

Anhang A: Dialog aus GRAND THEFT AUTO V

MICHAEL: You know, I've been thinking about you, Trevor. Your lifestyle.

TREVOR: Oh, have you? Really?

MICHAEL: Yes, I have. People always try to label you. You know, maniac, psycho ...

TREVOR: ... friend, industry leader ...

MICHAEL: In some ways you defy categorization. But then ...

TREVOR: What?

MICHAEL: Think about it, where you live ...

TREVOR: Sandy Shores, you precious ass. I'm sorry there ain't a place nearby for you to get your colonics.

MICHAEL: Right, but why are you out here?

TREVOR: It's off the grid. We're away from it all. It's somewhere real and authentic.

This is America, and real people ain't been priced out yet.

MICHAEL: Yeah, well what if it gets gentrified?

TREVOR: Then I'll fucking move.

MICHAEL: Okay, what about the way you dress?

TREVOR: What about it? I don't give a shit what I wear.

MICHAEL: No, no. No. If you don't give a shit, you wear clean clothes that fit. See, yours are all a little out there. A little wacky.

TREVOR: Whatever's in the shop, is what I get. Jesus, what is this?

MICHAEL: It's not an absence of taste, T, it's the opposite of taste.

TREVOR: You should be a stylist.

MICHAEL: And then there's the tattoos, the hair, the weird music, the funny toys, the niche drugs, the everything.

TREVOR: What the fuck are we talking about?

MICHAEL: You ... are a hipster!

TREVOR: What?

MICHAEL: You're a hipster.

TREVOR: I hate hipsters.

MICHAEL: Classic hipster denial.

TREVOR: I abhor hipsters. I eat them for fun.

MICHAEL: Hipsters love saying they hate hipsters.

TREVOR: Well, I really fucking do.

MICHAEL: Self hatred. Common hipster affliction.

TREVOR: Only because I'm living out here away from the Bean Machines, and the bankers?

MICHAEL: You're gentrifying. Soon, the skinny jeans will show up, then the skinny lattes, and then the bankers. And you'll be somewhere else starting the cycle all over again. Maybe you're not a classic garden variety hipster, but you're what the hipsters aspire to be. You, Trevor, are the proto-hipster.

TREVOR: I don't know what you're talking about. I don't agree with what you're saying. You're talking bullshit. And you're trying to wind me up. But I'm very, very angry, and I want this conversation to stop right away.

MICHAEL: Hipster.

TREVOR: Fuck you. Fuck you, Michael. Say it again.

MICHAEL: I've made my point. I'm not a sadist.