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Family Plays

Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp



Drama/Comedy
by
JAMES NORRIS

Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp

A spectacular dramatization of Scheherazade's most wondrous tale.

Drama/Comedy. By James Norris. Cast: 2m., 2w., 3 either gender with doubling, or up to 20+ (2m., 2w., 16 either gender) with optional extras. This play is magnificent with the beauty, magic and mystery of the Arabian nights. The characters of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp lend it a delightful touch of comedy. The scenes are splendidly theatrical when the Slaves of the Lamp, in phosphorescent costumes, move with the Oriental rhythm to their magic deed. Equally satisfying are the playful gaming scenes between Aladdin and the princess and the explosive scenes between Aladdin's sputtering mother and the princess' choleric father. Three sets. Oriental costumes. Suitable for all-female cast. Approximate running time: 65 minutes. Code: AD5

Family Plays

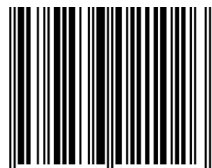
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(ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP)

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ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP
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ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

PEOPLE OF THE PLAY

ALADDIN

HIS MOTHER

THE PRINCESS BADROULBADOUR, nicknamed "Adora"

THE SULTAN, her father

NOONA, her attendant

AFRICAN MAGICIAN

THE GENIE OF THE RING

THE GENIE OF THE LAMP

KEELO

BARAKA

BALSORA

ZURINA

CARLAMON

OLANA

} Slaves of the ring

SLAVES OF THE LAMP (four parts which can be doubled)

KALISSA, a neighbor of Aladdin's

A GUARD

CITIZENS

SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE

SCENE 1. A glen outside the city at mid-day.

SCENE 2. Inside the magic cave.

ACT TWO

SCENE 1. The glen again, at dusk.

SCENE 2. The glen again, by moonlight.

ACT THREE

Inside the Princess' Palace.

ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP

This play was first performed by the Goodman Theatre, of Chicago, Illinois, under the direction of Charlotte B. Chorpenning.

Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp

ACT ONE

SCENE 1: *A glen, outside the city. In the background is a large rock, and beyond a suggestion of trees. In the distance, the roof-tops of the city are seen. In the top of the rock is a square stone with a large brass ring in it. It must be hidden from the view of the audience till seen in the course of the action. When the stone is lifted, it must leave an opening large enough for one person to enter. The curtain rises on an empty stage. It is mid-day.*

MOTHER (*off*): Aladdin! Aladdin! Where on earth can that boy be? Aladdin! (*She enters, searching everywhere.*) Ah me, that boy will be the death of me yet. ALADDIN!! If his father were still alive, he wouldn't run away like this. Sometimes I wish I had a daughter instead of a son. Girls are much easier to manage than boys . . . Aladdin!!!

(She exits down left, her voice fading away. Aladdin enters down right. He leaps to the top of the rock in the foreground and laughs loudly as his mother's voice becomes fainter.)

ALADDIN: A rooster perched on a rock by the road.
He flapped his wings and loudly crowed,
Oo—Hoo—ooh—Hoo—Hooo!!

(He flaps his hands to his sides and crows like a rooster. A young girl enters down left, running and looking about eagerly. She stops dead as she hears a man's voice calling in the distance. Aladdin sees her and hides behind the rock. The girl looks in the direction of the voice and hides behind the other end of the rock.)

SULTAN (*off*): Adora—Adora!!

(He enters left, with Noona and a guard.)

Adora—Adora!! Find her, I tell you. Find her at once. Ohhhhhh—Woe is me. I know misfortune will come to her. ADORA!!! (*To guard:*) You will be beaten for this, my good man. Why did you let her out of your sight?

GUARD: I didn't let her out of my sight, Sultan. She was walking down the street as gentle as you please. I was holding her hand and she bade me let it go, but I refused. Whereupon, she sank her little teeth into my little finger and before I knew it, she was gone.

