***Sweat***

Audition Sides – Stan

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

Getting injured was the best thing that ever happened to me. Got me out of that vortex. Three generations on the floor. Loyal as hell, I never imagined working anywhere else. I get injured. I’m in the hospital for nearly two months. I can’t walk. Can’t feel my toes. Not one of those Olstead fuckers called to check on me, to say, “I’m sorry for not fixing the machine.” They knew that machine was trouble. Ramsay, Smitz⎯everyone wrote it up (. . .) The only time I heard from Olstead is when they sent their hard-ass lawyer to the hospital, ‘cause they didn’t want me to sue. Fucking pricks. Twenty-eight years. That’s when I understood. That’s when I knew, I was nobody to them. Nobody! Three generations of loyalty to the same company. This is America, right? You’d think that would mean something. They behave like they’re doing you a goddamn favor.