

(after the pirates are chased away from the Admiral Benbow in, Doctor Livesy (the judge and doctor in town. ) and Squire Trelawney (The trusting rich benefactor of the Adventure. Pays the expenses, but doesn't understand the dangers. Jumps into things without thinking them all through)

DOCTOR: Are you all right, Jim?

JIM: Yes, sir.

DOCTOR: Good. Stay here. I'll check the rest of the house, Squire.

SQUIRE: Very good, Livesey.

JIM: Where's my ma?

SQUIRE: She's safe at my estate.

DOCTOR: It appears they found what they were after. The till's empty. Scoundrels. I should have known.

JIM: Begging your pardon, sir, I don't think it's the money they were after.

DOCTOR: How's that, Jim? (JIM whispers to DOCTOR LIVESY) Now, Jim, what are you talking about?

JIM: I don't think they were after our money. (Taking out the packet) I think they were after this.

SQUIRE: What is it?

JIM: I don't know, sir. I think maybe there's a map in it. The captain gave it to me before he was killed. He said it belonged to old Captain Flint

SQUIRE: Flint! Did you say Captain Flint?!

JIM: I did, sir.

DOCTOR: You've heard of this Flint, Squire?

SQUIRE: Heard of him? Heard of him, you say? Why he was the bloodthirstiest buccaneer that ever sailed the ocean blue. Blackbeard was a puppy dog compared to Flint.

DOCTOR: I have heard his name before. But what's all this got to do with a map?

SQUIRE: Why, haven't you heard the story, man?! Money! Mountains of it! Do you think these rogues would risk their necks for a few pieces of silver from a poor woman's inn? No, man, it's Flint's treasure they're after. It must be! I'll stake my wig on it!

JIM: Treasure?

SQUIRE: Aye, boy, treasure that you couldn't even dream of.

DOCTOR: Might this treasure amount to much, sir?

SQUIRE: Amount, did you say?! Why it will amount to this: if there's a map inside this packet, and I think there is, and it has the clue I think it has, I'll fit out a ship and a crew by week's end, take you and Hawkins along, and have that treasure if I have to search a year. Why it'll amount to us being rich beyond our wildest dreams!

DOCTOR: Very well, sir.

SQUIRE: Very well, indeed.

DOCTOR: Now then, if Jim is agreeable, we'll just open the packet and have ourselves a look. Shall we?

SQUIRE: Do, do.

DOCTOR: Go ahead, Jim.

JIM: Yes, sir.

SQUIRE: What's that?

JIM: Some kind of book, sir. And a paper, sealed with wax.

SQUIRE: Try the book first. (JIM opens the book.)

DOCTOR: What's all those scribblings, Jim?

JIM: "Off Spain, seventy pieces of gold, June 12, 1745, silver of twelve bar taken."

SQUIRE: Good heavens, Livesey, this is the black-hearted hound's account book! Look at this...the money they took, the names of the ships they sank. It's a record of everything they've stolen for the last twenty years!

DOCTOR: If even half of this were to be found...

SQUIRE: Aye, Livesey, aye. And now for the other, Jim.

JIM: Yes, sir. (JIM opens it slowly.)

SQUIRE: Yes... yes... it is! Livesey, it is a map!

DOCTOR: Yes, it certainly appears to be one.

SQUIRE: It's Flint's map! Look, man, at the bottom, his initials!

JIM: "J. F."

SQUIRE: That's them! Let me see. Let me see that. (Reading) "Skeleton Island. East southeast by east. The bars of silver and gold coin lie buried north from the black rock to your left, sixteen paces." Silver and gold, Livesey! Silver and gold! It's a map to the buried treasure — and we've found it! Livesey, you will give up this wretched business of being a doctor at once and sail with me! Tomorrow I start looking for a ship. 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 our cabin boy — you'll make a fabulous cabin boy — you, Livesey, are ship's doctor, and I am the admiral. What say you, man?

DOCTOR: Trelawney, I'll go with you, and do my best to be a credit to the undertaking. As for Jim, he must answer for himself. After all, it is his map.

SQUIRE: Right you are, Livesey. What say you, Mr. Hawkins?

JIM: Can my ma stay on at your estate?

SQUIRE: Stay on at my estate? Why, my dear lad, when we return with the treasure, she'll be able to buy one of her very own! Two, if she likes!

JIM: When do we sail?

DOCTOR: Good lad, Jim.

SQUIRE: We have an adventure, then!