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Aladdin

A Family Musical

David Wood

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION

**SAMUEL
FRENCH**
FOUNDED 1830

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ALADDIN

First produced at the Queen's Theatre, Hornchurch, on 8th December 1980, with the following cast of characters:

Abanazar	Frank Olegario
The Genie of the Ring	Penny Jones
Zadia	Paddy Navin
Aladdin	Jeremy Gittins
Widow Twankey	Michael Stroud
The Sultan	Hugh Futchter
Tall Guard	Timothy Block
Short Guard	Jeremy Roberts
Courtier	Jan Reynolds
Prince Abdul	Norman Fisher
Monkey	Tony Reader
Baby Dragon	Derek Hewitson
The Genie of the Lamp	Don Dryden
Courtier	Ian Barber

Children (six in each performance):

Abeed Aslam, John Battram, Kellie Chappell, Nicola Costa, Helen Fassam, Lisa Hodges, Christopher Issac, Paul Issac, Stephen Long, Kim Mead, Roy Nobbs, Gary Pilgrim, Suzi Ross, David Simmons, Karen Smith, Amy Weaver, Natasha Weldon, Julie Anne Wilson

Directed by Paul Tomlinson

Musical Director Matthew Freeman

Dances staged by Lorelei Lynn

Designer Ian Wilson

CHARACTERS

Abanazar, an ambitious, power-mad villain

Genie of the Ring, good-natured, not always efficient, forgetful. Female

Aladdin, likeable, good-humoured, not overtly heroic

Widow Twankey, his mother, a warm, hard-working laundress

Zadia, the Sultan's daughter, unpretentious, attractive but not "pretty-pretty"

The Sultan, a pompous heavy father

First Guard, tall

Second Guard, small

Monkey, Widow Twankey's pet, lovable, mute

Camel, a front half and a back half

Baby Dragon, endearing and appealing rather than frightening, though heroic at the end

Genie of the Lamp, powerful, large and impressive

Prince Abdul, ancient and deaf

Aladdin Junior, nine years old

Little Monkey, a miniature version of Monkey, played by a child

Children, friends of Aladdin Junior, five or six of them, all about nine or ten years old

With doubling, the cast can be reduced to eleven or twelve, plus the children

ACT I	Scene 1	Abanazar's Workshop, with inset gauze effect for mime sequence
	Scene 2	The Throne Room in the Sultan's Palace
	Scene 3	Widow Twankey's Laundry, part of the Palace
	Scene 4	On the Road
	Scene 5	The Cave, Exterior, continuing into the Cave, Interior
ACT II	Scene 1	The Cave, Interior, with inset gauze effect
	Scene 2	The Throne Room
	Scene 3	Abanazar's Workshop. Ten years later
	Scene 4	The Courtyard of Aladdin's Palace
	Scene 5	The Flight to the Roof of the World, optional U.V. section
	Scene 6	The Roof of the World, returning to The Courtyard of Aladdin's Palace

MUSIC

ACT I *Overture*

- | | | |
|----|-----------------------------------|--|
| 1 | My Magic Ring | Abanazar |
| 1a | The Story of the Lamp | (Music under dialogue and mime) |
| 1b | <i>Link music</i> | |
| 2 | Bang the Gong | Aladdin, Widow Twankey,
Sultan, Guards and
Company |
| 3 | Why Can't You Be More
Like Me? | Sultan, Zadia |
| 3a | <i>The Chase</i> | |
| 3b | <i>Link music</i> | |
| 4 | A Washing Machine | Aladdin, Widow
Twankey, (Monkey) |
| 4a | <i>Search music</i> | |
| 5 | Don't Give Up, Don't
Give In | (a) Aladdin, Widow
Twankey, (Monkey)
(b) Zadia
(c) Abanazar |
| 5a | <i>Link music</i> | |
| 6 | Keep On Going Down | Abanazar, Aladdin,
Widow Twankey,
(Monkey) |
| 6a | <i>Dragon music</i> | |

