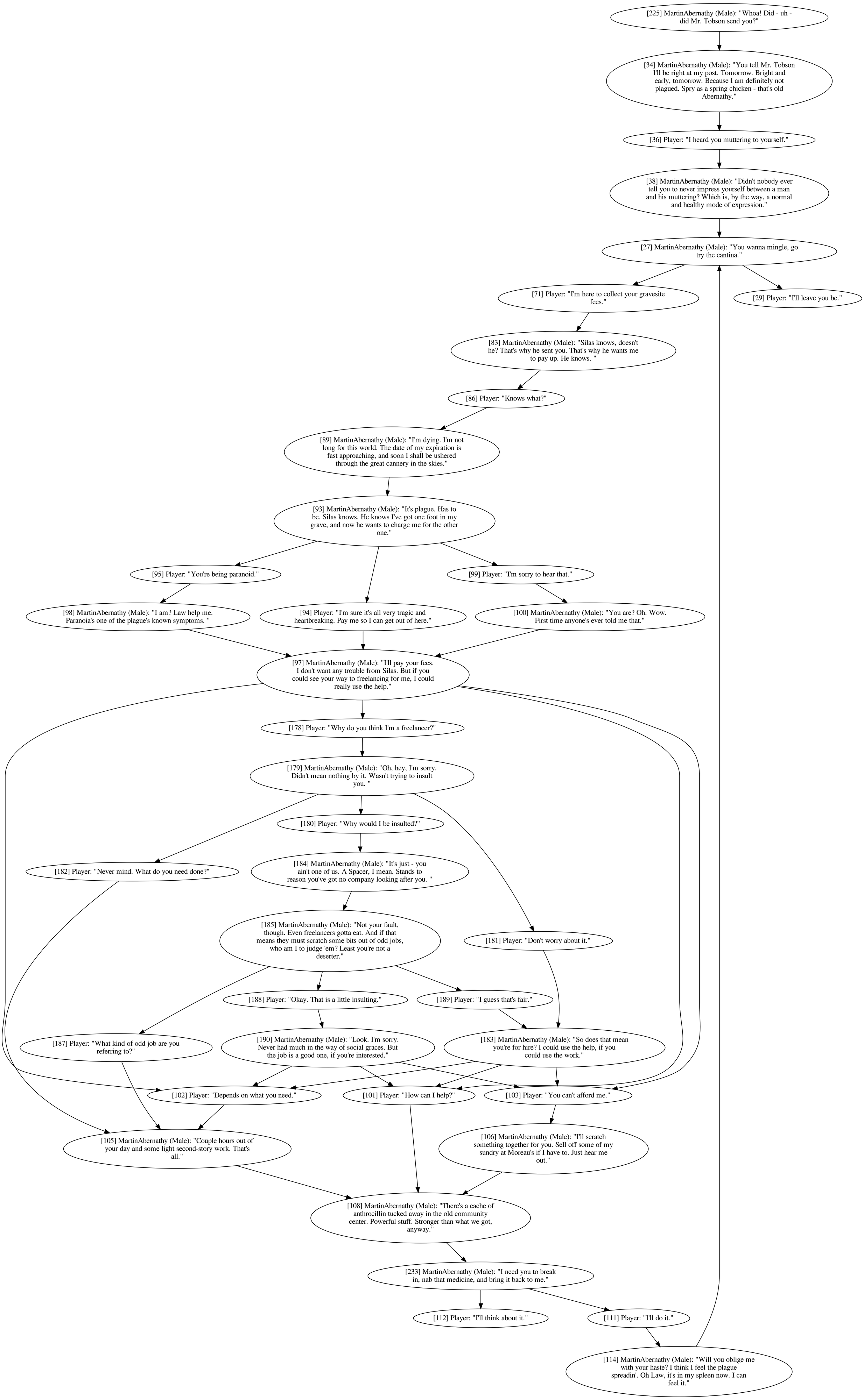
[225] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Whoa! Did - uh - did Mr. Tobson send you?"
[34] MartinAbernathy (Male): "You tell Mr. Tobson I'll be right at my post. Tomorrow. Bright and early, tomorrow. Because I am definitely not plagued. Spry as a spring chicken - that's old Abernathy."
[36] Player: "I heard you muttering to yourself."
[38] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Didn't nobody ever tell you to never impress yourself between a man and his muttering? Which is, by the way, a normal and healthy mode of expression."
[27] MartinAbernathy (Male): "You wanna mingle, go try the cantina."
[71] Player: "I'm here to collect your gravesite fees."
[29] Player: "I'll leave you be."
[83] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Silas knows, doesn't he? That's why he sent you. That's why he wants me to pay up. He knows. "
[86] Player: "Knows what?"
[89] MartinAbernathy (Male): "I'm dying. I'm not long for this world. The date of my expiration is fast approaching, and soon I shall be ushered through the great cannery in the skies."
[93] MartinAbernathy (Male): "It's plague. Has to be. Silas knows. He knows I've got one foot in my grave, and now he wants to charge me for the other one."
[95] Player: "You're being paranoid."
[99] Player: "I'm sorry to hear that."
[98] MartinAbernathy (Male): "I am? Law help me. Paranoia's one of the plague's known symptoms. "
[94] Player: "I'm sure it's all very tragic and heartbreaking. Pay me so I can get out of here."
[100] MartinAbernathy (Male): "You are? Oh. Wow. First time anyone's ever told me that."
[97] MartinAbernathy (Male): "I'll pay your fees. I don't want any trouble from Silas. But if you could see your way to freelancing for me, I could really use the help."
[178] Player: "Why do you think I'm a freelancer?"
[179] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Oh, hey, I'm sorry. Didn't mean nothing by it. Wasn't trying to insult you. "
[180] Player: "Why would I be insulted?"
[182] Player: "Never mind. What do you need done?"
[184] MartinAbernathy (Male): "It's just - you ain't one of us. A Spacer, I mean. Stands to reason you've got no company looking after you. "
[185] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Not your fault, though. Even freelancers gotta eat. And if that means they must scratch some bits out of odd jobs, who am I to judge 'em? Least you're not a deserter."
[181] Player: "Don't worry about it."
[188] Player: "Okay. That is a little insulting."
[189] Player: "I guess that's fair."
[187] Player: "What kind of odd job are you referring to?"
[190] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Look. I'm sorry. Never had much in the way of social graces. But the job is a good one, if you're interested."
[183] MartinAbernathy (Male): "So does that mean you're for hire? I could use the help, if you could use the work."
[102] Player: "Depends on what you need."
[101] Player: "How can I help?"
[103] Player: "You can't afford me."
[105] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Couple hours out of your day and some light second-story work. That's all."
[106] MartinAbernathy (Male): "I'll scratch something together for you. Sell off some of my sundry at Moreau's if I have to. Just hear me out."
[108] MartinAbernathy (Male): "There's a cache of anthrocillin tucked away in the old community center. Powerful stuff. Stronger than what we got, anyway."
[233] MartinAbernathy (Male): "I need you to break in, nab that medicine, and bring it back to me."
[112] Player: "I'll think about it."
[111] Player: "I'll do it."
[114] MartinAbernathy (Male): "Will you oblige me with your haste? I think I feel the plague spreadin'. Oh Law, it's in my spleen now. I can feel it."