

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

An assortment of weapons are splayed out on the table: Tazer.
Baseball bat. Pepper spray. Baton. Steel pipe. Heavy chain.

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