

Milk.

By

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INT. AN APARTMENT- DAY

TITLE:

**Milk.**

It is a sunny day. In the kitchen of a small, cramped, and somewhat disorganized apartment, HENRY, a college student, sits at a breakfast table. The camera PANS towards HENRY. HENRY is staring intently at his CEREAL BOWL, filled with dry Fruit Loops, as though he is expecting something to happen.

We cut back and forth between HENRY and his roommate RICHARD; he is waking up and getting out of bed. He goes into the bathroom, noisily preparing for the day with his brushing and gargling and whatnot.

Two completely different worlds: HENRY conveys concentration and stillness, while RICHARD conveys messiness and action.

RICHARD, slightly groggy, walks to the kitchen. The two worlds collide. Briefly glancing at HENRY, RICHARD makes his way to the pantry to grab some food.

RICHARD stops halfway and does a double-take.

RICHARD

Henry? ...what are you doing?

HENRY

Waiting for milk to appear in my bowl of cereal.

There is a pause. RICHARD raises his eyebrow.

RICHARD

But why?

HENRY

Because I can't eat Fruit Loops without milk. That would be ridiculous.

RICHARD

Well, why not simply walk up to the fridge and get the milk yourself?

HENRY

That would require for me to get up and walk to the refrigerator.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD  
You're really that lazy?

HENRY  
(succinctly)  
Yes.

There is a longer pause. RICHARD tries to ignore the absurdity of the situation and makes his way to the pantry. He some bread into a toaster oven and sets the TIMER; the clicking is heard in the background. RICHARD sits down on the table across from HENRY.

RICHARD takes out his cellphone, waiting for his bread to toast, but he can't help but look back at HENRY.

RICHARD  
You know, no matter how long you stare at your bowl of cereal, milk is never going to magically appear in it.

HENRY  
Well maybe not MAGICALLY, but it could happen.

RICHARD  
It really can't, is the thing.

HENRY  
I'm telling you, if I wait long enough, milk will eventually appear in my bowl of cereal.

RICHARD  
(raising voice)  
No it can't, Henry. It's LITERALLY impossible! It would violate all the fundamental laws of our universe! You're a science major, you should know that, right?

A DING from the TIMER of the toaster oven goes off. HENRY continues to look at his bowl.

HENRY  
Well Richard, according to our modern understanding of physics, there is actually a chance that all of the milk in the carton sitting on the second shelf of our refrigerator could spontaneously quantum tunnel into my bowl.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

What?

HENRY

(looking at RICHARD)

I said, according to our modern understanding of physics, there is a chance that-

RICHARD

No no, I know what you SAID, you just have to elaborate.

HENRY

Well you see-

HENRY randomly pulls a SOFTBALL from behind him.

RICHARD

Wait, where-

HENRY

-if I throw this softball at the wall...

HENRY does so. The SOFTBALL bounces off with a thud before rolling back to him.

HENRY (CONT.)

...it will always bounce back and return to me, right?

RICHARD

Well, yea-

HENRY

(abruptly)

BUT THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, RICHARD! Now according to our modern understanding of physics, if I throw this softball at the wall enough times...

HENRY repeatedly lobs the ball at the wall. He continues to speak whilst doing so.

RICHARD looks confused at this demonstration.

HENRY (CONT.)

...then there is a small chance that the ball will simply go through the wall. This can be explained by the Heisenberg uncertainty principle.

(CONTINUED)

INSERT CUT: RICHARD is still confused. Uncomfortable close-up of his face.

HENRY

The softball that you're seeing in my hand? It isn't occupying a fixed location. Instead, think of its location as a probability cloud.

INSERT CUT: RICHARD, very much confused. He is almost out of frame.

HENRY

There's an extremely high chance that it's in my hand right now, but there's a small chance that it isn't, and when I throw it at the wall, it will simply pass right through.

HENRY stops bouncing the ball.

RICHARD clearly and visibly has made no sense of HENRY's apparent techno babble.

RICHARD

So what you're saying is... that if I throw that softball at the wall, it might magically go through the wall instead of bouncing off?

RICHARD takes the softball from HENRY's hand and throws it at the wall. The ball bounces off and rolls out of the kitchen area, unreachable.

HENRY

(offended)

...that was my ball, Richard.

RICHARD

Just get it later. Now answer my question.

