

DICK WHITTINGTON

A Pantomime
for
Key Stage 2 & 3 children

Book, Music & Lyrics
by
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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

(List of Characters)

Dick Whittington

Tiddles - A Cat

Sir Josiah Muchcash

Elizabeth - His Daughter

King Rat

Bugsie - A Rat

Mugsie - A Rat

Lugsie - A Rat

Hilary - A rather useless Rat

Captain Salt - A Seafarer

A Good Fairy

The Queen of Persia

Narrator

Various Rats as required

Queen's Attendants as required

Writers Notes.

Dick Whittington was written originally for a class of 7-11 years old. Consequently, the script includes parts to stretch the most capable of children and to afford parts for those who find acting a challenge.

The ideal setting is in the round with one end of the stage set as Old London Town and the other dressed as a ship perhaps a back drop and ships wheel. If the cast then sit around the edge of the stage they can enter and exit without complication. This means the cast can join in the singing easily and can be involved all the time. Props can be placed at the edge of the stage as appropriate.

Scene One - In London

Song One – This Is Where Your Dreams Can Come True

(Whole Cast)

When your troubles start to get you down
When the snow falls softly to the ground
When the daybreak steals so slowly
Into your view
This is where your dreams can come true.

Clouds are always forming overhead
Sometimes you wish you had stayed in bed
Suddenly the sky above is
Turning to blue
This is where your dreams can come true.

You won't need your umbrella stand
You won't need your raincoat
We're off to a fairy story land
Underneath the rainbow.

Just forget your troubles for a while
We've a story that will make you smile
We can make the world seem bright and
Somehow, so new.
This is where your dreams can come true.

(Instrumental break)

You won't need your umbrella stand
You won't need your raincoat
We're off to a fairy story land
Underneath the rainbow.

Just forget your troubles for a while
We've a story that will make you smile
We can make the world seem bright and
Somehow, so new.
This is where your dreams can, this is where your dreams can
This is where your dreams can come true.

Narrator: Welcome to our fairy tale
A famous one it's true
About a poor young country boy
And how his stature grew.

He came to London with his cat,
Fearsome brave and bold
A lion among the feline race,
'Tiddles' it was called

Richard Whittington esquire
A country ragamuffin
His britches torn and shoes unheeled
And in his pockets 'nuffin'

But soon this urchin that you see
This tiny little speck
Will join the London quality,
With a chain around his neck.

(Dick and Tiddles enter)

Dick: Well here we are Tiddles, safe at last
We're at the city lights
Although I must admit I am
Too tired to see the sights

Tiddles: Miaow

Dick: I could eat a horse you know
Including hoofs and ears
And they won't build a McDonalds here
For at least three hundred years

Tiddles: Miaow

Dick: I love you very dearly Tiddles
As a companion and a mate
But as a conversationalist
You're really not that great
I suppose we should look for food

(Assorted rats come rushing past)

Dick: Tiddles, I've never seen so many rats

(Tiddles gets very excited and chases the rats away)

Dick: Did you see that?

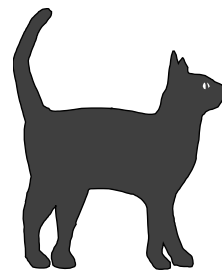
Tiddles: **(Rubbing his tummy and smiling)** Miaow

Dick: Rats, rats and yet more Rats
Wriggling and squirming
I've never seen in all my life
Such big and hairy Vermin.

Tiddles: Miaow

Dick: Do you know any English, Tiddles?

Tiddles: **(Thinks)** Mi-ouse?



Dick: Well it's a start I suppose.
You'll have to learn to miaow in posh
To purr with some degree
They won't have Moggies here Tiddles
They'll all be pedigree.
I must say though Tiddles, I don't know what we are to do for board and lodgings.

Narrator: And so young Dick and his faithful puss
Like so many waifs before
Find themselves in London Town
Weary and footsore.

(Enter Sir Josiah Muchcash and his daughter Elizabeth)

But here's a stroke of luck for them
From a most unlikely quarter
'Tis Sir Josiah Muchcash, the merchant
And Elizabeth his daughter.

Dick: Here's a chance Puss. A gentleman of quality
How now sir, could I make so bold
My poor young cat and me,
Are newly come to London
And need some charity.

