

# Dialogue Samples

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# Introduction

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This document contains a series of dialogue examples drawn from various projects.

The [first](#) section is a scripted scene of branching dialogue created as an entrance test for Exato games. The submission was approved, but the project is currently on hiatus.

The [second](#) is a script for a web comic developed for Razor Edges games. It ran as an epilogue to an interactive narrative presented in a series of tweets around Halloween of 2021.

The [third](#), and last, section, is an excerpt from a short story told within the *Eden Falling* game world, also in development by Razor Edge Games.

## Branching Dialogue (4 Scripted Scenes)

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*Elo Hell* (Exato Games)

## Elo Hell

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This section contains the test script submitted to Exato Game Studios for an upcoming Steam game, *Elo Hell*.

From Exato's description on Steam:

*Elo Hell is choice-based, episodic, narrative sitcom game about a person trying to go pro in today's esports industry. Put on your tryhard pants, because things are about to get interesting.*

As this part of the story opens, the Gang (Chance, Lizzy, Jeff, and Brian) has just completed a marathon gaming session and are trying to get some rest before Lizzy's family BBQ. They're currently obsessed by a new game, *Echo Star* and are looking to level up their gaming chair game before fully committing.

The task was to start with the skeleton of the first three scenes and connect the narrative to the final location at the pizza shop while matching the tone of the previous parts. Each scene required a series of branching dialogues based on a player's choices during key moments at the current location.

To better illustrate the branching narrative, the scene in the pizza shop was converted into [inklewriter interactive format](#). One path of that narrative is presented below.

My test script is presented as a flowchart at the very end of this section.

### Character backgrounds

The story primarily around three friends, Jeff, Chance, and Lizzy.

Jeff: Outspoken and combative when it comes to debating video games. He is a humble know-it-all, with the knowledge to back it up. Has a bit of a crush on Lizzy.

Lizzy: She's very nice, but also very passive-aggressive. She hates conflict and awkward moments and gets anxiety when forced into situations like that.

Lizzy grew up across the street from Chance. They were never close, but became good friends because Jeff always invited her over to play video games with them. Lizzy has always been a casual gamer, mostly sticking to handheld titles and phone games.

Chance: Outgoing, self-assured, and a bit sarcastic. A bit of a jokester and tends to like being the center of attention. Also, an avid gamer like Jeff.

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Sample Scene

# *Elo Hell - The Pizza Shop*

*by Exato Games / Neil Schnepf*

Inside of the Gang's usual pizza place owned by Chance's Uncle David, the group is sitting at their favorite booth by the back corner. After a few minutes, David comes over from behind the counter. He's looking a little frazzled and more than a bit surprised to see the Gang.

"Hey, guys. Weren't you supposed to be at a BBQ?"

*Chance: "Ugh. Sooo boring."*

Chance slumps back in his seat and groans, "And hang out with a bunch of people 3 times our age?" adding with comic exaggeration, "I think *not!*"

Lizzy adds, "And I'm schooling them on the fine art of 'buts in chairs.'"

Jeff tilts his head towards David and explains in a bit of stage-whispered aside, "Yeah she's dubbed herself Queen of the Butts."

David grins a bit, seeming a little lost and distracted, "Heh. Well, you kids have fun," and then glances around, "I'm pretty slammed right now but I'll have your usual out when I can."

Chance raises a hand slightly, "Thanks, Uncle David!"

David heads back towards the counter.

*Wait until David walks away*

Brian looks over at Chance, "What's up with your uncle? He seems kinda off today."

Chance shrugs a little, already playing with the salt and pepper shakers, "Probably just busy and stuff."

Lizzy is only half-listening, focusing on her phone, "OK, check this out. I brought up my three favorite chairs I was looking at."

Jeff ignores the phone and gives Lizzy a bit of playful side-eye, "That...was suspiciously fast."

Lizzy grins, "Yup I posted it a while back. But check it out."

Jeff looks over at Lizzy, "There's out Queen of Butts!"

Lizzy grins and lifts her chin regally, “A Queen needs her throne!” She moves her phone towards the center of the table.

