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# Dick Whittington

A Pantomime

John Crocker

Lyrics and Music by  
Eric Gilder

*Samuel French—London*  
*New York—Sydney—Toronto—Hollywood*



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## CHARACTERS

ALDERMAN FITZWARREN

IDLE JACK

- his apprentice

ALICE

- his daughter

SARAH

- his cook

KING RAT

FAIRY SILVERCHIME

TOMMY

- the cat

DICK WHITTINGTON

CUTTLE

- the captain (of the  
'Saucy Sal')

and

- his mate

SCUTTLE

PRINCESS ULUL OF MOROCCO

CASSIM\*

- captain of the  
Moroccan Guard

ABDUL\* }

FAKRASH\* }

ALI \* }

- guards

THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO

MUSTAPHA\*

- his attendant

THOMASINA\*

- a lady cat

(\*Chorus parts)

CHORUS as citizens, apprentices, fairies, sailors, harem wives, etc.

## **SYNOPSIS OF SCENES**

### **Part I**

<b>Scene 1</b>	<b>Aldgate</b>
<b>Scene 2</b>	<b>Petticoat Lane</b>
<b>Scene 3</b>	<b>Fitzwarren's Stores</b>
<b>Scene 4</b>	<b>On the way to Highgate Hill</b>
<b>Scene 5</b>	<b>Highgate Hill</b>

### **Part II**

<b>Scene 6</b>	<b>The Docks at Wapping</b>
<b>Scene 7</b>	<b>'Tween Decks</b>
<b>Scene 8</b>	<b>The Main Deck of the 'Saucy Sal'</b>
<b>Scene 9</b>	<b>The Shores of Morocco</b>
<b>Scene 10</b>	<b>The Emperor of Morocco's Palace</b>
<b>Scene 11</b>	<b>Back in London</b>
<b>Scene 12</b>	<b>Sir Richard Whittington's Reception at the Guildhall</b>

## PRODUCTION NOTE

Pantomime, as we know it today, is a form of entertainment all on its own, derived from a number of different sources - the *commedia dell'arte* (and all that that derived from), the ballet, the opera, the music hall and the realms of folk-lore and fairy tale. And elements of all of these are still to be found in it. This strange mixture has created a splendid topsy-turvy world where men are women, women are men, where the present is embraced within the past, where people are hit but not hurt, where authority is constantly flouted, where fun is poked at everything including pantomime itself at times, and, above all, where magic abounds and dreams invariably come true. In other words, it is - or should be - fun. Fun to do and fun to watch and the sense of enjoyment which can be conveyed by a cast is very important to the enjoyment of the audience.

Pantomime can be very simply staged if resources are limited. Basically a tab surround at the back, tab legs at the sides and a set of traverse tabs for the frontcloth scenes, together with the simplest of small cut-out pieces to suggest the various locales (or even just placards with this information written on them) will suffice. Conversely, there is no limit to the extent to which more lavish facilities can be employed.

The directions I have given in the text adopt a middle course and are based on a permanent setting of a cyclorama skycloth at the back, a few feet in front of which is a rostrum about two feet high, running the width of the stage. About two thirds of the depth downstage is a false proscenium, immediately behind which are the lines for the set of traverse table. Below the false proscenium are arched entrances left and right, with possible one foot reveals to the proscenium. A border will be necessary at some point between the false proscenium and the cyclorama to mask lighting battens and the top of the cyclorama. Lastly, there is a set of steps leading from the front of the stage into the auditorium, which I have referred to as the catwalk. I have imagined it to be set stage left, but it is unimportant whether it is left or right.

