The Magical Lamp
of Aladdin

By Tim Kelly

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THE MAGICAL LAMP OF ALADDIN

Adapted and dramatized from
“The Arabian Nights’ Entertainment”

By TIM KELLY

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In Order of Appearance)

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For preview only
SYNOPSIS

The action of the play takes place in old Arabia—at a time when a dusty lamp was a good place in which to live.

There are two acts.

ABOUT THE SIMPLE STAGING

Individual scenes have been indicated as such for rehearsal purposes, but the action should flow in one continuous panorama. No stops and starts. Once one scene has ended, the next one begins without delay.

This play can be performed very simply in terms of production. However, if you have the resources for something a bit more elaborate, fine and dandy.

For suggestions on dressing up the stage, bits of business, costumes, etc.—See PRODUCTION NOTES at rear of playbook.
ACT ONE
Scene One

SETTING: The tower of JAMMAL the magician, located in a far-off land. The tower is represented by the FORESTAGE, which is dimly lighted.

AT RISE: We hear JAMMAL'S VOICE.

JAMMAL'S VOICE: (From OFF DOWN RIGHT.) A thousand curses on a thousand books that never reveal the secret hiding place of the lamp! Bah! (ENTERS. He's an evil looking man with a thin moustache that sprouts from his upper lip and dangles below on both sides of his chin. His clothing is dark with a jewelled dagger at his side, and he wears a black turban on his head. His voice is strong and his eyes wild. He carries an old book and is flipping the pages.) What good are books when they reveal nothing? Page after page describing useless charms and foolish incantations! (In a fury, he slams the book shut.) Enough of books! (Turns and tosses the volume OFFSTAGE.) Begone, miserable journal of mumbo-jumbo! (Makes fists and lifts them upwards—as if addressing the sky.) Am I never to possess the lamp?

HALIMA: (ENTERS FORESTAGE EXTREME DOWN LEFT. She's the female counterpart of her brother. Beautiful but wicked. She holds a crystal ball.) Brother, calm yourself. Cool your temper.

JAMMAL: Ah, Halima, sister. If only I could. What is it I have dreamed of possessing for years and years?

HALIMA: (To AUDIENCE.) The wonderful magical lamp of ancient China. Lost for centuries.

JAMMAL: I am a powerful magician, Halima.

HALIMA: The most powerful in the entire world.

JAMMAL: I could be. If the lamp were mine. Perhaps it is only a legend, after all. My books mention the wonderful magical lamp, but there are no maps. No clues.

HALIMA: With that lamp, the world will be yours, brother.

JAMMAL: (Paces nervously.) The lamp! The lamp! Always the lamp!

HALIMA: Gentle your nerves, Jammal. I have good news. (Smiles.) I have found the wonderful magical lamp.

JAMMAL: What?!

HALIMA: See for yourself. Look into the crystal.

JAMMAL: Eh?
HALIMA: (Holds out the crystal ball. JAMMAL takes it and holds it in his cupped hands.) You have always mocked the power of the crystal. When you see what it contains, you will mock no more.

JAMMAL: (Peers into the crystal.) I see nothing. All is cloudy—like watery milk.

HALIMA: Patience. (Steps closer and makes a few passes with her hands over the crystal ball.) Mighty crystal, hear my pleasure. I seek the lamp and all its treasure.

JAMMAL: (Fascinated.) The clouds within drift away.

HALIMA: Make it clear, the lamp is near.

JAMMAL: Look! (HALIMA looks.) The lamp. I see the lamp.

HALIMA: Locked within a cave.

JAMMAL: Where is this cave?

HALIMA: Put the crystal to your ear. It will tell you.

JAMMAL: This is, indeed, a wondrous piece of glass. (Puts crystal to his ear.)

HALIMA: Do you hear the voice within the crystal?

JAMMAL: (A cruel smile.) Yes, yes. The crystal is telling me what I wish to know. (Listens.) It whispers “Shammar.” The city of Shammar. The lamp resides in the Valley of the Moon. In a deep, dark cave. The entrance of the cave is marked by a vulture circling overhead. (Delirious with joy.) Wonderful! Wonderful! (Listens some more.) What’s this? (Lowers crystal, faces HALIMA.) The crystal says only a boy who has the name of Aladdin can fetch the lamp. Anyone else who attempts to do so will—

HALIMA: Die.

JAMMAL: Why has this crystal never spoken before?

HALIMA: Who can fathom the ways of the crystal? It is enough that it has spoken.