There are 3 gaming chairs featured: DXRacer, Herman Miller, and Ingrem

Which one do you want to look at?

*DXRacer*

Chance takes a long look at this one and whistles approvingly, “Ohhhh yeah those chairs are **mega** popular on the esports circuit. I see them like on **every** stream and tournament.” He dips his head and grins, unable to take his eyes off of the phone, “They are pretty awesome looking.”

Lizzy nods, “Uh huh. Yeah, that’s what drew me to them.”

Brian nods in agreement and Jeff adds an enthusiastic, “Sweet.”

Chance looks up at the Gang, “I honestly can’t tell anymore if I want one because I see them all the time or because they’re just legit good chairs.”

Lizzy wags her head a little, “They have pretty mixed reviews. Most people complain that they don’t have enough cushion.” Lizzy shrugs, “I just think they’re mostly flair.”

Jeff leans in again and takes another look, grinning, “I got plenty of cushion so I’m good.”

Chance laughs, “I still kinda like them though...”

*Look at Lizzy’s phone*

There are 3 gaming chairs featured: DXRacer, Herman Miller, and Ingrem

Which one do you want to look at?

*Herman Miller*

Chance looks over at Lizzy, “Isn’t that the chair you got?”

Lizzy nods, “Yeah! It’s supposed to be the best office chair, but...”

Jeff grins and mumbles, “...butt...”

Lizzy continues, “...but... they **are** pretty pricey.”

*Look back at Lizzy’s phone.*

There are 3 gaming chairs featured: DXRacer, Herman Miller, and Ingrem  
Which one do you want to look at?

*Ingrem*

Chance stares at the screen, stunned, "Sweet mother of god, what is that thing?"

Lizzy explains, "It's this awesome desk/chair hybrid that reclines **and** massages. So cool, right?!"

Brian, "Dude. You'd never leave."

Jeff shakes his head, admiring the vision of a chair, "Where have you been all my life?"

Chance has a huge grin, "Yes! And how is that only 3 k?"

Jeff nods, "Looks like it should be **30** k! Seriously, I think my parents spent like 3 k on some basic executive desk chair and you're telling me I can get that for the same price?! Heck yeah."

Lizzy nods over at Jeff, grinning, "I know! 'Butt goals,' amirite?"

Chance corrects, "**Life** goals."

Brian tries to suppress a grin trying to play devil's advocate, "You don't think it's a **little** excessive though?"

**Everyone glares over at Brian.**

Brian laughs, lifting a hand, "Just kidding."

Jeff gives Brian a grin while Chance checks out the details on the phone again.

Chance shakes his head, "So torn!"

Jeff perks up a bit and lifts his head suddenly as he's hit with a revelation, "Dude! What we need is a competition."

Chance laughs, "Like *Dance Dance Revolution*... butt with chairs?"

**More collective groans from the Gang.**

Jeff half-laughs, "No seriously! Like... Mortal Kombat or something!"

Chance tilts his head, "Dude, there's no contest. The *Ingrem* would totally own the Herman. It just **looks** like its basic move is an Ultimate."

Jeff shakes his head, "No way. The *Herman's* **all** stealth. It just makes people **think** it's been nerfed but really... **BAM!** and you're gone."

Brian laughs, "You're all crazy."



*David's back! Dig into the 'za!*

David sets the tray at the center of the table, "Alright there you go, guys. Let me know if you need anything else."

It's a feeding frenzy! Fueled by all of the excitement over the chairs the Gang is grabbing slices and eagerly checking out Lizzy's phone again.

Brian smiles and lifts his slice, "Thanks!"

Chance is already in the zone, mouth half-full with pizza. He mumbles, "Yeah thanks, Uncle David!"

David grins and heads back to look after the other customers.

Jeff takes a break from eating just long to say, "OK, I'm **totally** going to dream about chairs tonight..."

Chance adds, mid-bite, "...and butts..."

Lizzy, "**You** would..."

Jeff set his slice down on his plate, "Guys if we're going to be serious, we **gotta** set serious gear." Jeff nods over at Lizzy's phone, "How are we **ever** going to get something like that?"

