

CYNTHIA. I just delivered the news, babe. I didn't make the policy.

JESSIE. (*Shouts.*) You're supposed to be on our side!

CYNTHIA. (*Shouts back.*) I am!

TRACEY. Do you know what it felt like to walk up to that plant, and be told after all them years I can't go in? I can't even go into my locker and get my stuff. I have photos of my husband in there. I have my grandfather's toolbox.

CYNTHIA. I'll get it for you, babe.

TRACEY. I don't want you to touch anything in that locker! They didn't even have the decency to let us clear out with dignity. A note taped to the door, what is that? And then to see you just standing there. I thought I was gonna lose my shit.

CYNTHIA. I tried to warn you. I hated it.

TRACEY. I looked for your eyes. Just gimme something Cynth. A little look, to let me know it's okay, but you wouldn't even fucking look at me.

CYNTHIA. I'm in a tough-ass position, babe. I got enough attitude from folks to give me a heart attack. I'm trying to hold things together as best as I can.

TRACEY. What the fuck am I supposed to do? Huh? You coulda called me. Given me a heads up. I mean come on. What am I supposed to do? Who's gonna hire me?

CYNTHIA. I know it hurts, babe. Take the deal.

TRACEY. NO! You hear yourself?

JESSIE. Can I have a beer, Stan?

STAN. Sure.

TRACEY. The other day, I walked over to the union office. Do you know what they offered me? A bag of groceries and some vouchers to the supermarket. They asked us to hold out, they're gonna help. Yeah, pay my fucking bills, that's how you can help. But, you know how many people were there for handouts? I looked for your eyes. Gimme something, Cynth. It was fucking humiliating.

CYNTHIA. Look, I'm sorry.

TRACEY. What am I supposed to do with that? Huh? What do you

want me to do with that? You know what? This is my first time outta my house in one solid week. Do you know what it's like to get up and have no place to go? I ain't had the feeling ever. I'm a worker. I have worked since I could count money. That's me. And I'm thinking I'm not gonna go out, you know why? Because I don't wanna spend money, because when my unemployment runs out I'll have nothing. So, I don't go anywhere. And if Jessie hadn't called me, I'd still be sitting on my couch feeling sorry for myself, picking at my fucking cuticles. Why'd you come in here? Huh? What do you want?

CYNTHIA. It's my birthday. And this is where we've always celebrated.

*A moment. Tracey lights a cigarette.*

TRACEY. Do you remember that time we went to Atlantic City for your twenty-fifth?

CYNTHIA. Yeah, it was before Hank got sick.

TRACEY. The boys Jason and Chris were little. It was the four of us. You, Brucie, me, and Hank. We splurged, got a suite.

CYNTHIA. Of course I remember... It was for the fight. Larry Holmes.

TRACEY. That's right. Hank had a friend, a high roller, and after the fight he invited us to one of those back-room clubs, you know very fancy. Champagne, buffet, seafood fountain, everything, really classy stuff.

CYNTHIA. Why are you bringing this up, Tracey?

TRACEY. Brucie was at the craps table rolling like a pro. Drenched in luck. It was just dripping off of him. The chips were leaping into his hands. And if I recall, he was also looking sorta fine that evening.

CYNTHIA. Yes, he was.

TRACEY. And then this chick.

CYNTHIA. C'mon, stop—

TRACEY. Yes. This chick. Legs, ass, boobs, weave. She was giving a full service vibe, "walks" up and settles in next to Brucie—

JESSIE. Settles?

TRACEY. Her breasts were enormous, epic. Her dress, barely visible. I'm not a lesbian, but I couldn't take my eyes off of her boobs.

CYNTHIA. Why are you telling this story?