

Treasure Island

CAST:

The Good Guys

NARRATOR  
JIM HAWKINS  
MOTHER  
DR. LIVESEY  
SQUIRE  
CAPTAIN SMOLLETT  
BEN GUNN  
SERGEANT  
DOGGER  
SERVANT  
SEAMAN  
ALAN  
and NEIGHBOURS

The Pirates

BILLY BONES  
BLACK DOG  
BLIND PEW  
DIRK  
JOHNNY  
LONG JOHN SILVER  
TOM MORGAN  
MERRY  
DICK JOHNSON  
HANDS  
FLINT THE PARROT  
and CREW

A Little of Both

ANNOUNCER  
ORSON WELLES  
LOCAL ANNCR

MUSIC: THEME ... CONTINUES IN BG

ANNOUNCER: The Columbia network takes pleasure in presenting Orson Welles and the Mercury Theatre on the Air in the second of a unique new summer series of nine dramatic productions. The first time in its history that radio has brought to the country an entire theatrical institution.

Columbia is proud to welcome Orson Welles to its roster of stars, and to give him the opportunity of bringing to the air those same qualities of vitality and imagination that have made him the most talked of theatrical director in America today.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

WELLES: Good evening. This is Orson Welles speaking. If there's anything bloodthirstier than a werewolf, it's a pirate, and the Mercury Theatre is playing safe. Now, if vampires and their ilk leave you as uncannily cold as old Dracula himself, who was staked down firmly and, it is to be hoped, permanently in his own family plot last week, then there are figures to prove that you are susceptible to buried treasure. We calculate that no decent, law-

abiding citizen is immune to pirates. There are cowboys and Indians, there are gangsters and G-men, but these delights are inconstant, like the short skirt. I don't care how young you are, nothing charms, nothing ingratiates, nothing wins like a one-legged, double-barreled buccaneer with earrings, a handkerchief on his head and a knife in his teeth. What could be more appropriate on the starboard rail of your four-masted brigantine? If you haven't a four-masted brigantine, you have "Treasure Island." It's in your library because it's a great English classic, and this evening, because it's a great story, it's on your radio. That's what I mean by playing safe.

Once there was a small boy who asked his stepfather, who had written a number of books, please to write something interesting. The stepfather, seeing his point immediately, contributed a serial to something repugnant called "Young Folks," a periodical circulated among that section of the English nation known as "Tiny Tots," who were very prevalent in the eighties. The name of the serial was "The Sea Cook," by "Captain George North," and if the tiny tots didn't think it was interesting, they should have been boiled in oil.

The story was begun, the stepfather says, on a chill September morning, by the cheek of a brisk fire, and the rain drumming on the window. The small boy himself helped a lot, even though Captain North got the credit, and so did a third and equally incurable small boy, the author's father. They drew a map first -- a chart of an island showing very queer and wonderful attractions. Spy-glass Shoulder, for instance, and Skeleton Island, and the north cache with the bar silver. And then, on that chill September morning, by that brisk fire of theirs, the three plotters buried their plunder -- doubloons and louis d'or, gold and silver, and rich jewels, and pieces of eight. That's why the story was finally called, "Treasure Island."

It's foolish to guess who's tuned in on this broadcast, but if in some way-- Well, we who are retelling this story hope devoutly that he -- who the Samoans laid to rest in the hills of their own faraway Treasure Island, and who is still known out there only as The Great Teller of Tales -- would not wish tonight as he did, so unaccountably at first, to suppress the real name of Captain George North. The small boy, of course, should have been decorated. It's a better world because he asked for something interesting. But then, he was lucky. There are millions and millions of small boys. But only one of us had Robert Louis Stevenson for a stepfather.

MUSIC: THEME ... CONTINUES IN BG

ANNOUNCER: "Treasure Island" by Robert Louis Stevenson, with Orson Welles as Long John Silver and as Jim Hawkins, who tells the story. "Treasure Island."

MUSIC: FOR AN INTRO, THEN OUT

NARRATOR: Squire Trelawney, Doctor Livesey, and the rest of the gentlemen having asked me to write down the whole particulars about Treasure Island, from the beginning to the end, keeping nothing back but the bearings of the island, and that only because there is treasure not yet lifted, I take up my pen in the year of grace Seventeen Eighty-Three and go back to that time nineteen years ago when my father kept the Admiral Benbow Inn and the brown old seaman with the sabre cut first took up his lodging under our roof. I was fourteen - but I remember him as if it were yesterday.

BONES: (SINGS) "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest-- Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

MOTHER: (OVERLAPS, OFF) Jim!

NARRATOR: Mother called me from upstairs.

MOTHER: Jim!

NARRATOR: Yes, Mother?

MOTHER: Jim, there's a man coming up the road. Go out and see what he wants.

BONES: (SINGS) "Drink and the devil have done for the rest; Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

NARRATOR: (OVERLAPS) He came plodding to the inn door, his sea-chest following behind him on a hand-barrow -- a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man, his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat, his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails, and the sabre cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white; singing that old sea-song that he sang so often afterwards:

BONES: (FINISHES SONG) "Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

SOUND: KNOCK ON DOOR

BONES: Yooo! Open up in there!

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

BONES: Now then, boy!

JIM: Yes, sir?

BONES: What do you call this place?

JIM: The Admiral Benbow Inn, sir.

BONES: Admiral Benbow, eh? Nice, lonely-lookin', pleasant sittytated grog-shop. (QUIET) Folks don't come here much, do they, boy? Not much company?

JIM: No, sir. More's the pity.

BONES: No? Well, then, it's the berth for me. I'm a plain man; rum and bacon, eggs's all I want, and that head up there for to watch ships off. I've a mind to stay here a bit. (CALLS TO WHEELBARROW MAN) Here, you, matey. You with the wheelbarra. Bring up alongside, help up my chest. (TO JIM) You, too, boy - it's heavy.

JIM: (WITH EFFORT) Yes, sir.

BONES: Call me captain, boy! Captain!

JIM: Yes, Captain.

BONES: Just one thing more.

JIM: Yes, Captain?

BONES: Y'ain't seen him, have ya?

JIM: No, sir. Who do you mean?

BONES: Along the road, maybe. You mighta seen him somewheres, ya can't tell.

Lemme know if you do, boy. A seafarin' man.

JIM: Yes, sir.

BONES: With one leg.

JIM: Yes, sir.

BONES: (ROARS) CAPTAIN!

JIM: Yes, Captain.

BONES: Bring me a noggin' o' rum, boy!

MUSIC: ACCENT, THEN IN BG

NARRATOR: And so he came to live under our roof. We never knew his name. We called him "The Captain." He was a very silent man by custom. All day he hung around the cove or up on the cliffs with a brass telescope, staring out to sea; all evening he sat in a corner of the parlour next to the fire and drank rum and water, very strong. And every day when he came back from his stroll, he would ask the same question.

BONES: Jim?

JIM: Yes, Captain?

BONES: Any seafarin' men go by today along the road?

JIM: No, Captain.

BONES: And, Jim--

JIM: Yes, sir?

BONES: You're a good boy, Jim. Ye wouldn't lie to me ever, would ya, Jim?

JIM: No, sir.

BONES: Ye haven't seen him, have ya, Jim? Jim, there's a silver fourpenny for ya on the first of every month if ye'll keep yer weather-eye open for a seafarin' man, with one leg. Let me know the moment ya see him, won't ya, Jim? A seafarin' man with one leg.

MUSIC SLOWLY OUT ... CROSSFADES WITH ...

SOUND: GALE WIND, BUILDS IN BG ... WITH POUNDING SURF ... CONTINUES IN BG

NARRATOR: How that personage haunted my dreams! On stormy nights, when the wind shook the four corners of the house, and the surf roared along the cove and up the cliffs, I could see him in a thousand forms. Now the leg would be cut off at the knee, now at the hip; now he was a monstrous kind of a creature who had never had but one leg, and that in the middle of his body.

SOUND: WIND AND SURF, UP FOR PUNCTUATION, THEN IN BG

BONES: Ye'll keep yer weather-eye open -- won't you, Jim -- for a seafarin' man with one leg? A seafarin' man with one leg!

SOUND: WIND AND SURF, UP FOR PUNCTUATION, THEN OUT

NARRATOR: Months went by. The Captain bade fair to ruin us, for he kept on staying week after week, month after month.

MOTHER: And never a penny of money, Jim. Not a penny has he paid us since the day he came here. And me a poor widow woman.

