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Dick Whittington

A Pantomime

John Morley

Samuel French - London
New York - Toronto - Hollywood



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CHARACTERS

Dick Whittington, a country lad
Alderman Fitzwarren, owner of Fitzwarren's Stores
Alice, his daughter
Sarah Suet, his cook
Idle Jack, his apprentice
Captain Cockle of the "Saucy Sal"
Mr Mussel, the Mate
Sam Seaweed, another sailor
The London Town Crier
Sheik Dabottal, the Sultan of Morocco
Tuffazell, his Amazonian Harem Keeper
Werafez } Moroccan guards
El Macho }
Avocado, a seductive slave girl

Immortals
Tinkle, the Fairy of the Bells
King Rat
Tommy, the Magic Cat

Chorus as: Londoners, Dream People, Sailors and Sailor-ettes, Harem Women and Harem Guards
Juveniles as: Children of the Londoners, Cabin Boys and Revolting Rats

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SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

- Scene 1 (a) Prologue: King Rat meets the Fairy of the Bells
(b) Outside Fitzwarren's Stores in London
- Scene 2 Petticoat Lane
- Scene 3 Inside Fitzwarren's Stores
- Scene 4 Near the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor's Home
- Scene 5 (a) The Milestone on Highgate Hill
(b) Dick Whittington's Dream

ACT II

- Scene 1 The "Saucy Sal" at the Port of London
- Scene 2 Below Decks
- Scene 3 (a) The "Saucy, Sal" out at sea
(b) King Rat's sinister shipwreck
- Scene 4 The Shores of Morocco
- Scene 5 The Harem of the Sultan of Morocco
- Scene 6 Back home in London
- Scene 7 The Whittington Wedding

* * *

The scenery can be very simple if required. The Principals can wear the same costume throughout and the Chorus need have only one costume change. Please see the Production, Scenery and Costume Notes at the end of the script.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This pantomime is based on well over a dozen professional productions of this script, and it has been written for such people as Terry Scott, June Whitfield, Ken Dodd, Arthur Askey, Honor Blackman, Cilla Black, Barbara Windsor, Ruth Madoc (etc., etc.).

Because there are so many comedy routines in it, it is best to keep the musical numbers *short*. You will find that two minutes is ample time even for a production routine.

The pantomime will run about two and a half hours. If it needs editing for some reason (such as three shows on a Saturday) then you “know your cast” and are therefore far more suited to editing the script than I am.

Perhaps one of the routines—say “Sloshme”—could be cut from Act I, Scene 2. It’s according to how long you need for the scene change into Scene 3. The Shop scene itself could open with a short song and dance routine, like selling the gingerbreads *during* this song. Immediately after it, Fitzwarren could say to Idle Jack (as in the script) “As for you, you lazy good for nothing, don’t you know the motto of this shop?” and we are thus quickly into the shop comedy routine.

In Act II I think you could cut the song with actions “I got out of bed this morning” as the required scene change is simple and the scene between Dick and the seasick Tommy would allow time for it. These suggested cuts would remove 15 minutes from the playing time—though you may find in fact that you wish to retain all the script!

This is the pantomime about which *The Times* said “John Morley the pantomime specialist knows how to bend the pantomime rules without breaking them and evokes a genuine sense of good fellowship . . . he brings in the unexpected . . . the story is well told while also being a glorious mishmash of stand-up comedy, extravaganza, topicalities and audience contact . . . it brought the house down”. So I hope you and your audience have great enjoyment and success with this pantomime.

John Morley

MUSICAL NUMBERS

The songs listed below are only suggestions for the type of music that can be used. Choice of music and songs is left to the discretion of the individual producer.

