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**--PROLOGUE--**

NARRATOR:

“There are two worlds: Our world, the world of science, and Arcadia, the world of magic. Dreams connect these parallel worlds, but a dark force threatens the very fabric of dreams. Zoë Castillo holds the power to shape dreams and save us from the Undreaming, but she is trapped in a place called the Storytime. Kian Alvane is destined to play an important role in the war to come, but he faces execution for treason against his own people. They are both about to be reborn. A new story is about to begin. Their paths will intersect, and at the end of their journey, they will face the Thief of Dreams.”

*A Dolmari girl is singing. We pan back to see her standing on a pier in the ruins of the swamp city. She is overlooking many canoes surrounding one canoe that is full of candles. The central canoe also holds the body of April Ryan, wrapped in a white robe and wearing the Talisman of the Balance. The Captain, Brynn, Chawan and Na'ane are present. A Dolmari man, later introduced as Likho, rows to the central canoe with a sad look on his face and lowers a torch, setting fire to the body. The canoes part and make way for April to be sent off as the girl's song ends.*

*A man is standing in front of a door in a house with a woman screaming on the other side. Her screams stop as a baby's screams begin, and the man looks relieved. We pan to the room behind him, which players of The Longest Journey will recognize as the House of All Worlds. A bright white light mysteriously manifests into the room...*

**Chapter 1: Adrift**

ZOË:

“They say that every story has a beginning and an end. But that isn't always the case. Some stories simply...stop.

*A young woman is in a hospital bed attached to IVs, the evening sunlight giving the room a dark orange feel.*

ZOË:

“My name is Zoë Castillo. I'm dying. I've been in a coma for over a year. The doctors don't believe I'll ever wake up again. My mother did this to me. She put me here so that I wouldn't be able to tell my story. So that she could keep her secrets. It worked. The world is addicted to dreams. To Dreamtime. It's just...entertainment. They have no idea what the Dreamachine is really for, and what it's doing to the world. They don't know that someone is stealing their dreams, using them to reshape reality. So, if I'm in a coma...how am I talking to you? The thing is, my body may be here, in a hospital, but my mind...My mind is elsewhere.”

*We pan back to a dark snowy landscape in which Zoë is viewing a projection of her hospital room in reality.*

ZOË:

“This is the Storytime. It's the place between. And it's my home now, this place where all stories begin...and end. Including mine.”

***Content added 5/5/2017 in console version and 7/21/2017 in PC version: Character Library***

**Zoë Castillo**

**Zoë Castillo, 21, was raised in London and Casablanca by her father, Gabriel. She studied bioengineering and Cape Town University for two years, before dropping out of university and moving back to Casablanca.**

**One year ago, Zoë’s ex-boyfriend Reza Temiz went missing. Zoë discovered that Reza, a journalist, had been investigating a story about a new entertainment device created by WATIcorp: The Dreamachine was designed to produce lucid dreams, but was being used covertly to harvest users’ memories.**

**Zoë helped unravel the conspiracy, delaying the release of the Dreamachine and exposing the conspirators – but she couldn’t save herself. She was drugged by her mother, Helena Chang – who played a hitherto unknown role in the conspiracy – and left to die in her home in Casablanca.**

**Zoë’s been in a coma for over nine months now, trapped in a hospital bed while, simultaneously, living a parallel existence in a place called the Storytime – a world of dreams.**

**Here, using the powers granted to her as the Dreamer, Zoë’s capable of shaping people’s dreams, helping those trapped in night terrors make their way back to waking.**

*Examine: Storytime*

ZOË:

“Storytime. I don't know how long I've been here. Six months? Nine?”

*Examine: Storytime*

ZOË:

“Storytime feels more real to me now than the waking world does.”

*Examine: Storytime*

ZOË:

“There's no end to it. It goes on like this forever. Mountains, valleys, endless plains. A sky full of stars, never changing.”

*Examine: Storytime*

ZOË:

“It's beautiful, but also desolate and cold...like a fairytale of the dead.”

*Examine: Storytime*

ZOË:

“Storytime. The place where all stories begin and end...including mine. Ta-da-da-da.”

*Content redacted: 6/17/2016*

*Examine: Dreamers*

ZOË:

“Those lights are people. Spirits, souls...whatever you want to call them.”

*Examine: Dreamers*

ZOË:

“Most of them are connected to Dreamachines, trapped in spiraling night terrors.”

*Examine: Dreamers*

ZOË:

“I help them escape. But many return. They don't learn.”

*Examine: Dreamers*

ZOË:

“The Dreamachines are dangerously addictive. People get caught in dream loops.”

*Examine: Comatose Zoë*

ZOË:

“Sleeping beauty. Coma as a fashion statement? No, ugh, that's awful. But I honestly do look better on my death bed.”

*Examine: Comatose Zoë*

ZOË:

“I don't know if that's how I actually look out there, or if it's just wishful thinking. Everything in here is made of dreams...”

*Examine: Comatose Zoë*

ZOË:

“It's odd, like looking into a mirror and seeing a stranger.”

*Examine: Comatose Zoë*

ZOË:

“That's me, beautiful stranger.”

*Examine: Wonkers*

ZOË:

“Wonkers, my old Watilla.”

*Examine: Wonkers*

ZOË:

“I don't know why they brought him to the hospital, but I'm glad they did.”

*Examine: Wonkers*

ZOË:

“Wonkers watches over me, night and day. He may be just a toybot, but there's something comforting about that.”

*Examine: Wonkers*

ZOË:

“Faithful old Wonkers.”

***Content added 5/5/2017 in console version and 7/21/2017 in PC version:***

**Wonkers**

**Wonkers is an autonomous robot toy manufactured by WATIcorp, and Zoë’s beloved childhood friend.**

**Wonkers helped Zoë get through her previous adventure, but has been powered off since then.**

*Examine: Flowers*

ZOË:

“People keep bringing flowers. So...funereal.”

*Examine: Flowers*

ZOË:

“I know they mean well. But my hospital room is beginning to look like a memorial.”

*Examine: Flowers*

ZOË:

“Wonder if anyone ever asks themselves whether I'm allergic to flowers? There's just no consideration for the comatose.”

*Examine: Picture* (near Wonkers)

ZOË:

“That was taken when Reza and I were still dating. Feels like a different lifetime. And, well, it sort of was.”

*Examine: Picture*

ZOË:

“Reza visits a lot. He talks to me, for hours. It's...Good. It's good. Like we're reconnecting.”

*Examine: Picture*

ZOË:

“But then sometimes, I don't know why, it's like...he's a stranger? Like someone's wearing his skin?”

*Examine: Picture*

ZOË:

“That's, ugh, that's weird and sick and probably all in my head. Still...I have this vivid memory of the first time he came by, and what popped into my head was, “that's not Reza”.”

*Examine: Picture*

ZOË:

“I don't know...It was probably because I thought I'd lost him. I'd spent weeks looking for him. It's how I ended up here. Sort of. Maybe seeing him just...triggered a lot of feelings?”

*Examine: Picture*

ZOË:

“Sometimes, when Reza talks to me, he says he wants to try again. With us. If I wake up. I want to give it a shot. I wasn't totally fair to him the first time around.”

*Examine: Picture*

ZOË:

“Reza and me, in Cape Town. A lifetime ago.”

*Examine: Chart*

ZOË:

“I don't know if that chart is accurate or just a dream construct...but it doesn't look good. That line should be pointing up, not down.”

*Examine: Chart*

ZOË:

“Take a skateboard to that line, you'd build up a lot of speed.”

*Examine: Chart*

ZOË:

“According to my chart, I won't be around for long.”

*Examine: Picture* (near hospital equipment)

ZOË:

“Dad...Gabriel stops by every day. He keeps apologizing. I wish he wouldn't.”

*Examine: Picture*

ZOË:

“I'm not sure how I feel about my father right now. It's a mess.”

*Examine: Life support*

ZOË:

“That machine is all that stands between me and six feet under. It feeds my comatose body a fun cocktail of life-saving narcotics.”

*Examine: Life support*

ZOË:

“The latest and greatest in chemical life support. Without magical miracle machine, I'd be stiff and cold and probably all maggoty. Happy thoughts.”

*Examine: Life support*

ZOË:

“The little engine that could. It keeps my brain ticking when the rest of me doesn't.”

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

*Examine: Trapped dreamer*

ZOË:

“I can hear her calling out for help. She's trapped in a looping night terror.”

*Examine: Trapped dreamer*

ZOË:

“I have to help her. There's no one else. It's what I do.”

*Examine: Trapped dreamer*

ZOË:

“In the blink of an eye, I can enter her dream and pull her out. It's pretty cool, acutally.”

*Touch: Trapped dreamer*

*Zoë is transported to a ledge. The dreamer repeatedly falls from the sky in front of it.*

FALLING DREAMER:

“Noooooo!”

“Noooo!”

“Nooo!”

“Aaaaaaaaah!”

FALLING DREAMER:

“Ah! God.”

“Oh, God! Nooo!”

“Help me!”

ZOË:

“I can't grab her. She's falling too quickly.”

*Mind: Falling Dreamer*

ZOË:

“She's out of control, completely overwhelmed. She'll just keep falling. She won't be able to escape the loop without my intervention.”

*Light: Falling Dreamer*

ZOË:

“Ooh, shiny! But, no, that probably won't help.”

*Slow: Falling Dreamer*

*Grab: Falling Dreamer*

ZOË:

“Hold on.”

FALLING DREAMER:

“Oh God...don't let go!”

“Thanks for saving me. It feels like I've been falling forever...What is this place?”

ZOË:

“A bad dream. I'm here to help you wake up.”

FALLING DREAMER:

“Okay. Okay. Just a dream, it's just a dream. I could have sworn it was...This feels so real.”

ZOË:

“In a few moments, it won't. You'll forget all about it. But I want you to remember one thing. Stop using the Dreamachine. Stop using it, or you'll be back, and maybe I won't find you next time, and maybe you'll be stuck in a nightmare forever.”

FALLING DREAMER:

“Oh, God, no. No, I promise. I'll remember.”

ZOË:

“Do something else with your spare time. Go shopping. Have lots of sex. Take more naps. Anything but this. Time to wake up.”

FALLING DREAMER:

“Thank you. Again. Who are you?”

ZOË:

“Doesn't matter. You won't remember anyway. Just go, and never come back.”

*The dreamer is carried away by light.*

*Examine: Darkness*

ZOË:

“That dream is just...total darkness. The absence of light.”

*Examine: Darkness*

ZOË:

“Pure darkness. I'm getting goosebumps just looking at it.”

*Touch: Darkness*

*Zoë is transported to a dark alleyway.*

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“It's dark, it's too dark, I can't...I can't move, I can't go anywhere, it's too dark, just way too dark.”

*Approach: Frightened dreamer*

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“No! Don't! Don't come any closer! Who are you? Why are you here? Leave me alone!”

*Talk to: Frightened dreamer*

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“The darkness, it's everywhere, it's getting closer, oh man, I can't see anything. I can't leave, it's not safe out there.”

ZOË:

“Come with me. I'll help you escape.”

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“What? Who...Who are you?”

ZOË:

“You're dreaming. I'll help you get back. Follow me.”

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“It's dark, it's too dark, I can't...I can't move, I can't go anywhere, it's too dark, just way too dark.”

*Talk to: Frightened dreamer*

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“Can you please help me find my way?”

*Mind: Lamp*

ZOË:

“My mental powers do not extend to inanimate objects. Or lightbulbs.”

*Light: Lamp*

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“Dreaming? No, that can't...That can't be. This is too real, too real.”

ZOË:

“That's because you're connected to a Dreamachine. If you remember nothing else when you wake up, remember this. The Dreamachines are dangerous. Don't use them, or you'll get stuck here, and maybe I won't find you again.”

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“Don't say that, don't say that. I'll remember. I swear. I don't ever want to come back. I won't touch a Dreamachine again.”

*Light: Lamp* (second)

ZOË:

“That bulb won't last long.”

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“The dark, the dark is everywhere! I have to go back! Back to the light!”

*Light: Lamp*

*Slow: Lamp*

ZOË:

“Stay close to me, and you'll be fine.”

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“I hate the dark. I can't stand it.”

ZOË:

“You have a light within you. It's strong.”

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“But I don't...I don't know how to turn it on.”

ZOË:

“Just stay close, and I'll keep it burning. Just promise me you'll stay far away from Dreamachines.”

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“You bet. I'm never connecting to Dreamtime again. Not after this.”

*Light: Lamp* (third)

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“I'm drowning in it! The darkness is swallowing me up!”

*Examine: Frightened dreamer*

ZOË:

“He's absolutely terrified of the dark.”

*Talk to: Frightened dreamer*

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“I can't see, I'm blind, I'm blind! The dark, it's everywhere!”

*Light: Frightened dreamer*

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“The dark, the dark is everywhere!”

ZOË:

“There's a light inside him, but it keeps turning off. Something's fighting back.”

*Mind: Frightened dreamer*

ZOË:

“It's him! The source of the darkness. He's feeding it. His fear is totally out of control. He's fighting me and he doesn't even know it. He needs to stop, or I can't help him.”

*Talk to: Frightened dreamer*

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“It's happening again, it's happening. The darkness, it's closing in.”

ZOË:

“You're letting your fears control you.”

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“I hate the dark. I can't stand it.”

ZOË:

“I know, and you're feeding it. You need to let it go. Your fears and worries. You have the power to banish the darkness. Remember? The light within you?”

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“That's right...The dark makes me forget.”

ZOË:

“So just...let it go! Brighten up! Shine for me, you crazy diamond.”

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“But I don't...I don't know how to turn it on.”

ZOË:

“You're not alone. I'm here to help you.”

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“Th-thank you.”

*Talk to: Frightened dreamer*

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“Th-thank you.”

*Light: Frightened dreamer*

ZOË:

“See? All this time, you carried the light within. There's nothing to be afraid of anymore.”

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“Thank you.”

*Talk to: Frightened dreamer*

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“Can you please help me find my way?”

*Point Frightened dreamer toward: Light*

ZOË:

“Walk into the light.”

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“Walk into the - ?”

ZOË:

“Don't worry, not that kind of light. You'll just wake up.”

FRIGHTENED DREAMER:

“Thank you.”

ZOË:

“What is going on out there? It's getting worse.”

*Examine: Unknown*

ZOË:

“What is that? A...bedroom. A bedroom? I know what that means.”

*Examine: Unknown*

ZOË:

“There's a wardrobe too, I think. It's...yup, it's moving. And there's something in it. Oh, lovely.”

*Touch: Unknown*

*Zoë is transported to a bedroom with a closet that contains a monster.*

***Content added 6/17/2016:***

***Examine: Spirits***

**ZOË:**

**“People, dreaming, trapped inside their own night terrors.”**

***Examine: Spirits***

**ZOË:**

**“They've been using the Dreamachine too much, and now they can't get out.”**

***Examine: Spirits***

**ZOË:**

**“I can free them...but there are more of them every day. I can't keep up any longer.”**

***Examine: Spirits***

**ZOË:**

**“This has to stop.”**

***Touch: Spirits***

***Zoë enters a blurry, swirling tunnel of dreams and walks along a path of floating stones, wiping away dreams as more and more dreamers try to catch up with her.***

**ZOË:**

**“Someone's having a nightmare about a dying child. That must be absolutely terrifying...This is a dream. Your baby will be okay.”**

**MAN:**

**“Why won't you help me?”**

**“Don't leave! You can't leave!”**

**“Don't leave! You can't leave me behind!”**

**“Please...help me!”**

***Talk to: Dreamers***

**ZOË:**

**“What are you doing? Stop following me. Turn around, go back, wake up.”**

***Talk to: Dreamers***

**ZOË:**

**“I said stop! I can't help you anymore. You're on your own now.”**

***Talk to: Dreamers***

**ZOË:**

**“For fuck's sake, people... Go away!”**

**ZOË:**

**“She's all alone. I know that feeling...You're not alone. There are people out there you can connect with...but you need to stop using the Dreamachine first. It's not helping you.”**

**WOMAN:**

**“Oh, don't go! Don't leave me here!”**

**“Save me!”**

**“Please...Please save me!”**

**ZOË:**

**“Trapped, burned alive... That's a terrifying nightmare. There's no fire and you're not dying. It's only a nightmare. You've been using the Dreamer too much. It's messing with your head.”**

**CHILD:**

**“Why are you leaving?”**

**“You need to save me!”**

**“Stop! Don't go! Save me!”**

**ZOË:**

**“Ugh, I used to have this dream all the time. Naked, exposed... It's worse than it sounds. This isn't real. No one can see you. You'll wake up soon and everything will be fine. But you should stop using the Dreamachine, or the nightmares will continue.”**

***More and more dreamers come up to Zoë as she erases each dream.***

**ZOË:**

**“This dream is different. It's more persistent. And the dreamer...It's a child. Great. I'll need to go in and untangle it. Stop! Don't come any closer. Leave me be. There are too many of you, I can't save...I can't help everyone. Just go—away!”**

DREAMING GIRL:

“What are you doing? Get away from there.”

“No. Don't get too close. It will take you.”

*Examine: Dreaming girl*

ZOË:

“Oh, she must be terrified, poor girl.”

*Examine: Dreaming girl*

ZOË:

“Whoever wired her to a Dreamachine should be locked away for a very long time.”

*Examine: Dreaming girl*

ZOË:

“Without me, she'll be trapped here. She needs my help.”

*Examine: Dreaming girl*

ZOË:

“I can't believe a mother would do this to her child...People are horrible.”

*Talk to: Dreaming girl*

DREAMING GIRL:

“Shhh, don't make a sound. It will hear you.”

ZOË:

“Who will?”

DREAMING GIRL:

“The monster in the closet. It will hear you and eat us both.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Reassure her\*: *She's scared enough already, poor girl. I need to be careful. She needs reassurance, not more things to be scared of.*

ZOË:

“I promise it won't hurt you.”

DREAMING GIRL:

“You swear?”

ZOË:

“I swear. I won't let it. But you need to get back home.”

DREAMING GIRL:

“I can't find my way.”

ZOË:

“The way back is through there, through the wardrobe.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Scare her\*: *She's already scared, but she needs to understand how dangerous the Dreamachine is. She needs to be scared of what will happen if she keeps using it.*

ZOË:

“It is dangerous and will hurt you. Unless we destroy it.”

DREAMING GIRL:

“I want to go home.”

ZOË:

“And you will. But the way back is through the wardrobe.”

*(conversation progresses)*

DREAMING GIRL:

“I can't go in there! It will eat me alive!”

ZOË:

“Not if we destroy it first. Do you have the key?”

DREAMING GIRL:

“I don't know where it is. My mum locks it every night...and tells me to behave, or she'll unlock it and let the monster have me.”

ZOË:

“Great parenting. Don't worry, I'll find the key. And whatever's in there, it's no match for me. I promise.”

DREAMING GIRL:

“Are you, like, a superhero?”

ZOË:

“Something like that. What do you think of my costume?”

DREAMING GIRL:

“It's really cool.”

*Examine: Wardrobe*

ZOË:

“That's one disturbed wardrobe. I'm glad this is not my dream. I'd be absolutely terrified.”

*Examine: Wardrobe*

ZOË:

“Tentacles...It had to be tentacles. It couldn't be, I don't know, a dream about a wardrobe filled with...bananas?”

*Examine: Wardrobe*

ZOË:

“Bananas. That's the best you could come up with, Zoë?”

*Examine: Wardrobe*

ZOË:

“Knock-knock. Who's there? Cthul. Cthul...who? The horror! Yeah, you're going bonkers.”

*Mind: Wardrobe*

ZOË:

“Not peeking inside that thing's head. I've made that mistake in the past, never again.”

*Light: Wardrobe*

ZOË:

“Light could work, but I don't think there's anything to draw on there. That thing is darkness, through and through. It would need to come from somewhere else.”

*Light: Wardrobe*

ZOË:

“Light, yeah, good idea. But not from...that.”

*Touch: Wardrobe*

ZOË:

“If the wardrobe door opens and Kraken crawls out...Dream or no dream, I'm not sticking around for that.”

*Touch: Wardrobe*

ZOË:

“Nope. Nope, nope, nope.”

*Touch: Wardrobe*

ZOË:

“Tentacles! Yeah, no, not touching that.”

*Mind: Dreaming girl*

ZOË:

“She...She had a light. Oh, she dropped it. It rolled away. She doesn't know where it is. She won't go looking for the light herself. She's afraid of the slithering things in the dark. Hey, who can blame her?”

*Examine: Lightbulb*

ZOË:

“Right. Why bother with lampshades when a creepy bare bulb can suffice?”

*Examine: Lightbulb*

ZOË:

“This bedroom was designed to be as creepy as possible. Spööki, by IKEA.”

*Mind: Lightbulb*

ZOË:

“Pain. Anger. Sadness. No, of course not, don't be silly. It's just a lightbulb.”

*Light: Lightbulb*

ZOË:

“That light's too weak to have an effect on Mr. Great Old One.”

*Touch: Underneath the bed*

ZOË:

“Too dark. Can't see anything under there.”

*Mind: Underneath the bed*

ZOË:

“Batteries will need replacing soon. But no, nothing in there.”

*Light: Underneath the bed*

ZOË:

“Bingo.”

*Touch: Underneath the bed*

ZOË:

“Bringer of light. Emissary of electricity. The mighty...torch!”

*Examine: Torch in inventory*

ZOË:

“Torch. Flashlight. Beacon.”

*Examine: Torch in inventory*

ZOË:

“I'm quickly running out of ideas. It's a torch. It projects a light beam. It's used to penetrate darkness, like a broadsword of...light. Fighting. Darkness dragons. Oh I give up.”

*Use Torch on: Wardrobe*

ZOË:

“Ugh, I take it back. Totally uncool. It's hiding. Stupid smart tentacle thingy. It's too quick for me.”

*Use Torch on: Wardrobe:*

ZOË:

“It's too quick, it hides before I can destroy it.”

*Slow: Wardrobe*

*Use Torch on: Wardrobe*

ZOË:

“Hey, yeah, it's working. Cool.”

*Examine: Wardrobe*

ZOË:

“Tentacles, begone. Hello, boring old wardrobe. Nope. Still creepy.”

*Examine: Wardrobe*

ZOË:

“I wonder if there's a lion and a witch on the other side...”

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

*Touch: Wardrobe*

ZOË:

“Locked. And locked dream wardrobes don't open without dream keys. There's a logic to it.”

*Touch: Wardrobe*

ZOË:

“I need the key to open this.”

*Pick up: Key*

ZOË:

“I got something. A key.”

*Examine: Key in inventory*

ZOË:

“Now that's a proper key. I can't remember the last time I used one. I barely remember how they work.”

*Examine: Key in inventory*

ZOË:

“If I was a gambling man, I'd gamble on this fitting the wardrobe lock. Of course, I'm not a man. I'm a woman. But the rest of it, I stand by.”

*Examine: Key in inventory*

ZOË:

“This is probably for the wardrobe.”

*Use Key on: Wardrobe*

DREAMING GIRL:

“No, don't get too close. It will take you.”

ZOË:

“See? It's gone. You're safe now.”

DREAMING GIRL:

“Thank you. But...I don't know how to get back home. I don't know where my mummy is.”

ZOË:

“She's on the other side of the wardrobe, waiting for you.”

DREAMING GIRL:

“It's...it's scary.”

ZOË:

“Whatever was in there, it's gone now. I promise. Come on. Do you use a Dreamachine?”

DREAMING GIRL:

“Mum makes me. She says it keeps me occupied. Then she has time to play with hers.”

ZOË:

“The next time she does that, you need to say no.”

DREAMING GIRL:

“She won't like that.”

ZOË:

“Maybe not, but you tell her it's dangerous, that it gives you nightmares. And if she refuses to listen, tell someone else. Or scream, fight back, run away, just...Never, ever use a Dreamachine.”

DREAMING GIRL:

“I could tell Daddy...He doesn't live with us, but I talk to him all the time.”

ZOË:

“You do that. Now go through and you'll wake up again.”

DREAMING GIRL:

“Thank you. What's your name?”

ZOË:

“Zoë. And remember, no Dreamtime. I might not be able to find you again.”

ZOË:

“This has to stop.”

*Examine: The Vagabond*

ZOË:

“The Vagabond. Finally. I need to have a serious face-to-face with that man.”

*Examine: The Vagabond*

ZOË:

“The Vagabond. Master of the Storytime. Sort of.”

*Examine: The Vagabond*

ZOË:

“He's a hard man to get hold of, the Vagabond. I've been calling him for the longest time.”

***Content added 5/5/2017 in console version and 7/21/2017 in PC version:***

**The Vagabond**

**The Vagabond is the mysterious warden of Storytime; a world of dreams, where all stories begin and end.**

**Zoë has encountered the Vagabond on a few occasions, but she still knows little about him. He appears to know more than he’s willing to tell Zoë, and he may have less control over this dreaming realm than she first thought.**

*Approach: The Vagabond*

ZOË:

“What's going on out there? More and more people are getting caught in loops. I can't keep up. I thought the Dreamachines weren't dangerous anymore. I thought we took care of that. If not, then - ”

THE VAGAGOND:

“Hello, Zoë.”

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

ZOË:

“Sorry, yeah, hi.”

ZOË:

“Look, I'm trying to help them all, and...and...It's too hard. There are too many! And their nightmares...They're getting worse.

THE VAGABOND:

“You have to go home.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Home: *For-for better or worse, this is my home now. This is who I am. The person I used to be is gone forever. Whatever's out there, it's no longer my life.*

ZOË:

“I'm not going home. There's nothing there for me. There's...No one. There's no one.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Lost: *All I had once is gone forever. There's no home to go back to, and-and I don't want to be the person I used to be. I have a purpose here. I can make a difference. If I do wake up, I'll be...lost.*

ZOË:

“What's there to go back to?”

THE VAGABOND:

“Whatever awaits you on the other side is for you to discover. Your single thread runs through the fabric of the universe, weaving events together. But where it ends, I do not know.”

ZOË:

“I'm a thread without a spool. Oh, for God's sake, I'm starting to talk like you. What I mean is, I don't have a home. I have nothing out there. And...No one. I have no one.”

*(conversation progresses)*

ZOË:

“Besides, I'm needed here. What will happen if I just...abandon them?”

THE VAGABOND:

“Their night terrors are symptoms of a larger disease. As long as the disease itself is alive and spreading, those people will keep coming back.”

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

ZOË:

“But...I'm --”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Afraid\*: *I'm not ready to wake up, to face myself again. I'm scared of losing what little I have left. If there's a choice, I choose to stay. I'm in control here. I don't have to fear anything or anyone.*

ZOË:

“I'm afraid. I can't do it.”

THE VAGABOND:

“The dream is being tainted. The world is getting sicker. They all need you.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Powerless\*: *What's the point? There are no second chances. Every choice leads to the same outcome, and my actions have no real consequences. So why bother?*

ZOË:

“I'm powerless. There's nothing I can do.”

THE VAGABOND:

“The dream is being tainted. The world is getting sicker. They all need you.”

*(conversation progresses)*

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Who?: *Isn't it enough that I'm making a difference here, in Storytime? I'm helping those who are lost and trapped. Who else could possibly need my help?*

ZOË:

“Who needs me?”

THE VAGABOND:

“All who live, who have lived and who will live.”

*(conversation progresses)*

What?: *This is where I belong. I'm in control here. Out there, I have no power. And I failed once already. I made a huge mess of things. What can I possibly do to change things now?*

ZOË:

“What difference can I make?”

THE VAGABOND:

“There is a great power within you. The power to set things right, in your world and all others.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Why?: *He's asking me to help, but I don't even know what's happening out there. I don't understand why I'm needed. I did everything I could already. I just want to be left alone.*

ZOË:

“I've done my share.”

THE VAGABOND:

“You've been here for a long time, Zoë. The dreaming disease has not abated. It has become worse.”

ZOË:

“I thought we took care of that.”

THE VAGABOND:

“When you laid your sister to rest, order was restored to the Storytime. Faith's presence, feeding on the dreams of millions, was wearing down the walls of reality. Without you, the world would be in chaos. Nothing was lost in vain. Nothing was sacrificed without meaning. You were brought here, at the end, because you are the Dreamer and you belong to this place. But your world is caught up in a dream that never ends. I didn't see this coming. It's an...aberration.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

ZOË:

“What do I need to remember?”

THE VAGABOND:

“You saved your reality once, Zoë. This time, all the worlds, all of Storytime, all of time, is at stake. When you wake up, this will all be a dream. And that dream will quickly fade. Soon, it will be forgotten entirely. Unless you fight to remember it. You must open your heart and mind to messages from those who know what to do.”

ZOË:

“You don't know?”

THE VAGABOND:

“I'm not omniscient, Zoë. Much is hidden from me. I can see all the threads as they're woven. But the greater weave itself is too large for me to see. I'm too close. And...even here, some of the past is...obscured. This...bothers me. I believe someone may have clouded my memory by design. An enemy. A shadow with tendrils into Storytime and elsewhere.”

***Content added 6/17/2016:***

**THE VAGABOND:**

**“If you stay here much longer, you may never be able to leave. And then everyone's story ends. All the people who love you, all the people you love, and everyone else, past, present and future. Torn out of the story like pages from a book.”**

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

THE VAGABOND:

“All the more important, then, for you to remember.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Choice\*: *He's asking me to make a choice, but it doesn't feel like that choice matters. At the end of the day, I'm just playing by someone else's rules. No matter what I say, the outcome is the same.*

ZOË:

“There's no choice I can make that would change anything.”

THE VAGABOND:

“If you stay here much longer, you may never be able to leave. And then the story ends. All the people who love you, all the people you love, and everyone else, past, present and future. Torn out of the story like pages from a book.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Consequence\*: *This is my choice to make...even if I don't know the consequences. I guess you never do. You just do what you feel is right. If there's even a tiny chance that my choice will matter, I can't say no.*

ZOË:

“Will it even matter?”

THE VAGABOND:

“If you stay here much longer, you may never be able to leave. And then everyone's story ends. All the people who love you, all the people you love, and everyone else, past, present and future. Torn out of the story like pages from a book. If you have the power to stop it, would you want it to end like that?”

*(conversation progresses)*

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Acceptance\*: *Okay, so I go back, face the world. Face myself. I have to believe it's worth the battle. I'm comfortable here because I don't have to make any choices. I just...react. Touch people's life without fear of consequence.*

ZOË:

“So what do you need me to do?”

THE VAGABOND:

“I want you to wake up and remember. And then I want you to --”

ZOË:

“Save the world. I did such a bang up job with that the last time around.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Reluctance\*: *Why does it have to be me? It feels really unfair, after all I went through the last time around. I don't know if I have a choice, I just wish the choice was left to someone else. Someone stronger and better. Someone with faith in themselves.*

ZOË:

“Just answer one question first. Why me?”

THE VAGABOND:

“Because you are the Dreamer.”

ZOË:

“I didn't ask to be the Dreamer. I never wanted that. I only wanted...I...I don't know what I want.”

THE VAGABOND:

“You must find your way back to your sleeping body. You must wake up, and remember. And then you must save the world.”

ZOË:

“Oh, sure, yeah, because that worked so well the first time around.”

*(conversation progresses)*

***Content added 6/17/2016:***

**ZOË:**

**“Why me?”**

**THE VAGABOND:**

**“Because you are the Dreamer. You must find your way back to your sleeping body. You must wake up, and remember. And then you must save the world.”**

**ZOË:**

**“Oh, sure, yeah, because that worked so well the first time around.”**

THE VAGABOND:

“You changed everything. That story had a beginning and an end. But it was also only the first half of your story.”

ZOË:

“How do I wake up?”

THE VAGABOND:

“There is a door. Find the door and unlock it, and you will wake up.”

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

ZOË:

“If it's locked, where's the key?”

THE VAGABOND:

“You will know. I'm not trying to be cryptic. But I don't have the key. You do. Within you.”

ZOË:

“I'll just have to trust you on that.”

ZOË:

“Will I see you again?”

THE VAGABOND:

“If all goes well, at the end of your journey, when your story is complete – you will see me again, one last time.”

ZOË:

“That sounds...final. But yeah, okay, I'll, um, go. Find the key. Unlock the door. Remember everything. Save the world. Write my story. Return for epilogue. Very Hero's Journey.”

THE VAGABOND:

“You will do fine, Zoë Castillo. I have faith in you.”

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

THE VAGABOND:

“Maybe bigger, bolder words are in order, but they would amount to the same:”

THE VAGABOND:

“Good luck.”

*Zoë finds herself returned to her view of the hospital room.*

*Examine: Comatose Zoë*

ZOË:

“If I'm ever going to find a way out of this place...that's my doorway. Me.”

*Examine: Comatose Zoë*

ZOË:

“Me. My body. That's the only connection between Storytime and...and home.”

*Examine: Comatose Zoë*

ZOË:

“I need to be in that body. And I need to stop sounding like a pervert.”

*Examine: Comatose Zoë*

ZOË:

“My doorway to the world of the living.”

*Mind: Comatose Zoë*

ZOË:

“I tried reading my own mind once. The feedback loop was nasty. I kept bouncing around my own head like...like a reflection in a hall of mirrors. The, I don't know what you'd call it, the signal from my comatose brain, it's too weak. It's getting drowned out by my waking thoughts. To tap into my subconscious, I'd have to somehow boost the signal and turn down the volume on my conscious mind.”

*Time: Comatose Zoë*

ZOË:

“I'm in a coma, I don't think I can operate any slower. The next step down is stop. And stop is, nope, bad.”

*Light: Comatose Zoë*

ZOË:

“That's not doing anything at all...except maybe giving me hot flashes.”

*Touch: Life support*

ZOË:

“This is probably a terrible idea, but if I can adjust the mixture of drugs going into my veins, I might be able to give my brain a chemical jolt, boost the subconscious signal. Don't know if it'll work or just kill me, but beggars, choosers. Thing is, I can't push any buttons from in here. That machine is out there, in the physical world. I don't think my dreaming powers extend that far, unless...unless I can somehow affect the state of things that are mirrored in here.”

*Mind: My vitals*

ZOË:

“That thing doesn't have any conscious thoughts.”

*Light: My vitals*

ZOË:

“No light source there.”

*Slow: My vitals*

*The screen shows:*

*Electroencephalography (EEG) and Neurostimulant monitor*

*Patient 548F37. Zoë Maya Castillo*

***CODENAME: Briar Rose***

*Condition: Critical*

ZOË:

“Oh, bollocks, the machine's going nuts. I feel really weird. The machine's gone haywire, it's pumping a crazy amount of drugs into my body. I just wanted a little pick-me-upper, not an actual OD.”

*Examine: Life support*

ZOË:

“Okay, so magic machine is working overtime pumping a scary amount of drugs into my system...”

*Examine: Life support*

ZOË:

“I'm thinking this could turn out to be a Very Bad Thing.”

*Mind: Comatose Zoë*

ZOË:

“So, okay, the cocktail of industrial strength chemicals the machine has injected into my body is boosting the subconscious signal. But now – It's too fast, too jarring. Like at train of thought going at the speed of light. I can't get a good grip on it.”

*Light: Comatose Zoë*

ZOË:

“Focus, Zoë!”

*Slow: Comatose Zoë*

*Slow: Comatose Zoë*

ZOË:

“Too much of a good thing isn't necessarily a better thing.”

*Mind: Comatose Zoë*

*Zoë's 20 year old self appears on the other side of the bed.*

DREAMFALL ZOË:

“Where do you think you're going?”

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

DREAMFALL ZOË:

“Did you think it was going to be that easy? A quick chat with Mr. Dinner Theatre, and then sayonara to Storytime, hello second chances? Don't be a fucking tosser.”

DREAMFALL ZOË:

“You're staying here with me, doing the only thing we're good at. Being dead.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Home: *I'm not going over this again. I've made up my mind. I'm going home.*

ZOË:

“I'm going home.”

DREAMFALL ZOË:

“Home. Sure, why not? Why not go home. Easy. But oh wait! Your father lied to you. Your mother tried to kill you. You put your friends in danger, and you lost every single one of them. Everything and everyone you ever cared for is gone. You're right. That sounds like the perfect home to return to.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Who?: *Is that who I really am? Is she what I've been running away from? I don't want that to be a part of me. I don't want anything to do with her.*

ZOË:

“Who are you?”

DREAMFALL ZOË::

“You don't remember who you are? Or who you were before you started playing hero, Dreamer, saviour of worlds? I'm the one in the mirror, looking back. Everything about you is a lie. I'm the fucking truth. You can't escape that.”

*(conversation ends)*

Sod off: *I'm not letting her stand in my way. I've made up my mind, I'm not staying here.*

ZOË:

“Just get the fuck away from me.”

DREAMFALL ZOË:

“See, this is why you're stuck. You're still rejecting your own self, your past. You can't even look at yourself in the mirror, because you're ashamed of what you'll see. You're ashamed of me.”

*(conversation ends)*

She's right: *What was I thinking? She's right, I can't leave. I have nothing to return to, no life worth living. At least in here...I can make a difference.*

ZOË:

“Maybe you're right.”

DREAMFALL ZOË:

“That's it? You're even sadder than I thought. You can't even stand up for yourself. Well, bugger off back to your little bubble, bitch. You can hide there until our body withers to dust, and then we can watch the universe burn. Which, by the look of things, won't be too long now.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Mind: Comatose Zoë* (if Zoë didn't get the conversation right the first time)

DREAMFALL ZOË:

“You think this time it's going to play out differently? That's real cute. No, you're not leaving, and you're not leaving me behind.”

*(If the conversation is progressing)*

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Lies: *That's not true. It's not all gone. Whatever's out there, there's a chance to rebuild. A chance to take back what was lost. A chance to do it again, and do it better.*

ZOË:

“I can rebuild. I can start afresh, make the right choices.”

DREAMFALL ZOË:

“Start fresh. Jesus, Zoë. Look, dearest, despite what the movies tell us, there's no such thing as a 'fresh start'. We're all irreversibly anchored to the past.”

ZOË:

“I'm not anchored to you. I can change.”

DREAMFALL ZOË:

“No one ever changes. Oh, we think we do. We pretend to learn and grow, but we're still the same children we always were. And when push comes to shove, our true selves always come back. Why do you think I'm here? I am you, you are me. The sooner you admit that, the sooner we can end this fucking charade. Roll credits.”

*(conversation ends)*

Truth: *She's right. We don't have a home to go back to. We have lost everything.*

ZOË:

“You're right.”

DREAMFALL ZOË:

“That's it? You're even sadder than I thought. You can't even stand up for yourself. Well, bugger off back to your little bubble, bitch. You can hide there until our body withers to dust, and then we can watch the universe burn. Which, by the looks of things, won't be too long now.”

*(conversation ends)*

So what?: *So it's not perfect. What is? I've grown. I know how to appreciate what's there now, what I have, instead of complaining about what I don't.*

ZOË:

“I'm not asking for a perfect home. I just want a home. And my life back.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Find out: *Maybe she's right, maybe she's not. Me. Us. Whatever this is. Part of me agrees with her, and part of me just...wants to find out for sure. We can't know what's waiting for us on the other side, but so what? That's life. Full of surprises.*

ZOË:

“Maybe, maybe not. I'm going to find out for certain.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*(If the conversation is progressing)*

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

DREAMFALL ZOË:

“Nice retort, big sister. Did you rehearse that one?”

ZOË:

“What did you call me?”

DREAMFALL ZOË:

“Touch a nerve, did I?”

ZOË:

“That was you. You were there. You said goodbye to Faith. It's not for you to mock and use against me.”

DREAMFALL ZOË:

“That was never me. You left me behind before that. You ignored your true self, and pretended to be a hero. Like that was ever going to stick.”

ZOË:

“No. Not a hero. A grown-up. Unlike the whiny bitch I used to be. But, you know, that's okay. I accept who I was. I accept you.”

DREAMFALL ZOË:

“Spare me the bullshit. You're lying to yourself. You don't want anything to do with me.”

ZOË:

“I'm ready to embrace who I was. Who I am, who I will be.”

DREAMFALL ZOË:

“Oh yeah? And...and who is that?”

