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Cast of Characters

PIPSQUEAK	FISH
MOOSE MOUSE	KING
ONE-EYED ED	ISLANDER
SQUEAKHERZADE	ROC
FATHER MOUSE	OLD MAN
MOTHER MOUSE	MAN WHO BECAME
HUNGRY MOUSE	DJINNI
WORRIED MOUSE	ROBBER #1
BRAVE MOUSE	ROBBER #2
HIPPIE MOUSE	POLICE #1
SARCASTIC MOUSE	POLICE #2
TEENAGE MOUSE	POLICE CHIEF
GREEDY MOUSE	ALADDIN
SQUEAKY MOUSE	ALADDIN'S MOM
FORTY THIEVES	MAGICIAN
THIEF LORD	ROCK
QUEEN CAT	GENIE OF THE LAMP
QUEEN MOUSE	PRINCESS
ALI CATTO	SERVANTS
LORD COW	CLEANERS
EMPEROR FOX	VIZIER
MASTER BULL	VIZIER'S SON
SENIOR SLOTH	SULTAN
DOCTOR DOG	ALI BABA
SINBAD (and his CREW)	ALI BABA'S WIFE

Acknowledgements

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TALES FROM THE ARABIAN MICE

by Will Averill

SCENE 1 INTRO

(PIPSQUEAK, MOOSE MOUSE, and ONE-EYED ED enter. PIPSQUEAK smiles and waves, ED plays with his eyepatch, and MOOSE MOUSE has an applause sign. They run on, and MOOSE holds up the applause sign. Maybe they get some applause, maybe not. If they don't get enough applause, they do it again. Think warming up the crowd a la Springer. Get em to hoot and holler. Repeat as necessary.)

PIPSQUEAK. Thank you! Thank you! No stop—really. You're too kind. Keep going. That's right.

(MOOSE holds up the sign again.)

Good evening, good evening, and welcome to this evening. I'm the one—the only—the irascible, fantastical—

MOOSE. Ahem.

PIPSQUEAK. Almost finished—the delightful, the insightful Pipsqueak the Mouse!

(Bows.)

Thank you. And this is my partner in crime, the Laurel to my Hardy, the Ted to my Bill, the Harpo to my Chico—Moose Mouse.

MOOSE. Aww, thanks. Stop—no, go on.

PIPSQUEAK. And that's One-Eyed Ed.

(ED laughs. It sounds like a machine gun. MOOSE screams.)

MOOSE. Duck!

PIPSQUEAK. It's okay, Moose. It's just Ed.

(To the audience:)

His laugh...it's like a machine gun.

(ED laughs. MOOSE ducks again.)

MOOSE. Ahh!

PIPSQUEAK. Shhh...

(To the audience:)

Ladies and Gentlemen, you might remember us from such theatrical masterpieces as *Cinderella: Or How Pipsqueak the Mouse Became A Stallion*.

MOOSE. Or you might ain't not of seen us at all.

PIPSQUEAK. That's terrible grammar, my big eared friend.

MOOSE. What can I say, I'm a rodent. English is not on my list of priorities.

PIPSQUEAK. What is?

MOOSE. Cheese. Getting all of the cheese.

PIPSQUEAK. Right. For those of you who don't know us, you're in luck. Cause you're going to now. I'm the narrator, and my friend Moose and I are here, because—

MOOSE. Ooo! Ooo! I know why we're here, Pip. Cause it's in the script!

PIPSQUEAK. That's true, Moose. But they ain't read the script.

MOOSE. Well good for you—cause it's ridiculous. It's terrible. It's stiiiinky—

(ED laughs.)

Duck!

PIPSQUEAK. It's just—Moose—It's just Ed! Okay. Seriously, folks, we got a great show for you tonight—all the way from the far-in lands of India and Asia, it's the *Tales of the Arabian Mice!*

MOOSE. Ummm, no. It ain't called *Arabian Mice*.

PIPSQUEAK. Sure it is—It's the *Tales of Arabian Mice*.

MOOSE. Nights.

PIPSQUEAK. No, this is a matinee.

MOOSE. Arabian Nights.

(Turns to an audience member.)

Oi! You! Gimmie your program!

PIPSQUEAK. What did I tell you about politeness, Moose?

MOOSE. Please NOW!

PIPSQUEAK. *(Apologetic:)* I'm sorry...it's just—well—he went to [name of local school].

MOOSE. See, Pip—lookie! Lookie! This guys program says 'Arabian Nights'!

(PIP looks at the program.)

PIPSQUEAK. You know, hey, you're Moose, you may be—NOW ED!

(ED laughs, MOOSE ducks, PIP takes out a marker and scribbles something on the program.)

MOOSE. They're everywhere, man!

PIPSQUEAK. Anyway, here's ya go, Moose.

MOOSE. Like I was saying, Pip, it says right here—Arabian Mice—HEY!

PIPSQUEAK. And now ladies and gentlemen, put aside what you think you know about Arabian Nights, because it's time for the far more fantastical tales—Tails from Arabian Mice!

(A large fanfare is heard, the FORTY THIEVES rush the stage.)

FORTY THIEVES. *(Singing:)* We are the forty thieves, we—

PIPSQUEAK. *(Yelling:)* Not yet! Not yet! It's just the beginning.

(The FORTY THIEVES look sad, waddle off the stage.)

THIEF #28. Terribly sorry about that.

THIEF #30. I's on stage!

PIPSQUEAK. Out with you, out with you...there you go. Lights, please!

(The lights change, focusing just on the STORYTELLERS.)

SCENE 2

THE TALE OF SQUEAKHERZADE

PIPSQUEAK. This is the absolutely true story of how the tales of the Arabian Mice came to be told.

(MOOSE snorts.)

Once upon a time, a family of my very own ancestors, lived in the home of a very kind merchant. They were your typical family of meeces, just a mom, and a dad, and fifteen kids.

(The FAMILY tromps out, family portrait style.)

They had a good life, and a good mouse hole, and everything was fine, until the day the dreaded Ali Catto showed up.

(ALI CATTO strolls in, shades on, cool as a cat can be, and sees the audience.)

ALI CATTO. Mmmmeoooww.

PIPSQUEAK. The mice, understandably, were a little scared.

ALI CATTO. Say my name!

FATHER MOUSE. Cat! Cat!

MOTHER MOUSE. Panic! Panic!

(The MICE all scream and run around, bumping into each other, and running off the stage into different directions, and the audience, then back, and through the mouse hole. ALI CATTO watches, amused.)

ALI CATTO. Un-couth.

PIPSQUEAK. So the mice hid up in their hole, afraid of Ali Catto.

ALI CATTO. Rrrr-oar.

PIPSQUEAK. Until eventually, they realized they had a problem.

HUNGRY MOUSE. Dad! I'm hungry.

FATHER MOUSE. I'm afraid we don't have any food left, little one.

MOTHER MOUSE. Because your father ate it all.

(FATHER belches.)

FATHER MOUSE. In order that I might have more energy to run faster to get more food.

WORRIED MOUSE. But father, you'll have to run past that huge, mean Ali Catto!

ALI CATTO. Who, mmmme?

(The MEECES squeak and panic. ALI CATTO puts a pay playfully through the mouse hole, enjoying watching them all scatter.)

FATHER MOUSE. Yes...yes...well, here I go.

(FATHER pumps himself up, runs about three steps, then stops, scared. He fakes a back injury.)

Oooo, my back. My back.

WORRIED MOUSE. Oh No! Golly! Poor father. Who will get the food now?

MOTHER MOUSE. *(To FATHER:)* You lazy bum! You get out there and you get the food.

FATHER MOUSE. I said, my back!

(MOM and DAD fight. Brave mouse steps up.)

BRAVE MOUSE. Mother, Father, I shall run and get us food.

FATHER MOUSE. If you insist, son.

MOTHER MOUSE. But, the evil Ali Catto—what if you're caught?

ALI CATTO. Certain death.

(ALI CATTO wanders offstage, looking non-plussed.)

BRAVE MOUSE. It may be certain death. But I shall go anyway. Because, when bad things happen, we must support our families!

(Brave persons music. BRAVE MOUSE looks around, steps outside the hole, looks across the room where the food is, and then steps out. Nothing happens.)

Well, see, that was easy.

(He takes two steps, and is pounced on by ALI CATTO, who takes him offstage.)

Ahhhhh!

FATHER MOUSE. Oh, dear.

MOTHER MOUSE. You see what all your idleness has led to?

FATHER MOUSE. Well, one less mouth to feed I guess.

MOTHER MOUSE. Oh no you didn't. Frank, I have had it up to here with your bad attitude, you lazy—

(MOM and DAD MOUSE continue to fight.)