ACT II *Entr'acte/Dragon Music*

- | | | |
|-----|---|--|
| 7 | Baby Dragon Baby | Aladdin, Widow
Twankey, Dragon,
(Monkey) |
| 7a | <i>Stalagmite music</i> | |
| 8 | Precious Stones | Genie of the Lamp,
Aladdin, Widow
Twankey, Dragon,
(Monkey) |
| 9 | <i>Wedding procession &
march</i> | |
| 10 | The Marriage | Sultan |
| 10a | <i>Fanfare</i> | |
| 10b | Don't Give Up, Don't
Give In (reprise) | Company |
| 10c | <i>Link music</i> | |
| 10d | <i>Link music</i> | |
| 11 | Widow Twankey's Song | Widow Twankey,
Children, Audience |

12	Flying Doormat	Genie of the Ring, Aladdin, Widow Twankey, Sultan, Dragon
12a	<i>The Flight Back to the Palace</i>	
12b	Don't Give Up, Don't Give In (reprise)	Company
12c	Don't Give Up, Don't Give In (reprise)	Company

Note: For curtain call music, it is suggested that Bang the Gong is most appropriate: if song reprises are required, Baby Dragon Baby and Don't Give Up, Don't Give In are probably the most suitable.

The piano/vocal score for this musical is available from Samuel French Ltd.

ACT I

SCENE 1

Abanazar's Workshop

A short overture leads into mysterious music as the Curtain rises to reveal Abanazar working behind a bench covered in old tomes and bubbling test tubes, foaming jars, etc. Referring to an open tome, Abanazar puts ingredients into a crucible or cauldron. Each one hisses and causes smoke to rise

Abanazar	Porcupine spine
	Squirming worm
	Eagle's eye
	Chicken pox germ
	Juice of jelly fish
	Liver of lynx
	Slime of snail—
	My, it stinks...

He recoils from the brew, then recovers

Can't give up now. Can't be put off by a nasty pong. The work of a lifetime hangs on a thread; to snap it now would mean ruin, eternal failure. On, on.

Referring to the tome, accompanied by eerie music, he takes a magic cane and, standing C, draws a magic circle around himself. A spotlight fades up—a circle of light. Abanazar carefully steps out of the circle, taking care not to tread on the edge. He collects his steaming crucible, then steps back gingerly inside the circle. He closes his eyes

From the deepest depths, from the highest height
I summon the powers of darkness and light;
For richer not poorer, for better not worse
I desire to own the universe!
Astimakundo, istamokeeeee!

Thunder. A puff of smoke from the crucible. The circle of light pulsates. Abanazar contorts his body and writhes, as though taken over by some strange power. Then stillness. Abanazar recovers

I feel no different. But it must have worked. I cast the spell to perfection. It *must* have worked. The world is mine, all mine! I think. (*He has an idea*) A test. I must carry out a test. (*Seeing the audience*) Those people. They must be my subjects. Under my power. I'll converse with them. (*To the audience*) My subjects. (*With a smile*) My objects. Do you worship me?

Audience No.

Abanazar Will you kneel at my feet and kiss them every time you meet me?

Audience No.

Abanazar Am I, Abanazar, not your master?

Audience No.

Abanazar Are you not my slaves?

Audience No.

Pause

Abanazar Then—I've failed. I've failed! (*He bursts into tears, in such a way as to get the audience to laugh at him*) But you wait. You'll see. One day you'll be mine, all mine! (*He encourages the audience to boo him. Then he returns to the bench and tips out the contents of the crucible*) I'll start again. I'll... (*He sees something amongst the mess from the crucible*) What's this? This wasn't on the list of ingredients. (*He holds up a ring*) A ring! A magic ring!

Song 1 MY MAGIC RING

My magic circle
Made this magic ring
Could it be
I've found the key
To knowing ev'rything?
Who can guess
What happiness
What fortune it may bring?
My magic ring
My magic ring.

The following verse is optional

Is this the secret
I have striven for
Could it be
I've found the key
To open ev'ry door?
Could it be
Could this make me
More pow'rful than a king?
My magic ring
My magic ring.

Approaching the audience

Then I will be your master
And you my slaves will be
I'll make you sweat and strain for me
And never set you free.

