

(Again, simultaneous:)

WINIFRED. Ellsworth won't allow them to lift a finger -!

CELESTE. Never! Never in my twenty-six years -!

STUART. There won't be - they're not really going to -

IDA. I won't - I refuse to just stand there and -!

JUNE. Applesauce, applesauce, applesauce, applesauce -!

(GRACE interrupts, speaking above the crowd, now fully inhabiting the leadership role at last, full of confidence and fiery passion.)

GRACE. Let he which hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart; his passport shall be made
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse.
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is called the Feast of Crispian.
 He that outlives this day and comes safe home
 Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall see this day and live old age
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors
 And say, "Tomorrow is Saint Crispian."
 Then he will strip his sleeve and show his scars,
 And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's Day."
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember with advantages
 What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words -

CELESTE. Grace the King -

GRACE. Celeste -

MAGGIE. And June -

STUART. Winifred -

WINIFRED. And Maggie -

IDA. Stuart -