CYNTHIA - You gonna have a drink with us?

STAN – Sure, two pretty ladies. No downside to that.

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

STAN – 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 hoping I'd see Brucie.

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

STAN – Oh no. What happened?

CYNTHIA – You know Brucie, he can be smooth as satin. Turn that shit on and off at the drop of a dime. Things were going fine, then 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 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 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.

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.