

DICK leads TOMMY towards the shop.

ALICE: He looks very nice...

SARAH: As nice as any cat, I suppose.

ALICE: I wasn't talking about the cat!

SARAH: Oooh!

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

ALICE: What a brave cat!

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

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

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

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

FITZWARREN: You know very well...

ALICE: Please?

FITZWARREN: There is no way...

ALICE: Pretty please?

FITZWARREN: It could only be for a few days.

DICK: That's a start, sir.

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

DICK: I'm really very grateful, sir!

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

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

CAPTAIN: Aye, Aye, Sir!