

INT. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

A man stands in front of a large bathtub with his eyes closed, his hands wrapped with a rosary, praying.

KRIS

May God guard and protect my senses
so that misfortunes may not
overcome me. In the name of God the
Father, Son and the Holy Ghost.
Amen.

He opens one eye and peeks down to see his two year old daughter ZOE standing beside him with her hands also in prayer position. She looks up at him and gives him a thumbs up.

They slowly peek into the tub with Kris holding Zoe back as if to protect her from something.

In the tub they see MEGAN, 9 moths-old, laying on her back in the empty tub with a full diaper. The content of the diaper is spilling out from the sides and is smeared on the baby's legs and her back.

Right away Kris starts to dry heave and Zoe takes off screaming and runs out of the bathroom.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Heeeeeeeey! Where you going?! I
thought we were a team!

He looks at Megan again and starts gagging again. He turns his back to gain his composure.

KRIS (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Stop trippin'. It's just a baby!
It's your baby! You made her! So
you got two options, one, suck it
up and change the diaper. And two,
leave her in the tub 'til your wife
gets home and act like you don't
know how she got in there.

He closes his eyes and takes three deep breaths before turning around. When he does, he sees Megan with a handful of her diaper contents.

KRIS (CONT'D)

Nooooooo! What are you doing little
baby! Why would you do that?

He bends down to reach for the diaper but can't make himself touch it...or her.

KRIS (CONT'D)
(frustrated)
This is so nasty. Look, if tyou
wanna live here you're gonna have
to learn the rules and rule number
one, no playing with your own sh...

He stops when Zoe comes back carrying s small box of diapers.

KRIS (CONT'D)
Awww, thank you baby. That's what
I'm talking about. Teamwork!

He takes the box from her but it's empty.

KRIS (CONT'D)
What the...

He turns the box upside down and shakes it.

KRIS (CONT'D)
What am I supposed to do with this
Zoe?!

She smiles and shrugs her shoulders.

KRIS (CONT'D)
Are there anymore diapers?

Zoe shakes her head, "no".

KRIS (CONT'D)
Okay, this is what we're gonna do.
Go get daddy's doo-doo gloves, his
doo-doo mask, a garbage bag, some
newspaper, the Vick's vapor rub and
some lysol wipes.

She looks at him as if he didn't say anything.

KRIS (CONT'D)
Got it?

She nods and takes off running again. Kris turns to Megan.

KRIS (CONT'D)
I was just fine with one kid. But
nooooooooooooo.

Something catches his eye and he takes a closer look.

KRIS (CONT'D)

What the hell have you been eating?
Is that a gummi bear? Where the
hell did you get a gummi bear?

Right on cue, Zoe walks back into the room, empty handed but sucking on a lollipop. Kris is dumbfounded.

KRIS (CONT'D)

What? Where's my stuff? And where'd
you get that lollipop?

Before she can respond, a tiny handful of diaper content splats right on the side of Kris's face. A look of terror washes over him as Zoe drops her lollipop, screams and runs out of the room again.

Kris picks up the empty diaper box and throws it at Zoe who is already long gone.

He drops to his knees in the middle of the bathroom, defeated, when suddenly he hears the chirp of the security system from the front door opening.

KRISTY (O.S.)

Mommy's home!