

ONE LAST WISH

Written by

Corey Hope Kaplan and Craig Murray Renwick

1127 Columbia Street, South Pasadena, CA 91030  
310-721-8373

FADE IN

CU OF A DIGITAL CLOCK

Time: 6:59am

The early morning light is just beginning to fill the room.

The clock turns over to 7:00am and the alarm goes off.

CU of a hand that has reached over and hits the snooze button.

We hear an audible moan. A moan coming obviously from a male that doesn't want to get up.

Hold on the alarm clock and we suddenly see a set of cat legs that has now jumped upon the same surface as the alarm clock. There is an audible "meow".

We hear the male voice moan again and say "Ok, ok, ok, I'm up!"

CUT TO THE MALE FIGURE NOW SITTING ON THE EDGE OF THE BED WITH HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS

The hands slide down and we see a male, early 40's, short dark hair, a little messy from sleep. He has a friendly face but it has aged a little more than his real age. His name is **Terry Cowan**.

POV from Terry looking down at the cat as it looks up at him.

"Ok Churchill, let's get some breakfast"

CUT TO THE TERRY WALKING DOWN THE HALLWAY WITH THE CAT FOLLOWING

Series of cuts of him feeding the cat, getting coffee and cereal and morning activities.

CUT TO TERRY IN BEDROOM GETTING DRESSED FOR WORK

He puts on jeans, sneakers, black T-Shirt.

He pulls a shirt off the back of the chair and puts it on.

CUT TO TERRY LOOKING AT HIS REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR

We see the shirt has a patch on the right side that says...

"U-LOCK-IT STORAGE"

On the other side is another patch that reads...

"Terry"

He pats down the stray hairs that are sticking up and sighs with seeing some grey hairs.

CUT TO THE KITCHEN

We see Terry opening the fridge to reach in to get his brown paper bag with his lunch. The fridge is pretty spartan with just a few items like mustard, ketchup, a package of hot dogs, milk, a juice bottle almost empty. It is a sad state.

CUT TO TERRY EXITING THE FRONT DOOR

Terry picks up the keys and opens the door. He stops, turns and calls to Churchill the cat.

TERRY COWAN

Ok Churchill, keep an eye on the house.

CUT TO CHURCHILL SPRAWLED OUT SLEEPING ON THE SOFA

CUT TO TERRY EXTERIOR - TERRY'S HOUSE

Terry exits the house, crosses over the wooden porch and takes a step down. There is a crack in the first step and his foot gets caught in the crack for a second.

Terry sighs again and steps down and over to his old car sitting in the driveway.

He gets in, starts it and pulls out and heads down through his neighborhood.

It is a nice neighborhood with tree lined streets but it has seen better times. As he drives we see him taking things in. He comes to a stop sign and there is an elderly gentleman (Mr. Wilson, age 73, 5ft 8, thin and mostly bald) with an old dog ready to cross the street but he recognizes Terry.

MR. WILSON

Mornin' Terry, how's things?

TERRY COWAN

Fine Mr. Wilson. You and Buddy heading to the park?

MR. WILSON

Yes...he needs his exercise and so do I. (Mr. Wilson laughs and Terry laughs along with him)

Mr. Wilson smiles and waves as he crosses the street slowly.

Terry waits then pulls ahead when it is safe.

He drives ahead and enters the state highway.

He reaches to turn on the radio.

It is an old school radio with pre-set memory buttons. He turns it on and hits the first button. We hear this...

*"The lord wants you to give him a call...TODAY! Just dial 1-800-UR-MADE, that's 1-800-877-2833. Coming up next..."*

Terry pushes the next button.

*"for all you farmers...cause who the heck would be listening to this right?...the latest heirloom seeds are now..."*

Terry pushes the next button.

*"Don't forget folks, next weekend is the 50th anniversary of the Inverness County Fair. If you have a craft, skill or a singer there is still time to sign up but only by the end of today. And for all you strong men you can sign up to be in the Inverness Highland Games with caber toss, hammer toss and more so..."*

Terry pushes the next button.

On the radio comes a song that Terry loves. A big smile comes to his face and his fingers are tapping the steering wheel to the beat.

POV from the front seat to the exterior. We see a sign that says...

*"Thanks for visiting Inverness - Where the highlands come to you - Ache aye!"*

CUT BACK TO TERRY DRIVING AND TAPPING THE BEAT OF THE SONG

POV of turning on to a driveway.

Terry is slowing down and pulling into a gated facility. The sign reads...

*"U-Lock-It Storage"*

Terry parks, exits and walks into the main office. It is an office that has not really changed it's decor since the mid 70's. Wood paneling, 70's era lighting, accent colors of that era.

POV from Terry we see at the desk up front is a young girl, mid 20's, shoulder length brown hair, plain but not unattractive, quiet and sheepish. It's **Ashley Morrison**. She handles the bookkeeping, phones, etc.

There is an inner office that has the door partially open. It's Terry's boss, **Walter Murray**. He is overweight, 5ft 8, almost all bald except for a ring of grey hair and some sweeps of hair that is combed over on top. He is in his early 60's, slightly hard of hearing, refuses to get hearing aids and in a perpetual mood of grumpy.

WALTER MURRAY

(Yelling to Terry from his office - we don't see him yet) Where the hell have you been? We need to start on time! 9am...right???

We see the clock and it reads 9:01am.

TERRY COWAN

(Low enough that Walter can't really hear) Ok, Walter I won't put my shoes on next time.

WALTER MURRAY

What did you say?

Terry almost yells.

TERRY COWAN

I will make better use of my time Walter and get here on time.

WALTER MURRAY

Damn straight you better...that is if you want your paycheck!

Terry looks over at Ashley with a half smile. She smiles a bit but then lowers her head to the keyboard in case she gets caught.

Walter gets up and comes to the door.

WALTER MURRAY (CONT'D)

Terry some loser didn't pay up for his storage unit after Ashley sent notices so we...you...needs to clear it out.

TERRY COWAN

Ok Walt, I'll take care of it. No problem.

WALTER MURRAY

I don't think there is much in there...books, files I think and well...crap! Just junk the whole thing and clean it out. I need a paying person...and can ya get it done today?

TERRY COWAN

No problem Walt, Terry's got it handled.

Walter gets a look on his face that is a) annoyed and b) tired.

CUT TO TERRY NOW WALKING THROUGH THE STORAGE UNIT YARD

We see Terry going down the passages of units, they are open to the elements and air. Terry is swinging the set of keys around his fingers and whistling.

He turns the last corner, sees the row of numbers. He lifts the key up. CU of the storage room number "777".

CUT TO TERRY UNLOCKING 777

He pulls up the roll top door until it is in it's secure position.

Terry reaches in and turns on the interior light.

We now see the contents which is a lot worse than Walter described. There are boxes piled on top of more boxes. A couple pieces of old furniture and plenty of books.

Terry steps in and inspects the contents. He moves a few boxes to the outside so he can get farther into the room. The pathway leads to an old wooden desk. The desk looks like it was set up to be used by someone as if they were using the desk to write. There is a black Underwood typewriter sitting center on the desk with a sheet of paper rolled in ready to be used but there was nothing written.

We see a number of old classic fountain pens placed to the left of the desk blotter. There is mariner's sextant, a ship in a bottle, some old rolled maps and a framed photo next to a book.

Terry picks up and wipes the dust off the framed photo.

We see a beautiful young women wearing an embroidered sweater. She is smiling like she knew who was taking the photo. Her hair is dark, curly and sits neatly on her shoulders and she is holding one white rose. It has the appearance that it as taken in the 1920's. Terry looks a bit longer. He almost has the feeling he knows her.

He returns back to the desk and picks up the book covered in dust. Brushes the dust off and we see the title.

"1001 ARABIAN NIGHTS"

Terry smiles and flips it open. There are beautiful color illustration plates and he stops to look at one with a young man sitting on a flying carpet soaring over a beautiful castle. He closes the book and puts it back, turns and starts to remove items and toss them into the dumpster just outside the door.

We see a series of images of him lifting and chucking boxes and stuff into the dumpster.

CUT TO THE LAST BOX TO BE DUMPED

Terry goes to the far corner, lifts it up but the bottom breaks open and the contents spill out on to the floor.

We see the contents. There are old letters written on faded old paper tied up with red ribbons, an autographed baseball, a fedora, a woman's embroidered sweater and a tall ornate brass bottle with writing on it Terry doesn't know what language.

Terry empties out a sturdy box and puts the contents that is on the floor into the new box. He also puts in the contents on the desk into the box but as he places the sweater in there he puts it down on the desk and picks up the photo of the women. She is wearing the same sweater. He puts the photo in the box and sets it outside the door along with the typewriter.

CUT TO THE END OF THE DAY

We see Terry enter the main office we saw earlier. He walks in and calls back to Walter.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

Hey Walt, everything's done. I cleaned the four units that were vacant and chucked the stuff in 777 in the dumpster and oh...I fixed the broken lamp on the security cam so you should be good now. I'll see you in the morning.

WALTER MURRAY  
 (Yelling from his office) And WHAT  
 time tomorrow?

TERRY COWAN  
 9am...on the dot!

WALTER MURRAY  
 Damn right Bubba.

Terry turns and smiles at Ashley and starts towards the door but turns and steps to Ashley's desk. He leans in slightly so only Ashley can hear.

TERRY COWAN  
 (Quietly) I know you love to read so I put a box of books from 777 in your car. (He reaches into his pocket and pulls out one of the fountain pens from 777) Oh and I also know you like to write so this pen will come in handy for creating your stories.

Terry puts the beautiful pen down.

ASHLEY MORRISON  
 (Whispering) Is this ok?

TERRY COWAN  
 (Whispering back) It would only end up in the dumpster so I say it's ok.

Terry smiles, turns and exits.

CUT TO TERRY GETTING OUT OF HIS CAR IN HIS DRIVEWAY

We see him exit the car, open the trunk, take two boxes out and closes the trunk. Mr. Wilson and Buddy are just passing by.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)  
 Oh hi Mr. Wilson. You and Buddy heading home?

MR. WILSON  
 Yes Terry I think we had plenty of exercise today.

Mr. Wilson spies the two boxes.



MR. WILSON (CONT'D)  
(With a smile) You rob the book store?

TERRY COWAN  
Oh no, we had a unit that needed to be cleaned out and I couldn't just dump the books. Would you like a couple?

MR. WILSON  
Could I?

TERRY COWAN  
Oh course. In fact I think I have one you'll love.

Terry reaches into the box and pulls a hard bound book and hands it to Mr. Wilson.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)  
Here you go...Moby Dick!

MR. WILSON  
Thank you Terry. You know what Terry, I've never read it. Planned to but...other things...you know...get in the way.

Mr. Wilson looks at the contents of the other box.

MR. WILSON (CONT'D)  
Looks like you may have some treasures in there.

TERRY COWAN  
Oh I don't know but they captured my attention. I'll dust them off and see if I have a place for them here at home. I love the ship in the bottle and typewriter but I'm not sure about some of the other things like that brass bottle with the fancy lettering on it. Maybe I'll take that and a couple other things to the antique shop and get some cash for them.

Mr. Wilson feels the tug from Buddy.

MR. WILSON  
Well I better be on my way. Buddy is hungry.

TERRY COWAN

Yes, I better get in as well before Churchill gets upset with me as well.

CUT TO INTERIOR OF TERRY'S HOUSE

We see Terry closing the door and the two boxes are now inside.

Churchill meows at him just after closing the front door.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

Ok Churchill, ok...it's not that you would starve to death in this house.

Churchill meows a short one.

CUT TO THE KITCHEN - IT IS AFTER DINNER

Terry sits at the small kitchen table. He is finished his microwave dinner, eating from the container. Churchill is sitting on the table too finishing his dinner.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

Yet another fine gourmet dinner Churchill? Ahhh yes nothing but the best canned and frozen dinner for us. Right buddy? (Terry sighs)

Terry gets up from the table, scratches the top of Churchill's head and takes the silverware to be cleaned to the sink.

He places the dishes in the sink and turns on the tap.

Suddenly there is water spraying everywhere from a leak in the tap spraying Terry in the face and shooting up in the air! Terry lets out a loud groan. He shuts off the water and his face, hair and shirt are wet. He grabs the dish towel and wipes himself down a bit.

Terry opens the doors under the sink and pulls out a wrench and some plumbing tape. It would appear that this has happened before. He wraps some more plumbing tape and tightens the fitting. He sighs from aggravation.

CUT TO TERRY MAKING AFTER DINNER INSTANT COFFEE

Terry brings the kettle over to the gas burner and turns it on. Nothing. He tries waving his hand over the burner to get it going.

It sparks up but only have of the burner has any flames. Terry grunts again and turns the burner next to it and that one works. Again another sigh.

CUT TO THE SMALL LIVING ROOM - TERRY HAVING COFFEE

Terry has brought both of the boxes over next to the sofa and taking items out, cleaning them with the rags and cleaning solution that sits on the coffee table.

He takes a drink of coffee and cleans the fountain pens. They are beautiful, classic old school pens. Then he cleans the sextant, then wipes off a set of books - "1001 Arabian Nights", "MS. Found In A Bottle", "The Lion, The Witch, and the Wardrobe and a few others.

Terry picks up the photo of the woman. He decided that maybe there are clues in the frame so he pries open the back and carefully slides the brittle old photo out. Once it was free something dropped on to the floor. He looks down and picks very delicate dried white rose petals. The woman in the photo is holding a white rose. These must be the petals from that rose?

Terry turns over the photo and at the bottom right hand corner is a label that reads "53rd Street Photo Studio, NY, NY". And hand written on the back is a message that reads...

*"William,*

*If you stop having adventures, you stop being alive. Good luck with your search in Bagdad.*

*Love Sylvia XO"*

He returns the photo and petals back into the frame and places it on the coffee table. Drinks more coffee.

Terry then reaches down and pulls the large brass colored bottle out of the box. He turns it carefully to see the lettering that looks it's in Arabic. He then sees an image in relief on the larger bowl like bottom section. There is some sticky substance on that area and Terry gets some of it on his fingers. He picks up the rag, wipes his hands and sprays more on the rag and wipes that area strongly to clean the substance off.

Suddenly there is a low rumble shaking the house. It starts off low and then it starts to get intense. It feels like an earthquake.

A bright flash of lights fills the entire room blinding Terry and scaring Churchill. The bottle drops from Terry's hands to the floor. The shaking stops.

The light was so blinding Terry can't see. He rubs his eyes in an effort to get his vision back.

POV from Terry's eyes.

His vision is starting to clear and he sees a blurry human figure in front of him. Startled he falls backward and the sofa falls backward with him and Terry hits his head and is knocked out.

CUT TO TERRY'S BEDROOM - NEXT DAY - MORNING

Terry is lying in bed with a cold cloth resting on his forehead.

We see Terry's eyes start to open a bit. His arm reaches up to the cloth.

In the distance we hear noises in the other room. It sounds like dishes being moved.

Terry's eyes are now open from hearing the noise. He tries to get up but he feels the some pain in his head but he just gets up regardless.

He goes to the closet and slowly opens it up, reaches in and pulls out a baseball bat. He takes a firm grip and slowly moves to the door.

Terry hears more noises and it is coming from the kitchen. He slowly and quietly moves into the hallway with the baseball bat poised to strike at the intruder.

He hears more noises in the kitchen. It sounds like utensils and plates being used and whoever this is they are humming /singing some song.

Just as Terry comes into full view of the kitchen this stranger / intruder comes into the living room holding a plate with scrambled eggs, toast and a glass of orange juice.

The Intruder is roughly 6ft tall, thin build, short dark hair combed back and he is wearing a very nice tailored dark blue suit with a yellow cravat.

They see each other and Terry takes a big swing with the bat at this intruder. But the bat magically goes through empty air where once that intruder stood. That person just disappeared.

Terry is confused and looks from side to side.

There comes a voice from behind Terry...

"Now that wouldn't be nice to go ruin the breakfast I made for you, would it?"

