

ALADDIN

AN ADVENTURE OF MAGICAL INTRIGUE

By Dan Neidermyer

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(4 MEN, 4 WOMEN, FLEXIBLE)

ALADDIN (M)..... A young, poor and hungry beggar in the streets with a large heart and much kindness. (248 lines)

ADORA (F)..... A young princess, the daughter of the GRAND SULTAN himself, who feels herself a prisoner behind her father's palace walls. (51 lines)

ALADDIN'S MOTHER (F).... A gracious and caring woman who considers her beggar son a "prince of the streets". (29 lines)

THE MAGICIAN (M)..... A most evil and villainous sorcerer who is determined to get possession of the lamp. (118 lines)

GRAND SULTAN (M)..... An autocratic Arabian sheik, desirous that his beautiful daughter marry only the best of princes. (62 lines)

BULAR (M/F)..... The roly-poly storyteller. (22 lines)

GENIE OF THE LAMP (M)... A strong and most helpful protector and granter of wishes to anyone who possesses the lamp. (60 lines)

SULEYMAN (M/F) A beggar and friend to ALADDIN. (32 lines)

GUARDS (M/F) Three bodyguards to the SULTAN, lackeys to the MAGICIAN. (GUARD 1: 41 lines, GUARD 2: 37 lines, GUARD 3: 24 lines)

SERVANTS (M/F)..... Of the GENIE.

ABOUT CASTING

Though the roles of ALADDIN, the GRAND SULTAN, the MAGICIAN and the GENIE should be male, females can play the roles of the story-teller, BULAR and the beggar, SULEYMAN. Both the GUARDS to the GRAND SULTAN and the SERVANTS to the GENIE could also be played by woman.

The roles of the GUARDS and the SERVANTS can be doubled. Also, at the director's discretion, more GUARDS and SERVANTS can be added. Or the lines of the GUARDS can be combined into one or two GUARDS, rather than for three GUARDS, as it is written.

PROPS

1. BREAD
2. LAMP
3. "FINE CLOTHES"

... these fine clothes, the result of a wish made by ALADDIN, can be "real" clothes or merely bolts and piles of expensive-looking material and can also include medallions, jewels, and a turban.

SOUND EFFECTS

If available and at the director's discretion, the appearance of the GENIE can be heralded by a loud thunder-like sound.

COSTUMING

Traditional Arab costuming for this ancient tale includes:

- Baggy "pajama-like" pants
- A vest (men can be bare-chested; women should wear a blouse beneath their vests)

ALADDIN

- A turban (a towel wound around the head)
- Sandals (characters could also go barefoot)
- Appropriate jewelry as desired

NOTE: ADORA needs to be “disguised” as a beggar when she leaves her father’s palace. The disguise could be a cape and turban. The MAGICIAN could wear a long, black cape to make him appear more sinister.

THE SET

Aladdin is written to be performed on a bare stage with no specific set requirements. Throughout BULAR’S story-telling, he asks the audience to use imagination in creating various areas of this magical story.

If desired, sets could be designed to create the illusion of a bustling Arab marketplace, the GRAND SULTAN’S luxurious palace and/or the dark, mysterious cave.

Aladdin is written without scene breaks or scene changes and meant to be continuously performed throughout the staging area available to the cast and director. Thus, *Aladdin* could be staged in a gymnasium, a cafeteria, a classroom, or a proscenium stage.

SEVERAL NOTES

Aladdin is written as a two act production to be performed within approximately a one hour time slot. If desired, the play can be lengthened by adding Arabian music and dancing throughout BULAR’S narration. This action could be staged within the marketplace or the GRAND SULTAN’S palace.

Throughout the script, various characters greet each other or the audience with the traditional “Salaam.” This is a greeting easily performed by bowing slightly at the waist, then bringing the hand first to the chest, then to the mouth, then to the forehead, and with a slight twirl extended upward toward the person(s) being greeted.

ACT ONE

From the rear of the staging area, several shouts of alarm from a young boy who is running. Followed simultaneously by:

GUARD 1: Stop!

GUARD 2: This moment!

GUARD 3: Stop in the name of the GRAND SULTAN!

GUARD 1: We command you to-

ALL GUARDS: STOP!

GUARD 1: NOW!

GUARD 2: Or face the worst of punishments-

GUARD 3: - when we catch you!

The boy, ALADDIN, runs toward the front of the staging area, in full view of the audience. He momentarily stops, just long enough to yell to the GRAND SULTAN'S GUARDS.

ALADDIN: Why? What have I done?

Even as the GRAND SULTAN'S GUARDS are rushing toward the front of the staging area, shouting:

GUARD 1: Not what you have done.

GUARD 2: What you were about to do.

GUARD 3: Trying to enter the Grand Sultan's palace.

ALADDIN: (*Keeping HIS distance*) Me? A lowly beggar of the streets!

