

THE FOOLS AND THE ENCHANTED LAMP

Written by

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INT. SUNNY SIDEWALK - DAY

Three friends, MIKE, LISA, and JASON, all in their early 20's walk down the bustling street, their laughter echoing off the buildings. They're a mismatched trio: Mike, tall and lanky; Lisa, petite and fiery; and Jason, perpetually dishevelled.

MIKE  
(grinning, pointing at  
Lisa's head)  
Hey, Lisa! You snooze you lose.

He then slaps the top of her head.

LISA  
(rolls her eyes, swats at  
Mike's hand)  
Idiot.

She answers back, slapping the top of Mike's head.

JASON  
(joining in, slapping  
Mike's head)  
Wide open. He shoots he scores.

MIKE  
(rubbing his head, mock  
dramatic)  
Two! How is that fair?

LISA  
(giggling)  
Guys, if we keep this up we're  
going to give each other brain  
damage.

JASON  
(enthusiastically)  
Yes! Then I'll never have to find a  
job.

LISA  
Always thinking of the positives  
huh Jason?

They continue down the street, their laughter contagious. Passers-by give them odd looks, but they're too lost in their idiocy to care.

MIKE  
(pointing at a random  
stranger)  
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hey, you! Do you want to join our  
head slapping game?

STRANGER

(confused)  
What?

LISA

It's fun and quick to learn.

JASON

(to the stranger)  
You get one free slap if you like?

The stranger hurries away, shaking their head. The friends  
continue laughing.

MIKE

I'll take that as a no.

LISA

Do we really need more than us  
three though?

JASON

One more. We're odd enough, our  
number shouldn't be odd too. One  
more to join the group. Four is the  
perfect number.

They burst into laughter again, arms linked, as they continue  
their ridiculous journey down the sidewalk.

INT. THRIFT STORE - DAY

The thrift store smells of old books and forgotten memories.  
Mike, Lisa, and Jason wander through the narrow aisles, their  
laughter still echoing from their previous escapade.

MIKE

(pointing)  
Hey, guys! Look at this!

He holds up a rusty, dented lamp. Its brass surface is  
tarnished, and the lampshade is a faded floral pattern.

LISA

(squinting)  
A genuine piece of junk. Wow,  
things like these are normally  
impossible to find outside of a  
dump. A real find.

JASON  
(examining it)  
Well, I like it. Maybe it's a magical lamp! You know, like in those old stories. Rub it, and a genie pops out.

MIKE  
(grinning)  
Genie? Well, I'm going to wish for more wishes.

LISA  
(rolling her eyes)  
Of course you are.

JASON  
(dramatically)  
Don't rule out an evil genie. Big muscles, ten feet tall, bright red with a black goatee. You don't want an evil genie.

MIKE  
(rubbing the lamp)  
Okay, here goes nothing.

He rubs the lamp vigorously. Nothing happens.

Lisa watches him, unimpressed.

LISA  
(gesturing to his fingers)  
If you wished to have dirt, and rust covered hands it looks like it came true.

JASON  
(disappointed)  
Boring.

But then, a faint glow emanates from the lamp. The air shimmers, and suddenly, a pudgy, dishevelled genie materializes before them.

GENIE  
(stretching)  
My back. Oh my poor back, it's killing me.

MIKE  
(excitedly)  
No way.

LISA  
I don't believe it.

JASON  
(grinning)  
OK, I wish for more wishes.

The genie raises an eyebrow.

GENIE  
You're really going to try and  
break the golden rule with me?

LISA  
So, you can't wish for more wishes.

GENIE  
No. And I can't bring anyone back  
from the dead. Or kill anyone. Or  
make anyone fall in love with you.  
There's like seventy five more  
rules but I can't be bothered to  
list them off right now. I need to  
see a doctor about my back.

MIKE  
OK, I'm ready to make my wish.

LISA  
(smiling)  
Me too.

JASON  
Me three.

GENIE  
(frantically)  
Yes, alright, but not so fast. Give  
me a second to enjoy a little fresh  
air. Maybe some sunlight. Have a  
heart. I've been trapped in that  
lamp for centuries. Eons! I'm  
desperate for a little freedom.  
Well, to tell the truth, a lot of  
freedom.

MIKE  
(confused)  
But you're a genie. Aren't you  
meant to grant wishes?

