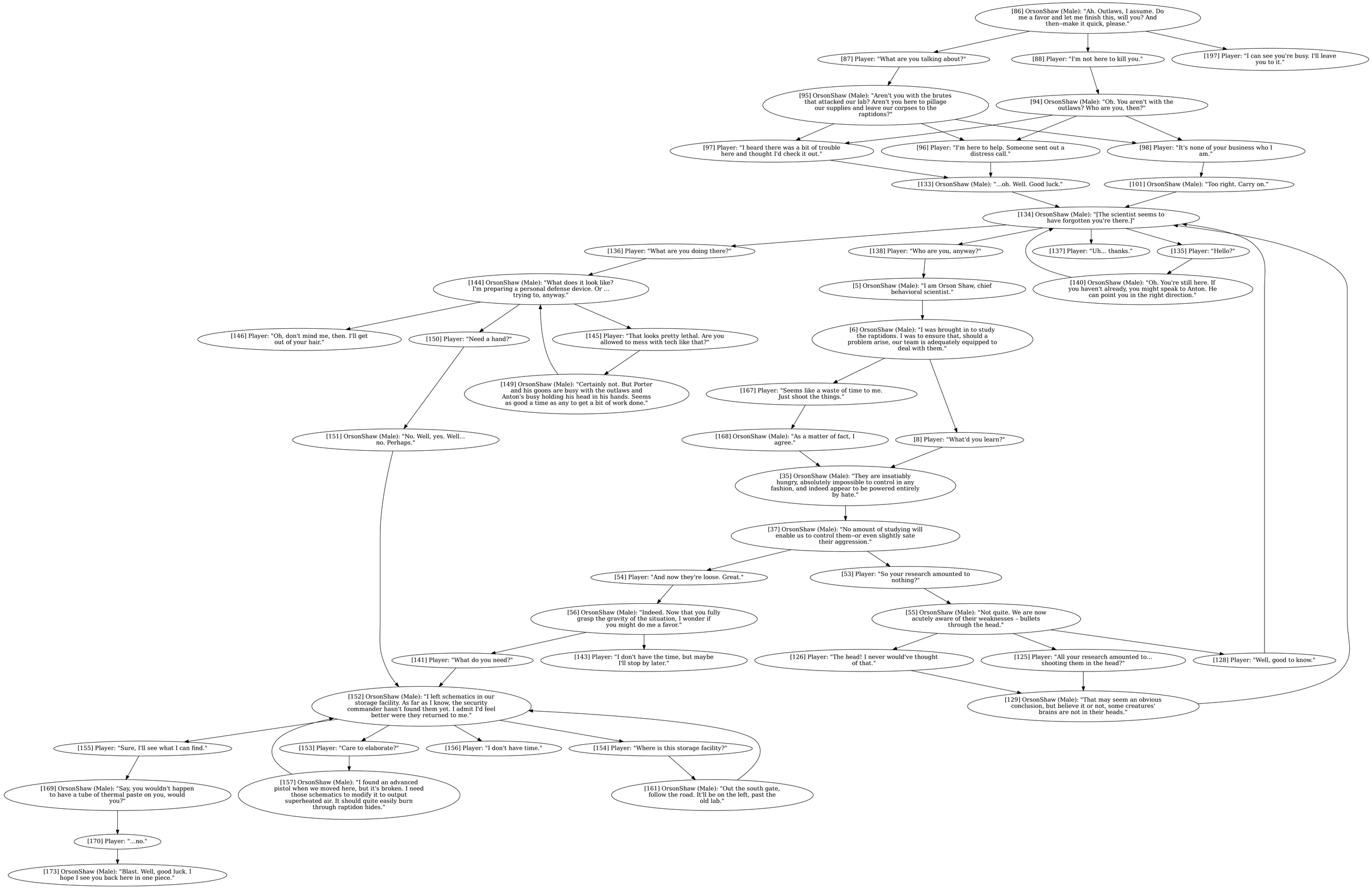
[86] OrsonShaw (Male): "Ah. Outlaws, I assume. Do me a favor and let me finish this, will you? And then--make it quick, please."
