



# Ali Baba

by Colin Barrow

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## **Characters:**

<b>Ali Baba:</b>	Principal Boy (F). He is a poor woodcutter and the hero of the show.
<b>Princess Goldengates:</b>	Principal Girl (F). She is the traditional pantomime principal girl who of course ends up with the principal boy.
<b>Spirit of the Cave:</b>	Goody immortal (M or F) spirit who is a slave of Mustapha and controls the magic of the cave.
<b>Grand Vizier/ Mustapha Cuppa:</b>	Baddie (M) – the Captain of the Faulty Thieves who is in disguise as the Sultan's Grand Vizier.
<b>Barbara Baba:</b>	Dame (M) – She is Ali's sister in law, a real battleaxe who, together with Kassim runs 'Oasis' Bagdad's department store.
<b>Kasim Baba:</b>	Ali Baba's older brother (M) – he is rich and arrogant and married to Barbara
<b>Sayyidah Beef:</b>	(F) Comedy trio - In charge of the deli at the store.
<b>Sayyidah Seams:</b>	(F) Comedy trio - In charge of the tailoring department at the store.
<b>Walter Wall:</b>	(M) Comedy trio - In charge of the carpet department at the store. A part for an older man.
<b>One &amp; Two:</b>	Comedy Double Act (M), Two is the idiot, One is the straight man but both are stupid.
<b>Chantelle:</b>	(F) Audience participation character. She is a not very successful camel dealer.
<b>Vesta Box:</b>	(F) The Matchmaker
<b>The Fakir:</b>	(M) He is the town beggar, snake charmer and peddler
<b>Treacle the Camel:</b>	The Camel
<b>Bailiff:</b>	(M or F) Small part in Act 2
<b>Porters:</b>	(M or F) Small parts in Act 2
<b>Townfolk, Shopassistants, Market Traders, etc.</b>	

6 Female, 6 Male, One of either (Genie), plus 2 in camel.

### **Synopsis of Scenes:**

ACT 1:  
Scene 1: The bazaar  
Scene 2: The Pro-logue  
Scene 3: Outside the Cave  
Scene 4: Kassim's House  
Scene 5: Outside the Cave  
Scene 6: The Cave  
Scene 7: Outside the Cave  
Scene 8: The Department Store

ACT 2:  
Scene 1: Ali's house  
Scene 2: On the way to the cave  
Scene 3: The Palace  
Scene 4: On the way to the cave  
Scene 5: The Bazaar  
Scene 6: Outside the Cave  
Scene 7: The Cave of Wonder  
Scene 8: The Department store  
Scene 9: The Palace  
Scene 10: Community Song  
Finale/ Walkdown

### **Musical Numbers:**

ACT 1:  
1. Never Fully Dressed Without a Smile – Opening Chorus  
2. It's a Fine Life – Ali & Chantelle Duet  
3. It's Wonderful – Ali Solo  
4. That's What Friends Are For – Walter, Seams, Beef & Princess  
5. Let's Do It (Victoria Wood) – Comedy duet Barbara and Kassim  
6. Me and My Shadow – One and Two  
7. You Can Always Count on Me – Chantelle Solo  
8. Nine to Five – Chorus end of Act 1

ACT 2  
9. Matchmaker – Ali and Chorus  
10. Our Love is Here to Stay – Ali and Princess  
11. Vizier (Gaston – Beauty and the Beast) - Double act, Vizier and Treacle  
12. Put on a happy face – Walter, Seams, Beef & Chorus  
13. Under my skin – Princess Solo  
14. Sisters – Barbara and Kassim  
15. Prince Ali – Chorus  
16. Songsheet  
17. Walkdown

## ACT 1

### Scene 1: The Bazaar

*The scene is a bazaar, people are shopping, and generally having a good time. The Fakir, a snake charmer, is playing his flute in front of a large basket. Traders enter they are carrying various materials, silks and saris.*

Merchant 1: Silks, finest silks from the east.

Merchant 2: Made to measure suits, saris and skirts!

### SONG 1: Opening chorus number. Never fully dressed without a smile.

*Ali enters carrying a basket of logs around his neck. A sign on the basket says 'Ali Baba's Log Supplies, branches everywhere'. He also carries two suitcases.*

Ali: Logs! Get your logs here. Freshly chopped logs.

