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Treasure Island

By Fraser C. Heston

The squire and Dr. Livesey...
... having asked me to write down
the particulars of Treasure Island...
... leaving nothing out but the
bearings of the island itself...
... and that only because
there is still treasure not yet lifted.
I go back to the time when my mother
and I kept the Admiral Benbow Inn...
... and the brown, old seaman
with a saber cut...
... first took up lodging
under our roof.
Open the door, will you? Open the door!
Go away! We're closed.
Open the door, you lubberly swab,
or by thundering...
Throw that cutlass away this instant.
What do you want?
Good evening, missus.
Lad.
Will you not put up your musket?
I'm just a simple sailor seeking lodgings.
Just so?
This looks
like a conveniently situated grogshop.
You have much company here,
lad, do you?
No, sir. No one hardly ever comes in here
since Father died.
- Shh.
- Ha, ha.
Then this here's the place for me, matey.
And what might we call you, sir?
If we're to put up with the likes of you
under our roof.
You may call me captain, ma'am.
Captain Billy Bones at your service.
I'm a plain man, ma'am.
Rum, bacon and bread's what I want.
And that headland down the road there
to watch ships off of.
Here, matey.
Tell me when I've worked my way

through that, will you?

He stayed with us long after his gold
had run out.

But none of us had the courage
to ask for more.

All day, he hung around the cove or upon
the cliffs with a brass telescope...

... gazing out over the waves...

... as if he feared something
were coming for him from the sea.

All evening, he would drink rum
and water very strong...

... looking up fierce
when spoken to.

His stories and songs
were all about hanging and piracy...

... and wild deeds on
the Spanish Main.

None of us suspected
then, of course...

... how our lives would be changed
by them forever.

Jim, here.

Have you seen a seafaring man...

- ...with one leg, Jim?

- No, sir.

Keep a weather eye open, Jim,
for a seafaring man.

I will give you a silver fourpenny
each week, you understand that?

Aye. See, you've told me, captain,
but I haven't seen one yet.

- Dr. Livesey.

- Hello, Jim.

Ah. Dr. Livesey.

Good evening, Mrs. Hawkins.

Evening, doctor.

And how are you feeling, Mrs. Hawkins?

Better, I trust.

Oh, yes, doctor. Thanks to your visit.

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest

Drink to the devil

And had done for the rest

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum

Give me rum, you hear?
Give us rum, goddamn you!
Rum, it's feed and drink to the likes of me!
Rum, good laddie.
Mrs. Hawkins, I once prescribed a draft
for Squire Trelawney.
He had the gout, you know. And his man,
Joyce, swore he would see him take it.
- But the squire...
- Silence!
Silence between decks to here.
Were you addressing me, sir?
I was indeed, sir.
Have you something to say about that?
I have only one thing to say to you, sir.
If you keep on drinking rum...
...the world will soon be quit
of a very dirty scoundrel.
You're a whistler.
Captain.
I'll take none of that from the likes
of you, nor any other lubberly swab.
You call me "captain" or I'm gonna pin you
to the wall with this cutlass...
...and hang you from the yard by your
thumbs and use you for musket practice.
Now, you hear me.
If you do not put down
that cutlass this instant...
...I promise you, upon my honor, that I'll
have you drawn up at the next assizes.
- Ha!
- I am not a doctor only, but a magistrate.
And now I know there is such a fellow
in my district.
And if I catch so much
as a breath of complaint against you...
...I'll have you hunted down
and hanged like the dog you are.
Let that suffice.
Well, I say, Mrs. Hawkins,
the squire is a clever fellow.
What might I get for you, sir?
Rum, sonny.

Rum will do.

Is this here a table for my mate, Bill?

I don't know your mate Bill, sir.

This table's for the captain.

Ah.

Right, because now Bill would be called "captain," aye.

Now...

...is my mate, Bill, in this here house?

No, sir. He's out walking.

Back soon?

Yes, sir.

- Where's your mother, boy?

- She's not here.

She's in the village. To market.

Just as well.

All right.

This'll be a pleasant surprise for my mate, Bill.

Good as drink.

You know, I have a young nipper of my own.

It's like you is two blocks.

And he's all the pride of my yards.

But a great thing for boys...

...is discipline.

Discipline?

Aye.

Discipline.

Right. Would you step in here and surprise old Bill.

Billy Bones.

Come, Bill,

you know your old shipmate, surely.

- Black Dog?

- Aye.

Black Dog as ever was.

Come for to see his old mate, Bill.

Now, look here.

You've run me down here.

Here I am.

Now, what you want, Dog?

You speak up, will you?

Ah? That's you, Bill.

I'll just have a glass of rum
from this dear child here.
You'll join me, won't you?
Now, we'll sit down and talk square,
like old shipmates.
Where's the chart, Bill?
No. No, no!
- We'll swing.
- Swing once, swing all, say I.
That weren't Flint's way, no sir.
- Flint's dead, God damn him.
- Aye.
Aye. That he is, mate, dead and damned.
All I want's the chart, Bill.
All I'm asking's what's rightfully ours.
Our lawful shares.
Damn your lawful shares
and damn you too.
Rum, Jim.
Rum, boy.
Oh, God.
Are you hurt?
It's rum I need, Jim.
Give us rum, will you?
Ah. I needed that.
I must get away from here, Jim,
before they have the black spot on me.
- That black what?
- Spot, Jim.
It's a summons.
The lubbers will be going around by now
to get their wind of me.
What lubbers are those, captain?
Ah, it's Flint's men, as like as not.
Black Dog, Blind Pew.
It's my old sea chest
they're after, macky.
Now, you look here, Jim.
If they should slip me the spot,
you get on a horse...
...and you go and fetch that infernal swab
of a doctor.
You tell him why I'm the only one
that has it.

- Has what?

- Oh.

Flint gave it to me as he was lying,
dying in some island.

For the love of God, boy,
give me some rum, will you?

Will you?

Who's there?

Jim Hawkins. What do you want?

Would some kind friend
tell a poor, blind man...

...what's lost the sight of his eyes in the
service of King George, God bless him...

...in what part of the country
he might now be?

You're at the Admiral Benbow Inn.

Oh, yes.

Give me your hand,
my kind young friend.

Lead me in.

- Now, boy, you take me to the captain.

- I daren't.

You take me in straight, and as soon
as I'm in view, you cries out.

Here's a friend of yours, Bill.

Yes, yes, oh, yes.

Captain Bones.

- Blind Pew.

- Yes.

Come for you at last, Billy.

Now...

...business is business, Mr. Bones.

Sit right where you are.

Hold out your hand.

Boy, take his left hand
and bring it near my right.

Yes.

And now that's done.

Oh, yes.

It's a spot, Jim.

It's the black spot, lad.

"You have till 10:00."

That's two hours.

We'll have them yet, Jim.

Get me a top of rum, will you?
Here, lad, it's...
It's for the sea chest.
For the old sea chest, boy.
- What chest?
- Mother.
What's been happening here, Jim?
Is he dead?
Aye, dead.
Being in his cups again,
I shouldn't wonder.
Now, what about this chest?
He owes me money.
Mother, the captain said we have
the devil to pay and no pitch hot.
They tipped him the black spot.
That what?
Stop talking nonsense
and open the chest.
If there's money in there,
we'll have what's own us and no more.
Mother, listen to me, please.
They're coming for him at 10.
It's almost 10 now.
- Who's coming, Jim?
- The lubbers.
- They're coming for the captain.
- They can have him. That's broken.
What lubbers?
Blind Pew and Black Dog. Flint's men.
The captain said
they were after his sea chest.
Said he was the only one had it.
Had what?
Aha!
We'll have what he owes us
and not a penny more.
Mother, we must go to the village
and get Sheriff Dance.
Shh.
What's that?
Blind Pew. He's come back.
Come on, Mother. They'll cut our throats.
Come on, Jim.

