

ALADDIN



A musical pantomime for young actors- **SCRIPT PREVIEW**

by Jennifer Cross

Enter the Soap 'n' Suds Laundry where you'll meet Aladdin and friends. Then journey with him as he helps an old man retrieve something he once lost, and wins the hand of the Princess.

This entertaining show comes with 8 songs (3 solos, 1 solo + chorus, 1 duet, 3 Ensemble numbers). Running time approx 60 mins. Written for ages 7-11 yrs

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The dual format CD supplied with this script contains audio files and text files.
Play the audio files on a CD Player. Print the script, OHP sheets and sheet music on a PC.

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Cast

(18 speaking + street performers/market passer-bys.)

Aladdin	Laundry Worker 1	Gardener 1
Princess Tsong Fay	Laundry Worker 2	Gardener 2
Abanazer	Laundry Worker 3	Gardener 3
Widow Twankey	Laundry Worker 4	Gardener 4
Wishy-Washy	Trader 1	Street Performers –
Emperor	Trader 2	(Acrobats/Belly Dancers)
Genie	Trader 3	

(Additional cast can be incorporated as passers-by for the market scene, and extra gardeners.)

Props

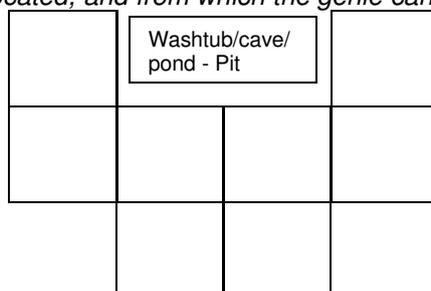
<u>Scene 1 –</u>	Blindfolds	Comic
Clothes	Carton of fish food	<u>Scene 6 –</u>
Clothes Airer/Washing lines	Key	Mop
Ironing Board and iron	Silver Confetti	Pile of Clothes
Holey item of clothing	<u>Scene 4 –</u>	Peg
Skeleton Glove	Knitting (Magazine could be read instead)	<u>Scene 9 –</u>
Fan	Chair	Torch
Length of Washing Line	Ball of fluff	Rock
<u>Scene 2 –</u>	Free pass/ticket	Muddy Boot
Market Stalls	3 toffees	Lamp
Parsnips	<u>Scene 5 –</u>	Cymbals
Carrots	Candles	<u>Scene 10 –</u>
Seller's Tray	Matches	Paper – (Purposefully made with specific headlines relating to Aladdin and the Princess's wedding.)
Tins of Carrot & Parsnip Soup	Full Shopping Bags	Mug of tea
<u>Scene 3 –</u>	Torches	Clothes
Lawnmower	Seller's Tray	
Flowerpots	Batteries	
Flowers		

Musical Numbers

Scene 1 Song 1 – The Laundry song	Scene 4 Song 5 – Twankey's Sorrows
Scene 1 Song 2 – Don't be Glum	Scene 5 – Belly Dancers Number
Scene 2 – Acrobats Dance Number	Scene 5 Song 6 – Abanazer's Ditty
Scene 3 Song 3 – The Gardener's Ditty	Scene 6 Song 7 – Hero Wishy
Scene 3 Song 4 – Lovers Duet	Scene 7 Song 8 – The Laundry Lament

Main Staging Layout

(Ideal stage layout is a bottom heavy horseshoe so a well is left down centre stage in which the washtub is supposedly located, and from which the genie can later emerge.)



Scene 1 – Widow Twankey’s Laundry

(Stage is set as Widow Twankey’s Launderette – The Soap ‘n’ Suds. – The Laundry’s workers are hard at working, slopping and scrubbing, hanging and ironing, clothes. Possible choreographed number during song as the workers work.)

Song 1 – The Laundry song – (sung to the tune of ‘The Grand Old Duke of York’)

*The Grand Old Duke of York, he has ten thousand shirts
And every one he wears all day is smeared with grass and dirt.
He sends them to the laundry to try to get them clean
For he’s been told that we’re the best laundry you’ve ever seen.*

*The Emperor of Donka is such a messy thing
With gravy dripping on his socks and onto everything.
He sends them to the laundry to try to get them clean
For he’s been told that we’re the best laundry you’ve ever seen.*

*The crazy Maharajah wears such peculiar pants.
When in the tub you soon will find them swimming round with ants.
He sends them to the laundry to try to get them clean
For he’s been told that we’re the best laundry you’ve ever seen. (Repeat Verse 1)*

(As the song ends, workers return to their work and work just that little bit faster as Widow Twankey bursts onto the scene waving a fan agitatedly.)