PIPSQUEAK. The next day, the mouse family decided to try again.

FATHER MOUSE. Children, your mother and I have decided—

MOTHER MOUSE. I decided.

FATHER MOUSE. —that it would be in all our best interest if I attempted to go out there, into certain death, which will most likely leave you father-less, and get us some food. So here I go.

(DAD starts to run.)

Oww...owww...charlie horse! Charlie Horse.

MOTHER MOUSE. We're all going to die—thanks to your father, we're all going to starve to death.

HIPPIE MOUSE. Oh man. Bummer.

FATHER MOUSE. Not so fast, mother. You there—

(Points to HIPPIE MOUSE.)

—daughter.

HIPPIE MOUSE. I'm a boy, dude.

FATHER MOUSE. Right. Dearest Daughter, I need you to do something for me. I need you to run across the living room, and get us some food.—

HIPPIE MOUSE. But, dad, dude, there's something out there.

MOTHER MOUSE. I can't believe this, Frank!

FATHER MOUSE. It's okay, mother, he wants to go—

(FATHER pushes HIPPIE mouse out the door.)

HIPPIE MOUSE. Hippie mouse looks around. Whoa. It's a lot bigger out here.

(ALI CATTO strolls on, looks at HIPPIE MOUSE.)

Oh. Wow. That's a bad deal.

(ALI CATTO grabs HIPPIE MOUSE.)

I've always wondered what cat food felt like!

(ALI CATTO drags HIPPIE MOUSE off.)

Heeeeeeyyyyyyy....

PIPSQUEAK. And another one of the family of meeces was taken away to be eaten by Ali Catto. And this happened day after day—

FATHER MOUSE. Sarcastic Mouse!

(SARCASTIC MOUSE is pushed out by FATHER, sees the CAT.)

SARCASTIC MOUSE. Oh that is just typical, dad. Thanks.

(ALI CATTO approaches. TEENAGE MOUSE sees CATTO.)

Oh great. Yeah. Nice one. Should have expected.

ALI CATTO. I've come to take you away.

SARCASTIC MOUSE. Whatever, loser.

(SARCASTIC MOUSE is dragged offstage.)

Gaaawwwwwww.....

PIPSQUEAK. After day—

FATHER MOUSE. Greedy Mouse!

(GREEDY MOUSE is pushed out by FATHER.)

GREEDY MOUSE. Me! Me! Me! Look, Kitty, want! My Kitty! My Kitty!

(GREEDY MOUSE runs up to ALI CATTO, is promptly taken away.)

Weeeeeee!!!

PIPSQUEAK. After day—

FATHER MOUSE. Squeaky Mouse!

(SQUEAKY MOUSE is pushed out by FATHER, sees the CAT.)

SQUEAKY MOUSE. Eep!

(ALI CATTO takes squeaky mouse offstage.)

Eeeeeeeeee.....

PIPSQUEAK. Until they could take it no more.

MOTHER MOUSE. Frank, I can take it no more.

FATHER MOUSE. We're running out of children!

PIPSQUEAK. When the youngest mouse, Squeakherzade, approached her parents—

SQUEAKHERZADE. Mother, Father, I have an idea.

PIPSQUEAK. For though she was the youngest, Squeakherzade was the most clever of the whole family.

SQUEAKHERZADE. I am, as you know, the most clever of the whole family.

MOTHER MOUSE. That's true, dear.

FATHER MOUSE. We're not very bright, or else we would have just ordered Papa Johns.

SQUEAKHERZADE. Mother, father, what are cats known for?

MOTHER MOUSE. Big, pointy teeth?

FATHER MOUSE. Eating us?

SQUEAKHERZADE. Curiosity. Cats are known for their curiosity.

(ALI CATTO enters, perks up.)

I shall tell the cat a story, but only part of one—and while I tell it, you will sneak past him, and go get food. I shall start tonight.

(SQUEAKHERZADE starts out.)

PIPSQUEAK. And so Squeakherzade bravely left the safety of the mouse hole to face the dreaded Ali Catto.

MOOSE. Ooo, Pip, hold me. I'm scared!

(MOOSE jumps on PIP.)

PIPSQUEAK. Knock it off.

(SQUEAKHERZADE looks around for ALI CATTO, who sneaks up on her slowly and deliberately.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. Hello? Hello?

ALI CATTO. Boo!

SQUEAKHERZADE. Eep!

ALI CATTO. Don't they have anything bigger to send than you? This cat is hungry, and you're so small you'd be nothing more than an appetiz—purrrrrr.....

SQUEAKHERZADE. You shouldn't eat me, Mr. Catto.

ALI CATTO. And whhhhhy not?

SQUEAKHERZADE. Because I have a tale.

ALI CATTO. So did your brothers and sisters—it was ever so helpful to hold on to while I was eating them. Like a little cocktail toothpick. Num.

SQUEAKHERZADE. No—a tale. A story about cats and mice!

ALI CATTO. I shall make you a deal. I shall listen to your story, and if it amuses me, I shall not eat you.

SQUEAKHERZADE. Or my family?

ALI CATTO. Or your family. Tonight.

PIPSQUEAK. And so, like a traveling troubadour of old, singing for her supper, Squekherzade told the evil cat her tale.

(The FORTY THIEVES rush out.)

FORTY THIEVES. *(Singing:)*

*We are the Forty Thieves, we rob and steal and thief,
And you would—*

PIPSQUEAK. Not yet! Wait for it!

(The THIEVES stop. Look hurt.)

THIEF #18. We, uh, we thought it was our cue.

THIEF #9. We're getting a little bored backstage.

THIEF #30. Hi Mom!

(The THIEVES amble off.)

PIPSQUEAK. Anyway, Squeakherzade started to tell her tale—

SCENE 3

THE TALE OF QUEEN CAT AND QUEEN MOUSE

SQUEAKHERZADE. Oh, most powerful Ali Catto, Cats and Mice didn't always hate each other. In fact, they used to be the best of friends.

ALI CATTO. Ooooh, realllllyyy...

SQUEAKHERZADE. It's true.

(During the early part of the story, the FAMILY MOUSE sneaks across the stage. ALI CATTO and SQUEAKHERZADE see them, but allow them to cross, as the story is being told.)

Queen Cat and Queen Mouse used to be the best of friends.

QUEEN CAT. Why, Good Morning, Queen Mouse!

QUEEN MOUSE. Great Morning, Queen Cat!

QUEEN CAT. What shall we do today, Queen Mouse?

QUEEN MOUSE. Let's frolic.

QUEEN CAT. Oh, rath-a.

SQUEAKHERZADE. And so they frolicked joyously.

(They do.)

ALI CATTO. Boring. I grow hungry.

SQUEAKHERZADE. They soon grew weary of frolicking, so decided to pursue their second favorite hobby—tricking the other animals of the village. First they visited Lord Cow—

QUEEN CAT. Good morning, Lord Cow.

(QUEEN CAT bends over on one side of LORD COW, and QUEEN MOUSE moves to the other side.)

LORD COW. Moo-ve on, you two. I don't trust you.

QUEEN MOUSE. Say, Lord Cow, you look tired.

LORD COW. I'm just feeling Mooody today.

QUEEN CAT. Maybe you need a bit of a rest.

QUEEN MOUSE. Rath-a. Let us give you a little—TIP!

(They tip LORD COW over. He moos in frustration.)

LORD COW. Heyyyyy—I can't Moo-ve.

SQUEAKHERZADE. Then they taunted the vain Emperor Fox.

QUEEN CAT. Good day, Emperor Fox.

QUEEN MOUSE. How are you, good sir?

EMPEROR FOX. Why, the same as I am every day. Gorgeous. Absolutely gorgeous. Just look at me.

QUEEN CAT. Oh, rath-a. You are quite sleek.

QUEEN MOUSE. Quite. Except, Queen Cat—look there.

EMPEROR FOX. What's that?

QUEEN CAT. On the tail, there?

QUEEN MOUSE. Terrible isn't it?

QUEEN MOUSE. I'm sure it can be fixed. Somehow.

QUEEN CAT. Might take Rogaine.

EMPEROR FOX. A bald spot? On my tail? Where!?!

(EMPEROR FOX starts to chase his tail, at first slowly, and then getting more and more wound up. QUEEN MOUSE and QUEEN CAT egg him on, till he gets dizzy and falls over.)

EMPEROR FOX. OH WHY ME!?!

QUEEN CAT. Well played, Queen Mouse!

QUEEN MOUSE. Oh, rath-a. Let's do some more!

SQUEAKHERZADE. So they played jokes on all the other animals of the village. They swung on Master Bull's horns.

(MASTER BULL enters, with two large horns. QUEEN CAT and QUEEN MOUSE start to swing back and forth.)

MASTER BULL. Stop.

QUEEN CAT. Weee!

MASTER BULL. Stop.

QUEEN MOUSE. Wee!

MASTER BULL. Stop.

BOTH. Weeeeee!

(This goes on for a little bit.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. And they taunted Senor Sloth with sticks.

(SENOR SLOTH enters. They poke him.)

SLOTH. Cut it out. Seriously. It's only, like, noon. Don't make me have to—I'll—I'll get up. Awww, c'mon...I mean it. You guys are so lame.

SQUEAKHERZADE. And then used the stick to irritate Doctor Dog.

QUEEN CAT. Perhaps you can fetch this for us?

DOCTOR DOG. I'm very busy, I really don't have—

(QUEEN MOUSE throws the stick.)

DOCTOR DOG. I—I really can't—ohhhhh-stupid animal instincts.

(The DOG feels compelled to fetch the stick. He drops his medical bag, and runs after the stick. CAT and MOUSE laugh. At this point, the FAMILY MOUSE sneaks back across the stage, into the hole. SQUEAKHERZADE watches them go.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. The other animals grew very angry, and decided to get back at Queen Cat and Queen Mouse, a trick to end all tricks, which would leave them hating each other, for ever.

ALI CATTO. And then?

SQUEAKHERZADE. Well, that is another story for another time. It's almost dawn.

ALI CATTO. You will come back tomorrow night, and finish the tale.

SQUEAKHERZADE. Only if you promise you'll not eat even one more member of my family in the meantime.

ALI CATTO. So long as you tell me stories.

SQUEAKHERZADE. Done.

PIPSQUEAK. And so the family was safe, until the next night, when Ali Catto came a' callin.

ALI CATTO. Little mice, it's time for my story.

FATHER MOUSE. Daughter, you must go and tell the rest of the story.

SQUEAKHERZADE. But father—I was making the story up! I don't know how it ends.

MOTHER MOUSE. You've always been the most clever, dear daughter—

FATHER MOUSE. Well, look what she's up against.

MICE KIDS. Hey!

MOTHER MOUSE. Don't listen to your father, Squeakherzade. You go out there, and do what you must. But I know you'll figure out a way to end the story. You're already braver than your father.

FATHER MOUSE. Hey, enough with the bravery talk. I'm a mouse. What do you expect?

PIPSQUEAK. And so, with her mother's blessing, Squeakherzade went back to Ali Catto to tell the tale.

(SQUEAKHERZADE leaves the safety of the mouse hole, and ALI CATTO is waiting. As she begins the story, the MOUSE FAMILY sneaks back out to get food.)

ALI CATTO. You have come back. Shame...I was growing rather mmmm...hungry.

MOOSE MOUSE. Ooo, that cat better not eat Squeakherzade! I'll thrash him, I'll mash him, I'll gnash him to pieces.

(ALI CATTO hisses at MOOSE MOUSE, who jumps in PIP-SQUEAK's arms.)

Yikes!

(ED laughs.)

Duck! Today is not my day. Not My Day!

PIPSQUEAK. Anyway, Squeakherzade began the end of her tale.

SQUEAKHERZADE. Angered by the behavior of Queen Cat and Queen Mouse, the other animals of the village met and came up with a plan.

MASTER BULL. Here ye, here ye, this meeting of the Other Animals Revenge Club is hereby called to order. All in favor, say 'aye'.

LORD COW. Aye.

EMPEROR FOX. Aye.

DOCTOR DOG. Aye.

SLOTH. Ear. I mean, aye.

MASTER BULL. I called this meeting because I can take the antics of Queen Mouse and Queen Cat no longer. They're always swinging on my horns!

LORD COW. Mooonsterous. And tipping me.

SLOTH. And poking me with a stick.

DOCTOR DOG. Then making me fetch it!

EMPEROR FOX. They said I had a bald patch on my tail! A bald patch! Me!

MASTER BULL. There's got to be some way to get back at them. But how.

(They all think. Maybe someone almost has an idea, then forgets it. This can go on for a while, until it's not funny, then funny again.)

SLOTH. We could...ummm...trick them?

DOCTOR DOG. Trick the tricksters—I like it! But how!

MASTER BULL. We shall have a race!

SLOTH. That sounds like a lot of work.

MASTER BULL. No...no...A race is just the thing—quickly, come around. Let's make a plan.

(They huddle and whisper, making plans. QUEEN MOUSE and QUEEN CAT enter, see the group, nod to each other, then proceed to sneak up on the group, and pull all their tails. The ANIMALS yelp and rub their backsides.)

QUEEN CAT. Hello, friend animals.

MASTER BULL. Why hello Queen Cat and Queen Mouse. Care to swing on my horns?

QUEEN CAT. Oh, rath-a.

(They start to swing.)

MASTER BULL. We were just discussing the big race.

QUEEN MOUSE. Big race?

QUEEN CAT. I'm curiosssss.

MASTER BULL. Oh yes, it's due to start in just a moment. Would you care to watch?

QUEEN CAT. No, we do not care to watch.

QUEEN MOUSE. We prefer to join!

QUEEN CAT. Oh, rath-a.

EMPEROR FOX. I've already prepared my commentary!

SLOTH. They can have my slot. I need a nap.

LORD COW. Moo-ve along, you two. There's no space for you here.

DOCTOR DOG. What Lord Cow is trying to say is that there is no way we can trust you to behave during the race.

QUEEN MOUSE. I say, rather ungentlemanly of you all.

QUEEN CAT. Rath-a.

MASTER BULL. We'll let you two join, but you must promise—no tricks.

QUEEN CAT & QUEEN MOUSE. We promise.

SLOTH. Are we gonna start soon, or do I have time for a nap?

EMPEROR FOX. Line up, everyone!

(They get in a line.)

On your mark. Get set. Go!

(They all go, except for SLOTH, who just sits there.)

SLOTH. What, now?

EMPEROR FOX. Yes.

(SLOTH thinks about it for a second more, then starts to run. It's a lame, loopy run.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. And so the animals of the forest ran as fast as they could, each one hoping to reach the finish line first.

EMPEROR FOX. Oh and it's an amazing start to this race, Doctor Dog, Queen Mouse, and Queen Cat are out in front, with Master Bull and Lord Cow in close pursuit, bringing up the rear is the Sloth.

SQUEAKHERZADE. It looked as though Queen Cat and Queen Mouse had the race firmly in hand, when Doctor Dog turned to them, and said—

DOCTOR DOG. Pssst...whatever you do, don't turn left up ahead.

QUEEN CAT. And why not?

DOCTOR DOG. There's a shortcut, and if you took it, you'd most definitely win, but that would be cheating.

MOOSE. And cheating is bad!

PIPSQUEAK. Shhhh...

MOOSE. It's a moral. For the kiddies.

QUEEN CAT. A shortcut, eh?

QUEEN MOUSE. Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

QUEEN CAT & QUEEN MOUSE. Rath-a.

SQUEAKHERZADE. And so, Queen Cat and Queen Mouse took the short cut.

(QUEEN CAT and QUEEN MOUSE run to the left. They are now running in place, as if on the shortcut path.)

QUEEN CAT. Well, this is quite quaint.

QUEEN MOUSE. One might say eerie.

QUEEN CAT. One might. One most definitely might.

SQUEAKHERZADE. When out of a sudden, out of nowhere, a huge boulder fell in Queen Cat's path!

(LORD COW, dressed as a boulder, steps in front of QUEEN CAT.)

QUEEN CAT. I say, did you put a boulder in front of me?

QUEEN MOUSE. Why would I do that?

SQUEAKHERZADE. And the words were barely out of Queen Mouse's mouth, when another boulder fell in her path.

(MASTER BULL, dressed as a boulder, steps in QUEEN MOUSE's path.)

QUEEN MOUSE. There's no need for that sort of behavior.

QUEEN CAT. What's that?

QUEEN MOUSE. You put a boulder in my path!

QUEEN CAT. I never did!

QUEEN MOUSE. Hmmph!

SQUEAKHERZADE. Soon, the race course took them into a bramble bush, where, from behind a bush, Doctor Dog and Emperor Fox started to poke them with sticks.

QUEEN CAT. I say! Did you just poke me with a stick!?!

QUEEN MOUSE. Twas you who poked me, dear!?!

QUEEN CAT. I hardly think so!

QUEEN MOUSE. Hmmph!

SQUEAKHERZADE. Already very angry with each other, they ran out of the bramble bush, and in to a dense forest, where, hanging from a tree was Sloth.

(SLOTH hangs from a tree [which can be a platform or something.] He looks at the audience.)

SLOTH. Hey.

