

DICK WHITTINGTON

by Nigel Holmes

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DICK WHITTINGTON - CAST LIST

The Caretaker - This is a demanding roll due to the fact that he has to interact with the audience all the time. He is the "warm up" man and also has the task of moving the story forward. The caretaker should be played by someone who is not afraid to ad-lib with the audience.

Dick Whittington - Played by a female. The main lead. Dick is bold and honest and of strong character.

Tommy the Cat - A non speaking part yet a major roll that needs plenty of expression in mime.

Alderman Fitzwarren - The owner of Fitzwarren's Stores. So this part should be played by a more mature actor.

Alice - The daughter of Alderman Fitzwarren. Pretty and of the same age as Dick.

Sarah the Cook - The dame of the pantomime and played by a man in a grotesque way. Lots of energy and a comedic nature are needed here.

Idle Jack - A cheeky lad about town, of a similar age to Dick. He interacts with the audience quite a lot so an actor should be chosen who can deal with this.

The Fairy of the Bells - A female actor of any age. She can be played seriously or with a slightly comical edge.

King Rat - He is the villain of the piece and needs a commanding way of speaking. An actor who can menace the audience and slightly frighten the children.

Captain - The captain of the Saucy Sal. Not really as sensible as he should be for the position he holds.

Mate - The ships mate. Part of the crew but has no idea what he's doing.

The Sultan - The ruler of Morocco and a more mature man. Could be slightly dithery.

Guards x 2 - There are two guards needed. These are the Sultan's bodyguards. One has a small speaking part.

The Rats - These can be played by a mixture of children and adults. They can be all shapes, sizes or ages. In productions with small casts they can double up as villagers or dancers. The more rats the better.

The Villagers and Dancers - Played by both male and female actors. A mixture of ages and types that form the chorus and dancers. They also become dancers and people of the harem.

ACT I: PROLOGUE.

A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE "CURTAIN UP" THE CARETAKER WALKS INTO THE AUDITORIUM WITH A BROOM. (DRESSED IN A WAREHOUSE STYLE BROWN COAT) HE HELPS DIRECT PEOPLE TO THEIR SEATS AND GENERALLY INTERACTS WITH THE AUDIENCE HURRYING THEM UP AND HELPING WITH COATS AND HATS ETC.

JUST BEFORE CURTAIN UP (GIVEN A NOD FROM THE DIRECTOR) HE GOES ON TO THE APRON OF THE STAGE AND STARTS TO SWEEP THE FLOOR.

AS THE OVERTURE STARTS AND THE HOUSE LIGHTS GO DOWN HE LOOKS AROUND HIMSELF SLIGHTLY SURPRISED, SEEMINGLY CAUGHT OUT ON STAGE BY ACCIDENT. HE STARTS TO DANCE ALONG WITH THE MUSIC DOING SILLY MOVEMENTS WITH HIS BROOM USING SWEEPING ACTIONS, GENERALLY MESSING ABOUT AND GRINNING AT THE AUDIENCE AS IF ENJOYING THE ATTENTION.

MUSIC CONTINUES UNDER HIS VOICE.

CARETAKER:

Come on, come on. Get yourself settled. We ain't got time for you to be messing about. I need to be finished and home at a decent hour or the missus will throw a wobbly again. And trust me... when she wobbles you don't want to be within wobbling distance.

Oi! You! (POINTING TO BACK OF AUDITORIUM) Yes you. The one with the pointy head. Sit! And don't make a mess. None of you, right. No mess. Any mess will be reported to me and my broom knows no mercy when it gets angry.

If there's gonna be any sweet paper rustling then let's get it over now. Come on, who's got sweets? Put your hands up if you brought sweets in with you. Good. It's best to confess now. Hands up all those who don't have sweets. Right! You that's got them, pass some to those who 'ain't. Sharing is good for the soul.

Have you all turned your phones off? Who hasn't? (POINTING TO SAME PLACE) You again! Turn it off. Last time we did this it was like being on a train. Ring ring. Ring ring. (SILLY VOICE) "Hello Darling. I'm on the train. Can you hear me?" Yes, we can all blooming well hear you mate! We're on the train with you. So no phones then. Turn them off or the broom will seek you out.

For those of you who have never been to a pantomime before, it's like Britain's Got Talent without the buzzers. It's without Simon Cowell as well. Although, look... (HE TURNS HIS BROOM UPSIDE DOWN SO THE BRISTLES STAND UP) Look at that hair style. It's almost him isn't it?

Hey, tell you what. Let's do the panto thing and give Simon a boo. (POINTING TO BROOM) Simon will say something nasty and you can all boo him. (USING THE BROOM LIKE A VENTRILOQUIST DUMMY AND PRETENDING VERY BADLY TO THROW HIS VOICE) "Look... I'm gonna be honest with you.

You can't sing and you've got a face like Piers Morgan." (ENCOURAGE AUDIENCE TO BOO.) Oh dear! That wasn't very good.

Poor old Simon didn't even hear that. Mind you, he's made of wood. My broom that is, not the real Simon... although... you might be right. (THROWING VOICE AGAIN AND MOVING BROOM) "I don't just hate it. I loath it." Boo! (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE) Well I guess that's a bit better.

As well as being caretaker at (NAME OF THEATRE/ HALL) I'm in charge of health and safety. So there's a couple of notices before we start. (PULLS NOTES FROM POCKET) Custard Pies! They tend to land in this area here (POINTING AND CIRCLING AN AREA OF SEATING IN THE AUDIENCE) But don't worry. All the custard is nut free, and Low Calorie. However if you're a vegetarian or a vegan then just keep your mouth shut.

Jokes! All jokes in the following performance are rated on a scale of one to ten. One being - a light giggle. Ten being - those containing the word "Bum". Those people of light or no sense of humour are advised to cover their ears throughout the whole show. You are warned that this performance may contain sarcastic and/or satirical passages which are directed at no one in particular. Except her down the road at number 22.

Are you ready then? (AUDIENCE REACTION) I said are you ready then? (AUDIENCE REACTION) Give a big round of applause as we go over to Old London Town.

CURTAIN UP OR TABS OPEN AS CARETAKER EXITS.

END PROLOGUE.

SCENE 1: A STREET IN LONDON. (ALDGATE)

SCENERY SHOWS A MARKET SQUARE WITH FITZWARREN'S EMPORIUM TO ONE SIDE. THE SHOP NEEDS A PHYSICAL DOOR OR IT COULD JUST BE AN ARCHWAY LEADING OFF STAGE.

NOTE: IF THIS SAME SCENERY IS TO BE USED IN FIRST SCENE IN ACT II THEN THERE SHOULD BE A HINT OF THE DOCK SIDE IN THE BACKGROUND.

Musical number: Villagers/Chorus and Alice. Singing and dancing.

Suggestion: Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner.

THE VILLAGERS AND CHORUS SING AND DANCE AS THE CURTAIN GOES UP. HALF WAY THROUGH, ALICE FITZWARREN COMES OUT OF THE SHOP AND JOINS IN WITH THEM. SHE IS IN A PROMINENT POSITION DOWN STAGE CENTRE WHEN THE NUMBER FINISHES.

ALICE: What a great place to live. London town. It must be the centre of the world.