[87] Player: "What are you talking about?"
[88] Player: "I'm not here to kill you."
[197] Player: "I can see you're busy. I'll leave you to it."
[95] OrsonShaw (Male): "Aren't you with the brutes that attacked our lab? Aren't you here to pillage our supplies and leave our corpses to the raptidons?"
[94] OrsonShaw (Male): "Oh. You aren't with the outlaws? Who are you, then?"
[97] Player: "I heard there was a bit of trouble here and thought I'd check it out."
[96] Player: "I'm here to help. Someone sent out a distress call."
[98] Player: "It's none of your business who I am."
[133] OrsonShaw (Male): "...oh. Well. Good luck."
[101] OrsonShaw (Male): "Too right. Carry on."
[134] OrsonShaw (Male): "[The scientist seems to have forgotten you're there.]"
[136] Player: "What are you doing there?"
[138] Player: "Who are you, anyway?"
[137] Player: "Uh... thanks."
[135] Player: "Hello?"
[144] OrsonShaw (Male): "What does it look like? I'm preparing a personal defense device. Or ... trying to, anyway."
[5] OrsonShaw (Male): "I am Orson Shaw, chief behavioral scientist."
[140] OrsonShaw (Male): "Oh. You're still here. If you haven't already, you might speak to Anton. He can point you in the right direction."
[146] Player: "Oh, don't mind me, then. I'll get out of your hair."
[150] Player: "Need a hand?"
[145] Player: "That looks pretty lethal. Are you allowed to mess with tech like that?"
[6] OrsonShaw (Male): "I was brought in to study the raptidons. I was to ensure that, should a problem arise, our team is adequately equipped to deal with them."
[149] OrsonShaw (Male): "Certainly not. But Porter and his goons are busy with the outlaws and Anton's busy holding his head in his hands. Seems as good a time as any to get a bit of work done."
[167] Player: "Seems like a waste of time to me. Just shoot the things."
[151] OrsonShaw (Male): "No. Well, yes. Well... no. Perhaps."
[168] OrsonShaw (Male): "As a matter of fact, I agree."
[8] Player: "What'd you learn?"
[35] OrsonShaw (Male): "They are insatiably hungry, absolutely impossible to control in any fashion, and indeed appear to be powered entirely by hate."
[37] OrsonShaw (Male): "No amount of studying will enable us to control them--or even slightly sate their aggression."
[54] Player: "And now they're loose. Great."
[53] Player: "So your research amounted to nothing?"
[56] OrsonShaw (Male): "Indeed. Now that you fully grasp the gravity of the situation, I wonder if you might do me a favor."
[55] OrsonShaw (Male): "Not quite. We are now acutely aware of their weaknesses – bullets through the head."
[141] Player: "What do you need?"
[143] Player: "I don't have the time, but maybe I'll stop by later."
[126] Player: "The head! I never would've thought of that."
[125] Player: "All your research amounted to... shooting them in the head?"
[128] Player: "Well, good to know."
[152] OrsonShaw (Male): "I left schematics in our storage facility. As far as I know, the security commander hasn't found them yet. I admit I'd feel better were they returned to me."
[129] OrsonShaw (Male): "That may seem an obvious conclusion, but believe it or not, some creatures' brains are not in their heads."
[155] Player: "Sure, I'll see what I can find."
[153] Player: "Care to elaborate?"
[156] Player: "I don't have time."
[154] Player: "Where is this storage facility?"
[169] OrsonShaw (Male): "Say, you wouldn't happen to have a tube of thermal paste on you, would you?"
[157] OrsonShaw (Male): "I found an advanced pistol when we moved here, but it's broken. I need those schematics to modify it to output superheated air. It should quite easily burn through raptidon hides."
[161] OrsonShaw (Male): "Out the south gate, follow the road. It'll be on the left, past the old lab."
[170] Player: "...no."
[173] OrsonShaw (Male): "Blast. Well, good luck. I hope I see you back here in one piece."