

THE THREE WISHES OF ALADDIN

By David Dietz

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THE THREE WISHES OF ALADDIN

A Full Length Comedic Adaptation

By David Dietz

SYNOPSIS: It's the classic tale from *1001 Arabian Nights* in a delightfully hilarious retelling! Aladdin is a young boy with a wild imagination. To escape the doldrums of his lowly existence – if only for a moment – he fantasizes himself performing great, heroic deeds. When a cunning magician, a zany genie, and a beautiful princess all come into his life; he is given a once in a lifetime chance to make his wishes come true. Filled with uproarious self-aware humor and audience interaction, this play is sure to “cast a spell” on all audiences!

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 female, 4 male, 2 either; gender flexible)

DAHLIA (f)	Aladdin and Pico's aunt. (Could also be their “older sister,” depending on casting availability.) <i>(52 lines)</i>
ALADDIN (m).....	Young; 15-19 years old. <i>(201 lines)</i>
PICO (m/f)	Aladdin's younger sibling; 13-15 years old. <i>(37 lines)</i>
MAGICIAN (m).....	Considerably older than Aladdin. Should be about the same age as Dahlia. <i>(120 lines)</i>
GENIE (m).....	Age indeterminate. Could be older than Aladdin (same age as Magician and Dahlia) or the same age, depending on casting availability. <i>(84 lines)</i>

- HANDMAID (f) Serves the princess. Age indeterminate, but can be close to the Princess' age or older, depending on casting availability. *(15 lines)*
- HERALD (m/f) Serves the Sultan. Age indeterminate, but could be close to Aladdin's age or older, depending on casting availability. *(20 lines)*
- PRINCESS (f) Approximately the same age as Aladdin or slightly younger. *(78 lines)*
- SULTAN (m) Same age as the Magician or the actor who plays the Genie. *(69 lines)*

DURATION: 65 minutes

SETTING

The numerous sets in the play can be accomplished quite simply with at least three movable flats depicting the required scenery. Your set can be as simple or as elaborate as your theatre's budget will allow! But the following directions will help you if you don't have a whole lot of money to work with.

SETTING #1 – The Street In Front Of Aladdin's House

Stage center is the main dwelling (Aladdin's house). It has a ratty-looking curtain covering the entranceway and looks like a typical desert abode in need of constant repair. To either side are two more flats that could depict other buildings one might find in a desert oasis village: a shop, an eatery, a hookah den. You may also populate the set with palm trees (one of which is a necessary plot point) and other assorted items you might find in the aforementioned oasis village.

SETTING #2 – Outside The Cave Of Wonders

This set is pretty simple: Simply rotate the flats from Setting #1 180 degrees, and have them painted with what looks like either the sheer rock face where a cave might be and/or the desert. The flat that initially served as Aladdin’s house is where the cave “entranceway” will be. For this, have another flat shaped like a large boulder covering it. (Don’t forget to make it so that the “boulder” can be moved by unseen hands from off-stage. Otherwise, where’s the magic?)

SETTING #3 – Inside The Cave Of Wonders

Same setting as #2, except that now the lights may be dimmed to give it the feeling of darkness inside the cave. (If you’re doing the show outside in broad daylight – where you can’t really control the lighting – you may alternately drape the flats in black cloth.)

SETTING #4 – The Sultan’s Palace

Here’s where a bit of creativity comes in handy: If you paint the flats from Setting #1 a bit cleverly, you can then simply drape them in shimmering fabric of various colors to give them the impression of being inside the great Sultan’s throne room.

PROPS

- Magic lamp (the traditional Arabian-style oil lamp)
- Flowers for audience members (could be either made of construction paper or silk flowers from a craft store). Pass these out to audience members as they come through the door.
- The magic carpet (standard small, one-person rectangular rug)
- Bowl of fruit (for Sultan; can be plastic since he never really eats them, anyway)
- The “robe” Dahlia works on (can be as elaborate or plain as you want to make it; the “tear” that happens can be accomplished either practically or just with sound FX)
- Dahlia’s sewing kit (with needle and thread)
- Shower cap and scrub-brush (for when the Genie appears the second time)
- A hankie for the Genie to hand to Aladdin in the cave.
- A book for the Genie to pull out in the cave.
- The butterfly on a stick used to fly into the Princess’ room.
- Scroll with the list of prince names that the Sultan unrolls.

COSTUMES

When costuming the show, keep a couple things in mind:

The action takes place in Arabia a long time ago. So the costuming should reflect the way people living in a Saharan (desert) culture would dress. In other words, lots of loose-fitting robes and tunics designed to keep them cool in the hot Saharan heat and also keep the sand and sun from playing too much havoc with their skin. A quick Google search should give you an idea of how men and women in these regions dressed. (Think any Biblical/sandals epic.)

Two classes of people are depicted in the play: peasants and royalty. The peasants (Aladdin, Dahlia, Pico) should look like they've had their drab garments for years. They should be well-worn, rough-looking, perhaps frayed, and maybe even patched together to extend their life. By contrast, the royal characters (Sultan, Princess, Herald, Handmaid) should always be dressed in the finest material available to them (that is, silk from the Orient, etc.). In fact, the shinier the material (sateen for instance), the better. A quick Google search will also reveal how Arabian royalty should look.

The Genie's and Magician's costumes should stand out from both the royals and the peasants. One idea is to costume them in contrasting shades of light (for the Genie) and dark (for the Magician). The Magician's costume can be either made of the same material as the royals or what a peasant (or showman) might try to pass off as royalty. The Genie's costume can be the most fun because he's been trapped in the lamp for so long that his sense of fashion might be a bit out of step with the rest of the cast (let your mind ponder that one!)