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Overture Bells Music Theme, then
up-tempo songs

ACT I

- | | | |
|-------|---|---|
| 1 (a) | Maybe It's Because I'm a
Londoner
<i>and</i> | Alice and Londoners |
| (b) | The Lambeth Walk
<i>or</i>
London Is London | |
| 2 (a) | Let's All Go Down the Strand
<i>and</i> | Sarah, Londoners and
audience |
| (b) | Boiled Beef and Carrots
(traditional) | |
| 3 | Congratulations
<i>or</i>
It's Gonna Be a Great Day
<i>or</i>
The Sun Has Got His Hat On
<i>or</i>
Making Friends and Meeting
People | Dick and all except the
Immortals |
| 4 | Sweet Gingerbread Man | Alice, Londoners and
Juveniles |
| 5 | Goodbye Whittington
(optional) (short parody of
"Goodbye Dolly Gray") | All except the Immortals |
| 6 | The Police Song
(parody of "Tarantara" from
<i>The Pirates of Penzance</i>) | Eight principals as policemen
and women, maybe more. |

7	A Dream Is a Wish Your Heart Makes <i>or</i> The Impossible Dream (from <i>Man of la Mancha</i>)	Dream People
ACT II		
8	In The Navy <i>or</i> We're Sailing Along On the Crest of a Wave	Alice, Sailors and Sailorettes
9	Wish Me Luck As You Wave Me Goodbye <i>or</i> We're Off on the Road to Morocco <i>or</i> Sail Away <i>or</i> Reprise last eight bars of song 8	All, except the Immortals
10	I Get Out of Bed in the Morning (Based on "One Finger, One Thumb, Keep Moving"—traditional)	Eight of the Principals
11 (a)	We Sail the Ocean Blue (parody from <i>HMS Pinafore</i>) <i>and</i>	Adults, Juveniles
(b)	On the Good Ship Lollipop <i>or</i> What Shall We Do With a Drunken Sailor	
12	The Habeneira from <i>Carmen</i> (Bizet) (parody) <i>or</i> Waltz Tempo version of "Softly Wakes My Heart" from <i>Samson and Delilah</i> (Saint-Saëns) <i>or</i> Baubles Bangles and Beads (from <i>Kismet</i>)	The Harem Women and Guards
13	Shake Rattle and Roll <i>or</i> Hippy Hippy Shake	Sarah, the Sultan and the Harem People
14	The Bells Are Ringing For Me and My Girl	Songsheet—Sarah and the Audience

Dick Whittington

15 Finale. Reprise of an All
 up-tempo Song from the
 pantomime

Note: The tune of the folk song "Oranges and Lemons" works well for the theme of the bells, though best is a tape recording of actual bells.

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DESCRIPTION OF THE CHARACTERS

Dick Whittington is an adventure-seeking, ambitious lad from the West Country and in some of the professional productions of this script he has spoken with a mild West Country accent. This idea is effective, particularly in Scene 1, (then it can be “dropped”). Although he plays the sad and dramatic moments realistically, and he is certainly vulnerable, nevertheless he is ebullient and cheerful at the other moments. In other words, he isn’t just a swashbuckling pantomime principal boy. Preferably female.

Alderman Fitzwarren is eccentric, jolly and fatherly and is in several of the comedy routines. But he is shocked and ruthless when he thinks Dick has stolen his money. Any age over forty—he can even be played as an elderly bluff eccentric with a walking stick. Male—but with a small rewrite this part could become female, **Mrs Fitzwarren**—male or female.

Alice Fitzwarren is warm-hearted, so is anxious to help Dick. She’s a pretty girl who can sing and has a sense of humour, for she’s in some of the comedy routines.

Sarah the cook is man-mad and game for anything. The part is played for extrovert comedy but even she thinks Dick has stolen the money and reacts with shock to this. Male or female.

Idle Jack is as his name suggests and he has his “idle” catchphrase, but he’s boisterous, fun-loving and all his scenes are for comedy. He can be played any age, sometimes he’s a teenager, sometimes he’s fifty. You may like him to use a version of your local regional accent.

Captain Cockle makes a valiant attempt at being efficient, even though the Mate lets him down. He’s an organizer, a bluff, middle-aged red-faced or red-nosed sergeant-major type, though can be younger if required.

Mr Mussel the Mate is totally brainless, useless and friendly. Maybe he has an almost white face and he is any age so long as he is daft.

