Mark Bottie is having sex with his wife. Both are in their thirties and are not as thin as they used to be. Mark's wife, Claudia, lies on her back, in the missionary position, headphone wires running down her black hair where, off to her right, her iPod rests playing Christina Aguilera. Claudia moans for Mark: she's gotten good at sounding like she's really enjoying herself. Mark pinches his wife's nipples and thrusts into her. He could have sworn he heard her humming "Genie in a Bottle," but tries to focus on his own fantasy:

Mark's penis is bigger, much bigger, and when he pushes into Claudia she really moans. Claudia is no longer wearing her iPod but an evening gown. Both have the bodies of Olympic athletes, and the stamina. Mark is screwing her from behind with Claudia's dress hiked up over her ass and he has a hold on her hair, pulling her back toward him, feeling her clench around his swelling cock. In his right hand, Mark holds an assault rifle. The door of their hotel suite breaks down from the top and immediately, armed men with ski-masks open fire only to be cut down by a deafening volley from Mark's rifle. The couple begins screwing faster as Mark, with his eyes trained on the door, continues to drop the ski-masked assailants as they appear in the doorway. At one point, Mark yells to his wife:

"Reload, Reload!"

Claudia reaches behind her and replaces the spent magazine that Mark had just ejected from the rifle.

"Shit," he says, "They just keep coming!"

"Give it to me hard!" Claudia yells to Mark.

The sounds of gunfire, bullet casings falling to the floor, grunting and moaning fill the room. The ski-masked men stop coming for a moment and the gun falls silent. The couple keeps their cadence.

"Is that it?" asks Claudia.

"Nope," Mark barks, and keeps Claudia pulled onto his throbbing dick. He is close, he can feel it.

A single masked man enters the doorway and is shot through the head with Mark's rifle. Blood gathers in a pool in the hallway and cakes the walls of the door opposite. Mark groans: They are coming.