

INT. TACO STAND - NIGHT

A METEOR streaks through the sky over a parking lot occupied by a sketching TACO TRUCK.

Not entirely coincidentally a STRANGE INSECT buzzes around a street lamp above the taco truck.

The few tables outside the stand are mostly empty. The COOK, an ex-con, stirs a nasty pot of meat while he smokes.

A beat up Honda backfires as it pulls up to the stand.

The patrons and the cook glance over to the car. While distracted, although that wouldn't have made a difference, the strange insect plummets into a pot of taco meat.

The cook returns to stirring the meat unaware of the added special ingredient.

SCOTT (30), portly, stumbles out of the car. He straightens his wrinkled shirt and tie as he approaches the Taco Stand.

COOK

What can I get for ya'?

Scott looks at a faded picture menu.

SCOTT

Hmm, my wife never lets me eat this sh...

He stops himself when he was about to say and looks up sheepishly at the cook's hardened face.

SCOTT

...What do you recommend?

COOK

That you order.

Scott nervously rubs the back of his neck.

SCOTT

Uh, I'll take the Moocho Burrito.

The cook turns to deliver his wrapped heart attack with a special ingredient.

Scott nervously scans the other Patrons and puts on a smile.

Scott fidgets as he waits.

The cook slaps down a plate and Scott jumps.

The cook points to a stack of Mexican sodas.

COOK
Wanna drink with that?

Scott looks them over confused.

SCOTT
Uh, no thanks.

INT. SCOTT'S CAR - NIGHT

Scott greedily stuffs the burrito into his face.

Bits fall onto his cars interior.

He greedily picks up the fallen bits and stuffs them in his mouth with a satisfied look.

SCOTT
Mmmmm.

EXT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Scott steps out of his car rubbing his stomach. He looks guiltily at his house.

He sneaks to the trashcan on the street and deposits the evidence of his snack.

Scott licks his lips.

SCOTT
I should've got a drink.

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Scott walks into the house trying to be quiet. He looks around hoping his guilt isn't obvious.

SCOTT
Helen, honey, I'm home.

HELEN (O.S.)
I'm in the kitchen.

Scott smiles and straightens his shirt heading to the—

KITCHEN

HELEN (30) and fit, chops vegetables with a huge knife. Scott walks in and gives her a kiss.

Helen sniffs the air.

SCOTT
Man I'm thirsty.

HELEN
I'm making cabbage salad for
dinner. It's healthy.

Scott plasters on fake smile.

SCOTT
Great.

Scott throws open the fridge and opens a bottle of water. He chugs the entire thing down in a second.

He drops the bottle in the recycling bin.

Scott's stomach rumbles. He puts a hand over it.

Helen notices and smiles.

HELEN
You must be really hungry.

Scott looks up, his guilt obvious.

Helen's smile fades.

HELEN
Did you eat junkfood? That stuff
will kill you.

SCOTT
No, no. I'm just really thirsty.

Scott smiles. Helen eyes him with suspicion.

He grabs an orange juice and chugs it. He gasps for air.

SCOTT
Damn, I'm thirsty.

Sweat beads on his forehead.

He grabs a gallon of milk. He's about to drink straight from the carton.

HELEN
A glass, please!

Scott pours the milk into a glass and drinks.

He pours and drinks another glass.

And then another. And then another. Helen watches him with concern.

Scott roots around the fridge.

SCOTT
That's not it. Something will hit
the spot.

HELEN
You did eat junk food! Your diet
won't work if you cheat. Salty
foods are bad for your blood
pressure.

Scott ignores her and drinks anything and everything in the fridge. He chugs an energy. Then a fruit juice. Slopping a mess on the floor the entire time.

Helen is not scared for him.

HELEN
Scott, baby. You're worrying me.

The beverages spill down his face and chest. The excess splashes onto the floor in a puddle.

He even chugs at a jar of pickle juice.

SCOTT
I'm fine. Just get that salad
ready. I think that'll hit the
spot.

She looks at the puddle around his feet.

Sweat pours down Scott's feverish head, he looks down.

SCOTT
I got it.

Scott leaves the room.

Helen chops a large head of cabbage with the huge knife.

Scott returns with a mop. Scott's red, sweaty, his eyes feral. He's not well at all.

Helen looks up startled. She nicks her finger with the knife.

HELEN
Ouch! Oh, blood.

She clenches her eyes shut and holds out her finger like anyone terrified of blood would.

HELEN
Fix it, Scott! Fix it! Blood.
Blood. Oh, hurry.

Scott drops the mop. He takes her finger into his mouth and sucks.

Helen pulls her hand back in disgust. Scott smiles in ecstasy.

SCOTT
Ooh, that's it.

Scott eyes Helen like a slab of bacon.

HELEN
What? What is it?

SCOTT
I'm so thirsty.

He's crazed, and Helen can see it. She puts up the knife to defend herself.

She backs up. Scott advances.

HELEN
You're scaring me, Scott.

They work their way around the kitchen.

HELEN
What, Honey? What is it?

SCOTT
I'm thirsty.

Scott lunges.

Helen steps back and trips on the mop. Scott dives on her.

LATER

Scott stands up, the picture of health besides the blood dripping from his mouth.

SCOTT
Now, where's that salad?

FADE OUT