

# A-Ladd-In Trouble



## Drama-tits Person-ale

Aladdin	Julia	A 2 <sup>nd</sup> Year PhD student
Old Mother Hoskins	Cyril	An old woman and mother to Al
Mishy Marshall	Barbara	Al's dim-witted fluid mechanic bro'
Genie of the Ring Binder	Johnathan	IT help desk
Genius of the lamp	John	The Big Daddy
Alanaza	Matt	Evil sorcerer with an evil plan
Wambaum	Christine	Alanaza's evil henchperson 1
Belcher	Sarah	Alanaza's other evil henchperson
Rowan Sultana	Dan C	The ruler of the Empire
Sultana	Tomo	The ruler of the ruler of the Empire
Princess Naphthalene	AC	Fit (but giant) daughter of the Sultan
Matt Collins	Bernie	Curly haired emcee
Shaff	Jeff	Cool ladies man from the North
Ken "Britney" Spears	Tim W	Cute, school-uniformed weather observer
The Hoganator	Malcolm	Cyberdyne Systems T-800c (croquet)
Stringer	Hilary	Such a cold Stringer ...
JCMM	Extras	Layabouts
Steve Walnut	Andy T	A fruit and veg seller
O'Neill	Dan H	A rug seller
Grey Herald	Tom B	Sue-pervisor of the market
Mike Peddler	Peter	Retired salesman
The Crockerer		A office stealer
Jo Pelly	Framo	A market seller
Narrator	Ian	Who else

## ACT 1

### SCENE 1

Narrator: "Esteemed guests, young and old,  
here is a story that must be told  
cast your eyes on this theatrical feast,  
of a magical land in the distant east  
with sand dunes and turkish delight  
and magic carpets that take flight "

Narrator: Once A-PUN a time, long, long ago, in a land far, far away there was  
an ancient empire. The empire was ruled by a wise old man:

His excellency, the most well respected, highly honourable, greatest,  
tallest, deepest, least predictable, most seasonable, his  
highness....Rowan SULTAN.

[Enter Rowan SULTAN, looking chuffed. About to speak... (could have applause  
which cuts suddenly)]

Narrator: Although..... Some say that the true power behind the throne was the  
wise and magnanimous, beautiful and merciful Lady Sling-Oh, the  
SULTANA.

[Enter Sling-Oh sultana, looking even more chuffed than Rowan. She makes some  
visual "under the thumb" jokes]

Narrator: Their kingdom, full of PROMISE, stretched from the shores of the  
great SEA of GAM to the unexplored forests of DARC-NESS to the  
north.

The SULTAN and SULTANA ruled their land with GRAPE wisdom.  
Despite the odd issue to resolve, no-one felt the need to WINE. Their  
CURRANT problem was RAISIN their turbulent daughter PRINCESS  
Naphth-Elaine. How could they FIGure out how to get her a DATE? A  
FRUITful relationship would be very aPEALing!

Lashley: [Shouts at the narrator] Please stop all these fruity jokes! You're  
starting to take the PITH!

[Enter Princess Naphth-Elaine, drifting across stage playing flute in a bit of a daze]

R.Sultan: What we need to do is marry her off to some eligible prince. Then  
she'll have to concentrate on running her own kingdom, stop all this  
prancing about on stage and make some real PROGRESS.

Sultana: Well, why don't you get Roger to put an advert in the wife-seekers  
mailing list.

R.Sultan        Err, Yes of course. [Scratches head in thought] OK here goes.  
Applications are invited for a Prince to join with state of the art princess. This position is for life; the project will involve developing a deeper understanding of turbulent exchanges of naphth-Elaine in the Turban Environment, and playing with LEGO. The results will have important applications in all BAR-LOW pressure regions. In the last Royal Assessment Exercise (RAE) the Palace achieved the maximum 5\* rating. So KARMAN FILTER down, Closing date for applications one and a half hours, well depending on how long ACTs 2 & 3 take.

[After a dramatic pause]

Narrator: Well don't all rush at once...

## SCENE 2

Narrator:        Meanwhile, on a hill, far outside the imperial city walls sat a dark and foreboding NCAS-TLE. In the deep recesses within sat a powerful SOURCERER, ALANAZA

Alanaza:        I "THORPE" I would get a better response than that...Oh Curse you, and curse that sultan, I can't cope-heck! (COAPEC) with his research strategies... and curse that sultana, she has all the power; thundering storms, the mighty oceans. Well the climates going to change around here, I can tell you, but they won't be able to predict what I am going to do. AH HA HA HA! Now, when will my trusty well-dressed henchmen, WAMBAUM and BURPER return from their quest?

[Enter Wambaum and Burper]

W&B:            Here we are my liege. We have stolen for you the ancient and magical ring-binder

ALANAZA:       The magic ring- -binder?

W&B:            Yes, the magic ring binder, the secrets to the magic LAMP of legend are hidden in its files.

ALZA:            THE MAGIC LAMP! [Takes the ring binder] AT LAST! Soon I will rule the world.

[Opens the ring binder]

Oh magical RING BINDER, tell me the secrets of the magical LAMP of legend.

[DISPLAY MESSAGE AS EMAIL ON SCREEN, maybe have voice reading it out]

Genie:            This is the GENIE of the RING BINDER automated reply confirming that your message about <the secrets of the magical LAMP of legend> has been received. Have you checked the magical LAMP help pages?