Chance, "Squad goals"

Lizzy offers, "Yeah it's not like we could get **four** of them, but maybe...one?"

Chance, "Yeah. We could all take turns."

Lizzy laughs skeptically, "So who'd go first? You?"

Chance grins, mock-scoffing, "Well...yeah! It's **my** idea." After a beat, Chance continues, "Anyway, we've got to come up with **something**..."

Brian suggests, "You know, we could get a sponsor."

Jeff laughs, "We gotta get **good** first."

Lizzy checks the time on her phone, "Speaking of...my *boring* parents and their *boring* friends have all probably bored themselves to death by now. We can still get some practice time in tonight."

Chance nods and finishes his slice, "Yeah. Let's pack it up. My uncle can get us a box."

*Get David's attention*

Chance waves over to David.

Jeff nods, "Good plan. I could eat your uncle's pizza all day."

Lizzy finishes up the last bits of her crust, "Heck yeah."

**David returns with the box.**

Chance looks up David, "Sweet. Thanks, Uncle David!"

David grins at the gang, "Packing it in already? You guys usually **close** this store with me."

Jeff looks over his shoulder at David as he's helping to pack the remaining slices into the box, "Yeah. We got this new game *Echo Star* to check out."

Lizzy's eyes go wide with an **AHEM** expression.

Jeff catches Lizzy's glare and chuckles, "OK OK. **Some** of us have to check it out."

Lizzy smiles and returns a 'thank you' nod.

David grins, "Alright. Well, good to see you kids." David turns to Chance, "Tell your mom I say hi."

Chance nods, "Sure thing, Uncle David. Thanks again for the pizza!"

David waves to the Gang and heads out.

Brian and Jeff have finished loading up the box and Lizzy is practically nudging people out of the booth, "OK, let's get going people! **Some** of us (glancing over at Brian) have a game to play."

Brian gives a quick nod while Jeff gives a mock-bow to Lizzy, "Yes, my Queen."

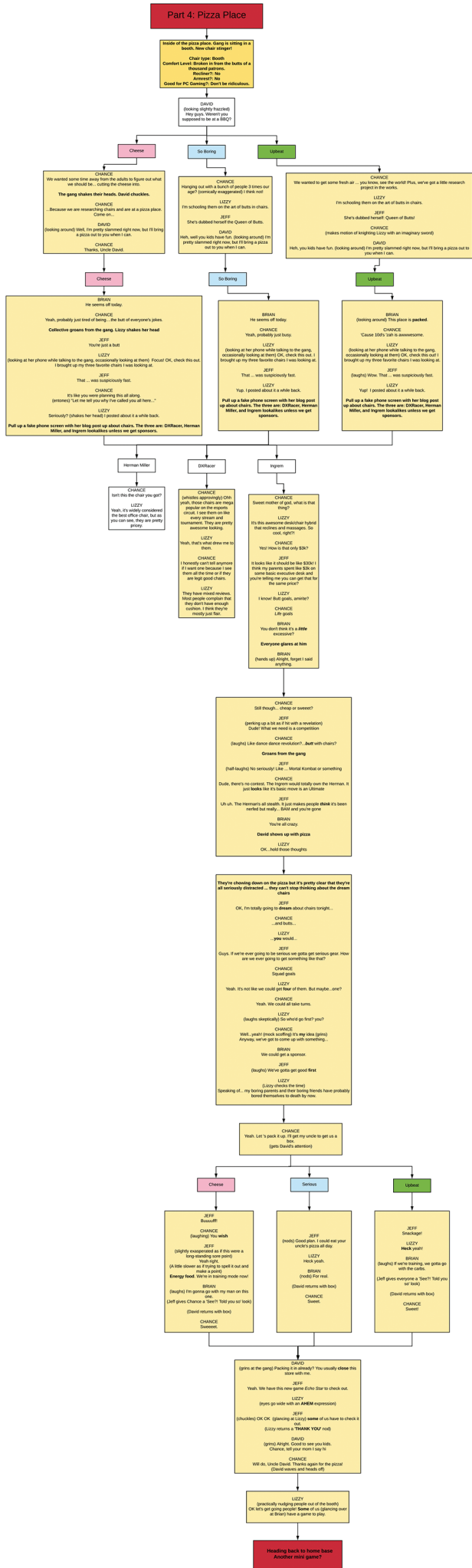
Lizzy grins and gives Jeff a final nudge out of the booth.

