George: Vampires, you think they’re like bats?

Murray: Uh, what?

George: Like bats? Like can they fly?

Murray: I guess so? I mean-

George: I bet they hang upside down too.

Murray: You think they… hang upside down?

George: Bet they shit upside down too.

Murray: \*groans\*

George: Right mess that’d be, yeah?

Murray: \*shakes head\*

George: You see them clouds?

Murray: Uh. Yeah, what of them?

George: Look like rabbits.

Murray: Uhm. I’m not seeing it.

George: Yeah look. \*points\*

Murray: Uh, I guess?

George: Yeah, like rabbits doing what rabbits do best.

Murray: …Do I even want to know?

George: *Fuckin’.*

Murray: \*groans\*

George: Look, alls I’m sayin’ is that it’d be real easy.

Murray: I don’t think breaking into the most protected manor in the city is what I’d consider ‘real easy’.

George: Nah, you’re overthinkin’ things.

Murray: Oh, am I? Please, by all means. *Educate* me.

George: Okay, so we go in but like- *in disguise.*

Murray: Oh, here we go.

George: Wait, wait! So we find some nice dresses an-

Murray: I swear, if you say what I think you’re about to say.

George: You’d make a pretty lady.

Murray: \*groans\*

George: You ever think ‘bout if things were different?

Murray: Sure, all the time.

George: Yeah? Sometimes I think what if I was born a horse.

Murray: … I don’t even know what to say.

George: Like, do you think I’d be wild and free or some fancy knob’s pretty pony?

Murray: Do you really want my thoughts?

George: Yeah? What’re friends for, after all.

Murray: \*pauses\* …You’d be the best horse.

George: Damn straight.

George: I got us baguettes.

Murray: Oh yeah? What’s the occasion? And where are they?

George: Good sale’s all. Ate em tho.

Murray: What? *Why?*

George: I was hungry.

Murray: \*groans\*

George: Cold out today…

Murray: Yeah.

George: Think it’ll snow?

Murray: Might. Hope not though… I don’t want to trudge through that stuff.

George: \*blows on hands and rubs them together\* It’s bullshit…

Murray: \*pulls coat tighter\* What is?

George: That we’re out here and they’re in there… \*motions to the buildings\*

Murray: Life isn’t fair. It sucks… but this is what we do, even if the weather sucks.

George: Still bullshit…

Murray: Yep. *Here*. \*hands him a pair of gloves from his pocket\*

George: \*takes them\* … Thanks, man. \*smiles\*

George: What do you think of the blacksmith?

Murray: Seems nice. Makes good wares… Why?

George: He smiled at me the other day…

Murray: … Were you buying something?

George: Well, yeah.

Murray: So, he was being friendly.

George: *Oh*.

Murray: Did he do anything else?

George: Yeah, said he could use a pint some time…

Murray: … And you said…?

George: I said *‘yeah, you an’ me both’*.

Murray: *And?*

George: And nuffin? I said *‘goodbye’* and left, you were waitin’ for me after all.

Murray: Gods, you’re so thick sometimes.

George: I saw him at the tavern.

Murray: Who?

George: The blacksmith!

Murray: Oh yeah? Did you talk to him?

George: His name’s Trevor.

Murray: Okay then, did you talk to Trevor?

George: … No.

Murray: Why the hell not?

George: He was wit’ someone.

Murray: Oh… I’m sorry.

George: Yeah…

 George: You need anything? I’m heading to the shop.

Murray: The shop? You mean…?

George: The smithy.

Murray: *I see.*

George: No, you don’t.

Murray: Uh-huh. Anyway, I could use a new dagger or get mine reforged. Whatever’s cheaper.

George: M’kay. So, you should get Trevor to look at it.

Murray: You mean *you* should get Trevor to look at it?

George: It’s your dagger though.

Murray: He’s *your* blacksmith though.

George: \*stammers\* He’s not. He’s not my anything!

Murray: Not with that attitude he’s not.

George: Here’s your knife. \*holds it out to him\*

Murray: *Dagger.*

George: Whatever! Here.

Murray: \*whistles\* Damn. How’d he *do* that?

George: Do what?

Murray: I’m going to have to test it out first. \*chuckles\*

George: Okay… not on me though.

Murray: Oh, *fine.* You take all the fun out of things. \*swipes blade and cuts into something\*

George: So, what’s the verdict?

Murray: \*chuckles\* Your man has talented hands…

George: … \*blushes\* He’s not…

Murray: Uh-huh, as you keep saying.

George: I miss anything?

Murray: Not particularly.

George: Okay. Good. I was at the tavern.

Murray: People watching?

George: Sorta.

Murray: Trevor there?

George: Maybe.

Murray: Have you talked to him yet? He’s going to think you’re stalking him.

George: What? That’s crazy. No. He’s always there with that… other guy.

Murray: Do you know who he is?

George: \*shakes head\* Nah. But he’s well-dressed and *they’re close*… Saw ‘em hug before.

Murray: Maybe he’s family?

George: Maybe…

Murray: So, I snooped for you.

George: What?

Murray: The man at the tavern with Trevor? He’s his brother.

George: *Bullshit!*

Murray: I’m serious! He’s his brother. He’s some big shot in the merchant’s guild.

George: … You’re not fibbin’?

Murray: \*snorts\* At least *attempt* to talk to him. Stop making up reasons you can’t.

George: \*uneasy laugh\* I guess. What do I even say to him?

Murray: ‘Oh Trevor, I think you’re the most handsome man in all of –‘

George: \*hisses\* Oy! Shut it!

Murray: \*shoves him gently\* Just go get him.

George: Morning.

Murray: How’d it go?

George: How’d what go?

Murray: *Trevor.*

George: Went okay. \*scratches cheek\*

Murray: Spill.

George: He thinks I’m funny.

Murray: Yeah? And?

George: And I’m going to see him again tonight.

Murray: Hah! Atta’ boy! \*slaps him on the back\*

George: You’re embarrassin’ me.

Murray: Yeah well, bask in the love, buddy.

George: Hey.

Murray: Hey. \*smirks\* You missed one.

George: Missed one?

Murray: \*motions to his shirt\* Button.

George: \*flushes\* Ah. \*hurriedly buttons it\*

Murray: *Better*.

George: … Uh, how’s it been out here?

Murray: Slow…

George: Oh.

Murray: How’s Trevor?

George: \*coughs\* *What?*

Murray: \*chuckles\*