There's a search facility, how-do-I's, an A-Z index and a general introduction to mystical artefacts.

Alanaza: What!?! [Puzzled and disappointed]

[Enter GENIE of the RING BINDER]

Genie: Hmm. So you want to upgrade from Magical Sourcerer to Tyranical Overlord?

Alanaza: Yes! Yes!

Genie: Hang on a minute, I'll just do a Search for MAGICAL LAMP. [pause] Yes, You'll find the Magical Lamp in the Mystical Caves in Yonder Mountains.

Alanaza: Mystical caves?! That's miles away! Can't I just download it from here.

Genie: Sorry, there's a giant flaming barrier that prevents that.

Alanaza: Hmm... so how do I get through this FIREWALL?

Genie: Only, someone untainted and innocent can pass through it; you need to seek the one who is UN-VIVA-ED.

[Exit Genie]

Alanaza: Damn. Are either of you two un-viva-ed?

W&B: Sorry boss, we're both doctors.

Burper: Hmm... I know of a young PhD student, A-Lad-in...

WAMBAM: Yes, A-Lad-in the town. He is pure of heart, and hard of study, but has a severe case of second-year blues.

ALZA: Excellent, we shall find this lad and persuade him to join us, using the allure of a Wet-Office case award. Then once he has brought me the lamp I will make joint centres...

WAMBAM: I know all about "joint centres" [needs dutch accent]

ALZA: With my joint centres I can control all of meteorology, then all of science, and hence **The World!!** Well, except for politics... [starts leaving stage] ... and religion..... and technology.... and maybe sport....

### SCENE 3

Narrator: Here sits Aladdin; the son of an old widow, poor and despondent.

Aladdin: Alas, no funding, no results what am I to do? And my poor old mother. Day and night she toils to make ends meet.

[Enter Old Mother Hoskins]

Mother H: Aladdin, Aladdin, don't be such a misery guts. Stop moping around; it's time to open up shop. Maybe it'll be a busy day today, I feel it in my old bones.

Aladdin: Oh, Mother Hoskins. It's hopeless; the INVERTOR is on the blink again. If we don't get it fixed we'll have to invert all this PV by hand.

Mother H: Well, where's that idle brother of yours?  
MISHY MARSHY!!

Mishy M: What?

MH: The inverters broken again, you're the FLUID MECHANIC can you fix it?

MM: Don't worry MA(R) - SHALL have it fixed in a jiffy.

MH: Well I jolly well think so. All you seem to care about these days is playing croquet, well we've got work to do around here!

Aladdin: [Aside to MM and the audience] Don't worry about her she's just going through the usual NAG ROUTINE. [Holds up a NAG ROUTINE BOOK]

MM: [rummages around] Aha! I've found the problem - you've got too much ANOMOLOUS BOTTOM WATER in the PV SINK

[Pulls a PV SINK out of the invertor]

MM: A bit of Ekman pumping should clear that up.

[Pumping water sounds]

MM: That's that fixed!

OMH: Oh, you are a good boy Marshy. [tries to give him a big kiss]

[Alanaza enters carrying bag full of dirty Laundry]

OMH: Oh! a Customer! At last! Ever since the downturn in the vorticity market things have been a bit stagnant around here.

ALANAZA: Good Mooring, My Lady. I have a few items here I wonder if you could attend to them?

[Alanaza hands over the bag]

OMH: [Aside to the audience] Oh what a dish!  
Certainly, for you sir anything.

[OMH Pulls out some heavily stained long johns]

OMH: Dearie [cough] me! [cough] I don't like to complain, but you really should invert your PV more often, you know!

ALAZ: They're not mine, err they must belong to WAMBAM... but if you invert them WAMBAM'll thank you Maam.

[OMH pulls out a sexy bra]

OMH: Oh I say!

ALAZ: Ohh how did, err where they come from? [Trying to cover up]

[MH pulls out a big pair of red satin, sexy-looking boxer shorts which bear the following slogan: 'I (HEART-SHAPE) PV' ]

OMH: Goodness Me!

Alanaza: Be very careful with those, they're my quasi-geostrophic pants, made of the finest resolution material for that extra smoothness, thereby reducing deleterious frictional effects on PV balls. [aside to OMH] They're my last pair - my usual place destroyed all my others.

OMH: Destroyed?! We don't destroy customer's PERSONAL VESTEMENTS here. Haven't you heard of MATERIAL conservation? Look, read this - it's a Bluffer's Guide To PV.

Alanaza: Hmm...Hoskins, McIntyre, and Robertson (1985). Looks difficult.

Aladdin: Piece of cake; I can recite it backwards.

Alanaza: Really?

Aladdin: Nos Trebord Naeryt Nicm Sniksoh (5891)

Alanaza: Remarkable, quite remarkable. Are you a Professor?

Aladdin: No

Alanaza: A lecturer?

Aladdin: No

Alanaza: A Postdoc, then?

Aladdin: No, no, no. I'm just a poor PhD student (from a poor family)

Alanaza: Really, really? Very interesting... No Viva then?

Aladdin: Not even a thesis.

Alanaza: It might be your lucky day - I'm looking for a talented research student for a project of mine. It's fully funded; it comes with a prestigious CASE award.