GUARD 1: The lowliest!

GUARD 2: Swine!

GUARD 3: Filth!

ALADDIN: Trying to enter the Grand Sultan's palace you say?

GUARD 1: From the roof.

ALADDIN: (*Aghast*) From the roof? Not me.

GUARD 1: You were seen on the roof.

ALADDIN: Impossible.

GUARD 2: By the princess.

ALADDIN: By the princess?

GUARD 1: The Grand Sultan's daughter.

ALADDIN: (*Incredulous*) SHE actually saw me?

GUARD 3: Now she is gone.

ALADDIN: Gone?

GUARD 1: You kidnapped her!

ALADDIN: Kidnapped her?! Do you think I'm crazy?!

GUARD 1: YES!

ALADDIN: *(Starting to run again)* Not that crazy!

GUARD 2: *(In hot pursuit)* You will pay with your life!

A chase throughout the staging area, ALADDIN well in front of the GUARDS. NOTE: The chase should be staged for fun and should not be threatening. The GUARDS can stumble and fall as they come close to ALADDIN, who with a quick jump always seems quite able to evade his palace pursuers.

Shouted throughout the chase:

GUARD 1: When we catch you—

ALADDIN: But I was nowhere near the palace!

GUARD 2: - the Grand Sultan will have your tongue for lying, before he has your life for kidnapping!

ALADDIN: Surely, the Grand Sultan has better things to do than to pick apart a poor beggar of the streets. I didn't— *(And with that, ALADDIN bumps into the roly-poly storyteller BULAR)* Oh, no!

BULAR: *(Recovering)* Wait!

ALADDIN: *(Turning back while running)* I can't, kind sir. Sorry.

BULAR: *(Sputtering)* But—but— *(Pointing toward ALADDIN)* Such a problem, that one. Known throughout the city as an "imp." *(Even as the GUARDS bump into BULAR and then bounce off him)*

ALL GUARDS: *(Shouting)* Out of our way! Out of our way!

The chase now takes ALADDIN and the GUARDS momentarily out, off the staging area.

BULAR: *(Sputtering)* But—but— *(Pointing toward the GUARDS)* Such a problem, those. Known throughout the city as "bullies." *(Then realizing HE'S got an audience, HE bows to this audience the traditional Arabian salaam, touching first his chest, then his mouth, then his forehead with his right hand.)* Ahh-hh-hh, hello, my friends. So nice to see you. Have you been waiting long? Ahh-hh-hh perhaps you have come here to learn more about that one, that "imp" and those, the Grand Sultan's palace guards. Please, first let me tell you, that "imp" is not "imp", not really. A little mischievous perhaps, yes, definitely mischievous, but not the kind of boy that would bring trouble to anyone's head, unless, of course, you were the Grand Sultan's guards. Then, that one might bring great trouble! Ahh-hh-hh, you wonder: "What is his name?" His name is "Aladdin", and he has a very special interest in the Grand Sultan's palace. Did he say he was not trespassing at the palace? Ahh-hh-

hh, I don't know, that may not be totally true.

The chase again enters the staging area, ALADDIN continuing well in front of his palace pursuers, the GUARDS

GUARD 1: Where is Adora, O worthless one?

GUARD 2: Yes. Where is our Grand Sultan's daughter?

ALADDIN: I tell you I have been nowhere near the Grand Sultan's palace!

GUARD 3: Let the Grand Sultan decide that after he has had your tongue for lying to us!

GUARD 1: Or the Magician has had you quartered!

ALADDIN: Neither of which appeal to me too much.

The chase continues, throughout the staging area, than out of the staging area.

BULAR: *(To the audience)* Ahh-hh-hh, you see, my friends, the story of "ALADDIN" is quite an adventure. And also quite old. A story that happened here in Arabia many, many years ago when Sultans themselves were thieves dressed in rich clothing. I myself have told this story quite often, in truth, very often. Perhaps now, today, seeing all of you here so intently listening, perhaps it is time to tell the story of Aladdin once more and from the beginning. *(Another salaam to HIS audience)* Ahh-hh-hh, I shall be honored to do so. To begin, and such a beginning, with Aladdin himself, a young boy who is very, very poor...

ALADDIN enters the "marketplace," calling

ALADDIN: Suleyman! Suleyman!

From offstage

SULEYMAN: *(A blind beggar, shouting, begging)* Please, for my family. *(As HE enters)* We have no food. Please, for my family. We have no--

ALADDIN: *(Moving toward the beggar)* Suleyman!

SULEYMAN: *(Tilting HIS head toward the sound of his name)* Ehh?

ALADDIN: How are you today, friend Suleyman?

SULEYMAN: The same. And you?

ALADDIN: The same. Hungry.

SULEYMAN: *(Nods in agreement, then touching HIS stomach agrees)* Very.

