



Dick Whittington

by Joshua Clarke and Lewis Clarke

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Characters:

Dick Whittington.....Heroic, Brave, Charming dim

Alice Fitzwarren.....Sweet, Kind, Joyfully Innocent

Tommy (Cat) Loyal, Trustworthy, Courageously Feisty

King Rat.....Villainous, Hateful, Thoroughly Vile

OnionGrotesque, Grisly, Impossibly Gullible

GarlicSmelly, Repugnant, Purely Stupid

Sarah Flirtatious, Comical, Gleeefully Ugly

Jack Idle, Foolish, Perfectly Silly

Alderman Fitzwarren Impulsive, Trusting, Decisively Nonsensical

Fairy Positive, Helpful, Wonderfully Magical

Sheikh Mabhuti Bizarre, Careless, Ridiculously Outrageous

Vizier Modest, Overpowered, Constantly Bested

ACT 1

Prologue

*The streets of London. Citizens frozen on stage as King Rat, Onion and Garlic
Enter. Onion and Garlic inspect the villagers.*

King Rat: Mwhahahahaha! What is that awful smell? Urgh, it's children! Do you know what the difference is between children and brussel sprouts? I won't eat brussel sprouts! Hahahahah! I am King Rat and I have plans to become Lord Mayor of London. Then I will unleash all of my little rats and we will take over the city, and before you know it we will rule the entire world! Mwhaahaha. Oh, I see we are on the boo's already. By the looks of things - some of you have been on the booze all day. So it's time I put my plan into action. Onion! Garlic! Get over here, you stupid little minions!

Onion: Sorry, your royal Ratship. We were just looking at this lot.

Garlic: Yeah, all clean and hygienic. This ones breath smells like spearmint. It makes me sick!

King Rat: I know. When I am in charge, I will have stinky cheese smeared all over the walls, ban all toothbrushes and I'll sell B.O. in a bottle!

Onion: Mmm, and snot sandwiches for lunch!

Garlic: And crusty bogeys for pudding!

King Rat: All when I become Lord Mayor of London! Mwahahahaha. Ain't nobody who can stop me now!

(Enter Fairy)

Fairy: Hold it right there, you pointy faced old rodent!

King Rat: Oh not this stupid disco ball again.

Fairy: Yes, and I'm about to bust out some serious moves to stop you in your plans to become Lord Mayor.

King Rat: Oh yeah? And how you gonna do that?

Fairy: It's not me you want to worry about, because – on his way to London, right now, is a true hero!

King Rat: Oh, really? **(They laugh)**

Onion: A hero!?

Garlic: What's his name? Batman?

Onion: Robin hood?

Fairy: No, Dick Whittington!

(They laugh)

Onion: Dick Whittington!? Ha! Sounds like a pudding!

Fairy: He's not a pudding, although he is one tasty dish! And he'll thwart your wicked scheme, just you wait and see!

King Rat: I'm not afraid of some jumped up wannabe. Who does he think he's gonna impress?

Fairy: Why the good people in front of me! He could do something about

your breath!

Garlic: Oh snap, they're having a rhyme off!

King Rat: Don't you try and rhyme with me; I'm quite the raconteur.

Fairy: Oh, King Rat. Don't be so silly! You smell just like manure.

King Rat: To me that is a compliment. I relish being dirty.

Fairy: And your teeth are so repugnant. Just like your coat, they're furry!

King Rat: The best you can come up with is that? Ha. I win. Ain't that a surprise?

Fairy: ... Perhaps I could conjure a pussycat! And he'll scratch out your eyes!

(Rat, Onion & Garlic are terrified)

King Rat: Oh, you know I hate cats! They give me crawly-skin.

Fairy: Remember boys and girls, good will always win!

(Fairy exits)

Onion: You don't think she can really conjure cats, do ya? They give me the heebie-jeebies.

Garlic: Daddy, What's a heebie jeebie?

King Rat: Shut up and let me think!

Onion: You're not frightened are you, daddy?

King Rat: Of course not!

Onion: It's just when she mentioned the cat-

King Rat: Don't say it. Look, let's not worry about the... the...

Garlic: ... The cat.

King Rat: Yes!! ...The only thing we have to worry about is this Whittington chump. He's only a handsome stranger, and I think we can manage that!

Onion: Wicked. What's the plan?

King Rat: The same as it always was – To take over London, so I can become lord mayor! HAHAAHA. The plan is perfect. I never make mistakes. I thought I did once, but I was wrong.

Garlic: You are evil daddy!

King Rat: Now, let me here you BOO! **(Boos)** HAHAAHA. Shut up!

(They all exit laughing)

SCENE 1 – London Town outside Fitzwarren stores

Opening number. At the end of the song Chorus move to their market stalls and Sarah the cook comes forward.

Sarah: Hello there, everybody! **(hello)** Oh look at you all, don't you look smart. Come for a bit of culture have you? Well you've come to wrong place. No I'm only joking, we're going to have a good time today I can tell. Now I had better introduce myself, I suppose. My name is Sarah and I work in Fitzwarren stores just over there. Now I'm sure you are wondering - what is a stunning Cheryl Fernandez-Versini, or whatever her name is this year, lookalike doing working in a simple shop? Well, I am the cook for Mr. Fitzwarren. Not as glamorous as the catwalk I could be on, I know, but I have a passion for cooking. I know all there is to know. For instance,

what do you call a fake noodle? An impasta! Believe me, they get worse. Now then, I bet you can't believe your luck gents, you've caught me between boyfriends; that's right, you've guessed it... I'm looking for a new man! I'm quite picky though it has to be said. I need a man between 18 and 80, preferably single, and they need to be somewhere in the first couple of rows, because I can't see much further than that. You sir, I bet you're wishing you'd sat further back now, aren't you? What's your name?
(John) Well hello you hunky piece of man candy. Now, do you have a girlfriend? Oh you do? Well that's alright I need a new housekeeper. You know, they say men are like coffee. The best ones are rich, hot and keep you up all night! I'm sure we'll be seeing a lot of each other over the next couple of hours, John, just sit back and I'll do the work.

(Enter Mr. Fitzwarren and Alice)

Fitzwarren: Sarah, will you stop flirting with the paying customers, you'll scare them all away.

Sarah: How very dare you! I'll have you know, men are always trying to take me out.

Fitzwarren: Yeah, too bad they keep missing. Now Alice, my dear daughter, I'm glad I have you here. As you know, we are off on our voyage to morocco tomorrow, as we are now the official supplier of their countries rat poison.

Alice: Of course, how could I forget that important piece of exposition - I mean information!

Fitzwarren: Well, I have a little gift for you a sort of *going away* present, I suppose.

Alice: Really daddy? Oh that's so thoughtful of you. What is it?

Fitzwarren: Oh no, it's a surprise, you see. But you'll get it soon enough.

Sarah: What present did you get for me, Fitzy?

Fitzwarren: Nothing you greedy cow.

Sarah: **(to audience member)** Oi, John, you're not gonna let him speak to me like that are you?

Alice: Calm down Sarah. I'll get you a little something when we get to Morocco.

Sarah: Oh Alice, you're such a sweetie. Unlike your father the miserable old fart.

Fitzwarren: The only problem is, we don't have a Captain or first mate for the ship yet.

Alice: Don't worry daddy. I'm sure somebody will turn up, otherwise it's gonna be a dull second act.

Fitzwarren: I'm sure you're right darling. Now Sarah, I need you back in the kitchen, to start work on all the food prep for our voyage.

Sarah: Sure thing, Fitzy!

Alice: What have you got prepared for us, Sarah?

Sarah: Well we have an array of sandwiches, cupcakes and my personal favourite, pizza! I've got that cooking in the oven

Alice: Oh, I fancy some pizza now. Will it be long?

