

MY STRANGE ADDICTION: Doritos Edition

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INT. HOUSE-- DAYTIME

Begin intro for My Strange Addiction

NARRATOR (V.O)

On this episode of My Strange
Addiction, we follow Chris, and his
crippling addiction to Doritos.

Shows CHRIS (mid 20s) pacing around the kitchen searching for
Doritos.

CHRIS

Hi, my name is Chris, and I love
Doritos. People tell me I'm addicted,
but I disagree. I just have a passion
for them. My wife is the one who
contacted you guys, she's the one who
thinks I have an issue.

CHRIS CONT.

It all started about two years ago,
one day my wife brought home a bag of
Doritos - nacho cheese. Initially I
didn't think much of it, just another
bag of chips. I was watching TV and I
just wanted a snack, and there they
were. I ate the entire bag in what
felt like no time at all. After that
moment it escalated pretty quickly.

Shot of CHRIS eating some Doritos.

CHRIS (V.O)

I just loved them so much.

CHRIS putting Doritos in a blender, he's making a smoothie.

CHRIS CONT.

Once I had a taste for them, I
couldn't eat them fast enough.

While talking, he pulls out a small clear container, its
filled with crushed Doritos. He dabs a small amount on the
top of his fist.

CHRIS CONT.

I was plowing through bag after bag.
It's just..

He snorts it. He lets out an ecstatic exhale

CHRIS CONT.

Wooo! It is.. an other-worldly
experience. There's nothing quite like
it.

CHRIS CONT.

Anyways, not too long after, the
flavor didn't matter anymore.

Shot of Chris holding a sign saying "BLOWJOBS 4 DORITOS"

CHRIS CONT.

Just any Doritos I could get my hands
on.

INT. HOUSE-- DAYTIME

EMMA is in interview format

EMMA

Hi, I'm Emma, Chris' wife.

EMMA CONT.

Ya know, he used to be a loving
husband and father.

CHRIS is sleeping on the couch with an empty bag of Doritos
next to him.

EMMA (V.O)

Ever since these fucking Doritos came
into his life - it's all he thinks
about.

EMMA CONT.

He is ruining our marriage. The other
night, we were about to have sex, and
he asked me to put a Doritos bag over
my fuckin' head.

She says to herself

EMMA CONT.

He can be such an asshole.

EMMA

Chris keeps finding new ways to get Doritos into his system.

Shot of CHRIS injecting a syringe filled with crushed up Doritos into his arm, while he has a belt wrapped around his arm to cut off circulation

INT. HOUSE-- DAYTIME

Camera abruptly turns on, EMMA is screaming.

EMMA

What the fuck is wrong with you?!?!

Camera walks around the corner. LEAD CAMERA MAN steps out from behind the camera.

LEAD CAMERA MAN

Woah woah woah! You guys! What's with all the yelling?

EMMA

I caught Chris fucking a bag of Doritos in the closet!

EMMA smacks CHRIS on the arm, he flinches.

EMMA (O.S)

I don't know what I'm supposed to do with you? You are insufferable.

Camera walks over to closet and zooms in on a full Doritos bag with hole cut out of the side. Some lube is on the edges of the hole. It returns its focus back on the couple.

CHRIS

Quit being so dramatic Emma, damn. I needed to release some tension and its not like you were offering anything.

CHRIS CONT.

And even if you were, I'm sick and tired of the same old shit.. It's the same positions, same noises, same hole!

CHRIS CONT.

You wouldn't even wear the bag I got for you!

EMMA

You're such a fucking idiot. I hate you!

EMMA angrily stomps off screen

CHRIS

Hey don't blame me for trying to mix up our sex life!

INT. HOUSE-- DAYTIME

EMMA is in interview format

EMMA

I told Chris he needs to get some help. I'm tired of his bullshit.

Shot of EMMA talking to Chris. He sits still for a moment looking down and shakes his head in agreement. They hug.

EMMA (V.O)

I told him he's gotta go see a therapist and figure out the root of his problem.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE-- DAYTIME

Therapist in interview format

THERAPIST

Yeah, I've been a therapist for going on 15 years now... I was contacted by Emma, and I was instantly intrigued by Chris' case. It's quite unusual.

THERAPIST CONT.

These types of addictions are often times rooted in some psychological trauma that the patient experienced as a child.

