

		STORY NOTE: START OF DINNER GUEST #1 SEGMENT
		STORY NOTE: START OF ALADDIN SEGMENT
Start with Finale for Aladdin story as opening number for this.		MUSIC NOTE: ALADDIN BROADWAY MUSICAL FINALE
		<p>BLUE GENIE</p> <p>So it goes, short a sweet, - Now they live down the street - doing just what they all do best. Laws get changed, just in time - and for them no more crime - as for Genie, a well earned rest!</p> <p>It's the plot that you knew - with a small twist or two - but the changes we made were slight So shalom worthy friend - come back soon, that's the end! - 'Til another Arabian Night.</p> <p>ALADDIN SEGMENT SINGERS AND BLUE GENIE AND JASMINE AND ALADDIN</p> <p>A whole new world, a new fantastic point of view No one to tell us no, or where to go, or say we're only dreaming A whole new world, with new horizons to pursue I'll chase them anywhere, there's time to spare, let me share this whole new world with you! A whole new world... That's we're I'll be... A thrilling chase, a wondrous place...</p> <p>BLUE GENIE</p> <p>(Spoken) I just love a happy ending!</p> <p>ALADDIN SEGMENT SINGERS AND BLUE GENIE AND JASMINE AND ALADDIN</p> <p>...for you and me! Ah-ah-ah-ah! Ah-ah-ah-ah!</p>
		STORY NOTE: END OF ALADDIN SEGMENT
SR DINING AREA Abou Hassan and Dinner Guest #1 and Abou Hassan's "Servant" (who is trying to hide that she is taking notes).		DUNYAZADE (ABOU HASSAN'S "SERVANT"): So Aladdin kept his promise to free the Genie <u>and</u> he still got to marry Princess Jazmin as well?

		ABOU HASSAN: What a wonderful story of the power of true love and kismet!
		SAMAR (DINNER GUEST #1): And of keeping promises regardless of the price, yet having the universe look after you just the same.
Abou Hassan and Servant exchange looks as more notes are taken.		ABOU HASSAN: And what a wonderful, rich character the genie is in that story.
		STORY NOTE: START OF FISHERMAN SEGMENT
		SAMAR (DINNER GUEST #1): Ah, yes, but that is not always the case in all stories. Let me tell you <i>The Story of the Fisherman who Caught More Than He Bargained For.</i>
		ABOU HASSAN: Do tell!
		SAMAR (DINNER GUEST #1): This particular fisherman was of substantial age and yet, in order to provide for his family, he still went out fishing every morning. His only self-imposed law was that he only cast his gear into the water four times before giving up for the day. On most days this proved sufficient, but one day the fates had something else in store.
<p>Move to lower SR platform where fisherman arrives, casts his line and immediately feels a tug. With exaggerated struggle, he pulls up a ship's wheel. As if talking to Allah</p> <p>He casts his line again and immediately feels a tug. With exaggerated struggle, he pulls up driftwood As if talking to Allah</p> <p>He casts his line yet again and immediately feels a tug. With exaggerated struggle, he pulls up the carcass of a beast. As if talking to Allah</p> <p>With that he casts his line one last time and quickly pulls up a yellow copper vessel.</p> <p>He is fumbling with it and examining it</p>		<p>FISHERMAN: What is this? Praise Allah that so quickly in the day I am blessed with a large catch! What's this, an old ship's wheel? Ah, a little game play? No matter – it was only cast number 1. Here we go, now this is a big catch . . . and . . . just a little more . . . and . . . DRIFTWOOD! So, you will make me work hard for my take this morning?! Nonetheless, I remain of good humor and trust my efforts will be rewarded on this next try.</p> <p>Yes, here is my just reward coming to me now – I am sure of it in my bo...NES? The carcass of a jackass? Why do you mock me so? You know that I am just a humble fisherman trying my best to care for my family and to do no harm to others. I have but one more chance this day to prove myself a worthy provider. For myself I ask not, but for my family, please guide my effort.</p> <p>Again am I cheated out of my share? Nothing but a copper vessel? At least I am not left with nothing. I shall sell this to the founder and buy a measure of corn to feed my family.</p> <p>Hmm. . . it appears that it might contain something, though it is tightly secured shut; and, it</p>

He pries open the seal and peers inside – seeing nothing he sets the vessel down on a boulder (in front of the trap door)		bears the seal of the Great Prophet Solomon!? Why that makes this vessel over 1800 years old! I must see what treasure of Solomon’s was so great to be sealed tightly enough to survive this length of time. How strange that an empty vessel would be sealed in this manner.
		SOUND NOTE: Rumbling
		LIGHT CUE: Fog Machine – Heavy
Beginning to get excited as he sees the smoke building		FISHERMAN: What’s this? Could this be a Great Jinn prepared to grant my every wish? What shall I ask for first?
Suddenly a genie appears before the fisherman.		ANGRY GENIE: Free At Last! How? Who?
		FISHERMAN: It was I, great Genie, a humble fisherman who pulled your vessel from the sea and released you. Am I granted favor in return?
		ANGRY GENIE: Ah ha ha ha ha! Favor? You know, for the first several hundred years of confinement, I did think of granting my savior all manners of wealth through eternity.
		FISHERMAN: And?
		ANGRY GENIE: No one came! Still, for the next several hundred years of confinement I entertained that my savior would be worthy of great wealth – if not for eternity, at least through his life on earth.
		FISHERMAN: And?
		ANGRY GENIE: No one came! Still, for the following several hundred years of confinement I was committed to showing my savior thanks by granting him three wishes!
		FISHERMAN: And?
		ANGRY GENIE: No one came! So for these last several hundred years of confinement I have

		concluded that all beings are equally responsible for my plight and not deserving of any favor!
		FISHERMAN: So, I get nothing for having released you?
		SONG NOTE: FRIEND LIKE ME
		ANGRY GENIE: Oh, on the contrary, I didn't say you would get <u>nothing</u> for what you have done.
		FISHERMAN: So what kind of friendly token of thanks do you have in mind?
		ANGRY GENIE: You thinks us friends just because you have freed me?
		FISHERMAN: Maybe not best friends, yet, but . . .
		<p>ANGRY GENIE:</p> <p>Well Mr. Fisherman, how can I make you see You gave me back my freedom but It don't mean you have a friend in me.</p> <p>I've been all bottled up for 1800 years It just makes me want to hurt you dude You really wanna have a friend like me? No sir!</p> <p>There's no good way to tell you - It's the end, Fini!, your death You want a wish - It's yours! How's this Pick the way you'll take your final breath!</p> <p>How about the guillotine or drifting out at sea Come on now dude, you've got to choose You ain't never had a friend like me</p> <p>Would a friend do this? Would a friend do that? Would a friend pull this - out their little hats</p>

		<p>Would a friend go poof? Well looky here. Would a friend go abracadabra, let her rip, Cause they wanna make you disappear?</p>
		<p>FISHERMAN: WAIT! NO!</p>
		<p>ANGRY GENIE:</p> <p>Well doncha think that you can change my mind, Cause after 1800 years of prayers You're the one who pulled my bottle up Now it's time to settle our affairs</p> <p>I've got a powerful urge to end you now So what-cha wish I really do not care But if you don't make up your mind, no doubt, They'll find some pieces of you everywhere!</p> <p>And I say, now Mister Fisherman, You got til I count to three Won't help to sob, you big nabob You won't ever have a friend, ever have a friend You won't ever have a friend, ever have a friend You won't ever have a friend in me hahaha hahaha You won't ever have a friend in me, hah!</p>
		<p>FISHERMAN: It is contrary to reason that you would choose to reward good with evil!</p>
		<p>ANGRY GENIE: What is contrary to reason is that I suffered in that bottle for over 1800 years! I deem everyone responsible for that injustice and you shall be the first to pay the price for all! Now how would you have me end you?</p>
		<p>FISHERMAN: If there is no changing your mind, I have but one question – provide me the answer and I shall let you choose the manner in which you would see me die.</p>

		ANGRY GENIE: Very well, what is the question?
		FISHERMAN: Were you actually in this vessel?
		ANGRY GENIE: Yes, and now I . . .
		FISHERMAN: I cannot believe you – this vessel is not capable of holding one of your size.
		ANGRY GENIE: I swear it to be true that I was there, just as you see me here.
		FISHERMAN: Any man with eyes can see this to be untrue. If it is so, honor demands proof that what is clearly impossible is, as you say, possible.
		SOUND NOTE: Rumbling
		LIGHT CUE: Fog Machine – Heavy
The Genie re-enters the bottle (goes through the trap door behind the bottle in the smoke).		ANGRY GENIE: Well now, incredulous fellow, do you believe me now that I am in the bottle?
		FISHERMAN: My apologies for doubting you, though I apologize not for what I do now.
The fisherman corks and seals the bottle as the Genie protests.		ANGRY GENIE: And that is? Wait, . . . your deception has earned you the most painful death when I am free again!
		FISHERMAN: Which I shall take great pains to ensure never happens by sealing your vessel in a tomb with written instructions to leave you for eternity!
		ANGRY GENIE: Nooooooo!
		STORY NOTE: END OF FISHERMAN SEGMENT
		SAMAR (DINNER GUEST #1): So you see, not all genies grant wishes.
		DUNYAZADE (ABOU HASSAN’S “SERVANT”): Or tell jokes that make timely reference to current

		headlines!
		ABOU HASSAN: Um, yeah, anyway, well thank you for all the marvelous tales. I will be sure to share them, if I may, in the future.
		SAMAR (DINNER GUEST #1): Why of course, and I have many more, too! Perhaps I can come back tomorrow . . .
Shaking finger		ABOU HASSAN: Uh, uh, uh! Remember the conditions of the evening - I would provide the meal and drink.
		SAMAR (DINNER GUEST #1): Which was exquisite I must admit.
		ABOU HASSAN: And you would entertain with stories this ONE night only and we would never meet again.
		DUNYAZADE (ABOU HASSAN'S "SERVANT"): How about one last story before he goes?
		SAMAR (DINNER GUEST #1): Yes, as a final gesture of thanks for a truly memorable evening.
		ABOU HASSAN: I suppose there is time for one more short story.
		STORY NOTE: START OF DREAMER SEGMENT
		SAMAR (DINNER GUEST #1): Then I will tell the story of <i>The Ruined Man Who Became Rich Again Through A Dream!</i>
		ABOU HASSAN: How intriguing.
		SAMAR (DINNER GUEST #1): This one begins in the city of Bagdad and involves Almahdi – a merchant of considerable wealth who loses all his fortune and is forced into a life of menial labor in order to survive. One night, he is visited in a dream by a prophet who instructs him to go to Cairo and he will find his fortune anew. And so he does . . .

