

LAMP

By GENE KATO

LAMP

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LAMP was originally produced by Michael and Veronica Kato in association with Alpha Psi Omega at the Huntsville Community Theatre in Huntsville, Texas. The production was directed, costumed, and scenic advised by Lisa Devine and stage managed by Wendy Albright. The cast, in order of appearance, was as follows:

JERRY.....Sean Sellars
BECKY.....Jill Kropp
THE GENIE.....Lynn Yandell
PIZZA GUY.....Kevin Keel
JILL.....Chanda Kay Satterfield
DERREK.....Matthew Olivieri

The Time: Once upon a . . .

The Place: An apartment in Los Angeles, California
just before Christmas.

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ACT 1

Scene 1

THE SCENE: *An apartment in Los Angeles, California. Once upon a time. . .*

AT RISE: *It's 6:30 p.m. on a rather warm evening. The lights come up on a small dimly lit, one room apartment. The place has all of the basic needs of life. There is a sofa (which folds into a bed), a desk, a stove, a small refrigerator, a closet, and a door that leads into a bathroom. The stage is quiet for a few seconds. Then we hear a key insert into the lock on the front door. JERRY PHILLIPS enters. He turns on a light and suddenly stops and stares at the room. He looks troubled. We can sense that he is getting increasingly more upset. All of a sudden he starts beating up a slipper that sits on the floor in front of him. JERRY has just lost his job and it's two weeks before Christmas. He has been a movie critic for the Los Angeles Times for three years.*

JERRY. Sorry, sons of bitches. Bastards! Think you can give me the axe like that, huh? Just waltz into my office and hand me my pink slip. Well, all of you can just GO TO HELL! Merry Christmas to all of you too! I hope you choke on your Christmas dinner! *(He pauses)* Oooh. That feels better. Much better. I liked that. *(The phone rings. He answers it)* Hello? Oh, hello Mrs. Ingal. No, everything's fine. I just had my television up to loud. *(He starts to get snotty)* Yes, I will. I apologize for interrupting Wheel of Fortune. It won't happen again. I realize how important that show is to you because you really have nothing better to do with your time than to watch some stupid wheel go round and round and look at a great looking woman who gets paid to turn lighted letters toward a TV camera. Well, don't let me interrupt. You had better run back to the old boob tube, after all, your life is passing you by. *(He slams the phone down)* God, I hate that old bat. *(The door opens and a young woman enters. It is BECKY, JERRY'S girlfriend.)*

BECKY. Hey, there handsome. How was your day? Did you talk to your boss about the movie? *(JERRY groans)* That good, huh? What happened, Sweetie? *(She kisses him)*

JERRY. Becky, I really don't want to discuss my day right now. Can't we talk about this later on? Like maybe on my deathbed?

BECKY. No. I want to hear what your boss said when you told him that his son's movie was the biggest load of crap that you had ever seen. Now come on. Out with it. I'm dying to hear this.

JERRY. You really want to know?

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BECKY. I really want to know. Was he completely stunned at what you had to tell him?

JERRY. Not nearly as stunned as I was at what he told me afterward.

BECKY. What do you mean?

JERRY. He said, and I quote, "You're fired."- end quote

BECKY. What?! You were fired over a stupid movie review?!

JERRY. Nope. I was fired over a review of a stupid movie. There's a difference. Three years. Three years of giving that paper the best reviews I could possibly give. . .only to have it all flushed down the toilet because I didn't think that a movie titled "Bloodsucking Ninja Ducks from Outer Space" was a four star film in my book.

BECKY. I'm speechless - completely and utterly speechless.

JERRY. Unemployed at Christmas. Un-freakin' believable.

BECKY. Okay. Let me make you a nice dinner. What would you like? Anything at all. . .you got it.

JERRY. It doesn't matter. I just need to relax and wallow in my misery for awhile.

BECKY. Do you want me to get you something to drink?

JERRY. What's your gut instinct tell ya?

BECKY. Ok. Lots of wine. Keep a bottle opener handy. (BECKY gets some wine glasses and opens a bottle of red wine.) Look, don't sweat it. Something will come up. Here. Drink.

JERRY. This has been the worst day. I hope this isn't starting a trend. (*BECKY stares at JERRY for a second.*) What? What is it?

BECKY. I hate seeing you like this.

JERRY. You think it's bad now? Wait until I grow a beard and stop bathing.

BECKY. Okay. I have something that I think will make you smile.

JERRY. Becky, I really have a headache. Besides, the idea of pity sex is just as humiliating as getting fired.

BECKY. Not that. Although, it does get rid of headaches – it's not what I had in mind. I have a gift for you. I wasn't going to give you this until Christmas, but I think under the circumstances you need it now. (*She goes to the closet*)

JERRY. What is it?

BECKY. (*Returning with a package.*) Open it.

JERRY. I don't know. I really don't want to open up a Christmas gift yet.

BECKY. Why not? It'll make you feel better. Go on.

JERRY. I'd feel funny opening something now. I mean you aren't going to have anything to unwrap. Don't you feel kind of cheated?

BECKY. Oh, stop it. Now open up the package before I take it back and never give it to you at all.

JERRY. (*After considering losing the gift.*) Ok, here goes. (*JERRY unwraps the package and inside there is an old oil lamp that looks like something straight out of either Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves or Aladdin's Lamp. Either way, the lamp looks exotic, yet ancient.*

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For the first time we see JERRY lighten up for just a few seconds. It should be obvious that BECKY has given him something that he has wanted for an awful long time.)

BECKY. Well, do you like it?

JERRY. This is fantastic! Where did you find this?

BECKY. I'm not telling you that. What if I decide to go back where I got this and buy you some more things?

JERRY. I don't know what to say.

BECKY. How about "Thank you" or "I love you"? *(He puts the lamp down and stares at it.)*

JERRY. Thank you. . .and I do love you.

BECKY. Well, now that I've got you to smile again. . .I have something to tell you.

JERRY. *(Starting to drink his wine)* What's that, Hun?

BECKY. I'm pregnant. *(JERRY spits the wine out in a choking frenzy.)*

JERRY. You're what?!!!!

BECKY. Oh, god. I'm. . .pregnant, Jerry.

JERRY. Pregnant.

BECKY. Yes, Jerry. . .pregnant. I thought that you would be a little more excited.

JERRY. Pregnant. Well, what does that mean. . .exactly?

BECKY. It means that I'm going to have a baby.

JERRY. No, I know what pregnant means. I mean what does that mean in terms of us? What are we going to do?

BECKY. Well, I don't know. We need to talk about that.