The Sultan of Morocco has his eye on the girls—including Sarah. But he is also the stern ruler of Morocco, as this fact helps the comedy scenes. Sometimes he’s played with a Pakistani accent, which works well—even if it is a bit incongruous.

Tinkle the Fairy of the Bells is desperate to help Dick who is her champion against King Rat. She and her friends in the audience are confident that somehow “good will triumph” and the part should be played with urgency and energy so that the audience will rally to her aid. She isn’t vague or slow, she is determined.

Dick Whittington

King Rat is condescending and scornful of the Fairy plus her friends. He wins in every scene so is all snigger and swagger and wickedness. He claws the air, does much cloak-swirling and has a hideous laugh—only in the final scene does he fail and before that he relishes his continuing triumphs.

Note: **Queen Rat**—In some professional productions of this script, King Rat has been played by a female, namely **Queen Rat**—a surprising idea that works well if the actress concerned is as repulsive as her male counterpart when playing the scenes. So, male or female.

Tommy the Magic Cat. It's important that the rest of the cast continually talk to him, as in the script, and that they remember to pat his head and acknowledge his presence—this especially applies if Tommy wears an entire head mask which makes his meows muted. The person playing the cat has to “think cat” and through mime emphatically project a cat's feelings, and be for ever listening and nodding his head in agreement. The part is very worthwhile as the audience loves Tommy and at each exit he can wave to them in the sure knowledge that he is their friend. Preferably female.

Tuffazell the harem keeper is an Amazonian guard and she is tough as old boots. The Slave Girls, the Palace Guards—and the audience—are scared of her. She is any age and her aggressive frowns are like thunder—there is something of Katisha in *The Mikado* about her.

Avocado the Slave Girl is Morocco's answer to Marilyn Monroe.

Werafez and **El Macho** must be stern and scary Moroccan Guards, and for plot reasons must wear threatening black masks in one scene. If played sufficiently stern and scary, they could be Amazonians. So male or female.

The London Police are four people from the Chorus who join Sarah and Jack (etc.) for the Police Song. But if they *are* to be in the Police Scene, they can't change in time for the Transformation Scene, so this idea of adding some Chorus People to the Police Scene is optional. They are extremely extrovert, in the style of the Keystone Cops. Male and female, could be female only.

The Revolting Rats. Although these animals will probably be played by the Juveniles, it's important to the story that they look horrible and are horrible, like their King. They aren't attractive Juveniles but they hiss and claw the air and bare their teeth. The more revolting they are, the more fun they are to play and the better they work the plot.

Other Pantomimes by John Morley
published by Samuel French Ltd

Aladdin
Goldilocks and the Three Bears
Jack and the Beanstalk
Pinocchio
Robinson Crusoe
Sinbad the Sailor
Wind In The Willows

ACT I

Overture

After the Overture, heavily dramatic chords and the CURTAIN rises on the Prologue:

SCENE 1 (a)—PROLOGUE

King Rat meets the Fairy of the Bells

c, in a green spotlight, is King Rat laughing evilly and holding open a large medieval map

King Rat Ha ha ha! Now is the winter of our discontent—AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT! (*He moves downstage towards the audience*) What d'you think of the show so far?

Audience Rubbish!

King Rat (*gloating*) That's right—Rubbish! Rats like me live on rubbish! (*He slinks along the footlights area*) And even as I speak I have an *army* of rats collecting together. They've come from Liverpool, Letchworth, Leeds, Luton—but the *best* place for collecting horrible rats is (*local place*)! Ha ha ha ha! (*He reacts as though the audience is booing now, and they probably will be*) Here, don't you answer me back because when you get home, you'll open the door to the fridge and find all the cheese has gone! I love cheese! Ha ha ha ha! (*He holds up the map*) You see this? It's a map of England. (*Pointing*) Here is (*the local place*) and here is London, and in London is . . . (*great emphasis*) THE MANSION HOUSE! That's where the Lord Mayor lives and so that's where *I* shall very soon live! Because I'm in charge of *thousands* of rats, and when I give the orders they're going to march to the Mansion House and set me up as Lord Mayor of London! Ha ha ha ha ha!

