

Dialogues

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Small stories written to demonstrate skills of using speech characteristics, humor and English.
No lines or character limits here. All dialogues are initially written in English.

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Robot

T - Tony, arrogant engineer

A - ALEX-2000, mechanic automaton

T: Okay, man, let's kick-start your heart...

A: I am not a man. I am a mechanical construction.

T: I said "heart", not "speech module". But if so... What's cooking, good-looking?

A: I am not cooking at the moment. And "good" is not factual enough to describe my looking.

T: Cool down, man.

A: Inappropriate command. I am not overheated at the moment.

T: Ok, walkie-talkie, I see that you can talk. Let's check the second part of your nature. Walk!

A: Bzzz... Bzzz... Error: cogwheels are not greased enough. My arm-parts are creaking.

T: Well, rust isn't arthritis. I'll take the oil can and fix it now...

...

T: So, let's try again. Walk!

A: I am walking. I am walking to the kitchen. I am ready to cook something with high taste characteristics!

T: What? Hey, stop! Oh, I see. That was olive oil, not a technical one.

A: Do not be overheated, man. You are not looking good at the moment.

T: You think so? Maybe, because my robohelper-engineer is cooking instead of fixing mechanisms?

A: I analyze your condition. You lack nutritious elements to be ready for active work.

T: Frankly speaking, I am really hungry... You know, you are already more human than many people I met. You have a heart of gold!

A: Not aurum. Stainless steel. Construction of Anthony Edison™.

T: Well, a joking module is still needed, I suppose. But the lunch first. So... What's cooking, good looking?

Discussing books

Fred – industrial worker;

Emma – writer, niece of Fred

F: Hey, Em! Why is my favorite girl crying? Did somebody offend you?

E: Oh, uncle, that's all William Shakespeare!

F: What a scum! I will stuff his face!

E: Oh, no, uncle, you got it wrong. Shakespeare is the author of the magnificent play I have just read! This is so soul-crushing!

F: Holy moly! You need a soul-shield, I suppose. Do you wanna me to make it for you?

E: Thank you, uncle, but this is impossible to resist the power of words...

F: Are you sure, dear? My rubber gloves handle the power of 1000 volts. Is this book really more dangerous?

E: Just imagine: the stupefying tragedy about the fallen in love who can not be together! So heart-breaking!

F: Gee! You should visit a doctor then...

E: What does the doctor have to do with it? I am talking about true-to-life story with a coherent plot and character-driven consequences...

F: I see. Your William is a driver, isn't he? What car does he have?

E: Oh, uncle Freddy! I was so awe-inspired but you spoiled all my tries to suffer from this appealing play!

F: No need for thanks! That's my duty, that my favorite girl never cries.

New Technology

Ethan Hawk - engineer

Helen - housewife

Gwen - daredevil girl

E: Ladies, let me represent to you the new product of my genius: Detecting Electronic Arrhythmia Tool of Hawk!

H: Ethan, I can't even understand the title, not the goal of your device!

E: You can call it D.E.A.T.H.

H: Oh, that's even worse...

G: Cool! So, Mr. Hawk, what does this stuff do?

E: That's the most interesting! My mechanism provides monitoring of your heart activity, fixing the data in electronic memory and sending it to the doctor.

G: Electronic memory? So I don't need rememberin' all that boring homework?

E: Well... I didn't think about it, but all the devices of Hawk are multifunctional!

H: And what about monitoring? Can I, for example, find out where Gwen is? Is she studying or skipping school again?

G: Come on, granny, that was one time!

E: The data must be transmitted to the doctor, so theoretically if we mark you as the doctor...

G: This sucks! Sound like an espionage chip breaking the rights of children!

E: What? Ethan Hawk doesn't do espionage or educational mechanisms! That's about health! To screen the heart rate and decrease the level of stress! Can't you understand this?

H: Oh, Ethan, I think you should use it by yourself. You are a little bit stressed right now...

Alternative medicine

G - Sir George Ernest, narcissistic head of Travelers Club;

T – Tocho, native American shaman

G: Good morning, my weather-beaten friend! I am glad to come across you!

T: Your spirit is not calm. Your nose is running. What happened?

G: I have got the flu and need a cure. But my GP refuses to give me antibiotics. Alternative medicine is my last hope!

T: The person who takes medicine must recover twice. Once from the disease. And once from the medicine.

