

GAVIN HANDS A MUG OF COFFEE OVER THE SHOULDER OF THE STILL
STOIC ETHAN

GAVIN

Hey...

Ethan sits drenched in sweat, clutching a black revolver
between his hands.

Gavin rushes into action, dropping the coffee cup.

Shattering.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Ethan!

Gavin struggles to pull the gun from Ethan's hands.

Without a moment of conscious thought, Ethan pulls Gavin to
the floor, kneeling above him - pointing the gun at Gavin's
temple - pushing the broken shards of glass into Gavin's
back.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Ethan! Get the fuck off me! ETHAN!

Tiffany rushes into the living room, wrapped in the sheet.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out of here!

Tiffany rushes back into the bedroom.

Gavin looks up trying to connect with Ethan.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Ethan... look at me.

Ethan struggles, trying to focus on Gavin.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

You're not there man. You're here...
with me. It's me. Your brother.
You're not there!

Ethan's eyes come into focus.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Ethan. Please... look at me.

Ethan struggles.

ETHAN

Gavin?

Ethan's eyes dart around the room, searching for some recognition of where he is. His eyes come back to his hands...and the gun. Ethan leaps backwards off Gavin and pulls his head to his knees.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Gavin starting to feel the pain in his back.

GAVIN

You're fine.