

Command	Speaker Param 1	Mood Param 2	Text	Voice
>>>	annoyinghitchhikers			
>writer	Roan Lucas			
>event_type	exchange_gain			
>conversational_type	stage1			
>conversational_npc				
>topic_tags				
>argument_tags				
>action				
>layout	quartet	oz,scott,polly,hitchhikers		
	narrator		Ah, just another day out on the open road with your good friends Oz, Polly, and Scott... and also Bradley the Business Basilisk...	
	bradley		Business idea! Bicycles for snakes. They don't have arms or legs, so we'll just get rid of the pedals and steering and see where it goes.	
	narrator		... Azaroth, Sacred Angel of the Holy Order, Crusader of the Nine Hells and Champion of the Infinite Radiance...	
	azaroth		DRIVE FASTER, PUNY MORTALS. I MUST REACH THE SEVENTH CIRCLE POST-HASTE.	
	narrator		... And Nose-feratu, serial pervert.	
	nose-feratu		Hey, anyone wanna sniff my toes?	
	narrator		Yeeeeeah, so between now and the last roadstop, you decided to let Oz take over the driving, and because Oz literally can't say no, he's picked up three hitchhikers since your last destination. You don't think you've seen Polly this angry since she had to attend a conference on 17th century Russian literature completely sober.	
	narrator		(The problem wasn't the sobriety, it was that the conference attendees kept trying to mansplain to her Dostoyevsky's "Notes from the Underground," despite only having a surface level understanding of the text. Also, it was kind of the sobriety.)	
	polly		Okay, stop the car!	
	azaroth		WHAT? NO! THE SEVENTH CIRCLE OF HELL MUST BE RESTORED TO ORDER!	
	polly		Yeah, yeah, Azaroth. We get it. You have a sacred quest to stop a war between the circles of hell so that the multiverse doesn't end, but me, Scott, and %CURRENTPLAYERNAME% really need to take a piss.	
	narrator		Oz brings the car to a stop, and Polly pulls the core crew over to an inconspicuous bush on the side of the road.	
	polly		Okay, I was trying to be chill about it, but Oz, what the hell is with all these hitchhikers? Our car has a strict maximum capacity, and that's me, Scott, a hitchhiker, one-to-four color-coded protagonist types, and NOBODY. ELSE.	
	oz		I- I'm sorry! It's just- they looked so sad on the side of the road, and they all asked so nicely!	

	polly		Azarothe the Flaming One literally broke into our car, spit in your drink, and told you to, quote unquote, "DRIVE, GOO BOY!"	
	oz		I-in his defense, "goo boy" definitely isn't the worst thing I've been called while driving.	
	player		Oh, buddy, we have got to work on your self-esteem.	
	scott		Hold on, Polly. I'm with you that these bros are kind of the worst, but we can't just tell them to leave! That would be mean!	
	oz		Yeah, what Scott said! (Also, if I have to deal with confrontation I might implode into a small, concentrated ball of anxiety.)	
	narrator		Oh no! You'd hate to see Oz implode into a small, concentrated ball of anxiety any more than he already has! Quick, pitch a way to get rid of these hitchhikers without directly confronting them.	
>choice		1 stamina	Suggest you're out of food and it's time to democratically choose someone to get eaten... om nom nom!	
>choice		2 hype	You can't drive them further because you have finally reached your exciting long-awaited destination: Middle of Nowhere	
>outcome		1		
	oz		Um, threatening to kill and eat someone in order to force them out of our road trip isn't ideal, morally speaking.	
	oz		But it beats having to deal with confrontation, so I'm in!	
	polly		OMG, that's actually such a weird coincidence. Getting cannibalized during a road trip was actually how I died.	
	narrator		And it can be how these guys die too! You all return to the car.	
	polly		Hey, everyone. Sooooo, we've got some bad news. Our STAMINA reserves are completely in the dumps, soooo we're going to eat one of you! Sorry!	
