

The Wish

By

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**INT.OFFICE - MANHATTAN - NIGHT**

STEVEN BUSHMAN (40s), average white collar worker, sits in his bland cubical, sipping coffee. He browses through multiple tabs of stock charts and market news on his desktop.

KEVEN FOX (40s), walks up behind him with his jacket over his shoulder and a friendly smirk across his face.

KEVEN

Still at it eh? What is it seven o'clock?

Steven continues to stare at his computer, clicking on different links.

STEVEN

Yeah I still got some stuff to do for 'Big D' tomorrow.

KEVEN

What's he layin' on you?

STEVEN

Stuff.

KEVEN

Nice. Just like the rest of us.

Keven puts his coat on.

KEVEN

Well don't let Big D get ya down. Look, me and the guys are headed to... what's it called? Stanley's bar? Well anyway you should come. Live a little.

STEVEN

Stanley's pub. And no I can't. Really busy at the moment.

KEVEN

Well can't say I didn't try.

STEVEN

And you'll try again tomorrow.

KEVEN

Damn right. See, your getting it.

(CONTINUED)

Steven clicks open a different tab on his desktop. The chart on the tab shows exponential decrease. Stevens eyes fill with frustration. Keven stands watching.

STEVEN

Oh you got to be fucking kidding  
me. FUCK!!

Steven buries his face in his hands.

KEVEN

Are those the bonds you promised  
'Big D' would triple?

Steven stays quiet, face still buried in his hands.

KEVEN

Ah don't worry about it-

STEVEN

For fucks sake Keven can you leave  
me in peace?

A long beat.

Steven lifts his face to see Keven now gone.

A small strip of paper rests where he stood. Steven confused, stands and looks around. Nobody else in the office.

He reaches to pick it up. On it reads; Scribe three wishes.

Steven more confused, sits down and places the paper on his desk.

He continues on his computer and finishes his coffee. The chart and numbers on the screen showing no improvement. In another tab is his email which receives a barrage of new messages.

His eyes lifeless. All hope lost.

He eyes the strip of paper then pulls out a notepad and pen. He writes the short sentence: I wish I had a Ferrari.

A beat.

He sluggishly shuts his computer off, reaches for his coat pocket and pulls out a set of keys.

His face frozen. Can't believe what he's seeing. In his hand, a key bob with the bright yellow Ferrari insignia.

He stares in disbelief, then looks around until his eyes land on the strip of paper. He immediately scribbles another sentence down; I wish I was a billionaire.

A vibration is heard. He snaps to pull his phone out of his pocket. Views it to see an investment account statement. His investment account statement and a number on the statement reads; plus One hundred-thousand percent.

His phone rings. An unknown number. He answers, slowly raising the phone to his ear.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Hello is this Mr. Bushman?

(A beat)

Hello?

STEVEN

Y-yes it is.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Okay good evening Mr. Bushman, I am a representative from Goldman Sachs investment group and called because we would like to set up a meeting with you to discuss further investment opportunities with us. We've received information on the positive earnings in your investment portfolio and would like to-

He drops his phone in disbelief. His hand trembling in pure shock.

He picks up the strip of paper and stares at the words. Contemplating. He then grabs the pen and begins to write once more but hesitates.

He thinks again then writes something else down, almost forcing himself. Done, he sits back in his chair staring at what he wrote. A deafening silence in the office.

His breathing a little heavy. He swivels his chair around, his foot knocks something over.

He looks under his desk to see what he hit and pulls it out to see that it's a framed mirror. Completely foreign to him.

He holds it up to his face staring at himself. Utterly confused. He inspects his face then becomes frozen again, hitting a hard realization.

(CONTINUED)

His jaw drops then slowly turns into a genuine smile. A smile that hasn't met his face in a long time.

He stands up with the mirror and walks off, leaving his coat, keys, and phone behind.

We see the note pad sit in the desk. The last wish reads; I wish for world peace.

END