

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.