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SULTAN: Oh, my little pigeon, you will drive me to my grave. I do my best to give her everything she wants to make her happy. I give her dresses of the finest silk. Everything she touches is of the purest gold. She has the finest pet elephant in all the world. Even his harness is inlaid with the rarest of stones from all over the earth. But she will not stay home with them. She's always running away. And why? WHY???

NOONA (*shaking her head solemnly*): She says she wants to see the world. She wants to see what other boys and girls are like.

SULTAN: If I catch any boys or girls with her, I'll lock them in the tower. Ahhhh—sometimes I wish she had been a boy. Boys are much less trouble. ADORA!!!

(*He exits with Noona and the Guard, still calling. Aladdin's head appears from behind one end of the rock, and Adora's very cautiously from the other. They listen a moment.*)

ADORA (*suddenly seeing Aladdin*): Oh . . . was it you who did that funny crow?

ALADDIN (*nodding and grinning*): Shall I do it again?

ADORA: Do it softly. They might hear you.

ALADDIN: Ooo—HOO—Hoo—OO—Hoo!

ADORA: Ooo—HOO—OOH—hOO—oooH!

(*They both laugh.*)

What's your name?

ALADDIN: Aladdin. What's yours?

ADORA: My real name's Badroulbadour, but my father calls me Adora.

ALADDIN: Oh, what a funny name.

ADORA: It's not any funnier than yours.

ALADDIN: Where do you live?

ADORA: I live in the Palace on the hill.

ALADDIN: Why, that's the Sultan's Palace!

ADORA: I ought to know that. He's my father.

ALADDIN: Ohh—are you the Princess?

ADORA: Yes. I'm hiding from my father.

ALADDIN: I'm hiding from my mother.

ADORA: Is she unkind to you?

ALADDIN: Oh no! She's a good woman and very kind. She just doesn't understand me.

ADORA: My father thinks he gives me everything I want, but he never lets me out of the Palace. It's very lonely. Do you have to stay at home too?

ALADDIN: Oh, no. It's much more fun to go about the city.

ADORA: Do you live far from here?

ALADDIN: No, look. You can see the top of our tailor shop from here.

ADORA: Oh, I've never seen a tailor shop. I wish I could see it inside.

ALADDIN: You can. Come with me.

ADORA: Aren't you afraid to take me with you?

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ALADDIN (*grinning*): No.

ADORA: You heard what my father said. If he catches you with me, he'll shut you up in the tower.

ALADDIN: He won't catch me.

(The Magician enters stealthily. He gives a low sinister chuckle. He looks toward the rock. The children crowd close together, watching him.)

ADORA: What a strange looking old man! I wish he wouldn't star at us so. Let's leave him.

ALADDIN: There's nothing to be afraid of.

ADORA: I'm not afraid. I just want to go to your shop.

(They move down right, and Aladdin stops and turns to Adora.)

ALADDIN (*ceremoniously*): Does her Highness wish to ride the black horse or the white one?

(Adora at first looks puzzled and surprised, then enters into the spirit of the thing. They pantomime.)

ADORA: I shall ride the white horse, thank you.

ALADDIN: Very well, your ladyship. He is a very trusty steed. *(He pantomimes helping her on one horse and then pretends to mount the other. They both grab imaginary bridles.)* All ready?

ADORA: Ready.

ALADDIN: We're off!

(They pantomime a lusty gallop and exit laughing.)

MAGICIAN: Little brats! *(He goes up onto the rock and searches about. He seems to find what he was looking for.)* At last my journey is ended. *(He bends down as if to lift something, then straightens up.)* No one must know. No one must know.

(He scrambles down off the rock, assures himself that he is unseen, then gets back up on it quickly. He kneels, scrapes away dirt and pulls at the slab of rock with all his might. It is immovable. He goes over backward in his efforts, yet it does not move. Finally he sits down with his legs under him, removes a huge ring from his finger, holds it into the light, and rubs it. With a rumble of thunder, and a change of lights, the Genie of the Ring appears.)

GENIE: What wouldst thou? I am thy slave and the slave of all who wear the ring. I must obey. I and the other slaves of the ring.

