER:** *Silence!* Piper taking minutes.

**PIPER:** (*Flirtatiously*) Only cause it's you who asked.

*Brief awkward silence.*

**PETER:** Right, moving on. Pepper, as Treasure-er, what's the latest report?

**PEPPER:** Zilch.

**PETER:** Great. Well, we haven't made a loss from last week, then. Posie, how are the social funds looking?

**POSIE:** Oh - er - gosh. Well, there's nothing there, actually, chaps. But an anonymous donor did contribute a Victoria sponge for this meeting.

**PETER:** Your mum.

**POSIE:** No, I haven't the slightest-

**PIPER:** Shall I put that in the minutes?

**PETER:** Oh, well-

**PEPPER:** She said anonymous! Are you stupid?

**PETER:** Did you put it in the minutes last time?

**PIPER:** No. I couldn't spell 'anonymous'.

**PETER:** Then leave it out.

**PIPER:** But it's not going to flow very well. There'll be a gap.

**PEPPER:** Between your ears?

**PETER:** For god's sake, just leave it! There is a point to this meeting, you know!

**PICKLE:** What are you on about, Peter?

**PETER:** Thank you for asking, Pickle. I heard there's someone going looking for buried treasure.

*All groan. Except Peter, obviously.*

**PEPPER:** Not that one *again*.

**PICKLE:** That happens, like, twenty million times a week.

**PEPPER:** And no one ever comes back with any.

**PETER:** How do you know? Would you tell people if you had loads of treasure?

**PEPPER:** Nah. Cause I don't. After a million years hanging around this dump and talking about sailing away and looking for treasure maps and desert islands and stuff, I still don't have any treasure. It's a waste of time. We could be doing other things.

**PETER:** Like what?

**PICKLE:** Look, Pete-

**PETER:** Peter.

**PICKLE:** Pete. Just cause that guy broke up with you cause you had no money doesn't mean you gotta go running off after treasure all the time. He's not worth it.

**PIPER:** There are people who like you the way you are, you know.

*Awkward silence. Everyone looks at PIPER, who is immediately embarrassed.*

**PEPPER:** Yeah, let's not go there.

**PETER:** Right. Whatever.

**PIPER:** *(Sighs)* Look, we gave it a go, didn't we? We tried, but it didn't work.

**POSIE:** We could give something else a try. I was reading this book the other day, it was set in a boarding school, and the girls did this *hilarious* trick after the lacrosse match, where they-

**PEPPER:** I was gonna throw stones at shop windows.

**PICKLE:** You did that last week.

**PEPPER:** Yeah, but they fixed the windows.

**PETER:** Jesus.

**PICKLE:** What, where?

*General bickering ensues and continues, which I will write if I must but have not written yet. Meanwhile, enter POLLY.*

**PETER:** Whoa, look!

**PEPPER:** What's that?

**POSIE:** Some kind of bird, isn't it?

**PIPER:** Could be a giant insect.

**POLLY:** That is *quite* enough.

*Awestruck silence. Briefly.*

**PICKLE:** So cool. It *talks*.

**POSIE:** I didn't know birds could talk!

**PEPPER:** Why not? If *you* have the brains for it...

**POSIE:** Hey!

**POLLY:** I am very intelligent, thank you. I went to a *polly-technic*. I was working as a *branch manager* until I was dragged out here to meet you hoodlums.

**PICKLE:** You're here for us?

**POLLY:** Regrettably, yes. I shall need *some* assistance in a very important task which I will tell you all about later. Let's not bore the audience now; they've already heard it. Gather yourselves up, if you please. We have a job interview to attend, and we mustn't be late, must we?

**POSIE:** Job?

**PICKLE:** We don't do jobs.

**PETER:** It's against our principles.

**POLLY:** Why's that?

**POSIE:** When I was at Roedean... I mean, when we was at school, like, all our *principals* told us "you'll never get a job".

**POLLY:** Then it's about time things were different.

**PICKLE:** God, you're going to be such a drag!

**POLLY:** Well, I can't help that. You see...

SONG #3 - THE PARROT-Y

**POLLY:** Now, come *along*. We must make tracks!

*Exeunt, pursued by a parrot.*

*Blackout.*

## 1.6 - THE CROSSBONES FACTOR

*A low inn, inhabited by denizens and desperadoes. LONG JOHN SILVER leans on the bar, with HANDS, MEE, LUKE, JO, and POTTS gathered around him. MEDIUM JOAN huddles at the opposite side, with JANE, IZZY, SALLY, and JENNY. Note that song also features POLLY, PETER, PIPER, PICKLE, PEPPER, POSIE, who enter during it and thus do not have a stage direction.*

**JOHN:** Now, listen.

**JOAN:** Are we all clear on what we have to do?

**ALL:** Aye, captain.

*The two groups glance uncomfortably at each other and gather closer.*

**JOHN:** I've wormed my way into the Squire's confidence, and he's asked me to find a crew for him. That's going to be you lot, so be sure to impress him. Understand? Once we're on that ship, we're in the perfect position to plan our mutiny and steal the treasure away.

**JOAN:** My foolish brother has managed to persuade the Squire to let him find a crew. He wasn't clever enough to keep it a secret though, so we just need to sneak in with the rest of them, and then let me do the talking. Understand? Once we're on that ship, we're in the perfect position to plan our mutiny and steal the treasure away.

**JOHN:** *together*

**JOAN:** What could go wrong?

**HANDS:** Nothing, captain. But I've been meaning to ask... *(to JO)* Who the hell are you?

**JOHN:** Good question.

**JO:** I'm... uh... Fred.

**JOHN:** Why the hell are you here, Fred?

**JO:** Uhhh-

*Enter the SQUIRE, with DR LIVESEY, and CARRIE.*

**JO:** Oh, look!

**JOHN:** Never mind now - we'll go into all this later. *(To the SQUIRE)*  
Squire Trelawney, sir!

**SQUIRE:** Ah, there you are! Doctor, I'd like you to meet an excellent seafarer of my acquaintance.

**JOHN:** A pleasure to meet you, sir.

**SQUIRE:** You'll not find a better doctor in many days' ride. Long John Silver; Dr Livesey.

**CARRIE:** Oh, *I* can't be doing with him at all. He's done nothing for my chest.

**JOHN:** ... Is it a bad chest?

**CARRIE:** No, it's a lovely chest. But I wasn't satisfied, I wasn't, so I went for a second opinion.

**JOHN:** Did you get one?

**CARRIE:** Yes, from the window cleaner, but we closed the curtains and ignored him.

**SQUIRE:** Well, between us we have the makings of a fine crew here, gentlemen.

**CARRIE:** Ahem.

**SQUIRE:** Gentlemen and, um, er... others. And John here knows all the local seamen!

*Pause for laughs, or awkward silence.*

**SQUIRE:** *(awkward throat clearing)* Well, I'm sure he'll be able to hook us up with someone.

**JOHN:** A few of the lads - *(he turns and sees an enormous group now composed of his own crew infiltrated by Joan's pirates and the dock rats, looks confused but shakes it off)* - well, actually, it looks like rather a *lot* of the lads are in, as it happens, sir. Maybe you'd like to take a look at them, eh?

**DOCTOR:** Oh, certainly, bring them in. Let's see what they're made of.

SONG #4 - A PIRATE'S LIFE FOR ME.

**SQUIRE:** Well, that all seems most suitable to me. Sign them all up, Long John, and we'll see you bright and early in the morning. We sail with the first tide!

*Blackout.*

*Exeunt.*



## 1.7 - CARRIE ON MY WAYWARD SON

*CARRIE's room. CARRIE, JEM, and JAM are onstage, along with several suitcases in a calamitous state of disorder, and BILL BAILIFF.*

**CARRIE:** Oh, come on, you two. We're going to be late, and you know how the Squire hates people to be late.

**JEM:** We do?

**JAM:** Who cares about the opinions of that grasping, groping, greedy... grasping... uh...

**CARRIE:** He's such a lovely man, that Squire.

**JEM:** He was going to throw you out of the Inn, remember?

**CARRIE:** Oh yes, but in such a *refined* way. You take a tip from me, you two; if you're going to marry a man, make sure he's a landlord.

**JAM:** Why?

**CARRIE:** They're always really good at screwing people.

**JEM:** *(With a wince)* Screwing people *over*, Mum.

**CARRIE:** Over, under... Any which way.

**JAM:** *together*

**JEM:** *Gross.*

**CARRIE:** I'd love that man to casserole me.

**BILL:** Don't you mean caress?

**CARRIE:** No, I want him to do me low and slow for four hours solid.

**JAM:** }

**JEM:** *Mum!* Stop!

*They make to leave.*

**CARRIE:** Oh no you don't; you come back here. I've got all this stuff to pack, and we're going to be late if we don't get a move on. Oh, why didn't the Squire send that nice constable to help?

**JAM:** What difference would it make?

**CARRIE:** Constable Dunstable is *ever* so good at closing cases. Now, what happened to that sausage that we brought back from Hamburg?

**JEM:** You are *not* taking that. Everything in the case will stink.

**CARRIE:** You're always thinking of the wurst case scenario! Now, do stop being stupid and do something *useful*. Here, put all my gloves in that bag there, will you?

