



ALADDIN
BY
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Extract

A SMITH SCRIPT

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Aladdin

By Joshua Clarke & Lewis Clarke

CHARACTERS

Aladdin..... *A diamond in the rough, a lovable scamp with big ambitions.*

Jasmine..... *Strong and determined. Wants more out of life than just being a Princess*

Abanazar..... *Evil to the core. Hellbent on world domination. Despises everyone and everything.*

Widow Twankey..... *Aladdin's mother, larger than life and desperate for a man.*

Dishee Washee..... *Aladdin's Brother, hopeless, stupid and silly.*

Ping..... *Policeman of Peking. Rubbish at his job, always ending up in a mess.*

Pong..... *Another policeman of Peking. No brains at all, utterly gormless.*

Slave of the ring..... *Very lazy, but bound to whomsoever wears the ring. All the gear but no idea.*

Genie of the lamp..... *Very energetic. A real show off. Whacky.*

Emperor..... *Money driven father of Jasmine. A very traditional man.*

Act One

Prologue

Curtain up on Abanazar in his lair. The curtain behind him is a gauze with the chorus set behind.

Abanazar: Mwahahaha! ERGHH, look at this lot. It's nice not to be the ugliest person in the room for once. I am Abanazar! And before you start - it's not a banana, or how's your father, it's Abanazar! Here I am in the land of Egypt. Land of the Pyramids, the sphinx... and that funny dance that goes like this (*walks like an Egyptian*) I'm the most feared man in all of Egypt, and soon I will take over the world. So intelligent! So wicked! So evil! I taught Donald Trump everything he knows. Mwahahaha. I am told that great power lies within this ring (*Shows the ring on his finger*) Though it looks a little dusty. I'm going to give a good clean. (*Rubs the ring*)

(Enter the Slave of the Ring)

Slave: Alright? How's it going?

Abanazar: Who are you?

Slave: I'm the slave of the ring. I serve whoever wears it. Blah blah blah.

Abanazar: Ah I see. You are the great power that lies within the ring!

Slave: That's right mate. Just rub my ring and watch the magic happen!

Abanazar: Right. Well what's your use, then?

Slave: I can make a good soup. Oh, I can make hundreds of people instantly regret the money they've spent, POW! (*Audience*)

Abanazar: Impressive. But I need someone who can make me the most powerful sorcerer in the world! Can you do that?

Slave: No, that's a bit out of my range, I'm afraid. For things that big you want my cousin. The Genie of the lamp.

Abanazar: Ah, I see. And where might I find this Genie of the Lamp.

Slave: In a lamp. (DUH)

Abanazar: Yes, and where might I find this lamp?

Slave: In a magical cave, hidden away in Peking, in China.

Abanazar: Excellent. I'll take that lamp and infinite power will be mine!

Slave: Sounds good to me. Ah, I forgot that there is one tiny detail...

Abanazar: Oh Pharaoh's flip flops! What is it?

Slave: Only one may enter that cave. Aladdin, is his name.

Abanazar: Aladdin. What a strange name.

Slave: Well what's your name?

Abanazar: Abanazar.

Slave: No thanks, I've just eaten.

Abanazar: What?

Slave: I thought you said 'Ave a banana'

Abanazar: No! Abanazar!

Slave: Bless you.

Abanazar: Enough of this. Where do we find this Aladdin?

Slave: Conveniently he's also in Peking, in China.

Abanazar: Very well, take me there.

Slave: International travel? That is a definite no go.

Abanazar: Rah, give me strength.

Slave: We'll have to walk. Or, we could use RyanAir.

Abanazar: ... Let's walk.

Slave: Oh I know, I'll rent us a Camel!

Abanazar: Finally a use for you. Off you go then.

Slave: Yes master!

Abanazar: And so my stage is set. No one to ruin my plight.

Soon I'll be unstoppable, full of terror and might.

I make my rhymes, straight off the cuff.

I have this ring, but it's not enough!

I'll grab that lamp and find Aladdin, you'll see.

I will win the day, don't you just love me? (*He exits*)

BLACKOUT

Scene 1

The streets of old Peking. Market stalls selling fruit and veg, bread, etc.

Song – Chorus

Ping: Come on you lot, clear the streets! That's quite enough singing and dancing for one day!

Pong: The Emperor and Princess Jasmine are on their way right now.

Ping: Yep, and you know anyone caught looking at the Princess will get their head chopped off, or will be burnt at the stake.

Pong: So, what'll it be; steak or chop! **(They both laugh)**

Ping & Pong: Clear the streets! Clear the streets!