PRODUCTION HISTORY

The Three Wishes of Aladdin was first presented at the South Park Children's Theatre in South Park, PA, on August 9, 2004, with the following cast:

Dahlia ----- Ellen Greis
 Aladdin ----- Kevin Cole
 Pico ----- Ben Boyle
 Magician ----- Ian Harrold
 Genie ----- Scott Keith
 Handmaid ----- Angeline Noel
 Herald ----- Jon Hall
 Princess ----- Kattreena Boyle
 Sultan ----- George Chammas

Executive Director: ----- Audrey Castracane
 Production Manager: ----- Jessica D. Wolfe
 Director: ----- Bill Zaeh
 Stage Manager: ----- Scott Andrews
 Costume Designer: ----- Marty VanderMeulen
 Assistant Costumer: ----- Danielle Rohar
 Set Design: ----- Ryan Murray
 Sound Design: ----- Brian Cummings
 Sound Operation: ----- Concept One Audio
 Property Design: ----- Tanya Garrett

DEDICATION

This play is lovingly dedicated to Annabelle Mazzie, who first encouraged its creation. And to Bill Zaeh, a terrific actor, good friend, and the man who ultimately brought it to life.

ACT ONE, SCENE 1

SETTING #1: *The street level of an oasis village, somewhere in the deserts of Arabia, a long time ago. Set in the center of the dusty street—lined to either side by palm trees, shop kiosks and what have you—is the exterior of a modest house with a single entrance covered by a ratty tapestry.*

AT RISE: *ALADDIN enters through the entrance of the house. For several moments, he acts out some sort of exciting adventure going on only in his mind. After several moments, he hears DAHLIA calling out from the house.*

DAHLIA: *(Offstage.)* Aladdin? Aladdin

ALADDIN: *(Fearing the worst, ALADDIN freezes in his tracks. Looks to the sky.)* Yep! Right on schedule! The exact moment I start to have the teensiest bit of fun, along comes Aunt Dahlia with some stupid new chore she tries to pawn off on me! You could set your sundial by it! *(To audience.)* You wouldn't happen to know anybody like that, would you? Sure you do. I see them standing right behind you. *(On the audience's turn.)* Ha ha! Made you look!

DAHLIA: *(Offstage, more forcefully.)* Aladdin!

ALADDIN: *(Quickly ducks behind a nearby palm tree. To audience.)*
Remember, I wasn't here. You haven't seen me!

DAHLIA enters from the house, followed closely by PICO. DAHLIA carries a robe of some sort and PICO cradles what appears to be a sewing kit.

DAHLIA: *(Calling.)* Aladdin! Come here this instant!

The pair searches the stage for ALADDIN, calling his name, ad lib. [NOTE: They could even, perhaps, interact with the audience at this point; asking if any of them have seen ALADDIN.]

(Beat. To PICO.) Hmm. Now, let's see. Pico, if you were Aladdin, where do you suppose you would be hiding yourself, right now?

PICO immediately points to the palm tree. DAHLIA notices a portion of ALADDIN'S head poking out from behind it. She smiles craftily as she formulates an idea. She crosses to PICO and whispers something in his ear. PICO suppresses a giggle. DAHLIA rises and crosses to center, grandly.

(For ALADDIN'S benefit) Gee, Pico. It's too bad your brother had to rush off so quickly. I guess you'll just have to eat all these wonderfully warm and yummy fruit pies all by yourself!

ALADDIN: *(Dashes out from behind the tree.)* Pico! If you think about even touching one of my pies, I'll...I'll...

ALADDIN stops in his tracks on seeing DAHLIA, who grins at him pointedly.

...I'll...just go down to the market and get some more fruit!

ALADDIN quickly turns tail and moves to run away. DAHLIA quickly grabs ALADDIN by his ear and pulls him left, much to the delight of PICO. ALADDIN exaggerates his agony.

DAHLIA: That won't be necessary, Aladdin. Though I do appreciate the gesture.

ALADDIN: Aunt Dahlia! You have to let me go!

DAHLIA immediately lets go of ALADDIN'S ear and confronts him face to face.

DAHLIA: Why?

ALADDIN: *(Waffling.)* Why? Uh...well...that's a very good question: "Why?" Because...uh...well, because... *(Looks to the tree. Inspiration strikes.)* Because somebody in authority needs to be told about that tree!

DAHLIA: *(Wryly.)* Uh huh. And why is that?

ALADDIN: It's a potential health hazard!

DAHLIA: Is that so?

ALADDIN: (*Deadly serious.*) Yes! That's so! There I was; standing behind it. And, thank goodness I heard the sound of your voice because... (*Playing it up.*) ...the tree's roots began to slither out of the ground like huge, monstrous snakes! They wrapped themselves around my ankles. And then they began creeping up my chest until they grabbed hold of my throat and began choking me...

DAHLIA: (*Chuckling.*) Aladdin, if that tree had ever done anything more than stand there—like it always has since the day the stork graced this household with your presence—somebody besides yourself would surely have noticed, by now.

ALADDIN: (*Puzzled.*) Huh?

PICO: She said she's not buying it, Aladdin.

ALADDIN: Oh. No?

DAHLIA: (*Shakes head.*) Believe me, Aladdin. The worst thing that tree could ever do to somebody is shade them to death. (*Shakes head again.*) I'll give you points for imagination, though. Your tall tales certainly would have given Shahrazad a run for her money.

ALADDIN and PICO: Who?

DAHLIA: Shahrazad? Told the thousand and one Arabian...ah, never mind! (*Aside, to audience.*) These days, if there isn't some cartoon about it, kids just aren't interested, are they?

PICO: (*To ALADDIN, razzing.*) Boy, are you gonna get it now!

ALADDIN: And just where were you—my faithful squire—when I needed you most?

DAHLIA: Your "faithful squire" was kindly helping me locate my sewing kit.

ALADDIN: (*Tauntingly to PICO.*) Yeah? Well, don't come crying to me the next time there are monsters under your bed!

PICO: (*Frightened.*) Aunt Dahlia, he's doing it again!

DAHLIA: Knock it off; both of you! Now then, I need you to help me with this, Aladdin.

ALADDIN: (*Whining.*) What, is it this time?

DAHLIA: Now, none of your lip! I need to sew an emblem on this robe. Here, put it on.

DAHLIA hands ALADDIN the robe.

ALADDIN: You know, I just remembered...

Hands DAHLIA the robe.

...Ali and I are going elephant hunting this afternoon!

ALADDIN moves to sneak off. DAHLIA grabs ALADDIN'S arm and pulls him back.

DAHLIA: Oh, no you don't! No elephant hunting, camel racing, or any other demented desert diversions. Now stand still!

DAHLIA puts the robe on ALADDIN.

ALADDIN: What do I look like? "Arabia's Next Top Model?"

DAHLIA: Now, where did I put my needle?

DAHLIA turns her back on ALADDIN and begins rummaging through the sewing kit. ALADDIN quickly removes the robe and throws it over DAHLIA'S head. ALADDIN and PICO share a laugh as DAHLIA fumbles around.

Aladdin, I'm rapidly losing my patience with you! *(Finally manages to remove the robe from her head.)* All right, now enough of your tomfoolery! Put this on and stand as still as a statue!

DAHLIA tosses the robe to ALADDIN with finality. ALADDIN reluctantly gives in and puts it on.

ALADDIN: *(Sighs.)* All right. But I don't know the first thing about sewing.

DAHLIA: *(Begins working on the emblem.)* Well, if you'd take a few moments out of your busy schedule to sit down and learn a thing or two, perhaps you could become as good a tailor as your father and me.

PICO: Besides, you do look awfully cute.

ALADDIN: Pico. Why don't you run along and...oh, go play in a pit of asps or something?

DAHLIA: Quiet! I'm trying to concentrate. Now, hold still!

ALADDIN: Hold still?

DAHLIA: *(Performs some minor adjustment to the robe.)* Yes...good.
Now, bend over.

ALADDIN: Bend over?

DAHLIA: Yes. Bend over.

ALADDIN: *(With a shrug.)* OK.

ALADDIN bends over a bit too much and the robe rips apart. [NOTE: Can be accomplished via off stage sound FX.] PICO, naturally, gets a huge kick out of this.

DAHLIA: Oh, Aladdin! Look what you've done! Now I'll have to go back and spend another hour or so mending it!

ALADDIN happily removes the torn robe and hands it back to DAHLIA.

ALADDIN: Well, if you need me, I'll be down at the marketplace...!

ALADDIN moves to exit again, but once more DAHLIA catches him by the arm.

DAHLIA: *(Interrupting.)* Meanwhile...I want you two to clean the front steps!

ALADDIN: Clean the steps?

DAHLIA: Why do you keep repeating everything I say? What are you: A parrot? Now, I want you to clean those steps. And I don't want you to stop until they're so clean you can...see your reflection in them.

ALADDIN: See my reflection?

DAHLIA: *(With an exasperated sigh.)* Polly wanna cracker? *(Exits into the house with an exaggerated and mocking squawk!)*

PICO: *(Mimicking DAHLIA.)* Polly wanna cracker?

ALADDIN: Oh, shut up! *(Crosses to the steps and regards them for a moment. To audience.)* "See my reflection?" I ask you, how is it physically possible to see one's reflection in sandstone?

PICO: *(Now the physics professor.)* Well, technically speaking, if you were to rub the sandstone hard and fast enough, the friction would alter the sand's crystalline matrix in such a way that it would change to glass. And therefore, logically speaking, you could...*(On ALADDIN'S expression.)* ...in essence...see your...I'll shut up now.

ALADDIN: You're a big help. You know that? *(Beat. Expression changes)* Wait! I do see something!

PICO: *(Back to the "little kid" persona again, excitedly crosses to ALADDIN'S side.)* What? WHAT?!

ALADDIN: Don't you see it, Pico? Towering above us! A huge, ferocious dragon! Look! It has four gigantic feet, sharp claws, and a long, spiny tail waving in the air behind it! And, you know what else?

PICO: *(Nervously excited.)* No. What?

ALADDIN: It's breathing fire! AAAARRRRGGGHHHH!

ALADDIN acts like he is the dragon and chases little PICO around for a moment. PICO screams with playful glee.

DAHLIA: *(Offstage.)* Aladdin, what are you doing to your brother now?

ALADDIN stops PICO. He turns and adopts the role of the "hero."

ALADDIN: Just then, the brave knight Aladdin and his faithful squire Pico arrive on the scene! Pico hands Aladdin his magic sword!

PICO "unsheathes" an imaginary sword and passes it to ALADDIN.

DAHLIA enters unbeknownst to the pair.

And with one swift slash, the brave—and devilishly handsome—knight chops off the vile monster's head!

ALADDIN swishes the "sword" across DAHLIA'S neck. DAHLIA stands with an icy stare at the two boys. ALADDIN and PICO offer nervous giggles and ALADDIN "sheaths" his sword. DAHLIA points to the steps. Defeated, ALADDIN and PICO cross to the steps and begin joylessly rubbing the sandstone. As the boys carry on, oblivious, the MAGICIAN enters stage right.

MAGICIAN: *(To Himself.)* Ah. The sites. The sounds! *(Waving hand.)* Ugh, the smells! Surely, this is the village oasis of which Mustapha so often spoke with such fondness. *(Aside, to audience.)* I'll tell ya one thing: after wandering alone in the desert for twelve months, it had better be! *(Normal delivery.)* Ah, Mustapha. My dear, dear friend. How often your thoughts returned to the beauty of this place and the warmth of your beloved family. Particularly, towards the end. I must compliment you on your tenacity and stamina. You held out for so long as the life slowly drained away from your body. But, you should have known that, in the end, I would learn the secret. Your secret. The secret that now rests within your eldest son!

