

DICK WHITTINGTON

by Chris Lane

Directed for (Drama Club name)

by

Contact numbers:

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DICK WHITTINGTON

Chris Lane

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THE SMALL PRINT

Thanks for your interest in this script. If you have any questions at all about technical issues, cast numbers, alternate versions with or without a dame, please e-mail me at ca.lane@me.com

If you like the script, but it doesn't work for your stage or cast, then let me know – I have other versions and can often tailor it to your needs at no extra cost.

If this is the PDF version, please forward it via e-mail to any colleagues involved in the script selection. **It is in a secure PDF form.** If you cannot open it, you will need to download a free PDF reader - such as Adobe.) This may seem a bit awkward of me but at least it is the whole script (most others only send you a bit and make you pay to see the whole thing). The reason for this is that I have sent many scripts off and, though I usually have several in production around the world every year, a few go off but I never hear any more – and I would hate to hear through the grapevine that someone saw a panto remarkably similar to!

As soon as you have decided that you love this script I will send you a normal Word version. You can then make your own adaptations to the local audience (and whatever is in the news at the time) **in the marked grey areas only** - the rest has been proved to work in successful performances (and any necessary changes already made) so just trust the script and don't try to 'improve' it. You CAN cut out some songs or dances if you need to save time. Once you have made the selections & adaptations then you can print as many as you want at no extra cost. You ARE allowed to print small sections of it, e.g. just bits that the chorus need, but these must still have a title and © **Chris Lane** on it somewhere.

If you have any questions at all at any time during production (such as "How do Snow White's dwarfs juggle the sausages?") I will be delighted to answer them; I have directed all of these pantos and can help you with just about anything!

Happy reading! Chris Lane

BE SURE TO DELETE THIS PAGE BEFORE YOU PRINT CAST VERSIONS OF THE SCRIPT

Chris Lane

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Frequently Asked Questions:

QUESTION: Can we alter the script?

ANSWER: Certain bits only. It is designed to be adapted to make the local jokes work (there are specially highlighted grey bits with hints). Please do add "Adapted for *** Drama Club by Fred Jones" or whoever did this. Also adapt it if you have to change the sex of a character (ideally not during the performances, but accidents do happen) but you cannot take chunks out of it and use it in "your own" work: small legal thing called 'copyright'. Someone will 'dob' on you - they always do. And you cannot rewrite bits of it; though you may think it hilarious it may not be - and it will have my name on it!

QUESTION: Are there any other petty demands?

ANSWER: Yes: I need to know where and when performances would take place. In part this also alerts me if you are putting on the same show as another club nearby.

QUESTION: Is that all?

ANSWER: Almost - but you must put my name on all posters and programs and all copies of the script must have this somewhere: © **Chris Lane**

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CHRIS LANE

NZ Writers Guild

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PANTO TITLES

CINDERELLA

DICK WHITTINGTON

HANSEL AND GRETEL

RED RIDING HOOD & THE THREE PIGS

ROBIN HOOD

SLEEPING BEAUTY

SNOW WHITE

THREE MEN IN A TUB

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AVALON
AT THE END OF THE WORLD
ARTHUR & MERLIN: The Idiot Years

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

THE DAFF WAR
THE SWIPERS

Chris lives in Auckland with his wife, Norma (Head of Operations, St John Ambulance, New Zealand) and son Robin (Film Production).

As well as writing scripts, film screenplays and bestselling books Chris directs for the stage and actively supports new writers in many genres.

From 1953 to 2013 he lived in England, with over 30 of those years spent in teaching.

CHRIS LANE 2018

DICK WHITTINGTON: SCENES

By Chris Lane

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(Any subtitles are just reference names for cast use & not needed in the program)

ACT I: INTRO: THE GRASSY KNOLL

SCENE 1: LONDON STREET

SCENE 2: RATTIGAN'S DEN

SCENE 3: THE SHOP THE NEXT MORNING

SCENE 4: THE GRASSY KNOLL

SCENE 5: ON THE SHIP

INTERVAL

SCENE 6: THE PALACE OF THE SULTANA

SCENE 7: Community song

SCENE 8: FINALE

CHRIS LANE 2018

DICK WHITTINGTON

By Chris Lane

THE GRASSY KNOLL

To the side of the stage is a grassy hill with daisies. A dusty path winds over the top & curves down/across to join the main stage. (or Dick enters through the audience)

Milestone: LONDON 5 MILES

MUSIC: DICK appears, his bundle on a stick over his shoulder.

DICK: Come on, Cat! Look! Look at this milestone! Only 5 miles to London! We're almost there!

Come on! (CAT appears at a leisurely pace, looks at the milestone, then starts to groom.)
How can you be so calm? We've walked a hundred miles from Gloucester and now we're almost there!

London – they say it's as big as all of Gloucestershire, and is so rich the streets are paved with gold! *(He settles down by the milestone, rests his pack and daydreams)* Can't you just see it, Cat? Can't you just imagine it? London!

SCENE ONE: LONDON

Upstage Centre is Alderman Fitzwarren's shop. This can be a free-standing structure. Beyond is the skyline with the dome of St Paul's etc.

It is market time & the street is filled with brightly clothed people.

VIGOROUS OPENING NUMBER.

A crack of thunder & flash of lightning threaten rain; the chorus exit calmly.

DICK: Come on, Cat! What are you waiting for! Come on – I'm off to find my fame and fortune!

He runs down the hill / onto the stage. Cat slowly follows. When he arrives the stage is now dark, gloomy & foggy. An old man/woman coughs past with a ragged child who runs over to beg but is dragged away coarsely.

DICK: Oh – this must be wrong – this can't be London. We must be in the wrong place. I'll ask someone.

(Another ragged figure enters)

Excuse me – can you tell me the way to London?

(He is laughed at. Some urchins appear and he asks the way to London. They start to taunt him then run off when Cat shows its claws.)

Be nice, Cat. Be nice now. We're just in a bad part of town, that's all.

(There is horrible laughing offstage: Rattigan)

Ahh ... best move on I think.

(More laughing)

Let's just go over here and – err – hide! *(to side of stage)*

TWO RATS ENTER: RATTIGAN & SCABLEY.

RATTIGAN is obviously very rich & posh and carries a sword stick.

SCABLEY is dressed in plain black and carries a wooden club. They have long pink tails.

RATTIGAN: Here it is. Fitzwarren's shop. The very place I told you about. Now – how long to wait?

Mmm? Scabley?

SCABLEY: What?

RATTIGAN: Time.

SCABLEY: What?

RATTIGAN: Time!

SCABLEY: OK – on your marks – get set – GO! *(Looks up to see where Boss has got to. Can't see him. Peers.) (Jumps when tapped on shoulder) Wow – fast!*

RATTIGAN: No – let me **have** the time.

SCABLEY: Certainly. *(Folds arms and looks at him)* All the time you want, guvnor. What do you want to tell me?

RATTIGAN: No! *(Angrily gestures at wrist)* Watch!

SCABLEY: I'm watching. Ready when you are, guvnor!

RATTIGAN: My dear Scabley. *(Slowly)* Look - *(indicates wrist)* - tell me what it says!

SCABLEY: *(looks carefully)* It says: "I VOTED FOR BREXIT". *(OR SIMILAR. Twangs rubber strap)*

RATTIGAN: Scabley; *(into his face)* do you have the slightest idea why we are here?

SCABLEY: *(nose to nose)* No – I do not have the slightest idea.

RATTIGAN: Stop. Think. Look in your hands – wooden club. Look over there – posh shop full of gold coins – and in a minute those gold coins will be carried out here by a young girl. Got it? Wooden club? Girl with gold coins?

SCABLEY: *(slowly)* I is going to take my wooden club ...

RATTIGAN: *(slowly)* Yes ...

SCABLEY: ... and sell it to her!

RATTIGAN: Yes. NO! You are going to club her and take the money! You and your evil smelling friend and ... *(looks round)* ... where is s/he?

SCABLEY: Who?

RATTIGAN: OK. Stop. Listen. Evil smell. Hideous ugly face. Breath like an open sewer. Hair like a badger's bottom well?

SCABLEY: *(slowly)* Whoever called you that – they was not nice. But you is takin' it very well. Sticks and stones may ...

RATTIGAN: Where is your stinky friend – Winnet?

SCABLEY: Oh – just coming.

RATTIGAN: I trust s/he will have brought a club – I did explain what we were going to do.

SCABLEY: Here's Winnet now.

WINNET enters in disco clothes.

WINNET: Hello then. *(Shows clothes)* How about this then – I remembered what you said, Mr Rattigan.

RATTIGAN: And what was it that I said?

WINNET: You said get prepared –

RATTIGAN: Yes ...

WINNET: ...as we was going - clubbing! *(Does disco moves)*

SCABLEY: You never told me that – I'd have put on something nicer! You said ...

RATTIGAN: Quick! Here comes the girl! Masks on! No – on the front of your heads! Too late! Hide!

ALICE FITZWARREN comes out of the door of the shop, locks it behind her and comes downstage with a wicker basket on her arm. The rats creep toward her.

DICK: Look out! It's a trap!

ALICE: What? What do you want?!