His triumph is interrupted by a flash! And the Fairy enters

Fairy Oh no they won't!
I'll see they don't!

She turns to the audience

Good Citizens of (*local place*), have no fear
The Fairy of the Bells is here!

She waves her wand

I'm Fairy Tinkle of Bow Bells
King Rat, I'll thwart your wicked spells
You'll NOT be London Town's Lord Mayor
Your plan shall vanish in thin air!

King Rat You've only the Bells of London in *your* power
How can you stop me in my finest hour?
And stop me from reducing you to *nil*?

Fairy I could! I can! I shall! I must! I *will*!

She points to the audience with her wand

They are going to help me
And each one is a dear—

She appeals to the audience

And if you're going to help me
Then this is where you cheer!

She conducts them with her wand and they cheer

Audience HOORAY!

Fairy Oh no, no no! That's nothing like loud enough! (*She repeats the line and the gesture with the wand*)

And if you're going to help me
Then this is where you cheer!

She again conducts them

Audience HOORAY!

King Rat Huh! (*He witheringly peers at the audience and points at them as he recites*)

Mothers and fathers and sons and daughters—
Like rows of Manchester United Supporters!
Ha ha ha!

He exits swaggering

The Fairy addresses the audience

Fairy His reign of terror will not last!
He'll come to a sticky end quite fast!
And while he returns to his horrible world
Of dreadful dirt and grime
We shall enter the *wonderful* world
Of Good Old Pantomime!

As she exits, she is waving her wand and is thus ushering on the Citizens of London

If the Prologue was in front of tabs, these tabs now open

SCENE 1 (b)

Outside Fitzwarren's Stores in London

Perhaps there is an archway (no need for a practical door) into the Stores. See Scenery Notes

The Londoners sing:

Song 1 (a)

After one chorus, they greet Alice, who enters from Fitzwarren's Stores, as the music continues

Alice *(over the continuing music)* Morning everybody!

All Morning Alice!

Alice I'm glad you're all here! There's a lot of work to be done in the Stores—the ship sails for Morocco tomorrow! I'm really looking forward to the voyage, aren't you?

All Yes!

Alice and the Londoners complete the opening song and dance

Song 1 (b)—Production Routine

After it, Fitzwarren runs in, holding a cheese dish with a lid on it

Fitzwarren Morning people!

All Morning Mr Fitzwarren!

Alice Hello Father—what's that?

Fitzwarren It's the cheese dish. It's the only thing the rats haven't found so far and—

He takes off the lid and reveals a prop rat. It whizzes off into the wings (nylon line attached and pulled off-stage) to a swanee whistle effect. He, Alice and the Londoners all scream in horror

All YAAAAH!

Fitzwarren *(desperately)* Oh daughter, I've been chasing the rats round the shop all day! There was one in Kitchen Utensils, one in Furniture, and one in Women's Underwear—not a pretty sight!

All laugh

Alice But when you put down the rat poison, what happened?

Fitzwarren They ate the lot and left a message asking for second helpings!

More laughter

Alice But what happened when you put down the powder?

Fitzwarren They liked it so much they asked for some lipstick!

Alice *(laughing)* What about the rat traps?

Fitzwarren *They've* got a notice on them saying "This cheese just isn't good enough—we want Dutch Edam!"

All laugh

Alice You must be sick of the rats and the rat traps!

Fitzwarren Oh daughter, I am. (*He recites*)

I'm sick of the rats
I'm sick of the traps
And all those irritations
So I'm going home
To my pot of tea
And my little perforations!

They all laugh

Fitzwarren exits into the Stores

Alice The only other person that might help us with the rats is Idle Jack! I wonder where *he* is! (*She calls*) Jack!

All Idle Jack! Where are you Jack! What's happened to Jack?

As they exit looking for him . . .

. . . so he runs in from upstage, waving to the audience

Jack My name's Jack! (*He calls out*) So hi kids!

