

Dick Whittington

**Script by
David Barrett**

Copyright © Plays and Songs Dot Com 2005

All rights reserved

**All suggested songs are from the Contemporary
Disney Songbook**

Dick Whittington Dramatis Personae

Mrs Arabella Hathaway, Dick's Aunt

Dick Whittington

King Rat

Street Sellers 1,2 and 3

Sir Edward Fitzwarren

Alice, Sir Edward's daughter

Mrs Scrubbs, the Cook

Daisy, The Scullery Maid

Banks, the Butler

Rose, the Lady's Maid

Jacque Clousseau, an Incompetent Detective

Jess the Cat

Captain Blood

Pirate Crew:

One-eyed Jim

One-legged Pete

One-armed Jake

The Sultan of Marrakesh

Chorus of Rats

Chorus of Servants

Chorus of Pirates

Act 1, Scene 1 Miss Hathaway's Cottage, Little Snoring, Gloucestershire

The scene is one of cosy rural life in a humble, but comfortable cottage. Two chairs are pulled up round the fire. Arabella paces nervously up and downstage as if in a quandary.

ARABELLA Oh my, what am I to do? Poor Dick, goes out each morning in search of a job and every evening returns forlorn and dejected. The thing is, you see, we are destitute. For the uneducated ones among you it means we're poor. (*Ah!*) We're much poorer than that. (*Big ah!*) You see, although my father was a rich man, I am the last one of ten children. The boys inherited the estate and what little money I was given has run out. To make matters worse, I have to feed and clothe the young Dick, my nephew. He eats like a horse and grows like a giraffe. I have to keep extending his trousers and jackets. Don't get me wrong, I love him dearly – I just can't afford to keep him any longer. So, I've come to a decision....

(Noises off of whistling.)

Oh dear, here he comes now. Come a little closer and you'll hear what I've decided to do.

(Enter Dick, wearing patchwork clothes.)

DICK Hey ho, Aunt, what's for supper?

ARABELLA Turnip soup.

DICK Oh, not again! We had turnip soup yesterday, and the day before, and the day before. It seems to taste more like water each day.

ARABELLA That's because I'm using the same turnips.

DICK Oh Aunt Arabella, are we so poor?

ARABELLA Yes, I'm afraid we are, Dick. Actually, I wanted to talk to you about that....

DICK Look what I brought you, Auntie. A pair of trout, fresh from the river.

ARABELLA Why, thank you, Dick. But you should have spent the time looking for a job. Now, Dick, I need to speak to you.....

DICK You are speaking to me. Hey, guess what! I nearly got a job today, Aunt.

ARABELLA What do you mean, 'nearly'? You either got it or you didn't.

DICK Well, the man in front of me in the queue got it. If I'd been a few minutes earlier...

ARABELLA But you weren't, were you. Look, Dick, it's time we had a talk.

DICK But Auntie, we always talk.

ARABELLA Sit down, Dick, I'm being serious.
(He looks at her, then at the audience.)

DICK Oh dear, you really are serious.

ARABELLA Dick, I'll come straight to the point.
(He is grimacing.)
You'll have to leave!

DICK *(Sniffing his armpit)* Why do I smell or something? If I do it's probably just the fish.....

ARABELLA No, I mean for good - permanently.

DICK What, leave home – for good. *(Looks woefully at the audience.)*

ARABELLA You must understand, Dick, that we have no money. I cannot afford to keep you any longer. You must go to London to seek your fortune.

DICK Why can't I seek it in Little Snoring.

ARABELLA All there is here is a church, a pub and a handful of cottages. There is nothing for you here.

DICK But London – it's over a hundred miles away! I suppose I could get a bus.

ARABELLA A what?

DICK Oh no, they haven't been invented yet. I suppose I'll just have to walk. But what will become of you, Aunt Arabella?

ARABELLA Don't worry about me – I'll be just fine.

DICK One day, when I'm rich, I'll come back and repay you for your kindness. You've dedicated your life to bringing me up since my parents died when I was a baby.

ARABELLA Your mother was my sister, remember, and as I never married, you are my closest family.

DICK But why did you not find a husband?

ARABELLA I did have a sweetheart, in my youth. He was a dashing young gentleman. We called him Bunny, although that was just a nickname. We were engaged to be married.

DICK What happened, Auntie? Why did it not work out?

ARABELLA Well, rather like you, he had no money. He went off to London to find fame and fortune – and I never saw him again.
(She takes out her hanky and sniffs. Dick puts his arm around her.)

DICK Why, that's terrible. What became of him.

ARABELLA The last I heard he had gone to sea with some friend who knew a sea captain. I don't even know whether he is alive or dead.

DICK Aunt Arabella, I shall go to London, I shall become rich and just as soon as I do I shall return to Little Snoring to look after you.

ARABELLA Thank you, Dick.

DICK As you so rightly said, I am your only family – and I don't intend to desert you.

SONG 1 Family (from James and the Giant Peach)

(During the song the chorus enters and joins in.)

DICK Well, I'd better be getting off to bed, Auntie. I'll have to leave at dawn – It'll take me a week to walk to London. *(He begins to exit.)*

ARABELLA But Dick, your turnip soup.

DICK It's alright, Auntie, I'm not hungry, thank you.
(He crosses to her and kisses her.)
Good night, Auntie. I'll be back soon, don't you worry.
(Exit Dick)

ARABELLA How could you, Arabella? Your own flesh and blood and you're throwing him out of the house. You cruel vixen. But then, what choice do I have? Perhaps it is for the best. Yet, for the second time in my life I am saying goodbye to the person dearest to my heart. I

have a feeling that things will work out alright in the end. Don't you
think so boys and girls?

(She crosses upstage to serve the turnip soup.)

End of Scene

Scene 2 A Week Later, On the Road to London

This scene could take place front of house or on the front of the stage. The only prop is a sign post, which points to London in one direction and Little Snoring in the other. Enter King Rat, dressed in a dark costume in the style of a 1950s rock'n'roll star. The first speech may need to be altered to suit the audience reaction.

KING RAT Aha! *(Pause)* You're all supposed to boo when I enter. Have you never been to a panto before? Let's try again. As soon as I enter, you boo. Got it? Not now you fools, when I enter. Ready?

(He exits and re-enters to boos.)

That's much better. Alright, you can stop booing now, especially you in the fourth row *(points)*. I'll be watching you from now on. Now, let me introduce myself; I'm King Rat. *(More boos.)* No, I did not say a bit of a pratt! It's you again in the fourth row, isn't it. I'll be coming down there to sort you out later, you mark my words. Just listen and I'll explain.

SONG 2 One of Us (from Simba's Pride)

KING RAT Now, I expect you're wondering why I'm here. No? Well, I'll tell you anyway. I'm the baddy and I'm here to thwart the plans of the all the goodies in this show, and believe me there are lots of goody-two-shoes in it. When the plot seems to be going according to plan, I'll soon make things go wrong again. *(Sounds of whistling off.)* Just a moment, I can hear someone coming. I'd better get ready. *(Exits)*

(Enter Dick, with a cloth bag tied to a stick over his shoulder)

DICK Oh dash it, now which way? Eenie meenie mynie mo, catch a goblin by its toe... *(He points to each side as he chants this.)*

(King Rat enters behind Dick, unseen. He is now disguised as a monk.)

If he squeals, let him go, eenie meenie mynie *(turning round and seeing the monk)* MO AAARGH!

KING RAT Do not be afraid, young man, I mean you no harm.

DICK Goodness, I thought you were a ghost. Who, who are you?

KING RAT I am Brother Ratius from the monastery at Hedgerow End

DICK Ratius, what sort of a name is that?

KING RAT I am named after the patron saint of rodents. I am returning from a conference of the Raternity in London.

DICK London, you say? What a co-incidence, I am bound for London. But I have lost my bearings. I'm not sure which is the correct path.

KING RAT Do you not see the sign there?

