Characters

M3 7E. (Bill Barnacle, Mrs Ladd and Long Johns Silver preferably played by males – but it's murder mystery panto!)

Billy Barnacle (E)	-	A rough irascible old pirate hiding from his shipmates. Has a long dark scar on one side of face.
Black Eye Steve (E)	-	A fearsome, but dim pirate; follows his leader without question. Has (appears to have!) two fingers missing from left hand.
Long Johns Silver (E)	-	A crafty and dangerous pirate. Leader of the pirate band. Walks with a limp, as the character has a wooden leg (no need for prosthetics!)
Jim Ladd (E)	-	Mrs Ladd's son; a bit of a romantic dreamer who's looking for adventure.
Mrs Ladd (E)	-	**(Pantomime dame)** Widow and landlady of the Admiral Benblowers Inn. Dabbles in a bit of smuggling. Mother to Jim Ladd.
Dr Liverwort (E)	-	A doctor with a shady past, and a fancy for Mrs Ladd.
Captain Flint (E)	-	A talking parrot**,** named after a bloodthirsty pirate captain. Has lines to learn, as many are cues for other actors. Required to talk (squawking), waddle, bob head up and down, hop, flap wings, and groom feathers like a parrot.
Cyrene (AKA Mavis) (E)	-	Mavis usually helps Mrs Ladd in the kitchen, but since being jilted, has developed a pathological hatred of all sailors, and assumed the role of a siren. Speaks in rhyme.
Broadside Betty (E)	-	In the disguise of a female pirate with a hair-raising reputation, who Jim falls in love with.
M. Parrot/Miss Marbles (E)	-	**(or detective of own choice)** To explain how the audience's interrogation of the suspects will work, and afterwards, to present the denouement, with a cogent explanation of the clues and red herrings.

Act 1

Scene 1

(SFX. Intro music: Play 'Yo Ho Yo Ho, A Pirates Life For Me' by KARIBIKMAUS. Music by George Bruns and lyrics by Xavier Atencio. Then play 'He's a Pirate' from 'Pirates of the Caribbean' theme tune, written by Hans Zimmer and Klaus Badelt. SFX. Crying of seagulls, and crashing of waves.)

Mrs Ladd: **(Speaks to audience, welcoming them as if customers)** Oh hello everyone! **(Wait for audience response)** What can I do you for? A tot of rum? A glass of brandy? Or how about some French Champagne? **(Looks around)** If you can keep a secret under your hat, I might be able to get you some fine Belgian lace. Look, **(Coyly show audience leg of long knickers trimmed with lace.)** alluring eh? **(Gets bottle of perfume from pocket and dabs it behind ears and wrists.)** Or how about this? **(Waves wrist around so audience can smell. Pronounce as in the English Channel.)** Channel number 99. French. Nice? **(Sniffs it doubtfully.)** You know, I'm not sure it hasn't got a faintly fishy aroma. **(Shrugs and smiles)** Anyhow it works; I've noticed how men just *flounder* when they come near me. *Flounder* – get it? It's a fish – oh forget it! – Ooh, I haven't introduced myself have I? I'm Mrs Ladd, landlady of this fine old seaside inn, the Admiral Benblowers. I used to run it with my husband, but he's passed on poor soul – **(primly to audience)** no that wasn't a fishy joke! There's just me and my son Jim Ladd left now.

Jim: **(Enters suddenly)** Mother!

Mrs Ladd: **(Jumps with surprise)** What!

Jim: **(Admonishing)** What are you doing showing the audience your knickers!

(Mrs Ladd quickly folds her dress back down to conceal knicker-leg.)

Jim: And what are you doing telling them about the smuggling! There might be Revenue Officers among them!

Mrs Ladd: Oh dear, you're right, I'm such a blubber mouth! Oh Jim, our finances are in a ruinous state. Ruinous. If we get a storm like the last one, the roof won't stand it. We must put a new one on our bucket list. And there's so many jobs that need doing.

Jim: By the way, that man you had round to do some repairs, he only did numbers 1, 3, 5 and 7 on the list.

Mrs Ladd: **(Shrugs)** Oh well, he did say he was an *odd* job man. Get your conker out lad and give us a weather forecast.

Jim: It's a fir cone mother. I'll get it from the window sill. **(Exits to collect fir cone on string. Enters right away.)**

Mrs Ladd: **(Looks at fir cone. Feels the fir cone needles)** What are these little green prickly bits between the scales?

Jim: Needles, they grow inside the cone, as well as on the branches. **(Stares at cone intently, and twists it around on string)**

Mrs Ladd: What does it say?

(SFX. Radio pips, as before weather forecast)

Jim: I'm studying it. Oh yes, here we are. **(Read like the shipping forecast on radio.)** Wind in south, cyclonic 3 to 5 becoming northeasterly 4 to 6. In north, easterly or northeasterly 4 to 6. Sea state mainly rough, but moderate or rough in southeast. Weather in south, rain then showers. In north, showers. **(Puts fir cone down, and leaves it on stage.)**

Mrs Ladd: **(Whilst looking at cone)** Isn't technology wonderful! You wouldn't think a little fir cone would know all that would you! Anyway, it's nearly time to open the inn and let people in. We'll have to get your name on the licensee's name plate Jim, now your poor father has passed on. I can't run this *place* all on my own. Have you noticed something uncanny Jim?

Jim: No, what?

Mrs Ladd: That every few sentences has got a fish in it. **(Looks at audience)** *Plaice* -

Jim: Mother, I don't want my name up on the door!

Mrs Ladd: Well, we can put it somewhere else dear; how about putting the *whiting* on the wall. **(Looks at audience)** *Whiting* – oh they're a slow lot!

Jim: I mean mother, that I don't want my name up anywhere. I don't want to be an inn keeper, and spend my life serving drinks, with a bit of smuggling on the side. I want travel and adventure, and treasure! Just imagine mother if we found treasure! How our lives would change.

Mrs Ladd: Oh Jim, that's just a day *bream. Bream.* **(To audience)** I'm going to stop pointing them out now, it's slowing down the plot!

Jim: It's not a day bream, dream mother. It will come true one day, I know it will.

Mrs Ladd: Oh Jim Ladd, nobody can know such things. Whatever will be will be.

(Song 1. Sings or mimes in an extravagant way 'Que Sera Sera' – or an excerpt. Originally sung by Doris Day. Music and lyrics by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans.)

Jim: I know something will turn up, just you wait and see!

Mrs Ladd: How do you know?

Jim: I've read the script.

Mrs Ladd: Well don't tell the audience! I wonder if Dr. Liverwort will call later?

Jim: Why should he call, now that father has died? I must say I didn't expect father to depart quite so soon.

Mrs Ladd: **(Sighs)** It was the first time he'd ever done anything promptly in his life. Oh, just look at this *place* Jim. If only we had money. I suppose I could take mother's old brass candlesticks to where fish take their treasures.

Jim: Where's that?

Mrs Ladd: To the *prawn* broker! Oh, I don't know why I'm joking, it's serious. I don't know how much longer I can afford to keep Cyrene on in the kitchen. Mind you she's not helping in her present state.

Jim: Cyrene?

Mrs Ladd: Formerly known as Mavis.

Jim: Oh yes. **(Looks out over audience as if to shore.)** There she is, sitting on her rock again. **(Crossly)** If I catch Hereward the herring man, I'll give him a piece of my mind!

Mrs Ladd: She really thought he was the one, 'til she caught him kissing Gertie the fish gutter in the herring shed. He told her they'd just gone in for a smoke. Poor Mavis was gutted about it. She won't touch kippers now. She says she hates all sailors, and that she's a siren, and going to lure all seagoing men onto the rocks to drown.

Jim: She hasn't – got any yet, has she?

Mrs Ladd: A boatload of day trippers had a near miss. **(Looks over audience as if to shore. Sighs)** There she sits combing her hair and singing mournful songs. I've given her a few days off to get over it. If we had one or two paying guests, that might bring a little *ray* **(to audience)** ray, of sunshine into our lives. Perhaps I should remarry.

Jim: **(Shocked)** Remarry! But, father's hardly cold in his grave! Who, would you marry?

Mrs Ladd: Dr Liverwort has a soft spot for me.

Jim: I don't like him! Father got worse instead of better.

Mrs Ladd: Well, you can't say he didn't try; all those pretty coloured medicines he prescribed. And he hardly took any money.

Jim: **(Suspiciously)** Hmm.

Mrs Ladd: And he's got a lovely bedside manner, lovely, very soothing. And a most romantic way of taking your pulse.

Jim: Yes, but it wasn't you who were ill mother!

Mrs Ladd: **(Shrugs.)** I was feeling rather tired.

(SFX. Thunderous knocking at door.)

Mrs Ladd: Somebody sounds desperate for a drink. I'll go and fetch my pinny.

Jim: I'll unlock the door. **(Exits.)**

(Mrs Ladd pats her hair. Exits.)

Scene 2

(SFX. Crying of seagulls, and crashing of waves.)

Billy: **(Enters with a sack slung over his shoulder. Slings it down; looks around quickly appraising the place. Shouts gruffly)** Ahoy there! - Rum!

(Jim enters. Hurries to table and 'pours' drink from jug into tankard. Hands to Bill.)

Billy: **(Takes a long long swig from tankard. Wipes mouth roughly with back of hand.)** Who are you?

Jim: Jim.

Billy: Well, Jim lad – (**interrupted)**

Jim: **(Interrupts surprised)** You know my name?

Billy: You've just told me!

Jim: I didn't tell you I was a Ladd.

Billy: Well, you're hardly a full-grown man are you!

Jim: No, no, Ladd is my surname. My mother's the innkeeper, Mrs Ladd. You can call me Jim.

Billy: **(Draws Jim to him threateningly. Growls)** Well Jim lad, in my books you're Jim lad, and you'll answer to that. Do you understand!

Jim: That's fine.

Billy: **(Releases Jim)** Now, Jim lad, I happen to be looking for a quiet berth where I can rest my old bones. Have you got a cabin facing the sea?

Jim: Yes. We've got a couple of nice quiet rooms at the back too.

Billy: I'll take the cabin facing the coast. I have a hankering to watch the briny deep. **(Slaps a heap of gold and silver coins, or ancient purse down upon the table.)** Take my mess bill out of that. Tell me when the kitty's empty.

Jim: **(Looks at coins, or purse, and looks him up and down.)** Are you – are you a pirate?

Billy: **(Aggressively)** Who told you that! Who blabbed, and I'll cleave him to the brisket! I'll make him walk the plank in shark infested waters!

Jim: We don't have sharks round here. What about lobsters? They can give you a nasty nip with their claws.

Billy: Lobsters, don't make me laugh! Weever fish! I've seen weever fish on the beach; they've got poison in their prickly spines. They can give you a nasty sting. I'll make whoever blabbed walk the beach in their bare feet!

Jim: Nobody blabbed. You're dressed like a pirate.

Billy: **(Looks down at himself almost surprised.)** Oh arrr – oh arrr. Well Jim Ladd, I'll tell you how the sad story of Bill Barnacle, **(taps his chest)** that's me, began. It was like this - **(Sings gruffly in pirate fashion, and makes actions to the below slightly adapted (with more alcohol!) 'The Pirate Song'. Words and music anon.)**

Billy: **(Sings while Jim watches)**
When I was one, I'd just begun,
The day I went to sea.
I jumped aboard a pirate ship **(jump)**
And the Captain said to me:
'We're going this way, that way, **(sway to each side)**
Forwards backwards, **(sway forwards & backwards)**
Over the deep blue sea.' **(make wave movements with hands)**
A bottle of rum to warm my tum **(tap tummy)**
A bottle of sherry to make me merry **(mime drinking from bottle)**
A bottle of claret to clear my palate **(make elegant sign to mouth)**
A bottle of whisky to make me frisky **(jigs around)**
And that's the life for me. **(slap thigh)**

Jim: **(Now joins in with actions and much energy)**

When I was two, I buckled my shoe,
The day I went to sea.
I jumped aboard a pirate ship **(jump)**
And the Captain said to me:
'We're going this way, that way, **(sway to each side)**
Forwards backwards, **(sway forwards & backwards)**
Over the deep blue sea.' **(make wave movements with hands)**
A bottle of rum to warm my tum **(tap tummy)**
A bottle of sherry to make me merry **(mime drinking from bottle)**
A bottle of claret to clear my palate **(make elegant sign to mouth)**
A bottle of whisky to make me frisky **(jigs around)**
And that's the life for me! **(slap thigh)**

Billy: **(Roughly grabs hold of Jim.)** What do you think you're doing! This isn't a pantomime!

Jim: **(Surprised)** Oh yes, it is!

Billy: Oh no, it isn't!

Jim: **(With audience)** Oh yes, it is!

Billy: **(Releases Jim)** Bah! I used to be a fisherman, a simple and happy life, but I wasn't happy with my net income, and so I became a pirate. Now then, how would you like to earn a silver fourpence? All you've got to do is keep your weather eye out for a seafaring man with a wooden leg.

Jim: What's the name?

Billy: John.

Jim: What's the other leg called?

Billy: Are you trying to be funny!

Jim: **(Tongue in cheek)** Doing my best!

Billy: **(Slaps Jim)** You see this man, you comes and warns me straight away. He's someone I haven't a hankering to meet again. **(Draw out name)** His name is, Long Johns Silver.

Jim: I suppose he wears long johns to cover his wooden leg?

Billy: Maybe he do. He'll have a parrot with him called Captain Flint. You want to watch what you say in front of it; it repeats everything you say; repeats everything you say. And there's another seagoing man I'm anxious to avoid **(Draw out name)** Black Eyed Steve. You sees him, and you comes and tells me.

Jim: How will I recognise him?

Billy: **(Holds up hand showing thumb and first finger missing)** He's got two fingers missing from his left hand.

Jim: Two fingers missing.

Billy: Aye, and there's another one **(Draw out name)** Blind Pew. If he's around, the first you'll hear of him, is a dreadful **(make tapping sound)** tap, tap, tapping of his stick.

Jim: Blind Pew a blind man, Black Eyed Steve two fingers missing, and Long Johns Silver, a wooden leg.

Billy: Arrr, pirating is not a healthy life. See here **(turns head towards Jim and slowly traces a long dark scar on one cheek with his finger)** I got off lightly! There's another one I'm living in mortal fear of, and that's **(Draw out name)** Broadside Betty.

Jim: A female pirate?

Billy: **(Sarcastically)** Not many matelots go by the name of Betty. Captain Flint's daughters she is, with a violent temper to match.

Jim: And has she er, any afflictions too?

Billy: **(Leans forward and says dramatically)** They do say, that as she was sired by the devil himself, she ain't got a belly button. Oh arr.

Jim: That wouldn't so be easy for me to er -

Billy: If you value your life, don't even try it, Jim Lad! If you see her, you'll know her. What I'm living in dread of from any of them, is the black spot. If you get the black spot put into your hand, you're a dead man! **(Picks up fir cone on string.)** What's this for?

Jim: It's my piece of scientific equipment for weather forecasting.

Billy: **(Handles the fir cone. Laughs derisively)** Bah! If you want a weather forecast ask me, Billy Barnacle. **(Tosses fir cone back for Jim to catch.)** One look at the sky and I'll tell ye if a storm's coming. In fact, one sniff of the ozone will do it. I'll give you a wager sometime, your fir cone against my years of experience. Now we've got our arrangements in place, you can show me to my cabin.

Jim: Shall I carry your sack?

Billy: **(Aggressively)** Don't you touch my sack, nobody touches my sack! Anybody touches my sack and they're fish fingers! Savvy? And don't you touch my old sea chest outside your inn door neither, I'll haul it upstairs myself.

Jim: I get it. Follow me. **(Collects golden coins, or purse.)** I'll take these to mother. **(Exits.)**

(Billy exits following Jim.)