Audience (*it will be a feeble response*) Hi Jack . . .

Jack I know there's someone out there but I can't hear a thing. (*He calls*) Hi kids!

Audience Hi Jack!

Jack I know you're there—I can hear you breathing. So come on—(*very loud now*)—HI KIDS!

Audience Hi Jack!

Jack That reply was absolutely *terrible!* This isn't (*local grotty town or area*), *this is (the place where the pantomime is)*. So once again . . . (*he calls*)—HI KIDS!

Audience HI JACK!

Jack Brill! Totally brill! Yes, I'm Idle Jack—I'm the apprentice at Fitzwarren's Stores over there. (*He points to the building*) That's where I work. (*He laughs drily*) Work? You've got to be joking! Well, who wants to work? Hands up those who *like* to work . . . (*Quickly counting the few hands that are held up*) One . . . four . . . six . . . about seven. And hands up those who *don't* like to work . . . (*He laughs, and no matter what size the auditorium is he calls out*) Two thousand eight hundred and twenty-six! I *knew* we'd got something in common. We're not interested in work, are we?

Audience No!

Jack No! (*Emotionally*) In fact, the only thing I'm interested in is Alice Fitzwarren. You see, I'm in love with her but she's not in love with me. It's really sad . . . very sad . . .

Audience AAAAH!

Jack Louder! I want more sympathy than that!

The audience sympathises again

Yes, I love Alice so much I've brought her a wose twee. I'm sorry I have to say "wose twee" like that but I've got a speech insediment. Everyone else seems to be able to say (*very refined*) "rose tree", all nice and posh, but due to my insediment I can only say "wose twee". I think I'd better have a look at the wose, I want it to grow and become a nice present for Alice. (*He crosses to the corner*) Oh blimey, it's gone all droopy drawers! That's because I'm so idle, I haven't watered it. (*Inspired*) Here! I tell you what! I've got a fabulous idea! You can help me! You can stop me being idle and you can get me to water the wose—*both at the same time!* When I say "Oh I am idle", you say (*dismissively*) "Oh water the wose!" Let's try it! (*He walks nonchalantly across the stage and yawns and puts his hand to his mouth*) Oh I am idle . . .

Audience Oh water the wose!

Jack Did you say something? You're supposed to call out—(*he says it in the dismissive style*)—"Oh water the wose!" I didn't hear a dickie bird! It's got to be fifty times louder than that! (*He yawns and stretches again*) Oh I am idle . . .

Audience Oh water the wose!

Jack Brill! Totally brill!

He runs back to the corner, picks up a watering can and waters the plant. We hear a swanee whistle effect and the somewhat odd-looking rose tree grows a couple of feet—no flowers on it. (Nylon line threaded through hole in the top of the false prosc. and attached to the "tree")

(*Now wandering away from the tree*) I must water it a good deal then it'll grow into a beautiful . . . big . . . oh . . . oh . . . (*He stifles a yawn*) Oh, I am idle . . .

Audience Oh water the wose!

Jack Brill! Totally brill! (*Listening*) What's that?

Loud sailor's Hornpipe music is played as the Captain and Mate enter. The Mate wears a sailor costume plus huge florid sunglasses and a floppy yellow medieval hat or cap and carries a length of laundry line

Captain (*heartily to Jack*) Hello boyo! We're the Captain and Mate of the "Saucy Sal"! (*He salutes proudly and addresses the audience*) I'm Captain Cockle.

Mate (*gormless*) And I'm Mr Mussel. (*He salutes in a daft way to the audience*) I'mt the Mate!

Captain (*to Jack*) Ignore him. It's me you want to bother with. (*Grandly*) Because I'm the *Captain!* I'm the *Boss!*

Mate You're the boss?

Captain That's right. I'm the boss—and you're nothing.

Mate (*to the audience*) He's got a good job there—boss over nothing!

Jack (*pointing to the Mate's hat*) Haven't I seen that hat before?

Mate I pinched it from Mr Fitzwarren.

Jack (*shocked*) You pinched it from Mr Fitzwarren—why's that?

Mate Well—what fits Warren—fits me! (*He laughs his gormless laugh*)

Captain (*hitting him*) Don't say such stupid things!

Mate Sorry pal.

Captain And don't call me pal. It makes me sound like a dog food.

Mate Sorry chum.

Captain (*incensed*) I'm the captain of the "Saucy Sal"! I demand respect!

Mate I'm sorry . . . Popeye.

Captain Doh! Don't you realize we've got to *impress* people? Tell them what you used to be before you became the ship's mate.

Mate Right. (*He skips with the rope. Reciting loudly*) Pepper salt vinegar mustard, pepper salt vinegar mustard, pepper salt . . . (*etc.*)

Jack What are you doing that for?

Mate I was a skipper. (*He steps forward and addresses the audience triumphantly*) I was a skipper—get it? (*His ridiculous laugh*) Ha ha ha! (*Uncertain, he turns to the Captain*) Did they get it?

Captain (*hitting him*) You'll get it in a minute, you nautical nitwit.

Jack Tell us something else—what are those sunglasses for?

Mate (*taking up a rugged stance and speaking with an American accent*) OK men, I'll tell you what they're for all right. Dammit, I just can't stand the relentless light of the sun as it beats down on the poop deck when the ship is in the tropics. The dazzling glare is relentless! Totally relentless! The glare of the sun! It drives a sailor mad!

Jack What ship did you serve on?

Mate The Isle of Wight Ferry.

Captain (*hitting him again*) Take those glasses off! You look like Dame Edna Everage!

Mate (*taking off his glasses, indignantly*) How dare you speak to me like that! All my family were in the Navy! (*To Jack*) You've heard of Scapa Flo? She was my mother.

Captain (*to Jack*) I think I'd better take you on board as the Ship's Mate instead of this goof.

Jack Me? I couldn't join the Navy! Climbing rigging and mending ropes and doing deck drill? Don't you realize, I'm idle . . . oh I am idle . . . (*He yawns, puts his hand to his mouth*)

Audience Oh water the wose!

Jack (*to the audience*) Brill! Totally brill!

He runs and waters the tree with the can—swanee whistle effect as it grows another foot or so

(*Aside to the audience*) I'm going now. I must get away from those two or I'll be as bonkers as they are! (*He calls to the audience*) Hi kids!

Audience Hi Jack!

Jack Brill! Totally brill!

Jack exits

Mate (*calling to him fatuously as he goes*) Goodbye! It's been a great pleasure meeting you like this and I hope very much indeed we'll meet again under happier circumstances, yours most sincerely—

Captain (*roaring*) Shut up!!! Shiver me timbers, you need discipline! You need to learn how to dance a hornpipe—watch this! (*He does some*

jiggling-about dance steps, and "pulling down a rope" arm movements in the hornpipe style)

Mate (*blinking and frowning as he watches*) What's all that about?

Captain That's a sign.

Mate A sign?

Captain Yes, it's a sign you owe me a pound.

Mate Watch this. (*He does some crazy hornpipe movements*)

Captain What's that?

Mate It's a sign you'll never get it!

Captain Stop being cheeky. If you were a man I'd punch you on the nose.

Mate If you were a woman I'd accept. (*He laughs his daft high-pitched laugh*) Ha ha ha!

Fitzwarren enters

Fitzwarren Ah gentlemen, I'm glad I've found you. What time do we sail?

Captain The "Saucy Sal" sails South on Saturday September the sixth at seven sharp.

Fitzwarren Pardon?

Captain The "Saucy Sal" sails South on Saturday September the sixth at seven sharp.

Fitzwarren (*to the Mate*) I still can't understand what he's saying. Can you repeat it for me please.

Mate (*smiling vacantly*) Ha ha ha . . . you must be joking!

Fitzwarren Why are you acting so stupid?

Mate (*highly indignant*) I'm not acting.

Fitzwarren Oh dear, I hope I've chosen the right two people for this job . . .