(QUEEN CAT and QUEEN MOUSE run by. He reaches down and pulls their tails as they run by.)

QUEEN CAT. I say, that's simply not on!

QUEEN MOUSE. I should say the same, as you grabbed my tail!

QUEEN CAT. Only because you grabbed mine!

QUEEN MOUSE. You're just trying to win this race!

QUEEN CAT. Of course, I'd die before I'd lose to a wee little mouse.

QUEEN MOUSE. Perhaps, madame, you'll get your wish.

QUEEN CAT. Them's fighting words.

QUEEN CAT & QUEEN MOUSE. Oh rath-a.

(They start to fight. The fight takes them offstage. The other ANIMALS gather in the middle, laughing.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. And so the other animals celebrated.

ANIMALS. Yeah, huzzah, etc.!

SQUEAKHERZADE. And that's how cats and mice became sworn enemies.

ALI CATTO. I enjoyed this story. You must tell me another.

(SQUEAKHERZADE's family sneaks back towards the mouse hole.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. I will, but not tonight. It is nearly dawn.

PIPSQUEAK. And so, safe for another night, Squeakherzade returned to her family.

MOOSE. Oh, Pip, that story was great! It had tricks and action and cats and mice fighting, and WOW!

PIPSQUEAK. It was pretty good, but there's more.

MOOSE. Oh I hope they're all that good. That was AWESOME! BOO-YA!

PIPSQUEAK. Shut up, you freak!

MOOSE. No pride, Pip. No pride.

PIPSQUEAK. Anyway, when she met Ali Catto the next day, his terms were all too clear.

(The FORTY THIEVES come on.)

FORTY THIEVES. *(Singing:)*

*We are the forty thieves, we rob and cheat and thieve,
We would thieve from our—*

PIPSQUEAK. NOT YET!!!

THIEF #02. No need to get huffy, buddy.

THIEF #07. We're just trying to get some stage time here.

THIEF #30. Mom—I'm in a play!

MOOSE. Out!

FORTY THIEVES. Awwwww...

(The THIEVES exit.)

PIPSQUEAK. The next night, she had something different prepared.

ALI CATTO. What story will you tell me tonight?

SQUEAKHERZADE. Tonight, I shall present a tale of many wonders—the Seven Voyages, in time, of Sinbad the Sailor, in Rap.

(SINBAD and CREW enter. This is a good place to get in some extra folks—BEAT BOXER, BACKUP DANCERS, and maybe some PEOPLE ACTING out these adventures on stage.)

SINBAD. Yo, Yo, Yo, whaddup? Whaddup? Sinbad in the hiz-zouse! And this is my crew.

(CREW enters, singing the flying monkeys song.)

CREW. Ooo,eee,ooooo. Oooooo-hooooo.

SINBAD. All the sailors in the house say 'Ho!'

(Spoken:) Check it ya'll—

(Rapped:) My name is Sinbad, and I'm a sailor man,
Trippin round and round the sea, just as fast as I can
To find some Gold—

CREW. What?

SINBAD. Gold.

CREW. What?

SINBAD. I say Gold!

CREW. Awww, yeah.

SINBAD. And riches, too.

I took seven whole trips round the big wide world
And tried to get my grips on some silver and some pearls,
I ain't like Homer, yo, I gots no Odyessey,
Just seven lousy voyages—

CREW. Around the seven seas! Hey-Ho!

SINBAD. *(Spoken:)* That's right. Load em up, yo. Get those ships out. Mo' money, mo' money.

(Rapped:) My first voyage started on an ordinary day
Life in my village wasn't goin' my way!
My wife she goes and says—

WIFE. Where's all your riches and your wealth?
Oh snap, Sinbad, you always thinkin' bout yo'self.

SINBAD. So I got me a boat, and I got me a crew—

CREW. Hey-ho!

SINBAD. And I set out on the water till my legend grew.
First we hits us an island and we start to look around.
And all of a sudden there's a shakin' on the ground.

(A whole lot of shaking going on.)

I did not get the jewels and the money I wish,
I just went and landed us upon a big ole fish!

FISH. Why you got to land on a brother, yo?

CREW. Sorry...sorry...

FISH. Now I got to shipwreck you!

(The FISH does. CREW freak out.)

SINBAD. It seemed all was lost on the dawn of my first trip,
But I spotted me an island and I got a brand new ship.
I met a cool King, and he gave this advice to me.

KING. Maybe, young man, you should just stay off the sea.

SINBAD. (*Spoken:*) Don't be a playah-hatah, king—check out my second voyage.

(*Rapped:*) Trip Two—I find this valley with these diamonds on the ground,
And there was men on flying monsters that were flinging them around!

I wanted to get me some of those family jewels,
So I got my boys and headed up and chatted with these fools.

ISLANDER. I am a native islander and this is my Roc,

ROC. Yo.

ISLANDER. It's something like a bird, and it's something like a croc.

ROC. Troof.

ISLANDER. You get some meat and throw it down onto the valley floor.

The roc come and get the meat and bring it to your door.
You take the diamonds off the meat inch by inch
And then you laugh straight to the bank cause you all rich.

SINBAD. I got so rich from jewels that a thought I to me—

KING. Maybe you should think about staying off the sea.

SINBAD. My third long voyage was dangerous for sure,
I kept on crashing ships and falling on the shore.
I landed on an island where these monsters killed my crew.

CREW. Oh, no!

SINBAD. So I blind them with a poker like Odysseuses do.
My fourth voyage was made after I talked to a stranger,
And I was subjected to much almost fatal danger,
I met a band of savages and begged for my life,
They liked me so much they saved me, and they gave me a wife!

SAVAGES. (*Spoken:*) Here you go, buddy. Better you than us.

SINBAD. Sure it seems like that didn't work out so bad for me—

KING. I keep telling you, you silly man, just stay off the sea.

SINBAD. But, yo, I never learn, and my fifth voyage came,
I found my dumb self shipwrecked all over again,
And then I woke up all a sudden in freaky company,
By this bearded dude—the Old Man from the Sea.

OLD MAN. I'm an ancient Old Man, and you my property now,
You serve me every day, by walking me around.

SINBAD. Then he grab on to my back, and he don't let go,
No matter how fast I run, or how slow I go.
Till one night while he sleeps, I run away with glee.

KING. Surely, young Sinbad, you won't go back to sea.

SINBAD. My last couple voyages was the trippiest of all,
I saw some demons dancing and I saw some eagles fall,
I get myself out of there, I immediately flee.

KING. And don't you ever dare set foot upon another sea.

SINBAD. *(Spoken:)* I can't. I'm all outta seas. I gotsta sail lakes n'
stuff.

(Rapped:) So the lesson is quite simple, if you're taking a great trip,
And you don't want adventure, then—

ALL. Just don't crash your ship.

SINBAD. Word. S-Bad and the Sev-C Crew Izzout!

ALI CATTO. Strange.

SQUEAKHERZADE. Yes, and sadly all for tonight.

ALI CATTO. But you will return?!?

SQUEAKHERZADE. I will.

MOOSE. Whoa! Sinbad busts monster rhymes!

PIPSQUEAK. Shhhh...

MOOSE MOUSE. Aww, ya, ya, ya

*(MOOSE starts to beat box. After a bit, ED laughs in rhythm.
MOOSE ducks.)*

PIPSQUEAK. Right. The next day.

SCENE 4
THE MAN WHO BECAME RICH BY
FOLLOWING HIS DREAMS

(SQUEAKHERZADE says good-bye to her family, and exits the mouse hole.)

ALI CATTO. So we meet again.

(SQUEAKHERZADE squeaks.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. This is the tale of the man who became rich by following his dreams. Once upon a time there was a man.

(The MAN WHO BECAME enters. At this time, the FAMILY MOUSE sneaks out of the hole.)

MAN WHO BECAME. Doo-doo-doo. Oh, hey. That's me!

SQUEAKHERZADE. And he was poor.

MAN WHO BECAME. I can't even afford a name. Check your program if you don't believe me.

SQUEAKHERZADE. So poor he couldn't afford food for his mouth or shoes for his feet.

MAN WHO BECAME. Today I boiled grass. That was tasty.

SQUEAKHERZADE. One night, he lay down to sleep.

MAN WHO BECAME. Night Night.

SQUEAKHERZADE. And a Djinni came to him in his dream.

(A DJINNI enters, walking like an Egyptian. The MAN WHO BECAME wakes.)

MAN WHO BECAME. Am I dreaming?

DJINNI. No. They just like to change the lights so they can show off their cool new light board.

MAN WHO BECAME. Oh. Wow. State of the art facilities, here at the [name of venue].

DJINNI. I was kidding. You're dreaming.

