

## **Characters**

- Dick (M/F)** - The titular Dick Whittington
- Tiddles (M/F)** - Dick Whittington's Cat
- Wendy (F)** - Dick's friend and Jiggle's daughter
- Jiggles (M)** - The dame; Wendy's mother
- Snivels (M/F)** - Assistant to the Mayor
- Mayor (M/F)** - The Mayor of London
- Alfie (M)** - A Cockney barrow boy. Mollie's husband.
- Mollie (F)** - A market trader. Alfie's Wife.
- Jack (M/F)** - Newspaper seller

## Act 1

### Scene 1 – Dick’s house

**(Lights up. Tabs open to reveal a humble living room with tired wooden furniture and not much else. Dick enters whistling a jolly tune. He stops and looks out at the audience.)**

**Dick:** Oh, not again! **(Shouting off stage left)** Tiddles! You didn’t lock the cat flap after you, did you? All the strays from the neighbourhood have got in again. The front room is full of them. **(To audience)** Hello. **(Awaits audience reaction)** Do you want some fish? **(Awaits response then looks closer at the audience)** Oh, hang on – you’re not cats are you? Some of you are just as hairy mind you. Who let you in then? **(Awaits response)** Never mind, you’re here now. My name is Richard. Richard Whittington! I’d offer you some tea but I don’t have any. I’m poor you see. **(Encourages sympathy from the audience)** I’m poorer than that! **(Encourages more sympathy)** I haven’t even got enough money to buy something from the *middle of Lidl*. **(Encourages more sympathy)** I’m hungry and poor because a few months ago I lost my job and got a cat on the same day. Well, actually, my cat got *me*. He just wandered in one day and refused to leave. Would you like to meet my cat boys and girls? **(Awaits reaction)** Are you sure? **(Awaits reaction)** Alright then **(shouts)** Tiddles! Tiddles!

**(Tiddles enters rubbing his eyes and yawning)**

**Tiddles:** Alright, no need to shout. I was only in the next room; your house has only got two rooms remember.

**Dick:** Ah, there you are.

**Tiddles:** Yes, and you better have a good reason for waking me up. I was having a scrummy dream about sardines. **(To audience)** I *love* sardines me!

**Dick:** The boys and girls wanted to meet you.

**Tiddles:** **(Arrogantly)** And who can blame them?

**Dick:** Well, say hello. **(Pointing at the audience)**

**Tiddles:** Hello boys and girls. **(Awaits reaction. To audience)** Now that we’ve got to know each other and we’re the bestest of friends, I’ve got a really important question to ask. **(Pauses)** Have you got any food?

**Dick:** Don’t be rude Tiddles. Although I’m not sure why they’re sitting there staring at us, I’m pretty sure we shouldn’t be asking them for food. Anyway, I’ve already made you something because it’s dinner time! You know how much you love dinner time!

**Tiddles:** **(Excited)** Ooh! Dinner time! It’s totally my favourite time after nap time, snooze time and really long sleep time. **(Greedily)** Gimme! Gimme!

**Dick:** **(Fetches a bowl of cat food from downstage and holds it in front of Tiddles)** Here you go.

**Tiddles:** Yes! **(Grabs the food, goes to eat it and then stops. Looking at the food suspiciously)** Erm – what’s this?

**Dick:** **(Confused)** Cat food

**Tiddles:** (Slowly) Cat. Food?

**Dick:** Yeah. You're a cat. You need food. Cat. Food. Go on, bottoms up!

**Tiddles:** (Unsure) Right. Just because this looks like a deleted scene from that Zombie movie we watched last night.

**Dick:** Yeah, sorry about that. It's just that I've totally run out of money and I can't afford your usual Lochmuir smoked salmon. I got 400 cans of the stuff off E-bay for 20p. Sounded legit to me. **(to audience)** Free postage!

**Tiddles:** I'm not eating this. It smells like **(sniffs the food and retches)** urgh, cat food.

**Dick:** **(Fetches the open can from which the food came, from downstage)** Look, on here it says 9 out of 10 cats prefer it. **(Shows the cat to Tiddles)**

**Tiddles:** Well I'm obviously the tenth cat aren't I? **(Sniffs it again and retches again)** The other nine prefer it to what exactly? Ingrowing toenails?

**Dick:** **(Reading the can again)** It says here, made with real liver, kidneys and spleens.

**Tiddles:** I didn't think it would be possible to talk me out of eating it *more*, but you just did! I'm not eating this, what else have we got?

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**Dick:** Well, ever since you wandered in here uninvited, I've had two mouths to feed. I lost my job at the bobble hat factory. Ever since global warming kicked in, winters aren't as cold so those 2 inches of extra *bobble* just aren't needed. I've been struggling to pay the bills and now we've run out of food; **(grimacing and pointing at the cat food)** apart from that.

**Tiddles:** Never mind that, what's for tea?

**Dick:** Lettuce and water.

**Tiddles:** **(Thinks for a moment)** You need a new job mate. You need money to buy me some proper food.

**Dick:** But there aren't any jobs and **(wistfully)** all I know is bobble hats.

**Tiddles:** Come with me. We need to get the jobs paper!

**(Tiddles exits whilst beckoning Dick, who follows reluctantly. Wendy enters on the opposite side of the stage just as Dick and Tiddles exit.)**

**Wendy:** Hello? **(Looking around)** Knock knock! Richard? **(Looking around and seeing the audience)** Oh, hello boys and girls, have you seen Richard anywhere? **(Awaits audience reaction)** Oh good. I'll just wait for him to get back then. My name is Wendy by the way. I live next door with my mother, Dame Jiggles. Me and Richard go way back and I've fancied him for ages but I've never managed to pluck up the courage to ask him out. I've come round to see him because I've finally found the courage to ask him out on a date! Do you think I should ask him out on a date boys

and girls? **(Awaits response)** Oh alright then. **(Looks offstage and notices Richard returning)** Oh, here he comes! Wish me luck.

**(Richard enters reading the jobs paper and barely notices Wendy. Wendy stands with her arms out expecting a hug. Richard walks by, ignoring her.)**

**Wendy:** **(Enthusiastic)** Hello Richard!

**Dick:** **(Apathetically)** Alright?

**Wendy:** **(Putting her arms down. Hesitant)** Er – what have you got there?

**Dick:** **(Reading quietly)** Brain surgeon. Welder. Opera singer. **(Curiously interested)** Sandal tester.

**(Wendy clears her throat to attract Richards's attention. He finally looks up from the paper.)**

**Dick:** Oh, Wendy. I didn't notice you there.

**(Wendy looks sad)**

**Dick:** I'm just reading the jobs paper. I *really* need a new job but I haven't got any experience, skills, talent or abilities. All I know is bobble hats and that's not going to get me very far in life.

**Wendy:** Oh, don't be so silly. You've got lots of talents. You're clever, charming, witty, always full of good ideas, handsome –

**Dick:** I'm what?

**Wendy:** **(Hesitant)** Erm – hand – y some – times. You know, like the time you came round and hung all those pictures for me and put up those shelves! You were round my house all afternoon banging away with your little hammer.

**Dick:** Yeah. I *am* quite handy now you mention it.

**(Tiddles enters nibbling on a fish)**

**Dick:** I need to go to London.

**Wendy:** What?

**Tiddles:** **(Not best pleased)** Yeah – what?

**Dick:** London. All the jobs in this paper are in London. I've heard that it's where dreams are made. They've got a TK MAXX there. It's the place where opportunities just fall into your lap, where fantasy becomes reality and the streets are paved with gold!

**Wendy:** Paved with what now?

**Dick:** **(Excited)** Gold. It'll be great! I'll be the managing director of a bobble hat factory in no time.

**Wendy:** **(Sad)** But what about – me?

**Dick:** **(Confused)** What about you? You've got a job. You don't need to feed a cat!

**Wendy:** Yes I know but won't you – *miss* me at all?

**Dick:** Oh yes, I'll miss everyone but I'm skint and need some dosh pronto!

**Tiddles:** Never mind her, what about me?

**Dick:** (**Ignoring Tiddles**) If I'm going to get a job and have people take me seriously, I'm going to have to change my name. *Richard* Whittington doesn't quite do it. It's too much of a mouthful. Now, what could I change Richard to that's not a mouthful? (**Pauses, then to audience**) Some of you are making up your own jokes. (**To Wendy**) I've got it – I'm going to be a Dick!

**Tiddles:** You're what?

**Dick:** Dick Whittington! Has a ring to it, doesn't it?

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**Tiddles:** Where are you going to live when you get to this *London* place? What are you going to eat? What am *I* going to eat? Where am I going to sleep? I hope you realise I had a three-day vacation on top of your wardrobe planned. I'm not happy about this. (**Takes another huge bite of his fish and sniffs in indignation**)

**Wendy:** Well, erm – Dick, (**sadly**) I suppose there's nothing here worth staying for is there?

**Dick:** Too right! I need to earn some coin!

(**Wendy glances at the audience, beckoning their sympathy**)

**Wendy:** So, there's absolutely definitely nothing worth staying around here for then? (**pointing to herself profusely**)

**Dick:** No, my mind is made up. One must enact change if one is to experience change.

**Wendy:** So if a dear old friend said they'd miss you very much and wanted you to stay so they could live with you happily ever after and go to Nandos, you'd still go?

**Dick:** What are you rabbiting on about Wendy? I need to get myself to London to seek my fortune! Wish me luck.

(**Kisses Wendy on the forehead and turns round to see Tiddles gazing indignantly at him whilst nibbling on his fish**)

**Dick:** What are you looking at me like that for and where did you get that fish?

**Tiddles:** Next door's pond.

**Wendy:** (**Angrily**) What?

(**Tiddles is suddenly scared, takes Richard's hand and hurriedly drags him from the stage. Richard and Tiddles exit.**)

**Wendy:** (**To audience**) That pesky cat! Ah well. (**sadly**) Perhaps it just wasn't meant to be for me and Richard. I mean – Dick. I couldn't see myself with a Dick anyway I suppose. (**sighs**) You know what they say, plenty more fish in the sea.

