

JAMBOREE!

"Pilot"

Written by

Jameson DeSantis

EXT. DON NORTO'S HANGAR - NIGHT

FOCUS on "Protected by Aladdin Security" seal on door. An oversized pair of BOLT CUTTERS snap a padlock underneath it.

INT. DON NORTO'S HANGAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A YOUNG MAN in a ski mask, EDDIE, enters slowly. A duffel bag is slung over his shoulder. He holds a flashlight.

EDDIE

OK Eddie. Only real gangsters mess with Don Nortto. Whatever he's got is bussin' if the Cretins want it.

He settles and pulls out a NOTE. The top instruction reads "round corner into main foyer". He does. Eddie instantly spots a table, covered in ROLEX WATCHES.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

HELL yes! I always wanted a Batman.

He starts loading them into the duffel. His eye catches the note. It reads "LEAVE THE WATCHES".

Eddie continues on. He passes a mound covered by a tarp. He lifts the tarp: piles of packaged COCAINE. Eddie's eyes bulge: he goes to the Note. It reads "NOT THE COCAINE".

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Come on...

Eddie forces himself away, whining loudly. He enters an -  
OFFICE

On the desk are PILES OF CASH. The Note just reads: "DON'T".

EDDIE (CONT'D)

For real? This could buy Cleveland.

The note continues "COMBINATION: 31682". Eddie spies a SAFE on the ground. He punches in the number: the safe pops open.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

THAT?!

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

JENNIFER, 50's, pantsuit, taps on her LAPTOP at her desk. HOLLY, 30's, blazer, on the other side, pores over an NDA.

JENNIFER

Thanks for coming in so late to interview. When we said 'we want you to change the world ASAP', we meant the P.

HOLLY

Sure. This is... quite an NDA.

JENNIFER

Oh it's standard.

HOLLY

"In the event the undersigned experiences anything that requires mental rehabilitation"?

JENNIFER

It's legal for 'we might blow your mind'. Again, standard.

HOLLY

Typically I at least know the company name. Or the issue. Or if there's parking?

JENNIFER

C'mon. You corporate fixers know the drill. All the details after...

Jennifer taps on the NDA. Holly starts to sign... and stops.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

What's the problem?

HOLLY

I used to do PR for a printer brand. Mostly their copiers just printed, but sometimes they exploded in people's homes. I once spun a cookie brand after it leaked they crushed a beehive every twenty cookies. I can't get into how many missing person reports I've buried because of Ikea showrooms.

JENNIFER

OK...?

HOLLY

They all had NDA's like this. I used to be OK with 'changing the world' like this. I'm not anymore.

Holly collects her purse and leaves.

INT. CRETIN GANG LAIR - NIGHT

GANG MEMBERS (Cretins) in YELLOW play cards and drink beers. Eddie bursts in, raising the duffel bag high in the air.

EDDIE

Who's got your back? EDDIE does!

The entire crew huddle around Eddie, cheering. A large man, ROG, slaps Eddie on the back.

GANG CHATTER

What is it? Shit's gotta be good.  
We're the best gang. A bazooka?

ROG

Better than a bazooka. You did  
good, kid. Welcome to the Cretins!

The GANG celebrates, smashing beer bottles and high-fiving.

ROG (CONT'D)

How did you dispose of the note?

EDDIE

I threw it in the trash.

ROG

... *their* trash?

BOOM! A car drives into the layer, smashing through the wall. A DOZEN men in gold coloring (NORTO'S) pore out, wielding guns, pipes and bats. A robust man, DON NORTO, struts in.

DON NORTO

Cretins! You dare steal from Don  
Norto? Where is my treasure?

The Cretins grab similar weapons: there's a standoff. The duffel bag falls off the table, spilling out an OIL LAMP. A CRETIN THUG dives on it. A burst of SMOKE fills the room.

When it clears, we see an unshaven MAN in his 40's, JAMBOREE, sleeping in the center of the floor. He wears old-timey boxer shorts. He rouses and stands up. Everyone averts their eyes.

JAMBOREE

Sorry, everyone. I get no warning  
when I'm conjured.

(MORE)

## JAMBOREE (CONT'D)

Be glad you didn't rub the lamp at dusk last night or your complexions would be more ivory than Heinrich Steinway!

Everyone looks around.

## JAMBOREE (CONT'D)

Like the piano? I've been alive too long.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - LATER

Holly is having a drink. Jennifer sits next to her.

## JENNIFER

We're a magic company.

## HOLLY

Magic?

## JENNIFER

*Magic-magic. Merlin. Potter. The Vegas guy with two first names. We distribute it around the world. And there are genies. It sounds like Disney-mixed-with-bullshit, but it's not. And we really need help.*

Holly stares at Jennifer blankly.

## JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Your mind is blown. Damn... we're not covered.

## HOLLY

OK, OK. Tom, Bev, the rest of the Ikea team: come on out! You got me.

## JENNIFER

Nobody ever believes me. Such a time waste.

Jennifer pulls an OIL LAMP and places it on the table.

## JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Make a wish.

## HOLLY

I wish my rep screened jobs better.

JENNIFER

Really mean it. It's a prank from  
Ikea, right? Who cares?

HOLLY

*Fine.* I wish for a six-foot-two  
Italian boyfriend who worships the  
ground I walk.

A burst of PURPLE SMOKE. A shirtless hunk, MASSIMO, emerges.  
He sweeps Holly up and carries her towards the door.

MASSIMO

My love! These Payless flats do not  
deserve these sensuous feet. I'm  
taking you to my cobbler in Siena.

HOLLY

Aaah! Put me down!

Jennifer claps her hands. Massimo disappears in purple smoke  
and Holly lands on the ground, her face in shock.

JENNIFER

9 AM. And there's no parking.

HOLLY

Is he dead?!

INT. CRETIN GANG LAIR - NIGHT

Jamboree still stands in his long boxer shorts.

JAMBOREE

I'll reset here, shall I?

Jamboree DIVES inside the lamp. He reappears moments later in  
a 1950's suit, purple shoes and wrist bangles.

JAMBOREE (CONT'D)

My name is Jamboree. I'm a geni--  
sorry, "wish-artist". Corporate  
bullshit. No matter.

(beat)

I've clearly come during a heated  
skirmish. You "street toughs"  
versus you "rattlecaps". I don't  
care: blast yourselves away. But! I  
have a proposal. My company sets a  
goal for me: Grant one hundred  
wishes in one year! I do that and  
I'm free. Free to get what I really  
want: a good night's sleep.

(MORE)

## JAMBOREE (CONT'D)

(at lamp)

That thing is cramped. They haven't changed my mattress in 60 years.

It's a twin! Now look at this guy.

(points at Tough Norto)

He's probably sleeping on a Queen, and he looks like he's killed about three people.

TOUGH NORTO

Eighteen. It's a California King.

JAMBOREE

I'm at 96 wishes and I have two days left before it resets to zero. So you could fight... or everyone here gets a wish; I get my freedom. Bingo bango, home on the rang-o.

DON NORTO

I'm not sharing the wishes!

JAMBOREE

I was in that safe for a month! You could have wished for a better security system any time. Now, can everyone be good for ten minutes?

Mumbles and nods around the room. Jamboree walks over to Cretin Thug, who released him.

JAMBOREE (CONT'D)

OK bub: you're up. What do you wish more than anything?

CRETIN THUG

I wish... you to kill those guys!

JAMBOREE

(sighs)

Not *ACTUALLY* anything!

Guns blaze. Chaos erupts as the Norto's attack the Cretins. Cretin 1 and Jamboree dive under a table.

JAMBOREE (CONT'D)

There are rules. I can't commit murder.

CRETIN THUG

What about... a bazooka?

JAMBOREE

I can commit bazooka. Jamboree!

A BAZOOKA materializes in his hands. He aims and fires it at a Don Norte car: it explodes. Jamboree's bangle projects a numerical hologram: 96 changing to 97.

A Norte runs by and snatches the lamp. He dives behind a couch next to a DEAD NORTE.

HELPER NORTE  
Bring him back!

JAMBOREE  
Oof. That's a no-no. Can't resurrect life. I got a friend that could tell you all about that. The wish has to be for someone already alive, which he is clearly--  
(checks his pulse)  
Yup, he's still alive. Jamboree!

The bullet rises out of Dead Norte and his wound self-stitches up. He stands up and dusts himself off.

DEAD NORTE  
I feel amazin--

He gets shot.

The wish counter turns to 98. A scared NORTE grabs the lamp.

SCARED NORTE  
Make them stop!

JAMBOREE  
Jeez, you guys are requesting all the wishes I can't do. I'm like Harvey Ball at a Frowning Contest.

Several gang members stop fighting to give him a look.

JAMBOREE (CONT'D)  
No one knows who that is anymore? He drew the smiley-face. I won't feel bad for knowing that!  
(to Scared Norte)  
It's free will. I can't make people do things they don't want to do. I don't normally prompt, but you *could* change their weapons into something harmless.

SCARED NORTE  
...turn the weapons into Twizzlers!



JAMBOREE  
Twizzlers! Jamboree!

Every gun and blunt object turns into piles of Twizzlers. The gangs all look around. They start laughing.

SCARED NORTO  
It worked!

Then a Cretin whips Scared Norto with a wad of Twizzlers. The violence breaks out again. A Norto crams Rog's mouth full with Twizzlers, suffocating him. A Cretin strangles Don Norto with a Twizzler like piano wire. Eddie is suddenly the last one standing as Jamboree's counter turns from 98 to 99.

JAMBOREE  
Should've gone with gummy bears.

INT. WISHING COMPANY - MEZZANINE - MORNING

Holly and Jennifer walk through a sea of cubicles. Above them are monitors, showing videos of GENIES bringing sons back from war, fixing bridges, giving ponies to little girls.

JENNIFER  
...and up here is a live view of  
genies in the field.

HOLLY  
Aw! Everyone is getting their wish  
granted. What's the problem?

