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Baby 's Day Out

By John Hughes

Boo-boo.

Couldn't we read another book?

We've read this one a hundred times.

Please?

Nanny Gilbertine is so tired of
the Boo-boo book, she could just gag.

Boo-boo.

All right. All right.

"One fine and sunny day,

Baby Boo's nanny Henrietta said

'Baby Boo, today you shall go
on a wonderful adventure.'"

"'You will see the many,
many sights of the Big City.'"

"After a lovely breakfast
they walked down the lane to the corner,
where they boarded a big, blue bus."

"They were on their way to the Big City."

"Baby Boo felt very grown-up indeed,
for this was his first trip
away from Mother and Father."

Did I tell you?

- Baby's having his picture taken today.

- Oh. Say hello to old Willy for me.

Old Willy isn't doing it.

I've hired Downtown Baby Photographers.

He's photographed Cotwell babies
since the Depression.

Old Willy hasn't had a picture
in the paper in over 20 years.

Everyone we know has had
their baby's picture in the paper.

Baby Bink is almost a year old
and virtually unknown.

I can't count the number of times I've been
asked why we're keeping our baby a secret.

You're right.

The only way to quiet such talk is to have our
small-minded friends open up their papers
and see a photograph of
the prettiest baby in the city.

- Get out! Come on!

- Come on, let's go. I said move it!

Move it!

Off with the fuzzy pink and blue sweaters,
nice and slow.

- Ed, does it matter who wears pink or blue?

- No!

Cotwell... Cotwell... Where is that little...

Dinner with the Westfalls tonight.

Don't forget to do your breathing exercises

Dr Phillips suggested.

- I have a breathing scheduled at 11.

- Bless your soul.

Have a wonderful day.

Bing?

What did you forget?

Oh, my pen! Thank you, Andrews.

What else?

Darling, you know how

I hate games in the morning.

Of course. Goodness, how could I forget?

Don't you get...

Don't you get into any mischief

while Dada's gone. Burble, burble.

Won't it be exciting when he can understand
the wonderful things we say to him?

Bye-bye. Bye-bye.

He can't look too butch,

but he can't look too feminine.

He has to look angelic, like a little prince.

That would suggest blue.

Blue? Won't that look like we're trying to
match his eyes? Won't it be too obvious?

I see lots of babies with
blue eyes and blue outfits.

What kind of babies?

Rich babies? Pretty babies?

- Regular babies? Important babies?

- Regular babies.

Baby Bink is not a regular baby.

Buff, buff, buff, buff, buff.

Oh, but how shiny they're getting.

Now, now. Hold still.

Ready? Very, very handsome. Let me see.

Hello.

Get the gear.

Get the gear.

- He didn't say "Get the gear, Veeko."

- I'm the supervisor. You get it.

You got the blue sweater.

You help me get the gear.

A most pleasant and
charming good day to you, sir.

I am Mr Charlie,
photographer de babe,
entirely at your service.

You were expecting us?

- Thank you.

- Excuse me.

Whoa, look at this place!

Eddie.

We ain't here to nick no bric-a-brac.

We're here for the hit of a lifetime.

You wanna be a shoplifter, go to JC Penney.

You think we can get away with this?

No. I'm here because I've got
a wild curiosity about the electric chair.

Sorry.

What a gorgeous baby.

You must be so proud.

I'm Mrs Cotwell.

I am Mr Charlie.

Shall we begin?

Mr Francis, if you will go to the vehicle
and retrieve my light meter.

I'm going to be rich.

I want individual photos of Baby Bink.

Baby Bink? What
an absolutely delightful name.

- It's a pet name for Bennington.

- Certainly.

I want individual photos of Baby Bink,
and then a portrait of the two of us.

Whatever you wish, however you wish.

You photographed
the children of many of my friends.

Those pictures are forever appearing
in newspapers and magazines.

It is true.

- His picture's never been published.

- That cannot be.

It's true.

I am sure in the not-so-distant future
this little fellow will be very well known.

I want your very best. I want art.

I want you to set a new standard
for beauty in baby photography.

I so welcome the challenge, madame.

And, to that end, may I ask one small favor?

May I have some time alone with the child?