MAGICIAN: Am I truly at the end of my journey? Is this the rock that covers the cave where the magic lamp is burning?

GENIE: You are at the end of your journey.

MAGICIAN: Then lift this rock that I cannot lift. Open to me this cave. Haste, lest someone come and discover it also.

GENIE: That I cannot do.

MAGICIAN: Have you brought me to the very entrance of the magic cave, only to tell me you cannot open it?

GENIE: I can open it, but not for you.

MAGICIAN: Are you not my slave?

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GENIE: I must obey you in all things that follow the laws of the ring.

But he who enters this cave must follow the laws of the Lamp.

MAGICIAN: I will obey, good Genie. What are the laws of the Lamp?

GENIE: The slaves of the Lamp cannot obey anyone who has greed in his soul.

MAGICIAN: I have no greed, good Genie.

GENIE: You stop at nothing to get what you want for yourself. You caused the death of your own brother because you wanted the magic spells he used. You want this Lamp for your own gain. The cave will never open at your word, Magician.

MAGICIAN: Is there no way by which I can get this lamp? (*He turns the ring.*) It will give its owner untold power. (*Turning ring.*) Is there no way? (*Turning ring.*) Is there no way? Thou art my slave. Answer.

GENIE (*unwillingly*): I am your slave and the slave of all who wear the ring. There is a way. There is a way.

MAGICIAN: Tell me. Tell me what it is.

GENIE: You must find some one else to enter the cave for you. Some one who is fit to touch the lamp.

MAGICIAN: But who? Who? How shall I know who is fit?

GENIE: He who would enter this cave must know how to imagine things that are not for his own greed.

MAGICIAN: Every one can imagine things.

GENIE: Every one can imagine things, but few can imagine things without greed.

MAGICIAN: How can I find such a person? I could never tell if he was the right one.

GENIE (*triumphantly*): That's because you cannot imagine such things yourself.

MAGICIAN: Is there no way for me to find out who can do it? *He twists the ring.* Is there no way?

GENIE (*writhing*): There is a way.

MAGICIAN: Tell it to me. Tell it to me.

GENIE: You must ask him a certain question.

MAGICIAN: What is it? Tell me quickly—

GENIE: Ask him this—(*pause.*) "What is a circle?"

MAGICIAN: A circle? That is easy. "What is a circle?" And what must his answer be?

GENIE: If he names things that are made by man, he cannot imagine anything except his own greed. If he names things that are not made by man, he can imagine other things, and is fit to touch the Lamp. Magic and imagination go hand in hand.

MAGICIAN: And when I find such a person, what shall I do then?

GENIE (*handing two sticks*): Give him these two sticks. Command him to rub them together and say the name of his father three times. When the smoke is cleared away, you will see a large brass ring in

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this rock. Bid him lift it and it shall come to pass.

MAGICIAN: All this I can do. Farewell, good Genie.

(Thunder and change of lights. The Genie disappears.)

I shall find such a one. I will be more powerful than anyone on earth! I shall be the lord of the universe and make the world dance to the crack of my whip! I will defy the Sultan and carry off his daughter! *(He laughs to himself, triumphantly. Aladdin's mother enters with Kalissa, a neighbor woman, both searching for Aladdin.)*
What is a circle? I shall ask everyone I meet until I find the right one.

KALISSA: It was here I saw him a while ago.

MAGICIAN: Good morning, friends. I'd like to put a question to you.

MOTHER: Put it freely.

MAGICIAN: What is a circle?

BOTH: A circle? A circle?

MOTHER: He jests.

KALISSA: Come along.

MAGICIAN *(holding up a silver piece)*: If you can tell me what a circle is, I'll give you this piece of silver.

MOTHERS: Why, a plate of food. That is a circle.

KALISSA: The bottom of my rice jar.

MOTHER: The top of a wine cask—

KALISSA: And that piece of silver is a circle! Now give it to me.

MOTHER: No, it is mine—

(She reaches for it and he snatches it back. Between them they drop it. Kalissa puts her foot on it behind their backs as they turn and twist looking for it. If she has to dash some distance to do this, all the better.)

