

NODA Presents

**DICK
WHITTINGTON
AND HIS
CAT**

by
Peter Denyer

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A NOTE FROM THE WRITER

“Dick Whittington” is one of my favourite pantomimes as I think it has the best story-line. The plot is dramatically strong and, unlike some other subjects, continues right through to the end. I always try to see my pantomimes through the eyes of a seven year old who is seeing a stage show for the first time - a child who doesn't know that Dick will eventually triumph over King Rat - so “telling the story” is the most important thing.

Before I sat down to write this version, the script had been used in over twenty different professional productions, and while the basic construction has always remained the same, different scenery, songs, and the various talents of each cast has made each show unique. You will need to add various local references, and there are sure to be new topical references to add to the comedy scenes. Don't be afraid to feature the particular skills of your actors - if your Sultan is a fire-eater, let him do that instead of the Harem Dance! Allow the characters who talk directly to the audience to “customise” the exchanges so that the actor can express his or her personality.

Above all else - enjoy it! The good feeling that comes with a happy company really does come over the footlights - if the audience can see you're having fun, so will they.

Good Luck.

PETER DENYER

OTHER TITLES AVAILABLE BY THE SAME AUTHOR

ALADDIN AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

CINDERELLA

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

MOTHER GOOSE

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BABES IN THE WOOD

SINBAD THE SAILOR

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS

THE SNOW QUEEN

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

PREVIOUS PRODUCTIONS

This script, like all Peter Denyer Pantomimes, was originally produced by Kevin Wood with a professional cast. Over the years the structure and dialogue were adapted to suit the requirements of the many star actors who appeared in the show. In 1997, at the invitation of NODA, the scripts were subjected to a cleansing process returning them to something like their original form, removing the quirks demanded by particular actors, and adding stage directions and technical tips, thereby making them more suitable for licensing. During the 1998/99 Season there were over sixty productions by amateur societies. Following their comments and suggestions, the scripts were revised again in 1999, in 2000, and once more in 2005/6 - this is the version you have here.

We thought you would be interested to know a little about the background to the piece, and the various actors who have played the roles. So we've trawled through the archives and come up with this potted history. This version of DICK WHITTINGTON was first produced in Cheltenham in 1983. Since then it has been seen at The Orchard Theatre Dartford, The Connaught Theatre Worthing, The Theatre Royal Brighton, The Wyvern Theatre Swindon, The Hackney Empire, The Wycombe Swan, The Richmond Theatre, The Devonshire Park Theatre Eastbourne, The Yvonne Arnaud Theatre Guildford, The Marlowe Theatre Canterbury and The Gordon Craig Theatre, Stevenage.

Over that time, amongst the many fine actors who have appeared, were the following notable performers:

King Rat	John Altman, Kate O'Mara (as Queen Rat), Colin Baker and Pauline Quirke (as Rat Bag Lady!)
Dick	Peter Duncan, Kristian Schmid, Toby Anstis and Blair McDonough.
Jack	Gary Wilmot, Ian Lavender, Ted Rogers, Bernie Clifton and John Pickard
Sarah	Bernard Cribbins, Colin Devereaux, Graham James and Richard Cawley.
Alice	Michelle Collins, Anita Dobson, Lucy Benjamin and Shona Lindsay
Fairy	Lynda Baron, Dorothy Vernon, Lynette McMorrough and Anna Karen

ABOUT THE WRITER

PETER DENYER has been writing for the theatre for more than thirty-five years, he has also directed hundreds of plays, musicals, and pantomimes, and in 1986 became the Artistic Director of Kevin Wood Pantomimes. Peter's pantomimes have been hailed as the best in the field, and his scripts cover the full canon of titles. Each Christmas there are countless presentations, making Peter one of the "most produced writers" in the country. But in spite of his success as a writer, it was as an actor that Peter became best known to the general public, with over two hundred television appearances to his credit. He is probably best remembered as the delightfully dopey Dennis in *Please Sir!* and *The Fenn Street Gang*, Michael in *Agony*, Malcolm in *Thicker Than Water* and Ralph in *Dear John*. What is not so well known, is that Peter's love and life long connection with the stage began as an amateur with the Erith Playhouse back in the mid-sixties. In producing these scripts for your use, he feels he has gone some way to completing the circle.

CAST LIST

Principal Roles:

King Rat -
 Dick Whittington -
 Idle Jack -
 Sarah the Cook -
 Alice Fitzwarren -
 Fairy Bow Bells -
 Tommy the Cat (non-speaking) -
 Alderman Fitzwarren -
 Captain Cuttle -
 The Sultan of Morocco -

Smaller Roles:

King Neptune (Optional) -
 Gnawbone - a Rat Lieutenant -
 Gnashfang - another Rat Lieutenant -
 Sailor 1 -
 Sailor 2 -

Chorus:

Market Traders
 Townspeople
 Rats
 Ratlings
 Fairies
 Sailors
 Midshipmen
 Moroccan Slave Girls
 Arab Guards
 Pages

LIST OF SCENES

ACT ONE

PROLOGUE:	On the Way to London
SCENE 1:	The Gates of the City of London
SCENE 2:	A Street In Cheapside
SCENE 3:	The Kitchen of Alderman Fitzwarren's House
SCENE 4:	Highgate Hill
SCENE 5:	The Land of Bells
SCENE 6:	A Street in Cheapside
SCENE 7:	The Port of London

ACT TWO

PROLOGUE:	
SCENE 8:	On Board The Good Ship "Lollipop"
SCENE 9:	Neptune's Underwater Kingdom or The Shores of Morocco*
SCENE 10:	The Sultan's Palace
SCENE 11:	Lost in the Jungle
SCENE 12:	In the Depths of the Dungeons
SCENE 13:	Back Home in London
SCENE 14:	The Guildhall

* Either scene may be used at this juncture, depending on your facilities or choice. It does mean there are some minor changes in Scenes 10 and 11 but these are explained in the text.

ACT ONE - PROLOGUE

MUSIC CUE 1: OVERTURE

FX1: CHURCH BELLS PEALING

MUSIC CUE 1a: FAIRY ENTRANCE (INSTRUMENTAL)

FAIRY BOW-BELLS enters DR.

FAIRY: Ring out, you bells of Christmas cheer
As Fairy Bow-Bells doth appear!
The City of London's very own Fairy.
You may not think that's necessary -
But deep in the sewers, beneath this fair town,
Lurks a creature who longs to bring London down.

MUSIC CUE 1b: KING RAT'S ENTRANCE (INSTRUMENTAL)

Flash: FX2: THUNDERCRASH

KING RAT enters DL.

KING RAT: She speaks of me! My name - King Rat!
A subterranean aristocrat!
Cunning, cruel, clever – they say my heart is black!
The Epitome of Evil...and the leader of the pack!

FAIRY: Please, go away, you monster! I've a tale to tell.

KING RAT: Well, you can take your tale and go to...

FAIRY: Well! I'm here to tell the boys and girls a story
Of Dick Whittington, and his search for glory;

KING RAT: I've never heard of this boy, so why should I care?

FAIRY: Because one day he will become London's Lord Mayor!

KING RAT: I'll still rule London; your Whittington can't change that!

FAIRY: But Dick has a friend who might,
He's called Tommy, the cat!

KING RAT: Don't mention cats to me, you know they make me sick!
If he's a friend of felines, then watch out Master Dick!
For if I can do him any ill
You all may rest assured, I will!
I'll ruin him, that's what I'll do
And then I'll turn my spite on you!
Oh you may hiss and boo and jeer,
But there's nothing on this earth I fear!
And Whittington's mangy, stupid cat
Will be no match for me – the great king rat.

FAIRY: Begone, foul villain – back to hell.

MUSIC CUE 1c: KING RAT'S EXIT (INSTRUMENTAL)
KING RAT exits DL - laughing manically.

FAIRY: Phew, he leaves behind a nasty smell!
 Now is the time to change our scene
 I don't know if you've ever been
 : To London? Well, it's quite a place
 As I will show you - watch this space...

FAIRY waves her wand and exits DR
Tab/Frontcloth out revealing...

SCENE ONE

THE GATES OF THE CITY OF LONDON

MUSIC CUE 2: OPENING NUMBER – ALICE AND CHORUS
At the end of the song CAPTAIN CUTTLE enters.

CAPTAIN: Mornin' all!

ALL: Morning, Captain Cuttle!

CAPTAIN: It's going to be a beautiful day, Miss Alice!

ALICE: I won't see much of it, Captain - I'll be stuck in the shop as usual!

CAPTAIN: I don't think it's right keeping a young lass cooped up in doors all day.

ALICE: I agree.