**JEM:** Why do you need all these?

**CARRIE:** That one's my *hand* luggage! Now then, who remembers the list?

**JAM:** I do.

**CARRIE:** Right, go on then.

**JAM:** *(Sighs, takes a deep breath)*  
Something warm in case it's chilly,  
something cool in case it's not.  
Something light to keep my arms from burning when it's hot.

**JEM:** Lots of cotton blouses, and some skirts, and then some tops;  
and elasticated trousers, just in case the button pops.

**JAM:** Cardigans and jumpers and my thick old woolly socks;  
floaty summer dresses, and those pretty denim smocks.

**JEM:** Suncream, hair cream, spray to kill the bugs;

**JAM:** Lipstick and mascara and my special travel mug.

**JEM:** Big hats -

**JAM:** Flat caps -

**JEM:** Trainers and high heels -

**JAM:** Oh, and Mum's driving glasses just in case we need some wheels.

**JEM:** Rubber gloves and aprons and bathroom towels for two -

**JAM:** A big old jug of brandy, for cheering up the crew.

**JEM:** Then my old recorder, and your grandma's violin -  
We'd take the pub piano, but it really won't go in.

**JAM:** Long coats -

**JEM:** Short coats -

**JAM:** Velvet coats and wool.  
I'd like to take a ballgown, if that case isn't full.

**JEM:** Sandals, flip flops, stilettos and silk scarves -

**JAM:** A big old picnic hamper to make sure nobody starves.

**JEM:** Some things that are nylon -

**JAM:** Some things that are mink -

**JEM:** But please above all else make sure...

**ALL:** To take the kitchen sink.

**CARRIE:** Well, that should cover everything.

**BILL:** They'll never let you through Customs with all that.

**CARRIE:** Never say never. What are you doing here anyway?

**BILL:** The Squire said I should come along to help. I'm his right-hand man, you know. When it comes to debtors and defaulters, I'm the expert. Extracting cash from unwilling people is what I do.

**CARRIE:** Is there a lot of use for a bailiff on a desert island?

**JEM:** More than there is for a pub landlady.

**CARRIE:** A landlady is welcome wherever she goes. Her profession is one universally respected across all twelve continents. Now, has anyone seen Jim?

**JEM:** I think he was off trying to break a leg.

**CARRIE:** Doesn't that happen before the start of the performance?

**JAM:** Not when he's only doing it to try to get the Doctor's attention.

*Enter the DOCTOR, followed by a desperate JIM.*

**JIM:** Hey, Doctor, hey, Doctor... Are you a surgeon? Cause you're cutting me up inside.

**DOCTOR:** Are you an anaesthetist? You're putting me to sleep.

**CARRIE:** Enough! That's enough! Jim, help Jam and Jem put all my things into these bags.

**JIM:** Won't you help, Doctor? You're so good with complex cases...

**DOCTOR:** You're pathetic.

**CARRIE:** Son, I really thought I taught you better than this. Now come along everyone! No time to waste!

*Blackout.*

*Exeunt.*

## 1.8 - WALK THE PLANK. BUT UPWARDS.

*The Docks, per 1.5.*

*Enter HANDS, MEE, POTTS, LUKE, JO in very bad disguises. They look around them with exaggerated caution.*

**HANDS:** I tell you what, Potts. Sometimes I wish I'd never been a pirate.

**POTTS:** I know what you mean. Trouble is, you get *hooked*.

**MEE:** Aye. Or stabbed.

*Morose silence.*

**HANDS:** I wouldn't want to have to tell the boss I was leaving.

**MEE:** It'd cost you an arm and a leg.

**JO:** You'd have to pay him?

**MEE:** No, but he'd cut off an arm and a leg.

**LUKE:** I don't think I'd dare.

**HANDS:** That's because you're pathetic.

**LUKE:** Oh.

**POTTS:** I don't like this spying kind of stuff. It's not natural. What happened to the days when we'd swing from the rigging with cutlasses between our teeth?

**HANDS:** We had to stop that after what happened to Headless Johnny.

**JO:** What happened to Headless Johnny?

**MEE:** He sprained his ankle.

*Morose silence.*

**HANDS:** I know what you mean, mind. Not sporting, is it, launching a mutiny on a load of lazy old landlubbers?

**MEE:** But what can we do?

**POTTS:** Quit and end up getting marooned, or stay and end up getting hanged.

**JO:** I was marooned once. It wasn't my colour.

*Enter SALLY, JENNY, IZZY, JANE.*

**SALLY:** Oh, look who it is.

**POTTS:** What do you want?

**IZZY:** Would you just look this way for a moment?

*They do, and are immediately knocked out by IZZY's colleagues from behind.*

**JANE:** Smooth work! Right, you know what to do. Tie them up, hide them, and let's get on board. We should be out to sea before they come round.

*The unconscious pirates are dragged offstage by their assailants, followed by IZZY.*

*Enter PETER, PIPER, PICKLE, PEPPER, POSIE, and POLLY.*

**POLLY:** Now, *do* come along. You're dragging your feet dreadfully.

**PETER:** She's worse than my mum!

**POSIE:** Oh? How would you know?

*Stunned silence.*

**PIPER:** Whoa, Po. There's limits, yeah?

**POSIE:** Oh. Awfully sorry.

**POLLY:** Quiet at the back there! The docks can be dangerous at night, so we should get aboard the ship as quickly as possible.

**PICKLE:** I still dunno what we're doing.

**POLLY:** No no, Pickle, you still *don't know* what we're doing.

**PICKLE:** That's what I said, innit?

**POLLY:** Goodness me. Do come along, and we can tackle your elocution a little later in the day. We must be aboard before the ship sails.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter JIM and TILLY. JIM would rather be absolutely anywhere else.*

**TILLY:** I think it's so *brave* of you, Jim.

**JIM:** Mm.

**TILLY:** Not everyone would sign up for a voyage like this.

**JIM:** Mm.

**TILLY:** I mean, there might be pirates and whales and melons and all sorts of awful things.



**JIM:** Mm... Wait, melons?

**TILLY:** My uncle was a sailor and he *died* of melons.

**JIM:** ... How?

**TILLY:** Someone dropped a crate of them on his head.

*Both look uneasily upwards for a moment.*

**JIM:** I'm sure we'll be fine.

**TILLY:** Oh, and *I'm* sure we will too, because *you're* here!

**JIM:** ... And, y'know, all the sailors who actually know what they're doing.

*Enter JEM and JAM.*

**JEM:** (*Deeply amused*) Oh, sorry. Didn't mean to disturb you *lovebirds* in your nest.

**JIM:** Push off.

**JAM:** Oh, well, if you insist-

**JIM:** Actually - no, wait, stay! Here! Please!

*A faint groaning from offstage.*

**JIM:** (*cont.*) Did anyone else hear that?

**JAM:** Hear what?

*Further groans.*

**JIM:** That!

**JEM:** Oh, *that*. (*Pause*) Nope, not a thing.

**JIM:** (*To audience*) You heard it, didn't you? (*Await response*) You did? What was it? (...) Someone's in trouble!

**JEM:** It can't be that bad, otherwise they'd be louder.

**JIM:** Don't be an idiot.

**JAM:** He can't help it if he was born thick.

**JIM:** Don't you think we should do something about it?

**JEM:** I don't know, Jim. There could be all kinds of creepy people lurking around the docks late at night. I've seen *Les Mis*. There might even be (*melodramatically*) ghosties and ghoulies!

*Dramatic pause.*

**JAM:** Coward.

**JEM:** Coward and proud. I'm alive, and I'd like to stay that way.

**JIM:** We can't just leave them. Someone might be hurt.

**TILLY:** Oh Jim, you're such a *hero*.

**JIM:** ... Actually, yes, let's just leave them there.

**JEM:** This place is supposed to be really haunted! We should get out of here fast!

*Enter the DOCTOR and the SQUIRE.*

**JIM:**        (*Grandstanding*) No, we can't possibly leave them there! They might need medical attention!

**SQUIRE:**    What are you wittering about, boy?

**JIM:**        Someone's groaning over there, Doctor. They might be in awful pain. They might need your genius and skill to save them. So, though the night is dark, and full of strange shadows; though scary noises and dangerous people are lurking round every corner of this horribly haunted place; I and I alone will-

**DOCTOR:**    Jim! You're wittering again!

**JIM:**        Yes, yes, right, sorry. Um. Will someone come with me please?

**SQUIRE:**    For Heaven's sake. We'll all go.

**JEM:**        But what if someone sneaks up behind us?

**JAM:**        (*To audience*) You'll tell us, won't you?

*Await response.*

**JEM:**        Well, I hope you're going to be louder than that. She *said*, you'll tell us, won't you?

*Await response.*

**JAM:**        I suppose it will just have to do. Right, everyone, form a line. Behind Jim.

**JIM:**        OK - wait, why do I have to go first?

*They do so, in the order JIM, TILLY, JEM, JAM, DOCTOR, SQUIRE.*

**JEM:** Let's go and take a look.

*They creep slowly across the stage. As they do so, GHOSTIE appears and attaches itself to the rear of the line. The SQUIRE looks around, screams, and runs off in the direction from which GHOSTIE originated, pursued by said GHOSTIE. The others stop and look back.*