Widow Twankey: Oi, you lot. I hope you’re not wasting your time with all that singing malarkey again. Now is not the time to be dilly-dallying, or shilly-shallying, or in fact doing anything at all except a-laundering. I didn’t make this laundry such a successful enterprise by standing by and doing nothing.

Worker 1: No, you sat down and did nothing.

Widow Twankey: What? Who said that? I’ll have you know I’ve been working fingers to the bone making things a success.

Worker 2: We know. They’re our fingers. (Holds up a skeletal hand)

Widow Twankey: I’m doing you a favour. Think of all the money you’ll save on skin cream.

Worker 3: (Mutters to worker) Next she’ll be telling us she’s gonna grind our bones and sell them to the Giant for his bread.

Widow Twankey: I heard that. Besides he’s on a diet and gone right off bone bread.

Worker 4: Oh, so you’ve already asked him?

Widow Twankey: Well, in times like these you’ve got to consider everything. Especially if the Emperor has his way and we all start walking around wearing nothing but the clothes we were born in.

Worker 1: I wasn’t born wearing clothes.

Widow Twankey: Exactly. (She walks over to inspect the clothes in the laundry tub) How’s the new soap doing? Getting things clean all right?

Worker 2: I wouldn’t say that exactly.

Widow Twankey: Why not?

Worker 3: Well... it’s dealing with the stains in a rather unusual way.

Widow Twankey: How? Isn’t it removing them?

Worker 4: Oh, it’s removing them all right. It’s just that... well... (Holds up a garment full of holes) It’s removing the material too.

Widow Twankey: That’s terrible. We’ll have the customers complaining if we send back laundry looking like Swiss cheese and fishing nets. The mixture must be too strong. Who filled the washtub this morning?

(The workers avert their gazes from her and shrug. Widow Twankey's eyes narrow before she throws back her head and shrieks off stage.)

Widow Twankey: Aladdin!!! ALADDIN!!! When I get my hands on him... *(She starts to pace and the workers move out of her way, not altogether successfully in some cases.)* ALADDIN!!! ... the lazy good for nothing... What did I ever do to deserve a son like him? Bone Idle layabout.

Worker 3: *(Mutters to worker)* Little obsessed by bones, isn't she?

Widow Twankey: I find him many nice jobs but each one he sleeps on.

Worker 2: Maybe a job in a bed factory testing mattresses would work.

Widow Twankey: And encourage him to sleep all day? No thank you. And I think he gets enough encouragement on that part from that friend of his. I've never known anyone sleep as much as Wishy-Washy does.

Worker 4: Doctor Foster reckons he's got the sleeping sickness. Narka-something..

Worker 1: Narcolepsy?

Worker 4: That's it. That's what Doc says he's got.

Widow Twankey: I'll narka-wotsy you lot in a minute if you don't get back to work, besides I'll not trust the word of a Doctor who can't watch out for puddles. You know, nobody's seen him since he went to Gloucester. *(The workers get back to work and she resumes her pacing)* Where is that boy? *(Calls into the wings)* ALADDIN!!!

(Aladdin wanders on stage)

Aladdin: No need to yell. I heard you the first time. In fact I reckon the Emperor heard you in Lar-di-da-di-da Land.

Widow Twankey: There you are.

Aladdin: Oh, am I really. *(Looks all around)* Yes, here I am indeed. How observant you are, Mother.

Widow Twankey: Oi. I've had enough of your cheek.

Aladdin: Really? Would you like a bit of my foot instead?

Widow Twankey: No I wouldn't. I don't know where it's been.

Aladdin: What? You want my nose?

Widow Twankey: *(looks perplexed)* Aladdin, are you feeling all right?

Aladdin: I'm fine Mother but I'm wondering about you if you're wanting my nose. I'm rather attached to it you know. It's very useful for smelling things out.

Widow Twankey: Like what?

Aladdin: Um... Like dinner. My nose knows when something's a cooking and it never tells me wrong. Like for instance it told me to come home as something was cooking. So here I am, and there you was a bellowing for me.

Widow Twankey: A lady never bellows.

Worker 3: And you ain't no lady. *(Widow Twankey glares at him/her)*

Aladdin: So, Mother dearest, what's a cooking?

Worker 4: *(To Aladdin)* You'd better run while you've got the chance.

Aladdin: Why?

Worker 4: *(To Aladdin)* You'll see, but don't say I didn't warn you.