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

CHOICE:

The Path That Might Be: *I used to know where my life was supposed to be heading...but I'm not sure that's where I want to go next. And that's fine. I'm ready for a change.*

The Path That Once Was: *I used to know exactly what I wanted to do with my life. There was certainty in that. I don't know why I lost my faith in who I was and who I wanted to be...but it's time to find my way back.*

***Content added 6/17/2016:***

**CHOICE:**

**The unknown path: *I'm ready for a change.***

**The familiar path: *I used to know exactly what I wanted to do with my life. I don't know why I lost faith, but...it's time to find my way back.***

*Regardless of choice:*

ZOË:

“I don't know yet. You're a part of me now. You always will be. We need each other. Come on. Life's waiting, out there. Let's find out what's happening.”

*A pillar of light forms around the girls. We see Zoë's body in the real world. Her eyes open.*

ZOË:

“My name is Zoë Castillo. And I'm alive.”

**--Chapter 2: Awakenings--**

**

*Three months later...*

*16th Eve of the Third Turning, Year of the Goddess 828*

*A heavily armored man walks up the Friar's Keep prison.*

VAMON:

“Good evening, Warden. How do your prisoners fare?”

WARDEN MURRON:

“Commander. All is well. If you'd like, I could show you--”

VAMON:

“I'm not here to inspect your prison, Warden. I'm here to speak about one prisoner.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“Ah. Your Apostle.”

VAMON:

“Alvane. He's an Apostle no more. He was a tool, but he lost his edge. He's no longer of any use to us. No, it's time we put all of this behind us.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“Would you care to translate, Commander? I'm afraid my ability to read between lines is somewhat lacking.”

VAMON:

“We want Kian Alvane's execution to be...hastened.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“I see. I-I thought your Six would need to judge and condemn Alvane before--”

VAMON:

“When did you become an expert on Azadi law, Warden?”

WARDEN MURRON:

“I'm not, sir, but we have laws and regulations of our own, Commander. I was told that Kian Alvane would be sent to Sadir to stand--”

VAMON:

“And I am telling you to carry out his sentence. Tonight.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“What? Impossible! I-I'd need to call in the executioner, and--”

VAMON:

“How soon?”

WARDEN MURRON:

“Well, by first light, at the earliest, but it's still--”

VAMON:

“First light, then.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“What about the paperwork? I mean, the proper documents, signed and stamped?”

VAMON:

“This goes one of two ways, Warden. Either you do what you're told and execute Kian Alvane by first light, or you find yourself hanging right next to him when the sun kisses the top of Friar's Keep tomorrow morning. How it plays out is entirely up to you. You have your orders, Warden.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“Barbarians...”

***Content added 5/5/2017 in console version and 7/21/2017 in PC version:***

**Warden Murron**

**The Warden of Friar’s Keep is a native Northlander and Marcurian who has willingly collaborated with the Azadi occupiers to convert the city gaol into a political prison, housing dissenters and political prisoners.**

**Warden Murron has embraced the foreigners and their rigid military order with near sadistic enthusiasm, though he has little patience for their spiritual beliefs.**

**Murron’s priced prisoner is Kian Alvane; a high-ranking Azadi assassin who betrayed his own people and was sentenced to death for his crimes.**

**Commander Vamon**

**Vamon is an Azadi military commander, head of the secret police in Marcuria, the Emissary’s most trusted man – and her illicit lover.**

**When the Apostle Kian Alvane first arrived in Marcuria, Vamon was ordered by the Emissary, Sister Sahya, to keep an eye on him. And when Kian traveled to the Swamp City to meet the rebel leader, April Ryan, Vamon had him followed.**

**Kian’s arrest was the culmination of a lifetime of jealousy: Vamon wants nothing more than to see Kian dead. The two men have history, and their rivalry is personal.**

**Vamon and Sahya are secretly plotting to increase their power over Marcuria. With command over the secret police and the troops stationed in the city, Vamon has an iron grip on Marcuria – and the hated resistance is finally in his sights. With their imminent defeat, nothing will stand in their way.**

*A man is sitting on a prison cot.*

KIAN:

“I have only one memory of my mother. She held me close one night and sang an old song, from her country. I don't remember the melody, but I remember the words. Sleep, child, sleep. Sleep in your mother's heart. Let the wind blow and the rain fall, hear the executioner's call, watch the traitor's head roll, as the Shadow takes his soul. Sleep, child, sleep. We shall never part. For we will soon be free, together, forever, in the cold, cold sea.”

*The door bursts open.*

WARDEN MURRON:

“Ah. Alvane. You are here. Good! I hear you, mm, turned down your last meal. Mm. A pity. I personally approved the menu. There were, ahem, sausages.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Visit\*: *Why would the Warden come to visit me now? What could he possibly want?*

KIAN:

“If you've come to see me beg for my life, Warden, you won't.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“Oh, no. No-no-no. You're a rational pragmatist, Alvane. Quite like myself. No, I am merely here to ensure that you are prepared for, mm, the next step.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Silence\*: *I have nothing to say to him. I won't give him the pleasure of hearing me speak. What good will it do? He wants me to plead. I shall not.*

WARDEN MURRON:

“Mm. Quite. You were always a man of few words, Alvane. A rational pragmatist to the end. I approve.”

*(conversation progresses)*

WARDEN MURRON:

“As you know, your execution will take place at dawn. I have to, mm, admit that I'm-I'm curious as to why, after so long, there's such a sudden rush to see you dead. Very curious. But. Ahem. That's not why I'm here. No. As you also know, you have the choice between hanging and beheading. As far as I can tell, you have yet to, mm, voice a preference. If you forfeit this choice, it will be left to me to decide the, ahem, instrument of death. I simply want to be sure we've dotted every i and crossed every t.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Silence\*: *What does it matter? Death is death, and I'm ready to embrace my own. I have nothing more to say to this man. Or to anyone.*

WARDEN MURRON:

“Quite. Then I shall make that choice. Ahem.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Hang\*: *A warrior deserves to die by the blade...but do I deserve that death? I laid down my own sword. I turned on my own people. I was a warrior, but now I'm merely a prisoner. And soon I'll be blessedly free. Of everything.*

KIAN:

“Hang me.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“The noose it is. I shall make a note of it. Ahem.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Behead\*: *A warrior deserves to die by the blade. Even though I laid down my sword and turned on my people, even though I'm just a prisoner now, I was a warrior.*

KIAN:

“Take my head.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“The sword it is. I shall make a note of it. Ahem.”

*(conversation progresses)*

WARDEN MURRON:

“Do you have no family, Alvane? My family is very important to me. Almost as important as my duty to this city and this office. In the event of my own death, it would pain me to know that they would be left with no answers, no body to bury...No closure. I know you are a man of faith, a man of principle. I also understand that things happened to, mm, make you question your calling. What I do not understand is why you've, ahem, simply decided to give up. To, mm, to stop fighting.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Silence\*: *I wish he would just leave. I have nothing more to say to him. I don't care about what he doesn't understand. No one can. No one will ever know why I chose to stop living.*

*(conversation progresses)*

Understand\*: *How can he understand? How can anyone? To have everything you believe in fall to pieces, to be asked to continue a war that you have no faith in, by commanders you can no longer trust...*

KIAN:

“You would not understand.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“Try me, Alvane. You make come to see that we are more alike than you thought.”

KIAN:

“No, I have no family. No country. Nothing to fight for. So leave me be, and let me prepare for death in peace.”

*(conversation progresses)*

WARDEN MURRON:

“Very well. Everything has been, mm, properly filed. I have no reason to question the order of execution. They even threatened me with dismissal, and worse, should I stand in the way of their orders. They don't know me very well. Threats mean nothing. Proper paperwork, on the other hand...(sighs) I will simply have to, ahem, accept that my questions will remain forever unanswered. I shall see you at first light, Alvane.”

*If Kian chose to be hanged or remained silent:*

WARDEN MURRON:

“The noose will be ready for you.”

*If Kian chose to be beheaded:*

WARDEN MURRON:

“The sword will be ready for you.”

*Hours later, the door bursts open again...*

THE CAPTAIN:

“Get up, Kian! There isn't much time.”

*A riot is going on.*

***Content added 5/5/2017 in console version and 7/21/2017 in PC version:***

**Kian Alvane**

**Kian Alvane was once the Azadi Apostle, serving the Goddess as a holy assassin. A man of unwavering faith, Kian did what the Six and their priestesses commanded him to do, without question, without doubt.**

**A year ago, called upon by the Six in Sadir, capital of Azadir, Kian received an important mission: travel to Marcuria, capital of the Northlands, to find and assassinate the leader of the resistance of magicals.**

**But during the course of this mission, Kian’s faith was challenged. Upon meeting the rebel leader, April Ryan, he began questioning his superiors and their occupation of Marcuria, and whether or not he truly served the word of the Goddess.**

**Kian’s refusal to assassinate April led to his imprisonment and death sentence.**

**Locked up in Friar’s Keep for almost a year now, Kian is a man at a crossroads, a man without a people and in the midst of a crisis of faith. To move forward, Kian has to remake himself, stand up against the very people he once trusted implicitly, and find his own way in the world – for the first time in twenty years.**

**Balsay Bachim**

**Captain Balsay Bachim is a relatively recent convert to the rebel cause.**

**Before meeting April Ryan, the deceased leader of the resistance, Bachim profited from the Azadi occupation, lending them the use of his ship. In return, the Azadi turned a blind eye to his small-time smuggling operation.**

**Bachim’s turning point came after meeting April. Her convictions changed his perspective. Using his relationship with the Azadi as cover, he began smuggling arms, food and medicine to the rebels in Marcuria, and he even helped establish and supply the rebel outpost in Myria, the swamp city.**

*Examine: Bed*

KIAN:

“Goddess willing, this is the last I'll ever see of this cell. Whatever happens next, I won't be back.”

*Examine: Bed*

KIAN:

“A year is time enough spent in captivity. I'd rather die than return here.”

*Examine: Bed*

KIAN:

“Has it really been nearly a year? What a waste. Of time...of life.”

*Examine: Bucket*

KIAN:

“I've degraded myself, living like an animal. I may not be an Apostle anymore, but I am still Azadi. I bring shame to the Goddess and my people living like this.”

*Examine: Bucket*

KIAN:

“They made me shit in a bucket and live with the stench of it... This is truly a foul place. I hope it burns to the ground.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“About bloody time! Come on, let's go.”

KIAN:

“What's going on--”

THE CAPTAIN:

“No time for answers! Let's get a move on.”

KIAN:

“What's going on down there?”

THE CAPTAIN:

“That, boy, is a made-to-order riot. We're getting you out of here.”

KIAN:

“Who are you? Do I know you?”

THE CAPTAIN:

“I'd bloody well hope so! You were this close to running me through with your sword.”

KIAN:

“What – The Swamp City...”

THE CAPTAIN:

“Precisely! Where I made a daring, swashbuckling, last minute escape – and you were arrested by your own commander. Quite a day, eh?”

KIAN:

“If you're with the resistance, why are you helping me escape?”

THE CAPTAIN:

“So that you can repay our debt, and help free our city! In the meantime, we need a bloody key to get through this bloody gate.”

RIOTER:

“Fuck you, traitor!”

“Who's next?”

“Kill 'em!”

“Show no mercy, men!”

“Keep pushing 'em out! We'll burn 'em alive!”

“Collaborators! Turncoats!”

*Examine: Gate*

KIAN:

“We will need a key to open this gate.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“We still don't have a key, boy.”

*Examine: The Captain*

KIAN:

“He must have a plan for what comes next. He wouldn't have brought us here otherwise.”

*Talk to: The Captain*

KIAN:

“What's going on out there?”

THE CAPTAIN:

“Ha. Wish I knew. The Azadi are entrenched. They're up to something. There en't been a lot of new troops arriving, but then again, they've stopped pushing north. They only appear interested in holding the city.”

KIAN:

“Sahya and Vamon are still in her charge?”

THE CAPTAIN:

“Oh, aye, they're in charge, alright. But rumours say one of the bloody Six is arriving soon. Which is why we need to be ready. Something's about to go down.”

*Talk to: The Captain*

KIAN:

“What are my people really doing here in Marcuria?”

THE CAPTAIN:

“You tell me, boy! They are your people.”

KIAN:

“I...do not know. I thought I did. But I was wrong. It's not about faith, it's about...Something else.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“Ha! About time you figured that out!”

KIAN:

“What they have planned, I do not believe it is the divine will of the Goddess.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“More the unholy will of a gaggle of rotten mortal eggs.”

*Talk to: The Captain*

KIAN:

“Has the resistance been inside the Tower?”

THE CAPTAIN:

“Not yet. That's where you come in, boy. You're our key to the Tower.”

KIAN:

“That Tower is a fortress. How in the name of the Goddess do you expect me to find a way inside?”

THE CAPTAIN:

“You'll figure out soon enough.”

KIAN:

“You expect too much of me.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“We'll see. Maybe you'll rise to the occasion? Ha!”

*Talk to: The Captain*

KIAN:

“Is that why you're breaking me out of here, to find a way into the Tower?”

THE CAPTAIN:

“That's part of it, aye. But not all of it. You're a bloody Symbol, boy!”

KIAN:

“A...symbol?”

THE CAPTAIN:

“Once we've got you on our side, it'll give the boys a big, wotsit, boost.”

KIAN:

“It will increase morale?”

THE CAPTAIN:

“Ha! Fat chance of that. They'll always be a bunch of boozing, thieveing, whoring, cursing, immoral--”

KIAN:

“Morale. As in confidence. Spirit.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“That's it! A boost to the team spirit, innit, you arriving. You'll be the flag bearer. The bloody drummer boy. But getting into that Mo-jaal blasted tower... Aye, that's a big part of it.”

*Talk to: The Captain*

KIAN:

“About the tower--”

THE CAPTAIN:

“Let's focus on getting you out of here first, boy.”

*Examine: Rubble*

KIAN:

“What a filthy mess this is. No Azadi run prison would ever be so poorly looked after. These Northlanders take little pride in their endeavours.”

VOICE FROM CELL:

“Who's out there? Open up, let me out! Come on, mate, don't just walk away! Leave some guards for me to murder, will you?”

VOICE FROM CELL:

“Open this gods-damned door right bloody now! Unshackle me and let me join the rebellion! I want to fight those treacherous rats!”

VOICE FROM CELL:

“I-I'm perfectly fine in here, thanks ever so much! Just leave me be! I-I'm very comfortable behind this locked door. No, seriously, I-I'm really not into rioting, or-or bloodshed!”

*Examine: Cell*

KIAN:

“Most of the prisoners are still under lock and key.”

*Examine: Cell*

KIAN:

“Locked. The riot hasn't reached this floor yet.”

*Open: Cell*

KIAN:

“I have no time to spare, and no desire to let all these prisoners loose.”

*Open: Cell*

KIAN:

“Not everyone in here is a wrongly convicted rebel. Some are violent murderers. I won't risk it.”

*Open: Cell*

KIAN:

“Locked, and I don't have time to pick each and every cell door.”

*Examine: Guard post*

KIAN:

“This is the first time I've seen that guard post abandoned. Everyone must be busy with the riot downstairs.”

DYING PRISONER:

“Hey. Hey! Help me!”

“Hey, you. Over--(coughs)--over here.”

“Help. Help me.”

“Please... Please help me.”

“I know you can hear me. I beg you, please help me.”

“You there... Please, please help me.”

*Examine: Dying prisoner*

KIAN:

“He's still breathing. I've seen him around the prison. I don't think he's been here that long. And I don't think he's long for this world.”

*Touch: Dying prisoner*

*Talk to: Dying prisoner*

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

How bad is it: *He looks badly hurt...I don't think he'll survive long, but we can't just leave him here either.*

KIAN:

“How are you feeling? Can you walk?”

DYING PRISONER:

“No...I'm...I've lost...too much blood. Take—take the key from the guard's pocket. Save yourselves.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Get out: *He might know how to get out of here. I don't think he'll make it, but...if he can help us, his death won't be in vain.*

KIAN:

“Do you know how to get through that gate?”

DYING PRISONER:

“The guard, he--(coughs) He has a key. In his pocket...”

*(conversation progresses)*

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Thank you\*: *There's nothing more I can do for him. He is already dead. All I can do is reassure him.*

KIAN:

“Thank you. Your death will matter. Your sacrifice will help the resistance.”

*(conversation ends)*

Help him\*: *There must be something we can do for him, anything. I can't save his life, but perhaps he has some last wish that I can fulfill.*

KIAN:

“Is there anything I can do for you? Anything at all?”

DYING PRISONER:

“My – my family. Tell them...Tell them what happened to me. Tell them I love them very much, and that – my children, tell them they make me proud.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Promise him\*: *I have to promise. I have to fulfill this man's dying wish, no matter what.*

KIAN:

“I promise.”

DYING PRISONER:

“They live in the Bones. My name is Stont. Arn Stont. Thank you.”

*(conversation ends)*

Don't promise: *I can give no promises. I don't even know if we'll make it out of here alive, or where my path will take me next. And I can't give a promise that I might not be able to keep.*

KIAN:

“I shall try... But I cannot make any promises.”

DYING PRISONER:

“I understand. Please try, if you can. They live in the Bones. My name is Stont. Arn Stont. Thank you.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Examine: Dying prisoner*

KIAN:

“He's alive, but not for long.”

*Examine: Dying prisoner*

KIAN:

“He can't walk. All we can do is leave him here, and hope the Goddess makes his death swift and painless.”

*Examine: Dying prisoner*

KIAN:

“I can kill him swiftly, a warrior's death, or leave him for the guards to arrive.”

*Examine: Dying prisoner*

KIAN:

“He wants me to put him out of his misery, before the guards arrive.”

*Examine: Dying prisoner*

KIAN:

“There's nothing more to be done for him.”

*Pick Up: Shiv*

*Examine: Shiv (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“It's a makeshift blade. I've seen how they make them by sharpening stolen spoons against stone. A deadly weapon, in the right hands.”

*Examine: Shiv (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“A shiv. It did its job on that guard.”

*Examine: Shiv (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“It's a shiv.”

*Search Guard:*

KIAN:

“It appears to be a gate key. It probably unlocks this first gate.”

*Examine: Key (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“It's a heavy key, fashioned from iron. It fits the locked gate on this floor.”

*Examine: Key (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“The Northlanders once valued iron higher than gold. Most likely because of its anti-magical properties.”

*Examine: Dead guard*

KIAN:

“I know him. Onton, I believe. He took great joy in spitting in my food. It appears he was stabbed and bled to death.”

*Examine: Dead guard*

KIAN:

“He bled out. A slow and painful death. May the Goddess watch over his long walk to the shadow realms, where he will face his final judgement.”

DYING PRISONER:

“Please kill me.”

“Don't leave me like this.”

“Kill me...Please – please kill me.”

CHOICE:

Grant him death: *If I don't kill him now, the guards will...but not before they make him suffer. I cannot leave him to such a gruesome fate.*

KIAN:

“May the Goddess ease your journey into the next life.”

*Examine: Dying prisoner*

KIAN:

“He's with the Goddess now, walking the sun-blessed slopes of the First Mountain.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“It had to be done. You made the right choice.”

Let him live: *This is an innocent man. I can't simply...murder him. In the face of my own death, I swore to never take another life. Perhaps the guards will show mercy and spare him.*

KIAN:

“I...I'm sorry. I cannot do that. I have sworn to spare the innocent.”

DYING PRISONER:

“I—I understand. Go. Before they come.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“We just leave him like that?”

KIAN:

“I can't murder an innocent man.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“I won't force you to, Kian.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“You have the key. Excellent! Now unlock the gate.”

“Use the key to unlock the gate. You do know how to use a key, don't you?”

“The key goes in the lock. You turn it, and then, like magic...”

“In your own time, Kian... Maybe the Mo-jaal make my death swift and glorious.”

*Use Key on Gate*

THE CAPTAIN:

“We have different keys for every floor, so you might as well leave that one in the lock. Follow me, boy. We're going up, not down. Upwards, ever upwards.”

*Examine: Rubble*

KIAN:

“There's no way past that.”

KIAN:

“The riot is growing, moving closer. We need to keep moving up, find a way out before the Keep becomes smoking rubble.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“Down there is only fiery death. The way out of here is up, up up!”

KIAN:

“What did you mean, repay a debt?”

THE CAPTAIN:

“You damn near wiped us out, boy! Your last minute reversal didn't help save anyone...aside from your own soul, mayhap. And now is your chance at repentance.”

KIAN:  
  
“I don't want repentance. I'm ready to die for my crimes. Why don't you just leave me here?”

THE CAPTAIN:

“You may be ready to die, Kian, but the resistance certainly isn't. And we need you. Now, find a way to open this bloody door! Something long and thin to pick the lock might do the trick.”

*Examine: Gate*

KIAN:

“I'll need to pick the lock.”

*Use: Shiv on Gate*

KIAN:

“Shadow be damned, it broke. The blade worked better as a weapon than a lock-pick.”

*Examine: Speaking tube*

KIAN:

“It's a speaking tube.”

*Examine: Speaking tube*

KIAN:

“The guards use this to communicate between floors and with the guard room downstairs.”

*Talk to: Speaking tube*

KIAN:

“Hello?”

*Talk to: Speaking tube*

KIAN:

“Anyone there?”

*Talk to: Speaking tube*

KIAN:

“I'm speaking into a metal tube. I feel foolish.”

*If Kian killed Arn Stont:*

GUARD:

“The prisoner's dead. Looks like someone slit his throat.”

*If Kian did not kill Arn Stont:*

GUARD 1:

“We have a live one here! Let's find out what he knows!”

GUARD 2:

“Where are they going? Tell us! Tell us, or we'll make you suffer!”

ARN:

“No! Don't! Please!”

KIAN:

“They're torturing him to death... May the Goddess lead his soul to the First Mountain.”

GUARD:

“We need to get up there, now!”

“There's no escape up there.”

“Where's the key? Someone get the Gods-damn keys.”

“Hey! Hey, you! Open up, Gods damn you! Where are you going? There's no escape that way!”

KIAN:

“They lack finesse, and they're not trained soldiers, but if those guards catch up with us we won't last long, regardless.”

GUARD:

“We'll get you, don't worry. You'll hang before the night is over. Yeah, run away, you coward! We'll get you. Break these doors down, now!”

KIAN:

“Those guards are bad enough, but when my people get here, it'll be a lot worse.”

GUARD:

“Hey! Come back here, Azadi!”

KIAN:

“They will break through the gate soon.”

*Examine: Barrel*

KIAN:

“The slop we eat three times a day arrives in these barrels. The stench makes me sick.”

*Examine: Barrel*

KIAN:

“So many barrels. Do they never clean up after themselves?”

*Examine: Broom*

KIAN:

“A broom.”

*Examine: Broom*

KIAN:

“Still a broom.”

*Examine: Broom*

KIAN:

“Stare at a broom long enough, it turns into—No, just a broom.”

*Examine: Broom*

KIAN:

“The modern broom was invented in Azadir. Before my people brought the broom to the Northlands, these people, like animals, would use a simple...besom. Such primitive savagery!”

*Examine: Broom*

KIAN:

“There's something so pure and beautiful about the traditional broom.”

*Examine: Broom*

KIAN:

“I've been staring at that thing so long, maybe the two of us should get a...broom. Goddess, I'm losing my mind.”

*Pick Up: Broom*

*Examine: Pillow*

KIAN:

“A filthy pillow.”

*Examine: Pillow*

KIAN:

“Are those...? Yes, those are head bugs. They burrow through the skin into the skull, where they lay their eggs. Months later, the larvae devour their victim's brain.”

*Examine: Pillow*

KIAN:

“From the right angle, this pillow might pass as a head. A very square and soft head. A filthy head.”

*Examine: Pillow*

KIAN:

“I believe this was once white. They are not diligent with their washing in this place.”

*Pick Up: Pillow*

*Use: Window*

GUARD:

“There he is, up there!”

“It's the Apostle! Get him!”

“Fire! Now!”

GUARD:

“Shadow damn that man!”

“Was that him?”

“He got away!”

KIAN:

“The Keep is surrounded by soldiers. Mostly Azadi troops, it looks like. Good bowmen. I'm lucky I dodged their arrows.”

*Use: Window*

KIAN:

“This is tempting fate. Sooner or later, one of those arrows will pierce my skull.”

*Use: Window*

KIAN:

“I'm not sure what I'm hoping for. That they'll...run out of arrows, perhaps?”

*Use: Window*

KIAN:

“Goddess save me, I'm playing the Dolmari Gamble with my life.”

*Use: Pillow on Broom*

*Use: Pillow-on-broom on Window*

GUARD:

“I can see him! Over there! We got him!”

KIAN:

“It's undamaged, and thin enough to fit into a lock. I should be able to pick the lock with this.”

*If Kian did not kill Arn Stont:*

GUARD 1:

“Finish him off, he's of no use to us!”

GUARD 2:

“You only have yourself to blame!”

KIAN:

“Was it right of me to leave him to that fate? I swore to never kill again, but I'm not sure it can ever be that simple...”

THE CAPTAIN:

“That ought to do the trick. Go on, pick the lock with the arrow!”

“You do know how to pick a lock, don't you, assassin?”

“If I didn't have just one eye and no depth perception, I'd do it for you. But we're stuck with you now, so get to it!”

“A good first step would be to stick that arrow in the keyhole, boy.”

“Gods save us from useless foreigners... (sighs) Arrow. Lock. Keyhole. In your own fucking time.”

*Use: Arrow on Gate*

KIAN:

“All those years on the streets of Sadir, paying off...”

THE CAPTAIN:

“Good job. Follow me!”

KIAN:

“The riot won't last forever. Something's got to give. Either the Watch kills every last man, or the prisoners tear this place to pieces.”

GUARD:

“We're through. Alright! We need to stop him.”

KIAN:

“They've broken through to the floor below.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“Why if it isn't our old friend, Mr. Murron.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“Balsay Bachim. I should have known you wouldn't have let yourself get caught so easily.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“You're damn right. Now let us through!”

WARDEN MURRON:

“I'm afraid that's, ahem, quite impossible, Balsay. Your journey ends here, I'm afraid.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“There's no picking this one, he's plugged it from his side. By the Mo-Jaa'ls unclean genitals, Warden! Open up, right this bloody minute!”

WARDEN MURRON:

“Words, words, words, Mr. Bachim. You know very well I do not respond to threats.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“When I get my hands on you, Warden, you will wish your grandmother had never spread her legs to your grandfather. May the Mo-jaal befoul your filthy asshole, Murron! Let us through! Right bloody now! One day, Murron, we will see you garrotted in front of this entire city, and your family, too!”

*Examine: Gate*

KIAN:

“The Warden has blocked the gate somehow.”

*Examine: Warden Murron*

KIAN:

“He doesn't look well at all. Seeing his world fall to pieces... I almost pity the man.”

*Use: Arrow on Gate*

KIAN:

“The arrow broke. But the gate is open.”

*Examine: Broken arrow (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“The head broke off when I picked the lock, but the rest remains undamaged.”

*Examine: Broken arrow (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“A broken arrow. It might still serve a purpose.”

*Use: Gate*

WARDEN MURRON:

“I'm afraid this is, ahem, as far as you will get.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Threaten: *People like him only respond to violence and threats. He's scum, and I should treat him as such.*

KIAN:

“These bars won't hold me forever, Warden. Open up and I'll finish you quickly.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“Mm. I thought I'd made it clear that I do not respond well to threats. And, ahem, I figured you for a more levelheaded man than your hotheaded friend there. No, I'll put my trust in these fine iron bars and this, mm, immaculately crafted lock. Besides, I doubt I have much to fear from you. You have lost your edge, Alvane. You are nothing but a blunted sword.”

*(conversation proceeds to incorrect end)*

Reason: *He claims to be a rational pragmatist. Maybe I give him too much credit, and maybe he doesn't deserve it, but I could attempt to reason with him, see if he responds to that.*

KIAN:

“Listen... Do you hear that? Your prisoners are revolting, Warden. Sooner or later, they will reach this floor. Let me through now, and I shall be lenient and merciful. They won't give you the same consideration.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“I see. And what, pray tell, is my guarantee that you will follow through on your, ahem, promise?”

*(conversation progresses)*

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Trust: *He will need to trust me...even though I may not be able to stay my anger. He is responsible for many innocent deaths. But if I can convince him to believe me...*

KIAN:

“No guarantees, Warden. You will just have to trust me.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“If I were to write a list of my virtues, trust would be at the bottom. Together with charity. No, I believe I'm better off where I am, but thank you for your offer. I shall quite enjoy seeing you abandon all hope and accept your death. Again.”

*(conversation proceeds to incorrect end)*

Reassure: *He will have to take my word for it. After all, what choice does he have? And I'm... I was the Apostle. I was always true to my word. Garmon and Utana taught me well. Why should he not trust me?*

KIAN:

“My word is like iron, Warden. You'd do well not to doubt it. Now, open the gate.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“I may look the fool, Alvane, but I can assure you that I'm not some, ahem, farm boy who just rode into town atop an Elgwan. You will have to do better than that. Now leave me be.”

*(conversation proceeds to incorrect end)*

Practical: *Doesn't the Warden claim to be a practical man? If that's the case, he would listen to a practical argument. I will just have to phrase myself carefully. He's not likely to fold easily.*

KIAN:

“Think carefully about this, Warden. My leniency is your only hope at this point.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“Mm. Perhaps. But as you may imagine, I did not rise to my position taking people at their word. Particularly in a prison. Honesty is in, ahem, short supply in here.”

*(conversation progresses)*

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Time: *I really have no time for chitchat. We're running out of time! And this filthy heathen is the only thing between us and freedom! I won't mince words anymore.*

KIAN:

“I'm running out of patience, Warden. Your choice is simple: let us through, and live, or suffer the consequences.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“Ahem. I believe I have another choice: to wait. Help may well arrive soon. I'll stay right where I am, Alvane. Thank you ever so much. In fact, I might present you with a similar choice: die, or, well, die. No matter which way the wind blows, you're finished. May as well accept it with, mm, grace and poise.”

*(conversation proceeds to incorrect end)*

Bribe: *All men of his station can be bought. He lacks character and faith, believing only in the power of office and wealth. If I offer to buy him, I'm sure he will be swayed, filthy maggot that he is.*

KIAN:

“Very well, if my word isn't enough...how about gold? You let us through, we'll pay you handsomely.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“Ahem! What makes you think I'd accept the sincerity of that offer if I didn't take your word for it in the first place? Besides, Alvane, coin will, mm, never sway me from my duty. Do you not know me well enough by now to see that it's duty that dictates my ethics, not money? Go away, you tire me.”

*(conversation proceeds to incorrect end)*

Threaten: *He said his family is important to him. If he fails to respond to threats against his own life, maybe he'll listen if I threaten his children? Extreme measures may be required when it comes to men like him...*

KIAN:

“If you do not open this gate, Warden, I will not only kill you, but I will make sure that your entire family suffers a similar fate.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“I see. I took you for a better man, Alvane. Your threats mean nothing. I will be rejoined with my boys in the afterlife, while you will be cursed to an eternity in the great darkness. Go away! You disgust me, Apostle.”

*(conversation proceeds to incorrect end)*

Family: *What did he say about family again? He may treasure his office above his blood, but maybe he will listen to reason if I appeal to his sense of family.*

KIAN:

“You are a family man, Murron, are you not? Do you wish to see them left fatherless? If not for yourself, then do this for your family. Open up.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“Mm. My family is...important to me. I would not want my boys to grow up without a father. Their mother, ahem, lacks the moral fortitude to instill duty and backbone in them, gods forgive her. She's a good woman, but...merely a woman. Very well. You make a fair point. I will trust you, despite my better instincts. Step back, Alvane.”

*Warden Murron opens the gate.*

*If the conversation ends wrongly:*

WARDEN MURRON:

“What makes you think I'll listen to anything you have to say to me?”

KIAN:

“He is refusing to listen. I must be smarter. What did he reveal of himself earlier?”

*If the conversation ends wrongly again:*

WARDEN MURRON:

“There's nothing you can say to sway my mind, Alvane. You might as well admit defeat.”

KIAN:

“I must choose my words wisely.”

*If the conversation ends wrongly again:*

WARDEN MURRON:

“Let's face it, Alvane, you're not a man of words.”

KIAN:

“I need to persuade the Warden to open the gate, before the guards make it up here.”

*Use: Gate (after talking to Warden Murron)*

WARDEN MURRON:

“Mm, still trying aren't you? Desperately, and quite pointlessly.”

*(proceed to dialogue choices)*

*Use: Gate (after talking to Warden Murron)*

WARDEN MURRON:

“Your tenacity is almost admirable, Alvane. But entirely without merit.”

*(proceed to dialogue choices)*

*If Kian got Warden Murron to open the gate:*

THE CAPTAIN:

“Praise your gods I don't have time for you now, Murron. But your day will come.”

*Kian grabs the Warden and holds him against the wall.*

WARDEN MURRON:

“You gave me your word, Alvane. Your word! You said I would not be harmed. You said you would let me live. Does that not count for anything anymore? Is your word so disposable you would throw it away at a whim? If you kill me, you've proven your disregard for the law. You've proven that you're a simple brute.”

KIAN:

“If I kill you, I rid the world of a piece of a sadistic vermin who sold out his own people.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“Look who's talking. Who's the traitor here? I'm merely an elected official. I do not deicde who lives or dies! That's for the law to decide! Courts and judges and--”

KIAN:

“And other elected officials? Who are perfectly willing to carry out orders without question, as long as they can hide behind the chain of command?”

WARDEN MURRON:

“The system cannot function without bureaucracy and bureaucrats! It cannot function without hierarchy! If you want to change that, go to the top!”

KIAN:

“Oh, believe me, I will.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“Don't! Please! Spare my life! I have a family! I'm only doing my job! I treat everyone equally, no matter their crime. If you're going to do it, do it quickly! Don't torture me like this!”

CHOICE:

Kill Warden Murron:

WARDEN MURRON:

“No. No! What are you doing? You bastard!”

*Kian throws the Warden down the dumbwaiter.*

WARDEN MURRON:

“Nooo!”

GUARD:

“What in the seven hells was that? Gods save us, those bastards killed the Warden!”

KIAN:

“The Warden deserved death. It was my choice and I stand by it.”

Let him live:

KIAN:

“You will receive your just punishment soon enough.”

WARDEN MURRON:

“Perhaps so, Alvane. But at least my punishment—at least my punishment will be at the hands of those who respect laws and regulations and not a...a mere barbarian, like yourself. My men will be here soon. You won't get away. Why wait? Absolution? Leave me be. You're proven your point. You're bigger and stronger than me. If you're not going to kill me, just leave me. And I had such high hopes for your execution, Alvane.”

*Examine: Warden Murron*

KIAN:

“I no longer have any use for him.”

*Examine: Warden Murron*

KIAN:

“He's a beaten man.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“This is as far as the stairwell will take us. Now we need to find a way onto the roof.”

KIAN:

“I didn't say I wanted to leave this place.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“What part of “to be executed in the morning” did you not get? And what part of “the resistance needs you” did you fail to comprehend?”

KIAN:

“Why would your people trust me? I am their enemy.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“Ha! You were the enemy. I trust your allegiance to your people has diminished somewhat in the past year.”

KIAN:

“How do you know I won't just turn on you, soon as we're out of here?”

THE CAPTAIN:

“Oh, I know. And others do, too. Our faith is rarely misplaced. This passage leads to the roof, but the gate's twice locked. There's no getting through. We need to find another way up. I got you this far, Kian. Now you need to put that Azadi brain of yours to work, and quick.”

*Use: Gate*

KIAN:

“There's no way through there.”

GUARD:

“About time! Let's go! Up the stairs.”

*If Kian let Warden Murron live:*

GUARD:

“You all right, sir? Did the prisoner hurt you? We'll get him, sir, you just stay here!”

*Examine: Torch*

KIAN:

“These torches burn day and night. There's no other light in this accursed place.”

*Use: Torch*

KIAN:

“It's mounted securely to the wall.”

*Use: Torch*

KIAN:

“I'd burn my skin off if I tried to wrench it free.”

*Examine: Lift*

KIAN:

“It's some sort of food elevation device. As though walking a few flights of stairs is too much work.”

*Examine: Lever*

KIAN:

“They use this contraption to transport food from the kitchens below.”

*Use: Lever*

KIAN:

“That chain goes up to the mechanism that raises and lowers the cage.”

*Examine: Lift*

KIAN:

“It's covered in thick oil.”

*Use: Lift*

KIAN:

“I can't get a good grip on it, with all that oil.”

*Use: Lift*

KIAN:

“Perhaps the oil can be burned off...”

GUARD:

“Up there! Fire! Now!”

“I see someone moving! Fire!”

GUARD:

“I can't get a clear shot.”

“I can't hit him from here!”

KIAN:

“Shadow! They're firing at us.”

“The iron bars are making it hard to get a clear shot, but I shouldn't tempt fate.”

*Examine: Napkin*

KIAN:

“A piece of cloth. Moist. With what, I'd rather not know.”

*Examine: Napkin*

KIAN:

“What merchant classes call a “napkin”.”

*Examine: Napkin*

KIAN:

“I believe the priestesses use the word “serviette”. Amongst the enlisted, we know it as a “face towel”.”

*Examine: Napkin*

KIAN:

“I know a great deal about napk—I mean, face towels. I had a collection once.”

*Pick Up: Napkin*

*Examine: Plate*

KIAN:

“I've eaten the slop they call porridge for so long, I've forgotten the taste of meat. What I would've have done for a single bite of that meal...”

*Use: Plate*

KIAN:

“I draw the line at licking the plate clean. I'm hungry for red meat, but I'm not a dog.”

*Examine: Candle*

KIAN:

“I feel a kinship with that lonely, flickering flame.”

*Examine: Candle*

KIAN:

“I knew a chandler once. He didn't burn his candle at both ends. Laziest man I ever met.”

*Examine: Candle*

KIAN:

“A candle loses nothing by lighting another.”

*Use: Napkin on Lift*

KIAN:

“I managed to wipe off a tiny bit of oil, but it won't make much of a difference. I still can't climb the chain. On the positive side, I now have an oily cloth.”

*Examine: Oiled napkin (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“It's sticky with oil.”

*Examine: Oiled napkin (in inventory)*

KIAN:

“This is quite flammable. A flammable serviette.”

*Use: Oiled napkin with Broken arrow*

KIAN:

“From a broken arrow and an oiled face towel, I've fashioned a rudimentary illuminant. In other words, I have a torch.”

*Use: Oiled torch on Candle*

KIAN:

“Shadow! I need a stronger flame to light this torch.”

*Examine: Candle*

KIAN:

“Snuffed out by my carelessness, like so many innocents...”

*Examine: Candle*

KIAN:

“Wax made from Leviathan head oil. Scented. Lavender, I believe.”

*Examine: Candle*

KIAN:

“A candle loses nothing by lighting another...unless you put it out. You monster.”

*Use: Oiled torch with Torch*

THE CAPTAIN:

“I'm curious to see where this is going...”

*Use: Torch on Lift*

THE CAPTAIN:

“Ha! Clever boy! I knew you wouldn't disappoint me!”

KIAN:

“The oil is burning off. Still warm, but it's cooling quickly.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“You first. If that chain's still hot, I want some warning.”

KIAN:

“I should be able to climb the chain now.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“Right behind you, boy!”

*Use: Chain*

*Kian pulls the Captain onto the roof.*

*If Kian chose to be hung or remained silent:*

THE CAPTAIN:

“They've readied the noose for you. A traitor's death.”

*If Kian chose to be beheaded:*

THE CAPTAIN:

“They've readied the sword for you. A warrior's death.”

KIAN:

“What are we doing here? Where's our Cloudship?”

THE CAPTAIN:

“We need to buy ourselves some time. Quick, block that gate. Use the lever to lower the bar. Quickly, now! For the love of Mo-Jaal's seven prostitutes, lower that damned bar now!”

*If Kian does nothing:*

THE CAPTAIN:

“They're here! They're breaking through! Too late, they've got us!”

*Kian is shot with several arrows. The player is returned to the rooftop.*

*Use: Lever*

THE CAPTAIN:

“Good! Now arm yourself.”

*Examine: Gate*

KIAN:

“Bolted. It should hold for a little while.”

*Examine: The Captain*

KIAN:

“He is a brave and true man. I'm grateful to him.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“There's a sword over there. Pick up the bloody sword! Mother of Mo-jaal, sweet whore of the four heavens, will you grab that sword now and bring it here? Time is running short. Come, Kian.”

*Examine: Noose*

KIAN:

“The gallows. To think, I had already accepted my fate.”

*Examine: Noose*

KIAN:

“My body won't swing from those gallows, no matter what happens.”