Into this permanent setting are placed various wings left and right, (I have catered for one a side set on a level with the border, but a greater depth of stage may require two a side for masking purposes). Cut-out ground rows set on the front or back of the rostrum complete the full sets. On smaller stages these cut-outs seen against the cyclorama give a better impression of depth than backcloths. The frontcloth fly lines come in behind the traverse tabs. Cloths can, of course, be tumbled or rolled if flying space is limited. It is a good tip always to bring in the traverse tabs when a cloth has to be lowered, then if any hitch occurs the lights can still come up and the actors get on with the scene. Similarly, I have indicated where the traverse tabs should be closed in frontcloth

scenes, so that there is plenty of time for the cloth to be flown before the end of the scene. The quick flow of one scene into the next is important if a smooth running production is to be achieved.

The settings and costumes should preferably be in clear bright colours to give a story book effect. The Mediaeval period is, of course, most suited to 'Dick Whittington', but deliberate anachronisms should be introduced into some settings and some of the comics' costumes. JACK's sailor trousers for Scene 8 will need to be specially made. They should be as generous as possible round the waist and gathered in on a strong elastic waistband. Animal skins can be hired from Theatre Zoo, 28 New Row, London WC2.

Pantomime requires many props and often they will have to be home made. Instructions are given in the prop plot about any of the more awkward seeming ones. Props should also be colourfully painted and in pantomime most props should be much larger than reality. It is also wise for the property master to examine carefully the practical use to which a prop is to be put - it is very painful to be hit with a giant's club of solid wood, one of material filled with foam plastic is far gentler!

I have not attempted to give a lighting plot as this entirely depends on the equipment available, but, generally speaking, most pantomime lighting needs to be full up, warm and bright. Pinks and ambers are probably best for this, but a circuit of blues in the cyclorama battens will help nightfall and dawn rising effects.

Follow spots are a great help for this kind of show, but not essential. But, if they are available, it is often effective in romantic numbers to fade out the stage lighting and hold the principals in the follow spots, quickly fading up on the last few bars because this can help to increase the applause! They can also be used for the FAIRY and DEMON to give them greater freedom of movement than with fixed front of house or spot-bar spots.

Flash boxes, with the necessary colour and flash powders, can be obtained from the usual stage electrical suppliers.

The music has been specially composed so that it is easy for the less musically accomplished to master, but it is also scored in parts for the more ambitious. If an orchestra is available, well and good, but a single piano will suffice. It is an advantage, however, if there can be a drummer as well. Not only because a rhythm accompaniment enhances the numbers, but also because, for some reason never yet fully fathomed, slapstick hits and falls are always twice as funny if they coincide with a well timed bonk on a drum, wood-block or whatever is found to make the noise best suited to the action. A drummer can also cope with the various 'whizzes' and 'tings' noted in the directions,

though, if necessary, they can, of course, be done off stage. A special type of whistle can be got for the 'whizz', and the 'ting' requires a triangle.

Pantomime demands a particular style of playing and production. The acting must be larger than life, but still sincere, with a good deal of sparkle and attack. Much of it must be projected directly at the audience, since one of pantomime's great advantages is that it deliberately breaks down the 'fourth wall'. The actors can literally and metaphorically shake hands with their audience who become almost another member of the cast; indeed, their active participation from time to time is essential. A word of warning, though, on this - the actors must always remain in control; for instance, if a demon or villain encourages hissing, he must make sure it is never to such an extent that he can no longer be heard. The producer should see that the story line is clearly brought out and treated with respect. There is always room for local gags and topical quips in pantomime, but they should not be overdone. Most important of all, the comedy, as any comedy, must never appear to be conscious of its own funniness.

Characterization should be very clear and definite. I prefer the traditional use of a man to play the Dame and a girl to play the Principal Boy. In the case of the Dame, anyway, there is a sound argument for this - audiences will laugh more readily at a man impersonating a woman involved in the mock cruelties of slapstick than at a real woman. For this reason an actor playing a Dame should never quite let us forget he is a man, while giving a sincere character performance of a woman; further, he can be as feminine as he likes, but never effeminate. SARAH is full of boisterous good nature which seldom fails her in any circumstances.

