

DELLA

We'll have enough to make it to Christmas. Jim, I can make us a beautiful dinner. I'm sure I can talk Mr. Chandler into giving us a break on some ground beef. I've been wanting to make you my mother's meatloaf anyway.

And that is exactly what you have done and that's exactly what I know you'll continue to do Jim. You are going to get up just like you have every morning without yesterday's baggage, with your head held high, and you are going to do what you do best. Keep this family secure. You will wear that uniform because this job, no matter the dilemma, is what you enjoy doing. You are respected at the station. The boys adore you. Show that to the new management. Tomorrow is a new day Jim. A day of endless possibilities. We have the choice to do the same thing we did yesterday or make a new choice today. You decide what you want to do.

Every night before bed my mother would call me into her bedroom and I would sit between her legs as she sang to me my numbers. She would brush my hair and count. Counting turned into talking, and before I knew it, I was 13 with this long beautiful hair that I didn't understand how to handle. My mother loved me and cared for me. She was the only person that touch my hair. No one touched my hair, including myself. When my mother became ill and I had to tend for myself I freaked out. I was scared to ruin it. My mother's hands were golden. It took me years to learn how to care for it like her. Part of Christmas is marking the end and the beginning. Looking back on everything this year has brought, I can use a fresh start.

JIM

It's not greed. The union was supposed to fight for us and protect us. Why did it take them six months to put us back to work? I understand what strike has cost the city but I just want to work. Sitting here day after day after day not knowing if today's board meeting will be the end or if it would pushed another week or the fact that, that phone could ring and we could lose our jobs at any point. Della, I'm restless.

I'm tired of people giving me a break. I used to be proud to wear this uniform, Getting up every morning earning a living for you and me. I promised your father that I was going to take good care of his daughter. Be a man. I was respected. Look at as an equal not less than. I could go into the store and have the choice to say yes I want that, and no I'm just looking. Ever since this strike, I feel like everyone knows what's not in my pocket and assumes I need a break, I need help, I need a handout.

Della, I want children. Twins. A boy and a girl. I want a little girl with my smile and long beautiful hair like her mama running to the door cause Daddy's home. I want a little boy with your eyes and my ears running up and down the hall practicing the latest song you've taught him for Sunday Service. I'm barely keeping a roof over our heads and all I want is the opportunity to work. To get up every day and make an honest life for us.

MILLIE

Those people? Robert have you forgotten where I am from? Those people are my people. They're our people. Why do you always have to pick a fight, have the last word, gloat about your wealth? All I asked was for one evening of fun and good conversation. Its the holidays Robert but instead you thought it was better to go blow for blow and plow the entire night down to the drain. No they aren't but I wish you were more like them. Those were good folks, honest folks, working folks. You can't blame one man for an entire movement. They've lived a tough year, they don't need you to make them feel like they don't belong. You of all people should understand that. You talk this big game about feeling guilty for buying heirlooms from people across the bridge, but when they are standing right in front you, you choose to belittle their circumstance. What is the point Robert? What is the point of having all this wealth if its only going to be us at the top. Its lonely up here. You spend every minute you can flipping, and I say nothing. Your up before the sun and never home for dinner and still I say nothing. I'm lucky if I get five minutes of you not rambling about work, or the strike, or something we have no control of but I say nothing. I listen to you. I hear you. I let you vent because I know that you mean well but what about us, what about me? It's the holidays Robert. You have been blessed. Given gifts that have changed your life but I don't know when you became so selfish.

Robert I will have my Christmas and I hope my Rob, the man that swept me off my feet and gave me his name will be by my side celebrating this wonderful time of year.

ROBERT

(self-centered, not caring)

Millie my privilege has nothing to do with the chaos that exists because of the transit company. We have put in countless hours of hard work into our companies to get them to where they are today. There is no reason why we have to suffer because they don't know how to run their businesses. Millie Mill. They haven't worked since summer. Do you understand how slow Christmas will be this year at the shops? Everyone has been inside saving every penny they can to make it through the strike and now that the strike has ended and a new company s taking over, things are just as bad as they were before. The only thing that has changed is today, when we open, automobiles won't be honking down each other, they'll be honking down the empty trollies.

(after his spirit is broken and he starts to care)

You're a good man Jim, I believe that. An honest man. Just as hardworking as myself or the next man, life played our cards together this holiday season and I appreciate that. Millie adores Della and despite what difference we may have that brings me joy. After all it is the holidays. I want you to know that you are always welcome in my home and the shop. It's the holidays and we should be celebrating. What's mine is your. Come by the shop some time and I can show some of watches I leave for my special customer. You can get your watch polished to start the new year.