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Dramatic Publishing

Dick Whittington and His Cat

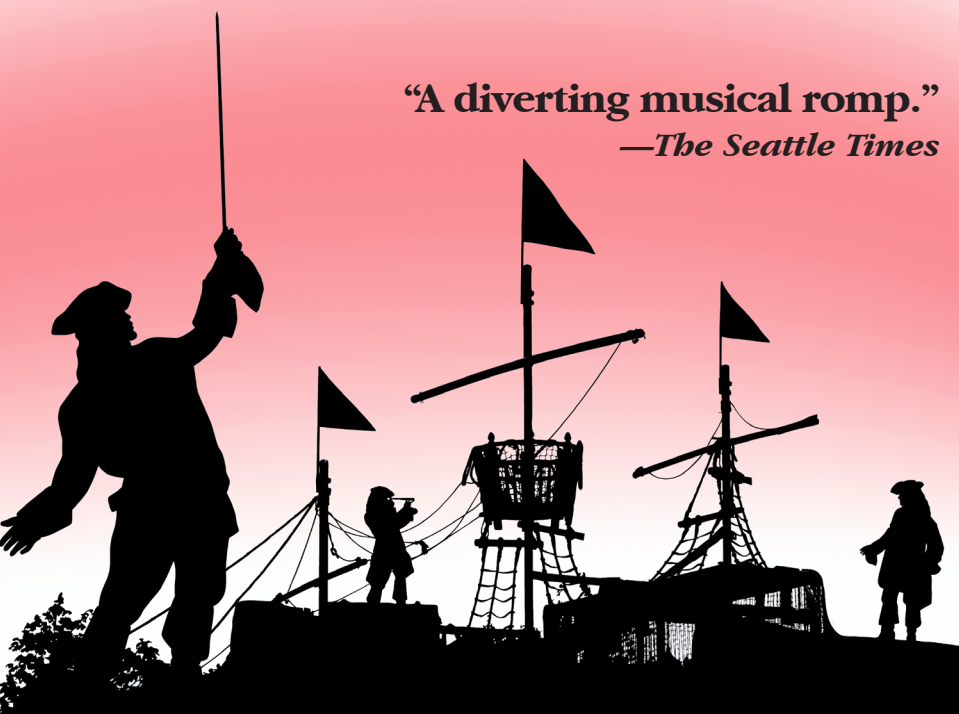
Musical based on an English folktale

Book and lyrics by Jeff Church

Music by Richard Gray

“A diverting musical romp.”

—The Seattle Times



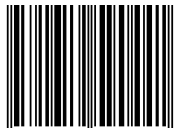
“This is one of those gems that leaves you with a satisfied little sigh at the end as it wins you over with one glorious character after another.”

—*www.broadwayworld.com*

Dick Whittington and His Cat

Musical. Book and lyrics by Jeff Church. Music by Richard Gray. Based on an English folktale. Cast: 5 to 14m., 4 to 11w., up to 6 either gender. (Can be performed with as few as 8, plus one child.) Can a cat inspire love, loyalty and the spirit of giving? Dick Whittington, a penniless orphan, arrives in London having heard there's a street paved with gold. A rich merchant takes pity on Dick and offers him a job. Unfortunately, his housekeeper hates the boy and houses Dick in a rat-filled attic. When a stranger gifts Dick a cat, his luck changes. But when the housekeeper packs the cat off on one of the merchant's ships, Dick chooses to pursue his pet to the far reaches of the world. Richard Gray's rousing music is inspired by rowdy English pub songs and contemporary rhythm guitar-driven bands with big harmonies. *Dick Whittington and His Cat* is a sweet and savory holiday tale that gives audiences young and old alike a taste of old London and the salty high seas. ***Simple set. Approximate running time: 75 minutes. Code: DF6.***

ISBN: 978-1-61959-044-1



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Your Source for Plays and Musicals Since 1885