MAN WHO BECAME. Oh.

(DJINNI does some silly 'predicting the future' dance.)

DJINNI. You are going to be a very rich man.

MAN WHO BECAME. You're going to grant my every wish?

DJINNI. Dude, do I look like a fairy? No. I'm a Djinni. Fairies, grant wishes. Djinni, make prophecies. It's a totally different thing.

MAN WHO BECAME. Well, forgive me.

DJINNI. Don't get snarky, alright, I've got a lot of these to do, and I'm already behind so if you don't want—

MAN WHO BECAME. Sorry, sorry.

DJINNI. I've got a lot on my mind, too.

MAN WHO BECAME. The prophecy?

DJINNI. I've got this rash.

MAN WHO BECAME. You were saying about the prophecy?

DJINNI. Have you ever had exzema? Cause I think that's what this—

MAN WHO BECAME. PROPHECY?!?

DJINNI. Sure...sure...let's talk about YOU. You will be a very rich man.

MAN WHO BECAME. How? How??

(DJINNI does his dance again.)

DJINNI. You must go to the Big City. Only there will you find your fortune.

MAN WHO BECAME. I must go to the Big City. Is that it?

DJINNI. Look, man, don't push me—

MAN WHO BECAME. Well, it's kind of vague.

DJINNI. I work for a living, okay. You people—

MAN WHO BECAME. What's that supposed to mean?

DJINNI. Look. Just go to the big city. You'll find your fortune there. Go with it.

MAN WHO BECAME. Alright.

SQUEAKHERZADE. And so, on the vague prophecy of the Djinni, the Man went to the city to make his fortune.

(The MAN pulls out a sign that says "Big City or Bust". Starts hitchhiking. The FAMILY MOUSE sneaks back into the hole.)

ALI CATTO. I'm curious. What happened?

SQUEAKHERZADE. It's almost dawn. I shall tell you the rest tomorrow.

PIPSQUEAK. And so she ran quickly back to the mouse hole.

MOOSE. Boy, the nights just fly by.

PIPSQUEAK. It's the middle of summer. Anyways, the next night.

(SQUEAKHERZADE and the FAMILY exit the hole, and SQUEAKHERZADE continues the tale.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. The man arrived in the big city after two weeks of hard travel, and tired and poor, he went to sleep in the only empty place he could find—an abandoned warehouse.

MAN WHO BECAME. I'll just sleep here, because nothing bad ever happens to people who sleep in abandoned buildings. Night Night!

SQUEAKHERZADE. Unbeknownst to the man, the building was the hideout of two of the city's most notorious robbers.

(ROBBER #1 and ROBBER #2 enter.)

ROBBER #1. Well hellloooo, [name of city]!

ROBBER #2. Great to be here in the abandoned warehouse tonight. I tell you, we just got back from stealing Little Bo Peep's sheep, and we got so tired we had to ride em home.

ROBBER #1. Had to ride em home, yeah. You know, it's sure tough being on the lamb!

(Drum beat.)

But it's great to be here, really, and it's great to be a robber.

ROBBER #2. Robber, I don't even know her!

(Drum beat.)

ROBBER #1. Seriously—we've just come back from a big score down the street.

ROBBER #2. Fifty-eight to fourteen.

(Drum beat.)

ROBBER #1. See, we just robbed this old ladies house and got some sweet stuff.

(ROBBER #1 holds up a plate.)

I got some fine China.

ROBBER #2. And I—

(ROBBER #2 holds up a turkey leg.)

—got some great Turkey.

(Drum beat.)

ROBBER #1. A lot of people ask me, Rob, how did you turn to a life of crime?

ROBBER #2. Like this.

(They both turn.)

Oh, we're killing em.

ROBBER #1. At least we got their money first.

MOOSE. End it. End it now.

SQUEAKHERZADE. Then the robbers saw the Man.

ROBBER #1. Say, do you see that man sleeping in our hideout?

ROBBER #2. A man in our hideout? That reminds me of the guy who found a frog in his blender.—

ROBBER #1. No, seriously, dude. That guy.

ROBBER #2. Oh. That's not good. We must beat him senseless.

(They beat him senseless, in a comic fashion, leaving the turkey leg and the China plate behind, they flee the scene.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. And so, they beat him senseless, and fled the scene.

ROBBER #1. Thanks so much for coming.

ROBBER #2. We'll be here all week!

(They exit.)

MAN WHO BECAME. I've been beaten senseless, but at least they're not around to tell any more jokes.

SQUEAKHERZADE. Just then the police arrived.

POLICE #1. Right. What's all this, then?

POLICE #2. We're looking for a very dangerous robber, see?

POLICE #1. Stole a fine China plate.

POLICE #2. And a turkey leg, what look just like that one there!

MAN WHO BECAME. They belong to these two men, who beat me senseless!

BOTH POLICE. *(Pointing to MAN:)* Robber!

POLICE #1. Beat him senseless!

(They do.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. So they beat him senseless and they took him off to jail.

ALI CATTO. Horrible...tell me more...

SQUEAKHERZADE. Tomorrow.

PIPSQUEAK. And the day passed. The next night.

SQUEAKHERZADE. He was taken to jail and thrown in a cell.

POLICE #2. That'll learn you.?

POLICE #1. Don't go around robbing places and taking things from the people, see.

SQUEAKHERZADE. The Man despaired.

MAN WHO BECAME. I despair. All I hoped to do was make my fortune by following my dream, and that strange fairy—

DJINNI. (*From offstage:*) Djinni!

MAN WHO BECAME. —and look at me now, beaten senseless twice—I'm incensed and sore and tired.

SQUEAKHERZADE. He explained his situation to the local Police Chief.

(*The POLICE CHIEF enters.*)

POLICE CHIEF. Well, that's ridiculous. I have dreams, but I don't run around following them. For example, for the past ten years, I have had this amazing dream of finding a huge treasure buried just below a fountain in the middle of the city, but I wouldn't run out and buy a backhoe and start digging or anything. That would be foolish. No, you poor man, I'd say you were tricked by some evil fairy—

DJINNI. (*Offstage:*) I'm a Djinni, you idiots!

POLICE CHIEF. —who play on men's minds. I'd go home, poor man, and forget about your dreams, and bad robbers, crooked cops, and the huge treasure I dreamed was buried just below a fountain that I'll never pursue but that just might come in handy later on in the script. Yup, I'd forget that, and move on. Well, off you go!

SQUEAKHERZADE. And so, the Man started home, depressed, beaten, and still poor.

MAN WHO BECAME. But at least I get to walk downhill this time.

SQUEAKHERZADE. On his way home, he passed a beautiful fountain, and stopping to take a drink, reflected.

MAN WHO BECAME. Perhaps I have been foolish to follow only my own dreams. Perhaps I am to follow the dreams of others. Perhaps the fairy—

DJINNI. (*Offstage:*) The djinni! The frickin' djinni!

MAN WHO BECAME. —was right about the fortune, but wrong about the place!

(*He looks down.*)

Hey, a fountain!

SQUEAKHERZADE. And he began to dig. After a short while, he found a chest, filled with jewels.

MAN WHO BECAME. Rich! Rich! I'm filthy stinking rich!

SQUEAKHERZADE. And, carrying them home, the now wealthy man reflected.

MAN WHO BECAME. I was poor, I was beaten down, I became bitter and resentful, I was arrested, and then I became rich by taking other people's money. I feel a career in politics coming on!

SQUEAKHERZADE. And the man went on to become even richer in public office. I must go, the day comes.

ALI CATTO. Tomorrow night.

SQUEAKHERZADE. I shall return.

PIPSQUEAK. And so, the Family Mouse survived another night thanks to the ingenuity of Squeakherzade.

(*MOOSE elbows PIP, holding the program.*)

MOOSE. Pip, this here program says that we are watching a play within a play. What's that mean?

PIPSQUEAK. Well, Moose, see these people are watching us, and we're watching them—

SQUEAKHERZADE. (*To MOOSE:*) Hi.

(*MOOSE waves back nervously.*)

PIPSQUEAK. So it's a play—see, their play, within a play—see the play that the audience is watching.

MOOSE. What if someone's watching them? Then it's a play within a play within a play, and if they're watching someone over there

than it's a play within a play within a play within a play and if someone's watching the audience that's a play within a play within a play within a play within a play and who's watching the watchers and WILL IT EVER END AND I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE!!!

(PIP slaps MOOSE. ED laughs.)

DUCK!!

(ALL duck.)

PIPSQUEAK. Will you people—THAT'S JUST ED'S LAUGH!!!

MOOSE. If you die in a play does that mean you're dead in real life?

PIPSQUEAK. No. Anyway, the next night, Squeakherzade returned to Ali Catto.

