

INT. DIMLY LIT BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The room has a slightly tense atmosphere, filled with the sound of muffled music from the bar outside. MIKEY, in his late twenties with a charming smile and a casual demeanor, leans against a table, casually cleaning a knife. BEAR, a massive figure and Snow's personal bodyguard, sits nearby, his imposing presence dominating the small space. He watches Mikey intently, a mix of curiosity and caution in his eyes.

BEAR
You sure have a knack for keeping
everyone on edge.

MIKEY
(grinning)
What can I say? A smile goes a
long way.

Bear raises an eyebrow, clearly unconvinced.

BEAR
Peace? Sounds nice.

MIKEY's smile doesn't waver, but there's a glint in his eyes as he meets Bear's gaze.

MIKEY
(playfully)
A man's gotta have layers, Bear.
Wouldn't want everyone to know
what I'm really capable of.

Bear chuckles, shaking his head.

MIKEY's expression shifts slightly, a touch of seriousness creeping into his tone.

MIKEY (CONT'D)
(lowering his voice)
It's about survival. Loyalty is
everything in this world, but
sometimes, you gotta do what's
necessary.

BEAR
Those smiles can turn into masks.
Use them wisely.

MIKEY's demeanor shifts back to playful, flashing a cheeky grin.

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MIKEY

(mockingly serious)

Oh, don't worry about me, Bear.
I'm lethal when it counts. Just
ask anyone who's crossed me.