JIM: Mother, why don't you ask him for some?

MOTHER: Well, I'll tell you the truth, Jim. I'm afraid to ask him. I'm afraid of the man. Now, if your father was alive-- (FADES OUT)

NARRATOR: In all that time, none of us ever saw him open the great sea-chest that was in his room. There were nights when he took a deal more rum and water than his head could carry.

BONES: (SINGS DRUNKENLY, IN BG) Fifteen men on the dead man's chest-- Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

NARRATOR: Often I have heard the house shaking and all the neighbours joining in for dear life.

NEIGHBOURS: (JOIN IN THE SONG) Drink and the devil have done for the rest; Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

SOUND: FIST POUNDS THE TABLE

BONES: Quiet in midships!

NEIGHBOURS: (FALTER AND ALL BUT ONE STOPS SINGING)

BONES: QUIET!!!

NEIGHBOUR: (ABRUPTLY STOPS)

NARRATOR: He would force them all to listen to his stories. Dreadful stories they were -- about hanging, and walking the plank, and storms at sea, and the Dry Tortugas, and wild deeds and places on the Spanish Main. By his own account, he must have lived his life among some of the wickedest men that God ever allowed upon the sea.

MUSIC: AN ACCENT, THEN IN BG

NARRATOR: The Captain had been living with us almost a year when there occurred the first of the mysterious events that rid us at last of his presence. It was one January morning, very early -- a pinching, frosty morning. The captain had risen earlier than usual and set down the beach with his telescope under his arm. My mother was upstairs and I was laying the breakfast-table against the captain's return when the parlour door opened and a stranger stepped in.

BLACK DOG: Sonny? Come here, sonny. Is this table for my mate Bill?

JIM: I don't know your mate Bill. I'm laying this for a man who stays in the house. We call him the Captain.

BLACK DOG: Well! My mate Bill 'ud be called the Captain, like as not. Now, we'll put it, for argument like, that your captain's got a cut on one cheek -- and we'll put it, if you like, that that cheek's the right one, eh? But, of

course! Save me, there 'e is now. There's my mate Bill! That's 'im, with a spy-glass under his arm, bless his old 'art, to be sure. You and me'll just get back behind the door, sonny, and we'll give Bill a little surprise, we will--bless his 'art, I says again.

BONES: (SINGS, FROM OFF BUT COMING CLOSER) Fifteen men on the dead man's chest-- Yo-ho-ho-- (STOPS ABRUPTLY AS THE FOLLOWING OCCURS:)

MUSIC: OUT

SOUND: DOOR SHUTS ... AN OMINOUS MOMENT OF SILENCE

BLACK DOG: (AFTER THE PAUSE) Hello, Bill. (NO ANSWER) Come, Bill, you knows me; you knows an old shipmate, Bill, surely.

BONES: (UNHAPPY) Black Dog.

BLACK DOG: Black Dog as ever was. Eh, Bill, Bill, we've seen a sight o' times, us two.

BONES: So you've run me down; here I am; well, speak up; what is it?

BLACK DOG: That's you, Bill, you're in the right of it, Billy. I'll have a glass o' rum from this dear child here, what I've took such a likin' to; and we'll sit down, if you please, and talk square, like old shipmates. (AN ORDER) Sit down, Bill. (TO JIM) And you, sonny, get aft.

JIM: Yes, sir.

SOUND: JIM'S HURRIED FOOTSTEPS AWAY, IN BG

BLACK DOG: (CALLS AFTER JIM, STERNLY) And none of your keyholes on me, d'ya hear?!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OUT AS DOOR SLAMS SHUT ... VOICES OF BONES AND BLACK DOG MURMUR INDECIPHERABLY, OFF

NARRATOR: For a while, I could hear nothing but a low gabbing; suddenly the voices began to grow higher.

BONES: No, no, no; and an end of it! If it comes to swingin', swing all, say I!

SOUND: FIGHT! CHAIRS & TABLE OVERTURNED, A CLASH OF BLADES, GROANS, ET CETERA

BLACK DOG: (SCREAMS)

SOUND: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS

NARRATOR: I saw Black Dog, streaming blood, run off down the road. (PAUSE) Presently, the captain returned. Alone.

SOUND: DOOR SHUTS

BONES: (WEAKLY) Jim? Jim? Gimme - gimme some rum.

JIM: Captain, are ya hurt?

BONES: Aye. I must get away from here. Get away, that's what. I must get away from here!

SOUND: BODY SLUMPS TO FLOOR ... MOTHER'S FOOTSTEPS APPROACH

MOTHER: (APPROACHES) What's happened, Jim?! What's happened?!

BONES: It's the captain, Mother!

MOTHER: (CLOSER) The captain?

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ARRIVE AND STOP

MOTHER: (SEES THE BODY) Oh! Oh, dear, deary me! What a disgrace! I've been afraid of something like this ever since he came into the house with that old chest of his.

NARRATOR: I got the rum and tried to put it down his throat, but his teeth were tightly shut and his jaws were as strong as iron. An hour later, our friend Doctor Livesey came.

MOTHER: Doctor, what shall we do?

JIM: Where is he wounded, Doctor?

LIVESEY: Wounded? A fiddle-stick's end! No more wounded than you or I. The man's had a stroke.

BONES: (WAKES, GROANS) Where's - where's Black Dog?"

LIVESEY: Black Dog? There is no Black Dog, except what you have on your own back. You've been drinking rum, man, and you've had a stroke. Now, listen to me. One glass of rum a day won't kill you, but if you take one, you'll take another and another, and then you'll die. Die, and go to your own place, like the man in the Bible. And the world will be rid of a very dirty scoundrel. Do you understand that? The name of rum for you is death.

MUSIC: ACCENT ... THEN IN BG

NARRATOR: About noon, the next day, I stopped at the captain's door with some medicines.

SOUND: KNOCK AT DOOR

BONES: Who is it?

JIM: It's me, Jim.

BONES: (URGENT) Come in, Jim. Come in.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS

NARRATOR: He was lying very much as we had left him.

BONES: (DESPERATE) Jim, you're - you're the only one here that's worth anything. You know I always been good to ya. Never a month but I've given ya a silver fourpenny for yourself. Now you see, mate, I - I'm pretty low, and deserted by all. Jim -- you'll bring me a - a noggin of rum, won't you, matey?

JIM: But the doctor said--

BONES: Doctors is all swabs! If I don't have a drain o' rum, Jim, I'll have

the horrors; I seen some of 'em already. Seen old Flint in the corner there, behind you; as plain as print, I seen him. Jim, I'll give you a golden guinea for a noggin.

NARRATOR: When I brought it to him, he seized it greedily and drank it out.

BONES: (DRINKS, EXHALES) Aye, that's some better, sure enough. Now, matey, did that doctor say how long I was to lie here in this old berth?

JIM: Why, a week at least.

BONES: (UPSET, TO HIMSELF) Thunder! A week! I can't do that; they'd have the black spot on me by then. The lubbers is goin' about gettin' the wind of me this blessed moment; lubbers as couldn't keep what they got, and want to nail what's another's. (CALMER, TO JIM) It's - it's in me old sea-chest, Jim, the thing they're after. They'll tip me the black spot, I know it. I was first mate, I was, old Flint's first mate, and I'm the only one as knows the place he buried it. He gave it me at Savannah, when he lay a-dyin'.

JIM: What's the black spot, captain?

BONES: A summons from old Flint's crew. A summons. And them as gets it, Jim, is lucky when they're dead.

MUSIC: AN ACCENT/BRIDGE, THEN OUT

NARRATOR: So -- a week went by. And then, about three o'clock of a bitter, foggy, frosty afternoon ...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS ALTERNATE WITH TAPS OF A BLIND MAN'S CANE, IN BG

NARRATOR: ... I saw someone drawing slowly near, along the road. He was plainly blind, for he tapped before him with a stick, and he wore a great green shade over his eyes and nose; and he was hunched, as if with age or weakness, and wore a huge old tattered sea-cloak with a hood.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AND TAPS CONTINUE A MOMENT ... THEN STOPS

PEW: (CALLS OUT, PLAINTIVE) Kind Christian friends, take pity on a poor blind mariner, who has lost the precious sight of his eyes in the gracious defence of his native country, England -- and God bless King George! -- where or in what part of this country he may now be?

JIM: You are at the Admiral Benbow Inn, sailor.

