

JANE'S BABY

Written by

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INT. HAROLD AND JANE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Wedding photos. Happy faces. Weekend ski trips. All framed and lined neatly on a mantel.

JANE (30s) sits on the couch, watching Netflix and sipping on a glass of red wine.

The door opens. She pauses the TV as her husband HAROLD (also 30s) enters the house. He's dressed in a suit and tie like a 9 to 5 ant, a black laptop bag strapped around his shoulder.

Jane watches him as he tosses the KEYS into the bowl by the door, mindlessly. Kicking off his shoes and heads straight for the kitchen without saying a word.

She glares at him. Hears Harold rummaging through the cabinets, oven, refrigerator.

HAROLD (O.S.)

Jane. Did you cook dinner? Hey!

Jane un-pauses the TV, watching the ROMANTIC MOVIE on NETFLIX.

Harold enters the living room. Begging her like a teenager.

HAROLD

Where's dinner?

Jane looks up at her.

JANE

What?

HAROLD

Where's dinner?

JANE

In my stomach.

HAROLD

I worked all day today. Provide for you. Couldn't you have at least the decency to make me dinner?

JANE

Kitchen's right there. You can help yourself. Or you could order out.

HAROLD

Come on, I don't want to do this again with you.

JANE
Do what, Harold?

HAROLD
(beat)
I don't want to have a fight with
you.

JANE
Why?

HAROLD
I've worked all day. I don't want to
come home and have an argument with
my wife.

Harold turns to the TV, annoyed.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Could you please turn that shit off.
Or at least pause it. It's giving me
a goddamn headache.

Jane turns up the volume in reply, much to Harold's
annoyance. He puts his hand on his face.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Oh my god. So immature.

JANE
It's a free country. I can do
whatever I want. And just because I
married you, doesn't mean you own
me.

HAROLD
Oh, my god. What are we even arguing
about?

JANE
Well, the fact that you texted your
ex-girlfriend during our dinner
date?

HAROLD
That was last night. And if you're
insinuating that I cheated on you, I
didn't.
(beat)
Just to clarify, it was a work text.
We happen to be co-workers. So what?
(MORE)

HAROLD (CONT'D)

(beat)

We had to close a deal at work
because our boss was killing us
about it.

Jane takes a sip from her glass.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

And I told you that I was sorry,
okay. I'm sorry that I was thinking
about work rather than keeping my
attention towards you at dinner. I
have apologized. I have apologized a
million times. I don't get why
you're still mad about it.

JANE

I don't want you near me. You're
sleeping on the couch tonight.

HAROLD

What? Why? We don't have to fucking
argue. Things would be great if we
communicate.

(beat)

Jesus, you're such a manipulative...

Jane looks at him, daring him.

JANE

What? Say it, then. You were gonna
say 'cunt' weren't you?

HAROLD

...bitch! God!

JANE

Get away from me. I don't even want
to see your face.

HAROLD

Goddamn it.

JANE

You fucking baby!

Jane increases the volume on the TV as Harold storms off,
fuming.

INT. HAROLD AND JANE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harold shifts around on the couch, trying to fall asleep. His
blanket goes overboard.

He sits up, losing sleep. Tosses the blanket aside. Comes up to his feet.

We FOLLOW him from the living room to the...

KITCHEN

Making his way towards the fridge. He opens it, the glow hitting his face in the otherwise dark room.

Harold bends down to peer through the fridge's contents. He snags a cold bottle of beer, kicking the door closed.

Harold twists the cap off, tossing it haphazardly on the kitchen counter. Takes a drink.

Behind him, some unknown figure creeps through the darkness. Observing him.

He walks back to the...

LIVING ROOM

where a figure, clothed completely in black, face hidden by a mask, stalks behind Harold.

He reaches the couch when...

... the figure pulls from behind, covering his mouth, ripping him away from the room.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. HAROLD AND JANE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The sun cuts through the blinds on the window. It's empty. Relatively undisturbed.

Jane climbs down the stairs, dressed in a smart-casual attire. Doesn't even turn to look at the living room as she heads for the kitchen.

We catch a glimpse of some movement on the couch, under the blankets.

INT. HAROLD AND JANE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Hot coffee pours into a pot from the coffee machine. Jane takes the pot and pours the coffee into a mug on the kitchen counter.

Stops when she notices from the corner of her eye the beer cap sitting on the kitchen counter by the sink.