HENRY

Fine. Well, what you said was mostly correct. However, it isn't magic; it's science.

RICHARD feels that he gets it. He is pleased.

But wait- he realizes he really doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

Wait, what does this have to do with milk appearing in your bowl of cereal?

HENRY

Well, we don't REALLY know for certain that the milk is in the refrigerator or not. There's a small probability that it is actually in my bowl, and if I wait long enough, it will materialize itself.

RICHARD

...so exactly how small is this... small probability of yours?

HENRY

Well, the milk in the carton is a pretty big object, so it's very unlikely that the milk will be anywhere else than in its carton. The odds would probably be...

INSERT CUT: RICHARD awaits an answer.

HENRY

Well, let me put it this way: if I sat here from now until the end of the known universe - which by the way according to current scientific theories will probably happen within one-hundred-million-million years from now -

INSERT CUT: RICHARD isn't following. Upside down image of RICHARD.

HENRY

- in which the entire universe will expand to such a point that there will be no usable energy left and the universe will suffer from heat death, it still would be statistically unlikely that the milk in the refrigerator would tunnel its way out.

INSERT CUT: RICHARD cannot and will never follow. Camera abruptly zooms in on RICHARD.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

In fact, even with how big the universe is, the odds that milk has spontaneously appeared ANYWHERE in the universe from the beginning of the Big Bang until the end of the universe are still unimaginably small.

A hush falls over.

RICHARD

Then why are you still staring at your Fruit Loops?

Now HENRY is confused.

HENRY

Didn't I just explain it to you?

RICHARD

What was it you said? Something like, "even if I waited until the end of time, the milk in the refrigerator won't magically tunnel its way out?" It's basically impossible.

HENRY

Not impossible. Just unlikely.

RICHARD

But you said it yourself! The odds are pretty much zero!

HENRY

But they aren't EXACTLY zero. It's like winning the lottery.

RICHARD throws his arms up in exasperation.

RICHARD

That's a terrible example! People still win the lottery every single day! But no one has ever had their milk magically disappear out of their milk carton and conveniently appear in their breakfast cereal!

HENRY

But it COULD happen, Richard. I've been trying to tell you, if I wait long enough, milk could appear in my breakfast cereal.

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

(standing up)

NO, IT CAN'T, HENRY! I'M NOT A SCIENCE GUY, BUT EVEN I KNOW THAT THE GODDAMN MILK IN THE FRIDGE WON'T EVER BE ANYWHERE EXCEPT FOR IN THE GODDAMN MILK CARTON UNLESS YOU GET UP FROM YOUR SEAT AND POUR IT YOUR GODDAMN SELF!

RICHARD pants heavily after venting. HENRY, unfazed by this passionate burst of anger, allows RICHARD to cool down and sit. RICHARD collects his thoughts for a few moments.

HENRY

I can wait, Richard. I am a patient man. The odds exist, so it's merely a simple gambling game. It's me against the universe on whether or not I get to enjoy my breakfast before I have to go to my first class. If I lose, all I miss out on is a bowl of Fruit Loops. I'll go hungry for the few hours before lunch break. No big deal. But if I win, then I can tell the entire universe to essentially "suck it."

RICHARD opens his mouth, but decides against speaking. No use in doing so. He puts his hand over his eyes.

HENRY

What are you doing, Richard?

RICHARD

I don't want to look at you anymore.

HENRY

Ah. Carry on then.

HENRY returns to intently staring at his bowl of cereal. Silence.

RICHARD takes a little peek to see that HENRY is still gazing at his bowl. RICHARD sighs and gets up from the table, walks over to the refrigerator, and opens it.

A shot from within the refrigerator.

He grabs the milk carton and walks back to the table, where HENRY is still patiently staring at his bowl. RICHARD takes a good look at the absurd image of HENRY and the bowl, and pours milk into HENRY's bowl of cereal.

(CONTINUED)



Upon this happening, the statue-like HENRY bursts into life, picks up his spoon, and eats his cereal.

HENRY

See, Richard? I told you if I waited long enough, milk would appear in my bowl of cereal.

HENRY continues to eat his cereal. RICHARD stares at HENRY in silence for some time with discontent.

The CREDITS roll as we continue to watch HENRY eat his cereal, RICHARD standing above him without a word. The credits finish.

RICHARD

I hate you.

END.