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SF PERUSALS

Sinbadaladdin!

A pantomime

Richard Lloyd

Samuel French — London
www.samuelfrench-london.co.uk

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SINBADALADDIN!

First presented by Theatre Workshop Coulsdon on Saturday 13th December 2008, with the following cast:

Widow Twankee	John East
Wishee-Washee	Neil Grew
Sinbad	Emma Griffin
Hoo-Poo	Luke Argles
Hee-Pong	Mike Brown
The Grand Vizier	Bruce Montgomery
Abanazar	Chris Blakeney
The Slave of the Ring	Steve North
Aladdin	Kimberley Argles
Princess Jasmine	Dee Ajiba
No-Lo-Fat	Rosie Martin
Ming the Mirthless	Chris Argles
Chip-Chop-Ow	Andy Wiggins
Pee-Long	Pip Martin
Mrs Cheng	Tanya Allison
Nip-Tuk	Lisa Lloyd
Kung Po Prawn	Fiona Harrison
Wong-Ki-I	John Bird
Wong-Wei	Tim Young
The Slave of the Lamp	Penny Payne
Herald of the Imperial Court	Tania Gauci
Noo-Noo, a pantomime panda	Robyn Doran
Imperial Messengers	Morgan Lloyd
	James North
Yangtze Pirates	Becca Blanchard
	Eloise Brown
	Dawn Lock
	Hannah Montgomery
	Jonathan North
	Lindsey Riches

CHARACTERS

Widow Twankee, proprietress of the Happy Tub Chinese Laundry	M
Aladdin, her good-for-nothing son (later, Prince Wai-No-Dong)	F
Sinbad the Sailor, an itinerant principal boy	F
Wishee-Washee, slopper-out of the Happy Tub	M
Abanazar, a magician	M
Hoo-Poo, a Chinese policeman	M
Hee-Pong, ditto	M
Dim Sum, a Pekingese police dog puppet (*in a basket on the front of a bicycle...*)	
Ming the Mirthless, Sultan of Ching-Chong, Ping-Pong and Ooooagadoogoo	M
No-Lo-Fat, the Sultana	F
Princess Jasmine, fragrant and delectable	F
Pee-Long, her hand maiden	F
The Grand Vizier	M
Chip-Chop-Ow, the inscrutable executioner	M
The Slave of the Ring	M
The Slave of the Lamp	F
Mrs Cheng, terrifying piratical personage	F
Nip-Tuk, **Kung Po Prawn**, **Wong-Ki-I**, **Wong-Wei** — Mrs Cheng's cut-throat crew of Yangtze River pirate scum	F, F, M, M
Noo-Noo, a pantomime panda	F
Herald of the Imperial Court	M/F
Coolies, Pirates, and Citizens of Old Peking	
Pianist	

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

SCENE 1 *A Street in Old Peking*
SCENE 2 *The Tent of Abanazar*
SCENE 3 *The Happy Tub Chinese Laundry*
SCENE 4 *Tabs*
SCENE 5 *A clearing*
SCENE 6 *The Happy Tub Chinese Laundry*
SCENE 7 *A Street in Old Peking (Tabs)*
SCENE 8 *Outside the Cave of a Thousand Rubies (Tabs)*
SCENE 9 *Inside the Cave of a Thousand Rubies*

ACT II

SCENE 1 *Ming the Mirthless' Throneroom*
SCENE 2 *A clearing*
SCENE 3 *The Happy Tub Chinese Laundry*
SCENE 4 *A Street Scene*
SCENE 5 *Another Street Scene*
SCENE 6 *Aladdin's Palace*
SCENE 7 *Ming the Mirthless' Throneroom*

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MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

Overture	Company
Song 1	Wishee-Washee and Widow Twankee
Song 2	Aladdin and Princess Jasmine
Song 3	Hoo-Poo and Hee-Pong
Song 4	Aladdin
Song 5	Pirates
Song 6	Abanazar

ACT II

Song 7	Mrs Cheng and Two Pirate Dancers
Song 8	Widow Twankee/Audience
Song 9	Aladdin, Princess Jasmine, The Slave of The Lamp and The Slave of The Ring
Song 10	Aladdin and Princess Jasmine, Sinbad and Pee-Long, Widow Twankee and the Grand Vizier, Ming the Mirthless and No-Lo-Fat, and Wishee-Washee
Song 11	Company

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This pantomime is essentially Aladdin with a dash of Sinbad, plus a few other surprise oriental ingredients thrown in. Being a souped-up version of Aladdin, there are two larger-than life genies, which means lots of magical bangs and flashes. If your facilities (or production budget) won't run to this level of pyrotechnic extravagance, there is of course the good old blackout and cymbal clash combo.