311 Washington Street
Woodstock, IL 60098
800-448-7469

Cover design: Jeanette Alig-

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Dick Whittington and His Cat

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Book by

JEFF CHURCH

Music and lyrics by

RICHARD GRAY



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Book by JEFF CHURCH

Music and lyrics by RICHARD GRAY

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(DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT)

ISBN: 978-1-61959-044-1

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

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Dick Whittington and His Cat was first produced at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts (Roger L. Stevens, chairman; Marta Istomin, artistic director) Programs for Children and Youth in December 1986, directed by Deirdre Kelly Lavrakas, music arranged and directed by Bob Read, set design by Russell Metheny, lighting design by Kim Peter Kovac, costume design by Jane Schloss Phelan, stage managed by James Mountcastle*, produced by Carole C. Sullivan, with the following cast:

John Robin	Reginald Cabico
Jill Taddlewack	Jearnie Goodnow
Alice Fitzwarren.....	Julie Greenman
Jaamee.....	Beth Harre
Adulay.....	Coretta Y. Herod
Jenny Taddlewack.....	Sarah Beth Khambatta
The Stranger.....	Christopher Lane
Miss Mac Grundy, Bloody Bess	Sarah C. Marshall*
Hopkins Minor.....	James Nieb
Smeary Smythe	Lenny Sansanowicz
Mr. Fitzwarren, Cabier Aglier	Charles Serio*
Dick Whittington.....	Jeffries Thaiss
Orphan.....	Candii Carter
Trueheart	Trueheart

*Sarah C. Marshall, James Mountcastle and Charles Serio appeared courtesy of Actor's Equity Association.

The play was subsequently performed at Seattle Children's Theatre, Nov. 13 – Dec. 21, 2014.

Cast:

Hopkins/Cabier Jared Michael Brown
Pinky/Stranger..... Richard Gray
Alice..... Fawn Ledesma
Bloody Bess Hana Lass
Mr. Fitzwarren..... John Patrick Lowrie
James/Smeary Cobey Mandarino
Miss Mac Grundy Jayne Muirhead
Dick Whittington..... Mike Spee
Jenny/Couttier/Pirate..... Vickielee Wohlbach

Crew:

Director Allison Narvre
Music Director Richard Gray
Choreographer..... Crystal Dawn Munkers
Scenic Designer Carey Wong
Costume Designer..... Catherine Hunt
Lighting Designer Andrew Smith
Sound Designer..... Chris R. Walker
Puppet Designer/Coach..... Annett Mateo
Fight Choreographer Geoffrey Alm
Dialect Coach..... Judith Shahn
Orchestrator/Arranger Greg Fulton
Dance Captain..... Fawn Ledesma
Stage Manager Michael B. Paul
Production Assistant..... Julianna Brei-Crawley
Production Manager..... Michael Wellborn
Technical Director..... Michael K. Hase

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Dick Whittington and His Cat

CHARACTERS

Ruffians:

John Robin

Jenny Taddlewack

James

Dick Whittington

Various people on the way to and in London:

Grandmother

Posyseller

Child

Busker

Travelers

Vendors

Londoners

Miss Mac Grundy

Alice Fitzwarren

Hopkins Minor

Mr. Fitzwarren

The Stranger

Smeary Smythe

Pinky

Jaamee

Adulay

Cabier Aglieer

Subjects in Cabier's court

Bloody Bess

Pirates

Child (in finale)

Trueheart (a live cat or a puppet)

PRODUCTION NOTES

Suggested doubling for cast of 8 plus one child:

1. John Robin/Stranger/Pinky/Pirate
2. Mr. Fitzwarren/Cabier/
3. Miss Mac Grundy/Bloody Bess
4. Jenny/Adulay/Pirate
5. James/Smeary (Pirate)/Jaamee/
6. London Vendor/Hopkins/Pirate
7. Dick Whittington
8. Alice/Subject
9. Child on journey/London street/Cabier subject/Pirate/
London finale

Scored for: 1. Piano/Keyboard, 2. Drums/Percussion, 3. Guitar, 4. Violin, plus onstage accordion (John Robin), rhythm guitars (Jenny and James) and violin when possible.

