

**SPILLED MILK**

Screenplay

by

Grant Keating & Robert Spence

FADE IN:

EXT. CASTRONE FARM -- ESTABLISHING

Acres and acres of land. Many cows scattered all over the green, grassy fields. An ancient barn, dirty brown from age. An old rusty pick up truck.

A house, old and un welcoming.

TAPE RECORDER

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING

An old tape recorder sits on a table, rolling. A voice starts to play, full of loneliness. This is TEDDY, 60.

TEDDY (V.O.)

Ma' Pappa always told me never to cry over spilled milk. Tell you the truth. Pappa taught me a lot of things.

It is now apparent Teddy is seated at the table, speaking into the tape recorder.

He is sipping a glass of milk. A bottle of whisky also sits at the table, half full.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

The main thing ma Pappa told me was that the only difference between animals and women, is that animals stay loyal, but women can milk you for everything you got.

There is a brief pause.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Have I became ma Pappa? I'm a sixty year old man, wifeless, and the only thing stopping me from shootin' myself with my 9 gage shotgun is that am outta bullets. Ma name's Teddy.

EXT. COW FIELD -- LATER

Teddy descends from his house with a bucket, seemingly happier than before. He smashes his hand against the bucket and whistles, on his way over to the cows.

TEDDY

Here girls, daddy's comin.

EXT. COW FIELD -- LATER

He is now milking a cow, spraying milk into the bucket.

EXT. FRONT DOOR

He sits down a bucket and a bottle of milk. A routine he is used to doing.

INT. BARN -- LATER

Teddy feeds his chickens, and collects the remaining eggs that have been laid over night.

TEDDY  
Jesus boys, that's a fine bunch we  
got today.

He gathers eggs up and exits the barn.

EGGS SIZZLING IN PAN

INT. HOUSE -- LATER

The eggs collected earlier, Teddy is frying in a pan for his breakfast.

TEDDY  
My my, you eggs sure are cookin  
mighty fine.

Smoke descends from the toaster, suddenly two pieces of toast pop out, and before they have a chance to hit the work top he grabs and puts them on a plate.

He butters his toast, and he reaches in the cupboard for a jar of coffee. He realizes he has left his buckets of milk at the front door.

He walks over to the door muttering under his breath

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
I'm a God dam retard. Retarded,  
retarded retarded.

He opens the front door to reveal that there is a bucket of milk tipped over, and all of the milk is climbing its way down the path.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
God dam coyotes, where's ma shotgun.

He wanders aimlessly into the kitchen, knocking over a photograph of himself, years younger, and a younger woman.

He grabs his shotgun and not caring steps on the photograph on his way back to the front door.

A bottle of milk he had laid down is now gone.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
Mother fuckin coyotes, if I had  
any God dam bullets there would be  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
 hell to pay. Jesus H Christ  
 almighty I'm pissed off.

EXT. FARM -- NIGHT

The sky is now dead. Nothing moves outside. A harsh wind desecrates the farm, leaving the cows no choice but to stand still.

INT. HOUSE -- LATER

He sits at the table again, tape recorder seated on top, rolling.

TEDDY (V.O.)  
 Sometimes I wish death would hit  
 me with a god damn steamroller and  
 run me down. I don't wanna be  
 alone, but I aint got a choice.

All of a sudden the phone rings. He contemplates whether to answer or not, but after a brief pause he walks over and picks up.

TEDDY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Who this callin me at this untimely  
 hour?

VOICE  
 Hi Theodore, it's Joan, your  
 psychiatrist.

TEDDY  
 For the fifth time it's Teddy. I  
 thought I told you not to call  
 here, I'm doin this god damn tape  
 recorder, what more do you want?

VOICE  
 Theodore, you are sounding very  
 angry. What's wrong?

TEDDY  
 God damn psychiatrist, think they  
 know everything. I'll tell you  
 girl i was fightin for this god  
 damn country before you were even  
 born.

VOICE  
 Theodore, is this about Doris?

TEDDY  
 My name is fuckin Teddy. And you  
 leave ma bitch of a wife outta  
 this. I'll call you Thursday,  
 good day.

He hangs up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
God damn bitch.

There is a knock at his front door.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
Am I dreamin? Or has some mother  
fucker just knocked on ma God damn  
door?

He grabs his shotgun and lays it next to the door, and slowly opens it.

There is nobody there.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
What the? Damn coyotes. A think  
a must be hearin things in ma old  
age.

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

He is again sitting at the kitchen table with the tape recorder. He takes a swig of whiskey out of the bottle, and shakes his head furiously.

He presses the record button, and speaks into the recorder.

TEDDY  
A can't believe the nerve of some  
mother fucker comin to ma door at  
this untimely hour-

There is another knock at the door.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
Jesus H Christ Virgin Mary and  
Joseph, where's ma shot gun, where  
is it?

Making his way to the door.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
God damn kids with their God damn  
slingshots and fancy gadgets.

He picks up his shot gun and opens the door.

Nothing.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
(angrilly)  
Oh good God, art in heaven, Hallow  
be thy fuckin name.  
(aiming shotgun at  
trees and letting  
a round of empty  
bullets off)  
Urgh. Mother fucker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns on his heel and slams the door behind him.

INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

He is again seated at the table, and again is about to record his thoughts.

TEDDY

Like I was-

There is a knock at the door.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Ahhh!!

He grabs the bottle of whiskey and throws it at the fridge, shattering into pieces. He smashes his chair into the ground.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna...kill..em mother fuckin..basterdin kids.

He storms angrily to the front door and throws the door open.

A small boy stares at him. He is a scarlet white, and of Asian ethnicity. He doesn't blink. Doesn't make a sound.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Oh ma dear lord. Where you makin all that racket?

The boy stares at him, as if staring through his body.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Boy can you talk?

No answer. He continues to stare.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Can you talk boy? You fuckin retarded?

He still stares at him.

Teddy shivers, realizing he and the boy are out in the freezing cold.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Boy, it's cold out here. You betta get inside, and explain yourself.

They both enter.

INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Teddy enters the kitchen with the boy trailing behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEDDY

What's your name boy? Cause me  
and your mamma are gonna have a  
little chat.

He turns around expecting an answer. Still none. Just a  
blank stare.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Boy if you don't start showin  
respect am gonna have to go get ma  
belt. And I aint kiddin.

Another stare. Now realizing the boy may be in distress  
and possibly scared he makes an attempt to make him feel  
welcome.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Well boy, there's a seat for you.

The boy sits.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Now can a get you a nice cold glass  
of milk?

The boy nods slowly. Teddy slowly treads around the broken  
whisky bottle, and into the fridge for a bottle of milk  
from a couple of days before.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

God damn waste. Boy that whiskey's  
older than you. Hold on a second  
boy, did you steal my produce  
earlier today?, because I thought  
it was them coyotes.

The boy gives him another blank stare.

Teddy pours him the milk and slides it along the table.  
He again takes a seat, picking up the chair he threw  
earlier.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Boy, you know anythin about those  
China men livin up on the other  
farm? That where you from? Those  
China men comin to this country  
takin our God damn jobs. If I had  
a nickel for every China man..

He falls asleep mid sentence.

The boy continues to stare at him. He sips his glass of  
milk.

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING

Teddy suddenly wakes up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEDDY  
 (muttering to himself)  
 Doris.

He realizes he is now awake and sits himself up.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
 Boy, you there boy?  
 (looking around)

The boy is nowhere to be seen.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
 Mother fu..

He realizes the boy may have taken some of his possessions but at that, he realizes he doesn't care.

EXT. COW FIELD -- LATER

He is milking his cows whilst whistling "Black Magic Woman".

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

He is stood in the kitchen with an egg in his hand.

TEDDY  
 Scrambled or fried, scrambled or  
 fried. Fuck it you only live once,  
 fried it is.

He cracks the egg into a frying pan. He glances around to notice that the tape recorder is lying on the floor. He walks over and places it back on the table. Gets back to cooking his eggs.

There is a knock at the door.

He wanders over.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
 If this is that God damn boy..

He opens the door..

It is his wife, Doris, 59.

DORIS  
 Hi Teddy.

He quickly slams the door in her face. He walks back into the kitchen and continues to cook his eggs.

She appears at the kitchen window.

DORIS (CONT'D)  
 I just want to talk about the  
 divorce, Ted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEDDY

I aint got nothin to say. Now get off ma property. Where's ma shotgun, where is it!

DORIS

Ted, I know you don't load that damn shotgun.

She begins to walk away.

TEDDY

Talk to you Thursday.

He watches her leave in her car.

EXT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

It is again pitch black. Nowhere can be seen except the barn, which is amplified by the harsh spotlight of the moon.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Teddy sits reading with a thick pair of glasses occupying his face.

