

A PIZZA WESTERN

Written by

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TITLE: "A PIZZA WESTERN" - IN CLASSIC WESTERN TYPEFACE

AN OPEN PIZZA BOX

One remaining slice...

Two hands reach for it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Two college roommates, WYATT and RINGO, glare at one another.

WYATT  
That's my slice, dude.

RINGO  
Nah. I paid more.

WYATT  
But you already had four.

RINGO  
I paid more.

WYATT  
(chuckles)  
I suppose there's only one way to  
settle this.

RINGO  
(nods in agreement)  
Suppose so.

Ringo forms a rock formation. Ready for the game.

Wyatt shakes his head "no." Pulls out an old school revolver.

RINGO  
Where the fuck did you get that?

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A classic WESTERN TUNE.

Wyatt and Ringo, now in full Western getup, stand on opposite  
ends of the field.

Wyatt chews a cigar. Clint Eastwood style.

Ringo slowly reaches for his pistol. Wyatt removes the cigar  
from his mouth, goes for his pistol with his free hand.

They each reach for their pistol slowly. Their eyes locked.

Wyatt wears a look of pure confidence. Ringo is noticeably shaky.

QUICK DUEL CUTS. A GUNSHOT.

Ringo falls over, blood spilling from his side. He lets out PAINED GASPS.

Wyatt spins his pistol. Holsters it. Throws the cigar back in his mouth.

Ringo rolls over, still breathing but in immense pain. Glares at his roommate.

Wyatt tips his hat. The final blow. He saunters off into the sunset. The music rises.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Wyatt approaches the table. Opens the box.

Flies BUZZ. The slice is moldy and discolored. It's been sitting here for some time. Wyatt doesn't notice.

He takes a bite. Chews it slowly, savoring the victory. Suddenly, he gags. Rushes to the sink.

He spits it out into the sink. Tosses the rest in the trash. This was all for naught...

CUT TO BLACK.