

KATZ MONOLOGUE

Katz, recently exiled from the ship he captained, sits drunk and locked in isolation until he sobers up. He tries to appeal to the unseen guard outside his cell.

KATZ

Hey. I know you're listening. I know you're there. You think you're a part of something bigger, but you're not. The machine grinds on with or without you, soldier. It chews through your goodness, preys on your loyalty, shrivels your balls, and leaves a pension that *might* afford a shoebox for you to die in.

I DID MY TIME STANDING RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, SOLDIER! I was an Imperial commander, you ignorant jughead! I want my goddamn day in court!!

From now on, wear your grav-belt. Wear it always, you hear me!? Because one day I'll be out of this cell, and I'm gonna kick what's left of your balls so hard you'll fly into the fucking sun if you don't! You hear me soldier?! Soldier?!! SOLDIER!!! Goddammit.

Discouraged, but not ready to let his night be ruined, he launches into his favorite jaunty drinking song, which echoes down deserted halls as the scene fades.