Oh, I need his complete attention.

The great bond between you and your son,
his love for you, will distract him.

I need to study his marvelous little features,
to learn how best to photograph him.

He does well with persons

he is not intimate with?

Does he?

He's a friendly boy, but he may not like...

Excellent!

Madame, if I might make a suggestion.

Your garment du jour, while
extremely magnificent, is so colorful,
I am afraid it will dominate the photograph
and detract from your natural beauty.

I knew this outfit was wrong.

I'll be back in 15 minutes.

Take all the time you need.

If he gets cranky,
read him his book.

How invaluable.

Thank you.

Mr Andrews, get the winter wardrobe.

- But, madam...

- Hurry, Gilbertine.

There you go.

Take the book.

Bink really deserves this moment
in the spotlight.

It's too bad the baby pictures
don't go on the front page.

- Ma'am?

- Yeah?

We gotta make this fast.

I'm sorry it took so long.

Where's Bink?

Eddie?

You're a smart guy. How do you tell
the front from the back on these diapers?
Are there pockets in the front?

- Very funny. The front and back are the same.

- Then it probably don't make no difference.

Put him in them regular baby clothes. That
fruit suit's a dead giveaway he's a rich kid.
Come on. Good boy.

Ed?

How do I know this milk
won't burn the kid's throat?

If that matters.

Try it on some skin first.

What's the matter with you?

I better let it cool down.

You like that?

Eddie?

Watch the baby.

Very good. Now see if it works the other way.

It works.

Put him in the bedroom.

The more he sleeps, the less attention
he draws from the neighbors.

- And keep an eye on him.

- Here you go, kid.

That little doo-doo machine
is my retirement money.

All right.

Nappy-nap time, little jerk.

Go to sleep real nice

cos Mr Teddy Bear over here,

he's been up all night drinking with

the Barbie dolls and he needs his rest.

All right. Drink your milk.

Take your nap.

Drink your milk! Take your nap!

- Eddie!

- What?

You got any suggestions how you
get these things to eat and sleep?

Sing him a song.

Eddie! What else did Mary's little lamb do?

Didn't he put Humpty Dumpty
back together again?
That was Nat King Cole.
Nat King Cole stuck his finger in the pie
and yanked out the bird.
How can a lamb put a Humpty
together again? He ain't got fingers.
Norby! Knock off the singin'
and read him his storybook.
If you can.
Wanna hear a story?
Let's see here. What do we got here?
"Nanny...
and Baby Boo...
strolled...
through...
the great big...
de...
de...
- department.
...department store."
"How many, many things there were to buy."
Or steal, if I was writin' that book.
Or steal, if I was writin' this book.
Mrs Cotwell? Dale Grissom, FBI.
I'd like to ask you a few questions.
You'll have to ask me later.
- I'm going to look for my baby.
- I'd rather you didn't. I need you here.
- Don't coddle me, Mr Grissom.
- Mrs Cotwell,
there are five million people in this city
and many places where your boy could be.
It would be pointless and dangerous
for you to go out searching for your baby.
I've been through a number of these cases.
I understand how you feel.
Have you ever lost a child?
No, ma'am.
Then you can't possibly know how I feel.
I apologize. But would you stay here, please?
For your baby's sake.
Do you gotta do that?
I like to look nice.

You gotta spit?

I don't know about you,
but I don't eat pieces of my body.

What?

- What did I do?
- You spit on me.
- I did not!
- Somebody did,
and you're the only one in the room.

You jerk!

What? No, no. Quiet.

- You're gonna wake up the baby.
- The baby's on the roof!

Hurry. Come on, hurry.

Eddie!

Ed. Hey, Ed, what happened?

Eddie, are you OK?

- People shouldn't leave this lying around.
- What are you doing, dope?

It was in the way.

- What happened?
- Right, pick him up.

Eddie. Ed, you're drooling.

- Eddie, come on. Come on, Ed. Come on.
- Eddie, what happened? Eddie?

What? This way?

Oh, great. It's gotta be at least 1,000 feet.

- Ed, we're gonna have to jump.
- We're gonna jump?
- Yes. On three. Ready?
- OK.

One.

Two.

Three.