JENNIFER  
It's not live at all. These videos  
are old. That war is Vietnam.

Jennifer throws up a GRAPH from her bangle: it reads: GLOBAL HAPPINESS, with a trend line going down.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)  
The problem is wishes aren't making  
people happy anymore. Magic is  
meant to make the world better.  
Anxiety, depression, poverty: the  
wish system is supposed to counter  
them. But global happiness is worse  
than ever. It's like we're throwing  
the world a birthday party and it's  
overdosing in the guest bathroom.

HOLLY

This is all very... mystical. My work is based in data. I don't think spreadsheets will save magic.

JENNIFER

So gather some magical data! All those despicable businesses you made redeemable, somehow. Think of what you can do for magic, which can do so much good.

Jennifer points to a monitor. A girl rides a pony, laughing.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

If we hit a critical low, there will be no more magic to make wishes. And that pony will die.

HOLLY

You said this was old.

JENNIFER

I forgot I mentioned that. Way less motivating now.

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Eddie sets down Jamboree's lamp on his coffee table. Jamboree stalks around his apartment.

JAMBOREE

I've got a wish idea for you: a vacuum. This rug is so full of old Taco Bell I'm getting heartburn.

EDDIE

So any other wish rules?

A pamphlet appears in Eddie's hands: "YOUR WISHES AND YOU".

JAMBOREE

Just one: no more Snyder cuts. A four hour black-and-white *Justice League*? My lamp was in a lake for six months, and I still couldn't find the time. Anything else is fine. Money, fame, power; even curing illness.

Eddie perks up. He walks to a picture on the wall of a woman in a wheelchair and a young Eddie. Jamboree joins him.

EDDIE

My Aunt Carol raised me. Now she...  
the money I was going to make in  
the Cretins was for hospice.

JAMBOREE

One wish would change her life. All  
you have to do is wish and--

He starts laughing aloud.

EDDIE

What's so hilarious?

JAMBOREE

In nearly a century I've granted 38  
sex-robots. That also print gold.  
Guess how many aunts I've saved?

EDDIE

You don't know me!

JAMBOREE

I've known you a thousand times.  
You just think about your own  
desires. Everyone does. If you knew  
what Malala wished, you'd feel kind  
of bad for the Taliban.

EDDIE

I'm different.

JAMBOREE

Sure. I'll be over here when you're  
ready to change your aunt's life.

Eddie looks out his window. Jamboree holds his open hand up  
and silently counts down from five on his fingers. Right  
after he mouths 'one'--

EDDIE

Could a sex-robot print cash?

I/E. THE WISHING COMPANY - HOLLY'S OFFICE - LATER

A line of genies wait outside her door.

HOLLY

So we're trying to get to the  
bottom of why the wish system isn't  
working like it should...

QUICK CUTS:

## STUFFY GENIE

Kids don't have time for wishes.  
They're sexting!

## NERVOUS GENIE

Smartphones already grant them  
everything. Everything's an app...  
Please don't make a genie app.

## MONOTONE GENIE

A.D.D.

## INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Eddie is at his table. Dozens of crumpled-up note balls surround him. Jamboree looks at his wrist bangles: 16 hours.

## JAMBOREE

I wasn't trying to make freedom a  
"photo-finish".

## EDDIE

I got this! My auntie inspires me  
every day. She taught me to be the  
best, and I want to be the best...  
at crime. With the Cretins and  
Norto's gone, I can run this city.  
Jambo, I wish to be the number one  
crime lord of the city.

## JAMBOREE

Crime lord! Jamboree!

Jamboree's bangles project a sign: WISHING SUSPENDED.

## INT. HOLLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Holly is poring over graphs. She puts her head in her hands.

## JAMBOREE

Hey, Jolly? My bangles gorked up.

She lifts her head: Jamboree stands in the doorway.

## HOLLY

It's *Holly*. I froze wishing until  
we finish staff interviews.

## JAMBOREE

Let's get it over with. I got one  
wish to go until I am a free jinn.

He flops down in a chair.

HOLLY

One moment. I just interviewed  
about forty ge-- wish-artists. I  
need to finish compiling this data.

Holly returns to the computer. He taps his fingers.

JAMBOREE

Pretty excited about getting out.  
Do you know what I'll miss? Gaining  
skills without learning them. Like  
the harmonica. Jamboree!

A HARMONICA appears in his hands.

JAMBOREE (CONT'D)

I have no idea how to play this.

He plays: it's grating. He shakes his bangles and a sparkle  
circles him. Now he plays well. But it's still the harmonica.

JAMBOREE (CONT'D)

Now it's like I'm at Carnegie Hall.  
Hear the difference?

He toggles between playing horribly and playing skillfully.

HOLLY

Data compiled!

JAMBOREE

What do you know!

Holly taps at the computer.

HOLLY

Question 1: Which wish do you feel  
benefitted humanity the most?

JAMBOREE

I once granted a client the power  
of flight. He flew into a flight  
path and was sucked into a jet  
engine.

HOLLY

God! How did that benefit humanity?

JAMBOREE

He was a serial killer.

