

Treasure Island

c. 70,000 words

CASTING BRIEF:

Seeking: Male narrator, native British or with flawless UK regional accents, 20s–40s, with audiobook experience. Actor must have own studio for self-recording. Able to communicate the narrative voice of a man recounting the adventures of his youth, and to distinguish a wide cast of sailors, pirates, and gentlemen.

Celebrity comps: Tom Holland. Benedict Cumberbatch. Chiwetel Ejiofor. Robert Downey Jr. Young Brendan Fraser.

Genre: Classic Literature, Adventure, Children's Literature

Contract: SAG-AFTRA independent publisher contract, scale (with P&H) +10%

Publisher: The Merry Beggars

Producer: Common Mode

Record and deliver by: 12/18/26

Synopsis:

The adventure begins when young Jim Hawkins stumbles upon a treasure map belonging to the notorious pirate Captain Flint. What follows is a perilous sea voyage to a remote island, where Jim and his friends—including the resourceful Dr. Livesey and the upstanding Squire Trelawney—find themselves outnumbered and outmaneuvered by a crew of mutinous buccaneers led by cunning Long John Silver. Narrated in retrospect by Jim himself, now an adult, the story moves from the Admiral Benbow Inn to the high seas and the treacherous jungles of Treasure Island.

About the Author:

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894) was a Scottish novelist, poet, and travel writer, best known for *Treasure Island* (1883), *Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* (1886), and *Kidnapped* (1886). Born in Edinburgh and plagued by ill health throughout his life, Stevenson drew on a love of adventure, folklore, and the sea to craft some of the most enduring works in the English language. *Treasure Island* was originally serialized in the children's magazine “*Young Folks*” before being published as a novel, and it has since defined the popular image of pirates—from buried treasure and desert islands to parrots and the Jolly Roger.

Excerpt for Audition

The stranger backed along with me into the parlour and put me behind him in the corner so that we were both hidden by the open door. I was very uneasy and alarmed, as you may fancy, and it rather added to my fears to observe that the stranger was certainly frightened himself. He cleared the hilt of his cutlass and loosened the blade in the sheath; and all the time we were waiting there he kept swallowing as if he felt what we used to call a lump in the throat.

At last in strode the captain, slammed the door behind him, without looking to the right or left, and marched straight across the room to where his breakfast awaited him.

“Bill,” said the stranger in a voice that I thought he had tried to make bold and big.

The captain spun round on his heel and fronted us; all the brown had gone out of his face, and even his nose was blue; he had the look of a man who sees a ghost, or the evil one, or something worse, if anything can be; and upon my word, I felt sorry to see him all in a moment turn so old and sick.

“Come, Bill, you know me; you know an old shipmate, Bill, surely,” said the stranger.

The captain made a sort of gasp.

“Black Dog!” said he.

“And who else?” returned the other, getting more at his ease.

“Black Dog as ever was, come for to see his old shipmate Billy, at the

Admiral Benbow inn. Ah, Bill, Bill, we have seen a sight of times, us two, since I lost them two talons,” holding up his mutilated hand.

“Now, look here,” said the captain; “you’ve run me down; here I am; well, then, speak up; what is it?”

“That’s you, Bill,” returned Black Dog, “you’re in the right of it, Billy. I’ll have a glass of rum from this dear child here, as I’ve took such a liking to; and we’ll sit down, if you please, and talk square, like old shipmates.”

When I returned with the rum, they were already seated on either side of the captain’s breakfast-table—Black Dog next to the door and sitting sideways so as to have one eye on his old shipmate and one, as I thought, on his retreat.

He bade me go and leave the door wide open. “None of your keyholes for me, sonny,” he said; and I left them together and retired into the bar.

For a long time, though I certainly did my best to listen, I could hear nothing but a low gattling; but at last the voices began to grow higher, and I could pick up a word or two, mostly oaths, from the captain.

“No, no, no, no; and an end of it!” he cried once. And again, “If it comes to swinging, swing all, say I.”

Then all of a sudden there was a tremendous explosion of oaths and other noises—the chair and table went over in a lump, a clash of steel followed, and then a cry of pain, and the next instant I saw Black Dog in full flight, and the captain hotly pursuing, both with drawn cutlasses, and the former streaming blood from the left shoulder. Just at the door

the captain aimed at the fugitive one last tremendous cut, which would certainly have split him to the chine had it not been intercepted by our big signboard of Admiral Benbow. You may see the notch on the lower side of the frame to this day.

That blow was the last of the battle. Once out upon the road, Black Dog, in spite of his wound, showed a wonderful clean pair of heels and disappeared over the edge of the hill in half a minute. The captain, for his part, stood staring at the signboard like a bewildered man. Then he passed his hand over his eyes several times and at last turned back into the house.

“Jim,” says he, “rum”; and as he spoke, he reeled a little, and caught himself with one hand against the wall.

“Are you hurt?” cried I.

“Rum,” he repeated. “I must get away from here. Rum! Rum!”