CAPTAIN: You should be out enjoying yourself.

ALICE: I should!

CAPTAIN: Someone else can mind the shop!

ALICE: Exactly! And it's very sweet of you to offer...
 Come on kids, let's go out and play.

ALICE kisses CAPTAIN CUTTLE and exits with The CHILDREN.

CAPTAIN: Hey! I didn't mean me...I don't know nothing about
 shop-keeping!

The TOWNSPEOPLE laugh. Enter ALDERMAN FITZWARREN.

FITZWARREN: Ah, Captain Cuttle; have you seen Alice?

CAPTAIN: I think she's just popped out for a while, Sir.

FITZWARREN: That girl - she's always out with her friends when I need her to look after the shop! And what are you doing here, anyway, Cuttle? You are supposed to be at the Port of London finding a crew for the sole surviving ship of my fleet - the good ship Lollipop!

CAPTAIN: That's the problem, Alderman Fitzwarren - with five of your boats goin' down in the last two months, the sailors won't go near the 'Lollipop' - they think your ships be jinxed!

TOWNSPEOPLE: We've heard that! / Hard luck, Alderman! / It's a curse!

FITZWARREN: I've certainly had a lot of bad luck lately...well I suppose I'll have to hold the fort until Alice or Sarah - or even that idiot Jack - gets back...someone's got to do the work around here!

FITZWARREN exits into the shop.

CAPTAIN: Ooh if Sarah's coming back I'd better be hoisting anchor - 'er seems to have taken a fancy to me.

SARAH is heard shouting.

SARAH: Ahoy there! Sailor!

**MUSIC CUE 2a: SARAH'S ENTRANCE (INSTRUMENTAL)
CAPTAIN CUTTLE and The TOWNSPEOPLE exit in all directions. Enter SARAH THE COOK with a shopping basket.**

SARAH: **(Sings)** All we nice girls love a sailor
'Cos you know what sailors are.
After a brandy, they all get ran...

Ooh! Hello my dears! I didn't see you at first – I'm in such a state you see. It's been one of those days. Do you know - I was just out shopping in Pudding Lane when this big burly bloke grabbed hold of me and said "Give me your money!" I said "I haven't got any money on me!" and he said "I don't believe you – I'll have to search you!" Well I thought, I'm not doing anything important for the next hour or so, so I said "Feel free!" ...and he did! and ooh, he was thorough, his hands were all over me. Well, after about ten minutes he said "Alright, I believe you – you haven't got any money" and I said "You keep searching - I'll write you a cheque"!!

Ooh, but here I am, waffling on and I haven't even introduced myself – well my name is Sarah, Sarah the Cook! So if I say "Hello, boys and girls!" will you say "Hello, Sarah"? Will you? Let's try...Hello boys and Girls! **(Repeat until the response is enormous.)** That's lovely!

Now you know me, but you don't know each other, do you? So I tell you what, all turn to the person on your left and, in your poshest voices – you know, as if you came from **(Local 'Posh' area)** – say “How do you do? How are you?” After three, ready? One, two, three. Wonderful! Now turn to the person on your right and, with your roughest voices – you know, as if you came from **(Local 'Rough' area)** - no, I'm only joking! – say “Mind your own blooming business!” After three, ready? One, two, three. Excellent! I love to bring people together! Now, when I went out shopping I was supposed to be getting the Alderman's supper, but I was a silly sausage and instead of that I bought a lot of sweeties! **(Shows the AUDIENCE her basket)** I can't possibly eat them all myself – if I did I'd go up to a size ten! So I was wondering if there was anyone out there who likes sweets? **(Wait until the cries are loud)** Well if you want some of my sweeties you won't get them for nothing – you'll have to sing the sweetie song. I'll point at you every time it's your turn to sing. Here we go...

MUSIC CUE 3: THE SWEETIES SONG

SARAH goes through the song several times, teaching it to the AUDIENCE, and on the last time she throws out the sweets.

SARAH: That's it – I'm all sweetied out!! Now I wonder where my son Jack is – have you seen him? Oh he's such a lazy boy! Jack! Jack!!

SARAH exits into the shop as JACK enters.