No! No!
Let him go. No, you leave him.
No.
No.
Get out.
Jim. Quickly, come on. Jim. Come on.
It won't open.
It won't open, Jim.
No.
No!
- Stop it.
- Mother! Shake his...
- It's Billy.
- Someone's done for it.
Search him.
Run for the woods.
He's been overhauled already.
Aloft. Find the chest.
There's the chest.
The lady, you shucking lubbers.
Catch the boy. He's got it, you fools.
Pew, they've ransacked the bloody thing.
- It's gone. So's the money.
- And the money.
Come below and follow the boy.
All I want's to put his eyes out.
Scatter and find them.
They can't have gone far.
What the devil?
- Hey, who's that?
- Sheriff Dance.
Hey, let's go there, lads.
Come on, let's get out of here.
Black Dog, don't.
Israel.
You won't leave old Pew, mate.
Not old Pew.
Damn your eyes.
No.
- Leave him like that. After them.
- Aye, aye, sir.
After them.
Get up there.
Oh, dear.

Sheriff Dance saw a scooner
standing off and on in the cove.
Rather suspicious.
He reported it to me. Drink that.
I said we should roust up his men
and ride hard for the Admiral Benbow.
It were a lucky chance
we came when we did.
It were none too soon either.
They got the money, I presume.
They did not.

- Excuse me, doctor.
- Yes, Jim?
I don't think they're after the money.
What in fortune were they after then?
I think they were after this.
It should be put in a safe place.
To be sure, boy. Quite right.
We must go at once to Squire Trelawney
and open it in his presence.
He'll know what to do.
Jim, there's not a moment to lose.
Can you ride?
I tell you,
I have some business with the squire.
- Wake him up.
- No.
You must do it. We must wake him up.
Please do it. Please? Thank you.
- Livesey.
- Squire.
Well, where is it? Come on, man.
- Hawkins, you had quite the night, I hear.
- Yes, sir.
- Your coffee, sir.
- Thank you, Joyce.
Hot and hot.
Squire?
- Scotch, Livesey?
- Yeah, okay.
- Master Hawkins?
- That'll do, Joyce.
- Uh, milk, sir?
- All right. Thank you. Thank you.

- Uh, sugar, sir?

- No.

That'll do, Joyce.

Yes, sir.

Well, now, squire.

- First of all, we'll try the book.

- Yes.

"W. Burns, master's mate.

Off Palm Quay, he got it."

Some sort of an account.

"Bones his pile."

Can't make head nor tail of this.

Oh, Livesey, this is as plain as noon
to a seafaring man.

This is the black-hearted
scoundrel's account book.

Look, here. Now, look here.

This is a list of the town's sacked
or the ship's voyage...

...and here, the sums of Bone's share
of the loot.

Right you are.

You see what it is to be a traveler.

Now, and the other...

Treasure Island.

Bulk of treasure here.

Oh, God.

It must be...

"Tall tree, Spyglass shoulder,
bearing north northeast by north.

Skeleton Island, east southeast
and by east. Ten feet.

The bar sil...

The bar silver is in the north cache...

...at 10 fathom south of black crag.

Signed J. F."

For God's love, man.

- You know what this is?

- Pray enlighten me, sir.

J. F. John Flint.

This is Flint's map.

Bulk of treasure here.

That's Flint's treasure, man.

Who's this Flint?

Billy Bones said he was Flint's first mate.
He was the blood-thirstiest buccaneer
that ever sailed.
Well, Blackbeard was a child of Flint.
Ha, ha. Even the Spaniard
was so prodigiously afraid of him.
I must own,
I was proud he was an Englishman.
Sir, would this treasure be worth much?
Worth mu...?
Worth much.
Ha, ha. Why, lad, here's the sight of it.
I shall fit out a shipping
in Bristol dock within two weeks.
The finest vessel in England...
...and then we'll sail for the Spanish Main
within a month.
You, Hawkins,
shall come aboard as cabin boy.
Livesey here shall be surgeon,
and myself, admiral, of course.
And then we'll take along Joyce,
my man and, oh, great...
Well, that's capital, squire, capital,
but there's only one man I'm afraid of.
- Name the dog.
- You, sir.
For you cannot hold your tongue,
as well you know.
We aren't the only men to know
about this.
From first to last,
none of us must breathe a word.
Well, you're in the right of it,
doctor, as usual.
You may depend upon me.
I shall be as silent as a grave.
Goodbye, Jim.
Now, you take care of yourself.
And mind you,
do what your squire tells you.
Jim.
Bye, Mother.
The doctor and old Redruth,

the squire's gamekeeper...
... came for me at dusk
on the Bristol mail.
Next morning, we had turned the corner,
my home was out of sight.
And in no time at all,
Bristol laid bustling before us.
What is that?
Come on, lad.
The squire will keelhaul us if we're late.
Oh, Redruth, stop dawdling, man.
- Come on.
- Stay away.
There she is, Jim. The Hispaniola.
Bring the bag, Redruth.
Ahoy, Hispaniola!
Ahoy, on boat!
- Come on.
- Welcome aboard the Hispaniola, doctor.
- You're late.
- Better late than never, admiral.
The roads were muddy, sir.
We got stuck three times
on the way to Bristol.
Did you? Did you?
Yes, come on, Redruth, come on.
Don't hang back, man.
- Mr. Arrow, here, look after your tonnage.
- Aye, aye, sir.
Will you take a glass of port with me
in my cabin?
Nothing would please me better, sir.
- So when do we sail?
- Sail?
We sail tomorrow, boy. Ha, ha.
To the good ship
Hispaniola, gentleman.
A sweeter ship you could not imagine.
I give you joy over her, sir.
- To the Hispaniola.
- Hispaniola.
Mm. A child could sail her, doctor.
You know, I had a devil of a job
finding a crew for her.

Hard to find half a dozen
who knew the difference...
...between the main top and the keelson.
Are there no good seaman
in Bristol then?
Oh, well, doctor, I shall tell you.
I met this fellow on the dock.
Ahem. Old navy man.
Fought the French under Admiral Hawke,
lost a leg in action.
Kind of man
who makes England feared at sea.
Well, he found me a company
of the toughest old salts imaginable.
I declare,
we could fight a frigate with them.
Ha, ha. I'm glad to hear it.
What is the man's name?
Uh, John Silver.
They call him Long John Silver.
He's even volunteered to come aboard
the ship's cook.
- Remarkably civil of him.
- Indeed. What a youthful man.
You know, while I think of it, young Jim,
you cut ashore in the gig...
...and give my compliments to Mr. Silver
and tell him civil-like, mind you...
...to be aboard by the evening gun.
We sail tomorrow with the tide.
- Yes, sir.
- Oh, you'll find him...
...at the side of the Spyglass.
Tall fellow, one leg. Can't miss him.
I'm begging your pardon, sir. Could you
tell me where I could find John Silver?
Long John?
He'll be somewhere in the back.
Bug us not.
Mr. Silver, sir.
Such is my name to be sure.
And who might you be, lad?
Jim Hawkins, sir,
ship's boy of the Hispaniola.

Squire Trelawney's compliments
says you're to come on board tonight...
...if you please.
We sail at dawn.
Jim Hawkins, is it?
Pleased I am to meet you.
Come, lad. I expect you're hungry.
A person like you
is always hungry as sharks.
I remember when I was just a reefer
in the king's navy.
We was fighting the Dutch
off Batavia at war.
Black Dog. Stop him, that's Black Dog,
that's one of Flint's men.
I don't care two coppers who he is.
He ain't paid his bill.
You are Morgan.
You was drinking with him.
You never clapped eyes
on this Black Dog...
...before now, did you?
- No, sir.
- You never heard of him neither, did you?
- No, Barbecue, on my mother's grave.
You never had a mother.
- What was he saying to you anyway?
- He was saying...
Well, we was jawing of keelhauling.
Yeah. Mighty suitable topic too.
Back to your place for a lubber, Tom.
Come. Set yourself down. Out of there.
Black Dog.
Let's see.
Yes, I've seen that swab before.
He used to come in here
with a blind man.
I knew that blind man.
His name was Pew.
It were. He looked like death.
Sheriff Dance ran him down
back at Admiral Benbow.
You see here, Hawkins, you're smart.
Smart as paint.