ALI CATTO. Tell me a tale—

Scene 5 THE TALE OF ALADDIN

SQUEAKHERZADE. Once, there was a young man named Aladdin who lived with his mother. They were very poor, and Aladdin's mother often despaired.

ALADDIN'S MOM. Every time I think of how poor we are, I get so sad.

ALADDIN. Well, than don't think about all the things we don't have. Think about all the things we do have.

(MOM thinks for a second.)

ALADDIN'S MOM. Alright. Now what?

SQUEAKHERZADE. One day, they were visited by a strange and foreign looking man.

(A knock at the door. ALADDIN gets it.)

ALADDIN. Mom! There's a strange and foreign looking man at the door.

MAGICIAN. I am your uncle.

ALADDIN. Nu-uh.

MAGICIAN. Yeah-huh.

ALADDIN. Nu-uh.

MAGICIAN. Yeah-huh.

ALADDIN. If you're my uncle what number am I thinking of?

MAGICIAN. Two.

ALADDIN. Sweet. I've got an uncle.

SQUEAKHERZADE. Soon the strange man who claimed to be Aladdin's uncle became very close to the family.

(They all dance.)

ALADDIN, MOM, AND UNCLE. *(Singing:)*
We are family. My brothers, sisters, and me.

SQUEAKHERZADE. He treated them well, gave them food and money, and offered to get Aladdin started in business.

MAGICIAN. Tomorrow, I shall take you to the marketplace so you may meet the businessmen, and then become one of them.

ALADDIN. Actually, I'm thinking of going back to college.

MAGICIAN. *(To MOM:)* What's wrong with him? Why should he want to put off starting his life?

ALADDIN'S MOM. He's got a Liberal Arts Degree.

(They have a good laugh.)

MAGICIAN. Ahhh...

SQUEAKHERZADE. Until one day, Aladdin and the Magician spoke alone.

MAGICIAN. Your father has left you a great treasure, you know.

ALADDIN. He has? Let's go get it.

MAGICIAN. Perhaps you'd rather go back to college?

ALADDIN. Treasure's good. Treasure's good.

SQUEAKHERZADE. It was a perilous trek.

(As SQUEAKHERZADE describes the action, the MAGICIAN and ALADDIN act it out.)

They had to cross a deep, dark forest. Then they had to ford the deepest river in the land. Then they had to climb the tallest mountain. Finally, they had to brave the most desolate desert in the land. Finally, at the edge of the world, they came to a cave.

ALI CATTO. And then?

SQUEAKHERZADE. Tomorrow.

PIPSQUEAK. Another day passed. The family ate well. Then, that night.

ALI CATTO. Continue.

SQUEAKHERZADE. They stood at the mouth of the great cave. The Magician, a mad look in his eye, spoke to Aladdin.

MAGICIAN. Now, Aladdin, only you can go forward. You will see riches and gold, but you must not stop for it. At the end, you shall find a lamp. Bring it to me.

ALADDIN. Will do. Hey, listen, you should get that mad look in your eyes looked at by a doctor—really doesn't do much for your—

MAGICIAN. GO!!

SQUEAKHERZADE. And so, Aladdin ran through the cave—

(Again, ALADDIN acts this out, with other ACTORS coming on with chests of gold, food, platters, etc.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. He ran past chests of gold.

ALADDIN. *(Very upset at having to leave them, but still running:)* Oh.

SQUEAKHERZADE. Platters of the finest food.

ALADDIN. Oh my.

SQUEAKHERZADE. Bolts of the finest silk in the land in the richest colors.

ALADDIN. Pretty.

SQUEAKHERZADE. And gold and silver platters that gleamed even in the dark.

ALADDIN. Me want.

SQUEAKHERZADE. Until finally he came to the battered old lamp.

ALADDIN. This is what dad left me? Bummer. Ah well.

SQUEAKHERZADE. But as soon as he took the lamp, the world started to shake.

ALADDIN. Earthquake!

SQUEAKHERZADE. He ran back through the cave—

(The cave run in reverse and double time. ALADDIN can even throw in his lines again, but quickly.)

—past the platters, and the cloth, and the food, and the gold to the mouth of the cave. And there, reaching down, was the man Aladdin had called his Uncle.

ALADDIN. Help me up!

MAGICIAN. After you give me the lamp!

ALADDIN. No! I will only give you the lamp after you have helped me up! I don't trust you.

MAGICIAN. Ha! Then die!

SQUEAKHERZADE. And moving his lips in an evil spell, the Magician cause a huge boulder to plummet down onto the mouth of the cave, locking Aladdin in forever.

ALI CATTO. And then?

SQUEAKHERZADE. Tomorrow.

MOOSE. *(Sings:)* Tomorrow, tomorrow, I'll love you, tomorrow...

(ED laughs. MOOSE screams.)

It's Rooster Hannigan! He's come for the orphans!

PIPSQUEAK. No. It's Ed. You Fool. The next night.

SQUEAKHERZADE. Aladdin was stuck in the boulder, with no way out. He stayed there for two days and two nights, his only companion a large rock.

(ALADDIN sobs, and leans up against the ROCK, who perks up. The ROCK addresses the audience.)

ROCK. Hi. I don't know if you remember me or not, but I was the kid who played the Crocodile last year in Peter Pan? Do you remember? Probably not. It was a little part, and although I've trained for years for a life in the theatre, three years running here at the [name of venue], they have neglected to use me to my fullest potential...again. You know what I am this year? I'm. a. rock. Not the professional wrestler and famous actor in such cinematic classics as 'The Scorpion King', no, I'm just a routine lousy geological formation which our protagonist (that's a big word for hero that I learned in my three years of professional theatre training, all of which did me NO good when it came to casting), finds himself collapsing against in his time of trouble. Can't wait for school to start again—'We went to Disneyworld this summer, oh, wow, we went to Europe. Hey, what'd you do this summer (kid's name). Who, me? Oh. I stayed at home AND PLAYED A LOUSY ROCK!' Not that I'm bitter. Cause it's—

(Uber-sarcastic:)

“—it's great training.”

(PIPSQUEAK coughs.)

Oh. Excuse me. Gotta go LIE ON THE FLOOR AND DO NOTHING now for a while.

(ROCK returns to his position. To ALADDIN:)

Try rubbing the lamp. That's what I would have done, had anybody cast me.

(ROCK tuts, and then lies prone, staring at the audience and radiating anger. ALADDIN rubs the lamp.)

ALADDIN. Nothing happened. That's the last time I listen to a talking rock.

(All of a sudden there's noise and flashing lights. A GENIE jumps out.)

GENIE OF THE LAMP. I am the servant of the Lamp.

ALADDIN. Oh, is it self cleaning?

GENIE OF THE LAMP. I serve whoever possesses the lamp.

ALADDIN. Gotcha. Well, what can you do?

GENIE OF THE LAMP. Anything.

ALADDIN. Alright...if you can do anything. Take me home, and take this rock, too.

GENIE OF THE LAMP. As you command.

SQUEAKHERZADE. And Aladdin, the lamp, and the rock were magically taken to Aladdin's mother's house, where she was quite surprised to see them.

ALADDIN'S MOM. Aladdin? Where did you come from? And who's he?

ALADDIN. I, uh, got back from a trip with Uncle. And this—this is Dave.

ROCK. And I'm a rock. Thanks for asking.

ALADDIN'S MOM. You return in strange company.

ALADDIN. Mother, you won't believe what's happened.

SQUEAKHERZADE. And Aladdin was about to explain, when there was a commotion outside.

ALADDIN. Mother, what's going on—

(The FORTY THIEVES rush the stage.)

FORTY THIEVES. *(Singing:)*

*We are the Forty Thieves, we really love to Thieve,
And what we do is—*

PIPSQUEAK. NOT YET!!!

THIEF #01. I told you we shoulda waited a sec.

THIEF #13. Unlucky.

THIEF #09. Are we like ever gonna be on?

THIEF #30. Mom, take a picture! Mom, take a picture!

PIPSQUEAK. Go away!!!

FORTY THIEVES. Awww....

PIPSQUEAK. Anyway, the next night, Squeakherzade continued the tale.

SQUEAKHERZADE. And there was a huge commotion from outside—

ALADDIN. What's that, mother?

ALADDIN'S MOM. My son, you've arrived home just in time for the Princesses wedding party. They're making their final parade through town, and then she will be married!

SQUEAKHERZADE. And Aladdin, curious, went outside his house—

(ALADDIN steps outside his house to see the wedding party, which is a few SERVANTS in front, the PRINCESS, and then a few CLEANERS behind cleaning up the mess. The PRINCESS smiles and waves to her people, and when she sees ALADDIN, they both stop, and cheesy music plays.)