PEW: Eh?

JIM: Black Hill Cove.

PEW: I hear a voice. A young voice. It's here where I miss me dead lights. Will you give me your hand, my kind young friend, and lead me into the captain?

NARRATOR: I held out my hand, and the horrible, soft-spoken, eyeless creature gripped it in a moment like a vise.

JIM: (GASPS)

PEW: (SINISTER) Now, boy, take me in to the captain.

JIM: Sir! Upon my word I dare not.

PEW: You heard me! (SAVAGE) Take me in straight!

JIM: (GROANS IN PAIN)

PEW: (MOCK GENTLE) Will ye take me into the captain?

JIM: Yes, sir.

PEW: Good. And when I'm in view, say to him, "Here's a friend for you, Bill Bones." If you don't, I'll twist yer arm right out of your body. Do ye hear?

JIM: Yes, sir. I--

PEW: Stash yer patter, damn yer! Now, forward march.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS INTO THE INN AND UP THE STAIRS (APPROPRIATE DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE) ... THEN OUT

JIM: (UNCONVINCING) Here's a friend for you, Bill Bones.

PEW: Now, Bill, sit where you are. Business is business. Hold out your left hand, Bill. (TO JIM) Boy, take his left hand by the wrist and bring it near to my right. (PAUSE, TO BONES) Here's a little bit of paper for ye, Bill Bones. (CHUCKLES) Now that's done, I'll be goin'. Goodbye, Bill.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AND CANE TAPS AWAY

PEW: (MOVING OFF) Goodbye.

SOUND: DOOR OPENS ... FOOTSTEPS AND CANE TAPS AWAY ... DOOR SHUTS ... FOOTSTEPS AND CANE TAPS SLOWLY FADE OUT ... A LONG SILENCE

BONES: (AFTER THE PAUSE) Jim?

JIM: Yes, captain?

BONES: What time is it, Jim?

JIM: Ten o'clock.

BONES: Ten o'clock? Ten o'clock. Six hours. We'll dead 'er 'em yet! Pew and Black Dog and Long John Silver! The whole crew of 'em! We'll--! (LONG INTAKE OF BREATH)

SOUND: BODY COLLAPSES TO FLOOR

JIM: Captain? (AWE) Captain. (HORROR) Captain! Captain!

NARRATOR: The captain was dead. And there we were, my mother and I -- a woman and a boy of fourteen -- alone at night in the house with the dead captain's body on the parlour floor.

MOTHER: He owes us money, he does. A whole year and never a penny from him. And me a poor widow.

JIM: But, mother, if Black Dog comes back, or the blind man--

MOTHER: Oh, Black Dog fiddlesticks! There's somethin' in that old chest of his

upstairs that's rightfully mine. And we'll have that chest open, if we die for it.

JIM: Mother--

MOTHER: Close the blinds, Jim. We don't want anybody watchin' us from the outside.

SOUND: BLINDS CLOSE

MOTHER: We have to get the key off him.

SOUND: BONES' HAND SLIDES TO FLOOR WITH A THUD

MOTHER: (GASPS)

JIM: Look, Mother! Look!

NARRATOR: On the floor, close to the dead man's hand, there was a little round of paper -- blackened on one side.

JIM: The black spot!

NARRATOR: I took it up and found that...

JIM: (READS) "You have till ten tonight." Four hours.

MOTHER: Now, Jim ... find that key!

NARRATOR: I felt in his pockets, one after another.

MOTHER: Perhaps it's 'round his neck. Tear open his shirt.

SOUND: CLOTH TEARING

NARRATOR: There, sure enough, hanging on a bit of tarry string, we found the key. Then my mother got a candle in the bar ...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS

NARRATOR: ... and holding each others' hands we went upstairs to his room.

SOUND: STEPS UP STAIRS

MOTHER: Give me the key, Jim. ... Now then.

SOUND: KEY IN LOCK, LOCK TURNS ... LID CREAKS ... RUMMAGING OBJECTS FROM CHEST

MOTHER: (SIGHS) Nothing in here. Not a thing of value, not a penny.

JIM: Mother, look!

NARRATOR: There, before us, lay the last things in the chest ... a bundle, tied up in oilcloth, looking like papers, and a canvas bag that gave forth at a touch the jingle of gold.

MOTHER: Do you see, Jim? I knew we'd find it. But I'll show these rogues that I'm an honest woman - I'll have me due, and not a farthing over. Here - here, Jim - hold this bag.

SOUND: COINS POUR

NARRATOR: The coins were of all countries and sizes. Doubloons and louis d'or, and guineas, and pieces of eight.

SOUND: CANE TAPPING, FAINTLY.

JIM: Mother!

SOUND: CANE SLOWLY APPROACHES

MOTHER: What is it, Jim?

JIM: Mother, listen.

SOUND: CANE AT DOOR. FOOTSTEPS. THEY STOP. KNOCKING AT DOOR. NO ANSWER. AGAIN. THE LATCH IS TRIED, JIGGLED. AGAIN. THEN AGAIN, MORE INSISTENTLY. THEN SHUFFLING STEPS, THE CANE AGAIN, SLOWLY GOING OFF.

JIM: Come, Mother. Mother, take the whole, and let's be gone.

MOTHER: No, I'll have me due, Jim, and no more.

JIM: But Mother, you heard him. That was the blind man.

MOTHER: I know what I'm doing. I know my rights.

JIM: But Mother, you don't know!

SOUND: BOATSWAIN'S WHISTLE

MOTHER: Oh, dear. I'll take what I have.

JIM: And I'll take this - these papers. Quick, Mother - quick! Take my hand.

SOUND: FEET HURRYING DOWN STAIRS

NARRATOR: Next moment, we had opened the door, and were in full retreat toward the village.

MOTHER: Look, Jim - over the hill. There they come.

JIM: Run, Mother! Mother, run!

MOTHER: (OUT OF BREATH) Oh, Jim. Jim, I'm going to faint. Oh, Jim. Take the money and go on.

JIM: Mother!

MOTHER: (GASPS)

SOUND: BODY FALLS TO GROUND

JIM: Mother!

NARRATOR: She had fainted.

SOUND: BODY DRAGGED ACROSS GROUND

NARRATOR: I managed somehow to drag her down the bank into the shadow of the

ditch.

SOUND: BOATSWAIN'S WHISTLE, TWICE

NARRATOR: A moment later, the house was surrounded.

SOUND: KNOCKING, LATCH RATTLING

PEW: Bones! Bones!

SOUND: BANGING ON DOOR

PEW: Bill Bones! Will ye answer me? (NO ANSWER, YELLS TO OTHERS) Down with the door, then!

VOICES: Aye, aye! (AD LIBS - GRUNTS)

SOUND: RAMMING THE DOOR ... DOOR SPLINTERS

PEW: In! In, ye lubbers! Loot the house and find it!

SOUND: MANY FOOTSTEPS INTO HOUSE

DIRK: (OFF) Bill's dead!

JOHNNY: (CLOSER) Hey, Pew! Bill's dead!

PEW: Search him, ye shirkin' lubbers! And the rest of ye - aloft and get the chest!

SOUND: SMASHING OF WOODEN HOUSE ... CONTINUES IN BG

NARRATOR: It was a good thing my mother had fainted, or she would have had to watch with me while our poor house was pulled apart and smashed. ... Whatever it was they were after, they did not find it.

SOUND: SMASHING STOPS

PEW: (CALLS, OFF) Well?! Is it there?!

JOHNNY: (CALLS BACK) The money's there!

MOTHER: (QUIETLY) Jim? What is it, Jim? What are they after?

JIM: The map, mother. Flint's map.

SOUND: BOATSWAIN'S WHISTLE - TWICE

JOHNNY: Hey Pew! That's the signal!

SOUND: BOATSWAIN'S WHISTLE - TWICE

DIRK: Scatter, me lads!

PEW: Hold on, ye sneaks! It's in the house - ye know it is! Shiver me soul - if I had me eyes!

SOUND: BOATSWAIN'S WHISTLE - TWICE

JOHNNY: The signal! Pew, the signal!

PEW: Ye dogs! Ye had yer hands on hundreds - on thousands! Are ye giving up now? Ye'd be as rich as kings if ye could find it! Ye know it's there and ye stand there skulkin'! There wasn't one of ye dared face Bill, an' I did it - a blind man - and I'm to lose me chance fer you. I'm to be a poor crawlin' beggar, spongin' fer rum, when I might be rollin' in a coach! If ye had the pluck of a weevil in a sea biscuit among the lot of ye--!

