

ALI BABA

and the forty thieves

by Nigel Holmes

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ALI BABA and the forty thieves

CAST LIST

Ali Baba - Old enough to have a grown up son. He is a slightly weary man, who has been a wood cutter all his life and feels hard done by.

Barbara Baba - The Dame. Played by a man. The wife of Ali Baba. Bouncy and full of fun. Must be able to interact with the audience.

Hassan Baba - The son of Ali and Barbara Baba. Young and cheeky. Could be played by a young female actor (Principle boy.)

Kassim Baba - Brother of Ali Baba. A similar age, but has done better in life. He leads a good life style as he married a rich widow and has made many shrewd investments. Somewhat greedy.

Eyneeda Baba - Wife of Kassim Baba and a bit snooty. She looks down on Ali and Barbara. Thinking of them as the poor relatives.

Mustapha Pea - Part of the comedy duo. Much of the humour of the pantomime comes through them. Mustapha Pea is slightly more intelligent. Only slightly. They are part of the gang of Forty Thieves.

Mustapha Dribble - The second part of the comedy duo. Just a little dim. Again, part of the Forty Thieves. This pair MUST be able to work well together AND be able to handle the contact with the audience.

Al Racheed - The villain of the panto. He is the leader of the Forty Thieves. Very loud and over the top. Sure of himself. Yet doesn't always get his words right and makes a few up.

Morgiana - The slave girl of Kassim and Eyneeda. She is the love interest for Hassan Baba. Morgiana eventually becomes the heroine of the pantomime.

Spirit of the Sand - The magical spirit. Twirling long ribbons and always spinning on and off. She performs the magic that makes everything fall into place.

Vizier - Police chief or security for the palace. A commanding person who knows he has the power of the palace behind him.

Karmel the Camel - A panto camel (skin) with two people inside.

Cave door voice - **Voice only.** This can be done as a sound effect or live. Needs a soft female voice like in a lift. Perhaps with an echo or mechanical edge.

ACT I SCENE 1: THE BAZAAR IN CAIRO.

Musical Number : Chanted to start with (no words) by the traders, and Villagers etc, until "Comedy Duo" take over.

Suggestion: "The Old Bazaar in Cairo" - See the Joan Savage & Ken Morris version on YouTube for an idea of "Chanting" this in an Egyptian style.

THE SCENE OPENS TO A RIOT OF COLOUR AND MOVEMENT WITH TRADERS AND STALLS SELLING THEIR GOODS. VILLAGERS ARE MINGLING AND A FEW THIEVES ARE VERY OBVIOUSLY STEALING BITS AND PIECES AND BRINGING THEM FORWARD TO BE PLACED IN THE SACK HELD BY THE COMEDY DUO OF MUSTAPHA PEA AND MUSTAPHA DRIBBLE.

AT THE SAME TIME SOME THIEVES ENTER FROM THE BACK OF THE AUDITORIUM AND PRETEND TO STEAL COMEDY THINGS FROM THE AUDIENCE. THEY REACH UNDER CHAIRS AND "STEAL" CHICKENS, BAGS OF MONEY, UMBRELLAS, SNAKES, MICE AND/OR LARGE WOMEN'S JOKE UNDERWEAR. THEY DISPLAY THEM PROUDLY AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY TOWARDS THE STAGE TO DEPOSIT THEM IN THE SACK.

AFTER THE FIRST VERSE IS CHANTED BY EVERYONE, THEY CHANT SOFTLY SO THAT THE COMEDY DUO OF MUSTAPHA PEA AND MUSTAPHA DRIBBLE CAN COME TO THE FRONT TO TAKE OVER THE WORDS. THIS ASSURES THAT THE COMICAL WORDS ARE MORE READILY HEARD.

Musical Number : Mustapha Pea and Mustapha Dribble.

Suggestion: "The Old Bazaar in Cairo" - Clinton Ford & George Chisolm.

AS THEY SING THEY ARE COLLECTING THE STOLEN GOODS. EACH THIEF EXITS AS THEIR ITEM GOES INTO THE SACK.

AT THE END OF THE MUSICAL NUMBER (AFTER A PAUSE FOR APPLAUSE) THE TRADERS AND VILLAGERS EXIT QUIETLY WITH THEIR GOODS DURING THE NEXT FEW LINES OF DIALOGUE AND BUSINESS.

MUSTAPHA PEA PULLS A LARGE LADIES BRA OUT OF THE SACK AND STRETCHES IT OUT IN FRONT OF HIM.

PEA: Look what one of our thieves has stolen.

DRIBBLE: What is it?

PEA: I bet you've never seen one this big before?

DRIBBLE: I'm not sure I've ever seen one at all before. What is it?

PEA: Well let me say that something like this can make a man go cross eyed at a hundred paces.

DRIBBLE: What is it, what is it?

PEA: Well let's just say that someone in the audience is now missing a double cupped sling shot.

DRIBBLE: A sling shot!

PEA: Yes.

DRIBBLE: A double cupped sling shot no less? Wow.

PEA: Most of those brave men out there (POINTS TO AUDIENCE) have at sometime wished they could get their hands on a sling shot of this size.

DRIBBLE: Can we see it in action?

PEA: Why not?

DRIBBLE: What can we put in it?

PEA: What about these? (PULLING SWEETS FROM HIS POCKET) Then if we give it some tension, we might be able to hit someone in the back row.

DRIBBLE: Wow! What an instrument of delight.

PEA: It certainly is. Get ready!

DRIBBLE: Before we do, have you checked with Health and Safety. They might say it's dangerous. You might take someone's eye out.

PEA: I think the original occupant of this could have taken several eyes out. (TO AUDIENCE) Close your eyes, because here comes a big surprise.

DRIBBLE PUTS A SWEET INTO EACH CUP
WHILE PEA HOLDS THE STRETCHED BRA LIKE
A SLINGSHOT AND FIRES THEM INTO THE
AUDIENCE.

DRIBBLE: (SAID AS IF ANNOUNCING ON A TV DARTS SHOW) One hundred and eighty.

THEY PUT THE BRA BACK INTO THE SACK.

PEA: (TO AUDIENCE) Hello and welcome to Cairo.

DRIBBLE: Thank you.

PEA: What for?

DRIBBLE: For welcoming me to Cairo.

PEA: Not you stupid. Them.

DRIBBLE: Oh right! Hello everyone.

(AUDIENCE REACTION)

PEA: No no no. Louder than that. Hello everyone.

(AUDIENCE REACTION)

DRIBBLE: That's better.

PEA: Hey, let's see if they know their part in this panto.

DRIBBLE: Does the audience have a part?

PEA: Yes. A very important part. They respond to stuff we say.

DRIBBLE: They respond to stuff we say? How does that work?

PEA: It's easy. I'll show you.

DRIBBLE: Hang on, hang on. You'll have to tell them what to say?

PEA: It's all right. They already know.

DRIBBLE: Have they read the script?

PEA: No don't worry. Trust me. They'll get it right. Listen. (TO AUDIENCE) What do you think of it so far?

(AUDIENCE REACTION)

DRIBBLE: Oh no it's not.

(AUDIENCE REACTION)

PEA: Oompa, oompa!

(AUDIENCE REACTION)

DRIBBLE: For the younger ones among us, don't worry about that last one. Your Grans and Grandads have been doing this a long time. So look... Do we know any of them?

PEA: Yes, here. (PULLS LIST FROM POCKET)

THIS SECTION COULD BE ADAPTED TO INCORPORATE ANY BIG GROUPS OR CLUBS IN THE AUDIENCE, OR BIRTHDAYS AND CELEBRATIONS ETC ETC.