I'll show no mercy
I won't spare the rod
Wait and see
You'll worship me
Your emperor, your god.
Who could guess
Such happiness
Could spring from one small thing?
My magic ring
My magic ring.

As the song ends, Abanazar rubs the ring. Flash

The Genie of the Ring enters, surrounded by smoke from the flash

Aaaah!

The Genie coughs and tries to fan away the smoke

Who are you?

Genie of the Ring (*recovering*) I am the Renie of the Ging. Ooh. I'm sorry.
I'll start again. I am the Genie of the Ring. You mauled, O caster? I mean,
you called, O Master?

Abanazar Master? Am I your master?

Genie of the Ring Will is your what?

Abanazar I beg your pardon?

Genie of the Ring Ooh. I'm sorry. What is your will? You see, I've been
asleep for seven hundred and eighteen years. It always takes time to re-
adjust. What is your will, O Master? Command and I will boo your
didding.

Abanazar Boo my didding?

Genie of the Ring Do your bidding. Sorry.

Abanazar What sort of bidding do you do?

Genie of the Ring Any bidding you like. You own the ring. You own me.
Ask and I obey.

Abanazar Well, strike me pink!

Genie of the Ring As you wish, O Master.

The Genie gestures and a pink light hits Abanazar

Abanazar Aaah! No! Unpink me!

Genie of the Ring As you wish, O Master.

The pink light disappears with a gesture

Pretty impressive, eh?

Abanazar Mm. I shall have to watch my words. Listen, Genie, I want to
own the world.

Genie of the Ring (*after a pause*) Is that all?

Abanazar Yes.

Genie of the Ring You wouldn't rather have a—bunch of flowers? (*She
magically produces one and gives it to Abanazar*)

Abanazar No. I hate flowers.

Genie of the Ring Or a giant spider? (*She produces one and throws it to Abanazar*)

Abanazar Aaaah! No. I want the world. Power. Absolute rule.

Genie of the Ring Mmm. My magic doesn't quite stretch to worlds.

Abanazar Why not?

Genie of the Ring Well, I'm only a junior genie. You really want my uncle.

Abanazar Your uncle?

Genie of the Ring Yes. The Genie of the Lamp.

Chord, leading into music over the mime sequence

Abanazar The Genie of the Lamp? Who's he?

Genie of the Ring My uncle, I told you.

Abanazar Yes, yes, I know. But how can I summon him? Tell me. Tell me.

Genie of the Ring As you wish, O Master.

Music 1A

The Genie of the Ring gestures dramatically. The lighting changes to reveal a screen behind, on which is played out the story of the Lamp, in silhouette, possibly using cut-out shapes as well as actors

(*Narrating*) The secret of the universe, the key to universal omnipotence, lies far, far away, deep in the darkest cave of the highest mountain. In this solitary spot, where few human beings have ever dared set foot, sits—a lamp. For thousands of years it has waited to be claimed, waiting for somebody to make use of its unique powers. Because, inside the lamp, all these centuries, the Genie of the Lamp has been ready, ready to be released by his master...

If possible, the silhouette of the Genie appears to grow from the Lamp to huge proportions

Abanazar But who is his master?

Genie of the Ring His master is whosoever can take the lamp from its resting place. Whosoever owns the lamp, to him is given everything he desires.

Abanazar Even the world?

Genie of the Ring Even the world. But don't think that the lamp is easily gained. It is surrounded by the sharpest stalagmites and stalactites.

These appear above and beneath the lamp

If a man in search of the lamp should accidentally touch one pointed tip—

This is acted out in the silhouette

—he will instantaneously be turned into stone and remain in the cave till the end of time.

The figure stiffens in the silhouette picture

What's more, the lamp is guarded night and day by the most ferocious, fearsome—dragon...

The dragon enters. This could be a huge cut-out head, with actors under a huge shroud as his legs

No man meeting the dragon has ever been seen again.

If possible a man enters the silhouette and is "eaten" by the dragon

The lighting fades back to the Genie of the Ring and Abanazar

So you see, Abanazar, to own the world involves grave danger.