HOLLY  
Ok... Which wish do you feel  
hindered humanity the most?

JAMBOREE  
All but that one.

Yikes. Enough of this guy. Holly scrolls down the list of questions and stops at the last one: "Why do you think the wish system isn't working?". Scoffs.

HOLLY  
I think we're done. I'll unlock  
your wish abilities.

Jamboree gives a 'finally' gesture and gets up to leave.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
(under her breath)  
Like you know what makes the wish  
system work.

JAMBOREE  
The wish system doesn't work.

HOLLY  
Of course it works. They better  
their lives in an instant!

JAMBOREE  
In theory. But in the real world,  
you give people unlimited power,  
and you expect them to reseed the  
rainforest? Go to night school? No.  
They're manifesting bazookas and  
strangling each other with  
licorice. If people get what they  
want, they don't actually get what  
they want.

HOLLY  
Well that was nonsense. Of course  
magic is failing if you're around.

Jamboree stomps out. Holly goes back down to her sheets. She notices the harmonica on the desk.

Her eyes grow wide. She flips a sheet over and scribbles.

INT. EDDIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eddie paces. A BILLOW of purple smoke and Jamboree re-enters.

JAMBOREE  
Let's get this wish finalized!

EDDIE  
Yo, I don't know. Maybe Aunt Carol-

JAMBOREE  
You are about to get your ultimate  
desire. YOUR. ULTIMATE. DESIRE.

EDDIE  
Yeah... that's what's up! Jambo, I  
wish to be the ultimate crime lord!

JAMBOREE  
Here comes that king bed.

Jamboree shakes his bangles. Nothing happens.

JAMBOREE (CONT'D)  
Maybe you mumbled. Try again.

EDDIE  
I wish to be the best crime lord  
ever! It's gonna be so sick...

A little alert pops up from his bangle: WISH NOT ELIGIBLE.

JAMBOREE  
Maybe somebody already wished that.  
Try the second best crime lord.

EDDIE  
Nobody wants to be the second best  
crime lord!

JAMBOREE  
Make a different wish. Any wish!

EDDIE  
Nah. You don't get to play me. I  
don't get mine, you don't get  
yours. Crime lord energy!

Eddie picks up the lamp and slides it down the trash chute.

INT. HOLLY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jamboree bursts in.

HOLLY  
Before anyone blames anyone: this  
is your fault.

JAMBOREE

What did you do?

HOLLY

You found the issue! When people wish for what they want, they don't *actually* get what they want.

She flips over a whiteboard. Written on it: Cosmic Satisfaction: '*intent of wish*' + '*future happiness projection*' ÷ '*actual wish*'.

JAMBOREE

You added math to magic. Why would you do that to magic??

HOLLY

Wishes are intended for positive change, but nothing enforces it. With "Cosmic Satisfaction", a wish has to have address the real need to be granted. Take a past wish...  
(reads from his file)  
Number 212: Jeff Holcomb wished to "make all Baking Benny's customers get diarrhea". Which... you did.

JAMBOREE

That's a very technical wish.

HOLLY

How did diarrhea to a rival business's customers help Jeff? His bakery still failed. He wanted success. New branding, improved ingredients, business education: all would be cosmically-satisfying.

JAMBOREE

You can donate every other wish to UNICEF. Just do it after I've retired. I'm so close!

HOLLY

I've met a few genies, so my sample size is small, but you're the worst one. And the ideal guinea pig to test this. If you can get cosmic satisfaction, every genie can. Magic is saved. Then you're free and you've made one good wish!

Jamboree clenches his fist.



JAMBOREE

If I can even find a new client  
before midnight.

HOLLY

You're in the city. You'll find a  
new owner like that!

EXT. CITY RECYCLING CENTER - MORNING

Jamboree looks around the wasteland. He rubs his temple. A  
MAN picks Jamboree's lamp out of a pile of recyclables.

JAMBOREE

Sir! You look like a samaritan who  
wants the betterment of mankind.

The man turns: his face shows a very realistic tattoo of a  
knife stabbing through his cheek.

JAMBOREE (CONT'D)

Sweet tetanus!

Jamboree hurries off. He finds a WOMAN near the bottle weigh-  
in. She hisses at him. He looks for any other person...

TEACHER (O.S.)

Everyone say thanks to Mr.  
Gershowitz for the great tour.

CHILDREN

Thanks, Mr. Gershowitz.

A class of kids load onto a school-bus, while a TEACHER  
shakes hands with a recycling center EMPLOYEE. Jamboree looks  
at the bus, and then back at the ghouls in the center.

INT. SCHOOL-BUS - CONTINUOUS

The teacher, MS. OAKLEY, hands out snacks down the bus. She  
stops at LYLE, bookish fourth-grader, who sits alone.

MS. OAKLEY

Did you like the field trip, Lyle?

LYLE

Awesome! I got some yogurt on my  
pants from a recycled container,  
but I learned a lot. Like how to  
wash out rancid yogurt!

