

Dick Whittington

by Ian Ramsdale (2016)

an Olympic themed pantomime

Characters (13)

Richard Whittington - Narrator. A wise old man.

Dick - Principal boy.

Denzel - Dick's Cat.

Mr Fitzwarren (m) - Owner of Fitzwarren's Store.

Alice Fitzwarren (f) - Principle girl. Daughter of Mr Fitzwarren.

Dame Sponge (m) - Dame. Works for Mr Fitzwarren. Loves baking.

Jack (m) - Comic. Wants to be an Olympian.

King Rat (m) - A baddy. Under the thumb.

Queen Rat (f) - Wife of King Rat. Wears the trousers.

Straight - Henchman. Leader.

Street - Henchman. Streetwise.

Stupid - Henchman. Silly.

Queen/King of Morocco - Ruler of the foreign land.

Extras

Little Brat - (small spoken part) Leader of Little Brats.

Big Rat - (small spoken part) Leader of Moroccan rat pack.

Little Brats - chorus.

Brat - one line.

Bow Bells - only 4 lines, spoken or sung.

Act 1

Scene 4: The Port / City of London

Richard: The rats swarm the sewers, eating London bit by bit.
Queen Rat forcing people out, the miserable old... rat.
Dick will soon bed down for the night, and needs a place to stay,
He will have his work cut out, keeping the rats at bay.
But now we head 'down the docks', where everyone's helping out,
Unloading boxes from Fitzwarren's ship, except Jack the lazy lout!

(Music option: Pharell Williams - Happy.)

(Everyone is helping unload the ship - as they sing. Jack does his best to avoid doing anything. Towards the end of the song Jack sneaks off stage.)

Dame: Hello my little cream cakes! All this work takes its toll on my hands.

Straight: You should get a manicure.

Dame: How rude. I'm no man - and I certainly need no cure!

Mr F: Thank you everyone! Make sure you collect your gold coin from my crew.

(Straight, Street and Stupid hand out the gold coins to everyone.)

Dick: Tommy, this is exactly what we came for! I think we're going to like it!

Denzel: You talking to me, again? I mean, you keep getting my name wrong...

Dick: You like it here too!?

Dame: Have you seen Jack? He was meant to be helping.

Alice: His scooter's still here. **(Alice goes over to the scooter - the audience call Jack.)**

Jack: Alright gang! Did you see how hard I was working. Lifting all those boxes. **(Flexing all his muscles.)** Alright Alice!

(Jack and Alice do their secret handshake. Alice then begins to clear up a few things.)

Dame: Maybe that's what I could do at the Olympics... **(Flexes again...)** Weightlifting!

(Jack attempts to pick up a box - and it's too heavy.)

Dame: Don't you need muscles for that?

(Alice picks up the same box and loads it on the ship)

Jack: **(Happier)** It's ok. I've a new sport. Juggling! **(He pulls out three balls from his pockets).**

Dick: I didn't know you could juggle.

Jack: **(He tries to juggle, and fails.)** I can't. But all I need is a little encouragement: "Alright gang?" **(Audience respond.)**

Dame: Mr Fitzwarren - what day this week you'd like me to inspect your books?

Mr F: Mrs Sponge...

Dame: Call me Victoria, dear.

Mr F: Victoria Dear... The weather is perfect to ship to Morocco. I leave tomorrow.

Dame: I could pop over tonight? Maybe slip into something more comfortable?

Mr F: Like last time...?

Dame: Well, that thing was a little too small to be comfortable.

Mr F: Most importantly, **(speaking louder to attract the attentions of the locals)** I want to do something to lift spirits here, with all these rats getting us down. So - everyone can give me one item to sell in Morocco - whatever money it makes will be yours to keep. I'll need your goods here by first-light tomorrow. I bid you good day.

Jack: But it's not day... sir... It's dusk. So you should bid us good dusk. Or 'prevening' - pre-evening.

Mr F: You, lad, are bonkers. Good dusk!

(Mr Fitzwarren exits. People chat about what they can sell and begin to exit the stage.)

Dame: I know what will sell in Morocco. My cake! The world's most expensive sponge coming right up!

(Straight, Street and Stupid say these lines a la Great British Bake Off.)

Straight: Ready...

Street: Steady...

Stupid: Bake!

Dame: Bye bye boys and girls...!