Sketches for suggested settings can be found in the back of the playbook.

Dick Whittington and His Cat

(#1: “Prologue: The Bird”)

(During the musical introduction, there is the image of two seagulls flying over the audience as DICK WHITTINGTON looks on. Nearby is a sign that says “To London →” as a trio of sketchy RUFFIANS [JENNY TADDLEWACK, JOHN ROBIN and JAMES] enter with a cart. See the production notes about these roles playing instruments. They are in direct address to the audience on the forestage.)

(#1a: “Hey! You Goin’ to London?”)

JENNY, JAMES & JOHN ROBIN.

HEY! YOU GOIN’ TO LONDON?
OF COURSE, YOU’LL NEED A GUIDE
PIED PIPERS WE ARE
THE THREE OF US AT YOUR SERVICE
NERVOUS?
WE ONLY CHARGE A PENNY
HAVE YOU ANY? ANY?
PENNY?
WE DO ACCEPT DONATIONS ...

(They hold out their hats to no avail. So they try again.)

JENNY, JAMES & JOHN ROBIN (*cont’d*).

HEY! YOU GOIN’ TO LONDON?
OF COURSE, YOU’LL NEED A GUIDE
PIED PIPERS WE ARE
THE THREE OF US AT YOUR SERVICE
NERVOUS?

WE ONLY CHARGE A PENNY
HAVE YOU ANY? ANY?
PENNY?
WE DO ACCEPT DONATIONS ...

(Again, they hold out their hats. No one?)

JENNY, JAMES & JOHN ROBIN *(cont'd)*.
HEY! YOU GOIN' TO LONDON?

DICK *(interrupting)*. Wait! Are you really going to London?

JAMES. One way or another. Do you need a guide?

(The RUFFIANS laugh raucously.)

DICK. Have you ever been there before?

JAMES. We're ... well known there.

(The RUFFIANS glance to one another and start to trudge off.)

DICK. Please!

JENNY. What do you want, boy? To come with us or some such thing?

(They laugh again.)

DICK. Yes!

(They stop laughing.)

JOHN ROBIN. What? A little scruff like you?

DICK. Yes, sir. I want to go.

JOHN ROBIN. Now, HERE's a lad! What's your name?

DICK. Dick Whittington.

JAMES. This boy's an orphan! Can't ya see?

JENNY. Don't own a thing, do ya, darlin'?

DICK. No, I don't.

JENNY. Well now, see? So push the cart, John.

JOHN ROBIN. Not all the way to London, I won't!

DICK. Excuse me—

JENNY. Well, it's not MY turn!

JAMES. And if you expect ME, with MY achin' feet—!

DICK. Pardon me! *(They look at him.)* Do people in London really eat five times a day?

(The RUFFIANS now look to each other, then break into laughter.)

DICK *(cont'd)*. I'm right. It's fantastic, isn't it? And in London, the horses all have feather plumes and the people wear shoes all encrusted with jewels.

(JAMES and JENNY again laugh wildly. JOHN ROBIN does not. He has an idea.)

JOHN ROBIN. That's nothin'. Compared to the best thing of all.

(JAMES and JENNY stop laughing. JOHN ROBIN signals to them over DICK's head.)

JAMES *(catching on)*. That's right. You must not know. The best thing of all.

JENNY. No, he doesn't know! Can you imagine?

DICK. Well, what is it!?

(#2: “Or So I’m Told”)

JENNY. What is it, he wants to know.

JAMES. He wants to know what it is!

JOHN ROBIN. I'll tell him what it is!

