

MILKMAN'S WILL

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INT. ROOM - NIGHT

It is in a complete darkness.

MALE VOICE (OS)

I'll report you a truth that
wasn't unfolded for 54
years...Today is my father
death's birthday

A man about 54 years old with a Latino look sits on a couch.

MAN

My name is Miguel. Long time ago
when I was young my dear father
died one year before my birth.
He lived on a farm and he was a
milkier.

Miguel lights a cigar inhaling the smoke deep with pleasure.

MIGUEL (CON'T)

As a milkier my father began to
drink milk all day...Since he
was tenth. Then something came
up from the milk and said to him
a secret...He grew up and
continued to drink milk. Milk at
the breakfast. Milk at the lunch
and milk at dinner! Milk, milk,
milk...Oh my god, poor father
gets drowned in milk...

He puts the cigar's ash on a stray on coffee table nearby him

MIGUEL (CON'T)

Since this time my father
believed that milk could gives
him the eternal life! But he
died! No sense at all!
(searching inside his coat)
He it is...
(picking a yellowed paper)
It is his will...
(reading)
He said that if he had a son his
son had to invoke his name in
order to get him alive
again...But his name had to be
invoked just with a glass of
milk aside and being illuminated
by a light of white candle...I
confess that I never believed in

it at all since the day I was surfing on the net and I read in a site named SimplyScript that a week challenge with theme Milk had began. So I decided to do what my father asked in his will...

Miguel gets a glass with milk and a white candle.

MIGUEL

(lighting the candle getting concentrated)

HELIO J CORDEIRO!

(intensively and laud)

HELIO J CORDEIRO! HELIO J...

A suddenly a wind blows the candle light! The milk inside the glass starts boiling!

The only light on in the room starts flicking!

The coffee table trembles!

MIGUEL

Oh my god! It is my dear father!
Father?

The couch with Miguel shakes strongly!

Miguel seems to be afraid now!

MIGUEL

Father?! Call to me!

The shake gets strong and strong!

MIGUEL

Fuck! Father please is it you?
Tell me!

The entire room is shaking! The light pops out! The candle light gets off!

Now just a white light coming from the glass that illuminate the place like a lampshade...

MIGUEL

Father...

DEEP VOICE (VO)

Yeah! It is me...Your true father, Miguel! You put me alive again!

The milk splits out the glass and gets transformed in a plasma ugly face and advances FAST against Miguel!

FADE OUT