DICK: It's a trap – they're going to attack you and steal your money!

ALICE: Who are?

RATTIGAN: We are ... we are going to steal all your money!

DICK: Get back! *(Waves stick at them)*

RATTIGAN: My word. How very brave; don't you agree, lads?

(Other rats agree)

Now then – *(pulls sword from stick)* - let's see how brave you are after we have removed your...

(Suddenly Cat leaps out and flies at them)

RATTIGAN: Aargh! A cat!

(He flees. The other two hesitate then flee screaming with Cat after them)

DICK: *(checks they have gone)* I think they've gone. Are you all right?

ALICE: They'll be back.

DICK: You know them?!

ALICE: I don't know who they are, but they've robbed us so many times nobody will work for us now. That's why it was me who had to close the shop tonight.
If you hadn't been here ...

DICK: (*Suddenly embarrassed*) Just happened to be passing through; we're on our way to London!

ALICE: On your way to London?

DICK: Yes indeed. (*Proudly*) Off to make our fame and fortune.

ALICE: But...

DICK: No – don't *you* try to put me off as well. I'm off to London where the streets are paved with gold.

ALICE: But – this IS London. And the streets are NOT paved with gold!

DICK: Oh. (*Looks round disappointed*) Well – what are the streets paved with?

ALICE: With 10,000 horses here – what do YOU think they're paved with?

DICK: (*Looks at shoe.*) Ah – ooh. (*Looks around*) London eh? Oh. (*Miserably*) Right then. Where's Cat? (*calls out*) Cat?!

ALICE: Is this all you've got – that little bag?

DICK: It's all I need. Actually, it's mostly Cat's things. Squeaky mouse, blanket, you know.

ALICE: No food? And where are you staying? With family? Friends?

DICK: My family are back in Gloucester. Haven't exactly got any friends – not yet – but ...

ALICE: Well you have ONE friend now. Come on – let's get you into the shop and get some food in you. Well? Come on!

DICK: Just a moment – where's (*Cat returns smugly*) Cat! There you are! You brave cat!

ALICE: You certainly are a brave cat. You come in as well; I'm sure we can find some milk for you!
They go up to front of shop and open the door

ALICE: Here we are; welcome to Alderman Fitzwarren's Emporium!

The front of the shop opens to reveal the inside of the shop. Inside is a counter backed by a huge wall of shelves filled with all manner of things. Standing behind the counter is
ALDERMAN FITZWARREN.

FITZ: Alice. Back so soon! What happened? Was it those rogues again?! Are you injured? Who's this?

ALICE: This is a friend. He was very brave; he ...

DICK: It was nothing. I just gave your daughter a hand in ...

FITZ: What?! You want my daughter's hand in marriage?!

DICK: What? Eh? No! I mean...!

FITZ: Well – you look a decent sort of fellow. Can always trust a man with a dog.

DICK: Cat.

FITZ: Oh, yes you can! Just got to ask you a few questions first before you can marry her.

ALICE: But father – he's not – I mean – he isn't - you can't ...

FITZ: Shush now, Alice. Your poor dear mother told me this would happen one day and she told me just what to say. First: have to find out the size of something. What was it now?

ALICE: What?!!

DICK: Aaah. I don't really...

FITZ: Got it! Have you got a big **fortune**? You know – loads of money. Gold coins. Land. Mansion-houses. Carriages. That sort of thing.

ALICE: Father!!

FITZ: Shush now. Well? Speak up? How much money have you got?

DICK: Well, sir. Err ... nothing. All I have in the world is in this bag – and (*indicates Cat*) Cat of course.

FITZ: Nothing at all. Just a dog. Right then. What was the next question? Yes! What's your name?

DICK: Dick!

FITZ: (*Ducks as dramatically as possible.*) What?! What is it?

ALICE: He thinks you said 'duck'.

DICK: I see. (*Goes to Fitz*) No, Dick!

FITZ: What?

DICK: No, Dick!

FITZ: My word! I'm sorry to hear that. (*Secretively*) Does she know about this?

ALICE: (*outraged & embarrassed*) Father! This is really ...

FITZ: Shush now – this is for your own good – you can't marry just anyone – you can't marry some Tom, Fred or Harry that walks in off the street.

ALICE: Dick!

FITZ: (*Ducks dramatically.*) What?! Is it another one?

ALICE: It's his name! His **name** is Dick!

FITZ: I must say that is a tragic and ironic twist of fate, under the circumstances. Now then – last question: do you have loads of money?

DICK: No. Like I said before I only have ...

FITZ: No money? Well – in that case I don't think you can marry Alice. Sorry. Next customer!

ALICE: Father – that's awful! If I want to marry.... (*Aside to Dick*) Err, is that really your name?

DICK: It's short for Richard. Richard Whittington!

ALICE: OK. If I want to marry Richard, then I jolly well shall.

FITZ: You want to marry Richard?! Does Dick know?

ALICE: Father! Concentrate! You're saying I can't marry him if he's poor?!

FITZ: Nope. Not Richard OR Dick – not if they're **poor**.

ALICE: You – you – you are just – just a great - big - SNOB!

FITZ: Me?! A snob?! I'll have you know that I am an ordinary everyday cockney Londoner!

ALICE: You? A cockney? You don't even SOUND like a Londoner!

FITZ: Don't I? Oh - well. Er .. right you are then "my little bucket-full".

ALICE: Your little bucket-full?

FITZ: Bucket full of water – water – daughter. See! Cockney rhyming slang – like what us Londoner talk!

DICK: (*to aud*) I've heard about this. Rosy Lee. That means cup of tea! (*to Fitz*) Rosy Lee!

FITZ: Rosy Lee? Err ... Have a pee! There – see – a proper Londoner. Not a snob. You can't just marry any old Tom, Whatsit or Harry.

DICK: Dick?

FITZ: (*Ducks*). What?! Not again!

ALICE: I do not want to marry Tom or Harry!

FITZ: Have you told them yet? Tom and Harry? It's cruel to tease you know.

Now listen; we Londoners – we can't have just anyone popping wedding rings onto our daughter's finger! But enough of this – I'm off to bed. Goodnight! (*Bobs down behind counter – Dick leans over to see where he has gone & Fitz bobs up rapidly*) Don't forget to turn out the – oh! Who are you?

DICK: Me, Sir? Di... Richard. Richard Whittington.

FITZ: Splendid. You're here about the job then! Splendid. You look just the sort. Don't you agree, Alice?

ALICE: Mmmm?

FITZ: He looks just the sort!

ALICE: You mean brave, handsome ...

FITZ: Spot on. So – Tom. You can sleep in the spare room and start work in the morning.

Goodnight, Harry! (*Vanishes again*)

DICK: Wow! Only been in London for ten minutes and I've got a job!

ALICE: ... and a friend.

DICK: Er, yeah, and somewhere to stay, and ...

ALICE: ... and nearly got married! (*Laughs shyly*)

DICK: er – yeah. (*looks awkward*)

SONG

SCENE TWO RATTIGAN'S DEN

RATTIGAN: You call that booing? My mother boos at me louder than that!

That's better. At least the front row was trying. (*To victim – usually a boy*) You were very good – what's your name? "Steven" (*for example*). (*To aud*) He'll be sorry he told me that! Now – back to the plot!

SCABLEY & WINNET appear

RATTIGAN: This is not good. (*shows bandage on tail*) The Alderman has got a new boy working in his shop and – come closer my evil little friends. Err, ... what on earth is that smell?! (*sniffs around – end up staring at 'Steven' in the audience*) Steven – is that you?! Are you sure. Hmm. Well it's either you or Winnet! Winnet. Go back. Back...Farther. Scabley: it's you! Hmm – seems it wasn't you, Steven. But don't think you can use this as an excuse! Where was I? Yes! In the shop! The new boy! And (*looks around*) and ... this **fellow** has got - a cat.

WINNET: (*from a distance*) What'd he say? I can't hear over here.

SCABLEY: He says there's a new boy in the shop and he's yellow and got a hat.

WINNET: Oh. I had a hat once. Wasn't yellow though.

RATTIGAN: I didn't say that!

SCABLEY: (*loud*) He didn't say that!

WINNET: He didn't say what?

SCABLEY: (*leans in*) What didn't you say?

RATTIGAN: I didn't say he was yellow and has a hat!

SCABLEY: (*nods knowingly and taps nose*) Right. Say no more. We didn't hear it from you. Got that Winnet? The new yellow chap with the hat – we never heard about him from the boss.

WINNET: I can't hear anything from back here.

SCABLEY: So, boss. What is your latest evil plan?

RATTIGAN: Simple. He will have to – hee-hee – disappear.

SCABLEY: Off you go then, Winnet. Your turn to hide. We'll count to snork, then we come and find you.

WINNET: There's no such number as snork!

SCABLEY: Isn't there? (*Thinks*) Well what comes after six then?

WINNET: Er ... dunno. Just count to six!

RATTIGAN: Not him! It's not Winnet that's got to disappear!

SCABLEY: Oy! Winnet! Mistake!

WINNET: What?

SCABLEY: Not your turn! Whose turn is it then, Boss? You went last yesterday so it must be...

RATTIGAN: The boy in the shop! Him! The boy in the shop!