Widow Twankey: I'll tell you what's a cooking all right. You are. You and that lame-brain of yours have overdone the soap mixture and its eating up the clothes.

Worker 4: *(To Aladdin)* Told you.

Aladdin: That's ridiculous. I only put in the regular mixture, in the regular amounts, from the regular bottle.

Widow Twankey: Well if that's the case then how do you explain this? *(She holds up one of the items full of holes)*

Aladdin: *(shrugs)* The workers have been getting peckish.

Widow Twankey: Peckish, PECKISH!!! I'll give you peckish. I give you one job and you can't even do that right. How many jobs is it now that you've failed, 5, 10, 20?

Aladdin: I dunno. Never counted.

Widow Twankey: Newsboy. Bootblack. Chimney Sweep.

Aladdin: Hey I was thinking of you with that one. Think of the extra laundry you'd have had if I were climbing chimneys all day.

Widow Twankey: Don't give me that. If you were thinking of me and the washing, then you'd have taken the job as a swimming teacher where you only have to wear swimming trunks.

Aladdin: But I can't swim.

Widow Twankey: Bah, a minor impediment.

Aladdin: Not when you have to get in and show them how to do it.

Widow Twankey: Well what about the paper round?

Aladdin: Hmm... and all that drying from walking on wet days.

Widow Twankey: Floor polisher? Carpet fitter?

Aladdin: Extra mending from holes in the knees of my trousers.

Widow Twankey: No problem. Wear shorts.

Aladdin: And wear out my knees instead?

Worker 2: You could join the bone club like us then. *(Waves skeletal hand)*

Widow Twankey: You always have an excuse. *(She starts to try and hit him with her fan as he ducks out of the way)* You're a lazy waste of space. You won't even take a job if it's handed to you on a plate.

Aladdin: Jobs don't come on plates.

Widow Twankey: Well, if you don't find work soon we're all gonna be evicted and it will be all your fault.

Aladdin: How's it my fault?

Widow Twankey: Because you got the mixture wrong. Now everybody will want us to replace their clothes, and we're only just making enough money to make ends meet. If we have to replace everything we'll be broke, and the landlord will come and evict us.

Aladdin: He can't do that.

Widow Twankey: Duh... Yes he can. He's the Landlord.

Aladdin: Well... *(Puts his arm around her shoulder)* Cheer up Mother. Something will turn up. It always does. Why, just the other day when I was feeling blue I found just singing a song would help me through.

Song 2 – Don't be Glum – (sung to the tune of 'Yankee Doodle Dandy')

Aladdin: *(sings)*

Lift your chin up, don't be glum.
Though you'll soon be a debtor.
Round the corner good things lie
And things will soon get better.
Crack your face, and dare to smile
Don't forget to have hope.
Round the corner good things lie,
And not a whiff of bad soap.

Life may throw you lots of pants,
And socks and bright pink knickers.
We will always get on by
And beggars can't be pickers.
Lift your chin up, don't be glum.
No need to be dreary.
Things will turn right in the end,
And we will all be cheery.
(Repeat Verse 1)

Widow Twankey: That's easy for you to sing. But you'll be singing on the other side of your face when we're homeless.

Aladdin: Rubbish. That'll never happen. I'll die before that happens.

Widow Twankey: See you at your funeral then.

Aladdin: Aww.. Cheer up Mum. I'll get this fixed. Have I ever let you down?

Widow Twankey: Yes, frequently. Want me to list the times?

Aladdin: Umm... Er... No. *(looks away awkwardly before looking back)* But this time will be different. You'll see. By this time next year we'll be Millionaires.

Widow Twankey: Oh... And I'll wear diamonds and can afford one of them new fangled washing machine thingamies I saw in the latest copy of Washer Woman's Weekly.

Aladdin: Anything you want, Mum. Anything at all. The world will be your oyster.

Widow Twankey: What? I don't wanna live in no oyster.

Aladdin: No Mum. I mean there'll be nothing you can't have.

Widow Twankey: Oh Aladdin, really? *(Aladdin nods, but then she shakes her head)* Don't be daft. How are you gonna do that? If you can't even get a job, how are you gonna get a million quid? Rob a bank? I'll not have a thief in my house.

Aladdin: I dunno how Mum, but I'll do it. Someday it will all be true.

Worker 1: Yeah, in the land of the sunshine fairies and the jumping pixies. *(Aladdin glares at him)*

Aladdin: Don't you have some washing to do?

Worker 1: *(looks in the direction of the tub)* What, and end up with a hand like his? *(Indicates Worker 2 and shakes his head vigorously)* I ain't sticking my hand in there.

