

FADE IN:

INT. CRAPPY APARTMENT - NIGHT

A MAN and WOMAN slumped in their chairs, watching TV.

They do not move.

The woman smacks her lips, looks at the man.

MAN

Where do you want to order from?

The woman exits the room. She returns with three take-out menus.

WOMAN

Any of these three restaurants would be fine. You pick. Whatever you want.

The man points to one of the three menus. She does not move. He points to another menu. Nothing. He points to the third menu.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

OK!

She hands him the menu and a pen. He flips the menu open.

MAN

(Handing it back)
It's already circled. I want my usual.

She sits down with the menu and thinks.

Some time elapses.

He slowly turns his head, looks at her, looks back.

WOMAN

I want something different. I'm gonna get ... the "Seafood Surprise."

MAN

(exiting)
I'll make the call.

WOMAN

(calling after)
Order it well done!

MAN (O.S.)

It's seafood, they'll cook it through.

She stares at the TV.

He joins her.

They watch TV.

They watch more TV.

The buzzer rings. He hands her his wallet on his way to the door. She gets her purse. He opens the door. There is a sweaty and nervous DELIVERY MAN at the door. The Delivery Man hands the man the bill.

DELIVERY MAN
Twenty two, fifty three.

The man scrutinizes the bill as he walks it over to the woman.

MAN
Twenty two, fifty three.

She thinks.

MAN (CONT'D)
Do you want me to go find fifty three cents?

WOMAN
No. I got it. Ask if he has three dollars.

The man walks the money to the delivery man.

MAN
Do you have three dollars?

DELIVERY MAN
(Digging it out and
forking it over)
I have three dollars.

The Delivery Man, anxiously examines the apartment.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)
Thank you ... it's just the two of you?

MAN
Yes. Why?

DELIVERY MAN
Hmm.

The delivery man leaves. The man shuts the door. He places the bag on the counter and opens it.

He pulls out a styrofoam container and opens it.

Six, maybe eight freaky, spidery, crabby lobstery legs with pincers poke out of the box and snap at the man. It is slathered in guacamole and sour cream and salsa but it is still very alive and not of this earth.

MAN

I think this is yours.

She examines it. It examines her.

WOMAN

I told you to order it well done.

MAN

Maybe we should send it back.

WOMAN

By the time they send us a new one, we could have killed this one.

MAN

Put more guacamole on it.

WOMAN

Guacamole is not lethal.

Two googly eyes on gelatinous stalks poke up out of the container and look at them.

MAN

It looked right at me.

The woman grabs a pair of scissors and snips the eyes right off their stalks. The eyes fall.

WOMAN

I didn't see where they fell.

MAN

I don't think you're supposed to eat those anyways.

WOMAN

See if Puss Puss wants some.

MAN

She's hiding.

The creature leaps out of the box, spraying guacamole and sour cream and salsa everywhere.

MAN (CONT'D)

Where'd it go?

WOMAN

I don't know. I've got guacamole in
my eye.

The man digs out a can of bug spray.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

No!

MAN

Whaaa?

WOMAN

You'll ruin it!

They stalk the apartment, looking for it. No luck.

MAN

You call the restaurant.

She steps away to do so.

Time has gone by. They are up on chairs anxiously scanning
the floor. The door bell rings. The man screws up his
courage, steps off the chair and opens the door.

The Delivery Man steps in, looking a little irritated. He
pulls out a whistle and blows it really hard. Nothing. He
blows it really hard again. No sound. The man and woman
shrug.

The cat lets out a yowl. Then there are clicking sounds.
The creature limps out from under the bed. The delivery man
pulls out a scuba diver's spear gun and shoots it at the
beast. Thwung!!!

The Delivery Man lifts the spear with the small monster
skewered on it. He hands it to the horrified man.

The Delivery Man does not move. The man looks at the woman.
She digs out a five and hands it to the man. The man
hands it to the delivery man. The delivery man exits. The
man shuts the door. There is the sound of tap water running,
then crunching sounds. The man turns to find the woman eating
the thing. The thing is still twitching.

WOMAN

It's really fresh.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CRAPPY APARTMENT - NIGHT

The MAN and WOMAN slumped in their chairs, watching TV.

They do not move.

The woman smacks her lips, looks at the man. She exits the room. She returns with one take-out menu and hands it to him.

He is horrified.

MAN

You want the seafood surprise?

WOMAN

I've got a taste for it.

FADE OUT