Scene 3

Mrs Ladd: **(Enters tidying her hair. Talks to audience)** We've got a new guest. Billy Barnacle's his name and he's a pirate. **(Shrugs)** Don't look at me like that! We're so broke, we can't afford to be fussy. Just so long as he pays his rent and doesn't board and plunder the winkle boats. That would be really *shellfish* of him wouldn't it; *shellfish* – never mind. He's a big drinker. Keeps calling for rum. Anyway, how do I look? Gorgeous? **(Give audience time to respond)** I'm expecting Dr Liverwort later; I'll just put a splash of my Channel number 99 on. **(Gets bottle from pocket and dabs perfume behind ears and wrists. Sniffs doubtfully.)** Lovely. **(Looks out over audience. Sighs)** Here comes Cyrene the siren for her sandwiches. I wish she'd make her mind up if she's fish or fowl, and get back to work in the kitchen. I'd better go and see what there is for the customers to eat. I'll catch you later. **(Exits.)**

(Cyrene enters humming or singing a mournful ditty, with comb and mirror in hand. Addresses audience dramatically)

Cyrene: Hand maiden to Persephone am I,
I watch for sailors passing by,
I sing and comb my flowing locks
And lure them nearer to the rocks,

Closer to the rocks they bound,
Too late they've found they've run aground!
They can't resist my siren charms,
And end up wrapped in Neptune's arms.
(Sniffs and reverts somewhat to Mavis)
As for Hereward who stole my kisses,
I'll see he ends up with the fishes!

(Exits, stomping off in her wellies.)

(Dr Liverwort enters with doctor's type bag, and a small bunch of flowers. Puts the bag down out of the way. Calls romantically)

Dr Liverwort: Cooooeeee. Where are you, my little turtle dove?

Jim: **(Enters)** Hello Dr Liverwort. Mother's cooing, I mean cooking in the kitchen.

Dr Liverwort: Oh, Mavis still thinks she's Cyrene the siren then?

Jim: Yes. Mother's having to do Cyrene's job in the kitchen. She's struggling with a suet pudding at the moment.

Dr Liverwort: **(Shakes head)** A sad case of identity crisis. Powerless to exact revenge on her lover, Mavis becomes Cyrene, the all-powerful avenging mermaid.

Jim: Perhaps one of your bottles of medicine would help? **(Pointedly)** Although they didn't do father any good – did they? **(Coughs)**

Dr Liverwort: **(Taken aback but quickly recovers)** Er, nor were they likely to. I um, caught him pouring them out of the widow, I mean window.

Jim: **(Cooly)** Really; I saw father take your medicine many a time. **(Develops a bit of a cough.)**

Dr Liverwort: Hmm, clearly not often enough. That's a nasty cough you've got Jim. I'll have some medicine made up for you.

Jim: **(Quickly)** No, thank you. Can I get you a drink while you wait for mother?

Dr Liverwort: I think I'll take a glass of the Bordeaux. Then I'll go and see my little dumpling, I mean, see how your mother's dumplings are getting on.

Jim: **(Goes to table to pour wine from a bottle.)** The bottle's empty. I'll fetch a new one from the cellar. **(Exits.)**

Dr Liverwort: Thank you.

Billy Barnacle: **(Enters drunkenly waving empty bottle. Shouts)** Rum!

(Sings 'Fifteen me on a Dead man's Chest' roughly and vigorously. Words edited to make family friendly. Sing both verses to the tune of chorus.)

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil have done for the rest,
Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of the whole ship's list
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Dead and be damned and the rest gone whist!
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!

Billy: **(Aggressively to Dr)** Chorus! Sing!

Dr Liverwort: **(Joins in awkwardly)**

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil have done for the rest,
Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum!

Billy: Again! Sing, you son of a biscuit eater!

Dr Liverwort: **(Lecturing)** You drink far too much my man. Drink will be the death of you, mark my words.

Billy: **(Peers at Dr blearily)** Don't I know you, land lubber? Haven't I seen you on the arm of a rich Caribbean widow, **(trying to dredge up from memory)** Darlene, Darlene somebody or other, in – **(interrupted.)**

Dr Liverwort: **(Briskly denying)** Nonsense, I've never been to St Lucia in my life!

Billy: **(Triumphantly)** Ah! I never breathed the name St Lucia! That caught you by the toe didn't it! **(Accusingly)** Took Darlene's jewels and deserted her didn't you! Oh arr, oh arr.

Dr Liverwort: **(Dismissively)** You're drunk and befuddled my man. I'm a physician. I can show you, my credentials.

Billy: **(Rubs chin, stares stubbornly at Dr)** Well, you looks like him!

Dr Liverwort: **(Shrugs)** Well, I daresay you look like somebody you're not. **(Casually)** Tell me, the er chest that the men are standing on, I surmise it's a chest full of pirate treasure?

Billy: **(Aggressively)** Treasure! Who told you about the treasure? Tell me, and I'll keel haul them, savvy!

Dr Liverwort: **(Innocently)** Nobody told me – it's in the song you were singing.

Billy: **(As if surprised)** Oh arrr; oh arrr, it's in the song. **(Wanders away a little, mumbling morbidly to himself.)** Fifteen men of the whole ship's list. And only a handful of us left.

Dr Liverwort: **(Softly and craftily to self)** So there is treasure!

Billy: **(Turns and barks drunkenly)** What's that you say?

Dr Liverwort: I said - it's my pleasure. **(Gives a little bow. Exits with his bag.)**

(Billy grunts in response. Cyrene enters with a sandwich, comb and mirror.)

Billy: **(Waves empty bottle. Barks)** Wench. Rum!

Cyrene: **(Feisty)** A riddle for you my good man,
Can you not guess just what I am?
A spirit yes, but rum I'm not,
You look like you have drunk a lot.

Half maid, half bird, but I can't fly,
And if a sailor I do spy,
I'll hail him from my rocky throne,
And send him down to Davy Jones!

Billy: **(Stares drunkenly)** I've never seen a siren on dry land before, but like all old salts, I'm a superstitious man, and I'm squiffy with rum. I'll take me down to Black Hole Cove with my spyglass to get some salty sea air, and see if I can spy any bilge rats creeping about. Tell me the quickest route siren if that's what ye be.

Cyrene: **(Points airily over audience)** Stroll on Jack with ne'er a care.
Straight ahead will take you there,

(Billy exits staggering. Cyrene watches him exit. Licks finger and triumphantly draws a number two in the air. Exits.)

Scene 4

(SFX. Brief crying of seagulls, and crashing of waves. Black Eyed Steve enters stumbling and limping, and with his hat almost over eyes. He is carrying a hessian sack which he drops. Long Johns Silver enters limping a few seconds later. He is carrying a hessian sack which he throws down. Captain Flint (Parrot) enters limping after Long Johns Silver.)

Black-Eyed Steve: **(Panic stricken, starts feeling his way round blindly)** Shiver me timbers! She's blinded me, I can't see!

(Long-Johns Silver looks at him; adjusts Black Eyed Steve's hat so he can see. Gives him a slap.)

Black Eyed Steve: Oh, arr, that's better.

Long Johns Silver: Never ask a siren for directions! If I hadn't put my wooden leg in that rabbit burrow, we'd have gone straight over the cliff in the mist!

Black Eyed Steve: **(Looks around)** Do you think this is the inn?

Long Johns Silver: Aye, Billy Barnacle was heading this way when I spied him from the lugger. It's the sort of quiet berth that he'd be after. He'll have the map hidden hereabouts. Quiet! There's someone coming. Get out of sight!

(Black-Eyed Steve looks around in vain for a hiding place. Long Johns Silver grabs him and pulls him against back of stage. Remembers parrot and pulls it to back of stage too.)

Billy Barnacle: **(Enters limping. Does not see other pirates. Shouts)** Ahoy there! Rum!

Mrs Ladds: **(Enters wearing apron)** Goodness me, it's a wonder you're not seeing double with all this rum you're drinking!

Billy Barnacle: **(Stares at her. Slurs rudely.)** When I do see double landlady, I'll stop looking at ye – oh arrr!

