

## SCENE ONE: Widow Twanky's Laundry

*Enter Widow Twanky with a basket full of laundry.*

Widow T: Aladdin! Get up! I am not calling you again.  
(*To herself*) He's a lazy boy and he's doing me head in.  
Oh! Hello boys and girls! I've been calling Aladdin for the last five minutes and he's still not up.  
I hope you don't lay around in bed like this!  
Here! You lot look happy. Are you happy?  
Well it's more than you can say for me. I'm not happy.  
D'ya know why?  
It's all this laundry. I am sick of it.  
(*Cries*) We're so poor since my poor old husband died that I have to do other people's washing.  
Imagine that!  
Would you like to wash other people's stinky socks and poeey pants?  
Don't be silly, Widow Twanky! That's my name, by the way  
No! Of course you wouldn't.  
My husband, Jack would be mortified if he was still alive.  
Look at me poor old hands! They're so sore.  
Aladdin! I said "Get up!"

*Enter Aladdin*

Aladdin: Hello Mum! That bed is so uncomfortable I need a new one!

Widow T: It can't be that bad. You've been sleeping like a log in it for hours.  
Look it's nearly lunchtime. You've been snoring like a little piggy.  
We heard you from here. Didn't we children?

Aladdin: Oh! Hello boys and girls!

Widow T: And anyway, I can't afford a new one.

Aladdin: I've just had this amazing dream that I am going to become rich and famous and marry the loveliest girl in the world.

Widow T: Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! You're always having dreams. Maybe if you got yourself a job and earned some money you would get rich and famous and I could stop doing all this washing.

Aladdin: (*Gives her a cuddle*) Stop worrying Mum. It will be all right one day!

Widow T: You're on another planet, lad!

Aladdin: Anyway, the loveliest girl in the world is coming to town today.

Widow T: Let's hope you haven't missed her then!

Aladdin: *(To the audience)* She's the Emperor's daughter, Princess Amena. She's so lovely!

Widow T: Emperor's daughter. Are you serious?  
Dream on, Sonny! She's too posh for you. She wouldn't give you a second glance.

Aladdin: *(Looks crestfallen)* Yeah! You're right. But it won't stop me wishing it was true.

Widow T: Here, Aladdin! Give me a hand with this washing. I've got nine loads on this morning.  
*(Starts to count them on her fingers)*

1. The butcher
2. The baker
3. The candlestick maker
4. The post mistress
5. The florist
6. The Tower Crier
7. The Blacksmith
8. The Judge and
9. Her honour the Mayor

Aladdin: Mum! I'll miss Princess Amena!

Widow T: Come on! These need pegging out.

Aladdin: Must I?

Widow T: Yes, this washing is ruining me hands.

Aladdin: Oh all right, then.

## SONG: THIS WASHING IS RUINING ME HANDS

*Both: (They peg the washing out as they sing.)*

Rub a dub, rub a dub, rub a dub, rub.  
This washing is ruining me hands.  
Rub a dub, rub a dub, rub a dub, rub.  
This washing is ruining me hands.

The Butcher's white pinny's all covered in blood  
The stains on it are really tough.  
Really tough  
The Baker's big overalls are smothered in dough  
And other quite yucky stuff.  
Yucky stuff  
The Candlewick Maker has wax everywhere  
You could shove in a wick up his cuff.  
Up his cuff  
And the florist has green streaks all over her skirts  
They're a devil and I've had enough.  
Had enough

A: Mum?  
WT: Yes, love  
A: Sometimes I would just like to lie in the tub,  
But I think she's just having a laugh!  
WT: I'm sorry me lad but the old Vicar's smalls  
Are still soaking away in the bath.

Both:  
Rub a dub, rub a dub, rub a dub, rub.  
This washing is ruining me hands.  
Rub a dub, rub a dub, rub a dub, rub.  
This washing is ruining me hands.

The old Blacksmith's shirts are as black as can be  
I could spend all my life washing those.  
Washing those  
The Post Mistress stamps her indelible ink  
On her blouse. The bleach gets up my nose.  
Up my nose  
The Judge's fine silks and the Mayor's lacy bits  
Are a doddle. They smell like a rose.  
Like a rose  
But I would like to know what the Town Crier's does  
With his bell, that just adds to my woes.  
To my woes

A: Mum?  
WR That's me name  
A Sometimes I would just like to lie in the tub,  
But I think she's just having a laugh!