Workers 2, 3: Neither are we. *(They start to walk off)*

Worker 1: We're going on strike until the tub's cleaned and a new soap supply is in. *(Starts to walk off.)*

Worker 4: You can call it an official washout. *(exits stage with the rest of the workers)*

Widow Twankey: *(Watches them go before looking at Aladdin pointedly)* You heard them. Get it cleaned up, before I push you in it. *(Looks him up and down)* You could do with a good bath. *(She makes to push him, but he jumps out of the way causing her to overbalance and fall in.)* Wahhhhh... quick, get me out and hose me down.

(Aladdin rushes to her aid and throws her a washing line, which she keeps missing.)

Widow Twankey: Will you hurry up.

Aladdin: Well, it would help if you stopped flailing about. Besides, the tub's not that deep Mother. *(He throws the line again and she misses.)*

Widow Twankey: *(stands up)* Oh for goodness sake, I'll do it myself. *(She clammers out of the tub, and storms off stage leaving a bemused Aladdin behind. He shrugs before exiting after her.)*

Scene 2 – The Marketplace

(A couple of market stalls are set up upstage with their respective traders standing behind their stalls.)

(CD Track 17: Acrobat Music: *A group of street performers (acrobats) perform downstage. Once they've finished they hand a cap around among the spectators before packing up and exiting off stage, just as the Traders start touting their wares.)*

Trader 1: Carrots... Come buy some lovely carrots. Only a pound.

Trader 2: Parsnips... Parsnips... Ripe for soup Parsnips.

Trader 1: Carrots... Get your carrots here.

Trader 2: Parsnips... Perfect for roasting.

Trader 1: Forget parsnips... You need carrots... Carrot soup's the greatest.

Trader 2: Parsnips... Parsnips... Upper class Parsnips...

Trader 1: More like anaemic carrots.

Trader 2: I heard that.

Trader 1: Good. Carrots... Get your carrots here... Carrots... Finest carrots.

Trader 2: Parsnips... PARSNIPS... FINEST IN THE MARKET.

Trader 1: CARROTS... CARROTS... BEST YOU'VE EVER HAD.

(They pelt each other with their wares. Trader 3 strolls on with a tray of soup cans, and starts to tout them.)

Trader 3: Soup... Soup... Many kinds of soup... 'Mato, 'Tato, Leek 'n' Onion, Chicken, Mushroom, Minestrone, but the greatest soup on offer, for ONLY 10 Pence, is the outright winner of CARROT and PARSNIP!

(Traders 1 and 2 stop what they are doing and look at Trader 3)

Trader 1: Oi! You can't do that.

Trader 2: Yeah. You'll take away all our business.

Trader 3: So? I have a market trader's licence that says I can sell soup wherever I please. *(Pulls licence out and waves it in front of them)* See... Besides... *(Looks towards their stalls which have been cleared of veg, it having been thrown around as the traders argued)* You don't look like you have anything to sell anyway.

Trader 1: *(shrugs)* That's not the point.

Trader 2: Yeah. Everyone knows fresh is best and you come here with your tinned stuff trying to take our business...

Trader 3: Look mate, if fresh is best then you've nothing to worry about, have you? People will come and buy your stuff. Look here come some customers. Let's see which they'd prefer.

(Enter Aladdin and Wishy-Washy. They start to cross the stage and Trader 3 accosts them.)

Trader 3: Good Morning young sirs.

Aladdin: I dunno.. Is it?

Trader 3: Is it what?

Aladdin: A good morning. You tell me. It's only just started for me so I wouldn't know if it's good or not.

Wishy-Washy: Me either. Though I could do with going back to bed.

Aladdin: Oh yeah.. Me too.

Wishy-Washy: *(to Trader 3)* Wouldn't you like to go back to bed?

Trader 3: Who? Me?

Wishy-Washy: Yeah you. Wouldn't you like snuggling back into bed, pulling the covers over, and sleeping some more. Bet you were up really early too. Bound to want to go back to bed. *(Yawns)*

Trader 3: *(yawns after Wishy-Washy)* Hmm... Now that I come to think of it, I am tired. Perhaps I should go back to bed. Thanks. Bye. *(Walks off and exits. Traders 1 and 2 watch him go, bemusedly.)*

Trader 1: But...

Trader 2: Huh...? *(They shrug and start to clear up the mess of their stalls before exiting.)*

Aladdin: Hey, Wishy...?

Wishy-Washy: Huh?