DICK *(Goes to inspect the sign.)* Well, I see it, but

KING RAT Ah, you can't read, can you?

DICK Well no, not very well, yet. Actually, not at all.

KING RAT *(To audience)* Just as I thought, the ignorant peasant can't even read. Well, what a stroke of luck. *(To Dick)* Never fear, young man, or may I call you, 'ignorant peasant'?

DICK I'd prefer you to call me Dick. That's my name.

KING RAT Well, Dick, I will read the sign for you. *(Crosses to the sign. He reads the opposite of what the sign says)* This direction says, 'London 30 miles', and this one says, 'Little Snoring 78 miles'.

DICK That's strange, I thought I'd just come along that path. Thank you, Brother Bratius, you are most kind.

KING RAT Ratius!

DICK Now, if you will excuse me, I must be getting on my way. I am going to seek my fame and fortune in London, you know.

KING RAT You couldn't have picked a better place.

DICK Really?

KING RAT Yes, they say the streets of London are paved with gold.

DICK Paved with gold? London must be a truly splendid city. I can't wait to see it.

KING RAT You'll see it, sooner or later. *(Aside)* Probably later.

DICK Well, Brother, I bid you farewell. We may meet again some day.

KING RAT Yes, it may be sooner than you think.
(Exit Dick, in the wrong direction. King Rat waves goodbye, mockingly.)

My plan is working very well. Dick's arrival in London will be delayed and this gives me time to set a trap for him. *(To audience.)*
And you lot can stay out of this. I don't want you spoiling my plans, especially you in the fourth row. I'll deal with you later.
And now, away to London to summon up some help. See you later.
(Exits)

End of Scene

Scene 3 A Week Later, Outside the Home of Sir Edward Fitzwarren, Regents Park, London

Enter Dick looking weary and forlorn. He is scrutinizing the pavement to see what it is made of.

DICK Two weeks it took me to walk to London. What a journey. Mind you, it would not have taken so long if it had not been for that Brother Ratus. He sent me the wrong way. I wonder if he did it on purpose? And now I've been wandering around all night and I have not seen a single street paved with gold. Perhaps I'm in the wrong part of London. *(He looks around.)* I've noticed it's very quiet here, just like in Little Snoring. I thought it would be very busy. I think I'll go back home. At least I can starve in familiar surroundings. I know what the city looks like now. Goodbye London.

(He turns and walks off.)

(Sound effect of bells ringing. Dick stops dead and listens.)

Good Lord! This must be fate. Why should those bells start ringing just at this moment? They seem to be saying, 'turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London'. Lord Mayor! Can this really be true?

(Crowds of passers-by and street-sellers enter from both sides and from front of house. The stage is suddenly full of the sounds of animated conversation and the cries of street-sellers. King Rat appears, disguised as a street-seller. He crosses downstage and points in a threatening way towards row four, as if to say do not give me away. Dick is caught bewildered, in the centre of this and is jostled around by the crowd. Finally, he crosses downstage and sits with his feet dangling over the edge of the stage.)

London is busier than I thought. Yet, I'm not sure it's the place for me. I have nowhere to sleep and nothing to eat.

SELLER 1 Here you are, young feller, have a bread roll. You look like you could do with some nourishment.

DICK *(Jumping up)* Why, thank you, sir. That is most generous of you.

SELLER 2 *(Approaching from the other side.)* Have a drink from me urn. It'll wash down the bread.

DICK That really is most kind.

SELLER 3 Where ya from young-un? Ya don't look like ya from the city in them clothes.

DICK Goodness, is it so obvious? I'm from Little Snoring.
(Much laughter from the crowd at the name.)
 Yes, I suppose it is a funny name, if you're not used to it.

SELLER 1 How long ya been in town, son?

DICK Well, I only arrived yesterday but I'm not sure I will stay long. I've come to seek my fame and fortune you see. I expected the streets to be paved with gold.
(King Rat chuckles with laughter but turns it into a coughing fit when he realises everyone is looking at him.)

SELLER 3 Look son, the streets can be paved with gold if you want them to be. In London, you can have anything you wish for.

DICK Really?

SELLER 2 You have to believe in your destiny and not give up until you achieve your purpose.

DICK But what about you, you're just street sellers.

SELLER 2 And very happy with it. If you can't change your fortune, you must be happy with what you've got.

DICK But how can I know my destiny? No-one can see into the future.

SELLER 1 Look up to the stars, you'll find it written there.

SONG 3 Written in the Stars (from John/Rice's Aida)

(During the song, the door to Sir Edward's house opens and he comes outside. He is clearly a respected figure as the crowd part to make way for him and many doff their hats or curtsey.)

DICK You are all so kind in London. I think I will stay here for a while, but first I need to find a job and somewhere to sleep.

(Sir Edward is conversing with a lady very near to Dick and he overhears this.)

SIR EDWARD Young man, can you peel potatoes?

DICK Why yes, my Aunt taught me when I was five years old.

SIR EDWARD Can you dice carrots?

DICK Yes, sir.

SIR EDWARD And make turnip soup?

DICK It's my speciality.

SIR EDWARD Then I can help you with the job and somewhere to sleep.

(The crowd are delighted by this, except King Rat, who scowls.)

DICK You can?

SIR EDWARD Certainly, my boy. When do you want to start?

DICK *(Ponders)* Now?

SIR EDWARD Then it's a deal. What do we call you, boy?

DICK Dick, sir. Dick Whittington.

SIR EDWARD And I'm Sir Edward Fitzwarren. You may call me Sir Edward.

(Sir Edward offers his hand. They shake hands, after which Sir Edward looks at his and wipes it on his trousers.)

DICK How can I ever thank you, Sir Edward?

SIR EDWARD You don't have to thank me, just work hard and behave in an honest fashion. That's all I expect.

DICK I won't let you down.

SIR EDWARD Well, let's go inside and I'll introduce you to the household.

(He leads Dick upstage and into his house. As he exits Dick whispers farewell to the street sellers, who clap him on the back.)

SELLER 3 It's written in the stars.

(They drift back to work and conversation.)

KING RAT Drat! This is not what I planned. I was warned never to work with humans or children. Things are going too well for the brat Whittington. I can't deal with this alone. I'm off to get the Rat Pack. See you later. *(To the person in row four.)* I warned you! Now I'll have to have you up on stage later. Just you wait! *(Exits)*

End of Scene

Scene 4 In the Kitchens

BUSY MUSIC

There is a bustle of activity in the kitchen. Maids are polishing silver cutlery under the supervision of the lady's maid, Rose. Errand boys are delivering groceries, meat and bread and kitchen maids are preparing the vegetables. Enter Banks, the butler, and Dick. All the activity ceases and there is silence as the music stops.

- BANKS Good morning household.
- ALL Good morning, Mr Banks.
- BANKS Allow me to introduce our new scullery servant, Dick.
- ROSE Good morning, Dick.
- BANKS Dick will be under the supervision of Mrs Grimes, the cook.
(Pushing her way forward.)
- MRS GRIMES Right, let me see him. Let's see if he's up to the job. Come 'ere boy.
(She grabs Dick by the ear and drags him downstage. She prises his mouth open to look at his teeth.)
My, he has a good set of teeth. *(She feels his biceps.)* He feels quite tough an all.
- DICK Pardon me madam, but I am not a dog to be inspected before purchasing – and I can speak for myself.
- MRS GRIMES Don't you cheek me, my boy. *(She slaps his face.)* You need to learn some respect for your elders, you do.
- BANKS Go easy on him Griselda, he needs time to learn the ways of service.
(Exit Banks.)
- MRS GRIMES I'll teach him our ways. *(She fetches a big bucket of potatoes.)* See them spuds, you can peel them for a start. And when you've finished, you can do these *(produces another bucket)* and these *(and another)* and these *(and another)*. Now I can't spend all day gossiping, I have me own work to do. Now get on with it, boy. *(She cuffs his head and struts off upstage.)*
- ROSE Don't you mind her too much. Her bark's worse than her bite.