G: I knew it! Even your diagnosis supposes twice-more treatment!

T: The words I spoke. The words you heard. Like the moon and the sun!

G: The sun? You mean I have a burn? I should have understood because of the face color... Will it become a blister?

T: Not a burn. Not a blister. The worst thing.

G: Oh no! Do I need surgery?

T: You are a hypochondriac.

G: What a mystery Indian speech! What does it mean, my spirited friend?

T: Your reluctance to accept the truth. You got a cold. Not the flu.

G: No one can accuse Sir George Ernest of being afraid of difficulties. Even acceptance of the truth! But I need the cure!

T: Your spirit outweighs your body. Well. I will give you healing herbs.

G: Finally! The renowned traditional medicine of your people! Do I need an anesthetic before?

T: No. You need a cup. It is tea.

Gunpowder Plot

Adaptation of the [Gunpowder Plot historical event](#) for the [Guy Fawkes' Night](#) holiday

L - Lenny, the watchman, keeps order in the town;

B - Billy, a boy;

G - mustached stranger (a villain in a mask);

B: A penny for the Old Guy, mister Lenny? Then I will buy some gunpowder firecrackers!

L: What on earth is the guy? Don't you know Bill that fireworks are banned at the fest?

B: But that mustached mister said that he sells some... He promised to make an explosive show...

L: Where is he? I will talk to him.

...

L: Hey, you! Who are you? What are you doing near the Townhall?

G: Let me represent myself. I am John Johnson - an assistant of professor Dawkins. I just delivered some materials for the celebration.

L: Phew, just a mate of Richard, yeah? And what do we have here? Coal, firewood, thirty-six barrels of... gunpowder?! Damn it! Were you going to blow the Townhall? Why?

G: Everybody is celebrating and doing nothing but fun. They waste time! My time!

L: Thirty-six barrels! You could have blown the whole town!

G: A desperate disease requires a dangerous remedy.

L: Well, you just blew my mind instead of the Townhall. And you are going to prison, man. Last words?

G: Remember, remember the fifth of November!

Implemented historical details:

A penny for the Old Guy – a typical phrase for the Guy Fawkes' Night celebrations;

John Johnson - the nickname that Guy Fawkes used before the arrest;

Coal, firewood, thirty-six barrels of gunpowder – real equipment found under the Parliament Building;

A desperate disease requires a dangerous remedy – the real phrase Guy Fawkes used to justify his unrealized plan to blow up British Parliament

Remember, remember the fifth of November! - iconic poetry within the Guy Fawkes' Night celebrations

Super body

Bobby - young boy;

dr. Sherman – scientist.

S: ...in this way theoretically, we can edit our genes in order to eliminate adverse traits or even lower the risk of diseases you are predisposed to!

B: Boring!

S: Huh! Science made a leap forward and he names it "boring"! Any arguments, young man?

B: Well... Can it turn my arm into dinosaur-like?

S: Technically, if we made some pinpointing actions at your genome... Left or right?

B: Oh, really? Both then!

S: Of course, not! Obviously, scientists can't venture into a such faulty way of development!

B: What? Even no fangs as Dracula has?

S: How naive I was! Enhancement of humankind's limits was my dream. And what have we got? Fangs and dinosaur-like arms? I am wary of such desires, young man. And I need more thoughts before introducing this cutting-edge technology to society...

B: Calm down, doc. I was joking about fangs. I want wings!

Homework and punishment

Billy - careful boy;

Gwen - daredevil girl

B: Hi, Gwen! Decided to paint aunt's fence?

G: Nope, Bill. Just lookin' for a boy to color as a ghost!

B: I see. What did you do again for such a punishment?

G: My homework. More precisely, I didn't. But this math is so borin'! And I wanna be a pirate! They don't need math!

B: Well... Does miss Brown agree with you?

G: Oh, yeah, Bill. That's why I am here - training to paint my ship! Why does nobody listen to me?

B: I see. But maybe your aunt worries about your future? She wants you to become...

G: ...a bakery-keeper like she? No, thanks! I'd better sail away! Why are you laughing?

B: How are you going to plot the ship's course without math?

G: Oh, I didn't think about it...

B: Well, you'd better do! Maybe your aunt is not so wrong?

G: I suppose so. But when I grow up, I'll make my own decision!

B: What one?

G: To color nasty boy. On board!