

# DICK WHITTINGTON

by Nigel Holmes

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# CAST LIST

For ten actors, plus ensemble and/or dancers.  
(Plus as many rats as possible.)

ALICE: Alice Fitzwarren. The pretty and knowing daughter of the Alderman.

DICK: Dick Whittington. A penniless, young and naive adventurer.

SARAH THE COOK: Sarah the cook. The Dame.

TOMMY THE CAT: A cat. Nothing more to say.

KING RAT: Evil and nasty. Want's his rat army to take over the world.

RIZI THE RAT: Trainee rat. New to the job of being an evil rat.

FAIRY BOW BELLS: Magical London Fairy. A cockney (Eastender). She constantly slips in innuendos, but pretends not to notice.

ALDERMAN: Alderman Fitzwarren. Owner of Fitzwarren's Store. Very hesitant.

CAPTAIN BILGE: The Saucy Sal ship's captain.

THE SULTAN: The Sultan of Morocco.

NOTE: FOR A PROFESSIONAL SHOW, THE  
ALDERMAN, CAPTAIN BILGE AND THE SULTAN  
COULD BE DOUBLED.

RATS: As many rats as possible. Big and small. Children or panto babes. (Or could simply be made up from the chorus or dancers.)

**ACT I: SCENE 1: THE DOCKSIDE IN OLD LONDON TOWN.**

THE QUAY OF THE LONDON DOCKS. THE ENTRANCE TO FITZWARREN'S STORE IS VISIBLE TO ONE SIDE. (POSSIBLY A PHYSICAL DOOR OR AN ARCH.)

NOTE: IT SHOULD BE POSSIBLE FOR A SHIP (OR PART OF) TO BE MOORED AT THE DOCK IN A LATER SCENE.

THE STAGE IS FULL OF PEOPLE SINGING AND DANCING. ALICE FITZWARREN IS AMONG THEM.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: The villagers and chorus.*

*SUGGESTION: Dance Monkey - Tones and I.*

ALICE COMES FORWARD OUT OF THE CHORUS AS ALDERMAN FITZWARREN ENTERS FROM THE SHOP.

ALDERMAN: Ah Alice. There we are, what, yes.

ALICE: Hi Daddy.

ALDERMAN: I was... er... wondering what was... er... you know?

ALICE: What, the dancing? Oh just us young people celebrating being alive and living in London. It's the most vibrant and modern city in the known world. Look at us all. Young happy and free.

THE VILLAGERS CHEER.

ALDERMAN: I'm... er... not so sure that everything is... well, you know, as rosy as you seem to... er...

ALICE: Why? Because our shop has rats?

ALDERMAN: Shush! (STAGE WHISPER.) Keep your... thing... voice down. I...er... don't want everyone to know we have... well... you know... er... rats. Yes, there. I said it. Rats. Shush! Rats. What?

ALICE: (STAGE WHISPER.) Sorry Daddy. I know you want to keep it quiet.

SARAH THE COOK BURSTS FROM THE SHOP DOOR IN A PANIC.

SARAH THE COOK: (LOUDLY.) Rats! Rats! Lookout. The rats are back. Rats in the kitchen again. Rats, rats! Run for your lives. Rats, rats!

THE VILLAGERS SCREAM AND RUN OFF IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

ALDERMAN: (THROWING HANDS IN THE AIR.) What on Earth.. er... I said keep it... oh er... too late.

ALDERMAN FITZWARREN STORMS OFF (EXITS) INTO THE SHOP, FOLLOWED CLOSELY BY HIS DAUGHTER ALICE WHO LOOKS WORRIED FOR HIM.

SARAH THE COOK: Was it something I said?

SARAH THE COOK:

Hello my little chickabiddies. That grumpy bloke was Alderman Fitzwarren and his dishy daughter Alice. I work for him. He's the owner of that shop over there. Fitzwarren's store. Named after himself, well it would be wouldn't it silly? Although, listen, between you and me, things are not so good in the finance department right now if you know what I mean. They're a bit how's-yer-farther. (GRADUALLY BREAKING DOWN MORE AND MORE AND GETTING TEARY.) It's the rats. Those rats are eating everything. Yes, everything. The shop is running out of stock. They might go bank-corrupt and have to shut. (SNIFF.) And then I'll get chucked out of my job. I won't have any money. I'm gonna starve. (SNIFF.) I'll be dead. (SNIFF.) My life will be over before I'm twenty two. Well, twenty two and three quarters. (TAKING OUT A HUGE HANDKERCHIEF AND BLOWING HARD WITH A LOUD SNORT.) Sorry! But I'm upset. Sorry, sorry. I'm staring to sound as negative as the headlines on New at Ten.

(RALLYING.) Right! Anyway, you don't want to hear all that nasty stuff do you? Let's look on the bright side. Are you all wonderbar and happy? (WAITING FOR A RESPONSE.) You'll have to do better than that. I said, are you all wonderbar and happy? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) That's more like it.

I'm Sarah. Sarah the cook. I cook for old grumpy drawers. The posh bloke, Alderman Fitzwarren. He just loves my cooking. Can't get enough of my dumplings' (FINDING COUPLE IN AUDIENCE.) Do you like your lady's dumplings Sir? Slightly squidgy, but with a nice feel in yer mouth?

Apparently the cook Alderman Fitzwarren had before me wasn't so good. One day he asked where his dinner was and she said it was in the dog.

Do you know what? I was invited to go on Celebrity Bake-Off? But I was zonked and black balled out by that Nigella. She didn't want me to reveal my showstopper.

DICK ENTERS CARRYING HIS BUNDLE OVER HIS SHOULDER.

SARAH THE COOK: Well hello handsome.

DICK: (BOWING.) Pleased to meet you I am Dick Whittington. And you are...?

SARAH THE COOK: Ooo, how polite. Pleased to meet you as well Dick Whittington I'm sure. I'm Sarah the cook. Are you looking for cooking?

DICK: Sadly not madam. I'm actually looking for gold, Is this London? Apparently London is paved with gold but I haven't seen any yet.

SARAH THE COOK: Gold pavements eh? Well this is London alright, and there's plenty of unmentionable slippy whippy stuff on the pavements, but there's not any gold. I mean listen, what's that gloppy globule there? (POINTING TO FLOOR.) Sometimes it's best not to know. I hate to think where that's been before it ended up squashed down there. And here, this desiccated pink stuff.

SARAH THE COOK: That certainly came from somewhere unmentionable. Can't be chewing gum can it? Willy Wonker hasn't invented that yet.

DICK: If there's no gold, what am I going to do? I was told that if I came to London I could make my fortune.

