

# Plays for Young Audiences

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## *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp*

By  
**Timothy Mason**

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## **Cast of Characters:**

SORCEROR (The Maghrabi)  
VOICE OF THE SAND (The Oracle)  
DABBA (Slave of the Sorcerer)  
FATMAA (Widow of Mustafa Ali)  
ALADDIN (Son of Mustafa Ali)  
HASSAN (Friend of Aladdin)  
CAREEM (Friend of Aladdin)  
ALI (Friend of Aladdin)  
ABDO (Friend of Aladdin)  
ABDUL (Fruit Vendor)  
EUNUCH (Servant of the Sultan)  
ABDEL-A-TEEF (Cloth Merchant)  
JINN OF THE RING (Daughter of Rokh)  
JINN OF THE LAMP (Son of Rokh)  
PRINCESS BADR-AL-BUDUR (Daughter of the Sultan)  
SULTAN HARUN-AR-RASHID (Ruler of Al-Kalas)  
GRAND WEZIR ACHMED (Servant of the Sultan)  
LAMPSELLER  
SULTAN' S SERVANTS  
PRINCESS'S ATTENDANTS  
AMBASSADORS  
PETITIONERS  
PEOPLE OF AL-KALAS

## Prologue

As house lights dim, the cry of the LAMPSELLER. He enters SR, carrying a wooden "tree" upon which hang many oil lamps.

LAMPSELLER      Lamps for Sale! Brass and copper lamps! Two dinars for a lamp!  
Lamps for sale! (A little street urchin runs by from DSL toward SR.)  
Abdo! Where are you going in such haste?

ABDO                (Stopping. ) Nowhere.

LAMPSELLER      Nowhere?! A fine answer! Why, you are nearly as foolish a boy as  
Aladdin.

ABDO                "Foolish? !" Why, Aladdin was a great prince!

LAMPSELLER      A very great prince, and wise beyond his years - but he was not  
always so. As a boy he was always in trouble; a ne' er-do-well. He  
was rude, he was boisterous, and, for the most part, unwashed.  
Much like you, Abdo, much like you.

ABDO                But Mohammed, I am not unwashed...

He lifts his arms to show LAMPSELLER, but the man continues on about ALADDIN.

LAMPSELLER      Still we remember Aladdin and value his memory and tell each  
other his story as often as we can. Do you know where it begins?

ABDO                No.

LAMPSELLER      It begins in the sands of Morocco, far from Al-Kalas. It begins with  
a Sorcerer: an evil man, with darkness in his heart. This man was  
looking for a treasure – the treasure of treasures – which would  
give him power and riches and glory. And to do this he asked  
questions of the sand.

ABDO                He asked the sand questions?

LAMPSELLER      This sand had the power of prophecy... it spoke in voices...

ABDO                               What did the sand say?

LAMPSELLER                    It told him to look for a lamp. Now imagine that! I have carried lamps upon my back all these years and I have never found a magic one. Abdo, where did you say you were going?

ABDO                               Nowhere.

LAMPSELLER                    Good. Then I shall accompany you. (They slowly start to walk.) You know, Abdo - in Aladdin's time there was a saying in Al-Kalas: a child is the lamp of a dark house. Do you know what that means, Abdo?

ABDO                               No. I don't.

LAMPSELLER                    Good. Neither did Aladdin. But perhaps you'll learn...

LAMPSELLER and ABDO are off SL.

The Act Curtain - a scrim - is an illuminated Persian miniature. Interlocking gardens connect three main areas: Aladdin holding the lamp with his Princess beneath a little pavilion; the Sultan on his throne beneath a canopy; the Sorcerer on his tower with necromantic figures above his head. Music.

The music gives way to the sound of a dry and rasping wind over sand. The wind rises and Peaks and falls and rises. The image of the Sorcerer on the scrim begins to glow with a harsh, reddish light, while the rest of the miniature fades. The wind rises to a new fury and then subsides to a whisper as the glowing illustration burns through to reveal the actual SORCEROR in his tower: SR on level 3.

The SORCEROR is calling upon the oracular VOICE OF THE SAND to speak: he sits with a tray before him; he picks up handfuls of sand and allows it to run through his fingers.

SORCEROR                        Sabba raml, zaraba raml,  
  sabba raml, zaraba raml,  
  Zaraba raml, saba raml...

VOICE OF  
THE SAND                        Strike the sand.  
  He strikes the sand.  
  The sand is cast.

He strikes the sand.  
The sand is cast.

SORCEROR Speak!

VOICE OF  
THE SAND Speak! The sand will speak.

SORCEROR Tell me!

VOICE OF  
THE SAND Tell me what you wish to know, tell me what it is you wish.

SORCEROR Tell me whither is the treasure... the treasure of all treasures...  
What is it?

VOICE OF  
THE SAND Is it? Is it? A lamp. It is a lamp. A lamp is what you seek.

SORCEROR A lamp?

VOICE OF  
THE SAND Wonderful lamp... the Wonderful lamp.

SORCEROR Where is it?

VOICE OF  
THE SAND Is it? In a city of the cities of the east. A city named Al-Kalas. The  
lamp you seek is beneath the earth.

SORCEROR Beneath the earth? How can I fetch it?

VOICE OF  
THE SAND You cannot. You cannot.

SORCEROR I must have it!

VOICE OF  
THE SAND Have it, then - have it.

SORCEROR           How?

VOICE OF  
THE SAND           There is one who can fetch it. The lamp is kept in his name.

SORCEROR           His name! What is his name?!

VOICE OF  
THE SAND           Aladdin.

SORCEROR           Aladdin ...

VOICE OF  
THE SAND           His name is Aladdin.

SORCEROR           What is this Aladdin? A king?

VOICE OF  
THE SAND           Not a king. A boy. Aladdin is a boy.

SORCEROR           How will I find him?

VOICE OF  
THE SAND           Look for him in the sand.

SORCEROR           Where?

VOICE OF  
THE SAND           His name will be written in the sand.

SORCEROR           Tell me more!

VOICE OF  
THE SAND           *(Fading as the wind rises. ) No more. There is no more. The sand is still. Still. The sand is still. (Silence, but for the wind.)*

SORCEROR           *(He claps his hands.)* Dabba!

*A chattering little misshapen creature appears from SR.*

DABBA                   Maghrabi!

SORCEROR               *(Giving the tray of sand to the DABBA.)* Prepare the carpet.

DABBA                   The Maghrabi is going on a journey?

SORCEROR               Silence, slave! *(SORCEROR strikes DABBA.)* Prepare the carpet!  
Hurry! *(DABBA chatters in fright and lurches off.)* The Maghrabi is  
going on a journey...

*Ominous music as lights fade on SORCEROR and Act Scrim warms again.*

## Act I, Scene 2

*Music cross fades to voice of the muzzein and distant sounds of the city as Act Scrim rises. SULTAN'S SERVANTS (6; 2 per level), ALADDIN, and FATMAA enter, bow to audience. ALADDIN and FATMAA assume pose and freeze on level 2 as SERVANTS shift neutral screens to city setting, and stand in waiting. ALADDIN is bent over while his mother attempts to sew a rip in the seat of his trousers; the boy is restless.*

FATMAA                   Aladdin! Aladdin Mustafa, son of Mustafa Ali! I pray you by Allah,  
*(Both gesture)* move not thy bottom so! *(ALADDIN continues to fidget)*  
Aladdin! *(Indicating her needle)* There is great danger behind thee!

ALADDIN                I am hungry, my mother.

FATMAA                   Hungry!? How is it possible? Did I not just feed thee and thy brown  
belly breakfast?

ALADDIN                Yes. I am hungry still, my mother.

