

Empress and Princess Jasmine enter)

- Empress:** Why on earth are you dragging me into this awful dump Jasmine?
- Jasmine:** Well how else am I supposed to meet new people? You're always telling me I should be on the lookout for a potential husband.
- Empress:** Yes, dear – but not in the Peking Market. It's not right for a princess to be mingling with commoners. I mean, just look around you... **(Referring to audience)** this lot could be **[local town]** riff-raff!
- Jasmine:** Well all the men you try and set me up with are pompous princes from far off countries!
- Empress:** That may be darling - but they're very rich!
- Jasmine:** I've told you before, Mother. Money isn't important to me. I wish to marry for love, not wealth.
- Empress:** Oh why can't you be more like Katie Price? **(Getting out her mobile phone)** Look, I've set you up an account on Celebrity Tinder and I think I've found you a perfect match!
- Jasmine:** Mother!
- Empress:** Check it out - this one's ideal – Zac Efron. Just look at that handsome face. Not to mention the amount of films he's done – he must be loaded!
- Jasmine:** I'm not interested!
- Empress:** Well how about Ed Sheeran? The voice of an angel. Think of all the money he's made from his number one hits!
- Jasmine:** Give it a rest, will you?
- Empress:** Hang on there's one more! Oh yes, what about this one, Jasmine? He's very high up in social circles, he's had several businesses and he's the leader of a very important line of work.
- Jasmine:** Mother, I'm not marrying Donald Trump.
- Empress:** Oh suit yourself. But I won't give up on finding you a rich suitor, do you hear me?
- Jasmine:** Yes mother.
- Maid 1:** Your Highness, it is time for your next appointment.
- Empress:** Now, I must be off darling or I'll be late for my overacting class which starts in... **(Dramatic pause)** five minutes!

Maid 2: Very good your highness, very much improved. Outstanding.

(The Empress exits in a melodramatic manner. One Maid remains with the Jasmine. Aladdin re-enters)

Jasmine: Thank goodness she's gone. **(turns to her maid)** Be a darling and fetch me some of those marvelous juicy apples from right over there. Yes, that stall right over there. **(Maid leaves the stage, the Market slowly packs away. She turns in excitement and bumps into Aladdin)** Freedom at last!

Aladdin: Forgive me, your highness I never meant to...

Jasmine: It's you. You're the boy I've seen sitting on the palace wall.

Aladdin: That's right. My name's Aladdin. I'm so thrilled to meet you, Princess.

Jasmine: We really shouldn't be talking, you know. If you're caught, you'll face execution.

Aladdin: I'd risk anything if it means being able to stay in your company a moment longer.

Jasmine: How rare to speak to someone interested in me and not my royal title.

Aladdin: Ah, but who am I kidding? I heard what the Empress said. A simple lad like me will never be worthy of a beautiful princess like you.

Jasmine: That may be my Mother's opinion, but right now I couldn't imagine wanting to be anywhere else than here with you.

Aladdin: Boy, am I glad to hear that. **(He takes her hand)** I have a feeling that great things are destined for us, Princess.

Jasmine: And I have a feeling you want to sing about it.

Aladdin: You read my mind... Hit it!