Ms. Oakley takes her seat in the front. A SPITBALL hits Lyle in the head. He turns around to see DORIAN, faux-hawked fourth-grader. Lyle brushes it off and looks out the window.

A small puff of purple smoke: Jamboree sits beside him.

LYLE (CONT'D)

I don't know you. Ms. Oakle--

Jamboree conjures an ice cream cone. Lyle puts his hand down. Jamboree slides down in the seat to not be seen.

JAMBOREE

There's more if you help me. Who is the best person you know? I need to find some sucker to make a sucker wish like... help someone else.

LYLE

I like that. I try to do something nice every day. That way the world can be as good as we want it to be!

Jamboree looks at Lyle: wait a minute.

JAMBOREE

If you could make a wish, what would it be?

LYLE

I'd do something for Ms. Oakley. She helps me a lot. Maybe a puppy!

Jamboree replaces the ice cream with a puppy.

LYLE (CONT'D)

Whoa! I don't think she'd actually want a puppy.

The puppy is replaced by the lamp.

JAMBOREE

I can do anything. All you have to do is wish for it.

LYLE

Where'd the puppy go? Is he dead?

JAMBOREE

It's complicated. What's your wish?

LYLE

I wish Ms. Oakley had--

Lyle gets hit with a spitball. He brushes it out of his hair.

LYLE (CONT'D)

I wish--

A spitball hits his eye. As Dorian chews another, Jamboree shakes his bangles. The paper enlarges until Dorian can't close his mouth. Lyle is transfixed.

LYLE (CONT'D)

... you got him to stop.

JAMBOREE

Finally. Give me your nicest wish!

LYLE

Punch him as hard as you can!

INT. HOLLY'S OFFICE - DAY

HOOPLA, a dull genie dressed similarly to Jamboree, bores Holly with a story.

HOOPLA

-- so he says: I wish for the 'raising the dead' rule to not apply. I've never broken the rules. But it's a small town, and I'm feeling naughty. Before you know it, the whole city is undead and--

Jamboree appears.

JAMBOREE

Sorry to interrupt the brains story, but I'm borrowing Holly.

Jamboree disappears, taking Holly with him.

HOOPLA

Aw, you ruined the--  
(to no one)  
... the next 60 wishes were brains.  
Which is why you don't resurrect.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - LATER

Holly and Jamboree stand over Lyle.

JAMBOREE

Tell her what you told me.

LYLE

I want him to punch Dorian.

Jamboree's bangles display a red "X".

JAMBOREE

This is what he wants with his one wish.

LYLE

I thought I got three wishes?

JAMBOREE

A lot's changing around here!  
(to Holly)  
Here's the flaw in your cosmic whatever. He wants something awful and it's all he wants. Look at that black heart.

Lyle waves 'hi'. Holly bends down to meet Lyle's eye-line.

HOLLY

Why do you want Dorian to be punched?

LYLE

He punches ME all the time. And he kicks me and calls me names.

HOLLY

He bullies you! Great!  
(off his look)  
Great... that I understand your problem. If he stopped messing with you, even if Jamboree didn't hit him, would that make your wish?

LYLE

I guess so.

HOLLY

There! The wish behind the wish.

JAMBOREE

Kid, can I punch someone else?

INT. SCHOOL - BATHROOM DOOR - LATER

Jamboree looks out. Holly places Lyle by the door.

HOLLY

Everyone's too scared to be nice to him. Kill him with kindness!

JAMBOREE

Here he comes.

Jamboree and Holly disappear in purple smoke as Dorian approaches the bathroom.

LYLE

Hi! Let me get the door for you.

DORIAN

Thanks! Let me get the seat for you.

INT. SCHOOL BATHROOM - STALL - MOMENTS LATER

Dorian gives Lyle a swirly.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - LATER

Lyle's wet hair is wrapped in gym shorts. A PE class runs by.

JAMBOREE

Being nice was never going to work. You have to take him down a peg. Say you were bullying me. I'd say: 'hey now that you've lost your baby teeth, is your baby voice next?'

Lyle's head sags.

JAMBOREE (CONT'D)

How is your confidence now?

LYLE

Bad.

JAMBOREE

Bingo.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - LATER

Lyle approaches Dorian, eating lunch.

LYLE

Hey Dorian, did you lose your baby teeth? Because, um...

Jamboree gives him thumbs up from the back of the room.

LYLE (CONT'D)

Because you should put them under your pillow. You'll get money.

DORIAN

What? I couldn't hear you. Maybe I will when you lose your baby voice.

Lyle walks back to Jamboree, head low.

LYLE

Do I really have a baby voice?

JAMBOREE

No, no. We just accidentally made up with the same fake-insult.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - LATER

Holly, Jamboree and Lyle sit on the swings.

HOLLY

We need to shift his focus off you. What about him?

She points at a DWEEB on the swings.

LYLE

Richard? He's my only friend.

JAMBOREE

To another kid? That doesn't sound so cosmically satisfying.

HOLLY

This one is going to work, and then you're free.

JAMBOREE

No way you think this is working.

HOLLY

This is EXACTLY how it works.