(**Tiddles suddenly appears once more**)

**Tiddles:** Did you say fish?

**(Wendy shakes a fist at Tiddles and chases him from the stage. Tiddles and Wendy exit. Lights off. Tabs closed.)**

## Scene 2 – Town Hall

**(Snivels enters front of tabs ringing a town crier bell.)**

**Snivels:** **(Stops ringing the bell)** Hello Boys and Girls. **(Awaits reaction)** My name is Snivels and I'm assistant to the Mayor of Pantenville. If you'll just excuse me for a moment, I've got an announcement to make. **(Ringing the bell and yelling)** Oyez! Oyez! Hear ye! Hear ye! Word to your mother! **(Stops ringing the bell. Unrolls a scroll from which he reads)** Please be upstanding **(he motions to the audience not to actually get up)** for your most magnificent, amazing, handsome, intelligent **(aside)** his words, **(aloud)** Mayor that Pantenville has ever had and is ever likely to have. **(aside)** Between you and me, he's not very nice and he's a bit greedy. **(aloud)** Mayor Greedy McGrabbison.

**(The tabs open to reveal a backdrop of an opulent mayoral office. The Mayor enters to SFX. triumphant music. Gesticulating as if he is receiving a standing ovation. If the audience do either stand up and/or applaud, Snivels should gesture to them to stop.)**

**Mayor:** **(Smiling and drinking in the non-existent adulation)** Ahh, my adoring audience. **(realises)** Hang on, where's the applause?

**Snivels:** There isn't any.

**Mayor:** What?

**Snivels:** Listen.

**(They both listen for a moment)**

**Mayor:** I don't hear anything

**Snivels:** That's my point sir.

**Mayor:** But I'm the Mayor. I'm rich. I'm the boss, leader, king, head of amenities; like the public lavatories.

**Snivels:** Yes but –

**Mayor:** But what?

**Snivels:** People don't – erm –

**Mayor:** Don't what? Come on Snivels, out with it.

**Snivels:** – don't *like* you sir.

**Mayor:** Preposterous! I'm rich and handsome and I've got nice shoes. Of course people like me. Don't you boys and girls? **(Awaits audience reaction)**

**Snivels:** See? It all started when you banned smiling. Remember?

**Mayor:** Why should that upset anyone? It was a blessing that; have you seen the state of people's teeth around Pantenville?

**Snivels:** That's because you banned dentists.

**Mayor:** Of course I did. Horrible people with their drills and their hygiene. **(shudders)**

**Snivels:** Mayor?

**Mayor:** (Still lost in thought about dentists) What is it Snivels?

**Snivels:** If you don't mind me asking, how exactly *did* you become the Mayor?

**Mayor:** (Lost in a vision) Ah well, you see – (in the style of Donald Trump) my father gave me a small loan of one million dollars. I invested it wisely. You see, the beauty of me is that I'm very rich. However, I'm incredibly humble! I'm much more humble than you would understand. Many many people have seen this. Despite my tenure as Mayor being up ten years ago, I just keep forgetting to tell the people that there should be an election because the people obviously want me to keep on being the Mayor and making all the decisions for them. They *love* me.

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**Snivels:** Oh no they don't.

**Mayor:** Oh yes they do.

**Snivels:** (Encouraging audience) Oh no they don't.

**Mayor:** (Incredulous) Really?

**Snivels:** Really

**Mayor:** Is that why nobody rings me or invites me to their birthday parties?

**Snivels:** Probably. You know how people scream when they see a spider?

**Mayor:** Yes

**Snivels:** Well, that – but you're the spider; and they don't as much *scream* as just avoid you altogether.

**Mayor:** *You* like me though don't you Snivels?

**Snivels:** (Pausing and then ignoring the Mayor) Moving on. What were these plans you wanted to discuss with me?

**Mayor:** Ah yes. Now, I'm not a huge fan of that awful noisy place down in the market square. What's it called again?

**Snivels:** The market?

**Mayor:** That's the one. Full of noisy people shouting about their melons and selling their plums. Awful place.

**Snivels:** You make a lot of money off that place in tax.

**Mayor:** Yes, but it's full of riff raff bringing the place down and being noisy. I want to knock it down and build a tennis court, a Starbucks and a huge gold statue of *me*. Celebrating *me* and how amazingly incredible I am and stuff.

(The Mayor grins widely at Snivels who remains unmoved and stoic)

**Snivels:** But lots of people will lose their jobs and the people will have nowhere to buy their fruit and veg.

**Mayor:** What's your point?

**Snivels:** They *already* don't like you. This isn't going to go well. Not well at all. **(To Audience)** You don't think it's a good idea to get rid of the market do you boys and girls? **(Awaits audience reaction)**

**Mayor:** **(Dismissively)** Oh, what do they know? **(Thinking)** Hmm, perhaps you're right Snivels.

**Snivels:** Ah, so you've seen sense?

**Mayor:** Yes. I have to admit, I've seen sense.

**Snivels:** Good!

**Mayor:** I'll have to get someone else to close it down *for* me.

**Snivels:** Oh no... **(Thinking the Mayor wants him to do it)** No! I'm not going out there and telling them the market is being closed down. No way. They'll chase me and **(thinks)** tickle me! Or worse!

**Mayor:** Don't worry – I'm not sending you. **(Pacing the stage and thinking out loud)** We need somebody nobody knows to do it. Then they'll blame them, not me. It'll be great! I'll tell everyone that they're a proper market inspector and that they reckon the market is not up to scratch; health and safety risks, that kind of thing. Health and safety is *everywhere* isn't it? They won't even let you go to *bed* without a crash helmet on these days.

**Snivels:** Where are you going to find someone that nobody knows? Everyone knows everyone around here. Plus, you're going to need someone desperate for the money. If they're going to do your dirty work and upset hundreds of people, they're going to want paid well. It's not as if there's going to be a random stranger coming to London to seek their fortune because they can't afford to feed their cat, is it? **(Glances at audience and raises his eyebrows)**

**Mayor:** Money, Snivels, is no object. I sneeze money. I wipe my nose with it – and other things. I'll find someone, get them to inspect the market, score it really low marks, recommend it be closed and then we move the diggers in! Genius. **(Sings the chorus to 'Wrecking Ball' by Miley Cyrus)**

**Snivels:** **(Interrupting)** Er, sir?

**Mayor:** **(Stops singing)** Yes? Oh, sorry – where was I? Oh yes, then I come along and say **(Sarcastically)** 'Oh, it's a shame the market inspector closed this place down isn't it? Never mind, I'll get rid of all the mess and rubble. Know what would brighten the place up? A huge statue of *me*, made of gold etcetera.' **(Nudges Snivels)** It's urban regeneration. *Everyone* loves that.

**(Snivels stares at the Mayor for a moment in incredulity)**

**Mayor:** Well don't just stand there mesmerised by how amazing I am; off you pop!

**(Snivels shakes his head and walks towards the exit slowly)**

**Snivels:** **(To Audience)** This *isn't* going to go well. See you later boys and girls.

**(Snivels exits)**

**Mayor:**

Wish me luck boys and girls. **(The audience will probably react with derision)**  
Ooh, someone got out of bed on the wrong side today. Suit yourself. I'll cheer myself  
up by going into my money room and staring at all my lovely money. **(Laughs. The  
audience might act with derision. To Audience.)** Oh be quiet, nobody cares what  
you think. **(Laughs. Sings a few lines of the chorus to 'Money Money Money' by  
Abba as he exits.)**

**(The Mayor exits. Tabs close. Lights off.)**

### Scene 3 – Wendy’s house

(Dame Jiggles enters front of tabs carrying lots of shopping bags and acting flustered. She is barefoot.)

**Jiggles:** (Enthusiastically) Eeeeh! What a carry on. (Puts her bags down dramatically then leans back and gives out a satisfied groan) That’s better, I thought my tiny arms were going to fall off. (Notices audience) Oh, hello boys and girls (awaits audience reaction) My name is Dame Jiggles. And you are? (Awaits audience reaction) Nice to meet you all. Let me tell you a little bit about myself. I live here in this humble dwelling with my daughter Wendy. I’m not married (waves at an audience member and wiggles her eyebrows seductively) and as you might have guessed by the huge bags, I’ve got a bit of a shopping addiction. Oh I love to go out buying things I don’t need.

(Wendy enters)

**Wendy:** Where have you been all day?

**Jiggles:** Oh, you know. Here and there.

**Wendy:** (Picks up some of the shopping bags) Here and there had shops I take it?

**Jiggles:** Yes, but I only bought stuff that was a bargain.

**Wendy:** (Takes out a small wooden penguin) A wooden penguin?

**Jiggles:** It’ll look lovely next to the straw armadillo I bought yesterday, in the bathroom.

**Wendy:** I’ve told you about this before haven’t I?

**Jiggles:** (Excited) You haven’t seen the best purchase of all though.

**Wendy:** Which is?

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(Mother models her new ‘slippers’.)

**Wendy:** What am I supposed to be looking at?

**Jiggles:** My new slippers

**Wendy:** You’re not wearing slippers

**Jiggles:** They’re invisible.

**Wendy:** (Doubtful) Invisible?

**Jiggles:** Yes, I bought them at Barry’s Dodgy Boutique down that back alley on the edge of town. They’re so comfortable it doesn’t even feel like I’m *wearing* any slippers!

**Wendy:** That’s because you’re *not* wearing any.

**Jiggles:** Oh yes I am.

**Wendy:** Oh no you’re not.

**Jiggles:** You believe me don't you boys and girls?

**(Audience response)**

**Wendy:** How much did you pay for them?

**Jiggles:** **(Mumbles)** £40.

**Wendy:** How much?

**Jiggles:** **(Normal volume)** £40. But what a bargain!

**Wendy:** You've been swindled again.

**Jiggles:** Oh no I haven't

**Wendy:** **(With audience)** Oh yes you have.

**Jiggles:** **(Thinks for a moment)** You think?

**Wendy:** Yes. You're always falling for dodgy schemes.

**Jiggles:** No I'm not and I'll sing you a song to prove it.

**(Tabs open to reveal Wendy's house. It is as basic as Dick Whittington's with a few differences such as different pictures on the wall or a dining table with gingham tablecloth.)**

**(Song 1 – 'Hey big Spender' by Shirley Bassey)**

**Wendy:** You need to stop spending money on things you don't need. Remember those magic glasses you bought?

**Jiggles:** Yeah

**Wendy:** Were they actually magic in any way?

**Jiggles:** Yes. **(Pauses)** They improved my eyesight.

**Wendy:** That's what glasses are *meant* to do.

**Jiggles:** Oh –

**Wendy:** What about that lifetime subscription to *MySpace* you bought?

**Jiggles:** It came with a 50% off voucher for every purchase at *Blockbuster Video*.

**Wendy:** **(Sympathetically)** Look mother, next time someone tries to sell you something, you need to speak to me first. I need to approve all your spending to make sure you're not getting ripped off.