Jane shakes her head. Figures. She picks it up and tosses it in the trash bin.

She takes a careful sip of her hot coffee.

SLICED BREAD pops up from the toaster, slightly burnt.

Jane spreads Peanut butter and jam on both slices of bread and takes a bite. CRUNCH.

INT. HAROLD AND JANE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jane steps into the room with her handbag, preparing to leave. She takes a glance to her right, her eyes fall onto something in the living room.

Her brow perks up. The fuck...?

Harold's laptop bag still on the counter. His keys in the bowl.

She notices the blanket peeking around the corner of the couch. Shakes her head. He's still here. Idiot.

Jane approaches the couch.

JANE
Harold. You lazy bastard. You
better...

What she sees will certainly make her YELP. Her hands fly to her mouth.

On the couch is a BABY. Beanie on his head. Dressed in a onesie.

Jane's eyes light up.

JANE (CONT'D)
What the hell...?

Jane flits out of the room, calling out.

JANE (CONT'D)
Harold! Harold?! There's a fucking
baby on our couch! Harold!

No answer.

She returns to the room. Turns to the baby.

Jane picks up her phone, dials. She presses the phone to her ear.

She waits a moment, until she hears MUFFLED RINGING. It's coming from inside the room. Her eyes drift to Harold's laptop bag. Hangs up her phone. Rummages through the bag, digging out HAROLD'S PHONE.

On the screen: ONE MISSED CALL. JANE (WIFE).

Jane looks around, doesn't know what to do.

The BABY begins to cry.

Jane cautiously picks the baby up, sits on the couch. She holds the baby upright as he cries.

JANE (CONT'D)
 (nervously)
 Don't cry. Don't cry. Oh.

CUT TO:

JANE

Frantically paces around, phone to her ear. Dial tone.

The baby crawls on the floor, heading towards a power outlet. Jane turns just in time to pick the baby up, preventing disaster.

She sits on the couch with the baby, trying desperately to entertain it.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
 (from phone)
 Hi, you've reached Michael. I can't
 come to the phone right now--

She hangs up. Rests the phone on the coffee table.

Suddenly, the DOORBELL RINGS.

Jane turns toward it. Eyes wide.

EXT. HAROLD AND JANE'S HOUSE - DAY

An ELDERLY COUPLE stands at the door of the house. Jane (carrying the baby) opens the door to answer them.

She glances at the elderly couple, puzzled.

JANE
Emma. Vaughn. Hi.

EMMA (60s) and her husband VAUGHN (early 70s) greet Jane with a wide smile. Harold's parents.

JANE (CONT'D)
What... what a surprise!

EMMA
Oh, I just wanted to visit my favorite son and his lovely wife. I hope we're not intruding.

JANE
Not... not...

Emma and Vaughn brushes past Jane as they enter the house.

JANE (CONT'D)
(low)
You can come in, I guess.

She closes the door behind her.

INT. HAROLD AND JANE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Emma and Vaughn float down the house, making themselves at home. Vaughn heads to the kitchen, opening a bottle of beer.

EMMA
Love what you've done to the place dear. Harold at work?

JANE
I... uh...

Emma turns to Jane, finally sees the baby.

EMMA
I didn't know you two had a baby. Congratulations. You kids never tell me anything.

Emma pinches the baby's cheeks.

EMMA (CONT'D)
He looks just like my Harold. It's as if you cloned him or something.

Emma turns to Vaughn, nursing a bottle, who has returned from the kitchen.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Vaughn. Doesn't he look like Harold?

VAUGHN
(nods)
Cute kid.

Jane looks at them, confused.

JANE
I'm sorry. It's good and all but why
are you here?

EMMA
Well, dear.

She turns to Vaughn.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Why don't we take a seat?

JANE
Okay.

Jane leads them to the couch. Emma sits with Jane, Vaughn
sits on the lazy boy across them.

EMMA
I've heard that you and Harold have
been unhappy as of late. I just
thought we could all talk about this
like adults. Better we speak as a
family rather than we go to a
marriage councilor to make things
work. Easier that way, and you don't
have to pay a premium to 'fix' your
marriage.

JANE
I'm thankful for your concern but I
think Harold and I can work things
out on our own.

EMMA
Well that's just the thing, isn't
it, Jane.

JANE
You don't trust me?

Emma shakes her head, pouts her lips.

EMMA

No. Actually, I don't. I don't get what my Harold sees in you but he loves you dearly. I want to make it work for him.

JANE

Wait a minute. How did you know about our marriage?

EMMA

Call it mother's intuition dear.

(beat)

And Harold's been telling me about your... problems. I know you can be... difficult.

Jane shifts from her seat.

JANE

Okay. What the fuck are you trying to say?

Emma looks at the baby.

EMMA

Jane, dear. Don't use that foul language in front of the baby. They're very sensitive.

JANE

I don't give a fuck. Who the fuck do you think you are barging into my house unannounced like this, trying to council me about my fucking marriage. Fuck you, man.

Emma rolls her eyes, disappointed. Despite Jane's venom, Emma's calm.

The baby begins to cry.

EMMA

Look what you did? You've upset the baby.

JANE

Shit.

Jane tries to pull amusing faces to calm the baby. All to no avail. Emma looks at her, hopeless.

EMMA

Have you ever held a baby before.

JANE
No. I'm not built for this.

EMMA
(like an aristocrat)
Evidently.

JANE
What?

EMMA
Oh, nothing dear.

The baby incessantly cries.

JANE
How do you shut him up?

VAUGHN
Try pinching his tiny winky. Worked
with Harold.

EMMA
Oh, Vaughn. Hush now. That's not
helping.
(to Jane)
Here. Give him to me.

Jane happily hands the baby to Emma.

EMMA (CONT'D)
How can you and Harold have a baby
when you don't even have maternal
instincts, dear?

JANE
He's not even mine.

EMMA
(beat)
Well, then. Who's goddamn baby is
this?

Jane shrugs.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Don't give me that. Did you kidnap
him?

JANE
What? No. I just got up this morning
to find Harold missing and this baby
laying here on the couch.

EMMA

Jesus Christ. Where's Harold? Call him.

JANE

I tried. He left his phone.

Vaughn looks at the baby. Studying his face from across the room. Examining his eyes. The baby nibbles on his fingers. He notices a distinct birth mark on the baby's cheek.

VAUGHN

(to himself)

Wait a minute.

Vaughn approaches the women and takes the baby from Emma.

EMMA

Vaughn, what are you doing?

VAUGHN

(to baby)

Harold?

The baby giggles.

VAUGHN

Holy shit.

JANE

What? What is it?

VAUGHN

I believe this baby is Harold.

JANE

(incredulous)

What?

EMMA

Don't be ridiculous.

VAUGHN

No, I ain't lying. I think this baby Harold.

EMMA

What do you mean?

VAUGHN

I mean, look at him. Doesn't he look like the baby that came out of your hooha 37 years ago?

Vaughn presents him to Emma so that she can take a good look at the baby's face. Points to the birth mark.

Emma's mouth go wide, stunned.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

If I'm right, then he should have a mole on his tiny tintin.

Vaughn puts the baby on the couch. Emma stops him.

EMMA

No, we don't need to see the baby's penis.

VAUGHN

I'm just saying.

JANE

You two are unbelievable. Why don't we just call the police and let them know about the baby in my house.

EMMA

How are you going to inform them of this situation? It'll look like you kidnapped this baby.

JANE

I'll explain it to them.

EMMA

Could you please get a hold of Harold?

JANE

I would if I could. Can't call him because...

She holds up Harold's phone to Emma for emphasis, then drops it on the coffee table.

EMMA

Have you called his work? Friends? Bars? Brothels in town?

Jane glares at Emma.

JANE

I was literally doing that when you knocked at the door.

EMMA

Don't just stare at me, call them.

Jane picks up her phone, storming out of the room. Emma sits the baby on her lap, pulling faces to entertain him.

INT. HAROLD AND JANE'S HOUSE, LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Jane sits on a step stool by the washing machine, phone to her ear.

JANE

... I'm calling because I can't get a hold of Harold and there's a fucking baby in my house right now. Yeah, no. His dad is convinced that Harold has somehow turned into a baby practically overnight.

Jane's friend SHEILA speaks from the phone.

SHEILA (V.O.)

(from phone)

Do you know who's baby it is?

JANE

(on phone)

No, that's what's crazy. Baby just turned up one morning and Harold gone.

(beat)

Do you know if your husband knows where Harold is?

SHEILA (V.O.)

(from phone)

Hold on...

Jane pulls the phone away when Sheila screams at the top of her lungs:

SHEILA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(from phone)

Nick, have you heard from Jane's husband?!

SHEILA'S HUSBAND (V.O.)

(from phone, background voice)

NO, I HAVEN'T HONEY.

SHEILA (V.O.)

(from phone)

No, he says he hasn't heard from him.

JANE
 Okay, cool. That's one person to
 cross off my list.

SHEILA (V.O.)
 (from phone)
 Listen, I do hope you find Harold
 soon.
 (laughs)
 And I hope you find out where that
 baby belongs to.

JANE
 Ha ha. That's real funny.

SHEILA (V.O.)
 (from phone)
 Bye, hon.

JANE
 Bye.

She kills the call, catching her breath.

INT. HAROLD AND JANE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jane returns to the living room, eyes glancing at the
 ground...

JANE
 I just got off the phone with one of
 my girlfriends, she says her husband
 hasn't seen...

When she looks up, she sees:

Emma holding the baby away from her face, and Vaughn keeled
 over, coughing up in disgust.

EMMA
 Jesus Christ, Jane. The baby shat
 himself.

JANE
 Oh, god.

EMMA
 Do something, will you?

JANE
 Do what?

EMMA
Where's the bathroom?

JANE
(pointing out)
Down the hallway, to the right.

EMMA
MY GOD.

Emma rushes out of the room, carrying the baby. Face melting with disgust. Jane doubles over as the passing stench hits her. She pinches her nose.

JANE
Jesus Christ.

She dry heaves.

INT. HAROLD AND JANE'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

Bubbles and foam rise as Emma gives the baby a bubble bath in the sink. She babbles at the baby to amuse him, carefully scrubbing around his eyes.

EMMA
You're gonna smell like a flower.
Yes, you will.

The baby giggles at her, biting on the sponge. Emma snatches it away.

EMMA
I'll take that.

She scrubs the baby's back with sponge, wringing it, letting the water drip all over his skin.

CUT TO:

INT. HAROLD AND JANE'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY - LATER

Emma sets the baby on the counter. Looks around the room, her eyes fall on the towel rack in the corner, rips a hand towel from it. Dries the baby.

INT. HAROLD AND JANE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jane sprays an air freshener around the living room, walking around crop dusting the whole place.

Vaughn sits on the lazy boy, coughing out a wheezy cough. Jane turns to him, stops spraying.

JANE

Sorry.

EMMA (O.S.)

I'm back.

Jane sees Emma approaching from the hallway, carrying the baby. A tunic fashioned from a woman's scarf is wrapped around the baby.

EMMA

The boy is smelling like a blooming flower in spring time.

Jane notices her scarf wrapped around the baby's waist.

JANE

And he's wearing my scarf.

EMMA

Well, dear. You didn't have anything that could fit him. So I gave him the next best thing.

JANE

My scarf?

EMMA

Don't worry. I'll buy you a new one.
(then)
Have you any clue as to the whereabouts of your husband?

JANE

No. When he gets back, I'm going to kill him.

EMMA

Don't waste your breath, dear.

The DOOR BELL RINGS.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Who is that?

Jane flits out of the room to answer the door. She returns with TWO POLICE OFFICERS following her into the room.

JANE

I called the cops, Emma.

EMMA

Why did you do that?

POLICE OFFICER #1

We received a call about a baby that doesn't belong to you?

EMMA

Who does he belong to, then?

POLICE OFFICER #2

Rest assured, we'll figure that out. We'll make a coupla calls, get into the bottom of this.

JANE

Please do.

Jane glances at Emma, mischievously.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Ten-pins in a row. We hear the bowling ball rushing at speed to meet the pins, crashing them down. Strike!

The bowler pumps his fist in triumph when he hits the strike. This is KEVIN (30s). Techno music blasts from speakers.

KEVIN

Oh, yeah! That's what I'm talking about.

At the bench are THREE GUYS. Among them is HAROLD, still wearing his clothes from last night. He is seated beside NICK, who is wearing BLACK and CONROY. They collectively yell out obnoxiously to celebrate Kevin's score.

NICK

You lucky prick!

Kevin returns to the bench, hi-fiving single one of them.

HAROLD

Who's turn is it?

They trade glances at each other. They point to Conroy.

KEVIN

Conroy. You're up.

Conroy hops up from his seat and takes a ball...

Harold looks over to Nick, slapping him on the back.

HAROLD
Thanks for bringing me over, man.

NICK
No sweat.

HAROLD
You know I needed this.
(beat)
You didn't have to break into my house to do it, though. You could have just called.

NICK
I wouldn't think Jane would approve of it. She's a bitch, man. When are you ever gonna divorce her?

Harold says nothing. Eyes stare into the ground...

HAROLD
Yeah...

They watch as Conroy hits a SPARE.

CONROY
Motherfucker!

KEVIN
Ooohh... tough luck, buddy. You can go again.

HAROLD
(to Nick)
If Jane ever finds out that I'm out, she's gonna kill me.

NICK
Dude, our wives are gonna kill both of us. I shouldn't have left the baby at your house.

HAROLD
Jane'll take care of him. She loves kids.

INT. HAROLD AND JANE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jane and Emma are having an argument--

JANE
I fucking hate kids!

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Back to Harold and Nick

HAROLD
Loves 'em.

NICK
Cool, man. Whatever you say.

Nick takes a sip of his beer from the table, knocks back peanuts into his mouth.

NICK
Just don't involve me in your
divorce proceedings when it comes to
it.

The bowling ball glides down the lane, curving to miss the pins. Conroy looks down from the lane, nonplussed.

CONROY
Fuck this game.

He sits on the bench along with the guys. Kevin pats him on the shoulder to cheer him up.

Suddenly, a phone rings. They instinctively go for their phone, but only Nick's is the only one that's lit up.

NICK
Fuck, it's for me.

He stands up and steps away from the group to answer the phone.

NICK (CONT'D)
Hello? This is he.

Harold watches as Nick paces around by the counter, scratching his head. After a minute, Nick hangs up the phone and walks back to the bench.

He backhands Harold's knee.

HAROLD
Harold, dude. We gotta go. It's
Shannon.

Nick registers Harold's puzzled glance.

NICK
Jane just called the cops on us.

HAROLD

What?!

The rest of the guys trade glances as Nick waves a slight goodbye to them, watching them leave.

NICK

It's been fun. But we got to go.
Catch you boys later.

KEVIN

See ya, boys.

They proceed to run to the exit.

EXT./INT. NICK'S CAR - DAY

And they're racing down the highway, dodging traffic. Harold is gripping the grab handle, hand on dash, eyes widening when they narrowly miss another car on the road.

NICK

Shit. Sorry.

Harold gives him a concerned look.

EXT. HAROLD AND JANE'S HOUSE - DAY

The car skids to a halt, catching the attention of the group outside the house. A police car is parked on the curb.

Their respective wives are out on the lawn, being interviewed by police officers. Nick's wife, SHANNON is holding the baby. Emma and Vaughn stand beside Jane.

Nick and Harold turn to face them through the window.

SHANNON

You!

Shannon marches off to meet Nick as he steps out of the vehicle. Harold following behind him.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Why would you leave our fucking baby
alone in someone's house, huh?

She's hitting Nick.

NICK

Ow. Ow. Ow!

Jane rushes up to Harold, slapping him across the face.

JANE
You idiot. You are such an idiot.

HAROLD
What do you want me to say?

JANE
Nothing. I want a divorce.

HAROLD
(resigned, nods his head)
Yup.

Jane heads back to the house. The two police officers give Harold and Nick dismissive glances as they walk back to their vehicle. One of them shakes their head at him.

Shannon turns to Harold, pointing a finger at him.

SHANNON
You! You should probably stop hanging around my dumb husband, if you know what's good for you.

HAROLD
Yes, ma'am.

Shannon studies his face, some sincerity to them. She enters Nick's car.

SHANNON
(to Nick)
You motherfucker! Come on. Drive!

Nick gives Harold a forced smile and a wave, opening the car door, pulling the car out of the curb.

Emma and Vaughn approach Harold.

EMMA
(beat)
Come on, baby boy. It was only a matter of time before Jane divorced you. I saw it a mile away. There, there. It's okay. You'll find someone better than Jane. Someone better.

HAROLD
Yup.

EMMA

I guess we're gonna have to get you
a lawyer. We know just the man for
the job!

Harold closes his eyes, tilts his head up defeated ala Ben
Affleck meme.

CUT TO BLACK.

SAUL GOODMAN (V.O.)

Better call Saul...!

The voice echoes into the abyss...

THE END