Refueled, the Gang heads back to Lizzy's place, ready to test out *Echo Star* as a team!

*End*

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## Flowchart



## Comic (1 Scripted Scene)

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*Tales of Holo-ween, Epilogue* (Razor Edge Games)

# *Tales of Holo-ween*

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A Freddie & Emilia Adventure, Epilogue

[Eden Falling tweet, 11/2/21](#)

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## ABOUT

Altogether, this script serves an epilogue to a humorous, Halloween-themed choose-your-own-adventure released through the Razor Edge Games' *Eden Falling* Twitter account. It features a hapless, but well-intentioned duo of explorers, Freddie and Emilia, who take odd jobs in the post-apocalyptic world of *Eden Falling*.

As lead for REG's Design/Narrative ARG sub team, I am responsible for creating and overseeing events that engage and inform the community about game lore and associated mechanics.

"Tales of Holo-ween" was developed as a holiday tie-in that would showcase both REG's concept artists and provide exposure to themes of the game.

The [initial part of the adventure](#) was written by Sterling Oliver, while the Epilogue was written by myself.

[Comic art](#) based on the script, was created by Kyaw Ar Kar, a member of the REG Concept Art team.

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## Tweet 1 ([artwork](#))

**Panel 1** - Splash page. Establishing shot.

On Freddie and Emilia. Freddie and Emilia sit on tattered, pre-Fall lawn chairs, relaxing beside Freddie's VTOL before heading home. There's a small camp fire burning in a pit on the ground in front of them. The sky is still fairly bright, but it's getting close to sun down.

**Panel 2** - We're looking over Emilia's shoulder at the communicator in her hands. About a medium close up. We can see that Freddie is in the background, slightly off in the distance, visible in the panel just behind the communicator.

We can also see that Emilia is speaking with an older woman who's wearing a Tec-based eyepatch. Both Emilia and the woman are already mid conversation - the woman on the device speaks up.

1. WOMAN (over the comm device)

SO, WAS IT HAUNTED AFTER ALL?

**Panel 3** - Close up on Emilia. We see Emilia giving Freddie a knowing glance before beginning her well-rehearsed explanation.

1. EMILIA

YEAH, NOT EXACTLY. THERE'S A STRONG GROUP OF MARAUDERS HELD UP THERE - GOT THEMSELVES AN EMF BLOCKER. WE WERE ABLE TO GET A GOOD READ ON THE SITCH - FREDDIE AND I HIGHLY RECOMMEND AVOIDING THE AREA, PERMANENTLY.

**Panel 4** - Close up of the communicator in Emilia's hand. We see that the woman that Emilia has been speaking with is clearly visible in the frame.

1. WOMAN

ROGER THAT. I'LL TRUST YOUR JUDGEMENT. THANKS, GUYS. TAKE A BREAK, WE'LL CONTACT YOU SOON IF WE NEED ANYTHING ELSE.

### **Tweet 2** ([artwork](#))

**Panel 1** - Reaction shot. Medium. Angle up on Emilia. We see the communicator in Emilia's hands and she appears to be sighing in relief.

SFX (communicator): *click*

**Panel 2** - Two shot of Freddie and Emilia.

We see Freddie leaning back in his lounge chair. Freddie appears to be relieved but is giving Emilia a quizzical look.

1. FREDDIE (to Emilia)

THANKS. FOR SOME REASON SHE NEVER SEEMS TO BELIEVE ME...

On Emilia. Emilia grinning at Freddie.

2. EMILIA

HA. I WONDER WHY?