MAGICIAN begins laughing sinisterly. ALADDIN and PICO finally spot the MAGICIAN and come up behind him.

ALADDIN: What's so funny?

MAGICIAN: *(Startled.)* Agh! What are you trying to do? Give me a heart attack or somethin'?

ALADDIN: Sorry.

MAGICIAN: Do you have any idea how dangerous it is to interrupt someone in the middle of a soliloquy? Now, let's see. Where was I? *(Jogging thoughts.)* Um, "friendly sites"...no, no... "beloved smells?" Ah, it's no use! I've completely lost my train of thought!

PICO: Who are you?

MAGICIAN: I, my dear young fellow, am a magician. The greatest magician in the world!

MAGICIAN performs some simple trick. He hands the results to PICO. [NOTE: This "trick" can either be some simple sleight-of-hand trick, like pulling a coin out of PICO'S ear. Or, perhaps even more effectively, it can be turned into a comedic bit where the MAGICIAN distracts ALADDIN'S and PICO'S attention momentarily, while he grabs some nearby object – like a small plant – and passes it off as "magic." The playwright prefers this second option because it makes the MAGICIAN appear to be not as powerful as he boasts.]

PICO: *(Impressed.)* Wow!

MAGICIAN: Merely a sample, my boy. Merely a sample.

ALADDIN: So, what brings you to our oasis? The carnival isn't for another few months.

MAGICIAN: Please, my boy. My magic is far too great to squander in some cheap dog-and-camel show. I have travelled many miles, battling the countless perils of the Sahara, in order to fulfill a sacred quest.

ALADDIN: A quest? You're on a quest? Wow!

PICO: What is it?

MAGICIAN: It's...sacred. Weren't ya paying attention? What do you think? That I go around revealing the vital details to just anyone?

PICO: But my big brother here is a brave—and devilishly handsome—knight! And I am his faithful squire!

ALADDIN: (*Cautioning.*) Uh, Pico...ix-nay on the ire-squay.

PICO: You can trust us!

MAGICIAN: Indeed? Hmm. Now that I think about it, perhaps I can. You see, I have come here in order to find someone. Someone whose destiny kismet has chosen I, alone, to guide!

PICO: Wow!

ALADDIN: (*Confused.*) Who's Kismet?

MAGICIAN: Don't interrupt me, kid. I'm on a roll! It is imperative that I find this person. For he is the key to a fabulous, untold fortune that will make me...er, us, that is, wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice.

ALADDIN: (*Confused.*) Who's Avarice?

PICO and MAGICIAN: Never mind!

PICO: Tell us who he is! Oh, please! Tell us!

MAGICIAN: Very well. He is the eldest son of Mustapha, the tailor! He is called...Aladdin!

ALADDIN: Aladdin? Wait a minute! That's my name!

MAGICIAN: Please, do not tease an old man. I have travelled too great a distance for jests!

ALADDIN: But I am Aladdin! Son of Mustapha.

MAGICIAN: I warn you, if you persist in these childish games, I'll...

DAHLIA: (*Offstage.*) Aladdin! (*Enters.*) Aladdin, have you finished those steps...yet? (*Stops in her tracks, seeing the MAGICIAN for the first time.*)

MAGICIAN: (*To ALADDIN, sweetly.*) Forgive me for ever doubting you my dear, dear boy.

DAHLIA: Um, excuse me. But, may I ask who you are?

MAGICIAN: You may indeed, Madame.

An awkward moment of silence passes.

DAHLIA: *(Finally.)* Well?

MAGICIAN: Whew! You had me worried. For a minute there, I thought you'd never ask! I, Madame, am but a simple traveler.

DAHLIA: Oh, I see. Well, that's certainly cleared the whole thing up.

PICO rushes to DAHLIA'S side, proudly displaying the prize given to him.

PICO: He's a magician, Aunt Dahlia! Look what he gave me!

MAGICIAN: Dahlia? Ah, yes. Of course. Mustapha's darling sister. His description did you little credit, Madame. You are even more lovely than his pitiful words could convey.

DAHLIA turns her head away momentarily and giggles with embarrassment.

ALADDIN and PICO: *(Rolling their eyes.)* Oh, brother!

DAHLIA: *(Snaps back to her all-business mode.)* So, you're a friend of my brother's, are you? Well, what is it you want here?

MAGICIAN: I have journeyed many miles, across dangerous and untamed lands, in order to find this boy. *(Indicates ALADDIN.)*

DAHLIA: Why?

ALADDIN: He says that I'm the key to a fortune, Aunt Dahlia! And if we can find it, we'll no longer have to dwell in a hovel such as this! We'll live like a sultan in a grand palace!

DAHLIA: *(To MAGICIAN.)* You wouldn't happen to be related to Shahrazad, would you?

MAGICIAN: Who?

DAHLIA: Never mind.

MAGICIAN: Madame, rest assured. Everything the boy has said is the truth.

DAHLIA: But, how?

MAGICIAN: Ah. I see Mustapha guarded his secret carefully; even from his own family. To the north, there lies a cave, in which—thousands of years ago—a powerful sultan buried his vast treasure! It is written that the great barricade will move aside only for the descendants of the Magi sworn to keep the treasure's location safe.

DAHLIA: (*Incredulous.*) Wait a minute. You're telling me that my brother was one of these...Magi?

MAGICIAN: Indeed, he was. And, as his eldest son, Aladdin is ordained to take his father's place as one of the cave's guardians!

PICO: (*To ALADDIN.*) Wow! And all this time, I thought you were just a goober head!

