Olivia Volarich

Dialogue Sample

BAR SEQUENCE:

[Opens to a modern bar cast in blue lighting with neon accents. PC pushes open the door and stumbles inside. She is worse for wear, looks like she’s been in a fight and took everything she had to make it to this bar. The patrons glance up from their drinks, some staring for quite a while. Rigidly, she slowly walks to the bar, as if trying to hide a limp.]

[She sits at the far side of the counter, with her back to the wall. A hooded Stranger occupies the spot two seats down. The Stranger has an ink blue cowl pulled up over his head. Silver-gray hair is peaking from his collar. He looks over to her, his face in shadow.]

**NPC:** You look like you’ve had a rough night.

[She turns to face him. We finally get a good look at her face. Her black eye is significant; nearly all the capillaries in her eye are broken.]

**PC:** I’ve certainly had better.

**NPC:** Going to take a lot more than gin to fix that broken ankle.

**PC:** You seem to have a few problems yourself.

[She gestures to his mangled fingers and the bright purple veins winding a serpentine pattern up his wrist and forearm.]

**NPC:** Now you see that’s a shame. I thought you would know what this is.

[He says drumming his fingers on the counter. He tilts his head, and the light illuminates cyanotic lips. He grins and reveals purple-stained teeth.]

**PC:** [Hushed whisper] How did you…how did you find one?

**NPC:** Ah so you do know what it is.

**PC:** I heard the practice was forbidden in the United Network.

**NPC:** Aye, but them Sentinels don’t venture too far outside the city center, and I’m just passing through.

**PC:** How did you find it?

**NPC:** What if I told you that finding one of these—[Shows where the purple crystal shards embedded themselves into the palm of his hand. The crystals look like they feed into his veins, glowing faintly in the neon light. The crystals themselves seem to shimmer and shift, resonating with his pulse.] --is not what you think it will be. What if I told you…you don’t want this. That it comes with…a cost.

[She looks around and sees that everything in the bar has stopped moving. It’s as if time stopped. She looks back to the NPC. He is a Bender.]

**PC:** You can bend time?

**NPC:** It’s a fickle thing: time. You can hold an instant in your grasp, then the next thing you know, the years slip between your fingers like sand in an hour glass…And yet, I cannot go back and change the past. I can only manipulate the present. I wonder, would you go back and change the past if you could right the mistakes you’ve made?”

**PC:** I don’t know what you’re—

**NPC:** Don’t play that game with me, girl. I recognized you the moment you walked in here. Besides, you’ll never get that chance because this— [he lifts up his hand] --this is different for every person.

**PC:** What do you mean?

**NPC:** The price you have to pay when you accept the crystal.

**PC:** I don’t care what you mean. I need to find one. [She hesitates] To save my sister.

**NPC:** Ah! Sara is the reason. Well…now that makes perfect sense.

**PC:** What are you talking about? How do you know Sara? Who are you?

**NPC:** I knew you wouldn’t recognize me. Do you remember the Time Trials in our final year of training? No? Of course not. You were always leaving me in the dust. I fought next to you the day the city fell. You were the first to tell me and the other Rangers the city was lost.

[Realization dawns on her. The Stranger takes off his cowl to reveal a gaunt, pale face.]

**PC:** Darion? But I left you with the Healers helping the wounded. What happened to you?

**NPC:** Like I said. There is a price you must pay.

[Time unfreezes, and his fingers have turned a sickening shade of dark purple. A bit of dark purple blood is coming from his nose.]

**NPC:** You were followed here. *They* are coming.

**PC:** Wait Darion. How can I find one?

**NPC:** It’s not that easy…they’re not in one place. They’re within the vortex. Finding them is…different for each person.

**PC:** The energy vortex? I thought that was just a myth. It doesn’t really exist does it?

**NPC:** Go to the southern fork of the Ribbon River. Two miles east of the crossing is an old friend’s lodge. Ask for Kelis. She can help you.

**PC:** Thank you. I wouldn’t have…it’s for Sara. She needs me. But what about you--

**NPC:** I know….go. I’ll be fine. Quickly now, out the back.

**END!**

**🡪Potential Story Reactivity from this sequence:**

* The PC can learn from this dialogue sequence that there is no other cure to the illness that plagues her sister aside from the power of the crystals.
* If the PC does not go out the back within the allotted time, or decides to use the front door, they will be accosted by *Them*.
	+ If this occurs, and the threat is not neutralized quickly, the Sentinels will be called to the scene.
* If the PC discovers who The Stranger *really* is, they will meet again. The NPC will find her again on her journey when she needs guidance.
* If the PC reveals she is doing this for her sister, she will learn later that NPC loved her sister, and that was his main motivation for helping her.