

Characters

Abanazer (M)	-	The Villain
Aladdin (M/F)	-	Widow Twankee's son
Wishee Washee (M/F)	-	Aladdin's brother
Widow Twankee (M)	-	The Dame, Aladdin's Mother
Princess Ming (F)	-	Emperor Ming's daughter
Emperor Ming (M)	-	The Emperor of China
Genie of the Lamp (M/F)	-	The magic Genie
Footman (M/F)	-	Emperor Ming's footman
Prince Fluff (M)	-	An English Prince
Ali Baba (M)	-	Local Entrepreneur

Act 1

Scene 1 – Abanazer’s Palace

(The Palace is a little tatty and sparsely decorated)

Wishee: **(OS)** Hello? Hellooooo? **(Wishee enters, looks around for a moment and then notices the audience)** Oh, hello there. **(Lukewarm response)** Sorry – have I come at a bad time? **(Motions to leave the stage)** My name is Wishee Washee **(waits for a reaction)**, Aladdin's brother? You've heard of Aladdin haven't you? This *is* **(Checks a bit of paper)** *[name of venue]* isn't it? **(Response)** Oh good, I'm meeting Abanazer here for a job interview you see. Have you seen Abanazer anywhere?

(Abanazer enters. Whenever Abanazer enters we hear a short sinister theme tune of the ‘dun dun duuur’ type. Abanazer stands behind Wishee though Wishee is clearly unaware Abanazer is in the room)

Wishee: Have you seen Abanazer anywhere boys and girls?

(The audience shout ‘He’s behind you’)

Wishee: He’s behind who?

Abanazer: I’m behind *you*

(Wishee freezes and looks round slowly)

Wishee: **(Unconvincingly)** I knew that

Abanazer: You must be here for the job interview?

Wishee: Yes, that’s right

Abanazer: Well, you should know that whenever I walk into a room you'll hear this noise.

(Abanazer’s theme tune plays once more)

Abanazer: It’s quite annoying actually. Whenever I walk into a room – **(Sings)** Dun Dun Duur. When I come out of the changing rooms in Burtons, **(sings)** Dun Dun Duur. It’s embarrassing. **(Sighs)** I also carry the Eastenders theme tune around with me – just in case anything dramatic happens.

Wishee: Like what?

Abanazer: **(In the style of Alan Sugar)** You’re fired!

(The drums from the beginning of the Eastenders theme tune play)

Abanazer: Just joking, I haven't even hired you yet! **(sniffs)** What *is* that smell?

Wishee: What smell?

Abanazer: It smells, well, childreny

Wishee: **(Sniffs)** I can't smell anything

Abanazer: Do you want this job or not?

Wishee: **(Sniffs again)** Phooo! Yeah, *very* childreny.

Abanazer: I hate children, **(looks around)** with their wide eyed innocence and misplaced optimism - It's coming from this direction **(he points into the audience and sniffs once more)** I knew it - who do you lot think you're staring at?

(Audience boo)

Abanazer: **(To Wishee)** Do you normally bring hundreds of people with you to job interviews?

Wishee: **(Stage whisper)** I think they might be our audience you know, they keep on staring at us and they haven't moved for the last five minutes. I think we should be nice to them.

Abanazer: One thing you'll learn quickly if you get the job as my assistant is that I am nice to no one - not even myself. In fact when I went to the shop earlier, I didn't buy a Wispa, just to spite myself and do you know why I walk like I have money in my shoes?

Wishee: No

Abanazer: Because I have! Anyhoo – **(to audience)** do you lot never take baths? You stink!

(The audience boo)

Abanazer: Oh be quiet. I'll ignore the fact that there are hundreds of people in my front room for the time being and get on with this job interview.

Wishee: Ok

Abanazer: **(He picks up a clipboard and pen)** What attracted you to the position of 'Henchman'?

Wishee: Well, I wanted a new challenge. I've been working in my mother's laundry since I was a young boy and I'm sick of folding clothes.

Abanazer: You do know that this job involves folding my underpants?

Wishee: When I say sick, I meant, wanted to fold *more* clothes - especially underpants.

Abanazer: I see. Well, I'm looking for someone brave and intrepid but he must have no mind of his own and do anything he is told.

Wishee: I'm very good at all of the things that you just said.

Abanazer: If I am to hire an assistant, he has to have a good strong name - something that will strike fear into the hearts of my enemies. So, my third question is what is your name?

Wishee: **(Unconvincingly)** Arnold Schwarzenegger

Abanazer: What is your real name?

Wishee: Wishee Washee

Abanazer: Hmmm - It's a bit, wishy-washy isn't it? Do you mind if I call you 'Titan'?

Wishee: Not at all – I like it.

Abanazer: Ok Titan, third question. Do you have a full driving licence?

Wishee: Full? Yeah - it's full of points

Abanazer: Have you ever had an accident?

Wishee: **(Adjusting his trousers)** Sorry - I get nervous in interviews

Abanazer: Quite. Well, you seem suitable so I shall reveal to you my plan. As you can see, my palace is not what it used to be.

Wishee: What did it used to be?

Abanazer: A Chinese takeaway. You see I moved here to Peking in China from Egypt many years ago but I didn't think it through – they've got loads of Chinese takeaways here. Now I'm poor and unhappy. There are only two things that make me happy – money and power. My plan is to depose Emperor Ming, the Emperor of China and rule the east!

Wishee: How are you going to do that then?

Abanazer: **(Looks like he has a plan only to suddenly look dejected)** I have no idea. That's where you come in.

Wishee: I'm already in!

Abanazer: Shush, I need you to devise a plan, a foolproof plan to help me take over the Empire and become rich beyond my wildest dreams – and I've had some pretty wild dreams I can tell you!

Wishee: Well – there's always the Wishing Tree.

Abanazer: Who's in the what now?

Wishee: The Wishing Tree. You must have heard of the Wishing Tree?

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Abanazer: That's just a fairy story. We're talking about real life here. **(exasperated)** We're not acting out some pantomime you know.

Wishee: No, it *is* real! I overheard my brother Aladdin talking about it the other day. It's somewhere in the Himalaya Mountains. If you take a bite of the Wishing Tree's fruit, it will turn your innermost desire into reality.

Abanazer: Really? Well that sounds like just the ticket – what are we waiting for?

Wishee: Only the Genie of the lamp knows the exact location of the tree.

Abanazer: A Genie eh? Where does this Genie of the lamp live?

Wishee: In a lamp.

Abanazer: **(Exasperated)** - and where is the lamp?

Wishee: Not sure. I could Google it or look on Wikipedia?

Abanazer: I don't have the internet, I've got no money. We're you even listening? This all seems needlessly over complicated.

Wishee: Look, I'll prove my worth to you. My brother Aladdin has loads of books on Genies and things. Why don't we go and ask him?

Abanazer: Something tells me this isn't going to end well. **(To audience)** Are you stinking lot still here? **(Boos)** Oh, be quiet, I'm a pantomime baddie, what did you expect? Sweets? Come on Titan, we've got an Empire to hijack.

(Abanazer cackles manically. Abanazer and Wishee leave. Tabs close.)

Scene 2 – Emperor’s palace

(Princess Ming is sitting on the floor with her legs crossed filling in a crossword.)

Princess: **(Writing)** B – U – M. There, finished. **(Notices audience)** Ooh, you’re early. I was just doing a crossword waiting for you to pop by. **(Stands)** Hello boys and girls. **(Response)** Hello Mums and Dads. **(Response)** Hello anybody I’ve missed out **(Response)**. My name is Princess Ming, Princess of the Ming Dynasty that rules China and daughter of the Emperor of the great Ming Empire, Emperor Ming. In fact, my whole family are Mingers. I’m so lonely boys and girls. **(Encourages sympathy from the audience)** I’m lonelier than that. **(Encourages more sympathy)**. Actually, I’m a little *less* lonely than that. **(Encourages an amount of sympathy between the two previous amounts)** Yes, about that lonely. I always thought that one day I’d grow up and marry a prince. I’ve heard that the prince of Mongolia is having a ball this year. Maybe he’ll invite me and I’ll dance with him and we’ll get married! Just one dance and then marriage – that’s how all the best Pantomime marriages happen! **(Lost in a dream)** Oh, I love the Prince’s balls.