FATMAA                   I am hungry still, I am hungry still... Keep thy body still, or it will  
cane to harm! *(She continues sewing.)* A son should be the lamp of a  
dark house, Aladdin. Thou art in the fifteenth year of thy age -  
nearly a man, Aladdin Mustafa - and yet you do no job of work.  
You eat, and little else.

ALADDIN                *(Pivots and sits on FATMAA's lap.)* But my mother, work does not  
suit me. *(FATMAA gives a start of anger; in doing so she pricks her*

*finger.)*

FATMAA            *Ahh! (She sucks her finger, then lifts ALADDIN from her lap and moves*  
*USR to clay cooking pot.) Work does not suit thee, but food suits thee*  
*well! Oh, Aladdin Mustafa, (ALADDIN has moved to pot and reaches*  
*his fingers in for food. FATMAA threatens him with the needle again.)*  
you tempt me to commit a great wrong upon the end part of the  
son of my husband! *(ALADDIN, recognizing the danger, spins around*  
*and wards off the needle with the pot lid.)*

ALADDIN            I would not have you sin on my account.

FATMAA            *(Grabbing for the thread which is still connected to ALADDIN'S seat and*  
*the spool rattling on its spindle.) Aladdin!*

ALADDIN            Farewell, my mother!

FATMAA            *(As ALADDIN starts off SL.) Come back! Oh, if thy father were still*  
*alive!*

ALADDIN            *(Returning to FA'IMAA.) Oh, my mother! I had forgot - What are*  
*you preparing for the noon meal?*

FATMAA            What am I preparing? Oh! Out! No! Come back! My thread!  
Aladdin!

*Music as ALADDIN rushes out, thread racing from spool. Lights fade on FATMAA entangled*  
*in thread, pose. Level 2 screens shift to city.*

### Act I, Scene 3

*All three levels in full market activity. A seller of lamps, a fruit merchant, veiled women buying,*  
*children playing. ABDEL-A-TEEF, the cloth merchant, has a shop SL of level 2. ALADDIN*  
*rushes in on level 1 and tugs at the robes of the fruit seller, ABDUL.*

ALADDIN            *(Pointing up SR stairway, anxiously.) Look there, Abdul! Thieves,*  
*bandits in the street! Coming this way, I think... and hungry for*  
*pomegranates!*

ABDUL                   *(Setting down his basket and looking off where ALADDIN indicated.)*  
Where?

ALADDIN               *(Taking one, two, three pomegranates.)* Closer than you think, Abdul,  
and very hungry!

ABDUL                   By my beard, they'll have none of mine! *(ALADDIN hides the fruit in*  
*his shirt.)*

ALADDIN               Very good, Abdul! Stand guard now and watch!

ABDUL                   *(Returning to his basket.)* Many thanks, Aladdin! Please take a  
pomegranate for your pains!

ALADDIN               *(Taking another and ascending SR stairs to level 2.)* Many thanks to  
you, Abdul. Farewell! *(ALADDIN sees his friends CAREEM and*  
*HASSAN pass on level 3; he waves to them.)*

HASSAN                Aladdin! we'll meet you at the river!

*ALADDIN nods in acknowledgement. He has reached level 2, SR is the entrance to the*  
*Hamмам, which is guarded by a EUNUCH. From within, the sounds of splashing water and*  
*women's laughter.*

ALADDIN               *(To EUNUCH.)* Hail to thee, Keeper of the Hammam!

*ALADDIN offers a deep salaam. EUNUCH condescends to return the salutation with a deep*  
*bow as well; as he does so, ALADDIN attempts to pass by into Hammam entrance. EUNUCH*  
*grabs ALADDIN by the seat of his trousers.*

EUNUCH                Stop there, street boy! The baths are forbidden to such as you.  
Besides, it is the hour of the day when the women are bathing. You  
cannot go in!

ALADDIN               A thousand Pardons, gentle sir. Indeed, I can hear the women  
laughing now, I had forgot. My message from the Sultan must wait.

EUNUCH                Message from the Sultan! What?

ALADDIN Princess Badr al-Badur wishes to bathe later in the day. You must prepare the Hammam for her arrival.

EUNUCH The Sultan's daughter! Leave me, urchin! I must prepare the bath! *(EUNUCH turns, opens the door to the Hammam and passes in. As he does so, ALADDIN sneaks a Peek inside, takes one of his pomegranates and tosses it into the Hammam. Women shriek from within. ALADDIN laughs as EUNUCH runs out again after ALADDIN.)* You are not the Sultan's messenger! Stop! *(EUNUCH rushes at ALADDIN, who stops, puts his foot out, and trips the large, round man. ALADDIN runs off, laughing, but ABDEL-A-TEEF, who has been observing ALADDIN'S pranks, stands outside his shop SL and trips ALADDIN. SORCEROR appears on level 3 SR as ABDEL-A-TEEF and ALADDIN converse.)*

ABDEL-A-TEEF Good morning, Aladdin. Did you fall? *(He picks ALADDIN up by an ear.)* Yet so early and already into mischief? A son is the lamp of a dark house, Aladdin, but you do not light your mother's heart. I knew your father, Mustafa Ali, and while he lived he was an honest man and good. Would he not now be ashamed to see the rough and idle life you lead, my boy? *(ALADDIN hangs his head in shame.)*

ALADDIN It was only sport, Abdel-a-teef. Sport!

*ALADDIN'S friends: CAREEM, HASSAN, ALI, and ABOO appear on level 1 and play at edge of orchestra pit, which represents the river. They wave to ALADDIN and freeze. SORCEROR disappears from level 3.*

ABDEL-A-TEEF Go play your idle games in the sands! Find your friends, who are no friends at all!

*ALADDIN runs off, down the staircase SL as lights fade to focus on ABDEL-A-TEEF'S shop. SORCEROR steps from the shadows SR, level 2.*

SORCEROR *(Crossing to ABDEL-A-TEEF.)* That boy with whom you spoke. Do you know him?

ABDEL-A-TEEF *(Arranging his merchandise, uninterested.)* I know the boy better than I know you, sir. What do you do here, and what do you want with him?

SORCEROR Forgive me. I am a stranger in Al-Kalas. My home was in the Sunset-lands.

ABDEL-A-TEEF Africa!

SORCEROR Yes. I have travelled far to Al-Kalas, and seek a likely lad to work with Me.

ABDEL-A-TEEF What is thy business, if I may ask?

SORCEROR Lamps.

ABDEL-A-TEEF Then do not seek the boy with when I spoke. He is a lazy lad and will not work.

SORCEROR Where can I find the boy?

ABDEL-A-TEEF I am fond of him, but I fear that he will come to no good...

SORCEROR *(Losing his patience.)* That may be. Where can I find the boy?  
*(SORCEROR takes ABDEL-A-TEEF by the arm.)*

ABDEL-A-TEEF Since you insist, *(Pulling his arm away.)* you will find him in the sands.

*ABDEL-A-TEEF bows curtly to SORCEROR and steps into his shop, but is pulled back by the SORCEROR. Lights begin to slowly rise on boys on level 1, playing in the sand with sticks.*

SORCEOR *(Very excited.)* In the sands, you say! What do you mean?

ABDEL-A-TEEF Well, by the river, of course. The sands by the river.

SORCEROR *(To himself.)* In the sands by the riverbank! As simple as that!  
*(SORCEROR quickly rushes off SR.)*

ABDEL-A-TEEF *(Shouting after SORCEROR.)* The boy will do no work! *(Disgusted.)* Humph! Foreigners!

*Lights fade on ABDEL-A-TEEF as he steps into his shop and closes the shutters.*

Act I, Scene 4

Lights up full on level 1. ALADDIN and his young friends each have sticks which serve for them as scimitars. They prepare for "battle."