SARAH THE COOK: There's more than one way of getting rich. You could always become TikTok famous for doing a silly dance. I got twenty million hits last week for just bouncing my bits up and down. Or you could go on one of them there reality things. The Only Way is Bognor (OR LOCAL REFERENCE.) or Made in a Chelsea Bun.

DICK: I don't want to be famous. Just earn a living so I can make my way in life. Perhaps marry and have children. You know the sort of thing.

SARAH THE COOK: Oooo, are you looking for a wife? (PREENING HERSELF.)

DICK: Ah, well... Er... You seem very nice but I was thinking of someone more my own...

SARAH THE COOK: Sadly I might already be taken.

DICK: Phew! I mean, Oh what a shame.

SARAH THE COOK: Alderman Fitzwarren has had his eyes on my protuberance for some time.

DICK: Thank goodness. I mean, lucky man.

SARAH THE COOK: Just a moment. I've had a thought, with my brain. Alice! You need to meet Alice.

DICK: This Alice, is she... er... like you?

SARAH THE COOK: I know that you're disappointing I might already be spoken for, but you'll just have to tighten, enlighten and settle for second best. You know, Alice and I are almost the same age.

DICK: Oh dear.

SARAH THE COOK: She might even be slightly younger.

DICK: How slightly?

SARAH THE COOK: It's a shame she doesn't have the same looks though.

DICK: Yes, shame.

SARAH THE COOK: But I think you'll like her. (CALLING.) Coo-eee Alice. Alice. Do you have a moment?

ALICE ENTERS AND STOPS IN HER TRACKS AS SHE SEES DICK. THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER FOR A MOMENT AS THEIR EYES MEET.

SARAH THE COOK: Ah. (TO AUDIENCE.) I think Alice likes Dick.

DICK: You must be Alice. I'm Dick.

ALICE: Dick. Yes. That's exactly what I thought as soon as I saw you. Dick.

SARAH THE COOK: Perhaps I should quietly and daintily drift away.

SARAH EXITS ON TIP-TOES THROUGH THE SHOP DOOR.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Duet - Alice and Dick.*

*SUGGESTION: Perfect - Ed Sheeran?*

DICK: Do you live around here?

ALICE: My father is Alderman Fitzwarren. He owns that shop. What about you?

DICK: I've just arrived in London. I'm here to make my fortune, but it seems to have gone slightly wrong. I wonder, do you think your father might give me a job in his shop.

ALICE: I don't know. Shall we go and ask him?

ALICE AND DICK EXIT THROUGH THE SHOP DOOR.

KING RAT ENTERS.

KING RAT: (DIRECT TO AUDIENCE.) Well what have we here? Pwah! A nasty smell that's what. The stench of humans. There you are, all dressed up and perfumed like sweet little flowers. Pwah! You stink.

Was that a boo? A little woolly attempt from some wimp hiding out there in the dark. Well come on. Let's have it. Get it out of the way before I crush you. Come on. Let's hear your best boo. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Is that it? Is that the loudest you can do? I'll give you one more go before I shut you up forever. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

(PROUDLY.) I am King Rat. That's me. King. Head of all things evil. Ahh haa ha ha! (EVIL CACKLE.) You are in the presence of nastiness that you can't even comprehend. The hairs on the back of your neck should be standing up like the bristles on a Marks and Spencer bog brush.

I roam the sewers of London and know everything about everyone. My rats gather more information than Google, Facebook and Microsoft put together. Nothing escapes my army of long tailed followers. We even know what you had for breakfast. It all ends up in my domain below the city.

My soldiers have already taken over power in Fitzwarren's store and will gradually spread throughout the whole of London. My team of dedicated rats are right now crawling into (NAME OF TOWN) and not even your granny is safe from my evil. And that's not the end. I have plans to spread my power all around the world. Ahh haa ha ha.

RIZI RAT ENTERS TRAILING A BAG.

RIZI THE RAT: Master, master. Look what I've found.

KING RAT: Ah Rizzi. This is my apprentice, Rizzi Rat. I'm teaching him to become as evil as me.

RIZI THE RAT: Please master. What should I do with these?

KING RAT: (LOOKING IN BAG.) Throw them away.

RIZI THE RAT: But master.

KING RAT: Rizzi. Here! (POINTING TO JUST IN FRONT OF HIM.)

RIZI THE RAT: Yes master. (MOVING TO SPOT.)

KING RAT: Show me your whiskers.

KING RAT TWISTS RIZI RAT'S WHISKERS AND  
RIZI SHOUTS OUT.

RIZI THE RAT: Ahhhhhhhhhhgggg!

KING RAT: Do as I tell you or I'll twist your whiskers so hard  
you'll scream for your little old mummy.

RIZI THE RAT: (TRYING FOR SYMPATHY.) I never had a mummy, master.  
(GESTURING AUDIENCE FOR AN "AHHHH" RESPONSE.)

KING RAT: Of course you had a mummy. It's biologically  
impossible not to have a mummy.

RIZI THE RAT: I don't master. I was an orphan before I was born.  
I don't even have any brothers or sisters. No family  
at all. (GESTURING FOR AN "AHHHH") It's sadder than  
that. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) I was found as a baby at  
the bottom of the sewerage outlet, master. That big  
one from the meat pie factory.

KING RAT: Then you're mummy probably ended up as the gristly  
bits you find in those a steak and ale pie. Ahh haa  
ha ha.

KING RAT EXITS.

RIZI THE RAT: It's sad not having a family. Not knowing where you  
came from. One day I was nowhere, then suddenly I  
was somewhere. Here. Plop! At the bottom of a  
pipe. They named me Rizzi. I like that. Rizzi rat.  
Sounds fancy don't it?

Anyway, look what I've found. (SHOWING BAG.) My  
master said "Throw them away". But this is a bag  
full of sweets. Any ideas where I should throw them?

RIZI THE RAT THROWS SWEETS FROM THE BAG  
INTO THE AUDIENCE FOR THE CHILDREN.

RIZI THE RAT: Do you like those sweet? They should be quite tasty.  
I found them floating along the main drain under  
(THEATRE NAME). It's okay, I gave them a wipe with  
my sleeve to make them hygienic.

Hey, do you want to hear a good joke? What do you  
get when you cross a hen with a bedside clock?  
(BEAT.) An alarm cluck.

Here's another. How do monkeys make toast? (BEAT.)  
Put some bread under the gorilla.

As King Rat's apprentice I'm supposed to be learning  
how to be evil. But evil's not easy. I can't even  
do the cackle thing right. Listen. He ha ho ho ho.  
Or was that Father Christmas?

Without a family, I don't have anyone to give me  
confidence and tell me I'm doing okay. Hey, can you  
help?