Sarah: No it will be round. **(to audience)** Bye dears! Bye John! **(blows kiss)**

(Fitzwarren, Alice and Sarah exit, Jack enters)

Jack: Are they gone? **(Yes)** Oh good! I'm meant to be working for Mr. Fitzwarren right now, but I can't be bothered. I hate work! I suppose it all stems from my childhood; I hated it then too. The only reason I even have to work there is because my mum's the cook. Have you met her yet? **(Yes)** You have? She's ugly isn't she? She makes Gillian McKeith look like Megan Fox. Seriously, if ugliness were bricks, she'd be the Great Wall of China. You lot seem like a laugh. I've got a crazy idea; do you wanna be my mates? **(Yes)** Awesome! Every time I run out here, I'm gonna shout 'Hiya Kids!' then I want you to shout 'Hiya Jack!'. Can you do that? **(Yes)** Right, let's give it a go! 'Hiya Kids!' **(Hiya Jack)** Now if you don't try, it's just yourselves you are letting down. Come on, this isn't a Man United game, this is panto, you're meant to be loud. Let's give it another go. Hiya Kids! **(Hiya Jack!)** That was brilliant! You can all be my mates now.

(Enter Sarah)

Sarah: Jack! There you are, I thought I heard stupid. You're supposed to be helping me out at the shop! Get in there and find me a bag of nuts.

Jack: Alright mum. Hey, what nuts always have a cold?

Sarah: I don't know, what nuts always have a cold?

Jack: Cashews!

Sarah: Get in there you stupid little boy! Honestly, he's so stupid, he doesn't know the difference between roast beef and pea soup.

Jack: Yes I do! You can roast beef, but you can't pea soup.

Sarah: Get out of it! **(They exit)**

(Enter Fairy)

Fairy: Hello again. I'm sure you were wondering when I would reappear. Well, it looks like I'm just in time to introduce the hero to our tale. The one destined to defeat King Rat and that gruesome twosome. Here comes Dick Whittington, ready to save the world from King Rat's evil plans. Just to help him along the way, I'll give him a helping hand to stop that evil bum face. It's time to introduce our furry feline. He'll help Dick stop that overgrown piece of mildew. All it takes, is a simple wave of my magic wand. **(Fairy does so and exits)**

(Enter Dick)

Dick: I've finally made it! I've walked all the way from Gloucester to seek my fortune in London! I've heard that it can be very scary in London, but that's alright, I don't know the meaning of the word fear. Which is a sad comment on the education system in the West Country. **(Enter Tommy)** Oh look a cat! What are you doing all alone? Aww you must be a stray. Come here you little moggy. **(Dick strokes Tommy)** I think I've made a new friend here. What's your name? **(Tommy whispers)** Tommy! That's a nice name. It's also really handy that I can understand you when you whisper in my ear. Listen Tommy, you don't know of any jobs going around here do you? **(Tommy points to Fitzwarren stores)** 'Fitzwarren stores' eh? Doesn't sound like the riches I was seeking, but we've all got to start somewhere I guess. **(Alice comes out of the shop)** Cor! Look at her, she's beautiful!

Alice: **(To Tommy)** Oh look at you aren't you handsome!

Dick: Thanks very much!

Alice: Your coat is beautiful.
Dick: Do you like it? I got it at Primani.
Alice: What a perfect pussy.
Dick: Hang on a second – Oh you were talking to the cat. Sorry, I didn't catch your name.
Alice: I'm Alice.
Dick: Wow that is such a beautiful name!
Alice: Thanks. I'm sure your name is just as charming. What is it?
Dick: Dick.
Alice: ... Uh-huh.
Dick: Alice, you are one of the most beautiful, enchanting, spellbinding girls I have ever met – and I mean that in a nice way.
Alice: Thanks, you're not so bad yourself.

Song – Alice and Dick

Alice: So, what brings you to London then, Dick?
Dick: I've come here to seek my fortune, but first I need a job. I was thinking about asking in that shop you just came out of. Do you think you could put a good word in for me?
Alice: Of course I could. My father is the owner, so just leave it to me.

(Enter Fitzwarren, Sarah, Jack and Chorus)

Jack: Hiya Kids! **(Hiya Jack!)**
Alice: Father, this is Dick. He needs a job. He's helpful, reliable and strangely attractive. Can he have job at our shop?
Fitzwarren: Well, have you got any qualifications?
Dick: No.
Fitzwarren: Any experience?
Dick: No.
Fitzwarren: Fantastic, you can start right away. We're going on our voyage to Morocco tomorrow, so that'll be a nice way for you to get to know everybody.
Dick: Excellent. **(Tommy nudges Dick)** Oh right. Mr. Fitzwarren - would it be alright if my cat, Tommy, came along? Being a cat, he's an excellent rat catcher. He could be very useful on a ship.
Fitzwarren: Of course he can. Glad to have you aboard Tommy.
Sarah: It's going to be so nice having some young blood in the shop. **(To Dick)** Now you see that hunk muffin down there, that's John, he's my new boyfriend. He better not catch you flirting with me or he'll have words.
Jack: Yeah and those words will be, 'thank you'.
Dick: Thank you all for being so welcoming. I can't believe how quickly my fortunes have turned around. 5 minutes ago, I had no job, no friends and now I've got everything anyone could ask for.

Song – Dick and Chorus

Scene 2 – A London alleyway

King Rat, Onion & Garlic enter...

King Rat: Did you see that!? Dick's got a job, a cat, everyone's happy and cheerful, and that song was abysmal!

Onion: Actually, I think you'll find it was 'Take That' (or whoever it was).

King Rat: Shut up, or I'll chop you up in to tiny pieces and throw you in my next soup!

Garlic: All right, no need to get in a *stew* about it.

King Rat: Don't you start.

Onion: Sorry, daddy. We're just nervous about this Dick situation.

Garlic: Yeah and now he's got this cat. How are we ever gonna stop him!?

King Rat: I'm glad you asked that, Garlic. It's time to reveal my master plan!

Garlic: (To Onion) What did he say?

Onion: I dunno, something about a flan.

Garlic: Ooohhh, I love flans. Is it gonna be cheesy daddy?

King Rat: I said PLAN! Honestly, you are close to an idiot.

Garlic: I'll move then.

King Rat: Stop messing about. Now, the plan is... to frame Dick Whittington!

Onion: Genius!

King Rat: They think he's the perfect guy, all sweet, noble and kind. I'll show them he's not so fly, an evil plan I'll find.

Garlic: (To Onion) He's rhyming again.

Onion: Yeah, he's been hanging around with that fairy for too long.

King Rat: Fitzwarren needs a captain, he needs a first mate. If only I knew two minions, some idiots to infiltrate.

Garlic: Yeah... If only...

King Rat: I'm talking about you! You furry headed twip! You will work for Fitzwarren, and then you'll sink his ship!

Onion: US!? We make Joey Essex look intelligent!

Garlic: Hey, I'm really intelligent! I once took an IQ test. I queued for hours!

Onion: See!?

King Rat: Nonsense, nonsense. You're perfect for the job. You'll get rid of the rat poison! Aunt's your fanny, Uncle's your bob!

Garlic: Eh?

King Rat: I'm running out of rhymes... But we need to frame Dick! Come on Onion, and you too, Garlic! HAHAHAHHA.

(King Rat exits)

Onion: Great! He wants *us* to sink the ship!? How are *we* gonna do *that*!?

Garlic: Come on, it'll be easy!

Onion: Yeah right, you couldn't even sync your Iphone to your laptop!

Garlic: Hey! That's so mean. How could you *sink* so low? Haha.

Onion: Please shut up, I'm nervous now. I don't know that much about sailing.

Garlic: Ok. To help, I'll quiz you. What keeps a dock floating above water?

Onion: I dunno.

Garlic: Pier pressure! What lies at the bottom of the ocean and twitches? A

nervous wreck!

Onion: Please stop, your making my ears bleed.

Garlic: I can't think of any more boat puns, canoe?

Onion: Enough! There's not only the ship to worry about, but also that Whittington twerp. He's supposed to be the most handsome man in all the land.

Garlic: I thought that was me.