Mrs Ladds: **(Offended, adjusts apron.)** I'll have you know I was considered quite a beauty in my youth.

Billy Barnacle: **(Pulls an ugly face and strokes his chin.)** Oh arrr; I was quite a pretty baby too!

Mrs Ladds: **(Sniffs haughtily)** Oh pirates! They're so short sighted! Anyway, why are you limping?

Billy Barnacle: **(Complains.)** The siren tried to send me over the cliffs!

Mrs Ladd: **(Admonishes)** Well, you being a seafaring man should know better than to trust a siren! When a siren goes off, it's quite alarming. **(Notices other pirates but doesn't indicate them)** Are your friends having a drink too? And what about the parrot?

Billy: **(Doesn't look round. Stares at her)** I haven't got any bucko's; and if you're seeing parrots ye need to see a doctor.

Mrs Ladd: Oh, I've got one of those in the kitchen.

Billy: A parrot?

Mrs Ladd: **(Blithely)** No, a doctor. He's helping me with my dumplings.

Billy: I bet he is!

Mrs Ladd: **(Ignores Billy's comment)** Oh, I say, I've got a joke about parrots, 'what do you get, if you cross a shark with a parrot?'

Billy: **(Grumpily)** I don't know. What do you get?

Mrs Ladd: **'**A creature that talks your head off!'

(Billy and Pirates all laugh at exactly the same time and in the same way)

Billy: **(Shakes head as if something wrong with his ears.)** Say that again – the last bit.

Mrs Ladd: What – that last bit?

Billy: Yes.

Mrs Ladd: 'A creature that talks your head off!'

(Billy and Pirates all laugh at exactly the same time and in the same way)

Billy: **(Billy waggles his ears with his fingers as if checking them. Says uncannily)** There's a strange uncanny echo in this inn. It's as if, we're not alone; but we are alone.

Audience: Oh no you're not!

Billy: Oh yes, we are!

Audience: Oh no you're not!

(Billy slowly walks a half circle. Black-Eyed Steve/Long Johns Silver/Parrot walk behind Billy.)

Billy: Well, I can't see anyone.

Audience: Behind you!

(Billy slowly walks a half circle. Black-Eyed Steve/Long Johns Silver/Parrot walk behind Billy.)

Audience: Behind you!

Billy: **(To audience roughly)** So, you're trying to run a rig on me as well are you! Well, how would you like to swab the decks, savvy?! With a toothbrush, savvy?! How would - **(interrupted by parrot.)**

Parrot: **(Squawks loudly from behind Billy)** Pieces of eight! Stand by. Go about!

Billy: **(Freezes in terror at sound)** Captain Flint!

(Long Johns Silver come forward and takes hold of Billy's arm.)

Billy: **(Looks)** Long Johns Silver!

(Black-Eyed Steve come forward and take hold of Billy's other arm.)

Billy: **(Looks)** Black eyed Steve!

(Parrot joins group)

Long Johns Silver: **(Friendly but menacing)** Hello Billy. Long time no see. **(To Mrs Ladd)** Grog for three, missus.

Mrs Ladds: **('Pours' drink into three tankards/glasses and hands to pirates.)** Well, I'll get back to the kitchen, and leave you to catch up on happy times.

Long Johns Silver: **(To Mrs Ladds)** Leave the jug missus. We're mighty thirsty!

(Mrs Ladds puts a jug down near them. Exits.)

Long Johns Silver: **(Releases Billy)** Well Billy, we thought you might have been looking for us, so we came to help you find us.

Black-Eyed Steve: Arrr, we came to help you find us.

Long Johns Silver: You don't look pleased to see us, after all the trouble we've gone to tracking you down.

Black-Eyed Steve: **(Releases Billy's other arm)** Arrr, tracking you down.

Parrot: **(Squawks)** Arrr, tracking you down. Hello sailor. Give us a kiss.

Black-Eyed Steve: **(To parrot)** Don't give him a kiss Captain Flint. **(To Long Johns)** He doesn't deserve a kiss does he Long Johns?

Long Johns Silver: **(To Black-Eyed Steve)** No Black-Eyed Steve, he doesn't deserve a kiss. Hiding from his old hearties.

Billy: **(Gruffly)** Why don't I deserve a kiss? What do you want with me? You've both had your shares of the booty, and now you've come to hornswaggle me, 'cos I've been thrifty.

Long Johns Silver: What, hornswaggle you Billy? No, we haven't come to cheat you; all we wants is the map of treasure island, pointing to X marks the spot, where the rest of the plunder is buried – savvy? You can keep your pieces of eight, and your doubloons, we're not interested in those.

Black-Eyed Steve: Arrr, all we want is the map!

Parrot: **(Squawks)** Hello sailor! The map!

Long Johns Silver: **(Menacingly)** Ay, the map given to you for safekeeping by that scourge of the seven seas, Captain Flint, as he lay dying of the grog, **(crosses himself fearfully)** God rest his black soul.

Black-Eyed Steve: **(Crosses himself fearfully)** Arrr, God rest his black soul.

Parrot: **(Squawks)** Arrr, rest his black soul. Give us a kiss.

Black-Eyed Steve: Arrr, give us a kiss.

Long Johns Silver: **(Slaps Black-Eyed Steve)** Stop repeating everything!

Black-Eyed Steve: Oh, arrr.

Parrot: **(Squawks)** Oh, arrr.

(Dr Liverwort enters stealthily at back of stage, and listens intently. Mrs Ladd enters stealthily at back stage, and listens intently. Jim enters stealthily at back of stage and listens intently. Cyrene enters stealthily at back of stage, and listens intently.)

Billy: **(Grumpily)** I don't know what became of the map. And if I did, Captain Flint gave it to me, his first mate, to safeguard!

Long Johns Silver: **(Menacingly)** Captain Flint buried six men to keep the secret of the treasure. And if you don't spill the beans Billy Barnacle, you'll be the seventh! Dead men tell no tales! Savvy? You find that map at the double, or it will be the black spot for you!

Black-Eyed Steve: Arrr, the black spot!

Parrot: **(Repeats)** Arrr, the black spot! Shiver me timbers!

Billy: **(Sullenly)** I ain't got no map; it was half inched somewhere, while I was asleep.

Long Johns Silver: **(Persuasively)** Well, I'm sure you'll remember where it is Billy boy. Have another clap of thunder to loosen your tongue. **(From jug refills their glasses. Slaps Billy on back)** Now how about a little song, just to show there's no hard feelings.

(Pirates all take a drink. Long Johns Silver, Black-Eyed Steve and Billy all sing vigorously waving tankards.)

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil have done for the rest,
Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of the whole ship's list
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!
Dead and be damned and the rest gone whist!
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!

(Pirates put down tankards)

Long Johns Silver: Now Billy, let's go up to your cabin, and we'll help you unpack your sea chest!

Billy: **(Pulls out his sword or cutlass)** You touch my sea chest you scurvy dogs, and I'll run you through!

(Cyrene, Jim, Mrs Ladds and Dr Liverwort retreat silently from position where he's been eavesdropping.)

Black-Eyed Steve: **(Pulls out his sword or cutlass. To Long Johns)** Shall I run him through Long Johns?

Billy: **(To Steve disparagingly)** Run me through, ye paltry puppet! I'll run ye through and find nowt in your innards but water!

Parrot: **(Squawks and covers its eyes)** Sink me! Batten down the hatches!

Black-Eyed Steve: **(Angry)** I've got plenty in my innards, oh arr. I'll run ye through first ye – **(interrupted)**

Long Johns Silver: **(Interrupts. Holds his hand up to calm situation. To Black-Eyed Steve)** Heave to Black-Eyed Steve! Patience is a virtue. We'll take a bit of shore leave, that's what we'll do.

Black-Eyed Steve: **(Puts sword away. Excited)** Ooh, where shall we go?

(Billy puts his sword away cagily)

Long Johns Silver: **(Sarcastically)** How about Ibiza?

Black-Eyed Steve: Oh yes!

Parrot: **(Squawks)** Hello sailor! Kiss me quick!

