

Be Careful What You Dream For

Written by  
Kevin Goodman

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916-995-6360

EXT./INT. GAS STATION - DUSK

ANDREW OSTLER (late 20s), stocky with short brown hair, wearing glasses and McDonald's workers wear pulls the gas nozzle from his car and replaces the gas cap.

INSIDE he grabs a Twinkie, a bag of sunflower seeds and a large Red Bull. He moves towards the cash register, his eyes dark and baggy. His steps are slow and posture poor, exhausted.

CLERK

Will that be everything?

Andrew looks at the displays behind the counter.

ANDREW

Uh, yes.

A beat.

Actually, no! Sorry. Can I get 10 bucks worth of Mega Millions for tonight?

The clerk prints out the tickets and place them on the counter. Andrew pays for the items. As he turns for the exit, he notices a silhouette of a man standing next to his car through the gas station window.

Alarmed that someone is about to vandalize his vehicle, Andrew rushes through the gas station sliding doors only to see the dark figure has disappeared. Relieved, he blinks his eyes and shakes his head. He proceeds to his car.

INT. MALIBU MANSION DAY - NOON

SUPER- A MONTH LATER

Andrew awakes slowly. As he comes to, he looks around the room. A satisfied grin on his face. The room is huge with high-end furnishings.

On the wall, beautifully framed hangs the Mega Millions Lottery ticket.

Andrew looks at his bedside clock, it reads 12:21 PM.

ANDREW

(yawning)

Geez. Ah.

MANSION KITCHEN

Andrew trudges into the kitchen and heads for the refrigerator. The butler, GERALD, collects bottles and trash spread about.

GERALD  
Good afternoon, sir.

ANDREW  
Afternoon, Gerald.

GERALD  
Some soiree wasn't it, sir?

ANDREW  
(grinning)  
Mmm-hmm. Sure was.

Andrew looks around at the mess in the otherwise elegant home.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Could you make me eggs or something?

GERALD  
But of course, Mr. Ostler. Would you also care for some sausage or bacon, sir?

ANDREW  
(groggily)  
Uh, sure, whatever.

Andrew gets a tall Red Bull of the refrigerator and starts to sip it on the way to the couch in the great room.

MANSION GREAT ROOM

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Just bring it in here when it's done, please.

GERALD (O.S.)  
Certainly, sir!

Before he can reach the couch, Andrew faints, dropping his Red Bull, spilling it on the luxury carpet. He collapses onto his side making a loud THUD.

GERALD (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Sir! Are you all right? Mr. Ostler?!

INSERT ANDREW'S POV. HIS EYES ARE BLINKING AS GERALD RUSHES OVER. WE SEE GERALD'S BUTLER SHOES APPROACHING.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

It's later that evening. Andrew is sitting on a hospital bed semi-attentive to the ER physician, DR. VANDELAY (late 40s), as he gives him check out instructions.

DR. VANDELAY  
And no more drinking for at least a couple days, okay?

Andrew gives a disgruntled look.

DR. VANDELAY (cont'd)  
Well, if you don't want anymore headaches, I suggest you-

ANDREW  
Yeah, yeah, okay. And you said the MRI looked all right?

DR. VANDELAY  
Yes, the scan came back clean. No abnormalities, nothing that I'm too concerned with.

ANDREW  
Okay.

DR. VANDELAY  
Just take it easy. Try to go to bed earlier than you have been and drink plenty of water throughout the day. Oh! And we've already sent the referral to Dr. Moizeau's office, so you should get a call to set up the sleep study in a couple days.

Andrew stands up, grabs his belongings and heads for the door of his hospital room.

ANDREW  
Cool. Thanks, Doc.

INT. SLEEP STUDY ROOM - DAY

SUPER- ONE WEEK LATER

After changing into pajamas, Andrew stands while waiting in a small rectangular room with a twin mattress. At the head of the bed is a machine with multiple wired sensors hooked to it.

The sleep study technician, NICOLAS (35) enters the room and instructs Andrew to lie down. He proceeds to connect the sensors to his right index finger and around his nose, ears and head.

NICOLAS

Go ahead and hop on the bed. I just have to strap you in and connect these wires to your face and finger.

