FOOD FIGHT

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A simple, middle-class house in a nondescript neighborhood.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

ADAM (25) is on the couch, watching TV. LORI (24) strolls in.

    LORI
    Hey babe, wanna go get lunch?

    ADAM
    Sure. Where you wanna go?

    LORI
    I don't care. Wherever's fine.

    ADAM
    Wherever isn't a restaurant, dear.

    LORI
    I mean I'm good with whatever you decide.

    ADAM
    "Whatever I decide"? You're the one who wants to go out.

    LORI
    And?

    ADAM
    And I always get stuck choosing where we go. You pick for once.

    LORI
    I truly don't have a preference.

Adam rubs his forehead, annoyed.

    LORI (CONT'D)
    I know I'm difficult. I'm sorry.

    ADAM
    No, no. I'm sorry. There's no sense in me getting aggravated.

Adam thinks for a beat, then snaps his fingers, smiling.
ADAM (CONT'D)
Remember that conflict resolution technique we read about online?

Lori grins.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY


Adam and Lori circle the table, looking over their options.

LORI
No hard feelings, right?

ADAM
Of course not.

Adam grabs the chain and wraps it around his hand. He looks at Lori with genuine affection.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I love you.

Lori picks up the steel pipe, admiring Adam's handsome face.

LORI
I love you, sweetie.

They both suddenly yell out WAR CRIES as they charge right at one another.

INT. RESTURANT - DAY

Adam and Lori are seated at a table, finishing their meals. Both have numerous bruises, black eyes, missing teeth and bloody bandages covering various other injuries.

LORI
Gotta say, that really did solve our conundrum.

ADAM
I know right? I'm surprised more couples don't try it.

The WAITER approaches, unfazed by the couple's appearance.

WAITER
Did we save room for dessert?
Adam and Lori exchange a look, then nod in agreement.

ADAM
(to Waiter)
I think we did actually.

WAITER
Excellent. I'll give y'all a moment to look over your options.

The Waiter departs. Adam and Lori look over the dessert menu.

ADAM
Wanna split something?

LORI
Sure. What's catching your eye?

ADAM
I don't know. It all looks so good. Anything you'd prefer?

LORI
I'm down for whatever you choose.

ADAM
I can't decide. You pick.

They both chuckle, realizing where this is heading. Adam dons a pair of brass knuckles. Lori pulls out a hammer.

THE END