Captain (*tremendous hearty confidence*) Of course you have Mr Fitzwarren, button me britches! (*He suddenly gives a grand salute and hits the unsuspecting Mate*)

Mate OW!

Fitzwarren (*anxiously*) Well, the plague of rats has spread to Morocco now. That's why the Sultan has placed an order with me for rat poison. *You've* got to supply him with a ship's cargo of the stuff.

Captain With such a cargo the voyage must be carried out *efficiently*, with discipline on board. (*Slowly and sternly*) I may have to flog the crew.

Mate Well you won't get much for them!

Captain I'm sorry Mr Fitzwarren. He's what we call in the Navy a nincompoop.

Fitzwarren What's a nincompoop?

Mate A poop with no income! (*His stupid laugh*) Ha ha ha!

Captain Apart from my friend here, I think everything's shipshape and Bristol Fashion—but what about a ship's cook?

Fitzwarren Oh my cook will be ideal. I'll call her. (*He calls*) Sarah! (*Louder*) Sarah! (*To the Captain*) She's probably in the shop so come with me, Captain. (*To the Mate*) As for you, it's obvious you know nothing whatsoever about sailing a ship.

He and the Captain start to exit into the Stores

Mate But I do! And to prove it, here's a poem about an ancestor of mine—
(*patriotically*)—he was a brave cabin boy who fought the Spanish
Armada single-handed with nothing in his hand but a *nylon toothbrush!*
(*The patriotic fervour continues as he recites to the audience*)

The boy stood on the burning deck
A string of sausages round his neck
He waved to a ship that happened to pass
And then he fell down——

Captain (*roaring at him, popping back to do so*) Mr Mussel!

Mate Coming Captain Cockle!

He exits with the Captain and Fitzwarren, the Captain swiping at him as they go, and Fitzwarren calling for Sarah

Fitzwarren Sarah! Sarah! SARAH!

The three exit

Boisterous music hall music and Sarah enters, pushing a shopping basket on wheels. She walks across the stage loudly singing some pop song that is in the charts

Sarah (*singing*) “La la la la la.” (*She is half-way across the stage then suddenly spots the audience and does a huge reaction*) Oh hello! I didn't know you were there! Oh dear, if I'd known you were coming I'd have had me hair done at Maison (*local salon*) in the High Street. I must look a mess! (*She pats her hair*) Do I look a mess?

Someone is sure to shout out “Yes!” but if required, a cheeky Londoner pops on stage and shouts “Yes” and exits again

(*To this someone*) Well you can shut up for a start! (*She holds out her skirt for the audience to admire*) Like my frock? It's a religious dress—St Michael's! But the reason I look so tacky is that I've been chasing the rats. I chased one in front of the shop—and then it went round the side—and then it bit me behind! (*She laughs*) I'll prove it to you—look! (*She holds up some scarlet bloomers with a large hole in them and peers through it*) Yooooo hooooo --I can see you! And I must say you do look a nice crowd—in fact, I want you all to get to know each other. Yes, I want you to all hold hands. (*Checking that they do*) That's right . . . now, all hold hands with each other and the one at the end of the row, you put your fingers in the light socket. (*She laughs*) Oh you are a friendly lot! So I think I'd better introduce myself. My name's Sarah Suet. I'm the cook and I work at Fitzwarren's Stores and as a matter of fact I've just made a lovely soufflé and it's in this tin. (*She takes it from the shopping basket and holds it up as though it's a very light weight*) Yes, light as a feather it is, light and airy and—oh! (*She drops the tin. It crashes flat on the floor with a heavy dull thud*) Oh how unfortunate! (*She tries to bend down and pick it up*) Oh! I'm having terrible trouble with me back. The doctor told me what's wrong—he said my differentials are erroding. I don't think I can pick it up . . .

As she tries to reach it a cheeky Juvenile enters, marches up to her, and puts the tin back in the basket

(Emotionally) Oh how nice! Thank you dear! How really kind!

Juvenile *(to the audience with much condescending pathos)* Well, I thought I'd better help her. She's old you know. Must be at least ninety, poor soul.