I'll work at what you set me to
Anything you say
My cat here he just sleeps a lot
He won't get in the way.

Josiah: You will, will you lad,
What can you do?
Can you bake?

Dick: No.

Josiah: Tallow, make candles?

Dick: No.

Josiah: Butchering?

Dick: No.

Josiah: Can you weave ship's rope?

Dick: Er, no.

Josiah: Can you cobble then?

Dick: Ah, now then, er no.

Josiah: You aren't much use then are you?

Dick: I suppose not.

Elizabeth: Oh come now father, at least he's cheap

And doesn't want a ransom
He's young and strong and honest
And really rather handsome.

Tiddles: **(Laughing)** Miaow

Dick: **(Meaningfully)** I can make Cat stew, if required.

Elizabeth: Anyway, there's something else **(whispers to father)**

Josiah: You're right I hadn't thought of that
Right young man, you're hired
Two-pence a week, Sundays off
Hands in the till, you're fired.

Dick: Come on Puss, we're home!

(They all exit. King Rat, Mugsie, Bugsie, Lugsie, Hilary and other rats enter.)

Song Two – Rats (King Rat, Mugsie, Bugsie, Lugsie, Hilary)



Rats, rats, rats, rats,
Rats, rats, rats, rats
Rats by the score, at every blinkin' door
Rats a metre deep up to your knees
Every little nook, everywhere you look
Rats at every corner if you please
Rats overhead, rats in the bed
Under the carpet and the mats
All across the town, and millions underground
Of rats and rats and rats and rats and rats.



Thousands and more, whiskers galore
This is no fun, what can be done
All across the town, and millions underground
Of rats and rats and rats and rats and rats.

Rats, rats, rats, rats,
Rats, rats, rats, rats
Rats by the score, at every blinkin' door
Rats a metre deep up to your knees
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Thousands and more, whiskers galore
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Of rats and rats and rats and rats and rats.
Of rats and rats and rats and rats and rats.

Scene 2 - In London

Narrator: Rats, rats a plague of them
Big and brown and fat
Over all of London Town
And hardly any cats

They'd seen off all the dogs as well
The vicious little mob
It was only due to Tiddles
That Dick had got the job.

Which caused some consternation,
In the sewers 'neath the streets
Which is where the King of Rats lived
And where they used to meet.

(King Rat is addressing his rats, Bugsie is at his side)

King Rat: Right, Everybody here? Bugsie?

Bugsie: Yes boss.

King Rat: Lugsie?

Lugsie: Yes boss.

King Rat: Mugsie?

Mugsie: Yes boss.

King Rat: Hilary?

Hilary: Yes boss.

King Rat: I'm a bit worried about that one.
Now young Ratties, one and all
How goes it on the streets?
Your reports I want, and make 'em quick
Has it been a good Rat week?

Bugsie: We've swept the east of dogs and cats
There's now not one in sight
Not even the mearest poodle,
We've put them all to flight.

King Rat: Excellent my pretty ones
Death to dogs and cats
And soon the city shall be run
By the noble race of cats.
Lugsie?

Lugsie: I took a squad of little 'uns
And took the old town mill
There's corn and wheat for us to eat
Enough to make us ill.

King Rat: Good news, good news I'm very pleased
Food to make us strong
Soon we'll overrun the town,
It won't take very long.
Mugsie?

Mugsie: We've done a bit of biting, boss
Though admittedly not much
Spreading a few diseases like
You know, Black Death and such.

King Rat: Well done my beauties, one and all
My day you have all brightened
There's nothing like a few Bubo's
To get the humans frightened.
Anyone else?

Hilary: I frightened an Alderman's wife today
She screamed till she was gasping
But I don't like screaming overmuch
I had to have an Aspirin.

King Rat: **(Aside)** I really am worried about that one

Soon we'll overrun the town
Oh won't that be so grand?
And then I'll go and see the mayor
And give him our demands.

Bugsie: Free grain for all rats!

Lugsie: Clean straw every night!

Mugsie: No dogs or cats in the city boundaries!

Hilary: Screaming prohibited!

King Rat: Hilary, do you think you're cut out to be a Rat?
Now my darlings to your tasks
More mayhem may you cause
We'll lay this town to waste, my boys
By the work of our own four paws

(They exit)