

4. Pages 21-25 – Maggie, Stuart, Ida & June

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INTO THE BREECHES!

Scene Three
Rehearsal Room
The Next Day

INTO THE BREECHES!

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*(JUNE – a beautiful woman in her late teens/
early twenties – enters, walking her bicycle.)*

JUNE. Am I in the right place?

STUART. And the nick of time.

MAGGIE. *(To JUNE.)* Maggie Dalton, dear.

JUNE. Mrs. Max Bennett. June. Gosh Mrs. Dalton, it's such
an honor to meet you.

MAGGIE. An honor, well –!

JUNE. Your husband is a true visionary.

MAGGIE. Ah, yes, yes, he is.

JUNE. (*Realizes she's put her foot in it a bit.*) Oh, and golly, I'm sure you're good, too.

MAGGIE. Thanks. So you've seen his - our - work?

JUNE. Every show in the last two seasons.

MAGGIE. Really?

JUNE. When I started dating my Max junior year - this was the only place our parents would let us come to unaccompanied.

STUART. Chaperoned by Shakespeare.

JUNE. Exactly! At first I honestly couldn't care less about what was happening onstage, I was all about billing and cooing with Max in the back row, but once I came up for air, I started to really like it. The men were all dreamboats and the girls so glamorous - those dresses!

(MAGGIE introduces IDA.)

MAGGIE. That's Ida for you.

JUNE. Oh! You made those?

IDA. That I did, Miss Bennett.

JUNE. I thought it was some seamstress flown in from France!

IDA. No, just a mother of two from Pawtucket. Picking up some extra sewing is all.

(To MAGGIE.) Should I - [*go*]?

MAGGIE. No stay, I'd love to hear your thoughts.

IDA. You would?

MAGGIE. Of course. You've been with us ten years, I'm sure Andrew asks for your opinion all the time.

IDA. (*He doesn't.*) Of course he does.

(*As MAGGIE turns back to JUNE, IDA gets off a sidelong glance at STUART, who raises his eyebrows and shrugs.*)

MAGGIE. June, would you care to read, dear?

JUNE. That'd be swell. I've prepared Hotspur's wife, Kate.

MAGGIE. Perfect choice. Go ahead.

(JUNE takes a moment, then recites, a little stiffly.)

JUNE AS LADY PERCY. O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offense have I this fortnight been
A banished woman from my Harry's bed?

MAGGIE. Let me stop you.

STUART. Hold, please!

JUNE. Oh! Was that not -? I'm sorry, I gave blood earlier today, maybe I'm a bit -

MAGGIE. It was fine, but - so you're worried about your husband, yes?

JUNE. Yes. (*Darn.*) Applesauce! Was that not -?

MAGGIE. I mean you, June, and your real husband, Max. Add a pinch of him to your Hotspur, your love who is bound for war.

(JUNE nods, understanding, continues, her acting much improved.)

JUNE AS LADY PERCY. Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Thy spirit within thee has been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream.
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

(*She ends in tears.*)

MAGGIE. Nice, nice.

JUNE. (*Joyful, shocked, tears still on face.*) I cried that time! I cried!

MAGGIE. You did.

JUNE. So it was good!

MAGGIE. *Good, yes. (Firm but gentle.)* But it's not about you crying, June.

JUNE. But I had feelings!

MAGGIE. Yes, and that's wonderful, but try to keep in mind that, really, in the end, it's about *us* having feelings.

JUNE. *(Confused.)* You?

MAGGIE. *(Gesturing to the theater.)* Always remember, the play takes place out here.

(JUNE squints into the darkness, not quite understanding.)