WT: I'm sorry me lad but the old Vicar's smalls  
Are still soaking away in the bath.

Both:  
Rub a dub, rub a dub, rub a dub, rub.  
This washing is ruining me hands.  
Rub a dub, rub a dub, rub a dub, rub.  
This washing is ruining me hands.

Both:  
Rub a dub, rub a dub, rub a dub, rub.  
This washing is ruining me hands.  
Rub a dub, rub a dub, rub a dub, rub.  
This washing is ruining me hands.

Aladdin: Right! I'm off. Can't miss seeing Princess Amena!

*Exit Aladdin*

Widow T: Princess Amena, my eye! Thanks a lot son, Huh!

*Exit Widow Twanky with her laundry basket*

*Evil Eric enters through audience and is talking on his mobile.*

Evil Eric: I've found the cave, but it's been booby trapped.  
(Pause) No I am not going in it, idiot! I might get blown up.  
(Pause) Yes the lamp is inside, but it's too dangerous to enter.  
I am looking for some stupid boy to do the job for me  
and guess what?  
(Pause) Yeah! I think I've found him.  
(Pause) Aladdin! Yeah! Seems like a bit of a drip. Just the job.  
(Pause) I am just about to go in and meet his mother. Tell her  
some cock and bull story.  
(Pause) Yeah! She'll be a push over, with my good looks.  
(Pause) Only trouble is, there's a load of kids here.  
They'd better not give the game away.  
See you later!  
Now kids! I don't want you spilling the beans! You keep quiet!  
I need that lamp, it's worth a huge amount of money.  
You play the game and I'll see you're all right.  
(Takes a load of money and starts flashing it around.)  
(To a child) You want some of this money?  
Then keep quiet!

*Evil Eric steps onto the stage.*

*Enter Widow T with another basket of laundry.*

Evil Eric: Ooh! You must be Widow Twanky!

Widow T: (*Shocked and attracted*) How did you know?

Evil Eric: Why, how could anyone not know about such a charming and attractive woman as yourself, Widow Twanky.

*Widow Twanky swoons with delight.*

(*He bows*) Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Eric and I am your wonderful, late husband's long, lost brother.

Widow T: Oh! (*He kisses her hand*)  
(*To the audience*) Oh please let him be rich!  
Please to meet you, I'm, sure.  
I wasn't aware that Jack had a brother.

Evil Eric: Well he did and here I am, living proof.  
(*Thrusts a muscley arm in her face*) Go on have a feel!  
Me and Jack were separated at birth and went our separate ways. Jack had the fortune to meet you, fine lady but, as for myself, well that is another story. But luckily, I have managed to find you at long last.

Widow T: Ooooooh! Jack would have been so pleased.

Evil Eric: I am sure he would.  
(*Aside*) Not!  
But it is my pleasure to meet you?  
I am so sorry but I was never told your first name, which I am sure is very charming. I have only ever known you as Mrs Twanky.

Widow T: Gertrude!

Evil Eric: (*Aside*) Urgh! Sounds like a cow!  
(*Kisses her hand again*) Gertrude! How lovely.  
Now Gertrude, I do believe you have a son!

Widow T: I do, Aladdin.

Evil Eric: Yes, (*to himself*) that's the name.  
Well I should like to offer young Aladdin a job.

Widow T: Would you?

(*To audience*) he is rich! Oh, this amazing and good-looking man may be the answer to all our dreams.  
(*To Eric*) How amazing. Will he get paid well?

Evil Eric: He will get paid a fortune.

*Widow Twanky is ecstatic*

Is he around?

Widow T: Er no. He's just gone to town to see the Emperor's daughter!

Evil Eric: Why, does he know her?

Widow T: No! He's just one of her admirers.

Evil Eric: (*To audience*) Good, don't want Royalty poking their noses into things, do we?  
How charming!

Widow T: He'll be back soon.  
Shall I get you a cup of tea whilst we wait?

Evil Eric: (*Aside in disgust!*) Tea?  
No, no, my dear. Don't trouble yourself.  
I will call back later.  
Here! (*He takes some money and gives it to her*)  
You take this for now and buy yourself something nice.  
I'll be back later!

*Eric exits*

*Widow T swoons*

Widow T: Oh, thank you, thank you! See you later then...Eric!