SOUND: GUN SHOT ... BOATSWAIN'S WHISTLE - TWICE ... GUN SHOT ... BOATSWAIN'S WHISTLE - TWICE

JOHNNY: That's the last signal.

DIRK: Get out! Scatter, me lads!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STAMPEDE AWAY ... PEW'S CANE TAPS

PEW: (CALLS AFTER THEM) Dirk! Dirk! Black Dog! Johnny! Dirk! Ye won't leave Old Pew, mates - not Old Pew!

SOUND: GALLOPING HORSES' HOOVES RAPIDLY APPROACHING

PEW: Johnny! Black Dog! Don't leave Old Pew! Don't--

SOUND: HORSES HOOVES, NOW LOUDEST

PEW: (SCREAMS AS HE IS RUN OVER BY HORSES)

MUSIC: AN ACCENT, THEN IN BG

NARRATOR: When they picked him up where he lay on the road on his side, Pew was stone dead. The horsemen, as it turned out, were revenue officers with some news of a strange lugger in Kit's Hole and they set forth that night in our direction. They took my mother to a neighbor's house.

SERGEANT: Well, Hawkins - they got the money, you say? Well, what in fortune were they after? More money, I suppose.

JIM: No, Sergeant. Not money, I think. In fact, sir, I believe I have the thing in my breast pocket. And to tell you the truth, I should like to put it in safety.

SERGEANT: To be sure, boy, quite right. I'll take it.

JIM: I thought perhaps Doctor Livesey--

SERGEANT: What? Oh, yes. Doctor Livesey! Perfectly right. Perfectly right. A gentleman and a magistrate. Dogger?

DOGGER: Yes, sir.

SERGEANT: You have a good horse. Take this lad up behind you.

DOGGER: Yes, sir.

SOUND: HORSE GALLOPING

MUSIC: SWELLS TO A BRIEF TRANSITION

NARRATOR: We rode hard all the way till we came to Dr. Livesey's door.

SOUND: BELL JANGLES

SERVANT: Doctor Livesey? The Doctor's supping tonight at the Squire's.

DOGGER: The Squire? So there we go, boy.

SOUND: HORSE GALLOPS OFF

MUSIC: SWELLS TO A BRIEF TRANSITION ... THEN OUT

SOUND: BELL JANGLES

NARRATOR: We'd arrived at the Squire's. He rose to meet us, very stately and condescending.

SQUIRE: Come in, gentlemen.

JIM: Good evening, Squire. Good evening, Doctor Livesey.

LIVESEY: Good evening to you, friend Jim. What good wind brings you here?

NARRATOR: Then the officer stood up straight and stiff, and told his story.

SQUIRE: Sergeant, you're a very noble fellow. And this lad Hawkins is a trump, I perceive. Hawkins -- ring that bell. The sergeant must have some ale.

SOUND: BELL RINGS

LIVESEY: And so, Jim, you have the thing that they were after, have you?

JIM: Here it is, sir.

SOUND: PARCHMENT RATTLES

LIVESEY: Hmmm. Uh, you've heard of this Captain Flint, I suppose, Squire?

SQUIRE: (BOMBASTIC) Heard of him?! Heard of him, you say?! He was the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that sailed! Blackbeard was a child to Flint! The Spaniards were so prodigiously afraid of him that -- I tell you, sir -- I was sometimes proud he was an Englishman.

LIVESEY: What interests me is - had he money?

SQUIRE: Money?! What are those villains after but money?!

LIVESEY: That we shall soon know. What I want to know is this: Suppose I have here in my pocket some clue to where Flint buried his treasure. Will that treasure amount to much?

SQUIRE: Amount, sir? It will amount to this: If we have the clue you talk about, I'll fit out a ship in Bristol dock, and take you and Hawkins here along, and I'll have that treasure, if I search a year, sir!

LIVESEY: Very well. Now, if Jim is agreeable, we'll open the packet.

SOUND: PARCHMENT RATTLES

LIVESEY: Hmmm. A map - of an island. With latitude and longitude. Writing. (READS) "Tall tree - Spy-glass Shoulder - bearing a point to the north of

northeast - Skeleton Island - southeast by east - ten feet - the bar silver is in the north cache."

MUSIC: STARTS BUILDING TO A FINISH AT [X]

SQUIRE: Livesey! You'll give up this wretched practise at once. Tomorrow, I start for Bristol! [X] In three weeks' time - three weeks! - two weeks - ten days - we'll have the best ship, sir, and the choicest crew in England. Hawkins shall come as cabin boy; you, Livesey, as ship's doctor. I am admiral!

LIVESEY: I'll go with you, Squire. So will Jim, and he'll be a credit to the undertaking. There is only one man I'm afraid of.

SQUIRE: Who's that?! Name the dog, sir!

LIVESEY: You, sir. For you cannot hold your tongue.

MUSIC: UP TO A FINISH

ANNOUNCER: In a few moments we shall be bound for Treasure Island, with Doctor Livesey, Squire Trelawney and Jim Hawkins. We pause now for station identification. This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

LOCAL ANNCR: WABC, New York.

ANNOUNCER: Tonight the Columbia network is bringing you Orson Welles and the Mercury Theatre on the Air, in Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island". ... As Jim Hawkins was telling us, we are eager to leave the Benbow Inn behind, and set out for the docks in Bristol.

MUSIC: FOR AN INTRO ... THEN IN BG

NARRATOR: It was longer than the Squire imagined ere we were ready for the sea. Weeks passed on. Then - one fine day there came a letter from the Squire, from Bristol.

SQUIRE: "Dear Livesey: The ship is bought and fitted. She lies at anchor, ready for sea. It was the crew that delayed me, till the most remarkable stroke of fortune brought me the very man that I required. I was standing on the dock, when by the merest accident I fell in talk with him. He had hobbled down there that morning with a parrot on his shoulder - to get a smell of salt, he said. Out of pure pity I engaged him on the spot, to be ship's cook. Long John Silver he is called, and has lost a leg.

"Well, sir, I thought I only found a cook, but it was a crew I'd discovered. Between Silver and myself, we got together in a few days a company of the toughest old salts imaginable. I declare, we could fight a frigate! Seaward ho! Hang the treasure! It's the glory of the sea that has turned my head!"

MUSIC: UP BRIEFLY, THEN IN BG

NARRATOR: On the sixteenth of April, the schooner Hispaniola set sail from Bristol Harbor. It was more than nineteen years ago, but I can remember it - as if it were yesterday ...

JIM: (NARRATES) ... me in my new blue cabin boy's clothes ...

NARRATOR: Nineteen years ago ...

JIM: (NARRATES) ... leaning over the rail, waving goodbye to my mother - and

doing my best not to cry - for at the last moment, it sort of hurt to leave her, and it was the first time I had been away from home. Then, a little before noon, Captain Smollett gave an order. The boatswain sounded his pipe ...

SOUND: BOATSWAIN'S WHISTLE

JIM: ... and the crew began to man the capstan-bars.

MUSIC: OUT

SOUND: HAULING UP ANCHOR CHAIN

JIM: (NARRATES) Soon, the anchor was shored up. Soon it was hanging dripping at the bows.

SOUND: WIND

JIM: (NARRATES) Soon the sail began to draw, and the land and shipping to slip by on either side. The Hispaniola had begun her voyage to the isle of treasure.

MUSIC: TRANSITION ... THEN IN BG

JIM: (NARRATES) On the second day out, I made the acquaintance of our one-legged ship cook, Long John Silver.

SILVER: (OFF) Hey, there, boy! Come in! Come on in to Long John's galley!

MUSIC: OUT

JIM: (NARRATES) To tell you the truth, at the very first mention of Long John Silver in the Squire's letter, I had taken a fear in my mind, that this might be the very one-legged sailor that I had watched for all those months at the Benbow Inn. But one look at him was enough. I had seen Captain Bones, and Black Dog and Blind Pew, and I knew what a buccaneer looked like. Very different from this clean and pleasant-looking sea cook. His left leg was cut off close to the hip, and under the left shoulder he carried a crutch, which he managed wonderfully, hopping about on it like a bird.

PARROT: Awwk! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!

JIM: Are you Mr. Silver, sir?

