

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR

Written by

Monika Rathod

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

INT. AMELIA'S DINER - MORNING

There was not a single person in the diner that Olivia could attend to, yet.

OLIVIA ROBBINS, or "LIV," 24, workaholic, distressed.

She is a slim young woman with curly dark brown hair. She has beautiful emerald green eyes that can pierce through someone's soul. At least that's what she's told.

As Liv's attention fixates on the front door of the diner, her thoughts get interrupted. She hears heavy footsteps come up from behind her.

CO-WORKER #1:
Hey, pretty lady. Looking good today, huh?

CO-WORKER #2:
She's looking real tight, if you ask me.

Both of their eyes glue to Liv's body like a meal.

One of them aggressively grabs her waist and forces her to an uncomfortably tight hug.

LIV
Please... stop.

CO-WORKER #1:
I'll stop when I want to stop. Got it?

Liv fights tears knowing there is nothing she can do but to take it in. Breathe Olivia.

Fortunately for her, she catches a slight glimpse of a CUSTOMER who walks in from the corner of her eye. Liv is let go immediately.

THANK GOD.

She takes her pen and notepad and rushes to the table that he sat himself in. The same table every time.

LIV
Morning, Brian. You nearly saved me there. The usual?

BRIAN
Yes please and no problem.

LIV

I'm sorry you had to see that. I wish they would just go away...

BRIAN

They'll get what they deserve, one day. Karma's a bitch.

BRIAN DAVIS, early 30s, charming. He has a set of white perfect teeth and nearly wears the same Levi jeans everyday.

He drags on a cigarette and wears a baseball cap low enough that you can barely see his eyes.

LIV

Yeah, hopefully. I'll be back with your food shortly.

Liv makes her way through the diner towards the register. She turns her head and catches a glimpse of both her perverted co-workers exiting through the back door of the kitchen.

Flakes.

INT. AMELIA'S DINER - NIGHT

Liv starts mopping the wooden floors of the diner. She is scheduled for closing, along with one of the co-workers who bailed earlier.

LIV

I'd much rather close alone than close with you, anyways.

She mumbles to herself as she finishes mopping.

Brian is still sitting in the booth he was in the entire day.

BRIAN

Liv? Are you almost finished?

Liv's angry mumbling to herself was silenced as she turns her gaze to Brian.

LIV

Um, yeah. I'm leaving right now. You can start heading out.

BRIAN

Actually, I was wondering if you'd allow me to give you a lift?

LIV

Oh, no it's okay. I'm walking
distance from home, but thank you.

BRIAN

I insist. I don't want you
wandering the streets at this hour.
Please allow me?

He does have a point. She is so exhausted that her eyes are
getting blurrier by the second.

Liv smiles wearily at Brian. She takes her purse and throws
it over her shoulder, following him out of the diner.

EXT. MAPLE STREET - NIGHT

Brian leads Liv to a 1986 VOLKSWAGEN JETTA, parked on the
side of the road. Navy blue.

A strong gust of wind submerges her entirely, creating
goosebumps up and down her arms. Heavy raindrops fall down
from the sky and onto her face.

Something felt very wrong.

INT. BRIAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Liv quickly gets in the passengers seat of Brian's car,
hoping to feel more safe. But, she feels even more uneasy.

Brian was aggressively rummaging through the trunk of his
car, leaving Liv and her thoughts in eerie silence. She tries
to open the car door, but it wouldn't budge.

LIV

Olivia, get the fuck out of here.

She shakily whispers to herself. Her pale hand rolls down the
right window.

LIV (CONT'D)

Hey Brian? I think it would be
better if I just-

But before she could finish her sentence, two violent hands
grab her head through the window and force a white cloth over
her face. Chloroform.

Liv's thoughts are rapidly circling through her head. She
tries kicking and punching, but Brian has a firm grip on her.

BRIAN

Shh... I'm here to save you. It'll
be over soon.

Her muffled screaming slowly turns to silence.

Everything goes black.

INT. BRIAN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Liv's eyes slowly open, as she regains her consciousness. She is sitting upward in a cold metal chair, her wrists and ankles tied down with thin ropes. Attempting to break free, she stops as the ropes start to pierce through her skin.

LIV

(shakily)

HELP! SOMEONE, HELP ME PLEASE!

Her voice echoes through the 4 faded green walls that she is trapped in. A staircase is in her direction, far from her reach. Old furniture is scattered around the room as well. The smell of mold enter her nostrils.

Before she could scream again, she hears a door screech open and heavy footsteps making their way down towards her.

BRIAN

Finally you're up Liv, I got
worried for a second. I heard you
screaming?

Brian is now standing 3 feet away from her, concern in his eyes.

LIV

ARE YOU CRAZY? A BASEMENT?

BRIAN

Crazy for you. And yes, sorry for
moldy odor.

Brian lets out a small but twisted smile after looking her in the eyes. His gaze made her hands tremble.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Are you ready for the bad men to
finally get what they deserve?

Liv shakes uncontrollably while watching Brian make his way towards an old rusty wardrobe at the end of the basement.

He opens the latch of the wardrobe and 2 bodies fall out from behind. They had thin ropes attached to their wrists and ankles, just like her. Duct-tape covered their mouth as well.

Her co-workers. They were unconscious and heavily bleeding from their heads.

LIV

W-why do you have them locked in there? What are you going to do to them?

Brian takes a lighter fluid bottle and starts scattering the liquid on Liv's co-workers.

LIV (CONT'D)

YOU'RE INSANE!

Liv tries to rip her hands free. Blood starts seeping through her wrists as she cries in pain.

BRIAN

Liv, you're hurting yourself. Stop.

LIV

(crying)

Please, don't... Please don't hurt me, as well.