I seen that right off.
This here's a blessed hard thing
for an honest man like me.
Here I've got this confounded son
of a Dutchman...
...sitting under my roof, drinking my rum.
What will Squire Trelawney think?
Are you pleased
with your ship's company then?
Oh, yes, on the whole, I am...
...but I tell you frankly, doctor,
I'm disappointed in the captain.
Good afternoon, squire.
- I beg your pardon. May we have a word?
- Ahem. Yes, yes. Certainly.
May I present my particular friend
Dr. Livesey.
Uh, doctor, this is Captain Smollet,
late of His Majesty's Royal Navy.
- At your service.
- How did you do, captain?
Gentlemen, I don't like this cruise.
I don't like the men.
I don't like my first officer.
That's it. Short and sweet.
And I suppose you don't like
your ship either.
- The backstays need adjusting I believe.
- Backstays indeed.
- And what about your employer, huh?
- Stay a bit. Stay a bit.
The captain has either said too much
or he has said too little. Now, why?
I was engaged, sir,
on sealed orders to sail this ship...
...where the gentleman bids me.
Very well, duty is duty.
But now I find every man onboard
knows more than I do.
Next thing I learn, we're going after
treasure from a young crew, mind you.
Now, I'm told you have a map of an island
with longitude and latitude...
...and crosses to show

where old Flint's treasure is buried.

Well, I never said a word.

- No, no, I swear it.

- There is one more thing.

- Oh, yes, and what's that, pray?

- Powder and arms, sir.

Powder and arms.

They're stowing them in the forehold.

Why not put the arms here in the cabin

where we can get at them and they can't?

That is the custom aboard ship,

I might add.

Look, captain, I will not be told what is the

custom aboard my own ship and what isn't.

- I've been to sea before, you know.

- Captain Smollet, do you fear a mutiny?

No, sir.

- I would not sail at all if I did.

- Then what are you suggesting?

Doctor, store the arms and powder aft

and keep a weather eye out for treachery.

And for God's sake,

don't say another word...

...about this treasure business.

Or upon your soul,

it'll be life or death on a lee shore.

Silver, where in blazes have you been?

Get below and serve up a hot meal, man.

- It'll be a long night.

- Aye, captain.

Supper for the hands directly. Israel.

Hoist up my sea chest.

- Where you want them?

- Right.

Anderson, what's this restowing

of the bloody muskets?

Captain's orders.

All arms and powder to be stored aft.

By thunder, if we do that,

we'll miss the morning tide.

Less talking there, Follett.

Get below, Mr. Silver.

- I'll not tell you again.

- Aye, sir.

- You throw... You stow some of them arms...
- Hey, you, ship boy...
...get below and help the cook.
If you can't find work, I'll find it for you.
There are no favorites.
Aye, aye, sir.
Very well, Mr. Arrow,
unmoor ship if you please.
Aye, aye, sir. All hands on deck!
Weigh anchor!
- Topman weigh aloft!
- Topman weigh aloft!
Come on, you.
Turn your backs into it.
Come on! Heave! Heave!
Heave! Heave!
Come on.
Anchor aweigh!
- It can drive!
- It can drive away, sir.
Very well. Make sail.
All hands big sail!
Aweigh! Aloft! Here now!
- Hoist up!
- Sail!
On you go, lads.
High up there now! Go on, Lee!
Up you go, lad.
Bringing us in, all hands on deck.
- Headsails and courses, Mr. Arrow.
- Headsails and courses there.
Think of those.
Keep your helm, Mr. Hands.
This is used for the masts.
Rattles there, see, right up to the top.
Let fall.
- Let fall!
- Let fall!
Let fall!
Okay, now, answer me.
Bring these things to Mr. Arrow.
Southwest by south, Mr. Hands.
- Southwest by south.
- Hey, you, get over here.

- And heave!
- Come on.
- Heave! Heave!
- Go on.
- Lend a hand, lad.
- In the helm, she goes.
Heave! Come on!
Put your backs into it!
Heave! Come on,
you scruffy smelly dogs!
Heave! Heave!
- Heave!
- Gangway!
- Come on, away now!
- Set brails!
Get up there, you.
Come on, now weigh it out there.
That were done
man-of-war fashion there, Jim.
Turn that topsail, Daniel.
What is the matter
with that topsail there?
Turn the forward topsail!
We have vast passage and a fair wind
for the Caribbean with that captain.
- He may be in need of that.
- Ready? Ready she goes.
Raise topsail!
Aye, aloft!
- Against the bow!
- Raise topsails!
- Strike the main course!
- Man the gallants!
Don't you worry, lad,
this breeze is nothing.
Just a little Biscay blow,
won't last more than three or four days.
Oh, God.
Please, just let me die.
Oh, happens that Uncle Long John's
fixed you a nice plate...
...of soft pork stew
that'll make you feel...
Ah. Mr. Arrow.

- It's coming on a little early.
- This is a right stuff one, huh?
Chills a man clean through
to the bone, Silver, all the same.
Would you care for a bit of a draft, sir?
I, uh, keeps a little rum up for it here.
For cooking, don't you know?
This'll warm the cockles of your heart.
- That's just between you and me, sir.
- Oh, aye.
I'm obliged.
What's the matter with him?
Lad's bonkers.
Aye.
The Hispaniola sailed swiftly
out of the stormy northern latitudes.
Nobody was much surprised...
... when one dark night,
Mr. Arrow disappeared entirely...
... and was seen no more.
It was presumed
he had been drinking again.
The captain put him down
in the log as overboard.
And said we were well rid of him.
We've ran down our easting
into the trade winds...
... to get the wind
of Treasure Island.
I soon got my sea legs under me.
I learned to reef, hand and steer,
and became a tolerable seaman.
It was about the last day
of our outward voyage...
... when the squire and I
had the dogwatch together.
We were running broad for the island
with a steady breeze and the quiet sea.
By the merest chance, the lives
of all the honest men aboard...
... would soon depend on me alone.
We must keep a sharp look out, Jim.
The captain says
we may raise the island at dawn.

If you can be a good lad
and go below and ask Mr. Silver...
...if he's got a mug of tea for me,
would you?
Oh, and Jim, see if you can find an apple.
I'm fearfully sharp-set.
Aye, aye, sir.
Visitor, eh?
Oh, not I. Flint was captain.
I were quartermaster
along with this timber leg.
Same broadside I lost my leg,
old Pew lost both his deadlights.
Off Trinidad, that's where we were.
So it were
aboard Flint's old ship Walrus...
...that I've seen amok with their red blood,
fit to sink with the gold in her hold.
Faith, Long John,
you've done a pair of sailing.
Flint was the flower of the flock,
so Israel Hands told me.
Israel should know.
He were Flint's gunner.
Best in the Spanish Main.
You must all be rich as lords.
I put my 900 pounds safe
after I sailed along Captain England.
Near 2000, after Flint.
Where is England's men now?
On Davy Jones mostly.
And where's Flint's?
Aboard here most of them
and glad to get the work.
But you, you're smart, young Dick.
Smart as paint. I seen that right off.
I'm 50, mark you.
But when this here voyage is finished,
I set up for gentleman in earnest.
You could do that if you're a-mind to.
Dick is square.
Oh, I know Dick was square.
He's no fool, is Dick.
Well, there's my hand on it, Mr. Silver.