THERAPIST CONT.

Usually the event is something along the lines of an *ahem* unfortunate

encounter with an uncle or something like that.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE-- DAYTIME

Chris enters the therapist's office, he looks annoyed.

THERAPIST

Hey Chris, c'mon in, have a seat.

Chris sits.

THERAPIST

So, I know that you aren't thrilled to be here but I think it's important we dissect your thoughts and feelings so we can figure out what started this whole thing.

CHRIS

There is nothing to dissect. I'm not addicted and there's nothing wrong with me! I just have a unique passion! I have a love for something you could never understand!

Therapist writes something down on his notepad

THERAPIST

Uh huh - So, if you aren't addicted then you could quit right now.

CHRIS

If I wanted to, but I don't.

THERAPIST

Why not?

CHRIS

Cause I like it man. Why else?

THERAPIST

Chris I can't help you if you won't even accept you have a problem.

CHRIS

Alright this is just bullshit. I'm outta here.

Chris gets up and leaves the office.

EXT. THERAPIST OFFICE-- DAYTIME

CHRIS is quickly walking away, the camera is trying to keep up.

LEAD CAMERA MAN

Hey Chris where are you going?

CHRIS

That dude was a dick. I'm not gonna sit there and take his shit just cause he doesn't understand what I love.

CHRIS CONT.

Fuck this place! And fuck this show!

CHRIS walks around a corner into an ally. He pulls a handful of Doritos out of his pocket. He shoves them all in his mouth. He walks into the darkness.

(Fade to black)

INT. HOUSE-- DAYTIME (3 DAYS LATER)

EMMA in interview format. She is teary eyed.

EMMA

I'm so worried. Chris hasn't come home since his freak-out at the therapist's office. It's been three days.

EMMA wipes a tear from her eye. A door slams closed off-screen. EMMA gets up.

EMMA

Chris! Thank God you're okay! I missed you so much!

They hug

EMMA CONT.

Where the hell have you been?

CHRIS

I spent the last couple days reflecting on myself. I wandered the streets for a while, looking for any bit of Doritos I could get my hands on.

CHRIS CONT.

I definitely hit rock-bottom, I mean, I did some shady things. I think I sucked more dicks in these past few days, than you have in your entire life.

EMMA laughs

EMMA

Chris, you're so funny!

She hugs him again. Chris whispers to himself

CHRIS

That wasn't a joke but, okay.

He hugs her back.

INT. HOUSE-- DAYTIME (2 MONTHS LATER)

LEAD CAMERA MAN is standing in front of the camera

LEAD CAMERA MAN

Okay, Chris and Emma are having a party to celebrate Chris being Doritos free for two months. They invited us to come and film, and enjoy the party. Let's head on in.

LEAD CAMERA MAN knocks on the front door. They wait a few moments, EMMA answers.

EMMA

Hey you guys! I'm so happy you were all able to make it! Please, come in!

They all enter the house. The LEAD CAMERA MAN and EMMA walk into the kitchen with the camera following. The camera pans around the room, it focuses on CHRIS, he's wearing khaki shorts and a tucked in button-up shirt. He's drinking water and chatting with some of his guests. The doorbell rings again. EMMA walks back to the door. She opens it, a couple, BRANDYN and NICOLE, are on the other side.

NICOLE

Hey Emma! We brought some snacks and stuff.

EMMA

Oh thank you so much, that was so sweet of you. You guys c'mon in, make yourself at home.

NICOLE

Thank you!

BRANDYN

Where should we drop off the snacks?

EMMA

Oh, if you wouldn't mind putting them in the kitchen, that would be awesome. Thanks!

BRANDYN and NICOLE walk in. The camera focuses in on the snacks in NICOLE'S hands, theres a bag of Doritos. They walk past the camera and towards the kitchen. The camera walks around to the kitchen.

CHRIS

Brandyn, Nicole! So happy to see you guys make it!

CHRIS CONT.

Okay, well now that everyone is here, I just wanted to make a toast to my wonderful wife

Camera pans to NICOLE, she's opening the bags of chips and placing them out

CHRIS CONT.

and my fantastic friends who have been by my side every step of the way. I couldn't have do--

NICOLE opens the Doritos. CHRIS' head whips around in the direction of the chips.