

# TREASURE ISLAND

Written by

James Coyne

Based on, "Treasure Island"

By  
Robert Louis Stevenson

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EXT. "THE ADMIRAL BENBOW" - DAY

Half-way between no-place special, and nowhere in particular, tucked into the hollow between two hills, is a small, stone-built inn, pub, and stable.

A board hangs over the door, an oil painting of a SHIP OF THE LINE, and the name *ADMIRAL BENBOW* in gold lettering.

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/BEDROOM - DAY/FLASHBACK

A simple room: brick walls, a window looking out on not much at all, and a bed. In the bed, pale, sickly, GEORGE HAWKINS, 44. He COUGHS, and the sound is gurgling, painful, hacking.

He's attended by DR. DAVID LIVESEY, a solid, handsome man. Serious, intelligent, thoughtful, Livesey is every bit a gentleman of the Enlightenment. George whispers to him.

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Livesey walks into the small, bare kitchen, and finds JIM HAWKINS, 15. He's handsome, or will be once he grows out of awkward. He's pale, uncertain and deeply sad.

Jim is carefully assembling an ornate *ship in a bottle*.

Cooking over the stove is his mother, MARY, 34. She's pretty in a plain, unvarnished, honest way.

LIVESEY

Jim, he asked for you.

Jim gets up, Livesey stops him with a gentle hand.

LIVESEY (CONT'D)

Jim, anything you need to tell him  
this would be the time. Understand?

Jim nods solemnly, taking his ship with him.

EXT. THE CRAGGY COASTLINE OF SOUTH-WEST ENGLAND - DAY

The Sea crashes against the rocky shores of England. A narrow road leads up onto bluffs overlooking a bay, and as *credits roll* we FOLLOW a sad little FUNERAL PROCESSION.

CLERGYMAN (V.O.)

It hath pleased Almighty God,

A ragged pony pulls a cart with a cheap, pine casket in the back. Following the cart, in his Sunday best, is JIM.

CLERGYMAN (V.O.)  
...in his infinite wisdom...

Next to Jim walks his mum, wearing her one good dress, a black shawl around her shoulders, and a black bonnet.

CLERGYMAN (V.O.)  
...to take George Hawkins...

Behind them, a CLERGYMAN, and Livesey.

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/BEDROOM - DAY/FLASHBACK

Jim walks in, slowly, afraid of the dying man in the corner.

GEORGE  
Come in, boy.

EXT. CHURCHYARD - DAY

Rain threatens, as usual, as the pine box is lowered into the Earth.

CLERGYMAN  
Kind Father, loving husband...

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/BEDROOM - DAY/FLASHBACK

George is examining the ship the bottle.

GEORGE  
The Golden Hind, is it?

Jim nods.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Drake was an Englishman alright.  
First man to Captain a ship around  
the world.

JIM  
Not Magellan?

GEORGE  
He made a go of it; but was killed  
in Cebu. I don't reckon a man who  
doesn't live through a journey  
rates as having finished the job.

George gives back the ship, hands trembling.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Bit like me not finishin' the job  
 of growin' you.

Jim's tears flow freely.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 I know you dreamt of seeing some o'  
 the world, but someone has to take  
 care of this old place now.

Jim nods.

JIM  
 I'll do my best, father.

GEORGE  
 I know you will, son, I know you'll  
 do a fine job of it too.

George stifles a cough.

EXT. CHURCHYARD - DAY

The Gravestone, fresh-carved among the moss covered slabs of  
 the long-dead, reads "*GEORGE HAWKINS, 1713-1757, a goode and  
 honest man*".

CLERGYMAN  
 ...We commit his body to the Earth,  
 looking ahead to the glorious day  
 of resurrection, when the Sea shall  
 give up her dead, Amen.

ALL  
 Amen.

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/BEDROOM - DAY/FLASHBACK

George is fading, his breath wheezing.

GEORGE  
 Always keep your word. It's your  
 bond, Jim; say what you mean, do  
 what you say.

George tries to say more, but FITS OF COUGHING WRACK HIM. It  
 grows worse, blood spattering his hand as he wretches.

JIM  
DOCTOR! DOCTOR!

Livesey rushes in, George closes his eyes, exhausted from the effort of saying goodbye to his son.

EXT. CHURCHYARD - DAY

Jim's alone looking out over the grey and restless sea. He makes a silent, important choice. He leaves the *ship in the bottle* on top of the gravestone.

### TREASURE ISLAND

EXT. SEA - DAY

Maybe it's the *magic of CGI*, maybe it's an old-school *match cut* - but the ship in the bottle *BECOMES* a small sloop, fighting its way through the unfriendly seas.

*TITLE: TWO MONTHS LATER*

EXT. SLOOP "BELLE FACILE" - CONTINUOUS

The single masted sloop is a warren of rigging, dirty sails, and wet SMUGGLERS. These gristled, rough-hewn men do their work efficiently. This is fair weather to them.

WAVES SLAP the hull, and send spray across the decks, the men heave the lines in ever tighter.

At the wheel: BLACK DOG, 35. He's nothing like the pirates of your imagination; just a hard-man in an oil skin coat and a wet wool hat. Dog scans the distant shore with his spy-glass.

SPYGLASS POV: the shore line, foaming with surf, the rocks slick with seawater, and a sandy cove, and just barely, he can see a small FIRE FLICKERING at the beach-side.

DOG  
Prepare to jibe!

EXT. COVE - DAY

Rocky cliffs surround the turbulent cove. The "Belle Facile" bobs at anchor at the cove's mouth, and a longboat is being rowed ashore by 24 of Dog's crew, their master at the helm.

At the reach the sandy shore, the smugglers leap out, and drag the boat up onto the beach with bare feet and rolled breeches.

EXT. CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Livesey is out gathering plants, carefully uprooting a small, green herb from the ground - he stops as he sees movement in the cove below.

He crawls closer to the edge, and spies from the cover of a bush. Concern spreads across his features.

Even from his vantage point, it's clear. The men are smugglers, thieves and bastards. They're armed to the teeth, clubs, swords, pistols and a massive BLUNDERBUSS.

Livesey sneaks back to the road, mounts his horse, and RIDES HARD AWAY!

EXT. COVE - CONTINUOUS

Waiting by the paltry fire, is PEW, 60. He's a ragged old thing, his face a shadow inside a moth-eaten, hooded cloak.

Dog catches one of his SMUGGLERS drinking from a flask. He stomps on the back of the drinkers knee, and cuffs him across the side of the head before wrenching the flask away.

DOG

What did I say about drinkin'?

DRINKER

Christ, it were just a nip.

Dog lets the man up, glowering at the others.

DOG

I told you lot. I said it. This ain't a few barrels of pish past the tax man- Mark me close: we'll hang for what's planned today. We move fast, we move quiet, and we're gone with the tide.

FENNICK, 40, a toothless shite, grins.

FENNICK

We know what we're 'ere for.

DOG

The stop muckin' about. Don't like it? Can't carry the weight? Do me a favor and piss off now.

The men are quiet, resolved, *dangerous*. Pew hasn't moved, like a carved idol, he sits by the flame.

PEW

You finished?

Pew stands, and turns towards the cliffs.

PEW (CONT'D)

Narrow is the path.

His cloak falls back: HIS EYES HAVE BEEN SEARED OUT!!!

PEW (CONT'D)

Best keep your eyes open.

The hardened smugglers all swallow hard.

EXT. ADMIRAL BENBOW - AFTERNOON

Jim has a simple apron over his tunic and breeches. He carries a bucket in one hand and a rag in the other, and gets to work washing the windows.

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/STABLES - AFTERNOON

A *STEAMING PILE OF HORSE SHIT* - Jim stares at the mess left by the CART HORSE who snickers and fidgets.

Jim takes the shovel, and scoops it up. He *CURRIES* the cart horse. He *SPREADS* hay. He *SWEEPS* the flagstone. Chores, chores, chores.

EXT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/BACK DOOR - LATER

Jim's chopping wood for the fire. His mum dumps a slop bucket to run down hill.

MARY

Have you mucked and swept the barn?

JIM

Yes mum.

MARY

Did you speak to the Captain?

JIM

No mum.

MARY

3 pounds, 4 shillings and 6 pence.

JIM

Yes mum.

MARY

Bar needs a fresh keg, can you manage on your own?

JIM

Yes mum.

He waits for her to go inside, and takes all his frustration out on another lump of wood; splitting it to kindling.

INT. BEER CELLAR - AFTERNOON

It's a small, low ceilinged cellar where the beer cools. Jim heaves a heavy barrel onto its side, and ROLLS IT UP A RAMP. Each push is about as much as he can handle.

He GROANS as the barrel creeps up and over the stoppers nailed to the ramp.

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jim opens a tiny half-door next to the stove, and rolls the beer barrel out from it.

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/PUB - CONTINUOUS

Jim rolls the keg into the pub. It's a warm space, wood panelled, brass pieces here and there that look as if they came from a naval salvage yard.

He manhandles the keg into place, lifting it first onto a low stool, then up the final few feet to the bar. He sets the tap with practiced efficiency.

The FRONT DOOR OPENS, framing a man in a long frock coat and a tricorne hat. THE CAPTAIN 65; sun-baked, rum-pickled, and battered by the storms of life. He sings as he makes his way to the bar.

CAPTAIN

*Her heart was poundin' like a drum,  
Her lips wuz red as any plum...*

JIM  
 Captain.

CAPTAIN  
 A wee dram if you please, Master  
 Hawkins.

JIM  
 There's the matter of your arrears.

Jim pours a drink for the captain, but keeps it out of reach.

CAPTAIN  
 My whats?

JIM  
 You've not paid rent for 3 months-

CAPTAIN  
 Well, 'tis the sabbath, and the  
 good book allows for no business  
 transacted on the Lord's day.

JIM  
 It's Tuesday.

CAPTAIN  
 Ah. So it is.

JIM  
 3 pounds, 4 shillings and 6 pence.

The Captain glances at the rum, and licks his lips.

CAPTAIN  
 I've not got it on me, but I'm as  
 good as my word-

JIM  
 Mum said-

CAPTAIN  
 Give me the rum, boy. You'll get  
 your money when I'm good and ready  
 for you to have it, and that's my  
 last word.

JIM  
 But-

CAPTAIN  
*The rum damn you!*

The Captain slams a fist onto the bar. Jim chickens out, and slides the mug to him. He gulps it greedily, visibly relaxing as he pours the liquor down his throat.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

(calmer)

Tomorrow. I'll get you your pounds  
and your shillings on the 'morrow.

Jim's flushed. He clearly doesn't handle confrontation well.

JIM

Thankee Captain.

EXT. ADMIRAL BENBOW - AFTERNOON

The SMUGGLERS led by Pew and Dog hide behind the bushes that mark the lane.

Pew stands from behind the bushes and makes his way onto the lane, and walks carefully towards the Benbow.

Fennick leans in and whispers to Dog.

FENNICK

Who cut out 'is peepers, then?

DOG

Cap'n Flint himself, s'how I heard  
it.

Fennicks eyes go wide at that.

FENNICK

One of Flint's crew? Him?

They watch as Pew walks his way towards the Benbow's front door, surely as a man with eyes.

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW - MOMENTS LATER

The Captain is seated by the fire, rum in hand.

CAPTAIN

*Fifteen men on a deadman's chest,  
yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!*

MR. JONES, 48, a quiet drunk who works the local farms is in his usual spot, nursing a mug of ale.

Jim looks up from cleaning the bar as the door opens. He can't see Pew well in the darkness of the pub.

JIM  
Can I help you, sir?

Pew ignores him, walking on *like a SPECTRE*.

CAPTAIN  
*The Mate was fixed by the bosun's  
pike...*

JIM  
Sir?

Pew stops, right behind the Captain. Jones watches with feigned disinterest.

CAPTAIN  
*The bosun brained by a  
marlinspike...*

PEW  
*And Cooney's throat was marked be  
like...*

The Captain turns from the fire, fear white on his face.

CAPTAIN  
Pew?

PEW  
In the flesh. What little remains.

Pew reaches into his cloak, and takes out a small square of linen paper.

PEW (CONT'D)  
Your left hand Billy Bones.

Jim watches, transfixed as The Captain holds out his hand. Pew grasps for it, blind hands reaching up the arm to find the palm, before placing the paper in it.

On the page, almost two inches across, a single BLACK SPOT.

PEW (CONT'D)  
Crew's had a vote, Bill.

CAPTAIN  
Ain't no cursed crew left!

PEW  
There's not so many, s'true, but,  
not so few either. We wants the  
map. That's all.

CAPTAIN  
I don't have it. I never had it.

PEW  
You always was a bad liar.

The Captain (aka Billy Bones) turns over the black spot. SUNDOWN is written in an unsteady hand.

PEW (CONT'D)  
The rules has been abided.

And with that, Pew turns, and stalks away; he turns those EYELESS SOCKETS on Jim, FREEZING HIM WITH FEAR!

The Captain is left shaken. He stands, and goes to the bar.

CAPTAIN  
A drink.

JIM  
Who was- [that?]

The Captain PUSHES Jim in the chest, and reaches out, taking a bottle from the shelf and GUZZLING from it. He coughs HARD, and staggers as he heads for the stairs.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Captain? CAPTAIN!

Bones ignores Jim, and thunders up to his room.

EXT. ADMIRAL BENBOW - CONTINUOUS

Pew walks back to the Smugglers hiding behind the low hedge.

DOG  
Did he give it to ye?

PEW  
Not yet.

Dog glances back to his crew.

DOG  
Fen, take a few lads, watch the back door.

PEW  
We gave him till sundown-

DOG  
Bugger sundown.

PEW

A man has a code, or he's no man at all.

DOG

That what you are; a man? More like a broken, blind, bastard. Bollocks to your code.

Dog signals Fennick, who runs around to the Benbow's rear door.

DOG (CONT'D)

No witnesses.

The Smugglers check their pistols, and draw their swords.

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/CAPTAIN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small, cozy room, with a window looking out to the sea.

The Captain BOLTS the door locked. He drags a heavy sea-chest out from under the bed. He fumbles with the lock, and then flings the chest open.

He mutters madly, GLUGGING huge sups of rum from the bottle.

He starts ripping the contents out, a fine coat, an extra shirt, then, A BLACK PIRATES FLAG, neatly folded; a shrunken native head, a teak Buddha, a Japanese tanto...

With the trunk empty, he then rips out the FALSE BOTTOM- and reveals a hidden cache.

Gold bars, coins, and velvet pouches are tossed aside as he greedily grips a leather folder hidden at the very bottom.

CAPTAIN

...can't have it. Give it to me he did... to me. "Take care of it" he told me. "So I will" said I... on his deathbed... ON HIS BLOODY DEATHBED!

The Captain stands up suddenly, drains the bottle, and SMASHES IT AGAINST THE WALL!

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jim has just reached the landing when he hears the sound of breaking glass. He KNOCKS LOUDLY on the door...

JIM  
 Captain! Captain!

Mary appears at the bottom of the stairs.

MARY  
 What the hell was that?

EXT. COVE - LATE AFTERNOON

The 'Belle Facile' is still straining at her anchor, but now, the ridge above the cove is crowded with HORSEMEN. This is the county MILITIA.

All of them have MUSKETS slung on their backs. Ammunition belts, and a motley collection of weapons and gear round out their equipment.

Leading them are Dr. Livesey, and SQUIRE TRELAWNY, 65. The Squire is vital, aggressive, an old soldier who refuses to let time get the better of him.

Next to Trelawny is his old colour-sergeant, "RUTHIE", 55, 6'5", and all of it sinew, scars and loyalty. Never did a man deserve a feminine nickname less.

On foot, scanning the footprints of the smugglers in the soil is "RIVER", (actually *Two Rivers*) 44, an Iroquois Warrior. River keeps his black hair long, but wears English clothing and boots with an impressive hair-pipe native breastplate.

SQUIRE  
 How many?

RIVER  
 15 to 25 men, following the coast.

Rivers mounts up, and the Squire waves everyone forward.

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/CAPTAIN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Captain has opened the leather folder, revealing a sheaf of CHARTS. He has one folded open on his bed. It's been hand drawn, with great attention to detail.

MARY (O.C.)  
 Open this bloody door at once!

Madness has overwhelmed him, his face is turning redder and redder. The Captain traces the diagram with his finger, mumbling the place names...

CAPTAIN

Look-out hill... Skeleton island...  
aye, the three fingers...a deadman  
points the way... three...

SOUND CUE: The rapid DOUBLE BEAT of his strained heart. *Thump-thump, thump-thump...*

He holds his chest, and starts to gasp. He looks suddenly confused. He tries to stand, pushing himself up to his feet.

*The heart-beats STOP!*

He takes two steps to the door, and then a spasm twists his entire body, and he falls over with a heavy THUD.

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mary and Jim hear the heavy THUD and turn to look at each other.

MARY

Fetch your axe Jim.

WE FOLLOW: Jim as he dashes down the stairs, through the pub (where Mr. Jones is watching everything in some confusion), to the kitchen, to the back door - he opens the back door, and grabs his axe.

EXT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/BACK GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Hidden among the growing turnips and the woodshed, Fen holds his MEN back with a quick gesture.

Jim, in his haste, never sees the smugglers.

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Mary, hands on hips and FURIOUS, points to the door.

MARY

Knock in that damned door, or I'll  
roll up my blimin' sleeves and do  
it myself.

Jim hauls back, and starts HAMMERING at the door.

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/CAPTAIN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Captain is still laying where he fell. The DOOR SHUDDERS, ONCE, TWICE - the iron bolt is giving way with each THWACK of Jim's axe.

Finally the door gives, and Jim stumbles in. He sees the Captain, and rushes to check on him.

He lifts the Captain's head, but the blue tone on his skin is a bad, bad sign. Jim listens to his chest.

JIM  
I can't hear his heart!

MARY  
You spoke to him about his arrears?

JIM  
Mum, the man's dying.

Mary kneels on the other side of the Captain and feels at his neck for the pulse.

MARY  
Well, did you?

JIM  
He said tomorrow.

MARY  
Fresh out of 'tomorrows' he is.

Mary's eyes take a quick stock of the room, the chest, and the scattered items on the floor. She reaches into the sea chest, coming out with a small GOLD BAR.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Jesus wept.

