

Scene Seven
Fire Escape
Moments Later

(*STUART alone on the fire escape landing, reciting from his script to the stars above.*)

STUART AS HOTSPUR. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her hence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities.

(*IDA walks onto the landing, not realizing STUART is there, a basket full of needle, thread, cloth, and dried beans in her arms.*)

IDA. Oh! I'm sorry, Stuart, I can –

STUART. No, stay. Please. It's a lovely night and I could use the company.

(*IDA smiles sympathetically.*)

IDA. You know, that was brave of you in there. Sharing what you did.

STUART. Guess I'd rather be called swish than yellow.

IDA. June feels awful.

STUART. Oh, it's not her fault, poor kid. It's Maggie that – I thought she always had my back. But apparently she thinks I'm not even good enough for a stage army.

IDA. Right.

STUART. So, what are they doing in there?

IDA. Maggie was upset, took a break, left Celeste in charge. She's leading a masculine-walk workshop.

STUART. Oof. Deliver me.

IDA. (*Of her basket.*) Gave me a project, too.