JERRY. Oh, no. I'm not ready to bring a child into this world. This morning. . .this morning I would have been ready to bring a child into this world. This morning I had a job. This morning I had security. Tonight I'm an unemployed father. *(Silence)*

BECKY. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have told you tonight. It was a bad idea.

JERRY. How long?

BECKY. I'm four months into it.

JERRY. August.

BECKY. Looks like it. The night that there was no power in my apartment and I stayed here.

JERRY. I don't believe it.

BECKY. I told you that we should've gone to the movies.

JERRY. Please, don't mention movies to me today. I've had my fill. *(Silence. BECKY starts to look hurt.)*

BECKY. Look, um. . .I probably should be getting home. I have work to do and I'd best. . .

JERRY. Yeah, I understand. I need to clean this off. *(As he crosses to the bathroom, he rubs the lamp.)* Call me tomorrow and we'll think of something.

BECKY. Ok, I. . . *(He shuts the bathroom door.)* will. *(She looks at the closed door for a second and then sadly. . .slowly exits. There is a few seconds of silence. Then we hear a*

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horrible scream from the bathroom. JERRY enters white as a ghost. He is followed by a very strange looking man in a turban and Arabian clothes (THE GENIE) who looks like he just jumped out of a story book.)

GENIE. Now just calm down. Take it easy.

JERRY. Stay away from me!!!

GENIE. If you'll just be quiet long enough I'll. . .

JERRY. *(Overlapping)* I said keep away from me! Stay right where you are! Don't take another step!

GENIE. Mind if I sit on the sofa?

JERRY. *NO!*

GENIE. No, you don't mind or no, I can't sit?

JERRY. No, you can't sit.

GENIE. You told me not to take another step. It would seem to me that the easiest way for me not to take another step would be to be in a situation where I don't need to take a step. Something like sitting. *(They stare at one another.)* I promise I won't break your sofa.

JERRY. *(After a short pause.)* Ok, fine. Sit. *(The GENIE sits.)* Now, how about telling me who you are?

GENIE. If I tell you, you won't believe me.

JERRY. Try me.

GENIE. I'm a genie. I live in that lamp.

JERRY. I don't believe you.

GENIE. I told you that you wouldn't believe me. No one ever does at first. Same thing every time I'm set free. I get asked who I am. I say, "I'm the genie from inside the lamp." Then everyone says LIAR! I hate people telling me that!

JERRY. That's because the whole idea is ridiculous. A genie. I mean honestly.

GENIE. What's your name?

JERRY. Jerry.

GENIE. LIAR! There! How do you like it? Not very pleasant on the other side now is it?

JERRY. Genie, huh? Give me one good reason why I should believe that you are a genuine, honest-to-goodness genie?

GENIE. Oh, you mean besides the fact that you've never seen me before, I wasn't in the bathroom when you walked in there, there was a huge cloud of smoke that came out of the lamp, and all of a sudden I was standing in front of you wearing clothes that look like I robbed the closet of the Brother's Grimm?

JERRY. Ok, I'll give you that. But I'm still not sold. Do something genie-ish.

GENIE. Like what? I'm a genie. I can do almost anything.

JERRY. Let me think. It would have to be something extraordinary. I've got it. Get me a pizza here in less than five minutes.

GENIE. What kind?

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JERRY. I want a pizza that has eight slices and all eight are different.

GENIE. I hate cheap parlor tricks.

JERRY. Just as I thought. You're a fraud.

GENIE. Fine. *(The GENIE tosses his arms into the air – a magical tone sounds as - the doorbell rings. JERRY looks at the genie. . . who can only smile.)* Dinner is served.

JERRY. Impossible.

GENIE. That's the charm of it, don't you think?

JERRY. This is absurd. There's no way that. . . *(He crosses to the door and opens it revealing a very geeky looking pizza man.)*

PIZZA GUY. Hi. Are you the guy with the sick sense of humor?

JERRY. I beg your pardon?

PIZZA GUY. I said are you the guy with the sick sense of humor? Mr. 8 different pieces in one pizza? *(JERRY turns around and looks at the GENIE.)*

GENIE. Hurry up, I'm starving. Tell him yes and get that pizza over here.

PIZZA GUY. Hello? Are you still with me buddy?

JERRY. *(Turning back)* Um, yes. I ordered the pizza. Come in. *(The PIZZA GUY comes in.)*

PIZZA GUY. Where do you want me to put this?

JERRY. Just give it to him.

PIZZA GUY. Give it to who?

JERRY. *(Indicating the GENIE.)* Him. *(The GENIE waves, but of course the PIZZA GUY doesn't see him.)*

PIZZA GUY. I have a small problem with giving the pizza to him. I don't see a "him". There's no "him" there. I can't give a pizza to "him" if there is no "him" to give the pizza to.

GENIE. He's got a point there, Jerry. You should take heed to what he has to say. Seems like a smart fellow to me. *(The PIZZA GUY begins shaking hands with "noone".)*

JERRY. He can't see you?

GENIE. Can't see, hear, or feel me. Is this genie-ish enough for you?

PIZZA GUY. Look, I need to get my money and get back to work. This is really strange, and usually I like strange things. It's just that. . .

JERRY. I have to pay him for the pizza?

GENIE. Of course you have to pay him. I only place orders. It is not my place to pick up the tab.

PIZZA GUY. Your total comes to \$76.13.

JERRY. SEVENTY SIX DOLLARS FOR ONE PIZZA?!!! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?!!!

PIZZA GUY. You're asking me that and you are talking to people that don't exist?

GENIE. *(To JERRY)* At least you didn't use the term "cotton pickin".

PIZZA GUY. The reason that this pizza is so much is because we had to make eight

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pizzas to get the single slices that were used to create this one. Eight pizzas at nine dollars each comes to seventy two dollars. Then you add your tax, tip, and delivery charge and you end up with the grand total that I told you. Now, you have one of two options. You may either give me the money and enjoy this strange, yet, delicious looking pizza; or you can refuse and I will take the pizza back to the pizzeria and you will have to explain to the rather large Santini brothers why you made them waste two hours of their time making this masterpiece. Now, obviously I don't care which way you choose. I just want to leave. Now, make your choice.

JERRY. Why didn't you just make one pizza and sprinkle the toppings all over the place?

PIZZA GUY. Are you calling the Santinis stupid?

JERRY. No

PIZZA GUY. Are you insinuating they're crooks? Not a good idea.

JERRY. It just seems . . . *(To GENIE)* Help me. What should I do?

