

'Aladdin & His Magic Tramp'

A pantomime

By Jim Blythe & Graham Parry

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Characters

Abanazar, a villainous sorcerer
Assistant, a magicians assistant
Widow Twankey, a launderette owner
Wishee Washee, a simpleton
Aladdin, a hero
Chancellor
Chow Mein, the Emperor
Chop Suey, the Empress
Foo Yung, the Princess
Duck, the Prince
Flash, a laundry assistant
Slave of the Ring, a genie

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ACT ONE

PROLOGUE - ABANAZAR'S RETREAT

*SINISTER MUSIC THAT GRADUALLY BUILDS. LIGHTS UP TO REVEAL A CHAIR WITH A BOOK ON IT AND SOME CARDBOARD. SMOKE SWIRLS AROUND THE STAGE. **ABANAZAR** ENTERS, LIFTS UP ONE OF THE CARDBOARD SECTIONS, OPENS IT UP INTO A BOX AND PUTS IT BACK ON THE FLOOR. HE MOVES ROUND THE BOX AND PICKS UP THE SECOND SECTION. HE OPENS THIS OUT AND PLACES IT OVER THE FIRST BOX. HE THEN TURNS THE BOX ROUND, REVEALING ALL SIDES, UNTIL WE SEE THE SIDE WITH "ACME INSTANT EVIL ASSISTANT KIT" WRITTEN ON IT. A PUFF OF SMOKE AND AN **ASSISTANT** EMERGES FROM THE BOX. **ABANAZAR** CLICKS HIS FINGERS AND THE SLAVE BOWS AND EXITS. **ABANAZAR** ACKNOWLEDGES THE AUDIENCE.*

ABANAZAR. Ah, welcome minions. My name is Abanazar, but you can call me Evil. Oh, I'm so evil. In fact, you've heard the expression, 'The worst is yet to come'? Well, I've just arrived. I am, without doubt, the most powerful magician the world has known. Conjuror of mighty spells, sorcerer without equal, Master of the Dark Arts, illusionist supreme.

*THE **ASSISTANT** RETURNS CARRYING A TRAY. ON TOP OF THE TRAY ARE A BOWL, A JUG AND A TOWEL.*

ASSISTANT. Go on then, show us a card trick.

ABANAZAR. I do not do card tricks. (TO AUDIENCE) Excuse me. I must just freshen up.

*WHILE THE **ASSISTANT** HOLDS THE TRAY, **ABANAZAR** POURS WATER FROM THE JUG INTO THE BOWL. HE SPLASHES SOME WATER ON HIS HANDS AND FACE AND DRIES THEM WITH THE TOWEL. HE THEN PLACES THE TOWEL OVER THE BOWL; THE **ASSISTANT** REMOVES THE TRAY AND EXITS. **ABANAZAR** LIFTS THE BOWL, MOVING TO THE AUDIENCE. HE THEN THROWS THE TOWEL IN THE AIR, REVEALING THE BOWL HAS DISAPPEARED.*

ABANAZAR. So be warned. Don't cross me, or you too might disappear.

ASSISTANT. That was our best bowl.

ABANAZAR. We'll replace it.

ASSISTANT. Not if you're just going to disappear them all over the place we won't.

ABANAZAR. You will do as you are bid.

ASSISTANT. Fine but it'll be a Poundland job next time.

ABANAZAR. Typical! I conjure up a woman to help me and within a minute she's started nagging!

ASSISTANT. Sorry?

ABANAZAR. Nothing.

ASSISTANT. So why have you conjured me up?

ABANAZAR. Because I require assistance. My powers are on the wane you see; old age I guess. Only one object can revitalise my sorcery, the fabled Magic Ring.

ABANAZAR COLLECTS THE BOOK FROM THE CHAIR

ABANAZAR. This book holds the clues to its whereabouts. It says this...

If you wish to find the Magic Ring,
An ancient and most mystic thing,
Seek out a cave both dark and damp,
Beyond the town of Strangely Camp

Seek out a youth both brave and true,
Even a cross-dressing boy will do,
One who's heart burns like fire,
For his true love, his one desire

For only such a callow youth
May gain entry to the truth.
The Slave can then demonstrate
Three wishes granted while you wait.

And so I must journey to the town of Strangely Camp, find this cave, but, more importantly, find a young man who fits all the conditions to gain access. Then the ring will be mine, and so will unlimited power and riches!

EVIL LAUGH, SINISTER MUSIC. ABANAZAR LIFTS THE BOOK TO REVEAL ITS TITLE, "NODDY'S BUMPER BOOK OF FUN".

ASSISTANT. How lovely. I'll make us both a packed lunch.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE ONE - MARKET PLACE

LIGHTS UP TO REVEAL A MARKET IN STRANGELY CAMP.

OPENING CHORUS - 'WHO WILL BUY THIS TAT?'

*AT THE END OF THE ROUTINE, **WIDOW TWANKY** ENTERS CARRYING A BASKET OF LAUNDRY.*

WIDOW T. Hello, Boys and Girls. *(RESPONSE)* Oh, come on, you can do better than that. My name's Widow Twanky, so everyone shout out, "Hello, Widow Twanky!".
(RESPONSE) No, not cranky, try again. *(RESPONSE)* No, that's Twanky with a T. Oh, I tell you what, let's make it simpler. In keeping with the Oriental flavour of the evening, when I say, "Hello, Boys and Girls", I want you to shout out "What you want?", can you do that? Let's try. Hello, Boys and Girls! *(RESPONSE)* Excellent. Now, I own the local laundry, Widow Twanky's Wash-N-Go. But, oh dear me, I don't know what I'm going to do; business is not at all good at the moment. And we are so poor! *(AUDIENCE REACTION)* No, no, we're much poorer than that. Always have been. I was so poor; I only got married for the rice. Do you know when I opened the business, I started out with nothing ... and I've still got most of it.

***WISHEE WASHEE** ENTERS, CARRYING BED LINEN.*

WISHEE. Mother! Oh Mother!

WIDOW T. Hello, it's my son Wishee Washee. Not the brightest crayon in the box if you catch my drift but he means well.

WISHEE. There you are, Mum. I've got the sheets.

WIDOW T. Oh, have you, dear? Never mind, take a couple of boiled eggs.

WISHEE. No, silly, the bed linen for our landlord, Won Big Kon. He came to collect his pillow case and the rent.

WIDOW T. You didn't pay up, did you?

WISHEE. No, I gave him the slip. But he says we'll be evicted unless we give him what's owing.

WIDOW T. But we haven't got any money. Oh, what's to become of us? We'll be thrown out on to the streets, homeless, penniless, *(LOOKS AT **WISHEE WASHEE**)* and clueless! Oh dear, if only you'd been just that little bit simpler then we might have qualified for some sort of benefits. But instead we'll be left to fight for scraps in the gutter. Reduced to begging on the streets. Oh the shame, the ignominy . . .

WISHEE. Oh, the over acting.

WIDOW T. Do you mind? That's my best speech in the whole Panto. Where was I?

WISHEE. On the streets.

WIDOW T. Oh yes. I can't let it happen. There must be a way to get some money. There must be.

WIDOW TWANKY EXITS.

WISHEE. Hello, everybody. I'm Wishee Washee. I can't stop too long as I've got this washing to deliver, and, as you know, we need all the work we can get at the moment, because we're so poor. *(AUDIENCE RESPONSE)* No, much poorer than that. Do you know, we're so poor, I wanted a yo-yo for Christmas and all Mother could afford was the yo.

HE TAKES A YO OUT OF HIS POCKET AND DROPS IT. IT FAILS TO RISE.

WISHEE. You can see my problem; I just can't get it up. I'm going to leave my Yo just here, but I want you to let me know if anyone tries to take it. Will you do that for me? Will you? Good. If anyone tries to take it, I want you to shout out, "Yo, Wishee!! ". Let's try it. After three. *(RESPONSE)* That's brilliant. I'll put my Yo down here.

***WISHEE PUTS HIS YO DOWN AT THE SIDE OF THE STAGE.
ALADDIN ENTERS.***

WISHEE. Hello, it's my brother, Aladdin. What's he doing here?

ALADDIN. Hello, Wishee. Hello, boys and girls. Oh Wishee, the Royal Family are on walkabout, and the Princess is with them. I've just got to speak to her, she's so beautiful.

WISHEE. Whoa there! Hold on a sec. You can't talk to the Princess. You're common. And you're poor.

ALADDIN. Oh don't I know it. *(TO AUDIENCE)* We are so poor. *(RESPONSE)* Oh no, much poorer than that. We are so poor; we had to do our house up before the council would condemn it. Still, the recession is hitting everyone. I hear Snow White has had to lay off three dwarves.

WISHEE. I think you misheard but it was something similar to that. Perhaps I'll make some money with my T.V. programme.

ALADDIN. What programme?

WISHEE. I've written to Channel Four with the idea for a new holiday show, featuring me, called "Wishee Was Here". I could travel the world, reporting from the top tourist spots. The West Indies, Seychelles, Canaries . . .

ALADDIN. Balearics.

WISHEE. What really? I thought it was quite a good idea myself! And I don't see you coming up with any great money making ideas.

WISHEE EXITS. ALADDIN SPOTS A WHELK STALL.

ALADDIN. Ah, whelks. I love a good whelk, me. Do you like whelks boys and girls?

RESPONSE. EVEN IF IT'S "NO" ALADDIN CARRIES ON.

ALADDIN. Of course you do; everyone likes a good whelk.

SONG - 'ALADDIN'S WHELK SONG'

*THE CHORUS OF THE WHELK SONG IS INTENDED AS AN AUDIENCE SINGALONG. THE MARKET TRADERS SHOULD UNVEIL LARGE SONG SHEETS AND DIRECT THE AUDIENCE THROUGH THE TONGUE-TWISTING CHORUS ENCOURAGING THEM EACH TIME TO SING. AT THE END OF THE SONG, **ALADDIN** HANDS OVER SOME MONEY AND GETS A BAG OF WHELKS.*

ALADDIN. Trouble is the Royal Family will be here soon, and I don't want to meet the Princess smelling of whelks. I know, I'll leave them down there. I want you to keep an eye on them for me. Will you do that? *(RESPONSE)* If someone tries to grab my whelks I want you to shout out "They're after your whelks!" Let's try it out. After three... three. *(RESPONSE)* Great. I'll put them down here...

HE PICKS UP THE YO.

ALADDIN. Hello, what's this?

*AUDIENCE SHOUT OUT "Yo, Wishee!" **WISHEE** ENTERS.*

WISHEE. Thanks, Boys and Girls. Put that yo down.

ALADDIN. I might have known it was yours. I'll put it here, next to my whelks. The Boys and Girls can look after both of them. *(TO AUDIENCE)* That'll keep you on your toes.

CHANCELLOR. *(OFF)* Please be upstanding for the Royal Family.

ALADDIN. They're here. The Royals are here.

***WISHEE** SHAKES HIS HEAD AND EXITS. ROYAL FAMILY ENTER TO LOUD FANFARES. SECRET SERVICE CLEARING WAY. EACH MEMBER OF FAMILY ENTERS AS THEIR NAME IS CALLED. **DUCK** IS WHEELED ON IN A PRAM AND CANNOT BE SEEN.*

CHANCELLOR. The Emperor, Chow Mein. The Empress, Chop Suey. The Princess, Foo Yung, and the Prince, Duck With Bamboo Shoots And Water Chestnuts.

CHOW MEIN. My subjects. Peasants. Once again we are pleased to walk among you, at a discrete distance, and grant you the pleasure of telling your grandchildren that you stood no more than one hundred yards from the Emperor of Cathay. Yes, I rule the lot, my old China.

- CHOP SUEY.** Souvenir mugs, plates, spoons, T-shirts, caps, and Royal Jelly are all on sale in all good Royal souvenir shops.
- CHOW MEIN.** These "I love Chow Mein" and "I love Chop Suey" souvenirs are bound to become collector's items named, as we are, after all of the great heroes of the founders of our noble blood line.
- CHOP SUEY.** Indeed. I wonder how we will be remembered in generations to come!
- CHOW MEIN.** And as the descendants of such a proud and noble bloodline, we need to keep ourselves in the manner to which we have become accustomed. That is, incredibly well off. Oh, we are so rich. I bought a new yacht last week. The first one got wet.
- CHOP SUEY.** One is so rich; one bought a little place just east of here. It's called Japan.
- CHOW MEIN.** But all this rich living takes an awful lot of money, and that is why I wish to appeal to you on behalf of The Incredibly Well Off. I've formed a new organisation; Better Upkeep of Royal Palaces, or BURP for short. Now, at the risk of repeating myself, it is vital that you give more than you can afford as soon as possible.
- CHOP SUEY.** We'll give you a number later where you can ring in and pledge amounts on your credit cards. Or pop into the foyer for CDs, DVDs and other reasonably priced merchandise. I can't stress how desperate things are; I'm down to my last two hundred pairs of shoes.
- CHOW MEIN.** Our Not So Secret Service staff will disperse amongst you to take whatever offerings you may have with you. *(TO AUDIENCE)* Which, looking at you lot, isn't going to be much. But with a shop-o-holic wife, a daughter of marrying age, and a baby to support...
- CHOP SUEY.** We need lots of money-wunny to keep the little diddums in all those pretty witty clothes, and nappy wappies. Coochee coochee. Who's a beautiful little baby then?

DUCK POKES HIS HEAD OUT FROM INSIDE THE PRAM.

- DUCK.** Oh, for heaven's sake, Mother! I'm twenty-six years old, isn't it time you let me grow up?

DUCK CLIMBS OUT OF THE PRAM. ALL HE IS WEARING IS A LARGE NAPPY.

- CHOP SUEY.** But you're still Mummy's little baby. I just don't want you growing up too quickly.
- DUCK.** No danger of that at the moment, is there? I'm a huge joke at school. I handed in my math's homework and the teacher asked me what formula I used. I said Cow and Gate.
- CHOP SUEY.** Are they teasing my little Ducky Wucky?

DUCK. Of course not, Mother. Father would have them executed if they did. But that doesn't stop them talking about me behind my back. Giggling and smirking.

CHOP SUEY. What? Cigarettes at their age?

DUCK. It's not fair, I hate being a Prince. Not leading a normal life, people bowing all the time, half frightened to talk to you in case they have something chopped off.

CHOP SUEY. Now you're just getting yourself unduly upset. (*PRODUCES A CUDDLY DOG*) Mr Waggy doesn't want to see you upset does he? Mr Waggy loves his Ducky Wucky.

DUCK TAKES THE DOG, CUDDLES IT AND STICKS HIS THUMB IN HIS MOUTH.

CHOP SUEY. There, that's better isn't it. (*TO AUDIENCE*) He's just a bit tired and showing off. Do excuse him. It's not easy you know being a full time mother and the empress of China but good nanny's don't come cheap.