MAIN STAGE:	MUSIC NOTE: I HAVE A DREAM – ABBA
Arriving in Cairo late in the evening and singing a softer and hopeful version of the song.	ALMAHDI (THE DREAMER): I have a dream, a fantasy To help me through reality And my destination makes it worth the while Pushing through the darkness still another mile I believe in angels - Something good in everything I see I believe in angels - When I know the time is right for me I'll cross the stream - I have a dream I'll cross the stream - I have a dream
Talking up to Allah Looking about and taking in his surroundings He lays down outside of the mosque and falls to sleep; right after bandits arrive and sneak toward the	ALMAHDI (THE DREAMER): Well, I guess I've crossed the stream and here I am in Cairo – now what? Nothing? Oh, right, I need to be sleeping for you to visit again – is that it? It is late, anyway, . . . Oh, a mosque! That seems a fitting place to rest and let Allah tell me what to do next.
apartment next door to the mosque (SL side of palace).	HUSAM (BANDIT #1): You sure this is the place?
	IYAD (BANDIT #2): Yes, I overheard the owner boasting to a friend that he felt safe keeping his fortune in a chest in a hidden nook in the wall of his apartment that abutted the mosque - therefore, he had the full protection of Allah!
	HUSAM (BANDIT #1): What if he is home?
	IYAD (BANDIT #2): To be sure, he is not. Each week on this night he and his wife dine at a certain friend's house on the other side of town; they will not return until late!
Laughing They enter the apartment and moments later	HUSAM (BANDIT #1): Giving us plenty of time to relieve them of the BURDEN of so much fortune!
	YUMN (WIFE): Aahhh! Theives!

		HUSAM (BANDIT #1) and IYAD (BANDIT #2): Aaahhhh!
Screams are heard and the bandits come running out and cross to SR exiting down ramp; husband & wife		SAAD (HUSBAND): Police! Police! Help us! Police!
Follow after and police arrive from SL ramp in response to the commotion.		ASIM (CHIEF OF POLICE): What is the cause of such disturbance at this late hour?
		SAAD (HUSBAND): Bandits have tried to enter our home and rob us of what is rightfully ours!
		YUMN (WIFE): Thankfully, Allah has again watched over us and made sure that our friends canceled our weekly dinner so that we were at home to thwart their misguided plans.
		ASUN (CHIEF OF POLICE): In which direction did they flee?
Pointing to SR		SAAD (HUSBAND): Sadly, in the darkness I lost sight of them near the far edge of the mosque.
The Chief of Police heads toward the mosque just as NAME #2 is finally stirring from the commotion of others arriving on the scene.		ASUN (CHIEF OF POLICE): You there, come on, you're not fooling anyone – get up, you're under arrest!
		ALMAHDI (THE DREAMER): Arrest!? For what? I have only arrived in town this evening and came directly here – I have done nothing that could be a crime, unless resting at your Mosque is one.
		SAAD (HUSBAND): No, but attempting to rob the apartment next door is one, and for that you shall pay dearly!
		ALMAHDI (THE DREAMER): But I assure you I am innocent, you are mistaken.
		ASUN (CHIEF OF POLICE): Well, if only all the criminals were as honest as you and tell us the truth right off, our job would be easy.
		ALMAHDI (THE DREAMER): I am honored to do my part . . .
Drags him back to the apartment		ASUN (CHIEF OF POLICE): Cut it out and come along with me.

		YUMN (WIFE): Wait! I'm afraid that is not one of the men – they were both wearing all black.
		ASUN (CHIEF OF POLICE): Well, it looks like you're off the hook. But, you said you were new in town? What brings you here?
		ALMAHDI (THE DREAMER): Well, since this is all of Allah's design, I guess I must tell you in case you might have information to aid me.
		ASUN (CHIEF OF POLICE): Go on.
		ALMAHDI (THE DREAMER): You see, I was once a very rich merchant until misfortune hit and I lost everything; however, I was visited in a dream by a prophet who told me to travel here and I would be led to a greater fortune than I had ever known before. But I don't know what to do now.
		ASUN (CHIEF OF POLICE): I believe that I <u>can</u> be of some aid to your quest!
		ALMAHDI (THE DREAMER): You can!?! Tell me how!
		ASUN (CHIEF OF POLICE): Of course, you see, all you must do is . . . GO HOME!
		ALMAHDI (THE DREAMER): What?
		ASUN (CHIEF OF POLICE): Oh, and stop being such a naïve fool!
		ALMAHDI (THE DREAMER): I shared with you a great trust yet you stand in mockery of me - and Allah!
		ASUN (CHIEF OF POLICE): Listen, let me tell you a little story, okay? Over the past several months, I have had no less than THREE dreams in which I have been told to travel to Bagdad and I would become rich. But do I look rich to you?
		ALMAHDI (THE DREAMER): No, did you not find the wealth you were promised there?

		ASUN (CHIEF OF POLICE): No! Aren't you listening? The point I'm trying to make is that I didn't go – you don't go running all over the world based on something in a dream. Things just don't work that way. And if anyone would have had reason to believe, it would have been me.
		ALMAHDI (THE DREAMER): How so?
		ASUN (CHIEF OF POLICE): You said you had no idea what you were supposed to do once you got here, right?
		ALMAHDI (THE DREAMER): That is correct.
		ASUN (CHIEF OF POLICE): Well in my dream, I was given great detail – I was to go to a specific estate on the southern edge of town that was set on the tallest hill and enclosed by a wall adorned with sconces of camels having ruby eyes. Within the gates I would see a fountain of green marble; within the fountain would be a statue of an elephant dressed in gold regalia having water spilling from its trunk and its tail pointing downward to a point in the gardens surrounding the fountain. I was told that digging in that spot I would find wealth beyond my imagination!
		ALMAHDI (THE DREAMER): My dream is so clear now! Thank you for correcting my path. I shall take my leave of Cairo post haste.
Feeling pity for him and tossing a few coins to him.		SAAD (HUSBAND): I feel bad that you came all this way for nothing. Take these coins to help in your travels back home. Let Allah be with you.
		ALMAHDI (THE DREAMER): Oh, he will
		SONG NOTE: REPRISE – I HAVE A DREAM – ABBA
He pulls everyone into the number and they dance joyously.		ALMAHDI (THE DREAMER) AND OTHERS (HUSBAND/WIFE/?): DREAMER: I have a dream, OTHERS: a fantasy DREAMER: To help me through

<p>He skips off stage enthusiastically waiving to those behind</p>	<p>OTHERS: Reality DREAMER: And my destination makes it worth the while OTHERS: Pushing through the darkness still another mile DREAMER: I believes in angels - OTHERS: Something good in everything he sees OTHERS: He believes in angels - DREAMER: When I know the time is right for me DREAMER: I'll cross the stream - I have a dream</p> <p>OTHERS: He has a dream, DREAMER: A song to sing OTHERS: To help him cope DREAMER: With anything OTHERS: He can see the wonder of a fairy tale DREAMER: And I take the future even if I fail OTHERS: He believes in angels - DREAMER: Something good in everything I see OTHERS: HE believes in angels - DREAMER: When I know the time is right for me DREAMER: I'll cross the stream - I have a dream OTHERS: He'll cross the stream – He has a dream</p>
	<p>STORY NOTE: END OF DREAMER SEGMENT</p>
	<p>ABOU HASSAN: I don't understand? Why was the man so happy to leave Cairo without the promise of his dream being fulfilled?</p>
	<p>SAMAR (DINNER GUEST #1): Oh, but it was fulfilled! You see, the man recognized the description of his very own estate in the details of the Chief of Police's dream! He returned home and began digging right where the elephant's tale pointed and VOILA! There was the treasure that made him the richest man in Bagdad!</p>

		DUNYAZADE (ABOU HASSAN’S “SERVANT”): What a marvelous tale of how our fortunes in life can come or go based upon our willingness to believe.
		ABOU HASSAN: That story, too, will serve me well in the future. I thank you for a spectacular evening of rich stories.
		SAMAR (DINNER GUEST #1): The pleasure, indeed, has been all mine, but I believe I will now take my leave.
		ABOU HASSAN: I will show you out and wish you well on your further journeys.
		STORY NOTE: END OF DINNER GUEST #1 SEGMENTS
		STORY NOTE: START OF TRIBUTE #1 SEGMENT
EFFIEZADE, GRAND VIZIER and KING’S CHORUS enter from blind entrance; others straggle in reluctantly ..		SOUND EFFECT: {Trumpet call; Horn call; Gong; Other}
SL PLATFORM: Stark marble block interior/exterior palace wall. A bingo cage is set up and an Effie Trinket		ALL GIRLS: (loud crying and sobbing)
style character is pulling a name from the cage. The platform is filled with all female cast members.		EFFIEZADE: Please, girls, save the emotions for your wedding night, please.
Abou Hassan has made his/her way around to pit ramp and		STORY NOTE: START OF DINNER GUEST #2 SEGMENTS
Up from the pit come Abou Hassan and DINNER GUEST #2 who sees the ceremony and questions what it is.		WASFIYAH (DINNER GUEST #2): What is happening there?
Crossing from t to SR ramp		ABOU HASSAN: Oh, it is a barbaric custom of late that our King marries a new wife each day and has her beheaded the next morning so that she cannot cheat on him as his first wife was found doing. That is the ceremony in which they select the next victi . . . I mean, “bride” .
		WASFIYAH (DINNER GUEST #2): Oh, my!
Servant is setting dinner course prepared to greet the new guest when they arrive. They exit SR ramp and get in position in Dining Area.		ABOU HASSAN: But do not let that dampen your spirit, we must see to it that you have an enjoyable evening and remain in good nature so as to regale me with many enchanting tales.