ABDO                      Draw the line, Aladdin! Draw the line! (*ALADDIN draws a line in the sand with his stick.*)

HASSAN                  What's your hurry, Abdo? You are bound to lose!

ALADDIN                For that, Hassan, you will lose your toes!

CAREEM                Aladdin! How would you look without a nose?!

HASSAN                Much better, Careem - much better, I'm sure.

ALI                      Stop talking, now, and take your sides!

ALADDIN and CAREEM take positions facing each other across the line, their "scimitars" at the ready. ABDO moves directly behind ALADDIN, HASSAN stands behind CAREEM. All behave rather solemnly. ALI stands as judge.

ALI                      Now!

ALADDIN and CAREEM immediately crouch, ABDO and HASSAN jump onto the shoulders of their respective partners who stand upright again. The sword-play commences with grunts and shouts, both levels dueling.

ALI                      You're over the line, Careem!

HASSAN pushes ABDO, who falls backward, but still clings to ALADDIN with his legs around ALADDIN'S neck.

ALI                      None of that! Play fair! look out, Abdo! Look out!

HASSAN jumps down from CAREEM'S shoulders to take advantage of the situation. ALADDIN turns around, so that the upside-down ABDO may duel with HASSAN. CAREEM moves US to fight Aladdin. ALADDIN duels and walks backward, ABDO valiantly battling HASSAN. HASSAN is being forced to walk backwards, OS, as ALADDIN walks backwards. HASSAN takes one step too many and falls into the river with a splash. The fighting ceases;

great laughter at HASSAN.

ALI                      Aladdin's side is victorious! Let his name be written in the sands!

HASSAN pulls himself out of the pit, refusing the offer of aid by ALADDIN.

HASSAN                I'll get you, Aladdin!

HASSAN shakes his fist and runs off. CAREEM puts his arm around ALADDIN's shoulder and they laugh at HASSAN's ill humor. ABOO capers with delight. ALI takes his stick and writes in the sand.

ALI                      Aladdin! Victorious!

The muezzin is heard in the distance, singing the call to noon prayers.

ALADDIN              Listen! It is time for prayers, and then time to eat! (ALADDIN runs off via steps SR.)

CAREEM                Come, Ali. Abdo. (ALI and CAREEM start to exit SL.) Abdo! Are you coming? (They exit, as ABDO lingers to write his own name in the sand next to ALADDIN's. SORCEROR appears from under steps SR and observes.)

ABOO                    Ab... do! Aladdin. There!

SORCEROR runs up to ABDO, lifting him high into the air with one hand. ABDO shrieks and kicks at the air.

SORCEROR            What have you written there in the sand?!

ABDO                    (Terrified, piping voice.) My name... Abdo...

SORCEROR            Not that! The other one!

ABDO                    Aladdin, sir. Aladdin. Our side won.

SORCEROR            (As he carries ABDO into the shadows SR.) Tell me about this Aladdin! Where he lives, his parents' names, everything! Everything! (Lights fade.)

Act I, Scene 5

Screens of level 2 immediately open and lights reveal ALADDIN and FATMAA in their home. FATMAA sits on the bench as ALADDIN kneels; he eats with his customary passion.

FATMAA            Slower, Aladdin! How can you eat so? A wise man, knowing that there was no more, would make what little he had linger in his bowl! (*ALADDIN pays no heed.*) I can't believe it. The boy will surely choke.

ALADDIN            (*Setting his bowl down and licking his fingers.*) Ahh. That was very nice, my mother. May I have Some more? (*ALADDIN crosses to the brazier.*)

FATMAA            Aladdin! Is it true your ears are stuffed with beans? I tell you, son - there is no more.

ALADDIN            (*Looking in the pot, grieved.*) None?

FATMAA            Not a morsel. And unless I sell some cloth today, there will be none tomorrow. But come. I have not finished mine, and today I do not feel so hungry. Take it, Aladdin. (*She offers him her bowl.*)

ALADDIN            (*Accepting.*) Blessed be my mother. Do not fear, Allah will provide. We shall not starve.

SORCEROR slowly enters on level 1; he eavesdrops at base of stairs.

FATMAA            Allah - may his name be praised - would be pleased if Aladdin did some of the providing! (*SORCEROR knocks against proscenium.*) Now who is that? Aladdin - go and see who it is that knocks. (*ALADDIN starts down stairway.*) And be polite!

ALADDIN            (*Garbled, his mouth still full.*) Yesh, by bother.

As ALADDIN descends, FATMAA clears away dinner bowls. ALADDIN stops on landing and sees SORCEROR at base of steps.

ALADDIN            Mother! It is a man! (*SORCEROR starts to ascend.*)

FATMAA            I gave birth to a ninny. Invite the man up!

FATMAA quickly arranges her clothing and veils herself. SORCEOOR stands beside ALADDIN for a moment and looks deeply into the boy's eyes. ALADDIN steps back, frightened, and the SORCEOOR continues up into the room, followed by ALADDIN.

FATMAA            (*Quavering voice, nervous.*) How do you do? (*Silence.* ) Allah be praised. (*Silence.* ) Would you like anything? Water, perhaps? (*Silence.* ) You're very tall, aren't you? This is my son, Aladdin. (*ALADDIN moves to his mother' s side.*)

SORCEROR        I know. Aladdin - son of my brother. (*Pause.*)

FATMAA            I beg your pardon?

SORCEROR        Aladdin Mustafa, son of Mustafa Ali, my brother. And you ..- Fatmaa - wife of my brother, who has gone to mercy in the arms of Allah. I am your husband's brother, uncle to Aladdin.

FATMAA            I am sorry, sir. There must be some mistake. My husband, Mustafa Ali – who has found mercy – had but one brother and he is long since dead.

SORCEROR        Not dead. But lost - wandering these forty years among the wild places of the world. Through the lands of Al-Hind I travelled, and Al-Sind, deep into Egypt and beyond, until at last I journeyed to the regions of the Setting Sun.

FATMAA            (*Not really taking it in.*) Fancy that... the Setting Sun, you say?

SORCEROR        There I dwelt for the space of thirty years, but one day of days, 0 wife of my brother, a messenger came with a message long delayed. My brother was dead. Then said to myself: Go! Search out the one thing that is precious to thee, the treasure of treasures - thy brother's only son.

SORCEROR reaches out to ALADDIN, who sits next to SORCEROR on bench.

ALADDIN         (*A whisper to FATMAA.*) Mother - does the man mean me?

FATMAA                    Shhh!

SORCEROR                *(Putting his hand on ALADDIN' s shoulder.)* I shall make a man of my nephew, Aladdin! I shall help you, good Fatmaa, to raise him up, and shall teach him wisdom and courage, and the knowledge of my years.

FATMAA                    *(Gently taking her. son from SORCEROR and standing between them.)*  
Well, sir - brother-in-law, if that's what you are - I'm afraid you have your work cut out for you. The boy does not know the meaning of labor. I love him, for all that, but his head is stuffed with beans, and all he ever cares to do is eat.

ALADDIN                 *(His pride a bit wounded, moving back to SORCEROR.)* Please, my mother - what you say is true. But I promise you by Allah the Merciful, I shall mend my ways, and with my uncle's help, I shall become the lamp of this dark house.

SORCEROR                Lamp! You speak of lamps, Aladdin Mustafa?

ALADDIN                 It is a saying we have in Al-Kalas.

SORCEROR                Of course. *(Pause. )* Now, the first thing this family needs...

ALADDIN                 ...is food!

FATMAA                    Aladdin! Hush! *(To SORCEROR.)* You see what I mean?