Woman 1: How fresh are they?

Ali: *(Putting down the suitcases and holding up a small log)* I only planted this one yesterday.

Woman 2: I'll take three logs.

Ali: That'll be three dinars please.

Woman 2: That's expensive!

Ali: They don't grow on trees you know.

*Woman pays and walks back into the crowd.*

Ali: Come on, get your logs. *(Notices the audience)* Oh hello! Fancy you lot being here. There was nobody in at all last night. Would you like to buy a log? No? Oh I should introduce myself, my name is Ali Baba. I live here in old Baghdad. I sell logs, and one or two other things, anything to earn a crust. At the minute I've got a nice line in watches *(opens his coat to reveal watches)*.

*A man from the crowd sidles up to him.*

Man: I hear you've stuff going cheap.

Ali: I certainly have, there's a special on watches this week.

Man: I'll have a watch then.

Ali: Analogue?

Man: No just a watch.

Ali: *(Taking a watch from his coat)* This is a bit special, loads of 'aps'. It can tell the time in fourteen countries, in-built barometer, compass, connects to your mobile, it's got TV and sky plus. All for ten dinars.

Man: I'll take it.

*Man goes to leave. Ali picks up the suitcases.*

Ali: Hang on! Don't forget the batteries. *(Man takes cases and exits).*

*Chantelle enters.*

Chantelle: Excuse me, can you tell me where we are?

Ali: This is the very heart of rural Baghdad.

Chantelle: Is there a lost property office round here?

Ali: Yes, but we can't find it. What have you lost?

Chantelle: A camel.

Ali: That's not easy.

Chantelle: I'm a bit stuck for work without a camel.

Ali: Why, what do you do?

Chantelle: I'm a camel salesman.

Ali: I see, well any fellow sales executive is a friend of mine. What's your name?

Chantelle: Chantelle.

Ali: Oh go on.

Chantelle: Chantelle, that's my name.

Ali: I'm Ali. I know, perhaps my friends will help, they're out there, rustling their crisps.

Chantelle: I thought that was the wind.

Ali: That comes later, if they eat too many crisps. *(To audience)* Will you help Chantelle find her camel? *(Audience: yes!)* I said, will you help? *(Audience louder Yes!)*.

Chantelle: Oh thank you boys and girls.

Ali: So this camel, what does he look like?

Chantelle: He's very special, once belonged to the Sultan himself, he was a racing camel.

Ali: How do you know?

Chantelle: He's got go faster stripes. He was champion, then one day the Sultan put everything he owned on him.

Ali: What happened?

Chantelle: It squashed him. He never raced again. But he's still got a wonderful silver bridle, and blankets embroidered in the palace coat of arms.

Ali: What's his name?

Chantelle: Treacle.

Ali: Is that because he's brown?

Chantelle: No.

Ali: Is it because he's sweet?

Chantelle: No.

Ali: So why do you call him Treacle?

Chantelle: 'Cause he's got golden stirrups.

Ali: It must cost a lot to feed a camel.

Chantelle: Yes, and I'm broke. Last week I got caught stealing food for her.

Ali: So why aren't you in jail? Stealing hay is serious.

Chantelle: I'm out on bail. Now to top it all I've lost him.

Ali: We'll find him.

Chantelle: Boys and girls if you see my camel will you shout 'It's Treacle!'?

*Audience shout Yes!*

Chantelle: Let's try it, you pretend to be a camel.

Ali: Why me?

Chantelle: You've got the hips for it. Remember folks 'It's Treacle'. *(To Ali)*  
Ok go on.

Ali: All right *(He does his best camel impression, just as the real Treacle walks across upstage).*

*Treacle has blanket and bridle etc, as described above as well as two racing stripes and a large number '11' on the side.*

Audience: 'It's Treacle'!

*Treacle exits.*

Chantelle: Blimey that was good. Your camel impression was better than I thought.

Ali: We've got a lot in common me and you, both hard up, ducking and diving to earn a crust. Do you ever wish you were rich?

Chantelle: I wouldn't change a thing.

## **SONG 2 – It's a fine life - Ali and Chantelle duet**

Chantelle: Thanks for helping boys and girls. See you 'round Ali *(exits)*.

Ali: How nice to have a new friend, I haven't got many you see. Since my father died there's only been me and my brother Kassim. Hello, talk of the devil here he is.