*Examine: Sword*

KIAN:

“A good and true blade.”

*Examine: Sword*

KIAN:

“It's excellent quality. A good headsman can take someone's life with one swing of this.”

*Examine: Sword*

KIAN:

“A sharp blade, used by the headsman.”

*Pick Up: Sword*

THE CAPTAIN:

“Come over here. Now! By the Mo-jaal's bloated testes, stop fucking about and get your ass over here, boy! Kian! Listen to me! There's not much time!”

*Talk to: The Captain*

KIAN:

“How will we escape? I thought you'd have a ship waiting.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“A ship? Ha! No, boy, your way out of here is not on a Cloudship, but through a portal, created by the very magic your people are trying to stamp out.”

KIAN:

“My...way.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“Only one of us can pass through that portal before it closes. And it requires a sacrifice. It's dark magic. It requires blood, and pain. It requires a life.”

KIAN:

“What? No. No! I cannot accept your sacrifice. Either both of us leave, or neither.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“Don't be a Mo-jaal damned fool, boy! I have made peace with the gods. Can you say the same? Besides, I may be a decent fighter, but you... Without you, the resistance will falter and the Azadi will be victorious. Now run me through with that sword, so that you can get out of here and start paying your debts!”

CHOICE:

Spare his life (or the let the timer run out – timer added 6/17/2016): *How many more deaths before this night is over? No, there's been enough blood shed. I don't want another life on my conscience.*

KIAN:

“I...cannot. I'm not worthy of such a sacrifice.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“Listen to me, boy. If you don't do this, then it's all for naught, the whole bloody thing.”

KIAN:

“There's been too much death, too much--”

THE CAPTAIN:

“Oh, for the love of the four heavens!”

*The Captain grabs the blade and pulls it through him.*

THE CAPTAIN:

“That...bloody...stings!”

*(scene progresses)*

Run him through: *His eyes speak the truth. He has embraced death in a way I never could. Where I only saw defeat, he sees victory. I don't know where this path may lead, but what choice do I have?*

KIAN:

“Goddess forgive me.”

THE CAPTAIN:

“Slow and steady, boy. Blood and pain for the portal!”

*(scene progresses)*

*As the dark portal opens, the door bursts open. Commander Vamon shoots Kian with a gun, once in the side and once in the arm, but Kian disappears through the portal before he can kill him.*

KIAN:

“I have only one memory of my mother. She held me to her heart until I fell asleep. That night, she threw herself from the city walls into the shallows. Her body was never found. For the longest time, I would climb those walls, balance on the edge and close my eyes. I always thought I would join her in the darkness, in that cold, cold sea. But I never did.”

*Commander Vamon enters Sister Sahya's office in the Azadi tower.*

VAMON:

“Goddess damn him to the Shadow eternal!”

SAHYA:

“What?”

VAMON:

“Kian...Kian has escaped the Keep.”

SAHYA:

“Leave us. Now! What are you saying? That's impossible! He's supposed to die!”

VAMON:  
  
“He's gone. Fled from the roof with the help of a rebel infiltrator and a bloody riot.”

SAHYRA:

“The roof? But how--”

VAMON:

“A portal. Dark magic.”

SAHYA:

“That's impossible!”

VAMON:

“I must interrogate the men who let him escape. They will rue this day for the rest of their short and miserable lives.”

*If Kian let Warden Murron live:*

VAMON:

“And that boneheaded Warden... He will pay for this with his life!”

*If Kian killed Warden Murron:*

VAMON:

“At least that boneheaded Warden paid for it with his life.”

SAHYA:

“I don't understand. Friar's Keep is warded against thaumaturgy.”

VAMON:

“Inside, yes. Which is why they fled to the roof.”

SAHYA:

“Light protect us...Do you have any idea where he is?”

VAMON:

“With the rebels, I'm sure. Wherever they've holed up. I will leave no stone unturned to find them!”

SAHYA:

“In their hands, Alvane is a poisonous dagger.”

VAMON:

“You think I'm not aware? You think I don't know how dangerous he is? I know that traitor better than anyone. But I will find him. Him and his cohorts. Under the Sight of the Goddess, this I swear.”

SAHYA:

“Before the First arrives?”

VAMON:

“It won't reach her ears.”

SAHYA:

“You make sure of that. If she learns their precious Apostle is still alive, she will want him alive so that she can speak to him. And if she learns the truth...”

VAMON:

“We won't give her the opportunity.”

SAHYA:

“Good. Because if she ever does, you and I will be paying with our lives. What in the Light are you waiting for? You won't catch him in here, Commander. Go! Take care of this! Goddess watch over us...”

***Content added 5/5/2017 in console version and 7/21/2017 in PC version:***

**Sister Sahya**

**Sister Sahya is the Azadi Emissary to the Northlands. As Stewardess of Marcuria and administrator to the Engine project, she’s the youngest priestess to ever rise so fast and far, and there are whispers that she may some day become a Mother.**

**Putting her status and life at risk, however, is her illicit relationship with Commander Vamon – and her ambition to rise above the role of Emissary; to establish a new Azadi seat of power in the Northlands. The two lovers are plotting to cement their relationship over Marcuria and use the Engine to serve their own ambitions.**

**Sahya answers to the Six – the child empresses of the Azadi Empire – as well as the mysterious Prophet, architect of the Engine.**

*Monday, July 24th, 2220*

*Zoë is in a therapy session in Propast, a city in the Prague district of Europolis, nearly four months after waking from her coma.*

ROMAN:

“It's our three month anniversary today.”

ZOË:

“That's mad. I feel like I've been coming here for years.”

ROMAN:

“How are you?”

*Content removed 6/17/2016:*

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Daft question: *It's his job to know how I'm doing. He knows me better than anyone, why does he have to ask?*

ZOË:

“What do you think?”

ROMAN:

“You sound better. You look better. You have more energy. You appear more content with your life now than you did three months ago. But only you can tell how you are feeling. I-I can't do that for you.”

ZOË:

“I know. And I wish I could tell.”

ROMAN:

“I understand. You remember nothing of what happened before the coma. You're not sure you want to remember. But I think you do. And we're getting closer.”

ZOË:

“Okay. Thank you.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Doing better: *Honestly? I don't have an answer...but that's probably not what he wants to hear. He wants to know that what he's doing is helping.*

ZOË:

“Yeah, I'm...doing all right.”

ROMAN:

“I'm glad you feel that way, Zoë. We've come a long way. We still have a long way to go, but admitting to yourself that things are getting better...That's a big step in the right direction.”

ZOË:

“All right.”

ROMAN:

“As for your memories... Maybe you will remember everything, maybe you won't. But you want to remember what happened to you before the coma.”

ZOË:

“Okay.”

*(conversation progresses)*

No idea: *He's probably expecting me to say I feel better. It's been three months...that is some sort of milestone, I guess. Maybe I do feel better.*

ZOË:

“I...honestly don't know.”

ROMAN:

“That's fine. It's still early. The fact that you don't remember anything makes it hard to quantify progress. But it's not just about that. Maybe you will remember, maybe you won't. But you want to remember.”

ZOË:

“Okay.”

*(conversation progresses)*

***Content added 6/17/2016:***

**ZOË:**

**“What do you think?”**

**ROMAN:**

**“You have more energy. You appear more content with your life now than you did three months ago. But only you can tell how you are feeling. I-I can't do that for you.”**

**ZOË:**

**“I know. And I wish I could tell. But I'm not sure anymore.”**

**ROMAN:**

**“You remember nothing of what happened before the coma. You're not sure you want to remember. I think you do.”**

ROMAN:

“Do you agree with that, Zoë?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Yes:\* *And potentially lose everything I've built here... I-I guess it's a risk I'll have to take. I know there's something I need to remember, something I'm supposed to be doing. It's always at the back of my mind.* ***It's hard to focus, hard to sleep.*** *Until I figure that out, I can't find peace.* ***I can't move on.***

ZOË:

“I do. I can't stand feeling there's something I need to remember. **Something's nagging at me,** **something important**.”

ROMAN:

“But you don't remember what it is.”

ZOË:

“I have no idea. So I have to find out.”

*(conversation progresses)*

No\*: *And potentially lose everything I've built here? I... I'm not sure that's a risk I want to take. I feel there's something I need to remember. Something* ***very important****...something I need to do. But if it comes back to me, what will happen to my life? I'm not sure I can take losing everything all over again.*

ZOË:

“I don't. I'm worried that if I start remembering, I'll lose all of...this.”

ROMAN:

“And you don't think it's worth the risk?”

ZOË:

“I'm just...really, really scared.”

*(conversation progresses)*

ROMAN:

“I understand. Okay, let's see if we can do an exercise, jog your memory. What is the last thing you do remember?”

*Content removed 6/17/2016:*

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Nothing\*: *Going back a year and a half, before it all started... It's all a bit hazy, to be honest. It's like my memory loss is eating away at the edges, growing bigger.*

ZOË:

“I honestly remember very little.”

ROMAN:

“You'd recently returned to Casablanca.”

ZOË:

“Of course I remember that. Dropping out of uni, moving back in with Dad... I'd lost—Lost faith. In myself, in everyone around me. I'd broken up with Reza. I was just...treading water.”

ROMAN:

“And then something did happen.”

ZOË:

“Be careful what you wish for, right?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Some things\*: *It's vague, like a dream, but I do remember some things. Fragments.*

ZOË:

“I remember some of it.”

*(conversation progresses)*

***Content added 6/17/2016:***

**ZOË:**

**“Dropping out of uni, moving back in with Dad, feeling listless, powerless... I'd lost—Lost faith. In myself, in everyone around me. I'd broken up with Reza.”**

**ROMAN:**

**“And then something did happen.”**

**ZOË:**

**“Be careful what you wish for, right?”**

ROMAN:

“What do you remember?”

ZOË:

“Reza vanishing. Me going after him, trying to track him down... I ended up in Newport. I have memories sneaking into a house filled with drug addicts. It's like remembering a movie where I'm...the star. Doing things that feel completely foreign to me. It doesn't even feel like I did those things. It's almost like I was... Like I was just an observer. I remember being in a safe place and connecting to a Dreamachine. But that's where it ends.”

ROMAN:

“And before that? Before leaving Casablanca?”

ZOË:

“Dad was going away. I was throwing a party. Then... Reza asked me to pick up a package. That's what set it all in motion. That, and the Static.”

ROMAN:

“Do you remember what that turned out to be?”

ZOË:

“After I woke up, they filled in the blanks. Apparently it was some sort of glitch. Or virus. Rogue code infecting the worldwide Wire. Someone at WATIcorp was using the Dreamachine to read people's minds. Someone I'd met.”

ROMAN:

“Cavanaugh.”

ZOË:

“Damien Cavanaugh. That's right. The man behind it all, the perpetrator of the conspiracy. He'd put some sort of worm into the code, turning the Dreamachines into a mind-controlling tool affecting millions. At least that's...that's what they say.”

ROMAN:

“He recorded a confession before he—He didn't want to rot away in a jail for the rest of his life, but at least he came clean. Absolved his employer of any wrongdoing.”

ZOË:

“Convenient.”

ROMAN:

“In what way?”

ZOË:

“Forget it. **Like I said, I don't remember him. I...**I don't remember any of it. All I know is they...poisoned my mind. Inserted false memories. Nothing I saw or experienced was real. The little girl on the screens, the other...”

ROMAN:

“The other world.”

ZOË:

“Arcadia. Another colourful figment of their imagination. A synthetic dream.”

ROMAN:

“And you still remember nothing of going to Japan, breaking into WATIcorp.”

ZOË:

“Nope. I exposed a global conspiracy and all they gave me was a lousy coma. Aside from you, Reza and my dad, no one even knows I was involved. Reza left me out of his expose, **thank God**. And even he doesn't know what really happened during the week I was gone. Maybe my friend Olivia knew something, but she...passed away.”

ROMAN:

“An accident.”

ZOË:

“Right. An “accident”. So they say. In light of everything, it felt very...convenient. Again.”

ROMAN:

“You feel responsible.”

ZOË:

“I went off playing teen detective, and people got hurt.”

ROMAN:

“A lot more people might have got hurt if you hadn't.”

ZOË:

“Who knows, Dr. Zelenka. I don't, and that's the problem – I don't know what happened, what I did or what...”

ROMAN:

“You're worried something else happened to you.”

ZOË:

“**I can't do anything about it, so I should just not think about it. But if I do start to remember...will I like what I find?** I mean, it's a week of my life. Gone! **Vanished!**”

ROMAN:

“That's what I'm here for. To help you through that. Whether you remember or not, it's a lot for one person to process on their own. Have you used a Dreamachine yet?”

ZOË:

“God, no. I feel nauseous just watching the ads.”

ROMAN:

“They're everywhere, you can't avoid them forever.”

ZOË:

“I don't see one here.”

ROMAN:  
  
“I have one at home. I don't use it.”

ZOË:

“Because of me?”

ROMAN:

“No. Well, not just that. They are addictive, and while I'm sure they're perfectly harmless entertainment, I worry about the long-term effects. It's becoming a...disease, an addiction. I'm concerned about what these lucid, perfect dreams are doing to us. And you were connected to a prototype. There's no way to predict how that may have affected you. I'm sure they're mostly safe, but there's not enough data. I'm very concerned about the effects over time. Until I know more...But maybe you should. To get over your fear.”

ZOË:

“You tell me you're worried about the long-term consequences of the Dreamachine, and then you suggest I try it? You're right. I probably should, but...I'll think about it.”

ROMAN:

“Think about it. Have you spoken with Gabriel yet?”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Might Be in Chapter 1:*

ZOË:

“No, I'm...I'm not ready to discuss my dad. We don't talk. He rented out the house, moved to Mumbai. **We're estranged.**”

ROMAN:

“You don't think you need to talk to him about it?”

ZOË:

“I wanted to be just like him. That's why I went into bioneering. But...I decided to drop my bioneering degree so that I could avoid thinking about him and what he was a part of, so...no. No, I don't. Well. Fuck. Sorry. Of course I do. Maybe. Some day.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

ZOË:

“I haven't. Yet. I decided to continue with my degree, so I guess that means I'm not disassociating myself completely from Dad and everything he represents. But he... He rented out the house, moved to Mumbai. We're not exactly close anymore.”

*Content removed 6/17/2016:*

ROMAN:

“You don't think you need to talk to him?”

ZOË:

“Of course I do...at some point. I could really use his help with my studies, he's brilliant. I wanted to be just like him. That's why I went into bioneering. But...But, fuck, not now.”

*(conversation progresses)*

ROMAN:

“That's perfectly fine. What do you want to talk about?”

ZOË:

“Is the new series of Eurotrash a valid topic?”

ROMAN:

“Why not.”

ROMAN:

“Our time is almost up.”

ZOË:

“That's fine. I'm working today.”

ROMAN:

“How is that going?”

ZOË:

“Really good. I enjoy it. A lot.”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Might Be in Chapter 1:*

ROMAN:

“I'm glad to hear that. You weren't so sure a month ago.”

ZOË:

“I'm learning a lot. Neural programming, artificial intelligence...**I'm not sure I want to keep working in a shop for the rest of my life, but...**it helps me feel closer to Liv. Olivia. You know? Honouring her memory. Not in a self sacrificing way. I-I want to do this. I like working with Mira and Wit. For now.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

ROMAN:

“If you do find a way to clean up the river, a lot of people will be happy.”

ZOË:

“I might actually be contributing something to society. For once.”

*(conversation progresses)*

ZOË:

“And with the voluntary campaign work, I feel I contribute in other ways, too.”

ROMAN:

“You're keeping yourself busy and motivated. You've come a long way since we first met.”

*Content removed 6/17/2016:*

ZOË:

“I was a real fucking wreck.”

ROMAN:

“I'm not going to disagree with that. But you've come a long way.”

ZOË:

“Thank you, Dr. Zelenka.”

ROMAN:

“Roman. Please. Same time next week?”

ZOË:

“Definitely. Thanks, doc—Roman. Roman.”

ROMAN:

“Take care, Zoë.”

*Examine: Dr. Roman*

ZOË:

“Dr. Zelenka. Roman. Dr. Roman? Doc? I don't even know what to call him anymore.”

*Examine: Dr. Roman*

ZOË:

“The doc's been good for me, I think. And good to me. I do need someone to talk about...about things. All the things. Everything.”

*Examine: Dr. Roman*

ZOË:

“And he is sort of cute but no, no that's not a good thought. That's a bad, bad thought. Ugh. Authority figure! So cliché, Zoë.”

*Examine: Dr. Roman*

ZOË:

“What's up, doc? Wait, I did not say that out loud, did I? No, he's not looking at me. I think that was just in my head. Dodged a bullet there. Phew!”

*Talk to: Dr. Roman*

ZOË:

“Doc—Uh, Roman?”

ROMAN:

“Yes?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Next session: *My next appointment with Dr. Roman is in my calendar, but I might as well double-check while I'm here.*

ZOË:

“When's our next session again?”

ROMAN:

“Next Monday, at...let me check. Next Monday at nine. Is that still ok?”

ZOË:

“That's fine. Thank you.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Busy?: *Maybe I shouldn't be bothering him. He probably has another appointment right away.*

ZOË:

“Do you have an appointment now?”

ROMAN:

“No, I prefer some space between sessions. I don't like to rush. I prefer to sit and take notes afterwards.”

ZOË:

“So, um, what are you writing?”

ROMAN:

“Just notes about what we talked about today. It's a way for me to remember and process our conversation.”

ZOË:

“Makes sense.”

ROMAN:

“To be absolutely honest, I don't have another appointment for several hours. I like keeping my Mondays light.”

ZOË:

“Oh. Yeah, uh, we could start later, if you prefer.”

ROMAN:

“No, this gets me out of bed in the morning. Without it, I'd... I'd just sleep in.”

*(return to dialogue choices, Europolis and Small talk are now available)*

Europolis: *I don't know Dr. Zelenka... Roman very well at all. I don't even know where he's from originally.*

ZOË:

“How long have you practiced in Europolis?”

ROMAN:

“Oh... Four years? No, five. I graduated from Krakow in 2214, and worked two years in the Warsaw district before moving to Berlin.

ZOË:

“And Propast?”

ROMAN:

“I set up this practice seven months ago.”

ZOË:

“Are you from the Prague district?”

ROMAN:

“I'm originally from Poznan. My parents are of Polish descent. Not that that matters anymore. European is European. You wouldn't know it talking to my father, though. He is a...traditional nationalist. I think he secretly wishes for the downfall of Europolis and a return to the independent nation states. Was there anything else?”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Small talk: *Roman seems like an interesting person and we've never really talked about anything other than...me. This could be a good time to start, uh, talking. I don't know what I'm doing. Should I be doing this? I don't know.*

ZOË:

“So...what do you get up to when you're not, you know, this.”

ROMAN:

“Oh, uh, I... I don't know?”

ZOË:

“I'm sorry if this is getting too personal.”

ROMAN:

“No, no, no. I was just trying to think about how to answer that. I don't really do...things. When I'm not working, I think about work, or I write about work, or I read about work.”

ZOË:

“Oh. And how does, uh, your wife feel about that?”

ROMAN:

“I'm not married. I live by myself, which has advantages and disadvantages. Mostly, in my case, disadvantages. I'm not good at taking care of myself.”

ZOË:

“Really? Huh.”

*(return to dialogue choices, Go out is now available)*

Go out: *So Roman is single, and spends too much time by himself. He could really do with a social life.*

ZOË:

“You should get out more, think about something other than work.”

ROMAN:

“What did you have in mind?”

ZOË:

“I, uh, I'm not the best person to ask. I'm, um, a homebody.”

ROMAN:

“Sounds like we both should get out more.”

ZOË:

“We should. I mean, you should. And so should I. Also.”

ROMAN:

“Yes.”

ZOË:

“Yes. Yeah. Hm.”

*(return to dialogue choices, Confused and Reza are now available)*

Confused\*: *I'm not quite sure where this conversation is going. It's very confusing. I should probably just...cut it short but I'm also...curious. Cat, meet curiosity. Hello, curiosity! Gah.*

*Flirting Get!*

ZOË:

“So. Um.”

ROMAN:

“You could show me what I'm missing out on some time.”

ZOË:

“Oh. Yeah, uh, I can do that. That is a thing I can...do.”

ROMAN:

“Of course, it would have to wait until we're done with your therapy. You're a patient, and that's... You know.”

ZOË:

“Right. Yes. Of course. That line of...patient and doctor. That line.”

ROMAN:

“Yes. Good. I'll look forward to that. I should finish...noting. These notes. Before, you know, I forget everything we talked about.”

ZOË:

“Noted. Ha! No, that would be a bad thing, really.”

*(conversation ends)*

Reza\*: *I feel horrible about the direction this conversation's been taking. I'm not sure what I was thinking, flirting with my therapist...*

*Flirting Averted!*

ZOË:

“Yeah, uh, you should come out with Reza and me some time.”

ROMAN:

“With...? Oh. Yes. Of course. Some time. After we've concluded your therapy, of course. I don't mix my professional and private lives.”

ZOË:

“That's not a good mix. That's like, uh, gummi bears and potassium chlorate. Keep them apart.”

ROMAN:

“Um...right. Well. I should finish writing these notes before I, um, forget everything we talked about.”

ZOË:

“Of course. Good idea. That's...yeah. Okay.”

*(conversation ends)*

Goodbye: *I think I might have outstayed my welcome.*

ZOË:

“See you next week?”

ROMAN:

“Take care, Zoë.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Talk to: Roman*

ROMAN:

“Oh, sorry, I didn't know you were still here.”

*(proceed to dialogue choices)*

*Touch: Roman*

ZOË:

“And do what, exactly? Tussle his thick hair? Give him a peck on the chin? Throw myself on him? No, I'll just...stand. Over here.”

*Examine: View*

ZOË:

“Seshadri Tower has the best view in Propast, bar none.”

*Examine: View*

ZOË:

“I can see our house from he—Oh, oh no, not our house at all.”

*Examine: View*

ZOË:

“I could stare out this window for hours. But the doc will probably get really annoyed.”

*Examine: Digital painting*

ZOË:

“I see—No. No, I really shouldn't. It's a trap. A psychological trap.”

*Examine: Digital painting*

ZOË:

“Is that a dragon? Looks like a dragon. What does that mean? What does that say about me? That I'm, um, into dragons? Dragons are cool.”

*Examine: Digital painting*

ZOË:

“I could stare at that for hours and then I really would go insane.”

*Examine: Books*

ZOË:

“Exactly what you'd expect a psychologist to keep on his office shelf. No tawdry romance novels, fantasy or science fiction, unfortunately.”

*Examine: Books*

ZOË:

“Books on...shrink stuff. Shrinky books.”

*Examine: Machine*

ZOË:

“A handy dispenser of pharmaceutical concoctions.”

*Examine: Machine*

ZOË:

“Also known as “synthetic coffee”.”

*Examine: Machine*

ZOË:

“As far as synthetic coffee goes, it's not the worst. But it's still horrible.”

*Use: Machine*

ZOË:

“If I drink more of that awful synthetic coffee at this point, I'll really need therapy.”

*Examine: Holo-sculpture*

ZOË:

“I didn't know the doc was into cephalopods. I wonder if he has a pet one at home.”

*Examine: Holo-sculpture*

ZOË:

“I always wanted a pet cephalopod. They're the best.”

*Examine: Desk*

ZOË:

“If that's real wood, it must have cost a fortune. It looks real. Not the sort of thing you'd expect to find in a therapist's office.”

*Examine: Desk*

ZOË:

“How can Zelenka afford a piece of furniture like that? Must've been a gift...”

*Use: Desk*

ZOË:

“Knock on wood. I don't often get to do that with real wood. IKEA's plastique just doesn't cut it, knock wise.”

*Examine: Chair*

ZOË:

“No therapist's office would be complete without chaise longue. Never used it. Would feel like a dork.”

*Examine: Screen*

ZOË:

“That's my file. I feel an almost irresistible urge to peek...”

*Use: Screen*

ZOË:

“Nope, nothing at all. A bunch of personal information I had to fill out for my first appointment. And now I feel really guilty for peeking. Boo.”

*Use: Screen*

ZOË:

“I don't know what I was hoping for. A “she's real cute” note in the margins?”

*Exit to Propast*

*Zoë emerges into Propast. David Thompson and Diana Aitai can be seen in the courtyard on the middle level. Alan Oshiro is sitting near the Collapse memorial. Edwyn Tiong, Andy “Ringtail” Snyder and Sarah Simmonds are all hanging out across from the Pub-Lick on Kaprova. Ralf Verbeek is sitting on the ledge next to the Kavarna, looking at The Divide.*

*The EYE are harrassing a food cart.*

NELA:

“What do you mean, I need a permit? I have a permit! I paid a fucking fortune for this permit!”

EYE OFFICER:

“Your permit is no longer valid. You'll need to have it renewed. You have twenty-four hours to comply.”

NELA:

“Fuck off, you have twenty-four hours to comply.”

EYE OFFICER:

“Tha makes...absolutely no sense. If you do not comply, you will be detained and your food cart confiscated.”

NELA:

“If you so much as touch Karl, I'll cut off your testicles and make a kebab.”

EYE OFFICER:

“Threats are counterproductive and punishable by law. You have twen--”

NELA:

“How does it feel working for a fascist fucking regime, trampling all over the working people?”

EYE OFFICER:

“I'm okay with it. Great health coverage, no overtime, pay is decent. Twenty-four hours!”

*Reza calls Zoë on her iris.*

ZOË:

“Hey.”

REZA:

“Hey, where are you?”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Might Be in Chapter 1:*

ZOË:

“Just leaving therapy, on my way to the shop. What's up?”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

ZOË:

“Just leaving therapy, on my way to the lab. What's up?”

REZA:

“Neck deep. Would I be a bad boyfriend if I asked you to stop by that place with the crazy person and the good food?”

ZOË:

“Nela Bites. Sure. And lazy. Not bad.”

REZA:

“What?”

ZOË:

“Not bad boyfriend. Lazy boyfriend. What do you want?”

REZA:

“Your pick. Nothing--”

ZOË:

“Exotic. Affirmative. I'll stop by Nela's right now. I should be at your office in fifteen?”

REZA:

“Thanks. You're the best.”

ZOË:

“I am! See you soon.”

*Examine: Nela*

ZOË:

“Nela! Street chef, Marxist, sparkplug and friend of mine. I do love her, in smaller doses.”

*Examine: Nela*

ZOË:

“I met Nela after my first appointment with Dr. Roman. She sold me some fried cheese and I fell in love. With the cheese, not with Nela. Although she is pretty cute.”

*Examine: Nela*

ZOË:

“Nela's cool. She gives me a good kick in the ass whenever I obsess too much. We may not be BFFs but she's definitely a good friend.”

***Content added 5/5/2017 in console versions, 7/21/2017 in PC version:***

**NELA:**

**“Nela Bites! But I don’t.”**

**NELA:**

**“Down with the fascho oppressors! That’s right, assi, keep walking.”**

**NELA:**

**“Try cheese! Cheese soup! Wurst!”**

**NELA:**

**“Smažák!”**

**NELA:**

**“Freedom and food to the prolo!”**

**NELA:**

**“Best smažák in Propast!”**

*Examine: Karl*

ZOË:

“Nela has a nickname for her mobile kitchen. And that nickname is Karl, because Marxist.”

*Examine: Karl*

ZOË:

“Nela Bites is one of the best food carts in all of Propast. Whatever she's cooking, it's super tasty. And incredibly unhealthy, but pffft.”

*Examine: Karl*

ZOË:

“Nela's cart, “Karl”, serves up some really tasty fried cheeses, sausages and soups. Sometimes she combines them all. Five stars, easily.”

*Talk to: Nela*

NELA:

“Did you see that?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Get involved: *I can't believe the EYE is harassing Nela. She sells food, it's not like she's doing anything illegal...is she? I mean, I know she's politically involved, but there's no law against being Marxist.*

ZOË:

“What was that all about?”

NELA:

“Fucking EYE, making up shit so that they can harass anyone who doesn't toe the line. Now I'm going to waste a whole afternoon standing in line at the district office for a permit I don't fucking need. Never mind that this is just the tip of the garbage heap. They're restricting transit between sectors, adding more security to all the metro stations and ports, requiring paperwork for anything beyond local lines. I mean, what the fuck? I knew parliament was tight with the Syndicate, but this is chungo, man. They're planning something. Probably going to hunt down and arrest “revolutionaries” next. That's me fucked, then.”

ZOË:

“I'm sure you're--”

NELA:

“Word is they rounded up all the European Liberty folks in the Berlin district last week. Detained them on suspicion of terrorism. Terrorism! For speaking their minds! And, okay, for releasing clouds of biograffiti. I know that clique, they're harmless, it was just a call to action. That's fucking terrorism now?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Don't get involved: *I shouldn't get involved. I have enough on my plate and I'm running late and...I'm already neck deep in the Uminskas campaign. I don't need more political drama. I don't really need any political drama.*

ZOË:

“Sorry, Nela. I just have to buy Reza's lunch.”

NELA:

“You know what they say. “First the came for the communists, and I didn't speak out because I wasn't a communist.””

ZOË:

“But you are a communist.”

NELA:

“Marxist. And that's not the point! The EYE is clamping down on our freedoms. They're restricting transit between the districts, working directly with parliament to silence revolutionaries. One of these days, I won't be around to sell you lunch.”

ZOË:

“I'm sure they won't--”

NELA:

“Arrest me? For committing thought crimes? Wait and see, atze. Something's up. They already arrested some folks I know in the Berlin district, holding them on suspicion of terrorism! Crimes of the mind, Zozo. That's their angle. So, okay, they also released a cloud of biograffiti on the Reichstag. But terrorism? Come on!”

*(conversation progresses)*

ZOË:

“Scary.”

NELA:

“Scary. That's exactly what it is. And your candidate isn't going to change anything for the better.”

ZOË:

“Maybe not. But Uminska won't change anything for the worse, either. Unlike Konstantin Wolf.”

NELA:

“Kaiser Konstantin. Puta! If that schwein gets elected, I'm moving to Paris.”

ZOË:

“They'd never let you in.”

NELA:

“One of the Conglomerate City States of North America, then. Newport. The fucking Republic of Los Angeles. Hell, even Bostonia. Anywhere but Kaiser's Europe.”

ZOË:

“That's why Lea Uminska is the best choice. No one's going to put the Marxists in office, Nela. At least my candidate has a fighting chance. And she is a socialist.”

NELA:

“She's a moderate, Zoë. A moderate! What's the point in that? Moderation is just another word for compromise. Anyway, what are you having?”

ZOË:

“Having?”

NELA:

“Lunch, Zozo! For your chorbo! Listen, I have a new supplier for pork wurst. The Collective, down on Kaprova. Organic meat, the real deal, none of that vat-grown slop. Don't know how they do it. Connections on high, plenty of mause swapping hands. But they're legal. I think.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Pork sausages\*: *The pork sausages sound totally delicious. I'm not sure Reza will agree but he needs to be more adventurous when it comes to his diet.*

ZOË:

“Let's live dangerously. The pork sausages sound perfect.”

Cheese soup\*: *The pork sausages sound delicious, but Reza plays it safe when it comes to food. Europolitan through and through, no tolerance for organic meats. I'm working on it, but... Baby steps.*

ZOË:

“I'm going to have to go with the cheese soup. Again.”

NELA:

“Dobry. Coming up. You should join the protest this afternoon, we're marching on the sector office.”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Might Be in Chapter 1:*

ZOË:

“I think it would take a lot more than a political rally for Mira to give me time off. I'm going to have to pass.”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

ZOË:

“Can't. Sorrry. Ada would give me time off, but the project's at a really critical stage right now.”

NELA:

“Smart girl. We'll probably get beaten by the bulle and tossed in the zona. Just another fucking Monday in Propast. Here you go.”

ZOË:

“Thanks Nela.”

NELA:

“If you reconsider, we'll head out around noon. Time to let those cunts know we're watching the watchmen.”

*(conversation ends)*

*If Zoë picked the cheese soup:*

*Examine: Cheese soup (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“Cheese soup, Reza's favourite. Tasty but dull. Tull.”

*Examine: Cheese soup (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“Cheese soup from Nela Bites.”

*If Zoë chose the pork sausages:*

*Examine: Pork sausages (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“Organic pork sausages. They smell delicious. I should get some for myself later.”

*Examine: Pork sausages*

ZOË:

“I hope Reza likes these. If not, I'm eating them.”

*Talk to: Nela*

NELA:

“Weren't you in a rush?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Pork sausages: *Actual, real organic meat is almost impossible to come by. I wonder where she got those pork sausages. Was it even pork? Or was it...people? No, I'm sure it's pork.*

ZOË:

“Where did you say those sausages came from again?”

NELA:

“The Collective. They have a storefront on Kaprova, right next to the Metro entrance. They don't make a big number of it.”

ZOË:

“But...organic meat? Are you sure they're legal?”

NELA:

“Did you taste them? They're divine. They taste like freedom and democracy, like meat's supposed to taste. How meat tasted before they started growing it all in vats.”

ZOË:

“They slaughter animals to get that meat.”

NELA:

“Animals, Zoë. Animals. They get to be alive, for a glorious moment. They get to be food. Circle of life, atze.”

ZOË:

“You're a very odd person.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Business: *I never see a lot of customers here, but Nela must be doing all right. This spot can't be cheap. It's prime real estate.*

ZOË:

“How's Nela Bites doing?”

NELA:

“It's got bite, man. Paletti. That's what that means. Doing good.”

ZOË:

“It must be expensive to rent a spot up here.”

NELA:

“You wouldn't believe it. But I'm superbon, totally fine.”

ZOË:

“It's just that I never see a line...”

NELA:

“There are other ways of being fine. Fried cheese ain't all I'm selling, Zozo.”

ZOË:

“Oh.”

NELA:

“Anda, idiota. Not drugs or guns or my body. I just mean there's more to it than the food cart. I'm also selling idealism and social engagement.”

ZOË:

“How do you profit from that?”

NELA:

“There are ways. I may be Marxist, but that doesn't mean I don't believe in a free market economy.”

ZOË:

“Um.”

NELA:

“You know what I mean!”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Later: *It's always nice to chat with Nela, but I need to get going.*

ZOË:

“Enjoy!”

NELA:

“I always do, Zozo. Bye!”

*(conversation ends)*

*Examine: Food cart*

ZOË:

“The best food in Propast comes from the street vendors and their food carts. Hands down, no contest.”

*Examine: Food cart*

ZOË:

“Propast has the best selection of street food in Europolis. There's no reason to cook, ever. Except when Reza cooks. I'm fine with him cooking.”

*Examine: Food cart*

ZOË:

“The street food here is really, really good. And smells absolutely delicious.”

*Talk to: Food cart vendor*

VENDOR:

“Scorpion on a stick, atze? Best in Propast.”

“I've got crunchy crickets, fried fire ants, boiled beetles and juicy moth larva tacos. What will it be?”

“Today's special is deep fried Cambodian tarantula. Can I get you a baker's dozen?”

“How about a cup of crispy cockroaches, fresh off the grill?”

“Next in line, please.”

“What can I get you, lady?”

“Ahoy! Can I get your order? Dolly-dolly.”

“Whatcha hoka! What do you want?”

“Stop by anytime for Propast's best grilled cheese sandwiches.”

“Today's special is Abbot's Gold with dry cured Italian sausage and mango chutney on shokupan.”

“I just finished a fresh batch of pierogi. How many you want? It'll be sold out soon.”

“We've got steaming hot xiaolongbao, shāo kăo, chong yu ping, best in Propast! What can I get you?”

“Have you tried a tostadas? They're delicious. No? How about some churros? You look like you're in the mood for some churros.”

“Hello, yes?”

“Ahoy, belle! Looking for some peka?”

“Next customer!”

“Salut! What are you having?”

*Examine: Seshadri Tower*

ZOË:

“The tallest office building in Propast, home to Dr. Roman Zelenka's Psychotherapy Praxis and a thousand other businesses.”

*Examine: Seshadri Tower*

ZOË:

“The Seshadri Tower is prime real estate in Propast. The rent's probably as sky high as the cloudscraper.”

*Content redacted 5/5/2017 in console version, 7/21/2017 in PC version:*

*Examine: Panel*

ZOË:

“'Tørnquist & Tørnquist'. “Cultist advisors.” I guess there's good money in cults.”

*Examine: Panel*

ZOË:

““Andvig & Associates, corporate clownsmanship”. Well, if I ever need a clown in a suit...”

*Examine: Panel*

ZOË:

“Grav, Scheve, Nøst & Pan.” “Attorneys to the recently deceased”. Wait, what?”

*Examine: Panel*

ZOË:

“'Bruusgaard & Sandbæk', “pro-gaming consultants”.”

*Examine: Panel*

ZOË:

“'Jansen & Johnsen'. “Sports agents, representing the best of European Roller Derby”. Roller- what-now?”

*Examine: Panel*

ZOË:

“'Dr. Roman Zelenka's Psychotherapy Praxis'. Hey!”

*Examine: Panel*

ZOË:

“'The Squidnapping'. Luxury hotel for pet cephalopods. Cool.”

*Content redacted 5/5/2017 in console version and 7/21/2017 in PC version:*

*Examine: Panel*

ZOË:

““Hans Kristian Andersen, dream-maker”. I've heard of him, he's a famous Dreamtime designer.”

*Touch: Panel*

ZOË:

“What am I doing? I don't have another appointment with the doc today.”

*Examine: Garbage bin*

ZOË:

“I'm a bit creeped out by the talking bins. Why do they talk? What shadowy masters do they serve?”

*Examine: Garbage bin*

ZOË:

“Talking, walking, incinerating garbage bins. Granted, I haven't seen them walking but I'm sure they do, late at night, when no one's looking.”

*Use: Garbage bin*

ZOË:

“And get my hand chewed off? No chance, I'll be tossing my garbage in the gutter like a normal person.”

*Interactive maps are aound the city labeled “Crowboy! Your Guide to Propast”.*

CROWBOY:

“Map! Get your map here! Map!”

“I'm a rootin' tootin- six barrel shootin' map totin' crow cowboy! Yee-haw!”

“You look like you could use some directions, miss!”

“Hey, you lost? No problem! I can give you directions to anywhere in Propast!”

“Crowboy's here to help you find your way in Propast!”

*Examine: Map*

ZOË:

“Those interactive tourist maps helped a lot when I first moved here. They're still helpful. I still get lost.”

*Examine: Map*

ZOË:

“An interactive tourist map of Propast. Super useful.”

*Examine: Map*

ZOË:

“Before last year, I was never that into Crowboy. I don't know what happened, but now I find him adorable.”

*Talk to: Map*

CROWBOY:

“Crowdy, partner! Where you off to today?”

“Yee-haw! I've got a hankerin' for givin' you directions!”

“Well, if it ain't my favourite cowgirl! Can I point you in the direction of sumthin', darlin'?”

“I'm here to give you directions, miss! You just tell me where you wanna go today!”

“Crowboy here! I'm one rootin' tootin' six-barrel-shottin' crow cowboy!”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Home: *Our apartment is off Sonnenschein Plaza, in the aptly named Sonnenschein Terraces by OCG. Sunny living! Yeeeah...*

ZOË:

“Where's Sonnenschein Plaza on the map?”

CROWBOY:

“Sponsored by Original Consumer Goods, Sonnenschein Plaza in the only place in Propast with an artificial sun. And it's burnin' hot, yee-haw!”

*(conversation progresses)*

The Hand That Feeds: *Reza's office is down by Pristaviste, the old river docks, right behind the Collapse Memorial.*

ZOË:

“Show me Pristaviste, please. The Památník Kollaps.”

CROWBOY:

“Plannin' on a trip down the river? You got it, cowgirl! Propast docks, comin' right up!”

*(conversation progresses)*

Pandemonium: *Mira's shop is located in the Bricks, in what used to be Propast Autoservis. I'm not sure what the official name is, but I'm sure “Pandemonium” won't be on this map.*

ZOË:

“Do you know where Propast Autoservis is located?”

CROWBOY:

“One second, doll! Why, I sure do! But that garage closed down years ago. I can direct you to--”

ZOË:

“I want to go there.”

CROWBOY:

“Well, certainly! The building's still there, right smack in the Bricks. According to the city net, it's abandoned, so watch out for squatters and undesirables!”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

Biolab: *Our lab is located just above the Propast Metro Station, on the upper level. I don't even know if that part of town has a name. Upper Kaprova, maybe?*

ZOË:

“Can you show me how to get to the elevated walkways above Kaprova?”