He glances at the window to notice the curtains have not been shut, so he gets up.

He suddenly notices a light flickers on and off in the barn.

TEDDY

God damn. Eyes playin tricks on me.

He takes his glasses off, rubs his eyes and puts them back on, and stares.

The light flickers on and off again.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Jesus H Christ. Damn hooligans. Writin junk and graffiti all over ma property. Where's ma shotgun?

At this he grabs his shotgun.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

He makes his way over to the barn, now totally dark. The rain is hammering down against the ground. No lights flickering whatsoever. He is wearing a thick anorak and big boots.

He opens the barn door..

INT. BARN -- CONTINUOUS

The boy is sitting on the hay, with an empty glass in his hands.

Teddy jumps up.

TEDDY

Jesus H Christ, you almost gave me a heart attack boy. What you doin in ma barn?

The stares at him.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Don't tell me you're gonna start with your silence again boy. Where's your mamma? And what you doin with that God damn glass?

The boy continues to stare. Teddy walks over to him and sits beside him. All that can be heard is the sound of the tropical like rain hitting off the roof of the barn.

He drops his shotgun. The boy seems to be staring at someone at the other end of the barn that Teddy cannot see.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

What you lookin at boy?

The boy now has a look of terror in his face. His eyes widen.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

What is it, you ok son?

Teddy turns around to the other end of the barn again to see what the boy is looking at.

He still cannot see. He turns back around.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

There's nothin th-

He is gone. Teddy looks around the barn. The boy is absolutely nowhere to be seen.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Dang, where that boy keep goin to? Dam foreigners these days.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- LATER

He sits on his sofa, reading a novel.

The phone starts to ring.

He immediately stops what he is doing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEDDY

Holy Mary mother of fuckin God.

He gets up and stamps over to the phone, and picks up.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Jesus H Christ I thought I said I  
didn't want any damn phone calls!

There is silence.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Doris, that you?

Silence.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

I don't wanna play any more of  
your god damn games, I said  
Thursday. I'll call you Thursday,  
you cheatin low life son of a bitch.

He listens closer into the phone and can make out a soft  
wheezing.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Who the hell are you? Talk dammit!

Heavy breathing now.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Well I don't know who you are, but  
if you ever phone again, I'll be  
gettin my damn 9 gage. Good bye.

He hangs up the phone.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

What the damn hell is goin on in  
this place?

INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

He enters the kitchen for a glass of milk and goes for the  
fridge. He opens to find that there is two empty bottles  
of milk.

TEDDY

I thought I..Did I?

INT. SHOWER -- LATER

Teddy is in the shower washing himself, whistling. He  
turns the shower off, gives himself a quick dry and then  
grabs his house coat, and puts it on.

He then glances at the mirror. There is writing on the  
mirror.

"LEAVE"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He jumps back in which causes him to slip and bang himself off of the hard bathroom floor. He is now unconscious.

EXT. COW FIELD - DREAM

Teddy walks slowly around the field, floating in an impossible calmness. A deep blue sky with fluffy white clouds.

He glimpses a figure sitting bang in the center of the field. He slowly walks into the center, now to notice that it is the little boy feeding the cows grass.

He sits beside the boy.

BOY

Hi.

TEDDY

Howdy, what's your name?

BOY

My name's Jonathan, what's yours?

TEDDY

I'm Teddy. How did you get here?  
There's not a soul around here for miles.

JONATHAN

I live here.

TEDDY

You must be mistaken boy, I live here. Nobody's lived here for over twenty years.

JONATHAN

I live here.

Teddy is about to open his mouth when he realizes that there is something on the boy's neck. It is a bruise, which continues all the way round. As if something has been wrapped around it.

TEDDY

What's with your neck boy?

The boy looks at the ground. He then looks up and points.

Teddy looks in this direction to see two figures, male and female - his parents - gliding towards them.

JONATHAN

Them. It's too late for me, but not too late for you. Leave now!

Teddy is stuck on the one spot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEDDY

But-

They are gliding closer and closer.

JONATHAN

Leave!

They are now within touching distance.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

LEAVE!!!

INT. BATHROOM

Teddy suddenly wakes up. He jumps to his feet holding his head and runs out of the bathroom.

INT. STAIRWELL -- MOMENTS LATER

Teddy is now fully clothed and races downstairs to find that the place has been turned upside down.

TEDDY

God damnit! What the fuck do you want with me? Jesus God forsaken mother fuckers!

