

INT. MAX'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MAX'S DINNER - NIGHT

Where a fork carefully dodges the food left on the plate-plain spaghetti and chick peas. It twists up a single strand of spaghetti, inadvertently snagging a chick pea as well.

MAX

Expertly lets the food drop back on to the plate before putting the empty fork in his mouth. He mimes chewing.

MAX
Mmm. Delifuff.

Mom raises an eyebrow from across the table. She isn't fooled.

MOM
Eat your dinner.

Max twists up another strand of spaghetti, this time making sure to avoid the chick peas.

MOM
I thought you liked spaghetti.

MAX
-and meatballs. What are these things?

MOM
They're chick peas. They're good for you. Lots of protein.

MAX
They look like butts.

MOM
Maxwell Jeremiah-

MAX
They do!

MOM
We are not talking about this. Eat your dinner.

She scoops up a heaping forkful of chick peas. And takes a second look at them before eating.

MOM
Try it. You may even find you like them.

Max stares at his plate. He pokes at a single chick pea as if it were a bomb. Carefully skewers it onto the tine of his fork.

He squeezes his eyes shut and takes a bite. He stops. His nose scrunches up. Throat gags. Mom raises her eyebrow again.

Max swallows. Then grabs a glass of water next to his plate and chugs it.

MAX

They taste like cat food!

MOM

If you don't like them, then go do your homework. I'm not making something else.

A beat. Max stares at his plate. Looks over at his backpack hanging on a hook by the door. Back at the plate. Decisions, decisions.

Max hops down from his chair and grabs the backpack.