

CRYBABY

Written by
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INT. HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- MORNING

A cramped bedroom with a messy, unmade bed. On the bed is a briefcase.

THE WOMAN paces back and forth -- she is curvy and pretty, but she looks frazzled as she holds a newborn baby swaddled in a blue blanket --

-- The baby SPUTTERS and CRIES. The Woman sighs as she tries to calm the baby down ("shhh -- shhh").

THE MAN stands next to the bed -- he is tall and rangy, and he is getting dressed in a hurry: dress shirt, suit, necktie. He checks his watch, then throws the necktie around his neck and concentrates on making a tight knot:

THE MAN
How do I look?

The Woman does not respond -- she is preoccupied with the crying baby. She closes her eyes in frustration.

BLACK SCREEN WITH TITLE CARD: "CRYBABY."

THE MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I wanna look sharp at this meeting.
I want him to see me, think okay,
this guy, he's got it together. I
should do business with him.

INT. HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The Woman cradles the crying baby and paces, back and forth.

The Man looks down as he picks some lint off his pants:

THE MAN
He's a real businessman, you know?
He sees things, little things.

The Man shoots a nervous look at his watch, then throws on a suit jacket. The baby SHRIEKS, startling The Woman:

THE WOMAN
He won't stop crying.

The Man responds without taking his eyes off his suit jacket:

THE MAN
Is he hungry?

THE WOMAN

I just fed him.

THE MAN

Maybe -- I don't know, how's his
diaper?

THE WOMAN

I just changed him.

THE MAN

Well, he's -- he's, a baby, babies
cry sometimes.

The Man reaches over the bed and picks up the briefcase --
then he walks briskly towards the front door.

The Woman shakes her head -- she seems overwhelmed, and her
frustration is starting to boil over:

THE WOMAN

Please, don't leave yet.

THE MAN

(not hearing The Woman)
I'll be back as soon as I can --

The Woman blocks The Man's path to the front door:

THE WOMAN

Don't leave yet --

The Man stops -- he is surprised, he is a bit irritated:

THE MAN

What? What's the problem?

The Woman holds out the shrieking, crying baby.

THE WOMAN

I don't know, I -- I just, I don't
think I can handle this.

THE MAN

He's having a tantrum, okay, just
rock him back and forth, talk to
him. Maybe sing to him.

The Man takes a step around The Woman towards the door -- but
she moves with him, she continues to block his path:

THE WOMAN

Wait wait please -- I really don't
think I can handle this.

THE MAN

Well, you're gonna have to. Because I gotta go meet this guy, now.

THE WOMAN

Can't you -- call him, postpone it.

THE MAN

Postpone it? Are you --
 (looks at his watch)
 -- kidding me, he's on his way right now.

THE WOMAN

Can't you try?

THE MAN

I'm not gonna try, what do you think it's gonna look like if I call him now and postpone it? Huh? How is that gonna make me look?

The Woman SOBS. The Man looks at his watch -- then glares at her:

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Stop crying.

The Woman BLUBBERS through her tears:

THE WOMAN

I'm sorry I'm just I don't know, he keeps crying and crying, and it's making me feel like I don't know --

The Man grabs The Woman's chin and lifts her head:

THE MAN

Stop crying.

The Woman stops crying and looks at him.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Listen to me. He is just a baby -- he's helpless and he's confused and he's scared, and he doesn't know what else to do, so that's why he's crying, okay?

THE WOMAN

(weak)

I --

THE MAN
 (cuts her off)
 You are not a baby -- and you are
 not helpless. You know what to do.
 So stop crying.

THE WOMAN
 I guess, but --

THE MAN
 But nothing. Come on, I -- I need
 to know you have things under
 control here. Do you?
 (he places his hand on The
 Woman's shoulder)
 Do you?

The Woman SIGHS and nods.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
 Are you okay?

The Woman is becoming embarrassed about her breakdown -- she
 covers it with a smile as she wipes the tears from her eyes.

THE WOMAN
 I'm -- okay, I'm okay. I'm sorry.

THE MAN
 I gotta go work. I gotta meet this
 guy and make us some money -- so we
 can move out of this dump.

The Woman smiles broadly.

THE MAN (CONT'D)
 Oh, you like that, don't you?

THE WOMAN
 Yeah, I do. I like that.

The Man touches her face and smiles. He turns around -- he
 opens the front door -- he walks through the front door:

THE MAN
 I'll be back as soon as I can.

The front door SLAMS shut.

The Woman cradles the shrieking, crying baby -- she all but
 ignores it as she softly HUMS a slow lullaby, slightly off
 key --

-- And after a time, the baby's SHRIEKS break into low WHIMPERS -- then GURGLING NOISES -- then silence.

But as the baby's shrieking and crying subsides --

-- Other sounds become more clear, more audible -- they are soft sounds -- soft WHIMPERING sounds.

The Woman stops humming, she listens, she hears the sounds -- then she moves slowly towards the sounds.

INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

A cramped kitchen ringed all around with grimy countertops. Sitting on a countertop -- a huge wooden block that holds a collection of knives.

There is a small kitchen table and chairs. Sitting in one of chairs:

A nicely dressed middle aged woman. She is blindfolded and gagged, her arms and legs are tied securely to the chair.
THE HOSTAGE.

The Hostage WHIMPERS into her gag, she struggles against her restraints, until -- other sounds -- FOOTSTEPS --

-- The Hostage hears the footsteps and becomes more agitated, she thrashes, she SCREAMS and CRIES into her gag.

The Woman walks into the kitchen, cradling the baby -- she pulls out a kitchen chair and sits down next to The Hostage.

THE WOMAN

Shhh -- if your husband does what he's told and doesn't try anything stupid, this will all be over --
(looks at her watch)
-- soon.

The Hostage continues to SCREAM and CRY into her gag.

The Woman eyes The Hostage -- then SPEAKS, with a hard edge:

THE WOMAN (CONT'D)

I said shhhh -- you're scaring your baby.

The Hostage stops thrashing, she WHIMPERS into her gag.

The Woman cradles the baby -- she softly HUMS a slow lullaby, slightly off key. As she does, she looks down at her watch, then back up at The Hostage. Cut to black.