*Kassim enters.*



Kassim: There you are Ali, I've been looking for you.

Ali: Hello Kassim.

Kassim: We need some more logs at the new house, bring some round would you. And not that rubbish you left me last time.

Ali: But you don't want to pay for the good stuff.

Kassim: Ali, you surely wouldn't charge family full price? Bring it over to the new house this afternoon would you? You know where it is? With the two enormous domes?

Ali: Ah yes, how is the missus?

*Herald enters – Fanfare as he blows an enormous trumpet.*

Herald: Attention citizens of old Baghdad! The Grand Vizier approaches.

*Crowd react with anticipation.*

Ali: *(To the audience)* Blimey the Grand Vizier, he's the Sultan's right-hand man.

*Vizier enters, the crowd bow low.*

Vizier: People of Baghdad, peasants, fakirs, I have terrible news.

Crowd: *(Ad lib)* What? What's happened?

Vizier: The Sultan is dead.

Crowd: *(Ad lib)* What! How?

Vizier: The palace was attacked by bandits last night. They killed the Sultan and robbed the royal vaults.

Ali: That's terrible!

Vizier: The Princess Goldengates has disappeared, I have my best men looking for her now. We hope she will be found safe and sound so she can take over running the Kingdom. I am offering a reward of five thousand dinars to any man who finds her. In the meantime, I am in charge. Now go about your business.

*As the Vizier exits the Herald blows his fanfare again right down the Vizier's ear, he reacts and Vizier and Herald exits. The Fakir approaches Ali and Kassim.*

Ali: That's terrible, who would do such a thing?

Fakir: Don't you know? It's bound to be the Faulty Thieves.

Ali:: The farty what?

Fakir: The Faulty Thieves, they are the most feared bandits in the Kingdom. They are led by the King of thieves, Mustapha Cuppa. He's a right tea leaf.

Kassim: Thank you fakir, get back to your snake.

*Fakir returns to his snake charming.*

Ali: Blimey, I'm glad I've got nothing worth stealing.

Kassim: That's right, you haven't, now go and get that wood (*exits*).

Ali: What about that boys and girls? I wonder if I could find the princess and claim the reward? Then my money worries would be over and perhaps I'd be able to find a wife. Oh well, I'd better go and get more wood, looks like it's late night chopping for me, see you later (*exits*).

*Treacle crosses. The Audience shout 'It's Treacle' then she exits. Chantelle enters.*

Chantelle: Hello folks! Did you see Treacle? You did? Great, I must be catching her up.

*Walter, Seams and Beef enter they have sandwich boards 'Oasis carpets – our prices will floor you'; 'Oasis Deli – It's Deli-licious' and 'Oasis Tailoring – A stitch in time saves your trousers falling down'. Walter wears a fez on top of an ill fitting wig.*

Chantelle: Hello, are you too busy to give me a hand?

Beef: It's all right we're on our sandwich break.

Seams: What's up?

Chantelle: I'm looking for an old beast, smells awful, two big lumps, tends to spit it bit?

Walter: That'll be the boss, Barbara.

Chantelle: She doesn't sound very nice.

Seams: She's a peach.

Chantelle: You mean she's sweet?

Beef: No she's got a heart of stone. Here she comes.

*Barbara enters, she is carrying a shopping bag.*

Barbara: Morning!

*The Fakir jumps up and tries to give her a cuddle*

Fakir: Oh light of my life, moon of my existence.

Barbara: Bottom of my barrel - get off you naughty man. Go on get out of it.  
(*She shoos him off stage*).

*Fakir exits.*

Walter: Are you all right boss?

Barbara: It must be my new deodorant, midnight in Venice.

Beef: (*Aside*) More like low tide at Bognor.

Seams: He's still after you then, the Fakir?

Barbara: Oh yes, he's always asking me out, he's a real charmer. I have to remind him I'm a married woman. (*To Chantelle*) Who's this?

Walter: She was looking for a camel.

Barbara: Come down to the shop, we've got them on special this week.

Chantelle: What shop?

Barbara: I'm Barbara Baba, my husband Kassim and I own 'The Oasis', Baghdad's finest department store.

Chantelle: And you sell camels?