Abanazar But it's worth a try. (*He has an idea*) You say whoever owns the lamp could own the world?

Genie of the Ring Yes.

Abanazar Then I must find someone else to enter the cave and steal the lamp for me. Some innocent who knows nothing of its secret. But how do I reach the cave? How do I find it?

Genie of the Ring (*coming out of her trance-like narrator's pose*) Ah. There I can help you. I'm pretty hot on travel. That's my special genie gift. Getting you from A to B. All I do is say the magic word and, whoosh, first-class luxury transport will be provided in the twinkling of an eye.

Abanazar Excellent. What are we waiting for?

Genie of the Ring Right. Stand by.

Abanazar prepares himself

Er—are you ready?

Abanazar (*impatiently*) I'm ready.

Genie of the Ring Er—are you steady?

Abanazar I'm steady.

Genie of the Ring Er—er...

Abanazar What's the matter?

Genie of the Ring I've forgotten the magic word.

Abanazar What?

Genie of the Ring It's been such an age since I last used it.

Abanazar Suffering salamanders...

Genie of the Ring Hang on. I know. (*To the audience*) Anyone know a good magic word?

The audience shout out suggestions. The Genie of the Ring chooses one: say "Abracadabra"

Thank you. Now. Here goes. (*She strikes a pose*)

Something to get us from A to B
Abracadabra, one, two, three!

Flash, black-out. When the lights come up a small child's tricycle has appeared

There you are!

Abanazar That? First-class luxury transport?

Genie of the Ring Mmm. Tell you what. Stand in here.

She opens a cupboard on the opposite side of the stage to the working bench. Abanazar gets in. She closes the door

Travel by magic from A to B
Abracadabra, one, two, three!

Flash. She opens the cupboard. It is empty. Fanfare. If a magic cabinet is not to be used, Abanazar can be vanished by simple use of a blackout

It worked! Hey, wait for me!

The Genie jumps on the tricycle and pedals frantically off

Music 1B

— — — — —
If more time is needed for the change the following optional scene may be used—though if possible it should be omitted

Genie of the Ring It worked!

Big chord. The Genie bows proudly, encouraging and acknowledging applause

Thank you, thank you! (*Suddenly realizing*) Hey, he's gone off without me! (*Calling off*) Wait for me! Wait! (*To herself*) Calm down, don't get in a sweat. How can I transport myself? (*Remembering the audience*) Can you help? What shall I do to join Abanazar?

She invites suggestions. One may be that she should say another spell

Thank you. Yes. Another spell to get me—(*she has an idea*)—a big fast car—that'd do! (*She poses*)

Music

Something to take me to Abanazar
Abracadabra—a big fast car!

Nothing happens

Oo, it's not working. (*To the audience*) Give me a hand, would you—shout the magic word with me? Yes? After three. One, Two, Three.

Audience Abracadabra.

Genie of the Ring Great! And again. One, two, three.

Audience Abracadabra.

Genie of the Ring Perfect. Now we'll do it for real. I'll say the spell and you join in on the magic word. (*She poses*)

Music

Something to take me to Abanazar.

All

ABRACADABRA—

Genie of the Ring

A big fast car!

Flash. A tiny pedal-car appears

The Genie looks disappointed, then shrugs her shoulders, jumps in the car, and pedals frantically off

Music 1B

— — — — —

SCENE 2

The Sultan's Palace—Throne Room

A long, low jewel-studded throne dominates this opulent room, with marble columns and rich hangings and a large window, a couple of statues on plinths, and a long low table

Zadia is lying on her tummy on the throne, reading

Aladdin (off, calling) Zadia!

Zadia smiles and quickly hides behind the throne

Zadia!

Aladdin enters

It's me. Aladdin.

As he looks around for her, she gingerly stands up behind the throne and aims a pea-shooter at Aladdin

Where are you?

She blows, "hitting" Aladdin on the ear, then hides again

Ow! (Realizing) Zadia!

He goes towards the throne. She, unseen by him, creeps round behind and hides behind a pillar. He sees her book, and laughs

I know where you are.

