

# ALADDIN

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## Act One Scene One - The Market Square in Peking

*A busy, bustling street scene, its oriental flavour supplemented by market stalls and barrows. The chorus are on stage as shoppers and traders, including Oodles the Noodles seller, Nik Nak with his bric-a-brac, Li Chi the fruit and veg seller, Tik Tok, a dodgy watch seller, and Saw See, a purveyor of saucy seaside postcards. Upstage is the entrance to Twankey's Laundry: "by royal appointment".*

### Song A: Everything's Up to Date in Peking City

*(During the number Aladdin enters to look round the market)*

**Aladdin:** Everything up to date you say? You should see Twankey's laundry. Not a mod-con in sight. It's like living in the Stone Age.

**1<sup>st</sup> group:** Hello Aladdin.

**2<sup>nd</sup> group:** What are you doing this morning?

**Aladdin:** Well, I've given Mum the slip and come out to see if I can pick up a bargain or two in the market. It certainly seems very busy today.

**Oodles:** Buy my noodles! I've got oodles and oodles.

**Li Chi:** Lovely lychees. Ten yens a pound.

**Nik Nak:** Nik Nak's bric-a-brac – bag a bargain every time.

**Saw See:** Saucy seaside postcards. Here sir, take a look at this one. *(1st shopper takes it and retreats giggling over it with a friend)* And what about you madam?

**2<sup>nd</sup> shopper:** Certainly not. *(She flounces away. Tik Tok approaches Aladdin)*

**Tik Tok:** Ah, young sir. Can I interest you in this very fine timepiece?

**Aladdin:** No fear, Tik Tok– I've still got the last one you sold me.

**Tik Tok:** And does it keep good time?

**Aladdin:** Yes, twice a day – at twenty past nine each morning and twenty past nine at night.

**Tik Tok:** Well, this one's going cheap.

**Aladdin:** Shouldn't it go tick-tock?

**Tik Tok:** It tells you the time in New York, Tokyo and LOCAL BACK OF BEYOND PLACE.

**Aladdin:** But I don't want to know the time in New York, Tokyo or LOCAL BACK OF BEYOND PLACE. I want a watch that tells the time in Peking.

**Tik Tok:** Then – er, excuse me, sir. Catch up with you later! *(He puts the watch back inside his jacket and disappears into the crowd.)*

**Aladdin:** Not if I can help it. Now, what - ah, I see! Here comes trouble. *(He melts into the crowd too as Cop Suey and Feng Shooey appear on the scene. Saw See hurriedly puts his postcards away, Nik Nak covers some of his goods with a cloth, and both try to look innocent.)*

**Suey:** Now, constable, let's see what we have here.

**Shooey:** It's a market Sarge.

**Suey:** Yes, it's a market, constable. But it's far more than a market my boy. This 'ere is a hotbed of crime. Full of dodgy dealers and tricky traders. *(Shooey looks around, amazed.)*

**Shooney:** It is?

**Suey:** Certainly it is. I bet there's not a trader here that shouldn't have his collar felt. Not one that isn't up to no good. I bet half the stuff on these stalls fell off the back of a rickshaw. Take this one for example – *(he starts to haul Nik Nak forward. But Shooney is not listening. Saw See has engaged his interest and he is staring open-mouthed at the postcards. He tugs at Suey's sleeve.)*

**Shooney:** Just look at this Sarge! Eee, Sarge! Have you seen what this one says?

**Suey:** Where did you get - ? *(As Shooney turns to point out Saw See, who has disappeared into the crowd again, he starts to rifle through the cards himself.)* Oh, I say, that's a bit saucy. *(He whistles)* Well I never. *(He turns the card the other way up)* Ahem. *(realising what he's doing).* Well, as I was saying, I'll just take custody of these to use in evidence against - *(he catches sight of Shooney casting about for Saw See.)* You numbskull. Don't tell me you've let the culprit get away. *(Shooney nods, shame-faced.)* Honestly, constable you're supposed to be the long arm of the law. *(Shooney, who has been keeping his sleeves folded and his arms up, puts them down by his sides. His sleeves drop down and dangle about six inches below his finger ends.)*

