

*Perhaps Chris and Cynthia have been lingering in the shadows. Seamlessly we transition to Cynthia's sparse apartment. Cynthia, nervous and excited, scrambles into the room. She wears a nursing home maintenance uniform.*

*She picks up a couple take-out food containers littering the floor.*

CHRIS. So. This is where is you live?

CYNTHIA. Yeah. It's what I could manage for now. You hungry?

CHRIS. Nah. Where should I put my stuff?

CYNTHIA. Anywhere.

*Chris looks around, and he drops his bag.*

CHRIS. You didn't mention you moved.

CYNTHIA. No?

CHRIS. What happened to the house?

CYNTHIA. I got behind... You wanna drink or something?

CHRIS. Nah.

CYNTHIA. Why didn't you let me know you got out? I had to hear it from the grapevine.

CHRIS. I just needed some time. Still trying to get adjusted. Get my head back.

CYNTHIA. How long have you been out?

CHRIS. Six weeks?

CYNTHIA. Why didn't you call me? I woulda picked you up.

CHRIS. I dunno, I didn't wanna bother you.

CYNTHIA. Don't get it mixed up. You're staying here.

*Chris fidgets with the Bible in his hand.*

What's that?

CHRIS. It's my Bible.

CYNTHIA. A Bible?

CHRIS. Yeah, a Bible.

CYNTHIA. I heard you got all Churchy.

CHRIS. I don't know what you heard, but this book saved my life.

CYNTHIA. Why don't you sit down? You're making me nervous just hovering there. Sit. Relax. You're home.

*Chris sits on the couch. Cynthia smiles, trying to break the ice.*

You got sorta mannish, huh? Put on weight since my last visit. You look different.

CHRIS. So do you. You okay?

CYNTHIA. Yeah. Yeah.

CHRIS. How are things?

CYNTHIA. Good. Good.

CHRIS. You, um, working?

CYNTHIA. I got some hours over at the university, maintenance. Also working at the nursing home, on weekends. Piecing things together. You know me, I'm a worker. Get restless otherwise.

CHRIS. Yeah. I walked around... Saw that Snookie's place closed.

CYNTHIA. Yeah.

CHRIS. Ran into...um...

CYNTHIA. Who?

CHRIS. Folks.

CYNTHIA. I'm sorry I couldn't get out to see you the last couple months, it got too expensive.

CHRIS. Um.

CYNTHIA. Everybody's been asking me about when you was getting out. But all those damn years you'd just become X's marked off on the calendar and it made me crazy. God... You know after everything. I wanna say that...

*Cynthia fights back emotions.*

I'm sorry.

CHRIS. For what?

CYNTHIA. It's just, I shoulda...

*Chris places his arms around Cynthia.*

CHRIS. C'mon. C'mon. I don't want this to be a big deal. Tell me about what's been going on. You hear from the old gang? Tracey?

CYNTHIA. Fuck her. After what went down. We don't really—