THERE'S A STREET IN LONDON
STREET THAT IS PAVED WITH GOLD

(JENNY and JAMES gasp. JOHN ROBIN gives them a signal to shush.)

JENNY & JAMES.

A STREET THAT IS PAVED WITH GOLD

JOHN ROBIN.

BUT DON'T GO THINKIN' YOU CAN SCRATCH THAT
GOLD OFF
ANY TIME YOU PLEASE
FOR THEY GUARD IT EVERY HOUR
THERE'S A WATCH IN EVERY TOWER
WITH LUCK, SOME PRECIOUS FLECK MIGHT
BLOW INTO THE TREES
IF YOU CATCH IT THEN IT'S YOUR PIECE OF GOLD
... OR SO I'M TOLD.

Still want to go to London, lad?

DICK. Yes, sir!

JAMES.

THERE ARE LAMPS IN LONDON
LAMPS THAT ARE LIT WITH JEWELS

JENNY. Right. Lamps with jewels.

SAPPHIRES, RUBIES AND THE LARGEST DIAMONDS
ANYONE HAS SEEN

JAMES.

AND THEY LINE A CERTAIN ALLEY

JENNY.

BUT YOU BEST NOT DILLY-DALLY
THEY ONLY SPARKLE LIGHT FROM
NINE TO NINE-FIFTEEN

JAMES & JENNY.

IF YOU CATCH IT, IT'S A WONDER TO BEHOLD
... OR SO I'M TOLD

JOHN ROBIN, JAMES & JENNY.

WONDROUS LONDON TOWN!
SHINED UP, AMAZING
PEOPLE LINED UP GAZING
AT HER CROWN
THAT STREET IN LONDON TOWN

JOHN ROBIN. Still want to go to London, lad?

DICK. Yes, sir!

JOHN ROBIN. Well, we'll take you along, but you've got to
earn your keep—

JOHN ROBIN, JAMES & JENNY. By pushin' the cart.

DICK.

HOORAY!

JENNY.

HOORAY!

JAMES.

HOORAY!

JOHN ROBIN.

HOORAY

DICK.

TO LONDON!

JOHN ROBIN.

TO LONDON!

ALL.

TO LONDON!

(Our four travelers begin the journey to London. Along the way, they pass a GRANDMOTHER and a CHILD with an apple.)

ALL (*cont'd*).

THERE'S A STREET IN LONDON

DICK.

STREET THAT IS PAVED WITH GOLD

GRANDMOTHER. What's that, you say?

JOHN ROBIN, JAMES & JENNY.

HE SAID

A STREET THAT IS PAVED WITH GOLD

DICK.

BUT, DON'T GO THINKIN' YOU CAN SCRATCH THAT
GOLD OFF
AND KEEP IT FOR YOUR OWN

GRANDMOTHER.

I'VE BEEN THERE!

CHILD.

I'VE BEEN NEARER!
SEEN IT SHINED UP LIKE A MIRROR
EXPENSIVE LOOKIN'

JOHN ROBIN.

BUT NOT OVERBLOWN, *RIGHT?*

JAMES & JENNY.

RIGHT.

GRANDMOTHER & CHILD.

IN IT'S REFLECTION, LAD
ONE'S FUTURE IS FORETOLD

ALL (*except DICK*).

OR SO I'M TOLD.

GRANDMOTHER. Good luck, young man!

CHILD. Hope you find it!

(CHILD gives DICK the apple. They exit as DICK throws it up and catches it.

Transition to London amid London sounds: long, heavy bells; loud clanking; bawdy squeezebox music; bustle of the street people at the end of the work day.)

TRAVELERS & LONDONERS.

THERE'S A STREET IN LONDON
THERE'S A STREET IN LONDON
THERE'S A STREET IN LONDON TOWN
THERE'S A STREET IN LONDON TOWN

BUH-BUH-DUM, BUH-DUH-DUH, DUH-DUM
BUM BUH-DUM
BUM BUM BUH-DUM BYE, DYE DUM
BUM-BUH-DYE DUM,
BUM BUH-DYE DYE DUM
BUM BUH DYE DYE BUM BUM
BUM BYE DYE DUM

JOHN ROBIN. I'll take over for a while now, boy.