Onion: But daddy's gonna stop him. Yes, he is. If my name isn't Onion!

Garlic: Why do they call you Onion?

Onion: Cos' I'm so ugly, I make onions cry! Hey, why do they call you Garlic?

Garlic: ... Cos' I Ga-lick ya! **(He licks Onion)**

Onion: Ewwww. You know even for a rat, you are disgusting. Now come on, let's catch up to daddy. And you lot shut your faces!

(They Exit)

Scene 3 – Fitzwarren Stores

Song – Dick, Alice, Sarah, Jack and Chorus

Dick: Wow, this is the best job ever! All I've had to do so far, is sing a song with you lovely people. I could get used to this.

Alice: That's not all we do here, Dick. There's loads to do in this shop.

Dick: Oh good, I'm looking forward to putting my muscles to work.

Alice: **(To Jack)** He's so dreamy isn't he?

Jack: He's not my type.

Alice: Now come on, Dick. Let me show you around.

Dick: Lead the way Alice. Come on Tommy... **(To Sarah)** She's so beautiful isn't she? **(Dick, Tommy, Alice and chorus exit)**

Sarah: She's not my type. Right! There is lots to be done between now and tomorrow. So I've been to Lidl and bought in bulk! But I need to make some of the food now as the other chef quit!

Jack: Why's that mum?

Sarah: Because they cut his celery.

Jack: Oh, I thought it was because he ran out of thyme! **(Laughs hysterically to himself)**

Sarah: Leave it to the professionals, darling! Now come on, let's get the table ready for cooking.

Jack: Right! What are we making then mum?

Sarah: Would you believe it? We are making cakes.

Jack: Is that right? We haven't made cakes since this time last year.

Sarah: I know! Coincidental that, isn't it? First we need the flour.

Jack: Alright, I'll just go and get it! **(Jack exits)**

Sarah: Here John, do you like my cooking outfit? Would you like a feel?

(Sarah goes down into the audience and gets John to feel her outfit) Do you know what that is? That's Girlfriend material! **(Jack enters)**

Jack: Here you are mum! **(He is holding a flower)**

Sarah: What is that?

Jack: Flower!

Sarah: No you idiot! I meant flour, like self raising flour!

Jack: It is! **(the flower starts to float away as jack takes it offstage)**

Sarah: You are stupid. Forget the flour, I've got some here that will do for now. Next I need you to separate these two eggs.

Jack: Alrighty! **(picks up the eggs and moves them apart)** Now you two, play nice!

Sarah: Honestly, you're so stupid that if I said 'the drinks are on the house', you'd go get a ladder. **(Sarah puts the eggs in the bowl)** Now, can you get some milk for me?

Jack: Of course, why there is some right here! **(Picks up a bottle of milk and starts to move it in front of Sarah's face)**

Sarah: What sort of milk is that?

Jack: Past-your-eyes **(pasteurised)**

Sarah: Right then, we'll chuck all of that in together and give it a little mix.

Jack: If you say so. **(sings)** Take a sip of my secret potion-

Sarah: No, no, no! Around! Like... in one direction.

Jack: If you say so. **(Sings)** That's what makes you beautiful-

Sarah: You idiot. Take that! **(Hits him)**

Jack: Ok. **(Sings)** Relight my fire-

Sarah: You imbecile! Just use the whisk.

Jack: Oh right. Duh! **(hits himself with the whisk, then begins to whisk vigorously getting the mixture everywhere)** Ahhhhhhhhhh!

Sarah: Oh no! Look what you've done, you've made a right mess of my kitchen now. **(Upset)**

Jack: I'm sorry. Look, I'll clean it up. **(Wipes up all the mixture with his hands)** See all clean. Do you forgive me?

Sarah: Well, I don't know.

Jack: Oh please!

Sarah: Well, I'm not sure!

Jack: She should forgive me, shouldn't she boys and girls? **(YES)**

Sarah: Oh alright then, I forgive you.

Jack: Oh good. Seeing as we're friends again, shall we shake on it?

Sarah: Yes let's shake on it.

Jack: Alright, on the count of three. 1, 2, 3! **(Jack shakes Sarah's hand and covers it in cake mixture)**

Sarah: Oh you rotter! Look we've got nothing to bake all the cakes with now! But don't worry, I made some earlier! **(Produces a plate full of scones)**

Jack: Yum! I love scones. Wait is it scones or scones. **(Tries both pronunciations)**

Sarah: It really doesn't matter. Not for this part of the script anyway.

Jack: Well, what types have we got here?

Sarah: Well, we've got this one. **(Picks up a scone as a gust of wind comes and blows it away)** 'Scone with the wind'. These ones **(rolls two scones offstage)** 'The rollings scones'. And this one-

Jack: What's so special about that one?

Sarah: **(Bites a bit)** It's going **(Bites a bit more)** Going **(Finishes it)** Scone.

Jack: Oh, I didn't get to eat anything.

Sarah: Don't you worry, Jack my boy, because I have a custard pie here, especially for you.

Jack: Really, can I have it now?

Sarah: What do you reckon boys and girls, should he get it now? **(YES)**
Alright, if you say so. Now Jack, just open your mouth, close your eyes and relax. On the count of three. 1, 2, 3! **(Slams the pie in his face)** Alright then, enough messing about. Let's get all of this cleaned up.

(Dick, Alice, Tommy and Fitzwarren enter as Jack cleans up)

Fitzwarren: Right, I think we've shown you just about everything in the shop now. You are ready to be part of the crew. Now we just need our Captain and first mate and we're all set.

Alice: Well Daddy, why don't we go down to the docks and ask people around there if they have any experience?

Fitzwarren: Excellent idea, my girl. Why don't you head off down there now and Dick and I will catch up with you in a minute!

Alice: Ok, see you down there, Dick. **(She Exits)**

Fitzwarren: Right then, everyone else gather round. I want to show you my present to Alice. **(He gets out a box, and produces a necklace)** It's a diamond necklace from Harrods.

Sarah: Oh my! Your daughter is a lucky girl Fitzy.

Fitzwarren: I know, I spoil her rotten.

Sarah: **(To audience member)** Hey John, why do you never spoil me?

Jack: Probably because you're already rotten!

Fitzwarren: Now Dick, I'm gonna give this to you to lock in the safe! **(Produces a key)** Here is the only key. Now Jack and Sarah, I want you to accompany me to the docks to recruit the rest of my crew. Dick, meet us down there once you've locked away the necklace with the only key.

Jack: Can we feed the ducks from the deck as well?

Fitzwarren: Fine. Dick, meet us at the docks, so we can feed the ducks from the deck.

Sarah: That's easy for you to say. **(All exit apart from Dick and Tommy)**

Dick: **(Locking the necklace away and then hanging up his jacket)** Oh Tommy, isn't this perfect? I can't believe how well everything has worked out. Absolutely nothing could possibly go wrong from this point.

(He Exits as King Rat enters with Onion and Garlic)

King Rat: **(Boos)** Oh shut up, you horrible lot or I'll poison your ice creams. Now then boys, it's time to frame Dick.

Onion: **(Holds up a picture frame)** Sure thing, Daddy. We've got one right here.

Garlic: Yeah, where is that hunky pile of muscles?

Onion: It took us ages to find this frame.

Garlic: Yeah, I hope he fits.

King Rat: Not that sort of frame, you batty birdbrained blockheads. What did I do to deserve you lifeless loafing layabouts?

Onion: Who are you? The President of the United States of Alliteration?

Garlic: Lol.

King Rat: The plan is to make dick look like a thief and to do that we'll need to plant something into his jacket pocket, over there.

Onion: We could plant tomatoes? Or potatoes?

Garlic: Haha, Jacket potatoes.

King Rat: You two have got barely half a brain between you. Back to the plan. I've got it! We'll put that diamond necklace in his pocket. Mwahahahaha, I'm so wonderfully evil. That way the old man will get rid of Dick and that horrible old cat too.

Onion: But Dad, it's locked in that safe over there.

