***Sweat***

Audition Sides – Brucie

*Absolutely no expectation for you to have this memorized. Give it all you’ve got and don’t be afraid! – Cleopatra*

1.

I’m not receiving that message! Last week, I was at the union office signing up for some bullshit training and this old white cat, whatever, gets in my face, talking about how we took his job. We? I asked him who he was talking about, and he pointed at me. ME? (. . .) October 2nd, 1952, my father picked his last bale of cotton. He packed his razor and a Bible and headed North. Ten days later he has a job at Dixon’s Hosieries. He clawed his way up from the filth of the yard to Union Rep, fighting for fucking assholes just like that cat. So, I don’t understand it. This damn blame game, I got enough of that in my marriage.

2.

I’m not laughing at you, shit I’m just sorry to hear it. I know I’m not in the best position to give advice, but this is just the first step. They’re gonna come at you. My two cents, take the small concessions. (. . .) Cuz when we walked out of the textile mill thinking big, they locked us out, beat down our optimism and we couldn’t get back in. And nearly two years later there ain’t a damn thing we can do about it. Don’t let them bring those temps in⎯fight it. Because once they do, you’re out. You hear me? I wouldn’t have said that six months ago, but I’m telling you the truth. (. . .) Here, I’ll make do. Believe me, you’re gonna need this. No machines, no jobs. That’s pretty simple arithmetic.