JAMMAL: You are wise beyond your years. We will go to Shammar and seek out this “Aladdin.”

HALIMA: We must make preparations. Shammar is in another country. It will be a long journey.

JAMMAL: Have you forgotten my powers? Do you think I am a great magician for nothing? (Passes the crystal ball to his sister and holds up his hand. He wears many rings. One ring is larger than the others.) I have but to rub and the Genie of the Ring will appear and do my bidding.

HALIMA: I had forgotten the Genie of the Ring.
JAMMAL: (Rubs the large ring.) Genie of the Ring, unless you've flown, hear me well and make your presence known! I, Jammal, command it! (Lifts his arms to call down thunder. SOUND OF THUNDER, followed by a quick BLACKOUT.)

GENIE OF THE RING: (ENTERS on the FORESTAGE EXTREME DOWN LEFT under RED SPOTLIGHT. A young girl dressed in Arabian fashion. Salaams to the AUDIENCE.) Behold! You see before you the Génie of the Ring. Ask, and if it's within my power, you shall have your wish.

JAMMAL: Hear me well, Genie of the Ring.

GENIE OF THE RING: Yes, Master?

JAMMAL: We wish to be transported at once to the city of Shammar.

GENIE OF THE RING: So far away, Shammar.

HALIMA: Never mind about that. You heard my brother's wish.

GENIE OF THE RING: I hear and I obey. (Extends her hands toward JAMMAL and HALIMA. SOUND: HOWLING WIND.) Camels are slow and jackals are swift. Step on a carpet and then I'll lift. Over the land and over the sea, soon in Shammar City you will be! (SOUND OF HOWLING WIND. As if being pulled by a powerful current of air, JAMMAL and HALIMA back OUT quickly, EXTREME DOWN RIGHT. RED SPOTLIGHT OFF, WIND continues to HOWL for several seconds. It subsides as the CURTAINS OPEN. NOTE: If you are not using a curtain, consult PRODUCTION NOTES.)

End of Scene One

Scene Two

SETTING: In Shammar. The basic props are several large baskets supposedly filled with vegetables and fruits, DOWN LEFT.

AT RISE: Several MERCHANTS attend to their wares. SCHEHERAZADE, a seller of stories, ENTERS LEFT. She's a pretty girl. Carries a pole to which are attached several sheets of paper. Each sheet of paper supposedly is a “story.” SCHEHERAZADE moves DOWNSTAGE, calls out to AUDIENCE (customers).

SCHEHERAZADE: Stories! Buy a story from Scheherazade. I have all kinds of stories. (Indicates sheets of paper on the pole.) Read about the ebony horse that grew wings, the prince who met a witch, the husband who could converse with a parrot. Stories, stories!

NEELA: (ENTERS RIGHT, balancing a small basket of apples atop her head. Calls out.) Apples! I have apples! Finest apples in the city of Shammar!
SCHEHERAZADE: If you cannot read, I will recite. *(Moves DOWN RIGHT.)* About the mouse and the cat, the crows and the hawk, the tale of the serpent-charmer and his wife. Stories! Buy a story from Scheherazade. *(As she makes her EXIT, NEELA’S voice crisscrosses.)*

NEELA: Apples! They’re tasty and they’re ripe. Apples! I have apples. *(Crosses to baskets.)* Sweetest apples in the city of Shammar.

MOTHER: *(ENTERS DOWN LEFT.)* Neela, my daughter. Why are you carrying the apples? That’s your brother’s job. *(Looks over NEELA’S shoulder.)* Isn’t Aladdin with you?

NEELA: Who knows where Aladdin is? He goes wherever the wind takes him. *(Hunkers down, puts the apple basket on the ground. Puts apples into larger basket.)*

MOTHER: I hope he hasn’t been talking with Sinbad again. That sailor is always filling Aladdin’s head with dreams of travel and adventure.

MERCHANT WOMAN: *(ENTERS RIGHT. She holds an egg in one hand and is angry.)* It must stop! I won’t have it! I’ll have the boy arrested.

MOTHER: *(To NEELA.)* It’s something about Aladdin. I feel it in my bones. *(Puts on a brave face. To MERCHANT WOMAN.)* Good morning to you, Merchant Woman of Shammar.

MERCHANT WOMAN: Don’t you “good morning” me. I’m in no mood to be put off. I’m here to complain about your son.

MOTHER/NEELA: Aladdin?