**Jiggles:** Ah.

**Wendy:** Ah?

**Jiggles:** Yeah. Ah!

**Wendy:** What have you done?

**Jiggles:** I might have given a Pantovian Prince my bank account details.

**Wendy:** What?

**Jiggles:** He e-mailed me and said he was going to transfer the entire royal family's fortune to me for safe keeping and that I could keep half! **(Checks her mobile)**

**Wendy:** What are you up to now?

**Jiggles:** Just checking my bank account on my space-phone.

**Wendy:** Your *what* phone?

**Jiggles:** Space-phone. It works in space.

**Wendy:** **(Sarcastically)** Well, when you pop into space later on, text me to let me know you got there OK won't you?

**Jiggles:** Well Janet's works in space.

**Wendy:** **(Doubting)** Janet has been to space?

**Jiggles:** Well according to her Instagram she went to Jupiter on holiday.

**Wendy:** You're so gullible mother.

**Jiggles:** No I'm not – **(pauses, looking at her phone)** what's that funny little line before the numbers mean?

**(Jiggles shows Wendy her phone)**

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**Wendy:** That's a minus sign. You've got minus five thousand pounds in the bank.

**Jiggles:** That's not good is it?

**Wendy:** Well it was bad when I thought we had *no* money. We've actually got less than that! We won't be able to buy food. Pay the rent. You spend £100 a week on make-up alone.

**Jiggles:** **(Sad)** What are we going to do? **(Wails)**

**Wendy:** **(Putting her arm around Jiggles)** Oh, come on, we'll think of something.

**(Jiggles wails even more)**

**Wendy:** Come on, it's not your fault **(thinks)** well, actually, it's *mostly* your fault –

**(Jiggles wails comedically again)**

**Wendy:** Listen, I've got a plan.

**Jiggles:** **(Stops wailing immediately)** You do?

**Wendy:** Richard next door has just left town seeking his fortune in London! Maybe we can find him and ask for a loan or something – or stay with him until we get jobs? We could even seek our *own* fortune in London. Richard said that the streets are paved with gold!

**Jiggles:** Gold? Why don't we just nip down and nick a few paving slabs?

**Wendy:** It's not *actually* paved with gold. It's a metaphor.

**Jiggles:** We could get a few metaphors then! Sell them on e-bay!

**Wendy:** **(To audience)** Sometimes I wonder how I grew up so normal.

**Jiggles:** I don't follow.

**Wendy:** Exactly. Come on, we need to get to London somehow. See you later boys and girls.

**Jiggles:** Yes, see you!

**(Jiggles and Wendy walk stage right to exit)**

**Jiggles:** Where is this *London* place you speak of then?

**(They exit. Lights off. Tabs close.)**

#### Scene 4 – Market Place

**(Dick and Tiddles enter front of tabs.)**

**Dick:** Wow, look at this Tiddles. This is London! Look – Big Ben! **(Points offstage into the audience)**

**Tiddles:** **(Stage Whisper)** You said not to call him that, he's sensitive about his size.

**Dick:** Not him; that huge clock over there.

**Tiddles:** Oh that. Well, **(squinting into the distance)** the little hand is there, and the big hand is there so that makes it **(pauses)** time to eat!

**Dick:** Look, Nelson's column! **(Pointing offstage into the audience)**

**Tiddles:** **(Shaking his head)** Nelson won't be happy – there's a bloke standing on top of it. **(Shouts)** Oi! You! Get down. That's Nelson's column.

**Dick:** That *is* Nelson you nitwit. It's a statue in honour of him.

**Tiddles:** **(Squinting into the distance)** Is it? Right well, we've been here at least twenty seconds and you haven't got a job and I haven't been fed yet.

**Dick:** Where's this gold pavement they were all talking about then?

**(Tabs open to reveal a marketplace which is behind the half-tabs. There are market stalls left and right. There are extras staffing them (depending on your production) but one of which is Alfie, a Cockney barrow boy.)**

**Alfie:** **(Laughing. In a London cockney accent)** Gold pavement?

**Dick:** **(Looking at Alfie suspiciously)** Sorry?

**Alfie:** You're another one who believes that story are ya?

**Dick:** What story?

**Alfie:** That the streets here are paved with gold.

**Dick:** Yes! **(Looks quizzical)** Aren't they?

**Alfie:** Nah! Just normal paving stones. It's a metaphor innit?

**Dick:** A whaty-for?

**Tiddles:** Can we get back to your fascinating discussion about what the paving slabs are made of later please, I'm starving and this bloke sells food.

**Alfie:** Would you Adam and Eve it? Hold the dog and bone. I can't believe my mince pies. Unless I'm Mutt and Jeff, your moggy can rabbit!

**Dick:** **(Staring at Alfie for a moment before speaking)** In English?

**Tiddles:** He said he can't believe that I can talk.

**Dick:** Erm yes, he's quite a special cat, that's for certain.

**Alfie:** 'Ere, you wouldn't mind looking after me stall for a mo' while I go for a cup of Rosy Lee would ya?

**Dick:** Erm – actually –

**Alfie:** Excellent, see you in a bit  
(**Alfie makes for the exit**)

**Dick:** (**Shouting after Alfie**) I've never run a stall before.  
(**Alfie exits, ignoring Dick**)

**Tiddles:** Right, what's he got here, I'm starving. (**Sorts through the stock on the stall**) Fruit? Is he having a giraffe? There's nothing here for me to eat – look at me, I'm in a right two and eight and no mistake.

**Dick:** What are you on about? Why are you talking like that?

**Tiddles:** It's cockney rhyming slang innit? It's how they *all* talk in London. And you're going to have to learn it if you're going to operate a stall.  
(**Dick looks blank**)

**Tiddles:** Two and eight. State. Boat race. Face. See?

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**Dick:** Not really.

**Tiddles:** Look sharp, here's your old China.

**Dick:** My what?  
(**Wendy and Jiggles enter looking fascinated by their surroundings**)

**Wendy:** This is London then? It's wonderful isn't it?

**Jiggles:** Yes, look at all the things I could buy.

**Wendy:** You've got no money remember

**Jiggles:** Oh yes. I forgot. Where is this gold pavement they were on about then? (**Looking at the ground**) Must be a special kind of gold; it's concrete coloured. (**Impressed**) Ooh, they *do* have fancy ways these Londoners, don't they?

**Wendy:** Look Mum, it's Dick.

**Jiggles:** I beg your pardon?

**Wendy:** Richard. He changed his name to sound more interesting or something.

**Jiggles:** (**To audience**) That certainly worked!  
(**Wendy approaches Dick. Jiggles follows but gets distracted and ends up at another market stall looking at the hats**)

**Wendy:** Look at you!

**Dick:** (**Panicked**) Yeah – look at me!

**Wendy:** You weren't joking when you said you were off to seek your fortune were you? You'll have been here what – a day – and you've got yourself a market stall already! London really *is* the place to be. Oh, you're *so* impressive!

**Dick:** **(Embarrassed)** Yes – erm – it certainly *has* worked out for me hasn't it? **(Laughs nervously)**

**Tiddles:** What are you on about? He's just –  
**(Dick nudges Tiddles and interrupts him)**

**Dick:** I'm just starting out really. Haven't made any money yet.

**Wendy:** Well, I'm very impressed. What do you say after you close up for the day we go and grab a cheeky Nandos?  
**(Dick's shows an expression of nervous agreement)**

**Tiddles:** **(To Dick in a stage whisper)** There's *no way* she gets fed before me.

**Dick:** **(Suddenly reticent)** I'll need to see how much money I make today so maybe later yes?  
**(Wendy looks disappointed)**

**Dick:** But you know – green shoots and all that. Credit crunch, Brexit, footsie index and what have you! **(laughs nervously)**

**Wendy:** Well I'm very proud of you.

**Dick:** So what are *you* doing here anyway?

**Wendy:** Well, my mother –  
**(Wendy looks around to see where Jiggles is. She notices her buying a hat at another stall. Wendy goes over and drags Jiggles back to the stall Dick is operating. Jiggles brings the hat with her.)**

**Wendy:** Sorry about that; we came here to follow in your footsteps. My mother spent all our money on unnecessary things so we came here looking for work. **(Noticing the hat in Jiggles hand).** What's that?

**Jiggles:** It's a *magic* hat. Very reasonable. I got it on *tick*, whatever that means.

**Wendy:** **(To Dick)** See? **(To Jiggles)** Look, Dick here has got himself a stall in the East End of London selling **(looking at the stall)** fruit. **(To Jiggles. Excited)** We should get a stall! Can we get a stall Mother? Can we? Can we?

**Jiggles:** That sounds good. Then we can all look after each other's stalls while we go down the caff, Laundrette and the Queen Vic.

**Wendy:** Exactly. Come on, let's go and see if we can get a bank loan, get some stock and begin our journey as market sellers. It'll be great!  
**(Wendy and Jiggles exit excitedly)**

**Tiddles:** What did you do that for?

**Dick:** What?

**Tiddles:** All the porky pies? Telling them this was your stall. Now they've gone to get a loan to open a stall.

**Dick:** That's a good thing though right?

**Tiddles:** Not when they find out you haven't actually *got* a stall. You'll look like a right banana. And what if their stall doesn't work out and they're left with all the debt. I wouldn't want to be you, that's all I can say.

**(Alfie enters carrying a small polystyrene cup)**

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**Alfie:** Beautiful. That's wet my whistle and no mistake. Thanks for lookin' after me stall.

**Dick:** That's ok.

**(Dick and Tiddles leave the stall and move up centre stage)**

**Dick:** **(To Audience)** Oh boys and girls. What am I going to do? I've led Wendy to believe I'm a market seller and I'm no closer to getting a job and Tiddles here is just getting hungrier and hungrier. If only my guardian angel would swoop by and drop an unexpected opportunity in my lap.