**Aladdin** *(picking one up):* Looks more like the long sleeve of the law to me.

**Suey:** I think we're going to have to run through a few steps of basic training constable. Now, say after me.

**Shooney:** After me.

**Suey:** No, no, I haven't started yet.

**Shooney:** No, no, I haven't started yet.

**Suey:** Numbskull!

**Shooney:** Numbskull! *(Suey opens his mouth to speak again, thinks better of it and whacks Shooney round the back of the head with his truncheon. Shooney raises his truncheon to whack Suey but stops short under an admonishing finger.)*

**Suey** *(touching his hat):* Evenin' all.

**Shooney** *(copying):* Evenin' all.

**Suey:** *(tucking his thumbs into imaginary braces and bending his knees):* 'Ello, 'ello, 'ello.

**Shooney** *(copying):* 'Ello, 'ello, 'ello..

**Suey** *(hands behind his back and rising up on his toes):* What's all this 'ere then?

**Shooney** *(copying):* What's all that there then? *(Suey gives him a look)*

**Suey:** Let's try a little crowd control. Follow me. *(He moves towards Aladdin and a group of shoppers, making shooing gestures. Shooney follows flapping his hands.)*

Move along there please. *(Aladdin and the shoppers take three deliberate steps away and stand still. swings round and folds his arms in exasperation.)* Ahem. *(He points towards another group. Shooney moves towards them making shooing gestures.)*

**Shooney:** Move along there please. *(No-one budes. He looks nervously over his shoulder at Suey and tries again.)* Move along there please. *(Still no-one budes. He panics and flaps frantically away.)* Aww, go on, move along, move along, move a –

**Suey:** Right, I've had about enough of this. *(He flexes his muscles)* I'm going to get this market place cleaned up, right now. Come on, clear off the lot of you.

**Li Chi:** No way.

**Oodles:** You can't move us on without a warrant.

**Nik Nak:** I ain't done nothing wrong.

**Saw See:** Me neither.

**Shooney** *(becoming alarmed as the traders move menacingly round them):* Oo-err.

**Suey:** We'll see about that. *(He rolls his sleeves up and pulls his truncheon out. Aladdin decides to intervene and cause a diversion. He takes an apple from the fruit and veg stall and hides it up his sleeve.)*

**Aladdin:** A thief! A thief!

**Li Chi:** My apples!

**Suey:** A thief?

**Aladdin** *(pointing):* He went that way sergeant.

**Suey:** Thank you young man. C'mon constable. Stop thief!

**Shooley:** I say – stop thief! *(They run off. Aladdin laughs and saunters forward.)*

**Aladdin:** Well, that's got rid of them. *(He takes the apple from his sleeve, gives it a polish and bites into it.)*

**Li Chi:** Hey! That's my apple.

**Nik Nak:** You're a cheeky young scamp Aladdin.

**Oodles:** Yes, you want to be careful. You'll come a cropper one day.

**Aladdin** *(with a shrug):* Not me. I'm far too lucky for that.

### Song B: Me Oh My (I'm Such a Lucky Guy)

*(Wishee Washee enters from the laundry carrying a basket full of washing.)*

**Wishee Washee:** Hello Aladdin. Hello everyone!

**Aladdin and Chorus:** Hello Wishee Washee.

**Wishee Washee:** Oooh look, Aladdin – we've got company! Hello!

**Audience:** Hello!

**Wishee Washee:** Eee, they're ever so friendly. *(He waves to some of them.)* Hello! Are you having a good time?

**Audience:** Yes!

**Wishee Washee:** Well, I'm not. My mum's just sent me to hang all this washing out to dry.

**Aladdin:** Well, oughtn't you to be getting on with it? *(Wishee Washee puts the basket down and sits in it.)*

**Wishee Washee:** Oh, there's bags of time. Mum won't be on the warpath for ages.

**Twankey** *(offstage):* Wishee Washee!

**Aladdin:** Ooops! Here she comes now. I'm off. *(He goes to dodge behind some of the traders but they form a wall, arms folded. Widow Twankey bustles in. She has a shopping trolley.)*