JAMBOREE

Then roll it out. For all wish-artists.

HOLLY

...the data supports this approach. Why not save magic sooner?

Holly brings up a MAGIC MAP. There are fifty lamp icons over the world. One lamp: Jamboree, is orange. The rest are purple. Holly enters a code and all the lamps turn orange.

Lyle reluctantly walks to Dorian. On his way, Richard waves at him. Lyle half-heartedly waves back.

DORIAN

What do you want, tiny-nards?

LYLE

Richard... said your mom is stupid.

DORIAN

What!

Dorian marches to Richard. Lyle watches as he yells, points at Lyle, and knocks Richard off the see-saw. Dorian returns.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

That was pretty cool you told me.  
Maybe we can be friends.

LYLE

I'd like that!

DORIAN

So would your tiny-nards!

Dorian swiftly kicks Lyle in the groin. He hits the ground.

DORIAN (CONT'D)

I'm not friends with snitches!

Lyle rolls in the dirt. Richard stops over him.

RICHARD

You're not my friend. Baby voice!

JAMBOREE

It's so nice to make a good wish.

Holly's phone rings: JENNIFER.

HOLLY

Jennifer, hi. I'm in the field. The new wish system is testing great!

INT. JENNIFER'S OFFICE - DAY

A CROWD OF GENIES fill Jennifer's office.

JENNIFER

Then why is my office filled with  
nonplussed wish-artists?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

HOLLY

The new system may take getting  
used to, but tell them --

JENNIFER

The Suez Canal is clearer than this  
new rule. Fix it!

END INTERCUT

Holly checks her magic map. It displays red checkmarks all  
around the globe. She grimaces.

HOLLY

Just... keep trying with him. Your  
freedom depends on this too!

She clicks one of the X's and she disappears in purple smoke.  
Lyle hobbles back over, holding his crotch.

LYLE

I don't want magic anymore.

JAMBOREE

No! I can figure it out. Give me  
until tonight, and you'll be  
happier than a zeppelin salesman  
who retired in 1936.

Lyle stares at him.

JAMBOREE (CONT'D)

The Hindenburg went down in... I  
can stop using that one.

The recess bell rings. Lyle saunters off to his class.  
Jamboree notices Ms. Oakley calling children in to her class.

INT. FIRST GRADE CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ms. Oakley kneels in front of a line of kids. She takes a  
tissue and puts it on the nose of JEREMY, the front child.

MS. OAKLEY

Blow. Harder! Harder!

He fills his tissue with snot. Jamboree watches, repulsed.



MS. OAKLEY (CONT'D)

Flu season. They won't do it on their own. If I get sick. Then mama can't get her D-R-I-N-K on.

JAMBOREE

I'm... Carol. Lyle's uncle.

MS. OAKLEY

Yeah, I've seen your get-up here before. Or maybe that was the Halloween costume party.

JAMBOREE

Lyle's been getting bullied.

MS. OAKLEY

Dorian. Yeah.

JAMBOREE

How long has it been going on?

MS. OAKLEY

Look I don't mind meeting with family but I got 20 noses here. I can't talk right now unless...

She offers him a tissue. He bends down, reticently taking the tissue, and holds it to the snottiest, FIRST GRADE GIRL ever. She blows everything she has into his hand.

JAMBOREE

How do you get through this?

MS. OAKLEY

A teacher's bar called 'Detention'. It's how I sleep through the snottmares. Where was I? I don't know why they stopped being friends.

JAMBOREE

They were friends?

MS. OAKLEY

Inseparable. Constant Twin Day partners. But a year ago, Dorian started coming in mean.

A little boy blows everything he has into Jamboree's tissue.

MS. OAKLEY (CONT'D)

Lyle got it the worst, but he's a nightmare to everyone. Except his mom. Perfect angel to her.

JAMBOREE

So his mom makes him behave...

EXT. EGYPT - DAY

Holly and SARCASTIC GENIE stand in front of the pyramids.

SARCASTIC GENIE

What 'wish behind the wish'? He  
wants his face on the Sphinx.

INT. HOME - DAY

DISGUSTED GENIE and Holly wait outside a teenager's bedroom.

DISGUSTED GENIE

I don't WANT to know why he needs  
it that big.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - DAY

NO-DUH GENIE and Holly watch an unfit man double-dribble a  
basketball before banking it off the backboard.

NO-DUH GENIE

I know why he wants to be an NBA  
center. Look at him.

No-Duh Genie storms off towards his master, GARY.

NO-DUH GENIE (CONT'D)

I don't have the magic to make you  
good enough for the Knicks, Gary.  
How about the Wizards?

Holly taps her bangle and brings up the Global Happiness  
Chart. The graph shows even more decline.

EXT. DORIAN'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Dorian gets off the school bus. Jamboree follows.

He creeps around to the window of Dorian's room. Dorian is on  
the computer, cyber-bullying on a St. Jude's message board.

JAMBOREE

I might punch this kid anyway.

A MAN enters the room, yelling. Something about 'using his  
laptop' and 'screen time'. He slams the laptop closed.

Dorian's Mom enters, yelling at the man. The man makes threatening gestures towards her. Dorian protects her. The man grabs the laptop and leaves the room, shoving Dorian hard on his way. Dorian hugs his mom.

DORIAN'S MOM

Give your stepdad time. It's only been a year.

JAMBOREE

A year? That's how long Dorian's messed with Lyle. This guy's the problem! If Lyle wishes him out, that's cosmic satisfac--

(stops himself)

It's the last wish I have to make.

Jamboree stalks off... and stops.

JAMBOREE (CONT'D)

Wait a minute... a year ago.

MS. OAKLEY (V.O.)

I've seen your get-up here before.

INT. JAMBOREE'S LAMP - CONTINUOUS

A puff of smoke: Jamboree appears. Holly is by his twin bed.

HOLLY

So the system may need some tweaks. God, you still sleep on this?

JAMBOREE

It's working great. All my clients get beaten.

HOLLY

This is on you too!

JAMBOREE

I didn't want to fix magic. I want one thing, and it starts with "honeymoon" and ends with "suite comma Regency Hotel comma Checkout Successful"!

HOLLY

I read your file. You weren't tricked into being a genie like the rest. You volunteered! And I know why it took so long to get to 100.

(reads file)

(MORE)

HOLLY (CONT'D)

"Invisibility for Curves gym",  
 "make bomb", "Shakey's teenager  
 finds me hot". All denied wishes.  
 You have the highest rejected wish  
 ratio. The guy that wouldn't grant  
 those awful wishes is in this lamp.

JAMBOREE

Then turn off Cosmic Satisfaction  
 if you're so sure.

Holly considers. She taps a few things on her bangles.

HOLLY

It's off.

Jamboree stalks through the door marked "LAMP".

INT. LYLE'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Jamboree appears. Lyle is laying on his bed, icing his groin.

JAMBOREE

Ooof. How's it hanging, kid?

Lyle rolls over in bed.

JAMBOREE (CONT'D)

I know you had a gen-- wish-artist  
 before me. Ms. Oakley said someone  
 else in my get-up was around. Did  
 you wish for Dorian to get hurt? Is  
 his stepfather your wish?

LYLE

He bullied me first.

JAMBOREE

But it didn't help did it? I think  
 if we reverse it...

LYLE

No! I'm not some nice-wish sucker!  
 If you won't beat him up, I will.

Lyle grabs the lamp.

LYLE (CONT'D)

I wish to be super big and strong.

JAMBOREE

Lyle, this isn't you.

LYLE

I'm not going to make any other wish, so if you want to be free...

JAMBOREE

Jamboree.

Jamboree shakes his bangles. Lyle's body INFLATES with muscle as he becomes a Hercu-Lyle. His head stays the same size.

The bangles show The Wish Count turning from 99 to 100, and fade off Jamboree's wrists.

LYLE

Dorian is never gonna beat me up again. I'm so strong!

Lyle gets down to do push-ups. He does one and gets up.

LYLE (CONT'D)

Did you see?

Jamboree is gone.

MONTAGE - PREVIOUS GENIE PROBLEMS SCENES

- No-Duh Genie shakes his bangles. They GLOW.
- Gary dunks over JULIUS RANDLE (starter for Knicks) in practice. He hangs off the net, thrusting in the air.
- A TEEN BOY points his phone down his pants while Disgusted Genie shivers in disgust.
- A TOURIST takes a selfie with the Sphinx. It has his face.

INT. REGENCY HOTEL - EVENING

A BELLHOP shows Jamboree a humongous room. The bed is longer than he is tall. He dusts off the bed spread.

BELLHOP

1500 thread count. They said it couldn't be done. Enjoy the best sleep of your life.

INT. REGENCY HOTEL - LATER

Jamboree pulls the covers up to his nose. He settles in, getting snug. He closes his eyes and drifts to...

His eyes pop open. Jamboree re-settles in again, turning to his side. He exhales deeply...

The lamp flips on. Jamboree grabs a hotel eye mask from the bedside table and rolls onto his stomach...

The eye mask hits the wall. Jamboree sits up in bed.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Jamboree walks the street. Homeless people sleeping under newspaper. Stores going out of business. Upstairs neighbors yelling at each other.

EDDIE (O.S.)

Jambo.

Eddie walks down the stoop of a building.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You owe me a wish.

JAMBOREE

I'm retired.

EDDIE

Ah. It was against the rules,  
anyway. Thought I'd still try.

Eddie heads back inside the MORTUARY. About twelve PALLBEARERS carry out a GOLDEN CASKET, "CAROL" written in jewels. They load it into a lifted hearse with spinners.

INT. JENNIFER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Holly enters. She is carrying a box full of her belongings.

JENNIFER

So you're quitting?

HOLLY

Fired.

JENNIFER

I didn't fire you.

HOLLY

I fired myself. I couldn't fix  
global happiness. In fact, I made  
happiness worse. I made sad.

JENNIFER

Sit down.

Holly flops onto the couch.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Data only gets you so far. I had no idea if you were going to fix magic. And so far, I'm really wrong!