Long Johns Silver: **(Gives Steve a slap)** How can we get to the treasure map in Ibiza, you addlepate! We'll have our shore leave right here! **(To Billy menacingly friendly)** All buckos together eh Billy? **(Holds his arm out indicating Billy leaves first.)** Age before beauty!

(Billy exits in disgust. Black-Eyed Steve exits giving Billy an evil look. Long Johns Silver exits. Parrot exits.)

Scene 5

(SFX. Tide lapping at the seashore.)

Broadside Betty: **(Enters boldly with a swagger. Slaps thigh. Notices room is empty. Anxiously deliberately messes up her hair, and tries out several tough expressions. Takes deep breath. Shouts)** Hello. Rum!

Mrs Ladds: **(Enters looking flustered)** It's all go. New guests are arriving, just as my cook's turned into a mermaid. **(Studies Betty)** I suppose you're a pirate as well, are you dearie? At least you haven't got a parrot. It's like a theme party today. **(Pours Betty a drink from jug and hands it to her. Reminisces)** The last time I went to a theme party, I went dressed as an oven.

Broadside Betty: **(Knocks her drink back in a tough way. Finds it strong. Coughs. Croaks)** An oven?

Mrs Ladds: Yes. I thought it would be a gas! **(Looks at audience if they're slow responding)** A gas! Anyway, my friend turned up dressed up as an oven as well, and she was annoyed, and said she thought I was dressing as a parrot. I said no, what I said was, 'I'm coming as a cooker too.'

Broadside Betty: **(Ignores the joke. Acts tough)** Other pirates are here as well you say?

Mrs Ladds: Oh, a whole chest full of them. Will you be staying dearie?

Broadside Betty: **(Boldly)** Yes, I thought I'd join my old pals for a while.

Mrs Ladds: **(Looks Betty up and down)** If you don't mind me saying so dearie, you don't really look in their league.

Broadside Betty: **(Strikes bold pose. Slaps thigh)** Don't you believe it. They'll be terrified when they see me.

Mrs Ladds: **(Looks extremely doubtful)** If you say so dear. I'll get my lad Jim to check you in. Dr Liverwort and I are busy wrestling with a jam roly poly in the kitchen. **(Displays an upper arm.)** I'm getting such *mussels* **(to audience)** mussels! **(Exits)**

Jim: **(Enters and is instantly beguiled by Betty)** Oh hello. Oh, oh, hello. I'm Jim. **(Takes her hand and shakes it tenderly, gazing into her eyes.)** Er, mother has asked me to show you to your room.

Broadside Betty: **(Also beguiled, gazes transfixed into Jim's eyes.)** Thank you.

Jim: **(Makes conversation to keep hold of her hand.)** It's a lovely day today.

Broadside Betty: There's a storm brewing outside.

Jim: It's a lovely day inside.

Broadside Betty: **(Still transfixed by Jim)** Is it?

Jim: **(Gazing into her eyes.)** Oh yes, very. From where I'm standing it is. **(Sings or mimes to 'first four verses, or excerpt from 'It's a Lovely Day Today'. Music and lyrics by Irving Berlin. Sings to Betty and makes actions.)**

Jim: **(Smiles romantically)** I don't even know your name?

Broadside Betty: Broadside Betty.

Jim: **(Drops her hand. Gasps)** What! No. It can't be.

Broadside Betty: **(Worried)** Why can't it be?

Jim: **(Shakes head, stares at Betty, laughs)** You, a rough, tough pirate, with a violent temper, and no belly button?

Broadside Betty: **(Surprised)** No belly button?

Jim: **(Pleads)** You've got a belly button? Oh, please tell me you've got a belly button!

Broadside Betty: **(Indignant.)** Whether I've got a belly button or not is no business of yours!

Jim: You don't look anything like Billy described.

Broadside Betty: **(Worried)** Oh? Why?

Jim: You look like an angel. **(Breaks into the first verse and chorus of 'You're the Devil in Disguise' as sung by Elvis Presley. Either sing or SFX play. Sings to Betty and makes actions.)**

You look like an angel (look like an angel)
Walk like an angel (walk like an angel)
Talk like an angel
But I got wise

You're the devil in disguise
Oh, yes, you are, devil in disguise,
Hmmm, hmm, hmm

Broadside Betty: **(Finds and kicks a piece of furniture. Acts tough)** Sure thing! Now less of the warbling, and show me to my bedroom!

Jim: **(Looks at Betty shrewdly)** Cabin. Pirates say cabin.

Broadside Betty: **(Sarcastically)** I know it, I was saying bedroom, so scurvy land-lovers like you would get it!

Jim: Savvy?

Broadside Betty: Pardon?

Jim: Pirates say savvy to mean, 'get it'. And they don't say pardon! **(Demands)** You're not Broadside Betty! Who are you?

(Long Johns Silver & Black-Eyed Steve offstage singing loudly and rowdily first verse of 'Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum' as if approaching entrance. Broadside Betty hears pirates approaching, singing. Gives a wail, and covers her face in despair. Jim takes her hand and pulls her toward exit. Exits. Broadside Betty lets Jim take her hand and they exit quickly together. Black-Eyed Steve enters alone rowdily singing second verse of 'Yo Ho Ho and a Bottle of Rum'. Parrot enters following Black-Eyed Steve. Cyrene enters, rubbing her arms as if cold from sitting on rock.)

Black-Eyed Steve: **(Stops singing as Cyrene enters.)** Ooo – be you the siren? No, you can't be; sirens sit outside on rocks. We spied one today and she looked like you. She nearly sent us over the cliff, into the briny deep she did. **(Leers)** But you're a pretty Nancy aren't ye. **(Struts)** How'd ye like to take a walk with me?

Parrot: **(Squawks)** Splice the mainbrace! Give us a kiss!

Black-Eyed Steve: **(Repeats)** Oh arrr, give us a kiss!

Cyrene: **(Smiles through gritted teeth.)** First, tell me about the treasure?
Then, a walk will be my pleasure.

Parrot: **(Squawks)** Treasure ahoy! Give us a kiss! **(Wolf whistles.)**

Black-Eyed Steve: **(To parrot)** Shut your beak, Captain Flint. The treasure's a secret. And so's the map.

Parrot: **(Repeats)** A secret! Shut your beak! The map! Who's a pretty boy then?

Cyrene: **(Persuasively)** Your secret will be safe with me,
I'm silent as a clam you see.

Black-Eyed Steve: **(Confidentially)** Oh alright pretty Nancy, but not one word about it from your pretty lips.

Parrot: Pretty lips! Give us a kiss! **(Wolf whistles.)**

Black-Eyed Steve: Oh arrr! **(Confidentially)** Anyway, Long Johns bethinks the map's in Billy's old sea chest, for he carries a key around his neck, oh arr. When we've got hold of it, we'll set sail for Treasure Island, and become rich men. **(Vehemently)** But Billy Barnacle won't be coming, for it's the black spot for him, oh arrr, oh arrr!

Parrot: **(Squawks)** The black spot for him! Blow the man down! The black spot! Oh arrr!

Black-Eyed Steve: **(Leers at Cyrene)** Now, how about that walk, pretty Nancy! Long Johns Silver has given me orders to collect cuttlefish from the cove for **(indicate parrot)** Captain Flint here. You can help me look for some.

Cyrene: **(Points)** You go ahead, I've jobs to do,
A lovely walk lays just in view
The incline may look rather steep
But to the footpath do not keep

Stroll on Jack and never fear
Kisses aplenty wait you there
You'll find a land of sweet delight
Where you can't tell the day from night.

Parrot: **(Repeats)** Oh arrr, oh arrr! Sweet delight! Kisses aplenty! **(Wolf whistles.)**

(Cyrene nods enticingly)

Black-Eyed Steve: Turn right ye say?

Cyrene: Straight on.

Black-Eyed Steve: Left, then straight on?

Cyrene: Straight on.

Black-Eyed Steve: **(Scratches head)** Methought the cliff was straight on?

Cyrene: **(Alluringly)** Oh, it looks like a cliff
For descent it is stiff.
But for Jack Tars with muscle
It won't be a tussle!