—and fell instantly in love.

ALADDIN. Hubba, Hubba.

(The PRINCESS waves, and he waves back. She's then taken off by her SERVANTS, still looking back at him.)

She will be mine. Oh yes, she will be mine. I need to stall this wedding. Mother, who's the princess to marry?

ALADDIN'S MOM. The cowardly son of the Vizier, everybody knows that. Haven't you been reading People magazine?

ALADDIN. Servant of the Lamp, I command you to provide a bowl of the finest jewels.

GENIE OF THE LAMP. As you command.

(The GENIE pulls out a bowl of the finest jewels.)

ALADDIN. Mother, you are to take these to the Sultan, and ask for his daughter's hand in marriage.

ALADDIN'S MOM. But Aladdin, she's to marry the Vizier's son.

ALADDIN. I'll take care of that—now go.

ALADDIN'S MOM. I'm so proud of you. Maybe that Liberal Arts Degree was worth it after all!

(They all have a good laugh. ALADDIN'S MOM exits.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. And so, Aladdin prepared to act quickly to win the heart of, and marriage to the Sultan's daughter.

ALI CATTO. How? How?

SQUEAKHERZADE. I shall tell you tomorrow.

PIPSQUEAK. The next night.

MOOSE. This isn't actual time, right? Cause I's gonna say, it's going way fast.

PIPSQUEAK. Shhh...

SQUEAKHERZADE. The next day, Aladdin's mother approached the Sultan.

VIZIER. Your Highness, I present—Aladdin's Mom.

SULTAN. Strange name.

ALADDIN'S MOM. Your Highness, my son Aladdin, after who I am named, asks for your daughter's hand in marriage.

VIZIER. Ha! Impossible!

SULTAN. Impossible!

ALADDIN'S MOM. Why?

VIZIER. She's due to marry my son today!

SULTAN. What he said.

ALADDIN'S MOM. As a wedding gift, my Aladdin has instructed me to present you with this bowl of precious jewels if—

SULTAN. Oooo—shiny—

(SULTAN tries to grab the jewels. ALADDIN'S MOTHER pulls them away.)

ALADDIN'S MOM. —if and only if the Princess agrees to marry Aladdin.

SULTAN. Yes!

VIZIER. No!

SULTAN. I'll tell you what. When is the wedding to take place?

VIZIER. Today.

SULTAN. Today?!? I'm going to need a hat! You—

(Points to ALADDIN'S MOM.)

—if the Vizier's son does not show up for the wedding in three days time, Aladdin may have the hand of my daughter, and I may get me some dem jewels.

ALADDIN'S MOM. Deal.

SQUEAKHERZADE. Meanwhile, on the other side of town, Aladdin was taking care of the Vizier's son.

(The VIZIER'S SON waltzes on.)

VIZIER'S SON. I feel pretty. Oh So Pretty. I feel pretty, and witty, and bright!

(ALADDIN and GENIE enter.)

Ohm, have you come for my autograph? Never mind, get me my slippers.

ALADDIN. Servant of the Lamp, I command you to take him some place for the next three days, so he doesn't show up for the wedding.

GENIE OF THE LAMP. As you command.

(To VIZIER'S SON:)

Would you like a lollipop?

VIZIER'S SON. Oh, yes!

GENIE OF THE LAMP. Kay. Follow me.

(The VIZIER'S SON runs off, giggling.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. And so, though the Princess waited at the altar—

(The PRINCESS enters in a wedding dress with a procession.)

—the Vizier's son didn't show up, as he had been locked in a cell with the most vicious of Robbers.

(GENIE throws VIZIER'S SON into a cell with ROBBER #1 and ROBBER #2.)

ROBBER #1. Well, hellllloooo Vizier's son!

ROBBER #2. Welcome to the slammer.

ROBBER #1. Slammer, I don't even know her!

(Drum beat.)

VIZIER'S SON. Hey! Hey! Don't I get a phone call?

ROBBER #1. He gets a phone call, from jail?

ROBBER #2. He'll have to use a cell phone!

(Drum beat.)

VIZIER'S SON. Nooooooooooooo!

SQUEAKHERZADE. And as the Sultan and the Vizier waited with the princess, there was no sign of the Vizier's son, and the first day passed.

PIPSQUEAK. And dawn came on Squeakherzade and the story. But the next night.

SQUEAKHERZADE. The second day went by, and the Princess waited at the altar, but there was no sign of the groom. And the third day passed, with nothing. Finally, on the fourth day, a groom did arrive, but it was not the Vizier's son.

(ALADDIN strolls up, in groom-wear.)

ALADDIN. I have come for my new bride, the princess.

VIZIER. This is impossible! She is to marry my son!

SULTAN. Now, it was decreed, that if your son did not arrive within three days, the princess would marry Aladdin here.

VIZIER. It is up to my son to decide. Where is he?!?

ALADDIN. Servant of the Lamp, bring the Vizier's son.

GENIE OF THE LAMP. As you command.

(The GENIE exits, and brings in the gibbering VIZIER'S SON.)

ALADDIN. *(To VIZIER'S SON:)* Dear friend, here are your choices. You may let the Princess marry me, and never have to go away again, or you may marry her, but once a year be taken to the place you just were.

VIZIER'S SON. You can marry her! You can marry her! Please don't make me go back there! Please!!!

(He shrieks like a girl and runs off.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. And so Aladdin and the beautiful princess were married, and were all set to live happily ever after in the castle Aladdin made the Servant of the Lamp build, except—

ALI CATTO. Except?

SQUEAKHERZADE. Well...Aladdin married the beautiful Princess, and together they lived in the most glorious castle in the village, accompanied always by the servant of the lamp.

ROCK. And a rock!

SQUEAKHERZADE. And a rock. All was well, until one day, the magician returned.

(MAGICIAN sneaks in the other side of the stage from ALADDIN and the PRINCESS.)

MAGICIAN. Using my amazing powers, I have discovered precisely where Aladdin, and his magic lamp are hiding. Now I shall plot my next move.

ALADDIN. My dear, I'm off to get a rewarding and fulfilling job.

THE PRINCESS. But, my love, aren't you scared? You're not really qualified for anything.

ALADDIN. It's okay—because I have—My Liberal Arts Degree.

(They both have a laugh.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. And off he went. And the Magician made his evil move.

MAGICIAN. I shall now use deceit and treachery to have my evil way.

(MAGICIAN approaches the PRINCESS.)

Look, Weapons of Mass Destruction!

PRINCESS. Where?

(She looks, the MAGICIAN grabs the lamp, and the PRINCESS, and runs off, laughing.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. And Aladdin returned to the empty ground, where he realized he was all alone.

ROCK. With his rock!

ALADDIN. She's gone. My princess is gone. And my lamp! I shall wander the earth, pining for all that I have, and all that I have lost. C'mon, rock.

ROCK. 'kay.

SQUEAKHERZADE. And so Aladdin wandered, alone but for the company of his rock, until he stumbled upon a clearing, where he

saw an evil Magician, and realized it was the man he had called Uncle so many years before. The Magician clutched a lamp, and tied to a tree was Aladdin's own dear princess.

ALADDIN. Rock—quickly, you must help me. I've got a plan. Listen!

(ALADDIN whispers to the rock. The ROCK then stealthily sneaks up behind the MAGICIAN, while ALADDIN moves around to the other side. The MAGICIAN doesn't notice them.)

MAGICIAN. Now that I have the lamp, all the power in the world will be mine. I will have all the glory. I will have all the castles. I will have all the wives. No...hold that thought. I'll skip the wives. But I'll take the power and the castles, and money—yes!

(ALADDIN shouts from the shadows and moves.)

ALADDIN. Hey Uncle?

MAGICIAN. Who said that?

ALADDIN. Over here!

(ALADDIN moves quickly.)

MAGICIAN. Is that you, boy? I'll be rid of you now!

ALADDIN. Here I am!

(ALADDIN darts out of the way again.)

MAGICIAN. All I have to do is call on the Servant of the Lamp.

ALADDIN. Go ahead then!

MAGICIAN. I shall—right—

ALADDIN. Now!

(The ROCK is in place right behind the MAGICIAN. It shouts:)

ROCK. Hello!

MAGICIAN. Who said—ack!

(The MAGICIAN spins around to find who spoke to him and trips over the ROCK. The lamp falls from his hands. ALADDIN runs and scoops it up, and rubs it.)

GENIE OF THE LAMP. What is your command?

ALADDIN. Get rid of this vile magician!

GENIE OF THE LAMP. As you command.

(Looks at the MAGICIAN.)

Want a lollipop?

MAGICIAN. Yes!

