



Thank you for auditioning for

INTO THE BREECHES

For THEATRE RALEIGH

ROLE: STUART

Present in the room will be director, producing team & casting.

For this audition please prepare:

- The FULL MATERIAL in this packet. You may or may not be asked to read ALL of this at this appointment, but please have it prepared.

INSTRUCTIONS:

Be sure to bring your picture and resume, otherwise we will not have one in the room!

Thanks so much!
W | S Casting

**STUART
SIDE**

SCENE 7. THE FIRE ESCAPE. MOMENTS LATER.

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

START

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 that 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.

STUART

What's that?

IDA

(smiling) You'll see tommorrow.

STUART

Can't wait. You know, I haven't seen you smoke before.

IDA

That's 'cause I don't. But I come out here sometimes. When I want to be alone.

STUART

What's wrong?

IDA

Oh, I went to give blood today. June inspired me. What with her Victory Socks and rubber drives and Junior League.

STUART

I might have some cookies inside if you're light-headed?

IDA

No, it's not that. I never got close to a needle. That nurse looked me in the eye and told me they were all set.

STUART

All set?

IDA

For colored blood.

STUART

Ida, that's absolutely dreadful.

IDA

There's this poem? I don't suppose you read it, it was in the last issue of *Negro Story*?

STUART

I must've let my subscription lapse.

END

IDA

(*getting it*) You're a riot. Anyway, after that nurse - this poem, the last part - it keeps running through my head:

"Goodbye to the days of the jig and shine boy;
And hello, brother.
We will live with you, work with you,
And sing in your songs your sorrow.
We will weep for your dead as we mourn our own,
And place our blood beside yours upon the altar."

STUART

Gee.

IDA

Our blood, Stuart. Yours, mine. It belongs in that blood bank and it belongs here (*the theatre*), together on this altar, on that stage in there.

STUART

I'm not sure I follow.

IDA

I saw what happened to you just now and I - I have a proposition.

(*Stuart sits up.*)

STUART

Do tell.

SCENE 8. THE REHEARSAL ROOM. THE NEXT DAY.

(*All gathered, save Stuart. June, Winifred and Grace are walking in a jaunty fashion about the room, under Celeste's tutelage, rhythm-speaking as they do so. Maggie watches, and Ida stands at the ready, holding her basket.*)

JUNE & WINIFRED & GRACE

Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be!, etc.