Now, you see. You have lost my silver piece.

MAGICIAN: You had no right to try to take it.

MOTHER: It's mine. You promised it. I'm going to take it when I find it.

(They hunt at length, first one and then the other thinking he sees it and dashing for it, followed by the other. Kalissa tries again and again to stoop down and get it from under her foot, but is always checked by their looking around before her motion is complete. At last they catch her.)

BOTH: You!!

MAGICIAN: You are a thief—

MOTHER: Good neighbor, lift your foot. It is on my silver piece.

(Kalissa turns on the silver piece as on a pivot, lifts her foot, etc.)

KALISSA: What do you say? *(She shoves the silver piece over with her foot so as to change her position and seems to be looking for it.)*
Where is it, then?

MAGICIAN *(to himself)*: It's a good thing they didn't either of them give the right answer. They would have stolen the lamp when I sent them down for it. *(To them:)* I'm glad you stole the silver. It

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has taught me to make sure the person I am looking for is honest.
Go along home, the two of you. You'll neither of you do.

KALISSA (*who has picked up the silver*): I'm going. Nobody would want to stay where you are.

MOTHER: I want the silver piece. I need it for food.

MAGICIAN: Make her give it to you. She has it.

(*The mother rushes off after Kalissa. The Magician climbs onto the rock.*)

I must cover the rock till I come back. No one must know.

(*He throws the dirt back on. He starts off as he hears Aladdin and Adora laughing.*)

Two of them. I must watch my chance and test them one at a time.

(*Magician crosses furtively to one side to wait for his opportunity. Aladdin and Adora enter, laughing.*)

ADORA: A tailor's shop is a very funny place. It's so little. And all cut out of wood.

ALADDIN: It must seem very poor when you've always lived in a palace of gold.

ADORA: You can feel poor in a palace of gold, too. Sometimes people get lost in our palace. It's so big. And it's very lonely. I often wish I could have a palace of my very own—one much smaller than my father's—the kind you can be happy in.

ALADDIN: I hope you get your little palace, Princess. Then maybe I could come to visit you some time.

ADORA: You'd always be welcome in my little palace.

SULTAN (*off*): Adora! ADORA!!

ADORA: Hide!

(*Aladdin runs behind the rock. He sneezes.*)

Don't do that. He'll find you.

ALADDIN (*sneezing again*): I can't help it.

ADORA: Wait for me here. I'll go home with them now, but I'll come back as soon as my father's back is turned.

ALADDIN: We'll go to the fountain where all the children swim.

ADORA: Oh . . . I've never been there!

ALADDIN: I can dive from the highest statue.

ADORA: They're almost here. Good-bye. (*She crows very softly. Aladdin crows very faintly, his head sticking out from behind the rock.*) Good-bye . . .

(*Enter the Sultan, Noona and the Guard.*)

SULTAN: There she is!

NOONA: Where have you been, Princess?

SULTAN (*as Adora grins*): She doesn't care a bit. (*Booming:*) Where have you been?

ADORA: I've been looking at the city, father. It's beautiful.

SULTAN: Our palace is the most beautiful thing in the city. Why don't you stay home and look at it?

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ADORA: Have you been to the fountain where all the children swim, father?

SULTAN: So that's where you've been. (*To guard, bellowing:*) You've let her go about the city all by herself. You'll be flogged for this.

ADORA: I haven't been to the fountain yet, father. And I wasn't all by myself. A boy was with me.

SULTAN: A boy? Who? Why? A boy of the streets with you! Where is he? Where is he?

ADORA: Oh—He—he—he isn't with me any more.

SULTAN: Guard! Before nightfall, find this boy and bring him to me. To dare to lead the great Princess through the dirty streets. Find him, I tell you!

(*Aladdin sneezes behind the rock. They all jump.*)

What on earth was that?

ADORA: Did—did you sneeze, Noona? (*pause*) You just sneezed, didn't you, Noona, dear?

NOONA: Ah—why—yes, Princess, I must have sneezed.

ADORA: I'll be good now, father.