GENIE. I would pay him if I were you. This whole affair seems like it could get nasty. You have no idea how big these Santini brothers really are.

JERRY. But I don't have the kind of money that he's telling me to give him. Where am I going to get seventy six dollars and thirteen cents?

GENIE. *(Tone sounds)* Look in your left pocket. *(JERRY looks in his pocket and pulls out the exact amount that is needed for the pizza)*

PIZZA GUY. *(Taking the money)* Thank you very much. I believe that you have chosen wisely. Have a nice. . . whatever. . . and Bon apatite. *(He exits)*

JERRY. How did that money get in my pocket?

GENIE. I put it there.

JERRY. Wait a minute. You just gave me the better part of a hundred dollars and we've only known each other for about five minutes?

GENIE. I'm a genie for god's sake. What do I need cash for? I can make anything my little genie heart desires. I don't think that there was a time that I've ever had to want for anything. Look, I'd love to stay and chit-chat but we do have very important business to discuss. First, do you believe now that I am a genie?

JERRY. I suppose.

GENIE. You suppose? Ok. That's a start. Not a very good one. But it is a start. Ok, let's turn our conversation to the subject of wishes.

JERRY. Oh, that's right! If you are a genie then you are MY genie now. I can have any and everything that I've ever wanted and more! I am your master now.

GENIE. *(With a little laugh)* I see that you know your fairy tales. I take it that you've read the story?

JERRY. Of course. I'M SET FOR LIFE! I'M INDEPENDANT! I'M SOCIALLY SECURE!

GENIE. You're Daffy Duck. Those last two lines were used in a Warner Brothers cartoon.

JERRY. Don't be disrespectful to me genie. I insist that you bow before me. . . your new

master. *(The GENIE looks at him for a second, then gets a piece of the pizza and starts eating.)* Did you hear me? I said that I want you to bow before me.

GENIE. Yeah, and Hitler wanted the world to kiss his ass and that didn't happen either. Look, it doesn't work quite like that. Now, it is true that I have to give you the option of taking the wishes. However, I don't care what you've read in the story books or what you've seen in the movies you do not, I repeat *do not* get unlimited wishes. You get five. Only five. Count them One. . .Two. . .Three. . .Four. . .Five. No more than five. You know the number. Five. As in a work week. Ok? How many did I say?

JERRY. Five. *(A Bell Sounds.)*

GENIE. That's correct. Thank you for playing. Ok? Good. You understand.

JERRY. I can wish for anything. Wealth, Power, Women. It could be nothing but wine, women, and song for the rest of my days. I could live the easy life.

GENIE. Hold on just a second. Think about it first. I'm going to level with you. If I were you I would give up my wishes completely. Forget about them altogether.

JERRY. Are you crazy? Why would I do a thing like that? That would be stupid.

GENIE. You have no idea of the power that you would be given. Anytime you make a wish, you have to think of the consequences. I tried to illustrate that with the pizza. You have to be specific and hope that all of your loose ends are tied. Now, knowing all of this, do you choose the wishes or do you set me free?

JERRY. I choose the wishes.

GENIE. So be it. I wish you well and hope that you wish wisely. I will give you a day to think about your first wish. Think hard, Jerry. Don't wish foolishly. It could spell your own doom. . .or it could make your whole future. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to the movies to see this year's best picture.

JERRY. How can you do that? It won't be named for months.

GENIE. True. But, I've been to the future. Besides, I hear that Bloodsucking Ninja Ducks from Outer Space was panned by some pissant little critic. Goodbye, Jerry. *(He runs out the front door)*

JERRY. Now, what to wish for. . .

FADEOUT

Scene 2

Jerry's apartment. It is seven o'clock. The GENIE is late. JERRY is pacing back and forth while talking on the telephone to an unknown person. He walks over to the window and looks out, but the GENIE is nowhere to be found.

JERRY. *(Into the phone)* No, I'm serious. He couldn't have ordered the pizza before he got here because I told him exactly what kind to get. . .Yeah, right. Who orders a pizza

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with eight completely different slices on it? . . . Well, supposedly he is a real genie. . . Look, I know that it sounds strange. . . Yeah, I really think you should come take a look at this guy. Well, wait. You won't be able to see him. . . Well, you could be here when I make a wish. . . Yeah, that would be good. . . Come on, what could it hurt? . . . Great. . . Tonight, about ten? . . . Ok. He hangs up) Ok, what time is it? *(He looks at his watch)* Seven o'clock? Where is that genie? *(The bathroom door opens. The GENIE steps out)*

GENIE. You called?

JERRY. *(JERRY is startled)* You keep scaring the crap out of me!!!

GENIE. That must be the reason why you keep my lamp in the bathroom.

JERRY. Very funny. What are you doing in there?

GENIE. I've been in there all day. I needed to get a little shut eye because I was out late last night. By the way, that was a great movie. Have you seen it?

JERRY. You could say that.

GENIE. That critic that gave it a bad review must have been an absolute buffoon. Probably some beady eyed little dip that knows everything about the technique of movies but as far as entertainment goes, it could run up and bite him in his left butt cheek and he still wouldn't know it. Don't you think?

JERRY. Look, are we going to spend all night talking about a stupid movie? I mean, I thought we were going to fulfill a wish here.

GENIE. Ok, ok. We will. Have you given it much thought?

JERRY. Yes. I have. And I think that I have the perfect wish in store for you to grant.

GENIE. Of course you do. Don't they all. Look, I've heard them all. If you were to wish for something that I'd never heard of it would truly surprise me. I've never been surprised to date. But, I'm ready. Shoot.

JERRY. Ok, here goes. I wish for. . .

GENIE. Yes?

JERRY. Um. What I really want is. . .

GENIE. Yes?

JERRY. I really want eternal happiness.

GENIE. Of course you do. And I want to see George Bush sing "La Bamba" while wearing a hula skirt at the Rose Bowl Parade. I don't see either of them happening today. Wish for something else.

JERRY. What do you mean? Why won't you grant my wish?

GENIE. Because I only deal in tangibles, that's why. Happiness is not tangible. You can't be given happiness. . . it must be earned. Now, think on it some more. I'm hungry. Are you hungry?

JERRY. No. *(Pause)* Tangibles. You say that you only deal with tangible wishes. Why didn't you tell me this before?

GENIE. You didn't ask. Do you have anything to munch on? God, I'm hungry. Hey, I've got an idea. What do you say for fun we go to an Indian restaurant and ask for a

hamburger?

JERRY. Will you forget about eating for right now? This is important to me. If you want food why don't you conjure it up yourself? You're the genie.

GENIE. That is exactly why I can't.