Twankey: Hello dears! I say, we've got a lovely lot in today haven't we? Look over there, it's Lord and Lady fancypants. And over there, Lord and Lady Gaga. And you down there - Hello. Is your name Wi-Fi? Because I'm feeling a connection. What is your name then? **(John)** Well John, you've chosen a terrible place to sit haven't you? John, you look just like my second husband... and I've only been married once. Now where was I before John started chatting me up? Oh yes, I was introducing myself. My name is Widow Twankey. **(Points out someone in the audience)** That's Twankey with a 'T' young man. I live here in Peking with my two sons. There's Dishee Washee who's a prawn cracker short of a takeaway and then there's my other son Aladdin who's always getting into trouble, the cheeky little scamp. And we run the takeaway, just down the road. We're very poor **(Ah)** No, come on, we're poorer than that **(Ahhh)** We're so poor, we created an email account just so we could eat the Spam! Anyway, I'd better get back to the restaurant, John, you should come and try my chicken balls. Bye! **(She exits)**

(Dishee Washee Enters)

Dishee: Hiya Kids! I'm Dishee Washee. Sorry I'm late, I was just taking the M4 out of London. The police told me to put it back. Then a bloke started throwing milk, butter and cheese at me, I thought - how dairy. Have you met my mum? Oh yeah. She's a good mum, ya know. A bit hairy, but yeah. Reading between the lines, I think she actually prefers my brother Aladdin to me. It's just little giveaways, you know like how she says, "I much prefer your brother, Aladdin" or, "go away I hate you". You lot seem cool, you wanna be in my gang? Wicked. It's a really exclusive club, only one member so far... Me. Tell you what, every time I come out here I'll shout 'Hiya Kids', and you can all shout back 'Hiya Dishee!'.

Can you do that? Well then let's give it a go. Hiya Kids! (*Hiya Dishee*) Now that was rubbish! Come on, let's give it another go. Hiya Kids! (*Hiya Dishee*) Much better, but I'm afraid that somebody wasn't doing it. (*Picks out a female audience member near the front*) You down there, what's your name? (*Jenny*) Well Jenny do you know what happens now? You've got to do it all by yourself. No one else, just Jenny. Here we go. Hiya Jenny! (*Hiya Dishee*) Wow round of applause for Jenny. Anyway, I'd better get back to work. I heard the Emperor is on his way. Mum says we need to give him a royal welcome. I've only ever seen him on a stamp, so I'm gonna lick the back of his head. Bye Kids, Bye Jenny.

(Chase sequence with Aladdin, Ping and Pong. Benny Hill music in the background. Perhaps Aladdin chased offstage then when he reappears on stage, he is on a different mode of transport – a scooter, a bike etc. Eventually ends with Ping and Pong running off ahead of Aladdin who ends up chasing them and there is a big crash)

Ping & Pong: Ouch!

Aladdin: Phew! That was close. Hello everybody! Do you know who I am? That's right I'm Aladdin, and I live here with my mum and brother. And you see those 2 police officers that were chasing me? Well, I only stole a loaf of bread because...we're very poor (*Ah*) even poorer than that (*Ahhh*) Nice ah's. My mum says I nick stuff because I've got a lot of cheek, but have you seen her? Talk about cheek, might wanna lay off the spring rolls mum! Guess what; I've just heard the Emperor is coming to town with his daughter, Princess Jasmine. I've heard she's beautiful! Problem is, every time I see a beautiful girl I don't know what to say. Can I show you a few of my lines? Are you Italian, because I want a pizza you. What about this one? Are you a bank loan, because you've got my interest. Alright last one. Do you generate electricity with water using the process of hydropower, because damn.

(Enter Dishee and chorus)

Dishee: Aladdin, I've got to tell you something... oh, one second. Hiya Kids! (*Hiya Dishee*) Hiya Jenny! Nice!

Aladdin: What is it Dishee?

Dishee: It's um... oh I've forgotten.

Aladdin: Dishee, our life is a bit tough isn't it. Still; around here is alright, innit?

Dishee: Yeah, I love Peking. I could peak for hours.

Song – (Hard Knock life) Aladdin, Dishee and Chorus

Aladdin: I'm knackered Dishee. On top of all that singing and dancing, I've been running from Ping and Pong all day.

Dishee: AHHHHH! That's what I was meant to tell you Aladdin. Ping and Pong are on their way here. With the Emperor and the Princess. And remember you'll get your head chopped off if you look at the Princess.