	nose-feratu		But... There is a whole stash of emergency ice cream in the trunk.	
	player		Yeah, emphasis on emergency, Nose-feratu. Nobody touches my Chocolate Chunk Marshmallow Swirl till the situation is fucking dire.	
	azaroth		IS THE SITUATION NOT DIRE YET?	
	player		I said what I said.	
	polly		Anyways, I'm incorporeal, and Scott and %CURRENTPLAYERNAME%'s asses are so fat n' juicy that anything other than finely sauteeing them at a three-star, michelin-style restaurant would be downright disrespectful, so it's gotta be one of you!	
	polly		I say to keep things fair, we put it up to a vote. Everyone, write down who YOU think should be eaten, and put it in this tub of emergency ice cream.	
	narrator		Every hitchhiker writes down a name and places it in the tub. After shaking it thoroughly, Scott pulls out each slip, licks the ice cream off of it, and shows it to Polly.	
	polly		Wow, super interesting choices, everyone! Once again, for the sake of fairness, me and Scott won't be revealing the chosen hitchhiker till we sneak up on them in the middle of the night and stab them to death, Caesar-style. Hey, Scott, who do you think got picked?	

	scott		Oh, I'm hoping it's Azaroth. Trust me, as someone who has a lot of experience eating people, he looks like he'd be super good cooked medium-rare and covered in BBQ sauce.
	narrator		The hitchhikers all look at each other.
	narrator		Later... You, Polly, Scott, and Oz are all cruising down the road, eating some delicious hot dogs without an annoying hitchhiker in sight.
	oz		I have to say, guys, you did a really convincing job back there. For a second, I almost thought that I was the chosen hitchhiker!
	scott		Aw, Oz, bro, we'd never choose to eat you. You're one of our best friends, and also made out of nightmares???
	polly		I'm just glad we're back down to one hitchhiker, so we can enjoy these delicious, completely unrelated hot dogs in peace.
	narrator		Yep, totally unrelated. You gain STAMINA from these delicious hot dogs, and lose SOUL for reasons you'd rather not get into. Yum yum!
>outcome		2	
	narrator		The four of you return to the car, hitchhikers waiting expectantly.
	oz		H-hey, everyone, we have some exciting news! We've reached our destination. Welcome to... The Middle of Nowhere!
	narrator		Polly and Oz pose, displaying the wide expanse of nothing behind them. A comedically timed lone tumbleweed bounces by. Yay!
	narrator		THE ROAD TRIP COMES TO AN END.
	narrator		Boy, oh, boy, it's the Middle of Nowhere! It's been a hard journey to get here, but you've finally arrived... to an empty field. Honestly, this is all impressively bullshit, but Polly and Oz are selling this place like it's the next Coachella.
	narrator		Polly takes selfies with literally everything, from a vaguely interesting cactus to some dead animals on the side of the road, while Oz gives the hitchhikers an exclusive tour of all the things you can do in The Middle of Nowhere, like... watch a blade of grass! And.... stand!
	bradley		Hey, duderinos. Not to harsh the vibe, but this kinda sucks. I was thinking we would end up in, like, The City of Vice or something.
	azaroth		I WANTED TO GO TO KNIFE LAND.
	player		Didn't you have a sacred quest in the seventh circle of hell to get to?
	azaroth		YEAH, BUT I WANTED TO GO TO KNIFE LAND FIRST.
	polly		Well, sorry. Our destination is The Middle of Nowhere. If you don't like it, you can leave, and miss out on the party of your MOTHERFUCKING LIVES!
	narrator		The hitchhikers give each other a look, and then collectively all leave to go to Knife Land. You're not really sure how they're gonna get there without a car, but hey! At least it's not your problem anymore. You lose SOUL.
			Crisis averted, everyone! And we didn't even have to tell them to leave.
	polly		Yeah, thank god we can finally get out of here. I can only take so many selfies with roadkill before I get put on a list.

