

# Scene One

## *A busy bazaar*

*Enter Aladdin, whistling casually. He sneaks an orange from a fruit stall.*



**Wishy-Washy** *(off stage, shouting)* Aladdin!

*Enter Wishy-Washy, running, with a heavy bag of washing.*

**Wishy-Washy** *(out of breath)* At last! I've been looking everywhere for you, Aladdin.

**Aladdin** *(peeling orange)* What's up, Wishy-Washy?

**Wishy-Washy** You're in trouble. Your mum wants you.

**Aladdin** Oh, she does, does she?

**Wishy-Washy** Yes. She said, "Go and find that lazy good-for-nothing, and tell him to come home right now and hang out the washing, or I'll peg him up by his ears!"

**Aladdin** Why can't **you** do it?

**Wishy-Washy** You're too heavy! Anyway, I've got to heat the water and fill the tubs before I start on the ironing. Your mum's a slave-driver. It's nothing but work, work, work. Should I hand in my notice, do you think?

**Aladdin** That's up to you.

**Wishy-Washy** I can't make decisions. I'm wishy-washy!



**Aladdin** Well, you know what I always say. Work is fine as long as it doesn't intrude on your spare time.

**Wishy-Washy** (*gloomily*) I don't get any spare time.

**Aladdin** You should be like Robinson Crusoe. He had all the work done by Friday!

**Wishy-Washy** Ha, ha. You won't laugh when your mum catches you. Did you steal that orange?

**Aladdin** Yep!