

DINER OF WISHES

Written by

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INT. TIFFANY'S DINER - DAY

The dimly lit Tiffany's Diner exudes a cozy and nostalgic charm. The walls are adorned with vintage photographs and neon signs. The air is filled with the comforting aroma of freshly brewed coffee and the sizzle of grilled burgers.

BILL DOUGLAS, a middle-aged man with deep lines etched on his face, sits alone at a secluded corner booth. His eyes flicker with a mix of determination and concern. His hands grip a worn photograph of him and his wife, their smiles frozen in a moment of bliss.

Around him, patrons engage in lively conversations, A small families laughter blending with the soft hum of the jukebox in the background. The clinking of cutlery against plates creates a symphony of familiar sounds.

Bill gazes out the window, he searches for a glimmer of hope in this familiar haven.

The waitress, LUCY, approaches the table with a warm smile.

LUCY

(cheerfully)

Hi Bill, you haven't eaten all day,
let me get you some flap jacks at
least, soak up all that coffee.

BILL

(nodding)

Thanks, Lucy. Just a top up for
now.

Lucy pours the steaming coffee. She lingers for a moment, sensing Bill's troubled state.

LUCY

(concerned)

You doing okay, Bill? Any word on
Beth?

BILL

(softly)

Just trying to find a way...

Lucy's eyes soften with empathy. She places a reassuring hand on Bill's shoulder.

LUCY

I believe in miracles, Bill.
Sometimes, they come from the most
unexpected places.

Bill offers a faint smile. He takes a sip of his coffee, the warmth spreading through his body.

INT. TIFFANY'S DINER - RESTROOM

A small utilitarian space. The sound of running water fills the air as BILL washes his hands.

The distant laughter and cheerful chatter of patrons seep through the restroom door, serving as a stark contrast.

Bill's eyes meet his reflection in the mirror, searching for answers that seem just out of reach.

A faint ring turns into alarm as he fumbles a phone from his pocket.

BILL

Everything ok? Yes, of course babe, don't worry, everything is going to be okay.(listening) I wont miss it, yes the Millers said it was very peaceful. See you soon, love you.

Bill's hands tremble slightly, ending the call. He slouches over defeated, the distant laughter seems to grow louder.

With a final splash of water on his face, Bill takes a deep breath, mustering the strength to carry on. Determination flickers in his eyes as he straightens his posture, ready to face the challenges that lie ahead.

INT. TIFFANY'S DINER

With patrons perched on stools and servers bustling behind it, Bill walks back to his booth. He sits and reclaims his coffee. An OLD MAN on a stool turns and looks at Bill. Vin, smiles as he approaches, a cooler under his arm.

VIN

Mind if I join you?

Bill looks up from his coffee, noting Vin's weathered face bearing the marks of a life well-lived.

BILL

(slightly surprised)
Not at all.

Vin slides the cooler then himself into the booth.

VIN
(nodding towards Bill's
coffee)
Looks like you've been here for a
while.

BILL
(chuckles)
Can't get enough of this place.
Been a regular customer for years.

Vin nods waiting, Bill's curiosity gets the best of him.

BILL
(leaning in)
You seem like you've seen a lot in
your life. Any advice for someone
going through tough times?

Vin's eyes glimmer suggesting the weight he carries.

VIN
(thoughtfully)
Life has a way of throwing
curveballs, son. Don't be afraid to
lean on others for support, and
never give up hope.

Vin's gaze shifts to Bill's hands and the photo of Beth.

BILL
(slightly vulnerable)
My wife... it's bad. I spent so
much time looking for a cure, even
now I can't face her.

Vin shares a comforting smile with Bill.

VIN
(pensively)
Sometimes, the answers we seek are
found in unexpected places. Keep
your heart open, young man. You
never know when a glimmer of hope
might appear.

Bill's eyes meet Vin's, and he senses a hidden depth.

BILL
(grateful)
Thank you, Vin. I needed to hear
that.

Vin smiles genuinely.