DICK She certainly barks like a rotweiler and slaps like a boxer.
(All drift back to work, making conversation.)
(Aside) I may have a job and a roof over my head but I don't know
how long I can put up with that old boot.
*(Daisy has been scrubbing the floor and she deliberately moves to
the patch alongside Dick.)*

DAISY Hello, Dick.

DICK Hello! *(Aside)* Well, things are looking up already.

DAISY I'm Daisy. I'm the scullery maid.

DICK Daisy, what a delicate name. I'm sure it matches your nature. But
you're far too much of a lady to be on your knees scrubbing floors.

DAISY I certainly ain't no lady. Me mum was a scullery maid and me
Granma – so I'm a scullery maid. That's how it works around here.

MRS GRIMES Oi you, Whittington, stop nattering and get on with your work.

DICK *(Under his breath)* Shut up, you old bag!

MRS GRIMES I beg your pardon?

DICK I said, certainly, Mrs Grimes. *(Those nearby chuckle at this.)*
But, Daisy, how long have you worked here?

DAISY Since I was six.

DICK You poor thing, how old are you now?

DAISY Seventeen.
*(Suddenly, the door opens and Banks enters with Alice. Some
romantic music plays in the background and Dick's eyes almost pop
out of his head at the sight of Alice's beauty. Alice has her hair tied
into a bun. He stands up slowly as Alice and Banks mime discussion
of the menu, (which Alice holds) his mouth dropping open. When he
is standing, he drops the potato peeler and the potato he was peeling.
If possible, Dick and Alice should be spot-lit, leaving the others in
semi-darkness. The music fades.)*

DICK My goodness what a vision! Such beauty, such radiance. She must
be an angel.

DAISY That ain't no angel, that's Sir Edward's daughter, Alice.

DICK Alice! That name is like music to my ears; Alice, Alice. Lucky is the man to have such an angel for a daughter. But luckier still the man who can call her his sweetheart.

DAISY It ain't no use you swooning over her, she's out of your class.
(Alice and Banks cross downstage, gesturing at the provisions.)

BANKS And this, Miss Alice, is the newest member of the household, Master Dick Whittington. He's from the country.

ALICE Pleased to meet you, Dick.

DICK *(Aside)* She spoke to me. She actually spoke to me, little unimportant me. Wow!
Good morning, madam, sir, miss. *(Becoming flustered, Dick offers his hand, then withdraws it when Alice goes to shake it, then he bows, then curtseys. The others all laugh. Dick backs away from Alice, trips over and sits in the bucket of potatoes.)*

ALICE My goodness, Banks, the country folk certainly have different ways.

BANKS Indeed madam.

ALICE *(Bending down to look at Dick in a patronising fashion.)* Well, Dick, I hope you'll be very happy here. As she bends down she drops the menu.

DICK *(Struggling to get up but finding he is wedged in the bucket.)*
Thank you very much, miss.
(Alice turns away and Dick picks up the menu.)
Miss Alice, excuse me but you've dropped your calendar.

ALICE Calendar? Oh, the menu. Thank you Dick.
(Alice crosses upstage and exits. As she passes the servants they bow and curtsey. Some of the males may make inappropriate gestures behind her back. Dick has his head in his hands by now.)

DAISY Well, Dick, you certainly know how to make an impact on a lady.
(She helps him out of the bucket. During this dialogue Dick and Daisy are both kneeling. Daisy helps peel the potatoes with a knife.)

DICK Oh, Daisy, I feel such a fool.

DAISY You look one an' all. Come on, let me help you with them spuds.

DICK Oh Daisy, you are so kind, and every bit as much a lady as Alice.
But she knows I can't read now. I thought the menu was a calendar.

DAISY I ain't so good me self. Mind you, Miss Alice has been learning me to read.

DICK Teaching you.

DAISY No, learning me. She desires to educate the servants so that we may one day better ourselves and raise our social standing.

DICK Is that what she says?

DAISY Yea.

DICK A noble gesture. Hey, do you think she might teach me.

DAISY She'd be wasting her time. You'd be ogling at her golden locks.

DICK Daisy, how could you?

MRS GRIMES Is that you chatting again, boy? I've already told you once.

DICK Yes Mrs Grimes, no Mrs Grimes, three bags full Mrs Grimes.

MRS GRIMES Right, I've had enough of this. Whittington, while you're in my kitchen you will work hard. Do you understand? Daisy, leave them spuds and go and do your own job. Now boy, peel them spuds.

ALL *(Chanting and pointing)* Peel them spuds! *(Repeatedly.)*
(A girl brings a bucket of carrots.)

MRS GRIMES Scrape them carrots!

ALL *(Chanting getting louder and louder)* Scrape them carrots!
(Repeatedly.)
(A girl brings a bag of greens.)

MRS GRIMES Chop them greens!

ALL *(Chanting)* Chop them greens! *(Repeatedly.)*
(A girl brings a basket of bread.)

MRS GRIMES Slice that bread!

ALL *(Chanting)* Slice that bread! *(Repeatedly.)*
(This is now too much for Dick, who tries to do all four jobs at the same time. Grimes towers over him, gesturing in his face. By now he is almost juggling the food. The chanting is deafening and Dick drops everything and puts his hands over his ears.)

DICK *(Standing abruptly)* Aaaargh!

(Suddenly everyone is silent and frozen. They stare at Dick as he runs off stage. Daisy runs off after him.)

DAISY Dick, Dick!

Blackout.

End of Scene

Scene 5 Dick's Room

It is late evening. Dick is sitting up on his bed, wearing a night-shirt and cap. There is a lit candle on the table next to his bed. The room is very Spartan with just a wooden chair next to the bed and one small cupboard on the other wall.

SONG 4 Home (from Beauty and the Beast)

DICK *(During this speech we see a couple of rats scurrying across the stage. Dick does not notice them.)*

What a miserable place to live. How I long to be back in my own room at little Snoring, even without a job. Anything is better than this. That Mrs Grimes is such a battle-axe. She seems to have taken a dislike to me right from the start. But I can't let Aunt Arabella down. She is counting on me bringing back some money when I return - and at least I have a friend in Daisy. She is so kind and considerate to me.

(There is a knock at the door.)

Daisy! Is that you?

(He goes to open the door and Alice strides in. She is carrying a book. Her hair is let down.)

Oh my goodness, Miss Alice.

ALICE You don't mind if I come in, do you, Dick? I'm sorry it's late, but father insisted I learn my Latin verbs first.

DICK Why yes, I mean no, please do come in. *(He is suddenly conscious of his attire.)* I...I'm sorry, I am changed ready for bed. I....I didn't expect company.

ALICE No matter, Dick. I've seen men in their night-shirts before.

DICK Have you? Gosh!

ALICE Dick, I have a proposition to make.

DICK My, you're very forward.

ALICE I would like to teach you to read.

DICK Teach me to read?

ALICE If you will allow me.

DICK Why, I'd be honoured.

ALICE I brought a suitable book to start with.
(Another rat scurries across the stage, unseen by the couple.)
 Here we are: The Big Alfie Out of Doors Story Book.

DICK Who's Alfie?

ALICE Never mind that?
(She sits on the bed a discreet distance from Dick and puts the book between them. Rats work their way through the audience to the stage.)
 Let's start. I'll read a sentence and you can copy me.
 In Alfie's back garden there was a big bush.

DICK In Alfie's back garden there was a big bush.

ALICE You could lift up a curtain of leaves and walk inside.
(King Rat enters, unseen, and begins to creep up behind them.)

DICK You could lift up a curtain of leaves and walk inside.
(Dick picks up the book and shuffles along the bed so that he is sitting right next to Alice.)

ALICE It was a nice private place.
(King Rat peers over their shoulders at the book.)

DICK It was a nice private place.