CHOW MEIN. Quite right my dear. Which is why we must get back to the palace and get the Telethon organised.

CHOP SUEY. Yes, of course, Precious. Come along, Children.

***CHOW MEIN AND CHOP SUEY EXIT WITH SECRET SERVICE.
FOO YUNG CONTINUES LOOKING ROUND THE MARKET.***

FOO YUNG. Coming mother.

DUCK NOTICES THE AUDIENCE.

DUCK. Oh, hello. I'm Duck. Now look, I'm not going to drag Mr Waggy all the way back to the Palace, so I'm going to leave him here and I want you to look after him for me. Will you do that for me? (*RESPONSE*) Well, you'd better – I am a prince and all that you know. Now if anyone tries to take him I want you to shout out "Duck!" and I'll be here. Which will be a damn good trick if I'm down the Palace basement at the time. However, let's try it out. After three, three! (*RESPONSE*) Great. Now, I'll put him down here... hello, what's this?

***DUCK PICKS UP THE WHELKS. AUDIENCE SHOUT OUT.
ALADDIN ENTERS.***

ALADDIN. Thanks, boys and Girls. Take your hands off my whelks!

DUCK. (*TO AUDIENCE*) That's not a line you hear in panto very often. (*TO ALADDIN*) Well fancy just leaving them here. What a silly thing to do. Anyone could just pick them up.

ALADDIN AND FOO YUNG NOTICE ONE ANOTHER. LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT MUSIC PLAYS.

ALADDIN. Hello.

FOO YUNG. Hello.

ALADDIN. Nice out, isn't it.

FOO YUNG. Lovely.

ALADDIN. Do you fancy a song?

FOO YUNG. You're quite forward aren't you!

ALADDIN. It's just... I've got a microphone.

FOO YUNG. Is it a high-output supercardioid Shure Beta 58A-LC with extended frequency response and minimum off-axis tone coloration?

ALADDIN PAUSES. HE IS PERPLEXED.

ALADDIN. Will my answer affect whether or not we sing the song?

FOO YUNG. No.

ALADDIN. OK then, sure, why not. Do you fancy a song then?

FOO YUNG. Okay.

DUCK. Look, I've got to go anyway. Lots to do when you're a Prince; people to meet, things to see, architects to criticise, plants to talk to. See you later then?

DUCK WAITS FOR A REPLY BUT LOVE IS IN THE AIR AND THEY IGNORE HIM. DUCK EXITS.

SONG - 'HARD TO FIND LOVE'

ALADDIN. That was nice, we must do it again sometime.

FOO YUNG. Yes, perhaps the next time in the script it says Aladdin and Foo Yung sing.

ALADDIN. Sounds like a plan. So, do you live locally? (*REALISES WHAT HE'S SAID*) Oh, yes, of course you do. Big palace, large gardens, swimming pool, open to the public, quick look round, pretty pictures, nice flowers, pot of tea, back on the coach...

FOO YUNG. Do you always ramble this much?

ALADDIN. Only when I can't think of what to say. Oh, I'm Aladdin, by the way. Er, Prince Aladdin.

FOO YUNG. You're dressed rather commonly for a Prince.

ALADDIN. It's my day off.

FOO YUNG. Oh. Do you live in a palace?

ALADDIN. I've got my own place, yes. Modest by Emperor standards, but it does for me.

FOO YUNG. What line are you in?

ALADDIN. Line?

FOO YUNG. Yes, your Royal blood line. Ming? Yang?

ALADDIN. Erm... Wah Shing.

FOO YUNG. Wah Shing line. I don't think I've heard of that one.

ALADDIN. Not many of us about. I'm the last.

FOO YUNG. What happened to the others?

ALADDIN. They pegged out.

FOO YUNG. I see. Well, I don't know if you've heard, but my Father is looking for eligible young men.

ALADDIN. I hadn't heard that; he must have one of those super injunctions.

FOO YUNG. No, for me silly. He's inviting the richest Princes in the land to bid for my hand in marriage. The winner will be announced on the "Emperors In Need" telethon.

ALADDIN. I see. And what's the highest bid so far?

FOO YUNG. I don't know. All the bids are secret and will not be opened until the night of the show. Only then will my new husband-to-be reveal himself.

ALADDIN. I say, steady on. So, I'd better go home and break open Mr Piggy.

FOO YUNG. What?

ALADDIN. A figure of speech. I will consult my palace treasurer and have my bid lodged with the Emperor.

FOO YUNG. I'm very flattered. I must go now. I enjoyed our meeting. Good luck, Prince Aladdin

FOO YUNG EXITS

ALADDIN. Oh, Foo Yung, I'm going to need more than luck.

BLACKOUT

SCENE TWO - LAUNDRETTE

LIGHTS UP TO REVEAL WIDOW T'S LAUNDRETTE. ALADDIN, WISHEE AND THE LAUNDRY ASSISTANT, FLASH, ARE SAT AROUND CHATTING.

WISHEE. So you actually talked to her?

ALADDIN. I did. We talked a while, and then we sang a song.

FLASH. Oh, good sign that, to get a duet this early in the Panto.

ALADDIN. There is just one teensy-weensy little problem.

WISHEE. Oh don't worry about that. There are plenty of creams on the market now.

ALADDIN. No, it's not that; that cleared up on its own. No. I told her I was a Prince.

WISHEE. You did what?

ALADDIN. Well, I know she wouldn't talk to me if she knew my home was a laundrette. I told her I had my own palace.

WISHEE. Fine, good. We'll just have to improvise if you bring her over for tea. Bit of gold paint here, a few tassels there, she won't suspect a thing.

ALADDIN. Don't. I feel bad enough as it is. I'll just have to tell her the truth that's all.

FLASH. Oh yeah, and her Father will lop your head off for insulting the Royal Family.

WIDOW TWANKY ENTERS CARRYING MORE WASHING.

WIDOW T. Hello, boys and girls! *(RESPONSE)* Oh, just look at that lot, gossiping when there's work to be done. That's my laundry assistant, Flash - such a bad influence on my boys. I think they need stirring into action, and I know just the thing.

WIDOW TWANKY PUTS HER FINGER TO HER LIPS AND SNEAKS OFF. SECONDS LATER SHE RE-ENTERS VIGOROUSLY RINGING A HAND BELL.

WIDOW T. Fire! Fire! Fire in the front row!

FLASH AND WISHEE REACT IMMEDIATELY AND PANIC. ALADDIN REMAINS CALM SEEING THROUGH THE RUSE.

WISHEE. Fire! Emergency! Red Alert!

FLASH. Don't panic! Don't panic! Laundry assistants and children first!

WISHEE. Get the fire blanket.

FLASH. And the fire buckets.

FLASH AND WISHEE EXIT THEN REAPPEAR CARRYING BUCKETS AND A LARGE FIRE BLANKET. THEY HEAD FOR THE FIRST ROW AND POP THE BLANKET OVER THE HEAD OF A MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE. THEY THEN REMOVE THE BLANKET, GRAB THE BUCKETS AND PREPARE TO THROW THE CONTENTS OVER THE FIRST ROW.

WISHEE. One. Two. Three!

ON THREE THEY THROW THE CONTENTS - HARMLESS CONFETTI.

FLASH. Phew! That was close.

WIDOW T. And have we put out the fire?

WISHEE. I think so. I'll check. *(TO BLANKET VICTIM)* You're put out now aren't you?
(RESPONSE) Yep (s)he seems put out.

WIDOW T. Good. Perhaps now we can get some work done. Wishee, you can start with this line of dirty underpants.

WISHEE. Welcome to Skid Row. Why can't Flash do it?

WIDOW T. Why should Flash do it?

WISHEE. Because I was lead to believe that Flash does all the hard work so that I don't have to.

WIDOW T. Oh yes, I'd heard that too. OK, Flash, over to you.

FLASH. Oh great, cheers Wishee.

FLASH EXITS, MUTTERING.

ALADDIN. We were waiting for you to come back.

ALADDIN STANDS UP TO REVEAL HE IS SAT ON A CRATE MARKED "SUPPLIES".

ALADDIN. Have you been over ordering again?

WIDOW T. I haven't ordered any supplies. Have you?

WISHEE. Not us.

WIDOW T. But we can't afford any more stuff. Oh this is the last thing we need.

WIDOW TWANKY EXITS.

ALADDIN. Oh dear, poor mum; she does worry. Let's have a look, see what it is.

ALADDIN OPENS THE LID.

ALADDIN. That's odd, there's nothing in here. It's empty, look.

ALADDIN TIPS UP THE CHEST AND OPENS THE LID TO SHOW IT'S EMPTY. HE CLOSSES THE LID AND LOWERS THE CHEST.

WISHEE. So who would send us an empty chest?

TWO KNOCKS ARE HEARD FROM INSIDE THE CHEST. ALADDIN LIFTS THE LID AND ABANAZAR EMERGES.

ABANAZAR. Supplies!

ABANAZAR STEPS OUT OF THE CHEST.

WISHEE. Who are you? And, more to the point, what are you doing popping out of chests? Are you not familiar with the front door?

ABANAZAR. I am looking for a young man.

BEFORE WISHEE CAN ANSWER THAT, ALADDIN INTERRUPTS HIM.

ALADDIN. Don't bother; I've already done that gag. Who is it you are looking for?

ABANAZAR. My name is Abanazar and I seek my long lost nephew. I do not know his name. But I know the means by which he can be identified.

ABANAZAR CLAPS HIS HANDS TWICE AND HIS ASSISTANT ENTERS WITH A CLIPBOARD.

ASSISTANT. Hello there, I wonder if you gentlemen got a moment just to answer a few questions?

ALADDIN. Erm, yeah... sure.

ASSISTANT. Thank you. If you could answer each question as either 'not at all', 'somewhat', 'mostly' or 'completely' please.

ALADDIN. OK.

ASSISTANT. Thank you. Would you describe yourself as 'brave'?

ALADDIN. Completely.

WISHEE. Not at all.

ASSISTANT. Thank you. Would you describe yourself as 'true'?

ALADDIN. Completely.

WISHEE. Completely.

ALADDIN. Completely? You? You're not completely true

WISHEE. I rest my case.

ASSISTANT. Right, good. And would you describe yourself as ' One who's heart burns like fire,
For his true love, his one desire'?

ALADDIN. Completely.

WISHEE. Erm ... can I phone a friend?

ASSISTANT. Thank you for taking part in todays survey. Would you excuse me for one moment please?

THE ASSISTANT MOVES TO ABANAZAR. THEY TALK AND EXAMINE THE CLIPBOARD OCASSIONALLY GLANCING AT ALADDIN.

ASSISTANT. Sorry, what was your name?

ALADDIN. Aladdin.

ASSISTANT. It's Aladdin.

ABANAZAR. Yes, I'm stood right here I can hear him.

THE ASSISTANT AND ABANAZAR AGAIN CONSULT THE CLIPBOARD OCASSIONALLY GLANCING AT ALADDIN.

ABANAZAR. Yes but he's a cross-dresser; I'm not really sure he's cut out for this sort of thing.

ASSISTANT. No that's alright, it said so in the book.

ABANAZAR. Oh yes, so it did. Very well then.

ABANAZAR STEPS FORWARD AND EMBRACES ALADDIN.

ABANAZAR. Aladdin. It must be you. I have my nephew at last. *(TO THE AUDIENCE)* And soon I will have that ring.

WISHEE. Hold on, whoa, break it up. Just hold on here a cotton pickin' minute. Why should we believe you? You pop up out of nowhere, claiming to be a long lost uncle.

ALADDIN. And Mother's never mentioned any other relatives.

ABANAZAR. We're a very distant branch of the family. I know this must be a shock to you, but why would I pretend to be related to you. I'm certainly not after your money. Quite the opposite, in fact...

THE ASSISTANT PASSES ABANAZAR A WAD OF CASH

ABANAZAR. ... I can help you out on that score.

WISHEE. I'm Wishee Washee, Aladdin's brother. So, you've got two nephews. UNCLE!

WISHEE VIGOROUSLY EMBRACES ABANAZAR, WHO EVENTUALLY PRISES HIM AWAY.

ABANAZAR. Yes. Quite.

ABANAZAR TURNS HIS BACK ON WISHEE AND PUTS HIS ARM ROUND ALADDIN.

ABANAZAR. Tell me, Aladdin, do you know these parts well?

ALADDIN. I did read in for Wishee during rehearsals, but I find it's difficult learning your own lines . . .

ABANAZAR. What I meant was, are you familiar with the caves about five miles north of here?

ALADDIN. What, the golden caves of Ying Tung Poh, filled with the fabulous treasures of a lost civilisation?

ABANAZAR. Yes.

ALADDIN. No, can't say I am.

WISHEE. That's all superstition anyway. Fabulous treasure? The only thing those caves are filled with is bat droppings.

ABANAZAR. Speaking of which, could you just go and scrub a shirt or something while I chat to Aladdin here.

WISHEE. Oh, okay. I'll see you later.

WISHEE EXITS, A BIT PUT OUT.

ABANAZAR. Aladdin, dear boy. I can see from your circumstances that financially things could be better.

ALADDIN. They certainly could. Do you know, we are so poor...

ABANAZAR. Yes, yes, they've been there and bought the T-shirt. How would you, and your family, like to be rich? In fact, richer than the Emperor himself?

ALADDIN. I'm not sure - it's not one of those pyramid schemes is it because...

ABANAZAR. No, it's not a pyramid scheme. It's the caves, Aladdin. The legends are true; there is wealth to be found there.

ALADDIN. But if it's true, why tell me? Why not take the wealth for yourself?

ABANAZAR. Oh please, Nephew, you hurt me to the quick. To locate my long lost relatives and then not mention a fortune sitting on their doorstep. How could I do such a thing?

ALADDIN. I'm sorry. It's good of you to tell me. But how do you know there is treasure to be found?

ABANAZAR. Know this, Aladdin. I am, without doubt, the most powerful magician the world has known. Conjuror of mighty spells, sorcerer without equal, Master of the Dark Arts, illusionist supreme.

ALADDIN. Oh brill! Go on then, show us a card trick.

ABANAZAR. I do not do card tricks. I perform real magic, and my powers have revealed the location of the treasure. However, the cave was sealed by another magician and only a young lad, brave and true, such as yourself, can enter. Help me, Aladdin, and you will have more wealth than you ever thought possible. Tax free.

ALADDIN. Wealth... power... the Princess! Yes, Uncle, I will help you. When do we start?

ABANAZAR. Later today. I'll collect you at five. In the meantime, not a word to anyone, do you understand? If news of this find leaked out, the world and his wife would be up in those caves, making the Gold Rush look like a Tupperware Party.

ALADDIN. Of course. Not a word.

THE ASSISTANT STEPS FORWARD WITH HER CLIPBOARD.

ASSISTANT. If you could just sign here please.

ALADDIN. What's this?

