

Harm's Way

By Nick Junius

This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike License. To view a copy of the license, visit <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/4.0/>

Characters:

Val- medic, early/mid 20s, a foreigner

Liv- communications officer, mid/late 20s

Morgan- commanding officer, mid 30s

Jules- enemy soldier, mid 30s

“Almost Home” (Scene 1)

Characters: Val, Liv, Morgan

Scene

A bunk room on a forward military base located near a contested city. The room is sparse with few decorations and in spite of how lived in it is, doesn't appear homey at all.

Faint sounds of artillery being fired are heard and will continue throughout the scene. Lights up on VAL, LIV, and MORGAN sit around a rickety table playing Texas hold 'em. Each has a small pile of poker chips, or ideally some substitute, in front of them. In spite of the casual game, the atmosphere is tense. VAL deals two cards to LIV, MORGAN, and herself.

Val: Blinds in my friends.

LIV and MORGAN toss their respective big and little blind bets in.

Val: I call.

Liv: Check.

Morgan: Check.

VAL deals the three flop cards.

Liv: Check.

MORGAN taps the table.

Val: Raise you all seven.

Liv: Fold.

Morgan: Call.

VAL deals the fourth flop card. LIV lets out a sigh of exasperation. MORGAN taps the table.

Val: Raise you ten then.

Morgan: Call.

VAL deals the river card. MORGAN taps the table.

Val: Check.

MORGAN and VAL reveal their cards. MORGAN looks on as VAL claims the pot.

Val: Heh.

MORGAN rolls their eyes. After VAL organizes their chips, they deal another hand.

Val: Blinds in again my friends.

LIV and MORGAN once again toss in their respective big and little blind bets. This time MORGAN seems far less interested.

Val: I call.

Liv: Check.

Morgan: Check.

VAL deals the three flop cards. MORGAN barely notices the cards.

Liv: Raise fifteen.

Morgan: Call.

Val: I call.

VAL deals the fourth flop card. MORGAN has now completely lost focus on the game.

Liv: Raise twenty.

MORGAN doesn't notice.

Val: *(To MORGAN)* You going to call? I am waiting.

MORGAN doesn't hear. LIV and VAL eye MORGAN worriedly.

Liv: Morgan, call.

Morgan still appears lost in thought.

Val: Hey. Morgan. Are you alright?

Morgan: Oh. Yeah. Mine?

Val: Yeah. I am getting worried about you.

Morgan: *(looking at LIV)* What'd you bet?

Liv: Twenty.

Morgan: Twenty...hmpf. Call, raise twenty.

Val: Fold.

VAL folds the hand and is ready to deal the flop card.

Liv: Call, raise ten.

Morgan: Confident hmm? Call.

VAL reveals the river card.

Liv: Raise fifteen.

Morgan: Call.

Val: I think you all have had your fun. Show me what you have.

LIV and MORGAN reveal their respective hands.

Morgan: Bluffing again?

Liv: I've got the law of averages on my side.

Morgan: Your precious law of averages doesn't care when there's a human element. You know what your problem is?

Liv: I have bad people skills?

Morgan: You didn't commit.

Liv: I was betting more than I normally do. Look at what I have left, I think I committed plenty.

Morgan: You're just prolonging the inevitable. How many more hands you have left?

Liv: One or two.

Morgan: So why not risk it all and get me to fold?

Liv: Cause I might get something better next hand. Spread the risk.

Morgan: Conducting triage isn't how you win.

Liv: It's how you survive.

Morgan: What's better surviving or winning?

Liv: And your answer is why you're our fearless leader?

Morgan: Winning. Isn't that right Val?

VAL starts but doesn't say anything.

Liv: Is that some sage wisdom or something? Are you just trying to say you're smarter than me?

Morgan: In the practical sense.

Liv: Care to enlighten me, wise master?

Morgan: Who's been winning?

Liv: ...Val.

Morgan: Do you think Val is better at this than me?

Liv: Um...well...

Morgan: Go ahead. It's off the record.

VAL looks up from the poker chips.

Liv: Yes?

MORGAN laughs.

Morgan: Oh Liv. All the intelligence in the world won't mean anything without a hint of wisdom...

MORGAN smiles and leans down, pulling out a gun and pointing it at VAL. The table is silent and motionless for a moment. VAL remains frozen for a moment before shaking their sleeve over the table, revealing a card.

Morgan: Ah...a "val-uable" card indeed.

Another pause as MORGAN tries to keep the false tension afloat.

Liv: What kind of cheater are you? Folding with that kind of hand?

All three can't hold their laughter in any longer and chuckles emerge, finally relieving the false tension.

Val: One who knows when the game is up. Besides, I cannot stack the deck *that* much here, it is too obvious. If we were in some seedy back room, all wearing our transparent green visors, and playing under a single light bulb, then you would see what I am capable of.

VAL attempts to end the description on a serious note but can't help smiling.

Liv: If Morgan caught you here, what makes you think changing venues will help?

Val: The lighting.

Liv: The lighting?

Val: The lighting.

The lights dim briefly for emphasis along with the sound of an explosion The three pay it no mind and their smiles and chuckles turn to laughter. Finally, after the three have regained their composure.

Val: Morgan, what was on your mind?

Morgan: I'm fine.

Val: We are your friends...You can talk with us.

Morgan: Deal another hand...

Val: / am supposed to help.

Liv: Morgan-

Morgan: -Deal another hand Val.

Silence.

Morgan: Deal another hand.

Val: Talk first, game second.

A pause as MORGAN stares at VAL and ponders what the best option is.

Morgan: ...Home. I've been thinking about home...

Val: We are in a warzone...that subject has been on my mind too.

A pause.

Val: Keep going, please.

Morgan: I don't know if I can go back.

Val: What. Why not?

Morgan: This war has been my life for almost four years. I don't know if I can live without it.

Val: But... going home should help keep everything in perspective right?

A pause as MORGAN stares at the flop of five cards in the middle of the table.

Morgan: It does...For a time...

A pause as VAL waits for MORGAN to continue.

Liv: What do you know about what we're going through?

Morgan: Easy Liv.

Liv: ...How could you understand? This isn't personal for you.

Val: I...I apologize. I forget where we are more and more it seems.

Liv: Well try and remember sometime.

Morgan: It's easy to forget out here. You need to keep what matters close, right Liv?

Liv: mhm.

Morgan: It's show and tell time. Your turn.

Liv: Really?

Morgan: Yes, really. Time to open up, lest we forget the quality time we spent together here in this godforsaken place.

Liv: Who am I to argue with that.

LIV produces a small piece of paper from inside their jacket and hands it to VAL.

Val: She is your sister?

Liv: Yeah. It's an old photo now.

Liv snatches the photo back.

Liv: How old was she when I took that? Twelve...no...no...thirteen.

Val: How old is she now?

Liv: Just had a birthday, so sixteen...I think

Morgan: Two more years...

MORGAN motions to the three of them.

Val: We should win in two more years...right?

Morgan: If you believe what you hear. Four years of this and we're at most a dozen miles from where this whole thing started.

LIV puts the picture back into their jacket.

Val: What about your family Morgan?

Morgan: I said what's on my mind. Deal another h-

Val: -Not yet. There is more.

Morgan: There's always more, now deal-

Val: -Not until you talk to me about it.

VAL waves the deck at MORGAN. MORGAN tries to grab the deck from VAL and fails. A pause.

Morgan: Deal.

Val: Oh you want to talk now?

Morgan: You know what I mean.

Val: I am a filthy cheater Morgan, what do you expect from me?

Morgan: Deal. The. Cards.

Val: Talk.

VAL waves the deck at MORGAN again.

Val: Your family?

Another pause as MORGAN sighs and begins to think.

Val: I know you want to...Come on.

A pause.

Val: We certainly do not have to keep playing you know. I can just take my winnings...

Morgan: My family...god. A son a bit younger than Liv's sister. My partner...forgive me...You happy?

Val: Almost. How long has it been since you saw them?

MORGAN doesn't answer.

Val: Please. You want to keep playing?

A pause.

Morgan: Three years.

Val: Jesus.

A pause.

Val: Why has it been so long?

Nothing.

Val: I know you want to tell us.

MORGAN continues their silence.

Val: At least to get back to the game. I promise, no more cheating.

Morgan: I don't know if I can face them like this, okay?

Liv: I don't know, you look pretty good for someone who's given four years of their life to killing people.

MORGAN shoots LIV a cold look which immediately ends LIV's playful attitude.

Liv: I'm sorry. That was inappropriate.

Morgan: No Liv, I appreciate the thought, but your timing needs work.

Val: Like what Morgan?

Morgan: Will you ever be satisfied?

MORGAN reaches for the deck but VAL slides it away.

Val: When you feel better.

Morgan: Then we'll be here until the war's over.

Val: One more and we can get back to the game.

Morgan: If you're lying...

Val: I promise. Why do you not want to see your family?

Morgan: You know Liv's sister?

Val: Sure.

Morgan: The way she's smiling?

Val: Yes?

Morgan: I don't know if I can do that anymore.

Val: I have seen you smile plenty of times. Today you even laughed.

Morgan: I'm not talking about fleeting moments. I'm talking about smiling without fear or worry. Smiling when you're filled with joy.

Val: I would not expect that out here.

Morgan: Of course not. You done? Can we get back to it?

Val: Sure.

VAL begins to deal another hand. A telephone rings in another room, MORGAN exits to answer.

Liv: I know what you're trying to do, believe me, I've tried too.

Val: There must be something, I mean I can try and convince our superiors that-

Liv: -Morgan can still do the job so there's nothing wrong...Some medic isn't going to change anyone's mind.

Val: But-

MORGAN enters.

Morgan: Grab your gear, we're going out.

Val: Again? How many does this make this month?

Liv: Was I supposed to keep track? *(muttering)* Seventy...seven...

Val: Just us?

Morgan: They like our record and we have that light touch they're so desperate for.

Val: What are we doing then?

Morgan: Recon.

Liv: Always. Can't we get something interesting like bomb disposal?

MORGAN shoots LIV a disapproving look.

Liv: I know...I know...

VAL exits, LIV moves to follow but MORGAN stops them. MORGAN maintains eye contact with LIV long enough for the "we'll talk later" to sink in. LIV exits followed by MORGAN. The lights fade down to blackout as the artillery grows louder then is replaced by gunfire.

"Into the Fire" (Scene 2)

Characters:

Val, Liv, Morgan, Jules

Scene:

An abandoned building with sparse furnishings and in terrible disrepair. The room has little to signify it was once someone's home and it is clear the fighting is responsible for its current situation.

Sounds of intense gunfire. Lights up. VAL enters helping a wounded MORGAN to center stage followed by LIV and a captured JULES. JULES' hands are bound together and some amount of rope or cord is between their legs, making quick movements impossible. VAL helps MORGAN lay down as LIV knocks JULES to the floor, ties them to an exposed post, and begins frantically pacing, unsure of what to do next.

Val: You are okay. You are okay. You will be anyways.

MORGAN can only make noises through the pain in response.

Val: I got you. I got you. Do not worry.

VAL fumbles for medical supplies as MORGAN continues to vocalize the pain.

Val: Where is it...

VAL finally locates a small dose moves to inject a violently protesting MORGAN with it. An explosion, the lights flicker, LIV shivers in response. VAL covers MORGAN's wound.

Val: It is okay...You are okay. I am here.

VAL places both of MORGAN's hands around their hand resting on MORGAN's chest.

Val: Squeeze. Squeeze like your life depends on it.

MORGAN still in pain squeezes.

Val: Harder. Harder. Put all that pain into my hand.

MORGAN tries to squeeze harder.

Val: All you got? I do not believe you.

MORGAN grimaces and squeezes harder. VAL flinches at MORGAN's grip.

Val: Better?

MORGAN manages a nod.

Val: Good. Let me see how-

Morgan: -bad. Real bad.

Val: No self diagnosis, I am the medic here.

Morgan: And I'm the-

MORGAN's line turns into violent coughs instead.

Val: I wish I disagreed with you though.

VAL further examines MORGAN's wound and finally notices LIV's frantic pacing. Another explosion and flickering lights. LIV shudders and stops pacing. VAL covers MORGAN's wound again.

Val: Liv.

LIV still doesn't notice.

Val: Liv!

Liv: Huh?!

Val: The radio. Please?

Liv: Right.

VAL returns their attention to MORGAN as LIV stops pacing and pulls out a radio.

Liv: Mayday, mayday. Anyone. Please!

Some crackling from the radio.

Liv: We're in a building, North end of the city. CO's critically wounded.

More crackling from the radio.

Liv: No. We need backup.

More crackling.

Liv: How should I know?

More crackling.

Liv: Yes. I understand. They had to have known.

More crackling.

Liv: I don't know. There was a fucking company waiting for us.

More crackling.

Liv: Am I sure? No. That's not the point.

More crackling.

Liv: We need something. Anything!

More crackling cut off by an explosion and flickering lights. LIV winces and VAL once again covers MORGAN's wound.

Liv: You got us into this mess, help us!

More crackling.

Liv: You've gotta be fucking kidding me.

LIV drops the radio and sinks to the ground. VAL looks up from MORGAN.

Val: What?

Liv: They're abandoning us-

Val: -Did you tell-

Liv: -and another company is on its way.

Val: Fuck. Did you-

Liv: -Yeah I fucking told them about Morgan.

Val: That's it? Even though we are valuable?

Liv: What gave you that idea?

Val: What Morgan said earlier...

Liv: Learn to take a joke Val.

Val: This is so fucked.

Another explosion and flickering lights punctuate VAL's curse. LIV shudders and VAL covers MORGAN's wound once more.

Liv: I hope you like it here...we'll be permanent residents soon enough.

VAL, somewhat satisfied with MORGAN's current condition leans back and tucks their knees to their chest.

Val: Why would they send us out here like this?

Liv: Our number came up.

Val: But why us?

Liv: We're out of their hands in a few days, wasn't it obvious?

Val: And they would rather kill us on some bullshit mission than let us walk away?

Liv: They get to tell their superiors they did something.

Val: Jesus Fucking Christ...

Liv: Yup.

LIV takes out the picture and stares.

Val: What are you doing?

Liv: Saying goodbye.

Val: You do not need to.

Liv: And why not?

Val: We will think of a way out of this.

Liv: Face it, we found ourselves a lovely little tomb.

Val: You do not believe that. I certainly do not believe that.

Liv: Look around.

Val: Even if I have to drag both of you, we will all get out alive. Okay?

Liv: How huh? There's already at least a company's worth of soldiers looking for us. What am I supposed to do?

Val: You are not alone, remember?

Liv: With Morgan in that state I might as well be.

Val: I can shoot.

Liv: Where's your rifle? Where's your pistol? Besides, you're the one who has to keep Morgan alive. If you're shooting you can't do that.

Val: I can carry them and shoot.

Liv: Have you ever done that before? Look at Morgan, I don't think that's what they need right now.

Val: I will figure something out.

Liv: So it's my rifle and Morgan's pistol against two companies? Don't make me laugh.

Val: What about seeing your sister again?

Liv: It's none of your concern.

Val: I think it is. I need you here, now, and together.

Liv: Fuck off.

Val: What would she say if she saw you now?

Liv: You wouldn't know.

Val: You are right, but I cannot imagine she would be thrilled at seeing you give up like this.

Liv: She wouldn't like someone putting words in her mouth. What difference does it make if I die in here or right outside the base?

Val: It should be obvious. Morgan was right. You really are not a practical one. Pride, Liv. If you do not want to fight until the end, I cannot make you, but would you really be happy with yourself?

Liv: You really aren't fair are you?

Val: What can I say, I want to help.

A pause. MORGAN manages to move to a semi-upright position.

Morgan: You checked the building?

Liv: No...

Val: We've been hel-

Morgan: -Go check.

LIV walks over to JULES and makes sure they can't easily escape.

Val: But-

Morgan: I'll be fine (*coughs*) for now (*coughs*). Go check the building, there may be some way out...

LIV moves to exit and stops when VAL doesn't follow.

Liv: Let's go, maybe even pick out a nice final resting place.

Val: But-

Morgan: Go. That's an order. You'll know if I need you.

LIV taps VAL and they exit together. MORGAN rests a hand on the wound, winces, then withdraws the hand. After a moment, MORGAN looks over towards JULES.

"Oasis" (Scene 3) (Running)

Morgan: Hey, you okay?

JULES looks up at MORGAN's comment.

Jules: Better than you at least.

MORGAN tries to laugh but instead coughs painfully.

Morgan: Says the walking block of irony.

Jules: What's that supposed to mean?

Morgan: To think I'd see you again in a place like this.

Jules: How many years has it been?

Morgan: I can't remember. What I *do* still remember is that crap you tried to pass off as food the first night I was with you.

Jules: Are your rations any better?

Morgan: At least they're trying.

Jules: I remember cooking for you and you happily grabbing seconds.

An explosion and flickering lights.

Morgan: I couldn't be rude to my host. Honestly, it was worse than the rations.

Jules: Bullshit, you enjoyed it, I remember your smile.

Morgan: I think I was smiling out of delirium.

Jules: Tell me, how different was our food from yours?

Morgan: Just enough to make it unpalatable.

Jules: I let you cook one of those nights. You used the same damn ingredients I did.

Morgan: Yes, but *I* combined them in an entirely better order than you.

Jules: I remember it tasting the same as what I made the night before.

Morgan: *You* don't have a refined enough palate then, the order of flavors matters more than you can imagine.

Jules: You're telling me that the order I threw stuff into that sauce would have done anything?

MORGAN laughs.

Jules: What? What did you expect me to do with canned tomatoes and grey meat?

Morgan: Put some effort in at least.

Jules: We didn't even have spices.

Morgan: Substitute it with love.

Jules: You knew we weren't allowed to keep alcohol.

Morgan: It's like a relationship Jules, you have to put the work in.

Jules: I didn't have *onions* Morgan.

Morgan: It's not the canned tomatoes' fault.

Jules: What?

Morgan: Don't blame the tools.

Jules: I'm not blaming the tomatoes.

Morgan: You're blaming the tomatoes.

Jules: Do you know how many cans of tomatoes I went through before we met?

Morgan: You're still blaming the tomatoes.

Jules: I'm blaming the meat.

Morgan: That's not fair.

Jules: You *still* bitching about my cooking isn't fair.

Morgan: I'm not the one who introduced themselves with food.

Jules: I'm not the one who expected a white tablecloth experience from some fuck living on base.

Morgan: I was expecting some basic competency.

Jules: And I was expecting some basic sympathy.

Morgan: You could have been so much more creative.

Jules: Like putting the meat in after the tomatoes? Maybe if I'd done that I wouldn't have had to listen to you complain about it for so long.

Morgan: Now you're thinking.

Jules: Now huh.

Morgan: What?

JULES laughs.

Jules: There are a lot of things I regret.

Morgan: Like letting me show you up at your own game?

Jules: I *watched* you put in the same goddamn things in the same goddamn order as me.

Morgan: Did you watch the clock?

Jules: That's a stretch even for you. The moon didn't bless that pot.

Morgan: How long did I cook that garbage for?

Jules: Who's not being fair to the meat now?

Morgan: I'm being completely fair to it. I elevated its existence.

Jules: Hell isn't above us.

Morgan: What's more interesting to eat, sauce with spongy shit or with texture and flavor?

Jules: "Incinerated" isn't a flavor.

Morgan: It's got personality.

Jules: At least that "spongy shit" didn't leave charcoal on my finger when I poked it.

Morgan: Watery tomato isn't the only flavor I want.

Jules: Don't blame the tomatoes.

Morgan: I'll blame what I damn well want.

MORGAN presses on their wound gently. JULES doesn't notice.

Jules: I thought you were the one who hated double standards.

Morgan: It's just the standard when I make something twice as good as you.

Jules: You are so full of shit.

Morgan: At least I'm not full of your cooking.

The two laugh at the fond memory. Another explosion and more flickering lights.

Morgan: I mean what was the point of us living together?

Jules: So I'd feel bad about what I'm being ordered to do.

Morgan: Don't give the brass so much credit. How did we go from that to this?

MORGAN motions to the two's surroundings.

Jules: If I remember, it was about some military base being built too close to the border.

Morgan: Your side or ours?

Jules: Who cares.

Morgan: You'd think that program would have done something to prevent that.

Jules: Yeah but it was for us grunts. Did you ever see anyone above sergeant while you were with me?

Morgan: I guess I'm still naive.

Jules: I wouldn't say that. You just never had a mind for politics.

Morgan: Probably why I've been stuck where I am for so long.

MORGAN looks down at their sergeant insignia.

Jules: You and me both. Hey, how much would you bet the base was a pretense?

Morgan: Those odds make the whole thing boring Jules.

Jules: Oh now I'm the optimist?

Morgan: I'm not saying that but building a base like that doesn't signal anything good. Seriously, can you remember who announced that?

Jules: ...No, I really can't.

A moment. Another explosion and flickering lights provide the answer.

Morgan: We're sure turning this into a hellscape.

Jules: Yeah, you are.

Morgan: Oh come on.

Jules: What am I supposed to say? I'm sorry? We were wrong?

Morgan: I don't know...

Jules: Then don't bring it up.

Morgan: Jules...

Jules: Look, just leave it, okay?

Morgan: Okay...

MORGAN studies JULES. JULES notices and tries to turn away.

Morgan: There's something else...I know that look...

A pause.

Morgan: Come on. Who else do you have to talk to?

A pause. MORGAN looks down at their wound.

Morgan: Share. What else are we going to do?

A pause.

Jules: ...It's my brother and sister.

Morgan: They okay?

Jules: Okay as it gets. I still write them when I get the chance...

Morgan: How long since you saw either of them?

Jules: Is that a joke?

Morgan: Goddamnit Jules I'm trying.

Jules: Well this is what happens...I'm sorry.

Morgan: Nothing to apologize for I'm afraid.

MORGAN presses on the wound. JULES reacts.

Morgan: You still want to see them?

Jules: I used to...All the people...Sitting here with you again...I...I can't.

Morgan: The spoils of war...

Jules: I'm a fucking monster Morgan.

Morgan: You're not.

Jules: If you'd seen what I've done-

Morgan: -I don't care. What you said was enough.

Jules: If I'm not forgotten, what'll I be remembered for? Not enjoying the killing?

Morgan: I get it.

Jules: How are you dealing with it so well then?

Morgan: I'm not.

Jules: Hmph.

Morgan: Jules. Look at me. Do you trust me?

JULES faces MORGAN.

Jules: Of course.

MORGAN rests a hand on the wound.

Morgan: I've realized something.

JULES can only stare fixedly at MORGAN's wound.

Morgan: The most important opinion is my own.

Jules: Hmph.

Morgan: I'm proud of not being proud of what I've done. And that's enough. I'm not seeing my family again and it's for the best.

A pause. JULES locks their eyes on MORGAN's wound. Sounds of faint gunfire.

Jules: I...I don't really know how to say this...

Morgan: Whatever it is, it can't make this situation any worse.

Jules: Wanna bet?

Morgan: How much?

Jules: You'll lose regardless.

Morgan: When have I lost a game of poker?

Jules: I-I can't right now...

Morgan: Tell me or I might die before I hear it.

MORGAN smiles at the joke but JULES remains somber.

Jules: I...I was the one...the one who shot you.

MORGAN looks down at the wound then back up at JULES and begins laughing and coughing.

Jules: You okay?

Morgan: I've been shot and am chatting with the one claiming responsibility.

They both laugh.

Morgan: You know you did it?

Jules: I'm pretty fucking sure.

Morgan: You're pretty full of shit.

Jules: I think I know what you meant. Taking responsibility feels good.

Morgan: You have a sick mind.

Jules: I'm trying to come to terms okay? I'm not proud of anything I've done these past four years.

Morgan: Don't take what I said too far.

Jules: When have I ever taken something too far?

Morgan: I think killing me over this godforsaken city counts.

The two laugh again. MORGAN's laughter turns to coughing.

Jules: You okay? Morgan?

MORGAN's coughing grows worse. Both MORGAN's hands press on the wound.

Jules: Medic! Medic!

MORGAN's coughing finally causes them to fall to one side.

Jules: Anyone?!

JULES begins making as much noise as possible in addition to yelling for a medic. Finally, LIV and VAL rush on stage.

"Cracks in the Ceiling" (Scene 4) (Running)

LIV and VAL rush over to the violently coughing MORGAN.

Val: Morgan. Morgan! Stay with me.

VAL places both hands over MORGAN's wound.

Val: Where is my bag? Liv!

LIV stands up and glances around.

Val: Over there.

LIV rushes over, grabs the bag and places it next to VAL, standing over MORGAN and VAL awkwardly.

Val: See where my hands are? Put your hands there and press when I move.

LIV kneels next to VAL and places their hands on the wound as VAL rummages in the bag.

Val: Not much left. Morgan, I am giving you more.

MORGAN makes a slight protest but VAL ignores it and injects dose of morphine.

Val: Stay there.

An explosion, flickering lights. LIV shudders. VAL looks up and quickly returns to searching the bag.

Liv: How much longer?

VAL produces some gauze and bandages from the bag.

Val: Take your hands away.

LIV hesitates then falls backwards as VAL hastily tightens a new compress on the wound. VAL leans back as the morphine kicks in and MORGAN relaxes a little.

Liv: Thought we might lose you there for a second.

VAL checks the pack.

Val: I do not know how much longer I can help.

Morgan: It'll be enough. We secure?

Liv: More like trapped.

Morgan: At least we'll know if they're coming.

Liv: So they can execute us?

Morgan: It's a building. There're choke points, use your head.

Liv: A rifle and pistol can't do nearly enough...

Morgan: Val would you knock some sense into Liv for me?

A pause.

Morgan: That, Liv, is called timing.

A pause.

Morgan: Seems it was too high-brow for the two of you. What a shame.

Liv: You call *that* timing? We're stuck here waiting to be killed.

Morgan: *Gallows humor* Liv. It's all I've got left...

Val: I thought you decided not to give up.

Liv: I was just trying to find the most comfortable spot to bleed to death.

Morgan: They don't know we're here. We have time.

Another explosion and flickering lights. LIV and VAL shudder at its proximity. MORGAN doesn't react.

Liv: Well they're fucking good at guessing then.

Val: What about them? (*VAL motions towards JULES*)

Jules: They don't know and they don't care.

Liv: Shut up.

Val: Ideas...Ideas...Ideas...

Jules: I'm not going to be your ticket out.

MORGAN looks quizzically at JULES.

Liv: What did you say?

Jules: "I'm not your ticket out."

Liv: And why not? You're finally talking.

Jules: I just thought I'd remind you that I'm still here and in the same position as you all.

Liv: There's three of us who aren't tied up.

Jules: I'd say more like two and a quarter.

Liv: How do you want this to end?

Jules: I'm in it for the journey.

Liv: Does your journey involve meeting my fist?

Val: Liv this is not helping.

Liv: This is what you wanted isn't it Val?

Jules: All I see is someone desperate for hope. You want to see your sister again?

Liv: None of your fucking business.

Jules: We might as well get to know each other while we wait to die.

Liv: You first then.

Jules: I don't think so. I have more to lose.

Liv: I didn't think you cared.

Jules: I'd prefer an open casket. Go on.

Liv: Fuck you.

Jules: How old is she? Seventeen? No-No, hmm...sixteen.

JULES waits for LIV's reaction.

Jules: Ha-ha! Still got it.

Liv: Good guess. It still doesn't mean anything.

Jules: An *educated* guess, give me a little credit.

Liv: You're a fucking idiot.

Jules: No, I'm a fucking tease. Big difference.

Liv: Christ. What do you want?

Jules: To stretch my tongue. Being tied up makes me restless.

Liv: You want me to punch you?

Jules: Just not in the face.

Liv: Is that an invitation?

Jules: It's whatever you want it to be.

Liv: I might take you up on your offer if you keep running your mouth.

JULES doesn't reply.

Liv: That's it?

Jules: I was under the impression you didn't like me running my mouth.

Liv: You were the one who started. Why not tell me something interesting?

JULES chuckles in response.

Liv: Cat got your tongue or something?

Jules: No, it's just a bit absurd.

Liv: What?

Jules: This whole situation.

Liv: This is all a fucking joke to you isn't it.

Jules: In a manner of speaking. Look, I'll tell you something interesting. But you have to promise me-

Liv: -Just fucking tell me.

Jules: Not in the face.

Liv: You're kidding.

LIV moves closer to JULES.

Val: Liv...

Jules: Before I say my piece-

Liv: I don't care.

Jules: -It's nothing personal.

Liv: Oh it's too late for that.

Jules: This is my fault.

Liv: Shock of all shocks, we're in this fucking situation because of our enemy. Like I said, you're an idiot. Do you have *anything* useful to say?

Val: ...Liv...

Jules: If you convince me there's plenty I could tell you.

Liv: Uh-huh. I'm sure there is, so why don't we find out if you're not quite as full of shit as you seem.

LIV drags JULES further from MORGAN. LIV raises a fist over JULES. Before LIV can strike, VAL grabs their raised arm.

Val: Calm down Liv.

Liv: You heard them.

Val: -Yes and?

Liv: This is our way out.

Val: What gave you that idea?

Liv: What else do we have?

Val: Ever think it might be a distraction?

Liv: You wanted to get us all out? This is it Val.

Jules: And about Morgan...

Liv: Don't you dare say that name.

Jules: I just wanted to share my condolences and to offer an apology.

Liv: You have some fucking nerve.

Val: Come on, look at me Liv. Don't-

LIV slips from VAL's grasp and manages to hit JULES. VAL grabs LIV as JULES recoils and MORGAN can only watch.

Val: You are better than this.

LIV is still struggling but VAL manages to hold on.

Liv: This is all their fault. We're going to die because of them, don't you get it?

Morgan: Liv...Stop...that's an...order...

LIV and VAL don't hear. JULES, having recovered from the blow, looks at MORGAN.

Val: You don't know any of that!

Liv: They shot Morgan, how can you protect them?

Val: How do you know that Liv?

Liv: Are you deaf?

Jules: Your friend's right-

Val: -Shut up. You are not helping.

Hearing JULES, LIV struggles harder but VAL brings LIV to the ground.

Liv: I thought you wanted to help Morgan.

Val: And how does getting off of you do that?

Liv: So I can question them.

Val: And does your definition of “question” involve your fist?

Liv: That’s not the point. The point is that we might be able to get out of here safely.

Val: Listen to yourself.

Liv: How the fuck can you sit there and do nothing?

Val: I am not.

Liv: Yeah?

Val: Think Liv.

Liv: What do you think I’ve been doing?

Val: Are we murderers Liv? Use your goddamn head.

A pause punctuated by an explosion and flickering lights. LIV does indeed begin to think.

Liv: I didn’t think you wanted to die.

Val: And your plan will solve that problem?

Liv: If you get off me-

Val: -that’s not an option.

Liv: In this situation-

Val: -is it what’s best for us or what’s best for you?

Liv: It’s what’s best for everyone. If you-

Val: -what do you want Liv?

Liv: It’s our best-

Val: -what do you want Liv?

Liv: Answers-

Val: -revenge? Is that it?

LIV noticeably relaxes, defeated.

Val: If you try anything...

Liv: I won't.

VAL releases LIV, as the two rise, VAL strikes LIV.

Val: Check the building again and clear your fucking head while you do.

LIV stares at the floor in shock at what has transpired. MORGAN motions for VAL to come over.

Val: Now Liv. Go check the fucking building.

LIV exits. VAL walks over to MORGAN and kneels down.

Morgan: Thank you...

Val: It is my job...

Morgan: For...helping...

Val: -I did what I was supposed to...

Morgan: Let me...rest...for a while...

Val: If you need anything...

MORGAN falls asleep from a combination of blood loss, morphine, and exhaustion. VAL moves to a sitting position next to MORGAN.

“Then who is Against Us?” (Scene 5) (Running)

JULES has moved to a sitting position to face VAL and the now sleeping MORGAN.

Jules: Thank you. I'm gl-

Val: -I don't care.

Jules: I'm not thanking you for my sake.

Val: Why then?

Jules: You're young.

VAL sniffs in response.

Jules: Why did you stop your friend?

Val: It was right.

Jules: For you?

Val: Of course for me, for them, for everyone.

Jules: But mostly for you?

Val: I don't know, sure.

A silence hangs between the two. JULES stares at MORGAN. Faint sounds of gunfire.

Jules: Tell me. Why are you here?

Val: You. Your friends.

Jules: I know why you're *here*. This isn't your fight though.

Val: You wouldn't help a friend?

Jules: Helping a friend and killing their enemy are different, wouldn't you agree?

Val: Sometimes they're the same.

Jules: Do you really believe that?

Val: In this case, yes.

Jules: Do you even know why we're sitting here, now?

Val: You attacked your neighbor, what were we supposed to do?

Jules: Well that's some of the truth.

Val: It's enough.

Jules: Things aren't ever black and white.

Val: You attacked our ally, that's about as black and white as it gets.

Jules: What do you know about us?

Val: That you invaded.

Jules: I mean about my country, Morgan's country.

Val: That your last war was twenty years ago. Why start another one?

Jules: A good question indeed.

A pause.

Val: You have an answer?

Jules: Why would I?

Val: It's your history.

Jules: Would you believe me if I've thought about an answer to that question every day?

VAL stares at JULES.

Jules: I'm sorry I got my hopes up.

Val: What's that supposed to mean?

Jules: Just one of my silly thoughts. Nevermind.

Val: Have it your way.

Jules: Not interested in what I might say?

Val: Why should I trust you?

Jules: I wouldn't trust me either.

Val: You're really doing yourself a ton of favors here.

Jules: I'm not interested in favors. Not anymore at least.

Val: What are you interested in then?

Jules: Truth.

Val: Don't make me laugh.

Jules: What, I'm not allowed to be philosophical?

Val: After the shit you pulled with Liv you expect me to believe that?

Jules: What I did? If I wasn't already tied up I might be offended.

Val: Are you trying to get yourself killed?

Jules: Where I wind up doesn't matter.

A pause.

Jules: I wouldn't expect you to understand.

Val: Then help me.

Jules: Then I'll ask you again, why are you here?

Val: You damn well know why.

Jules: You're not seeing my point. Why volunteer to fight someone else's battle?

Val: How did you know I volunteered?

Jules: I have eyes. And a brain.

VAL stares at JULES incredulously.

Jules: The patch? You don't think I'd survive long out here if I couldn't notice shit right?

Val: That doesn't answer my question. I'm not fighting either.

Jules: You're out here, you're patrolling in a warzone, explain to me how you're not fighting in a war.

Val: I haven't killed anyone. Quite the contrary, I save people.

Jules: And here I thought you were one for semantics.

Val: Oh shut up. You still have not answered my question.

Jules: There's something about the way you carry yourself...

Val: Horseshit.

Jules: Let's just say an educated guess then. Your country isn't being destroyed and it's a one front war. That enough for you?

Val: Whatever.

Jules: And you've managed to avoid my question.

Val: Why I should answer you?

Jules: When has a little thought hurt?

VAL bursts out laughing.

Jules: I see...

Val: You were serious?

Jules: If you aren't going to figure a way out, humor me.

Val: Hmm?

Jules: Humor me. What else can you do?

Val: I could shut you up.

Jules: Where's the fun in that? Come on.

Val: Why am I here, right? Hmph. Because I wanted to help someone.

VAL looks at MORGAN.

Jules: You agree with what's happening here?

Val: I am not the one making decisions.

Jules: But do you?

Val: What am I supposed to think?

Jules: That's entirely up to you.

Val: "Ha-ha." You know what? Yes, I do think us being here is right.

JULES chuckles.

Val: Yeah? And what do you think about all this?

Jules: Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Val: At least we are trying to do something good.

JULES chuckles again.

Val: We're trying to clean up the mess you created.

JULES chuckles again.

Val: Fuck you too.

Jules: Look around.

JULES chuckles again. Gunfire and an explosion. Flickering lights emphasize the point.

Jules: Again, why are you here?

Val: I already told you.

Jules: Let me rephrase, why are you *all* here?

Val: Again I already told you.

Jules: Then let me ask you, did Morgan's country need the help?

Val: Of course.

Jules: Looking at you...this is *your* first tour here. This is all of your first tours here.

Val: Fuck off. Why am I even talking to you?

Jules: It was fun while it lasted wasn't it?

Silence hangs between the two for an uncomfortably long time as JULES keeps a closer eye on MORGAN than VAL does.

Val: The fuck are you so concerned about?

JULES doesn't reply.

Val: You going to finish the job then?

JULES gestures with their bound hands.

Jules: Not much I could do with these.

VAL produces a small amount of cord from a bag.

Val: You need to be more creative.

VAL rises and steps towards JULES, cord in hand.

Jules: You aren't going to do anything.

Val: You might be right...

VAL, now in front of JULES, lowers the tip of the cord in front of JULES' face.

Val: Then again...

VAL remains motionless and silent for a moment then taps JULES' forehead with the lowered end of the cord. JULES involuntarily reacts.

Val: Looks like you are quite the gambler.

Jules: Funny thing gambling. It has the tendency to show our true colors.

JULES looks at MORGAN again. VAL looks back and forth between JULES and MORGAN, trying to decide what JULES meant.

Jules: *(more to themselves than to VAL)* And I've got a good handle on you...

A pause as JULES ponders the answer and VAL ignores the question stuck in their head instead.

Val: Did you actually shoot Morgan? I remind you-

VAL holds up the length of cord.

Val: -Creativity.

Jules: What do I have to gain by lying?

Val: Ruining that face you care so much about?

Jules: Do I look like a masochist to you?

Val: Hey, I do not know what you think about, but yes, you do. You still have not told me the truth.

Jules: Yes.

Val: Yes what? Yes you told the truth? Yes you are telling the truth? Yes you shot Morgan?

Jules: What does my face tell you?

Val: That you have a real shit hand.

Jules: I'd say I have a hell of a poker face then.

Val: Answer my fucking question.

Jules: Yes.

Val: Enough with the fucking yeses. I want you to tell me, in your own words.

Jules: What'll that accomplish?

Val: So I can read your face.

A pause as JULES ponders how precisely to word it.

Val: Well? Those yeses came pretty quickly.

Jules: You said, and I quote, "in your own words." I have to be careful. I wouldn't want you getting the wrong idea.

Val: Yes is a good start.

Jules: The problem is I've used it too much.

Val: Tell me. Now.

Another pause punctuated by the faint sounds of an explosion and the flickering light.

Val: If you don't you will certainly be taking the answer to your grave. You do not want that, do you?

Jules: In my own words "I did indeed shoot m-your friend, Morgan."

Val: What?

Jules: Do you want me to repeat that?

Val: No, what did you almost say?

Jules: You pressured me, I-

Val: -You took your sweet fucking time and still manage to fuck it up? What did you almost say?

Before JULES can respond another explosion and flickering lights. LIV rushes in.

“With Apologies” (Scene 6) (Running)

Liv: Val! First, I’m sorry for earlier. I...I just want to get out of here.

Val: Now is not the time Liv. Our friend here knows something.

Liv: Second, the building is still secure. They still don’t know exactly where we are so-

Val: -Did you hear anything I sai-

Liv: -we should be safe here for a little longer. Hostile presence has increased and paths out are going to be few and-

Val: Liv! Listen to me.

Liv: -getting all four of us out together might not be an option.

Val: Liv. Are you done?

LIV nods.

Val: Did you hear what I said?

Liv: Is Morgan alright?

Val: Morgan is okay for now. If we do not leave soon though...

Liv: Sorry. For everything...What did you say?

Val: Our prisoner-

An explosion and lights flickering. LIV doesn’t notice. JULES and VAL react.

Jules: Time’s ticking if you want to keep talking to me.

Val: Shut up.

Liv: Did they say anything?

Val: They did shoot Morgan...or at least think so.

LIV walks over to JULES.

Liv: About before...

Jules: I heard.

Liv: This is for you.

Jules: I don't need your apology.

Liv: For myself.

Jules: You already apologized.

Liv: It's not enough.

Jules: Shoot.

Val: It is not going to work.

Liv: Huh?

Val: They are not going to tell you anything.

Liv: It wasn't about that...

Val: What good is forgiveness?

Liv: What's wrong with a little regret?

Val: You were ready to do god knows what to get out of here and now you want absolution?

Liv: I...I can't let that happen again. I can't...I can't forget...

Val: And this will stop that?

Liv: It's something. If we're going to die here, I want to be me.

An explosion and lights flicker. VAL is now the only one to react.

Jules: You don't have to ask me.

Liv: I do though.

Jules: Well, spit it out then.

Liv: Thank you.

A pause.

Val: You are hiding something.

Jules: Of course I am. I'm your prisoner.

Liv: Is it about the patrols?

Val: It might help with that.

Liv: *(To JULES)* How well do you know the streets?

Jules: I've been here for four years.

Liv: *(To VAL)* That wasn't so bad was it?

Val: That is not it. What did you bite your tongue on before? Something about Morgan.

Liv: It's not worth it.

LIV looks at MORGAN.

Val: Look at you, all calm and giving the orders now.

Liv: Val, you got me back here, I need you to think. Whatever they could tell us, is it going to get us out of here and save Morgan?

Val: We will not know until we find out will we?

Liv: Why is this so important now if you have no idea what it is?

Val: You are one to talk.

Liv: Yeah, and you're one to pull some bullshit like this. What'll this accomplish?

Val: I do not know.

Liv: Then how is it worth it?

Val: It is something.

Liv: No Val, it isn't.

Jules: Calm down and I'll tell you.

Another explosion and flickering lights.

Val: Calm? Here? After all your shit?

Jules: You won't like what I have to say so yes, calm.

Liv: Val. Look at me. Look at me Val, they'll tell us. I just need you to clear your head.

VAL takes a deep breath. Gunfire causes VAL and LIV to start.

Val: Okay. I am okay now.

JULES shifts into a more comfortable position.

Jules: How long would you guess Morgan's been a soldier?

Liv: Ten years?

Jules: Pretty good, twelve actually. How about me?

Liv: Also ten?

Jules: Very close. Seven.

Val: What does that have to do with anything?

Jules: History. Nuance. What we talked about right?

Val: You never have a straight answer do you.

Jules: Why not have some entertainment in these troubling times?

Liv: There was some kind of exchange program, right?

JULES laughs, tries to clap their hands together, and fails thanks to the cord wrapped around their wrists.

Jules: Yes. We met there and have been friends, of sorts, ever since.

Val: That was your fucking secret, you knew Morgan? Why hide that?

Jules: You wouldn't have believed me earlier.

Liv: You never did come up.

Jules: And why would I? The past is messy and Morgan likes playing things close to the chest.

Liv: Yeah I noticed.

Jules: This is what, your second or third deployment with Morgan? You're still in the warm-up phase.

Liv: How long did it take you to get out of the—warm-up—phase?

JULES bursts out laughing.

Jules: I have to keep some things private.

Val: You done?

Jules: I think so, judging by the color of your friend's face.

LIV turns away from JULES in further embarrassment.

Jules: Your friend's such a prude.

Val: Fucking waste of time.

A pause.

Liv: What started this anyways?

Val: *(To JULES)* You keeping an eye on Morgan, right?

Jules: That makes me sound-

Val: -Bad? You shot them you right?

Jules: It's a war.

Another explosion and flickering lights. A pause follows JULES' emphasized words

Liv: *(To VAL)* Still interested in leaving?

Val: Uh-huh.

Liv: We've still got nothing.

VAL turns their gaze on JULES.

Val: This is your sector isn't it?

Jules: I'm not a traitor.

Val: I am not asking you to be a traitor. I am asking you for help. Where's your sentiment?

Jules: My sentiment has nothing to do with letting you walk away.

Val: Were you just toying with me?

Jules: I'm a soldier first...and as your friend said, you might as well die as yourself.

Val: Why talk to me at all?

Jules: I was bored.

Val: Uh-huh.

Jules: If you're never going to believe a word I say, what's the point of pumping me for information?

Gunfire. A pause.

Liv: We could make a break for it just with Morgan.

Val: You already said there are too many of them.

Liv: If we leave the prisoner here, that might draw a few.

Val: You want *more* to come this way?

Liv: That means less everywhere else.

Val: And if we do not make it that far?

Liv: It's better than us carrying what might as well be dead weight.

VAL ponders this, staring at JULES the whole time as LIV goes to check on MORGAN.

Val: Or we learn something. *(To JULES)* What's your rank?

Jules: Sergeant.

Val: Your bullshit just got a lot more interesting.

LIV is kneeling next to MORGAN when MORGAN finally wakes up to hear VAL's idea.

"Acceptable Losses" (Scene 7) (Running)

MORGAN tries to stretch but instead immediately clutches the wound in pain.

Morgan: Ah fuck. What's going on?

Liv: We're trying to-

Val: -Any time you want to start.

VAL moves closer to JULES.

Morgan: Plan an escape?

Liv: I don't know if plan is the right word...Can we move you?

Morgan: Try it.

LIV tries to pick up MORGAN. As Liv begins to move MORGAN, MORGAN cries out in pain and LIV immediately stops. JULES looks over to the two but VAL doesn't notice.

Jules: What makes you think you'll believe whatever I tell you?

Val: I have an open mind.

Jules: I think that's hilarious. Besides, you should pay attention to your surroundings.

Val: All my attention is where it needs to be.

Jules: And here I was thinking you'd know about triage.

Val: You are saying I do not?

Gunfire.

Liv: You think you can walk?

MORGAN weakly punches LIV's arm.

Liv: I know, work on my timing. We can try to make a litter out of-

Morgan: -Don't bother. You two need to get out of here more than me.

Liv: But-

Morgan: -Do I need to make it an order?

Liv: No...It's just...

Morgan: Which is why you need to leave.

LIV gingerly hands MORGAN the bag with the remaining medical supplies. Gunfire.

Val: I am saying information is important.

Jules: And here I thought I was a liar.

Val: You said you were in search of the truth right? Time to let me hear some.

Jules: No one wants the truth. Not really.

Val: Try me.

Faint gunfire.

Morgan: Nothing either of you can do now.

MORGAN puts the bag back on the ground.

Liv: No. Please. This place...

Morgan: I know. The truth isn't pretty.

Liv: Please...Not like this...

Morgan: I'm sorry.

Liv: Goddamnit.

Gunfire.

Jules: The truth is I'm the least important thing at this moment.

Val: If you stopped talking in fucking code this might not be happening.

Jules: Just take a breath.

Val: Fuck you. Tell me something useful.

Jules: I have. Multiple times.

Val: I thought you were an idiot but not a heartless bastard. What about helping your friend?

Jules: I'm trying.

Faint gunfire.

Morgan: I know, but it's over.

Liv: Can you tell me something?

Morgan: I remember now...

Liv: What's their name?

Morgan: ...Jules...

LIV tries their best to comfort MORGAN.

Morgan: ...Seven Years...

Gunfire.

Val: You are, are you?

Jules: All I want you to do is turn around.

Val: And what will that accomplish?

Jules: Please. For your sake, just listen to me this one time.

VAL, now quite frustrated at JULES begins frantically pacing.

Val: We will cut you loose once we get out.

Faint gunfire.

Morgan: ...Val...stop...

LIV tries to make MORGAN comfortable.

Val: It is a good offer.

Jules: I told you, I don't care about that sort of thing. Please-

Val: I saved your life.

VAL stops pacing. LIV continues to tend to MORGAN.

Morgan: ...Val...

VAL still doesn't hear.

Val: You owe me.

Jules: You told me you wanted to help people.

Val: Tell me something and you are free! Debt repaid in full.

Morgan: Val...

Jules: I've told you before, my life is worthless.

Val: No. No. You are the solution.

Jules: Not to this immediate problem.

Val: Then tell me something. Anything.

Jules: Listen to Morgan.

Val: Don't bring Morgan into this. This whole thing is your fucking fault.

MORGAN attempts to say something but can't manage, clutches the wound, and begins coughing.

Liv: Morgan?! Help! Please!

VAL doesn't hear.

Liv: Val! I can't do anything!

Jules: I didn't think you were interested in killing.

Val: I am not.

Jules: Then turn around.

Val: Not until you tell me something useful.

JULES remains silent.

Val: What, have I bored you?

JULES remains silent.

Val: Your tongue finally satisfied?

JULES remains silent.

Val: What do you want?

JULES remains silent.

Val: Just tell me something to get us all out of here.

JULES remains silent. MORGAN continues to try and speak through the pain but nothing intelligible comes out. LIV unsuccessfully tries to calm MORGAN.

Liv: Val. Please...

VAL finally turns around, sees MORGAN, rushes over, and pushes LIV away.

Val: Fuck. Fuck! Hang on. I got you.

VAL rummages through the bag and finds nothing of use.

Val: Grab my hand...

MORGAN weakly puts both hands on top of VAL's.

Val: Squeeze...Squeeze like your...

MORGAN stops coughing and relaxes a little.

Val: ...Like your...

LIV sits down next to VAL and puts a hand over MORGAN's.

Val: ...Life...

LIV puts their other hand on VAL's shoulder. MORGAN relaxes a little more.

Val: ...Depends on it...

MORGAN finally relaxes completely in death. LIV hangs their head and moves to comfort VAL. VAL lets go of MORGAN's hands and throws the empty bag away.

Val: Fuck!

VAL slumps over on the ground. LIV moves over to try and comfort VAL. JULES can only look sorrowfully at MORGAN's body. Silence as VAL's mixture of grief and rage washes across the stage.

"Squad Expendable" (Scene 8) (Running)

After a few moments, LIV rises and produces the radio. VAL continues to grieve over MORGAN's death. JULES too is grieving in their own way.

Liv: Do you copy? I repeat, do you copy?

Crackling from the radio.

Liv: CO is dead.

More crackling.

Liv: Backup would be nice.

More crackling.

Liv: Extraction, anything?

More crackling.

Liv: No we weren't informed.

More crackling.

Liv: How the fuck is it our fault? We had orders.

More crackling.

Liv: No, I don't give a fuck if someone is getting demoted for this.

More crackling.

Liv: Don't give me any of that "classified" bullshit.

More crackling.

Liv: What did I just say? Can I get a fucking straight answer for once?

More Crackling.

Liv: Yeah? And fuck you too.

LIV drops the radio then kicks it away before sitting down. The radio crackles turn into static. The signal has been lost and won't be coming back. Silence for a moment before LIV raises their head, stands up, and walks over to VAL.

Liv: Come on, there's nothing else we can do.

VAL doesn't respond.

Liv: We can't stay here anymore. We're going to die either way-

An explosion. Flickering lights.

Liv: -better to be doing something, right?

VAL still doesn't respond.

Liv: You did your best. There was nothing-

Val: -We cannot leave yet.

LIV looks at MORGAN's body.

Liv: There isn't any more we can do.

VAL doesn't respond.

Liv: Val...I'm so sorry...

Instead of looking at MORGAN's body, VAL looks at JULES who is still wrapped in a combination of thought and prayer.

Val: We still need information.

Liv: Val...

Val: We are not getting very far without it.

Liv: If it's just the two of us...I know it's hard, but we can't...

LIV turns away from MORGAN's body but still can't finish the sentence.

Val: We are all getting out of here. Together.

VAL stands.

Liv: Didn't you hear me? We can't-

Val: -We are all going home. You understand?

LIV is stunned for a moment.

Val: We just need to learn something...anything...

VAL begins walking towards JULES. VAL's intentions finally click in LIV's mind.

Liv: Val, no. Not like this.

LIV stops VAL from reaching JULES.

Liv: Not for revenge...right?

VAL considers this for a moment.

Val: Not for revenge, no. To get us all home...

VAL moves towards JULES again but LIV blocks the path.

Val: You still want to, right?

Liv: Not like this.

Val: So staying in this tomb is better?

Liv: You can't cheat your way out.

Val: I am not cheating, I am getting us home.

LIV doesn't have an answer, VAL pushes past.

Val: If you're not going to help, stay out of my way.

Liv: Out of the way of what?

Val: Check the building again Liv.

LIV says nothing.

Val: Go check again.

LIV stands in defiance.

Val: Now.

A pause then an explosion. Flickering lights.

Liv: No.

Val: "No?" That was an order, not a suggestion.

Liv: Respectfully-

Val: -We are long past that. I am in command here. Follow my orders.

Liv: I am following orders. Morgan's orders. We need to get out of here.

Val: What do you think I am trying to do?

Liv: You need to get out of here whole.

Val: What the fuck does that mean?

LIV says nothing and blocks VAL's progress towards JULES.

Val: The fuck does that mean Liv?

Liv: You need to stop this.

Val: So you are going to protect a murderer?

Liv: I'm protecting you!

Another explosion. Flickering lights.

Val: From living?

LIV doesn't respond. VAL tries to get past LIV can't. VAL stops trying to pass LIV for a moment. VAL swings at LIV's head, the blow connects, and knocks LIV to the floor. VAL rushes over to JULES and begins untying them. In response JULES lunges towards MORGAN's body but VAL stops them and drags them off stage into an adjacent room, locking the door behind them as LIV slowly recovers from the blow, finally managing to stand up and stagger towards the door.

Liv: Val...Come back...

LIV reaches the door and tries to force it open to no avail.

Liv: Don't...Please...Come back...

LIV slumps next to the door and holds their head in their hands.

"Far from Home" (Scene 9) (Running)

LIV continues to sit next to the door waiting to hear something from the other side. VAL and JULES remain off stage until otherwise noted.

Val: Now then, let us talk business.

Jules: I have nothing left to say.

Val: You will be singing in a moment.

Silence on the other side of the door. LIV looks up and notices the chilling quiet. JULES screams in pain startling LIV.

Val: See? Musical. If you agree to tell me something, I will stop.

JULES remains silent and LIV listens with a mixture of curiosity and dread for what is coming.

Val: How creative do I need to get with you?

Silence, then JULES' sudden cry is followed by the sounds of physical struggle and choking. The struggle ceases and JULES gasps for air.

Val: That was just a taste. Why are you letting me do this? Your life is worth a few words right?

JULES doesn't answer. Silence hangs over both rooms for a moment then JULES lets out another cry of pain, slightly less human this time. LIV recoils from the door. There is an indistinct exchange between VAL and JULES.

Val: Kill you? Why would I do that? I am not you, I am not a murderer.

JULES says something unintelligible through the door. Something along the lines of "You're worse than that."

Val: I have not killed anybody.

JULES once again says something unintelligible through the door.

Val: Of course. I stopped you from getting beaten earlier and I am trying to help you now. Just give me a single patrol route and you will be free.

Silence for a moment followed by another cry of pain from JULES, less human than the last. LIV moves further away from the door.

Val: You only have yourself to blame now. You are the one dragging this out.

More silence followed by another startled cry from JULES and more sounds of a physical struggle. LIV moves closer to MORGAN's body. Once LIV is sitting next to MORGAN, explosion and flickering lights. The sounds of physical struggle continue as background noise. LIV holds one of MORGAN's hands.

Liv: I'm sorry...for everything...I...I couldn't keep my promise...follow your orders...

LIV bows their head at the end of the sentence and raises MORGAN's hand to their forehead.

Liv: I wasn't strong enough...for any of you...

The sounds of struggle continue for a moment longer then cease. LIV looks up.

Val: You know, I can respect you. Defiant to the end.

A pause as VAL waits for JULES' reply. It never comes.

Val: That being said, it is fucking annoying.

JULES cries in pain, once again sounding less human. Then sounds of physical struggle, more violent than the last. LIV maneuvers MORGAN into a more comfortable resting position then places both of MORGAN's hands across their chest in a makeshift funeral then LIV hugs their knees close to their chest. The sounds stop after a few moments. Silence for a few moments. The door finally reopens and a bloody VAL walks through.

Val: Let's go!

LIV looks up but doesn't move.

Val: Well?

LIV continues to stare at VAL in horror.

Val: You wanted to get out of here, now we can.

Liv: ...Home?

Val: Yes home! We're going. All of us.

VAL looks at MORGAN's body.

Liv: ...How...

Val: I have what we need, let's go!

Liv: ...Can you?

Val: What?

Liv: How...how can you? Like this?

Val: All this was to get us home. You realize that right?

LIV only stares at VAL. VAL walks to the other side of MORGAN's body.

Val: You going to help?

A pause.

Liv: Did you kill them?

Val: Of course not! I am not like them Liv, let's go.

Liv: No, you're not...You're not like any of us...

Val: Do you want to stay here? We need to leave. Now.

Liv: How could you...how could you do that?

Val: To get us home. You understand? To help you.

Liv: I...I can't...not now...not after...

LIV stands and goes through the door VAL came from.

Val: What are you doing? We need to go!

An explosion and flickering lights. VAL shudders, pauses for a moment to look at MORGAN's body, gestures one final "I'm sorry" and leaves the building. BLACKOUT.