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BABY JOJO'S BIZARRE ADVENTURE

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Draft 4

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

INT. BEDROOM-MORNING

BABY JOJO (a baby girl in a cute sleeper) opens her eyes and looks around with growing panic. The room is dark and she can't make out anything beyond the bars of her crib.

OPEN WITH A POV SHOT OF BABY JOJO OPENING HER EYES AND LOOKING AROUND THE CRIB. SFX OF INCREASINGLY HEAVY BREATHING AND WHIMPERING SELL THE PANIC SHE IS FEELING.

BABY JOJO (V.O.)
Whats going on? Where am I? I'm
hungry. Mama? Mama! Wheres Mama? I
WANT MAMA!

WE TRANSITION OUT OF POV AND INTO SOMETHING MORE TRADITIONAL. THE REST OF THE SHORT ONLY USES POV FOR EXTRA DRAMATIC MOMENTS.

Baby JoJo starts crying and kicks her arms and legs in frustration. We continue to hear her thoughts as she gets more and more upset.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
Mama where are you? I feel gross.
Make it better. Mama? Mama's gone.
She's never coming back. I'm stuck
here forever. Help! I'm stuck! and
starving! And-

The door of the bedroom swings open and MAMA rushes in. She is a tired looking woman in her early 20's. Her hair is sticking up in all directions and her ruffled shirt is covered in various baby related stains.

Mama picks up Baby JoJo and coos lovingly at her daughter. Because she is so young, Baby JoJo only picks up a few words here and there, but the soft tone mixed with Mama's undivided attention still has a calming effect.

MAMA
(mostly distorted)
~~There, There~~ little one. SHHHH! It's
~~okay JoJo. Mama is here now.~~

Baby JoJo snuffles pathetically as she begins to calm down. Being held by Mama is nice, but she is still hungry and uncomfortable.

BABY JOJO (V.O.)
Mama? Mama you're here! You came
back. Please fix things Mama.

Mama rocks her child back and forth, singing lullabies as she carries Baby JoJo over to the changing table.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
Oh! We're moving. This is nice..I like this. Your voice is so pretty but I'm still hungry and icky. This helps I guess. Mama no! Don't put me down.

Baby JoJo starts crying again when Mama puts her down and does not stop until Mama takes off her sleeper. She looks up at Mama quizzically with big teary eyes.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
Oh I guess this is ok. but what I really want-

A big smile crawls across JoJo's face and she wiggles in delight when the dirty diaper comes off as well.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
-thats so much better! Thank you Mama! I'm so free. I don't feel gross any more. Mama, you're the best.

Mama smiles and makes funny faces to entertain her daughter as she begins to dress her. JoJo smiles back but starts to panic when the onesie goes over her head and obstructs her vision.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
Ahh! Too dark! Mama where did you go? Help-

POV OF ONSESIE BEING PULLED OVER THE CAMERA. TOTAL DARKNESS TO REPRESENT HOW SCARY THIS IS FOR JOJO. ONESIE GETS PULLED ALL THE WAY DOWN AND THEN WE COME OUT OF POV.

Her cry cuts off abruptly as the onesie gets pulled off her face. Now much calmer, she looks up with surprise at Mama, who has 'magically' reappeared in front of her.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
-oh wait there you are! Why did you do that?

Baby JoJo wiggles around and scrunches up her face in mild displeasure as she becomes less naked.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
I hate wearing clothes. Ugh I don't
like this. And I'm hungry. You need
to-

She stops fighting Mama's attempts to dress her when she becomes distracted by the baby wipes on the table beside her. She grabs the wipes and immediately shoves them in her mouth.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
-oooh whats this? Is it food? Mmmm
yummy!

MAMA
(mostly distorted)
JoJo stop! Silly girl. No thank you,
we don't eat those.

Mama laughs as she takes the wipes away and picks up her squirmy daughter. JoJo is delighted to be picked up and giggles as she grabs for Mama's fuzzy sweater. She tries to put this in her mouth as well.

BABY JOJO (V.O.)
Whee! I'm so high up! You're so soft
and warm Mama. This feels nice. Does
it taste nice too? Is it food? I want
food. I'm hungry.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN-MORNING

Balancing Baby JoJo on her hip, Mama grabs a bottle of formula out of the fridge. Baby JoJo smiles and wiggles in excitement as soon as she sees the bottle. She reaches out and tries to grab it but Mama moves it out of her reach.

BABY JOJO (V.O.)
What are you doing? Is that food? I
want it. I want it now. Mama I'm
hungry! Gimme the bottle!

Mama does her best to calm JoJo down as she puts the bottle in the bottle warmer and waits for it to heat up. The hungry baby just gets more and more impatient and starts raising her voice in frustration.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
It's right there! Can't you see the
bottle?

(MORE)

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
Why aren't you giving it to me?
You're doing this on purpose!
Torturing me for fun.

MAMA
~~I know, I know. I'm going as **fast** as
I can! You know you'll just spit it
out if I try giving it to you now.~~

By the time Mama has grabbed the bottle and sat down to feed her, JoJo is livid.

BABY JOJO (V.O.)
I want it NOW! I keep telling you,
I'm hungry! Why won't you-

Mama sticks the bottle in Baby JoJo's mouth and everything is immediately better.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
-oh that's
nice. More, more, more!

MAMA
(distorted)
~~There you go, that's much better
isn't it! I'm **sorry** it took so long.~~

BABY JOJO (V.O.)
(thinking in sync
with each gulp of
formula)
Yummy, yummy, yummy, yummy, yummy!

JoJo greedily empties the bottle, sucking it down so fast that milk dribbles down her face. The loud desperate gulps finally subside as she grabs the empty bottle and pulls it away from her messy mouth. Baby JoJo looks up at Mama and sighs in contentment.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
Oh that was so good. Very yummy. I'm
so full and...

Baby JoJo gets a funny look on her face and grunts in distress.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
My tummy feels funny...why does it
feel like I have a bubble inside me?

Mama snorts in amusement and puts Baby JoJo over her shoulder. She gently smacks the baby's back to burp her.

MAMA
(mostly distorted)
~~Oh poor girl! Did you eat too fast?~~
~~Come on, lets burp it out.~~

Baby JoJo lets out a loud burp and a dribble of spit up spurts out of her mouth. She giggles in delight.

BABY JOJO (V.O.)
Ohh that feels so much better!

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM-MORNING

Baby JoJo is playing on the living room floor while Mama sits on the couch nearby. JoJo is having fun trying to build a tower of blocks when she suddenly stops and her eyes widen in surprise. A big hiccup shakes her tiny body and the blocks tumble to the ground.

BRIEFLY SWITCH TO POV. WE HEAR A VERY LOUD SOUND (THE HICCUP) AND SEE JOJO'S VISION SHAKE.

Baby JoJo is startled and lets out an earsplitting cry.

BABY JOJO (V.O.)
MAMA!! HELP!

Mama looks up from her phone in surprise and rushes over, kneeling down to check on her daughter.

MAMA
(mostly distorted)
JoJo?! Are you okay?

Baby JoJo looks up at her mother with tears in her eyes and whimpers.

BABY JOJO (V.O.)
Something happened! I'm scared.

Mama picks the little girl up and rocks her comfortingly in her arms.

MAMA
(mostly distorted)
~~Did the blocks fall over and scare you? Its ok, Mama's here now.~~

JoJo takes a deep breath and relaxes into Mama's arms. This is her safe haven. Nothing can get her here.

BABY JOJO (V.O.)
You smell nice Mama. I guess I'm OK-
(hic)

A second hiccup rips through her and immediately sends Baby JoJo back into a panic.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
-It happened again! I don't like it.

This time Mama feels the hiccup vibrating through the small girl. She immediately understands what is happening and a sympathetic smile tugs at her lips as she looks down at her distraught daughter.

MAMA
(mostly disorted)
~~Poor girl! You're having a tough day today aren't you. I told you, you shouldn't have eaten so fast.~~

Baby JoJo is confused and insulted by her mother's apparent callousness and pouts.

BABY JOJO (V.O.)
Why are you smiling?! This isn't funny. I'm- (hic) -under attack!

Mama grabs a stuffed toy and shakes it in front of Baby JoJo's face to distract her. It makes a rattling noise and JoJo's eyes light up. She reaches for the toy in excitement.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
Oh I want that! It makes noise! Its so soft.

Baby JoJo grabs the fluffy toy and puts it in her mouth.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
Its yummy too! I-(hic)

JoJo's face scrunches up in frustration and she drops the toy, opening her mouth to start crying again.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
-it came back! Mama why won't it go away? You need to fix thi-(hic)

Mama sees the waterworks about to go off and tries to offset them by making funny noises, doing jazz hands and smiling at Baby JoJo.

MAMA
(Mostly distorted)
~~It's ok JoJo, look at me! Ooh, look
what Mama is doing!~~ **BA BAAAA BOO BOO
BOO BOOGity!**

JoJo smiles back at Mama and latches onto the happy tone and silly sounds she is making. She babbles back at her mother and briefly forgets what she was upset about.

BABY JOJO (V.O.)
Oh we're happy now? Yes we're happy!
I like your smile Mama. It's so
pretty. I like to smile too!
Especially when-(hic)

This hiccup is the final straw, and Mama's valiant efforts are not enough to distract Baby JoJo from her continued discomfort. She starts bawling, fat tears rolling down her chubby cheeks as she protests the unfairness of the world in the only way she can.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
WHY?! I don't understand whats
happening! I hate this. It was gone
and then it wasn't-(hic)

Mama stands up with Baby JoJo and moves her so that she is resting on Mama's shoulder. She comfortingly rubs JoJo's back and hums a lullaby in an attempt to make her feel less overwhelmed. Unfortunately, JoJo is just getting started. She's properly worked up now and and Mama's comforting actions just seem to make her more upset.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
Its never going to go away-(hic)-I
must be DYIN-(hic)-This is the worst
thing that's ever happened to anyone
in the-(hic) -history of the world!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM-NOON

A haggard looking Mama carries Baby JoJo over to the change table. A fair amount of time has passed and she is clearly exhausted, but trying to remain calm so she doesn't upset the baby further. JoJo is stilling bawling her eyes out, so wrapped up in being upset that she has not even noticed that the hiccups have finally subsided.

BABY JOJO (V.O.)
Everything is horrible!! I don't
remember why but I know its your
fault!

Desperate to find some way to change the situation and snap Baby JoJo out of the crying loop she is stuck in, Mama puts Baby JoJo on the change table to check her diaper. This turns out to be the right choice. JoJo starts calming down as her dirty diaper comes off, but has trouble catching her breathe after crying for so long. She rubs her red eyes with a tiny fist as all the energy she's been expending finally starts to catch up with her.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
(Sniffling)
I don't feel as gross anymore...was
that why I was sad? It must have
been.

The tired baby halfheartedly grabs for the baby wipes that had entertained her earlier but quickly loses interest and turns to her mother instead.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)

My eyes hurt. They feel sticky. And
heavy. Everything feels heavy. I
don't like it.

Baby JoJo's voice is raw and weak from her crying fit, but she still reaches her arms towards Mama and does her best to call out for her.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
I don't feel good Mama. Pick me up.

Mama picks the little girl up and strokes her soft hair, a tired smile lighting up her face as JoJo yawns.

MAMA
(mostly distorted)
~~Are you **tired** after all that? finally
ready to take a **nap**?~~

Mama starts rocking Baby JoJo in her arms and singing a lullaby to help her fall asleep.

BABY JOJO (V.O.)
(sleepily)
Stop trying to make me sleep. I'm not
tired. (yawn)...I guess you can keep
singing. Its so pretty.

Baby JoJo rubs her eyes again and buries her face in Mama's chest.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
You're so warm Mama. Warm and soft...

Her thoughts trail off and her eyes start drifting shut. Mama takes deep breaths to help JoJo regulate her breathing and soon the little girl is falling asleep. Mama tries to put her down in the crib but as soon as Baby JoJo feels herself being shifted to the bed her eyes snap open and she lets out a cry.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
I'm not tired!

Mama sighs and continues soothing the fussy baby. She looks like she is also fighting to stay awake as she rocks Baby JoJo.

MAMA
(mostly distorted)
~~You really need to **sleep** JoJo. I need you to **sleep**. I love you so much but...Mama needs a break.~~

Baby JoJo stubbornly tries to stave off sleep, but the excitement of the past few hours, mixed with the rocking, singing and body warmth provided by Mama is a powerful sleep elixir. JoJo slowly starts to succumb to how happy and comfortable she feels, eyes drifting shut once more.

BABY JOJO (V.O.)
Ok maybe I'm a *little* tired. Just a bit. I guess I can take a quick nap...

POV OF JOJO LOOKING UP AT MAMA WITH LONGER AND LONGER 'FADES TO BLACK' AS HER EYES STRUGGLE TO STAY OPEN. THE LAST 'SHOT' FROM JOJO'S POV IS ALL BLACK AS WE HEAR HER LAST THOUGHT.

She gives a sigh of contentment and finally accepts the deep sleep that has been eluding her.

BABY JOJO (V.O.) (cont'd)
...I love you Mama....

Mama breathes a sigh of relief as she notices her daughters breathing even out into tiny whistling snores. She lifts Baby JoJo's head to her lips and kisses her fondly on the forehead. For the first time the audience hears her clearly, as we are not experiencing the world from JoJo's perspective anymore.

MAMA

Have a good sleep little one. You
deserve it after such a big
adventure!

END