



PUPPET  
PLAYS

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PAUL McPHARLIN

PMcP

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# The Sorcerer's Apprentice

1 Scene, 3 Characters, Plays 20 Minutes

Suited to Puppets, Marionettes and Shadows

As played by the Authors

1 9 3 7

*Printed in Detroit*

DORIS STEWART and NAOMI WOLL

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Characters

Professor Abdul, *a magician*

William, *his apprentice*

Incidentals

Handkerchief, hat, rolling pin, pink bloomers, sack of flour, jug, broom, fish.

[For the broom dance use Victor recording of *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* by Paul Dukas, Part I, beginning an inch from the outer rim of the record. Part II may be used for an overture.]

THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE

By Doris Stewart and Naomi Woll

\* \* A Play for Hand-Puppets

2 Puppets

Abdul: Villie, oh Villie! Where is dat boy? Where is he? Haff you seen Villie? He's not out dere? Oh, Villie!

Bill [*entering*]: Yes, sir. I'm coming.

Abdul: Vell, it's about time. Late on de morning of your last lesson! I should be ashamed of you.

Bill: I couldn't help it, Professor. I had to stop and look at a pair of roller skates in .....'\* window.

Abdul [*angrily*]: Dat's right, dat's right! Stopping to play when you should be tinking of lessons! Hurry now. Let's get busy.

Bill [*dreaming, wakes up*]: Oh yes. What are we going to do today, prof?

Abdul: How many times haff I told you not to call me "prof"? [*Beats Bill.*] Professor Abdul, if you please.

Bill: All right, Ab—

Abdul: What? [*Beats him.*]

\*Use name of well-known local store.

Bill: I said, all right, Professor Abdul.

Abdul: Villiam, today I am going to teach you to produce tings from a silk hat. Dat beautiful silk hat of mine which you see before you.

Bill: Goody, goody! What kind of things?

Abdul: Vhy, anyting you would like. What would you like to haff right now?

Bill: A pair of roller skates. [*Aside*] There aren't any roller skates in there!

Abdul: All right, Villiam. From dis hat I vill conjure up a nize roller ting for you. Vatch me closely and see chust how it is done.

Bill: I'm watching.

Abdul [*covers hat with handkerchief*]: First, put over de Schniffeltook. Den . . . Comeus outus rroller tingus! [*He removes handkerchief and a rolling pin flies out of hat into his face.*] Ouch! Hey!

Bill: That's not a roller skate.

Abdul: How did dat happen? I must have made a mistake. Oh, vell, sometimes I do get a little static; dis must be de cook-

ing hour. Let me try again. Here, take dis. [*Hands Bill rolling pin.*]

Bill: I've got it. Shall I put it back in the hat?

Abdul: No, no. Trow it out de vindow. [*Bill throws; crash of glass.*]

Bill: Oh, the window wasn't open!

Abdul: You dummo! Why don't you look where you're trowing?

Bill: But you told me—

Abdul: You stupid dunce! Why don't you trow where you're looking? Why don't you? Do you tink I can conjure up new vindow glass free for noting? [*Whacks Bill, who cries.*] Vell, neffer mind. Neffer mind, I say. Stop bawling. It's over wit. I neffer liked dose roller tings anyway. I'm glad you trew it out. I'm glad, I say. Stop dat noise. I didn't vant it in the house. I don't like dem ever since Sophie—dat vas Mrs. Abdul—left me. See dat bump dere? [*Bends over for Bill to see. Bill stops crying and prods the bump.*]

Bill: There?

Abdul: Yes, dat was Sophie. Don't feel so hard! Ouch! [*Slaps at Bill, who dodges.*] Now we try someting else. Anyway,

with roller skates you might get hurt. How would you like a nice liddle bloom to take home to your modder?

Bill: Oh, I'd like that. A pretty pink flower. She'd like it too.

Abdul: Fery vell. Vatch me garefully. First der Schniffeltook. Den . . . Comeus outus little pinkus bloomers! [*A pair of pink bloomers fly out. He tries to hide them.*] Oh, my my my! Who put dose in dere? *Dat* is not right! [*Bill holds one side of them so they are displayed.*] Who belongs to dese?

Bill: They were having a sale on 'em down at . . . . . 's\*.  
[Laughs.]

Abdul: Oh, my my my! Such a shocking ting for eyes of de young! Stop de laughing! [*Throws bloomers down.*] Everyting goes wrong for me dis morning. Villie, you try for de flower.