Terry quickly turns around with the bat in full swing, seeing this intruder but he disappears once again.

The voice now comes from the sofa and the intruder is sitting there putting the plate on the coffee table...

"Seriously??? You only had a couple eggs in the fridge. Do you want to go and waste them??"

Terry is holding the bat up to strike again.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)  
(Yelling) WHO THE HELL ARE YOU!!!!??

INTRUDER  
Well I most certainly am not from hell I'll have you know. There are some truly unsavory individuals that come from there. I knew this one guy...

Terry with a confused and furrowed brow.

TERRY COWAN  
WHAT!!! How did you get in here?  
How do you keep disappearing? Am I dreaming?

INTRUDER  
(Calmly) Which question so you want answered first? And no you're not dreaming.

TERRY COWAN  
How did you get in here?

INTRUDER  
(Pointing to the coffee table and the large brass bottle) From there of course.

TERRY COWAN  
From where????

INTRUDER  
Inside there (Touching the bottle)  
It's quite roomy and comfortable actually.

(MORE)

INTRUDER (CONT'D)

I have plenty of pillows, some purple, some blue, some I picked up in Paris, some from Morocco and I have a wonderful collection of some pretty nice snow globes....have you ever been to Niagara Falls?

TERRY COWAN

STOP! Wait! Are you serious?

INTRUDER

Well I can be when needed but don't you think things are sometimes a little too serious these days?

TERRY COWAN

Ok stop right now. Who are you really?

INTRUDER

Well that truly is an existential question isn't it? Who are we truly? Are we the collection of thoughts and impressions that are reflected by our family and teachers or has our true identity already been ingrained in our DNA and just unfolds in it's own sweet time. Oh I don't know really but...

TERRY COWAN

Shut up!

INTRUDER

Well you don't need to be so rude!

There is a moment between them. Terry still has the baseball bat in position and the intruder sits calmly.

TERRY COWAN

NO! Who are you and how did you get in here?

INTRUDER

I thought we went over that already. Ok, let's recap why don't we.

The Intruder straightens out his outfit and sits up a little straighter.

INTRUDER (CONT'D)

Technically I'm a Jinn. Not Jim or Jimmy a Jinn.

(MORE)

## INTRUDER (CONT'D)

That's spelled J - I - N - N but most people call me a Genie. Actually I've never been fond of that name at all. (Beat) Back about 2400 BC that Big Guy who's seen touching fingers with Adam in that pretty good painting by Mick Angelo created me out of the fire of a scorching wind...pretty cool right? But I was named Marid Jinn. That's just an ok name but I prefer Bert. It's a nice name right? It's like the name of your best pal...Bert! Hey Bert, how's it going Bert? Ya wanna go to the horse races Bert? Have you read the latest Malcolm Gladwell book Bert? Sounds much better than Marid right?

## TERRY COWAN

WAIT!...you're a...Genie?

## BERT

I thought I just went over that. Were you not listening? Ok, let me start again. Back in...

Terry lowers the bat and lowers himself into the chair.

## TERRY COWAN

A Genie, Genie?

## BERT

Yes but I really prefer Bert.

## TERRY COWAN

You were inside...(Pointing to the bottle) that...bottle?

## BERT

Yes, yes I said that already. Boy oh boy that bump on the head must have been a pretty bad one.

## TERRY COWAN

This can't be happening. Genies are from old folk tales...right?

## BERT

Yes but you know what I never liked the way I was depicted, big, sometimes blue, fat and not the most stylish clothes really.

TERRY COWAN  
How long have you been in there?

BERT  
I think you ask "Bert how long have you been in there?"

TERRY COWAN  
(Making a face of compliance) Ok, well how long have you been in there Bert?

BERT  
Well the last time I was out some guy named Franklin D. Roosevelt was president. I take it he is no longer president?

TERRY COWAN  
No that was the 1930's and it's the year 2014 now.

BERT  
Well time flies when...(Like Bert is doing the math counting with his fingers) Wow! It has been awhile hasn't it?

Bert is in thought, touches his face and looks at his hands.

BERT (CONT'D)  
(Preening a bit) How do I look? Do I look old? I try to maintain you know but it's not like...well I get out that much.

Terry is confused with this wise cracking vain genie.

There is a knock at Terry's front door. Terry's head whips around to the knock. He winces a bit with his head still sore.

TERRY COWAN  
Who can that be (Turning to Bert), you be quiet while I answer the door.

BERT  
Don't worry, don't worry.

Terry gets up and goes to the front door.



CUT TO THE FRONT DOOR – TERRY OPENING THE DOOR

We see Mr. Wilson and his dog Buddy.

TERRY COWAN

Oh hi Mr. Wilson. Everything ok?

MR. WILSON

I was passing by your house...well you know I move slowly because of this hip problem and well...to tell you the truth it's not just the hip that is giving me trouble.

Terry has the look of slight impatience.

MR. WILSON (CONT'D)

It's also my lower back...the left side mostly (Mr. Wilson reaches back to the area) and it generally hurts more in the early morning like today and well I've tried various creams and such but...

TERRY COWAN

Did you need something Mr. Wilson?

MR. WILSON

Me? Well no, no not really...why do you ask?

From Mr. Wilson's POV we see Bert step up behind Terry to see what is going on.

TERRY COWAN

Well you knocked on my door and...

Terry feels the presence of Bert and half turns to see him standing behind him smiling.

MR. WILSON

Oh right, right indeed I did...now why did I come here again?

Mr. Wilson's dog Buddy growls a bit.

Again Mr. Wilson's attention is distracted again.

MR. WILSON (CONT'D)

What is it Buddy! It's just Terry. You know Terry. He's the one that gives you those bone treats?

Terry does another half turn and Bert is smiling at him.

MR. WILSON (CONT'D)

Oh yes!! Now I remember Terry. You remember that book you gave me yesterday, Moby Dick? Oh it's a fine story. Have you read it before Terry? Oh you might have seen the movie with Gregory Peck but the book Terry, the book is...

TERRY COWAN

Mr. Wilson is there anything else you...

MR. WILSON

Oh yes I'm sorry Terry. When I opened up the book this envelope fell out of it.

Mr. Wilson hands it to Terry.

POV from Terry we see the front of the envelope. It is browning with age. On the front it has a stamp ready to be mailed. To the left and center the address reads, Sylvia Astor with some New York City address that is partially smudged.

TERRY COWAN

Well thank you Mr. Wilson. Thank you very much.

Terry looks at his watch and it says 8:20am.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

Oh crap!!! Oh I'm sorry Mr. Wilson I need to run before I'm late for work.

Terry closes the door quickly and makes his way to his bedroom to get his work shirt. He returns back to the living room putting on his shirt leaving it unbuttoned. He moves quickly to the front door, grabs his keys and runs out the door to his car.

CUT TO THE EXTERIOR - TERRY IN HIS CAR

He starts the car and looks back at his house.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

Crap...Bert!

BERT

Yes?

Bert has magically appeared in the passenger seat.

TERRY COWAN  
Where the hell did you come from?

BERT  
(Rolling his eyes and sounding exasperated) I thought we went over this already. Ok, one more time...

TERRY COWAN  
Never mind! I got to go to work and you can't go there.

BERT  
They won't even know I'm there.

There is a pause while Terry takes that in.

BERT (CONT'D)  
See you can see me but I can choose to be seen when I want to except...well except for higher intellectual beings like dogs and cats and they can see me all the time. (He smiles)

Terry quickly puts his car into gear and drives away.

CUT TO THE U-LOCK IT PARKING AREA ANBD TERRY RUNNING INTO THE OFFICE

CUT TO INTERIOR OF OFFICE

TERRY COWAN  
Good morning Ashley. Hey Walt, I'm heading back to unit 44 to fix that door.

Walt comes out of his office. He is looking at his watch.

WALTER MURRAY  
Well ya look at this, it's 5 minutes to 9 and our star employee made it on time!

Terry is all smiles and grateful for not being yelled at by Walt again.

WALTER MURRAY (CONT'D)  
But can you button that shirt up Terry? You look like you had a hard night or something.

