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Treasure Island

By Lawrence Edward Watkin

- Happy birthday, Mrs. Hawkins.
- Yes, Mrs. Hawkins.
Younger every year.
None of your frippery, John Harrow.
But music and friends do make you feel...
- Where's Jim?
- He's in the kitchen, I think.
Just put a head on that one, John.
It's going to thunder and lightning.
Then you best go
lock yourself up in a closet.
You made that cake?
No, I didn't.
And I'll thank you not to say I did.
Jim Hawkins made a cake!
Jim Hawkins made a cake!
No, I didn't.
Only girls make cakes.
My mother made this cake herself.
Surely she had to have
a cake for her birthday.
Jim Hawkins dropped a cake!
Jim Hawkins dropped a cake!
Jim Hawkins dropped a cake!
Stop following me around.
Upon my soul!
Why, Jim, you didn't go and bake a...?
Here's the cake you made, Mother.
I trust it's good.
It's the best cake ever.
I raise a mug to Jim Hawkins,
proprietor of the Admiral Benbow.
- Jim.
- Speech!
- Come on, get up.
- Speech, speech.
Well, I don't know what to say,
but ever since Father died...
...and with Mother having to do the work,
I'm truly glad each time she gets older.
I mean, then I get older too.
And soon I'll be able to do all the work
and won't have to make speeches.
Here she comes.

Everybody to the taproom.
We'll cut the cake in there.
Everybody take a seat.
Oh, Jim, there go the shutters.
- Go up and close them, will you?
- At your service, ma'am.
- Now what?
- I'm scared. Aren't you scared?
No, I'm not.
It's girls that make me nervous.
Why don't you go downstairs,
where there's more room to be scared in.
- I want a bunk with a sea view.
- This way, sir.
Have you seen this man
around here before?
He looks like a seafaring man.
He certainly doesn't belong
to these parts.
Hey!
I want a noggin of rum.
Yes, sir.
Mind, you clod.
Have an eye to that chest.
Here. Now, you never made this voyage,
you understand?
You never seen me
and you don't know nothing.
Get out.
What are you looking for?
Strangers, sonny, strangers.
I don't like strangers
coming aboard me suddenly.
Makes my spine jump
like a porpoise, it does.
- What might your name be?
- Jim Hawkins.
Now, look here, Jim,
you and me's going to be mates.
You'll get a silver
four-penny bit every month...
...if you watches out for strangers and
comes and lets the old captain know...
...when they tops the horizon.

- Well, what manner of strangers?

- Seafaring men.

Well, all seafaring men?

No, no, no, son.

There's a special cut of the jib
to these seafaring men.

But most especially, I want you
to keep your eye open...

...for a seafaring man with one leg.

- A seafaring man with one leg?

- Aye.

Upon my word, sir, what shall I
tell them? What do they want?

Never you mind what they want.

You go on down below
and get me a noggin of rum.

A double noggin, Jim,
because I'm becalmed.

Becalmed on a sea of troubles,
and I've got to fill my sails again.

Yes, sir.

Who is he, Jim? What did he say?

I don't know. Something about seafaring
men with no ears and no legs and no...

Hey, drop anchor, matey.

We'll fill the cask where you lie.

Rum for all hands, say I.

Here's a new port all full of
pretty wenches...

...and strong young buckoes.

Clear the decks for pleasant action.

Fill a pretty belly with grog
and that's what makes the world...

...spin on its poles, say I.

Hey, belay there.

- The rum.

- I'm not much on strong liquor, sir.

Besides, we have to go now.

It's getting...

"Go," say ye?

You'll stay.

You'll all stay.

Sit yourselves down on your binnacles.

Jim, matey, the rum.

I ain't like all seafaring men.
Genteel, I am, and a
dove at heart, mates.
Why, I know some seafaring men,
them as boarded a Spanish brig...
...all loaded down with
Castilian dons and their beauteous ladies.
And what did they do?
Genteel like me, ye thinks?
No. They slices them dons
like bread loaves...
...and feeds them to the sharks.
And what did they do
to the beauteous ladies?
Why, after courting their favor,
as it were...
...saving your presence, matey...
...they slits the veins
of their pearly white arms...
...and uses their blue blood
to warm their rum.
And then what did they do, matey?
Bless my soul, sir, what else was left?
There was the song, Jim.
Singing by all hands.
Now, come on. We'll all tip the stave.
Come on!
Come on, sing!
Bottle of rum, you old hag!
- Bottle of rum!
- "Bottle of rum!"
We'll tip it again now. Come on!
- Dr. Livesey.
- Mrs. Hawkins.
It was Mother's birthday. We were just
having a little entertainment, doctor.
Well, my compliments, Mrs. Hawkins.
- A little brandy, Jim.
- My pleasure, sir.
Come on, mates. Now we'll tip it again.
- Thought sure we were in for a storm, but...
- Hey! Silence there between decks.
You addressing me, sir?
Is it blowing a gale of wind

you can't hear me? What did I say?
I have only this to say:
I don't know you. But by your look,
if you continue drinking rum...
...the world will soon be rid
of a very dirty scoundrel.
I'll split you double, you...
If you do not lower that cutlass...
...I promise on my honor that you
shall hang at the next assizes.
And furthermore, sir...
...I'm not only a doctor,
I'm magistrate here.
And if I catch another breath
of complaint against you...
...if only for a piece of incivility like this,
I'll have you routed out of here.
Let that suffice?
I ask your patience, sir.
Just a squall
from a poor old sailor man...
...who took too much
rum over his bowsprit.
I ask your pardon.
It was a nice party.
Don't worry, Mrs. Hawkins. Don't worry.
- Goodbye.
- Thank you.
Praise be, Jim, the man was
only full of talk.
But bless my soul, sir.
He certainly can sing.
Well, sonny.
Come here.
Come here, sonny. A little closer.
Here.
- Now, is this here table for my mate Bill?
- I don't know your mate Bill.
- But don't Bill live here?
- No. Nobody but the captain.
Oh, captain, it is?
Truly, sir. I can...
Here comes my old mate Bill now.
Bless his heart, to be sure.

Jim, lad! The rum.
I'm becalmed again.
Come, Bill. You know me.
You know an old shipmate, surely.
- Black Dog.
- Black Dog as ever was.
Come for to see his old shipmate Billy.
- Well, speak up.
- The porter, sonny. Porter.
Well?
Now, Bill, I've been after you, now.
No, by the powers,
and there's an end to it!
If it comes to swinging,
swing one, swing all.
I'll part your dirty wig!
Out, you blubberous barnacle.
Next time I'll sever your gullet.
- Humor him, Jim. I'll be back.
- Where you going?
To Mr. Doolittle's.
I'll get him to ride to Livesey's...
...so he and his constables can come
and get that man out of here at once.
Rum, Jim. Rum.
Are you hurt?
I gotta get away from here, Jim.
I gotta slip my hawsers.
Captain, you've been drinking too much.
Remember, the doctor said...
Doctors is all swabs.
I've lived on rum, I tell you.
It's been meat and drink to me,
man and wife.
And I needs rum now, Jim.
- Mother locked up all the rum. She said...
- I've got to have it, Jim.
I gotta have it.
Look. See how me fingers fidget?
I can't stop it, Jim.
I gotta have a drain of rum.
If I don't, I'll have the horrors.
And then I'll see Flint there behind you
in the corner, just as plain as print.