**JEM:** Is it me or are we missing someone? Large, bearded, smell of old beer...

**TILLY:** *(Screams)* Someone's stolen Daddy!

**JIM:** *(Rubbing his ear)* Well, he can't have gone far.

**TILLY:** Oh, Jim, you're so good in a crisis.

**JIM:** *(To audience)* Did you see where he went?

*Ad-lib section, in which phrases such as "It was a what?" and "Oh no it didn't" are traditionally used. GHOSTIE and SQUIRE occasionally wander across the back of the stage in pursuit of what our glamorous director describes as "silent Scooby Doo chase vibes."*

**JIM:** I'm sure they'll soon get fed up with him. But I suppose we should see if we can find him.

*They repeat the performance, in the same order but in the opposite direction. GHOULIE mirrors GHOSTIE's actions as previously, and the DOCTOR repeats the SQUIRE's reaction.*

**JEM:** *(To audience)* Did you see anything?

*Ad-lib as before, though preferably not exactly as before.*

**JIM:** However will we cope without the Doctor?!

**TILLY:** (*Secretly thrilled.*) Oh, I'm sure we'll manage! I got my first aid badge in the Guides!

**JAM:** Well, we're not losing anyone else. I think we should stay here and try to scare the ghosts away.

**JEM:** And how are we supposed to do that?

**JAM:** Everyone knows ghosts are scared of singing.

**JEM:** I don't think it's just ghosts who are scared of *your* singing.

**JIM:** Oh, shut up, both of you! If that's how we get the Doctor back then of course that's what we'll do! (*To audience*) Join in if you know the words, and shout if you see a ghost! Right, ready everyone?

## SONG #5 - THE RESCUE SONG

*By the conclusion of the song, we see the SQUIRE, the DOCTOR, HANDS, POTTS, MEE, LUKE, and JO reappearing on stage. The latter five are still unconscious.*

**JEM:** There you all are! Where have you been?

**SQUIRE:** Oh, for dinner at the Ritz. Don't ask such damn stupid questions, boy. Now, (*to GHOSTIE and GHOU LIE*) what do you two think you're playing at, mucking around on the docks like this? Someone might get hurt!

**GHOSTIE:** Someone did.

**GHOULIE:** Oh, here we go again. Two hundred years and you're still not over it?

**GHOSTIE:** You tried to murder me!

**GHOULIE:** I did not! I successfully murdered you!

**GHOSTIE:** You're not improving things for yourself here.

**GHOULIE:** Look, I've said I'm sorry a million times!

**GHOSTIE:** Two million and thirty eight at the last count.

**GHOULIE:** Anyway, it's not like it did me any good, is it?

**GHOSTIE:** We are *not* going through this again. Is it *my* fault you're too incompetent to push someone over the edge without going in yourself?

**JAM:** Um. Excuse me.

**GHOULIE:** What is it?

**JAM:** Do you need us for this bit?

*The ghosts look faintly embarrassed.*

**GHOSTIE:** For God's sake, Ghoulie! You're always embarrassing me when we have company.

**GHOULIE:** Oh, *I'm* embarrassing? That's rich coming from you, Ghostie.

**GHOSTIE:** Look, I know a lot of people are embarrassed by their Ghoulies, but there have to be limits. It's just ridiculous.

**JIM:** Whatever weird problems you two have with each other, that's no

excuse for going around scaring people, is it? It's not nice being grabbed by the Ghoulies in the dockyard.

**GHOULIE:** Sorry.

**GHOSTIE:** So I should think.

**GHOULIE:** And Ghostie would be sorry too, if they had any feelings. But unfortunately...

**GHOSTIE:** Listen, you transparent waste of ectoplasm!

**JEM:** Jam?

**JAM:** Jem?

**JEM:** Are we as bad as this?

**JIM:** Yes, absolutely.

**JEM:** Oh.

*Blackout, ghosts bickering in the background.  
Exeunt.*

## 1.9 - A LOAD OF FAIRIES

*Frontcloth, if we had one. Enter FAIRY LIQUID and FAIRY CAKE.*

**LIQUID:** Well, now, it seems that all's going to plan.  
For Polly's aboard, with her newfound clan.

**CAKE:** I'm sure we can trust her to keep things afloat  
If nothing happens to upset the boat.

**LIQUID:** So it's just as well that we're here for keeps,  
We'll get them all through it, make sure no one weeps.

**CAKE:** I love your talent, your rhyming, your style,  
And now I've been working with you for a while,  
I hope that it won't be too odd if I say  
That standing beside you just brightens my day.

*An awkward pause.*

**LIQUID:** Thank you, I think, and I'm sure it's well meant,  
But I think we would be better off if we spent  
Our long working hours on businesslike terms,  
That's how our professional life's reaffirmed.

**CAKE:** I'm quite sure you're right, and I know that it's true  
That my best advice comes always from you.

**LIQUID:** I hope you're not hurt, but I've worked a long time  
In plays and in drama and in pantomime,  
And a fact that is incontrovertibly true  
Is that romance won't happen for fairies like you.  
We wand-wave and mouse-change and pumpkin-reshape,  
Help princesses dress and pris'ners escape,  
But all our rewards are in moral terms only,



When it comes to love, we must simply stay lonely.  
You've a tol'erable face, as far as it goes,  
Though in terms of your brain, I can only suppose.  
So believe me, my dear, it's not personal spite,  
When I say that it simply would not be right  
To steal away drama from those who deserve  
Our full attention, their fates to preserve.  
And if that upsets you, I must just regret  
The fact that you've not grasped these details yet.

**CAKE:** I see what you're saying, so let's leave it there.  
Since what I *would* say, I can't really share.  
It's best we head back now and handle the job;  
Lord knows we really cannot trust that mob.  
Pirates aren't known for their debonair charm,  
And we really should not let Jim come to harm.

**LIQUID:** That's right, my dear, keep your mind on the task,  
And do your job well; that's all that I ask.  
The life of a fairy can sometimes be tough,  
But I'm sure I can trust that you'll be good enough.

*Exeunt.*

*Blackout.*

## 1.10 - SAIL THE SEVEN SEAS, AND ALL THAT

*Deck of a ship (good luck). SMALL, SQUIRE, DOCTOR, and CARRIE CS. HANDS, POTTS, MEE, LUKE SR; IZZY, JANE, SALLY, JENNY, JO SL; all miming vaguely nautical occupations. JACKY can lurk in a corner making notes, hiding behind various people at various times, but has no lines so need not be here if stage space is an issue.*

**SMALL:** You know I don't like to complain.

**SQUIRE:** Yes, captain, we know.

**SMALL:** But with that being said, this has to be the worst crew I've ever shipped in my whole career.

**SQUIRE:** That's hardly fair, captain.

**SMALL:** I asked one of them to put another coat on the figurehead, and he said he didn't think wood got cold!

**SQUIRE:** It doesn't, does it?

**SMALL:** Coat of *paint*, Squire; coat of paint!

**SQUIRE:** Ah, ah yes. I quite see. Coat of paint, eh? Just fancy.

**SMALL:** This is an old ship, sir, she needs a little rejuvenating every so often.

**SQUIRE:** A bit of Boat-tox, as it were? (*finger guns*)

**SMALL:** But when you pick a ship up cheap, as you've tried to-

**SQUIRE:** Well, we did get her on *sail*. And she's very cheap to run. She does thousands of miles to the *galleon*.

**SMALL:** The point is, Squire, I'm not happy about taking this ship to sea; no, not happy at all, I'm not. With a crew like this, I mean to say...

**SQUIRE:** I hope you're not suggesting, sir, that I have supplied an inferior crew.

**SMALL:** Oh no, sir, I'm not *suggesting* it at all.

**SQUIRE:** (*Missing the implication*) Oh, excellent. Then I don't quite see what the trouble is, captain.

**SMALL:** There's not one in ten of 'em I'd trust to splice a rope, sir. In fact, I had to send half of them below deck to keep out of the way. Kids and parrots, I ask you! They know nothing about sailing!

**SQUIRE:** But surely it's your affair to teach them.

**SMALL:** I'm running a ship, sir, not a nursery school or a Scouts troop. I mean, watch this. You, man! Come here!

**LUKE does so.**

**LUKE:** Yes, captain?

**SMALL:** Would you say you're an intelligent sailor?

**LUKE:** Oh, yes, sir.

**SMALL:** All right then, (*to other pirates*) what's something an intelligent sailor should know?

**POTTS:** Geography?

**SMALL:** Fine, fine. What's the capital of Australia?

**LUKE:** A.

**SMALL:** Here's a map - how would you get from the UK to Norway?

**LUKE:** I'd catch a plane, sir.

**MEE:** And we all wish you had.

**SMALL:** Name three African countries.

**LUKE:** Um. South Africa?

**SMALL:** Good. Two more.

**LUKE:** Er. North Africa and East Africa?

**SMALL:** Back to place, sailor.

*LUKE does so. A dispirited pause.*

**DOCTOR:** Couldn't we have a training montage?

**SMALL:** Not on this budget, Doctor.

**SQUIRE:** Well, then, we shall just have to make do. I don't propose to delay any longer.

**SMALL:** The insurance company won't like it.

**SQUIRE:** Well, don't tell them.

**DOCTOR:** Squire, I really must protest.

**SQUIRE:** No, Doctor, you must not. All my life, I've been hunting for treasure, and now that I am finally on the verge of finding it, I refuse to be beaten at the final hurdle.