RIZI THE RAT:

(AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) I said, can you help?  
(AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Like, if I say "How am I doing kids?" you can give me a really big cheer. Shall we give it a go? I'll go out and come back.

RIZI THE RAT EXITS AND ENTERS AGAIN IN ONE CIRCULAR MOVE.

RIZI THE RAT:

How and I doing kids? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Wow! That felt great. Can we do it again but louder?

RIZI THE RAT EXITS AND ENTERS AGAIN.

RIZI THE RAT:

How am I doing kids? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Yeah! I really feel like I have a family now.

I'd better go before the master finds out I've made some new friends. See you later kids.

RIZI THE RAT EXITS AS THE ALDERMAN, ALICE AND DICK ENTER.

ALDERMAN:

Ah er... Well my boy. I think I should be able to... er... give you.. you know... I have one position... er... Senior head and operations manager in leaf and bean steaming. Yes... er... plus chief executive darkness facilitator of the er... you know... keys?

DICK:

I'm not actually sure I have the qualifications for such a grand sounding job sir.

ALICE:

No no. Daddy is offering you, tea boy and night watchman.

DICK:

Ah! I'll take it.

ALDERMAN:

Tonight would be a good time to er...

DICK:

Yes I'll start tonight sir. I mean, thank you sir. You won't regret it.

ALDERMAN:

If you work really hard... er... boy, one day I might... you know... make you chief executive for dunking. Er... what?

DICK:

I say. Thank you sir.

ALICE:

It was his joke. He's saying, he'll put you in charge of the biscuits to dip in the tea.

DICK:

It doesn't matter. It's a job. And even more important, I get to see you every day.

ALDERMAN:

Are we... er... you know... going all sloppy boy?

DICK:

Well you see sir, I think I'm in love with your daughter.

ALICE:

Dick!

ALDERMAN:

I say, we'll have none of that sort of... what... talk around here boy. Alice is the daughter of a... er... you know... a highly respected nobleman, The Alderman Fitzwarren, oh that's... er... me, and we would not let her be involved with someone of such... er... low... you know? Oh yes, low status.



DICK: Then I will work hard sir. I will somehow make my fortune and then perhaps you will allow me to marry your daughter.

ALDERMAN: I highly doubt that will... er... happen. Just do your job boy and gain our... you know... our respect.

ALDERMAN FITZWARREN EXITS.

ALICE: Oh Dick. You can't go saying things about love. We've only just met.

DICK: There's been a girl in my dreams ever since I can remember. I just didn't know it was you.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Dick and Alice.*

*SUGGESTION: Beneath Your Beautiful - Labrinth and Emeli Sandé.*

ALICE: I think I love you too Dick, but Father will never let us get married until you've made something of yourself.

DICK: Then that is exactly what I must do. I will show everyone how hard I can work. Watch me climb up the ladder of success, until I reach the very top.

**END SCENE.**

**SCENE 2. SOMEWHERE MAGICAL.**

PLAYED ON THE APRON OR FRONT CLOTH.

FAIRY BOW BELLS ENTERS.

FAIRY BOW BELLS: Oh my goodness. Did you hear that babes? Dick is in love with Alice. And Alice certainly seems to want Dick.

Wait a minute my darlings. Are you reading things into my words that aren't there babes? Listen here, if any crudities creep in, I'll grab that hunk of a stage manager and get to the bottom of things. Any innuendo in this script and I'll get him to whip it out immediately.

Now listen up babes. I am Fairy Bow Bells. In charge of the bells of St Mary-le-Bow church in Cheapside. That's Bow to you darlings. East London. The place you see on telly in Eastenders. If you're born withing hearing distance of my bells, it makes you a real Cockney.

This is my magical wand. I have enough whiz in this lovely little stick thing (WAVING WAND) to magically vibrate whatever, wherever and whomever needs a good seeing to.

But for a moment babes, let's concentrate on Dick.

He's a nobody right now, agreed? Which means I've got to plan a way of making his part bigger. Pump him up a bit so to speak. Us girls need to give him a helping hand and make him stand up for himself eh?

What is it we all want girls? Rich and handsome. Although it's difficult to get both in the same package 'aint it? A man with a six pack and a large endowment. Oh well, never mind babes. We can't have everything.

Yet Mr Whittington will struggle in life unless we give him a bit of a hand girls. So what we need to do darlings is, give him one. One sidekick. When he's feeling floppy and down, he needs a friend that will stand up big and strong.

KING RAT ENTERS.

KING RAT: Ahh haa ha ha. The good fairy Bow Bells. We don't need you in this pantomime. Things have already been set in motion that your weak magic can never change. For I am King of all rats.

FAIRY BOW BELLS: The rat King? More like a Burger King. Look at you babes. Too many MacDonald's. I bet you're a supersize, plus chips with extra cheese. You've turned into a soft slippery splodge of sewer slime.

KING RAT: Yet little fairies like you hold no fear for me and my army of rodents. You may not see us, but we are already everywhere. Ahh haa ha ha.

FAIRY BOW BELLS: But I do know one entity that you do fear my darling. And my fairy magic is about to make him burst into your life.

KING RAT: Bring it on you dipsy fairy. Nothing can change the path of evil that the world is currently on. And I am top of the tree. Ahh haa ha ha.

FAIRY BOW BELLS: Let's see if you still remain so sure. Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, please welcome, the most fabulous magical rascal, Tommy the Cat.

TOMMY THE CAT SPRINGS INTO THE CENTRE OF THE STAGE. HE IS WEARING A SUPERHERO STYLE CAPE. HE STAND PROUDLY IN A "SUPERMAN POSE".

KING RAT: Ha! Don't panic! It's only Captain Underpants?

TOMMY THE CAT: Meeeeeeowww!

FAIRY BOW BELLS: Well said Tommy.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow, meow, mee-oow.

KING RAT: You don't frighten King Rat with your little furry friend. It would take more than a fishy smelling ball of fluff to scare the King of all rats.

TOMMY THE CAT: (SUDDENLY CLAWING AND HISSING IN KING RAT'S DIRECTION.) Hissssss!

KING RAT: Ah! Now that is a slightly more interesting development. Do those claws come as standard or are they an added extra?

FAIRY BOW BELLS: Unfortunately for you babes, Tommy is far more than just a standard cat. He is a black belt in judo, a major dago leader in karate, plus he trained for three years in the art of origami and he makes wonderful birds nest soup.

TOMMY THE CAT: (GENTLY CLAWING AND HISSING.) Hissssss!

KING RAT: (TO AUDIENCE.) Does it look like I'm scared of a silly cat? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh no I'm not. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh no I'm not. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) You people know nothing.

