

FADE IN:

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

PETER, late 30s, FLIPS bacon in a pan. He looks mildly annoyed. He wears a bathrobe. Eggs are sizzling in the same pan. Coffee brews.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

The bedside window slowly creaks open.

KILLIAN, late 40s, muscular, sneaks in. Softly pressing his foot onto the ground. Making sure not to disturb the plastic grocery bags next to him.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Peter was oblivious.

Killian slowly creeps toward the door to hide behind it.

Peter suddenly remembers something, smacking his lips and murmurs to himself.

PETER
Shit, the barbecue sauce!

Killian doesn't hear it and still proceeds to catwalk behind the door. Peter steps out to the living room to search in one of the grocery bags.

He spots Killian at last.

PETER
I was expecting someone...but they
chose you for the job? Everybody
else in your gang on holiday?

Killian's eye TWITCHES in fury. Peter chuckles mockingly. Killian reaches behind for his knife.

KILLIAN
Fuck you!

THE FIGHT BEGINS ---

Killian grabs the knife and swings at Peter, going for his head. Peter DUCKS and runs into the kitchen.

PETER
Nice swing. Little slow.

Killian GROWLS, CHARGES at him with the knife. Peter grabs the FRYING PAN, WHACKS Killian in the fist. CLANG!

KILLIAN
Shit!

Killian loses his knife. Peter SMIRKS, goes for another swing. Killian crawls to the other end of the kitchen to take back his knife. He then YANKS the knife holder to grab another one.

PETER
Even a shotgun is not going to help you.

Killian hurls one knife at Peter. Peter ducks skillfully again. But now Killian runs at him and stabs his shoulder with success.

Peter wrenches in pain.

KILLIAN
Should have cut off your tongue.
You talk too much.

Peter pulls out the knife and Killian grabs the only thing in his reach. A cutting board.

They CIRCLE, weapons raised.

Peter SWIPES with the knife. Killian BLOCKS with the board and the knife sticks into it.

Then Killian quickly KICKS a STOOL. It slides and Peter trips and falls. Peter has nothing so he grabs the ketchup bottle.

Aiming at Killian, he squeezes right at his face. The sauce gets onto his eyes.

KILLIAN
What the...you fight like a two-year old!

Peter gets on his feet and now they WRESTLE, knocking into the stove.

The bacon pan FLIPS. Both freeze, WATCHING the bacon SAIL up in the air and it LANDS BACK in the pan.

PETER
...Nice. Would have been a waste
of good bacon.

KILLIAN
You won't eat it anyway.

Killian HEADBUTTS him. Peter GOES DOWN. Falls unconscious.

Killian raises his fist up into the air pointlessly. Then he checks the bacon. A little burnt.

He SHRUGS. Then he grabs a piece and throws it into his mouth, chewing impatiently.

KILLIAN
Oh, fuck!

Killian COUGHS heavy. He CHOKES on the char on the edges of the bacon. Coughs even more, stepping away from the stove. Wheezing hard.

He SLIPS on the ketchup sauce. CRACKS his head on the counter.

THUD. SILENCE.

The rest of the bacon now completely burns to black, smoke all over. Triggers the smoke alarm.

CUT TO BLACK.