ALICE *(Becoming aware of King Rat's presence.)*
 One afternoon *(she turns and sees him)* aaaaaaargh!
(Dick turns also and screams. Alice throws her arms around Dick's neck as King Rat scurries away into the shadows.)
 Oh Dick, what on earth was it?

DICK I think it was a rat. A jolly big one too.

ALICE Oh Dick, have you ever seen anything so ugly?

DICK Well, I think Mrs Grimes comes pretty close. Look, there's more.
(Rock'n'Roll music plays and three or four rats appear one side of the stage and another group on the opposite side. They cross the stage to the opposite side doing a quick bop and a hand jive as they go and then disappear into the wings. Alice jumps up in fear.)

ALICE Rats, in my father's house. This is an outrage. I must go and tell father.

DICK What we really need is a cat. That would soon cure the problem.

ALICE Yes, but where could we find a cat at this time of night.
(Sound of a cat miaowing offstage.)

DICK Well, what a stroke of luck – a cat! Here kitty, kitty.
(Enter Jess, through the window.)

ALICE Oh my, what a sweet little kitten.

JESS I'm not a kitten, I'm fully grown.

DICK My goodness, it talks.

JESS I'm not an 'it', I'm a 'she'. My name's Jess.

DICK Just a minute, that's the same name as....

JESS Yes, I am Postman Pat's cat, Jess.

ALICE But what are you doing so far from your home in Yorkshire?

JESS I don't live there anymore. You see, Postman Pat has retired and he
threw me out.

ALL Ah!

JESS I heard that the streets of London were full of mice, so I thought I'd
come and catch a few.

DICK Well, you've come to the right place. This house is full of rats.

JESS Rats! Hm, tasty!

ALICE Look, if you hide under the bed they are sure to return and you can
chase them off for us – and of course eat as many as you want.

JESS Yummy!

DICK Here we are, just hide here. *(He lifts the blanket.)* Alice you read
again.

ALICE One afternoon, mum gave Alfie a long cardboard box to play with.
(A whole throng of rats appears. And rock'n'roll music fades in.)

DICK One afternoon, mum gave Alfie a long cardboard box to play with.
GO JESS!
*(Jess leaps out and manically chases the rats around the stage
amidst much screaming and loud music. Dick and Alice jump up and
down in delight. King Rat creeps off the stage front of house. The
rats disappear, followed by Jess and the music fades.)*

KING RAT Don't think you've seen the last of me, you horrible boys and girls.
I'll be back. I'll get even with that Whittington boy yet. You wait
and see.

ALICE Oh Dick, that was brilliant. What a brave cat.
*(Enter Jess with a rat in her mouth. She puts it on the floor at Alice's
feet.)*
Yuk! Take it away, Jess. Please go and eat it somewhere else.

DICK And when you've finished, you can come back and sleep on my bed.
From now on you are not Postman Pat's cat but Dick Whittington's.
(Jess rubs herself against Dick, who pushes her away. Exit Jess.)

ALICE Well I must be getting to bed.

DICK Oh Alice, please don't go.

ALICE I think we have had quite enough excitement for one night. We can
continue with the reading lesson tomorrow.

DICK Alice, you are so kind and gentle. I've never met a girl like you
before.

ALICE Well that's because you've lived in a little village all your life. There
are lots of girls like me in the city.

DICK I don't think there can be another girl quite like you, Alice.
(She stands and crosses to the door.)

ALICE Goodnight, Dick. I do hope you sleep well. *(She exits.)*

DICK *(Calling after her)* Goodnight, Alice. Sweet dreams. I bet she always
has sweet dreams. A perfect creature such as that could not possibly
have nightmares. Do you know, perhaps London's not such a bad
place after all.
(Enter Jess)
Ah, Jess, come up on the bed. *(He pats the bed and she jumps up
and curls up into a ball.)*
Goodnight Jess *(He strokes her head.)*

JESS Goodnight, Dick.
*(Dick lies down, pulls the blanket over his head and blows out the
candle.)*

End of Scene

Scene 6 Sir Edward's Drawing Room, Next Day

The scene is a peaceful one as Sir Edward and Alice sit at opposite ends of the room, both engaged in writing, Sir Edward, his memoirs and Alice, a letter. Alice sits at the ivory table in the window and Sir Edward sits at his writing desk.

ALICE Oh Daddy, I do so detest writing letters. Do I have to write yet another.

SIR EDWARD Do stop complaining, my dear. We only see our relatives once a year, at Christmas.

ALICE *(Aside)* That's once a year too often.

SIR EDWARD What's that, dear?

ALICE I said, that's not very often, Daddy.

SIR EDWARD Quite. We have to keep them acquainted with our news.

ALICE *(Stands up and crosses downstage. As she does so, King Rat appears briefly at the window and steals a ring from a ceramic pot on the ivory table. In his haste, he forgets to replace the lid.)*

I do find it difficult, communicating with people I have not seen for ages.

SIR EDWARD My dear, the sooner you finish it, the sooner you can go and fraternise with the servants, although I fear no good will come of it. The servants should stay downstairs and the gentry upstairs.

ALICE *(Returning to the table.)* But why, Father? They are as intelligent as we are. It's not their fault they were born into service. Take that young Dick, for example. I rather like him. In his own way he is a real gentleman.

SIR EDWARD Yes, he seems a decent enough fellow.

ALICE *(Noticing the lid off the pot.)* Why that's odd. I'm sure the lid was on this pot just now. *(She peers inside and then turns it upside down.)* Father, the ring – it's gone!

SIR EDWARD *(Crossing to look for himself.)* This cannot be so. I check those pots every night for their precious contents. It was certainly there last night.

(Turning the pot upside down) Good gracious, you're right, Alice. Quick, go and fetch the Inspector from the police station at the end of the road. And be quick, the culprit may still be abroad.

ALICE Well if he's abroad, we won't catch him will we. *(She exits)*

SIR EDWARD I don't mean abroad as in France. I mean....oh never mind.
(Aside) My goodness, the other pots. What if?
(He checks the pot on the writing desk and the one on the pedestal.)
 Thank goodness for that. Only the one ring is gone.
(Enter Clousseau, wearing a raincoat, a ridiculous deer-stalker hat and carrying a magnifying glass, with Alice.)
 Ah Inspector. My, that was very quick.

INSPECTOR *(In an appalling French accent.)* Inspector Clousseau at your service, Sir John.

SIR EDWARD Edward!

INSPECTOR Missing persons a speciality, fingerprinting carried out as standard, quotations include use of dogs and carrying of firearms. Charges by the hour, including VAT....

SIR EDWARD Yes, yes, yes, never mind all that. Just get on with the job.

INSPECTOR Certainly sir, right away sir. Now, let me see, what do you believe was stolen.

ALICE We don't believe, we know a ring was stolen. It is of great sentimental value as it belonged to my late mother. It was in this pot right here. *(Shows the pot. He peers into it with the magnifying glass and then looks at the bottom.)*

INSPECTOR Hm! Interesting.

SIR EDWARD What is it, man? Have you found a clue.

INSPECTOR It says, 'made in Hong Kong'.

ALICE Are you just here to admire our antiques or are you going to help us find our ring?

INSPECTOR Certainly, miss. Can you describe the missing item?

ALICE It was a lady's gold ring with an emerald stud.

INSPECTOR And it was in this ceramic pot with the coat of arms?

SIR EDWARD Yes on the ancestral African ivory table. *(Looks at table.)*

INSPECTOR A gold ring with an emerald stud kept in the ceramic pot with the coat of arms on the ancestral ivory table. Now, do you have any other valuables in this room.

ALICE Well, there is the silver ring with the diamond heart.

SIR EDWARD It's kept in the pewter pot on the painted pedestal in the portico.
(Pointing to it.)

INSPECTOR *(Already getting confused.)* The silver ring with the diamond heart that's kept in the pewter pot on the painted pedestal in the portico. And that's still there?

ALICE Yes.

SIR EDWARD And there's the copper ring with the sapphire moon.