SILVER: (WARMLY) Yes, me lad - such is me name to be sure. And you're 'awkins, eh? Nobody more welcome than yourself, me lad, in old John's galley. Sit down, hear the news. Your first trip to sea, 'awkins?

JIM: Yes, sir.

SILVER: Well, well. There's a lot of things you're goin' to learn afore this 'ere voyage is over. What do yer think, 'awkins? And if there's anything yer want to know, 'awkins, ye just come to old John Silver and ask 'im, see; he'll tell yer.

JIM: (NARRATES) His galley was as clean as a new pin -- the dishes hanging up burnished, and his parrot in a cage in one corner.

SILVER: 'ere's Cap'n Flint. I call my parrot Cap'n Flint -- yeah, the parrot -- after the famous buccaneer. 'ere's Cap'n Flint, predictin' success to our

voyage, wasn't ya, Captain?

PARROT: Awk! Pieces of eight.

SILVER: Ha! Aye, she's a powerful old bird, is Cap'n Flint; two 'undred years old if she's a day, and if anybody's seen more wickedness, it must be the devil himself. She's sailed with England -- the great Cap'n England, the pirate; and on the old "Walrus" -- that's Flint's old ship, as I've seen amuck with the red blood, and fit to sink with gold. She's been at Madagascar, and at Malabar, and Surinam, and Providence and Portobella. To look at 'er you'd think she was a baby, 'awkins, but-- (TO THE PARROT) You smelt powder, 'aven't you, Cap'n?

PARROT: Stand by to go about!

SILVER: And blood, eh, Cap'n?

PARROT: Order amidships! At 'em, all hands! Awk!

SILVER: And pieces of eight, eh, Cap'n?

PARROT: Pieces of eight - pieces of eight - pieces of eight - pieces of eight - pieces of eight!

MUSIC: TOPS THE PARROT ... CONTINUES IN BG

JIM: (NARRATES) At the end of the third week, we left Madeira behind us. The ship proved to be a good ship. The crew seemed to be capable seamen. There was only one man aboard who was not satisfied, and that was the ship's master, Captain Smollett.

SMOLLETT: I'll speak plain. I don't like it. I don't like this cruise; I don't like the men; I don't like me officers. That's short and sweet.

JIM: (NARRATES) But nobody paid much attention to him. Every man on board seemed well content. Double grog was served on the least excuse. There was duff on odd days, and always a barrel of apples standing broached in the waist, for anyone to help himself that had a fancy.

SMOLLETT: Never knew good come of it yet. Spoil forecastle 'ands, make devils. That's my belief. We're not 'ome again yet.

JIM: (NARRATES) But good did come of that apple barrel. It was about the last day of our outward voyage. Sometime that night, or at latest before noon of the morrow, we should sight the Treasure Island.

MUSIC: OUT

SOUND: FIVE BELLS

JIM: (NARRATES) Just after sundown, when all my work was over, I thought I should like an apple.

SOUND: JIM'S RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ON DECK

JIM: (NARRATES) I ran on deck. The watch was all forward, looking out for the island. I got into the apple barrel. Suddenly, I heard voices on deck.

CREW: AD LIBS, MUMBLING

PARROT: Awk! Awk!

HANDS: Look 'ere, Barbecue. 'Ow long are we goin' to stand off an' on, like a blessed bumboat? By thunder, I want to go inter that cabin, I do. I want their pickles, an' wine, and that.

SILVER: How long? By the powers, the last moment I can manage, and that's 'ow long. How many tall ships, think you, have I seen laid aboard? And 'ow many brisk lads dryin' in the sun at Execution Dock? And all fer this same 'urry - and 'urry, and 'urry. He's a first rate seaman, Cap'n Smollett; sails the blessed ship for us.

DICK: We're all seamen aboard 'ere, I should think.

SILVER: All forecandle 'ands, you mean. I know the sort you are, you're never 'appy till yer drunk.

HANDS: Easy all, Long John.

SILVER: I don't know where this treasure is, do I? No more do you, says you, and 'ere's this Squire, an' Doctor, with a map, an' such. Well - now I mean this Squire an' Doctor shall find the treasure fer us, an' 'elp us to get it aboard, by the powers. After that--

DICK: After that! What do we do with 'em, John Silver, after that?

SILVER: Well -- what would yer think we does with 'em? Put 'em ashore like maroons? Or cut 'em down, like that much pork? Dooty is dooty, mates. Wait. Wait, is what I says. When the time comes, why -- let 'er rip!

SEAMAN: (OFF) Land hooooooooooooo!

LIVESEY: (OFF) What's that?

SQUIRE: What's that?

SEAMAN: (OFF) Land ho!

ALAN: (OVERLAPS) Land ho!

CREW: (EXCITED AD LIBS)

MUSIC: TRIUMPHANT ... THEN OMINOUS ... THEN OUT

JIM: (NARRATES) Away to the south-west of us, we saw it. Treasure Island. Ten minutes later, we were gathered in the cabin - the Squire, Doctor Livesey, the Captain and myself.

SQUIRE: Now, Hawkins, you have something to say. Speak up.

JIM: (NARRATES) I did as I was bid. I told them the whole story of Silver's conversation. When that was done, all three, one after another, and each with a bow, drank my good health. Then the Squire rose.

SQUIRE: Captain Smollett, you were right and I was wrong. I own myself an ass. I await your orders, sir.

LIVESEY: This Silver is a remarkable man.

SMOLLETT: Here's the way I see it, we must go on, because we can't turn back.

Now what I propose is that we don't wait for them to surprise us, but that we come to blows at our own time, and when they least expect it. There must be some faithful hands left. Well, we must find out who they are.

LIVESEY: Jim here can help us more than anyone. The men are not shy with him, and Jim is a noticing lad.

SQUIRE: Hawkins, I put prodigious faith in you.

MUSIC: ACCENT, THEN IN BG

JIM: (NARRATES) In the meantime, talk as we pleased, there were only seven out of twenty-six on whom we knew we could rely. And of these seven, I was a boy. So that the grown men on our side were six to their nineteen.

SOUND: SURF ON BEACH, DISTANT

JIM: (NARRATES) Next morning, there was not a breath of air moving, nor a sound, but that of the surf, booming half a mile away along the beaches. A peculiar stagnant smell hung over the anchorage.

CREW: GRUMBLING, CONTINUES IN BG

JIM: (NARRATES) The heat was sweltering, and the men grumbled fiercely over their work. Mutiny, it was plain, hung over us like a thunder-cloud. Around noon, Captain Smollett came up on deck.

CREW: GRUMBLING OUT DURING FOLLOWING

SMOLLETT: Me lads! We've had a hot day, and we're all tired and out of sorts. A quick turn ashore'll hurt nobody! So you can take the gigs, and as many as please may go ashore for the afternoon!

MUSIC: OUT

CREW: CHEERS ... AD LIBS

SEAMAN: Lower away! (REPEATS UNDER FOLLOWING)

SILVER: (NERVOUS) Hey - wait a bit! Wait a bit, men! What's the 'urry?! What's the 'urry?!

JIM: (NARRATES) John Silver suspected a trick. He hopped around the deck on his one leg.

SILVER: What's the 'urry?! Wait a bit, will yer, men?!

SOUND: SURF ON BEACH, CLOSER

JIM: (NARRATES) Soon the party was organized. Six fellows were to stay on board, and thirteen, including Silver, began to embark. Suddenly, I had a mad notion to go ashore, too. In a jiffy, I had slipped over the side, and curled up in the fore-sheets of the nearest boat. No one took notice of me.

SOUND: OARS IN WATER

JIM: (NARRATES) The crews raced for the beach.

SOUND: JIM SPLASHES ONTO BEACH ... RUNS THROUGH SAND AND THICKET, CONTINUES IN BG

JIM: (NARRATES) No sooner had we touched shore than I leaped out, and plunged into the nearest thicket. Behind me I could hear John Silver's voice.

SILVER: (INCREASINGLY OFF) Hey, Jim! Jim, me boy! Hey, Jim! Jim! Jim! Jim!

SOUND: OUT

JIM: (NARRATES) John Silver was quick at his work. Two faithful members of the crew were murdered on the island that afternoon, only an hour after we landed.

SOUND: SINGLE GUN SHOT

ALAN: (SCREAMS)

SOUND: THEN ANOTHER SHOT ... SEA BIRDS SQUAWK, THEN FADE OUT

JIM: (NARRATES) The second killing I saw with my own eyes, from where I lay hidden among the trees.