ASSISTANT. It's just a disclaimer absolving Abanazar should you be injured, killed or trapped in a cave for all eternity during your dealings with us.

ALADDIN. Oh!

ABANAZAR. I'm so sorry Aladdin; it's just a standard legal form, nothing to worry about.

ALADDIN. Oh alright then.

ALADDIN SIGNS THE DISCLAIMER. ABANAZAR LAUGHS HIS EVIL LAUGH LONG AND HARD AND THEN STOPS.

ABANAZAR. Till five then. We'll find our own way out.

ABANAZAR EXITS, HIS ASSISTANT IN TOW.

ALADDIN. Now I can bid for the Princess. But do I tell her the truth? *(PAUSE)* No. No, I'll help Abanazar get the treasure, buy myself a palace, and she'll be none the wiser. I can't believe this is happening. I'd better get my bid into the Emperor.

ALADDIN EXITS. MOMENTS LATER WISHEE AND WIDOW TWANKY ENTER.

WIDOW T. Hello boys and girls *(RESPONSE)* Well I don't know who this Abanazar character might be but he's no Uncle of yours. Anyway there's no sign off him.

WISHEE. Yeah but Aladdin's gone too. What if he's gone with them?

WIDOW T. I'm sure your brother has more sense than to go rushing off with some complete stranger. But let's check with the boys and girls shall we? *(TO AUDIENCE)* Did Aladdin go off with this Abanazar character? *(RESPONSE)* He did? *(RESPONSE)* And Abanazar's actually an evil sorcerer who's up to no good you say? *(RESPONSE)*

WISHEE. I didn't hear them say that.

WIDOW T. Well no, it's a theatrical device that only really works in panto. It saves pages of dialogue and lets us get on with some silly jokes.

WISHEE. That's handy.

WIDOW T. Isn't it though. Now then, we'd better track down Aladdin and warn him. *(TO AUDIENCE)* Where did Aladdin go? *(RESPONSE)* I think I heard the Royal Palace.

WISHEE. Right, let's go.

WIDOW T. You go; I'll contact the police.

WISHEE. Right.

WIDOW T. Better dash boys and girls, bye for now.

WISHEE AND WIDOW TWANKY EXIT.

BLACKOUT

SCENE THREE - PALACE GARDENS

LIGHTS UP TO REVEAL CHOW MEIN AND CHOP SUEY. CHOW MEIN HOLDS SOME ENVELOPES IN HIS HAND.

CHOW MEIN. The bidding is hotting up, My Dear. Three more in today.

CHOP SUEY. Yes, Dear. I rather fancy Prince Wun Long Poh is favourite at the moment. One million gold pieces, two thousand goats, three thousand pigs, a Chateaux in Burgundy, a cuddly toy, and a signed copy of "A Journey" by Tony Blair.

CHOW MEIN. But all the bids are secret. How could you possibly know all that?

CHOP SUEY. A lucky guess.

CHOW MEIN. You've been holding these over the kettle again, haven't you?

CHOP SUEY. They just happened to be close by when I was making the tea, that's all.

CHOW MEIN. *(SPYING THE WHELKS ETC.)* Now what's all this? We pride ourselves on lovely unspoilt gardens that the public can pay an extortionate price to view, and some litter lout spoils it.

CHOP SUEY. Just a moment. That's our little baby's Mr Waggy. It must have fallen out of the pram.

CHOW MEIN. He should be more careful with his toys.

CHOW MEIN PICKS UP MR WAGGY. THE AUDIENCE SHOUT DUCK. CHOW MEIN AND CHOP SUEY DO SO. DUCK ENTERS.

DUCK. Thanks, boys and Girls. Unhand my Mr Waggy.

CHOP SUEY. *(TO AUDIENCE)* That's not a line you hear in panto very often! *(TO DUCK)* Don't worry, Darling, Mr Waggy's safe and sound.

CHOW MEIN. Shouldn't leave things in the garden.

DUCK. I didn't. I left him in the market place.

CHOW MEIN. So how did he get here in our gardens?

DUCK. Well, he hasn't actually moved. You're not quite with this are you?

CHOW MEIN. With what?

DUCK. *(POINTING TO AUDIENCE)* It's for their benefit really. Something for them to do.

CHOW MEIN. Oh no. You haven't been fraternising with the oiks, have you?

DUCK. But they've paid good money to be here. The least we can do is acknowledge they're here.

CHOW MEIN. You should teach him not to fraternise with oiks.

CHOP SUEY. I do my best dear but I don't get the time I need with him. If we could just get him a nanny or something...

CHOW MEIN. (*IGNORING HER*) Royalty and oiks just don't mix. Why do you think we've gone to so much trouble finding a suitable prince for your sister?

DUCK. To make money.

CHOW MEIN. Not just to make money. To save it as well, on lawyers for a divorce settlement. That's what the outcome would be if she married an oik. Now what idiot has left a bag of whelks here?

***CHOW MEIN PICKS UP THE WHELKS. AUDIENCE RESPONSE.
ALADDIN ENTERS CARRYING AN ENVELOPE.***

ALADDIN. Thanks, kids. Would you mind not fingering my whelks?

CHOW MEIN. And who might you be to tell the Emperor what not to finger in his own gardens?

ALADDIN PAUSES, LOOKS AT THE ROYALS AND THEN WHERE HE IS.

ALADDIN. Ooops!

CHOP SUEY. You'd better have a good excuse for being here, young man.

ALADDIN. Your Majesty, forgive the intrusion. I merely wished to hand over my bid for the hand of the Princess.

CHOP SUEY. You wish to bid? Surely there's some mistake.

ALADDIN. My name is Prince Aladdin, and there is no mistake.

CHOW MEIN. Why are you dressed like an oik?

ALADDIN. These are dangerous times, Your Majesty. Bandits disguised as peasant workers attacked and robbed me.

CHOP SUEY. You don't mean...

ALADDIN. Yes, I was grabbed by the Coolies.

CHOW MEIN. You poor fellow. At least you are able to tender your bid.

DUCK. Although too tender to do much else.

CHOW MEIN. Duck, go and play with your Duplo, there's a good boy.

DUCK EXITS.

ALADDIN. (*HANDING OVER THE ENVELOPE*) I think you will find this most interesting.

CHOP SUEY. (*TAKING THE ENVELOPE*) I'm sure we will. Now, if you'll excuse me I could just murder a cup of tea.

CHOP SUEY EXITS.

CHOW MEIN. Women. If you are successful young man, make sure she knows who wears the trousers. (*LOOKS AT ALADDIN'S TIGHTS*) Yes, well, I've things to do. I trust you can find your own way out.

ALADDIN. Thank you, Your Majesty. Goodbye.

ALADDIN STARTS TO EXIT.

CHOW MEIN. (*POINTING TO THE OPPOSITE EXIT*) Prince Aladdin.

ALADDIN. Yes? Oh, right. Silly me. Bye.

ALADDIN EXITS.

CHOW MEIN. Ah, to be young again. (*SEES THE YO*) And what's this?

HE PICKS UP THE YO. AUDIENCE RESPONSE. WISHEE ENTERS.

WISHEE. Thanks everyone. Put that yo down.

CHOW MEIN. What?

WISHEE. Put that... (*RECOGNISING THE EMPEROR*) Haven't I seen you before? State occasions, coins, stamps?

CHOW MEIN. Yes, I am the Emperor and you are very close to having bits of your anatomy lopped off.

WISHEE. I'm terribly sorry, but I'm looking for my brother, Aladdin.

CHOW MEIN. Prince Aladdin?

WISHEE. Oh yes, of course, Prince Aladdin.

CHOW MEIN. He left a short while ago.

WISHEE. Oh no. He'll have gone to the caves. If mum's right, he could be in danger. Sorry to have intruded. Can't stop. Bye.

WISHEE EXITS HURRIEDLY.

CHOW MEIN. Just one of those days. *(TO AUDIENCE)* And you people, don't sit there in the grounds. The corgis have just been exercised there.

CHOW MEIN SHAKES HIS HEAD AND EXITS.

BLACKOUT

SCENE FOUR - THE CAVE

THE CAVE IS DIMLY LIT. WE HEAR ABANAZAR, HIS ASSISTANT AND ALADDIN OFF STAGE.

ALADDIN. *(OFF)* We must have walked for miles in these caves. How much further?

ABANAZAR. *(OFF)* Patience, dear boy, patience. According to the map in the book it should be just behind this chunk of rock.

ALADDIN. *(OFF)* Do you mean we come all this way and we can't get to the treasure?

ABANAZAR. *(OFF)* Aladdin, I am a Master Magician. Levitating some rock is hardly a test of my mystic powers. Stand back and allow me to demonstrate. Allacoozar Coozam!

NOTHING HAPPENS. THERE IS A PAUSE.

ABANAZAR. *(OFF)* How embarrassing, that's never happened before.

ASSISTANT. *(OFF)* Never mind; let's give it a minute and we'll try again.

ABANAZAR. *(OFF)* Yes alright. I mean, I've had a lot of my mind recently.

ASSISTANT. *(OFF)* Well just relax, catch your breath and we can have another go.

THERE IS ANOTHER PAUSE.

ABANAZAR. *(OFF)* Alright, I'm ready. Allacoozar Coozam!

NOTHING HAPPENS. THERE IS A PAUSE.

ASSISTANT. *(OFF)* Perhaps we should let the boy have a go.

ABANAZAR. *(OFF)* The boy? He's no sorcerer!

ASSISTANT. *(OFF)* No but according to the book only he can enter.

ABANAZAR. (OFF) That's true. Alright then. Aladdin, how would you like a go at getting this up and entering?

ALADDIN. (OFF) What, levitating the rock and going into the cave? Yes, alright, I'll give it a try. What do I have to do?

ABANAZAR. (OFF) Just concentrate and say the magic words "Allacoozar Coozam!"

ALADDIN. (OFF) "Allacoozar Coozam!"

*STRANGE NOISES, FLASHING LIGHT, AND A BOULDER ROLLS AWAY TO REVEAL **ALADDIN, ABANAZAR AND HIS ASSISTANT** OUTSIDE THE CAVE. THE LIGHTS COME UP TO REVEAL THE CAVE IS EMPTY EXCEPT FOR A RING ON A CUSHION WITH A BIG LABEL ATTACHED TO IT SAYING 'MAJEC RING'. **ALADDIN** ENTERS THE CAVE.*

ALADDIN. Well, there's nothing here. Apart from bat droppings. Wishee was right.

ABANAZAR AND HIS ASSISTANT TRY TO ENTER BUT ENCOUNTER AN INVISIBLE BARRIER.

ABANAZAR. It's true. Only the boy can enter. Aladdin, can you see a ring in there?

ALADDIN. A ring? Yes. It's the only thing that's in here. Apart from the bat droppings of course.

ABANAZAR. Good, good. Bring it to me.

ALADDIN. What, the ring? That's what we walked all this way for?

ABANAZAR. Yes, that's what we walked all this way for. Now give it to me; I must have it.

ALADDIN. But we could've picked up a ring like this at home – it's just a plain, boring old metal ring.

ALADDIN PICKS UP THE RING AND LOOKS AT IT.

ABANAZAR. No it isn't. Now just be a good boy and bring it here.

ALADDIN. It's not even nice and new or shiny. It's anything but shiny in fact.

ALADDIN RUBS THE RING. SMOKE BEGINS TO FILL THE STAGE.

ABANAZAR. Aladdin, at the risk of repeating myself, bring me the ring, now!

ALADDIN. Well there's no need to be like that, Uncle. I come all this way with you on the promise of treasure and all you're worried about is a dirty old ring. You're not an eccentric Uncle are you?

ABANAZAR. No, I am not eccentric; I'm just getting very agitated.

ALADDIN. It's probably all the exertion. When we get back I'll give you some of Mother's powders. She swears by them.

ABANAZAR. I'll do more than swear in a minute. Of all the accursed luck, I have to find a boy who's an idiot. I should have kept looking. There must be other boys, brave and true with a heart that burns like fire for his true love, his one desire, with at least a handful of brain cells.

ALADDIN. Are you trying to tell me something, Uncle?

ABANAZAR. I certainly am. Either you bring me that ring this instant, or you are in big trouble.

ALADDIN. Alright, alright, keep your beard on.

ALADDIN SUDDENLY NOTICES THE SMOKE.

ALADDIN. Oh no! Now I've set fire to the cave. Help! HEELLLP!

ACTION FREEZES. WE HEAR A SNIPPET OF DRAMATIC THEME TUNE STYLE MUSIC. PRESENTER WALKS ON STAGE.

PRESENTER Hello and welcome to Panto Rescue 999. Last year Cave Rescue Geniis were called out to over a thousand cases of Principal Boys trapped in sealed caves of treasure, like this one. Nearly all of these incidents could have been avoided if they'd taken a few simple precautions. One, change your name from Aladdin. It's a silly name anyway, and is bound to land you in trouble. Two, don't trust Uncles called Abanazar. They're old, don't work and are never reliable. Three, if you must seek treasure, carry the right equipment. Torches, ropes, first aid kit, digestive biscuits and a thermos of hot tea. Four, tell someone where you're going and when you expect to return. All of these tips can be found in the new Panto Rescue 999 Lifesaver guide. And so to our next rescue. It started out as a normal sailing holiday, but a mighty storm and a devastating shipwreck left Robinson Crusoe stranded and at the mercy of cannibals.

PRESENTER EXITS. ACTION RESUMES ON STAGE.

ALADDIN. Help! Help!

A FLASH, AND THE SLAVE OF THE RING APPEARS, CARRYING A CLIPBOARD AND PEN.

SLAVE. Hello there. I am the slave of the ring, and you are?

ALADDIN. Erm... Aladdin.

SLAVE. A pleasure to meet you. Now before we get started I just need to check a few things – is that OK?

ALADDIN. Before we get started?

SLAVE OF THE RING CONSULTS HER CLIPBOARD.

SLAVE. If you could answer each question as either 'not at all', 'somewhat', 'mostly' or 'completely' please. Now then, would you describe yourself as 'brave'?

ALADDIN. Completely.

SLAVE. Thank you. Would you describe yourself as 'true'?

ALADDIN. Completely.

SLAVE. Lovely. And would you describe yourself as ' One who's heart burns like fire,
For his true love, his one desire'?

ALADDIN. Yes, that's me

SLAVE. I'll put you down as completely. A cross dresser I see. Why are they always cross dressers!

ALADDIN. I prefer the phrase 'alternative lifestyle'

SLAVE. I'm sure you do. Well that all seems to be in order. How can I serve you, Master Aladdin?

ALADDIN. S...serve me?

SLAVE. That's right. You rubbed the magic ring which summoned me, and right in the middle of Made In Chelsea I might add. As a Genii and a slave to the owner of the ring I am now at your command. You have three wishes of your choosing.

