

Jasmine:

Caliph, quiet. *[She sees Aladdin]* Who are you?

Aladdin:

The laundry boy.

Guard:

Kneel when you speak to the Princess.

Aladdin:

Princess! *[He kneels and backs away]*

Jasmine:

Wait. Come here laundry boy.

[Aladdin shuffles forward on his knees]

You can stand up you know.

Aladdin:

Oh but...

Jasmine:

I command you laundry boy to stand.

[Aladdin stands up]

Guards, leave us. Come here boy.

[Caliph growls]

Oh, don't worry about Caliph, his bark's worse than his bite. Well actually, that's not true.

Aladdin:

He's beautiful, what is he?

Jasmine:

A dog! Oh, you mean what breed. He's a Peruvian snow hound, very rare.

[Aladdin has now stroked Caliph who nuzzles up to him]

And it looks as if you win his seal of approval. So laundry boy, do you have a name?

Aladdin:

Aladdin.

Jasmine:

Aladdin. And do you live in the city?

Aladdin:

Oh yes Princess

Jasmine:

What's it like.

Aladdin:

You mean you don't know?

Jasmine

If I knew I wouldn't be asking you, would I?

Aladdin

Sorry, yes quite. The city is wonderful, from the harbour with its fishing boats to the bazaar with its colourful stalls brimming with all sorts of goods.

Jasmine:

What sort of things?

Aladdin:

Oh, I don't know. The finest silks, the freshest bread and pastries, the stickiest sweets. There are lantern sellers, flowers with the sweetest scent and carpet sellers with every type of carpet you can imagine.

Jasmine:

Best not mention carpet sellers while you're in the palace.

Aladdin:

Oh! And of course the festivals. Will you be coming to the festival Princess?

Jasmine:

No, my father has forbidden it.

Aladdin:

And do you always do what your father tells you?

Jasmine:

Most of the time, yes.

Aladdin:

But it would be a shame to miss the festival wouldn't it?

Jasmine:

Yes, but how?

Aladdin:

Now that would be telling, but I'm sure I'll think of something.

Jasmine:

Intriguing.

Aladdin:

Do you trust me?

Jasmine:

I think so.

Aladdin:

Then expect a special delivery.

Jasmine:

What sort of.....

[They are interrupted. Rana and Amira return with a tray of refreshments]

Rana:

Who's this?

Amira:

Shall I call the guards?

Jasmine:

No, no need. This is the laundry boy, Aladdin.

[Amira and rana give each other a knowing look]

Amira:

I see.

Rana:

And do you always deliver the Princess's laundry personally Aladdin?

Aladdin:

Oh no, I was lost and ended up here by accident.

Amira:

I bet you did.

Jasmine:

You two are being very weird.

Amira:

Would you like a drink Aladdin?

Rana:

Ginger cordial Aladdin?

Amira:

And perhaps some Turkish delight, its de...lic...ous. it's the princess's favourite.