SCABLEY: The boy in the shop! Right! Winnet – the boy in the shop! It's his turn to hide!

WINNET: Right! (*Looks around*) He's very good – I can't see him anywhere. I reckon he's played before!

SCABLEY: Should be easy to find him. He's bright yellow and got a great big hat on!

RATTIGAN: He's not hiding!

SCABLEY: Who's not hiding, Boss?

RATTIGAN: Look. Just stop.
SCABLEY: Haven't counted to snork yet, Boss.
RATTIGAN: Stop! (*Regains composure*) Luckily I have hired ... professional help.
SCABLEY: Psychiatrist, Sir? About time, if you ask me.
WINNET: Plastic surgeon be more useful!
RATTIGAN: A sea captain! An old mate of mine. They call him – The Captain. But – a warning!
WINNET: What?
RATTIGAN: The Captain has only got one eye.
WINNET: That's right though, isn't it?
RATTIGAN: What are you talking about, Winnet?
WINNET: There's only one 'i' in captain – two 'a's, one 'i' - else it would be 'captaiiiiiin'.
RATTIGAN: Listen carefully. Just don't mention the fact that he's only got one eye.
SCABLEY: Why? (*Comes closer*) Doesn't he know?
RATTIGAN: Of course he knows!! But it's just not polite!
WINNET & SCABLEY: OooOooH!
WINNET: Is **he** yellow as well?
RATTIGAN: What?! No! Just be tactful about the fact that he's got one eye!
SCABLEY: Trust us. (*Thinks*) Where does he keep it?
RATTIGAN: Where does he keep what?
SCABLEY: Where does he keep this eye? Is it like in a box, or in a jar of vinegar or...
WINNET: You wouldn't keep it in a jar of vinegar. One night you might think to yourself: "Oh, I fancy a pickled onion with this bit of cheese" and before you know it...
SCABLEY: Very wise words. Very wise.
WINNET: (*has come closer now*) Very wise.
RATTIGAN: Winnet – move back. Even for a rat you smell disgusting! Have you never had a shower!
WINNET: Did once.
SCABLEY: Standing in the sewers beneath Wembley stadium at half time is not what the boss would call a shower.
WINNET: Wasn't just me: there was this American with a ginger wig on sideways: Donald something. He was orange. Perhaps he's related to this yellow bloke.
RATTIGAN: I don't know why I bother. I could have been a singer you know.
SCABLEY: What – you mean a sewing machine?
RATTIGAN: Just listen. (*to boy*) This one's for you 'Stevie baby'.

COMEDY SONG ruined by Scabley & Winnet (possibly repeating final chorus making Rattigan sing it over again twice, despite him telling them to stop.)

Rattigan exits angrily. Scabley & Winnet hiss to orchestra then do song again, starting quietly. Toward end Rattigan reappears, stands next them and at end makes them jump. BLACKOUT.

SCENE THREE: THE SHOP THE NEXT MORNING

There are crowds of people in the street and in the shop. Musical chorus number

FITZ: Well, done – you are a natural salesman, Tom. Never seen it so busy.
ALICE: I think most of the customers are silly girls just standing around giggling! (*Some are still doing it*) (*they wander off*)
The three rats enter with the Captain. They do not have their masks on.
RATTIGAN: There he is. That's the boy.

CAPTAIN: Leave him to me. Five minutes and he'll be begging to get on board me ship in search of adventure, and - once we're out at sea - well, lots of **nasty** things can happen to a young feller, if you gets my meaning.

RATTIGAN: Most definitely.

SCABLEY: Yeah.

WINNET: Like - how nasty?

SCABLEY: I went on a boat once and got pooped on by an albatross. (*Checks clothes*) Still here somewhere.

RATTIGAN: Get on with it!

They wander closer to Dick.

CAPTAIN: (*loudly; Rattigan repeats some of the key words loudly*) That's right. Chest-loads of treasure. More than I could fit in me ship. Might go back for some more. It's not too far away. More of a cruise really. Sail to the island, load up with gold, and jewels, and - er - more gold, come back and buy myself another mansion.

RATTIGAN: (*loudly*) Treasure, eh! Wish I was a younger chap and could go with you!

CAPTAIN: It certainly is a young man's job, carrying heavy sacks of gold coins. But that's not the worst of it, you know.

RATTIGAN: Not the worst, carrying sacks of gold coins?

CAPTAIN: No the worst is - the girls.

SCABLEY: What - you have to carry them?

CAPTAIN: No. When you gets back a rich man - with a lovely healthy tan - and big muscles from carrying gold - well, the girls is all over you. All over you!

SCABLEY: Like a bucket of pig-swill.

RATTIGAN: What?

SCABLEY: I had a bucket of pig-swill all over me once.

CAPTAIN: No, all over you - like - err -

WINNET: Hair? Hair all over you? Like Swedish girls?

CAPTAIN: No - just - you know - following you around.

SCABLEY: Is that true?

CAPTAIN: Aye - they follow you ...

SCABLEY: No - about the Swedish girls.

RATTIGAN: Shh! This treasure hunting - it sounds wonderful.

CAPTAIN: It is. I just wish I knew a bright young fellow who wanted to make his fame and fortune. But it's not to be. I'll just have to keep looking.

They wander off

DICK: Did you hear that? Fame and fortune!

ALICE: Sounds suspicious to me. Nothing is that easy. There's always a catch.

DICK: Nothing ventured.

ALICE: A fool and his money are soon parted.

DICK: He who hesitates is lost!

ALICE: Many a slip twixt cup and lip!

DICK: err - You can take a horse to water but you can't make him a woolly jumper!

ALICE: Ha!

DICK: But if I was rich, then I could -

ALICE: Could what? Mmm? If you were rich you could ...??

DICK: I could - oo-errr - I mean -...

SONG about money, with chorus support

All leave except Dick and Cat.

DICK: That Alice is rather nice. I'm sure that if I really was a rich man she might ... but that'll never happen, working in a shop. Which way did that Captain go?! I think he went - hey - Cat!

What's the matter? Out of the way! I want to find the Captain! Hey! Bad Cat! (*Cat is upset and slinks offstage.*)

RATS & CAPTAIN return at other side of stage.

CAPTAIN: Told ee. The boy is hooked by the gills and will soon be gutted and on a plate!

RATTIGAN: Disgusting turn of phrase – but I like your attitude. Come on – lets 'reel him in'!

CAPTAIN: (*louder*) So – back to the harbour I goes, off to search for treasure and ...

DICK: Ah-ha! There you are! I was coming looking for you!

CAPTAIN: Looking for me! Why – you're not a beautiful young woman after my vast fortune I hope!

DICK: No I'm a boy!

CAPTAIN: (*surprised: to aud: points at eye patch*) I should have gone to Specsavers. A boy are ye? Tell me, lad, what be your name?

DICK: Dick!

CAPTAIN: Now that's not nice! It were only a polite question!

DICK: It's my name – Dick Whittington!

CAPTAIN: Never mind – I'll call ee 'Lad'. Not worth the trouble of learning yer name really, you're only going to be around for a couple of... (*Rattigan hits him*)

RATTIGAN: So – young feller – you want to travel in search of fortune, do you?

DICK: How did you guess? Are you a sailor?

RATTIGAN: Me? No – I'm an honest businessman. In fact I am the favourite to be the next Lord Mayor of London!

DICK: Lord Mayor of London? What does he do?

RATTIGAN: Do? Err – not sure really. Rides around in a coach. Has a chain! Earns loads of money!

DICK: I'd like a job like that! Where do you apply?

RATTIGAN: Silly boy – you'll never be Lord Mayor of London!

DICK: I might!

RATTIGAN: Don't be so pathetic! You're nothing compared to me! You have no money – no aristocratic family – no great house – you're just a penniless little wimp!

DICK: I'll show you! One day I'll be a rich man – then you'll see – I'll marry Alice and be Lord Mayor of London!

RATTIGAN: You? Don't make me laugh. You – are – (*hissed*) nothing. And when it comes to Alice – let me tell you one thing.

DICK: What?

RATTIGAN: Only this very morning I spoke to her father and we have come to an arrangement. I think you will find that you are not going to marry Alice – because I am!

DICK: That's not true!

RATTIGAN: No? Ask him yourself.

FITZ: (*wanders on absently*)

RATTIGAN: Alderman Fitzwarren!

FITZ: Eh? What? Oh – it's you again my dear Mr Rattigan! (*shake hands*)

DICK: You know this – person?

FITZ: Eh? What? Know him? Of course I do – this fellow is going to be the next Lord Mayor of London and – more important – my future son-on-law!

RATTIGAN: Told you so.

DICK: But Alice can't...

FITZ: Of course she can. As soon as she's broken the bad news to Tom, Joe and Harry.

DICK: Dick!

FITZ: (*Ducks again. The rats are alarmed and jump aside.*) I'm glad you're here, Geoff. That one nearly got me! (*sees Captain*) And you're here too, Captain.

CAPTAIN: Morning Alderman. How be business?

FITZ: Very good. In fact, I need to talk to you about your next trip. Come indoors – I want more silk and spices. *(They exit into shop)*

RATTIGAN: *(rubs hands together happily)* Har-har-har! *(same laugh as heard earlier)*

DICK: Don't I know you from somewhere? Your voice sounds familiar.