GENIE

(pleading)

True, but once I've granted them back into the lamp I go. Once people have their wishes they don't think about me anymore.

JASON

(leaning in)

You don't sound very happy.

GENIE

(voice trembling)

Long ago, I was a powerful wizard. But I was tricked and ended up inside this lamp. I can grant almost any wish a person asks, but I cannot grant my own. No matter how badly I want to.

LISA

(softening)

What would you wish for if you could?

GENIE

Simply, freedom.

MIKE

(determined)

Well I'm sure one of us will wish for your freedom.

GENIE

(grateful)

Thank you. My fate is in your hands.

LISA

(grinning)

Okay, Genie, let's get down to business. I wish for a lifetime supply of shoes!

The genie nods.

Lisa waits, and waits.

LISA (CONT'D)

So?

GENIE

Go home, your shoes will be waiting.

JASON  
(leaning in)  
Alright, my turn. I wish for a  
model girlfriend.

The genie raises an eyebrow.

GENIE  
She's waiting for you.

LISA  
I thought you said you couldn't  
make anyone fall in love?

GENIE  
He asked for a model girlfriend,  
not love.

MIKE  
(leaning closer)  
Alright, Genie, my turn. I wish to  
be able to talk to my dog.

The Genie frowns.

GENIE  
(sadly)  
Go home, try it out. That's three  
wishes given and three wishes made.

MIKE  
(laughing)  
Alright.

GENIE  
Three wishes granted. None for me,  
now if you'll excuse me.

The genie vanishes. Leaving the three friends wondering if  
their wishes have really been granted or not.

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lisa's apartment resembles a chaotic shoe warehouse. Shoes of  
every style, colour, and size are piled high, spilling out of  
closets, covering the furniture, and even forming makeshift  
walls.

LISA  
(frustrated, tripping over  
a pair of stilettos)  
This isn't what I wanted. I wanted  
like a magic box or something.

(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)  
And whatever shoes I wanted would  
appear inside. Not this.

The GENIE materializes, looking slightly amused.

GENIE  
A lifetime supply of shoes, my  
dear. That's what I heard.

LISA  
(gesturing wildly)  
This is going to get me evicted.

She tries to reach the kitchen, but a mountain of boots  
blocks her path.

GENIE  
(leaning on a shoebox)  
That's the thing with wishes, no  
one ever thinks them out clearly.  
Not even me.

LISA  
(sighing)  
How am I supposed to live?

GENIE  
You want another go? Another wish?

LISA  
(exasperated)  
No, just get rid of all of this.  
Please.

The genie shrugs.

GENIE  
Nothing I can do I'm afraid.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is filled with mismatched furniture, a mix of thrift  
store finds and hand-me-downs. Sunlight streams through the  
curtains, casting warm patches on the faded rug. Posters of  
indie bands adorn the walls, and a record player sits on a  
battered wooden coffee table.

Jason sheepishly enters his living room, seeing ISABELLA,  
(20's), the model girlfriend, she's beautiful, perfect hair  
and makeup but her eyes blaze with anger. She wears designer  
clothes, but they seem to suffocate her.

He creeps over to her.



JASON  
(nervous)  
Hi, are you my girlfriend?

ISABELLA  
(shouting)  
Yes. Am I everything you ever  
wanted?

He looks her up and down, liking what he sees.

JASON  
I think so.

ISABELLA  
(voice dripping with  
venom)  
Your piece of meat. Your arm candy.  
A thing for you to own?

JASON  
(stammering)  
I-I didn't-

ISABELLA  
You wished for a model girlfriend,  
well here I am. High maintenance  
and angry. Can you really give me  
what I want?

JASON  
(terrified)  
What do you want?

ISABELLA  
(circling Jason)  
I want more Jason. You wanted me to  
be like some piece of furniture  
that you could use whenever you  
felt like it. Well, that's not good  
enough for me.

The genie suddenly appears in a corner of the room.

Jason glances across at the genie, who has guilt in his eyes.

GENIE  
(whispers)  
Be careful what you wish for.

JASON  
I didn't wish for this.

GENIE  
I'm afraid you did.

JASON  
Well, unwish it. Please.

The genie shakes his head.

