

Aladdin Monologue

I mean...okay. It's not really something I'm proud of, but...like they say, I'm a thief. Food's expensive, I'm poor!

Babkak likes to say I think more about myself than anyone else, but that's not true. I think about all those guys the same. It's just - my stomach growls louder than they talk! (*Looks at stomach...*) There it goes again.

Mom said I could do whatever I put my mind to. I put my mind to a lot of things, but times are slow down here, Mom!

Sure do miss her. I wonder where we go when we die? Maybe there's a parallel universe of souls who can see us down here, and maybe they guide us, you know? Not like, whisper in our ears, but - maybe they could! Or maybe they just quietly take nudge our arms, or hands, or our hearts...just push a little. Like if I was about to walk into a wall, and Mom just pushed my hip slightly to the left. Just a little, that's all.

Aladdin's arm suddenly jerks. He grabs it with his other arm, holding it in place.

Mom? You there, Mom? Or was that just me?

Scene.

Genie Monologue

I'm your winning hand, baby! Look all I've got, and ya know I've got a lot. I'm the peach in your summer soup, the water in your desert oasis, the milk in your honey!

Now, pointing around the house, excited...

It's *your* lucky day. It's *your* lucky day! It's *your* lucky day! It's *your* - (*suddenly much softer...*) - oh. Hey. I may not be a mind reader, but I can tell it's not your lucky day at all. What's a matter, boo?

Oh, I'm so sorry. I guess no wish is ever going to make up for that. That's just a bad hand. I'm so sorry. I wish I could help ya, boo, but I'm not *that* powerful.

But hey, maybe I *can* help. 'Cause maybe what you need - is hope. Not a big bang, flash in the pan, you know, like if I snap my fingers and a wedding cake appears? You just need a little hope.

And time. You'll get over it. Then you know what? That's when you'll realize the future is always brighter than a dark day. And that *only you* have the power to make your wishes come true. That's right, boo. That's my little secret...no one *really* needs me at all.

You've got this. So go do it.

Jasmine monologue

That Jafar! Who does he think he is?! Arresting that sweet, honorable Aladdin. All he wanted was to keep me safe in the marketplace, what's wrong with that? He wasn't going to hurt me!

Besides...he's kinda cute.

I made the decision to go out there - I had to do it. I had to go. They won't let me out of this place!

Okay, calm down, Jasmine. Breathe. Breathe deep...

(She takes a few deep breaths...)

I hate being a princess. All this stuff, but it's like handcuffs. I know there are a lot of poor people out there - honestly, I had no idea. It must be awful. But having too much is a curse, too! You become trapped in the trappings. There's no escaping a life of chains, even if the chains are made of gold and diamonds.

I'm tired of gold and diamonds. I want dust and dirt. And to walk for miles alone. Or - maybe with that boy I met.

Jafar Monologue

It's hopeless! I'll change tactics. Invoke the laws of the palace, which I happen to keep in my study. Who would even know if a new law was added to the books?! Only me, that's who.

"Princess Jasmine, the problem are the laws themselves. Why, here...have a look."

Jafar pulls out a book of laws, shows them to an imaginary Jasmine.

"See, right here...you can't ascend the throne as long as your father is alive no matter what!" Ooh, like breadcrumbs to a bear trap. And then she'll say to me, "But Jafar! How long do you think he'll live?"

What a bold question! What an *invitation!* Then, imagine a dreary day. A morning walk, a wet staircase, a little push from behind... Ooh, it's a *long* way down those stairs. We'll *all* miss the Sultan horribly.

Oooh, it almost brings a *tear* to my eye!

And I'll say, "Jasmine, I'm so very, very sorry. I'm very sorry for your loss, and even sorrier the laws of the kingdom were rewritten before his death. What's that? You didn't read the new laws?"

Ooh, the look of surprise on her face as my guards escort her and that young punk Prince Ali away!

A moment of silence, then...

Did you hear that? That was the sound of her silent scream. So, so sad.