What I wanna know
is how long we're gonna stand off and on...
...like a blessed bumboat?
I've had enough
of Captain Smollet's butt down there.
I wanna get into that cabin, I do.
- I want their pickles and wines.
- Pickles and wines?
Israel, you got no more brain
than a sea turtle.
Now, you hear me.
You'll berth forward,
you'll work hard, you'll keep sober...
...and you'll wait until I gives the word,
then cry havoc.
Well, all I ask is when, that's what.
Last bloody minute I can manage,
that's when.
We'll widdle the treasure aboard...
...the captain'll sail this ship
halfway home before we struck.
How many tall ships, think ye,
have I seen laid aboard?
And how many brisk lads
drying in the sun at execution dock?
All for the same hurry, hurry, hurry.
But what about the captain?
And Squire Trelawney?
- What are we to do about them, anyhow?
- We'll cut their throats for them.
Besides, there's someone
who needs killing.
Israel's right, lad.
Dead men tell no tales.
When I'm in parliament
riding in my coach...
...I don't want none of them sea lawyers
aft coming home unlooked for...
...like the devil at prayers.
Dick, there's a good lad. Jump up and
fetch me an apple from the barrel there.
I'm a mite sharp-set.
Hang your apples, Long John.
Let's have a go at the rum.

Yeah.

Well, then, won't hurt neither.

Dick, I trust you.

Here's the key to the rum store.

You fill a pannikin and bring it back.

- All right.

- But hand me an apple all the same.

Land ho! Land off the port bow.

Come up there, you lubbers. Look at this.

There's land down there.

- Land ho!

- Out of the way.

That the island, Barbecue?

Aye, by the powers, so it be.

- There she lies, the island.

- Treasure Island.

Oh, my God.

Well, there it is.

- Doctor...

- Jim, lad, where have you been?

You missed the landfall.

I brought her right down to it. Ha, ha.

What do you say to that, doctor?

Capital seamanship, squire, to be sure.

- Doctor, please, may I talk to you?

- Mr. Anderson.

Trim that down to gallant sail, man.

This is not one of your Dutchman's barges
with the sails all aho.

- Mr. Anderson.

- Right, captain.

Let him trim it himself, swab.

Trim that sail

or I'll make you wish you had.

- Get with it.

- Hey, you, lad. Get up there.

- Doctor, hear me.

- Yes, what is it, Jim?

I have to talk to you,

the squire and the captain.

- What?

- I've got some terrible news.

Mutiny. By God, I'll see them hang for it.

It's worse than mutiny, squire.

It's murder. If they're successful...
...you won't see anything at all
because you will be quite dead.
Captain, you were right and I was wrong.
I own myself an ass
and I await your orders.
No more an ass than I, sir.
This crew beats me.
It's that Silver,
he's a most remarkable man.
He looked remarkably well
from a yardarm.
Now, I see three or four points, if I may.
First, we must go on.
If I put the ship about,
they'd come down around us.
Secondly, we have time before us.
I would rather come to blows at once...
...but we must bide our time
until the moment is right.
And then we'll strike hard.
Jim here could be more use to us
than anyone. The men are used to him.
I've noticed that Silver trusts him.
Jim, you must infiltrate the enemy camp.
I put prodigious faith in you, boy.
- You must be our eyes and ears.
- I'll do my best.
By the mark, men, sail!
- Let go of the anchor!
- Let go!
Quarter less five, sir!
Well, I don't know about treasure...
...but I'll stake my wig
there's fever there.
Caught between the devil and the deep
blue sea as it were, eh, gentleman?
- Captain, I think it's...
- Mr. Anderson...
...those who wish to go ashore on liberty
may do so until the evening gun.
- Aye, aye, sir.
- Silver, you may splash the main brace.
Aye, sir.

- I think we should go below, gentlemen.

- Certainly, captain.

Lower away the long boat.

Hoist now, the boat tackle.

Ah, Hawkins. This here island's
a sweet spot, to be sure.

It's a pleasant thing to be young,
have 10 toes.

Aye, sir.

If you wanna go ashore
and do a bit of exploring...

...old Long John will put up a
snack for you to take along.

Mr. Redruth,

do you know how to use this?

I have been the squire's gamekeeper
for 25 years.

I learned how to shoot straight
when I was a lad.

Very good.

You guard the companionway there.

Hunter, you take the aft hatchway.

I'm sure we can rely on you and Joyce.

- Aye, sir. That you can.

- I'll do my best, sir.

Joyce, you, um... You stay with Redruth.

Look here, captain. This is all very well,
but we're outnumbered three to one.

Silver will go ashore with his men
and calm them down.

I expect you'll keep them in check
until they find the treasure.

What of the men onboard, sir?

Silver's bound to leave some to watch us.

They could come down on us
any moment.

Why, then we hold the cabin,
and God defend the right.

Young Jim can tell us...

Hold on. Where's Jim Hawkins?

Go on.

Okay. Here.

- Here.

- Get them muskets in the boat.

All right, all right, all right.

- Take that.

- All right. Yeah.

Get that musket stowed.

All right, relax. Quiet now.

- Keep her steady now. Here, grab it.

- Hold it.

Israel, you will stay aboard...

...and keep an eye on them gentlemen
in the cabin.

Aye, aye, Barbecue.

Good lad, get your head down.

Get aboard, you lubber.

Cast off forward.

Give way together. Oar.

Break your back, you lubbers.

Give me some sweat there, you swab.

Stand by the beachhead.

- Hey.

- Easy, guv.

Jim, wait.

Wait. Wait, Jim!

No sooner had I stowed away
aboard the long boat...

... than I could not
wait to get out of it.

Remembering the squire's words, I set off
into the hinterlands of the island...

... to spy upon Silver and his men.

Look sharp, Joycie. You might...

Load, Joycie, load.

You bloody philistine.

I'm doing my bloody best, aren't I?

- Get it.

- There's a lot of men.

Up your ass with your...

- Out of the way, Joyce.

- Move it! Turn about!

Move out!

I'm terrible sorry, sir.

I seem to have wounded one in the leg.

Nothing to be ashamed of.

You fight in self-defense.

No, sir. I was aiming for his head.

This musket's was firing low.
Silver, you're old, and you're honest,
or has the name for it.
You'll tell me you'll be led away
by that kind of a mess of swabs. Not you.
Well, um...
...shine or hang,
that's about the lay of it.
To turn against my duty,
I'd soon to lose my hand.
- In the name of God, what was that?
- That?
I reckon that'd be Allan.
Then rest his soul for a true seaman.
Amen to that.
As for you, Long John,
you can go to the devil.
Good God, not Jim.
I pray not.
Damn that traitor, Silver.
Down, duck!
Hunter, come with me.
Captain, I'd like to go ashore in the gig
and reconnoiter.
If Jim's still alive,
then maybe I can help him.
Uh, Hunter can row me in, that still
leaves you four men to hold the ship.
Very well, doctor.
- Be sure you're back before sunset.
- I will.
- Doctor, watch out for that scoundrel Silver.
- Yes.
- Take him ashore, Hunter.
- Aye, aye, captain.
- Who are you?
- I'm poor Ben Gunn.
I'm marooned on this island...
...and I haven't seen a Christian soul
for these three years.
Were you shipwrecked?
No, matey. Marooned.
Aye, marooned three long year ago.
And I've lived on berries

and goats ever since.

My heart is sore for a Christian diet.

You wouldn't happen to have a piece
of cheese about you now, would you?

No. No.

Many's a night, I've dreamed of cheese.

Toasted, mostly.

If ever I can get back aboard my ship,
you could have cheese by the stone.

- Shall I, matey? Oh, thank you.

- But that's neither here nor there.

For how are we get onboard?

Well, there's my boat, if it comes to that.

I dug it with my own two hands.

It's in the mangrove swamps

by the mouth of the river.

We might try that after dark.

What be your name, matey?

Jim.

Jim Hawkins.

Jim Hawkins.

Well, I'm pleased

to make your acquaintance.

You wouldn't think to look at me,

would you, that I had a pious mother.

Well, I have. Remarkably pious.

And I'm back on piety now, Jim.

I thought it all out on

this lonely island...

...what providence had set me here.

Aye, and Captain Flint.

Flint?

Flint says you? Aye. I were on Flint's ship

when he buried the treasure.

Him and six along six strong seamen,

gone nigh on a week, they were.

