

Baby Sitters

FADE IN:

INT. BUICK SKYLARK: MOVING

...along a residential street.

TERRY CHAMBERS, female, early thirties, with overly teased hair, sits behind the wheel.

SHAWN FREEMONT, mid-thirties, thin and nervous, rides in the passenger seat. He's wearing a jacket over a casual shirt and jeans. He smiles.

SHAWN

This is it, baby. Our big day.

Terry smiles.

TERRY

Make sure you pick out a nice engagement ring, Shawn.

SHAWN

Of course. What do you think I am?

TERRY

It's been five years.

Shawn turns his head to gaze at an attractive suburban home.

SHAWN

A guy has to build up to these things.

EXT. CITY STREET

A commercial street in a normally sleepy, middle-American town.

The Buick pulls up across from a jewelry store.

INT. BUICK SKYLARK: STATIONARY

Shawn nervously tries to smooth out the creases in a shirt that looks like he slept in it.

TERRY

Are you going in or modeling for a fashion show?

SHAWN

I'm nervous, okay? It's not like I do this sort of thing every day.

TERRY

You had this idea a year ago.

SHAWN

Just don't pressure me, Terry. Just don't, okay?

TERRY

Is that a gun in your pocket?

SHAWN

What?

TERRY

Shawn, I can see your gun.

The grip is sticking out from under his jacket.

SHAWN

Shit.

He stuffs it back inside.

TERRY

It's not too late to back out.

SHAWN

Forget it, baby. I'm done knocking on doors and chatting up women in sweats and flip-flops.

He opens a black case, takes out some brochures and tosses them on the back seat. Terry strokes his hair.

TERRY

An old-fashioned wedding in Los Cabos....

SHAWN

With a big cake and a...a...one of those kids, you know -

Terry smiles.

TERRY

A flower girl.

She leans over and kisses him.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I believe in you, sweetheart.

Shawn pulls a stocking over his head, climbs out of the car, heads across the street, then comes back.

SHAWN

The motor's not running. I told you to keep the motor running.

TERRY

Sorry.

SHAWN

You know this ain't gonna work if we don't do it right. You gotta pay attention to what I say, honey. I can't always be on top -

TERRY

Shawn, your mask.

He becomes aware that he's standing out in the street with a stocking over his head.

SHAWN

I'll be right back.

Shawn scurries across the street.

INT. JEWELRY STORE

Shawn bursts in, waves the gun amateurishly.

SHAWN

Everybody stay calm and no one gets hurt! You know the drill!

He hands the black case to an EMPLOYEE. Terrified, a SECOND EMPLOYEE grabs jewelry from the display cases and tosses it into the black case.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Just the good stuff! Hurry! Move it! Move it!

He glances nervously at the Buick, then snatches the case from the Employee.

INT. BUICK: STATIONARY

Terry watches Shawn skid on the pavement and bang his knee against the side of the car.

SHAWN

Damn!

He limps around the car and jumps in.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Go, go, go!

Terry burns rubber as the Buick peels away from the curb.

INT. FOYER: SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Two-story house, plus basement. Nicely furnished, spacious.

BREANNE, an exceptionally bright 10-year-old, in pajamas and robe, is sitting at a computer. She blows her nose.

There's a BABY CRYING in the b.g. Breanne reads:

BREANNE

Croup refers to a group of viral conditions involving inflammation of the upper airway. Also known as...acute laryn-go-tracheo-bronchitis. It's usually treated at home. You're probably over-reacting.

BREANNE'S MOM (FILTER)

I'm his mother. I'll decide who's over-reacting.

BREANNE

I'm just saying.

BREANNE'S MOM

For Heaven's Sake, you're not a doctor, Breanne.

BREANNE'S MOM rushes in with Breanne's BABY BROTHER (CRYING and COUGHING) wrapped in a blanket, in her arms.

BREANNE'S MOM (CONT'D)

I'll be back as soon as I can. If daddy calls, tell him I went to the hospital and not to worry. No, shit! Don't say that!

BREANNE

What? Sh -?

BREANNE'S MOM

Just don't answer the phone! And
close your robe. You'll catch a
chill!

Breanne tightens the belt on her robe as her mom slams the door behind her.

INT. BUICK: MOVING

Shawn peels off the stocking. It gets caught on his nose. He peels it off.

