

MUSTAFA_{-PAGE 1}

MUSTAFA. Have you found anything?

YESSAH. Not any treasure, sir.

MUSTAFA. Well, it must be somewhere. (**Indicating Audience**) You'll just have to search that lot.

NOSSAH. All of them, sir?

MUSTAFA. All of them, Big Boy, I wouldn't trust a single one of them – (**to Audience**) no offence. So, get cracking the pair of you and find my treasure!

(The MUSICIANS continue vamping.

Ad lib, as YESSAH and NOSSAH search the Audience, creating as much disruption as possible. They look in hats, handbags; They get whole rows to stand whilst they search under the seats.

MUSTAFA continues to yell advice from the stage. "One of you get upstairs/up the back, I'm not having that lot get away with it!" "Don't insult the lady, Wiggy. If she's innocent, move on." "I am sorry, Madam, I hope it won't spoil your Christmas." Etc etc.)

MUSTAFA. You couldn't find a rug in a carpet shop! I do apologise for all this disruption, Ladies and Gentlemen. Come back here, the pair of you. I've never seen such muddle headed incompetence in all my life! Come along, Big Boy, don't dawdle...

(YESSAH and NOSSAH regain the stage.)

So you found nothing.

YESSAH. Nothing, sir.

MUSTAFA. Well, you've only got yourselves to blame. Fortunately, we are in our cliff top hideaway.

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NOSSAH. Really, sir?

MUSTAFA. Yes, Big Boy, we are.

YESSAH. Good thing we didn't know that when we were down there, sir.

MUSTAFA. Are you trying to be funny, Wiggy?

YESSAH. No, sir.

MUSTAFA. We'll watch the cave from up here and see if any one returns. If they do, we will descend to nab them – AND CHOP THEM INTO PIECES!

NOSSAH. We'll give them a good seeing to, sir!

YESSAH. They won't know what's hit 'em, sir!

(Reprise NUMBER. They are joined by the CHORUS as thieves. As they reach a triumphant end, we hear FX sound of huge rock moving.)

MUSTAFA. What's that?

YESSAH. It's the rock to the cave moving, sir.

MUSTAFA. Why weren't you watching properly? Where are our horses?

NOSSAH. Down at the bottom, but we can be there in five minutes, sir.

MUSTAFA. FIVE MINUTES?!! They could be in and out and half way across Persia by then! **(Shoving everyone off.)** Hurry, you fools! If we miss these villains, I'll have you chopped up, seasoned and turned into sausages!

(BLACKOUT.)