- Well, is Flint the one-legged man?

- No, no, but he'll be there too.

Both of them will be there

if you don't get me the rum.

Oh, go on, quick. Before they come in

and slips me the black spot.

- Well, what's the black spot?

- It's a summons, Jim. A summons.

- Do they wanna kill you?

- No, no, it's my sea chest they're after.

- What's in the sea chest?

- Pieces of eight.

Pearls as big as ostrich eggs.

All the gold your heart can desire.

- And just for a little noggin of rum, Jim.

- Would a half a noggin do?

That's my matey.

- There we go, lad.

- Wait here. I'll see.

Will any kind friend

inform a poor blind man...

...who has lost the precious sight

of his eyes in the gracious defense...

...of his native country, England,

and God bless King George...

...where in whatever part

of this country he may now be.

You are at the Admiral Benbow,

Black Hill Cove, sir.

I hear a voice.

A young voice.

Will ye not take my hand,

me kind young friend, and lead me in?

Certainly, sir.

I... I...

Now, boy, take me to the captain.

- Well, no, sir. Upon my word, I dare not.

- Take me in straight or I'll break your arm.

Oh, it isn't for yourself, I mean.

- He has his cutlass. Another gentleman...

- Come, now, march.

Yes, sir.

Hi, Bill. Your old friend Pew.

Now, sit where you are, Bill.

Gentlemanly-like.
I can't see, but I can hear
even a finger stirring.
Business is business.
Now, right up to him.
Aye, Bill.
Now, boy, take his hand
and bring it close to mine.
There. That's done. That's done.
We'll do him yet!
Not a doubloon.
I fought and bled for it.
It's mine. Every farthing of it.
Mine!
I'm swing on Execution Dock...
Jim, what's happened?
Why, he's dead.
"You have till 10 tonight."
Black spot.
And they'll be back again too.
- Who will be?
- The men that wanted to kill the captain.
They wanna own the treasure
in his chest upstairs.
- Let's get out of here.
- No. The captain owes us money.
We'll go get what he owes us.
They can't take that.
Jim, I'm so frightened.
I'll see no harm comes to you, Mother.
I'm not afraid.
- We shouldn't, Jim, they'll...
- Come on, Mother.
He says there's gold and silver
and pearls as big as ostrich eggs.
We'll show them we're honest.
We'll take what is our due
and not a farthing over.
Why, there's nothing there at all.
There's some coins, though.
Open the door!
There's something.
I'll take what I have.
Up. Down with it!

In! In! In!

- Bill's dead.

- Well, search him...

...some of you brass-brained lubbers.

- Get the chest!

- Aye, aye, sir.

- Jim, I'm going to faint.

- No, Mother. Here.

Down with the door!

They've been here before. Someone's
turned out the chest a low and aloft.

- Is it there?

- There's some money.

Not money, you squid.

Flint's fist. Flint's fist!

You below! Is it down there?

It's that whining little sneaking brat.

I should have torn his arm off.

I should have put his eyes out!

Scatter and find him!

- We'll have to budge, mates.

- What?

Give him the whip.

Wait. Johnny. Black Dog. Wallace.

You wouldn't leave old Pew,
would you, mates?

After them, boys.

Scour the thickets.

Jim!

Jim!

Mrs. Hawkins!

Here we are, Dr. Livesey. Here we are.

- Oh, dearie me, dearie me.

- Who were they?

They wanted to kill the captain.

But he dropped dead...

...just like you said he would.

- Well, what did they say?

Well, they wanted something
up in his chest upstairs.

Flint's fist or something, I don't know.

This is all I took.

- Do you suppose that could be anything?

- Flint's fist?

Well, there's only one Flint. I know that.
Why, it's only a map.
What are those funny red crosses there?
"Bulk of treasure."
Bless my...
Quickly. Into the coach, both of you.
- Vance, back here at once.
- Well, where are we going, doctor?
To Squire Trelawney's.
Jim, my boy, you may have stumbled...
...on the secret of the century.
- It's it. It's it, I tell you.
- Squire Trelawney, are you sure?
Sure? The actual chart of Flint's treasure.
The very island it's buried on.
Latitude. Longitude.
Jim, now, look here.
The very blockhouse and stockade...
...where the infamous pirate
held off attack.
Squire, you get so
confoundedly overheated.
- What do you propose to do?
- Why, bless me for a fat mole, we'll...
We'll dig it up. Won't we, Jim?
Won't we, young Hawkins?
- I have my own shovel, sir.
- Shovel? Shovel?
You'll have more than that.
You'll be the richest lad in England.
- In the whole world.
- But, squire, a moment, now.
We'll need a ship.
- We'll need a crew.
- Tomorrow I leave for Bristol.
In two weeks from today,
I'll have the finest ship...
...and the choicest crew in England.
Those cutthroats who attacked tonight
have shown us that they'll stop at nothing.
Others too, perhaps.
- We must proceed with absolute secrecy.
- Exactly, sir. Exactly.
Sphinxes, all. Do you hear that, Jim?

Sphinxes. Sphinxes, all.
There's just one man I'm afraid of.
And who's that, sir?
Who's that? Name the dog.
You, sir. For you cannot
hold your tongue.
I? I? Why, doctor, blast me, I...
Livesey, you're always in the right of it.
I'll be as silent as a grave.
Tallyho, Jim.
- How are you, my boy?
- It was a wondrous ride, sir.
- Where's our ship? We all ready to sail?
- Not for several days.
Dr. Livesey won't be here till Saturday.
- Hunter.
- Where's our ship, sir?
Ship? Ship?
There she lies.
The good ship 'Hispaniola'. And a tighter
craft never sailed the seven seas.
Bless my soul, sir.
All right, now, give them
another broadside. All together.
One, two, th...
Well, sonny, was you aiming
to blow the other leg off?
I don't think it's loaded.
Well, you ought to be certain.
You be the captain of that ship, now,
be'n't you?
- Well, I...
- Come on, Jim, I'll show you to your...
Oh, he wanted to know if I was captain.
My captain is on his way from Dover.
Is there anything I can do?
No, thank ye, sir.
Just an old sailor hobbled down...
...to get a smell of the salt air
and cast these eyes on a trim craft...
...the likes of which
you sure have got here.
Yes, I think I have a good eye for a ship.
Do you mind if I just come aboard,

please?

Just for a spell.

Yes, you're...

You're welcome, my man. Of course.

- Squire, sir.

- This way.

- Squire.

- This way, my friend. Any assistance?

Well, well...

Silver's the name.

Long John Silver, they calls me.

- At your service, sir.

- Mr. Silver, sir.

Trelawney's my name. Squire Trelawney.

And this is our cabin boy, Jim.

Jim Hawkins.

Aye, matey. Smart as paint,

I'll warrant, huh?

Smart enough to see

you've only one leg.

- Jim, boy.

- Yes, sir.

You're pretty smart, Jim.

So was that French gunner

who touched off the ball...

...that blew that old leg of mine overboard.

- You served in the navy, my man?

Aye, aye, sir.

Under Admiral Hawke, off Biscay.