(JOHN ROBIN pulls the cart, setting up next to a POSY SELLER.)

ALL.

BUM BYE DYE DUM
THERE'S A STREET IN
LONDON
STREET OF MUD AND GRIME

ALL THE TIME

DICK.

STREET THAT IS PAVED WITH
GOLD

GOLD

POSY SELLER.

HEY! DON'T GO THINKIN' YOU CAN SET THAT CART
DOWN
ANYWHERE YOU PLEASE!

BUSKER.

I GOT A CLAIM HERE TO THIS CORNER

ALL *(except DICK)*.

PLUM SPOT!

BUSKER.

LIKE YOUNG JACK HORNER

ALL.

RIGHT!
AND LONDONERS DON'T
TAKE TO THOSE
WHO SQUEEZE

DICK.

STREET THAT IS PAVED

AND NOTHIN'S CHANGED FOR
BETTER
SINCE DAYS OF OLD

OR SO I'M TOLD

WITH

GOLD

GOLD

POSY SELLER. Who do you think you are? Putting your cart here!

BUSKER. The posies have been here since the days of the first King George!

JOHN ROBIN. It's a public street; you've no right to—

POSY SELLER. I've no right!?? Well, see here—

(The VENDORS have moved in. In the ensuing argument, "Send 'em over the bridge!" is heard, followed by, "They need a good drink of water!" The RUFFIANS exit quickly with their cart, unbeknownst to DICK, who is still enthralled with the wonders of the city.)

DICK. So, this is London! *(Looking around for the RUFFIANS.)* Where did they go? Hello? John Robin? *(Approaching POSY SELLER.)* Pardon me, I'm newly arrived, and looking for a certain street ...

POSY SELLER. Lots of streets in London, and none of 'em's good to beg on.

DICK. No, ma'am. *(Or sir.)* This particular street is paved with gold.

(The POSY SELLER, missing all but five or six teeth, smiles and laughs uproariously.)

POSY SELLER. That's good, that is. Ask it all over London; see if you don't get tuppence just for cheerin' people up a bit.

DICK. I should ask about the town, then?

POSY SELLER. O' course! If I'd a mind, I'd try meself, but comin' from the little tyke you are, they'd be a stingy soul indeed if they didn't pinch ya out a little somethin'!

(DICK now approaches the MISS MAC GRUNDY as she crosses the stage, clearly protective of ALICE FITZWARREN, the young girl accompanying her.)

DICK. Ma'am ... If you could—

(MISS MAC GRUNDY grabs hold of ALICE and avoids him.)

DICK *(cont'd)*. Please, ma'am—

(Again she steers clear, but DICK moves in front of her.)

DICK *(cont'd)*. If you could tell me—

(She tries to bat him away with her purse, causing the coins inside it to scatter.)

MISS MAC GRUNDY. Aa! ... Come here, you guttersnipe.

(She beckons him forth with a menacing finger. DICK slowly crosses to her; she grabs him quickly by the ear.)

MISS MAC GRUNDY *(cont'd)*. Pick up every penny of it!

DICK. Please, ma'am, I believe I've met with an awful misfortune. If you could tell me where—

(She twists his ear, bobbing him up and down to pick up the coins throughout the following.)

MISS MAC GRUNDY. Brazen little ragamuffin. Jumping out at people in the night. Taking advantage of those more fortunate than yourself. I'll teach you a little regard. *(She twists harder.)*

DICK. Ow!—No, please! I've misspoken myself!

MISS MAC GRUNDY. There are whipping posts for the likes of you! We'll find one.

(#19: “Call Her Bloody Bess”)

BLOODY BESS.