JIM  
Mum, that's his property.

MARY  
Look like he needs it? Check those papers on his bed.

She pours the contents of a velvet pouch into her hand: precious gems, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, diamonds, lapis, turquoise and jade! Mary GASPS!

MARY (CONT'D)  
We're rich!

Jim is looking at the map, and has just read the legend at the top corner. *FLINT'S ISLAND...*

Mary is looking at one of the stones in the light, captivated by it... she steps closer to the window...

MARY POV: in the foreground: A STUNNING RUBY glitters. In the background: a *DOZEN BRIGANDS OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR!*

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/PUB - CONTINUOUS

Dog strides into the pub, followed by his men. Mr. Jones takes one look, and realizes, it's time to get the hell out. He leaves a few pennies on his table.

DOG  
Leavin' is you, mate?

MR. JONES  
(nervous)  
Oh aye, long day tomorrow.

Dog steps aside, and as Mr. Jones tips his hat to him, Dog *JAMS A LONG BLADE INTO HIS BACK.*

DOG  
There, there, you can take the day  
off now, can't you?

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/CAPTAIN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mary and Jim hear Jones SCREAM, and scurry to the door. Jim peeks out, and they slip quietly into the hallway, even as they hear *boots coming up the stairs.*

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mary and Jim sneak down the hallway, pinned to the wall as Dog walks straight into the Captain's room.

Hardly daring to breathe, they steal their way to a thin door at the end of the hall.

More SMUGGLERS come up the stairs, Jim just manages to close the door behind him.

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

A narrow servant's-stairway leads to the ground floor. Jim and Mary tip-toe down to the ground floor - they slip out, the door above OPENS and the DRINKER sticks his face in.

*Their luck can't hold forever...*

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/CAPTAIN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dog sees the stack of charts on his bed and starts going through them, expert sea-captains eyes searching for something he's not finding.

DOG

Virginia - Cuba - Louisiana - damn  
you where is it?

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mary and Jim tip-toe into the kitchen towards the back door. But suddenly, it starts getting POUNDED ON from the other side.

FENNICK (O.S.)

Open the bloody door!

Mary freezes. *They're trapped!*

Jim pulls her by the arm, and opens the little hatch to the BEER CELLAR. Mary and he barely squeeze through as more Smugglers bustle into the kitchen.

INT. BEER CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Mary and Jim scurry down the long ramp. They move quietly, while above them, they follow the footsteps of the intruders through the imperfect seams of the floorboards.

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/CAPTAIN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dog re-checks all the maps, but none of them are what he's looking for.

DOG

PEW! Pew, damn you, it isn't here!

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/PUB - CONTINUOUS

Pew has just walked in the front door. He sniffs the air, as if searching for something.

DOG (O.C.)

PEW!

Dog comes down the stairs, and THROWS THE USELESS CHARTS at the blind man.

DOG (CONT'D)

No bloody map.

Dog draws his blade, still wet with Jones blood, and drags Pew to the ground, knife to his throat.

Pew cocks his head.

PEW

You hear that?

DOG

Hear what?

PEW

Sounds like...

EXT. POST ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

HOOF-BEATS!

With the sun low in the cloudy sky, the MILITIA is riding up towards the Admiral Benbow. Clods of dirt fly as their horses churn the ground.

INT. BEER CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Jim tries the hatch to the cellar, but it's LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE! He scurries back to his Mum.

JIM

(whispered)

It's locked - shall I smash it?

Mary shakes her head.

MARY

(whispered)

Don't make a sound!

She holds her son close, and they duck low behind a stack of barrels.

EXT. ADMIRAL BENBOW - CONTINUOUS

Dog steps through the front door, and sees the men of the Militia forming up.

DOG

BLAST!

He ducks inside, and slams the door shut.

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/PUB - CONTINUOUS

Dog draws a pistol out from one of the many holsters on his body.

DOG

Standby to repel boarders!

The smugglers are suddenly galvanized - tables are overturned, and run up to the windows. Pistols are cocked, the BLUNDERBUSS - a gun with a barrel like a trombone - is poured with powder, and a handful of big musket balls!

Pew rolls aside to avoid being trampled, but there on the floor, he starts sniffing at the floorboards.

INT. BEER CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Jim watches BLACK DOG through the tiny gap made by a knot-hole in the floor planks. Jim stands on a heavy beer barrel to get a better look...

Above him, Pew SNIFFS CLOSER -

They end up EYE TO EYE - (*eye to scarred eye-socket*)

Jim YELPS in shock, and FALLS OFF THE BARREL!

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/PUB - CONTINUOUS

In the clamor of preparing for the Militia, only Pew hears Jim fall. He WHOOPS.

PEW

I smells a rat.

Pew moves away from the knothole, crawling towards the kitchen: literally following his nose.

EXT. ADMIRAL BENBOW - CONTINUOUS

The Militia jog up to the Inn in two neat ranks. They up-end the picnic tables and make temporary barricades.

RUTHIE  
Check your flints!

The Militia is well trained, the men careful behind cover, long muskets aimed forward.

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/PUB - CONTINUOUS

The SMUGGLERS crowd in at the windows, their pistols in hand.

EXT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/BACK GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

The Squire, Livesey and River make their way quietly through the back garden.

EXT. ADMIRAL BENBOW - CONTINUOUS

Militia level their muskets in trained, drill-sync.

RUTHIE  
You lot in there have until I count  
to three-

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/PUB - CONTINUOUS

BLUNDERBUSS-MAN, a thick-necked thug, aims at Ruthie.

RUTHIE (O.C.)  
-to present your poxed arses for  
surrender!

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Pew is crawling, crawling and sniffing as he searches. He makes his way around the stove, and *finds the tiny door.*

PEW  
Can't hide from me.

Pew opens the door, and draws a dagger that he clamps between his teeth. He crawls into the darkness.

EXT. ADMIRAL BENBOW - CONTINUOUS

Ruthie eyes the pub, and looks over at his men.

RUTHIE (O.C.)

ONE!

Ruthie gets a glimpse of the blunderbuss and DROPS to the ground a split second before it FIRES!

A massive PLUME OF SMOKE erupts from the pub window, and a dozen lead balls WHISTLE right over Ruthie and BLAST a cartwheel sized hole in the hedge behind him!

All the SMUGGLERS FIRE - their pistol-shots PEPPERING the thick wood of the tables - *three MILITIAMEN are hit.*

One is killed with a headshot. He drops like a puppet with the strings cut. Another is hit in the shoulder, and he falls back SCREAMING.

The third is hiding behind one of the tables: the bullet shatters the wood, sending a spray of splinters 6 inches long into his thigh!

Ruthie rolls to his side, screaming at his men.

RUTHIE (CONT'D)

*Give'em the bleedin' riddle!*

All the flintlocks CRASH at once, and a massive, belching blast of fire and smoke fills the air...

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/PUB - CONTINUOUS

The effect is DEVASTATING - the concentrated fire TEARS FIVE MEN DOWN at once, splintering the table-top they're using as cover, and punching them down to the ground.

The BAR in the back of the room is smashed to shit. Rum, whiskey and brandy glug out and drip down to the floor.

EXT. ADMIRAL BENBOW - CONTINUOUS

The Militia men are reloading, Ruthie is getting to his feet. Pistols shots CRASH from the pub, bullets WHIZZ overhead. The Militiamen ignore them, and calmly, professionally reload.

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

River peers into the kitchen through the open door, pistol in one hand, GUNSTOCK-AXE in the other. This is one *bad-ass* Native American weapon.

He slips in, followed by Livesey, a long rapier in his hand, and the Squire, with two finely chased DUELLING PISTOLS.

The Squire holds Livesey back.

SQUIRE

One more volley, I think -

INT. BEER CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Pew comes down the ramp like a spider, and slides to his feet. He sniffs the air again.

PEW

We're all blindmen in the dark.

Pew advances carefully, dagger in one hand, the other out in front as a guide.

Jim protects his mother, keeping his body in front of hers. His hands tight on the shaft of his axe.

EXT. ADMIRAL BENBOW - CONTINUOUS

Ruthie aims his own gun this time, and they FIRE ANOTHER VOLLEY -

*Ruthie's musket - detail shot - in SLOW MO:* The firing hammer drops, flint striking steel and SPARKING. Powder in the touch-hole LIGHTS... The PACKED CHARGE within the barrel *detonates*, sending a .75 Inch musket ball out at 1400 feet per second.

*FOLLOWING THE SHOT* - Blunderbuss-man, rushing to reload, is STRUCK IN THE CHEST -

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW - CONTINUOUS

The smugglers are all COWERING from the power of the second volley, which rakes through the thin cover, and wastes another four men.

An errant ball RICOCHETS, zipping up, and knocking a lantern down from the wall, the candle *landing right into the pooling booze* -

Sudden, intense, flames FLARE to LIFE!

DOG  
Sod this! Hoof it!

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Squire and River are either side of Livesey.

The FIRST MAN to surge into the kitchen is shot dead by River, the second by the Squire, and the third is DOG: he clashes his sword with Livesey's.

They begin to fight, Dog slashing, hacking, and stabbing, Livesey parries, ripostes, and lunges - BRUTE vs ART.

River steps into the fight "*Last of the Mohicans*" style with his gunstock-axe. He makes short, but brutal work of two more smugglers as they try to fight their way through the kitchen.

INT. BEER CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Pew is inching closer and closer to Jim and his mum. Jim finally acts, chopping out with the axe with all his might. Pew neatly steps aside.

He slices with the dagger, and Jim narrowly avoids the blade, only to take a hard CLOUT on the ear, which sends him sprawling.

MARY  
JIM!

Pew turns on her.

PEW  
*Give it here!*

Mary reaches into her bosom, and takes out the bag of Jewels. She THROWS IT AT PEW, but it bounces off his chest; the small fortune SPILLS to the floor.

INT. ADMIRAL BENBOW/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dog realizes he can't win, and Livesey is pressing his advantage; the awkward doctor can fight.

Dog reaches into a pouch, throwing a cloud of fine gunpowder. He *DRY FIRES HIS PISTOL*, the flint sparks, the powder FLASH DETONATES!

The explosion is loud, bright and sudden; an 18th century Flash-Bang. When the smoke clears - *DOG IS GONE*.

EXT. ADMIRAL BENBOW - CONTINUOUS

Ruthie and the Militia are fixing bayonets when the front door opens, and the remaining smugglers come running out of the burning pub.

Ruthie wades in, skewering one man on his bayonet, and crushing the skull of another with the brass butt-plate.

Fennick and two others throw up their hands in surrender.

INT. BEER CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

The fire RAGES above, a thin layer of smoke up against the ceiling already.

Pew grabs at Mary, and pulls her towards him. With both hands, she holds back his knife, but the old pirate pushes the blade inexorably towards her neck.

PEW

All I wants is that map.

Jim gets back to his knees. Above him, smoke and flame are surging through the cracks in the floorboards.

He could help his mother, he could get to his feet, he could FIGHT. Instead, he hesitates... locked up by FEAR.

MARY

Jim!

Pew and his mother fall to the floor, the dagger just inches from her throat!

There's a CRASH from above, a spill of light, and LIVESEY comes leaping down the stairs.

He boots Pew off of Mary, and DRIVES HIS SWORD through Pew's chest.

Pew screams his last. Livesey pulls the blade free, and hoists Mary to her feet.

LIVESEY

On your feet, Jim!

Jim scrambles for the stairs as his home BURNS ABOVE HIM!

EXT. ADMIRAL BENBOW - NIGHT

Three SMUGGLERS are locked in chains by men of the Militia. The rest watch as the Admiral Benbow roars in flames.

SQUIRE  
(to Mary)  
I'm sorry, madame.

LIVESEY  
What on Earth could they have been  
after?

Jim holds up the map.

JIM  
They were after this.

Jim unfolds it on the ground, by the light of the burning Inn.

SQUIRE  
What is it?

LIVESEY  
It's a nautical chart of some kind.

JIM  
Look.

Jim points to the TITLE: FLINT'S ISLAND

Below that, scrawled in the same neat calligraphy, "**bulk of Treasure here.**"

CUT TO:

EXT. BRISTOL HARBOUR - MORNING

One of the busiest ports in the world, in 1757 anyway. Scores of ships bob at anchor. Men labor with barrels, crates, and bales at the dock side as the trade of the world flows in.

*TITLE: 3 WEEKS LATER*

At the water's edge, between the SEAWALL and the low tide, a ROUGH GALLOWS has been constructed.

Three men are facing justice, a placard with PIRATE written on it hangs about their necks. Two already hang, limp and inert. The third is FENNICK, waiting his turn.

A crowd has drawn to watch the men hang.

Fennick stands on a barrel. The noose tight around his neck.

FENNICK

Oh Jesus, forgive my wickedness!

The HANGMAN KICKS out the barrel that was holding him up, and Fennick drops. His feet 'do the Tyburn dance' as he chokes his last.

Jim watches, with Livesey, his Mum and the Squire. He clearly doesn't like the spectacle.

SQUIRE

*Resquiat in Pace.*

LIVESEY

Amen.

Mary, pretty in a new dress, sniffs self-righteously.

MARY

Good riddance to bad rubbish.

The Squire hands Jim an envelope.

SQUIRE

Jim, please deliver this to Lloyds ship insurance.

Jim takes the envelope, and struggles as his mum stops him for a kiss.

MARY

Oh hush, I won't see you for months, will I?

JIM

We don't leave till the night tide, mum.

Jim kisses her on the cheek, and runs off.

MARY

He's young for his years.

LIVESEY

Mary, he doesn't have to come. We can get along without him, and you'll still get your shares.

MARY

And what kind of a man would I be raising then?

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

No, Jim will go, and represent our interests, as is proper. Just promise me you'll bring him home.

LIVESEY

I'll look after him as if he were my own.

SQUIRE

Off he goes a boy; but he'll come home a man; and if all goes well, a very rich one at that.

Mary watches him through the crowd, and can't help but worry.

EXT. STREETS OF BRISTOL - DAY

Fishmongers, butchers, tailors and haberdashers all work in the awnings of their shops, crowding the narrow streets.

Jim stays to the edges of the street, avoiding the foulness that runs down the middle, and finds himself jostled by the ragmen and tradesmen that clog the fetid passageways.

He senses the eyes of someone watching him, but as he turns around, all he finds are the watching eyes of a toothless HAG, who grins at him and winks.

*It's creepy back here.*

He turns around and runs into a large man.

JIM

Terribly sorry-

The man is BLACK DOG - looking the worse for wear. Jim recognizes him at once.

DOG

Not yet you're not.

Dog GRABS Jim by the shoulder, only to find Jim twisting out of his grasp. Jim runs away fast, Dog just a few paces back.

Jim cuts through a narrow, nearly deserted alley, running for his life. Dog's close enough that Jim can hear him breathing.

Jim dodges a rag cart, and stumbles over a sleeping drunk as he comes to an intersection, and turns left. Dog comes tripping after him, and reaches out, fast as lightning, grabbing for Jim's jacket.

Jim rips his buttons off as he tears out of the jacket, Dog pulls so hard, he falls back, Jim's coat in his hands.

Jim turns back to see Dog lying in the filth. He turns a corner, thinking he's safe: only to be KNOCKED ON HIS ASS BY a heavy pallet being hoisted up to the storerooms above.

He cracks his head on the cobblestone streets, and in the moments of being dazed, Dog stands over him.

DOG (CONT'D)

Ought to watch where you're going.

Dog PUNCHES Jim in the face, knocking him out cold.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jim wakes up as a BUCKET OF WATER is tossed onto his face. He's tied securely to a support beam. All around him, stacks of cotton from the New World wait for processing.

DOG

Hung the poor buggers!

Jim gasps for air, and struggles against the knots.

DOG (CONT'D)

Didn't even get to doin' any proper piracy!

Dog paces back and forth in front of Jim.

DOG (CONT'D)

Been watchin', I have. Seen you and your fine gentleman friends. Takin' a voyage are you?

JIM

I... I work for the Squire.

DOG

The Island is where you're headed, Flint's Treasure. Say it ain't so.

Dog holds a dirty old knife dangerously close.

JIM

S'true.

DOG

Verified the map, have you?

JIM  
Aye. It's Flint's own hand.

DOG  
Know who Flint was, boy?

JIM  
A pirate.

DOG  
Flint was a legend! The greatest  
Pirate who ever took to sea! That  
treasure's the cream of twenty  
years plunder- empires rise and  
fall over fortunes such as Flint's.

Dog holds the knife close again.

DOG (CONT'D)  
The Map was worth a thousand pounds  
to me. So, your fine gentlemen  
friends will have to pay that now.

Jim struggles, but he's well secured.

DOG (CONT'D)  
Can ye write?

Jim nods.

DOG (CONT'D)  
Then it's a note I'll be needing.  
Any bolloxin' about...

Dog holds the knife down low.

DOG (CONT'D)  
You'll lose your little prick  
before you've ever done more than  
wrestle with him? Understand?

Dog suddenly stiffens, dropping his knife. His hands reach  
behind him. *Pain and confusion play across his features.*

Jim watches as a SWORD POINT EMERGES from his stomach, blood  
staining his filthy white shirt. The blade twists, DOG CHOKES  
UP A MOUTHFUL OF BILE AND BLOOD, and collapses.

Dog drops, revealing LONG JOHN SILVER, 50.

He's a handsome man, sharp blue eyes, long blonde hair, going  
to grey, held back in a thick pony tail. He wears a frock  
coat, and tricorne hat.

SILVER

I'm guessing you're the Master Hawkins there's been so much trouble over.

Jim doesn't know if he should say thanks, or scream for help. Silver sheathes his cutlass.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Never did like backstabbing a man, but I ain't the swashbuckler I once was.

He gestures down; his RIGHT LEG is gone above the knee, the trouser leg tied up in a tight ball. He leans on a solid crutch.

Taking a long knife, John cuts the ropes that bind Jim.

SILVER (CONT'D)

John Silver's my name. Called Long John by some, old Barbecue by others, an other things not fit for polite conversation. I'm quartermaster on the Hispaniola, hired by your friend the Squire. Thank heaven I found you lad. That poor doctor friend of yours was worried pale. 'Ne'er mind Doc,' says I. "If anyone knows the nooks and cranny's of Bristol, it's old John."