ALADDIN. Oh, so it's a magic ring. That's why my Uncle Abanazar is so keen to get hold of it.

SLAVE. Then why hasn't he come and got it himself?

ALADDIN. He can't get into the cave.

SLAVE. Well then he can't use the ring. There is a magical protection around it and it can only be used by someone who fits the criteria. The only way around it would be for someone like you to order me to obey him. Once the ring is handed over it takes powerful magic to get it back.

ALADDIN. But he says that if I don't give him the ring then I'll be in big trouble.

ABANAZAR. Aladdin, if you don't give me that ring then you are in big trouble.

ALADDIN. You see. I suppose I'd better do as he says.

SLAVE. But he won't be able to use it.

ALADDIN. Then it can't hurt can it.

***ALADDIN MOVES TO THE EXIT AND PASSES THE RING TO
ABANAZAR***

ALADDIN. There you go. What do we do now?

ABANAZAR LAUGHS EVILLY

ABANAZAR. Alas, Aladdin, WE don't do anything. I have a planet to conquer, and you . . . well, you can have all this wealth to yourself. Unfortunately, I fear the restricted air supply will only allow you a short time in which to enjoy it. Farewell, stupid boy! Allacoozar Koosami!

***ABANAZAR MAKES A MYSTIC PASS AND THE BOULDER
BEGINS TO ROLL BACK INTO PLACE. AS IT DOES SO A TRAMP
PUSHES PAST ABANAZAR AND INTO THE CAVE KNOCKING THE
RING FROM HIS HAND AND BACK INTO THE CAVE.***

ABANAZAR. No! The ring!

***THE BOULDER ROLLS BACK WITH A "THUD", SEALING THE
CAVE.***

ALADDIN. *(TO AUDIENCE)* Oops! Well now I'm trapped in here. That wasn't very nice was it boys and girls!

***THE TRAMP SIDLES UP TO ALADDIN SWIGGING FROM A
BOTTLE OF CIDER.***

TRAMP. 'ere pal, can you lend me a few quid; you see I've missed the bus home...

ALADDIN. I'm sorry?

TRAMP. Give me some money. I'll pay you back; I'm expecting a cheque to clear any day now.

ALADDIN. Oh, some money. Let me see.

ALADDIN STARTS LOOKING FOR SOME MONEY.

SLAVE. What are you doing?

ALADDIN. I'm trying to find some spare money for this more gentleman.

SLAVE. Master, if you give that man money, he will turn it into alcohol.

ALADDIN. Really? That's amazing. Why, he must be some kind of magic tramp!

SLAVE. No that's not what I meant...

ALADDIN. Yes, of course, he must be a magic tramp. You said it would take powerful magic to get the ring back once it was handed over and he did that plus he can turn money into alcohol...

SLAVE. No, look...

ALADDIN. I wonder.

ALADDIN STARES THOUGHTFULLY AT THE TRAMP.

TRAMP. What are you looking at pal?

ALADDIN. Oh, I'm sorry. I was just wondering oh, magic tramp – can you magic a way out of this cave?

TRAMP. Eh?

ALADDIN. Am I not asking right?

SLAVE. Perhaps master, if you were to wish to be transported from this cave back to your home.

ALADDIN. Is that how it works? OK. I wish that I was back at home at my mother's laundrette.

SLAVE. You haven't done this wish thing before have you?

ALADDIN. Was that wrong?

SLAVE. You have to be very specific. So if for example you want the magic ring transported too...

ALADDIN. Oh I see. The magic ring! I think it would make the perfect wedding ring for the princess. OK. I wish that I, the magic ring and of course my magic tramp transported back to my mother's laundrette.

SLAVE. As you wish.

STRANGE NOISES, FLASHING LIGHT, AND THEN A BLACKOUT.

SCENE FOUR - THE LAUNDRETTE

LIGHTS UP TO REVEAL WIDOW T'S LAUNDRETTE. WIDOW TWANKY AND WISHEE ARE WORKING.

WISHEE. Oh, I can't keep doing these extra shifts mum; I'm so tired.

WIDOW T. We don't have a lot of choice do we. Your brothers still missing and we're too poor to afford to take anyone else on. (*NOTICES AUDIENCE*) Hello boys and girls. (*RESPONSE*) A good long holiday for a start. Things are getting pretty desperate boys and girls. The landlord says we'll be thrown out by the end of the week if we don't pay the rent, we've no money, Aladdin is missing and I don't know what to do. It's all so very sad. (*RESPONSE*) No, it's much sadder than that.

WISHEE. What are we going to do mum?

WIDOW T. Oh I just don't know. Without the laundrette we'll be destitute and I'll have to look to you, my son, to take care of me in my old age.

WISHEE. How am I going to do that?

WIDOW T. I fear you may have to fall back on turning tricks on the streets.

WISHEE. What like that David Blaine?

WIDOW T. Not really no.

WISHEE. I'm not sure I'd be any good at that mum; I don't really have magic hands.

WIDOW T. Oh dear, this really isn't a conversation I wanted to have in front of an audience. No my son, I'm not talking about magic, I'm talking about...

*THERE IS A KNOCKING FROM THE SUPPLIES CRATE AND THE LID FLIES OPEN TO REVEAL **ALADDIN**, **THE TRAMP** AND **THE SLAVE OF THE RING***

WIDOW T. Aladdin!

ALADDIN. Mum! Wishee!

WISHEE. Does everyone get around by supplies box these days?

***ALADDIN**, **THE TRAMP** AND **THE SLAVE OF THE RING** GET OUT OF THE BOX. **WISHEE** MOVES OVER TO EXAMINE IT.*

SLAVE. Well?

ALADDIN. Yes, this is the place. Home!

WIDOW T. Where have you been my son? And who are these people? And what happened to that Abanazar character?

ALADDIN. Well, Abanazar turned out to be a rum sort of a cove and tried to trap me in a cave. This is the Slave of the Ring - she helped me to escape.

SLAVE. Hello.

WISHEE NOTICES THE SLAVE AND QUICKLY MOVES TO MEET HER.

WISHEE. Well hello.

WISHEE STARE SOPPILY AT THE SLAVE CLEARLY SMITTEN. THERE IS A LONGISH, SLIGHTLY AWKWARD PAUSE.

SLAVE. Er... hello.

WISHEE. Hello. I'm Wishee Washee, Aladdin's brother.

SLAVE. Right.

WISHEE. Nice out isn't it?

SLAVE. Is it? I've come straight from a cave to here so I wouldn't know.

WISHEE. Right, no, of course not. I don't suppose you, erm... fancy a song?

SLAVE. Do I what?

WISHEE. I've got a microphone.

WISHEE STARTS FISHING IN HIS POCKETS

SLAVE. What you carry a microphone around with you in case you get a chance to duet?

WISHEE. *(MUTTERS)* Oops! I've forgotten the microphone.

SLAVE. Look, it doesn't matter. I'm very... flattered but I took this part on the sole condition that I wouldn't have to sing,

WISHEE. Oh! Well, some other time maybe?

SLAVE. I wouldn't have thought so.

WISHEE. Oh!

WISHEE MOPES HIS WAY BACK TO THE BOX ENCOURAGING THE AUDIENCE TO GO 'AHHH'

SLAVE. *(MUTTERS)* Oh yeah, cos that's attractive! I don't think!

ALADDIN. But the real hero is my magic tramp. He cast some sort of a spell and next thing I know we were back here in the supplies box.

WISHEE. Yeah, this box smells of funny.

TRAMP. Oh aye, sorry about that pal, that was me.

WIDOW T. Delightful. Well I'm glad you're back - we've got one week to get enough money to avoid being thrown out of house and home and I've no idea what to do.

ALADDIN. I think I have the answer to our problems mum don't worry. And it's all down to my magic tramp.

ALADDIN PUTS AN ARM AROUND THE TRAMP

TRAMP. Don't touch me, I'll...

THE TRAMP SWINGS A PUNCH AT ALADDIN, MISSES BY SOME DISTANCE AND COLLAPSES. AFTER A MOMENT HE BEGINS TO SNORE. THE SLAVE OF THE RING PUTS HER HEAD IN HER HANDS

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE - ALADDIN'S PALACE

SONG - 'WHO WILL BUT THIS TAT (REPRISE)'

*ALADDIN'S WEDDING RECEPTION IN THE MAIN HALL. A TABLE AT THE BACK HOLDS FOOD AND DRINK. GUESTS MINGLE AND CHAT IN THE BACKGROUND. THE **TRAMP** TRIES TO MINGLE WITH THEM BUT PEOPLE MOVE AWAY FROM HIM. **WIDOW TWANKY** MOVES FRONT OF STAGE TO CHAT TO THE AUDIENCE. SHE CARRIES A GLASS AND A BOTTLE OF GIN.*

WIDOW T. Hello, Boys and Girls. *(RESPONSE)* Glad you're still with us, but where have you been? So much has happened in the last month or so. What do you mean, "I only popped out for a Jimmy"? You must pay attention, or you'll miss all the fun. I suppose I'd better bring you up to date. While you were queuing at the bar, we were getting rich. Well, when I say we, Aladdin made another wish from that ghastly little tramp of his and now we have plenty of money, and a palace, and servants oh, and a wife. Today he married the Princess Foo Yung. Such a lovely service. *(SHE DABS A TEAR FROM HER EYE)* The most beautiful dress you ever saw. White satin, trimmed with lace. And she looked very nice as well. And now here we are at the reception, getting rat... ah, the Royal Family. I was so nervous about meeting them. Afraid I wouldn't be up on Royal Etiquette. But we've got on really well. *(WAVING)* Yoo hoo! Your Maj's.

CHOW MEIN. Ah, Widow Twanky.

WIDOW T. Oh please, we're family now. Call me Doris.

CHOW MEIN. Very well, Doris. And you can call me, Your Highness.

WIDOW T. I was just saying, what a lovely service.

CHOP SUEY. Wasn't it? Our daughter is so lucky to be married to such a handsome, noble...

CHOW MEIN. Not to mention rich.

CHOP SUEY. ...young man.

WIDOW T. What did he actually bid for your daughter?

CHOW MEIN. It was a very astute move. He offered to pay double the highest bid. So, he couldn't lose.

WIDOW T. How lovely. *(TO AUDIENCE)* Certainly makes a change from fathers giving their daughters away.

CHOP SUEY. I was just saying to my husband, such a splendid palace you have here. I'm surprised we haven't seen it before.

WIDOW T. We haven't been here long.

CHOW MEIN. So you're probably not aware of the palace tax. I must get the Royal Accountant to give you the once over.

WIDOW T. Oh I say. I'm sure he'll find my assets are quite substantial.

*ENTER **ALADDIN** AND **FOO YUNG** DRESSED IN THEIR WEDDING FINERY ACCOMPANIED BY **THE SLAVE OF THE RING** AS BRIDESMAID.*

CHOP SUEY. Ah, the happy couple.

ALADDIN. Mother, the photographer wants to take you in the orchard.

WIDOW T. I'm sure he does, the fruity devil. Better not keep him waiting. Ciao.

CHOW MEIN. Yes?

WIDOW T. Pardon?

CHOW MEIN. What?

WIDOW T. Er, nothing. Catch you later. Bye boys and girls.

WIDOW TWANKY EXITS.

CHOW MEIN. I'm very impressed, Prince Aladdin. A fine palace, set in beautiful surroundings. All the hallmarks of a man of some considerable wealth.

CHOP SUEY. We're sure you'll be able to keep our daughter in the lifestyle to which she has become accustomed.

CHOW MEIN. And take the strain off my purse.

FOO YUNG. Father, don't be so mercenary. I love Aladdin, and that's all that matters.

CHOW MEIN. What's love got to do with it?

CHOP SUEY. What's love but a second hand emotion.

*ALL LOOK AT **CHOP SUEY** PERPLEXED.*

CHOP SUEY. I wonder if there are any more of those delicious king prawn vol-a-vonts left?

***CHOP SUEY** WANDERS OFF TO LOOK AT THE FOOD.*

CHOW MEIN. I shall just borrow your husband for a second, Foo Yung. (*ARM ROUND **ALADDIN***) We need to discuss certain matters.

FOO YUNG. And what might they be?

CHOW MEIN. (*FINGER TO LIPS*) Man's talk, my dear. (*TO ALADDIN*) Well done on that bridesmaid my boy! Very Pippa Middleton if you catch my drift!!

CHOW MEIN AND ALADDIN EXIT IN CONVERSATION. FOO YUNG AND THE SLAVE OF THE RING GO TO CONVERSE WITH OTHERS AT THE FOOD TABLE. ABANAZAR SNEAKS ON, DRESSED AS A WAITER. HE MOVES FORWARD TO TALK TO THE AUDIENCE.

ABANAZAR. I underestimated young Aladdin. He must have used the magic ring to escape from the cave and conjure up all this wealth - wealth isn't rightfully mine but I intend to take it anyway. And of course enjoy a little revenge into the bargain. But first I must get close enough to the princess to get the ring without being spotted. Fortunately I am a master of disguise. Watch this for a cunning move.

ABANAZAR EXITS.

ABANAZAR. (OFF) Just change my body so. There! I just need some idiot to notice me.

WISHEE. (OFF) Hey everybody, look at this.

ALL LOOK TOWARDS WISHEE AS HE ENTERS CARRYING A LARGE TRIFLE.

WISHEE. Someone left this giant trifle in the corridor.

HE PUTS THE TRIFLE ON THE TABLE.

FOO YUNG. We'll need some more plates and spoons.

SLAVE. I'll just go and conjure some up.

THE SLAVE EXITS. WISHEE TAKES SOME NIBBLES FROM THE TABLE AND TALKS TO CHOP SUEY AND FOO YUNG. WHILE GUESTS RESUME THEIR CONVERSATIONS, ABANAZAR'S FACE APPEARS IN THE TRIFLE.

ABANAZAR. (VO) Now's my chance to grab the ring from her finger.

A HAND EMERGES FROM THE TRIFLE AND HEADS FOR FOO YUNG BUT SHE MOVES AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT AND IT GROPEES CHOP SUEY'S BOTTOM INSTEAD. CHOP SUEY LOOKS AT WISHEE WASHEE

CHOP SUEY. Oooh, I say! Are all you Twanky's so forward?

WISHEE. (*BEMUSED*) Pardon?

*THE HAND AGAIN MAKES A GRAB FOR **FOO YUNG**, MISSES AND GROPEs **CHOP SUEY**.*

CHOP SUEY. Oooh! Cheeky. (*PINCHING **WISHEE'S** CHEEK*) You know, my husband often has to go away for weeks at a time on business.

WISHEE. Does he?

*THE HAND MAKES ANOTHER GRAB FOR **FOO YUNG**, MISSES AND SWEEPS THE FOOD FROM **WISHEE'S** PLATE. **WISHEE**, STILL UNCERTAIN ABOUT **CHOP SUEY**, TURNS TO EAT HIS NIBBLES AND CAN'T FIND THEM.*

CHOP SUEY. Actually, I am a woman of extraordinary appetites.