MERCHANT WOMAN: Of course, Aladdin. *(To MOTHER.)* You only have one son. *(To NEELA.)* You only have one brother.

MOTHER: What’s Aladdin done now?

MERCHANT WOMAN: *(Holds out the egg.)* This.

NEELA: He laid an egg?

MERCHANT WOMAN: I know his tricks. He made a hole in the shell and drank out the yolk. If a customer purchased this egg, my reputation as an honest merchant would be ruined.

NEIGHBOR: *(ENTERS RIGHT, also angry. She holds two halves of a curtain. Crosses over.)* Look at this! Look what he’s done! Torn my good curtain in half. It’s an outrage. I want him arrested and put in a cage.

MOTHER/NEELA: Aladdin?

NEIGHBOR: No, not Aladdin. His pet monkey.
MOTHER/NEELA: Alakazam?

NEIGHBOR: That monkey is a menace. It takes after your son. Now that I think about it, it might be a good idea to put Aladdin in a cage, too.

NEELA: (Stands.) That’s not fair. Aladdin may be too high-spirited, but he has a good heart.

MERCHANT WOMAN: Tell that to this egg.

NEIGHBOR: Tell that to my torn curtain. (ALAKAZAM, ALADDIN’S pet monkey, runs IN RIGHT. He waves a scarf over his head and makes excited MONKEY NOISES. WOMEN react.)

NEELA: It’s Alakazam!

MERCHANT WOMAN: (To NEIGHBOR.) Careful. He may bite. The creature has no discipline. (She and NEIGHBOR stand close together for protection. ALAKAZAM jumps about the STAGE giving out MONKEY HOOTS and GRUNTS. Continues to wave the scarf over his head.)

MOTHER: Alakazam, stop it!

NEELA: Alakazam! Alakazam!

ALADDIN: (Jumps INTO VIEW from OFF RIGHT. He’s dressed in ragged fashion.) Alakazam, that’s enough. (Immediately, ALAKAZAM stops his antics and steps to his master. ALADDIN, arms akimbo, looks down at the MONKEY.) Aren’t you ashamed of yourself? Carrying on like a naughty child. That scarf doesn’t belong to you. Where did you get it? (ALAKAZAM shrugs.) Give it here. (ALAKAZAM hands the scarf to ALADDIN. He looks carefully at it.) It’s a nice scarf. (ALAKAZAM nods agreement.)

MERCHANT WOMAN: (Holds out the egg.) Thanks to you, Aladdin, this egg is worthless.

NEIGHBOR: (Holds up torn curtain pieces.) Thanks to Alakazam, this curtain is beyond repair. Besides, monkeys smell and scratch.

ALADDIN: (Steps to MERCHANT WOMAN.) One thousand pardons. Hunger overcame me, and I knew you had the freshest and finest eggs in all of Shammar. I couldn’t resist. (Holds out the scarf.) Won’t you accept this as payment?

MERCHANT WOMAN: I don’t want payment. I want you to stop your mischief.

ALADDIN: (Puts the scarf into her hand, jumps to baskets. Picks up two apples. Holds them out to NEIGHBOR.) I apologize for my monkey. Won’t you take these apples and let me know he’s forgiven?
NEIGHBOR: You have a great deal of charm, Aladdin. It's not easy to stay angry with you. It's your poor mother and sister I feel sorry for. You're a dreamer.

MERCHANT WOMAN: You're lazy.

NEELA: You're incorrigible.

MOTHER: You're never around when you're needed. In short—

ALL: You're Aladdin! *(ALADDIN bows comically to MERCHANTS. If possible, he does a cartwheel or somersault. From OFFSTAGE LEFT, we hear the BOOM-BOOM-BOOM of a DRUM and the CRASH of CYMBALS, followed by the roaring voice of CHOP-CHOP, the Royal Executioner.)*

CHOP-CHOP'S VOICE: *(From OFF LEFT.)* Inside! Inside! Shut the doors and bar the windows! It is forbidden to look upon the face of the Princess Jasmine!

NEIGHBOR: Oh! Oh! It's the Royal Executioner.

MERCHANT WOMAN: From the palace!

NEELA: What's he shouting?

MOTHER: I can't make it out.

CHOP-CHOP: *(ENTERS, walking in stately fashion, consumed with self-importance. He is turbanned and carries a large, curved sword [scimitar]. Walks CENTER as he continues to yell out his message.)* Inside! Inside! Shut the doors and bar the windows! It is forbidden to look upon the face of the Princess Jasmine!