DRIBBLE: Is there anyone in from (LOCAL REFERENCE TO NEXT TOWN)?

PEA: I told you this lot were more posh than normal.

DRIBBLE: (POINTING TO A MAN NEAR THE FRONT OF THE AUDIENCE AND NUDGING MUSTAPHA PEA) Look!

PEA: What?

DRIBBLE: There.

PEA: Who!

DRIBBLE: Royalty.

PEA: Royalty? Who is it?

DRIBBLE: I think it's the Ex-King of Ruritania.

PEA: It is. You're right. (TALKING DIRECTLY TO THE MAN IN THE AUDIENCE) Welcome your Majesty. It's an honour and a privilege for us to have you here.

DRIBBLE: Look. Next to the Ex-King. The Ex-Queen of Ruritania. She's come with him.

MUSTAPHA PEA AND DRIBBLE BOW DEEPLY IN THE DIRECTION OF THE COUPLE IN THE AUDIENCE.

PEA: Your Majesties, we are indeed honoured by your presence at our little event. Could I humbly ask if you wouldn't mind standing and turning to face the audience for a moment (ENCOURAGING THEM TO STAND) Would you be kind enough give all our patrons a Royal wave. (ENCOURAGING THEM TO WAVE TO THE THEATRE AUDIENCE) Thank you your Majesties. We are but your humble servants.

DRIBBLE: Shouldn't we give them something? You know, the key to (LOCAL TOWN) or something?

PEA: What a good idea. (TO COUPLE IN AUDIENCE) As a token of affection between our two lands, we offer you temporary freedom over the people of the Kingdom of this theatre. This means that everyone will bow when approaching you.

Also you can kiss any subject you find attractive and generally use your Royal powers as you see fit during this performance. It is the least we can do for gracing us with your Royal presence.

DRIBBLE: That was nice. (TO COUPLE) You can sit down on your majestic bums now.

PEA: Okay, who else have we got. Look at all these gorgeous ladies.

DRIBBLE: Have any of you lovely ladies brought your husband?

PEA: Have any of you lovely ladies brought someone else's husband?

DRIBBLE: There's a little girl down here who answered yes to that.

PEA: They grow up fast in (LOCAL TOWN) don't they. So anyway... Welcome to Cairo.

DRIBBLE: Thank you.

PEA: Not you.

DRIBBLE: Oh them. I've just thought. Do you think they can do the booing and hissing stuff?

PEA: I don't know. I guess we could do a rehearsal.

DRIBBLE: What if I pretend to be one of those rubbish acts on "Who Wants to be on X Factor in the Jungle"?

PEA: Okay. We need you to do something that goes wrong so we can boo you. What can you do badly?

DRIBBLE: Act.

PEA: Apart from that.

DRIBBLE: I can do invisible juggling.

PEA: Invisible juggling? I've never seen that.

DRIBBLE: Well you still won't. The balls are invisible.

PEA: Okay, so you do invisible juggling and make a mess of it so we can boo you.

DRIBBLE: (HE REACHES INTO THE SACK AND PRETENDS TO TAKE OUT THREE BALLS) Okay, I have the invisible balls, look.

PEA: (TO AUDIENCE) Get ready to start. When he drops something...

DRIBBLE: Which will be almost instant.

PEA: ... then boo as loud as you can.

DRIBBLE MIMES JUGGLING AND DROP AN INVISIBLE BALL.

(AUDIENCE REACTION)

DRIBBLE: They didn't do anything.

PEA: They did, but we could hardly hear them up here. We'll do it again. Louder this time please.

DRIBBLE: How can I juggle louder?

PEA: No, them, not you. Ready?

DRIBBLE: Nearly, but I can't see the ball I dropped.

PEA: (POINTING.) It's over here, look.

DRIBBLE MIMES PICKING UP THE BALL AND STARTS TO MIME JUGGLING AGAIN. HE DROPS ONE.

(AUDIENCE REACTION)

DRIBBLE: Hey, I wasn't that bad.

PEA: You were. But they were good. Well done everyone.

BOTH MOVE OVER TO ONE SIDE OF THE STAGE AWAY FROM THE ENTRANCE OF AL RACHEED.

DRIBBLE: There were a few of you over this side who weren't joining in.

AL RACHEED STRIDES ON FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE AND SWAGGERS ABOUT.

AL RACHEED: I am here. The great Al Racheed.

PEA: (TO AUDIENCE) That's our master. Al Racheed. The leader of the Forty Thieves. You can boo him if you like.

AL RACHEED: Ahhhh Haa Haa Haaaa! You dare to boo me you little people of (LOCAL TOWN). I am the great Al Racheed. For that, I will have your riches taken away before this day is out. That is if you have any money left after the price of a programme, plus being stung for a raffle ticket, then saving a bit for an ice cream in the interval.

I am the great one. Master of the Forty Thieves and the most dangerboozled man in all of Cairo.

PEA: The most "dangerboozled"? That's not a real word. (NUDGING DRIBBLE) Tell him.

DRIBBLE: You tell him. I've seen his huge dagger. I don't want to be on the wrong end of it.

AL RACHEED: Come here you sniveling excuses for thieves. Show me what you have in the swagbunkle bag.

PEA: The "Swagbunkle bag"?

DRIBBLE: I won't mention it if you don't.

AL RACHEED: Did my thieves do good work in the bazaar today. Did they plunderheist well?

PEA: "Plunderheist"? Did they plunderheist well? I've no idea what he's talking about.

DRIBBLE: I think this script is a direct translation from the original Arabian version.

PEA: Ah!

AL RACHEED: Show me my bounty.

THEY PULL A BOUNTY BAR FROM THE SACK.

AL RACHEED: Fools. Show me the bestiest item you plunderwaddled.

PEA: The "bestiest" item we plunderwaddled Oh! The best item we plundered. I'm getting the hang of this.

THEY PULL A FOOTBALL SHIRT FROM THE SACK. (LOCAL TEAM)

AL RACHEED: Rubbish!

PEA: I'd rather have a tea bag than a (LOCAL FOOTBALL TEAM) shirt.

DRIBBLE: How can a tea bag be better than a (LOCAL FOOTBALL TEAM) shirt?

PEA: A tea bag stays in the cup longer.

AL RACHEED: This is last years shirt? We couldn't even sell that at the (LOCAL PLACE) car boot sale. Call yourself thieves? Anyway which ones are you?

PEA: (THROWING HIS CHEST OUT) I am Mustapha Pea.

DRIBBLE: (THROWING HIS CHEST OUT) And I am Mustapha Dribble.

AL RACHEED: Where are the rest of my Forty Thieves.

PEA: Errr... Over there. (POINTING TO WINGS)

DRIBBLE: (TO PEA.) Forty? But there's only us two.

PEA: Shush!

AL RACHEED: Bring them to me for I have wordwallops to say to them.

DRIBBLE: "Wordwallops"?

PEA: Best not to ask.

MUSTAPHA DRIBBLE EXITS AND QUICKLY RETURNS HAVING PUT ON A VERY OBVIOUSLY DIFFERENT COLOURED HAT/TURBAN.

DRIBBLE: (THROWING HIS CHEST OUT) I am Mustapha Wee.

AL RACHEED: I thought you were Mustapha Pea.

DRIBBLE: No, that's him. He's Pea, I'm Wee.

AL RACHEED: Is that not the same thing? Anyway, you look like Mustapha Dribble.

DRIBBLE: Twins.