His windows are steamed up. There is more writing written on the windows.

"DON'T CRY OVER SPILLED MILK!"

TEDDY (CONT'D)

(hands over mouth)

Jesus H Christ! Leave me alone you hear me! Leave me alone! Get out of my God damn house now!

INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

The kitchen has also been turned inside out. Bottles smashed, his table has been over turned.

TEDDY

Where's ma shotgun!

He grabs his shotgun, knowing he cannot shoot anything but hopefully scare what has wrecked his home.

EXT. OUTSIDE -- MOMENTS LATER

He runs outside to find that all of his cows are dead. They have been massacred.

TEDDY

Sweet Jesus, my cows. You killed my mother fuckin cows.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
 (hands over his  
 mouth)  
 Sweet God.

INT. KITCHEN

The kitchen is empty, but there is a presence. Suddenly another bottle of whiskey he has lying on his counter falls over and smashes. It then catches light.

TAPE RECORDER

This starts to play, lying on the ground.

JONATHAN (V.O.)  
 Mommy, Daddy please don't hurt me.  
 I'm sorry. Please.

There is manic laughter.

INT COW FIELD -- TWENTY YEARS AGO

Jonathan is seated feeding a cow. The farm is not much different. He has a glass of milk in one hand. He drinks.

Suddenly a hand grabs his shoulder, and he is dragged across the field.

JONATHAN  
 Help! Please don't!

The face of what is dragging him is defaced. He is dragged into the barn where there is another figure, face unable to be seen.

There is a thick rope dangling from the ceiling with a noose that has been tied especially for a purpose.

Two of the figures put Jonathan's neck in the through the noose, and tighten it. He struggles to speak, coughing and panting. There are dead cows all around the barn.

EXT. OUTSIDE BARN

JONATHAN (O.S.)  
 Please mommy, daddy..

INT. OUTSIDE -- TWENTY YEARS LATER

Teddy runs to his car, looking back. Smoke is rising from the house.

TEDDY  
 My mother fuckin house!

He opens his car door and quickly gets inside.

He starts the engine, and glances at his wind screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It reads:

"DIE, DIE, DIE"

Teddy gasps, and looks at his side window.

"NEVER COME BACK AND THEY WON'T HURT YOU"

Teddy is shocked. Now the boy appears on the seat beside him. He has a glass of milk in his hands. He slowly, but robotlike drinks.

JONATHAN

Go.

Teddy's car shoots off, with a clanging noise that is the result of lack of usage from the engine.

More smoke rises from the house. Teddy picks up speed, faster and faster.

The windshield implodes and shards of glass are scattered over Teddy's face.

TEDDY

Fuck!

Gates come into distance, wooden but un-sturdy. The wind and rain are hammering through the hole in the windshield.

All of a sudden Teddy gets pulled forward out of his seat and nearly through the hole.

He struggles.

JONATHAN

(whispering)

I'm sorry, I can't help you.

Teddy is still struggling with what is pulling him.

TEDDY

Get the fuck off me!

The gates are yards away. He struggles more and gets back into his seat.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Jesus H Christ!

The car blows through the gates and out of the farm. Teddy turns around, the boy is now gone.

GLASS OF MILK

This sits on the passengers seat.

The car speeds up, and into the distance, never to come back to the farm again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAPE RECORDER

INT. KITCHEN

A circle of fire surrounds the tape recorder. It starts to play.

JONATHAN (V.O.)  
Mommy, Daddy please don't hurt me.  
I'm sorry. Please.

EXT. FARM

The house explodes. Fire surrounding the farm.

EXT BARN

This sits, empty from the exterior. Unharmed from the fire..

TEDDY (V.O.)  
Jesus H Christ. Thank God I got  
out, because somethin was tellin  
me I would have needed more than  
that God damn shotgun.

EXT. CASTRONE FARM -- DAYS LATER

The farm is surrounded by news reporters and forensic scientists. Red tape is everywhere and blocks off the cow fields. There are many police cars.

NEWS REPORTER  
By the looks of it, the fire seems  
to have started from inside of the  
house..

INT. BARN

A few cops are in the barn, inspecting for evidence.

MUNETTY  
Hey Daniels.

DANIELS  
Yeah?

MUNETTY  
What the fuck is this?

He points up. This is the rope dangling from the ceiling.

DANIELS  
I dunno, but doesn't look very  
welcoming.

Suddenly the doors slam shut...

THE END