Aladdin: Have you ever seen the princess?

Wishy-Washy: *(sarcastically)* Yeah, right. As if I'd ever get to see her. You know no one gets to see her without approval fro her father. And he never gives that to anyone, least of all people like us. The sons of washerwomen are not the sort to go mixing with the hoi-polo.

Aladdin: I do.

Wishy-Washy: Huh... Are you telling me that you've seen the Princess?

Aladdin: Nope... (*Wishy-Washy looks puzzled*) But talked to her.

Wishy-Washy: (*Wishy-Washy looks even more puzzled*) You haven't seen her, but you've talked to her. How?

Aladdin: Well, it was like this... No actually, it'll be easier to show you. Come on. (*Exit Stage Left together*)

Scene 3 – The Emperor's Garden

(The stage is set to resemble a garden. A wall is sited on the right of the stage and angled so Aladdin and Wishy will be hidden from view. The well area where the washtub is situated is now edged so the well now resembles an ornamental pond.. Gardeners are hard at work –setting the scenery for the garden as they sing.)

Song 3 – The Gardener's Ditty – (Sung to the tune of 'The English Country Garden')

Gardeners: (*Sing*)

How many kinds of sweet flowers grow
In the Emperor's Palace Garden?
We don't care. We plant them anywhere.
In the ground, in a tub, or jardinière.
Stick 'em in a chamber pot,

Plant them in a sunny spot
Grow them anywhere,
Over here, over there, and simply anywhere
In the Emperor's Palace Garden.

(Repeat – sung, whistled, or instrumental)

(During the second verse a large flowerpot is brought on stage by one of the gardeners, along with a large selection of flowers. Gardener 1 moves the lawn. Gardener 2 & 3 kneel next to the flowerpot. Gardener 2 hands individual flowers to Gardener 3 who sticks them in the pot. Gardener 4 meanwhile produces a large carton of fish food and starts to sprinkle handfuls on the pond.)

(Aladdin and Wishy-Washy are in situ behind the wall and out of view. Their dialogue will be said while behind the wall for the duration of the next section of speech, until they pass through the 'gate'.)

Wishy-Washy: What are we doing here?

Aladdin: You know where we are right?

Wishy-Washy: Yeah. We're standing next to a wall.

Aladdin: Yeah but what's behind the wall?

Wishy-Washy: Erm.. Let me just get my x-ray glasses on. (*pause*) Oh yeah... I haven't got any, so how am I supposed to know what's there, or are you gonna tell me I have undiscovered x-ray vision like Superman and can see through it?

Aladdin: Wishy, you're useless. This is the palace wall.

Wishy-Washy: Yeah... So?

Aladdin: So...?

Wishy-Washy: Oh... so... the palace is on the other side.

Aladdin: Yup. Though behind this particular bit, is the palace garden.

Wishy-Washy: Really? Cool. (*pause*) Ok, now we've seen it can we go? I'm getting hungry.

Aladdin: You're always hungry.

Wishy-Washy: Well I gotta keep my strength up.

Aladdin: Why? You never do anything.

Wishy-Washy: Yeah I do. I'm busy all day.

Aladdin: Sleeping doesn't count. Besides, I need you.

Wishy-Washy: What for?

Aladdin: I'm going over the wall.

Wishy-Washy: But you'll get caught. The Emperor...

Aladdin: The Emperor's not gonna know. But I've got to see her. Now stand over here and help me climb up. She'll be here in a minute. *(Whistling/Humming is heard off stage.)*

Gardener 4: *(to the other gardeners)* Quick! The Princess is coming.

(All the gardeners quickly produce and don blindfolds. G2 & G3 are now putting the flowers in the pot upside down, G4 is edging tentatively around the pond. The Princess enters Stage Left. She quickly crosses the stage to the wall and talks to it.)

Princess: Are you there, my friend from the outside?

Gardener 2: *(to G3)* Who is she talking to? *(G3 shrugs)*

Aladdin: *(from behind the wall)* I'm here.

Princess: Is that really you? You sound a bit different. Kind of puffed out.

Aladdin: *(from behind the wall)* Well, it's not easy climbing a wall you know. *(His head and shoulders appear over the wall as he leans on the top.)* Hello Princess. *(She looks up. He looks behind as he starts to wobble)* Wishy, you're making me wobble. Watch it. *(He disappears from view.)*

Princess: Oh.. Are you all right?

Gardener 1: Yes. I am fine Princess. Thank you for asking.