ALADDIN: *(Fearless.)* Excuse me, sir. But are you Chop-Chop, the Royal Executioner?

CHOP-CHOP: Why else would I carry a curved blade?

ALADDIN: I only ask because there's also a Chop-Chop who sells used camels and a Chop-Chop who sells rancid cooking oil and a Chop-Chop who—

CHOP-CHOP: There is only one Chop-Chop who matters. Me! *(Hoping to placate the EXECUTIONER'S wrath, the WOMEN applaud. Pleased.)* Thank you. Most kind.

ALADDIN: May I introduce my monkey? Alakazam. *(ALAKAZAM jumps forward, bows. CHOP-CHOP is unimpressed.)*

CHOP-CHOP: I have little to do with monkeys. They smell and they scratch. *(ALAKAZAM makes a nasty face at CHOP-CHOP, insulted.)*

NEIGHBOR: My own words.

ALADDIN: May I ask, sir, what it is an executioner does at the palace?

ALADDIN: Yes, but what do you chop?

CHOP-CHOP: Heads, mostly. (WOMEN gasp.) Sometimes hands. It really doesn't matter. I'm not particular.

ALADDIN: (Takes CHOP-CHOP’S hand and pumps it.) Delighted to make your acquaintance, sir.

CHOP-CHOP: To whom does this strange boy belong?

MOTHER: I am his mother, sir. I am a widow. (Indicates baskets.) A poor woman who sells apples and vegetables.

NEELA: I am his sister.

CHOP-CHOP: If I were you two, I'd keep the fellow locked up. I think the boy may be mad. No one has ever shaken the hand of the Royal Executioner. It isn’t done.

MERCHANT WOMAN: You don’t know Aladdin.

NEIGHBOR: He does whatever he wants.

ALADDIN: Sir, why must no one look upon the face of Princess Jasmine?

CHOP-CHOP: It’s a rule.

ALADDIN: Yes, but why is it a rule?

CHOP-CHOP: You ask too many questions, boy. (From OFFSTAGE LEFT, another burst of BOOM, BOOM, BOOM and CRASH of CYMBALS. CHOP-CHOP becomes all business, threatens one and all with the curved sword.) Dispatch yourselves to your homes! At once! Otherwise, I chop and I chop. (He chops RIGHT and LEFT with the sword. WOMEN scream! MOTHER and NEELA run OFF DOWN LEFT. ALAKAZAM grabs the scarf from MERCHANT WOMAN, runs OFF DOWN RIGHT. MERCHANT WOMAN and NEIGHBOR run OFF RIGHT.) I chop and I chop.

ALADDIN: (Fascinated by CHOP-CHOP’S exaggerated performance.) I love watching you with that sword. Have you ever thought of taking up juggling? (Taking this as a great insult, CHOP-CHOP lifts the sword over his head preparing to bring it down on ALADDIN. Swiftly, ALADDIN jumps aside, and the sword slices at the ground. ALADDIN escapes after ALAKAZAM DOWN RIGHT.)

CHOP-CHOP: (Annoyed by his miss.) Wretched boy. Next time, I won’t miss. (Summons all his dignity and parades OFF LEFT. Calls out as he EXITS.) Inside! Inside! Shut the doors and bar the windows!
It is forbidden to look upon the face of Princess Jasmine! (As soon as CHOP-CHOP makes his EXIT, we hear GIRLISH LAUGHTER from OFFSTAGE LEFT. A pause, and then PRINCESS JASMINE and her two serving ladies, ZARA and SHEBA, hurry IN LEFT. They step DOWN CENTER. PRINCESS JASMINE has a half-veil but, at the moment, she isn’t wearing it across her face.)

PRINCESS JASMINE: I tell you, it was a monkey that stole my scarf. I don’t know where he came from. One moment he wasn’t there and the next he was.

ZARA: Princess, it’s forbidden to leave the procession.

PRINCESS JASMINE: I’m tired of obeying regulations.

SHEBA: But your mother will be so angry.

PRINCESS JASMINE: I’ve never seen the streets of Shammar, and I’m curious about the city. I can’t stay behind palace walls forever. Especially as I’m to be married soon.

ZARA: Let us return to the procession.

SHEBA: Otherwise, Princess Jasmine, Zara and I might receive a visit from Chop-Chop. A professional visit.

PRINCESS JASMINE: Don’t be foolish. Do you think I’d ever permit harm to come to either of you? (ALAKAZAM runs IN DOWN RIGHT, CHATTERING wildly and waving the scarf over his head.) Look! It’s the monkey with my scarf!

