**GENIE**

*(He has just been set free from the lamp)*

Ten thousand years will give you such a crick in the neck! Boy is it good to be outta there! Nice to see you ladies and gentlemen, where you from, what’s your name? Aladdin you say? How’s about I call ya Al. Gee Al, you’re a lot smaller than my last master, either that or I’m getting bigger – look at me from the side do I look bigger to you?

Master, I don’t think you realise just what you got here. You ain’t never had a friend like me ‘cos I come with three wishes – and exnay on the wishing for more wishes. That’s all you get – THREE! Uno, dos, tres.

These wishes come with a couple of rules, so here they are: Rule number 1 – I can’t kill anybody, so don’t ask. Rule number 2 – I can’t bring people back from the dead, what do you think this is? The Walking Dead?! And rule number 3 – I can’t make anybody fall in love with anybody else. I once did that for Taylor Swift, and apparently they are never ever ever getting back together.