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Family Plays

ALADDIN
MCFADDIN

A Musical
Comedy

Book and Lyrics
by
Wil Denson

Music
by
Michael Cunningham

ALADDIN McFADDIN

Musical/Comedy. Book and lyrics by Wil Denson. Music by Michael Cunningham. Cast: 4m., 6w., extras. This musical comedy for children's theatre is loosely based on the tales of Aladdin from *The Arabian Nights*. The sultan's beautiful daughter, Bessie Mae Moocho, loves an honest young fellow named Aladdin McFaddin, but he's a dreamer and therefore very poor. So the sultan chooses a filthy rich Oklahoma oil magnate to marry her. Aladdin finds a dirty old lamp and rubs some of the grime off—and a genie appears. He's a lovable genie, but he's deaf from all the ka-booms when he's released. Nevertheless, he and Aladdin have a grand old time thwarting the sultan's greedy plan. The music is as clever and enjoyable as the script. *Recommended for professional and nonprofessional producers of children's theatre. Unit set may be elaborate or fairly simple. Costumes: Arabian Nights. Approximate running time: 60 to 80 minutes. Code: AG8.*

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A Musical Comedy for Children's Theatre

(Loosely based on the tales of Aladdin from "The Arabian Nights")

Book and Lyrics by

WIL DENSON

Music by

MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM

A *'Stage Magic'* Play

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(ALADDIN MCFADDIN)

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“Produced by special arrangement with
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ALADDIN McFADDIN

Characters

Aladdin McFaddin, an honest young lad

Bessie Mae Moocho, a no-nonsense chick

El Slippo Magish [*pronounced "muh-jish" as in "magician"*]
a Middle-Eastern Oil Can Harry

Don Cleggman von Sultan, Bessie's father, a desert ruler of
the old school

Mother Matilda McBridey McFaddin, the mother of honest
upstanding Aladdin

Tale Spinner, the narrator

Slaves of the Ring:

Debra Kadabra

Sandra Kadabra

Barbra Kadabra

Slaves of the Lamp

The Genie of the Lamp

Gong-Banger

Tinkles-White Ivory, the piano player

Others: Visiers, Beggars, Peasants, Nurses, Stalactites, Stalagmites, Mighty-Tights, Guards, Beheading Axmen, Big-Moolah Taxmen, Thieves, and General No-Accounts (A cast of 20 or less is sufficient with doubling)

SETTING: The entire play takes place someplace on the face of the earth, or wherever else you may choose to go. There are several scenes in several locations, but the action is continuous. There is a general, if not particularly accurate, Arabian Nights feeling to everything.

SYNOPSIS

Scene 1: A heavily populated area of the desert

Scene 2: Inside a magical cave

Scene 3: The desert again, near sunset

Scene 4: Inside the Petite Palace

ABOUT THE PLAY

Did you know Aladdin's last name was McFaddin? Well, no one else did either until this happy, enchanting play bounced into existence—but the idea fits perfectly, for this version of the Arabian Nights tale stars an oily villain from Oklahoma, an Irish-Italian mother from Persia, a father with a German-Arabian name and a Senator Claghorn personality, and a heroine named Bessie Mae Moocho. You can't get much more cosmopolitan than that.

Not since Scheherazade kept Bluebeard entertained for a thousand and one nights so she could live a thousand and one days has the world seen such a lively re-telling of the story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp. "This production takes the form of a musical and features sprightly tunes," said a *Denver Post* critic.

The sprightly, singable songs combine with superb characterizations and a fast-paced plot to form a funny, lovable play which will fascinate children of all ages. Not only is the genie of the lamp there to work magic for them, but three slaves of the ring also appear — female genies named Debra, Barbra, and Sandra Kadabra. You guessed it; their father is Abra Kadabra.

Aladdin McFaddin was first presented at the University of Wisconsin —Eau Claire, followed by the critically acclaimed staging at the Bonfils Theater for Children in Denver.

Beyond the broad deserts with palm trees in motion,
 Over high mountains
 And the Swampland of Zind
 To a place at the base of the face of the wind,
 In the far western part
 Of southeast North Krakellya
 Our story took place – the one I will tell ya.

[TALE SPINNER again changes to speaking. The music is continuous, but as each character is introduced, a new leitmotif is heard] But before we begin the story, perhaps I should just tell you who everybody is. That way you'll know them as soon as you see them. First, at the piano we have: *[Impressively]*

Tinkles-White Ivory
 From the far-off
 Quite fabled
 Black mountain
 Of Jive-ry.

[TINKLES-WHITE does a boogie lick that lifts the soul]

TALE SPINNER. Thank you, Tinkles-White. *[TINKLES-WHITE answers with a phrase on the piano. TALE SPINNER crosses to the still frozen principals]* Next we come to the man with the black cape and tall hat:

To be Oil Can Harry
 Was always the wish
 Of the rotten
 Bad
 Evil
 El Slippo Magish.
 A rotter,
 A plotter,
 A really bad guy;
 A high-flying, thigh-buying sty in the sky.