Black-Eyed Steve: **(Boasts)** I've got more muscles **(shows Cyrene arm muscles)** than, than mussels. I'll be waiting my pretty, oh arrr. **(Blows a soppy kiss as he exits)**

Cyrene: **(To self crossly)** Oh no you won't, you booby! **(Licks finger and triumphantly draws a number three in the air.)**

Parrot: **(Squawks and repeats)** On no you won't. You booby! Oh arrr!

(Cyrene has forgotten parrot. Chases parrot offstage and exits. Parrot exits hastily flapping wings.)

INTERVAL

Act 2
Scene 1

(Dr Liverwort enters. He carries his bag. Puts it down. Mrs Ladds enters)

Dr Liverwort: Imagine dear heart, if we got hold of the treasure map, we could sail away, find the treasure, and never have to work again. **(Takes hold of her hands.)** You wouldn't have to wear your pretty little fingers to the bone. **(Lifts one hand to his lips to kiss.)** Your pretty little fingers. **(Sniffs, pulls a pained expression.)** You've been using your **(pronounce as in English Channel)** Channel number 99 again.

Mrs Ladds: It's either that or the breakfast kippers. **(Smoothes down her figure for admiration)** You know Lawrence, I really must go on a diet. But I *seafood* – **(looks at audience)** seafood, and I eat it.

Dr Liverwort: You're perfection to me my cherub. You have the figure of a Botticelli.

Mrs Ladds: **(Slaps him playfully)** Oooh, cheeky!

Dr Liverwort: **(Businesslike)** Now the map; you watch for Billy Barnacle going out, then sneak up to his room and pretend to be dusting.

Mrs Ladds: Oh, his room doesn't need dusting. Cyrene came out of it with a duster earlier.

Dr Liverwort: **(Frowns)** Really? Well, pretend to be mopping the floor then.

Mrs Ladds: Oh, it doesn't need mopping. I saw Long Johns coming out with a mop.

Dr Liverwort: **(Eyes narrow)** Did he now? Well, pretend to be window cleaning.

Mrs Ladds: Oh, the windows don't need cleaning. Jim went in a while ago with a window leather.

Dr Liverwort: **(Frowns)** How about fresh flowers?

Mrs Ladds: Which script are you on?

Dr Liverwort: What about changing the bed linen then?

Mrs Ladds: **(Appalled)** What! It hasn't been on the bed a month yet! Anyway, while we're on the topic, what were you doing in his room?

Dr Liverwort: Me?

Mrs Ladds: Yes, you had my broom in your hand.

Dr Liverwort: **(Blusters)** Well, I was um, obviously sweeping up.

Mrs Ladds: **(Fancifully)** I suppose I could go in, refresh his hospitality tray, and make his towel into a little swan shape.

Dr Liverwort: Which script are you on?

Mrs Ladds: **(Shrugs)** Ah well, I'll just go in and have a good rummage.

Dr Liverwort: That's my girl! We have to get hold of that map before anyone else.

Mrs Ladds: **(Snuggles up to Dr)** Lawrence?

Dr Liverwort: **(Absently)** Yes Darlene?

Mrs Ladds: **(Stiffens and pulls away)** Darlene? Who's Darlene? My name's Lavinia!

Dr Liverwort: **(Quickly corrects himself)** You misheard me darling, I said darling.

Mrs Ladds: **(Smoothes hair)** Oh, that's alright then. You do simply adore me, don't you Lawrence?

Dr Liverwort: Adore you Lavinia, **(grabs her)** I could gobble you up. In fact, my precious, what do you think about my name joining yours above this fine old establishment?

Mrs Ladds: **(Overcome)** Oh Lawrence! Is that a proposal? Mr and Mrs Liverwort, oh imagine!

Dr Liverwort: Yes. After all, Jim isn't interested in taking on the Admiral Benblowers after you're dead, I mean when you're older.

Mrs Ladds: **(Rather taken aback)** Oh, oh well. It's a big decision, I'll have to *mullet* – over. Mullet. **(looks at audience.)** Ooh, that reminds me. I need to pop some fish into the cooking pot for dinner.

Dr Liverwort: Skate?

Mrs Ladds: **(Giggles)** Well, I'll try anything once, but I do prefer to walk!

Dr Liverwort: **(Urgently)** We need to be rid of those pirates. (**Opens his bag)** Have a look at this but don't touch it.

Mrs Ladds: **(Peers into Dr's bag)** It's a fish. Is it a red herring? **(Look at audience.)**

Dr Liverwort: **(Says slowly)** Lagocephalus. Lagocephalus sceleratus.

Mrs Ladds: **(Cuddles up to him)** Ooh, I do love it when you talk dirty! Is it for tea?

Dr Liverwort: It's for my anatomical collection. It's a puffer fish I found on the beach. There were two of them washed up near Cyrene's rock. Long Johns was down there looking at them too. A thousand times more deadly than cyanide. One touch, one lick and you're dead; no known antidote!

Mrs Ladds: **(Has another peep at fish.)** Oh goodness, make sure you keep it away from my kitchen.

Dr Liverwort: **(Puts bag down. Does not exit with it. Says thoughtfully)** Yes, we don't want any nasty accidents. I won't let it out of my sight.

Mrs Ladds: Why not, it's a murder mystery?

Dr Liverwort: **(Puts arm around her)** Come, let's see if that Roly Poly pudding in the kitchen is cooked yet. **(Exits.)**

(Mrs Ladds exits with Dr Liverwort. SFX. Lapping of waves; seagulls.)

Jim Ladd: **(Enters. Looks around, beckons.)** The coast's clear.

(Broadside Betty enters)

Jim Ladd: So, you really are the notorious Captain Flint's daughter?

Broadside Betty: Father had lots of daughters, and sons. I hardly knew him. When I was little, he brought me back interesting things from his voyages. One time it was a shrunken head. He told me it was a Barbie. My mother comes from a well-born family, but they cast her out when they discovered she'd fallen in love with a pirate. We're very poor, we don't even get mice. I remember a story father told me about buried treasure. After he'd died, I swore I'd find the map and claim some treasure for mother. I've tracked it down to Billy Barnacle.

Jim Ladd: So, Broadside Betty is your sister?

Broadside Betty: My half-sister; I've never met her, nor wish to. She has a dreadful reputation. I thought if I impersonated her, it would offer some protection. My real name's Alice. **(In despair)** Oh I've let mother down, and made such a mess of everything!

Jim Ladd: **(Puts his arm around her)** Cheer up! I'll teach you how to be a fearsome pirate. Now, remember never to say 'pardon' or 'please'. And it's 'ay, not 'yes', and 'ye' not 'the'. And the names for parts of a house are the same as the parts of a ship – the bedrooms are the cabins; the kitchen is the galley; the toilets are the heads. The front is the bow, back is aft, middle is mid-ships. And you need to swear! Try saying 'Ye scurvy dogs.'

Broadside Betty: **(Says it rather politely)** Oh ye scurvy dogs.

Jim Ladd: No, no! Say it as your father would have said it! And end every sentence with oh arrr!

Broadside Betty: **(Thinks deeply for a second or two, then delivers a convincing aggressive tirade of abuse, while acting it out)** Ye lily livered bilge sucking rats, ye scurvy dogs, one more step and I'll give no quarter, I'll keel haul ye, cleave ye to the brisket, and feed your bodies to the sharks! Oh arrr!

Jim Ladd: **(Jim takes a step backwards, slightly shocked)** That's er, very convincing. I think you'll do! Now, let's get hold of that map, and find the treasure!

(Broadside Betty picks up fir cone on the string, and swings it idly.)

Jim Ladd: **(Referring to fir cone)** Oh that. Billy Barnacle and I have a wager on to see who can give the best weather forecast. He says he doesn't need any tomfool gadgetry, but I swear by it. **(Takes fir cone on the string from Betty.)** Dr Liverwort says he'll be the judge of the contest. I'll put it back on the window sill. **(Spots Dr Liverwort's bag.)** He's left his bag; I'm going to see what pills and potions he's got in there. **(They both peep inside the bag and stare.)**

Broadside Betty: It's a fish! I've seen one of those before! Don't touch it! It's deadly poisonous.