[Holds up black briefcase with green wavy lines + wetoffice logo]

OMH: Oh, Aladdin! This could be our route to riches - a job at the WET OFFICE! Just think, we could even afford a BERRISFORD MKII - I've heard they are aPAULingly good.

Aladdin: No. I'm fed up with research. I'm off to the city to make my fortune.

[Enter Princess NAPF ELAINE]

Princess: Jings. I was just passing - I left a bundle of PV here last week - is it ready?

[Aladdin stares at the Princess, gobsmacked]

OMH: Oh yes, my dear. Hang on a minute.

Princess: [Flicks her hair (sexy) and prances around, poses and looks out of the window] Oh, looks like we're in for a spell of rain. What do you peasants think?

[Aladdin just continues to stare and can't think of anything to say]

OMH: Here it is my dear. Thank you, do call again.

Princess: Thanks. [Gives Aladdin a funny look, smiles awkwardly and exits]

Aladdin: Who was she?

Alanaza: That's Naphth-Elaine - she's a recently promoted lecturer in a 5\* department, and daughter of the Sultan.

Aladdin: That's it - I've had it with science, I'm off to make my fortune. Then I will woo the beautiful Naphth-Elaine.



Alanaza: Aghh! But the route to her heart isn't money or fast camels; it's meteorology. Come with me and I will reveal to you the secret of the Five Day Forecast.

OMH: He's right love, all the girls love a meteorologist. [chuckles] I should know!

Aladdin: Really?

OMH: All those isobars and big strong fronts, they soon break down persistent blocking. Then you can move in with a warm tongue.

Aladdin: So, should I go with Alanaza? I'm just a poor boy, from a poor family.

ALAZ: He's just a poor boy, doesn't have a PhD.

MM: Spare him his life from this Meteorology.

[Piano]  
OMH: PV come, PV go

Narrator: Should Aladdin go?

Audience: He should not NO! Aladdin should not go.

[More Piano]  
Alaz: Mother Hoskins, Mother Hoskins, won't you let him go?

Aladdin: Alanaza - has a CASE put aside for me, for me, for ME!!!

[holds up the CASE]  
[People mosh for a couple of seconds then stop embarrassed]

Aladdin: Right Ok then.

Alanaza: Excellent! [aside] At last! Soon I shall have my hands on that Magic Lamp. AHA HA HA HA [maniacal laughter, uplighting etc]

[Aladdin re-enters, cut uplighting]

Aladdin: Sorry? Did you say something?

Alanaza: Oh er.. no, sorry...

[Exit Alanaza and Aladdin]  
[OMH bids them a teary farewell]

## Act 2

### Scene 1                      The Cave

Narrator:                      And so our heroes persuaded by the evil Alanaza make their way across the great sponge dessert, and into yonder mountains. (Rutt thesis jibber ..... mountains, cost function etc etc). Where they approach the mystical cave.

[Aladdin, Wishy Washy and Alanaza arrive onto the stage. They assemble in front of some doors. Alanaza has ring binder strapped to side facing audience.]

Alanaza:                      ... and when you get inside there you will find riches beyond your wildest dreams. You can keep anything you like as long as you bring me that lamp.

MM:                              Aladdin, just think gold, diamonds, jewels – we'll be rich beyond our wildest dreams.

Aladdin:                      You could buy the ruby encrusted whirling psychrometer you've always wanted.

MM:                              Yeah and didn't you have your eye on that platinum plated stratospheric fountain for the garden?

Alanaza:                      We're here [stops suddenly]

Ok boys, I want you to go inside, take anything you want, it's all free. Just bring me the lamp [evil cackle]

[Aside] Haa haa. Once I get that lamp of those pesky fools I can put my secret THORPEX plan into operation. I'll take all of atmospheric research into my control. From there I take over all of science and then the World. Haa ha haa

OPEN STATIONERY!!

WISHY:                      What you expect us to go through that giant wall of fire, you must be joking, why don't you go in.

ALANAZAR:                      Ah sorry as an employee of the University health and safety regulations prevent me from doing anything remotely interesting. However you're both PhD students so they don't apply to you. BE GONE !!!

[Aladdin and Mishy cower and then enter very slowly]

Aladdin: Ok Mishy – Let’s Go !

Christine: I am Christine- guardian of the lamp. Who dares enter the locked stationary cupboard without the key.

Aladdin: Sorry to bother you on a Wednesday afternoon. I’m Aladdin –I’m a second year PhD student.

Christine: Ok, take anything you need, just remember to tell me if it’s the last of anything.

MM: Aladdin there’s nothing worth a jot in here, no jewels, no gold.

Aladdin: But Wishy look – *Gold Highlighters* – and four different kinds of pencil..... And look at all this blank paper, plenty of room for next years panto script.

MM: But there’s no Blu-Tack, how am I supposed to put my bottom topography poster on the wall.

Aladdin: I told you to get rid of those pictures of Helen Johnson!

MM: (blushing)... and paper knives, what use are they!!!!

Aladdin: Who cares – they’re free – lets have five!!

[Wishy Washy stumbles across lamp]

MM: Look Aladdin – the lamp.

Aladdin: Great, the shortest panto ever. [turns to audience]  
OK everyone if you’d like to make your way back over to the department food will be served in the synoptic lab and then dancing in the coffee room to DJ Sapo.

