

About the show

Discover a whole new world at ALADDIN, the hit Broadway musical.

From the producer of *The Lion King* comes the timeless story of Aladdin, a thrilling new production filled with unforgettable beauty, magic, comedy and breathtaking spectacle. It's an extraordinary theatrical event where one lamp and three wishes make the possibilities infinite.

www.aladdinthemusical.com

“Your Silver Shoes will carry you over the desert,” replied Glinda. “If you had known their power you could have gone back to your Aunt Em the very first day you came to this country.”

“But then I should not have had my wonderful brains!” cried the Scarecrow¹.

“I might have passed my whole life in the farmer’s cornfield.”

“And I should not have had my lovely heart,” said the Tin Woodman. “I might have stood and rusted² in the forest till the end of the world.”

[...]

“This is all true,” said Dorothy, “and I’m glad I was of use to these good friends.

But now that each of them has had what he most desired, and each is happy in having a kingdom to rule beside, I think I should like to go back to Kansas.”

“The Silver Shoes,” said the Good Witch, “have wonderful powers. And one of the most curious things about them is that they can carry you to any place in the world in three steps, and each step will be made in the wink of an eye. All you have to do is to knock the heels³ together three times and command the shoes to carry you wherever you wish to go.”

“If that is so,” said the child joyfully, “I will ask them to carry me back to Kansas at once.”

She threw her arms around the Lion’s neck and kissed him, patting⁴ his big head tenderly. Then she kissed the Tin Woodman, who was weeping in a way most dangerous to his joints. But she hugged the soft, stuffed body of the Scarecrow in her arms instead of kissing his painted face, and found she was crying herself at this sorrowful⁵ parting from her loving comrades.

[...]

Dorothy now took Toto⁶ up solemnly in her arms, and having said one last good-bye she clapped the heels of her shoes together three times, saying:

“Take me home to Aunt Em!”

L. Frank Baum, *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, 1900

1. épouvantail
2. rouiller
3. talons
4. caresser
5. very sad
6. Dorothy's dog

File 20 p. 201 • Why Disneyland is just as magical for adults

So I'm here at a matinee performance of the live musical *Frozen* in Disney California Park. The auditorium is packed with primary school-aged children; a woman asks if the empty seat beside me is reserved. I ask what she's doing watching *Frozen* alone. Turns out she's the chief executive of a women's refuge charity in Australia, and has just presented a paper at the United Nations in New York. But she's added four days, at her own expense, for "me-time".

"Really? Disney? Why?" I ask.

"It's a release from the real world, a chance to bathe in the innocence of youth, to escape the shackles of adult conformity."

Suddenly it doesn't seem so weird being an adult without kids at a Disney resort.

So what's the attraction? When Walt Disney opened Disneyland in 1955, there was nothing like it. Legend has it that Disney was bored sitting on park benches while his children had all the fun. So he imagined an amusement park that would entertain the entire family.

Once the park was open, he greeted visitors, reminding employees they were all members of "a cast" and should never appear "out-of-character".

Steve Meacham, www.traveller.com.au, 2018

File 20 p. 203 • Whatever After: If the Shoe Fits

Cinderella and I are on all fours washing her stepsisters' clothes in the tub in the basement. At least they have running water in Floom, otherwise we'd be standing on a riverbank.

I'm soaping. Cinderella is rinsing, and Jonah is hanging. We have a whole production line going on. Next we're ironing wrinkled dresses.

"I don't understand what Farrah wants from me," Cinderella says. "How can I rescue myself?"

"Let's think about it," I say. "You said you were stuck here, right?"

"I am stuck here. I have nowhere else to go."

"But you're not chained to the house," I say. "You can leave if you want to."

"Where's your dad?" Jonah asks. "Is he dead?"

"He's a sailor," Cinderella says. "And he sailed away. I doubt I'll ever see him again. And he left me there. Stranded. I have no money and nowhere to go. That's why I need the prince to rescue me."

"Why don't you get a job?" I say, rinsing a pair of striped socks. "Then you'll have your own money and you can get your own house."

Sarah Mlynowski, *Whatever After: If the Shoe Fits*, Book 2, 2015

File 20 p. 204 • Red Riding Hood

The scene takes place in a village surrounded by a dark forest. Valerie and her best friend Roxanne come across the beast hunted by the villagers.

Werewolf¹: You can't escape from me.

Valerie: Oh, my God. You can speak. How?

Werewolf: You understand me. That's all that matters, Valerie.

Valerie: You know my name.

Roxanne: What are you doing?

Valerie (*remembering*): Human eyes, dark brown.

Werewolf: I know you well. You dream of leaving this village. Let me take you away. You and I are the same.

Valerie: No, I'm nothing like you. You're a murderer. You're a killer too, aren't you?

Werewolf: What happened to the rabbit, Valerie?

Valerie: I killed it. I know.

Werewolf: So come with me.

Valerie: No.

Werewolf: Then the streets will run red with blood. Starting with hers.

Villagers: Come on!

Valerie: Father Solomon will stop you.

Werewolf: Father Solomon will die like the rest. I'm coming back for you before the Blood Moon wanes².

Villagers: There! Fire!

Roxanne: You talked to the wolf.

Valerie: No, it talked to us.

Roxanne: No, it growled. Wait, you heard it talk to you?

Valerie: They'll call me a witch. Don't tell anyone.

Roxanne: No, of course not.

Script from *Red Riding Hood*, www.springfieldspringfield.co.uk, 2011

1. *loup-garou* 2. *décroître*

File 20 p. 209 • Once upon a dream: A twisted tale

For the baby Aurora's naming ceremony¹ the king and queen invited everyone they knew, as well as three evil fairies. [...]

And all the guests gave gifts to the beautiful little baby. [...] And then it was the three evil fairies' turn. [...]

The first fairy laughed wickedly² "Hmmm. How about beauty? She may as well be pleasant to look upon while she slaves for us eternally."

The second fairy said, "I'll give her the gift of song and dance. Perhaps she can entertain us."

The third fairy said, "I give her parents the power they wish and supernatural help they need to attain their hearts' desire. And on her sixteenth birthday, we will claim the princess as ours."

The three wicked fairies laughed.

"No!"

Hidden among the guests was one of the last remaining good fairies in the kingdom. [...]

"My lord and lady," Maleficent said, coming forward.

"You cannot do this. You cannot sell your child to the likes of these."

"I thought we had done with³ the last of you," the king growled. [...]

"Poor child," she murmured. "My powers are not strong enough to prevent this wicked transaction. But I swear on my own life I will be back and set everything to rights.

On your sixteenth birthday, goodness and nobility will be restored to this wretched⁴ kingdom."

And she vanished in a puff of green smoke.

Adapted from Liz Brazwell, *Once Upon A Dream: A Twisted Tale*, 2016