Jim Ladd: **(Closes Dr's bag)** It's probably another specimen for his anatomical collection. Now let's go and make a plan to get that treasure map from Billy Barnacle. **(Takes Broadside Betty by hand and exits. Takes fir cone on the string with him, to ostensively leave on outside window sill. Leave Dr's bag on stage.)**

(Broadside Betty takes Jim's hand and exits.)

Scene 2

(SFX. Wind. Screeching of seagulls. Billy enters. Long Johns Silver enters quietly following. Parrot enters following Long Johns)

Long Johns Silver: **(Orders)** Heave to Billy! Avast ye!

(Billy freezes when he hears Long Johns voice)

Long Johns Silver: **(Menacingly)** So Billy Barnacle, you're determined to take Captain Flint's secret to your grave are ye?

Billy: **(Sullenly)** I ain't ready to lay me down for my final rest yet. I told ye Long Johns, I ain't got no treasure map. Will you cast off, and leave a poor old salt be!

Long Johns Silver: **(Grabs Billy threateningly)** Nobody tells Long Johns to cast off. Nobody, savvy!

Parrot: **(Squawks)** Nobody! Give us a kiss! Savvy!

Long Johns Silver: **(To parrot sharply)** Shut your beak Captain Flint, or you'll get no cuttlefish!

Parrot: **(Squawks)** No cuttlefish! Shiver me timbers! Ye scurvy dog!

Long Johns Silver: **(Releases Billy roughly.)** Now then Billy, let's be reasonable. I'll do ye a deal; you surrender the map, and we'll all sail at first light to Treasure Island on Captain Flint's old ship The Walrus. Or it's the black spot for ye.

Parrot: **(Squawks)** The Walrus. The black spot! The black spot!

Billy: **(Surprised)** You've got The Walrus back?

Long Johns Silver: Let's just say the Walrus slipped anchor from where she was impounded. When we've found the treasure we'll split it between us, and part company as gentlemen of the high seas.

Billy: **(Growls)** I never yet met a buccaneer who was a gentleman! Nor would I trust my soul to one, savvy!

Broadside Betty: **(Enters quickly with drawn sword or cutlass)** How about to a lady of the high seas, you scurvy dogs, you swarthy scallywags, you bad cackle fruits!

Long Johns Silver: **(Stare incredulously at Broadside Betty. Together)** Bad cackle fruits?
Billy: **(Stare incredulously at Broadside Betty. Together)** Bad cackle fruits?

Broadside Betty: Yes, bad eggs. Ye give me the treasure map, or a passage on The Walrus with ye, or you'll answer to the black soul of my father, Captain Flint, oh arrr!

Billy: Captain Flint!?

Parrot: **(Covers eyes with wings)** Captain Flint! Sink me! Man the lifeboats! Oh arrr!

Broadside Betty: Yes, ay, Captain Flint was my father. And if his ghost sets his dead eyes upon ye, they'll follow ye night or day, until you'll pray to join him down in Davy Jones locker. **(Slaps thigh)** I'm Broadside Betty!

Long Johns Silver: **(Looks at Betty inscrutably)** Well then Broadside Betty, let's drink to us meeting at seven bells to discuss this little matter further. **(Shouts)** Landlady, a flagon of rum!

Mrs Ladd: **(Bustles in.)** Goodness, it's a wonder you haven't drank the old Admiral Benblowers dry between you. **(Fills a jug of 'rum'. Puts it down by tankards, and bustles out.)**

Long Johns Silver: **(Fills three tankards and passes them to others. Lifts his tankard)** To Treasure Island and the map!

(Billy lifts his tankard and drinks cagily. Broadside Betty lifts tankard, drinks and coughs.)

Long Johns Silver: And don't think about sneaking away afore the morning tide Billy Barnacle, for I'm setting Captain Flint here **(joins parrot)** to take first watch, and he's a noisy bird!

Parrot: **(Squawks)** First watch! Shiver my timbers! Oh arrr.

(Long Johns Silver exits)

Billy: **(Swallows the rest of his drink back unhappily. Wipes mouth on hand. Rounds on Betty. Growls suspiciously)** Last time I heard of Broadside Betty, she was in jail in Barbados!

Broadside Betty: I escaped!

Billy: **(Indicates size with arms)** And she was a twenty stoner!

Broadside Betty: I've been to Slimming World!

Billy: **(Indicates height with arms)** And she was a good foot taller than ye, oh arrr!

Broadside Betty: I've, I've taken to wearing flatties!

Billy: And she had no belly button!

Parrot: **(Squawks)** No belly button! Sink me!

(Broadside Betty confusedly looks down at her stomach.)

Billy: **(Goes up close, threateningly)** Ha! I've caught ye by the belly button you saucy Nancy! Whoever ye be, trying to run a rig, ye ain't Betty Broadside! But you'll help me escape this night, or I'll tell Long Johns, and ye'll be fish food afore first light, oh arrr, savvy!

Parrot: **(Squawks)** Fish food! Walk the plank! Man overboard! Oh arrr!

(Billy exits. Parrot follows Billy. Exits. Jim enters.)

Broadside Betty: **(Full of woe.)** Oh Jim, I've made everything worse! If I don't co-operate and help Billy escape, he'll tell Long Johns and I'll be fed to the fishes!

Jim: **(Puts his arms around Betty.)** You'll be fed to the fish over my dead body!

(Betty and Jim exit hand in hand.)

Scene 3

(Long Johns Silver & Black-Eyed Steve enter singing rowdily Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum. *Black-Eyed Steve has a rough bandage on his head.)

Parrot: **(Enters following)** Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum!
Drink and the devil have done for the rest,
Yo ho ho, and a bottle of rum!

(Billy enters)

Long Johns Silver: So here we all are shipmates.

Billy: Not quite all, we ain't.

Long Johns Silver: You mean the wench? Broadside Betty? **(Derisively)** Ha, if she's Captain Flint's daughter, I'm the King of Spain!

Parrot: **(Squawks)** The King of Spain! Give us a kiss!

Long Johns Silver: **(Sharply)** Shut your beak, Captain Flint!

Black-Eyed Steve: Long Johns doesn't want a kiss Captain Flint **(rhetorical),** do you Long Johns?

Long Johns Silver: **(Growls)** No, I do not, savvy!

Broadside Betty: **(Enters)** I'm all packed for the voyage **(slaps thigh)** oh arrr.

Long Johns Silver: Well, you can unpack! We're having no women on board the Walrus! We sailors are a superstitious lot, and women on board are unlucky!

Black-Eyed Steve: Oh arrr. Women on board are unlucky!

Parrot: **(Squawks)** Unlucky! Unlucky! Abandon ship!

Broadside Betty: **(Ultimatum)** Well then hearties, ye'd better hand over the treasure map, or you're going to be very unlucky - savvy!

(Cyrene enters)

Black-Eyed Steve: **(Points to Cyrene terrified. Holds his bandaged head. Loudly)** It's her! The siren! We're doomed! Doomed I tell ye!

Long Johns Silver: **(Uneasily eyeing Cyrene)** Don't talk bilge! She's no siren, she's just a crazy wench. **(Points to Black-Eyed Steve's bandaged head)** Just give her a wide berth, you addlepate!

Cyrene: **(Faces up to Long Johns Silver. Says eerily)** Cyrene, siren of the seven seas I am,
And I'll be joining in your plan,

To seek for treasure on the tropic isle,
Or your ship will founder in a mile!

Parrot: **(Squawks)** All hands on deck! Man the lifeboats!

Black-Eyed Steve: **(Exclaims tragically and loudly)** Doomed!

Billy Barnacle: Doomed!

Parrot: **(Squawks loudly)** Doomed! Every man for himself! Hello sailor!

Long Johns Silver: **(Irritated)** Will ye all stop saying 'doomed'! We'll have a chinwag about all this over a tot. **(Shouts)** Landlady, rum!