**DOCTOR:** Even for the sake of your daughter?

**SQUIRE:** Especially for the sake of my daughter. I must find some money from somewhere if Tilly is ever to achieve her dreams at Oxford. Bribing admissions tutors isn't as cheap as it once was. Captain, I will record that you do this under protest, but do this you must - or shall I find someone else?

**SMALL:** *(Sighs)* I'll sail your ship for you, sir, but don't you go blaming me when it sinks. I did warn you.

**SQUIRE:** Your warning has been noted, captain. Now, let's weigh anchor.

**MEE:** Two and a half tonnes, sir.

**SMALL:** And may God have mercy on our souls.

***Blackout.***

***Exeunt.***

## 2.1 - THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PIRATE AND PRAT

*The deck of the ship, at sea. SMALL, SQUIRE, BILL, TILLY, DOCTOR, CARRIE, JIM, JEM, JAM, LONG JOHN, MEE, POTTS, HANDS, LUKE, JO, JACKY, MEDIUM JOAN, IZZY, JANE, SALLY, JENNY, POLLY, PETER, PIPER, PEPPER, PICKLE, POSIE all on stage, being flung around in the grip of an immense storm.*

### SONG #6 - STORMY WEATHER

**MEE:** She's going down!

**BILL:** Help!

**PETER:** Man the lifeboats!

**PIPER:** Where are the lifeboats?!

**SMALL:** We don't have any lifeboats!

*A loud thunderclap and everyone leans as if the ship has rocked sideways*

**TILLY:** Oh, Jim!

**JIM:** Oh, Doctor!

**DOCTOR:** Oh, God!

**POLLY:** Everyone stay calm!

**SMALL:** Who said that?!

**POLLY:** Um... Pieces of eight, pieces of eight!

**CARRIE:** Someone save my best dress!

**JAM:** You've only got worst dresses!

**POSIE:** Everyone stay close together!

**JIM:** *(To Tilly) together*

**PETER:** *(To Piper)* Not that close!

**JOHN:** There go the cutlasses!

**JOAN:** There go the pistols!

**POLLY:** Serve them right.

**JOHN:** *together*

**JOAN:** Who said that?

**POLLY:** ... Pieces of nine, pieces of nine.

**POSIE:** Why nine now?

**POLLY:** Inflation.

**SMALL:** We're all going to die!

**CARRIE:** We will with that attitude! Pull yourself together!

**SMALL:** Pull myself together?! Any more water in here and I'll dissolve!

*A loud thunderclap and everyone leans as if the ship has rocked sideways.*

**HANDS:** I should have been a better person!

**IZZY:** I should have been a better pirate!

**MEE:** I should have phoned my mum!

**SALLY:** I shouldn't have strangled my mum!

**JO:** I'm naturally perfect!

**JACKY:** Why didn't I stay in the office?!

**POTTS:** Someone help!

**JENNY:** Too late for that!

**JANE:** She's going down...

***Blackout.***

***Exeunt.***



## 2.2 - THE ISLAND

*A beach at sunrise, with one notable feature being a large sign reading DANGER, and preferably depicting a skull and crossbones. JEM, PIPER, IZZY, JO, HANDS, and TILLY in various recumbent poses which should, for directorial reasons, be abandoned at the earliest possible opportunity.*

*Enter LIQUID and CAKE.*

**LIQUID:** What a calamity, what a to-do!

**CAKE:** This won't look at all good in the review.

**LIQUID:** What sort of a rhyme do you call that?

**CAKE:** Well, I'm under stress, you stupid old bat!

**LIQUID:** Clearly things haven't worked out as they should.

**CAKE:** I think that's a point which is well understood.

**LIQUID:** Say something helpful, why don't you, you dunce?

**CAKE:** Can't you be nice to me even this once?

**LIQUID:** Our pirates and friends and parrot and all  
Have just been washed up on a hostile shore

**CAKE:** Where is the treasure? We just don't know,  
But surely there can't be all that far to go?

**LIQUID:** If I had some idea about reading a map,  
We'd be in a decent show; not in this crap.

**CAKE:** The storm has divided our cast from their groups.

But they still have a chance, if they rally their troops.

**LIQUID:** It seems, anyhow, that we can't do a lot,  
We'll just have to hope that we've foiled the plot.

*Exit LIQUID and CAKE.*

*Sleepers awaken, except for IZZY and HANDS.*

**JEM:** Ugh... my head... It's like the morning after Plush.

**TILLY:** Where... where are we?

**JO:** On a beach.

**JEM:** And it's not Scarborough.

**TILLY:** Isn't it? We always go to Monte Carlo. And it's not there either.

**PIPER:** Brilliant. Two down, nineteen gazillion to go.

**TILLY:** I don't think there's such a thing as a gazillion.

**PIPER:** Shut it, posh girl.

**JEM:** Hey, fighting won't get us anywhere, guys.

**PIPER:** Sure, and if she keeps her mouth shut, I won't have to fight her.

**TILLY:** *(Screams)*

*A general pause.*

**JEM:** And that was because...?

**TILLY:** Where's Jim?!

**PIPER:** You and your toyboy, you're just totally obsessed. I even spotted it on the ship, it's pathetic, you can't survive half a bloody hour without your... Wait a minute; where's Peter?!

**TILLY:** Now who's pathetic?

**PIPER:** It's different! Pete and I go way back! We've been friends since forever! We're totally soulmates!

**TILLY:** Rubbish. Just because you've known someone forever doesn't mean you're destined to... doesn't mean you're... doesn't mean you're destined to be together.

*A reflective pause as she considers.*

**PIPER:** The penny drops, huh? Well. Half a penny.

**TILLY:** You foul, evil, slime-mouthed, piece of -

**PIPER:** If your brains were dynamite, you wouldn't have enough to blow your ears off.

**JEM:** *OK.* Let's keep the insults to a minimum, and we might all survive. Anyone recognise these guys?

**TILLY:** They were on the ship too. *(Gasps)* They're not... *dead*, are they?

**JO:** Not likely. Either drunk or asleep, I'd say.

*PIPER kicks IZZY and HANDS.*

**IZZY:** *together*

**HANDS:** Ow!

*They awaken, grumpily.*

**HANDS:** What time do you call this?

**IZZY:** I was having a lovely dream, I was.

**JEM:** Well, now you get to join the rest of us in the nightmare. We're lost, we don't know where we are, we don't know where anyone else is, and we have no idea how we're going to get home.

**HANDS:** Aye, you've got a problem there.

**JO:** I think you'll find *we've* got a problem.

**HANDS:** Nah, nah. I've lived on islands before. Been marooned and everything.

**JO:** Have you really? Interesting past performance review...

**TILLY:** Oh, then you can help us!

**HANDS:** Help?

**IZZY:** I don't think so.

**HANDS:** We're pirates.

**IZZY:** Help isn't the point.

**HANDS:** I'm pretty sure it's against the rules.

**IZZY:** We'd be struck off the Pirates' Register.

**HANDS:** It's a bureaucratic nightmare.

**JO:** Well, technically... *(remembering the cover)* I mean yeah, sure, bureaucracy, right?

**TILLY:** Fine. Let's just keep it together. The first thing is to find everyone else.

**PIPER:** Uh, actually, the first thing is to find food and shelter.

**HANDS:** What kind of pirates are you?! The first thing is to find the gold!

**IZZY:** *Obviously.* We've been washed up on a desert island; there must be gold round here somewhere.

**JEM:** Well, whatever we need to do first, we definitely need to do *something*. Let's take a look around the island and see what we can find, all right?

*Exit JEM, PIPER, and TILLY.*

*IZZY and HANDS look at each other with menace. JO stands surreptitiously to one side.*

**IZZY:** Been a while, little brother.

**HANDS:** Less of the little.

**IZZY:** Still reading that alphabet book?

**HANDS:** I'm up as far as 'M is for Motorbike'.

**IZZY:** Cool. *(Pause)* What's a motorbike?

**HANDS:** *(excitedly)* There's a picture in the book! Oh...it sank.

**IZZY:** Oh. *(gives him a patronising little pat on the back)*

**HANDS:** So... We should probably do something.

**IZZY:** There must be some civilisation on this island somewhere.

**HANDS:** Look, there's a sign! (*He points to it*) It says... Uh... D - A... I don't know what the next one is... G - E - ... I don't know that one either.

**IZZY:** The last one is an R.

**HANDS:** D - A - something - G - E - R. I've got it! Dagger! Dagger this way! And there's a skull! It's a pirate dagger, and I'm going to get there before you!

*He runs off in the direction indicated by the sign.*

**IZZY:** Idiot.

*A scream. She walks off in the opposite direction.*

**JO:** *Very unethical conduct.*

*Walks off after IZZY.*

*Enter JACKY from the opposite side.*

**JACKY:** How am I supposed to assess these people if they won't stay still? I'll be chasing them all over the island at this rate!