JERRY. Huh?

GENIE. Right now I am in your service and my power is limited strictly for your use.

JERRY. I'm still not following you. Are you saying that you are unable to use your own powers for yourself?

GENIE. That is correct. Until all five of your wishes are expired, my power is completely worthless to me. Well, I can do a very limited number of things, but basically, I'm just like anyone else on the street. Now, will you please get me something to eat?

JERRY. I think there are some chips on top of the fridge.

GENIE. Great. I'm setting the world at your feet and you give me chips. Do you at least have any dip? That would help the situation a little.

JERRY. (Still pondering over the wish) I may have some bean dip left. I'm not sure.

GENIE. Oh, terrific. Bean dip. That ought to make for a comfortable evening.

JERRY. Can I wish for wealth? Power? Fame?

GENIE. You could. But it wouldn't get you any farther than the happiness got you.

JERRY. Why not?

GENIE. Specifics. I'm telling you it's the specifics that are going to give you your trouble. You need to narrow your wishes down. You're thinking on too broad a scale. For example, someone says they want the whole world. Do they mean this planet or another? If so, they want the whole world "for what" or "to do what"? Get the picture? Be as specific as possible. That's the way to wish. Tiny. Little bitty.

JERRY. This isn't as easy as you would think it would be.

GENIE. What do you mean? You haven't even made your first wish yet. Wait till you really blow it. Mark my words. This is definitely the calm before the storm. Ugh! These chips are stale. When did you buy these? Summer of '76? This bean dip is old, too. Hey, you've read fairy tales. You wanna throw this can outside and see if it will grow into a beanstalk?

JERRY. You're really breaking my train of thought here! I'm sorry that I'm not a gourmet chef. I'm broke! I lost my job yesterday, ok? Now, will you please be quiet! I'm trying to think! (*Silence. GENIE crunches a chip.*) Now, I want my first wish to be something I can really enjoy.

GENIE. Now you're talking. Fun. That's the way that I would do it.

JERRY. Ok. I've got it. Are you ready?

GENIE. No, the question is, are you ready?

JERRY. My first wish is to be found irresistible to all women. (*The GENIE'S hands fly up, there is a strange sound effect. . .then it's over.*)

GENIE. I don't think that you should have done that.

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JERRY. Why? It's a harmless little wish. Now every woman will find me attractive.

GENIE. No, they won't. I guess you didn't listen to yourself when you made the wish. You didn't say that you wanted to be attractive to every woman. You said that you wanted to be irresistible to every woman. Those are very different things. If I were you, I would wish that away as fast as I could.

JERRY. If I did that, I would have to use another wish. I don't think I want to do that. Thank you very much.

GENIE. Jerry, listen to me. This is trouble. Real trouble. There can be no good that could possibly come out of this. Do the wise thing and wish it away.

JERRY. Forget it. I've made my wish. I want to play around with it for awhile. I'm not wasting another one.

GENIE. Very well. Do you wish to make another wish? You can make all five now if you want to?

JERRY. No, I think I want to see how well this wish works before I use another one.

GENIE. Ok, it's up to you. I hope you know what you're doing, Jerry.

JERRY. *(Crossing to the door)* I just want to see what is going to happen. *(The door opens and BECKY enters. She leaves the door open.)*

BECKY. Jerry, I. . . *(She is hit by the charm)* God, are you a beautiful creature.

JERRY. Thank you. I wanted to call. . .

BECKY. *(Unbuttoning her shirt)* Let's make love. NOW!!

JERRY. *(Closing her shirt)* Nice. But not now. Look, I was . . .

BECKY. I don't care what you did, what you want, what you need, who you know, or when you did it! You. Me. Bed. NOW!!

JERRY. Becky. I. . . *(To GENIE)* What did you do?

GENIE. Oh, play Mr. innocent. I told you that it was a powerful wish. Did you listen? No.

BECKY. Come on. I'm already pregnant so it's ok. I've just got to have you.

JERRY. *(To the GENIE)* Will you help me?

GENIE. Nope. This is your tickertape parade and I'm not going to rain on it. *(Another woman walks in. It is BECKY'S best friend JILL.)*

JILL. Becky? Are you just gonna leave me. . . *(She sees JERRY and the charm hits her)* Oh! Hello, Jerry! I . . . didn't see you standing there!

BECKY. *(To JILL)* I told you to wait in the car! What do you want?

JILL. *(She looks at JERRY)* Sex. A lot of sex. With your soon to be Ex.

GENIE. Do you see what I mean? Both of these women want to jump you right now. This is what I was talking about.

BECKY. Would that make you happy, Jerry? Do you want us both? If that's what you need. I don't mind sharing. I don't have to leave. Do you need me to take care of you, Honey? I can cancel my plans.

JILL. *(To BECKY)* You can go. I'll make sure that he's ok while you're gone. I'll see to

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his needs. Oh, god, will I see to his needs!

JERRY. Becky, could I speak to you alone for a minute?

BECKY. You can do anything you want. Jill, will you excuse us?

JILL. Sure. I'll be back to check on you later, Jerry. You can count on it. I'll be outside, Becky. *(She exits)*

GENIE. I'll leave you two alone. If you need me, I'll be in the bathroom in my lamp. *(He is gone)*

JERRY. You didn't tell me that you were going on a trip.

BECKY. I got word last night that my father was very ill. I can cancel the trip if you want me to.

JERRY. Don't be silly. *(To himself)* This is not what I had in mind at all.

BECKY. What did you say?

JERRY. Becky, I want you to listen to me. This is going to sound crazy, but I need you to believe me.

BECKY. I'll do anything to be near you.

JERRY. Look at yourself. Doesn't the fact that you have this sudden animal attraction to me strike you as strange?

BECKY. Don't be silly. I've always been attracted to you.

JERRY. Yes, but never so much that you would drop everything just to jump in bed with me. That doesn't strike you as weird?

BECKY. No, I've felt this way as far back as I can remember.

JERRY. No, you haven't. You've been like this for about three minutes. . .that's all. It hasn't been a lifetime. Look, I need to tell you why you're acting like this. Do you remember that lamp that you gave me yesterday?

BECKY. Has it given you happiness?

JERRY. No, I asked it for that and found out that happiness isn't tangible. Anyway, do you remember when you left? I said that I needed to clean the lamp and I went into the bathroom.

BECKY. *(With a big smile.)* Yes, you really hurt my feelings. I only want to be your wife. That's all. I love you, Jerry. Can't you see that? Now, kiss me. I need you to kiss me.

JERRY. Let me finish. When I rubbed the lamp, out popped a genie. I swear. He said that he would grant me five wishes and I made the first wish. The wish was that all women would find me irresistible.

BECKY. Well, it worked. I just want to eat you all up right now.

JERRY. Becky, don't you see what I'm telling you? That's why you want to eat me all up right now. It is not real.

GENIE. *(Popping his head out of the bathroom)* Oh, yes it is.

JERRY. *(To GENIE)* Do you mind?

GENIE. Sorry. Excuse the interruption. *(He goes back into the bathroom.)*

JERRY. Look, it's for the best that you're going to be gone for a few days. I need to figure

out how to break this wish somehow. You better go.

BECKY. I'll do my best to get back before the end of the week. If anything comes up, Jill will be all over it. Don't worry. *(She kisses him very tenderly.)* If this is how I'm going to feel every time I'm around you, I don't want you to change anything.

JERRY. See you soon.

BECKY. Goodbye, Babe. *(She exits)*

JERRY. *(Towards the bathroom door)* You can come out now. *(The GENIE comes out of the bathroom.)*

GENIE. I told you.

JERRY. Don't start. There's nothing worse than a genie with the "I told you so" bug.

GENIE. Would you like to make another wish? You did so well with your first one.

JERRY. What am I going to do? I can't leave things like this.

GENIE. I've already told you. The only way to set things right again is to use another wish. It doesn't matter how long you wait trying to come up with another answer. All of this was caused by magic, and it can only be corrected by magic. There is no other way. This is exactly why I told you to give up the wishes in the first place. You would've been much better off. For every wish you screw up, you must have another wish to correct it. That can be difficult when you have an odd number of wishes. If you think that this is bad, wait until you get to wish number five. If you mess up then, there is no sixth wish to help you out. Jerry, use your head. It would be wiser to give up a wish than to be stuck with every woman in the world wanting you. I can't interfere. Every wish you make, you and you alone, must be prepared to take responsibility for the outcome. Good or bad. I cannot help you at all.

JERRY. Then why were you able to help me out with the pizza if you aren't able to interfere?

GENIE. At that time my power was my own. You hadn't taken on the burden of the five wishes yet. Because of that, I created the pizza and I created the money. Hell, I even created the pizza guy. There are no Santini brothers. It was all made up.

JERRY. Why didn't you tell me that at the time? That was kind of sneaky. Don't you think?

GENIE. I did that hoping that you would turn down the wishes. The whole point of it was to show you that nothing comes for free. For everything we do, someone. . . somewhere. . . has to pay.

JERRY. But this is all magic. None of this is real.

GENIE. Why do you keep saying that? You just saw the way those two women were acting towards you. Has Becky ever been that aggressive before? Did you see the look in Jill's eyes? She was basically undressing you in her mind. Please, Jerry. Listen to me. The last person that I granted wishes to never made it to wish number 5.

JERRY. Well, I'm not going to be like that. You can bet that I'm going to make it. I'm going to find a way out and still be on top. You just watch. When the final wish is made

I'm going to come out of this smelling like a rose.

GENIE. *(After a pause.)* Funny.

JERRY. What is?

GENIE. The whole thing. People never change. It seems like no matter what country I end up in, no matter what time I end up in. . .the fact remains that people think that they are invincible. They believe that no harm will come to them.

JERRY. Look, I just want to enjoy myself. I want my wishes to bring me pleasure.

GENIE. I want your wishes to bring you pleasure also. However, I can give you a full-fledged guarantee that you will have nothing but trouble if you do not think these things through carefully. I know that I'm starting to sound like a broken record, but. . .

JERRY. You are starting to sound like a broken record, and it's getting on my nerves. I want to get through this on my own. I thought that you were just going to grant the wishes, not criticize me night and day until this is over.

GENIE. Do you wish for me to take leave of you?

JERRY. Yes, I think so. I will call you if I want you.

GENIE. If that's the way you want it. I will return in 24 hours to grant you your second wish.

JERRY. Unless I call you, right?

GENIE. I repeat. I will return in 24 hours to grant you your second wish. Basically, don't call me. I'll call you. *(He exits into the bathroom.)*

JERRY. Finally, I'm alone. Peace at last. What does that genie know? *(The doorbell rings) What now? (He crosses to the door and opens it. JILL stands there looking at JERRY with a look of pure lust. JERRY stares at her for a second.)*

JERRY. Hey! You're...back.

JILL. Uh huh.

JERRY. Did you forget something?

JILL. No.

JERRY. Is there anything that I can get you?

JILL. You.

JERRY. Oh, boy. Jill, wait just a second. I...um...

JILL. Jerry, I've wanted you from the first moment that I saw you. And you know what?

JERRY. What?

JILL. *(As she locks the front door.)* I'm not leaving here until I've satisfied that want.

JERRY. Look, Jill. I'm very flattered. *(She goes over to the sofa and starts making it into a bed.)* You truly are a very beautiful woman. *(Towards the bathroom)* GENIE!!! HELP ME OUT HERE!!! *(JILL unzips her dress and it falls to the floor. She is dressed in the sexiest lingerie imaginable.)*

JILL. I'm ready when you are, Jerry.

JERRY. Jill, I can't do this. You're my girlfriend's best friend. By the way, where is Becky? Did you leave her downstairs in the car?

JILL. Relax. We were in my brother's car. He's taking her to the airport.

JERRY. I thought you were driving her. Didn't you say that you were driving her?

JILL. Yep. Now I'm about to stick shift you, instead!

JERRY. Look, Jill. I'm serious. I can't do this. . .at all.

JILL. *(Slinking close to him)* You don't find me desirable?

JERRY. No, that's not it at all. It's who we are. You and I. There is no way that I could spend the night with you and not feel guilty about it.

GENIE. *(Coming out of the bathroom)* I KNEW IT!

JILL. Jerry, I just need you to. . .

GENIE. *(Overlapping)* Hold on a second, Toots. *(JILL freezes)*

JERRY. I thought that you weren't coming back until tomorrow.

GENIE. I heard you say the magic word.

JERRY. What word was that? I've said so many memorable things today.

GENIE. You said that you would feel guilty. Guilty is the magic word I was talking about.

JERRY. Ok, so? I would feel guilty if I slept with Jill. It would tear Becky up if she found out that I did it with her best friend.

GENIE. Oh, so it's just Jill that you won't sleep with. If it were any other woman it would be ok, huh? Becky would give you her blessings if it were a perfect stranger? I don't think so.

JERRY. I'm not going to sleep with anyone else. I'm completely happy with Becky.