(Emperor Ming enters)

Emperor: Yes, your Aunty Ming was telling me the other day that his balls are magnificent. He usually holds his balls twice a year. **(To audience)** Watch it you lot. Last year he had two balls but this year, only one.

Princess: Daddy!

Emperor: Hello Princess. What is troubling you on this fine Pekingese day?

Princess: I’m so lonely father. Do you think I’ll ever meet a man?

Emperor: I’m a man – you’ve met me. What’s the problem?

Princess: I mean a husband, someone who loves me.

Emperor: Of course you will – you’re a Princess. Everybody wants to marry a Princess. Remember that bloke who cut the brambles down when you fell asleep for one hundred years that time?

Princess: Yes but I had to dump him because he had smelly feet

Emperor: What about the one who climbed up your hair?

Princess: **(Sadly)** He was more into Kung-Fu than romance

Emperor: The one who kissed you after you ate that poisoned apple?

Princess: I liked him but he had a hairy back.

Emperor: A bit picky don't you think?

Princess: Prickly, not picky. If you let me out more I might meet someone in the real world. I want to do things real people do like raving, watching Love Island and going to Asda.

Emperor: I can't let you go out there (**indicates the audience**) – there are common people out there.

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Princess: Daddy, don't be so rude! All the boys and girls are my friends and they're really nice people. Aren't you boys and girls? (**Response**)

Emperor: Boys and girls? In the Forbidden City? It's called the Forbidden City for a reason you know! (**looks out into the audience**) Argh! What are you lot doing in here? GUARDS! GUARDS!

Princess: Calm down dear, it's a pantomime. Just say hello to them, they won't bite. They're friendly, aren't you boys and girls?

(Response)

Emperor: Oh not you're not.

(Audience response with 'Oh yes we are')

Emperor: (**To Princess**) What if they attack me?

Princess: Don't be silly – go and say hello.

(The Emperor acts cagily then shuffles to the front of the stage)

Emperor: (**Nervously**) Hi? (**Retreats quickly**) See, they don't like me.

Princess: Don't be daft, just say hello properly.

Emperor: (**Moves upstage once more**) Hello boys and girls.

(Response. He retreats once more.)

Emperor: Nope. I don't trust them. You're *not* marrying one of *them*.

Princess: But why Daddy? They're lovely.

Emperor: Two reasons really. One – they’re all really creepy looking and two – you will have to marry a rich prince because we’ve run out of cash. I spent our last million yen on that big statue of Gok Wan. He helped me pick out this *Hanfu* actually. **(He proudly shows off his silk robes)**

Princess: We’ve run out of cash?

Emperor: I’m afraid so. You wouldn’t believe how much it costs to heat this palace and there’s a credit crunch on you know.

Princess: Well I hope I’m still getting a pony for Christmas?

Emperor: Not unless you marry a rich prince in the next two weeks.

Princess: But Daddy, this is awful. I want to marry for love and I really really want a pony. If you force me to marry someone I don’t love, I’ll – I’ll run away.

Emperor: **(Dismissively takes out a notebook and pen)** Whatever – now, I’m going to make a list of eligible rich Princes. You’re bound to like one of them.

(While the Emperor is listing Princes he turns his back on the Princess who is aghast that her Father isn’t taking her seriously. She leaves huffily mid-list.)

Emperor: Now, there’s the Prince of Mongolia, as we mentioned before. The Prince of Korea, the Prince of Vietnam, Ant and Dec, Wallace and Gromit, Simon and Garfunkel **(The Emperor turns to find his daughter has left the stage)** Princess? Princess? **(Approaches the audience cagily)** Excuse me – erm – nice boys and girls – you didn’t see where the Princess went did you? **(The Emperor is frightened off by the audience’s response)** Never mind.

(The Emperor leaves quickly. Tabs close)

Scene 3 – The Market

(Widow Twankee enters front of tabs carrying a washing basket with dirty clothes in it)

Widow: **(Shouting)** Bring out your pants. Bring out your pants. Dirty pants? Show us your pants!

(A pair of pants is thrown from behind the tabs and they land on Widow's head)

Widow: Ooh, I feel like Harry Styles. **(She picks the pants up tentatively and puts them in her washing basket)** Dirty pants? Any dirty pants? **(Notices the audience)** Hello there – any dirty pants? Actually, I don't think I want to know do I? My name is Widow Twankee. I'm a Widow – **(Ahh)** yes, ahhh – I lost my husband recently. We were playing hide and seek. I can't find him anywhere. Come to think of it, I didn't check the cupboard under the stairs – he's probably in there. Still, I'm glad of the peace and quiet. I have two sons, Aladdin and Wishee Washee. I know that's a bit of a strange name for a boy but I run a laundry service in the market you see and I named him after my job - Wishee Washee. There are a lot of people in the town who's names reflect the jobs that they do. There's Mr Cobbler the shoe maker, there's Mr Bun the baker and then there's the guy who runs the burger van outside, Mr Runs. Ooh look, here's Aladdin now.

(Aladdin enters struggling with a big laundry basket full of clothes)

Aladdin: Mum, where's Wishee Washee? I've had to do twice as much work since he left.

Widow: He rang me this morning actually, he said he's got a new job. He's not coming back so you'll just have to pick up the slack.

Aladdin: What? I'm having enough trouble trying to pick up this basket! Why can't I leave and get a new job?

Widow: I can't do this all by myself and who else am I going to get to do as much work as you for free? Now let's get back to the laundry and get these clothes washed.

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(Tabs open to reveal a bustling market place.)

Bring out your pants. Dirty pants?

Aladdin: **(Struggling with the basket once more)** Mum. Why can't we run a sandwich shop or something?

Widow: I can't make sandwiches. The only way we're going to be able to give up working in the laundry is if you manage to woo a rich Princess.

Aladdin: Woo?

Widow: Yes. Woo!

Aladdin: How do I do that then?

Widow: I'm not sure. It's been a while since I had someone chasing me.

Aladdin: What about yesterday when you short changed Mr Wong?

Widow: Well, yes – but you can't do that to a Princess. Look, I'm going to get these clothes on a boil wash. I'll be back in a minute.

(Widow leaves)

Aladdin: Hello boys and girls. **(Response)** I don't like working in this laundry. It's smelly and this basket is really heavy. **(Dreamily)** I wish a Princess would come past – I'd kiss her, I would! I'd marry her and live in her castle far far away.

(Princess Ming hurries onto the stage. She taps Aladdin on the shoulder to get his attention.)

Princess: Excuse me?

Aladdin: Yes?

(They stare at each other, clearly in love.)

(Song 1)

Aladdin: **(Acting like a Ghost)** Whooooooooo!

Princess: What are you doing?

Aladdin: I'm wooing you. My mother said I should woo you. Whooooooooo!

Princess: Erm – ok.

Aladdin: My name is Aladdin.

Princess: My name is Princess Ming. I'm from the Forbidden City.

Aladdin: Princess, do you believe in love at first sight?

Princess: Yes I do. But don't you think we should get to know each other first?

Aladdin: Ok, what is your favourite food?

Princess: Sweet and sour Chicken. What is your favourite film?

Aladdin: Enter the Dragon

(Widow Twankee enters)

Widow: Did someone call?

Aladdin: No mum. Look, it's Princess Ming from the Forbidden City.

Widow: Pleased to meet you. My name is Widow Twankee. Has my son tried to woo you?

Princess: Unfortunately.

Aladdin: Would you like to go for a drink later?

Princess: That would be lovely.

(They look lovingly into each other's eyes, link hands and move towards each other as if they are going to kiss. Just before they do, Emperor Ming enters.)