(*Aladdin sneezes again. Adora hears the start of it and jogs Noona, who sneezes loudly to cover it.*)

SULTAN: There's someone sneezing behind that rock.

ADORA: I'll be very good, father. I'll look at our palace as much as you want me to.

(*The Sultan starts toward the rock. Adora nudges Noona frantically.*)

NOONA: Would your Majesty care to have Noona look behind the rock?

SULTAN: Away with you, woman. I'll look for myself.

(*He goes to one end of the rock and Aladdin's head appears at the other. The Sultan starts toward the other end and Adora motions Aladdin frantically. He disappears.*)

I don't like people sneezing behind my back.

(*He tries the other end of the rock and Aladdin appears at the other.*)

I don't see anybody. This is very strange.

(*He now circles around the rock, Aladdin always managing to keep out of his sight with the help of pantomime instructions from Adora. After circling the rock four or five times, the Sultan gives up.*)

Come along home, Princess. Your old father is very tired. If you wish to look at the city, Ali will take you for a ride on your pet elephant. You'd like that, wouldn't you?

ADORA: Yes, father.

(*They leave, backs to the rock. At the farthest end of it stands Aladdin. He looks horror-stricken as he tries to suppress a sneeze. He presses a finger on his upper lip, but cannot control it. Finally after the Sultan is off, he sneezes subdued under his hand. He is apprehensive and very still. From off stage comes a faint crow. He laughs and answers it. The Magician comes out from his hiding place.*)

MAGICIAN: Good day to you, my son.

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ALADDIN: Good day, sir.

MAGICIAN: I wonder if you would be so kind as to give me some small silver pieces in exchange for this piece of gold.

ALADDIN: I'm sorry, sir, but I cannot. I haven't even one piece of silver.

MAGICIAN (*delighted*): I'm sorry to hear that you are so poor. Perhaps I could help you to earn some money.

ALADDIN: Oh, I'm very strong, and I can run faster than anyone in the city my own age.

MAGICIAN: The thing I want you to do is easy, yet it will take skill.

ALADDIN: I'm a good swimmer, too.

MAGICIAN: Do you know the house of Houssain, the merchant?

ALADDIN: Yes, I know it well. I used to play by the wall that goes around his lane.

MAGICIAN: Very good. I have tried in vain to get into his house but the guards will not let me through the gates. You are young and strong, and could easily climb the wall. Then you can fasten a rope and so make it possible for me to enter the grounds. Now, isn't that an easy way to earn two shiny pieces of silver?

ALADDIN: 'Tis easy enough, sir. But old Houssain would not like anyone to sneak into his house that way.

MAGICIAN: He stole a precious heirloom from my family and will not give it back. All you have to do is go to the top of the wall. There is no harm in that. Two shiny pieces of silver—

(*He shows the coins to Aladdin and rubs them together.*)

ALADDIN: Old Houssain is an honest merchant and I don't believe you. Climb the wall yourself. And I hope you fall and break your neck.

MAGICIAN (*delighted*): Heh, heh, heh, heh—

ALADDIN: You needn't laugh at me.

MAGICIAN: I am laughing with joy, my son. I am happy to see you will not stoop to a dishonest deed for a few pieces of silver.

ALADDIN: Then why did you ask me to do it?

MAGICIAN: Only to test you, my son.

ALADDIN: Oh, you were just fooling me.

MAGICIAN: I have a secret adventure which I may entrust to you. I am glad to see you are an honest boy.

ALADDIN: I have never thought about being honest.

MAGICIAN: Honest people don't. I have a question to ask of you, my son. Do you know what a circle is?

ALADDIN: Of course I do.

MAGICIAN (*eagerly*): What is it?

ALADDIN: Don't you know?

MAGICIAN: Eh? Oh yes, my boy, yes indeed. But I wish to find out if you know.

ALADDIN: You're a very funny man. Are you trying to fool me again?

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MAGICIAN: No, my son. No. What is a circle?