THE VILLAGERS STAND AROUND CHATTING WHILE ALICE GOES OVER TO THE DOOR OF THE FITZWARREN SHOP AND PULLS OUT HER FATHER (ALDERMAN FITZWARREN). SHE ALSO PICKS UP A BASKET CONTAINING LARGE PIECES OF CHEESE.

ALICE: Come on out Father. It's such a lovely day that you should be out here enjoying the sunshine.

ALDERMAN: That's as maybe Alice but I have business to attend to. When you own a shop as big as this there are many worries.

AS THEY SPEAK THEY SHOULD WANDER AS FAR AWAY FROM THE SHOP DOOR AS POSSIBLE.

ALICE: Forget them for a moment and just enjoy the day.

ALDERMAN: Enjoy the day? Enjoy the day, you say? How can I enjoy anything with so many problems.

ALICE: Can things really be that bad Father? Tell me the biggest problem and let's see if we can find a solution.

ALDERMAN: My biggest problem? Oh that's an easy one. RATS!

ALICE: Rats?

ALDERMAN: Yes rats. Small ones, big ones, great huge fat bloated ones. They're eating the stock and destroying my business. If it goes on much longer we will have to shut up shop.

ALICE: Surely it can't be that bad.

ALDERMAN: It's getting so bad that the rats are into every bit of food stuff that we have. I bet they've even had a sniff of that cheese in your basket.

ALICE: Don't be silly Father. They can't have got in there.

THEN ALICE MOVES SOME OF THE CHEESE IN THE BASKET AND A LARGE STUFFED RAT JUMPS OUT AND RUNS ACROSS THE STAGE, BACK INTO THE STORE. ALICE AND THE CHORUS JUMP IN THE AIR AND SCREAM. THE CHORUS EXIT IN ALL DIRECTIONS SCREAMING.

ALDERMAN FITZWARREN JUST LOOKS ON UNMOVED.

The large stuffed rat is pulled across the stage by fishing line that has been trailed out by Alice from the basket as she crossed the stage.

ALDERMAN: You see. Everywhere. (HE LOOKS DEFEATED AND SIGHS)

ALICE: Don't give up Father. We'll find a solution somehow.

THEY MOVE BACK TOWARDS THE SHOP AS THEY SPEAK.

ALDERMAN: There are just too many to deal with. They're even chewing at the lovely silks and cloth that we import from all over the world. If it doesn't stop soon I'll have to let (LOCAL STORE OR SMALL SHOP) buy me out. Nothing seems to stop these rats.

THE ALDERMAN AND ALICE EXIT THROUGH THE STORE ENTRANCE. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE KING RAT APPEARS IN A GREEN SPOTLIGHT AS THE GENERAL LIGHT LEVEL DROPS.

KING RAT: And NOTHING will stop us. Ahh haa haa haaaa! My army of rats, are taking over London.

(TO AUDIENCE) What was that puny little noise? Were you trying to boo me? Me! King Rat. Master of all rats and soon to be controller of London. If you want to boo me then come on, let's hear it. (AUDIENCE BOO) Ahh haa haa haaaa! That's not a boo. That was rubbish. No rat is ever going to be frightened by that silly noise. Come on you little people of (LOCAL TOWN), see if you can really frighten King Rat! (AUDIENCE REACTION) (IN CHILDISH VOICE) Oooooow! How frightening! The "likkle" people of (LOCAL TOWN)"fink" that silly nasty ratty will be quaking in his boots.

(LARGE COMMANDING VOICE) Think again people. Once I have London I will be coming to seek YOU out. Your little town of (LOCAL TOWN) will be crushed and over-run by my masterful and obedient followers. Ahh haa haa haaaa!

WITH A FLASH AND A TINKLE OF BELLS, LIT BY A PINK SPOTLIGHT, THE FAIRY OF THE BELLS ENTERS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE. WITH THE STAGE IN DULL LIGHT IT WILL LOOK AS IF SHE HAS ARRIVED BY MAGIC.

FAIRY: Hey! Not so fast you evil rat.
I have a plan, for now, take that.

SHE FLICKS HER WAND AND THERE IS A TING OF A BELL AS KING RAT JUMPS LOOKING LIKE HE IS HIT BY A SMALL ELECTRIC SHOCK.

KING RAT: And who are you when you're at home?
With power weak, just like a gnome.
That silly outfit, soft and white,
I bet you daren't go out at night.

FAIRY: I am the Fairy of the Bells.
My wand is full of magic spells.
I know just how to scare a rat.
And all it needs is...ONE...BRAVE...CAT!

KING RAT: A pussy? Their life's far too full.
They sleep all day and play with wool.
You'll never find one to fight me.
If found, I'll crush it, like a flea.
Ahh haa haa haaaa! (EXITS)

FAIRY: (TO AUDIENCE) Don't worry. He won't win this battle. I have a secret weapon. I can use the power of good to bring forth a large cat who is so brave that no rat will ever be able to withstand him. A champion of cats. A cat with no fear. Watch out King Rat. The Fairy of the Bells is on your trail. (EXITS)

LIGHT LEVELS RETURN TO NORMAL AND SARAH THE COOK ENTERS ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE CARRYING A BIG BAG.

SARAH: (TO AUDIENCE) Well, you're a lovely looking bunch. Look at you. All dressed up and having fun. What do you think of it so far? (AUDIENCE REACTION) Oh come on it's not that bad. It's a laugh isn't it?

I'm Sarah by the way. I do stuff for the Alderman Fitzwarren. What? No, not like that. Oooh, you naughty people. The Alderman is the owner of that shop over there. It sells almost anything. You name it, they sell it. And I work in there.

I work behind the counter. Actually I do all sorts of odds and ends. Old Fitzie even wanted me to model some of the clothes. You can see why can't you? With a figure like mine they would just rush out of the store. The clothes, not the customers, silly. I said "How kind". I suppose they just wouldn't be able to imagine themselves looking half so good.

Let's have a look at you lot then. (HOUSE LIGHTS HALF UP) Oooh look. Two bald men sitting next to each other. You don't see that too often do you? No, wait a moment. It a lady in a low cut dress.

Note: There is a chance here to read any lists of special groups attending in the audience.

Is there anyone in the audience from (NEARBY TOWN)? Good. The horse and trap reached you then?

Is there anyone in the audience who actually has a horse? (IF NO ONE ANSWERS THEN SHE JUST POINTS TO THE BACK OF THE AUDIENCE) Someone left something at the stage door earlier. I think it belongs to you. Hang on.

SARAH BECKONS TOWARDS THE WINGS AND IDLE JACK ENTERS WITH A BUCKET. HE IS HOLDING IT AT ARMS LENGTH AND IS PINCHING HIS NOSE. AS IT GETS NEARER TO SARAH SHE STARTS PULLING FACES AND WAVING BAD SMELLS AWAY.

JACK: Phew! Cor! Where did you get this?

SARAH: This is Jack. Idle Jack. We call him that because he never does anything.

JACK: I do things!

SARAH: What things?

JACK: I do things like... er ... well lots of things.

SARAH: When you're awake.

JACK: Look! I got you this pile of... er... Phew!

SARAH: "Fertilizer" is the word you're groping for.

JACK: That's not what I call it.

And I'm not groping around in there. Cor! It really stinks. Smell it. (HE WAVES IT UNDER SARAH'S NOSE AND SHE RECOILS)

SARAH: Phawww! Keep it over there.