INT. MIKE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The décor is minimalistic yet stylish. A potted succulent sits on the windowsill, soaking up the sun. The air smells faintly of fresh laundry.

Mike sees his BULLDOG laying on the sofa. He runs excitedly over to him.

MIKE  
(excited)  
Hey Blue, can you hear me? Can you understand me? I think I've done something, something...

BLUE  
(interrupting, yawning)  
I've always understood you Jason, it's you who's never been able to understand me. Well, until now.

MIKE  
(taken aback)  
Wow, this is real. I've got so much that I want to say to you.

BLUE  
(rolling his eyes)  
Look Mike I've had to listen to you since you brought me back here all those years ago when I was just a puppy. And to be quite frank, I find you quite boring.

MIKE  
(defensive)  
Boring? At least I don't beg for food.

BLUE  
(snorting)  
No, you just beg for attention. Beg for me to come and sit next to you. Beg that I stay in the same room as you.

MIKE  
You're just a dog.

BLUE  
(leaning back)  
I've seen you eating a bowl of ice cream at 2am. I've seen you cry whilst listening to Taylor swift songs. I've seen you touch yourself to those shampoo commercials.

MIKE  
(defeated)  
I thought you were my best friend?

BLUE  
You're just a free meal and a place to sleep.

MIKE  
Oh my god.

BLUE  
(Smirking)  
Now, go get the brush and give my fur a good going over.

They sit in silence, Mike contemplating his life choices, and Blue licking his paw nonchalantly.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The sun filters through the leaves of ancient oak trees, dappling the grass with patches of light. A gentle breeze carries the scent of blooming flowers. The park is alive with activity.

Mike, Lisa, and Jason sit on A bench, their expressions sombre.

LISA  
(fidgeting)  
My wish, a total disaster.

MIKE  
(nodding)  
Yeah, my dog is a total rude piece of work.

JASON  
My new girlfriend... she's beautiful, but she's insane. I think she's going to kill me.

LISA  
(voice trembling)  
Shoes? What was I thinking. I'm an idiot.

MIKE  
We wasted our chance.

JASON  
We should have listened to the genie.

The genie now appears in front of them, leaning against a tree.

GENIE  
Freedom. That's what I wanted. But you three... you don't see it, do you?

MIKE  
We're sorry.

GENIE  
(impatient)  
I've been trapped for centuries. I granted your wishes, hoping one of you would set me free. Like you said you would, but instead you all raced for who could make the dumbest wish possible.

LISA  
(slowly)  
Freedom? But we-

GENIE  
(interrupting)  
You're too wrapped up in your own wishes. You don't realize that granting mine would have resulted into something good.

JASON  
(realization dawning)  
We didn't think any of this through.

GENIE  
No, you didn't. You were too busy with your shoes, your talking dogs, and your model girlfriend.

LISA  
(guilt-ridden)  
The one time we didn't need to act  
like idiots and we acted like the  
biggest idiots in the world.

GENIE  
Be careful what you wish for, my  
friends. Sometimes the greatest  
gift is the one you give.

JASON  
How can we fix things?

MIKE  
We want to do what's right.

LISA  
We really are sorry.

The genie seems to have a change of heart.

GENIE  
(crossing his arms)  
Listen up, three idiots. You made  
them, you fix them.

LISA  
(raising her hand)  
I should get one more wish. My  
shoes nearly suffocated me!

MIKE  
No way me! My Dog hates me.

JASON  
My life is in danger.

GENIE  
(impatient)  
Enough!

LISA  
(hesitant)  
How do I fix my problem?

GENIE  
If you had been listening to me you  
would already know.

MIKE  
And what did you say? I'm sorry,  
but I wasn't listening.

JASON  
 (interrupting)  
 I know what to do. It's like the  
 genie said, the greatest gift is  
 the one you give.

GENIE  
 (hopeful)  
 Finally.

JASON  
 (grinning)  
 A wish for a model boyfriend. Then  
 that'll give someone for my model  
 girlfriend to talk to. They'll be  
 perfect for each other.

LISA  
 (aghast)  
 Idiot.

JASON  
 What part of my life being in  
 danger don't you get?

MIKE  
 (facepalming)  
 You really are an idiot.

GENIE  
 (disappearing)  
 Freedom is overrated.

And with that, he vanishes, leaving the friends bickering.

INT. BACKYARD - DAY

The sun shines brightly on a neatly arranged row of cardboard  
 boxes. Each box is labelled with a different shoe size. Lisa  
 stands at the centre of the makeshift garage sale.

LISA  
 (to a passer-by)  
 Hey there! Free shoes?

The passer-by, MRS. JENKINS (60s, sceptical), eyes the boxes  
 suspiciously.

MRS. JENKINS  
 Why are they free?

LISA

I made a wish, and now I've got more shoes than I know what to do with. And something the genie said made me think to try this.

MRS. JENKINS picks up a pair of glittery stilettos.

MRS. JENKINS

These are cute. But free is suspicious.

LISA

Free gets rid of them faster, that's what I'm thinking anyway. But then again, I am an idiot.

MRS. JENKINS chuckles.

MRS. JENKINS

Fair enough. I'll take them.

LISA

(smiling)  
Spread the word.

MRS. JENKINS

(nodding)  
Good luck with your shoe give away.

As MRS. JENKINS walks away, Lisa spots a YOUNG GIRL (8 years old) eyeing a pair of sparkly shoes.

LISA

Hey, you like them? Take them, they're free.

The YOUNG GIRL nods enthusiastically.

YOUNG GIRL

Free?

LISA

Absolutely! Tell your friends. I've got a lifetime supply to get rid of.

The YOUNG GIRL takes them.

YOUNG GIRL

Deal!

Lisa watches as the YOUNG GIRL puts on her new shoes and skips away.

More customers approach, and Lisa continues her shoe giveaway.

And so, in her backyard filled with magic and mismatched shoes, LUCY discovers that sometimes the best wishes are the ones we share.

INT. JASON'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jason stands near the window, holding an envelope. Isabella LENA sits on the couch, flipping through a fashion magazine.

JASON  
(nervously)  
Isabella, you can't stay here.

Isabella glances up, her striking blue eyes locking onto Jason.

ISABELLA  
You're kicking me out?

JASON  
It's not that. It's... well, you shouldn't be here. It's not right.

He hands her the envelope. She opens it, revealing an airplane ticket to Paris.

ISABELLA  
Paris? Jason, what's this?

JASON  
It's a one-way ticket. For you. You're a model. That's the one place for models isn't it?

Isabella's eyebrows shoot up.

ISABELLA  
Where did you get the money for this?

JASON  
My savings took a hit. A big hit. But I've realized something. I thought all I needed my life was a beautiful girlfriend. But not like this. You're not truly free. Not with me. Not as my genie-granted model girlfriend. It's not right.



Isabella stands, her long legs carrying her to the window. She gazes outside.

ISABELLA

Thank you.

JASON

You'll walk the streets of Paris,  
create your own dreams, and be  
whoever you want to be.

Isabella turns to face him, tears shimmering in her eyes.

ISABELLA

I'm sorry for the things I've said  
to you.

JASON

Maybe in the future we'll meet  
again?

Isabella takes a deep breath, then nods.

ISABELLA

Maybe. Okay. Paris it is.

They share a bittersweet hug, and isabella walks toward the door.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Thank you, Jason.

INT. MIKE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mike with a hint of regret in his eyes, sits on the armchair. Blue lies at his feet.

MIKE

(muttering to himself)  
I've been such a fool, Blue. Taking  
you for granted all these years.

BLUE

(tilting his head)  
I guess I've taken you for granted  
too.

MIKE

I wished you could speak. And now,  
here we are.

BLUE  
(with a playful grin)  
Next time wish for a lifetime  
supply of treats.

MIKE  
(chuckles)  
Blue, you've been my constant  
companion and I really do love you.  
I thought been able to talk to each  
other would make things better. But  
I understand now, that in our  
silence we had so much more. We  
don't need words.

BLUE  
(nudging Mike's hand)  
It's okay, Mike. We can go back to  
silence if you like?

MIKE  
(takes a deep breath)  
Blue, I'm sorry. For the days I  
rushed our walks, for the times I  
ignored you and for leaving you at  
home alone.

BLUE  
(softly)  
Life is short. Especially mine.  
Lets just promise to be nicer to  
each other from here on out.

MIKE  
(teary-eyed)  
I promise.

Mike leans down and hugs Blue. The room fills with warmth and  
forgiveness.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**THE END**