

OH, BABY!

Written by

Sarah O'Connell

FADE IN.

INT. HALLWAY-DAY

CLAIRE walks down the hallway, her Jack Rogers sandals click against her heels, her hair is perfectly groomed, makeup done. Straight out of a Lily Pulitzer catalog.

She stops at her locker and opens the door revealing a dozen photos of her and her boyfriend.

JACK comes behind Claire, rubbing her shoulders as she grabs her books. Jack's the kind of guy you would see in a 1980s biker movie. He's got a tattoo on his upper arm, facial hair, and a cigarette hanging out of his back pocket.

JACK
Hey babe. Let's skip class today.

CLAIRE
Ugh I wish.

JACK
C'mon... who needs home economics anyway?

CLAIRE
Uhhhhh...

She glances down the hall towards the doors outside longingly. She looks back at her boyfriend.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
We really should go. You've already skipped two classes this week.

JACK
Yeah yeah...

They interlock hands and walk down the hall.

INT. CLASSROOM-DAY

Jack and Claire sit next to each other in class, their desks pushed close, playing footsie and giggling at each other.

THE SUBSTITUTE TEACHER walks into the class, humming to herself. She's dressed in long flowing clothes that go perfectly with her tangled long hair. She wears glasses and carries a bag big enough to fit a small child. The kind of woman you just know has voodoo dolls in her bedside table.

SUB

Alright class. Welcome to Home Economics. Your teacher is...out for the rest of the week so I'll be filling in.

The entire glass groans and dips their heads back.

JACK

I knew we should have skipped today.

CLAIRE

I think you're right.

SUB

Settle down. Settle down.

She eyes Jack and Claire all over each other in the back of the room. She rolls her eyes and continues with the announcement.

SUB (CONT'D)

Home economics. A critical class in your development as adults, and possible parents.

Jack and Claire snicker in the back of the room as they glance at each other's computers screens. Claire adds a new dress to her online shopping cart while Jack plays video games.

SUB (CONT'D)

I'm not your typical teacher. I do not believe in conventional methods.

Claire turns to Jack and whispers.

CLAIRE

Yeah we can tell that from your outfit.

SUB

Over the next 24 hours, every one of you will be randomly paired up with another member of the class. You will be responsible for caring for a doll. Treat this doll like it were your own child. You will know if you are messing up. It will cry, it will yell, it will annoy you until you do it right.

CLAIRE

Excuse me, but do you have the
authority to do this? You're just a
sub.

The Sub scans the room to see who was speaking. She makes a note in her binder.

SUB

The assignment stands. The
instructions are simple. Return the
baby tomorrow in this exact state.
I will know if you cheat.

Jack and Claire roll their eyes at each other. The Sub puts all the baby dolls on the desk.

SUB (CONT'D)

You two in the back...

Jack and Claire look up, two deer in headlights.

SUB (CONT'D)

Come get your assignment.

The couple screeches their chairs back and rises out of their seats, trudging to the front desk.

JACK

Thanks lady. There goes my night.

SUB

Jack. Claire. Good luck.

The Sub hands them the doll, smiling softly and nodding her head.

Jack and Claire exit the room and go back into the hallway.

CLAIRE

Wait...how did she know our names?

FADE OUT.

INT. COFFEE SHOP-LATER THAT DAY

Jack and Claire sit at a table while Claire sips her beverage daintily.

JACK

Hey... I forgot to remind you
earlier.

Claire looks up at him.

JACK (CONT'D)
My parents are staying overnight in
the city tonight. Come over.

The sides of his mouth curl up. You could guess the thoughts running through this teenage boy's mind at this very moment.

CLAIRE
Okay yeah...that could be... fun.

JACK
Maybe I'll cook.

CLAIRE
Ooo look at you all fancy.

JACK
Too bad we have to deal with that
stupid doll all night.

The couple glance around the table, at the floor, and in their bags.

JACK AND CLAIRE
SHIT!

CUT TO:

INT. CAR-DAY

The doll is laying on the back seat, wailing.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Jack lights candles in the center of the table and sets the table with silverware.

The doorbell rings. Jack shuffles over to the door.

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE-DAY

Claire stands outside. Holding the doll.

JACK
Did you have to bring that stupid
thing?

CLAIRE

Jack! I couldn't just leave it.
That crazy sub probably has a
tracking device or something on all
three of us anyway.

JACK

K fine. At least leave it in the
guest room. I don't want to look at
it.

Claire rolls her eyes and makes her way upstairs.

INT. GUEST ROOM-NIGHT

She lays the doll back on the bed and turns to leave. The
dolls starts wailing again. She looks back and pauses. She
finally shakes her head and goes back downstairs, the wailing
getting more faint as she moves further away.

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

JACK

All set?

CLAIRE

All set.

Montage:

Jack gets Claire's seat for her.

The doll cries.

He serves her dinner.

The doll cries.

They laugh.

The doll cries.

They put their dishes in the sink.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Jack and Claire make out on Jack's bed. Claire moves on top
of Jack and takes off her shirt. She begins to unbutton
Jack's.

Claire nods towards the bedside table.

CLAIRE
Condoms in there?

JACK
Um...

CLAIRE
Jack...

JACK
C'mon. It'll only be this one time,
I promise.

CLAIRE
I don't know.

Jack starts kissing Claire again. She doesn't resist.

Suddenly, the faint wailing turns into a straight, up, full on baby cry. It is not the same cry they have heard before, but rather a stronger, more real cry that could never come from a plastic doll.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Did you hear that?

JACK
Hear what, babe? It's just the
stupid doll again.

He keeps kissing her. Claire tries to ignore the cries.

The baby cries even louder. This time almost screaming.

Claire rolls off the bed, stands up, and throws on her shirt.

CLAIRE
I'm going to check. I'll be right
back.

Jack rolls onto his back filled with disappointment.

CUT TO:

INT. GUEST ROOM-NIGHT

Claire enters the room quietly. She walks on her tip toes, as if her walking loudly will make the "doll" cry any louder. She peers over to the bed. The doll is gone.

In its place, lies a very real, very alive, very upset small human.

CLAIRE
No fucking way.

Claire pokes it to make sure it's real.

The baby screams.

Claire screams.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Jack lies on his back in bed in nothing but his boxers peacefully waiting for his girlfriend to return for what he hopes will be the best sex of his life.

INT. GUEST ROOM-NIGHT

CLAIRE
JAAAAAACK! GET IN HERE. NOW.

We hear Jack running into the room.

JACK
What's the problem now, babe?

CLAIRE
Oh no problem at all. Just, you know, there's a fucking baby on the bed.

Claire points to the bed. Jack moves closer.

JACK
Nope. Nope. Nope. Nope. Nope.

Jack and Claire look at each other, their eyes widening.

JACK (CONT'D)
Where did this thing come from?

CLAIRE
Well not from me...

JACK
Alright.

CLAIRE

Alright?

JACK

Well this obviously is a joke and someone is pranking us.

Claire looks over at Jack but he is looking all over the room, tapping on frames, lights, and the walls.

CLAIRE

What are you doing?!

JACK

I'm looking for the hidden cameras!

Claire sighs and rolls her eyes at her boyfriend's hilarity. The baby is still wailing and now rolling around on the blanket, little limbs outstretched.

CLAIRE

I wonder whose baby this is...

Jack leans against a wall and slides down the ground, sitting down and burying his head in his hands.

JACK

I have no fucking idea.

CLAIRE

Well we have to do something about... it.

Claire picks up the baby and holds it outstretched, as if any bodily contact could cause a fatal disease. The baby pauses for a second to look at Claire and continues crying.

Jack looks up.

JACK

Well don't pick it up!

CLAIRE

What am I supposed to do then?

She places the baby back on the bed, patting the area around the blanket, trying to create little hills of pillows so the baby does not roll off.

JACK

Lemme Google it.

Claire raises her eyebrows.

CLAIRE

You're going to *Google* it?

Jack runs over to the computer and types something quickly and presses enter. He sighs.

JACK

"Justin Bieber's 2010 hit song just reached 1 billion views on You..."

Jack leans in closer to the screen and squints.

JACK (CONT'D)

No wait, that's not it

CLAIRE

What did you search...?

JACK

"Baby"

The baby cries out once again.

CLAIRE

You're an idiot.

JACK

You have any better idea? If you had listened to me earlier we would never gone to class today. We would have never gotten this stupid doll from that psycho substitute that somehow, mysteriously turned into a baby at the exact moment that we happened to be quite enjoying ourselves...

CLAIRE

That's it!

JACK

What? We should start making out again?

Claire scoffs at Jack and rolls her eyes and walks away from him.

JACK (CONT'D)

It makes sense, you see. We go back to what we were doing at the very moment it started crying for real.

CLAIRE

No. I admire your perseverance but no. The crazy substitute. I knew something was off with her.

Jack gets up, like a light bulb went off in his mind.

JACK

So this is her baby!

CLAIRE

Once again, no. I think she did this. So we "learn by doing"

JACK

Well then she succeeded. We turned our doll into a baby. A baby who will not stop crying. Jesus.

CLAIRE

Jack, language.

JACK

Oh c'mon, it can't hear me.

Jack looks down at the baby who is glancing up at him as if to say, "Oh yes I can".

CLAIRE

It's a baby. It still has ears!

Claire reaches down and strokes the side of the baby's head, showing affection for the first time. She wraps it back up in a blanket.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

They're kinda cute actually...

Jack walks over to the bed. The baby crying still, yet softer. Jack puts his arm around Claire.

JACK

What the hel-

Claire shoots him a look.

JACK (CONT'D)

Heck did we get ourselves into here?

CLAIRE

Look at how little her hands are.

Claire picks up the baby's hand and lays them in her own.

JACK
It's a girl?

Jack and Claire look over at the baby, Claire resting her head on Jack's shoulder.

JACK (CONT'D)
She kind of looks like you.

CLAIRE
You think?

The baby starts crying again, wriggling out of the blanket.

Jack and Claire stand up straight, both immediately torn out of their moments of peace.

JACK
We're gonna have to do this, aren't we?

CLAIRE
Do what?

JACK
Be parents.

Montage:

-Jack and Claire change her diaper. Jack jokingly shoves the diaper in Claire's face and she lets out a little yelp. The baby giggles.

-They feed the baby a jar of food. Claire hides behind Jack and makes funny faces to make the baby open her mouth.

-They hold the baby up at her stomach and pretend to have her dance to "Don't Drop that Thun Thun Thun".

-Jack holds up a blanket and plays peek-a-boo with her.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-NIGHT

Claire stands at the sink and washes the bowls from the baby's meal.

Jack leans the baby up against a pillow as he goes to grab his phone to take a picture.

Suddenly, the baby falls over and her head hits the side of the table, producing a small cut on her forehead. She starts to whimper and her head bleeds.

Jack spins around, sees the baby, and drops his phone, running over to the child.

JACK
Claire! Where's the first aid kit?

CLAIRE
Uh um I...I don't know.

JACK
Go look for one! She's hurt.

Jack picks up the baby and holds her in his arms.

JACK (CONT'D)
It's gonna be okay.

Claire, panting, comes running back into the room holding a wash cloth, neosporin, and a band-aid.

CLAIRE
How did this happen?

JACK
I was--I put her--I don't know. I'm sorry. I looked away for one second.

Jack looks down at the baby.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

CLAIRE
I think she'll be fine.

Claire washes the cut, dabs the neosporin on it, and covers it with a band-aid.

JACK
You don't think we have to call the doctor or anything, right?

CLAIRE
I think it will be fine. But I'll go call just in case.

Claire walks off to the dining room.

We follow Jack as he picks up the baby and carries her off into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Jack lies on the couch with the baby. He turns on the TV and One Direction's new music video is on MTV.

JACK

Nope.

He flips the channel to the news, where a REPORTER stands in front of a burning building.

NEWS REPORTER

We're here on 74th street where the building behind me is burni-

Jack covers the baby's eyes and looks down at her.

JACK

Don't watch that.

He flips to the next channel and "Freaky Friday" is on.

JACK (CONT'D)

Alright I guess this will do.

He looks down at the baby as she's smiling. Jack smiles and leans his hand back on the couch, starting to drift off.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM-NIGHT

Claire paces back and forth as she talks to the doctor. She lets out a sigh of relief.

CLAIRE

Thank you. That's good to hear.

The doctor responds but his voice is mumbled through the phone.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Yes. I'll keep an eye on it.

The doctor speaks again.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Okay. I'll call if anything
changes. Thank you.

She hangs up the phone. Claire smiles to herself. She walks out of the kitchen and goes to join Jack.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Claire walks back into the room and sees Jack on the couch. She laughs as she notices he has dozed off after a long night.

She walks over to him and nudges his shoulder to wake him up. He slowly opens his eyes and looks up at her.

JACK
Everything okay?

CLAIRE
Everything's great.

The two then turn to look down at the baby, but it is gone. Replaced by the doll they were assigned to care for just earlier that day. Jack and Claire look down at the baby and back at each other, speechless.

FADE OUT.

INT. CLASSROOM-THE NEXT DAY

Jack and Claire walk into the class with their doll and go to sit in the back. The sub stands behind the desk.

SUB
Everyone please return your dolls
to the front. I hope you have all
learned something from this.

The students raise out of their seats and begin to shuffle up to the front. Jack and Claire exchange a glance. They do not want to part with their ~~baby~~ doll.

SUB (CONT'D)
Jack, Claire... your doll please.

Jack reluctantly and solemnly walks to the sub and hands her the doll. A single tear falls from Claire's eye.

SUB (CONT'D)
You both did a wonderful job.

"TEN YEARS LATER"

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

A couple makes their way into their bedroom, turning off the lights, walking towards the bed. The room is decorated with pictures from high school graduation, their first Christmas together, traveling, engagement party, wedding photos.

It's Jack and Claire. Functioning adults. Married.

As Claire puts one leg on the bed, Jack grabs her and pulls her on top of him. They begin kissing.

All of a sudden...

BABY
WAAAAAAAH!

Claire pulls away from Jack, scrunching up her face in disappointment.

CLAIRE
I got it this time.

JACK
You sure?

CLAIRE
Yeah, you get some sleep.

She kisses Jack quickly and shuffles out of the room.

Jack rolls over, looks at a photo of himself, his wife, and their baby girl. He smiles and turns off his bedside light.

FADE TO BLACK.