Eddie!

Ed, look...

out!

- What?
- Package.
- Where do you want me to sign?
- Anywhere's fine.

Have a nice... day.

You old bat.

- Which way?

- This way.

Ed!

Are you all right?

How can he be all right?

The guy fell off a building.

Probably got contusions, concussions,
contractions. What's the matter with you?

- Just take it easy. How you feelin'?

- Eddie, how many fingers I got up?

- Two.

- Not you! Hey, Eddie, say somethin'.

- Here, put him here.

- Sit down on the bench. Sit down.

You OK?

Eddie.

When we first seen you fall,
our first thoughts were with you
and your family, should you not survive.

- I prayed, Eddie.

- Shut up!

All right, take it easy.

You wanna maybe get to the right of him.

Wait, Eddie. We don't wanna get a ticket.

- Get to the right. Eddie, get to the right.

- Shut up!

Move in front of him. I'll jump on the back.

- You're makin' me nuts!

- OK. Don't get crazy.

- Just drive. I'll tell you.

- See that lady over there?

There he is! I see him! There he is!

We got him.

He's gone! We lost him!

Look both ways!

I think you hit a cat.

Here's the bus. Eddie, you see it?

He's gettin' ahead of us, Eddie.

There's the bus again.

Driver, next stop, please.

Wait, I don't see him.

- There's the bus.

- I see the bus!

I'll get him!

Wait! Wait! Stop the bus.

I forgot somethin'! Stop the bus!
Wait, wait, wait! Hello! Stop the bus!
Halt! Stop the bus! Wait! Stop the bus!
Did a baby get off this bus?
A little guy, about two feet tall.
- It's an emergency!
- I didn't have nobody today with a baby.
He was by himself!
- What?
- He must have got off.
Oh, great. We're through.
If you didn't park your van on the sidewalk,
people could get by a lot easier.
If you'd limit yourself to a couple of pork
roasts a day, you wouldn't need to worry.
You heard me.
Some people.
- Eddie, how could he get off?
- I seen him.
- What?
- He's in the big broad's purse.
Yeah, this is Carl in 157.
You know anything about a missing baby?
I see her. How could you miss her?
She's as big as a building.
- Eddie, let me do this.
- Will you stop it?
- How do we do it?
- Nonchalant. We'll give her a sandwich.
- She don't need a sandwich. Look at her.
- That's my whole point.
Wait.
Eddie.
Get her, Veeko! You get her, Veeko!
Get her, Veeko. You got her, Veek.
Hang in there, Veek. You got her! Come on!
Who's next?
How about you, Mr Comedy?
"We'll give her a sandwich," huh?
"As big as a building," huh?
Not so easy making jokes
with my fist in your mouth, is it?
- I'm not afraid of you.
- Come on. She's crazy.

Anybody else wanna take a shot?

Chicken!

How did you get out of

Mother Goose Corner?

So, you got a nasty little surprise for me?

You guys are worthless!

Yeah, right, Eddie. Blame us.

- You know, I'm gettin' sick of your insults.

- Then why don't you quit?

- Oh, yeah? Let you two have all the money?

- What money? The kid is gone!

There you go, my little escape artist.

Now, if you were a baby

lost in the big city, where would you go?

... speculation, but a ransom figure

in the millions of dollars was mentioned.

Security is tight around the Cotwell mansion

and at Cotwell Industry Towers downtown.

Ronnie Lee has more on the story. Ronnie?

There's no word from police,

but our sources tell us

that a nine-month-old baby boy was abducted

at approximately ten o'clock this morning.

We have confirmed that

a photographer and two assistants

from the Downtown

Baby Photographers studio

were scheduled to photograph

the missing child today.

A spokesman for the photography

studio declined to comment.

... extremely tight. In fact, police

and FBI units have sealed off the area.

Earlier I attempted to reach millionaire

Bennington Cotwell at his office.

Though reporters were turned away,

a reliable source informed us that Cotwell...

A spokesman for the company said

that Mr Cotwell was unavailable.

Hang on a second. Keep rolling. OK.

Where'd he go?

We're always, like, this close.

- Hello.

- Hello. Is this Mr Cotwell?