JACK: Whose is it?

SARAH: Someone left it for my roses. But I don't think it's ready yet.

JACK: Ready? How strong does it have to be before it's ready?

SARAH: It has to be mature.

JACK: It smells pretty mature to me. But hey! If you don't want it then give it back to them. Where are they?

SARAH: (POINTING TO PERSON WHO HAD HORSE OR IMAGINARY PERSON AT BACK OF ROOM) Do you want it back? What do you think boys and girls? Can we reach from here. (AUDIENCE REACTION) (JACK LOOKS AS IF HE MIGHT THROW IT) Oh yes we can. (AUDIENCE REACTION) Oh yes we can. (GO WITH THE AUDIENCE REACTION FOR A FEW TIMES) Okay, you're probably right. We'll save it 'till later.

JACK EXITS WITH BUCKET. AS HE EXITS THERE IS THE SOUND OF A BUZZING FLY. SARAH LOOKS ROUND TO SEE WHERE IT IS, SWIPING AT THE INVISIBLE FLY WITH HER BAG.

JACK RE-ENTERS WITH A ROLLED UP NEWSPAPER AND ALSO STARTS SWIPING ABOUT IN MID AIR. THE BUZZING CONTINUES.

JACK: Where is it?

SARAH: There! You caused this.

JACK: Me?

SARAH: You with your bucket of...

BUZZING STOPS.

JACK: There it is. Stay still. (HE LOOKS CLOSELY AT SARAH'S REAR THEN SMACKS HER HARD ON THE BUM WITH THE NEWSPAPER)

THE BUZZING STARTS AGAIN.

SARAH: Hey! You purposely pranged my protuberances.

JACK: There it goes. I think it's heading for (LOCAL REFERENCE TO NEXT TOWN)

JACK RUNS DOWN THE STEPS AND INTO THE AUDIENCE SWIPING OVER THE HEADS OF PEOPLE OR HITTING CHAIR ARMS ETC.

SARAH: Over there. (POINTING TO AUDIENCE AND AD-LIBING AS JACK CAUSES AS MUCH CHAOS AS POSSIBLE) No, over there.

JACK: Got it! Missed it! Can you see it? Over there! (AD-LIB AS NECESSARY)

JACK EXITS FROM THE AUDITORIUM AND BUZZING FLY SOUND STOPS.

SARAH: Phew! I hate those things don't you?

And that's not the worse thing that's been happening round here. We've got rats! Big huge RATS! They get in everywhere. Look! (SHE FISHES AROUND IN HER BAG AND PULLS OUT A HUGE PAIR OF BLOOMERS. SHE TURNS THEM ROUND AND THEY HAVE A HOLE IN THE SEAT) I've been nibbled in me naughties.

Actually I used to have a pair of bloomers made from a couple of union jacks. They weren't very comfortable. Well, not until I took the flagpole out.

I turned them into a pair of Y-fronts for one of my boyfriends. He said they were better than Viagra. One pull on the lanyard and up it went.

Want to hear a poem? (AUDIENCE REACTION) Well you're going to anyway.

Mary had a little lamb,
she also had a bear.
She showed the boys her little lamb,
but they've never seen her bare.

SARAH PULLS A TEDDY BEAR FROM HER BAG.

SARAH: Mary had a little lamb.
It left her broken hearted.
'cause when she took it into school,
it only went and... talked back to the teacher.

Did I say? I do the cooking for Alderman Fitzwarren. He loves my dumplings. (SHE HITCHES UP HER BOSOMS) But his favourite is boiled beef and carrots.

Musical number: Sarah. Boiled Beef and Carrots.

THE VILLAGERS ENTER AND JOIN IN WITH THE CHORUS. THEY ALL DO A "KNEES UP" STYLE DANCE. IDLE JACK ENTERS AND JOINS IN.

AT THE END OF THE SONG SARAH TAKES A BOW AND EXITS WITH THE VILLAGERS.

SARAH: See you later boys and girls. (EXITS WAVING)

JACK: She has a fine voice really. But then she goes and spoils it by singing.

Phew, I'm whacked. I need to lie down. I can't be doing with all this dancing lark. Too much energy for one day. I could do with a sleep right now.

Actually I was a bit frightened about appearing on such an auspicious stage such as (LOCAL REFERENCE TO THEATRE/HALL). It's a bit scary for someone like me. So I wondered if all you boys and girls could help me. I need a bit of confidence you see. Let's think! What can you do to help me? I know. Why don't I say "How am I doing kids?" and you can shout back "You're doing great Jack" just to give me confidence? Do you think you can do that? (AUDIENCE REACTION) Let's have a practice.

How am I doing kids? (AUDIENCE REACTION) I need more confidence than that. How am I doing kids? (AUDIENCE REACTION) Great! Thank you. It will make me feel so much better if you can remember to do that.

Hey! I say! Have any of you met Alice yet? She's the daughter of my boss, the Alderman Fitzwarren.

She's beautiful. I love Alice. (TRY FOR "AHHH" FROM AUDIENCE) But I don't think she loves me back. She's rich and I'm just a poor lad who works in her father's shop. I took the job there just to be near her.

DICK ENTERS AND STROLLS ACROSS TO JACK.

DICK: Do you think they might give me a job too?

JACK: I don't know. You could always ask.

DICK: (SHAKING HANDS) How do you do? I'm Dick Whittington. I've just come from Gloucestershire to make my fortune in London.

JACK: Gloucestershire? I thought you talked a bit odd. Is that near (LOCAL REFERENCE TO NEXT TOWN)? I hear they speak funny down there. And... you're going to make your fortune here are you? You're joking, right?

DICK: They say that the streets of London are paved with gold.

JACK: Not round here mate.

DICK: Isn't this London?

JACK: Yes it's London all right, but no golden pavements. At least I've never seen 'em.

DICK: Then I must find a job and somewhere to live. Do you think the shop where you work would consider me?

JACK: I don't know. You'd have to ask. Look! Here comes Alice Fitzwarren. She's the daughter of the owner. She might put in a good word for you.

ENTER ALICE FROM SHOP

ALICE: Hello Jack. Have you seen my father?

JACK: Not for a while. Alice, this is Dick Whittington. He needs a job.

DICK: Please to meet you Miss Alice.

ALICE: And I am very pleased to meet you too Dick. You're looking for a job then?

DICK: Yes, anything. I've just arrived and need work. I'm penniless at the moment so anything will do.

ALICE: Can you serve in a shop.

JACK: Hey, that's my job.

ALICE: Okay, how about handy man? You could do all the odd jobs.

DICK: Anything. I would be so grateful.

ALICE: I like you Dick Whittington. You seem a nice honest chap. Let me have a word with my father and we'll see what he says. (SHE EXITS TO SHOP)

JACK: She's lovely.

DICK: Very lovely.

JACK: She's beautiful.

DICK: Very beautiful.

JACK: She has sparkly eyes.

DICK: Very sparkly eyes.

JACK: And soft silky hair.

DICK: Very soft silky hair.

JACK: Hang on, hang on. She's in love with ME! Not you.

DICK: Is she?

JACK: Well no actually. I don't think she is. But I can't help wishing she was.

DICK: We don't always get what we wish for, do we?

