The Milkman Still Delivers

Milk

n: an opaque white or bluish-white liquid secreted by the mammary glands of female mammals, serving for the nourishment of their young.

AGAINST BLACK, TITLE CARD:

Thirty-Four Years Ago

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The door bursts open. A young housewife and a milkman enter, tearing each others clothes off. The milkman gets her blouse open, the housewife gets his slacks off.

They fall onto the bed. The milkman moans with pleasure and the housewife cries out in ecstasy.

The bed begins to slam against the wall with each grind, shiver and thrust.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A crushed and humiliated husband leans against the wall outside the master bedroom. The moans of infidelity in the next room drown out his sobs of anguish.

A lean, pale, pitiful bastard, this is EDMUND CRANE.

INT. BEDROOM

The couple continues to make love, the milkman on top. They don't seem to notice Crane stumble in, a murderous rage in his eyes. He now holds an old-fashioned straight-razor.

He approaches the milkman from behind. Crane jerks his victims head back by the hair, and slits his throat. Blood sprays out like a crimson fountain.

The young housewife starts screaming, now covered with her lovers blood. Crane begins to slice away at his wife. Her screams begin to fade as she starts choking on her own blood.

AGAINST BLACK, TITLE CARD:

Several Months Later

EXT. HIGHWAY - DUSK

The twilight hour. Two-lanes of blacktop stretch over the distant horizon, slowly fading away behind an arch of red afterglow.

An infinite number of stars begin to flicker to life as darkness reaches their small corner of existence.

Off to the side of the highway lies a rundown and dilapidated diner. Several filthy eighteen-wheelers crowd the small parking-lot.

Atop the diner, a rusted metal sign sways with the wind.

The sign proclaims: The Greasy Spoon.

INT. DINER/HIGHWAY

Stainless steel panels, glass blocks, porcelain enamel, terazzo floors and neon sign trim.

The typical roadside diner. A long service counter, with a preparation area against the back wall and floor-mounted stools for the customers in front.

But, something is wrong here.

Edmund Crane occupies the center stool. He has been reduced to nothing more that a disheveled, unshaven trucker.

He enjoys what appears to be a typical steak dinner with a side of potatoes and cooked vegetables. He takes his time, methodically cutting the very rare meat into smaller pieces.

Next to him lies an untouched local newspaper. The front page features a grisly crime-scene photograph.

Crane glances at the newspaper, smiles and then simply continues with his meal.

After a few moments, flashes of red and blue light suddenly break through the cheap window-blinds behind him. He slowly turns towards the window, looking slightly annoyed.

The local police have surrounded the diner.

Suddenly a single drop of blood lands on his shoulder. Crane glances at it and then towards the ceiling, which is covered with blood.

The place is a slaughter house.

The establishment is littered with several mutilated corpses. Walls are covered with swaths of blood and the carpet is soaked with crimson puddles.

Unfazed by the carnage around him, Crane swivels back toward the counter and begins to finish his meal.

Behind Crane, the door is suddenly kicked in. Splinters fly everywhere as an elderly SHERIFF and his deputy MARTIN YORK burst into the diner.

Crane slowly looks over his shoulder and stares down the barrel of a magnum revolver, a Colt Python. The Sheriff pulls the hammer back as the young deputy steps forward.

YORK You have the right to remain silen--

The hammer suddenly clicks against metal. A bullet tears a chunk of flesh and bone from the killers face.

Deputy York doesn't move, completely in shock. The Sheriff pushes the distraught deputy aside and examines the nearly decapitated body.

SHERIFF

The sick motherfucker didn't deserve a trial. Hell, he didn't even deserve that bullet.

YORK

Mother of God. That ain't right, Sheriff. You shouldn't have done that.

The Sheriff reaches down and pulls out a small snub-nosed revolver from his ankle holster.

SHERIFF

(frustrated) Boy, you need to redefine your definition of right. Cause, what isn't right, is committing a tristate murdering spree, just cause you found your old lady getting fucked by the Milkman.

York doesn't say a word.

SHERIFF (cont'd) Just take a look around this damn place. We found the bastard eating a piece of the waitress. Now calm down and step aside.

The Sheriff raises the snub-nose towards the entrance. York quickly steps aside and the Sheriff squeezes the trigger raking the front wall with bullets.

SHERIFF (cont'd) Now let's get the story straight before those crime-scene faggots get here. We preformed a text-book entry through the front door, there was a violent exchange of gunfire and then it was over. Got it?

York nods his head, accepting the story. The Sheriff snatches up a nearby napkin and rubs the snub-nose down, removing his fingerprints.

> YORK Uh, what should we do now?

SHERIFF I'll finish up in here. Why don't you check out the suspects truck.

The deputy turns to leave, stepping over the busted down door as the Sheriff places the small revolver in Crane's left hand.

EXT. DINER/ EIGHTEEN-WHEELER

The back of a massive eighteen-wheeler. The Sheriff now smokes a Parejo cigar and sings a Hank Williams tune. York climbs the trailer, positioning himself near the two large metal doors at the rear.

> SHERIFF (singing) These shabby shoes I'm wearin' all the time. Are full of holes and nails. And brother if I stepped on a worn out dime. I bet a nickel I could tell you if it was heads or tails.

YORK Uh, Sheriff. This looks like the one.

SHERIFF Well, there's only one way to make sure. Open the damn thing up.

Deputy York unlatches the trailer. Rusty hinges grind as the metal doors slowly swing open. Both men recoil in disgust.

SHERIFF (shock) Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

The trailer is overflowing with decomposing corpses, hundreds of them. Stacked so high, a few actually fall out, landing next to the Sheriff.

> YORK Christ, he must have been at this for months.

SHERIFF Sure looks that way.

YORK

(frustrated) But it doesn't make any sense. Why kill so many people? Why collect the bodies.

SHERIFF

My job isn't to ask questions. My job is to shoot everyone, then shoot some more and when everyone is dead, then try to ask a few questions.

YORK

What was this guy like, you know, before he lost his mind?

SHERIFF

The news said something about him being a scientist from the city. He worked with some fancy new science. What was it called? Regeneration? Oh yeah, cell regeneration or some damn thing like that. YORK Cell regeneration? Sounds interesting.

SHERIFF Sounds like a damn waste of time, if you ask me.

A slight moan can be heard from the trailer.

YORK

(frightened) What was that?

SHERIFF Leave it for those damn crime-scene nerds. We don't get paid enough to walk waist deep in a pile of decomposing bodies.

York examines a few of the bodies, some of them have bite marks. Chunks of skin have been ripped away.

YORK (to himself) Why did he eat them?

SHERIFF Enough with the questions already.

Another moan echoes from the trailer. Both men look at the pile of bodies, concerned.

YORK Do you think one might still be alive? Like trapped underneath?

SHERIFF Impossible. Anyone he didn't chop up, would've suffocated in that trailer.

More moans ring out, louder. The men start to back away. The Sheriff pulls his Colt Python out, aiming it at the pile.

> YORK Their dead, what is that thing gonna do?

CRANE (v.o.) Actually, their not quite dead. Both men spin around and there stands Crane, a chunk of his skull missing.

SHERIFF That's impossible. Your dead.

CRANE No, not really. And thanks to my research, death for me is simply impossible.

The moans from the pile grow louder, the dead begin to rise. Crane watches on as the young deputy and the elderly sheriff are surrounded by his army of the living dead.

THE END