AL RACHEED: Twins? I want to see more of my thieves.

MUSTAPHA DRIBBLE EXITS AND INSTANTLY RETURNS HAVING PUT ON YET ANOTHER DIFFERENT HAT, THIS TIME A SLIGHTLY RIDICULOUS ONE WITH BIG FEATHERS.

DRIBBLE: (THROWING HIS CHEST OUT) I am Mustapha Nother.

AL RACHEED: But you look even more like the other one.

DRIBBLE: Triplets.

AL RACHEED: (LOOKING AT MUSTAPHA PEA) And you? Do you have any brothers among my thieves.

PEA: (STAGE WHISPER TO MUSTAPHA DRIBBLE) How many hats do we have?

DRIBBLE: (STAGE WHISPER) Four.

PEA: Yes your honour. I am one of quins. Hey, look over there. (POINTING OFF STAGE AND AL RACHEED LOOKS) There's one coming now.

MUSTAPHA PEA AND DRIBBLE SWAP HATS AS AL RACHEED LOOKS AWAY FOR A MOMENT.

DRIBBLE: (THROWING CHEST OUT) I am Mustapha Rest.

PEA: (THROWING OUT CHEST) And I am Mustapha Double.

AL RACHEED: This is very confusing. Do not play with my mind, for I am Al Racheed, the great one. Master of the Forty Thieves and the most dangerboozled man in all of Cairo. Plus part time bouncer at the toddlers (LOCAL REFERENCE.) play group. (EXITS WITH A FLOURISH) Ahhhh Haa Haa Haaaa!

PEA: Phew! I think we got away with it? Where can we find some more thieves?

DRIBBLE: Thieves? The job centre promised to send us some Members of Parliament.

PEA: Oh well. Moving on with the story. Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls, please put your hands together and welcome on stage the main man himself... Ali Baba.

MUSTAPHA PEA AND DRIBBLE EXIT AS ALI BABA ENTERS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

ALI BABA SEEMS SAD AND DOWNTRODDEN AS HE LOOKS INTO THE AUDIENCE.

ALI BABA: (HE SIGHS AND LOWERS HIS SHOULDERS) Why are you people so happy? Life is not for happiness. Life is hard. I have a wife and a grown up son to support, but I hardly earn any money. I am just a poor wood cutter. I gather wood and split it into kindling, then sell it in the bazaar. I make enough to feed the three of us but there is nothing left for what you call fun.

My Brother Kassim. Ha! Yes, he is rich. He married well. The rich widow Eyneda. Now he has more money than he knows what to do with.

But my own wife is English. She came from a lowly background in (NEXT TOWN) where I am told everyone is poor. She contributed no money to the household, yet it is true to say that she remains jolly though all our hardships. One day we will be rich, I know it. Just yesterday I received a phone call which told me I will be worth a fortune when I am returned all the money I paid out on PPI.

Very soon I will not need to work and I will have enough money to pay off all my debts.

Ah, here comes my wife now. Let me introduce you. (BARBARA BABA MAKES A BOUNCY ENTRANCE) Please meet my lovely wife, Barbara Baba.

AS BARBARA BABA CROSSES THE STAGE SHE GOES TO WHERE THE FICTIONAL EX-KING AND QUEEN ARE IN THE AUDIENCE AND GIVES THEM A VERY ELABORATE CURTSY.

BARBARA BABA: Your Majesties! (TURNING TO ALL AUDIENCE) Hello everyone. How are you all? Lovely. I see you've met my husband Ali. Isn't he a love? I met him while I was on holiday, having a "Shirley Valentine moment". He offered four and a half camels for me. But I said that all it would take was a glass of Pimms and a pork pie.

I hope he hasn't been boring you with his tales of woe. It's not that bad. We can manage.

ALI BABA: (TO AUDIENCE.) Oh no we can't.

AUDIENCE REACTION.

BARBARA BABA: Of course we can Darling. Look at last night's dinner. Fish and chips from (LOCAL FISH SHOP or SUPERMARKET). We had a chip each. And everyone had a lick of the fish.

We're saving the rest for when his rich brother and my pompous sister-in-law come round. I know I shouldn't call her that but... well... she is. Always knowing better and having more than we do. When they come round we get out the best china and even polish the cat. Well, you don't want to let the side down do you?

We do pretty well for food actually. I mean the other day I went to the shop owned by Mustapha Sausage - he's the butcher in the Bazaar - and I bought a sheep's head. Yes a whole sheep's head. It was a good deal and even better when I asked him to leave the eyes in. That was so it would see us through the week.

I also asked for six slices of bacon. They said "lean back?" So I said (LEANING BACKWARDS.) "Six slices of bacon please.

You know, their bacon is so lean back it almost fell over.

ALI BABA: I don't think we can go on eating like this for much longer you know.

BARBARA BABA: It's not a problem my love. Think of it like an enforced diet. Actually most of us girls could do with a little dieting couldn't we ladies? (TO AUDIENCE) I may look perfect from where you're sitting lovies, but in a good light I could do with losing an eighth of an inch off my bum. (TURNS TO SHOW THEM)

ALI BABA: It's time I went and picked up some more twigs before it get's dark

ALI BABA SLOPES OFF.

BARBARA BABA: Shame isn't it girls. Before you get married we think husbands will be like a good cup of coffee. Rich, hot, and keeping you up all night. Yet what we actually get is a man that, if you ask him to plan for the future, he goes out and buys two cases of beer instead of one.

Actually men are like fine wine aren't they? They all start out like juicy grapes. Then it's our job to crush them and keep them long enough to mature into something you want to have at the dinner table.

Anyway... How are you all? You look a lovely lot. Rows and rows of happy well scrubbed little faces staring up at me in anticipation. And do you know, when I look out at you it makes me realise that it's true when they say we will never find intelligent life on other planets. I mean why would life on other planes be any different from here?

But who cares. We may be poor but are we downhearted? (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE REACTION) Well... Yes we are actually. So what I propose is a song to cheer us all up.

Musical number: Barbara Baba.

Suggestion: It's a lovely day today. Irving Berlin.

AS THE SONG ENDS, KASSIM AND HIS WIFE EYNEEDA ENTER, FOLLOWED BY THEIR SLAVE MORGIANA WHO STAND TOWARDS THE BACK.

BARBARA BABA: (STAGE WHISPER TO AUDIENCE) Don't say anything. It's my rich brother-in-law Kassim and his snooty wife Eyneeda. The pretty girl behind is their slave Morgiana.

EYNEEDA: Hello Barbara. You look... er... interesting!

KASSIM: Who were you talking to just then.

BARBARA BABA: Oh, only some poor people who've had their money stolen.

KASSIM: Oh no. How terrible. Not by the Forty Thieves I hope?

BARBARA BABA: No. They bought tickets to this pantomime. Anyway, how are your finances right now my rich little brother-in-law.

KASSIM: Not bad thank you. The gold market is doing well and my investments in (LOCAL SMALL SHOP) are good. How it is with you?

BARBARA BABA: Questionable. Ali's not been selling a lot of wood lately so I'm always a bit short.

EYNEEDA: Can't you wear higher heels?

BARBARA BABA: Oh! That was a joke wasn't it? You are clever.

EYNEEDA: I know. I've always been told that I have a superior brain.

BARBARA BABA: Did you know that you can actually have a brain transplant now?

KASSIM: A brain transplant?

EYNEEDA: That must be really expensive.

BARBARA BABA: Apparently the price depends on the quality of brain you request.

KASSIM: How do they work it out?

