

Audition Side #1: ALADDIN / PRINCESS

(Aladdin leads the Princess into his penthouse apartment; the place is a pigsty, but clearly has a great view.)

ALADDIN: Right this way, babe.

PRINCESS:

I want to thank you again for saving me back in the marketplace. I can't believe that man tried to reprimand me just for taking some of his apples.

ALADDIN: Yeah, those merchants are real dicks about that kind of stuff. It's like, is he really gonna eat all those apples? And did you know the ones he doesn't eat, he's trying to sell? For money? So greedy.

PRINCESS:

But you're so generous. Sticking your neck out for a young girl you just met while expecting absolutely nothing in return. And then insisting that I stay with you tonight.

ALADDIN: No prob. I do it all the time.

PRINCESS: (taking a look around) Oh wow. You live here?!

ALADDIN: Well, I'm squatting here.

PRINCESS: It's beautiful.

ALADDIN: Yeah, it's kind of a mess right now. It's hard to keep a big place like this clean.

PRINCESS: Don't you have anybody to clean it for you, like a slave?

ALADDIN: Well, I've got a monkey, but he only cleans his side of the room.

PRINCESS: This is so unfair! Poor people need slaves just as much as rich people! Maybe even a little bit more. And the sad part is that the people in charge probably don't even know how bad things really are out here.

ALADDIN: Totally. Did you know the city's crime rates are at an all time high?

PRINCESS: And the people in power aren't doing anything to change that. Change scares old people.

ALADDIN: Yeah. Grown-ups don't get us. It's like, you're sixteen and I'm... (Aladdin counts in his head.) Yeah, wow, I'm only thirty-three. I think I've seen it all, but I forget how young I am sometimes.

PRINCESS: I love how raw this conversation is. You're so mature and deep. Of course a free thinker like you is struggling to get by. And all because of our totally corrupt class system.

ALADDIN: I hate the class system. That's why I said, fuck it, I'm never going to school again!

PRINCESS: So you abandoned everything, to be free? That's so brave.

ALADDIN: Brave? Me? Yeah.

Audition Side #2: CAPTAIN / JA'FAR

(The CAPTAIN of the royal guards enters. He is covered in poop.)

CAPTAIN: Ja'far. You won't believe the morning I've just had.

JA'FAR : Wha... Why is my Captain of the Royal Guard covered in shit?!

CAPTAIN: Well, my men and I just jumped out of a window into a cart of Crazy Hakim's discount fertilizer.

JA'FAR: Why?!

CAPTAIN: We were chasing a man, no, a devil I say. A thief who every day robs the honest folk of bread, water melons, laundry off of clothes lines. We try to catch him but he's always just one jump ahead. Today things got a little out of hand and ... a lot of people are dead.

JA'FAR: Explain!

CAPTAIN: The sword swallower slit his throat from the inside when the thief's pet monkey ripped the sword right out of it. So he's dead. And you know that guy that lays on the bed of nails? A fat guard fell on him. He's dead too. Then when we fell into that fertilizer... Kabal snapped his neck on impact. Two more choked on shit. I was one of the lucky ones. And all this, for a loaf of bread. This is all your fault, Ja'far.

JA'FAR: My fault?! How is this my fault and not that thief's?!

CAPTAIN: Maybe there wouldn't be any thieves if you fixed the socioeconomic inequality, like you promised. Why do you even bother visiting us commoners anymore, you aristocat?

JA'FAR: Oh, why don't you go apprehend that thief! What's his name?

CAPTAIN: There are whispers. Rumors only. They say he's called... Aladdin.

JA'FAR: Then we must find this one. This Aladdin.

Audition Side #3: ACHMED / JA'FAR

(PRINCE ACHMED storms onstage)

ACHMED: Good luck marrying her off!

JA'FAR: Prince Achmed! Your Excellency!

ACHMED: Is this how your kingdom treats its guests?! Take a look at this, Ja'far.

(He twists his waist around, exposing his backside to Ja'far. His pants are torn away.)

Tell me what you see.

JA'FAR: Your... ass cheeks, my lord.

ACHMED: That's right, my ass cheeks. They are hanging out, Ja'far.

(He touches his fingers to his asscheeks and they come up bloody.)

And what's this? Blood! Blood on my ass cheeks! Tell me, Ja'far, how the fuck did it get there!?

JA'FAR: Is it because...?

ACHMED: It is because your Princess sicked a Bengal Tiger upon my ass! I'm lucky it is so pert and small.

JA'FAR: I am grateful for your tiny ass, my lord.

ACHMED: I can't believe she thought she could feed a Prince to a tiger and that there would be no political consequences! This is really an act of war, Ja'far! And she treated it like it was a throw away joke! As if I were some silly side character, only here to illustrate her reluctance to get married! Well, not only am I the leader of a sovereign nation, but I have feelings too! And people who care about me!

JA'FAR: You must forgive our Princess. She is youthful but... well meaning.

ACHMED: Do not feed me shit and call it couscous, Ja'far. This is yet another insult that your Kingdom has heaped upon mine. But you can no longer afford such arrogance. I had considered extending our alliance, but now, because of your Princess, that's out of the question! The next time I visit this so-called "Magic" Kingdom, it shall be with an army. Prepare for war.