CUT BACK TO TERRY LOOKING DOWN AT HIS SHIRT

We see Terry going up the buttons with Bert standing right next to him.

BERT

Tsk, tsk, tsk, my word my good man...pull it together.

Terry turns to see Bert.

TERRY COWAN

Alright, alright...quiet you!

Walt turns around.

WALTER MURRAY

What did you say Cowan?

Terry realizes Walt thinks that he was talking to him.

TERRY COWAN

I said right sir, thank you.

Walt gives him a look, really a sneer and returns back into his office.

CUT TO EXTERIOR - TERRY IN A GOLF CART WITH BERT

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

Wow! That was close. My Boss Walt hates if anyone is late.

BERT

Good thing I stopped the clock for a few minutes then right?

TERRY COWAN

Wait! You did what?

BERT

I just stopped time for a bit that's all.

TERRY COWAN

Can all genies do that?

BERT

It's Jinn, J-I-N-N. I'm not sure but I can. And it's not like we have Jinn conventions and quarterly meetings in Miami Beach. But you know what, I'm not sure if there are any other Jinns but me in the world.

Terry looks at Bert with a shade of empathy.

They drive in silence for a moment.

TERRY COWAN

So is what I have read true about granting wishes?

BERT

(Smiling) Well I was wondering when you would get around to that topic.

Terry looks a little sheepish about asking.

TERRY COWAN

Well it's what I saw on TV but I wasn't sure...well...in real life if it was true.

BERT

You watch too much TV.

TERRY COWAN

You mean it's not the truth?

Bert rolls his eyes and looks at Terry.

BERT

Seriously?

TERRY COWAN

Well I guess not right? It's all stories and fables right?

BERT

That's right (A long beat as they are driving)

Bert pokes Terry in the arm and starts laughing.

BERT (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhhh, I'm just kidding. Of course I grant wishes!!

Terry's eyes widen and he is distracted and the golf cart almost hits a storage building. He returns his attention and straightens the cart out.

TERRY COWAN

You mean it's actually true?

BERT

Yes, yes, yes but there are rules and guidelines in granting wishes. You need to follow ok?

TERRY COWAN

Ok, what are they.

BERT

(Smiling) Jinn union rules state I can only grant 3 wishes. One of these wishes can't be a wish for more wishes. Wishes can't be used for mean, spiteful, heinous or illegal things. And none of the wishes are transferable to someone else. Oh and each wish must be phrased like this using my name in the request which makes it official "Bert I wish..." and so on.

TERRY COWAN

Jinn union rules??

BERT

Ahhh you were listening...did you get the rest?

TERRY COWAN

Yes ok, I understand...oh wait! This stopping of time you did earlier, does that count as a wish?

BERT

No, that's just me being a nice guy and keeping you out of trouble. (Bert smiles) I can do things on my own accord and from the goodness of my heart. None of them take away from the official wishes I grant.

Terry looks at Bert kindly.

TERRY COWAN

Thank you...Bert.

Bert gets a huge happy smile on his face.

BERT

You're welcome Terry. It's the least I can do for making you bump your head like you did.

They arrive at the storage unit and Terry puts the golf cart into park.

BERT (CONT'D)

One other thing...please think carefully of what you wish for. Take your time. Make it something you truly want.

TERRY COWAN

Ok Bert. So I guess you'll be sticking around for a while?

BERT

Yes siree, your cat friend Churchill said it was ok.

They both smile at each other.

CUT TO INTERIOR U-LOCK IT OFFICE - 6PM - END OF WORK DAY

We see Terry walk through the main door. He walks over to a board outside of Walt's office and hangs the key to the golf cart on a peg with a printed sign that says "Walt's Cart".

Bert is standing behind Ashley looking at her computer screen.

TERRY COWAN

Hey Walt, the door is fixed on 44, I washed down 30 and 32 so they're all good to go.

We hear Walt but we don't see him.

WALTER MURRAY

Ok great. We need to get those rented soon.

TERRY COWAN

Ok, have a good weekend Walt.

WALTER MURRAY

(Non enthusiastically) Right.

Terry walks by Ashley's desk going to the door. He sees Bert looking at whatever Ashley has on her screen. Only Terry can see Bert at this time.

Terry gives a "come on let's go" look towards Bert. Ashley looks up to see Terry making faces.

ASHLEY MORRISON

You ok Terry?

Terry realizes what he was doing and what it may look like and tries to convert it into a yawn or something.

TERRY COWAN

Ahhhhh...no, I guess I'm a little tired. (He chuckles a bit uncomfortably) So did you try that fountain pen?

ASHLEY MORRISON

You know Terry the funniest thing happened last night. On the way home I stopped off at Pete's office supplies and bought some ink for it. After dinner I pulled out that fountain pen you gave me and placed it on the desk I do...well...you know where I try to write?

Ashley has a little embarrassed look.

ASHLEY MORRISON (CONT'D)

Well when I sat down to look at what I wrote the night before I was suddenly filled with ideas. It was weird. I was up until almost midnight writing in long form by hand with that pen. I think I almost used up all the ink I bought. (She is smiling)

TERRY COWAN

Well that's great! Maybe that old pen had some magic in it?

ASHLEY MORRISON

Ahhh go on! I don't believe in things like that!

TERRY COWAN

(Looking at Bert) Well sometimes we don't know. There can be magic standing right next to you and you don't even know it. Have a nice weekend Ashley.

Terry turns to leave and eyes Bert to follow.

CUT TO INTERIOR OF TERRY'S CAR

Terry is on his way home. Bert is in the passenger seat.

BERT

You know she's quite good.



TERRY COWAN

Who's quite good?

BERT

Ashley. I was reading what she is writing on that typewriter thing.

TERRY COWAN

It's called a computer and you shouldn't be spying on her and her private writings.

BERT

Ahhh she doesn't know I was there. Remember I choose to be seen when I want to.

TERRY COWAN

But that's not the point. It's something special to Ashley and I wouldn't think she wants to share it with anyone yet.

BERT

Well she should it has great promise. Reminds me a bit like Fitzgerald. Oh he was quite the character Terry. He shouldn't have gone to Hollywood, the booze swallowed him whole there.

TERRY COWAN

Wait! You knew F. Scott Fitzgerald?

BERT

Well yes in a way. You know how no one can see me but you and when I choose? Well I think in some of heavy booze days he could see me regardless. Of course people thought he was hallucinating because of the booze.

TERRY COWAN

Wow! "Tender Is The Night" is one of my favorite books of all time.

BERT

Oh I saw the first draft of that but Terry you should encourage Ashley. She seems to be frail and timid.

They are now stopped at a traffic light that's red.

TERRY COWAN

I know she is such a nice person Bert. When I started working there she would hardly speak. She would just come in, sit, do the work and you hardly knew that...

Suddenly there is a rapping at the passenger window. It's Mr. Wilson. In mid-sentence Terry looks over and rolls down the window.

MR. WILSON

You ok son?

TERRY COWAN

Oh hi Mr. Wilson.

MR. WILSON

I said you ok?

TERRY COWAN

Why do you ask?

MR. WILSON

Because you're talking so animately to yourself.

Realizing Mr. Wilson can't see Bert he tries to cover.

TERRY COWAN

Oh...I...was...umm...singing!

Mr. Wilson give him a look.

MR. WILSON

Oh really? What song?

TERRY COWAN

Oh it was...

Suddenly there is honking from behind, the light has turned green.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

Sorry Mr. Wilson, I gotta go.

Terry pulls away and Bert starts laughing.

BERT

What song Terry???

Terry give him a look.

CUT TO EXTERIOR - TERRY HOUSE - A SHORT TIME FROM THEN

We see the Terry's car pull up and Terry exits with Bert. They are walking up the sidewalk to the house to the front porch.

TERRY COWAN

Say Bert I'm sorry do Genies...I mean Jinn's eat?

BERT

First off thank you for getting it right and secondly I actually do and not. When released and in your world I do and let me tell you...boy I do! But I bet your asking yourself how does Bert keep such a trim figure?