BARBARA BABA: Well, it seems that if you want a brain that's been used by a solicitor or lawyer person, that costs £5,000.

KASSIM: That's very good for a legal brain.

BARBARA BABA: The brain that's been used by a doctor or a surgeon would be £10,000.

KASSIM: Quite affordable for a medical brain.

BARBARA BABA: But for £25,000 you could have a brain from someone who has been on our (LOCAL REFERENCE) parish council.

EYNEEDA: £25,000 for a parish council brain? How can that be?

KASSIM: How can a brain from a (LOCAL REFERENCE) parish councilor be worth more than double that of a top surgeon.

BARBARA BABA: That's easy. The brain comes as good as new because it's never been used.

EYNEEDA: (CATTY.) Anyway, my husband is already very clever darling.

BARBARA BABA: So is mine darling.

EYNEEDA: Well I don't know if it's considered clever picking up wood, darling.

BARBARA BABA: Well I don't know if it's considered clever picking your nose, darling.

EYNEEDA: Oh, I do love your dress darling.

BARBARA BABA: Thank you darling. I got it when I was down in the dumps.

EYNEEDA: Isn't it amazing what you can find nowadays down the dump.

KASSIM: Girls, girls! How is that son of yours?

BARBARA BABA: My little Hassan is doing really well. He's just started his own business. He's going to be a second hand camel dealer.

KASSIM: A second hand camel dealer?

EYNEEDA: That job would give me the hump.

BARBARA BABA: Look, here he comes now.

ENTER HASSAN

HASSAN: Hello Mother. Hello everyone. (HE LOOKS ROUND AND SPOTS MORGIANA) Morgiana. You look very lovely today.

MORGIANA LOOKS UNCOMFORTABLE AND BOWS LOW

KASSIM: Leave her alone boy. She's my slave and a nobody.

EYNEEDA: A total nobody.

HASSAN: But Uncle Kassim. I think I love her.

EYNEEDA: How can you love a nobody?

HASSAN: To me she's the most beautiful girl in the world.

BARBARA BABA: How about her behind the till in (LOCAL SHOP). We could arrange that for you.

HASSAN: Mother, I want to marry someone that I love. And I love Morgiana. I don't want you to arrange a wife for me.

BARBARA BABA: I see your point Son. You could end up with someone like... (GLANCES AND NODS TOWARDS EYNEEDA) Anyway, I'm off. I can't spend all day trading insults with you lot. If you love the girl Hassan, then you must try hard to make it work. Sort it out with your Uncle. (EXITS)

HASSAN: Would you release her Uncle Kassim?

EYNEEDA: Don't be silly. She's the best slave we've ever had. There's no chance of us ever letting her go.

KASSIM: Just a moment there my dear wife. Hassan, if you can pay me what she's worth in the slave market then I will sell her to you.

HASSAN: Ha! You know there's no way I can raise that sort of money.

KASSIM: Then there will be no wedding. She will have to remain my slave forever.

HASSAN: Couldn't you give her the gift of freedom. For me. Your nephew.

KASSIM: She's worth too much to me boy. If you want her, you'll have to buy her.

HASSAN: But...

KASSIM AND EYNEEDA EXIT.

HASSAN GOES TO MORGIANA, TAKING HER HAND AND LEADING HER DOWN CENTRE STAGE. SHE LOOKS RELUCTANT AND EMBARRASSED.

HASSAN: Would you marry me Morgiana?

MORGIANA: (LOOKING SHY AND PULLING AWAY GENTLY) It is not possible. We must not think of it.

HASSAN: But if I could free you?

MORGIANA: My master, your Uncle, will never let that happen. He is rich and could buy many new slaves, but you know he won't free me.

HASSAN: He is a miser and a mean man and won't spend money if he doesn't have to. But when I sell enough camels I will also be rich and be able to buy your freedom.

HASSAN SINGS TO MORGIANA

Musical Number: Hassan.

Suggestion: I think I want to marry you. Bruno Mars.

MORGIANA: I must go. My master will be waiting for me. (SHE RUNS AND EXITS)

HASSAN: (TO AUDIENCE) Some day I will marry Morgiana. There will be a way. I will make myself rich and free her from my Uncle.

On a brighter note, has anyone told you? I've just started a second hand camel trading business. That will be the way I'll make my fortune. I've a plan that is so unique that everyone will want my camels.

The secret is Global Warming. Yes. The experts say that gradually the whole of Europe will get so hot that everything will turn to sand. Ah ha! I see what you're thinking. You're thinking that my camels will be just right for this dry and dusty new world. You can see my camels walking over the sand dunes down (LOCAL TOWN) High Street.

But NO! No I say. This is not my plan. I don't believe these experts. Think about it. Since Global Warming started there has been nothing but rain and more rain in (LOCAL TOWN) High Street. Rain, rain, rain!

So my plan is... To teach my camels to swim.

(TO FICTIONAL EX-KING AND QUEEN IN AUDIENCE) What do you think Your Majesties? When your reign is reinstated in Ruritania, you could call on me for some swimming camel's? Cheap! Part exchange! Low finance! You can look me up on Compare-the-Camel dot com.

(TO ALL AUDIENCE) Would you like to meet my best trained swimming camel? (AUDIENCE REACTION) He's name is Karmel.

HASSAN GOES TO THE WINGS AND GRABS A LONG ROPE, WHICH HE, STEP BY STEP, PULLS OUT ACROSS THE STAGE IN AN ATTEMPT TO DRAG THE PANTO CAMEL ON. HE GAINS A FEW FEET EVERY TUG YET SOMETIMES IT GETS PULLED BACK AND HE LOSES GROUND.

HASSAN: Come on boy! (TUG) Come on Karmel! (TUG) Come and see the nice people. (TUG) He's a bit shy. (TUG) Can we all encourage him?

HASSAN:

Help me shout "Come on Karmel" (TUG) Come on
Karmel. (TUG) Come on Karmel. (TUG)

ON THE FINAL TUG A STAGE HAND FALLS ON
TO THE STAGE AND IS REVELED AS THE
PERSON TUGGING THE OTHER END OF THE
ROPE.

AT THE SAME MOMENT THAT THE STAGE HAND
IS REVEALED THE ACTUAL PANTO CAMEL
ENTERS FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE LOOKING
AROUND AS IF NOTHING HAS BEEN
HAPPENING. HE HAS A LARGE BLOW-UP
BATHING RING ROUND HIS NECK. NOTE: FOR
COMEDY VALUE THIS COULD BE A DUCK/FROG
STYLE RING.

THE STAGE HAND GETS UP AND LOOKS
EMBARRASSED EXITING WITH THE ROPE.
HASSAN SEES KARMEL THE CAMEL.

HASSAN:

Ah, there you are. I was just telling everyone
about you. Ladies and Gentlemen, please meet
Karmel the swimming camel.

THE CAMEL NODS AND BOWS, CROSSING HIS
FRONT FEET OVER IN A CURTSY STYLE
MOTION.

HASSAN:

I'm sorry about the smell. Camels are a bit like
that. But you get used to it after a while. At
least the swimming helps keep down the pong. (TO
CAMEL) How are the swimming lessons going?

THE CAMEL SHAKES HIS HEAD AND TREMBLES
HIS LEGS.

HASSAN:

Not good then? (HASSAN REMOVES THE BATHING RING
AND THROWS IT OFF STAGE) He's actually a fantastic
camel. Very fast. Show them your fast pose. (THE
CAMEL CROUCHES AND LOOKS LIKE HE IS ABOUT TO START
A RUNNING RACE) He could be the camel equivalent
of Usain Bolt. I've souped him up by feeding him
high energy drinks with lots of fizz. It does
cause quite a bit of wind, but you should hear his
new exhaust note.

