

TREASURED ISLAND  
PILOT: THE OLD BUCCANEER

Written by

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Based on *Treasure Island*  
By Robert Louis Stephenson

**EXT. NASSAU, BAHAMAS - PORT - 1750 - DAY**

The colonial town of Nassau is in CHAOS. Buildings are on fire, CITIZENS run around, SCREAMING.

CANNON FIRE screams across the water, pummeling the town. BRITISH SOLDIERS return fire, but they're out of range.

These are the guns of THE WALRUS - a HUGE Man O'War, a terrifying sight to behold, flying the black SKULL AND BONES.

All of this, to cover the escape of three men carrying a bulky CHEST. CAPTAIN FLINT, late 30's, his FIRST MATE, late 30's, and his QUARTERMASTER, early 30's, who has a peg leg.

They arrive at a LONGBOAT, and Flint and the First Mate load the chest on while the Quartermaster climbs aboard. The First Mate starts to signal the ship, and the crew PREPARES TO SET SAIL.

But just then -

The First Mate CRIES OUT IN PAIN. He's been SHOT IN THE LEG.

He falls just as Flint pushes off. He looks back to grab hold of his First Mate, but...

QUARTERMASTER

We can't. And you know it.

Flint tries to get out of the boat to help, but the Quartermaster grabs his arm and pulls him back.

Before Flint can argue, an oar is shoved into his hand, and the Quartermaster starts to row.

Flint looks forlornly back at his fallen comrade as RED COATS swarm him. He starts to row.

**ON DECK THE WALRUS**

Flint and the Quartermaster lug the chest onto the ship, with some help from the crew.

The men wait for their Captain's guidance. Flint hesitates, taking one last look at the shore before saying...

FLINT

Weigh anchor.

The order is relayed across the ship, the CREW starts running around, orders being shouted across the ship.

The Quartermaster tries to put his hand on Flint's shoulder, but Flint, without looking at him, shrugs him off as soon as he feels contact and walks to his quarters.

JIM (V.O.)

They sailed off with their loot to Skeleton Island - the place where Captain Flint hid his trove. And would you look at that? It's 9:00.

**INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - 2008**

SUPER: BOSTON, 2008

JANE HAWKINS, 6, sits in her bed, frozen in place, enraptured by the story.

Her room is filled with maps and pictures from all over the world, as well as several messy drawings of those places.

And of all of this is influenced by her father, JIM HAWKINS - early 30s, British, rugged and charming, travel worn and tired, but hides it behind an adoring smile.

JANE

But what happens next?

JIM

Jane, your Mum will kill me if she catches us.

ANNE (O.S.)

Too late.

ANNE HAWKINS, early 30's, American, stands confidently in the doorway, eyes piercing her husband with a glare.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I told you not to rile her up.

JIM

Jane was still awake...

JANE

Yeah, and Daddy told me was in Brazil, not Basil.

Anne raises an eyebrow at that.

ANNE

I told you that five times. You should be going to sleep.

JANE

But Daddy is going to tell me about  
where Flint buried his treasure!

Anne is surprised, shoots Jim an angry and concerned LOOK.

JIM

Don't worry, it's just a story.  
Nothing more.

Anne comes over to the bed, grabbing Jim by the ear, pulling  
him over so she can sit where he just was.

ANNE

I better not have a grumpy six year  
old in the morning.

Jim kisses Anne on the cheek.

JIM

So, Skeleton Island...

#### **EXT. SKELETON ISLAND - DAY**

Flint and six men drag the chest from Nassau and a few more  
onto the tropical island beach. They head into the forest to  
bury the treasure.

#### **THE WALRUS**

The Quartermaster watches the beach through a spyglass,  
uneasy, waiting for the men to return.

JIM (V.O.)

Flint took six men ashore to bury  
the treasure, the same six he  
always did, but when he returned...

#### **POV - SILVER'S SPYGLASS**

Flint appears, coming out of the forest. Alone.

JIM (V.O.)

His men weren't with him.

Flint gets into the longboat and rows back to the ship.

JANE (V.O.)

Where did they go?

**THE WALRUS**

Flint climbs aboard, the crew standing around expectantly.

JIM (V.O.)  
He killed them.

JANE (V.O.)  
No! Why?

JIM (V.O.)  
Captain Flint didn't want anyone  
else to know where he'd been hiding  
the treasure.

Flint approaches the Quartermaster.

JIM (V.O.)  
He said:

FLINT  
If me First Mate can't have a share  
of the treasure, none of ye can.

The Quartermaster and the crew look stunned, watching in  
disbelief as Flint stalks off to his cabin.

JIM (V.O.)  
You see, Flint's First Mate was the  
one who had the map, and was the  
only one besides Flint who knew  
where all the treasure was besides  
Flint himself.

The crew look to the Quartermaster, whose eyes narrow coldly  
at the captain's cabin. He pull his PISTOL before heading to  
the captain's cabin himself.

**INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jim leans in conspiratorially, not wanting Anne to hear.

JIM  
To this day, no one knows where to  
find Skeleton Island. It, like the  
map, disappeared from history.  
But...Some people think it might be  
real.

JANE  
Then I'm gonna find it!

JIM

It's just a story. But, in case you ever do decide to be a pirate...

He holds up a finger and then leaves the room. Jane waits, holding her breath. What could it be?

Jim returns with a brown leather TRICORN HAT.

Jane's eyes get HUGE and she jumps up and down in excitement. Jim holds out the hat, and Jane stops jumping as he puts it on her head reverently.

JIM (CONT'D)

There. Now you look like a real seaworthy buccaneer.

ANNE

And it's time for the buccaneer to go to bed.

JANE

But I'm not tired.

Anne kisses Jane on the forehead, then whispers something into Jim's ear. He looks happy about whatever it was.

