



Ali Baba

by Rob Fearn and Leo Appleton

The story of a man who when one door shuts, another cave opens

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Welcome, one and all, to our eleventh pantomime Ali Baba (and the four tea thieves).

In this pantomime we have taken a great story that is full of magic, mystery and with the opportunities for comedy this story brings woven them into a pantomime full of witty one liners, great set pieces, comedy characters and a perfectly evil villain.

It has a traditional feel and is one that you will quickly recognise. But we have taken a fairly gruesome tale and given it our little twist which we hope you think will make it unique and fun for young and old alike. Whilst there is direction and suggestions for song breaks to help with interpretation, we realise, as always, that companies and other directors like the freedom to add and take out elements that may or may not suit their group. Feel free. The story lends itself to this and gives ample opportunity for them to put in the local / topical feel, which is always important and let's face it, traditional in these productions.

Again, in our writing we have envisaged a production on a smaller stage with simple sets, but we could well see these performed on a bigger stage and with bigger budgets having great effects and lavish scenery. Whatever you do with it, as always our motto is, 'make it fun'.

Best of luck

Rob and Leo

PS: If you do perform one of our pantos and let us know when it's on we'd love to try and come and see it. You can message us via our Facebook site, Robleo Productions. Thanks. L & R.

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Characters *(in order of appearance).*

Morgiana **F** Narrator / Ali's love interest. Works for the Sultan as his PA. Should be feisty and able to act and sing.

Ali Baba **M/F** Could be played by male or as a principal boy. A fairly comic part so should be able to engage the audience and sing and act.

Dame Barbara Baba **M/F** The dame part in the show. Traditionally played by a male but could be played by female. Should have good timing as it is a comedic role and should be able to sing and move.

Man **M/F** This equally could be a female role. A small role but comedic so needs good timing.

Drusilla **M/F** This is a camel and could either be played as a full camel suit or as a rod arm puppet (*which could be quite amusing*). It is a comedic camel and should play to the audience as much as possible.

Thief One **M/F** Either male or female and should always be played for laughs. Will require good timing and an ability to act, sing and move.

Khasim **M** The villain of the piece and probably more suitable as a male role but with reasonable adjustment could probably become an evil sister which could work. Must be able to act, sing and move.

Thief Two **M/F** As for Thief One

Thief Three **M/F** As for Thief One

Thief Four **M/F** As for Thief One

Young Thief **M/F** Can be either male or female. Suitable for a young chorus member. Appears briefly in Act One. Should be able to deliver a fairly comedic line.

Chorus One **M/F** Must be able to deliver a line and have comedic timing.

Sultan **M** Must be able to deliver a line and have good timing.

Guards / Police Nonspeaking roles

Act 1

Scene 1

(Lights up onto a general scene. It can be a palace or just full stage. It should be colourful and evoke the 'Arabian Nights' theme. It should be a full chorus, full of song and dance and if anyone can juggle that would be good too! As the song ends the tabs or curtains close to either front of tabs or a woodland scene.)

(Ali Baba enters. He is carrying some form of basket and starts looking for wood he can take home to burn or sell. He should look a little threadbare).

(Morgiana is already on from the chorus number and steps forward to speak to the audience).

Morg Hello boys and girls, *(louder)* I said hello boys and girls! *(They should all shout back)*. And hello as well to those funny looking bigger people who have come with you. Are you alright? Good. My name is Morgiana and I work for the sultan as his personal assistant. Funnily enough for this panto, he is a good man and he is the uncle of someone I love *(sighs)*. His name is Ali Baba, no, not the sultan, the man that I love and that's him there, collecting sticks for the fire because he is poor. *(Ahhh)*. His father was very wealthy, but when he died he strangely left all his money to Ali's older brother Khasim, who is now very rich and is so mean and tight he could peel an orange in his pocket. Even so, although Khasim is stinking rich he is still very jealous of his brother, because Ali is always happy, well, generally.

(Ali notices Morgiana).

Ali Morgiana, is that you? Who are you talking to? *(Looks out to the audience as though he is looking into the distance).*

Morg No one in particular. What are you doing?

Ali I was hoping to find some wood for the fire and some more to sell to earn a few coins for mother.

Morg Well that would be a good swap.

Ali What would?

Morg Oh never mind. Have you found any wood?

Ali *(Holds up twig)*. Only this and that's hardly going to set anybody's fire alight.

Morg You do know Ali that you don't need any twigs to set my fire alight?

Ali What are you saying? Have you got some fire lighters?

Morg No, silly, it's not that kind of fire.

Ali What? You don't mean?

Morg I don't know, I might.

Ali I know what it is. You've got a gas fire.

Morg No! I have a burning feeling just here. *(Puts her hand to her heart).*

Ali It's not twigs you need it's a doctor by the sound of it.

Morg You're being daft on purpose.

Ali Oh no I'm not.

Morg Oh yes you are.

Ali Oh no I'm not. I don't know why you're being like this. I'm going.

(Ali exits).

Morg Ali don't....too late, he's gone. *(To audience).* I'm being like this because I love him. I don't care if he's poor and only has a twig for a fire and old toast to eat, he is right up my Ali.

(Sings song).

(End of song, end scene, blackout).

Scene 2

(Lights up on the house of Ali Baba. Dame Barbara is on stage as the curtains open. It is a fairly sparse room with a pot plant perhaps and some form of couch and nothing else).

BB Hello boys and girls! *(She encourages a response).* My name is Dame Barbara Baba. I am Ali Baba's mother and this is where we live. *(She looks around).* Nice isn't it? It has wall to wall dirt and running water, that is, down that wall and that wall. But I shouldn't complain. Ali is trying to keep me in the comfort I'm accustomed to and so far he is succeeding. One day though I know we'll be rich, perhaps even win the lottery. I pray every night, dear Lord please let me win. I heard a voice the other night it said, give me a chance, at least buy a ticket. It wouldn't have been so bad if my dear departed husband had not left all his wealth to my other grabbing son Khasim and not a bent farthing to Ali or me. That was very strange. *(She takes out a big tin of baked beans).* Luckily, I still have this big tin of beans but I daren't eat them. If I ate all these you know what would happen to me? *(There may be a reaction from the audience).* Yes, perhaps, but actually they would make me very fat and I don't want them to spoil my sylph like figure *(she is obviously well padded).* So,

I am going to give them to Ali, when he eventually turns up, to sell at the market. (*Knowingly*). That seems familiar somehow.

(*Ali enters*).

There you are. What have you been doing?

Ali Nothing, what have you been doing?

BB Just having a chat.

Ali Who with?

BB Just my people. (*To audience*). Say hello people. (*Audience should react*). Now Ali, I need you to go to the market.

Ali Oh good, you've got some money then?

BB Not exactly. I want you to go and sell these. (*Shows him the tin*).

Ali Why sell them? Why don't we just eat them?

BB Son, I can't, they make me fat.

Ali Oh, I thought it was because they made you fart.

BB Enough of your cheek. Besides we've no tin opener.

Ali (*Looking at the tin*). You know all this has a familiar ring to it. Maybe we should open the tin and bury the beans.

BB I think you'll find the last person to do that got into a lot of trouble.

Ali Are you sure these beans aren't magic?

BB The only magical thing about those beans is I want them turned into lots of cash so we can put some actual food on the table.

Ali So you want me to get a table as well then?

BB (*Looks around – there is no table*). Yes, why not? Now off you go and bring me back a nice surprise.

(*Ali exits*).

BB (*She watches him leave*). There he goes not a care in the world. I just hope he doesn't do anything daft.

(*Chance for a song here. End song, end scene. Blackout*).

Scene 3

(It is a front of tabs or on the way to the market scenery. Ali is going to the market to sell his 'beans' and meets a man coming the other way pulling a camel (which should be out of sight), along with him. A sign should say 'This way to the Market'. The camel, Drusilla, when she appears is very cheeky and should interact with the audience and be quite animated).

(As the lights come up a man is on at the side of the stage pulling on a rope – at the other end is Drusilla who is still off stage).

(Ali enters and sees the man and starts talking to the audience).

Ali Hello, what do we have here? A strange man pulling on a rope. I wonder what's on the other end. *(He thinks aloud)*. It could be a bell, or perhaps a treasure chest or just a rock. Shall I ask him? *(Audience should respond)*. I think you're right, I will. Kind sir, what is it that is on the end of the rope you are pulling?

Man Eh?

Ali I said, what is on the end of the rope?

Man *(Man looks down at himself then looks at Ali)*. Me!

Ali Yes, I know you're on one end, but what about the other?

Man You don't want to know.

Ali *(To audience)* What a strange answer, that is exactly why I am asking him, because I do want to know! *(To Man)*. Actually, I do want to know, now even more.

Man *(Overacting – the bigger the better)*. It is the beast from hell. Something so foul and dangerous it is not safe to be let out. It will spit in your face, gouge out your eyes and drive you completely insane. It is a monster!

Ali *(Cowering behind the man)*. Are we safe from this devil? *(Turns to the audience)*. Bigger people, protect the smaller people, hide your eyes!

(Drusilla, looking completely harmless pokes her head around the scenery and perhaps some theme tune could be played that is light and harmless and comes dancing on and curtsies to the audience first one side of the stage then the other in a comical fashion. Ali sees this and is aghast).

Ali *(To Man)*. I thought you said the beast was dangerous.

(Drusilla does double take at Ali).

(Man takes Ali to one side)

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Man (*Looking at Drusilla*). Don't let those big soppy eyes fool you. (*To Ali*). Anyway, what brings you so far out of town?

Ali I'm on my way to the market.

Man So am I. I have a camel and a tin opener (*shows the audience a big tin opener*), but no tin.

Ali (*He has an idea*). Wait a minute, you have a tin opener and no tin. Strangely, I have a tin, which I was going to sell, but no opener. Do you think we could do a deal? Would you swap your camel for this big tin of beans?

Man Yep! (*He quickly takes the tin and gives Ali, Drusilla's rope*).

Ali (*To audience*). That was a bit quick. (*To Man*). I was going to plant them if I had a tin opener. I heard a story once about beans. Is that what you're going to do?

Man Don't be daft, I'm sticking them on toast. Bye!

(*Man exits*).

Ali (*To audience*). Alright, I had a tin of beans and no money, but now I do have a camel (*Drusilla snuggles up to him, but Ali carries on*). I suppose we could always eat the camel. (*Drusilla steps back in mock horror*). Silly camel! I'm only kidding. Why would I want to eat you? You'd be way too tough. No, you're going to help me fetch lots and lots of firewood. (*Drusilla turns and starts walking off*). Wait a minute. (*Drusilla stops*). I promise, if you help me you will always have something to eat and a place to stay. (*Drusilla returns to Ali*).

(*Chance for a song here*).

(*End song*).

(*Curtains open to reveal a closed cave and some sticks and twigs on the stage plus a mock tree to one side*).

(*What follows should be a routine accompanied by music where Ali picks up the sticks and puts them on Drusilla's back, but each time he does this the camel sidesteps the sticks or shakes them back onto the floor. It should be slick and it should be as though Ali thinks he is loading the sticks onto Drusilla's back when in fact he isn't. After walking around the stage a couple of times picking up the same sticks, Ali speaks to the audience thinking the wood is all piled on the camel*).

Ali What a lot of wood. Mother will be so pleased. (*Turns to Drusilla and double takes seeing all the sticks still on the floor*). Oh Drusilla, you naughty camel!