BULAR: As I said, Aladdin and his mother were very poor. They had—(*Shrugs HIS shoulders*)

ALADDIN: (*Shrugging HIS shoulders*) Nothing to eat. For several days.

SULEYMAN: (*Nods in agreement as HE again touches HIS stomach, then raises HIS hand, begging*) Please, for my family. We have no food.

ALADDIN: People help you, Suleyman?

SULEYMAN: A little. It is better than going hungry.

ALADDIN: Then I must do like you. (*Raising HIS hand and begging*) Please, for my family. We have no food.

SULEYMAN: (*Joining ALADDIN in mid-sentence*) —for my family. We have no food. (*Both move about the staging area, begging. After several moments, moving toward ALADDIN*) But you, young one, you are strong. You can run fast. You could take what you want.

ALADDIN: Take? (*As if to make himself more easily understood, SULEYMAN does a pantomimed gesture: “a quick snatch”*) Steal? Never! Poor and hungry I am; poorer and hungrier I will be before—Allah helps me—I steal.

SULEYMAN: You will steal nothing?

ALADDIN: Never!

SULEYMAN: Not even a look at the Grand Sultan's daughter?

ALADDIN: Is looking stealing?

SULEYMAN: (*Touching HIS dimmed eyes*) If only I could look.

ALADDIN: Then I will tell you, my friend Suleyman. The Grand Sultan's daughter is, in all the world, the most beautiful of princesses.

SULEYMAN: So you did look!

ALADDIN: In truth, friend Suleyman, if looking is stealing, then I am the worst of robbers, the greatest of thieves.

SULEYMAN: And the princess, does she know you looked?

ALADDIN: (*Shaking HIS head, “no”*) I look from the top of the tree. And when she comes near, walking in her courtyard below, I make the sounds of a monkey. (*HE imitates monkey sounds and gestures*)

SULEYMAN: So the Grand Sultan's daughter thinks you are a monkey?

ALADDIN: And that is all I can ever be to her, so poor are my mother and I. (*Now begging*) Please, for my family.

SULEYMAN also begs. Together, ALADDIN and SULEYMAN beg throughout the staging area while BULAR narrates:

BULAR: Yet, (*A salaam to HIS audience*) my friends, Aladdin and his

mother, they had much goodness and kindness, and in possessing these, they were among the richest of people. (*ALADDIN and SULEYMAN, continuing to beg, exit*) But, of course, you cannot eat goodness and kindness. So—

MOTHER: (*Entering; calling*) Aladdin! Aladdin! Where are you, my Aladdin?

BULAR: (*Pointing toward ALADDIN'S mother*) Aladdin's mother. So often, she never knows where her son can be found or what he is doing, wherever he is whenever she cannot find him.

MOTHER: Aladdin! Oh, this boy, my son Aladdin, he is never around when I need him. What can I do? Put a rope around his ankle or a collar around his neck and keep him forever tied close to me?
(*Calling*) Aladdin!

ALADDIN enters quickly, most happily, carrying BREAD.

ALADDIN: Yes, Mother! Look, Mother! I have bread!

MOTHER: You have bread?

ALADDIN: (*Showing HIS MOTHER the bread*) Much bread.

MOTHER: (*Forgetting HER dismay with HIM*) Wonderful, my Aladdin! (*As SHE accepts the bread from ALADDIN*)

ALADDIN: We shall eat well tonight.

MOTHER: Yes, and certainly, we shall eat well again tomorrow, perhaps even two days from now; we shall still be eating this fine bread of yours. But where, my Aladdin, did you get this bread? And so much of it?

ALADDIN: (*Pointing upward, more a dodge than wishing to tell HIS method*) Allah is good.

MOTHER: Yes, surely, but so much bread? Where did you get it, Aladdin?

ALADDIN: (*Again pointing upward*) Allah provides.

MOTHER: (*Suspicious*) With the help of your two quick hands I suppose. Aladdin, I do not want a thief for a son.

ALADDIN: With the help of my two hands, yes—

MOTHER: (*Thrusting the bread back into ALADDIN'S hands*) I cannot eat this bread, Aladdin, hungry as I am. For stealing is most wrong and will only bring more trouble upon our heads.

ALADDIN: I did not steal it, mother.

MOTHER: I suppose you, who never cooked anything in your life, baked it?!

ALADDIN: Yes, that is exactly what I did!

MOTHER: (*Moving closer to HER son, about to correct her child*) Oh, Aladdin, do not (*Shaking HIM*) lie to me. It is bad enough we have no money and very little else without our having a thief and a liar among us. Having no honor is much worse.

ALADDIN: Believe me when I tell you, mother. I did not steal this bread.

BULAR: (*To the audience*) Believe him when he says that. Aladdin is honorable and not a thief.

MOTHER: Then, how--?

