# Elizabeth Dialogue

## First Meeting

E: Hey! What can I get ya?

D:

1. Good day, Mrs. Parker. I have some questions I’d like to ask you.
2. Some answers, hopefully! And I want to hear the truth.

E:

1. I see. This is about Jack, no? What was he to you?
2. You’ve sure got some nerve talking to me like that. Is this about Jack?

D: Jack was my friend. I intend to find out who killed him and bring the killer to justice.

E: Hah! Sure sounds gloriously righteous when you put it that way, doesn’t it? Very well, Detective. Order a drink and then you can humor me with whatever the hell you’d like to know.

D:

1. Bourbon. Pure, nothing else.
2. I’ll take a beer.
3. Some wine, please.
4. All right, get me a Gin.
5. Just a glass of water, please.
6. You know what we usually drink.

E:

1. I keep hearing that one. Most of my regular patrons think it’s the rugged, manly option. Needs a little more to impress me, though.
2. The safe option, hm? Unexpected from someone on such a… risky profession. But I appreciate level-headedness.
3. Ooh, how very… cultured. Sophisticated. I respect that.
4. Plain and simple, huh? Sure. Has its own appeal.
5. … Are you serious? You are, aren’t you? All right, I’ll get you one. You could have had a beer, think on that.
6. Sorry, brother. I had a service set up where folks like us could get some fresh blood from… paid company decades ago, but it was too risky. People might notice.

D: …right. Now, the questions?

E: Sure, ask away, Detective.

D:

1. Tell me what you did last night when Jack was murdered.
2. Did you notice anything unusual last night?
3. Tell me a bit about yourself, please.
4. What do you think of Sheriff Short?
5. Anything interesting you can tell me about Agnes Somerville?
6. Do you know anything of interest about Reverend Pierce?
7. What about Betty Henderson?
8. I will be back later.

E:

1. Yesterday? You mean after you stumbled in and rented a room? Hm. I was here at my saloon, as the regulars could probably tell you. I always open up come sundown and work through the night ‘till sunrise. Not that folks like us could do much during the day, huh? Anyway, I’ve been doing brisk business last night, since some miners came through on their days off, looking to gamble away their wage. Was a rowdy night, so I had my hands full here, keeping the crowd in check and making sure whiskey flowed out as money flowed in.

D: I see.

E:

9a: Was there something else you needed? **[back to main]**

E:

1. Actually, I did. Was a pretty busy night yesterday and we had a rowdy crowd here, but I remember hearing something. That was actually rather early in the morning, but nowhere near sunrise yet. Someone fired a pistol outside. Y’know, I didn’t give it much thought yesterday, drunks usually are clumsy and stupid. But now that Jack’s been murdered… It was behind the saloon, somewhere close to where Jack was found, by my guess.

D: A gunshot? Interesting. I’ll keep it in mind.

E: 9a  
  
E:

1. About myself? Oh, what’s there to tell… I came to town some decades ago and set up this saloon. The town grew with it. Towns always grow with saloons and gambling dens. Don’t let Pierce tell you otherwise. Well, I was happily married, but my husband was outside of town one night, and a pack of coyotes got him.

D: I am sorry to hear that.

E: \*Sob\* My poor darling, there was almost nothing of him left. He was always so good to me. But what can ya do? Life here is harsh. I’m a widow now, doing my best to stay afloat. But I learned to fend for myself, I manage.

D: Indeed. Thank you.

E: 9a

E:

1. Hm. He’s doing his job well enough, I suppose. During business hours, I don’t see him as much as I’d like to, and outside of them, far more than I’d like. Our old Sheriff, bless his soul, now he was a better sport! Always dropped by to down a shot or five before he did his duty. Good fellow, he. Sadly, Short broke this tradition. He only talks to me to hear about rumors, y’know? Bit like you actually, come to think of it. Only you had the decency to at least buy a drink first.
2. Our local madwoman? The better question is: what’s not interesting about her? Has she pestered you about blood samples yet? Asked if she could touch your teeth or if you could change into a bat for her? She’s completely consumed by folks like us, – pun not intended – and always teetering on the fine line between harmless wonder and crazy obsession. She can be surprisingly sweet though. But sadly, I cannot tell you that she’s harmless, if you’re looking to have that confirmed.
3. I can’t stand him. He is such a presumptuous, hypocritic prick. Don’t give me that look, you don’t know him as long as I do. He acts all upstanding-citizen and you’d sure think he is one, especially by the amount of unwanted moral counsel he dishes out, but I know things about him that would make your neck hair stand up. He’s got a dark past and I’ve heard rumors about it. Then, some years ago, he suddenly rides into town acting all regretful, doing repentance for his past. Bullshit. The others don’t know what I know, they just see a polite man that came to town and is… creepy but nice to them. But I know better. What sets him apart from folks like you and me is his eyes. There is something about people who are killers, you can see it in their eyes. I would not be surprised if it was him who shot Jack, y’know? Those two have quite the history with ‘guns’. He berates me about marrying again while he and Jack meet up late at night, passing hours alone ‘til early morning. Where’s the decency in that? Maybe Jack didn’t want to see him anymore and Pierce snapped? Who knows.
4. What about her indeed? I don’t see her all that much, so I can’t really tell you anything interesting. Keeps to herself, that one. Though not as much as the bloody priest. I’ve heard some rumors about Betty, though… Seems she, just like some other folks in town, is not quite what she seems to be, if you catch my drift. I heard she has a certain penchant for extended walks during full moon nights, and I sometimes hear howling that is definitely not a coyote…