

(There is a bang and a flash and a genii appears, holding a scroll.)

Genii: I am the Genii of the Lamp. I will grant you three wishes. You may wish for anything you desire except more wishes, any kind of blancmange and a couple of other things. **(He hands her the scroll.)** It's all outlined here.

Red RH: Thanks. **(She looks at the scroll.)** That seems very comprehensive. **(She puts the scroll in her basket.)** Um. Excuse me.

Genii: Yes master?

Red R H: What lamp?

Genii: I'm sorry, master?

Red R H: You said **(does impersonation of Genii's voice)** 'I am the Genii of the Lamp'. It's just there's no lamp. You appeared when I rubbed this jar of jam.

Genii: Jar of jam, master?

Red R H: **(Holding out jar.)** This jar of jam.

Genii: **(Takes jar, looks at it and scratches his head.)** That is a mystery, master.

Red R H: So are you the Genii of the Lamp, or the Genii of the Jar of Jam?

Genii: I'm not sure, master. I normally live in a lamp. I'm sure it was a lamp when I went in.

Red R H: Perhaps you could be the Genii of the Lamp, Temporarily Residing in the Jar of Jam.

Genii: Perhaps, master.

Red R H: Why don't you try it?

Genii: Pardon, master?

Red R H: I'll rub the jar; you appear and do the 'I am the Genii...' thing again.

Genii: Is that your first wish, master?

Red R H: Don't be daft. Come on, just try it.

Genii: No, master. I would feel silly.

Red R H: Pleeease!

Genii: (Sighs) All right, master. Your wish is my command.

Red R H: It's not a wish!

Genii: Sorry, master. It's just something I say.

Red R H: Off you go.

(Genii exits.)

Red R H: Hmm. This **(to the side the Genii exited)** JAR OF JAM needs a bit of a clean.

(She rubs it with her hand. There is a bang and a flash and the Genii appears, arms folded.)

Genii: I am the Genii of the Lamp, Temporarily Residing in the Jar of Jam!

Red R H: (Clapping excitedly) That's it. Now you just need to stop calling me 'master' and we can be friends.

Genii: What should I call you, master?

Red R H: Whatever the girly version of master is, I suppose.

Genii: Mistress?

Red R H: (Pulls a face) Oh no! That makes me sound old.

Genii: Miss?

Red R H: (Shaking head) Too plain.

Genii: Ma'am?

Red R H: (Laughing) I'm not the queen!

Genii: Madam?

Red R H: (Pulling face again) Ugh! That makes me sound even older than 'mistress'.

Genii: I've run out of ideas, master.

Red R H: What about 'mademoiselle'? I like it: it's all foreign and mysterious.

Genii: Mademoiselle? As you wish.

Red R H: No, I don't wish; I want.

Genii: Of course, mademoiselle.

Red R H: Now what was I doing before you arrived?

Genii: Shopping, mademoiselle?

Red R H: No...something more important than that, I think. **(Thinking out loud.)** I'd been for a walk through the woods, met a nice wolf, went to Granny's, chatted to her for a bit, fought her off with a chair. Fought her off with a chair? Oh that was it: Granny's been eaten by a wolf. Well that's the first wish sorted.

Genii: Mademoiselle?

Red R H: Genii of the Lamp, now Residing in the Jam Jar: I wish for Granny to burst out of the horrid wolf's tummy.

Genii: Sorry mademoiselle, no can do. I don't grant wishes that result in the death of any living creature. I'm a vegan.

Red R H: Oh. Okay. In that case I wish for the wolf to sick up Granny, whole and unharmed.

Genii: Once again mademoiselle I must turn down your wish. I can't do anything involving regurgitation: it's all there in the scroll.

Red R H: You said it was just a couple of things you couldn't do.

Genii: That *was* a couple of things, mademoiselle.

Red R H: Then I wish that the wolf had never eaten Granny.

Genii: I cannot undo things that were not caused by one of my wishes, mademoiselle.

Red R H: Great. So what *can* I wish for?

Genii: A puppy. That is always a popular choice, mademoiselle.

Red R H: I don't want a puppy. I want my Granny back. You're not much use, are you?

Genii: My apologies, mademoiselle.

Song: I Want Everything