ALADDIN’S VOICE: (From OFF RIGHT.) Alakazam, come back here! (ALADDIN runs IN RIGHT. On instinct, PRINCESS JASMINE puts the veil to her face. ALADDIN suddenly notices the GIRLS, bows.) Ladies.

ZARA: Your monkey has stolen that scarf.

ALADDIN: Then the scarf belongs to you.

SHEBA: No.

PRINCESS JASMINE: (Lowers veil.) The scarf belongs to me.

SHEBA: You foolish boy. You shouldn’t be here.

ZARA: You could lose your life. (Indicates PRINCESS JASMINE.) This is—

PRINCESS JASMINE: (Quickly cutting her off.) My name is... Yolanda. (Introduces.) This is Sheba and Zara. We are serving ladies to Princess Jasmine.

ALADDIN: (To AUDIENCE.) To set eyes on three beauties in one day. Fate is kind. Yolanda is the real treasure. (Snaps.) Alakazam, give me that scarf. (ALAKAZAM shakes his head.) If you don’t give me
that scarf, you’ll never see another banana. *(Fast, ALAKAZAM hands the scarf to ALADDIN. He steps to the PRINCESS and holds out the scarf.)* One thousand and one apologies, Yolanda. If I knew my monkey had stolen from you, I would have scolded him harshly. *(ALAKAZAM pouts out to the AUDIENCE.)*

**PRINCESS JASMINE:** *(Takes the scarf.)* What is your name?

**ALADDIN:** Everyone in the city of Shammar knows my name.

**ZARA/SHEBA:** We don’t.

**ALADDIN:** I’m Aladdin. And this is Alakazam.

**PRINCESS JASMINE:** *(To AUDIENCE.)* He’s quite sure of himself. I like that quality. His eyes are bright and steady, and he makes me smile.

**QUEEN SULTANA’S VOICE:** *(From OFFSTAGE LEFT.)* Once she is found, she’s to be kept under lock and key!

**SULTAN’S VOICE:** Yes, my dear. Whatever you say, my dear.

**QUEEN SULTANA’S VOICE:** Lock and key!

**ZARA:** The queen!

**SHEBA:** Sultana!

**PRINCESS JASMINE:** Quick, Aladdin! You must hide.

**ALADDIN:** *(Doesn’t wait for an explanation. The urgency of PRINCESS JASMINE’S words tells him it’s danger time.)* Let’s go, Alakazam! *(Runs OFF DOWN LEFT and ALAKAZAM follows, pausing only long enough to snatch away the scarf from the PRINCESS.)*

**GIRLS:** Oh! *(ALAKAZAM EXITS after his master, GRUNTING and HOOTING.)*

**QUEEN SULTANA:** *(Thunders IN LEFT. She’s a commanding lady. Her word is law, and almost everyone is afraid of her.)* There you are, Jasmine, daughter. Aren’t you ashamed of yourself? Bad princess! Running off from the Royal Procession. *(Points to ZARA and SHEBA.)* As for you two, it’s the palace dungeon.

**ZARA/SHEBA:** Oh! Oh!

**PRINCESS JASMINE:** You misunderstand, Mother. Zara and Sheba ran after me to take me back. They’re completely innocent. I only ran off to chase a monkey.

**QUEEN SULTANA:** To chase a monkey?

**ZARA:** The monkey stole Princess Jasmine’s scarf.

**QUEEN SULTANA:** What does one scarf matter?
ALI BUBBA’S VOICE: *(From OFF LEFT.)* But, sir, cousin Queen Sultana says I’m to marry Princess Jasmine.

SULTAN’S VOICE: *(From OFF LEFT.)* Maybe yes, maybe no. Depends. *(The SULTAN ENTERS LEFT. WOMEN bow. The SULTAN is dressed regally. He’s an intelligent man who fears only one thing: his wife. Walking behind him, holding a large umbrella over the SULTAN’S head, is a distant relative, ALI BUBBA. He’s a dolt, wearing an enormous turban. EXTRAS can be added to fill out the Royal Procession.)* Ah, there you are, daughter.

QUEEN SULTANA: I found her. No thanks to you, husband. *(SULTAN wincers. As the conversation plays, ALADDIN, curious, RE-ENTERS. He either stands out of sight, DOWN LEFT, or hides behind one of the large baskets.)*

ALI BUBBA: Cousin Queen Sultana.

