



WENDY AND THE GENIE

Script

Wendy was in the attic. She was looking for a lost toy.

What she found instead was a lamp. It was a very old lamp.

‘How lovely,’ said Wendy. She forgot the lost toy. She took the lamp back to her room.

‘But it’s so dusty! I’ll just clean it up a bit.’

And what do you think happened when Wendy rubbed the lamp?

‘HELLO!!’ said a huge voice.

Wendy looked up. Sure enough. A genie was smiling at her.

‘Who are you?’

‘I AM THE GENIE OF THE LAMP!’

‘Does that mean...’ said Wendy. She had heard about magic lamps.

‘YES,’ said the genie, ‘THREE WISHES.’

‘When?’

‘NOW,’ said the genie. ‘What *do* you wish?’

Wendy thought quickly.

‘I wish ... I wish ...’ She closed her eyes. ‘I wish I was a princess!’

WOOOSH!!!

She opened her eyes.

‘Wow!!’

She was in a castle. She was wearing a beautiful dress. She was a princess.

‘Is this what you mean?’ She could hear the genie’s voice, though he was nowhere to be seen.

‘Well, yes,’ said Wendy. ‘But *where* is everyone?’

‘Oh, there’s no one in your kingdom. Just Princess Wendy. Is that a problem?’

‘But with no one to play with, I might as well be just Wendy. I might as well be home again.’

‘OK,’ said the genie.

And Wendy found herself back in her own bedroom. She was herself again.

‘That wasn’t fair,’ said Wendy. ‘You tricked me.’

‘All right then. I promise. For your next wish, there will be plenty of people. What do you wish?’

Wendy closed her eyes. She was tired of being a little kid.

‘I wish – I wish I was really big!’

WOOOSH!!!

People looked up and screamed. Cars swerved.

‘I didn’t mean *this* big!’

‘You didn’t say,’ said the genie. ‘Is this a problem?’

‘Put me back the way I was – please!!’

In an instant, Wendy was back in her own room.

‘You fooled me,’ she said. ‘Again.’

‘I promise,’ said the genie, ‘that your last wish will be the real thing. You won’t be a giant, and there will be people everywhere. What do you wish?’

Wendy closed her eyes. She said:

‘I wish I had little wings like a fairy - and that I could fly!’

WOOOSH!!!

‘Yeah!!’

This was great. Wendy looked down. Below her were lots of people. The sun was shining. The birds were singing ...

WOOOSH!!!

A bird had swooped her. And another. And another.

‘Ouch! No! Get away! Ouch!’

She flew higher and higher.

WOOOSH!!!

‘Aeeeggghh!!!’

Wendy flapped her wings.

‘Oh this is awful! Take me home!!!’

And there she was again – safe back in her own room.

Wendy climbed onto her bed. And she cried.

‘What is it, Wendy?’

Her mother cuddled Wendy.

‘It’s that mean old genie,’ sobbed Wendy. ‘He gave me three wishes, and all of them were awful.’

‘Genie?’

‘In the lamp!’ said Wendy, and she pointed.

But the lamp was nowhere to be seen.

‘Oh darling. I think you’ve been dreaming...’

Wendy’s Mum cuddled her.

‘What wishes, darling? What do you want? Aren’t you happy?’

Wendy cuddled her mother.

‘I am now,’ said Wendy. ‘I just want to be me.’

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