MM: [A bit more stuttery]...but we were supposed to give the lamp to.....

Aladdin: baaahhhhhh

[Move to doors of cabinet where Alanaza is waiting]

Alanaza: Ah! At last you’ve returned. It seemed like you’d been researching for the lamp for three years. Is it ready yet?

Aladdin: I’m not sure – I think it needs a bit of polish.

MM: Oh come on – hand it over – there’s about as much chance of you failing your viva as Manoj telling a funny joke. Hand it over, then we can get back to real life and celebrate in the 3 Tuns.

Aladdin: I'll just give it a bit more polish.....

Alanaza: Oh no you won't, give it here you imbecile.....

Aladdin: Oh yes I will.

[Aladdin and Alanazar fight over lamp. Wishy does the hamming and involving the audience malarkey. Eventually Aladdin grabs the lamp, the ring binder falls into the cave as does Aladdin and Mishy.]

Alanaza: Ok if that's what you want, I'll leave you here to see how you survive without your grant cheque. A few months of that and the lamp will be mine, aahhhhahhhhaaaahhahhhh.

CLOSE STATIONERY!

[Stationery cupboard doors close, Alanazar leaves stage.]

MM: Aladdin were sunk, what are we going to do, we're way out of depth now.

Aladdin: Don't panic, don't panic we are not in gyre straits yet. There must be something in here that we can use.

MM: ...I've got it, how about the paper knives, they do have a use after all. I'll get started on those boundary conditions. I'm sure I can find a separation point somewhere. Oh, I've lost my *Bering*

Aladdin: *Strait* over there. [shakes his head, walks across stage, picks up ring binder] Hmmmm a ring binder.....wonder what's in here....maybe there's a map.

[Lights dim, crash bang wallop sound effect, Genie appears]

Genie: Hi, I'm the genie of the ring binder. I see you're trying to escape from this cupboard. Would you like me to:

1) Help you escape from the cupboard, make the princess fall in love with you, defeat Alanaza and make everyone live happily ever after.

2) Show you how to mail merge documents so you can collaborate with colleagues more easily.

3) Help you add text to a figure

4) Other

MM: Oh, oh, click mail merge, mail merge, I've always wanted to know how to do that!

Aladdin: What? Who are you? Where did you come from? And What do I click on to get rid of you?

Genie: I'm the genie of the ring binder and I'm here to solve any of your technical problems. You can reach me any time by e-mailing [geniebugs@met.reading.ac.uk](mailto:geniebugs@met.reading.ac.uk) - but first you should check out our extensive webpages, which are being continually updated.

Aladdin: Hmmmmm a genie you say, so can you get us out of this cupboard.

Genie: Well certainly. I can wish you three grants, sorry I mean grant you three wishes. There are a few terms and conditions though. I can't make anyone fall in love with you, You can't wish for any more wishes and I certainly can't make Data Assimilation interesting.

MM: Woooooh Yeah, this is our ticket out of here. Get him to sail us home Aladdin.

Aladdin: Oh but there's no point in going home if I can't get Princess Naphth-Elaine to dance with me at the disco. Oh my life is even more boring than a Joint School seminar.  
Oooh, three wishes?! What should I wish for? What would you wish for Genie?

Genie: Aaaah...if only I could be released from this ring binder prison...

Aladdin: I'll tell you what – if you help us get out of here, I will save my third wish to set you free.

MM: Aladdin – I've got it get the genie to turn you into a doctor – she can't fail to fall for you then.

Aladdin: What a great idea, I think I'll keep my own clothes though, have you seen some of the things they wear. Genie can you give me some choices?

Genie: This is the geniebugs automated reply confirming that your message about <doctorate choices> has been received...

[Pause. Genie and Aladdin look at each other bemused]

Genie: Aaaah! A doctor, eh! I think I can help you with that. I'll just have a look in my dot doc file. What about something thrilling?

[Theme of Goldfinger starts, Marc Stringer enters with badminton racket as a gun.]

Song: Marc Stringer,  
He's the man, the man with the Midas touch,  
On the squash court,

Such a bold swinger,  
Beckons you to enter department sport,  
Forget your course!  
His parachute stops him falling to Earth,  
He gets up early to book Astroturf,  
A golden ball knows when he's kicked it,  
It's the kick for goal from doctor  
Marc Stringer ...

[Song fading]

Marc: Alrigh', mate. Fancy Ag mate?

Aladdin: [to genie] Phew ... I don't think I can manage that! When will I have time to do any work?

Marc: No, dead easy, mate. I'm doubling up today, mate. Squash at lunch time, Astroturf at six, organising the badminton tournament tonight. Sand-dune surfing on Saturday. Camel racing on Sunday...

[The genie is pushing Marc away from the stage]

MM: Phew, got rid of him. That guy thinks he's it... I mean "I" "T".

Genie: All right. Let's try something a little bit more academic and serious:

[Limerick] He's into newfangled dot commage  
And his shirts are most definitely too orange  
His hair's very curly  
In fact it's quite girly  
The seminar supremo Mat Collins

Mat: Good morning everybody, welcome to the first lunchtime seminar of this act. Today's speaker is Mat Collins. Mat did his PhD in Reading, then worked at the Hadley centre for a while and collaborated with Oxford University. Today he's going to talk about COAPEC, Coupled Oasis Atmosphere Processes on Ensemble Camels ...