I will go now. But don't think for one moment that it's because of this fluffy excuse for a doormat. I'm going because I need to update my apps.

TOMMY CLAWS TOWARDS KING RAT, WHO JUMPS SLIGHTLY WHILE TRYING NOT TO LOOK FRIGHTENED.

KING RAT EXITS.

FAIRY BOW BELLS: Well Tommy darling. That certainly showed him.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow!

FAIRY BOW BELLS: Now Tommy. I have brought you here babes because I have a little task for you. I want you to deal with a little Dick. He cannot be left to deal with this adventure all alone. So I am sending you in to look after him. Help him climb that ladder of success darling. He wants to marry Alice Fitzwarren and at the moment this Dick is looking very unexciting for her.

FAIRY BOW BELLS:

Give me your cape babes. I need you in the disguise as a normal cat. Go and make friends with him. Be his mate. Excite him and thrust him firmly towards Alice.

TOMMY GIVE HIS CAPE TO FAIRY BOW BELLS,  
AND SHE EXITS AS THE TABS START TO OPEN.  
TOMMY WALKS THROUGH THE OPENING CURTAIN  
INTO THE NEXT SCENE.

**END SCENE.**

**SCENE 3: THE KITCHEN OF FITZWARREN'S STORE.**

SARAH THE COOK STANDS BEHIND A COUNTER OR TABLE. TOMMY THE CAT ENTERS, COMING THROUGH THE OPENING TABS FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE.

SARAH THE COOK: Hello little pussy cat. Where have you been? Have you been up to London to look at the queen? Just a moment, that was poetry.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow, meow, meooooow-owww.

SARAH THE COOK: Really. I didn't know they had sardines down there.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow, meeeeeeow, meeeeeeow, meow.

SARAH THE COOK: Not even on your birthday? I would have thought the vet would have told you about that before the operation.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow!

SARAH THE COOK: Fascinating. (ASIDE TO AUDIENCE.) I haven't a clue what he's saying.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow, meeeow, meow, meow, meow.

SARAH THE COOK: Did she really? And Mrs Smith the fishmonger's wife didn't mind you watching?

TOMMY THE CAT: Yooooow! Meow.

SARAH THE COOK: Oh, I'm not sure. Shall we ask the audience?

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow.

SARAH THE COOK: Okay, you ask them the question yourself. (ASIDE TO AUDIENCE.) I still don't speak cat.

TOMMY THE CAT: (DIRECTLY TO AUDIENCE.) Meow, meow, meeeeeeow yow me me me yow meeeooooow meow?

SARAH THE COOK: What do you think everyone. Is it yes or no? Please vote now. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow!

SARAH THE COOK: Exactly. I didn't expect that answer either.

TOMMY THE CAT: (POINTING INTO AUDIENCE.) Meow meow.

SARAH THE COOK: Yes I know. He's been causing trouble all along.

If you're staying in this area let's give you a name. I'm going to call you Whiskers.

TOMMY THE CAT: (LOOKS TOTALLY OFFENDED.) Meow.

SARAH THE COOK: Ginger then?

TOMMY THE CAT: (LOOKS DOWN AT FUR AND SHAKES HEAD.) Meow.

SARAH THE COOK: I take your point. What then?

TOMMY THE CAT: (MAKING THE SIGN OF A "T".) Meooooow!

SARAH THE COOK: Oh charades. I love charades. Is it a book, a film or a teapot?

TOMMY THE CAT: (MAKES "T" AGAIN.)

SARAH THE COOK: Tiddles?

TOMMY THE CAT: (MAKE A BEING SICK MIME.)

SARAH THE COOK: It's a "T" but what's next?

TOMMY THE CAT: (MAKES AN "O" WITH HANDS.)

SARAH THE COOK: "T" then "O". Tomato! No... Tom?

TOMMY THE CAT: (MAKES "LONGER" OR "EXPAND" GESTURE.)

SARAH THE COOK: Tom? Longer? Thomas? Shorter? Tommy!

TOMMY THE CAT: (JUMPS AROUND EXCITED.)

SARAH THE COOK: Tommy! Pleased to meet you Tommy. I'm Sarah the cook. (THEY SHAKE HANDS.) Hey, I don't suppose you can cook can you?

TOMMY THE CAT: (SHAKING HEAD, NO.) Meeyooooow!

SARAH THE COOK: Nor can I, but no one's found out yet. Would you like to help me make a special cake?

TOMMY THE CAT: (ENTHUSIASTICALLY NODDING YES.) Meeeeeow!

SARAH PUTS ON AN APRON (OR OVERALL TO COVER HER COSTUME) AND GIVES AN APRON TO TOMMY, WHICH HE WEARS.

SHE PULLS OUT A LARGE READY MADE SPONGE CAKE FROM BELOW THE COUNTER. TOMMY MIMES SURPRISE.

SARAH THE COOK: Well okay. So it's not exactly cooking. I bought it from (NAME LOCAL SUPERMARKET.) But we have to twiddle the trappings a bit to finish it off. And put a cherry on the top.

I got these cans of spray cream from Honest Harry's Bargain Barrow down the market. (OR NAME LOCAL MARKET.) They were really cheap, and I know why. The nozzles are a bit weird. You can never tell which way is the front. Look!

SARAH SPAYS A CAN AND IT SQUIRTS TO THE SIDE. TOMMY JUMPS OUT OF THE WAY.

SARAH THE COOK: See what I mean. It's very random.

SOME AD-LIB "BUSINESS" HERE AS SARAH THE COOK TRIES TO SPRAY CREAM AT THE CAKE, BUT IT GOES IN EVERY DIRECTION BUT THE RIGHT ONE.

TOMMY IS CONSTANTLY JUMPING OUT OF THE WAY.

AFTER MISSING THE CAKE A FEW TIMES, SARAH GOES TO THE FRONT OF THE STAGE WITH THE CAN AND TRIES TO SPRAY IT INTO THE AUDIENCE.

SARAH THE COOK: (AD-LIB?) Let me show you. Who would like a gob full of cream? I think I can reach the second row from here.

IT SPRAYS BACKWARDS AND OVER HER.

SHE RETURNS TO THE CAKE, AND SHE ENDS UP GETTING THE CREAM FULL IN HER FACE. PERHAPS TOMMY MIGHT PUT A CHERRY ON TOP OR ON HER NOSE.

ALICE ENTERS.

ALICE: (ENTERING.) Oh my goodness Sarah! Are you okay?

SARAH THE COOK: Fine, fine. Just making a cake. I experienced a cataclysmic explosion in the cream department. I'll just pop along and scrape some of it into a cream horn. (TO AUDIENCE.) I hope nobody filmed that for them social meteors like Face-off or Tik-Tack. I don't want to go viral. (EXITS.)