(*Voices off*).

Ali Somebody's coming! It's probably that band of cutthroats, the forty thieves. Quick Drusilla, we need to hide and fast. *(They both hide comically behind the tree).* That's better they won't see us now. *(Looks to audience).*

(Four thieves enter looking very furtive and one of them raises their arms and commands the door to open. Some sound effects here would help).

Thief four Opeeen Sesame. *(Cave sound effect).*

(The cave opens and they all go inside and then each comes out carrying a bag which clearly says GOLD on the sides).

Thief one Cloooooose Sesame. *(Cave sound effect).*

(The cave closes with the same effects and then they all exit. Ali and Drusilla move from their hiding place to in front of the cave having seen all this).

Ali *(Looks off stage where the thieves have exited and then to the audience).* Strange, I thought there were forty of them, but I saw only four. I suppose there must be a bizarre, convoluted and possibly, comic reason why. *(Now looks at Drusilla).* Y'know what Drusilla? I've just had an idea. *(He stands in front of the cave with his back to the entrance. Then raising his arms and in a voice full of drama speaks).* Opeeeen Sesame!

(The cave opens with full effects and Ali and Drusilla go in).

Ali *(In an amazed loud voice).* Look at all this gold!

(Blackout, end scene).

(Music plays as the scene changes).

Scene 4

(Lights come up on Ali Baba's home. Dame Barbara Baba is outside snake charming with a puppet snake (obviously) and this should be as comic as possible. The recorder or whatever, sounds completely out of tune. The snake comes up out of the basket listening to the music then goes back inside then comes up with mufflers over its ears. The Dames house should still be sparsely furnished).

BB *(Sees the snake with the mufflers on).* Everyone's a critic! *(Dame Barbara sees the audience and moves forward to speak to them).* Hello boys and girls. As usual I'm waiting for Ali to come home. He should be here any minute now. Thought I would just practice my snake charming whilst I was waiting. *(She toots a tune not very tunefully).* I think I'm getting better.

(Morgiana enters behind her. She puts her fingers to her lips. She is playing a joke on Dame Barbara who doesn't see her. The audience should by now be shouting 'behind you' or some such thing).

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BB What are you saying? Someone is behind me? I don't believe you. No. Let's see if I can see who it is then. I'll have a look this way. (*Goes right*). Nothing there. I'll go this way. (*Goes left*). Nothing there. I'll have a look all the way round then. (*Walks round in a big circle followed by Morgiana. BB stops centre stage.*)

BB Are they still there? I think you're all pulling my leg. I don't think there was anybody there in the first place. (*Audience should respond*).

(*Morgiana taps Dame Barbara on the shoulder*).

Morg Boo!

(*Dame Barbara gives a big jump in fright*).

BB You gave me a fright there. I thought you were that snake.

Morg That's not very nice.

BB Neither's that snake. (*Shouts in the urn*). Come near me again and I'll turn you into a handbag! (*Back to Morgiana*). Anyway, apart from frightening people what do you want?

Morg Dame Barbara, I was just in the area and wondered if....

BB (*She interrupts Morgiana*).... Ali was in. Well, he isn't, though I am expecting him back soon. And actually, I was just wondering if ...

Morg (*She interrupts BB*)..... the sultan was with me. Well, he isn't and I'm not expecting him.

BB Oh. That's a pity. (*Dame Barbara starts to fold some washing or some such chore whilst Morgiana speaks to the audience*).

Morg If you've not been listening and just munching on your ready salted, I fancy Ali and would you believe it, Dame Barbara fancies Ali's uncle the sultan. I wonder how that one will work out?

BB (*She looks up from her work*). Did you say something dear?

Morg No, I was just humming to myself. (*She hums some indistinct tune*).

(*Noise off*).

BB That sounds like Ali now. Ali, Ali is that you?

(*Khasim enters – he looks evil and mean and speaks like a villain*).