***WISHEE** WATCHES HER TUCKING IN, LOOKS AT HIS NOW EMPTY PLATE AND THEN BACK AT **CHOP SUEY**.*

WISHEE. Yes, I can see that.

*SUDDENLY **WISHEE** SEES THE HAND MOVING. HE HITS IT.*

WISHEE. Get off!

ABANAZAR. Ow!

WISHEE. Who's in there?

ABANAZAR. Sorry, I can't hear you, I'm a trifle deaf.

WISHEE. There's something not quite right here.

***WISHEE** LIFTS UP THE TRIFLE AND THROWS IT OFF STAGE. WE HEAR A " CRASH " .*

ABANAZAR. (*OFF*) Oooh that smarts!

***FOO YUNG** TURNS AT THE SOUND OF THE CRASH.*

FOO YUNG. Oh, where's the trifle?

WISHEE. It went off, suddenly.

ABANAZAR. (*OFF*) Well, that could've gone better. Never mind; there's always plan B.

ABANAZAR ENTERS CARRYING AN OLD BOX CAMERA. HE IS MOSTLY COVERED BY THE SHEET. WITH HIM IS HIS **ASSISTANT** DRESSED AS A JOURNALIST. THEY HEAD TO **FOO YUNG** AND **BOW** AND **COURTSEY** RESPECTIVELY. **DUCK** ENTERS AND HEADS OVER TO JOIN THEM.

ASSISTANT. Your highness, this is such an honour.

FOO YUNG. Oh, hello. Who are you and how did you get past palace security?

ASSISTANT. I'm Phillipa Space from Nĩ Hǎo magazine; your father arranged an exclusive with us.

DUCK. Nĩ Hǎo magazine! Really? Can I be in it?

FOO YUNG. Shhh Duck. My father? He never mentioned anything about it to me?

ASSISTANT. Really? I'm surprised. We did pay him a rather large sum of money for the deal.

FOO YUNG. Oh did you! That explains it!

ASSISTANT. I wonder if we could have things a little quieter, for the interview?

FOO YUNG. Of course. Could everyone please disperse to the gardens for a short time and get their photographs done; I just have to do a quick PR thingy. Thank you.

THE GUESTS GRADUALLY EXIT. FLASH MOVES FORWARD LOOKING FOR SOMETHING.

FOO YUNG. This is silly. I must have dropped it. I've got to find my comb before I have my picture taken.

FLASH CRAWLS AROUND LOOKING, FINALLY DISAPPEARING UNDER THE TABLE.

ASSISTANT. Thank you, most gracious. Perhaps your highness I could start by just doing a short profile on you? I know our readers would love to know all about you.

DUCK. Course, that'd be fine; fire away.

ASSISTANT. Sorry not you your highness. You, your highness.

FOO YUNG. A profile about me? Well, I suppose so.

WHILST THE ASSISTANT ASKS QUESTIONS, ABANAZAR MOVES AROUND FOO YUNG PRETENDING TO TAKE PHOTOS. DUCK CONSTANTLY GETS IN THE WAY STRIKING POSES.

ASSISTANT. What is your idea of perfect happiness?

FOO YUNG. Lying in a hammock, watching the darts and having a whisky.

ASSISTANT. What is greatest fear?

FOO YUNG. Being poor. I don't know much about it other than what father says and it doesn't sound like my cup of tea at all.

ASSISTANT. What trait do you despise in others?

FOO YUNG. I would say probably poverty. I really don't know what some people see in it.

ASSISTANT. What is your greatest extravagance?

FOO YUNG. Maids probably; I think I had eight at the last count. Every time one dies my father buys me two to cheer me up.

ASSISTANT. What do you owe your parents?

FOO YUNG. Oh I've lost track but I'm sure father has had the palace accountant keep a note of it somewhere.

ASSISTANT. And how would you like to be remembered?

FOO YUNG. Lying in a hammock, watching the darts and having a whisky.

ASSISTANT. Good, thank you, I'm sure our readers will be fascinated. But before we go I must ask you about the ring. May I see it?

FOO YUNG SHOWS HER THE RING.

ASSISTANT. Why it's lovely. Tell me about it.

FOO YUNG. Well, Aladdin says it's a magic ring. If you rub it a genii appears and will grant you wishes.

ASSISTANT. How sweet. Could I try it?

FOO YUNG. I'm not sure that'd be a very good idea.

DUCK. Oh go on sis, how much harm can it do? Just give her one wish.

ASSISTANT. Just so I can tell our readers all about it.

FOO YUNG. Well, alright then.

FOO YUNG RUBS THE RING AND THE SLAVE APPEARS

SLAVE. What is your bidding mistress?

FOO YUNG. Grant this lady one wish of her choosing.

SLAVE. I'm not sure that's such a good idea actually.

ABANAZAR THROWS BACK THE SHEET LAUGHING TRIUMPHANTLY.

ABANAZAR. Too late I'm afraid.

ASSISTANT. I wish Princess Foo Yung to give Abanazar the ring and full control of the genii.

FOO YUNG. No!

ABANAZAR HOLDS OUT HIS HAND AND FOO YUNG IN A TRANCE LIKE MANNER HANDS HIM THE RING.

DUCK. What do you think you're doing, you boulder? Give my sister that ring back now.

ABANAZAR. Silence.

ABANAZAR WAVES A HAND AND DUCK FREEZES ON THE SPOT. ABANAZAR LAUGHS AGAIN.

ABANAZAR. Excellent. With the ring in my possession I can feel my powers returning. And the greater powers of the genii are mine to command.

FOO YUNG. No genii, don't.

SLAVE. I'm sorry princess but Abanazar is my master now and I must obey.

FOO YUNG. Who are you? What do you want?

ABANAZAR. I am Abanazar, master magician, sorcerer supreme, and no, I don't do card tricks. And now, with the genii's power I will be undefeatable. And for my next wish I command you to transport this palace, together with myself and the Princess Foo Yung to my estate near Baghdad.

ALADDIN ENTERS.

ALADDIN. Foo Yung, Duck, the photographer wants to do some group photo's... (***SEES ABANAZAR***) You!

ABANAZAR. Yes, me. Just in time to say goodbye to your bride, your palace, your home and your life. (***TO THE SLAVE***) Transport Aladdin to the cave from where he found you.

ALADDIN. Slave, please don't.

FOO YUNG. Aladdin, what's happening? Who are these people?

ABANAZAR. All is about to become clear, my dear. (***TO THE SLAVE***) Do my bidding!

SLAVE. Your wish is my command, oh Master.

THE SLAVE EXITS. ALADDIN STARTS TO APPROACH ABANAZAR BUT A FORCE BEGINS TO DRAW HIM OFF STAGE. LOUD RUMBLINGS, FLASHING LIGHTS AND LAUGHTER FROM ABANAZAR. FOO YUNG IS POWERLESS, ROOTED TO THE SPOT, AS ALADDIN EXITS, FAILING TO REACH HER.

SCENE TWO - PALACE GROUNDS

THE NOISE CONTINUES. WISHEE AND WIDOW T. ENTER FROM OPPOSITE SIDES. DUCK REMAINS FROZEN ON STAGE. THE TRAMP WANDERS ON AND SITS IN A CORNER PLAYING HARMONICA BADLY.

WIDOW T. What's happening? All those bright lights and that terrible noise.

WISHEE. I told them not to start the disco yet.

THEY GAZE SKYWARDS AS THE PALACE LIFTS OFF.

WIDOW T. The palace! It's lifting off!

WISHEE. Just as well that happened off stage, eh boys and girls! That would've been an expensive effect.

ENTER CHOW MEIN AND CHOP SUEY.

CHOW MEIN. What's the meaning of this? Where has the palace gone? Where is our daughter? And what's happened to our son?

DUCK. Ooh... I've come over a little queer.

CHOW MEIN. Oh dear, that'll be another super injunction. And they don't come cheap! Now then, where's the palace and where's our daughter?

WIDOW T. I... I... er... Wishee, where has the palace gone?

WISHEE. Er, honeymoon!

WIDOW T. What?

CHOW MEIN. What?

CHOP SUEY. What?

WISHEE. It's obvious, isn't it? Aladdin and Foo Yung couldn't wait to start their honeymoon, only all the hotels are booked in Majorca, so they're taking the palace with them.

CHOP SUEY. Oh, how thoughtful.

CHOW MEIN. Thoughtful? Don't be stupid, Woman! Our daughter's been kidnapped!

CHOP SUEY. Kidnapped?

CHOW MEIN. By that reprobate, Aladdin.

WISHEE. Why would Aladdin want to kidnap the girl he's just married?

CHOP SUEY. Yes, that's a good point. Why would he?

CHOW MEIN. Just whose side are you on? I don't know why, but Aladdin's not here, neither is Foo Yung and his palace has taken flight. Now I don't know what you Twanky's are up to, but I'm warning you, if my daughter is not returned within twenty-four hours, my executioner, Tul So will be polishing his chopper. Do I make myself clear?

WIDOW T. Perfectly.

WISHEE. Don't worry, we'll get it sorted.

CHOW MEIN. Twenty-four hours, then...

CHOW MEIN MAKES A GESTURE WITH HIS HAND ACROSS HIS THROAT. THEN CHOW MEIN AND CHOP SUEY EXIT.

WISHEE. Oh no. Only twenty-four hours from Tul So!

WIDOW T. Where can they have gone?

FLASH CRAWLS ON CARRYING A COMB.

FLASH. Found it!

WISHEE. What, the palace?

FLASH. No, my comb. Funny thing is, I was under the table...

WIDOW T. I always drink too much at weddings too!

FLASH. No, looking for this, when this Abanazar geezer turns up and starts giving Aladdin and the princess a bit of verbal. Then he gets the ring off of them and get's that other bit of stuff to shift the palace. Next thing I know, they're off in a puff of not very special effects and I'm left stranded.

WIDOW T. Did he say where he was taking them?

FLASH. Luckily, for the development of the plot, yes. He's taken the palace and the Princess to somewhere near Baghdad, and he's had Aladdin stuffed in a cave.

WISHEE. Baghdad? Oh, why couldn't it have been Horning or Stratton?

WIDOW T. It's as broad as it's long.

WISHEE. We must get to Baghdad.

WIDOW T. But how?

WISHEE. Aladdin's magic tramp of course. He can get us there.

WIDOW T. Of course. Magic tramp, quickly; free Aladdin and transport us to the palace in Baghdad.

TRAMP. Eh?

WIDOW T. Use your magic powers and get us after Abanazar, now.

TRAMP. You what?

WIDOW T. Your magic powers.

TRAMP. Are you taking the mickey?

WIDOW T. I'm not sure how magic this tramp is you know.

WISHEE. How are we going to get after them then?

FLASH. I know! Virgin Shagpile!

WISHEE. The flying carpet service! Of course! But what about Aladdin?

WIDOW T. We'll notify the Cave Rescue Service, but I think his only chance is for us to reach this Abanazar person.

WISHEE. But how are we going to get on the flight; we've got no money!

WIDOW T. Don't two of your cousins work for Virgin Shagpile?

WISHEE. Oh yeah, that's right, the stewardesses – Troll Lee and Doll Lee.

WIDOW T. Then we might still have a chance. Come on.

THEY ALL QUICKLY EXIT.

SCENE THREE - ALADDIN'S PALACE

THE PALACE IS SET AS WE LEFT IT (EXCEPT THE SLAVE IS NO LONGER THERE), LIGHTS FLASHING AND LOUD NOISES. THEN THERE IS SUDDEN SILENCE.

ABANAZAR. Ah, this will be my stop.

***FOO YUNG** SUDDENLY FINDS HERSELF ABLE TO MOVE AGAIN. SHE GLANCES AROUND AND MAKES TO RUN FOR IT. **ABANAZAR** CATCHES HER ON HER WAY PAST AND **THE ASSISTANT** PRODUCES A SHORT LENGTH OF ROPE.*

FOO YUNG. No! Get off me.

*DESPITE **FOO YUNG'S** STRUGGLES, **THE ASSISTANT** TIES HER HANDS. **ABANAZAR** RELEASES HER WITH AN EVIL LAUGH.*

ABANAZAR. Oh, I just love being evil. You know, I'm so evil that...

***ABANAZAR** TRAILS OFF AND FLOUNDERS*

ABANAZAR. (TO **THE ASSISTANT**) Well don't just stand there. Bring me another funny "I'm so evil" line.

ASSISTANT. Sorry, they've all gone.

ABANAZAR. What do you mean, "They've all gone". I've only done one so far.

ASSISTANT. Sorry but there were two whole acts to write and the songs and then there was putting the whole show together so I guess they just sort of... got missed.

ABANAZAR. There were plenty of the "oh, we're so poor" ones earlier.

ASSISTANT. Yes well, I suppose they're just easier to write.

ABANAZAR. I see. So ultimately what this comes down to is lazy writing.

ASSISTANT. I suppose so.

ABANAZAR. Well then, I shall just have to demonstrate how evil I am, won't I!

ASSISTANT. I think that's the way the script was heading.

ABANAZAR. Excellent! Then perhaps you could prepare the... guest room.

ASSISTANT. The what?

ABANAZAR. (WITH GREAT EMPHASIS) The GUEST ROOM.

ASSISTANT. What guest room?

ABANAZAR. The solid steel, frightening, cagey, prisony thing. For the Princess.

ASSISTANT. Oh! Well why didn't you just say the solid steel, frightening, cagey, prisony thing if that's what you meant?

ABANAZAR. I was trying to be sinister.

ASSISTANT. And not doing very well.

ABANAZAR. Look, just go and get it ready. Shoo!

THE ASSISTANT EXITS. ABANAZAR TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO FOO YUNG.

ABANAZAR. So Princess, I expect you're wondering why I've bought you here.

FOO YUNG. I would guess it's to extract a measure of revenge against Aladdin of course, who stopped you from getting the magic ring before and robbed you of the wealth and power that wasn't yours by right, but it's also probably part of a bizarre plan to somehow persuade me to become your wife, thus giving you a legitimate claim to the throne, which combined with your magic powers will make you the most powerful man this land has ever seen.

ABANAZAR. Do you mind! I've been practicing that bit of exposition all day. It really reinforces the evil nature of my character development. And you had to spoil it, Miss Clever Clogs!

FOO YUNG. Oh, get over it, you big la la. I'll never agree to be your wife anyway.

ABANAZAR. Oh I think you will, eventually. One way or another. In the meantime I think we need to bring you down a peg or two.

ABANAZAR CLAPS HIS HANDS AND THE ASSISTANT ENTERS PUSHING A CAGE WITH A CURTAIN WHICH CAN BE DRAWN ALL THE WAY AROUND IT. THE ASSISTANT STRIKES A FEW POSES AROUND IT BEFORE EXITING.

ABANAZAR. This will be your quarters until you start being more... co-operative.

FOO YUNG. No!

ABANAZAR GRABS FOO YUNG BY THE ARM AND DRAGS HER OVER TO THE CAGE. AS HE OPENS THE DOOR FOO YUNG KICKS HIM IN THE GROIN. ABANAZAR STAGGERS AND FOO YUNG SHOVS HIM IN THE CAGE. SHE SHUTS THE DOOR.

FOO YUNG. Ha! Not so big and clever now are you.

ABANAZAR. Let me out of here.

FOO YUNG. You're supposed to be the great sorcerer, why don't you magic your way out of it.

FOO YUNG TAKES THE CURTAIN AND STARTS PULLING IT ROUND THE CAGE. SHE DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE CAGE AND IT IS ABANAZAR WHO EMERGES FROM THE OTHER SIDE STILL PULLING THE CURTAIN. HE PULLS IT ROUND TO REVEAL FOO YUNG IS NOW LOCKED IN THE CAGE.

ABANAZAR. An excellent idea Princess, thank you.

FOO YUNG. Let me out of here.

ABANAZAR. In time my dear, in time. But as you've already proved yourself troublesome I think I shall need to take further steps to convince you that your resistance is futile. If you wouldn't mind waiting here?

ABANAZAR EXITS LAUGHING AS FOO YUNG STRUGGLES AGAINST THE BARS.

SONG - 'PRINCESSES LAMENT'

SCENE THREE - FLYING CARPET

WIDOW T., WISHEE, FLASH AND THE TRAMP APPEAR IN FRONT OF THE TABS DRESSED AS AIR STEWARDESSES. THEY SEEM A BIT UNSURE ABOUT WHAT THEY SHOULD BE DOING BUT EVENTUALLY END UP IN A LINE FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE STAGE TO THE MIDDLE OF THE AUDIENCE. WE HEAR THE "BING BONG" OF AN IN FLIGHT TANNOY.

TANNOY. (VO) Good afternoon, Ladies and Gentlemen, and on behalf of Captain Mainwaring and his crew, we would like to welcome you aboard this Virgin Shagpile Remnant flight to Baghdad. In a moment we will be taking off from the Departure Lounge, but before we do so, we would like to make you aware the safety features pertaining to this carpet.

THE "STEWARDESSES" HOLD UP A PEN AND PAPER, EXCEPT FOR THE TRAMP WHO HOLDS UP A DUTY FREE BAG.

TANNOY. (VO) In the unlikely event of us having to put down at sea, pen and paper is provided for your last will and testament, as you will stand no chance once we hit the water. To escape from the carpet, the emergency exits are situated there, there, there...

THE "STEWARDESSES" POINT ALL AROUND. THE TRAMP WAVES A RATHER VAGUE RIGHT ARM ABOVE HIS HEAD

TANNOY. (VO) ...there, there and basically anywhere you like. It is recommended that you position yourselves towards the centre of the carpet, in case Captain Mainwaring has to bank suddenly. May we remind you that picking at loosethreads is strictly forbidden.

THE "STEWARDESSES" PICK UP PAPER BAGS AND PUT OVER THEIR HEADS DURING THE NEXT ANNOUNCEMENT. THE BAGS HAVE HOLES IN FOR THEIR EYES AND ARE COVERED IN WHITE SPLASHES. THE TRAMP PICKS UP A SICK BAG BUT CAN'T GET IT OVER HIS HEAD.

TANNOY. (VO) In the event of contact with a flock of birds, protective headgear will be provided by the crew. Simply place over your head and carry on as normal.

THE "STEWARDESSES" PUT DOWN THE BAGS.

TANNOY. (VO) Will you now please sit up straight and hang on to all your loose belongings. We wish you a pleasant flight and hope to see all of you still with us when we land.

THE SOUND OF RUSHING WIND. LIGHTS FLASH AND THE "STEWARDESSES SWAY LEFT AND RIGHT AS THE CARPET BANKS ONE WAY THEN THE OTHER

TANNOY. (VO) Please be aware we may experience some turbulence at this time.

THE SWAYING BECOMES MORE VIOLENT AS THEY HIT A STORM.

TANNOY. (VO) Would the air crew please attend to the carpet. Air sickness in rows two, five, six, eight, ten, eleven and fourteen.

THEY ALL LOOK AT EACH OTHER, FEEL UNWELL, HOLD THEIR HANDS TO THEIR MOUTHS AND DASH OFF.

SCENE FOUR - ALADDIN'S PALACE

*A BEDROOM. **ABANAZAR** RELAXES ON A BED, SIPPING A COCKTAIL.HIS **ASSISTANT** IS FANNING HIM. THERE IS A WARDROBE IN THE BACKGROUND. AFTER A MOMENT HE REALISES THE AUDIENCE ARE WATCHING.*

ABANAZAR. Ah, welcome back to my humble abode. (STANDING UP) Not bad eh! I've got my own palace, Aladdin's entombed two hundred feet underground and best of all, I have the ring; I feel my power increasing and soon I shall rule the entire world.

ABANAZAR CLAPS HIS HANDS AND HIS **ASSISTANT** MOVES TO ONE SIDE OF HIM. AS SHE DOES SO HE RUBS THE RING AND **THE SLAVE** APPEARS. HE HOLDS OUT A HAND AND SHE MOVES TO THE OTHER SIDE. **ABANAZAR** LAUGHS.

ABANAZAR. Oh I love being evil; it's just so much fun.

SLAVE. And what have you done to the princess?

ABANAZAR. The Princess? Ah, yes, dear Foo Yung, soon to be the third of my willing...

ABANAZAR TILTS HIS **ASSISTANT'S** FACE TO HIS WITH HIS HAND ON HER CHIN. SHE SIMPERS AT HIM.

ABANAZAR. ...or not so willing...

ABANAZAR TILTS THE **SLAVE'S** FACE TO HIS WITH HIS HAND ON HER CHIN. SHE JERKS AWAY ANGRILY.

ABANAZAR. ... servants. She still thinks her precious Aladdin will save her. So I've changed her, a bit. If she forgets Aladdin and becomes my wife, I'll change her back.

OFF STAGE WE HEAR THE CLATTER OF DROPPED SAUCEPANS AND A SCREAM OF EXASPERATION.

ABANAZAR. Ah, that sounds like her now. Having a few problems with my lunch no doubt.

FOO YUNG ENTERS. SHE IS DRESSED IN A TATTY DRESSING GOWN AND SLIPPERS. HER HAIR'S IN CURLERS AND A CIGARETTE DANGLES FROM HER LOWER LIP. SHE LOOKS OLDER AND A LOT LESS ATTRACTIVE. SHE CARRIES A BURNT FRYING PAN.

FOO YUNG. Here's yer bleepin' omelette. And if you don't like it you can bleepin' well lump it! Anyway, you're the bleepin' magician; you can conjure up your own bleepin' lunch!

ABANAZAR. So, apart from that, how are you settling in?

FOO YUNG. Don't you give me any of your bleepin' lip either. You wait till Aladdin catches up with yer. He'll soon sort you out, Mr Aba-bleepin'-nazar!

ABANAZAR. I'm afraid Aladdin has more pressing matters. Such as where his next breathe of air is coming from.

FOO YUNG. You're evil, that's what you are.

ABANAZAR. Flattery will get you everywhere. Now, I suggest you attend to the washing and ironing, unless you want me to add another ten years on to those already well worn features. (TO AUDIENCE) I'll win her round, eventually.

ABANAZAR EXITS WITH AN EVIL LAUGH, THE ASSISTANT AND SLAVE ON EACH ARM

FOO YUNG. He's right, you know. Even if Aladdin was here, he wouldn't want me looking like this. I even make Vera Duckworth look attractive. *(COUGHS)* And why am I so addicted to these things? What am I going to do? The only way I can be myself again is to become Abanazar's wife. What a horrible thought. I'd rather do his washing.

THE SLAVE SNEAKS BACK ON.

SLAVE. Your highness.

FOO YUNG. Genii! You've gotta help me; magic me outta here and back to how I was.

SLAVE. I'm afraid I can't. I am a slave to the ring which Abanazar owns and he has forbade me from using my magic to help you or Aladdin.

FOO YUNG. What am I gonna do then?

SLAVE. You know, there is a way to free Aladdin and bring him here.

FOO YUNG. There is? How?

SLAVE. It's simple. Have you tried grabbing his whelks?

FOO YUNG. You're joking. We only just got the marriage service over. Didn't get as far as the honeymoon.

SLAVE. I meant that bag of whelks, gradually going off over there.

FOO YUNG. Aladdin's whelks. Who'd have thought it? But if he turns up, he can't see me like this.

SLAVE. You can disappear until we can sort out Abanazar. I've got a pretty good idea how we can get you changed back again. But you must hurry. There can't be much time left.

FOO YUNG. You're right. I must give it a try.

FOO YUNG MOVES TO THE PILE OF OBJECTS AND PICKS UP THE BAG OF WHELKS. AUDIENCE RESPONSE. NOTHING HAPPENS.

FOO YUNG. A lot of bleepin' use that was.

SLAVE. He is a few thousand miles away, trapped underground. *(TO AUDIENCE)* You've got to shout louder than that. Now, after three... three!

THE AUDIENCE SHOUT OUT AND ALADDIN APPEARS. FOO YUNG SEES HIM AND HURRIEDLY EXITS.

ALADDIN. *(TAKING DEEP BREATHS)* Thanks, Boys and Girls. That was a close call.

SLAVE. Aladdin, you're just in time to save the day. Abanazar is due back at any minute. You must disguise yourself and find a suitable way to get the ring off him. If you summon me, I can rob Abanazar of all his powers.

ALADDIN. Why can't you just do that anyway?

SLAVE. Because Abanazar is my master as long as he has the ring.

ALADDIN. I see. But And what about the Princess? Is she here? Is she safe?

SLAVE. She's fine. Can't wait to see you again. Now, quickly, pop those coats over your hands and make like an ornamental hat stand.

ALADDIN. Mmmmm. It's an old trick but it might just work.

SLAVE. I must return to Abanazar before he suspects something. Good luck.

***THE SLAVE EXITS. ALADDIN ASSUMES HIS DISGUISE.
ABANAZAR ENTERS, CARRYING A TOILETRIES BAG.***

ABANAZAR. How odd. I thought I heard voices. *(TO AUDIENCE)* Has someone been here that I don't know about? *(RESPONSE)* You would tell me, wouldn't you? *(RESPONSE)* Because if I find out you're telling porkie pies... *(SEES ALADDIN)* Strange. I'd forgotten there was an ornamental hat stand there. Reminds me of someone. *(TO AUDIENCE)* Anyway, I've decided to enhance my prospects with the Princess with these new smellies. Let's see...

***ABANAZAR WALKS TO THE AUDIENCE, TAKING OUT AN
AEROSOL CAN AS HE DOES SO. ALADDIN CREEPS AFTER HIM.***

ABANAZAR. The latest deodorant on the market. A fiver this cost me. Repellent! *(SPRAYS UNDER EACH ARM)* Ha! No flies on me. She'll be putty in my hands.

***ABANAZAR SPRAYS THE CAN IN THE AIR AS ALADDIN
REACHES FOR THE RING. ALADDIN STARTS A SNEEZE, CAN'T
HOLD IT BACK AND DASHES OFF STAGE. WE HEAR A HUGE
SNEEZE AND ODD ITEMS ARE BLOWN ON STAGE. ABANAZAR
TURNS ROUND.***

ABANAZAR. Curse those desert winds.

***ABANAZAR PUTS AWAY THE FLY SPRAY AND TAKES OUT AN
AFTER SHAVE BOTTLE. HE PICKS UP THE RING AND MOVES TO
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE AUDIENCE. HE OPENS THE BOTTLE,
STICKING IT UNDER THE NOSTRIL OF SOMEONE IN THE FRONT
ROW. IT SMELLS FOUL.***

ABANAZAR. There. What do you think of that? It's called Oasis. With the mystic essence of camel. What's the matter? *(SNIFFS)* Ah, potent stuff. This will get her going. Ohh, I feel soooo good!

ALADDIN CREEPS BACK ON STAGE, THEN TIP TOES ACROSS TO ABANAZAR. ABANAZAR DABS OASIS BEHIND EACH EAR THEN BURSTS INTO JAMES BROWN'S "I FEEL GOOD". THE ASSISTANT COMES ON AND JOINS THE DANCING.

ABANAZAR. *I feel good, I knew that I would.
I feel good, I knew that I would now.
So good. So good. I got you!*

ABANAZAR DROPS TO ONE KNEE ARM STRETCHED ABOVE HIM DRAMATICALLY. ALADDIN GRABS THE RING OFF OF HIS FINGER AND RUBS IT. SMOKE BEGINS TO APPEAR.

ABANAZAR. No, no, no! You should bring in the dry ice at the start of the number!

THE SLAVE APPEARS.

ALADDIN. The game's up you villain.

ABANAZAR CRINGES AND FALLS TO HIS KNEES.

ABANAZAR. Ah! Hit by the most excruciating line in Panto!

SLAVE. Aladdin, you did it. Now, what is your command my master?

ALADDIN. Remove Abanazar's magical powers.

ABANAZAR. No! What's the world's greatest magician without magical powers? Sorcerer without equal, illusionist supreme.

SLAVE. Go on then, show us a card trick.

ABANAZAR. I don't do card tricks! *(TO AUDIENCE)* You don't want him to take away my powers do you? *(RESPONSE)*

ALADDIN. *(TO AUDIENCE)* Shall I? *(RESPONSE)*

SLAVE. Whenever you're ready.

ALADDIN. Remove his powers!

SLAVE. With pleasure. But I'm afraid that's your third and final wish. It's been lovely serving you. Goodbye.

*MYSTICAL MUSIC, LIGHTS FLASH, AND **ABANAZAR** HOLDS HIS HEAD IN PAIN. **THE SLAVE** DISAPPEARS. **THE ASSISTANT** COLLAPSES IS A FAINT. THEN IT'S OVER.*

ABANAZAR. Oh er. I've gone all limp.

ALADDIN. My wishes have all gone and I never even thanked the Slave. How am I going to get the Palace back home?

ABANAZAR. That's the least of your worries, you interfering little squirt! My magical powers may have gone, but not my ability to wring your scrawny neck!

ALADDIN. Ooops!

***ABANAZAR** ADVANCES, **ALADDIN** BACKS AWAY, THEN SEES THE YO.*

ALADDIN. Of course. Time to get help.

***ALADDIN** PICKS UP THE YO. AUDIENCE RESPONSE. **WISHEE** ENTERS, EATING FROM A PLASTIC TRAY.*

WISHEE. *(MOUTH FULL)* Oi. Right in the middle of my in flight staff meal. Plastic chicken with three veg.