Garlic: Yeah and twit kickington has the only key!

King Rat: Don't worry boys, I've got a little trick up my sleeve. **(He goes to the safe)** What's a safe without a key? Never mind, leave it to me. I'll cast a spell to make it open, now the plan is finally in motion! **(Safe opens by magic)**

Onion: Oh Daddy, you're fabulously wicked!

Garlic: The worst, Daddy!

King Rat: I know, my boys. This old rat had still got it! Now, I want you to take that necklace and put it in Dick's pocket. He'll look like a thief, and his precious Alice will turn on him just like the rest of them! Then we'll be rid of Dick and that frightful furry feline and no one will be in my way. Soon I'll be Lord Mayor of London, oh yes I will! **(During this speech Onion & Garlic plant the necklace in Dick's pocket)**

Audience: Oh no you won't!

King Rat: Oh yes I will!

Audience: Oh no you won't!

King Rat: Oh yes I will!

Audience: Oh no you won't!

King Rat: Be quiet, or when I'm Lord Mayor I'll make every day a school day!

Onion: All done Daddy.

Garlic: Dick's as framed as the Mona Lisa!

King Rat: Alright you two, time for phase 2. You are going to become the ships Captain and first mate. Mr. Fitzwarren will be back any moment, he's getting desperate, so now's the time to strike. This is something even you two can't mess up.

Onion: Alright, Daddy.

Garlic: We'll do our best, Daddy.

King Rat: Right here he comes. Don't mess it up! **(He exits)**

Onion: Right, we need to make up some names.

Garlic: But I'm not good at improv.

Onion: Don't worry, just leave it to me.

(Enter Fitzwarren)

Fitzwarren: Well, I couldn't find a Captain or a first mate. Even though I'm offering a handsome wage, the chance to travel the world and meet girls.

Onion: Yoohoo!

Fitzwarren: Can I help you?

Onion: Actually, I believe we can help you. We couldn't help overhearing that you need a Captain and first mate. Well look no further.

Fitzwarren: Really? Fantastic! Which one of you is the Captain?

Onion: I am.

Fitzwarren: Captain who?

Onion: That's right, Captain Who. And this is my first mate **(Indicates Garlic)**

Fitzwarren: First mate what?

Onion: Exactly. First mate What.
Fitzwarren: Oh I see, you are Who and he is What.
Onion: (Unsure)...yes...
Garlic: (to Onion) I don't get it.
Onion: Relax, just play along.

(Enter Jack)

Jack: Hiya Kids! (Hiya Jack) My father once told me two wrongs don't make a right, but remember kids, three rights make a left.
Fitzwarren: Jack, there you are. I'd like you to meet our new Captain and first mate.
Jack: Oh brilliant. Who's the Captain?
Fitzwarren: Yes.
Jack: The Captain.
Fitzwarren: Who.
Jack: The Captain.
Fitzwarren: Who is the Captain.
Jack: That's what I'm asking you.
Fitzwarren: And that's what I'm telling you.
Jack: Who is the Captain?
Fitzwarren: Yes. And this is the first mate.
Jack: Who is the first mate?
Fitzwarren: No, Who is the Captain.
Jack: Huh?
Fitzwarren: This is Who. (Indicates Onion)
Jack: How should I know, I've never met the guy.
Fitzwarren: Well now you've met him.
Jack: Met who?
Fitzwarren: Yes.
Jack: When I say hello to this guy I'm saying hello to who?
Onion: Hello, nice to meet you.
Fitzwarren: See now you're starting to get it.
Jack: Get what?
Garlic: I'm right here.
Jack: And who are you??
Onion: I'm Who!
Jack: What?
Garlic: Yes?
Jack: (About Onion) I'm asking, who is this man right here?
Onion: That's right.
Jack: But what's your name?
Garlic: What is *my* name.
Jack: You don't know your own name? What's wrong with this guy?
Fitzwarren: Who?
Onion: What?
Garlic: Yes?
Jack: I think he's got a hearing problem.
Fitzwarren: Who?
Onion: What?

Garlic: Yes?
Jack: I'm confused.
Fitzwarren: This one's actual name is Who. W-H-O. **(Enter Sarah)** And this one's name is Watt, with 2 t's.
Sarah: Two teas? Coming up!

(Enter Dick, Tommy, Alice and Chorus)

Fitzwarren: Everybody is here, perfect! I'd like to introduce you all to our newest crew-members for tomorrow's voyage. Captain Who and First mate Watt.

Jack: That's what I've been asking you.

Fitzwarren: Oh be quiet, Jack. And now that everyone is here, I can think of no better time than this to give Alice her going-away present. Dick?

Dick: Right sir! **(Goes to the safe, unlocks and gets out the box)** Here we are.

Fitzwarren: Thank you very much. I can't wait to see the look on your face Alice. Ready?

Alice: Yes! **(He opens the box and Alice has a perplexed look)**

Jack: I can see what you mean, that is quite an expression.

Alice: Father... There's nothing there! **(Dramatic Chord)**

Fitzwarren: But that's impossible. How could the necklace have been stolen? It was locked away in the safe by...**(all look at Dick)**

Dick: Have I got a bogey or something?

Fitzwarren: Search his pockets! **(Sarah goes over to Dick and does a full body search)**

Sarah: He's clean and has a lovely firm body.

Alice: Get off him, Sarah! **(Pushes her aside to defend Dick)**

Jack: Maybe it wasn't Dick after all.

Onion: Wait! What about his Jacket?

Garlic: Yeah, the one hung up over there. **(Fitzwarren goes over to the jacket and pulls out the necklace)**

All: Gasp!

Fitzwarren: You thief! You swindler! You tea-leaf! That's it for you mate. You're fired! And your little cat too!

Dick: But it wasn't me. Someone must've slipped it into my pocket. **(To audience)** You believe me don't you boys and girls? **(YES)**

Alice: Father, this is ridiculous. Dick must have been framed, I've never known him to do anything underhand.

Onion: How long have you known him?

Alice: About 20 minutes...

Garlic: Oh fair enough then.

Fitzwarren: I helped you Dick Whittington, I trusted you Dick Whittington, and this is how you repay me?

Dick: But it wasn't me. Everyone you have to believe me!

Song – 'Go your own way' – During the song, Dick and Tommy escape through the audience.

Scene 4 - A London Alleyway

King Rat: Mwahahahaa! Shut it you babbling bunch of bottle-heads! The plan worked perfectly! Onion and Garlic have infiltrated the crew and Dick Whittington is gone! Oh, I'm not just a pretty face, so here I am at the Lord Mayor's place. Ever so soon, I will rule here, and all shall shudder in terror and fear! And millions of rats will soon fill the streets, I bet you can feel them crawling under your seats! Who can stop me in my finest hour!?

Fairy: Why me, of course. I have the power!

King Rat: Can you stop finishing my rhyme's, it's really quite frustrating.

Fairy: Then I will do it all the time! You really need castrating!

King Rat: Why are you even here? Its over, go home you over-sized glitter ball. Dick and his Cat are finished!

Fairy: Don't get cocky, ratty-bum. I still have a trick or two up my sleeve!

King Rat: Pur-lease! You don't even have sleeves!

Fairy: I may not have millions of rats as my minions, but I have these lovely people!

King Rat: HA! This lot are no better than rats.

Fairy: And I have the bells of London!

King Rat: How are these lifeless losers and some clanky old bells going to get Whittington back?

Fairy: Wouldn't you like to know...

King Rat: Well, yes I would actually.

Fairy: Listen out for the bells tonight. Dick will be back, and your plan he'll smite!

King Rat: You can't stop me, the whole world will soon be mine.

Fairy: Not if I can help it, now it's Dick's time to shine!

King Rat: You're doing it again, now please let me finish my verse!

Fairy: Ok, I'm sorry then... You're breath has gone from bad, to worse!

King Rat: AHHHHHH!