ALADDIN: (*Putting down the bread*) Suleyman, my friend the beggar, was crawling throughout the streets, with his hand upraised.

(*Pantomimes SULEYMAN'S begging movements*) "Please, for my family."

MOTHER: But Suleyman, the beggar, he has no family, no wife, no children.

ALADDIN: And neither do I, Aladdin, your son, thank Allah.

MOTHER: What?

ALADDIN: With no family, Suleyman does not have to share what he is given in the streets. And the same with me. I have no family.

(*Again, pantomimes begging*) "Please..."

MOTHER: No family? Me, your mother, what am I?

ALADDIN: You, mother, are more than family. You are special, very special, no one in all the world is more special, my gracious mother. But understand, if I tell the people in the streets I have a family, they will help me, maybe. If I tell them I have someone very special at home, the people in the streets will say, "Allah has already blessed you. You have no need of our help." And they will not give, not even a little. So—(*Shrugs HIS shoulders*)

MOTHER: So, my son now becomes a beggar.

ALADDIN: And a good one, mother, a beggar with very much need.

(*Now imitating himself begging, HE makes himself look even more pathetic in physical appearance and within HIS vocal tone*)

"Please, for my family. We have no food." Once, mother, I even fell down (*which HE does now*), rolled (*which HE does now*) and shook all over as if very sick (*which HE does now*). And the people in the streets, thinking certainly they must help such a poor one as this, they did... (*As he pantomimes being given money*)

MOTHER: With bread? The people in the streets gave you bread?

ALADDIN: They gave me money. A little at first, but as I got better at being a beggar, with practice, the people in the streets gave me more. So, "yes", I used my two hands. And with the money I was given, I bought the bread in the marketplace, then hurried home to you, as fast as my two feet would carry me. (*As HE picks up and hands the bread back to HIS MOTHER*) So, most gracious

mother, you can eat this bread, which I have earned, without bringing dishonor upon our humble heads.

MOTHER: And tomorrow, when we are again in need of food? You will again become a beggar?

ALADDIN: Not tomorrow. You yourself, mother, said we will not need bread for as many as two more days, perhaps if we eat this sparingly, three. By then, perhaps money will fall from the sky.

MOTHER: (*Joining in with HIS exaggerated hope*) And I will become the mother of a prince! But, in truth, I am already the mother of a prince, a prince of the streets. There is no finer prince anywhere.

ALADDIN: But there is someone finer, mother.

MOTHER: There are many.

ALADDIN: Earlier today, I saw the most beautiful of princesses.

MOTHER: Another beggar like my Aladdin?

ALADDIN: Never like your Aladdin, mother. A real princess, the daughter of the Grand Sultan.

MOTHER: (*Gasps with fear, then*) You must watch your step, Aladdin! The Grand Sultan is a mean man with a Magician even meaner. They see you looking at the Grand Sultan's daughter; I may never see you again.

ALADDIN: But only looking?

MOTHER: The Grand Sultan and his Magician, they can be most dangerous to commoners like us. After all, fate has not meant that commoners like us should mingle with the likes of those of the Grand Sultan's family.

ALADDIN: But I am a "prince of the streets!"

MOTHER: And I am the "mother of a prince."

ALADDIN: Which makes you, mother, a queen.

MOTHER: A queen. If only it could be so.

ALADDIN: It is already so, mother, to me.

MOTHER: Then come, most esteemed one, let us eat our bread now.
(*They both exit*)

BULAR: As you see, Aladdin is most resourceful. He thinks quickly and can make much from nothing. Such is good when he and his mother are so very poor. Now to another person, a most important person in our adventure. Please let me ask you to be very quiet and most respectful, for to disdain the Grand Sultan is perhaps to invite great trouble upon your heads.

The GRAND SULTAN enters the staging area, calling

SULTAN: Adora! Adora, my daughter! Where are you?!

GUARD 1: (*Entering*) She cannot be found, most esteemed one.

SULTAN: Cannot be found?

GUARD 2: We have searched everywhere.

SULTAN: Adora is not in the palace?

GUARD 1: So it would appear.

SULTAN: How is that possible?

GUARD 2: The palace gates have been shut and locked all day. No one has entered or left the palace, not since dawn.

SULTAN: No one?

GUARD 1: There was a beggar, most esteemed one.

SULTAN: A beggar?

GUARD 2: A filthy wretch of the streets, wise one, who dared to come close to the palace.

SULTAN: How close?

GUARD 1: If we tell you, we may perhaps lose our heads.

SULTAN: And if you do not tell me, you will surely lose your heads.

GUARD 2: Either way, then, we are truly about-to-be headless men.

SULTAN: Who will – as my word is law – not live to see another hour if you do not tell me how close this beggar came to the palace and for what reason.

GUARD 1: For what reason we do not know.