DON'T CALL ME “M'LADY”!
I'M NOT YOUR SIMPERIN' BONNIE LASS!
I'M A LITTLE BIT SHADY
IF I CROSS YOU
BETTER TO LET ME PASS
YOU DON'T WANT TO MONKEY WITH ME
OR A DUNK IN THE SEA'LL CAUSE YOU SOME DISTRESS!
YOU DON'T WANT TO MESS WITH BLOODY BESS!
SING!

ALL.

CALL HER BLOODY BESS!
CALL HER CAPTAIN!

BLOODY BESS.

THEY HAPPEN TO LIKE TO BE CUT DOWN TO SIZE
RISE!

ALL.

THE BLOODIEST BUCCANEER EVER!

BLOODY BESS.

CLEVER, BUT NEVER BE CAUGHT
LOOKIN' RIGHT IN ME EYES!

SOLOS.

NO!

NO!

NO!

NO!

YES?

ALL.

NO!

HIM WHO TRIES IT?

HE DIES!

BLOODY BESS.

DON'T CALL ME "MADAME"!

I AM NOT YOUR DIM WITTED DAINTY MISS!

ALL.

LIKE A BATTERING RAM!

BLOODY BESS.

THERE'S POWER IN ME TINY FIST!

THERE'S NO ONE AS MEAN!

ALL.

THE PIRATE QUEEN!

BLOODY BESS.

WHO RULES THE SEVEN SEAS?

TAKE A GUESS!

ALL.

BESS!

BLOODY BESS.

YES!

ALL.

YOU DON'T WANNA MESS WITH BLOODY BESS!

BLOODY BESS.

LOUDER!

ALL.

CALL HER BLOODY BESS!

BLOODY BESS. Now, teeny-tiny ...

ALL.

CALL HER BLOODY BESS

BLOODY BESS. Now, you. Like a chicken

SOLO. BOCK, BOCK, BEGOWWWK.

ALL.

CALL HER BLOODY BESS!

BLOODY BESS. Now in pig latin!

SOLO.

ALLKAY ERHAY OODYBLAY ESSBAY!

BLOODY BESS. Now like you're underwater!

ALL.

CALL HER BLOODY BESS!

BLOODY BESS. Now in harmony!

ALL.

CALL HER BLOODY BESS!

BUH-LOO-DY BESS!

BUH-LOO-DY BESS!

BLOODY BESS. Now, the big finish!

ALL.

CALL HER BLOODY BESS!
BLOODY BESS!

BLOODY BESS. We're settin' forth TONIGHT, not TOMORROW! Man the deck and keep a weather-eye open for pirates!! (*She throws her head back and laughs at her own joke. DICK and ALICE whisper to one another.*) Get to work, Mister Smeary, unless you wish to be hanged, drawn and quartered and served on a pretty platter. You flimsy-minded, flea-bitten fools, get to work!! Or I'll have your ears as souvenirs. Cast off!

(Sail drops, and we hear the sound of wind and water as the ship sets forth. Standing at the prow, BESS takes a big breath of the sea.)

BLOODY BESS (*cont'd*). Ahh. Can't ya smell the shrimp?

(Ad-libs as they breath in: "Aye, cap'n." They tend to their duties.)

BLOODY BESS (*cont'd*). Mister Smeary, what's our dead reckoning?

DICK. Yo-ho-ho, captain ... uh, 13 men on a dead man's chest ... ?

BLOODY BESS. Mister Smeary, our dead reckoning, from the log and compass, if you please!

DICK. Oh, east by south by—north by west, it is, cap'n.

BLOODY BESS. East by south, by north, by west?

DICK. Mm-hm

BLOODY BESS. Belchin' barnacles. Find the wind and let her sail! (*Follows DICK around with the eye-glass extended.*) Smeary... what's the change in you?

DICK. Me, cap'n?

BLOODY BESS. Can't put me finger on it.

