

The following is a sample of the writing and design for *A Game of Cards*.

A Game of Cards

Event Script

Key Highlights

Inner Monologue.

Conditionals.

Set Variables.

Event 7

BRAIDEN: ...

BRAIDEN: You come by here often yourself then?

STRANGER (smiling): Every now and then. It's got the allure of a nostalgic atmosphere, don't you think?

BRAIDEN: Mm ...

I come here every other evening. How come I've never seen him? Surely, it can't be a coincidence that we've never run into each other...

STRANGER (neutral): Well, I guess nostalgia's not universal.

BRAIDEN: Oh, sorry. I suppose it *is* a relic of its time.

STRANGER (smirk): You're not getting drunk off that little glass already are you, friend?

BRAIDEN: No. I am not.

BRAIDEN: *Friend.*

BRAIDEN: And what about you, hm?

BRAIDEN: What's *your* name then?

STRANGER (smirk): That's for me to know, and for you to find out.

BRAIDEN: I can't exactly go off of nothing, you know.

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STRANGER (smiling): Sure you can. You seem keen enough.

BRAIDEN: Keeping that to yourself doesn't paint a good image.

STRANGER (smirk): How so?

BRAIDEN: Harder to trace someone without a name.

BRAIDEN: How do I know you're just not here to...

You brush your leg up against your briefcase and start pushing it slowly under your chair.

BRAIDEN: ...do something stupid?

STRANGER (neutral): I suppose...you don't know.

You push your slipping glasses up the bridge of your nose. As you narrow your eyes at him, you notice him swallow nervously.

Choices

Be stern.

Try friendly persuasion.

Event 7.1

BRAIDEN: Make this easy for the both of us.

STRANGER (serious): ...

Event 7.1.1

<<if \$affection lt 0>>

BRAIDEN: Seems fair given you've been stalking me.

STRANGER (surprised): *Stalking?*

STRANGER (unamused): That's what we're calling it, then?

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BRAIDEN: Calling it as I see it.

STRANGER (unamused): You make me sound like a crook.

BRAIDEN: For all I know you could be, mister.

STRANGER (unamused): Tch.

STRANGER (unamused): It's Augustus.

BRAIDEN: That wasn't so bad, was it?

```
<<set $nameGiven to false>>
```

Event 7.1.2

```
<<if $affection is 0>>
```

BRAIDEN: All I asked for was a name. Easy enough, right?

STRANGER (neutral): Hm...fine.

AUGUSTUS (neutral): It's Augustus.

BRAIDEN: Thanks. It's nice to meet you, Augustus.

AUGUSTUS (smiling): Please, call me August.

```
<<set $nameGiven to false>>
```

Event 7.1.3

```
<<if $affection gt 0>>
```

```
<<set $nameGiven to true>>
```

BRAIDEN: Surely, it'd be easier to have a conversation if I knew your name.

STRANGER (smiling): We've been cruising so far.

BRAIDEN: And if I want to ask for you later?

STRANGER (surprised): How do you mean?

Event 7.1.3.1

```
<<if $talkReason is "Conversation">>
```

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BRAIDEN: You said you've been watching me.

STRANGER (smirk): I said no such thing.

BRAIDEN (unamused): Fine. You neglected to correct me when I proposed the idea. Better?

STRANGER (smirk): *chuckle*

BRAIDEN: Whatever it is you're looking for...

BRAIDEN: ...it'd probably be easier to find it if we were familiar, hm?

BRAIDEN: Rather than stealing glances at me from across the room, looking for opportunities to introduce yourself.

Event 7.1.3.2

<<if \$stalkReason is "Work">>

BRAIDEN: You said you weren't interested in my work.

STRANGER (smirk): I said no such thing.

BRAIDEN (unamused): Fine. You implied it wasn't my work that prompted you to come over here.

BRAIDEN: And if that's the case, then it must be something else.

BRAIDEN: Something *<i>more</i>...?*

STRANGER (flushedSmirk): Hah.

BRAIDEN: I'm just saying. It'd be a good place to start.

Event 7.1.3.3

<<if \$stalkReason is "Nothing">>

BRAIDEN: Well...

BRAIDEN: I'm not sure.

BRAIDEN: But clearly you've been around. You know the bartender well enough.

BRAIDEN: I don't know anyone else who comes here regularly. Not well enough to start a conversation, especially one like this.

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BRAIDEN: It'd just be nice to know who I'm going to be running into.

Event 7.2

BRAIDEN (neutral): How about a trade then?

BRAIDEN (neutral): Ask me anything. I answer truthfully, and you tell me your name.

STRANGER (smiling): That how you always conduct business, detective?

BRAIDEN (smiling): I can conduct "business" however I please.

BRAIDEN (smiling): On or off the clock.

The man leans back in his chair, draping an arm over the back of it as he hums thoughtfully.

BRAIDEN (neutral): And that first question doesn't count. How about that?

STRANGER (smiling): Alright, alright. I'll bite.

STRANGER (smiling): Got any hobbies?

BRAIDEN (suspicious): What?

STRANGER (smiling): Hey, you said I could ask anything.

BRAIDEN (neutral): I just...wasn't expecting that.

STRANGER (neutral): C'mon. What're you into other than working a job you hate and coffee past midnight, huh?

BRAIDEN (thinking): Well, I...

Choices

"I'm an artist."

"I'm a boxer."

Event 7.2.1

BRAIDEN (thinking): I paint from time-to-time.

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STRANGER (smiling): Ahh, an artist, are we?

BRAIDEN (neutral): Something like it. Even wanted to become a professional at one point.

STRANGER (smiling): What stopped you?

BRAIDEN (neutral): Other than “turning your hobbies into your job is a mistake”?

BRAIDEN (awkward): ...I don’t know really.

STRANGER (smiling): Still, you enjoy it more than...whatever it is cops like you get up to, huh?

BRAIDEN (awkward): I do.

STRANGER (smiling): Isn’t that worth something then? Worth turning in your badge to be happy doing something else?

BRAIDEN (suspicious): Bold of you to suggest quitting my job before I even know your name.

STRANGER (smirk): I’ve been told I exude an air of boldness, yes.

Event 7.2.2

BRAIDEN (awkward): I...box from time-to-time.

STRANGER (surprised): Y-you do *what*?

BRAIDEN (awkward): I box. Like, you know. The sport.

STRANGER (surprised): ...

He has leaned forwards towards the table again, looking at you with wide eyes and his mouth agape in utter shock. You feel your face starting to warm up.

BRAIDEN (awkward): I’m no professional, don’t get the wrong idea!

BRAIDEN (awkward): Y’know, amateur rings and stuff. It’s a good way to blow off steam, I guess...

STRANGER (surprised): You *box*.

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BRAIDEN (awkward): Why are you looking at me like that?

BRAIDEN (smiling): What? Is it *that* weird?

The man puts a hand up to his mouth, as though he finally realizes the intensity of his reaction.

STRANGER (awkward): No! No, it's--! I-it, that is...

STRANGER (awkward): I just took you as sort of...bookish...?

He stops talking, curls his fingers into a fist and bites down on it. He turns away from the table for a moment before glancing back at you to look you up and down.

You give an awkward chuckle. You begin loosening your tie if only to give your hands something to fidget with.

The stranger takes a moment to collect himself after that revelation.