Princess: *(looks around to see who spoke)* Huh? Oh right... that's nice to hear but I'm afraid I wasn't asking you.

Gardener 1: Oh.. You weren't. Who were you asking then, Princess?

Princess: Never you mind. *(turns back to the wall)* Aladdin? Are you ok?

(Aladdin's head appears above the wall again and he grips on more tightly)

Aladdin: I'm fine. Wishy broke my fall.

Wishy-Washy: *(from behind the wall)* Yeah and I think you broke me. Owwweee

Aladdin: *(looks back down at Wishy)* Aww... Quit being such a baby. It's your fault.

Wishy-Washy: *(from behind the wall)* If you're gonna start calling me names, then I'm off.

(Aladdin starts to wobble as Wishy makes to move off)

Aladdin: All right. All right. Sorry.

Wishy-Washy: *(from behind the wall)* Good. Now are you gonna get over it or do I have to stay here all day.

(Aladdin tries to climb over further and tries swinging a leg up.)

Aladdin: Oi..stop wobbling Wishy.

Wishy-Washy: *(from behind the wall)* It's hard not to when you do that.

Aladdin: Well how am else am I supposed to get over the wall?

Princess: Erm.. Can I make a suggestion? You could use the door.

Wishy-Washy: *(from behind the wall)* There's a door. Well why didn't you say so. *(Aladdin rapidly disappears from view again)*

Aladdin: *(from behind the wall)* Ouch.. You could've let me get off before standing up.

Wishy-Washy: *(from behind the wall)* Quit moaning. All right Princess, where's this door of yours?

Princess: Keep following the wall to the left and you'll find it. *(turns to G1)* Ok. I need the key.

Gardener 1: I don't know what key you are on about Princess.

Princess: Yes you do. And I know my father has told you not to open that door, but if you don't give me the key you're going to regret it.

Gardener 1: Oh.. that key. But I don't have it. Fish boy does.

Princess: Right then... *(She walks towards G3 who tries to choose a direction. Eventually picking one, they start to step out over the pond but halt midway as the princess says...)* STOP! Don't move, unless you plan on feeding yourself to the fishes. *(She reaches them and starts rummaging in their pockets for the key. Once she has it, she pulls them away from the pond before heading back to the wall. There's a knock on the door)*

Princess: Coming.

Aladdin: We can't. The door's locked.

Princess: I meant I'm coming. *(She unlocks the door, then stands back as Aladdin and Wishy-Washy enter. Aladdin and the Princess go all shy.)*

Wishy-Washy: Well, aren't you gonna say hi or something to each other? *(Aladdin and Princess smile at each other before looking away bashfully.)*

Wishy-Washy: *(sighs)* Typical. We go to all that effort to get you here, you take one look at each other and you are now dumbstruck.

Gardener 2: You mean he's seen her face?

Gardener 4: The Emperor must be told.

(Gardener 4 nods and turns to make off to tell the Emperor, unfortunately this time they do step into the pond. A splash is heard and water [silver confetti] is thrown from the pond area.)

Princess: *(frowns warningly)* No-one is telling father anything. You got that clear. Besides if you tell him you'll have to admit you've seen my face too. *(She gestures to Wishy and Aladdin and they manoeuvre to take up positions next to one each of the remaining gardeners)*

Gardener 3: But we haven't seen your face.

Princess: Oh, yes you have. *(She nods and Wishy, Aladdin, and herself all remove the blindfolds on the Gardeners. She grins triumphantly as the gardeners look at her.)* See. Now, if you tell your heads will be in just as much trouble. Now scam.

(The Gardeners exit stage left, grovelling backwards as they go. Gardener 4 is helped out of the pond by Wishy and exits too.)

Wishy-Washy: Well now that's sorted. Hiya Princess. *(Aladdin and the Princess are standing gazing at each other holding hands. Wishy-washy sighs and waves his hand in-between them to get their attention)* Hello. This is earth calling. *(sighs again)* Typical. *(shakes Aladdin)* Oi.

Aladdin: Hmm?

Wishy-Washy: Are you two just going to stand there staring at each other?

Aladdin: Huh? What? Oh, right? Forgive me Princess. Shall we be seated?

Princess: Oh yes.

(Aladdin and Princess sit on the floor. Wishy-Washy looks at them in bemusement before throwing his hands in the air in disgust and walking offstage right, back through the door.)

Song 4 – Lovers Duet – (Sung to the tune of 'I Had A Little Nut Tree')

Aladdin: Would you be my partner? Would you be my love?
Would you be my best friend, like the stars above?
Shining through the darkness, light the sky for me. Tell me now dear Princess, what would you be?