Take a look at any script of Aladdin, and you'll see lots of comic pidgin 'Chinese' dialogue – it's always been part of the essential fun of this pantomime. In this script, only the three obviously comic characters (Wishee-Washee and the two Chinese policemen) speak in pastiche oriental, whilst the Yangtse pirates are a kind of cross between Chinese, piratical, and indeterminably non-English. This is easily adjusted if you aren't comfortable with this aspect of the tradition. Similarly, a number of corny 'Chinese' jokes - many of which you've probably heard before – have been included in the broker's men routine in Act Two, Scene Three. Again, any of these can be omitted or substituted at the discretion of the producing society.

Including eleven musical numbers and two dance routines, the running time of the original production was one hour and ten minutes in each half. If a shorter running time is required, I suggest songs four and seven are omitted.

Richard Lloyd

For Kimberley
Brilliant principal boy

Other pantomimes by Richard Lloyd:

Arabian Knights - The Panto!
The Christmas Cavalier
Smut's Saga, or, Santa and the Vikings
The Three Musketeers - le Panteau!
Treasure Island - the Panto

ACT I

SCENE 1

Overture, leading into... A street in Old Peking. An overhead sign reads "Old Peking" in suitably oriental lettering. There are pagodas to either side, and strings of colourful Chinese lanterns suspended between them. CURTAINS *open on to a huge pastiche Mikado-style opening*

The entire cast enter and bustle around in a vibrant oriental street scene, bowing to each other and so on. After a few moments they form up into a stagey tableau to sing the big opening number... The music swells to a mighty build-up. In perfect harmony the assembled company lustily sing...

Company "Welcome to Old Peking..."

They take a deep breath as if to continue – then think better of it. The tableau breaks up and all scamper off in different directions while the music continues, leaving only Widow Twankee on stage. She tries in vain to stop one or two of the departing company, and ends up shouting after them

Widow Twankee 'Ere! Where are you all going? Is that it? Oi! Come back! It's supposed to be the spectacular opening number...

The music fizzles out

(*To audience*) Oh well, there you go. That's your lot. "Welcome to Old Peking". And I mean it — you're welcome to Old Peking. I mean, honestly — what a dump. Have you ever seen such pathetic scenery? ...Still, never mind, you're here now, that's the main thing... Ooooh, I do apologize — I haven't introduced myself. Widow Twankee, at your service. Queen bee of the wash-tub business. Proprietor and head scrubber of the world famous Happy Tub Chinese Laundry. If there's a bigger scrubber on the face of the planet, I'd like to meet her... (*Picking on a member of the audience*) Yes? Oh I'm sorry... I thought that man in the third row put his hand up. Yes, you sir. Is that your wife? Ah, I see... Anyway... I just popped out from the laundry to

see if I could find Aladdin. Do you know Aladdin? He's my son you know… Oh, he's a charming rogue. Good-looking, quick-witted — and lazy as a fat Mandarin after a seventeen course banquet. Honestly — I love him dearly — but if you've ever met a more workshy loafer, I'll boil me bum in me own tub. Takes after his father, of course. Oh, he was an idle good-for-nothing. He was so idle, that one day he went to sleep and never woke up again. 'E just — stopped. So… we don't want that to happen to Aladdin, do we?

Audience participation

Bicycle bell off

Oh look out. Here we go…

Wishee-Washee enters furiously pedalling a tricycle

Wishee-Washee Widow Twankee, Widow Twankee!
Widow Twankee Wishee-Washee, Wishee-Washee!
Wishee-Washee What?
Widow Twankee Nothing.
Wishee-Washee Oh.
Widow Twankee Well?
Wishee-Washee Well what?
Widow Twankee Oh for Pete's sake… (*To the audience*) This, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, is Wishee-Washee, chief slopper-out at the Happy Tub Chinese laundry. He's my helper… 'cept he's no help whatsoever.
Wishee-Washee Widow Twankee? Where Aladdin go?
Widow Twankee I don't know, do I? I sent you out to look for him.
Wishee-Washee (*remembering*) Oh yeah…
Widow Twankee So did you find him?
Wishee-Washee (*crestfallen*) Oh no.
Widow Twankee (*to audience*) See what I mean? Completely useless. I don't know where that boy's got to. Always makes himself scarce when there's work to be done at the laundry. 'Ere, will you lot do me a favour and keep an eye out for him?

