

BILLY BONES, BLIND PEW, JIM

BILLY: Shhh. Listen. (A tapping is heard outside.) Go see what it is, lad. They want me, not you. Go on. But, Jim, if things go bad, you run, boy, run for your life.

JIM: (JIM peeks out. To BILLY) It's nothing, sir. Just one of the beggars up from the bay. They come up for scraps this time o' day. (JIM steps out.)

BLIND PEW: Hello? Will any friend inform a poor blind man where or in what part of the country he may now be?

JIM: You're at the Admiral Benbow Inn, Black Hill Cove.

BLIND PEW: I hear a voice — a young voice. I was told there was food to be had here. Will you give me your hand, my kind friend, and help me in?

JIM: Of course, sir.

BLIND PEW: Why, thank you, young man.

JIM: (Offering his hand) Right this way.

BLIND PEW: (Grabs JIM's arm.) Now, boy, take me to the captain!

JIM: There's no one here, sir. It's just me!

BLIND PEW: Oh, so that's it! Take me in straight, or I'll break your arm. (He wrenches JIM's arm.) Come on, march. Lead me straight up to him, and when I'm in view cry out: "Here's a friend for you, Bill." If you don't, I'll do this. (Wrenching his arm) Go on now.

JIM: Here's a friend for you, Bill!

BLIND PEW: Now, Bill, just sit back down where you were. I can't see but I can still here a finger stirring, and smell black powder. Business is business, Bill. Hold out your left hand. Boy, take his hand and bring it near to my right. (BLIND PEW puts something in his hand.) And now that's done. We'll be visiting again soon, Bill. (He exits.)

JIM: What is it, Captain?

BILLY: It's what I told you of. The Black Spot. My old shipmates have voted. Death. Best get yourself out of here, Jim. That packet I gave you to hold? You take it, lad, but mark me, don't let these fellows catch ya. I'll hold 'em off as long as I can. They think I've got it.

JIM: But what is it? (Noise Off-stage)

BILLY: Quick, Jim, run! Out the back if there be one!