JIM

Listen to Mummy, Jane. Go to sleep.

JANE

Fine.

Jim gives her a kiss and puts the hat on her bed post.

JIM

Night, Janey.

Jim and Anne leave, Jim switching off the light.

Jane lies in bed, eyes wide open and a big doofy grin on her face. She grabs her Atlas, a flashlight, and starts searching for the Bahamas.

She grabs her SKETCHBOOK and starts copying down the island, then drawing a big "X" in the middle.

JIM/ANNE (O.S.)

JANE!

Jane jumps and puts the books under her pillow, settling in.

JANE

I'm gonna find it.

**INT. UNIVERSITY ARCHAEOLOGY DEPT. - DAY - PRESENT**

JANE, now 19, sits across the table from the heads of Boston University's archaeology department - DR. ROBERTS and DR. STEPHENSON.

She fidgets a bit with her hands, but her eyes, determined as ever, stare between the two men, awaiting their response.

DR. ROBERTS

Well, Jane, this is an impressive proposal for a rising sophomore to make. It's very... robust.

DR. STEPHENSON

And yet you haven't shown us any new evidence that you know the correct location of the settlement.

Jane blinks a few times, trying not to roll her eyes.

JANE

Right, that's what I need the grant money to research. If I can figure out the zone for the projection error, my redrawing of the original Spanish map would show the accurate location. I printed out the mock ups I've created already...

She reaches towards the STUFFED BINDER on the desk, but Dr. Roberts puts his hand down on it.

DR. ROBERTS

I think Dr. Stephenson is referring to a similar expedition to that settlement that was published by a different Hawkins.

Jane sits back down in her seat.

JANE

With all due respect, sir, this particular project is only similar to Dr. Hawkins' expedition in that it's exploring the same area. He was looking for sunken ships. I am looking for a Mesoamerican settlement. But I guess you could consider my project a sequel.

DR. STEPHENSON

How is Jim? I haven't seen him at many of our conferences recently.

Jane swallows and looks back at her binder briefly.

JANE

He's... not well. On his way out,  
actually. We're keeping it to  
ourselves until the end, so nobody  
else knows about it.

The professors stare blankly at each other, not sure how to respond, so Jane keeps talking.

JANE (CONT'D)

But if you think that means I  
shouldn't get this grant, that I  
wouldn't be emotionally or mentally  
capable of doing this research,  
you'd be wrong.

DR. ROBERTS

Would we?

JANE

I am my father's daughter, and  
there would be no better way for me  
to honor his memory than to  
continue the work we both love.

DR. STEPHENSON

Well put. And I can speak for both  
of us when we say we're sorry to  
hear about your Dad.

DR. ROBERTS

He always was the life of our  
archaeology conferences.

DR. STEPHENSON

We will review your application  
impartially, you have our word.

JANE

I can't ask for more than that.

Jane stands up and shakes both their hands.

JANE (CONT'D)

Thank you for your time.

INT. JANE'S CAR - DAY

Jane slams her door, resting her head on the steering wheel.  
She sees her OLD TRICORN HAT sitting in the passenger seat.



Her phone BUZZES, and seeing the text, she starts the car.

**INT. HOSPICE CENTER - LOBBY - DAY**

Jane sits in the lobby, leg tapping nervously. She's zoned out at a spot on the floor when Anne, now in her early 40's, sits down next to her.

She looks exhausted, but still seems composed.

ANNE  
Are you ready?

JANE  
Yeah, just needed to take a second.

ANNE  
That's nice you brought the hat.  
He'll like that.

JANE  
Last time I wore it was that trip  
to the Bahamas when I was 13.

Anne smiles, but they sit in silence for a moment. Anne looks for words, but can't find any. She gives Jane a kiss on the head and holds Jane close.

JANE (CONT'D)  
The interview went well, in case  
you were wondering.

Anne pulls away, annoyed.

ANNE  
We agreed you were going to  
postpone that until next year.

JANE  
You agreed. I shrugged  
noncommittally.

She stands up right away and speeds away down the hall. Anne releases a long suffering sigh and hoists herself up wearily from her chair, following Jane.

**INT. HOSPICE CENTER - JIM'S ROOM - DAY**

Jim lies in bed, only a few IVs in his arm and the steady beep of the monitor contradicts how unwell Jim looks. But upon hearing the door open, he cracks an eye open.

JIM

Janey.

JANE

How do you feel today?

JIM

Well, they got me on the good stuff, so not bad.

He sees the hat. He smiles.

JIM (CONT'D)

You still have that old thing?

JANE

Of course I do.

JIM

Good. You might need it one day.

It's already getting to be too much for Jane. She looks away.

JIM (CONT'D)

So! How'd the interview go? Roberts and Stephenson, right?

Jim starts to COUGH violently, and Jane hastily pushes the portfolio out of the way to help him sit up.

JANE

Well enough. They said you were the life of their archaeology conference parties. And they remembered your study. They thought I was piggy-backing off it.

JIM

It's a sequel study.

JANE

That's what I said.

JIM

Well, whatever you end up doing, you'll be the best there is. You're a Hawkins. If you put your mind to it, nothing can stop you from getting what you want.

JANE

I can think of a few things.

Jim doesn't know what to say to that.

JANE (CONT'D)

Right. I think I'm going to get smoothies. Pineapple?

Jane hastily retreats from the room, hiding her face. Anne stands in the doorway, stepping aside so Jane doesn't barrel into her.

Anne sighs, deflating. She slumps on the bed next to Jim.

JIM

Has she seen anyone besides an old book in the last two months?

ANNE

No. But she's our kid. She dives into a project when life gets hard.

JIM

And what's your project?

ANNE

Preparation.

They look at each other, not speaking. Everything that needs to be said has been already. Now it's just a waiting game.