(HASSAN PUSHES THE CAMEL'S NOSE AND THE CAMEL LIFTS
HIS TAIL. THERE IS THE SOUND OF A LONG FART.) It
makes him almost jet propelled.

Shall I tell them about the dancing? (CAMEL NODS)
Yes. I've been teaching him to dance. Do you want
to do the dancing? (THE CAMEL NODS AND ACTS
EXCITED)

What do you think boys and girls? Would you like
to see him do the dancing?

AUDIENCE REACTION AND THE CAMEL NODS.

HASSAN:

He's very new to this so please give him a little
encouragement. Okay let's show them the waltz.

A SHORT SNATCH OF WALTZ MUSIC PLAYS AND
THE CAMEL DOES A WALTZ ON THE SPOT.
(FORWARD AND BACKWARDS)

HASSAN:

What about the Charleston?

A SHORT SNATCH OF CHARLESTON MUSIC
PLAYS AND THE CAMEL DOES A CHARLESTON
BY KICKING HIS LEGS LEFT AND RIGHT.

HASSAN: And finally Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls,
please show your appreciation as Karmel the Camel
does... The River Dance.

RIVER DANCE STYLE MUSIC PLAYS AS THE
CAMEL DOES A RIVER DANCE FOR A FEW
BARS.

THE MUSIC CONTINUES AS HASSAN JOINS IN
AND DANCES WITH THE CAMEL. THEY ARE
THEN JOINED BY TRADERS AND TOWN FOLK
WHO TAG ON EITHER END OF THE LINE, AND
VERY QUICKLY MORE PEOPLE (DEPENDING ON
YOUR CAST - POSSIBLY EVEN THE THIEVES)
JOIN A LINE ACROSS THE STAGE TO FILL IT
WITH RIVER DANCERS.

*Note: If the camel is able to stay in place this is obviously
better, but due to a panto camel costume being very difficult and
unwieldy he may like to walk (or dance) up and down in front of the
line.*

BEFORE THE DANCE ENDS, ALI BABA HAS
ENTERED HIDDEN BEHIND THE DANCERS.

ALLOWING FOR SOME APPLAUSE AFTER THE
DANCE ENDS, ALI BABA BURSTS THROUGH THE
CENTRE OF THE LINE OF DANCERS. HE IS
CARRYING A BAG OF WOOD.

ALI BABA: Stop this now. Stop this madness. Go to your
homes. (EVERYONE STARTS TO EXIT AND ALI BABA WALKS
FORWARD ONTO THE APRON) This is not right. We are
from poor families. We should not be singing and
dancing like this.

THE TABS CLOSE BEHIND HIM LEAVING ALI
BABA ON HIS OWN ON THE APRON.

END SCENE.

SCENE 2: A STREET IN CAIRO.

PLAYED ON THE APRON IN FRONT OF THE
TABS.

ALI BABA ENTERS THROUGH THE CLOSING
TABS CARRYING A BAG OF WOOD.

ALI BABA: What do they think they're playing at? This is not
a time to enjoy ourselves. We must work hard to
earn money to feed our families. (HE STARTS TO
DRIFT TO ONE SIDE OF THE STAGE)

My son Hassan seems to think that his second hand
camel scheme will be enough, but I fear that he is
mistaken. Look at me. I have been collecting wood
all morning and this will only raise enough money
to feed us today. That is after I have sorted it.
(HE SITS ON THE FLOOR OR A BOX AND SORTS HIS WOOD)

DURING THE LAST MOMENTS OF ALI'S LINES
THE SPIRIT OF THE SAND HAS ENTERED
UNSEEN AND UNLIT ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE.

THERE IS A SWOOSH NOISE AND A FLASH.
A YELLOW (SAND) SPOTLIGHT COMES UP TO
REVEAL THE SPIRIT AS SHE SPINS INTO
VIEW TWIRLING RIBBONS.

SPIRIT OF SAND: (TO AUDIENCE)
I am the Spirit of the Sand,
I whirl and spin through this dry land.
My job is simple as can be,
to guide and save good souls, you see.
Yet once each year, an extra deed -
is mine to help someone in need.
I grant them riches in extreme,
yet not to answer some wild dream.
They must not know they are the one,
and I'm allowed to have some fun.

(BREAKING OUT OF RHYME AND GETTING PERSONAL WITH
THE AUDIENCE.)

Are you with me on this? Which bit didn't you
understand? It's easy really. I mean I do good
stuff every day. I'm a bit like a Wonder Woman of
the Desert. Plucking people out of sand drifts and
sand storms and stuff like that. Although you
don't want to know where all that sand gets.
(ITCHING HER COSTUME A BIT) As long as you get the
drift of why I'm here and you can see where we're
heading then that's good.

Basically once a year I get to point one lucky soul
to where they can find riches. Better than the
lottery. Magic riches. Hey, do any of you want a
bit of magic riches? (AUDIENCE REACTION) No
chance. You've got to be someone living in the
desert and broke. You lot live in (LOCAL TOWN) and
there isn't much desert round here is there?
Anyway you must already be rich as you paid to come
in here didn't you? Right where were we? Oh yes,
the rhyme.

(BACK INTO RHYME AND SPOTTING ALI BABA)
Oh look, a man who sells his wood,
let's see if I can do him good.
I'll choose him as my task this year,
and help him when the clues are near
Cash will be his, but he must think,

it was his own mind made the link.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SAND SPINS AND WHIRLS
HER RIBBONS IN ALI'S DIRECTION AS SHE
EXITS. HER LIGHT GOES OUT.

ALI BABA:

Wow! What was that? A strong wind. We get that a lot in the desert. (WHILE COLLECTING HIS THINGS) That might be the start of a storm. No one should be on their own in a sand storm. (HE STARTS TO MAKE HIS WAY TO THE CENTRE OF THE APRON) I wonder where that son of mine's got to? He was supposed to be helping me with the wood today.

ALI BABA WALKS THROUGH THE OPENING TABS
AND INTO THE NEXT SCENE.

OPEN TABS.

END SCENE.

SCENE 3: THE BAZAAR IN CAIRO.

ALI BABA WALKS FROM THE APRON THROUGH THE OPENING TABS INTO THE SCENE. HE IS GREETED BY THE GRAND VIZIER.

VIZIER: Have you seen any sinister looking people come this way?

ALI BABA: Sinister? I don't think so.

VIZIER: You appeared to be looking for someone.

ALI BABA: Yes, my son Hassan. Have you seen him?

VIZIER: I have far more important things to worry about than your son.

ALI BABA: I just thought you might be looking for him.

VIZIER: Is he a thief?

ALI BABA: No! He most certainly is not.

VIZIER: Then I will not have been looking for him.

ALI BABA: I'll have you know that my son Hassan is an honest and upright citizen and currently starting out as a second hand camel trader.

VIZIER: A camel trader? Then he might be of some use to me. I am the Grand Vizier of all Cairo. My policemen are everywhere. Have you seen them?

ALI BABA: No.

VIZIER: That is because they are in disguise. They could be watching us now.

ALI BABA: Are they?

STANDING ON THE SPOT THEY BOTH SWIVEL THEIR HEADS IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS, SWIVELING BACK TO EACH OTHER AND JUMPING AS THEIR EYES MEET AGAIN.

VIZIER: No, it's their day off.

ALI BABA: I see. So what are you looking for?