Aladdin: [to genie] I'm not sure I was thinking THAT serious.

Mat: Good morning everybody, welcome to the second lunchtime seminar of this act. Today's speaker is Aladdin. Aladdin did his first degree in Desert meteorology at the university of Abracadabra, He's currently doing a PhD under the nasty supervision of Prof. Alanaza and today he's going to talk about escaping boundary conditions ...

MM: Stop, stop, this is too much: External seminar on Monday; internal seminar on Tuesday; Chapa Club on Wednesday; group meeting on Thursday; Current Weather on Friday. My head feels as overcooked as a 3 Tuns veggie burger with a slice of cucumber on top.

[Genie starts pushing Mat away from the stage]

Mat: We have few minutes for some burning questions ... and it remains just to thank the Genie for this very interesting talk. Next week speaker is going to be Ali Baba talking about variational treasure assimilation in 4D-thieves.

Genie: (to Aladdin) what about something in the middle

MM: Well, why do you want to become a simple postdoc. I think you should set your sights a bit higher. How about ... Anthony Illingworth ... he's really clever, cosmopolitan AND have you seen the size of his ... radar !

Genie: Don't make me laugh  
Though you want to be staff  
I'll make you the hardest guy  
Why don't we try  
That northern lad, Len Shaff

[Music from Shaft, cast sing Shaff Len Enters in typical swagger]

Shaff: [very northern accent] You're damn right it is!

Aladdin: I can never be as cool as that, I'd have to go on every pub-crawl from now until 2008 and have you seen the price of Denim jackets these days?

MM: Aaah! This is hopeless – let's float some ideas to try and get home and we can worry about making the princess fancy you later.

Aladdin: Ok, ok - genie. I wish I could go *slash home slash Aladdin*

Genie: nfs server sufs1 is not responding.....still trying.

MM : Oh no! The genie's sinking... He's gone down – there's only one thing for it – coffee room.

Genie: nfs server sufs1 is not responding.....still trying. (*etc.. etc.*)

[Genie freezes.]

[Walk to other side of stage, some people are already sitting on side drinking coffee. Aladdin and Wishy start to drink coffee and play conkers]

Aladdin: [to Wishy] Who are those people over there?

MM: Oh they're only JCMM.

Aladdin: I wonder why there're always here so early?

MM: Well they love a little bit of pre-sip [coffee arm action]

[Ken enters wearing sowester and raincoat, moaning, underneath is hidden his Britney Spears costume.]

[Just before Ken talks, play 'Dur der der dng' each time]

Ken: [putting up maps etc – under breath.] oh baby baby how was I supposed to know – that something wasn't right...

Aladdin: sorry – what wasn't right?

Ken: It's obvious – I entered plus four for the minimum temperature in the weather game when it was plus three. Did you know that it was the lowest temperature on a Friday in Lisbon since 1989 last night? Oh baby, baby, I shouldn't have let you go and know you're out of sight, yeah.

Aladdin: huh?

Ken: I had weather records for this place that went back to when it was just dunes. I leant them to Mustapha Brugge and he's gone and lost them.

MM: What? Anyway – who are you?

Ken: I'm Ken "Britney" Spiers [whips off clothes]  
[INTO SONG]

Show me  
Where my records could be  
Tell me Bruggie  
'Cos I need to know now  
oh, because  
My loneliness  
is killing me

All: And I

Ken: I must confess

I still believe

All: Still believe

Ken: When they're not with me, I loose my mind

Give me a sign

All: Hit me Bruggie one more time

[On rushes the genie]

Genie: everyone, everyone – I know how to fix the problem. I need to reboot the system. Everyone, please log off, NOW!



[Exit everyone except Wishy, Aladdin and Genie]

Genie: I've ferreted around – and found an IDL solution.

MM: Clever genie, 'e macs it all better. Now we can netscape.

Aladdin I hope it's nothing cd.

Genie .....see I've installed Hoganator 1.2.5.3 beta.

[On walks Robin Hogan with robotic type steps. And golden croquet mallet.]

Hogan: [Swarzenegger Austrian accent] I am Robin the Hoganator. I am the ultimate croquet playing machine. I have terminated all the other croquet players in this cupboard. Eric Guilyardi's asymmetric stance was no match for my power, pace and precision, and don't get me started on the Joshi golf shot.

MM: Hello Dr Hoganator, I wonder if you could help us to escape from this cupboard.

Hogan Why should I do this?

MM: But don't you want to show the rest of the sultanate your croquet prowess?

Aladdin: And just think how flat the lawns are outside. They are much better than this bumpy bit of turf.

Hogan: OK. I'll do it. Pass me that boulder.

[The Hoganator takes a huge swing at the boulder and launches the projectile with perfect precision at the door smashing it to smithereens.]

All: Yippie skippy.

Aladdin: Are you coming with us Hoganator?

Hogan: No. I must hunt and destroy other croquet player. Hasta la vista Woughlnough. I'll be backscatter...