JACK: What do you wish for Dick?

DICK: Oh nothing much. A warm home, a cosy bed with enough money to bring up children and send them to Hogwarts.

ALICE AND ALDERMAN FITZWARREN ENTER.

ALDERMAN: Which one is he? (LOOKING AT IDLE JACK)

ALICE: No this is Jack, Father. He already works for you.
ALDERMAN: Work! That's not what I hear. He's not called
Idle Jack for nothing.
ALICE: Father, this is Dick Whittington.

THEY SHAKE HANDS.

DICK: Good day Sir.
ALDERMAN: Good day young Dick. So you want a job?
DICK: Yes sir. Anything.
ALICE: He can be the handy man, Father.
ALDERMAN: How handy are you?
DICK: Very sir.
ALDERMAN: Can you add two numbers and make five? Can you
stand on your head and recite poetry? Can you eat
your weight in pork scratchings? Will you work for
half pay?
DICK: Yes sir. All of those things. Give me a chance
sir.
ALDERMAN: Okay, I'll take a chance on you Mr Whittington.
You start tomorrow. Now Jack, come with me. I
have some things I need you to do.

EXIT THE ALDERMAN AND JACK

ALICE: There! You're hired. You have a job.
THEY START TO GAZE INTO EACH OTHERS
EYES

DICK: And I will be near you.
ALICE: Yes.
DICK: I will see you every day.
ALICE: Yes.
DICK: I do so much want to get to know you.
ALICE: Yes.

Musical number: Dick and Alice.

*Suggestion: To know him is to love him. - Phil Spector (The Teddy
Bears) Also see The Beatles, Amy Winehouse, Dolly Parton and many
others. Note: Sing as duet. Swap words "Him" for "Her" where
necessary.*

ALICE: I have to go. (SHE HEADS TOWARDS THE SHOP DOOR BUT
TURNS BEFORE EXITING)
DICK: When will I see you again?
ALICE: I'll be in the shop when you start tomorrow.
DICK: I can't wait.

THEY WAVE LOVINGLY AT EACH OTHER.
ALICE EXITS THROUGH SHOP DOOR.

DICK WALKS FORWARD ONTO APRON AS TABS
BEHIND HIM.

END SCENE.

SCENE 2: A STREET IN LONDON. (ALDGATE)

PLAYED ON THE APRON IN FRONT OF CLOSED TABS. DICK WALKS OUT THROUGH THE CLOSING TABS FROM LAST SCENE. HE DRIFTS TO ONE SIDE OF THE STAGE AS HE SPEAKS. HE IS LIT IN A SPOTLIGHT OR POOL OF LIGHT.

DICK: (TO AUDIENCE) She's lovely isn't she. I really want to get to know her more. To be honest, I would like to get to know anyone more. London is a big place and I don't have any friends here. It's not easy to make friends when you're new in town. (HE LOOKS SAD)

THE FAIRY OF THE BELLS ENTERS IN DARKNESS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE. THERE IS A FLASH AND A TINKLE OF BELLS. SHE IS LIT IN A PINK LIGHT.

DICK DOES NOT SEE OR HEAR THE FAIRY.

FAIRY: Whittington you need a friend
and I am here to meet that end.
This friend will never let you down,
and help you find your way in town.
To welcome him, just raise your hat.
He's here, look now, a magic CAT.

THE FAIRY WAVES HER WAND. A "TING" SOUND IS HEARD. TOMMY THE CAT ENTERS BEHIND THE FAIRY AND THE FAIRY'S LIGHT FOLLOWS HIM. TOMMY BOUNDS TO THE CENTRE OF THE STAGE. THE FAIRY EXITS ONCE OUT OF THE LIGHT.

DICK RAISES HIS HAT TO TOMMY. HE JOINS TOMMY AND STROKES HIM.

DICK: Hello puss. Where did you come from?

TOMMY: (HE MAKES A "PUFF" TYPE GESTURE AND POINTS TO WHERE HE ENTERED)

DICK: What? (MAKING THE SAME "PUFF" GESTURE) You exploded?

TOMMY: (SHAKES HEAD AND MAKES THE GESTURE AGAIN)

DICK: You got shot out of a cannon?

TOMMY: (SHAKES HEAD AND MAKES THE GESTURE AGAIN)

DICK: You came from a Gooseberry bush?

TOMMY: (LOOKS FED UP AND LEANS CHIN ON FISTS)

DICK: Does it really matter?

TOMMY: (SHAKES HEAD)

DICK: No, exactly. You're here now and that's all that counts. Though you're a bit out of your way for a cat. Don't you have a home to go to?

TOMMY: (SHAKES HEAD)

DICK: (SADLY) Nor do I. (CHEERING UP) At least not until tomorrow when I start a new job.

DICK: Then I'll have some money to buy food and find somewhere to live.

TOMMY: (GESTURES THAT HE WANTS TO JOIN DICK)

DICK: Ha! You want to come with me?

TOMMY: (NODS HEAD ENTHUSIASTICALLY AND RUBS AGAINST DICK)

DICK: Why not? Why not indeed? I could do with the companionship. A name! We must find you a name. I will call you Whiskers.

TOMMY: (LOOKS TOTALLY OFFENDED AND SHAKES HEAD)

DICK: Not Whiskers? Ginger then?

TOMMY: (LOOKS DOWN AT HIS FUR SHAKING HEAD)

DICK: What then?

TOMMY: (MAKES A "T" SIGN WITH HIS PAWS)

DICK: Tiddles?

TOMMY: (DRAWS PAW ACROSS THROAT MAKING SLITTING ACTION. MAKES "T" SIGN AGAIN)

DICK: Tabby?

TOMMY: (MIMES BEING SICK. MAKES "T" SIGN)

DICK: "T". It starts with a "T"?

TOMMY: (NODS THEN MAKES "O" WITH PAWS)

DICK: "T" then "O". Tom!

TOMMY: (MAKES "LONGER" OR "EXPAND" GESTURE)

DICK: Tom? Longer? Thomas? No? ... TOMMY!

TOMMY: (NODS AND JUMPS AROUND EXCITED.)

DICK: Tommy! Pleased to meet you Tommy. I'm Dick. (THEY SHAKE HANDS/PAWS) Starting tomorrow Tommy, you and I are going off to make our fortunes. Money, fame and love. All the lady cats will be after you when we're rich. You will have a queue of them.

TOMMY: (HE NODS HIS HEAD VIGOROUSLY AND RUBS HIS PAWS TOGETHER)

DICK: Hey... I don't suppose you can dance can you? We could go in for a talent show. I've heard that one was once won by a dancing dog. How silly is that? (THEY BOTH FALL ABOUT LAUGHING)

TOMMY: (HE STANDS ON HIS HIND LEGS AND STARTS TO "WALTZ" AROUND THE STAGE)

DICK: (CLAPPING) What a clever cat. What else can you do?

ENTER CARETAKER

CARETAKER: Oi! I'll tell you what else he can do. He can leave immediately. Pets 'ain't allowed in here.

DICK: What?

CARETAKER: Health and safety. Rules is rules matey.

DICK: But he's part of the story.

CARETAKER: That's as maybe, but we have to keep standards up.
I mean, the rules say that he has to have a flea collar and a full sized litter tray.