- Yes. Who is this?
- My name's Depke. Joe. Joe Depke.
Yeah. Listen, I might have some information on the whereabouts of that child.
- I seen the baby.
- Where?
Right across the street on the curb.
Where'd he go?
It's the craziest thing. I don't remember.
Maybe we'll take a ride.
See if you remember then.
- You want money? How much?
- Don't embarrass me. Don't insult me.
- Your money's no good here. Put it away.
- Where's the baby?
House across the street.
Second floor.
McCrays. No guarantee.
Listen, mister, I didn't know your kid.
I just saw his picture on TV.
I called because I care.
- Your name's McCray?
- Yeah. What did I do?
We're looking for a missing child.
- These are my kids.
- Mind if we take a look?
Hello, ma'am.
Hi.
Sir, in here.
Baby.
You have a beautiful little boy.
Thank you, ma'am.
I'll pray he comes back to you.
These kids are all I've got, so I know how I'd feel if I was in your place.
I hope you never are.
For your children's sake.
Sorry we inconvenienced you.
Be there in a second.
- I'm sorry for the trouble.
- Sir?
I believe in my heart that someone somewhere watches over the babies.
Yes, I hope so.

You have everything? Are you sure?

I can't believe this. You know,
it ain't the wisest strategy to kidnap a baby
and then let the damn thing
loose on the streets.

Babies crawling in traffic tend
to draw attention, don't you think?

To the left, I think. You see? The cab.

Got you now, you little...

- Eddie!

- My money!

Come on! Come on! Go! Go!

Go! No, wait!

Stay! Stay there!

Stay there!

Don't go!

Go! Now! Watch your feet.

Stay there!

OK, hang on. One, two, three - go.

I worked at Burger King three years.

This is worse than that.

Don't blame me. We'd be restin' easy
if Butterfingers here hadn't lost the kid.

I lost the kid? I lost the kid?

Oh, well, that's news to me.

- Who fell asleep reading nursery stories?

- Who left the window open?

- That was me.

- You idiots are why we don't got the kid.

As far as I'm concerned, you can drop out and
I'll keep the \$5m. You don't deserve a penny.

- You'd stiff us?

- Wait a minute!

Don't get hot, Eddie. Don't get hot.

We're all just tired from gettin' torn apart.

Like I like to fall off buildings
and jump in ditches! That's the breaks.

We're dealing with a baby.

Babies are obviously
more dangerous than we thought.

It don't figure, Eddie. They're so small.

When I boxed, the guys I most feared
were those who feared nothin'.

Babies are like that -

they ain't afraid of nothin'.
Baby tracks.
Norby, hey.
The kid's in the gorilla cage.
There goes our five million bucks, huh?
I think the ape likes the kid.
- What?
- You got long arms.
Thanks.
I can't reach him, Eddie.
That's it. You got it.
Easy does it.
That's it. Slow, slow, slow. There.
Easy.
Nice monkey.
Yes.
He's startin' to cry, Eddie.
He'll make the monkey mad.
Eddie, he's gettin' up.
- I'm afraid, Eddie.
- Freeze. Just stare him down.
That's it.
Shut up!
Hey, King Kong. Hey, over here.
I'm a banana.
I'm a coconut. I'm an entire fruit salad.
Over here. Hey, look. I'm the Jungle Boy.
Over here. That's it.
Now you got it.
I got him.
I got him.
Bad monkey.
- Eddie?
- Careful, Eddie.
Eddie.
I know you don't wanna hear this, but...
the kid's gone again.
This morning all I wanted
was my baby's picture in the paper.
I got my wish.
Where's your mommy?
Hey, Eddie, maybe
he went down a rabbit hole.
We're serious about our work.

You wanna make jokes, join the circus.

Bozo.

Step on it, Eddie. Baby, starboard side.

- Starboard.
- What?
- Port.
- What is that?
- Point!
- Nine o'clock!
- Where is he?
- Over here at 6:30.

Step on it.

You're ours now, moneybags.

Did Baby Bink miss his Uncle Eddie?

- Come here.
- Get him.
- Did you get him?
- No! Come on!

Where'd he go?

He went down a rabbit hole.