A Principal Boy also requires a character performance, but, of course, with the implications reversed! An occasional slap of the thigh is not sufficient. DICK should be a particularly boyish Boy. His outlook is romantic and he has to show considerable courage in the face of many reverses.

Principal Girls can be a bore, but only if they are presented as mere pretty symbols of feminine sweetness. ALICE has a gay disposition, but is fully aware of the practicalities of life.

Her father, ALDERMAN FITZWARREN, tends to bumble his way through life. His short-sightedness, after all, only allows him a very hazy view of what is happening around him.

His apprentice, IDLE JACK, in spite of his 'framing' of DICK, is without malice. It is a part in which the actor playing him can to some extent exploit his own personality.

The CAPTAIN is a natural leader in that all he does naturally leads to failure. The MATE, if he is even aware of this, is fully resigned to it; indeed, he is more at home with failure than success.

FAIRY SILVERCHIME and KING RAT need playing with great spirit and with great conviction of the rightness of their own causes.

PRINCESS ULUL should look very attractive but be innocently unaware of it. She should also have some ability as a comedienne.

Her father, the EMPEROR, has an easy-going manner providing everything goes as he wishes, for he is obviously used to being obeyed without question.

His guards and attendants are all very Eastern and very subservient to their master.

TOMMY, the cat, is unusually loyal for a cat, but is very catlike in every other way - self sufficient, sharply intelligent and with a highly realistic approach to life.

THOMASINA is, as it were, a sex-kitten.

The number of CHORUS used can be as many or as few as desired.

John Crocker

## MUSIC 1 Overture

### PART I

#### Scene One - ALDGATE

(Full set. Cut-out ground row of Mediaeval London streets along back of rostrum. U.C. in front of rostrum a pump, labelled 'YE OLDE ALDGATE PUMP', with cup attached on a chain. Inn piece R. with sign 'YE OLDE ALDGATE BEER PUMP' and with a practical door. Shop piece L., 'FITZWARREN'S STORES', with practical door, fitted with bell pull and a knocker.

CHORUS, as citizens and apprentices, discovered singing and dancing  
Opening Chorus.

MUSIC 2 'LONDON' words by John Crocker, music 'Oranges and Lemons' arranged by Eric Gil der.)

CHORUS

London, oh, London,  
Oh, glorious London!  
Hear the bells ringing,  
All London is singing -  
From Broad Street and Aldgate  
To Hampstead and Highgate -  
For London so gay  
Is on holiday!

The people come dancing,  
The horses come prancing;  
The butcher, the baker,  
the candle-stick maker,  
The glover, the tinsmith,  
The draper, the goldsmith,  
Like us they will go  
To the Lord Mayor's Show.

(Dance.)

London, oh, London,  
Oh, glorious London!  
Hear the bells ringing,  
All London is singing -  
From Broad Street and Aldgate  
To Hampstead and Highgate,  
From Bankside and Blackfriars  
To Westcheap and Whitefriars -  
For London so gay  
Is on holiday! Yes, on holiday!

(ALDERMAN FITZWARREN, wearing spectacles, appears in his shop doorway.)

FITZWARREN Good morning, townsfolk.

CHORUS Good morning, Alderman Fitzwarren.

FITZWARREN Lovely day, is - (He moves forward and trips and falls over one of CHORUS, who is kneeling down, losing his glasses.) Who left that dog there? Now I've lost me specs. Where are me specs? (Takes a second pair from pocket and puts them on to look for others.)

1st CHORUS You've just put them on, Mr Fitzwarren.

FITZWARREN Well, of course I have. I couldn't see to find 'em if I wasn't wearing 'em, could I? Ah, there they are. (Finds first pair and puts them on over others.) That's better, now I can see properly. (Looking at back of head of one of CHORUS.) Blimey, you need a shave, my boy. I say, you all look very happy this morning.

2nd CHORUS Well, today's Lord Mayor's day.

