

That's all I need to know.

TRACEY. Hey Stan, how many years did you put in before the injury?

STAN. Twenty-eight.

TRACEY. And in those twenty-eight years you ever see anyone move off the floor?

STAN. ...Um, no...wait, wait...there was Griff Parker.

TRACEY. Yeah, but he left, went to college came back as management. They didn't pluck him off the line. Doesn't count.

CYNTHIA. Shit, you wanna be fifty and standing on your feet for ten hours a day? Titties sagging into the machines. I got bunions the size of damn apples. / My back—

TRACEY. Bla...bla. Write a book.

CYNTHIA. Don't know about you, but I can feel my body slowing down, a little every day. I go home and my hands are frozen, I can't even hold a frying pan. I gotta rub 'em together for an hour before they even move.

TRACEY. But be serious, Butz's job?

CYNTHIA. I know the machines. I know the people.

TRACEY. Hold on, hold on. You're really gonna apply?! No bullshit.

CYNTHIA. All they can do is say no, right Stan?

STAN. That's right.

*A moment.*

TRACEY. Well... If that's the case, maybe I should throw my name into the mix. Right? I need a vacation. I got the same experience you got. But, I mean none of us girls are gonna get it, right?

CYNTHIA. Things've been helluva lot better since Olstead's grandson took over—

STAN. Gimme a break. That place hasn't changed since I walked in there in '69. Not a light bulb, not one single nut or bolt. As a matter of fact it hasn't changed much since my grandfather began working there in '22. Good luck, sweetheart. I don't know him, but I can tell you that Olstead's grandson is the same brand of asshole as all of 'em, stuffing his pockets rather than improving the floor.

CYNTHIA. / Word.

STAN. Now, the old man, he used to be on the floor every single day. I didn't like him, but I respected him for it. You know why?

TRACEY. He was a prick and a perv—

STAN. Because he knew what was going on, and you can only know that by being there. A machine was broken, he knew. A worker was having trouble, he knew. You don't see the young guys out there. They find it offensive to be on the floor with their Wharton MBAs. And the problem is they don't wanna get their feet dirty, their diplomas soiled with sweat...or understand the real cost, the human cost of making their shitty product.

CYNTHIA. Amen to that.

JESSIE. (*Offstage.*) Oh, shit.

*Offstage: crash and a thud.*

STAN. Hey, maybe one of you should check on Jessie.

TRACEY. Nah, she's fine.

CYNTHIA. Did you check out what she's wearing? Looks like her prom dress.

TRACEY. Probably was.

*Jessie reenters unseen. Her dress is caught up in the back of her underwear.*

CYNTHIA. I love that woman, but she's gonna drag us all down with her.

JESSIE. Who?

CYNTHIA. Don't worry about it, babe.

JESSIE. Were you talking about me?

CYNTHIA. We're just talking.

JESSIE. Okay.

*A moment.*

Stan, can I get another gim—

STAN. No! N-O.

JESSIE. You're bullshit.

STAN. I can live with that.