

Drill Boy: Milky

Words: Danny Davies  
Pictures: James Harper

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Panel	Description	Dialog
1.1	<p><b>INT: FRONT ROOM - NIGHT</b> DRILL BOY and THE GRILL are sat on the sofa, bathed by the sickly light of the telly, sipping filthy looking mugs of what appears to be, and probably is, tea. There is a coffee table in front of them</p>	<p>DRILL BOY How's your tea, Grill?</p> <p>GRILL Late... and half empty... Let's have a wee sip..</p>
1.2	<p>As before, except that THE GRILL is spitting his drink out, as if someone had substituted his tea with the final ejaculate of a recently hanged sex offender.</p>	<p>GRILL Mother of God!! That's CHICKEN MILK in there! What happened to the proper stuff?</p> <p>DRILL BOY We ran out...</p> <p>GRILL Well can you no' get some more?</p>
1.3	<p><b>Made up of two insets</b>  <b>INSET 1:</b> a closeup of THE GRILL's hand tugging his mains lead  <b>INSET 2:</b> a closeup of a manky wall socket, with THE GRILL's plug jammed into it badly, perhaps a European or some exotic type of plug forced into a UK socket. This may account for his personality. Anyway, go nuts with this. Sparks of electricity pissing all over the place, out of the frame... Rat bites in the cable...</p>	<p>GRILL (VO) I can hardly do it myself, what with my SPECIAL NEEDS and all...</p> <p>DRILL BOY (VO) OK...</p>
1.4	<p><b>EXT: BACKYARD - NIGHT - FILTHY SHITTY RAIN</b> DRILL BOY stands silhouetted against a rickety shed, a single cycloptic window illuminating the yard. He is holding a pole with two barbed hooks at the end, and a measuring jug. Scrawled on a plank, nailed above the door, hanging off of one of the nails, is the name of its occupant - 'HOT CARL'. DRILL BOY's drillbit whizzes in fear</p>	<p>DRILL BOY GULP...</p>

Panel	Description	Dialog
1.5	<p><b>INT: HOT CARL'S SHED</b> POV still behind DRILL BOY, in a far corner of the ceiling, we see HOT CARL. HOT CARL is a vast disgusting blob-man. Cross a games teacher with a wasp's nest and you're there. He's glued into the upper corner of the barn in a huge blue shellsuit, the jacket of which strains under the pressure of whatever horrors are concealed within. He licks his lips in lascivious anticipation. Understandably, DRILL BOY's drill bit whizzes in fear.</p>	<p>HOT CARL (licking his lips) Well hello... You're wanting some of Carl's milk are you?</p> <p>DRILL BOY Y-Yes please... If that's not too much trouble...</p>
1.6	<p><b>CLOSE UP:</b> DRILL BOY's hook pole thing is unzipping the jacket of HOT CARL's enormous shellsuit. Horrid Lovecraftian teated tentacles poke out over the edge of the zip, spilling out of the frame This might be a candidate for a little light animation, if feasible, with a gradual reveal of its contents - a ring of tentacles hanging like horrific udders, at its centre, the eyeless face of Michael Douglas.</p>	<p>HOT CARL (VO) I'm awful backed up, my little chickadee...</p>
1.7	<p><b>SIDE VIEW MID SHOT</b> The Tentacled Michael Douglas Udder System (TMDUS) is retching a torrent of greasy white milky fluid from its Michael Douglas gob. DRILL BOY, who is drowning in this viscous ick that floods out of the frame and anywhere possible, is catching some of the fluid tiny measuring jug and covering his mouth in disgust.</p>	<p>HOT CARL Sweet relief!!!</p>

Panel	Description	Dialog
1.8	<b>As Panel 1</b> - DRILL BOY, dripping in HOT CARL's milky outpourings, the jug on the coffee table in front of them, sits next to THE GRILL on the sofa. THE GRILL is sipping a new cup of tea. DRILL BOY look anxiously on.	DRILL BOY Any better?
1.9	THE GRILL spits out his brew again. DRILL BOY looks away with a pained expression.	GRILL Christ's tits, Drill Boy! I told you I fucking hate tea!  ( <b>THE END!!!</b> )