*Exit JACKY after JO and IZZY.*

*Blackout.*

## 2.3 - LOVE ISLAND?

*Another part of the island. The SQUIRE, JIM, the DOCTOR, BILL, and JAM in recumbent positions, to which the same remarks apply as were made in the previous scene. Enter CARRIE.*

**JIM:** How's the weather out there?

**CARRIE:** It's a bit chilly in my summer frock.

**JIM:** That's all right, I won't wear your summer frock.

*He stands and stretches.*

**JIM:** *(cont.)* It's a bold and dangerous thing that I do. I'm venturing into the unknown. How far I go and how long I go for, I don't know. All I'm saying is that if I don't come back, think well of me. And if, in months and months, I come crawling back into this shack with blood pouring off me and insects crawling in my hair, I know I'll be coming back to the best doctor in the whole wide world -

**DOCTOR:** We'll have given up and left by then.

**JIM:** *(crushed)* Oh. Right. OK then.

*JIM exits.*

**BILL:** So, what happens now? Do we pillage the local village? Ooh, that's a good rhyme, I'll make a note of that...

**DOCTOR:** What we need to work out first of all is where we are.

*Enter LONG JOHN with MEE.*

**JOHN:** Oh, I can tell ye that, doctor.

**SQUIRE:** Ah, John! Capital fellow, knew we could rely on you to sort us out!  
Where are we, then?

**JOHN:** You, Squire, are under lock and key.

**SQUIRE:** Top stuff! Er... Where is that, exactly?

**DOCTOR:** Here, Trelawney.

**SQUIRE:** Well, fancy that.

**MEE:** Since we found you all in here, we thought we'd take the chance to  
snatch an advantage, you see?

**JOHN:** Exactly right. Now, I was going to let you dig up the treasure and cart  
it home for me before I showed my hand, but chances seem to have  
turned against me, so we'll have to do this the hard way, old man.

**SQUIRE:** Old! How dare you!

**JOHN:** Shut it! Ever since I sneaked my way onto that disaster of a ship, I've  
been waiting for my chance to really tell you what I thought of you,  
and I can't even do it properly now - this is a family-friendly show,  
curse it! Look at this lot! After all the years I've slaughtered and  
butchered on the high seas, after all the comrades I've stabbed in the  
back, after all the danger and disaster I've been through to get my  
hands on that bit of paper, you think I'm just going to let *you* have it?  
Think again! I'm the terror of the seas, I am! That stupid sister of  
mine can just go back to playing with her dolls, and I bet when she  
hears all about this, she'll regret making me cry by stealing my teddy  
bear... last week. (*confidence falters a little*) And you think you can  
stop me? You're so wrong you... you... you don't even know the  
meaning of right! Oh yes you are!



**DOCTOR:** Oh no, we're not!

*Etc, etc.*

**JOHN:** This is how it's going to go. You're going to give me the map, and then I might let you live. I'm sure you could survive a few months on this island, eating crabs and seagulls, drinking from rock pools, before the despair and the solitude drive you totally mad... Or I can just kill you, and take the map from your cold, dead hands. Which do you prefer?

**SQUIRE:** Can I have a while to think about it?

**JOHN:** You can have five seconds. One. Two. Three. Four...

**BILL:** Five, six, seven, eight!

SONG #7 - THE FACE-OFF

**JAM:** Just hand it over! Please!

**SQUIRE:** All right, all right!

*He does so.*

**JOHN:** Well, thank you very much (*mocking bow to the SQUIRE*). I thought you'd see sense. (*Evil laugh*) Now, I'm off. I'll be leaving a bloodthirsty pirate on guard outside the door, though, so don't you lot go getting any ideas. I might let you look at my gold later, if you're good. Ta-ta for now.

*JOHN exits.*

**SQUIRE:** Oh, God.

**MEE:** You heard the boss. Get yourselves over there, and no funny business.

**BILL:** That didn't work out as well as I thought it would.

**DOCTOR:** I knew you should never have taken that man on board.

**SQUIRE:** Oh, it's easy to criticise now, isn't it? We're all in the same boat, you know.

**JAM:** There is no boat! We've lost the boat! If we were in a boat, we wouldn't be having this problem.

**MEE:** Hey, I'm talking to you!

**CARRIE:** You're right, dear - that ship *has* sailed.

**SQUIRE:** Must we have interruptions from the commoners?

**CARRIE:** Common! How dare you! We live in a detached house!

**DOCTOR:** Only because they pulled down all the others around it.

**CARRIE:** I don't like your tone.

**DOCTOR:** I don't like the colour of your dress, but I'm learning to live with it.

**MEE:** Does this sword mean nothing to you?

**DOCTOR:** Well don't wave it around like that, you could have someone's eye out.

**JAM:** Mum! Doctor! I hate to interrupt, but while we're arguing, Long John is getting away with the booty!

**CARRIE:** I shouldn't think Long John has got away with the booty in a *very* long time.

**MEE:** This is your last warning!

**JAM:** Oh, for f-

**CARRIE:** None of your bloody bad language in front of the Squire. (*winks at him*) But I suppose we'd better do as the man says.

**MEE:** Thank God for that.

**CARRIE:** Now, where did Jim get to?

**JAM:** He went out to water a palm tree.

**DOCTOR:** Well, we'd better hope he gets back soon. It looks like he might be our only hope now. (*Does not look enthused about this.*)

*MEE locks them in the cupboard and stands outside on guard.*

*Blackout.*

*Exeunt.*

## 2.4 - AVAST YE SCALLYWAGS.

*Elsewhere on - you guessed it - the island. MEDIUM JOAN, SALLY, JENNY, and JANE stand about in superior attitudes. LUKE and POTTS stand to one side in chains, looking vaguely intimidated.*

**JOAN:** If I've said it once, I've said it a thousand times.

**JANE:** Oh, you've definitely said it more than once.

**JOAN:** Piracy is easy so long as you keep your eye on two things. Where the treasure is, and who's trying to stab you in the back.

**SALLY:** So where is the treasure?

**JOAN:** On this island, obviously.

**JENNY:** And who's trying to stab you in the back?

**JOAN:** My idiot of a brother.

**JENNY:** Really?

**SALLY:** I'd have thought he was more trying to stab you in the front.

**JANE:** He's not a subtle guy.

**JOAN:** Well, it doesn't matter. Once we have the treasure, we'll be off out of here, and even if he still wants to stab me, he won't be able to reach.

**JANE:** And, um, how are we going to do that?

**JOAN:** Do what?

**JANE:** Well, any of it, really. We don't have the map, so we can't find the

treasure, and we don't have a ship, so we can't leave the island.

**JOAN:** Stop making petty difficulties, will you? We're resourceful! We're pirates! The terrors of the seas! We didn't achieve all that by giving up at the first hurdle!

**SALLY:** Right!

**JOAN:** So, you just come up with some solutions to those problems, and when you've done that, I'll be having a bath.

**JENNY:** Um. What?

**JOAN:** It's time you developed some initiative and thought for yourselves. It'll be good for your professional development. If you want to achieve Grade 6 on the Pirate Pay Scale, taking opportunities to work on your leadership is critical. Now, where did I leave the soap...

*Exit JOAN.*

**JANE:** Oh, *well done*.

**JENNY:** How is it my fault?!

**JANE:** Well, it'll never be hers, and I'm getting my claim in early for it not to be mine. You and Sally can fight it out between you. Meanwhile, delegation is the art of leadership, so I'm delegating all our problems to you.

**JENNY:** Who put you in charge?

**JANE:** I assumed command under difficult circumstances. It's a tough job, but someone has to do it.

**JENNY:** Fine, well... I'm delegating it to Sally.

**SALLY:** Then I'm delegating it to Izzy.

**JENNY:** Izzy isn't here.

**SALLY:** Good, she can't argue about it.

**POTTS:** Um-

**JENNY:** Be quiet.

**POTTS:** Yes, right, fine.

**SALLY:** We've got to get out of this mess somehow.

*Enter LONG JOHN, singing to himself and drinking from a hipflask, with the map ostentatiously clutched in one hand. Or both hands, or wherever.*

**JOHN:** Fifteen men on a dead man's... on a dead... on a dead... *(Pause)*  
What are you all doing here?

**SALLY:** We were shipwrecked, remember?

**JOHN:** But I thought... I thought...

**JENNY:** Thought we'd all drowned?

**SALLY:** Thought we wouldn't cope?

**JANE:** Thought we couldn't swim?

**JENNY:** Thought wrong, didn't you? Now, you could try to be brave, but that would be foolish, with all these blades around. So you just sit down over there and play tiddlywinks with your friends.

**JOHN:** Um.

**JENNY:** Oh, and I'll be having that map off you, thank you.

*She takes it. SALLY pushes JOHN over to join POTTS and LUKE.*

**JOHN:** Where's Hands?

**POTTS:** No idea, captain.

**SALLY:** No one's seen him since the storm.

**POTTS:** We've been hands-free.

**JOHN:** Then he may still save us.

**LUKE:** I think he was -

**JOHN:** Shut up, idiot.

**JENNY:** Hey, that's not a very nice way to talk to your crewmates, is it?

*LUKE looks mildly startled, as though this is news to him.*

**SALLY:** In Joan's crew we have a zero-tolerance policy on bullying.

**LUKE:** She seems nice.

**JOHN:** Nice? My sister? Don't be ridiculous. She only does stupid things like giving her pirates wages and sick pay and counselling services to trick them into working for her.