And then one fine morning,

up went the signal...

...and back comes Flint,

all alone and by himself.

Aye, and the six... Aah!

Into a battle, murder and sudden death.

I often asked old Flint

where he buried the treasure.

I only wanted my fair share. Mine.
"Here's a musket," says he
and "There's a shovel," says he:
"Go ashore, if you like, then find it."
So they did, they left me,
well, for three years.
I've been man of the island,
light and dark.
But I'm rich. Rich.
You tell me true now, that ship
you came off, that wasn't Flint's ship?
It is not. Flint's dead.
But I tell you true, there are some
of Flint's men aboard and they've mutinied.
Some of Flint's men?
- Not one who hadn't had one leg?
- You mean Silver?
Aye, that was his name,
Long John Silver.
The devil couldn't hold
a lit candle to him.
Everyone was afraid of Flint...
...but even Flint
was afeard of Long John Silver.
Water.
It's sweet.
Yes.
Yes.
Yes, this will do us quite well, I believe.
Sir?
Come along, Hunter, back to the ship.
No time to dillydally.
And most importantly,
there's a good supply of clean water.
It flows from a little spring
beneath the house.
It will serve us better
than our present situation onboard ship.
We can scarcely get at the water bags.
They're stored forward with the mutineers.
What do you...?
You mean I have to give up my ship?
Squire, with no water in this heat,
we won't last three days.

The doctor's quite right, I'm afraid.
Much as I hate to abandon my ship,
we stand a better chance...
...from a strategic point of view,
on a fortified situation on the island.
Once we've whipped these blaggards,
we can retake the ship at our leisure.
All right. You're the captain.
- Easy now, Hunter.
- Easy with that gun, Mr. Hunter.
- Careful.
- I have it. I have it.
Stow it forward, squire, if you please.
- Make it fast, Redruth.
- Come along, man, get aboard.
Take the ship, Joyce.
Row easy, men. They've spotted us.
Get Silver!
Get Silver! Go on, wake up! Go get Silver!
Row.
- That's the landing there, captain.
- Very good, doctor.
My God, the gun.
Run out your gun.
Israel was Flint's gunner,
for the love of God.
Row, lads.
Stretch out, sink or swim.
Mustn't mind if we swamp her now.
Primer.
Primer.
Right, squire, pick me off
one of those men. Hands, if possible.
Get out of there.
- Well shot.
- Good shot, squire.
Yes. Yes, it was. Thank you.
Thank you, Redruth. Thank you.
- Here.
- Hunter.
- Hunter.
- Save the guns.
Aye, aye, captain.
Keep your powder dry.

Come on, man. Coming through.
Get the powder keg.
Breathe out!
Come through with that.
Heave, they're coming out of their boat.
Move back here!
Hunter, come on.
He's down.
- I'm all right. I'm all right.
- Hold on, squire, the keg.
- Run to the stockade, men.
- Come on, come on, everybody.
Come on. Move yourself, man.
Now, this way. This way.
- Here we go.
- Come on, boys.
Run, run. Come on.
Move along, Joyce.
Come on. After them, lads.
Come on now, the other side of the hill.
Hold it. Hold it.
Up. Up, up.
- Sir!
- We're coming now.
Start it, Hunter.
Get him down. Get him down.
- George?
- Out of the way, George.
Down with them! Cut them down!
Fire!
Bloody hell.
Come on, sir.
Bite the bullet, man.
They've had their rations
for the day, I reckon.
Be I going, doctor?
Tom...
...you're going home, Tom.
I will.
I wish I had another look at him
with my musket.
You did very well, Tom. Very, very well.
Might you be saying a prayer, sir?
The custom, it is, and all.

Hunter, can you say a prayer?
The Lord is my shepherd,
I shall not want.
He maketh me lie down
in green pastures.
Forgive me, Tom.
- He leadeth me beside still waters.
- Wait, man.
- He restoreth my soul.
- What's to forgive?
Yea, though I walk through the valley
of the shadow of death...
...I will fear no evil...
...for thou art with me.
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.
Surely, goodness and mercy will follow me
all the days of my life...
...and I will dwell
in the house of the Lord forever.
Captain Flint's old fort.
- Your friends are there.
- Most likely, it's the mutineers.
What? Flying the red ensign?
Silver would be flying the Jolly Roger.
Hey. Look.
- They've begun the fight.
- Ha, ha.
No doubt about it.
Blaze away. You've little enough
powder already, my lads.
Have to do better than that, lads.
Now, you just run down there,
mind the round shot...
...and tell the squire what I said.
Ben Gunn has been on this island
for three years...
...and most of his time was taken up
with finding... Well, another matter.
And, Jim, tell the squire that if those
pirates stay ashore this night...
...they'll be widows in the morning.
Ha, ha.
And Jim, don't forget the cheese!
Doctor. Squire. Hello.

Jim.

- Where the devil have you been, boy?

- Took you for dead, lad.

They seem to have run out
of ammunition.

- No, no, no, doctor, their guns are too hot.

- More than likely.

Parmesan cheese?

Why, he says he has a fancy
for Parmesan cheese?

Yes, sir.

Toasted, actually.

Good heavens.

I think he's mad, sir.

- He says he's rich.

- Rich? Ha-ha-ha.

When a man's spent three years
on a desert island...

...he can't appear as sane as you and me.

This is all stuff.

The man's a lunatic, a maroon.

Of no use to us whatsoever.

We're outnumbered by the pirates

more than three to one, they got the ship.

I think we may count upon two allies there,
rum and the climate.

If Silver's camped where I think he has,
I'll stake my wig...

...half his men will be on their back
with fever within a week.

I wanna drink.

Damn on you, lazy bugger, wake up.

What's the matter with you?

- Jesus.

- Someone's cut his throat.

Oh, Shut up, Israel. Damn your eyes.

What's the matter with you, lubbers?

You'd think you'd never seen a man
with his throat cut before.

Flag of truce. Flag of truce.

To your post, men. Keep on the cover.

Flag of truce.

Flag of truce, eh?

Captain Silver will come onboard

and make terms.

Captain Silver? Don't know him.

It's only me, sir.

These poor lads have chose me captain
after you deserted the ship, sir.

Now, all I ask is a parley
and safe conduct...

...in and out of this here stockade.

If there's treachery,
it'll be on your side, not ours.

- That's enough for me, captain.

- No, no, Barbecue. Don't trust them.

Believe that.

I knows a gentleman when I sees one.

You had better sit down.

- Ain't you going to let me inside?

- I am not.

Well, you'll have to help me up again,
that's all.

Ah, there's young Jim.

Top of the morning to you, Jim.

Doctor, my service. Squire.

If you got something to say
then say it and be done with it.

Right, you were, squire. Duty is duty.

That were a good scheme of yours
last night, I don't deny it.

One of you is mighty handy with a knife.

I don't deny neither,
some of us were shook.

I was shook myself, but I tell you...

...if I had woke a second sooner,
I'd have caught you in the act.

Poor lad was still warm
when I found him.

Well, we want that treasure and we'll have
it, one way or the other, that's our point.

You just as soon save your lives,
I reckon, that's yours.

- Now, you have a chart, haven't you?

- That as it may be...

...we know what you meant to do, Silver,
only now you can't do it.

Well, you needn't be so husky

with a man.
Here's the lay of it.
You give us that chart, leave off
the shooting of poor seaman...
...the cutting of their throats
and we'll give you a choice.
Either you come aboard the Hispaniola,
once the treasure is shipped...
...and I'll give you my affy-davy...
...to clap you somewhere safe ashore.
If that don't suit your fancy...
...you can stay here
and I'll give my affy-davy as before...
...to speak to the first ship I sight
and send them back to pick you up.
Handsomere than that,
you couldn't look to find.
Is that all?
Every last word, by thunder.
Refuse that, you've seen the last of me,
but musket-balls.
Now, you hear me.
You can't sail the ship
and you can't find the treasure.
You're on a lee shore, Silver.
If you come up unarmed, I'll give you
my word to clap you all in irons...
...and take you back
to a fair trial in England.
Refuse that...
My name is Alexander Smollet.
I've flown my sovereigns colors
and I'll see you all to Davy Jones.
- Give me a hand up.
- Not I.
Who will give me a hand up?
Christ. Bloody...
Before this hour is out...
...you mark my words, Captain Smollet...
...I'll stove in this blockhouse
like a rum puncheon.
Them that dies will be the lucky ones.
- And...
- Heave.