- Under the immortal Hawke?

- Aye, aye, sir.

Are there many

one-legged seafaring men?

Why, the country's full of them, matey.

Just like storks on a roof.

Truly, Mr. Silver,

I'm sorry for my bluntness.

Here, matey, you try this out.

Of course, you realize we can

only sign on able-bodied men.

Oh, bless me, sir. I didn't think

when I came hobbling down here...

...that you'd have any use

for this timber leg and me.

Oh, no, no.

Now, you don't happen to have...

...a cook onboard, do you?

- Cook? Why, no, not yet.

Well, squire, I own a little sailor's tavern up here, and I can make salt pork...

...taste just like roast pheasant.

Why, damn me, Silver, if you want the berth, you're hereby made ship's cook.

Silver, this port

is full of the most unreliable men.

Of the dozen or so that I signed on, eight have never come back.

Disappeared entirely.

Oh, no.

Now, ain't that a shame.

I wonder what

could have happened to them.

Shiftless idiots.

How many men

might you be needing, squire?

I should like a round score of stout fellows, in case of savages or buccaneers.

Oh, now, you be scared of pirates, huh?

Well, Silver, one never knows.

Not presuming, sir, but I know every able-bodied seafaring man...

...in the town of Bristol.

What say you that I fetch a flock of them right down here to you?

Fetch them down.

Fetch them down, Silver.

Why, strike me pink.

We may get Smollett's entire crew for him...

...and be able to sail sooner, eh, Jim?

Aye. Aye, aye, sir.

With your eye for seamen, sir...

Here, matey.

There you are.

Oh, sir, mayn't I go with Mr. Silver?

- Well, Jim...

- Oh, no. No, no, no.

- There's a lot to be done.

- But, sir, I want to go. Please.

Oh, now, take the boy along, Silver.
Take him along.
Show him the port, the ships.
Start his education for him.
- All right.
Come on, matey. Come on.
That's the way it be, matey.
That's the way it be.
Then you surely would have been
a captain if you hadn't lost your leg.
Come on, lads, come on.
Overboard with ye.
Oh, yes, I'd be captain.
I'd be captain, matey.
Here. Help yourself to a boatswain's pipe.
There you are. Here.
- Thank you.
- Let me show you how to blow it.
- Oh, thank you, Mr. Silver.
- Now you blow it.
This is my little inn, Jim, as I keep
for sailors as ain't appreciated.
Mateys, this is Jim Hawkins,
ship's boy off the 'Hispaniola'.
- Hi there.
- Aye, lad.
You might be glad to know
that I've been made ship's cook.
Just friends, Jim. All happy to know that
old John's gonna get his health back.
They wouldn't be needing
any other hands, would they, John?
Them as is worthy, George.
I've just been yarning
with the ship's owner.
Maybe I can convince him
of your high qualities, them as has them.
Oh, John.
That's the kind of joke, Long John.
Now, this here is Dandy Dawson.
A gentleman, is Dandy.
Took to the sea for the love of it,
he says.
Wouldn't harm a cockroach.

- Your servant, sonny.
- My pleasure, Mr. Dawson.
And this is William O'Brien.
Now, William is a lay reader
in the church, is William.
Lost his ear defending a woman.
A maid in Santiago that he had taken
unto his heart, as it were.
- As it were, sonny.
- Bless my soul.
And, matey, this is Israel Hands.
Ugly Israel, we calls him, but as honest
a man as you'll find in the room, Jim.
My pleasure, Mr. Hands.
You come on a fair breeze,
Master Hawkins.
Where's John?
Stop him! Stop him!
Here, here. Jim, Jim, Jim.
Here, here. Who is he?
- It's Black Dog.
- Who? Black Dog? Who?
- What's he done?
- He was one of the buccaneers...
A buccaneer?
Not one of the pirates that
Squire Trelawney was telling us about?
Yes. He ought to be caught.
Now, have any of you ever
seen the likes of him before?
- No, John.
- He ain't a friend of anybody in here, be he?
- No.
- No, John.
That's good. That's good for all of you.
If I ever catch any of you running alongside
the likes of that, why, I'll...
A scurvy pirate in my inn.
You wait here, matey.
I'll run and get me sea bag
and me bird.
And we'll go right up
and tell the squire about this.
Blimey.

Pirates.

Those are pretty boots, Master Hawkins.

Yes. My mother gave them to me
before I left.

And the same size our foot is.

Alike as two sister craft.

- Yes.

- I'm fond of pretty things, I am.

Yes.

- Oh, a parrot.

- Yes, matey.

If any of you wants a voyage,
you go right down to the 'Hispaniola'.

She's lying in Wolf's Wharf.

Is it a boy or a girl parrot?

No, Jim, a girl, and usually
a well-mannered little wench, too, says I.

Pieces of eight, pieces of eight,
pieces of eight, pieces of eight.

Upon my word, she's a good talker.

Well, I wouldn't say "good," Jim,
but powerful.

- What's her name?

- Captain Flint, I calls her.

Here, matey. You take her for a spell.

She likes you, Jim.

- But does she bite?

- No, no. Nary a nibble.

- I thought most parrots liked to bite.

- Not this one.

She's a lovebird, matey.

You know, I've been thinking
about the squire, matey.

- Yes, Mr. Silver.

- You just call me Long John.

- Yes, Long John.

- You know, I don't think...

...that we ought to tell him
about that Black Dog, now, do you?

- Well, why not?

- Well, the squire is very excitable.

- He's got a lot on his mind, now, ain't he?

- Well, yes.

Well, now, we didn't catch Black Dog,

and there's nothing can be done...
...about it, is there?
- Well, I know, but...
Well, now, there's Admiral Hawke.
I remember in a battle off of Lisbon...
...why, a young lieutenant tells him
something without using his judgment...
...and do you know what happened?
Why, that admiral fell in a fit...
...and pink foam
oozed out of his ears for 42 days.
- Out of his...? All that time?
- Yes, sirree. Just like two spigots...
...out of a barrel of ale.
So just for the peace of the mind
of the squire, why, we won't tell him, huh?
- I believe you're right, Long John.
- Matey, you're just smart as paint.
Why, you and me's gonna get along
just fine in my galley.
She did bite me.
Now, ain't that too bad.
Well, matey, I guess she ain't used to you.
She's a little bit jealous, yeah.
I guess you don't want to leave
old Long John alone, do you?
You...
- Just a little kiss, matey.
- Yes.
You clam brain.
Is a crew always happy like that
when they leave a port?
A good crew, Jim.
You know,
if this voyage were a rainbow...
...and there was a pot of gold
at the other end...
...they couldn't be any happier.
- I'm glad you like Dr. Livesey.
- Now, he's a pretty smart man, Jim.
He's not a sailor, of course. But he can
cut you open and sew you up again.
Well, that sewing up
must be pretty difficult.