	scott		WOOOO! MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, LET'S GOOO!	In my mind he's now wearing "Middle of Nowhere" merch
	narrator		Okay, bros, so for the rest of the day I was thinking we could go check out The World's Most Normalest Blade of Grass, then we can get in line for an autograph from that tumbleweed, and if we still have time after that, we can go to the gift shop and-	
	oz		Uh, Scott...? You know this isn't actually our destination, right?	
	scott		What? But I was having so much fun! Are you telling me I'm not gonna get to stand in the middle of this field for the rest of the day?	
	polly		No, sorry babe! But hey, if you want, we can keep driving and maybe find another really cool field to stand in. How's that sound?	
	scott		HOORAY! This roadtrip just keeps getting better and better!	
	narrator		You all get in the car and drive off to another random field and- OH SHIT! This one has an open bar! Score! You gain HYPE.	
>>>	brokencar			
>writer	Roan Lucas			
>event_type	exchange_gain			
>conversational_type	stage1			
>conversational_npc				
>topic_tags				
>argument_tags				
>action				
>layout	quartet	vicky,scott, polly,littleguys		
	narrator		You all were driving, when Vicky requested you take a stop on the side of the road and check out a busted up, abandoned car on the side of the road. The whole thing was pretty sketchy, but sketchy stuff that you probably shouldn't be getting involved with is, like, half of this roadtrip's itinerary! You all get out and investigate.	
	vicky		Sweat! A 1973 Corpse-vette! This thing's an absolute classic. Weird someone would leave a beaut like this broken down on the side of the road. Maybe they got out to look for a mechanic?	
	vicky		Luckily for them, Vicky Schmidt is here! I'll just take a peek under the hood and see if I can fix it before the owner comes back.	
	narrator		Vicky rolls her sleeves up, and, before you can be taken over by a frankly Victorian era level of horniness at the sight of her shockingly toned forearms, pops open the hood to get to work.	
	narrator		However, instead of finding an engine, you find three adorable, tiny creatures operating the car! D'aw!	

	narrator		“Salutations!” says two of the delightful little creatures in unison, “We are Heffenpuffer and Silly-dilly-dalia, the horn honker and radio singer for the great car!”	
	narrator		“And I’m Schmurp,” says the last little creature, who despite being three inches tall has the general air of someone who has a mortgage, “I push the pedals.”	
	scott		Aw, bros, this is like, the cutest thing I’ve ever seen! Look, they’ve got a whole lil’ car-powering factory in there! Tiny levers, tiny buttons, tiny stairs without railings, tiny open exhaust pipes...	
	polly		You know, while I’m generally against blatant disregard for workplace safety, when it’s cute and tiny like this it’s kind of a vibe. It’s like Baby’s First OSHA Violation!	
	vicky		About that. Is Schmurp the only one here actually keeping the car running?	
	heffenpuffer		Yes, and now he’s decided to cease his pedaling because he wants to pursue his ‘dream job,’ keeping us stranded!	
	schmurp		You don’t get it, Heffenpuffer! I want to do something. Be someone. Change the world! I want to go from house-to-house, taking odd jobs. Mow a lawn here, do some babysitting there. I want to work menial tasks day in and day out, for very little pay and without a union!	
	vicky		Wait, so your dream job is to... be in the gig economy? Gosh, I don’t know about this. Seems just as exploitative as whatever’s happening here.	
	scott		Wait a second, Vicky! Don’t say that. It’s like Coach always says, ‘You always gotta follow your dreams, no matter how stupid or ill-advised they are!’ Like my dream to become a professional sports boy, even though most studies show that if I continue down that career path I’ll definitely be getting brain damage!	
	polly		Or my dream to become a chess orgy champion. It’s like regular chess, except all the pieces are played by really hot people, and when you capture an opponent’s piece, they gotta get nastaaay.	
	vicky		Whoa, you two make a really good point! (Also, Polly, please invite me to one of your chess orgy matches.)	
	polly		(Already saved you a spot as the 8G knight, boo.)	
	vicky		But Mama didn’t raise a quitter, so I’m not giving up till these little guys are a-okay! If Schmurp wants to go live his dream, then we just need to find him a replacement! Here, I’ll post an ad on Craigslist.	
	narrator		You’ll admit that advertising a job where a person is forced to pedal 24/7 for zero pay is a bit of a hard sell, but Vicky, with her sharp wit, makes a pretty compelling pitch! You use MAGIC to blast it directly into the unknowable and unforgiving void that is the social media algorithm, and wait...	
	vicky		Sweet! We’ve already got two little guys interested! Hmm, but who to pick?	
>choice		1	hype	Fast Floob Flop, a reckless pedaler who pedals as if there were no tomorrow!
>choice		2	stamina	Sammy Salami, a cheerful creature who poops salami!
>outcome		1		
	vicky		Let’s go! Fast Floob Flop looks so frickin’ cool. Tell them they’ve got the job.	

	narrator		You send the message, and no more than five seconds later, a very tiny car barrels up to your crew and Akira slides to a stop. It's literally the raddest thing you've ever seen. Out steps Fast Floob Flop, fastest pedaler in the land and certified Cool Guy™.
	fast foob flop		What's going on, road rats? Fast Floob Flop is here to stay and here to slay!
	polly		YAAAS BITCH, fuck it UP! OMG, Vicky, I love this guy!
	fast foob flop		And I love you too, Hot Mama Bama. Now where's this pedaling job I've heard so much about? I'm ready to tear up the road!
	narrator		Fast Floob Flop launches into a sick break dance routine, literally ripping the asphalt off the road. Terrible for the Department of Monster Transportation, but great for the vibes!
	scott		Oh! I get it! They're literally tearing up the road! Wow, this guy's cool.
	heffenspuffer		Indeed! This charming little fellow is, dare I say, sick as hell! Schmurp, you're fired.
	narrator		Heffenspuffer slams his fist down on a big red "EJECT" button. Schmurp says as he's sent flying from his seat and off to who knows where so he can do menial odd jobs for below minimum wage. Good for him!
			Right then! Fast Floob Flop, here's your pedaling station.
	fast foob flop		Pedaling? Nah, hotshot. I don't do that. My car runs on pure vibes.
	vicky		But... your profile called you 'the fastest pedaler in the land.'
	fast foob flop		That's all marketing, kid! You'll understand when you're a three-inch-tall race car driver like me. Now, who's ready to hit the road?
	narrator		Fast Floob Flop proceeds to pick up a large stick from the curb and starts beating the road with it.
	scott		Oh! I get it! Coz' he 'hit' the 'road.'
	vicky		... Do all of your cool-guy catchphrases involve you causing some sort of property damage?
	fast foob flop		Yep! Except when I go BALLS TO THE WALLS!
	narrator		Fast Floob Flop takes out a bowling ball and slam it into the car's door multiple times, completing totalling it in the process.
			Oh! I get it! Because he put his bowling 'ball' to the 'wall!'
	polly		... Yeah, I take it back. This guy sucks. Come on, let's go.
	narrator		Vicky protests since she's not sure if Fast Floob Hop is actually going to help the little guys, but ultimately you all decide to cut your losses and leave. It's sad, but at least you were able to siphon HYPE from the couple of minutes you actually thought Fast Floob Flop was actually cool.
>outcome		2	
	scott		Dude, Sammy Salami? I remember him! He's the mascot for Salami Smacks, the best salami-flavored cereal in the world!
	vicky		Oh yeah! He used to be all over the breakfast aisles when I was a kid. Wonder what he's up to these days.
	narrator		Apparently taking shitty freelance gigs on Craigslist! You call him up, and in about five minutes he arrives, riding on a magical flying salami propelled by an actual rainbow.