VIZIER: Today the palace lost an important consignment of silks, gold, and expensive treasures that were coming in by camel train. The gang known as the Forty Thieves are thought to be the culprits. They intercepted and stole the camel train in the middle of the desert.

ALI BABA: But why would my son be any use to you for that?

VIZIER: You say he is a camel trader?

ALI BABA: A very fine one.

VIZIER: Then he might be offered the stolen camels.

ALI BABA: But what of the gold and treasure? That will no longer be with the camels.

VIZIER: We suspect that will have been taken to the secret hide-out of the Forty Thieves.

We know they have a secret cave where they stash all their stolen treasure, but we have never been able to find it.

ALI BABA: My son won't have any idea where that is.

VIZIER: Maybe not, but if they trade the stolen camels with him, they may let slip where the hidden cave is. There's a reward.

ALI BABA: A reward?

VIZIER: Yes.

ALI BABA: What kind of a reward?

VIZIER: The palace has decreed that anyone giving information to the location of the secret cave of the Forty Thieves will be entitled to a huge bag of gold.

ALI BABA: Just a huge bag? Not the super dooper whopper dopper bag?

VIZIER: No. Not the super dooper whopper dopper bag.

ALI BABA: Why not the super dooper whopper dopper bag?

VIZIER: Because you just made that up.

Anyway, the reward is for a "huge" bag of gold, just for telling us where to find the cave of the Forty Thieves.

ALI BABA: I'll have a word with Hassan to see what he knows. Come with me and we'll see if we can find him.

ALI BABA AND THE VIZIER EXIT AS IF IN DEEP CONFERENCE WITH EACH OTHER (ABOUT WHOPPER DOPPER BAGS).

MUSTAPHA PEA AND MUSTAPHA DRIBBLE ENTER FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

PEA: Did you here that?

DRIBBLE: Yes.

PEA: A reward.

DRIBBLE: Yes.

PEA: For the location of our hide-out. A huge bag of gold.

DRIBBLE: We could claim that.

PEA: Don't be silly. We're the bad guys.

DRIBBLE: Yes, but we know exactly where the hide-out is.

PEA: Of course we do. It's OUR hide-out.

DRIBBLE: Couldn't we stop being the bad guys and be the good guys for a little while? Then we could collect the huge bag of gold.

PEA: And what would we do with the huge bag of gold?

DRIBBLE: Hide it.

PEA: Where?

DRIBBLE: We'd need a hide-out. Ah! I see your point. Perhaps we should just spend it. (POINTING TO AUDIENCE) Everyone here could come and spend it with us. We could go to the (LOCAL REFERENCE TO A POSH HOTEL) and have a big party. You'd like that wouldn't you? (AUDIENCE REACTION) Wine, women and song.

PEA: You can't say that.

DRIBBLE: What?

PEA: Wine, women and song. You can't say "women" like that. It's sexist.

DRIBBLE: Okay then. Wine, MEN and song.

PEA: You can't say that either.

DRIBBLE: But the ladies would love that. Wine, MEN and song. We could book the Chipendales. You'd like that wouldn't you? (AUDIENCE REACTION)

PEA: Oh no you wouldn't.

AUDIENCE REACTION.

DRIBBLE: Oh yes they would.

PEA: They wouldn't.

AUDIENCE REACTION.

DRIBBLE: They would.

PEA: Actually I had an audition for the Chipendales.

DRIBBLE: Did you get in?

PEA: No. They said I didn't have a long enough chip.

Anyway... We'd never be able to keep all that gold.

DRIBBLE: Why not?

PEA: It would affect our insides.

DRIBBLE: How would gold affect our insides?

PEA: Al Racheed would reach in our mouths. Get our insides, and drag them outside.

DRIBBLE: You're probably right.

PEA: Certainly if Al Racheed heard that we'd given away the location of the magic cave then he'd take our insides and put them on our outsides. He then get us to go on "I'm a celebrity" and make us do the eating challenge.

DRIBBLE: Like eating our own insides which would be on the outside.

PEA: Then our insides would be back inside us again.

DRIBBLE: But not in a nice way.

PEA: Oh well. I 'spose we'll have to stay being the bad guys.

Musical Number: Mustapha Pea and Mustapha Dribble.

Suggestion: Bad Guys. From Bugsy Malone.

AS THE SONG FINISHES AND THEY ARE
TAKING THEIR BOW (OR GETTING APPLAUSE)
AL RACHEED ENTERS AND COMES BEHIND AND
BETWEEN THEM. HE PUTS HIS ARMS AROUND
THEIR SHOULDERS IN A FATHERLY WAY,
WALKING THEM FORWARD ONTO THE APRON.

AL RACHEED: Hello boys. Is there something you should be
telling me.

THE GROUP OF THREE WALK THROUGH THE
CLOSING TABS.

END SCENE.

SCENE 4: THE OASIS.

AL RACHEED AND THE COMEDY DUE WALK THROUGH THE CLOSING TABS ONTO THE APRON.

PEA: We were just about to tell you.

DRIBBLE: Because we like our insides inside.

PEA: The palace is offering a reward for any information about where our hide-out is.

DRIBBLE: A huge bag of gold.

AL RACHEED: No one will dare tell where the hide-out is. Ha! I laugh in their face. (SINISTER LAUGH) Ahhhh Haa Haa Haaaa!

PEA: Ha ha ha ha ha ha.

DRIBBLE: Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.

BOTH CONTINUE TO LAUGH BUT PEA SUDDENLY STOPS, LEAVING DRIBBLE TO LAUGH A LITTLE LONGER ON HIS OWN. HE SUDDENLY REALISES HE IS THE ONLY ONE LAUGHING AND STOPS. HE LOOKS AROUND IN EMBARRASSMENT, FINALLY LOOKING DIRECTLY AT AL RACHEED.

AL RACHEED: What are you laughing at?

DRIBBLE: He was... We were... I was... Nothing!

AL RACHEED: This is not a laughoozling matter.

PEA: Laughoozling? Oh laughing!

AL RACHEED: No one will find the magic cave. It is protected by a truly ingenious password.

DRIBBLE: (POINTING TO MUSTAPHA PEA) I know his computer password.

PEA: You don't.

DRIBBLE: I do. I've looked over your shoulder as you've typed it into Facebook.

PEA: Tell me then.

DRIBBLE: What? You want all these people to know?

PEA: If you think you know it.

DRIBBLE: Okay then. I've watched it on the screen as you've typed it. It's five stars.

AL RACHEED: Enough of this. Go and busy yourself in Cairo and see if anyone is giving us away. Silence anyone who knows our secret. Meet me back at the magic cave and we will fill it with the treasure from that camel train.

MUSTAPHA PEA AND DRIBBLE EXIT WHILE MUTTERING UNDER THEIR BREATH ABOUT FIVE STARS.

AL RACHEED STANDS TO ONE SIDE OF THE APRON AND MAKES GRAND SWEEPING GESTURES.

AL RACHEED: Ahhhh Haa Haa Haaaa! You little people of Cairo.

Ahhhh Haa Haa Haaaa! You even smaller people of (LOCAL TOWN). Let it be known that I, Al Racheed, am the only person who knows the secret of the magic cave and only I, Al Racheed, can open the door. I will never reveal it to such puny and ugly people as you. Ahhhh Haa Haa Haaaa!

AL RACHEED SWEEPS OFF IN A GRAND GESTURE AND THE SPIRIT OF THE SAND APPEARS ON THE OTHER SIDE.