Back up on SL Platform		EFFIEZADE: And the lucky winner for this evening is Amina!
Sighs of Relief from all; some screams from those close to her.		AMINA (BRIDE #1): Nooooo!
		SONG NOTE: Oasis Princess (Pineapple Princess – Annette Funicello)
Sings as a wedding veil is placed onto Bride #1's head		KING'S CHORUS: Oasis Princess, you are his Oasis Princess today And you know you should feel honored to be chosen in this way Oasis Princess, remember, just what being chosen means Today you're gonna marry him and be his Oasis Queen!
		AMINA (BRIDE #1): Can you please look at that name once more Maybe you misread; it's been done before I'm not afraid of this circumstance Just don't want someone else to miss their chance
		KING'S CHORUS: Oasis Princess, you are his Oasis Princess today And you know you should feel honored to be chosen in this way Oasis Princess, remember, just what being chosen means Today you're gonna marry him and be his Oasis Queen!
Dragging Bride #1 off to the palace (blind exit down back stairs from SL platform)		AMINA (BRIDE #1): Aaaahhhhhh!!!
		STORY NOTE: END OF TRIBUTE #1 SEGMENT
Nervously as they hear but try to ignore the screaming outside.		ABOU HASSAN: So, why don't you start one of the stories you have as entertainment for the evening.
		WASFIYAH (DINNER GUEST #2): Well, since the subject of unfaithful wives has been raised,

		perhaps I will start with <i>The Story of Bacbouc the Tailor and the Miller's Wife!</i>
		ABOU HASSAN: Was the Miller's wife unfaithful to her husband?
		WASFIYAH (DINNER GUEST #2): In truth, no, but you would have me get ahead of myself by answering more questions.
		ABOU HASSAN: Then by all means, start at the beginning.
		STORY NOTE: START OF MILLER SEGMENT
Miller's Wife steps into view of the window – Bacbouc is walking a satisfied customer out of his shop and down the stairs and turning to go back up the stairs when he sees MW as he is returning and stops in his tracks; they coyly flirt with each other (her teasing, him not). He moves his work down the stairs and keeps a watchful eye on the window – he is rewarded with her coming into view once again.		WASFIYAH (DINNER GUEST #2): With all haste then, I tell that upon completing his tailoring apprenticeship, Bacbouc rented a small and modest space next to that of a very successful and wealthy miller. As it happened, the Miller had a most beautiful wife who, on occasion, would appear in her window overlooking the tailor's shop. Upon seeing her a first time accidentally, Bacbouc became obsessed with seeing her more and more – to the extent that he even took to working in front of his shop just to not miss a chance to see her.
Overtaken with his obsession he starts to set up outside to be able to work and watch; he grabs at passerby (including dancers) and telling him the "story"		BACBOUC (TAILOR): I can hear the bells, well don't you hear 'em chime? Can't you feel my heart-beat keeping perfect time? And all because she... Saw me, she looked at me and smiled yes she... Saw me, My heart was unprepared when she... Saw me, And knocked me off my feet, one interaction and life's complete 'cause when she... Saw me, Love put me in a fix yes it... Hit me, Just like a ton of bricks, yes my heart burst now I know what life's about, one little smile and love's knocked me out and...
Suggestively		WALA (SERVANT): Pardon me, sir, but my madam, the Miller's Wife, would be ever so desirous of having you prepare a new vest using this fabric. And she told me to inform you that she is

		sure that she will find some way to show her appreciation to you. She was quite confident that you would know what that means.
Bacbouc looks up and sees MW in the window, she blows a kiss and he scurries to work. He finishes the vest immediately and the servant picks it up and goes back to MW		BACBOUC (TAILOR): I can hear the bells, My head is spinning. I can hear the bells, Something's beginning. Everybody says that a guy as poor as me can't win her love well just wait and see 'cause...
The servant winks and leaves Bacbouc as MW appears yet again in the window to tease.		WALA (SERVANT): My madam is quite pleased with the vest and wishes you to make her a new pair of drawers with this fabric. She also commissioned me to tell you that she can scarcely bear the passing minutes until she can show her appreciation to you in the way she most desires.
He finishes the drawers immediately and the servant comes to pick them up and take them to MW		BACBOUC (TAILOR): I can hear the bells, Just hear them chiming, I can hear the bells, My temperature's climbing, I can't contain my fun 'cause I've finally found the one I've been missin' LISTEN! I can hear the bells.
		WALA (SERVANT): Mr. Tailor, I am asked to introduce you to my Master, the Miller. Madam, his wife, has told him of your excellent work and, for your benefit, has suggested he bring his business to you as well.
The miller pulls out a purse to pay the Tailor but the Servant shoots him a look and wags her finger, pointing		ASADEL (MILLER): Yes, I am in need of a new set of shirts. I believe this is enough fabric for twenty shirts. How much will you require?
To the window where MW is teasing. He stumbles taking the hint Gets a smile from Servant and MW		BACBOUC (TAILOR): Well . . . uh, now is . . . not . . . the time to worry about compensation. Let me provide to your satisfaction and we may settle accounts later.
		ASADEL (MILLER): Remarkable character – I can see now why my wife speaks so highly of you.
At some point during this the Servant picks up the shirts and takes them to the Miller		BACBOUC (TAILOR): Round 1, We'll go out on a date, and then...

		<p>Round 2, She'll say she just can't wait, because</p> <p>Round 3's When our life can finally start! Tell Miller it's over and just break his heart</p> <p>Round 4, I'll ask her for her hand, and then...</p> <p>Round 5, We'll book the wedding band, so by...</p> <p>Round 6, Much to everyone's surprise, this heavy-weight champion takes the prize and</p>
		<p>ASADEL (MILLER): Excellent work on those shirts. How about making 20 pairs of pants with this fabric? And how much do I owe you now.</p>
<p>Nervously as Servant and MW again signal him to reject payment.</p> <p>Aside</p> <p>To Miller</p>		<p>BACBOUC (TAILOR): No problem.</p> <p>I can go without food for another few weeks. And I'm sure I can find someone to borrow money from for supplies.</p> <p>There will always be time to settle later.</p>
		<p>ASADEL (MILLER): As you wish.</p>
<p>Two sections of lyric omitted Pick up at Key Change</p>		<p>BACBOUC (TAILOR): Keep strong</p> <p>I can hear the bells, My head is reeling, I can hear the bells, I can't stop the peeling, Everybody warns that she won't like what she'll see, but I know that she'll look inside of me yeah...</p> <p>I can hear the bells, Today's just the start 'cause, I can hear the bells and, Till death do us part and, Even when we die we'll look down from up above remembering the night that we two fell in love, We both will shed a tear and she'll whisper as we're remanish' LISTEN! I can hear the bells, I can hear the bells, I can hear the bells. Bum,bum,bum</p>
		<p>ASADEL (MILLER): Neighbor, I find myself in need of a different form of service from you this day. My mule is sick and I have meal to grind. Would you turn the mill in place of my mule?</p>

Thinking of how much money he is already owed, and not wanting to cause despair to MW		BACBOUC (TAILOR): You need but show me what to do and I will gladly be of service.
Miller takes Tailor over to rig and hooks him up to grind meal.		ASADEL (MILLER): There, now all you need do is walk in circle and the equipment will do the work, though you must keep up a steady and quick pace.
As Tailor started to move, Miller pulled out a whip and began lashing at Tailor		BACBOUC (TAILOR): What is the whip for?
		ASADEL (MILLER): To make you brisk, of course, without a whip my mule does not go.
Bacbouc goes around several times and begins to tire and get dizzy.		BACBOUC (TAILOR): I assure you that is unnecessary.
Miller raises whip		ASADEL (MILLER): Courage, neighbor, you must go on without taking breath, otherwise you will spoil my meal.
After a bit, MW appears in the doorway		AROOB (MILLER'S WIFE): Really, dear, do you not think it enough punishment yet.
		BACBOUC (TAILOR): Punishment?
		ASADEL (MILLER): He had energy enough to have his way with you, so I deserve no less energy from him to grind my meal.
Miller gives him another lashing		BACBOUC (TAILOR): But wait! There is nothing that happened between myself and your wife – I assure. . .
Aside to Bacbouc		AROOB (MILLER'S WIFE): Fool, who do you think he'll believe, his trusted wife who told of your advances immediately, or poor, lowly you who the whole town knows is infatuated with me?
		BACBOUC (TAILOR): Why are you doing this?
To Miller as she urges him to retreat to the palace		WALA (SERVANT): Trust us, we'll take care of him!
		AROOB (MILLER'S WIFE): You brought this on yourself – in your heart, you have always committed adultery many times – I have just made him believe you did it for real. Perhaps you will remember it next time <u>before</u> your thoughts get you in trouble.

		SONG NOTE: GOOD RIDDANCE (TIME OF YOUR LIFE) – GREEN DAY
		AROOB (MILLER’S WIFE)/WALA (SERVANT): <p>Another turning point, a fork stuck in the road Time grabs you by the wrist, directs you where to go So make the best of this test, and don't ask why It's not a question, but a lesson learned in time</p> <p>It's something unpredictable, but in the end is right, I hope you had the time of your life.</p> <p>So take the photographs, and still frames in your mind Hang it on a shelf in good health and good time Lash marks and memories and dead skin on trial For what it's worth it was worth all the while</p> <p>It's something unpredictable, but in the end is right, I hope you had the time of your life.</p> <p>It's something unpredictable, but in the end is right, I hope you had the time of your life.</p>
The Tailor packs his belongings and leaves in shame.		
STAGE HANDS HELP WITH CART		
		STORY NOTE: END OF MILLER SEGMENT
		ABOU HASSAN: So the Miller’s Wife didn’t cheat on her husband, but actually taught a lesson to the man who would have encouraged her to do so! That is an excellent turn of the tables. Do you have any more like that?
		STORY NOTE: START OF YOUNG LADY SEGMENT
		WASFIYAH (DINNER GUEST #2): Well, as it happens, Bacbouc had a brother whose luck with women was equally ill-fated because of his bad choices. It is <i>The Story of Bacbarah</i> and it begins as Bacbarah is standing outside the grounds of a palace admiring a beautiful woman he sees within. As he stands there, lost in thoughts of love, he is approached by an old woman from within the gates.

		IBA (OLD WOMAN): She says it is her charge to invite you in to meet the lady of the palace with whom you appear to have developed a fascination. The lady of the palace will receive you with much pleasure and treat you with excellent food and wine.
		BACBARAH: Do you jest with me?
		IBA (OLD WOMAN): She assures that she is speaking truth, but there are a few things you should keep in mind.
		BACBARAH: They are?
		IBA (OLD WOMAN): First, say but little and be extremely polite; second, the lady loves good-nature; and, most importantly, she cannot stand to be contradicted. If you please her in regards to these matters, you will surely get what you deserve, that is - desire!
		BACBARAH: I thankfully accept your advice and promise to follow it faithfully, dear madam.
He is led up to the palace; the young lady and her entourage come out.		NASHWA (YOUNG LADY): I am much pleased to see you, and wish you all the happiness you can desire.
		BACBARAH: My lady, I cannot desire a greater happiness than to be in your company.
With an air of suggestion		NASHWA (YOUNG LADY): You seem to be of a pleasant humor, and to be disposed to pass the time agreeably.
He looks to the old woman who nods her approval as to his actions thus far and encourages him further.		BACBARAH: To be sure, I am disposed to pass all my time with you and that time - spent doing anything with you - could be nothing but agreeable.
Somewhat under breath and to servants		NASHWA (YOUNG LADY): We shall see soon enough whether you are up to that challenge!
		MAIDEN SINGERS: (giggle)
Confused, but trying to go along Turning to Old Woman		BACBARAH: Haha!

