



DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DECLAN ROARK: Mandalorian Super Commando, Leader of Clan Vizsla. Our narrator.

DARREN "SHOOTER" MCGAVIN: Mandalorian Super Commander, Member of Clan Vizsla.

KAJ FORDCRAW: The Pyke Syndicate's spice supplier on Coruscant, broker of information.

MANU MAURFAI: Twi'lek Mercenary, broker of information.

EVANT TAELYAN: Deputy Grand Master of the Dark Brotherhood, former loyal disciple of Darth Pravus.

PART ONE

NARRATOR:

A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away.....

SCENE 1. MERCHANT DISTRICT. MID LEVELS. NAKED TAUN TAUN CANTINA.

Atmosphere: A Cantina, clouds of smoke almost obscure the grease stained walls, electronic music is loud and repetitive. The bar and table areas are crowded from Coruscant Merchants who have finished their workday.

ROARK: (NARRATION)

The Pyke are a hideous species. They are part bug, part humanoid, and all creepy. The magenta eyed one learning towards me is a member of the infamous Pyke Syndicate. His name is Kaj Fordcrow and he is one of the wealthiest spice dealers in the Merchant District of Coruscant. His ability to keep the working class high on spice has led to a network of legitimate and underworld contacts. He is exactly the type of person I need right now.

SHOOTER:

Listen Kaj, we aren't looking for much. We just need to know if the Pyke Syndicate is protecting Manu. If you are, then we need to come to an understanding. If you are not, then we'd like to come to a different understanding.

ROARK: (NARRATION)

That is Darren McGavin. Mandalorian Super Commando, ladies' man, loose cannon, and all-around rogue. He also happens to be one of the few people in the galaxy who is impervious to the fear that comes with being shot at. A single blackheart signet marks his beskar breastplate, but that is a story for another day. Today he is doing all the talking. Mainly because Kaj doesn't really talk and I can't stand communicating with the little creep.

SHOOTER:

Look, buddy. We don't need the Pyke to sanction this hit. The guild will work that out with whoever on the backside. We just need to know you aren't going to get in the way. If you happen to know where Manu is at, we'd also appreciate that information.

ROARK: (NARRATION)

I'm not sure if it is snot or spit or what dripping out of the Pyke's mask, but it almost made me miss his hand flash three long fingers. Shooter's helmet dipped in my direction. I had the credits and tossed three of them across the table. The Pyke greedily gobbled them up and tucked them away into the one of many hidden pockets on his robes.

SCENE 2. MERCHANT DISTRICT .MID LEVELS. LUXURY SUITE 35B.

The once proud luxury hotel had witnessed better days. The hallway's purple carpet was stained and the cleaning droid appeared to be stuck against the wall.

ROARK: (NARRATION)

The Dark Brotherhood is an interesting client. They were willing to pay Clan Vizsla an exorbitant sum to track down Evant Taelyan. The funny thing was, half the Dark Brotherhood wanted Evant just as dead as the Collective. Then again, it didn't matter all that much. The Dark Brotherhood was paying and Clan Vizsla was willing to take its credits.

SHOOTER:

Going in three.

ROARK: (NARRATION)

We are many things away from work, but one thing is certain. We are professionals when it comes to the job. Shooter has just finished sticking a row of detonite tape to a large Kreeel wood door (I'm pretty he stole it from my kitbag). His hand is wrapped around a small detonator and his fingers are slowly ticking off the numbers. 1, 2, 3. The explosion is designed to both open the door as well as disorient anyone inside. It also has the added benefit of giving the room's occupants a splinter or two hundred. We are through the door in an instant and Shooter has already rolled in a stun grenade. I flag my twin Westar-35s to the left as Shooter goes right. I'm not one to brag, but I fire reflexively and hit what appears to be a few red-shirted bodyguards. Shooter is on top of someone and his gauntleted fist is repeatedly smashing the figure below him.

SHOOTER:

I got him.

ROARK:

Confirm.

SHOOTER:

I got him.

MANU MAURFAI:

Stop hitting me!

ROARK: (NARRATION)

This is a fat Twi'lek. Really fat. I've seen my share of fat Twi'leks. This guy is probably the fattest. I'm not even sure Shooter's blows are going to actually bruise his ribs.

ROARK:

That's enough. Shock collar and exfiltration. Vizsla Gold is already moving to meet us at the rendezvous.

SHOOTER:

Roger.

ROARK: (NARRATION)

We are up and moving. Out of the apartment and down the hallway. The broke droid half turned to look at us before thinking it was safer to look back in the corner. Shooter jammed a piece of fruit in the Twi'lek's mouth and tied it down with an oily rag (of course he did). Manu's muffled squeals and inability to hold his bladder make me question the value of the bounty.

SHOOTER:

You going to check for other bidders?

ROARK: (NARRATION)

I nod my head. Evant Taelyan had some friends in the Dark Brotherhood, but he also had other friends who had indicated they would be willing to pay for his location as well. Vizsla might as well see who wanted to pay more.