**(Snivels enters)**

**Snivels:** I don't know about a guardian angel, but did I just hear you say you're looking for a job?

**Dick:** Yes – who are you?

**Snivels:** I'm assistant to the Mayor of London. Snivels. Jeremy Snivels.

**(Snivels holds out a hand. Dick shakes it tentatively.)**

**Tiddles:** Ooh, fancy. **(To Snivels)** Have you got any food?

**Snivels:** Plenty. It depends whether you like what I've got to say. **(Takes a closer look at Dick's face)** I've never seen you round here before have I?

**Tiddles:** This here is Dick Whittington. He's desperate for a job so he can afford to buy me some tuna niçoise and a bowl of mouse flavoured double clotted cream. Please give him a job. Please!

**Snivels:** Desperate for money eh?

**Dick:** Well – I wouldn't say *desperate*. **(Nudges Tiddles, annoyed)** I don't want to *undersell* myself.

**Snivels:** Well, if you follow me, I can offer you all the Tuna and cream your cat could possibly need.

**Tiddles:** **(Excited)** Jackpot! Tonight, we dine in – **(Pauses)** where do you live exactly?

**Snivels:** Town hall. Just over there **(pointing off stage)**

**Dick:** (**Apprehensive**) This sounds a bit suspicious to me. My mother always told me never to take Tuna Niçoise off strangers. (**To Audience**) Do you think I should go with him boys and girls?

(**Audience respond – hopefully negatively**)

**Dick:** But he's offering lots of money and I don't have a job. Shouldn't I at least listen to what he has to offer?

(**Audience respond – hopefully negatively**)

**Tiddles:** Look, there's only one thing you need to consider here.

**Dick:** Which is?

**Tiddles:** Am I going to get fed or not. If the answer is yes, *follow* the nice man.

**Dick:** I suppose it can't harm to listen to what he has to say can it?

**Snivels:** That's the spirit. Follow me, the Mayor will be very excited to meet you.

**Dick:** This all sounds very sinister to me.

(**Snivels exits. Dick looks at Tiddles and shrugs his shoulders. Tiddles motions for Dick to follow Snivels.**)

**Dick:** See you later boys and girls. I hope!

(**Dick and Snivels exit.**)

**Alfie:** (**Shouting**) Get your plums! Get your Melons! Lovely Melons, A pound a pound.

(**Alfie continues shouting about fruit as the tabs close and the lights go off.**)

## Scene 5 – Town Hall

**(Lights up. Dick, Tiddles and Snivels enter front of tabs.)**

**Snivels:** So you've never been to London at all, ever?

**Dick:** No.

**Snivels:** And you really need money you say?

**Dick:** Well, **(hesitant)** yes.

**Snivels:** And you'll do anything you're told to do without question?

**Dick:** Probably.

**Snivels:** Interesting.

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**Tiddles:** So what is this job you've got for him then? Does it pay enough to afford *Salmon en Croûte*?

**Snivels:** What's that?

**Tiddles:** It's a fancy way of cooking fish.

**Snivels:** Fish you say?

**Tiddles:** Yeah – it's my absolute favourite and as soon as laughing boy here **(indicates Dick)** starts working for you the sooner I can get some fish in my mush.

**Snivels:** You're in luck. They sell loads of it down the market. They've got bucket loads of jellied eels.

**Tiddles:** **(Pointing to himself)** I'm a simple pussycat, but I don't *do* jellied anything.

**Snivels:** Just as well; the market isn't going to be –

**Dick:** Isn't going to be what?

**Snivels:** Um – nothing.

**(Tabs open. Half-tabs remain closed with the market scene behind them. The Mayor is sitting at a writing desk, looking busy.)**

**Snivels:** Here we are.

**Dick:** Ooh, who's that over there?

**Tiddles:** Well, judging by the huge chain round his neck it's either the Mayor or Kanye West.

**Snivels:** The Mayor will see you now.

**(The Mayor looks up and sees his guests. He gets up from his seat and approaches Dick.)**

**Mayor:** Ah, hello there my fine fellow. And you are?

**(Dick holds out a hand for the Mayor to shake. The Mayor shakes his hand.)**

**Dick:** Whittington. Dick Whittington.

**Mayor:** Pleased to meet you Dick. I trust my assistant here has explained everything about this wonderful unmissable opportunity we have going here? **(Wiggles his eyebrows, alluringly)**

**Dick:** No actually, he didn't.

**Mayor:** Well, it's quite simple really.

**Tiddles:** That's lucky. He can't handle much else.

**Mayor:** See, we need someone to inspect the market. Make sure it's not *dangerous*.

**Dick:** **(Unsure)** Ok

**Mayor:** Risky places Markets you know; full of hidden dangers.

**Dick:** Really?

**Mayor:** Oh yes. Trip hazards.

**Snivels:** Banana skins.

**Mayor:** Frayed electrical cables.

**Snivels:** Crouching tigers

**Mayor:** Hidden Dragons

**Snivels:** Rakes.

**Dick:** Rakes?

**Snivels:** Yes. You know when you step on a rake and the handle comes up and hits you in the face?

**Dick:** Yeah?

**Snivels:** Happens all the time at the market.

**Dick:** Sounds very important but why me? How come you haven't hired someone from London to do it?

**Mayor:** Can't do that my lad. London is overrun by Millennials these days. Swanning around like they rent the place. We need someone unbiased. Someone who can see the market for what it is.

**Dick:** And what actually *is* it?

**Mayor:** Well, that's for you to decide my lad. You don't want someone like me telling you what you should and shouldn't do. That's why you're the new market inspector. You need to inspect it. Look under things. Look behind things. Look *through* things. **(The Mayor widens his eyes and rolls them around creepily)**

**Dick:** **(Uneasy)** Right. And this pays well does it?

**Mayor:** Of course. One of the best paid jobs in the city.

**Snivels:** Erm – hang on. How much does this job pay exactly?

**Mayor:** Quiet Snivels. **(To Dick)** So, what say you? Are you ready to take on the mantle of Market Inspector? Are you ready to unearth all the hidden dangers? The veiled endangerments? The concealed jeopardies?

**Dick:** What do you think boys and girls? Should I take the job?

**(Awaits audience reaction)**

**Dick:** Do you mind if I ask my cat for advice?

**Mayor:** Your cat?

**Dick:** Yeah my cat can talk!

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**Mayor:** A talking cat? How preposterous. **(To Tiddles, sceptically)** ok, talking cat, I want you to decide whether Dick here should become the market inspector.

**Tiddles:** Me? ‘ow?

**Mayor:** I thought you said your cat could talk?

**Tiddles:** I can – I was asking how you think I could make that decision. That’s up to laughing boy here.

**Mayor:** **(Astonished)** How curious. **(to Dick)** Anyway, are you going to be our new market inspector?

**Dick:** **(Still unsure. To Mayor.)** Yes?

**Mayor:** Excellent. Sign here.

**(Dick looks around for something to sign)**

**Dick:** Where exactly?

**Mayor:** Snivels. The contract.

**(Snivels suddenly leaps into action and fetches a contract, written on a long rolled up piece of parchment from downstage. He also brings an elaborate quill for Dick to use. Dick takes the quill and signs the top of the parchment.)**

**Mayor:** Excellent. Snivels here will brief you on your duties.

**(The Mayor goes back to his desk and starts working again.)**

**Tiddles:** You did read the terms and conditions, didn’t you?

**Dick:** Course not. Who does that? It’s all just long words and things about not getting holiday pay and what have you.

**(Tiddles takes the parchment and unrolls it. It falls to the floor and rolls along for quite a distance. Dick looks scared.)**

**Snivels:** Ok Mr. Whittington, if you'd like to follow me, I'll tell you all about what we're going to force you into doing.

**(Snivels goes towards the exit. Dick follows obediently and then stops.)**

**Dick:** Wait – what?

**(Snivels exits. Dick exits protesting. Tiddles rolls his eyes at the audience and shakes his head.)**

**Tiddles:** **(To Audience)** Doesn't look like we're going to get a happy ending this year does it? *Or* any fish. See you later!

**(Tiddles exits. The Mayor sings 'If you're happy and you know it' to himself as the tabs close. Lights off.)**

## Scene 6 – The Market

(Mollie, a larger than life character wearing a Victorian dress with large skirt enters front of tabs carrying a wicker basket filled with flowers. She is singing ‘The Lambeth Walk’, ‘Maybe it’s because I’m a Londoner’ or similar jaunty London-centric song. She stops upstage centre, notices the audience and stops singing.)

**Mollie:** (With a London accent) Hello there boys and girls. (Awaits audience reaction) You want some flowers do ya? (Awaits audience reaction) What would you lot want with some smelly old flowers eh? I know what you want. If you can guess what else I’ve got in me basket, I’ll let you ‘ave ‘em. (Awaits audience reaction. Hopefully an audience member will shout ‘sweets’. If so, Molly should make sure that member is given some sweets first. If not, she should give clues until the audience guess. She throws some sweets out into the audience.) I’m just off to me stall at the market. It’s a fabulous place you know. All the folk gather there, buy their weeklies, have a chinwag, a cup of Rosie Lee and then we do it all over again tomorrow. If nothing else, we’ll always have our market!

(Tabs open to reveal the market. Alfie is standing by his stall of fruit and veg. Mollie stands at the stall next to him. It is covered in flowers, cakes and other baked goods. Jiggles and Wendy are standing in front of the third stall which has a sign above it saying ‘Cranky Candle’. In between Rosie and Alfie is Jack. He is standing near a pile of Newspapers and holding a rolled-up Newspaper.)

**Jack:** (Shouting. Almost indecipherable) Ronny Gill!

**Jiggles:** (Jumping with fright) Oooh! I got such a fright just then! (To Wendy but looking over at Jack) There’s no need for that!

**Jack:** (Shouting) Ronny Gill!

**Jiggles:** (Upset) Why is he doing that?

**Alfie:** (Shouting) Get’cha lovely bananas. Fourp’nce a pound!

**Jiggles:** Look, he’s at it now.

**Wendy:** Calm down mother. That’s how you drum up business at the market.

**Jiggles:** Oh! (confused) By shouting at people?

**Jack:** (Shouting) Ronny Gill!

**Jiggles:** (Jumping with fright again) Ooooh! He needs to give me some warning before doing that. I’ve got delicate little ears. (Calms down) You drum up business by shouting at people?