- Don't let those rabbits chew your face off.
- Shut up, Veeko. Just shut up!

No problem, fellas. It ain't a hole,
it's a tunnel. And what's every tunnel got?

Don't tell me. I know, I know. It's a...

Toll booth at the end.

Are you always this stupid,
or do you do this just to annoy me?

A tunnel has two ends.

This one's here, and the other one's...

Where? Come on.

- Eddie, Eddie, Eddie.
- Get him, Norby. Get him.
- Don't let him get away.
- Here he is, Eddie.

Today ain't your lucky day, eh, shorty-pants?

That wasn't so hard.

- Beautiful day, huh?
- You know anything about that vehicle?

Yes. It belongs to us.

You left the engine running.

Yes.

I did.

I've been having battery trouble.

We just stopped by to admire the beauti...
beautiful flowers.

Have you guys seen a baby around here?

The park is full of...

- babies.

- Yeah, well, there's been a kidnapping.

Well, that's a cryin' shame.

It's amazing what people will do for money.

Yeah, for five million...

If we see anything...

Excuse me.

If we see anything, we'll be sure to notify...

He's got a bad heart.

Excuse me.

The police.

Thank you.

Walk 'em to the car. My entire reproductive
system is about to go up in flames.

Is that a Fleetline van?

Eddie, is it?

- Yes!

- Yes, it is.

I thought so.

My brother drives one
for a dry-cleaning firm.

Oh, yeah, they drive a lot of those.

He's always had a lot of trouble with his.

Give me a second, I'll think of what he said
is the problem with the electrical system.

- Alternator?

- No.

- Carburetor?

- No.

- There's this little relay thing.

- Veeko!

Veeko.

I think you should move the van.

I have a frog in my throat.

And a brush fire in my undershorts.

Get 'em outta here.

It's just a bad battery. I think we should
move it before the engine dies.

Yeah, it's just the battery.

Let's get it outta here. Come on, let's...

You sure can tell summer's here.
People got those barbecues goin'.
- Smells great, doesn't it?
- Come on, let's go move the van.
I'll be right with you.
I just have a cramp in my leg.
Take it easy.
That's how you put out campfires.
Is that a fact?
Used to do it in Boy Scouts.
You toasted your marshmallows
over a pile of flaming gonads?
We usually used logs.
Follow that kid!
We'll meet you on the other side.
I'm sorry, man, but it was an emergency.
- You were blazin' pretty hard...
- Shut up!
Oh, boy, Eddie.
You got burnt clear through your skivvies.
Baby Bink! It's your mother!
Baby Bink!
I'll kill him.
I'm sorry, ma'am.
I haven't forgotten your feelings.
My feelings don't matter.
Yes, they do.
They do very much.
The love my baby's gotten
has been as much yours as mine.
Probably more.
Where's my little boy?
What's he doing?
If he were home,
he'd be going down for his nap.
I got bad news.
The kid's...
in there.
No, wait. Eddie, there's a guard.
Eddie, no. Eddie, wait. No.
- There's a guard.
- He's asleep, you moron.
Where is he? Come on,
knucklehead. Where is he, huh?

Of course.

Where else would he be?

Let's go get him.

Eddie.

Baby, 12 o'clock.

Up there.

We'll be with you in just a minute.

Lingerie, home furnishings,
men's hats, babies.

- Wait a minute. We passed him.

- Yes, moron. We'll grab him as he goes by.

Yeah, that's a good plan, Ed.

We grab him as he comes by.

You grab him.

- I grab him?

- Right.

As the girder comes up,
you jump out on it and grab the baby.

- Me? By myself?

- You just step out on it. It ain't difficult.

- Why me?

- Norby's scared of heights.

- Why don't you grab him?

- Nobody asked me!

OK, OK. That's it.

- Come on, don't miss him.

- I'll get it.

Don't miss it. He's coming.

- All right. Don't grab, OK?

- I'm not touching you. There it is. Go!

Here he comes.

How'd he do that?

Baby luck.

Eddie! Help me!

- He asked for you, Ed.

- He ain't thinkin' straight.

- Don't look down.

- What are you doin'?

- Eddie, no! I'm gonna faint!

- Didn't I tell you not to look down?