TERRY COWAN

Well actually not, I was just realizing I pretty much have nothing much here to eat. Not even enough for me. Let me go in and fed Churchill and since I just got paid we can run down to the grocery store and get a few things.

Terry is about to step up on the first step of the wooden porch and sees the broken step from before and steps up to the porch instead.

He reaches and opens the screen door and it fall off it's hinges and falls down on top of him and falls backward flat on his back on the porch.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

Ahhhhh damn it!!

BERT

(Hovers over Terry) You ok there?

TERRY COWAN

This bloody place is just falling apart everyday!!

POV from Bert looking down at Terry underneath the door.

BERT

Well you seem so handy at work why can't you just...you know takes some tools and nails and make it good.

Terry pushes the door off of himself and gets up.

TERRY COWAN

Ahh Bert there is just way too much and I don't have the time, resources and most importantly the kinds of money to make it all good. Sometimes I just wish this house wasn't so old and it was like one of those Hollywood celebrity homes and I could be celebrity-like. You know where they live in the lap of luxury and all that?

BERT

Excuse me?

TERRY COWAN

You know the kind of place where the people that hang there are all fancy and shee-shee?

BERT

Ummm...hello??

TERRY COWAN

Surly you must have seen them before in our life.

BERT

Did you say...wish?

The look on Terry's face changes and he realizes what is being implied.

TERRY COWAN

Really?...I can ask...wish for that?

BERT

Of course yo can Terry. You have 3 wishes and you can wish for what you want or desire.

TERRY COWAN

Geesh you mean I can have one of those fancy Beverly Hills homes with all of the trimmings n'such?

BERT

Yes Terry all of the trimmings n' such and live a life just like a celebrity!

TERRY COWAN

Can all of the fridges and freezers be always stocked with all the food and drinks...oh and fancy cat food for Churchill?

BERT

Everything! You'll be living just like one of those Hollywood actors.

TERRY COWAN

With a pool?

BERT

Yes!

TERRY COWAN

With an outdoor BBQ?

BERT

Yes!

TERRY COWAN

A pool table?

BERT

Yes!

TERRY COWAN

With a car that works all the time?

BERT

How about a Mercedes?

TERRY COWAN

Really?

BERT

Yes, you name the color.

TERRY COWAN

Red!

BERT

Red it is. Anything else?

TERRY COWAN

Oh a nice reading room with a fireplace and floor to ceiling bookshelves filled with all of the classics.

BERT

Oh my a man who appreciates  
words...why not!

Terry's face is now the face of a little kid on 5 Christmas  
mornings combined.

TERRY COWAN

Ok, let's do it!

BERT

Do you remember how the wish needs  
to be said?

TERRY COWAN

Right, right. Do I need to say any  
special hocus-pocus words too?

BERT

Terry we're not at a Vegas magic  
show. Just say my name and give me  
your wish...oh and say please.

Terry takes a breath in and then...

TERRY COWAN

Bert, I wish for a fancy Beverly  
Hills type house with all of the  
trimmings so that I can live like a  
celebrity...please.

BERT

Ok (Bert raises his arms up)...you  
better close your eyes. It's going  
to a bright light like yesterday.

Terry closes his eyes and we see the flash of light across  
his face.

The flash of light recedes from his face and we see Terry's  
face - eyes still closed.

BERT (CONT'D)

Ok Terry. It's all good. You can  
open your eyes.

Terry opens his eyes slowly. We see his sedate face light up  
with what he is seeing. There is a big smile on his face.

TERRY COWAN

Wow...is it...real?

BERT

Of course it is...and it's your new home.

CUT TO POV FROM TERRY OF THE HOUSE

We see this giant mansion. It is white and so bright it almost glows. It has 5 bedrooms, pool, outdoor activity area, BBQ, a beautiful garden, floor to ceiling windows and a short driveway that can only be reached beyond the massive gate and high walls.

CUT TO INTERIOR - TERRY'S NEW HOME - FRONT DOOR FOYER

We see Terry standing in the foyer looking up and down, turning in a circle.

TERRY COWAN

Bert this is amazing! It's like the homes I've seen on TV. Wow!

BERT

Yes and you'll be just like one of those celebrities.

TERRY COWAN

Ahhh no, but I can pretend.

BERT

No, with the wish you are just like of those celebrities.

TERRY COWAN

Can I check out the kitchen?

BERT

Check out wherever you want, it's your place now.

A series of cuts with Terry seeing all of the luxury of this new home. The fridge full of food, beer and snacks. The bathroom with sunken tub, bedroom with kind size bed and a sitting room. The outdoor BBQ and pool. He then finds the library.

Terry opens the large wooden doors with a plaque that says (in Latin) "Acta Non Verba" (Deeds Not Words).

He opens it and we do a 180 around the room. There are bookshelves that line the walls filled with classics and rare books. He steps up to one shelf and sees a number of John Steinbeck books. He pulls down "Grapes Of Wrath" and reads a passage to himself.

TERRY COWAN  
(Saying to himself) "Muscles aching  
to work, minds aching to create -  
this is man".

Bert walks into the library.

BERT  
Oh I see you found your literary  
heaven.

Terry turns - he's overwhelmed.

TERRY COWAN  
Bert, this is the best. Look at  
these. The voices of many  
generation all here where I can  
listen with no interruptions. Bert  
there is a sign on the door that  
says "Acta Non Verba", do you what  
that means?

Bert is smiling.

BERT  
It translates to "Deeds Not Words".

TERRY COWAN  
Oh I like that Bert, I like that.

BERT  
Yes some can spin things with words  
but sometimes it means more when  
you roll up your sleeves and just  
do what needs to be done.

Terry smiles at this in response.

TERRY COWAN  
Hey Bert have you ever read any  
John Steinbeck?

BERT  
Ahh yes John Steinbeck. A true  
voice of the seldom seen and the  
voice of the quiet voices of reason  
and inspiration.



From by the bay window we hear a "meow".

Terry turns in that direction. He sees Churchill lying in the sun on a big pillow in the bay window with a view of the backward.

TERRY COWAN  
(Pointing to Churchill) Look who's  
made himself quite at home Bert.

They both chuckle to each other.

CUT TO NEXT DAY - MID AFTERNOON - BACK DECK

Bert and Terry are having a BBQ.

We see Terry and Bert just ready to eat.

Suddenly there is a door bell ring. It sounds almost like the bells of Big Ben.

In mid bite Terry looks up and to Bert.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)  
Were you expecting anyone?

BERT  
Me? Now who would be calling on me?  
I've been in a bottle for the last  
few decades.

Terry gets up to go see who it is.

CUT TO THE INTERIOR - FRONT DOOR FOYER

Terry open the door to be confronted with this very stylish young guy and 3 attractive women each holding a bottle of something.

Terry is speechless. There at his front door is one of the hottest young actors in Hollywood, **Chad Bradley**. Chad is 32 years old, 5ft 11, well built, tanned and handsome.

CHAD BRADLEY  
Well!!! Aren't you going to invite  
us dude?

TERRY COWAN  
(Is still staring) Ahhh...you're  
Chad Bradley? You're from those  
"Kill Or Be Killed" movies!

CHAD BRADLEY

Ya, ya whatever. Dude we've come over to get this place rockin' and I brought a couple friends. So....

TERRY COWAN

Oh ya, come on in. We're, my pal Bert and I, were just having a little BBQ so...

Chad just moves past him into the house and heads to the back with the ladies. He calls back to Terry.

CHAD BRADLEY

Hey Larry, which way is the kitchen we need glasses for this booze!

TERRY COWAN

It's ummm...Terry, back to the left.

Terry closes the door and is about to return to the back when the doorbell rings again.

He turns around and heads back and opens the door. Here again he is speechless. It is the famous singer **Celine DeYoung**. She is 36, 5ft 7, graceful and thin with long strawberry blonde hair.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

You're...ummm...Celine DeYoung?

CELINE DEYOUNG

Are you questioning that or are you sure?

TERRY COWAN

But...but...what are you doing here?

CELINE DEYOUNG

What every one is going to be doing. Coming here...we come to see Terry Cowan!