**Wendy:** Well, not *at* people as such – more just shouting to get their attention. Anyway, you’ll have to get used to it, we’re committed to this now. That was quite a large loan you took out and unless we start selling stuff to pay it back, we’ll be in a lot of trouble.

**Jiggles:** Who is Ronny Gill anyway and why doesn’t he just text him instead of shouting for him?

**Wendy:** He’s selling the *Chronicle* newspaper.

**Jiggles:** I don't follow

**Wendy:** He's not shouting Ronny Gill. He's shouting Chronicle.

**Jack:** **(Shouting)** Ronny Gill

**Jiggles:** No, he's definitely shouting Ronny Gill

**Wendy:** Well, many years ago, when he started selling the paper, he probably *did* shout Chronicle but over time it's evolved.

**(Jiggles nods and has an expression of complete understanding on her face)**

**Jiggles:** I get it! **(Shouting)** Senny Cannell **(Pauses. Shouting with a different accent)** Sen-ee Can-nell!

**Wendy:** What are you doing?

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**Jiggles:** **(Shouting, with a really odd accent)** Seneee Car Knee!

**Wendy:** Mother, what are you doing?

**Jack:** **(Shouting)** Ronny Gill!

**(Jiggles points at Jack and indicates to Wendy that what Jack is doing, is what she is doing)**

**Wendy:** Mum, we're selling Scented Candles. I'm not sure shouting 'Senee Car Knee' is going to attract people who wish to fill their space with calming aromas.

**Mollie:** **(Shouting)** Get yer flowers. Get yer cakes. Loads to choose from.

**Jiggles:** **(To Wendy)** Did she say cake?

**Wendy:** Yes but –

**(Jiggles approaches Mollie's stall)**

**Jiggles:** **(To Mollie)** Did you say cake?

**Mollie:** 'ello deary. Yeah, I did. I've got lots to choose from. I've got this lot here. They're all five shillings. That one over there is ten shillings. That's madeira cake.

**(Jiggles looks confused)**

**Mollie:** Never mind

**Jack:** **(Shouting)** Ronny Gill!

**Jiggles:** **(Jumping with fright. To Jack.)** Will you stop doing that? I nearly had one of my spasms!

**Mollie:** It's good to see you at the market selling – **(looks over at the stall)** – what is it you're selling exactly?

**Jiggles:** We're selling scented candles. There's so much stress around these days, all you need to do is light one of our candles and it'll take you off to a long forgotten world of lost emotions, fantasies, enchantment and whimsy.

**Mollie:** Ooh, that sounds amazing. What do your candles smell of?

**Wendy:** **(Brings three candles jars with her)** My favourites are *Summer Woodlouse*

**(Wendy hands a jar to Mollie. She takes the lid off, sniffs it and tries to hide the fact she finds it repellent.)**

**Mollie:** **(With restrained revulsion)** Hmm – cheeky!

**(Mollie hands the jar to Jiggles)**

**Wendy:** *Essence of grandpa*

**(Wendy hands another jar to Mollie. She takes the lid off and sniffs at it tentatively, again with restrained disgust)**

**Mollie:** **(With forced pleasantness)** Right

**(Mollie hands the jar to Jiggles)**

**Wendy:** And my absolute favourite **(reads from the jar, turning it as she speaks to show the title is too long to fit on the label)** *you know that smell you get when it's raining in the summer and the pavement is warm and it's a little bit like a wet dog.*

**(Wendy hands the jar to Mollie. She removes the lid, looking scared, sniffs it but then quite enjoys it)**

**Mollie:** Ooh, I like that one. How much is it?

**Jiggles:** Two hundred and fifty pounds.

**Mollie:** How much?

**Jiggles:** Well they're a lot cheaper than the ones in the shops.

**Mollie:** Yes, you've got a point there.

**Jack:** **(Shouting)** Ronny Gill!

**Jiggles:** **(Jumping with fright)** Oooh! I nearly dropped my candles you loud awful man.

**(Jiggles walks back to her stall huffily and places the candles on the stall. Wendy follows.)**

**Alfie:** **(Laughing)** Madeira cake. Ha ha, I just got that. Nice one Mollie. **(He calms down. Shouting)** Come and try my nuts. Lovely salted nuts.

**(Dick enters stage left, out of sight of all on stage. He is carrying a clip board and wearing a special cap with 'Market Inspector' written on the front. As the**

**market sellers continue to shout out, he is about to walk into the market but spots Wendy and freezes, looking scared.)**

**Mollie:** Get your flowers, lovely flowers.

**Jack:** Ronnie Gill

**Jiggles:** **(Shouting with a weird accent)** Sen-nay Can-nay

**Wendy:** **(To audience)** I thought Dick Whittington had a stall here. Have you seen him anywhere boys and girls?

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**(Dick, about to sneak back off stage, turns to the audience to indicate that they shouldn't tell Wendy he is there. Hopefully, the audience will shout out 'He's behind you')**

**Wendy:** Oh you *have* seen him? Where is he?

**(Awaits audience reaction. Dick continues to indicate to the audience to be quiet and not give him away. Wendy plays on this with the audience for a while before turning around and seeing Dick downstage)**

**Wendy:** Dick!

**(About to sneak off stage, Dick pretends he hasn't heard Wendy and continues to exit)**

**Wendy:** Dick? Is that you?

**(Dick stops and turns to face Wendy, looking sheepish)**

**Dick:** Ah! Wendy. There you are. I was just looking for you.

**(Dick moves to upstage centre and is joined by Wendy)**

**Wendy:** You were?

**Dick:** Absolutely. Where's Wendy I thought.

**Wendy:** Oh, that's wonderful. I wanted to show you my candle stall. You'll be so proud of me. I got the idea from you – seeing how much of a successful entrepreneur you'd been getting your own stall. Look at all our scented candles.

**(Wendy leads Dick to the candle stall)**

**Wendy:** We've got **(holds up a candle)** *Wet Chihuahua*

**(Wendy looks excited; Dick, less so. Wendy puts the candle down and picks up another)**

**Wendy:** *Evening suspicion –*

**(She awaits Dick’s reaction which doesn’t come. She puts the candle down and picks up one final jar)**

**Wendy:** *Midnight Sock?*

**Dick:** That’s all very nice but you see, I – erm – gave up the stall.

**Jiggles:** Gave up the stall?

**Dick:** **(Nervous)** Yes – I got a better job. Working for the council.

**Wendy:** **(to Jiggles)** Ooh, look at Dick, a civil servant. **(to Dick)** Go on, what’s the new job?

**Dick:** Market inspector **(he points to the words on his hat)**

**Jiggles:** Look, he gets his own special hat

**Wendy:** Well this is wonderful. You can inspect the market and make it a safe place for all us market traders to trade safely.

**Dick:** **(Nervously)** Ha ha, yeah. Something like that.

**(Dick scribbles down some notes as he passes by each of the stalls in turn. Dame waves at him; Dick smiles back nervously and scribbles more furiously. Tiddles, the Mayor and Snivels enter)**

**Tiddles:** Right, there’s bound to be some food in the market.

**(Tiddles visits each stall and has silent conversation with each. His actions allude to asking if they have any food such as pointing into his mouth and rubbing his tummy.)**

**Mayor:** Ah, there’s my trusty market inspector hard at work. How is it going Dave?

**Dick:** **(Correcting him)** Dick

**Mayor:** **(Offended)** Well there’s no need for that

**Snivels:** His name is Dick, my lord.

**Mayor:** Ah, well that makes more sense.

**Dick:** I’ve made a list, just like you asked.

**(Tiddles arrives at Alfie’s stall. Alfie hands him a tin of tuna which he shows to the audience and smiles broadly)**

**Tiddles:** **(Stage whisper, excited)** Tuna! At last!

**(Tiddles tries to get into the can by shaking it, clawing at it and biting it.)**

**Mayor:** Let's have a look at this then.

**(The Mayor takes the clipboard from Dick, reads it and tuts, shaking his head and taking sharp intakes of breath through his teeth)**

**Mayor:** Ooh, this isn't good. No. Not good at all.

**(Alfie hands Tiddles a tin opener which he uses on the can)**

**Mayor:** Look, there's a list as long as your arm here of potential dangers in this market.

**Wendy:** Dangers? What dangers?

**Mayor:** According to this list, there are twenty-one trip hazards, thirteen fire hazards, four pointy things, eight uneven surfaces, nine suspicious looking sausages –

**(Tiddles gets the can open and is about to take a bite of tuna)**

**Mayor:** – and one can of potentially poisonous out of date tuna.

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**(Tiddles stops before the tuna reaches his mouth, looks incredibly put out and places the tuna back on the market stall top then folds his arms in the huff.)**

**Mayor:** I'm afraid this market is far too dangerous to be kept open.

**Wendy:** **(Panicking)** Ok so we just close it for a little while, make all the safety things, erm, safe and then re-open, yes?

**Mayor:** I'm sorry. Clause fifty-eight, article nine of the health and safety act 1544, part six states that any market with more than fifty hazards must be shut down indefinitely. I don't make the rules.

**Snivels:** Actually Sir, you did just make that one up –

**Mayor:** **(Shushing Snivels)** Shush! **(Grins at everyone, innocently)**

**Jiggles:** So we have to close up shop?

**Alfie:** This is an outrage!

**Jack:** **(Angrily)** Ronny Gill!

**Mollie:** Where am I going to sell my flowers now?

**Wendy:** (To Dick) This is all your fault.

**Dick:** (Looking sad) My fault? (indicating Snivels) He told me that I could earn a fortune in just one week as a market inspector.

**Mayor:** Now now, let's not get excited. He was only doing his job – which incidentally isn't required any more seeing as how there's no market to inspect, so we don't need a market inspector. (Nastily) You're fired!

(The opening drums to the 'Eastenders' theme tune play including a few notes of the tune until it ends abruptly with the sound of a needle scratching across vinyl.)

**Dick:** But what about my wages? What about my fortune?

**Snivels:** I told you that you could earn a fortune in just one week as a market inspector

**Dick:** Yes, and –

**Snivels:** Well you've only been one for sixteen minutes. You get paid by the hour and as you haven't worked an entire hour you don't get paid.

**Alfie:** This is an outrage!

**Jack:** (angry) Ronny Gill

**Mayor:** (cheerily) Lah-de-dah, can't be helped. Never mind, I'll think of something wonderful to turn this place into; you'll all soon forget about the silly marketplace. Come along Snivels, we've got a tennis court to build.