**Twankey:** Honestly Wishee Washee – haven't you got that washing hung out yet? It's a very important basket-full you know – from the Imperial Palace. *(Aladdin turns and bumps into her)*

**Aladdin:** Err, hello Mum.

**Twankey:** So this is where you've got to Aladdin. Half the washing in Peking to be done back at the Laundry and you're out here skiving. Fancy leaving your poor old widowed mother to slave away over a hot wash-tub single-handed. *(Wishee Washee, looks up and coughs.)* Yes, single-handed I said and single-handed I mean 'cos lets face it Wishee Washee – you're more of a hindrance than a help.

**Wishee Washee:** Aww, shucks Mum! *(He falls out of the basket)*

**Twankey:** I rest my case.

**Wishee Washee** *(hastily stuffing things back in the basket):* But I am trying.

**Twankey:** Yes, very trying. Now, back to work the pair of you.

**Aladdin:** But Mum – It's Market Day. Couldn't you let us have just one teeny little hour off?

**Twankey:** We-ell ....

**Wishee Washee:** Pretty please mumsy wumsy.

**Twankey:** Oh, all right! Just an hour mind.

**Aladdin:** Well, in that case mum –

**Twankey** (*suspicious*): What?

**Wishee Washee:** - could we have our pocket money please?

**Twankey:** Pocket money! I don't think you deserve pocket money this week. Either of you. I'll give you pocket money!

**Aladdin and Wishee Washee:** Yes please!

**Twankey:** But you'll only spend it.

**Aladdin and Wishee Washee** (*as though it's only just occurred to them*): That's a good idea.

**Twankey:** Oh, I don't know. Shall I?

**Market Traders:** Yes!

**Twankey:** Well I might have known you lot what would say yes - you've got a vested interest. I need a second opinion. Now, shall I, or shan't I, give these boys their pocket money?

**Audience:** YES!! (*Twankey gives a start*)

**Twankey:** Oooh, I say! Didn't see you there. Hello!

**Audience:** Hello!

**Twankey:** Don't you know it's polite to answer people when they talk to you? Hello!

**Audience:** HELLO!!

**Twankey:** That's better. Let's have a look at you. (*Disappointed*) Ohhh. What a miserable-looking lot. Go on, give us a smile! (*she pauses*) You can smile louder than that. Come on, let's see your teeth. Hey, steady on love – I didn't mean take 'em out and pass 'em round! You're not in Hinderwell now. I'd better introduce myself. I'm Widow Twankey. Who are you? (*She puts a hand to her ear*) Sorry, I didn't quite catch that? Oooh, what a lot of lovely names. But I bet you can't guess why I'm called Widow Twankey! (*Singling someone out*) Yes, that's right love – it's because I'm a poor widow woman. (*She wipes a tear from her eye.*) Yes, my husband, poor soul, died and left me all bereft.

**Audience:** Aww!

**Twankey:** It's a lot sadder than that!

**Audience:** AAWW!!

**Twankey:** Yes, I'm all alone in the world.

**Aladdin and Wishee Washee:** Hey!

**Twankey:** Well, all alone apart from these two sons of mine. You'd think they'd be a great comfort to me in my old age wouldn't you?

**Audience:** Yes.

**Twankey:** Not a bit of it. There's Aladdin here. He's the poor but honest and quick-witted one with the heart of gold. (*Aladdin looks smug*). But bone idle with it.

(*Aladdin turns away*) And then there's Wishee Washee. (*Wishee Washee comes forward ready to look smug.*) He's just plain daft.

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