TERRY COWAN

Me?

CELINE DEYOUNG

Yes!!!

TERRY COWAN

But you're one of the greatest  
singers of all time and I'm  
just...well...I'm just Terry Cowan.

CELINE DEYOUNG

Ahhhh you're being too modest  
Terry. Now where's the party?

TERRY COWAN

Ummm...in the back. Can I get you a  
drink or something?

CELINE DEYOUNG

Oh just have one of your staff  
bring me a gin n' tonic out back.

TERRY COWAN

But I don't have staff.

CELINE DEYOUNG

Oh Terry you are so funny!! No  
wonder you're Terry Cowan.

And with that Celine just walks past him and heads to the  
back.

CUT TO THE BACK DECK AREA

We see Terry appear at the entrance to the deck but he is  
stopped in his tracks.

Terry see not only Celine DeYoung and Chad Bradley but the  
deck is full of celebrities, musicians and others jumping in  
the pool, having drinks, laughing and having a good time.

Terry looks confused and walks over to Bert.

TERRY COWAN

What's going on?

BERT

You...that's what's going on.  
You're a celebrity! (Turning to his  
left) Oh, let me introduce you  
to...

(It is **Julian Sterling**, age 67, distinguished, grey/white  
hair combed back wearing a tweed jacket with leather pads on  
the elbows)

TERRY COWAN

Oh I know Julian Sterling. I've read all of his books and...

BERT

But Mr. Sterling has a new book coming and he's brought a draft. He wants you to read it and let him know what you think.

TERRY COWAN

What are you talking about? (Turning to Julian Sterling and reaching out to shake hands) Oh I'm sorry...very nice to meet you Mr. Sterling.

JULIAN STERLING

Just call me Jules.

Terry is overwhelmed.

TERRY COWAN

Ok Jules. Can I get you anything?

JULIAN STERLING

Oh no my dear boy. I just came to drop the draft of the new book for you and I'm off to Prague tomorrow. But we'll be in touch.

From behind comes Chad Bradley and hugs Terry from behind.

CHAD BRADLEY

Hey Terry my man, Stanley Speigelman is over there and we're talking about his next film. I'm going to star in it and not only does he want you to be in it as well he would like to use your house in the film. Whatta say?

TERRY COWAN

Stanley Speigelman? Director of "The Last Castle"? Speigelman?

CHAD BRADLEY

Ya but thanks for bringing up that title that I was **NOT** in!

TERRY COWAN

Oh sorry but wait I've never been in a movie before.

CHAD BRADLEY

But you got to start somehow. It's how I started and his instincts are pretty good with 5 Oscars...right?

TERRY COWAN

Wow! Yes that would be great.  
(Turning to Bert) Do you hear that Bert?

BERT

You're living the dream Terry,  
living the dream.

CUT TO SEVERAL SEQUENCES OF PARTY ACTIVITY IN THE HOUSE WITH TERRY

We see Terry heading through the kitchen. There is the sound of the Big Ben door bell. Terry looks at the wall clock. It reads 1:15am

Terry goes to the front door and opens it to see Mr. Wilson.

TERRY COWAN

(A little drunk) Oh hey Mr. Wilson.  
How's it going ol neighbor?

MR. WILSON

Well not so good Terry. It's late and there is a lot of noise coming from here. Poor Buddy won't rest and I can't either. Will you be calling it a night soon I hope.

TERRY COWAN

Oh I'm sorry Mr. Wilson. I had no idea. Ok, I'lll get them to wrap it up.

Then from behind comes Chad Bradley (really drunk) and looks over Terry's shoulder.

CHAD BRADLEY

Whatta we got here T-Man!? Another party animal come to join us bring in the dawn?

TERRY COWAN

Ahhh no Chad, it's my neighbor Mr. Wilson...we're a bit too loud so I think we need to call it for the night.

CHAD BRADLEY

NONSENSE!! It's not that late. Come on Mr. Willie, have a drink or two...have a swim!...no wait...why don't you have a drink and swim at the same time. We'll call "Drwim"! Get a drink and swim combined! Drwim! Yaaaa that's the ticket!

Mr. Wilson just stands there feeling hopeless.

TERRY COWAN

(Trying to control Chad) Oh I don't think Mr. Wilsons wants to swim.

CHAD BRADLEY

Ahhhh what a party pooper! Come on Willie...reeeeeellllaaaxxx! Don't be a bump on a log.

Chad leans in to Terry thinking that Mr. Wilson won't hear him but he can still be heard.

CHAD BRADLEY (CONT'D)

T-Man this old dude is bumming me out...draggin my happy vibes down.

Terry corralling Chad and turning to Mr. Wilson.

TERRY COWAN

I'll get things turned down Mr. Wilson. I'm sorry.

CHAD BRADLEY

And I'm sorry that ol Willie is SUCH a draaaaaagggg!!

Mr. Wilson just stares, shakes his head and walks away.

CUT BACK TO THE DECK AND THE PARTY STILL GOING ON

Terry re-enters with Chad. Celine approaches.

CELINE DEYOUNG

Oh there you are Terry. We need to talk.

Chad is a little giggly and his eyes widen and smiles.

TERRY COWAN

Sure, what do you need?

CELINE DEYOUNG

You...I need you to...

CHAD BRADLEY

Oooh T-Man she (salaciously)  
neeeeeeds you!

CELINE DEYOUNG

Oh Chad not that way...right now at  
least (She smiles). I need you to  
sing a part on this new song I'm  
working on tomorrow.

TERRY COWAN

ME!? I'm just a shower singer.

CHAD BRADLEY

Oh she wants to sing in the shower  
with you! Ooooooo!!!

CELINE DEYOUNG

Oh Chad stop your silliness. (Turns  
to Terry) My producer Armando  
Steiner is flying in and we can do  
it in your studio here tomorrow.

TERRY COWAN

But I don't have a studio here.

CELINE DEYOUNG

(Looking a bit confused) That's not  
what Bert says.

They turn to see Bert and Bert raises a glass of champagne,  
smiles, nods yes and take a sip whilst holding court with  
several guests.

TERRY COWAN

Well Bert would know...I guess.

CELINE DEYOUNG

Oh I LOVE that Bert. You are so  
lucky to have him as your manager.  
(Smiling) You better watch I might  
try to steal him away from you.

Suddenly there is some fireworks let off and firecrackers.  
Terry turns to see some guys by the pool lighting them.

There are some hoots and hollering and Chad runs away to join  
them.

We see the flashes and the bang of the firecrackers going  
off. There is smiling and drunk faces taking it all in from  
the deck.

Then as the last bang goes off we hear in the distant the sound of the Big Ben doorbell again.

Terry turns to hear it and heads back into the house.

CUT TO THE FRONT DOOR AS TERRY OPENS IT

As Terry opens the door he is confronted by two policemen. One older and one young.

TERRY COWAN

Yes sir can I help you?

OLD POLICEMAN

Are you the owner of this house?

TERRY COWAN

Yes sir I am. I'm Terry Cowan.

OLD POLICEMAN

Well Mr. Cowan we got a call from a few of your neighbors including the one next door. It seems that this party is disturbing them quite a lot and it is now after 2am. I think it would be a great idea for you to pull the plug on this so we don't have to come back again.

TERRY COWAN

Right, right...ok, I will get them to close it up for the...

Suddenly from behind comes Chad again to see who's at the door.

CHAD BRADLEY

Are these the dancers that Rachel ordered?

TERRY COWAN

No Chad these are...

CHAD BRADLEY

(Interrupting Terry) Well the young one is not bad looking but this old one...I bet the last time this guy danced was probably around the Village People time.

OLD POLICEMAN

(Looking at Chad) And you are?



YOUNG COP

(Nudges the older cop and he is a fan) That's Chad Bradley of the "Kill Or Be Killed" series 1,2 and 3!!

The Young Policeman signals over the shoulder of the Older Policeman with a "thumbs up".

YOUNG COP (CONT'D)

Dig the last one Chad!

The Older Policeman turns to look at his partner and gives him a "I don't care look".