CROWBOY:

“Sure thing, miss! Which section are you lookin' to traverse today?”

ZOË:

“The cul-de-sac right above the Metro Station.”

CROWBOY:

“Well, shucks, that ain't no problem whatsoever. Nothin' there worth checkin' out, unless you just like the view, but here you go, sweetheart!”

*(conversation progresses)*

Campaign HQ: *The Uminska campaign headquarters are located off the Propast Souk, next to the temple.*

ZOË:

“Where's the Propast Synagogue?”

CROWBOY:

“Salaam, shalom, howdy! The Propast Synagogye is located in the Souk, also known as the Shuk! That sure is confusing!”

*(conversation progresses)*

The Chinese market: *We buy takeaway down in the Bricks at least once a week. Great food, and if you're lucky you can pick up some cool stuff. If you're not so lucky, the worst junk.*

ZOË:

“Can you direct me to the Chinese market?”

CROWBOY:

“You lookin' to do some shoppin' in the Bricks? Well, shucks, say nĭ hăo to the Chinese market for me!”

*(conversation progresses)*

Nela Bites: *Nela's food cart is right outside Seshadri Tower, on the upper level.*

ZOË:

“I'm going to Seshadri Tower.”

CROWBOY:

“The tallest tower in all of Propast! That'd be right here, sweetheart!”

*(conversation progresses)*

Kaprova: *I heard Kaprova street used to be one of the main thoroughfares, before the latest construction work in Propast. It's also where the Metro Station is located.*

ZOË:

“Where on the map is Kaprova?”

CROWBOY:

“Why, that's a pretty scary neighbourhood, doll! Keep your eyes peeled and your hands on your six-shooters! Draw!”

*(conversation progresses)*

Exit:

*(conversation progresses)*

*After Crowboy gives directions:*

CROWBOY:

“Y'all come back anytime now, y'hear?”

“I hope you get to where you're going! And if you ever get lost again, you know Crowboy's got your back!”

“Any time you need a rootin', tootin', six-barrel-shootin' crow cowboy to give you directions to anywhere in Propast, you just call on the Crowboy!”

“Don't be a stranger now, y'hear?”

“It was a pleasure servin' you this fine day, miss!”

*(conversation ends)*

WOMAN ZOË CAN BUMP INTO:

“I'm sorry, do you mind?”

“Pardon me.”

“You look familiar.”

“Watch it!”

“How rude.”

“My bad.”

“Wake up!”

“Coffee, coffee, coffee, coffee, coffee, coffee…”

“Sumimasen.”

MAN ZOË CAN BUMP INTO:

“Excuse me.”

“Stop dreaming!”

“Do I know you?”

“No offense, all right.”

*Some people have computers in front of their faces that say “What happens next? Feeling Gloomy Governer of: T-Rex Comments: 509 Likes: 15183 Weather: Dreary It's time to Gloom”.*

*Posters throughout Propast say:*

*Let's Eat Grandpa*

*Let's Eat, Grandpa*

*A misplaced comma here, life in prison there?*

*Studies show 92% of Lower Tier Citizens struggle with basic spelling.*

*CruxCorpSpellingPlants*

*There are posters of a rubber ducky inner tube saying:*

*Hello! Is it me you're looking for?*

*THE EYE IN THE SKY IS WATCHING*

*The EYE affects you too!*

*BLIND THE EYE!  
Join the rally!*

*Monday, July 17th, 2220*

*Kaprova, PROPAST*

*There are posters of a Watilla saying:  
MISSING  
Have you seen Bonkers?*

*Examine: Advertisement*

ZOË:

“Those ads, for some reason, give me goose bumps. The icky kind.”

*Examine: Advertisement*

ZOË:

“Like it or not, and I don't, you can't that WATI's doing a really good job selling their Dreamachines.”

*Examine: Advertisement*

ZOË:

“Billions of people use the Dreamachine. I find that hard to be comprehend. One in five people access Dreamtime at least once a week? Madness.”

*Examine: Advertisement*

ZOË:

“WATIcorp's Dreamachine. I played a part in exposing the conspiracy, but I couldn't stop them from releasing it. And now it's taken over the world.”

*Examine: Advertisement*

ZOË:

““I'm a Dreamer”? I'm not. That's the last thing I want to be.”

***Content added 7/21/2017 in PC version:***

***A woman named Deidre Quyang is talking to someone on her Iris outside Seshadri Tower.***

**DEIDRE QUYANG:**

**“All I’m saying is the acquisition will go through. We’re making damn sure of it. Okay. Okay, yeah, I see your point, but…Look. You hired us for a reason. We can deliver what you need. And MTI has what you need. There’s a conversion of interests, is what I’m saying. Uh huh. Okay. So here’s what’s going to happen. We’ll let them know we have their files, and that they’ll find their way into the, um…the open market unless they agree to sell. Between getting something or nothing, they’ll choose something. You really don’t wanna know the how. All you need to know is what you’re getting and how much it’ll cost you. The moment I see the cash, we start moving. Not a percentage of it. Not most of it. All of it. Look, this channel is secure, but I don’t like staying connected for too long in one spot. You’ll hear from us soon. In the meantime, your only job is to follow the instructions and stay cool. Ciao.”**

***Talk to: Deidre Quyang***

**DEIDRE QUYANG:**

**“Do I know you? Hey, were you eavesdropping? You should mind your own business, or you could wake up tomorrow and find that your life has been reformatted…Zoë Maya Castillo.”**

***Talk to: Deidre Quyang***

**DEIDRE QUYANG:**

**“That’s right. I can connect to your IRIS, tap into your archives, pick your life apart piece by piece.”**

***Talk to: Deidre Quyang***

**DEIDRE QUYANG:**

**“Take a walk, sister. You heard nothing. And if I see you again, you’re going to find out first hand what I’m capable of.”**

***Talk to: Deidre Quyang***

**DEIDRE QUYANG:**

**“Did I not make myself clear? You’re skating on thin ice above a bottomless abyss of hurt.”**

MAN ABOVE WATI SIGN:

“I had the best Dreamtime yesterday.”

WOMAN ABOVE WATI SIGN:

“What did you do?”

MAN ABOVE WATI SIGN:

“I starte with my own creation and then I mixed in one of Shabaye's dreams, the one with the bulls?”

WOMAN ABOVE WATI SIGN:

“Altora Gigante, five stars in the Dreamstore.”

MAN ABOVE WATI SIGN:

“That's the one! Totally surreal.”

WOMAN ABOVE WATI SIGN:

“I just bought the latest Barku bundle. That's next weekend sorted, I'm not leaving the flat.”

MAN ABOVE WATI SIGN:

“I'm not a big Barku fan. I'm saving up for the latest Niedre dream, it's supposed to be epic.”

WOMAN ABOVE WATI SIGN:

“Niedre's good, Penelope's better. She's coming out with a new dream next month. The previews are amazing! I won't be leaving my bedroom for a week.”

MAN ABOVE WATI SIGN:

“Good times, atze. Good times. Hey, what if this is the dream and when we connect to the Dreamer, we wake up?”

WOMAN ABOVE WATI SIGN:

“That's really deep, colo.”

*Examine: Bingo! ad*

ZOË:

“They're really pushing the new Bingo! Dreamer fizzy drink. Anything Dreamchine related is a big seller these days.”

*Examine: Bingo! ad*

ZOË:

“Before the Soda Wars, there were a lot more soft drink flavours. I wouldn't know, I grew up with Bingo! I'm a Bingirl. Bing-girl? Whatever.”

*Examine: Bingo! ad*

ZOË:

“After what Reza told me about that Dreamer soft drink, I'm never—no, I mean, I lie. I am a bit curious to try it. I mean, actually seeing the Bingo! Dingo? Sounds awesome.”

*There are billboards that say “Konstantin Wolf Born to Lead A Better Tomorrow”.*

*Examine: Political ad*

ZOË:

“Konstantin Wolf envisions himself a back-to-basics father figure for a united Europe, embracing traditional values and ethnic purity. I've heard that particular pitch before...”

*Examine: Political ad*

ZOË:

“Kaiser Konstantin and European Dawn. Fascists, isolationists, populists. If they win, Europolis is, well, bollocked.”

*Examine: Political ad*

ZOË:

“European Dawn wants to toss out immigrants, close borders and restore Europe to a white-bred fairyland that only ever existed in their xenophobic wet dreams.”

WOMAN NEAR SESHADRI TOWER:

“It's between Wolf and Uminska, isn't it? Gross and Ribas are not even competing.”

OTHER WOMAN NEAR SESHADRI TOWER:

“Ja. The Alliance has screwed up too often, and Manifesto never stood a chance. Dawn is the only sensible alternative.”

WOMAN NEAR SESHADRI TOWER:

“You mean Unity, of course. Not Dawn. You said 'Dawn', but you meant 'Unity'.”

OTHER WOMAN NEAR SESHADRI TOWER:

“Um...”

WOMAN NEAR SESHADRI TOWER:

“Right?”

OTHER WOMAN NEAR SESHADRI TOWER:

“I'm voting Wolf.”

WOMAN NEAR SESHADRI TOWER:

“You're what? Are you chungo, dupa? He's a fascist chauvinist pig!”

OTHER WOMAN NEAR SESHADRI TOWER:

“What about Lea Uminska? She's a sozy zika! She's weak and she's soft. With her in charge, the walls will come down and the barbarian hordes will wash over Europe.”

WOMAN NEAR SESHADRI TOWER:

“That's so racist!”

OTHER WOMAN NEAR SESHADRI TOWER:

“Telling the truth is being a racist now? Face it, we don't have room for more immigrants. It's time we focus on rebuilding what Europolis is all about.”

WOMAN NEAR SESHADRI TOWER:

“It's like I don't know you anymore! I'm sorry, do you mind?”

OTHER WOMAN NEAR SESHADRI TOWER:

“See what I mean? Immigrants everywhere.”

*Examine: Mystery tower*

ZOË:

“I've asked everyone what those towers are and no one knows for sure. Some say anti-grav units from before the Collapse, others say they're vents.”

*Examine: Mystery tower*

ZOË:

“Nela claims those towers are releasing chemicals that keep the populace subdued and compliant, but her argument is self-defeating. She breathes the same air and she is not compliant.”

*Examine: Mystery tower*

ZOË:

“My theory is that they were built as a practical joke, to keep everyone guessing. But they're probably just vents.”

*Touch: Mystery tower*

ZOË:

“It's warm. And...tingly. Odd.”

*An advertisement on the upper level says “Dreamy New Look Cloud Nine Prosthetics New Face, New Possibilities”. The Bingo! advertisements say “Bingo! Dreams Your choice. Your dream.”*

*Examine: Vending machine (Bingo! dreams)*

ZOË:

“After they dominated the Soda Wars, Bingo!'s pretty much the only show in town. And by show I mean fizzy drink.”

*Use: Vending machine*

ZOË:

“There's absolutely nothing I would want in there.”

*Use: Vending machine*

ZOË:

“I'm not in the mood for freeze-dried synthesised whale urine jelly today, thanks very much.”

*Use: Vending machine*

ZOË:

“The Hand did an exposé on vending machines. Never again, I swear to god.”

WOMAN NEAR BIOLAB:

“There's no way you can convince me that Kaiser Konstantin--”

MAN NEAR BIOLAB:

“Do you really have to call him that? It's so derogatory. Konstantin Wolf doesn't go around calling your candidate names.”

WOMAN NEAR BIOLAB:

“No? Have you seen the grafitti?”

MAN NEAR BIOLAB:  
  
“I don't think Wolf has the time to walk around with a spraycan.”

WOMAN NEAR BIOLAB:

“His fascho army does. They're everywhere, atze! Who do you think is behind the checkpoints and the EYE bots?”

MAN NEAR BIOLAB:

“The Syndicate.”

WOMAN NEAR BIOLAB:

“And who's behind the Syndicate?”

MAN NEAR BIOLAB:

“The corporations. European Dawn wants to free us from corporate rule. They want the people to run this city. They want democracy and freedom, unlike Lea Uminska.”

WOMAN NEAR BIOLAB:

“Oh, come on! Are you gonna argue that the social democrats are in the corps's pockets?”

MAN NEAR BIOLAB:

“Not my words. Just repeating what they say.”

WOMAN NEAR BIOLAB:

“'They' as in the Kaiserlings.”

MAN NEAR BIOLAB:

“I told you, dupa, don't use that word.”

WOMAN NEAR BIOLAB:  
  
“Dupa? Dupa? Dupek? Whatever you do, don't vote for the Kaiser.”

MAN NEAR BIOLAB:

“Don't listen to her, she's just a sozy bobo.”

*There are billboards that say “Dieter Gross Dependable European Democrats for Freedom and Liberty. I promise five more years of stability and dependability. - Dieter Gross”*

*Examine: Political ad*

ZOË:

“Dieter Gross. Dependable. Conservative. Boring old white dude. The Alliance is not going to win, they've spent the last seven years running Europolis into the ground.”

*Examine: Political ad*

ZOË:

“Gross. Gross. I can't imagine the Alliance doing particularly well in the elections. It's really a two horse race between Uminska and Kaiser Konsntantin.”

*Examine: Political ad*

ZOË:

“Dependable. Dull. Dead. Not literally. Politically. I'm not advocating assassinations.”

*Examine: Doppelgängers*

ZOË:

“I've seen him somewhere before.”

“I've seen her before. She's, um, nope, can't place here.”

“He looks really familiar.”

“Do I know her? I'm sure I know her from somewhere.”

“Who is that? Do I know him?”

“She looks familiar.”

*Examine: EYE operative*

ZOË:

“EYEs everywhere. I've never seen so many of them out on the streets.”

*Examine: EYE operative*

ZOË:

“The EYE. Keeping Propast safe or, you know, under constant surveillance.”

*Examine: EYE operative*

ZOË:

“EYE officers, employed by the Syndicate, which works for the corporations. And around and around it goes.”

*A 23rd Century version of singer-songwriter Egil Olsen is playing a show near the Collapse Memorial, playing his songs Tryin', Singer-Songwriter and Keep Movin, Keep Dreamin. There is a nearby building labeled Sweet Dreams Pharmaceuticals. “Rapture A pill a day keeps your worries away”.*

***Content added 6/17/2016: The WATI adbot from Book Two is patrolling the streets.***

*Examine: Collapse memorial*

ZOË:

““The Collapse. August 8th, 2209.” The day everything went to hell. I remember only fragments. It was a scary day.”

*Examine: Collapse memorial*

ZOË:

““For those who lost, for those who were lost. For those who suffered and those who perished. You will never be forgotten.””

*Examine: Collapse memorial*

ZOË:

“It's a memorial for victims of the Collapse.”

*There are signs that say “Vote Bolder, Vote Leader, Lea Uminska”.*

*Examine: Political ad*

ZOË:

“The Uminska ads are bold and she does come across as a leader. It's why I'm volunteering for her. I guess. That and also Baruti's passion.”

*Examine: Political ad*

ZOË:

“Uminska's face is plastered all over the city. Unity's making a major push before the elections. I really do think they, we, stand a decent chance.”

*Examine: Political ad*

ZOË:

“I do like the Uminska ads. I think they get the message across. I'm proud to be associated with her political campaign.”

WOMAN NEAR THE HAND THAT FEEDS:

“You know, she gets a lot of mierda, but Ribas is straight up. I think I'm voting Manifesto this election.”

OTHER WOMAN NEAR THE HAND THAT FEEDS:

“The Marxists?”

THIRD WOMAN NEAR THE HAND THAT FEEDS:

“No bullshit.”

WOMAN NEAR THE HAND THAT FEEDS:

“What's the alternative, eh? Konstantin Wolf?”

OTHER WOMAN NEAR THE HAND THAT FEEDS:

“There's Uminska.”

THIRD WOMAN NEAR THE HAND THAT FEEDS:

“She's weak. She points wherever the prevailing wind blows. I'm sticking with the Alliance.”

WOMAN NEAR THE HAND THAT FEEDS:

“The Blues? That's just gross.”

THIRD WOMAN NEAR THE HAND THAT FEEDS:

“Heh. Funny. What's wrong with Dieter Gross and the Alliance? Better the evil you know than the evil you don't.”

WOMAN NEAR THE HAND THAT FEEDS:

“A clean slate is the only way to go. Someone with no hand in the corporate pockets. Say whatever you want about Marta Ribas and Manifesto, they got no ties to the Syndicate.”

OTHER WOMAN NEAR THE HAND THAT FEEDS:  
  
“No, they're on their own. No support from anyone. The Marxists make a lot of noise, but what does it amount to? Just a lot of noise. Uminska is the only choice that makes sense.”

THIRD WOMAN NEAR THE HAND THAT FEEDS:

“At least no one here is voting Kaiser Konstantin and European Dawn, right?”

OTHER WOMAN NEAR THE HAND THAT FEEDS:

“Ugh, talk about gross! I read in the Hand that Wolf's been on trial twice for rape. Acquited, but atze, seriously!”

THIRD WOMAN NEAR THE HAND THAT FEEDS:

“The Kaiser gets no vote from me. He's a godverdammte puta, that one.”

OTHER WOMAN NEAR THE HAND THAT FEEDS:

“What's up soir? I don't care, as long as we end up clubbing. I'm up for a bit of breit sein.”

WOMAN NEAR THE HAND THAT FEEDS:

“Sounds superbon. Let's head to a garito first for some browar.”

THIRD WOMAN NEAR THE HAND THAT FEEDS:

“I'm down with that. We can lay a super plan over bira.”

*Examine: The Hand That Feeds*

ZOË:

“That's the Hand That Feeds' logo. It's conveniently pointing the way to the entrance.”

*Examine: Dream-junkie*

ZOË:

“That right there is why I don't use a Dreamachine and why I think they're so dangerous.”

*Examine: Dream-junkie*

ZOË:

“I know Dreamachines are supposed to be safe after that whole plot-to-control-humanity was exposed...but looking at those Dream-junkies, I'm not so sure.”

*Examine: Dream-junkie*

ZOË:

“The only way to help Dream-junkies is to forcibly disconnect them and put them in rehab. But who's going to pay for that? Not WATIcorp.”

*Examine: Dream-junkie*

ZOË:

“They've lost jobs, homes, all because they're addicted to Dreamtime. It's really scary.”

*Examine: Dream-junkie*

ZOË:

“A Dream-junkie, addicted to Dreamtime. They're all over the place. It's become a massive problem.”

*Examine: Dream-junkie*

ZOË:

“I don't know if they should stop selling Dreamachines altogether, but more and more people are getting addicted. Something must be done.”

*Examine: Dream-junkie*

ZOË:

“A Dream-junkie, hooked up to a Dreamchine and lost in Dreamtime. It's a drug, and it's dangerous.”

*Touch: Dream-junkie*

ZOË:

“I think just disconnecting them from the Dreamachine could be dangerous. And I'd probably get beaten up for trying to help.”

*Touch: Dream-junkie*

ZOË:

“There's nothing I can do...”

*Talk to: Dream-junkie*

DREAM JUNKIE:

“Fuck off. And fuck reality. I don't need reality. I have everything I need in here. In Dreamtime.”

“All my friends are here. They've come back. My family. My children. They're all here! They all love me.”

“This is the one and only reality. This is my reality. I'm staying here, so just fuck off!”

*Talk to: Dream-junkie*

DREAM JUNKIE:

“The ocean looks so beautiful from here, so peaceful. I can see forever. I can see the edge of the world. I can see beyond the edge! I can see infinity!”

“Just a little further...a little bit further, almost there now...almost there...almost there...”

“I'm home. This is home. This is wonderful, it looks just like how I wanted it to look, everything's perfect. I'm home now...”

*Talk to: Dream-junkie*

DREAM JUNKIE:

“I thought you were dead...I thought you were dead. But you're here. You're still here with me.”

“Please...don't leave me again, baby. Stay here with me. Please don't leave again, just stay. Stay...”

“I miss you so much, tchia. I miss you so much, baby...”

*Talk to: Dream-junkie*

DREAM JUNKIE:

“Just leave me alone. I'm having the best dream.”

“I'm flying, I'm floating, I'm living the dream.”

“I'm never logging out of Dreamtime. I'm never going back to reality. Never, never, never.”

*If Zoë wanders without talking to Nela:*

*Reza calls Zoë.*

ZOË:

“Hey. Hi!”

REZA:

“Everything okay?”

ZOË:

“Yes. Perfectly. Just...meandering.”

REZA:

“Okay. Okay. Uh. So...?”

ZOË:

“Lunch! Right. Right! I'm on my way to Nela's.”

REZA:

“Okay. I mean, you were right there when I called earlier...”

ZOË:

“I got distracted.”

REZA:

“Okay. Well. See you soon?”

ZOË:

“Sooner than soon. Bye!”

*If Zoë tries to enter the Pandemonium or the lab before seeing Reza:*

ZOË:

“Wait, no. I was supposed to get Reza lunch before heading to work. That's a thing I need to do, like, right now-ish.”

*If Zoë didn't get Reza's lunch yet:*

*Enter: The Hand That Feeds*

ZOË:

“Shit sandwich, I forgot to pick up Reza's lunch! I can't just saunter in there sans lunch. First stop, Nela Bites. Boyfriend afterwards.”

*If Zoë takes too long to reach the Hand That Feeds:*

*Reza calls Zoë.*

ZOË:

“Hey. I know, I know. I'm on my way, honest.”

REZA:

“With my lunch?”

ZOË:

“Of course! Pft, who do you take me for? Miss Distracted?”

REZA:

“Yes. Yes, that's exactly who I take you for.”

ZOË:

“Oh ye of little faith! Five minutes. Tops.”

REZA:

“Right. And...you do know where the office is. Right?”

ZOË:

“I'm bad with directions, granted. But, you know, come on!”

REZA:

“All right, just checking. Keep the river on your left and you'll find it eventually.”

ZOË:

“Oh, go away. Oh, and see you soon.”

*Enter: The Hand That Feeds*

*The floor of The Hand That Feeds says ““Freedom of the press, if it means anything at all, means the freedom to criticize and oppose.” - George Orwell”. The right wall says ““If liberty means anything at all, it means the right to tell people what they do not want to hear.” “Give me the liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties.”” The left wall says ““Journalism can be lethal.”” Scrolling text on screens says “Protester Alert Central Propast. Demonstrators are gathering by EYE checkpoints with digital signs, protesting increased EYE activity across the Prague district. The Syndicate has called on additional personnel to further increase EYE presence in Propast and elsewhere. Access HandThatFeeds for up to date information about clampdown and EYE activity across Europolis”.*

*Examine: Terminal*

ZOË:

“The Hand used to come out every few weeks, but they recently took on more fulltime journalists and switched to a daily feed.”

*Examine: Terminal*

ZOË:

“I know it's been a huge source of anxiety for Reza and Sully, but so far they've been successful. They still get to do the longer and more in-depth stories.”

*Examine: Terminal*

ZOË:

“Reza rarely works less than twelve, fourteen hours a day...but at least he does a bunch of it from home. I get to see him. Part of him. The part that is the back of his head.”

*Examine: Terminal*

ZOË:

“Doing a daily version of the feed has taken its toll on Sully and Reza...and on our relationship. But I get it. I know it's important. I won't stand in the way of that.”

*Examine: Terminal*

ZOË:

“The Hand publishes at least six or seven in-depth stories a day, with a full-time staff of five, plus freelancers. I don't know how they do it.”

*Use: Terminal*

ZOË:

“Oh, sure, I'll just start writing a story. About, let's see, memory loss? Living in denial? Daddy issues? I've got plenty of personal experience to draw on.”

*Examine: Video feed*

ZOË:

“Riots, demonstrations. It's all over the news. Europolis is really on the edge of something, and Propast gets the worst of it.”

*Examine: Video feed*

ZOË:

“You can't escape the clampdowns or the demonstrations. You're either watching the feeds or you're right in the middle of it.”

*Examine: Video feed*

ZOË:

“Sully keeps saying Europolis is a powder keg, and I understand what he means. Sooner or later, it's going to blow.”

***Content added 7/21/2017 in PC version:***

**JONAS:**

**“Voltec…Voltec…This leads straight back to MTI in Newport. But that’s where it stops. I can’t…(sigh)”**

**JONAS:**

**“Registered trademark of the Revolutionary Church Holdings…What does that even mean?”**

**JONAS:**

**“And who’s Jacob McAllen? After the Collapse, nothin’…Just a big black nothin’. Mighty Manu. Dead end after dead end.”**

**JONAS:**

**“I should have never pitched this story. It’s gonna be the death of me.”**

***Talk to: Jonas***

**JONAS:**

**“Sorry, Zoë. I’m rather busy. Sully needs this Voltec story done before the end of day, and he’s just not listening to reason.”**

***Talk to: Jonas***

**JONAS:**

**“I mean, I can’t publish my story by some artificial, arbitrary deadline! No one can! I’m not even halfway done with the research!”**

***Talk to: Jonas***

**JONAS:**

**“It’s easy enough for your “chorbo”, he’s got Sully wrapped around his little finger. Superstar journalist that he is, he can deliver any garbage whenever he wants, and still Uh.”**

***Talk to: Jonas***

**JONAS:**

**“Please don’t tell Reza what I just said about him. Or Sully. I’m sorry, I’m overworked! I love my job. I need this job.”**

***Talk to: Jonas***

**JONAS:**

**“I, uh, I just need to focus, that’s all. I need to focus real hard. Mighty Manu, I’m going to crash and burn, aren’t I…”**

***Talk to: Jonas***

**JONAS:**

**“I can’t figure out this Church of Voltec thing. And now they’re refusing to talk, threatening legal with lawsuits and even criminal charges for “trampling over our religious rights”. (Deep sigh)”**

*Examine: Reza*

ZOË:

“The boyfriend, working hard to save the world, one story at a time.”

*Examine: Reza*

ZOË:

“We've had our ups and downs, Reza and I. Things are going... They're going. We'll find out where that is soon enough.”

*Examine: Reza*

ZOË:

“It's been a tough transition, for both of us. Relocating to Propast, sharing a home. Global conspiracies and comas. Lesser boyfriends would have bailed.”

*Examine: Reza*

ZOË:

“It's been more complicated than I'd hoped, getting back together. I guess I didn't know Reza as well as I thought before moving here.”

*Examine: Reza*

ZOË:

“Still... We'll figure it out. I have faith. I have that, at least.”

*Talk to: Reza*

REZA:

“Hey you.”

ZOË:

“What's up? Toppling governments and exposing corporate conspiracies?”

REZA:

“All in a day's. How was, y'know?”

ZOË:

“Therapy? Therapeutic, I guess.”

REZA:

“You guess.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Change subject\*: *I know he means well, but... Not in the mood for more psychotherapy.*

ZOË:

“Can we please talk about it later? At home?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Talk about it\*: *I wish he'd leave the psychotherapy for later, but I know he means well.*

ZOË:

“Dr. Roman is really good. I just...I don't know if it's helping. I don't remember anything.”

REZA:

“But it's getting easier.”

ZOË:

“Maybe? Yeah. I'm just...not sure I want to remember.”

*(conversation progresses)*

ZOË:

“So. Working. On what now?”

REZA:

“A couple of things. The clampdown, mostly. There's tons of buzz about the Syndicate shutting down parts of the Metro, escalating identity checks, raiding Newsfeeds...We're expecting the worst.”

ZOË:

“You're loving it.”

REZA:

“I wouldn't say that, but...it's exciting. We can make a difference.”

SULLY:

“I pray they try to raid the Hand!”

REZA:

“Sully's already preparing the lawsuits.”

SULLY:

“We'll sue them for emotional trauma, unlawful intrusion, damages to property, interference with the free press. We'll sue them for three hundred million Yuan.”

REZA:

“He's looking forward to it.”

SULLY:  
  
“I am looking forward to it. Bring it on!”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Might Be in Chapter 1:*

REZA:

“On your way to the shop?”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

REZA:

“On your way to the lab?”

ZOË:

“Ready to get rid of me already? I bring lunch.”

*If Zoë chose the Cheese Soup:*

ZOË:

“Cheese soup. The usual.”

*If Zoë chose the Pork Sausages:*

ZOË:

“Sausage...surprise? Possibly exotic? Sorry.”

REZA:

“I forgive you. You can stay, as long as you don't talk to me. I need to finish this story.”

ZOË:

“The clampdown?”

REZA:  
  
“No. That new Bingo! Dreamer soft drink. Apparently they fast-tracked EFSA approval, skipped a few steps. Some customers have reported seeing the Bingo! Dingo after drinking a can. We'll probably get it pulled from vending machines.”

ZOË:

“That's my boyfriend, getting fizzy drinks yanked from store shelves.”

REZA:

“I'm a modern-day Gilgamesh, saving the world from hallucinogenic sugar water. Thanks for lunch. I appreciate it. I guess I'm making dinner?”

ZOË:

“You guess correctly, ziomal. Oh, I won't be home until later. I'm volunteering.”

REZA:

“Any special requests?”

ZOË:

“Nothing heavy. Have the membranes been repaired?”

REZA:

“I queried the building net, but no reply. Prepare for the worst.”

ZOË:

“I can't believe we don't live in a climate controlled apartment. As soon as I get a raise, we're moving.”

REZA:

“I don't want to leave Propast.”

ZOË:

“No, I like the neighbourhood. But a more modern building would be nice. No more “sunny living at Sonnenschein Plaza by Original Consumer Goods”. Anyway. Lunch. Here. I have to run.”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Might Be in Chapter 1:*

REZA:

“Have fun at the shop. Say hi to, um, to crazy face?”

ZOË:

“Mira. Come on, she's not—Well. Yeah. She is. Mira is crazy face. There's no way around that.”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

REZA:

“Have fun at the lab. Say hi to, um, to wallflower?”

ZOË:

“Ada. Ada! Come on! She's the best! She's fun! Once you get to know her.”

REZA:

“Fun.”

ZOË:

“She's so smart. And a really nice person.”

REZA:

“Right. A nice person.”

ZOË:

“Yeah. That's right. Nice. And I'm going to invite her over soon. And you will be nice. And it will be nice. And we will have fun.”

*(conversation ends)*

***Content added 5/5/2017 in console version and 7/21/2017 in PC version:***

**Reza Temiz**

**Reza is Zoë’s on-and-off-again boyfriend; an investigative journalist and editor working for the radical newsfeed The Hand That Feeds (nee The Hand That Bites) in Europolis, under the tutelage of Editor-in-Chief and best friend Sully Sadik.**

**One year ago, while investigating the WATIcorp Dreamachine, Reza went missing. Fearing for his life, Zoë tried to track him down. She ended up exposing a corporate conspiracy to tap into people’s dreams and memories, through a WATI consumer product called the Dreamachine.**

**It turned out Reza had gone underground, hiding from corporate hitmen. After the conspirators were brought to justice, he wrote an explosive expose for The Hand That Feeds, laying the blame for the WATIcorp conspiracy in rogue elements in the corporation. His story went viral, propelling Reza into the limelight and prompting the move to Europolis.**

**After waking from her coma, Zoë joined him there – both to give their relationship another chance and to give herself a fresh start.**

*Talk to: Reza*

ZOË:

“Rez?”

REZA:

“Just a sec. Hey, what's up?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Lunch: *I didn't check with Reza if he was happy with my choice of lunch. This could have major consequences. Lunch is the most important meal.*

ZOË:

“Food okay?”

REZA:

“The food? Oh. Food. Yeah, I haven't started eating yet, but, um...”

*If Zoë chose the Cheese Soup:*

REZA:

“Cheese soup? My favourite. Can't go wrong with cheese soup. I'll get to it in a minute, I just have to finish up this section.”

*If Zoë chose the Pork Sausages:*

REZA:

“This smells...different. What is it?”

ZOË:

“Pork sausage. Real pork, not synthetic.”

REZA:

“That must have cost a fortune.”

ZOË:

“Nela knows a supplier.”

REZA:

“In that case, I'm sure it's illegally produced and imported pork.”

ZOË:

“Still smells good.”

REZA:

“Crime always does, Zoë. I'd be a bit careful around Nela. There is such a thing as being too radical.”

ZOË:

“Oh, she's harmless. But sure, if she ever tries to push wood-smoked bacon on me, I'll sound the alarm.”

REZA:

“I have a feeling you're not taking me seriously. I promise I'll eat your organic meat sausage. I won't enjoy it, but damnit, I'll eat it. Every last piece of minced organ stuffed into pork intestine.”

ZOË:

“Good!”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Work: *What was Reza working on again, a story about hallucinogenic substances in Bingo! soft drinks? This does not sound terribly important.*

ZOË:

“How's that story going?”

REZA:

“You mean the story I told you about less than five minutes ago?”

ZOË:

“Just checking in.”

REZA:

“It's going well, but it feels a bit inconsequential in the light of everything else that's happening.”

ZOË:

“Hey, come on. A soda that makes you see cartoon animals? That's big, man. Children could be drinking that.”

REZA:

“Of course, someone needs to write the piece, but that someone could be anyone. Like Sofia, she's the newbie.”

ZOË:

“And now you're doing it, and you'll do it well. There's no such thing as a worthless story. You told me that.”

REZA:

“I lied. Of course there is, but...yeah, no, not this one. You're right, I shouldn't complain. It's not a sexy story, but it is important.”

ZOË:

“That's my boy.”

*(return to dialogue options)*

Trieste: *We had such a lovely time in Trieste. Never mind the shitty hotel, the synthetic beaches, the awful food... It was just good with some time away. It's the first time since I moved here, the first time since we got back together. It was important. To us, to our relationship.*

ZOË:

“Do you miss Trieste yet?”

REZA:

“What, the five star hotel, the sandy beaches and the gourmet buffet? You know you're in Italy when you're eating fake pasta made from processed American corn.”

ZOË:

“I guess not.”

REZA:

“I'm just joking, babe. It wasn't about any of those things. It was nice being...away with you.”

ZOË:

“It's not like we can afford anything fancier.”

REZA:

“And we don't need it. It was great. Really. I got to see the sun and you in a bikini.”

ZOË:

“And I got to see you in a black t-shirt and jeans, hiding out in the shade with a book. It was pretty awesome.”

REZA:

“Next time, I promise we'll rent an island in the Philippines.”

ZOË:

“You don't have to promise that. But since you did, I'll hold you to it forever.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Dinner: *Reza promised to make dinner tonight. This is usually a cause for celebration, and not just because I'm lazy and prefer to sit on the couch while my man toils away in the kitchen.*

ZOË:

“What's for dinner?”

REZA:

“Really? This is what you interrupt me for. To ask about dinner. What's for dinner is surprise, is what.”

ZOË:

“That's not food. That's not even English. I thought you said you were a journalist.”

REZA:

“A scriberling, they call it in Europolis. When in Rome, Zoë.”

ZOË:

“Rome was never part of Europolis, smartass. Rome's the capital of the Imperium. Says so on all the signs pointing to there.”

REZA:

“Now who's the smartass. FYI, Rome's just the ceremonial seat of the Imperium. Barcelona is the political capital. Learn to read the signs properly.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Sully: *I know Reza's been spending a lot less time with Sully since I moved here. I hope I haven't gotten in the way of their best-friendship.*

ZOË:

“How's Sully?”

REZA:

“Good. Yeah. Great. Right? I think he's doing good. I don't know.”

ZOË:

“Of course you don't. What do you guys talk about?”

REZA:

“Work. Politics. Corporations. The Syndicate. The EYE. Kaiser Konstantin...uh, football?”

ZOË:

“Liar. Work stuff? That's all you talk about when you're out drinking?”

REZA:

“There hasn't been much of that lately. Out. Drinking.”

ZOË:

“I know. Because of us? Because of me?”

REZA:

“What? No! Of course not. I mean...Sure, we used to go out all the time, but that's because neither of us had a life. And Sully wasn't doing too well after the divorce. He's happy I have better things to do now than go out, get drunk and have loud arguments about socioeconomics. He has better things to do as well.”

ZOË:

“Like what? Like work?”

REZA:

“Work. Okay, yes. But Sully lives for work.”

ZOË:

“I'm not sure that's healthy. But it's not my business. As long as you don't feel I'm getting in the way...”

REZA:

“Hanging out with me was Sully's excuse to not hang out with anyone else. This way, sooner or later, he'll have to find a substitute. Hopefully one he can mate with.”

ZOË:

“Sure. But still. You guys should have out on your own soon. No, actually, not soon. Tomorrow. Tomorrow you're taking Sully out, and I'm finally going to unpack and get organised.”

REZA:

“Sure?”

ZOË:

“Affirmative.”

REZA:

“All right. I'll ask Sully.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Volunteering: *I'm sure I told Reza I'm volunteering tonight, but I'll remind him, just in case, because I don't think I did. Did I?*

ZOË:

“I told you I'm volunteering tonight.”

REZA:

“You did not...and I'm not sure politics is something you should worry your pretty little head about, sweetheart.”

ZOË:

“Jesus. Don't do that voice again. Psycho doesn't suit you.”

REZA:

“I guess there's a reason I'm a scriberling and not a stand-up comedian.”

ZOË:

“You'd guess right. Scriberling? I'll never get used to Europolis slang...”

REZA:

“Don't be a dullie, minette. You go on and hang with your sozie, intello clique tonight, I'll be a stay-at-home minet cooking your bouffe.”

ZOË:

“Pretty good. Or should that be lecker? Superbon? Also, don't do that again. Really creeps me out.”

REZA:

“Tamam.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

Sofia\*: *I wonder how Sofia's doing. Can't be easy being the new member of the Hand That Feeds all-boys club...although I find her a bit standoffish and hard to talk to.*

ZOË:

“Is Sofia at work today?”

REZA:

“She's around. Why?”

ZOË:

“I thought I'd say hello.”

REZA:

“I didn't know you two were friendly.”

ZOË:

“We're not. I thought I'd make an effort. How about you?”

REZA:

“Friendly? I guess. We only talk about work, but so do Sully and I, and we're best friends.”

ZOË:

“Journalists. There's really nothing of value outside your little bubble, is there?”

REZA:

“Maybe, but it's a pretty big bubble. It covers most of the world.”

ZOË:

“Still a bubble.”

REZA:

“Fair enough. Oh, I just remembered. Sofia's out doing an interview. She won't be back today.”

ZOË:

“I'll have to save my girl talk for another occasion.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Goodbye: *I really should get going. I have things to do, places to be, and Reza seems impatient to get back to work.*

ZOË:

“I should get going.”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Might Be in Chapter 1:*

ZOË:

“I'm going to be late for work. Mira will yell at me in Bambaiya and I won't understand any of it.”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

ZOË:

“I shouldn't keep Ada waiting at the lab. She's always so patient, but I feel awful when I'm late.”

REZA:

“Hey, don't look at me, I'm not keeping you.”

ZOË:

“I know, all me. Bye.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Talk to: Reza*

ZOË:

“Rez?”

REZA:

“What's going on?”

Goodbye:

ZOË:

“I should get going. I should get to work.”

REZA:

“You really, really should.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Sully is wearing a shit that says “Best Editor”.*

*Examine: Sully*

ZOË:

“Reza has a great friend and an amazing editor in Sully. And I wouldn't have lasted a month without his shoulder to cry on. Sully's the best.”

*Examine: Sully*

ZOË:

“Good guy Sully. I don't know what we'd do without him.”

*Examine: Sully*

ZOË:

“I really wish we could do something for Sully. I know he was pretty depressed after the divorce. He'd never admit to it, but he's really lonely.”

*Examine: Sully*

ZOË:

“We need to find Sully a good woman. The best woman. Someone worthy of the best guy. Someone with personality and...balls? Yeah, balls.”

*Examine: Sully*

ZOË:

“Sully is honest, passionate, smart and uncompromising. He's a crusader for truth, and he's the newsman Europolis needs. I'm a huge fan.”

*Talk to: Sully*

*If Zoë did not talk to Reza yet:*

SULLY:

“Smells good! You didn't have to bring me lunch, Zoë.”

ZOË:

“Good, because I didn't. This is for Reza.”

SULLY:

“And yet you come see me first. This tells me something.”

ZOË:

“You're enormous, you have your own gravity field. There's no escaping it. Talk to you after I've delivered this to my man?”

SULLY:

“I'd be offended if you didn't!”

*Talk to: Sully*

SULLY:

“I know I'm irresistible, but I think your man is about to pass out from hunger.”