- And...
- Heave.
- And...
- Heave.
- And...
- Heave.
- And...
- Heave.
- And...
- Come on, you swabs, break your backs.
- Pull.
- Heave.
Heave.
- And...
- Heave.
Now, men, I've given Silver a broadside.
Pitched it in red-hot on purpose.
And I expect we'll be attacked directly.
I have no doubt we can drub him
if you fight with discipline.
Now, we've a swivel gun
and a score of muskets.
Jim, you low to the table
and power the cutlasses there.
- Doctor, take the door, but stand well back.
- Yes, captain.
Hunter man a swivel gun.
Joyce, take the south wall.
- Mr. Trelawney...
- If you please, sir.
If I see anyone, am I to fire?
- As I told you.
- Very good, sir. Thank you, sir.
Right. Squire...
- Yes, I will take the west side.
- Quite so.
Everyone have a cutlass handy.
If they board us, it'll come to hand...
Mr. Joyce.
Bloody hell.
They brought up a gun.
Damn the blighters.
Heave.
Heave and heave.

- Anyone hurt?
- No. All right.
Scoundrels!
Did you hit your man?
I think not, sir.
I'm afraid I missed the blighter.
- I'm sorry, it won't happen again.
- Better to tell the truth. Hawkins, load.
Give it to them.
Musket. Thanks, lad.
Fire!
Hold it, mate.
Fire!
- Master Hawkins, are you all right?
- Yes, sir.
Good, lad.
Take this, you damn swabs.
All right, lads, ready to board.
Get out there. Come on, you swabs.
- This loaded? They're loaded?
- Yes, sir.
- Attack!
- The swivel gun.
Jim, behind you.
Well, don't stop. Keep loading.
From the sea!
- Out, lads, fight them in the open.
- Come on. Come on.
- I'll take him, doctor.
- Get him.
Quite unnecessary, Joyce.
Save your ammunition, man.
I'll try to. Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.
Hunter, we must silence that gun.
Aye, aye, sir.
Get the powder keg.
- Right, sir.
- Fuse, man. Hurry.
- Jim!
- No!
- Ready?
- Aye, aye, sir.
- Shoot at him.
- Kill him.

Kill him, you bloody swab.
Get back here, you bloody yellow dog.
- Easy now.
- Come on.
- Get him inside.
- Come on. Get him inside.
- Sit him right down.
- There you go.
Have some, here.
Now, you lie quietly, captain.
You have an ugly splinter wound.
And if you keep still and do not
freight about, then you will live.
Aye, aye, doctor.
And you, watch your step.
Doctor, may I come with you?
I'm afraid not, Jim. You had quite
enough adventure for one day.
- I'll be back before sun up.
- Good luck to you, doctor.
Thank you, squire.
Where in the name of Davy Jones
be he going?
- Why, to find Ben Gunn.
- I wish I were going with him.
My, God. That's the first ship I ever lost.
Blast these bloody buccaneers to hell.
So it was that I took French leave
of my comrades.
I was a fool, if you like,
but I was only a boy...
... and I had a scheme in my head
and was determined to do it.
I would go down
to the mouth of the river...
... and find the boat Ben Gunn said
he had hidden in the mangroves.
There were only two lights visible
in the darkness.
The great fire on shore...
... and the pinpoints of light coming
from the anchored ship.
It was then that the rest of the scheme
took shape in my mind.

And I set out to retake
the Hispaniola.
Oh, come on.
- He's there. Come on.
- Give it.
- What do you mean?
- Shut up, you bloody swab bastard.
It's mine.
Trying to cheat me out
of my treasure as well as my rum.
Well, I owned that and it belongs to me.
Damn you!
Come aboard, Mr. Hands.
Rum.
Oh. By thunder, I wanted some of that.
Much hurt, are we?
Where might you have come from,
eh, laddie?
I've come aboard to take possession
of the ship, Mr. Hands.
- You'll please regard me as your captain.
- Now, look here.
You give me food and drink...
...an old handkerchief
to tie my leg up with...
...and I'll tell you
how to get some sail on her...
...and lay a course back to the island.
I'm not going back to the anchorage.
I mean to take her to the North Inlet
and beach her there.
To be sure you do.
I'm not such an infernal lubber after all.
And now you ask the wind of me.
North Inlet, it is.
Heave away the halyard!
Stand by the forecourse.
Turn your sails.
Heave away on it.
I'll take the wheel now, Mr. Hands.
Aye, there's Foremast Hill.
North Inlet's just beyond.
Take your orders from me,
Captain Hawkins...

...and we'll beach this hulk
and be done with it.
Take her up going into the wind.
There's a good place
to beach your ship in, Hawkins.
North of Cat's Paw.
Stand by the luffer.
Starboard a little.
Larboard a little.
Steady.
Steady as she goes.
Now, my Hawkins...
...take her into the wind.
Oh, Jim.
You didn't keep your powder dry, hey?
Didn't they learn you nothing?
One more step, Mr. Hands,
and I'll blow your brains out.
Jim, shipmate.
I reckon we're fouled, eh?
You and me, we'll have to sign articles.
I never have no luck, not I.
And I guess I'll have to strike my colors
with you...
...which comes hard for a master mariner
to a ship's younker like you.
Pieces of eight!
Hey. Come on, who's there?
Light that torch, Bill.
Why, it's Jim Hawkins.
Shiver me timbers. Dropped in, like, eh?
I take that friendly.
Well, Jim, here you are.
Quite a pleasant surprise for old John.
I'll give you the truth of it.
I always wanted you to join with us...
...and take your share
and die a gentleman...
...and now, my lad, you've got to.
Oh?
See here, you can't go back
to your own lot, they won't have you.
- Ungrateful scamp, the captain calls you.
- Right.

So without, you start a whole ship's company by yourself...
...which might be lonely,
you'll have to join with Captain Silver.
Well, he ain't getting my share.
- Am I to answer, then?
- No one's a-pressing of you, lad.
Take your bearings.
Well, if I'm to choose...
...I say I have a right to know what's what.
He'd be the lucky one as knowed that.
You'll perhaps batten down your hatches till you're spoke to.
Yesterday morning...
...Mr. Hawkins, in the dogwatch, down come Dr. Livesey with a flag of truce.
"Captain Silver," he says, "you're sold out. Ship's gone."
Well, we looked out, and by thunder, he was right.
The old ship was gone.
"Well," says the doctor, "now let's bargain."
So he did. Here we are, blockhouse, stores, rum, whole blessed boat.
As for them, they tramped away out of here, which I don't know where.
Is that all?
It's all you're to know for now, my son.
Very well.
You're in a bad way.
Ship lost, treasure lost, your whole business gone to wreck.
And if you wanna know who did it...
...it was I.
- You?
Yeah. I was in the apple barrel the night we sighted land.
I heard you and Dick and Israel Hands who is now at the bottom of the sea.
As for the ship...
...I cut her cable and brought her to a place where you'll never see her...

