

Aladdin

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WISHEE WASHEE

WISHEE: Poo! I hate January. It's the month the Parish Councillors all have their unmentionables laundered. Nifty knickers and stinky socks, urgh, it's enough to make you gag. **(Notices audience and squints at them)** Oh, hello everybody, I didn't see you there, the rising sun's in my eyes. Welcome to the Near East! I know in the West you refer to it as the Far East but that's because it's very far away. When you're actually here it isn't very far at all so we call it the Near East.... or perhaps "Nearest", for accuracy. **(Awkward Pause)**

Anyhoo, my name is Wishee-Washee and I work in my mum's launderette. It's not exactly what I'd call my dream job but apparently my Mum is the only person in the whole of the Near East that will employ me, and some days even she's not sure about that **(looks sad and milks the sympathy from the audience)**. Oh it's much sadder than that! **(Reaction)** Even sadder than that! **(Reaction)** OK, now you're just being sarcastic.

It's not for want of trying you understand. I've had loads of job interviews but I never seem to be able to find the right answers to the questions. For example, in one interview I was asked "How well do you perform under pressure?" And I replied "Not bad but I'm much better at Bohemian Rhapsody". Another time they asked me "What is your greatest strength" and I said **(very, very long pause)** "I'm very comfortable with long silences". Then there was this one time when the interviewer started with "Tell us a little something about yourself" and I said "I'd rather not, I really want this job!"

DAME TWANKEY

DAME: Panic over everyone. The Dame has entered the building. Ladies lock up your husbands and Gentlemen politely adjust your trousers accordingly.

(Notices the audience) Eh up Wishee there's a big crowd out there! We're going to be busy today. Hello everyone! My name is Dame Twankee, widow of my dear departed husband... Mustapha Twankey... **(depending on reaction)** you filthy lot **(or)** please yourself.

To be honest with you I wasn't very close to him when he died, which was lucky because he trod on a land mine. Anyway, I am now the proud proprietor of Twankee's Laundrette and Wine Bar. Thank you all for forming such an orderly queue outside my premises, it's great PR for the business!

When it was just a laundrette the only wine you'd find in here was for my own "medicinal" purposes but misery loves company. Besides, I wanted to attract more male customers so I diversified. Here, talking of male customers what have we here? **(Selects her victim from the audience)**. Swipe right! What's your name Pleasurebeach? **(Response)** Well hello there **(name)** are you married? Please say yes or it'll mess up me banter. **(Response)**. Yes you say? Mmmm good, I must admit I have a bit of a thing for married men, they're always so much more *grateful*.

CHOPSTICK and DIMSUM

DAME: Well if it isn't two of the Near East's finest, Captain Chopstick and Deputy Dimsum. It's been a while since you ventured into my delightful den of iniquity Captain, do you have an itch to scratch? We have fabric softener for that my love, it's called Sauvignon Plonk.

CHOPSTICK: Temptress! Jezebel! You really think you could distract an officer of the law from his duty with cheap white wine? **(Pause)** What year?

DAME: New Zealand, Marlborough, 2021.

CHOPSTICK: Ooh? Maybe later then.

DIMSUM: He's nowhere to be found Captain. I've searched every crook and nanny.

WISHEE: Who are you looking for Captain Chopstick?

CHOPSTICK: We never caught sight of his face but the scoundrel was caught climbing the Palace Walls, trying to get a glimpse of The Princess Jasmine playing Volleyball.

DAME: Volleyball?

CHOPSTICK: Well, that's just some educated Police guesswork but it's what we imagine goes on on the other side of that wall. Either that or maybe a pyjama party.

DIMSUM: Or a darts match... with arm wrestling maybe?

CHOPSTICK: Deputy Dimsum, I very much doubt that the Princess was playing darts or getting into arm wrestling matches. It would have been something more like **(whistfully)** a pillow fight, or doing handstands. **(Snapping out of it)** Anyway, whatever she was doing, looking upon the Princess Jasmine without permission from the Emperor is punishable by death! We're wasting time here. Come along Dimsum, we have a Peeping Tom to catch!

ABANAZER and KERCHING

(Abanazer is trying to scan a QR code on the closed cave door with his phone. Ker-Ching stands by looking bored).

ABANAZER: Why does nothing ever work in this useless world?! This QR code is supposed to open the entrance to The Cave Of Destiny but all I'm getting is something about this production being supported by the Co-Op! Are you sure this is the right place Slave? My Sat Nav said we should have done a U-turn at that last volcano.

KER-CHING: Your Sat Nav was trying to take you to The Cave Of *Density* Master. **(Rolling his/her eyes)** Back where we started? Terms and conditions apply, advice relating to Sat Nav is *quite literally* only guidance.

ABANAZER: **(Ignoring Ker-Ching)** I mean, it's not exactly complicated! All I want to do is enter a sacred cavern, retrieve a magic lamp, summon an all-powerful Genie and within three wishes, take over the world! Is that really too much to ask?

KER-CHING: You wouldn't think so would you Master? **(Sighs)** Look, I know we've been through this in the past but I can't help you unless you actually *ask* me to. See website for details.

ABANAZER: Alright you walking disclaimer! Fine! It's clearly all my fault as per flaming usual! Just tell me what I'm doing wrong!

KER-CHING: **(Pause)** Say please.

ABANAZER: **(Deflated)** Please?

KER-CHING: **(Brightly)** Sure no problem boss! Well the good news is that you're in the right place. This is indeed the entrance to The Cave Of Destiny and deep within it The Lamp Of Awesomeness may indeed be found and squirreled away inside that tiny lamp is a great big ginormous Genie with powers beyond belief just waiting to grant you global domination oh Master. Terms and conditions apply, concepts such as ginormousness, powers beyond belief and global domination are subject to objective philosophical and geo-political scrutiny. Refunds are not available.

DIPSY and LALA

JASMINE: Oh Dipsy! LaLa! Please stop fussing over me!

(Dipsy and LaLa look sad).

DIPSY: We just want to make you look pwitty!

LALA: Even pwittier than you already are!

JASMINE: Ugh! Look girls, I know my father, the Emperor...

DIPSY & LALA: **(In awe)** The Empewer!

JASMINE: **(Sighs)** The Emperor, yes, I know he appointed you look after me and make me “pwitty” but girls, seriously you don’t actually need to attend to my *every* need 24/7, it’s suffocating!

DIPSY: But we need to bwaid your hair today!

LALA: And make your eyelids all spawkly!

SUI MAI: **(Pointing offstage right)** Oh look! Pink fluffy unicorns dancing on rainbows! If you’re quick you just might get a selfie with them!

DIPSY: What?!

LALA: We must huwwy!

(They exit stage right)

JASMINE and SUI MAI

JASMINE: **(Laughing)** Thanks Sui Mai, I owe you one.

SUI MAI: **(Bowing)** You're welcome my lady.

JASMINE: Oh Sui Mai, please, call me Jasmine, surely we must be on first name terms by now after all these years. You're my best friend for goodness sake!

SUI MAI: **(Nervously)** It's... it's frowned upon *Princess* Jasmine. The Emperor doesn't approve.

JASMINE: Dad just wants me wrapped up in cotton wool. People from outside the palace aren't even allowed to look at me without being made to fear for their lives.

SUI MAI: **(Smiling)** Although, I believe that someone did take that risk this morning? A rather handsome someone according to Dipsy and Lala. Tell me, are the rumours true?

JASMINE: **(Coyly, nodding)** Oh Sui Mai he was so... well I'm not sure what... I only saw him for the briefest moment but he smiled at me in such a way it was as if I'd already known him my whole life and I felt something inside that I've never felt before a feeling so... I don't know the word for it.

SUI MAI: **(Knowingly)** I can hazard a guess and so can you. You're talking about the L word aren't you?

JASMINE: **(Embarrassed, crossly)** Oh don't listen to me. I sound like a silly schoolgirl. It's such a lot of nonsense. There's no such thing as love at first sight, although...

SUI MAI: Although?

JASMINE: Well I would like to make sure... just in case.

SUI MAI: And how are you going to do that?

JASMINE: I have a plan. But I will need your help.

SUI MAI: So what do you need from me?

JASMINE: I need you to be me.

SUI MAI: That sounds a bit futuristic. Beam you where?

JASMINE: Not "beam me" "be me" I want you to take my place here in The Palace so I can disguise myself as you and explore the outside world! I might even find that mysterious boy.

SUI MAI: Oh I don't know Jaz. This sounds crazy.

JASMINE: Oh wow... You just called me Jaz. Thank you Sue.

SUI MAI: So I did... Brave new world hey? OK, I'll do it!