TOMMY HOLD HIS NOSE AND MIMES WAVING
BAD SMELLS AWAY FROM HIS BEHIND.

DICK: He doesn't need one of those. He's house trained.
(STAGE WHISPER TO TOMMY) You are aren't you?

TOMMY: (NODDING AND PULLING IMAGINARY TOILET FLUSH CHAIN)

DICK: Anyway, how can we have a Dick Whittington
pantomime without his cat?

TOMMY IS NOW SHADOW BOXING IN FRONT OF
THE CARETAKER.

CARETAKER: I need to consult the rule book on this. For the
moment I'm sending you two off for an early bath.
(POINTING OFF STAGE)

DICK AND TOMMY EXIT. THE CARETAKER
FOLLOWS THEM TO THEIR EXIT POINT. THE
AUDIENCE WILL PROBABLY BE BOOING.

CARETAKER: (SPEAKING TO AUDIENCE) Hey, don't blame me. We
have to have rules or the world wouldn't keep
turning.

LIGHTING CONCENTRATES ONTO THE
CARETAKER

And if you think that I'm bad then you have a lot
to learn. I'm just doing my job. I'm not bad,
(POINTING TO OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE) But... HE IS!
(EXITS)

KING RAT HAS ENTERED ON THE OTHER SIDE
UNDER THE COVER OF DARKNESS AND NOW A
GREEN LIGHT COME UP ON HIM.

KING RAT: Ahh haa haa haaaa! A cat. A soft and furry
dancing cat. I'll deal with him before the night's
out. I'll call my fellow rats from the four
corners of my Kingdom and show this Whittington
that his cat is no match for the power of my rodent
army.

But wait! I can feel that you don't believe me.
Especially you at the back with the pointy head.
Soon I will be the ruler of London. A rat will
become Mayor.

Okay then, I shall rule the underground, and I
don't just mean the trains. All darkness will be
mine. You will fear for yourselves, particularly
when you're out after cocoa time.

Think you feel something brush your feet? It will
be my soldiers. Think you see a shadow cross your
path? It's us. We are everywhere. Here, there,
in her ladies chamber. Even IN her ladies chamber
pot.

Ahh haa haa haaaa! (EXITS)

END SCENE.

SCENE 3: INSIDE FITZWARREN'S STORE

THE SCENE IS THE INTERIOR OF THE STORE WITH A SHOP COUNTER SET CENTRE STAGE. THE COUNTER HAS A SIGN SAYING "WIGS FOR SALE" NEXT TO A SMALL DISPLAY OF WIGS. A FAKE (SOFT) FRENCH STICK IS ON THE COUNTER AND A FEW BAGS MARKED "TEA" AND "SUGAR" AND "SALT" ARE STORED BELOW, PLUS A FAKE SIDE OF BACON.

THE STAGE IS FULL OF PEOPLE SINGING. THEY ALL HOLD LARGE LOLLIPOPS.

NOTE: OR THIS COULD BE A SONG AND DANCE BY THE PANTOMIME "BABES" IF YOU HAVE A CHILDREN'S DANCE GROUP IN THE SHOW. DRESSED IN BRIGHT STRIPES IN LOLLIPOP COLOURS.

SARAH AND IDLE JACK TAKE PART. SARAH HAS A MUCH LARGER LOLLIPOP THAN EVERYONE ELSE.

Musical number: Villagers/Chorus.

Suggestion: My Boy Lollipop. Millie Small.

SARAH: That's it. Sold out. No more Lollipops until we get new stock. Off you go now.

EVERYONE EXITS EXCEPT SARAH AND JACK.

SARAH: (TO AUDIENCE) I love lollipops, don't you? I love all sorts of sweets. Mint humbugs, acid drops, sherbet dib dabs. (TO JACK) What exactly is a dib dab.

JACK: It's something you dibble where you like, and then dabble it about a bit.

SARAH: Fancy! We've all done a bit of that, haven't we girls? Who wants some sweets then? (THROWING HANDFULS OF SWEETS INTO THE AUDIENCE) The soft ones have all gone, so only the hard ones are left.

JACK: How do you know which are the hard ones?

SARAH: You can see the teeth marks in them. (STILL THROWING OUT SWEETS) If you get one you don't like, give it a lick to clean off the fluff and pass it on down the row.

JACK: I say! Your lollipop is huge.

SARAH: (LOOKING DOWN) Sorry. I thought the dress covered it. Yours is a bit small for a man of your age.

JACK: My last girlfriend had a way of making it bigger by licking it then dipping it somewhere nice.

SARAH: Into honey?

JACK: Yes. How did you know her name?

SARAH: When do you think we'll get some more stock?

JACK: I don't know. In fact I'm losing confidence in my job here. Hang on! (TO AUDIENCE) How am I doing kids? (AUDIENCE REACTION) Wow, thank you. That makes me feel a lot better.

Stock? Yes. I've heard that Alderman Fitzwarren will soon be making a voyage on the Saucy Sal to get some new things for the shop.

SARAH: Well it had better be quick as we don't have much left to sell. Go and see what you can find in the stockroom.

JACK EXITS

SARAH: This is what I like. Just me, alone in the shop. Selling stuff to people. I would do really well on that TV show with Alan Sugar. He wouldn't give me the finger. "You're fired". I can sell anything. Mind you, I can't sell these wigs. They've been here for years. They're just collecting dust. I think this one used to belong to Bruce Forsyth. (SHE PICKS UP A FRENCH STICK AND THUMPS THE WIG. DUST COMES UP IN A CLOUD) Good game, Good game.

CAPTAIN AND MATE ENTER THROUGH SHOP DOOR.

SARAH: Ah! Customers. Hello Gentlemen. How may I help you?

CAPTAIN: Four candles.

SARAH: Ha! I'm not falling for that one.

CAPTAIN: Are you the manager?

SARAH: I am he. Or should I say, I am she actually.

MATE: And a very lovely looking she if I might say so.

SARAH: You may say so young man. But don't think you can get round me that way.

MATE: I can see it would take a long time to get all the way round you.

SARAH: Cheeky!

CAPTAIN: Let me introduce myself. I am the Captain of Saucy Sal the sailing ship.

SARAH: Saucy Sal sailing ship setting sail soon? Not too easy to say with these teeth.

CAPTAIN: We sail tomorrow on the first tide, to get more stock for Alderman Fitzwarren's shop.

SARAH: The shop to which I am in employment of.

CAPTAIN: This is my Mate.

SARAH: How nice of you to bring your mate along to wave you off.

CAPTAIN: No he's not my mate, he's my Mate.

SARAH: Call him what you like lovie, it's still nice of him to wave you off.

CAPTAIN: He's the ships Mate.

MATE: I'm the Mate of the ship.

SARAH: What? The ship has a mate? Do you talk to the ship and give it a cuddle.

MATE: No, I splice the main brace and shiver the timbers.

SARAH: Don't you go talking dirty with me.

CAPTAIN: We need to buy some stores for the journey.