Barbara: Oh yes, it's my favourite joke with the customers. Can I get you a camel madam? One lump or two, ha ha!

Chantelle: Big stores like yours are putting the little man out of business.

Barbara: What's your line?

Chantelle: I think it's your line next.

Barbara: No I mean what do you sell?

Chantelle: Camels. Well just the one camel actually.

Walter: So where is it?

Chantelle: I've lost it.

Barbara: I see, quite the entrepreneur aren't you? I myself worked under Alan Sugar, but I got him off me in the end. He was a sweetie.

Chantelle: Were you an apprentice?

Barbara: No quite the opposite, I taught him a thing or two.

Seam: Boss, weren't you saying we needed someone to look after our camel department?

Beef: Chantelle could come and work with us.

Barbara: I should tell you I only pay minimum wage.

Walter: *(Aside to Chantelle)* So we only do minimum work.

Chantelle: Well I don't know.

Barbara: Are you enjoying being self-unemployed? You're the ideal person to head up livestock. Let me introduce you to your co-workers. *(To Beef)* This is Sayiddah Beef she's in charge of deadstock – our in-house butcher. *(To Walter)* This is Walter Wall, he's in carpets.

Chantelle: It fits him very well.

Walter: I've been wearing a rug for years *(Holds up his fez and his hair comes with it)*.

Barbara: And finally Sayyidah Seams, our in-house tailoress, she'll have you in stitches.

Chantelle: How many people work for you?

Barbara: About half of them. Now listen you lot, we're due to open the new sweet department this week so I've got these free samples to give out.

Walter: *(Reaching into her basket)* They look a bit nice.

Barbara: Stop mauling my bon bons *(She takes out a chocolate bar)*. This is a new line, it starts with a chocolate coating, then it has a caramel layer and then a crispy centre, it's a sort of three piece sweet.

Beef: Who do we give the samples to?

Chantelle: How about the boys and girls?

Barbara: The whos and whats?

Chantelle: Out there, in the dark.

Barbara: Well I'm a bit in the dark myself, I only got the script last Thursday. *(Looking out into the audience)* Oh hello! Would you like to try my samples? *(She works her way along the front row)* What a good looking audience. *(To one lady)* How do you do it? *(To another)* How do you do it? *(And finally picking a man out on the front row)* Why didn't you do it? What's your name my love? *(He answers, lets say it's John)* Would you like to sample my wares John, *(gruffly)* would you? What about the rest of you, would you like some sweeties?

*Audience shout Yes! They throw out the sweets.*

Barbara: That's your lot, if you want anymore you'll have to come to the shop and buy some, you cheapskates. Oh, and we sell them as well.

Chantelle: What?

Barbara: Cheap skates. Ice skates, roller skates, mistakes.

Beef: So what about it Chantelle? Will you come and work at the shop?

Chantelle: I don't know if I'm qualified.

Seams: Can you make a cup of tea?

Chantelle: Yes.

Walter: Can you drive a forklift?

Chantelle: Blimey how big's the kettle?

Barbara: Do you want this job or not?

Chantelle: All right, but can I carry on looking for my camel in my spare time?

Barbara: Spare time? What's that?

Walter: I tell you what Chantelle, let's get you settled at the shop then we'll all help you look for Treacle.

Chantelle: That would be brilliant.

Barbara: Come on - get cracking, I'll be back as soon as I've found that layabout husband of mine.

Chantelle: Bye folks!

*Walter, Beef, Seams and Chantelle Exit. Vesta Box enters she is a dreadful sight, a colourful explosion of madness, think Carmen Miranda crossed with a fortune teller.*

Barbara: Oh blimey, here she is, Vesta Box, Baghdad's answer to Paddy McGuinness (*or anyone presenting a dating show on TV*). She's the matchmaker, her job is to find the men of the town the perfect wife, she doesn't understand that the only time a woman cares for a man's company is when he owns it.

Vesta: Sayyidah Baba, how nice to see you.

Barbara: Morning Vesta, I saw you swan in.

Vesta: I've been shopping in the bazaar.

Barbara: What bizarre things have you bought? Other than that hat?

Vesta: I've got a new dress.

Barbara: Didn't they have it in your size?

Vesta: I'm on the lookout for a wife for Ali Baba.

Barbara: You've got your work cut out there. He's even more useless than his lump of a brother you lumbered me with.