**LUKE:** Wages? That's... kind of cool.

**JANE:** Enough chattering! I'll have no plotting behind my back. Jenny,

read the map. Sally, tell the prisoners to make us a raft.

**SALLY:** Are you sure that's a good idea?

**JENNY:** Why not?

**SALLY:** I can think of a *raft* of reasons... But mostly because if the prisoners make the raft, they might use it to escape.

**JANE:** Good point. Jenny, you make the raft. Sally, tell the prisoners to read the map.

**JENNY:** Do you want to think about that one for a second?

**JANE:** All right, all right. Jenny, make the raft; Sally, read the map. It's hard work making these decisions, I'm going for a lie down.

*Exit JANE.*

*Blackout.*

*Exeunt.*



## 2.5 - THE SCENE WITH NO NAME

*Another section of beach. PETER, PEPPER, POSIE, and POLLY on stage, with CAPTAIN SMALL, all upright for variety's sake.*

**SMALL:** I knew it, I knew it, I knew it. That's a good ship I've lost out there, to say nothing of the crew, and how are we going to get home, that's what I want to know. What I say is -

**PEPPER:** What we say is, will you shut up for God's sake?

**POSIE:** Hear, hear.

**PETER:** There, there.

**POLLY:** Now, there's no cause for hysterics; that won't help anyone. The thing to do is to make a plan.

**SMALL:** Yes, I suppose - hang on, is that parrot talking?

**POLLY:** Oh, for goodness' sake! Of course I am! Parrots are well known for talking, are they not?

**SMALL:** Well, I suppose-

**POLLY:** For your information, Captain, I am considerably older than I look. Parrots live to a great age, and I have served on many more ships than you have, so perhaps you would have the goodness to allow me to speak. You will not be aware, of course, that a number of the crew you shipped in Bristol were pirates.

**SMALL:** They were what?!

**POLLY:** Pirates! Do keep up.

**PETER:** But I didn't ship any of them...

**PEPPER:** Shut up.

**POLLY:** It is my opinion that we will find these pirates towards the centre of the island, where treasure is usually buried to keep it away from the mermaids.

**SMALL:** Mermaids? I dated a mermaid once.

**POLLY:** We will therefore proceed in that direction, on the basis of strength in numbers, but we will do so cautiously. Now, are you coming, Mr Small?

**SMALL:** I'm not rightly sure. Birds on a ship are terribly bad luck, you know.

**PEPPER:** It's a bit bloody late for that, isn't it?

**PETER:** Anyway, she's not really a bird, is she?

**POLLY:** Who's *she*, the cat's mother?

**PEPPER:** That'd be a biological miracle.

*Enter JIM, at a run.*

**JIM:** Help! Help!

**POSIE:** What on earth's wrong with you?

**PEPPER:** Is something on fire?

**JIM:** Pirates!

**POLLY:** Oh, those. Yes, we know all about them.

**JIM:** But they've kidnapped my mother!

**PEPPER:** They'd have to be insane. Oh no, they haven't.

**JIM:** Oh yes they have!

*By this point, those of you who have been paying attention will require no further explanation of the next few minutes of this scene.*

**POSIE:** Well, I suppose we'll have to take a look then, won't we?

**POLLY:** No, no, no. One thing at a time. I'm terribly sorry about your mother, Jim, but we must keep our eye on the treasure. If we have control of that, the pirates will do whatever we ask, and we might all have a chance of getting home alive. Otherwise, we're all sunk.

**PEPPER:** We're all already sunk. That's how we got here in the first place.

**POLLY:** Oh, very smart, Posie. Try being more clever and less smart, and you'll make something of yourself yet.

**POSIE:** That's Pepper.

**PEPPER:** And that's Posie.

**POLLY:** As you appear to share a single brain cell in any case, it doesn't make a great deal of difference.

**POSIE:** *together*

**PEPPER:** Hey!

**POLLY:** Now, *do* all pull yourselves together, can't you? Every moment that we stand here chattering is another moment that those pirates could be spending on finding the treasure.

**PEPPER:** Hang on a minute. If we still don't have the map, how are we going to beat the pirates to the treasure?

**POLLY:** Believe me, pirates are not imaginative people. It'll be under a significant-looking palm tree on the top of a hill.

**PETER:** And what about Piper?

**POLLY:** She'll turn up sooner or later, unfortunately.

**PETER:** Unfortunately?

**POLLY:** My dear boy, with a cast of this size, the fewer characters we have to worry about at once, the better I shall be pleased. Now, Mr Small, you must either come with us or stay where you are, but I really cannot afford to wait any longer, so you will have to hurry up whichever way you lean.

**JIM:** Yes, come *on!* We've got to save my mum!

**PETER:** I'm sure she'll be alright- if anything, I pity the pirate who gets on the wrong side of her.

**POLLY:** Stop chattering and *do* come along!

*Exeunt.*

*Enter LIQUID and CAKE.*

**LIQUID:** Now aren't you glad we sent Polly along?  
She'll keep them safe so that nothing goes wrong.

**CAKE:** She's a fabulous bird, I'm left in no doubt,  
Though I'm glad it's not me that she's bossing about.

**LIQUID:** While on that subject, I'd just like to say  
I used some harsh words to you early today  
You didn't deserve them, and I was just stressed  
It's so much hard work, you know, being the best.

**CAKE:** You're so sweet to say so, don't think of it more,  
I was quite upset and my heart was quite sore  
But now that I know it was just out of stress,  
I quite understand all your need to impress.

**LIQUID:** Then let us move on, for there's no time to waste,  
I think that those pirates may find themselves chased  
Across all the island by our friendly crew  
And I just can't wait now to see what they'll do.

*Exit LIQUID.*

SONG #8 - TINKER-BELLE OF THE BALL

*Exeunt.*

*Blackout.*

## 2.6 - X MARKS THE SPOT

*My apologies in advance to the directors. OK, here goes. Another part of the island; somewhere central, with a conspicuous palm tree if it can be arranged. Lights up on an empty stage; then enter MEDIUM JOAN, JENNY, JANE, IZZY, SALLY, with LONG JOHN, LUKE, and POTTS in chains behind them. Behind them comes JO, looking surreptitious, and followed even more surreptitiously by JACKY, both of whom are making notes. From the other side, enter POLLY, PETER, PIPER, PEPPER, POSIE, JIM, and CAPTAIN SMALL. The latter group conceal themselves (good luck) and observe the former.*

**JOAN:** This looks like the place. OK, everyone, take a break.

**LUKE:** A break? We get breaks?

**JOHN:** This is why my sister's piracy is pathetic! *Breaks!* They'll be wanting a union next!

**JO:** What a healthy attitude to labour relations. *(mimes making a big tick on his clipboard)*

**JANE:** This can't possibly be it.

**JENNY:** Why not?

**JANE:** Look - on the map, there's a big red X, but I can't see one anywhere here.

**JOAN:** Don't be more of a fool than you can help. This is the place, all right.

**SALLY:** What shall we do with the prisoners?

**JOAN:** Tie them up for now. When we start digging, they can make themselves useful.

**POTTS:** No way! My mum always told me when I found myself in a hole, I should stop digging.

**POLLY:** Dear, dear... And I thought that you lot were bad.

**PETER:** Hey! We are!

**POSIE:** Shush! Oh, hey Piper! How did you find us?

**PIPER:** Narrative convenience.

**IZZY:** Where do you want to start, boss?

**JOAN:** You know what, let's just get on with it. Give the prisoners a spade each and make them dig under the tree.

**IZZY:** Untie them, Sally.

**SALLY:** I think the short one is going to make trouble.

**JANE:** Oh, is he?

**IZZY:** Yes?

*She turns towards JANE; LONG JOHN takes advantage of this to grab IZZY.*

**JOHN:** Let's just hold it there.

**SALLY:** What did you do that for?!

**IZZY:** Jane said my name!

**JANE:** I said *is he*, not *Izzy*, Izzy.

**JOHN:** Quiet! Now, let's do business, sister dear. I'm a reasonable kind of

man. We split the treasure eighty-twenty, you let me and Potts go, and you can have Izzy back. Deal or no deal?

**LUKE:** What about me?

**JOHN:** Shut up, boy!

**JOAN:** Hmm...no deal.

**IZZY:** What?

**JOAN:** I can find someone who knows how to handle a sword anywhere on Bristol docks. Treasure, that's a hell of a lot harder to come by.

**IZZY:** Are you saying I'm... *expendable*?

**JOAN:** Pretty much.

**IZZY:** How dare you!

**SALLY:** *(To JOHN)* Looks like that puts you up a creek without a paddle.

**JOAN:** Get on with the digging.

*During the following dialogue, JOAN's cause wins out, and JOHN and POTTS begin digging for gold.*

**POLLY:** I can feel my brain cells dying off.

**SMALL:** Shouldn't we do something?

**PEPPER:** Like what?

**SMALL:** I don't know! Rush them?



**POLLY:** I knew a pirate who tried that once.

**SMALL:** There you are, see?

**POLLY:** They never did find his left leg. Look, the thing you need to know about piracy is that the power of love and truth and justice will always be defeated by the power of overwhelming force. Did any of you bring a bazooka? Because what a pity, I seem to have left mine at home.

*A reflective silence.*

**PETER:** Well, that's it then. We're doomed.

**PEPPER:** Are you sure?

**POLLY:** About the bazooka?

**PIPER:** Wait...don't you remember where we are?

**PETER:** In the middle of nowhere.

**PEPPER:** Oh no we're not.

**PETER:** Oh yes we are.

*Repeat ad nauseum, with PEPPER and POSIE inviting the audience to join them.*

**PETER:** Well, where are we then?

**PEPPER:** We're on a *treasure* island!

**PIPER:** After all these months of getting nowhere, the Treasure-Hunting Society have finally achieved their goals. We're *successes*, guys!

We've found treasure! We can't give up now! For the first time, we've done what we actually meant to do, and it's not graffiti!

**POSIE:** Yeah! We've come this far together; surely we can go the rest of the way, right chaps?

*Pregnant pause.*

**PEPPER:** That was embarrassing.

**PETER:** But I guess you have a point. I didn't know you cared about Treasure-Hunting. I thought you all saw it as dumb.

**PIPER:** I never said that! I just didn't think we'd actually get this close.

*Another pause*

**PEPPER:** For the record I thought it was dumb.

**POSIE:** So, are we doing this?

**PEPPER:** I think we're doing this.

**POLLY:** Doing what? Now, let's not get carried away. We ought to be sensible, and I think we certainly ought to have some sort of risk assessment.

**POSIE:** On three. One...

**PEPPER:** Two...

**PETER:** Three!

*Awkward pause.*

**POSIE:** Sorry, *what* were we doing on three again?

**JOHN:** I think we've found something!

**PEPPER:** Hang on a moment.

**JOAN:** Let me see!

*She rushes over.*

**JOAN:** (*cont.*) Yes, yes, yes! Gold! At long last! We're going to be rich beyond our wildest dreams!

**SALLY:** You don't know how wild my dreams are.

**POSIE:** If we're going to do anything, we'll have to do it now.

**PEPPER:** You're right. On three, we rush them, right?

**PETER:** Right. One...

**PEPPER:** Two...

**POSIE:** Three!

*The group rush the pirates, pushing them into a far corner of the stage.*

**JOAN:** What's going on?!

**PEPPER:** You could call it a mutiny.

**IZZY:** We won't take this lying down! This is the second time I've been taken prisoner in the last ten minutes!

**PEPPER:** Maybe you should choose your sides better.

**PETER:** So what do we do now?

**JIM:** We have to get my mum out!

**PEPPER:** Right, we need to find the others. Peter, can you and Piper do that?

**JIM:** There's a pirate on guard at the door!

**JOHN:** It's only Mee.

**POSIE:** But you're here.

**JOHN:** His *name*! His *name* is Mee! Give him a Jaffa Cake, and he'll ask no questions.

**PETER:** I think we can probably manage that. Come on, Pipes.

**PIPER:** Oh... I get a nickname...

*Exit PIPER and PETER.*

**PEPPER:** In the meantime, we should start shifting some of this treasure down to the shore, and then...

**BILL:** And then?

**PEPPER:** And then we've got to find some way off this stupid island.

*Blackout.*

*Exeunt, although actually you may as well just stay there.*

## 2.7 - RITE OF PASSAGE

*The shore. All the characters in the above scene are still there, although arranged slightly more artistically. PETER and POSIE have returned, together with the SQUIRE, JIM, JAM, the DOCTOR, and any other miscellaneous characters who have hitherto been absent, except PICKLE and HANDS. Once again, many apologies to the directors.*

**TILLY:** Oh, Jim, I knew you'd save me!

**JIM:** Oh, I really didn't do anything.

**POSIE:** That's true, he really didn't.

**JIM:** It was all Posie.

**TILLY:** *(To Posie)* So, you're my knight in shining armour?

**POSIE:** Oh, ah... It was nothing. Well. It was something, but really it was nothing, I mean -

**PEPPER:** All right, all right, leave it out. So we have the treasure.

*A cheer.*

**PEPPER:** *(Cont.)* We have the pirates in captivity.

*A cheer.*

**PEPPER:** *(Cont.)* We do not have any way of getting either ourselves or the treasure home.

*A boo.*

**PEPPER:** *(Cont.)* So, if anyone has any brilliant plans for solving that problem,

this would be a great time to bring them forward.

**CARRIE:** We could build a raft!

**IZZY:** We've already uncovered a raft of issues with that idea.

**JOAN:** *And* we've already made that joke.

**JEM:** What about a hot air balloon?

**JAM:** What are you going to make one of those from?

**JEM:** Didn't you see what Mum packed? She's got enough stuff in her case to make a whole fleet of them, plus a few spare sails as well.

**POLLY:** But how would you fill it with hot air?

**JEM:** Hook Long John up to it.

**POLLY:** Well, let's keep that as a last-ditch option, shall we?

**SQUIRE:** When I was younger, you know, I used to be a long-distance swimmer.

**TILLY:** How long-distance?

**SQUIRE:** Not long enough.

**POLLY:** Well, it seems there's only one way forward.

**BILL:** And what's that?

**POLLY:** I shall have to break the fourth wall. Stand back, please; there may be some debris. *(She clears her throat)* Fairies!

*Enter FAIRY LIQUID and FAIRY CAKE through the audience, with snacks, programmes, etc.*

**CAKE:** I'm so, so sorry to turn up late - it's really quite distracting  
To sit amongst the audience and watch all of the acting.

**LIQUID:** Is that what you call it? Please, no encore -  
Christmas spirit has a lot to answer for.

**CAKE:** How can we help you, and why did you call?  
Don't say it's all fallen apart after all?

**POLLY:** I'm rather afraid we're stuck.

**LIQUID:** Stuck! Oh dear, that really won't do,  
Especially not now we're so far through Act Two.

**CAKE:** Give us a moment, to think and to plan;  
We promise to sort all this out, if we can.

*They whisper together for a moment.*

**LIQUID:** Though there's nothing that we two can do,  
We think we've a friend in these parts; someone who  
Will get you all home, will pull out the stops,  
But as always in life, there must be a cost.

**CARRIE:** Oh get on with it, for goodness' sake! If I stay here any longer, I'll run  
out of moisturiser, and probably starve!

*Some sort of summoning-type ritual; a stage direction I believe I have written  
before. Enter MILLIE.*

**CAKE:** Ladies, gents, pirates; friends, foes, and all,  
Please meet our pal, who has answered the call.

Millie the Mermaid is your local agent,  
She'll get you all home, once she's taken your payment.

**MILLIE:** Hello, sailors.

**POLLY:** None of that old rubbish, please. It never worked on the tourists before, and it's not likely to now.

**MILLIE:** Oh, sorry, Pol. Didn't see you there. How's it hanging, eh? *(Pauses)* Get it? Hanging, cause you're a parrot. You hang off branches and stuff.

**POLLY:** Hilarious. No we don't.

**MILLIE:** Thanks, Poll-Doll. See, I'm a poet and I didn't even realise. I should be on the stage, I should. *(Pauses)* Oh wait, I am!

*Enter PICKLE.*

**POSIE:** Pickle!

**PICKLE:** Sup?

**POSIE:** Where the hell have you been?!

**PICKLE:** Just chilling, just chilling. Millie here's got some pretty sick sea-*weed*.

**PIPER:** We were so worried!

**PEPPER:** We were?

**POSIE:** No, no one noticed at all, but we're supposed to be the good guys here.

**PEPPER:** *(To Millie)* Well, can you help us or not?



**MILLIE:** Let's see. Back to the mainland, is it? My, that's a mighty long way. I can do it, don't you fret, but it'll cost you.

**BILL:** How much?

**MILLIE:** The treasure.

**JEM:** ... How much of the treasure?

**MILLIE:** I'm not unreasonable. Let's say... All of it.

**JOAN:** }

**JOHN:** }

**JIM:** }

**SQUIRE:** }

**DOCTOR:** }

**JEM:** }

**JAM:** }

**CARRIE:** *All of it?!*

**MILLIE:** There's a lot of work involved.

**SQUIRE:** But even so...

**TILLY:** Oh, Daddy, for heavens' sake! Just give it to her!

**SQUIRE:** But Tilly darling...

**TILLY:** I know all about the Oxford thing, and the bribe thing, and the second mortgage. You don't need to pay anyone, Daddy. I got a scholarship weeks ago.