ALADDIN: The moon is a circle. The sun is a circle. If I stand up like this and someone tied a string to the end of this finger and stretched it all the way around the world and tied the other end to this finger, it would make a circle. I think the inside of my head is a circle somewhere, but I don't know where.

(He giggles uproariously, whirls around on one leg and sits with his hands folded across his knees.)

MAGICIAN: By all the gods, you must be the right one!

ALADDIN: What do you mean, "the right one"?

MAGICIAN: Do as I say and you can become richer than the greatest monarch in the world.

ALADDIN: Nobody would want to be so rich.

MAGICIAN: Think of the nice things you could buy for your mother and father.

ALADDIN: My father is dead, but my mother likes nice things. She works very hard just to get enough to eat. I'd like to get nice things for her.

MAGICIAN: You can.

ALADDIN: Are you fooling me again?

MAGICIAN: Listen and you shall see. Beneath this rock is a cave, which contains a hidden treasure. I am forbidden to open the cave or to set foot in it when it is opened. You are the one to open the cave. You are the one to enter and bring up the treasure. Are you afraid?

ALADDIN: I am not. What must I do, sir?

MAGICIAN: Take these two sticks.

ALADDIN: Yes, sir.

MAGICIAN: Take them to the top of the big rock.

ALADDIN *(on rock)*: Here they are, sir. What next?

MAGICIAN: Rub the sticks together hard. Repeat the name of your father three times.

ALADDIN *(rubbing sticks)*: Mustapha-Mustapha-Mustapha!

(There is a blast of blue smoke, and a zoooooom!! Aladdin runs down the rock.)

MAGICIAN: Do not be afraid, my son. Look.

ALADDIN: I am not afraid. But I was a little surprised.

MAGICIAN: We have uncovered the entrance to the cave. This large stone is covering it.

ALADDIN: What's the big brass ring for?

MAGICIAN: You are to lift the stone by it.

ALADDIN: I'm as strong as anyone in the city my age, but it would take a giant to lift that rock.

MAGICIAN: You think so, my son. Again you must pronounce the name of your father three times. Then you take hold of the ring.

ALADDIN: Mustapha—Mustapha—Mustapha!

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(He lifts the stone with ease and a flood of light comes through the opening of the cave.)

Oh, it's all shiny down there. This is truly a wonderful adventure, sir. Now what do we do?

MAGICIAN: Place the stone very near the edge, my son. It will be easier to put back in place if it balances its own weight.

ALADDIN: Like this?

MAGICIAN: Yes, my son. That's just right. Anyone could move it now.

ALADDIN: Now, what do I do?

MAGICIAN: You must go down these steps alone. At the bottom you will find four large brass vessels, full of gold and silver. Take care that you do not meddle with them.

ALADDIN: Of course not. They aren't mine.

MAGICIAN: You will come into a large room, the like of which no man has ever seen. There will be trees, laden with jewels and golden fruit. You may gather as much as you please. But take care you are not so carried away with the wonders of the cave that you forget your task and lose your way.

ALADDIN: What is my task?

MAGICIAN: Somewhere in the cave you will find a niche, and in this niche a lighted lamp. Take the lamp down and put the light out. Throw the wick away and pour out the liquid. Then bring the lamp to me.

ALADDIN: I'll go at once, sir, before I forget all you've told me.

MAGICIAN: Go at once, and boldly, my son.

(Aladdin climbs into the opening.)

MAGICIAN: Farewell, my son!

(Aladdin starts down into the cave, then looks back up at the Magician.)

ALADDIN: Are you sure it's safe?

MAGICIAN: Reach your hand up. This is a magic ring and will keep you from harm till you bring the lamp back to me.

(Magician places the ring on Aladdin's hand. Aladdin giggles with excitement and quickly ducks out of sight.)

At last, my labours are ended. I will be the richest man in the world. MOTHER *(voice off stage, faintly)*: Aladdin! Aladdin! Aladdin!

(Magician lifts his hands above his head in triumph, and his silhouette makes sinister shadows as the light coming up from the cave reveals it. His laughter builds as the curtain falls.)

CURTAIN