

Djinn of Sin

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INT. WILLIAM'S BEDROOM - DAY

A man clad only in boxers and a starched shirt faces a crisply-made bed. This is WILLIAM - mid-20s, posh and stiffer than his shirt.

He creeps under the covers and rips open a moist towelette. The covers twitch as he positions it "down there".

He reaches for a tube of lotion on a coaster beside the book. The brand reads: Djinn of Sin - Sinfully Smooth Skin She'll Want to Touch. Anniversary Edition.

A decidedly RUDE 'PFFFT' splits the air as the tube sputters the last of its contents. He looks around guiltily and squishes it a final time, releasing a pea-sized amount.

A printed picture of GINNIFER - 20s, laughing - sits in a frame beside his bed.

He slides his hand under the covers and the covers move up and down. His accent is as stilted as the rest of him.

WILLIAM

(uncomfortable)

Ginnifer. Hi. You are so beautiful.

(to himself)

Confidence William! Hugh Jackman not Hugh Grant!

(Trying again)

I'm going to ride you like a horse.

Not that you look like a horse. Of course - oh God now I'm rhyming.

He takes a breath, shuts his eyes, and the covers twitch faster. His head rolls back.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

Ginnifer. Ginnie. Gin. Ginnn. GIN!

The covers flip back, revealing a chubby, bearded, 30-something Scottish guy in a stained t-shirt coming out from under the covers. This is ANGUS - a genie.

ANGUS

Fuck's sake ye wee pervert! I cannae unsee that!

They scramble away from each other, William yanking up his boxers under the covers. He bundles the covers defensively in front of him.

WILLIAM

Who are you?!

Angus steps off the bed and strikes a pose. It's terrible.

ANGUS

I'm the Djinn of Sin.

He snaps his fingers. Nothing happens. He slaps his belly. Nothing.

ANGUS (cont'd)

Fuck. Smoke's broken again.

WILLIAM

Djinn of Sin?

ANGUS

Did ya no read the instructions?

WILLIAM

Sorry, what instructions?

He points at the lotion. William takes it and reads it.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

Right. Um. For external use only. Do not insert into any orifice.

ANGUS

Skip to the anniversary stuff.

WILLIAM

Of course. Sorry. Say "Djinn" three times while rubbing in the lotion and the Djinn of Sin will appear and grant you one wish. Terms and conditions apply. A wish?

Angus, distracted, feels his head.

ANGUS

Where's my hat? Give it another rub.

William hesitates and reaches for the pillow.

ANGUS (cont'd)

Yer hands! Rub yer hands!

William rubs his hands together. A battered hat appears on Angus's head.

WILLIAM  
You're a - genie?

ANGUS  
Oy! Language! You see someone in a wheelchair and holler "Hey cripple?"

WILLIAM  
What? No! Of course not. Sorry Mr.-

Angus laughs.

ANGUS  
I'm kiddin' ya on! The name's Angus.

William extends his hand. Angus looks at it with disgust.

WILLIAM  
I'm William.

William withdraws his hand, realising. Angus flicks his wrist and a large document titled Terms and Conditions appears. Angus tosses it at William.

William's bedroom door BURSTS open, revealing his sleezy slick-haired lothario of a flatmate JAMIE, mid 20s.

JAMIE  
I need fifty quid.

WILLIAM  
Jamie, what did I tell you about boundaries?

JAMIE  
That I don't have any?

Jamie takes in Angus.

JAMIE (cont'd)  
Huh. Wouldn't have figured him for your type. You dirty dog.

WILLIAM  
What? We're not - He's a djinn.

JAMIE  
And I'm a martini. Glad you've moved on from... Winnifred?

WILLIAM  
Ginnifer!

Jamie spots his lotion beside the bed.

JAMIE

What you doing with my lotion? Did you two... So much for boundaries!

ANGUS

His lotion? Baws. That's a wrinkle. Technically, the wish belongs to the purchaser.

WILLIAM

The purchaser?