		I was under the impression that the lady and I would have a more – private – encounter.
		IBA (OLD WOMAN): She says you will be alone in due time, just remember your promises and take all in good humor - you will get your just rewards.
Wine and grapes are brought out. She sits next to him		NASHWA (YOUNG LADY): Come, sit with me for a bit and enjoy some refreshments.
And starts caressing his face as he sips and eats. He is totally into it until she smacks him out of the blue.		BACBARAH: Ouch! What did you . . .
He has jumped up and away from her; the old woman rushes to him		IBA (OLD WOMAN): She says don't blow it now, you are so close to what you have coming!
Settling himself down – he returns to her pretending it was not her action that sent him away.		BACBARAH: A thousand pardons, my lady, but a bee came too near to my wine for comfort – it is gone now – so where were we.
He sits back down and she begins to pinch him all over and encourages her servants to take shots at him also. He accepts it all, feigning good humor and lets it go for a while until she stops.		NASHWA (YOUNG LADY): I am well pleased, you are a brave man, and so good-humored to bear with my little caprices. Your humor is so conformable to mine I feel that we can have some fun.
Calling her servants to her, she begins to speak, but		Girls? Go and do my bidding.
Thinking she is about to dismiss her servants, he is excited		BACBARAH: I am no more at my own disposal, I am wholly yours, you may do with me as you please.
To the servants who have returned with items		NASHWA (YOUNG LADY): You don't know how happy it makes me to hear that. You have the items I have requested?
One by one they announce what they have and use it accordingly.		MAIDEN SINGER 1 (KYLI): The best of aloes wood for perfume.
		MAIDEN SINGER 2 (VICTORIA): Rose water for the hands and face.
		MAIDEN SINGER 3 (SABINA): The make-up.
		MAIDEN SINGER 4 (SAMERA): The razor.
		MAIDEN SINGER 5 (KAYLEE): And the dress!

Bacbarah jumps up and protests, rushing to the Old Woman.		BACBARAH: Dress? Make-up? Razor?
		IBA (OLD WOMAN): My mistress is only curious as to how you would look in a woman's dress, with your eyebrows painted, and, of course, no beard.
		BACBARAH: But I can't allow my beard to be shaved, you know that.
		IBA (OLD WOMAN): Beware of refusing what is asked of you, it will spoil your fortune, which is now in as favorable a train as a heart can wish.
		BACBARAH: Oh, all right, but at least tell me why?
		SONG NOTE: GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN
		IBA (OLD WOMAN): To have fun, of course!
<p>As the song plays, the servants transform Bacbarah into a woman – during the process, they turn him around at key points in the transformation (e.g., beard half off, beard fully off, make-up on, wig on, etc.).</p> <p>All the girls are having fun throughout the process.</p> <p>[INSTRUMENTAL PIECE]</p> <p>When they are finished transforming him, they turn him around one last time to reveal him in full “drag”</p> <p>Everyone, including Bacbarah – who is now getting into it a bit – begins dancing through the end of the song. He forgets himself and where he is or how he is dressed</p>		<p>NASHWA (YOUNG LADY)/MAIDEN SINGERS/IBA (OLD WOMAN):</p> <p>Cause girls they want to have fun Oh girls just want to have-- That's all they really want - Some fun After all is said and done, oh Girls-- they want to have fun Oh girls just want to have fun Girls only want, want to have fun, Girls, Want to have Some men see a beautiful girl And think she exists just to brighten their world We want to be the ones to walk in the sun Oh girls they want to have fun Oh girls just want to have That's all they really want - Some fun After all is said and done oh Girls--they want to have fun</p>

and is just having a good time with the girls. He doesn't even realize that the Young Lady has disappeared on him.		<p>Oh girls just want to have fun, Girls only want, want to have fun, Girls, want to have They just want to; They just want to They just want to; They just want to They just want to; They just want to They just want to; They just want to Girls; Girls just want to have fun Girls just want to have fun</p>
Song finishes and the servants all exit off to SR. Only the Old Woman remains		BACBARAH: Hey, to where did My Lady retreat?
As he starts to run off, she stops him to fix his makeup		IBA (OLD WOMAN): She says to check in the palace for her. Wait! She needs to do one more thing for your to be perfect – there!
Bacbarah goes into the palace. While in the palace he gets clown makeup “applied” (to reflect what OW did)		BACBARAH: My Lady, I am at your full beck and call!
Servants come out and open the gates (at the T) to let the public enter the palace grounds. The girl servants		IBA (OLD WOMAN): Open the gates.
and Young Lady do not yet appear. Bacbarah comes out and suddenly sees the crowd and realizes how foolish		BACBARAH: The palace is empty, she . . . What is the meaning of this, who are these people?
He must look. Just then, the Young Lady and Servants (dancers) re-enter to mock him.		NASHWA (YOUNG LADY): You are no better – or smarter – than that foolish brother of yours, the Tailor.
		OLD WOMAN: She says you needed to be taught a lesson by this daughter, just as Bacbouc was taught one by her other daughter.
		AROOB (MILLER’S WIFE): Me!
		SONG NOTE: TEARS OF A CLOWN
		<p>NASHWA (YOUNG LADY)/MAIDEN SINGERS/IBA (OLD WOMAN)/AROOB (MILLER’S WIFE): REBECCA: Now if there's a smile on your face It's only there tryin' to fool the public</p>

<p>They push him to the edge of town – the T and finally he faces the audience and leaves. Crowd turns and exits SL and into palace.</p>	<p>But when it comes down to foolin' you Now honey that's quite a different subject</p> <p>EMILY: Now don't let his glad expression Give you the wrong impression Cos really he's sad (so sad sad) Oh he's sadder than sad (so sad sad) Yeah he's hurt cause he acted so bad (so sad sad) Like a clown he appears to be glad</p> <p>JESSIKA: Ooh yeah, There's some sad things known to man; but ain't too much sadder than The tears of a clown, when there's no one around Say, oh, yeah, baby, baby, baby, Oh, yeah, baby, baby, baby</p> <p>SABINA: Now if he appears to be carefree It's only to camouflage his sadness And honey, to shield his pride, he tries To cover his hurt with a show of gladness</p> <p>ALL: But don't let his look convince you He wants me just to tell you He really must go, decided to go Look, he's hurt and he wants you to know He can no longer put on a show, ooh, yeah</p> <p>There's some sad things known to man, but ain't too much sadder than the tears of a clown, when there's no one around</p>
	<p>STORY NOTE: END OF YOUNG LADY SEGMENT</p>
	<p>DUNYAZADE (ABOU HASSAN'S "SERVANT"): I bet that Bacbouc and Bacbarah never even thought about taking advantage of another woman – married or not!</p>
	<p>ABOU HASSAN: Another excellent story of a woman remaining true to her husband despite obvious temptation. Those were truly captivating tales, were there any more brothers that</p>

		needed to be taught a lesson?
		WASFIYAH (DINNER GUEST #2): Well, as it happens, they did have another brother, Shacabac, and while that brother did nothing to dishonor any woman, he does have a rather remarkable story of his own.
		ABOU HASSAN: Please tell me of it, I pray thee.
		STORY NOTE: START OF BARMACIDE SEGMENT
		WASFIYAH (DINNER GUEST #2): With pleasure I relate to you <i>The Story of Shacabac!</i> Now Shacabac did share one trait in common with his brothers – he had a habit of hanging about mansions and palaces – not to prey on the women within, but rather in hopes of meeting the rich land owners for purposes of asking financial assistance.
		ABOU HASSAN: You mean, he was a beggar!?
		WASFIYAH (DINNER GUEST #2): Bluntly, yes, but with charm and class of his own that served him well in seeking aid from a wealthier class of, um, “donors”. One day he found himself outside of the estate of one known simply as Barmicide.
Action moves outside palace where Shacabac is pacing back and forth in front.		BARMICIDE: You there, what purpose have you to be pacing back and forth for near a sandglass’ worth of time?
Surprised		SHACABAC: I was just hoping to gain entry to speak to the master of the estate for a moment.
		BARMICIDE: And what would you find need to speak with him about?
		SHACABAC: A, um, matter of charity.
		BARMICIDE: And, might you be the charity?
		SHACABAC: That may be true, though I may only tell it to the master of the house directly. May I gain entrance?

		BARMICIDE: By all means, go in, nobody hinders you. Address yourself to the master of the house who goes by Barmicide and when you come back you will be satisfied that he is an extraordinarily generous man with a thousand good qualities.
He enters the palace		SHACABAC: Very well then, thank you. Barmicide!
Calling in to him.		BARMICIDE: Yes!
Shacabac comes back out		SHACABAC: You are Barmicide?
		BARMICIDE: That is I.
		SHACABAC: Then why did you have me go inside?
		BARMICIDE: Because you seemed set on gaining entry and who am I to deny you - or any other man - that which he desires.
		SHACABAC: Your magnanimous nature is truly admirable to a humble beggar like myself who stands in need of the help of such rich and generous persons as yourself.
		BARMICIDE: Is it possible that such a man as you is so poor as you say? This must never be! It shall not be said that I will abandon you, nor will I have you leave me. First, have you eaten?
		SHACABAC: Not yet this day, sir.
Shouting to the palace as if commanding a servant A servant comes but is empty-handed, though Barmicide reacts as though the items are brought and placed before them. Shacabac is looking around curiously but then decides to go along.		BARMICIDE: You are fasting til this late in the day? You should die of hunger and that will not be your fate with me! Bring a basin and water presently that we may wash our hands. Don't be shy, they will pour for you as well You are about to partake in a feast the likes of which you have never experienced I am sure.