DICK. I don't know, cap'n.

(ALICE signals DICK to move his hump to the other side.)

BLOODY BESS. Mister Smearly, go a-stern and check our course.

DICK. Aye, aye.

(As he crosses, he passes BESS in a hunched position; she takes another look at him.)

BLOODY BESS. Alice, fetch me a lemon. I think the scurvy's catchin' up to me eyes.

(ALICE goes to a barrel as BESS leans up against the crate in which SMEARY is hidden. BESS' eyes grow very large. Stopping a PIRATE passing her by.)

BLOODY BESS *(cont'd)*. Did you hear that?

PIRATE 1. What, cap'n?

BLOODY BESS *(jumping away from the crate)*. That! ... Did you hear it?

PIRATE 1. I—couldn't say, really.

BLOODY BESS. Of course you did, of course you hear it.

PIRATE 1. Aye, yes, of course I did.

(The PIRATES gathers and silently look to one another as if BESS is looney. They slowly return to their places.)

BLOODY BESS. I heard somethin', I did. It's the ghost rats. They're back. I tell you they're here!

(A noise now occurs audibly from within the crate. The PIRATES hear it too, and they are startled. They climb up the ship's net.)

BLOODY BESS (*cont'd*). The bloodiest battle I ever fought,
and now they come again!

PIRATE 2. Cap'n Bess, what're you speakin' of?

(#20: "Ghost Rats")

(The lights grow chilly and blue and isolate on BESS.)

BLOODY BESS. Thirteen years ago I came across a ship.
A fine ship, lookin' like there was plenty to be had on the
inside, but when I threw the plank and stepped aboard, a
cold chill went up me spine. There was no livin' thing in
any galley in any part of it ... Yet I was scared to death.
AND DO YOU KNOW WHY?

ALL. Why?

BLOODY BESS. Because I knew what was there. And it was
just as legend had it. I went to get off as swiftly as these two
old legs could carry me, but TOO LATE.

*(Black light effect of white rats suddenly fluttering in the
air about her [swatches of cloth coming out from long,
retractable poles].)*

BLOODY BESS (*cont'd*). A flash of white went scurryin' by.
And then I saw them all!

*(More rats appear above and beside her now, operated in
black light by the crew from the ship's net.)*

BLOODY BESS (*cont'd*). An army of ghost rats! Jumpin' an'
bitin' clean through me boots—I drew my cutlass, but it
only went right through 'em, ya see, ya see. Like slicin'
up water! Nothing was to stop 'em, and I cried out for my
everlovin' LIFE—

(The rats disappear. DICK steps into her light briefly.)

DICK. Cap'n, what about the cat?! Perhaps if the cat were brought forth! *(There is loud agreement.)* The keys, the keys!

BLOODY BESS. I knew I had a good reason for stealin' that cat.

ALICE. The keys, the keys!

(BESS fumbles for the keys and gives them to ALICE and DICK. She stands on the crate and waves her cutlass, saying this incantation.)

BLOODY BESS. You miserable rats! You won't take me! Do you hear? Let the cat send your plaguing spirits away from this ship! Or better yet, eat yur ghostly hides, be they dead or alive!

(She is bucked off the crate. Pause. The crate bumps some more.)

SMEARY *(from within)*. My, ooooo—It's dark out tonight, ain't it?

(An odd expression appears on BESS's face. She signals for the crate to be lifted. SMEARY is revealed.)

SMEARY *(cont'd)*. I wasn't sleepin', cap'n, I wasn't sleepin'. Honest I wasn't.

(BESS turns to DICK.)

BLOODY BESS *(with menace)*. Who are you?

ALICE. Captain Bess—he's the new cabin boy.

BLOODY BESS. Quiet. *(Approaching DICK slowly.)* Who are you?

DICK. Dick Whittington, ma'am. I've come to claim my cat. She's mine, even though she was sold to the Cabier by mistake.