SORCEROR                *(Standing. )* But the boy is right - first we buy food, and then a new suit of clothes for Aladdin!

*From the street, we hear a CRIER of the imperial procession.*

CRIER                    Hide your eyes! Hide your eyes! The Princess passes! Hide your eyes!

FATMAA                    The Sultan's daughter! Quickly - close the blind! *(To the SORCEROR.)* It is forbidden to look on the Sultan's daughter, Princess Badr-al-Badur.

ALADDIN closes the screens as lights fade on home. Lights rise on level 1, and TOWNSPEOPLE scatter as music approaches. Procession enters from SL: the PRINCESS sits within a gilt box carried on a litter by two SERVANTS. Thee LADIES IN WAITING and the EUNUCH accompany her.

EUNUCH                    Hide your eyes! Hide your eyes! Khabbi-eeneki! Khabbi-eeneki! By command of our magnificent master, let all the folk lock their shops and stores and retire within their homes! The Princess passes! The Princess passes! (*The procession moves off SR.*) Khabbi-eeneki! Khabbi-eeneki! Hide your eyes! Hide your eyes! (*The voice fades with the music.*)

### Act I, Scene 6

Vendors and townsfolk resume their business, re-opening their stalls for trade. From out of ABDEL-A-TEEF's shop on level 2, SL, comes ALADDIN dressed in a new suit of clothing, SORCEROR, and ABDEL-A-TEEF.

ABDEL-A-TEEF            There's a fine suit of clothes for you, Aladdin. Wear it in good health and be sure to wash your elbows.

SORCEROR                How much do I owe you?

ABDEL-A-TEEF            Five dinars, if you please. (*SORCEROR gives him the money.*) If I had known that you were the boy's uncle, I would have treated you with greater courtesy.

SORCEROR                (*Cutting him off.*) We are in a hurry.

ALADDIN                    (*To HASSAN and ALI who pass below on level 1*) We are going on a journey!

SORCEROR                (*Taking ALADDIN by the arm.*) That is enough, Aladdin. (*Over his shoulder to ABDEL-A-TEEF.*) Thank. you. Goodbye.

SORCEROR and ALADDIN exit SR. ABDEL-A-TEEF looks after them, shrugs, looks at the coins he was given, bites one. He shrugs again and exits into his shop. Blackout.

Act I, Scene 7

The sounds of the market cross fade to wind. Almost immediately, lights rise to reveal ALADDIN and SORCEROR climbing a staircase from level 2 to 3. ALADDIN stops midway.

SORCEROR Do not be afraid. Climb on. Climb on! (*ALADDIN reaches level 3, followed by SORCEROR. A painted mountain landscape is behind them.*)

ALADDIN Listen to the wind - how it blows at the top of the mountain.

SORCEROR Sit thee down and take thy rest, Aladdin, for this is the very spot that we have been seeking. (*ALADDIN sits at the SORCEROR'S feet. The ladder they ascended rises and disappears beneath level 3.*) Beneath this earth lies a treasure kept in your name. Your name, Aladdin! The treasure of treasures, wealth beyond the wealth of many kings!

ALADDIN I do not understand what you say, Uncle.

SORCEROR (*Revealing his true nature; a growl.*) Then be still and listen!... (*Suddenly gentle.*)...beloved ...nephew. (*He kneels down beside ALADDIN.*) There is magic beneath the Mountain Barakat: a Wonderful Lamp, and powerful - and you have been chosen. No one may pass into the earth to fetch it but you.

ALADDIN Beneath the mountain? I cannot travel in the earth!

SORCEROR Your name, Aladdin, will open the earth - and close it. (*Slight pause as ALADDIN tries to comprehend.*) Find the Lamp and bring it straight to me. Do you hear? Do you understand?

ALADDIN Yes, my uncle. I bring the Lamp to you.

SORCEROR If you find yourself in any danger, say your name. It will protect you.

ALADDIN Protect me? From what?

SORCEROR The Guardian of the Lamp.

ALADDIN What is that?

SORCEROR Not... to be spoken of. (*ALADDIN gulps.*) Remember, your greatest protection, Aladdin, lies in your very name, and in your father's.

ALADDIN Our names?

SORCEROR (*Removing a ring from his hand.*) To this I add my protection. Take this ring. (*ALADDIN puts the ring on his finger.*) Now stand, Aladdin! Take courage and observe! (*SORCEROR takes a pinch of powder from a small box and throws it to the earth. He shouts.*) Aladdin Mustafa! Son of Mustafa Ali! (*A crash of thunder. Flame and smoke leap up into the sky behind them.*)

ALADDIN Stop! I am afraid! (*ALADDIN turns to run, but SORCEROR grabs him back and strikes him. ALADDIN falls to the ground from the force of the blow.*)

SORCEROR Coward, obey!

ALADDIN Uncle!

SORCEROR Obey me as you would your father. For your own good.

ALADDIN (*Trembling with fear.*) Yes, sir.

*The rumbling of thunder has become the creaking and moaning of the earth itself. Slowly, a staircase appears on the SR area of the platform, leading into darkness.*

ALADDIN Uncle! There is a door now in the earth!

SORCEROR Yes! Descend - and find the lamp! (*Hesitantly, ALADDIN stands ..and begins down the staircase.*) Find the lamp ... find the lamp ...

*Lights dim on level 3 as SORCEROR sits in meditating posture C. ALADDIN reaches the bottom of the staircase and slowly gropes in the darkness on level 2. Echoing drops of water. As ALADDIN makes his way SL, suddenly we see a pair of eyes, glowing in the darkness - mammoth, and following ALADDIN's every step. ALADDIN trips and falls. Immediately the eyes move toward him, seizing the opportunity to attack. ALADDIN rolls over onto his back, sees the eyes, and screams. He edges away in terror, as the eyes draw nearer with immense, groaning breath.*

ALADDIN                    *(Faintly. ) Aladdin! (His voice echoes: "Aladdin, Aladdin, Aladdin, Aladdin..." ) Aladdin Mustafa! Son of Mustafa Ali! (Ali, Ali, Ali, Ali ... The eyes halt their forward progress, blink. ALADDIN rises, emboldened.) I am Aladdin! Son of Mustafa! (Eyes blink again and retreat a bit.) Aladdin Mustafa, son of Mustafa Ali!*

*An almost indistinguishable chorus of tiny, high voices echo ALADDIN's words until the cavern is filled with the sound. Then, a deep, bestial bellow emerges from the Guardian of the lamp, and the eyes retreat up into the darkness, blink twice, and close again. ALADDIN sighs in relief and congratulates himself.*

ALADDIN                    Well done, Aladdin.

*A faint glimmer of a tree-top which rises from level 1 to ALADDIN's feet at level 2. ALADDIN notices the tree - bedecked with fruit of precious gems - and he goes to it. The light of the jewels grows in intensity until the entire tree is spectacularly visible. ALADDIN lifts himself over the edge of level 2 and begins to climb down the tree. He pauses and plucks a jewel, bites it to see if it is edible fruit, holds his jaw in discomfort at biting the hard surface. He holds it before him, admiring its beauty, and tucks it and several other gems in his shirt. He steps down into the Chamber of the lamp. The light of the tree fades a little, and the music of the Lamp can be heard. With it, the light rises on the Lamp itself which rests upon a lily pad at the DS edge of the orchestra pit. ALADDIN approaches, and finds that he must step on a series of large, ornate "lily pads" to reach the Lamp. He does so, stepping from one to the other, precariously, until he reaches the Lamp.*

*ALADDIN gently, reverently lifts the Lamp from its resting place, holds it for a moment, then puts it in his shirt and quickly leaves the Chamber, climbs the tree, and goes to the base of the stairway.*

SORCEROR                    *(Slowly rising, his voice first distant, then louder.) Aladdin! Bring it to me! Bring the Lamp! (Seeing the boy at the base of the stairs.) Aladdin! Do you have it? The Lamp?*

ALADDIN                    I have it, Uncle.

