

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jason and Frank stand over the baby's makeshift crib. They just stare in fear.

\*They speak in a quiet tone mostly.

JASON  
He's not moving.

FRANK  
He's asleep.

JASON  
Are you sure? Cause I don't see him moving.

Frank slowly reaches in with his hand, but Jason stops him.

JASON  
What are you doing?

FRANK  
I was just going to poke him, see if he's still alive.

JASON  
What, and take the risk of waking him up? I don't know about you, but I can't take that chance.

Frank pulls back. They continue to stare.

FRANK  
We have to get some sleep. I haven't slept for days.

JASON  
We'll take turns. One of us has to keep watch.

FRANK  
Dude, I have to work tomorrow.

JASON  
So do I.

FRANK  
I have to get up at 5:00. You don't get up until 7:00.

(CONTINUED)

JASON

Fine, I'll take the first watch.  
But you have to sleep in the  
basement.

FRANK

Why?

JASON

Frank, you snore like an ape. The  
whole house shakes. Neither one of  
us will survive this if you wake  
him up.

FRANK

Alright, alright. Just wake me up  
at 3:00, then you can go to bed.  
That way we each get four hours.

JASON

Alright, take your alarm clock down  
there just in case.

FRANK

In case of what?

JASON

In case I fall asleep up here and I  
don't come down to wake you up.

FRANK

If you fall asleep up here, then  
don't bother waking me up.

Suddenly they hear a slight noise from the crib which  
startles them.

JASON

What was that?

FRANK

It's okay, I think his stomach  
growled.

JASON

Well, at least we know he's alive.

They both notice a foul odor lingering and react as if it was  
tear gas.

\*They try to keep their voices down while they cough.

FRANK

Oh, God! Is that coming from him?

(CONTINUED)

JASON

My eyes, my eyes, they're watering  
...can't breath.

FRANK

What the hell did you feed him?

JASON

The baby food Joanne gave me.

FRANK

How much Nyquil did you give him?

JASON

Barely a teaspoon.

They both get closer to take a better look.

FRANK

Please, let me call Joanne.

JASON

No, we can't.

FRANK

For the love of God, Jason. What  
are trying to prove? We can't do  
this.

(pleading)

Please call Joanne. Please, I can't  
take another night of this...

Jason grabs Frank by the shoulder and shakes him.

JASON

Buck up, Frank. We're Marines for  
crying out loud. You can do this.

Jason slaps Frank and he snaps pout of it.

FRANK

I'm sorry. You're right. You're  
right.

They both look back into the crib.

JASON

We're going to need tongues ...duck  
tape and rubber gloves.

FRANK

He's got a huge load of toxic waste  
filling his diapers. How does he do  
that?

(CONTINUED)

JASON

How are we going to change him  
without waking him up.

Frank has an epiphany.

FRANK

We don't. He doesn't seem to be  
effected by it.

(pause)

I say we just leave him be.

JASON

Yeah, no point in waking him up.  
Okay. Let's bug out.

They both exit the room slowly by walking backwards.

CUT TO: