

Scene Two: Two mercenaries talk about some of the difficulties of living on the frontier and being pioneers in a new world. You are playing the role of the **Tough Mercenary**.

CHARACTER	LINE	DIRECTION
Tough Mercenary:	I got a great deal on the gear we salvaged from the crash. Here's your share.	Doing business.
Worried Mercenary:	You said we'd split the take evenly!	
Tough Mercenary:	It's even. Do the math.	Waving it off.
Worried Mercenary:	I've got a family. You don't. This isn't fair. We agreed—	
Tough Mercenary:	To split the profits 50/50. How you feed your family is your problem.	Callous, firm.
Worried Mercenary:	I just keep thinking, what if I hadn't left the Capital?	
	Maybe I wouldn't have to worry about where my kids' next meals are coming from.	
Tough Mercenary:	We're doing better than some.	Dismissive, unconcerned.
Worried Mercenary:	But I worry that one day I'll cross Sanders and find my kids murdered.	
Tough Mercenary:	Sanders doesn't kill kids. And you don't know that wouldn't have happened in the Capital.	Scoffing.
Worried Mercenary:	There were laws back there. Out here, it's thugs running the place.	
Tough Mercenary:	A thug wearing the uniform is still a thug.	Matter-of-fact.
	Sanders was head of security back in the Capital, and look what she's become.	With contempt, doesn't think much of Sanders.
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Tough Mercenary:	Trust me. Things like rule of law, like decency? Out the window when things go bad.	Matter-of-fact.
Worried Mercenary:	So you wouldn't go back? If you got the chance?	
Tough Mercenary:	Hell, no. It's not the best here, but I get to decide my life. It's what we wanted, right? A new start?	Firm.