- So is the cutting-up part.
- Yeah, well, experience, Jim.
- I couldn't do it.
- Oh, no. Neither could I.
I'd swoon like a lady of quality, I would.
I guess I'm kind of sensitive-like.
To the squire, with my compliments, Jim.
Mulled wine, sir,
with Long John's compliments.
And Silver forgets nothing.
Along with me, he's going to be certain...
...that this is a voyage
that we shall all remember.
Long John's a wonderful man, sir.
Livesey, I give you... Yes, yes, yes, yes?
Captain Smollett. All well, I trust.
Everything shipshape and seaworthy?
I may as well speak plain, gentlemen,
at the risk of offense.
I don't like this voyage.
That's short and sweet.
- Pray explain yourself, sir.
- I was signed on under sealed orders...
...to sail this ship
wherever you'd bid me.
But I've arrived at the conclusion
that every hand before the mast...
...knows more about the voyage
than I do. I don't call that fair. Do you?
- Certainly not. What do the men know?
- That we're going after treasure.
Oh, mind you, I've heard it
whispered on all sides.
So has my officer, Mr. Arrow.
Livesey, I never uttered a word. It must
have been either you or the boy here.
Oh, upon my word, sir, I never...
- So treasure it is, I see.
- You mean you don't trust the crew?
- Oh, some of them may be honest.
- British naval heroes, all of them.
Yes, when there's treasure in the hole,
there's fire in the forecandle.
So I'm taking certain precautions

before we sail.
And by your leave,
I'd ask you gentlemen to help me.
Lay forward on the quarterdeck.
- Two inches off those points, boatswain.
- Aye, aye, captain.
Captain, sir, what are we
to make of this?
- Why, me and Dick and Allan...
- I never had me knife broke afore, captain.
It's a habit of mine on long voyages.
Sometimes hands get restless.
Captain's right, Jim. Honest hands
never object to having their knives tipped.
Boatswain, take the larboard watch.
Have the powder moved out
of this forehold back under the aft cabin.
Aye. Larboard watch.
Spring the hatch to the forehold.
Captain, that means that
I'll have to move all my provision.
I stored them aft especially
so the vegetables wouldn't get mildewed.
My orders, man. You get to your galley.
The hands will want their dinner.
Aye, aye, captain.
Well, why do you men stand here?
Do as you're told.
- Yes, sir.
- Yes, sir.
- Well?
- No sign of arms, sir.
You gentlemen are determined
to make this cruise?
Like iron, sir.
- Weigh anchor, Mr. Arrow.
- Aye, aye, sir.
Now, here, matey.
What's to do?
The captain ordered us
to move our bunks aft.
With the gentlemen, huh?
That's fine, Jim.
Oh, but I'd rather be forward with you.

Well, how's this:
Supposing I ask the captain
to change bunks with me.
That is, after we settles down to sail.
Here, you, ship's boy. Get along with that.
I'll have no favorites aboard my ship.
If there's one honest man aboard,
it's Captain Smollett.
Honest, if you will,
but an intolerable humbug.
I consider his conduct unmanly,
unsailorly and downright un-English.
Bless my soul. Why does the captain
have to bellow at me?
Captain's ways, Jim. Captain's ways.
Now, I wonder what could have thrown the
captain into such a sudden squall, matey.
Oh, well, he wanted to...
I don't know.
I wish you were the captain
of this ship, Long John.
I'll wager you could handle this boat
better than he could.
No, matey,
the captain's a man of wisdom.
A lot of brains.
Too bad an uneducated seamen
can't open his head and see...
...just what he's got in it.
We're moving.
- Well? Well, Mr. Arrow?
- She's breaking clear.
Haul the halyards around. Set the jibs.
All right. Set the topsails.
Set the guards and royals.
Belay that canary piping
and tip us a man's stave.
Long John likes it.
And I likes rum, I does.
Lord, for a mouthful.
Is he serving rum aft?
The squire likes his spirits of an evening.
And he likes Valencian lace
around his throat, he does.

I'm partial to Valencian lace meself.
A tender spot, the throat.
Starboard a bit, matey. She's luffing.
She almost got away from you that time.
I was looking at old Nicodemus.
He follows us
until he gets what he's after.
Well, we've given him
plenty of potato peelings.
That won't do for old Nicodemus.
He's used to following slave ships.
Bless me, the ocean's full of death.
But it's cured your lungs...
...hasn't it, Long John?
- Lungs, matey?
Yes, you've not coughed in a long time.
Yeah.
They're much better,
more shipshape now.
What are you gonna do after this voyage?
Oh, I'll go back to that
little old roof, I reckon.
Well, would you like to come
and live with me?
- With you, matey?
- Yes.
You see, I'll have a lot more money.
And, well, I mean...
...there's only Mother and me.
And we've a nice room with a sea view...
...and sea air coming in from three sides.
And you could always be...
No, no, matey.
I couldn't.
I just...
Well, anyhow,
you can come and visit us.
- We'll always be mates, won't we?
- Certain, we will.
- Certain, we will.
- No, matey, never spit to windward.
It'll ebb back on you.
Always spit to the leeward.
It sails like a gull.

That's right, matey.

Look, Mr. Arrow's drunk again.

The captain's got

the key to the grog, Jim.

- Where'd you get it?

- Just seasick.

- Sick? You're drunk.

- Why, sir, I haven't had a drink...

You're drunk. If it occurs again,

you'll lie in the brig.

- Where'd you get the rum?

- Why, sir, I haven't had a drink.

You get below before I cane you.

Here, you two.

Silver, what are you doing here

in the poop?

- Boatswain, take this wheel.

- Aye, aye.

Captain, for the lad's sake,

Mr. Arrow says...

To blazes with Mr. Arrow.

You get forward, where you belong.

Aye, aye, sir. Aye, sir.

Good morning, Mr. Arrow, sir.

How's for a cup of tea this morning?

A powerful lover of tea

you are, Mr. Arrow.

Yet I hopes I'm the one

that serves you your last cup, sir.

- Well?

- He ain't nowhere aft, sir.

He ain't in the forecastle.

Poor Mr. Arrow.

And he stopped by me galley

only last night, sir, for a breath of fresh air.

- Still drunk, you say?

- His weakness was still upon him, sir.

Old Nicodemus isn't with us anymore.

Arrow must have lurched overboard.

- That settles it.

- I'm sorry, sir.

This will leave you short-handed, captain.

I'll have it entered in the log.

That's all, men.

So why should I join?
Join up with what?
- But, Henry, lookie...
- Astern of me, you little runt.
I don't like you and others of your kind
who've come aboard this ship.
William...
...Henry doesn't seem happy
aboard this ship.
You won't fall, Henry.
I be right here below you.
Oh, look. Is that another shark?
Oh, no. That's a porpoise.
That's a seaman's friend.
Look, there's a whole school of them.
- They wouldn't eat anybody?
- Oh, no, matey.
Porpoises off the bow is a good sign.
A successful voyage, they say.
Why, they comes right out
from port and escorts you right in.
I guess nobody knows where we're heading
to but the porpoises and the squire...
...I'll wager.
O'Brien, you were aloft with him.
How'd it happen?
I don't know, sir.
A bit choked up I be, sir.
Henry was my friend.
He swooned, like, and fell like a plummet.
Poor Henry. Leastwise he'll never
know what struck him.
I'm thankful for that.
- Boatswain.
- Aye, sir.
- Prepare this body for burial.
- Prepare the body for burial.
Land ho! Land ho!
Where away?
Here, here, here.
Livesey, it's irreverent, but,
damn me, come, sir.
Gray.
- Where?