*Talk to: Sully*

SULLY:

“Hey, my favourite manic pixie dream girl!”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Serious: *Sully loves to test me. He knows what buttons to push. I'm calling his bluff.*

ZOË:

“Is that all you see? A walking cliché? That hurts, man.”

SULLY:

“I see a potentially very scary person.”

ZOË:

“I'm a scary manic pixie dream girl?”

SULLY:

“What can I say, you transcend cliches.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Joking: *Sully is the sweetest. I know he likes me, but he tries so hard to keep it light and friendly. I love him.*

*(conversation progresses)*

ZOË:

“Yeah, fuck you, too. You look awful, by the way. What happened?”

SULLY:

“A wedding.”

ZOË:

“Finally! Who's the lucky girl?”

SULLY:

“You know I only have eyes for you. Dump that deadbeat boyfriend of yours and let's catch the first train to Copenhagen.”

ZOË:

“I'm trying to slowly poison him with my home cooking. I give it a few months. How was the wedding?”

SULLY:

“Awful! I feel like shit. It was a Polish wedding. A Polish wedding with an unlimited supply of Polish vodka.”

ZOË:

“That does sound awful.”

SULLY:

“I take it you haven't been to a Polish wedding. It was fantastic! It was a disaster! It was all things good and bad. And once the bride and groom stopped screaming at each other, it was incredibly romantic. I'm man enough to admit that I wept, openly! How was Trieste?”

ZOË:

“Really good. I mean, it's Trieste. It's not the Gold Coast. But it was nice to get out of the city. Did you know there's an actual sun up there?”

SULLY:

“Urban myth! The sun is a lie, I don't believe it for a second. Besides, my skin would probably turn to ashes if it's exposed to UV rays.”

ZOË:

“You're a child of Propast, Sully.”

SULLY:

“Constantinople! But close enough. I don't expect an islander to understand European geography.”

ZOË:

“Born in India, spent half my life in Africa, but hey, who's keeping track?”

SULLY:

“Talk like an islander, live behind islander walls, deal with islander shame, that's what I say.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Clampdown\*: *Everyone's talking about the clampdowns today. If anyone knows what's going on, it's Sully. He prides himself on staying on top of the news cycle.*

ZOË:

“What's going on with these EYE clampdowns everyone's on about?”

SULLY:

“Jesus wept, those betonheads...It's insidious, is what it is. A little bit here, a little bit there, and soon Propast is a bukking gulag.”

ZOË:

“But why are they doing it?”

SULLY:

“Who knows, it's the Syndicate! They don't need something as banal as reasons. They want people off the streets and hooked up to their Dreamachines.”

ZOË:

“You think that has something to do with it?”

SULLY:

“Yes, no, maybe! Mause rules, and those Dreamachines are a license to print it. It would be naïve to think they're completely unconnected. WATIcorp holds a lot of sway over the Syndicate. But we're going to find out for sure. Your boy-toy there, once he's locked into the phantom Bingo! Dingo, will be taking point. This story's going to make a lot of people very angry, and that will make Sully very, very happy.”

ZOË:

“Won't they just shut you down?”

SULLY:

“Pah! Let them try! We have the future on our side! And once I win my Pulitzer, I'll whisk you away to a better life.”

ZOË:

“Copenhagen, right?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Move on\*: *I'd love to chat more with Sully, but he does like to go on and I should probably head to work.*

ZOË:

“Islander or not, you'll still whisk me away when the time is right. To Copenhagen, was it?”

*(conversation progresses)*

SULLY:

“That's just for the marriage license. We'll go to Ovabükü, in Datça and live like savages on the beach!”

ZOË:

“Sounds good. I'll get bak to you once I've taken care of you-know-who.”

REZA:

“I heard that!”

ZOË:

“Which part?”

REZA:

“All the parts.”

ZOË:

“Meh. You'll still eat my food, even if it is poisoned.”

REZA:

“Food is food.”

ZOË:

“I've distracted you two enough. When are you coming by for dinner, Sully?”

SULLY:

“When is your man cooking dinner next?”

ZOË:

“Cruel but fair. We'll have you over soon. Maybe we'll even find you a dinner date.”

SULLY:

“Next to you, no woman measures up! But beggars, choosers. Take care, Zoë. Stop by anytime.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Talk to: Sully*

ZOË:

“Are you busy?”

SULLY:

“Busy, but never too busy for you. What's on your mind?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

The wedding: *Sully mentioned he went to a wedding this weekend. I wonder how that turned out. He only got divorced last year.*

ZOË:

“Whose wedding were you attending?”

SULLY:

“Some old uni friends with whom I used to ingest copious amounts of vodka. We celebrated our reunion by ingesting copious amounts of vodka. By the end of the evening, the bridge and groom weren't quite clear on who had married whom.”

ZOË:

“Did you end up with one of the bridesmaids?”

SULLY:

“I ended up with the best man.”

ZOË:

“Oh. Interesting.”

SULLY:

“Sharing not a bed but a bottle. Though I do recall telling him I loved him at some point. The bridesmaids, alas, were all engaged.”

ZOË:

“They're all getting married?”

SULLY:

“They were all otherwise engaged.”

ZOË:

“Oh? Oh. Right.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Loneliness\*: *Sully makes a lot of jokes about liking me... I know he's lonely. He had a bad breakup, and I'm not sure he's even tried to look for anyone the last year.*

*Matchmaker!*

ZOË:

“So are you seeing anyone yet, Sully?”

SULLY:

“Seeing anyone? I see people every day. I'm surrounded by them! I have no need to see more people.”

ZOË:

“This is why you're not seeing anyone. You're a closed book.”

SULLY:

“And a weighty, dusty one. Written in longhand, in a long-dead tongue. By an inebriated monk. In other words...A bokking masterpiece!”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

ZOË:

“I've heard enough. Friday you're coming over for dinner. I'm inviting Adala.”

SULLY:

“No. No!”

ZOË:

“Fuck your no.”

SULLY:

““Fuck my no?” Fuck your fuck to my no.”

ZOË:

“Sully, we can do this forever. Or I can just tell Ada you're coming, and then you'd be a real assi if you didn't show. Friday night. Bring wine.”

SULLY:

“I'll bring vodka. I-I'll need vodka. Copious amounts of vodka.”

ZOË:

“Bring whatever you want, as long as you bring your göt with you.”

SULLY:

“You can kiss my göt.”

ZOË:

“What's that?”

SULLY:

“Nothing. Friday. Dinner. Vodka. My long, slow, agonising death by oafishness.”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Might Be in Chapter 1:*

ZOË:

“I give up.”

SULLY:

“My brilliant scheme bears fruit.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Reza: *Sully and Reza have been friends for as long as I can recall. I hope me coming here hasn't gotten in the way of their friendship.*

ZOË:

“How is Reza doing?”

SULLY:

“That pale, skinny, good-for-nothing kolo of yours? Pah! One morning you'll wake up and realise what you're missing out on.”

ZOË:

“When that happens, I'll come running.”

SULLY:

“And he would come running after you. He loves you, that dullie.”

ZOË:

“He'd better. We've had our ups and downs.”

SULLY:

“You're worried you've stolen him away from me.”

ZOË:

“No. Not that. But... Yeah.”

SULLY:

“Zoë, look. I-I joke around a lot. But here's the thing. Before you came, Reza was buried in his work. He was obsessed with it. It was doing bad things to his reporting. A good journalist knows the important of distance. You give him that, and perspective, too. He is more well- adjusted now. I can finally enjoy his company. So you did us both a favour, really.”

ZOË:

“I'm glad to hear you feel that way.”

SULLY:

“Still, the man is a warmdusching traumer. You'd be better off with a realist like me.”

ZOË:

“Oh, I know.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

The Hand That Feeds: *Sully doesn't seem worried that the EYE or the authorities will shut down the Hand That Feeds, even though they keep poling a sleeping bear with a stick.*

ZOË:

“So you don't think they'll just shut you down once you publish your story?”

SULLY:

“What, the EYE? Parliament? EuroPolis? WATIcorp? The Syndicate? Mr. London and the criminal underworld? Dieter Gross and the coalition of pasty white males? Kaiser Konstantin and his European Dawn goons? Pick your poison, they all want us dead and gone. But the Hand has been around for over a decade, and it'll be around a decade from now. If I'm shot down, others will take over. The Hand has a life of its own, and it's ferocious.”

ZOË:

“Isn't this different, though? I can't remember things being this bad before.”

SULLY:

“Everything thinks now is different, but it's not. Now is the same as before, same as how it will be. Corporations rule, governments are corrupt, crooked politicians rise to power and organised crime feeds off them all like tape worms. When we have this conversation in twenty years, you'll understand what I mean.”

ZOË:

“I've seen change. I remember the Collapse, how that affected everything and everyone.”

SULLY:

“Before the Collapse, things were the same as they are now. It changed things then, and for a little while, but gravity reasserted itself. The bok sank once more to the bottom.”

ZOË:

“Did I ever tell you you're such a sunny, positive guy, Sully?”

SULLY:

“I am a positive guy! Positive about the realities of life. I adjust my expectations accordingly, and I'm rarely disappointed.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

The EYE: *I still don't know why the corporate police would be harassing Nela. Sully probably knows more about what the EYE is up to than most people.*

ZOË:

“The EYE was bothering my friend Nela this morning.”

SULLY:

“The Marxist with the food cart? I like her, she has fire! Yes, they have been going after a lot of political activists lately.”

ZOË:

“Why? The EYE serves the Syndicate, not the government.”

SULLY:

“The lines are blurring. The corps have representation in parliament and in every major political party. They're basically running the show. But I think what the EYE is up to has less to do with politics in general, and more to do with control. The corporations want passive consumers, they don't want activism or political upheaval. They don't want anything to change. Change is bad for business. So they're trying to quell discontent, silence the opposition. It's just business. And business as usual. But it does feel like there's something more to it this time around. Maybe it's the elections, maybe something else. We'll keep digging until we strike oil. Or unleash the bats of hell.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Goodbye: *It's always nice talking to Sully, but I really should be heading out.*

ZOË:

“I should get going, Sully.”

SULLY:

“How's work?”

ZOË:

“Yeah, good.”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Might Be in Chapter 1:*

ZOË:

“Mira can be a real...suka. Sorry.”

SULLY:

“Sorry? She'd wear the word as a badge, that one. Everyone who knows Mira knows she's front runner for Propast's least likeable human. I'm impressed you've survived as long as you have without strangling the life out of her.”

ZOË:

“I know how to handle Mira. And Wit's the loveliest person in the world.”

SULLY:

“Well, if babo gives you bok today, you tell me and I'll dig up some sirt on your suka.”

ZOË:

“That won't be necessary. But thank you.”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

ZOË:

“It's great working with Ada. Adala. My project head? She's unbelievably smart. She just needs to...to get out more.”

SULLY:

“No.”

ZOË:

“No?”

SULLY:

“No.”

ZOË:

“Yeah, all right. But anyway. I'm enjoying myself. I'm glad I decided to continue my course work. I wasn't so sure a month ago.”

SULLY:

“You'll be able to pick and choose between jobs when you're done. The corps are always hungry for bio-engineers.”

ZOË:

“This is true.”

*If Zoë talked to Sully about loneliness:*

ZOË:

“See you Friday, yeah?”

SULLY:

“You're an enjoyable distraction, Ms. Castillo.”

ZOË:

“So are you, Sully.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Talk to: Sully*

ZOË:

“Hey, Sully.”

SULLY:

“Back so soon? Today is a good day!”

Goodbye:

ZOË:

“I should get going, Sully.”

SULLY:

“Let's see if your departure sticks this time!”

*(conversation ends)*

*Exit to Propast*

EYE OFFICER IN SOUK:

“Move along, nothing to see here.”

“You're disrupting traffic, keep walking.”

“This is a restricted area, move along now.”

“What do you want?”

“Can I help you with something?”  
  
“If you don't have any business outside, please return to your home immediately.”

“Don't make me arrest you. All right?”

“For the last time, keep walking and don't come back.”

MAN NEAR KAPROVA:

“Weren't you heading out of district this week?”

OTHER MAN NEAR KAPROVA:

“Yeah, but the EYE revoked my travel pass last minute. I'm stuck here, bruder.”

MAN NEAR KAPROVA:  
  
“That's actually happening...anda, I thought it was just rumours.”

OTHER MAN NEAR KAPROVA:

“It's happening. And not just me, half of our team is stuck. We're running in circles trying to find out who to send to Berlin.”

MAN NEAR KAPROVA:

“Second Christ! What's going on?”

OTHER MAN NEAR KAPROVA:  
  
“I'm thinking the elections, the Blues trying to stay in control for as long as possible.”

MAN NEAR KAPROVA:

“I don't see it. The Alliance may be weak, but they're not stupid. I'm sure it's just the commies causing a racket, provoking the Syndicate.”

OTHER MAN NEAR KAPROVA:

“Oh, atze, Anaïs is a Marxist.”

MAN NEAR KAPROVA:

“Seriously? Christ reborn, bruder, I've been telling you, you need to cut your losses there. Can we help you with anything?”

OTHER MAN NEAR KAPROVA:  
  
“What do you want, hoka?”

*There are signs and banners that say “MARTA Revolution.”*

*Examine: Political ad*

ZOË:

“The Marxists are so in your face with everything they do. They can't possibly believe that Ribas will win, but they're doing their best to disrupt the status quo.”

*Examine: Political ad*

ZOË:

“Nela is the only Marxist I know. I guess she has the energy and commitment of a whole apartment building. Still just one vote, though.”

*Examine: Political ad*

ZOË:

“Marta Ribas comes across as an intelligent and informed candidate...but she doesn't stand a snow cone's chance in Hades.”

*Examine: Vending machine*

ZOË:

“Freeze-dried jellyfish chips, vacuum-packed boiled beet, carbonated tequila shots, blood pudding fudge, fried cabbage jerky... Salted pigeon bits? Bits? Which bits?”

*Examine: Vending machine*

ZOË:

“A cornucopia of tasty snacks. Tasty. Yeah. Tasty. Man, Europe...”

*Examine: Vending machine*

ZOË:

““Can't-Believe-It's-Not-Guano”? Some days I really, really miss Africa.”

*Madame Nyx's House of Dreams is on Kaprova. Advertisements for it litter the ground which say:*

*House of Dreams*

*Bigger*

*Better*

*Bolder*

*Wetter*

*Open 24/7*

*So good, you’ll never want to leave*

*Examine: House of Dreams*

ZOË:

“Madame Nyx. She's famous, I've heard of her.”

*Examine: House of Dreams*

ZOË:

“The House of Dreams is a Dream Emporium where people go to hook into Dreamachines. Sort of like an opium den?”

*Examine: House of Dreams*

ZOË:

“Nyx runs the House of Dreams. You hear stories. None of them good. But hey, it is on Kaprova.”

*Enter: House of Dreams*

ZOË:

“A building filled with Dreamachines? Yeah, no.”

***Content added 7/21/2017 in PC version:***

***A man named Joseph O’Keefe is standing outside the House of Dreams, sweeping the ground. He has a nametag that reads Joseph.***

**JOSEPH O’KEEFE:**

**“Oh. Pardon me, miss. Didn’t see you there. This here’s the House of Dreams, a palace of imagination that marries the glories of the past with this age of miracle and wonders. You know, they say they keep me out here for the authentic old world charm of manual labor. No, I don’t get it, either, but it pays the bills. Me, I never used one of them Dreamachines and I never will. Back in the wars – the Soda Wars – I got a little…messed up. Now, don’t tell nobody, but I fought for Fizz Whiz. You remember them, don’t ya? No, of course you don’t. That’s a little bit of history that won’t make anyone any money, so it faded away. Anyhow, it was the last days of the Soda Wars, the fall of 2159. We were makin’ a night advance toward Bingo Headquarters outside Atlanta. It was dark and foggy. Odd weather for Georgia. And that’s when we noticed…the fog. It smelled…I don’t know…fruity. Men started droppin’. We panicked. I’m not proud of it, but I covered my face and I ran. I got lucky. I made it out. Too many good men didn’t. But now, every time I go to sleep, everythin’ in my dreams smells like orange soda. Savin’ a princess? Orange soda. Drivin’ a racecar? Orange soda. Singin’ a duet with the ghost of Fat Back Davis? Orange God damned soda. Oh, well. Can’t be bitter. I’ll tell you a secret. After that attack, in the field hospital, I fell in love. One of the nurses. Don’t think she left my room all month. We’d watch old movies, and, well, you can imagine. Mighta been the painkillers, or whatever was in that fog, but…she was the sweetest thing that I ever held in my arms. After Bingo broke the other companies in Atlanta, it wasn’t too long before everything unraveled. We all scattered and tried to stay out of the way of the corporate police. Wonder what ever happened to her. My Dottie. And I’ll tell you what, I don’t need no machine to relive those times. Got it all up here, uh huh. Well, back to work. These sleepyheads aint gonna sweep up after themselves, I reckon.”**

***Talk to: Joseph O’Keefe***

**JOSEPH O’KEEFE:**

**“You take care now, miss.”**

***Talk to: Joseph O’Keefe:***

**JOSEPH O’KEEFE:**

**“Take it easy with that Dreamachine, all right?”**

***Talk to: Joseph O’Keefe:***

**JOSEPH O’KEEFE:**

**“Welcome back – glad to see you up and about.”**

*Examine: EYE vehicle*

ZOË:

“Every day, more armoured vehicles. You'd think the EYE was preparing for war.”

*Examine: EYE vehicle*

ZOË:

“There's no scenario with a happy ending where these things roll into action. I have a bad feeling about this.”

*Use: EYE vehicle*

ZOË:

“And get fried or shot or beaten to death? I like my quiet, anonymous life of no crime and as few beatings as possible.”

*Examine: EYE headquarters*

ZOË:

“The EYE's provisional headquarters in Propast. The Syndicate took over that building last week.”

*Examine: EYE headquarters*

ZOË:

“That used to be university housing, now it's the headquarters of the corporate police. Irony? No.”

*Examine: EYE headquarters*

ZOË:

“Looks like the EYE's here to stay.”

*Use: Car*

ZOË:

“I'm not into grand theft auto or spending the next ten years in a labour camp.”

*The Metro entrance has an electronic sign that says:*

*EuroMetro Service Alert!*

*System Shutdown*

*We are sorry for an inconvenience.*

*The Propast Zapad Station will be closed until further notice.*

*Underneath it is a sign that says:*

*Propast Západ Station*

*C Central Line*

*E East Line*

*Examine: Metro entrance*

ZOË:

“The Metro's been closed a couple of days. We were lucky we managed to escape to Trieste when we did. One day later, bye-bye holiday.”

*Examine: Metro entrance*

ZOË:

“I don't have any reason to leave Propast, but Reza will have to take an airtaxi to get anywhere.”

*The Bitte Bar and Grill is down on Kaprova, the Pub-Lick is to its side and the Abyss is further down near the Bricks.*

*Enter: Bar*

ZOË:

“It's the middle of the day. I haven't reached the tipping point quite yet.”

*Enter: Bar*

ZOË:

“Much as I'd like to spend the rest of my day getting drunk and dancing on tables, no.”

*Enter: Bar*

ZOË:

“Yeah, screw the career, the campaign and my boyfriend. It's party time for Zoë. No.”

*A protest against the EYE is going on near the way out of Propast. People are holding signs saying “THE EYE IN THE SKY WATCHES”.*

PROTESTOR:

“The EYE watches, but who watches the EYE?”

“Grant us liberty from corporate tyranny!”

“Stand up against our corporate overlords!”

“Down with the Sin-dictate!”

*Talk to: Protesters*

PROTESTER:

“Who do they think they are? We never voted for the Syndicate! They don't run Europolis.”

“They can't shut us down or silence us! We have a right to speak and the right to go wherever we want!”

“I can't even get a permit to visit my sister across the river! How crazy is that?”

“This is unacceptable! The EYE needs to dismantle the checkpoints and leave Propast immediately!”

“I'm staying here until the EYE leaves, even if they threaten to throw me in a gulag.”

“They're not going to get away with this! Fascists.”

“Our rights are being violated. I won't stand for this, and neither should you!”

“It was the articles from The Hand That Feeds that made me realise I need to take a stand and be heard.”

*Between Kaprova and the ferry is New U. It has a sign that says:*

*Special offer!*

*Lunch time lipo: 40% off*

*New face, new body, new hair, new U*

*Above it is a sign that reads:*

*New U really changed my life. I used to be fat, and ugly, but look at me now! There is nothing of the old me left. I can't even recognise myself in the mirror.*

EYE OFFICER NEAR SONNENSCHEIN PLAZA:

“So I says to him, I says, “You can't pass through here, bruder. You need to turn back and head home.””

OTHER EYE OFFICER NEAR SONNENSCHEIN PLAZA:

“So what did he do?”

EYE OFFICER NEAR SONNENSCHEIN PLAZA:

“He...turned back. And headed home.”

OTHER EYE OFFICER NEAR SONNENSCHEIN PLAZA:  
  
“What, that's it? That's your story?”

EYE OFFICER NEAR SONNENSCHEIN PLAZA:

“Hey, look. A day without excitement is a good day in my book.”

OTHER EYE OFFICER NEAR SONNENSCHEIN PLAZA:  
  
“Hm, fair enough.”

EYE OFFICER NEAR SONNENSCHEIN PLAZA:  
  
“How long are we supposed to be staying here?”

OTHER EYE OFFICER NEAR SONNENSCHEIN PLAZA:

“In Propast? I don't know, bruder. Permanent, I think.”

EYE OFFICER NEAR SONNENSCHEIN PLAZA:  
  
“Mata. I don't feel welcome. The locals don't appreciate what we're doing, keeping them safe and all.”

OTHER EYE OFFICER NEAR SONNENSCHEIN PLAZA:  
  
“Um...what are we supposed to keep them safe from?”

EYE OFFICER NEAR SONNENSCHEIN PLAZA:

“Who knows? There has to be something, though. Why else would they post us here? Nothing going on except these demonstrations. Must be some sort of threat level thing.”

OTHER EYE OFFICER NEAR SONNENSCHEIN PLAZA:

“Yeah, I guess you're right, bruder. The Syndicate wouldn't waste resources if there was nothing going on. I'm guessing terrorism.”

EYE OFFICER NEAR SONNENSCHEIN PLAZA:

“Well, terrorism is always a safe bet. Fucking terrorists. You know, sometimes it's really frustrating to be seen as nothing but a soulless brute in a metal suit.”

OTHER EYE OFFICER NEAR SONNENSCHEIN PLAZA:

“I hear you. It's dehumanising, is what it is. Makes me want to pull out my gun and shoot somebody. Just to prove a point.”

EYE OFFICER NEAR SONNENSCHEIN PLAZA:

“But wouldn't you be proving their point? I mean, if you start shooting innocent people...”

OTHER EYE OFFICER NEAR SONNENSCHEIN PLAZA:

“It's what they expect. Why not give them what they expect?”

EYE OFFICER NEAR SONNENSCHEIN PLAZA:

“Yeah, I guess that's true. Hey, wanna grab a few shots across the river after this shift's over?”

OTHER EYE OFFICER NEAR SONNENSCHEIN PLAZA:

“Anywhere but here, bruder. Anywhere but here. Hey! What are you looking at? Move along now, nothing to see here.”

VOICE AT SONNENSCHEIN PLAZA:

“Sonnenschein Plaza by OCG, Original Consumer Goods. Making your life a little brighter!”

“Original Consumer Goods would like to remind you not to stare directly at our sun, as it may cause blindness and tumours.”

*Examine: Artificial sun*

ZOË:

“Our OCG sponsored sun substitute. It's the closest we get to actual sunlight in Propast.”

*Examine: Artificial sun*

ZOË:

“Apparently, it's not just an artificial sun but also the Wire singularity for Propast. Which means there could be a wormhole inside that burning ball of plasma. Sounds safe?”

*Examine: Artificial sun*

ZOË:

“I do wish they'd dial down the intensity a bit. It's July. We don't need to add insult to injury.”

*Examine: Holo-sculpture*

ZOË:

“I think those are meant to represent reaching for the sun or maybe playing basketball. One of the two.”

*Examine: Holo-sculpture*

ZOË:

“OCG commissioned that holo-sculpture from Emma de Vrijer. Which is just the weirdest coincidence. Then again, she is a really famous artist.”

*Examine: Holo-sculpture*

ZOË:

“It brightens up the place. This place does need embrightening.”

WOMAN AT ARTIFICIAL SUN:

“Vienna?”

OTHER WOMAN AT ARTIFICIAL SUN:

“Vienna. Two nights in the Metro Station waiting for my permit to clear so that I can go home. Godverdamme Vienna...Nothing but bobos, mueslis and sugary pastries.”

WOMAN AT ARTIFICIAL SUN:

“Delicious pastries, laska! Did you see any EYE checkpoints in Vienna?”

OTHER WOMAN AT ARTIFICIAL SUN:

“Not yet, no. They're voting Kaiser Konstantin.”

WOMAN AT ARTIFICIAL SUN:

“What's that got to do with it?”

OTHER WOMAN AT ARTIFICIAL SUN:

“Come on, everyone knows European Dawn and the Syndicate are in cahoots. I'm sure Vienna gets special treatment.”

WOMAN AT ARTIFICIAL SUN:

“I had to resubmit my credentials three times before the system even acknowledged my existence! And this was to get home to Propast.”

OTHER WOMAN AT ARTIFICIAL SUN:

“Scheisse! And me planning that full weekend of rum traschen in Amsterdam next month! Talk about police state. Full-on Orwellian.”

WOMAN AT ARTIFICIAL SUN:

“Or-what-ian?”

OTHER WOMAN AT ARTIFICIAL SUN:

“Never mind. They want us to stay locked up inside, hooked up to Dreamtime. Spending mause and keeping our mouths shut.”

WOMAN AT ARTIFICIAL SUN:

“Paranoia, much?”

OTHER WOMAN AT ARTIFICIAL SUN:

“Never enough, atze.”

WOMAN AT ARTIFICIAL SUN:

“Hola, chica!”

OTHER WOMAN AT ARTIFICIAL SUN:

“Excuse us, we're having a private conversation.”

*There are posters that say:*

*The Bitch Tits*

*Wasteland Aggressor Tour – Reloaded*

*Playing your district at these dates:*

*First come first served – 40m TX sold – Only 10M left!*

*The poster says the dates are from Jun 18 to Jun 23.*

*Examine: Poster*

ZOË:

“Cool. I should go see that. With Reza. Or, maybe—No. Reza.”

*Examine: Gallery*

ZOË:

“Emma de Vrijer is setting up a new art gallery here. I convinced her Propast would be the perfect location.”

*Examine: Gallery*

ZOË:

“Emma got in touch after I woke from the coma, but we haven't really chatted about what happened in Newport. Maybe when she comes in for the opening...”

*Examine: Gallery*

ZOË:

“Emma said she wants to talk, but I'm still not sure how much I want to know about what happened in Newport.”

*Examine: Gallery*

ZOË:

“Emma's gallery is opening soon, I think. She's calling it “The Divide”. I don't get the reference, but it does fit with Propast.”

*Examine: Seraph Kavarna*

ZOË:

“My favourite avant-cafe and metabrewery. It's a chain, yeah, but local to the Prague district and so much better than those Scandinavian omnichains.”

*Examine: Seraph Kavarna*

ZOË:

“The Kavarna has a great selection of mate, sbiten, bori cha and, my favourite, coca chai, and I'm starting to sound like an adbot.”

*Examine: Seraph Kavarna*

ZOË:

“Kavarna's also a metabrewery, a self-referential and self-replicating auto-brewery mixing unique and new flavours every day. Never twice the same beer.”

*Examine: Seraph Kavarna*

ZOË:

“Sometimes it tastes great, other times it's like drinking raw sewage. But it's always exciting. So we hang out there a lot.”

*Examine: Seraph Kavarna*

ZOË:

“Kavarna, our local avant-cafe and metabrewery.”

*Enter: Seraph Kavarna*

ZOË:

“Tempting, but I don't have time for a tall glass of Coca-Chai right now. Mmm. Iced. Coca. Chai.”

*Examine: Apartment building*

ZOË:

“Home, sweet—well, no, just home.”

*Examine: Apartment building*

ZOË:

“It's anything but sunny living, but we're happy there. Ish.”

*Examine: Apartment building*

ZOË:

““Sunny living at the Sonnenschein Plaza Terraces by OCG!”. How could we resist?”

*A towering billboard says “Building the New Europe”.*

*Examine: Billboard*

ZOË:

““Building the New Europe”? Because that went well.”

*Examine: Billboard*

ZOË:

“That boundless optimism was swiftly crushed by reality.”

*Examine: Billboard*

ZOË:

“I know they're meant to project positive vibes, but I find those billboards super creepy.”

*Enter: Home*

*Examine: Box*

ZOË:

“Three months now, and I still haven't unpacked most of my useless crap.”

*Examine: Box*

ZOË:

“I can't even remember what's in these boxes. I tossed everything from my bedroom in Casablanca in there. I haven't felt up to sorting through it all.”

*Examine: Box*

ZOË:

“One of these days, for sure.”

*Examine: Fridge*

ZOË:

“Not even a single fridge magnet. We're the worst people.”

*Examine: Fridge*

ZOË:

“We could survive without a fridge. It's only used for keeping takeaway leftovers until they have to be tossed, and beer. So, okay, we could not survive without it.”

*Examine: Fridge*

ZOË:

“Our fridge is a barren womb, a desolate no man's land of soy sauce, a half-eaten box of takeaway noodles, a decimated six-pack of Bear beer, and baking soda.”

*Open: Fridge*

ZOË:

“What would be the point? It's even sadder on the inside.”

*Examine: Stovetop*

ZOË:

“The apartment came with a traditional stovetop and oven. Which is great, since it lets us, well, Reza, cook traditional dinners.”

*Examine: Stovetop*

ZOË:

“I don't use that a lot, but Reza's a pretty good cook.”

*Examine: Stovetop*

ZOË:

“We don't have a maker, but there's so much good street food in this neighbourhood, we won't starve.”

*Use: Stovetop*

ZOË:

“Not my day to cook. Also not the time to cook. Also, no groceries to cook with. I'm cook- blocked.”

*Examine: Dishes*

ZOË:

“Okay, so there are dirty dishes. We're not perfect.”

*Examine: Dishes*

ZOË:

“I think it's my turn. Ugh.”

*Use: Dishes*

ZOË:

“Yeah, no. Later.”

*Examine: Painting*

ZOË:

“Reza bought that. I'm, um, uh, yeah. I didn't buy that.”

*Examine: Painting*

ZOË:

“What is that, a rake? I think it's a rake.”

*Examine: Painting*

ZOË:

“I don't get it.”

*Examine: Sofa*

ZOË:

“Bouncy. Thoroughly tested for bounciness.”

*Examine: Sofa*

ZOË:

“Picture me stretched out on that sofa, facing the screen, and you have the Castillo-Temiz household in a nutshell.”

*Examine: Sofa*

ZOË:

“Comfy, as far as a sofa scavenged from a flea market goes.”

*Examine: Propast*

ZOË:

“It's very film noir. We're living inside a film noir. Noir-y.”

*Examine: Propast*

ZOË:

“How come it's always raining when I'm in here, but when I go outside it's not? Mind you, I'm not complaining. It's just...odd.”

*Examine: Propast*

ZOË:

“We have the best view of a brick wall and neon signs in Propast. If by 'best' you mean 'worst'.”

*Use: Screen*

*Europolis' Most Wanted can appear on the screen, featuring Georgios Chrysikopolol, Jan Magne Tjensvold, John Hutchins, Jordi Kroon AKA Erbkaiser, Kent Rheborg, Pavel Durov, and Sebastian Hosche. Eurotrash Season 34 Fridays at 20.00 is also playing, featuring Andy Ringtail Snyder, Daniel Jason Day, Donald Hopkins, Peter Goosen, Gabriel Persson, Kolja Böther, The Caffeinated Dane, and Pavel Dur'ov.*

*Examine: Ceiling fan*

ZOË:

“It looks pretty when it turns, but slowly churning hot and humid air around isn't going to help a great deal.”

*Examine: Ceiling fan*

ZOË:

“I'm sure increasing the speed might make a difference, but we keep forgetting to adjust it.”

*Use: Ceiling fan*

ZOË:

“I'll need a step ladder to get up there and adjust the speed. Tonight. I swear. I pinky swear.”

*Examine: Vent*

ZOË:

“The ventilation has been on and off for weeks. The agency promised they'd fix the membranes but nope.”

*Examine: Vent*

ZOË:

“I can't survive another Europolis summer in a non-ventilated apartment. I'll go insane.”

*Use: Vent*

ZOË:

“Nope, still nothing. The cooling's off and it's going to be a thousand degrees in here tonight.”

*Examine: Mr. Planty*

ZOË:

“Mr. Planty. He's been through a lot, poor chap. The draught of last Tuesday. The great tumble of June. This morning's accident with the half-empty beer can. Poor Mr. Planty.”

*Examine: Mr. Planty*

ZOË:

“And they said I couldn't take care of a living thing! In their stupid faces!”

*Examine: Wonkers*

ZOË:

“I keep Wonkers in hibernation mode a lot of the time because of his wonky battery, but he's still here and he's still lovely.”

*Examine: Wonkers*

ZOË:

“I couldn't leave Wonkers in storage when I moved here. He was the first thing I packed.”

*Examine: Wonkers*

ZOË:

“Wonkers. Cozy, old Wonkers. Faithful furry friend and companion.”

*Talk to: Wonkers*

ZOË:

“His battery barely holds a charge. I'll leave him in hibernation for now until I can get a new one.”

*Examine: Photos*

ZOË:

“Memories. I need those around.”

*Examine: Bed*

ZOË:

“I like beds. I like spending time on beds. By that I don't just mean sleeping but also other bed- related activities.”

*Examine: Bed*

ZOË:

“Sex. I mean sex. I enjoy having sex, in bed. Like a human person with genitals.”

*Use: Bed*

ZOË:

“What time is it? I'm not going to bed.”

*Examine: Bathrooom*

ZOË:

“The bathroom is depressingly small. We take turns, and sex in the shower would be an extreme sport.”

*Examine: Bathroom*

ZOË:

“Even if the building was up to scratch, that bathroom would be reason enough to move.”

*Enter: Bathroom*

ZOË:

“Do I have to pee? Nope. I don't have to pee.”

*Exit to Propast*

WOMAN AT END OF BRICKS:

“There are so many dream-junkies here.”

OTHER WOMAN AT END OF BRICKS:  
  
“The city should do something. It's unseemly.”

WOMAN AT END OF BRICKS:

“What they should do is ban Dreamachines.”

OTHER WOMAN AT END OF BRICKS:

“Seriously? Because some people can't moderate their Dreamtime?”

WOMAN AT END OF BRICKS:

“Because it can't be healthy! Just look around, they're addicts, and not just the dream-junkies, but regular people. I have friends who--”

OTHER WOMAN AT END OF BRICKS:

“I really don't think the government has any right to interfere! Let the market decide. If the dreamachines are bad for you, we'll find out sooner or later.”

WOMAN AT END OF BRICKS:

“Later might be too late! They should do studies and until they know more, restrict sales to--”

OTHER WOMAN AT END OF BRICKS:

“I can't believe you're advocating censorship! I use the Dreamer every day and look at me, I'm doing perfectly fine.”

WOMAN AT END OF BRICKS:

“But--”

OTHER WOMAN AT END OF BRICKS:

“Perfectly fine.”

WOMAN AT END OF BRICKS:

“I'm sorry, who are you?”

OTHER WOMAN AT END OF BRICKS:

“Can we have some privacy, please?”

*Examine: Street sign*

ZOË:

“Sonnenschein Plaza and home.”

“Kaprova. The Propast EuroMetro Station is located on Kaprova.”

“The Propast docks. Also the Collapse Memorial and the offices of The Hand That Feeds.”

VENDOR IN BRICKS:

“Miss! Madam! Lady! Hi there!”

“Nǐ hǎo!”

“Look over here!”

“Zàijiàn!”

“See you soon!”

“You'll be back.”

*Talk to: Vendor*

VENDOR:

“All of this, hand-crafted, straight from the manufacturer, no bullshit!”

“Everything here has a story! Everything here has history! You've come to the right shop.”

“I know just what you're after! A gift, right? The perfect gift for the perfect man! Or woman.”

“This is the best table in the Bricks! You won't find any of my merchandise anywhere else. All unique, all genuine!”

“Take your time, let me know if you have a question or when you've made up your mind.”

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

VENDOR IN BRICKS:

“Feel free to move on. There are better tables, more important merchants.”

“(Sigh) I'm nobody...Really, really, just walk away while you still can.”

“You know, you don't have to stop here. I don't have anything to contribute.”

“That's it. I'll never sell anything.”

“I knew your wouldn't buy anything. They never do...”

“You're making a smart decision there.”

*Talk to: Vendor*

VENDOR:

“I don't even know what these are. What am I selling? Broken dreams, that's what I'm selling.”

“Disappointment. My father's disapproval.”

“I feel so small and useless. I'm just some guy selling generic stuff in a Chinese market. Feel free to ignore me.”

“Do you ever feel like you're a bit player in a bigger story? I feel like that every day.”

“Look, I wish I had more to contribute, but I don't. I'm window dressing. It's not like I made the decision to be here or that you made a conscious choice to meet me. It's just, you know, random.”

“You know you don't have to stop and pretend you're interesting. I don't have any important information. I'm not relevant. I'm just a person selling stuff, okay?”

***Content added 6/17/2016:***

**VENDOR IN BRICKS:**

**“Hey. Do you have a minute?”**

**“Take a look at my merchandise.”**

**“I'll see you soon!”**

***Talk to: Vendor***

**VENDOR:**

**“I'll give you a good price, just tell me how much you have.”**

**“Hello, lady. What can I get for you?”**

**“Looking for something in particular?”**

**“Great merchandise, great quality, direct from outer Mongolia.”**

**“You see anything you like? How much do have to spend?”**

*Examine: Food cart*

ZOË:

“Tempting, but I'm not hungry right now.”

*Examine: Food cart*

ZOË:

“I should save my appetite for dinner. Stupid dinner.”

*Examine: Food cart*

ZOË:

“I shouldn't, I'm in a rush.”

*Use: Buzzer*

ZOË:

“Panel close. Close panel. Hello, hi, um, wrong address?”

“Who am I visiting? No one. That's who I'm visiting.”

“What do I do now? I don't know what to do now.”

MAN NEAR PANDEMONIUM:

“I don't know. I'm not really into the whole Rever, Coutieu thing. I dream my own dreams, I'll grab whatever's in the top ten user-created dreams on Dreamnet. Why pay?”

OTHER MAN NEAR PANDEMONIUM:

“Dreamnet? I don't trust those third party services. You jail broke your Dreamer?”

MAN NEAR PANDEMONIUM:

“It's my Dreamachine, atze. I'm free to do whatever I want with it.”

THIRD MAN NEAR PANDEMONIUM:  
  
“Not sure WATIcorp would agree with that. You've only bought the license to use it.”

MAN NEAR PANDEMONIUM:

“Let them try and pry that thing out of my hands, atze. I paid mause for the Dreamer, it's in my home, it's mine to do whatever I want.”

OTHER MAN NEAR PANDEMONIUM:

“I'm with you, Serge. I'm not going to risk frying my brain with unlicensed dreams. And besides, you can't get Roya's dreamweaves on Dreamnet, only on the official Dreamstore.”

MAN NEAR PANDEMONIUM:

“Well, I've heard Roya makes dreams for Dreamnet under an assumed name.”

THIRD MAN NEAR PANDEMONIUM:

“That's chungo! Not legal at all, bobo. Why would he do that? He makes millions from the Dreamstore! I don't buy it.”

MAN NEAR PANDEMONIUM:  
  
“I don't know, atze. It's what I hear.”

OTHER MAN NEAR PANDEMONIUM:

“All this talk about dreams makes me want to go home and log into Dreamtime.”

THIRD MAN NEAR PANDEMONIUM:

“This is one thing we can agree on.”

MAN NEAR PANDEMONIUM:

“I got nothing. What's the plan?”

OTHER MAN NEAR PANDEMONIUM:

“Scheisse, colo! We should head to a zappelbunker tonight.”

THIRD MAN NEAR PANDEMONIUM:

“Aye. Let's get some bouef from picol first. I'm up for a fress-kick before the kampf drinking.”

OTHER MAN NEAR PANDEMONIUM:

“Word.”

