

STAN. Two.

TRACEY. Not technically.

STAN. Oh really?

TRACEY. Really!

*Tracey laughs. She's a laugher, it's her refuge. Oscar, 20s, the Colombian busboy, hauls in a rack of glasses. He wipes down the bar. He goes about his business, rarely acknowledged by anyone except Stan.*

STAN. Thanks, Oscar.

CYNTHIA. Okay. I love you, but I'm officially drunk b-dunk, which means I gotta go.

TRACEY. No...

CYNTHIA. Got an early shift.

TRACEY. Frank can kiss my ass. Jesus, haven't you done enough overtime?

CYNTHIA. Babe, come hell or high water, I'm taking that cruise through the Panama Canal this summer.

TRACEY. One more drink. One. It's my birthday. C'mon, c'mon. Stan, pour this bitch another drink!

CYNTHIA. Okay. But, if I lose a finger in the mill, it'll be your fault. Remember that. It's her fault!

STAN. It's her fault!

*Tracey gives Cynthia a hug. Stan chuckles and pours Cynthia's drink.*

CYNTHIA. You gonna have a drink with us?

TRACEY. One...

STAN. Sure. Two pretty ladies. No down side to that.

TRACEY. Watch what he's putting in there. That's how I got into trouble last time.

STAN. *(Seductively.)* Oh, c'mon, trouble?

What a night! A lot of folks turned out to celebrate.

TRACEY. It was fun, huh? Never thought I'd make it to this age.

STAN. Tell me about it. Hadn't seen some of those guys in ages. And I was kinda hopin' I'd see Brucie.

*A moment. Tracey looks to Cynthia.*

CYNTHIA. Well, don't hold your breath. I put his ass out.

STAN. Oh no. What happened?

CYNTHIA. I let him move back in.

TRACEY. / Told ya.

CYNTHIA. You know Brucie, he can be as smooth as satin. Turn that shit on and off at the drop of a dime. Things were going fine, then come Christmas Day, we've got this nice bottle of Chablis. He's looking dapper. I'm dressed for danger. We're laughing, chilling and having fun. And...we talk. I mean, talk. It's all good. We drink wine, we drink some more wine, then we do what you do after you drink too much wine. Middle of the night—

TRACEY. Listen to this—

CYNTHIA. I go downstairs. My Christmas presents under the tree are gone—

STAN. / Get outta here.

CYNTHIA. AND my fish tank with my expensive new tropical fish, gone.

STAN. Don't tell me—

CYNTHIA. A week later, New Year's Eve, I wake up. And this fool's digging in the refrigerator like he actually put something there. High as a muthafucking kite. Says nothing. No apology. Nada. I damn near lost my mind. Brucie was lucky I wasn't holding a gun, cuz right now he'd be in hell trying to hustle the devil.

STAN. That don't sound like him.

CYNTHIA. The hell it don't, let me tell you something, once he started messing with that dope, I don't recognize the man. I know it's tough out there, I understand. Yeah, yeah, yeah. He went through hell when his plant locked him out, I understand, but I can't have it.

TRACEY. More importantly, you don't / have to.

STAN. So, what—?

CYNTHIA. I tell that joker, it's time to go. Bye-bye. And we get into it. Police come down, chest-pumped, I get cuffed, photographed, and fingerprinted for disorderly conduct in my own damn house.