**Snivels:** Yes sir.

(The Mayor exits)

**Snivels:** (Looking around at the angry and sad faces) Hang on. You're all not very happy about this are you

**Alfie:** Obviously

**Snivels:** You're all quite sad about this aren't you?

**Wendy:** We've got ourselves a proper Sherlock Holmes over here.

(Snivels exits pensively)

**Wendy:** (To Dick) Well, what have you got to say for yourself?

**Dick:** (Lost for words) I –

**Wendy:** To think I was going to ask you out. I was going to let you take me up the Ivy.

**Dick:** (confused) I –

**Wendy:** Never mind. You men are all the same. Don't ever speak to me ever again. Ever!  
Goodbye, Richard Whittington.

(Wendy exits haughtily. Alfie walks up to Dick shaking his head)

**Alfie:** Outrage!

(Alfie exits. Molly walks up to Dick)

**Mollie:** I'm so disappointed in you

(Mollie exits. Jack walks up to Dick, shaking his head)

**Jack:** (in a normal voice, disappointed, shaking his head) Ronny Gill.

(Jack exits. Tiddles walks up to Dick, shaking his head and looking disappointed)

**Tiddles:** (Pauses for a moment. Whining) I'm still really hungry!

**Jiggles:** (Putting her arm around Dick) Come on love, cheer up. It's not the end of the world. You know what you need? Some retail therapy. Whenever I'm down in the dumps I do some shopping. Also when I'm not unhappy – and – whenever I can actually. Come on, what do you say?

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**Dick:** (Sadly) Okay

**Jiggles:** That's the spirit. We can wander up and down Oxford street, buying things we can't afford with money we haven't got and we'll think of something. We'll think of a way we can stop this market from closing.

**Dick:** (Suddenly invigorated) Yeah. I'll bet there isn't even an article nine, page thirty-two, book four on the health and safety act or I'll bet there's nothing about how many hazards there are. (To Tiddles) Tiddles, do you want to help me think of something to stop the Mayor closing the market?

**Tiddles:** Will I get fed?

**Dick:** Of course. As soon as the market is saved.

**Tiddles:** (Bored) Suppose so.

**Dick:** Dame Jiggles, will you help?

**Jiggles:** (Confused) er – it was *my* idea.

**Dick:** Great! (to audience) Boys and Girls, will you help me to keep the marketplace open?

(Awaits audience reaction)

**Dick:** Excellent. Ok you two, let's spend the next fifteen minutes thinking of a plan and this lot (indicates the audience) can go off to the bar and get some sandwiches and what not.

**Tiddles:** (Suddenly perky) Sandwiches?

(Tiddles attempts to wander off into the audience. Dick grabs him by the arm and stops him)

**Dick:** Oh no you don't. Come on, we've got work to do. (To audience) See you later boys and girls.

(Jiggles waves at the audience. Dick, Tiddles and Jiggles exit. Lights off. Tabs close)

**End of Act 1**

Act 2-

Scene 1 – The Marketplace

**(Tabs open and lights up on the market stalls which are still there but they're all empty. SFX. Wind blowing spookily. A tumbleweed rolls along the stage. Dame Jiggles runs on stage after it and finally catches it.)**

**Jiggles:** Phew! That was close. I almost lost the tumbleweed I bought at Tumble-weeds-R-Us. **(Incredulous)** Ten pence for a carrier bag? I think not! **(notices the audience)** Oh hello boys and girls. Did you have a nice interval?

**(Awaits audience reaction. Dick enters carrying several full-looking carrier bags. Tiddles follows.)**

**Dick:** I don't see how this is helping us to keep the marketplace open.

**Jiggles:** Oh be quiet Dick. There's nothing better than buying a new lamp and four balaclavas to clear your head for thinking up plans.

**Dick:** **(Dropping the bags upstage centre)** I'm exhausted.

**Jiggles:** I'm not. I could totally do something energetic and exciting. Ohh, do you want to help me do something energetic and exciting boys and girls?

**(Awaits audience response. Jiggles invites some of the audience up on stage to play a game. Something like the first to stack blocks without them falling over wins, who can do the loudest 'Ronnie Gill' or who can guess the cockney rhyming slang the quickest. The game ends.)**

**Tiddles:** Well, we've spent loads of money we haven't got and we're no closer to keeping the market open. Dick –

**Dick:** Yes Tiddles?

**Tiddles:** I'm sure you're aware of the situation.

**Dick:** **(Sadly)** Yes

**Tiddles:** It's unacceptable. Some would call it tragic!

**Dick:** **(Even more sadly)** Yes

**Tiddles:** So?

**Dick:** So what?

**Tiddles:** When am I getting fed?

**(Dick looks confused)**

**Jiggles:** **(To Dick)** Never mind that. My daughter is very upset with you. Didn't you know how she felt about you?

**Dick:** No, I really didn't.

**Jiggles:** **(To audience)** Men! You have to write it down for them don't you? I'm so pleased I'm not a man. **(To audience)** Watch it you lot.

**Dick:** I mean, we've always been friends – but I thought –

**Jiggles:** That's exactly your problem mister. You *think*. You shouldn't *think*! Do! Or do not!  
There is no *think*!

**(Dick looks confused)**

**Tiddles:** You broke that poor girl's heart.

**Dick:** Eh? Since when do you care?

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**Tiddles:** **(Sincerely)** Oh *I* care. I'm quite the expert when it comes to love. She's liked you for ages and how do you react? You run away to London, lie to her about having a market stall, she goes to get a loan because she respects you and you inspired her to be a better person and then you turn up and close the market because you let yourself get diddled by the evil Mayor! She's in *love* with you and you let her down. It'll take a huge amount of grovelling for her to forgive you.

**Dick:** Love?

**(Tiddles slaps his head in frustration)**

**Dick:** Well this is awful. Great, but awful.

**Tiddles:** Firstly you need to go and apologise. You had no idea she liked you because you're too in love with yourself.

**Dick:** What do you mean?

**Tiddles:** I've been hungry for six and a half scenes in this pantomime and not once have you tried to get me some decent food. You need to wake up and smell the roses.

**Jiggles:** Coffee.

**Tiddles:** Yes please!

**Jiggles:** **(Ignoring Tiddles)** Look, it's not that bad. You can still make it up to Wendy. All you need to do is come up with a plan to save the market and we can all go back to selling candles and being scared of people selling newspapers.

**Tiddles:** You need to woo her.

**Dick:** Woo her?

**Tiddles:** Yeah.

**Dick:** Well how do I do that?

**Tiddles:** I don't know – I'm a cat.

**Dick:** Well how do you woo lady cats?

**Tiddles:** Well, I stick my tail straight up in the air, wander around her for a bit looking coy and then I spray my scent.

**Dick:** You what?

**Tiddles:** (Gets a can of deodorant from one of the shopping bags) Lynx Africa. Works every time!

(Dick takes the can)

**Dick:** I'll have some of that! Right, well I'd better be off and try to convince Wendy that I'm sorry and try to put all this right. Wish me luck boys and girls (**Awaits audience reaction**)

(Dick exits)

**Jiggles:** Ooh, let's have a look at what I bought! Can't wait to try my balaclavas on!

(Jiggles picks up a couple of bags and makes for the exit. She turns and looks at Tiddles then indicates the other bags)

**Jiggles:** Well don't just stand there, make yourself useful

(Tiddles huffs, picks up the bags and follows Jiggles off stage)

**Tiddles:** I'm a cat not a dog! (**to audience**) When I finally get fed, it had better be worth it!

(Jiggles and Tiddles exit. Tabs close.)

## Scene 2 – Front of tabs

**(Lights up. Snivels enters front of tabs looking confused)**

**Snivels:** Hello boys and girls. **(awaits audience reaction)** I'm confused. Will you help me? **(awaits audience reaction)**. Great. You see, I'm a nice person. A really nice person in fact. I'm nicer than a frilly napkin with little bees embroidered into it. I just helped the Mayor close the market and loads of people lost their jobs. **(pauses)** That makes me a not nice person doesn't it? **(awaits audience reaction)** Nobody doesn't want to not be a not nice person do they? **(awaits audience reaction)** So what do you do if you've done something not nice? You make up for it. You try and make all the wrong things you did, right! So you know what I'm going to do?

**(The Mayor enters)**

**Mayor:** Ah Snivels. There you are. **(suspiciously)** What are you up to?

**Snivels:** **(Shifty)** What are who up to?

**Mayor:** What are you talking to that lot about?

**Snivels:** Oh, you know. The weather. Isn't that right boys and girls? **(awaits reaction)**

**Mayor:** Since when did you care about the weather? **(eyes Snivels suspiciously)** Anyway, I wanted to know if you've arranged the bulldozers yet? I want that market razed to the ground A-S-A-P.

**Snivels:** **(Unconvincing)** Oh yes sir. Bulldozers ordered. On their way. Definitely.

**Mayor:** **(Suspicious)** Right. Well **(eyeing the audience)** I'll let you get back to your little conversation about the **(with air quotes)** weather.

**(The Mayor exits slowly, giving Snivels the evil eye. Snivels waves back innocently and nervously. The Mayor exits.)**

**Snivels:** **(To audience)** I haven't ordered any bulldozers. In fact, I think I need to find that Dick Whittington and help him. Do you think I should help Dick Whittington save the market? **(Awaits audience reaction)** That's great news. I'm going to right my wrongs and help save the day. I've got some information that might just help! See you later boys and girls.

**(Snivels exits. Lights off.)**

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### Scene 3 – The Park

(Tabs open, half tabs remain closed. Wendy is sitting on a park bench with a woody backdrop, sobbing softly. She looks up and sees the audience, coughs, puts her handkerchief away, straightens her hair, wipes her eyes and tries to speak in a non-sad voice.)

**Wendy:** Oh, hello boys and girls. I was just – erm – sniffing some onions. I'm definitely not sad or anything. (she gazes out at the audience for a moment) Ok, I'm *really* sad. (encourages sympathy) I'm sadder than that (encourages more sympathy). Me and my mother have lost everything.

(Dick sprays some deodorant (water from a misting spray bottle) from just offstage so it appears as a mist onstage)

**Wendy:** (Confused) Did you hear that?

(Dick sprays again)

**Wendy:** There it is again. And what's that smell? (sniffs some more) It smells like *Echoes of Dishcloth*. (aside) That's one of the candles I was selling at the market.