Vesta: That was a perfect match, he was a waiter before he met you so he was used to taking orders.

Barbara: I still think I'd have done better without your help, after all I do have a million dollar figure.

Vesta: Yes darling, but it's all in loose change.

Barbara: Never again, I tell you that. This is the fourth time you've married me off to a loser.

Vesta: Don't you think arranged marriages are a good idea?

Barbara: Oh yes, I went to a marriage once that wasn't arranged and it was chaos. I'm just saying Kassim is the worst so far.

Vesta: What's wrong with him?

Barbara: He's very lazy, his smoke alarm's got a snooze button. He never gets off the settee.

Vesta: At least you know where he is every night.

Barbara: I know where all my ex-husbands are every night.

Vesta: Well of course you do, they're all dead.

Barbara: I know, and it wasn't easy.

Vesta: Anyway I can't stop chatting, I've got to find a Mrs for Ali Baba.

Barbara: This is Arabia, we don't say Mrs, we say Sayyidah. Ali is looking for a Sayyidah.

Vesta: Well he can find a bit on the Sayyidah once he's got a Mrs.

*Exit and blackout.*

## Scene 2: The Pro-logue

*Vizier enters stage left into spotlight.*

Vizier: What do you think of the show so far? Rubbish? Well I haven't been in it much yet. Except that bit in the bazaar, where I was the Grand Vizier. Of course I'm not really the Grand Vizier at all. I am Mustapha Cuppa the leader of the Faulty Thieves, but you guessed that didn't you? I suppose you're wondering how I got the job? Well my predecessor got accidentally run over by a steam train, he was chuffed to bits. Oh it's been a busy couple of days for me I'll tell you, raided the palace, killed the Sultan, stole the kingdom's gold. It's been non-stop, busy busy. Now all I need to do is find the Princess, bump her off and then the whole kingdom will be mine!! Ha Ha Ha! Oh boo all you like, I'm used to it, I used to play for West Bromwich Albion (*local team*). Oh and don't you dare tell anyone I'm really Mustapha Cuppa or it'll be the last thing you do. Ha ha ha!! (*exit*).

*Princess Goldengates enters stage right.*

Princess: Hello! Is anybody there? Can I tell you a secret? (*Audience – yes!*) I'm Princess Goldengates. Last night bandits attacked the palace, I managed to escape by hiding in a suitcase, I could hardly contain myself. I daren't show my face in Baghdad till I know it's safe. I have no brothers or sisters, no-one to turn to. I did have a boyfriend, he was a rugby player but he doesn't stay in touch. So here I am all alone, looking for the Grand Vizier, he'll look after me won't he? (*No!*) He won't? But he was my father's faithful servant. I can trust him can't I? (*No!*). Well thanks for the warning, in that case I'll keep a low profile. Can I rely on you to protect me? (*Yes!*) I need a knight in white shining armour. I've heard that a great defender of maidens is here tonight, his name is legend in the East, sadly this is the West, Midlands (*adapt to suit your location*). You know him as John (*whoever the Dame picked out in the audience earlier*). Are you there John? Show yourself to me. (*Hopefully he will wave*) John, not like that, this is a family show. John, when your help is needed someone will point to you and you have to stand up and shout 'Help!' (*she does this wildly waving her arms around – hopefully 'John' will do the same!*) do you think you can do that? (*John – Yes!*) Good, let's try it – I'll point at you (*She does, hopefully he stands and shouts help!*) Thankyou John, watch out for those pointers. For now, I'd better find somewhere to hide till I know it's safe, see you later.

*Blackout.*



### Scene 3: Outside the Cave

*Ali enters collecting wood.*

Ali: Hello folks, here I am looking for decent firewood when I should be looking for a wife. She must be out there somewhere.

### SONG 3: They say that falling in love is wonderfull - Ali

Ali: I'm trying to find some logs for my brother, and when you're after firewood this is where it all stems from. I feel sorry for him really, Kassim reckons he's like a Native American because every night he sleeps with his battleaxe.

*Vesta enters.*

Ali: Talking of battleaxes...

Vesta: Ali, here you are, I've got just the girl for you.

Ali: Who?

Vesta: Gertrude Scrubs, you'll like her.

Ali: I will?

Vesta: *(She claps her hands)* Here she is now.

