

TACOS, TACOS

by Daniel Bell

CURTAIN:

EXT. BED-STUY - OUTSIDE OF APARTMENTS
EXTRA SUNNY DAY

Two men have just met up with one another mere seconds ago. One of them is oblivious to what conversation he is about to walk into. This is JORGE. The other man looks similar but is not from around here. And this man is in a foul mood. This is TIMOTHY. He is negative because he feels as if he had just wasted money and time the previous evening.

JORGE

¿Qué Pasa?

TIMOTHY

(disappointed)

I went to the mall and bought two tacos.

JORGE

Yeah?

TIMOTHY

(disappointed)

Yeah. Everyone down here goes on and on about them. I did not grow up in a place

with tacos, so I decided to try some out.

JORGE

Good for you trying new things.

TIMOTHY

(frustrated)

Well I don't know why anybody would buy them.

JORGE

You didn't like them?

TIMOTHY

(frustrated)

I spent four dollars on them and they didn't do as advertised.

JORGE

Not a good batch?

TIMOTHY

(exasperated)

I guess not.

...

I took them home and they just sat there.
They didn't say anything.

LOUD V.O.

(music)

Talkos Talkos Talkos Talkos Talkos Talkos

V.O.

(sing songy)

"Tacos don't talk, So why do they call them
Talkos?"

(faster and with
more umph)

"Tacos don't talk, So why do they call them
Talkos!"

CURTAIN: