

TREASURE ISLAND 2

BY: GRIZZLY K. SUNSHINE



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SUMMARY

IN THIS BOLD, MYTHICAL EXTENSION OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S *TREASURE ISLAND*, LONG JOHN SILVER RETURNS TO THE SEA WITH HIS SIDEKICK JIM HAWKINS & MISFIT CREW ON A VOYAGE TO OLEANDER ISLAND, WHERE FRACTURED TREASURE MAPS, SILVER BABOONS, AND A WEB OF CAREFULLY BURIED LIES THREATEN TO DESTROY SILVER'S MISSION TO FREE HIS TRAPPED WIFE.

SETTING

LATE 1770's: ENGLAND & OLEANDER ISLAND

GENRE

ADVENTURE DRAMA

CHARACTERS (3M & 2W) EXTRAS OR DOUBLING ENCOURAGED

LONG JOHN SILVER, EARLY 60s, NEARLY BLIND, ONE LEG, COOK

JIM HAWKINS, MID-LATE 20s, AMBITIOUS, LOOKING FOR TRUTH

ROOK, 11, IRISH CABIN BOY, POWDER MONKEY, GOOD WITH A KNIFE

ODETTE, LATE 20s, BRITISH PROSTITUTE, DISGUISE SEAMSTRESS

ISADORA, EARLY 20s, FRENCH PROSTITUTE, LANGUAGE SPECIALIST

PARROT, PUPPET

ONYX PIRATES & DOGS

MERCURY-MADENED SILVER BABOONS

STONE ELEPHANTS, FROG, JUNGLE VOICES, ISLAND CREATURES, &

THE MIRAGE OF CAPTAIN FLINT

PLAYWRIGHT'S NOTE

THE RED PARROT, THE STONE ELEPHANTS, THE SILVER BABOONS, THE ONYX PIRATES/DOGS, THE FROG, BRUTUS, ANY ISLAND CREATURES, & CAPTAIN FLINT'S MIRAGE SHOULD ALL BE STAGED WITH SCRIPTED DOUBLE CASTING. SOUND EFFECTS, VOICEOVER WORK, OR STYLIZED MOVEMENT PERFORMERS ARE ALSO ENCOURAGED. FLEXIBLE EXTRAS PERMITTED. **DIRECTORS:** SEE THE ISLAND MAP AT END OF THE SCRIPT.

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ACT 1 SCENE 1

Sea SFX. Lights up on an English prison chamber with shackled skeletons hanging from the ceiling. Eerie Wind SFX. JIM HAWKINS, mid/late 20s, is chained to a stone wall. A red PARROT flies in and lands on the moonlit windowsill.

PARROT. *(Singing, eerie parrot squawking voice.)* “Hold fast ye mateys— Forge ahead... We’ll find the treasure... Or end up dead...”

JIM. Good evening, you little red devil. *(The parrot squawks.)* You’re the parrot that turned me in.

PARROT. *(Squawking.)* Thief, stealing from Captain Rose...

JIM. Stealing? I’m not here for stealing!

PARROT. Thief, thief...

JIM. I didn’t know parrots were playing pirate now...

PARROT. Report the thieves, get crackers. Report the thieves, get crackers.

JIM. My life for a bloody cracker?

PARROT. Times are hard... times are hard...

JIM. I’ll bet everyone’s a thief when you’re hungry... Do you think I would be stupid enough to try and pilfer from Captain Rose? Only a fool—

PARROT. Fools hang, fools hang...

JIM. *(Looking up.)* Yes, I can see that. *(Beat.)* Look, I’d never cross your captain. In fact, I want to work for him.

PARROT. Thieves are liars, liars are thieves ...

JIM. I’m not lying! I want to be a great captain. I want to learn from the best.

PARROT. Captain Rose... *(Squawking.)* The best...

JIM. Undoubtedly. The men above my head... They all deserved it. Mutinous—

The parrot squawks loudly and then flies away. A commotion is heard outside the prison. Sword Fighting SFX. A man's death is heard offstage. LONG JOHN SILVER, early 60s, enters with a bloody sword. He is nearly blind, feeling his way around a bit. He has one leg and uses a crutch. He moves well.

SILVER. Sorry about the guard, Jim. I hope you two weren't close...

JIM. Silver? Is that you? As in Long John Silver...

SILVER. Back in the flesh! Here to rescue you!

JIM. I don't need to be rescued!

SILVER. Don't feast on pride now, Jim. You're scheduled to swing in the morning.

JIM. I get a word with the captain first. He'll hear my plea and—

SILVER. Captain Rose, is it?

JIM. Aye. Gained his reputation after killing the scallywag Flint at sea.

SILVER. Flint was no dog either. *(Beat.)* I've sailed with Captain Rose before.

JIM. Oh?

SILVER. He was a quartermaster back then though. *(Cleaning his bloodied sword.)* Bit of a demon, that one.

JIM. More than a bit. A brutalist. But he's fair. He appreciates good, honest men.

SILVER. I heard tale he's killed over a thousand good, honest men.

JIM. Most by sword. A square battle.

SILVER. They say he's the hardest pirate to kill on the seven seas.

JIM. I'd still wager that to be you, sir.

SILVER. *(Laughing.)* Not since me eyes went dim.

JIM. What happened to you? To your sight?

SILVER. A thrilling tale for another day. We should go...

JIM. Go? Go where?

SILVER. I'm not just here doing good deeds, Jim. There's a cost...

JIM. I'm not going anywhere with you—

SILVER. You're staying in chains to impress your precious Captain Rose?

JIM. I will win his favor! I will be great like him!

SILVER. A waste of your life! I promise you...

JIM. Says you...

SILVER. Oh really? Well, let's see what says you when you feast your eyes on this. *(Silver produces the head of Captain Rose that has been severed. He is carrying it around in a bloody bag.)*

JIM. (*Shocked.*) Is that... Is that... Captain Rose?

SILVER. You're going to have to find a new hero...

JIM. Why would you kill—

SILVER. Oh, not *me*. I framed *you*.

JIM. (*Angry.*) How can I gain the favor of the Onyx if I'm their captain's killer?

SILVER. Treasure. Lots of it. Enough to undo the murder of their mothers.

JIM. (*Thinking.*) Where is this treasure?

PARROT. Oleander Island, Oleander Island...

JIM. That place is a myth! From children's stories...

SILVER. Blubber! I've stood there. It's where I left most of my sight! (*Beat.*) On your feet! (*The parrot squawks and flies away. Silver inspects Jim's chains.*)

JIM. You've been to Oleander Island?

SILVER. Aye. An island with gold, emeralds, pearls—

JIM. Oh, I know, I've heard the rumors of great treasure—

SILVER. Not rumors!

JIM. —I've also heard of all the terrible dangers. (*Slyly.*) My mother bought the book on Oleander Island when I was young... Little caricatures of animals... I recall purple snakes and silver mosquitos...

SILVER. That book is filled with inaccuracies! The *baboons* are silver...

JIM. But the treasure...

SILVER. That's all true! (*Smiling.*) So, you'll come?

JIM. Well— (*Thinking.*) If I go, I'm Captain.

SILVER. Deal. Captain Jim. (*Smiling, charming.*) But I'm still the hero...

JIM. And I want an even split. No nonsense. (*The red parrot flies back in and on to Silver's shoulder holding keys in its beak. Silver takes the keys.*)

SILVER. (*Unlocking Jim.*) I can do you even better, Jim. You can keep all the treasure for yourself.

JIM. What?

SILVER. You can bring the loot back to the Onyx Pirates, and you'll take over as the new captain!

JIM. A tidy plan with a hint of genius.

SILVER. Aye.

JIM. I love a tidy plan with a hint of genius...

SILVER. I thought you'd like it.

JIM. But why would you do that? Give me the treasure...

SILVER. I'm only after the plant.

JIM. What plant?

SILVER. So, I guess you haven't read *all* the children's stories then, eh, Jim? (*A commotion is heard outside. Dogs Barking SFX.*) They found the bodies. We must go. Now!

JIM. The window! (*They all exit through the stone window. Fade to black.*)

SCENE 2

Lights up just outside the prison moments later. The parrot sits on Silver's shoulder. Moonlight lights the forest. Sea SFX.

JIM. Now what?

SILVER. Patience. (*Beat.*) Where are your boots?

JIM. Confiscated.

SILVER. Low work to take a man's boots, say I. My boot is as close to me as me sword.

JIM. It's very nice. Sturdy.

SILVER. This boot has seen the world.

JIM. I'll bet. (*Beat.*) How are we to get to this island? We've no ship, no crew...

SILVER. Trust me, Jim. Everything is in order. Especially now that we have you.

JIM. Why me?

SILVER. You're still an orderly man, Jim? Honest. Pure.

JIM. I haven't beheaded anyone... So, I suppose so. And that's the problem!

SILVER. Pardon?

JIM. Greatness isn't so nice. I need more darkness.

SILVER. All for that notion. After our trip, plunge yourself into the deep. For now, stay pure.

JIM. Is our crew as pure?

SILVER. (*Laughing.*) Not at all. Unsavory as they come. We need to get them as a matter of fact. (*Silver motions to the parrot and it flies away again. Silver pulls out a compass.*) East. Towards town. Let's go. (*Silver doesn't move.*)

JIM. (*After a moment.*) Are we going to move?

SILVER. When Red says.

JIM. Red? Your parrot?

SILVER. Quiet. *(The parrot squawks from the east signaling it's safe.)* This is the way. That's the signal. *(They move east through the forest.)*

JIM. Your parrot guides you?

SILVER. That's right, Jim. I can see enough during the day. But at night...

JIM. I see. You are sure this parrot can be trusted?

SILVER. Better than an 'X' on a wrinkled map. *(They walk. Silver leaves a trail of blood from the severed head of Captain Rose.)*

JIM. Watch it there, Silver. You're dripping blood.

SILVER. Aye.

JIM. The Onyx pirates use dogs. You're leaving a trail.

SILVER. I want them to follow us, Jim.

JIM. Why?

SILVER. They will keep us moving. *(The parrot squawks and they slightly adjust course.)*

JIM. *(Beat.)* So, how big is our crew?

SILVER. Our first member is in town.

JIM. Oleander Island is off the coast of Spain correct?

SILVER. Northern Spain.

JIM. We'll need a strong ship. *(Beat. Dumbfounded.)* Long John Silver... A mythical island... This night doesn't feel real.

SILVER. It will be real enough when the sand is between your toes and the eels are biting your ankles. *(The parrot squawks and they adjust their course slightly.)* Left a bit, here. Head toward the sound.

JIM. *(They walk. Beat.)* How is your wife, Silver?

SILVER. *(Stopping. Lying.)* She's fine. Back in Africa waiting for me.

JIM. You never did tell me her name...

SILVER. Right. *(He moves again.)* She's safer in the shadows.

JIM. *(They walk. Beat.)* I must ask... Why did you kill Captain Rose?

SILVER. *(Pause.)* Old score.

JIM. And my location? How did you find me? Why did you find me?

SILVER. Boys ask questions, Jim. Not captains.

JIM. *(Pause. Embarrassed.)* Right.

SILVER. You want to be the captain of a great fleet, right?

JIM. I want to make history... I admire captains. Captains make history.

SILVER. There aren't many pirates left to drag around these days...

JIM. Our golden age may be behind us, but the pirate life will never die. The seas will always need exploring.

SILVER. That's true. But piracy *will* die. When the treasure dries up. You'll find scurvy in your bank tellers soon enough.

JIM. No. Now that Captain Rose is gone, I will take his place. And revive piracy. Explore the unknown!

SILVER. I didn't know your heart bled with such pirate blood.

JIM. My heart craves greatness. As does yours.

SILVER. Now there's a hungry beast. Love a chap with goals. *(Beat.)* We're here.

JIM. How can you tell?

SILVER. The smell.

JIM. I smell the wet streets of London.

SILVER. Above that. Rosewater and lavender. *(Seductive harpsichords and fiddles start to play.)*

JIM. *(Seeing a brothel sign.)* I don't think your wife would want to find you in an unsavory place like this...

SILVER. *(Firm.)* Let's make a deal, Jim. Neither one of us talks about me wife. *(Jim nods.)* And we're not here for company. What do you take me for? We're here for crew.

JIM. Crew? Here?

Seductive music swells. The men pass through a tavern door to meet ODETTE, 28, a British prostitute. She is wearing a tattered but very beautiful silk green gown, red wig, and is surrounded by candles.

ODETTE. Ello! Come on, in, boys! Oh, two of ya! Goodness! *(Calling back.)* Look alive, ladies! It's rush hour!

JIM. Hello, Miss.

ODETTE. It's Odette.

SILVER. Hello, Odette.

ODETTE. *(Disappointed.)* Silver!? Oh, I thought you were a paying customer!

SILVER. I pay in adventure.

ODETTE. That's what the poorest men say!

SILVER. *(Laughing.)* Are you ready to leave tonight?

ODETTE. (*Laughing.*) Tonight? I don't even know where you're taking me!

SILVER. Not England... That should be all that matters to you...

JIM. Hold on. This—woman—is the crew member we came for?

SILVER. Trust me, Jim!

ODETTE. You know, I never thought I'd see you darken my doorway again.

SILVER. Lucky for you I'm a man of my word.

ODETTE. I thought you were a rum rambler.

SILVER. Sober as a seagull, cross my heart.

ODETTE. Where's your horse and carriage?

SILVER. It's a ship, actually.

JIM. So, we *do* have a ship then?

SILVER. Quiet!

ODETTE. And who's this?

SILVER. Jim Hawkins. Captain.

ODETTE. (*Laughing.*) Where did you find him, grammar school?

SILVER. Jim is an experienced pirate. I've had my eye on him over the years.

JIM. You have?

ODETTE. Doesn't matter. No real captain—

JIM. —I am a real captain. I promise you.

ODETTE. No real captain has a naked face—

JIM. —I could grow a beard if I wanted.

ODETTE. Or a complete lack of scarring. Do you see Long John Silver here? Now this man has been chewed up by the sea. Scars and battle wounds all over!

JIM. I've seen battle!

ODETTE. (*Skeptical.*) So he says... You look like you scrub the floors of a reputable inn!

JIM. (*Lifting his shirt to reveal scars. Pointing to each as he references it.*) This scar is from a sword fight when I was twenty. I was bedridden for a month. This one came from a barracuda last summer when I was diving for rubies off the coast of Africa. And this mark? A slice to the ribs. Former lover.

ODETTE. (*To Silver.*) Maybe he's got a bit of saltwater in his veins, this one.

SILVER. Get your things, Odette.

ODETTE. Pushy beast! I haven't agreed to go yet!

SILVER. You don't have a choice. Remember?

ODETTE. Well...

SILVER. You stole from the Onyx Pirates.

ODETTE. Just a bit of silver.

SILVER. It doesn't matter what it was.

ODETTE. *(She gets the stolen silver trinket.)* It isn't even that pretty...

SILVER. You'll swing for it. Or worse.

JIM. What's worse than death?

ODETTE. *(Putting on the silver necklace.)* Any married woman can answer that straight away.

SILVER. There's at least 20 of them Onyx pirates and they are coming for you. They'll be barking mad...

ODETTE. They'll never find me!

SILVER. Sure, they will. I've given them your address...

ODETTE. *(Betrayed.)* What? Why would you do such a thing!?

JIM. Those same seadogs are after me as well... Seems our friend Silver here has forced us to have to run away with him.

SILVER. Well, I couldn't take a chance on you joining me of your own accord, now could I?

JIM. You want our trust but have already sold both of us out to the Onyx.

SILVER. I haven't done anything that can't be undone with words, favors...or pearls.

JIM. Captain Rose would disagree.

French prostitute, ISADORA, 20, enters, wearing a sheet, almost naked. She is blonde with a French accent. Her body has many scars.

ISADORA. Zere's my green dress! I zought it was stolen!

ODETTE. *(Annoyed.)* Oh, Isadora, we've got real problems in here!

ISADORA. Take ze dress off! Now!

ODETTE. Fine. *(She stands.)* Poof! *(With a surprising quick change, Odette snaps her fingers and the green dress falls to the floor revealing an equally beautiful and elaborate burgundy dress with lace details underneath.)* It's off!

ISADORA. *(Collecting the green dress on the floor and putting it on.)* How do you do zat?

ODETTE. It's called a quick-change, Izzy. *(To Silver.)* I've a background in the theatre. Drury Lane...

SILVER. I know.

ODETTE. *(To Isadora.)* One must provide the client with whatever they desire. And quickly. *(She snaps her fingers again and her red wig flies away revealing a styled, black wig instantly.)* Before they're too drunk to find their wallets...

ISADORA. I know how to please ze clientele! I can tell zem whatever zey want to hear. I speak over a dozen languages.

SILVER. By thunder! A dozen, says you?

ISADORA. Oui! I've seen men from all ze ports. Zey assume I am dumb. *(Jumping into her dress.)* Zey speak freely around me...

JIM. Is that so?

ISADORA. Let's just zay...I know where all ze bodies are buried... *(She slips the dress on over her shoulder and begins to leave.)*

JIM. *(Whispered to Silver.)* Did you see her scars? *(Silver nods.)*

ISADORA. *(Stopping.)* Zere is no need to whisper. I know what you are saying.

JIM. My apologies.

ISADORA. *(Pause. Lying.)* I've unfortunately traveled with...rough men. Nothing like you two gentlemen I'm sure...

JIM. You don't owe me any explanation.

ODETTE. That green dress does look nice on you, Izzy.

ISADORA. I just hope it will suit François' fancy.

JIM. Who is François?

ISADORA. Zat depends. Who are you?

JIM. Oh. Captain Hawkins... *(They shake hands.)* Please allow me to introduce Long John Silver. My quartermaster. *(Silver nods a greeting.)*

ODETTE. François is her long, lost lover...

ISADORA. He's not lost! He's fighting. In France.

JIM. Pirate?

ISADORA. Oh, no! He's a sophisticated gentleman. He says words like 'economy.'

JIM. I see.

ISADORA. He told me ze next time he saw me zat I was to wear zis very green dress, and he was going to marry me in it...

ODETTE. He knew white would have been a ridiculous option.

ISADORA. *(Shooting her a look.)* Odette never liked him.

ODETTE. He's been gone for months! Barely sends letters—

ISADORA. He'll come back for me. I know it!

ODETTE. Full of hope, this one...

ISADORA. If I could snap my fingers and be in Paris, I would!

SILVER. Well, well, well... (*Lying.*) It just so happens Jim and I are going to France. Now...as a matter of fact.

JIM. France? You said Sp—

SILVER. (*Snapping.*) Still yer jaw, Jim!

ISADORA. Sacré bleu! My jealousy seethes! (*She takes a shot of rum.*) Safe travels. Qui voit la mer voit le monde.

SILVER. Bit of poetry there, eh?

ISADORA. It means “He who sees the sea, sees the world.”

JIM. I like that very much.

SILVER. Would you like to come with us?

JIM & ISADORA. What?

ISADORA. I’ve heard promises like zat from men before...

SILVER. I’m not like most men.

ISADORA. You don’t even know my name, sir.

SILVER. How rude of me. Long John Silver. And you are?

ISADORA. Isadora.

SILVER. Pleasure. Captain Hawkins and I humbly extend an invitation to you on board.

JIM. What!?

ISADORA. A romantic notion... But... But I haven’t any money.

SILVER. Come on as a crew member.

JIM. Oh, Lord!

SILVER. Pull your weight.

ISADORA. Me? On a crew?

SILVER. Why not?

JIM. Well—

SILVER. You said you spoke a dozen languages?

ISADORA. (*Nodding.*) You’d really take me all ze way to France? To meet my love? (*Silver nods. Excited.*) Hoist ze main, swab ze decks! Sir, I will do your bidding!

SILVER. Welcome aboard, sailor!

JIM. (*To Silver, annoyed.*) This is the crew you’ve assembled for me?

SILVER. Do we have trust or don’t we?

JIM. I’m starting to wonder...

SILVER. We don’t need a regular crew. We need them.

ODETTE. Hold it! A reminder... I haven't committed to anything yet. (*The parrot squawks loudly as a warning. Onyx pirates and dogs are heard outside.*) On second examination, we should head towards your ship. (*Odette and Isadora pack large sacks quickly.*)

ISADORA. I can't forget my perfume bottles! François loves my scent! (*She packs several colorful glass bottles. Glass SFX.*)

SILVER. He will smell a corpse if you don't hurry! (*The Onyx pirates start to bang on the door and the dogs bark louder.*) Away now! (*They begin to sneak out the back window, but Jim hesitates.*)

JIM. Something about this...it smells to high heaven.

ISADORA. That's *Lavender Dream* by Yardley London.

JIM. No!

ISADORA. Five shillings an ounce. Look, I even invented zese little scent spray bottles. (*She sprays the perfume with her atomizer invention.*)

ODETTE. Leave those behind!

SILVER. (*Thinking.*) Wait! Bring the perfumes. (*Dogs bark.*)

JIM. Listen! Captains don't ask questions. They have answers. That's what you said, Silver. But I don't even know the name of our ship. If it can handle the journey—

SILVER. Jim, two rusty hinges separate you from torture.

JIM. There are too many shadows already. Our ship—

SILVER. It's an ammunition ship. Full of artillery.

JIM. (*Intrigued.*) Really? How did you come about it?

SILVER. We're going to steal it, of course.

JIM. Steal it? Won't it be guarded? (*The Onyx pirates and dogs are nearly in.*)

SILVER. Look, the way I see it, you need treasure to restore your standing with those dogs.

JIM. (*Thinking.*) How do we know that going through that window with you isn't worse than the dogs on the other side of that door?

SILVER. (*Silver uses the blood from Captain Rose's severed head and throws it on Jim.*) You don't want those dogs finding you now covered in the blood of their Rose. (*Dogs bark loudly.*) So, make your decision, Captain.

JIM. We go. But understand something, Silver. I'm the sort of captain that *will* be asking questions. And if you don't have answers from here on out... There will be consequences...

SILVER. Aye—aye, sir! (*They exit. Dogs bark. Fade to black.*)

SCENE 3

Sea SFX. Sword Fighting SFX in the dark. Death SFX. Moonlight up on a wooden vessel, Le Revenant. Jim, Silver with his parrot, Odette, and Isadora enter. Silver cleans blood from his sword.

SILVER. Welcome aboard!

ODETTE. You know, you could have just tied that guard up or something less bloody brutal.

SILVER. Dead men tell no tales.

ODETTE. Dead men also draw the eye. *(Ironically fluffing her cleavage.)* Aren't we trying to be inconspicuous?

JIM. She's right, Silver. From here on out, killing goes through my command only.

SILVER. Jim—

JIM. It's Captain Hawkins. And no more killing. Understand?

SILVER. Aye. That's what I love about you Jim. A strong moral fiber.

JIM. Right. Silver was in command up until this moment but now, I'm at the lead. First, we need to take inventory.

SILVER. Very good.

JIM. Isadora and Odette. Check below the poop deck.

ISADORA. Below ze what?

ODETTE. Follow me, Izzy. *(They both exit to below deck.)*

SILVER. Very firm, Jim. I'm impressed.

JIM. Don't patronize me. Check the sails.

SILVER. Mizzen's spit clear down the seam. She'll need replacing if we hit rough weather.

JIM. Noted.

SILVER. There are ripped sails below deck. This ship has seen the worst.

JIM. Experience is a cruel schoolmaster. But a proper one.

ISADORA. *(Calling from off.)* We see barrels!

ODETTE. Labeled in Italian or Japanese or something.

ISADORA. Portuguese! Let me translate!

SILVER. See, the little blonde lady is coming in handy already.

JIM. An iron crowbar could've done the same job. Right now, all I see is another mouth to feed.

ISADORA. *(Returning with Odette.)*

ODETTE. Bad news, boys...

ISADORA. We might have ze wrong ship...

JIM. What do you mean?

ISADORA. Zere is no ammunition.

ODETTE. Anywhere.

JIM. What?

ISADORA. Only tennis rackets, a crate of oranges, and silks.

ODETTE. *(She produces one.)* Exotic silks.

JIM. Worthless! *(To Silver.)* No ammunition?

SILVER. Wrong! We have the ammunition we need. Just not the kind you expected.

JIM. Will we throw oranges at enemy cannons then?

SILVER. Trust me!

JIM. As captain, I'm in charge of navigation and combat and we need to find a ship that has some firepower.

SILVER. No! This *will be* our ship! *(Calming down.)* That's my last move in charge, Jim. She's all yours now. *(Dogs are heard barking in the distance.)*

ODETTE. The Onyx! They're on our trail again.

ISADORA. Zose dogs must be bloodhounds...

ODETTE. Or it's the perfume trail you're wafting...

JIM. What's the name of this ship?

ISADORA. *(Checking the side.)* Le Revenant...

JIM. French. What does 'Le Revenant' mean?

ISADORA. French indeed. 'Ze One Who Returns.' Or perhaps, 'Ze Ghost...' *(Eerie Music SFX. Dogs barking, closer this time.)*

JIM. We can't stay here. Silver, can the sails be fixed at sea?

SILVER. Aye. *(Dogs bark.)*

JIM. Up the anchor!

SILVER. Aye-aye! *(Silver goes to the anchor but it's not budging.)* Shake the mold from yer bones, you bloody anchor!

JIM. *(Dogs bark closer. After a beat.)* What's the delay with the anchor?

SILVER. She won't budge, Jim.

JIM. What's the trouble?

SILVER. Unclear.

JIM. Hold steady. *(Looking over the side, Jim takes a knife and jumps in the water. Splash SFX.)*

ISADORA. We've lost our captain!

ODETTE. He wasn't much of one. No beard...

SILVER. I know what he's after. Just wait!

JIM. *(After a moment, Jim returns dripping wet.)* Got it!

SILVER. *(Grinning.)* That a boy!

JIM. Pull now, Silver!

SILVER. *(Pulling up the anchor.)* We're clear!

JIM. Bit of coral.

ODETTE. *(Impressed.)* Bravo, Captain Hawkins! That was the work of a bearded man.

JIM. Right, then! Le Revenant crew! Make sail! Hands to stations! To the rigging, you deck lice! *(Silver smiles. The crew scatters. Odette guides Isadora to her place.)*

ALL. Aye-aye!

JIM. And we're off! *(He looks to the sky.)* Fortune, favor us this crossing... *(Music plays. Dogs bark. Fade to black on a starry night as the ship sails away.)*

SCENE 4

Sunrise at sea. Sea SFX. The crate of oranges and a barrel of flour have been brought up. Jim has climbed the mainmast to untwist a topsail. He sees a storm is in the distance. An annoying FROG ribbits throughout the scene. Jim comes down and goes to the ship's helm.

JIM. The topsail has been repaired. Storm on the horizon!

ODETTE. *(Yawning.)* I didn't sleep a wink! How about you, Izzy? *(Ribbit SFX.)*

ISADORA. With zat frog ribbiting all night, how could I? *(Beat.)* I'm hungry!

ODETTE. Bit of hardtack on board?

ISADORA. I hope we're not expected to do ze cooking just because we are ze ladies.

SILVER. *(Sharpening a sword.)* I'm the cook. *(Ribbit SFX.)*

ODETTE. *(Annoyed.)* How about some frog legs for breakfast?

JIM. Right, then. We've enough oranges and flour to make our trip.

SILVER. We cannot eat the oranges.

JIM. We must.

SILVER. We can't. Trust me.

JIM. (*Annoyed.*) Hard to trust a man who always keeps himself 10 steps ahead.

SILVER. There's plenty of food, Jim. (*Ribbit SFX.*)

JIM. There's enough. Not plenty.

SILVER. Enough is plenty!

JIM. Silver, I'm the captain—

SILVER. What do you want? Five courses?

ODETTE. Is one barrel of flour enough for us all?

JIM. It's not even a full barrel... (*Ribbit SFX.*)

SILVER. We'll make it.

JIM. One-way, maybe. But we won't have enough food to get back without the oranges.

SILVER. We can load up on bananas when we arrive. There are groves.

JIM. (*Pause.*) What are you saving the oranges for?

SILVER. You'll see.

JIM. That's not an answer!

SILVER. We will make it to Spain! Trust me!

JIM. No! You've proven yourself a liar every step of the way!

SILVER. The truth would've stranded me.

JIM. No doubt about that.

ISADORA. (*Angry.*) Spain! But— But my love is in France! (*Ribbit SFX.*) I must get to Paris!

SILVER. (*Ignoring her.*) Understand something, Captain Hawkins. All the pieces are laid.

JIM. (*Looking around at the girls.*) That cannot be true. This cannot be your intended crew! This cannot be your intended ship! (*Ribbit SFX.*)

SILVER. Believe it, mate. We're off to a healthy start.

JIM. What other lies have you told?

ISADORA. We've a right to know!

A floorboard creaks. ROOK, 11, a red-headed Irish stowaway, is seen spying from behind a window.

JIM. Intruder! Seize him! *(Rook uses the ship like a jungle gym but after a bit, Silver captures him. He has him in a headlock.)*

ROOK. *(Fighting.)* Hands off!

SILVER. A bit feisty, this one! *(Rook bites Silver.)* Teeth of a tiger shark too!

ROOK. I can't breathe!

JIM. Let him free. *(Silver does.)*

ROOK. *(Catching his breath.)* What were you trying to do? Suffocate me?

JIM. Who are you?

ROOK. I'm the powder monkey of this ship. I was asleep when you lot stole it.

JIM. And you said nothing all night? *(Ribbit SFX.)*

ROOK. I wanted to see where you were headed. I heard...interesting things.

JIM. So, you're a spy.

ROOK. Hardly. Nobody here seems to know anything but the big man. Who looks a bit like Father Christmas...

JIM. Yet, I'm the captain. *(Ribbit SFX.)*

ROOK. Could have fooled me. *(Ribbit SFX.)*

JIM. What's your name?

ROOK. Rook. From Ireland. Son of Josiah.

JIM. I suppose you know all our names by now.

ROOK. More than your names. *(To Isadora.)* This one talks in her sleep. Who is François? *(Ribbit SFX.)*

ISADORA. Zat's none of your business, you little Irish potato!

ROOK. Hey!

JIM. Do you have any skills, Rook? *(Ribbit SFX.)*

ROOK. I'm fair with a knife. *(Ribbit SFX. He takes a knife from his trousers and throws it with accuracy into the annoying frog across the ship, and it stops ribbiting mid ribbit.)*

ODETTE. *(Thrilled the frog has been silenced.)* Hire him! Give him a raise already!

JIM. Fair enough! Welcome aboard. We'll find work for you.

ROOK. *(Bold. To Jim.)* And what are *your* skills?

JIM. Pardon?

ROOK. You asked me the same, Captain...

JIM. Well—

ROOK. *(Skeptical of Jim's abilities.)* From what I've seen so far—

SILVER. *(Taking for Jim.)* Jim knows the weather at sea. Better than most.

ROOK. The weather?

JIM. Aye. Look up. What do you see?

ROOK. Blue skies. White clouds.

JIM. And the birds?

ROOK. Circling. Bit oddly.

JIM. My bet is a storm is coming. Animals can tell you as much as the sky.

ROOK. That's it?

JIM. And did you see the moon last night?

ROOK. Aye.

JIM. It was wearing a halo. We don't want to drop anchor here.

ROOK. What else?

JIM. Cloud walls, fog banks, crosswinds... All tell a story.

ROOK. (*Interested.*) Aye. (*Beat.*) Is it true? Are we really headed to Oleander Island?

JIM. Yes. But that's about all I know about that.

ROOK. But you're captain...

JIM. Right. And all this cloudiness must clear! As captain, I demand answers! Now. Everyone, sit. (*They all sit around one of the wooden tables.*)

SILVER. What do you want to know, Captain? We're all aboard. (*Lying.*) No point in secrets anymore.

JIM. Right. Where exactly is Oleander Island?

SILVER. Two leagues or so from Sa Dragonera.

JIM. That is indeed northern Spain... (*Isadora scoffs.*)

ISADORA. I must protest! Odette, how do you feel about zis?

ODETTE. France... Spain... Anywhere but England for me.

ISADORA. But—

SILVER. Pipe down! You'll be cut into the treasure!

ISADORA. I'm not here for treasure! I'm here for...François! (*She storms off to a corner.*)

JIM. (*Moving on.*) Northern Spain has rough, rock-infested waters. There are vicious storms—

SILVER. Yes, Oleander Island is well protected by Mother Nature. Only for the bravest pirates.

JIM. Food?

SILVER. (*Pulling out a small knife.*) We can eat the boy. (*Storm SFX in the distance.*)

ROOK. What?

SILVER. Just a ruse, boy! I'll have us enough food and then some soon.

JIM. Will you?

SILVER. And it will be tasty.

JIM. And what about this ship? Its lack of firepower. You weren't surprised at all when you heard there were silks and citrus on this ship. Why?

SILVER. Oleander Island won't bow to typical pirate threats. Cannons won't get us anywhere.

JIM. Silks and citrus?

SILVER. Their purpose will become clear when we arrive.

JIM. More mystery! Cards on the table this go around!

SILVER. You simply wouldn't believe me.

ODETTE. *(Interrupting.)* My turn for a question! Why us? What did you really bring us ladies aboard for? *(Fluffing her cleavage.)* And don't tell me for buoyancy!

SILVER. A great question. One I can make clear now. Rook! Help me flip this table on its head. *(Silver and Rook flip one of the ship's wooden tables vertically so that it makes sort of a wooden presentation board. Beat.)* Isadora!

ISADORA. *(Still upset.)* What?

SILVER. When I heard that you had language skills—

ISADORA. Twelve languages. And I'm learning ze one with ze hands only.

SILVER. Aye. I knew I wanted you aboard.

ISADORA. What good are languages at sea? Why am I aboard?

SILVER. I had another crew member all squared away, language man, up north...

ISADORA. So?

SILVER. When I heard you had the same skills... *(Charming.)* In a much prettier package...

ISADORA. Flattery! I will not help you. You lied to me! You promised me a ride to France. François—

SILVER. After Spain, we *will* go to France.

ISADORA. You are not in control of navigation. Captain Hawkins—

SILVER. Trust me.

ISADORA. At this juncture, I believe you will say anything to get what you want.

SILVER. Let's make it official. Captain Hawkins!

JIM. Aye.

SILVER. After we recover the treasure from Oleander Island, can we port in France to sell our goods?

JIM. A smart suggestion. We'll make more in France than England.

SILVER. I knew you'd see reason.

JIM. Let's just recover the treasure first. Then, we will decide where to take it.

SILVER. See? Easy. *(Isadora smiles.)*

ISADORA. I'm not zat easy. You've made up for your lie. Now I want restitution.

SILVER. *(Checking his pockets. Charming.)* How about this little blue clover? *(He presents her a small blue plant from his pocket.)*

ISADORA. A leaf?

SILVER. Clover. Lucky. Or so they say. Hasn't done me a lick good lately...

ISADORA. Where did you get it?

SILVER. Oleander Island as a matter of fact.

ISADORA. Is it really lucky?

SILVER. I'm still alive, ain't I?

ISADORA. *(She accepts his gift.)* It's a beautiful little clover. And it's good we made up. Now I can stop fantasizing about blasting you with a grapeshot cannon.

SILVER. *(Impressed.)* How does a clover like you know about grapeshot cannons?

ISADORA. Never mind zhat. *(Beat. She leans for Silver to kiss her politely, but he completely ignores her.)* What a strange blue color... *(She puts the clover in her hair.)*

SILVER. *(Silver moves to the upright table. He pulls out five bloodied scraps of paper all slightly a different size and color. He nails each to the upright table.)* Now, Isadora, what can you make of these?

ISADORA. Quite the buffet you have here.

SILVER. You wanted my cards on the table, Jim? Here are my best five.

JIM. It's about time...

ISADORA. What are zese?

SILVER. I've called them 'The Five Oleander Warnings.'

ISADORA. Zey are soggy scraps of parchment!

SILVER. These 'scraps' may keep us all alive. But I can't read them... As you can see, they are in many languages...

ISADORA. Tell me about zese scraps.

SILVER. They're clues... Maps, letters, drawings... Oleander Island has always been a dangerous question mark. Men before me gathered what they could for years in the form of warnings... *(Thunder SFX.)*

ISADORA. Oh, mon Dieu! (Oh, my God!)

SILVER. I wanted to do proper studying—

ODETTE. I believe that's called 'reconnaissance,' you ruffian.

SILVER. Look here. *(He shows each piece to her.)* This first map remnant is from a French pirate's tattoo...

ISADORA. *(Horried.)* Zis is a *flesh* map?

SILVER. *(Not fazed at all.)* Aye. *(Smiling.)* Cut right off his chest. Shows a twisted river. *(Isadora squirms. Silver moves on.)* This second parchment is from the pocket of a pilot I killed in Brazil...

ISADORA. Nice and bloody. Bit of brain here?

SILVER. *(Continuing.)* Here we have a small paragraph on island vegetation from a Dutch tradesman. What's poison and what's not... *(Moving to the fourth scrap.)* From that same man I also stole this partial sketch.

ISADORA. Beautiful...

SILVER. This final scrap my parrot took off a dead body in Africa. *(Parrot Squawk SFX.)* All of them share the same symbol, the stamp of the Oleander.

ISADORA. So zey do...

SILVER. And they all seem to be warning of dangers.

ISADORA. Well, zese scraps certainly aren't a welcome mat. Zis island all but spits at its visitors.

SILVER. I didn't take the dangers seriously my first go of it. But—

ISADORA. *(Reading.)* Oh, mon Dieu! *(Oh, my God!)* *(Scared.)* We should go back!

ODETTE. Why? What do Silver's scraps say?

ISADORA. Well—

ODETTE. Cannibals? Anything but that!

ISADORA. No. Zis island is not inhabited by any humans.

JIM. Meaning?

ISADORA. Like Silver said... Mother Nature is its protecting force. *(Reading.)* Maybe even forces outside of nature...

JIM. More mysterious talk! Tell it to us plain. What does this island have in store for us? *(Lightning strikes the ship hitting the barrel of flour setting it on fire.)*

ROOK. Fire!

ODETTE. The flour! Our food!

ISADORA. Captain! What do we do?

JIM. We— Well...

SILVER. Your time to show us all that greatness you're talking about, Captain...

JIM. *(Thinking.)* We... We... Odette! Sew a fire blanket to smother the flames!

ODETTE. (*Sarcastically.*) Sure! Wool, felt, or burlap?

SILVER. No time!

ROOK. Captain, the flames are spreading to the sails!

JIM. Aye! Then we— We— Ah! Steer the ship into the eye of the nearest storm!

ODETTE. Is he serious?

JIM. Aye! We can let Mother Nature—

ROOK. Or! Buckets! Buckets of sea water!

JIM. Right, right! A tidy plan! All hands now! (*The crew puts out the fire. After the excitement, they all sit and rest for a moment.*)

ODETTE. (*Upset.*) The flour is charred!

ISADORA. Pure soot.

ODETTE. What are we to eat, Captain?

JIM. (*Thinking.*) We still have the oranges.

SILVER. No.

JIM. As Captain, I say we are eating them!

SILVER. As Captain, you almost let our ship burn to the ocean floor!

JIM. We're still afloat last I checked. The oranges.

SILVER. No!

JIM. I'm taking them!

SILVER. (*Picking up the orange crate.*) Go through me. (*They struggle over the crate of oranges. Silver wins. Jim pulls out his sword.*)

JIM. Is this mutiny? Saving the food for yourself?

SILVER. I'd eat a moldy shellfish before I'd eat an orange!

JIM. (*Pause. Beat.*) Why are we really going to this island, Silver?

SILVER. Why... Treasure of course!

JIM. Treasure that you don't even want!

SILVER. Not all treasure is coins and rubies, Jim.

JIM. It's Captain Hawkins, Silver. And no more of that foggy talk. You already said it before—the, the plant—you're after a plant. Why?

ISADORA. (*Reading a map scrap.*) A healing plant. Says here, in Dutch, zis island is home to a plant zat has healing powers. It can cure a burn, release a disease, even free a trapped soul...

SILVER. Right you are, Isadora.

JIM. So! You're trying to heal your sight with this plant?

SILVER. *(Pause. Lying.)* You see right through me, Captain Hawkins. I'm not the same without me sight...

JIM. *(Pause. Lowering his sword.)* Anyone of us could understand such a want. You really think it will work?

SILVER. What other options have I?

JIM. *(Thinking.)* None. I might do the same in your position.

SILVER. So, you see why I don't care about the gold.

ISADORA. *(Reading.)* Zis island is not of God... *(Odette screams.)*

SCENE 5

Continued.

SILVER. Odette! She's into the oranges! Back away from there!

ODETTE. I'm starving...

SILVER. Blast! Not the oranges!

ODETTE. I just wanted one little bite...

JIM. *(Seeing the bite on her hand.)* Bite. What happened to your hand?

ROOK. That's the sting of a scorpion. It must have been hiding in the crate.

JIM. A vicious sting, indeed.

SILVER. You might lose the hand. The punishment fits the crime.

ISADORA. Oh, Odette!

ODETTE. No, no! It's just a splinter. I'm already feeling better! *(She stands and then passes out onto Rook.)*

JIM. Rook, take her below to rest.

ROOK. I'll need ropes. Minnows can't move whales.

SILVER. I'll help you, Minnow. *(Silver and Rook carry Odette offstage below deck.)*

ISADORA. I hope she will be back on her feet in no time so zat she can get off her feet again.

JIM. Does it say anywhere on those papers anything about oranges?

ISADORA. *(Looking.)* Zere is a lot here, Captain. Hmm. I don't see anything about oranges. I see baboons, quicksand, volcanoes, and—

JIM. And what?

ISADORA. *(Wide-eyed.)* Treasure! Treasure indeed!

JIM. Gold?

ISADORA. *(Pointing to the top scrap. The top scrap glows glittery gold.)* In ze north yes. But look here to ze south... *(She points to the bottom scrap, and it glows emerald green.)*

JIM. Emeralds! A mine?

ISADORA. And to ze east!

JIM. Parels? What does that mean?

ISADORA. Pearls! *(She points to the right scrap, and it glows white.)* In Dutch!

JIM. This island is bursting with treasure!

ISADORA. ‘Elefante.’ Zat word keeps appearing from scrap to scrap...

JIM. Even I can deduce that means elephant. Threat?

ISADORA. Possibly.

JIM. Elephants can mean transportation.

ISADORA. Or possibly ivory.

JIM. So, Silver was truthful about the treasure.

ISADORA. Zurprise, Zurprise...

JIM. *(Thinking.)* What can you tell me about the plant he’s after?

ISADORA. Hmm. Center of ze island. *(A center scrap glows blue.)* It seems all ze dangers are surrounding it. Protecting it.

JIM. Naturally. What’s the first danger we will encounter? *(Silver and Rook burst back onstage with a seizing Odette. Isadora puts Silver’s scraps away.)*

ROOK. Captain Hawkins! We’ve got a problem!

SILVER. She’s got the shakes, Jim!

JIM. What’s the trouble?

ROOK. Scorpion poison. She’s fading fast! Order, Captain?

JIM. Well... An obvious course of action here! Re-route to the nearest infirmary!

SILVER. That will take days!

JIM. Right. Then... We must, we need to—

ROOK. *(After a moment.)* I know! Lay her down here! *(They lay her on another table.)* Silver, get me your kitchen knives and strongest rum.

JIM. What are you doing?

ROOK. I’m not going to be a powder monkey forever.

JIM. What does that mean? Are you thinking of becoming a medic? *(Silver returns with the kitchen knives and rum.)*

ROOK. Give her something to bite down on.

SILVER. I see what you're after. (*He looks around.*) Here, the cork from the rum.

ROOK. She'll need something for the pain.

ISADORA. Are you sure knives are necessary?

ROOK. Only if you want to avoid a coffin.

SILVER. This will be painful. Be swift.

ROOK. Accuracy is more important with a job like this. There are veins and arteries that must be cared for. Is anyone wearing a belt? (*Silver gives his belt and Rook uses it as a tourniquet on Odette.*)

ODETTE. (*Woozy. To Silver.*) What's going on? Two shillings for the evening, buster. Five if you're ugly.

ROOK. Blade.

SILVER. (*Handing him a knife.*) I use this one for lobster.

ROOK. No! I need something sharper.

SILVER. How about my boning knife? Works great on heavy swine.

ODETTE. (*Woozy.*) What did you call me?

ROOK. (*Examining it.*) No...

SILVER. Then try my carving knife. Perfect for turtle meat.

ISADORA. Zere must be another way! Odette is no turtle! Believe me, she is as fast as zey come! Ask her clients!

ROOK. Captain, can you help to secure her?

ISADORA. Horrid!

SILVER. Quiet down! This is concentration business...

ROOK. Isadora, soak linen. Soak all we have in boiling salt water.

ISADORA. (*Gathering linen.*) Zis is a nightmare!

ROOK. There will be screaming.

SILVER. Are you sure you don't want the boning knife?

JIM. Wait! Rook, what experience do you have in this area?

ROOK. None, sir.

JIM. What if we lose her?

SILVER. We can't lose her yet. She's an integral part of the tidy plan, Jim. She hasn't played her part yet.

JIM. We must do what it takes. Everyone, hold your positions firm. Rook, when you're ready.

ROOK. On the count of three?

JIM. Very well. (*Isadora turns away, she is standing near the upright table of Silver's scraps.*)

ROOK. One.

SILVER. Two...

JIM. Th—(*Isadora grabs her hair.*)

ISADORA. Wait! Wait! Wait!

JIM. What is it?

ISADORA. I've found something!

SILVER. What is it?

ISADORA. Ze clover you gave me! (*She pulls out the little blue clover from her hair.*) It is pictured here! (*She references a partial scrap on the upright table.*) Zis clover here is a piece of your healing plant. See! Look at ze blue leaves with ze white vein pattern! (*She hands him the plant and the photo.*) It's identical!

JIM. Silver, is she correct? (*Silver is silent.*)

ROOK. Well, have a look!

SILVER. (*Annoyed.*) I don't need to look! She's right.

ISADORA. I knew it!

JIM. You've already got some of the healing plant?

SILVER. (*Frustrated.*) I had my hands on it my first go.

JIM. What happened?

SILVER. It was ripped away from me. I couldn't—

JIM. Why do you need to go back then?

SILVER. I didn't get enough. That small bit— I— I still can't see at night.

JIM. That's why you've risked all our lives? Night vision?

SILVER. (*Angry.*) Getting on this ship saved a few of your scummy lives. If we're talkin' plain.

JIM. Under circumstances you contrived!

SILVER. Is my quest for vision any better than your quest for treasure? (*To Isadora.*) Or yours for François? (*To Odette's body.*) Or hers to escape the Onyx?

JIM. Our quests have been honest from the start! You were going to let this woman lose her hand?

SILVER. I told you! There isn't enough of the plant to be effective!

JIM. There might not have been enough to restore your vision...

ISADORA. But zere might be enough for a scorpion bite.

JIM. Rook, grind up what we've got.

ROOK. Aye-aye! (*He does.*)

ISADORA. (*Reading the scraps.*) It says here in Spanish zat mixing small amounts of ze healing plant with spirits can activate its properties.

ROOK. Rum it is. It's ready. Bit of a paste now. (*He applies it. Odette's wound heals slowly.*)

ODETTE. (*Waking violently, back to normal. She spits out the cork.*) Who's there? Price doubles for the Irish! (*Grabbing her head.*) What happened?

SILVER. Stung for stealing oranges.

JIM. The swelling is beginning to recede...

ROOK. (*Examining the wound.*) It is healing. Slowly...

SILVER. More plant would have done the trick straight away.

ODETTE. You saved me, Silver?

SILVER. Not me. Them!

ODETTE. Thank you! (*She hugs Isadora and Rook.*)

JIM. Rook will make a fine surgeon one day.

ROOK. Surgeon?

JIM. Yes, you said—

ROOK. I don't want to be a surgeon. I want to own a woodshop. Knife work.

JIM. Ah. (*Beat.*) Odette, now that you're upright, I need a favor.

ODETTE. Two shillings to squeeze my—

JIM. No, no... I need boots. I think bare feet will be a problem eventually.

ODETTE. I can whip something up before the day is over. Your size?

JIM. A bit above an eight.

ODETTE. Patent leather suit your fancy, sir? What color buckle? Silver, gold, or bronze?

JIM. Well—

ODETTE. Captain, I'm pulling your leg. I'm going to tie together leaves and table linens.

JIM. Ah.

ODETTE. I'll get right to it.

JIM. Great. One more thing...

ODETTE. Name it.

JIM. Le Revenant—we—need a flag... (*Odette smiles and nods.*) And I think we've had enough excitement for one day.

SILVER. Aye-aye to that!

JIM. Everyone, do your rounds and report back. Move! (*Music plays. The crew scatters to work. The sun sets and night creeps in. Everyone goes off to bed but Jim. He looks to the sky. Silver stays behind too.*) Silver! It's getting dark out... You should turn in.

SILVER. Soon enough. I've got a few moments left of light. (*Beat.*) How does the sky look for tomorrow?

JIM. She'll let us through.

SILVER. Aye.

JIM. (*Beat.*) What's it like?

SILVER. I wouldn't recommend it.

JIM. Is it true what they say? Are your other senses heightened?

SILVER. I can smell your feet from here.

JIM. (*Laughing. Beat.*) I don't know what I'm doing here, Silver.

SILVER. You're captain.

JIM. Right. Captain. Of a ship I didn't select. On a mission of your design. With maps I can't read... It all just feels...wrong...

SILVER. It will all be worth it when you get your hands on the treasure.

JIM. Captain Rose used to say all the great treasure was at the bottom of the sea or in the bank.

SILVER. He was right. There's nothing new under the sun.

JIM. Do you miss being a captain?

SILVER. Not a bit. Every captain gets the prison they deserve.

JIM. What do you mean?

SILVER. Mutinous crew, disease, dry—empty islands... I don't want to oversee that. Not my calling.

JIM. Well, when you put it that way—

SILVER. If I had it my way, this would be my last mission...

JIM. I can't imagine Long John Silver ever hanging up his sword...

SILVER. That day is near. I've got enough treasure in my chest to last a lifetime. At least the rest of mine. (*The parrot flies to Silver.*)

JIM. You have your parrot trained well.

SILVER. I need to feed her. If I forget, she feels the need to use me as a latrine. (*He gives the parrot a cracker.*)

PARROT. Bedtime, bedtime...

SILVER. Oleander Island will be in our sights soon. (*Joking.*) Well, your sights.

JIM. Silver... Why has Oleander Island remained such a mystery?

SILVER. *(Thinking.)* Well... Not many are willing to pet a cobra, Jim. And most think the island is a children's fable.

JIM. But the plant—

SILVER. What about it?

JIM. I've seen desperate men. You would think they'd risk it.

SILVER. Desperate men have. The beach is littered with desperate bones looking for a little healing. *(Music plays.)* Goodnight, Jim.

JIM. Silver?

SILVER. Aye.

JIM. We do arrive soon.

SILVER. Yes.

JIM. Are we ready?

SILVER. No. But I suppose Isadora is the only one who truly knows... *(Silver exits with the parrot.)*

JIM. *(To himself.)* And yet I'm the captain... *(Music swells. Jim sits and looks out on the starlit water as he steers the ship's wheel. Fade to black.)*

SCENE 6

The ship deck, the following sunrise. Jim is asleep at the wheel. He is snoring. Silver enters with a knife, parrot on this shoulder.

SILVER. *(Looking at the snoring Jim.)* Oh, Jim. You're about the worst captain I've ever seen. *(Silver attends to Jim's wheel.)* Almost have us drifting.

PARROT. *(Squawking.)* Worst captain, worst captain...

SILVER. It doesn't matter, Red. He's not *really* here to be captain.

PARROT. Another lie, another lie...

SILVER. Aye. This one I buried carefully...

PARROT. Buried lies, buried lies...

SILVER. Let him think being captain is his purpose. *(Evil smile.)* But his real purpose will be clear soon enough. Soon enough indeed. *(Silver looks out at the water. A whale swims by and shoots water through its blowhole. Silver smiles.)* A white whale! Lady

Luck smiles on old Long John Silver! *(With his knife, Silver jumps into the water. Splash SFX. The parrot flies away, squawking. Hearing this, Jim wakes.)*

JIM. Man overboard! *(The others enter, sleepy.)*

ROOK. Which one of the girls fell in? *(Entering, Isadora smacks his head. Rook notices she is bleeding.)*

ROOK. Your arm. It's cut.

ISADORA. It's nothing.

ROOK. That's a sword wound! Who did you fight?

ODETTE. *(Covering for her.)* Mind your business! Have you swabbed the poop deck lately?

JIM. It's Silver! Starboard side! Look alive!

ODETTE. *(Rubbing her eyes, stretching.)* Is breakfast ready?

ISADORA. Silver is in ze sea? *(Impressed.)* Broken vision and one leg. You must give it to ze man. He's a real pirate...

SILVER. *(Climbing up the port side while everyone looks over the starboard side.)*
Aye! Good morning, ye mold turnips!

JIM. Silver!

SILVER. It's about time you vermin got up!

JIM. What happened?

SILVER. *(Dripping.)* I promised a tasty meal. *(He drops two enormous, slimy whale eyes on the table. Each is the size of a cannon ball.)* Delivered.

JIM. Whale?

SILVER. *White* whale. A delicacy.

ISADORA. Eyeballs? A delicacy? Hardly!

SILVER. *(Offended.)* In Japan, that's twenty shillings an eye!

ISADORA. Jellyfish-like.

SILVER. In the Arctic, white whale eye is a holy meal!

ROOK. *(Joking, hitting the pun.)* I see.

ODETTE. He's right, Izzy. They're quite scrumptious. Tastes like a hard-boiled egg.

ISADORA. When have you eaten eyeball?

ODETTE. My father was Swedish. We ate all the sea.

SILVER. Feast, one and all! *(Reluctantly, they all sit and eat.)*

ISADORA. Mmm. I stand corrected. Zis is...not bad!

SILVER. Ha! And good for your health!

ODETTE. Delicious, Silver!

ROOK. (*Mouthful.*) Got a bit of a squid texture.

SILVER. Without the ink.

JIM. Well done, Silver.

SILVER. Thank you, Captain Hawkins. (*They eat merrily and bond. Rook fetches glasses of water and rum for everyone.*)

ODETTE. Oh! Captain Hawkins!

JIM. Yes?

ODETTE. I've got your boots ready. (*She produces boots made of leaves and linen. Jim puts them on.*)

JIM. Thank you! Ahh. Right as rain.

SILVER. Boots fit for a king, no doubt. (*Silver knocks over his glass of rum. Annoyed at himself.*) Ah! Brains of a ghost, have I... (*Rook cleans it up and gets him more.*)

ODETTE. Ghost! That reminds me! Captain Hawkins... Last night I made our flag. I was limited on materials...But...

JIM. Aye! Let's see it!

ODETTE. Here she is!

JIM. Brilliant, Odette! Truly!

ODETTE. The name of our ship...

SILVER. A ghost? Tough as nails.

JIM. Flag high!

ALL. Flag high! (*Jim climbs the mainmast and hangs the flag. They all cheer. Jim comes down. They eat merrily. Silver spills again.*)

SILVER. Again! Apologies. Grace is my opposite.

ROOK. (*Cleaning up the spill.*) So, whatever did happen to your sight, Silver?

ODETTE. (*Referring to Rook.*) Questions like a cannonball, this one.

SILVER. It's perfectly fine. A story I would have to tell eventually.

JIM. You lost your sight on Oleander Island?

SILVER. Quite right. And you can all learn from my mistakes.

ISADORA. Was it an animal?

SILVER. No. A simple case of being unprepared. (*Pointing to the upright table.*) Which is why I've collected those five scraps. So that I don't lose anything else.

JIM. Unprepared?

SILVER. Indeed. The island is a ring of tests. Each a different beast. I did well... I had the plant in my hands... But, in the end, I didn't have oranges.

ALL. Oranges?

SILVER. Aye. I suppose it's time you knew my final secret.

JIM. Past time.

SILVER. The island's final test requires a sacrifice.

ROOK. (*Spooked.*) A sacrifice? Most sacrifices require human life... Sometimes into a volcano...

ODETTE. (*Merrily.*) Youngest dies first!

SILVER. It's oranges. Don't ask me why...

JIM. And you didn't have any...

SILVER. None. And there aren't any on the island.

ISADORA. Ze scraps say zere's only bananas...

SILVER. So, I had to take the long route. Which had me scale the island's volcano!

ISADORA. Dis place sounds adjacent to Hell.

SILVER. (*Eating.*) It was the volcanic ash. That took my sight.

JIM. That's why you've been hoarding the oranges? (*Silver nods.*)

ROOK. He doesn't want any of us to go blind too...

ISADORA. Your scraps didn't say anything about oranges...

SILVER. I learned about the oranges firsthand.

JIM. What else did you face on Oleander Island?

SILVER. It's a land where you can't believe everything you see.

JIM. An island of false instincts.

SILVER. Right you are, Jim. The first test will be the baboons...

ODETTE. (*Unimpressed.*) Most islands have monkeys.

SILVER. Not like this. Isadora, did you come across anything about silver in my scraps?

ISADORA. No, zere is no silver treasure on ze island according to zese. Although... Zere was a passage about silver fever.

SILVER. Silver fever. That's it! I grew up calling it moon sickness.

JIM. As did I...

SILVER. Nasty business...

ODETTE. Well, for heaven's sake, what is silver fever? An allergy to ze moon?

ROOK. It's mercury poisoning.

SILVER. Right you are, Rook. There must be mercury deposits somewhere on the island. The baboons are...transformed by it. Silver snouts and fangs. Unusual strength... Vicious ways...

ROOK. There's no cure.

SILVER. I lost two crew members to baboons on my first trip. *(Pause.)* In ways I don't want to describe.

ISADORA. Zen don't!

ODETTE. Turn this ship around! I'd like to take my chances again the Onyx dogs.

SILVER. We lost because we tried to fight the baboons. Match strength.

JIM. You fought them? With what?

SILVER. High spirits and dueling smallswords.

ISADORA. Dueling smallswords? For close range aggression? You'll need a cutlass or a saber. More durable, longer reach... *(There is a silence after she says this.)*

JIM. Who taught you about swords?

ISADORA. *(Lying.)* Lucky guess...

SILVER. Anyway, I won't bring any blade again.

JIM. What's the solution?

ROOK. I hope it's poison!

SILVER. No. We will utilize... *(He looks at Odette.)* Camouflage, a disguise. *(He looks at Rook.)* Posture, to intimidate. *(He looks at Isadora.)* And perfume, to repel...

ISADORA. My perfume is from Yardley London—

SILVER. Great. The baboons will hate it.

ISADORA. Tasteless apes!

SILVER. Baboons are instinctually afraid of big cats. Odette. You will use the silks.

ODETTE. Silk versus baboon?

SILVER. Yes. You will sew together all the leopard and cheetah silks. We will cover ourselves as one giant unit—as big as we can make ourselves—with Rook on top of my shoulders...to show our dominant size.

ROOK. That will make us ten feet tall!

SILVER. And finally, we will soak the silks in strong scents to send the baboons far away.

ISADORA. And who will be replacing my perfumes when zis is all over?

SILVER. It's not your liquid perfume I'm after.

ISADORA. Zat's all I brought.

SILVER. It's the bottle you invented.

ISADORA. My spray bottle?

SILVER. Yes. A smart invention.

ISADORA. Zank you.

SILVER. Get the perfume out of it, so we can all pee in it.

ALL. What?

SILVER. It's nature! Baboons are territorial. A urine smell will repel them. We will spray it.

ODETTE. That will ruin the silks!

JIM. *(Smiling.)* A tidy plan. With a bit of genius if I'm speaking plain.

SILVER. Thank you, Captain. Smarter this time.

JIM. Indeed. Smarter. I feel much more at ease now.

ROOK. You feel at ease after knowing we must face silver-faced baboons?

JIM. A bit, yeah. It was the uncertainty that was knifing me. Having a tidy plan, order. That's what I like.

SILVER. *(Smiling.)* A relief to have it all out. Rum anyone? We all must start holding our liquids...

ISADORA. Words of a swine!

ODETTE. Pardon, but... What if the disguise doesn't work? What if the baboons... attack?

SILVER. *(Taking out his sword.)* Then we must fight, my dear! As quartermaster, it's my job to train you! On your feet! *(He throws Odette a sword and they playfully spar a bit. Odette is not very skilled with the sword.)*

ODETTE. Stop this! I only wield a sword under the influence.

JIM. Is that so?

ODETTE. Quite right. I was my boarding school's champion in fencing in my day. But I hated the sport. Was sauced every match.

ROOK. Sauced? But you were sixteen...

ISADORA. She had a black liver by fourteen...

ODETTE. *(Laughing.)* Nobody asked you, Izzy!

JIM. You're saying you fight better drunk?

SILVER. I believe I'd like to see that...

ODETTE. Is that a fact?

SILVER. Rum or rum?

ODETTE. The sun's only just risen...rum will do. *(Taking a shot of rum.)* May our ghosts arrive fashionably late!

SILVER. Another?

ODETTE. *(Taking another.)* Here's mud in your eye!

SILVER. Does the lady want a third?

ODETTE. *(Drinking a third time.)* And a fourth. *(Drinks a fourth shot.)*

SILVER. Let's even things out now... *(He finishes the bottle of rum.)*

ODETTE. Swords at the ready! *(They engage in a very high-stakes, eloquent sword fight. It starts off as friendly, but Odette cuts Silver's arm. The gang cheers them on.)*

SILVER. A true strike!

ISADORA. You're bleeding, Silver! *(Silver feels the blood and smiles. The sword fight continues. Odette starts to take Silver over. Eventually, Silver gets caught up in a net. Odette can finish him if she chooses.)*

ODETTE. Any last words? *(She begins to strike Silver, but the red parrot flies in and stops her. Odette's sword hits the parrot. The parrot falls. Silver rushes to it.)*

SILVER. No! *(He examines the parrot. It is breathing.)* She's breathing. *(He is very relieved.)* Good bird... Good bird... *(He puts the parrot on his shoulder.)*

ODETTE. Perhaps I took it a bit too far.

ROOK. Did you see that? That parrot saved Silver!

JIM. I swear that parrot is a pirate.

ODETTE. Count your lucky stars, Silver.

SILVER. I'd be glad to fight beside you on that beach. Well fought, Odette.

ODETTE. I almost ran a blind man through. *(Smiling.)* Nothing to write home about. *(Shaking his hand.)* I'm going to vomit now. *(Odette moves upstage to vomit overboard.)*

SILVER. That sounds lovely, actually. I shall join you. *(Silver moves right next to her.)*

JIM. Rook, straighten the barracks.

ROOK. Aye-aye, sir. *(Rook exits. Jim approaches Isadora who is going over Silver's scraps. Silver and Odette vomit to underscore this scene.)*

ISADORA. Zat was something.

JIM. She's quite talented.

ISADORA. Indeed.

JIM. Find anything new?

ISADORA. Right now, I'm looking at ze drawing of ze poisonous plants. Zey are very beautiful. *(Odette vomits.)*

JIM. *(Looking.)* Wow. Incredibly beautiful. *(Silver vomits.)*

ISADORA. See zis one here?

JIM. Aye.

ISADORA. Foxglove.

JIM. Beautiful. Poison? *(Odette vomits.)*

ISADORA. Yes.

JIM. So, I suppose a bouquet is out of the question? *(Silver vomits.)*

ISADORA. Not all girls dislike poison... *(She smiles.)*

JIM. Noted.

ISADORA. Looks like a pink stairway to Heaven. *(Odette vomits. Beat.)* What's ze weather going to be like tomorrow.

JIM. Steady.

ISADORA. I was zinking about taking a swim in ze water tomorrow. *(Odette vomits.)*

JIM. I might have to join you... *(Silver vomits.)*

ROOK. *(From off.)* Captain Hawkins, you're needed below deck, sir!

JIM. Pardon me. *(He exits. Odette stumbles in, absolutely covered in vomit.)*

ODETTE. Beautiful night!

ISADORA. Is that?

ODETTE. Whale eye. Believe it or not, it comes up more gelatinous.

ISADORA. *(Beat.)* You showed off a little too much with Silver.

ODETTE. We can't let the men do all the killing.

ISADORA. I don't want zem knowing about me.

ODETTE. I know, I know. I'll protect your secret. Even though it's such a good one!

ISADORA. François...

ODETTE. I never really liked him...

ISADORA. Do you remember...in ze mornings, he...he used to sing pirate songs? No man sings anymore.

ODETTE. I love a good pirate song! *(Beat.)* Are you and I meeting tonight?

ISADORA. Every night.

ODETTE. Aye-aye! I'll sharpen my blades. You're really starting to get strong, Izzy. I'm quite proud...

ISADORA. Be proud when ze job is done.

ODETTE. Have you told Captain Hawkins anything?

ISADORA. Nothing.

ODETTE. Hawkins... He's got a vigilant eye, that one. And I've noticed your eye chase him once or twice.

ISADORA. *(Embarrassed.)* You're seasick in ze head! *(Jim returns from below. Odette exits to bed.)*

JIM. My apologies. What were we talking about?

ISADORA. Oh, nothing. I wish I had a parrot zat would fly in front of a sword for me...

JIM. You have your fiancé.

ISADORA. *(Sad.)* Far away...

JIM. François!

ISADORA. Good memory. Le souvenir est le parfum de l'âme.

JIM. Meaning?

ISADORA. 'Memory is the perfume of the soul'

JIM. Your language it's so...so... *(She sprays her fume atomizer. He smells her deeply.)* ...incredible... *(Pause. Slight romantic twinge. Beat.)* So, no need to be lonely. You're well cared for...

ISADORA. *(Sad.)* Right.

JIM. And soon, you'll have sacks of treasure...

ISADORA. *(Smiling away the sadness.)* I'll be after ze emeralds myself.

JIM. Emeralds suit your fancy?

ISADORA. Absolutely. According to ze scraps, zere aren't many emeralds on the island. Even here, zey are rare. *(Beat.)* Why do zey call it Oleander Island?

JIM. Bit of a funny name...

ISADORA. Zey should call it Emerald Isle...or Pearl Cove!

JIM. Or Baboon Bay!

ISADORA. *(Laughing.)* Can I ask you something?

JIM. Sure.

ISADORA. What were you in prison for?

JIM. *(Uncomfortable.)* Well, I...got too ambitious. I lost my head for a moment.

ISADORA. *(Joking.)* Zat sounds painful... Where did you leave it last?

JIM. *(Laughing.)* Oh, wit of jester...

ISADORA. *(Beat.)* Prison sounds like an adventure.

JIM. I've always been after adventure.

ISADORA. Well, you're on one now.

JIM. *(Referring to the upright table.)* A fractured adventure.

ISADORA. *(Pause.)* Make it whole.

JIM. What do you mean?

ISADORA. Right now, Silver's scraps are a mess. Put zem together.

JIM. I can't read them.

ISADORA. I can help. I can translate.

JIM. One map...in one language. That would be beneficial.

ISADORA. It will be a puzzle. Like untying a clove hitch.

JIM. You can untie a clove hitch? Where did you learn about knots?

ISADORA. *(Lying.)* Uh, well... Lace! I sew the lace on Odette's gowns. Knots...

JIM. *(Sarcastic.)* An endless well of talents you are.

ISADORA. Are we making zis map, or aren't we?

JIM. Aye! *(Music plays. Jim and Isadora collaborate, talking silently, moving scraps around the upright table. Rook brings them a large piece of linen and Jim begins to write on it, creating a big map. They eat and drink. The sun and moon rise several times while they work at the upright table signifying many days of work. Rook moves in and out as necessary, bringing them their daily essentials, including a few whale eyes. While Rook is not serving them, he can be flying a kite on the deck behind them. Silver can enter to comically vomit once or twice more. Their work cycle ends late at night. A full moon rises above them.)*

ISADORA. Zis map is starting to take shape!

JIM. Adding the footnotes was a great idea.

ISADORA. All ze information in one place. You have quite ze skilled hand.

JIM. I've always drawn. Since I was a boy at the Admiral Benbow Inn.

ISADORA. I just hope zese scraps have accuracy.

JIM. When we lay our eyes on the island, we will know for sure.

ISADORA. We will be getting zere soon.

JIM. We'll have to make adjustments once we see the island. I want to get it just so...

ISADORA. Zis is perhaps ze finest map I've ever seen.

JIM. This was fun. It was nice having some control on this ship. Thank you, Isadora.

ISADORA. It's a piece of artwork, Captain Hawkins.

JIM. *(Smiling with pride.)* It really is.

ISADORA. It belongs in a museum.

JIM. If we get it right... Maybe someday it will be...

ISADORA. *(Smiling.)* Maybe in the Louvre Museum so I can come see it when I live in Paris. *(Music plays.)* Well, I should get some sleep. *(She exits. Silver enters with coffee. The parrot is on his shoulder.)*

SILVER. Can't sleep, Captain?

JIM. My heart is racing if I'm being honest.

SILVER. The lady? Or the work?

JIM. Bit of both.

SILVER. Map work never suited me.

JIM. No?

SILVER. Can't draw...

JIM. So, he has a weakness...

SILVER. Didn't have the patience, even when I was your age. *(Looking at the map.)* Impressive map. Pretty. *(Parrot squawks.)* It's very accurate for the most part. A vision of Oleander Island. Sharp work, Jim.

PARROT. *(Squawking.)* Sharp, sharp...

JIM. *(Thrilled.)* Is it?

SILVER. Aye. *(He sips coffee.)* Aye.

JIM. We had so little to go on. It's a thrill to hear it's correct.

SILVER. There's a way you can know for sure...

JIM. Oh?

SILVER. Turn around and feast your eyes... She's right behind you.

JIM. *(Looking behind him, he sees Oleander Island for the first time.)* Heaven and Hell in one!

SILVER. There! There! Look on the shore! *(They both get quiet.)* Do you see? The silver muzzles moving in the palm trees... *(Silver baboon muzzles and fangs shine on the dark beach. Horrific baboon screams start to build in intensity. Palms trees start to shake and snap in half. After a few moments, the horrific screaming becomes all-encompassing and overwhelming. The palm trees shake violently. The baboons know that intruders have arrived.)* They already know we're here...

JIM. Aye. *(Pause.)* Drop anchor... *(Fade to black on the screaming.)*

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2 SCENE 1

Midnight. The dark, sandy shores of Oleander Island. Waves Crashing SFX. The baboons have fallen silent. Jim, Silver with his parrot, Odette, Isadora, and Rook enter. Each is draped in animal print silks. Silver is carrying the crate of oranges.

JIM. *(Looking around the island. To Isadora.)* Our map needs adjustment.

SILVER. *(To the parrot.)* What did you see on your flight, Red?

PARROT. *(Squawking.)* Not alone, not alone...

SILVER. How many?

PARROT. Outnumbered, outnumbered... *(Squawking.)* More than before...

SILVER. Good work. *(He gives the bird a cracker.)*

PARROT. *(Squawking.)* Turn back... Turn back...

SILVER. Never.

ODETTE. Let me tie your ropes, Rook.

ROOK. *(Annoyed.)* We look like a bunch of Merry Andrews...

ODETTE. We are. This is a performance.

JIM. Rook!

ROOK. Here, Captain.

JIM. Do you feel ready?

ROOK. I'm up for it.

JIM. Good lad.

SILVER. On my shoulders, Minnow.

ROOK. Brush off the parrot poop first...

SILVER. This is not a game, Rook!

ISADORA. *(To Jim.)* Why have zey gone quiet? Ze baboons...

JIM. They're watching...

ISADORA. How do you know zat?

JIM. Because it's silent. No insect noise.

ISADORA. *(Listening.)* You're right. Dead quiet.

JIM. When the insects buzz, we can assume the baboons have moved on. *(A single baboon is heard hissing.)*

ODETTE. Did you hear that?

ROOK. Which way are we headed?

SILVER. The healing plant is in the center of the island. Pick up any treasure you want along the way... *(Another baboon hisses.)*

ODETTE. That one was on this other side! They are closing in.

JIM. Align in formation! *(They form a giant, silk mass and move around as one. We can only see Rook on top. The rest are under the silk mass. Silver baboons hiss from all sides.)*

JIM. How does it look, Rook?

ROOK. I see silver fangs in the trees...

ODETTE. What have we gotten ourselves into? (The trees shake.)

ROOK. Looks like they are closing in...

SILVER. Be prepared to fight, mateys!

ISADORA. I can hear zem breathing!

SILVER. Filthy beasts might have us figured out... (*Baboon Hiss SFX. The baboon screaming begins again.*)

ROOK. Do you hear that? Must be hundreds!

PARROT. More, more...

SILVER. No time to get yellow now!

ROOK. Can we get any bigger? (*Baboon Hiss SFX.*)

JIM. I'm afraid the disguise isn't enough!

ROOK. And our size isn't enough!

SILVER. Then, we must repel them!

ISADORA. Must we?

SILVER. Isadora, get hands on the atomizer bottles! (*She distributes them. Glass SFX.*) Mates, unleash your streams! Make Poseidon proud! (*They all do. Pee SFX.*)

ODETTE. For the record, this is much harder for girls!

ISADORA. For ze record, I was against zis! Yardley London—

SILVER. Filled to the brim!

JIM. Ready, says I.

ROOK. They are close now! I see fur!

SILVER. Give 'em Hell! Spray! Spray!

ODETTE. This plan sounded a lot better on the ship.

ISADORA. I never supported ze pee— (*They all spray their atomizers.*)

ODETTE. The smell!

ROOK. No beast could want us now!

SILVER. Away mangy brutes!

JIM. (*Spraying.*) Rook! Give us a report!

ROOK. It appears to be working, Captain! The trees are shaking the other way!

SILVER. The baboons are retreating!

JIM. It's done!

ROOK. Aye. Take me down now. (*The team disperses and takes off their silks. They gather near a tall palm tree. Rook has the tennis rackets, and he yields them like swords. The insects return.*)

ISADORA. Teamwork won zat battle.

JIM. I suspect each test will require something of us.

ODETTE. I'm already tired.

JIM. We can't rest yet. Baboons were only the first test.

ROOK. What is the second?

ODETTE. And where is the treasure? I haven't seen a single— *(Something falls on Odette's head.)* Ouch! What was that?

ISADORA. A coconut?

ODETTE. Cursed thing! *(She picks it up. It is a coconut sized gold nugget. It glows gold. Joking.)* Suddenly, I'm under a spell...

SILVER. That gold nugget there is just the beginning. Believe you, me. *(The group has new excitement.)*

JIM. Our next battle will be—

ISADORA. Oh! Let me say! I'm ze one zat told you!

JIM. Go on, then.

ISADORA. *(Pause. Dramatically.)* Quicksand!

JIM. Right. The island's test of bravery.

ROOK. Bravery...

SILVER. I've seen the quicksand. A mile north.

JIM. We can follow the river.

SILVER. No! It twists in ways meant to deceive. My parrot will scout ahead for us. *(The parrot flies away.)*

ROOK. How did you get past the quicksand, Silver?

SILVER. Well... I didn't. The sand pit swallowed me whole.

JIM. How did you survive?

SILVER. I knew I couldn't go up, so I swam down. Deeper and deeper...

ISADORA. Didn't ze weight of ze sand crush you?

SILVER. Yes. It was tremendous weight. And there were pirate bones all around me.

JIM. So?

SILVER. Just when I thought I was done for, I grabbed a bone. Spine I'd wager... I used it to push through the bottom of the bog.

JIM. You reached the bottom?

SILVER. Aye. And I came out the other side.

JIM. Some sort of whirlpool do you think?

SILVER. Aye. Encountered them in Jamaica before.

JIM. I haven't dealt with them.

SILVER. I tell you, I almost suffocated. But I can make it through again.

JIM. (*Skeptical.*) Without your sight?

SILVER. Well—

JIM. That doesn't sound like a tidy plan. Lacking genius at every angle.

SILVER. I was going to take a bone in with me this time.

ODETTE. Oh, my word...

SILVER. Felt more prepared that way.

JIM. Are we all to go this way?

SILVER. I've no other solution!

ISADORA. Ze scraps didn't say anything about how to survive ze quicksand. Only zat it is what claims ze most lives on ze island.

JIM. We came all this way, and this was your tidy plan? Take a bone with you?

SILVER. Or a stick...

JIM. Where's the bit of genius?

SILVER. I don't see you solving the problem, Jim!

JIM. Had I known about the problem in its entirety sooner, maybe I could have been of help.

ODETTE. (*Interjecting.*) Snowshoes!

JIM & SILVER. What?

ODETTE. In Sweden, we would have to walk in drifts of snow that could be seven feet tall.

SILVER. Snow is not the same as quicksand.

ODETTE. You're right. It's thicker! And snowshoes will get us all over!

ROOK. Question. What is a snowshoe?

ODETTE. I'll need your tennis rackets... And your help!

ROOK. There are more rackets on the ship.

ODETTE. Bring them to me.

ROOK. Yes, Miss. I'll be right back. (*Rook exits. Odette sits alone and works.*)

SILVER. Snowshoes...

JIM. Tidier plan than yours, at least!

SILVER. Quiet!

JIM. It is—

SILVER. No! Quiet!

JIM. What is it?

SILVER. *(After a moment.)* Nothing. Probably just the Minnow.

ISADORA. No, I heard it too.

SILVER. There it is again.

JIM. What are you hearing?

SILVER & ISADORA. Rustling. *(The insects fall silent.)*

JIM. Are the baboons back?

SILVER. Could be...

ISADORA. Zere! *(She points to a bush.)* It's in zere!

SILVER. She's right. Back away slowly. *(The slowly back up. Odette screams. They turn around to see that she is held captive by a crazy-eyed, silver-faced baboon [ideally played by the offstage Rook].)*

ODETTE. He's—he's so strong.

SILVER. His fangs are dripping with mercury.

JIM. There's no reasoning with him now...

ODETTE. *(Her voice constricts.)* Barter a banana?

SILVER. What's he holding? *(The baboon reveals a rusty sword. He throws Odette to the sand. She scurries to the group gasping for breath.)*

JIM. Got your sea legs?

ODETTE. Legs, yes. But I think he broke my arm.

ISADORA. Does it hurt terribly?

ODETTE. Not yet. The adrenaline. I... I feel drunk! *(The baboon moves forward with the sword. Silver takes out his sword and moves forward to fight.)* No! This is my battle. I've got the charge for it! *(She takes Silver's sword and moves toward the baboon. Music plays. They sword fight. The baboon's sword fighting style mimics the moves of pirates but a bit more uneven. Odette keeps her broken arm by her side. After an intense battle, Odette defeats the baboon and it runs off.)*

ODETTE. Take that you metal-fanged monkey! *(The sound of insects returns.)*

SILVER. Well done, Odette!

ISADORA. Ze bugs are back!

JIM. That means the baboons are gone! *(They all cheer.)*

ROOK. *(Returning with the tennis rackets.)* What did I miss?

ISADORA. *(Smiling.)* Odette slayed ze silver dragon! *(She wraps a makeshift silk sling around Odette's broken arm.)*

ODETTE. Thank you, Izzy. That feels better.

ISADORA. Zis place feels cursed.

JIM. Right. Let's make a quick go of it! On to the quicksand!

ISADORA. Hard to cheer for zat...How about... "On to ze treasure?"

JIM. Aye! Treasure!

ALL. Aye! (*Fade to black.*)

SCENE 2

Jim, Silver with his parrot, Odette, Isadora, and Rook move through the jungle. They arrive at the quicksand pit. It is a glittery brown and swirling like a portal. Jim looks at his map. I can imagine staging the quicksand a few ways. Trap doors, large brown silks, kidnapping sand ballet dancers, set pieces moving around them to simulate sinking, etc.

ISADORA. You should add rough terrain to the map, Captain Hawkins.

JIM. Noted. (*Looking around.*) And an abundance of cold-blooded wildlife.

ISADORA. Ze lizards, ze snakes... Zey are silver...