[TALE SPINNER pauses briefly as El Slippo's musical signature is concluded]

TALE SPINNER. *[A circus M.C.]* And – RA TA-TA-TA TUT TA-DAH!!!! BESSIE . . . MAE . . . MOOCHO!!!!!! A no-nonsense chick!!!!!!

[The piano goes into a Latin, nearly identifiable take-off on "Besame Mucho." BESSIE does a few turns and swirls with her shawl, then freezes again]

TALE SPINNER. And Bessie's father, Don Cleggman von Sultan, a desert ruler of the old school:

In round
Robust phrases
It gave him great joy,
To say —

SULTAN. *[Picking it up in rhythm]*

Don't
I say don't
Do not do that, my boy!!

TALE SPINNER. And of course: *[Everyone joins in an Irish jig]*

Mother Matilda McBridey McFaddin
The mother of honest upstanding Aladdin;
She knows he's a dreamer but he's not a bad 'un,
She loves him, she loves her sweet cotton-eyed boy.

[When the dancing has stopped] She's not exactly what you'd call old world Italian. Last, and maybe least too, is Aladdin. Now as I said before, Aladdin McFaddin was not too bright. A little slow perhaps. But maybe, maybe that's not exactly right. It was more like he believed things too easily. He believed what he saw. He believed what he heard. He believed what he read. He believed what people told him. He believed everything. Well, you'll see for yourselves; no need to tell you. Also in our story are: *[They all cross and criss-cross, mingling and busily doing their thing. The tempo builds]*

Genies, viziers, peasants, cooks and fat nurses,
Stalactites, stalagmites, and thieves who steal purses;
And beheading axmen,
And big moolah taxmen,
And beggars,
And choosers,
And winners,
And losers,
But I'm going **SO FAST THAT I'M GETTING THE WOOSERS,**
SO STOP!!!!!!!!

[TALE SPINNER bangs the gong and everyone freezes]

TALE SPINNER. *[Spaced – panting]* Let's . . . just . . . begin the story. All right?? *[He sounds the gong moderately; the stage clears and the lights change]*

Music No. 2: "LYING ON ROCK MUSIC"

[ALADDIN lies down on the rock dreamily whiling away the day. He whistles his theme lazily. After a moment:]

BESSIE MAE. *[Off; calling]* Maa-aaac??? . . . Maaa-aaaaaac??? . . . Mac, where are you?? *[Entering]* Maaa-aaaac?? . . . Maa – *[stopping abruptly as she sees him – accusingly]* Oh, there you are! Wasting time again, I see. Whiling away the hours.

ALADDIN. *[Pleasantly]* Well, not really. I was thinking. But the sun feels so warm on my face. It seems like this is what a boy *should* be doing. I think it's good for boys to lie in the sun.

BESSIE MAE. Well, maybe so, but whatever will I tell my father? He already thinks you're stupid and a peasant to boot. He'll never let me marry you if he finds out you're a dreamer as well. A dreamer!! That would be too much.

ALADDIN. *[Still pleasantly]* But I told you, I wasn't just dreaming. I was thinking too. About metrics. And levers. *[Trailing off a little lamely]* And, you know . . . things.

BESSIE MAE. Levers??!! Metrics??!! You were dreaming, Mac McFaddin, and don't you try to deny it!

ALADDIN. No. Really, Bessie Mae. I really was thinking. You see, I know I'm not as smart as many people, so I have to – to work harder. I have to – to be calm and think things through. Or I get into all sorts of trouble.

BESSIE MAE. *[Why argue]* Well, maybe . . . Anyway, tomorrow we have to get organized. No more dreaming – *[correcting herself]* "thinking" tomorrow, Mac.

ALADDIN. *[A small sigh]* I wish you wouldn't call me that, Bessie Mae.

BESSIE MAE. Call you what?

ALADDIN. "Mac." I wish you wouldn't call me "Mac."

BESSIE MAE. But it's your name. Mac McFaddin. Of course I'll call you that.

ALADDIN. I prefer Aladdin.

BESSIE MAE. Yes, but "Aladdin" is a dreamer's name. And since

you are a dreamer I don't think we should call too much attention to the fact. So I'll just go on calling you –

SULTAN. *[Off]* BESS!! I say Bess, I say Bessie Mae Moocho!!! Where, I say where are you, girl?? Where I say where??

BESSIE MAE. *[Resigned]* Oh dear. It's father and it's too late to run or try to hide from him. Now promise you won't believe everything he tells you this time. You know how he likes to fool you by telling you big fibs.

ALADDIN. No. I won't. I promise.

BESSIE MAE. Good. Just remember, don't believe everything he says. He'll try to fool you, but don't believe him. Don't believe what he tells you! *[Calling off]* Here, father!! I'm over here with Mac.

[The SULTAN enters with his right-hand man, the VIZIER]

SULTAN. Oh, there, I say there you are. Wasting time as usual I see. *[Confidentially]* Say, Mac, I say Big Mac, the sky, I say the sky is falling. Heard it. From a chicken down the road.