*Gertrude Scrubs enters, she is as unattractive as possible; or dress up one of the male chorus.*

Vesta: Well, what do you think?

Ali: Do you have it in my size?

Vesta: Now come on, she's not that bad, a mudpack might help her appearance.

Ali: What do I do when it falls off?

Vesta: I think you're struggling to understand Ali, a man in your position, so poor...

Ali: I should ask the Fakir, he knows every woman in town, he'll pick a good one for me.

Vesta: Ali, Ali, haven't you heard the expression beggars can't be choosers? As long as you're poor. this is the best I can do.

*Vesta claps her hands, she and Gertrude exit. Fakir enters he is performing strange 'yoga moves'.*

Ali: The very man. What are you doing?

Fakir: (*Madly*) Yoga – do you know anything about it?

Ali: Only that it's made from milk. Fakir, can you give me some advice on women?

Fakir: Ah, it seems like only yesterday I got married, I wish it was tomorrow, I'd call the whole thing off.

Ali: Are you having problems too?

Fakir: My wife is a contortionist, I'm frightened she's planning to break it off.

*Fakir exits. One and Two enter.*

One: Excuse me? Is there a policeman round here?

Ali: No.

Two: (*Pulling out a sword*) OK stick 'em down.

Ali: Don't you mean stick 'em up?

One: Don't confuse him, he's nervous enough as it is.

Two: You're that salesman from the bazaar, I want a watch.

Ali: Wood chopping isn't really a spectator sport.

One: He means open your coat.

Ali: What sort of a stick up is this?

Two: Come on, we know you've got a coat full of watches. Hand them over.

*They take the watches from his coat.*

Ali: Oh please not that one, it's mine, it's only got sentimental value.

One: Let's have it anyway I could do with a good cry. Now go on, get out of here.

*Ali exits.*

Two: You're so butch

One: I am number one thief, the meanest, baddest...

Two: Fattest.

One: Fattest, oy watch it.

Two: I didn't mean it number One, Next to you I can only ever be a number two.

One: How did you come to be called Two, Two?

Two: I used to dress as a ballerina (*he tiptoes around in a ballerina pose*).

One: No, I mean how come you were christened Two?

Two: I was the second child. My older brother was named after my father.

One: What did they call him?

Two: Dad. I used to look up to him. He was seven foot five.

One: How did you get into thieving?

Two: I started in a small way, picking dwarfs' pockets.

One: How could you stoop so low?

Two: I wasn't very tall myself, I was very young when I first got into crime, I can remember to this day being hustled into the back door of the court with my nappy over my head to avoid the photographers.

One: I'll never forget my mom's words when I first went to jail.

Two: What did she say?

One: Hello son.

Two: And now look at us, the best of the Faulty Thieves.

One: Yeh, thieving is our forte. Come on we should report to Mustapha.

*They begin to exit.*

Two: I'm fed up of all this patrolling, every morning having to go for a tramp in the woods.

One: The tramp's pretty fed up of it as well.

*One and Two exit. Princess Goldengates enters.*

Princess: Now I'm lost in the woods. I don't know where to go or what to do, and I've forgotten the way home. When I was born I was given the choice of a beautiful face, or a great memory, I can't remember which one I chose. Oh what will become of me?

*Treacle enters. Audience shout 'It's Treacle!' Business - 'its behind you' with Princess.*

Princess: Why are you shouting? A camel? Where? Behind me? (*She turns but Treacle avoids her eye.*)

*Treacle exits.*

Princess: Well I didn't see anything, what would a camel be doing in the woods? Unless it was lost too. Oh what will I do? (*She starts to cry*) I know, I'll call for help. Off you go John (*Points at John in audience – he shouts 'Help!'*)

*Chantelle enters.*

Chantelle: Hello Boys and girls, I thought I heard someone shout for help...not very enthusiastically. (*To Princess*) Are you in some sort of trouble?

Princess: No it's just the way this outfit hangs at the front.

Chantelle: Have you seen a camel?

Princess: Yes, they're big brown things with lumpy backs.

Chantelle: No I mean, have you seen one recently? The boys and girls are helping me look.

Princess: A minute ago they were shouting Treacle. Is that him?

Chantelle: That's the one!

Princess: Well it looks like he's gone again, sorry.

Clare: I'm never going to find him at this rate.

Princess: Have you tried the RSPCA?

Chantelle: I didn't think of that.

Princess: They've got a little office in the bazaar. It's easy to miss, it's very small, you couldn't swing a cat in there.

*Walter, Seams and Beef enter.*

Beef: I can't see her anywhere Chantelle.

Chantelle: She's definitely been here, this young lady said so.

Walter: *(Charmed by the Princess' beauty)* Hello, I'm Walter.

Beef: Behave yourself, you're old enough to be her father.

Chantelle: This is Erdington *(local area)*, he's old enough to be her grandfather.

Princess: I am in great danger.

Walter: I'll, I mean we'll look after you.

Princess: I don't know who I can trust *(looking warily at Walter)*.

Beef: He's harmless, let us help you.

Princess: Well I am used to people doing things for me.

Chantelle: Are you?

Princess: Yes, watch *(Points at John – he stands up and shouts "Help!")*

Seams: Impressive.

Princess: Can you help me find a safe place to hide?

Chantelle: Of course.

Beef: Why don't you come back to the shop with us?

Seams: Yes, it's Baba's shop, if you come we'd be a Baba shop quartet.

Walter: You can sleep in my store, I'd like to get you on my carpets.

Princess: Oh thank you.

**SONG 4: That's What Friends are For (Jungle Book) – Walter, Chantelle, Seams, Beef and Princess**

*Blackout*

#### Scene 4: Kassims House

*The scene is a wealthy house interior, there is a large TV on the wall, a richly coloured carpet and a chaise. Barbara enters.*

Barbara: Hello and welcome to my humble abode. Twelve bedrooms all 'en-suet', swimming pool, kitchen diner, and walk through lounge – you have to walk through it to get to the toilet. It's not much but it's home. And over here, our new forty-two-inch plasma screen. All we need now is for television to start broadcasting and we're away. Only joking, that telly is the only thing Kassim is interested in, all day camel racing. Well I assume that's what it is, the bill just says channel six, twenty-four-seven humps. Meanwhile, I'm working my fingers to the bone organising the servants (*exits*).

*Kassim enters, he is wearing fine robes and a turban, he sits and grabs the remote.*

Kassim: Barbara? Can you fetch me a glass of wine before it starts?

*Barbara enters with a glass of wine and gives it to Kassim.*

Barbara: Here (*exits*).

Kassim: I'll have a whisky chaser as well, it'll be starting in a minute.

Barbara: (*Enters*) Do you want it neat?

Kassim: Yes.

Barbara: Well tuck your shirt in then (*she passes him a whiskey*). Anything else?

Kassim: You could bring me the bottle, before it starts.

Barbara: (*Losing her temper*) No I won't! You sit there all day in your pajamas, watching TV, drinking yourself silly, you're a lazy drunken slob...

Kassim: Oh dear, it's started.

*Ali enters carrying the logs.*

Barbara: That's all I need. Honestly these brothers, they're like Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dumber.

Ali: Good morning Barbara.

Barbara: Is it? (*exits*).

Ali: She's in a good mood.

Kassim: Well I came home half drunk last night.

Ali: Why?

Kassim: I ran out of money.

Ali: How long have you been married now?

Kassim: Three weeks.

Ali: And they said it wouldn't last.

Kassim: What do you think of the new tele?

Ali: Lovely, I got mine from a car boot sale. The volume is stuck on full but it only cost me ten pence.

Kassim: Well you can't turn that down can you?

Ali: I bought you the logs.

Kassim: Just put them down anywhere. (*Ali drops them on the carpet right in front of him.*) Not on the new carpet you idiot!

Ali: Oh sorry, I'm not used to having carpet.

Kassim: What have you got in your hovel then?

Ali: A rag.

Kassim: You mean a rug?

Ali: No, a rag.

Kassim: You really should get some decent stuff in your place, I mean look around you. I'm a collector of antiques.

*Barbara enters.*

Ali: And here she is now.



Barbara: Are you still here? (*Noticing the logs*) Argh! My carpet! What are these logs doing?

Ali: They're just lying there looking wooden.

Barbara: They'll fit well into this cast.

Ali: Five dinars please Barbara.

Barbara: Five dinars for these? Are you mad as well as stupid? Look at them (*Picks one up*). The logs aren't heavy enough, the twigs aren't straight enough, and the sticks aren't...