JACK: Hi there! Phew! For someone who's called Idle Jack I've been ever so busy – I just took the Alderman's dog for a walk in the park. It was ever so windy and this man's hat blew off and the dog chased after it and ate it! The man wasn't best pleased...he said “Do you know your dog has eaten my hat?” and I said “No, but if you hum the tune I might remember it!” He said “I don't like your attitude!” and I said “It wasn't my 'at he chewed, it was your 'at he chewed.” With jokes like that you won't be surprised to know that – I haven't got any friends...I said “I haven't got any friends!” **(Aah)** It's sadder than that! **(Aah!)** Will you be my friends? **(Yes!)** You'll have to prove it to me...when I come on and shout “Hey” to you, I want you to sing “Hey Baby! Ooh Ah!” Will you do that? Let's try! **(Makes a mock exit)** Hey! Come on! You can do better than that! **(exits and enters again)** Hey! **(the audience respond)** Wicked!

Enter ALICE

ALICE: Hiya, Jack! What's all the shouting about?

JACK: Hi Alice. I've made some new friends, listen. Hey! **(The audience respond)**

ALICE: Wicked!

JACK and ALICE exchange “high-fives”.

Enter CAPTAIN CUTTLE.

CAPTAIN: There you be! You two are in a lot of trouble! **(To JACK)** Your Mum's looking for you, **(To ALICE)** and your Dad's looking for you!

ALICE: Don't tell him I'm here, please!

During ALICE's speech FITZWARREN enters behind her.

ALICE: I know just what'll happen; he'll come and find me, creep up behind me and say...

FITZWARREN: Alice!

ALICE: **(imitating FITZWARREN)** Alice!

FITZWARREN: Where have you been?

ALICE: **(imitating FITZWARREN)** Where have you bee...**(Suddenly realising, sweetly)** Hello, Daddy!

FITZWARREN: Don't you "Hello, Daddy" me young lady, I've been looking for you all morning.

ALICE: I've only been out with my friends.

FITZWARREN: Well you can stop gadding about and get to work. We need our hands to the pump, our shoulders to the wheel and our noses to the grindstone!

ALICE: Sounds painful.

SARAH enters screaming from the shop.

FITZWARREN: What on earth's the matter, Sarah?

SARAH: Ooooh! It was horrible! Greasy hair, bloodshot eyes and huge yellow teeth!

JACK: Have you been looking in the mirror?

SARAH: No, I haven't! It was a rat!

ALICE: A rat!

FITZWARREN: A Rat! Jack, go and catch it!

JACK: But I don't like rats!

SARAH: Nobody likes rats! Except other rats I suppose.

CAPTAIN: There's no need to panic Miss Sarah; all you needs do is bait a trap with cheese and put it on the floor. That's guaranteed to work. I'll do it for 'ee now.

CAPTAIN CUTTLE exits into the shop.

SARAH: Oh, what an admirable admiral he is! He's what I call a real man!

JACK: He's what I call a right idiot!

CAPTAIN CUTTLE enters, groaning.

JACK: } What's up, Captain?

SARAH: } Whatever's the matter?

ALICE: } What happened?

FITZWARREN: } I should have known...!

CAPTAIN: I was setting a rat-trap...

ALL: And?

CAPTAIN: It got me!

CAPTAIN CUTTLE reveals a “joke” hand, with flattened fingers, with a rat-trap attached to it.

JACK: That looks painful! Do you want a hand?

CAPTAIN: One is enough, thank you!

SARAH: Shall I kiss it better for you?

CAPTAIN: No!

SARAH: Spoilsport! **(To JACK)** Now this rat. **(SARAH pokes JACK on each word)** What - are - we - going - to - do?

JACK: **(poking SARAH)** I - don't - know.

TOMMY enters behind SARAH, who steps backwards on the pokes and falls over him.

JACK: Look, it's a cat.

SARAH: I can see that, mastermind!

ALICE: Who's a pretty pussy?

SARAH: Pretty pussy? That mangy, old moggie!!

TOMMY arches his back and hisses.

SARAH: Look at that - it's vicious!

JACK: It's not vicious, Mum - it's you, you're upsetting him.

SARAH: How am I upsetting him?

JACK: You keep looking at him.

DICK enters unnoticed.

SARAH: Sauce! I tell you that cat's dangerous! Its owner should keep it under control...where's its master?

DICK: Excuse me.

SARAH: Why, what have you done?

DICK: Allow me to introduce myself - Dick Whittington, ma'am, at your service...(Bows)

SARAH: Oh...(Crosses to DICK)...charmed I'm sure...(Curtseys)...How do you do...hunky...let me introduce you to the boss - this is Alderman Fitzwarren.