(Rat chases Fairy off. They both exit)

(Alice enters)

Alice: Boys and girls, I'm so upset. Everything was going so well. We were all getting along, the shop was finally successful, we had Tommy to solve our rat problem and I had met the most wonderful man! Now Dick's gone, that all feels like it was just a dream, and now I'm in a waking nightmare... If only I could talk sense into my father and the others, to make them believe Dick is innocent. You believe he's innocent don't you boys and girls? Well do you? I'm glad you're on my side. I just wish Dick were here... I'd do anything see him again.

(Song - Alice - 1000 Miles)

(Sarah, Jack, & Fitzwarren enter)

Fitzwarren: Come on you lot. We'll never catch Dick going at this pace!

Jack: **(Out of breath)** I'm sorry, I didn't realise I'd signed up to the London-blinkin marathon! I'm sweating like Joey Essex on Mastermind here!

Fitzwarren: I still can't believe Dick betrayed us.

Sarah: I know. How can someone so attractive be so deceptive? Don't you worry, John. These hips don't lie!

Alice: I've told you - Dick would never steal anything. He's a good man.

Jack: Oh, Alice. Love is blind!

Sarah: If love is blind, then how is John undressing me with his eyes, right now.

Jack: Once he sees you undressed then he definitely will be blind.

Alice: Jack, that's mean.

Sarah: Oh, I guess he's right. I'm fat, I'm ugly and I'm useless.

Jack: Mum... You're not useless.

Fitzwarren: Right, we need to focus. Sarah, which way do you think Dick went?

Sarah: I don't know, ask Jack.

Jack: Don't ask me. I've never predicted anything, and I never will.

Fitzwarren: You're all useless.

Jack: OH! What about out there? **(Audience)**

Sarah: Yes! I'll frisk search John and see if I can find Dick...

Alice: ...Right, well it's worth a shot!

(Walkabout)

Scene 5 – On the edge of London

(Dick enters with Tommy behind him)

Dick: Oh Tommy, that was a total disaster. I thought London was supposed to be full of opportunities, but it was just full of overpriced food and angry commuters. But at least there was Alice; she made all of that worthwhile. She is the only thing good that has happened to me here. **(Tommy makes a gesture 'what about me')** Oh and you Tommy, but I can't make you walk all the way back to Gloucester with me, it wouldn't be fair on you. You should go back to where you came from. Hug goodbye? **(Tommy is resolute)** Come on Tommy, you have to go. **(Tommy won't budge)** I'm serious Tommy! Get! **(Tommy moves away sadly and slowly, getting sympathy from the audience on his way)** Oh I feel awful about sending Tommy away. But it was the right thing to do wasn't it? **(NO)** Really? Do you think I should call him back? **(YES)** Of course you're right, what was I thinking? **(Calls)** Tommy! Tommy? Oh no boys and girls **(Tommy sneaks back on behind Dick)** I think he's gone for good. I'll never see my friend Tommy again. **(Begins to cry and Tommy gives Dick his tail to blow his nose on)** Thank you! TOMMY! You came back! What was I thinking sending you away? You're my best mate. Come on, off to Gloucester!

(Enter Fairy)

Fairy: Not so fast Dick!

Dick: Who are you? And how do you know my name?

Fairy: I am the Fairy of the Bells, and I've been watching over you.

Dick: Bit creepy.

Fairy: I'm here to guide you towards your destiny, Dick. But you must turn back, and go once more to London!

Dick: But everybody there thinks I'm a thief. Nobody trusts me.

Fairy: Then prove that you can be trusted. Show them all, Dick, and then you shall become Lord Mayor of London!

Dick: Lord Mayor? Move over Sadiq Khan.

Fairy: Yes, quite!

Dick: I don't know, that all seems too good to be true. Maybe it's safer for me to just go back to Gloucester.

Fairy: But hark, Dick. **(Bells begin to ring)** Listen to the bells, can you hear what they are saying?

Dick: Yes! I can! They're saying...Bing bong, bing bong...

Fairy: No! Hark harder, they're saying **(Covers her mouth)** Turn again Dick Whittington, three times Lord Mayor.

Dick: That was you.

Fairy: Nuh-uh. **(We all of a sudden hear the bells saying 'Turn again Dick Whittington, three times Lord Mayor')**

Dick: I can hear them. Wow, that's amazing. It's my destiny! Thank you, Fairy. I'm gonna go back to London and show them all.

Song – Dick, Fairy, Tommy and Chorus

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

Fitzwarren's ship on a voyage to Morrocco. Alice, Jack, Sarah, Fitzwarren, Onion, Garlic and chorus sing

Onion: Right you lot, all hands on deck.
Garlic: Who's dec?
Onion: Dunno, I've just heard people say that stuff in films. And you over there, shiver me timbers... Immediately. And shiver *your* timbers while you're at it.
Jack: Hiya Kids! (**Hiya Jack**)
Fitzwarren: Oh, I do love sailing on the open water. My darling wife and I used to go sailing all the time before she passed away. We sailed to the Caribbean.
Jack: Jamaica?
Fitzwarren: No she went of her own accord. Then we went to South America.
Jack: Chile?
Fitzwarren: Yes it was a bit, now that you mention it. Then, finally, we sailed up to a beautiful little state in North America, but I can't remember what it's called.
Jack: Alaska!
Fitzwarren: You can't she's dead. How insensitive of you Jack.
Jack: I'm fed up of all this. I'm gonna go and dress up like a small island off the coast of Italy.
Fitzwarren: Jack, don't be Sicily.

(Sarah enters)

Sarah: Hello John. Do you like my outfit? I like your Jeans, John. Did you get them in the sale? Cos' in my house they'd be 100% off!
Jack: Mum, be careful around this ship, you might get harpooned! Get it? Cos' she's a whale.
Sarah: How dare you. My beauty makes men pant like dogs.
Jack: Yeah, so does scurvy.
Alice: Father, I really don't feel like sailing. Nothing seems the same without Dick here!
Fitzwarren: Alice - he betrayed you, he betrayed us all. How could I trust someone like that aboard this vessel?
Alice: How can you say that, when you've entrusted two strangers to captain the ship!
Onion: Right, you scallywags! Hoist the main scale, buckle me belt brace, and hard to pork!
Jack: Don't you mean *port*?
Onion: No thanks, I don't drink a drive.
Garlic: (**Holds telescope the wrong way round**) Tides out, captain!
Onion: Perfect. We sail! We sail!
ALL: We sail! We sail! (**Chorus exit**)
Onion: Yes... (**Sinisterly murmurs**) And then we sink, mwahahah.
(Audience Boo)

(Enter Dick, disguised as Batman)

Dick: Hello boys and girls, **(Pulls off mask)** It's me. Tommy and I have snuck aboard the ship, haven't we Tommy? ... Tommy!

(Tommy enters embarrassed , dressed as robin, meowing grumpily)

Dick: Come on Tommy, don't be like that. **(Tommy meows)** I know you wanted to be Batman, but you can't drive the Bat-mobile. **(Tommy meows)** Because you haven't got any thumbs, Tommy! Anyway, we're keeping a low profile boys and girls, we want to look as inconspicuous as possible.

Sarah: **(Boat starts to rock)** Oh, it's getting a bit chop suey out here!

Jack: Relax, mum. There's nothing to be worried about.

Alice: Aren't you scared, Jack?

Jack: I did used to have a fear of boats, but that ship has sailed.

Fitzwarren: Captain, can I have a word?

Onion: Sure!

Fitzwarren: **(About Garlic)** Is he licensed to steer the ship?

Onion: Well he's got his provisional. I think he's gonna struggle with his hazard perception.

Sarah: Why's that?

Onion: Well he's heading straight for that iceberg.

(Chorus re-enter. All gasp & panic. Shouts of "Iceberg ahead" etc)

Jack: An iceberg!? But we're on our way to Morocco!

Sarah: It's panto, Jack. Let it go.

Onion: Hard to starboard!

(Ship turns sharply & Fitzwarren falls over board, Onion & Garlic roll off stage)

Alice: Father! Help! Man overboard!