3rd CHORUS And Lord Mayor's day is a holiday.

FITZWARREN Good gracious, so it is. I expect you'll all have lots of money to spend. I must get me shop opened at once. (Calling into shop.) Idle Jack! Idle Jack! (Slight pause.) Idle Jack! (To CHORUS.) Any of you seen Jack today?

CHORUS No, Mr Fitzwarren.

FITZWARREN Tt, tt, that boy's never here when there's any work to be done.

(Loud snoring and whistling off R.)

What's that?

(Louder snoring and whistling.)

CHORUS (looking off R.) It's Jack!

(MUSIC 3 IDLE JACK enters U. R., his eyes closed and his arms stretched out before him sleep-walking. Round his neck hangs a notice, 'DO NOT DISTURB', and from his waist a large

prop alarm clock is suspended.)

4th CHORUS He's walking in his sleep.

FITZWARREN Well, he's always been a bit of a day dreamer.  
We must wake him up.

CHORUS (shouting) Jack, wake up!

FITZWARREN Ssh! Not like that. You might give him a shock  
and shocks are very dangerous to sleepwalkers.  
We must only shout in a whisper. Like this -  
(Follows on behind JACK, who is circling stage  
slowly anti-clockwise. Whispering.)  
Jack, wake up!

CHORUS (following on behind FITZWARREN, each shout  
getting louder) Jack, wake up! Jack, wake up!  
JACK, WAKE UP! JACK, WAKE UP!  
(FITZWARREN and CHORUS stop.)

FITZWARREN Hm, he doesn't seem to hear whispers. We must  
think of something else that's not noisy.  
(JACK reaches D.C. and his alarm clock starts to  
ring loudly, EFFECT 1. Bell off. He stops,  
yawning and stretching. CHORUS put their hands  
to their ears and FITZWARREN runs round in  
short-sighted circles shouting above the noise.)  
What's that? Stop it! It's too noisy! It'll give him  
a shock! (Lands beside JACK.) Oh, it's you,  
Jack.

JACK (shouting) No, it's not me. It's my alarm  
clock. It's ringing.

FITZWARREN (shouting) Stop it!

JACK Oh, righto. (Takes a prop hammer from  
pocket and hits clock. Ringing stops and large  
spring flies out of top, catch released by JACK.)

FITZWARREN I didn't mean stop it working altogether.

JACK Oh, that's only the mainspring. (Throws clock  
off.)

FITZWARREN Tcha! Now come along, Jack. It's high time we

opened the shop. There's not much for you to do; just sweep the floors, dust the counters, pat the butter, string the sausages, fillet the fish, dress the crabs, pot the paste and dash the habery.

(JACK has been drooping at each successive task and now faints. FITZWARREN turns and bumps into flat beside shop door.)

Who moved that door? (He exits into shop.)

(JACK sits up.)

JACK Pat the fish, butter the counters, sweep the sausages. I can't waste my time with all that work. My mind is on higher things than work.

5th CHORUS What things?

JACK (blissfully) Love.

(CHORUS laugh.)

I'm in love with old Fitzzy's daughter, Alice, and I'm trying to think of something wonderful I can do to win her.

5th CHORUS You'll never do anything wonderful, Jack. You're too lazy.

1st CHORUS Yes, you're always falling asleep.

(JACK falls asleep on his feet.)

CHORUS Jack, wake up!

JACK (wakes) Did I fall asleep? Oh dear, that always happens if someone talks about sleep. And I need a lot of people to wake me. It's lucky you were all here. But supposing you weren't - what could I do then?

(2nd CHORUS whispers in JACK's ear.)

What? Ask them?

(He indicates Audience, 2nd CHORUS nods.)

Do you think they would?

(2nd CHORUS nods again.)