GUARD 2: As far as close, too close.

GUARD 3: He hung in a tree, sounding as if he were a monkey.

GUARD 1: When we realized he wasn't—

GUARD 2: —we stoned the monkey.

SULTAN: Who was this beggar you thought a monkey?

GUARD 2: Who he was we do not know.

SULTAN: Then how do you know there was even a beggar?

GUARD 1: He fell from the tree.

SULTAN: Because of the stones you threw?

GUARD 2: Because he leaned too far out on a limb –

SULTAN: Why?

GUARD 3: We do not know.

GUARD 1: But we chased him.

SULTAN: And caught him, of course?

GUARD 2: Unfortunately, no.

SULTAN: No?!!

GUARD 3: We could never catch him.

GUARD 2: He was so fast.

GUARD 1: He was so young.

SULTAN: How young?

GUARD 2: Too young to be a beggar

SULTAN: Too young to be a thief?

GUARD 1: Esteemed one?

SULTAN: My daughter? Has this beggar, who you thought was a

monkey, stolen my daughter?

GUARD 2: Under our most watchful eyes?

GUARD 3: Never!

SULTAN: Then where is my Adora?

GUARD 2: We have searched everywhere, but— (*Shrugs HIS shoulders*)

SULTAN: The Magician. Perhaps he will know.

GUARD 1: The Magician is also not to be found.

SULTAN: Not to be found?

GUARD 2: He, too, seems not to be in the palace.

SULTAN: My daughter, my Magician, not in the palace! Who is in the palace?!

GUARD 1: (*Bowing*) Everyone who serves you, most esteemed one.

SULTAN: But not very well I see! By Allah, that I should be surrounded by such foolish sluggards as you! (*Shouting*) Now find my daughter!

ALL GUARDS: (*Bowing*) Yes, most esteemed one.

SULTAN: (*Warning*) Your heads, if you don't!

BULAR: The heads of those guards do not seem long for their bodies. Ahh-hh-hh, but that is the fate of those who serve the Grand Sultan. He is a harsh taskmaster, a very harsh taskmaster. And those who would serve him must do so without error or find themselves without a part of their body, most often, (*HIS hand moving toward HIS head*) their heads. But, (*Making a salaam*), my friends, to continue our story, if you will permit, but of course you will permit for this is why you listen so closely. Though a thousand pardons from this humble one (*Pointing at himself*). I promised you moments ago, you would meet a "most important person" in our adventure. But to this moment, you have not. And now, as Allah would have it, this "most important person" cannot be found in the palace. Of course, there was a beggar near the palace, up a tree, and you know who that beggar was, but Ahh-hh-hh, that is for another time.

From the rear of the staging area, the MAGICIAN enters, very much determined.

MAGICIAN: I must have it for my own. With it, I will make myself Sultan of all Arabia. With all the power, all the wealth, and all the respect I deserve, which is not nearly enough that can be offered by these filthy ones surrounding me.

BULAR: (*A stage whisper to his audience*) Need I tell you who he is? Or what he's like?

MAGICIAN: But how to have it for my very own, my very own, when I

am not even permitted to step one foot into the cave. (*Snarls*)
Agh-ghhh! That cave, that pitiful hole in the ground, will give up its precious treasure to me or I am not the greatest Magician of all time!

BULAR: Greed, that was the Magician's finest quality...or what he had the most of. So much, in fact, that no one was safe in his hands, or even near him.

MAGICIAN: (*Calling*) Boy! You there! (*Shouting toward ALADDIN who has entered the staging area, carrying a piece of bread*) Boy, stop!

ALADDIN: Me, esteemed one?

MAGICIAN: Do you see another boy in the street?

ALADDIN: I would ask you, kind one, could one as tall as me, one as old as me, still be a boy?

MAGICIAN: One whose tongue knows not when to stop – no matter how tall, no matter how old – is still a boy. And you, ragged one, what is your name?

No answer.

MAGICIAN: (*Becoming impatient*) I asked you a question. I expect an answer.

Still no answer.

MAGICIAN: (*Most impatient*) What's wrong with you? A moment ago you spoke, now you don't.

ALADDIN: A moment ago, I learned what is a man and I stopped my tongue.

MAGICIAN: Impertinent boy! Do you not know who I am?

ALADDIN: No more than you know who I am or you would not call me "boy."

MAGICIAN: Who are you, then? Have I not asked?

ALADDIN: Most esteemed one, I am a prince of the streets.

MAGICIAN: Then where are your servants? I see none.

ALADDIN: (*Holding up HIS two hands*) But they are here. No finer servants have ever served me or anyone else I believe.

MAGICIAN: Then perhaps I have need of your servants, O prince.

ALADDIN: What?

MAGICIAN: Or give you real servants.

ALADDIN: And perhaps a palace in which to live.

MAGICIAN: You now want a palace too? How selfish are you?