Shacabac is persuaded that this is a small price to pay for what he is about to be given. Aside		SHACABAC: Oh well, no harm playing along to get a feast.
Goes to sit "at the table" (ledge in front of palace) and motions Shacabac to join him.		BARMICIDE: And now, prepare for the feast of a lifetime. Mind the Table! [CLAPS HANDS FOR SERVICE] Everyone at your best – we have a very special guest.
		SONG NOTE: BE OUR GUEST
<p>Stephanie tie napkin; Ilianna & John serve soup bowls; Katrina serve plate of hors d'oeuvres</p> <p>Jeff point to stuff on tray</p> <p>Serenna hold out menu</p> <p>Aivy and ? point to serving stations Kaylee serve bread; Stacie and John ladle out barley soup; Samera serve the lamb</p> <p>Jeff with fork stabbing</p> <p>Alhia serve ragout; Katrina soufflé, Stacie pie, Steph pudding and Kaylee light it up</p> <p>Jokes = Ilianna, John and Sarena; Tricks = Stacie and Samera; Juggle = Katrina and Alhia</p> <p>All lift glasses in toast</p>		<p>BARMICIDE AND SINGERS:</p> <p>JEFF: Be our guest! Be our guest! Put our service to the test ALL: Tie your napkin 'round your neck, dear sir, and we'll provide the rest JEFF: Soup du jour, Hot hors d'oeuvres, Why, we only live to serve JEFF: Try the grey stuff, It's delicious, it's got seven kinds of fishes</p> <p>We will sing, we will dance; but don't miss out on your chance Cause the dinner here is never second best So please enjoy our menu, take a chance and then you'll Be our guest, be our guest, be our guest!</p> <p>Be our guest, be our guest, get your worries off your chest Let us say for your entrée we've an array; may we suggest: Try the bread! Here's a scoop of our mutton barley soup It's a treat for any dinner, try the lamb it is a winner! Grab your fork, stab with zeal, an extraordinary meal How could anyone be gloomy and depressed? We'll make you shout "encore!" And send us out for more - So, Be our guest! Be our guest! Be our guest!</p> <p>Herb ragout, Cheese soufflé, Pie and pudding "en flambe" We'll prepare and serve with flair a culinary cabaret! You're with friends, don't be scared, see the banquet's all prepared No one's gloomy or complaining and you'll find were entertaining We tell jokes and do tricks, even juggle candlesticks And it's all in perfect taste that you can bet</p>

<p>In cross pattern all keep putting trays on table</p>		<p>Come on and lift your glass, you've won your own free pass to Be our guest! Be our guest! Be our guest!</p> <p>Be our guest! Be our guest! Our command is your request We enjoy it when we have a new guest here and we're obsessed With your meal, with your ease, yes, indeed, we aim to please While the candlelight's still glowing, let us help you, We'll keep going Course by course, one by one, 'til you shout, "Enough! I'm done!" Then we'll sing you off to sleep as you digest Tonight you'll prop your feet up, but for now, let's eat up - Be our guest! Be our guest! Be our guest!</p>
<p>First being fed up with not being fed, but then realizing he can't be rude turns it into a save</p>		<p>SHACABAC: Enough! I'm done! . . . I mean I couldn't eat another bite!</p>
		<p>BARMICIDE: Then we shall finish off our evening with a glass of wine.</p>
		<p>SHACABAC: You may drink wine, but I will drink none because I am forbidden.</p>
		<p>BARMICIDE: You are too scrupulous, I insist that you do as I do.</p>
		<p>SHACABAC: I will drink if you insist, but since I am not accustomed to drinking wine, I am afraid I shall commit some error in point of good breeding and contrary to the respect that is due you.</p>
		<p>BARMICIDE: I can think of no manner of reaction from you that I would take as an insult.</p>
<p>A servant pretends to bring a bottle and pour a glass for Shacabac who inspects it as is proper but then deems it unfit</p>		<p>SHACABAC: Very well, then, I shall drink. This wine is much too weak to be enjoyed.</p>
<p>Taken by surprise but going along; Alhia and Kaylee are wine stewards</p>		<p>BARMICIDE: Well, that will not do at all then, will it. A stronger wine for our guest.</p>
<p>Another imaginary bottle is brought and poured – Shacabac inspects and approves and slams it down then gestures for more And more At this point, Shacabac is feigning intoxication from the</p>		<p>SHACABAC: Now that is wine! Another!</p>

wine and begins stumbling about like a drunken man		One more!
He approaches Barmicide and gives him a box on the ear making him fall to the ground. He starts for another		BARMICIDE: Are you mad?
Feigning coming to his senses again.		SHACABAC: My lord, you have been so good as to admit a beggar into your house and give him a treat; however, you should have been satisfied with making me eat, and not made me drink wine for I warned you that it might make me do something bad. I am very sorry and beg you a thousand pardons.
There is silence from all for a moment until, rather than being angered, Barmicide nearly fell to the ground		BARMICIDE: Hahahaha Ahahahaha – Dear Shacabac, I have long been seeking a man of your character. I not only forgive the blow you have given me, but I desire henceforward we should be friends. You may consider my house and all I have to be yours as well: you have played along with my humor and kept the jest up to the very end.
		SHACABAC: So, it was all a farce?
Not even considering that Shacabac is being anything other than sarcastic		BARMICIDE: Bwaa ha ha ha! Come, let us eat now - for real - and I will acquaint you with your new home.
		STORY NOTE: END OF BARMACIDE SEGMENT:
		ABOU HASSAN: So Shacabac’s decision to have patience and see where this seeming farce led him paid off in the end?
		WASFIYAH (DINNER GUEST #2): Yes, Barmicide found Shacabac to be so agreeable that after a few days he entrusted him with the care of his household and all of his affairs. Shacabac remained for the next twenty years until the generous Barmicide died and left all to Shacabac.
		ABOU HASSAN: You have shared many wonderful tales tonight, It is a pity the night must come to an end.
		WASFIYAH (DINNER GUEST #2): The real pity is that you will not allow it to ever happen again, but I will honor my promise and bid you adieu forever. Thank you.

		STORY NOTE: END OF DINNER GUEST #2 SEGMENTS
		STORY NOTE: START OF TRIBUTE #2 SEGMENT
		SOUND EFFECT: {Trumpet call; Horn call; Gong; Other}
		EFFIEZADE: And who will have the honor of marrying our own King Shahriyar next . . . it is . . . Morgiana!
Screaming and shouting uncontrollably		MORGIANA (ALHIA): No! Oh, no! Please!
		SONG NOTE: OASIS PRINCESS (Start and then stop)
		KING'S CHORUS: Oasis . . .
		VOLUNTEERER (NICHELLE): WAIT! I volunteer . . .
		EFFIEZADE: What? Do we have our first ever volunteer in tribute?
		VOLUNTEERER: I volunteer . . . Fatima as Tribute!
		EFFIEZADE: We do, oh my, this is such an historic moment.
		FATIMA (BRIDE #2): Wait! What? She can't do that? Can she do that? No, this isn't fair! Stop!
		SONG NOTE: OASIS PRINCESS
Sings as a wedding veil is placed onto Fatima's head		KING'S CHORUS: Oasis Princess, you are his Oasis Princess today And you know you should feel honored to be chosen in this way Oasis Princess, remember, just what being chosen means Today you're gonna marry him and be his Oasis Queen!

		<p>FATIMA (BRIDE #2):</p> <p>I really think this is not allowed Being volunteered by someone in the crowd I'm sure it sets a bad precedent Does anyone else here feel malcontent?</p>
		<p>KING'S CHORUS:</p> <p>Oasis Princess, you are his Oasis Princess today And you know you should feel honored to be chosen in this way Oasis Princess, remember, just what being chosen means Today you're gonna marry him and be his Oasis Queen!</p>
		STORY NOTE: END OF TRIBUTE #2 SEGMENT
		STORY NOTE: START OF DINNER GUEST #3 SEGMENTS
		DUNYAZADE (ABOU HASSAN "SERVANT"): Another . . . "ceremony" . . . has concluded. They are beginning to get quite ugly.
		ABOU HASSAN: Thank you.
		DUNYAZADE (ABOU HASSAN "SERVANT"): Something should be done soon!
Seeing the guest is a little uncomfortable says sorry		ABOU HASSAN: I know, thank you, now please serve our guest if you will. Sorry
		SONG NOTE: What a Wonderful World (Instrumental)
Dancers on stage as dog and old man pantomime on T		STORY NOTE: START OF DOG DISH SEGMENT
She sets a plate of solid gold loaded with meats before the guest who seems a little bit uncomfortable and eagerly changes the subject		INAS (DINNER GUEST #3): Oh, don't be, I . . . Well, you know this solid gold plate full of meat reminds me of the <i>The Story of the Man Who Stole the Dish of Gold Wherein The Dog Ate!</i>

		ABOU HASSAN: That sounds very . . . unusual, I can't wait to hear it.
As this is being told actors may be pantomiming the action on the stage. Dog gets "man" to take bowl; he sells bowl for money, buys other goods, sells those for more money, buys other goods, sells those for more money and ends up with a treasure chest of wealth.		INAS (DINNER GUEST #3): A penniless and debt-ridden man was wandering the streets of a large city hoping to find some manner out of his predicament. He came upon a large estate - like to a royal palace - and entered just as the estate dog, chained nearby, is being fed its meal of delicious meats from a solid gold dish. The dog – inspired by Allah, no doubt – motions to the man to come share and, though struck with disbelief, the man could not miss the opportunity to partake. After eating only a small portion, the dog then motioned to the man to take the remaining food AND the dish itself. This he did and, upon leaving, made his way home stopping on the way to sell the dish and purchase stock and goods which he then worked to his advantage over time until he found himself to be one of the wealthiest men in his region.
		STORY NOTE: END OF DOG DISH SEGMENT
		ABOU HASSAN: How wonderful and inspiring – though it is mistitled, isn't it?
		INAS (DINNER GUEST #3): How so?
		ABOU HASSAN: Well, he didn't really steal the dish – after all, it was given to him by the dog.
		INAS (DINNER GUEST #3): Hahaha, I suppose you are right there! But I have another story that is certainly not mistitled. It is <i>The Story of the Envious Man and of Him That He Envied</i>.
		STORY NOTE: START OF DERVISH SEGMENT
		INAS (DINNER GUEST #3): There was once a man whose neighbor had developed an extreme hatred toward him. Rather than see his neighbor suffer, the man sold everything and moved to a different kingdom to remove himself as the source of his neighbor's pain.
		ABOU HASSAN: How noble and unselfish that man was.
		INAS (DINNER GUEST #3): Oh, you are of a mind that the story ends there? If that were the case it would be a short story of limited entertainment value. Fortunately, there is much more. You

		see, the man bought property and established a Society of Dervishes which quickly became known as a place of healing in all surrounding kingdoms – including that of his former neighbor!
		ABOU HASSAN: I can imagine that the man’s newfound notoriety bothered his old neighbor to no end.
		INAS (DINNER GUEST #3): So much that it consumed his entire thoughts to the point that he was compelled to travel to see his self-imposed foe and put an end to him once and for all. Were it not for the assistance of some fantastical beings, his plan might have been effected quickly, but the fates often disagree with the desires of man.
Move to main stage where we see a group of dervishes		ABOU HASSAN: The anticipation is unbearable, please keep me in suspense no longer.
outside the palace practicing, including The Man. The Neighbor enters from SL Ramp		DARWISH (DERVISH): Neighbor? Could it be you have traveled this far to see me? Is there a need you have? May I be of service?
		ABDUL-GHAFFAR (ENVIIOUS MAN): Actually, there is a matter I need discuss with you.
		DARWISH (DERVISH): By all means, share.
Looks nervously at the other dervishes		ABDUL-GHAFFAR (ENVIIOUS MAN): Well, it is a matter of some delicacy; I would prefer if I may speak with you in private. Perhaps, since night is come, you can dismiss your subjects to their cells.
He speaks briefly to the other dervishes who disband into the palace. As he does this, the Neighbor surveys		DARWISH (DERVISH): As you wish.
His surroundings and spots a well at the edge of the property. He goes to it and says as an aside.		ABDUL-GHAFFAR (ENVIIOUS MAN): Ah, this should serve my purpose well – nice deep well, in fact. Not even he could survive a fall down there.
Waits for The Man to come to him.		DARWISH (DERVISH): There, it is done, now what is it that you desire?
		ABDUL-GHAFFAR (ENVIIOUS MAN): I have heard of your reputation for healing and I have had an awful pain for some time now and I seek permanent relief.