Princess: I would be your partner. I would be your love.
I would be your best friend Like the stars above.
Shining through the darkness, I'd light the sky for you. But father wouldn't let me, so what shall we do?

Aladdin and Princess: Love has come a calling but oh what can we do?
Because you are a Laundry boy/Princess I cannot marry you.
Fate, I think, was laughing When I fell for you
Because you are a Laundry boy/Princess I cannot marry you.

(As the song ends the two of them lean side by side against each other.)

Emperor: *(from the wings)* Tsong-Fay! Where are you, daughter?

(Princess jumps to her feet in haste, dragging Aladdin to his too.)

Princess: Quick, you must go. It's father and I'd hate to see your head roll if he finds you here.

Aladdin: Alas, I hate to be parted from you so soon. But I fear I would hate to be parted from my head more. Until next time... *(He makes to kiss her hand, but she spins away from him as her father calls again.)*

Emperor: *(offstage)* Tsong-Fay!

Princess: *(she hurriedly pushes Aladdin towards the door)* Quick. *(He steps through and she closes it behind him and leans on it in relief)* Goodbye my love.

(The Emperor enters stage left)

Emperor: Ahh.. there you are my petal. I thought I heard your voice over here. Who were you talking to?

Princess: *(Looks a little guilty and hurriedly moves away from the door)* Who? Me? Nobody. Erm.. I was just talking to the flowers... Yes, that's right. Talking to the flowers.

Emperor: *(looks like he doesn't believe her)* And I supposed they talked back?

Princess: Oh no. Don't be silly Father. Flowers can't talk.

Emperor: Then what's the point of talking to them?

Princess: Oh I don't know. It's just kind of restful, and the gardeners say flowers grow well if you talk to them.

Emperor: Then let them do the talking. I'll not have my daughter looking like a crackpot while talking to every flower that she sees.

Princess: Yes father.

Emperor: Good. Now let's go for a walk and you can tell me about your morning.

Princess: *(nods and they start to walk around the garden)* Father, would you really chop off someone's head if they saw my face?

Emperor: Of course. Though I'd let them have a last meal first.

Princess: What's the point of that if they don't get to savour it for very long?

Emperor: Well someone needs to eat all the liver and sprouts cook keeps dishing up.

Princess: But... that's stupid.

Emperor: *(rubs hands gleefully)* Or is it really, a really cleverly masterminded plan?

Princess: No. It's stupid.

Emperor: Well I like it, and I'm the Emperor so I say that's how it is. The only one who gets to look at you, is me, so there.

Princess: What about if I got married? Would you chop off my husband's head?

Emperor: Not gonna happen.

Princess: Oh, so he'd get to see me too?

Emperor: Nope. I mean it's not gonna happen. *(Starts to exit before turning back to throw one last remark over his shoulder.)* You're never getting married. *(Exits stage left leaving a shocked princess behind.)*

Princess: But father... *(Exits running after him.)*

Scene 4 – Back at the Laundry

(The laundry is quiet and Widow Twankey is sitting down knitting. During the second verse she stands and mimes as she sings before slumping into her seat again by the end of the third verse.)

Song 5 – Twankey’s Sorrows – (sung to the tune of ‘Sing a Song of Sixpence’)

Widow Twankey: (*sings*)

When I was a young lass,
My Old Man was alive.
Everything was cheap.
Laundry business thrived.
We saw a different show each night.
We billed and cooed all day.
When my old man was alive,
Life was ok.

We used to go out dancing,
We would laugh and grin.
Our clothes were new, and fitted
Like a second skin.
Then I tripped up on my laces
And hit him on the head
There’ll be no more embraces
‘Cos my Old Man is dead.

So I’m all alone now,
With a great useless son.
Feeling hot and cross now,
Like a hot cross bun.
My son has disappeared
And there’s so much work to do
I’m feeling rather sad now
And really really blue.

I’m feeling rather sad now
And really really blue.

(*Enter Abanazer.*)

Abanazer: My dear lady, why do you look so sad?

Widow Twankey: (*jumps to her feet*) Oh... a customer. Forgive me sir. I didn’t see you there. (*She looks around him looking for his washing*) Erm... Sir, I’m not sure how we at the Soap ‘n’ Suds can help you. You seem to have forgotten your washing.

Abanazer: Only if I’d intended to bring it in the first place.

Widow Twankey: Hmm... well if you’re not wanting your washing done, what are you wanting?