MAGICIAN: Aladdin, are you ready to fulfill your destiny?

ALADDIN: Oh, yes!

MAGICIAN: Then come!

DAHLIA: Hold on; just a minute! Didn't you say that this treasure belonged to a sultan or something?

MAGICIAN: A sultan who has long since passed into the great beyond.

DAHLIA: OK. But doesn't he have any descendants? I mean, call me kooky, but don't you think they might be just a little bit irritated if they found out one of their trusted guardians had absconded with all their booty?

MAGICIAN: (*To ALADDIN.*) She's a real killjoy, isn't she?

ALADDIN: You have no idea.

MAGICIAN: (*To DAHLIA.*) Put your mind at ease, Madame. His bloodline, too, came to an end, long ago. By right, the treasure now belongs to Aladdin. Come!

MAGICIAN and ALADDIN cross left to exit.

DAHLIA: Aladdin, wait!

DAHLIA takes ALADDIN aside.

I'm not so sure about this.

ALADDIN: Why? What's wrong?

DAHLIA: There's something about that man that I don't completely trust. I mean, if what he says is true, then this cave must have been sealed for a very good reason.

ALADDIN: Yeah. But, you heard him. That happened thousands of years ago.

DAHLIA: I know. But, do you really think you two should be disturbing it?

ALADDIN: All I know is I'm tired of living like this: little better than a beggar. Don't you see? This is our chance to regain a life that rightfully belongs to us! Please, Aunt Dahlia. Don't deny me the chance to find out!

DAHLIA: (*Thoughtful a moment.*) All right. But, be careful. And don't get into any trouble.

ALADDIN smiles and rushes to the MAGICIAN'S side.

ALADDIN: Oh, great Magician, I am ready!

MAGICIAN: Finally! Come.

MAGICIAN and ALADDIN exit off left. PICO moves to follow but is restrained by DAHLIA.

DAHLIA: Oh, no! While Aladdin's gone, someone has to help me with the chores.

PICO: AAAAAWWWWW!

ALL exit.

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

SETTING #2: *Exterior of the Cave of Wonders. A huge "boulder" conceals the cavern's entrance.*

AT RISE: *ALADDIN and MAGICIAN enter stage left. They wander the stage as though travelling.*

ALADDIN: So. You knew my father, then?

MAGICIAN: Knew him? Why, my dear boy, we were the best of friends, your father and I. We were as close as brothers. He never told you of me?

ALADDIN: Pico and I were barely out of our swaddling clothes the last time we saw him. Do you have any idea where he is now?

MAGICIAN: (*Bows head.*) Alas. I am afraid that, not so long ago, he, too, met his fate.

ALADDIN: That's what we thought. But, how?

MAGICIAN: He foolishly believed that a mere mortal, even a Magi, could become master of an all-powerful genie. He was gravely mistaken.

ALADDIN: But, I was always told that genies were just a legend.

MAGICIAN: Oh no, my friend. Believe me. They are all too real.

ALADDIN and MAGICIAN arrive at the Cave of Wonders. They stop in front of the cave entrance and gaze upon it for a moment or two.

MAGICIAN: Behold, Aladdin. The Cave of Wonders! Behind whose walls lies the greatest treasure of the ages. Think of it. Jewels.

ALADDIN: Jewels?

MAGICIAN: Gold!

ALADDIN: Gold?

MAGICIAN: Silver!

ALADDIN: Silver?

MAGICIAN: What are you? A parrot? Now then, open the door.

ALADDIN: Door? What door? There's nothing here but a huge boulder!

MAGICIAN: Yes. That is why I have brought you here. Only you have the ability to move it.

ALADDIN: Huh? Um, excuse me. I don't know if you've actually noticed or not, but I'm not exactly what you might call a bruiser.

MAGICIAN: Oh, my friend. The boulder cannot be moved by mere brute strength.

ALADDIN: Well then, how am I supposed to do it?

MAGICIAN: By simply saying your name.

ALADDIN: But you haven't even told me your name.

MAGICIAN: No, no, no! Not my name, your name. Say your name!

ALADDIN: Your name.

MAGICIAN: No, no, no! Don't say, "your name." Say your *name!*

ALADDIN: Your *name!*

MAGICIAN: (*Slaps his forehead with disdain. Sighs. Aside.*) For this I crossed the entire Sahara? (*To ALADDIN.*) Look, kid. Work with me, here. The boulder cannot be moved aside unless someone of the Magi bloodline wills it. And since you are the eldest son of Mustapha—a Magi, see where I'm goin' with this? You alone have the power to do it. But, the key lies in announcing yourself to the cave. By name. Now then, let's try this again. What is your name?

ALADDIN: Aladdin.

MAGICIAN: That's right. Now, say it to the boulder!

ALADDIN: (*Still simply.*) Oh. Aladdin.

MAGICIAN: No, no, no! Not like that! Say it with conviction. Remember, you are the chosen one. The door will obey your commands. Order it to obey your will!

ALADDIN: (*With authority.*) It is I: Aladdin!

With a rumble [OS sound FX] the boulder moves aside, revealing a passageway. ALADDIN is astounded; MAGICIAN is almost giddy with anticipation.

Woah.

MAGICIAN: Indeed. Now, Aladdin. Enter the cave and claim my...er, your prize!

ALADDIN: (*Steps through the entrance but notices he is alone.*) Aren't you coming in as well?

MAGICIAN: Alas, no. Only you may safely traverse the passageway.

ALADDIN nods and disappears into the darkness of the cave.

(After a few moments) Aladdin! Have you reached the main chamber yet?

ALADDIN: (*Offstage.*) I'm not sure. It's awfully dark and spooky in here!

MAGICIAN: Fear not, Aladdin. As a Magi, you are safe! (*Aside.*) Come on, you little brat!