SORCEROR                    *(Urgently) Then give it to me! Give the Lamp to me!*

ALADDIN                    *(Starting up the stairs.) Have the Lamp! And all things else! Just help me out of this hole.*

SORCEROR (A mad roar.) No! Not until I have the Lamp!

ALADDIN (Halting midway.) What?!

SORCEROR (Wild. ) Son of a dog! I know- your evil plans! You mean to keep the magic Lamp for yourself!

ALADDIN (With horrible understanding.) You are not my father's brother...

SORCEROR Your father might have been a dog for all that I know! Wretched boy, give the Lamp to me!

ALADDIN (Shouting back, defiant.) You are an evil man! My father's name was Mustafa Ali, and he gave his name to me; Aladdin Mustafa, son of Mustafa Ali! (At the mention of the names, rumbling of the earth.)

SORCEROR Stop! Do not say those names!

The staircase begins' to rise, jolting ALADDIN, who falls backward down to level 2.

SORCEROR (A scream.) The Lamp! Wretched Aladdin! (A huge clap of thunder as the staircase disappears.)

ALADDIN (Jumping to catch the staircase.) Help! Don't leave me here! Allah, help me!

The trap is sealed with a tremendous hollow crash. All is dark. The crash reverberates in the hollow blackness. Gradually a dull, almost phosphorescent light illumines ALADDIN, slumped on the floor, weeping. He kneels, his hands resting on his stomach, one on top of the other, in the attitude of prayer.

ALADDIN Allah, there is no God save Thou alone. Most Great, Omnipotent, All-Conquering, Quickener of the Dead, by Thy mercy, free me from this my doom... (He rubs his hands in anguish and cries out.) Oh! To be buried alive! Will no one save me?!

As he rubs his hands together, there is a circular flash of fire SL. The Jinn of the Ring appears within the circle - a woman with eight arms in the lotus position.

ALADDIN                    *(An exclamation of astonishment.) Ahh!*

JINN OF  
THE RING                    I hear and I obey. *(Silence for a moment while ALADDIN beholds the JINN in amazement.)*

ALADDIN                    What... Who are you?

JINN OF  
THE RING                    I am the Jinn of the Ring, and the servant of him who wears the Ring.

ALADDIN                    A Jinn!

JINN OF  
THE RING                    You rubbed the ring. I am the servant of the ring you wear on your hand.

ALADDIN                    *(Suddenly looking at the ring on his hand.)* I had forgotten!

JINN OF  
THE RING                    As long as you wear this ring, whatsoever you wish for, that will I give you.

ALADDIN                    Anything? *(JINN responds with a warm and comforting laugh.)*  
Oh, take me home! Please -- take me to my home!

JINN OF  
THE RING    I hear and I obey!

*Suddenly ALADDIN is encircled by a ring of fire, as is the JINN OF THE RING. Blackout.*

Act I, Scene 8

*Lights up immediately on ALADDIN's home. ALADDIN is seated slightly R of C, exactly as in previous scene. FATMAA. sits on the bench L, unaware of ALADDIN's presence. She frets and weeps.*

FATMAA            Why did I let him go off with such a man? Brother-in-law! Sunset Lands, indeed! If the man is who he says he is, he'll answer to me!

ALADDIN           Hello, Mother.

FATMAA            *(Paying no attention.)* We'll be home in time for dinner, says he! With riches - wealth for Aladdin and his mother. Why did I believe him? *(Sobbing into her apron.)* Oh, Aladdin...

ALADDIN           *(Crawling to FATMAA., resting his head on her lap.)* I am hungry, Mother.

FATMAA            *(Sobbing, still unaware that he is really there.)* Of course you're hungry - when aren't you hungry, Aladdin. *(Pause. )* ALADDIN! *(FATMAA jumps up and ,hugs her son.)* Aladdin! How...? Whaa...? Whe... ? O! I cannot bear it, I must sit down.

ALADDIN           Mother?

FATMAA            Yes.

ALADDIN           You know that man?

FATMAA.           Yes...?

ALADDIN           That was not my uncle.

FATMAA            I knew it all along! Your father would never have such a man for a brother! Where have you been? *(seeing lamp on the floor, she picks it up.)* And what is this?

ALADDIN           A lamp.

FATMAA            And what are all those *things* in your shirt?

ALADDIN                   Some pieces of glass that I picked from a tree. (*ALADDIN trades jewels for Lamp; he sets lamp on table, then sits back down on bench, exhausted.*)

FATMAA                   Glass from a tree? I don't understand a word.  
ALADDIN                   Mother, I am truly hungry and very tired. May I have some food?

FATMAA                   There is no food. That wicked man promised to provide for us, but that was just another of his lies. Well, make the best of it, as your father would say. (*She puts the jewels in a handkerchief and sets them down at edge of bench. She comforts ALADDIN for a moment, then the Lamp catches her eye.*) The lamp! We'll sell that lamp and buy a little food! (*She crosses to Lamp and examines it.*) A very little food, indeed. It's filthy! Why you brought *this* back, of all things... You certainly don't have an eye for value, Aladdin. (*Taking the corner of her apron.*) I'll clean it up. Pieces of *glass*... from a *tree*!

*She sets the Lamp back on the table and begins to rub it with her apron. A stream of smoke shoots from the spout. The center panel of the city painting behind them drops like a shutter, revealing the JINN OF THE LAMP - from waist up - hovering "above" the Lamp. FA'IMAA sees him, slowly turns back and faints. ALADDIN looks up and sees his mother on the floor.*

JINN OF  
THE LAMP                   Aladdin. I am the Jinn of the Lamp, and thy servant. Whatsoever you wish for, that will I give you.

ALADDIN                   (*Backing away in fear.*) Jinn of the Lamp? I do not understand.

JINN OF  
THE LAMP                   I am the Spirit - the Jinn of this lamp which is my home. There I live and have lived for time beyond count. I am Servant to all who hold the lamp.

ALADDIN                   Even me?

JINN OF  
THE LAMP                   Of course, my Master – Master Aladdin. Whatsoever you wish for, that will I give you.

ALADDIN                    Then give me food! Please, sir, for I am hungry. And for my mother, who gives me always her share. some beans, perhaps - a large bowl - and figs...?

Jinn OF  
THE LAMP                    I hear and I obey. (*JINN bows and begins to turn away.*)

ALADDIN                    One moment - O Jinn. Whatever you fetch to eat, let it be toothsome beyond our fondest dreams.

JINN OF  
THE LAMP                    (*A smile.*) It shall be toothsome, Master Aladdin.

*JINN turns, just one smooth revolution. From the void he has obtained a silver tray laden with marvelous foods. ALADDIN, awestruck, takes the tray from the JINN and sets it down on the bench.*

ALADDIN                    Oh my! I wish my mother could see this sight.

JINN OF  
THE LAMP                    I hear and I obey. (*He bows and gestures to FATMAA. FATMAA revives, she rises exactly as she fainted, as if a film was run backward. She sees the food, sees the JINN, and faints back down again.*) Your wish is my command.

ALADDIN                    (*A laugh.*) I shall have to be careful what I wish for! (*ALADDIN laughs again in wonder.*) This is splendid! My head turns 'round! And the food! (*He takes a morsel and eats.*)

JINN OF  
THE LAMP                    Does my master desire anything more?