Audience participation

Will you?... Oh that is kind. Tell you what, if you see him, just give me a shout will you? Shout "Oi Twankee!" and I'll be there like a rat up a drainpipe. Can you do that? Let's have a practice shall we? After three – one, two, three…

Audience participation

Oh blimey... Come on — you can do better than that. Let's try again... One, two, three...

Audience participation

Much better! Right. See you later then... Oooh. Hang on a mo — I've just remembered: You don't even know what Aladdin looks like, do you? So I'll tell you. He's the principal boy he is. You'll recognize him straightaway, 'cos he's tall, slim and foxy as hell. He's wearing a short tunic, long boots, and 'e slaps his thigh a lot. Like this... (*She slaps her thigh*)

Wishee-Washee (*looking on with interest*) Can I do that?

Widow Twankee Course you can...

Wishee-Washee (*slapping Widow Twankee hard on the thigh and looking pleased with himself*) Thanks.

Widow Twankee (*wincing*) Pleasure.

Wishee-Washee Rubbery.

Widow Twankee I'm sorry?

Wishee-Washee Rubbery.

Widow Twankee You mean lovely?

Wishee-Washee No, I mean rubbery. Like blubbery.

Song 1 (Wishee-Washee and Widow Twankee)

After the song Widow Twankee launches herself at Wishee-Washee. He ducks out of her way as she reaches out to throttle him. She chases him off L

A moment later Sinbad saunters on R. *He has a bundle wrapped in a spotted handkerchief slung from a stick over his shoulder, and he wears a raffish turban. Apart from that, he's dressed like a principal boy — short, belted tunic, waistcoat, fishnet tights, long boots. He stops, looks around, peers at the audience, and then... slaps his thigh*

The audience — not unreasonably assuming him to be Aladdin — chorus:

Audience Oi Twankee!

Widow Twankee rushes back on, followed by Wishee-Washee, who keeps a safe distance

Widow Twankee Yes?! Yes?! Blimey, that was quick — have you found him? Have you found Aladdin?

Audience participation

You have? Where is he then?

Audience participation (*there!*)

That's not Aladdin.

Audience participation

Oh no it's not. (*To Sinbad*) Who are you?
Sinbad I am Sinbad.
Widow Twankee What, the sailor?

Sinbad nods

You're lost.
Sinbad Ha! I'm the most famous navigator in the world. How can I be lost?
Widow Twankee 'Cos you're in the wrong panto, mate.
Sinbad I needed a change of scene.
Widow Twankee (*glancing disparagingly at the scenery*) Well you'll be lucky to get one of those round here… What do you do then?
Sinbad I'm a principal boy.
Widow Twankee Oh no you're not, because my Aladdin, he's principal boy — see.
Sinbad Well there's room enough for two, isn't there?
Widow Twankee No.
Sinbad Why not?
Widow Twankee 'Cos we're in Old Peking — the city of all cities. It's Aladdin, isn't it! Only the most famous flippin' story in "The Arabian Nights".
Sinbad Well I'm in "The Arabian Nights" too.
Widow Twankee Yeah — on the other side of the ruddy continent. Not in the mysterious Orient. Besides, we can't have two principal boys. That'd be all wrong.
Sinbad Would you like to hear about my seven incredible voyages?
Wishee-Washee Yeah!
Widow Twankee No.
Sinbad Oh.

Widow Twankee But we would like to know what you're doing in the wrong panto…
Sinbad Let's just say I need to keep a low profile for a while.
Widow Twankee Got up someone's hooter did you?
Sinbad You could say that…
Widow Twankee Who?
Sinbad Mrs Cheng.
Widow Twankee Mrs Cheng? Not Mrs Cheng, Queen of the Yangtze Pirates.
Sinbad Might be.
Widow Twankee Mrs Cheng, the most terrifying female pirate in the blood-spattered history of piracy.
Sinbad That's her.
Widow Twankee (*digesting this information*) Right… Go on, hoppit. Sling your hook. We don't need your sort round here. We've got quite enough to put up with, without hordes of bloodthirsty pirates swarming down on us.
Sinbad But…
Widow Twankee No buts. Push off.
Sinbad But…
Widow Twankee OFF!
Sinbad Very well…

Sinbad's shoulders slump as he traipses sadly offstage

Wishee-Washee (*to the audience*) Aaaaaaaah…
Audience Aaaaaaaaaaaah.
Widow Twankee Oh don't waste your sympathy on him, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls. Pantoland is full of these out-of-work layabouts… They can't just go round hijacking other people's adventures. It would upset the whole balance of the sauce.
Wishee-Washee What's the sauce?
Widow Twankee Well, you know like in Star Wars, they have "The Force"?
Wishee-Washee Yeah?
Widow Twankee Well in panto, we have the sauce.
Wishee-Washee Ah – like mystical, unseen, spirit of pantomime, yes?
Widow Twankee No. It's more like splurge foam. Here… (*Reaching offstage*) May the sauce be with you. (*She splats a custard pie in his face*)

Wishee-Washee blinks at her through a mask of foam

Anyway, speaking of out-of-work layabouts, I've got something for you.

Wishee-Washee What?

Widow Twankee This. (*Clipping him round the ear*) Now get on your flippin' bike and get back to the laundry! And if you see Aladdin, tell him he'd better make himself useful or he's going to find himself out of work, and out of a role too. Off you go...

Wishee-Washee mounts his tricycle and pedals furiously R

Hoo-Poo (*off*) Make way! Make way!

Widow Twankee Oh no — get shot of one idiot, and two more appear in his place...

Hoo-Poo, one of the Chinese policemen, enters L *on foot with a besom broom and a megaphone slung round his neck. He sweeps right up to Widow Twankee's boots, then repeats officiously*

Hoo-Poo Make way! Make way!

Widow Twankee glowers at him and refuses to budge. Hoo-Poo raises his megaphone right in her face and bellows

Make way! Make way!

Still she refuses to move. Hoo-Poo eyes her up. He knows a troublemaker when he sees one. He turns and bellows offstage through his megaphone

Hee-Pong! Blues and twos I think...

Hee-Pong enters, riding a bone-shaker bicycle with a basket mounted on the handlebars. He cycles round in a circle waving a blue flag and making siren noises

Hee-Pong Nee-naw nee-naw nee-naw!

Widow Twankee Pathetic.

Hoo-Poo starts sweeping around Widow Twankee. Hee-Pong parks his bike to one side, climbs off and adjusts his trousers

Well, well. If it isn't Hoo-Poo and Hee-Pong, Peking's answer to Starsky and Hutch (*or insert topical detective duo*). And what are you two numpties up to?

Hee-Pong The Grand Vizier, he say go make thorough sweep of route.

Widow Twankee Route?
Hoo-Poo Her Fragrant Delectableness, Princess Jasmine, Daughter of his Imperial Highness, Ming the Mirthless, Sultan of Ching-Chong, Ping-Pong, and Oooooagadoogoo…
Hee-Pong Is taking a dip…
Hoo-Poo At the Bath-house of Heavenly Delight.
Widow Twankee Blimey… That's what all the fuss is about? Bathtime for some spoiled little Palace chit.
Hoo-Poo Yeah! And no common coolie is allowed to set beady eyes on her most Royal and Imperial Scrumptiousness…
Hee-Pong Yeah! On pain of deaf!
Widow Twankee (*correcting him*) Death.
Hee-Pong Yeah — that right! …So we sweeping route of all raff-riff.
Hoo-Poo So go takee-walkee, or it'll be chip-chop-ow for you.
Widow Twankee Ooooh how dare you! I'll have you know I'm not riff-raff. I'm quality I am. A high class scrubber.
Hoo-Poo Oh yeah? We soon see.
Widow Twankee How?
Hoo-Poo Hee Pong…
Widow Twankee (*aside*; *to audience*) Yes he does…
Hoo-Poo Deploy the sniffer dog.
Hee-Pong Deploy sniffer dog! (*Picking the basket off the front of the bike and inserting his forearm through a false bottom in the basket*) Dim Sum — walkies!

