

BILLY BONES

Thank you, boy.

*(JIM starts to leave, but BILLY BONES grabs his forearm.)*

Could you do me an extra favor, boy? I'll give you a shiny coin for it.

JIM

What do you want?

*(BILLY BONES takes out a-very shiny indeed-gold coin.)*

BILLY BONES

Keep a weather eye out for a certain man and let me know with immediacy if he comes near the place.

JIM

How would I know him?

BILLY BONES

You'll know him. You get plenty of sailing types around here, I know, but this one's only got but one leg. You watch for the one-legged man and you tell me if he's near. Can you do that for me, boy?

JIM

Yes.

BILLY BONES

Good. Thank you.

*(He relaxes considerably and hands over the coin.)*

I'll give you one of those each week you do this for me.

JIM

Every week?

BILLY BONES

Aye.

JIM

That's so much—

BILLY BONES

It's well worth it.

JIM

Why are you so afraid of him? What harm could a one-legged man do? Surely you could outrun him if he tried to hurt you.

*(BILLY BONES laughs.)*

BILLY BONES

Aye, that I could, boy. But there are some things no man can outrun forever. I'm not sure how much longer I can keep running from this one.

*(MARY enters and approaches, drink in hand.)*

Get on then, boy, and be me lookout.

JIM

Like on a ship?

BILLY BONES

Aye, why not? Just like on a ship. You like ships, boy?

JIM

Very much, sir. I want to go to sea. My father did.

BILLY BONES

Did he, now?

MARY

Your father died at sea.

*(She sets the drink down firmly, with a decisive sound.  
JIM exits.)*

BILLY BONES

Thank you, Mrs. Hawkins.

*(MARY gives him a searching look.)*

Go on and ask, then.

MARY

Did you know my late husband?

BILLY BONES

I was one of the last to see him alive.

MARY

If you bring trouble to my home—

BILLY BONES

Trust me, ma'am. Trouble's the last thing I want.

MARY

Then you can stay. On the condition you tell my son nothing.

BILLY BONES

That scrawny boy?

MARY

That's the one.

BILLY BONES

What does he know of his father?

MARY

What I tell him.

BILLY BONES

I see. Well.

*(He lifts his drink.)*

To keeping secrets close to the chest. And letting sleeping dogs lie.

MARY

Amen.

*(He drinks heartily.)*

BILLY BONES

Say. Your husband's effects—they did make it to you, I hope? I know they were supposed to be sent to you when he died. His jacket and things. I hope you got them.

MARY

Most of them, yes.

BILLY BONES

Good. Good. Well, you can't blame sailors for keeping some things, when a man dies. Limited stock, aboard a ship. Shame to let any of it go to waste. But I'm glad most of them made it to you. What was missing, may I ask? His jacket?

MARY

No. A necklace. Nothing of value. It was just a wooden charm.

*(She claps her hands loudly.)*

Alright! That's it for the night! If you've paid for a room, get up there! If you haven't, you'd better fall asleep fast so's I can forget you're here! If I hear you talking or see you moving, you'll be out of here faster than a strike o' lightning!

*(She exits. People start to either exit or settle in for a night at their table. JIM enters. A month has passed. BILLY BONES sleeps at a table. JIM starts cleaning up.)*

JIM*(sung under his breath)*

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest—

Drink and the devil had done for the rest—

We wrapped 'em all in a mains'l tight

With twice ten turns of a hawser's bight

*(He stops working and looks around to make sure no one's awake.)*

And we heaved 'em over and out of sight—

*(He takes out four gold coins, like the one we saw*

earlier, and looks closely at them. He marvels at them,  
like a little treasure-hungry pirate.)

With a Yo-Heave-Ho!

And a fare-you-well!

And a sullen plunge

In the sullen swell,

Ten fathoms deep on the road to hell!

Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of—

*(A heavy knock on the door. JIM falls silent. No one  
has woken. He goes to the door. Spoken:)*

It's late! We're not accepting guests anymore!

PEW *(outside)*

I'm looking for Billy Bones! Is he here?

*(JIM considers. He looks at his coins again. He pockets  
them.)*

JIM

I don't know! I'll ask around!

*(He goes to the sleeping pirate and shakes him.  
Whispered:)*

Mr. Bones! Mr. Bones!

*(He wakes violently.)*

There's a man at the door looking for you.

BILLY BONES

Is it the—

JIM

One-legged man? I don't know.

BILLY BONES

Check! Check, boy! Or did I give you a coin a week for nothing?