QUEEN SULTANA: *(Sweetly.)* What is it, Ali Bubba?

ALI BUBBA: Am I not to marry Princess Jasmine?

SULTAN: I told you, that depends.

QUEEN SULTANA: Don’t interrupt, husband! *(SULTAN wincers.)*

PRINCESS JASMINE: *(To SHEBA and ZARA.)* I don’t want to marry Ali Bubba. *(PRINCESS JASMINE, SHEBA and ZARA step RIGHT—as if to get as far away from ALI BUBBA as possible.)*

QUEEN SULTANA: I think it would be a splendid match.

ALI BUBBA: *(Flat.)* Oh, good.

QUEEN SULTANA: After all, you are my third cousin twice removed. And I have always been most fond of your mother who is, of course, my second cousin twice removed. *(Thinks.)* Or is she my first cousin thrice removed? Or, maybe she’s my third cousin who never moved. It always confuses me.

SULTAN: You know the law of the land, wife. Anyone who wishes can petition for the hand of Princess Jasmine.

QUEEN SULTANA: They can petition, but that doesn’t mean they stand a chance. Right?

SULTAN: Wife knows best.

QUEEN SULTANA: Chop-Chop!

CHOP-CHOP: *(Immediately runs IN RIGHT.)* Here, Queen Sultana!

QUEEN SULTANA: Let the procession continue.

CHOP-CHOP: It shall be so. *(Does a RIGHT-FACE and marches OFF RIGHT.)* Inside! Inside! Shut the doors and bar the windows. It is
forbidden to look upon the face of the Princess Jasmine! (ZARA and SHEBA walk behind CHOP-CHOP. SULTAN steps to PRINCESS JASMINE. QUEEN SULTANA takes her husband's place under the umbrella. She and ALI BUBBA EXIT RIGHT in haughty fashion. OPTIONAL EXTRAS follow OUT.)

SULTAN: Come along, daughter. Time to return to the palace.

PRINCESS JASMINE: Father, I don't want to marry Ali Bubba. He's stupid and he's vain. All he wants to do is sit on cushions and eat figs.

SULTAN: Is that what you dislike about him?

PRINCESS JASMINE: That. And his turban.

SULTAN: His turban?

PRINCESS JASMINE: I never can tell when he's wearing the turban and when he isn't. His head is sooooo big.

SULTAN: Trust in fate, my daughter. Leave everything to kismet.

QUEEN SULTANA'S VOICE: (Roaring IN from OFF RIGHT.) Husband! Join the procession! Get in step!

SULTAN: (Wincs.) Coming, my turtle dove. (PRINCESS JASMINE covers her face with the half-veil. SULTAN and PRINCESS JASMINE EXIT RIGHT. ALADDIN pops up and cautiously steps after them. Looks OFF as the procession journeys on to the palace. ALAKAZAM ENTERS DOWN LEFT. He holds the scarf like a half-veil to his face, HOOTS.)

ALADDIN: What do you make of that, Alakazam? Yolanda was no Yolanda. She was the princess. (More MONKEY CHATTERING. ALADDIN turns, sees the scarf.) You are the nimble one. Give it here. (ALAKAZAM takes the scarf from his face, crosses to ALADDIN. Hands him the scarf. Lovingly, ALADDIN caresses the cloth.) I shall never part with this. Shall I tell you a secret, Alakazam? (ALAKAZAM shrugs.) One day I shall marry Princess Jasmine. (This is too much for ALAKAZAM. He cannot contain his laughter. He LAUGHS [monkey fashion], GRUNTS, HOOTS and rolls on the ground.) Go on. Have your fun. Laugh. That's what monkeys do best.

HALIMA: (ENTERS DOWN RIGHT. She holds a shawl to her face and looks mysterious.) You there, boy.

ALADDIN: (Turns to the sound of her voice.) You mean me?