ALICE That's kept in the glass jar in the Tuscany teak inlaid leather writing-desk. *(Gestures to it.)*

INSPECTOR *(Faltering)* The sapphire ring with copper moon...

SIR EDWARD The copper ring with the sapphire moon....

INSPECTOR The copper moon with the sapphire ring on the ceramic pedestal on the ivory coat of arms.

SIR EDWARD No, no, no, the missing gold ring with an emerald stud was kept in the ceramic pot with the coat of arms

ALICE On the ancestral African ivory table.

INSPECTOR The, the, the silver ring with the sapphire moon...

ALICE The diamond heart...

INSPECTOR The silver ring with the diamond heart is on the African pedestal in the ivory portico.

SIR EDWARD No, no, no. Let's try something else. We know one ring is missing.

INSPECTOR The gold ring with the emerald stud....

ALICE Kept in the ceramic pot with the coat of arms...

INSPECTOR On the Tuscany, inlaid, pewter, ancestral....

SIR EDWARD *(Raising his voice.)* Silence!! Stop this madness. *(Calming down)*
Now let's try approaching this from a different angle. Sometime overnight the ring has been stolen. Who could possibly have taken it?

INSPECTOR May I suggest we search your servants, Sir Edward.

SIR EDWARD No you may not. My servants are all trustworthy.

ALICE But father, there is no-one else. The front and back doors were locked and there was a watchman in the yard.

INSPECTOR You see, sir, many crimes are not thought out in advance. They are committed by opportunist thieves who can't resist the temptation.

SIR EDWARD But none of the servants has been in this room overnight. Why would they?

INSPECTOR To steal a ring?

SIR EDWARD Oh very well, you may search the servants, but you are wasting your time. You'll find nothing.

INSPECTOR May I also suggest that you find a suitable hiding place for the sapphire ring with the copper moon and the...the...the other ring.

ALICE Certainly, I'll do that now. *(She takes the rings and hides them in her cleavage [or an alternative])*

INSPECTOR *(Coughs in embarrassment.)* Yes, quite. Now Sir George...

SIR EDWARD Edward!

INSPECTOR No, I'm not Edward, I'm Jacque, Jacque Clousseau.

SIR EDWARD I'm Edward, you fool.

INSPECTOR Pleased to meet you, Edward. *(He offers his hand.)*

ALICE Father, I'll go down and assemble the servants. You can follow in a moment.

SIR EDWARD Thank you, my dear. *(She exits.)*
Now Clousseau, if we find the culprit I don't want any trouble. I would just like the ring back quietly.

INSPECTOR As you wish, sir. I don't get paid extra if the job ends in a hanging, although I do like the sound of a villain's neck going crack on the gallows.

SIR EDWARD Inspector!

INSPECTOR Sorry sir. Just getting carried away with the enthusiasm for the job.

SIR EDWARD This way, Inspector. We'd better get this over with.
(He shows the Inspector out. Exit Sir Edward and Inspector. Simultaneously enter King Rat.)

KING RAT Aha! Now I am controlling the plot of this play. *(He shows the ring.)*
I can slip this ring into the pocket of any one of those servants and

they will be found guilty of stealing it. Or I could plant it on him in the fourth row. And who do you think I will plant it on? That's right – the brat Whittington. I told you I would get even with him. And now, I must away to do the deed – before I am found out. *(To the person in the fourth row)* I'll deal with you later.

End of Scene

Scene 7 The Kitchen, Immediately Afterwards

The kitchen is very busy with servants preparing the midday meal. There is much fetching and carrying and preparing and cooking of food. Mrs Grimes moves from one person to the other bossing and nagging, while Banks moves gracefully around inspecting the activities without comment, nodding to people as he passes. Dick is peeling potatoes again, breaking off at times to chat animatedly to Daisy. Towards the end of the song Alice enters and speaks quietly to Banks who in turn speaks to Rose and Mrs Grimes. These stop work and move downstage.

SONG 5 Be Our Guest (from Beauty and the Beast) Song and Dance

During the song, King Rat dances onto stage dressed as a chef, carrying a frying pan of vegetables. He joins in the dance. Several times he tries to plant the ring on Dick but each time Dick turns round and King Rat is forced to dance away. Finally, just at the end of the song, the ring is planted and King Rat dances off, grinning at the audience.)

INSPECTOR *(Wandering absent-mindedly onto stage and looking at things through his magnifying glass.)*

The gold ring with the diamond moon was in the glass pot with the ivory arms on the African painted pedestal. No, the ivory ring with the gold heart was in

(Enter Sir Edward and all goes silent.)

SIR EDWARD My good staff, I bid you good morning.

ALL Good morning, Sir Edward.

SIR EDWARD I 'm afraid I come to you with a heavy heart and with the gravest of news.

DAISY What's he talking about.

OTHERS Sh!

SIR EDWARD Allow me to introduce Inspector Jacque Clousseau.

INSPECTOR What, oh yes, that's me. *(He lifts his hat.)*
(Reaction of surprise and trepidation.)

SIR EDWARD The Inspector will explain the reason for his visit.

INSPECTOR Thank you, Sir Giles.

SIR EDWARD Edward!

INSPECTOR Ladies and gentlemen, we have a serious situation. At an undisclosed time during the hours of darkness in this very house, a particular article of jewellery was stolen from a particular receptacle in a particular resting place.
(Gasps of surprise.)

ALICE Inspector, do stop being so particular.

BANKS May we enquire, sir, as to the nature of this particular article?

INSPECTOR Certainly, it was a copper ring, it was a gold ring inset with a moon, with a stud, yes, an emerald stud.

ALICE Please explain the circumstances to them, inspector.

INSPECTOR Yes, the circumstances, very well. It was stolen from a painted pedestal, no a pewter pot with a coat of lions.....

ALICE It was in a ceramic pot with a coat of arms on the ancestral ivory table.

INSPECTOR There's no need to interrupt, I was getting there. We suspect that the culprit may be in this very room.
(Gasps of horror.)

SIR EDWARD I do not believe this for one minute. If you will allow the inspector to search every one of you your innocence will be proven and he can concentrate on tracking down the villain elsewhere.

BANKS Form an orderly line across here and let the search begin.
(A line forms with Dick somewhere in the middle. Sir Edward starts one end and the Inspector the other. There is a great hubbub as the search starts. Some interesting items, such as rubber ducks, walkmans and mobile phones are held up for the audience to see and returned to their owners. The Inspector searches Dick and takes the ring from his pocket. There are gasps of horror, then the room goes silent.)

INSPECTOR And what do we have here young man?

DICK *(Shocked.)* I, I, I don't know. I've really never seen it before.
(Alice runs to him.)

ALICE There must be some mistake, Inspector. Dick would never have....

INSPECTOR It looks very like a gold ring with a diamond, a sapphire stud, which was formerly in the Tuscany teak. It looks like the missing ring to me. Do you not agree?

MRS GRIMES I knew he was a good-for-nothing.

ALICE Well, yes this is the ring but Dick's not a thief. It must have been planted.

INSPECTED The oldest excuse in the book.

DAISY Dick is innocent. You've set him up.

BANKS Now, Daisy, this is not necessary.

INSPECTOR I think you had better come with me to the station, young man. This is a hanging offence.

SIR EDWARD That will not be necessary, Inspector. Thank you for your help in this matter. Just send me your bill and I will deal with the matter of punishment.

INSPECTOR Oh, what a shame. Where do I send the bill?

SIR EDWARD If you go through the oak gate at the back with the brass latch and the gold trimmings and ring the middle bell with the conical bell-push, then go through the mahogany door with the brass fittings and post it through the fourth letter box on the right, we will see that it is settled forthwith.

INSPECTOR Thank you sir, and good day to you. *(Muttering as he exits.)* The mahogany gate at the front with the silver latch and brass trimmings. The fourth bell with the, no the comical bell-push with the brass, no... *(Exit Inspector)*

ALICE What a funny little man.