SARAH: I'm sure we can oblige. (SHE PULLS OUT A LONG STRING OF SAUSAGES) How about some sausages? Freshly caught this morning just off the coast of (LOCAL REFERENCE TO NEAREST COAST/LAKE/RIVER) Very useful on a long voyage. You can eat them or just wear them when it gets cold. (SHE PUTS THEM ON LIKE A SCARF) You can use them as a belt when your trousers fall down. (DEMONSTRATES BELT) Or you can use them to ward off marauding Pirates. (SHE SWING THEM AROUND IN A BIG ARC AND THE CAPTAIN AND THE MATE DUCK. THE CAPTAIN DUCKS FOR THE SECOND TIME ROUND BUT THE MATE FORGETS AND IS HIT BY THE SAUSAGES AND KNOCKED TO THE GROUND) Now I can see why you're the Captain.

THE MATE GETS BACK UP.

CAPTAIN: Do you have any cheese?

SARAH: No, we don't have any cheese. The rats have eaten it all.

MATE: But I'm sure I could smell cheese when I was down there. There's a very strong pong.

SARAH: The strong pong? That'll be my feet. I don't know why they stink. I wash them every year whether they need it or not.

THE MATE POKES A WIG THAT IS ON THE COUNTER AND THE WIG SLIDES TO THE OTHER END. (OPERATED BY SARAH FROM UNDER THE COUNTER - SEE PRODUCTION NOTES) THE MATE JUMPS BACK IN SURPRISE.

SARAH: Don't touch that. (SHE PICKS UP THE FRENCH STICK AND WHACKS THE WIG WITH IT, MAKING DUST FLY UP)

CAPTAIN: Do you handle smelly floor polish?

SARAH: Of course.

CAPTAIN: Do you handle stinky paraffin?

SARAH: Of course.

CAPTAIN: Do you handle scented soap!

SARAH: Yes of course.

CAPTAIN: Then use the soap to wash your dirty hands and give me a side of bacon.

SARAH PUTS A SIDE OF BACON ON THE COUNTER. THE MATE POKES THE WIG AND IT SLIDES BACK ACROSS THE COUNTER. HE JUMPS.

SARAH: Don't touch that wig. (SHE WHACKS IT WITH THE BACON. DUST FLIES UP) Whoops. That was your bacon. Not to worry. It's only got a few bits on it. (SHE SPITS LOUDLY ON THE BACON AND RUBS IT WITH HER SLEEVE) There. That's better.

CAPTAIN: Books? We'll need some books to read on the long voyage.

MATE: Yes, what books have you got. Ones with reading in.

SARAH: Gentlemen, you've come to the right place. We have a very new book that's come in. (SHE BRINGS A BOOK FROM UNDER THE COUNTER) This has just been delivered.

MATE: What's it about?

SARAH: Banana's

CAPTAIN: It's about banana's?

MATE: Banana's? Is it a cookery book?

SARAH: No it's for the ladies. Lots of things you can do with a banana.

CAPTAIN: What's it called?

SARAH: 50 shades of yellow.

THE MATE TOUCHES THE WIG AGAIN AND JUMPS BACK AS IT SHOOTS ACROSS THE COUNTER. SARAH TAKES THE FRENCH STICK AND WHACKS THE WIG AND DUST FLIES.

SARAH: I've told you already with my mouth. Now I'm telling you with my loaf. (SHE WHACKS THE MATE WITH THE FRENCH STICK) Don't touch that wig.

CAPTAIN: Shoes. I want the cheapest shoes in the shop.

SARAH: You're already wearing them.

CAPTAIN: Have you got any shoes in size nine?

SARAH: (SHE PUTS A PAIR OF SHOES ON THE COUNTER) Try these.

CAPTAIN: They look a bit small.

SARAH: Try them with the tongue out.

CAPTAIN: (HE STICKS HIS TONGUE OUT, SO DOES THE MATE, AND SPEAKS WITH A LISP) They still look a little small to me.

THE MATE TOUCHES THE WIG AGAIN AND IT SHOOTS BACK ACROSS THE COUNTER. SARAH HITS THE WIG WITH THE FRENCH STICK AND THEN HITS THE MATE WHO FALLS DOWN.

SARAH: Will you NOT touch that wig.

CAPTAIN: Have you got any tea?

MATE: (GETTING BACK UP) Tea?

SARAH: Tea. We have sacks of tea. (SHE HANDS HIM A SMALL SACK OF TEA)

CAPTAIN: Take this to the ship, Mate. (HE GIVES THE TEA TO THE MATE WHO STARTS TO WALK OUT) No, hold on a moment. My mind is going blank. I didn't mean tea, I meant sugar. (THE MATE RETURNS)

SARAH: Well silly you luvie. Sugar not tea. An obvious mistake. Here's some sugar.

THEY SWAP THE SACK OF TEA FOR A SACK OF SUGAR.

CAPTAIN: Take this to the ship, Mate. (HE GIVES THE BAG OF SUGAR TO THE MATE WHO STARTS TO WALK OUT) No hold on a moment. I didn't mean sugar. It's all the excitement of the voyage. I meant that other white stuff. Salt. (THE MATE RETURNS)

SARAH: Oh dear. You silly old salty sea dog you. Sugar. Salt. Almost the same thing. An easy mistake.

THEY SWAP THE SACK OF SUGAR FOR A SMALL SACK OF SALT. THE CAPTAIN AND THE MATE GO TO EXIT.

SARAH: Hold on a moment you saucy little sea-going rascal. You haven't paid me for the salt.

CAPTAIN: I didn't need to. I swapped it for the sugar.

SARAH: So you did. But hang on, you didn't pay me for the sugar.

CAPTAIN: That's because I swapped it for the tea.

SARAH: That's right. But one moment. You didn't pay me for the tea.

CAPTAIN: Well of course not. Don't you remember? We didn't want the tea.

SARAH: Oh that's right... You didn't want the tea. (TO AUDIENCE) He didn't want the tea, did he? I think I've just been diddled somewhere I didn't want to be diddled. But I have to say that I didn't feel a thing.

THE MATE GOES TO TOUCH THE WIG AGAIN AND IT SLIDS TO THE OTHER END OF THE COUNTER. SARAH HITS IT AND DUST COMES UP.

SARAH: Don't touch that wig. It doesn't like it's dust being disturbed. (SHE WHACKS THE MATE AGAIN)

MATE: I never DO get to touch it. It moves whenever I go near it.

SARAH: That's because you frightened it with your jerky movements. Try moving slowly towards it and it won't run. But watch out for the dust.

THE MATE BENDS DOWN WITH HIS FACE CLOSE TO THE WIG SARAH WHACKS HIM ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD. HIS HEAD GOES DOWN FURTHER AND HIS FACE GETS SQUIRTED AND TOTALLY COVERED IN WHITE DUST. HE STANDS UP AND SHOWS HIS WHITE FACE TO THE AUDIENCE.

(NOTE: THE "DUST" IS FLOUR THAT IS PUFFED BY SARAH FROM A SQUEEZY PUFFER BOTTLE - SEE PRODUCTION NOTES)

SARAH: How many times did I tell you not to touch that wig. Now it's gone all defensive. Get out of my shop.

SARAH CHASES THE CAPTAIN AND MATE AROUND THE SHOP TRYING TO HIT THEM WITH THE FRENCH STICK. THEY CIRCLE THE COUNTER A COUPLE OF TIMES THEN SARAH REALISES THAT IF SHE STANDS STILL THEY WILL COME ROUND AGAIN. SHE STOPS AT THE END OF THE COUNTER AND WHACKS THEM BOTH AS THEY PASS. THEY GO ROUND AGAIN AND GET WHACKED ONE MORE TIME BEFORE MAKING THEIR EXIT.

Note: There is a chance here for a silly Keystone Cops sequence with a flashing strobe light and silly music.

ENTER ALDERMAN FITZWARREN AND DICK.
DICK PUTS HIS BUNDLE ON THE COUNTER.

ALDERMAN: Sarah, you're looking good.

SARAH: It must be all those Marathons.

ALDERMAN: Have you been running Marathons?

SARAH: Not running them. Eating them.

ALDERMAN: Sarah, this is a new boy to help you in the shop. Dick Whittington.

DICK: Please... Call me Dick.

SARAH: Ooo! Just what I've always wanted. A lovely young Dick.

ALDERMAN: He will be nightwatchman tonight. We need someone to guard the takings. We have a lot of money at the moment due to the Saucy Sal sailing on the morning tide. The captain needs the cash to buy all the items for the shop.

DICK: Thank you sir for giving me a job. I won't let you down.

ALDERMAN: You don't have me to thank son. It was Alice who said I should employ you. For some reason she saw something good in you.

DICK: I will thank her when I see her.

ALDERMAN: Just see that you do a good job and we'll get on fine. (EXITS)

SARAH: I'll go and lock the shop door for closing time.

SARAH GOES TO THE SHOP DOOR/ENTRANCE AND AT THE SAME TIME IDLE JACK ENTERS FROM THE OTHER SIDE WITH ALICE.

ALICE: How are you getting on Dick?

DICK: It's too early to say. This is all too new to me and I don't know what's expected.

ALICE: Just do your best. Be honest in all things and you'll do fine.

JACK: And don't forget confidence. You need that, even if people like me haven't got much. Although I do know how to get it. (TO AUDIENCE) How am I doing kids? (AUDIENCE REACTION) Thanks. Now I feel a lot better but quite tired with all this work.

ALICE: You haven't done any work yet.

JACK: I know, but just the thought of it makes me tired.

SARAH AND TOMMY ENTER TOGETHER

SARAH: Look what I found outside the door. A cat.

TOMMY: (GOES OVER TO DICK AND RUBS AGAINST HIM)

DICK: This is Tommy. He's with me.

TOMMY: Meow. (BOWS TO EVERYONE)

ALICE: He's lovely.

SARAH: Very clever and intelligent.

TOMMY: (GOES ROUND AND SHAKES EVERYONE'S HANDS)

ENTER ALDERMAN FITZWARREN HOLDING A BAG OF CASH.

ALDERMAN: This is the money for buying all the stock when the Saucy Sal goes into the ports. It's almost all the money I have so it needs to be taken care of.

HE PUTS THE MONEY BAG ONTO THE COUNTER AND AS HE DOES, THE LIGHTS DIM AND THERE IS A LIGHTENING FLASH. EVERYONE IS FROZEN IN TIME EXCEPT TOMMY WHO HIDES BEHIND THE END OF THE COUNTER, BUT STILL VISIBLE TO THE AUDIENCE.

KING RAT ENTERS AND IS LIT BY A GREEN LIGHT.

KING RAT: Ahh haa haa haaaa! Now to carry out my evil plan.

KING RAT VERY OBVIOUSLY PICKS UP THE BAG OF MONEY AND PLACES IT IN DICK'S BUNDLE. HE RUBS HIS HANDS TOGETHER IN GLEE. THE AUDIENCE WILL PROBABLY BE BOOING AT THIS POINT.

KING RAT: (TO AUDIENCE) What! You lot don't scare King Rat. If you don't keep quiet I'll send my army of rats to all your homes and leave currents in your muesli. Ahh haa haa haaaa!

KING RAT EXITS. THERE IS A LIGHTNING FLASH AND THE STAGE LIGHTS RETURN TO NORMAL. EVERYONE WAKES UP.

ALDERMAN: The best thing to do is put this money in the safe... Where is it? The money? It's gone.

ALICE: Don't be silly Father. It can't just have disappeared. Where did you put it?

ALDERMAN: There! I put it there. Just now.

SARAH: He did. I saw him with my eyeballs. Both of them.

ALICE: It can't be there one second and then gone the next.

TOMMY: Meow! (HE TUGS DICK'S ARM AND STARTS TO TELL A STORY IN MIME)

DICK: What is it Tommy?

TOMMY: (HE MAKES CLAWING SIGNS AND STARTS HISSING, IMITATING KING RAT) Hisssss!

SARAH: See. It was taken by a dinosaur.

DICK: Show us more Tommy.

TOMMY: (HE POINTS TO WHERE THE MONEY WAS)

DICK: The money? Yes we know it was there.

TOMMY: (HE MIMES PICKING UP THE MONEY AND HOLDING IT TO HIMSELF)

DICK: Someone picked up the money?

TOMMY: Meow! (NODDING YES. HE DOES AN EXAGGERATED TIP TOE TO WHERE DICK'S BUNDLE IS)

DICK: Then this person moved the money somewhere?

TOMMY: (NODDING YES. HE THEN POINTS TO DICK'S BUNDLE AND AT THE SAME TIME COVERS HIS OWN EYES IN DISAPPOINTMENT)

DICK: My belongings? Why point at my belongings.

ALDERMAN: What is all this playacting. The money has gone and everyone must be searched.

SARAH: Oooo goodie! Can I choose who's going to frisk me. I have standards you know.

JACK: It wasn't me. I was probably asleep.

ALICE: No wait. Tommy is trying to tell us something.

TOMMY: (AGAIN POINTING TO DICK'S BUNDLE)

ALICE: Are you saying that the money is in there.

TOMMY: Meow! (NODS)

ALICE: But how could it have got in there. We would have all seen it.

TOMMY: Meow...yow...yow...yow. (HE MIMES HYPNOTISING HIMSELF AND THEN STANDS STILL)

ALDERMAN: Enough. The cat seems to think the money is in Dick's belongings so let's start there.

DICK: With pleasure. I have nothing to hide.

DICK REACHES INTO HIS BUNDLE AND IN SURPRISE, PULLS OUT THE BAG OF CASH, HOLDING IT HIGH. EVERYONE LOOKS ON IN HORROR.

ALDERMAN: It was you all the time. I don't know how you did it, but there it is. My money in your bundle. (HE SNATCHES THE MONEY BAG BACK) Get out! (POINTING)

ALICE: But Father!

ALDERMAN: I should never have trusted you. Get out of my shop.

ALICE: But Father this can't be right.

ALDERMAN: Don't try to defend him. We caught him red handed.
Go now and never come back. And take that flea
ridden animal with you.

DICK AND TOMMY WALK OUT OF THE SCENE
THROUGH THE CLOSING TABS AND ONTO THE
APRON.

CLOSE TAB

END SCENE.

SCENE 4: HIGHGATE HILL

DICK AND TOMMY WALK ONTO THE APRON
THROUGH THE CLOSING TABS.

DICK: How did that happen Tommy?

TOMMY: Meow. (SHAKES HIS HEAD AND LOOKS SAD)

DICK: I didn't do anything. I have no idea how the money got in my belongings.

TOMMY: Hissss! (MAKES CLAWING MOTIONS TO ILLUSTRATE A RAT)

DICK: It's that dinosaur again is it?