Jim, with his hands free, pushes off the ropes. And stares down at the corpse of Dog.

JIM

What about him?

SILVER

Won't bother no more boys and their mums; will you, ya bastard?

Silver kicks the body.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Givin' honest sailors a bad name.

Jim looks up at Silver with curiosity in his eyes, he knuckles his forehead in respect.

JIM

Thank you for rescuing me, sir.

Silver makes a show of looking behind him.

SILVER

"Sir?" There a Lord behind me I  
can't see? Bollocks to "sir" I say.  
I've a proposal for ye; I'll be  
John, and you'll be Jim, and we'll  
be fast-friends and ship-mates.  
Won't it be so?

Silver puts out a hand, and Jim shakes it.

EXT. STREETS OF BRISTOL - NIGHT

Jim and Silver walk the waterfront on their way to the  
Hispaniola. Silver, on his crutch, is remarkably agile.

Silver catches Jim staring at his missing leg.

SILVER

Gentle creatures, whales, until you  
go about harpoonin'. I was an ace  
harpoon-man in my youth. Could  
drive 'em deep, and run 'em long.  
All that blood in the water; brings  
in the sharks; know you what a  
shark is?

JIM

A manner of fish?

SILVER

The worst fish in all creation!  
Imagine it; twice the length of a  
man, as big around as barrel, with  
a bow-end that's all teeth- and  
don't think you'll out-swim one,  
no, fast as you like, from way up  
under they come, from the dark  
water-

Jim looks doubtful.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Think I'm tellin' sea stories? Come  
and look.

Silver swings over to the windows of a CURIO shop. Shrunken  
heads, statues of idols, carved reliefs, and a set of  
bleached *SHARK JAWS*.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Them there came from a shark off  
the coast of Guinea, not a hundred  
leagues from where I lost my leg.

JIM

Think he's the one that bit you?

SILVER

Not near enough rotten teeth.

Jim's eyes are wide, distorted even wider by the warped glass  
panes of the window.

EXT. BRISTOL HARBOUR - NIGHT

A rough collection of salty WHALERS waits on the seawall. A  
dozen in all.

Jim looks at the faces of the men, landing on the dark, black  
features of ACHILLE, 47, a giant, muscular EX-SLAVE from  
HAITI; Achille grins at him, his teeth *filed to points*.

Jim backs up a step.

SILVER

Don't be afraid of Achille, Jim.  
Who was it pulled me out the brine,  
saved the rest of me from bein' a  
fishies lunch?

Silver puts a protective arm around Jim.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Lads, meet our new shipmate, the  
famous Jim Hawkins. Jim this here's  
Israel Hands. But two more fingers  
go, he'll be Israel Hand.

ISRAEL HANDS, 44, a grizzled bastard, waves: he's missing  
three fingers on his right hand!

SILVER (CONT'D)

And this here's Job, so named on  
account o' long sufferin'.

JOB ANDERSON, 41, boyish despite his years and permanent  
scowl.

JOB

Piss off.

A long ROWBOAT waits at the waters edge, the sailors climbing in.

SILVER  
Jim, take the oar next to Job over there.

Jim clammers his way in, nearly upsetting the balance of the entire thing.

JOB  
Oi! Easy does it. Lubber are you?

Jim takes a seat on the bench.

JIM  
You mean a Land-Lubber?

Israel laughs loudly. Silver clammers into the cox's seat, and pushes off with his crutch.

JIM (CONT'D)  
But wait!

SILVER  
What is it, Jim?

JIM  
I didn't say goodbye to my mum.

He's greeted with GALES OF LAUGHTER!

SILVER  
Time and tide wait for no man. Or his Mum.

They shove off.

EXT. BRISTOL HARBOUR - NIGHT

They pull past the gallows, where the three PIRATES hang.

SILVER  
Look well lads; the wages of sin, an all that. Cost of their evil ways.

ISRAEL  
Cost a gettin' caught!

The men all LAUGH again, but Silver shuts them up with a single savage look.

EXT. HISPANIOLA - NIGHT

The HISPANIOLA is a merchant cruiser, long, and sleek, her sides painted a dark blue. The gilt scroll-work glitters by lamp-light. A beautiful, fast and able ship.

The row boat sidles alongside, and Silver ties her off expertly on one end. The others clamber off like monkeys, scrambling up ladders and lines.

Jim looks at the single knotted line next to him, and the fifteen feet of hull he has to climb.

Silver smiles, knowingly.

SILVER

Shoes off.

Jim takes his shoes off, and Silver ties the laces together and hangs them around Jim's neck.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Barefoot's the way to be on deck.

Silver, his crutch attached to a lanyard, grabs the rope, and hand over hand, hops up the line.

Jim can barely stand up in the boat without getting dumped in the bay. He climbs. One difficult step after the other.

EXT. MAIN DECK, HISPANIOLA - CONTINUOUS

It's all action on deck. STORES are being lowered into the main hold. Sails are being unpacked, men move in all directions, and everyone seems to know where to go.

Jim is lost in the middle of it until the Doctor finds him. He begins inspecting Jim for damage.

LIVESEY

Thank goodness they found you, Jim.  
We've had men scouring the city.  
Are you hurt?

JIM

Not that I can tell.

LIVESEY

We'll have just enough time for you  
to write a letter to your mum.

Livesey takes Jim below, and we find the Squire and CAPTAIN SMOLLET, 55. Stern, proper, and professional, he is a shipmaster *par excellence*; and a real dick.

SQUIRE

Have I purchased a good ship?

SMOLLET

A fine vessel.

SQUIRE

Have I met your every requirement for provisioning, for equipage.

SMOLLET

To the letter, Squire-

SQUIRE

Then why must you abuse me so over this matter of the crew?

SMOLLET

Who is this crew? I don't know a one of them!

SQUIRE

Whalers all of them, men with decades at sea, solid men; men who ask no questions.

SMOLLET

Ask no questions?

Smollet leans in close, whispering.

SMOLLET (CONT'D)

So none of them know about your map? About the treasure?

SQUIRE

They know that they're well paid, and that shares will be generous.

SMOLLET

Bah. And you trust 'em?

SQUIRE

I assure you, Silver has vouched for every man-jack of them.

SMOLLET

Prithee, Squire, tell me: who vouches for Long John Silver?

Silver couldn't have overheard them, but he tips his hat to the Captain from across the deck, with a warm smile. Smollet shakes his head at some badly handled action on deck.

SMOLLET (CONT'D)

Damn your eyes, I said store the blasted powder in the stern hold!

O'BRIEN, 44, a big, ham-faced IRISHMAN knuckles his forehead.

O'BRIEN

Right away, Cap'n.

The Squire turns away in anger to follow River and Ruthie as they carry a heavy trunk below decks.

MR. ARROW, 55, the Bosun, not too smart, not too dumb, blows his PIPE among the chaos.

ARROW

Anchor's away in a quarter hour!  
Move it, swabs, hand over hand!

The crew continues their work efficiently and expertly.

EXT. HISPANIOLA (AT SEA) - SUNRISE

The Square rigged brigantine has her sails full of wind as she heads south, south west, the wind at her back, and England disappearing behind her in a wreath of fog.

EXT. QUARTER DECK - MORNING

Smollet is at the wheel, eyes scanning the sails, studying the craft. Livesey and Jim watch England fading away. Silver reports to the quarter deck, handing Smollet a mug of coffee.

SMOLLET

Thank you, Mr. Silver.

SILVER

With your permission sir, I'd like to draft young Hawkins into service.

Jim, who was happily watching the horizon, turns.

SMOLLET

By all means. Step lively Hawkins, there's forty souls on this ship won't be feeding themselves.

Jim knuckles his forehead, and disappears below decks.

LIVESEY

Might I remind you, Captain, Jim Hawkins is a partner in this venture, not a cabin boy.

SMOLLET

I'll have no favorites on my ship.

Smollet sips his coffee, and BELLOWS down the deck.

SMOLLET (CONT'D)

Tighten up that gallant, it's looser than a fat tart's cunny!

INT. GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Tightly cramped in between the hull at the bow, is the heavy iron stove. There's a long counter, and a dozen small cabinets.

SILVER

Worked the kitchen with your Ma, did you?

Jim nods.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Well, get this straight, this is no kitchen. This here, is a galley.

JIM

I know it. And that's a hatch -

Jim points to the door.

JIM (CONT'D)

And stairs is ladders, and ropes is lines, unless they're fixed to sails, and then they're sheets.

SILVER

Know all that do you? I'll shut up and take my orders from you then.

JIM

My Dad was in the Navy.

SILVER

And what does he do now?

JIM  
Nothing. I mean, he's dead.

Jim gets very quiet.

SILVER  
It's a bitter, short life  
sometimes, and that's the truth.

JIM  
I don't really know anything about  
ships, Mr. Silver. Not unless  
they're in bottles anyway. This is  
as far as I've ever been from home.

Silver reaches down, and picks up an odd shaped package,  
draped with an old piece of sail-cloth.

SILVER  
Can you keep a secret?

Jim nods.

SILVER (CONT'D)  
We has ourselves a stowaway.

He pulls back the cloth, revealing... A PARROT. He pulls a  
metal LOCK-PICK from out of his hat, and with it, unlocks the  
cage. Jim watches with surprise.

SILVER (CONT'D)  
(re: the pick)  
Easier than keepin' a key. Hold out  
your finger like this...

Jim holds out his pointer finger, mimicing Silver.

SILVER (CONT'D)  
Now let him climb aboard.

The parrot clambers neatly onto Jim's finger.

SILVER (CONT'D)  
Jim Hawkins, meet Cap'n Flint.

Silver smiles broadly. Jim grins.

SILVER (CONT'D)  
Named after our favorite pirate.

JIM  
Does he talk?

CAP'N FLINT  
*Bollocks to ya. Landlubber.*

Jim and Silver laugh, the Parrot has a keen sense of timing.

SILVER  
 Poor old Cap'n Flint, been at sea  
 for years he has, all he's learned  
 is bad language.

Silver lets Flint climb onto his finger, and sets him on his shoulder, feeding him a small morsel as he does.

SILVER (CONT'D)  
 You're a quick lad, I can see it  
 clear; smart as paint, you are.  
 Been at sea 33 years, has old Long  
 John; if you're willin' to learn,  
 I've a trick or two to teach.

Jim smiles as John stirs the thick pot of gruel on the stove.

EXT. MAIN DECK/HISPANIOLA (AT SEA) - MORNING

Jim is swabbing the decks with the rest of the crew.

TITLE: 2 WEEKS LATER

EXT. MAIN DECK/HISPANIOLA (AT SEA) - DAY

Jim hauls on a thick sheet, one of a half dozen of the crew, his face set in determination.

The sheet is tied off, and Silver, peeling potatoes, nods to Jim in recognition of a job well done.

SILVER  
 Tell me, what names do you give the  
 sails there on the fore mast-

Jim points to the sails.

JIM  
 There's the fore-top's'l, the top  
 gallants, and the fore-royal.

SILVER  
 Why ain't we flying' the royals?

JIM  
 Too much wind, ships' makin' her  
 headway, and at her ease...

SILVER

Sea's in your blood, Jim. You'll be  
First Mate afore you turn 20, so  
you will.

Silver tousles Jim's hair. A sudden gust heels the ship, Jim stumbles. Silver stares out over the water with concern.

EXT. HISPANIOLA (AT SEA) - EVENING

A STIFF GALE is blowing. The Hispaniola fords the heavy troughs of each wave with a plunging crash.

White-water washes thick across the deck as the waves batter the tiny ship.

At the wheel SMOLLET stands firm, grim, and steady. Livesey clambers up to him, having to shout above the waves.

LIVESEY

Captain... are we going to make it?

SMOLLET

(harsh)

Prithee; let me do my work.

Suddenly, above them, with a sickening RIP one of the sails TEARS at the yardarm.

SMOLLET (CONT'D)

Mr. Arrow! I'll have a working  
Main'sl or none at all!

The crew, are standing by, clinging to safety lines.

ARROW

'awkins, 'Arry - up you go: punch  
in the main...

HARRY PERKINS, 17, and already 3 years at sea, flips into the rigging fast as a cat. Jim hesitates.

ARROW (CONT'D)

Come on, son, we don't have all  
blinkin' day-

Jim fights back his fear, and steps to the rigging ladder. The ship is rolling and bucking as he climbs into the ropes.

LIVESEY

(drowned out by the storm)

Jim NO!

One moment he's hanging over the sea, the next he's flung over, looking down at the deck as she heels to and fro. A line SNAPS with the strain; a loud CRACK and a sudden WHIPLASH of rope and wood crashes through the rigging!

The main yard is forty feet over the deck, and every step up makes the wild gyrations of the ship feel worse.

Silver emerges at the hatch, and watches. Harry's already out on the yard arm, but nothing can happen until Jim moves.

HARRY

Come on, Jim!

Up in the rigging. Jim freezes. He locks his arms through the ladder, and hangs on tight, eyes closed.

ARROW

'urry up 'awkins!

Silver, despite the rolling deck, swings into action. He pulls himself into the rigging. In seconds he's up with Jim.

SILVER

Hold fast, Jim, hold fast.

He clambers OVER Jim and out onto the spar. Silver shimmies out onto the main yard. Jim watches; ashamed.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Haul away Mr. Arrow.

The crew pulls on the halyard, and the mainsail creeps up. Silver and Harry gather the cloth, and punch it into folds.

The sail comes up, one slim fold at a time. Silver shimmy's back to the rigging, where Jim is still waiting.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Never you mind, Jim. Never you mind, come on back down.

Silver and Jim make their way back down together.

EXT. HISPANIOLA (AT SEA) - MORNING

The wind blows still, but less ferociously, and the waves that buffet the bow no longer wash over the decks.

## INT. LIVESEY'S CABIN - MORNING

Livesey has two FOILS, light, training swords on his bunk, and is digging through his trunk when Jim comes in.

JIM

Doctor, you asked to see me?

LIVESEY

Jim, yesterday's incident-

JIM

When I turned yellow?

LIVESEY

Turned yellow?

JIM

That's what the crew says.

LIVESEY

Mr. Arrow was foolish to order you up into the rigging. You don't have the experience.

JIM

Thank you for saying so, Doctor, but...

LIVESEY

I made your mother a promise. A promise I intend to keep.

Livesey tosses Jim a foil. He catches it, awkwardly.

## EXT. MAIN DECK, HISPANIOLA - DAY

Livesey and Jim practice the basic forms of fencing. Silver looks on, approvingly, as he peels potatoes. Cap't Flint paces around, BWAAAACKING, and *swearing* a blue streak.

## EXT. QUARTER DECK/HISPANIOLA - DAY

Jim, with a 'Brown Bess' musket, goes through the drills of reloading a black powder gun. Jim bites off the cartridge, pours the powder down the barrel, slips in the ball, and rams it all home.

RUTHIE

Hurry, son, but never rush.

He primes the pan, cocks, aims, and FIRES off the back of the ship at a barrel being trailed 50 yards away. He MISSES.

EXT. MAIN DECK, HISPANIOLA - CONTINUOUS

Harry and Jim wait on deck, each on one side of the boat, hand on the rigging ladder.

Silver drops his hat, and both lads begin to RACE EACH OTHER up the ladder.

Harry's moving faster, but Jim's pouring it on. The crew SHOUTS and CHEERS the boys along.

EXT. CROW'S NEST - DAY

Harry reaches the crows nest first, Jim heaving himself up a few beats after.

HARRY

Better luck next time, Hawkins.

Jim pants, but smiles through it. The view is STAGGERING, nothing but blue sea in every direction.

EXT. FOREDECK - DAY

River and Jim are wrestling. River tosses Jim off his hip, and down onto the hard deck.

Jim SLAMS his hand down onto the wood in frustration. River offers him a hand up, but Jim just lies there, sulking.

EXT. MAIN DECK, HISPANIOLA - EVENING

A jaw-dropping sunset guides them west, but Jim and Livesey are locked into a demo-duel. Jim's competent, but Livesey disarms him, sending the blade skittering across the deck.

JIM

Bloody hell.

LIVESEY

Mind your language, Jim.

JIM

I'm terrible.

LIVESEY

Wrong. You're improving.

Jim goes to fetch his sword.

JIM  
(under his breath)  
Bollocks.

Livesey swats him across the ass with the edge of the foil.  
Jim leaps in pain.

LIVESEY  
You can learn to be a sailor, but  
you'll speak like a gentleman.

Silver watches it all thoughtfully.

INT. GALLEY - NIGHT

Jim is chopping up potatoes, and dumping them into a pot.  
Silver tastes his stew with a finger tip.

SILVER  
You've gone all quiet.

JIM  
He's not my father.

SILVER  
Who?

JIM  
You saw what he did.

SILVER  
You have been gettin' a bit salty.

The parrot eyes Silver evilly; *BWAAAAACK!*

SILVER (CONT'D)  
He's a good man, that Doctor. Kind,  
well-meanin', ever so clever; but  
he ain't really like us, is he?

JIM  
Like us?

SILVER  
Workin' men. Nothin' wrong with it,  
s'world we live in, there's such as  
'im, and such as us.

Jim slides his potatoes into the pot, and wipes the sweat  
away.

JIM  
Workin' men.

EXT. QUARTER DECK - DAY

Jim rams the ball, stows the ramrod, cocks, aims, and FIRES!

The barrel is HIT with a satisfying THWACK! An enthusiastic pat on the back from Ruthie nearly knocks Jim overboard.

EXT. MAIN DECK, HISPANIOLA - AFTERNOON

The crew's gathered as Jim and Harry prep for another race. Silver pushes himself up to standing. Reaching out with his free hand, he holds his hat out, bowl up.

SILVER  
I've a gold sovereign that says Jim  
beats him outright.

It's the 1757 version of laying down a hundred. Israel Hands flips a SOVEREIGN neatly into the upturned hat.

ISRAEL  
Got yourself a wager.

Israel looks at Harry, threateningly.

ISRAEL (CONT'D)  
Balls it up, and I'll thump ya.

Silver just WINKS at Jim, taking the two sovereigns in hand. Silver looks at the boys-

SILVER  
Ready lads?