ALICE: (ANOUNCING TOWARDS WINGS.) Spillage in aisle two. Sanitation operatives to aisle two please.

THE CHORUS ENTERS WITH MOPS AND BUCKETS TO CLEAR UP ANY MESS WHILE JOINING IN WITH THE SONG. TOMMY MIXES IN AND GRADUALLY MAKES FRIENDS WITH ALICE.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Alice and the chorus.*

*SUGGESTION: Something bright and fun but about love.*

THE CHORUS EXITS AND ALICE AND TOMMY COME FORWARDS AS FRIENDS.

ALICE: Well hello little pussycat. Where have you turned up from?

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow, yow, yow, meeeeeeow.

ALICE: We need a cat for our shop. We have a rat problem you see. You could help our new nightwatchman. He's called Dick, and actually, I really fancy him.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow!

ALICE: I know! And we've only just met. Shush, don't say anything. Here he comes.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meeee-yow!

DICK: (ENTERING.) Well what have we here? Is this a new friend?

ALICE: He was with Sarah.

TOMMY GOES TO DICK AND STANDS NEXT TO HIM, LEANING ON HIM SLIGHTLY.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow!

ALICE: He seems to like you.

DICK: I like him too.

ALICE: Because of the rat problem, I thought you might like to have him as a friend on your night shift.

DICK: Great idea. Does he have a name?

TOMMY THE CAT: (POINTING TO AUDIENCE.) Meow, meyoow, meeow.

ALICE: I think he's telling you that you should ask the audience.

DICK: (TO AUDIENCE.) Do you know his name? Shout it out. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Timmy? What? Thomas? Tom? TOMMY! (TO TOMMY.) Are you called Tommy?

TOMMY THE CAT: (DANCING AROUND IN PLEASURE.) Meeeeeeow!

DICK: How do you do Tommy. (SHAKING HANDS.) Pleased to meet you. I hope we can become friends. Can you help us with the rat situation?

TOMMY THE CAT: (CLAWING AND HISSING.) Hissssss!

ALICE: I think he knows what you need to do.

DICK: Come on then Tommy. Let's find you something to eat.

ALICE, DICK AND TOMMY EXIT WHILE RIZI  
RAT ENTERS FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

RIZI THE RAT: How and I doing kids? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Wow! Fantastic! You remembered.

Since you saw me last, I've been practicing a bit of evil. I started by putting salt in the sugar bowl. That's bad isn't it? I bet none of you kids have ever thought of that one.

Then I gave my mate Richard Rat a wedgie. Ha, you should have seen his face. Then, one day I picked my nose and actually ate it. To be honest, it was pretty disgusting, but I've got to learn how to be evil somehow.

KING RAT: (ENTERING.) Make way, make way. King Rat coming through. (TO AUDIENCE.) Don't you dare boo me or I'll come down there and... and... and... Rizii... Think of something evil.

RIZI THE RAT: Er... Poke them in the arm.

KING RAT: You stupid ridiculous excuse for a rat. Evil. I said evil. I need something nasty.

RIZI THE RAT: Put them all on the naughty step?

KING RAT: They're laughing at you, you stupid rat I said scare them. Think of something really bad.

RIZI THE RAT: Yeah! Yeah! Really bad! Got it. If you don't stop booing King Rat he'll come down there and waft his feet at you.

KING RAT: What?

RIZI THE RAT: Well I've smelt your feet master. That's a really really bad smell. Pwah!

KING RAT: I'm not sure you've got the hang of this evil thing.

RIZI THE RAT: I know, I know. This is really evil. I'm going to switch off their wi-fi.

KING RAT: Forget them for a moment. I have an evil and sinister plan to make that Dick Whittington lose his job. And the cat will go too.



RIZI THE RAT: Ooooo, what is it master? This is really exciting.

KING RAT: Listen and learn Rizi Rat. This is so masterful that someday, someone in the future will write a book about it.

RIZI THE RAT: Will they still have books by then, master.

KING RAT: It won't be *that* far in the future.

RIZI THE RAT: (EXCITED.) What is it? What is it master?

KING RAT: I'm not going to tell you or you might give it away. But I'm going to get that cat out of here if it's the last thing I do. Ahh haa ha ha.

RIZI THE RAT: Master?

KING RAT: What!

RIZI THE RAT: Well, if it *is* the last thing you do master, can I have your "I love Barbie" T-shirt.

KING RAT: What! How do you know about that? You can't tell people I have that. I have to maintain authority over millions of rats.

RIZI THE RAT: Don't you remember master? You posted it on Facebook. *It's pink.*

KING RAT: I don't have a Facebook account.

RIZI THE RAT: Yes you do master. Hashtag weekend Barbie. I know it's you under that blonde wig.

KING RAT: Might be. Might be not. But even if it is, you can't tell anyone or I'll lose my credibility.

RIZI THE RAT: I know master. That's why I'm keeping it quiet. I've not told anyone.

KING RAT: You idiot! Now that lot know. (POINTING TO AUDIENCE.)

RIZI THE RAT: It's okay master. They wouldn't listen to a private conversation. (TO AUDIENCE.) Would you?

KING RAT: Oh yes you would. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh yes you would. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Well don't tell anyone outside the (NAME OF THEATRE HERE) theatre or I'll... I'll... Think of something nasty Rizi. And not something that involves feet.

RIZI THE RAT: We could er... (GETTING ENTHUSIASTIC.) Send the kids to school at the weekend. Or... Or... Put that cream you use on their toothbrushes. That Anusol cream. Or... Or... Take the batteries out of their TV zappers. Or... Or... Put a dead beetle in their cornflakes packet.

KING RAT: Rizi! Stop!

RIZI THE RAT: Sorry master.

KING RAT: My evil plan is about to start. Watch and learn. Ahh haa ha ha.

KING RAT AND RIZI RAT HIDE BEHIND THE COUNTER/TABLE.

DICK WHITTINGTON AND TOMMY ENTER. DICK IS CARRYING HIS BUNDLE WHICH HE PLACES ON THE COUNTER IN FULL VIEW.

DICK: I carry my whole life in that bundle Tommy.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow.

DICK: Everything I own. It's not a lot but life can only get better. And do you know what Tommy. I've decided to move my life forward.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow!

DICK: I've fallen in love with Alice and want to marry her. I know she loves me, but I have to ask her father, and I'm not sure he likes me. (TO AUDIENCE.) What do you think I should do? Should I just ask him? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh no I shouldn't. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Oh no I shouldn't. (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)

ALDERMAN FITZWARREN ENTERS CARRYING A BAG OF MONEY.