- There it be, right under the cloud bank!
- There she be.
- Where?
Look, right there,
underneath that cloud there.
Bless my soul.
Bless everybody's soul, matey.
It's it! Gadzooks, Livesey, if it isn't it!
The spot seems on the side of a hill.
Rotten to the core.
Jim, run out to the apple barrel
and fetch us some good ones.
My pleasure, sir.
Tomorrow, Livesey, tomorrow.
We'll land at dawn...
...and we'll have the doubloons
by sundown.
You're as smart as paint to join up, Dick.
Aye, Dick listened the minute
he heard there was treasure.
Don't you know the exact spot
it's buried, now you're here?
Flint saw to that.
He left his ship in the same place
as we're anchored.
He took the treasure and six brave lads
and went ashore.
And when he came back,
he came back alone.
"Dead men don't bite
nor tell no tales," says he.
- Well, I'm with you.
- How about the others?
Oh, you mean Gray and Allan and...?
Oh, they be stupid souls.
Well, we'll talk to them.
Now, lookie, John, now we're here...
...how long are we gonna stand
off and on like a blessed bumboat?
When do we strike, John?
The last minute that I can manage,
that's when.
We could all steer a course for home,
but who's to set one?

Captain Smollett's
a good navigator, he will.
They takes the map,
gets the treasure, brings it aboard.
Captain Smollett takes us out
into the trade winds...
...and then one day,
they all disappear overboard.
Result of a very heavy storm at sea.
Like Flint ye be, John.
And the flower of the flock was Flint.
Hey, Dick, you're a nice lad.
Get me an apple out of that barrel
to sweeten my pipe with, will you?
Silver. Silver. Silver.
George Merry and the others
is breaking out arms.
- Now, I told them you was against it.
- Why, the fools.
Aye.
This molasses is sweeter
than Silver said it'd be.
Ephraim, look-see if that box of prunes
don't turn into powder and ball.
Who smuggled these arms
aboard this ship?
I did. I'll tell you when to break them out.
And that's the whole awful story, sir.
I wish I'd only dreamt it.
There's your lighthearted crew for you.
Captain Smollett,
I own myself an utter ass.
I await your orders.
What beats me is how they've been
held in check so remarkably.
With your permission, captain,
that's Silver. A very remarkable man.
Yes, he'd look remarkably well
swinging from a yardarm, sir.
Easy, Jim.
Steady, boy.
You may have been the means
of saving the lot of us.
- Don't flounder now.

- I'm not afraid.
Let's see, there are seven of us,
including young Hawkins here.
We were nine.
What's the first move?
Silver's anxious to conceal
everything and hold on.
I'm anxious to give him the chance.
So we'll send the crew ashore alone.
It's my idea they'll be glad to go.
Think they'll bark their shins
on the treasure.
If they all go, we up anchor
and run with the ship.
If none go, we'll try and hold this cabin,
and God defend the right.
Redruth, you load
and distribute those muskets.
If only a few go ashore...
...you mark my word, Silver will
bring them back, as mild as lambs.
- Come and get your sidearms, gentlemen.
- Come on, Jim.
- You can spy out a lot more for us.
- Exactly, boy. They trust you.
Why, you and Silver
have been great friends.
I know. Why, we were mates,
and we were gonna hunt goats together.
I even asked him to live with me.
He was the best friend I knew.
He gave me this.
I never knew anybody like him before.
But I know him now.
Certain, I do.
Ship's cook means luck ashore, mates.
Shove off, lads.
Silver has left six men.
One of them might be honest.
Jim!
Who told you to come along?
Well, nobody. I just...
Hey, what?
Jim! Come here.

Wait for me, matey.

Jim? You hear me?

Jim! You come back here!

- Hunter, did Jim go ashore?

- Why, yes, sir.

- I thought it was part of the plan, sir.

- Gentlemen, this is bad business.

Now, come now, Tom.

You haul to and think it over.

What are you telling me, John Silver?

I'll not listen to the likes of that.

Now, be off. I don't want

my rigging fouled with mutiny.

- I'm an honest seaman, you hear?

- Yeah, I'll lay to that...

...but, Tom, you're smart as paint.

Why, I knew that the minute

I clapped eyes on you.

You ain't gonna let honesty

stand in the way of being smart, are you?

- In heaven's name, what was that?

- That? I reckon that be Allan.

So you killed Allan, have you?

Well, rest his soul for a true seaman.

But kill me if you can. I defies you.

That's two.

- Not Jim. They wouldn't do...

- They'll do anything now.

Our only chance is to...

Stay below there, you men.

Get back in that hold.

We've got to abandon ship.

Load the jollyboat with all the provisions

and powder she'll carry.

You men get that boat in the water

and get it loaded up.

- Why abandon ship?

- They've shown their hand.

When they come back, they'll board it.

They've killed two men already.

We're next.

- Can't we hold them off?

- With these swine at our backs?

If we tried to hold

that aft cabin, they'd burn it.
We've got to get to Flint's blockhouse.
If that stockade is still standing,
we can at least make a fight of it.
Gray! Abraham Gray!
We're about to leave this ship.
I think you're an honest man.
If you wanna do your duty,
come out and follow me.
- I'm with you, sir.
- Good man.
- Lay aft and help with the boat.
- Aye, sir.
Don't shoot. Don't shoot.
- Who are you?
- I'm Ben Gunn.
I'm poor old Ben Gunn.
And I haven't spoken to a Christian
these three years.
Three years?
- Were you shipwrecked?
- Nay, mate. Marooned.
Marooned three years agone.
And I lived on oysters
and berries and goats.
My heart's sore for Christian diet.
You mightn't happen to have
a piece of cheese about you, now?
- No.
- "No," says you?
Well, says I, many a long night
I dreamed of cheese.
It's toasted, mostly.
Then I wake up again, and here I were.
Well, if I ever get aboard again,
you shall have some.
Well, now, what's to hinder you
getting aboard now?
- Ain't old Flint's ship, be it?
- Oh, no. Flint's dead.
But most of his hands are aboard her.
- Worse luck for us.
- Not a one-legged man?
You mean Silver?

If you was sent by Long John,
I'm just the same as pork, and I know it.
But who are the rest
you spoke about, matey?
Well, there's Dr. Livesey
and Squire Trelawney and the captain.
Squires and doctors, says you?
Gentlemen born, says I. That's different.
- Have they showed themselves ashore yet?
- No.
Lively, doctor, lively!
This is the last trip.
So after I was on Flint's ship,
I was on another ship.
That was three years back,
and we spied this island.
"Lads," says I, "there's where
old Flint's treasure's buried.
Let's land and find it."
Twelve days we hunts.
Every day they have worse words for me.
Till one fine morning,
all hands got aboard.
"As for you, Benjamin Gunn," says they...
..."you're so sure Flint's treasure's
buried here...
...you can just stay and find it," says they.
"Now, was that a gentlemanly thing
to do," says you?
Well, did you find it?
That's what your squires and doctors
would like to know, says I.
"Yes," says you?
Snug in behind that rock, Jim,
is my little skin boat and paddle...
...as I made it with my own hands.
You takes it, paddles out,
finds the squire and tells him...
...that Ben Gunn puts
a heap sight more confidence...
...heap sight, mind you...
...in gentlemen born
than gentlemen of fortune.
And then you nips him on the cheek

