

Come heaven or high water

written by

Author

Address  
Phone  
E-mail

INT. LOCAS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A beer bottle dangles midair. Only half full. Or half empty. Depends on what kind of person you are.

It's not a magic trick. LUCAS (17) is the one dangling the beer while he contemplates a thought. His girlfriend, LUCY (16), sits next to him on the couch, wrapped by his other arm.

Eureka! In his excitement to share his idea, Lucas tightens his arm around Lucy's neck.

LUCAS  
I've got an amazing idea.

He talks to the remaining GUESTS of what seems to be the remnants of a really boring party.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
You're gonna love it!

Lucy's face reddens as she taps on his arm. She will be brain dead in fourteen minutes if no one throws the towel.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
I've never done this before.

Sitting on the floor, SARAH (15) writes on a copybook resting on her thighs. Solving differential equations. She shakes her head. She's familiar with Lucas' "amazing ideas."

BERNARD (16) comes out of the kitchen holding a Rubik's cube.

BERNARD  
What is it?  
(notices Lucy)  
Getting on death row so you can  
wear orange without being  
ridiculed?

LUCAS  
What?

Bernard taps his own arm to give him one extra hint.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit. Sorry, baby.

On release, Lucy coughs and gasps for long waited oxygen.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
Let's play 17 minutes in heaven.

Sarah scoffs.

SARAH  
It's called 7 minutes in heaven and  
we're too old for this.

LUCAS  
7 minutes? What can anyone do in 7  
minutes?

The Guests look at each other. They murmur among themselves,  
discussing the idea. The jury is out:

A LOUD GUEST  
Let's do it!

Sarah rolls her eyes.

**LATER**

Two bowls full of folded papers is set on the table. Pinky  
papers in one, blue in the other. A hand dives in. Picks one.

MR. ANNOUNCER (17) unfolds it and reads:

MR. ANNOUNCER  
Lucas Marcos!

Lucas bows down to his imaginative fans.

MR. ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
Is getting 7 minutes in heaven  
wiiiiith...  
(pauses, creating  
suspense)  
Lucy Clancy.  
(realizes, deflated)  
Oh, right!

Lucas smiles and looks upward. He holds his chest.

LUCAS  
I understand. I accept. And I'm  
happy.

Lucy giggles as he carries her to the closet. A CHAPERON  
opens the closet door for them and gestures with an inviting  
hand.

**LATER**

Chaperon knocks on the closet door.

CHAPERON  
Come on, man. It's been an hour.

Lucas emerges disheveled, but triumphant. Lucy right behind him and hugging his arm. Sarah feigns puking.

LUCAS  
An hour? It felt like 7 minutes...

LUCY  
...in heaven.

She giggles again.

A hand shakes Mr. Announcer awake. He wakes up and sluggishly picks two papers at once.

MR. ANNOUNCER  
(half awake)  
Bernard and Sarah. Wow. The two  
L's. Now the two nerds. We're  
playing 7 minutes in hell.

SARAH	BERNARD
I rather solve Poincaré conjecture with both legs in a bear trap.	A snow crystal chance in Kilauea.

LUCY  
(dreamily)  
Aww! They're so perfect.

Bernard and Sarah recede to the farthest corners apart.

Lucas stands towering in the middle of the room with his arms folded and speaks with authority to the crowd.

LUCAS  
Throw them in.

CUT TO

INT. CLOSET - LATER

The door lock CLICKS close. Both Bernard and Sarah bangs desperately on the door.

SARAH  
Eww! You touched me.

BERNARD  
Youuuu touched me.

Bernard closes his eyes and breath in. Keeping his panic under control.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
 (to himself)  
 It's only four hundred and twenty  
 seconds.

SARAH  
 (eyes closed)  
 Four nineteen.

BERNARD  
 A safe prime, twin prime, and...

SARAH  
 (smitten)  
 ... the sum of consecutive primes.

They're already finishing each other sentences. Let's give  
 them some privacy.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCAS' LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lucas checks his watch. He ushers The Chaperon to unlock the  
 door. He nods: *They did their time*. The Chaperon obeys.

Bernard steps out. Red in the face. Eyes to the ground.  
 Embarrassed? Angry? Lucas squints unable to decipher him.

Sarah follows behind, drenched in sweat, on the verge of  
 losing conscience, and holding a newborn.

LUCAS  
 AHHH!

LUCY  
 Aww. She has her eyes.

SARAH  
 (timidly)  
 It's a boy.

Lucas just sobered up. His head swerves back and forth  
 between the miraculous baby and his unperturbable girlfriend.

MR. ANNOUNCER  
 (crosses his chest)  
Hallelujah.

TIN FOIL HAT (O.S.)  
 I knew it. They're aliens. No human  
 can get an A+ in Mr. Malthus class.

MOVIE BUFF (O.S.)  
 Even chestbusters needed two hours  
 minimum.

Sarah and Bernard stand in abashment. Unable to meet everyone's gaze. A moment of absolute silence lingers.

Mr. Announcer holds the TV remote and reads the news flash.

MR. ANNOUNCER  
 It's all over the world. Human  
 gestation period is now 30 seconds.  
 Bye bye sex.

Lucy rubs her flat belly and wonders. She looks at Lucas. A bit alarmed.

MONTAGE: The impact of the pandemic

... A PIMP standing in a street corner watches as a car drops one of his "ASSETS" holding a baby and peels out. Another car does the same. Yet another car. Until there are ten humans in the scene and no cars. One of them got twins. The Pimp draws his glock.

... A CEO sits at his fancy desk. A SECRETARY opens the office door and ushers in a fresh, young, sexy, prey, PROSPECT. He grins and shoos The Secretary out.

A flash of a news headline: Karma, the pharmaceutical giant, now has a new heir.

... An abortion clinic, with a slogan on the door "My fetus, my business," puts a sign on its door: "Out of business."

... A LAB worker, with a giant DNA model in the background, wipes sweat off her forehead as she takes a report off the printer and stacks it on top of a one foot tall pile of papers on her desk. She turns around and finds A COWORKER wheeling in a wheelbarrow filled with test tubes. She rips off her badge and shoves it down a paper shredder.

... A NERVOUS WOMAN (mid 20s) checks her watch as she stands alone in back alley. A BIKER shouldering a bag approaches her. He revs his bike as scrutinizes The Woman for a bit. As soon as he unzips his bag, The Woman pulls out a pistol and a police badge simultaneously. He swerves a 180 degree to find a patrol car blocking the alley entrance. TWO officers jump out of a close by dumpster blocking his remaining escape route. He gives up and she cuffs him. AN OFFICER unzips the bag to reveal packs of diapers.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. BERNARD'S FAMILY'S HOUSE - SAME NIGHT LATER

Bernard sits on couche. Sarah sits next holding the baby.

His FATHER (53) looks incredulous. Balding, beer belly.

FATHER

You're going to jail.

BERNARD

We're eligible for Romeo and Juliet

THE MOTHER (48), thin frame, long neck, and a nose to match. Whispers in her Husband ear, explaining. He nods.

FATHER

Can't we go pro-choice on its ass?  
I can't afford to pay for this  
mistake.

The Newborn, let's call him ALBERT, plays with a miniature Rubik's cube while making cute noises. Sarah smiles proudly.

FATHER (CONT'D)

I'm already struggling. The house  
mortgage. Your mom's treatment.  
Agnes' tutoring.

BERNARD

Wait what? Leo, the neighbors' kid,  
is back tutoring Agnes?

MOTHER

Yes. Bless him. He made us a better  
deal and always stay half an hour  
longer than he should. He really  
cares.

Bernard and Sarah exchange a concerned look.

BERNARD

I hope he cares enough to bring  
condoms with him.

MOTHER

Shame on you. That kid is an angel.  
He would n--

A newborn's CRY roars from upstairs.

FATHER

What was that?

SARAH  
A baby angel.

The Mother bolts toward the stairs.

FATHER  
You gotta be fucking kidding me.

SARAH  
You guys heard the news, right?

FATHER  
What n--

Another newborn WAILS. This time from the kitchen.

BERNARD  
Who's in the kitchen?

FATHER  
Your grandma showing the plumber  
the leak.

Albert gives out a cute, good CHUCKLE. The Father hyperventilates. Sweat beads roll down. Beyond overwhelmed.

BERNARD  
Okay. Okay. One mistake at a time.  
(to Bernard and Sarah)  
Let's get out.

Albert drops the Rubik's cube, which is now solved.

EXT. BERNARD'S FAMILY HOUSE - BACKYARD

Bernard stands outside with Sarah. They watch The Father gets into the garden shed. They hear him rummages through whatever garbage stacked inside. He comes out holding three rainbow-colored, helium-filled, foil balloons.

He approaches Bernard and shoves the balloons at his chest. Bernard reflexively hugs them. The Father scribbles something with a marker on them. One word each:

Hopes, Dreams, Asspirations. *He misspells aspiration.*

FATHER  
(to Sarah)  
Come closer.

Albert, who seems inexplicably older now, wet the tip of his finger and wipes the extra S off asspirations. Sarah beams.



FATHER (CONT'D)

You either hold the baby, or hold onto these. No third option.

Bernard presses his tongue to his upper lip in concentration while trying to clamp the edge of each balloon between his knuckles. The balloons being half deflated helps a little. Or half filled. Depends on what kind of person you are.

He succeeds. Sarah hands him the baby. He holds it with his free arm. Angered by the creative solution, The Father slaps the balloons off Bernard's already fragile grip.

FATHER (CONT'D)

You can't pinch hold a dream, smartass. Look! They're gone.

He points at the balloons as they drift away, only to see them get caught in a tree branch.

BERNARD

I can still climb and get them.

FATHER

No! That wasn't supposed to happen. Once you make the choice, they're gone. Forever. No take-backs.

A FIREFIGHTER appears out of nowhere holding a cat in one hand, and the three balloons in the other.

FIREFIGHTER

We were saving the neighbor's cat. We found these. Are they yours?

The angry Father snatches them from the firefighter's hand.

FATHER

They're mine.

BERNARD

Why do you have rainbow balloons in your shed?

FATHER

That's none of your business.

He scurries away. Stumbles and falls. His drops a little revealing a pink G-string. He jumps in a futile attempt to catch the ascending balloons.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Nooooo!

FADE OUT.

SUPER: YEARS LATER

FADE IN:

INT. BERNARD&SARAH'S STUDIO - NIGHT

It's small, damp, and cheaply furnished. Bernard works at a small desk in the corner going through a pile of files.

Sarah walks in with a cup of iced coffee. He smiles.

BERNARD

(takes it)

Thanks, honey. Don't bother yourself.

SARAH

No bother at all. You've been working all night. More homeworks?

BERNARD

Yeah. It's not much but it pays the bills. My uncle said he got a spare laptop. I might start online freelancing soon.

SARAH

Sorry about your old laptop. Your xbox. The pokemon cards. The--

BERNARD

Ssssh. I don't miss them. I've got you now. And Albert. He would have destroyed them anyway if I didn't sell them.

SARAH

So true. Ain't he a handful. I caught him gutting the nanny cam to get the battery out so he can give his RC car more power.

BERNARD

That kid is gonna change the world someday. I can feel it.

She smiles and leans in for a kiss when the door KNOCKS interrupting the intimate moment. Bernard checks his watch.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
Must be Lucas and Lucy.

Sarah opens the door. Bernard was right. It's Lucas and Lucy holding a bottle of champagne and some grocery bags. They hug Sarah.

LUCAS  
Hi, there, Mr. never-answer-my-calls.

BERNARD  
I'm sorry. Albert broke my phone.  
Touch screen doesn't work anymore.

LUCAS  
Speaking of the devil. Where is he?

SARAH  
He's asleep.

Lucas pulls out a big RC car from one of the bags.

LUCAS  
Give him this beast when he wakes up.

SARAH  
(to Lucy)  
Any luck with the new treatment?

Lucy tears up and shakes her head.

LUCY  
Oh, sweetie. Don't give up. It's gonna happen one day. I promise.

LUCAS  
I keep telling her to stop kicking herself about it.

Lucas wraps his arms around her lovingly.

LUCAS (CONT'D)  
I understand. I accept. And I'm happy.

She giggles.

FADE TO BLACK.