ROOK. (*Interjecting.*) My feet hurt!

ODETTE. If anyone sees a coconut I'm parched...

ROOK. There are coconuts everywhere! But we've seen no treasure...

ISADORA. Zis bit of ze island doesn't have treasure.

ROOK. Just mosquitoes the size of deck rats...

ISADORA. Add zem to ze map!

JIM. (*To Rook.*) Most of the treasure is on the outer banks...

ROOK. So, let's go there... We can split up and—

JIM. We stay together.

ROOK. I don't need a healing plant! (*At that moment, Rook picks up a lizard on a rock. It stings him.*) Ouch!

JIM. It appears ze lizards are toxic!

ISADORA. Add it to the map!

JIM. Let's call that species 'Sailor's Regret.'

ISADORA. Les marins regrettent...

ROOK. It stings. Like an eel shock.

JIM. (*Drawing on the map.*) Interesting...

SILVER. Keep your hands to yourself, Minnow, before you end up with a hook.

ROOK. *(Ignoring Silver.)* I wonder if the snakes also sting... *(He picks up a snake.)*
No sting! Friendly! *(He carries it with him.)*

ISADORA. What should we call ze silver snakes, Captain? For ze updated map.

JIM. *(Thinking.)* Serpent Argent!

ISADORA. *(Surprised.)* French! Très bien! *(Very good!)*

SILVER. Quit your yapping before I clap you all in irons! *(Worried.)* Be still...

JIM. What is it, Silver?

SILVER. Smell that? We've arrived. The quicksand pit. *(Music plays.)*

ODETTE. Bit anticlimactic if you ask me!

SILVER. That's what I thought. But don't let the beauty fool you...

ROOK. *(The snake bites him. Hiss SFX.)* Ouch! *(He throws the snake in the air. It lands in the quicksand bit and gets eaten alive. Crushing SFX.)* Oops. *(The group watches in horror.)*

ODETTE. Never mind! Quite climactic! *(Beat.)* Everyone put on your snowshoes! *(She hands out the shoes.)*

JIM. Brilliant work, Odette. You truly know about feet. *(He references the boots he's wearing that she made him earlier.)*

ODETTE. Your boots are starting to fall apart.

JIM. They'll do just fine.

SILVER. *(Impressed with his snowshoes.)* A much smarter solution than a bone.

ODETTE. I'm no bonehead.

ISADORA. Mine are a bit big.

ODETTE. These are made from rackets, bamboo, and resin. You get what you get.

ROOK. Should we go all at a one time?

ISADORA. Not according to ze scraps. Zis is everyone's 'test of bravery.' We all must go alone to show ze island we are worthy of continuing.

SILVER. And we need to spread out our weight anyway.

JIM. Right.

SILVER. Lightest goes first!

ROOK. *(Gulping.)* I guess that's fair.

JIM. Brave man.

ROOK. Here I go... *(Suspenseful music plays. Rook slowly steps forward inch by inch into the quicksand. He makes it about halfway through and thinks that he is safe.)*

SILVER. Not so fast!

ROOK. The shoes are working! I'm going to make it!

SILVER. Slow down!

ROOK. This is a breeze! *(He smiles, but at that moment, he begins to sink into the sand. He's sinking quicker than he thought he would.)*

SILVER. No!

ROOK. I'm going down!

JIM. Hang on, Rook!

ROOK. Hurry! It's really pulling me!

ODETTE. What do we do, Captain?

ISADORA. We must save him!

JIM. *(Freezing.)* I—I... *(Rook sinks, he's up to his knees in quicksand now.)*

ODETTE. I'm coming, Rook!

ISADORA. No, Odette, your broken arm!

ODETTE. The adrenaline has me covered! *(She runs into the quicksand to save him, but she instantly starts to sink.)*

SILVER. No! Keep your distance! You'll just sink faster together! *(They both sink more. They are now both up to their chests in quicksand.)*

ODETTE. I can't just let him sink!

SILVER. Stop!

ODETTE. Don't move, Rook.

ROOK. *(Almost submerged.)* I can't!

ODETTE. I'm almost there. *(Rook sinks completely.)* No! Rook!

SILVER. Come back, Odette. He's gone!

ODETTE. No! We can't lose a little one! *(Odette dives deep into the quicksand after Rook. Silence. She doesn't come back up.)*

ISADORA. Odette! No!

JIM. She's gone after him.

SILVER. They're both done for.

ISADORA. No! You said you survived! Maybe—

SILVER. Maybe... Maybe...

ISADORA. I'll hang onto hope as long as I can.

JIM. Me too.

SILVER. We still need to get across.

ISADORA. I don't want to continue. We'll be next!

JIM. No. We will be smarter. *(He ties a rope around his waist.)* Here. Tie this around your waist. Leave plenty of room between us so we don't get too close.

ISADORA. Why the rope?

JIM. If any of us starts to sink, the other pull them out.

SILVER. A tidy plan. Aye. We cross. Slowly. One at a time.

JIM. *(Fiddling with the rope.)* A clove hatch will do...

ISADORA. I'm going with a bowline knot for this... Allow me. *(She ties his knot.)*

JIM. Perfect!

SILVER. We can celebrate when it works. *(Music plays. Silver goes out onto the quicksand first, followed by Isadora. Each one of them starts to sink a little bit and they pull each other up with the rope effectively. At one point, Isadora gets a little too deep, but Silver saves her. Once Silver and Isadora are across, Jim slowly makes his way onto the quicksand with the crate of oranges. As he is about halfway through, his shoes begin to fall off.)*

JIM. My boots! They are slipping off!

SILVER. Don't panic, Jim!

JIM. *(Sinking.)* Sinking fast!

ISADORA. Breathe. Stay calm. Panic makes it worse.

SILVER. *(Pulling the rope.)* I'll pull you out! Hang onto the fruit! *(Silver pulls, he really struggles, and after a bit, the rope breaks and Jim sinks fast. The force of the rope breaking causes Jim to drop the oranges and they disappear into the quicksand.)*

SILVER. The oranges! No!

PARROT. *(Squawking.)* Oranges gone, oranges gone...

SILVER. *(Reaching in but can't find Jim.)* No! Jim! Jim! Are you there? Jim! *(Silence. Silver gives up and sits on the jungle floor.)* It's over. He's sunk. We're sunk. We've lost Jim. And we've lost the blasted oranges!

ISADORA. Have hope! Maybe—

SILVER. Maybe... Maybe... *(After a sad beat, a femur bone emerges from the quicksand with force.)* Look! It's a bone sticking up there! White as ivory! Ha! *(Silver grabs the bone and pulls Jim from the quicksand. He is alive.)*

JIM. Thanks!

SILVER. Seems a bone saved the day...

ISADORA. *(Embracing Jim.)* I'm so glad you made it! I would hate to lose you too! *(She stops.)* My apologies. Zat was inappropriate. *(They take off their snowshoes.)*

JIM. That was a test of bravery indeed.

ISADORA. *(Upset.)* It wasn't a fair test! Odette and Rook were plenty brave!

SILVER. Aye.

ISADORA. But—but zey— *(She chokes up.)*

JIM. Keep hope! Let's get what we came for and then find Odette and Rook. I know they are out there! Rook is resourceful and we both now Odette can track down food. *(Isadora laughs and nods. She hugs him a second time.)*

SILVER. Isadora, I've never made it this far. Can you take the navigation lead?

ISADORA. *(Composing herself.)* I can. Yes. Ze scrap from Brazil said zere was a sign after ze quicksand.

SILVER. What kind of sign?

ISADORA. *(Looking around.)* Like... Like... Like zat! *(She points to a large tree. There is a message carved in the trunk.)* Zere is a message in zat tree trunk! Ze scraps were right! What a thrill!

JIM. Who do you think wrote the message?

SILVER. Pirates, no doubt.

ISADORA. Spanish again. It says, 'Naranjas para los elefantes de piedra.'

SILVER. Translation?

ISADORA. 'Oranges for the stone elephants.' Some sort of sacrifice?

JIM. Each of the scraps mentioned elephants.

SILVER. Aye.

JIM. Is there a way to defeat them?

ISADORA. Zey don't want to harm us. Zey want to help us.

JIM. Without oranges, we might anger them.

ISADORA. Ze scraps have no answer for zat.

JIM. Well, we had better come up with an answer.

SILVER. Jim. You're the answer.

JIM. Me?

SILVER. Aye. I had hoped it wouldn't come to this, but here we are...

JIM. I don't understand.

SILVER. You will soon. Move on for now...

PARROT. *(Squawking.)* Time will tell, time will tell...

JIM. I hate when you say things like that. *(Music plays. Fade to black.)*

SCENE 3

Jim, Silver with his parrot, and Isadora move through the jungle. They arrive at a massive stone that blocks their path. An evil elephant has been carved into the stone. They approach it cautiously. There are yellow pepper trees and bananas in this section of the jungle.

JIM. Look! The stone elephant from the scraps!

ISADORA. It's blocking our path!

JIM. At least it's not charging at us.

ISADORA. It's massive!

SILVER. The final test...

ISADORA. Zere wasn't much about zis part in ze scraps.

SILVER. This is a test of, well...heart.

ISADORA. Heart? You can't have mine!

SILVER. No, heart as in character and core.

ISADORA. Well—I don't suppose I'll be much help here.

SILVER. Not a dog like me either...

JIM. *(Examining the elephant carving.)* What is beyond this stone?

SILVER. The healing jungle. Glints like the sea.

JIM. How do you know that?

ISADORA. Look! It says here...carved into ze stone is another message!

SILVER. What language is zat?

ISADORA. Spanish still.

JIM. Can you translate?

ISADORA. It says zat ze elephants require a sacrifice. If zey get it, zey open ze gates.

JIM. Oranges. We came all this way to get locked out!

ISADORA. Wait, wait!

JIM. Is there more?

ISADORA & SILVER. Yes.

JIM. What? How do you know Silver? You can't read Spanish. You can barely read English.

ISADORA. Now I know why zey call it Oleander Island! *(Reading.)* Ze Oleander flower—

SILVER. Rest, Isadora. I can tell him what it says.

ISADORA. How do you know about ze Oleander flower?

SILVER. *(Pulling out another scrap from his pocket.)* The sixth scrap. That I kept to myself.

JIM. *(Furious.)* More lies!

SILVER. Aye.

JIM. *(Pulling his sword.)* I HATE ALL THESE SHIFTING PIECES! We are in the jungle, risking our lives, and you are keeping things from us! You demand trust every step of the way but have lied only to suit yourself. I won't be having any more of Silver's buried lies!

SILVER. *(Pulling his sword.)* You want the truth, Jim?

JIM. It's Captain Hawkins!

SILVER. *(Laughing.)* Captain? Captain! Ha! Do you really think you have what it takes to be a captain? Rook has saved you in every emergency... I've found you dead asleep at the wheel... Not to mention, two of your crew members are at the bottom of a sandpit! You were never brought on this trip to be captain! *(Jim and Silver sword fight for a bit.)*

JIM. *(Fighting.)* You broke me out of prison. You needed a captain!

SILVER. That's what I wanted you to think!

PARROT. Lies, lies...

JIM. Shut that parrot up!

SILVER. You fight well, Jim.

ISADORA. Stop this! Please!

SILVER. Don't worry, Isadora. I won't be killing him. He's still got his part to play!

JIM. I won't do your bidding! You're nothing but a liar! At the end of his—

Jim is interrupted by the ground shaking. The sword fight breaks as the men secure their footing. The eyes of the STONE ELEPHANT light up. It begins to speak and its mouth moves. The elephant's voice is booming.

STONE ELEPHANT. State thy purpose!

SILVER. Shiver me timbers!

STONE ELEPHANT. Who comes before me?

SILVER. Long John Silver. And friends.

STONE ELEPHANT. Do you have the sacrifice? Do you have the oranges?

SILVER. Well... No.

STONE ELEPHANT. No?

JIM. We had them.

ISADORA. We lost zem.

STONE ELEPHANT. You have failed! You have failed the test of respect! Now you must pay the price! *(The ground shakes again. The group trembles. Two mobile stone elephants charge at them from the sides. These elephants should be played by the offstage Rook and Odette. The mobile elephants box them in threateningly.)*

JIM. We're cornered!

ISADORA. Zey are going to stomp us!

STONE ELEPHANT. You have no sacrifice! Your deaths are eminent. Unless—

JIM. Unless...

STONE ELEPHANT. Unless you are willing to take one final test...

SILVER. The test of heart... *(The Stone Elephant opens a piece of the stone. Behind it, there is a small white flower with pink veins.)*

JIM. That's it! That's the healing plant!

ISADORA. No, ze healing plant is blue! Zat's an Oleander Flower. It's poisonous—*(Putting it all together.)* Oh, God. Silver you are a...pirate.

JIM. What?

ISADORA. Zat's why you brought Jim along? Because he is to take your final test?

SILVER. Very good, Isadora.

JIM. I don't understand.

ISADORA. Tell him. Or I will.

SILVER. Has he figured it out yet?

JIM. Afraid not.

SILVER. No? Of all of us here? Who is the purest?

JIM. *(Thinking.)* You want me to eat the poison plant so you can get your healing plant?

SILVER. I told you there'd be a cost when my parrot and I broke you from prison.

JIM. You think I'm pure?

SILVER. I know it. So do you. Isadora has lived a sinful life, and I had my first kill at the age of six. You're the man for this job.

STONE ELEPHANT. Eat. Complete the sacrifice.

JIM. I am to die if I eat?

STONE ELEPHANT. Not if your heart is pure.

JIM. And if I'm not?

STONE ELEPHANT. You will feel the effects of the poison until your ultimate demise.

SILVER. Play your part Jim. Just like everyone else has.

JIM. *(To Silver.)* This was your plan all along. To use all of us to get your sight back. Odette and Rook paid for you... You are a filthy coward!

SILVER. You take that back! I'm not yellow!

JIM. I'm ashamed to sail with you! *(They sword fight. It is epic. Jim gets the drop on Silver. He can kill him.)*

SILVER. No!

ISADORA. Jim no!

JIM. Tell me why I should let you live!

SILVER. You're pure, my boy! Always have been.

JIM. *(Moves his sword closer.)* Damn right.

SILVER. Pity an old man. I was just doing what I had to—the mission—to save my wife! If you kill me, she'll have no hope.

JIM. Your wife? You said she was back in Africa.

SILVER. Would you grant this sea dog one final admission? My wife has been with me this whole time...

JIM. There's nowhere to hide aboard that ship... We would have seen her!

SILVER. You're looking right at her!

PARROT. In the flesh, in the flesh...

JIM. *(Thinking.)* Your parrot? Red?

ISADORA. Sacré blue!

SILVER. The sea dog Captain Rose cursed her soul into this red parrot.

PARROT. Cursed, cursed...

JIM. That's why you severed his head!?

SILVER. Aye! I knew my wife's only chance was the healing plant on Oleander Island. And I knew I couldn't get it alone. So, I concocted a tidy little plan to get everyone I needed here to help save her. Jim, drink the poison. Let me save my wife. Then take back all the treasure you can dream of.

ISADORA. Jim—

JIM. Don't!

SILVER. *(With the sword to Silver's throat.)* Ah, the cutthroat life of a pirate.

JIM. I'd like to run this sword right through you.

SILVER. I always knew you'd be the one to kill me, Jim.

JIM. Aye! *(He raises the sword swiftly, making us think he will really kill Silver. But then he drops the sword and runs to the Oleander plant. He eats it. The mobile stone elephants exit.)*

ISADORA. No! Why would you do zat for him? You could die!

JIM. We're going to need the healing plant to save Odette and Rook.

SILVER. That's why I love you, Jim. A strong moral compass. *(The Stone Elephant opens its stone mouth entrance. A sparkling forest can be seen.)*

STONE ELEPHANT. The sacrifice is complete.

JIM. We must fetch the healing plant. Bring back enough for— *(Jim grabs his chest.)*
Ah! My heart... *(He falls to his knees.)*

ISADORA. What is it?

JIM. The poison. It's—it's got me in its throws. *(He passes out.)*

ISADORA. What is the meaning of this?

STONE ELEPHANT. He was not pure of heart.

ISADORA. Zen why did you open ze door?

STONE ELEPHANT. Pure or not. The sacrifice was made.

ISADORA. Jim was the purest of us all!

SILVER. He was the purest man I knew.

ISADORA. I can't even imagine what he could have—

STONE ELEPHANT. No need to imagine...

ISADORA. Tell us, zen!

STONE ELEPHANT. Jim was imprisoned.

ISADORA. Zat alone did him in?

STONE ELEPHANT. No. His crime did.

SILVER. Jim committed a proper crime?

STONE ELEPHANT. He stole from Captain Rose.

PARROT. Thief, thief...

STONE ELEPHANT. He went for Captain Rose's log. He wanted to learn what made Rose and The Onyx pirate so great... He became obsessed. Obsessed with Captain Rose.

SILVER. Obsessed?

STONE ELEPHANT. Captain Rose caught Jim in the act. While fleeing, Jim was forced to fight his way out, killing an innocent 14-year-old boy.

ISADORA. That's why Jim failed your test? An obsession?

SILVER. A grown man doesn't spill innocent blood unless there's pirate string in his heart. Deep down, Jim's as low as the rest of us. He just dressed himself up in finery and honesty so he could stand tall above us. But Oleander strips the lies off everybody eventually. And now the poison's fixing to strip the life off his back.

ISADORA. It's not over yet.

SILVER. Oleander poison is very powerful...

ISADORA. It can be absorbed. I just need to set a fire. If we get charcoal into his system, it might absorb—it might...

SILVER. (*Grilling her.*) How does a little lady like you know do much about poison?

ISADORA. I, I—

SILVER. Your scars, the knots, your deep knowledge about swords and cannonballs. Now you know poison... (*Evil smile.*) You're not who you say you are, Miss.

ISADORA. Enough! I've got to save Jim!

SILVER. Fine. Waste your time.

ISADORA. He needs vitamin C.

SILVER. The oranges are at the bottom of the quicksand pit.

ISSDORA. But there are yellow peppers here! More vitamin C than an orange!

SILVER. Is that so?

ISADORA. Yes. (*She gets a yellow pepper and feeds it to Jim.*) I have hope...

STONE ELEPHANT. You will find the plant you seek 1,000 paces straight ahead.

SILVER. I'm going in.

PARROT. (*Squawking.*) One thousand paces, one thousand paces...

ISADORA. Get ze plant, Silver! Bring it back all you can carry to heal Jim and ze others!

SILVER. (*At the stone door entrance.*) Isadora, is there anything I should know before going inside?

ISADORA. Don't get lost. Don't trust ze voices...

SILVER. Voices?

ISADORA. Yes. Voices. Or ze visions.

SILVER. What visions?

ISADORA. The Oleander poison wasn't ze final test...

SILVER. Oh, no?

ISADORA. No. You are about to take it.

SILVER. What?

ISADORA. (*With a slight smirk.*) I guess I'm the seventh scrap...

SILVER. Tell me what you know... Tell me! What is it? (*Guessing.*) Panthers? Lava?

ISADORA. No. Zere was a section in Portuguese. It has been erased but I could still read it... Zis healing jungle you are about to enter... It's a test of...mental strength.

SILVER. My mind? (*Confident.*) A steal trap it is!

ISADORA. Silver—

SILVER. Wait here.

ISADORA. (*Jim coughs.*) Hurry! (*Fade to black.*)

SCENE 4

Silver enters the sparking, healing jungle with his parrot wife on his shoulder. The jungle is dense greenery. The offstage actors come onstage with large mirrors and palm trees to make the jungle appear as if it's shifting place like a maze or funhouse.

SILVER. (*Walking.*) Easy, Red. Trust is twisted here.

PARROT. One thousand paces straight ahead, straight ahead...

SILVER. We can do this. (*Beat.*) Remember our wedding voyage? We killed three men before breakfast!

PARROT. Good times, good times...

SILVER. We never thought we'd see this jungle again. But here we are.

PARROT. Watch your step, watch your step.

SILVER. (*Stepping in a puddle.*) Aye. A puddle. But wait. It's—it's not water.

PARROT. Silver, silver...

SILVER. Silver indeed. It's a mercury pool.

PARROT. Don't touch, don't touch...

SILVER. What's this? (*He bends over and picks up a small plant.*) Look! This is the plant! A clover of it at least. Blue leaves with white veins... We must be close.

PARROT. White veins, white veins...

SILVER. Aye.

PARROT. Not enough, not enough...

SILVER. (*Realization.*) Red! This is what keeps the healing plant alive! Not water, but mercury!

PARROT. Another secret, another secret...

SILVER. Aye! Worthy of its own scrap. Good thing too, I was almost out of secrets...
(*Standing. The mirrors and trees shift the jungle.*)

PARROT. Keep straight, keep straight...

SILVER. I was. But— I'm a bit turned around... My vision is— Which way?

PARROT. (*Flying away.*) Standby, standby...

SILVER. I'll listen for your squawk, my love! (*The jungle shifts again.*) Red? Red? Where are you? (*The jungle shifts again.*) I'm twisted up like the island river... (*The jungle shifts again.*) Hello? Hello? (*Silence. The jungle shifts again.*) One thousand paces... One thousand paces. (*He moves through the jungle. After a bit, he comes to the river.*) The river! A marker! Oh, Lady Luck! (*He drinks.*) Now... Do I cross? Red? (*He looks behind him. When he turns back round, the jungle has shifted and the river has vanished. Frustrated.*) Oh, Red, I need to hear your call! (*The jungle mimics the voice of Silver's wife.*)

JUNGLE PARROT. John, John...

SILVER. Red? Is that you?

JUNGLE PARROT. Til death, til death...

SILVER. Of course! I'll never give up on you! You're my life!

JUNGLE PARROT. Love dead, love dead...

SILVER. No! Not our love!

JUNGLE PARROT. Die alone, die alone...

SILVER. Don't say such things! Where are you?

JUNGLE PARROT. (*Parrot laughing.*) Turn around, turn around... (*Behind Silver is a shadow in the shape of his beloved old Captain Flint. It's a mirage.*)

SILVER. Shiver me timbers! Captain Flint is that you?

FLINT. (*Echoed voice.*) Long John Silver...

SILVER. Captain Flint!

FLINT. Look at what you've become...

SILVER. You're a sight for failing eyes. I need your help.

FLINT. You're a blind fool...

SILVER. Captain Flint—

FLINT. You never had what it took to be a great pirate like me...

SILVER. Sir, don't say that— The Caribbean hasn't been the same without you...

FLINT. You will *never* escape this jungle...

SILVER. With your help I will!

FLINT. Why should I help you?

SILVER. From our days on the Walrus...

FLINT. Ancient history! *(He spits on him.)* Look what you've become!

SILVER. Captain Flint—

FLINT. I pity you, you yellow-bellied—

SILVER. *(He runs to the mirage.)* No, it's not true! *(The jungle shifts and Flint's shadow disappears. Upset, Silver continues through the jungle.)*

SILVER. Don't believe it, John. Red? Red? Anyone? *(He is back at the river.)* The river? No! I'm going in circles! I'm alone here. What do I do? Where do I go? *(He sits and thinks. He realizes he's sitting in a mercury pool.)* Ah! Blast! Mercury! *(Realization.)* Mercury! The plant needs mercury! I need to follow the silver path! Where are you devil path? *(Finding it, Silver follows the silver path. Singing to himself.)* "Hold fast ye mateys— Forge ahead... We'll FIND the treasure... Or end up dead!" *(After he finishes the lyrics, he whistles the tune while he follows the silver.)* Here! A silver sea! The plant has got to be around here somewhere! *(After looking around the jungle for a moment, he finds the blue sparkly plant. It's in a mercury pool near a tree that is in the shape of a large X. It gets a slight spotlight.)* THERE! It's there! X marks the spot! *(Silver moves toward the plant. As he steps toward it, the jungle shifts again. This time, the jungle doesn't just move, it also violently changes color. With every step Silver takes, the plants alter their colors. The jungle becomes borderline psychedelic.)* Blubber! If the success of this mission is dependent on my vision, I'm dead already! *(He sits. The voice of Jim enters his mind. The jungle continues to change color.)*

JUNGLE JIM. *(Echoed voice.)* You've lost a step, old man...

SILVER. Jim? How? The poison...

JUNGLE JIM. You left me to die...

SILVER. Where are you?

JUNGLE JIM. You're a selfish liar... That's all you'll ever be...

SILVER. *(Standing.)* Them's fighting words! Show your face, you rotten gull! Jim! I know you're out there! *(The jungle is still changing colors rapidly.)* Where are you? Where are you? WHERE ARE YOU??? *(Pause. JUNGLE JIM appears with his sword drawn, only it's an elephant tusk. He looks ghostly and haunted. Ideally, this will be played by the offstage Jim. Silver draws his sword only to find he also has a tusk like in a weird fever dream.)* I'll fight you with anything, you parasite! Looks like you've gotten into the mercury! *(They engage in a tusk fight. It needs to be drawn*

out and intense. During the fight, they each cause injury to one another. They can splash mercury at each other to blind their opponent.)

JUNGLE JIM. You will let everyone down again. Your wife... Your shipmates... Yourself...

SILVER. Aye never!

JUNGLE JIM. It's getting dark, Silver. Soon, I'll be invisible...

SILVER. I'll watch you die, I promise you!

JUNGLE JIM. A promise from a liar is ship built from smoke...

JUNGLE PARROT. Liar, liar...

SILVER. Red?

FLINT. Coward, coward...

JUNGLE PARROT/FLINT/JUNGLE JIM. *(Echoed voices.)* Look behind you! *(Silver does. Jungle Jim vanishes. Silver quickly turns around and swings his sword cutting down a palm tree. In doing so, the jungle loses all color and becomes black and white. The exception is the sparkling blue plant that Silver came for. He sees it.)* At last! My plant! Come with me! *(He takes the plant. He looks around for more.)* That can't be it? There must be more. I need much more! *(He hears whispering.)*

JUNGLE PARROT. Silver...

FLINT. Silver...

JUNGLE JIM. Silver...

SILVER. No! No more! To Hell with you! *(He covers his ears. Silver takes the blue plant and runs out of the healing jungle. Fade to black.)*

SCENE 5

Back in front of the Stone Elephant. Isadora is tending to a sickly Jim.

JIM. I don't have much longer...

ISADORA. Silver won't be long now...

JIM. If I don't make it—

ISADORA. Don't talk like zat. I zink ze charcoal helped... *(Jim passes out.)* Jim? Jim? *(Silver enters with blue plant.)*

SILVER. I've got it! Where is my wife?

ISADORA. She flew out a few moments before you. Squawking. Covered in mercury. We assumed she was looking for ze water.

SILVER. She made it out. Good.

ISADORA. Now, help Jim! He's fading fast!

SILVER. *(He moves to Jim. He holds the plant over him. He hesitates.)* I can't. I can't help him.

ISADORA. What do you mean?

SILVER. He's on his own...

ISADORA. He will die!

SILVER. There isn't enough for all of us!

ISADORA. He's ze only one in need!

SILVER. I told him he could have the all the treasure—

ISADORA. You're going to watch him die?

SILVER. —NOT MY PLANT!

ISADORA. You monster!

SILVER. My wife—

ISADORA. She's still flying!

SILVER. Under a curse!

ISADORA. Jim is down. Now.

SILVER. I see that.

ISADORA. He ate the Oleander poison for you. For your family. And you won't save him now? *(Jim coughs.)* We're out of time!

SILVER. Let me be!

ISADORA. *(Sadly.)* He was your captain...

SILVER. *(With a snarl.)* If he were as pure as he claimed to be, he'd be alive...

ISADORA. Silver...

SILVER. I don't want him to die! But I'm going after my wife. Are you coming?

ISADORA. Silver, please!

SILVER. I'm not the pirate to beg to have a heart. If I had one, I wouldn't have needed Jim in the first place.

ISADORA. I still have hope...

SILVER. A waste of your life. I promise you. *(Beat.)* I'm going back to Le Revenant. Follow—if you don't want to die here with the rest. *(Fade to black.)*

SCENE 6

Sea SFX. Odette and Rook are riding a stone elephant. Odette is in the front. They are both eating bananas and have sacks of pearls and gold. Odette has made a silk outfit for the elephant with matching pearl earrings. Rook holds a lit torch. They all seem to be very happy.

ROOK. I wish we had bigger sacks to carry even more treasure!

ODETTE. Isadora is going to be disappointed we didn't get any emeralds...

ROOK. Maybe she found some.

ODETTE. Maybe.

ROOK. I like the pearls myself. They are the size of baseballs!

ODETTE. I'm partial to the gold.

ROOK. Do you think we have enough?

ODETTE. We've enough for two lifetimes here!

ROOK. What are you going to do with all your treasure?

ODETTE. *(Thinking.)* Well—I've always wanted to own my own business... but now that I have treasure... I don't have to work! *(She laughs heartily.)*

ROOK. Do you know where this elephant is going?

ODETTE. Not a clue. But we're getting the grand tour!

ROOK. Should we be looking for our crew members? What do you think they will say when they find out we are alive?

ODETTE. Whatever they say, an apology must be attached. They didn't even try to save us!

ROOK. Right. That's not square. You should always go after your crew—

ODETTE. To be fair, I wouldn't have saved them either...

ROOK. Do you think they made it to the healing plant?

ODETTE. I hope so! I've got a splinter that I need healed! Not to mention, my arm!

ROOK. *(Beat.)* Do you think we've collected enough bananas?

ODETTE. Definitely. *(To the elephant, with a cute pet voice.)* And we want to thank Brutus for taking us to his best grove...

ROOK. Brutus?

ODETTE. That's what I named him. Our elephant.

ROOK. Brutus. *(Rook vomits.)*

ODETTE. Is that name that bad?

ROOK. No. Motion sickness.

ODETTE. You can handle to open sea, but not an elephant?

ROOK. I guess not.

ODETTE. *(She cleans the elephant's outfit.)* What do you think of your silk outfit, Brutus? *(Brutus trumpets with great delight.)* He loves it, actually! That's his happy trumpet.

ROOK. How can you tell?

ODETTE. *(Offended.)* It's like you don't even know him...

ROOK. It's getting dark.

ODETTE. Right. Back to the ship, Brutus. *(Brutus doesn't move.)* Oh. He doesn't know where our ship is!

ROOK. Do we know where our ship is?

ODETTE. Of course! It's— It's— *(She looks around confused.)*

ROOK. We're lost?

ODETTE. We can't be far! I can hear the sea!

ROOK. That's not the sea.

ODETTE. Pardon?

ROOK. Shh!

ODETTE. What do you hear?

ROOK. Rustling.

ODETTE. Baboon rustling?

ROOK. There! That tree shook!

ODETTE. Wind! That's all! Nothing to worry— *(A silver-muzzled baboon pops in and Brutus trumpets in alarm. Ideally, this baboon is played by one of the offstage actors. He begins to run.)* That's his alarm trumpet! Slow down, Brutus!

ROOK. What do we do?

ODETTE. Do you have to pee, by chance? *(The baboon gets very close in pursuit.)*

ROOK. No! It's getting closer!

ODETTE. Try the torch!

ROOK. *(Using the torch as a club.)* Take that! *(The baboon backs away hissing but doesn't retreat.)* Baboons don't like fire...

ODETTE. But that isn't going to be enough!

ROOK. Take the torch! *(Woozy.)* This elephant is moving too much! I don't feel—

ODETTE. Ahh! I can smell its breath! Mercury for sure!

ROOK. Oh no! *(Rook projectile vomits on the baboon. It momentarily retreats.)*

ODETTE. *(Laughing.)* I'll give my celebration trumpet for that! Good aim!

ROOK. I never thought vomiting would save my life!

ODETTE. I'll tell the others you fought him off with a sword...

ROOK. *(Humbly.)* Thank you...

ODETTE. Ah! Look out! It's coming back! *(The baboon reenters and swings his sword, cutting Rook's cheek.)*

ROOK. Sliced! I've been sliced!

ODETTE. That does it! This baboon wants to play with fire. I'll oblige.

ROOK. What do you mean?

ODETTE. When he makes his next quick move, I'm going to deploy my specialty. Giving the men what they want! Full speed, Brutus, I'll need the wind! And lots of it!