THERE IS A SWOOSH NOISE AND A FLASH. A YELLOW (SAND) SPOTLIGHT COMES UP TO REVEAL THE SPIRIT AS SHE SPINS INTO VIEW TWIRLING RIBBONS.

SPIRIT OF SAND: (TO AUDIENCE)
While Al Racheed goes to his cave,
I know a way, some time to save.
With magic I'll leap-frog my man
ahead, so he can start the plan.
He'll be here any second, look!
It's going right, just by the book.

ALI BABA ENTERS COLLECTING WOOD.

SPIRIT OF SAND: Here's Ali Baba picking wood.
I'll move him on to somewhere good.
Let's place him near the cave and see,
if he can find a way to be,
the one to hear the magic word,
then make the most of what he's heard.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SAND EXITS AT THE SAME TIME SPINNING HER RIBBONS ROUND ALI BABA. HE WALKS THROUGH THE TABS (SPINNING SLIGHTLY) AS THEY START TO OPEN FOR THE NEXT SCENE.

OPEN TABS.

END SCENE.

SCENE 5: OUTSIDE THE MAGIC CAVE.

A DESERT SCENE WITH LARGE ROCKS TO ONE SIDE. THERE IS A HIDDEN SECRET DOOR (WORKING) IN THE ROCKS WHICH IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE MAGIC CAVE.

ALI BABA HAS SPUN ROUND A FEW TIMES AND LOOKS DAZED AS HE ENTERS THE SCENE THROUGH THE OPENING TABS.

ALI BABA: Wooow! I'm slightly dizzy. I must have stood up a little too quickly. I guess it comes with all the bending I have to do. (LOOKING ROUND) Actually this seems to be a good area for wood but I don't think I've been here before. I must remember this spot.

IN THE DISTANCE WE HEAR THE SOUND OF HORSES GETTING CLOSER.

ALI BABA: (LOOKING INTO DISTANCE) Horses! A whole gang of men on horses. They don't look like the sort of people you would wish to meet down (LOCAL PUB) on a Friday night. They look like bandits. It might be better if I just hide for a while until they go past.

ALI BABA GO TO THE WINGS OR TO THE FRONT OF THE PROSCENIUM ARCH ON THE APRON AND "HIDES". ALTHOUGH HE IS IN PLAIN SIGHT OF THE AUDIENCE.

THE SOUND OF HORSES GET CLOSE AND STOP, THEN THE STAGE FILLS WITH THE FORTY THIEVES (OR AS MANY AS POSSIBLE). AL RACHEED ENTERS AND COMES TO THE FRONT. THE MEN STAND AWAY FROM THE CAVE ENTRANCE AND LET AL RACHEED APPROACH IT. MUSTAPHA PEA AND DRIBBLE ARE PART OF THE GROUP.

AL RACHEED: Well done my thieves. Another successful raid. More gold and more treasure for us.

THE THIEVES CHEER.

AL RACHEED: Now as always you all must turn away and place your fingers in your ears so you don't hear the magic words to open the cave. Anyone who hears them will have their tongue cut out so they cannot speak it to others.

THE THIEVES TURN AWAY AND PUT THEIR FINGERS IN THEIR EARS.

AL RACHEED: That's better. Right... (HE TURNS TO AUDIENCE) And you lot. I don't want you hearing this. Put your fingers in your ears, and no lip-read-syncing. If you should even think about listening then you won't be licking ice creams during the interval. (HE STICKS HIS TONGUE OUT AND MAKES A CUTTING ACTION ACROSS IT) Have you done it? (AUDIENCE REACTION) Can you still hear me? I said can you still hear me? (AUDIENCE REACTION) Who said "yes"? (POINTING TO SOMEONE IN THE AUDIENCE) Stick your tongue out and keep it out until I can get down there.

(HE TURNS TO THE CAVE ENTRANCE MAKING A GRAND GESTURE) Open Sesame!

THE CAVE ENTRANCE ROLLS OPEN WITH A FUTURISTIC SOUND EFFECT SWOOSH LIKE A SPACE STYLE DOOR (WITH PERHAPS A FEW FLASHING LIGHTS) AND THERE IS A SOFT "LIFT" STYLE MECHANICAL VOICE.

CAVE DOOR VOICE: Welcome to the magic cave. We hope you enjoy your visit.

AL RACHEED: I must get that changed into something a bit more menacing. Okay, you can all take your fingers out of your ears.

THE ROBBERS DON'T MOVE AS THEY CAN'T HEAR HIM. HE NUDGES AND KICKS A FEW OF THEM.

AL RACHEED: Oi! I said you can all take your fingers... Oh what's the point? Go and get the treasure and stack it in the cave.

THE ROBBERS EXIT AND RETURN WITH BAGS AND BUNDLES OF TREASURE. IT IS UNLIKELY THAT YOU WILL HAVE FORTY THIEVES IN YOUR CAST SO THE THIEVES SHOULD FORM A LINE ACROSS THE STAGE THAT GOES FROM THE WINGS INTO THE CAVE AND OFF STAGE AGAIN SO THEY CAN RE-JOIN THE LINE. (GOING ROUND IN A CIRCLE). AL RACHEED STANDS AND WATCHES THEM ALL GO IN.

Musical Number: Instrumental while the action takes place.

Suggestion: Yakerty Sax (The Benny Hill Theme) by Boots Randolph.

EVERY TIME A THIEF RE-JOINS THE LINE HE SHOULD HAVE SWAPPED HIS HAT OR TURBAN, AND ALSO HIS BUNDLE OF TREASURE. THIS SHOULD MEAN AN EVER CHANGING LINE OF THIEVES.

GRADUALLY THE HATS AND TREASURE CAN GET MORE AND MORE RIDICULOUS AND IT SHOULD ALL BE VERY OBVIOUS TO THE AUDIENCE WHAT IS HAPPENING. YOU MAY LIKE TO INTRODUCE A FEW SILLY OUT OF PLACE CHARACTER INTO THE LINE TO ADD A LITTLE FUN. E.G.: SPIDERMAN, SUPERMAN, A PIRATE, A SNOWMAN, FATHER CHRISTMAS ETC.

WHEN ABOUT FORTY THIEVES HAVE ENTERED THE CAVE THE LINE COMES TO AN END. AL RACHEED BECKONS THEM OUT AND THE LINE REVERSES, BUT THIS TIME WITHOUT THE TREASURES. THE OUT OF PLACE CHARACTERS CAN BE DIFFERENT FROM THOSE GOING IN. IF YOU HAVE A LOCAL PUBLICAN OR BAR MAID, OR A LOCAL SHOP OWNER OR A VICAR WHO MAY BE KNOWN TO THE AUDIENCE, ADD THEM INTO THE LINE.

AL RACHEED: Away my men. (THE LAST OF THE THIEVES EXITS) Go rob some more treasure. Now to close the cave. (TURNING TO AUDIENCE) Come on, fingers in ears again. I won't carry on until you've done it. Can you still hear me? (PROBABLE AUDIENCE REACTION) I'll pretend I didn't hear that. (TURNS TO CAVE) Close Sesame!

THE CAVE ENTRANCE ROLLS CLOSED WITH THE SAME FUTURISTIC SOUND EFFECT SWOOSH.

CAVE DOOR VOICE: Thank you for visiting the magic cave. We hope you have enjoyed your visit. Please come again.

AL RACHEED: Ahhhh Haa Haa Haaaa! (EXITS WITH A FLOURISH)

ALI BABA IMMEDIATELY COMES OUT FROM HIS HIDING PLACE AND GOES TOWARDS THE CAVE.