(Achmed starts to leave.)

JA'FAR: Achmed, wait!

ACHMED: No! No one makes a fool of Prince Achmed!

(Achmed exits.)

Audition Side #4: PRINCESS / JA'FAR

(Lights up on the Princess's room. She lies on a pillow looking melancholy.)

JA'FAR: Knock knock.

PRINCESS:*(noticing Ja'far)* Oh, you. Aren't you busy ruining my life?

JA'FAR: I noticed you weren't at dinner, but I saw you tried to poison my wine. Usually when that happens...It means you want to talk. What's up? Are you mad at me?

(The Princess doesn't respond) All right, well, I have to go and the antidote...

(Ja'far starts to leave.)

PRINCESS: Where are you going!?

JA'FAR: There she is. So... what's wrong?

PRINCESS: *Sigh.* Everything. You ripped out my heart, and you smashed it to a million pieces. Don't act like you don't know what I'm talking about!

JA'FAR: Uhhh...

PRINCESS: That innocent boy from the marketplace! The one that you sentenced to death. You know... Uh...uh...

JA'FAR: Aladdin?

PRINCESS: Yeah. Aladdin. The name that will be forever burned into my soul.

JA'FAR: Well, first off, I'd hardly call him a boy. He was well into his thirties.

PRINCESS: He was perfect. Like if you cobbled together all the best features from all the best guys and gave him a tragic back-story. It's like he was designed specifically to appeal to me.

JA'FAR: Princess, he was not a nice kind of fellow.

PRINCESS: You just didn't know him like I did.

JA'FAR: No, I don't think you knew him like I did.

PRINCESS: I knew everything about him. He was my soulmate. My...Ali..uh... I'm fucking blanking out! What was his name!?

JA'FAR: Aladdin.

PRINCESS: I'm writing that down.

(She writes the name down on a note.) Aladdin, that's weird.

JA'FAR: Yeah, it's weird

Audition Side #5: SHERREZADE MONOLOGUE

SHERREZADE:

Once upon a time... In a faraway land, there was a magic kingdom that prospered through its commitment to two simple ideas: duty and devotion. The Two D's. For many years, the kingdom stood as a shining beacon for artisans, craftsmen, and storytellers who all flocked to the land with a dream to uphold the sacred Two D's. Through their hard work, a glorious golden age came to the kingdom. Followed by a second -- even greater than the first! Then...came the dark times. The kingdom came into the hands of an evil sultan, and through his negligence the kingdom fell to ruin. The happiest place on earth...became the crappiest place on earth. Despite the efforts of one man. A man with adream. To restore the kingdom to its former glory and bring about the prophesized third golden age. A misunderstood man. This is his story -- the untold story of a royal vizier.

AUDITION SIDE #6: SHERREZADE/JA'FAR

JA'FAR: Oh, my dear girl, what's been done to you?

SHERREZADE: Somebody cut off my ear because they didn't like my face.

JA'FAR: That's barbaric!

SHERREZADE: But hey, it's home!

JA'FAR: Worry not, miss, I am a studied healer. I may not be able to save the ear, but I can stay the bleeding. It would help if we kept you talking. You could start by telling me your name.

(He dresses her wound)

SHERREZADE: My name is Sherrezade. I suppose this will be the end of me. I'm here only for my beauty...and now that's gone.

JA'FAR: Sherrezade, true beauty lies within. But no scratch could tarnish your heavenly glow.

SHERREZADE: Your words are like honey, young master!

JA'FAR: Oh, Ja'far, and I am master no man or woman. I am a servant to the people, and therefore your servant. Tell me, what is it that you do in the palace?

SHERREZADE: I entertain nobles with singing and dancing and stories.

JA'FAR: Stories? What kind of stories?

SHERREZADE: Anything you can imagine. Tell me, have you ever heard the tale of the Tiger Head Cave?

(JA'FAR shakes his head)

It's filled with wonders beyond your wildest dreams: a forbidden treasure, a rug possessed the soul of a lecherous thief, and perhaps the greatest treasure of them all: a common oil lamp.

JA'FAR...what?

SHERREZADE: But do not be fooled by its commonplace appearance; this is no ordinary lamp. It is the prison of a djinn, a shape shifter who will grant your every wish. He's also really funny.

(He finishes dressing her wound. She feels her ear in amazement)

JA'FAR: There you are, keep the bandages tight, less the wound become gangrenous.

SHERREZADE: By Allah! Are you a sorcerer?

JA'FAR: No, sorcery is a craft for fools and dreamers. I am a man of science. I believe only what I can touch and feel. This cave you speak of, I can assure you it doesn't exist. I would know because I apprenticed a geographer.

SHERREZADE: You've just never seen it because the cave remains hidden to all but those who possess the key.

JA'FAR: Oh, beautiful pendant. A golden scarab if I'm not mistaken.

SHERREZADE: Half a scarab. Half the key. It is said that the cave was sealed by two lovers who were then transformed into one golden scarab. The cave will only reopen when the two halves become one and the lovers are reunited once more.

JA'FAR: That's beautiful.

SHERREZADE: So you see, you say you only believe what you can touch and feel. Magic does nothing if not touch the soul. There's no greater feeling than that.

JA'FAR: Wise words. Perhaps you're right.