Harry and Jim exchange a glare before they nod. Silver slashes his hat down - and it's on!

SILVER (CONT'D)  
Go!

The boys climb fast. Both of them are off like rabbits, and crew begins to cheer.

Smollet, keeps one hand on the wheel, an eye on the race. The Squire and River smoke their pipes, eyes fixed on the climb.

It's neck and neck in the rigging. Jim climbs fearlessly, and at the first collar, both lads are eye to eye. Harry makes a misstep. He darts across the collar and *tugs Jim's ankle.*

Jim drops, catching himself three rungs down. He *FREEZES*.

Harry climbs up past him, on the same rigging now. Jim *STEELS HIMSELF!* He starts climbing, even faster, and grabs Harry at the ankle, and buying himself a rung.

Above, in the CROWS NEST, Job Anderson is waiting.

JOB

Come on!

Jim speeds up, gaining on Harry. As the ladder gets narrower, they're running out of room to share.

Jim's moving faster than Harry, passing him. He stalls when Harry grabs his belt.

Jim holds on tight this time, but Harry climbs him, stepping on Jim's shoulder to take the victory.

Israel Hands takes the two sovereigns with relish.

ISRAEL

A fool and his money, Silver.

Cap'n Flint's beady eye catches Israel in his gloating.

CAP'N FLINT

*Up yer arse.*

The crew are still LAUGHING when Mr. Arrow comes up from below decks.

ARROW

Alright you lot!... Back to bleedin' work.

The crew all grumble, but they go back to their places.

Up in the rigging, Job Anderson is climbing back down.

JOB

Take my watch. I need a piss.

Jim clambers to the nest. He's tanned, and carrying some muscle. Hard to believe it's the same boy who left Bristol.

EXT. FORE-DECK - DAY

Jim coils a rope expertly, twisting each rotation, and making the rope lie flat, and cinching the whole coil up quickly, hanging the lot from a cleat on the foremast.

Silver smokes his pipe and watches with satisfaction.

SILVER

A place for everything, and -

JIM

Everything in its place. John, you shouldn't have bet on me.

SILVER

Bet? I didn't bet on you.

JIM

You lost a sovereign-

SILVER

No. I paid for your lesson.

JIM

What, that I can't beat Harry? Coulda told you that for free.

SILVER

Long John's Rules of Life. Number 2: There ain't no such thing as fair. Weren't fair that your daddy died. Weren't fair when I put my cutlass through Black Dog's back-

JIM

I don't understand.

SILVER

Harry knew that if he lost, he'd catch a wallop from Issy.

JIM

So he cheated-

SILVER

He won. There will come a time when it's your life; the lives of your friends, your shipmates, luffin' in the breeze; will you do what has to be done to win? Because that's rule number 1, boyo; survive.

Israel and Achille approach. Israel looks up to the rigging.

ISRAEL

That's a sloppy excuse for a batten on the top gallant, Mr. 'awkins.

JIM  
Sir?

ACHILLE  
Well? It won't fix itself.

JIM  
Aye aye.

And, fast as a monkey, Jim's scaling the rigging.

SILVER  
Weather's getting warm, eh lads,  
warm and wet...

Hands looks back towards the Quarter Deck, where only the Squire and Livesey can be seen. Israel leans down close.

ISRAEL  
Time for a meetin'.

SILVER  
Israel-

ACHILLE  
Tonight.

Israel walks forward, bellowing up at Jim.

ISRAEL  
You'll have that creased and 'anked  
away or I'll know the reason why!

INT. MAIN HOLD/HISPANIOLA - NIGHT

It's where the stores are kept, stacks of crates, and large, iron-banded hogs-head barrels.

Jim enters the dark hold, and lights up one of the lanterns.

He clammers up and peers down into one of the tall, wide barrels. Down, at the very bottom, sloshing in a few inches of salt water, are the last of the apples.

To get to them, Jim has to lower himself into the barrel.

He's ankle deep in water, fishing the apples up, when he hears the DEEP VOICES of Israel Hands, and Tom O'Brien.

O'BRIEN  
Trust the nose, Issy, two things it  
always knows, land and a tasty  
piece of crumpet.

Jim hesitates in the barrel as O'Brien and Hands walk into the hold. Job and Achille join them.

JOB

Your nose couldn't tell a girl from a sheep's arse.

O'BRIEN

In Killkenny, s'true, we're partial to both; but we knows our girls from our girls, and our men from our men.

O'Brien lets the barb sink in, and we notice, that Job is in fact a WOMAN, living as a man. (script refers to Job as HE for duration)

Job draws a dirk from his belt.

JOB

A quick flick of the wrist, and you can be a girl too.

O'BRIEN

You'll need a bigger knife than that. More of a sawin' motion.

O'Brien mimics a broad sawing motion, like cutting a tree!

ISRAEL

'ardly.

The THUMP-step of Silver on his crutch announces his arrival.

SILVER

Achi', keep a sharp ear.

JOB

It's time, Silver.

SILVER

Time for what?

ISRAEL

We're sick of all this. Bosun's pipes, knucklin' our fore'heads like a pack a simple seamen-

JOB

The map's on the ship, John.

ACHILLE

Flint would 'ave taken the ship.

ISRAEL

Throw the buggers overboard, I says.

*It's MUTINY.* Jim draws back from his peep-hole and tries to think.

SILVER

Throw them overboard should we, Israel? And pray tell me then, how do we find the cursed island? Can you read the sun by sextant, and can you, by clock and compass, plot the charts? I can't.

ISRAEL

We're close-

SILVER

Tommy O'Brien's nose tell you so?

Silver spits on the deck at Hand's feet in disgust. He stares down O'Brien as well.

Achille, at the hatchway, suddenly HISSES.

ACHILLE

*Attendez!*

Everyone shuts up, as footsteps get louder. MR. ARROW walks in, lantern in hand, followed by young HARRY.

ARROW

Well, well, what 'ave we 'ere?

ISRAEL

Piss off, Arrow, crew business.

ARROW

I know what you're after. The gold. Whalers you say? Bollocks, you've sailed together before, but it wasn't no whales you was 'untin'. Tell me I'm wrong. Well, not one of you will see the sparkly stuff, will ya? 'Arry, fetch the Captain.

SILVER

Harry, stay right where you are.

Harry steps back away from Arrow.

ARROW

I'm not afraid of you, Silver.

Arrow is backing up for the door, but Achille cuts him off. Jim watches as Silver slowly, silently draws his blade.

SILVER

Fear isn't a weakness. It's an instinct men develop to keep themselves alive.

One hand on the beams above, Silver crosses the hold in a swing, lands on his good foot, driving the blade into Mr. Arrows guts!

Riding him to the deck, John stabs him over and over again. He cups his hand over Arrow's mouth, stifling his screams.

SILVER (CONT'D)

You know where I learned my trade.

Silver watches the life going out of his eyes.

SILVER (CONT'D)

An' who I learned it from.

By the lamplight, Silver is suddenly terrifying, cold and cruel.

SILVER (CONT'D)

You needn't think on our plans, as I've reasoned every particular. We play this charade until the last moment - till this ship's loaded with gold, and a day from port if I have my way.

The other's don't like it, but John's made his case.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Now then, Harry, how about you and I have a little chin-wag?

Jim watches as Job and O'Brien wrap Arrow in a sail cloth, Hands going ahead as look out. They lift the corpse and walk it out, Achille slipping behind them. Silver takes a seat, leaning against the apple barrel.

All Silver's rage dies, all his anger, the exertion of killing a man. **Gone.** *A perfect transformation to his charming, kind self.*

SILVER (CONT'D)

Have a seat, m'boy, and tell me what you know.

Harry sits on a crate opposite Silver.

HARRY

I know you was Quartermaster on Flint's old ship, The Walrus.

SILVER

The Walrus. What a ship, and you never saw such a crew. That's where I lost me old leg. We took a broadside from a Spanish Man'O War. Chain shot it was; Tore across the deck, splintered the foremast, and caught me at my gun. Our surgeon, was killed by a mortar, so the ships carpenter did the honors for Long John. Sawed it through; as if it were a broken spar.

John's tale is *utterly convincing*.

HARRY

So it's true.

SILVER

You're a smart lad, Harry, I seen it as soon as I laid eyes on you. "Smart as paint" I said to myself.

Jim scowls as he hears Silver's false-flattery repeated.

HARRY

What will become of the others?

Silver nods heavily.

SILVER

I'll not tell a lie; it's a bloody death for them; a bleedin' fortune for us. What say, ye, Harry?

HARRY

I'm for fortune, Cap'n Silver.

SILVER

Cap'n is it? Well, then, Harry, fetch us an apple, killin's a thirsty business.

Jim's trapped in the barrel. He'll be caught for sure.

Harry stands and takes out a small flask.

HARRY

I've a taste of Brandy, if you'll share it with me.

SILVER  
With gratitude.

Silver tilts back the flask, and hands it back to Harry.

Harry takes Silver's hand, and helps him to his feet. Silver lumbers out of the hold, blowing out the lantern as he goes.

Jim, now in almost perfect darkness, waits as the *thump-step, thump-step* of Silver's crutch fades away.

Jim wants to SCREAM, instead, he PUNCHES the thick oak of the barrel until his knuckles bleed.

INT. SMOLLET'S CABIN - MORNING

Smollet, the Squire, the Doctor and Jim are gathered in the cramped cabin. Jim's just dropped the bombshell, and its impact on the three adults is enormous.

SMOLLET  
Thank God Hawkins fancied an apple last night.

LIVESEY  
The question is; what do we do next?

SMOLLET  
Once we sight land, I'll give the men a day off on shore. We'll even the odds, and take the ship.

The Squire and Livesey nod.

There's a KNOCK at the cabin door. Smollet points Jim into the corner, and Livesey steps between him, pulling the Squire over to block the boys presence.

SMOLLET (CONT'D)  
Come in.

Israel Hands enters, knuckle to his forehead.

ISRAEL  
Beg pardon, Cap'n. Mr. Arrow's gone missin' sir.

SMOLLET  
Missing? Explain yourself.

ISRAEL

We've searched every hold and berth, he's gone sir.

Smollet makes a show of concern.

SMOLLET

Pipe to assembly, Mr. Hands.

Hands salutes before leaving. Smollet looks sternly at the others.

SMOLLET (CONT'D)

Acting's the game now, gentlemen, we shall play the fools. Know this, the performance is for your lives.

Jim, Livesey and the Squire each exchange a worried look.

EXT. MAIN DECK/HISPANIOLA (AT SEA) - MORNING

The whole crew is gathered in a loose square on deck. Smollet, Livesey and the Squire up on the Quarter deck.

SMOLLET

Who was on watch last night?

ACHILLE

Me.

SMOLLET

And?

ACHILLE

I never saw him.

SMOLLET

Who did see Mr. Arrow last night?

Job raises his hand.

JOB

I saw him just after nine bells, sir-

SMOLLET

His condition?

Silence from the crew.

SMOLLET (CONT'D)

There's no secrets on a small crew, I know Mr. Arrow liked his drink.

SILVER

It's bad luck, speakin' ill of the dead, sir.

SMOLLET

It's no ill to speak the truth.

O'BRIEN

He's been workin' that grog barrel as hard as ever did us; to be sure.

Jim is boiling with anger, the smoothness of the lies, the ease of the evil...

SMOLLET

There's a lesson here. A nip or two's every sailor's right. But I won't tolerate drunkenness-

From up in the crow's nest, HARRY calls down.

HARRY

LAND-HO!

The crew rushes to the gunwales and peers out to the horizon; the interruption in the line of the horizon is clear.

SMOLLET

(to Livesey)  
We're out of time.

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND - DAY

The island rises from the sea like the hump of a giant sea creature, frozen in place, and overgrown with a thick forest of green. The heights are clouded with the mists of morning.

From a distance, you can make out cliffs, streams and a churning water fall. Paradise.

The *Hispaniola* is just coming to a slow gliding stop, anchor dropping into the turquoise blue waters of a lee shore.

EXT. QUARTER DECK/HISPANIOLA - CONTINUOUS

The crew know their business, the last few yards of sail have been rolled up, and there's a palpable excitement in the air.

Not for Jim. He's staring out to sea. Livesey approaches, and leans onto the gunwale next to him.

LIVESEY

Jim?

Livesey can see the tears in the young mans eyes.

LIVESEY (CONT'D)

Jim, you heard the captain.  
Everything depends on us putting on  
a good show...

JIM

I thought he was my friend.

LIVESEY

Who?

JIM

Silver. John. I thought...

Jim wipes away the tears.

LIVESEY

Oh Jim.

JIM

(trying his best)  
Don't worry Doctor, I know what I  
have to do.

The pipe calls the crew to attention. Jim joins the crew at attention. Smollet takes his place on the quarter-deck.

SMOLLET

I'm proud of you men. It was a long  
sail, a hard trip. You have earned  
a day off. A full cask of rum,  
provisions, a night ashore; no  
other work for the next 24 hours.

The men CHEER. Simple fools. Only Silver sees the meaning in it. They break up, unshipping the jolly boats.

He slides up next to Israel and Achille.

SILVER

Think they smells it?

ISRAEL

Can't tell.

SILVER

Puttin' off the crew. I don't like  
it.

ACHILLE  
There's four men below, ready to  
take the magazine.

ISRAEL  
Shall we do it now?

Silver thinks, eyes scanning the deck, until they find *Jim*.

SILVER  
I'll take Hawkins with me to the  
Island. He won't be able to lie to  
old John. You'll stay here, Issy.  
If they knows, I'll fire off a  
pistol, that'll be your signal to  
take the ship.

ISRAEL  
An if they don't?

SILVER  
Why, we play along until this here  
ships loaded to bursting with gold.

ACHILLE  
I say we go now.

SILVER  
And I says we don't.

Achille and Silver lock eyes, *Silver wins the battle of will.*

ISRAEL  
Sailing awful close on this, John.

SILVER  
Right into the wind.

Silver sees Jim walking his way and puts his kind face on  
again.

SILVER (CONT'D)  
Jim lad, I bet you can't wait to  
get your dogs on land again.

JIM  
Doctor asked me to help him with  
his... his...

The Doctor comes up, just as Silver guides Jim to the side.

LIVESEY  
Mr. Silver, I... I must protest-

SILVER

You'd not keep a young lad from  
explorin' and swimmin' and a night  
ashore; why Doctor, it's not  
Christian! Lad that age...

Livesey sees the looks from Hands, Achille, O'Brien and  
Anderson. He senses the challenge. So does Jim.

JIM

Please Doctor?

Livesey looks down at Jim, the question clear in his face.  
Jim nods; *he knows exactly what he's doing.*

LIVESEY

Don't see how I can say no.

SILVER

That's good of you Doctor.

LIVESEY

(double meaning)

You won't let any harm come to him,  
will you, Mr. Silver?

SILVER

Safe as houses.

Livesey and Jim lock eyes as Jim goes over the side and down  
to the jolly boat.

INT. SMOLLET'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Ruthie and the Squire are prepping supplies. Muskets,  
pistols, swords, knives...

Smollet slams his hand on his desk.

SMOLLET

Why the hell did that fool boy get  
in the boat?

LIVESEY

To give the rest of us a chance.

SMOLLET

Then I say we take that chance.

SQUIRE

And leave the boy in their hands?

LIVESEY

Never.

Livesey takes out FLINT'S MAP, spreading it across the desk. He points to the bay as represented on the map.

LIVESEY (CONT'D)

We take the launch- make for the stockade and dig in. We trade Jim for the map. Agreed?

The other's nod, and Smollet hands the map to Livesey.

SQUIRE

We'll be trapped on the island.

Smollet takes his remaining charts, and starts making some notations.

SMOLLET

The ship's in irons, on a lee shore.

Smollet writes nautical directions with charcoal on the beam over the desk. He then sweeps all the charts off the desk and into a weighted bag.

SQUIRE

Speak English, sir!

SMOLLET

They'll be trapped 'ere too.

Smollet throws the bag out the window, and watches it sink.

SMOLLET (CONT'D)

Where's your Indian?

RUTHIE

Don't you worry about Two Rivers, Cap'n, he's where he likes to be; behind enemy lines.

Ruthie cocks his musket, and kneels by the doorway.

EXT. JOLLY-BOATS (ROWING TO SHORE) - CONTINUOUS

Jim looks to the shore, where gentle waves lap a white beach. The men row smoothly, and the long jolly eats the distance easily in these calm seas.

Silver rows in the first seat, Jim at the rudder. The other boat is no more than 20 feet to the left, and keeping pace a boat-length back, JOB ANDERSON as cox.

SILVER

We'll hunt down a goat, or maybe a hog and roast him over a fire.

Jim is careful, he judges the distance to shore, and fixes Silver with a frosty glare.

JIM

How'd you lose the leg, John?

SILVER

I told you Jim, a shark-

JIM

Not from a Spanish broadside?

Silver makes the sudden connection. Before he can react, JIM SLAMS THE RUDDER OVER.

The Boat, over-loaded with men as it is, HEELS HARD OVER. Jim pulls, CAPSIZING the boat in the shallow water!

JIM SWIMS under the water, comes up in the shallows and runs.

JOB sees Jim go, and DRAWS A PISTOL: He AIMS...

Silver surfaces, and waves his arms-

SILVER

NO!

Job FIRES the pistol at JIM as he runs through the shallow water and soft sand. The BULLET ZIPS OVER HIS SHOULDER.

EXT. MAIN DECK, HISPANIOLA - CONTINUOUS

The sound of the shot rolls faintly across the calm waters. Israel turns to O'Brien.

ISRAEL

There it is. You know what to do.

O'Brien nods and draws his two heavy pistols.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

All of Job's crew draw their weapons and splash through the shallow water, CHASING JIM up the beach.

Jim looks back once, and RUNS for the thick, green jungle that grows thick as a curtain at the beach's edge.

Half a dozen more SNAP SHOTS whizz past Jim, one CRACKING into the tree right in front of him.

Jim runs into the jungle; gunshots and MUTINEERS following.

INT. HISPANIOLA LONG PASSAGE - DAY

River, his gunstock-axe in one hand, a long blade in the other, waits as THREE ARMED MUTINEERS pass him. He steps out behind them, and makes a BIRD CALL.

As they turn, he GOES TO WORK!