Well, I'll try. (To Audience.) I say, if you

see me falling asleep like this - (Demonstrates.)  
 Would you wake me up? (Reaction.)  
 I couldn't quite hear. Would you? (Reaction.)  
 Good, let's practice it then. Whenever you see me  
 do this - (Demonstrates.) you shout,  
 'Jack, wake up!' Ready? Right. (Pretends to  
 fall asleep.)

(CHORUS encourage Audience to shout.)

Have you shouted yet? We'd better try again,  
 then. (Falls asleep.)

(CHORUS encourage Audience.)

Ah, that's better but sometimes I'm very fast  
 asleep. See if you can do it a bit louder. (Falls  
 asleep.)

(CHORUS encourage Audience.)

Ah, that's it! It's not that I'm really lazy, you  
 know. In fact, I'm a very busy little fellow.

(MUSIC 4 'BUSY LITTLE FELLOW')

I'm a busy little fellow in an awful plight,  
 'Cos they always keep me working from the morn  
 till night.

They even keep me busy while the moon's above,  
 So I've hardly even had the time to fall in love.  
 I'm always very busy and I never stop for tea.  
 I'm in such an awful tizzy that I don't know if I'm me!  
 I am hurrying as slowly as a fellow can -  
 Oh, who would be apprentice to an Alderman?

CHORUS

He is hurrying as slowly as a fellow can -  
 Oh, who would be apprentice to an Alderman?

JACK

Jar the jam and dust the ham  
 And dress the mutton up as lamb;  
 Don't let the carving knife get blunt  
 And put the ripest fruit in front.  
 I'm very conscientious and I work myself to death,  
 And yet they never even give me time to take  
 another breath!  
 I am hurrying as slowly as a fellow can -  
 Oh, who would be apprentice to an Alderman?

- CHORUS                   He is hurrying as slowly as a fellow can -  
Oh, who would be apprentice to an Alderman?
- JACK                     Put some sugar in the sand  
And give the errand boy a hand,  
And if I ever stop to talk  
The gorgonzola wants its walk.  
The things that people want are always on the  
                          highest shelves,  
And I should like to tell them they can do the  
                          bloomin' job themselves!  
I'm a busy little fellow in an awful plight,  
'Cos they always keep me working from the morn  
                          till night,
- CHORUS                   He is hurrying as slowly as a fellow can -
- JACK and  
CHORUS                   Oh, who would be apprentice to an Alderman!  
(Exit JACK into shop.)
- (MUSIC 5 Enter ALICE FITZWARREN U. R.)
- CHORUS                   Hullo, Alice.
- ALICE                    Hullo, boys and girls. Isn't it a lovely day? I've  
just been to see all the decorations for the Lord  
Mayor's Show.  
  
(Enter FITZWARREN from shop wearing bowler  
hat.)
- FITZWARREN             Alice! Alice, where art thou?     (Looks round  
vaguely and stops beside her.)     Have any of you  
seen my daughter?
- ALICE                    I'm here, father.
- FITZWARREN             (peering closely at her)     What? Oh, so you are.  
I've got to go out, my dear. Keep an eye on Jack,  
will you? He's just started work and he'll stop  
again if someone doesn't keep him at it.
- ALICE                    Don't you think you ought to get another apprentice  
as well as Jack, father, to sort of make up for him?
- FITZWARREN             Yes, but it would cost me another lot of wages.  
Still, I tell you what - I'll think the idea over for a  
long time till you've forgotten it and then I won't  
mention it again - I can't say fairer than that, can I?

Now I was just off to the Guildhall. I was invited there for elevenses at tenses. (Takes large prop hour glass from pocket.) Good heavens, it is tenses! Now I shan't be there in time if I don't leave fifteen minutes ago. (Hurries U.C., putting hour glass away and bumps into pump.) Oops! (Raising bowler to it.) Beg pardon, madam. (Exit U.L.)

ALICE

Poor father, he's so shortsighted and he won't spend any money on a new pair of glasses. I wish he'd spend some on a new apprentice, though.

