

STAN. Come on, let me buy you one... It's okay. What're you drinking?

De-escalating.

BRUCIE. Same.

STAN. C'mon, sit. Let it go. Don't worry.

Tense. Stan pours Brucie a drink.

BRUCIE. (To Stan.) She's playing games.

STAN. Don't worry about it.

CYNTHIA. He's like clockwork. Thursday. Paycheck.

TRACEY. You want me to talk to him?

CYNTHIA. Nah. It'll just make him crazier.

Brucie stares at Cynthia.

TRACEY. Don't even look at him.

CYNTHIA. He's gonna sit there just to fuck with me.

JESSIE. Stay strong!

*The women actively ignore Brucie. He mouths "Cynthia."
Finally—*

(To Brucie.) Why don't you leave her alone?!

BRUCIE. Why don't you relax your mouth?!

CYNTHIA. Don't talk to her that way!

Brucie demonstratively places his hands over his heart.

BRUCIE. Synth? Babe?

STAN. Brucie...

BRUCIE. You're not being fair.

CYNTHIA. Who's not being fair?! Where are my muthafucking fish, Brucie? Huh?

Cynthia suddenly gets up from the table and marches towards Brucie.

JESSIE. (To Brucie.) You got some nerve! TRACEY. Don't.

BRUCIE. Just wanna talk.

CYNTHIA. Here I am! Talk!

Brucie gently takes her hand.

TRACEY. Cynthia!

BRUCIE. Hey, mouth, give us a second.

TRACEY. You don't have any respect for women.

BRUCIE. No, I don't have no respect for you. So shut up!

TRACEY. And YOU wonder why your wife won't talk to you.

BRUCIE. ...Can you just give us some room?

CYNTHIA. (To Tracey.) I got this.

A moment.

What do you want, Brucie?

BRUCIE. I keep trying to explain.

Brucie produces a piece of paper.

CYNTHIA. What's that?

He hands it to Cynthia. She reads.

BRUCIE. I'm in a program.

CYNTHIA. And is having a drink part of that program?

BRUCIE. It's not the same.

CYNTHIA. I beg to differ.

BRUCIE. That's all you gotta say?

CYNTHIA. Whatcha want me to say?

BRUCIE. Just wanna show you I'm trying.

CYNTHIA. K.

BRUCIE. And?

CYNTHIA. We done?

Brucie folds the paper and puts it in his pocket.

BRUCIE. Yeah.

CYNTHIA. K. Nice piece of paper. Maybe I'd be impressed if it was a pay stub. You call your son?

BRUCIE. How's he doing?

CYNTHIA. Good. Evolution. Chris tell you his news?

BRUCIE. Nah.

CYNTHIA. He got into Albright.