It's *almost* a fair fight. **Almost.** River tears into them, blocking, hacking, tripping, slashing, and cutting.

From the MAGAZINE (a small room for powder and guns) off the main passageway, Israel hears the commotion. He see's River RIPPING HIS GUYS UP!

INT. MAGAZINE - CONTINUOUS

Israel knocks the lid off of a red-painted crate, and reveals GRENADES. In these days, it was a heavy metal ball, with a wick sticking out the top, "spy vs spy" style.

He grabs one, lights the wick, and tosses the GRENADE!

INT. HISPANIOLA, MAIN PASSAGE - CONTINUOUS

River drives the spike of his axe deep into a sailor's chest when the grenade lands, fuse HISSING!

He dives away - TOO LATE - the BOMB EXPLODES. The explosion's MASSIVE: fire and smoke fill the narrow passage -

The smoke clears, River lies still, eyes shut; presumed DEAD.

INT. PASSAGEWAY/HISPANIOLA - DAY

A MUTINEER approaches the Captain's cabin, pistol up. He never sees the bullet as Ruthie BLASTS HIM OFF HIS FEET!

The narrow passage FILLS with smoke from the shot.

O'Brien, GILLIE and COYLE (2 young sailors), are waiting around the corner.

O'BRIEN  
While he reloads-

COYLE  
Why us?

O'Brien sticks a pistol in each of their faces, prompting them to ATTACK!

Gillie and Coyle each push into the cloud of thick smoke, and CHARGE towards the cabin.

Ruthie KILLS Coyle with a snap-shot. Gillie charges in at him sword already swinging.

Ruthie blocks the sword: *teeth fly* as the stock *SHATTERS* Gillie's jaw. Sensing O'Brien, he uses Gillie as a shield. Both his shots hit Gillie-

O'Brien ducks back as Israel approaches from behind.

ISRAEL  
What happened?

O'BRIEN  
What does it bleedin' look like?

*A trail of bodies fills the corridor.*

ISRAEL  
Right tools, for the right job.

Israel lobs a Grenade INTO SMOLLET'S CABIN.

INT. SMOLLET'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Ruthie sees the heavy Grenade land. Livesey is at the window, lowering supplies down to the launch. He drops his musket, and TACKLES LIVESEY out the window -

EXT. HISPANIOLA/AFT - CONTINUOUS

Ruthie and the Doctor are wrapped together, flying out the window a SPLIT SECOND before the entire cabin EXPLODES!

The windows SHATTER, and smoke PLUMES out of the wide windows. In the launch below, Smollet and the Squire DUCK as they're covered in debris.

Ruthie and Livesey SPLASH DOWN into the water.

EXT. JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

Jim sprints down a narrow pig-run through low bushes and scrub - voices all around him from the pursuing pirates.

He dashes around a fallen tree, and then doubles back, HIDING under the fallen log.

As he tries to calm his breathing, FOUR MUTINEERS run past.

One walks over to where Jim is hiding. He stops just inches away from the log. Jim hardly dares to breathe.

A long beat passes, and next to Jim's head, a stream of piss comes from above. Jim doesn't dare move as the pool of stinking urine inches towards him.

The Mutineer runs off after his fellows, even as piss soaks Jim's hair.

Second pass, and the crashing pursuit turns to silence. Jim cautiously slips out from cover, and starts, quietly heading off on another angle.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Silver, soaked to the bone, gathers the Mutineers around him.

SILVER  
Bring me Jim Hawkins.

ACHILLE  
I go.

SILVER  
Alive, Achi', alive.

With that, Achille strips off his shirt to reveal a *CICATRIX* of past whip-marks across his muscled back.

EXT. HISPANIOLA/AFT - CONTINUOUS

Livesey, Ruthie Smollet and the Squire, are rowing away. From the Quarter Deck, we hear the *BIRD CALL* AGAIN, Ruthie and the Squire look up, and watch as RIVER dives off the rail.

He swims out towards them, and lets himself be hauled aboard.

He's got a nasty piece of SHRAPNEL in his shoulder.

SMOLLET

It's not over yet, row! Row for  
your blasted lives.

EXT. JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

Shouts from the others can be heard at a distance, but Jim keeps moving, slowly, carefully, until he hears a TWIG BREAK not 15 feet away.

It's Harry. He's got a pistol aimed at Jim - he can't miss.

Harry checks over his shoulders, aims well HIGH and fires.

HARRY

(whispered)

Run ya daft git, run.

Jim bolts. Not a second too soon, as JOB comes running up.

JOB

Did you get him?

HARRY

I bloody missed!

Job SPRINTS after Jim.

EXT. HISPANIOLA (AT ANCHOR) - CONTINUOUS

Israel and O'Brien push the big, brass cannon back towards the quarter deck.

A ramp lays on the stairs, but they strain to get the 500lb cannon up, each second buying the launch precious time.

EXT. LAUNCH/ROWING - CONTINUOUS

The pace is slow and steady, the Hispaniola isn't more than a hundred yards away: the cannon can shoot ten times that!

EXT. JUNGLE - CONTINUOUS

Job is tracking Jim. He passes the broken branches that mark Jim's passing, and finds a wet footprint high on a rock.

Stalking further, Job approaches a fast-running stream. A muddy footprint at the bank is a dead give away, and Job looks to the nearby stones for a crossing.

JIM LEAPS OUT FROM BEHIND A TREE! He lowers his shoulder, slamming Job into the water, and takes three leaping steps on the rocks to cross the river.

The water is cold and deep. But Job's on his feet, and aiming his pistol in a few short seconds.

Jim's less than a dozen feet away. Job aims. There's only the hollow click of a flintlock on wet powder.

JOB

Damn it!

Jim doesn't stop running.

EXT. QUARTER DECK/HISPANIOLA - CONTINUOUS

O'Brien and Israel, sweating and swearing, push the cannon into position.

EXT. CLIFF FACE - CONTINUOUS

Jim has reached the end of the line. The waterfall to one side, a high cliff face to the other. It's a long, nearly vertical climb to the top.

He looks for a hiding place but there's nothing.

Achille emerges from the jungle; Jim starts to climb.

The first 30 feet happen before he even knows it. He makes a difficult scramble, and then heaves up and over another obstacle before chancing a look back, and down to Achille.

ACHILLE

Come down, no one will hurt you.

Job Anderson has snuck up, and standing just a few feet behind Achille, he raises the gun. Achille senses the movement, and slaps the gun just as he fires.

The bullet goes wide, cracking off rocks a few feet from Jim.

ACHILLE (CONT'D)

Silver wants him alive-

JOB

That boy'll be the ruin of us.

Jim worms his way into a crevice, shimmying further up.

Achille puts a protective arm around Job.

ACHILLE  
 (whispers)  
 Let Silver play his games; we play  
 ours.

EXT. QUARTER DECK/HISPANIOLA - AFTERNOON

O'Brien staggers back to the cannon, and rams a silk bag of powder down the barrel, and then loads a cannon ball. He rams that home, while Israel adjusts the elevation.

O'BRIEN  
 Clear and ready.

Israel pushes a thin spike through the touch hole, and then pushes a lit match cord through the hole.

The CANNON BELCHES FIRE, and a shot roars out - the Cannon rockets backwards, right over O'BRIEN'S FOOT.

O'BRIEN  
 JAYSUS!

EXT. LAUNCH/ROWING - CONTINUOUS

The BALL hits the water, 15 feet behind them, right on the line. The SPLASH goes 40 ft up, *soaking the men in the boat!*

SMOLLET  
 That was his cold shot...next one  
 will be closer.

SQUIRE  
 Damn fine gunnery.

EXT. CLIFF FACE - CONTINUOUS

The rolling BOOM of the cannon shot is clear, even up here. Jim hazards a glimpse out at the bay. He can see the small boat rowing away, and the cloud of white smoke at the stern.

A hundred feet down, he can still see Achille.

Jim has to lever himself out and onto the cliff face. He finds a hand hold, clings tight, and searches for a foothold.

He weights the foot, and is transitioning over, when the FOOTHOLD GIVES WAY.

*He FALLS THROUGH SPACE. For a long second, it's all over.*

His hands reach out, and find a thin ledge. He *CRIES OUT IN PAIN* as his fingers take his full weight in a sudden shock, his body *SLAMS* into the rock face.

EXT. QUARTER DECK/HISPANIOLA - AFTERNOON

Israel is packing his own powder and shot now. O'Brien is leaning against the wheel, his foot a swollen mess.

O'BRIEN  
It's broken. Every blasted bone.

ISRAEL  
Who's fault is that?

O'BRIEN  
The gunner who didn't secure the goddamned gun?

ISRAEL  
Or maybe the pillock who said he was clear when he wasn't.

O'BRIEN  
So it's my fault is it?

Israel levers the gun up with a long spar, and places the wedge, and lowers the gun back down.

ISRAEL  
(sarcastic)  
Clear?

Israel touches the match to the hole; the cannon BARKS again.

EXT. LAUNCH/ROWING - CONTINUOUS

The ball arcs in on a low, flat trajectory. It cuts the air with the sound of ripping fabric...

It lands not four feet from the bow, almost upsetting the small boat. The wave sloshes all four men.

SQUIRE  
Damned fine gunnery!

They really start to pull now.

EXT. CLIFF FACE - CONTINUOUS

Jim's feet scramble for a hold. His fingers are slipping... his other hand searches... finally finding a good grip! He latches on; pulling as hard as he can. He starts to climb and climb FAST.

EXT. FOOT OF THE CLIFF FACE - CONTINUOUS

Silver nimbly works his way over to Achille and Job. They release hands at his approach, *does he notice?*

SILVER

What part of 'alive' was so hard to understand?

Achille points up to Jim, now a small figure high, high above.

JOB

What you so soft on him for anyway, John? You taken a fancy to him, all them long nights at sea?

Silver CRACKS Job in the face with a hard left, knocking him flat on his ass. Achille BOILS; but a subtle hand signal from Job holds him back.

SILVER

Jim Hawkins was the only currency that woulda bought that map.

Silver turns away, beginning the long trek back. Achille helps Job up; the look he gives Silver would turn your blood cold.

EXT. LAUNCH/ROWING - CONTINUOUS

The launch has almost made it to the thin spit of land that juts out over this corner of the bay.

Four hard strokes, and they're onto the sand.

EXT. QUARTER DECK/HISPANIOLA - CONTINUOUS

ISRAEL aims down the barrel. He HAMMERS the wedge home a few more degrees. Match to the touch hole, and **KA-BOOM!!!**

CANNON BALL POV: we accelerate to 1400 feet per second - arcing out over the turquoise water of the bay... towards that long, narrow spit, and down, right for the small boat...

EXT. SPIT - CONTINUOUS

Ruthie, Livesey, Grey and Smollet each have a cask in their arms when the Squire sees the flash. The trajectory is clear, you can follow it with your eye...

They all DIVE and COVER as the Cannon Ball SMASHES THE BOAT to splinters. The rolling BOOM follows a few seconds later.

The Squire emerges from the shallow water, shaking himself like a dog, and losing his wig in the process.

SQUIRE

The man's a prodigy!

EXT. CLIFF TOP CLEARING - AFTERNOON

Jim clammers up the last few feet of rock, scurries through the vines and bushes, and finally emerges onto the flat, grassy top of the cliff.

He crawls to the edge, and looks out over the bay. He can just see the spit and his friends. The RED ENSIGN flag is being lowered from the Hispaniola's mast.

Hands raw from the climb, terrified, exhausted, Jim collapses to the ground, and BREATHES.

A FACE appears in the shadows between the branches. Wild doesn't begin to describe him. A long white beard, a shock of grey hair matted into thick dreadlocks, framing a face burned and scaled by the sun.

Insane eyes fix on Jim with intensity, this is BEN GUNN, 64.

EXT. STOCKADE - AFTERNOON

Out on the spit, surrounded by the sea on three sides, and ringed by a palisade-fence of sharp stakes is *The Stockade*. A half dozen rusting cannon face out to sea.

In the center of the compound; a simple log cabin, thick tree trunks roughly planed and stacked like Lincoln-logs. The roof is thickly overgrown with wild plants.

Livesey extracts the shrapnel from River's shoulder.

Smollet uses his telescope, examining the Hispaniola.

TELESCOPE POV: The BLACK, DEATHS-HEAD FLAG is hoisted!

EXT. CLIFF TOP CLEARING - EVENING

The Sun is setting on Treasure Island, and Jim Hawkins is still lying in the tall grass of the clearing.

From the darkness of the jungle the eyes of Ben Gunn watch Jim. He mutters, just under his breath. *Madness.*

BEN

(to himself)

*Isn't real. Boy isn't real, Ben.  
Blithering great fool, finally gone  
mad you has... ships and boys...*

He sniffs the air...

BEN (CONT'D)

Smells real. Yes he does, smells  
real enough...

Ben takes a cautious step out of cover. His tanned brown body is covered in a poncho of goat skins.

Jim hears the movement, and sits up, and turns around. When he sees Ben, he BOLTS to his feet.

*There's nowhere left to run.*

Jim tries to dodge around him, only to be tackled. He fights as hard as he ever has, but Ben is strong and wily.

BEN (CONT'D)

He's real. He is! He is!

Ben starts running his hands all over Jim's face.

Another BOOM from the Hispaniola startles Ben, and Jim BUCKS HIM OFF and tries to scramble away. Ben grabs his foot.

BEN (CONT'D)

Say a word! Speak so I knows!

JIM

Let me GO!

BEN

Talks to us, did you hear him?  
Talks to us. And you talks to  
yourself, old-chum, doesn't mean  
anything, does it now?

Jim struggles to pull his foot free, falling over as Ben lets him go. Ben scurries up next to him.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Tell me, friend, are you real?

JIM  
Of course I'm real.

BEN  
He's here, he's real, real as life.  
Ha! Ha! I'm saved. SAVED!

Ben rolls on his back, kicking his feet up in the air in a wild jig! Jim realizes, this person isn't all there.

JIM  
Do you have a name?

BEN  
A what's? A name? Why. I'm Ben Gunn. That's who I am, Benjamin Peter Gunn, so I am, but most just calls me Ben.

Ben leaps to his feet as another CANNON SHOT BOOMS!

JIM  
How did you get here, Ben, were you shipwrecked?

BEN  
Shipwrecked? No. No, not shipwrecked my plum. *Not shipwrecked at all.* Ben was *MAROONED.*

JIM  
That's awful.

BEN  
Tell me Jim, and it's a strange question, yes I know, but it's the one thing I dream about, above all else... have you any cheese?

Ben leans down close, SNIFFING at Jim like a big dog.

BEN (CONT'D)  
A blue Stilton, maybe or a chalky cheddar? A runny Brie perhaps? Even a nasty old Dutch rind...

JIM  
I'm sorry, Ben, I don't.

BEN  
Maybe on that fine ship then?

JIM  
On board? Why, we have wheels of  
cheese on board-

BEN  
Wheels you says?

Ben sniffs the air, and stares hard into Jim's eyes. He draws his short, well-used knife and holds it to Jim's neck.

BEN (CONT'D)  
*Better not lie to Ben.*

JIM  
I'm not lying! But there's a  
problem.

BEN  
A problem? What problem?

JIM  
Pirates have the ship - They're  
trying to kill me and my friends.

BEN  
*What name uses these pirates?*

JIM  
They're led by Long John-

BEN  
*SILVER.*

Ben's rage, the knife at Jim's throat - shit, Jim might get cut just because Ben's a loon.

JIM  
Ben, you don't need the knife.

Ben stands, looking out towards the ship, blade still in hand.

BEN  
*John Silver, here, on my island now  
are you? Know what you've come for  
John, so I do. Hehehehehehe.*

Ben dances a mad little caper. He sheathes the blade.

BEN (CONT'D)

Jim. Your friends, take you to them  
safe and sound I will. Knows all  
the ways, I do.

Ben slinks towards the Jungle, and Jim follows.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

The Mutineers are a rough looking lot. They've been into the rum already, and they're half pissed. A fire's going, and skewers of salt pork are sizzling on sticks.

It looks more like a *beach party* than a *pirate invasion*.

Silver, Achille and Job come down from the tree line.

Silver walks around to where MORGAN and BIBLE DICK are roasting their skewers.

SILVER

On your feet, we'll take the stockade before dark.

MORGAN

Cap'n gave us a day off.

SILVER

The Captain who we deposed in a mutiny? Would that be the one? Well sure. If he gave you a day off, who am I to contradict him?

MORGAN

Get off your high horse, we're here at the Island. We have the ship, thought'd we'd have a drink first.

Silver smacks Morgan upside his head.

SILVER

That's what you get for thinkin'

Morgan catches Silver by surprise, pushing him on his back.

MORGAN

Keep your hands to yourself, cripple.

Silver sweeps his crutch out, and CRACKS Morgan at the knee. As he falls, Silver swarms him.

John batters Morgan with hard punches, pinning his arm with his good leg. He drives a thumb into Morgan's eye socket.

Morgan thrashes, but Silver rides him easily, thumb pressing down HARD.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

*John - NO!*

SILVER

(whispered)

I ever tell you how Flint lost his eye?

MORGAN

No...please John, please...

Silver lets go, and pushes himself up on his crutch.

SILVER

You're a decent shot, Will. Hate to waste a good gunner.

The Mutineers are shamed to silence.

SILVER (CONT'D)

You lads wanted your day of rest, well take it. Even God gave Adam the sabbath, isn't it so, Dick?

Bible Dick nods his head.

SILVER (CONT'D)

You're useless to me like this anyway.

Silver stalks off down the beach.

EXT. STOCKADE - NIGHT

Torches burn inside the stakes of the palisade, and the long grass at the approach the small cabin has been cleared.

Ruthie is on guard duty, eyes watching the night.

Approaching from the jungle beyond, Ben Gunn slithers across the rocks as surely as a lizard. Jim follows behind.

BEN

Here's where I leaves you, plummy.

JIM

No Ben, come in, have something to eat, I want you to meet the Squire-

BEN

Yes, yes, I'll meet him soon. *Work for Ben tonight, Jim Hawkins, work best done in the dark.*

Ben and Jim shake hands again, and Ben leans in close.

BEN (CONT'D)

Tell you a secret. Has a little boat, does Ben. Hidden there.

