

Additional Town Conversations:

Several additional conversations that can be overheard by players.

**TWO MEN AND A WOMAN AT ANOTHER PART OF THE BAR, ALL DRUNK**

MAN #1

To the end of days!

MAN #2

End of Days! (simultaneously)

FEMALE

End of Days! (simultaneously)

MAN# 2

Well...(contemplative, philosophical) maybe the day before the End of Days...

MAN #1

Yeah, I'll give you that. Perhaps we've one more in us.

FEMALE

Yes, one more in us! We should have one more!

MAN #1

(loudly) Barkeep, another round, and put this one on my tab!

HARDY LAUGHTER BY ALL

FEMALE

No, no, no, noooo...amigo, please, I insist. Let me get this round! (sweeping, obvious overacting)

MAN #2

No, no, NO...this one is all me! Just so long as I can settle up at the end of the week!

GIGGLING AT THEIR CLEVERNESS

MAN #1

That is most kind of you...both of you. We just need to keep building our...courage until the Apocalypse.

MAN #2

Our liquid courage!

FEMALE

To the eve of the Apocalypse!

MAN #1

Merry Apoco Eve!

MORE HARDY, DRUNK LAUGHTER

**FOUR ACCORD (FEMALE OFFICER & 3 MALES) TALKING BEHIND A BUILDING**

FEMALE OFFICER

(lower voice) The SIT-REP is actually pretty dire. Yesterday, five resupply dropships from Dredge were brought down above Blackwater Marsh. SIN coverage remains intermittent, and communication up the chain of command remains spotty at best. Our forces continue to be locked in a brutal fight at Calamity's Edge. It seems that every time a repulsor pylon gets powered up, another one fails. The Chosen have been using guerrilla tactics all up and down the coral forest corridor. Quite frankly, the resort that we're defending at the moment has very little strategic value to our objectives, and the decision has been made that we're to move out.

MALE GRUNT #1

Come again, sir? If we withdraw, this city will surely fall. The homes of at least fif—

FEMALE OFFICER

I am well aware of what that means. The fact of the matter is simply that our resources are better served at some other location. A location where there are even more civilians, or a battleframe pattern printer, an arms replicator or— ”

MALE GRUNT #2

(with scorn) Or more crystite.

FEMALE OFFICER

<sigh> Yes, or more crystite. But that is nearly synonymous as saying breathable air and drinking water, is it not? Look, we need crystite to power our repulsor pylons. We're in an awful position. Some awful choices are going to have to be made. Like it or not, this one has already been decided, and it wasn't by me. This directive comes straight from on high...from the old man himself.

MALE GRUNT #3

Admiral Nostromo is ordering a retreat?

FEMALE OFFICER

(clears throat) We're calling it a relocation initiative. All civilians are to be advised at sunrise that they should leave their habitats and head to Dredge immediately, via the indirect course of Sunken Harbor. Civilians are free to remain but they do so at great peril. Meanwhile—

MALE GRUNT #2

Unbelievable.

FEMALE OFFICER

(more forceful) MEANWHILE, we are to remain cool and collected. No word of this

directive is to leak out until tomorrow, sunrise. We are not to create a panic amongst the civilians. Let them go on living their lives with some sense of security. Mum's the word.

DISGRUNTLED SOUNDS BY SEVERAL

**ONE RETIRED HOLMGANG ROCKSTAR AND THREE IMPRESSIONABLE FANS**

HOLMGANG ROCKSTAR

Oh, but if you could only have seen it! There I sat, on top of the crows nest, biding my time. I knew there were only the two of us remaining. My eyes scoured the harbor below....seeking any sign of my nemesis, Deimos. And then it happened! There was a glint of sunlight off to my left...I remember it now clear as day. I lunged into the air, jumpjets at full throttle! Straight up I soared; my engine givin' it all she had!

FANS

OOOooohhhhhh (sounds of exclamation and reverence)

HOLMGANG ROCKSTAR

And just as I heard her begin to peter out, I fired off my afterburner module and I scramjetted upward—to a height I've only been to in a dropship!

FANS

Oohhhhhhhh (more sounds)

HOLMGANG ROCKSTAR

I mean, it was epic! And then gravity, that unforgiving mistress, reached her tentacles out to reel me back in and I plummeted at breathtaking speed, quickly hitting terminal velocity and teetering on the verge of blacking out. I remember aiming right toward Deimos and there was this moment...this one magical moment...where I swear we both locked eyes and I flashed him the most wicked grin there ever was...before I <loud clap> crattered right into him! He was completely VAPORIZED!

FANS

(Sounds of wild jubilation and wonderment)

Oh man! No way! Get out! Ungrakkinbelievable! Etc.

(Sounds that voice actor might genuinely make when they've seen an unbelievable superbowl play, etc.)

HOLMGANG ROCKSTAR

I know it! They brought out several medics but it was like...what's the point? Ain't nothing left to juice up. In fact...(embarrassed laughter)...In fact, that play left a 15-meter deep crater in the tournament grounds, which exists even to today. They call it Deimos' Divot. (snicker) I only wish you guys could have seen it. Unfortunately, my neural-net optics weren't working that day. But that's exactly how it went down, I swear it.

FANS

(cheers)

HOLMGANG ROCKSTAR

But I'll be back again. Sure I will. I'm planning to compete again this year. But right now I need to wet my whistle. Now I'll sign autographs and pose for holograms; all it will cost you is one whickywhacker each! Who's first?

FANS

(clamoring for his attention)

### **HUSBAND AND WIFE, WIFE NURSING DEHYDRATED HUSBAND**

HUSBAND

(parched voice) I just don't understand. I've known Gierke since grade school. I can't fathom what's gotten into him. I...I...

WIFE

You don't have to explain, love. Just rest now. Here, drink my water ration, I insist...

HUSBAND

No, sweetheart, I...I cannot do—

WIFE

You will, and you must. I need my man to be strong.

HUSBAND (with wife cooing throughout)

I trekked...the better part of the day...to the moisture farm...and before I even walked through its gateway, one of Gierke's cronies discharged a round into the soil not a meter away from me. (wheezing) I cried out, "I've come to speak with Gierke!" And his crony cried out, "About what business?" I replied, 'Why, for the love of New Eden, would you shut off our fresh water pipeline?'" And you know what he said? (wheezing) He said, "Under the Marshal law enacted by the Accord, resolution 4815, citizens have the right to form their own municipalities to protect themselves. (wheezing, sipping) As such, Gierke has legally formed a fief, and has 'nationalized' the moisture farm. He said they are protectin' themselves from thirst! He said they are open to barter. (wheezing) He said the town should send a single trader with a gravmag sled laden with crystite and other goods, and they would determine its 'fair market value' in fresh water. The audacity!

WIFE

(comforting) Shhhh, shhh, you just rest. Why, it's the most vile, abhorrent thing I've heard in a long while. This evil that is upon us has affected us all so deeply. I'm sure it has its grips on Gierke as well. Let's just let the Accord straightened this all out.

HUSBAND

It makes me so angry, I just...just....I'm sorry, let me catch my breath.

WIFE

You just rest, baby. We'll get this resolved soon enough.