Emperor: Stop! It is an offence to kiss a Princess in a public place.

Widow: You want to be thankful he wasn't kissing her in a private place.

Emperor: Be quiet peasant. My daughter is to marry a rich Prince – she could never marry someone from a poor family such as yours. Come with me my daughter, you're going straight to your room without any supper.

Princess: But Daddy, I love Aladdin.

Emperor: I don't care. You're going to marry a rich man and that's final.

(The Emperor marches the Princess from the stage. She waves a sad farewell to Aladdin. He does likewise.)

Aladdin: **(To Widow)** Do you think she still wants to go for a drink?

Widow: Well, now's your chance. You can rescue a genuine damsel in distress! How romantic. **(Lost in a vision)** I wish someone would come and take *me* away.

Aladdin: You don't know how many times I've wished the same thing.

(Abanazer and Wishee enter. Abanazer's theme tune plays. Abanazer gazes around annoyed, trying to work out where the tune is coming from.)

Widow: Wishee! Have you come back to work at the Laundry?

Wishee: No, I've got a new job – I'm working for Abanazer, the finest criminal mastermind –

(Abanazer nudges Wishee and interrupts him)

Aladdin: Wishee! Guess what? I've got a date!

Wishee: So what. I've got an apple. **(He produces an apple from his pocket)**

Aladdin: No, a *real* date.

Wishee: It's a *real* apple.

Aladdin: I'm meeting Princess Ming for a drink later – if her father ever lets her out of the Palace again. Problem is, he said he'd never let his daughter marry someone poor.

Abanazer: **(Sarcastically)** Fascinating. Anyway, we're here to see *you* Aladdin. We need some advice.

Aladdin: Really? What about?

Wishee: The Genie of the lamp.

Aladdin: Genie you say? Well, it's funny you should say that because I happen to have a copy of Genie weekly here in my back pocket. What do you need to know?

Abanazer: We need to know how to find him. He has some – how shall I say – information that could be useful to us.

Widow: A Genie? They grant wishes don't they?

Aladdin: They do **(flicks idly through his magazine)** if you had 3 wishes mum, what would you wish for?

Widow: Ooh, well, let's see. Number one, I'd wish to be better at counting, number four, I'd wish for a better memory and number 3, I'd wish to be better at counting.

Aladdin: Quite. **(Opens his magazine at the correct page)** Now, Genie in a bottle... I dream of Genie... ah here, the Genie of the lamp. It says here that that the lamp is lost in the ancient caves of Plop. It also says that no one who has ever entered the cave has ever come back out and there's a bit at the bottom about how to make Egg Foo Yung. Ooh wait, it says here 'The Genie has mad skills so he who finds the lamp will have riches beyond his wildest dreams'.

Wishee: Abanazer here has had some pretty wild dreams.

(They all look at Wishee with confused expressions. Abanazer scowls in Wishee's direction)

Wishee: What? He told me he has.

Aladdin: The Genie can grant wishes and perform magic.

Abanazer: Can you get this lamp for us?

Aladdin: I can show you where the cave is but I'm not sure about going in.

Abanazer: Come on – it can't be harder than just doing a bit of pot holing? You could write a book about your adventures like Bear Grylls.

Aladdin: **(Sarcastically)** That'll be a good book. Page one 'went into a dark cave. Saw lots of darkness and rocks'. It'll be a thrill a minute that one.

Wishee: I thought you said the Emperor wouldn't let you marry his daughter because you are poor? If you get this lamp, you'll be rich! He can't stop you then.

Aladdin: I don't know, I was planning on going to *Baboon World* this afternoon – what do you think boys and girls. Should I go and get the lamp?
(Response) They're all shouting different things. Alright, I'll do it. Mother I'm off to seek our fortune.

Widow: Where are you going? There are vests to be rinsed.

Aladdin: Peking

Widow: You'll do no such thing. You can get arrested for that.

Aladdin: What?

Widow: Peeking. The police have already had to confiscate your binoculars once.

Aladdin: No, the Peking caves of Plop. I'm going to find the Genie of the lamp.

Widow: Well don't be too long. There's more pants to wash than I can shake a stick at.

Abanazer: Let us leave, there is no time to spare – and leave your mother to shake her stick at some pants. **(To Widow)** I'm not here to judge!

Aladdin: Bye boys and girls. **(Response)**

(Aladdin, Wishee and Abanazer leave)

Widow: Bring out your pants. Dirty Pants?

(Tabs close)

Scene 4 – The Cave

(Wishee, Aladdin and Abanazer enter front of tabs. Abanazer's theme tune plays)

Abanazer: (Looking around) Where *does* that come from?

Aladdin: Here's the entrance to the cave

Wishee: How do you know?

(A sign saying 'Cave Entrance' pops out of the curtains)

Wishee: Oh!

Abanazer: Go on then. In you get.

Aladdin: I'm not going in there, it's all dark.

Abanazer: It's a cave, what did you expect? Disneyland?

Wishee: Think of all the treasure and riches.

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Aladdin: Will you come with me?

Wishee: Eh? Oh, erm, argh – (He grabs his ankle dramatically) I've fractured my sock. I can't walk etcetera.

Abanazer: Titan, I want that lamp! It's your job to make sure I get it.

Aladdin: Titan?

Wishee: (To Aladdin) What? It's a good name.

Aladdin: Will you come with me (suppressing a snigger) Titan?

(Wishee looks at Abanazer who returns a steely gaze)

Wishee: (submissively) Yes, alright.

Aladdin: The magazine article said I have to shout some magic words. (Shouting) Open Sesame. (Nothing happens) Open Sesame. (Again, nothing happens)

Wishee: What if we get the boys and girls to help?

Aladdin: Yes, that might do it. Ok, after three, I want you all to shout out open sesame ok? 1... 2... 3...

(Audience shout 'Open Sesame'. The cave/tabs open wide enough for Wishee and Aladdin to enter. They go through the curtains onto the stage, though the stage lights remain off and the tabs remain slightly ajar though Aladdin and Wishee are not visible to the audience. They continue their lines behind tabs.)

Abanazer: Have you found anything yet?

Aladdin: Yes

Abanazer: What?

Aladdin: Darkness

Wishee: – and rocks. I forgot to say actually, I'm scared of the dark. Ooh, what's this wet pointy thing?

Aladdin: That's my nose. Get off. Right, I'm coming out, I can't find anything.

Abanazer: You have to find the lamp and the Genie if you are to marry the Princess.

Wishee: He's got a point. Do you have any night vision goggles?

Aladdin: I'm going to have to have therapy after this you know. Oh, I've found the lamp!

Abanazer: Excellent! Right, bring it here!!

Aladdin: Hang on. How do I know that if I give you the lamp, you'll wish for riches and give them to me?

Abanazer: You have my word. Now gimme the lamp! **(Manically)** Gimme gimme!!

Aladdin: I don't even know you. Boys and girls, should I give Abanazer the lamp? **(Audience response)** They don't think I should.

Abanazer: Yes but they're from *[local town]*, what do they know? **(Audience boo)** Bring me the lamp or I will shut you in the cave.

Wishee: Just give him the lamp Aladdin.

Aladdin: You won't shut me in the cave, you want the lamp too much.

Abanazer: Oh no I don't.

(Audience shout ‘Oh yes you do’)

Wishee: Oh no, now I’ve stood in something. Give him the lamp Aladdin.

Abanazer: Too late. I will go and find someone else and bring him here to get me the lamp. I’m going to shut you in the cave. Seal Sesame.

(The first few bars of the Eastenders theme tune plays. There is a crack of thunder and a lighting effect to suggest magic has sealed the cave. The tabs close completely. Abanazer exits in a mood, muttering to himself.)

Wishee: I’m a celebrity, get me out of here! I don’t want to work for Abanazer any more. I want to go back home and work in the Laundry. It was light and warm.

Aladdin: Don’t panic Titan - I’ll give the lamp a rub.

