

## Prince Ahmed and Periebanou

A story taken from the Arabian Nights  
created by Holly Adams and a group of teens

Introduction: The facilitator or an actor talks to audience. Tells them about the show and how they can interact with it.

*The curtain rises on darkness. The Sultan, his court, and the townspeople are onstage. The spotlight picks up Prince Ahmed as he enters DSL. We hear voices as Ahmed crosses.*

**Voice One:** That Prince Ahmed is like so weird!

**Voice Two:** Prince Ahmed is, well, different!

**Voice Three:** Prince Ahmed dresses funny.

**Voice Four:** Prince Ahmed says the strangest things!

**Voice Five:** I hope, for the bride's sake that Ahmed does not win the wedding contest today!

**Ahmed:** (Center Stage) The wedding contest...?

*(Lights come up on townspeople, court, and Sultan. We used a twelve-foot puppet controlled by two puppeteers dressed in black for the Sultan, but it's not necessary.)*

**Sultan:** *(His voice is projected by microphone from somewhere offstage)* My subjects! The time has come for the wedding contest. Whichever of my three sons shoot his arrow the farthest shall marry the Princess Nouronihar. (noo-rah-knee-har) *(The crowd oooohs)* The Princess says she cares for each of you and can not choose for herself. *(He waves his hand toward the audience and three people go to the back of the audience to mark where the arrows land.)* Prince Hassain, you go first.

*(A courtier hands Hassain an imaginary bow. Hassain draws an imaginary arrow from the imaginary quiver on his back, and loads the bow. He takes careful aim and shoots. Everyone's head watches the arrow fly to the back of the auditorium and "land". Person #1 stoops, "picks it up" and stands on the landing mark. The people all murmur responses.)*

**Sultan:** Ali, you shall go next.

*(A repeat of the above action, only with Ali doing the shooting. The arrow goes farther!)*

**Sultan:** And now you, Ahmed!

*(Same arrow bit, only, this time, the arrow "vanished" toward the end of the auditorium.)*

**People (improv):** Where's that arrow?

It just vanished!

It's probably kept going, but who knows?

Naw, it went over the hill

**Sultan:** See here! Where is that arrow? *(People make noise and mill around, looking speculating, arguing. Finally the marker person speaks)*

**Person 3:** Exalted One, it is not here. Perhaps the wind took it, or a bird took it as it went through these trees. It doesn't really matter. Without it, Ahmed cannot rightfully claim to win!

**Sultan:** *(To Ahmed)* I am sorry, my son. *(To the crowd)* We have a winner! Let us celebrate the marriage of Princess Nouronihar to Prince Ali!

*(The crowd roars and makes its way offstage jubilantly. The Sultan pauses, and turns to Ahmed)*

**Ahmed:** *(Smiling sincerely)* Please, give my brother, Ali, my congratulations and love. He will make a fine husband for her highness, and ...I must find my arrow.

**Sultan:** As you wish, my most beloved and favorite son. *(He exits and Ahmed goes down into the audience while we do a lighting or set and lighting change. It is dark onstage, but Ahmed is lit.)*

**Ahmed:** *(He talks to the audience and asks them how he should feel about the results of the contest, sorting out his conflicting feelings with the audience. He then comes up to the front of the stage and finds his arrow wedged into a big rock.)* This is strange. *(He pushes on the rock and it “opens up into a palace, a magical land within a cave.” A light shift, an acting shift)* Wha-a-at? Holy cannoli! A palace?!? *(Looks)* Wow....

**Periebanou** *(The beautiful fairy/genie):* Greetings, Prince Ahmed. I am Periebanou.