Kassim: Sticky enough?

Barbara: Exactly. I'll give you two dinars for the lot (*she pays him*). Now get out.

Ali: Bye, big brother! (*Exits*)

Barbara: (*To Kassim*) Why don't you get off your bum?

Kassim: Moving is the most stressful thing you can do.

Barbara: That's moving house. You haven't even picked up the post from the doormat.

Kassim: Well, I saw that one of the letters said do not bend, so I couldn't.

*Barbara moves downstage and addresses the audience.*

Barbara: I know he's hopeless but the trouble is I can't resist him (*she goes all gooey*) He's just soooo masculine, he makes me go all how's your father. (*She returns seductively to the sofa*) Perhaps, I've been a bit hard with you. (*She snuggles up to him*) how about an early night? (*Kassim looks terrified*). It is our three week anniversary today, I still feel like a new bride.

Kassim: So do I but where can I find one at this time of night?

Barbara: Oh come on Kassy-baby, give me a snuggle.

Kassim: But I've got so many chores to do!

**SONG 5: Let's Do It (Victoria Wood) - Duet for Kassim and Barbara**

*This is slightly rewritten and shortened to suit the show as follows:*

**Barbara:** You and I are here tonight.  
The sky is clear. The stars are bright.  
The wind is soft. The moon is up.  
I have drained my cocoa cup

**Kasim** Don't lick your lips.  
**Barbara** I feel sublime.  
**Kasim** I'm missing Gardeners' Question Time.  
**Barbara** Don't you cringe with fear and dread, listen to my song instead

**Barbara** Let's do it! Let's do it,  
Do it while the mood is right!  
I'm feeling, appealing.  
I've really got an appetite.  
I'm on fire, With desire.  
I could handle half the tenors in a male voice choir.  
Let's do it! Let's do it tonight!

**Kasim** I can't do it. I can't do it.  
I think I might have cricked my neck  
This fashion for passion  
Makes me a nervous wreck  
No derision! My decision  
I'd rather watch me camels on the television.  
I can't do it. I can't do it tonight.

**Barbara** Let's do it! Let's do it,  
Do it till our hearts go boom!  
Go native, creative  
Living in the living room.  
This folly, is jolly.  
Bend me over backwards on me Hostess trolley.  
Let's do it! Let's do it tonight!

**Kasim** I can't do it. I can't do it.  
Me 'eavy breathing days have gone.  
I'm older, Feel colder.  
Besides I think you weigh a ton  
I'm imploring, I'm boring.  
Let me read this catalogue on vinyl flooring.  
I can't do it. I can't do it tonight.

**Barbara:** Let's do it! Let's do it,  
Have a crazy night my love!

I don't care, I'll just wear  
Stilettoes and an oven glove.  
Don't starve a, girl of a palaver.  
Dangle from the wardrobe in your Balaclava.  
Let's do it! Let's do it tonight!

**Kasim** I can't do it I can't do it.  
I've got other little jobs on hand.  
Don't grouse around the house.  
I've got a busy evening planned.  
Stop nagging. I'm flagging.  
You know as well as I do that the pipes need lagging.  
I can't do it. I can't do it tonight.

**Barbara** Let's do it! Let's do it  
While I'm really in the mood!  
Three cheers! It's years since I've seen you even semi-nude  
Be drastic, gymnastic.  
Wear your baggy Y-fronts with the loose elastic.  
Let's do it! Let's do it tonight!

**Kasim** I can't do it. I can't do it.  
It's really not my cup of tea.  
I'm harassed, embarrassed.  
I wish you hadn't picked on me.  
No dramas! Give me pyjamas.  
The only girl I'm mad about is Judith Chalmers.  
I can't do it. I can't do it tonight.

**Barbara** Let's do it! Let's do it!  
I really want to run amok.

**Kasim** Don't wiggle. Don't jiggle.  
You really make the rafters rock.

*Kasim has been persuaded.*

**Barbara** Be mighty. Be flighty.  
Come and melt the buttons on me flameproof nightie.

**Both** Let's do it! Let's do it tonight!

**Kasim** Let's do it! Let's do it!  
I really want to rant and rave.

**Barbara** Let's go, 'Cause I know  
Just how I want you to behave: