

Characters:

- Captain Holt Karian
 - Captain of the 66th battalion "Walkers" of the Keldian army. Holt is 128 years old with silvering hair, smoky amber colored eyes, and ashen gray skin. His body shows its experience, with some scars, but primarily from the lines of weariness and eyes that make him look older than most his age. Despite outsiders seeing him as strict and serious, he's known to his soldiers to be open-minded and willing to hear their ingenuity as long as they understand he holds the final word. He is well known for carrying a small book everywhere that everyone has taken to be his book of strategies.
- Lieutenant Merric Loran
 - Merric stands at 6'4 with sun-warmed bronze skin. His eyes are a deep black void and holds himself with perfect posture. At 53 years old, Merric has been with the Walkers for 33 years, serving loyally to his nation. However, his love remains firstly with the soldiers he's served with. Merric sees Captain Holt as more of a mentor than a boss because of how long and how well they work together. Over the years, he's become increasingly worried over Holt's age and effectiveness. Merric has brought up the idea of retirement several times, which has caused a rift between the two.
- Frain Bornir
 - Frain is a sharpshooter in the 66th battalion, serving under Captain Holt. She is younger than most of the other soldiers and has been with the army for 5 years. Standing at 5'2, many have expressed hesitance towards having her. Though she has not been the fastest or strongest, she has won over many of her comrades with her reliability and accountability. Spending long hours training at the firing range and trying her best to make the funniest puns has made her cherished and someone her teammates want to fight with and for.
- Sergeant Aventa Weeks
 - Aventa is one of the 66th battalion's best demolitionist. She has been a long time soldier of the Keldian army, serving her 30th year with the Walkers. The markings on her face identify her as one of the High Pherons. She has the Pheron's trademark purple eyes, which work together with the rest of her features that makes her easy on the eyes. She stands out among the other demolitionist with her well-behaved manners and proper speech. Though she has been teased about it, her ability to remain proper despite the years of war she has seen is respected by those even outside her battalion.

[Rough hands pull at the arms of Frain as she stumbles forward, trying to keep up with Captain Holt. She stares at his hand holding her up and pulling her forward. His glove

is gone, only leaving the one dirt-stained, tattered glove on his other hand which is holding his gun tightly.

She hears nothing but the muffled screams of the captain and the sharp ringing in her ear. The fear and confusion is obvious on her face.

And then—it hits. The world slams into focus. Every detail sharp: the rocks flying through the air, the rasp of breath, the crack of sound as if the volume had just surged back on.

They cannot win. Fire and blood drowns her vision, creating a work of art that she cannot comprehend.]

Holt: COME ON! Keep those legs running!

[Frain freezes and falls to her knees and hands. She looks around, gripping the ground as if it's the only thing that exists.

Holt kneels beside her.]

Holt: Hey! Look at me. We need to regroup. I'm not leaving you, and I'm not leaving any of the others. Hold tight to that weapon, keep your eyes peeled, and let's go!

[Frain looks up at Holt for a second before nodding, and the two run to the barricades and drop in the trench. She sits there holding her gun tightly to her chest. The clip is empty from firing it anywhere she could see the Angels, her fingers fueled by fear.

She hears Captain Holt and Lieutenant Merric arguing right in front of her.]

Holt: I will hear no more of this, *Lieutenant!*

Merric: How can you? When you're not even listening? It's lost! You know that. We have to get whoever is *here* to safety.

Holt: And that's exactly what I'm doing.

Merric: No! You're throwing away all of our lives for your sick sense of saviorhood. Everyone out *there* is done! This is why I-

Holt: *Don't.* Just don't, Merric. Not now.

[A close up shot of a gun's energy clip being released from the gun plays at the same time Merric is yelling at Holt.]

Merric: Holt... look at Frain. Look at everyone here in the trench. We barely have anything left...

[Holt pauses for a second to look around. The eyes of most of his soldiers do not meet his. No one says anything. He stands there for a long minute. He then turns back to Merric.]

Holt: I have cause.

[Another close up shot of the same gun whose energy clip was release now shows part of an arm reaching into a pocket and pulling out another clip.]

Merric: What?

Holt: I have cause.

Merric: To do what? Run out, pick someone up, and then die right there alongside them. Oh? Great idea *captain!* That'll win us the fight! Stop being unreasonable!

Holt: I have cause to defend.

[He stares right into Merric's soul with eyes wide and narrow with determination.]

Holt: I have cause to fight.

[Holt's strength and volume of voice increase with each sentence.]

Holt: I have cause to stand! To argue, to crawl, run, scream, and cry!

[His voice breaks near the end, yet it still resounds like raging thunder across the entire trench.]

Another close up of the same gun being stock with the new energy clip and a small switch turns and clicks which activates the gun, lighting it up with power. The click interrupts both Holt and Merric as they turn to look down at Frain.

She's looking right back at them. Her eyes are no longer fearful, but her face is slightly confused. She looks down at her hands holding the gun she unconsciously reloaded. She then looks back up at the captain and lieutenant.

Both of them stare at her. Her voiceless participation in the conversation is clear.

Holt speaks calmly, yet his voice carries, penetrating through the thick ongoing cacophony of explosions, shouting, gun firing, and angelic calls of their enemies.]

Holt: We have cause. We have reason to do something completely...unreasonable.

[Holt turns to climb out of the trench, with Frain following and a few others rise to their feet.]

Merric: I won't go out there. If you can't leave the ones out there, then I won't abandon the ones here. I will get the rest to safety... Your book of plans. I'll need it.

[Holt turns back to look at Merric for a moment, then reaches into his pocket and draws out his book, no larger than the palm of his hand. He places it in Merric's hand and for a minute they stand there, their hands clasp together.]

Holt then turns away and climbs out of the trench with his followers and leaves.

Merric opens the book to look through its contents. He flips through all the pages, reading each one. Sergeant Aventa limps over in curiosity.]

Aventa: I have always wondered what the captain had in there. He read it every time before battle... Is there a plan for something like this, sir?

[Merric closes the book and stares in the direction that his longest friend just ran in.]

Merric: There are no plans. It's a list.

Aventa: A list, sir?

Merric: Everyone that's died under him.