Off stage, we hear ALADDIN shout out with fright.

What has happened?

ALADDIN: (*Offstage.*) I'm not sure. I think I just tripped over a...a skeleton.

MAGICIAN: Yes. No doubt some common robber who met his deserved fate.

ALADDIN: (*Offstage.*) Oh, my!

MAGICIAN: What do you see?

ALADDIN: (*Offstage.*) A great chamber of jewels, so clear and pure that their radiance illuminates the cave itself! Diamonds; rubies; sapphires! All the colors of the rainbow! It's so beautiful!

MAGICIAN: Aladdin, look to the far wall of the chamber. Tell me what you see.

ALADDIN: (*Offstage.*) Nothing. Well...except for some dirty old lamp!

MAGICIAN: Aladdin, listen. It's very important that you bring that lamp out here to me!

ALADDIN: (*Offstage.*) Why? With all the jewels we now have, we could buy a dozen lamps even nicer than that one!

MAGICIAN: Listen to me, you insolent little twerp! Forget the jewels! Just bring me that lamp!

ALADDIN: (*Offstage.*) What's wrong with you? Why are you making such a fuss...?

MAGICIAN: That is not your concern! Bring me that magic lamp!

ALADDIN: (*Offstage.*) Magic? Wait a minute. What do you mean: magic?

MAGICIAN: Never mind! Just give it to me! NOW!

ALADDIN: (*Offstage, forcefully.*) Not until you tell what you mean!

The boulder magically begins to roll back into its original place.

MAGICIAN: NO!!! (*Moves to stop the boulder from blocking the entrance to the cave, but cannot. The boulder finally covers the cave entrance. Fist raised at boulder.*) Curses! A thousand curses on you, Aladdin! And on all the Magi!

MAGICIAN takes a beat to calm himself. He glances around momentarily. He finds a somewhat smaller stone which he wedges into a crack between the boulder and the cave wall, effectively trapping ALADDIN.

I hope enjoy your new lamp, Aladdin! Because you're certainly going to need it now! (*Exits, laughing maniacally.*)

ACT ONE, SCENE 3

SETTING #3: *The interior of the cave. It is dark and cold. ALADDIN stands before the boulder, his back to the audience.*

ALADDIN: Aladdin! (*Beat. Nothing happens.*) Aladdin! (*Another beat. Still nothing.*) Come on! Why won't you move? (*Turns to audience.*) Might as well be talking to a stone wall! (*Takes a moment, realizing what he has just said and sadly lowers himself to the ground. He shivers from the cold of the cave and his own fear. He tries to warm himself as he notices the lamp sitting on the ground beside him. To the lamp.*) This is all your fault, you know! I wouldn't be in this mess right now if it wasn't for you. Stupid, dirty old lamp!

ALADDIN grabs the lamp and begins rubbing it hard to vent his frustration. Suddenly, the lamp begins to vibrate violently in his hands. ALADDIN tosses it to his side. Music and FX build concealing the appearance of the GENIE. He waves away the "smoke."

GENIE: (*Through coughs.*) 10,000 years...and you'd think by now they'd have done something about the ventilation in here! (*Moves around a bit, still waving away the smoke. He stumbles comically, not used to the idea of walking. Chuckling.*) Woah! I gotta get out a little more often. The ol' calf muscles have started to atrophy, a bit.

GENIE finally spots ALADDIN, sitting there in awe.

Oh. Hello. When did you move in?

ALADDIN sits frozen.

(Aside to audience.) Scintillating conversationalist, ain't he?
(Scrutinizing ALADDIN.) Wait a minute! I've seen one of these before! Now, don't tell me. You're a...a...human! Right? Forgive me, it's been a while. But, do humans still use names?

ALADDIN manages a nod.

Ah, good. Well, then... *(Clears throat. Grandiose.)* ...WHAT IS THY NAME?

ALADDIN: A...A...A...Ah...

GENIE rushes over to ALADDIN and hands him a hankie. ALADDIN studies it curiously as GENIE crosses away from him, covering his ears in anticipation. After a moment of nothing, GENIE looks back.

GENIE: (To Aladdin) No?

ALADDIN shakes his head. GENIE crosses back to him and retrieves the hankie.

Don't you just hate it when that happens? You feel a sneeze coming on. And then...nothing. Now, then. What is thy name?

ALADDIN: Aladdin.

GENIE: "Aladdin," says he!

ALADDIN: Please! Don't hurt me!

GENIE: Hurt you? My dear fellow, I wouldn't dream of it! You have released me from the lamp in which I have been imprisoned for 10,000 years!

ALADDIN: 10,000...YEARS?

GENIE: Yes! In fact...oh dear! *(Reaches behind him and pulls out a book. He hurriedly flips the pages and, after a moment, closes it with a pained expression on his face.)* I knew it! I knew it! Do you have any idea what overdue fees after 10,000 years are like?

ALADDIN: You've...been trapped in...that lamp for...10,000 years?

GENIE: *(Smart-alecky.)* Uh, yeah. I just said that! And, I've got the pile of dirty laundry to prove it!

ALADDIN: That means that you're a...a...a...

GENIE: Say it! SAY IT!

ALADDIN: A genie!

GENIE: That's the secret word! No more calls, please. We have a winner! And, for being such a lovely contestant on our show today, tell him what he's won! (*Game show announcer voice.*) You've won the exclusive services of this magnificent genie! Able to grant you three, yes, three wishes! Anything you desire can be yours! All because you hold that shiny lamp in your clammy little palms! Congratulations! (*Normal delivery.*) What is thy bidding?

ALADDIN: I want to get out of here and go home!

GENIE: (*Beat. Confused.*) Excuse me?

ALADDIN: I wish to get out of this cave and go home!

GENIE: That's...it?

