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| | Scene description: Mother is reunited with her daughter after years of war faraway. | | |
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| | Character name | Dialogue lines | Hints for VAs |
| | Space Marine (SM) | Now that's a story your father would not believe. | Amused, a little bit of nostalgia |
| | | Our little, stubborn girl in the chapel, out of her own will. | |
| | | Shame he can't see you now. | A subtle shift in the voice, a sign of wistfulness and deeply rooted grief |
| | | ... | |
| | | Sapphona... You've changed. A lot. | With maternal pride |
| | | You've grown. | |
| | | ... | |
| | Sapphona (PP) | A failure. | Stern, with a hint of long-held grudge |
| | SM | What...? | Slightly surprised, confused |
| | PP | The last time I saw you, you called me a failure. | |
| | SM | Sapphona, we haven't talked in years. | |
| | | Don't tell me you still... | Trying to sound amicable, conciliatory |
| | PP | I do. | |
| | | You are not welcome here. | With visible grudge |
| | | Neither you or other jihadists. | |
| | | Do you know why? | Satisfied, as if she waited years just say these words |
| | | You claim to defend our faith, honorably spread words of goddess. | |
| | | All of that do what, hm? | |
| | | What's the point of conquering, if you abandon your villages? | |
| | | Your families? | |
| | | Your daughters? | Accented comparing to previous lines |
| | SM | Purge was my holy duty. | |
| | | Our holy duty, a call for all jihadists. | |
| | | How dare you contest an order of the goddess herself? | |
| | PP | Did she order you to leave us helpless? | |
| | | Unprotected? | Gloating over opportunity to point out SM's wrongdoings |
| | | Can you imagine, just what I was forced to do, for foreigners to leave our homeland alone? | Hint of a great, unhealed trauma |
| | | I was sixteen. | |
| | | ... | |
| | | Leave, before villagers see you. | Subtle shift from anger to resignation |
| | SM | Sapphona, you are... | |
| | PP | I am a what? | Bitter |
| | | A leader of my people? | |
| | | Their only caretaker? | |

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| | SM | Choice: | |
| | SM | Option 1: ...A failure indeed. | |
| | | Option 2: ...My great pride. | |
| | | Option 3: ...A blessing to our people. | |