(Exit Dame Sponge, Straight, Street and Stupid.)

Dick: What a long day, Tommy!

(Denzel shrugs his shoulders)

Dick: We've only been here one day, and we've earned our first bit of gold. This is definitely the start of something good.

Denzel: I wonder if you'll spend it on cat food.

Dick: I bet you're thinking I should spend it on cat food! You know, I think it was a bit silly of me to think that the streets here are paved with gold!

Denzel: I could have told (you that...)

Dick: **(Interrupting)** I bet you could have told me that! Oh Alice, I'm so glad we came.

(Everyone else has made it off-stage now, other than Alice, Dick and Denzel.)

Alice: It's great having you around. And Tommy too...

Denzel: Have you not read the programme, either?!

Dick: It was so much fun today. Who knew hard work could be so enjoyable! We've got a very bright future here.

Alice: But I am worried about those rats. If it gets any worse, we won't be able to live here anymore.

(A number of small rats scurry across the stage.)

Alice: They're everywhere!

Dick: I wish I could help.

Denzel: I can...

Dick: I think Tommy's saying he'd like to help too!

Denzel: No, I'm saying I *can* help.

Alice: You two have done enough already. My dad said you were the hardest working of all today. You're a bit of a catch!

(Love twinkle sound effect plays. They both pause, briefly. Then break away as Dick says...)

Dick: If I'm going to make my fame and fortune here, I need to make a good impression.

Alice: Does your future fame and fortune involve a girlfriend?

Dick: **(Playing hard to get)** I've not really thought about that. **(Cheekily)** How come you ask?

Alice: **(Dismissive)** I should show you around the rest of the city. There's so much to see!

(Music option: You've got a friend in me.)

Dick: I can't wait to see more with you. And now I must find something to give your father, for I have no possessions but the clothes on my back - and they're not worth anything.

Denzel: And we'd much rather you keep them on.

Dick: I suppose I'll have to give away my gold coin. It's all I have.

Alice: I better go now. It's getting late. **(She poses her next statement as a question)** I'll see you tomorrow?

Dick: Sure.

(Exit Alice.)

Dick: I'm so tired **(yawns.)** I wonder if there's a good place we could sleep tonight?

Denzel: **(Pointing)** The Premier Inn just the other side of the station **(or local reference.)**

Dick: You think there's something over there? I can't see anything. I might have to settle for an uncomfortable night here.

Denzel: **(Still pointing)** Down there... There's a hotel. A bed. Full english breakfast. Tea and coffee...

Dick: **(Deflated)** I suppose alone here, on the street is as good as anywhere.

Denzel: Not the hotel?

(Music Option: I'm all alone - Spamalot.)

Dick: I'm bet you think I'm pathetic, don't you! **(Dick, sits down and prepares to settle down for the night)** A good first day. I wonder what excitement tomorrow will bring.

(Dick falls asleep with Denzel. King and Queen Rat's entrance music plays and King Rat creeps on stage - to be followed by some Little Brats.)

King Rat: Look, he's fallen asleep... **(To booing audience)** Be quiet - or you'll wake him up! **(Little brats follow)** Come on, we've found no food yet and Queen Rat will be fuming if we don't take something back.

Little Brat: This shop looks like just the place.

King Rat: That boy's asleep so, go get what you can...

Little Brat: **(Takes gold coin out of pocket/knapsack)** Oh look!

(The rats then spot Denzel - who's just awoken.)

Little Brat: Erm...

King Rat: What is it?

Denzel: **(Waking up)** Leave my master alone...

King Rat: **(Scared)** Is that what I think it is?

Denzel: If you're thinking 'a cat' then yes, if you're thinking I made that smell, certainly not!

King Rat: Come on Brats. We can't risk going any further. **(Worrying)** Oh Queen Rat is going to be so mad!

(Denzel chases them off, and then goes to sleep behind Jack as Ricard appears to narrate.)

Richard: So the rats are afraid of Denzel, he frightened them with ease.
They'll seek food elsewhere now, to get Queen Rat her cheese.
Next to our pantomime extras, who live on a canal barge,
They ride those ugly Boris bikes, to avoid the congestion charge.
Everyone's searching high and low, to offer goods for the ship,
To be sold out in Morocco, and even earn a tip!

(END OF EXTRACT)