GENIE. Then why did you make this sort of wish to begin with? If you are truly happy, as you say you are, then you are putting your whole relationship in jeopardy. Your first wish wasn't made with regard to Becky. It was selfish and made completely with sex in mind. Well, take a look at this creature that is standing before you. She's beautiful, healthy, more than willing, and all revved up and ready to go. She wants you to take her. The only problem is that if you take her, you will destroy all that you have worked for in your relationship with Becky. Think it over. Is it really wise to destroy five years of love over one night of lust?

JERRY. *(After a pause)* You're right. Ok. You win. I'll make my second wish.

GENIE. Good choice. You won't regret this, Jerry.

JERRY. She is great looking though isn't she?

GENIE. She looks just like my sister. Well, kind of. My sister has hairy lips. This girl is more clean shaven. Are you ready?

JERRY. Yeah. I wish that my first wish was no longer in effect. *(The GENIE'S arms fly up and we hear that same weird sound effect.)*

GENIE. You have wished wisely, Jerry. Trust me. You won't regret this.

JERRY. *(With a look at JILL)* Part of me already does.

GENIE. Time to wake her up. *(To JILL)* Jill! Look alive! *(JILL snaps out of her frozen state and falls over on the bed, unconscious.)*

JERRY. Jill? Jill? (*To GENIE*) What did you do to her?

GENIE. I guess that I overdid it. It happens sometimes. She'll be good as new in the morning.

JERRY. In the morning?! What do you mean in the morning? What am I supposed to do with her until then?

GENIE. Well, she's already in bed. Just leave her there and let her sleep it off. She'll be fine.

JERRY. Well, wait a minute. Where am I supposed to sleep?

GENIE. That bed is big enough for you both. You two will be fine as long as you don't mess with her. (*Pause*) Are you going to mess with her?

JERRY. No.

GENIE. Then there's no problem.

JERRY. I just feel funny. I mean. . .Jill. . .and I. . .sleeping together.

GENIE. You and Jill are not sleeping together. You are sleeping in the same bed together. There's a difference. Trust me. A big difference.

JERRY. I guess you're right.

GENIE. Look, why don't you go to bed. Turn in early. You've had a busy day. Two wishes in one day is a lot. Get some shut eye. Tomorrow, maybe, you can wish a very good, very wise third wish.

JERRY. Do you mind if I ask you a question?

GENIE. I don't mind if you ask. However, whether you get an answer or not depends on the subject of your question.

JERRY. You told me that the last person who you granted wishes to never made it past wish five. Why? What happened?

GENIE. (*After a pause*) Do you remember what I told you earlier about the danger of these wishes?

JERRY. Yes.

GENIE. That person didn't. (*Pause*) Goodnight, Jerry.

JERRY. That's all you have to say? You aren't going to tell me what happened?

GENIE. Look, Jerry. This is not story time at the nursery. All of the people that I give wishes to are real people with real faults. I am not in the business of dragging up the past. My only concern is the present.

JERRY. But if it will help me. . .

GENIE. It won't. Face it, Jerry. You're human. You have your own way of thinking. Even if I told you about the other people and how they used their wishes, it would only push you into an involuntary competition with them.

JERRY. What do you mean? Competition? How can you compete with someone who is dead?

GENIE. By getting what they wished for and managing to stay alive. Man against man. You think that you can accomplish anything and still come out on top. It's been that way

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since the beginning. Day one. Adam and Eve and the serpent. Remember? Trust me on this one. You're no different.

JERRY. Ok, I'm sorry I asked. I won't ask you about it again.

GENIE. You're better off sticking to your own wishes. *(He starts for the bathroom door, then stops)* Perhaps later on, if you really need to know, I will tell you of the last person that wished. But only if I feel that you really need to know. Goodnight, Jerry.

JERRY. Goodnight. *(The GENIE exits. JERRY looks at the bed and JILL. He looks around the room for another place to sleep, but finally gives up and gets undressed, tucks JILL in, and eventually crawls in himself. He realizes after he gets settled that he has forgotten to turn off the lights. He calls to the GENIE)* Hey, you said that you can do limited things with your power?

GENIE. *(Offstage)* Yeah.

JERRY. Can you get the lights? *(The lights go out. The moon shines through the window.)* Thank you.

FADEOUT

Scene 3

It's almost 10:00 P.M. the same night. The moonlight shines through the window. We see JERRY and JILL all wrapped around each other. After a few seconds we hear the doorbell ring. JERRY wakes up and gets out of bed. JILL rolls over and completely covers herself. JERRY walks over to the door and calls . . .

JERRY. Who is it?

DERREK. *(Offstage)* It's me, Jerry.

JERRY. Derrek?

DERREK. Yeah. Open up. *(JERRY opens the door and his best friend DERREK walks in)* Ok, where is this genie you told me about?

JERRY. When did I tell you about a genie?

DERREK. What? Are you getting' senile now? *(He looks at the bed and sees the lump under the covers.)* Whoa. Did I catch you at a bad time? I can come back tomorrow.

JERRY. No, not at all. *(He rubs his eyes)* Hang on a minute. Let me splash some water on my face. *(He goes into the bathroom. DERREK starts to wander around the room)*

DERREK. So, you said that this genie is going to grant you five wishes, huh?

JERRY. *(Offstage)* Yeah, that's about the shape of it.

DERREK. Why you?

JERRY. *(Offstage)* What do you mean?

DERREK. I mean, why do you think that this genie picked you? What did you do to deserve to have your wildest desires granted? *(DERREK lifts up the covers and sees JILL.)*

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He quickly throws the covers back over her.)

JERRY. *(Coming out of the bathroom)* I wasn't picked. Becky bought that lamp for me for Christmas and there just happened to be a genie inside. Sounds crazy, I know. I didn't even believe it myself at first.

DERREK. Speaking of Becky. Where is she?

JERRY. She left earlier to go out of town for a few days.

DERREK. Oh, really? That's too bad for you, I guess. Not easy to find company sometimes around the holidays.

JERRY. Oh, it's ok. I'm well taken care of. Her friend Jill is kind of looking after me while she's gone. You know? Girls helping out girls and all.

DERREK. *(Referring to the lump in the bed)* She seems to be off to a hell of a start.

JERRY. Oh, my god! I forgot she was here!

DERREK. Hey, it's ok. Your secret is safe with me. Becky won't hear a word about this from my lips.

JERRY. No, Derrek. You've got this all wrong. Believe me. This is nothing like it seems. It could have been . . .and it almost was . . .but it isn't.