(SFX. Explosion. The tabs open and the lights illuminate the stage to reveal a cave adorned with treasure chests and jewels. The Genie is standing behind Wishee and Aladdin though they do not notice him.)

Wishee: Wow! This cave is amazing.

Aladdin: Just as I imagined it.

Wishee: Look **(Picks up a small brown ball)** it truly *is* magical. These muffins look delicious! **(Takes a bite)**

Genie: They’re troll droppings!

(Wishee spits out the ‘muffin’. They turn round and are startled by the Genie’s presence)

Genie: I am the Genie of the lamp.

Aladdin: **(Looking him up and down)** Are you sure?

Genie: Yes. Why wouldn’t I be sure?

Aladdin: You don’t look much like a Genie. You’re supposed to be really tall and have a pony tail. Don’t you even have a pair of satin trousers?

Genie: Yeah – I’ve sat in *all* my trousers.

Aladdin: No, satin trousers, not trousers that you’ve sat in.

Genie: Oh.

- Aladdin:** (To Wishee) I knew I should have gone to *Baboon world*.
- Genie:** I *am* a Genie and I will prove it. Your wish is my command.
- Wishee:** You can really grant wishes?
- Genie:** I'm a Genie. (**Sarcastically**) Hel-lo! Which part of 'I'm a Genie' is confusing you? You can have 3 wishes, (**aside**) subject to availability.
- Aladdin:** Availability?
- Genie:** It's the small print. All wishes are subject to availability and you've got to sign a form. It's the magic council; we have to protect ourselves what with *Claims Direct* sticking their noses in everywhere. In the olden days I'd change a man's pig into a gold bar and he was over the moon. These days I'd be hauled up in court if he had nothing else in for tea! (**He unrolls a scroll and hands it to Aladdin**) This is a copy of the Genie's charter. Please read and sign at the bottom.
- Aladdin:** (**Reads**) Representatives of Jean's Genies Limited shall grant wishes and the wishee shall request the wishes in accordance with the wisher's inclinations, desires or 'a bit of what they fancy' and will be subject to these conditions which shall govern the contract to the exclusion of other terms and conditions –

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(Aladdin stops reading and glances up at the Genie who screws his face into a mildly apologetic expression.)

- Aladdin:** (**Reading**) The wisher shall be responsible for ensuring the accuracy of the wish, as granted wishes which do not meet the wisher's expectations cannot be rectified at a later date. Any wishes should be made in writing to the assigned Genie and we will not accept any liability for damage or loss caused by misuse of wishes. We may help with legal costs. Wishes will be granted within five to seven days, subject to availability.
- Genie:** These things have to be done properly. For example you might wish for a horse and I might make your throat a bit sore. Where would you be then?
- (The Genie hands Aladdin a pen. He signs the paperwork and hands it back to the Genie)**

Aladdin: Fair enough. Firstly we want out of this cave, we want to be back home in the laundry and we want to be rich!

Wishee: Whoa whoa whoa!! Don't I get to choose one of the wishes?

Aladdin: What do you mean?

Wishee: **(Bitterly)** Have you ever, just once, ever asked me what I would like to do, ever?

Aladdin: Sorry Titan. What would you like to wish for?

Wishee: **(To Genie)** I want to be out of the cave, back home and rich please.

Genie: You need to put it in writing.

Aladdin: Do you have a pen?

(The Genie hands Aladdin the pen and a slip of paper. Aladdin quickly jots down his wishes and hands the paper back to the Genie. The Genie checks the paperwork.)

Genie: I need your postcode **(Motions to write on the form as Aladdin gives his postcode).**

Aladdin: Y, O, Y –

Genie: I told you, I need it for the form. It's the rules.

Aladdin: No, that's my post code – YOY1 3DB

Genie: **(Writing on the form)** Ok. Just give me moment.

(The Genie takes out a mobile phone, dials a number and wanders down stage while he makes the call)

Wishee: So are we going to be stuck here for five to seven days?

Aladdin: I guess so. Want to play a game while we wait?

Wishee: Yeah ok. What do you want to play?

Aladdin: I spy?

(Wishee nods)

Aladdin: I spy with my little eye something beginning with 'B'

(We hear the buzzing sound of a Bee)

Wishee: Bee?

Aladdin: Yeah, B.

Wishee: Ok, my go. I spy –

Aladdin: Hang on

Wishee: What?

Aladdin: You didn't guess what it was

Wishee: I did – I said 'Bee' and you said yes.

Aladdin: I know – well it *is* 'B' but you didn't guess what it was.

Wishee: I did – I said Bee.

Aladdin: No, it begins with the letter 'B'

Wishee: What does?

Aladdin: The thing that I can spy

Wishee: Ok. Is it 'Bee'? **(We hear the buzz once more)**

Aladdin: Yes

Wishee: Right. My turn, I spy –

Aladdin: No, you have to guess what it is first

Wishee: I just did.

Genie: **(Interrupting)** Ok, your wishes are all in stock. Let's go!
(SFX. Explosion and smoke. Lights out and tabs closed.)

Scene 5 – Emperor’s Palace

(Emperor Ming is sitting on his throne. A footman is standing by his side holding a long piece of paper. Princess Ming is standing with her arms crossed stage right, facing away from her father.)

Emperor: Footman, are you sure we’ve seen *everybody*?

Footman: **(Checks his list)** All except one sir. Prince Fluff of England.

Emperor: Princess, surely you must have liked *one* of the Princes we’ve seen so far?

Princess: I’ve told you daddy, I only have eyes for Aladdin.

Emperor: I can’t let you marry a commoner. You’ll have to marry Prince Fluff, he’s the last one – and he’s *very* rich!

(There’s a knock on the door)

Emperor: **(To footman)** Get that would you?

(The footman leaves and re-enters with Prince Fluff)

Footman: Your royal highness, Prince Fluff.

Prince: Ooh, I’m so excited to be here in your wonderful country. It’s spiffing to be here, I must say. Do you have any ginger beer?

Emperor: Princess, come and meet your future husband.

Princess: I’m sorry Mr Prince, I will only marry for love. My heart belongs to another.

Prince: Ah, you’ve got one of those donor card things?

Princess: Daddy, don’t make me do this.

Prince: Steady on old girl. Jolly bad show! A chap has his pride.

Princess: It’s nothing against you – you seem really nice it’s just that I love Aladdin.

Prince: Oh well, can’t be helped. I wasn’t that interested anyway – I only came for the Egg Foo Yung. Can I go?

Emperor: **(sighs)** I suppose so.

(Prince Fluff sidles from the stage)

Emperor: What are we going to do? We'll have to sell the palace. They'll turn it into a casino you know.

(There is a knock on the door. Footman leaves and returns with Aladdin, Wishee Washee and Widow Twankee. Aladdin is carrying a large sack)

Footman: Your royal highness –

Emperor: **(Interrupting)** Kneel before your Emperor

Widow: Oh, do we take turns?

Emperor: Kneel – or feel my wrath

Widow: I'll feel no such thing, we've only just met.

Aladdin: I have a proposition

Emperor: I wondered why you were walking funny. Aren't you that boy I caught my daughter with at the market?

Princess: **(Turns around)** Aladdin!

Emperor: That's the one!

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Aladdin: You said I could never marry your daughter because I was poor. Well not any longer – have you seen my ring? **(He shows off his huge diamond ring)** and look at my necklaces **(he shows off his many necklaces)** I'm totally encrusted.

Footman: I have some cream for that if Sir is interested?

Emperor: Silence. **(To Aladdin)** Tell me more –

Aladdin: **(Opens his sack and allows the Emperor to gaze inside)** Can I interest you in the contents of my sack? I bring you a golden Egyptian vase, a mobile phone covered in Swarovski crystals, a ruby the size of your head and a pen that lights up when you write with it.

Emperor: And where did all of these wonderful trinkets and jewels come from?