ALI BABA: This is it. The hide-out of the Forty Thieves. I have seen it with my own eyes. Full of gold and treasure. Once I report this to the palace the huge bag of gold will be mine. But wait. Someone is coming. I must hide.

ALI BABA RUNS TOWARDS HIS ORIGINAL HIDING PLACE BUT THIS TIME EXITS FULLY OFF STAGE.

THERE IS THE SOUND OF HORSES HOOVES, BUT MADE BY COCONUT SHELLS.

MUSTAPHA PEE ENTERS ON HIS OWN, BUT THE HORSE HOOVES SOUNDS CONTINUE.

DRIBBLE: (OFF) Whoa Horsee! (THE COCONUT HOOVES SOUND LIKE THE HORSE IS COMING TO A STOP) There's a good Horsee!

PEA: Get in here.

DRIBBLE: (OFF) I'm just tying my horse up. (ENTERS WITH BACK TO AUDIENCE)

PEA: You don't have a horse.

DRIBBLE: (TURNING TO FRONT AND REVEALING HE IS HOLDING A COUPLE OF COCONUT SHELLS) They didn't know that. (HE MAKES A COUPLE OF EXTRA HORSE CLOPS)

PEA: Put them down and come over here.

DRIBBLE: Why have we come back?

PEA: We can get all the gold and treasure from the cave now. It means we will be rich. All on our own.

DRIBBLE: But it's locked. We can't get in.

PEA: Don't you see? We know the secret?

DRIBBLE: Do we?

PEA: Yes we do. We know how to open the cave.

DRIBBLE: We don't. We all had our fingers in our ears.

PEA: Not everybody did.

DRIBBLE: You didn't listen did you? You know what that means. (HE STICKS TONGUE OUT AND MAKES CUTTING MOTION ACROSS IT.)

PEA: No. Not me. I didn't listen. But I bet they did. (POINTING TO AUDIENCE)

DRIBBLE: Oh no they didn't.

PEA: (ENCOURAGING AUDIENCE REACTION) Oh yes they did.

DRIBBLE: That's it. (MAKES CUTTING TONGUE MOTION TO AUDIENCE) Every one of you.

PEA: I bet they know the secret password. Let's see. Can you help us please. On the count of three, give us the password. One, two, three.

AUDIENCE REACTION.

THE CAVE DOOR OPENS WITH THE USUAL ASSOCIATED NOISE.

MUSTAPHA DRIBBLE LOOKS AT AUDIENCE AND MAKES THE TONGUE CUTTING ACTION AT THEM AGAIN.

CAVE DOOR VOICE: Welcome to the magic cave. We hope you enjoy your visit. Please say the closing password before the mummy escapes.

PEA: What? A mummy? What mummy?

DRIBBLE: I don't like the sound of this. (PANICKING AND RUNNING BACK AND FORTH) A mummy. A mummy's escaping? A mummy? (HE PUTS HIS THUMB IN HIS MOUTH) I want my mummy.

PEA: Don't be ridiculous. If we close the cave it can't get us. These people will know the closing password. (TO AUDIENCE) Please will you help us? Say the closing password after three. One, two, three.

AUDIENCE REACTION

JUST BEFORE THE CAVE DOOR STARTS TO CLOSE, THE MUMMY JUMPS OUT OF THE CAVE AND WAITS FOR THE CAVE TO CLOSE.

THE CAVE MAKES THE NORMAL NOISES.

CAVE DOOR VOICE: Thank you for visiting the magic cave. Please return the mummy when you have finished with it.

DRIBBLE: (PANICKING) There's a mummy. I told you there was a mummy. There's a mummy.

PEA: There is NO mummy. Can you see a mummy. (TO AUDIENCE) Can anyone see a mummy?

AUDIENCE REACTION

DRIBBLE: They can. They can. It's behind us. I can't look, I can't look.

PEA: (TO AUDIENCE) Where is this mummy then? I don't believe you.

DRIBBLE: It's behind us. I can't look, I can't look. You look.

PEA: Let's look together.

THEY LINK ARMS AND TURN IN A WIDE CIRCLE AND THE MUMMY TURNS IN THE SAME CIRCLE WITH THEM STAYING BEHIND THEM AT ALL TIMES. THEY RETURN TO THE FRONT.

DRIBBLE: You were right. There isn't a mummy there.

PEA: (TO AUDIENCE) Why did you tell us there was a mummy behind us? We've looked, and there isn't. (AUDIENCE REACTION) I'll look again.

DRIBBLE: I'll stay here and keep guard.

PEA: Keep guard of what?

DRIBBLE: Okay. I'll just stay here until you come back.

MUSTAPHA PEA TURNS SLOWLY TO LOOK AND FINDS THAT THE MUMMY IS STANDING BEHIND HIM. THE MUMMY STARTS TO COME TOWARDS HIM AND HE JUMPS AND EXITS AT A RUN.

DRIBBLE: Is it there? Mustapha Pea, can you see it? Is it a big one. I don't feel safe. Hold my hand.

THE MUMMY COMES BESIDE HIM AND HOLDS HIS HAND.

DRIBBLE: That's better. I feel safe now. (TO AUDIENCE) See, there wasn't a mummy.

MUSTAPHA DRIBBLE LOOKS SIDWAYS AT THE MUMMY THEN BACK TO THE AUDIENCE. HE THEN REACHES ACROSS WHILE STILL LOOKING FORWARD TO FEEL WHAT IS BESIDE HIM. HIS FACE REGISTERS HORROR AS HE REALISES THERE REALLY IS A MUMMY BESIDE HIM. HE RUNS AWAY AND DOES A COUPLE OF CIRCUITS OF THE STAGE WITH THE MUMMY FOLLOWING HIM AND FINALLY THEY BOTH EXIT PASSING ALI BABA AS HE ENTERS.

ALI BABA LOOKS AT THEM AS THEY LEAVE THE STAGE AND HE SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS.

ALI BABA: Whatever next? Now I know the magic words that opens the cave, let's see if it works for me. (HE TURNS TO THE CAVE) Open Sesame!

THE CAVE OPENS WITH THE ASSOCIATED SOUND EFFECTS.

CAVE DOOR VOICE: Welcome to the magic cave. We hope you enjoy your visit.

ALI BABA RUSHES INTO THE CAVE AND RETURNS VERY QUICKLY WITH TWO SMALL BAGS OF GOLD.

ALI BABA: This is it. No more selling wood. There are more riches in there than anyone could ever want.

ALI BABA RETURNS TO THE CAVE AND GOES RIGHT IN. WHILE AT THE SAME TIME THE SPIRIT OF THE SAND ENTERS SPINNING.

SPIRIT OF SAND: My plan was just to sow the seed.
This is not right, we now have GREED.
No good will come of this today.
Riches un-earned are not the way.
There is a moral to be learned.
Should gold be taken, or be earned?
Our panto now will have a pause,
so think hard, while you give applause.

THE SPIRIT EXITS WHILE ALI BABA COMES
BACK OUT OF THE CAVE CARRYING TWO LARGE
BAGS MARKED "GOLD". HE GOES RIGHT TO
THE EDGE OF THE STAGE AND HOLDS THE
BAGS ALOFT SHOWING THE AUDIENCE.

ALI BABA: (SHOUTING INTO THE AUDIENCE) I'm rich. I am rich.
THIS - GOLD - IS - MINE!.

ALI BABA REVERSES BACKWARDS ONTO THE
STAGE AND THE TABS OR CURTAINS CLOSE IN
FRONT OF HIM.

CURTAIN.

END SCENE.

END ACT I.

INTERVAL.

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