

MAJOR SIDE

Braggart Soldier

The Major enters from his house, dressed ready for battle. He is holding his short sword and shield. Dexter follows.

MAJOR: FALL IN!

Objective: implement shining of shield.

He admires himself in his reflection, then hands the shield to Dexter.

Make sure it outshimmers the merciless rays of summer.
Thus, when its time is at hand,
when I'm toe to toe
with battle line "A"

He draws an imaginary line at toe level with the tip of his sword.

the dazzling blaze of light
will addle line "B"!

He raises his sword and pokes across the line, almost jabbing Dexter in the eye.

Second objective: condolences to my sword.

He admires his reflection in the sword; Dexter reaches for it; the Major recoils.

NO! I want to do it myself. It's mine.
"Sad sword, who hath ached so long at my sash,
droop not, 'though you long to make foe into hash."

He inserts sword in scabbard and begins to stride back and forth between the altars.

DEXTER!

Dexter hastens to the Major's side.

DEXTER Here and directly adjacent sir.

MAJOR Did I not save
Whatsurname in that famous battle, where
Whatshisname, the son of that other king,
grandson of Neptune, was highest supreme commander-in-chief.

DEXTER I remember him well. You mean, of course, whatshisface—
with endless soldiers and horses. One touch of your breath
was all it took to blow his troops away.

MAJOR Oh hush, that was nothing.