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*Dramatic Publishing*

# ALADDIN

by  
William Glennon



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(ALADDIN)

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# **ALADDIN**

**A Play in Three Acts  
For 4-6 Women, 7-9 Men, Extras**

## **CHARACTERS**

**DARKANA NIGHTGLADE**, an old sorceress  
**ZORAH**, a mysterious stranger  
**MOTHER**, of Aladdin  
**TOODLE-DE-TOOS**, a dancing monkey (male or female)  
**SERENA\***, friend of Aladdin  
**BULMAR\***, another friend of Aladdin  
**ALADDIN**  
**MERCHANTS**  
**GENIE OF THE RING**  
**THE GRAND WAZIER** (doubles as head merchant)  
**THE PRINCESS**  
**PALACE SLAVES\***  
**GENIE OF THE LAMP**  
**THE SULTAN** (doubles as a merchant)  
**ATTENDANTS TO THE PRINCESS\***

**TIME:** Long ago.

**PLACE:** Ancient Persia.

**\*Doubling is possible.**

## ACT ONE

**SETTING:** *Can be played in front of a traveller or drop. Three loud gongs are heard, followed by mysterious Eastern music.*

**AT RISE:** *It is very dark. DARKANA NIGHTGLADE, an old sorceress, can be seen seated on a pillow beside a low table on which are several of her working props: bottles, scrolls, crystal ball. One bottle is smoking. As she chants and carries on, she pours a clear liquid from one bottle into another and it becomes colored. She shrieks with joy.*

**DARKANA.**

Darkana Nightglade casts a spell,  
potions to brew,  
fortunes to tell,  
from night till dawn the spirits fly,  
secrets to learn,  
mysteries to try.

*(As DARKANA works checking scrolls, brewing potions, another figure enters in the dark. He is ZORAH, a stranger from a far-away land, bearded, crafty, evil. He sees DARKANA and approaches.)*

**ZORAH** *(tossing a coin).* Here, old woman.

DARKANA (*picking up the coin*). Gold! Solid gold!

ZORAH. Another coin if you can tell me what I want to know.

DARKANA. Darkana Nightglade knows all, sees all, and tells all. Sit down. You are a stranger here.

ZORAH (*sits beside DARKANA*). From far over the mountains, beyond the black sea.

DARKANA (*taking up her crystal ball*). You come so far to find a lamp?

ZORAH (*on guard*). A lamp? How did you know?

DARKANA. My ancient crystal tells me you are thinking of a lamp.

ZORAH. Where? I see nothing.

DARKANA. You do not see with my eyes. My crystal sees what is in your mind.

ZORAH. Aha! Well, the lamp I'm thinking about, can you tell me where it is?

DARKANA. Perhaps.

ZORAH (*offering another coin*). I must know. I must find the lamp! You see, it once belonged to a merchant who traveled throughout the known world, buying and trading, and years ago he gave the lamp to a tailor here, here in your city.

DARKANA. Why?

ZORAH. In return for a robe the tailor had made, this robe.

DARKANA. Ah, so.

ZORAH. But there are thousands of tailors in the city...I might never find the right one.

DARKANA (*grabs the robe*). Let me see.

ZORAH. What?

DARKANA. In the lining. The tailors sometimes sew their mark.

ZORAH. Mark? I never noticed any mark.

DARKANA (*shrieks with glee*). Ah! I was right. (*Shows him.*) A dancing monkey.

ZORAH. Dancing Monkey? Is that the tailor's name?

DARKANA. No, his mark. His shop you will find on the Street of the Dancing Monkey.

ZORAH. I will go there. I will speak to this tailor.

DARKANA. Impossible.

ZORAH. Why?

DARKANA. He died many years ago. His shop still stands on the Street of the Dancing Monkey, but he is gone.

ZORAH. Did he leave a family?

DARKANA. His wife, and their son. Why do you ask?

ZORAH. The Street of the Dancing Monkey—eh? (*Starts off.*) By the way old woman...

DARKANA. My name is Darkana, stranger. Darkana Nightglade. I told you.

ZORAH. What is the boy's name? The tailor's son. How is he called?

DARKANA. He is called Aladdin.

ZORAH. Aladdin, I see. (*He laughs and starts to go.*)

DARKANA. He's up to no good! He can't fool me!

ZORAH (*as he goes.*) But perhaps I'll fool Aladdin! (*As he goes the lights fade out. The drop goes up or the traveller opens. We are now in front of ALADDIN's house.*)

## SCENE TWO

SCENE: *As the lights slowly begin to fade up we hear the chant of a MAN at prayer. The chant is picked up, and echoed from the balcony or rear of the theater. It is*

*dawn. Several YOUNG PEOPLE enter through the theater and on to the stage.*

BULMAR (*a young boy*). I'll wager he's not even up yet!

Probably still dreaming about the princess!

SERENA. Ha! (*Goes to the door of ALADDIN's house.*)

Dawn's rosy fingers are painting the sky! Arise sleepyhead, for the morning is nigh! Come now, get up!

ALL. Time to rise, sleepyhead!

*(MOTHER appears at the door and yawns.)*

MOTHER. Ah! Good morning to you all! May the blessings of Allah be with you through the day!

BULMAR. With you, too.

SERENA. Isn't he up yet?

MOTHER. Well, it's rather early.

SERENA. He'd sleep 'til noon if we didn't come by each morning.

MOTHER. He's a growing boy...

SERENA. So let him get up and grow! Come on everyone, let's do our cock-a-doodle-do's! Ready! One, two, three! (*They ALL softly say: "Cock-a-doodle-do!", then repeat it again a bit louder, then once again even louder, then a terrible blast, then they are all quiet and listen. They hear a loud snore from within.*) Well, our cock-a-doodle-do didn't do what we thought our cock-a-doodle-do would do. Louder!

MOTHER. Now, let's not be too loud, dear. Yesterday morning the noise knocked several jars off the shelf.

SERENA. Ready?

ALL. Ready!

SERENA. Go!



ALL (*imitating roosters*). Cock-a-doodle-do! (*A pause.*)

(*ALADDIN comes out.*)

ALADDIN. Good morning, roosters! Already up and doing? Good! All set to go? Good! Wait a minute. Where's our favorite dancer? We can't put on a show for the merchants without him!

MOTHER. Your favorite dancer? Who's that? (*Ad libs of "Not me! I dance like a bull." [Quick example.] "I'm more like a pig." [Another example.] "I'm a camel." [Again an example].*)

ALADDIN. No one's as good as our very own favorite, none other than, your friend and mine, Toodle-de-Toos!

(*They whistle and cheer and in swings TOODLE-DE-TOOS, the dancing monkey, who gives a quick example of his talent to their clapping and imitations of musical instruments.*)

ALADDIN. You knew who I meant, didn't you, Mother? Everyone knows Toodle-de-Toos. With him, we really impress the merchants. Makes begging easy, even fun!

MOTHER. But I've told you, I don't want you to be a beggar.

ALADDIN. But they won't let us work.

FRIEND. Too young, they say.

ALADDIN. So we put on shows for them, then we beg. Look! Here they come! You'll see, Mother, we really give them their money's worth!

MOTHER. You're too good to beg, Aladdin.

FRIEND. Good? He's the best! He's the Sultan of Beggars!

*(They hoist ALADDIN up as the MERCHANTS enter with their bangles and beads. ALADDIN and COMPANY dance, tumble, do "magic" stunts, other lively, quick acts with TOODLE-DE-TOOS all over the place, mostly as the mischievous element of the activities.)*

MERCHANT *(at beginning of the routine)*. Be off! We've business at hand. No time for beggars.

MOTHER. Well, at least look!

MERCHANT. We've seen it all before, good lady.

MOTHER. But look at *him!* *(Pointing to ALADDIN.)*

MERCHANT. Him? The ringleader? He causes all the disturbances! They ought to lock him up!

MOTHER *(chasing MERCHANT)*. I'll lock you up! *(The OTHERS laugh, and MOTHER and the MERCHANT finally join in and the show goes on. The MERCHANTS watch the anxious-to-please PERFORMERS and at last, amused, toss a few coins before moving on, followed by the FRIENDS. ALADDIN and TOODLE-DE-TOOS stay behind with MOTHER.)*

ALADDIN. Here, Mother! Not bad, eh? Enough for some food at least.

MOTHER. Aladdin, you're such a dear, sweet, good boy...

ALADDIN. Now, Mother, go easy on the sugar.

MOTHER. Well, you are. And someday you'll get a real reward. Maybe tomorrow. *(She goes in the house. ALADDIN sinks down on a stool, sighing.)*

ALADDIN. Tomorrow? It'll probably be pretty much the same as today. *(TOODLE-DE-TOOS touches ALADDIN's ring.)* What is it, Toodle-de-Toos? My ring? No. I'll never sell it. You know as well as I do that my father gave me this ring. It was his last gift. So, paws off. We're keeping the ring.

*(TOODLE-DE-TOOS gives up on the ring, and executes a little dance step urging ALADDIN to copy it. He does, finally. Another dance step, then another, and ALADDIN is laughing again, much to the delight of the monkey. During this, ZORAH enters stealthily through the theater, sees ALADDIN and approaches.)*

ZORAH (aside). Ah! A dancing monkey! This perhaps is the Street of the Dancing Monkey. *(ZORAH laughs. TOODLE-DE-TOOS sees ZORAH approaching and is none too happy.)* Greetings, young man.

ALADDIN. Greetings to you, stranger. Allah be with you.

ZORAH. And with you. Tell me, am I, perchance, near the Street of the Dancing Monkey?

ALADDIN. As near as you can get.

ZORAH. Good! My, what a charming little creature. Does it belong to you?

ALADDIN. Toodle-de-Toos? No, Toodle-de-Toos belongs to everyone on the Street of the Dancing Monkey.

ZORAH. Do you live on the Street of the Dancing Monkey?

ALADDIN. All my life.

ZORAH. All your life. And how, pray tell, are you called?

ALADDIN. I am called Aladdin.

ZORAH. What great, good fortune! Allah is with me! *(He embraces the startled ALADDIN.)* Aladdin! The dear boy I seek! The fates have willed that I should find you after my long search! *(TOODLE-DE-TOOS bites the leg of ZORAH and ZORAH screams.)*

ALADDIN. What is it?

ZORAH. That beast bit me!

ALADDIN. Toodle-de-Toos! You should be ashamed of yourself! That's odd, he usually likes everyone.

busy. (*More frantic pantomime from TOODLE-DE-TOOS.*) Besides, that's a new dance and it looks very complicated.

(*DARKANA enters.*)

DARKANA (*seeing MOTHER*). Ah! Mother of Aladdin, at last I am here!

MOTHER. Darkana Nightglade! You? Out in the daylight?

DARKANA. I know I should have come sooner, but now I'm here.

MOTHER. Yes, you're here.

DARKANA. In time, I hope.

MOTHER. For what?

DARKANA. In time to save you and your son.

MOTHER. Save us? From what? Oh, do be still Toodle-de-Toos. Say "hello" to Toodle-de-Toos.

DARKANA. Hello, Toodle-de-Toos. In time to save you from a wicked stranger! Why I hesitated I'll never know. I've run all the way to make up for it.

MOTHER. Let's sit down.

DARKANA. There's no time! Listen! Just before dawn a stranger paid me a visit. An evil stranger. I could tell by his eyes and the way he talked.

MOTHER. You have the knack.

DARKANA. He wants your lamp.

MOTHER. My lamp?

DARKANA. Yes, your lamp. It must be your lamp. I saw it in my crystal.

MOTHER. But we don't have a lamp. I burn candles when we can afford them.

DARKANA. Surely you must have a lamp! My crystal never lies. Never!

MOTHER. Wait a minute! We did have a lamp, long ago, when my dear husband was living. But it didn't work. I couldn't get it to light.

DARKANA. What happened to it?

MOTHER. Why, I gave it to Aladdin. I believe he took it out to that cave under the ruins of the old temple. He used to play there.

DARKANA. Merciful Allah! Tell me, did Aladdin go to that old cave with a dark stranger? *(TOODLE-DE-TOOS nearly has a fit telling her ALADDIN did.)*

MOTHER. I don't understand.

DARKANA. Come along!

MOTHER. Why?

DARKANA. Why? I'll tell you why! Aladdin's life is in great danger!

MOTHER. Allah protect us! *(They run off. TOODLE-DE-TOOS follows as the lights fade out.)*