OLD POLICEMAN

Perhaps Mr. Cowan you can escort Mr. Chatter here back in the house, and you close the doors, turn off the lights and tell all of the kids back there it's time for night-night...right?

TERRY COWAN

Yes sir, I will sir.

CUT TO THE DECK - SOME TIME LATER

We see Terry alone, leaning on the deck railing and looking up at the sky.

There is just a couple of stragglers passed out on pool lounge chairs.

From behind comes Bert.

BERT

Hey there, you looking for an alien ship?

Terry turns. His expression is a little more serious but he's trying to hide it.

TERRY COWAN

Crazy night eh?

BERT

Well these kinds of things just go with having a big place like this and well...sort if being a celebrity yourself.

TERRY COWAN

Bert I'm no celebrity really. Maybe in this pretend world I might be but it's not who I am really.

BERT

Ahhh there is both up and down, good and bad in both worlds. It's up to you to find the happy medium and be able to live with it.

Terry gives him a look of not being that convinced.

TERRY COWAN

I guess so Bert (Beat) I'm done in. I think I need to rest. Tomorrow...I mean today is Sunday so I can sleep in some. Good night Bert.

CUT TO THE NEXT DAY - 8AM - TERRY'S BEDROOM

Terry is sprawled out on his king size bed and Churchill is sleeping in the chair by the window.

We hear the Big Ben doorbell ring.

Terry's eyes slightly open upon hearing it and close again.

The Big Ben doorbell rings again.

Terry's eyes open again and he grunts. He sees Churchill.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

Hey Churchill be a good pal and go answer that for me.

Churchill does not move.

Again the Big Ben doorbell rings agin.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhhh!!!

He gets up.

CUT TO THE FRONT DOOR

Terry opens the door to see a young guy, 5ft 10, curly blonde hair, dressed in shorts, T-shirt, sneakers and holding a couple of tennis rackets. It is Australian tennis superstar, **Roger Walker**.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)  
Ummm hello, can I help you?

ROGER WALKER  
G'day mate I'm...

Just then bert comes bounding up from behind holding two big containers of fruit smoothies.

BERT  
Oh Terry, this is Roger Walker, 4 time winner of Wimbledon and...

TERRY COWAN  
Oh I know who it is Bert but why...

BERT  
Well Chad said you wanted to get better at your game and what better person to help but Roger.

ROGER WALKER  
Ya ready mate?

Roger is looking at Terry in his PJ's, Terry is looking at himself.

TERRY COWAN  
Well maybe today may not be...

BERT  
Ahh come on Terry. Here's a healthy smoothie for you and here's one for Roger.

ROGER WALKER  
Ta mate, it looks mighty veggie and healthy!

Terry partly still asleep just looks back and forth between Bert & Roger in their chippy attitude.

BERT  
Now Terry you can't play a decent game in that outfit. I put some clothes out for you on your bed. Go get changed and we'll meet you at the tennis court in the back.

TERRY COWAN  
Tennis court??...I have a tennis court?

BERT  
 (Shaking his head to Roger and  
 looking at Terry) Of course you do.

TERRY COWAN  
 Of course I do...I should know  
 better with you around right?

BERT  
 (Winks) Ok, now skedaddle and get  
 your gear on and meet us out back.

Bert and Roger leave but Bert turns as he is leaving.

BERT (CONT'D)  
 Oh and that TV show Celebrity Club  
 are coming later to do a profile on  
 you so try to stay clean.

Terry is left standing in the foyer in his PJ's holding a  
 smoothie.

CUT TO TENNIS COURT

We see Terry out on the court trading volleys with Roger  
 Walker. Terry is holding his own but there is a sense that  
 Roger may be holding back some.

We cut between the action of the court and to the small  
 grandstand set up next to the court. There is reaction shots  
 from those gathered in the stands. Chad Bradley cheering,  
 Celine DeYoung waving to Terry and others enjoying the fun  
 match.

The announcer / court judge yells "game point".

With that Roger volleys the serve and Terry bashes it over  
 and wins!

There is cheering from the crowd.

Roger walks over to the net.

ROGER WALKER  
 Great match mate. It could have  
 gone either way.

TERRY COWAN  
 Or I think it went my way jussssst  
 a wee bit?

Roger winks and exits.

CUT TO THE POOLSIDE - LATE AFTERNOON

There are lights being set up, a cameraman putting gear together and various production crew for the Celebrity Club interview with Terry.

We see Terry standing by the deck rail with Bert.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

Bert, why am I being interviewed?

BERT

Well because you're at that place.

TERRY COWAN

What place?

BERT

The celebrity place. Where people out there want to know about you, your life, your interests, your dreams, your...

TERRY COWAN

But I don't think I deserve this attention. I'm just Terry Cowan, an ordinary guy, with an ordinary life and ordinary dreams.

BERT

That's not how people see you and will see you. You're going to be in Stanley Speigelberg's movie with the biggest star, Chad Bradley. Celine DeYoung wants you on her next record and the great novelist Julian Sterling wants you to help him on his new book and well...it's just starting for you.

Terry gets a troubled look and then a production assistant comes over to Terry.

PA

Mr. Cowan, Rachel is ready for you.

Terry looks at Bert and Bert signals him to go.

CUT TO THE SET UP AREA FOR THE INTERVIEW BY THE POOL

We see the host **Rachel Ramsey**, long blonde hair, perfectly cut and styled. She is 5ft 7 and perfectly proportioned, wearing a very stylish suit. She is getting her touch ups on her make-up and hair. Terry sits with ambivalence and watches.

Suddenly the make-up woman does something wrong.

RACHEL RAMSEY

OUCH!!! You IDIOT!! What the hell are you doing. You almost took my eye out! How can you be so clumsy? Don't you know who I am!!? Do you still want to work for us or what?

The make-up woman cowers and slips away. Rachel turns to Terry.

RACHEL RAMSEY (CONT'D)

Can you believe that!? They sent an amateur for me...ME!! Rachel Ramsey Celebrity Club's voice and face! I bet you don't put up with such mediocrity right?

TERRY COWAN

Well I don't have...

RACHEL RAMSEY

Patience for such things am I right or am I right?

TERRY COWAN

Well Rachel I never had...

Rachel's phone goes off and she puts her finger up to signal him to "hang on".

RACHEL RAMSEY

(She puts her hand over the mouthpiece) Oh hang on sweetie, I have to answer this call.

Terry sits there as Rachel gets up and walks away to answer the call.

There is elevated activity with the camera crew, lighting guy, set decorators and catering. Nobody is paying attention to Terry.

Terry looks around, gets up and without anyone seeing him he walks away.

CUT TO INTERIOR OF TERRY IN HIS RED MERCEDES DRIVING DOWN THE ROAD

Terry comes to a stop sign and he sees Mr. Wilson and Buddy out for a walk.

They cross in front of him and Terry calls out from the window.

TERRY COWAN

Hey Mr. Wilson. How you doing?  
How's Buddy?

Mr. Wilson looks at Terry, stares for a moment, then turns his head and walks away not saying a word.

Terry is obviously taken aback. He puts the car in gear and drives on.

He puts the radio on and tries to flip through the stations to find something he likes. Every station has music Terry doesn't like. He is getting frustrated and he bangs on the dash above the radio.

From the bang comes static noise and then out of the blue comes the song the Terry likes that we saw from earlier in his old car.

A smile comes to his face and he drives on tapping the steering wheel.

He sees a sign at the side of the road with an arrow. The sign's colors have faded but it still has charm.

"LAKE ELWOOD CAMPGROUNDS"

He signals and turns into the road.

It is a dirt and gravel road, thickly lined with tall trees.

As he turns the corner the lake comes into view. It is peaceful. There by the lake is a swing set that has seen better days and some picnic tables that are worn.

He parks the car, steps out and walks to the lake.

Terry sees two boys around the age of 8 trying to skip stones on the water's surface. He smiles and watches for a moment and then walks near them watching their attempts. They are not doing so well.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

How you guys doing?

1ST BOY-NEIL

Ahhhh Danny says he could skip a stone like 7 times, but he can't!

2ND BOY-DANNY

Well there's no good rocks here. It sucks!