Ben points to a cluster of rocks on the far side of the spit. And then, silent as a ghost, he's gone.

JIM

Ben. Ben! Damn it.

Jim turns back to the stockade, and makes his way to the palisade. He's thin enough to squeeze between the stakes.

RUTHIE

Who goes there?

JIM

Jim Hawkins! It's me Ruthie, don't shoot.

RUTHIE

Jim! Hey, Jim's back, Jim made it!

Jim runs towards the stockade. Livesey is up, and out the door when Jim RUNS INTO HIS ARMS and hugs him tightly. *All Livesey's reserve and stand-offishness is gone.*

LIVESEY

Jim. You made it. Thank God.

The Squire's up now, as are Smollet and River. Livesey hugs Jim a second time just to be sure.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The Mutineers have made something of a little camp. Sail cloth tents, blankets and a warm fire.

No one's keeping watch. Ben Gunn appears at the tree line.

BEN

*Where are ye, John?*

He creeps quietly down to the sleeping men, and draws his dagger. He crouches over one MUTINEER, and cuts his throat.

BEN (CONT'D)  
*That'll do for you.*

The next mutineer wakes up as the blade touches his neck. His scream cuts off to a gargle, but it's enough to wake Achille.

ACHILLE  
*ALARUM! WAKE UP! WAKE UP!*

Ben scurries off. Achille runs after him.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Achille stalks the jungle. A million insects SING, and the wet, moist undergrowth seems to be growing all around him.

He stops as he hears *BRANCHES CRACKLING*. FOOTSTEPS!

In the night, shirtless, Achille blends with the dark. He crouches in ambush.

A SHADOW BURSTS from the foliage. ACHILLE leaps onto it, cutlass stabbing down into warm flesh - who did he kill?

400lbs of tusked PIG.

Achille, covered in blood, doesn't stop stabbing until the pig is still.

Ben watches from a shadows, *eyes calculating this new threat.*

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

CU: Achille pushes iron nails into the RAW PIG HEART!

The TWO MEN BEN MURDERED are lying side by side. The rest of Achille's pig is roasting over the fire.

The others are pissed. Hungover, cold, and now ARMED TO THE TEETH; they're ready to kick some ass.

JOB  
 I'll cut their eyes out for this.

SILVER  
 You Dick, will you stow that Bible, and do some proper killin'?

BIBLE-DICK, 50, Scots, nods his head.

BIBLE-DICK  
*The Lord is a man of war.*

Achille is crouched by the stones of the fire, he's made some kind of small shrine; The RAW PIG HEART with a dozen NAILS stuck into it, on a bed of red flowers.

SILVER  
 Achille, tell me, do your pagan gods favor us?

ACHILLE  
 Chango always favors war.

Achille pours RUM over his entire offering as Silver turns to his angry crew.

SILVER  
 Then war it is.

EXT. STOCKADE - MORNING

Jim's loading a musket out in front of the stockade. Using the old cannon, and some logs that never made it to the cabin, they've made a low firing-wall.

Jim sees a white shirt held up on a stick over the palisade.

JIM  
 Look!

SILVER  
 (yelling)  
 Flag of truce.

Smollet looks up.

SMOLLET  
 All of you, stay low, arm yourselves.

SILVER  
 Cap'n Silver to come aboard and parley.

SMOLLET  
 Captain Silver. Never heard of him.

Silver slips through a gap in the palisade.

SILVER  
 Cap'n Smollet.

SMOLLET  
Be quick about it.

Smollet packs his pipe, and offers tobacco from his pouch to Silver. Silver sees Jim and waves.

SILVER  
Hell of a climb you made there,  
Jim. Glad to see you well.

Jim turns a stony eye from Silver. Silver in turn packs his pipe as he speaks.

SILVER (CONT'D)  
It's a matter of the chart.

Smollet takes a seat in the sand, and puffs his pipe to life. Silver lowers himself down, leaning against the firing wall.

SMOLLET  
You came to parley; so *parlez*.

SILVER  
My offer is simple, and fair. Your lives for the map. You hand it over, I give you my affy-davy, here and now, no one will come to any harm. I'll pack up Flints gold - which, by the by, I've more right to than any man here - and I'll sail with you as my guests, dropping you at the first port we come to.

Smollet puffs away on his pipe.

SMOLLET  
Those are the terms?

SILVER  
Handsome an offer as you'll get.

SMOLLET  
You can't find the treasure, not without the map. There's not a man among you can navigate, and you're too good a sailor not to know it. So you're trapped. Here's my offer. Surrender, now, and I'll see to it you get a fair trial.

SILVER  
You're an arrogant man, Smollet, don't be a fool as well.

SMOLLET  
You have my terms.

Smollet stands, and brushes the dirt and sand from his pants.

SILVER  
Give me a hand up, will you?

SMOLLET  
No. No I don't think I will.

SILVER  
Give me a hand up, I says.

Smollet clambers over the defenses.

SILVER (CONT'D)  
Who'll help me?

Silver, on his arse, looks to Livesey, Ruthie, Jim. No one will give him the satisfaction.

SILVER (CONT'D)  
(ice-cold)  
You know the kind of men I lead?  
This was a mercy, and here's how  
you trade with kindness?

Silver neatly stands up, his good leg twice as strong as any man's, hardly using the crutch at all.

SILVER (CONT'D)  
You see me, and all you see is  
what's missin'. Have your laughs.  
'fore the hour's out, you'll laugh  
from the other side. *Them that  
die'll be the lucky ones.*

Silver makes his way back to the palisade.

EXT. STOCKADE - DAY

The Mutineers wait at the Palisade, and Silver gives them the signal, a PISTOL SHOT in the air.

Swarming through the gaps in the palisade, they CHARGE!!!

River, now shirtless except for his chest plate, and face painted, joins the firing line.

SQUIRE  
Glad you could join us.

RUTHIE

Had to put his party dress on.

A dozen of the men, led by Bible Dick, RUN right at them.

WITH ACHILLE:

Job, Achille, and three PIRATES ford the water, their pistols held high.

WITH THE SQUIRE:

SQUIRE

Aim low!

At fifty feet:

SQUIRE (CONT'D)

FIRE!

Five MUSKETS FIRE -

Five men drop, including Bible-Dick, who's hit in the head! Still the Pirates charge.

10 yards out, the Squire and his troops FIRE another volley-

Young HARRY is hit dead center, falling down in agony!

The surviving men stall, throwing themselves to the scanty cover. Their pistols SNAP and BANG, but the shots go high, and pepper the cabin.

Jim's reloading a musket as the others pick up their pre-loaded guns, and pick off the others -

Jim sees Job and Achille charging from the left.

JIM

Captain!

Ruthie turns, his weapon empty, and engages with Achille. River blocks one lunge, only to have JOB attack at the same time. 2 on 1, River is pressed to his very limit.

The Doctor turns to the new threat. With his musket, he parries a Pirates attack, and fights back.

A PIRATE scales the defenses, and leaps for the Doctor. The Squire finishes him with thrust.

Ruthie and Achille trade blows- Achille is knocked down, where he grabs a second sword, and comes up, fighting harder than before.

In the narrow space between cabin and the wall, it's a bitter melee. The Squire takes a sword from a fallen man, and dives in alongside River; engaging Job.

A PIRATE trips Smollet, and is driving his blade down on Smollet with both hands.

Jim raises the heavy musket but is bumped aside by Livesey as he tries to get the courage up to shoot.

SMOLLET

Shoot him!

Jim aims again, he can't miss, but HE HESITATES!

Ruthie and Achille continue to fight, Achille takes a hard HEADBUTT right in the face. Ruthie rears back to butt him again, but ACHILLE BITES HIS NECK with his sharpened teeth!

Ruthie grunts in pain, and pulls back, and as he does, Achille DRIVES HIS SWORD right through Ruthie's side.

River knocks Job to the ground with the butt of his musket. Only to have Achille barrel into him, and knock him to the ground.

SMOLLET SCREAMS as the blade *pushes* into his shoulder, and *JIM STILL CAN'T FIRE!*

The Squire RUNS THROUGH the Pirate stabbing Smollet. The Pirate cries a BLOODCURDLING SCREAM - Achille and Job realize they're all alone; they run.

Livesey, River and the Squire CHEER as their opponents run. Ruthie's on the ground, his guts a bloody mess.

SQUIRE

Ruthie!

Livesey tears open Ruthie's shirt. The wound is deep. Livesey's look to the Squire says it all. River kneels, holding his friends hand.

SQUIRE (CONT'D)

Oh no. Not Tom.

RUTHIE

Can't feel a thing.

Ruthie's clearly lying.

RUTHIE (CONT'D)

Had some adventures together,  
haven't we?

(MORE)

RUTHIE (CONT'D)

Showed the Frenchies how it's done,  
Austrians, them godless  
Maharattas...

SQUIRE

Showed them the King's Colours.

RUTHIE

Even made allies with the 'eathans.

He smiles at River.

RIVER

See you on the other side, brother.

SQUIRE

Forgive me Ruthie.

RUTHIE

Would that be proper, sir, me  
forgivin' you?

SQUIRE

David, help him...

LIVESEY

I'm, sorry.

When they look back, Ruthie *HAS GONE*. River and the Squire  
shed unashamed tears.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Under the shade of their sail-cloth tents, the pirates are  
recovering their strength. Silver is carefully bandaging  
Bible-Dick's head.

Dick is feverish, hallucinating.

BIBLE-DICK

*Yer riches are corrupted!*

SILVER

Aye, maybe so, Dick, maybe so.

Silver looks over the other survivors. Morgan made it out, as  
well as Job and Achille, there's LOW (35), a victim of  
jaundice, and JONES(40). Job is bandaging Achille's arm where  
a nasty wound festers.

JOB

He don't shut up I'll finish what  
that musket-ball started.

SILVER  
His fever don't calm down, you  
won't have to.

JOB  
Look what you've led us to, Silver.

SILVER  
Oh clearly, it was me. Me blastin'  
my gun for no cause. Me chasin'  
Hawkins up a cliff. Me that turned  
and ran, when we all but had 'em.

ACHILLE  
We had no choice!

SILVER  
If I were half the man I was...

ACHILLE  
(challenging)  
But you're not.

Job finishes the bandage on Achille. Both of them stare  
angrily at Silver.

SILVER  
You're free men; you have your say.  
Is John your Captain still?

Morgan nods, Low and Jones look to Job and Achille. Job and  
Achille stare long and hard at each other. Job breaks first.

SILVER (CONT'D)  
Well?

JOB  
Cap'n.

ACHILLE  
Aye.

The others nod, going with the flow.

BIBLE-DICK  
*Render unto Caesar...*

SILVER  
I'll take that for a yes.

They all nod grimly.

EXT. STOCKADE - AFTERNOON

Five wounded Mutineers are slowly dying in the shade of the cabin. Jim tilts water to Harry's lips. Flies buzz on the dried blood of his wounds.

JIM  
I'm sorry, Harry.

HARRY  
S'alright Jim.

Livesey puts a last shovel-full of sand on Ruthie's grave. The Squire sinks Ruthie's musket into the ground as a marker.

Jim hands Smollet a cup. He takes it and swallows the water. Jim dips the cup, and passes it to Livesey.

SMOLLET  
Just the three of you now.

LIVESEY  
And Jim.

SMOLLET  
I don't account him for very much.

LIVESEY  
Easy Captain.

SMOLLET  
Easy? I'm run through cos of him.  
He knows it, and so do I.

LIVESEY  
I bumped him before he could take  
the shot.

SMOLLET  
I'll tell it plain, the boy's a  
coward. He had every chance-

Livesey loses his temper.

LIVESEY  
*Enough, sir!*

He regains himself.

LIVESEY (CONT'D)  
You've said quite enough.

JIM

You don't have to defend me,  
Doctor. He's right. I am a coward.

A bitter silence hangs in the air, a long, ugly moment. Jim can't look any of them in the eye. He puts the bucket down, and walks off. Livesey gives the Captain a withering look.

EXT. SPIT - SUNSET

Jim watches the sunset. He's tearing apart a piece of driftwood. He tosses each piece into the sea in front of him.

He watches the bark, and soon it becomes clear--- the current takes all the pieces North.

The Squire silently sits beside him.

SQUIRE

Ruthie joined my battalion when he was 17. Couldn't find a uniform big enough for him. First time we had a scrap was in Holland. French let us have it. Christ what a debacle. I found Ruthie in a barn; he'd run away when the cavalry charged.

JIM

You don't have to make me feel better.

SQUIRE

River came to us, couldn't have been more than 16. His father wanted him to grow up, so he scouted for us on the frontier. He was with me when the news came in that the Huron tribe had slaughtered everyone in his village. I suppose that's the day he became a man.

Jim keeps throwing wood chips into the water.

SQUIRE (CONT'D)

We all find ourselves coming to terms with growing up in different ways. But we all have one thing in common.

JIM

What's that?

SQUIRE

We come to it alone. You're not a coward Jim. But you do have some growing up to do.

The Squire walks away stiffly, painfully.

Jim stares back out to the Hispaniola, then back at the trail of driftwood heading North.

Hispaniola...driftwood - driftwood... Hispaniola: *a plan starts to form.*

Jim stands up, brushing off the sand. His gaze rests on the Hispaniola; resolution sets on him like a suit of armor.

EXT. ROCKS - SUNSET

Jim finds a small, goat-hide coracle (a small, round boat) and a paddle right where Ben Gunn promised it would be.

He drops the lightweight boat into the water and clambers in. Jim starts paddling out. He almost tips over as a small wave comes his way, but manages to ride it out.

JIM

(Silver impression)  
*Sea's in your blood, Jim-Lad.*  
Bollocks.

He starts paddling out.

EXT. STOCKADE - EVENING

Livesey comes out of the stockade, peering out across the killing grounds.

LIVESEY

JIM?

He clambers up onto the firing wall, and looks around 360 degrees.

LIVESEY (CONT'D)

JIM?

The Squire comes out of the cabin as well.

SQUIRE

What is it, David?

LIVESEY  
I haven't seen Jim.

SQUIRE  
He was down by the shore-

Livesey walks towards the end of the spit, but it's obvious, Jim's not there.

LIVESEY  
Jim, Jim where are you?

Smollet, half drunk, bottle in hand, CHUCKLES darkly.

SMOLLET  
Thrown in with Silver, I bet.

LIVESEY  
After being labelled coward by you,  
could you fault him for it?

SMOLLET  
He knows what he is.

Livesey gets right in Smollet's face.

LIVESEY  
I shall nurse you to good health.  
I'll see to it that shoulder heals  
perfectly; and once it does, it's  
my sword you'll answer to.

River breaks the stand off, jogging back towards them.

RIVER  
Someone's coming, be ready.

EXT. HISPANIOLA (AT ANCHOR) - NIGHT

As Jim paddles the small boat closer to the stern of the Hispaniola, he can clearly see the open windows of Smollet's Cabin, and the bright light of many candles.

There's movement in the cabin, but no one stops to look out at the tiny coracle.

Jim paddles alongside the ship: she's huge in the water next to him. Jim grabs the anchor line, and tugs himself in close. With his knife, he starts SAWING at the anchor line.

When the rope finally gives, Jim is holding the top side, and the sudden LURCH of the freed ship, PULLS HIM OVERBOARD. His boat capsizes, taking in water and sinking in seconds.

His pistol goes down with the boat, glinting as it falls through the perfectly clear water.

Jim's left, dangling from the anchor line. Like a real pirate, he clamps his teeth around the blade, and hand over hand, he climbs the anchor rope, up to the deck.

EXT. PALISADE-LINE - NIGHT

Silver and Bible-Dick have made it to the palisade. Silver uses a small spyglass to peek in at the Stockade.

SPYGLASS POV: the torches are burning, and smoke comes from the chimney, but there's NO MOVEMENT.

BIBLE-DICK

*..man and woman, young and old,  
smote with the edge of the sword.*

SILVER

Now you're talkin'.

EXT. SPIT - NIGHT

The Jolly pulls up onto the shore, and Achille lowers himself out, and helps drag the boat ashore.

Morgan and Low ship the oars, and Job passes the crate of grenades to Achille as he steps ashore.

Achille blows the lit match in his pocket to life. Each of the pirates takes 2 grenades.

JOB

Looks quiet enough.

ACHILLE

*Attend.* John said wait.

JOB

You always do what your master tells you?

Achille takes his time answering.

ACHILLE

I had a master. One night, I took my *coutlas*, and very quiet, I creep into the big *maison*. I cut the throat of his children, 4 of them. I kill his wife, with my hands.

(MORE)

ACHILLE (CONT'D)

When I finish', I woke the master,  
to show him what I had done.

JOB

You kill him too?

ACHILLE

Non. Him, I left for the house  
slaves. He liked black girls, but  
they didn't like him. He was the  
last master I ever will have.  
*Comprends?*

Job is shocked to silence.

INT. SMOLLET'S CABIN - NIGHT

The grenade made a real mess of Smollet's tidy cabin. Israel  
has slung a hammock across the cabin, and is lying back.

Tom is sitting up on a pallet, one foot a SWOLLEN MESS from  
being run over by a heavy cannon.

O'BRIEN

Foot's throbbin somethin' awful.

ISRAEL swivels out of the hammock, his bottle of rum empty.

ISRAEL

Piss and moan, piss and moan.

Israel draws his knife, and lays it on Tom's bruised and  
swollen foot.

ISRAEL (CONT'D)

Won't hurt no more if I cut it off.  
Seen the surgeons, I have, nothing  
to it.

O'Brien flinches as Israel presses the blade into the tender  
skin. He knocks the knife away.

O'BRIEN

Just bring us a bottle, Issy.

ISRAEL

Get it yourself. Gotta cut a slash.

EXT. HISPANIOLA (AT ANCHOR) - CONTINUOUS

The ship is already turning in the current. Jim stops when he  
hears footsteps, then slips into the main hold.

INT. HISPANIOLA (AT ANCHOR) - NIGHT

There's not much light down here, but Jim finds his way around, quietly sneaking into the magazine.

INT. MAGAZINE - CONTINUOUS

Stacks of powder bags for the cannon, and crates of weapons are opened, and tossed everywhere.

He takes a pistol from the deck and begins loading it.