(Dick enters tentatively, holding a can of deodorant)

**Dick:** (Nervously) Yoo-hoo, only me.

**Wendy:** (Angrily) Oh, it's you. (Turns away from Dick) What are you doing here?

**Dick:** I've come to apologise.

**Wendy:** (Slightly interested. Turning slightly.) You have?

**Dick:** (Shyly) I realise I've been – I've been a bit of a –

(Tiddles enters)

**Tiddles:** Dick

**Dick:** (offended) Well I wouldn't –

**Tiddles:** No, Dick – you need to be better at this. (to Wendy) Excuse me for a moment.

(Tiddles takes Dick to one side)

**Tiddles:** Now, you have to understand I'm doing this for my own good. You need to be more confident. Admit what you did wrong and tell her you're going to put it right.

**Dick:** Right (turns to Wendy) Wendy

**Wendy:** (unsure) Yes?

**Dick:** I'm *really* sorry about what I did.

**Wendy:** Which was?

**Dick:** I didn't want you to think I'd come to London and turned out to be a failure so I pretended that stall was mine. I was just looking after it for someone. I've let you down, I've let myself down and most of all, I've let this balloon down (he produces a balloon which he slowly lets the air out of. He looks at it quizzically and throws it nonchalantly to the side)

**Wendy:** - and?

**Dick:** Well, then I was promised a job by the Mayor which would make me rich and before I knew it, I'd signed a contract without reading the terms and conditions.

**Tiddles:** I mean, who reads those? Right?

**(Wendy shoots Tiddles a nasty glare)**

**Dick:** Before I knew it, I had to close the market down because he wanted to build a tennis court. I mean, all those jobs – all those people's lives for a stupid tennis court. The Mayor is the bad guy here; I was just thinking about myself and my cat's stomach. Which makes me kind of the bad guy too.

**Wendy:** **(To Tiddles)** Is this true?

**Tiddles:** **(Sincerely)** Every word. You must understand that he's very very sorry and I'm very very hungry. But most of all – **(slowly and desperately)** I'm very hungry.

**Dick:** All I wanted to do was make a bit of money, buy Tiddles some tuna and take you out on a date. We could have made beautiful candles together.

**Wendy:** **(shocked)** Wait – what?

**Dick:** I've been too busy thinking about myself, I didn't realise that money isn't everything and the thing that could make me the happiest man in the world was right in front of me.

**Wendy:** **(Happy)** Oh Richard!

**Dick:** Let me tell you how I really feel –

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**Tiddles:** **(To Dick)** Hang on – you're not going to burst into song are you? **(The music for the song starts)** Oh, you are. I'm off. **(to audience)** I've heard him sing. Not pleasant. **(Tiddles exits with his fingers in his ears)**

**(Song 2.)**

**Dick:** I wish there was a way to fix this. It's a complete *nightmare*. **(Thinks and then gets excited)** Hang on. I've just had an amazing idea!

**Wendy:** You have?

**(Tiddles enters once more, fingers in ears)**

**Tiddles:** **(To audience)** Has that awful racket stopped now? **(awaits audience reaction)**

**Wendy:** Shush you, Richard has had an amazing idea.

**Tiddles:** **(apathetic)** Has he indeed?

**Dick:** Yes. **(excited)** Nightmare!

**Wendy:** Doesn't *sound* like an amazing idea.

**Dick:** The Mayor is going to use the market square during the day for tennis yeah?

**Wendy:** **(tentatively)** Yeah

**Dick:** Well he won't be using it when he's asleep will he?

**Tiddles:** **(To Audience)** He's off on one again.

**Dick:** So he's not *using* the market place at night.

**Wendy:** What are you getting at?

**Dick:** Well, *he's* the Mayor during the day – I could be the Mayor at night! The Night Mayor of London. I could be in charge secretly when he's asleep and open the market at night! We could have our market when he goes to bed! He never has to know.

**Wendy:** Oh, you're a genius! That could totally work! Let's go and see the other traders and spread the word. We're back in business.

**Dick:** Tiddles, we might just get you a fishy surprise before the day is out.

**Tiddles:** **(To audience)** Urgh, when you put it like that, I'm not sure I *want* fed any more. **(Heaves and gags as if he's going to be sick. He stops and reassures the audience.)** Just a hairball.

**Dick:** Come on, let's get things moving. See you later boys and girls.

**(All exit. Tabs close. Lights off.)**

## Scene 4 – The Market

**(Tabs and half-tabs open to reveal the marketplace. Stage lights up enough to make out the actors entering the scene. Jiggles and Wendy enter, both holding one of their scented candles which are lit; using them to light the way to their stall. Jack, Alfie and Mollie follow, each with a lit candle. They make their way to their stalls.)**

**Jack:** (Stage whisper) Ronnie Gill.

**Mollie:** (Stage whisper) Come and get my buttered muffins.

**(Dick enters with his candle. He moves up stage centre and holds the candle in front of his face and addresses the audience.)**

**Dick:** (Stage whisper) This is all going well isn't it? **(awaits audience reaction)** Shh, not so loud, we don't want the Mayor to find out. This is all going well isn't it boys and girls **(awaits quieter audience reaction)** That's better. Now excuse me for a moment while I go and help Wendy with her stall.

**(Dick stands at Wendy's stall with Wendy and Jiggles. The lights rise slightly as the Mayor enters holding a torch. All on stage extinguish their candles. He shines it around the stage, but not towards the market downstage, looking suspicious.)**

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**Mayor:** Hmm, I thought I heard a noise coming from around here. There's been suspicious activity around here for the last few weeks. **(Shines the torch on the audience and recoils with shock)** Argh! Oh, it's just you lot. I thought I'd wandered into an episode of Peppa Pig. **(Awaits possible audience reaction)** Oh, be quiet. Did you lot hear noises coming from the old market place? **(awaits audience reaction)** Are you sure? **(awaits reaction)** Hmm, alright. I believe you.

**(The Mayor exits. The lights dim once more. All on stage ignite their candles again.)**

**Dick:** (stage whisper) Phew, that was close. We'll have to be more careful. No shouting.

**Alfie:** (stage whisper) What?

**Dick:** (louder) I said no shouting

**(The Mayor runs on with his torch. All on stage extinguish their candles. Lights rise slightly.)**

**Mayor:** There it is again! I definitely heard something that time. You heard it didn't you boys and girls? **(Awaits audience reaction)** Oh, yes you did.

**(Audience should respond with ‘Oh no we didn’t’. The Mayor shines his torch around the stage until he finds Dick Whittington grinning back at him.)**

**Mayor:** You?

**Dick:** **(tentatively)** Hello!

**(Snivels enters with a torch. Lights rise further so the audience can see what is happening on stage more clearly)**

**Mayor:** What in the name of Gary Barlow do you think you’re up to?

**Dick:** We’re just having a little bit – of a – market

**Mayor:** And why does it smell of hot cabbage around here?

**Jiggles:** That’ll be our candles. It’s a new fragrance **(holds up her candle)** it’s called *Vegan’s wind*.

**Mayor:** What are you all doing here? This market is closed! **(Notices Snivels)** Tell them Snivels. They can’t be here.

**(Snivels motions to talk but is silenced by Wendy)**

**Wendy:** Richard. Tell him!

**Dick:** What? Oh – yes. Mr Mayor, we’ve decided that because you only need this place during the day for your tennis and what not, we’re going to use it at night for our market and there’s nothing you can do to stop us. **(loses confidence and becomes slightly grovelly)** Sir. Please. Thank you. Sir.

**Mayor:** **(Petulant)** No. You can’t. **(thinking of a reason why)** Because – you just can’t. Isn’t that right Snivels?

**Snivels:** Technically sir, there’s nothing in the rules against them using it out of hours.

**Mayor:** Well, I’ll change the rules. I’ll make it illegal to be outside after dark! Ha! That’ll put an end to your games!

**Dick:** You can’t do that!

**Alfie:** Oh, we’ve gone and made it worse than it already was.

**Dick:** No Alfie. It’s not. **(plucking up courage)** And you know why?

**All:** Why?

**Dick:** Because I won’t stand by while you ruin these good people’s lives!

**Mayor:** **(To Dick’s face, menacing)** So what are you gonna do about it, Dicky boy?

**Dick:** **(Slightly courageous)** Well – firstly, I’m going to run for Mayor of London. Then, when I’m Mayor, I’ll turn this back into a market square and then I’ll start trying to make the people of London happy again.

**Mayor:** What? You can’t do that! Snivels, tell him he can’t do that.  
**Snivels:** Well, technically sir; he can.

**Mayor:** What treason is this?

**Snivels:** You said it yourself sir; your tenure as Mayor should have been up ten years ago but you forgot to hold another election.

**Mayor:** When did I say that?

**Snivels:** Act one, scene two

**Mayor:** **(takes out a copy of the script and flicks through it)** No I didn’t – where – **(finds the page)** – oh yes, so I did.

**Snivels:** So, if someone wants to challenge your Mayorship, they jolly well can.

**Alfie:** You’ve got my vote Dick!

**Mollie:** And mine!

**Jiggles:** I’ll vote for you, no trouble.

**Wendy:** Me too!

**Jack:** **(Shouting)** Ronnie Gill!

**Mayor:** Well, **(false confidence)** I think you’ll find that I have lots of supporters –  
**(Looks over at Snivels who is shaking his head and frowning)**

**Mayor:** – all over London

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**(Snivels continues to shake his head)**

**Mayor:** Well, my wife will definitely vote for me  
**(Snivels shakes his head once more)**

**Mayor:** You’ve got no chance against me. I’ll be Mayor of this city forever.

**Dick:** You will not, sir. You’re a naughty man and all you think about is yourself. I’ve got an election campaign to plan!

**Jiggles:** Dick for Mayor! Dick for Mayor!

**Dick:** Ah, we might need a slightly different campaign slogan and I definitely need to change my name back to Richard!

**Wendy:** Yes, maybe it's for the best.

**Mayor:** You haven't heard the last of this! Come on Snivels.

**(The Mayor walks towards the exit but Snivels doesn't follow. The Mayor looks back at him)**

**Mayor:** So you're one of them lot now are you? A layabout, good-for-nothing, lazy poor person? Fine, I'll do it all on my own and when I win, I'll exile you to *[local town]*, see how you like it there! **(Awaits possible audience reaction)** Oh be quiet you.