		DARWISH (DERVISH): Can you be more specific.
		ABDUL-GHAFFAR (ENVIIOUS MAN): Surely, but I think it is easier demonstrated to you than explained. So here goes. . .
		DARWISH (DERVISH): Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh!
Runs off saying		ABDUL-GHAFFAR (ENVIIOUS MAN): . . . Why, you are a miracle worker – I feel so much better already!
Pulley rig off SR Platform wing – he falls in and it rises lifting back fabric that represents the walls of the well.		DARWISH (DERVISH): Aaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh!
As the rig is pulled, genies and fairies sneak around wing and get in place as though helping to brace his fall and save him injury		FAIRY SHUDUN: Let him down gently, no harm can come to him!
		GENIE KADAR: Why is he so important?
		FAIRY SHUDUN: Do you not know? This is the leader of the Dervish convent that resides on this property.
The Man starts to awaken – groggy at first, then startled.		DARWISH (DERVISH): Ooohh! Aah! Who are you? Where am I?
		FAIRY SHUDUN: I am the good fairy Shudun and this is the good genie Kadar
		GENIE KADAR: And you are in <u>our</u> well!
		DARWISH (DERVISH): Oh, yes, I remember falling in . . .
		GENIE KADAR: Falling!?! You were pushed by that . . .
		DARWISH (DERVISH): It matters not how I ended up here, just know that I am deeply grateful to you for preventing an otherwise sure fatal impact.
		FAIRY SHUDUN: We would do no less for any poor soul in need, but for you, particularly, we are honored to have been able to serve you at this time.

		DARWISH (DERVISH): I am humbled at your words, but know not why you set me apart so.
		GENIE KADAR: Yes, I, too, was wondering?
		FAIRY SHUDUN: It is just that I have heard tell that you will be called upon by no less than the Sultan himself seeking your assistance in healing his daughter who has been overtaken by a great depression and dementia.
		GENIE KADAR: Well, that is easy enough for this great Dervish to cure.
		DARWISH (DERVISH): It is? I mean, I can chant for her but will that cure all that ails her?
		GENIE KADAR: It will if you take some of the white hairs from the tail of your black cat and burn them to create an incense that your dervishes encircle her with as you perform your chant.
		DARWISH (DERVISH): I am again in your debt for your information, but there is one big obstacle that I still know not how to overcome!
		FAIRY SHUDUN: And what would that be?
		DARWISH (DERVISH): I don't believe whirling will get me out of this well!
		GENIE KADAR: Oh, for that just click your heels three times while saying There's no place like home, there's no place like home . . .
		DARWISH (DERVISH): Really? That will work?
		GENIE KADAR: Of course not, do we look like a witch or a fake wizard?
		FAIRY SHUDUN: He's only kidding, we can get you out much easier, just hold stiff and when you get to the top – jump out!
Reverse the pulley rig to lower the well back to ground Looking back down in the well.		DARWISH (DERVISH): Whooooaaahhh!

		Thank you!
The other Dervishes come out of palace and run to him		FAIRY AND GENIE KADAR: No problem
The Sultan appears from palace and overhears		DERVISH #1 (JUAN): Oh, there you are, we've been looking for you everywhere! The Sultan and his daughter are here to speak with you.
		DARWISH (DERVISH): In hopes that we may cure his daughter of the great depression and dementia that has overtaken her, right?
		DERVISH #1 (JUAN): Yeah, but how did you know?
		DARWISH (DERVISH): Never mind, it's too hard to explain.
		SULTAN: I have heard that you were a man of great abilities, I now know that to be true. Can you help my daughter?
To Dervish #1		DARWISH (DERVISH): Yes, where is she? Gather the other dervishes and bring my cat and the incense burners . . . oh, and a churro, too.
		SULTAN: You need a churro to cure my daughter?
		DARWISH (DERVISH): No, I'm just hungry.
Sultan motions to a guard who gets her from palace; she's comes out reciting Dr Seuss lines in depressed way		SULTAN'S DAUGHTER: I do not like them, Sam I am, I do not like green eggs and ham! Are you my mother? And to think that I saw it on Mulberry Street! He took the Roast Beast! (sob, so)
		DARWISH (DERVISH): We haven't a moment to spare. Quick,
Pulls hairs from the cat's tail.		CAT VOICE: "Screech"
		DARWISH (DERVISH): . . . light these hairs in the burners and whirl around her.
		SONG NOTE: Happy (Pharrell Williams)

DARWISH (DERVISH) AND ????:

**You may seem crazy but I'm 'bout to say
What's taken hold, doesn't have to stay
Just listen to me, not that other voice
You are free, like you will see happy is a choice**

**You can be happy / Whirl along if you feel like a room without a roof
You can be happy / Whirl along if you feel like happiness is the truth
You can be happy / Whirl along if you know what happiness is to you
You can be happy / Whirl along if you feel like that's what you wanna do**

**The truth inside is there is no lack,
Now, give me all you got, don't hold it back,
Well, you can trust when I tell you, you'll be just fine,
You don't have to fear, don't need a sign / Here's why**

**You can be happy / Whirl along if you feel like a room without a roof
You can be happy / Whirl along if you feel like happiness is the truth
You can be happy / Whirl along if you know what happiness is to you
You can be happy / Whirl along if you feel like that's what you wanna do**

(Happy) [repeats]

**Bring you down / Can't nothing / Bring you down / Your level's too high
Bring you down / Can't nothing / Bring you down / I said (let me tell you now)
Bring you down / Can't nothing / Bring you down / Your level's too high
Bring you down / Can't nothing / Bring you down / I said**

**Whirl along if you feel like a room without a roof
You can be happy / Whirl along if you feel like happiness is the truth
You can be happy / Whirl along if you know what happiness is to you
You can be happy / Whirl along if you feel like that's what you wanna do**

You can be happy / Whirl along if you feel like a room without a roof

		<p>You can be happy / Whirl along if you feel like happiness is the truth You can be happy / Whirl along if you know what happiness is to you You can be happy / Whirl along if you feel like that's what you wanna do</p> <p>(Happy) [repeats] Bring you down... can't nothing... Bring you down... your level's too high... Bring you down... can't nothing... Bring you down</p>
Collapsing and being helped up by others		SULTAN'S DAUGHTER: Oh! What happened?
		SULTAN: Daughter! Are you back with us? How do you feel?
		SULTAN'S DAUGHTER: I've never felt better in my life! I'm so . . .
		ALL: HAPPY!
		SULTAN'S DAUGHTER: Yes!
To The Man		SULTAN: Bless you – a thousand blessings to you! How may I ever repay you?
		SULTAN'S DAUGHTER: If he approves, I can think of a start?
		SULTAN: You mean you would like him to court you?
		SULTAN'S DAUGHTER: Yes!
		DARWISH (DERVISH): I can think of nothing that would make me happier!
		ABOU HASSAN: So not only was the Man's life spared, but he had even more good fortune befall him as a direct result of the Neighbor's envy.
		INAS (DINNER GUEST #3): More than I have yet told! You see, soon after the Man and the

		Sultan's Daughter married, the Sultan took ill. Knowing he was near the end he made the proper arrangements for The Man to become Sultan.
		ABOU HASSAN: And what of the Envious Neighbor?
Flip to stage left where The Neighbor is being addressed by a Sultan's Guard		ABDUL-GHAFFAR (ENVIIOUS MAN): Ever since I received word that my old neighbor had been made Sultan, I have fearfully anticipated this day – all that I ask, though I am not worthy of any consideration – is a swift execution.
		SULTAN'S GUARD: You misunderstand the nature of my visit. I am here by the Sultan's pleasure, to give you these treasures and to relay a royal message that the Sultan does not hold you in any ill manner in his thoughts or otherwise. He only wishes that you find your peace and happiness.
		STORY NOTE: END OF DERVISH SEGMENT
		ABOU HASSAN: What a truly inspirational story. Have you another? There is yet time in the evening.
		STORY NOTE: START OF OLIVE JAR SEGMENT
		INAS (DINNER GUEST #3): Well, how about <i>The Story of Ali Khaujeh</i>. . .
		ABOU HASSAN: Bless You!
		INAS (DINNER GUEST #3): No, that was his name – it's <i>The Story of Ali Khaujeh, Merchant of Bagdad, and the Jar of Olives</i>?
		ABOU HASSAN: Was he a merchant of olives?
		INAS (DINNER GUEST #3): No, he traded other goods with moderate success. He often asked Allah why he had not been granted a great fortune.
		ABOU HASSAN: And?

		INAS (DINNER GUEST #3): His answer came in the form of a dream in which he was reprimanded for not having completed his pilgrimage to Mecca. He knew then what he must do.
Standing at the door of his neighbor		ALI KHAJEU: So, you see, good neighbor, I will need to be away on my pilgrimage for some considerable time, and while I have let my house and sold all my possessions, I do have need of someplace to keep this jar of olives where they will remain safe until my return. You, being like a brother to me, are the only person I would entrust them to.
		HAMIM (NEIGHBOR): Of course, dear friend, here are the keys to my storehouse, you may put them anywhere you find room and you will find them exactly there upon your return.
		ALI KHAJEU: May blessings rain down upon you for your generosity.
		HAMIM (NEIGHBOR): Do not think of it further, I could not call myself neighbor if I would not do such a small kindness for another.
Ali Khajeu takes the olives to the SR door of the palace, places them inside and returns key in pantomime as		ABOU HASSAN: How very strange, he sold everything he owned <u>except</u> for a jar of olives? Those must have been extremely special olives to go through so much effort.
		INAS (DINNER GUEST #3): To be sure, it was not the olives that were special as would become clear to all after many long years had passed. You see, Ali Khajeu
		DUNYAZADE (ABOU HASSAN "SERVANT"): Bless You!
		ABOU HASSAN: No, that was his name.
		INAS (DINNER GUEST #3): completed his pilgrimage, but other opportunities led him to travel some time before he finally returned home. Meanwhile, . . .
		SIRAH (NEIGHBOR'S WIFE): As much as I would enjoy the taste of olives right now, you cannot violate the trust that Ali Khajeu placed in you!
Stepping out from their apartment and calling back to his wife		HAMIM (NEIGHBOR): Really, it has been seven years since Ali Khajeu left, he must be dead.