like I does you.
- Why?
- And then you tells him...
...that Ben Gunn
will meet him on this hill.
He's to come alone
with a white thing in his hand.
Upon my word,
I don't know what you're talking about...
...but I'll tell the squire and doctor
everything that you said.
They've be... They've begun to fight.
Who's the best shot here?
Mr. Trelawney, out and away.
Pick me off one of those pirates,
if you please, sir.
Move sharply, move sharply.
There. Hand me that ball.
That's a score snood!
Come on, my boys.
Stay to your oars, Gray. He's gone. We've
got to beach this boat or she'll swamp.
Larboard. Larboard a little.
We're swamped here, lads.
Hold to your muskets.
Jim, thank heaven you're safe.
Up, lads. Abandon that boat.
Stockade's our only chance.
It's them after-cabin blokes!
They're making for the stockade.
Come on, lads, head them off.
Belay that. Belay that, you swabs!
They'll shoot you down like a lot of gulls.
Get to those gigs
and get back to that ship.
Come on, lads.
Shoot away, me lads.
That's the way to waste powder.
The flag spots the house for them.
Hadn't we better lower it?
Lower the flag?
Strike my colors? Not I, sir.
We've little provisions,
but we've plenty of powder and ball.

And by heaven, sir, this spot is England.
Stockade, ahoy!
It's Silver himself.
I feel this may be a trick.
Doctor, take charge of your watch.
Gray. Joyce.
What do you want
with your flag of truce?
Captain Silver, sir,
wants to come aboard to make terms.
Captain Silver?
Who's he? I never heard of him.
Me, sir. Me.
The poor lads have chosen me their captain
since your desertion, sir.
What's your course, Silver?
One minute's talk with you.
I've no desire to talk with you.
If you wanna come over here, come.
But if there's any treachery, it'll be
on your side, and Lord help you.
That word from you is enough, sir.
I knows a gentleman when I lays
eyes on him, you can lay to that.
Joyce, take the doctor's place.
Well, well, well.
Here we are all together again,
just like one big, happy family.
Top of the morning to you, Jim.
I'd rather you'd sit down, Silver.
Sit down and toss away that crutch
if you're talking to me.
Come, out with it, man.
What do you want?
We want the treasure.
We're gonna have it.
You want your lives, that's yours.
Well, you can have that
if you give us Flint's chart.
I'd see you and the whole island
blown to blazes first.
Well, that... That's an idea.
You give me the chart...
...and the moment the treasure's onboard,

we'll take you along with it.
And I'll give you my affidavit,
upon my word and honor...
...that we'll set you down safe and sound
at the first point of civilization.
- That's on your word of honor.
- My affidavit, gentlemen.
And a handsomer one
you couldn't hope to look at.
That all?
Every last word, by thunder.
Good. Now you hear me.
You come back here,
one by one, unarmed...
...and I'll guarantee to put you in irons,
take you to England and get you a fair trial.
If you refuse,
my name is Alexander Smollett...
...I've flown my sovereign's colors...
...and I'll see you all to Davy Jones.
- That final?
- That's the last good word...
...you'll hear out of me, by heaven.
The next time we meet,
I'll put a bullet in you.
- Do you meet my terms?
- No.
Then tumble out of here, me lad.
Hand over hand, on the double.
- Give me a hand up.
- I'd sooner touch carrion.
Who'll give me a hand up?
Before the hour's up,
I'll crush your blockhouse...
...like it was a puncheon.
Them of you that dies will be lucky.
Inside. Clear decks for action. Quarters,
all hands. They'll board us in a minute.
Now, get over that wall first, and don't use
your muskets only as the last resort.
Morgan, you and yours to the larboard.
Job, you and yours to the starboard.
Now, by the powers, board them.
- Here they come, captain!

- Fire when they top the wall.
Another load, Jim.
More loads, Hawkins. Come, boy.
- Trelawney, sir, you're a man.
- And you're a captain, sir.
At them, you dogfish! At them!
Outside, lads. Outside and
fight them in the open. Cutlasses.
Lively, lively, lads.
My compliments, Mr. Gray.
I've been looking for this.
Inside the house, lads.
They've gone.
Fire from cover.
You crawling squid.
You dogfish.
Don't mind me, sir. Watch them.
They've turned tail for the moment.
My case, Jim.
- Hunter and Joyce are dead, sir.
- My case, Jim.
- Captain Smollett has a ball in his shoulder.
- Oh, yes.
- God rest Hunter and Joyce.
- Amen.
- How many did they lose?
- Seven.
They've had their rations for today.
Well, that makes them nine
against our five, gentlemen.
- Precious sight more confidence, eh?
- Yes, sir.
Here's Gray.
Well? Well, Gray?
They're all camped down by the swamp.
I heard them.
They're like hornets,
and Silver's the maddest.
- It looks like tomorrow will finish us.
- What's in the wind?
They're building rafts
and floating the cannon in from the ship.
Silver says he's going to
blow this blockhouse to limbo.

That settles it.
This Ben Gunn may be our last chance.
- You sure he's all right in the head?
- Well, he's rather silly, sir.
He told me to nip the squire.
Nip me? How?
Begging your pardon, sir, like this.
- A lunatic.
- No harm in finding out.
I have two hours before dawn.
I'll haunt that clearing all day.
It'll take them all day
to get that gun ashore.
If they turn up again,
God be with you, gentlemen.
- Godspeed, doctor.
- Good luck, doctor.
What's the doctor up to?
Oh, he thinks this Ben Gunn fellow
can help us.
How is beyond me.
Says he, says them,
says I, says nothing.
We can't hold out against cannon,
Smollett.
If we could only get out
and cut that ship adrift...
...that'd put an end to the cannon.
Cut off their base of supplies.
We've no boat.
They're undoubtedly watching the gigs.
I know, I know.
The doctor's right.
Our only chance is this Gunn fellow.
- Keep near the house, Jim.
- Oh, yes, sir. It's just hot in here, sir.
Go on, make your play.
Make your play, I says!
Let's talk.
Silver's tangled everything, I tell you.
Stow that drunken guff
and make your play.
I be'n't drunk, and Silver's a fool.
You're the fool, William. And your face

fair makes me bilious, it does.
Fool, bilious, eh?
We're adrift!
Adrift we be!
- Why, the anchor's gone!
- The hawser's parted!
Up with the jib,
we'll swing into the reef.
Come aboard, Mr. Hands.
Much hurt?
Not the way poor dear William be.
He wasn't much of a sailor, was William.
Where might you come from?
I've come aboard to take possession
of this ship, Mr. Hands...
...and you can regard me as captain
until further notice.
Well, now, Captain Hawkins...
...and who's to sail her,
without you get the hint from me?
- Well...
- Now, look here...
...you give me me food and me drink...
...and a bit of a scarf or a handkerchief
to bind up me wound with...
...and I'll show you how to sail her.
Now, that's square all round, ain't it?
Done, Mr. Hands.
Now, I can't have these colors,
Mr. Hands...
...and by your leave, I'll strike them.
God save the king,
and there's an end to Captain Silver.
Now your wound, Mr. Hands.
I won't be forgetting about this,
Captain Hawkins.
And where might we be a-sailing to?
Not back to the anchorage,
you can be sure.
I've seen a map of this island.
- Do you know a cove called North Inlet?
- That I do.
It's a way north,
on the other shore, it be.

