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**Overview:** *Cutscene example for a post-apocalyptic FPS that follows the story of a world ravaged by global failure of industrialization that has led to metal and things made out of metal, such as bullets, being a coveted rarity. The player character is an up-and-coming mercenary in an independant guild that competes in the Scrapyard: gladiatorial battles in a hub city called Ven to win metal. The following conversation occurs after a battle in the Scrapyard, between the PC and their two companions: Ward, a middle-aged, no-nonsense sniper and Scratches, an unpredictable recent recruit.*

Scratches: I'll betcha ten scrap the guy at the bar's pushin' shot.

PC: Huh?

Scratches: The guy at the bar. You see his backpack? He's selling shot. I can smell the powder.

Ward: Sure, whatever Scratch. [*to bartender*] Can I get a drink?

*Ward pushes a large scrap across the bar. The bartender grins and hands him a drink, mug filled to the brim.*

Scratches: [*to man at bar*] Nice bag.

Man-at-bar: Nice gun. Must be hard to find ammunition around these parts.

Scratches: Mmm... I'm always keeping an eye out. Lemme know if you know anyone.

Man-at-bar: Actually, it's your lucky day.

*Scratches and Man-at-bar incomprehensibly haggle and trade scrap for a box of bullets. Ward looks at the PC and shakes his head. Scratches returns to PC and Ward.*

Scratches: Told'ya.

Ward: [*takes a long sip of his drink, laughs sarcastically*] Congratulations.

Scratches: C'mon! At least I was right this time.

Ward: [*to PC*] He bets on someone pushing shot everywhere we go in Ven... Hey, you alright kid? You seem a little quiet.

PC:

[OPTION 1 - ANXIOUS]: I just... All those people.

[OPTION 2 - EXCITED/PROUD]: I'm glad I finally got the chance to prove myself.

[OPTION 3 - UNCERTAIN]: It wasn't what I expected.

Ward:

[RESPONSE TO OPTION 1]: [*lowers voice*] Yeah, sorry kid. Your first Scrapyard is always rough. It'll get easier—it always does.

[RESPONSE TO OPTION 2]: [*chuckles*] You did good out there. Now don't go getting your big head blown off your shoulders before the next Scrapyard.

[RESPONSE TO OPTION 3]: Eh, never is. You'll get used to the uncertainty. Hell, Scratches loves it.

Scratches: Hey, not to interrupt your boring little debrief, but did you guys see? The backpack guy gave me a discount!

Ward: [*sighs*] There's no such thing as a discount when there's not a set price in the first place. You just bought something off a scavenger.

Scratches: Killjoy.

Ward: Killjoys keep people like you alive. Anyway, we should probably get outta here before nightfall. Let me know when you're ready to go, kid.

*End scene.*

**Overview:** *Sample bark lines for fantasy MOBA character idea. Undead necromancer tank with high durability/medium damage/low utility. Fighting abilities are centered around damage over time. Character is charismatic, arrogant, and often annoyed.*

Trigger	Bark
CHARACTER SELECT	What do <i>you</i> want?
MOVING	I tire of mortals...
MOVING	Another day, another path of destruction!
ATTACK	You're mine!
ATTACK	Show me a real challenge.
ULTIMATE	I'll kill you twice!
KILLS ENEMY	You never had a chance.
KILLS ENEMY	See you soon, darling.
DEATH	Not me! Not now!
DEATH	Oh, not <i>this</i> again.

**Overview:** *Location blurbs for Realm Fisher, a forthcoming fantasy pick-your-path adventure game about an interdimensional journey to heal a marine ecosystem.*

Aorta: a realm of its own. Powered by an ancient subterranean force that emanates faint red light through fissures in the ground, Aorta's landscape is frigid, dark, and unforgiving, but its inhabitants are proud to call it home. From mysterious bounty hunter factions to a rousing, realm-wide carnival, the people of Aorta make the most of their stark domain.