Aladdin: Let's just say, if I can marry the princess, there's more where they came from.

All: If I can marry the princess, there's more where they came from.

Princess: Oh Daddy. Let me marry Aladdin. Please.

Emperor: I don't know. This treasure certainly is amazing – but Aladdin is a commoner. What do you think boys and girls, should I let my daughter marry Aladdin?

(Audience response)

Emperor: Oh alright then.

(He snatches the sack from Aladdin. Aladdin and the Princess embrace)

Princess: Oh Aladdin, I'm so happy.

Aladdin: Me too. Isn't this wonderful Mother?

Widow: Certainly. I haven't been this excited since I got that two for one voucher for Frankie & Bennies.

Aladdin: Isn't it wonderful Wishee?

Wishee: **(Dismissively)** Whatever.

Emperor: I think you should get married straight away! Footman – make the necessary arrangements.

Footman: Very good sir.

(The Footman leaves)

Emperor: Let's have a party! Come on Mrs Twankee, you're going to be my erm **(thinks)** something-in-law.

(Emperor puts his arm around Widow Twankee's shoulder and skips from the stage. Aladdin and the Princess link hands and skip after them.)

Wishee: You know what boys and girls? I feel a bit funny. I've taken a few Rennies but I still feel funny. I don't know what it is. I should feel happy that my brother Aladdin is getting married to the most beautiful woman in the Empire but I don't. It's weird. I think – I think I might be... jealous? I'm going to stop this wedding. I'm going back to work for Abanazer and help him take over the Empire! I know what the funny feeling is... I feel a little bit – evil! **(He laughs and the first few bars of the Eastenders theme tune play and fade out as the tabs close)**

End of Act 1

Act 2

Scene 1 – Abanazer’s Palace

(Abanazer’s mobile phone rings with an uncharacteristically jaunty ring tone)

Abanazer: Hello? Ali? Ali Baba! I was just about to ring you – yes. That BMW 6 series magic carpet you let me hire was a lovely ride. It corners really smoothly. Is it a V8 engine? What’s that – how much? I only had it for one day. What? I can’t afford that. Look, I can give you half now and – no, no, no need to come round I’ll – Hello? Hello? **(He hangs up in a panic)**

(Wishee enters)

Wishee: Hello? Anybody home? Oh, hello boys and girls.

(Wishee waves as the audience respond)

Abanazer: Titan? What are you doing here – I mean – **(sheepishly)** Good, you escaped, which was my plan all along, obviously.

Wishee: Your plan? Your plan was to lock me in a dark cave and not tell me?

Abanazer: Yes yes, I knew you’d escape from that cave. I thought it through and everything. Now, do you have the magic lamp by any chance?

Wishee: I’ll give you two guesses.

Abanazer: I don’t know. Yes?

Wishee: No.

Abanazer: No?

Wishee: Yes!

Abanazer: So you don’t have the lamp?

Wishee: No.

Abanazer: Well what good is that to me? I hired you to help me take over the Empire. You’d better have a good excuse.

Wishee: I do actually. Aladdin found the lamp, summoned the genie and became incredibly rich. Now he’s hidden the lamp and I can’t find it.

Abanazer: This is most unfortunate for you.

Wishee: For me? How?

Abanazer: I can't afford to pay you this month. I owe every penny I have to Ali Baba for the hire of the Magic carpet we used to get to the cave and back. I'm afraid I'm going to have to let you go.

Wishee: Let me go? Where?

Abanazer: Home.

Wishee: A day off? Great!

(Wishee turns to leave)

Abanazer: No, I mean I'll have to let you go permanently. I can't afford to pay your wages.

Wishee: What? You mean, I won't be working for you any more?

Abanazer: No.

Wishee: But, how am I going to afford a new pair of Karate trousers? I need some new ones after the erm – incident.

Abanazer: That's no concern of mine – now get out.

(Wishee encourages sympathy from the audience)

Wishee: But –

Abanazer: Go on – out!

(Wishee encourages more sympathy from the audience)

Abanazer: And you lot can mind your own business too unless you'd like to join my 'adopt a henchman' scheme? For 60 yen a month you get a picture of Titan, a monthly magazine entitled '*Henchma-politan*' and a certificate which says "I adopted a Henchman" with his birth date on it. Anyone interested? No? You get a free pen that lights up when you write with it? No? The pen isn't swinging it for you? Nobody? Well I suggest you stop poking your nose into my business and giving him sympathy.

(The audience boo)

Abanazer: Boo? What is that meant to do? I'm evil, I'm used to it!

Wishee: Actually, I'm quite happy to work for nothing.

Abanazer: Really? How so?

Wishee: Well, because Aladdin is so rich now, he's been given permission by the Emperor to marry his daughter.

Abanazer: **(Shaking his head)** I'm not getting it.

Wishee: Well, if I help you to take over the Empire then I will be able to marry the Princess instead. You could change the law and order it!

Abanazer: Well, it's a plan I suppose. Not a very coherent or well thought out one, but a plan nonetheless. If you want to work for free I'm not going to stop you. Ok, so how do you suppose we take over the Empire then, Titan?

Wishee: Ah well – that's easy. We just get the lamp from Aladdin.

Abanazer: And he's just going to give us it is he?

Wishee: No, we need to be clever.

Abanazer: No offence, but if I was clever would I be asking an ex-mangle operator for advice?

Wishee: Listen, we take the princess a new lamp as a wedding present – ask to see the old one, and then steal it.

Abanazer: Again, there are *bits* of plan in there. With a few subtle adjustments, like changing everything you said, that might just work.

Wishee: See? I'm not just an ugly mush!

Abanazer: One problem. I don't have a lamp and I don't have any money to buy one.

(There is a knock at the door)

Abanazer: Get that would you. I need to ponder.

Wishee: Well make sure you clean up after yourself.

(Wishee leaves and re-enters with Ali Baba)

Ali: **(Gruffly)** Abanazer.

Abanazer: **(Anxiously)** Ah, Ali Baba – I was just thinking about you.

Ali: Have you got my money?

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Abanazer: **(Nervously)** Ha, well, there's a funny story there actually, my hamster got stuck in the –

Ali: **(Interrupting)** You owe me 1000 yen. You know that I don't give credit. Even in the days *before* I became a hairdresser, when I was just called Ali – I never gave credit and I never will.

Wishee: Excuse me Mr. Baba sir. Whatever Mr. Abanazer owes you, we can give you double next week.

Ali: Double?

Abanazer: **(Incredulous)** Double??

Wishee: Yes. If you can lend us the money to buy a lamp then this time next week we can pay you 2000 yen. As the Chinese say, it is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness.

Abanazer: **(Coyly)** Yes, ha ha – one generation plants the tree and another enjoys the shade.

Ali: I have no idea what you're talking about. It all sounds most dubious but here's another ten yen.

(He hands Wishee some money)

Ali: If you don't have my 2000 yen by next week I will snooker you! Both of you!

(Ali leaves)

Abanazer: Snooker me? What does that mean?

Wishee: Well, the Chinese word for snooker translates as 'Poke spherical objects with stick'.

Abanazer: **(Gingerly)** In that case, your plan better work!

(Abanazer and Wishee leave. Tabs close.)

Scene 2 – Emperor’s Palace

(The Princess is sitting in front of a dressing table brushing her hair. The Emperor is sitting on his throne)

Emperor: Oh my beautiful daughter, I’ve dreamed about this moment all my life.

Princess: Me too. I’ve had my perfect wedding planned since I was a little girl.

Emperor: Wedding? I was talking about becoming implausibly wealthy! I’ve got a 50 inch flat screen 4K HD TV with cinema surround sound, a state of the art *Lamborghini* magic carpet parked outside, I had truffle oil on my cornflakes this morning and look, my shoes are made with real dragon scales. Rich! Rich I tell you!

Princess: Yes Father, back to the matter in hand though, I’m getting married in the morning.

Emperor: Ah yes. It’ll be an emotional day alright. I’ll have to get the royal artist to paint a picture of you walking down the aisle. It’ll go up in the great hall beside the other paintings that depict the most important events in our Dynasty’s history. I’ll hang it near the one that shows me defeating the uprising in the local villages.

Princess: I think you should hang it next to the one where I managed to get the top off a jar of pickles using a tea towel.

Emperor: Ah, that was a proud day also.

(The footman enters)

Footman: Excuse me Princess Ming, M’lady. Forgive my intrusion.

Princess: Yes footman, what is it?

Footman: Dinner will be served in one hour. What would your royal highness like to eat?

Princess: **(Thinks hard)** Erm... Steak please.

Footman: Well done?

Princess: Oh, thank you very much.

Footman: No Ma’am, I was asking if you would like your steak well done, I was not congratulating you on your choice of meal.

Princess: Oh.

Footman: **(To Emperor)** And for you, Emperor, sir?

Emperor: Jacket potato please

Footman: And what filling would sir like?

Emperor: **(Confused)** Potato.

Footman: **(Rolling his eyes at the Royal couple's stupidity)** Very good your highnesses.

(The Footman leaves)

Emperor: With all the lovely money we've got, I've booked you the best wedding reception ever. Here's the agenda.

(The Emperor hands the Princess a piece of paper)

Princess: **(Reads)** Hook-a-duck stall? Oh Daddy, I love them. Ghost train, shuggy-boats. Up and down horses?

Emperor: Well, it's just the one up and down horse really. Dobbin. He suffers from mood swings.

Princess: **(Reading)** A Tombola – over 40 prizes to be won. Ooh, how many prizes are there?

Emperor: 41

Twankee: **(OS)** Coo-ee, it's only me

(Twankee and Aladdin enter. Twankee and Aladdin are adorned with various expensive looking pieces of jewellery)

Princess: Oh, Aladdin. Don't you know it's bad luck to see me on the night before the wedding!

Aladdin: **(Looking at his watch)** It's alright, it's only 2 O'clock.

Princess: No, you mustn't see me.

(The Princess runs from the stage. The Emperor puts his arm around Aladdin.)

Emperor: Don't worry Anadin –

Aladdin: Aladdin

Emperor: Whatever, she's a superstitious sort. When we go out, if she forgets to bring that lucky thing she cut out of one of her magazines, she's all

over the place. Come to think of it, where's my rabbits foot? **(He pats his robes).**

Twankee: **(Stage whispers to Aladdin)** You want to marry into this?

Emperor: Excuse me one moment would you. **(Shouts)** Footman, have you seen my foot anywhere?

(Emperor leaves)

Aladdin: I'm very excited about this wedding and everything Mother. I'm so excited, I forgot to ask Wishee if he would be my best man. Have you seen him anywhere?

Twankee: I can't say I have. You could ask the boys and girls?

Aladdin: Good idea! Boys and girls, will you be my best man?

(Audience respond)

Widow: No, I mean you could ask them if they've seen Wishee Washee

Aladdin: Oh, yes. Have you seen Wishee Washee anywhere boys and girls?

(Audience reaction)

Aladdin: What's that? He loves who?

(Audience reaction)

Aladdin: He's got a camel in his dining room? He likes Gary Numan? Oh, I can't understand what you're saying. I'll have to go out and look for him Mother. I shan't be long.

(Aladdin leaves)

Twankee: **(Shouting)** Could you get me some Athlete's foot cream while you're out? **(Dissapointed)** Never mind.

(SFX. There is a knock on the door. The footman enters with Abanazer who is carrying a shiny new lamp and wearing a wholly unconvincing false nose. Abanazer's theme tune plays.)

Footman: **(Looking concerned at the theme tune)** I really must get that doorbell fixed. **(To Twankee)** There is someone here to see you M'lady. He says he is a door-to-door salesman.

Twankee: Oh, I don't think we need any more doors thanks.

(The Footman leaves)

Abanazer: Are you the lady of the household?

Twankee: **(Looking around)** Oh, yes, I must be.

Abanazer: You look like a woman with fine taste. Intelligent, beautiful – capable of making decisions on behalf of other people without consulting them?

Twankee: **(Flattered)** Ooh, well – you know. One tries one’s best. What do they call you then?

Abanazer: Eh? Er – Abby.

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Twankee: **(Flirting)** Abby. That’s a nice name.

Abanazer: **(Backing away from Twankee’s affections)** Anyway, I wonder if you have any old lamps lying about the place that you don’t want.

Twankee: Lamps?

Abanazer: Yes, I’m a lamp cleaner by profession. Look, here’s one I cleaned earlier.

(Abanazer holds the lamp right in front of Twankee’s face)

Twankee: **(In pain)** Aargh! It’s very shiny. **(Blinking)** Do you think my retinas will grow back?

Abanazer: Not sure, anyway, I’ve been up all night with the *Brasso*. As strange as it may sound, I’d be willing to give you this lovely shiny lantern if you had any old tatty ones lying around you don’t want.

Twankee: **(Still blinking and rubbing her eyes)** I’ve got some old lino I don’t want. Will that do?

Abanazer: I’m looking for something more in the ‘lamp’ area of things really

Twankee: But why would you give up such a nice shiny one for an old dirty one?

Abanazer: **(Getting frustrated)** As I told you, I’m a lamp cleaner and I love nothing more than polishing lamps into the wee small hours. As the Chinese say, “Four things come not back – the spoken word, the spent arrow, the past life and the neglected opportunity”.

Twankee: That's beautiful. Where did you get that from?

Abanazer: A book of Chinese proverbs I got from the library.

Twankee: I don't know. Lamp polishing seems a bit of a strange hobby to me

Abanazer: **(Angrily)** Look, do you have any dirty lamps or not?

Twankee: Ok, ok – keep your unconvincing false nose on – I'll go and have a look. **(Twankee looks behind the throne and finds Aladdin's lamp)** Yes, as a matter of fact we do have this lamp. If I swapped it for yours, I could give it to the Princess as a wedding present.

Abanazer: Princess? Oh yes, the Princess, you've just reminded me of someone – erm – I mean, something I had to – erm – never mind. Right here's the lamp in exchange for yours.

Twankee: Okie dokily.

(Twankee hands over the lamp and takes the new lamp from Abanazer)

Abanazer: Ha ha ha ha!! It's mine! All mine!

(Abanazer dances manically from the stage)

Twankee: Strange bloke. Never mind, this will make a lovely wedding present for –

(Aladdin enters)

Aladdin: Hello Mother. I can't find Wishee anywhere in the town. **(Aladdin notices the shiny lamp in Twankee's hands and then peeks behind the throne)** Erm – Mother.

Twankee: **(Fussing over the lamp in her hands)** Yes dear

Aladdin: You haven't seen my lamp anywhere have you?

Twankee: What lamp would that be then dear?

Aladdin: The old looking antique lamp. The one that contains the Genie who has given us riches beyond our wildest dreams.

Twankee: I don't think I've seen it. What did it look like?

Aladdin: A lot like the one in your hands but a lot dirtier and older.

Twankee: Oh, that lamp. Yes, I've seen it.

Aladdin: Thank goodness! Where? Where did you see it?

Twankee: I swapped it.

Aladdin: You what?

Twankee: I swapped it. I swapped it for this state of the art lamp. It's a 3.6 litre and burns for 16 hours!

Aladdin: **(Close to tears)** Who did you swap it with?

Twankee: Abby someone. Lovely he was. He told me I was beautiful – had good taste. He's right you know.

Aladdin: Abby someone? Not, Abby Nazer by any chance?

Twankee: I don't know, he didn't give me his second name.

Aladdin: Oh no! He's the one who locked me in that cave. Don't you listen to anything I say?

Twankee: Sorry, what was that dear?

Aladdin: We have to get that lamp back or there will be no wedding! Abanazer will rule the world – or worse.

Twankee: Don't be silly Aladdin. What could be worse than that?