SIR EDWARD Now, young man, the question of your future remains.
(All gather round Sir Edward and Dick. Alice tries to place herself between them and Daisy is close behind.)
 My good people, I think we can all get on with our work now.
 Thank you.
(They drift back to their tasks, except Daisy who stands one side of Dick and Alice the other. Banks keeps a watchful eye in the background as Sir Edward addresses Dick.)

Your behaviour has been quite intolerable and you are lucky not to be going to Jail. For your punishment you are to be sent away for a while to sea.

DAISY} No, Sir Edward!

ALICE} No, Father, you can't!

SIR EDWARD I am sending you to a far distant land on an errand.

DICK Very well, sir, I will do whatever you ask.

SIR EDWARD I have business with the Sultan of Marrakesh.

DAISY Wow, a sultan.

SIR EDWARD You are to deliver some papers and bonds to him for me. You leave tomorrow and travel by coach to Southampton. Once there, you will make contact with a certain Captain Blood and you will board his ship, The Jolly Leaky Tub, as a passenger. He will deliver you safely to Marrakesh.

DICK Very well, sir.

SIR EDWARD Good luck, young man. When you have completed the task you will be welcomed back into my household.

DICK Thank you, sir.
(Exit Sir Edward.)

ALICE I will wait for you, Dick, I know you are innocent.

DICK Thank you, Alice, you are very kind. *(They embrace fleetingly and Alice exits, tearfully.)*
Goodbye Daisy...and I'm sorry. *(He exits.)*

DAISY Farewell, Dick and you ain't got nothing to be sorry for. *(She weeps.)*

ROSE Don't upset yourself now, girl. He'll come back safe and sound.

DAISY Oh Rose, he's innocent, I know he is.

ROSE Of course he is. Someone around here has got it in for the poor boy. Jealous of him I don't doubt.

DAISY I'm going after him, Rose.

ROSE What? You can't do that girl, you'll lose your job.

DAISY I don't care. Dick's been hard done by and I want to see he's alright.

ROSE But you've got no money.

DAISY I'll disguise myself as a boy and hitch a ride. I'll be safer travelling that way. And when I get to Southampton, I'll stow away on board the ship.

ROSE You've really made up your mind, haven't you?

DAISY Yes.

ROSE And I can't persuade you to stay?

DAISY No.

ROSE Well may God go with you. I'll borrow some provisions for your journey.

DAISY Goodbye, Rose, You're a real friend.
(They embrace and Daisy creeps away, unnoticed.)

MRS GRIMES Back to work – all of you!

SONG 5 Reprise Last Verse

Act 2, Scene 1 On Board the Jolly Leaky Tub

(The ship is a rather ramshackle affair, not the trim merchant vessel one would expect. Coils of rope and other nautical equipment lie discarded around the deck and there are two funnels designed to bring fresh air below deck.) The deck is deserted. Enter Dick and Jess.)

DICK Just look at this deck, Jess! What a mess. And no sign of the crew or even any other passengers. Do you think this is the right place?

JESS Well it says on the side, 'The Jolly leaky Tub'. That's the ship Sir Edward said you must board.

DICK But where's the captain and the other passengers?
(Suddenly Captain Blood and three sailors appear from different directions, alarming Dick and sending Jess scurrying into hiding.)

CAPTAIN Ahoy there, shipmate.

HARRY Argh, Jim lad.

DICK Ah, you must be Captain Blood – and I'm Dick Whittington.
Pleased to meet you, sir. *(Offers his hand.)*

CAPTAIN *(Taking Dick's hand in a vice-like grip and shaking it violently.)*
Pleased to meet you, Jim.

DICK Dick! I said my name was Dick.

PETE You're called Jim now, lad.

JAKE Aye, Jim lad.

DICK But, I don't understand.

CAPTAIN All our cabin boys have to be called Jim.

DICK Why?

JAKE So that we can say, Argh, Jim lad.

DICK But there must be some mistake, I'm not a cabin boy, I'm a passenger.

PETE Then that's the mistake, Jim. We don't take no passengers.

DICK But Sir Edward said....

HARRY Sir Edward ain't here now, is he, Jim lad? The captain is in charge.

CAPTAIN Now do you want to carry out Sir Edward's wishes, boy?

DICK Why yes, but, but, but....

HARRY Do stop butting, you're not a goat.

CAPTAIN Then, I'm pleased to have you aboard, Jim. And how remiss of me not to have introduced me crew. Here's One-eyed Harry, One-legged Pete and One-armed Jake. *(Each one steps forward and salutes as his name is called. During this next dialogue, the captain starts to sway from side to side as if at sea and the other three follow his example.)*

DICK But, tell me, captain, *(looking around)* is this vessel seaworthy?

CAPTAIN *(Towering threateningly)* How dare you question my ship?

DICK *(Shrinking away)* I just wondered why it's called the Jolly Leaky Tub, that's all.

CAPTAIN It's not leaky no more. Jim fixed that.

JAKE Yea, we sent him down for a good keel-hauling with a pot of tar and a brush to repair the leaks.
(Dick now begins to sway in time with the others.)

DICK Oh my goodness! Was he successful?

HARRY We don't know. He never came back up again.

PETE Why do you think we need a new cabin boy?
(Dick looks towards the audience and gulps exaggeratedly.)

DICK *(He realises he is swaying and stops.)* Why do you do that?

JAKE Why do we do what?

DICK That swaying. You all keep swaying and the ship's firmly tied up in the dock still.

HARRY We is just practising for when we put out to sea.

DICK Would I be able to see my cabin soon? I'm wondering whether it is big enough for me and Jess.

CAPTAIN You ain't brought ya girlfriend now boy, have you? There's a strict rule around here; 'no girls on board ship'.

OTHERS 'No girls on board ship'.

DICK No, you don't understand, she's not a girl, well perhaps she is but...

HARRY Well is she or isn't she?

DICK Look I'll show you. *(He whistles.)* Jess! Come out now.
(Enter Jess looking sheepish.)

PETE Shiver me timbers, it's a dog.

JAKE We don't have no dogs aboard this ship. They eats too much.

CAPTAIN We have a rule here, you know; 'no dogs on board ship'.

OTHERS 'No dogs on board ship'.

JESS I'm not a dog – I'm a cat.

JAKE Well I'll be the son of a pirate, it's a talking dog.

PETE You are the son of a pirate.....

(Harry clasps his hand over Pete's mouth.)

DICK Go on, Jess, miaow for them.

(Jess miaows.)

CAPTAIN He's right! She is a cat. We have another rule here you know; 'no cats on board ship'.

OTHERS 'No cats on board ship'.

CAPTAIN They eat too much.

HARRY What exactly do cats eat?

DICK Well, you know, this and that.

JESS Rats and mice mostly.

CAPTAIN Rats and mice! We have another rule; 'Cats may come aboard if they eat all the ship's rats'.

JAKE *(Looking at the others and shaking his head.)* We ain't never heard of that rule, captain.

CAPTAIN It's a new one, I just made it up. Now come on, Jim lad, well show you to your quarters.

DICK Oh great! Does my cabin have a porthole you can open?

CAPTAIN Well it ain't so much of a cabin, just a hammock in the bilges.

DICK Bilges, what's the bilges?

CAPTAIN Follow us down below and we'll show you.

(They exit down a hatch. Enter King Rat.)

KING RAT Aha, me hearties! So this is the ship Dick is taking to Marrakesh. Nice and filthy and leaky. Perhaps he won't make it, especially when we hit the storm. How do I know there will be a storm? I've read the script, you fools. Now I'd better stick around to make sure that things go badly for Dick. He must not reach Marrakesh – alive!

(Boos)

Now, where shall I hide. I know. *(He lifts the lid of a trunk and conceals himself inside. Enter Daisy, dressed as a boy, with her hair tied up and concealed in a bandana.)*

DAISY What a dump. Have you ever seen such a disgusting excuse for a ship. Poor Dick, fancy having to travel for weeks on this. Still, I'll be here to protect him should he get into any trouble. Now, where can I hide?