Aladdin: Let's go

Narrator: ...and so our gallant heroes trudge back across the sponge dessert to Mother Hoskins Invertery – the journey itself is uninteresting apart from, [insert event here – possibly with joke]. So while our heroes make their way I wonder if I could tell you some more about some interesting aspects of the orography.... Alternatively we could take a short interlude.

## Act 3 The Market

Dramatis Personae

Aladdin

Mother Hoskins

Gray Herald

Market Sellers: Jo Pelly, Steve Walnut, O'Neill, Peddler, Crockerer

Alan-azar

[Mother Hoskins is in the market]

Mother            Oh hello again. I hope you enjoyed your interval. I've been ever so busy. That Aladdin has gone off to marry the princess and dumped all that stuff in his room. It was a real mess. So I've had to tidy up myself. You wouldn't believe the things I found in there. – under his bed I found dirty socks, an old sunflower (bits of it were still stuck to the window) and a whole load of horrible magazines called *Weather*, I hate to think what he was doing with them.  
I also found this rusty old lamp, I'm gonna see what I can get for it down the market, since we are very poor. Oo, and while I'm there can you lot remind me I need to get some supplies for the inventory, some Wind-O-Cleaner and some Boundary Conditioner.

[Enter Walnut and O'Neill]

Walnut            Hello, I'm *Steve Walnut*. Seller of quality fruits and vegetables..

O'Neill            I am *O'Neill*, the carpet seller.

Mother            [To Walnut] Hi can I interest you in a lamp?

Walnut            No thank you. I only deal in vegetables.

Mother            Well yes, I suppose, I can see that. But why are all your vegetables all *wet*?

Walnut            Well you see, my stall sells *Discounted Agricultural Market Produce*. [He flips the sign on his stall, which says DAMP] Well actually I don't really sell it, I give it away. Do you want some *a-maize-ing* sweetcorn, how about some apples, ready for eating, or some courgettes, they are lovely when baked and stuffed.

Mother            [To O'Neill] How about you? Do you want to buy this lamp off me?

O'Neill            No thanks, I only deal in carpets. I am the *Dealer in Antique Rugs and Carpets*. [He flips the sign on his stall, which says DARC]

[Mother moves on to another seller.]

Peddler            [Wearing a red jumper, chain smoking, has been walking around the audience for a while] Hello.

Mother            Who are you?

Peddler            I'm Mike Peddler.

Mother            What do you sell?

Peddler Oh nothing these days, I'm retired.  
 Crockerer Well, I'm Elspeth, and if you're retired, you won't be needing this space anymore. You're going to have to move, I need this space to be smug in.  
 Mother Well what do you sell?  
 Crockerer Well you know, dust *bowls*, radar *dishes*, tectonic *plates*, interacting vortices, you know, all sorts of *crockery*.  
 Mother: What! At those prices, you'd have to be a *mug* to pay that much!  
 Peddler: Look out lads it's the market Sue-perviser!

[The Gray Herald comes on, she is working for the council].

Gray I am the *Gray Herald*. I represent the city council. I'm sorry, but I've got to move you all around I'm afraid. Princess Naphthalene will be here in a minute and we have to make some space for her. Could you all move over to that side of the market place please.  
 Sellers Mumble, mumble, groan.

[People start moving around]

Gray No, you can't go there, I've got a plan here, everything has been organised to the nearest nanometre. [She produces a colossal blue print showing where everyone has to go.] Now if you all breath in and don't move around too much everyone will be able to fit in quite nicely.  
 Peddler & Crockerer I don't like it down here, it's really *DARC* and *DAMP*.

[Peddler & Crockerer leave]

Alan-azar [Walks around market place in pathetic disguise, looking around suspiciously] [To Mother] My, my, what a beautiful lamp you have there my dear. May I persuade you to part with it for a small sum.  
 Mother Why yes of course, how much have you got in mind?  
 Alan-azar For a lovely lady like yourself, I'll give you these magic beans!  
 Mother Magic beans! Magic beans in exchange for an old rusty lamp, what a bargain, oh you are so generous sir! [Alan-azar gives her a tin of baked beans.]

[Aladdin returns bumping shoulders with Alanaza – Alanaza cackles]

Aladdin Hello Mother, I'm back. What's that smell?  
 Mother Oh it's this market scene, it stinks. These streets are very *smelly Allie*. Are you married yet?  
 Aladdin No. They wouldn't let me speak to her, apparently I don't have enough meteorological knowledge!  
 Jo Get your weather derivative here, weather derivative, nice and fresh, get your weather derivative here, eleven to the dozen!

Aladdin Weather derivatives, what are they?  
Jo Oh dear oh dear, what kind of lead character are you if you don't know what weather derivatives are, how pathetic!  
Aladdin [To Mother] She's a bit cutting isn't she?  
Mother Oh, don't worry about her, that's Jo Pelly and she's only here as the lunchtime company is better.  
Jo Anyway, can I interest you in some of my weather derivatives? [She holds up some signs with  $d(\text{sunshine})/dt$  and  $d(\text{cloudy})/dt$ ]. How about this one?  
Aladdin Who would want to buy that?  
Jo You're not exactly the sharpest tool in the box now are you. We sell our products to power industries, um, the agriculture sector, um, [pause], oh. And young lads trying to impress princesses.