ALADDIN                    Oh, yes – please – Who was the man who brought me to the Mountain?

JINN OF  
THE LAMP                    That man was the Maghrabi: the Sunset Dweller, the African Magician, Learned in Evil... the Sorcerer.

ALADDIN                    (*A shudder.*) And had he now this Lamp, would you serve him?

JINN OF  
THE LAMP

I am the Servant of the Lamp, and him who holds it.

ALADDIN

Are... you... evil?

JINN OF  
THE LAMP

I am the Servant of the Lamp, and him who holds the lamp. That is all. (*ALADDIN takes another morsel of food and eats, thoughtfully.*)

ALADDIN

(Almost to himself.) I see that I must be very careful, indeed. (To JINN.) If I should ask you to bring me the Mountain Barakat, would you do that?

JINN OF  
THE LAMP

I shall on be gone a moment...

ALADDIN

No! wait! I do not require a mountain. Only food enough for us, and clothes. And some wisdom, if you have that. I know so little (*Small pause. ALADDIN is lost in thought.*)

JINN OF  
THE LAMP

Master? My Master?

Aladdin

(*Coming out of a daydream.*) Yes?

JINN OF  
THE LAMP

Do I have your leave to go?

ALADDIN

Yes. You may go.

JINN OF  
THE LAMP

I hear and I obey. (*JINN bows. Burst of smoke from Lamp and shutter closes. ALADDIN moves to FATMAA and cradles her head in his arms.*)

ALADDIN

My mother! Please wake up! It's time to eat!

FATMAA.

(*Rising to her feet, groggy.*) Aaa... my head... (*She stands, remembers, looks around suspiciously with her eyes.*) Aladdin... is your "friend" still here?

ALADDIN            *(A chuckle.)* Look, mother! Food - such as we have never eaten in our lives!

FATMAA            *(Nervous. )* That's wonderful, Aladdin. *(Furtive whisper.)* What was that I saw?

ALADDIN            A Jinn, Mother. The Jinn of the Wonderful Lamp! *(He takes the Lamp from the table and crosses to his mother.)*

FATMAA            *(Stepping away.)* A Jinn? I thought they were only for stories. Aladdin - take that lamp and keep it hidden. I don't much care to see it. Do you mind?

ALADDIN            Of course not, Mother. I shall keep it hidden.

FATMAA            Well, then. **I'm** hungry. *(FATMAA samples some food. Blackout.)*

### Act I, Scene 9

*The marketplace. ABDEL-A-TEEF stands outside his stall speaking to another MERCHANT. On level 1, HASSAN, ALI, ABDO, and CAREEM stand at edge of orchestra pit and throw "rocks" into the audience. ALADDIN enters on level 1, just US of the other boys. Time has obviously passed, for ALADDIN has grown a mustache, is clean and well-kept. He carries a small burden in a cloth bag. As ALADDIN starts to mount the staircase, ABDO spots him.*

ABDO                Aladdin! Come and play with us! *(ALADDIN stops and turns to them.)*

ALADDIN            Thank you, Abdo, but I have much to do.

HASSAN             *(Mimicking. )* "Thank you, Abdo, but I have much to do!"

CAREEM             Aladdin, you always have much to do!

ALI                    You are always too busy to play with us!

ABDO                We are throwing stones into the river; you'd like it!

ALADDIN                   *(With a gentle smile.)* I'm sure I would, Abdo. Perhaps another time.  
*(ALADDIN turns and climbs the staircase. HASSAN rushes after him, grabs his arm and pulls him around.)*

HASSAN                   *(Fiercely.)* You'll come to wish you weren't so high and mighty, Aladdin!

*The two stand tensely looking at each other. Then HASSAN releases ALADDIN'S arm and spits on the ground. ALADDIN turns as HASSAN runs back to level 1 and calls the others into a silent, excited huddle. ALADDIN crosses to ABDEL-A-TEEF; MERCHANT gestures "farewell" and exits.*

ABDEL-A-TEEF       Good morrow, Aladdin.

ALADDIN               Good day, Abdel-a-teef. I have come to you for some advice.

ABDEL-A-TEEF       Advice from me? Such flattery for an old man. But for over a year now, Aladdin, you come to my shop to learn what little I have to teach; you care for your mother and provide for her. You have become a lamp for a dark house, and your father would now be proud to be your father.

ALADDIN               Your words are kind, Abdel-a-teef. I thank you. But I could still steal a pomegranate if I wanted to...

ABDEL-A-TEEF       I'll wager you could - just try it and I'll give your ears such a smack! But come, you wanted more than idle talk.

ALADDIN               *(Holding forth his cloth bag.)* Look at these and tell me what they're worth. *(ABDEL-A-TEEF reaches in and takes out some of the jeweled fruit from the Chamber of the Lamp. The old man stands astonished, open-mouthed, looking at ALADDIN.)* At first I took them for pieces of glass, but now I think that is not so.

ABDEL-A-TEEF       Pieces of glass! These are jewels of such size and value as would make a sultan weep. Priceless! Where did you get them?

ALADDIN               Alas, I cannot tell you.

ABDEL-A-TEEF      There is some mystery behind this, I can see. But one thing is clear - Allah has smiled on you. Guard them well - you hold a fortune in your hands. *(From offstage, the voices of CRIERS.)*

CRIERS              Hide your eyes! Hide your eyes! The Princess passes! Khabbi-eeneki!

ABDEL-A-TEEF      *(Closing up his shop.)* Hurry, Aladdin! You must be off the streets before the Sultan's daughter makes her passage!

ALADDIN            Goodbye, Abdel-a,-teef. Allah be praised!

*ABDEL-A-TEEF exits. ALADDIN turns and rushes off, but has not gone more than a few strides toward SR when ABDO runs past, knocks into him, and causes ALADDIN to lose his balance and fall off level 2 and into the arms of CAREEM and HASSAN on level 1. ALI has carried on a huge earthenware jar and opens the lid. CAREEM and HASSAN shove ALADDIN into the jar. They have bound his hands with a cloth belt.*

HASSAN            You wish to see the Princess, don't you, Aladdin?

*He shoves ALADDIN's head down and fits the lid over the top. They carry the jar US as ABDO furtively opens the gate of the Hammam; they place the jar within and the four boys quickly exit. Immediately, the PRINCESS and her three ATTENDANTS enter the Hammam from US. They perform a ritual dance, unveiling the PRINCESS, layer by layer. Finally, the PRINCESS herself lifts the final covering from her face.*

*One ATTENDANT goes to the jar and lifts the lid. She sees ALADDIN and gasps in horror. ALADDIN stands and is revealed. For a moment, the four women are frozen in confusion; ALADDIN looks at the PRINCESS, transfixed. The PRINCESS returns his gaze.*

*Two ATTENDANTS turn to run US and fetch the EUNUCH. The PRINCESS holds up a hand to stop them.*

PRINCESS           Stop! Oza! Nihal! Make no sound! *(ATTENDANTS freeze, kneel. The PRINCESS turns back to ALADDIN, hiding her face with her left hand over her right cheek.)* Thou hast looked on me when I was unveiled. The penalty for such a crime is very great.

ALADDIN           While I was yet ignorant of the prize, I feared the crime. Now I give thanks to Allah that I have seen thee.

EUNUCH enters, carrying a tray of scents and oils. He sees ALADDIN, stops in his tracks then puts the tray down and goes for his scimitar.

PRINCESS Eunuch! Thou wilt not need they scimitar. This man - however he came to be here - is pardoned.

EUNUCH But my liege...

PRINCESS Release him, I say, and let him go to his home.