Khasim No! It is I, Khasim Baba.

BB *(To audience)*. If you've not read your programme this is Khasim. He is my other son. *(To Khasim)*. What is wrong with just coming in and saying, mummy, it's me?

Khasim Dearest mother, we need to speak about your worthless offspring.

BB That's not very nice is it? Why don't you just say Ali? *(To audience)*. Though strangely, I do know who he is taking about. Alright come with me.

(Khasim and Dame Barbara exit. Morgiana speaks to the audience).

Morg And now we see the villain of the piece. He is as sly and slippery as a snake and always trying to ingratiate, *(stops and thinks)* sorry, I forgot we were in *(name of local town)*, I mean, curry favour, grovel, suck up to, the sultan his uncle in the hope that one day he might be the ruler over this kingdom. That would indeed be a sorry day for us all.

(Morgiana exits).

(Ali enters from the opposite side of the stage as Morgiana exits. He is carrying a couple of twigs).

Ali Mummy its meee!

(Dame Barbara and Khasim enter).

BB *(To Khasim)*. You see, that's how it's done. *(To Ali)*. Hello son, how did you get on?

Ali You won't believe it. I was on my way to market and I managed to swap the beans for a camel.

BB You're right I don't believe it. A camel? Another mouth to feed? And what about some wood? Did you manage to get lots and lots of wood for the fire and perhaps some to sell for actual coins?

Ali *(Holds up a twig)*. I got this and Drusilla, *(Drusilla enters to suitable camel music)*, got this lot. *(There are three twigs on her back)*.

BB *(Sarcastically)*. That is great, just great.

Ali Thank you mother, glad you appreciate it.

Khasim See, what did I tell you, a worthless toad with a worthless load.

Ali Oh very good Khasim, rhyming insults now.

Khasim Mother of my stars, I will leave now and return when the day ends.

(Khasim sweeps out with a grand swish of a cape).

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BB (*Upset with Ali*). How could you? Beans for a camel? I suppose we could always eat it.

Ali Already been there, mother dear. I think it would be more useful carrying things.

BB What are you talking about? There are only three twigs on that camel.

Ali (*Sings*). '**But Drusilla's rolling along**'. I actually think she might be better for carrying things like, oh I don't know, say, gold?

(*Ali exits*).

BB And now you are confirming your smarmy brother's theory that you truly are an idiot.

(*Ali re-enters with two bags of gold*).

BB (*Sees the gold*). But you're my loveable idiot. Where did you get all this from? You didn't steal it did you?

Ali In a manner of speaking, no.

BB Do tell, do tell. I'm all ears.

(*At this point Khasim re appears but is not seen by Ali and Dame Barbara. He sees the gold*).

Khasim (*To audience*). What do I spy then? Bags of gold. Has my peasant of a little brother come into money? Perhaps if I listen a little longer I may hear of something to my advantage. (*He adopts a listening pose*).

Ali Mother, you won't believe it. I was on my way back and I heard someone coming along the road so I hid with Drusilla, very cleverly behind a tree, so no one could see me. Then the forty thieves turned up, although there were only four of them. I am sure there is a very clever and plausible explanation for that though. They said a magic word to open the cave in the big rock by the side of the road and went in and came out with lots of gold. So, I said the magic words, went in and out and brought this gold back. And I'm thinking if I'm not greedy I can keep doing this forever and they will never know and we will always be rich.

BB But what is the magic word?

Khasim (*Aside to the audience*). Yes, yes, what is the magic word?

BB It's please, isn't it?

Ali No, it's not please, but good try though, its..... no, I can't tell you. If I do, I know you'll be tempted to go and steal more, but we don't need anymore.

(Ali and Dame Barbara exit)

(Khasim moves to centre stage. Drusilla is still on).