[Light bulb moment, sfx]

Mother Oooh, don't you want to impress a princess, Aladdin?  
Aladdin That's right. I haven't got any change. Will you accept this fine set of paperknives?  
Jo Wow! Paperknives! Great! Here you go, and good luck with the Princess

[Hands over derivatives]

Aladdin Right, I'm off to the palace and get myself a princess. The lucky lady.  
[Wink]

[Leave for the palace with /dts]

## Scene 2 The Palace

Characters at Palace: Sultan, Sultana, Princess

[Princess sitting playing the flute, Sultan and Sultana on their thrones]

Sultana: When are you going to find that daughter of ours a worthy groom darling?

Sultan: Oh buttercup, you know how difficult it is to find worthy candidates for positions of power these days?

Sultana: Yes dearest, I usually end up taking on those difficult roles.

[Enter Aladdin, Mother Hoskins]

Sultan Not you again. I've told you, you can't marry my daughter until you have sufficient meteorological knowledge.

Aladdin Ah hah, I know all about meteorology. I've got these weather derivatives of a very respectable company.

Sultan Oh weather derivatives, fantastic, I've got a few of those myself.

Sultana Weather derivatives!?! Pfah. Don't talk to me about weather derivatives. I had to take over CGAM when the last director left to get involved in that dodgy business.

Sultan Oh, but they're really good for power industries, [pause] the agricultural sector,...and,err, errr, um,..  
Anyway, you now have my blessing to speak to the Princess.  
Naphthalene, why don't you go spend some time together.

[Aladdin chat's up Naphthalene]

Aladdin: So you play the flute. You must have loads of funny stories?

Princess: Well, this one time at band camp I stuck my flute...

Sultana: Naphthalene, remember what I told you about that!

Aladdin My, according to my love barometer the outlook is FINE.

Princess: You ain't all that. [Jerry Springer style]

Aladdin: My beauty anemomter reads you as gale force ten cause you just blow me away

Princess: Tell me more, big boy

Aladdin: Why don't you submit yourself to my quarterly journal, I'd love to review your statistics !

Princess: More, more [getting turned on]

Aladdin: Your dress is like the IGCM, simple but highlights all the main features.

[Naphthalene hugs Aladdin and je t'aime music]

Sultan Wonderful. [To Audience] I am pleased to announce the engagement of my daughter to this fine fellow. Hooray

[Alanazar jumps on stage. Everyone cowers in corner. Aladdin and naph continue kissing]

Alan-azar Not so fast! I will have Naphthalene for my bride! Get off her, boy! Or at least get a room, this is disgusting.  
[Pause; they carry on]

Looks like I'll have to use my *New Cold Aladdin Spell*, that's *NCAS*, to put an end to this. *NCAS*!

Aladdin [Freezes] Humh!

Alan-azar [To princess] And now you my dear are coming with me! And you lot, get off the stage.[Evil cackle] Ha ha ha ha ha!

Audience Boo, hiss!

[Alanazar prizes away Princess and exits. Aladdin left in frozen embrace]  
[Enter MM and genie]

Mother Oh dear oh dear Mishy Marshy, poor Aladdin is all frozen, I better thaw him with one of my warm anomalies.

Aladdin [He thaws] Mother, what has happened? I'm feeling very chilli.

Mother You were frozen by Alan-azar, and he escaped with the princess.

Aladdin Oh my dear Naphthalene in the clutches of that evil man! [To audience] And he is evil isn't he?!

Audience Yes, boo, hiss.

Aladdin But at least he hasn't got the lamp. I'll just go and get it from my room.

Mother [Looks sheepish] Err,....., um dear

Aladdin What's up mother?

Mother It's not there any more. I found it in the mess in your room Aladdin. I didn't think it was important to you, so I sold it.

Aladdin You sold it?! Who to?

Mother To Alan-azar.

Aladdin What?!

Mother But Aladdin look he gave me these magic *beans*. If we plant them in the garden, the beanstalk will grow really tall. Then you can climb to the very top, slay the giant and then do a *runner* with the goose that lays the golden eggs.

Aladdin No! You silly old woman, that's a different story! What are we going to do now? [To audience] What should we do now?

Audience Rescue the princess

Aladdin Anything else?

Audience Fight Alan-aza and get rid of him.

Aladdin But to get to Alanaza's *NCAS*-tle we will need some kind of transport. I wish we could get some transportation.

Genie: Your wish is my command.

[Just as Aladdin needs a magic carpet, there is a knock at the door, it is O'Neill the carpet salesman]

O'Neill Good day to you fine sir. Could I interest you in: salvation, cavity wall insulation, double glazing, a conservatory, strange plastic kitchen utensils, magic carpets...

Aladdin *Car pets* you say. Do you mean of the nodding dog on the back windscreen variety? {or Garfield with suction cups!}

O'Neill No, I mean, the flying rug variety. I've got a whole *pile* of them to sell.

Aladdin Great, that's exactly what I need! Have you got them in a choice of colours.

O'Neill           No I'm a *frayed knot*.  
Aladdin           What about different sizes?  
O'Neill           No, *weave* only got them in large. But it's gonna cost ya...  
Aladdin           I don't have money, but I could give you these Magic Beans...  
O'Neill           Great! I could make them into a fine Magic Bean Chardonnay  
Aladdin           Here you go. Right come on, let's go!