ALADDIN: What do you mean, "that's it?" We're trapped in here!

GENIE: Correction: you're trapped in here. Now that I'm out of that lamp I can pretty much go anywhere I please.

ALADDIN: Look. You're a genie. Right?

GENIE: (*Checks himself.*) Yep.

ALADDIN: So, that makes me your master, then. Doesn't it?

GENIE: Well, I suppose. Technically...

ALADDIN: So then, obey my commands!

GENIE: Let me just make sure I've got this straight in my mind. You've just released an all-powerful genie—who is able to bend the very physical laws of nature into any form you may desire—from the lamp in which he has been imprisoned for 10,000 years, and you want him...to open...a door?

ALADDIN: Yes.

GENIE: (*Beat.*) As first wishes go, it's not very original.

ALADDIN: I don't care! Just get me out of here!

GENIE: (*Sighs.*) Fine. (*Crosses to the boulder. He is about to speak to it. He pauses in thought a moment.*) What did you say your name was, again?

ALADDIN: (*Forcefully.*) It's Aladdin!

GENIE: (*Watches the boulder for a moment. Nothing happens.*) Hmm. That's funny. Usually, that would do just the trick.

ALADDIN: I know that. I already tried.

GENIE: (*Shakes head.*) Those miserly Magi. You know, I warned them this would happen every couple millennia if they didn't upgrade.

ALADDIN: Any other bright ideas?

GENIE: Well, there's always the back entrance...

ALADDIN: Why didn't you say so? Let's go!

GENIE: ...Problem is: it's high up. You'd never reach it on foot.

ALADDIN: Well, then. How am I supposed to get to it?

GENIE thinks a moment. Then, he snaps his fingers as inspiration strikes. He reaches behind him and unfurls a magic carpet at ALADDIN'S feet.

What's this?

GENIE: What's it look like?

ALADDIN: A rug.

GENIE: A rug? A rug?! A rug is what men in mid-life crisis wear on their heads in a last-ditch effort to recapture their youth! This happens to be the very top of the line in magic carpet designs! "Rug," indeed!

ALADDIN: Magic carpet?

GENIE: That's right. It will take he who sits upon it anywhere he wishes to go.

ALADDIN: How does it work?

GENIE: Well now, if we went around telling everybody how magic worked, it wouldn't be magic! Now, would it? Now, make like a throne, and sit on it!

ALADDIN: *(Sits on the carpet.)* Well, it...certainly...has a nice pattern. *(Pause.)* Nothing's happening.

GENIE: Give it a second. It probably has to warm up.

Another moment passes. Nothing happens. ALADDIN gives GENIE a look of consternation.

What? I'm not the only thing that's been stuck in here for 10,000 years, you know! *(Beat.)* Maybe what it needs is a running start. Tell ya what: go back that way a few yards. Hold it up in front of you, take three steps and then jump. It should work.

ALADDIN: *(Uncertainly.)* OK...

ALADDIN rises with the rug and crosses left. He does as GENIE instructed. Naturally, he falls flat on his face.

Hey! What are you trying to do, here? Get me killed?

GENIE: All right, all right. Take it easy. (Beat) Maybe what you need is a little more room for takeoff. Try it again. But this time, go back a little further.

ALADDIN regards GENIE with disbelief.

Look. Do you wanna get outta here or not?

Resignedly, ALADDIN crosses back left once again. This time, he goes so far that he's actually off stage.

That's it. Maybe a little further. (Beat.) OK. That's far enough. And away we go! (Beat. Reacts.) What? (Beat.) Come on, Aladdin. Trust me!

Music and sound FX to indicate that the carpet has taken to the air with ALADDIN aboard. GENIE follows the "flight path" of the magic carpet with his eyes.

That's it, kid! You've got it now!

ALADDIN: (Offstage.) Weeeeeeeee!

GENIE: You know what they say? "If you gotta go, go in style!" (He ducks.) Hey! Watch where you're piloting that thing!

ALL exit.

ACT ONE, SCENE 4

SETTING #1: *The Street in front of Aladdin's house, as before. ALADDIN enters right, holding the lamp.*

ALADDIN: He did it! I'm home! Aunt Dahlia! Aunt Dahlia!

DAHLIA and PICO enter from the house.

DAHLIA: Oh, Aladdin! I was so worried! What happened to you?
Where's your friend? Why are you so dirty?

PICO: What'd you bring me?

ALADDIN takes a moment, then hands PICO the magic carpet.

(Deadpan.) Great. Just what I always wanted: Another rug.

ALADDIN: Oh, Aunt Dahlia. You were right about that magician. He took me to the cave. He didn't know how to get in, of course. But luckily for him, he brought me along. I simply thought, "Why don't I just say my name?" I did. The cave opened, and inside were all these wondrous jewels!

DAHLIA: Jewels?

ALADDIN: Yes, look. Diamonds; emeralds; rubies... *(Moves to show her but soon realizes he has nothing.)*

DAHLIA: Aladdin, if this is another one of your stupid pranks...

ALADDIN: No, it really did happen. *(Beat.)* Look, I have this...lamp.

ALADDIN shows DAHLIA the lamp.

DAHLIA: And who did you steal that from?

ALADDIN: No one! It was in the cave. The magician trapped me inside when I refused to give it to him!

DAHLIA: And why did you refuse to give it to him?

ALADDIN: Because it's a magic lamp. I rubbed it, and out came a great genie! He freed me from the cave.

DAHLIA: *(To audience.)* Where does he come up with this stuff?

ALADDIN: It's true! Wait, I'll prove it to you!

ALADDIN rubs the lamp. GENIE appears, as before. This time he is scrubbing himself with a brush and wearing a shower cap. He whistles cheerfully until he notices the others standing around him

GENIE: Oops! All right, who's the wise guy?