Well, that's where we're sailing to.
I'm gonna run her high and dry
on the beach...
...where nobody will be able to find her
excepting honest people.
Now, does that suit your curiosity,
Mr. Hands?
Why, Captain Hawkins, under my present
unfortunate circumstances...
...to a plum.
Aye, she's headed right now.
Right, captain.
Now lash the wheel and come forward
for a close haul on the jib.
Right.
It's been a tiresome voyage.
Why, you can stand.
And I can walk too.
Perhaps you'll be needing a little rest,
Captain Hawkins.
Wet powder, Captain Hawkins.
One more step, Mr. Hands,
and I'll blow your brains out.
Dead men don't bite, you know.
I reckon you and me will have to
sign articles, Jim.
I'd have had you but for that lurch there.
I don't have much luck, not I.
It looks like I'll have to...
Dr. Livesey.
Dr. Livesey.
Pieces of eight.
Well, if it ain't Jim Hawkins.
Dropped in sort of friendly-like, huh?
What have you done with my friends?
Have you killed them?
Oh, no. Blood spilling's all over, Jim.
We signed a treaty, Jim.
Treaty? What kind of a treaty?
Well, we give them their freedom out of here
in return for half of their provisions.
But where did they go?
Oh, they just wandered away.
But if you're of mind to hunting them up,

why, you just save your time, Jim...
...because they don't want to have
nothing to do with you.
- You're lying.
- No, Jim.
Why, the squire told me right to my face
that you was a deserter...
...and the doctor...
Oh, the doctor said that you was scared.
But they couldn't think that.
They wouldn't, not after...
Naturally, I've always wanted you
to join up with us and take your share.
- Now it looks like you'll have to.
- Well, supposing I said no.
Well, even if you do get the treasure...
...your ship's lost, your men lost,
your whole business gone to wreck.
- If you want to know who did it, it was I.
- You, Jim?
I was in the apple barrel that night
and heard you.
I cut the ship's hawser
and killed those two aboard her...
...and I took her where
you'll never see her again, none of you.
Kill me if you want, but the laugh's on my
side, and I'll die laughing at the lot of you.
I believe you would, matey.
He faked the map from Billy Bones.
First and last we've been fouled by him.
Avast there!
Be you captain here, Morgan?
- Tom's right.
- I'm the captain...
...I say what's right.
- I'll be hanged if I'll be hazed by you, John...
- You want to have it out with me?
That's better, George Merry.
Why, this boy's got more fight in him
than the whole of you.
I like this boy...
...and if you understand
King George's English...

...you better not lay a hand on him.
Well, you makes a hash of this cruise.
You're a bold man to say no to that.
And second, there's that boy.
He's earned a proper killing.
In the third place, you wouldn't let us
attack them, and they on the march.
And fourth, you let the enemy
out of this trap for nothing.
Oh, we get the stores
and the powder...
...but we didn't get the map, did we?
And what do we want here
except for the map, I'd like to know.
Quiet, by George!
- By thunder, it's it.

- Look:

Flint's initials, with a score below
and a clove hitch.
Good old Silver!
Long John forever!
- Aye, Silver!
- Hurrah for Silver.
- Where'd you get the map?
- From Dr. Livesey, matey.
You couldn't have gotten it
unless you killed them.
No. That's part of the bargain, matey.
They gets their freedom
and we gets the treasure.
Will you join me
in a bit of fresh air, matey?
There's so much stupidity in here
that I can't breathe properly.
Come on.
Guess that ends everything,
now that you've got the map.
No, matey,
you've still got a chance for a share.
No, I thank you...
...but I want you to know I'm grateful
for you defending me.
Now I best go and hunt up my friends.

Goodbye.

Here, you better stay here for a spell.
Maybe the squire and the doctor have had
a little change of heart about you.

Well, yes, but...

Well, I might need you for a hostage.

Come on, sit down.

Hostage?

What do you need a hostage for?

You said you'd made a treaty.

Well, treaties are only good until
you find a chance to break them, matey.

That isn't very honorable.

It's smart, Jim.

You see what being honorable
done for me?

- I had to show them the map, didn't I?

- Well, why were you keeping it from them?

There's too many of them
to share the treasure with.

I just trying to figure a way
to get rid of about half of them.

- Oh, I see. More murders.

- Oh, no, not murder.

Tactics.

I recall taking a prize ship
off of Peru once...

...and there was too many of them
to share the treasure with...

...so Flint and me, we waits
till all hands are asleep...

I don't wish to hear about it.

All right, Jim.

Well, what did you do with them?

Flint, he has a little hammer,
so we go around to all the bunks...

...and we get in back of the men
and then we...

Never mind. I don't wish to hear about it.

Oh, all right. It ain't important.

We only disposed of 13 men.

Blockhouse, ahoy.

What about it, Silver?

Have you seen anything of Jim Hawkins?

- Why...

- Here I am, Dr. Livesey.
Thank heaven you're safe.
Let me talk with him.

- No, by the powers. They'll pull a trick.

- Please.
I'll be telling you for the last time,
George Merry, you drop his arm.
You give me your word of honor
that you won't slip your cable, Jim?

- I do.

- Well, all right, then.
We'll go down and have a yarn
with the good doctor.
Dr. Livesey. Where did you all go?
Why did you give up to them?
All I can tell you now
is that we're safe and sound.
But where did you go, lad?
We searched everywhere.
Then you didn't think I deserted you, sir,
and that I was scared?
Not a thought of it, lad.
You said that they said I was scared,
that they didn't want me.
Well, matey, I thought it would be easier
for you to join up that way.

- Oh, I didn't join, sir. Truly, I didn't.

- But where did you go, Jim? What...?
I ran away to cut the ship's hawser,
like Captain Smollett wanted.

- I have her beached at North Inlet now, sir.

- North Inlet, eh?
Float her and get her away from here.
Don't mind about me.
One budge of your hand, Silver, and I fire.
Quick, now. Quick, Jim.
Whip over the wall and run for it.
Oh, no, sir, I passed my word...
What's your word to these scoundrels?
Quick, head for cover.
Sir, it was my word of honor,
no matter whom it's to. I can't break it.
A lad of honor. I counted on that, sir.

Jim, we won't leave this island
without you, my word on that.

- You're going for the treasure now, eh?

- There where we be going.

Well, mark you, Silver:
When you find it, prepare for squalls.
And if Jim Hawkins here
is so much as scratched...
...there'll be a ball between your eyes
that nobody will bother to remove.
Squalls, eh, matey?
Am I off my course
and sitting on a waterspout?
I'd almost wager.
East-southeast...
...two points east.

- I thought so.

Just as the chart says.
Why, that's one of the six brave lads
that Flint killed...
...and laid their bones
right in a line with the treasure.
There's five more of them ahead
between us and the doubloons.
Forward.
Darby McGraw! Darby McGraw!
Hark, ye.
Darby McGraw!
Darby McGraw!
That's him, I tell you. I've heard Flint
calling Darby a hundred times.
Fetch aft the rum!