Sarah: Oh no! We need someone brave and strong to save him. **(All look at Jack)**

Jack: Well, none out of two's not bad. Here I go... Ah no, it looks a bit too choppy for me.

Fitzwarren: **(Offstage)** I'm drowning!

Sarah: Should we call the German coastguard?

Jack: Nein, Nein, Nein.

Alice: Oh no, what are we going to do!?

Sarah: Do we have strong swimmer in the audience? John, what's your breaststroke like?

Dick: You can't just stand there and let a man drown!

Jack: Ok, I'll stand over here then.

Fitzwarren: **(Offstage)** I'm still drowning!

Dick: Should I save him boys and girls? **(Audience says yes!)** Alright, here I go! **(Rips off suit & dives in)**

Sarah: You can do it, Batman!

Jack: What do you call it when Batman skips church?

Sarah: I don't know. What *do* you call it when Batman skips church?

Jack: Christian Bale.

(Dick enters with Fitzwarren)

ALL: Hooray!
Alice: Father, I thought we'd lost you.
Fitzwarren: I would have been at the bottom of the ocean if it wasn't for -
Alice: Dick! **(Hugs him)**
ALL: Hooray!
Fitzwarren: You saved my life, Dick. How can I ever repay you?
ALL: Hooray!
Fitzwarren: But you did steal my daughter's necklace.
ALL: Boo!
Fitzwarren: But what's a necklace compared to a human life?
ALL: Hooray!
Dick: I didn't even steal the necklace!
ALL: Hooray!
Sarah: I think this calls for a celebration!

Song – All (At the end of the song all exit)

(King Rat enters)

King Rat: Shut your cake holes! So, it appears my minions, Onion and Garlic, are about as useful as chocolate firemen. The ship was heading straight for an iceberg and they still couldn't sink it! The plan was a disaster from the start; at last *this* rat can take control! It's time to thwart young Dick, and pull off my dirty trick. I'll conjure up a storm to behold, then I'll be Lord Mayor and I'll be showered in gold! Mwahahaha!

(King Rat exits & Onion and Garlic enter)

Garlic: I'll tell you what, it's a good thing we avoided that iceberg. It would've been Titanic part 2 if we hadn't saved the ship.
Onion: You idiot! We were meant to *sink* the ship, not *save* it! Now Dick's back, and they're all playing happy families again.
Garlic: I had a feeling we might mess up, which is why I brought this! **(Holds up box that reads "Stuff to sink a ship")**
Onion: How on earth is that going to help us?
Garlic: Oh, It's full of interesting things... Let's see, we've got some binoculars, errr... A toothbrush. You could use one of those. There's a Star Wars DVD, a tub of vaseline, and Peter, my pet parrot. **(Puts toy parrot on the floor)** There we go - stay Peter, stay! He's a good boy. Oh, and a carrot!
Onion: These are all useless! Sounds like you're packing for weekend in Skegness.
Garlic: Don't listen to him Peter, he's just a bit cranky.
Onion: You fool, I could wring your little -

(Tommy enters & corners the duo)

Garlic: What is it!?
Onion: Th-th-th-the cat!

Garlic: Ahhhh!!
Onion: Stay back, you fluffy furry feline!
Garlic: He's gonna eat us!
Onion: We need something to distract him. Quick try the carrot! (**Garlic eats carrot**) No, you blockhead, hit him with it!

(Tommy exits to warn the rest of the crew)

Garlic: (**Picks up Parrot**) Don't worry, Peter. I won't let him hurt you!
Onion: Will you forget about the parrot! We've been found out, and Dick and the crew are on their way! (**King Rat enters**) I dread to think what Daddy will say when he finds out.
Garlic: Why don't you ask him?
Onion: What do you - Oh... Hi Daddy.
King Rat: Don't 'Hi Daddy' me, you worthless dung beetle!
Garlic: Dung beetle, good one Daddy.
King Rat: Don't get me started on you! I ask you to sink the ship, and here I find you sinking your teeth in a carrot!
Onion: Now, Daddy, I know you're mad, but there's no time! Dick is on his way!

(Dick, Alice, Fitzwarren, Sarah, Jack, Tommy & Chorus enter)

King Rat: Let me handle this!
Dick: What's going on here?
Alice: Tommy was right! I knew those two weren't to be trusted.
Sarah: Ew, who invited Shrek to the party?
King Rat: How dare you. I am the almighty King Rat. Now, on your knees!
Sarah: That's a little forward, but I like a man who knows what he wants.
King Rat: Ugh. I would insult you right now, but I can't decide between an ugly joke, or a dumb joke.
Jack: Hey! No one disrespects my mother apart from me!
Sarah: It's alright Jack, John's gonna come up here and sort him out, aren't you John?
Dick: Enough of these shenanigans. What are you doing here, King Rat?
King Rat: I'm here to stop you, Whittington. See, whilst you live - I'll never be Lord Mayor of London. You're in my way. Would you like to find out what happens to people who get in my way?
Dick: Not really, but I'm sure you're gonna tell me anyway.
King Rat: They Die! Mwahahaha. (**Audience Boo**)
Sarah: Oh, John. Hold me!
Jack: Oh, Fitzy. Hold me!
Alice: Dick, what do we do!?
Dick: Don't fret, Alice. Everyone knows Rats are scared of cats. He won't be so tough when Tommy scratches at him! Get him Tommy! (**Chorus cheer!**)

(Tommy runs at King Rat, but is halted by Rat's spell)

King Rat: Yes, quite the rat catcher you've got there. With him perhaps you'll win. But with those claws of yours - how well can you swim?

(Huge commotion as storm hits. Chorus sway and fall offstage, as do the principles one by one, except King Rat)

King Rat: Raise up the clouds and blacken the sky, bring rain and wind to terrify. Let the waves tumble and lightening flash, let the thunder rumble and the cymbals crash! Beasts of the ocean, here my prayer! Come out, come out, from your secret lair! Sink this ship and let Whittington fall, King Rat invites you to his very own Royal Ball. But there's no Prince Charming to save the day, no magic pumpkin will stand in my way. Soon I'll be Lord Mayor, but don't be too despondent. I might not be fair, but I'll be better than Boris Johnson! Chaos, panic and disorder, my work here is done! Dick Whittington and his gang are finished! Isn't being bad fun!? MWAHAHAHAHAH!!

Scene 7 – The Shore of Morocco

Enter Fairy

Fairy: Oh dear boys and girls, everything has cap-sized so quickly. Honestly, a fairy pops to the loo for 2 minutes and look what happens. But don't you worry there is still hope. King Rat thinks he has won, but nope! Dick survived and so have all the other lot. Which is rather lucky, now he has another shot. Last time King Rat played dirty and used his magic, even then he couldn't win, haha he is so tragic. Next time I'll be there to level the playing field, watching over Dick, like a guardian with a shield. Here he comes, he's on his way, but I'll be back, do not dismay.

(Exit Fairy, Enter Dick)

Dick: Oh, I'm the only one saved from the wreck! Darn that Rat and his evil ways. He's taken everything from me. My friends, my girlfriend, even my cat.

(Tommy enters with armbands and flippers on) It's ever so sad, please don't laugh boys and girls. **(Sees Tommy)** Tommy! You crazy cat! I'm so glad you're alright! That was almost a cat-astrophe...eh? Oh now you don't laugh. Right, come on mate, let's go to that palm tree to get shelter from the sun. Oh I'm the only one saved from the wreck. **(Tommy meows to mimmick him. They Exit)**

(Enter Alice)

Alice: Oh, I'm the only one saved from the wreck! What am I going to do? I've lost everyone. I know! 'I'm a celebrity, get me out of heeeeeeeere!' oh well, it was a long shot. Come on, Alice. Think! What would Bear Grylls do? Well the first thing I should do is go to that palm tree to get shelter from the sun! Oh, I'm the only one saved from the wreck! **(Alice Exits)**

(Enter Fitzwarren with a lifebelt)

Fitzwarren: Oh, I'm the only one saved from the wreck! I've lost everything. I've lost my daughter, my crew, my ship. I feel like such a loser. Come on now Fitzy!