## Act 4

### Scene 1: Exterior

- Narrator: And so our heroes set off to Alanaza's NCAS'le to rescue the Princess.
- Genie Here we are – the castle!
- Aladdin: How can we rescue the princess, get the lamp and still fit in all the puns
- Mishy marshy: I know. I saw a panto last Christmas where they had to squeeze the ending into the last five minutes and they decided to use Binormally distributed tactics
- AladdinL You mean split up?
- MM How do you know?
- Aladdin: I saw that panto too – rubbish wasn't it
- MM Yeah, but the Knight of Shinfieldium was very good in it...
- Aladdin: Right, Genie, you're with me; Mum, you take Mishy Marshy  
[Exit Aladdin and Genie]
- Mother Hoskins Ohh, it's just like Scooby do  
[Mother Hoskins goes off with Mishy Marshy]

### Scene 2: Interior

[Alanaza comes onto stage singing to a teddy bear]

- Alanaza: That's right Mr Pinkerton: Daddy loves you the most! You are the most beautiful bear! What's that? You want Daddy to sing to you? "Why do birds suddenly appear, everytime, you are near? Just like me, they long to be close to you!"
- Mother Hoskins Oh its that naughty man. But he's such a dish. If only I were Alone, I'd show him a good time.... Here Mishy Marshy have this

Hands mishy marshy a sign with PTO on both sides

- MM What's this? Please – turn – over, please – turn – over.  
Exit MM, turning sign constantly



Mother Hoskins: (To alanazar) Whats a nice man like you doing in a place like this

Alanazar: This is my evil domain...

Mother Hoskins: You saucy devil! Give us a kiss!

Mother Hoskins hugs alanazar. He pushes her away

Mother Hoskins: Playing hard to get – eh?

Alanazar You stupid old woman. You're getting in my way and ruining my plans for world domination

Mother Hoskins: Oh you're so cute when you're angry.

[Hugs alanazar again – finds lamp in his cloak Alanazar protests]

Alanazar: I'm Evil! Not Cute! Evil! (pushes her away)

[Enter the Twins]

Mother Hoskins Look what that gorgeous man had in his pocket. I'm going to keep this to remember him by (pockets lamp)

[Alanazar across stage bumps into Waumbaum]

Alanazar: Throw that 'woman' into the dungeons – she's disgusting!

[Waumbaum pulls mother Hoskins off the stage. Alanaza is still on the stage with Burper]

[Enter Aladdin]

Aladdin: You're evil game is up Alanazar. You can't win this. Tell me where the princess is

Alanazar: The Princess? Hah! You'll never see her again! She's mine – All mine! I kissed her earlier – on the lips and everything! Besides, she wants my body!

[Slaps hands with Burper]

Aladdin: Then I'll challenge you to a duel!

Alanazar But we don't have any weapons, and besides, what could you possibly beat me at?

Aladdin: How about ..... The Current Weather Game!

Alanazar: The current weather game? As you wish – but I must warn you: I have never been beaten at the current weather game.

Aladdin: Try me...

Alanazar: What will you have? Tmin, Tmax, Sunshine hours, precipitation?

Aladdin: I'll take: European Tour!!

Alanazar: [Scared] What is the average temperature in Oslo?

Aladdin [seeks audience participation – many shout outs]  
3 degrees

Alanazar [Laughs] Wrong! Its 276. Everyone knows you have to convert to Kelvin. Always use SI units!

Aladdin: Oh drat! I can't believe I lost. [to audience:] But at least it was a fair contest.

Alanazar Burper: Take him away. And Aladdin if you see your mother tell her that I am not cute. I am evil

**Scene 3: Dungeon**

Aladdin: This is terrible! I'm never going to see the princess again!  
Spotlight on princess...

Princess: Yes you will – I'm over here! Get me out of these shackles!

Aladdin: But I don't have the key! And I promised to use the last of the geni's wishes to set them free.

Genie: Aladdin don't worry about me, you should use the last wish to set yourselves free

Aladdin: No. I promised that my last wish would be to release you. We'll have to find another way out.

Genie: Thank you Aladdin. It means so much to me, that you would put my freedom over your own.

[Long awkward Pause]

Mother Hoskins: Its so hot in this dungeon, I wish I had a drink.

Aladdin: I wish I had a drink too



Genius: I am not a genie. I am a genius and because of that I am going to confine you to the ring where you'll have to provide IT support to a network of idiot end users for all eternity.

Alanazar: I can deal with that. I'll just send automated replies to all emails [Salivating at the thought]

Genius: And you'll be cute and polite to everyone

Alanazar: No!!!!

Belcher: What about us. Were not really evil, we just worked for Alanazar because we couldn't get funding anywhere else. Now we'll never do research again.

Genius: Don't worry twins. This will be good for you. It will force you to get real jobs. After all you can't hide in academia for ever

Belcher: Well I've always wanted to be a patent clerk

Ambaum: And I've always wanted to open up a café back home.

Aladin: Now everyone else is free. I wish you were free genius

Genius: Well that does cause an irresolvable paradox – but we won't worry about that. Thank you

Ring genie: So what are you going to do now genius

Genius: I'd like to be a professor of meteorology

Ring genie: What is that like rocks and stuff

Genius: No its weather

Ring genie: Wow are you going to be a TV weatherman...

[Cue Song]

THE END

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