

JASON. Yo!

CHRIS. Quick—

BRUCIE. I was just wondering whether you could spot me—

CHRIS. Now's not a good time.

JASON. Yo! Let's—

BRUCIE. (*Smiling.*) Gotcha, but it only takes five seconds to reach into your pocket.

CHRIS. Yeah, and a whole week of work to replace what's in there.

BRUCIE. What about you, Jason?

JASON. Sorry, Brucie.

BRUCIE. I'm getting some benefits next week. The check hasn't come.

JASON. Can't do it.

BRUCIE. All right I hear you. But... Wait, wait, wait. Chris? C'mon?

*Chris crosses in for a hug.*

CHRIS. Ten. That's all I can spare.

BRUCIE. Easy breezy, not complaining, thank you.

CHRIS. Listen, we really gotta go.

BRUCIE. Why are you rushing? What's happening?

JASON. Dunno, but Wilson says they moved three of the mills outta the factory over the long weekend.

BRUCIE. What?

JASON. Don't ask me. All I know is he passed by there about an hour ago to pick up something from his locker, and the machines were gone.

CHRIS. Gone...

JASON. Fucking assholes. He's calling everyone.

BRUCIE. What are you talking about?

CHRIS. Gone. Removed. / Gone.

JASON. Like not fucking there.

CHRIS. They posted a sign on the door, nobody was supposed to see it until tomorrow morning.

JASON. A list of names. Me, Chris—our names are on it.

BRUCIE. What do you think it means?

JASON. I don't know, but I'm gonna find out—

BRUCIE. Sly muthafuckas—

CHRIS. Makes you wanna hit somebody.

JASON. We're going by the plant, I wanna see it for myself.

BRUCIE. And your mom? She know about this?

CHRIS. Man, I hope she didn't.

*Brucie laughs, knowingly.*

What's funny?

BRUCIE. I'm not laughing at you, shit. I'm just sorry to hear it. I know I'm not in the best position to give advice, but this is just the first step. They're gonna come at you. My two cents, take the small concessions.

CHRIS. What are you talkin' about?

BRUCIE. Cuz when we walked out of the textile mill thinking big, they locked us out, beat down our optimism and we couldn't get back in. And nearly two years later there ain't a damn thing we can do about it. Don't let them bring those temps in; fight it. Because once they do, you're out. You hear me? I wouldn't have said that six months ago, but I'm telling you truth.

JASON. Man, I pray it don't come to that.

BRUCIE. Get down on your knees, son...

JASON. ...C'mon, Chris, let's move.

*Brucie holds out the ten dollars.*

BRUCIE. Here, I'll make do. Believe me, you're gonna need this. No machines, no jobs.

That's pretty simple arithmetic.

JASON. Fuck / that!

CHRIS. Let's move!

### End of Act One