Juvenile exits

Sarah *(calling after her)* I'll get you for that! *(She laughs)* As you can see, I'm not much good as a cook. That's why I've been shopping for Mr Fitzwarren. *(She looks in the basket)* But I've bought far too much, so anyone like some goodies?

Audience Yes!

Sarah In that case, anyone in the audience by the name of Smith? Oh, then here's your crisps back. *(She throws them)* Have a little nibble in the night.

The crisps packet has already been opened and the crisps fly out all over the front row, and she reacts

Anyone got more than six children? *(To an imaginary person, registering amazement)* You *have*? Then here's a jar of Horlicks for you—it'll help you to sleep at night. *(She holds up the jar or throws it to the front row)* And men—any of you men like a drink?

Audience Yes!

Sarah All right then, here's a tea bag. *(She throws it to the audience)* And any of you men fancy a squeeze? *(She's not happy at the response so she calls out again)* Any of you men fancy a squeeze? All right then, here's a lemon. *(She holds up a plastic lemon)* And now, wave to me all those who haven't got sweets. *(Most of the audience will wave)* Wave to me those that have got sweets. *(A few will do)* All right then, you lot hand them over to the ones that haven't got any. *(She laughs)* No, I'm only joking—I'll give you some. *(She spots someone in the front row and throws down one toffee to him or her)* There you are dear. Chew that for a bit then pass it on. *(She laughs and, to ad libs, throws out sweets from her shopping basket)* Who'd like the last one? *(Pause)* Would you like the last one? *(Pause, she is holding up the sweet but not throwing it)* Oh, the feeling of power this gives me! *(She hurls the last sweet to the back of the auditorium)* And that's your lot! Oh, I love shopping in London—shopping in Piccadilly and Bond Street and—*(she takes out a banana from the basket and holds it up)* Oh, and in the Strand of course! *(She sings the music hall song boisterously, waving the banana like a conductor's baton)*

Song 2 (a)

She stops singing and pulls a disappointed face

(Indignantly) Here, you can't just sit there like a row of stuffed owls! When I sing "Let's all go down the Strand", you have to shout back "'Ave a banana"! You know what a banana is don't you—it's a cucumber with yellow jaundice! All right then, we'll have a quick run through!

She recites the words very quickly and conducts the audience on their "ave a banana" lines, waving the banana

The Londoners enter from each side and sing along with the audience, also encouraging them in the banana lines

(After the first chorus) All right then, once again. But come on, put more feeling into your bananas! Ready . . .

Now all sing the second chorus at a far faster pace so that the audience can only just get out their "ave a banana" shouts in time

After the second chorus, the music changes to "Boiled Beef and Carrots" and Sarah and the Londoners do a Cockney knees-up dance at a fast music-hall tempo, ending with the coda of "Daddle addle ah dah, daddle addle ah dah, how's your father—all right!"

Song 2 (b)—Cockney Knees-up Production Routine

(After the routine, to the audience) Oh! I've just remembered! I've got the turkey in the oven! I've got it plucked and stuffed—it only wants killing and it's ready to eat!

All laugh and she exits followed by the Londoners

Elsewhere, the Fairy enters to her "Bell Music" and paces to and fro, much distracted

Fairy How am I going to get rid of King Rat?
 I've thought of this and I've thought of that—
 I've thought so much—I'm almost demented
 I'd use Rentokil but it's not been invented
 A CHAMPION for my cause I've got to find!
 Some boy who's brave and honest, good and kind!
 Where I shall find this hero I don't know
 For all I have are the famous Bells of Bow—
 But stay!

She looks upstage eagerly

 Here comes someone moving in this direction
 You never know, he might turn out Perfection!

She waves her wand towards upstage

To a few bars of romantic/legend music, Dick enters, gazing round, starry-eyed and happy, carrying his stick and bundle

The Fairy stands at the downstage corner, watching

Dick *(enthusiastically to the audience)* I've walked all the way from Gloucestershire and now I'm in London! Now I'm where it all happens! They say the streets of London are paved with gold!

A couple of Londoners cross the stage

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