

The Scene opens with a letter being delivered to the desk of Tatiana Jolee.

A Quick Cut to a letter being delivered to Reggie Estrada.

One last quick cut to Roxy Cotton. All three of them open the letter as a voice over takes over.

To Whom This Concerns,

The battles I've been in have been plentiful. I've forged many kinships within the confines of war. The blood one sheds during a battle is engrained in the soil, forever locked in a stasis of perpetual being.

More of my blood is in the ground than that which pumps through my body at this very moment.

And at this moment my body yearns for battle.

It aches for the throws.

It trembles in anticipation.

I've been called upon at the midnight hour to help your army. I'm a hired hand of sorts. They had many a person flee the battle before they could muster up the strength to do what needed to be done.

The Queen who claims my sword is the one who called, but she is not my Queen. She is merely the mouthpiece for the others. I've always been one to stand alone, no matter the odds, but she reassures me that they are willing to get their hands dirty to help the cause.

I must admit that when I was told of their triumphs in other battles, I was less than impressed, but we must continue to move forward.

I will allow them to use my strength to boost themselves beyond what they even think they are capable of. I want them to understand that they can win this.

Even if they are slain on the battlefield, they can still be remembered for their bravery, their honor, and their grit.

Unfortunately in a battle like this they will need it all and then some, but I'm not certain that I can will them to the end. Not all of them at least.

It's a pity.

I pride myself on my own ability to adapt to the situations as they arise. It's one of the benefits of going it alone, but them...

It's going to hurt.

If Estrada, or Jolee or even heaven forbid the Queen doesn't make it out.

It would be a failure. I cannot allow that. I've done my research on the opposing armies and they are fortified heavily. Meanwhile we are simply

Une maison divisée.

If we continue to be divided we will fall. We cannot allow our petty differences get between us and thus giving the other battalions a chance to regroup.

I have no problem leading the way, but I'm not sure they are ready for that discussion. I will need to show them on the battlefield what it means to truly be a leader.

I want them to see with their own eyes what I am capable of and what they can do to elevate themselves beyond just being a body in the fight.

I need to show them how to turn their idle thoughts about one another and use them for good in the fight. Use that festering anger and aim it properly.

They spend too much time worrying about who isn't there and not enough time realizing that the fight is coming whether they are there or not.

There is no time to stand still. They must press forward. Push past the pain. Push past the resentment. And fight as one. From the tip of the spear to the handle on the end, all parts are important. If one part breaks, the whole spear breaks.

This isn't just about them mind you.

No, this is just as much about myself as well.

Last time I stepped on this battlefield, I failed. I was left for dead, but now I get a chance at redemption. Not everyone gets that and I understand that. I cannot allow this opportunity to go in vain.

I cannot allow the last visual of myself to be one of abject failure.

It's just simply not who I am

I am many things. I'm egotistical. I'm arrogant. I'm divisive. I'm crude and so many more, but what I'm not is a failure.

I've risen from the ashes many times. Each time more glorious than the last. Each time I was met with disdain. I was treated like a leper as if I had no worth. So I traveled to kingdoms far and wide making myself known as the greatest warrior in the land.

I choose these battles.

I am not forced to be in them.

No. I yearn for them. I need people to see me across from them. I want them to think dismissively of me and my accomplishments.

It makes the taste of victory so much sweeter. I will raise a glass of mead with my fellow battle mates. In victory or in defeat. For the battlefield is where bonds are forged forever.

You will be linked with each other for the rest of your days, whether you like it or not, but it remains a fact.

I don't want to let the three of you down.

All I ask in return is simple.

A House divided we cannot be. We must come together. Even if it's just for one night. For one fight. Watch each other's backs. Protect your team. If not for me, then do it for your own pride. Do it for whatever reason you need to help it in the long run. I don't want you to do this, I need you to do this. It is imperative that if you take nothing else from me, heed this warning. We must watch out for each other.

And I promise you,

Even if it's for one night only...

The Beast will have your back.

And sometimes that's all you need in the end.

-Shawn Warstein

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