TOMMY: (LOOKS SAD AND SHAKES HEAD)

DICK: Perhaps London is not such a good place to be after all. No one seems to like me. Except Alice. I shall be sad to leave Alice. Look Tommy. (POINTING TO SIDE OF AUDITORIUM) I can see the whole expanse of London from here. It looks so nice and innocent. I'll have to go home to Gloucestershire. But Tommy! You must stay. A cat can find a nice home here.

TOMMY: (SHAKES HEAD VIGOROUSLY AND RUB HIMSELF AGAINST DICK)

DICK: But it's no good staying with me. I don't seem to be getting anything right.

TOMMY: (MIMES THAT HE WANTS TO STAY WITH DICK)

DICK: You want to stay with me?

TOMMY: (NODS)

DICK: That's brave of you. I will be very happy to have you along as a friend even though I have no idea where my life is going. I don't even know where we are now. That's London down there but...

THE CARETAKER ENTERS CARRYING A SCENERY CUT OUT OF A MILE STONE.

CARETAKER: Highgate Hill young man. You're on Highgate Hill. Haven't you read the script?

DICK: What's that. (POINTING TO MILE STONE WHICH THE CARETAKER IS POSITIONING TO ONE SIDE OF THE APRON)

CARETAKER: It's supposed to be a mile stone, but I've no idea who painted this abomination.

DICK: A mile stone? Telling me how many miles to London?

CARETAKER: Got it in one.

DICK: But I don't care about London. London has turned me away. Does your milestone tell me how far it is to Gloucestershire?

CARETAKER: No, sorry son. You going home then?

DICK: It looks like it.

CARETAKER: I'll tell you what. I'll go and look it up on Google Earth.

CARETAKER:

We can see how long it'll take you to get back.
The cat! Has he used the litter tray?

TOMMY:

(SHAKES HIS HEAD)

CARETAKER:

I hope he can wait until the interval.

TOMMY:

(NODDING AND PUTTING HIS THUMB UP)

CARETAKER:

Good. Okay, I'll go and find the route to
Gloustershire and you can put it in yer G.P.S.

THE CARETAKER EXITS. THE LIGHTING
LEVELS START TO DROP.

DICK:

Oh Tommy, it's getting late. I think we'll have to
spend another night under the stars.

DICK AND TOMMY GO OVER TO THE MILESTONE
AND GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR TO SLEEP.
THE LIGHTING CONCENTRATES DOWN ON THEM.

DICK:

We'll start for Gloustershire in the morning.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE THE
FAIRY OF THE BELLS ENTERS IN A FLASH
AND IS LIT BY A PINK LIGHT.

FAIRY:

As Dick and Tommy fall to sleep,
a vigil over them I'll keep,
and gently show them in a dream,
that there might be another scheme.
Let London's bells ring out for joy,
and stir the mind of this brave boy.
Whittington must turn again,
or Alice he will love in vain.
Ring out Bow Bells and tell your son
he'll soon be Mayor of all London.

(LOUD AND COMMANDING AS THE BELLS START) Turn again
Whittington. Lord Mayor of London.

THE BELLS OF BOW PEAL OUT.

THE TABS START TO OPEN AS THE FAIRY OF
THE BELLS WALKS INTO NEXT SCENE. DICK
AND TOMMY REMAIN ASLEEP.

END SCENE.

SCENE 5. HIGHGATE HILL (DICK'S DREAM) -- MOMENTS LATER

AS THE TABS OPEN, DICK AND TOMMY ARE SLEEPING BY THE MILE STONE (ON APRON). THE FAIRY OF THE BELLS STEPS INTO THE SCENE THROUGH THE OPENING TABS.

THE SCENERY SHOWS LONDON IN THE DISTANCE (OR PERHAPS A PLAIN SKY WITH CLOUDS) EVERYTHING IS BRIGHTLY LIT WITH LOTS OF LIGHT COMING FROM HIGH AND BEHIND THE ACTORS ALMOST PUTTING THEM INTO SILHOUETTE.

A full screen of netting would make this dream sequence work better if it is possible. It should separate those on the apron (Dick, Tommy, Fairy) from the other actor/dancers, making a clear definition as to who is in the dream and who is watching.

ONCE THE DREAM SEQUENCE STARTS, DICK AND TOMMY SLOWLY WAKE AND GRADUALLY STAND TO WATCH THE DREAM.

TO START WITH, THE BELLS PEAL OUT ON THEIR OWN, BUT GRADUALLY GET MORE RHYTHMICAL. THE VOICES GENTLY START TO CHANT "TURN AGAIN WHITTINGTON. LORD MAYOR OF LONDON." GRADUALLY BECOMING LOUDER AND MORE DISTINCT LEAVING THE BELLS TO FADE.

THIS IS MIXED WITH A ROUSING "BRITISH" CLASSICAL PIECE LIKE "LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY".

Musical Number: Dream sequence using dancers and singers (Chorus).

Suggestion: "Land of Hope and Glory" from Pomp and Circumstance, March No 1 (The end section).

DANCERS AND OTHERS OF THE CHORUS CARRY HUGE CUT-OUT BELLS WHICH THEY SWAY FROM SIDE TO SIDE. LOTS OF FLAG WAVING AND PATRIOTISM.

DURING THE SEQUENCE DICK IS SHOWN, ONE BY ONE, THE REGALIA OF THE MAYOR'S OFFICE. A LARGE STATELY CRIMSON CLOAK, THE THREE CORNERED HAT, THE GOLD CHAIN, THE CEREMONIAL SWORD.

DICK DOESN'T SEEM TO FULLY SEE THE DREAM PEOPLE YET HE WAKES UP AND LOOKS INTO THE DISTANCE.

DICK: Can you hear it Tommy?

TOMMY: Meow! (PUTS HAND TO CUP EAR)

DICK: What are they saying?

TOMMY: Meow!

DICK: Yes! That's it Tommy. You can hear it too. They say that I am to be Lord Mayor of London one day. Tommy! We must go back. We must turn again. We mustn't run away from our troubles. Nothing will ever be achieved by running away.

TOMMY: Meow! (NODDING)

DICK: Listen Tommy! There it is again. Turn again
Whittington. Turn again.

TOMMY: Meow!

THE MUSIC RISES TO A CRESCENDO AS DICK
IS GRADUALLY TAKING UP THE CLASSIC POSE
WITH HIS STICK AND BUNDLE OVER HIS
SHOULDER, TOMMY SITTING BY HIS SIDE AND
THE MILE STONE BEHIND, LOOKING AND
POINTING OFF INTO THE FUTURE. ALL THE
OTHER ARTISTS EXIT LEAVING JUST DICK
AND TOMMY.

DICK: Tommy! ... We're going back.

THE LIGHTING ON THE MAIN STAGE COMES UP
TO IT'S FULLEST BRIGHTNESS LEAVING A
SILHOUETTED TABLEAU OF DICK WHITTINGTON
AND HIS CAT POINTING TO LONDON.

CURTAIN

*Note: If stage settings leave Dick and Tommy in front of the main
curtain they should stride off purposefully (breaking their pose) as
the curtain falls.*

END SCENE.

END ACT I.

INTERVAL.

TO REVIEW THE FULL SCRIPT (FREE)
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