Abanazer: Well, I was just passing this fine establishment, when it occurred to me that a fine upstanding businesswoman such as yourself might be able to help me.

Widow Twankey: (*preens*) Oh Sir! You do flatter me.

Abanazer: Oh sorry.

Widow Twankey: No don’t stop. I like it. (*she grins*)

Abanazer: (*coughs*) Yes... well... Anyway, do you think you may be able to help me?

Widow Twankey: That would depend.

Abanazer: On what?

Widow Twankey: What’s in it for me?

Abanazer: Erm... (*rummages in his pockets and pulls out the contents*) A free pass for the magic carpet bus company, a ball of fluff, and 3 toffees.

Widow Twankey: Hmm... You can keep the fluff but I’ll take the rest.

Abanazer: Really? Thought you’d drive a harder bargain than that.

Widow Twankey: You never let me finish. I also want some help in the laundry this afternoon, and you can pay me £60 for the pleasure of enjoying an afternoon’s work.

Abanazer: But...but...

Widow Twankey: Goats butt. Are you a goat?

Abanazer: Am I a...? Of course I'm not. Do I look like a goat?

Widow Twankey: You might be a goat in disguise. They're tricky creatures. 'Ere, you're not gonna eat my washing are you?

Abanazer: No I am not. And I am not a goat.

Widow Twankey: Then stop with the butting and tell me what help you need. If it's psychomologically, I can direct you to the best quack in the city. Some doc's are fussy as to who they treat, but not this one. So, do you need him?

Abanazer: No. What I do need though is for you to shut your trap and stop talking. *(Waits while she stands and does just that)* That's better. Now, I'm in need of a boy. *(Widow Twankey makes to ask why but is silenced by Abanazer putting a hand over her mouth)* Why I want him is none of your concern. I just have a little job that needs doing, and I can't do it alone. Now, do you know where I can find such a boy. *(Widow Twankey nods)* And can you tell me where he is? *(Widow Twankey nods and points behind him. As he turns to look, Aladdin and Wishy-Washy enter stage right.)*

Aladdin: Hey you! Unhand my mother.

Abanazer: I would, but the blood would make an awful mess.

Wishy-Washy: He meant take your hands off his mum, not chop her hands off.

Aladdin: *(To Wishy)* Thanks Wishy, but I can deal with this. *(looks back at Abanazer)* What he said? Get your hand off my mum.

Abanazer: *(Removes his hand from over Widow Twankey's mouth)* Certainly. You only had to say.

Aladdin: I thought I just did.

Abanazer: Quite so. And you must be this fine lady's son?

Aladdin: Well I called her mum didn't I?

Widow Twankey: Yes, yes. This is my son, Aladdin. He'll help you.

Aladdin: I'll what? Now look here mum, I'll find my own jobs thank you.

Widow Twankey: But... but...

Abanazer: Now look who's a goat.

Widow Twankey: *(to Abanazer)* If you want his help, keep quiet. *(to Aladdin)* If you agree to help this gentleman, he's gonna work an afternoon in the laundry so you don't have to.

Aladdin: Oh, well in that case. I'm all ears.

Widow Twankey: It's true. He never misses a thing. Could even hear a whisper on a mountain.

Aladdin: So go on. Let me have it.

Abanazer: Have what?

Aladdin: *(to Wishy)* He's not too clever is he? *(to Abanazer)* What is it you want me to do?

Abanazer: Oh. I'll tell you on the way. Let's go. *(He starts to walk off stage expecting Aladdin to follow.)*

Widow Twankey: Hold it right there. Where do you think you're going?

Abanazer: Gah... Do I really have to explain again?

Widow Twankey: No. You just have to put your money where your mouth is and make sure payment comes first. My Aladdin is going nowhere until you've paid up in full. *(Holds out hand)* Free pass and toffees. *(Waits for Abanazer to give them to her, then gives a toffee each to Aladdin and Wishy, before popping the last into her mouth.)* Oh and Aladdin, don't think you and Wishy are gonna hang around here all day. Run down to the market and go grab us some bits for dinner.

Aladdin: Yes mum.

Abanazer: And pick up a torch or something as well. You'll be needing it.

(Widow Twankey directs Abanazer to follow her and she exits stage left after one final comment to Aladdin.)

Widow Twankey: Well, don't just standing there looking gormless. Get on with it.

Aladdin: All right, Mum. I'm going. Come on Wishy. *(Aladdin and Wishy Washy exit stage right)*

END OF SCRIPT PREVIEW- NEARLY HALF WAY THROUGH