ALADDIN. Never mind that. Just give me a hand to sort out this creep.

WISHEE. But he's a first class sorcerer; a wonder wizard, even if he doesn't do card tricks.

ALADDIN. Not any more he's not; I've taken his powers away.

WISHEE. That's alright then. *(ROLLING UP HIS SLEEVES)* It's time to put my Ty-Phoo lessons to good use.

***WISHEE** ADOPTS A SELF-DEFENCE STANCE.*

ABANAZAR. Ah, this might be a good time to try out my impressions. Number one, Usain Bolt.

***ABANAZAR** EXITS AT SPEED.*

ALADDIN. We'll have to find him; we're not safe while he's on the loose.

***FOO YUNG**, NOW HERSELF, APPEARS ACROSS THE STAGE.*

FOO YUNG. Aladdin!

ALADDIN. Foo Yung!

*ROMANTIC MUSIC AS THEY RACE JOYFULLY IN SLOW MOTION TO EMBRACE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STAGE. **WISHEE** LOOKS BEWILDERED.*

ALADDIN. Thank heavens your safe.

FOO YUNG. I don't know what happened. One minute I was Abanazar's char, the next minute I'm back to normal.

ALADDIN. I took his power away, it must have undone the spell.

THE ASSISTANT GROANS AND STIRS.

WISHEE. What should we do about this one?

ALADDIN. We should keep an eye on her; she might be dangerous.

ASSISTANT. I'm not dangerous. Abanazar conjured me up as his assistant; I had no choice but to obey him. Now his powers are gone I don't have to "assist" him anymore. But I don't know what else to do.

ALADDIN. Hmmm. Maybe you could assist us instead. With capturing Abanazar.

FOO YUNG. What makes you think you can trust her?

ASSISTANT. The things that man made me "assist" him with... (*SHUDDERS*)... trust me I want revenge on him as much as anyone.

WISHEE. What do you think?

ALADDIN. We might as well give her the benefit of the doubt; we need all the help we can get to find Abanazar in this place – it's enormous.

*CRIES FROM OFF STAGE, FOLLOWED BY LOUD CRASHES. THEN A CRY FROM **WIDOW TWANKY**, ANOTHER CRASH, AND SHE JUMPS ON TO THE STAGE ENTWINED IN A PARACHUTE HARNESS.*

ALADDIN. Mother!

WIDOW T. Hello, dear. We were just passing overhead so we thought we'd drop in. (*TO **WISHEE***) Wondered where you'd disappeared to.

WISHEE. I didn't know there were parachutes on board.

WIDOW T. There weren't. We had to improvise.

SHE TUGS ON THE LINES AND PULLS IN THE PARACHUTE TO REVEAL IT IS A PAIR OF LARGE BLOOMERS. FLASH AND THE TRAMP ENTER.

FLASH. Ah, there you all are.

ALADDIN. You bought my magic tramp! Abanazar's in big trouble now!

WIDOW T. I'm not so sure he is! So what's the plan?

ALADDIN. I suggest we split up and try to cover as many rooms as possible.

WIDOW T. Right, let's go!

THEY ALL MOVE AS A BUNCH TOWARDS THE SAME EXIT.

ALADDIN. Whooa! Hold on a minute. Different directions, okay!

WISHEE. Okay. Let's split.

THEY ALL MOVE AS A BUNCH TOWARDS THE OPPOSITE EXIT.

ALADDIN. Hold it. Mother, you and Wishee that way. Flash, you and Abanazar's assistant that way. Foo Yung, with me.

FLASH. What? Why do I have to go with her?

ALADDIN. Because I don't know if we can trust her yet so I need you to keep an eye on her for me.

FLASH. Alright boss, I'll keep my peepers peeled.

THE TRAMP HAS MOVED TO THE SIDE OF THE STAGE, PUT HIS BOTTLE ON THE FLOOR NEXT TO HIM AND FALLEN ASLEEP.

ALADDIN. Good idea, tramp; you stay here on watch.

TRAMP. (WAKING SUDDENLY) Wassatt??

ALADDIN. The rest of you, let's go.

ALL TAKE DIFFERENT EXITS. THE TRAMP SHRUGS AND GOES BACK TO SLEEP. AFTER A MOMENT ABANAZAR ENTERS, OUT OF BREATH.

ABANAZAR. It's no use. I can't keep running like this. Being a villainous magician isn't what it used to be. I don't remember physical fitness being a qualification when I applied for the job. I'll have to change tack and resort to cunning instead.

WIDOW T. (OFF) Quick. He's over here!

ABANAZAR. Just as soon as I get a quiet moment.

ABANAZAR DASHES OFF. WIDOW T. AND WISHEE RUN ON, JUST IN TIME TO SEE HIM EXIT. THEY CHASE AFTER HIM. SUITABLE "CHASE" MUSIC AS CHARACTERS RUN ON AND OFF. WIDOW T. ENTERS, OUT OF BREATH, AND LIES ON THE BED TO RECUPERATE WHILE THE CHASE GOES ON. ALADDIN AND FOO YUNG ENTER.

FOO YUNG. It's no use we'll never find him.

ALADDIN. We could use some extra help.

ABANAZAR SNEAKS ON, SEES ALADDIN, BUT NOT WIDOW T. HE BEGINS TO CREEP UP ON ALADDIN. WIDOW T. PICKS UP A BOTTLE AND BEGINS TO CREEP UP ON ABANAZAR.

FOO YUNG. Wait a minute. There is someone else.

FOO YUNG PICKS UP MR WAGGY. AUDIENCE RESPONSE. JUST AS ABANAZAR IS ABOUT TO HIT ALADDIN AND WIDOW T. IS ABOUT TO HIT HIM WITH THE BOTTLE. ALL BOB DOWN AS DUCK ENTERS, WEARING JUST A BATH TOWEL AND CARRYING A LOOFAH. WIDOW T.'S FOLLOW THROUGH MEANS SHE NOW HITS DUCK, KNOCKING HIM OUT. IN THE CONFUSION, ABANAZAR EXITS. FOO YUNG TENDS TO DUCK.

FOO YUNG. Duck, speak to me.

WIDOW T. It was an accident. Tell your Father it was an accident.

ALADDIN. It's alright, Mother. It was just one of those bizarre bits of pantomime business.

FOO YUNG. It's no use, he's out cold. Put him on the bed.

THEY LIFT HIM ON TO THE BED.

ALADDIN. Okay, the search goes on. We'll get Duck to help us when he's recovered. Mother, find Wishee and tell him where we've gone. Right, follow that pantomime villain!

ALADDIN AND FOO YUNG EXIT AFTER ABANAZAR. WIDOW T. EXITS THE OTHER WAY. AFTER A MOMENT ABANAZAR ENTERS.

ABANAZAR. Right. Time for plan B. I might have lost my magic power and the hold on my assistant but I am still a master of disguise. Why should I be running around like an idiot when I can become whatever I want? Let's see.

WISHEE. (OFF) There he is, Mum!

ABANAZAR SNEAKS OFF. WISHEE ENTERS.

WISHEE. (TO AUDIENCE) Have you seen Abanazar? (RESPONSE) I thought so. Well let me know if you see him again, won't you? (RESPONSE)

WIDOW T. ENTERS.

WIDOW T. Have you seen him?

WISHEE. No. They have but he's gone now.

WIDOW T. Then there's no point standing around here gassing. Come on.

THEY BOTH EXIT. DUCK STARTS TO COME ROUND.

DUCK. Ooh my head. I must have slipped in the bath. (LOOKS AROUND) Where am I?

CHOP SUEY ENTERS WEARING A BEARD (ABANAZAR DISGUISED).

DUCK. Mummy! What's happened?

CHOP SUEY. Something terrible, darling. Don't you remember?

DUCK. I just remember having a bath.

CHOP SUEY. Your sister's been kidnapped by those ruthless bandits, Ma Twanky and her Boys. They lured her to this palace under a magic spell.

DUCK. Magic?

CHOP SUEY. Aladdin possesses a magic ring. If we can get that off him, we can save your sister.

DUCK. (STANDING) Ohh, my head!

CHOP SUEY. Oh that nasty wastey Ma Twanky knocked you out.

DUCK. They won't get away with it. Where are they?

CHOP SUEY. (TO AUDIENCE) This boy's an idiot. (TO **DUCK**) They went that way. I'll find your Father and tell him you're okay. Be careful, precious. These people are dangerous.

DUCK. (HOLDING UP HIS LOOFAH) So am I.

DUCK EXITS. CHOP SUEY EXITS, LAUGHING. FLASH AND THE ASSISTANT ENTER. WIDOW TWANKY (ABANAZAR DISGUISED) ENTERS FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

FLASH. We thought we'd cornered him in bathroom seventeen but it was only Wishee. He was a bit put out when we broke down the door.

WIDOW T. Never mind that. Aladdin's been knocked out by Abanazar, who now has the ring. He's also disguised himself as Aladdin to fool us.

FLASH. Right. Disguised as Aladdin.

ASSISTANT. So if we see Aladdin...

FLASH. It's not really him. But if we see Abanazar...

ASSISTANT. Which we won't...

FLASH. It's not really him. because he's now Aladdin...

ASSISTANT. Unless he's unconscious...

FLASH. In which case we don't have to hit him...

ASSISTANT. 'Cos he's been hit already.

FLASH. Right, let's get that sneaky Abanazar.

ASSISTANT. Er, Aladdin.

FLASH. Right.

FLASH AND THE ASSISTANT EXIT.

WIDOW T. This is too easy.

WIDOW T. EXITS LAUGHING. ALADDIN AND FOO YUNG ENTER.

ALADDIN. I don't think we're winning.

FOO YUNG. There's so much of the palace to search.

ALADDIN. Funny how we always end up back here though.

WISHEE ENTERS (ABANAZAR DISGUISED).

WISHEE. Aladdin, thank heavens, he's got Mother.

ALADDIN. What?

WISHEE. We were searching out in the ornamental garden and he grabbed her by the colonnades.

FOO YUNG. The fiend!

WISHEE. It all happened so fast. Then he disguised himself as Mother. Nearly fooled me, except one of his false boobs accidentally burst. I ran to find you.

FOO YUNG. So we're now looking for Abanazar disguised as your Mother, but running lob sided.

ALADDIN. Unless he's made running repairs. The swine. Trying to fool us like that. He should have known better. Well done, Wishee. Let's get after him, er, her.

WISHEE. Maybe you should give the ring to me – that'll confuse him?

ALADDIN. Hmmm. No best not – it might get damaged when you do your Ty-phoo. Come on.

***ALADDIN AND FOO YUNG EXIT. WISHEE EXITS, LAUGHING.
WIDOW T. ENTERS FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STAGE.***

WIDOW T. Come on, Wishee, do keep up. How many bathroom stops is that you've made?

WISHEE ENTERS BEHIND HER.

WISHEE. It's that in-flight beer. It just goes right through you. Plus the champagne at the reception. The two litres of wine and the six pack.

FOO YUNG ENTERS (ABANAZAR DISGUISED).

FOO YUNG. Ah, Widow Twanky.

WIDOW T. Please, less formality now. Call me Mother-In-Law.

FOO YUNG. Aladdin and I were searching near the kitchens when we saw Abanazar overpower his assistant and Flash.

WIDOW T. Oh the poor girl; no one wants to see that.

FOO YUNG. What? No I mean he overpowered your laundry assistant Flash.

WIDOW T. Oh I see.

WISHEE. He took on both of them?

FOO YUNG. I know, he's amazing really. Then, before we could help them, he'd changed.

WISHEE. What, a new outfit?

FOO YUNG. No, into the Tramp and his assistant. He's a master of disguise.

WIDOW T. You mean he's pretending to be both of them?

WISHEE. At the same time?

FOO YUNG. Yep. You've got to admire his skill. The man's a genius, simply incredible. One of the most amazing quick change feats ever seen.

WISHEE. Hang on a second. Are you in his fan club or something?

FOO YUNG. Sorry. Anyway, Aladdin said to warn you. Now I must return to him.

WISHEE. And we'd better start looking for these two Abanazars. Just as soon as I find the nearest bathroom.

WIDOW T. Oh not again.

***WIDOW T. AND WISHEE EXIT. FOO YUNG EXITS, LAUGHING.
DUCK ENTERS CAUTIOUSLY, BRANDISHING THE LOOFAH.***

DUCK. I thought our palace was big enough, but this one's enormous.

FOO YUNG ENTERS.

FOO YUNG. Duck, are you all right?

DUCK. Sis, you escaped! It's good to see you.

FOO YUNG. How's your head?

DUCK. Still sore. Ma Twanky sure knows how to hit someone.

FOO YUNG. She's cunning and dangerous. Or, rather, he is.

DUCK. What?

WIDOW T. *(OFF)* Wishee, where are you?

FOO YUNG. Quick, it's him, er, her! Hide in the wardrobe and keep watch.

DUCK. Right!

***FOO YUNG QUICKLY PUTS DUCK IN THE WARDROBE AND
CLOSES THE DOOR.***

FOO YUNG. I'll get Aladdin.

***FOO YUNG EXITS. DUCK RATTLES THE DOOR BUT CAN'T GET
OUT.***

DUCK. No, not Aladdin. He's part of the gang. Foo Yung! I'm locked in!

WIDOW T. ENTERS WITH WISHEE.

WIDOW T. Now we're back here again.

WISHEE. They must have sneaked past us.

ASSISTANT. *(OFF)* This way Flash.

FLASH. *(OFF)* Just coming.

WISHEE. The sneaky devil. He's got their voices off to a tee.

WIDOW T. Quick, you hide and keep an eye on them, er, him. I'll find Aladdin.

WISHEE. Where shall I hide?

WIDOW T. Get under the bed.

WISHEE. Right.

WISHEE HIDES UNDER THE BED. WIDOW T. EXITS. FLASH AND THE ASSISTANT ENTER.

ASSISTANT. Oh, it's no use. Not only can we not find Aladdin, or rather Abanazar, we can't find any of the others.

ALADDIN. *(OFF)* Mother? Oh Mother dearest. Come out, come out wherever you are.

FLASH. *(PANICKING)* It's him! It's him! What do we do?

ASSISTANT. Don't panic. I'll just grab those coats and pretend I'm an ornamental hat stand.

FLASH. Mmmmm. It's an old trick, but it might just work.

ASSISTANT. You find Widow Twanky!

FLASH EXITS. THE ASSISTANT PICKS UP THE COATS AND BECOMES A HAT STAND. ALADDIN AND FOO YUNG DASH ON.

ALADDIN. I thought I heard voices. She may be close by. You wait here; I'll check the other room.

FOO YUNG. Don't be long.

ALADDIN EXITS ONE SIDE, A VICAR, WEARING NO TROUSERS, DASHES ON FROM THE OTHER SIDE AND BUMPS INTO FOO YUNG.