**Panel 3** - On Emilia. Medium close up. We see that Emilia is looking a little concerned, eyes wide.

1. EMILIA

STILL, I DON'T LIKE LYING TO HER. IT'S LIKE SHE CAN PEER INTO MY **SOUL**.

**Panel 4** - Close up on Freddie. We see that Freddie is grinning.

**Tweet 3** ([artwork](#))

**Panel 1** - Medium two shot on Emilia and Freddie. We see that both Emilia and Freddie are leaning back in their lawn chairs.

We see that Freddie is turned slightly towards Emilia as he speaks.

1. FREDDIE

WOULD YOU RATHER WE GET THAT GUY KILLED? HE WASN'T HURTING ANYBODY. JUST WANTED SOME PEACE AND QUIET, THAT'S ALL.

We see that Emilia is facing forward, looking out towards the distance.

2. EMILIA

YEAH. YOU'RE RIGHT. WOULD'VE BEEN EASIER IF IT WAS HAUNTED. PEOPLE ARE **SCARY**.

**Panel 2** - Medium close up on Freddie. We see him tilting his head back, eyes closed. We see a slight grin on his face.

1. FREDDIE

SO'S BEING TIRED. THINK I'M GONNA GET SOME PEACE AND QUIET OF MY OWN.



**Panel 3** - Medium close up on Emilia. We see that her eyes are closed now too.

1. EMILIA

YEAH. SOUNDS LIKE A PLAN.

**Tweet 4** ([artwork](#))

**Panel 1** - Medium shot on Emilia. Some time has passed since the previous panel. Emilia appears to have woken up from sleep and we see Emilia looking over towards Freddie's empty chair. Emilia looks *very* surprised.

We also see that the sky in the background of the frame is getting dark. There is some light from the campfire, casting deep shadows, giving the scene an almost eerie quality.

1. EMILIA

FREDDIE? **FRED?!**

**Panel 2** - Front, three-quarter medium shot on Emilia, angle on her and the back of her lawn chair. We see Emilia looking around frantically.

**Panel 3** - Same shot, but now we also see Freddie suddenly popping up behind Emilia, grabbing her shoulders as he sticks out his tongue.

1. FREDDIE

BLAH!

2. EMILIA

AH! JEEZ, SCREW YOU!

**Panel 4** - Over Emilia's shoulder. Medium close up on Freddie.

1. FREDDIE

HEY, PEOPLE ARE SCARY, EH?

**Panel 5** - Medium close up on Emilia. We see that Emilia is pouting/frowning. Her arms are folded in front of her.

1. EMILIA

**SHUT UP.**

**Panel 6** - Close up on Freddie. We see that Freddie is smiling.

1.           FREDDIE

HAPPY HALLOWEEN, EMILIA.

## COMIC PANELS

### Tweet 1



### Tweet 2



### Tweet 3



### Tweet 4



## Short Story Excerpt (1 Scripted Scene)

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*Mon-Rios* (Razor Edge Games)

# MON-RIOS

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## Story so far

After a year of training in the territorial capital, Liam Garza has recently graduated from the new Texas Ranger Academy. He is one of the first from the Westlands to be named to the newly-created order of Deputies, the so-called *West 10*. His first assignment is to assist in the installation of food-generation and communication equipment in communities along the disputed frontier.

In the wake of an ecological disaster, the region of the Westlands is frequently swept by monstrous sandstorms. As the story unfolds, one of these small settlements, *Irah*, has been hit by the first of two storms moving through the area. Deputy Garza has returned early from his previous mission to coordinate relief efforts in the heavily-fortified city of New Abilene. Here, Liam attempts to make contact with an old friend, Orlin Cole, someone who can provide help in the relief efforts.

We pick up the story as two old friends have agreed to meet up in person following the successful evacuation of the residents of Irah.