Bill: All right, professor. But I don't think I can do as well as you can. First, the hanky. Then . . . Comeus outus flower! [*He pulls out a sack of flour.*] Oh, look what I got! [*Waves it around.*]

Abdul [*sneezes*]: Ach, you idiot! First anodder mistake and den get my best suit all full of dat! Brush me off. [*Bill puts down sack and brushes off Abdul's back.*] Oh, not so hard!

\*The local store again.

I've got a veak back! [*As he straightens up, Bill pokes him in the solar plexus and he doubles over again.*] Oh, oh, I'll giff you a licking vhen I get you!

Bill: What shall I do with the flour, professor?

Abdul: Anyting. Chust get rid of it. I don't vant it around. You conjure up too much uselessness. Remember de time vhen you bracticed getting vite rabbits?

Bill: I think I'll make it vanish.

Abdul: Do you remember how?

Bill: Yes, that was last week's lesson . . . Flourus, go awaycus! [*Flour disappears below stage.*] That was pretty good, wasn't it, professor?

Abdul: Not so bad, not so good. But it vill have to do. De time is up and you haff finished de beginner's course. Goodbye. You haff enough knowledge now for setting up as a tird-class magician. Go out into de vorld. Start your career. Goodbye. And earn money to take my bostcraduate course.

Bill: But professor, aren't you going to tell me those three magic words you say to make things do what you want them to, like—?

Abdul: Like vat?

Bill: Like making the dust pan bring your slippers and—

Abdul: No, Villiam. Efery great magician from Moses to Houdini has von secret vchich he reveals to no one. Dat is my secret. I cannot tell you de magic words except in de bost-cruduate course. But good luck, my boy, and goodbye.

Bill: Goodbye. [*They embrace. Bill goes out, but pops his head back between the curtain to eavesdrop.*]

Abdul: Such a stupid boy! I'm glad I don't haff many like him. I must now rehearse for my appearance dis afternoon before [*insert name of group seeing play*]. Such an important performance. Efen I, de great Abdul, am honoured at appearing before such a splendid audience as you, both of you. Ladies and—[*sneezes and coughs.*] I guess I must have a drink first. [*Brings jug and drinks from it.*] Dat vas vater. Ladies and chentlemen—[*Bows.*] My, vhat a dirty floor. I can refer go on vit my act until it is swept. Look, I can write my name in de dust, A-p-t-o-l, Abdul. Where is dat broom? Fiddle foddle zoom, comeus hereus broom! [*Broom enters.*] Sweepus floorus! [*Broom sweeps.*] Sweepus quickuser! [*Sweeps faster.*] Enoughus. Go awaycus! [*Exit Broom, and Bill goes too.*] Ladies and chentlemen, ladies—[*Cries out and hides behind*



*curtain.*] Oh, Sophie—madam—I beg your pardon, I tought you vere Mrs. Abdul. Vhat a shock! Ladies and chentlemen, you have before you de grrreat Abdul, de most phenomenal magician in de vorld. For my first trick, I vill do vhat no von has efer done before. I vill produce from dis hat a beautiful vite rabbit. Look at de hat. [*Tips it up.*] It is empty, is it not? Not efen a bottom in it. Dere is notting up my shirt-sleeves. I veer only cuffs. First we cofer de hat wit de Schnif-feltook, so. Den de magic words. Vatch me carefully; de hand is quicker dan de eye. It vill be a peautiful vite hare. Comeus outus, hareus! [*A giant goldfish appears.*]

Fish: My name is Horace, not Harris.

Abdul: Go away, I don't vant you. [Fish *nabs handkerchief.*] Here, let go. I need dis in my act. Vhat a fierce goldfish! [*They tug at handkerchief, one holding each end. Fish grabs hat.*] No, not my silk hat. Get out of here. Drop it. Shoo, scat! [Fish *nips his nose.*] Ouch! Oh, my poor nose! [Fish *runs away with hat as he rubs nose.*]

Abdul: Where did you come from, anyway?

Fish: Where do you think, you old fraud?

Abdul: I don't vant you. I ordered a rabbit.

Fish: Rabbit's out of season. Anyway, this is Friday.

Abdul: And a fresh fish, too. What kind are you, anyway?

Fish: I come from a long line. [*Starts to weep.*] Great-grandpa Ab-balone was brought up in the B-baltic Sea. Great-grandma was a cod, one of the B-boston cods. My papa, B-basil, went to the College of Physicians and Sturgeons. And mama—b-blessed soul! she was the b-best bridgeplayer in the Back B-bay—it nearly broke my heart when she was b-boiled—they called her Minnow, Minnow the moocher.