HALIMA: I come from a great distance. I search for a boy with the name of Aladdin. Do you know of such a boy? (ALAKAZAM jumps to his feet and points to ALADDIN. HOOTS.)
ALADDIN: I’m Aladdin! And this is Alakazam.
HALIMA: *(Drops the shawl from her face.)* You are certain?
ALADDIN: I ought to know my own name. I am the only one named Aladdin in the city of Shammar.
HALIMA: Then the crystal didn’t lie.
ALADDIN: Crystal? *(HALIMA gestures OFFSTAGE and, in a moment, JAMMAL ENTERS DOWN RIGHT. HALIMA gestures to ALADDIN.)*
HALIMA: This is the boy you seek.
JAMMAL: *(Fake warmth.)* Aladdin, blood of my blood! *(Steps to ALADDIN and hugs him.)* Child of my dear brother. Tell me, Aladdin, does my dear brother still live?
ALADDIN: My father died long ago. I didn’t know he had a brother.
JAMMAL: I live far away, but I have returned to Shammar to claim something dear to me.
ALADDIN: What is that?
JAMMAL: All in good time. Aladdin, nephew, how would you like to be rich?
ALADDIN: Will it cost anything?
HALIMA: A little of your time. Nothing more.
ALADDIN: *(Refers to HALIMA.)* Who’s she?
JAMMAL: A servant of mine. Pay her no attention.
ALADDIN: We are very poor. I suppose you’ll want to meet my mother and my sister, Uncle.
JAMMAL: Later. Time is precious. The choice is yours. To stay poor or become rich.
ALADDIN: What do you think, Alakazam? Shall we chance it? Would you like to be rich? *(ALAKAZAM is thrilled. He jumps about, HOOTING and GRUNTING. Does an optional somersault.)* Alakazam is for it. He’s a greedy little monkey.
JAMMAL: A smart one, too. I can see that. *(To HALIMA.)* You will remain in the city. Acquaint yourself with the local gossip.
HALIMA: If that is your wish.
JAMMAL: *(Upbeat.)* Come, nephew. This is your lucky day. *(JAMMAL strides OFF LEFT.)*
ALADDIN: I’ll say. I meet my future bride. I meet an uncle I never knew I had. And I’m going to be rich. *(EXITS after JAMMAL.*
Scene Three

SETTING: A mountain path [FORESTAGE].

AT RISE: JAMMAL APPEARS on the FORESTAGE from EXTREME DOWN LEFT. He's impatient.

JAMMAL: Must you take such small steps?

ALADDIN: (ENTERS. Holds ALAKAZAM by the hand.) I'm tired, Uncle. You didn't say anything about journeying into the mountains. (ALAKAZAM CHATTERS in complaint.)

JAMMAL: Can't you keep that foul animal quiet?

ALADDIN: (To ALAKAZAM.) He's certainly changed his tune.

JAMMAL: The object I seek is located in the Valley of the Moon.

ALADDIN: Valley of the Moon! Is that where we're headed? That's miles from here. I'm thirsty. (ALAKAZAM CHATTERS.) So is Alakazam.

JAMMAL: You must learn to control your thirst. Once I have the lamp, you may drink until you burst.

ALADDIN: You're always talking about "the lamp." What's so special about it?

JAMMAL: (To AUDIENCE.) What's so special about that lamp? Shhhh! He doesn't know, and I'm not gonna tell him! (Shades his eyes with his hand and stares at the sky. As he does so, he moves DOWN RIGHT.)

ALADDIN: (Talks in a hushed tone to ALAKAZAM.) I don't like the way he's acting. To tell the truth, Alakazam, I don't think he is my uncle. I'm all for turning back.

JAMMAL: (Has overheard the last.) Turning back? Is that what you said?

ALADDIN: Why can't you get the lamp yourself?

JAMMAL: Because I would have to enter the cave. Entering caves is against my philosophy.

ALADDIN: (To AUDIENCE.) Whatever that means.

JAMMAL: We're wasting time.

ALADDIN: How do I know you won't take the lamp and leave me to die of thirst?

End of Script Sample
PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES

ACT ONE, Scene One: Jewelled dagger, book, rings (JAMMAL); crystal ball (HALIMA).

ACT ONE, Scene Two: Several large baskets (ONSTAGE); pole with papers attached (SCHERHERAZADE); small basket with apples (NEELA); egg (MERCHAND WOman); two halves of torn curtain (NEIGHBOR); scarf (ALAKAZAM); curved sword (CHOP-CHOP); large umbrella (ALI BUBBA); shawl (HALIMA).

ACT ONE, Scene Four: Old lamp, small table or rock formation, two large jars or baskets with "jewels" atop, stool, stepladder with steps on each side, or two stepladders (ONSTAGE); hanky (DRAGON); weighted sacks (ALAKAZAM).

ACT ONE, Scene Five: Crystal ball (HALIMA).