- Pull me back, please!

- I'm losing my grip.

- Pull me back, please.

- Grab him by the leg.

Grab him by the leg or I'll let you go!

Don't look down.

OK, good. You got him.

Up!

You're going the wrong way! Come up!

- Rest on my feet.

- I could use a hand here!

Hey, quit being a crybaby. Get up.

You're doin' good, but you gotta get back up.

- I'm losin' him, Eddie.

- Quit foolin' around.

Gimme a hand.

What's the matter with you?

Ed?

- Eddie?

- Get off of me.

There he is.

Come on, we'll take the stairs.

It's comin' back down. Get ready.

- Now, jump.

- I'll wait for another.

No, don't wait. Jump.

Jump!

My...

spine.

- I lived.

- Get back up here!

Come here, you little ball of grief!

Now I gotcha! You ain't

gonna crawl away from this one.

That hurt!

That's it!

No mercy!

This ain't no nursery-school

battle of wits anymore.

This is my five foot, ten inches

of guile, gut and gristle

versus your two and a half feet

of goo-goos, ga-gas and giggles.

If the Mil...

If the Milwaukee Mob couldn't kill me,

no milk-puking little thumb-sucker's

got a candle's chance in a cyclone

of gettin' the better of me.

Where are you going?
Come back here.
This isn't funny anymore.
My money!
What?
I thought I saw a baby
crawl around the corner.
Good night, Donald.
Norby!
Veeko!
Ed! We're down here!
Hey, Ed!
We better go before I dry!
Ed, can you see the baby from up there?
Just hang on and we'll come on up.
I got an idea.
We got some news. I don't know
if it's good, but it's not bad.
Since the media broke the story,
calls have come in.
There was a report of a man
looking for a baby on a bus this morning.
A baby missing from
a department store care center.
Another, at three o'clock, at the zoo.
Shortly after that at a downtown park.
And a final report not long ago at...
- A building under construction.
- Yeah, that's right.
He's doing everything in the book.
I know where he is.
"Before returning home for supper,
Nanny and Baby Boo stopped at
the Old Soldiers' Home to visit Mr Tinsel."
That's where he is.
Come on over.
It's the kid, on television! The one that...
Come on. That's it. Come on.
Baby.
You had quite an adventure today.
Boo-boo.
- Boo-boo?
- It's what he calls his book. He lost it today.
We'll get you another one, sweetheart.

What?

What?

Oh, I see. That's nice.

That's not a boo-boo.

That's a clock. A ticktock.

- Was there a ticktock in his book?

- No.

Well, he's pointing to...

His boo-boo. He's not pointing
at the ticktock. He wants his boo-boo.

- I thought he was getting a new boo-boo.

- He means his boo-boo's back there.

Radio Rogers and McCloskey. Tell them we're
going to the ticktock to get the boo-boo.

And send for backup.

Hey, Eddie, you sure you don't wanna
go check to see if they left the money?

Oh, that's a good idea.

We get the living hell
tore out of us by a baby!

Three fully grown men versus

15 pounds of pink flesh with a mouth.

What chance have we got of strolling into
that alley and coming out with anything less

- than 140 years in prison?

- No way.

No, thank you!

This is a hexed situation.

We walk away while we're still ahead.

We took a lickin' and kept on tickin'.

We'll go back to banks.

Dealing with grownups.

I don't want no kiddy stuff.

- We did all right with banks.

- Or a convenience store once in a while.

You know, one thing I learned from all this:

I ain't never gonna have any kids of my own.

Yeah, seeing as you burnt down the only tree
in your forest, I wouldn't worry about it.

Why don't you shut up?

I don't wanna ever hear another word
about that rotten, snake-bit baby.

I'm serious!

I'm hearing that little vermin in my thoughts.

I wanna erase him from my mind.

Did you hear that?

- Yeah.

- You know what it sounds like?

He's back.

You dirty, no-good little stool pigeon!

You're surrounded. Throw down the boo-boo.

And put your hands over your heads.

This is the end of the story.

Good night, sweetheart.

Good night, Bink.

Did I tell you? The baby's
having his picture taken tomorrow.

- Say hello to old Willy.

- I will.