

HIS TIME WILL COME

Written by

Stretch Armstrong

OVER BLACK

Helicopter Rotors WHIR. Water SPLASHES violently.

Emergency BEEPS followed quickly by a massive EXPLOSION!

A PANICKED VOICE crackles through a WALKIE TALKIE.

PANICKED VOICE (V.O.)  
Where's Vic? Where are the kids?!

FADE IN:

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

Immaculate. Sparse of any decor, just blindingly white.

VIC, middle aged and shaggy, sits impatiently in a chair as if he's on the opposite end of an interrogation. His grey suit and red tie the only drop of color in the room.

VIC  
Listen, nothing I say or do will  
ever get through to this guy.

HONCHO, an unseen man with a BOOMING BRITISH voice replies.

HONCHO (O.S.)  
His time will come.

VIC  
When? How? Tell me! Do I have to...  
(he mock shoots himself)  
Ya know? Eye for an eye?

HONCHO (O.S.)  
Negligence as a rule is not  
condemnable. In time you will learn  
there are fates that rival death.

VIC  
No shit, Pal. He gets to live the  
dream while I'm stuck playing  
guessing games with you.

HONCHO (O.S.)  
His time will come.

VIC  
What about my time?!

Vic jumps to his feet, shoves the chair and exits off screen.

INT. MOVIE SET - DAY - 1982

JOHN, 30s, black beard and glasses, sits behind a large movie camera. He intently gawks forward with a pervy grin.

JOHN  
Cut! Pop that top back on, Jamie  
Lee, and let's reset.

John steps out from behind the camera to the sound of frustrated offscreen GRUNTS. We stay on him.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Jeez John, that was take thirty. I  
think we've got the money shot--

JOHN  
Shut your fat Canadian yapper,  
Danny! I'm the king of this castle,  
not you. Get back to your marks!

John turns back towards the camera, but stops dead in his tracks, frozen in fear.

Before him stand TWO VIETNAMESE CHILDREN, one BOY, one GIRL, both soaking wet. They just stare at him and drip.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
... Actually... that's lunch!

He darts off set, terrified.

INT. TRAILER - LATER

John bursts through the door, slams it and hyperventilates. His eyes shoot over to the couch, where Vic sits. The sight nearly knocks John off his feet.

John reaches for a small box, swings it open and dumps a mound of cocaine on a coffee table.

VIC  
Good idea. Take the edge off.

As John's about to snort, he stops himself and flips the table over, spilling the cocaine to Vic's disappointment.

JOHN  
When's this gonna end, Vic?!

VIC  
Until I figure that out, your stuck  
with me... And the kids.

John gets up and stomps through the white cocaine pile which

FADES TO:

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

Vic, same outfit, tie undone, paces the room.

VIC

All of a sudden he's clean? Just my luck. This psycho... he just... If I have to be around em any longer, I swear I'm gonna murder em.

HONCHO (O.S.)

You won't. That is not your purpose. His time will come.

EXT. MUSIC VIDEO SET - NIGHT - 1983

Vic eavesdrops on a conversation. In the blurred distance we see a ZOMBIE dancing while he talks to a Corporate SUIT.

ZOMBIE

-- But he killed two children! You know how much I love children!

SUIT

Mike, ya gotta stop sayin stuff like that... people are talkin.

John breezes by Vic, pretends to ignore him. A female CREW MEMBER approaches John. He rolls his eyes and nods to her.

JOHN

These zombies better look scary or it's your ass! Where are they?

INT. TENT - NIGHT

John hustles in where he's met by the wet Vietnamese kids.

EXT. TENT - MEANWHILE

John storms out in sheer terror.

The Crew Member gives her CO-WORKER an satisfied thumbs up.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

John cowers behind a truck, gets startled by Vic.

JOHN

Is this your purpose, Vic? Stress me out til my heart bursts?!

VIC

Yea maybe, but don't worry, I won't put the blame on the Pyrotech.

John clenches his fist, grits his teeth, breathes deeply.

JOHN

No. We're not doing this. I got too much on my plate right now! Between you, those kids... the damn court case! This pansy Popstar keeping me on set day and night... I haven't even seen my baby girl in weeks--

VIC

You rat bastard... Weeks?! I didn't talk to my girls for months! And that was before you dropped that bird on me. I'll never get the time to reconcile! ... Ya know my youngest was following in my footsteps. Way more talented than me too. ... Ain't even using my name. So much for legacy.

John reflects on his words. He can't speak.

VIC (CONT'D)

Sad that it took me dying to realize, my kids are my life. But you don't care. I can't change you. You've got your health. You've got success. I'm tired of watching you live your life. I don't know how, but I'm breaking our link.

Vic starts to walk away, but turns back with a thought.

VIC (CONT'D)

Cherish that girl of yours. Better yet, why not have another one? You took two kids from the world. How bout giving two back? Only fair.

John finally snaps as Vic leaves. He doesn't even turn.

JOHN

Good! Leave, Vic! I don't owe you  
shit! ... and the world would be  
lucky if I gave it another kid!  
Everything I make is perfect!

INT. WHITE ROOM - MONTHS LATER

Vic sits in the chair, worse for ware. Time hasn't been kind.

VIC

Why am I back here?! Just let me  
stay in limbo.

A hulking man in a white suit, HONCHO, steps out beside Vic.

HONCHO (O.S.)

There's been a breakthrough.  
Something you told John seems to  
have resonated. We've conceived  
proper retribution for his sin.

VIC

His time has come?

HONCHO (CONT'D)

His time has come.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY - 1985

Vic and Honcho turn a corner, past a sign that reads  
MATERNITY WARD. Vic reads the sign in confusion.

HONCHO

How does one ultimately punish a  
prideful and remorseless man?

VIC

I could never figure that out.

HONCHO

John had no sights on another child  
until your emotional plea that  
night. We think you woke a deep  
seeded guilt.

(off Vic's confusion)

In the end, is legacy not our  
greatest gift? Family above all  
else. How can a Creator call life a  
success if he fails his greatest  
creation?

A WOMAN giving birth down the hall screams in agony.

Honcho flashes an evil smile.

VIC  
Wait? You wouldn't... No!

Vic darts down the hall, past door after door, frantically searching.

After a few misses, he enters the doorway of a--

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

and watches as John rocks a SCREAMING BABY BOY in his arms, while his WIFE lays in a bed nearby. John looks up towards the doorway beaming with trepidation, but doesn't see Vic.

Vic waves. John doesn't react. He fights to corral his son.

INT. HALLWAY - MEANWHILE

Vic steps away from the door in utter confusion. Honco and the two Vietnamese kids are there, all smiles.

VIC  
You're not gonna hurt the baby?

Honcho lets out a hearty belly laugh, shakes his head "no."

VIC (CONT'D)  
Then how is this a punishment?

HONCHO  
Trust me, Vic. His time will come.

A BLINDING LIGHT appears at the end of the hall. The Kids hold their hands out to Vic. Honcho nods.

Vic smiles. He picks the kids up under each arm, and runs towards the light. They disappear.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

John sheds a tear of joy. He can't get enough of his Son, even though the baby won't stop fidgeting and bawling.

JOHN  
My greatest creation. You're gonna make daddy so proud some day. The world's lucky to have you, Max.

FADE TO WHITE.