- Them was his last words aboveboard.

- That fixes it. I'm done.

Where might I hear that voice afore?
Nobody but us on this island
knows them words. That's Flint's spirit.
Nothing but flesh and blood can talk.
I was never afeard of Flint alive,
and I ain't scared to face him dead.
Come on, if you're coming.
There it be, mates,
right in the clearing there.
At it, mates. All together.

- Why, there's nothing there at all.
- Nothing, Jim.
We've been out-sailed.
Here, Jim. Take that
and stand by for trouble.
Two guineas.
That's your 700,000 pounds, is it?
Why don't you dig a little deeper, lads.
Maybe you'll find radishes and turnips.
It's only an old cripple and a boy.
Let's settle it.
Let them have it.
That'll hold them for good and all, Gray.
Dr. Livesey, where did you come from?
- How did you happen...?
- We thought we'd be useful, Jim.
Look, sir, there's no treasure at all.
We've come all this way
and everybody's been killed for nothing.
Upon my word, sir, I don't understand it.
Well, don't try, Jim.
We'll go up to Ben Gunn's cave.
Maybe old Ben's got another trick
in his beard.
Beard? Cave? Upon my word, sir.
Thank ye kindly, doctor,
and quite a squall it were.
By the powers. That voice.
- So it be you, Ben Gunn.
- How do you do, Mr. Silver?
"Pretty well, I thank you," says you.
Ben, Ben. To think as you've done me.
Gray, lead the way with Jim.
March, Silver.
You'll find as how
you've been done by everybody.
- Well, have you had enough action, me lad?
- No, thank you.
Keep going, keep going.
Why, bless my soul...
But... What's...?
Upon my soul, how did it all get here?
All found and carried up here
with my own hands, says I.

"Very thoughtful," says you?
And you can be full of cheese
from now on, says I.
"Yes," says you?
Yes, says I.
Be it all here, Ben Gunn?
You don't be holding out any on us,
now, be you?
Mr. Silver, says I.
- Silver.
- Aye, aye, sir.
Well, captain, I reports back to duty.
Me and Jim played a powerful trick
on them.
Now that we all have the treasure,
why, we're all one big, happy family.
We've got the treasure. We.
You're going back to stand trial in England
for mutiny and murder, my man.
Look, Jim. Rubies with fire in them.
Them's pretty harsh measures.
Pretty strong medicine, captain,
for just a little infraction of the rules.
Not nearly so harsh or strong...
...as the rope I hope to see you
hanging from at Execution Dock.
You're under arrest, Silver.
- 'Hispaniola' ahoy!
- Ahoy! Ahoy!
Don't leave me!
Don't leave me, I'll stand trial!
We'll starve. We'll starve!
You had your chance, my friends.
We'll pick up a new crew at Jamaica.
Did the frigate answer our signal?
She says, "Come aboard,
Hampton commanding."
Good. Ben Gunn, stay alert, now.
- We want no strange craft alongside.
- Aye, sir.
A British ship of the line.
And tomorrow we may have
the pleasure of seeing Silver...
...hanging to a yardarm.

Well, Jim, do you come
to take old John aloft for a breather?
No. I fetched you this instead.
Thank ye, matey,
but I ain't much for spirits.
Well, I thought you might like to start
and drink a lot of it.
- Why?
- Well, doesn't everybody?
I mean, before they're hanged?
Hanged, matey?
They went over to a frigate
that's lying here.
They're not gonna wait till
we get to England.
Captain says we can hold
a naval trial tomorrow...
...and the squire says we can see you
swinging from a yardarm.
That ain't just exactly a breather,
be it, Jim?
I'm sorry. Truly, I am.
You say they all went over?
No, they left Ben Gunn on watch.
Well, Jim...
...I guess you'll have to stand on deck
and watch me swing.
I can't bear the thought of it.
Of you, of anybody.
Oh, we won't think about that, Jim.
You just dies, and that's that.
Quite often, though,
not as quick as people think, Jim.
- Why not?
- Well...
...you take my case, as it were.
Now, there I'll be,
way out on that yardarm.
Way out there with a rope
around my neck.
And then they gives the orders to jump.
And when the average man jumps
and reaches the end of that rope...
...snaps his head around,

way around like that.
That's the average man. But of course,
with me, it's a little bit different.
With my one leg, you see,
I'd be kind of off-balance.
And if they didn't get
that noose just right...
...right there, why, I'd probably just...
...slowly strangle and choke...
...just so I didn't swallow my tongue.
But that very rarely happens, Jim,
swallowing the tongue.
Stop, stop!
There. I don't know how
you'll get by Ben Gunn...
...but you're free from here, at least.
- Oh, that's my matey.
If ever the day comes
that I can help you, why, I...
I'm going to...
What's the matter?
I guess you'll have
to help me up, matey.
It's my rheumatism.
This place is damp in here.
No, no, no. I'm ticklish under my arm.
Thank ye, matey, thank ye.
Where's Ben Gunn?
Sitting up by the mizzenmast on guard.
You run aft and get me a pistol.
- No, there'll be no blood spilled in this.
- Oh, no, not for Ben Gunn.
Why, I can talk with Ben,
he and me are old shipmates.
Just for protection on shore, you know.
It's a wild place, Jamaica.
All right.
But I told you, you mustn't.
Now, ain't that terrible?
He's left to guard a ship,
and there he lays in a drunken stupor.
But he has a awful large bump
on his head.
Well, he must have got that

when he fell off of there...
...and hit the deck with his head.
Ain't that too bad.
Well, matey...
What old Long John's got to tell you,
he don't know how to say it.
I don't mean that you'll be forgiving me
all the bad things that I've done...
...but just for the mateys
that we might have been.
You won't be a pirate anymore, will you?
You won't steal?
No, sir. From now on...
...my course is going to be a straight,
honest one, so help me.
Why, shiver my timbers, I...
Well, now, I'm glad
that happened, matey.
That's just what I was trying to tell you,
and I didn't know how.
I cut through the bulkhead,
into where the treasure was...
...and took off just one sack of gold.
But you promised you wouldn't.
Well, I took that before I promised.
But it's off my conscience now...
...and the Lord knows my conscience
won't stand any more, matey.
- Well, here. You may need it.
- No, no, no, thanks.
But you have to buy food.
No, that's all right, Jim.
I'll get along all right.
I'll get along all right.
Well, matey...
Here.
Feed her good.
And put her...
You put her down below decks
when any women around, huh?
I will. I promise I will.
Oh, belay that. Don't do that.
Our courses will cross again sometime.
Lookie. Lookie, now.

Now, you didn't get all of that bar silver on that island, now, did you?

- No.

- Well, who knows?

Maybe someday

you'll have a great big ship.

Bigger than this one.

And you'll go down there and get the rest of that treasure, now, won't you?

And you might be needing a mate or a captain, huh?

- I guess so.

- All right.

And who do you think would come hobbling along for that berth...

...but old Long John Silver?

It'd be Honest Long John then.

And together, we'd go down there and dig up that treasure...

...and we'd scour all the seas for all the treasures on those islands.

And we'd hunt goats.

And fight cannibals.

It's true, matey. Certain, we will.

Certain, we will.