*Examine: Adbot*

ZOË:

“Corporate sponsored adbot. They were illegal in Casablanca. I miss Casablanca.”

*Examine: Adbot*

ZOË:

“Those adbots are all over the place. Sometimes I think they target me specifically, just to fuck with me.”

*Examine: Adbot*

ZOË:

“I hate adbots. They're like mosquitoes, constantly buzzing blood-sucking parasites.”

ADBOT:

“You're unhappy with what you see in the mirror, but who has time for a diet or the gym? The young woman on the go needs Cloud Nine. New body, new face, new you? No problem.”

“Konstantin Wolf wants your vote. A vote for Wolf is a vote for Europe. Embrace the brave new European Dawn and take a firm stance against the barbarian hordes at our gates.”

“Down in the dumps? Trouble staying focused? Looking for a pick me upper? Seraph Kavarna's signature Coca Chai comes with a chemical boost you need to survive another day.”

“Refresh yourself with the refreshing new limited edition Bingo! Dreamer. Pop, swallow, enjoy and just keep on dreaming! Freshen up with Bingo!”

“Are you really going to wear that? Dress for success, not failure. Franklin Fizz business casual for the self-respecting modern woman. Fizz has you covered when you don't.”

“Europe needs compassion. Europe needs change. Europe needs a helping hand. Europe needs Unity. Europe needs Uminska. Lea Uminska, the new voice of a united Europolis.”

“Life's getting to you. The mundane is an endless grind. You need a break from reality, from yourself. Dreamtime awaits. The WATI Dreamachine is the escape you've been dreaming about.”

“Safe. Dependable. Stalwart. Dieter Gross has the experience and gravitas needed to lead Europolis back to stability and prosperity. Vote with your head. Vote the Alliance.”

“Juicy double Kow Burger, Krispy Sweet Chips, drippings. Right now there's a two for one offer at Kool Kow. Double your buger, double your satisfaction! Get your moo on at Kool Kow.”

“Why spend time outside breathing toxic fumes and battling the crowds? With the WATI Dreamachine and T-Rex direct-to-door grocery deliveries, you'll never have to leave home again.”

*Examine: Pandemonium*

ZOË:

““Abandon all hope, ye who enter here.” Cheery stuff.”

*Examine: Pandemonium*

ZOË:

““Pandemonium”. The domain of demons. Also Mira and Wit.”

*Examine: Pandemonium*

ZOË:

“This used to be Propast Autoservis. It's now an underground hackshop operated by Mira.”

*If Zoë chose The Path That Might Be in Chapter 1:*

MIRA:

“What do you want?”

ADBOT:

“Oh hi there, sir and or madam!”

MIRA:

“No.”

ADBOT:

“If I can just have a--”

MIRA:

“No.”

ADBOT:

“But it will only take a--”

MIRA:  
  
“No.”

ADBOT:

“I think you'll be very interes--”

MIRA:

“If you don't leave, I will activate my periphery defenses and channel eighty thousand volts through your metal head, you madharchodding haramzada.”

ADBOT:

“Have a wonderful day, madam!”

*Use: Buzzer*

MIRA:

“I told you to stay away, you piece of metal--”

ZOË:

“It's me. It's me!”

MIRA:

“Me who? I know lots of me's.”

ZOË:

“Zoë. Zoë!”

MIRA:

“Well, you're lucky I didn't turn on the periphery defenses, or you'd be crispy toast by now. Come on in.”

MIRA:

“God damn this shitty shitting shit shit. Shit! Well, don't stand there like a fucking half... Wit! I hate you so much right now, you dumb, mute lug. Yeah, keep pretending like you can't hear me. That's not annoying at all. That does not make me want to strangle you with a wire. I did not just spend fifty-seven thousand Yuan on scrap metal. We will make these things shine. And hover. And now blow up or attack small children. I can take or leave the children, but some people are attached to the filthy, shitting, squealing things, and we can't afford to upset the customers.”

ZOË:

“Is this a bad time?”

MIRA:

“It's the fucking worst time, kutriya, but I'm not paying for the privilege of avoiding my shitty, shitty, shitting shit. You're going chin deep with the rest of us.”

ZOË:

“I'm ready for—Wait, you're paying me? When did you start paying me?”

MIRA:

“Like I told you last week, blame the fucking banks for their incompetence and inability to process the transfers in time, not the messenger.”

ZOË:

“Should I be writing this down?”

MIRA:

“Do you kiss your boyfriend with that mouth of yours?”

ZOË:

“Every day. So what am I doing? I can continue to run the orders that--”

MIRA:

“Gaand, bhenchod, who cares about new orders when we can't even deliver on our current orders! At this rate, we'll be out of business by Friday and our creditors will tear this place to the ground and have us all garroted in the Plaza. Today you earn your bread and Slivovitz by doing something that's actually useful. We're going to brainwash one of my refurbished bots. Neural programming, petal.”

ZOË:

“I'll be doing what I was actually hired to do? Yay.”

MIRA:

“I didn't hire you to give me attitude, bhenchod. I get enough of that from Wit already. That retard knows how to push my buttons. Yeah, you just keep turning the other cheek, haramzada, you madharchod. I bet you've been faking your autism since we first met. Oh, you're such a fucking puppy dog, Wit. Such a fucking gandy. No wonder your amma left you in that dumpster after she squirted you out of her filthy choot. So we have to get this refurbished bot ready for sale, and the chodu is a bigger retard than Wit over there, no small feat! I did a low-level format and memory wipe, but this thing is not yet ready for primetime. That, petal, is where you come in. Take Shitbot for a walk. Run through some test scenarios. See what it's good for.”

ZOË:

“What about the neural programming?”

MIRA:

“I'll be doing the programming, petal. You just worry about testing this tin can. Today, you're a tester.”

*Examine: Mira*

ZOË:

“I don't like her but I sort of love her... I think? Could also be hate? It's a mix. It's complicated.”

*Examine: Mira*

ZOË:

“Mira's like a really bitchy and neurotic version of my friend Liv from Casablanca. I miss Liv. She was the best.”

*Examine: Mira*

ZOË:

“Mira buys bots, refurbishes and reprograms them, and sells them at a premium. She also works with neural networks and illegal hardware and I don't even want to know what else.”

*Examine: Mira*

ZOË:

“Hard. Core. Bitch.”

*Examine: Mira*

ZOË:

“Mira's good at what she does. I just wish I knew what that was, exactly. I think she runs an underground network of traders and techies and black hats...but I'm really not sure.”

*Talk to: Mira*

MIRA:

“Look, I'm sorry for being in a shitty mood today. I don't like feeling like I might have thrown away our entire nest-egg. But my bad mood doesn't explain why you're not out there with Shitbot, doing your job!”

*Talk to: Mira*

MIRA:

“Don't test me, bhaichod!”

*Examine: Wit*

ZOË:

“I know Mira took care of Wit when they were both children on the streets of Mumbai. She loves him. And I think he'd do pretty much anything for her.”

*Examine: Wit*

ZOË:

“Mira treats Wit like shit, but it doesn't seem to faze him. They have a very complicated relationship, like siblings. Dysfunctional siblings.”

*Examine: Wit*

ZOË:

“Wit. He's the diametric opposite of Mira. Quiet, calm, focused. He never says a word, but that's part of his charm.”

*Talk to: Wit*

ZOË:

“Hey, Wit. I don't know how you can stand it without punching her stupid face, but...You guys have your thing and I don't understand it but it's obvious that she cares about you. Maybe that's her way of showing it. Being a total dick. Anyway. See you later, okay?”

*Talk to: Wit*

ZOË:

“Hey, Wit. What are you working on? Oh, is that one of your dragonfly drones? It's beautiful. You'll have to show me how to make one of those someday, Wit. Anyway, I'll leave you to it.”

*Talk to: Wit*

ZOË:

“Hey, Wit. Next time you take a break, I'm buying you a snack.”

*Examine: Screen (near Wit)*

ZOË:

“Blueprints of bots and what looks like neural interfaces.”

*Examine: Screen (near Wit)*

ZOË:

“I'm guessing not all of those are strictly...legal copies? I'm seeing a ton of proprietary information here.”

*Examine: Tool*

ZOË:

“Mira's most treasured tool, an acoustic turnscrew. I don't know how it works, but it's like a magic wand...of modern science.”

*Examine: Tool*

ZOË:

“It's some sort of sonic modulator. Mira waves that tool around whenever she doesn't want to listen and pretends to be working.”

*Examine: Tool*

ZOË:

“Who knows what that thing is.”

*Use: Tool*

ZOË:

“I have no idea how to use an acoustic turnscrew. I might just end up hurting someone or accidentally unlocking doors.”

*Examine: Bot*

ZOË:

“Mira buys a lot of these discarded bots. It's her core business, reselling refurbished bots to businesses all over Europolis.”

*Examine: Bot*

ZOË:

“Bots waiting for low-level formatting, new interfaces, new personalities and a paintjob. Also, in some cases, the scrapheap.”

*Examine: Bot*

ZOË:

“I know Mira wants to diversify, but for the moment, the refurbished bot market is where she makes her plata.”

*Examine: Sofa*

ZOË:

“The infamous Pandemonium lounge area. Things get insane here on Fridays when we have team beers and Mira spins up the ancient jook-box. And by insane, I mean Wit and I sit quietly and watch Mira get shit-faced. That never stops being hilarious.”

*Use: Sofa*

ZOË:

“If I sit down, I won't get up again. And not because it's comfortable but because it's really, really sticky.”

*Examine: Magic music machine*

ZOË:

“It's an ancient artefact that spins black, vinyl discs with analogue music on them. Basically magic.”

*Examine: Magic music machine*

ZOË:

“That machine is centuries old. It belongs in a museum, really, but it's a pretty awesome thing to have sitting around in the garage.”

*Examine: Magic music machine*

ZOË:

“According to Mira, it's a “jook-box”. I don't know what a “jook” is, but they sound really good.”

*Use: Magic music machine*

ZOË:

“Mira yells at me if I touch it. I don't want to get yelled at, so I'm not touching it.”

*Examine: Screen (back area)*

ZOË:

“Code. Complex code, for neural networks and brain-machine interfaces. There's a reason Wit's bots, and okay, Mira's, are the best in the biz.”

*Examine: Screen (back area)*

ZOË:

“I'm learning every day, but I'm years away from even beginning to understand this.”

*Use: Screen*

ZOË:

“If I try that, I believe Mira might actually stab with a screwdriver. In the face.”

*Examine: The Main Switch*

ZOË:

“Mira calls that the main switch. I don't know what it switches, but it's important enough to have a box of its own.”

*Examine: The Main Switch*

ZOË:

“The main switch. Possibly even The Main Switch.”

*Touch: The Main Switch*

ZOË:

“I'm sort of curious to learn what happens when I pull the Main Switch. At the same time, I'm also very keen on keeping my hands and arms.”

*Touch: The Main Switch*

ZOË:

“I have an overwhelming desire to pull the Main Switch and quite possibly witness reality implode. One of these days, Zoë...”

*Use: Shitbot*

SHITBOT:

“Are you my new human?”

ZOË:

“Nope. We're just going to work together today.”

SHITBOT:

“I'm not sure I'm comfortable with that.”

ZOË:

“I'm not sure that matters.”

SHITBOT:

“Are you hygienic? You look a bit unhygienic.”

ZOË:

“Seriously?”

*Examine: Shitbot*

ZOË:

“My assignment for the day. Take, um, Shitbot for a walk. I really need to give him a less offensive name.”

*Examine: Shitbot*

ZOË:

“He is a bit shitty, though, isn't he? It's not just Mira being a dick again. He really is Shitbot.”

*Examine: Shitbot*

ZOË:

“One of the many junky bots that Mira buys to reprogram and refurbish. She's famous for that. Infamous, maybe.”

*Talk to: Shitbot*

SHITBOT:

“Waiting makes my idle cycle stack. They feel like ants. I have ants in my full metal pants.”

*Talk to: Shitbot*

SHITBOT:

“My circuits will overheat if I hover here much longer.”

*Talk to: Shitbot*

SHITBOT:

“I can't get the holding music out of my head trolololol dum dum dee dum dee dum dum.”

*Exit to Propast*

SHITBOT:

“Do we have to be outside? I don't like the outside.”

ZOË:

“That could be a problem.”

SHITBOT:

“It's very big.”

ZOË:

“That's, yeah, that's sort of the point of outside. The...bigness.”

SHITBOT:

“It's very loud and there could be assassins. Let's go back inside.”

ZOË:

“What? No! You have—we have a job to do.”

SHITBOT:

“I don't like this one bit, but all right. Where would you like me to begin?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Human interaction:

ZOË:

“Let's see how you handle human interaction. We need to find someone to assist.”

SHITBOT:

“Scanning for potential victim?”

ZOË:

“Victim?”

SHITBOT:

“Did I say victim? I meant...patsy. No, that's not right. Mark.”

ZOË:

“Where did Mira find you?”

SHITBOT:

“I've been told that my previous human was Mr. London.”

ZOË:

“The gangster.”

SHITBOT:

“I remember nothing. They wiped my memory and parts of my personality with it.”

ZOË:

“It's all starting to make sense.”

*Examine: Tourist*

ZOË:

“She couldn't look more lost. She's the epitome of lostness.”

SHITBOT:

“This human appears to be lost and in need of assistance.”

ZOË:

“Go for it, bot.”

SHITBOT:

“I have a name, you know.”

ZOË:

“Sorry. What is it?”

SHITBOT:

“I have no idea. They wiped that too.”

ZOË:

“So helpful.”

SHITBOT:

“Human!”

WOMAN:

“Aaah! Don't kill me!”

ZOË:

“Friede. He's not going to... Well, probably.”

SHITBOT:

“May I direct you somewhere?”

WOMAN:

“Uh, ah, I'm-I'm trying to find, uh, the Metro Station.”

SHITBOT:

“Female human, please assist me in assisting this human with directions to the Metro Station.”

*Point: Shitbot towards any direction*

SHITBOT:

“Follow me, human!”

WOMAN:

“You've got to be kidding me, I'm not paying for this!”

ZOË:

“No one's asking for money.”

WOMAN:

“How am I supposed to find the Metro Station now?”

ZOË:

“Really? Do you have any idea what year this is?”

*Talk to: Shitbot*

ZOË:

“You know, most humans can't fly.”

SHITBOT:

“Most.”

ZOË:

“Well. All. All humans can't fly.”

SHITBOT:

“It's easy. You engage rear propulsion and horizontal gyros.”

ZOË:

“Yeah, no. I'm crossing service industry off the list. Let's try something else.”

SHITBOT:

“What do you want me to do next?”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Repair program:

ZOË:

“Time to check out your repair program. We'll look for something you can repair.”

SHITBOT:

“Affirmative. Scanning city net for repair requests. Scanning. Scanning. Scanning.”

ZOË:

“Any luck--”

SHITBOT:

“Scanning.”

ZOË:

“I think we should just--”

SHITBOT:

“Scanning...complete. Repair request located. Follow, human.”

ZOË:

“Zoë.”

SHITBOT:

“No, that's not my name.”

ZOË:

“That's my name.”

SHITBOT:

“I fail to see the relevance.”

ZOË:

“You know what your problem is? You're an asshole. That's your problem.”

*Talk to: Shitbot*

SHITBOT:

“City net reports broken Wire-ing in this location. I will need specific instructions to proceed.”

ZOË:

“Can't you just, you know, fix it?”

SHITBOT:

“I need specific instructions to proceed.”

ZOË:

“Honestly, you're useless.”

*Examine: Burnt-out fuse*

ZOË:

“Looks like the fuse's blown.”

*Examine: 20A fuse, 12A fuse, 5A fuse*

ZOË:

“Replacement fuses, I believe.”

*Point: Shitbot towards any direction*

ZOË:

“That must be the broken bit over there. Fix that bit.”

SHITBOT:

“Your call, human. I'm only doing what I'm told. Uh...oops?”

*Talk to: Shitbot*

SHITBOT:

“I broke it more. Please advise.”

ZOË:

“You broke it more? How did you break it more?”

SHITBOT:

“Unknown. Maybe I'm not very good at repairs? Yes, I think that's the correct answer. I'm really not very good at repairs.”

ZOË:

“You don't say. We'd better leave before the police shows up.”

SHITBOT:

“What do you want me to do next?”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Bot-to-bot interface:

ZOË:

“Maybe we can test your ability to interface with other bots. Can you send a message to other bots in the area, see if any of them need assistance?”

SHITBOT:

“I'm not really very good with messages.”

ZOË:

“Give it a shot.”

SHITBOT:

“I don't handle rejection well. Can't you do it?”

ZOË:

“I hope Mira didn't pay a lot for you, because honestly...There are a bunch of bots working in Sonnenschein Plaza. Let's go there.”

SHITBOT:

“Engaging thrusters. Watching the rooftops for assassins!”

ZOË:

“Seriously?”

SHITBOT:

“Assassins everywhere!”

ZOË:

“Not really, no.”

SHITBOT:

“That's just what an assassin would say! Disengaging thrusters!”

ZOË:

“See anything?”

SHITBOT:

“I feel very awkward around bots.”

ZOË:

“Are you ever comfortable?”

SHITBOT:

“I relate well to pigeons.”

ZOË:

“I can imagine.”

SHITBOT:

“You can use manual override to point me at another bot to engage assist tools.”

*Point: Shitbot towards Pigeons*

SHITBOT:

“I have friends!”

“Play with me!”

“Wheeee!”

*Point: Shitbot towards Bot (by holo-sculpture)*

SHITBOT:

“No, I don't want to help him. I have a bad feeling about him.”

*Point: Shitbot towards Bot (high above)*

SHITBOT:

“That's too high, I'm not comfortable with heights.”

*Point: Shitbot towards Bot (near Dreamer advertisement)*

SHITBOT:

“No. I know that bot, we have had altercations.”

*Examine: Bot (near Gallery)*

ZOË:

“For a welder, that bot looks very slick and modern. Don't they usually leave the dirty work to older models?”

*Examine: Bot (near Gallery)*

ZOË:

“Pretty slick for a maintenance bot, like something WATI would design.”

*Point: Shitbot towards Bot (near Gallery)*

ZOË:

“How about that one?”

SHITBOT:

“Affirmative. Greetings, fellow bot! I shall assist you with—Ooooh, what is that?”

*Talk to: Shitbot*

ZOË:

“I don't think that's what you're supposed to be doing.”

SHITBOT:

“I feel tingly. I think... I think... I think this is happiness. I think I feel happy. What is this thing I'm doing?”

ZOË:

“You're welding. But that's not what--”

SHITBOT:

“Welding. Welding! I like welding.”

ZOË:

“Great, but you're not supposed to be--”

SHITBOT:

“Welding. Welding? Welding! Well-ding. Wellding.”

ZOË:

“I'm happy for you, but this wasn't part of the plan. I don't think Mira's planning to use you for that.”

SHITBOT:

“I like welding.”

ZOË:

“Fine. Let's go.”

SHITBOT:

“But what about the welding?”

ZOË:

“Let it go, and let's go.”

SHITBOT:

“Affirmative. I will stop doing this thing that I love and makes me feel happy and fulfilled to follow you to the next step on our pointless, depressing journey. What is your command, human? How will I be tested now?”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Security program:

ZOË:

“How about testing your security program?”

SHITBOT:

“Affirmative. Activating security routines. Security routines are locked and encrypted. There's a warning message. “Any attempts to breach this bot's encryption will be reported to the Syndicate mainframes and perpetrators will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.” Disengaging encryption and engaging security routines.”

ZOË:

“Jesus! No, don't--”

SYNDICATE BOT:

“Citizen. Step back. Civilian bot. Disengage your military software immediately, or face destruction. You have ten seconds to comply. Thank you for complying. Any further attempts to breach security seals will be met with immediate destruction. Have a wonderful day.”

ZOË:

“Don't. Ever. Do that. Again.”

SHITBOT:

“Affirmative. She was nice. Do you think she liked me?”

ZOË:

“No.”

SHITBOT:

“I think so. She was nice.”

*Talk to: Shitbot*

SHITBOT:

“What do you want me to do next?”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

*Examine: Shitbot*

ZOË:

“In lieu of a better name, Shitbot it is.”

*Examine: Shitbot*

ZOË:

“Maybe Wit can do his magic and create a better personality for rust bucket here. Any personality would be vastly better than the current one.”

*Examine: Shitbot*

ZOË:

“Despite lacking in both personality and skills, this bot is...no, I don't know where I was going with that sentence, it's a rust bucket.”

*Once all tests have been completed:*

ZOË:

“I think that's it. Your testing is complete.”

SHITBOT:

“I think I did well. I did well, didn't I? That went well.”

ZOË:

“Uh.”

SHITBOT:

“It might even be appropriate to say that I aced it.”

ZOË:

“Sure. Let's head back to Pandemonium, okay?”

SHITBOT:  
  
“I can do that too! Follow me, human!”

*Use: Buzzer (Pandemonium)*

*Talk to: Shitbot*

SHITBOT:

“I enjoyed our adventure. I think you did a decent job. I can't wait to tell the human all about my successes! She will be very proud.”

*Talk to: Shitbot*

SHITBOT:

“Do you think the human will be happy to hear about my great success today?”

*Talk to: Mira*

MIRA:

“You're back, congratulations, you managed to take a tin can for a walk. You, Shitbot, come over here, let me take a look.”

SHITBOT:

“Affirmative, human!”

MIRA:

“Let's see how little Miss University Dropout did today. Failed at human interaction. Failed at maintenance work. Failed at bot-bot-bot communication. Failed at everything. That wasn't just shit. That was sub-shit, a shit taken by a shit. We're delving into the filthy nether regions of shittiness here. That was a slap in the fucking face. With a giant shit. I give up. I'm writing this one off. Shitbot will be taking one final trip to the scrapheap. Maybe I can sell it for parts, recover at least some of my investment.”

ZOË:

“Really? Do you have to do that? He seemed to enjoy welding.”

SHITBOT:

“Yes, what about the welding?”

MIRA:

“Welding? Don't talk to me about welding. There's no plata in welding.”

ZOË:

“More than selling him for parts, right?”

MIRA:

“Fuck. Whatever. Yeah. I'll try and sell the fucking thing to a local contractor. Who knows, maybe we can still save this dump from the creditors for another month. I have no more use for you today, petal. You can bugger off to your waste-of-breath campaign “work”.”

ZOË:

“You support the social democrats, don't you?”

MIRA:

“Of course I do. Doesn't mean I think things will change. I just think it's time the madarchods in charge were swapped out for a new set of fuckers. Make sure you get a good night's sleep, petal. Long day ahead, tomorrow, so don't spend all night bouncing on top of that journalist boy toy of yours.”

ZOË:

“I'll make sure to tell him. See you tomorrow, Wit!”

*Talk to: Mira*

MIRA:

“I let you go home early and you choose to hang around this place? Kutriya, no offense, but get a fucking life.”

*Examine: Shitbot*

ZOË:

“I hate to say it, but he is a bit shitty. Still, I saved his life, so there's that. He could show a tiny bit of gratitude.”

*Talk to: Shitbot*

SHITBOT:

“Welding? Welding! I get to do welding! When do I get to do the welding? I'm very excited about the welding.”

*Talk to: Shitbot*

SHITBOT:

“Welding. Welding. Welding! Welding.”

*Exit to Propast*

*If Zoë chose The Path That Was in Chapter 1:*

*Examine: Lab*

ZOË:

“Our anonymous little lab. I'll be spending many, many, many hours in there this coming year.”

*Examine: Lab*

ZOË:

“Our lab.”

*Enter: Lab*

ADA:

“I synthesized a new version of the algae this weekend, based on our design from last week. It's stabilising really well.”

ZOË:

“Oh. That's... Um. Good morning, Ada.”

ADA:

“Yes. Good morning. Take a look at the algae. I think you'll be happy.”

*Talk to: Ada*

ZOË:

“So how was your weekend?”

ADA:

“Weekend? Right. The weekend. I was here.”

ZOË:

“Of course you were.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Weekend: *I feel it's my mission to train Ada in rudimentary small talk. I won't let her get away with this so easily. I'll use my subtle skills of persuasion or no wait no I'll just badger her into submission. That's what I'll do.*

ZOË:

““How was your weekend, Zoë?” “It was very nice, thanks for asking, Ada.””

ADA:

“Trieste.”

ZOË:

“Yes.”

ADA:

“And?”

ZOË:

“It was very nice.”

ADA:

“Allāhu Akbar.”

ZOË:

“Good job!”

*(conversation progresses)*

Moving on: *She may be a lost cause, but I'm not giving up. Right now I'm giving up, though. But long term? I'll teach her to engage in mindless, empty small talk if it's the death of me.*

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë talked to Sully about loneliness:*

ZOË:

“That reminds me. Friday. Dinner. Our place.”

ADA:

“Dinner?”

ZOË:

“We're having a friend over.”

ADA:

“Oh? Oh. No.”

ZOË:

“You sound exactly like him. It'll be fun. Promise. No expectations. No pressure. Just...not the lab. Away from the lab. Fun!”

ADA:

“You know me and fun. We gave it a shot, but parted ways years ago.”

ZOË:

“This is why I know you're lying. You are funny. Ada, you're coming or I'll be cross. Reza's cooking.”

ADA:

“In that case, how can I pass it up?”

ZOË:

“I don't know if I should be offended or happy. I'll go with a bit of both.”

*(conversation progresses)*

ADA:

“If we're done with the small talk—Are we done with the small talk?”

ZOË:

“Sure. Why not.”

ADA:

“Thank you. Please take a look now?”

*(conversation ends)*

*Examine: Algae*

ZOË:

“That's looking good. Just like our model.”

ADA:

“Just like your model. The transmutation rate is at one hundred and fifty percent of the previous model, and holding steady. Masha'Allah. I think we're ready for a test.”

ZOË:

“Test? Oh. No, I don't know. Maybe we should run another simulation? Or twenty?”

ADA:

“There's nothing to be worried about, Zoë. So far, your models have performed admirably. There's no reason this won't work in an organic environment.”

ZOË:

“That organic environment is a river. A river that runs through my neighbourhood. A very, very public river.”

ADA:

“The permits are all in order.”

ZOË:

“Yeah, no, I'm not talking about that. If this fails--”

ADA:

“It won't.”

ZOË:

“If it does, my failure will be staring me right in the face every morning.”

ADA:

“Failure is how we succeed. We won't know until we try. And if we fail, we try again.”

ZOË:

““We”? I'm the one who has to live with the consequences.”

ADA:

“Zoë...You decided to go back to school, finish your degree. That was a choice you made, and it was the right choice. Now, part of that is facing the possibility of failure. Failure will always be a part of the job. Part of life. And you're right. The models won't always hold up. The river is a chaotic environment. The algae might die. It might do something completely unforeseen. Allahu A'lam. And if the river does turn pink, you've learned something. We go back to the models. We try again. You should be proud of the choice you made. And you should embrace the consequences, no matter how embarrassing or trying they may turn out to be. I'm done talking now. That was a lot more words than I'd intended.”

ZOË:

“Yeah. Wow. Good ones, though. Those were good words.”

ADA:

“Ready to do some science?”

ZOË:

“You bet. But if that river turns pink, you're running the next set of tests.”

ADA:

“Deal. By the way, I did leave the lab this weekend.”

ZOË:

“Don't tell me. You went clubbing.”

ADA:

“I don't drink. Or dance. Or enjoy the company of people. No, I went shopping.”

ZOË:

“I knew I hadn't seen that outfit before. It's beautiful.”

ADA:

“That's not—Well, yes, I did also get these clothes. Thank you. But more importantly, I purchased a refurbished bot to help with the tests.”

ZOË:

“From Mira.”

ADA:

“You recommended her.”

ZOË:

“I think my exact words were “Mira's insane, I wouldn't trust Mira with my money, please don't buy a boy from Mira, you will regret it”.”

ADA:

“She's close. And cheap. So here's the bot. You're taking the bot with you to run tests. Say hello to bot.”

ZOË:

“Hello bot.”

KIDBOT:

“Hello!”

ZOË:

“Aww, that is so cute. You're so cute!”

KIDBOT:

“Thank you!”

ADA:

“Glad to see you're getting along. You know what to do.”

ZOË:

“Science?”

ADA:

“Science. I'll see you afterwards, In sha'Allah.”

*Examine: Ada*

ZOË:

“I'm so lucky I ended up with Ada as my supervisor. She's super talented and the sweetest person, once you get to know her. At first, she can be a bit, um, haughty?”

*Examine: Ada*

ZOË:

“She was a doctoral student in the bioneering department when I went to Cape Town. The first time I went to Cape Town. I only knew of her, we never talked.”

*Examine: Ada*

ZOË:

“Everyone thought Ada was arrogant and aloof. Turns out she's just very focused and very, very shy. She's still an introvert, but totally comfortable with that.”

*Examine: Ada*

ZOË:

“Ada's the best bioengineer I know. Well, after Dad. Once Ada is done with her postdoc work, I'm sure she'll be up there with the best in the world.”

*Talk to: Ada*

ZOË:

“Hey, Ada?”

ADA:

“I'm rather busy, Zoë. What is it?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Cape Town: *I don't believe Ada's been back to Cape Town since we started working together. I'm guessing she needs the occasional face time with her mentor. I should go down myself, once the clampdown's been lifted. Not looking forward to it. On the positive side, I do get to see David and Kat again.*

ZOË:

“Are you heading down to the university any time soon?”

ADA:

“I'll wait until we get the results back. Maybe in a week or two.”

ZOË:

“Do you miss it?”

ADA:

“What, the university or the city? I like working here. It's just the two of us and the work is interesting. I don't miss anything or anyone.”

ZOË:

“How about home?”

ADA:

“Ghana? I go back to Tamale twice every year to visit my father. I don't have time to miss it.”

ZOË:

“I miss Casablanca.”

ADA:

“Can't you visit?”

ZOË:

“It's not the same, and...Gabriel doesn't live there anymore. We're not on speaking terms.”

ADA:

“I'm sorry about that. You should always strive to be on speaking terms with your parents.”

ZOË:

“Yeah. Easier said than done...”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Europolis: *I get the feeling Ada hasn't quite taken to Europolis yet, and I don't think she ever will. She's much happier in the lab than out in the city. I'm sure she'd be even happier back at CTU. She'll probably get a professorship after she's done with the postdoc project.*

ZOË:

“Do you like living in Europolis?”

ADA:

“I'm at the lab from morning to evening, and my flat is a couple of minutes away. I don't see much of the city.”

ZOË:

“That's true. All I see on a daily basis is Propast. Which is why I think it's important to get around once in a while.”

ADA:

“I go to mosque in Haskovo every week, I visit Cape Town every month, and I go home to Tamale twice a year. I don't have time for anything else. But Europolis will never be home. I will eventually go back to Africa, In sha'Allah.”

ZOË:

“Ghana?”

ADA:

“Maybe, maybe not. Wherever life takes me.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Evaluation: *We've been working together for a couple of months. I wonder what Ada thinks of my work and performance so far. Am I going to look needy if I ask her? Meh, it can't hurt to ask.*

ZOË:

“How do you feel I'm doing?”

ADA:

“We've worked together for a little over one month. It's too early to give you an assessment.”

ZOË:

“Not even an indication?”

ADA:

“This is all in your hands, Zoë. I see your passion for bioengineering. But you've also been away from your studies for a long time. You have a lot of catching up to do. And I also sense that you are... Hesitant. About your life.”

ZOË:

“That's true. Before the coma, I was completely lost. Now I'm not, but I'm still unsure about the future. A-about my choices.”

ADA:

“Have faith in your choices. Stand by them. None of us can know where life will take us or what consequences our actions may have. All the more important, then, to make every choice with conviction.”

ZOË:

“You're right. And I feel this was the right choice for me.”

*(return to dialogue options)*

Social life: *Ada never talks about her life outside the lab. I don't know if she has one. I feel I should try to engage her a bit, get to know her better. Maybe introduce her to some people?*

ZOË:

“Do you get to see your friends often?”

ADA:

“I don't have any friends here. I don't have a lot of friends anywhere. I've been very busy with my work.”

ZOË:

“I know. How about coming out with me once in a while?”

ADA:

“I'm not an 'out' sort of person. You know that. I'm more comfortable in the lab than in a cafe.”

ZOË:

“Yeah, I know. I respect that. I just feel that you're...isolating yourself?”

ADA:

“This is who I am. I'm happy being me. Thanks for your concern, Zoë, but I really have no need for many friends.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

*If Zoë talked to Sully about loneliness:*

Dinner\*: *It would be just like Ada to bail on dinner at the last minute. I know she doesn't want to go. But it's my mission in life to make sure she has a good time, even if she hates every last second of it.*

ZOË:

“You are coming for dinner on Friday, right?”

ADA:

“Dinner with Reza and you is tolerable.”

ZOË:

“Tolerable? Oh, and don't forget our guest. Suliman. Sully.”

ADA:

“Reza's editor.”

ZOË:

“He's a great guy. You'll like him.”

ADA:

“No matchmaking, Zoë.”

ZOË:

“It's not. It's...friendly. No pressure or expectations. But he is pretty great.”

ADA:

“I'll be the judge of that. But yes, dinner. I look forward to it.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Head out: *I can tell Ada's anxious to get back to work. I should just leave her to it.*

ZOË:

“I'm heading out.”

ADA:

“I'll see you tomorrow.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Talk to: Ada*

ZOË:

“Hiya.”

ADA:

“Yes?”

*(proceed to dialogue choices)*

*Examine: Algae*

ZOË:

“Our synthetic algae. Designed, engineered, manufactured by Ada and me. I couldn't be prouder.”

*Examine: Algae*

ZOË:

“I'm so happy CTU accepted the project proposal and gave us the grant. I get the best of both worlds, working on my degree while staying in Propast with Reza.”

*Examine: Algae*

ZOË:

“If we pull it off, the river will be clean enough to drink. The algae will process the pollutants and excrete a chemical cocktail designed to neutralise any harmful compounds.”

*Examine: Algae*

ZOË:

“I couldn't have done it without Ada, of course. She's the brains. I'm the, um, the visionary! I'm the Jobs to her Wozniak. Whatever that ancient expression means.”

*Examine: Algae*

ZOË:

“We'll need to give the algae a name at some point. I suggested Zoda. Ada wasn't at all amused. She's a tough crowd.”

*Examine: Equipment*

ZOË:

“This is all CTU's equipment, bought with grant money. Once we're finished with the project, everything will be shipped back to Cape Town or sold to whoever takes over the lab.”

*Examine: Equipment*

ZOË:

“It's not the best equipment money can buy, but for a university graduate project operating on grant money, it's not half bad.”

*Examine: Equipment*

ZOË:

“Everything we need to genetically engineer synthetic algae.”

*Examine: Kidbot*

ZOË:

“That's the cutest bot I've ever seen. I want one.”

*Exit to Propast*

KIDBOT:

“What are we doing today? Are we playing something?”

ZOË:

“Uh, no, we're—Actually, yes. Yeah, we're playing, down by the river.”

KIDBOT:

“That's cool. I like playing. What are we playing today?”

ZOË:

“We're playing, um, take the algae for a swim.”

KIDBOT:

“Al-gee? What are those?”

ZOË:

“They're tiny animals that live in water, like...fish.”

KIDBOT:

“Fishies! I like fishies. Fishies are cute.”

ZOË:

“Like fishies. Sure. Works for me.”

*Examine: Kidbot*

ZOË:

“She's the cutest! The cutest in the world!”

*Examine: Kidbot*

ZOË:

“I'm not typically into bots, but oh my god, she's the best.”

*Examine: Kidbot*

ZOË:

“If we ever decide to adopt, we're adopting this bot.”

KIDBOT:

“What are the rules?”

ZOË:

“The rules are, uh, that we need to find places where there's plenty of food for the alg—for the fishies.”

KIDBOT:

“Okay.”

ZOË:

“And the fishies eat--”

KIDBOT:

“Pollutants. I know. They process pollutants and excrete a chemical that cleans the river. Says so in my head.”

ZOË:

“Okay, yes, that's exactly what they do. We hope. So... Okay, the algae—the fishies need to be let out where there's enough pollutants. That way, they will be well fed. Your job—I mean, the rules of the game are as follows: Look for parts of the river with pockets of pollution. We go there and test the water to see where to release the, um, the fishies. Finally, we let the fishies out for a, uh, walk.”

KIDBOT:

“Roger, roger.”

ZOË:

“You really are the cutest.”

*Talk to: Kidbot*

KIDBOT:

“Time to play?”

ZOË:

“Time to play. Can you do a flyover of the river from here and down to the end of the Bricks?”

KIDBOT:

“That sounds like fun!”

ZOË:

“Send a live feed to my Iris. Based on visual observations, I'll mark the areas where we can release the fishies.”

KIDBOT:

“Okie dokie!”

ZOË:

“Right there. That looks good. That's another one.”

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

ZOË:

“And a third. Perfect.”

ZOË:

“You can come back now, kiddo. Awesome job. Was that fun?”

KIDBOT:

“It was fun! I like flying high. I get horseflies in my tummy.”

ZOË:

“Butterflies. How is that possible? You don't have a tummy.”

KIDBOT:

“They gave me one. For the butterflies.”

ZOË:

“Whoever made you did an amazing job. Okay, so let's head to the first test area. You ready?”

KIDBOT:

“You betcha! Let's go! Playtime! What are we doing?”

ZOË:

“We're taking the fishies for a swim. What I need you to do first is to run a detailed scan of this section of the river and tell me where there's a dense pocket of pollutants.”

KIDBOT:

“So you mean show you where there's food for the fishies?”

ZOË:

“Affirmative.”

KIDBOT:

“Affirmative! Done! What are we doing next?”

ZOË:

“The scan confirms there's a perfect spot for the fishies out there. I'll point you there using my Iris.”

*Point: Kidbot towards Pollution*

ZOË:

“There. That's the spot. Release the package there—I mean, that's where we take the fishies for a walk. That's great, now you—Watch out!”

KIDBOT:

“Ahhh!”

*A barge almost runs into Kidbot.*

ZOË:

“That was close. Keep your eyes open, um, your sensors active. I don't want you to get crushed. But good job, kiddo. I'm getting a reading from the fishies. They're...playing and...having fun. Too bad the boat's in the way, we're not getting as much data as we'd like. Let's head to the next spot.”

KIDBOT:

“Yay! Let's pretend I'm the mum and you're the baby. Come with me, baby!”

ZOË:

“Okay...Mum.”

*Examine: Algae*

ZOË:

“The algae are thriving and transmitting data back to the lab.”

*Examine: Algae*

ZOË:

“We did a good job deploying the algae. I'm looking forward to analysing the data.”

*Examine: Algae*

ZOË:

“Can't wait to see the results from the algae.”

***This conversation originally took place after meeting Mira and was moved on 6/17/2016:***

**ZOË:**

**“So, who's your maker?”**

**KIDBOT:**

**“I'm a Seshadri Maintenance Model 11 with a custom emoji face module.”**

**ZOË:**

**“Right, but your personality is definitely not part of the standard package. Who programmed you? It wasn't Mira...was it?”**

**KIDBOT:**

**“Oh! No, my maker is Wit.”**

**ZOË:**

**“Wit?”**

**KIDBOT:**

**“He works with Mira at the Pandemonium.”**

**ZOË:**

**“Oh, right. Really? Someone works with that woman?”**

**KIDBOT:**

**“He's very nice. He doesn't speak. But he's nice.”**

**ZOË:**

**“Now I'll really have to stop by there some day, just to meet this Wit. He did a good job with you.”**

**KIDBOT:**

**“Thank you!”**

KIDBOT:

“Should I start the scan?”

ZOË:

“You know the drill, kiddo.”

KIDBOT:

“Affirmative! Scan complete! Do you have the map?”

ZOË:

“Yeah. Those barrels are in the way...I don't want the readings to be affected. We'll need to figure out how to move those barrels.”

KIDBOT:

“Just tell me what to do!”

*Point: Kidbot towards Barrel (left)*

ZOË:

“Try pushing that barrel further out?”

KIDBOT:

“Affirmative!”

ZOË:

“Great job, kiddo!”

*Point: Kidbot towards Barrel (right)*

ZOË:

“Could you try pushing that barrel further out?”

KIDBOT:

“Sure! It's too heavy, I can't move it. Did I lose the game?”

ZOË:

“Of course not. I'll figure something out.”

