

**Scene Five
Backstage
Days Later**

(The singing is broken by:)

STUART. ~~Ten minutes everyone, opening night, ten minutes!~~

~~*(Opening night, everyone running about.
MAGGIE in Andrew's overcoat, STUART in a
combination of drag and stage manager.)*~~

ALL. Thank you, ten.

STUART. ~~*(To himself, nervous.)*~~ Ten minutes, ten minutes,
thank you ten, thank you ten -

MAGGIE. Stuart? Stuart!

~~*(She stops STUART, concerned.)*~~

Are you all right?

STUART. Oh. Fine. I just realized that I'll be, well, in ten
minutes I'll be showing a different side of myself to
everyone in town, a side that perhaps not all of them
were aware of, and I'm -

MAGGIE. Stuart?

STUART. Yes?

MAGGIE. It's your best side.

STUART. You think so?

~~*(MAGGIE nods. STUART smiles.)*~~

Me too. And this is yours.

~~*(He moves on.)*~~

~~Ten minutes everyone, ten minutes!~~

~~*(A WOMAN, demurely dressed, enters.)*~~

WOMAN. Pardon dear, can you help me? I'm looking for
Winifred? To wish her luck?

MAGGIE. I'm sorry, madam, but backstage is only allowed
for - Mr. Snow?!

~~*(And now we see the WOMAN is indeed
ELLSWORTH in awkward drag.)*~~

START

ELLSWORTH. Don't say it too loud, I'm hoping to avoid witnesses.

MAGGIE. Mr. Snow, why are you -?

ELLSWORTH. Winifred asked if I would. A show of solidarity.

MAGGIE. Holy Moses.

ELLSWORTH. I know, I look an utter fool.

MAGGIE. No, it's not that. You really love her, don't you?

ELLSWORTH. Unconditionally.

(They share a moment.)

(Back to himself.) Now, on a less maudlin note, I should warn you...

MAGGIE. Yes?

ELLSWORTH. I've confiscated a few of these -

(He pulls a tomato out of his purse.)

MAGGIE. No!

ELLSWORTH. And it's a full house, there could be hundreds.

I told the ushers to keep an eye out, but -

(MAGGIE takes the tomato from him, stares at it in shock and denial.)

MAGGIE. That's a real...?!

(ELLSWORTH takes her hand.)

ELLSWORTH. *(Sincerely.)* Maggie, I could still refund the tickets and send them all home. It would cripple us, but it's reputation, after all, reputation that matters.

MAGGIE. *(Thinking it over, weighing the tomato.)* ...Reputation. Exactly right. No. A refund would be cowardice. If we're going to bankrupt this theater, we should do it honorably.

ELLSWORTH. I was hoping you'd say that. This madness might work, after all. Winifred recited some lines to me last night? I'm still chuckling.

MAGGIE. It lingers?

ELLSWORTH. It does.

MAGGIE. Well, wait till you see her in action!

ELLSWORTH. You've made her very happy.

MAGGIE. She's done the same for me. And you, as well.

ELLSWORTH. Just doing my job. Now will I find her back-?

MAGGIE. Oh, I'm afraid I've got to send you away, Mr. Snow.
Just like a wedding, bad luck to see the bride.

ELLSWORTH. (*Of his attire.*) How about the groom?

MAGGIE. Still counts.

ELLSWORTH. Well, tell her to, what is it? Break a leg?

MAGGIE. That's right. I will.

ELLSWORTH. Then it's back to my seat with the Women's
Committee. Which, in this case, is more appropriate
than usual.

(He curtsies and exits. MAGGIE turns to find

IDA entering.)

END

MAGGIE. Ida!

(She hides the tomato in her overcoat pocket.)

IDA. (*Of the tomato.*) What's that?

MAGGIE. Nothing, nothing.

*(Puzzled, IDA heads out, but MAGGIE stops her,
noticing something about her costume.)*

Wait, hold on Ida, why is - your patch?

IDA. (*Caught.*) Oh. Yes.

MAGGIE. It's different than everyone - why does it have two
"V"s?

IDA. I traced it out of the *Pittsburgh Courier*. It's for Double
Victory - victory abroad and at home. Equal blood. Is
that...?

MAGGIE. It seems perfectly appropriate.

IDA. Good. (*With a smile.*) 'Cause I would've worn it anyway.

(She exits and STUART enters.)

STUART. Five minutes! Five minutes everyone!

ALL. Thank you, five!

STUART. Let's go! Get those pants on! Once more into the
breeches!

MAGGIE. You've been waiting for that one, haven't you?