

Character Name	Subtitle Line	Direction
Lieutenant Parker	Lieutenant Parker here. The outbreak is now beyond our control. Our orders are clear: we're going to launch the nuke.	Walkie talkie: Tense but secured
	But the missile base was overruled and locked down, so it's your job to get inside via the service entrance and confirm the launch manually. Do you copy, over?	Walkie talkie: Tense but secured
Corporal Dockson	Roger that. Just get in, fire a rocket and enjoy the fireworks. <sigh> Easy enough.	A little sarcastic
Lieutenant Parker	That's the spirit. I'm in the truck on the other side and will give you a safe ride home once everything's done. Good luck. Over and out.	Walkie talkie: Tense but secured
Corporal Dockson	"Service elevator" - sounds like my way in.	Informative
Corporal Dockson	That ain't good.	A little nervous
Corporal Dockson	That... was close. Too close.	Tense, a little frightened
Corporal Dockson	Here I am, risking my life so I can wipe my hometown off the face of the Earth <uneasy laugh> anything to make my kid sleep easy at night.	Sarcastic, but with a serious undertone
Lieutenant Parker	Parker here. You'll need to restore power and reboot the system before heading on. I'm sure you can find a solution.	Walkie talkie: Confident. Helpful.
Corporal Dockson	This looks useful.	Informative
Corporal Dockson	Seems like I'll need to get in here.	Informative
Lieutenant Parker	Alright. Looks like the system is up and running again. Good job. Now get to the panel and hail the cart.	Walkie talkie: Confident. Serious.
Corporal Dockson	Oh shit.	Blunt, but keeping it together
Lieutenant Parker	Try to get to the silo. The launching sequence needs to be confirmed from there. Be careful, this place is heating up.	Walkie talkie: Confident. Serious.
Corporal Dockson	Looks like someone aborted the launch just in time.	Thoughtful
Corporal Dockson	Looks like that's my call to leave!	Serious, you just launched an ICBM and the Silo is falling apart.
Lieutenant Parker	Dockson!? This place is heating up, I don't know... I don't know how long I can stay here. Here, bite on this!	Urgent. Frightened.
Corporal Dockson	Yeah, I-I'm doing my best!	Agitated, urgent, in response to previous line
Corporal Dockson	*Coughs*	Sore throat
Corporal Dockson	*Coughs* *clears throat* Oh man...	Agitated, in pain.
Corporal Dockson	Where's the truck?! Where's the friggin' truck!?	Desperate, Panicked
Corporal Dockson	Lieutenant!? Lieutenant Parker? Aw shit... So much for a safe ride.	Desperate, panicked. You find your getaway driver's entrails skewered around a crashed truck. Zombies are heading your way.
Corporal Dockson	*Clears throat* Gotta keep movin', come on!	In pain, desperate
Corporal Dockson	*Coughs* *clears throat* Oh man...	Agitated, in pain.
Corporal Dockson	Is that... the refinery?	Your temperature is rising. Your throat feels dry and swallowing hurts.
Corporal Dockson	This is Corporal John Dockson of the 5th Special Forces Group. Anyone there?	Hopeful
Captain López	Roger, corporal. This is Captain López speaking. W-Wasn't Parker going to pick you up? What's your status, over?	Tense, trying to keep it together.
Corporal Dockson	I'm-I'm barely holding it together... that missile kicked the shit out of me. And Parker, he... he didn't make it. Over.	Desperate, exhausted.
Captain López	Okay, Dockson, you need to haul your ass to the entrance A.S.A.P.! We're about to have a lot more company.	Saddened, but trying to focus her mind on what's important.
Corporal Dockson	Copy that. Over and out. Gonna be there for you, Lucy, my little angel.	Agitated, but hopeful
Corporal Dockson	Almost there. Almost... there...	You can barely think clearly now. Your vision is foggy and you can't feel your legs. And yet, you're still moving forward.
Captain López	López, here. We'll open the door, but you have to ensure the coast is clear first.	Urgent. Frightened.
Corporal Dockson	What? Oh man, please, just open the freakin' door!	Desperate, exhausted.
Captain López	Get inside!	Urgent. Frightened.
Corporal Dockson	Oh God. *Heavy breathing* What's happening to me?	Desperate, scared.
Dockson, López	(Dockson) Oh God. *Breathing intensifies* (López) Someone open the door for him! (Dockson) *Growl* No! Stop!	Dockson realizes what's happening to him.
Dockson, López	(López) Why? Why? What's - Aw, fuck! (Dockson) You know what to do, you know what to do, so just do it!	Dockson accepts his fate.
Dockson, López	*Breathes Painfully* (López) I'm sorry. *Moans*	López is genuinely sorry