

INT. RUN-DOWN OFFICE - MORNING

We open inside a dimly lit office, SERGEI, grizzled and silent as ever, is seated across a desk. GENERAL TORQUE sits at the desk, his chair turned away from Sergei as he rummages through a filing cabinet.

GENERAL TORQUE

Ah. Here we are

Torque retrieves a file from the cabinet, laying it on the desk as he sifts through it

GENERAL TORQUE

Sergei James Benhil, the ravenous  
Benbian Raven

Sergei maintains a numbed, blank expression, mundanely nodding along to Torque's words

GENERAL TORQUE

Four Firefight's, and a survivor of the northern spice-farm ambush, the battle of Banshee lake, and an active contributor of the "Red Mist" mission, and awarded the Maroon Ribbon of Benbian courage, quite the name you've made for yourself, Mr. Raven. A name we still have much use for.

SERGEI

Wait- forgive me sir- is this meeting not about my ribbon?

GENERAL TORQUE

What about it?

SERGEI

I- had never received it. The service said it was still lost in the mail.

GENERAL TORQUE

Ah, such difficulties are expected in a time as trying as this, your patience is greatly appreciated, But you're here for much more than a ribbon.

Sergei adjusts himself as the meetings tone grows to be serious.

GENERAL TORQUE

As you can tell, recent events have stirred the Benbian people, Fulcra's carelessness regarding the treaty has everyone biting their nails regarding another war. Now, morale is as dwindled of a resource as our rations. The people need hope to look to.

Torque slips a paper from the file onto the desk, an old report establishing Sergei's retirement. Torque POUNDS a red stamp onto the paper, covering the discharge statement with a big red: "ACTIVE"

GENERAL TORQUE

Rejoice, Raven! Children will parade the streets, hopes will be high when word of the great silver raven being back to arms, the people will arise with might!

Sergei's tired eyes widen, but he's interrupted before he gets a word in

GENERAL TORQUE

Worry not, old timer, it's just simple border patrol. Guard your post, shoot anyone who steps over the line, and we all get to go home happy. And depending on how it goes, It may even promise another medal.

Sergei glances at the stamped paper, before gathering himself. He stands up straight and salutes Torque

SERGEI

It would be my honor, Sir, thank you  
for this opportunity.

GENERAL TORQUE

Gloria to Benbia, Raven.