ALADDIN. *[Rising, concerned]* The sky?? Falling?? Oh! My! Well! Don't – don't you think we should do something? To save everyone??

[The SULTAN bursts out laughing]

BESSIE MAE. *[Quietly]* Oh, Mac

SULTAN. *[To his Vizier, in near hysterics]* Save everyone! Wiz, I say Wiz, did you hear that? The kid bought it! Big Mac bought it!! I told you he'd buy it. The sky is falling!! I heard it from a chicken!!! And he bought it!! The kid'll believe anything!! *[At Aladdin – suddenly mock serious]* Say, your sandal's untied, Big Mac. Tie, I say tie your sandal before you trip.

ALADDIN. *[Bending down]* Oh – oh, thank you, sir. I didn't notice.

SULTAN. *[Whooping]* Did you see, I say, did you see, I say, did you see, I say did you see that?? You're barefooted, boy. Barefooted. No, I say no sandals. No I say laces. Can't be untied. No laces. *[Moving toward exit]* Ho-ho I say ho. The boy will never learn. Never learn. Come along, Bessie Mae. Don't waste your time with a dullard. *[As he exits]* Say, Mac. I got some land in Florida I want you to take a look at. Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho.

BESSIE MAE. *[When he is gone – tiredly]* Oh, Mac. You did it again. Try to do better. I'll see you later. I have to go with father.

[BESSIE MAE leaves a discouraged ALADDIN]

ALADDIN. Goodby, Bessie Mae. *[When she's gone]* I did it again. I got excited and didn't stop to think. I wonder if I'll ever learn. *[ALADDIN lies down on the rock, nearly out of sight]*

Music No. 3: "EL SLIPPO ENTRY MUSIC"

[The piano strikes up some typically evil entrance music and EL SLIPPO MAGISH slithers on. With a crouch and a sidle he crosses to the rock and stands looking at a treasure map to get his bearings. He doesn't see the now sleeping ALADDIN]

MAGISH. Aha!! This must be it!! I've crossed the hissing, snizzling woodlands of Sneer; turned left at the great green Ocean of Knob; and skulked south-by-northwest from East Mountain. The magic cave must be under that large rock. Magic cave! Ha! Who'd believe there is such a thing? But I'd better check it out anyway. *[Surveys rock]* How will I ever move this pebble? *[He crosses to the rock and makes a great show of grunting and groaning but not budging it an inch]* Huuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuunnnnnnnkkkkk!!! Grrrrnnnnnnnnntny!! Tuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuullllllllkkkkk!!! Floooooooosshhh!! *[Panting]* It's no use. It can't be moved. Not an inch. Not a hair. Not a skosh. How will I ever get the magic lamp from the magic cave if I can't move this magic rock?? But wait!! Wait, my magic ring!! The magic slaves of the magic ring can do it!! Now, let me see, let me see. What were the simple, easy-to-follow directions.

Turn the ring left
Don't turn the ring right;
The right way's the wrong way,
The left way is right.

[There is a blinding WHOOSH of light and sound. TINKLES-WHITE gives a bass roll on the piano. GONG-BANGER strikes a mighty blow. And when the smoke clears three wispy-clad, lovely SLAVES OF THE RING are standing on top of the rock]

Music No. 4: "THE KADABRAS"

SLAVES. *[Singing]*

We're Debra and Sandra and Barbra Kadabra;
We came when you summoned;
We came 'cause we had ta.

We loath ya, despise ya, dislike ya, revile ya;
 But we'll do your bidding because we're Kadabras.
 Mystical, magical,
 Power in baskets!
 You hold the ring, so
 We'll do if you ask it.
 Who holds the ring,
 Controls everything;
 We're slaves of our masters,
 We'll dance and we'll sing.
 We're Debra and Sandra and Barbra Kadabra;
 We came when you summoned;
 We came cause we had ta.
 Our mother was Clara,
 Our father was Abbra;
 We're Debra and Sandra and Barbra Kadabra.

[If desired the song may grow into a dance by the Kadabras. (The Slaves wear finger cymbals, of course) The number concludes with a shimmering bong on the gong. When the number has ended:]

MAGISH. *[Laughs evilly]* You are in my power!! *[He twists the ring sharply on his finger sending the SLAVES into convulsions of pain]* You see!! You see!! You must do my bidding!! *[He twists the ring again]* Aha!! Take that!! Now. Tell me. Where is the magic cave of the lamp!?!? I command you to tell me!!

DEBRA. We must tell you!

SANDRA. For you wear the ring!

BARBRA. The cave you seek is close by. It lies dark and mysterious beneath this rock.

MAGISH. I knew it!!!! I knew I had found the right place!! I knew it!! But, how can I enter?? I can't move the rock. I've tried. It's too heavy for me.

DEBRA. You cannot move the rock.

SANDRA. You will never move the rock.

BARBRA. For you are evil. The rock will never move for you.

MAGISH. What??? You dare say that to your master????!! *[He twists the ring, contorting the SLAVES with pain]* Now perhaps you will tell me how to move the rock!!!

SANDRA. We spoke the truth. *You* can never move it.