Mrs Ladds: **(Enters scurrying)** Goodness me, what a lot of shouting. **(To Cyrene)** It's a good job you washed up Cyrene, we'd quite run out of tankards. **(Annoyed)** And has anyone seen my sugar tongs? I do hope they turn up. I do like a daintily sugared cup of China tea.

(All look blank)

Mrs Ladds: Hand the tots out will you Jim.

(Mrs Ladds pours 'rum' into tankards, and hands to Jim to pass round. Make sure Billy gets tankard with mushroom stuck to base. Jim passes the tankards around. Gives Billy his first with mushroom on base. Dr Liverwort enters)

Long Johns Silver: **(Makes a toast to other pirates)** Down the hatch! Fair wind and following seas!

Parrot: **(Squawks)** Down the hatch!

(Pirates all lift their tankards and drink. Billy as he is drinking, his tankard raises higher and higher, until the bottom of the tankard is exposed. There is the mushroom (black spot) stuck to the bottom. Betty Broadsides notices the black spot underneath Billy's tankard and gasps. Black-Eyed Steve mutely points to Billy's tankard)

Billy: **(Suspicious)** What be ye eye spying at?

(Jim Ladd enters)

Dr Liverwort: **(Points)** There's something stuck on the bottom of your tankard Billy.

Billy: **(Turns his tankard over to reveal a black spot. He stares horrified. Clutches chest. Gasps dramatically)** It's the black spot! I'm a dead man!

Parrot: **(Squawks)** The black spot! The black spot!

Mrs Ladd: **(Goes over to Billy, takes tankard and looks at it. Squints at it. Pokes it with finger)** It's just a squashed mushroom!

Billy: **(Stares)** It's still a black spot!

Mrs Ladd: **(Dismissively)** Don't take on about it, or everybody will want one! **(Shrugs)** It's probably left over from the stew. Cyrene can't have rinsed it very well that's all.

Cyrene: **(Feisty to Mrs Ladd)** Siren of the seven seas I am,
I rinsed them as well as I can.

Dr Liverwort: **(To Billy)** Now then Billy, how about that little wager you had with Jim Ladd here? The most accurate weather forecast. You with your long seafaring experience, against Jim Ladd with his scientific fir cone. The booty to be shared between victor and the winning bets. I can't bet because I'm adjudicating.

Jim Ladd: I'll fetch my fir cone from the window sill.

Dr Liverwort: No need, I brought it in for you ready. **(He picks up the duplicate fir cone by string from where it was placed out of sight, before start of the play)**

Jim Ladd: **(Suspiciously)** Oh.

Long Johns Silver: I'll put a doubloon on Billy! **(Slaps down golden coin.)**

Black-Eyed Steve: I'll lay a ducat on Billy, oh arrr. **(Rummages in his old purse or a pocket, and slaps down golden coin.)**

Betty Broadside: A silver shilling on Jim. **(Lays down a silver coin from pocket.)**

Mrs Ladd: I'll put a pound on my lad. **(Lays down coin.)**

Cyrene: **(Gets oyster shell with pearl. *She does not touch the pearl or any part of inner shell)** I'll bet my beautiful oyster pearl. **(Goes to Billy and proudly shows it to him on her open hand, or in little tray.)**

Billy: **(Picks shell up. Feels pearl and the shell surrounding it with a finger. Make sure audience witness this. Snorts. Says disparagingly)** Call that wart a pearl! **(Gives back to Cyrene. Briefly and subtly, wipes fingers as if slimy on side of his trousers.)**

(Cyrene affronted, moves away with shell.)

Dr Liverwort: **(Holding fir cone by string)** Now, before we start, does anyone wish to examine the fir cone to ensure fair play?

Mrs Ladd: Well, I'm sure I wouldn't know how to cheat with a fir cone.

Billy Barnacle: Give it to me to eagle eye. **(Orders)** Betty Broadside, you come over here. I want your eyesight to look for hornswaggles, oh arrr.

(Betty Broadside moves reluctantly to Billy's side. Dr Liverwort swings fir cone by string to Billy, so Billy is forced to catch it by body of cone. Billy Barnacle catches fir cone by body of cone. Handles it and has a good look. Shows it to Broadside Betty, who takes it in her hand, and nods that it appears to be OK. Billy grunts and offers it back to Dr Liverwort. Dr Liverwort takes it by string. Hands it to Jim Ladd by string. Jim accepts it by string.)

Dr Liverwort: Now then Jim Ladd, let's have your meteorological reading first.

Jim Ladd: **(Stares intently at fir cone swinging on string.)** Hmm. Wind variable 2 to 4, becoming northerly 5 to 7 later, perhaps gale 8 later. Sea state, smooth or slight, becoming moderate or rough later. Occasional rain or drizzle.

Dr Liverwort: **(Takes fir cone from Jim by string and puts it down out of the way.)** Now let's have your forecast Billy.

Long Johns Silver: **(Takes from his purse a golden coin and slaps it into Billy's hand.)** Here's a golden guinea in your hand for inspiration Billy Barnacle. And there'll be plenty more waiting where we're bound **(growls)** with the map!

Billy Barnacle: **(Looks at the golden coin in his hand. Puts it in his pocket. Concentrates, sniffs air and begins his weather forecast.)** I can tell ye, that there be a big storm rolling in, oh arrr.

Parrot: **(Squawks)** Batten down the hatches! Oh arrr!

Billy Barnacle: **(Points dramatically)** Look! Look at the storm clouds gathering from yon window. What did I tell ye! There be a force 10 on its way.

(All look towards where window might be.)

Billy Barnacle: **(Suddenly grabs Betty Broadside tight by his side, pulls out his sword. Says menacingly)** I'm jumping ship now you scurvy bilge rats, and if anyone tries to stop me, the wench will be first to go, savvy!

(Mrs Ladd gives a little scream. Long John Silver & Black-Eyed Steve pull out swords in response.)

Jim Ladd: **(Picks up a broom or similar in response. Shouts.)** You hurt one hair on her head, and you'll regret it!

(Billy Barnacle holding Betty Broadsides, he edges slowly towards exit. Suddenly he pulls a face as if in discomfort, and slackens hold of Betty. Betty breaks free and runs to Jim. Billy continues edging towards exit with drawn sword. Gives another expression of pain, and then staggers groaning to front of stage.)

Billy: **(Groaning dramatically, slumps to ground.)** Tis the black spot! **(Writhes a bit; a few more groans, then lays still.)**

(All gather round Billy.)

Long Johns-Silver: **(Prods Billy suspiciously with his sword.)** If you're running a rig on us Billy Barnacle, the tricks on you! Get up you scurvy dog!

Black-Eyed Steve: **(Points sword)** Oh arr, you heard, get up.

Parrot: **(Squawks loudly over Billy)** Rise and shine! Hello sailor!

Mrs Ladds: **(Wrings hands worriedly)** Oh deary me! This is what comes of letting pirates in at your inn! **(To Dr Liverwort)** Would a tot of rum help?

Dr Liverwort: **(Goes forward. Takes Billy's pulse. Declares.)** I'm afraid nothing will help this man, he's dead!

(All gasp loudly, then all freeze for a few seconds in tableau, until detective speaks.)

(*Monsieur Parrot/Miss Marbles/or other detective says he/she was in the vicinity of the Admiral Benblowers inn after being engaged in a case about smuggling. Now this has happened, he/she hopes the audience will help to solve the murder. The characters are then asked to introduce themselves, and say a little bit about what they thought of the deceased, and about the murder. Cast think about this beforehand.)

Detective: To assist in your enquiries, we'll send the suspects around for interrogation. But mark my words, among the cast is the murderer. And it is the murderer who will not be truthful in answering your questions! Everyone else must tell you the truth!

Now the table who gets to the truth with the most detail will be the winner. Who had the means, the motive, and the opportunity to 'do away' with Billy Barnacle? Interrogate all your witnesses. Each table will have 2 minutes with each suspect. When a bell rings, they will move on. Remember, it will be the table who gives the best detail of who did it, how they did it, why they did it, and where they did it, who will be the winners. Bon chance mes amis.