SILVER: Will you tell me you'll let yerself be led away with that kind of a mess o' swabs?

SEAMAN: Sure as God sees me, I'd sooner lose me hand than turn agin me duty.

SILVER: Mate, it's because I thinks gold dust of yer - gold dust!

SEAMAN: John Silver, ye're mate of mine no more. If I die like a dog, I'll die in me duty. Ye've killed Alan, have ye? Kill me too, if ye can. But I defies ya!

JIM: (NARRATES) He started to walk away.

SILVER: Try this, then!

JIM: (NARRATES) Long John whipped the crutch out of his armpit, and sent it hurtling through the air.

SOUND: CRUTCH WHIPS THROUGH AIR AND STRIKES BODY

SEAMAN: (SCREAM)

JIM: (NARRATES) It struck him in the back, and killed him. Then, Silver brought out a whistle.

SOUND: HIGH, THIN WHISTLE - CONTINUES IN BG

JIM: (NARRATES) I didn't wait.

SOUND: RUNNING THROUGH UNDERBRUSH

JIM: (NARRATES) I ran. I ran as I never ran before.

SOUND: RUNNING AND WHISTLING CONTINUE, THEN WHISTLE SLOWLY FADES OUT

GUNN: (OFF) Da-a-arby McGra-a-aw! (CACKLING LAUGH)

SOUND: JIM'S RUNNING STOPS

MUSIC: DUKAS' "THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE" ... IN BG

GUNN: (CACKLING LAUGH, CLOSER)

JIM: (NARRATES) I looked up the side of the hill.

GUNN: Whoo!

JIM: Far above me, I saw something leap behind the trunk of a tree. It seemed dark and shaggy. I turned and began to run.

SOUND: RUNNING THROUGH UNDERBRUSH

JIM: (NARRATES) Suddenly the thing appeared in front of me, and running forward, threw itself on its knees before me, and held out its clasped hands in supplication.

SOUND: RUNNING STOPS

GUNN: (MOANS) Oooooohhh!

JIM: Who are you?

GUNN: I'm poor Ben Gunn, I am. I haven't spoke with a Christian these three years.

JIM: Three years! Were you shipwrecked?

GUNN: No. No, mate. Marooned! Three years, lived on goats since then, and berries, an' oysters. Mate, my heart is sore for Christian diet. You mightn't happen to have a piece of cheese about you, now? No? Well, many's the night I've dreamed of cheese -- toasted, mostly -- and woke up again, and here I was. What do you call yourself, mate?

JIM: Jim.

GUNN: Jim? Jim, Jim. Well now, Jim, you wouldn't think-- You wouldn't think I was rich to look at me, would you, now?

JIM: Why, no, not in particular.

GUNN: Ah! Well, but I am, Jim. I'm rich! Ri-i-ich! Powerful rich. Oh Jim, you'll bless your stars, you will, you was the first that found me. Whoo!

MUSIC: OUT

JIM: (NARRATES) Suddenly his eye fell on the Hispaniola lying far below us. Between it and the land was the jolly boat, with five men moving towards shore. But I could not tell if they were our men, or the mutineers.

GUNN: Jim -- tell me true -- that ain't Flint's ship?

JIM: It's not Flint's ship, and Flint is dead. There are some of Flint's hands aboard, worse luck for the rest of us.

GUNN: Not a man -- with one leg?

JIM: Silver?

GUNN: Whoo! If you were sent by Long John - whoo! - I'm as good as pork, I know it. I was in Flint's ship with John Silver when old Flint buried the

treasure. He and six along. Six strong seamen. They was ashore nigh on a week, and then one day here come Flint, by himself, in a little boat, and the six al-1-1 dead. Dead and buried, along with the treasure. How he done it, not a man of us could make out.

JIM: (NARRATES) I told him the purpose of our voyage, and the predicament in which we now found ourselves.

GUNN: Ohh, that Long John, he's a bad'n. Then you're all in a clove hitch, ain't ye? Well, you just put yer trust in Ben Gunn. Ben Gunn's the man to help ya. You tell that to your Squire, Jim. Ben Gunn's the man, that's what you'll say. And Ben Gunn, says you, has ideas of his own. Whoow! Look at that!

JIM: (NARRATES) Far below us, we saw a Union Jack fluttering in the air above the woods.

GUNN: There's your friends, sure enough!

JIM: More likely it's the mutineers.

GUNN: No, mate. Silver'd fly the Jolly Roger. That's your friends, sure enough, ashore in the old stockade, made years and years ago, by Flint.

SOUND: CANNON FIRES, OFF ... REPEATS INTERMITTENTLY DURING REST OF SCENE

GUNN: Whooow! What's that?

JIM: That's the ship's cannon. They're shooting at the stockade. Come on!

SOUND: INTERMITTENT RIFLE FIRE, OFF

GUNN: Wait a minute, Jim -- wa-a-it. Ben Gunn is fly. Rum wouldn't bring me down there. But, remember, Jim -- Ben Gunn's the man to help ya. And when Ben Gunn is wanted, ya knows where to find him. Just where you found him today.

JIM: (NARRATES) I started to run towards the flag.

GUNN: (CALLS AFTER) Hey, Jim! Jim?

JIM: (OFF) Yes, sir?

GUNN: (CHUCKLES) Ye won't forget that piece o' cheese, will ye, mate?

SOUND: CANNON, RIFLE FIRE ... UP

MUSIC: AN ACCENT/BRIDGE ... THEN IN BG

SOUND: GUNFIRE CONTINUES, GROWING CLOSER

JIM: (NARRATES) It was less than a mile to the stockade. It was heavy running, through the woods. The shooting was getting louder. Suddenly before me I saw a clearing, and the smoke of muskets fired nearby. (CALLS) Hey, there!

SQUIRE: (CALLS, OFF) Who goes there?!

JIM: (CALLS) Hey! Don't shoot! It's me!

SQUIRE: (CALLS, OFF) Who's "me"?!

JIM: (CALLS) Me! Jim Hawkins!

VOICES: It's - It's Jim! It's Jim! Jim's back! He's safe! (CHEER)

SOUND: GUNFIRE CONTINUES ... OUT AT [X]

JIM: (NARRATES) Moments later, I was over the stockade, among my friends. And soon afterwards, the firing ceased. [X] The mutineers were saving their powder.

MUSIC: FILLS A PAUSE, THEN IN BG

SOUND: STRONG WIND BLOWS, IN BG

JIM: (NARRATES) The stockade was a good place, with a paling six feet high all around it. We could have held it against a regiment. And here Captain Smollett decided to stay, and await our enemies' next move. I told Doctor Livesey and the Squire about Ben Gunn.

MUSIC: OUT

SILVER: (OFF, CALLS) Hey! Flag o' truce! Flag o' truce!

SQUIRE: Who's that?

SMOLLETT: It's Silver. Keep indoors, men. Ten to one, this is a trick. (CALLS) Who goes?! Stand or we fire!

SILVER: Fla-a-ag o' truce!

SMOLLETT: Doctor's watch on the lookout. Doctor Livesey - take the north side, if you please.

LIVESEY: Yes, sir.

SMOLLETT: Jim, the east; Gray, west. The watch below, all hands to load muskets. Lively, men, and careful. (CALLS) What do you want with your flag o' truce?

SILVER: Captain Silver, sir, come to make terms!

SQUIRE: Captain Silver? Why, you black-hearted scoundrel, I've--!

SMOLLETT: Silence, sir. Silence. (CALLS) If you wish to talk to me, you can come. And that's all. If there's any treachery, it'll be on your side, and the Lord 'elp ya.

SILVER: That's enough, Cap'n, a word from you's enough. I know a gentleman, and you may lay to that.

SMOLLETT: You'd better sit down.

SILVER: (CLOSER) Eh? You ain't a-gonna let me inside, Cap'n? It's a main cold mornin' to be sure, sir, to sit outside, on the sand. Oh, there's Jim. Top o' the mornin' to ya, Jim. Why, there you're all together, like a 'appy family, in a manner o' speakin'.

SMOLLETT: If you've anything to say, my man, better say it.

SILVER: Right you were, Captain Smollett. Dooty is dooty, to be sure. Well, 'ere it is. We want that treasure. And we'll 'ave it. That's our point.

You'd just as soon save yer lives, I reckon, and - that's yours. You 'ave a chart, 'aven't yer?

