Josh: Andy! Did you order t'filla to start?!

Madrich: You don't have to answer that question!

Andy: I'll answer the question. You want answers?

Josh: I think I'm entitled to them.

Andy: You want answers?!

Josh: I want the truth!

Andy: You can't handle the truth!

Son, we live in a world that has t'fillot, and those t'fillot have to be said by men & women with ruach. Who's gonna do it? You? You, Josh Edelglass? I have a greater responsibility than you can possibly fathom. You weep for Evelyn Draget Rubenstein, and you curse people who are eating, talking, and moving around. You have that luxury. You have the luxury of not knowing what I know -- that t'fillot, while liturgic, probably brighten our day; and Ilanot's t'fillot, while fun and energetic on the outside, are meaningful on the inside.

You don't want the truth because deep down in places you don't talk about at parties, you want to scream those t'fillot -- you need those t'fillot.

We use words like "keva," "kavannah," "ruach." We use these words as the backbone of a life spent praying for something.

I do have the time and the inclination to explain myself to an edah who rises from their safsalim and sings together under the roof of the moadon that I provide and then respectfully questions the manner in and reasons for which we daven.

I wouldn't rather that you just said "amen" and went on your way. Otherwise, I'd suggest you stay quiet and stand the post. Either way, I do CARE about what you think you're entitled to!

Josh: Did you order t'filla?

Andy: I did the job --

Josh: -- Did you order the Code Red?!

Col Jessep: YOU'RE RIGHT I DID!!!