William jumps out of bed in his boxers, runs to his wallet, and pulls out two fifties. Two tickets to GREASE fall out.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

Jamie, terribly sorry. Couldn't help myself. I'll buy the lotion off you.

Jamie picks up the tickets and raises an eyebrow. William snatches them away and puts them in his shirt pocket.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

I'm going to invite Ginnifer to the show tonight.

Jamie shrugs, takes the cash and heads for the door.

Angus nods at William: ownership problem solved. William puts his trousers on.

Jamie turns back. Wait a minute...

JAMIE

Just what the fuck is going on here?

Jamie stalks over and grabs William by the shirt.

JAMIE (cont'd)

The only thing tighter than the stick up your ass is your wallet. You're paying me off. I want to know why.

ANGUS

Fuck's sake, can we hurry this up?

Jamie shoves the money back in William's shirt pocket.

JAMIE

(to Angus)

Who the fuck are you anyway?

Angus strikes his pose again and snaps his fingers. Nothing.

ANGUS  
Got to get that fixed.

Angus does "jazz hands" and a bottle of wine appears, but with it comes clouds of voluminous smoke.

ANGUS (cont'd)  
I'm the Djinn of Sin.

Angus slaps his belly a few times and the smoke finally dissipates. Jamie's in shock.

JAMIE  
A genie! The fuck - ? Did you rub a lamp?

ANGUS  
He certainly rubbed something.

Jamie looks at the tube. And realises.

JAMIE  
Holy shit, you had a genie in your weenie?

ANGUS  
Look ye wee bawbag, I wasna IN -

JAMIE  
A djinn in your john, spirit in your spunk, alibaba in your balls -

ANGUS  
That's it! You have one minute to make a wish. First to make a valid wish wins.

He POOFS a big timer in midair.

JAMIE  
I wish for more wishes!

Angus smacks him upside the head.

ANGUS  
Cannae do that.

WILLIAM  
I wish for your freedom.

Angus twists William's ear.

ANGUS

I'm no a slave ya wee wanker. I'm two clients from upgrading to a lamp. Full benefits. 55 seconds.

William grabs the T's and C's and reads rapidly.

WILLIAM

All wishes are final. No wishing for the following, including but not limited to: more wishes, more genies, money, cars, electronics -

ANGUS

Damn budget cuts.

WILLIAM

- love, murder, pets -

ANGUS

(wincing)

How was I supposed to know what David Cameron was going to do with the wee fella?

WILLIAM

- resurrection, illegal substances -

JAMIE

Shit! Is there anything you CAN do?

ANGUS

Turning water into wine worked out okay for Jesus Christ didn't it? 30 seconds. Millennials. Bunch of whiny snowflakes.

JAMIE

Forget it. I'll take the money after all.

As he leans in to take the money from William's pocket, his phone DINGS. He pulls the phone out. William sees - it's from Ginnifer.

WILLIAM

Why is Ginnifer texting you?

ANGUS

15 seconds!

WILLIAM

Tell me!

JAMIE

Fine! We've been sexting. Okay? And tonight we're going to seal the deal.

William balls up his fist.

JAMIE (cont'd)

What you gonna do, you gonna hit me?

William swings and misses.

ANGUS

10 seconds!

JAMIE

You're pathetic! She needs a real man not some pretentious wimp!

William attacks him. They collapse to the floor. Jamie gets the upper hand, clearly going to win.

ANGUS

5 seconds. 4.

Angus continues the countdown as they struggle. 3, 2.

JAMIE

She's gonna be gagging for it after I take her to the concert.

ANGUS

1 -

WILLIAM

(to Jamie)

I wish you'd shut the fuck up!

ANGUS

As you wish.

Angus waves his hands and vanishes. Jamie's phone rings - Ginnifer. He tries to answer but his lips are sealed shut. He GROANS and MOANS. William picks up.

WILLIAM

Ginnifer. This is William. Jamie can't make it tonight. But I've got tickets to the show if you'd like to go?