Khasim *(To audience)*. But I need more. I want it all for myself. I will go and find the place of the cave and bide my time waiting for the thieves to turn up, listen to the secret words then steal the gold for myself. *(Sees Drusilla)* Good camel, brave camel. Would you like to help your Uncle Khasim and take him to where the cave is? *(Drusilla shakes her head and is about to leave)*. Surely you do? Perhaps I could tempt you with something? *(Drusilla stops and turns now interested)*. Ahh, some chocolate? *(Drusilla thinks then shakes her head)*. Some Turkish Delight? *(Again, Drusilla shakes her head)*. Some Tizer then? *(Drusilla thinks long about this then shakes her head)*. I give up. Maybe if I just suck on this exquisite confectionary I will think of something. *(Takes out sweet and holds it up to the light as viewing something of great worth and proclaims)*. A Nuttall's Minto!

(At the mention of this Drusilla is immediately interested).

Ahh, a Nuttalls Minto! *(To audience)* Other lovely sweets are available of course. Well, my greedy camel, have one,

**Then be my slave to the minty delights
of a Nuttalls Minto to suck through the nights.**

Ha ha ha haaaaaa! And guide me to my riches.

(Khasim and Drusilla exit. Blackout, end scene).

(Music Plays as the scene is changed).

Scene 5

(The lights come up as Khasim and Drusilla enter. The door to the cave is already open).

Khasim *(To audience)*. Ahaaa! This is the wondrous cave. All I have to do now is wait for the thieves to turn up, listen to the magic words then, like Ali Baba I can plunder all that gold. *(Looks at the cave again)*. But what is this? The cave is already open. *(He moves closer to listen)*. The thieves are already within. *(He listens)*.

(The voices of the Thieves are heard).

Thief One Right lads, we've got some bills to pay. My sweetie bill is right off the chart.

Thief Two And I'm a month behind on my comics.

Thief Three And I want to buy something nice for my Mum. Thief four what do you want the money for?

Thief Four I need to fix my bike. Come on then.

Khasim (*He is still listening. To audience*). It sounds like they're coming out.

(*Khasim looks around for somewhere to hide then hides with Drusilla, comically, behind a sparse looking tree*).

Khasim Luckily for us there is this tree to hide behind. Now we are totally invisible to them. (*Gives the audience a 'look'*).

Thief One (*Still inside the cave*). Right then, let's grab the dosh and get out.

(*The thieves come out of the cave*).

Thief One I've got a pound of fruit gums with my name on them.

Thief Four What? Thief One?

Thief One No, fruit gums.

Thief Four But your name is Thief One.

Thief One I am talking figuratively.

Thief Four You're talking stupidly more like.

Thief Two Come on, let's get going, my comics are not going to wait.

Thief Four 'Course they are, they're made of paper.

Thief Two It's a saying.

Thief Four It's a sayin' what?

Thief Two It's not a saying anything, Oh give over and let's get going.

(*They exit all in a fluster*).

Khasim (*To audience*). The thieves have gone, but strange, the cave is still open. Now is my opportunity. (*To Drusilla*) You stay here and I will go in the cave and bring out the gold. (*He starts moving towards the cave Drusilla follows him*). No, you stay here and I will bring out the gold. (*Drusilla follows him again*). What is it you want? (*Thinks*). How could I forget, a Nuttalls Minto. (*He gives Drusilla a 'mint' and Drusilla happily returns to hiding behind the tree*).

(*Khasim enters the cave*).

Khasim (*Loudly in amazement*). Look at all this gold.

(As Khasim is in the cave three young people enter dressed as a mini thieves. They spot the audience and start talking to them).

YT 1 *(To audience)*. Hello people. *(Audience should react)*. We're the Young Thieves and we are the big Thieves apprentices.

YT 2 *(To audience)*. We started off just nicking small things, like a hairgrip.

YT 3 *(To audience)*. Then Milk bottle tops.

YT 1 *(To audience)*. Best yet was a dictionary.