GENIE OF THE LAMP. C'mon.

PRINCESS. You saved me!

ROCK. I helped. Don't forg—never mind.

ALADDIN. It's the least I could do, you being such a lovely princess and all.

PRINCESS. Oh Aladdin, I'm so proud of you, and because I'm impressed by your example, I too, have decided to get a Liberal Arts Degree.

(They all have a good laugh.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. And they lived happily

ALI CATTO. Another story!

SQUEAKHERZADE. Please...no...I shall try to think of something. But I am tired. So tired.

(The FAMILY MOUSE enters, trying to get back to the mouse hole. ALI CATTO stands in their way.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. Let them go! You said you'd let them go!

MOOSE. Pip—that cat's breakin' the rules!

PIPSQUEAK. This wasn't in the story...

ALI CATTO. A tale, or I eat your whole family. Starting with your father.

(FATHER MOUSE *tries to duck behind* MOTHER MOUSE.)

FATHER MOUSE. Start with her! Start with her!

MOTHER MOUSE. Oh Frank.

SQUEAKHERZADE. Fine! Please...just don't hurt them!

PIPSQUEAK. We gotta do something about this. Nobody messes with MY family and gets away with it.

MOOSE. But we are but three little meeses. And he's a big Cat!

PIPSQUEAK. C'mon.

ALI CATTO. One. More. Tale. Now!

SQUEAKHERZADE. Yes...yes...once there was a man named Ali Baba—

Scene 6

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES.

ALI BABA. Ali Baba here. I'm a woodsman. That means I chop wood. I work hard.

ALI BABA'S WIFE. My husband is a lazy and shiftless bum.

ALI BABA. She means that lovingly.

ALI BABA'S WIFE. Ummm, sure.

SQUEAKHERZADE. One day, Ali Baba was out chopping wood.

ALI BABA. Well...I was supposed to be chopping wood. Instead, I was playing Grand Theft Auto on my PSP. Sweet!

SQUEAKHERZADE. When out of nowhere, Forty Thieves appeared.

(Nothing happens.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. I said—out of nowhere, Forty Thieves appeared!

(Nothing happens.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. Forty thieves!

(PIPSQUEAK enters. Looks disgusted.)

PIPSQUEAK. Thieves! Now!

(THIEVES enter, singing.)

FORTY THIEVES.

*We are the Forty Thieves, we really like to thief,
We rob and cheat and lie and steal like you wouldn't believe
We really feel quite golden
When there's something to be stolen
Lights up a part of me
When you mention larceny
We grab it, stash it, put it in our bag,
Shoplift it, get with it, whatever we can grab
Cause if you're one of us we guarantee you'll be bold
Cause there won't be nothing that you ain't stoled.
By the Forty Thieves!*

THIEF #30. *(Ending song:) Get it? Got it? Good!*

(Big finish:)

FORTY THIEVES. *Good for Forty Thieves!*

SQUEAKHERZADE. The Thief Lord approached a tree right in the middle of the forest, and addressed his company.

THIEF LORD. My dear thieves, what a day of thieving we've had! No one here has the right to be sad!

(ALL cheer.)

We've stolen gold, and diamonds, and earrings and pearls. We've stolen fine china and draperies, and tapestries from earls. We've stolen dentures from old ladies, and the front grill of a Mercedes, and there's nothing around worth having if we don't got it here. Now—you've all earned some rest.

FORTY THIEVES. Here, here!

THIEF LORD. But before we go away. I'll open up our secret cave, with these magic words I say. So no one get ahead of me, till I say 'Open Sesame'

SQUEAKHERZADE. And the front of the tree magically opened to reveal a door.

ALI BABA. Amazing!

SQUEAKHERZADE. Soon the Forty Thieves had entered with the loot—

(They start to enter. Each one bonks their heads as they go in, and cries 'Ouch', to which the THIEF LORD replies 'Watch your Head'.)

—and come out again.

(They do the same in reverse.)

Ali Baba waited until they were all gone, and then approached the tree.

ALI BABA. Amazing. Some sort of secret door.

(He looks at it.)

There must be something I can say to open it again.

(Looks at it.)

Open.

(Nothing happens.)

Open you!

(Again, there is nothing. Ali Baba looks to the audience.)

What do I say?

(Maybe they help, maybe not.)

Ooooo...right! Open sesame.

SQUEAKHERZADE. And so Ali Baba entered the thieves hideout, and there he found all manner of treasure, and carried out as much as he could

ALI BABA. I'm rich! Filthy stinking rich!

(ALI BABA carries the treasure home.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. Meanwhile, the Thieves came back the next day with even more treasure.

FORTY THIEVES. *(Singing:)*

*We are the Forty Thieves,
Steal, steal, steal, steal, steal!*

THIEF LORD. C'mon boys!

(The FEMALE THIEVES cough.)

And girls. Let's go. Open Sesame!

(The door opens. They all rush in as before. Once they've all disappeared inside, there is a collective scream. They all file out, hitting heads as they exit.)

THIEF #05. My gold—it's gone!

THIEF #17. My china plates—disappeared!

THIEF #32. My 401k plan—as if it never existed!

THIEF LORD. Well boys—

(GIRL THIEVES cough.)

THIEF LORD. And girls, yes, someone has been here, discovered our secret word, and looted our super secret hiding place!

FORTY THIEVES. Oh no!

THIEF LORD. Oh yes. This is why we took those Information Security classes at [name of local school]. Do you remember? I knew we should have used a password with numbers in it.

(He scowls. The THIEVES scowl back.)

Never mind. We must find whoever took our loot, and we must kill him!!

(GIRLS cough.)

—or her, yes, of course we'll kill her if it's a her, I was being sort of non-gender specific, do you see? Oh—c'mon!

(They run off in formation.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. *(To ALI CATTO:)* May they go? It's almost dawn.

ALI CATTO. Never. I will hear this last one through to the end. Or would you rather it was their end?

(ALI CATTO swipes at FATHER. He shrieks.)

SQUEAKHERZADE. *(Continuing the story. Very scared:)* Meanwhile, Ali Baba and his wife bought a huge house, and lived quite lavishly, thinking that the thieves would never pursue them in the city. So Ali Baba was caught completely off guard, when the Thief Lord, disguised as an old man, approached him on the street.

THIEF LORD. Excuse me. Excuse me. Is this your house?

ALI BABA. Why yes. Yes it is.

THIEF LORD. I hear tell you came into your money quite recently.

ALI BABA. It's true. I single-handedly took it, from Thieves.

THIEF LORD. What thief would fall in battle to a weakling such as you.

ALI BABA. Oh, no, I didn't fight them. That would have been hard work. No, you see, I stumbled upon their hiding place—

SQUEAKHERZADE. And so Ali Baba confirmed what the Thief Lord already knew—that he had stolen from the Forty Thieves. And one did not get to be the leader of such a bad by being stupid, so the clever Thief Lord stole back to Thief Camp to tell them his plan.

ALI CATTO. The story is nearing the end, is it not?

SQUEAKHERZADE. Just a bit longer, please.

ALI CATTO. I wouldn't be in too big a hurry, my dear. This story will be your last. Ever.

SQUEAKHERZADE. *(Gulps.)* The next day, Ali Baba received a surprise arrival at his house. It was the same old man, bearing forty big barrels filled with oils.

ALI BABA. I'm shocked!

THIEF LORD. Your story moved me, and I bring you a gift, from the people who will no longer suffer, now that you have taken the Thieves treasure, and surely with it, their manliness.

(Feminine coughs from the barrels.)

And womanliness. Will you invite me to supper?

ALI BABA. Of course.

SQUEAKHERZADE. And so he did, little knowing that in each of the barrels was one of the forty thieves.

(Music starts. The following bit of the song is muffled by the barrels.)

FORTY THIEVES. *We are the Forty Thieves,
Mmmpf, mmmpf, mmmpf, mmphf, mmpf.*

SQUEAKHERZADE. For at the Thief Lord's signal, the thieves were to sneak out of the barrels, surprise the young family, and take back their loot.

ALI CATTO. Not much time left for them—or your family.

SQUEAKHERZADE. And they were about to, when they were distracted—

PIPSQUEAK. By a cat!

SQUEAKHERZADE. What?

PIPSQUEAK. Distracted by a cat!

SQUEAKHERZADE. They were distracted by a cat. An alley cat.

ALI CATTO. Handsome like me?

SQUEAKHERZADE. Just like you—in fact—this would be a great part for you!

ALI CATTO. I can't act.

SQUEAKHERZADE. Sure you can—go on.

ALI CATTO. Well, I suppose. What do I do?

SQUEAKHERZADE. Go tip over a barrel.

ALI CATTO. I can do that...

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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