EXT. HISPANIOLA (AT ANCHOR) - NIGHT

Israel senses the movement of the boat.

ISRAEL

Hang about...

He's draws his pistol.

EXT. PALISADE-LINE - CONTINUOUS

Dick fumbles to get his pistol out, and Silver has to help. Dick's hands are shaking like he's got a palsy.

SILVER

You don't have to hit anything,  
just make a racket.

Silver bangs away, followed by Dick, and they start going for their next guns...

EXT. STOCKADE - NIGHT

In the darkness behind the cabin, Job, Morgan, Low and Achille move slowly, quietly.

Achille aims his pistol around the corner of the cabin, and sees no one. Low and Morgan boost Job up onto the thick-timbers of the roof. Achille aims at the door. He listens: a *light SNORING comes from within!*

Job touches the lit match cord to the fuse on the grenade, and blows hard to fire the match's cherry. The fuse IGNITES, and Job drops the grenade down the crude chimney!

The EXPLOSION is deafening - dust and smoke BLAST out of the poor joins in the log structure: HOWLS of pain follow.

Achille rounds the corner, and slips through the front door of the cabin...

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The MUTINEER-WOUNDED had been left inside the cabin. Not one of them had much of a chance; and now they're all dead, save Harry, who is screaming in pain.

By the light of the fire, the carnage is HORRIFIC.

EXT. HISPANIOLA (AT SEA) - CONTINUOUS

Israel runs to the bow, and finds the severed anchor line. He almost misses the wet footprints leading below-decks. Almost.

He's dropping down into the hatch when there's a click behind him. ISRAEL turns slowly, and finds himself staring down the barrels of two pistols.

JIM

Drop the gun. Down the hatch.

ISRAEL

Easy there Jim, don't want to hurt your old friend Issy now, do ya?

JIM

Drop it.

Israel drops the gun down the dark well of the hatch.

ISRAEL

See, nothing to be afraid of now.

Jim doesn't see O'Brien behind him. Every step must be agony, but he grabs Jim from behind with both arms.

Jim's first reaction is to STOMP down on O'Brien's foot. He ROARS with pain, staggers back, and loses his balance.

Jim turns, and shoots. The shot catches O'Brien high on the chest, and CARTWHEELS HIM over the side of the ship. Israel runs to the gunwale, but the ship has a little headway in the current, and O'Brien's corpse is fast-moving out of sight.

ISRAEL (CONT'D)

Tommy!

Jim levels the other pistol on Israel.

JIM  
You'll stay where you are, Mr.  
Hands.

ISRAEL  
Oh I will, will I?

JIM  
The ship would be easier to manage  
alone.

There's steel in Jim now, a real strength.

EXT. STOCKADE - NIGHT

Harry's all moans and groans. Bible-Dick is praying over him.  
He's burned badly, and the wound in his chest is awful.

HARRY  
It hurts.

Job is shaken up by having killed four of his mates, and  
critically wounded another. He wipes a tear from his eye.

Silver comes out of the cabin.

SILVER  
I told you to look after the boy.

ACHILLE  
We are.

SILVER  
If this is what you call lookin'  
after- never spend a care on me.

Silver draws his sword, and shuffles over to Harry. Harry,  
insensible, never sees the blade that sinks through his neck,  
ending it all. Silver is moved by this grim mercy.

SILVER (CONT'D)  
You deserved better, son, if you're  
lookin' down; go easy on John.

The other's stare at him in shock and shame.

SILVER (CONT'D)  
Care to see what Harry's life  
bought ya?

Silver holds up the map.

ACHILLE  
 (suspicious)  
 Think about it, Silver. Why would  
 they leave it?

SILVER  
 It's a message.

ACHILLE  
 What message?

SILVER  
 Could be they're done fightin';  
 could be, they'll be waitin' for  
 us.

JOB  
 So what do we do?

SILVER  
 Hope for the former, prepare for  
 the latter.

Sliver lays out the map for all to see.

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND - SUNRISE

The bleak light of morning shows the Hispaniola some way  
 North of the spit.

Jim and Israel are still at their uneasy detente. (Issy waits  
 for his moment)

JIM  
 Mr. Hands, I'd have the mainsail  
 run out, if you please.

ISRAEL  
 Cap'n now, is you?

JIM  
 It's about 400 yards to shore, can  
 you swim it?

ISRAEL  
 More like 450, and I'll give you  
 your sail, *Cap'n*.

Jim backs up as Israel un-cleats the line, and hand over  
 hand, draws down the mainsail. It catches the morning wind at  
 once.

JIM

Set us a course for that inlet.

Jim points to a narrow inlet in the distance. Israel walks to the wheel, Jim keeping a safe distance the whole while.

EXT. STOCKADE - MORNING

Job is the first one awake. He walks to the very edge of the stockade to make his/her morning toilet. He's squatting to pee when he looks out over the bay.

*Hold on.* Something's missing...

JOB

Silver! SILVER!

Job runs back to the cabin.

EXT. STOCKADE - MOMENTS LATER

Silver and what's left of his crew are gathered in a loose line staring out over where their ship is supposed to be.

JOB

Now we're proper bugged. No way to leave this bastard island, not so much as a ship's biscuit to eat, no water- well done John, well bloody done. Useless old git.

If Silver's surprised, we'll never know, he hides it like a champion poker player.

JOB (CONT'D)

Hold out your left hand.

SILVER

Don't be daft.

Achille steps in close, glowering at Silver.

ACHILLE

You know the rules-

SILVER

I *LEARNED* you the rules.

JOB

Your hand, John Silver.

John holds out his left hand, and Job puts a folded piece of paper into it.

The BLACK SPOT. It's a crude version, ash smeared on a page from Bible-Dick's good book. On the back, a single (misspelled) word. **DEPOSED**.

SILVER

I suppose you're the Cap'n now?

JOB

We had a vote. Achille is Cap'n.

Silver turns to Achille.

SILVER

Woulda been my first choice too.  
It's steadiness you want in  
command.

ACHILLE

First, water, then food.

SILVER

Most pragmatic.

Silver folds the map, and slips it into his pocket. Mind already planning his next move.

EXT. HISPANIOLA (AT SEA) - MORNING

The Hispaniola is heading for a small inlet, slowly but surely, riding the winds inland.

EXT. QUARTER DECK/HISPANIOLA - MORNING

Israel pilots the ship into the Inlet, the tall sides of the cliffs rob them of wind, and the ship DRIFTS onwards.

Up on the beach are the BONES of another ship. Stripped and rotten, all that remains are the keel and a few ribs.

Jim peers over the side to see how shallow the water's gotten.

Israel makes his move. He draws his blade, wickedly fast, and cocks his arm to throw. As he does, Jim catches the movement, and *aims to shoot!*

The Hispaniola **SUDDENLY SHUDDERS** as she *runs aground!*

Jim staggers, and his SHOT GOES WILD! The bullet grazes Israel in the left arm spoiling his throw; the blade misses Jim by a hair's breadth.

The Hispaniola's mass and momentum drive her up onto the beach, and she HEELS HARD OVER, the deck now a crazy angle.

Jim slides down the deck, and runs along the rail. Israel stumbles to his feet. The wound in his arm bleeding freely.

He swipes up one of the short clubs set into the woodwork of the Quarter Deck, and runs after Jim.

Jim leaps into the rigging ladder, at the heeled over angle, he scrambles up, out over the deeper water of the bay.

He clambers to the mast, and grips on tight with his legs, as Israel comes up after him, moving slowly with his wounded arm. But Jim has nowhere left to go.

He reaches into his shirt, and takes out a small bag. In it he has a powder charge, and ammo. He drops half a dozen lead balls, keeping only the one he needs.

The reload takes time. He pours powder in from a paper sheaf. He places the ball, and starts ramming it down the barrel.

Israel is climbing closer.

Jim, opens the pan, slips in the rest of the powder, and cocks the pistol - too late! ISRAEL knocks the gun away with his truncheon, it splashes into the water below.

The next swipe almost takes Jim's head off, but Jim lets himself drop, catching a rigging line, and like a monkey, he hand over hands to one of the spars, and shimmies up it.

Israel sees where Jim is going, and starts climbing up himself. Jim gets himself to the crows nest, the highest point on the ship, now dangling out over the bay.

Israel comes on, relentless.

Jim sets his feet as best he can, and draws his knife.

It's time to stand and fight.

JIM

Lay-on, Israel Hands, I'm ready for you!

Israel smiles through the clear pain he's in, and pulls himself around the ladder, and swings in to attack.

With his good arm, Israel grips at a rope, and swings the truncheon with his weak-side.

Jim tries to stab at him, only to get his arm badly stunned by the short wooden club. Israel follows along with another short hacking shot that hits Jim in the ribs.

Jim KICKS out with his foot, and hits Israel in the chest, but it's not enough to loosen his grip.

But Jim's learned something valuable. This time, when Israel swipes at him, Jim DRIVES THE BLADE INTO ISRAEL'S FOREARM!

Israel DROPS THE TRUNCHEON, but lightning fast, he reaches for Jim's throat. His 2 strong, bloody, fingers latch on tight. Jim tries kicking again, but to no effect.

Israel leans in closer, and closer. Jim's choking to death. He reaches for the knife handle, and draws it from Israel's forearm.

The clutch on his neck never loosens even as the Pirate SCREAMS in pain.

Jim CUTS THE ROPE that Israel's good hand is holding.

Suddenly, the only thing holding Israel up is Jim's neck.

Jim gives him one more mighty kick, and Israel falls. He drops, pinwheels off the rigging, and hits the deck below with an awful, bone shattering thud.

Jim wheezes to get air back in his lungs. He looks up, and hanging a few feet above him, fluttering in the breeze, is the black pirate flag.

Jim shimmies higher, and cuts the flag loose from the mast, and throws it down to the water below.

Jim looks down at the blue water, almost a hundred feet below him, and he LEAPS OUTWARDS, jumping down into the clear waters of the bay...

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

High up, following the rocks of a river, Ben Gunn clambers ever onwards.

Following him, Livesey, The Squire, and Smollet. They are heavily loaded with guns and what supplies they could manage. Livesey helps both of them over a tricky section.

BEN  
*Hurry, hurry! Move slow you Lubbers  
 does!*

River steps up next to him, silently. Ben jumps in shock.

BEN (CONT'D)  
*Blerry quiet, matey, likes a ghost.*

Ben prods River with a finger, as if making sure he's there.

INT. BEN'S CAVE - DAY

Ben has chosen a dry cave with a wide open mouth that looks to sea. He's decorated it with an old masthead, dozens of colored bottles, some scraps of old sail cloth for a hammock.

BEN  
 Ben's home this is.

SQUIRE  
 Tell me you didn't drag us up those  
 blasted rocks for a cup of tea.

BEN  
 No tea, milord. *Deeper.*

Ben points to the dark back of the cave. Livesey prowls in, musket ready.

INT. BEN'S CAVE/STORAGE - CONTINUOUS

The cave widens out after a narrow passage. A natural chimney lets in light from above.

Livesey stares at HUNDREDS OF WOODEN CHESTS, stacked neatly. He opens one on the floor. *In orderly wooden racks, are stacks and stacks of PESA D'OCHO silver coins.*

Livesey holds one up, it's bright as the day it was minted.

LIVESEY  
*Pesa De Ocho's.*

SQUIRE  
 Pieces of eight...

He looks around the room, in awe of the potential wealth. Smollet crowds in, grabbing a handful of them!

SMOLLET  
 Stone me dead.

SQUIRE  
Surely not all of them?

BEN  
No, no, gold in others.

LIVESEY  
How did you manage this?

Ben's smile fades to that dangerous, unpredictable shade.

BEN  
*Time runs slow alone. Days is like  
years, and years is like...*

Livesey looks around; *thousands of chiseled tally-marks cover  
the walls!*

LIVESEY  
How long have you been here, Ben?

BEN  
*Counted the days. Till all them  
marks fair laughed at me, 'never  
going 'ome' Ben, 'never going 'ome'  
they said.*

LIVESEY  
What year Ben, what year was it?

BEN  
Can't rightly say. We had just  
heard the British took Porto Bello  
off of Spain.

SQUIRE  
The War of Jenkin's Ear. Christ  
man, that was 1739.

BEN  
And now?

SMOLLET  
1757.

BEN  
How many's that, then?

LIVESEY  
18 years.

BEN  
18 years? 18?

The anguish comes out of Ben in an *ANIMAL HOWL*. Livesey reaches out to comfort him, as weeps for the time lost.

EXT. STOCKADE - DAY

The heat of the afternoon has driven Silver and Bible Dick into the shade behind the cabin. Dick's fever is still bad, and he's mumbling as Silver tends to him

BIBLE-DICK

*...the fruits that thy soul lusted  
after are departed from thee, and  
thou shalt find them no more...*

SILVER

Don't ye know any uplifting quotes from that damn book? Maybe something along the lines of "Ye shall have all the treasures ye seek, a gaggle of willing maidens, and a long and happy life besides."

Silver catches movement along the palisade-line, and watches curiously as Jim comes running towards the cabin.

JIM

Doctor Livesey, Doctor Livesey!

*Jim runs straight into the cabin.*

INT. STOCKADE - CONTINUOUS

Blood covers the walls, flies have moved in *en-masse*, and the place must stink, because Jim *damn near throws up!*

Jim jumps as the doorway is filled with a familiar silhouette. John Silver.

SILVER

No Doctor here, Jim lad. Only your old pal, John.

JIM

What have you done to them?

SILVER

Done? We came here to finish our business, and they'd flown the coup. Lubbers, Jim, you can't trust a one of them. They've taken the ship and scarpered.

Jim starts to laugh.

JIM

You're right John. Can't trust a lubber. Who was it hidden down in the apple barrel when you murdered Mr. Arrow? Who paddled out to the Hispaniola and cut her adrift? Who put a bullet through Tom O'Brien and kicked Israel Hands off the high mizzen? It was a lubber undid you, Long John Silver. It was I.

SILVER

All that?

JIM

And I'll press upon your kindness for one last favor.

SILVER

(amused)

Anything you ask.

JIM

Speak well of me to the Doctor; let him know I died well.

Silver smiles.

SILVER

Come on out, I can't abide the stink of death.

EXT. STOCKADE - CONTINUOUS

He sits on an empty cask and packs his pipe.

SILVER

Well Jim, now I'll lay to it on my side. You did your work well. I'm Cap'n no more.

JIM

Not Captain?

SILVER

Got the ship stowed away have you? Know this. Achille's in command now. He learned the ways and means of pain in the pit. Hell on earth, and he clawed out. I can't protect you from him.

(MORE)

SILVER (CONT'D)

He's too much for me to handle.  
Might a been too much when I could  
still skip about. Trust me Jim,  
you'll tell them where it is.  
You'll beg to die before it's over.  
You'd best run.

JIM

But-

SILVER

I won't stop you. Liked you from  
the first, I did. You're an honest  
lad, 'smart as paint'; and look if  
I wasn't right.

Sounds from the Jungle get their attention. The others are  
returning, a goat slung on a tree branch between Morgan and  
Low, barrels over Job and Achille's shoulders for the water.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Too late.

Jim starts to panic.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Listen close now, we don't have  
much time. I'll save your life, and  
maybe you'll save mine.

Silver spits in his hand, and holds it out to shake. Can Jim  
trust him?

SILVER (CONT'D)

Here's the plot-

CUT TO:

EXT. STOCKADE - MOMENTS LATER

Job has Jim up against the wall, a pistol pressed into his  
forehead.

SILVER

Job, don't shoot the lad; we have  
an arrangement.

JOB

You're not Cap'n no more, you got  
no claim to makin' arrangements.

SILVER

You have me there. I'll speak fast.

ACHILLE

Speak.

SILVER

I have the map. Hawkins took it on himself to cut loose the ship last night, and he stowed it away, conveniently close to where the treasure is laid up -

ACHILLE

The ship!

SILVER

Aye, the ship. So this mornin' the cry was "all is lost" now; "all is found." So my proposal is this. You take back your black-spot, and John Silver leads this band. Hawkins jine's with us, and leads us back to the ship.

JOB

Oh he'll lead us to the ship, don't you worry about that...

The muzzle presses a harsh indent into Jim's forehead.

ACHILLE

I accept.

JOB

What!

Achille and Job share a look, something John doesn't miss.

ACHILLE

The gold, the ship, and us back at sea where we belong before sunset tomorrow.

SILVER

A bargain.

ACHILLE

If there's no gold, by all the gods, you'll get no black spot. No more articles. No more rules.

He draws his cutlass, and draws a thin line of blood on his palm with it. He throws the blood on the ground between them.

ACHILLE (CONT'D)

*Attibon Legba.* (a voodoo curse)

Achille's eyes promise a painful death. Job releases Jim. Silver favors him with a private wink.

EXT. STOCKADE - NIGHT

The goat has been barbecued, the crew fed, watered and even a thin ration of rum.

Morgan and Low are asleep. Bible-Dick is awake, propped up by the fire. Achille and Job are no where to be found.

Jim sips from a cup of rum. His face contorts, before he passes the mug on to John as he massages his stump of a leg.

SILVER

Feel it still, I do. Phantom pains they call it.

JIM

How did it happen? I mean really.

SILVER

The true story?

Dick looks up, curious.

JIM

The true story.

SILVER

Ach, the lies are more interestin'.

JIM

I want to know.

SILVER

First thing that I should tell you; I'll never repent my ways. Not like that rotten excuse for a pirate you seen hang in Bristol. Not me. See, I went to sea at 16, sailin' the triangle. British goods, for African slaves, slaves for rum and sugar- an' if that's honest trade, I'll be a liar, thank you kindly. When I caught on with Flint, I was proud to call myself a gentleman of fortune. A Pirate. I am what I am.

BIBLE-DICK

*Pride goeth afore destruction.*

SILVER

And so it did, Dick. "Damn King George", was Flint's toast.

Silver hoists his cup to shipmates long dead.

SILVER (CONT'D)

"Damn King George" Says I one night, in a tavern on Trinidad. I was drinkin' and setting a course to my other favorite occupation of the time; whoring. Only, I was overheard. A bastard privateer by the name of Webb. Called me out on my toast, he did. We went to swords, over the good name of the bastard German King of bastard England.