(She goes to lift the lid of the trunk. Reaction from the audience.)

No, that's too obvious. Someone might look inside there. Ah, this is a good place. *(She crawls inside one of the funnels so that she can be seen by the audience but not the crew.)*

(Enter the crew, kicking Dick onto the deck ahead of them. Jess follows, sheepishly.)

CAPTAIN That's your first big mistake, Jim lad. You don't question the captain's judgement.

JAKE Who ever heard of a cabin boy complaining about his accommodation.

CAPTAIN Now on your knees and swab the deck.

(He throws a scrubbing brush at Dick.)

PETE And when you've finished, you can peel this bucket of potatoes.

JAKE And this one.

HARRY And this one.

CAPTAIN Now let's get this voyage underway. Jake hoist the mainsail. *(Jake does this with his one arm.)* Pete, run forward and cast off. *(He hops off into the wings.)* Harry, weigh the anchor.

HARRY What for, I know it's very heavy.

CAPTAIN Hoist it aboard, you idiot. I'll take the wheel. *(He starts to steer.)*

JAKE Main sail is up, Captain.

PETE *(Entering)* We're cast off, Captain.

HARRY Anchor's aweigh, Captain.

CAPTAIN Well done, crew. Now Harry, I am tired of being at the helm, tie up the wheel to keep us on course and we'll go below and brew a nice cup of tea. *(Harry ties some tricky knots, but leaves them loose.)*
Tie them well, there is a storm coming.

KING RAT *(Lifting the lid of the trunk.)* Aha, I told you there would be a storm.
(Drops the lid.)

HARRY What was that noise, Captain?

CAPTAIN I heard nothing. But check below anyway. We don't want any stowaways on board this ship.

PETE Why not, Captain, you know how we enjoy throwing them overboard to the sharks.
(The audience see Daisy gulp with fear.)

JAKE Yea, I like it when the sharks attack and the sea goes red.

PETE That only happens in the movies, you idiot.

CAPTAIN *(To Dick)* Now boy, it's your job to check the rope and see that it doesn't work loose. If the ship turns so the waves hit us broadside we will be ship-wrecked.

DICK Yes, sir.

HARRY It's aye aye, Captain.

DICK Or in your case, it's just aye, Captain.

CAPTAIN Don't fail me boy. *(Exits below with crew.)*

DICK *(Scrubbing the deck)* Oh Jess, this is just like being back in Mrs Grimes kitchen again.

JESS Even this can't be that bad surely.
(The storm begins to brew. SFX of waves, rain and thunder. Flashes of lightning. The stage darkens.)
On second thoughts, maybe it is.

DICK I know, let's sing a song, then we'll forget how miserable we are.

JESS Do we have to? *(The music starts.)* I'll take that as a 'yes'.

SONG 6 Your Heart Will Lead You Home (from the Tigger Movie)

(The storm worsens. Dick tries to stand and is thrown around the deck. He crouches down by one of the funnels and he and Jess hug one-another fearfully, swaying violently. King Rat emerges unseen from his hiding place and makes for the ship's wheel.)

KING RAT Now, if I can just untie this rope. What sort of knots are these? They won't budge. I can't do this on my own, I need some help. *(Looking towards the audience.)* I know. *(He goes front of house and makes for the person in the fourth row.)*

Right you, come with me. *(Takes him up on stage.)*

Now help me untie this rope, will you. *(King Rat deliberately makes it as difficult as possible for him by trying to tie his hands up. At last the rope comes free.)*

Aha, the job is done. Now they are all doomed. The ship will surely sink. Now come with me and hide and we'll watch these people die. *(He laughs an evil laugh as he drags the 'volunteer' off into the wings. Enter the captain and crew. The storm is still raging.)*

JAKE Captain the wheel has broken free.

CAPTAIN Quick, Pete turn her round before we flounder.
(Pete hops over to the wheel.)

I told you to keep an eye on those lashings, boy.

DICK I did, Captain. They were secure only a moment ago.

HARRY Well a rope does not untie itself, does it boy.

CAPTAIN I cannot tolerate insubordination on my ship. Overboard with him, men.

JESS No, no.
(Jake restrains Jess as the other two grab Dick and prepare to drop him over the front of the stage.)

HARRY *(They swing him)* One, two, three and....

DAISY *(Coming out of her hiding place)* No, wait!
(The sailors freeze in surprise. Dick does not recognise Daisy.)

CAPTAIN And who might you be, young man.

DAISY I'm...I'm...I'm Jim.

PETE Oh goody, another Jim.

JAKE A stowaway! Shark bait! Overboard with him. *(Grabs Daisy)*

PETE Wait! Can't we have two Jims.

HARRY We were just throwing the first one overboard, remember?

PETE Which one shall we keep then.

DAISY I'm trying to tell you that he is innocent.

CAPTAIN Who is?

DAISY Why, Dick of course. There was a huge rat here just now and it
untied the rope, I saw it. It brought up one of those people out there
to help.

DICK King Rat!

CAPTAIN Which way did it go?

DAISY That way.

CAPTAIN Pete, go and search for it.

DICK Just a minute. You called me by my real name. How did you know?
(Daisy, takes off her bandana and lets her hair fall down.)
Daisy! *(She runs to him and throws her arms around him.)*

JAKE Gibbering jellyfish, it's a girl.

HARRY We have a rule here, you know; 'no girls on board ship'.

CAPTAIN He's right, I'm afraid we'll have to throw you overboard, miss.
(They grab her, take her towards the side and swing her.)

JAKE One,

DICK No, throw me over and let her live.

HARRY She's a girl, you're not.

JAKE Two,

DICK She can work for her keep.

JAKE So can you.

HARRY Three,

DICK She can cook.

CAPTAIN What? Hold on boys. *(They let her go.)*
Why did you not say so? Is this true, Jim? Can you cook?

DAISY Of course I can. After all, I am a kitchen maid.

CAPTAIN Then you shall stay. Welcome aboard The Jolly Leaky Tub, Jim.

DAISY Thank you, captain.

(Enter King Rat and volunteer, being chased by Pete, who is wielding a cutlass.)

CAPTAIN Help him, you fools.

KING RAT Quick, down here, they'll never find us among this lot. *(They run front of house. The volunteer takes his place and King Rat crouches in the aisle, while the three sailors run around front of house, searching. They bribe children with sweets to tell them which way King Rat went.)*

DAISY There you are, I told you there was a Giant Rat.
(The three sailors come back onto stage.)

PETE Sorry, Captain, we lost him. He jumped overboard.

JAKE *(He shouts very loudly, even though he is standing next to them.)*
Land ahoy!
(They all block up their ears and then rush to the side to look.)

HARRY At last – it's Marrakesh.

DICK My, that was a quick voyage.

CAPTAIN We must make preparations, there is no time to lose. The sultan will send out a boat to meet us. Come on, men, let's make this ship tidy. As for you, Jim *(this is to Daisy)* get below and cook us a meal. *(To Dick)* Jim, you help coil these ropes. We'll get this place in ship shape yet.

End of Scene

Act 2, Scene 2 The Sultan's Palace, Marrakesh

The Sultan's palace is very richly decorated with hanging cloths, columns and gold embroidered cushions. The sultan sits on a pile of cushions with a throng of girls lounging around him in local dress. Two of these fan him with giant palm leaves.

SONG 7 Colours of the Wind (from Pocahontas)

(Dick, Daisy and the captain enter as the song finishes.)

SULTAN *(In an appalling Moroccan accent.)* Ah, my friend, come in, come in.
Come and sit with me. *(He shoos away the girls, who move a short distance away.)*

Come, pull up a cushion.

(They bow deeply, look around for a free cushion and sit around the Sultan.)

It is a pleasure to have Europeans at my court once more.

DICK It is a pleasure for us to be here, your Excellency.