DICK: How do you do, sir.

FITZWARREN: How do you do.

SARAH: ...And that's his daughter, Alice...

There is a “ting” as DICK and ALICE exchange glances for the first time.

DICK: How do you do, Miss Fitzwarren.

ALICE: Oh, please - call me Alice.

SARAH: (Crosses to ALICE) Hasn't he got lovely manners - I've always fancied a toyboy!

FITZWARREN: I've not seen you around here before, lad?

DICK: I've only just arrived from Gloucestershire, sir. I was told that the streets of London are paved with gold, so I've come to seek my fortune with my cat.

SARAH: Do you mean that that ferocious feline is yours?

DICK: Who? Tommy? Why yes ma'am.

SARAH: Well, your Tommy just knocked me over.

DICK: Well, all I can do is give you my sincere apologies. I'm sure he didn't mean it. Tommy's not vicious. He's my best friend, and a great rat catcher.

JACK: Hey, maybe Tommy could catch our rat.

ALICE: Do you really think he could. Dick?

DICK: Of course. Come on, Tommy.

DICK leads TOMMY towards the shop.

ALICE: He looks very nice...

SARAH: As nice as any cat, I suppose.

ALICE: I wasn't talking about the cat!

SARAH: Oooh!

As DICK opens the shop door, THREE RATLINGS run out. They drive the humans into a tight circle and run round them threateningly. At the sight of the RATLINGS, TOMMY hisses and arches his back, attacks them and, with appropriate percussive effects, beats them up and chases them off.

ALICE: What a brave cat!

FITZWARREN: **(To DICK, shaking his hand)** Thank you very much, young man for getting rid of those rats. I'm most grateful; if there's anything I can do for you, please let me know. **(Starts to exit)**

DICK: Well, I am looking for a job sir, I'd work very hard, I promise.

FITZWARREN: I'm sure you would, but I'm afraid my business isn't doing too well at present, and I've no vacancies. I'm sorry, lad.

ALICE: Surely there's some job he could do?

FITZWARREN: You know very well...

ALICE: Please?

FITZWARREN: There is no way...

ALICE: Pretty please?

FITZWARREN: It could only be for a few days.

DICK: That's a start, sir.

FITZWARREN: Very well then, I'll give you a chance.

DICK: I'm really very grateful, sir!

ALICE: Thank you, Father. (**Kisses FITZWARREN**)

FITZWARREN: I have to go now. I have some business to settle aboard my ship, the Lollipop. But I'll see you again over supper; Alice will look after you until then. Come along, Cuttle!

CAPTAIN: Aye, Aye, Sir!

FITZWARREN and CAPTAIN CUTTLE exit.

ALICE: Congratulations Dick, that's great news!

DICK: Thank you for persuading your father, it's all due to you.

SARAH: Yes, well done Dick; and now I'm going to take Tommy inside and give him a big bowl of milk!

TOMMY meows, rubs his tummy and exits into shop.

SARAH: Come on Jack!

JACK: It's alright Mum, I'll stay and have a chat with Dick and Alice.

SARAH: No you won't! You don't want to be a gooseberry, do you?

JACK: Uh? (**Looks at DICK and ALICE**) Oh, I see what you mean. Do you think they're going to get all sloppy, and start snogging?

SARAH: There's a chance, son!

JACK: Yeucch!

JACK and SARAH exit into the shop as the CHORUS drift on.

ALICE: Did you really believe that the streets of London were paved with gold?

DICK: That's what they told me back in the village.

ALICE: You shouldn't believe everything people tell you. But I wish they were, then I'd be able to help my father.

DICK: But your father must be very rich; he's an Alderman; he's got a shop, he owns a ship.

ALICE: He used to have a fleet of ships but one by one they all were wrecked by storms; he's had an awful lot of bad luck lately.

DICK: I'm sorry your father's been having a bad time, but his luck will soon change, now he's got me working for him.

ALICE: You're very sure of yourself.

DICK: Alice, I just know that anything is possible if you work hard enough at it.

MUSIC CUE 4: SONG FOR DICK, ALICE AND CHORUS
At the end of the song Blackout. Cloth/Tabs in. Lights up revealing...

SCENE TWO

A STREET IN CHEAPSIDE

MUSIC CUE 4a: KING RAT'S ENTRANCE (INSTRUMENTAL)
FX3: THUNDERCRASH.
Flash: Enter KING RAT DL.