He bends down to look under the throne. Zadia pops out from behind the pillar and fires again, hitting Aladdin on the bottom

Ow!

He straightens. Zadia hides again. Aladdin looks behind him, realizes that Zadia must be behind the pillar, and creeps up to it; then he starts going round it. Zadia follows round, avoiding being caught. They go round a couple of times, then Aladdin stops, turns round and goes down on one knee. Zadia appears looking over Aladdin's head, and bumps into him. He lifts her up in a fireman's lift

Gotcha!

Zadia screams

Zadia Put me down! Put me down!

He dumps her on the throne

You're horrible, really horrible.

Aladdin You're not so bad yourself.

Zadia straightens herself

Zadia You've made me drop something now. It's over there. Look.

Aladdin Where?

He turns and bends over: she immediately shoots him again in the rear

Ow!

Zadia Gotcha!

She laughs. He laughs

Aladdin Pleased to see me?

Zadia Very.

Aladdin Really?

Zadia Yes. I've been dying to try out my peashooter all morning.

Aladdin Where did you get it?

Zadia A present.

Aladdin A present?

Zadia Well, you know what today is, don't you?

Aladdin Of course. Tuesday.

Zadia Yes, but what else?

Aladdin What do you mean, what else?

Zadia You've forgotten, haven't you?

Aladdin Mm?

Zadia You forget every single year, Aladdin.

Aladdin It's not your...?

Zadia It is my...

Aladdin Your birthday, Zadia. Happy birthday!

Zadia So what are you going to give me?

Aladdin Er—I'm going to give you—a race to the palace gates and back.

He makes a move. She laughs

Aladdin and Zadia chase off

We hear Widow Twankey approaching

Widow Twankey (off) Aladdin! Aladdin!

Widow Twankey enters, pushing with difficulty a laundry-basket-type hamper

Where is he? He'll be the death of me, he really will. Never where he should be, always where he shouldn't be... (*She notices the audience*) Oh! Hallo!

Audience Hallo.

Widow Twankey Hallo-o!

Audience Hallo-o!

Widow Twankey I'm Widow Twankey. Who are you? Eh? Shout your names out. Come on! (*She listens to the names, and picks out the odd one*) Anybody called Aladdin? No? No, I didn't think there would be. He's never where I want him to be. He's my son. We run the Palace Laundry. Well I run it. He runs off when I'm not looking. You haven't seen him by any chance?

Audience Yes.

Widow Twankey You have? Oh, good. Which way did he go?

The audience point to the side Aladdin and Zadia went off

That way? Oh, thank you. (*She goes towards the wings, and calls*) Aladdin!

Aladdin comes rushing on from the other side and bumps straight into Widow Twankey, knocking her flying. He helps her up

Aladdin Sorry, Mother, I didn't know you were here.

Widow Twankey I didn't know *you* were here. You should have been in the laundry this morning.

Aladdin Why, what happened?

Widow Twankey Ha, ha. Tee hee. Very little happened, as it happens, Aladdin, because fifty per cent of the work force *happened* to have done a bunk.

Aladdin Sorry, Mother, but...

Zadia enters running, breathless

Zadia You won. (*Seeing Widow Twankey*) Oh, hallo, Widow Twankey.

Widow Twankey Hallo, Zadia. (*She does a token curtsy*)

Aladdin It's Zadia's birthday, Mother.

Widow Twankey (*softening*) I know. Happy birthday, love. (*She kisses her*) But what you're doing spending it with this heartless, thoughtless, inconsiderate, ungrateful good-for-nothing, I haven't a clue.

Aladdin Hey, that's a bit unfair, Mother.

Zadia It's not. (*To Widow Twankey*) You know, he even forgot my birthday.

Widow Twankey He didn't?

Zadia He did.

Widow Twankey I thought that was why he didn't come in to work. I thought that was why he left me to lug this laundry basket up all those steps.

Aladdin It was. (*Indicating the laundry basket*) Happy birthday, Zadia.