Silver SPITS rum into the fire, making it flare.

SILVER (CONT'D)

It was a poor affair as duels go, He ran a gouge through my thigh, and I a cut across his cheek. Nothin' much to it, really. Back inside I went, finished my drinkin', and with a bandage on my thigh, went about my whoring. By the time I got to a doctor, gangrene had set in. 'Nothing for it' says he, and off it went.

It all sounds too pathetic to be anything but true. Silver laughs at the stupidity of it all.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Now you see why I lie?

EXT. SPIT - NIGHT

Achille and Job are walking the shore, the firelight distant.

JOB

I don't see why you gave up so easy.

ACHILLE

Let him be Captain. What does it mean here? Let him be Admiral or King, what do I care? Once we have the gold; he'll be Captain of a hole in the ground.

JOB  
Where will we go?

ACHILLE  
With a ship, and money; anywhere we  
want. Free.

Job nods, eyes out to sea.

JOB  
Anywhere we bloody-well like.

EXT. SPIT - MORNING

The MAP -

Silver has it on the back of a barrel, the early morning mist still thick about the island. His 'crew' are gathered around him, even Dick is on his feet.

He points a grubby finger to the chart.

SILVER  
Here, us at the stockade. There,  
the inlet where Jim beached the  
boat, and here, between the rocks  
of skeleton island and the three  
fingers on Lookout mountain...

The note is clear: bulk of treasure here.

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND - MORNING

Jim works his way North for the second time. Only now, he's straining at the oars along with Morgan, Achille, and Low.

They pull onto a beach in a small cove. The boat is dragged ashore, and Silver steps onto dry land.

SILVER  
Job, fetch a length of rope, and  
bind up Jim. You can bet his  
friends are close by, and he'll run  
for it, first chance he gets.

*BETRAYED AGAIN.*

JIM  
But-

SILVER

But what? You think because I told  
ye a story by the fire that I'd  
amend my ways?

Rage burns inside of Jim as Job binds his hands.

JOB

Trustin' a single word that fell  
from his lips was your mistake.

Silver sets his compass.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - CONTINUOUS

Job has one hand on Jim's 'leash' and the other on a musket.  
In front of them, Morgan and Low and Dick carry spades and  
picks.

Achille and Silver are poring over the map. Through a break  
in the tree canopy, there's a clear vista to a mountain top  
ahead: *three dead trees like the claws of a dead hand.*

On the map, an ink drawing of those same three trees is  
marked '*Three Fingers*'.

SILVER

There - you see it.

Silver resets his compass, and points them down hill.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Not far now.

A glint of light on a crag above gets Silver's attention. He  
checks to see if anyone else noticed. *They didn't.*

SILVER (CONT'D)

Let's get movin'.

He *feels* Job's eyes on him, but when he looks back, the  
glinting is gone.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CRAG - CONTINUOUS

The glinting light is a SPYGLASS, held in Livesey's hands, as  
he scans the pirates below.

LIVESEY

They've got Jim. He's a prisoner.

He looks back to Smollet in triumph: "*I told you so*".

BEN

Won't be long till they get there.  
 Won't be 'appy when it's all gone.  
 Not very 'appy at all.

SQUIRE

Ben, take the doctor and River.  
 Don't let us slow you down.

LIVESEY

Are you sure?

SQUIRE

Run man!

Ben scrambles away, Livesey and River drop their gear, taking only their weapons.

EXT. JUNGLE - LATER

A broad, shallow, stream flows under the canopy. Hanging over it from a thick tree branch is A SKELETON in an IRON CAGE.

His arm was bound through the bars, pointing to a THIN PASS between the cliffs on the far bank.

Silver stops midstream, eye to eye with the corpse. Reaching through the cage he pulls the jaw free, revealing GOLD TEETH.

SILVER

George Allardyce. You remember that rat-bastard, don't you Job?

Job burns with anger at the very sight of it.

JOB

Who's pretty now, Georgie?

He spits onto the skull before dragging Jim across.

EXT. MOUNTAIN STREAM - DAY

Ben leads River and Livesey to the edge of a strong, rushing stream as it cascades down.

Just a few hundred yards downstream, the stream becomes a powerful, 400 foot WATERFALL!

Ben pulls a slimy, rotten rope from the ground, and tugs on it. It's tied off to either bank of the river.

BEN

Hold fast, chums.

Livesey hoists his gun and powder up high with one hand, and grabs on with the other, and begins fording the torrent.

The tension on the rope lifts it from the mud at the other end; it's dangerously rotten, fraying against rocky anchors.

EXT. CLIFF BOWL - DAY

Silver leads the others through the narrow pass and into a natural, almost circular bowl in the rocks. 40 ft cliffs surround them on all sides.

The mouth of a cave has been covered with the thick timbers of a ship hull. Moss covered, the barrier is strong, with a single, stout door set into it.

A stone cairn as been piled up in the center of the bowl, and on it, the skeletal remains of half a dozen men are piled. A dull sword is still stuck in the ground, right through the rib cage of another, long-dead soul.

JIM

What happened here?

SILVER

Never was much for sharing, our dear old Cap'n Flint.

Achille stops Morgan, and points him back at the pass.

ACHILLE

Watch our back.

Silver takes the lock-pick from his hat, and starts fiddling the lock. The others crowd around eagerly.

SILVER

Let me have some damn light!

Silver strains with a lock that hasn't been greased in 20 years. The pick BENDS dangerously, but Silver is patient, an expert, and he jiggles and twists before trying again... with a CREAK of rusty tumblers, the lock finally gives way.

John opens the door, and bows theatrically. Job and Low rush in. Achille pats John on the back appreciatively as he goes.

Silver backs away from the door. Morgan is looking down the pass only Bible Dick see's Silver SLIP HIS KNIFE TO JIM.

SILVER (CONT'D)

(whispered)

Once they find that gold, no one will be watching. You run for the Doc.

JIM

The Doctor?

SILVER

He's followin' behind.

JIM

How do you know?

SILVER

Seen him.

Bible Dick lifts a palsied hand up, pointing to Silver.

BIBLE-DICK

*Even thy brethren have dealt treacherously with thee!*

SILVER

Christ almighty.

EXT. MOUNTAIN STREAM - DAY

Livesey has crossed the stream intact. He takes River's gear, and helps him up the bank. The rope slackens and tightens with each movement, the rotten-end close to giving way.

Ben, half-way across the river, suddenly slips, and all his weight yanks the rope - it gives out, almost pulling River in! Livesey hangs on tight, saving River's life.

Ben is SWEPT DOWNSTREAM!

Livesey hauls River up, and then runs the opposite bank to see if he can find Ben. But he's GONE.

Emerging from the water, pulling himself, hand over hand, Ben climbs through the current. He slithers up onto a big stone.

LIVESEY

Ben, are you alright!

BEN

*Down the hill, cross the stream, a dead man points the way! Go.*

Livesey and River collect their guns, leaving Ben behind.

INT. FLINT'S CAVE - DAY

Job covers the tarred head of a torch with powder, and sparks it to life with a Flintlock. Holding the light out in front, he leads the way into the deep cave.

The follow it back, a slight incline up to a wide, sandy area. It's empty.

A glint gets Job's attention. Sitting on top of a rock, a SINGLE GOLD REALE - left as a taunt.

They don't believe it.

JOB

Has to be another room, a secret chamber... something!

Achille looks around the dark caves, and knows, there is nothing else to find.

ACHILLE

It's not here.

JOB

Can't be!

ACHILLE

Look around! There's nothing. It's gone.

Achille picks up the single Reale. He draws his sword.

EXT. CLIFF BOWL - CONTINUOUS

Silver makes a point of seeming to nurse Dick. Hand on his forehead.

BIBLE-DICK

*Deceiver of the world; cast out!*

SILVER

That's no way to talk to a friend.

From the cavern, Job, Low and Achille emerge.

JOB

*Silver!*

Job isn't bothering to wait. He aims his pistol, and FIRES!

Silver USES BIBLE DICK as a shield. Job's shot runs true: KILLING BIBLE-DICK with a headshot.

SILVER  
*HAVE YOU LOST YOUR BUGGERED MIND!*

JOB  
 It's empty John! There's nothin'  
 there, cleaned out!

SILVER  
 What?

Achille advances towards him, sword up. Silver stands, drawing his own blade.

SILVER (CONT'D)  
 This how you want it to go, mate?

ACHILLE  
 How else could it end?

Morgan, who wasn't watching the pass, is **KNOCKED ASIDE BY LIVESEY**. River steps through, aims his **MUSKET**, and **FIRES!**

The bullet misses Achille by a **HAIR!** It **RICOCHETS** off the cliff wall, **WHIZZING** across the bowl.

River charges, bayonet and musket, right at Achille.

Livesey and Morgan are **ENGAGED** in a sword fight already. Their blades clang and scrape with each pass.

Job is reloading the pistol when Jim frees himself and **TAKING THE OLD SWORD** from the ground, he charges in at Job. Job reverses grip on the pistol, and draws his long knife, with the other hand, fighting knife and club to Jim's blade.

Low aims his pistol at River, waiting for a clean shot. Silver knocks the barrel aside as he fires, and **DRIVES HIS CUTLASS THROUGH LOW** -

River is the better fighter, despite Achille's power. Using the musket like a fighting spear, he blocks, strikes and parries in a wicked exchange with Achille.

Jim is SWASHBUCKLING across the bowl with Job, neither able to get an advantage. Job twists away from a thrust, the point catches in the stones of the cairn. With a hard blow, he **SHATTERS** Jim's sword with the butt of his pistol!

The Doctor and Morgan tie up their blades, and Morgan tries to knee him in the groin. Livesey **PUNCHES** out with the bell guard. Once, twice, three times he batters Morgan's face, then **RUNS HIM THROUGH**.

LIVESEY

*Bastard!!!*

River stuns Achille with a blow from the stock, and tries to drive the bayonet through him. Achille drops his sword, and grabs the gun, pushing the point down into his own THIGH!

He HEADBUTTS RIVER brutally, and with the shock, and the gun, trapped by Achille's thigh, River is momentarily stuck. Achille CHOPS OFF HIS ARM, and with a GROWL OF PAIN, he pulls the bayonet from his thigh.

River falls back, his arm severed above the elbow!

Silver attacks Achille before he can recover his cutlass. Achille ducks two attacks, giving ground as Silver attacks. Achille times it right catching Silver's sword arm, and KICKS HIM TO THE GROUND.

Jim catches Job's blade arm under his left. He tries to stab out with the wickedly sharp point of the broken blade.

Job catches his wrist, and holds it back. They're tied up. Jim trips Job, they both fall, and as they do, Jim falls on the hilt of his broken sword. It drives into Job's ribcage!

JOB

You go to hell, Jim bloody Hawkins!

JIM

Ladies first.

Job's eyes widen, and then go blank.

Achille recovers his sword as Livesey attacks him. For a few precious moments, Livesey has the upper hand. His precise attacks and Achille's wounded leg give him the advantage.

Until Achille grabs Livesey's blade with his off hand, shredding his palm. He knocks Livesey unconscious with the pommel of his sword.

Achille never sees Jim coming -

JIM (CONT'D)

Doctor!

Achille turns around in surprise, sword held high. Jim plunges the knife toward his guts. Achille grabs Jim's wrist just as the blade penetrates. He tries to chop with the sword, but Jim blocks his arm.

Achille's grip is bloody, it slips, letting the blade in deeper. He tries to back up, Jim follows him, step for step.

Achille grimaces, tearing the blade free, and opening a deep gash under his ribs. He throws Jim aside.

Jim bravely holds the knife out in defense.

He doesn't have a chance.

KRA-KA-KOWWW!

Silver has Job's pistol in his hand, the barrel smoking.

Achille looks down, a gaping hole in his chest. He falls.

OVERHEAD SHOT: LOOKING STRAIGHT DOWN on the bowl, scattered among the skeletons, the corpses of the newly dead makes for a gruesome tableau.

Silver crawls to standing, and hops over to Jim. He doesn't notice the SQUIRE as he enters the bowl. Silver takes Achille's sword from his palm, and leans down to make sure Jim's alive.

SILVER

Jim-lad, you still with us?

JIM

I think so- where's the Doctor?

From the Squire's perspective, it looks like Silver's going to kill Jim. He aims down his musket, and FIRES.

Silver is hit in the arm, and knocked down next to Jim.

JIM (CONT'D)

JOHN!

Jim starts trying to tend to Silver as the Squire, Ben and Smollet run over.

JIM (CONT'D)

What did you do?

SQUIRE

I-

JIM

He saved me!

SQUIRE

You were his prisoner!

JIM

No, you don't understand!

EXT. STOCKADE (FLASHBACK) - DAY

We're back to the handshake-

Silver spits in his hand, and holds it out to shake. Can Jim trust him?

SILVER

Here's the plot- this ain't gonna work unless they think I've turned on ye again.

EXT. TREASURE ISLAND (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Rage boils as Job binds Jim's hands.

JOB

Trustin' a single word that fell from his lips was your mistake.

EXT. CLIFF BOWL - CONTINUOUS

Silver opens his eyes as Jim finishes his tale.

SILVER

Jim gamed it perfect. Right up to the wind. 'Course he had a good teacher.

SQUIRE

It was a ruse?

SILVER

I knew if you saw Jim in trouble, you'd come runnin'.

SMOLLET

Why would you want us runnin' in?

SILVER

Achille and Job had thrown in against me. I needed you.

Silver stares hard at Ben.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Ben Gunn? It can't be!

BEN

Wind in my sails yet, John.

SILVER

I'd give an arm and a leg to know  
where that gold was.

BEN

Marooned for stealin' a hundred  
guineas; *now Ben has it all!*

Livesey comes over, and kneels next to Jim.

LIVESEY

Best let me take over, Jim.

JIM

Will he live?

Livesey cuts the clothes of Silvers wounded arm. Silver looks  
up at Jim and smiles.

SILVER

Ain't so easy to kill me Jim, don't  
you-

He passes out cold.

JIM

John! John wake up, wake up!

Jim shakes his body, but there's NOTHING!

EXT. HISPANIOLA (AT SEA) - DAY

The bow of the ship crashes through the swell of a following  
sea.

A good set of sails is run out, driving the ship onwards.

EXT. MAIN DECK/HISPANIOLA (AT SEA) - CONTINUOUS

Smollet, his arm in a sling, is at the wheel. The Squire  
reads a book in the shade of the mainsail.

Ben Gunn, hair-cut, shaved, in seaman's trousers and  
waistcoat, is happily eating from a big block of cheese.

Livesey and Jim are laughing as they pull on one of the  
halyards, hoisting another sail.

INT. BRIG - CONTINUOUS

Lying in bed, arm bandaged, a thick lock on the door, Long John Silver is making his final voyage.

CU: His HAT hangs on a hook by the door.

INT. MAIN HOLD/HISPANIOLA - CONTINUOUS

*Flint's Fortune* has been transferred aboard, chest upon chest, racks of gold bars.

EXT. CURACAO - SUNSET

The Hispaniola navigates its way into the Dutch colonial harbour of Willemstad, on the tropical island of Curacao.

Super: *Curacao*

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

The Hispaniola is tied up to the docks at Curacao, distant music from TAVERNS can be heard, with laughter, and singing.

INT. BRIG - NIGHT

Silver is awake, reading by lamp light in his bunk when the ship's bell rings FOUR TIMES. Silver creeps to the door, and listens closely.

SMOLLET (O.C.)  
...your watch, Jim...

INT. HISPANIOLA, MAIN PASSAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jim is making his way up to the deck, passing Smollet in the hall. Smollet hands him a brace of pistols, which Jim loops over his neck.

SMOLLET  
Jim, I... I wanted to say that...

JIM  
Let's leave it all on the island,  
Captain Smollet, what do you say?

Jim knuckles his forehead; Smollet extends a hand to shake. Jim takes it, Smollet's look says it all; Jim's earned the respect of his fellows.

INT. BRIG - CONTINUOUS

Silver waits a beat, making sure it's all clear, before he takes his hat from the peg, and removes the LOCK PICK he keeps hidden in the brim.

He makes short work of the brig lock, and slips out into the ship.

INT. MAIN HOLD - CONTINUOUS

Silver fills a sea-bag with gold and silver, quickly and quietly dumping the stacks of coins into the bag until it's almost too heavy to carry.

EXT. MAIN DECK, HISPANIOLA - NIGHT

Jim hears Silver coming up, and draws one of the pistols. He aims directly at Silver as he steals across the deck.

JIM

Hold it.

Silver turns to face Jim.

JIM (CONT'D)

Where do you think you're going?

SILVER

Wherever the first ship that's leavin' here happens to be headed.

JIM

And you think I'll just let you go?

SILVER

I thought we had an arrangement.

JIM

I kept my end-

SILVER

Shipped home in irons? Then what? Admiralty court isn't going to go sentence me to a ticklin'.

JIM

Why should they?

SILVER

I told you, Jim, I won't apologize for what I am.

JIM

A pirate.

Silver nods, and slings his half-leg over the gunwale. Jim fully cocks the pistol, walking closer.

JIM (CONT'D)

I'll shoot.

SILVER

Will ye? Now's the time, cos' I'm not sailin' for England.

Jim has tears in his eyes.

JIM

You counted on me being too weak. You used me. You used me from the start.

SILVER

I counted on ye doing what's right.

Jim releases the hammer on the heavy pistol, and sheathes it. Silver's about to move, and thinks better of it.

SILVER (CONT'D)

You're a rich man now. Lotta rich men would buy a big house, and spend their days riding horses, and complainin' they 'can't find good help nowadays'. Don't you dare do it. Sea's in your blood, Jim, go where she'll take you. You've only got but one life; live it.

JIM

Hang king George.

SILVER

(big wink)  
Smart as paint.

Silver smiles and lower's himself to the dock. There's a *croak*, a flutter of wings, and Cap'n Flint flies down from the mast to John's finger.

CAP'N FLINT

*Up your arse.*

Silver and Jim share a last grin. Then he turns and walks away. *Thump-step, thump-step*. Jim watches him from the rail.

Silver stops under the light of a tavern at the end of the wharf. Nothing more than a silhouette, he waves one last time, and fades into shadow.

\*

THE END