THE EMPEROR

EMPEROR: Ahh there she is! My angel of delight! How is my divine devoted daughter today?

JASMINE: **(Sighs)** Well, you know, living in the lap of luxury, adorned with riches beyond my wildest dreams, so as you'd expect really.

EMPEROR: Splendid! I have a surprise for you Princess Jasmine!

JASMINE: Oh Dad! Can't you just call me by my name? Princess Jasmine sounds so formal. Can't you just call me Jasmine? **(Brightly)** Or, or how about Jaz for short?

EMPEROR: **(Looking horrified)** The royal household must act with propriety and decorum. You can't go around calling me "Dad". Everyone will be doing it! Now stop trying to "modernise" me and hear what I have to say, you're spoiling the moment for me.

JASMINE: Sorry Father.

EMPEROR: Better. Now, please may I introduce you to your new bodyguards.

JASMINE: Bodyguards?!

EMPEROR: Yes, well after that business with that young street rat scaling the palace walls to get an illegal glimpse of perfection this morning, I have decided to increase your security.

JASMINE: But Father, with her lightning-fast Kung-Fu skills Sui Mai can offer me all the protection I need. Plus, I'm pretty handy in a fight myself, she's a very good teacher.

EMPEROR: **(Wincing)** I do wish you would put more effort into your embroidery class than your self-defence lessons Jasmine. If it hadn't been one of your late mother's last wishes I'd have forbidden all that Bruce Springsteen stuff long ago.

JASMINE: You mean Bruce Lee father.

KENDO and KEN-DOLL

KENDO: Your Royal Highness I am your loyal servant, KenDo. I am an experienced Martial Artist, 10th Dan Karate black-belt and master of Jiu-Jitsu.

KEN-DOLL: And I, your Royal Fabulousness am your loyal servant and stylist, Ken-Doll. I am an experienced Martial Artiste, 10th Dan Karaoke, *Gucci-belt*, and master of Feng-Shui.

KENDO: **(To Jasmine)** Permission to carry out an assessment of your security detail Your Highness.

JASMINE: **(Rolling her eyes)** Permission granted.

KEN-DOLL: And permission to carry out an interior design audit Your Fabulousness?

JASMINE: Fill your boots.

(KenDo starts to move around the stage like a Ninja looking for danger. Ken-Doll produces a colour swatch and starts appraising the interior design).

KENDO: We need to keep an eye on all these pillars Ken. They offer too many places to hide.

KEN-DOLL: They need a good polish too Kenneth! They should be reflecting a lot more positive energy than this.

KENDO: Some parts of this Palace are far too dark Ken. We need better visibility of our enemies.

KEN-DOLL: Oh you're telling me Kenneth! This lighting is awful **(gestures to the audience)** and that fourth wall needs a complete re-think. It looks like the Sergeant Pepper's album cover on a bad day.

KENDO: The high ceilings and marble floors mean that the acoustics of The Palace are sharp and clear. This is good. It will make it much harder for intruders to sneak up on us.

KEN-DOLL: I have to disagree with you there darling. Some of these corridors echo like a public lavatory, it's awful. We definitely need some more soft furnishings.

TWEEDLE DUMB and TWEEDLE DUMBER

DAME: I'm so sorry to keep you waiting gentlemen. What can I do you for?

T-DUMB: We would like cake!

T-DUMBER: And fine wine! What?

T-DUMB: Yes jolly good show old chap. The finest you have Matron!

DAME: I have a 2020 bottle of Rouge De Pandemic left over from last year's raffle in my cellar. A fine vintage I'm sure you will agree.

T-DUMB: Depends, how much is it?

DAME: Ten pounds?

T-DUMB: And how much is that in pinds?

DAME: Pinds? pinds, pinds, oh yes I see, well at today's exchange rate ten pounds is about one ties-and pinds.

T-DUMBER: One ties-and pinds! Gosh it must be very good wine then. We'll take it.

DAME: Well you are clearly two very discerning gentlemen with impeccable taste. May I ask, what brings you to this dump, I mean, to the Near East?

T-DUMBER: **(Concentrates)** Now what was it that "M" told us to say if anyone asked this?

T-DUMB: We're British tourists exploring the former colonies!

T-DUMBER: Yes! We're British tourists! That's right! Or is it? No hang a-bite, that's our cover isn't it? We were trained never to reveal our cover.