ALADDIN: Not for me, never for me. The palace would be for someone very special.

MAGICIAN: Ahh-hh-hh, even as I am someone very special.

ALADDIN: You are?

MAGICIAN: Come with me and I will show you.

ALADDIN: No, I cannot come with you. I have important business.

MAGICIAN: Too important to come with me?

ALADDIN: This bread, I must take it to Suleyman.

MAGICIAN: (Grunting with disgust) The beggar?

ALADDIN: You know him then?

MAGICIAN: I who could give you servants, many servants, and a palace for someone very special, and you are taking bread to a beggar?

ALADDIN: Suleyman needs it.

MAGICIAN: I have needs, too.

ALADDIN: (*Offering HIM the bread*) Then, please, esteemed one, I give you this bread.

MAGICIAN: (*Offended*) Not that kind of need! (*As HE knocks the proffered bread out of ALADDIN'S hand and to the ground*)

ALADDIN: (*Rushing to pick up the bread*) Suleyman needs this and I will take it to him as gratitude to him who has taught me much.

ALADDIN begins moving throughout the staging area.

MAGICIAN: (*Following ALADDIN*) I CAN TEACH YOU MORE!!

ALADDIN: But do I want to learn what you can teach?

MAGICIAN: Everyone wants to learn of riches and great wealth.

ALADDIN: Both of which you have?

MAGICIAN: And soon, soon, even more.

ALADDIN: Then, please, kind one, you have no need of lowly me, a beggar in the streets.

MAGICIAN: I thought you were a "prince of the streets!"

ALADDIN: Only to a few eyes.

MAGICIAN: Come with me but for an hour and I will make you a prince to many eyes, more eyes than the sand of the desert.

ALADDIN: Would I wear fine clothing?

MAGICIAN: Have I not said you would have all you need? All you want? So most surely, the finest silks will clothe your body.

ALADDIN: And upon my head?

MAGICIAN: A huge bejeweled turban.

ALADDIN: Would I live in a palace?

MAGICIAN: Two. One for the esteemed someone very special and another for you. But you would have the largest palace in all of the world.

ALADDIN: And would I meet the most beautiful of princesses?

MAGICIAN: Trusted servants would search throughout all the world

for the most beautiful of princesses.

ALADDIN: No need to search throughout all the world.

MAGICIAN: But most surely if you would be of help to me, my trusted servants – and I will have many – would never sleep until they have found the most beautiful of princesses.

ALADDIN: But I have already found her.

MAGICIAN: And where, my certain one?

ALADDIN: Here.

MAGICIAN: Here?

ALADDIN: Close by. So your servants, many and trusted as they are, would have no need to rush about the world, not to serve me. Because though such treasures might be fun, friend Suleyman, the beggar, is hungry. He cannot eat the finest of foods nor wear expensive silks. Neither can I. So, I'm taking this bread to (*As HE moves*) Suleyman.

MAGICIAN: (*Grabbing ALADDIN*) After you have helped me.

ALADDIN: No. I don't want the finest foods, the most expensive silks and two palaces, not even one palace. Those things would only bring trouble upon my head. No, no, I cannot—

MAGICIAN: (*Becoming a fiend*) You will. You are a most honorable boy, (*Correcting HIMSELF*) man, (*Correcting HIMSELF*) person. You will be welcome to enter the cave.

ALADDIN: (*Pulling away from the MAGICIAN*) Enter the cave?

MAGICIAN: An enchanted cave holding the most precious of treasures.

ALADDIN: And you are not welcome to enter the cave?

MAGICIAN: Me? Not welcome?

ALADDIN: Why else would you trust someone you don't know to enter a cave filled with the most precious of treasures when you have so many trusted servants?

MAGICIAN: You are kind and good.

ALADDIN: I am?

MAGICIAN: No greed is within your heart.

ALADDIN: I have never seen my heart. So how can I tell what is or is not within my heart?

MAGICIAN: But why else would you pass up wealth of every kind to take a piece of bread to a beggar?

ALADDIN: Because doing so is right.

MAGICIAN: Do what is right by me, and you will have all the bread you will ever need or want to feed as many filthy beggars as you desire.

ALADDIN: Can I trust you?

MAGICIAN: You shall live to see the truth of what you have said.

ALADDIN: (*Trying to exit*) Then I shall see the truth another day.

Now I'm going to Suleyman.

MAGICIAN: You would run away from me, the Grand Sultan's Magician?

ALADDIN: *(Stunned)* You are the Grand Sultan's Magician?!

MAGICIAN: As you see, *(A slight bow)* you have talked with someone very important today.

ALADDIN: *(Moving quickly)* And someone very dangerous.

MAGICIAN: What?

ALADDIN: I must be going, Suleyman needs this bread. Even now, I hear his stomach calling me. To hurry. To him.