Aladdin: I can't have my head chopped off, I'll have nowhere to put my hat.

Dishee: We've gotta get outta here. (*Chorus exits hurriedly*)

Aladdin: Bye boys and girls!

Dishee: Bye Jenny!

(Ping and Pong enter followed by the Emperor and Jasmine)

Ping & Pong: All clear your Royal Highness.

Emperor: Thank you, Ding and Dong.

Pong: No sir, it's Ping and Pong.

Emperor: No thanks, I'm not into sports. Now, Jasmine, I want you to take a good long look. Because this is where we'll end up if you carry on turning down these rich suitors. Can you imagine, living on these streets. It makes the Jackmans estate look like Sollershot West. Who is responsible for letting it get this bad?

Jasmine: You are, Dad!

Emperor: Oh... Whoops.

Jasmine: But I don't see why I have to marry for money when everybody else gets to marry for love. It just doesn't seem fair. Besides, all of those so-called 'suitors' were awful.

Emperor: Like who?

Jasmine: Simon Cowell.

Emperor: It was a yes from me.

Jasmine: Boris Johnson.

Emperor: I liked his hair...

Jasmine: Donald Trump?

Emperor: Well he... alright I'll give you that one. But, we don't have a choice I'm afraid. We are broke.

Jasmine: Please don't make me, Father, or I'll run away and never come back, just like your hairline. (**High fives Ping and Pong**)

Emperor: How very dare you! Sing! Song!

Ping & Pong: Ping and Pong.

Emperor: Fine, I'll give you a game when we get back to the palace. But for now I want you to keep an eye on my daughter! Do not let her leave your sight.

Ping: What if we have to go to the toilet?

Emperor: Well, you'll have to hold it.

Pong: I always hold it. Otherwise it goes all over the place. You should know that, sir.

Emperor: Honestly, if idiots could fly, this place would be an airport!

Ping: Don't you worry sir.

Pong: Yep, she will never ever leave our sight. *(They all turn around to look at Jasmine, but in the above dialogue, she has run off)* Where'd she go?

Emperor: You fools. Go and find her. Or I swear, you will have had your last meal.

Pong: But I wanted my last meal to be a Chinese takeaway.

Ping: Surely we just call them takeaways...

Emperor: MOVE!

Ping & Pong: Yes your majesty! *(They all exit)*

(Enter Aladdin)

Aladdin: Are they gone? Phew! I tell you, those policemen are so stupid, they bought tickets to see Facebook live. *(Enter Jasmine)* Chicken Chow Mein! A girl, and a very pretty one, too. Time to put my awesome pick up lines to work. *(To Jasmine)* Hi, are you rubbish? Because I want to take you out!

Jasmine: Wow is that really the best you can come up with?

Aladdin: Oh well if it's so easy, why don't you give me your best?

Jasmine: Ok. If you were a plane you'd be a 7Phwoar7.

Aladdin: That was terrible.

Jasmine: I know *(They giggle at each other)*

Aladdin: I'm Aladdin.

Jasmine: I'm J-*(Stops herself)*

Aladdin: You're J...?

Jasmine: Just a small town girl. Living in a lonely world...

Aladdin: Right. How did you get here?

Jasmine: I took the midnight train...going anywhere.

Aladdin: Do you know I think I recognize you.
Jasmine: (*Worried*) Really?
Aladdin: Yeah, from my dreams. (*They giggle again*)
Jasmine: Oh Aladdin, I think you're wonderful.
Aladdin: Oh Justin Smalton Girl, I think you're wonderful.

Song – Aladdin and Jasmine, with chorus entering during song.

BLACKOUT

Scene 2

(Abanazar enters with Slave)

Abanazar: Mwahahah! (**boo's**) Is that all you've got? You can't help being unattractive, but you could at least be audible, let me hear you! (**boo's**)

Slave: Here we are, my master. The town of Peking.

Abanazar: It's awfully quiet and miserable. Reminds of Letchworth Town Centre on a Saturday afternoon.

Slave: We better hurry and find that Aladdin before the sun goes down, chief.

Abanazar: Steady on slave; softly softly catchy monkey.

Slave: I didn't know you spoke Spanish!?

Abanazar: Shut up you idiot.

Slave: Sorry sir, I'm just upset. I just found out I was colourblind. The diagnosis came completely out of the purple.

Abanazar: You really are as dumb as you look.

Slave: Thanks, so are you Ali Ba Ba.

Abanazar: Abanazar!

Slave: (**Beckons the audience**) Bless you!

Abanazar: Enough! Walk this way.