

INT. BAR - DAY

Sunlight streams into the dingy drinking hole. Drunk regulars slouch over drinks - lost in thought and in themselves. An alien snores in the corner. A BAR MAID wipes a chipped stein.

FIVE FIGURES gamble at a back table. Old friends, CRAX, URU, YOT, TAR KEN, MYX DUR, - varying shapes and sizes and species - playing a game they've played a thousand times over. They know each other's tells and tricks - the cards up their sleeves and how quick each can reach for a blaster...

LIGHT BLARES FROM AN OPEN DOOR into the darkest corners - the regulars flinch. The door closes as they turn to glare at the intruder.

A HOODED FIGURE SITS at the edge of the bar. Eyes give him a once over - but quickly refocus on the drinks at hand.

Hooded Figure signals the Bar Maid with a nod - she leans in with a smile - he whispers into her ear - her face falters and she turns to the taps.

She trays up five glasses and saunters across the bar - a sight for sore eyes with her six long legs - to our Five Figures.

BAR MAID

Drinks for ya.

CRAX

'Bout time. On the house?

BAR MAID

You wish.

URU

Oh, from you then?

BAR MAID

You wish even more. From your new friend.

She gestures to Hooded Figure. He nods and raises a glass of his own. The Five Figures exchange glances - and reach for the drinks...

They raise their glasses - move to drink -

HOODED FIGURE

It's almost too easy.

They swallow and sputter.

CRAX

What is?

HOODED FIGURE

Killing you...

He swallows his own drink. The Five Figures tense... the air hangs thick...

The Hooded Figure removes his hood - REVEALING: MANU GRIT - a BOUNTY HUNTER.

MANU GRIT

(winking)

...If I wanted to.

CRAX

Manu Grit, old friend. I thought you were dead.

MANU GRIT

You certainly tried your best. I always figured you for a backstabber but kidnapping too? Nice touch.

URU

Never send an alien to do an assassin's job.

YOT

You've blown your surprise.

The Five Figures stand..

E

TAR KEN

Should've poisoned us when
you had the chance.

They fan out around the table, hands on their weapons...

MANU GRIT

Poison is a waist of a good
drink. Plus, don't want to
ruin this little lady's
business with a bad reputation.

He winks at the Bar Maid - she sneers.

BAR MAID

Save it, honey. I side with
my regulars.

She throws flashes a thigh revealing a holstered blaster.

MANU GRIT

I get it. Can't say no to a loyal
customer.

CRAX

Enough chit-chat. What's your
plan now, Grit? Shoot us all?

MANU GRIT

If you say so.

He draws his weapon - FIRES!