ROOK. I don't follow...

ODETTE. You're at the helm of this stone beast! Keep straight!

ROOK. Me? The helm? Minnows don't move whales! Or elephants!

ODETTE. Look! The baboon is coming back! *(The trees shake. The baboon attacks. In that moment, Odette stands on the back of the running elephant and pulls a string on her dress initiating a quick change. The dress she is wearing disappears and a fiery orange and red one takes its place. Her hair is now bright red as well. The baboon looks confused. She pulls another string and an old sail from the ship deploys and makes a giant red and orange structure above her head like a parachute. She lights her outfit on fire with the torch. The baboon is intimidated by the size and color and retreats. Her red dress melts away to reveal a totally new, navy and cream dress.)*

Ha! He's retreating! Too hot for him!

ROOK. Wow! Well done, Odette! Nice look!

ODETTE. Thank you! I've a background in the theater, you know... Keep your vomit behind your teeth.

ROOK. Where did you get the material?

ODETTE. An old, torn sail from the barracks. And the string from your kite. Sorry, love.

ROOK. Hey!

ODETTE. Any seamstress worth her salt utilizes fabric anywhere she finds it. I've a dress made of porcupine quills! *(She adjusts her silk sling.)* My arm is killing me. You're going to have to load the treasure on the ship, I'm afraid. *(Parrot Squawk SFX.)*

ROOK. Look! It's Silver's parrot!

ODETTE. No, Silver's parrot is red. That bird is silver.

ROOK. No, it's her! Just covered in mercury!

ODETTE. How can you tell?

ROOK. *(Offended.)* It's like you don't even know her...

ODETTE. Red! Red! *(The parrot flies to them. Rook cleans her off.)* That's better. Did you fall in a mercury pool? *(The parrot squawks.)*

ROOK. Can you lead us back to the ship?

PARROT. Follow me, follow me... *(Fade to black.)*

SCENE 7

Continued, but at Le Revenant on the beach. Sunset. Loud Insect SFX. Rook is loading the pearls, gold, and bananas on to the ship. The parrot sits and watches the jungle intently for Silver to return. Odette is drinking rum. Rook's cheek bleeds from the cut.

ODETTE. *(Drinking.)* Rum is a terrific painkiller!

ROOK. *(Loading a huge sack.)* That's the last of it!

ODETTE. Well, done, Rook! *(She holds a silk bag of mercury.)*

ROOK. Is that mercury in there?

ODETTE. A bit.

ROOK. Is it worth anything? *(He eats a banana with his knife.)*

ODETTE. No. It's just pretty.

ROOK. Brutus would never have found his way back without Red.

ODETTE. Thanks a million, Red! I'd give you a pearl, but you could choke!

ROOK. What's she watching?

ODETTE. Hmm. Waiting for Silver. Worried.

ROOK. Parrots get worried?

ODETTE. They have brains, don't they?

ROOK. Are you worried? They've been gone ages...

ODETTE. *(Hiding her real worry.)* Isadora is a survivor. Always has been.

ROOK. What do you mean?

ODETTE. *(Whispered.)* Can I put my trust in you?

ROOK. I suppose.

ODETTE. Between us only. (*Rook nods.*) Cross your heart, hope to die, stick a shilling in your eye? (*Rook nods.*) Well... Do you know Isadora's long, lost lover François? The man she is supposedly going to France to collect?

ROOK. Of course.

ODETTE. Well— François is dead!

ROOK. Dead? How?

ODETTE. Killed. By a pirate named Vane. Vicious Vane.

ROOK. (*Shocked.*) I've heard of Vicious Vane!

ODETTE. Isadora wasn't going to France to see François... She was going to avenge his death!

ROOK. How?

ODETTE. (*Hiccup.*) She's been studying to become a warrior pirate queen!

ROOK. A what?

ODETTE. Since she learned of his death, she's been studying poisons, knots, and cannons...even sword training with me!

ROOK. She's gaining pirate skills?

ODETTE. All to be a killer! I'm proud to call her my best friend.

ROOK. Why is she keeping that a secret? It makes her more valuable.

ODETTE. You're young. You trust everyone.

ROOK. (*Beat.*) Can I tell you a secret now?

ODETTE. I'd love that...

ROOK. I've kept a secret crate from everyone.

ODETTE. A crate? (*Excited.*) Food?

ROOK. Better.

ODETTE. Doubtful.

ROOK. (*Pause, whispered.*) Fireworks...

ODETTE. (*Loud.*) Fireworks? Is there a celebration for the King?

ROOK. A celebration for us! If we survive...

ODETTE. Fireworks are no secret.

ROOK. Best secret I've got.

ODETTE. You're young, that will change.

ROOK. You have more secrets when you're older?

ODETTE. To say the least. (*Pause, drinking.*) And Isadora will keep her secrets. (*Hiccup.*) Until Vane is dead.

ROOK. So, then you're not worried?

ODETTE. About Isadora? No. Captain Jim Hawkins is the real worry. How can we expect anything from him? No beard!

ROOK. What about Long John Silver?

PARROT. Search, search... *(The parrot flies away toward the jungle.)*

ODETTE. *(Referring to the parrot.)* That will help!

ROOK. Indeed. *(Referring to the treasure.)* How much do you think we have here?

ODETTE. Plenty! *(Beat. Naughty smirk.)* Should we keep some hidden just for us?

ROOK. *(Nodding excitedly.)* I like the way you think when you're sauced. *(They both put a few jewels in their pockets.)* Not too much. We don't want to end up walking the plank.

ODETTE. *(Beat.)* I just had a thought. We might be waiting for...nobody.

ROOK. What do you mean?

ODETTE. What if everyone is...dead?

ROOK. Dead?

ODETTE. *(Hiccup.)* Could be the case. I hope for the best, but—

ROOK. No. They will make it. We did.

ODETTE. How long will we wait?

ROOK. *(Thinking.)* The two of us won't survive here after dark. The insects are out now, but when they go away...

ODETTE. We will be low-hanging bananas for the baboons... *(Drinking.)* We give them until sundown...

ROOK. That's not far off. I'm going to look for them. *(He grabs a tennis racket sword.)*

ODETTE. You'll do no such thing. You won't be leaving a lady alone.

ROOK. So come with!

ODETTE. I'm in no condition to go anywhere!

ROOK. You can— *(The parrot squawks. They both get quiet and look out to the jungle.)* Do you think that's them?

ODETTE. Quiet, I see something! Go down below and get the spyglass! *(Rook exits. She shakes her head to relieve her drunkenness.)* Oh, fortune smile upon us... *(Music plays. After beat, Isadora enters the beach.)* Isadora! You made it! *(She is followed by the parrot.)* Red! Good work! *(Then Silver comes to the beach.)* Long John Silver, of course! *(Seeing Silver should make the audience assume that Jim was left for dead. But after a pregnant pause, Jim comes onto the beach as well. Music swells. The gang cheers. They head towards the ship.)* Hurry up, Izzy! *(Suddenly, all the insects fall*

silent. It's dead quiet.) Uh-Oh. (As Jim, Silver, and Isadora cross the beach, the sword-swinging baboon from earlier jumps in front of them.)

ROOK. No! Look out!

SILVER. Baboon!

JIM. No! Not when we're this close!

ODETTE. Hey, you big baboon! Look over here! *(The baboon is fixated on Isadora.)*

ISADORA. He's locked on me. Slip on by. Go on, boys.

JIM. You didn't leave me, I'm not leaving you.

ISADORA. I have a plan.

JIM. You know I hate not knowing the plan.

ISADORA. Trust me. Silver, leave me your sword. *(Silver carefully hands it to her.)*

JIM. Hold on! You are going to try and fight? Knowing about swords and using them are two very different things.

ISADORA. Who says I can't use it? *(The baboon hisses at her.)*

JIM. Careful! *(Silver picks up Jim and sneaks onto the Le Revenant with the parrot past the baboon.)*

ODETTE. Welcome aboard, Captain!

JIM. Odette! Thrilled you're alive! *(She smacks him. He shakes it off and hugs her.)*
Where's Rook?

ODETTE. Below. *(To Isadora. Not calm.)* Isadora, stay calm! Does anyone have to pee?

ISADORA. No need for ze pee. I simply must give up my cover.

ODETTE. No, you mustn't!

ISADORA. Zere is no way else! *(The baboon gets closer to her; he's going to attack soon.)* Captain Hawkins...

JIM. Aye!

ISADORA. I have a confession... *(She and the baboon begin an epic sword fight. Her skills are incredible.)*

JIM. Watch out!

SILVER. Hold on! *(Impressed by Isadora's fighting.)* We've got a proper sailor on our hands, we have!

JIM. *(Shocked.)* Isadora!?

ISADORA. I know you hate dishonestly...

JIM. Be careful! You don't have any training!

ISADORA. *(Still fighting.)* See, zat's ze zing. I do, actually.

JIM. Duck!

ODETTE. Are you listening to her?

JIM. What?

ISADORA. I'm not a prostitute. Never have been.

ODETTE. It was just her cover.

JIM. For what?

ISADORA. All you need to know is zat I am...

ODETTE. Undercover.

JIM. Your cover as undercover was literally under covers...

ODETTE. Ha!

ISADORA. I hate to be rude but please allow me to save my own life quickly.

JIM. If you must... *(Isadora unleashes an incredible show of pirate level skill against the baboon. After a moment, she gets the upper hand and runs it through. With vitriol.)* AHHH!!! *(She boards.)*

ODETTE. Good to see you in the flesh, Izzy! But remember...Parry with the forte, not the weak of the blade.

ISADORA. Right. *(They embrace. Admiring the treasure.)* Look at all ze gold! *(Rook returns with the spyglass.)*

ROOK. What did I miss? *(The crew pat him on the back.)*

SILVER. We've lost a prostitute. And gained a pirate!

ODETTE. Sorry, though, Izzy, we couldn't find any emeralds.

ISADORA. *(Disappointed.)* C'est dommage... *(That's unfortunate.)*

SILVER. You think all *this* is treasure? Feast your eyes on this! *(He reveals a whole bush of the glowing, blue, healing plant.)*

ODETTE. *(Thrilled.)* So, you found the healing plant?

SILVER. I did. But it was only one branch.

ODETTE. Where did the rest come from?

ISADORA. The heart of Long John Silver...

ODETTE. Come again?

ISADORA. Silver could have been a selfish scallywag. He could have used ze blue branch for his wife.

ODETTE. Wife?

JIM. Parrot. Long story.

ISADORA. But he didn't. He saved Jim. Who was inches from death.

SILVER. I told you I was the hero!

ISADORA. Ze Stone Elephant was so moved by Silver's act of heart, zat it gave him an entire bush of ze healing plant.

SILVER. Lady Luck struck again.

ISADORA. Zey knew Silver could have saved his wife, fixed his own vision, or even healed his missing leg—

SILVER. (*Annoyed.*) Ah, I didn't even think about me leg!

ISADORA. —But he chose to save his friend.

JIM. Much appreciated.

SILVER. Next time, don't drop the oranges.

JIM. Purest of us all.

SILVER. We're square, Jim. (*They shake hands.*)

JIM. Aye. What's it like to have your sight back?

SILVER. (*He looks around.*) Ah. You're all just as ugly as I thought.

ODETTE. Are you going to fix that leg next?

SILVER. I don't think so... It's my signature.

ISADORA. What about your parrot, Red? Sorry, I mean...your wife.

SILVER. I went on this quest to free her soul. Turns out, she prefers being a parrot! At least for now... (*Parrot squawks.*) Likes flying...and pooping where she pleases.

ISADORA. After all zis, she's staying a bird!?

ODETTE. I need some healing over here! My broken arm! And Rook's face!

ROOK. No! I like it! Makes me look like a real pirate.

SILVER. After this, you are! (*Beat.*) Jim... Oh, excuse me... Captain Hawkins, are we ready to raise anchor?

JIM. Absolutely...not!

ALL. What?

JIM. I'm not going.

ROOK. Why?

JIM. Silver was right. I was a terrible captain.

ROOK. Don' say—

JIM. I was. I did love the adventure, but I crave order. Truth. Captains navigate lies.

SILVER. What truth are you after, Jim?

JIM. All that I can put into a map. There's real truth in maps...

ROOK. Maps?

JIM. I'm going to be an explorer and mapmaker.

ROOK. Maps are boring.

JIM. Mine won't be. Louvre quality. I'll get to sail and taste adventure—

ROOK. But why stay here?

JIM. I noticed that my Oleander Island map is incomplete. There's a whole set of cliffs unaccounted for. I need to adjust. *(Smiling.)* Must start somewhere.

SILVER. *(Standing and moving to him. Smiling, joking.)* Quitter. I hope you know what this means, Jim.

JIM. What?

SILVER. Well, it means that... I get your cut of the treasure! *(They embrace. Beat.)* I thought you were going to revive piracy!

JIM. You know, I thought I wanted to be great like Captain Rose. Rise like he did. But now... Do you know what I want to be?

ROOK. What?

JIM. Alive...

SILVER. Here... I want you to have my boot, Jim.

JIM. *(Honored.)* Really?

SILVER. You'll need it... Besides, I can't stand the smell anyway. *(He hands him a bag. Jim looks inside and is horrified.)* Oh! Sorry! Wrong bag. That one had the head in it! *(He gives him a different bag.)* Here.

JIM. Thank you! Really!

SILVER. And if I need it again, I know right where to find you...

ROOK. So, who will our captain be?

JIM. Well—I've been thinking about that...How about... Captain Rook?

ODETTE. *(Mocking the Captain Hook reference.)* Sounds slightly off...

ROOK. Don't make me vomit again!

JIM. Not up for the job?

ROOK. I'm eleven, I'm still broken up I killed the snake.

JIM. Ok then... Long John Silver, would you—

ROOK. Wait! *(Thinking.)* Would I get to eat meals first?

JIM. If you choose.

ROOK. And I don't want anything to do with the poop deck anymore.

JIM. Le Revenant would be your domain. Just keep an eye on the weather for me...

ROOK. *(After thinking for a moment, he transforms into a powerful captain.)* Avast ye landlubbers! Board the ship! Get the anchors out of your bloomers! *(Everyone boards the ship but Jim.)* Thanks, Captain Hawkins.

JIM. It's about time you called me Jim, Captain Rook. One more thing...

ROOK. Aye?

JIM. Minnows *can* move whales...

ROOK. *(Smiling.)* AYE! *(To his crew.)* Anchor up! Make sail!

SILVER. Aye-aye, Captain Rook! White whale eyes all around tonight! *(Le Revenant sails away. Sea SFX. Jim waves goodbye. Silver starts to sing and his voice trails in the distance.)* “Hold fast ye mateys— Forge ahead... We’ll FIND the treasure... Or end up dead!” *(Silver and his crew are away.)*

JIM. *(Rustle SFX. Jim pulls out his sword.)* Who goes there? *(Isadora appears from behind a palm tree.)*

JIM. Isadora? What are you—

ISADORA. Stop saying it’s *your* map. It’s ours.

JIM. You’re staying?

ISADORA. For a bit. *(Jim smiles.)* Then we’re off to France... I’ve got unfinished business with a pirate named Vane.

JIM. A tidy plan. You know I love a tidy plan... *(Beat.)* I want you to have this. *(He presents her a small emerald.)* I know it’s not Yardley London...

ISADORA. An emerald! My favorite! Where did you—

JIM. While I was in the quicksand pit. All sorts of stuff down there. *(Beat. They might kiss but Rustling SFX break the moment. Baboon SFX.)* Shh! Did you hear that?

ISADORA. Yes... We are not alone in zis moment... Over zere... *(Jim and Isadora draw swords. Music plays. They move toward the noise.)*

JIM. *(Mocking her.)* Zis is going to be ze best...

ISADORA. *(Overly mocking his British accent.)* Right. A tidy plan. This is the way!

JIM. *(Laughing. Beat.)* You know, I’ve been thinking of growing a tidy little beard... *(They approach the danger. Adventure music plays. Rook lights his fireworks off from Le Revenant as it sails away. Fade to black on the shaking palm trees, baboon screams, and a brilliantly colored night sky.)*

THE END.

Treasure Island 2