She looks at him, smiles, and goes to open the laundry basket. Music for tension. She opens the laundry basket, and out pops Monkey, with a birthday ribbon round his neck. He jumps about a bit, then hugs Zadia

Zadia Hallo! Oh, Aladdin, he's lovely, thank you. What's he called?

Aladdin Monkey, I suppose.

Widow Twankey Isn't he sweet? (*Calling*) Monkey, come and say hallo to Widow Twankey.

Monkey runs over and jumps into Widow Twankey's arms, knocking her over, then kissing her furiously

Aaaah! You're very affectionate, aren't you.

Monkey rolls on to his back

Do you want me to tickle your tummy?

She does so. He reacts in ecstasy

Zadia Thank you, Aladdin. (*She kisses him*) But I'm never going to be able to keep him.

Aladdin Why not?

Zadia Father hates animals, you know that. He won't allow them in the palace.

Aladdin Tell you what. We'll look after him for you. In the laundry. Your father never comes down there. All right? And you can visit him every day.

Zadia Well...

Aladdin All right, Mother?

Widow Twankey Well, I've already got one little monkey in the laundry. You. So I s'pose another one won't make much difference.

Zadia Thank you.

A Guard or Attendant enters. He bangs a large eastern gong

Widow Twankey Hey, we'd better get our skates on. It's time for your birthday feast!

Song 2 BANG THE GONG!

If required, solo lines can be sung by all

Widow Twankey	Bang the gong! (<i>Bong!</i>)
	It's a special date
Aladdin	Sing a song
	To celebrate
Both	Today
	Is Zadia's birthday.

Widow Twankey and Aladdin take a table-cloth from the laundry basket and spread it on the table

Bang the gong! (*Bong!*)
Bring the banquet in
Come along

Courtiers, Guards, all available people, except the Sultan, enter carrying goodies and bottles of champagne—or an eastern equivalent—and goblets

	Let the fun begin
All	Today
	Is Zadia's birthday.
	It's one of those once in a lifetime events
	Roll out the red carpet
	Don't spare the expense.

Goblets are handed out

Bang the gong! (*Bong!*)
It's a special date
Sing a song

To celebrate
Today
Is Zadia's birthday
Today
Is Zadia's birthday.

The Guards go and collect the Sultan, escorting him to his throne

All bow

Guards Make way for the Sultan!
All Make way for the Sultan!

The Sultan enters very seriously, changing the mood from gaiety to reverence

A Guard very formally takes a bottle, others hold goblets ready. Suddenly the Sultan gives a beaming smile, thus lightening the mood once more, as he gives the signal to pop the cork

Sultan Pop the cork! (*Pop!*)
All Drink a loyal toast
Pop the cork!

All raise goblets

To our royal host
Today
Is Zadia's birthday.

It's one of those once in a lifetime events
Roll out the red carpet
Don't spare the expense

A cake with eighteen lit candles is brought in

Bang the gong! (*Bong!*)
It's a special date
Sing a song
To celebrate
Today
Is Zadia's birthday
Today
Is Zadia's birthday
Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday to you
Happy birthday dear Zadia
Happy birthday to you
Bang the gong! (*Bong!*)

Zadia blows out the candles. All clap and cheer. The Sultan raises his hand for silence

Sultan Zadia, my dear daughter. Today you are eighteen years old. Today you stop being a child. Today you become a young woman.

Appreciative murmurs from the others

All through your childhood you have made your father the happiest of men. Now it is time for you to make happy another man. A husband.

Zadia But, Father, I . . .

Sultan Silence, my dear. As is the custom, I will invite young men of worth and substance to apply for your hand in marriage.

Zadia (*blurting out*) But, Father, I don't want to marry.

Sultan (*quietly*) I beg your pardon?

Zadia I don't want to marry.

Sultan (*beginning to quake*) When I find a suitable suitor, you will have no choice in the matter.

Zadia (*very firmly*) I refuse to be put up to auction. Sold off to the highest bidder. It is degrading, Father, and I will not do it.

An electric silence

Sultan (*trying to control himself*) The party is over. Clear the Court. Go. All of you. All except Zadia.

People start moving off. The Sultan, for the first time, sees Monkey

What is that animal doing in Court? Remove the vile creature and never let me see it again.