DERREK. There is a really good story here . . .and I want to hear it. I can't imagine how getting a lamp with a genie in it could wind its way around to getting an extremely attractive woman into your bed while your girlfriend is out of town. Before you tell me though, I'd like to see this lamp if I could. Do you mind?

JERRY. No, not at all. Let me get it out of the bathroom. *(JERRY goes into the bathroom and gets the lamp)*

DERREK. *(Looking at JILL again)* Incredible.

JERRY. I haven't shown this to anyone. Although, it's probably for the best. Anyone in their right mind would think that I'd completely lost all of my marbles if I told them what I'm about to tell you. *(He gives the lamp to DERREK)*

DERREK. *(Taking the lamp)* Genie, huh? Inside?

JERRY. Uh-huh.

DERREK. *(Kind of skeptical)* Yeah.

JERRY. Look, I know that it's a little hard to swallow . . .

DERREK. Like a castor oil and mustard milk shake.

JERRY. I told you. I didn't believe it myself, at first. However, the genie told me that I could wish for anything, anything at all . . .and I did . . .and it worked. I'll be damned if he wasn't telling the truth.

DERREK. You made a wish and this genie granted it.

JERRY. Two. I made two wishes. The first did come true. The second wish was made, but before we could find out if it came true, Jill passed out.

DERREK. So, Jill was part of your wishes, huh? That's my boy! What did you wish she would do to you? *(He snickers)*

JERRY. Nothing.

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DERREK. Right. Look, Jerry, I realize that you just lost your job, it's almost Christmas, there's a lot of bad things happening in your life right now. Hey, I'm a modern man, too. I do love the ladies. But if I want to have a little "whatever" on the side, I just do it. Your secret is safe with me, Pal. You don't have to concoct some farfetched story about a genie in a lamp. There are no such things as genies. Period. Look . . . *(DERREK rubs the lamp. Nothing happens)* See? Nothing. No cloud of smoke. No genie. No wishes. Just nothing. Absolutely nothing. Nice lamp, though. It would look great in my collection.

JERRY. I'm not crazy, Derrek.

DERREK. All right. Here. *(He tosses the lamp to JERRY)* Rub it. See if anything happens. Wow me. *(JERRY looks at DERREK, then rubs the lamp. Nothing happens. He looks at DERREK again, then rubs the lamp a second time. Again, nothing happens.)*

DERREK. You see?

JERRY. Wait a second, Derrek. Something isn't right here.

DERREK. It's ok, Jerry. I . . .

JERRY. *(Overlapping)* No, it's not ok. I'm not stupid, Derrek, and I'm not crazy either. There was a genie on the inside of this lamp. I was granted two wishes, and I still have three wishes to go. I'm telling you the truth.

DERREK. Then where is he?

JERRY. I don't know. He's very moody. Sometimes he's busy right when I try to call on him.

DERREK. The genie is too busy to grant your wishes. That's what you're telling me?

JERRY. I don't know. Possibly. He's hard to catch.

DERREK. Sounds to me like the two of you need to sit down with your PDA's and take a meeting.

JERRY. Look, Derrek. I don't need this. If you don't believe me, fine. Under the circumstances, I can't say that I really blame you. But I'm not going to stand here and be the brunt of all of your jokes.

DERREK. *(After a pause)* Well, I think it's time for me to be going. I have a date with the Little Mermaid at midnight. *(DERREK laughs. JERRY doesn't.)* Yeah. I'll give you a call. Take care of yourself, Jerry. *(He looks at JILL)* How long are you going to let her sleep? The night is still young. *(He goes. JERRY looks at the lamp)*

JERRY. And so am I. Too young for this bullshit. Where are you genie? I know that you can hear me. *(No response)* Get out here, NOW! *(Still no response)* This isn't the least bit funny. I'm getting the chance of a lifetime and losing everyone close to me all at the same time. Did you hear me? All of my friends are going to give me designer strait jackets for Christmas! Why are you ignoring me? I want to make my third wish now. Hello? I said I want to make my third wish now! Are you even in there? *(Still no response)* This is shit. *(JERRY goes over to the light switch, turns the lights off, then crosses to the bed and gets in, grumbling all the way. Silence. Suddenly, JERRY hears something on the other side of the door and gets up.)* Derrek, why won't you leave me alone? *(He opens up the door and*

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*the GENIE is on the other side.)*What are . . .? You're not in your lamp!

GENIE. OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHH! That's not the right answer. You won't be playing Final Jeopardy today.

JERRY. Where have you been?!

GENIE. I've been down watching them tape Jeopardy. Want to see my Alex Trebec impersonation? *(He does a series of OOOOOHS)*

JERRY. Will you cut that out?!

GENIE. What's the matter with you?

JERRY. What's the matter with me? What's the matter with ME?! My wishes are almost half gone and I've got nothing to show for it. My best friend thinks that I'm a half crazed lunatic who somehow got my girlfriend's best friend in the sack. I really can't tell anyone about you, who is the cause of all this that's happened, because I'd get thrown in the funny farm so fast I'd get ticketed for speeding. Not to mention the fact that if things keep going the way they are, I'm going to be all alone on Christmas! That's what's eatin' on me.

GENIE. *(After a long pause)* I think that you owe me an apology.

JERRY. What?

GENIE. I said that I think that you owe me an apology. I don't have to stand here and take the blame for your own short comings.

JERRY. What are you talking about?

GENIE. I told you over and over and over again to be specific. Wish carefully. You didn't listen to a single word that I said. That was your first mistake, and what a stupid, stupid one it was to make. Well, I'm sorry if things haven't gone the way that you wanted them to go. But that's, as you humans say, tough shit! *(Pause)* You know, maybe if you wouldn't think so selfishly, you might actually end up a happier person. You just need to be aware of things more. Not get so clouded up in your own little world. After all, opportunity is 9/10 awareness.

JERRY. Don't start that again. I'm a grown man. I don't need to be enlightened with a bunch of clichés.

GENIE. You see? That's exactly what I was talking about. Look at you. Always on the defensive. Everyone's against you. I'm only trying to help you, Jerry. That's all I've been trying to do from the very beginning. It's no shame to take help when it's given to you. It's wise. That's the key word. *WISE.* The wise man always acknowledges when he needs help and takes it when he can. You are dealing with a power greater than yourself. The decisions that you make affect yourself and the people around you. You saw that after your first wish. Oh, Jerry. I wish that you would just think before you open your mouth.

JERRY. I thought about my wish before I made it.

GENIE. You've thought about the wish. Now, if you could just give a little thought to the wishing. *(Pause)* Don't yell at me for your own mistakes. If you want me to stay out of it, I will.

