

**SCENE TEN: CUTTING HOURS**

HALO sitting at home, drinking a beer. TERRY is on Halo's cell.

TERRY

Yes.

Yes.

Of course.

I do. I understand you have to balance the schedule, but I have five fewer hours this period.

No, No, I know it varies a little. But it was three fewer a month ago and it never went back up, so when you add that up, I'm working eight hours less a period? That seems like a lot. And I know Dianne was seeing the same...well, the same trend and—

Yes. I just think that, you know, with seniority, if it comes down to one person's preferences over another's, that um...What was that?

Well, yes.

Yes, I understand and I appreciate it, but...

No, no I don't want to do that.

No, I...I'm sure.

Yes, we can do that. Thank you. Goodbye.

TERRY stares at the phone like it's a lump of shit.

HALO

No luck?

TERRY

We're gonna revisit it next month. Which is management for get the fuck off the phone, darlin', you're wasting my time.

HALO

But it's a thing, right? Like it's a real pattern.

TERRY

Oh no. It's a coincidence the people nearing pension time are the ones losing hours. But I brought that up and she explained they're just thinking about our health. Poor old souls on our feet all day. Conscientious fucks.

HALO

What about the union?

TERRY

Please, they caved fighting for a buck-fifty raise. You think they're gonna give a shit about this?  
How do I get back to the phone?

HALO

Just swipe and it's at the bottom.

TERRY

I've got to get Warren to fix my phone again.  
Okay, I did something. There's a—Is this a text? "Still ok if I come. Going to ask Mom."

HALO

Elle messaging me.

HALO takes back the phone.

HALO (CONT'D)

She asked if she could stop by the gym during training.

TERRY

That's a brilliant idea. Teach a thirteen year old how to pile drive somebody.

HALO

She just wanted to watch.

TERRY

Uh-huh. Monkey see, monkey do. You gonna tell her you're not doing that anymore?

HALO continues staring at the message.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Come on, hurry up. I gotta call Dianne.

HALO hands her the phone back.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You gonna answer her?

HALO

Later.

TERRY

Shit. What's Dianne's number? All my numbers are in my goddamn dead-ass phone.

TERRY exits.