		SIRAH (NEIGHBOR’S WIFE): We did receive word that he traveled to Cairo, perhaps he continued on, too, you cannot be sure that he is dead. You would disgrace us all were he to return and find you had abandoned a sacred trust. And remember . . .
		SONG NOTE: No One Mourns The Wicked (Wicked)
		SIRAH (NEIGHBOR’S WIFE) AND CROWD SINGERS: No one mourns the Wicked! No one cries: "They won't return!" No one lays a lily on their grave The good man scorns the Wicked! Through their lives, our children learn What we miss when we misbehave REBECCA: And goodness knows the Wicked's lives are lonely; Goodness knows the Wicked REBECCA: die alone; It just shows, when you're wicked, You're left only on your own... Yes, goodness knows the Wicked's lives are lonely Goodness knows the Wicked cry alone Nothing grows for the wicked They reap only what they've sown
The crowd disperses; he goes to the storehouse and retrieves the jar – just by observing he can see they are moldy, but He starts to dump olives from the jar until Pulling some out Looks about frantically to ensure he is alone		HAMIM (NEIGHBOR): Geesh, we’re only talking about a few olives here, but, fine, I won’t go near them! Well, I guess no one will be enjoying these olives, it has been so long that they are moldy indeed. I wonder if it be true to the bottom of the jar – perhaps some may yet be salvaged. What is this? These are not olives at all – they are gold pieces! With this much gold, I won’t care if anyone mourns me. I’ll just go find some olives to replace those in Ali Khajeu’s jar. If he ever does return, he will still find it in exactly the same place and, having never told anyone of its true contents, will fail in any proof that a crime was committed.
		ABOU HASSAN: So now I understand why keeping the olives safe was so important to Ali Khajeu.
		INAS (DINNER GUEST #3): Yes, he thought he was safe-keeping his life savings until he returned.

		As it happened, this return came just a few days later.
Ali Khajeu is seen at his neighbor's door and knocks – neighbor comes out		HAMIM (NEIGHBOR): Ali Khajeu! It is good to see you after this much time has passed – we were beginning to fear the worst may have befallen you.
		ALI KHAJEU: Did you not get word of my travel plans after the pilgrimage?
		HAMIM (NEIGHBOR): Yes, but even that was so long ago that we worried something ill became of you after.
		ALI KHAJEU: No, in fact, my travels proved quite fruitful, though I am anxious to resettle into my home and my life here. Which brings me to the matter of my present visit – the olive jar that I left with you, do you have memory of that?
		HAMIM (NEIGHBOR): Of course, and you will find it exactly where you placed it in my storehouse. Here are the keys that you may retrieve your jar at your leisure.
He goes off to the storehouse		ALI KHAJEU: A thousand thanks to you.
		SIRAH (NEIGHBOR'S WIFE): Is that Ali Khajeu?
		HAMIM (NEIGHBOR): Yes.
		SIRAH (NEIGHBOR'S WIFE): I guess you're glad now that fate kept you from disgracing the family after all, huh.
He finishes as she has walked away and does not hear; just then Ali Khajeu comes out of the storehouse and		HAMIM (NEIGHBOR): Yes, that unpredictable fate . . . always butting in where it is not needed. But, I can manage this, after all, he is still without any proof of wrongdoing.
		ALI KHAJEU: Aahh! No, no, no, this can't be – where is it!
Others hear the commotion and begin to gather.		HAMIM (NEIGHBOR): But maybe I can manage it better from inside my house.
Toward his neighbor with a sense of calm urgency. The Neighbor tries to turn and go in his house but, too late		ALI KHAJEU: Friend! As you promised, I have found my jar exactly where I left it; however,

		examining the contents, I have found that there seems to be something missing.
		HAMIM (NEIGHBOR): I can assure you that if olives are missing, it is not by my doing.
		ALI KHAJEU: It is not the olives that concern me, but the thousand pieces of gold that the olives were concealing.
		CROWD: {Gasps and Murmurs}
		ALI KHAJEU: Had you need for them in your trade and sought to borrow them for such purpose? If that be so, you are welcome to have done so and may pay me back at your convenience – just put my mind at ease and tell me.
		HAMIM (NEIGHBOR): Friend, did I not give you the key to my warehouse where you carried the jar there yourself? Did not you find it in the same place as when you left it? If you had put gold in it, you must have found it. You told me it contained olives, and I believed you. This is all I know of the matter.
		ALI KHAJEU: Had you owned the matter and promised to repay me, the resolution would have been complete - with forgiveness, but you give me no choice other than to resort to legal process. What say you?
		HAMIM (NEIGHBOR): I stand fast – you may disbelieve me if you will, but I did not touch them and you have no proof otherwise.
		ABOU HASSAN: Ali Khajeu is truly facing a dilemma, but the neighbor is right that there is no proof. How could any court ever find the neighbor guilty on such facts without evidence?
		INAS (DINNER GUEST #3): With the help of fate, that’s how – in the form of a group of astute citizens that the Caliph happened upon on his way to hear the matter.
		ABOU HASSAN: How curious? Who were these astute citizens?
		INAS (DINNER GUEST #3): Children!

Everyone is gathered outside the home of the Neighbor (in front of the palace) as Caliph – on palace stairs speaks		CALIPH: We are present here to decide the matter in dispute between Ali Khajeu and his Neighbor Hamim. I must admit that having looked at all of the statements submitted with the petition, I was of a mind to agree with Hamim that there was no evidence.
		HAMIM (NEIGHBOR): Yes!
		CALIPH: BUT, I observed something most unusual on my journey here and it has alerted me that I cannot fully discharge my duty without further consideration of additional information.
		ALI KHAJEU: What is it that you observed Our Supreme Highness?
		CALIPH: Something better left to your own observation. Children? Come here please and show them exactly what you did.
		CHILD MAGISTRATE: Well, my friends and I decided to hold a trial on the matter of the jar of olives and the missing gold pieces. I was the magistrate.
		CHILD ALI KHAJEU: I was Ali Khajeu.
		CHILD ALI KHAJEU’S NEIGHBOR: I was his neighbor – the defendant.
		CHILD OFFICER OF THE COURT: I was the officer of the Court.
		CHILD OLIVE MERCHANTS: And we were . . .
		CALIPH: We shall save your roles for later please. Now continue just as you did before.
		CHILD MAGISTRATE: The Court sees that each party steadfastly maintains their respective positions.
		CHILD ALI KHAJEU: Absolutely, it is a considerable sum that has been taken from me and I humbly beg you use your authority to restore it to me.
		CHILD ALI KHAJEU’S NEIGHBOR: I shall gladly take an oath before you now that I am telling the

		truth.
		CHILD MAGISTRATE: Not so fast, before you come to your oath, I should be glad to see the jar of olives.
		CHILD ALI KHAJEU: Here it is.
		CHILD MAGISTRATE: And do you accept that this is the jar in question.
		CHILD ALI KHAJEU'S NEIGHBOR: Yes.
Child Ali Khajeu pretends to do as requested; Child magistrate pantomimes The two child olive merchants step up,		CHILD MAGISTRATE: Open the jar that I might see them and taste them. They are fine looking olives . . . and of excellent taste! But, I cannot think that olives will keep seven years and be so good. Send for some olive merchants Are you olive merchants?
		CHILD OLIVE MERCHANTS: Yes, your honor.
		CHILD MAGISTRATE: Tell me, how long will olives keep fit to eat?
		CHILD OLIVE MERCHANT #1: No matter how good care they have, olives would hardly be worth anything after the third year – for then they have neither taste nor color.
		CHILD MAGISTRATE: If it be so, look into the jar and tell the Court how long it is since these olives were put into it?
The two Child Olive Merchants look over the jar and the olives and then confer		CHILD OLIVE MERCHANT #2: These olives are new and good.
		CHILD MAGISTRATE: But Ali Khajeu says he put the olives in the jar over seven years ago – how can that be?
		CHILD OLIVE MERCHANT #1: That we cannot answer, but there is no doubt that the olives in this jar now are from this year's crop.

		CHILD OLIVE MERCHANT #2: And there is not an olive merchant in all of Bagdad who would attest otherwise.
Addressing Ali Khajeu's Neighbor		CHILD MAGISTRATE: Do you have an explanation?
		CHILD ALI KHAJEU'S NEIGHBOR: Well, it . . .
Stops mid sentence and looks at the Caliph		CHILD MAGISTRATE: Hold your tongue, you are a rogue . . . Commander of the Faithful – it is not my place to speak the sentence, though I did so in play before.
Turning to the crowd again He motions to the real Olive Merchant who steps forward.		CALIPH: You are excused from continuing, but I am much impressed – you will all be rewarded handsomely before you leave. There is only one further line of inquiry to be made. Sir? Are you an experienced Olive Merchant?
		OLIVE MERCHANT: Yes, it has been my stock and trade for over thirty years, and that of my family for generations.
		CALIPH: And you have heard the points made by our esteemed guests?
		OLIVE MERCHANT: Yes.
		CALIPH: Would you please examine the jar of olives before you and tell the Court whether or not you agree with their assessment?
Taking a moment to look at and taste the olives.		OLIVE MERCHANT: I must truthfully acknowledge that I am in 100% agreement with all that they observed and concluded.
		CALIPH: Hamim, I, too, am in agreement with the children that you are a rogue. I also sentence you to death by impalement, though I am willing to see you only jailed for life if you divulge where it is that you hid the gold that rightfully belongs to Ali Khajeu. Which shall you have?

		SONG NOTE: NO ONE MOURNS THE WICKED (REPRISE)
		<p>CROWD SINGERS AND ???:</p> <p>REBECCA: Let us be glad Let us be grateful Let us rejoice that goodness could subdue The wicked workings of you-know-who Isn't it nice to know? That good will conquer evil? The truth we all believe'll by and by outlive a lie</p> <p>No one mourns the Wicked! Now at last, the truth is known! Now at last, there's joy throughout the land</p> <p>And Goodness knows we know what Goodness is Goodness knows the Wicked die alone</p> <p>He'll die alone... Woe to those</p> <p>Woe to those who spurn what Goodnesses they are shown No one mourns the Wicked It's True! No one mourns the Wicked! It's True! No one mourns the Wicked! Wicked! Wicked!</p>
		HAMIM (NEIGHBOR): I am grateful for any mercy you may show. The gold is hidden in my storehouse within the baseboards behind the yolk for my mule.
		CALIPH: That concludes the matter of Ali Khajeu and the Jar of Olives!
		STORY NOTE: END OF OLIVE JAR SEGMENT
		ABOU HASSAN: How clever of those children to have realized that olives would not possibly have lasted for seven years and, thus, that jar of olives could not have remained untouched the

		whole time Ali Khajeu was gone.
		INAS (DINNER GUEST #3): Yes, it just goes to show you . . .
		STORY NOTE: START OF TRIBUTE #3 SEGMENT
		SOUND EFFECT: {Trumpet call; Horn call; Gong; Other}
As he is running across the square SR to SL and up the back stairs to the SL platform.		ABOU HASSAN: I'm sorry, but I must leave you now, I'm needed on the other side of the square, it's a matter of life and death! My servant will show you out – thank you, you don't know how much and how many you have helped. Oh, I hope 1001 stories are enough!
		STORY NOTE: END OF DINNER GUEST #3 SEGMENTS
		EFFIEZADE: Our next Queen will be . . .
		ABOU HASSAN: Me! I volunteer as Tribute!
		EFFIEZADE: Well, I know it's only for one night, and the King hasn't been very picky lately, but since there are still women in this kingdom, I don't think he's ready to cross that line yet. No offense. So, our next Queen will be Sadad!
		SADAD (MELLISSA): No! He Volunteered as Tribute! You have to let him!
		ABOU HASSAN/SCHEHERAZADE: Wait, it's not how it looks! I am a woman.
		GRAND VIZIER: Scheherazade! What on earth are you doing dressed like a man? – and volunteering as tribute! I won't allow it!
		SCHEHERAZADE: Father, you must – I have to put an end to all of this senseless killing of innocent women!
		GRAND VIZIER: This will not end it, it will just make you the next one killed.

		SCHEHERAZADE: Father, you forget that I grew up with Shahriyar in the palace, I know him.
		GRAND VIZIER: And you forget that I work for him and have been charged with finding him a new bride each day and having her killed the next – I know him, too, and I know your past with him will not save you!
		SCHEHERAZADE: Yes, but I have a plan that will, you must trust me!
		EFFIEZADE: If this plan is why you were dressed like a man, then I think I speak for everyone when I say we have got to hear this one!
		SCHEHERAZADE: There is a story about Abou Hassan called the Sleeper Awakened. It is quite an entertaining story, but I won't go into that just now. Suffice it to say that I pretended to be Abou Hassan to gather as many stories as I could from those I entertained. I now have 1001 different tales, including the rest of Sleeper Awakened which will be one of my first stories.
		GRAND VIZIER: And how does this become a plan to keep you alive after marrying King Shahriyar?
		SCHEHERAZADE: I am an excellent storyteller, you have said so yourself! I will start telling a new story each night and by morning I will end at a critical point – one in which Shahriyar would never be able to have me executed until he heard the rest, which I would promise to continue that next night. I will keep doing this, night after night, until Shahriyar realizes that he can trust me – and maybe even that he loves me!
		GRAND VIZIER: Preposterous, what if he doesn't want to hear a story?
		SCHEHERAZADE: Dunyazade has agreed to help me, she will beg him to let me tell her one more story before she will never be able to hear my stories again.
		GRAND VIZIER: You're dragging your sister Dunyazade into this as well.
		DUNYAZADE: She is not dragging me into anything. I want to do this, too.

		EFFIEZADE: I think it's a brilliant idea – and it just might work!
		CROWD: Yeah! Let her try!
		SADAD (WOULD-BE-BRIDE): Please!
		GRAND VIZIER: But I don't want to see you sacrificing your life, your happiness, marrying someone you don't love.
		SCHEHERAZADE: Oh, but I do love him!
		CROWD: Huh?
		SCHEHERAZADE: Not as he is acting now, but the man I knew before all of this! If I can get that man back, I would have the man I loved. That is why you must allow me to volunteer as Tribute.
=		EFFIEZADE: Our newest - and hopefully final - Queen Scheherazade!
		SONG NOTE: OASIS PRINCESS
		KING'S CHORUS: Oasis Princess, you are
		GRAND VIZIER: Would you stop that! I have not agreed to this at all. I know this could get me hung - - but – he's crazy!
		SONG NOTE: Fixer Upper (Frozen)
		SADAD (WOULD-BE-BRIDE): What's the issue here? I think you should let her marry him!
		GRAND VIZIER: Um, maybe the fact that his first wife cheated and then she lost her life, Or the fact he hasn't' trusted women since?

		And though he used to be quite sane, something has happened to his brain
		<p>SCHEHERAZADE:</p> <p>But he used to be a fellow who was sensitive and sweet!</p> <p>So he's a bit of a fixer-upper, so he's got a few flaws Like the peculiar way he, kills a new bride daily, that's a little outside of nature's laws!</p> <p>So he's a bit of a fixer-upper, but this I'm certain of I can fix this fixer-upper up with a little bit of love!</p>
		GRAND VIZIER: Can we please just stop talking about this? We've got a real, actual problem here.
		SADAD (WOULD-BE-BRIDE): I'll say! Tell us more dear
		<p>SCHEHERAZADE:</p> <p>You know he's really insecure, but I think that I have a cure!</p>
		<p>CHRIS:</p> <p>I heard he only likes to tinkle in the woods.</p>
		<p>ALL:</p> <p>What?!</p>
		<p>SCHEHERAZADE:</p> <p>He's just holding back affection due to a lost love connection So he has to cover up that he's the honest goods.</p> <p>He's just a bit of a fixer-upper, he's got a couple of bugs His isolation is confirmation of his desperation for human hugs So he's a bit of a fixer-upper, but I can clearly see,</p>

		The way to fix up this fixer-upper is to fix him up with me!
		GRAND VIZIER: Enough! He is engaged to someone else, okay?!
(beat)		SCHEHERAZADE: So she's a bit of a fixer-upper, that's a minor thing This quote engagement is a flex arrangement
		SADAD (WOULD-BE-BRIDE): As you can see I ain't got no ring!
		SCHEHERAZADE: So he's a bit of a fixer-upper, his brain's a bit betwixt Let me try something out with the king and the whole thing will be fixed. I'm just saying I can change him, yes people can really change Cause I do believe that love's a force that's powerful and strange People make bad choices if they're mad, or scared, or stressed Throw a little love their way
		ALL: Throw a little love their way
		SCHEHERAZADE: And you'll bring out their best
		ALL: True love brings out their best! Everyone's a bit of a fixer-upper, that's what it's all about!

		<p>Father! Sister! Brother!</p> <p>We need each other to raise us up and round us out</p> <p>Everyone's a bit of a fixer-upper, but when push comes to shove</p>
		<p>SCHEHERAZADE:</p> <p>The only fixer-upper fixer that can fix up a fixer-upper is</p>
		<p>ALL:</p> <p>— True, true, true, true, true, true love</p> <p>Love, love, love, love, love,</p> <p>Love, love, love, love, love,</p> <p>Love, love, love, love, love</p>
		<p>SCHEHERAZADE:</p> <p>Truuuuuuuuueeeeeee</p>
		<p>ALL: So you'll let Scheherazade go through with her plan now</p>
		<p>GRAND VIZIER: Wait, what?</p>
		<p>ALL: To get married next!</p>
		<p>SCHEHERAZADE:</p> <p>Love!</p>
		<p>SCHEHERAZADE: Can't you see what this means to me?</p>
		<p>SADAD (MELLISSA): AND TO ME!</p>
		<p>ALL: To all of us?</p>

		GRAND VIZIER: Well, I'm not dumb – I mean you just did a whole production number about it, so of course I see what it means to you, but more importantly, I see that I will not be able to change your mind.
		EFFIEZADE: So you'll allow her to volunteer to be next?
		GRAND VIZIER: Yes.
		SONG NOTE: OASIS PRINCESS
Starts to sing but everyone else leaves to get ready for the wedding.		KING'S CHORUS: Oasis Princess, you are his Oasis Princess today And you know that we feel honored that you volunteered this way Oasis Princess, we know you know what being chosen means Today you're gonna marry him and be his Oasis Queen!
		EFFIEZADE AND DUNYAZADE: We really hope that the plan succeeds Finding love again is what our poor King needs We hope the stories convince him then That it's okay to fall in love with again!
		KING'S CHORUS: Oasis Princess, you are his Oasis Princess today And you know that we feel honored that you volunteered this way Oasis Princess, we know you know what being chosen means Right now you're gonna marry him and be his Oasis Queen!
		STORY NOTE: END OF TRIBUTE #3 SEGMENT
		STORY NOTE: START OF WEDDING SEGMENT

As sort of wedding vow song (on her part)	SONG NOTE: Sway to the Rhythm of Love – Plain White T’s
	<p>SCHEHERAZADE:</p> <p>You say you won’t give an inch Your mind’s firmly convinced That all women fool around But listen, My love is true from the start I never could break your heart Just watch as I prove soon enough And it turns to the rhythm of love</p> <p>We may only have tonight But till the morning sun, you're mine; All mine Let your old thoughts go And sway to the rhythm of love</p>
	<p>KING SHAHRIYAR:</p> <p>My heart longs to believe That it no longer must grieve But how can I know you’re the one?</p>
	<p>SHEHERAZADE:</p> <p>Just say that you’ll give me a chance To restart what you think of romance And make you have faith again It’s just a matter of when</p>
	<p>SCHEHERAZADE & KING SHAHRIYAR:</p> <p>ALL: We may/ You will only have tonight REBECCA: But till the morning sun, you're mine; ALL: All mine</p>

INSTRUMENTAL SECTION FOR ANIMAL PROCESSION	<p>ALL: Let your/Can't let old thoughts go ALL: And sway to the rhythm of love</p> <p>We may/ You will only have tonight But till the morning sun, you're mine; All mine</p> <p>Let your/Can't let old thoughts go And sway to the rhythm of love</p> <p>Ohoh</p> <p>Let your/Can't let old thoughts go And sway to the rhythm of love</p> <p>Yeah sway to the rhythm of love</p>
DIRECT TRANSITION INTO	<p>SONG NOTE: LET IT GROW (DR SEUSS' THE LORAZ)</p>
	<p>FINALE SINGERS AND ??????:</p> <p>Let it grow, Let it grow Like it did so long ago Maybe it's just one tiny seed But it's all we really need It's time to change the life we lead Time to let it grow</p> <p>Let it grow, Let it grow You can't reap what you don't sow Plant the seed like in the earth Just one way to know it's worth Let's celebrate the king's rebirth We say let it grow</p>
	<p>KING SHAHRIYAR:</p> <p>I'm Shahriyar and I'm the King Let me tell you just one thing What you all say just might be true</p>

	<p>It could be time to start anew And maybe change my point of view Nah!</p>
<p>Building in intensity</p>	<p>ALL:</p> <p>Let it grow, Let it grow Let the love inside ya show Plant a seed like in the earth Just one way to know it's worth Let's celebrate the king's rebirth</p> <p>We say let it grow Let it grow, Let it grow You can't reap what you don't sow Maybe it's just one tiny seed But it's all we really need It's time to change the life we lead Imagine all our women freed Let this be our solemn creed We say let it grow We say let it grow We say let it grow We say let it grow</p>
<p>CURTAIN CALL</p>	<p>SONG NOTE: Livin La Vida Loca (Shrek style)</p>