SULTAN What charming manners, you betray your gentlemanly upbringing,
my boy. So, you must be the Master Whittington Sir Edward wrote
about in his letter.

DICK Indeed, and this is Daisy. She is a ...a... she is also in Sir
Edward's employment. Captain Blood you already know.

SULTAN I certainly do. The captain and I met many years ago in your country
when I was up at Oxford. That's where I met Bunny.

DICK Who's Bunny?

SULTAN Why your Sir Edward, of course. That was always his nickname;
Bunny Fitzwarren.

(Aside) Bunny! Now, where have I heard that name before?

(Rummaging in his pockets.) I have some papers from Sir Edward
for you to sign.

SULTANS Very good. And then we will eat, drink and be very merry. *(He guffaws with laughter.)*

(The girls scream as a few rats run across upstage.)

(Crossly) Marresh mahatmata goolagong rumpeddy shalang shalang.

You must pardon my silly wives. They are very afraid of the rats.

DICKS Wives! All of them?

SULTAN No, that is not all of them. There are more in my other palace. I only allow twenty in at a time.

DICK TWENTY! My, you must be a very busy man.
(The sultan laughs heartily and claps Dick on the back.)

CAPTAIN What's this about rats?

SULTAN There are many, many rats in the palace. We don't know where they come from but we have been unable to get rid of them.

DICK Really? How long has this been going on.

SULTAN Not long; about ten years.

CAPTAIN Ten years!

SULTAN *(Claps his hands)* Music, music! Now you will see my wives dance. They are very good at it.

DANCE Arabian Dance (An Arabian-style Belly Dance)
Part way through the dance a whole pack of rats appear, led by King Rat. Each rat chases one of the girls off-stage screaming.

DICK Goodness gracious, just look at the size of those rats. They're even bigger than the ones at home and I'm sure I recognise one of them.
(The girls re-enter, still pursued by the rats and still screaming. They exit the other side.)

CAPTAIN I can see that you do have quite a problem, your Excellency.

SULTAN Indeed! Many of my wise men and counsellors have tried to rid the palace of the rats, but to no avail.
(Enter the whole pack of rats, screaming and running away from something. There is no sign of the girls. As soon as the rats have exited the other side, enter Jess in hot pursuit. As she runs across the stage she turns to the audience and grins.)

What on earth was that huge creature? It seems to be chasing the rats.

DAISY That's just Jess. She's Dick's cat. She's very used to dealing with rats. She rid Sir Edward's house of them.

DICK I'd wager that you've seen the last of them. They won't dare come back here.
(Enter King Rat being pursued by Jess.)

And that's the nastiest one of the lot, King Rat.

(King Rat scowls at Dick and at the audience as he runs by. He runs front of house, still pursued by Jess.)

KING RAT Right, that's it. I've had enough of this rotten show. I'm off to get a job at the theatre down the road. They're advertising for a thousand rats for this year's panto; the Pied Piper. Bye.
(Jess chases him right out of the hall.)

SULTAN I say, young man. How much do you want for your cat? I'll give you a thousand gold pieces.

DICK I'm sorry, your Highness, she's not for sale. You see, she's more than just a cat to me; she's a friend. *(Ah!)*

SULTAN I understand. I would not want to part with any of my wives. Nevertheless, I will reward you with five hundred gold pieces for ridding the palace of rats.

DICK Your Highness, that is most generous.

SULTAN All I ask is that you come once a year with Jess to visit me – just in case.

DICK Why, certainly it will be a pleasure.

SULTAN I would like you to stay a few weeks in the palace and enjoy my food, wine and entertainment.

DAISY That's wonderful.

DICK But I must write home and tell Aunt Arabella of my good fortune. I will ask her to come and meet me at the docks.

SULTAN Certainly, I will have one of my scribes write your letter and a servant shall deliver it.

(Enter the wives, giggling.)

But first, let the girls finish the dance. Last time there was a rude interruption.

(He claps his hands and the music starts.)

DANCE Arabian Dance Reprise

End of Scene

Act 2, Scene 3 Southampton Docks

Aunt Arabella waits anxiously at the dockside. There are others waiting for loved ones to return from voyages. The Jolly Leaky Tub is about to dock (off-stage). Enter Sir Edward and Alice.

ALICE Father, that might be the ship just coming into the dock. It looks rather like it.

SIR EDWARD I must get that captain to smarten his ship up a little. It's not a very good advert for my business.

ALICE I think I can see Dick. There, on the deck, waving.

SIR EDWARD Yes, that certainly looks like him.

ARABELLA Excuse me, miss, but did you say Dick.

ALICE Why, yes.

ARABELLA Would that be Dick Whittington?

ALICE Yes, the same.

ARABELLA Well, I'm his Aunt.

SIR EDWARD Pleased to meet you, madam, I'm Sir Edward and this is my daughter Alice. *(He shakes her hand and Alice curtsies.)*

ARABELLA Pardon me, but have we met before.

SIR EDWARD I don't believe I have had the pleasure.

ARABELLA It's just that your voice is so familiar. I can't quite place it.

PETE *(Off)* Ahoy there, landlubbers! Help us tie up, won't you.
(Two rope ends are thrown on from the wings and two of the crowd tie up the ship.)

HARRY Make way for the captain.
(Enter the Captain and the three sailors.)

CAPTAIN Ho there, Sir Edward.

SIR EDWARD Good day, Captain. I trust your voyage was a successful one.

CAPTAIN Indeed it was, sir, thanks to your servant, Dick and that cat of his. The Sultan is delighted.

ALICE I knew Dick would do us proud. He's a good boy.
(Enter Dick, Jess and Daisy. Jess busies herself with a basket of fish left on the dockside. Daisy hangs back looking guilty when she sees Sir Edward.)

DICK Aunt Arabella, you've come. *(He embraces her.)*

SIR EDWARD Arabella! There's a name from the past.

DICK And Sir Edward and Alice. How good of you to come and meet us.
(Alice runs to him and embraces him. Daisy looks forlorn.)

CAPTAIN The Sultan sends his best regards to you and your family, Sir Edward – or as he put it, 'give my best regards to Bunny'.

ARABELLA Bunny! It can't be. I knew I recognised that voice.

SIR EDWARD Arabella! Is it THE Arabella. My Arabella.
(He takes her hand in his.)

ARABELLA All these years have gone by and I didn't know whether you were alive or dead.

SIR EDWARD I'm sorry, my dear, I lost contact with your family. I've never forgotten you and I've often wondered how you were. Is your husband here with you?

ARABELLA I never married, Edward. I suppose I always hoped you would return.

SIR EDWARD Oh my darling, Arabella. *(They embrace to applause from the rest of the crowd.)*

ALICE Dick, these last weeks have been unbearable. You must promise never to go away again.

DICK Well, Alice, I do have to go once a year to the Sultan's palace with Jess, rat-hunting, but you can come along too, if your father approves. *(Looking at the captain.)* I think we can probably find a ship that takes girls.

SIR EDWARD Why, of course, young man. And you and your Aunt Arabella will come and stay with us, I hope, as our guests. She and I have a great deal of catching up to do.

ARABELLA That will be lovely.

DICK Sir Edward? I was wondering in view of my recent good fortune I just wondered.....

CAPTAIN Spit it out, man.

DICK I would like to ask for your daughter's hand in marriage.

JAKE Only her hand? What about the rest of her?

ALICE Oh Dick! *(They embrace.)*

SIR EDWARD Well, it looks as though Alice has given you her answer, and if it makes her happy, then it makes me happy.

ALL Hooray!

DICK *(Noticing Daisy in the crowd, looking rather forlorn. He takes her hand and pulls her to the front.)*
And we would like Daisy to come and be our housekeeper and companion to Alice, if she agrees.

DAISY Of course I agree. I would love to.

PETE Three cheers for Mr Richard Whittington and Miss Alice Fitzwarren.
Hip hip.....

ALL Hooray! *(etc.)*

SONG 8 We Are One (from Simba's Pride)

The End