

INT. BEDROOM

The door pushes open. CHRIS comes into the room upset, turning on the light. He's really mad. He starts throwing stuff, looking for something.

He reaches under his bed, pulling out a shoebox.

ETHAN comes inside the bedroom.

ETHAN
We need to talk.

CHRIS
We've got nothing to talk about.

Chris opens the shoebox, pulling out a gun and pointing it directly at Ethan.

Ethan is shocked, putting his hands out to calm down Chris.

ETHAN
We need to talk. Please put the gun down.

CHRIS
We've got nothing to talk about.

Chris puts the gun on Ethan's chest. A sadistic smile on his face.

ETHAN
Let's talk about this. I can explain.

CHRIS
Really?

Chris motions with the gun at Ethan (take off the shirt).

CHRIS
Why don't we have some fun. Take it off.

ETHAN
For what?

Chris gets angry, pointing the gun at Ethan's head.

CHRIS
Don't ask questions, just take off the shirt.

Ethan takes off his shirt, revealing his chest. He stands

there waiting for Chris.

Chris grabs a beer, giving it to Ethan.

CHRIS

Drink it.

Chris aims the gun again. Threatening.

Ethan opens the beer.

ETHAN

Chug it. One swig.

Ethan stares at the beer. He starts drinking, and keeps going. Some of the beer drips out of his mouth. He CHOKES and gags, stops drinkiing.

Chris points the gun to his head.

CHRIS

What are you doing?

Chris grabs the beer out of Ethan's hands.

Ethan takes hold of the gun, wrestling with Chris. They struggle for possession of the gun and control of the situation.

Chris PUNCHES Ethan in the stomach, knocking him back. Chris aims the gun at Ethan, wanting to pull the trigger.

Ethan puts his hands up to plead with Chris.

Chris puts the gun in his waistband, pushing Ethan back against the wall. He reaches out with hands, putting his hands around Ethan's neck - strangling him with everything he has.

Ethan's face goes red. Hard to breathe. Choking. Gagging for air. Chris smiles as he squeezes harder. Chris lets go.

Chris decides to pull Ethan back, pushing him back against the wall even harder. Chris PUNCHES Ethan hard in the gut and then the face.

Ethan goes down, wincing in pain.

Chris stands over him, laughing at Ethan.

Ethan looks up at Chris, then looking at the gun in Chris' waistband. Ethan reaches up and GRABS the gun.

He pushes Chris back, pointing the gun Chris.

ETHAN

Now we see what happens.

CHRIS

You wanna talk, then we'll talk.

Chris puts his hands up, pleading with Ethan.

Ethan is now smiling, pointing the gun at Chris' head and then eventually points it down at Chris' JUNK.

CHRIS

What the--?

Chris tries to move back but Ethan moves with him, wanting to make Chris squirm.

ETHAN

You don't like it now do you?

Ethan smiles, like he has a plan.

ETHAN

Take off your clothes.

Chris smiles. Waiting.

CHRIS

I'm not doing this.

Ethan jams the gun into Chris' junk. Chris moves back agreeing to undress. He starts by taking off his shirt.

ETHAN

Just so you know she made her choice.

(motioning at Chris' pants)

You're not done yet.

CHRIS

I'm not doing this.

ETHAN

As if you got a choice.

Ethan aims the gun at Chris' leg - SHOOT. Chris reaches for his leg as he drops to the floor. A blood stain on his pants leg.

ETHAN

Sorry about doing this. I know how you enjoy using it.

Ethan points the gun down at Chris' junk - FIRING the gun. Chris screams out - blood forming in the crotch area. Chris holds himself.

Ethan enjoys watching Chris struggle and then eventually aims the gun at Chris' head and - FIRES - killing him. Chris falls to the ground - DEAD.

A second shot FIRES - knocking Ethan down to his knees. A third shot to Ethan's head, dropping Ethan to the ground DEAD.

We then see a pair of sexy legs standing in the room, moving up to reveal a girl - holding a gun in her hand.

GIRL

Yes I made my choice.

FADE TO BLACK.