JERRY. Let me try the next one on my own again.

LAMP

GENIE. Fine. I won't interfere. If that's what you want, I won't interfere.

JERRY. That's what I want. *(He looks at JILL)* What is going to happen in the morning when she wakes up?

GENIE. She will be extremely disoriented. You are going to have to either take her home or come up with a good story as to why she is undressed and in your bed.

JERRY. I don't know where she lives. I can't take her home.

GENIE. Then I suggest that you start thinking.

JERRY. What am I going to tell her? She was taking Becky to the airport. Well, Jill, after you lied to your brother and best friend you came back here to have sex with me because you were under a spell that was cast on you by a genie in a lamp. Do you have any idea how stupid that sounds? I can't tell the truth. No one would believe me. The worst lie in the world would sound more believable than the truth. Now, come on. Help me think of something.

GENIE. I can't. You don't want my help. Remember?

JERRY. You're a funny guy. You know that?

GENIE. I try. *(Pause)* Ok, we need to get rid of her somehow.

JERRY. Wait. Get rid of her? I thought that we were just going to think of something to tell her. What do you mean, "Get rid of her"?

GENIE. We can't think of anything to tell her. You said so yourself. So, our only other option is to get rid of her.

JERRY. Well, we can't just carry her out. People will think I'm a murderer or something. I wonder if there is there a dumb waiter anywhere.

GENIE. Yes.

JERRY. Where?

GENIE. Jack's Steak House. It's on Sunset Boulevard.

JERRY. Will you stop making jokes?!

GENIE. Sorry, I'm a comic by nature. *(Pause)* How high up are we?

JERRY. About thirty feet.

GENIE. *(At the window)* Do you have anything to tie her up with? We could lower her down to the ground.

JERRY. And do what with her? We don't know where she lives.

GENIE. WELL, YOU COULD WISH HER HOME!!!

JERRY. That was uncalled for.

GENIE. Look, there's only two ways out of this apartment. Through the front door or through the window. *PICK!!!!*

JERRY. Ok, through the window. I think I have some rope in the closet. Check and see if it's still there. If it is, tie it around her feet. I'm going to go bring my car around and park under the window. I'll be right back. *(He goes. The GENIE starts to go to the closet to get the rope but is stopped by the sound of JILL starting to wake up.)*

GENIE. What the . . .?

JILL. Ooooooh. Where am I? *(She realizes where she is and what she's wearing)* Oh, my god! Hello? Becky? Jerry?

GENIE. What am I going to do? I have to let Jerry know that she's awake. What is she doing awake, anyway?

JILL. Where are my clothes?

JERRY. *(Entering)* I forgot my keys. *(He passes JILL)* Hello, Jill. *(It hits him who he has just spoken to)* JILL!!!! What are you doing awake?

JILL. What am I doing awake? What am I doing here to begin with?

JERRY. Ummmm . . . That is a very good question . . . Jill . . . Ummmm . . . I . . . You.

JILL. Oh, my god. Did we . . .? You know?

JERRY. Ummm . . . No. You wanted to. But, no.

JILL. I wanted to? With you?

JERRY. Yeah, I'm afraid that that's about the size of it. *(There is a small pause. All of a sudden, JILL breaks out into hysterical laughter.)* Why is she laughing?

GENIE. Do I know? Am I human?

JERRY. Did I say something funny? You're the comic.

JILL. That's rich, Jerry. I'd never want to go to bed with you.

GENIE. Ooooooh. I'd say that was a blow beneath the belt, but there looks like there's little chance of that.

JERRY. Very funny.

JILL. Jerry, are you ok? Who are you talking to?

GENIE. She thinks you're a freak.

JERRY. No one.

GENIE. She thinks you're an absolute clod.

JILL. Do you know where my clothes are?

GENIE. She thinks you're an idiot.

JERRY. WILL YOU PLEASE SHUT UP!

GENIE / JILL. Hey! I don't have to take this shit!

JERRY. WAIT!

GENIE / JILL. I think you need to apologize to me.

JERRY. I'm . . . sorry.

JILL. That's better.

GENIE. I've always wanted to hear you say that to me. Come on, grovel a little more. It suits my style.

JERRY. Keep it up and I'm really going to put it to you before this night is over with.

JILL. Excuse me?

GENIE. I'll have to hand it to you. You still know how to talk to women, Jerry.

JERRY. Jill your clothes are on the floor. You can get dressed in the bathroom. I'm sorry I snapped at you. It wasn't intentional.

JILL. *(Picking up her clothes)* Are you sure that you're ok? You're acting really . .

LAMP

.strange.

JERRY. Fine. Just fine.

GENIE. LIAR!

JERRY. Shut up! *(To JILL)* NOT YOU! *(There is a pause)*

JILL. I'm going to go put on my clothes. *(She exits to the bathroom)*

JERRY. *(To GENIE)* Why are you doing this to me?

GENIE. I'm saving your ass.

JERRY. By making me look like a lunatic? That's how you save me? I keep forgetting that she can't see you.

GENIE. Exactly. This experience will no doubt be so strange to her that she won't even mention it to Becky. Thereby, letting you off the hook.

JERRY. Letting me off the hook for what? I haven't done anything!

GENIE. I know that. You know that. What are the odds of anyone else believing that?

JERRY. You're right. Ok, good move. It's a shame, though.

GENIE. What is?

JERRY. That she's gonna think I'm a clod. *(He pauses)* She is beautiful. Isn't she?

GENIE. Oh, yeah.

JERRY. I still wish that I could jump her body all night long. *(The GENIE'S arms go up. The weird sound effect happens and wish number three is underway. The bathroom door flies open and JILL emerges. She walks up to JERRY and plants a hard kiss on his lips.)*

GENIE. Oh, no.

JERRY. Genie! Genie, what's happening?

GENIE. Wish number three is engaging.

JILL. *(Seductively)* I want you to jump me right here on the floor. *(JILL lies on the floor. JERRY, all of a sudden, starts jumping uncontrollably back and forth over JILL.)*

JERRY. Genie!!! Do something!!!

GENIE. I can't. You made your third wish. To stop it you have to use your fourth wish.

JERRY. NO!!!!!!!

GENIE. Yes, that's the only way to stop it.

JILL. Oooooooh. That feels so good.

GENIE. You could really get into shape fast that way, couldn't you?

JERRY. I'm not going to give in! I'm not going to waste another wish!

GENIE. Look on the bright side, Jer. It's only seven and a half hours until dawn. *(JERRY keeps jumping as . . .)*

INTERMISSION

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