SMOLLETT: That's as may be.

SILVER: Ah, well, you 'ave, I know that. What I mean is, we want your chart. You give us the chart to get the treasure by, and I'll give you my affy-davy, upon my word of honour, to clap you somewhere safe ashore.

SMOLLETT: Is that all you have to say?

SILVER: Every last word, by thunder. Refuse that an' you've seen the last of me but musket balls.

SMOLLETT: Very good. Now you'll 'ear me. If you'll come up one by one, unarmed, I'll engage to clap you all in irons and take you 'ome, to a fair trial in England. If you won't, as me name's Alexander Smollett, I've flown me sovereign's colors, and I'll see you all to Davy Jones. You can't find the treasure. You can't sail the ship. And ya can't fight us. I stand here and tell ya so. And it's the last good word you'll get from me. Now - tramp, me lad!

VOICES: (LAUGH)

SILVER: Ha! Laugh, by thunder, laugh! Before an hour's out, you'll laugh on the other side. Them that die'll be the lucky ones.

MUSIC: BIG ACCENT ... THEN IN BG, IN AGREEMENT WITH FOLLOWING:

SOUND: MUSKET SHOTS - INTERMITTENT ... ENCOURAGING AD LIBS ... AN OCCASIONAL CRY OF PAIN ... ALL THIS FADES UNDER JIM'S LINE

JIM: (NARRATES) Ten minutes later, nothing remained of the attacking party but the five who had fallen - four on the inside and one on the outside of the palisade. The mutineers did not come back that night. They had "got their rations," as the Captain put it. The next day was stifling hot. After dinner, Doctor Livesey sent for me.

LIVESEY: Er, Jim, was it cheese you said Ben Gunn had a fancy for?

JIM: Yes, sir, cheese.

LIVESEY: Well, Jim, uh, just see the good that comes of being dainty in your food. You've seen my snuff-box, haven't you? And you never saw me take snuff. The reason being that in my snuff-box I carry a piece of Parmesan cheese. A cheese made in Italy. Very nutritious. Well - that's for Ben Gunn. Well, goodbye, lad.

JIM: (NARRATES) Then he took up his hat and pistols, girt on his cutlass, put the chart in his pocket, and set off briskly through the trees.

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS AWAY

JIM: (NARRATES) That afternoon, the block house being stifling hot, and the little patch of sand inside the palisade ablaze with midday sun, and so much blood about me, and so many poor dead bodies lying around, a new idea came into my head. This was to swim out under cover of the night, cut the Hispaniola adrift, and let her go ashore where she fancied. The mutineers after their repulse of the morning, had nothing nearer their hearts than to up anchor and away to sea. This, I thought, would be a fine thing to prevent.

SOUND: SURF ON BEACH ... CONTINUES IN BG

JIM: (NARRATES) It was evening when I reached the east coast of the island. I could see the Hispaniola lying at anchor off shore. And there was the Jolly Roger -- the black flag of piracy -- flying from her peak. As the last rays of daylight dwindled and disappeared, absolute darkness settled down on Treasure Island.

MUSIC: FADES OUT

SOUND: SURF UP FOR A FEW MOMENTS ... THEN OUT

JIM: (NARRATES) The next night I was back on land. I was proud of myself, and with good reason. I had grounded the Hispaniola -- beached her up tidily in the north inlet, with no harm done -- safe from the mutineers. I had no trouble finding the stockade. Coming in from the shore, keeping close in shadow where the darkness was thickest, I crept into the block house. I could see nothing.

CREW: (SNORING, BREATHING)

JIM: (NARRATES) The Doctor and the Squire must have worried about me. I should lie down in my own place, I thought, and enjoy their faces when they found me in the morning. I felt for a place to lie down.

PARROT: Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!

CREW: (WAKING UP, MUMBLING)

SILVER: Who goes?! Who goes?! Bring a torch, Dick! (PAUSE) Well! Well, shiver my timbers - Jim 'Awkins. Dropped in, like, eh? Quite a pleasant surprise fer poor old John. I've always liked you, I 'ave, Jim, fer a lad o' spirit. A picture of my own self when I was young and 'andsome. Always wanted you to join my camp, an' take your share, and die a gentleman, and - now, my cock, ye've got to. You can't go back to yer own lot.

JIM: Where are they?

SILVER: Now, where do yer think, my son?

JIM: Have you killed them?

SILVER: What do you think?

JIM: Well, I am not such a fool but I know pretty well what I have to look for. But there's a thing or two I have to tell you. And the first is this: here you are, in a bad way. Ship lost. Treasure lost. Men lost. And if you want to know who did it -- it was I!

CREW: (MUMBLING ANGRILY)

JIM: I was in the apple barrel the night we sighted land. And I heard you, John. And you, Dick Johnson. And Hands, who's now at the bottom of the sea. And told every word you said before the hour was out. And as for the schooner, it was I who cut her cable.

CREW: (MORE ANGRY MUMBLES)

JIM: And it was I who brought her where you'll never see her more, not one of

you! I no more fear you than I fear a fly.

CREW: (EVEN ANGRIER)

MORGAN: I'll put one to that, and 'ere goes -- yer sneakin' son of a skunk!

MERRY: And so will I!

SILVER: Avast, there!

CREW: (FALLS SILENT)

SILVER: Who are yer, Tom Morgan? Maybe you thought you was cap'n here, per'aps?

CREW: (DISGRUNTLED)

MERRY: Tom's right. Kill the boy.

CREW: (ANGRY MURMURS - "KILL 'IM!" "DO 'IM IN!")

SILVER: Did any of you gentlemen want to 'ave it out with me?

CREW: (FALLS SILENT)

SILVER: Him that wants it shall get it. (NO RESPONSE) You won't fight? Then, by thunder, you'll obey. You may lay to it. I like that boy, now. Never seen a better boy than that. He's more a man than any pair o' rats of ye in this 'ere 'ouse. What I say is this: let me see him that'll lay a hand on him--that's what I say, and you may lay to it. (NO RESPONSE) Hm! Seems you have a lot to say. Pipe up and let me hear it, or lay to.

MERRY: (OFF) John.

SILVER: What?

DICK: We - we got somethin' for ya, John.

SILVER: Step up. I won't bite yer. Hand it over, lubber. (BEAT) The black spot. I thought so. What's on it? (READS) "Dee-posed." (CHUCKLES) Deposet? That's it, is it?

CREW: MURMURS AGREEMENT

SILVER: Very pretty wrote, to be sure. Like print, I swear. But it ain't one bit prettier wrote than this!

DICK: What's that?

SILVER: And what does it look like, lads? A chart! That's what it is! A chart! A chart o' this island - old Flint's chart! (BEAT) Now - whatta ye say to that?!

MORGAN: Yes! That's Flint's, sure enough.

DICK: That's it!

MERRY: "J.F." And a clove hitch to it! So he done, ever.

MORGAN: Silver's the man!

CREW: (JOIN IN, AGREE) Silver! John Silver the captain! Barbecue forever!  
Barbecue for cap'n! John Silver the captain! (CHEERS)

MUSIC: AN ACCENT, THEN IN BG

JIM: (NARRATES) That was the end of the night's business. Only, much later, I woke up suddenly, and felt someone beside me.

SILVER: Jim. Jim, me boy.

JIM: Yes, Long John?

SILVER: I saved yer life for you tonight, Jim. Now you an' me stick close, Jim -- back to back, like, in case o' trouble, and-- Talkin' o' trouble, Jim ... why did those friends o' yours leave that chart behind when they cleared out of 'ere? They did, though. I - I came in 'ere this mornin' and found the place empty, and the chart lyin' there on the table, where I couldn't miss it. And there's something under that - sumpin' under that - good or bad.

MUSIC: UP BRIEFLY, THEN IN BG

JIM: (NARRATES) The next morning we set out after the treasure.

SILVER: (READING) "Tall tree - Spy-glass Shoulder - bearing a point to the north o' nor'east - Skellinton Island - east-southeast - and by east - ten east -"

MUSIC: OUT

DICK: (CALLS, OFF) Hey, over there! Come quick!

SOUND: HURRIED FOOTSTEPS THROUGH BRUSH

JIM: (NARRATES) At the foot of a pine, half covered with green creeper -- a human skeleton lay on the ground.

MERRY: A skellinton, be God!

JIM: (NARRATES) It lay perfectly straight, the feet pointing in one direction, the hands raised above its head like a diver's, pointing directly in the opposite.