EUNUCH *(Kneeling. )* Hearing and obeying. *(PRINCESS gestures for ATTENDANTS to replace the veils.)*

ALADDIN Glory be to Him who created thee, and who adorned thee with this loveliness and grace. *(PRINCESS lowers her head, overcome, and turns to leave. She stops.)*

PRINCESS Thou art a boy of the streets, but thou speakest like a prince.

ALADDIN bows to the PRINCESS, and she exits, followed by A'ITENDANTS and the displeased EUNUCH. ALADDIN slowly climbs out from the jar and steps DS as lights dim to a single pool on the love struck young man.

ALADDIN *(With reverence and joy.)* Alhamdolillah! *(He claps his hands, spins, and runs off happily. Blackout.)*

### Act I, Scene 10

Lights rise on ALADDIN'S home. FATMAA stands at brazier, preparing dinner. ALADDIN enters without a word and goes US to gaze out the window.

FATMAA Aladdin Mustafa! You took your time - I almost thought you would be late for supper. *(She laughs at the absurdity of such a notion.)* Imagine that! You! Late for supper! *(Another laugh.)*

ALADDIN That's all right, my mother. I am not hungry.

FATMAA *(Instantly sober.)* Lie down. You're sick. Get into bed and lie down.

ALADDIN I am not ill. I simply do not care for food.

FATMAA *(Panic.)* He's dying! Allah the Merciful, have compassion on him!

ALADDIN *(Turning to her.)* My mother, please! Try to calm yourself. *(He crosses DSR and leans his cheek against the post.)* I... have looked on a lady.

FATMAA *(A gentle laugh. She crosses to him and holds him in her arms.)* My son has grown, indeed! In love, Aladdin? Your father was younger than you, when he chose me. It is cause for celebration! Who is the girl?

ALADDIN Princess Badr-al-Budur, the Sultan's daughter.

FATMAA Lie down. you're sick. Get into your bed and sleep!

ALADDIN No, Mother. You may think me mad, but I am resolved. I shall marry the Princess Badr-al-Budur.

FATMAA *I've* got to lie down. *I'm* sick. Help me to my bed.

ALADDIN Please, my mother, you must be very strong. I must ask you to go to the Sultan yourself. Since my father has found mercy in the arms of Allah, you must go in his stead, and ask the Sultan for his incomparable daughter's hand in marriage.

FATMAA Aladdin! You are the son of a tailor! The poorest of the poor! It's not possible!

ALADDIN Remember the pieces of glass I picked from a tree? *(He holds out the cloth bag.)* They were not glass, but gems of surpassing value. None of the Kings of Kings has jewels like these. Take them, Mother - take them to the Sultan and ask his daughter's hand in marriage for thy son. *(He places the bag in his mother's hand.)*

FATMAA He'll sever my head from my body - I know he will...

ALADDIN *(Joyfully.)* Oh, my Mother - you are the kindest of women *(ALADDIN exits. FATMAA stands, petrified.)*

FATMAA                    He'll sever my head! "Chop it off!" he'll say... *(She takes her finger and "slices" her neck in illustration. Freeze. Blackout.)*

Act I, Scene 11

Music: a royal fanfare. SULTAN's SERVANTS enter and part panels to reveal SULTAN's throne room. Seated on his throne, C level 2 is the SULTAN: Harun-ar-Rashid. PRINCESS sits on pillow to his left. A grand staircase appears and moves DS on level 1; GRAND WEZIR, Achmed, stands upon it. AMBASSADORS and PETITIONERS gather on level 1 and kneel with heads bent. SERVANTS position themselves: one on level 3, holding canopy above SULTAN's throne; one stands US of throne on level 2; two sit at R and L edge of level 2 and hold large feathered fans; two stand at base of stairs R and L of level 1 with scimitars.

GRAND WEZIR claps his hands and addresses the gathering; while he speaks., SULTAN and PRINCESS play some type of 8th century Arabic card game; they whisper to each other and laugh occasionally.

GRAND WEZIR            By the command of our Magnificent Lord and Master, the glorious Sultan, Harun-ar-Rashid, I call this his sovereign court to order. By the magnanimous grace and compassion of our Master, all who grieve or harbor some grievance may come, and make their complaint before the King of the Age. *(Breaking off his speech, annoyed.)* Silence! Someone dares to speak while I am speaking? Who is that? I heard speech and laughter!

SULTAN                    It was I· who spoke, O Grand Wezir, and it was my daughter, the Princess, who laughed. Do you wish to scold us for interrupting your speech?

GRAND WEZIR            *(Horried. )* No, my Lord! Rather I should find toads in my bed!

SULTAN                    You desire toads in your bed? You shall have them. Next request! *(PRINCESS giggles.)*

GRAND WEZIR            *(Lamely.)* Thank you, indeed, my Lord.

FATMAA enters on level 1, carrying the cloth bag of jewels. She is obviously petrified in this

grand context, and ignorant of protocol. She rather desperately attempts to make herself inconspicuous, with the effect of eventually becoming very conspicuous indeed. GRAND WEZIR consults his list of petitioners.

GRAND WEZIR     The Ambassador from the western Isles salutes thee, Harun-ar-Rashid, and brings greetings from his people.

AMABASSADOR steps forward one step and does obeisance to the SULTAN: bowing, kneeling, and touching his forehead to the floor.

SULTAN            The Sultan returns the greetings to the Ambassador of (To GRAND WEZIR.) Where did you say the fellow was from?

GRAND WEZIR     (A whisper.) The Western Isles, my liege.

SULTAN            That's the one. Greetings to thee and thine. Get off the floor now. (AMBASSADOR rises and steps back to his place, which FATMAA has since taken. AMBASSAOR accidentally steps on FATMAA's foot.)

FATMAA            Ow! (She hops. Heads turn in her direction.)

GRAND WEZIR     Silence!

FATMAA            (Deprecating, limping, explaining to the crowd.) It's nothing. Don't worry about me. Man stepped on my foot. (She turns to a petitioner who has been watching her in silence, and puts her finger to her lips.) Shhh!

GRAND WEZIR     Silence! (FATMAA dips and bows and edges her way to another location.) Next – the courier of the Caliph Abdel-Salam brings a tribute of forty span of oxen... (COURIER steps forward and prostrates himself.) ...twelve caskets of herbs, oils and fragrance, one golden ring, sixteen doves... (SULTAN is becoming more and more interested in the nervous antics of FATMAA. He leans out further and further to catch glimpses of her as she jockeys for an inconspicuous position. She is constantly apologizing to people for her being in the way.) ...the tusks of two elephant. and twelve boar, a dancing girl and her brother who is an acrobat...

FATMAA            (Throughout GRAND WEZIR'S previous speech.) Psst! How do you

get your name on the list? (*PETITIONER looks at FATMAA in amazement.*) Do you speak the language? (*Over-enunciating as PETITIONER tries to ignore her.*) I... get... my name... How... do...

GRAND WEZIR Silence! (*FATMAA bows and moves to EUNUCH, and tugs at his pants to get his attention.* ) ...one dancing girl and an acrobat, six jars of costly ambergris...

FATMAA (*Tugging harder as EUNUCH tries to ignore her.*) Psst! Psst! You! How do I get my name on the li... (*FATMAA has tugged too hard and EUNUCH's pants rip down the seat. Everyone in the court except the GRAND WEZIR has been watching. EUNUCH runs off in horror as all laugh, except GRAND WEZIR. FATMAA calls after EUNUCH.*) O! I am terribly sorry! Forgive me! I just wanted to ask a question of you...

GRAND WEZIR SILENCE! (*FATMAA stops in terror.*)

SULTAN (*Chuckling.*) O, be still, Achmed. I must see this woman. Never has my court been so richly entertained.