VICAR. My dear, I'm so dreadfully sorry. I appear to have lost my trousers.

ALADDIN. *(OFF)* No, she's not in here!

FOO YUNG. Oh no, it's my husband. He gets so terribly jealous. Quick, hide in the wardrobe.

VICAR NIPS IN WARDROBE. "Oi!" FROM DUCK. FOO YUNG SLAMS DOOR SHUT AS ALADDIN ENTERS.

ALADDIN. Anything wrong?

FOO YUNG. *(INNOCENTLY)* No, no. Everything's fine.

WIDOW T. *(OFF)* Hello? Anybody there?

ALADDIN. It's Abanazar. Quick, hide!

FOO YUNG JUMPS ON THE BED AND COVERS HERSELF. "Oooh!" FROM WISHEE. ALADDIN GRABS THE COATS FROM THE ASSISTANT.

ALADDIN. Well, it worked once before.

ALADDIN BECOMES A HAT STAND. THE ASSISTANT FEELS EXPOSED AND LOOKS AROUND FOR SOMEWHERE TO HIDE. OPENS UP WARDROBE AND SEES VICAR AND DUCK.

ASSISTANT. Terribly sorry.

CLOSES WARDROBE, SEES THE BED AND DIVES UNDER THE COVERS WITH FOO YUNG. "Oooh!" FROM WISHEE. WIDOW T. ENTERS.

WIDOW T. Oh not back here again.

FLASH. *(OFF)* Widow Twanky? Oi! Widow Twanky?

WIDOW T. Trying a sneak attack, eh? I'd better hide.

WIDOW T. OPENS WARDROBE.

WIDOW T. Oh, so sorry boys.

SHE CLOSES WARDROBE, GOES TO BED AND THROWS BACK COVERS.

WIDOW T. Sorry girls, don't mind me.

SHE HASTILY COVERS UP FOO YUNG AND THE ASSISTANT THEN DIVES UNDER THE BED. WISHEE IS FORCED OUT.

WISHEE. Oh, thanks a bunch. Find your own hiding place. *(SEES ALADDIN)* Ah! An old trick but it just might work.

WISHEE GRABS THE COATS AND BECOMES A HAT STAND.

ALADDIN. Ooops!

ALADDIN TRIES THE WARDROBE.

DUCK. Do you mind! There's a draught blowing right through here! I'll catch my death.

DUCK SNEEZES.

VICAR. Bless you, my son.

DUCK CLOSSES THE DOOR. ALADDIN LIFTS UP THE BED COVERS.

ALADDIN. Foo Yung! What's the meaning of this?

FOO YUNG. I can explain everything.

FLASH ENTERS.

FLASH. Ah ha! Got you.

FLASH LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT ALADDIN.

ALADDIN. What are you doing? Get off me!

THE ASSISTANT GRABS HIM AS WELL. WIDOW T. EMERGES FROM UNDER THE BED.

WIDOW T. Wishee, it's them, er, him. Grab them!

WIDOW T. GRABS THE ASSISTANT. WISHEE THROWS OFF THE COATS AND GRABS FLASH.

ALADDIN. *(NOW FREE)* So, impersonate my Mother would you. Let's see if we can't deflate that chest a little.

ALADDIN GRABS WIDOW T. THE ASSISTANT, NOW FREE, GRABS ALADDIN. THE WARDROBE DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

DUCK. *(WAVING THE LOOFAH)* Right, you Twanky's, you've asked for it.

DUCK WADES INTO WISHEE, ALADDIN AND WIDOW T. VICAR LEAVES WARDROBE.

VICAR. Has anybody seen my trousers?

ALL. No!

VICAR. I only asked.

VICAR EXITS.

ALADDIN. Foo Yung. I don't know who's who. Take the ring for safety.

ALADDIN GIVES FOO YUNG THE RING AND SHE MOVES AWAY FROM THE CHAOS. CHOP SUEY ENTERS (ABANAZAR DISGUISED).

FOO YUNG. Mother? How did you get here?

CHOP SUEY. Your Father's executive Lear carpet. He's waiting downstairs.

FOO YUNG. Aladdin needs help. Hold this and keep it safe.

SHE HANDS THE RING TO CHOP SUEY.

CHOP SUEY. And what do I do with this? *(TO AUDIENCE)* As if I didn't know.

CHOP SUEY STARTS RUBBING THE RING. SMOKE STARTS POURING IN.

FOO YUNG. What are you doing?

CHOP SUEY. Regaining power, my dear.

ALADDIN AND WISHEE SEE THE SMOKE.

WISHEE. Fire! Fire!

THE FIGHTING STOPS. FLASH AND WISHEE DASH OFF AND RETURN WITH THE BLANKET. THEY CARRY IT VERTICALLY BETWEEN THEM AND RUN PAST FOO YUNG AND CHOP SUEY AND OFF THE OTHER SIDE. AFTER THEY HAVE PASSED, WE SEE CHOP SUEY HAS VANISHED AND ABANAZAR IS STANDING NEXT TO FOO YUNG.

FOO YUNG. *(REALISING)* Ooops!

FLASH AND WISHEE DASH BACK ON, SEE ABANAZAR AND STOP. EVERYONE NOW LOOKS AT HIM.

ALL. Abanazar??!!

EVERYONE LOOKS AT WHO THEY THOUGHT WAS ABANAZAR, THEN BACK AGAIN.

ABANAZAR. Yes, it's me, fans. Everyone's favourite wicked Uncle.

THE SLAVE APPEARS.

SLAVE. Oops! Master Abanazar again.

ABANAZAR. Ah yes, my slave; back in my power again. Don't think that I don't know how you helped my enemies. Well I have a fitting punishment in store for you, one that will last through eternity. But first you must grant me my wish.

SLAVE. What is your bidding, Master?

ABANAZAR. What indeed. (*PUSHES **FOO YUNG TO ALADDIN***) Join your loved one, my dear. You had your chance to be mine, but blew it. Time to resume my master plan, in which, sadly, there's no part for you bunch of bumbling buffoons.

SLAVE. Your wish, Master?

ABANAZAR SPOTS THE TRAMPS BOTTLE ON THE FLOOR AND PICKS IT UP, WAKING THE TRAMP.

ABANAZAR. In a minute. I think a celebratory drink is in order first.

ABANAZAR GOES TO TAKE A SWIG. THE TRAMP SCREAMS IN RAGE AND LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT ABANAZAR. MOMENTUM TAKES THEM BOTH OFF STAGE. IN THE IMPACT ABANAZAR DROPS THE RING. MOMENTS LATER THE TRAMP RE-ENTERS SWIGGING FROM HIS BOTTLE.

ALADDIN. Tramp, you did it! You saved us all!

TRAMP. What?

ALADDIN. You saved us all from Abanazar.

TRAMP. What?

WISHEE AND FLASH EXIT AND COME BACK DRAGGING WHAT APPEARS TO BE ABANAZAR WITH THEM.

WISHEE. We've got Abanazar. He's coming round.

FLASH. But hold on, this isn't Abanazar. It's someone in a mask.

ALADDIN. Then let's see who he really is.

WISHEE AND FLASH PULL OFF THE ABANAZARS FALSE BEARD AND REVEAL THE CHANCELLOR FROM ACT 1

ALL. It's the Chancellor from Act 1!

WIDOW T. You were Abanazar the whole time. But why?

CHANCELLOR. Because all I ever get every year is bit parts. Whilst you lot are hogging the spotlight and getting all the best jokes what do I get? Two lines! I just wanted to be in the spotlight. Plus, I could have ruled the world! And I would have got away with it too if it hadn't been for you meddling kids.

WISHEE AND FLASH RELEASE THE CHANCELLOR WHO COLLAPSES IN A HEAP.

WISHEE. Well that's all sorted out then!

WIDOW T. Not really. The palace is still stuck here, and there's a very impatient Emperor waiting in No Can Do with his chopping list.

ALADDIN. Not a problem, my magic tramp will transport us home. Won't you?

ALADDIN CLAPS THE TRAMP ON THE SHOULDER. THE TRAMP SWAYS A COUPLE OF TIMES WITH A SILLY GRIN ON HIS FACE BEFORE COLLAPSING, DRUNK.

ALADDIN. Ah!

SLAVE. Maybe I can be of service here.

ALADDIN. It's a lovely idea Slave but I've used up all my wishes.

SLAVE. Then someone else needs to take the ring.

ALADDIN. Yes but I thought you needed someone brave, true and with a heart that burns like fire, for his true love, his one desire. And that's me.

SLAVE. Well remembered Aladdin. But I think there is one other here who now fits that description.

ALADDIN. Who?

SLAVE. Your brother Wishee Washee. He has proved himself brave and true through this adventure and I flatter myself that he may have found his one true love.

WISHEE LOOKS BASHFUL.

ALADDIN. Wishee, you old dag, you!

SLAVE. If I'm right Wishee, then pick up the ring.

WISHEE PICKS UP THE RING AND RUBS IT.

SLAVE. Ah, so I was right. What is your wish my master?

WISHEE. Oh I say! I wish you to transport this palace and everyone in it back to Strangely Camp.

SLAVE. Your wish is my command.

*LOUD RUMBLINGS, FLASHING LIGHTS AND THEN A LOUD "THUD" AS THE PALACE RETURNS TO NO CAN DO. **FOO YUNG RUSHES TO AN EXIT AND LOOKS OUT.***

FOO YUNG. It's worked; we're back in Strangely Camp.

*GENERAL EXCITEMENT. ENTER **CHOP SUEY AND CHOW MEIN.***

CHOW MEIN. So here you all are.

CHOP SUEY. Duck, sweetie, get some clothes on, you'll catch your death.

FOO YUNG. Father. Mother. Abanazar kidnapped me, but I have Aladdin and his family to thank for my rescue.

CHOW MEIN. Mmmm. I suppose that means I can't chop any of their bits off. But what about this Abanazar? He certainly deserves the axe.

THE CHANCELLOR STIRS, HOLDING HIS HEAD.

CHANCELLOR. Ooh, my head.

CHOW MEIN. We could start with that certainly. Take him away.

THE CHANCELLOR IS COLLARED BY THE SECRET SERVICE.

CHANCELLOR. Please, your Majesty, I beg you to reconsider. I am but a humble conjurer, children's parties a speciality. Want to see Wonky Wabbit?

THE CHANCELLOR PRODUCES A RABBIT GLOVE PUPPET FROM UNDER HIS ROBE. CHOW MEIN INDICATES THAT THE CHANCELLOR IS TO BE LED AWAY. THE CHANCELLOR CONTINUES PLEADING AS HE EXITS.

CHANCELLOR. Very modest rates. I could help attract visitors. I'll even do card tricks!!

CHOW MEIN. I'll put him in the deepest dungeon and see what he's like with escapology.

CHOP SUEY. Come on, Duck, let's get you home right now to a nice warm bath, with Mr Frogman and those nice soapy bubbles.

DUCK. Oh really, Mother, why do you have to let me down so in public?

FOO YUNG PICKS UP MR WAGGY. AUDIENCE RESPONSE. ALL DUCK.

FOO YUNG. And don't forget Mr Waggy.

DUCK TAKES MR WAGGY, PUTS HIS THUMB IN HIS MOUTH.

CHOP SUEY. Oh dear, it is hard working looking after a baby and being an Empress.

ALADDIN. Then I have an idea that might help. (**ALADDIN MOVES TO THE ASSISTANT**)
Maybe she could be of assistance your highness?

CHOP SUEY. Her? Who is she and what can she do?

ASSISTANT. I'm an assistant. I was conjured up to be an assistant all I know how to do is assist.

CHOP SUEY. Is she anything to do with you?

ALADDIN. She helped us to capture Abanazar.

CHOP SUEY. And is she trustworthy?

ALADDIN. I'm not sure. I think so.

CHOP SUEY. Good enough. Alright young lady, we'll give you a try.

ASSISTANT. Thank you your highness.

CHOP SUEY. Come on Ducky Wucks, let's get you home and we can start getting your new nanny settled in.

DUCK EXITS WITH CHOP SUEY.

ASSISTANT. Thank you Aladdin.

THE ASSISTANT EXITS.

CHOW MEIN. (**TO ALADDIN**) I'll be keeping an eye on you, young man. Son-in-law you maybe, but if you place my daughter in danger again...

FOO YUNG. (**KISSING CHOW MEIN ON CHEEK**) Don't be such an old fuss pot, Father.

WIDOW T. Anyway, I do believe we have a Wedding Reception to complete. Last one to the G and T's is a sissy!

WIDOW T. AND FLASH RACE EACH OTHER OFF STAGE. WISHEE PICKS UP HIS YO.

WISHEE. (**TO AUDIENCE**) Thanks for looking after it for me. Now we've got some dosh, I can buy the other bit and be a complete Yo Yo.

SLAVE. You still have another two wishes my master.

WISHEE. Oh, yeah, about that. For my next wish, I wish you free.

SLAVE. Free?

WISHEE. Free of the ring. You are no longer a slave to it.

SLAVE. Really?

WISHEE. Really.

SLAVE. That's the nicest thing that anyone's ever done for me.

WISHEE. And I think you know why I did it.

SLAVE. Because I'm your one true love?

WISHEE. My hearts desire.

SONG - 'HARD TO FIND LOVE (REPRISE)'

SLAVE. Sorry, remember this is a non-singing part!

WISHEE. Oh!

SLAVE. It's alright, we can talk instead. Come on.

THE SLAVE TAKES WISHEES ARM AND LEADS HIM OFF.

FOO YUNG. Come on, Father. Stay with us for the rest of the celebrations. Let your hair down for once.

CHOW MEIN. Foo Yung. Emperors do not let their hair down.

FOO YUNG. Then it's about time they started.

CHOW MEIN AND FOO YUNG EXIT IN CONVERSATION.

ALADDIN. *(TO AUDIENCE)* Well that's about it then boys and girls. We've got some wining and dining, and dancing and general merry making. You know how it is with us idle rich. Oh, I nearly forgot.

ALADDIN PICKS UP HIS WHELKS.

ALADDIN. *(TO AUDIENCE)* Thanks for guarding them. *(SNIFFS THE BAG)* Mmmm. There's nothing quite like a bag of matured whelks.

FOO YUNG. *(OFF)* Aladdin! Our guests are waiting.

ALADDIN. *(CALLING)* I'll be right there. *(TO AUDIENCE)* Farewell, good people, and may everything you wish for come true.

ALADDIN WAVES AND EXITS LEAVING *THE TRAMP* ASLEEP ON THE FLOOR.

*FINAL CHORUS AND WALK DOWN. **CAST** TAKE THEIR BOW AND SING ONE FINAL TIME.*

SONG - 'GOODBYE'

*ALL EXIT EXCEPT **THE TRAMP WHO** REMAINS ASLEEP ON THE STAGE AS THE HOUSE LIGHTS COME UP.*

END OF ACT TWO