## Introduction

As long as Liam could remember, his family had worked with the Mon-Rios Combine. In this part of the Texas Westlands, it was pretty hard not to; Mon-Rios touched most families' lives in the region in some way or another. There were one or two larger collectives in the area, but none had the drive or desire to improve the daily lives of local communities like Mon-Rios did. Their contractors sourced salvaged and repurposed Tec, long-hauled merch, and schooled the children of the homesteads. Both Liam and his father had pulled hauling contracts through Mon-R out of Stephenville, and it was through these tours that he ultimately met Orlin Cole. Mon-Rios' penchant for self-reliance and mistrust of authority had made them into survivors, adapting and thriving for nearly a century in a new, rough-hewn world. But Liam also knew that these self-same traits of Orlin and the Mon-Rs meant that neither would ever fully trust the regional cartel. Liam couldn't say that he fully trusted them yet either, but his hope, as always, was that he could get people to work together as best as he could.



By mid-morning the following day, Liam finally returned to the Precinct after viewing the temporary shelter space in New Abilene. He had spent the better part of the last twenty-four hours coordinating relief efforts with the Garrison and was eager to finalize things in the city. Liam was all too aware of the regional cartel's tight schedule but had to trust their agent to start work on the last few settlements without his help. It was a lot to deal with, but fortunately

the people back east were more than eager to win the trust of these outlying communities. He could always rejoin the roll out once things were over with here.

By late afternoon, Liam finally felt confident that things were under control. He left the Bunker and wound his way to the central district, the dusty streets narrow and already filling with people. Liam checked his *cuf* as he got closer, figuring he had enough time to swing by the Mon-Rios offices to catch up with Orlin in person.

Liam let Orlin drag him to the *Loon*, a back-alley saloon that only a local would have been able to find twice. The bar was set beneath a row of stacked shops and rental units the same tawny color as the earth they were fabbed from. The crudely-dug steps, dangerous to anyone in a stupor, were flanked by a dim holo of a bird, the only indication that one had reached their destination. The low entrance hatch was the first solid feature, some weathered wood synthetic that at least looked like it could keep out the dust. The interior was low and dim, the walls filled with odds and ends, memories of previous lives donated by regular patrons. The mismatched furnishings fit life out here in the Indie's, all of them thrown together in a heap after the Fall. Liam figured it was probably constructed early on in the life of the Comm when people still felt the need for the security of the bunkers that had protected them. Still, it all added up to an oddly homey feel, and the closeness felt comforting rather than claustrophobic. For Orlin, who was a decade older than Liam and one of the first generation that grew up in the new world, he could see why this might be a familiar refuge.

Orlin led them to an uneven table in the far corner and continued to stand as Liam took a seat.

Orlin grinned at Liam, sizing him up for a moment, "Lookin' like you could use a drink more than I do. Firs' rounds on me," and pointed Liam's way, "Then you're buyin'. Figure they gotta be payin' you decent at least."

Liam laughed as he swiped his arm across the table before setting his hat on top of it, "No, but I figure I owe you enough for a round or two."

"At least," Orlin added before turning around to the bar behind him.

The bartender was already a step ahead of him, setting a small bottle of Orlin's go-to and a pair of glasses on the counter. But the credit *chips* that Orlin stacked weren't the standard issue. Liam didn't have to see the stamp on the face to tell whose they were; only the Steppe Tribes used that particular color. When Orlin headed back to the table he could easily read his friend's expression.

"Not gonna turn me in are ya?" as he took his seat at the table.

"Nah. As long as that's the good stuff. 'sides, the 'Star's not the law around here for another couple of weeks anyways. So, who am I to say?" Liam countered with a grin.

Orlin laughed in return, splashing the drinks into their glasses, "Only the best, my friend," and raised his shot in toast.

Liam raised his glass, "To the future."

Orlin grinned and offered his usual retort, "To more good stuff."

Liam tossed back his shot, coughing slightly before slamming it down on the table. Orlin was already ahead of him, pouring another by the time Liam could find his voice again.

With a slight laugh he reached for his glass, "You never change."

Orlin grinned, pointing with his own at Liam's badge, "And I never had you figured for an *Odie*."

Liam shook his head, leaning back in his chair a little, "Only you ever call'm that..."

Orlin tossed back a shot and shrugged, "Eh. They jus' can't ever let that go. Been...what? Fifty years since they got their asses kicked at *Odessa*. What," he motioned around the room with his hand as if to encompass all the recent work in the Indie Comms, "do you think this all about..."