BLOODY BESS. You come to buy her back, did ya? *(She laughs.)*

DICK. Yes. Will this sack of gold be enough? (*He produces the sack from under his shirt.*)

BLOODY BESS. Well. Well, well, well. A sack of gold for a cat, eh? Not a bad bargain. Yes, Whittie-boy, we can arrange for you right now.

DICK. Very good, thank you. Here is the gold. (*He gives it to her.*) And now I'd like my cat, please. (*Beat.*) I'd like my cat now, please. I've paid you.

BLOODY BESS. What a bindlestiff you are. You forget, I'm not in the business of buyin'. I'm in the business of takin'!
(*To the tune of "Pat-a-cake"*)

WHITTIE-BOY, WHITTIE-BOY

SUCH A BIG MAN.

SHOW HIM THE PLANK

AS FAST AS YOU CAN!

Aaaah-ha-ha-ha

(#21: "The Plank")

ALICE. No!

BLOODY BESS (*to the PIRATES*). Hold and gag her! Bound and blindfold him!

(*ALICE is gagged. DICK is blindfolded and his wrists are tied behind him.*)

DICK. Don't hurt Alice or Trueheart, please!

BLOODY BESS. Ready the plank!! Been too long since I sent somebody overboard. It's an itch I been needin' to scratch.

PIRATE 3 (*apprehensive*). Ready on ... the plank ... cap'n.

BLOODY BESS. Ready for the jab?

PIRATE 2. R-r-ready, cap'n.

BLOODY BESS. On with it! Walk the plank.

(DICK is prodded forward by SMEARY with BESS' sword. DICK places one foot in front of the other uncertainly as he slowly makes his way onto the plank. As he reaches the edge, SMEARY looks to BESS.)

BLOODY BESS (*cont'd*). This is it, Whittington. The moment before ya become a troubled little fish in the big blue sea. And as it's always been me practice before I give the heave-ho, I now ask for yer last thoughts or recollections. So talk.

(#22: "Dick's Christmas Song")

(PIRATES start humming.)

DICK. I was—I was thinking that it's winter now in England. People are getting ready for Christmas. And I was thinking that when you're far away from home at Christmas time, it seems like Christmas doesn't happen at all—

BLOODY BESS. What's he talkin' of?

PIRATES. Shh!

PIRATE 1. He's talkin' 'bout Christmas.

(The other PIRATES ad-lib while focused on DICK. "Let 'im speak." "Go on." Etc.)

DICK.

RING OUT THE BELLS

BE MERRY

BRING OUT THE TREE AND THE HOLLY BERRY

FROST IN THE NIGHT

LIGHT

BRIGHT WITH HOLIDAY CHEER!

FOR WHEN THE BELLS RING OUT

CHRISTMAS IS NEAR!

CHRISTMAS IS NEAR!

DICK (*cont'd*). We used to decorate a tree in our village square. It never had the prettiest ornaments, but it was always the loveliest tree in the town. Everyone put in their part, no matter how small, and when it was finished, you couldn't find a more pleasing sight in all this world. But out here, away from everyone and everything, what do you have for Christmas? Have you forgotten it? Why?

PIRATE 1. I'll tell you why. Because there isn't one. It's never Christmas out here! We've lost our hearts, I guess.

SMEARY (*crying*). And me mother used to decorate a little tree jus' for me.

BLOODY BESS. You gutless yellowbirds! (*Music out.*) I'll decorate the cane fields with ya if you keep this up! Get on with it!

PIRATE 3. I miss the motherland and I miss Christmas!

BLOODY BESS. Don't get me blood a-boilin'!

PIRATE 2. Have some respect for wha' the boy said!

PIRATE 1. I'm not walkin' him off the plank. I'll be no part of it.

BLOODY BESS. WHY YOU—I'll take every penny of every booty we ever plundered for this mutiny! MUTINY it is!

PIRATE 1. Mutiny it is then!