You're British! Chin up, remember you're a Womble and all that. It's far too hot here. I know, I'll go to that palm tree to get shelter from the sun. Oh, I'm the only one saved from the wreck. **(Fitzwarren exits)**

(Jack enters holding a fish)

Jack: Hiya Kids! **(Hiya Jack)** Oh, I'm the only one shaved round the neck! That whole ordeal has given me a *haddock*! There I was on the ship having a *whale* of a time, and the world was my *oyster*. Next thing I know we were packed in like *Sardines* in a lifeboat, *skating* this way and that. Then I hurt my 'eel after a woman kicked me and I thought 'There's no *plai*ce for that'. Alright now I'm just making up jokes for the *halibut*! **(To the fish)** Right, come on Malcolm, let's go to that palm tree to get some shelter from the sun. Oh, I'm the only one shaved round the neck. **(Jack exits)**

(Sarah enters)

Sarah: Oh, I'm the only wreck saved from the...hang on that's not right. Well I guess I'm all alone on this island now. It's just me...and John! What do you say hunky boots shall we go to that palm tree and get 'shelter' from the sun?

(Jack, Fitzwarren, Alice, Dick and Tommy enter)

Jack: Don't worry Mum, we'll come to you. It's getting a bit crowded under there, besides you're enough shelter for us all. Get it? Cos she's fat!

Sarah: How dare you speak to me like that, Jack! I'm actually on a seafood diet.

Jack: Yeah, she sees food and she eats it.

Dick: Come on guys, we can't be like this now we're stranded on a desert island.

Alice: Dick's right everyone. If we all stick together I'm sure we'll be fine.

(Moroccan guards come on with spears) Ahhhh! Everyone for themselves.

(Benny Hill music plays as a big chase sequence ensues. Lots of racing through the audience and mix-ups of who is catching who. Eventually Tommy, Dick and Alice get taken off the stage. Fitzwarren and Sarah are on stage)

Fitzwarren: Do you think we lost them?

Sarah: I doubt it. Men to me are like boomerangs.

Fitzwarren: You mean they are Australian and sometimes they hit you on the back of the head?

(Jack enters with a bench)

Jack: I found this washed up on the shore and thought we could all do with a sit down after that run around.

Fitzwarren: Fantastic idea, Jack!

Sarah: Yes what could possibly go wrong? **(The stage instantly darkens)** Oh dear, I have a bad feeling about this.

Jack: Don't worry, Mum. If anything bad happens, I'm sure all my mates out there will let us know, won't you?
Audience: YES!
Jack: See, I told you so!
Sarah: Right then, we're gonna...
All: Sing a song, it's not too long. Shout if you think there's something wrong!

He's Behind you sequence – All are captured and taken off.

(Enter Onion and Garlic. Garlic is holding his parrot)

Garlic: **(Melodramatic)** Woe is me. I feel like I'm dying of thirst and hunger. I don't know how much longer I can survive on this desert island. How long have we been here, Onion?

Onion: About 7 minutes.

Garlic: Don't worry, Peter. I won't let any harm come to you.

Onion: For goodness sake, will you stop chatting to that wooden parrot!

(Grabs the parrot and beats him over the head with it before chucking it offstage)

Garlic: PETER! Nooooooooo!

King Rat: **(Offstage)** Ow! **(Enters holding Peter)** What on earth are you two bumbling, belligerent, berks playing at?

Garlic: Daddy, you saved Peter. **(Hugs him)**

King Rat: Get off me you ridiculous, repugnant, rodent!

Onion: Daddy's really going for the alliteration today.

Garlic: Yeah, he must be pretty angry.

King Rat: I'm furious! No matter what I do, Dick seems to always slip from my grasp.

Onion: Don't worry. The Moroccan guards captured him.

Garlic: Yeah and they had spears, before you know it he'll be a skewered Dick!

King Rat: I can't trust them to get rid of him.

Onion: Why not Daddily Dooddily?

King Rat: Because I trusted you two and look where that got us. You are just a pair of idiots.

Garlic: Hey! Who's the real idiot? The idiots? Or the idiot who trusted the idiots?

King Rat: ...Yes...Well...Shut up...In any case. It's time I finished off Whittington once and for all. Mwahahahaha. Come on you two! **(They Exit)**

Scene 8 – The Court of Sheikh Mabuhti

The Sheikh is on a throne with his vizier next to him. The Hareem are in the court also.

Sheikh: Ugh, it's so boring being Sheikh of Morocco. There's nothing to do, but sit and wave. I'm pretty good at it to be fair. Watch (**Waves ridiculously**)

Vizier: Yes, yes. Very good, your Excellency. Now I've got some bad news I'm afraid.

Sheikh: Don't tell me that little mix have split up.

Vizier: No sir, not everything's about little mix.

Sheikh: Of course it is, Vizier! Black Magic is a tune!

Vizier: Yes, sir! You're right, I wasn't thinking straight. I was actually going to say that the rats have eaten the last of the food.

Sheikh: Those blasted rats! I've had enough! I'm going to get rid of these rats once and for all...tomorrow though. It's too hot today and I've done a lot of waving. I need somebody to do it for me. (**Doorbell rings**) Vizier, are you deaf? Get the door, you lazy little slave. (**Vizier goes to get the door**) Honestly, you cannot get the staff these days. Am I right?

(Vizier enters with Dick, Alice, Fitzwarren, Sarah and Jack)

Sheikh: Who are you filthy peasants?

Sarah: Wow, look at this place!

Dick: Yes, It's no Gordon Craig, but the crew do what they can with the budget they've got.

Jack: Woah! This is what I imagine David Beckham's bedroom to look like.

Sarah: Oh, been there, done that darling. Got the England T-shirt!

Sheikh: Ah, foreign visitors, Vizier! Finally someone else to look at apart from your ugly mug. Speak your names, and state your business!

Dick: I'm Dick, this is Alice.

Sarah: I'm Sarah and this is Fitzwarren.

Jack: I'm Jack and this is... (**No one left**) ... Oh.

Dick: We never meant to intrude, your highness. You see, our ship sank in the night.

Sheikh: Oh, how terrible.

Alice: It really was. We were betrayed by our Captain and first mate, and then this enormous storm hit and cracked the bow and we all fell over -

Sheikh: Alright, alright. I didn't ask for your life story, jeez.

Fitzwarren: We were washed up on the shore.

Sarah: Yes, and now we're all out of food.

Jack: That's cos' you ate it all, you fat lump.

Sheikh: Well, It's been lovely meeting you all. Vizier, off with their heads!

(Big uproar)

Sarah: Please your excellency, don't behead us!

Jack: Well, you were looking to loose ten pounds of ugly fat, mum.

Dick: Your highness, please reconsider!

Sheikh: Sorry. You have been brought here to die!

Jack: No, no. It was Yesterday.

Vizier: You English idiots. Plead! You should be pleading!

Jack: But why? I haven't cut myself.
Sheikh: How dare you mock me. I am the almighty Sheikh Mabhuti!
Fitzwarren: Shake mah booty!?
Jack: Ah, yes. It's my favourite Miley Cyrus track.
Sarah: Your highness, (**Flirting**) perhaps *I* could change your mind?
Sheikh: Pur-lease. You make Gollum look like Beyonce. Nope. Too many mouths to feed. The rats have eaten *everything*. Now, Vizier, get chopping!
Alice: I'm sorry, did you say rats?
Sheikh: Yes! My palace is infested with the vermin.
Alice: Well, this is your lucky day!
Sheikh: It is?
Alice: Tommy, in you come!

(Enter Tommy)

Sheikh: Agh! Vizier, what is it? What is it!?
Vizier: I believe it is a cat, your Excellency.
Sheikh: Shoo, shoo, foul beast!
Alice: This is Tommy, our cat. He means you no harm, your Excellency. Besides, he's an excellent rat catcher!
Dick: That's right! He'll solve all your problems. Alice, you are so smart.
Sheikh: Oh. Well in that case, you are all free!