VIN

We all need someone to remind us of the light, son. You're not alone in this journey.

Bill smiles, the sounds of clinking dishes and lively conversation envelop them as they continue their conversation, forging a bond in the heart of Tiffany's Diner.

As the transition from day to night unfolds, the diner becomes a haven of shared stories and newfound hope, fueled by the unlikely friendship between Bill and Vin.

INT. TIFFANY'S DINER - NIGHT

The ambience of Tiffany's Diner takes on a hushed tone as Vin leans in, his eyes filled with mystery. Bill, captivated by the old man's presence, listens intently.

VIN

(leaning closer)

You know, there's a story I heard once. A story of a sacred temple deep in the heart of the Congo. It was said to hold ancient secrets and unimaginable power.

Bill's skepticism lingers, but a flicker of curiosity dances in his eyes.

BILL

(raising an eyebrow)

Ancient secrets and power, huh? Sounds like something out of a fairy tale.

Vin softens, his voice carrying a hint of nostalgia.

VIN

(grinning)

Well, sometimes truth is stranger than fiction, my friend. They say within that temple were devoted monks, unassuming at first glance. But these Monks... possessed a remarkable ability.

Bill leans in closer, his interest growing.

BILL

(slightly skeptical)

What kind of ability are we talking about?

Vin's eyes twinkle with a mix of mischief and wonder.

VIN

(revealing)

Legend has it that they had the power to grant wishes. Pure, heartfelt wishes. Unfortunately they were all slaughtered. But something strange and magical happened, their blood seeped out onto this cooler of all places. And now it has the same ability. Just imagine... all you had to do was wish for something, and it would be granted.

Bill's skepticism heightens as he laughs.

BILL

(slightly incredulous)

You're saying this cooler could make any wish come true?

Vin nods, his voice filled with conviction.

VIN

That's right, my boy. But here's the catch... It demands a life for each wish.

Bill's mind races, contemplating. A wave of uncertainty washes over him, but a spark of belief flickers within.

BILL

(whispering)

That's quite a story, Vin. They might lock you up telling tall tales like that.

Vin leans back, his face tinged with wisdom.

VIN

(smiling)

Belief, my friend, is a choice we make. It's about embracing the power of imagination and holding onto hope, even when the world seems bleak. We may not fully understand the mysteries of this world, but sometimes, it's the belief in the extra-ordinary that brings forth the extraordinary.

Bill's gaze shifts to the bustling diner, his mind filled with both doubt and wonder.

BILL
(contemplative)
I suppose in a world filled with unknowns, but that is the most ridiculous thing I have ever heard.

Vin pats the cooler gently, and slides it across the table.

VIN
Prove me wrong, son.

Bill hesitates for a moment, his eyes locked on the cooler, he reaches out to lift the lid. As he does, a cool mist escapes, revealing the empty chamber.

BILL
(warily)
Alright, haha let's give it a try. There is one thing they don't have here.

He closes his eyes resting a hand on top, faintly whispers a wish. In that moment, the air shifts, charged with an otherworldly energy. Bill opens his eyes and peers in.

To his disbelief, a slice of homemade apple pie, with a perfect scoop of vanilla ice-cream waits for him. A flicker of hope sparks in Bill's eyes as he retrieves it.

BILL
(in awe)
No way...Just the way she makes it.

The people glance curiously, sensing something extraordinary. A patron in the back, slums forward, unnoticed and very dead.

Bill mouths the perfect slice of refreshing apple pie.

Bills phone chimes. It's 8pm.

BILL
Oh, I'm going to be late.

Bill jumps up, throwing a few bills on the counter.

LUCY
Its on the house!

BILL
A tip then.

VIN
You haven't even finished your pie?

Vin wrinkles his nose as Bill ready's to leave.

BILL
Forgive me, I can't miss...

The atmosphere in Tiffany's Diner abruptly shifts as a masked figure bursts through the entrance, brandishing a weapon. Panic ripples through the crowded space, and the air becomes thick with fear. Vin rises up.

VIN
Ok no need for that son.

Without a thought the robber fires a shot, the force pitching Vin's lifeless body onto the table, crushing the perfect pie.

ROBBER
This is a robbery! Everybody hand
over your wallets or I'll put you
in a box!

Bill's heart pounds in his chest as he watches the scene unfold before him. The patrons scramble to comply with the robber's demands, their hands trembling as they hand over their wallets and belongings. The robber's eyes dart from person to person, a sinister gleam betraying him.

BILL
(whispering to himself)
This can't be happening.

A surge of adrenaline courses through Bill's veins. In a split second of desperation, an audacious thought takes hold. He puts his hand on the cooler.

BILL
(firmly)
I wish your head was in a box!

The words hang in the air, silence engulfing the room. Suddenly, the robber clutches for his head, but it's gone! Only a crimson mist in its place. The robber's lifeless body crumples to the floor.

The diner erupts into chaos, screams of fear and disbelief. Bill's eyes widen, he turns his gaze to the cooler.

BILL
(whispering)
What have I done?

He looks down at his trembling hands, The other patrons stare at Bill, their eyes reflecting a mix of gratitude and fear.

Bill's gaze shifts to the mysterious cooler. Its presence seems to glow with an otherworldly energy.

BILL
(in a hushed, pained
voice)
This can't be real. I never meant
for this to happen.

His words echo in the silence, He tepidly leans down and opens the cooler. Peeking inside, only to be met with a gruesome sight. Lifeless eyes stare back at Bill.

Lucy the waitress behind the counter drops dead, spilling coffee over the counter and knocking over an old lady who cry's out.

As the lights flicker overhead and the small family comforts each other. Bill steps back from the cooler, his eyes filled with a newfound determination.

He closes his eyes, allowing his desire to envelop him.

BILL
(whispering, his voice
filled with desperation)
I wish... I wish for a cure. A cure
for my wife's cancer.

The cooler seems to hum with a newfound energy, as if responding to the urgency of his wish. Slowly, he opens his eyes, his heart pounding in his chest.

Inside the cooler a vial filled with a radiant liquid awaits him. It glows with an promising ethereal light.

He lifts the vial from the cooler, cradling it as if it were the most precious treasure in the world. The diner around him falls away, as his wish comes true.

BILL
(whispering, his voice
filled with gratitude)
Thank you. Thank you.

Tears glisten in his eyes, reflecting the flickering lights of the diner. Just then the small family falls face down in their booth, dead.

He turns to the tragedy his wishes have caused.

Bzzz. His phone demands to be answered.

BILL
I missed it? She passed?

A tear escapes as he loses the will to hold the phone.

BILL
(whispers to himself)
I'm sorry babe.

His words hang in the air, he places the vial in the cooler looking around the diner one last time, he whispers his final wish.

INT. TIFFANY'S DINER - DAY

The morning light streams through the windows of Tiffany's Diner, casting a warm glow over the scene. Beth (Bill's wife from the photo) walks towards Vin, who is now fingering mala prayer beads.

BETH
(softly)
Vin, I want to thank you for all
your support when Bill passed.

Vin holds a mixture of understanding and empathy in his eyes.

VIN
Beth, sometimes we search for
miracles outside of ourselves, but
the real magic is found within our
hearts. I'm glad I could help.

Beth nods, her resolve strengthening.

BETH
Bill and I had some great times, we
really did make every moment count.
Tiffany's Diner will always hold a
special place in my heart.

WAITRESS
(teary-eyed)
You take care now, Beth. We'll miss
you around here.

As Beth walks towards the exit, she takes a final look back at the place that has been a haven during her challenging times. The morning bustle of the diner continues around them, with the small family, Lucy, the old lady and the other patrons.

BETH
(whispering)
Make every moment count.

Beth and Vin share a knowing smile. They understand that life's greatest gifts cannot be granted by a mysterious cooler, but rather by the love, connection, and memories we create with those we hold dear.

THE END