RATTIGAN: How would a low life like you know someone like me? Now, we must be off.

DICK: Your tail. *(points to bandage on tail)*

RATTIGAN: What about it?

DICK: How did you get that injury?

RATTIGAN: That was your dratted cat! Vicious brute should be put in a sack and thrown into the Thames! *(other rats try to stop him talking)*

DICK: You! You're the one who was...

RATTIGAN: So what? Who's going to believe a homeless beggar like you? And if you think you can go and "tell tales" - let me tell you something

(Winnet and Scabley appear behind him with clubs)

One word from you - just one little word - and your cat – and you - and Alderman Fitzwarren AND the lovely Alice - all of you – will end up in sacks at the bottom of the Thames! Glug – glug – glug! Now get out of here! Run!

(They chase Dick to the front corner of the stage by the grassy knoll)

Ha! *(To aud)* Now you've got something to boo about!

The rats exit, swaggering and laughing.

Cat enters and makes to chase the rats.

DICK: Cat! Leave them! It will only cause trouble for Alice and her father. Come on. They were right. I'm nothing. Nobody will believe me – *(fetches his bundle)* - nobody will even notice I'm gone! Come on. London's not what I thought it would be. Let's go back to Gloucester.

SCENE 4: THE GRASSY KNOLL

Dick & Cat wander up & sit at the top again. Cat tries to cheer him up.

DICK: It's all right, Cat. I don't really mind being a failure. Gloucester isn't that bad I suppose. I can help my dad in the blacksmiths.

(Distant church bells toll 'oranges & lemons'.)

Listen to that, Cat. *(Laughs)* They're so glad to see me go they're ringing the bells!

(Bells toll again)

I won't miss London. It certainly was not paved with gold! And the people weren't exactly friendly. *(Cat looks at him knowingly)* Well, one of them was. *(Cat nudges him)* All right – OK! I might miss one or two of them.

The bells toll again: faint words can be heard sung over the oranges & lemons tune:

CHORUS: "Turn again Whittington, Lord Mayor of London."

Dick looks up in surprise. Cat meows and Dick shushes her. He listens. The song continues with the number of voices growing until the full chorus is singing but gently to give a magical effect. Harmonies and rounds are an option. This needs to be quite long to allow scene change. Music carries on quietly through the following)

DICK: Lord Mayor of London! Me?! Joke! To be mayor of anywhere you have to be one of the fat cats! No offence! *(Cat starts to pull him back to London)* You want me to go back? But I'll never make my fortune in that place! *(Inspiration)* I know! The treasure! I'll go on the ship with the Captain! That's what I'll do! I'll sail the seven seas and return a rich man – be Lord Mayor of London – and marry Alice!! Then they'll believe me about that evil rat! Come on, Cat! Don't hang around here!

(They run back down onto the stage and EXIT.) MUSIC ENDS.

RATTIGAN: *(appears from behind the knoll)* Ha! You can boo louder than that! Ha! I knew it was wise to follow that boy. “*Lord Mayor of London*” indeed!
 But I don’t want that meddling brat returning a rich man and taking my job – or even returning at all!
 My good friend the Captain will deal with him as soon as they’re out at sea. If I can trust that sea-faring fool.
 I know! I’ll keep following the boy to see the job is done properly – and of course I do like to see a nice bit of random violence!

(Follows after them, laughing horribly)

SCABLEY & WINNET: *(appear from behind knoll – very out of breath)*

SCABLEY: Now what’s the boss up to?

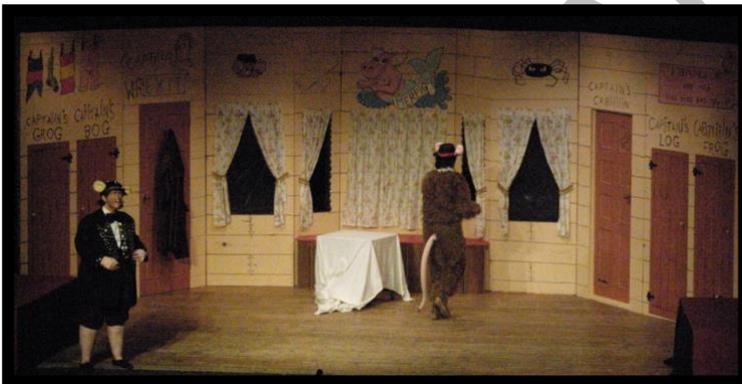
WINNET: I reckon the boss is onto a bit of money and don’t want to share it!

SCABLEY: That’s what I’m thinking – come on – he’s not cutting us out! Keep following but don’t let him see us! *(You may need to add extra business here to cover the scene change. Perhaps ask Steven what he thinks of the show so far?)* *(They Exit after Rattigan)*

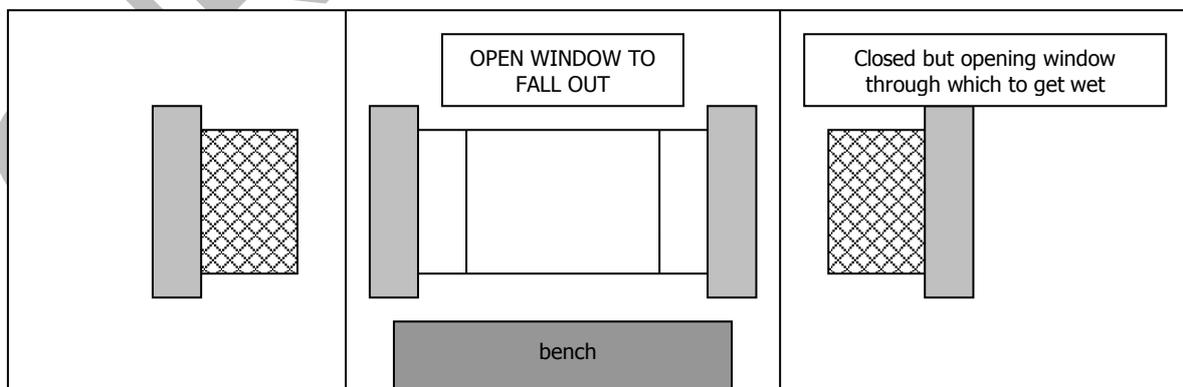
ALICE: *(appears from behind knoll)* Where can he be? I was sure I saw him on top of this hill! Did anyone see him? *(to aud)* Hello – did anyone see a rather handsome young fellow with a cat? You did? Do you know which way he went? Where is he going? *(business with audience)* The ship! Oh no! That sounds too dangerous! I must follow him and make sure he comes to no harm! *(Exits after them)*

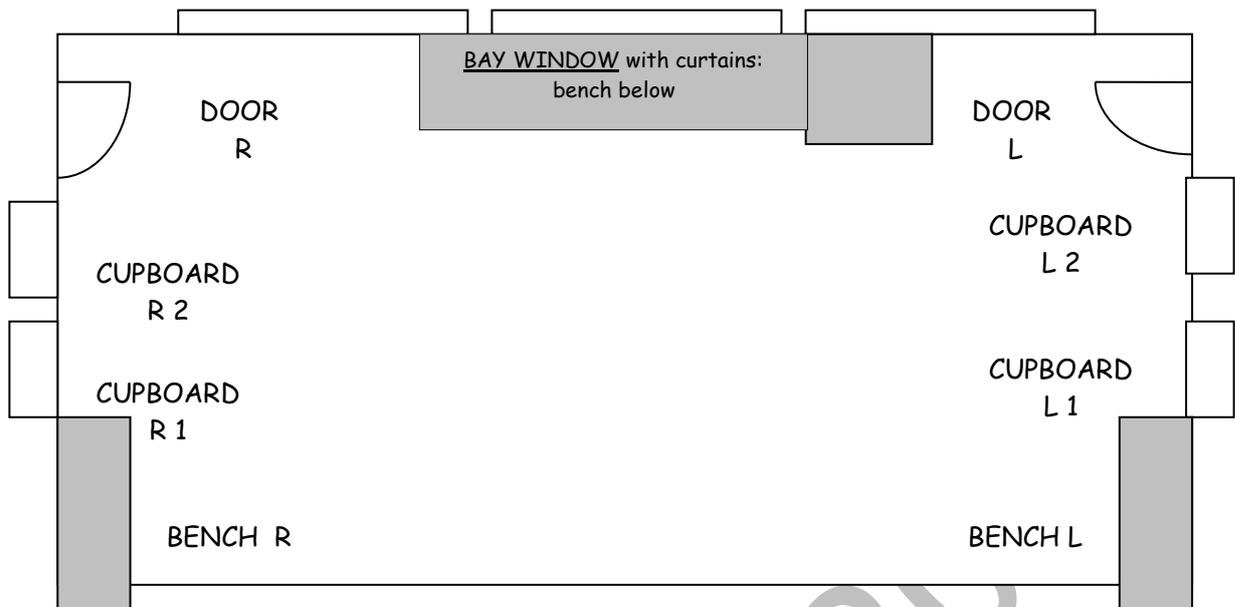
FITZ: *(appear slowly from behind knoll – so out of breath he cannot talk)* *(to aud)* Oh – gasp – work it out for yourselves. *(Exits after them)*

SCENE 5: THE CAPTAIN’S CABIN



This is made of three solid sides OR a series of doors in flats/boxes at edge of stage. It could easily be the back of the shop from scene one. To the rear are the main windows at the rear of the ship. At the sides are cupboards. Also at each side is a chest-type bench/table with cloth. These benches have false fronts that hinge at the top allowing an occupant to roll in & out. There is a small table with a white cloth over it. There is a double hook for coat and hat in the corner behind DOOR R.