SHAWN

Piece of cake, baby. I don't know
why I didn't think of this before.
The hicks in this town wouldn't
know what to do with someone with a
little brains and imagination.

TERRY

I feel like Bonnie and Clyde. I
mean, I feel like Bonnie.

SHAWN

The difference is we got a plan. We
stick with it and everything's
coming up -

An unmarked police car, siren blaring and blue light flashing on the dashboard, pulls in some distance behind.

Terry peels around a corner, goes over the curb.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Easy, honey!

TERRY

Shawn, you said it would take them
fifteen minutes to respond!

SHAWN

There must have been a silent
alarm. It's okay! Don't panic! Turn
here. No, not here! Right! Not
left! Hell, Terry - you gotta
listen -

TERRY

Don't yell at me!

SHAWN
I'm not yell - fuck!

The Buick flies through a four-way stop, narrowly misses another vehicle. The Police Car skids sideways and screeches to a halt. It starts to back up, but the other driver moves forward and blocks it before slowly reversing.

Terry turns a corner, sees Breanne's mom pulling out of her driveway.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Okay, no biggie. Just give me a moment. I gotta think.

Terry hits the brakes hard. A DISTANT POLICE SIREN GROWS CLOSER.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Honey...what are you doing?! We gotta go!

Terry slams the car into reverse and barrels down the driveway as the automatic garage door comes down...and slides underneath with inches to spare.

The police cruiser races by, LIGHTS FLASHING as the garage door closes.

INT. GARAGE

Terry and Shawn breathe a sigh of relief.

SHAWN
That was good. You did good, baby. Let's just not...let's just take a deep breath and relax.

They do. Then -

TERRY
We have to get out of town!

SHAWN
No, no - listen, Terry. That's just what they expect us to do. They want us to run. But we're smarter than that. We're smarter, right? So we're gonna stay here and we're gonna hide until the heat dies down.

TERRY
Hide? Hide where?

SHAWN
Right here. Right in that house.

TERRY
This house?

SHAWN
That house. Right over there. We're
in a detached garage, honey.

TERRY
What if someone's home?

SHAWN
Shhh...
(kisses her forehead)
Just follow my lead. Everything's
gonna be okay. We're so close,
baby, we're sooo close.

EXT. PORCH

Shawn rings the doorbell. Terry stands behind Shawn. She
holds three magazines.

SHAWN
See honey, no one's home. Nothing
to worry -

The front door opens until stopped by a chain. Breanne peers
out, SNIFFLES.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Oh, uh...hi little girl. Is your
mommy or daddy home?

BREANNE
They can't come to the door.

SHAWN
Why not?

BREANNE
Guess.

SHAWN
Oh, I don't know...they're...

He looks to Terry for help.

TERRY

They're not at home, are they
sweetheart?

Breanne eyes them over.

BREANNE

I have to go.

She starts to close the door.

SHAWN

Wait, wait!

BREANNE

What?

SHAWN

Uh...

TERRY

Where's your mommy, dear?

BREANNE

She'll be right back. She took my
baby brother to the hospital. He's
got the croup.

TERRY

Oh, I'm so sorry.

SHAWN

The croup? What the fuck is?...

Terry holds up the magazines.

TERRY

We're giving away subscriptions to
Daily Health Magazine.

SHAWN

Being off school and sick and all,
you could use some home learnin'.

BREANNE

I'm not the one who doesn't know
what the croup is. And what I need
to know, I find on the Internet.

TERRY

Do you know that after TV, the
government, and corporate annual
reports, the Net is the number one
source of disinformation?

BREANNE
Where do door-to-door salesmen
rank?

Tightly, through clenched teeth.

SHAWN
I'm not a door-to-door salesman.
I...we have an appointment.

BREANNE
Not with me.

TERRY
Forget it. Let's go.

SHAWN
What?

TERRY
I'm not comfortable with this. A
young child home alone. That's
abandonment.

BREANNE
I'm not abandoned!

SHAWN
See honey, she's not abandoned.

Terry starts walking away.

TERRY
I think we should report this to
child welfare. They have zero
tolerance for this sort of thing.

He's still confused.

SHAWN
Uh, yeah...okay.

BREANNE
Wait!

TERRY
I'm sorry. We don't have time to
babysit you.

Breanne releases the chain.

BREANNE
My mom will be right back.

TERRY
I don't know...

Shawn finally catches on to the ploy.

SHAWN
Uh...didn't you need a potty break?

BREANNE
Don't use the blue towel. It's
mine. It's got germs.

INT. KITCHEN

Terry looks in the fridge. Breanne sits at the kitchen table and flips through a magazine. Shawn sits across from her. The black case rests on the table.

SHAWN
What time does your dad get home?

BREANNE
He's out of town. On business.

SHAWN
Yeah? What kind of business?

Terry closes the fridge, puts a can of ginger-ale in front of Breanne. Cracks one open for herself.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Feeling better, honey?

BREANNE
Why do you call her honey?

TERRY
He calls everyone honey, sweetie.

Breanne SNIFFLES.

SHAWN
That's not catching, right?

BREANNE
The word is contagious.

SHAWN
I know what the word is. I'm not
stupid.

TERRY

What Shawn means is, he's very susceptible to germs.

BREANNE

What's in the case?

SHAWN

Brochures.

BREANNE

Can I see? I'm going to med school. It costs lots of money. I should probably start saving now.

Breanne reaches for the case. Shawn snatches it away.

TERRY

Sweetie, you're like ten. Shouldn't you be in bed?

BREANNE

I'm not that sick.

TERRY

We wouldn't want social services to think you weren't being looked after.

Breanne SIGHS, picks up her pajama bag, which is in the form of a Teddy Bear.

BREANNE

Don't drink all the ginger-ale.

She exits. Terry makes sure she's gone.

TERRY

So now what?!

SHAWN

We'll wait until dark and then slip out of town.

TERRY

But her parents -

He pulls a pair of handcuffs from his pocket.

SHAWN

Dad's away on business. Mom won't be a problem.

Terry sits on his lap.

TERRY
No one's supposed to get hurt.
Promise?

BABY'S BEDROOM

Breanne listens in on the baby monitor.

SHAWN (FILTER)
You gotta trust me, baby.

TERRY (FILTER)
We were supposed to have switched
cars by now.

SHAWN (FILTER)
The true test of a criminal
mastermind is to be able to
improvise on the fly.

TERRY (FILTER)
Is that what you are? Shawn, you
got lucky on one burglary.

Breanne's eyes go wide.

KITCHEN

Shawn leans in close to Terry.

SHAWN
Lucky? Well maybe I should take my
luck and walk right out of here.

TERRY
Don't be an ass.

SHAWN
Go check on the kid. Tuck her in or
something.

HALLWAY

Terry tries to figure out which room is Breanne's. Finally she picks one with a poster on the door. She enters to see Breanne toss a rope fire ladder over the window ledge and start to climb out.

TERRY
Shawn! I need help!

BREANNE'S BEDROOM

Terry dashes into the room and grabs Breanne by her ankles.

BREANNE

Let me go!

TERRY

Get back in here you little scamp!

Breanne SCREAMS.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Keep quiet or we'll...

BREANNE

Help! Call the police!

Shawn races in.

SHAWN

Shit!

He grabs Breanne and hauls her in. Terry shuts the window.

BREANNE

Get the hell out of my house!

SHAWN

Shut up, kid!

(to Terry)

Do you think anyone heard?

BREANNE

Everyone heard.

SHAWN

I told you to shut up!

TERRY

Everyone's at work.

SHAWN

Okay, don't panic. This is middle-America. No one wants to get involved. If we just stay calm -

Breanne bolts for the door.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Hey!

He bolts after her...

HALLWAY

...catches her at the top of the staircase.

BREANNE

Let go, damn you!

SHAWN

You got a potty mouth, you know that? Doesn't your mom teach you manners?

He hauls her down the stairs. Terry follows.

TERRY

Shawn, I hope you don't want kids.

KITCHEN

Shawn leads Breanne over to a towel rod. He locks the handcuffs onto the rack and then onto one of Breanne's wrists. When she drops her hand it slips out of the cuff.

SHAWN

Damn.

TERRY

What?

SHAWN

They're not kid size.

He looks around...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

I'm going to find some rope.

TERRY

Is that necessary?

SHAWN

She almost escaped, honey.

...exits. Pops his head back around the corner...

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Keep her away from windows.

...disappears again. Breanne sits down at the kitchen table.

TERRY

Hey, how did you find out?

BREANNE
Two-way speaker phone.

Breanne blows her nose, points. Terry shuts the speaker off.

BREANNE (CONT'D)
Can I have more ginger-ale?

TERRY
No. Maybe. I don't know.

BREANNE
You better not hurt my mom and my
baby brother. Kidnapping is against
the law, you know.

TERRY
So is robbing a jewelry store.

Breanne considers Terry.

BREANNE
You don't look like a robber. Does
he always do this to you?

TERRY
Do what?

BREANNE
Never mind.

TERRY
No, what? I want to hear.

BREANNE
I don't know. I'm just a kid.

TERRY
Shawn's a good guy. He loves me.

BREANNE
Is that why he makes you an
accessory to robbery and
kidnapping?

TERRY
What do you know? You're not so
smart. You fell for that social
services line.

BREANNE
The Home Alone Act. No child left
alone....

Terry shrugs.

BREANNE (CONT'D)
If you're going to break the law,
you should at least know what they
are.

TERRY
Shut up!

Shawn returns.

SHAWN
She giving you lip?

TERRY
What? You don't think I can handle
a child?!

SHAWN
Geez, sorry. I'm gonna check the
garage.

And he's gone again.

BREANNE
It's your life. I hope he
appreciates the chance you're
taking.

TERRY
He does. I'm sure he does. We're
getting married in Los Cabos.

BREANNE
Los Cabos was your idea?

TERRY
No...

BREANNE
What about your family?

TERRY
Well...we'll have to lie low for a
while.

BREANNE
Who's going to give you away?

Shawn returns.

SHAWN

It's no good. We'll have to lock her in a closet or something.

BREANNE

Mister, closets don't have locks. And I think you need some serious professional help.

SHAWN

Shut the fuck up.

TERRY

Quit picking on her. She's just a kid. And who's giving me away, Shawn?

SHAWN

What?

TERRY

You heard me.

SHAWN

Let's get something straight: I'm in control here, right? Right? Me. Not you. Not her. Me!
(to Breanne)
Get in the basement.

BREANNE

But it's dark down there.

SHAWN

Go on! Now!

He opens the door to the basement.

Breanne starts down the stairs. Shawn slams the door and braces it by wedging a chair under the doorknob.

To Terry -

SHAWN (CONT'D)

What are you looking at?

UNFINISHED BASEMENT

Breanne plods down the stairs. She plunks herself down on the bottom step and begins to CRY. Breanne wipes her eyes with her sleeve...her eyes wander to a paint set kit resting on top of a stack of cardboard boxes.

She pushes herself to her feet, thinks. She opens the paint set and dips a finger in the red paint.

KITCHEN

Shawn paces. Terry broods. A cell phone on the table DINGS. Shawn picks it up. Terry gives him a questioning look.

SHAWN

Her mom's going to be home in
twenty minutes.

Terry stands.

TERRY

Shawn, I've been thinking....

SHAWN

Geez.

TERRY

What? I can't think now?

SHAWN

Of course you can, honey, it's just
that...well, I'm the strategist
here. It's what you'd call my
forte.

TERRY

Maybe we should split up.

SHAWN

What?

TERRY

The cops are looking for two
people, not one. We can meet in Los
Cabos.

SHAWN

Listen baby, I'm the one taking all
the risks.

TERRY

I'm an accomplice to armed robbery,
kidnapping...

SHAWN

We haven't kidnapped anyone. We're
just...baby sitters.

UNFINISHED BASEMENT

Breanne is listening at the door.

SHAWN (FILTER)
You're my woman. You're supposed to
trust me.

TERRY (FILTER)
That's the problem, Shawn. It's
always about you.

Breanne hears a door slam.

She creeps down the stairs, throws herself down the last
couple of steps and rolls onto the floor. She CRIES OUT.

The door to the basement slowly opens. Shawn peers in.

SHAWN
Little girl? You're okay, right? I
don't want to get in any more
trouble.

Cries -

BREANNE
I fell down. My ribs hurt.

SHAWN
If this is one of your games...

She WAILS.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Okay, okay! Just...don't move. I
don't want Terry to hear.
(a beat)
Damn.

Shawn stomps down the stairs. A streak of red is in Breanne's
hair.

BREANNE
I need to go to the hospital.

SHAWN
Forget it. What do you think I am,
stupid?

BREANNE
I can't breathe. You can't just let
me die here.

SHAWN
You're not gonna die.

BREANNE
I'm cold and thirsty. I think I'm
going into shock.

Shawn hesitates.

BREANNE (CONT'D)
Shock is when the pulse becomes
weak and rapid. Breathing gets
shallow and irregular because poor
circulation of the blood effects
the breathing center in the brain -

SHAWN
I know what the fuck shock is!
(a beat)
So what do you do for that?

BREANNE
Keep the patient warm. Put your
jacket over me.

SHAWN
Right.

He does.

BREANNE
There's a first aid kit over on the
shelf.

Shawn looks for it.

SHAWN
Where?

BREANNE
On the top shelf. You have to stand
on the stool.

He does. Spots a box with a red cross on the side...

SHAWN
Found it.

...opens it. There's nothing inside but old rags. Shawn feels
something on his fingers. It's red paint.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
What the hell?

He turns around, sees Breanne, with his jacket slung over her shoulders, watching him from the top of the stairs, just inside the kitchen.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Hey!

Breanne slams the door shut.

KITCHEN

Breanne wedges the chair under the doorknob. A moment later there's POUNDING on the door.

SHAWN (FILTER)

Hey, you brat! Let me out of here!
I'm gonna kill you! No! No, I'm
not. Just open the door, okay? We
can talk about this.

Breanne calmly gets a ginger-ale from the fridge and sits down at the table. Shawn keeps pounding.

Terry enters.

TERRY

Shawn? I think she's panicking.
Shouldn't we -

Terry hears Shawn's MUFFLED SHOUTING. She moves to the door.

BREANNE

I was wondering when you'd come
back.

Terry turns, sees Breanne...with Shawn's gun lying on the table in front of her.

Terry steps closer, stops when Breanne puts her hand on the pistol.

TERRY

Hey, I'm your friend, remember?
Shawn and me are going to get
married. Would you like to be my
flower girl?

BREANNE

Nope.

TERRY

Sweetie...you have Shawn, you don't
need me.

Breanne takes the handcuffs from Shawn's jacket pocket and slides them across the table.

BREANNE

You know what these are for. You can use the towel rack.

Terry hesitates.

TERRY

You better give me the gun before someone gets hurt.

BREANNE

Just because I'm only ten don't think I don't know how to use this. I've played Grand Theft Auto. And I kick ass.

Terry reluctantly clamps one cuff around her wrist and the other around the towel rack.

FOYER

Breanne's Mom enters with the Baby.

BREANNE'S MOM

Breanne, whose car is in the garage?

KITCHEN

Breanne's mom enters. Her jaw drops at the sight of Terry handcuffed to the towel rack and Breanne with her feet up on the kitchen table, casually pointing the gun at the ceiling.

She jumps when Shawn renews POUNDING.

BREANNE'S MOM

Breanne....

BREANNE

Don't worry, mom...the safety's on.

On Breanne's Mom.

O.C., the gun goes off. Dust and debris rain down.

KITCHEN: LATER

Breanne has a gauze bandage tapped to her forehead. Shawn and Terry are led away by a SECOND POLICE OFFICER. The Officer who was driving the cruiser gives Breanne a puzzled look.

POLICE OFFICER

I don't know which is better. I'm sure Yale and Harvard both have good medical schools.

BREANNE

I'm going to apply to Johns Hopkins, too.

POLICE OFFICER

Yeah...sure...

He doesn't know quite what to say to that or what to make of this little girl.

BREANNE

I haven't decided on my speciality yet. Maybe pediatrics.

The Police Officer looks in the empty black case.

POLICE OFFICER

Um...good choice. Hey, you sure you never saw any jewels?

BREANNE

I think I'd know if I did.

POLICE OFFICER

No idea where they might be hidden?

BREANNE

Maybe they threw them from the car when you were chasing them.

The Police Officer gives her a skeptical look.

BREANNE (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm just a kid.

BREANNE'S MOM

Breanne, it's time for bed.

Breanne stands up.

BREANNE

I bet it was the croup.

Breanne's Mom rolls her eyes.

BREANNE (CONT'D)
Don't forget to brush.

Breanne blows her nose, picks up a can of ginger ale and her Teddy Bear pajama bag. She hugs it close and smiles.

The Teddy Bear pajama bag sags under an unaccustomed weight.

Breanne exits, marches up the stairs.

FADE OUT