

JUNE. Hooray!

MAGGIE. But Stuart, this isn't *Charley's Aunt*.

STUART. I know, but *you* all are -

MAGGIE. But even if - Mistress Quickly? This doesn't exactly solve our Hotspur problem.

STUART. Well, yes, about that -

(He gestures toward IDA, who enters in Elizabethan military dress.)

IDA. Hotspur, reporting for duty.

MAGGIE. Oh! Ida, you look - this is awfully kind of you to offer, but -

IDA. You said this production was about fighting back. United against a common enemy.

MAGGIE. That was the idea, but -

IDA. Well. I have a husband Over There, too.

MAGGIE. I know dear, and Joshua is in our prayers -

IDA. And more than that: I have blood to share. Will you refuse my blood?

MAGGIE. Well, it's just, in twenty-six years the theater's never had an actor of your - ah, there's precedent and there's precedent.

IDA. And there's talking and there's talking.

(She fires into her role, magnificently.)

IDA AS HOTSPUR. For I profess not talking. Only this -

Let each man do his best. And here draw I

A sword, whose temper I intend to stain

With the best blood that I can meet withal

In the adventure of this perilous day.

Sound all the lofty instruments of war,

And by that music let us all embrace;

For heaven to earth, some of us never shall

A second time do such courtesy.

(ALL applaud.)

(She gathers her things.)