Dim Sum — a small tousled Pekingese glove puppet — looks out of his basket and yips manically

Widow Twankee (*to audience*) Oh look — shweeeeeeeeeeeeeeeet!

Dim Sum yips some more and tries to bite her finger

Hoo-Poo This Dim Sum — Peking Police Department number one sniffer dog.
Widow Twankee Shitzou?
Hee-Pong There's no need to be rude.
Hoo-Poo Actually, he's a Pekingese.
Widow Twankee (*pointing at the sign saying "Old Peking"*) Durr, well obviously…
Hoo-Poo He specially trained to sniff out coolies, peasants and similar low-grade rubbish.
Widow Twankee (*intrigued*) Really? How does he do that then?
Hoo-Poo Easy — coolies, peasants and low-grade rubbish smell like doggy-doos…

Hee-Pong Which he likes…

Dim Sum yaps in enthusiastic affirmation

Hoo-Poo Whereas high class personages smell fragrant like lotus flowers…
Hee-Pong Which he doesn't.

Dim Sum growls

Widow Twankee I see.
Hoo-Poo So… (*Like a quiz show host*) How do you pong? Doggy-doos or lotus flower?
Hee-Pong (*like a quiz show assistant*) Let's find out shall we? (*Lifting Dim Sum out of his basket*)
Widow Twankee 'Ere! Gerroff!

Dim Sum sniffs. Yowls. Keels over

Hee-Pong Hey! What you done to my doggy? (*He cradles the limp Dim Sum in his hands, then shrugging, slings the defunct puppet offstage by one ear*)
Hoo-Poo Quick — arrest her!
Hee-Pong Arrest her? But we want her gone.
Hoo-Poo Oh yeah… (*To Widow Twankee*) You! This time, just a caution. Now waddle off. Chop-chop.
Widow Twankee Excuse me? Waddle off?
Hoo-Poo Look — just go will you?
Widow Twankee Why should I?
Hee-Pong (*looking offstage* L) Hoo-Poo, quickly!
Hoo-Poo Look, I give you fiver to get lost.
Widow Twankee Make it a tenner.
Hoo-Poo Done.
Widow Twankee You have been.

They shake hands

Hee-Pong Hoo-Poo!

There is a loud dong from a huge gong somewhere nearby

Too late!

The Grand Vizier enters L, *followed by an attendant*

Hoo-Poo (*hissing to Widow Twankee*) Stand there. Say nothing.

Hoo-Poo and Hee-Pong stand shoulder to shoulder between Widow Twankee and the Grand Vizier, in an attempt to stop him seeing her

The Grand Vizier Make way! Make way!
Hee-Pong We've done that bit.
The Grand Vizier Oh. Right. And have you done a thorough sweep?
Hoo-Poo Yep.
The Grand Vizier Sniffer dog?
Hee-Pong Check.
Hoo-Poo Nothing to report, master.
The Grand Vizier Excellent. I shall signal the Imperial cavalcade that the route to the bath house has been cleared of common scum.
Hoo-Poo Hokey-kokey.

The Grand Vizier flicks a finger and sends his minion scurrying off

The Grand Vizier By the way… You'd better not have messed up this time. You know penalty for messing up?
Hoo-Poo
Hee-Pong } (*together*) Head-chop!
The Grand Vizier Yes, head-chop. And you know penalty for common scum who lay unworthy eyes on Fragrant Imperial Scrumptiousness?
Hoo-Poo
Hee-Pong } (*together*) Head-chop!
The Grand Vizier Correct! And you know penalty for police who mess up and allow common scum to lay unworthy eyes on Fragrant Imperial Scrumptiousness?

Hoo-Poo and Hee-Pong look uncertainly at each other, then venture

Hoo-Poo
Hee-Pong } (*together*) Head-chop?
The Grand Vizier Wrong!

There is a tinkle on the cymbals as he indicates their lower anatomy... Hoo-Poo and Hee-Pong blanch and exchange pained looks

Hoo-Poo (*in a small voice*) Winky-chop?
The Grand Vizier (*with relish*) Winky-chop…

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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