Tiara: 2

Dominic: 1

Another late night at the small bar. Dominic (Bartender) is reading a newspaper about recent events that have been happening.

*Bell rings*

*My first customer of the night.*

1.Dominic: Welcome, come on in. Have a seat, anywhere on the bar is fine.

2.Tiara (Character 1): Good evening.

*She bobbed her head as she entered the room. As the door thudded behind her, she jumped slightly at the sound. ( nervous. )*

*As she stammered across the room, her eyes darted around the decor, gazing at the portraits and artistry tapered across the walls.*   
  
3.Dominic: You look like a new face, what can I get for you tonight?

*Her eyes met the look of the Black Dahlia hung atop the sidewall, enticed by the actresses' complexion. That same longing in both of their gazes.*

*She dragged the stool from underneath the bar counter and took a seat. //It would be cool if there was a flower vase with a yellow rose near her when interacting with her.*

4.Tiara: …Do you have a menu..?

5. Q Dominic: Actually this is a mixology lounge. Better than your typical 5 bottle bar. Top shelf, bottom shelf, you name it, we probably got it.

* Be confident: Anything you ask for, I can make it easily.
* Be considerate: If you want anything made to order, just ask.
* Be cocky: Anything you can think of, I’ll make it taste better than anything you’ve tried before.

Tiara: A-Alright, then… how about a Manhattan? A little sweeter, if that’s okay.

Dominic: A Manhattan? Sounds good, leave it to me.

*Makes a drink in the game, and can’t fail the tutorial level.*

Dominic: And here you are miss, one Manhattan. With an extra cherry on top just for you.

Tiara: Oh, thank you.

*She shifted to one side, lifting the glass and swirling it softly. She stared at the [glass name] so deeply, then took a sip.*

*. . .*

*Her face puckered slightly, then eased up. The strain in her gaze started to let up, letting out a little sigh.*

Dominic: She seemed like she carried her worries on her shoulder.

* So, what’s your case?
* You fancying the drink?
* How’s the night treating you?

Tiara:

* To pass the time really
* Oh, it’s a bit strong, but I like the aftertaste.
* It’s been a bit, but I’m here now.

Sorry, I’m Tiara by the way.

Dominic: Well it’s nice to meet you Tiara, I’m Dominic.

Tiara: I-is it always empty like this..?

Dominic: People come and go, but as for tonight, you are the first. Many don’t even realize that we have a full bar service.

Tiara: Yeah, it’s such a small place. But the music is quite cozy.

*That somber look returns to her face.*

Looks like a great choice for a date night.

Dominic: Yeah, I’ve had a few customers come here for dates…

* Maybe next time you can be one of those customers.
* Most of them liked the atmosphere. It’s homey.

Tiara:

* That won’t happen anytime soon…, I just went through a bit of a breakup you could say.

*She seemed to be happy for a brief moment at the mention of her past lover, but her face contorted into fear.*

* Yes, the atmosphere is nice, it’s rather calming. Nicer than when I was with him…

*She looked away for a brief moment, seemingly bitter about a past lover.*

Dominic: Oh I see… I’m sorry to hear that… Did everything end on good terms?

Tiara: Not really, our relationship was always messy. I’m just happy it’s all over.

Dominic: Well, what’s over is over, right?

Tiara: Right…

*The doorbell rings again.*  
  
*A young man with blonde hair and a colorful shirt sits down next to Tiara.*  
  
Quinn (Customer 2): Yo… can I get an Old Fashioned.

*He spoke with a confident tone, cocky almost. A pearly white smile and an unwavering sense of pride.*  
  
Dominic: And can I get a name for your tab?

Quinn: Quinn, you need my card or somethin’?

Dominic: Nope, I just like to keep my orders organized.

*Make Old Fashioned, introduce another ingredient for complexity.*  
  
Dominic: One Old Fashioned, for you sir.  
  
Quinn: Thanks, big guy? What’s your name, didn’t catch it?

Dominic: It’s Dominic.

Quinn: Dominic, eh? Maybe I’ll call you Dom for short.  
*With that confident smirk still plastered on his face, he cheerfully sips down the mixed liquor, his Adam’s apple bobbing with each sip.*  
  
Quinn: Woo, this hits the spot. Gotta come here more often. Far away from all those loud and noisy people.

*With a clink of the glass hitting the table, he leans back in his seat.*

Dominic: My bar is just for the quiet and intimate times, letting mixology be art.

Quinn: What a cute little place run by such a nice guy, huh? And who’s this beautiful lady here with me?  
  
Tiara: I’m not on the market.  
  
Quinn: Oh, someone got lucky getting you.

Tiara: No not that, I’m just not interested in dating right now.  
  
Quinn: Oooh, break up huh? Came to drown your sorrows hmm?  
  
Tiara: …And to forget it all…

Quinn: We all drink for different things I guess, I’m celebrating tonight.

Dominic:

* Celebrating?
* Must be good for you to smile like that.

Quinn:

* Yep, got a big deal at my job, gonna start making that money.
* Hell yeah! Gonna start making that money.

Dominic: Oh, congratulations. What kind of job do you have?

Quinn: I’m just a businessman, made a deal with a foreign company.

*Quinn’s confidence never left, it seems he was prideful of his accomplishments, and seemingly no one would be able to knock him down now.*

Quinn: Yo, Dom. Can I get another one you just make ‘em too good. How about a Negroni?

Tiara: Can I also order another drink? A Gin and Tonic is enough for me.

*Choose which drink to make first, and learn more about each customer.*

| Tiara’s drink | Quinn’s drink |
| --- | --- |
| Dominic: Your drink Tiara.  Tiara: Perfect, thanks…  *Once again she takes the glass and slowly sips her drink. A blush dusted on her cheeks as the alcohol slowly infiltrated her system.* |  |