BRIAN

Why would I ever hurt you? You have done nothing wrong. But they... they have.

Brian finishes scattering the flammable liquid over them and reaches into this pocket. He gets a pack of matches.

There's a sound as the yellow flame appears.

LIV

(crying)

You don't have to do this. Please, don't do this, B-brian.

BRIAN

Yes, yes I do.

Brian releases the flame from his fingertips, right above both co-workers. They regain their consciousness as they engulf into flames. Their sorry screams bounce off the walls.

Dead in seconds.

Liv turns her head the opposite direction, crying helplessly.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(confused)
Why are you crying, Liv? I am doing
YOU a favor. You should be thanking
me.

LIV
THANKING YOU? You can't just go
around murdering people!

BRIAN
(angrily)
You said you wished they would just
go away. I granted you that wish.

He angrily breaks eye contact with Liv and storms up the stairs.

LIV
NO, COME BACK! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME
HERE, PLEASE!

Brian ignores her calls and disappears behind the door. Liv hears a lock click from the other side.

INT. BRIAN'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Liv's under eye bags are dark and prominent. The feelings of coldness and hunger linger within her mind.

This has to be a dream. A nightmare.

She shakes her head vigorously back and forth, trying to wake up from her fantasy.

Suddenly, the door upstairs is thrown open, footsteps making their way down.

BRIAN
Good morning, Liv. You must be
starving. Here, eat something.

Brian sets down a platter of food on a table beside her and places a cup of water next to it.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I'm going to untie you, okay?

Liv hesitates before nodding rapidly.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
(chuckling)
Okay. Be still.

He grips the ropes on Liv's wrists with both of his hands and breaks them without any effort.

LIV
Th- Thank you.

Her voice cracks as she reaches for the plate of food.

LIV (CONT'D)
So... I was thinking, maybe we can
solve a puzzle or so-something?

Brian looks at her, suspiciously.

BRIAN
Why would you want to do that?

She eats her meal as quickly as possible, washing the remnants of food in her mouth with some water.

LIV
I just fi-figured we might as well
do something, right?

She forces a smile to Brian, who stares at her, confused.

BRIAN
Wait, so you're not angry with me?

LIV
No, of course not. I'm sorry if I
overreacted last night. Everything
just happened s-so quickly.

Liv inches closer to Brian and places her hand on his.

LIV (CONT'D)
You were just protecting me. I
couldn't be more grateful, my hero.

Brian's gaze quickly switches from confusion to relief. A weary smile plasters on his face as he squeezes her hand.

LIV (CONT'D)
Tell me about yourself.

Brian gets up and shuffles through some old cabinets. He retrieves a small puzzle and makes his way back over to Liv.

BRIAN
I have been on my own for a while.
Don't really have any friends.

LIV

You've been coming to the diner for a while, r-right?

Liv asks him while putting puzzle pieces together.

BRIAN

Yeah. I've been watching you for 3 years, 10 months, and 2 weeks. Serving tables and suffering. I knew I had to save you from there.

Holy shit.

LIV

Wow... that's so r-romantic. I wouldn't know what I would've done if it weren't for you.

BRIAN

Marry me.

LIV

(shocked)

What?

BRIAN

Marry me, Liv. We're meant to be together. I know it.

LIV

W-wow. I thought you'd never ask...

Trembles ignite her body, all over again. She is terrified.

BRIAN

Yes!

He jumps up and breaks the ropes tied to her ankles. He grabs her waist, spinning her around in circles.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

We should celebrate! I have champagne upstairs, accompany me.

He grabs her weak hands and leads her upstairs.

INT. BRIAN'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Liv notices his super unorganized house. Newspaper articles are cut up everywhere. The trash hasn't been taken out, for at least weeks. It smelled like cigarettes and booze.

INT. BRIAN'S KITCHEN - MORNING

They finally reach to the kitchen. Her jaw almost dropped.

Liv stares at a bulletin board with cut up photos of her, her friends, and her family. They are labeled by time and day.

Brian notices the fear in Liv's face.

BRIAN

Oh no, don't worry. I just needed
to know who my future wife was
going to be.

He chuckles, pouring champagne into two wide tulip glasses.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

This is for you and this is for me.

LIV

(shaking)
To love.

As Brian leans his head back to gulp down his drink, Liv quickly smashes her glass onto the counter of the kitchen.

She shoves the shattered part of the wide tulip directly towards Brian's neck. Blood instantly spills out of him.

He falls down to the floor, choking frantically.

LIV (CONT'D)

(sobbing)
GO TO HELL!

Liv grabs his phone from the counter and makes a run for it.

EXT. BRIAN'S NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Liv runs outside of the house. She dials a number, mid-run.

DISPATCHER

911, what's your emergency?

LIV

(gasping)
Please... help. I need help.

DISPATCHER

What is your name?

LIV

Ol-Olivia Robbins.

DISPATCHER
Olivia, where are you located?

LIV
I d-don't know. I was ta-taken,
please come get me.

Tears began to stain Liv's cheeks, struggling to speak.

LIV (CONT'D)
(whispering)
I think I killed him.

DISPATCHER
We're sending someone to you right
away, okay Olivia? Just stay put.

LIV
I'm so sorry. I didn't want this.

DISPATCHER
Stay on the phone with me, okay?

Liv's knees give up as she collapses onto a field of grass.

She looks at the sky. It was like a cloudless diamond. She
feels the comforting heat of the sun on her face.

DISPATCHER (CONT'D)
Olivia? Talk to me, honey.

She turns her head.

LIV
He's co-coming.

DISPATCHER
Who's coming?

Liv's breathing gets heavier. Heavy footsteps were getting
closer and closer. She closes her eyes.

LIV
He's here. You're too late.

She hears the sound of a shotgun being cocked.

BOOM.

Everything goes black.