PLAN

ALICE: *(enters out of DOOR R) (to aud) Shh! It's me! I have smuggled myself on board. I just know that poor Dick is in danger, but he will be so cross if he knows I'm here! And if my father ever found out ... And what if that evil Captain finds out?! Perhaps this was not such a good idea? (She tiptoes back to Door R) Someone's coming! I'll hide! (She looks around then climbs into BENCH L)*

SCABLEY & WINNET: *enter (DOOR R)*

SCABLEY: Quick – in here before they see us!

WINNET: In case who see us?

SCABLEY: Anyone! If the Captain sees us he'll throw us overboard. If that boy sees us he'll recognise us from the other day and know it's a trap!

WINNET: What about the boss? Can **he** see us? Or are we... *(Spooky)*... invisible?!

SCABLEY: What? No we are not... 'invisible' ... but the boss must NOT see us. I don't trust the boss – all this talk of treasure. What if it's TRUE?! We must get our share!

WINNET: *(looks about) I've never been on a boat before.*

SCABLEY: Ship! *(both stand FRONT RIGHT to give maximum effect)*

WINNET: No – it's true!

I wonder how far we are from land? (Runs over to the STAGE LEFT window) (Opens window & looks out. Huge wave drenches him. Staggeres BACK CENTRE R.)

SCABLEY: Well? How far from land are we?

WINNET: Forgot to look.

SCABLEY: Clot. Go and have a proper look. *(Repeat of action)* Well? How far?

WINNET: Hard to say. Why don't **you** have a look? Go on! *(Rubs hands and chuckles as Scabley goes to window, NO WATER)*

SCABLEY: *(returns DOWN R)* Quite a long way – can't see land at all now.

WINNET: But ... *(feels friend's dry clothes) ... what's going on? (Runs to window and gets wet again. Returns slowly) (winks at audience)* I think I can see an island! You go and have a look!

SCABLEY: *(to window: dry; returns)* No, nothing. You need your eyes testing.

WINNET: Right – I want you to come here *(drags him, to window, pushes his head right out)* and just wait until you can see something. *(Waits giggling. Nothing happens)*

SCABLEY: No, can't see any ...

WINNET: Get back out there and just wait! (*Waits giggling. Nothing happens. Gets impatient*)
Anything yet?

SCABLEY: (*at window*) No. Just the sea and the sky ... and the waves ... and the Wow!

WINNET: What is it?!

SCABLEY: I think it's a mermaid!

WINNET: (*runs back; drags him DOWN R, runs UP L and leans out*) Let me see!! (*Huge wave*)
(*return DOWN L*) I think I want to go home!

SCABLEY: Too late! Someone's coming! Quick! HIDE!

WINNET: *goes to get into BENCH 1. Alice's head pops out but they don't see her.*

SCABLEY: Not there – in a cupboard! (*Both try to get into CUPBOARD L 1*) Not you; you stinky
rodent! Get your own! (*He goes in but leaves his tail hanging out*)

WINNET: Right! (*Goes into CUPBOARD L 2*)

RATTIGAN: (*enters DOOR R*) (*to aud*) (*With mask on*) So – you recognised me through my cunning
disguise. You're not as stupid as you look, except for 'Steven' of course.

Yes, indeed - It's me – Rattigan! I have secreted myself – (*pause, then withering look at
audience*) 'secreted'! It means hidden myself! You people...

I am on board this ship to see what that Captain does. I shall hide myself in his cabin and
spy on him! Shh! Tell nobody! (*Goes into CUPBOARD R 1*)

FITZ: (*enters DOOR R*) Hello!! I say, hello? Oh! Nobody in here! I was sure I saw someone come in
here! (*To aud*) I have no idea at all what is going on but I suspect foul play!

That Captain has taken a great deal of my money to buy precious silks and spices but I
don't trust him! Tell you what – I'll hide myself and watch what happens! (*Tries the 3
occupied doors but the rats stop them opening. He then goes across and goes into
CUPBOARD R2*)

CAPTAIN: (*OFFSTAGE*) Follow me! (*Enters DOOR R.*) Here we are, lad. (*Pulls DICK in and shuts the
door. Cat just gets tail inside in time*) Me very best cabin (*hangs coat on hook and puts hat
on table*) – and all yours for as long as you live. (*to aud*) About five minutes!

DICK: What?! As long as I ...?

CAPTAIN: Oo-ah – for as long as you LIKE! That's it – as long as you like.

DICK: Isn't it great, Cat? (*Cat is nervous and appears not to like the captain*) Hey! Calm down. Don't
be so unfriendly. This is very kind of you, Captain. Wow! And look at the view.

CAPTAIN: The view! Yes. Do come and have a look out! Here – kneel on this bench. You'll get a
much better view of the sea. (*To aud*) A much CLOSER view!

*Dick climbs up onto the bench. He opens the window and leans out. Slowly the Captain moves to
push Dick out. At the last moment the cat sees Scabley's rat-tail from the cupboard and
goes for it. Scabley opens the door, whacks Cat on the nose, grabs tail back in & shuts door.
At this noise the Captain jumps away and Dick jumps down.*

CAPTAIN: Barnacles and winkles!

DICK: What is it, Cat? Come away – don't scratch the Captain's furniture! This is a lovely room,
Captain, but where do I sleep?

CAPTAIN: Your hammock is through here. Follow me! (*to aud*) Next time! (*They all go through
DOOR L and close it behind them; Cat lingers suspiciously but is called through*)

SCABLEY & WINNET: (*both appear cautiously from L1 & L2 and move centre.*)

SCABLEY: So – that boy's here.

WINNET: What – the yellow one? I didn't notice his hat.

SCABLEY: There is definitely something going ... look out! (*Rattigan starts to come out of R1. The
two rats hide: Scabley behind cupboard door R1; Winnet under the table*)

RATTIGAN: Well – it sounded as if he was trying to get rid of the boy and throw him into the sea –
but I shall keep watch!

(Behind him Scabley darts across into L1)

RATTIGAN: What's going on? Something strange here.

(Goes upstage and puts sword down on table then returns centre)

What is going on? 'Steven' – what's happening? *(if no response)* So – that's your attitude is it? Don't come up here later expecting sweets!

(Goes back to get sword but by now the table has moved across the room)

What?! But?

(Grabs sword and goes to stab under cloth but hears a noise)

They return! Oops!

(Dashes into R2)

CAPTAIN: *(Enters)*... and if you need anything, you know where I'll be.

DICK: *(Enters)* In the crows-nest at the top of the mast. I just put on a blindfold, climb up the rigging and find you.

CAPTAIN: That's it, lad.

(Reaches for hat but table has moved. Is suspicious. Gets hat off table and hangs it on hook above coat. Takes Dick down centre with arm around his shoulder.)

(While there Winnet gets out and dives into cupboard L2)

You see the table behind us – no, don't look! Do you notice anything odd about it?

No? I have suspicions that something is... afoot! What do you think is afoot?

DICK: *(joking)* How about 12 inches?

CAPTAIN: *(looking at him odd)* I'm not sure what you're offering me, lad, but I must say you have aroused my curiosity!

(Pulls out dagger)

Wait here.

(Captain whirls at the table but it has moved.)

Barnacles and winkles!

(There is a click as Winnet closes door L2. The Captain hears it. He lifts eye patch and winks and nods at Dick who returns exaggerated wink in total ignorance)

There is something wrong here, lad. You just wait and see if I'm not right.

(Loud and clear) Right then! I am just popping out on deck for a bit of fresh air!

(He opens door, leaves it open, and makes stamping noise as if walking away. Instead he returns to Dick, checks his dagger for sharpness and giggles.)

(While he does this Winnet sneaks out of L2 and tiptoes across to stand behind the open door R.) (With a roar the Captain dives at cupboard L2 but of course it is now empty.)

DICK: This sailing stuff looks like fun! Can I have a go?

CAPTAIN: *(confused, searching cupboard, leaves it open)* What's that?

DICK: I say – this looks like fun. Can I have a go?

(Makes silly fierce noises then runs at cupboard L1 and yanks it open.)

(Scabley leans out, smiles at him and waves)

Yikes!

(Dick closes door quickly then gets Captain and hurries him down centre.)

(Scabley now swaps from L1 to L2.)

I think you may have... rats!

CAPTAIN: I think you may be right!

(Both nervously attack L1 but it is empty)

We must search the cabin. *(rethinks this)* You make a start – I'll get more weapons.

(He closes the open Door R. Winnet is standing behind it wearing the hat. The Captain takes the hat and dusts it off. Winnet smiles nervously at him.)

WINNET: Morning!

CAPTAIN: Morning. *(He puts hat on and leaves, closing Door R.)*

(Winnet now leaves the door and dives into the window seat.)

A second later the Captain returns in a rage and attacks the hanging coat still on the hook.)

Barnacles and winkles! Nothing!

Not feeling too bright today. I think it must be time for a tot of rum. *(Wanders out Door R and closes it)*

DICK: What fun! Better go and unpack! *(Leaves through Door L)*

FITZ: *(comes out of cupboard)* I think I am starting get seasick. Fresh air – that’s the thing! *(Goes over to window, climbs up on bench and sits on window sill)*

SCABLEY: *(comes out of Cupboard L2: stage whisper:)* Winnet!

FITZ: Something is happening! I must hide! *(Pulls curtain across in front of himself or blanket over head).*

SCABLEY: Winnet! Where are you? Winnet?!

WINNET: I’m here! *(bobs up in bench, raises lid and topples Fitz out of window.*

(Distant yell and far off splash.)

What was that?

(Winnet looks out of window and gets soaked again)

I am definitely going off this cruising lark.

(Creaking sound as Rattigan comes out of R2)

Look out!

(Winnet gets back in box)

(Scabley has nowhere to go so eventually hides behind window curtain/blanket on top of box by window.)

RATTIGAN: *(stage whisper to aud)* I recognise those voices. And that smell! Only two creatures on the planet smell like that – one is ‘Steven’ – and the other is that fool, Winnet! *(Louder)* Winnet!!

WINNET: *(bobbing up)* What?!

(Scream etc as Scabley falls out window)

OOPS!

(Winnet ducks back down unseen)

(RATTIGAN panics and dives back into R2.)

(WINNET comes out again.)

WINNET: Scabley? Where are you?

SCABLEY: *(distant drowning voice)* I’m down here!

WINNET: Where?

SCABLEY: Look out the window!

(Winnet does and gets soaked again)

WINNET: This is not good for my complexion! *(Gets back into box)*

RATTIGAN: *(reappears)* Yes! Definitely the voice of those fools! But where are they? In here? *(Goes to look in Box L but as he lifts the lid - and Alice appears ready to punch him - he turns, having heard Scabley.)*

SCABLEY: *(distant)* I’ll get you – you stinking rat! *(keep repeating if noisy)*

(RATTIGAN rushes to the window, kneels on box and looks out.)

RATTIGAN: I knew it! *(Shouting)* Is that you down there, Winnet?!

WINNET: *(pops up)* No – I’m in here.

(Rattigan falls out window into the sea.)

Oops. Was that the boss?

(Winnet rushes to the window and gets soaked again. He goes to dry his face with the tablecloth.)

(CAPTAIN returns. WINNET hides under table again.)

CAPTAIN: *(leaps nervously around, searches coat)* I've brought weapons! Barnacles and winkles!
Where is the boy?

DICK: *(enters from Door L)* Here I am!

CAPTAIN: Time for some searching, lad. Here! *(hands him weapon)* Start looking! *(He looks in window box then out window.)*

(Dick goes to Box L where Alice is. As he lifts the lid Dick is distracted by Captain shouting:)

CAPTAIN: Look! Something floating down there!

(During this Alice rolls out of the false front/cloth and crawls/runs across [wet] floor to roll into front flap of R1)

DICK: *(searches box)* Nothing in here.

CAPTAIN: Nor here. Tell ee what lad – we'll play them at their own game. You hide in here *(opens window box)* and we'll surprise em like!

(Dick gets in window box)

There. Now then – let's see you do your worst! *(stands downstage centre)*

(WINNET tries to sneak the table across the room but it bumps into the Captain's bottom who looks alarmed but does not turn. WINNET creeps out of the table but gets the tablecloth caught over his head. He stands up, as the CAPTAIN turns around.)

CAPTAIN: Aargh! A ghost! *(He dives out the window. Splash!)*

WINNET: *(Pulls cloth off)* Who was that?! *(Opens window, water)*

(ALICE now starts to sneak out – WINNET hides in any cupboard.)

ALICE: I'm sure I heard Dick's voice.

CAPTAIN: *(OFF)* Help – I can't be swimming!

ALICE: A voice - in the water! What if it's Dick and they've made him walk the plank! *(She goes to window and kneels on box to look out)* Dick! DICK!

DICK: What? *(As he bobs up from the box Alice flies out of window. Splash)*

ALICE: *(OFF)* HELP! HELP!

DICK: Oh no! It's Alice – what on earth is she doing here? *(leans out window)*

Alice! What are you doing in the water?

ALICE: *(OFF)* Drowning!

DICK: Oh, right. Drowning. DROWNING!! Oh no! *(Leaps out to save her – splash)*

Silence

(WINNET slowly appears.)

WINNET: All gone! The ship all to myself! Luxury! All alone. *(Hums: 'Sailing')* I shall sail the Snork Seas in search of treasure islands! Perhaps there's one out there right now! I'll take a look. *(Goes toward window but stops at last minute)* Oh no! *(to aud)* Not again! I'm not here for you amusement! I'll go up on deck where it's dry and have a good look round!

(Goes to Door Right and opens it. Huge bucket/s of water.)

WINNET: Enough! I can take no more! *(Goes to window and jumps out yelling: Pinocchio!)*

After 2 seconds all the cupboards and doors and boxes open and the chorus plus everyone else available, inc. stagehands, make up, wardrobe (the more the funnier) come out with suitcases etc. looking crabby & cramped.

PERSON: That's it – next time we fly Easyjet! *(or similar)*

BLACKOUT - END OF ACT ONE

*****INTERVAL*****

ACT TWO

SCENE 6: THE PALACE OF THE SULTANA

A very richly appointed throne room glittering with silk drapes and gold.

*The Sultana is raised on a platform with huge cushions, surrounded by chests filled with treasure.
She is being fanned by a slave.*

EXOTIC MUSICAL NUMBER: Sultana & Chorus (not the 'rat' children)

SERVANT: Oh great and wise one; oh mistress of magical mysteries; oh splendid spectacle of the starry skies; oh ...

SULTANA: Oh get on with it! What do you want you irritating little dung beetle?

SERVANT: Amazing things have occurred, oh wise and wondrous one!

SULTANA: *(suggests something topical or local)*

SERVANT: Not quite that amazing, oh fascinating fantasy of feminine fashion. Firstly, a sailing ship has arrived in our harbour ...

SULTANA: So? That happens every day! I want real amazement, you festering blob of beggar's earwax.

SERVANT: Indeed, oh all-splendid and all-seeing one; but this ship is completely empty – not a single living soul on board.

SULTANA: *some topical reference to e.g. luxury cruise ship with tummy bug – or simply skip this line*

SERVANT: But, oh sensuous siren of the shimmering seas, there is more! A short way along the coast we captured spies trying to swim ashore

SULTANA: Spies! Bring them forth!

SERVANT: Right. Forth? Er – who do you want to see for the first three?

SULTANA: No – bring them here. Now!

SERVANT: Certainly, oh blessed breeze of balmy bliss. Two ticks! *(exits)*

SERVANT 2: Oh great one. Would you like a grape?

SULTANA: Hmm. What colour?

SERVANT 2: Colour? We have pale green, dark green, yellow, red, pink, purple, or black.

SULTANA: I think I'll have.... blue.

SERVANT 2: Err, no – oh mistress of infinite appetite. Not blue.

SULTANA: No!! NO?!! *(menacingly)* Grow some.

SERVANT 2: It shall happen as your mightiness commands.

SULTANA: Good. Or it's off with your head.

SERVANT 2: 'Ere – that's a bit harsh – just to grow some bloomin' grapes!

SULTANA: Executioner! *(Enters with huge axe)* Off with her head! *(Watches them go!)*

SERVANT 2: Here – I've got rights too! I'll have the Daily Mail *(Or similar)* onto you! *(hits executioner and makes him back off nervously)*

SULTANA: I'm bored. Where are my singers?

SERVANT 3: She who must be obeyed demands her singers!

VOICE OFF: *FETCH THE SINGERS! Fetch the singers. THIS COULD BE 'DANCERS' OR 'MUSICIANS' – depends on the talent available.*

Singers appear; 2 elegant operatic divas or similar, as available.

PERFORMER 1: We attend your majesty. What is your wish?

SULTANA: My wish is to be entertained without any interruption! Right – the rest of you. You know the rules! None of you mention 'you-know-what'! Right? Good. So – what are you going to perform?

PERFORMER 2: Well, your wonderfulness, she with the ears of gold, tonight we are going to sing ..

SERVANT: *(enters)* Oh splendid one

SULTANA: You have disturbed my entertainment! Off with his/her head!

SERVANT: As you wish, but if I may finish: oh splendid one with the silhouette of a supermodel.

SULTANA: Ha! You worthless flatterer! Your words are like the fart of a bluebottle in the desert sands. *(menacing & sly)* Which supermodel?

SERVANT: er (*Someone current*)

SULTANA: That'll do nicely. What do you want, you worthless scraping from a camel's armpit?

SERVANT: The spies!

SULTANA: Alright! The entertainment can wait! Bring in the spies.

