

ALLIE

Are you alright mom? First a job, now you're hearing things.
Do we need to take you to the doctor?

MOM

No...no, it's fine.

ALLIE

Ok good, I can only handle one wack job in this house.

Allie exits to her room.

Mom returns to her work.

Muffled, we hear a baby crying,
then,

Frank enters in a robe.

FRANK

Baby's crying.

MOM

I can hear that.

Laugh Track. Mom stands, looking
for the source again.

FRANK

Oh good, you're coming.

MOM

What? No, no, I'm working on something. Bottles are in the
top cabinet baby's probably hungry.

FRANK

Working on something?

MOM

Yes, I'm updating my resume.

Laugh Track.

MOM

Stop!

Frank crosses to the kitchen. He
barely looks, then,

FRANK

I can't find them. Wouldn't it just be better if you went
up?

MOM

Can't you try? Babies aren't rocket science you know.

FRANK

Fine...

Frank exits again. Mom takes a deep breath, and returns to her resume.

Then Frank returns, baby in hand.

He pushes the baby into her arms.

FRANK

There, I tried.

Laugh Track.

MOM

It's not funny.

FRANK

I'm going back to bed,

MOM

Frank, I need to-

FRANK

Finish it in the morning, the baby's more important.

MOM

Then why can't you-

FRANK

Big meeting tomorrow, I have to get rest.

Frank exits.

The baby continues to cry, getting louder and louder. Mom holds out the baby, staring wide eyed at it. The sound warps into TV static.

Blackout.

In projection; An error screen like one might see on an old TV.

Musical trill.

Lights up on the sizzling of bacon.