MAGICIAN: You will hear the cracking of my whip across your back even sooner if you do not come with me.

ALADDIN: I cannot.

MAGICIAN: You have but to enter the cave for me, get me what I need, what I must have, and then – then – your eyes will never close on the many good things I will give you.

ALADDIN: But this bread, Suleyman will not live if I do not give it to him.

MAGICIAN: *(Harshly knocking the bread out of ALADDIN'S hands)*

And he won't live anyway if you do not get me what I need.

(Grabbing and pulling ALADDIN off stage) Now, you will come with me. The day is getting shorter and my presence will soon be missed at the Grand Sultan's palace.

ALADDIN: What about my presence? Soon I will be missed.

MAGICIAN: Who cares about a filthy beggar boy? *(Exiting)*

MOTHER: *(Entering; calling)* Aladdin, where are you? Aladdin?

Aladdin?... *(Looking throughout the staging area, calling)*

Aladdin?

The GRAND SULTAN enters, also calling

SULTAN: Adora, my daughter, where are you?

MOTHER: Aladdin, my son, where are you?

SULTAN: Adora?

MOTHER: Aladdin?

From off stage:

ALADDIN: *(Shouting)* Help!

ADORA: *(Shouting)* Here, father.

MOTHER: *(Moving toward the shout, wondering)* Aladdin? *(Exits)*

SULTAN: *(Moving toward the shout)* Adora?

ADORA: Yes, father.

SULTAN: Finally.

ADORA: (*Entering*) Why so much concern, father?

SULTAN: Where have you been?

ADORA: Within the palace's walls. Where else can I go?

SULTAN: Since dawn?

ADORA: Since dawn, father.

SULTAN: But the guards, none were able to find you.

ADORA: Father, haven't you ever wished to not be found by the guards?

SULTAN: It is not meant to be so in our lives.

ADORA: And haven't you ever wished to go beyond the palace walls?

SULTAN: Nothing but rabble out there.

ADORA: Rabble, father?

SULTAN: No one good!

ADORA: Surely not everyone. These are your subjects.

SULTAN: Who belong where they are, in the streets, beyond our walls even as we belong here, inside our walls.

ADORA: But why?

SULTAN: Fate.

ADORA: Fate keeps us locked behind palace walls?

SULTAN: Adora, my dearest desert flower, you were meant for this palace. Here is where you will stay.

ADORA: Never to roam the desert?

SULTAN: It is too dangerous.

ADORA: Never to ride a camel?

SULTAN: They are too smelly. Besides, if you want to ride a camel, I will order a caravan driven into our courtyard. Take your pick of any camel and ride all day long. Inside the palace walls.

ADORA: Am I little more than a bird in a cage?

SULTAN: But the most beautiful of birds.

ADORA: Who wishes freedom.

SULTAN: Freedom?

ADORA: Who wishes her wings, if she were a bird, could carry her up beyond the palace walls, soaring into the clouds.

SULTAN: Adora, do not be so foolish.

ADORA: If I could but wish for myself, I would wish to run like other children. To run and play throughout all of the marketplace.

SULTAN: (*Horrified*) In the marketplace! Allah forbid!

ADORA: I would wish to be like other children.

SULTAN: You are not like other children, my beautiful Adora. You are the Grand Sultan's daughter, which means—

ADORA: Prison!

SULTAN: Never, my beautiful daughter.

ADORA: Am I never to leave here?

SULTAN: Only when the finest of all princes comes to take you to his palace.

ADORA: To another prison.

SULTAN: Fate, my daughter, wondrous fate for you.

ADORA: And when will I meet this finest of all princes, father?

SULTAN: Fate.

ADORA: May it be slow in working.

SULTAN: Adora!

ADORA: I want to see the world beyond this palace, father.

SULTAN: It is not safe.

ADORA: Please.

SULTAN: No. Only this morning a beggar climbed to the highest tree and—

ADORA: Made himself a monkey.

SULTAN: To harm you!

ADORA: How could he do that, father? The limb wasn't even strong enough to hold him.

SULTAN: He could have gotten inside the palace walls and kidnapped you.

ADORA: With all your guards standing watch?

SULTAN: Have you seen my guards? I have the worst of all guards.

ADORA: Fate, father? Fate that you might wish to change?

SULTAN: (*Exasperated*) Ahh-hh-hh, there is no reasoning with you. (*Exiting*)

ADORA: (*Exasperated*) And no wishing for me. (*Exiting*)

BULAR: So now you have met everyone in our adventure. No, not quite everyone. For that to happen, you must use your imagination, which is truly a most wonderful and a most wondrous gift. To be able to see in your mind what is not in front of your eyes. (*Moving toward a certain area in the staging area*) Such as this. In your imagination, this is a cave, completely empty except for one precious treasure, one very precious treasure and one curious "prince of the streets."

