

SWEAT CYNTHIA/STAN/JESSIE

STAN – Whiskey?

CYNTHIA- Double, babe.

STAN – Jeez. How's the new job?

CYNTHIA – Exhausting.

JESSIE – As long as they fix the air conditioning this summer, I'm happy.

CYNTHIA – It's number sixteen on my very long list, babe, don't hold your breath.

STAN – Look at you. You got a list?

CYNTHIA – I also got a desk, whoa, and a computer.

STAN – What!

JESSIE – I seen it, she ain't lyin'

STAN – I mean shit, all those years on the floor. That must taste sweet.

CYNTHIA – Sweet don't even begin to describe it, babe. First day, I park. Get out, and immediately head for the floor, it's a reflex. I just do it, get to the door, same as usual, I smell the oil and metal dust, I hear the machinery churning and feel the energy of the room. I go to my station, say, 'Hey lance, Becky,' get ready, my body knows it's there to pack tubes. That's what I do. I fire up the machine, but everyone's looking at me, and Tracey says "What the fuck you doing here?" Then I remember, I can go sit down.

JESSIE – Yes you can!

CYNTHIA – I'm not wearing my Carhartt, not gonna be on my feet for ten hours, I loosen my support belt, I don't have to worry about my fingers cramping or the blood blister o my left foot. I can stop sweating because goddamn the office has air conditioning. These muthafuckers got air conditioning.

JESSIE – Of course they do.

CYNTHIA – Twenty four years, and I can't remember talking to anyone in the office, except to do paperwork. I mean, some of these folks have been working there as long as us, but they're as unfamiliar as a stranger sitting next to you on a bus. It's like looking at a map, and discovering that you're only a few miles away from the ocean. But you didn't know because it was on the other side of the damn mountains.

JESSIE – I'm so proud of you! You got off the fucking floor.