...not one of you.
- What?
Silence fore and aft.
Is that your answer, lad?
Kill me if you like.
But one thing, if you spare me,
bygones are bygones...
...and when you're all in court
for piracy and murder...
...I'll save you all I can.
Kill another if you like or keep a witness
to save you from the gallows.
Yeah, good.
It was him that knowed Black Dog.
It was him who lifted the chart
from Billy Bones.
First to last, I reckon,
we've split upon you, Jim Hawkins.
Go on, skin him from the neck.
Kill him.
Give him the Spanish torture.
Well, lad, here goes.
Who be you, George Merry?
Maybe you thought
you was captain here, perhaps.
By the powers, I'll teach you better.
I'm captain here by election.
Captain because I'm the best man
by a long sea mile.
I like that boy.
I never seen a better boy than that.
He's more a man than any pair
of you bilge rats a-boarded here.
Let me see the man
who'll lay a hand on him.
Draw a cutlass, him that dares.
I'll show you the color of his insides.
Hmm.
Asking your pardon, captain.
You're pretty free with some of the rules.
Perhaps you'll kindly keep an eye
on the rest.
This crew's dissatisfied.
This crew has rights like other crews.

We claims our rights
and steps outside for council.
Fo'c'sle council.
According to rules.
See you, Jim.
You're within half a plank of death,
or worse.
And they're going to throw me off.
But I'll stand by you, thick or thin.
"You stand by Hawkins,"
I says to myself, "he'll stand by you."
You mean all's lost?
That's about it.
I'll save your life if I can...
...but, Jim, if we gets off this here
lee shore...
...you save old John from swinging, huh?
I'll do what I may.
Ah, that's good enough for me.
Oh, here comes a squall, or I'm mistook.
Let them come, lad,
I've still got a shot in me locker.
Well, hand it over, lubber.
Step up, Dick, I won't eat you.
The black spot, I thought so.
Where might you have got the paper?
Oh, hello, this ain't lucky.
You've gone and cut this out of a Bible.
What fools cut a Bible?
There. What'd I say?
"No good'll come to that," I said.
Well, you've about fixed it now.
What soft-headed lubber had a Bible?
- Well, Dick.
- Then Dick can get to prayers.
- He's had his slice of luck as Dick.
- It weren't my idea.
Now, look here, Silver.
This crew's tipped you the black spot.
Turn it over, read what's wrote there.
Thank you, George.
You always was brisk for business...
...and knowed the rules by heart.
- Aye.

"Deposed."

Very pretty wrote to be sure.

Your hand of write, George?

You'll be captain next,

I shouldn't wonder.

You're done, Long John.

You made a hash of this cruise.

You let the enemy out of this trap here

for nothing? Why? I don't know.

Which you wouldn't let us go at them

on the march, neither.

Which made good sea sense to me.

And there's this here boy.

Now, you just step down here

and help vote.

- Is that all?

- Enough too.

We'll all swing and sun-dry

for your bungling.

And you're near the mark there

by Christ.

Looks like a hornpipe in a rope's end

at Execution Dock.

But my bungling? For you that done it.

You, George, and you, Tom Morgan...

...you infernal gang

of grass-combing lubbers.

Not me.

If I'd had my way, we'd be sitting

aboard the Hispaniola right now...

...eating a plum duff

with our hold full of treasure.

And you have that Davy Jones' insolence

to stand up for captain over me...

...George Merry,

you miserable son of a whore.

The map.

It's Flint's map.

That's Flint right enough. J.F.

A score below with a clove hitch to it, so he done ever.

- Where?

- Mighty pretty.

But how are we going to get away with it?

Us and no ship.

I give you warning, George,
one more word of your sauce...
...and I'll eat your liver for breakfast.
Now I resign, by thunder.
I'll let who you want for captain.
I'm done with it.
No, John, you're captain here.
Barbecue for captain.
Barbecue for captain.
Well, George, looks like you'll
have to wait another turn.
This, uh, black spot,
it ain't good for much now, is it?
Dick's crossed his luck
and spoiled his Bible, that's about all.
Here, Jim. Here's a curiosity for you.
It's from Revelation.
"Without are dogs and murderers."
Amen to that.
- Blockhouse, ahoy!
- It's the doctor.
Hello, doctor. Top of the morning.
We've got quite a surprise for you, sir.
A new boarder and lodger.
Fit as a fiddle and slept like a supercargo
alongside of old John.
- Doctor.
- Jim, what on...?
Aye, Jim as ever was.
Here's your patients. All ready, doctor.
Well, well, duty first.
Let's overhaul these patients of yours.
Well, George Merry, how goes it?
You're a pretty color, certainly.
Did you take your bolus?
- Has he taken his medicine, men?
- Aye, aye, sir.
- Aye, like a soldier.
- Good. Here's another draft. Go on.
- Next.
- Dick don't feel well, sir.
- I feel fine.
- Oh, step up here, lad.
- Let's see your tongue.

- No.

Tongue.

Clear. Your tongue is fit to frighten
the French. Another fever, Mr. Silver.

- Shocking.

- There.

- There. That come to spoiling Bibles.

- It wasn't my idea.

That's what come to being arrant asses,
not knowing honest air from poison.

Camping in a swamp.

You've got malaria, Dick.

Take this medicine.

Oh, come on, lad, take it.

That's it. Off you go.

Well, that's done for the day, I believe.

You see, Jim, as I'm a mutineer's doctor,
as a part of the bargain...

...I make it a point not to lose a man
for King George's gallows.

And now, I'd wish to have a talk
with this boy, please.

- No, no, my God.

- Oh, shut up, George.

Hawkins, give your word of honor as
a young gentleman not to slip your cable?

- Oh, just a darmy minute.

- Aye. Aye, sir.

All right, doctor,
you just step outside the palisade.

I'll bring the boy down.

You can yarn through the spars.

- Silver, you're playing...

- No, by thunder!

You bloody damn fools.

You think we're going to break the treaty
the very day we go hunting treasure?

Break it when the time comes.

Right.

Come along, Jim.

Easy, lad.

They can round on us in an instant.

Doctor.

Boy'll tell you how I saved his life

and were deposed for it too.
Steering mighty close to the wind
with these cutthroats.
You won't think it amiss, mayhap, to speak
a good word for me when the time comes.
Why, John, you're not afraid.
Doctor, you know I'm no coward...
...but I'll confess I have the
shakes upon me for the gallows.
That's a long stretch, is that.
And I'll step aside now.
So, Jim, here you are.
As you have brewed,
so shall you drink, my boy.
When Captain Smollet was well,
you dared not have ran off.
When he was wounded, by George,
it was downright cowardly.
Doctor, you might spare me.
I've blamed myself enough.
I'm as good as dead anyway.
I'd be dead by now if it weren't for Silver.
I'm not afraid to die.
And I guess I deserve it.
But if they should come to torture me...
Torture? Jim, Jim, we can't have this.
Whip over and we'll run for it.
- Doctor, I passed my word.
- Yes, I know, I know.
- But I gave my word.
- Yes, so you did, Jim.
But never mind all that.
I'll take it on my own shoulders.
Now, jump. One jump and you're out.
We'll run like antelopes. Hmm?
No.
You wouldn't do it yourself.
Very well. You're a brave lad.
But why should they want to talk to you?
Because they know
I know where the ship is.
- The ship?
- Yeah. The Hispaniola.
I cut her cable,

part by luck, part by risking.
I got her beached in the North Inlet,
safe and sound.
The ship.
Jim, well done.
At every step,
it's you that saves our lives.
You don't imagine
we're going to let you lose yours.
Silver.
Let me give you some advice.
I shouldn't be in too much hurry
to find that treasure.
I'll do what's possible, which that ain't.
Doctor, I can only save my life
and the boy's by seeking that treasure.
- You may lay to that.
- Very well.
But look for squalls when you find it.
Now, you said either too much
or too little.
Too much by far.
Now, you keep that boy
close beside you.
If you need any help, halloo.
Good day to you, Mr. Silver.
- Bye, Jim.
- Goodbye.
God keep you.
Come along, lad.
We're going on a treasure hunt.
Aah! Just you keep close alongside
of old Long John.
I've seen the doctor signal you to run
and I've seen you say no.
That's one to you, Jim.
South southeast, for Spy-glass Hill.
Mateys.
- Silver.
- He can't have found the treasure.
No, he didn't do that.
This here's only Spy-glass Hill.
What sort of way is that for bones to lie?
It ain't in nature.