CHORUS

Why?

ALICE

Well, you never know, we might get a very handsome new apprentice and I should like that. If he was very, very handsome, then perhaps I'd fall in love with him. I'd rather like to fall in love today.

(MUSIC 6 'I'D LIKE TO FALL IN LOVE')

There's lots of things I'd like to do  
 This lovely day in Spring.  
 Like climbing up an apple tree  
 Or hearing blackbirds sing.  
 But though I'd like to stand on my head,  
 And kick my heels above,  
 The thing I'd like to do the best -  
 I'd like to fall in love!

I know plenty of things to do;  
 Just as many, I'm sure, as you;  
 But I wish I were kissing now.  
 Please won't somebody show me how?

There's lots of things I'd like to do  
 This lovely day in Spring.  
 Like climbing up an apple tree  
 Or hearing blackbirds sing.  
 But though I'd like to stand on my head,  
 And kick my heels above,  
 The thing I'd like to do the best -  
 I'd like to fall in love!

(Exit ALICE into shop and CHORUS variously.)

Hooting and EFFECT 2. Very loud car engine heard off R.)

SARAH

(off R.) Stop! Stop! Come back here! Stop!

(MUSIC 7 Enter SARAH U.R., apparently dragged on by a wheeled shopping basket fitted with a prop engine, which she tries to guide by its walking stick handle. On the front of the basket is a large card with the letters 'V.L.' Numerous parcels piled in the basket scatter as she enters and pursues an erratic course round the stage until the basket brakes to a sudden stop D.C. and SARAH, still holding the handle, is carried past it by her own momentum till she can go no further and falls backwards.)

Well, really! And me a Veteran Learner too. (Rises, rubbing behind painfully.) Ooh, me bottom gear will never be the same again. I wonder if it's quietened down? (Tentatively touches it, draws hand quickly away and tries again.) Yes, it's all right. (Grasps handle firmly and basket shoots forward and off L. with a burst of noise, EFFECT 3, landing her flat on her face. She rises painfully.) Oh dear, now it's given me a nasty jolt in a built up area. I must apologise for it behaving like that. I do hope it didn't wake any of you up. Well, how d'ye do? (Curtseys.) My name is Sarah. I'm Alderman Fitzwarren's cook. I've just been out doing the shopping and - oh! Look at all me parcels. (Collects parcels together and picks one up.) Now, what's this? (Rattles it, holding her ear to it.) Oh dear, the eggs. Scrambled again. (Throws parcel off L. and picks up remainder, by holding up the front edges of her skirt and placing them in the bag thus made. Turns toward Audience, which displays her underwear.)

CONDUCTOR

Hey, Sarah, your skirt!

SARAH

What's the matter with me skirt? (Peers over edge of it and realises.) Ooh! (Very embarrassed, crouches down and shuffles over to shop and throws parcels off, then straightens up

still holding skirt.) I am a silly girl.  
 (Realises she is still holding skirt and hurriedly drops it.) Oh! (To CONDUCTOR.)  
 Thank you for pointing out my slip, Charlie (or whatever his name is) - I mean, the one I made, not the one I'm wearing. (To Audience.)  
 Have you met Charlie? He's the one in the middle here. You can pick him out quite easily because every time the others play some music he stands up and does his exercises. Still, he's very nice. But I mustn't stay here gossiping all day, I must get on with me work, though I do love a gossip. Well, I always say a good gossip keeps you young, and if you keep young, you won't grow old, will you? Anyway, I think the thing is to -

(MUSIC 8 'AS YOUNG AS YOU THINK'. Words and Music by John Crocker.)

Be as young as you think you are  
 And not as old as you feel,  
 Say to yourself - in the pink you are!  
 And years from your age it will steal.  
 Be as young as you think you are,  
 That's my motto anyway, hey!  
     Life is short but sweet,  
     Give yourself a treat,  
 And grow younger ev'ry day.