KING RAT: I bet you'd all forgotten me!
 A bad mistake, because you see
 I've already plotted Fitzwarren's end
 And now that Whittington is his friend,
 I'll have to ruin that foolish boy,
 Then Alice will be mine! Oh, what joy!

MUSIC CUE 4b: FAIRY'S ENTRANCE (INSTRUMENTAL)
FAIRY BOW-BELLS enters DR.

FAIRY: Pay him no heed, he's not so scary.

KING RAT: Oh no, it's that ghastly, dreary fairy!

FAIRY: Thou vermin in ermine
 I'll thwart your plot.

KING RAT: You, thwart me?
 Oh, I am scared...not!
 My ratlings gather from London and beyond,
 And my power is greater than your naff old wand.
 So dream on, twinkletoes
 To your threats I say "phooey"

FAIRY: Be careful, or I'll turn you into rat - atouille!

KING RAT: Alright, alright. I get the gist
 Don't get your fairy knickers in a twist.
 I'm off to fix young Whittington and his cat too
 And when I'm finished, I'll be back for you.

MUSIC CUE 4c: KING RAT'S EXIT (INSTRUMENTAL)
KING RAT exits DL

FAIRY: Now, don't worry that King Rat is so very bad

I'll keep an eye on Whittington, poor lad
 First he'll have to travel far and wide
 From London town and Old Cheapside
 On stormy seas where rough winds blow
 To the sandy shores of Moroc-co!
 (I'm sorry about that dreadful rhyme
 But it's tough speaking verse all the time!)
 Oh I shouldn't let myself digress,
 It puts the verse in such a mess!
 Ah! That's it, yes, I'm back on the track,
 It's supper-time and Sarah and Jack
 Have started the cooking so it's time to pop
 Off to see them in Fitzwarren's shop!

**Blackout. FAIRY BOW-BELLS exits DR. Cloth/Tabs out.
 Lights up revealing...**

SCENE THREE

THE KITCHEN OF ALDERMAN FITZWARREN'S HOUSE

**MUSIC CUE 4d: COOKING LINK (INSTRUMENTAL)
 SARAH is discovered at a table, reading a cookery book.**

SARAH: I suppose I'd better get started on the supper. I'm going make a sausage pie, it's the Alderman's favourite. Now where's that good-for-nothing son of mine? I sent him out to get a couple of eggs ages ago. Jack!
 Jack!

Enter JACK with a basket.

JACK: Hey! (**The audience respond**) Wicked! Hiya, Mum! Here you are – two eggs!

Takes two eggs from the basket.

SARAH: Where did those eggs come from?

JACK: Out of a chicken's...

SARAH: I meant which shop did they come from!

JACK: I got them from the coop.

SARAH: The coop? The coop?! You mean the co-op, stupid boy! Right; now separate the eggs.

JACK: O.K. Mum.

JACK places the eggs at opposite ends of the table.

SARAH: Not like that! Oh, I'll do it myself! **(Drops the eggs into the bowl)** A little shell adds texture. Jack, you go into the scullery and get me a little flour.

JACK: O.K. Mum. **(exits)**

SARAH: Now, what else do we need, ah yes, a bit o' butter.

Takes a block of "butter".

SARAH: This is a special kind of butter, it's 'Dry Parrot' butter, 'cos it's polyunsaturated! Polly unsat...oh, please yourselves!

SARAH drops the entire block of butter into the mixing bowl as JACK enters with a large, drooping daisy.

JACK: Here you are Mum, a little flower.

SARAH: Not that sort of flower! I need self raising flour!

JACK: Anything you say, Mum.

JACK pulls a string and the flower "erects".

SARAH: You big twit! Never mind there's some here, go and get me some water.

JACK: O.K. Mum. **(exits)**

As she speaks SARAH drops an unopened bag of flour and the salt and pepper pots into the bowl.

SARAH: So, flour, and a pinch of salt, a dash of pepper, and give it a stir.

Enter JACK with a bucket of water.

JACK: Here's the water, Mum.

SARAH: We don't need a bucketful! Just a few drops!

JACK: Sorry, you should have said.

JACK pours a little real water into the bowl.

SARAH: That's enough.

JACK: O.K. Mum.

JACK puts the bucket behind the table.

SARAH: Don't leave it there, it'll get in the way, throw it away!

END OF PERUSAL SCRIPT