(The Emperor rushes on to the stage)

Emperor: My daughter has been kidnapped.

Aladdin: *This* is worse than that.

Twankee: **(Still admiring the shiny lamp. Unconcerned)** Oh no, what are we going to do?

Emperor: There is a ransom note. Aladdin, you will have to summon the Genie.

Aladdin: I can't. The same person who kidnapped the Princess has taken the lamp! We'll have to go to Abanazer's palace and try to stop him from wishing to take over the Empire.

Emperor: Well, where does this Abanazer live?

Aladdin: He lives in that big palace that used to be the Chinese take away that did the tasty curry triangles.

Emperor: Ah, I remember. I was gutted when that place closed down. Anyway, what are we waiting for? To Abanazer's house!

(Aladdin and Emperor leave. Twankee stands admiring the lamp. Aladdin returns, grabs his mother by the arm and drags her from the stage. Tabs close.)

Scene 3 – Abanazer’s Palace

(Abanazer and the Princess enter. Abanazer’s theme tune plays. The Princess’ hands are bound by rope.)

Abanazer: Ahh – home sweet home. Not that it will be home for much longer when I wish to be King of everywhere! **(Audience boo)** Be quiet you lot, I am soon to be the most powerful man there has ever been. You will have to cheer me.

Princess: You still haven’t explained what all this has got to do with me.

Abanazer: Titan – I mean, Wishee Washee was jealous of you and Aladdin getting married so he told me that instead of wages, he’d accept your hand in marriage.

Princess: What? But I’d never marry him in a million years.

Abanazer: You won’t have a choice once I wish for it.

(Abanazer reveals the lamp from under his cloak)

Princess: You wouldn’t!

Abanazer: Oh yes I would

Princess: **(With audience)** Oh no you wouldn’t.

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Abanazer: I would – I’m mad you see! Completely mad! **(He makes a strange face and accompanies it with a strange noise)** See?

(Wishee enters)

Wishee: Wow. You kidnapped the Princess. Are you going to wish for her to marry me?

Princess: I will never marry you. I love Aladdin.

Wishee: Oh. But I’ve made us a romantic candle-lit meal to celebrate. We’re having Blackpool rock starter and a plastic Tesco bag with loose Quality Street in for main course. Either that or we can go to Greggs? To be honest with you, I’m leaning more towards Greggs – but that’s just because I’ve got one leg longer than the other.

Abanazer: Titan

Wishee: Yes?

Abanazer: Please keep your insane ramblings to yourself. Now, I shall summon the Genie of the lamp.

(Abanazer rubs the lamp. SFX. There is an explosion and the Genie appears)

Genie: I am the genie of the lamp. Your wish is my command.

Abanazer: **(Excited)** It works!

Genie: Of course it works – it’s not powered by *Microsoft*. Who are you?

Abanazer: I am Abanazer.

Genie: You don’t *look* like a banana.

Abanazer: Abanazer – not a banana. I am your master now.

Genie: Fair enough, makes no difference to me, I still get paid. You should be aware however before you make any wishes – should you wish to be rich, you will make someone poor. Should you wish for food, you will make someone hungry.

Abanazer: A lot of people must have wished to be beautiful then.

Genie: What do you mean?

Abanazer: Well how else do you explain so many ugly people in once place? **(He indicates the audience)**

(The audience boo)

Abanazer: Ok, my first wish. I wish to be Emperor of the world!

Genie: Ah –

Abanazer: What do you mean – “Ah”?

Genie: That’s out of stock at the moment.

Abanazer: Out of stock?

Genie: Yes, we’d no idea it was going to be so popular.

Abanazer: Hmm... ok, I wish to be Emperor of Asia

Genie: That’s on back-order.

Abanazer: Emperor of China?

Genie: We're waiting for some of those to come in

Abanazer: Phillipines?

Genie: Discontinued

Abanazer: Malaysia?

Genie: Should be in next week but we're offering an alternative on that.

Abanazer: Which is?

Genie: A nest of tables.

Abanazer: Why would I want a nest of tables?

Genie: Look nice in the corner (**indicates the corner of the stage**) with a lamp on top

Abanazer: Look, what do you have *in stock* in the way of world domination?

Genie: Well, here's our latest wish catalogue

(The Genie hands Abanazer an 'Argos' style catalogue.)

Genie: I've got all my best wishes in here. It's a bit like *Argos* but without the huge queue. (**Adopts appropriate voice**) "Wish number 45, to your collection point please". None of that.

(Abanazer starts flicking through the catalogue until the Genie stops him on a certain page)

Genie: Ah, incredibly rich is out of stock too. I just gave the last one to Aladdin. There's a three pack of lovely cream throws there though (**he points to a page in the catalogue**) bring new life to a tired old sofa?

Abanazer: This is no good. I need something to help me take over the world. Soft furnishings are not the answer.

Wishee: Erm... Master – I think I have a plan!

Abanazer: (**Sarcastically**) Another world beater no doubt. Go on then, let's hear it. You'll excuse me if I hold back on the enthusiasm until I've heard it won't you?

Wishee: Well, the Genie knows the way to the Wishing tree. Remember, one bite of its fruit and your innermost desire becomes reality.

Abanazer: Yes, of course. Thank you Titan. I forgot about that. Genie, can you tell me where the Wishing Tree is.

Genie: No

Abanazer: Typical.

Genie: But the magical ancient map of (SFX – **if possible, an echo effect should be applied when the Genie says ‘Boomshank’**) Boomshank can.

(The Genie hands Abanazer a mysterious looking book)

Abanazer: And is this the magical ancient map of (SFX – **Echo**) Boomshank?

Genie: No, it’s an A-Z of the Himalayas with a red ring drawn round where the Wishing tree is.

Princess: Excuse me. I don’t want to interrupt your fascinating meeting but can I go please?

Abanazer: Certainly not. Once I rule the world I shall be wishing for you and Titan here to be married. **(To Genie)** I trust you have that wish in stock?

Genie: I think so yes.

Abanazer: Good. Let us be on our way – Genie, you can lead the way. We don’t need this.

(Abanazer tosses the book over his shoulder. He points the way for the Genie to exit. He then leads the Princess from the stage and finally Wishee follows and exits also. Aladdin, Widow and the Emperor rush on from the opposite side of the stage to which Abanazer exited.)

Aladdin: Oh no... they’re not here. Have you seen Abanazer anywhere boys and girls?

(The audience respond)

Emperor: Hang about – what’s this?

Widow: **(Taking the book from the floor)** It’s a book of maps.

Emperor: Is it the magical ancient map of (SFX – **Echo**) Boomshank?

Widow: No, it’s an A-Z of the Himalayas.

Aladdin: **(Taking the book and flicking through)** Look someone has drawn a ring with a red marker pen here – it says ‘Wishing Tree’. Oh no, I think Abanazer is going to find the Wishing tree and take over the world.

Emperor: **(Checking the book)** But it’s in the Himalayas, how on earth are we going to get up there?

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(Ali Baba enters)

Ali: Right, where is that weasley Abanazer? He owes me lots and lots of money and so does his assistant. Looks a lot like you in fact **(indicates Aladdin)**. I’m here to collect it. Where is he eh? Eh? Where?

Aladdin: We’re looking for him too. He’s gone to find the Wishing Tree and according to this map, it’s up a very high mountain. He’s off to use it to help him take over the world.

Ali: Well, I have no idea what you’re talking about but my magic carpet is double parked outside. We could use it to, ahem – head him off at the pass? **(Aside)** I’ve always wanted to say that!

Widow: Well, what are we waiting for? Let’s go!

(They leave. Tabs close.)

Scene 4 – The Wishing Tree

(Tabs remain closed. Widow and Aladdin stagger on stage, out of breath.)

Aladdin: I hope this Wishing tree isn't much further.

Widow: It wouldn't have been so bad if the magic carpet hadn't got a puncture at the bottom of the mountain. I think I've grown bunions on the calluses on my corns.

