

### 3. Pages 20-21 – Maggie-Stuart-Ida

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INTO THE BREECHES!

#### Scene Three Rehearsal Room The Next Day

(MAGGIE and STUART – forties, her stage manager – sit behind a long table, both despondent, staring hopefully at the door.)

STUART. You posted the audition signs?

MAGGIE. Churches, beauty shops, grocer's. And you placed the ad?

STUART. In the *Journal* and the *Courier-Express*.

MAGGIE. What do we do if no one –?

STUART. How about Betty? Or Jean?

MAGGIE. Betty's pregnant, and Jean joined the WASPs.

STUART. (Saluting.) Fly high, Jean. And no one from the Women's Committee was game?

MAGGIE. Hildy's got them too busy putting together care packages for all of the company's men in arms. I think that's about as far as decorum will allow.

STUART. Oh, decorum, so overrated. So. We've got Mrs. Snow.

MAGGIE. Yes.

STUART. And Celeste.

MAGGIE. Yes.

STUART. That's two.

MAGGIE. Yes.

STUART. For a cast of...?

MAGGIE. Thirty-three.

STUART. Oof.

MAGGIE. We need at least fifteen. Andrew mailed me a chart – (Holding an enormous, accordion-folded paper up.) how to handle all of the double-casting, triple-casting.

STUART. (Of the paper.) That man thinks of everything.

MAGGIE. I'll play a part if I have to, but I'd really rather –

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(IDA enters, a simply-dressed, direct African-American woman in her thirties, carrying an armful of male Elizabethan costumes from past productions.)

IDA. Is this a good time, Maggie?

MAGGIE. Sadly Ida, yes.

IDA. Don't tell me no one's come in yet? Still? And it's...?

STUART. 4:37.

MAGGIE & IDA. Thank you 4:37.

MAGGIE. Better news on the costume front?

IDA. (Of the costumes in her arms.) That'll be easy, we've got plenty of stock. We've donated all our silk costumes for parachutes, but we've still got piles of pumpkin pants and doublets for days.

MAGGIE. Any possibilities for Celeste?

IDA. Oh, Celeste has some very...specific ideas about her "inaugural voyage into manhood."

STUART. Deliver us.

IDA. Turquoise hose and a page-boy wig.

STUART. Naturally. And...gold piping?

MAGGIE. And a six-inch crown!

IDA. Nope. Twelve.

(Their laughter is interrupted by a knock at the door.)

MAGGIE. Thank God!

STUART. Come in!