Below a single, bright moon in a vast purple sky, the realm of Muricin bustles as a hub of interdimensional scientific study and portal mechanics. With a landscape cleaved by complex systems of caves and caverns and brightened by strange spectral fauna, Muricin's hardworking inhabitants are dedicated to learning more about both their own realm and those beyond.

From high verdant treetops to deep underwater thickets, inhabitants of Viridi establish their hard won homes. Though the dense flora might appear at first glance a difficult place to create a community, the resilient locals have learned to cultivate the realm to its full potential and live in harmony with each other and the natural world.

The blistering, rainless expanse of Urasoma may appear uninviting to travelers, but the small nomadic communities that inhabit the realm feel right at home. From the owl-masked mercenary organization *The Mirage* to massive jellyfish venturing across the arid sky to *Dune Angels*, unknowable light beings that hover above the shifting sands, Urasoma is truly a land like no other.

**Overview:** *Looping dialogue conversation in a space opera action role playing game where the main character, known as Picket, is a recently recruited soldier on the ship The Bastion, an exploration-turned-battle vessel on the front line of dangerous research against a deadly contagion: Ivis. Sample conversation occurs by interacting with a primary NPC, Dr. Reese Clark, head of The Bastion's medbay, in downtime between major quests.*

Dr. Clark: Picket! What brings you to the medbay? Anything to report?

Picket (PC):

[OPTION 1 - INVESTIGATE (DIALOGUE LOOP)]: I'd like to ask you something.

[OPTION 2 - CONCERN]: I'm worried about the amount of soldiers we're losing to Ivis.

[OPTION 3 - FLIRT]: Actually, I just wanted to see your face. How's your day been?

Dr. Clark:

[RESPONSE TO OPTION 1]: Of course. What's on your mind?

[RESPONSE TO OPTION 2]: [*sighs*] I don't know what to tell you. My team consists of the finest medics in the star quadrant, and we can't even figure out how to slow the effects of Ivis. It's frankly a little terrifying.

[RESPONSE TO OPTION 3]: [*blushes*] Oh... Well that's very sweet of you. You're a welcome sight—today's been busier than usual. Between Ivis and a handful of battle wounds from the recent scouting mission, we're nearly at full capacity.

Picket:

[OPTION 1.1 - ASK ABOUT IVIS]: Have you made any progress in finding a possible cure for Ivis?

[OPTION 1.2 - ASK ABOUT MEDBAY TEAM]: Tell me more about your staff here in the medbay.

[OPTION 1.3 - ASK ABOUT CLARK]: How did you come to join The Bastion's crew?

Dr. Clark:

[OPTION 1.1 ANSWER]: I wish I had more news to share with you, but right now we're so busy taking care of patients with Ivis we barely have time to research how to contain it. The whole thing... It's complicated. Many of the people dying are friends, lovers, family members of my medics, so it's not exactly ethical to suggest picking their bodies apart for research, even if it might be the only way to find the cure.

[OPTION 1.2 ANSWER]: The Bastion is lucky to have such a great team of medics on board, and I'm not just saying that since I selected many of them myself [*grins proudly*]. My staff is hardworking,

resilient, and sharp. Things haven't been easy around here lately, but we're making do with what we have.

[OPTION 1.3 ANSWER]: [*laughs*] Believe it or not, at one point in time The Bastion was considered a low-combat exploration vessel. Or at least, that's what it was when I graduated from the medical academy in my homeworld, Solea. I remember the first time I saw The Bastion in harbor like it was yesterday... the way it looked docked at the main port in Solea: so proud and hopeful. I fell in love with the idea of working on a big, beautiful vessel. And Captain Kaliri was looking for a crew, so I signed on—hoping for... I don't know, adventure? Never thought ten years later I'd be surrounded by so much death.

Dr. Clark: Need anything else?

Picket [REPEAT DIALOGUE LOOP OR END CONVERSATION]: That's all. Thank you for your time, Doctor.

Dr. Clark: It's good to catch up. See you around, Picket.

*End scene.*