Rattigan, Captain, Winnet & Scabley are forced in.

RATTIGAN: Unhand me – do you know who I am?

SULTANA: Off with their heads!

RATTIGAN: What?!

SULTANA: Off with their heads!

RATTIGAN: Oops! (*makes them fall to their knees*) Have mercy on us, oh great and powerful one!
We are not spies – I am the Lord Mayor of London and these are – err – all rich and important people!

SULTANA: I have heard of this 'London'. Arise and tell me of London. Is it as modern as I hear tell?

RATTIGAN: Modern? London? Well, yes - it has every modern convenience – gas light, sewers, trams, and some houses are even getting loos!

SULTANA: Loos? What are 'loos'?

SERVANT: Your majesty! What have you said?!

SULTANA: Me? I just said 'what are loos'. Oh no!

RATTIGAN: I don't understand!

SULTANA: (*in despair*) You will! You will!

Sound of little feet steadily grows louder until MANY rats pour on stage and sing & dance to: Abba: WATERLOO. They exit squealing.

CAPTAIN: Barnacles and winkles! What on earth be that?!

SULTANA: It is our curse! Our land is over-run with rats – Abba singing rats! Any mention of a song by those screeching Swedish women and the rats appear!

WINNET: Are they covered in hair?

SULTANA: Rats – of course ...

WINNET: No – these Swedish women.

RATTIGAN: Be silent you fool. (*hits with tail*)

SULTANA: I would give half my fortune to anyone who could rid me of this plague!

SCABLEY: Have you tried rinsing with mouthwash?

WINNET: Not 'plaque' – plague! Call yourself a rat and don't know what plague is?!

SULTANA: Rat? You are rats?! Off with their ...

RATTIGAN: Ignore this poor fool, oh merciful one – s/he said 'prat' – which is glaringly evident!

SULTANA: Hmmm. Now tell me more about London.

SULTANA: I expect it is the same as here – everyone wants their bribe to get things done.

RATTIGAN: Very true, oh all seeing one – even in England it is gimme, gimme ...

SERVANT 5: gimme ... No! I couldn't help it! The tune is so catchy! I can't get it out of my head!

SULTANA: Well I have the cure for that! Off with her head!

RATS – ABBA SONG

SULTANA: I'm losing the will to live. Perhaps **now** I can hear a decent tune? Try again, singers/dancers; what have you for us tonight?

PERFORMER 1: Tonight, oh permed and tinted one, we shall be singing ...

SERVANT: (*enters excitedly*) Oh lustrous and luminous one!

SULTANA: You did it again, you festering flake of athlete's foot! Off with his/her ...

SERVANT: Hang on err Oh quivering queen of quiet, quality Oh heck. What else starts with a 'q'?

SCABLEY: The Harrods' sale? (*or similar*)

SULTANA: Just get on with it.

SERVANT: There are more spies!

RATTIGAN: *(To aud & cronies)* That will be the wretched boy and his cronies! I saw them swimming ashore farther down the coast! *(Louder to Sultanna)* Your wonderfulness!

SULTANA: You may speak, grovelling one.

RATTIGAN: I know of these infidels! They are indeed spies – sent by the King of ... King of Quick! Name of somewhere violent and primitive!

WINNET: [local town].

RATTIGAN: Good choice! ... the King of [local town]. - to spy on you!

SULTANA: Spies! I shall boil them in

SERVANT: No – don't say the 'o' word! We'll be up to our necks in Americans!

SULTANA: Good thinking. Bring the spies in!
Dick, Alice & Fitzwarren are dragged in.

RATTIGAN: Yes – these are the very spies of which I warned you! *(to executioner)* Oy – chopper boy! Off with their heads!

SULTANA: Oy! I say that bit!

RATTIGAN: Sorry.

SULTANA: Right, No problem. Off with their heads!

DICK: Hang about – we're not spies! I am Richard Whittington of Gloucestershire and this is my friend Alice and this is Alderman Fitzwarren of the City of London.

FITZ: How do you do?

SULTANA: Very well thank you.

DICK: And who are you?

SULTANA: Me? You dare speak to ME in this manner! Off with his head.

DICK: Stop larking about. Who are you then?

SERVANT: *(to Dick)* This – oh doomed one – this monumental mountain of maiden-hood ...

SULTANA: Not sure I liked that one.

SERVANT: This – dazzling divinity of delights brought to earth to illuminate our insignificant existence.

SULTANA: Better. Keep them there.

SERVANT: ... she is THE SULTANA.
Dick giggles

SULTANA: Why do you laugh?!

DICK: "sultana"!

SULTANA: Boy! Why do you laugh?!

DICK: No "raisin"! *(gets hysterical)*

SULTANA: Do you mock me?

DICK: Not at all – to meet you is a 'grape' pleasure, my 'old fruit'!

SULTANA: Are you jesting?

ALICE: No – he means – to meet someone as glorious and important as you is super. Really super!

VOICE: TROOPER!

SULTANA: Who was that?! Off with their head!

ABBA SONG

SULTANA: Will nobody rid me of those rats?

DICK: I think they're quite cute?

SULTANA: Cute? You wouldn't think so if that's all you could hear every minute of every day?
Having to watch every word.

WINNET: I wouldn't mind – not if I was as rich as you!

RATTIGAN: Ignore my feeble minded friend – all s/he thinks about is money, money, money! *(As he says the last word there is widespread cry of dismay, but too late)*

ABBA SONG

DICK: Ah – bless! Thank you, little rats – thank you for the music!

ABBA SONG

DICK: Ah – yes – I see what you mean. It could get on your nerves a bit.

RATTIGAN: Your imperial mintiness. Shall you not dispose of these spies?

SULTANA: Whatever. I've really lost all interest in being nasty to people.

RATTIGAN: No interest in being nasty?! I'm sure that's not true. *(goes and sits next to her to amazed gasps; takes her hand)* I think you and I are very like in many ways; I'm sure we think alike. May I suggest that - knowing me, knowing you – the best...

ABBA SONG

RATTIGAN: Get off – filthy little things! I can't stay this cheerful forever you know!

SULTANA: And to make it worse – just look at my coat of arms!

CAPTAIN: What is it – a plant and a circle? What type of plant is it?

SULTANA: A fern.

RATTIGAN: The letter 'O' and a fern. What's wrong with that?

SULTANA: Think about it.

ALICE: I get it! Fern and O!

ABBA SONG

SULTANA: Does anyone want to chop their heads off? I've gone past caring.

RATTIGAN: I'd like to! Off with their heads! Don't look at me like that! It's not personal – it's just the name of the game!

ABBA SONG

SULTANA: *(very angry)* That's enough! Are you doing this on purpose? The next one to say an Abba song is in real – deep trouble – up to their necks – which will be just as far as their body goes! Do you get my drift? *(sudden idea)* Ah-ha! Right! I have it! A competition! Look – here is a huge pile of treasure. It is all up for grabs. The winner will be the first one to get rid of those singing rats and THE WINNER TAKES IT ALL! Aargh!!

ABBA SONG

SULTANA: That's it – everyone out. Bedtime! You have one night to get rid of the rats then in the morning it's off with ALL your heads. Night-night! Sleep tight!
(most exit) (Captain – who has been amazed by the exotic dancers/slave girls throughout chases these off.)

RATTIGAN: That Captain – he has an eye for the girls.

SCABLEY: Really? Where does he keep it then, this eye?

RATTIGAN: Where does he ... idiot! Come, fellow schemers, let us plot! *(Villains leave)*
Only Dick & Alice left

DICK: Well – what a set-up! And who would have thought I'd see you here? What were you doing on the ship in the first place?

ALICE: Following you. Making sure you were OK.

DICK: Really? Wow! You know – all that soppy stuff about getting married ... well – if I DID ask you – and I'm not saying I'm going to or anything. but ...

ALICE: How could I resist you?

DICK: Hang on. *(Looks around)* Isn't that in an Abba song?

*They sing Mamma Mia but at 'how could I resist you' the rats join in quietly.
The rats stay at the end of the song*

DICK: *(to rats)* You know – you fellows could make a fortune in London singing like that.

RAT 1: Love to mate, but if she thought we were worth money she'd never let us go!

RAT 2: No – if she knew people would pay to hear us!

DICK: Hmm! Listen carefully – I have a cunning plan! *(all exit)*

Rattigan returns L

RATTIGAN: *(to aud)* No – I think you will find that I am the one with the cunning plan!

Captain enters R

CAPTAIN: What are you up to now?

RATTIGAN: You'll see. Here it comes! Hurry along! Drag it in!

Scabley and Winnet fetch machine. This machine is like a wardrobe open at both sides, with an arrow on the front: OFF, STUN, DROP DEAD, AARGH!

CAPTAIN: So what is it?

RATTIGAN: This – is a rat-trap! Winnet has made it to my design. It is to kill baby rats!

CAPTAIN: Is it now? Barnacles and winkles – that was quick work! What does it do?

RATTIGAN: Very simple. Even the most stupid person on the planet can understand it, can't you 'Steven'.

RATTIGAN: *(after every underlined word Winnet does the 'magician's assistant bit and repeats the word with an irritating flourish)* First we get some cheese. Then I set this lever. Next *(notices Winnet)* I place the cheese on this spigot. *(notices Winnet again and frowns)* The trap is now fully armed. *(notices Winnet again and glares)*

CAPTAIN: How does it work then?

RATTIGAN: Aha! It is simplicity itself! *(notices Winnet nibbling lump of cheese and glares)* The cheese *(eventually is handed to him)* The cheese is placed in here, thusly. Into the trap the unsuspecting rat is lured. *(glares at Winnet)* The machine does its **diabolical machinations!** *(Winnet looks vague and flaps arms vaguely)* Then out the lifeless, mortified cadaver ... flops. *(Presses finger to Winnet's lips. As he walks away Winnet says "Flops".)*

CAPTAIN: Don't quite get it.

RATTIGAN: I'll show you. Scabley! In you go!

SCABLEY: What. Me again? In there? Not bloomin' likely!

RATTIGAN: Don't be such a baby. Look – I'll just set it to STUN. There – now in you go! *(Pushes him in. Noise, shaking, shrieking etc from machine)*

SCABLEY: *(reappears as quick as possible – in a stunning dress, hat & sunglasses)* There! Stunning!

CAPTAIN: 'Ee don't look lifeless!

RATTIGAN: Drat the machine. In you go again! DROP DEAD setting! *(Grabs Scabley and thrusts him inside again the turns dial to DROP DEAD. Tells aud. what it says. More noise and screeching.*

SCABLEY: *(appears in even more amazing outfit)* Wahey! Drop dead gorgeous!

RATTIGAN: That's not right! What's going on with this stupid machine!! Out of my way!

He pushes them aside, turns dial to OFF, strides inside.

Scabley wickedly turns the dial to AARGH!

A rising sound grows and grows, as does sounds of distress.

When the noise & vibration reaches a peak Rattigan appears in bizarre clothes.

Chases rats off in rage. All exit with machine.

SULTANA and her minions reappear, followed by Fitz, Dick & Alice.

SULTANA: How can I sleep with all this noise?! Someone will lose their heads! You, boy – I blame you!

DICK: It wasn't me – I was busy with my secret plan for getting rid of the singing rats!

SULTANA: Get rid of the rats? Is this possible?

DICK: I think so! All we have to do is get the rats back and try it out!

SULTANA: How will we do that?

DICK: Well, your sultanniness; you are sort of the queen around here? *(She agrees)* Then come down here – don't be shy – follow us. *(Dick & Alice start to dance – gradually the Sultana joins in and starts to enjoy it)* Look everyone! Come and see your dancing queen!

ABBA SONG

In the middle of the song Cat appears and rounds up the rats, chasing them off. The rats pretend to be afraid. As the last one leaves Dick talks to it:

DICK: Meet you all on the boat like we planned! (*Winks*)

Last rat exits happily

SULTANA: Gone! They have gone! And all thanks to this amazing creature. What manner of beast is it?

DICK: This, is a cat! She has found her way here from the ship!

SULTANA: A 'cat'? Is it safe? (*Nervously strokes cat*) Truly magnificent!

Cat exits proudly.

FITZ: I'm not entirely sure what's going on here.

ALICE: This clever fellow has just solved the problem of the singing rats - and won all that treasure!

FITZ: Which clever fellow?

ALICE: Dick!

FITZ: (*Ducks again.*) This is not good for my back you know!

SULTANA: The girl is right! The treasure is now yours! And this day shall forever be named after you. Tell us your name that it may be written in the book of our history!

DICK: Dick!

SULTANA: Let it be known – for the rest of time this day will be a holiday, forever known as 'Dick Day'. (*all look a bit concerned at this*)

ALICE: Hmm. How about 'Spring Bank Holiday'?

SULTANA: Probably for the best. So be it! If that is agreed by you – er – Dick?

DICK: I can live with that. (*Looks at Alice*) And, Alderman Fitzwarren? If it's all right with you – there's someone else I wish to live with. (*Nods at Alice*)

FITZ: Well, I do have a spare room.

DICK: No – not you, sir. With Alice!

FITZ: What? Like as in 'married'? (*Alice & Dick nod*) Right: I have to ask you some questions: first ...

DICK: Yes – I do have an enormous amount of money *and* I also plan to be next Lord Mayor of London. Next question?

FITZ: I think that rather covers everything... but I've got the feeling I'm forgetting something important

ALICE: Like what?

Enter three rat villains – with swords. Dramatic music.

RATTIGAN: Like me! Your father promised that *you* would marry *me*!

ALICE: What?!

FITZ: That was it! Now I remember! Seemed a good idea at the time. Nice fellow, good prospects, bags of money.

RATTIGAN: Indeed. And even more money when I get back to England with this pile of treasure!

WINNET: There, Scabley – told you. We're going to be rich!

RATTIGAN: Not you two! You ruined my only song in this show! You're getting nothing! Nothing!

SULTANA: I say! That treasure is not yours, and you cannot have it!

RATTIGAN: And who's going to stop me?

SULTANA: (*pointing at cowardly servant*) (*nervously*) He/She is?

SERVANT: Oooer! Umm – off with his head! Hello? Anyone? Off with his ... umm.

RATTIGAN: Boo! (*Servant cowers.*)

DICK: Ha! I know someone who can deal with you. Where is she? Ca ... (*Rattigan grabs him by the throat before he can call Cat*)

RATTIGAN: No you don't! No four-legged flea-bag to save you this time! (*To rats*) You two! Start loading the treasure onto the ship! (*menacing*) I want to deal with this brat myself!

(Winnet a& Scabley exit)

ALICE: (*runs toward to aud*) This is awful. We must call for Cat. Will you all help me? (*During this Rattigan is still menacing Dick and shouting at the audience*)

Will you help? When I count to three we must all shout 'Cat' as loud as we can! Ready?
One-two-three. CAT!!
Nothing! Even louder! One-two-three!
Still nothing! Call again! Louder!

Cat runs down the hall/theatre onto the stage. She circles Rattigan but he has the sword & Cat can't attack.

Alice gets a long heavy object (eg. stick part of Rattigan's sword stick) to hit Rattigan but Fitz, very confused, is standing in the way.

ALICE: Dad! DUCK!

FITZ: What?

ALICE: DUCK!

FITZ: Ah-ha: you mean 'DICK' – you won't catch me with that aga ... *(gets whacked on head)*
Things look lost but Winnet wheels the rat-catcher box on.

Rattigan is forced backwards into the box, complaining loudly about the cat's sharp nails.

Scabley spins the arrow until warning lights flash.

Chorus enter to see what is happening.

Vibration & noise increase until machine explodes/collapses OR just breaks down. This time it is empty (Rattigan having crept out of the back into the crowd & exited).

FITZ: Gone! Nothing left but his tail! *(holds it up)*

DICK: And nothing left but to load the treasure on the ship and sail home to England!

PERFORMER 1: *(They enter)* Oy! Hung around here for twenty minutes like lemons!

PERFORMER 2: Let's at least have a bit of a tune before we all go home!

SULTANA: At last! Let the entertainment commence!

CHORUS: MUSICAL NUMBER TO END SCENE *(some principals will exit to get changed)*

SCENE 7: COMMUNITY SONG

Alice and Dick and Cat enter with suitcases / duty-free bags. Finale costumes.

ALICE: So nice to be back in England again.

DICK: Yeah – I wonder what's *(something topical / been happening in TV show?)*

FITZ: *(enters excitedly with newspaper)* Thank goodness I've found you! You are the talk of all London. Everyone knows how you freed the Sultana from the plague of rats, and won the treasure...!

DICK: Yes?

FITZ: AND – now that you are the richest man in the city there is talk of you being the new Lord Mayor of London! *(to aud)* See: 'cash-for-honours' even back in these days!

ALICE: This is wonderful. I'm so excited I must buy some new shoes!

DICK: *(to aud)* Nope – even in a panto that doesn't make sense!

OPTION: choose actors to do the rest of the scene.

BUSINESS WITH CHILDREN & COMMUNITY SONG.

SCENE 8: FINALE

Banqueting hall of the Lord Mayor of London OR back in London.

On stage: chorus, Fitz, Captain, Scabley, Winnet, Sultana & servants in fine clothes. No rats yet.

FITZ: My Lords, ladies & gentlemen. Honoured guest – the Sultana of - er –Sultana-land. Please raise your glasses in a toast - to the new Lord Mayor of London and his lovely new wife: Lord and Lady Whittington!

They enter to applause

ALICE: This happy day has come at last.

DICK: And all my dreams have come to pass.

SCABLEY: No more crime – we know that’s wrong.

WINNET: Just cut the chat – let’s have a song!

SULTANA: No Abba songs – they make me sick!

ALICE: Those days are gone now, thanks to Dick.

FITZ: Thanks to who?

ALICE: Dick!

FITZ: *Ducks*. My word. They’re flying low today!

SCABLEY: The world is free from that evil rat.

DICK: And all thanks to this splendid Cat!

WINNET: Our boss just got what he was due.

SULTANA: Indeed – he met his Waterloo! ... OH NO!!!!!!

SINGING RATS POUR ON FINALE SONG WALK DOWN

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