Abdul: Oh, I belief I haff heard of her, down by de symphoney orchestra.

Fish: So you knew her, then? [*Weeps again.*] Oh, Abd-dul, you would have reminded her of my b-brave papa!

Abdul: Vhat, me-a fish! I'll fix you—vit lemon and parsley! [*Throttles fish till it is limp.*]

Fish [*Struggles*]: Ma-ma, ma-ma!

Abdul: Come vit me, I'll take you to de cook, my fine fellow. [*Exit, lugging fish.*]

*Enter Bill cautiously.*

Bill: He's gone. Nobody else here. I think I know the magic

words now. Guess I'll try a few stunts myself. Fiddle foddle zoom, where's that broom? [*Enter broom.*] Hello, broom. How are you today? [*Music starts.*] Fiddle foddle prance, how about a dance? [*Broom hops.*] That's fine! Fiddle foddle fango, do the tango! [*Broom dances.*] Oh, here's the professor's jug! Fiddle foddle fickle, let the water trickle! Oh, that's fine! Look at it pour water! Not so fast, there, jug! [*To broom.*] You dance over there by yourself! Gosh, it's getting awful damp around here. My feet are getting wet. Guess I'll try to—I can't drink all this water to stop it. I'll put the professor's hat over it. It's still running! [*Mops floor with the professor's handkerchief.*] Stop, stop! Abdul, come here! How do you stop these things? Abdul!

*Enter Abdul.*

Abdul: What's going on here? Enoughus! Stop dat dancing! Enoughus! Take my hat off dat jug! Oh, you clumsy dolt! You woodenheaded nincompoo, you muddle-brained yokel, I'll trim your ears off! [*Beats Bill, who cries out.*] Was für ein Meserei ist dass! [*Exeunt.*]

*Broom sweeps across stage.*

*Curtain.*

**PUPPET PLAYS** Edited by **PAUL McPHARLIN**—a List

- 1 **THE WOLF AT THE DOOR**, by Grace Dorcas Ruthenburg, author of the *Gooseberry Mandarin*. Linocut illus. by Paul McPharlin. How a poet worsts a wolf and pens an ode to the moon. 2 characters; 10 minutes; for puppets, marionettes or shadows. 25c
- 2 **LINCOLN AND THE PIG**, by Edgar Caper. Woodcut mask of Lincoln by Pablo Parlando. Wherein Abe Lincoln is altruistic and his horse Ned isn't; from the well-known legend. 3 characters; 40 minutes; for marionettes or shadows. 25c
- 3 **WEATHER**, by Forman Brown. Illus. by Bewick Cutter. Often played by The Yale Puppeteers. Mr. Rainy and Mr. Sunny effect a merger in making umbrellas and bricks. 3 characters; 15 minutes; for puppets or marionettes. 30c
- 4 **DE COURTIN' COUPLE**, by Weaver Dallas. Photo of scene as played by The Rag-Bag Alley Puppets. Southern Negro lore; Sis Goose is rescued from Brer Fox by "plain ole one and sixpence" Brer Dog. 4 characters; 25 minutes; for puppets or marionettes. 50c
- 5 **PUNCH AND JUDY**, a new version by James Juvenal Hayes. Woodcut illus. by Pablo Parlando. The old favourite in up-to-date dress; everyone should know this version. 11 characters; 25 minutes; for puppets. 50c
- 6 **COLUMBINE'S BIRTHDAY**, by Grace Stearns. Woodcut puppet portraits by Perry Dille. Pierrot, Polichinelle, the Apothecary and others in merry fracas about a birthday present. 10 characters; 35 minutes; for puppets. 75c
- 7 **ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON**, by Edgar Caper. The traditional legend told in witty verse, with a coy Princess, a bold Knight and a famished Dragon. 6 characters; 30 minutes; for puppets, marionettes or shadows. 50c
- 8 **PENSIVE PUPPETS**, by Nina Efimova. Translated by Elena Mitcoff. Two blackamoors converse with the audience, dance and pray, and tell something of puppet history with delightful charm. 2 characters; 10 minutes; for puppets or shadows. 25c
- 9 **THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE**, by Doris Stewart and Naomi Woll. Bill is learning magic from Professor Abdul, but attempts too much for a beginner, with exciting results. 3 characters; 20 minutes; for puppets, marionettes or shadows. 35c