

## ACT TWO

### Scene 1

October 13<sup>th</sup>, 2008

*Outside it's 79°F. Inside the news: The Dow Jones gains 916 points, its largest gain ever, following news that the government-funded bank bailouts were approved around the world. In Berks County, Pennsylvania, power shut-offs for delinquent utility customers rise 111% over previous year.*

*Tracey's bleak apartment. It is as if everything has been sold off in a fire sale.*

TRACEY. You gonna talk or are you waiting for me to dance for you?

JASON. It took a lot of nerve for me to ring the bell.

TRACEY. Ding dong, that's real hard.

JASON. I didn't wanna come, but I thought you might be kinda happy to see me. You got anything to drink?

TRACEY. Who told you you could sit down?

JASON. I'm sitting cuz I'm tired.

TRACEY. Why the fuck did you do that to your face?

JASON. They're just tats. Get over it

TRACEY. Well, it looks stupid.

*Tracey hands Jason five dollars.*

JASON. This is all you got?

TRACEY. You know what, leave it there. I don't need this shit right now. You call me up outta the blue. "Ma, I need money!" I almost didn't answer. What if I didn't answer? Huh? What would you do then?

*Jason examines the bill.*

JASON. Seriously? Five dollars, what's that, three cigarettes and a Slurpee? When I called you, you said you had money. I traveled all

the way here for this? Fucking hell.

TRACEY. Sorry to inconvenience you. I had the money, but—

JASON. Shit. Really?

*A moment. It becomes evident that Tracey is strung out.*

How long has that been going on?

TRACEY. How long what?

JASON. Don't fuck with me, you know exactly what I'm talkin' about.

TRACEY. That's very rich coming from you. Gimme back my money, and get the fuck outta here.

JASON. You look like shit.

TRACEY. I look like shit? Have you looked in the mirror lately?

JASON. Is this really all you got?

TRACEY. Yeah. I'm not running a money farm.

JASON. I didn't believe Fat Henry when he said you were strung out.

TRACEY. Fat Henry needs to mind his business. It's for my back pain.

JASON. Aspirin won't do?

TRACEY. Ha, ha. Very funny. You have no idea. You...Have... No...Idea!

JASON. OKAY!

TRACEY. We done?

JASON. ...

TRACEY. When can I git it back?

JASON. You want this five dollars back?

TRACEY. Yeah. I want it back. Tomorrow?

JASON. You know what, never mind. This is too much trouble.

TRACEY. Fine. Give it here.

*She grows antsy. She needs a fix. Jason extends the money, and she snatches it from him. Desperate.*

JASON. Jesus, look at you.

TRACEY. What?!

JASON. How the fuck did this happen?