ANDREW

You want me to get under the covers now?

NICOLAS

Yes, please.

Nicolas hooks Andrew up to the machine. To the right of the bed there is a large window where other technicians can watch him as they monitor other sleep study equipment. Andrew glances over at them while lying in the bed.

NICOLAS

Okey dokey. You okay?

Andrew turns back to Nicolas.

ANDREW

Yeah.

NICOLAS

Okay, good. You're all set. I'll let you relax. Remember no rush, we'll be here all night.

Andrew nods.

ANDREW

K.

NICOLAS

If you need something, just press this button over here.

He points to a red button on the wall next to the bed.

ANDREW  
(weakly)  
K. Thank you.

NICOLAS  
Alright. Good luck.

Nicolas leaves the small sleep study room. We see him enter the observation room from inside the sleep study room while Andrew slowly dozes off.

INT. UNKNOWN VICTORIAN MANOR - NIGHT

Dressed in his pajamas, Andrew wanders down a long corridor. He emerges out of the corridor into a large entrance foyer.

ANDREW  
(to himself)  
Huh... Where the hell...?

He looks around and notices a wide stair case going up and another one going down. As he slowly spins around, a WELL-DRESSED MAN (late 30s) with his hair combed back gradually ascends the flight of stairs up to the foyer area.

The man is Caucasian, clean-shaven, has charcoal-colored slicked-back hair and wears a black suit with a black dress shirt. No tie. He is 6 feet tall and has a medium frame. He grins at Andrew.

WELL-DRESSED MAN  
Confused?

Andrew turns around quickly to face him.

ANDREW  
Uh, a little. Who are you?

WELL-DRESSED MAN  
(smirking)  
You don't remember?

ANDREW  
Well, kinda. I recognize this place  
but how'd I get here?

WELL-DRESSED MAN  
The same way you always arrive.

Andrew gives a puzzled expression.

WELL-DRESSED MAN (cont'd)  
By way of sleep.

Andrew becomes even more confused.

ANDREW  
Sleep? You're saying I'm asleep right now?

The Well-Dressed Man nods. Andrew raises one eyebrow.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
(incredulously)  
So, this is a dream?

WELL-DRESSED MAN  
Sure.

Andrew scoffs.

ANDREW  
This isn't a dream. Goodbye, dude.

Andrew turns around and heads for the front door.

WELL-DRESSED MAN  
11, 22, 42, 64, 69...

Andrew stops and turns partially around to face the mysterious individual. The Well-dressed man smirks.

WELL-DRESSED MAN (cont'd)  
And Mega 18.

Andrew furrows his eyebrows.

ANDREW  
Who are you? How do you know about that?

The Well-dressed man moves closer to him.

WELL-DRESSED MAN  
Revealing who I am was never part of our arrangement. Likewise, it is not my obligation to remind you of the details of our bargain after it's been struck.

A beat

WELL-DRESSED MAN (cont'd)  
Nor do I have to remind you of the consequences should you decide to back out of the agreement.

Andrew gawks at him.

WELL-DRESSED MAN (cont'd)

ANDREW

Uh-huh.

Andrew turns, making his way to the front door once again. The Well-dressed man proceeds to make an exception to his own rule.

WELL-DRESSED MAN

You walk out and you breach our contract... you will be *mine*.

Andrew sneers again.

ANDREW

Right, right. Just stay away from me. Weirdo.

Andrew opens the front mansion door and walks out into utter darkness.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. SLEEP STUDY ROOM - NIGHT

Nicolas shakes Andrew, yelling at him. He disconnects the wired sensors from Andrew's face and finger.

NICOLAS

Mr. Ostler! Mr. Ostler, please wake up!

Another sleep study technician named DAREN (40) runs up behind Nicolas and peels him off Andrew.

DAREN

Nick! Nick! Stop! He's gone. There's nothing else we can do. The ambulance is already on their way. Let's not touch him anymore!

Daren prods Nicolas out of the room while consoling him. They exit the sleep study room.

Andrew's lifeless body remains alone and untouched on the bed. Several seconds later, the shadow of the Well-dressed man appears and completely covers Andrew's corpse.

FADE TO BLACK



THE END