Holly shoots her a look.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

According to the data! Data isn't everything. Believe in your solution. If you don't think cosmic satisfaction is the answer, go. If you do, make us believe it too.

She considers for a second.

HOLLY

That Massimo wish. Can I re-do it?

INT. "DETENTION" BAR - NIGHT

Jamboree spots Ms. Oakley. She's alone in a booth pouring beer from a 60 ounce TOWER DISPENSER.

MS. OAKLEY

Hey! Booger bud!

INT. "DETENTION" BAR - LATER

Two half-empty towers sit between Jamboree and Ms. Oakley.

JAMBOREE

So the next 60 wishes were brains!

MS. OAKLEY

That's a long, weird joke!

(beat)

I don't think those tissues worked. I'm starting to feel that pre-flu.

JAMBOREE

We blew thirty noses for nothing?

MS. OAKLEY

That's teaching. Not that I don't enjoy the company, but what are you doing here?

JAMBOREE

You said this is how you sleep at night. I had to try it.

MS. OAKLEY

You haven't tried booze? It's the best. Makes your feel pretty good about world hunger, and Ukraine, and everything else that's fucked.

JAMBOREE

Right! You get it. Like the tissues. You tried, but it didn't matter.

MS. OAKLEY

Everything sucks!

JAMBOREE

Take your students. Who knows if you'll make them better people?

MS. OAKLEY

Especially Tyler McDill. If that kid could drive, and he hit me with his car, I know he'd keep going.

JAMBOREE

There's no changing anybody. Bottoms up!

She pounds the last of her beer and starts filling another glass. She goes for another sip... but pauses.

MS. OAKLEY

Except... I just can't fix world hunger, or Ukraine. I would if I could. So booze helps. At least with my kids... Probably not, but, maybe... that will matter. I think it will. Thats how I really sleep at night.

Jamboree lets this sink in.

INT. DORIAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dorian plays Nintendo.



DORIAN  
Tiny-nard Mario.

LYLE (O.S.)  
Dorian! You're the tiny-nard!

Dorian looks out the window. He sees Lyle in his driveway.

EXT. DORIAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Dorian comes stomping out of his house. Lyle steps out from behind the car, towering over Dorian.

LYLE  
We used to be friends!

Lyle raises his gargantuan fist and brings it down.

Jamboree arrives! He knocks Dorian out of the way.

LYLE (CONT'D)  
You're helping him? You watched him  
beat me up all day!

Lyle takes a swipe at Jamboree. He narrowly avoids it.  
Jamboree rolls out of the way of another punch.

JAMBOREE  
Lyle! Hitting Dorian is not what  
you want. What you really want.

Lyle goes back to Dorian. Jamboree shields him.

JAMBOREE (CONT'D)  
If you hurt him, you're gonna be  
like me. You're better than that.

Lyle hesitates. He looks into Dorian's face.

DORIAN (V.O.)  
Tiny-nards! Tiny-nards! Tiny-nards!

Lyle punches, hitting Jamboree. He goes flying, landing hard on pavement. His eyes flutter. Everything fades to black.

LATER

DORIAN  
Is he dead?

Jamboree comes to. Holly is over him, trying to wake him up.

HOLLY

You're alive! But guess what's even better than that? Cosmic satisfaction works!

JAMBOREE

What happened?

HOLLY

You died. No. You didn't die? Wish-Artists can't bring back the dead.

JAMBOREE

Which wish-artist-- oh hell, it's *genie*. Who brought me back?

Holly holds up her wrists: she's wearing bangles.

JAMBOREE (CONT'D)

You're a genie now?

HOLLY

I needed to believe that cosmic satisfaction worked. So Jennifer made me a genie. Watch: Holly!

Holly conjures a harmonica. She plays it poorly.

Hercu-Lyle shyly creeps over.

LYLE

Sorry I almost killed you. But I didn't hit Dorian. We're friends now! Aren't we, Dorian's stepdad?

Dorian's STEPFATHER is bruised, laying in the driveway.

STEPFATHER

When I get up, you are so--

Lyle hits him with another huge fist. Dorian laughs.

JAMBOREE

Why would saving my life be cosmically satisfying?

HOLLY

I didn't just save your life.

Jamboree holds up his wrists: he has bangles again.

JAMBOREE

No!

HOLLY

The formula projects you can do  
more long term good as a genie than  
as a man. Welcome back! And look:

She pulls out the Global Happiness graph. It went up a hair.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

Dorian stopped bullying Lyle.  
Lyle's wish counted! Wish number  
one down: Ninety-nine more to go.

Jamboree puts his head in his hands.

HOLLY (CONT'D)

I made a couple other changes...

INT. JAMBOREE'S LAMP - NIGHT

Jamboree stands over a brand new California King bed. He  
flops down onto it. Falls asleep instantly.

INT. JAMBOREE'S LAMP - DAY

A big "alert" wakes Jamboree up: WISH INCOMING.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Jamboree steps out into the sunlight. Dorian holds his lamp.

JAMBOREE

No!

THE END.