

OSCAR. A posting, a job posting. Olstead's? Steel tubing? That's your place, right?

TRACEY. It's not my place, it's where I work.

OSCAR. Yeah, okay...they're looking to hire folks, and I know it gotta pay better than here.

TRACEY. What are you talking about? Olstead's isn't hiring.

OSCAR. That ain't what I heard. They's looking to train packers, shippers... I got the info.

*Oscar takes a folded flier from his pocket.*

TRACEY. Let me see that.

*Tracey takes the flier.*

All I can read is "Olstead's." The rest is gibberish.

OSCAR. No it's Spanish. See there, it gives times when you go down to the plant to fill out an application for training.

TRACEY. This is a joke. I don't think so. No. No. First off, you gotta be in the union.

OSCAR. Not according to the flier.

TRACEY. Well, you got it wrong.

OSCAR. Okay.

TRACEY. You got it wrong!

OSCAR. Okay!

TRACEY. AND that's not how it works. Anyway. You gotta know somebody to get in. My dad worked there, I work there, and my son works there. It's that kinda shop. Always been.

OSCAR. I know you.

TRACEY. You don't know me.

OSCAR. How does someone get in?

TRACEY. Enough with the questions. Your mother didn't teach you to respect your elders?

OSCAR. They're getting pretty lit in there.

TRACEY. Yeah?

OSCAR. Sooo, what are they celebrating?

TRACEY. You know, Cynthia.

OSCAR. Yeah.

TRACEY. Well, she just got promoted last week. They gave her a frigging cushion of a job. A recliner. And I wish she'd just shut up about it already.

OSCAR. I thought you guys was friends.

TRACEY. Yeah, we're friends. So? You don't get sick of your friends sometimes?

*Tracey draws on her cigarette.*

You know how long I been working at the plant? Forget it... Never mind, it's not important... But, I know the floor as good as Cynthia. I do. You wanna know the truth, the only reason I didn't get the job is because Butz tried to fuck me and I wouldn't let him, and he told everyone in management that I'm unstable. I'm not unstable. I'm like—

OSCAR. That's some shit.

TRACEY. Yeah. It sucks. And, I betcha they wanted a minority. I'm not prejudice, but that's how things are going these days. I got eyes. They get tax breaks or something.

OSCAR. I dunno about all that.

TRACEY. It's a fact. That's how things are going. And I'm not prejudice, I say, you are who you are, you know? I'm cool with everyone. But, I mean... C'mon...you guys coming over here, you can get a job faster than—

OSCAR. I was born here.

TRACEY. Still...you wasn't born here, Berks.

OSCAR. Yeah, I was.

TRACEY. Yeah? Well, my family's been here a long time. Since the '20s, okay? They built the house that I live in. They built this town. My grandfather was German, and he could build anything. Cabinets, fine furniture, anything. He had these amazing hands. Sturdy. Meaty. Real firm. You couldn't shake his hand without feeling his presence, feeling his power. And those hands, let me tell you, they were solid, worker hands, you know, and they really, really knew how to make things. Beautiful things. I'm not talking about now, how you got these guys who can patch a hole with spackle and think they're the shit.