

ONE BAR, TWO PEOPLE, THREE MEETINGS

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A bar has tables that are trashed and scuffed. The floor is peeling up, and there is food crumbs all over. The entire bar is empty, except for ONE WORKER and LUNA MILLER.

The one worker is passed out behind the bar top. And Luna sits reading a novel on a bar stool. Luna looks amused with whatever she is reading. She is in her early twenties, short, but fiery, and has extremely curly hair she can barley see through.

Luna looks up from her novel to see the worker passed out. She does a deep sigh and shakes her head. Luna walks around the bar and grabs herself a glass of ice water.

As she's filling her glass, WALTER PETERS walks into the empty bar.

The way he enters looks a lot like a cowboy entering a saloon. Luna pays no attention to Walter, and Walter pays no attention to Luna.

Walter walks into the bar with purpose. He is in his mid-thirties, extremely tall, and has a scratch over his left eye.

He sits down on the stool, right where Luna was sitting. She has bent down to look for a lemon slice for her ice water.

WALTER

Give me a whiskey neat.

Luna crouched down, looks extremely caught off guard.

LUNA

(chuckles in confusion)

No. No. I'm no-

WALTER

Whiskey Neat. I don't have the entire day.

Luna now offended. She stands straight up, trying to look intimidating at her height.

LUNA

If you didn't cut me off jackass, you would've heard, I don't work here.

Walter does a heavy blink.

WALTER
Why are you behind the counter?

LUNA
I didn't want to wake the worker.

Walter scoffs at her.

WALTER
That is ridiculous. He *works* here.

Luna takes a big gulp from her water.

LUNA
I understand that. I thought if
he's that tired, he obviously needs
to sleep.

WALTER
(sarcastic)
Did you check his pulse?

LUNA
I did when I walked in.

Walter stares at her for a second. A long hard second. He smirks.

WALTER
You are one hot waitress.

LUNA
I'm not a waitress!

WALTER
But, you are hot!

LUNA
Fig.

Walter wasn't used to getting this reaction.

WALTER
Bitch.

Luna looks horrified. She contemplates her next reaction. She then throws her glass of water on him and grabs her book and storms out with new triumph.