YT 2 *(To audience)*. And now we're never lost for words

YT 3 *(To YT 2)*. We are getting more daring though. *(Panto snigger)*. The other day we stole the toilet seats from the Sultans guard house.

YT 1 The guards are looking for us, but I hear they still have nothing to go on.

YT 2 But aren't you forgetting why the thieves sent us here?

YT 3 No, are you?

YT 1 And I'm not either.

YT 2 *(To audience)*. The thieves said they had forgotten to close the cave.

YT 3 *(To audience)*. Y'see as well as apprentices they also call us their little remote controls.

YT's 1, 2, 3 *(They turn to face the open cave door)*. Cloooooo Sesame.

(The cave closes with sound effects).

YT 1 *(Starts rambling as they begin to leave the stage)*. After all that I'm a bit hungry aren't you. Where shall we go, somewhere nice to eat, I think I'd like....

(Young Thief 3 'thumps' Young Thief 1's shoulder).

YT 1 Ow! What did you do that for?

YT 3 I'm shutting you up!

(The Young Thieves exit).

(Drusilla walks up to the cave to inspect it. It is truly shut. She shakes her head and there could possibly be a chorus number here).

(At the end of the song, end scene, blackout).

Scene 6

(The lights come up on a full market scene. All the chorus are on and it should be a bright brash music number. At the end of the song Dame Barbara enters and is shopping).

BB *(Double takes at the audience).* Oh, you're still here then. How's it going? Alright? *(Audience should respond).* That's good, I think. *(She takes out a bag clearly marked as gold and holds it close to her body).* Now, I have some of Ali's gold here to spend and I don't want you to tell anybody I have it or they'll all want some. You'll keep it quiet won't you? *(Audience should respond but a sign appears and tells them to shout out 'Dame Barbara's got some gold!'. They should shout and Dame Barbara reacts).* No, don't shout that. *(She looks around for potential thieves etc.).* They'll all want some.

Chorus One *(Drifts over from a stall and slides up to Dame Barbara like an old-fashioned spiv).* Hello Dame Barbara, a little birdy tells me you have some gold. Is that true?

BB It might be.

Chorus One Oh good, I could do with some. Y'see, I need to buy a new leg for my donkey.

BB Your donkey? *(To audience).* This should be good. I don't mind contributing to a good cause now and again. Though usually I am the good cause. *(To Chorus One).* Does this donkey have a name?

Chorus One Yes, Wonky Donkey.

BB What? That all sounds very sad. *(Encourages an 'Ahhh' from the audience).* Where is Wonky Donkey now?

Chorus One Over the other side of the road.

BB Over the other side of the road? Well, get it to cross the road and come over here.

Chorus One It won't.

BB Why not?

Chorus One He saw what happened to the zebra. *(Perhaps mimes walking across a zebra to emphasise the point).*

BB Just think though, with another leg he'll probably be able to go for twenty miles without stopping. Surely, it will improve your life?

Chorus One Actually, it won't

BB Why ever not?

Chorus One I only live five miles away.

BB You silly chorus number one, (*threat*) I'll give you a leg for your donkey!

Chorus One Oh cheers!

BB I'll give you thump round the earhole more like. Clear off!

(Chorus One scarpers).

BB (*To audience*). And that's what comes of shouting out I have gold, (*pause*) crummy jokes. (*She returns to the stalls and starts looking*). Talking of crumbs, actually what I really want are some nice biscuits. Morgiana told me I need to update my cookie preference, whatever that means.

(Drusilla enters accompanied by her music which quickly fades).

BB (*Walks over to Drusilla and speaks to audience*). Ahh, you can't beat a camel who likes an entrance. Well you can, but it's against the law. (*To Drusilla*). Drusilla, whatever are you doing here? (*Drusilla tries to mime that Khasim is stuck in a cave, but it makes no sense whatsoever*). Are you trying to tell me something? Is skippy stuck down a well? Oh, never mind, I think we need to get back to Ali. Perhaps he can make sense of what you are trying to say.