FATMAA (*Mortified.* ) I'm so sorry, I...

SULTAN Woman – approach the throne. The rest are dismissed. (*With much bowing, AMBASSADORS and PETITIONERS exit, leaving SULTAN, PRINCESS, GRAND WEZIR, SERVANTS, and FATMAA.*) Approach, I say, and tell me why thou hast come.

FATMAA (*Kneeling.*) I pray to Allah for the continuance of the Sultan's glory, and for the everlasting permanence of thy prosperity. (*She kisses her fingertips, touches them to her forehead, and bends her forehead to the ground: hitting it on the floor with a loud bump.*) OW! (*SULTAN laughs, PRINCESS stifles a giggle.*)

SULTAN O woman, I must tell thee -. thou art a wonder! Speak to me of thy desire, and I shall grant it.

FATMAA First, good lord and Master, promise me one thing...

SULTAN What shall I promise?

FATMAA Not to sever my head.

SULTAN *(Another laugh.)* Consider it done. I shall not sever thy head.

FATMAA *(A deep breath.)* O lord, our Sultan - I have a son. Aladdin. And he hath required of me that I should ask the Sultan... *(She is afraid to go on.)*

SULTAN Continue.

FATMAA *(Another breath; quickly getting it over.)* ...for thy daughter's hand in marriage. *(She bows again. Beat.)*

SULTAN Sever her head from her body! *(SERVANTS advance on FATMAA, who yelps in fear.)* No! wait! I gave my word and I shall not break it now. *(SERVANTS return to their places.)* But is thy son mad, this "Aladdin?"

FATMAA *(After a sigh of relief.)* Quite... possibly. *(Ascending the steps toward the SULTAN, forgetting propriety.)* But he's not bad looking and he is a dear boy and would make a fine husband... *(GRAND WEZIR quickly blocks FATMAA from getting too near SULTAN.)*

GRAND WEZIR The woman is clearly possessed. Shall I remove her?

SULTAN No - not yet, Achmed. I am fascinated. *(To FATMAA.)* What makes this son of yours think he is worthy to marry with the Princess Badr-al-Budur?

Fatmaa Well, his heart is honest and good... and he loves the lady. He did send a little token of his love...

SULTAN Let us see a love-token worthy of our daughter.

*FATMAA sets the cloth bag down on the steps and opens the top of the bag. The jewels rest in a small pile and the hall is filled with flickering, colored light. Stunned silence. SULTAN rises and slowly descends the steps and sits next to the jewels - holding a couple in his trembling hand.*

SULTAN I see it, and yet I have to struggle to believe it. Astonishing! In all my Treasury, which is unthinkably vast, there is not one jewel to match the least of these! Truly, king has gone to war with king for treasures not one-half as precious as this. Good woman, your son has made a marriage offering most worthy of the Princess Badr-al-Budur.

PRINCESS *(Rising from her pillow.)* But Father! I do not wish to marry this man. "Aladdin" she says, but I know him not...

SULTAN *(SULTAN picks up the bag and ascends the stairs to PRINCESS.)* You speak as one who has another in her mind.

PRINCESS Truly, I did look upon a young man with favor, but he was far beneath my station.

SULTAN Then put him from your thoughts and look on these gems!

GRAND WEZIR O Sultan, I too would speak against this Aladdin. The jewels are marvelous, indeed, but the man himself he must be a common fellow... look at his mother!

FATMAA *(FATMAA gasps and steps up to GRAND WEZIR, her nose to his.)* Begging your pardon, sir, but what do you mean?!

SULTAN Stay your anger, good woman. *(FATMAA sits.)* We must confer.

*SULTAN gestures for GRAND WEZIR to approach throne. SULTAN sits; GRAND WEZIR and PRINCESS lean in from either side. They freeze. On level 3, SL, ALADDIN with Lamp and JINN OF THE LAMP appear.*

JINN OF THE LAMP My Master. Speak your request and it shall be done.

ALADDIN Provide for me whatever the Sultan may require.

JINN OF THE LAMP I hear and I obey. *(SULTAN, GRAND WEZIR, and PRINCESS finish their consultation. SULTAN stands and addresses FATMAA.)*

SULTAN                   It is settled, then. Your son, Aladdin, has made a suitable offering for my daughter. (Cry of joy from FATMAA; PRINCESS, dismayed, steps SL and turns away.) However... it is not enough, not for my Princess. Aladdin may marry with the Princess Badr-al-Budur if he brings to me ten times this number of jewels.

FATMAA                   *(Crushed hopes.)* How is it possible...  
SULTAN                   Furthermore, this Aladdin must provide a, fitting home for the Princess. A palace, good woman -, your son must build a palace worthy of the beauty of Badr-al-Budur. *(JINN OF THE LAMP gestures over the throne room and exits with ALADDIN. A distant music is heard.)*

FATMAA                   (Despair. ) It was hopeless from the beginning. Now all is lost. I know my son – this news of yours will kill him.

PRINCESS               Do not weep, good lady – I am sorry for your son... *(The music grows.)*

GRAND WEZIR          Now what is this I hear? Some commotion in the streets... Shall I dispatch the Sultan's guards, my lord? *(PETITIONERS and AMBASSADORS reappear, excited, in chamber beneath level 2.)*

SULTAN                   It does not sound like a disturbance.

PRINCESS               It is music, Father – lovely, lovely music - and coming closer...

*A procession of people dressed in radiant garments enters the court. Acrobats, dancing girls, and two men carrying a litter upon which rests a huge bowl filled with gems - identical to the jewels FATMAA presented to the SULTAN. The room is again filled with dancing, colored light. SULTAN runs down and tosses the jewels into the air with joy and wonder; ALADDIN, splendidly dressed, rides in on horseback and catches one of the gems. Stunned silence in the court.*

FATMAA                   *(After a beat, breaking the silence.)* Aladdin! What a pretty shirt you've got on!

PRINCESS               *(Descending the steps.)* This is Aladdin? This is the very man whose image ! have kept in the secret places of my heart!

ALADDIN           Your words give me joy, my Princess. (*ALADDIN and his horse bow. ALADDIN addresses the SULTAN.*) Harun-ar-Rashid, Glorious Sultan, I ask for thy daughter in marriage.

SULTAN            (*Crossing to PRINCESS.*) And I give thee my consent – with all my heart!

GRAND WEZIR     (*Running down steps to SULTAN.*) No! Forgive me, Majesty, but this must not be! Surely these wonders are the works of trickery, and sorcery!

SULTAN            Silence! I do not look at the jewels alone! I look deep into men's eyes, and try their souls – and this man's soul is pure and free from evil.

GRAND WEZIR     But my Sultan! He has not fulfilled thy request. You said yourself, he cannot marry the Princess until he build for her a fitting palace!

SULTAN            So I did. Can you do this for her, Aladdin?

ALADDIN           Sire - order the eastern windows of this room cast open. There, beyond a deep reflecting pool, the Palace which I have built for Badr-al-Budur.

GRAND WEZIR     You see? As I told thee, the man is as mad as his mother!

SULTAN            (*Ascending the steps to his throne.*) Open the windows, Achmed. Open them now!

*SULTAN sits. Grumbling, GRAND WEZIR descends the stairs and walks to edge of orchestra pit DSC. He mimes the slow opening of massive shutters. Music. A blinding line of white light grows in breadth as the shutters are opened, until all onstage are bathed in it. They surge forward, looking out over the audience, at the miraculous palace. The music builds and the crowd roves backward as a group, US of proscenium line. The stairway withdraws. ALADDIN gallops on his horse with joy. Rose petals shower the stage and Act Curtain falls as Music crescendos and fades.*

INTERMISSION