ALADDIN: (*Entering*) How much deeper into the cave?

NOTE: Throughout this scene, all of the MAGICIAN'S lines are delivered off stage or at a position on stage to preserve the "imagined cave" being completely empty except for the precious treasure and one "prince of the streets."

MAGICIAN: Until you find it.

ALADDIN: Until I find what?

MAGICIAN: A lamp.

ALADDIN: A lamp? We've come all this way only to find a lamp?
Surely in the marketplace—

MAGICIAN: Cease this useless chatter. Find the lamp!

ALADDIN: And if I do?

MAGICIAN: Keep searching until you do. (*ALADDIN searches*)

ALADDIN: It is not here.

MAGICIAN: It must be there.

ALADDIN: If it must be here, then you come search for it yourself.

MAGICIAN: (*Very angry; very loudly*) Aladdin, keep searching! Else
I shall shut you up in the cave!

ALADDIN: You would what?

MAGICIAN: Forever!

ALADDIN: (*Directly to the audience*) Shut me up in this cave
forever? How did I ever fall into this trouble? A lamp. (*Searching*)
Where can a lamp be? (*After several moments of searching, HE*
finds the lamp, then shouts with great joy)

MAGICIAN: Aladdin! You have found the lamp?!

ALADDIN: (*Cautiously*) Perhaps. (*Examining the lamp*)

MAGICIAN: Bring it to me immediately!

ALADDIN: (*Not really*) It is very heavy! (*Not hardly*) I can barely
move it.

MAGICIAN: Nonsense, Aladdin, the lamp is small, very small. You
can easily bring it to me.

ALADDIN: If bringing it to you is so easy, then you enter the cave
and get it yourself.

MAGICIAN: You know I cannot.

ALADDIN: And I cannot.

MAGICIAN: You must.

ALADDIN: I can't.

MAGICIAN: Now!

ALADDIN: Come help me.

MAGICIAN: No!

ALADDIN: Then you shall not have the lamp.

MAGICIAN: And you shall be shut up in the cave.

ALADDIN: No.

MAGICIAN: The lamp.

ALADDIN: Give me what you promised me.

MAGICIAN: The lamp first.

ALADDIN: My palace first.

MAGICIAN: I am no fool.

ALADDIN: Neither am I.

MAGICIAN: How long do you think you will live when I cause the cave
to be shut, tight, with no air?

ALADDIN: As long as it takes for someone to find me.

MAGICIAN: That someone will have to miss you first. No one misses the likes of you beggar boy.

ALADDIN: Many will.

MAGICIAN: Not with my spell blinding their eyes.

ALADDIN: You wouldn't.

MAGICIAN: Bring me the lamp.

ALADDIN: Give me my palace.

MAGICIAN: A palace in a cave?

ALADDIN: You're a grand Magician, are you not?

MAGICIAN: Who is about to shut you up in the cave—

ALADDIN: No!

MAGICIAN: --forever!

ALADDIN: (*Running to the caves "pretended" opening*) No, please, no!

MAGICIAN: (*A final demand*) The lamp!

ALADDIN: (*A strong demand*) Let me out!

BULAR: But even as Aladdin shouted, the caves opening, which was very small when Aladdin first crawled through it to find the lamp, is now becoming smaller, indeed, closing. (*ALADDIN pantomimes the movements being narrated*) And before Aladdin could pull himself back out through the caves opening, the cave closed. Shutting the "prince of the streets" up inside an empty black hole deep inside the earth.

ALADDIN: (*Shouting*) It closed! The cave closed!

From HIS position off stage, the MAGICIAN laughs loudly and with much evil.

ALADDIN: (*Shouting*) Magician! Magician! Let me out! Let me out! You may have the lamp! Let me out!

MAGICIAN: The lamp is safe inside the cave, unlike you. I will find another to get me the lamp. And when that other enters the cave, he will find not only the lamp, but also a skeleton. Yours! (*More loud and evil laughter*)

ALADDIN: (*Shouting*) Help! Help! Someone!

MAGICIAN: No one can hear you, O foolish one! (*More laughter, loud and evil, as HE exits his position off stage, the laughter dying away as HE exits*)

ALADDIN: (*Shouting*) Help! Anyone! (*Defeated, trying another tact*) Maybe I can dig myself out. (*With much pantomimed effort, HE tries to do so, but to no avail. Finally defeated, HE sits down*)

Well, I guess I'm here...forever...or at least until someone misses me...which could also be—

BULAR: Much time passes. Not months, certainly not days, not even

ALADDIN

hours, but to Aladdin, the time he spent shut up in the cave seemed like—

ALADDIN: –FOREVER!

BULAR: What to do?

ALADDIN: There's nothing to do. I'm a prisoner, forever. (*Very weak*) Help!

BLACKOUT.

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