(All Cheer)

Sarah: Well, Isn't that a happy ending?

(Crash of lightening & King Rat, Onion & Garlic appear. Chorus, Sheikh, Vizier all run. Tommy is taken off in the melee)

King Rat: Mwahaha! Did you miss me?
Jack: Oh no, it's King Rat! The second biggest Rat of all time.
Fitzwarren: Who was the biggest?
Jack: Nigel Farage.
Dick: And look! It's those traitors, Captain...?
Onion: Who.
Dick: You.
Onion: Who.
Dick: No, what's your name?
Onion: No, What is his name (**Indicates Garlic**)
Jack: Oh, here we go.
King Rat: ENOUGH! Onion, Garlic - Grab her!

(Indicates Alice & They do so)

Alice: AH! Dick, help!
Sarah: Dick, do something!
Dick: What are you doing!? Don't you dare harm her.
King Rat: Mwahah! So... We've *finally* found Dick's weakness. We just need to pluck at his heart strings!

Alice: Unhand me, you swine!
King Rat: Oh, Alice. You're never going to see the light of day again!
Garlic: Yeah, cos' we're gonna blindfold ya!
King Rat: What? No, because we're going to *kill* her.
Onion & Garlic: WHAT!? We don't wanna do that!
King Rat: Hush now. This is Daddy's big scene.
Dick: What do you want, King Rat?
King Rat: Well it's simple really. You die, and I take my rightful place as Lord Mayor of London! MWAHAH!
Alice: Why are you so evil!?
King Rat: My therapist says I have a preoccupation for vengeance. We'll see about that.
Sarah: Why do you have to be so mean?
King Rat: Why do you have to be so fat?
Sarah: (Cries) Oh, Jack. Say something to cheer your mother up.
Jack: Mum, you're not fat, you're just... Easier to see.
Alice: Uh, Hello!? I'm still a hostage here!
Fitzwarren: Let her go!
King Rat: Only if you hand Dick over to me. Dick dies, she survives.
Dick: I've got a better idea. Tommy!

(Tommy enters, with boxing gloves, followed by Sheikh, Vizier and the chorus. All cheer. Tommy confronts Onion & Garlic)

Onion: After you, Garlic.
Garlic: No, no, you're the strongest.
King Rat: Out of my way, you babbling bufoons. **(Rat shoves them aside)** It's time to teach this cat a lesson.

(They box to 'Eye of the Tiger'. After some time, King Rat appears to have won by throwing Tommy over his shoulder)

(Fairy enters & freezes entire cast, apart from Dick)

Dick: What the... What happened? Why am I the only one moving?
Fairy: Hello, Dick!
Dick: Oh, it's you again. I was starting to think I was going loopy.
Fairy: Things aren't going awfully well, are they?
Dick: Well no, not really. I don't know what to do, I want to be the hero but I don't know how.
Fairy: That's what fairy's are for, numpty! Here take this. **(Hands Dick a sword)**
Dick: Wow. Awesome! But... You haven't got a lightsaber or anything have you?
Fairy: Budget wouldn't stretch, I'm afraid. But, with this sword and a dash of courage, you'll defeat King Rat, save Alice, and have all the wealth in the world!
Dick: Great... **(Looks to the group of frozen cast)** You couldn't just... You know... **(unfreeze them)**
Fairy: Oh yes, sorry. How dozy of me! 1, 2, 3...

(They all unfreeze)

Dick: Ah-hah! Gotcha now, rat face.
Alice: Where did you get that sword from, Dick?
Dick: Can't say, I'm afraid Alice. It's a secret.
Alice: But, we said we should never keep secrets from each other!
Dick: Not now Alice, please!
King Rat: Ah, so you'd like to finish this the old way, huh? **(Whips out his own sword & everyone gasps)**
Dick: That's right, mano a mano.
King Rat: Ok, El Macho. Let's see what you've got.
Dick: Here it comes, en guard!
King Rat: No... we were doing Spanish. Mano a mano, El Macho, etc.
Dick: Oh, what did I say?
King Rat: En guard. That's French.
Dick: Oh yeah! French. Blast it. I was never any good with languages.
King Rat: This country's education is going down the pan.
Dick: That's Brexit for ya!
Fitzwarren: Are you two gonna fight, or what!?
Dick: Yes, yes, sorry. Estas yendo hacia abajo.
King Rat: Eh?
Dick: That's Spanish for 'You're going down'!!

(They then proceed to sword fight. After a fair exchange of blows, Dick disarms King Rat and throws him to the ground. All cheer)

Dick: What should we do with him, boys and girls?

(Audience - 'Kill Him')

King Rat: Kill me!? What about my show stopping performance? My rhyming couplets? My scintillating, spontaneous spouts of alliteration? Was it all for nothing?
All: YES!
Dick: Look, if I'm going to be Lord Mayor of London I'll need to learn justice, but most importantly I need to be merciful. So, King Rat, I hereby banish you to the ends of the earth, where the sun perishes, light vanishes, and where every waking moment is a living nightmare.
King Rat: Where's that then?
Dick: Stevenage!
King Rat: No! Please! **(He is dragged off by chorus members)** You haven't seen the last of me, I'll be outside, waiting in the car park. I'll get you!

(King Rat exits, followed by a cheer)

Sheikh: Well, I'm glad I stayed calm through all that. **(He didn't)** I don't know how to thank you, Dick and Tommy.
Vizier: You could give him half your kingdom, sire?
Sheikh: I've had an idea! I will give you half my kingdom!
Vizier: Excellent idea, sire.
Dick: Wow! Thank you indeed your highness.

Sheikh: And you, Tommy. I name you - Sir Cat, of... Catland! **(All Cheer)**
 You shall be rich beyond your wildest dreams!

Jack: Did you hear that Mum? We're gonna be rich!

Sarah: Pop the champagne bottles, order the caviar! Call the press! I want to be on the front cover of Rolling Stone!

Jack: You couldn't be on the front page. They'd need a double page spread for you.

Garlic: Oh, I get it. Cos' she's fat!

Alice: Wait, we forgot about these two! What should we do with them boys and girls?

Onion: Please don't kill us. We was only following orders!

Garlic: Yeah, we're just poor neglected children...**(Awwwww)**

Alice: What do you say, father? We do need someone to get us back to London.

Fitzwarren: Oh... Alright! But no more funny business!

Onion: YES! You won't regret this sir. Dad. Can I call you dad?

Garlic: Captain Who and first mate What at your service!

Fitzwarren: What have I done?

Dick: All this wealth and land. It should be a happy ending. There's just one thing missing... Alice, will you marry me?

Alice: You took your time! Oh, Dick of course I will!! **(All Cheer)**

Sarah: Now that is a happy ending!!

SONG

Scene 9 – The Streets of London

Enter Jack and Sarah

Jack: Hiya Kids! **(Hiya Jack)**

Sarah: Oh Jack, what a wonderful time we've had eh?

Jack: Yeah, I think we've done just about everything you're supposed to in a panto.

Sarah: Yes, but I can't help feeling there is something we've forgotten.

Jack: Really? Let me get my panto checklist. **(Gets out a list)** Did the baddy lose?

Sarah: Yes.

Jack: Did the hero get the girl?

Sarah: Yes.

Jack: **(To audience)** Was there lots of fun and laughter on the way?

(Audience react)

Sarah: I think the Jury's out on that one.

Jack: Did we do a bit with a bench?

Sarah: Yes.

Jack: Did you flirt inappropriately with a member of the audience and make him feel very uncomfortable.
Sarah: I should say so.
Jack: Have we got the entire audience to sing a song with us?
Sarah: That's it. I knew we'd forgotten something. You lot thought you'd gotten away with that one didn't you?

AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION

Scene 10 – Dick and Alice's Wedding

Song - Finale

END