ALDERMAN: Ah there you are... er... thing... yes... Whittington. I have been looking for you as I have a... you know... a very important job for... er... you boy... yes.

DICK: Can I ask you something sir?

ALDERMAN: Well... er... I need to do...

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow! Meow, meow, meeeoow.

ALDERMAN: What? Ah yes. A cat. What? Now listen. This... er... money. You know. Money.

DICK: Yes sir. Money.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow!

ALDERMAN: What! Is this your... thing... your cat Whittington?

DICK: Yes sir.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow!

ALDERMAN: Smart cat eh what?

DICK: Yes sir.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meeeeeeow!

ALDERMAN: What? Oh yes. Where was I? Ah... Tomorrow our ship the... er... Saucy Sal, yes, leaves port to sail to far off and exotic lands. I know, what? It will buy food from around the world. I know, amazing. Plus silks trinkets and interesting nick-knacks to... er... well... sell in the... er... you know.

DICK: Yes sir.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow!

ALDERMAN: This is the money that will... er... be used to purchase those... yes, what... goods.

ALDERMAN:

It is all the money we have. The bank is now empty... yes I know... and we are relying on this voyage to... er, well... bring back enough stock to save the... you know.

DICK:

I see sir.

TOMMY THE CAT:

Meow!

ALDERMAN:

Exactly so Mr... er... cat.

TOMMY THE CAT:

Meow!

ALDERMAN:

In a moment I will put this, you know, in the company safe until, well...er... morning. Then you, as night watchman...

TOMMY THE CAT:

Meeeeeeow!

ALDERMAN:

... including the... er... night watch-CAT. It will be your job to see that no one, and I mean, what, no one at all, you know, goes anywhere near the... er... the safe. Guard it with your life Mr Whittington.

DICK:

Yes sir. Tommy and I will keep an eye on the safe all night.

TOMMY THE CAT:

Meeeeowwww!

THE ALDERMAN PUTS THE BAG OF MONEY ON THE COUNTER.

ALICE ENTERS AND EVERYONE LOOKS TOWARDS HER.

ALICE:

Look Daddy. I've made a full list of everything we need. What do you think? (SHOWING LONG LIST.)

THEY ALL LOOK AT THE LIST AND AWAY FROM THE COUNTER TOP.

KING RAT POPS UP FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER AND RIZI SHOWS HIS EYES JUST ABOVE THE TOP.

KING RAT RATHER OBVIOUSLY TAKES THE BAG OF MONEY AND VERY VISUALLY MOVES IT OVER TO DICK'S BUNDLE, PUTTING IT INSIDE. HALFWAY THROUGH THE ACTION, TOMMY TURNS AND SEES THE RATS MOVING THE MONEY. RUBBING THEIR HANDS IN GLEE, THE RATS SLOWLY DROP DOWN BEHIND THE COUNTER AGAIN.

TOMMY TAPS DICK ON THE SHOULDER.

DICK:

(TO TOMMY.) Just a moment Tommy. This is important.

TOMMY THE CAT:

(TAPPING DICK AGAIN.) Meeooooow!

DICK:

Yes, we'll get some food in a moment.

EVERYONE TURNS BACK TOWARDS THE COUNTER.

ALICE:

It's a long list Daddy, but there should be enough money in that bag to pay for everything.

ALDERMAN:

So... er... yes, Whittington, look after the money in this, you know, this bag.

ALDERMAN: (POINTING TO WHERE THE BAG WAS.) The money in this... Where is the bag? Where is the, what? The money!

DICK: You put it there sir.

ALDERMAN: I know I put it there Whittington, but, well you know, I can't see it now.

DICK: You must have moved it sir.

ALDERMAN: I certainly didn't, you know, well... move it.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow!

ALICE: Did you put it back in your pocket Daddy?

ALDERMAN: What! No of course not, no. It was there.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meeeeooooow!

ALICE: What is it Tommy? Are you trying to tell us something?

TOMMY THE CAT: (STARTING TO TELL THE STORY IN MIME.) Meow, meow, meooooow, meeeow.

DICK: Tommy is saying he knows where it went.

TOMMY THE CAT: (MAKING CLAWING SIGNS AND HISSING, IMITATING KING RAT.) Hisssss!

ALICE: There you are. Tommy says it was taken by a dinosaur.

TOMMY THE CAT: (GESTURING NO.) Meeee-yow!

DICK: Show us more Tommy.

TOMMY THE CAT: (POINTING TO WHERE THE MONEY BAG WAS.) Meow!

DICK: Yes, we know it was there.

TOMMY THE CAT: (HE MIMES PICKING UP THE BAG.) Meowww!

DICK: Someone picked up the bag.

TOMMY THE CAT: (MIMING THAT THE BAG WENT ACROSS THE COUNTER IN THE AIR.) Meow!

DICK: They moved it across the counter.

TOMMY THE CAT: (HE POINTS TO DICK'S BUNDLE AND MIMES DROPPING THE MONEY INTO IT.) Meowwww, meow, meeeeeeow! (TOMMY COVERS HIS EYES IN SHAME.)

DICK: My belongings? Why point at my belongings?

ALICE: Tommy? Are you telling us that the money is in Dick's bundle.

TOMMY THE CAT: (LOOKING SAD, BUT NODDING YES.) Meowwww!

DICK: It can't be in there. No one's been near it.

TOMMY THE CAT: (MIMING KING RAT BY CLAWING AND HISSING.) Hisssss!

ALICE: Not that dinosaur again.

DICK: Why would it be in my bundle?

ALDERMAN: This is, isn't it? You know, ridiculous. All we have to do is... well.. look in Mr Whittington's bundle and that will, you know.

DICK DIPS INTO HIS BUNDLE AND LOOKING SURPRISED, PULLS OUT THE BAG OF MONEY.

DICK: How on earth did that get in there?

ALDERMAN FITZWARREN GRABS THE MONEY BAG BACK.

ALDERMAN: Well well. Er... well! Young Whittington, you were obviously trying to, you know, hide the money and run... er... away with... it,

DICK: That's not true sir.

ALICE: Did you put it there temporarily so that it wouldn't get stolen Dick?

DICK: No Alice. I have to be honest. I've got no idea how it got in there.

ALDERMAN: That's it Mr... er... Mr Whittington, what, yes. I no longer trust you. You're, yes you are, fired. You no longer have a, you know, here. Please leave the premises immediately and, indeed, what, take your horrible smelly flea-bitten cat with you.

TOMMY THE CAT: Me-yow!

DICK: But sir.

ALICE: Daddy, no. There has to be an explanation.