TERRY COWAN

Did you find some good flat ones?

1ST BOY-NEIL

Ya but he still can't do it!

TERRY COWAN

Well let me see what you got. Maybe I can help you guys.

Terry takes the handful of stones from the 2nd boy-Danny.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

Ok, well here's a couple here that might work.

Terry curls the stone in his first finger, lowers himself for the angle, cocks his arm and lets it fly.

The stone skips and skips and skips.

Both boys looks at each other with smiles and wow!

2ND BOY-DANNY

Did you see that Neil!?

TERRY COWAN

You guys can do that, I'll show you.

A sequence of the three of them skipping stones and laughing.

Into the scene walks Bert.

BERT

Pretty impressive Terry.

Terry turns to see Bert and his face goes neutral. He is quiet for a moment half watching the boys.

TERRY COWAN

How did you find me?

BERT

Terry???...It's me Bert, I'm a Jinn.

Terry returns his look to the lake and the boys.



TERRY COWAN

(Looking towards the lake) My Mum would bring my sister and I here when we were kids. My dad wasn't around anymore and she tried so hard to be both mum and dad to us. This was a place that was always happy for us and we would come here whenever she wasn't working two jobs and not dog tired. (Beat)

Terry turns back to Bert and points past him.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

Over there an old guy would have a cart with candy apples and Mum would always get us one each. She would say that even though they were covered in caramel there was an apple inside and that made them healthy.

Terry smiles at Bert.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

Sometimes you need to get through a layer or two to find the good things.

There is a moment while that sinks in.

BERT

That Rachel was so angry that you left.

TERRY COWAN

I figured but Bert that's not me. None of it is me. Oh there was a few laughs yes but all of it seemed forced. I'm sorry Bert, don't get me wrong you gave me a beautiful home but...

BERT

I know.

A smile finally comes to Terry and Bert suspects a realization.

BERT (CONT'D)

So what do you want to do?

Terry looks at him and then to the lake.

TERRY COWAN

I want everything back to the way it used to be. Like it didn't happen...for everyone.

BERT

You know what that means right?

Terry looks straight into Bert's eyes.

TERRY COWAN

Yes I know. I'm ok with that Bert.

BERT

You will need to use another wish.

TERRY COWAN

I know

BERT

Are you sure?

TERRY COWAN

Yes. Let's do it.

BERT

You know what to do.

TERRY COWAN

Bert, I wish to have it all back like all of this never happened. My home, my car, my life...everything.

BERT

Ok you better close your eyes like before.

With that we see a big flash of white light cross over Terry's face and closed eyes.

It recedes again and Terry opens his eyes.

His clothes have changed from the track suit and t-shirt back to his jeans and a plaid shirt over a black t-shirt.

TERRY COWAN

It's done?

Bert nods his head and thumbs backward over his shoulder to Terry's car.

Terry smiles at the sight of his old car.

CUT TO INTERIOR - TERRY'S CAR - LATER

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

Bert I know the last couple of days have been a bit crazy but thank you.

BERT

Why thank me. It was you that found the answers you needed. Terry, the waves of trends and influences will wash over an individual but it can't change the "heart" of that individual. You have a good heart.

TERRY COWAN

Thanks Bert.

They exchange smiles.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

Bert, don't get me wrong your smoothies were pretty good but I need a beer and a burrito. How about you?

BERT

Well whatever a burrito is I'll give it a try.

TERRY COWAN

Oh I think you will like it and there is a place right up here that is really good.

CUT TO TERRY AND BERT PULLING INTO A STRIP MALL PARKING LOT

They pull up to a spot in front of a coffee shop where student and others hang out, have cafe drinks, read and study.

Terry and Bert exit and walk past the coffee shop window. Bert sees Ashley inside sitting by herself writing.

BERT

Hey Terry, look there's Ashley. Let's go in a say hi.

TERRY COWAN

Ahhh no let's not disturb her.

BERT

Come on she's all by herself.

TERRY COWAN

What am I going to say to her?

BERT

One usually starts with certain phrases like..."oh hello Ashley, how are you?..."what are you writing, a mystery story?" "can I buy you another coffee?"

Terry looks at Bert, not sure but...

TERRY COWAN

Ok

CUT TO INTERIOR OF COFFEE SHOP

Terry walks up to the table where Ashley is sitting.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

Hi Ashley, how are you?

Ashley looks up surprised to see Terry. Terry notices that there is something about Ashley that looks different. Is it the lightening? She looks less plain and has a certain glow about her.

ASHLEY MORRISON

Oh hi Terry, sorry I was a little distracted. How are you? Are you having a nice weekend?

TERRY COWAN

Oh well...it has been a little interesting for sure.

Terry feel a nudge from behind. It is Bert and Bert can be seen by Ashley.

BERT

Are you going to introduce me cousin Terry?

Terry turns around and Bert is standing to the side. Terry assumed that Bert was invisible again.

TERRY COWAN

Oh I'm sorry Ashley, this is my...

BERT

Cousin.

TERRY COWAN

Cousin...Bert.

BERT

I just came to visit my dear old cousin. It's been such a long time since I saw him so I'll be staying with him for a while.

ASHLEY MORRISON

Well nice to meet you Bert. Do you live far from here?

BERT

Oh no I'm from far away, some place you would have never been before.

ASHLEY MORRISON

Well it's nice to meet you Bert.

BERT

Oh that is a nice pen you are using there Ashley.

ASHLEY MORRISON

Oh yes...Terry gave it to me actually.

BERT

OOOOH really? My cousin Terry?

ASHLEY MORRISON

Yes it is very nice.

BERT

I see your journal or book filling up there. Are you writing a novel?

ASHLEY MORRISON

Well I don't know...I'm trying but I'm not sure if I'm any good.

BERT

Well my dear cousin Terry here is quite the reader and very knowledgable maybe he can take a look at it and help you out.

Ashley gives Terry a look but it's a different look than at work. She is more attractive than Terry noticed before.

TERRY COWAN

(He seems to be a little distracted by this Ashley, different from the work Ashley) Ahhh Bert, Ashley doesn't want my help. I'm sure she's got a handle at it.

(MORE)

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

I bet she went to school for writing and don't need us bothering her.

ASHLEY MORRISON

Well...I was going to sign up for a night course in creative writing but you know...pay the rent and buy food and going to night school is well...an extravagance.

TERRY COWAN

Yes Bert our boss Walter doesn't pay us that much.

ASHLEY MORRISON

(Ashley smiles) Yes I wish I had a million dollars.

Bert looks at Terry and Terry looks at Bert when Ashley said "wish".

BERT

(As he looks at Terry) Well it only takes one wish.

Terry looks back at him knowing what was implied. A moment of silence passes.

TERRY COWAN

Well cousin let's get next door to the burrito place. Ashley, can you believe this Bert here has never tried a burrito?

ASHLEY MORRISON

Really? Where are you from? Another planet?

BERT

Well in a way.

Ashley looks a bit confused by that statement.

CUT TO EXTERIOR OF THE BURRITO PLACE

Terry and Bert are exiting and they see a line up at the variety store across from the burrito place.

BERT (CONT'D)

What's with the big line over there? They giving away something?

TERRY COWAN

Not sure let's go find out.

They cross over and as they do a person from the variety store comes walking by.

TERRY COWAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me what's with the line up?

STRANGER

Haven't you heard or have you been under a rock. It's the Mega Million Lottery. It's really big this time.

TERRY COWAN

How big?

STRANGER

500 million!!! You better get a ticket. I'm wishing real hard to win. It's been a tough go with my construction business and the wife is pregnant with twins. Here (He pulls out a business card from his pocket) if you need any work done around your house give me a call.

And the stranger walks away.

Terry stands there staring at the line, the illuminated sign that reads "500 Million!", then looks at the business card and then back towards the coffee shop seeing Ashley.

TERRY COWAN

Bert one man can't change the world alone but he can plant the seeds that will harvest the bounty of those that can.

He smiles at Bert and Bert knows what is going to happen next.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF EPISODE

C & C PRODUCTIONS



C & C PRODUCTIONS