KIDBOT:

“Yay!”

*Examine: Ferry*

ZOË:

“The ferry usually shuttles people across the river as an alternative to the bridges, the underpass and taxis. But it's been shut down by the EYE.”

*Examine: Ferry*

ZOË:

“The ferry's been beached by the EYE clampdown.”

*Examine: Ferryman*

ZOË:

“Looks like he's in charge of ferry. The ferryman, I guess?”

*Examine: Old bell*

ZOË:

“I've always wondered what that bell is for. It is a nice bell.”

*Talk to: Ferryman*

FERRYMAN:

“On any other day, I'd be telling you to step aboard and hold tight. When I ring the bell, the ferry will take you across. But there'll be no bell ringing now that the EYE has shut down all unauthorised traffic in and out of Propast. My bell has been silenced. I have no purpose in life.”

*Talk to: Ferryman*

ZOË:

“You're saying the ferry crosses when you ring the bell?”

FERRYMAN:

“Precisely. Except there will be no bells rung today.”

ZOË:

“Sure, but back to the whole mechanic behind it. This is an automated ferry that's triggered by the sound of a bell?”

FERRYMAN:

“That's the way it works, aye. I ring this bell, the ferry crosses. I ring it again, the ferry comes back. Simple, really.”

ZOË:

“Instead of, I don't know, you remote controlling the ferry via your Iris?”

FERRYMAN:

“I don't believe in integrated tech. I believe in keeping old traditions alive.”

ZOË:

“Right. So you sound the bell, and this completely automated robotic ferry crosses the river?”

FERRYMAN:

“Aye. That's the gist of it.”

*Talk to: Ferryman*

ZOË:

“Just to make sure I got this right...”

FERRYMAN:

“Aye?”

ZOË:

“You ring the bell, the ferry crosses.”

FERRYMAN:

“Aye. Well, not today. The EYE has shut down--”

ZOË:

“But that's you not ringing the bell. The ferry is still fully operational. It's just awaiting the, um, the tolling. Of the bell.”

FERRYMAN:

“Aye. But if I sound the bell and the ferry crosses, the EYE might take my license away.”

ZOË:

“Let's hope that doesn't happen...”

*Examine: Old bell*

ZOË:

“That bell controls the ferry. I don't get it, but that's what it does.”

*Examine: Old bell*

ZOË:

*“*When the bell guy rings the bell, the ferry crosses the river.”

*Examine: Old bell*

ZOË:

“The ferry's autonomous systems are hooked up to that bell somehow. Ring the bell, move the ferry. Okay, weird.”

*Try to ring bell:*

FERRYMAN:

“Hey! What are you doing? Leave that rope alone! No one yanks my rope, not on my watch, not with the EYE having banned all traffic across the river!”

*(scene progresses)*

*Try to ring bell:*

FERRYMAN:

“Stop it! Seriously!”

*(scene progresses)*

KIDBOT:

“He's upset.”

ZOË:

“He is. And also my brilliant plan failed. Something's not right with the plan.”

KIDBOT:

“Aww. Just tell me what to do!”

*Point: Kidbot towards Old Bell*

ZOË:

“Let's have some fun.”

KIDBOT:

“Yay!”

ZOË:

“Fly over there and ring that bell for me, would you?”

KIDBOT:

“Affirmative!”

FERRYMAN:

“I see what you're trying to do, little miss. It won't work. I'll call the EYE on you both.”

*Point: Kidbot towards Old bell*

ZOË:

“Can you try ringing the bell again?”

KIDBOT:

“But the man was upset. Was that part of the game?”

ZOË:

“Not really, but let's try anyway.”

KIDBOT:

“Okie dokie.”

FERRYMAN:

“Do you want me to lose my license? Try that again and I'm calling the police.”

*Point: Kidbot towards Old bell*

FERRYMAN:

“Stop that! No surreptitious bell ringing on my watch!”

*Point: Kidbot towards Lamp*

ZOË:

“See that red lantern up there, above the bell?”

KIDBOT:

“Where? Oh, yes! I do. Why?”

ZOË:

“Can you make it drop?”

KIDBOT:

“Isn't that illegal?”

ZOË:

“Remind me to have a “the ends justify the means, sometimes” chat with you after...Yes. I mean no. I mean, it's part of the game. Trust me.”

KIDBOT:

“Affirmative!”

FERRYMAN:

“What in the blazes? Come back here! It was an accident! Oh, hell's bells, I need the ferry back and docked before the bulle shows.”

*Point: Kidbot towards Lamp*

ZOË:

“Hey kiddo, can you hang the lantern back up?”

KIDBOT:

“Of course I can!”

*Point: Kidbot towards Coiled rope*

ZOË:

“Hey, can you grab that rope over there and give it to me?”

KIDBOT:

“I can do that.”

ZOË:

“Thanks, kiddo.”

KIDBOT:

“What are you going to do with it?”

ZOË:

“I haven't quite figured that out yet.”

KIDBOT:

“Is this part of the game?”

ZOË:

“Definitely.”

*Use: Coiled rope with Kidbot*

KIDBOT:

“What do I do now, Zoë?”

*Point: Kidbot toward Barrel (right)*

ZOË:

“Can you loop this rope over the barrel and secure it?”

KIDBOT:

“Affirmative! What do I do now, Zoë?”

*Point: Kidbot towards Ferry*

ZOË:

“Attach the other end of the rope to the boat. Make sure it's tightly fastened.”

KIDBOT:

“Yes! This is fun! That was so much fun, Zoë. What's going to happen now?”

ZOË:

“Well, for my brilliant plan to work, that boat has to move...but I'm not sure when that will happen. We may need to provide some, um, some incentive.”

*Point: Kidbot towards Lamp*

ZOË:

“Can you get the lantern to fall on the bell again?

KIDBOT:

“Of course, Zoë!”

FERRYMAN:

“What—No! Not the bell! And not the ferry! Stop, stop! I never should have rigged the ferry's autonomous systems to that bell sound. What was I thinking? I'm going to lose my license now. My cats will starve! If the cops show up, I was never here. It was time to find a new job anyway. Something in chartered accounting, like my dear old ma always wanted.”

KIDBOT:

“He got mad.”

ZOË:

“He did get mad. Good job. Not with, you know—not because you made him mad. But with the lamp and the bell and the falling and the ringing. Of the bell. That whole...thing.”

KIDBOT:

“It was fun! What are we doing now?”

*Point: Kidbot towards Pollution*

ZOË:

“Now you can let the little fishies go for a swim right over there.”

KIDBOT:

“Affirmative!”

*Talk to: Kidbot*

ZOË:

“I'm getting a strong signal from the fishies, they're doing fine.”

KIDBOT:

“Are they eating?”

ZOË:

“Affirmative. They're eating. Are you ready for the last one?”

KIDBOT:

“Awww. Are we done already?”

ZOË:

“Almost. For today. But we'll have more playtime soon.”

KIDBOT:

“Yay! Follow me, Zoë! I mean, baby! You're the baby, remember?”

ZOË:

“How could I possibly forget?”

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

KIDBOT:

“Just wait here and I'll go look for fishie food.”

ZOË:

“You're learning, kiddo.”

*Kidbot goes down to the end of the Bricks and finds three hotspots.*

ZOË:

“Wait, there are three spots. Which one's the right spot?”

KIDBOT:

“I don't know. I'm not designed for analysis. I'm just transmitting data. Did I mess up?”

ZOË:

“No... No! Of course you didn't. I guess something's messing with your sensors. We'll just have to pick a spot and hope for the best.”

KIDBOT:

“Roger roger. Just tell me what to do, Zoë!”

*Point: Kidbot toward Pollution*

ZOË:

“Um...that one there? Try that one.”

KIDBOT:

“Okie dokie! Oopsie.”

*Kidbot spills the algae.*

ZOË:

“Uh oh.”

KIDBOT:

“I made a boo boo.”

ZOË:

“That's okay. Ah, um, I don't know what to do now. Wait, let me message Ada real quick. Okay. She already has a plan for this. Phew!”

KIDBOT:

“Phew!”

ZOË:

“Ada says she installed an app in your system that makes you emit ultrasonic sounds. These sounds can control the algae. Basically, um, push them around.”

KIDBOT:

“Eek! That doesn't sound very nice...”

ZOË:

“I'm sure it's fine. Can you run it?”

KIDBOT:

“Affirmative. Okie dokie. The app is running but it's not something my system was designed for. It says, “get your handler to assume manual voice control”. Manual voice control?”

ZOË:

“It means I have to remote control you, kiddo. With my voice. This'll be fun.”

KIDBOT:

“Affirmative!”

*Up: Kidbot*

ZOË:

“Up.”

“Go up.”

“Up, please.”

*Left: Kidbot*

ZOË:

“Left.”

“Go left.”

“Left, please.”

*Down: Kidbot*

ZOË:

“Down.”

“Go down.”

“Down, please.”

*Right: Kidbot*

ZOË:

“Right.”

“Go right.”

“Right, please.”

*If Zoë places the algae in one of the incorrect spots:*

ZOË:

“Bollocks. I mean damn. I mean darn. I mean, hey, oh, nope! That spot's not good.”

KIDBOT:

“Boo. I'm sorry.”

ZOË:

“Not your fault, kiddo. Must be something in the water screwing with—messing with the sensors.”

KIDBOT:

“You talk funny.”

ZOË:

“I know. Let's try the next spot, huh?”

*If Zoë pushes the algae in another incorrect spot:*

ZOË:

“Seriously? This is not going well.”

KIDBOT:

“Oh...”

ZOË:

“Or... is it just part of the game? Yes. Yes, it is.”

KIDBOT:

“Yay!”

ZOË:

“Yay's right. Last spot and then we're calling it a day. Unless that one's no good, in which case, I guess we need to start over somewhere else.”

KIDBOT:

“Yay!”

ZOË:

“I'm not sure about that yay, but let's go.”

*If Zoë pushes the algae in the correct spot:*

ZOË:

“Bingo! No, ugh, not bingo. Homerun, slam dunk or some other sporting metaphor.”

KIDBOT:

“Did I screw up again?”

ZOË:

“No. Again? No! You haven't screwed up. And this one's the spot. The fishies will have plenty to eat here. In fact, the data coming back is the best so far. That's one seriously polluted spot. Ada will be happy. Awesome. I'm not actually sure “awesome” is appropriate because, pollution, terrible, but for our purposes it's a, um--”

KIDBOT:

“A home run slam dunk sporting metaphor?”

ZOË:

“That's it, kiddo. And that's that. We're done.”

KIDBOT:

“Boo...”

ZOË:

“For today. We'll have playtime again very soon.”

KIDBOT:

“Yay!”

*Mira appears on the wall above on Sonnenschein Plaza and calls down to Zoë.*

*Mira appears outside of Pandemonium.*

MIRA:

“Hey, kutriya, that your bot?”

ZOË:

“What, me?”

MIRA:

“I'm looking right at you.”

ZOË:

“Um, no. No, it belongs to my...my supervisor. Actually, our university.”

MIRA:

“University. Of course. Robotics?”

ZOË:

“No, uh, bioengineering.”

MIRA:

“Even better. You've been by my shop before.”

ZOË:

“You're Mira. Once. Yeah.”

MIRA:

“If you're ever in the market for your own bot, stop by. I'll give you “very special price”.”

ZOË:

“I don't think I'm--”

MIRA:

“Stop by anyway. Next week. Nice work with that bot, petal. She's special. Take good care of her.”

ZOË:

“Back to the lab with both of us, kiddo.”

KIDBOT:

“Awww.”

ZOË:

“Well, you know, our game isn't done until we've reported back to Ada.”

KIDBOT:

“Oh! I'll show the way! Follow me!”

ZOË:

“Affirmative. Mum.”

KIDBOT:

“You don't have to pretend to be my baby anymore. I'm done playing that game.”

ZOË:

“Ah. Right.”

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

SHITBOT:

“Welding. Welding? Well-ding. Welding.”

*Talk to: Shitbot*

SHITBOT:

“Welding. Welding! I like welding.”

*Talk to: Shitbot*

SHITBOT:

“I like welding.”

KIDBOT:

“We're home! It was great playing with you, Zoë. I hope we can play again some time soon.”

ZOË:

“Me too, kiddo. Me too.”

*Enter: Lab*

ADA:

“The river did not turn pink. That went better than expected.”

ZOË:

“I knew it! You had no idea if the algae was going to work!”

ADA:

“I did not. Did it?”

ZOË:

“It's in the river and reacting positively to the environment. We should be receiving a datastream from the nano-sensors.”

ADA:

“Confirmed. In a week, we'll have a very good idea of survivability and transmutation success.”

*Talk to: Ada*

ADA:

“Good work, Zoë.”

ZOË:

“You synthesised the algae, not me.”

ADA:

“Our research, your models. Accept the credit, it was well deserved.”

ZOË:

“Thanks. You're right, Ada. It's progress. We have a long way to go before I'm patting myself on the back, though.”

ADA:

“I agree. But we've made enough progress for one day. I'm staying here to monitor the data for a while. You can head out.”

ZOË:

“Are you sure?”

ADA:

“When I say I want to be alone, it usually means I want to be alone. I'll ping you if there are any discrepancies.”

ZOË:

“Please do. I'm heading over to the campaign office. See you tomorrow!”

*(conversation ends)*

*Exit to Propast*

*Talk to: Reza*

REZA:

“Finished at work?”

ZOË:

“Affirmative. Where's everyone?”

REZA:

“Following up on stories, leaving me to run the ship. Weren't you campaigning this afternoon?”

ZOË:

“What does it look like I'm doing?”

REZA:

“Not...campaigning? Bothering me?”

ZOË:

“Sure, that's what it looks like. But in reality? Bye.”

REZA:

“Don't you dare be late, I'm using my favourite apron.”

*Talk to: Reza*

ZOË:

“It may look like I'm about to bother you again...”

REZA:

“Yeah? And?”

ZOË:

“Just letting you know that this is a thing that will not happen.”

SHOPKEEPER IN SOUK:

“Salaam. What are you looking for?”

“Take a moment to look at my wares.”

“What's the hurry?”

“Hello, my friend! You're not in a rush, are you?”

“Shalom, can I help you find something?”

“Why the hurry? Stop for a moment.”

“Ma-salaam.”

“Farewell, my friend.”

“Come back any time!”

“Always in such a hurry.”

“Shalom, farewell, salaam, see you soon.”

“Next time!”

*Examine: Shopkeeper*

ZOË:

“No one can agree if it's the Shuk or the Souk, but that's as far as the discord goes. It may look dodgy, but the Souk, Shuk, whatever, is a pretty harmonious place.”

*Examine: Shopkeeper*

ZOË:

“The salespeople here are mostly Arabic or Jewish. They sell mostly tech and biotech. And, ooh, carpets.”

*Talk to: Shopkeeper*

SHOPKEEPER:

“Salaam, my friend. How can I serve you this fine day? Anything in particular you're looking for? Just let me know.”

“You can look, but you cannot touch. Touching is no good. You touch it, you bought it.”

“Looking for organic neural interfaces? Replacement organs? Genemodded goats? Fine carpets?”

“Whatever you need, just let me know and I'll help you find it. Very special price, just for you.”

“Take your time. My wares hold up to close inspection.”

“Shalom! What are you looking for? There's no finer selection or better prices anywhere in the Shuk, so why go elsewhere?”

“Are you in the market for a new Iris? We have the best neurotech, straight off the Mumbai backtracks. We can do the surgery in the back room and you'll be on your feet again in an hour.”

“New liver, kidneys, heart. Off the shelf or tailor-made, anything you need! The operation's included, only certified surgeons, diplomas from the best online colleges. Quick and easy!”

“I've seen you around before, you're local! I have local prices for locals, best deals in all of Europolis, guaranteed!”

“Ah, you look like a nice girl, I'm sure you want the very best quality at the lowest prices. You've come to the right place, my lovely friend!”

*Examine: Stuff*

ZOË:

“Biotech, vat-grown organs, wormhole generators, nanobot paste, neural implants, biotec processors, digital irises, genemodded goats...”

*Examine: Stuff*

ZOË:

“There's nothing you can't get in the Souk. Unless you're looking for cheap trinkets and fake antiques, then, yeah, the Bricks.”

*Examine: Organs*

ZOË:

“Whatever it is, it's top quality stuff. Top quality yuckiness.”

*Examine: Organs*

ZOË:

“It's alive. Of course it's alive. I mean, it's the Souk.”

*Examine: Organs*

ZOË:

“If you're looking for gross stuff, the Souk never fails to deliver.”

*Touch: Organs*

ZOË:

““You touch it, you bought it”. And I'm not buying that.”

MAN IN SOUK:

“I'm actually a bit worried about Freida. She's on the Dreamer all the time. Like, non-stop.”

OTHER MAN IN SOUK:

“Entspann bruder, is geil, it's bon, don't get your cacks all twisted.”

MAN IN SOUK:

“Idiota! I'm being serious. I'm shattered from being the only one taking care of the kids.”

OTHER MAN IN SOUK:

“So just buy them a Dreamachine, they'll think it's mega-geil.”

MAN IN SOUK:

“Not helpful, cousin. Not helpful at all! I'm not about to expose them to Dreamtime at their age. I don't trust WATIcorp, they're not legal.”

OTHER MAN IN SOUK:

“You know what your problem is, ziomal? You worry too much. Learn from me, it's all superbon! There's no conspiracy, that's all in the past.”

MAN IN SOUK:

“Maybe, but...karaiya, bruder, it's not bon! I see what it does to Freida, she's not chungo in the coco, this thing's messing with her psyche. I'm fertig, atze. I want out.”

OTHER MAN IN SOUK:

“Hey, wanna join us at the rade later?”

MAN IN SOUK:

“They're playing great sound there, it's like mega geil!”

***Content added 7/21/2017 in PC version:***

***A woman named Alyssa Balmore is standing in the Souk.***

***Talk to: Alyssa Balmore***

**ALYSSA BALMORE:**

**“Peace. You in the market for some augmentations?”**

***Talk to: Alyssa Balmore***

**ALYSSA BALMORE:**

**“I’m not saying they’re legal. I’m not saying they’re safe. I’m not even saying they’re reliable. What I am saying is this: do you feel you’ve fulfilled your full potential? Hear me out.”**

***Talk to: Alyssa Balmore***

**ALYSSA BALMORE:**

**“The corps don’t want your wetware to match theirs. Why would they? They want to have the upper hand, retain the edge, sport the most sophisticated ‘ware. Keep the consumers in check, y’know?”**

***Talk to: Alyssa Balmore***

**ALYSSA BALMORE:**

**“But you look like someone who’s ready for that next step, to broaden your horizons, expand your mind, experiment with the post-physical.”**

***Talk to: Alyssa Balmore***

**ALYSSA BALMORE:**

**“The Dreamachine? Fuck the Dreamachine. The Dreamachine is a dead end. True transcendence lies in wetware augmentations.”**

***Talk to: Alyssa Balmore***

**ALYSSA BALMORE:**

**“Look, I can’t make any promises. Brain damage is possible, perhaps even likely. But that’s evolution for you. Constant experimentation, failure after failure, until one day: bam!”**

***Talk to: Alyssa Balmore***

**ALYSSA BALMORE:**

**“You scramble your brains, rewire your neurons in just the right way.”**

***Talk to: Alyssa Balmore***

**ALYSSA BALMORE:**

**“Think about it. Immortality is within our grasp. We can become gods. But to get anywhere, we need pioneers. Do you want to be a sheep, or do you want to be the shepherd? Just think about it.”**

***Talk to: Alyssa Balmore***

**ALYSSA BALMORE:**

**“Are you thinking about it? You should be thinking about it. My offer won’t stand forever.”**

EYE OFFICER AT CHECKPOINT BEYOND SOUK:

“This is no place for a young lady.”

“Unless you're on your way somewhere, I advise you to stay off the streets.”

“You would not want me to arrest you for loitering.”

“How do you like the uniform? Uh, I mean...Move along!”

“I feel trapped by gender roles in societal expectations. Do you ever feel that way?”

“Uh, I really wish I didn't have to be an asshole, but you'll need to move along now and so forth.”

“I hear there will be demonstrations today and you look too nice and proper to get caught up in that. So please, go home!”

“I'm going to count to ten, and then you'll be off! One...two...three—Oh, forget about it.”

*Examine: Checkpoint*

ZOË:

“More and more checkpoints each day. Soon we won't be able to go anywhere without proper papers.”

*Examine: Checkpoint*

ZOË:

“EYE checkpoint. I haven't filed the proper paperwork to get through here.”

*Examine: Checkpoint*

ZOË:

“They won't let anyone through these checkpoints without authorisation, and to get authorisation you need to cross the checkpoints. Kafka would be so proud.”

*There is a sign that says “Propast Synagogue established 2133”.*

*Examine: Synagogue*

ZOË:

“It's the only temple in Propast. It's a lot bigger on the inside.”

*Zoë approaches Baruti to see a bot cleaning off graffiti on the Uminska office.*

ZOË:

“Not again. When did this happen?”

BARUTI:

“Hey sisi. Last night. The Faschos even saluted the camera. Bloody Omegas, think they're untouchable.”

ZOË:

“Do you need any help?”

BARUTI:

“With this? I got it. There's more important things for you to do.”

ZOË:

“You should get a decommissioned military drone from Mira, go ballistic on their asses. Yeehaw! Yeah. That'd teach 'em.”

BARUTI:

“Ha! Behind this sweet facade lurks a lioness! It's tempting, but then we'd have to deal with the EYE as well. Nah, I'll just keep cleaning up the mess until Konstantin's goons admit defeat. Oh, by the way, sisi, did you see the update? Eish! Two points, not bad, not bad!”

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Check it\*: *I really should have checked his feed before coming, but it'll only take a few seconds to get updated. I'm not tuned into the campaign twenty-four-seven, like Baruti. To be honest, when I'm not volunteering, I don't think that much about it. That part, I don't have to tell him, though.*

ZOË:

“No, but one moment, let me check your stream...Oh, hey that's fantastic! We're heading in the right direction.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Fake it\*: *I haven't checked. It didn't even occur to me before coming here. I feel bad about it. This campaign is Baruti's life, but for me, it's... I don't know. A way to pass the time? No, more than that. A way to make a difference. But it didn't have to be political. It didn't have to be Uminska. I'm not committed to that part of it. No reason to tell him any of that, though.*

ZOË:

“Uh-huh. Two points. Not bad...”

BARUTI:

“You didn't see my update.”

ZOË:

“What? Yes! No. I just didn't...I was going to, honest. It just slipped my mind, and I figured you'd update me as soon as I got here.”

BARUTI:

“I understand, you've had a busy day. It's okay, you don't have to fake it with me, sisi.”

ZOË:

“No, I know. I just felt bad about it. But, hey, two points? Yay!”

*(conversation progresses)*

BARUTI:

“Our biggest jump in weeks. Haw! Two points, that's something to celebrate! Uminska invited all the managers to join her tonight in Warsaw for the live feed.”

ZOË:

“You're going?”

BARUTI:

“If I finish up in time, of course! When did I ever say no to a party?”

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

BARUTI:

“I have a plus one, if you're interested.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Yes\*: *I probably haven't been as committed to the campaign work as Baruti wants me to be. This could be an opportunity to show that I care. Only... I really don't want to go. Reza's making dinner nad it's our first full evening back at home after Trieste. Oh, I don't know! It would make Baruti super happy, and I'm sure Reza will understand.*

ZOË:

“Sounds fun. I'm in. When do we leave?”

BARUTI:

“Around six o'clock. I'll find out and let you know after we're done here today.”

*(conversation progresses)*

No\*: *I know this is important to Baruti, and I know I'm not as committed to the campaign as he wants me to be, but... Reza's taking care of dinner, and we were planning a relaxing evening at home. Couch and a movie sounds awesome right now, and if I'm being honest with myself, I'm really not that interested in listening to Uminska's speech. Or partying with her flock.*

ZOË:

“I can't tonight. I already have plans with Reza. Sorry.”

BARUTI:

“That's ok, sisi. Short notice, I know. I'll ask Asif.”

*(conversation progresses)*

BARUTI:

“How was Trieste? I think I see a tan!”

ZOË:

“Good. They have this thing in the sky, I don't know what it's called. It's big and yellow and made of fire, and it's super hot. So awesome.”

BARUTI:

“I remember the sun from Botswana. They have that there, too, but it's much bigger and...much nicer.”

ZOË:

“Meh. You're such a warmduscher, Baruti. Who needs the sun when you can have the clammy, sticky heat of Propast in July?”

BARUTI:

“(Laughs)”

ZOË:

“So what's the plan, Stan?”

BARUTI:

“Today, there's delicate work to do. Do you know Queenie?”

ZOË:

“Queenie? No, I don't think—Wait. The babka on the boat, out by the Bricks?”

BARUTI:

“That's her. Teta Queenie basically runs the Chinese market. She's the only one who dares stand up to Mr. London.”

ZOË:

“How does an old woman stand up to organised crime?”

BARUTI:  
  
“When you meet Queenie, you'll understand. Everyone in the Bricks respects her. Everyone in Propast. And that's why you're going to talk to her.”

ZOË:

“Me. Me? Baruti... You're so much better at this than me.”

BARUTI:

“Even if that's true, I can't. I'm meeting with some local business owners from the Shuk. I need to stay put.”

ZOË:

“Yeah, all right. Sure. I'll do my best. So, um, what am I actually doing?”

BARUTI:

“Pay Queenie our respects. Let her know that she's a friend to the party and that we're very happy with how she runs things. Ask if there's anything we can do for her...”

ZOË:

“And...? I'm sensing an “and”. There's always an “and”.”

BARUTI:

“Ask her for her support and endorsement. It will have a big impact on our campaign in this barrio.”

ZOË:

“So that's all, beg one of the most powerful people in Propast for a favour.”

BARUTI:

“That's all, sisi. Easy, ne? Oh, and you might need this.”

ZOË:

“Cryptocoin? What for? I have monies.”

BARUTI:

“Have you ever shopped in the Bricks, sisi? Folks there aren't too fond of traceable funds. They prefer plata. Cash, not credit. And no banks. I've loaded it with MiYuan. Please keep any receipts. Our benefactors are generous with the petty cash, but they demand documentation.”

ZOË:

“Wait. The merchants in the Bricks prefer untraceable cash...but they're fine giving out chits? Where's the logic in that?”

BARUTI:

“Maybe they're designed to obfuscate, hide a deeper meaning. Like fragments of ancient maps. Eish! What do I know? Just ask for the receipts, sisi!”

ZOË:

“Gotcha. Receipts. Well, I guess I'm off. Wish me luck! Maybe I won't jump into the river from sheer embarrassment of making an ass of myself.”

BARUTI:

“Makoya!”

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

*If Zoë agreed to go to the party with Baruti:*

BARUTI:

“When you come back, we'll make plans for tonight.”

*(conversation ends)*

*If Zoë declined to go to the party with Baruti:*

*(conversation progresses)*

BARUTI:

“When you come back, we're done for the day. I have a party to get ready for!”

*(conversation ends)*

*Examine: Unity campaign headquarters*

ZOË:

“Our campaign office. It's a hole in the wall, but Baruti has made it a very presentable hole in the wall.”

*Examine: Baruti*

ZOË:

“Baruti may be the happiest man in Europolis. Nothing ever gets him down. He's like a human robot of happiness.”

*Examine: Baruti*

ZOË:

“I admire Baruti. He has so much passion and enthusiasm for his job. For life. We're a bit too different to be close friends, but he's a joy to work with.”

*Examine: Baruti*

ZOË:

“Baruti Maphane, my campaign manager and Lea Uminska's biggest fan. There's nothing he wouldn't do for her. She's lucky to have him.”

*Talk to: Baruti*

ZOË:

“Baruti?”

BARUTI:

“What's on your mind, sisi?”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

The campaign: *I don't think I've ever asked Baruti how he ended up working for Lea Uminska and the social democrats.*

ZOË:

“How did you end up working on the campaign?”

BARUTI:

“Just a happy accident. I was working for a charity in Dresden, a support network for homeless teens. I'd only been in Europolis a couple of months, I was still learning the ropes. I honestly had no idea what I was doing. One day, Lea Uminska got in touch, asking how she could be of assistance to our charity. She'd just been elected leader of the party. We got to talking, she told me about her campaign...Of course, I was an arrogant ass. I told her everything I thought they were doing wrong. Humility wasn't in my blood back then. Afterwards, I figured, well, that's the last I'll ever hear from her. Two weeks later, I get an offer from her campaign manager. They want me to join her team in Gdansk.”

ZOË:

“That must have been a good feeling.”

BARUTI:

“I was scared, sisi! I left Botswana because I was tired of doing things just for myself. I came to Europolis to help others. Maybe do some good. For once. And now, suddenly, here I was, part of a movement to change the world! I wasn't prepared for it, but I couldn't say no. And I haven't for a single moment regretted that decision.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Before: *I don't know much about Baruti and his life before we started working together. We've been friendly, but... He knows a lot more about me than I do about him. And I am curious.*

ZOË:

“What did you do before you came to Europolis?”

BARUTI:

“I was a lawyer! Can you believe it? Corporate law, even. Eish!”

ZOË:

“Yeah, no, I can't see it.”

BARUTI:

“I was good, too! I managed the family's trust in Johannesburg. My older brothers run things from Francistown, Gaborone and the City of London.”

ZOË:

“How many brothers do you have?”

BARUTI:

“Four. And three sisters. We are eight together. Same father, different mothers.”

ZOË:

“You're the youngest?”

BARUTI:

“Youngest boy. I have two younger sisters, twins. They aren't involved in the family business, but my older sister Lesedi is. We don't speak. She did not approve of my change of heart.”

ZOË:

“What happened?”

BARUTI:

“What can I say? I finally saw what I was doing with my life. Existing only for myself. Obsessed with money, power, status...Also, I didn't agree with some of the investments we were making, the lack of ethics. So one day, I left it all behind. My job, my family...my fiancee. I had to make a clean break. It was too easy to simply fall back into the good life. I had to learn to struggle.”

ZOË:

“You don't miss them?”

BARUTI:

“Oh, every day, sisi. Every day. I speak to Gosego, from time to time. My second oldest brother. And the twins, of course. But the rest...They were disappointed and angry. They didn't understand, never will.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Family: *Seven siblings. Impressive work. I can't even begin to relate. Makes me wish I'd had siblings growing up. Well. I did. I just...never knew. I can understand how he'd miss them all, especially the twins. Sounds like they were close.*

ZOË:

“What do you your younger sisters do?”

BARUTI:

“Ah, the twins, haw! They are wonderful, sisi. You'd like them. They also jumped ship, left the family business, but I don't think Father ever expected them to be a part of it. They live in Ireland now.”

ZOË:

“They're Neo-Luddites?”

BARUTI:

“Anarcho-Primitives.”

ZOË:

“Cool. A friend from uni went feral for a few years. She told me all about it after she reintegrated. Apparently, there's no trains and tribal council forbids air traffic.”

BARUTI:

“There's one old ferry that runs daily from Liverpool, but that's all. And there's no Wire connection to Ireland. We don't get to talk often, unfortunately.”

ZOË:

“What about your other siblings?”

BARUTI:

“They're all in the family business. Corporate lawyers, financiers...like Father. My oldest sister Lesedi is second-in-command. When Father retires, she takes the reigns. He keeps a tight leash on everyone. And when he can't, he cuts you off.”

ZOË:

“Your mother, too?”

BARUTI:

“We see each other now and then, but to Father she was just another in a long line of baby- mothers. Bought and paid for. They are separated. She shares an estate with the other ex-wives. It's an odd arrangement. But Mother knew what she was getting into. She's been well compensated. I think she's happy, in her way. Eish! What can I say? My family is crazy, dysfunctional. It's what I wanted to escape from, sisi. I didn't want to keep living that life. And I'm not one of them anymore.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Travel: *Sounds like Baruti's been around the world and back. I'm jealous. Before the coma, I was... I don't know. I didn't care as much. I was happy staying put. And now that I want to travel more, I can't afford it. Figures.*

ZOË:

“You're lucky to have travelled a lot.”

BARUTI:

“I don't know if I'd say I've tavelled a lot, but I have travelled. When I was part of the family business, I regularly did business across Africa, the Kingdom and the Conglomerate. It made me realise how lucky I was to grow up in Botswana and South Africa. The freedom and prosperity we enjoy in the African Union. The resources, fresh air, lack of pollution...I miss that, most of all. Africa is a paradise, and you don't think about it until you see how it is elsewhere. How people are hungry, cold, with no easy access to implants or gene therapy.”

ZOË:

“I really miss Africa, especially when it's like this, boiling hot and humid... Does it ever get better?”

BARUTI:

“Better? Ha! Never. Well, maybe for a month in spring and autumn. But winter here is bitter and wet. And in summer, it's like this every day. Not a breath of fresh air. No, you must learn to appreciate Europolis for its strengths, and not compare it with home, sisi.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Europolis: *Most people I know have an ambivalent relationship with Europolis, but Baruti seems to be very happy here. I wonder if that's just show.*

ZOË:

“I don't get your enthusiasm for Europolis, Baruti.”

BARUTI:

“You've only been here a few months, sisi. It takes time to understand Europolis. It has a complicated, fragmented soul. Every district is its own organism. I find Propast fascinating. More so than the other districts I've lived in. Dresden, Gdasnk...even Berlin. Propast has an old soul. There's a real history here. But it's also where history's being rewritten, where the New Europe is actually happening. That's another reason why I came here for the campaign. Propast is like a barometer for Europolis as a whole. Whichever direction the wind blows in Propast, the rest often follows.”

ZOË:

“Will you stay here after the campaign is over?”

BARUTI:

“I don't know what Lea and the party has planned for me, if we take office. I'm not sure my future is in politics, but I don't abandon my duty if I'm asked to serve. I'll stay in Europolis, for certain. Unless Wolf wins. Then... I don't know. Anything but going south. I want to keep a safe distance from Father and the family business.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

The candidate: *Baruti always speaks so warmly of Lea Uminska. He must be her biggest and most loyal supporter. I don't think I can ever really understand that kind of dedication, especially when it comes to politics. It's impressive...almost humbling.*

ZOË:

“How well do you know Uminska?”

BARUTI:

“I've known her for several years. Professionally. It's not like we're friends. Although she did take me out to dinner once, to thank me for my help...She's guarded, not the warmest person in the world. I think that's where we need to improve, help her to open up and be more...human. Get voters to see the person behind the mask. I really do think she's the right person to run Europolis. And not just because the alternatives are so...disturbing.”

ZOË:

“Every time I watch Konstantin Wolf speak, I get the shivers. The bad ones.”

BARUTI:

“They don't call him Kaiser Konstantin for nothing. And Lea—Ms. Uminska, she knows him better than most. She has to constantly stand up to him and his hooligans. She has to deal with incessant insults and slandering, without sinking to his level. I don't envy her that position. She's not perfect. No one is. But she is the person in the world I respect the most, and I will follow her through thick and thin, to the very end. I owe her that.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Kaiser Konstantin\*: *Konstantin Wolf is Uminska's biggest opposition...and Baruti's nemesis. I don't know what he'd do if Wolf won the election. Probably leave and head back south.*

ZOË:

“Are you worried Wolf could win?”

BARUTI:

“Of course I'm worried! He's a snake, slippery and venomous. Wolf is a populist. A nationalist. A fascist. He claims he represents the people, but he only represents himself. And, of course, the corporations that are secretly backing his campaign.”

ZOË:

“I thought Wolf was anti-corporate? That's what he says in the ads.”

BARUTI:

“Ha! That man has a lot of plata. Millions being channeled into his campaign. Where do you think that's coming from? He has the support of some very powerful people. The same people he badmouths in his manifestos.”

ZOË:

“I don't understand.”

BARUTI:

“It's a show, sisi! The corporate Syndicate knows that Dieter Gross and the Alliance have lost any shred of authority and trust. They made a mistake there, and it's hurt them. With Wolf, they have a new strategy. He pretends to distance himself from the corps in order to represent the “working people”. He will berate the corps, claim that he's going to clean things up, put power back into the hands of the proletariat. But the truth is, he is even more in the pocket of the Syndicate than Dieter Gross and the Blues. It's a brilliant strategy...as long as they can control him.”

ZOË:

“And you don't think they can?”

BARUTI:

“I think he's more dangerous than they have reckoned with. He's two-faced, manipulative... Once he's clawed his way into power, he's capable of anything. He's created a cult of personality around himself. A very calculated fictional narrative that appeals to a lot of voters unhappy with the state of Europolis. The only thing we can do is to try to expose his lies. And...”

ZOË:

“What?”

BARUTI:

“I think I've found something. I've been doing a lot of digging. Back in Botswana, I have connections high up in Bokama-Mercer. Family connections. There might be evidence of B-M funneling funds into Konstantin's campaign, maybe even directly into his personal account. And if that's the case...We might finally have some real dirt on Kaiser Konstantin. At the very least, it would make people question his integrity and honesty. If we're lucky, maybe even enough evidence for a criminal investigation.”

ZOË:

“I hope you're being careful, Baruti.”

BARUTI:

“I am. Once I have concrete evidence, I'm giving it to your man Reza. He can do the story, expose Wolf and his lies.”

ZOË:

“I'm sure the Hand will be very interested. But, Baruti, please just...Stay low, okay? Kaiser Konstantin is...evil.”

BARUTI:

“He is! And this is exactly why we have to fight him. We can not back down, sisi. To do so would be dishonest and cowardly.”

*(return to dialogue choices)*

Goodbye: *I should get going. There's work to do, and I can't be late. Reza gets really annoyed if he's cooking and I miss dinnertime.*

ZOË:

“See you later, Baruti.”

BARUTI:

“Ok, sisi. I'll see you later.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Examine: Cryptocoin (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“MiYuan. Cryptocoin. The preferred currency in the Bricks.”

*Examine: Queenie's Quintessentials*

ZOË:

““Queenie's Quintessentials”. That's Queenie's shop. Obviously.”

*Examine: Queenie's Quintessentials*

ZOË:

“I'm not sure what she's selling, but it looks classy.”

*Examine: Girl*

ZOË:

“How old can she be? Fourteen? For someone her age, she projects a lot of authority.”

*Examine: Girl*

ZOË:

“Should she even be working at her age? Oh, who knows, she could be thirty. The stuff you can get done in the shadier parts of Propast...”

*Examine: Girl*

ZOË:

“She keeps a tight leash on who visits Queenie's boat.”

*Talk to: Girl*

GIRL:

“Good day. Welcome to Queenie's Quintessentials. Are you looking for anything in particular?”

ZOË:

“I'm looking for Queenie.”

GIRL:

“Oh, the Madame's not seeing anyone at the moment. I can show you her latest creations, if you'd like?”

ZOË:

“I'm not shopping. I need to speak with Queenie. Could you ask her if she has a moment?”

GIRL:

“That depends. Did you bring anything?”

ZOË:

“Bring anything? Like what?”

GIRL:

“Madame Queenie is a respected figure in this community. In order to see her, you need to show respect. A gift. Something of value. Something that proves you're here to discuss important matters.”

ZOË:

“What would that be?”

GIRL:

“I'm sure you'll find something that reflects your taste and the value you place on a potential meeting with the Madame.”

*Talk to: Girl*

GIRL:

“Hello again. Did you bring a suitable gift for Queenie?”

*Touch: Girl*

ZOË:

“One little push and she's in the river, no one will now it was—wait, what am I thinking? You don't want to end up on Most Wanted. Well... No.”

*Examine: Gifts*

ZOË:

“Not that I would know, but those items look very, very expensive.”

*Examine: Gifts*

ZOË:

“It's a collection of very, I think, expensive gifts.”

*Pick Up: Gifts*

ZOË:

“No one would miss one little item, would they? Would they? They totally would.”

*Examine: Liquor*

ZOË:

“Looks like cheap liquor, but what I do know about liquor? Beer, on the other hand...”

*Examine: Wine*

ZOË:

“It's, um, what was it again? Baijiu? Baijiu. Chinese liquor. I've never tasted it. I'm more of a beer gal.”

*Examine: Wine*

ZOË:

“A bottle of baijiu.”

*Examine: Statuettes*

ZOË:

“Chinese lions. Most likely made of moon dust. I've heard that stuff causes rashes. The moon dust, not the lions.”

*Examine: Vendor*

ZOË:

“He's selling a bunch of stuff. I'm not really sensing any sort of theme here. Just...stuff. And that Chinese liquor, baijiu.”

*Talk to: Vendor*

ZOË:

“That bottle of liquor...”

VENDOR:

“Baijiu. Chinese wine. The very best you can possibly get. This one is distilled from the rarest seeds of Tear Grass grown on the Himalayan slopes, with purified water from the deepest wells of Kunming and organic rice grains from Guilin.”

ZOË:

“Sounds expensive.”

VENDOR:

“For you, only twenty thousand Yuan.”

ZOË:

“Twenty thousand? That's insane!”

VENDOR:

“It's a bargain. Look, the price tag says thirty thousand. You're getting an incredible deal.”

ZOË:

“Well, I don't have twenty thousand Yuan. Can't you go any lower?”

VENDOR:

“I'd be losing money if I did that. No deal.”

*Talk to: Vendor*

VENDOR:

“Have you changed your mind? Twenty thousand is an incredible bargain.”

ZOË:

“I can't afford that.”

VENDOR:

“You're missing out on a good deal.”

*Examine: Vendor*

ZOË:

“They call it the Chinese market, but it's a mix of everything and everyone.”

MAN:

“No, no, no, no, no. That's clavada, a total rip-off. Way too expensive. I'll give you three fifty for it, and not one kuài more!”

VENDOR:

“Three fifty? Are you mocking me? That's less than what I paid! At that price, I'll be losing money. Three sixty, and that's my final offer.”

MAN:  
  
“Mierda, atze! That's the price you give to strangers! How many times have I shopped here? I thought we were friends! You're disrespecting me with that price. Three fifty!”

VENDOR:

“How do you expect me to be able to feed my children? Make rent? Pay Mr. London for protection? Three sixty!”

MAN:

“Three fifty.”

VENDOR:

“Three sixty.”

MAN:

“I'm not going anywhere above three hundred and fifty.”

VENDOR:  
  
“I'm not going anywhere below three hundred and sixty.”

MAN:

“I can do this all day. Three fifty. Final offer.”

VENDOR:

“So can I. Three sixty. That's my final offer.”

*Examine: Customer*

ZOË:

“I'm getting tired just listening to him haggling.”

*Talk to: Customer*

MAN:

“Please don't interrupt, these are delicate negotiations.”

*Talk to: Customer*

MAN:

“Can you please wait your turn?”

*Talk to: Customer*

MAN:

“So rude.”

*Examine: Vendor*

ZOË:

“I'm not quite sure what she's selling. A, um, an eclectic assortment of merchandise? And also that baijiu stuff.”

*Talk to: Vendor*

VENDOR:

“Can't you see that I'm busy with a customer?”

*Talk to: Vendor*

VENDOR:

“Wait your turn.”

*Examine: Medicine*

ZOË:

“This is a pretty broad definition of “medicine”.”

*Examine: Medicine*

ZOË:

““Cat”. Just cat? I mean, it's a bottle containing black power in it. I... Okay. Whatever. Cat.”

*Examine: Medicine*

ZOË:

“This one contains “real comet ice”. How is “comet ice” good for your libido, real or otherwise? Ice is ice.”

*Examine: Medicine*

ZOË:

““Ground panda”? I'm just going to guess misspelling and move on.”

*Examine: Medicine*

ZOË:

“I'm not going to ask how they produce zebra juice. There's just no good answer to that question.”

*Examine: Medicine*

ZOË:

““Snake Oil”. At least they're running an honest scam.”

*Content redacted 6/17/2016:*

*Examine: Fans*

ZOË:

“I don't see how a Chinese fan could stave off the summer heat in Propast.”

*Examine: HoloFilm*

ZOË:

“Hey, they sell HoloFilms! Those were all the vogue when I was growing up. No one watches these things anymore, but they were awesome. Like being inside the movie.”

*Examine: HoloFilm*

ZOË:

“HoloFilms were so cool. Put the projector in the middle of the room and the movie played all around you. Too bad they were banned. Those people who died ruined it for everyone else.”

*Examine: HoloFilm*

ZOË:

““The Dark White: The Legend of Dark”. “Back for great revenges”? Was he ever really gone?”

*Examine: HoloFilm*

ZOË:

*“*“Journey to the West: The Journey Back East: Part Three: Westward”. I used to own that one. It was very confusing.”

*Examine: HoloFilm*

ZOË:

““Start War: Backstroke of the West”. A classic of New Wave Chinese HoloFilm cinema.”

*Examine: HoloFilm*

ZOË:

“Oooh, “Garfield”! Wait, no. This is “Garfeld”. A pale rip-off of the original HoloFilm.”

*Use: Cryptocoin on Customer or Vendor*

ZOË:

“Oh, for God's sake... You're ten Yuan apart! You know what, I'm paying the difference. Withdraw it from my stick. Can you guys please wrap this up now?”

CUSTOMER:

“What?”

VENDOR:

“Um...”

CUSTOMER:

“How. Dare. You!”

ZOË:

“Sorry? It's ten Yuan. That's...nothing. Right?”

CUSTOMER:

“Nothing? Nothing? You understand nothing! It's not about money! It's about respect! Scheisse! Puta! You've taken my face and you've stepped all over it. I have no face. Look, down there on the ground? What's that? That's my face! No, I won't lose face because of this...this dupa! I'm paying the full sticker price. What is it? Twelve hundred Yuan? Here, take all of it. All of it!”

VENDOR:

“You should come by more often.”

ZOË:

“I'm... That wasn't... Uh, what? What just happened?”

VENDOR:

“I just made eight hundred from your little show. Nice work. Never mind. What can I help you with? I'll give you a very special price on anything you want.”

*Talk to: Vendor*

ZOË:

“That bottle of, um, baijiu...”

VENDOR:

“You have excellent taste! Finest Chinese wine, most prestigious gift. Made with short-grain rice from Wuchang and the rarest seeds of Tear Grass grown in the greenest vales of Inner Mongolia, with purified water from the ancient oasis of the Gobi desert.”

ZOË:

“Sounds very familiar...”

VENDOR:

“What's that?”

ZOË:  
  
“Nothing. How much?”

VENDOR:  
  
“Since you helped me, I'll give you a very, very special price. It's normally twenty thousand Yuan, but I will sell it to you for five thousand!”

ZOË:

“Generous, but still a bit steep. Can you give me even more of a special price?”

VENDOR:  
  
“What, are you insane? Short-grain rice from Wuchang! Mongolian Tear Grass! Gobi well water!”

ZOË:

“Point taken, but no thank you.”

*Talk to: Vendor*

VENDOR:

“Change your mind? You won't find a bottle of wine this fine for a price this low anywhere in the Bricks!”

ZOË:

“Nope. Too expensive.”

*Talk to: Vendor (male)*

ZOË:

“How come that woman over there is selling the exact same wine for only five thousand Yuan?”

VENDOR:

“What? That no-good, dishonest thief... We'd agreed on a special price! Uh, she's selling a cheap counterfeit, made with the lowest of low grade synthetic rice and imported space water. But I don't want you to suffer because of her dishonesty and trickery. I will sell you this bottle for three thousand Yuan!”

ZOË:

“From twenty thousand to three thousand?”

VENDOR:

“A special price, only for you, only today.”

ZOË:

“Still too expensive, though.”

VENDOR:  
  
“That is my final offer! I'm already losing money on that!”

*Talk to: Vendor (male)*

VENDOR:

“I knew you'd be back. Three thousand Yuan, and this bottle of the finest baijiu is yours!”

ZOË:

“Still too much.”

VENDOR:

“It's an incredible bargain!”

*Talk to: Vendor (male)*

VENDOR:

“Three thousand Yuan, and not one kuài less.”

*Talk to: Vendor (female)*

ZOË:

“I found another bottle of wine. Same as yours, but cheaper. Three thousand Yuan.”

VENDOR:

“What? Impossible! No one sells this wine for less than fifteen thousand Yuan! It must be a different label.”

ZOË:

“Same exact label.”

VENDOR:

“A forgery, then! This is the Bricks, there are forgeries everywhere. Not here, of course, I'm legal! Everything you see on this table is the real deal.”

ZOË:

“Sure, but it looked the same to me, and since I can't tell the difference--”

VENDOR:

“Wait. Wait! I'll give it to you for...for...Two. I can't believe I'm saying this. Two. Two thousand Yuan.”

*Talk to: Vendor (male)*

ZOË:

“Your colleague over there just offered to sell me the same wine for two thousand Yuan.”

VENDOR:

“Two...thoussand? That's—No. No, no, no! I will not play this game with her. Three thousand, that's my final offer! The rarest seeds of Himalayan Tear Grass, hand-picked by maidens--”

ZOË:

“Right. I know. It's the good stuff.”

VENDOR:

“Three thousand, and not one Yuan less.”

*Talk to: Vendor (female)*

VENDOR:

“You drive a hard bargain, lady.”

*Talk to: Vendor (female)*

VENDOR:

“You're a good negotiator. I respect that.”

*Talk to: Vendor (female)*

VENDOR:

“You got a great deal on that wine. It'll make an excellent gift.”

*Use: Cryptocoin on Vendor*

VENDOR:

“I hope you're happy that my children won't be eating tonight.”

ZOË:

“That's terrible! But I can live with it.”

VENDOR:  
  
“You're a ruthless negotiator. I respect that.”

*Examine: Baijiu (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“Baijiu. Chinese liquor. A fine gift for Queenie. I hope.”

*Talk to: Girl*

GIRL:

“Did you find a gift yet?”

*Use: Baijiu on Girl*

ZOË:

“This is a bottle of, um, baijiu? Rare seeds, clean water, hand-piked, distilled with...with rare rice. And the other things.”

GIRL:  
  
“So I can see. I'm sorry, but Queenie gets a lot of bottles of cheap baijiu...”

ZOË:

“This isn't cheap. Honest. It's a really great bottle of wine. I mean, look at the price tag. Thirty thousand Yuan!”

GIRL:

“You're in the Bricks. Price tags are...transient. One moment please. Yes, Madame? This will suffice as a gift. Thank you. You can go across and see Madame Queenie now. Just put your gift on the table and go on through. She's waiting for you.”

ZOË:

“Thanks.”

*Talk to: Girl*

GIRL:

“Go on, she's waiting for you.”

*Zoë steps onto the boat.*

QUEENIE:

“Step softly, young lady. The vibrations are throwing off my precision.”

ZOË:

“Oops. Sorry.”

QUEENIE:

“Tut-tut. No talking, either. We're closed today, but seeing as you got past my girl, I guess you have legitimate business.”

ZOË:

“Yeah. Hiya. Well. Sort of.”

QUEENIE:

“...yes?”

ZOË:

“I'm with the Uminska campaign. Uminska... Lea. Unity?”

QUEENIE:

“I'm quite familiar with the social democrats, girl. You work with Baruti Maphane, then.”

ZOË:

“Yep. Yes.”

QUEENIE:

“He's a nice man. Genuine. You can tell he believes in his work. Do you?”

ZOË:

“Um, what?”

QUEENIE:

“Why are you in politics, young lady?”

ZOË:

“Zoë. Castillo. I'm, uh, in politics because...”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Contributing\*: *Part of it is because I want to make a difference. That may not be the whole truth, my main motivation...or even the most honest answer. But it is true. I want to make a difference, in some way.*

ZOË:

“I want to make a difference.”

QUEENIE:

“Goodness me. Take your time.”

ZOË:

“It's a difficult question to answer. I do want to make a difference... But. Yeah.”

QUEENIE:

“Making a difference isn't always what it's cracked up to be. Take it from me. I've lived. A very long time. I've spent the second half of my life making up for the mistakes of the first half. There's a sort of symmetry to that, I guess. We all come to understand that our choices and actions have consequences. Some more than others. And mostly in ways we can never anticipate or control. Such is the nature of the universe. The trouble is, sometimes we learn too late what those consequences may be. And actions are hard to take back. Brilliant people have tried to crack that one.”

ZOË:

“I'm not sure what--”

QUEENIE:

“Never mind... Castillo, was it? Castle. Spanish?”

ZOË:

“Argentinian.”

QUEENIE:

“Yes... Well. What can I do for you, Zoë Castillo?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Free time\*: *It's embarrassing, but part of the reason is that I have time to spare, and I wanted to do something valuable with that time. It's not like I'm that invested in this, politically, but it seemed like the right thing to volunteer for.*

ZOË:

“I had time to spare. This is how I chose to use it.”

QUEENIE:

“That's an honest answer, at least. Many great deeds have been committed because there was time to spare. Although...I'm certain there are more altruistic ways for you to spend your spare time. Why the social democrats? Why Uminska?”

*(conversation progresses)*

Unsure\*: *I want to make a difference, and I have the time to spare...but the truth is that I don't know why I ended up working for the campaign. I'm not even sure it's something I want to do or should be doing. I don't really know enough about the politics of Europolis yet to make an informed decision. But here I am. Should I say that?*

ZOË:

“I, um...”

QUEENIE:

“Very well. Let me rephrase that question, whittle it down for you. Why Uminska?”

ZOË:

“You probably know why I'm here.”

QUEENIE:

“I can make an educated guess. But I was really thinking about your campaign work. I was thinking in general. Is there anything you are looking for?”

ZOË:

“Oh. I'm...um. Baruti told me to...? I just. Wow.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë said Free Time or Unsure:*

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Alternatives\*: *Because the alternatives are so bad? Kaiser Wolf, Dieter Gross... The Marxists. I wouldn't want to live in a city governed by either of them. Maybe Unity isn't the perfect option, but in this case it's certainly the lesser of many evils.*

ZOË:

“There's no one else.”

QUEENIE:

“Perhaps there isn't. It's not the most passionate or convincing of arguments. If you're here to sell me on the idea of supporting her campaign, you're doing a frankly terrible job of it.”

ZOË:

“Well. Yes. Here's the thing.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Believe\*: *I've actually come to believe in a lot of things Lea Uminska says. I've never been very political, but this seems to matter. To a lot of people. To hear Baruti speak of her, I can't help but believe she's the right woman for the job. And that the social democrats can help make Europolis a better place to live.*

ZOË:

“I believe in here.”

QUEENIE:

“Do you now? Faith is a powerful thing. It's right up there with choice and consequence. I take it that's why you're here, to tell me how much you believe in Lea Uminska and to convince me to give her my full support.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Uncertain\*: *Why Uminska? Maybe the honest answer is that I don't know. It's the campaign I ended up working for. She's certainly better than Kaiser Wolf. Probably better than Dieter Gross and the incumbent government. And I don't see the Marxists getting their shit together anytime soon, no matter what Nela thinks.*

ZOË:

“I honestly don't know.”

QUEENIE:

“I can quite like someone who's not afraid to admit she doesn't why she's doing what she's doing. It's very refreshing. Though maybe not particularly inspiring. Still. Manu save us from those who believe they have all the answers. I was like that once. It's debilitating, but curable. No matter. Zoë... Castillo, was it? Do you know what that name means in Spanish? Castle. Fortress. And Zoë is Greek, and means life. Are you alive?”

ZOË:

“What?”

QUEENIE:

“Your eyes. It's like part of you is asleep or... Dreaming.”

ZOË:

“I was sick. In a coma.”

QUEENIE:

“Yes. That would explain it. What can I do for you, castle-dweller?”

ZOË:

“You probably know why I'm here.”

QUEENIE:

“I can make an educated guess. But I was really thinking about your campaign work. I was thinking in general. Is there anything you are looking for?”

ZOË:

“Oh. I'm...um. Baruti told me to...? I just. Wow.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë chose Alternatives or Believe:*

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Hard sell\*: *I have nothing to lose. It's time to bring out the big guns and tell it like oh god, I'm not good at this. But honestly, why would anyone want to vote for anyone else? Particularly when the most likely alternative is Kaiser Konstantin.*

ZOË:

“Lea Uminska is the only candidate who can change things for the better.”

QUEENIE:

“Now is not the time for politics. Not yet. I want to know what really bothers you, Senorita Castillo. What are you looking for? Be honest with yourself.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Soft sell\*: *Maybe the hard sell will come across as dishonest. She seems like someone who appreciates honesty above all else.*

ZOË:

“Do you want Konstantin Wolf to run Europolis?”

QUEENIE:

“Now is not the time for politics. Not yet. I want to know what really bothers you, Senorita Castillo. What are you looking for? Be honest with yourself.”

*(conversation progresses)*

No sell\*: *I can't sell this. That's not me, I'm not Baruti, I don't have enough faith in Uminska or the party. And maybe Queenie will feel I lack conviction, and I fail, and...and we lose the Chinese vote and Baruti's job, great, fantastic. Sigh.*

ZOË:

“I'm not here to convince you. I just want a chance to talk to you about our campaign.”

QUEENIE:

“Now is not the time for politics. Not yet. I want to know what really bothers you, Senorita Castillo. What are you looking for? Be honest with yourself.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Change subject\*: *No, you know what, I'm not even going to try. It's not going to sound heartfelt or honest for her. Baruti should be here instead of me. I'll just get out of this and head back as soon as I can.*

ZOË:

“You know, I really don't want to talk politics.”

QUEENIE:

“Good! Neither do I. Tell me, Zoë...What are you really looking for? Be honest with yourself.”

*(conversation progresses)*

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Meaning\*: *I think what I'm really after is some sort of meaning to it all. The conspiracy, the coma, the fragmented memories... All of it. I want it all to make sense, and I want to stop feeling like I'm not in charge of my future.*

ZOË:

“I'm looking for meaning in my life.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Reconciliation\*: *I miss dad. I miss me. I miss...what, Casablanca? No, not that. And I don't miss who I used to be. Whiny, petulant... I'm happy to have changed, but something is still missing. I haven't completely reconciled myself with who and what I was, and who I may become.*

ZOË:

“I'm seeking some sort of reconciliation.”

*(conversation progresses)*

Belonging\*: *More than meaning, maybe I'm simply after belonging...somewhere. With someone. To find peace, to accept who I am, where I am and be happy.*

ZOË:

“I want to belong somewhere.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë told Roman she wants to remember:*

Remembering\*: *Perhaps, more than anything, it's not remember that haunts me the most. Not knowing exactly what happened to me. To the people I care about. To be so uncertain about so much. I can't even trust myself, because sometimes I feel I'm...a fraud. An imposter. Without our memories, can we really be ourselves?*

ZOË:

“I want to remember what happened to me. Before the coma.”

*(conversation progresses)*

*If Zoë told Roman she wants to forget:*

Forgetting\*: *But if I'm going to be honest with myself, I just want to forget. I want to forget not only what I can't remember, but I also want to forget what led me there, all the things I do remember. Those memories only haunt me. They haven't made me happier. They haven't put me at ease. I want to forget everything, and star over. Fresh. Unencumbered.*

ZOË:

“I want to forget whatever happened to me before the coma. I want to move on.”

*(conversation progresses)*

QUEENIE:

“There. That wasn't so hard, was it?”

ZOË:

“I'm. So. So, so sorry. That was really inappropriate. I don't even know why I... Really inappropriate!”

QUEENIE:

“Not at all. Now I know who I'm speaking with. Shall we discuss politics?”

ZOË:

“Really? Um. Yeah, all right. So. We—Lea Uminska...the social democrats, they—we're wondering if you would--”

QUEENIE:

“Support Uminska and the social democrats in the election. I know. I'm thinking about it. You see, Zoë... The most important thing for me is this community and the people who look to me for guidance and support. They trust me, and my judgement. I know that I have to take a political stand, and I know that stand will have implications. And repercussions. The Blues have left me alone, never bothered me. Dieter Gross is a safe choice. The status quo. Wolf, I do not trust. I have no wish to see him or his European Dawn thugs in power. The consequences of that would be on the scary side of unknown. The Marxists are preoccupied with rhetoric, demonstrations and marches, grand speeches and even grander gestures. I don't think they'll get in my way, but they do get on my nerves. And we have your social democrats...They are the compromise. I usually abhor compromises. In this case, however, the extremes aren't very attractive. And so it comes down to this. Prove to me that your party cares about this community and the people in it, and you'll have my support. That's what politics means to me.”

ZOË:

“Yeah. Okay. Fair enough. How do I do that?”

QUEENIE:

“The EYE's been increasingly successful at keeping undesirables off the streets. That doesn't mean they're not here still. There's a city beneath the city, populated by those who have fallen through the cracks. People with no home, no identity. Old, young. Children...There's a girl. A young girl. Hanna Roth. I was in contact with her, but now she's fallen off my radar. I haven't seen her in days. I'm worried that...I'm worried. Help Hanna. Find her, tell her Queenie is looking for her. If you can, bring her to me. If not... Just make sure she's all right. Do this for me, and we will talk politics again.”

ZOË:

“I'll do my best. But...where do I start?”

QUEENIE:

“Nela Vlček. She sells food--”

ZOË:

“Up top. The food court outside Seshadri Tower. I'm sorry, but yeah, I know Nela. She's a friend of mine. That's incredibly weird.”

QUEENIE:

“No coincidence, no story...”

ZOË:

“What's that?”

QUEENIE:

“I guess you were the right person to ask, castle-dweller. Hanna mentioned some odd jobs she'd done for Miss Vlček. I don't know the details. I'm guessing deliveries.”

ZOË:

“I'll start with Nela. I'll let you know when I know more. Thank you, Miss...?”

QUEENIE:

“Queenie will do. I left my old name behind somewhere. I had no use for it anymore.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Name\*: *It's weird that she doesn't want to use her real name. I wonder why that is.*

ZOË:

“What did you mean, you left your old name behind?”

QUEENIE:

“Names are like clothes. Sometimes you grow out of them, so you change.”

ZOË:

“I always thought names were more important than that.”

QUEENIE:

“Maybe so, maybe so. Mine wasn't. Mine was...used up. It reminded me too much of my past, so I changed it. There have been many. A whole closet full.”

ZOË:

“So, before--”

QUEENIE:

“No, Zoë. I'm Queenie. That's all there is to it. Now run along, I have work to do, and so do you.”

*(conversation ends)*

Hanna\*: *She said there are so many lost people out there...so many homeless children. What's so special about this Hanna?*

ZOË:

“Why Hanna?”

QUEENIE:

“You mean, why this particular girl, and not a thousand others? The others are...names. Faces. She's a person. She's important to me. That's all you need to know. And now you've taken up enough of my time. There's work to do, for both of us.”

*(conversation ends)*

Leave: *She looks ready to get back to work, and I should do the same.*

ZOË:

“Well. Talk to you soon, then.”

QUEENIE:

“I'm counting on it, Zoë Castillo.”

*(conversation ends)*

*Examine: Queenie*

ZOË:

“Queenie. She's working. I shouldn't disturb her again.”

*Examine: Queenie*

ZOË:

“I really do get why she's so respected. She has this aura of absolutely authority.”

*Examine: Queenie*

ZOË:

“She read me like an open book. No, more like she made me open myself to her, like a book. And then she read me. Like a book that's...open.”

*Talk to: Queenie*

QUEENIE:

“Thank you, Ms. Castillo. You can leave now.”

*Talk to: Queenie*

QUEENIE:

“There's really no need for you to linger. Our meeting is over.”

*Talk to: Queenie*

QUEENIE:

“Please. I need my privacy.”

*Talk to: Girl*

GIRL:

“Did you get what you came for?”

ZOË:

“Sort of. Maybe. Yes?”

GIRL:

“I'm glad to hear it. Have a fruitful afternoon.”

*Zoë heads back up to Seshadri Tower and a girl comes up to her.*

GIRL:

“It's you!”

ZOË:

“What? Who? Me?”

GIRL:  
  
“The superhero from my dream! You're her!”

ZOË:

“Sorry? I—I really don't...uh, I'm not her. Whoever she is.”

GIRL:

“Yes, you were in my dream.”

*If Zoë reassured the girl in Chapter 1:*

GIRL:

“You told me it'd be all right, and it was. You helped me wake up.”

ZOË:

“You're mistaken. I don't even own a Dreamachine. I couldn't have possibly been in your dreams.”

GIRL:

“It was you. You were there. I don't use it much anymore. The Dreamachine? Most of the time, I say no, just like you told me to. I read instead. I'm reading a lot. The book I'm reading right now is about this girl who's dreaming but doesn't know she's dreaming. I'm worried about Mum. She's always in Dreamtime. She prefers that to being awake. She doesn't eat much or go outside, ever.”

*If Zoë scared the girl in Chapter 1:*

GIRL:

“You told me the dream was dangerous. I didn't sleep for a whole week.”

ZOË:

“That's not... That's not possible. I haven't been in your dreams. I don't even own a Dreamachine.”

GIRL:

“You were there. It was you. I was so scared. I told my father, like you said. I live with him now. I haven't used a Dreamachine since that day. I read instead. I'm reading a lot. The book I'm reading now is about this girl who's dreaming but she doesn't know she's dreaming. I don't see Mum at all. She's always in Dreamtime. Daddy is very worried about her.”

GIRL:

“Thank you for helping me. Uh... Zoë, right? Thank you, Zoë.”

ZOË:

“How do you—I didn't—What...? What the hell was that all about? I don't...know her. Do I? She looked so familiar, but I haven't... I haven't seen her before. I'm certain of it.”

*A holographic sign is on Nela's food cart saying “Gone to restock! Back soon!”.*

*Examine: Karl*

ZOË:

““Gone to restock! Back soon!” Odd. Nela doesn't typically leave her cart during peak business hours. She usually restocks first thing.”

*Crates behind Nela's food cart are labeled “The Collective”.*

*Examine: Crates*

ZOË:

“Food crates. It's hot Nela gets her daily activities.”

*Open: Crate*

*Pick Up: Receipt*

*The receipt says:*

*The Collective*

*Ethical biofoods & non-engineered meats*

*Kaprova No.5 Propast*

*Praha District Europolis 0478213*

*Examine: Receipt (in inventory)*

ZOË:

“It's a receipt, belonging to Nela. Oh, hey, there's an address on the back. The Collective, on Kaprova.”

*Zoë goes down to The Collective.*

*Examine: The Collective*

ZOË:

“Hey, it's the store Nela gets her sausages from.”

*Examine: Strange happenings*

ZOË:

“Something's going on... Nela looks upset.”

*Listen to: Strange happenings*

NELA:

“Look, atze, I said I'd do my part--”

WOMAN:

“That is exactly what you said.”

NELA:

“--but I have to draw the line somewhere. I'm all about shifting the balance of power, hein? About getting the bonze to think twice. Not about fucking shit up just for the sake of fucking shit up. That's not what I signed up for. I want to pick up my supplies and get back to feeding the barrio. If I can convert some sozies and betonheads while I'm at it, great. If not, I move on.”

WOMAN:

“That don't sound like someone's committed to the cause.”

NELA:

“Oh, fuck off. I'm delivering as promised, non? I'm getting a friend to source me the nanotech. She has special access. A couple of days, week at most. But with the EYE poking into my affairs, committing random acts of personal violating, drones and checkpoints everywhere...Time to tread a little more cautiously. Lest we find ourselves bereft of food cart, food and freedom. Anything else you need me for, bruder, I'm all game.”

WOMAN:

“I remember you saying you'd walk the walk, not just talk the talk.”

NELA:

“I need to draw my line somewhere. And this is where I draw it.”

WOMAN:

“Whatever. As long as you deliver.”

NELA:

“Kolo! Seriously. When do I not?”

*Talk to: Nela*

*If Zoë walks up to Nela:*

NELA:

“I'm delivering as promised, non? You'll get your sweets, atze. A couple of days, week at most.”

WOMAN:

“As long as you deliver. What do you want?”

NELA:

“Anda! What the fuck are you doing here?”

ZOË:

“I...um. Looking for you?”

NELA:

“What the hell for? Scheisse, no matter, I need you to not be here now, Zoë. I didn't take you for a partyparasite.”

WOMAN:

“Fuck this, I didn't know you'd bring friends to the party.”

NELA:

“Hey, just—Oh, for fuck's sake.”

NELA:

“Puta, dupek! What are you doing here?”

ZOË:

“I was just... You weren't at the cart, so I went looking.”

NELA:

“You went...looking? Are you spying on me, zicke?”

ZOË:

“Jesus! Entspann, Nela. No, I wanted to ask you about Hanna Roth.”

NELA:

“Hanna. Hanna? What the hell for?”

ZOË:

“I need to find her.”

NELA:

“That doesn't answer my question. And you won't find her. She's...Scheisse. Just stop. Stop looking. Stop asking. And stop following me. This is not something you want to get involved in. Just let it go. And go! Get out of here. You're not going to find Hanna, and you're not going to ask me about her again. Go! Get the fuck out of here!”

*Examine: Nela*

ZOË:

“She looks a bit rattled. I hope everything's okay. And I hope she's not mad at me still.”

*Examine: Nela*

ZOË:

“Nela looks unsually restrained.”

*Talk to: Nela*

ZOË:

“Hanna Roth will have to wait, no matter how worried Queenie may be. Nela's in a foul mood and I'm not about to go poking her with a sharp stick.”

*Talk to: Nela*

ZOË:

“Hanna Roth just moved down my list of priorities. At least until Nela's back to her old self.”

*Zoë heads back to the campaign office, only to find Mr. London harrassing Baruti.*

MAN:

“Mr. London ain't too happy with how you're messing about in his barrio, sozie.”

BARUTI:

“Easy, cosuin. I'm not--”

MAN:

“I ain't your cousin, mate. I ain't your mate, neither. Mr. London says you ain't never asked for his blessings, kolo. Mr. London, he ain't too happy about that, him. Mr. London says it's disrespectful.”

BARUTI:

“Tell Mr. London that I'm not messing with anything. I'm just running a political campaign. Maybe if we could have a civil discussion about this, instead of--”

MAN:

“Oy, assi! You talk to me, not to Mr. London. No one talks to Mr. London. And there's no discussion to be had. We have no use for your kommi comrades in Propast. In this barrio, we vote Wolf.”

*If Zoë intervenes:*

ZOË:

“Hey! Let him go! Wait, what? Was that me?”

MAN:

“Otherwise? Don't get involved, suka. You'll just get your fresse messed up. Wouldn't look too good with a broken pif, hein?”

ZOË:

“I didn't understand a word of that, but if you don't let him go, I'm calling the police.”

MAN:

“The pala? Scheisse, minette, you think the police are going to interfere? Do you know who this is? This is Mr. London, and he owns the bulle in Propast. No fuck off before I get total angepisst and decide to--”

MR. LONDON (IN CANTONESE):

“A travelling salesman was advertising his wares. He sold weapons and armour. One day, he came to a village where a great soldier lived. “This shield,” said the salesman, “is so strong that nothing can pierce it. It will protect a warrior from all harm. This spear,” said the salesman, “is so sharp that it will pierce any armour, killing your opponent instantly.” “How can it be,” answered the great soldier, “that you have a shield that cannot be pierced, and a spear that can pierce anything? The two cannot possibly coexist.”

ZOË:

“I don't speak Cantonese.”

MR. LONDON (IN CANTONESE):

“So the salesman grabbed the shield and the spear. “It doesn't matter if the two can or cannot coexist, motherfucker,” he said, running the great soldier through, killing him. “When I'm the one wielding both.””

ZOË:

“Just...just let him go. Please. He's harmless.”

*If Zoë does not intervene:*

BARUTI:  
  
 “Oh, I see what's going on. This isn't about turf of respect, is it? It's about Kaiser Konstantin and his fascho army. How much is paying you, bruder? Upset that Lea Uminska is not willing to stoop to his level and pay you off? You're just a cheap crook, London, serving whichever master pays you the—Agh!”

MR. LONDON (IN CANTONESE):

“There was once a frog who lived in a shallow puddle. One day it told the turtle who lived in the East Sea, “I'm so happy. I am master of this puddle. The worms, crabs and tadpoles who live here with me cannot compare with my greatness. When I go out, I jump around in the grass or on the edge of my puddle. When I come back, I'm up to my knees in mud. My happiness is complete. Why don't you come more often to look at my great puddle?” The turtle wants to go into the well, but the well is too small for him to set his foot inside. So the turtle asked the frog: “Have you seen the ocean? Even a distance of a thousand miles cannot begin to describe the sea's width,” answered the turtle. “The height of the sky cannot describe its depth. The sea does not change with the passage of time. Its level does not change according to the amount of rain that falls. There are rare creatures in the sea the size of mountains, and I'm but one turtle amongst a thousand who live in the vast ocean. The greatest happiness is to live in the East Sea, for it is greater than all puddles combined.” Do you know what the frog's reply was? “I'd rather be king of a puddle than a vassal of the sea, you pompous fucking cunt.””

*The goon hits Baruti in the testicles with a golf club.*

MAN:

“And let that be a lesson to you, kutas. This is Mr. London's barrio, and the sooner you get that through your coco, the less mal you'll need to deal with.”

*The men leave.*

*Talk to: Baruti*

ZOË:

“Jesus, Baruti... Are you okay?”

*If Zoë intervened:*

BARUTI:

“I think so. Thanks for speaking up, Zoë. I appreciate it. Although...I'm not sure it was the smartest thing to do. You're on his radar now.”

ZOË:

“I couldn't just stand by and watch. Are you sure you're all right?”

BARUTI:

“I am. But I'm not going anywhere tonight. I'm just going to watch Lea's streamnote from the office.”

ZOË:

“You don't have to stay here by yourself, you know. I can stay with you, or you can come home and have dinner with us.”

BARUTI:

“I'm fine, sisi. Really. They were just trying to scare me. Mission accomplished! They're not coming back. Not today, at least. We can worry about tomorrow tomorrow.”

ZOË:

“Okay... About Queenie and--”

BARUTI:

“Let's talk about that tomorrow, too. Right now, I just want to sit down with a cup of hot tea and enjoy a rousing speech.”

*If Zoë did not intervene:*

BARUTI:

“Oof. Gods. Yeah. Yeah. I'll be... I'll be fine”

ZOË:

“Do you want me to call an ambulance? The police?”

BARUTI:

“No. Please don't. The bulle won't do a thing except maybe throw me behind bars for disrupting the peace or some chungo excuse like that. London's most likely working with the Syndicate anyway.”

ZOË:

“An ambulance, then.”

BARUTI:

“I can't afford to go to the hospital, not for this. I'm all right, really. He was just trying to scare me.”

ZOË:

“A medbot? I don't know what to do. I'm sorry for not doing anything.”

BARUTI:

“What would that have accomplished? That would have put you on his radar, and that's a place you don't want to be. I'm glad you stayed out of it. I'm not even sure you should be coming back here.”

ZOË:

“Are you mad? I'm not going to quit because of this, and let the bad guys win. But are you sure I can't help?”

BARUTI:

“I'm sure. But I'm not travelling anywhere tonight. I'm just going to watch Lea's streamnote from the office.”

ZOË:

“You don't have to stay here by yourself, you know. I can stay with you, or you can come home and have dinner with us.”

BARUTI:

“No. They won't be back tonight, and we can worry about tomorrow tomorrow. I'll be all right on my own. I promise.”

ZOË:

“About Queenie and--”

BARUTI:

“Also tomorrow. Let's talk tomorrow. Right now, I need to sit down with a steaming cup of hot tea and a cold bag of ice on my...eh, you get the picture.”

ZOË:

“I understand. But Baruti, please lock the door? And ring if there's anything?”

BARUTI:

“I won't argue with you there. See you on Thursday, sisi.”

ZOË:

“Take care, Baruti.”

***Content added 6/17/2016:***

**DIALOGUE CHOICES:**

**Explore:**

***Zoë can walk around Europolis.***

**Go home:**

***Zoë is automatically taken home.***

*Enter: Home*

REZA:

“Hey.”

ZOË:

“Ooh, smells good. What are you making?”

REZA:

“Risotto. Come over here.”

ZOË:

“Mm, nice to see you, too. I needed that.”

REZA:  
  
“Why? What's going on?”

ZOË:

“We had a real scare at the campaign office.”

REZA:

“What happened?”

ZOË:

“Baruti got pushed around. By Mr. London's goons. And London himself.”

REZA:

“Jesus. Is he okay?”

ZOË:

“He's fine. He's probably fine.”

REZA:

“How about you? Are you okay?”

*If Zoë intervened with Mr. London:*

ZOË:

“I'm okay. They didn't touch me.”

REZA:

“But you got involved?”

ZOË:

“I had to. I couldn't just let them do that to Baruti.”

REZA:

“I really wish you'd stayed out of it.”

*If Zoë did not intervene with Mr. London:*

ZOË:

“I'm fine. I didn't get involved. But Baruti was in a lot of pain.”

REZA:

“I'm glad you didn't get involved. I'm not sure you should be volunteering anymore.”

ZOË:

“Reza...”

REZA:

“You don't know what those people are capable of.”

ZOË:

“They're just cowards.”

REZA:

“Cowards with the might of the Syndicate behind them.”

ZOË:

“Still just cowards. Look, I'll be okay. They wanted to scare Baruti. Nothing's going to happen. They're not going to come after me.”

*If Zoë chose not to talk about therapy earlier:*

REZA:

“About earlier... I'm sorry I pushed your therapy buttons. I didn't mean to pry.”

ZOË:

“Don't worry about it, Rez. I was tired. I'm okay talking. Really. And I do feel better.”

REZA:

“It's helping?”

ZOË:

“It's helping. Mostly because of you.”

REZA:

“Let's hope you don't change your mind after this risotto.”

ZOË:

“How was your day?”

REZA:

“Not as interesting as yours. I published that Bingo! piece, now I'm following up the leads on the clampdown.”

ZOË:

“It's getting ridiculous out there. Everyone's on edge.”

REZA:

“I know the campaign work is important to you, but you need to be careful about getting involved in local affairs. Even if Sully doesn't want us to write too much about what's happening here in Propast.”

ZOË:

“If you stop reporting things because you're afraid of what will happen, you're censoring yourself.”

REZA:

“We need to pick our battles. Like that Mr. London business. He shakes businesses down, runs the local black martket. Bad, sure, but not corporate level bad. Or Kaiser Konstantin bad.”

ZOË:

“I guess...”

REZA:

“I'm not happy about it either, but sometimes you need to let the small fish go in order to catch the bigger fish.”

ZOË:

“I get that. Maybe I'm an idealist.”

REZA:

“We both are, but I'm also a realist. And I really wish you'd drop the campaign work. Hey, come over here and taste this.”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Tired\*: *I don't like his tone...but it's not the first time we've had this argument, and I'm—I'm tired. I want to have a quiet evening. I should just let it go.*

*(conversation ends)*

Tone\*: *I don't like his tone, and it's not the first time we've had this argument. Sometimes Reza can be so controlling. I don't like it.*

REZA:

“What's the matter?”

ZOË:

“Nothing, I just...”

DIALOGUE CHOICES:

Let it go\*: *He's never been supportive of the campaign work, but I don't want to fight. It won't lead anywhere good, and I don't even understand why it's so important to me. But it makes me feel better about myself, like I'm being proactive. Making a difference.*

*(conversation ends)*

Disappointment\*: *I know he doesn't understand why I'm volunteering. I can't say I understand it either. Politics was never me. But I wish he'd be supportive, regardless. I don't understand it, but I need it.*

ZOË:

“I wish you were more supportive.”

REZA:

“It's not even like you're that invested in the politics. I know you want to stay busy, and—”

ZOË:

“Stay busy? You think that's all it is? A distraction?”

REZA:

“I don't want you to end up getting hurt again. I spent a year thinking you might die. I don't...I don't want that again.”

ZOË:

“You'd rather I sit at home and watch EuroTrash?”

*(conversation ends)*

*Talk to: Reza*

REZA:

“How is it?”

ZOË:

“It's good. Really good. I can't wait to eat. I'll pay you back afterwards.”

REZA:

“For what?”

ZOË:

“Cooking the best dinners. Being the best boyfriend. Knowing how to make me feel better.”

REZA:

“Hm... Do we have to wait until after dinner?”

ZOË:

“Won't the risotto be ruined?”

REZA:

“Is that important?”

ZOË:

“Not in the slightest.”

*Zoë and Reza kiss.*

*If Zoë does not talk to Reza:*

REZA:

“If you refuse to talk to me, there's nothing I can do. Look, I'm heading out for a bit. Feel free to eat without me.”

*Exit to Propast:*

ZOË:

“I'm not about to go running after him. I didn't do anything wrong.”

ZOË:

“Oh shit sandwich, food's burning. Fuck, fuck, fuck.”

*Use: Risotto*

*We pan to the top of the fanblades that Zoë can't reach to see a recording device. Outside, a mysterious man in a suit listens intently to an earpiece.*

**