ACT ONE, Scene Six: Two bunches of carrots (NEELA); old lamp (ALADDIN); melon (ALAKAZAM); large silver platter with link of sausages, covered bowl or dish (GENIE OF THE LAMP); two small chairs or stools (CHOP-CHOP); beautiful shawl (GENIE OF THE LAMP); large umbrella, bag of figs (ALI BUBBA); platters with jewels (GENIE OF THE JEWELS, GENIE OF THE RING, GENIE OF THE LAMP, ALAKAZAM, DRAGON).

ACT TWO, Scene One: Pole with papers attached (SCHERHERAZADE); gong and hammer (CHOP-CHOP).

ACT TWO, Scene Two: Sofa, pillows, cushions, rug, two small tables, bowl of fruit, old lamp (ONSTAGE); gong and hammer (CHOP-CHOP); platter of jewels (GENIE OF THE RINGS); large umbrella (ALI BUBBA); parchment scroll (ALADDIN); weighted sack with shiny new lamp (JAMMAL).

ACT TWO, Scene Three: Cardboard cutout to suggest a shrunken palace, pole (GENIE OF THE LAMP).

ACT TWO, Scene Four: Sofa, pillows, cushions, rug, two small tables, bowl of fruit (ONSTAGE); bottle with two cups, fan (SHEBA); tiny bottle (ALADDIN); magic lamp on string (JAMMAL); small hoop or horn with strips of red paper to suggest flames (DRAGON); jewelled dagger (JAMMAL); new lamp (HALIMA).

SOUND
Howling wind, thunder, drum, crash of cymbals, gong, slamming of cave door (optional).
FLEXIBLE CASTING

Alakazam, Dragon, Neighbor can be played as either male or female. If you wish, the Genie of the Lamp can be played as a male. Extras can be added, if desired, as citizens of Shammar and/or members of the sultan’s court.

LIGHTING

Optional red spot for the Genie of the Ring, blackouts.

COSTUMES

The location and time of the play is “Storybook Arabia,” so the costuming can be a curious mixture of Arabic and Chinese garb. Baggy trousers, turbans, long shirts, kaftans (caftans), sashes, long sleeves, veils, suitable pajamas, jewelry. In ACT ONE, Aladdin, Mother and Neela are dressed shabbily, but in ACT TWO they are dressed in handsome fashion—particularly Aladdin. A pair of curled-toe slippers for Ali Bubba will get a laugh, and his turban should be ridiculously large.

ABOUT THE DRAGON

Anything goes. He can look like a large lizard (think Godzilla)—or for a theatrically stunning effect, he might be a Chinese dragon. That is, a huge colorful “head” with the actor beneath.

DRAGON BREATHES “FIRE”

In the last scene, the old dragon “gets his breath back.” Actor holds a small wooden “hoop” (sewing hoop works fine) or horn to his mouth. Some red-colored strips of paper or cloth are attached and the actor simply exhales with all the force he/she has to make the strips flutter. Corny, but it will get a laugh.

DRESSING UP THE STAGE

As written, the play can be performed with the most basic of props. Even the lighting effects can be dispensed with. Naturally, however, they add a great deal. A painted backdrop showing the city of Shammar would be a plus. The ladders in the cave scene should be painted dark and some cutout rocks for the cave would look atmospheric (remember—don’t light the cave too brightly).

NO CURTAIN

No curtain, no problem. A scene is played on the forestage and, when it ends, the actors exit and the full-stage scene plays. If you have the lighting resources, simply light the forestage and keep the full-stage in
darkness. When forestage scene finishes, lights down and up on full-stage. Play can easily work with arena staging, as well.

JEWELS IN JAR

We see the sparkling jewels in the large jars or baskets (cave scene), and we assume the jars are full. Simply put a plate or a pan near the top of the jar and scatter the jewels atop. Nice touch if you can have a lamp in the jar shining up so the jewels will “glow” (even a flashlight will work). Paint some light bulbs various colors to suggest really big gems.

COMEDY

Never pass up a chance for a laugh. The antics of Alakazam, the haughtiness of the Queen Sultana, the chases and AUDIENCE byplay will all add to the success of the play. If you want to stretch the humor, Ali Bubba might speak with an exaggerated Southern accent (remember it’s “Bubba” not Baba); and when Halima is transformed into a lamp saleswoman, she might hold out a lava lamp or some outrageous contemporary lighting fixture.

MISCELLANEOUS

Jammal should be played as a villain—pure evil. This makes his new personality in the final scene hilarious. If the actor can perform a couple of magic tricks, work them in somewhere.
THE MAGICAL LAMP OF ALADDIN
Basic Floor Plans

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