I have a notion.
Spy-glass Hill, tall tree,
the point north and north northeast.
Here, Jim, just you take a bearing there
along the line of them bones.
North northeast. They point north.
I thought so.
This here's a pointer.
By thunder,
that Flint were a cold bastard.
Him and six was alone here.
He killed them, every man.
And this one he hauled here
and laid out with a compass for a bearing.
Shiver my timbers.
Six they were and six are we.
Great guns, if Flint were living now,
this'll be a hot spot for you and me.
Clear there, stow this talk. Flint's dead.
Fetch a course for the doubloons.
The point north to north northeast.
Come on, lad.
George, rig a line, aloft with you.
There you go, lad.
Get into that line now.
All right, lad.
Clamp on to that part.
Jim, I can manage.
I told you, you can make it with me.
Off you go.
Good lad.
Heave away.
I don't feel sharp.
Thinking of Flint, it were, has done me.
Thinking at all has done you,
Tom Morgan.
You can praise your stars Flint's dead.
He died bad, Flint did.
He was an ugly devil too.
Blue in the face.
That's how the rum took him.
Right, he did. And all around him.
Fifteen men on a dead man's chest
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum

It's Flint, by thunder.
Flint as ever it was.
- Holy spirit...
- Now, hold fast now.
That might've come about
that someone's larking about.
Someone that's flesh and blood too,
you may lay to that.
But you know,
that sounded mighty like Flint to me.
Darby McGraw.
Darby McGraw.
Fetch aft the rum, Darby.
Darby McGraw.
They were his last words.
His last words on this Earth.
But one man of his crew alive,
what went to sea with 75.
That fixes it. Let's go.
Hold on now.
There's nobody on this island
ever heard of Darby, none but us.
- Also the devil.
- You hear me.
I come to get that treasure.
I was never afeard of Flint in life, and by
the powers, I ain't afeard of him dead.
There's 700,000 pounds
not a quarter mile from here.
It's child's play to find it.
Seven hundred thousand
gold and silver.
- And jewels too, I recollect.
- Aye.
Jewels by the bushel baskets.
- And silver bars.
- Aye.
Think on it, lads.
Seven hundred thousand pounds.
Belay there, John.
Don't you go a-crossing the spirit.
Spirit, eh? Well, maybe.
But man or beast or spirit,
I don't care if it's Beelzebub himself...

...I'm going to get that loot.
Aye, that's about the right bearing.
No time, my mates. All together!
- It's gone.
- What?
- Someone must've been here before us.
- Son of a dog.
Seven hundred thousand pounds,
by thunder, gone to the devil.
No.
Here, Jim, standby for trouble.
Two guineas.
- Is that it?
- By God.
Two guineas.
That's your 700,000 pounds, is it?
Keep digging, boys.
You'll find some pignuts,
I shouldn't wonder.
Pignuts? Damn your lies.
Look at him. He knew it all along.
Take a look at his face, mates.
You'll see it right there.
Standing for captain again, George?
Silver.
It's the doctor!
Run.
Now, George, I reckon I settled you.
- Jim, are you all right?
- Fair enough, doctor.
Thank you, doctor.
You come in just about the nick, I'd say.
Ben Gunn.
Well, here you are.
Aye, I am Ben Gunn. I am.
And how do, Mr. Silver?
Pretty well, thank you, says you.
Darby McGraw. Darby McGraw.
- Ha, ha.
- It was Ben that found the treasure.
By God, how in blazes did he do that
without the map?
I found the skeleton, same as you...
...and I dug up the treasure

and carried it all on my back.
Many weary journeys it were too.
And I stored it all safely in my cave.
Ben.
Ben, to think it was you that done me.
No wonder you was so quick to give us that
map, doctor. It weren't good for nothing.
- Jim? Jim. Jim, thank God, you're still alive.
- You too, squire.
Good day to you, squire. It was life
or death on a lee shore for Jim and me.
Back to back, we were.
Long John Silver, you're a
prodigious villain and a liar, sir.
A monstrous impostor, sir.
The doctor here says I'm not to prosecute you
and I'll keep that side of the agreement.
But the dead men hang about your neck
like millstones, sir.
- Thank you kindly, squire.
- I dare you to thank me!
Jim. Well, Jim.
Silver, I see you've managed
to save your own neck once again.
Aye, aye, captain.
Come back to do me duties, sir.
Ah, yes.
You're a man to keep your word.
We all know that.
Stand aside, sir.
Jim, come with me.
I have something to show you.
Here, look.
Oh, my.
Jim...
...Flint's blood money.
- Well, squire.
- Doctor.
I was kept busy all day in the cave,
packing the minted money into bags.
There was nearly every variety
of money in the world:
English, French, Spanish, Portuguese,
Chinese and Arabian coins...

... Georges and Louis...
... gold doubloons
and double guineas and moidores...
... and sequins and
silver pieces of eight.
All the treasure Flint had amassed
in a lifetime of blood and murder.
All the way, sir.
You cack-handed old fool,
what are you doing?
I've been ashore too long, sir.
- Squire.
- Thank you, Silver.
Squire.
Come on, come on, come on.
Put your back into it up front.
From the pirates who had fled
into the hinterlands, we heard no more.
We rowed out a great kedge anchor
on a hawsehole...
... and at the crest of the flood tide,
winched the Hispaniola off the sandbar...
... and set sail at last for home.
Headsails and courses, Mr. Hunter.
Jim? Let go clew lines and foot lines.
Haul away!
Can't say I'm sorry
to see the last of that island be gone.
I hope I never see it again.
A power of good men died aboard there.
And what's to become of old Long John?
Well, I expect you'll stand for trial.
I will testify on your part, as I promised.
Aye, Jim, your word's good,
I knows that.
But them lawyers, they got ways...
...of twisting a man's words,
bending them back on him...
...till he's fouled by his own haws,
as it were.
I have a mortal fear of hanging.
You know that, Jim.
You never seen a man hanged aboard ship,
did you?

Ran up to the end of the yardarm
by his own mess mates.
Black hood over his face,
kicking and screaming, strangling slow.
Can take hours to die.
Not a pretty sight at all.
I wouldn't think so.
But maybe you should've thought of that
before you turned to piracy.
I won't be fooled by you again,
Long John.
You saved my life
and I'll try and save yours.
Meanwhile, maybe you better get below.
The captain will be piping supper soon.
He'll have your other leg off,
if it's not ready.
You bucko.
What a pair we two could've made.
Evening, Ben Gunn.
Evening, Barbecue.
Wouldn't it be a mortal shame
if you was to cry out now?
I might just let this here knife slip
and cut your throat to the neck bone.
It's mighty sharp.
- Right.
- Right.
Now, you just stay the course there and
give your old shipmate time to get away...
...and I'll forget all about
how you done me back there at the island.
Aye, aye, captain.
You give me a good half hour
to get up to windward, mind you.
I will.
And the best of luck to you, Silver.
Silver's gone.
What do you mean, gone?
For God's sake, man,
will you ever learn to knock?
He's taken a sack of doubloons...
...and one of the gold bars.
- What?

Blast and damn.
Ben Gunn, what's the matter with you?
Didn't you see anything?
He must've gone right past you,
you waif-faced imbecile...
Oh, no, sir. I didn't see nothing, sir.
Just watching my course,
like a good seaman, sir. I was.
Can't you overhaul him, captain?
Oh, surely, you can sail the Hispaniola
faster than a little boat like that.
Not to windward.
He has the weather gauged of us, man.
We could tack about all night
and never catch him.
Of Silver, we heard no more.
That formidable, seafaring man
with one leg...
... has gone clean out of my life.
Perhaps he has found comfort
somewhere along the Spanish Main...
... plying his old trade.
As for Treasure Island,
the bar silver lies there still...
... but wild horses couldn't drive
me back to that accursed place.
In my worst nightmares, I still hear
the surf booming along its coast.
I sit up right in bed, with the sharp voice
of Captain Flint ringing in my ears.