

QUINTUS MONOLOGUE, ACT 1
From *Teatime at Golgotha*
By Mark Chrisler
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QUINTUS

Silence that insipid maw of yours, Cabral. Now,
Longinus, I understand tedium. Tell me, do I
understand tedium?

CABRAL

He does.

QUINTUS

I'll say it again, Cabral! I do, I do. I understand it all too well. Painful stuff, it can be. Sure. But, good Longinus... that is, I'm a friend of debate. Healthy debate. Why, just a few weeks ago I and a few of the local officers were discussing the efficiency of different knife sharpening techniques. And did it get heated? Yes, I'll say so. That's half the fun. But in the end all went back to as it had been. I, by the way, prefer counter-clockwise swipes of the stone, starting at the hilt and moving up towards the edge. Traditional, sure: but effective. That's my point, you see. All this pontification, I accept it. I encourage it. But when the sun sets on these thoughts they are to retire, not to drag across the horizons as if tethered to it. So I'll have no more of this "can't take this" talk, you see.

Now, you see, that's exactly what I'm talking about. We all have things we don't want to do. I don't necessarily enjoy seeing my wife sometimes as frequently as twice a month, but I do it anyway. For the good of the state. And if you think you can shirk your responsibilities, I've a word or two for you, yes.