SILVER: It ain't natural. It ain't natural, but yer know lads, I've a notion in my old numskull-- Now, 'ere's the compass. There's the tip-top point of Skellinton Island, stickin' out like a tooth. Just take a bearin', will yer, along the line o' them bones?

MERRY: East-southeast and by east.

SILVER: I thought so. It's a pointer. Right up there's our line fer the Pole Star an' the jolly dollars. This is one of Flint's jokes, an' no mistake. Him an' these six was alone 'ere. Alone 'e killed 'em -- every man. An' this one he hauled up 'ere and laid down by the compass, yes. Six they were -- and six we are. And bones is what they are now.

MORGAN: I saw 'im dead, old Flint. There 'e laid with penny-pieces on 'is eyes.

MERRY: Dead. Aye, sure enough 'e's dead. But if ever spirit walked it'd be

Flint's. Dear 'eart, but 'e died bad, did Flint.

DICK: Aye, that 'e did.

MERRY: Aye, main hot, it were. An' the windy was open, an' I 'ear that old song of 'is, comin' out clear as 'ell. And the death-haul on the man already.

DICK: Listen!

GUNN: (OFF) Fiiiiiiiiiiii-fteen men on a dead man's chest!

MERRY: Do you 'ear what I 'ear?

GUNN: (OFF) Yo hoooooooooooooooo!

MERRY: That's Flint, begad! Old Flint!

GUNN: Darrrrrrrrrr-beeeee McGraw!

DICK: Oh, Lord.

GUNN: Darby McGraaaaaaaaaaw! Fetch aft the ru-u-u-u-m!

MORGAN: They was 'is last words.

GUNN: Darby McGraaaaaaaaaaw!

MORGAN: Old Flint's last words above board!

DICK: (PANICS) Oh, Lord.

SILVER: Shipmates! Shipmates! There's seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds not a quarter of a mile from 'ere. Since when did a gentleman of fortune show his stern to that much dollars fer a boozy old seaman with a blue mug? And him dead, too?

MERRY: Belay there, John! Don't you cross a spirit.

SILVER: Spirit? Well, maybe. You know - you know whose voice that was? It was - liker somebody else's - it was - liker--

GUNN: (WHINNYING LAUGH, CLOSE AND LOUD)

SILVER: By the powers! Ben Gunn!

MERRY: Aye?

SILVER: Aye!

MORGAN: Aye. So it were. Ben Gunn, it were!

MERRY: Why, nobody minds Ben Gunn -- dead or alive! Nobody minds 'im!

CREW: (LAUGHS HARD)

MUSIC: AN ACCENT, THEN IN BG, OUT AT [X]

SILVER: (READS) "Spy-glass shoulder ... bearin' a point to the nor'east ... Skellinton Island ... sou'east an' by east ... ten feet ..."

MORGAN: (OFF) Hey, mates! 'Ere's the tall tree! [X]

JIM: (NARRATES) The first of the tall trees was reached, and by bearing proved the wrong one. So did the second. So the third.

MORGAN: (OFF) 'Ere it is! Aye! Long John! Merry! 'Ere it is!!!

JIM: (NARRATES) Before us was a great excavation. In this was the shaft of a pick, broken in two, and the boards of several packing cases strewn around, all branded with the name "Walrus" -- the name of Flint's ship. The treasure had been found and rifled. The seven hundred thousand pounds were gone!

GUNN: (CLOSE AND LOUD ... TRIUMPHANT WHINNYING LAUGH)

JIM: (NARRATES) We turned and saw above us on the edge of the pit Ben Gunn, Doctor Livesey, Gray and the Squire - all with muskets. The Doctor's plan had worked. The pirates had fallen into a trap.

SOUND: MUSKETS FIRE ... GRADUALLY COVERED WITH:

MUSIC: TRIUMPHANT ... HOLD, THEN IN BG

SQUIRE: John Silver, you're a prodigious villain and an impostor, sir. But you saved this boy's life, and I'll not prosecute you. But the dead men, sir, hang about your neck like mill-stones.

SILVER: Thank ye kindly, sir.

SQUIRE: I dare you to thank me! It's a gross dereliction of my duty. Stand back!

MUSIC: UP, THEN IN BG

JIM: (NARRATES) It took us three days to move the treasure from Ben Gunn's cave on board ship. On the eighth day of December, the Hispaniola reached Bristol. Five men only of those who had sailed returned with her.

MUSIC: OUT

NARRATOR: Well -- that was nineteen years ago. All of us had an ample share of the treasure, and used it, wisely or foolishly, according to our natures. Captain Smollett is now retired from the sea. As for Ben Gunn, he got a thousand pounds, which he spent, or lost, in nineteen days, for he was back begging on the twentieth.

Silver vanished on the voyage one night off the coast of Mexico and we heard no more of him. The bar silver and the arms still lie, for all I know, where Flint buried them, and certainly they shall lie there for all of me. Oxen and wain-ropes would not bring me back again to that accursed island. And the worst dreams that ever I have are when I hear the surf booming about its coast or start upright in bed, with the sharp voice of Captain Flint still ringing in my ears.

PARROT: Awk! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! (CONTINUES, FADES)

MUSIC: TOPS THE PARROT ... TO A FINISH

ANNOUNCER: You have been listening to "Treasure Island," starring Orson Welles as Long John Silver, in his own radio version of Stevenson's great adventure

story. This is the second in a series of nine special broadcasts presented by the Mercury Theatre. And here is Orson Welles himself -- writer, director and star of these programs -- to tell you about next week's production. Orson Welles.

WELLES: First of all, I'd like you to meet Jim Hawkins, Junior. Our leading man is fourteen years old. Last season he made a really startling contribution to the stage history of Shakespeare's plays. This was during the course of some experiments with the Mercury Theatre sprinkler system. As a consequence of what must certainly have been extensive research in that field, he caused it to rain -- actually to rain and copiously to rain -- where in more than three hundred years it has never rained in "Julius Caesar" before.

It rained on Brutus. It rained all over Brutus in the Forum. I was Brutus, and I ought to know. Now, as dramatic criticism, I found this telling, and even final. And as a surprise item in the funeral scene, I can assure you that the unexpected appearance on the stage of so many gallons of real water created in us all an impression that was almost overwhelming. Our popular leading man says that he did it all with a match.

I don't dare think what he'll do when he's old enough to run for President. But, meanwhile, no matter what happens to the plumbing he can always work for the Mercury. As you've probably discovered, he's something more than a very gifted performer and, as I told you, he's something less than fifteen. His name shall not be withheld. I refer to that fine old actor, Arthur Anderson.

Mr. Anderson is not new to the microphone, nor The Mercury. He was prominent in "Shoemaker's Holiday" and in "Julius Caesar," as Brutus' boy Jeeves, the sleepy-eyed, silver-throated Lucius in brass buttons, he was at least unforgettable.

As to our celebrated Mark Anthony, George Coulouris, who has always somehow cleverly escaped Rainmaker Anderson, he played Captain Smollett tonight. Eustace Wyatt, late housebreaker of "Heartbreak House," was the Squire. Ray Collins is responsible for Ben Gunn, among other things. And that was Alfred Shirley as Blind Pew. Then you heard Stephen Fox and Agnes -- guess what she played -- Moorehead and the Mercury round-up, William Alland and Richard Wilson, inclusive. Jim Hawkins, Senior, will bear no comment.

Next week -- we offer you the ominous and authentic click of the world's most famous knitting needles -- Madame LaFarge's needles, and Madame herself, Doctor Manette, Sidney Carton and the entire French Revolution, same time, same station. It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done-- Charles Dickens?! That is correct! That is absolutely correct! Charles Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities."

There is at this moment a disturbance in the sub-control room, and if it isn't a tumbril, it's Arthur Anderson. It's a good thing the program's over. Good night, everybody. Thanks. Please write me the stories you'd like to hear. And goodbye till next week.

MUSIC: MERCURY THEME ... CONTINUES IN BG

ANNOUNCER: Remember nine o'clock Eastern Daylight Saving Time next Monday night for the Mercury Theatre on the Air, with "A Tale of Two Cities" by Charles Dickens. On tonight's production, Bernard Herrmann composed the original music and conducted, and Davidson Taylor supervised for the Columbia Network. Dan Seymour speaking.

This is the Columbia Broadcasting System.

MUSIC: TO A FINISH ... AND OUT