*(JIM goes to the door. He opens it, but doesn't undo  
the chain lock. He peers outside—and relaxes. He undoes  
the lock and opens the door all the way.)*

JIM

Yeah, he's here. He's been staying here for the last month.

*(PEW enters, an old bandage over his empty eyesockets,  
guiding himself with a cane.)*

PEW *(singsong)*

Where are ye, Billy?

BILLY BONES

Hell-Pew-what are you doing here?

PEW

Same thing as you, I should think. When I heard you were here...

*(He shakes his head.)*

This is the last place I would have thought to find you.

BILLY BONES

I thought we were in agreement that it was better to stay far away from each other. All of us.

PEW

Don't lecture me, Bones. I know better than ye what comes of messing with this. I lost my eyes to it. What did you lose?

BILLY BONES

You agreed with me when we said we would never trouble with this mess again.

PEW

Aye. We agreed that, didn't we? But it's hard to leave behind, this life, isn't it? It's like an anchor 'round your leg.

BILLY BONES

Maybe for you. But not for me. I have left it behind and I'm keeping it that way.

PEW

You're here, ain't ye?

BILLY BONES

I'm here to end it for good.

PEW

And how are you going to do that?

BILLY BONES

I'm going to burn it. So it won't be any good for anyone.

PEW

*Going to burn it? Haven't ye done it yet? The boy said you've been here a whole month. Time enough to toss a page in a fire, isn't it?*

BILLY BONES

I haven't found it yet.

PEW

Liar.

*(Beat.)*

BILLY BONES

Wait. Why are you here?

PEW

I tried to leave it behind me, Bones. I did. But *he* found me. And I decided to align myself with the side most likely to come out on top.

BILLY BONES

The side—what side are you—sides in *what*? What side is there besides—

*(PEW holds out a worn piece of parchment with a heavy black spot charred into it. BILLY BONES staggers.)*

No.

PEW

He's coming. He knows you have it now. He's coming for you and for what he feels he is owed. And you can't outrun—

*(He gets face-to-face with him and presses the black spot into his chest.)*

This. If you have a single drop of pirate blood left in your sorry Billy-bones, you'll know the best thing to do is hand it over to us.

BILLY BONES

I—

PEW

Hand over the map, Billy, and I'll burn the spot and free you.

*(BILLY BONES shoots him. He falls. JIM gasps, never having witnessed true violence like this before. PEW dies. BILLY BONES lets out a breath, but he is still gripped with increasing terror. He kicks the body.)*

BILLY BONES

Why'd you have to let him in, boy?

JIM

He had both legs!

BILLY BONES

Goddammit.

JIM

What—I don't—what do I do?

*(MARY runs on. She goes to her son immediately, protective.)*

MARY

What's happening?

*(She sees the dead body. She looks to the surviving pirate immediately.)*



You. Get out of my home.

BILLY BONES  
Mrs. Hawkins—

MARY  
Get out of my home now.

*(BILLY BONES looks at the black spot. He throws it into  
the fire.)*

BILLY BONES  
They've found me. He'll find me now. He'll find me and he'll kill  
me—he'll rip me apart bit by bit looking for the map and/

MARY  
/The map?/

BILLY BONES *(like she didn't speak)*  
/he'll find it; I'll give it to him—but he'll crush my fingers  
anyway and he'll break open my ribcage and show me my lungs, like  
he did to—

*(He clutches his chest. He seems to see something in  
his dying moments. Something beautiful and terrifying.)*  
I see—Treasure Island.

*(He collapses, dead. For a few moments, JIM and MARY  
just stare at the dead.)*

JIM  
Ma.

*(MARY pulls him into a fierce hug. JIM keeps staring,  
thinking.)*

MARY  
We'll wait until morning light. Then we'll get help.

JIM

What map?

MARY

What?

JIM

What map? The blind man was looking for a pirate's map that Billy found.

MARY

It doesn't matter anymore. They're both dead. I'll be right back.

*(She exits. JIM goes to Billy Bones and digs through his pockets. He finds a pouch full of shiny coins, which he puts in his own pocket. Then he finds a folded, worn, and yellowed parchment with weathered edges. He unfolds it to reveal a map. It's all black ink, save a red X and a red signature. MARY enters with two blankets and a jug just as he reads the name aloud:)*

JIM

"Captain J. Flint."

*(MARY drops the jug at the sound of the name. JIM startles.)*

Ma?

*(MARY picks up the jug and sets it on a table.)*

MARY

Nothing. Nothing. Where did you get that?

JIM

Billy had it.

MARY

Damned pirates. Incurable thieves, always. Even when they retire.