"Might not be so good stirrin' up that past when the rest come around," Liam suggested over the top of his glass as he took a thoughtful sip.

Orlin grumbled, "Eh. I won't be stirrin' anythin' but I still don't trust'm. Drought's been a hard edge and the 'Rats are always trouble, sure. Yeah, the 'Star'll help some, but I'm never gonna like'm lookin' over my shoulder. Shame's happened out by Snyder, but it's not a coincidence it all went south as soon as they dropped their Tec off there..."

Liam shook his head at his friend's lingering superstitions. Back in the chaos of the Fall's aftermath, some of the local survivors held fast to a belief that the first *Ferals*' implants were attracted to old Tec, especially 'net relays. It was an old sore point with Orlin, and Liam was resigned to the fact that he'd never be able to change Orlin's mind about it.

Images from the last few days clouded Liam's thoughts, and he spun his response more for himself than Orlin, "Just bad luck at *Irah*. Pure and simple. The 'Star are doin' their best to make lives better out there."

He confided, "And I'll tell you somethin' too. The 'Star are solid. Family runs deep with'm, "gesturing between himself and Orlin, "Like you and me."

Orlin laughed, "That right? I bet that's why they're fallin' all over themselves makin' you a Ranger. Never gonna treat us more than bastards."

It was Liam's turn to laugh, "Bastards? You got plenty, Orl'. And you love all of them," then quickly correcting himself with a grin, "Except maybe Jonah. He's a real bastard."



Orlin nodded and laughed, not disagreeing, "Yeah, but I'm never havin'm over for dinner. And speakin' of food, some here *Factions* got some decent grub."

Liam laughed again, his mood lightening, "That how they got your loyalty? No surprise there."

"Don't be crossin' it," Orlin countered warmly, "The '*Steppe* 'wafers taste like real bread. 'Sides, "Orlin patted his sizable gut, "this here's good for times like these."

Liam laughed, thankful for this aspect of Orlin's personality. He might be more than a little set in his ways, but Orlin was sure as heck not going to let anything get him down for long.

"I'm not. I'm not," Liam chasing his words with the rest of his shot, "Serious though, things are changin'. Every day. Ten years ago, I'd never even been a Deputy. And I can do some real good out there. Even if they never call me a Ranger."

Liam grinned and slid his glass over to Orlin, "But, you my friend, are just a stubborn old bastard."

Orlin laughed, "Aye, and I'll drink to that," before tossing back another.

Orlin took a moment to refill their glasses, the brief pause enough to turn his thoughts a little inward, "But even this ol' bastard can see it too. Emmitt's gonna be takin' over for me in a few years. And the boy's got more head for Tec than I ever did."

Orlin leaned in a little, "Don't go sayin' it, but he'll be needin' what the *Cart's* are bringin'. And someone to look over'm. You did good out in *Irah*. Whatever anyone'll think of the 'Star they'll remember what you did. And since none of'm's here now," he raised his glass in another toast, "Thank you," pausing to respect his friend's new title, "Deputy."

Liam smiled at his friend's acknowledgement and shared the toast with one of his own, "And to all your help as well."

Orlin waved it off with a grin, "Eh. I just pointed those trucks in the direction you needed'm."

Orlin shifted his glass and Liam eyed the remnants of the bottle with a sigh, "Wish I had more time for that. Truth is I gotta get out on the road early tomorrow. Have to check in at *Irah*, then a couple more Comm's to hit before I'm back this way next week."

Orlin nodded and set out one more shot, "One for the road and I'll let ya go if you promise to come by once yer babysittin's done. Emmitt'll be back from Gail by then and you know Betta'd love to see you."

Liam raised his full glass to make his promise, "Done."

Liam went to reach for his chips and Orlin held up his hand with a grin, "Keep'm. These guys don't take'm here."

Liam gathered himself up as Orlin settled their tab. The walk back was a long and lazy amble, friendship still the one true currency in the Comm's.