T-DUMB: Oh yes, you're quite correct old chap, sorry, "my bad" as our American friends in the CIA say... rather more often than they should need to.

T-DUMBER: No, we're definitely not British Tourists. That's right.

WISHEE: Well that's cleared that up.

T-DUMBER: No, we're British Secret Agents.

T-DUMB: We're from M-Eye-Spy. We head up their AI Department.

WISHEE: AI?

T-DUMBER: **(Proudly)** Indeed yes, we put the "Artificial" into "Artificial Intelligence".

DAME: I can see why.

ALADDIN and THE GENIE

ALADDIN: Hello? **(Pause)** Hello? **(Pause)** I've been tricked! That dastardly Abanazer has trapped me in here, but why? It's so airless, I can hardly breathe. **(He looks around)** And there's nothing in here. Not even a dusty old lamp.

FX: **(A spotlight suddenly shines down on the lamp which is behind Aladdin and the "Aaaahh" music for Apple plays. Aladdin hears the music but doesn't look around at the lamp).**

ALADDIN: **(If the audience doesn't say "It's behind you" he repeats)** Not even a dusty old lamp!

(“It's behind you” routine with the audience).

ALADDIN: Oh look! A dusty old lamp! You really should have said. **(He picks up the lamp)**. All that fuss for this? **(Pauses for breath)**. It's just his granny's old trinket. Why was it worth trapping me in here for? Gosh it's in really bad nick. **(Pauses for breath again)**. It could certainly do with a polish. **(He rubs the lamp with his sleeve)**.

FX: **(There is a flash and The Genie Of The Lamp appears).**

GENIE: **(In a loud powerful voice with plenty of reverb)** Who calls The Genie Of The Lamp?

ALADDIN: **(Shocked)** Oh wow! Um, sorry! I didn't mean to disturb you. Who are you?

GENIE: **(In a normal voice with no reverb)** Seriously? I mean, I *literally* just told you.

ALADDIN: Um, sorry, I'm not having a very good day and I didn't quite catch it.

GENIE: **(Loud powerful reverb voice)** Behold! The Genie Of The Lamp!

ALADDIN: The what?

GENIE: **(Normal voice)** The Genie Of The Lamp? Surely you must have heard of me?

ALADDIN: **(Shakes his head)** Sorry.

GENIE: Then why are you here? Why are you risking your life? Do you realise that this cave is hermetically sealed and you don't have enough air left to get you to The Interval?

ALADDIN: Err, no?

GENIE: OK then, quick Panto crash course. Seeing as you are clearly not some evil villain hellbent on world domination I surmise that you must be a hapless young lovelorn hero type... thingy... who has presumably been tricked into entering the Cave Of Destiny and stealing the Lamp Of Awesomeness in exchange for the promise of eternal happiness with the love of your life. Am I right?

ALADDIN: Um, well, something like that, yes.

GENIE: **(Delighted)** Yes! Finally it's happened! You're one in a million!

ALADDIN: Sorry?

GENIE: Oh you have no idea how many bad guys I have served Aladdin! You're going to be a breath of fresh air.

ALADDIN: How do you know my name?

GENIE: For thousands of years I've been forced to bestow success upon the likes of Ghenghis Khan, Ivan The Terrible, Nigel Farage and Vlad The Impaler. **(Shudders)** I had a horrible feeling that this time it was going to be Donald Trump... again. Boy am I happy to see you?! It will be a rare privilege to serve a master who isn't a total **(SFX beep)**.

(Cheerfully) Oh but what am I like?! Look at me, using up all the oxygen again when I don't even need it and you clearly do! I really must learn when to stop banging on about my miserable life of servitude and get to the point before my new master suffocates to death! Just get a word in edge-ways and I'll have us out of here in a jiffy bag rather than a body bag!

ALADDIN: **(Gaspng)** I don't, understand.

GENIE: OK so here's the deal. You have a limited amount of oxygen but, thanks to yours truly, an **unlimited** amount of power to do something about it. I can grant you **three** wishes partner to help you get your life sorted out. Your third wish will, of course, be your "Happy Ever After" but I strongly suggest that you use your first wish to get yourself out of this cave before the air runs out!

ALADDIN: **(Breathless)** Genie. I'm in a calamity. Get me out of here!

GENIE: Nicely done. **(Claps his/her hands).**

FX: **(Blackout QUICK scene change).**