**SQUIRE:** You've known all this time? All this time I was scraping and saving?

**JIM:** All this time he was threatening to throw me and my family out of house and home?

**TILLY:** Oh yeah... Oops?

**MILLIE:** Do we have a deal?

**SQUIRE:** We have a deal.

**POTTS:** Wait!

*Lights up.*

**SQUIRE:** What now?

**POTTS:** Aren't we still missing Hands?

**MILLIE:** I thought the hooks were just aesthetic...

**POTTS:** No, *Hands!*

*Enter HANDS, in a highly dishevelled and injured state.*

**IZZY:** Damn, I thought I'd got rid of you.

**CARRIE:** It looks like at least someone's had fun.

**HANDS:** I was mauled by a giant bear.

**SQUIRE:** ... But it's more fun than being locked up, right?

**JO:** Depends on what you're into, I guess.

**POLLY:** When you have all *quite* finished! Do you want to get off this island or don't you?

**JANE:** I want to hear more about this giant bear...

**SALLY:** No, no, no! Shut up! Please, let's all go home!

**MILLIE:** Right. Hold on tight!

*Blackout.*

*Screams.*

*Exit all except JACKY.*

*Lights up.*

**JACKY:** ... Guys? Guys? Is anyone there? Wait for me!

*Blackout.*

*Exeunt.*

## 2.8 - LOOSE ENDS

*Once again, the bar of the Old Admiral Benbow Inn. CARRIE back in place behind the bar; JIM, JEM, and JAM polishing glasses with a concerning lack of care. BARNEY, BILL BAILIFF, the DOCTOR, the SQUIRE, TILLY, and POLLY dotted around the stage.*

**CARRIE:** Well, I call that a flaming liberty. Days of my life, that was. It's probably knocked years off my lifespan, and what have I got to show for it? Not a sausage. Not a penny. Not so much as a shilling have I got to pay off my bills.

**BILL:** Don't blame me!

**JEM:** Look on the bright side, Mum. You'd never have got a tan for that price down at Brown 'n' Baste on the high street.

**BARNEY:** Well, I don't know what to make of it all, I don't, and that's a fact. You're all admitting... I don't know what you're admitting.

**JAM:** We're not admitting anything, and anyone who says otherwise is a downright liar.

**BARNEY:** False imprisonment, at the very least.

**BILL:** Oh, knock it off, Barney. I think everyone's suffered enough.

**JIM:** Too true.

**SQUIRE:** I think, Mrs Hawking, I may be able to offer you something after all.

**CARRIE:** Oh? It'd better not be a voucher.

**SQUIRE:** The fact is that I've seen a new side of you during our adventures.

**CARRIE:** My behind *does* work wonders.

**SQUIRE:** Er... Well, I was wondering...

**TILLY:** Oh, get on with it!

**SQUIRE:** Would you marry me?

**CARRIE:** Me? Become Mrs Squire?

**SQUIRE:** Mrs Trelawney, actually-

**CARRIE:** I'd love to! Carrie Squire - yes, that'd look good over the door, wouldn't it?

**TILLY:** *(To Jim)* I was going to ask you out, you know.

**JIM:** I sort of guessed.

**TILLY:** I wasn't very subtle, was I?

**JIM:** Not really.

**TILLY:** But it would be downright weird now. Anyway, I'm off to Oxford in October, and I'm sure I won't have any time for relationships there. I bet everyone just lives in the library all the time.

**JIM:** Uh - yeah, sure. Sounds really boring.

**TILLY:** But perhaps I'll see Posie again. She's going too, you know. Goodbye, Jim.

*Exit TILLY. Enter PEPPER and PETER.*

**JAM:** What are you two doing here?

**PEPPER:** Well, that's a nice sort of greeting, isn't it?

**PETER:** We had to come by train.

**PEPPER:** Which was cancelled. Strikes.

**PETER:** So we hitched a lift with Millie. I didn't really like that heirloom watch anyway.

**JAM:** You've got an heirloom watch?

**PETER:** Wasn't mine; I nicked it.

**JEM:** Why did you come?

**PEPPER:** Wanted to make sure everyone was OK, I guess. You've got Polly, I see.

**JIM:** It looks like she's just a regular parrot now.

*A pause as everyone examines what is clearly not a regular parrot.*

**POLLY:** *(To audience; ignored by everyone.)* Squawk. Squawk. My God, I thought it was impossible, but they're *dimmer* than they look.

**PEPPER:** Maybe it's best that way.

**CARRIE:** Well, you won't have heard our news! The Squire and me are getting married!

**PETER:** Who to?

**CARRIE:** Each other, of course!

**PETER:** So, all's well that ends well, then?

*Enter FAIRY LIQUID and FAIRY CAKE, who are ignored by everyone else.*

**CAKE:** Am I doing the invisible thing right?

**LIQUID:** You've got it bang on. Don't change a thing. Hold it,

**CAKE:** I'm holding it. Be quick, though.

**LIQUID:** And so we reach the end, our tale's all wound up.  
The festival wine o'erruns the golden feasting cup.

**CAKE:** You what?

**LIQUID:** Though they set out seeking riches, they lost them on the way,  
And yet despite all that, they seem to think they've won the day.  
Love conquers all, you see, in human heart or fairy  
Even in those hearts which think that they can run contrary.

**CAKE:** Huh?

**LIQUID:** Let's leave our cast to happiness, in small ways and in large,  
Pepper's very capable, so I'll put her in charge,  
And meanwhile turn my thoughts unto a topic rather nearer,  
For once devote my magics to a person I find dearer.

**CAKE:** You mean...?

**LIQUID:** After all this time, I think I'm owed a fairytale ending, don't you?

**CAKE:** Don't be sappy.

**LIQUID:** I can't help it. I've fallen for someone rather magical.

**CAKE:** We need to get out of here. You're coming down with Happy Ending-itis.

**LIQUID:** Well, why not? It's tradition!

*Blackout.*

*Exeunt.*



## 2.9 - ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

*The deck of a different ship. LONG JOHN and MEDIUM JOAN standing centre; their crews ranged around behind them and mixed together, sitting or standing. IZZY standing at JOAN's shoulder. JO off to one side, with clipboard back.*

**JOHN:** I have to hand it to you, little sister. How did you find another ship so quickly?

**JOAN:** It's amazing what you can do when everyone assumes you're just coming aboard to do someone's laundry.

**IZZY:** And it's amazing how many cutlasses you can hide in a laundry basket.

**LUKE:** And it turns out that now I've decided to work for someone who actually treats me like a human being, I'm not that incompetent after all.

**JOAN:** Your grapnel work was brilliant, Luke. I'm glad to have you.

**JOHN:** I guess I'll have to admit it; I was wrong. You're a fairly good pirate, as it goes. So let me make you an offer.

**JOAN:** I'm listening.

**JOHN:** Why don't you and your girls join my crew? Fifty per cent of all the profits, and you can't say fairer than that. I'll make you first mate.

**HANDS:** I thought I was first mate?

**JO:** *(Standing.)* Actually, I don't think that's going to arise.

**JOHN:** You never did tell me... Who the hell are you?

**JO:** I'm from the Piratical Standards Authority. Here to carry out your regular inspection. And I'm afraid to tell you that you've failed.

**JOHN:** What?!

**JO:** You create a toxic work environment, you have no idea of how to manage people, you persistently bully your employees, you don't have a ship, and you didn't come home with any treasure. I have to fill in a form to cancel your pirate licence, and the box for 'reasons' isn't big enough.

**JOHN:** Can't you just give me points?

**JO:** What do you think we are, a Tesco Clubcard scheme?

**JOHN:** A fine, then?

**JO:** But it isn't fine!

**JOHN:** Look, mate. Ten per cent of all my future profits come straight to you, and we say no more about this misunderstanding. Can't say fairer than that.

**JOAN:** I think I can say fairer than that, actually. You're standing on my ship, and last time I looked, you didn't have one of your own. So *you* can join *my* crew; *you* can be the first mate, and you can take *thirty* per cent of the profits and count yourself lucky, provided you don't screw things up too badly. Agreed?

**JO:** You also have to take a ten-hour piracy awareness course at a parish hall in Slough.

**JOHN:** I don't really have much choice, I suppose.

**JOAN:** None at all, brother dear. But cheer up; you might finally make some gold at last, with a competent captain to lead you.

**IZZY:** And you'll need a few more people in the crew. If I'm so expendable that you won't ever bother to bargain for my life, it shouldn't be a problem to manage without me.

**JOAN:** You're an idiot, Izzy. Look at him, will you? He's practically wetting himself just being this close to my sword. You think he's got it in him to kill anyone? You were never in any danger. And it won't happen again.

**IZZY:** Won't it?

**JOHN:** I swear. It's the new first rule of Pirate Club - no killing your own crew. Well, not deliberately, anyway.

*Enter JACKY, looking deeply dishevelled.*

**JO:** Jacky!

**JACKY:** Don't talk to me!

**JO:** What?!

**JACKY:** You left me on that island! That stupid mermaid wouldn't take my bracelet as payment! I had to swim all the way home!

**JO:** ...Oops.

**JACKY:** I put in so much work! I crept onto the ship! I stowed away! I didn't walk on like the rest of you! All that effort to help you, and this is how I'm repaid? I'm through. I've put in a complaint. I've had it with you.

**JOAN:** Everyone finished? I want to be on the move before daybreak.

**JACKY:** I'm done.

*Exit JACKY in a huff.*

**JOAN:** Then let's get going. Places, please, everyone. We've got a long journey ahead of us. And I think it's always easier to work if you have some music, don't you?

SONG #9 - THE FINAL SONG

*Bows.*

*Exeunt.*