*All go, very subdued**The Sultan and Zadia are left*

What is the meaning of this?

Zadia The meaning is simple, Father. Why should I marry someone I have never met?

Sultan Zadia, you are my only child. My wealth is limited. The palace is in need of repair. The walls are beginning to crumble. I can hardly afford to support the few members of staff we still employ. Our only chance is for you to marry. To marry well.

Zadia And to marry well means to marry wealthy?

Sultan Of course. For my sake.

Zadia But what about me? Am I expected to live the rest of my life with someone I can't stand? Someone I hate?

Sultan You might grow to like him.

Zadia Oh, tremendous. Thank you. I might grow to like him. Listen, Father, I'd rather marry Aladdin than some wealthy bore I've never set eyes on.

Sultan Aladdin? The laundry boy? Zadia, be reasonable.

Zadia Are *you* being reasonable?

Sultan I? Of course. I'm being perfectly reasonable. (*To the audience*) Aren't I?

Audience No.

Sultan Oh yes I am.

Audience Oh no you're not.

Sultan Oh yes I am.

Audience Oh no you're not.

Sultan But—I don't understand.

Song 3 WHY CAN'T YOU BE MORE LIKE ME?

Sultan Why can't you be obedient?
Never argue, just agree
Why can't you be kind and reas'nable?
Why can't you be more like me?

Zadia Can't you see?
I'm young, I'm free
I've got a mind of my own
And I'm gonna use it
I don't need you
To tell me what to do
Father please just leave me alone
Leave me alone!

Sultan Why must you be so difficult?
When you know it makes me mad
Be a good little girl, do as you're told
Don't fight with your dear old Dad

He tries to embrace her. She recoils

Zadia Can't you see?

They sing together in counterpoint

Zadia Can't you see?
I'm young, I'm free
I've got a mind of my own
And I'm gonna use it
I don't need you
To tell me what to do
Father please just leave me
alone
Leave me alone

Sultan Why can't you be obedient?
Never argue, just agree
Why can't you be kind and
reas'nable
Why can't you be more like
me?

Both There's no need to lose your temper
Let's keep calm for goodness sake
We only need a bit of understanding
We only need a little give and take
But

They sing together

Sultan Why can't you be

Zadia Can't you see?

Sultan More like me?

Zadia Can't you see?

Sultan Why can't you be more like me?

Both Can't you see?

Sultan Think it over.

Zadia I *have* thought it over, Father.

Sultan You've made up your mind?

Zadia Yes.

Sultan Excellent. I'll make arrangements straight...

Zadia (*interrupting*) I've made up my mind to leave home.

Sultan (*letting it sink in*) Leave home? Don't be absurd.

Zadia Good-bye, Father.

Zadia kisses the Sultan, then runs off

Sultan But—but—Zadia! Zadia! Come back! (*He chases off, then stops. Calling*)

Palace Guard! Palace Guard!

Two Guards come dashing in from different sides, holding their eastern-looking halberds

Guards Hup, hup, hup, hup, hup...

They meet in the middle and bump into each other. They fall over, extricate themselves from one another, and shuffle to attention

Sultan Quick. Zadia's left.

Guards Zadia's left?

Sultan She's left. Right. (*Meaning "correct"*)

Guards Left, right?

Sultan Right. Left.

Guards Right, left, right, left, right, left...

They go into a brief funny marching routine

Sultan Stop it, stop it. (*Very loudly*) Halt!

The Guards stop

First Guard Halt. (*He bangs down his halberd*)

Second Guard Halt. (*He bangs down his halberd—on the Sultan's foot*)

Sultan Ow! Now listen. Zadia has run away.

First Guard Which way?

Second Guard Left or right? (*Pointing in each direction*)

Sultan Left.

Guards Left?

Sultan Left. Right. (*Meaning "correct"*)

Guards Left, right?

Sultan Right. Left.

Guards Right, left, right, left, right, left...

They go into their marching routine again

Sultan Stop it, stop it. (*Very loudly*) Halt!

The Guards stop. The Sultan, remembering what happened before, changes sides

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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