(Dance.)

Be as young as you feel you are,  
 It's not as old as you think  
 Say to yourself - it's ideal you are!  
 And years will drop off in a wink.  
 Be as young as you feel you are,  
 That's my motto anyway, hey!  
     Life's too short to cry,  
     Live before you die,  
 And grow younger ev'ry day,  
 Yes, really -  
 You'll grow younger ev'ry day!

(Exit into Shop. LIGHTS DIM. MUSIC 9. GREEN FLASH L. and GREEN SPOT UP as KING RAT enters there.)

KING RAT

Now let all joy and laughter cease,  
 King Rat doth bid thee, hold thy peace!  
 And list while I unfold a scheme  
 That shall bring true my fondest dream.  
 To London comes a youth today,  
 Who's guarded by a pesky fay -  
 A certain Fairy Silverchime  
 That hath held sway too long a time -  
 But now her overthrow I've plann'd  
 Wherein this youth shall lend a hand,  
 For he - Dick Whittington by name -  
 I'll ruin and then use his shame  
 To undermine the Fairy's pow'r  
 And gain my most triumphant hour!

(Laughs fiendishly. MUSIC 10. WHITE SPOT UP  
 R. and FAIRY SILVERCHIME enters into it.)

SILVERCHIME

Not so, King Rat, ye never will  
 While I can guard against such ill!  
 Ye are discovered in your crime!

KING RAT

Confound it! Fairy Silverchime!

SILVERCHIME

Thy boast of triumph comes too soon,  
 I bring my ward a priceless boon  
 Which shall thy evil scheming thwart.

KING RAT

Indeed! What is this 'boon' ye've brought?

SILVERCHIME

Thy direst enemy, King Rat,  
 The foe of all thy kind - a cat!

KING RAT

(aside) Confusion! 'Twill my plans delay.  
 (to her) A murrain on thee, meddling fay!  
 Nathless, though ye may well begin,  
 I shall the final battle win! (Exits L.)

SILVERCHIME

His words are barren as the air,  
 In deeds 'tis little fruit they'll bear.  
 But one awaits.

TOMMY

(off R.) Meow!

SILVERCHIME

Come forth, good cat.

(MUSIC 11 TOMMY bounds on R.)

And welcome.

TOMMY (rises on hind paws and bows low. Then scents something and crosses to where KING RAT stood and pads around, arching back and sniffing hard.)

SILVERCHIME Ah, you smell a rat.

TOMMY (nods agreement and begins to follow scent off L.)

SILVERCHIME Nay - ye for now must leave him free;  
Soon thy new master here will be.  
Now dost remember all my words?

TOMMY (ponders, scratching head, then nods. EFFECT 4. A bird is heard singing off L. He jumps up and runs towards noise.)

SILVERCHIME I nothing said of chasing birds.

TOMMY (returns sheepishly, then holds up one paw and smacks it with the other )

SILVERCHIME Ye are forgiven, never fear.

TOMMY (affectionately rubs himself against her legs)

SILVERCHIME But now 'tis time to leave thee here;  
I prithee, in thy task excel.  
(MUSIC 12. DICK is heard singing off L.)  
Hark! There's thy master -

TOMMY (cups a paw to his ear then looks off L. Gives face a quick cat lick and whiskers a twirl)

SILVERCHIME So farewell.  
  
(Exit FAIRY R. TOMMY waves goodbye and runs to hide behind pump. Enter DICK WHITTINGTON L. singing a few bars of his song to bring him to C. and, of course, carrying a bundle on a stick on his shoulder.)

DICK Well, here I am at last in London Town; and just in time to see the Lord Mayor's Show. One day I hope to be Lord Mayor myself, but it's going to be difficult without anyone to help me. London's such a big place and everybody seems so unfriendly. (Sees inn.) Gosh, I'm thirsty - I don't think I can afford to buy a drink, though. (Sees pump.)

# WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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