ALDERMAN: This money is to go towards goods to save this shop. Mr Whittington here, him, yes, has shown that he is not trustworthy. He has to... er... Goodbye sir.

ALDERMAN FITZWARREN EXITS WITH THE MONEY.

DICK: Alice, this is not right. I didn't do this. I have no idea how the money got there.

ALICE: I don't know what to say. We were getting on so well, but now this has happened I'm not so sure. Perhaps father is right. We don't really know you and you say you came to make your fortune.

DICK: Yes it's true, I came to London to make my fortune, but not like this. (GETTING DOWN ON ONE KNEE.) Alice I love you. Will you marry me?

TOMMY THE CAT: (GETTING DOWN ON ONE KNEE BEHIND DICK.) Meow!

ALICE: I think I love you too, but there is no possibility of us ever marrying if my father doesn't agree. And right now you are not in his good books.

DICK AND TOMMY GET UP.

DICK: Then I will go away now and return when I have made my fortune. Your father will have no choice but to let us marry. Will you wait for me?

ALICE: Oh Dick. How can I know what the future brings.

ALICE EXITS AND DICK AND TOMMY LOOK STUNNED. DICK PICKS UP HIS BUNDLE.

DICK: I have to go now Tommy. You should stay here and have a comfortable home and a nice life. Goodbye my friend. (STARTING TO WALK AWAY.)

TOMMY THE CAT: (GRABBING DICK'S ARM AND HOLDING HIM BACK.) Meow, meow.

DICK: I have to go.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow, meowwww!

DICK: Well I guess you can come with me if you like. But I have no idea where I'm going. I can't give you the life you could have if you stay here, but I would be honored to have you along.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meeeeeeooooow!

DICK AND TOMMY EXIT AS GOOD FRIENDS.

KING RAT POPS HIS HEAD UP FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER.

KING RAT: Good riddance. That went rather well don't you think? (COMING TO THE FRONT.) My evil plan to get rid of the boy and that cat worked perfectly. The shop and all that is in it will be mine. Ahh haa ha ha.

Is someone booing me again? I've told you poor excuse for an audience to stop, but you won't listen. One more boo and I'll set my scary assistant Rizzi Rat on you.

Rizzi! Get out here.

RIZI THE RAT: I can't master.

KING RAT: What do you mean, you can't.

RIZI THE RAT: I can't master. My whiskers are stuck.

KING RAT: Well stop being stuck and get yourself out here.

RIZI THE RAT: There's something sticky here and...

KING RAT: You're stuck in it?

RIZI THE RAT: Yes master. I think someone's been cooking.

KING RAT: Oh course someone's been cooking. It's a kitchen you idiot.

RIZI THE RAT: Yes master but it...

KING RAT: Get out here right now.

RIZI THE RAT: I can't master. If I move, this happens. (A SQUIRT OF SILLY STRING SHOOTS HIGH IN THE AIR FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER. RIZI SCREAMS.) Ahhhhhhhhhhhh My whiskers!

*"Silly String" is sometimes called "Crazy String" and comes in aerosol cans, in many colours.*

KING RAT: Come out here immediately. I need you to be evil.  
RIZI THE RAT: (STRING SHOOTS UP.) Ahhhhhhhhhhhh! It hurts master.  
KING RAT: If you don't come out here now, I'll...  
RIZI THE RAT: (MORE STRING SHOOTS IN THE AIR.) Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!  
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhhhhhh! Every time I move  
master, it goes... (SILLY STRING SHOOTS UP.)  
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!  
KING RAT: Right! That's it.

KING RAT STORMS AROUND THE COUNTER AND  
DROPS OUT OF SIGHT.

THERE IS A FEW MOMENTS OF BOTH  
CHARACTORS MAKING NOISES (AHHHHHHHHHHHH!  
ETC) AND TWO SEPERATE STREAMS OF SILLY  
STRING, POSSIBLY DIFFERENT COLOURS,  
SHOOT UP RANDOMLY IN THE AIR.

AS THE STRING STOPS, RIZI COMES OUT FROM  
BEHIND THE COUNTER.

RIZI THE RAT: Hey! How am I doing kids? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.)  
That really hurt. (RUBBING WHISKERS AND LOOKING  
ABOUT.) Master, master. Where are you master?

KING RAT: (FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER A SQUIRT OF SILLY STRING  
SHOOTS IN THE AIR.) Ahhhhhhhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!  
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!

KING RAT EMERGES FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER  
LOOKING SLIGHTLY FRAZZLED.

KING RAT: Never, not ever, will you do that again.  
RIZI THE RAT: Sorry master.  
KING RAT: If you're going to learn to be evil you have to stay  
evil at all times. Show me your evil look.

RIZI DOES HIS BEST TO LOOK EVIL.

KING RAT: Hmmm! We'll work on it.  
RIZI THE RAT: Thank you master.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: King Rat (with Rizi Rat possibly joining in.)*

*SUGGESTION: Evil - Dove Cameron from "Descendants".*

FAIRY BOW BELLS ENTERS.

KING RAT: Oh not you again. (SNEERING.) Little fairy Bow  
Bells, come to save the day have you?  
RIZI THE RAT: Loving your outfit. Is that taffeta?  
FAIRY BOW BELLS: Thank you babes.  
KING RAT: (SCALDING RIZI.) Is that taffeta? Is that taffeta?  
Who cares if it's taffeta? Who cares if it's silk,  
corduroy or a wretched knitted tank top. She's the  
enemy. Be evil to her.  
FAIRY BOW BELLS: Thank you Rizi.

KING RAT: Now see what you've done. She thinks you're a friend.

RIZI THE RAT: I know master, but...

KING RAT: Right Miss Fairy. You've got here too late. We've already won.

FAIRY BOW BELLS: You've won nothing you silly excuse for a furry dice. My plan is running darling. It won't stop until I get satisfaction.

KING RAT: What plan? I have got rid of your boy and his silly animal and we will never see either of them again.

FAIRY BOW BELLS: Oh yes you will.

KING RAT: Oh no we won't.

FAIRY BOW BELLS: Oh yes you will.

KING RAT: Don't start that. I've had enough of that lot down there chanting that.

FAIRY BOW BELLS: I have a use for Dick. You will see him and his cat sooner than you think.

KING RAT: Well I won't think.

RIZI THE RAT: Nor will I master.

KING RAT: You don't think anyway.

FAIRY BOW BELLS: I have put this Dick in just the right place. A simple flick of the button babes, and it will all be over. The power in his thrust is quite remarkable.

KING RAT: Then my army of rats will follow along and disrupt your plan. Riz! Mobilise the troupes.

RIZI THE RAT: Yes master. Thank you for giving me an important job master but... I don't know what to do.

KING RAT: (TAKING RIZI BY THE EAR.) You stupid, stupid rat. How many times must I tell you. Come on, come on. I'll show you again.

RIZI THE RAT: Thank you master. Much obliged master. You're hurting my ear master. Ahhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhh! Ahhhhhhh!

KING RAT PULLS RIZI RAT OFF STAGE BY HIS EAR.

FAIRY BOW BELLS: Okay babes, let's see if our young man is ready for me to take him to new heights. We should find him leaving town and on his way to Highgate Hill.

FAIRY BOW BELLS WALKS OUT ONTO THE APRON AS THE TABS CLOSE BEHIND HER.

**END SCENE.**



**SCENE 4: HIGHGATE HILL**

FAIRY BOW BELLS WALKS ONTO THE APRON  
THROUGH THE CLOSING TABS.

FAIRY BOW BELLS: (LOOKING OUT INTO THE AUDIENCE AND IMAGING LONDON BEFORE HER.) Look! This is Highgate Hill my darlings. With a view across London that can't be matched. Everything is spread out before us. The financial city where the banks juggle the country's money. The political section with the houses of parliament, where all the laws are made. Then on the outskirts we can see the normal people, living in normal houses, carrying on with their normal lives. As we speak, people are dying, babies are being born. Some Londoners might even be in the middle of the horizontal dance of life right now.

Oh no babes, we forgot the milestone. Let's see if I can weave a spell. (SHE WAVES HER WAND. SOMEONE IN THE WINGS, THROWS THE CUTOFF OF A MILESTONE ONTO THE STAGE. (SHE PICKS IT UP AND PUTS IT IN PLACE.) That went better at rehearsals.

Moving on quickly babes, in the hope that no one noticed... And here come Dick and Tommy. Right on cue. By the way, you humans don't believe in fairies, so Dick can't see or hear me.

Hi Tommy.

TOMMY THE CAT: (ACKNOWLEDGING FAIRY BOW BELLS.) M-yow!

DICK: How did this happen Tommy? One moment I have a job, then suddenly we are out on our ears.

TOMMY THE CAT: (SHAKES HIS HEAD AND LOOKS SAD.) Meeeeow.

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

TOMMY THE CAT: (MAKES CLAWING MOTIONS TO ILLUSTRATE A RAT) Hisssss!

DICK: Not that dinosaur again?

TOMMY THE CAT: (LOOKS SAD AND SHAKES HEAD) Meow.

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 INTO THE AUDITORIUM) You can see the whole expanse of London from here. It looks so nice and innocent.

What am I going to do? I'll have to go home to Gloucestershire. But Tommy! You should stay. There are lots of nice homes here for you. Or you could hang out down the docks and eat fish all day. Oh hey, find yourself a lovely lady cat and settle down.

TOMMY THE CAT: (SHAKES HEAD VIGOROUSLY AND RUBS HIMSELF AGAINST DICK) Meow.

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

TOMMY THE CAT: (MIMES THAT HE WANTS TO STAY WITH DICK) Meow.

DICK: You want to stay with me then?

TOMMY THE CAT: (NODS) Meooooow!

DICK: You realise this is your last chance Tommy. If you link up with me you never know where we might end up. All I really want to do is make my fortune so I can go back and marry Alice.

Actually I think right now, we both need an adventure. What do you say Tommy?

TOMMY THE CAT: Meeeeee-yooooow!

FAIRY BOW BELLS: Tommy darling! Over here.

TOMMY GOES TO FAIRY BOW BELLS AND DICK LOOKS DREAMILY AT THE VIEW.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow! meooooow, meeeow, meow.

FAIRY BOW BELLS: I know. But there was nothing I could do at the time babes.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow.

FAIRY BOW BELLS: Stick with him Tommy. I'm about to send him on an adventure that will turn him into the man Alice wants. Though it does mean that Alice will be missing Dick for a whole year.

TOMMY THE CAT: Meow, meooooow.

DICK: Tommy. It's getting late. We'll have to spend tonight under the stars.

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

DICK: We'll start for Gloustershire in the morning.

FAIRY BOW BELLS: As they fall asleep I'll send them a dream. A dream of what is possible. Let's ring out my Bow Bells and stir the mind of this brave boy. Dick Whittington must turn back, for he is destined to be Mayor of all London.

(THE BELLS START TO RING OUT.)

FAIRY BOW BELLS: (IN A COMMANDING VOICE.) Turn again Whittington. Lord Mayor of London.

THE BELLS OF BOW PEAL OUT.

THE TABS START TO OPEN AS FAIRY BOW 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). FAIRY BOW 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.

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 THE CAT: (PUTS HAND TO CUP EAR) Meow!

DICK: What are they saying?

TOMMY THE CAT: 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 THE CAT: (NODDING) Meow!

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

TOMMY THE CAT: 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.

WE SEE A SILHOUETTED TABLEAU OF DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT POINTING TO LONDON.

*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.**

**ACT II: SCENE 1: THE DOCKSIDE.**

THIS IS THE SAME SCENERY AS IN THE FIRST ACT WITH THE DOCKSIDE AND A DOOR TO FITZWARREN'S STORE. A LARGE SAILING SHIP CALLED THE SAUCY SAL (OR A SMALL PART OF IT MIGHT BE VISIBLE) IS MOORED AT THE DOCK. A "GANG PLANK" GOES TO THE DECK OF THE SHIP, OR A RAMP SET SO IT GOES UP AND OFF INTO THE WINGS.

THE ATMOSPHERE IS DARK AND SINISTER.

THE STAGE FILLS WITH RATS. MORE RATS ENTER IN THE AUDITORIUM, FROM THE SIDES, THE BACK AND ANY POSSIBLE ENTRANCE. FILL THE STAGE AND AUDITORIUM WITH AS MANY RATS AS POSSIBLE.

*MUSICAL NUMBER: Sung by the rats.*

*SUGGESTION: Rats - By Ghost.*

AT THE END OF THE MUSICAL NUMBER, KING RAT STEPS OUT OF THE CROWD OF RATS.

KING RAT: Ahh haa ha ha. (SINISTER CACKLE.) Beware world. We have left our dark tunnels from below your eye-line and ventured into the light. We, the rats of London, are about to take over the world. Ahh haa ha ha.

THE STAGE BRIGHTENS AS RIZI RAT ENTERS.

RIZI THE RAT: How am I doing kids? (AUDIENCE RESPONSE.) Yeah!

KING RAT: Just a moment. I was just setting up a dark, evil atmosphere and you come along with your (MOCKING VOICE) "How am I doing kids" (NORMAL VOICE) and spoil everything.

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