**(Mayor exits)**

**All:** **(Cheering)** Richard for Mayor! Richard for Mayor!

**Dick:** **(Doubting)** Can I really do this?

**Jiggles:** Don't worry, we'll help you spread the word and get rid of that nasty Mayor once and for all!

**Wendy:** Come on Richard, we'll get you elected in no time!

**(Wendy leads Dick from the stage and the rest follow. Lights off. Tabs closed.)**

## Scene 5 – Market Place

**(Wendy and Jiggles enter carrying placards reading ‘Vote for Richard’ and ‘Whittington for Mayor’)**

**Wendy:** Ooh, this is exciting isn't it?

**Jiggles:** It certainly is. I've never held a sign in the air before!

**Wendy:** No, I meant about Richard becoming Mayor and getting our market back.

**Jiggles:** Ah yes, that's pretty exciting too I suppose.

**(Richard and Tiddles enter)**

**Wendy:** Hello Richard. Are you ready to hear the results of the election?

**Richard:** I can't wait. The sooner I'm Mayor, the sooner we can all live happily ever after.

**Tiddles:** When is the result announced?

**(Tabs open to reveal a podium with microphone and lectern. The stage is adorned with banners, rosettes and signs related to the election containing the names of Richard and the Mayor, Greedy McGrabbison. Snivels enters holding a golden envelope.)**

**Snivels:** I have the results right here. I'm the returning officer.

**(SFX. A few bars of sinister music play. The Mayor enters.)**

**Mayor:** I don't know what you lot are here for, I'm going to win and then I'm going to throw you all out of London for good! I've got my own theme tune and everything.

**Wendy:** Take no notice Richard, come on, the results are about to be announced.

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**(Snivels stands behind the lectern as Molly, Alfie and Jack enter. Snivels addresses those gathered.)**

**Snivels:** Could Richard Whittington and Greedy McGrabbison please join me up here as the only present contestants in the Mayoral election.

**(Dick and the Mayor join Snivels on stage)**

**Snivels:** The results of the election for the office of Mayor of London and surrounding Boroughs, chips shops and sheep are as follows. **(He opens the envelope and slowly slides the card it contains out, reading from it as he goes.)** Jeff Jefferson, The

ambivalence party, who didn't know whether or not to stand for Mayor nor whether or not to turn up to the results ceremony, **(pauses dramatically)** no votes.

**(All on stage applaud politely)**

**Snivels:** Richard Whittington, The Market Restoration Party, **(pauses dramatically)** six votes.

**Alfie:** What? Outrageous!

**Mollie:** That's not right

**(There is general disconcert on stage until the Mayor halts the dissention)**

**Mayor:** Silence you lot. Here comes the good bit. Carry on Snivels.

**Snivels:** Greedy McGrabbison, the greedy selfish stingy party, four hundred and fifteen thousand, two hundred and six votes.

**Mayor:** Ha ha ha! I told you didn't I? **(To Audience)** No happy ending for you this year! Ha ha ha!

**Alfie:** Outrageous. This can't be! The opinion polls had Richard in the lead all the way up to the election!

**Jack:** There has been a divergent electoral miscarriage of the proletariats administrative standpoint. **(Coughs. Shouts.)** Ronnie Gill!

**Alfie:** It's a fix!

**Mayor:** You can't prove anything. I'm the Mayor, I make the rules now.

**Snivels:** That's true –

**Mayor:** See?

**Snivels:** At least it would be if I hadn't found this box of spoiled ballot papers in your office for which I still have a key!

**(Snivels produces a box from under the lectern, full of ballot papers)**

**Mayor:** What?

**Snivels:** Each one of these papers is a vote for Richard.

**Mayor:** How did you know? **(Pauses)** I mean – no I didn't – or something. **(looks shifty)**

**Snivels:** Well, there are only twenty thousand registered voters so getting four hundred and fifteen thousand votes sounded a little bit suspicious. And, for the crime of fraudulently creating voting slips, all voting for you, you're under arrest.

**Mayor:** You can't arrest me.

**Snivels:** Richard – Mr. Mayor – do you instil in me the power to arrest this greedy fraudster?

**Richard:** (To Wendy) Do I?

(Wendy nods)

**Richard:** Yes

**Mollie:** Three cheers for our new Mayor! Hip Hip!

**All:** (Except Mayor) Hooray.

**Mollie:** Actually, one will do. Take him away!

(Snivels handcuffs the Mayor and leads him from the stage)

**Snivels:** You're going away for a very long time.

**Mayor:** I only wanted people to like me.

**Snivels:** That went well didn't it?

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(Snivels and Mayor exit)

**Richard:** Right, who fancies a great big party to celebrate getting the market back and making London great again?

**All:** We do!

**Richard:** Great. Oh, and one more thing, Wendy.

**Wendy:** Yes Richard?

**Richard:** Will you marry me?

**Wendy:** (Squeaking with excitement) Yes!

(Wendy and Richard hug)

**Jiggles:** Ahh, isn't that nice? Wendy has always loved Dick.

**Alfie:** Right, would you Adam and Eve it? Down to brass tacks me old chinas, let's organise this Hale and Hearty up the frog and toad in the rub-a-dub and no mistake.

**Jiggles:** Do we have to put up with this if we live in London now?

**Wendy:** 'fraid so. He said we're going to have the party up the road.

**Jiggles:** Well why didn't he say so?

**Richard:** Come on everyone, we've got some celebrating to do!

**(All exit and re-enter to rousing end of show song such as 'Everybody' by The Blues Brothers or 'Reach' by S Club 7. Walkdown, bows, lights off, tabs closed.)**

**The End**

**Song 1 – Hey big spender by Shirley Bassey**

**Jiggles:** The minute I walk in the shop  
They can see I am a dame of imprudence  
A real big spender  
Desire, it's a curse  
Say, wouldn't you like to know what's goin' on in my purse?  
So let me get more Nectar Points  
I will spend my dosh on everything I see  
Hey big spender,  
Spend a thousand pounds or three

**Wendy:** Why do you always get done? Done? Done?  
Buying things you don't need, need

**Jiggles:** **(Excited)** 'Cause I always get discounts! **(Waves some coupons in Wendy's face)**  
**(To Wendy)** Should I get you a discount? **(Waves the coupons again)**

**(Wendy shakes her head)**

The minute I walk in the shop  
I can see the things that need my investment  
A real big spender  
Expensive? Never mind  
Say, I'm gonna buy the best of all the things I can find

**Wendy:** So let me make one crucial point,  
You can't buy all this, 'cause you don't make enough  
Hey big spender

**Jiggles:** **(Holds up a pound coin)** Legal tender!

**Wendy:** Hey big spender  
Spend, a little less on stuff

## Song 2 – I'm gonna be (500 miles) by The Proclaimers

**Dick:** (To Wendy) When I wake up, well I know I'm gonna be,  
I'm gonna be the man who makes things up to you  
When I go out, yeah I know I'm gonna buy  
I'm gonna buy something to say sorry to you

**Tiddles:** Yes he's sorry, and you know he's gonna try  
He's gonna try to get the market back for you  
And if he doesn't, well he knows he's gonna try  
He's gonna come up with a better plan for you

**Dick:** But I would walk 500 miles

**Tiddles:** And he would crawl 500 more

**Dick:** Just to be the man who goes a thousand miles  
Then falls down on the floor

**Tiddles:** Though I'm hungry, yes I know he's gonna be  
he's gonna be the man who's getting food for me

**Dick:** (to Tiddles) And when the tuna, comes in when I make things up  
I'll pass almost every fishy on to you

**Dick:** (To Wendy) When you come home

**Tiddles:** (To Wendy) when you come home

**Dick:** Well you know you're gonna have  
You're gonna have no candles left you have to sell

**Dick:** And then you'll be rich,

**Tiddles:** Then you'll be rich

**Dick:** Well you'll pay off all your loans  
And all of London, it will have that candle smell

But I would walk 500 miles

**Tiddles:** And I would eat 500 mice

**Dick:** Just to be the man who walks five hundred miles  
And makes a sacrifice

**Dick:** Da da da da

**Tiddles:** Da da da da

**Dick:** Da da da da

**Tiddles:** Da da da da

**All:** Da da da dun diddle un diddle un diddle uh da da

**Tiddles:** Da da da da

**Wendy:** Da da da da

**Dick:** Da da da da

**Wendy:** Da da da da

**All:** Da da da dun diddle un diddle un diddle uh da da

**Wendy:** If you're sorry, well how could I even stay?  
I cannot be the girl who stays angry at you  
And if you bring back, If you bring back market stalls

It's gonna be the perfect time to forgive you

**Dick:** So I'm sorry  
**Tiddles:** Yes, he's sorry  
**Dick:** Well you know I'm gonna be  
I'm gonna be the man who's sorry through and through

**Wendy:** And when you're sorry  
**Dick:** (Oh so sorry)  
**Wendy:** Yes I know you're gonna be  
You're gonna be the man who sees my point of view  
**Dick:** I'm gonna be the man who sees your point of view

**Dick:** But I would walk 500 miles  
**Tiddles:** And I would have 500 naps  
**Dick:** Just to be the man who walks five hundred miles  
and tries not to collapse

**Tiddles:** Da da da da  
**Wendy:** da da da da  
**Dick:** Da da da da  
**Wendy:** da da da da  
**All:** Da da da dun diddle un diddle un diddle uh da  
**Dick:** Da da da da  
**Tiddles:** da da da da  
**Wendy:** Da da da da  
**Tiddles:** da da da da  
**All:** Da da da dun diddle un diddle un diddle uh da da

**All:** Da da da da  
**ALL:** (**encouraging audience to join in**) da da da  
**All:** Da da da da  
**ALL:** (**Encouraging audience**) da da da  
**All:** Da da da dun diddle un diddle un diddle uh da  
**Dick:** Da da da da  
**Tiddles:** da da da da  
**Wendy:** Da da da  
**Tiddles:** Da da da da  
**All:** Da da da dun diddle un diddle un diddle uh da

And we would walk 500 miles  
And we would walk 500 more  
Just to be the ones who walked a thousand miles  
And made all our feet sore