DAHLIA screams and swoons. PICO rushes to her side, although he can't take his eyes off GENIE. GENIE turns to ALADDIN.

(Indicating DAHLIA.) Who's the femme fatale?

ALADDIN: *(Slightly embarrassed.)* My Aunt Dahlia.

GENIE: Oh. *(Glances back at Dahlia again.)* Charming woman; what little I saw of her. *(Beat. Sighs.)* Where was I? Oh, yes! WHO HAS DARED TO SUMMON THE GENIE OF THE LAMP!?

ALADDIN: *(Covering ears.)* Must you do that?

GENIE: *(Slyly.)* Do you wish that I wouldn't?

ALADDIN: Yeah, as a matter of fact I... *(Realizing.)* Oh, no you don't! I already lost out on that treasure. I'm not gonna let you trick me out of what else I might have coming to me!

GENIE: You could have wished to bring the treasure along with you, you know.

ALADDIN: *(Realizing.)* Oh. Really? Well, then I...

GENIE: Nope, nope, nope! You already had your chance. The blue light special on that deal has now expired.

PICO excitedly crosses over to GENIE.

PICO: Are you really a genie?

GENIE: No. There's always a tremendous fireworks display that goes off whenever I enter a room.

ALADDIN and PICO each give GENIE a smart-alecky look.

Would you believe I'm a really gifted contortionist?

ALADDIN and PICO shake their heads simultaneously.

All right, all right. Yes. I'm a genie.

ALADDIN: And he's my genie, Pico. So, don't go getting any ideas.

PICO: Well, if he's really your genie, then why doesn't he call you "master?"

ALADDIN: *(Ponders momentarily.)* Yeah. Why don't you call me "master?"

GENIE: Look. It's been a while since I've been in one of these genie/master-type relationships. I'm a bit out of practice. So, give me a break.

ALADDIN: Well, I suppose 10,000 years will do that. Won't it?

PICO: You were in that lamp for 10,000 years?

GENIE: Yes. Why does everybody find that so difficult to believe, today?

PICO: What did you do?

GENIE: Do?

PICO: To pass the time?

GENIE: I cried. A lot.

ALADDIN: (*Chuckling.*) Yeah, I'll just bet you did.

GENIE: Hey. I'm a very sensitive genie, OK? Besides, I didn't do that absolutely all the time. I also managed to get caught up on a lot of reading. Crocheted that magic carpet you flew on. And then there were those couple of centuries when, for some strange reason, I became obsessed with practicing limbo.

PICO: Limbo? What is that? Some kind of mysterious, ancient magic?

GENIE: No. It's a beach game. You know. (*Sings.*)

"EVERY LIMBO BOY AND GIRL/ALL AROUND THE LIMBO WORLD."

ALADDIN: So. How low can you go?

GENIE: Hey, when you're me, you can go under the floor, baby! Is this why you summoned me out here?

ALADDIN: Uh, no. But, back at the cave, you said something about granting me three wishes?

GENIE: I DID!? Oh, yes. So I did. Well, let's see. If my figures are straight—and they always are—that means that you still have two wishes left. So, what'll it be? Gold?

ALADDIN: No.

GENIE: Fame?

ALADDIN: No.

GENIE: Well then what—oh, master—is it that you desire?

ALADDIN: Eternal bliss and happiness!

GENIE: (*Incredulous.*) "Eternal bliss and happiness?" Oy Vay! The stuff this kid comes up with!

ALADDIN: Can you not grant me what I desire?

GENIE: Look, kid. Help me out here, will ya? I've been stuck in a lamp for the last 10,000 years! And we've only just met. How is it I'm supposed to instantly know exactly what might make you happy? What do I look like? Walt Disney?

ALADDIN is about to speak when he notices an elegantly dressed man and woman—HERALD and HANDMAID, respectively—enter.

HANDMAID: Is it true that the princess must marry sometime within the next three days?

HERALD: It is thus written that before her 18th birthday, a princess of the realm must be wed.

HANDMAID: Whom do you think she will choose?

HERALD: Her father, the Sultan, has mandated that she must marry only a special prince.

ALADDIN: (*Confidentially, to GENIE.*) What are they saying?

GENIE: I dunno. Something about sultans, princesses and weddings. You know how the upper class are: One party after another.

HERALD: The sultan has brought in princes from many far off lands to woo her. Yet, none have been able to capture her affections.

HANDMAID: If no prince comes forward in the next few days, then who will she marry?

HERALD: I do not know. Though I've heard rumors that there is a magician, newly arrived in the village, who has also set his sights on becoming her betrothed.

HANDMAID: Indeed? A conjurer might be just the thing to brighten up the palace.

HERALD: Perhaps. Though there is something about this particular conjurer which deeply troubles me.

HANDMAID: But, if the princess does not marry...

HERALD: I know, I know. There is no telling what will become of the kingdom.

HERALD and HANDMAID notice ALADDIN and GENIE.

Move along! Get along home! Clear the path!

HANDMAID: Clear the streets! Her royal highness, the Princess approaches!

ALADDIN: The Princess!

HERALD: (*To ALADDIN.*) You! Boy! Go home now. None must behold the princess until she has chosen her betrothed.

HANDMAID: And take your...rather tastefully dressed...friend with you!

HERALD and HANDMAID exit.

GENIE: Well, excuuuuuse us! Look at them. You'd think they owned the entire village or something.

PICO: Um, actually they do.

GENIE: What?

PICO: We're part of their kingdom. So, technically, they do own the entire village.

GENIE: Oh. Well, in that case, maybe we oughta go back inside. At least, until they've gone. Come on, boss.

GENIE takes ALADDIN by the arm to pull him into the house. ALADDIN does not budge. He stares straight ahead, dumbstruck.

Uh...master?

GENIE tries to rouse ALADDIN, ad lib.

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