(Dame Barbara and Drusilla exit and there should be a reprise of the opening song. End song, black out, end scene).

Scene 7

(Lights up on Ali Baba's house. There is no one there. Morgiana enters and first shouts out and then starts talking to the audience).

Morg Helloo! Anyone home? (*No answer. Perhaps a sound effect of tumble weed blowing here. Speaks to audience*). Well, would you believe it? The lights are on but nobody's at home. It's almost like Ali's here. Has anybody seen him since the start of the first half? (*Audience should shout*). I thought not. He's probably still munching his cornetto somewhere. But funnily enough, I'm not here to see him, though that would be nice, I'm actually looking for the cunning, conniving and crafty, Khasim. How alliterative! For some reason the sultan, his uncle, wants to speak with him.

(There's a commotion off).

Sounds like someone is coming now, perhaps Khasim is here. Hi, Khasim is that you?

(Dame Barbara enters and speaks like Khasim).

BB No tis I, Dame Barbara. (*Back to normal*). Hello Morgiana, what are you doing here?

Morg At the risk of repeating myself...

BB Have you an upset tum?

Morg No, not that kind of repeating. I have just been telling these, er, people that I am here looking for Khasim.

BB (*She looks to the audience*). Hello people! (*She encourages them to shout back*). Thank you. Now, getting back to the plot. Khasim! Don't tell me you fancy him as well?

Morg I would rather chew a wasp! No, the sultan wishes to speak with him.

BB The sultan hey? (*To audience*). Now, there is a man I wouldn't mind getting to grips with. I know he is my deceased husband's brother, but he is stinking rich and not at all bad looking, for a pantomime sultan. (*Back to Morgiana*). I don't suppose he is coming here today as well?

Morg No, he has to stay at the palace. He's polishing his gold.

BB Nothing better than shiny gold.

Morg I don't suppose Ali is around is he?

BB No, I haven't seen him for a few hours. I thought he was here. He's probably up to no good.

(*Ali enters. He is eating a Cornetto*).

Morg (*To audience*). See, munching on his Cornetto. (*To Ali*). Glad you could make it.

Ali Hello Morgiana. Its lovely to see you. What are you doing here?

Morg At the risk of repeating.....

Ali Have you an upset tum?

Morg Stop! If you had been here earlier you would know we've already done that.

Ali Sorry. Why are you here then?

Morg The sultan wants to speak with Khasim and I have come to get him.

Ali I haven't seen him for ages.

BB I know someone who might be able to help.

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Ali The police?

Morg The children?

BB No, Drusilla!

(Drusilla's music plays and she makes her entrance doing her usual dance).

BB *(Dame Barbara stops the action).* Alright, alright, when you've quite finished. *(To audience).* And you can stop encouraging her as well. *(To Drusilla).* Right, Drusilla, have you seen Khasim?

(Drusilla thinks, then nods her head).

Ali That's good, a yes then. Do you know where Khasim is?

(Drusilla again nods her head).

BB *(To Ali).* I've got this. Khasim's down a well isn't he?

(Drusilla thinks then shakes her head).

Morg This is no good. It's going to take forever. Khasim could be in danger and if I don't fetch him the sultan is not going to be best pleased.

(Drusilla then taps her feet)

Ali Wait a minute, I think Drusilla might be trying to tell us something. Come on girl you can do it.

(Drusilla then taps her foot three times).

Ali Whatever could that mean. Three taps? *(To audience).* Do you know? *(They may know if they do, pick it up).* Three taps. Three degrees, third letter of the alphabet?

(Drusilla nods her head vigorously).

Is that it? Third letter of the alphabet? What's that then? A, B, C. so the first letter is C?

BB *(To audience).* Let's hope it's not Constantinople or we could be here a while.

(Drusilla nods her head).

Morg C. Good. Alright Drusilla, what's the second letter.

(She taps once).

Morg A?

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