

(Name of Project)

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INT. IAN'S ROOM - NOON

IAN, 18, relaxes on his bed with his hands tucked under his head. He stares aimlessly at the ceiling. The TV plays but is being completely ignored.

A cloud of milky white smoke creeps in and hovers over him. He inhales and begins coughing. He sits up and looks to-

JAYNIE, 17, sits at the window, joint lit. She wears a formal white blouse, ripped open. Her dark curls run down her back. She stares out the window.

IAN  
You're smoking that shit again?  
What'd I tell you?

Jaynie keeps looking out the window.

JAYNIE  
Chill out. You're not my father.

IAN  
I'm not gonna be with a damned  
crack head.

Jaynie sighs, finally looks to him.

JAYNIE  
I'm not a crack head...I'm a  
stoner.

IAN  
Seriously...can you put it out?

The muffled sound of a car's engine is heard. Jaynie looks down, out the window.

JAYNIE  
(calmly)  
Your mother's home.

Ian jumps up.

IAN  
Hurry, open the windows!

Jaynie smirks.

JAYNIE  
Why? Don't you like the smell of  
sex and cigarettes?

IAN  
Hurry up!

Jaynie opens the window as Ian pulls on some jeans and a T-shirt.

Meanwhile, on the television, a reporter speaks.

REPORTER  
(on TV)  
...grocery stores around the city  
have been in shortage of milk after  
the sudden rise in sales...

Ian exits. Jaynie turns off the television and follows.

INT. HALLWAY

Ian and Jaynie descend the stairs. The front door stands wide open. A mini van, with the back door open has backed right to the door. Gallons and gallons of unbagged milk fill the back.

Ian and Jaynie look at the scene strangely. An older woman, IAN'S MOM, stumbles in from the kitchen. She walks pass the two as if they're invisible.

She goes to the van and shuffles four gallons of milk into her arms. She walks pass them and back to the kitchen.

JAYNIE  
So I guess your mom's definitely  
not lactose intolerant.

Ian and Jaynie walk across the hall to the-

INT. KITCHEN

The counters can not be seen as they are piled with gallons of milk. On the floor in front of the refrigerator are piles of food contents, appears to have been tossed to the floor.

With no space left Ian's mom sits the gallons on the floor. Ian and Jaynie enter.

JAYNIE  
What the hell? You're mom's a  
frickin' nut cracker.

IAN  
Mom...who the hell needs this much  
milk?

She doesn't answer still as if they're not there. Ian looks down at the mess in front of the fridge. He opens the fridge. Full of nothing but milk. He turns to his mother. Bottoms up, she downs a whole gallon in mere seconds.

She opens another gallon. Bottom up.

JAYNIE  
Chug-a-lug! Chug-a-lug!

IAN  
Stop it!

Unseen by Jaynie and Ian, something long and slithery slips from the mother's mouth and into the milk, sucking it all up. She finishes and grabs another gallon. Bottoms up.

IAN  
Mom, I think you need...some help.  
How many stores did you go to? Did  
you pay for all this?

She doesn't answer. Jaynie giggles.

JAYNIE  
(laughing)  
Your mom's a fucking milk robber!

Jaynie laughs hysterically.

IAN  
Shut up.

Ian walks to his mother. She drops the empty carton of milk. Ian waves his hand in front of her face. Something monstrous roars inside of her.

So quick that it goes unseen, something erupts from mom's mouth and slices through Ian's fingers. Jaynie and Ian stare in shock as his fingers fall to the floor and blood flows.

Jaynie speeds out of the room. Ian is frozen in shock. A jagged bone like substance pierces through the base of Mom's forehead. It moves down, peeling off the face. Jaynie appears back at the doorway.

JAYNIE  
Come on!

Ian snaps out of the trance. He runs toward the doorway. A sharp thorn shoots from Mom's mouth. It flies through the air, impales the thick of Ian's heel.

He falls to the floor. His sock soaked with blood. Mom's leg snaps in half, bones poke through the skin. Jaynie helps Ian up.

INT. HALLWAY

Ian and Jaynie stumble into the hallway, limping. The front door is closed and locked.

INT. KITCHEN

Mom's face falls to her feet.

INT. HALLWAY

The two make their way to the nearest door. The sound of footsteps happening in rapid succession is heard. The two disappear inside the door.

INT. BATHROOM

Jaynie locks the door. Ian falls to the floor. Intense banging and snarling is heard of the other side. Jaynie moves as far away from the door as possible.

IAN

What the hell is going on?

JAYNIE

Your mom the damn milk monster.

IAN

This is serious Jaynie!

JAYNIE

Yeah, no shit.

Ian pull the thorn free from his heel as blood leaks to the floor. He drops it.

JAYNIE

So...what are we going to do?

TITLE: ONE HOUR LATER

Jaynie smokes. A small bag of marijuana sits at her side. Ian covers his nose.

IAN

Great...I'm getting the hell out of here.

JAYNIE

Are you kidding?

Ian hops up and throws the door open. A screech! A creature, dark as night with skin slick as oil jumps into his face. Ian slams the door as quickly as he can, catching the creature's head in between the door.

The creature's head is oval shaped with a single small eye and a huge puckering mouth.

A huge geyser of white liquid, milk, shoots out of the creature's mouth, covering Ian and Jaynie from head to toe.

Jaynie and Ian scream as he tries the keep the door steady.

IAN

Do something.

Jaynie, very faded, grabs her bag of weed. She drops the bag. The creature's mouth widens, swallowing it.

IAN

What the hell, Jaynie!

The creature begins to convulse violently before it subside suddenly. Not moving.

IAN

Oh, shit. It killed it.

Ian lets go of the door and backs away.

JAYNIE

It's...so....over. Jeez...how friggin' spoiled was that milk? I'd so throw it out if I were you.

Ian bends over...clenching his stomach. He vomits...milk. A jagged spike pierces through his forehead. Jaynie screams.

FADE TO BLACK.