(Widow stops and checks the A-Z)

Aladdin: Are you sure we're going the right way?

(Aladdin sees that Widow has the book upside down. He turns it round and gives it back to her. Widow's face relaxes into an expression of realisation.)

Aladdin: Where are we? We're lost - and where are the Emperor and Ali Baba?

Widow: They stopped at the shop halfway up to buy some sweets and pop. Here they are now.

(Emperor and Ali Baba enter stuffing their faces with sweets and drinking pop)

Emperor: **(Muffled through the sweets)** Hello boys and girls

(Audience respond)

Aladdin: How come you're in such good spirits? We're freezing and miserable.

Ali: Must be these sweets. Would you like some boys and girls?

(Audience respond)

Ali: Will you help us Aladdin? Widow Twankee?

(They all throw the sweets into the audience. A game could be played here in which members of the audience are invited up on stage.)

Widow: Well that's warmed us up but I think we're lost, I've been reading the map wrong.

Ali: **(Carefree)** Not to worry. **(He takes another gulp of pop)**

Aladdin: I think we should camp here for the night. It's starting to get cold. Can anyone pitch a tent?

Emperor: I put up an IKEA wardrobe once. Skarlblat it was called.

Aladdin: And did you camp out in it?

Emperor: No

Ali: We'll need a camp fire.

Widow: Where's Bear Grylls when you need him?

Aladdin: Well, let's just think like him. What would Bear Grylls do in a situation like this? Lost in the Mountains, sub-zero temperatures...

Emperor: I know. Strip off and jump into a lake full of crocodiles for absolutely no reason.

Aladdin: Well yes, but how would he start a fire?

Emperor: Dunno.

Ali: Has anyone ever lit a camp fire before?

Aladdin: Well, I did once when I was in the Scouts but that was years ago.

Ali: Well, have a go. It'll come back to you, maybe it's like riding a bike?

Aladdin: I can't ride a bike either.

(The tabs open to a darkened stage. We hear a SFX. jangly sound, almost like sleigh bells.)

Widow: Is that you?

Aladdin: Yes, of course it's me. Who did you think it was?

Widow: No, I mean is that jingly jangly sound you?

Aladdin: I'm scared to think what would have to be wrong with me before I could make that sound.

Ali: It's coming from over there.

(Ali walks down stage and the lights come up to reveal a magnificent silver glittery tree.)

Aladdin: **(Excited)** The wishing tree!

Emperor: And look, it still has its fruit. We got here before that nasty Abanazer.

(Abanazer's theme tune plays. It becomes obvious that he has sneaked on stage and is hiding behind some rocks or bushes stage left.)

Ali: Come out Abanazer. We know you're there.

Abanazer: **(Emerging from his hiding place)** Drat! Stupid theme tune! **(To Princess off stage)** Come out here you.

(The Princess enters, her hands still bound)

Aladdin: Princess

Princess: Aladdin!

Abanazer: **(Sarcastically)** Yes, well done. You recognised each other. You'll get your Blue Peter badges later.

(Wishee enters)

Widow: Wishee Washee!! What are you doing with that nasty man?

Wishee: I'm sorry mother, but I'm sick of folding other people's underpants. I want a bit of adventure and excitement in my life. I'm not getting it back home.

Abanazer: Ok, can I just interrupt this touching family reunion for a moment? Thank you. **(Clicking his fingers)** Genie!

(The Genie enters or Abanazer could rub the lamp and the Genie appears in a puff of smoke.)

Genie: Yes master?

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Abanazer: If any of these hobos try to cause trouble, you have my permission to turn them into an animal of your choice.

(Ali Baba wants to grab at Abanazer though he is clearly deterred by the Genie)

Abanazer: Genie, bring me the fruit of the Wishing tree and we can get this all over and done with. I will be King of the world!

(Audience boo)

Genie: Yes Master.

Abanazer: Well boys and girls. Are you excited for me?
(Audience respond with derision)

Abanazer: If you're nice to me I'll wish you all not to be smelly. How does that sound?
(More contempt from the audience)

Abanazer: Suit yourselves.
(The Genie returns with the fruit. Abanazer takes a bite. We hear the SFX. musical flourish of the fruit working its magic.)

Abanazer: **(To Genie)** Has it worked? Has it worked? Is the world mine?
(Widow Twankee sidles up to Abanazer and acts all lovey-dovey)

Widow: Ooh, hello there big boy. How come I've never noticed how handsome you are before? Do you come here often?
(Abanazer squirms away from Widow's affections)

Widow: I don't know what it is, but when I look at you I get this tremendous warm feeling.

Abanazer: That's called incontinence.

Widow: What are you doing later – do you want to go to Wetherspoons for a pie and pint?

Aladdin: Genie, what's going on?
(Widow Twankee continues to bill and coo with an overly reluctant Abanazer.)

Genie: Well, when Abanazer bit the fruit, it turned his innermost desire into reality! His innermost desire wasn't to take over the world, all he really wanted, deep down, was to be... loved!

Widow: **(Dotingly)** Mmm... you smell nice, what is it?

Abanazer: Haribo

Genie: **(Regretfully)** The man clearly has issues

Abanazer: When they said it was the year of the dragon, they weren't joking were they? Erm... would you excuse me, I've got a very important... erm... Sandwich... I need to... erm... I won't be a moment...

(Abanazer exits quickly)

Dame: Don't go. I love you!

(Widow Twankee runs after Abanazer and exits)

Ali: Oi, come back here – you owe me lots and lots of money!!

(The Eastenders drums play and Ali Baba exits the stage in pursuit of Abanazer. All eyes on stage turn to Wishee Washee.)

Wishee: What? I tried to stop him. I was just saying all that stuff so Abanazer would trust me. I knew his plan would backfire. I was a mole.

(Aladdin, the Emperor and the Princess close on Wishee threateningly)

Princess: You were friends!

(Aladdin undoes the binds around the Princess Ming's wrists)

Wishee: Friends? Me and him? No... you've got it all wrong. We didn't get on like a house that wasn't on fire. **(Laughs nervously)** Life is like a box of chocolates, you never know what you're going to get.

Emperor: Yes you do, there's always a diagram on the lid. The square ones with sprinkly bits on are always Turkish delight. Anyway, if my footman was here I'd get him to arrest...

(Footman enters)

Footman: **(Interrupting)** Yes your highness?

Emperor: **(Confused)** How did... where... never mind – arrest this weasel. With good behaviour you might be out of my dungeon in... ohhh lets see, three thousand years!!

Aladdin: Couldn't you go easy on him? He's still my brother.

Emperor: But he's done wrong. So very wrong! So very very wrong!

Aladdin: I suppose you're right. You know Wishee, I used to look up to you.

Wishee: That's because you've always been shorter than me.

Aladdin: I just wish there was a way of making this right.

Genie: Aladdin?

Aladdin: Yes Genie?

(The Genie offers Aladdin the fruit from the Wishing Tree)

Genie: Your innermost desire is for a happy ending, is it not?

Aladdin: You're right!

(Aladdin takes the fruit and bites into it. There are a few seconds of silence until we hear the SFX. musical flourish once more, indicating that the fruit's magic is working.)

Wishee: I've just had an epiphany!! I want to give all my money to charity and help elderly people across the road etcetera!!

Princess: **(Suddenly)** Aladdin, I love you. I can't wait. Let's get married right away!

(Aladdin and the Princess embrace. The Emperor parts them and pokes his head through the gap between them after a moment.)

Emperor: Can I just check, Aladdin, you're still rich aren't you?

Aladdin: Yes

Emperor: Carry on...

(The Emperor encourages them to embrace once more.)

Genie: We must get back to the palace for the wedding of the century!

(They all exit and the tabs close. Genie enters and sings the first few bars of 'Are you ready for love' by Elton John (or a similarly rousing love song) then as the song continues, the cast walk down as introduced by the Genie. The company should join in the chorus until curtain down.)

THE END