

AINSLEY
(To Arlene, beneath her breath.)

Like you?

JO

Ainsley...

AINSLEY
(To Jo.)

You heard her last night? Agreeing with that bozo?

ARLENE
I didn't mean it like—I was supporting my husband.

AINSLEY
Uh-huh.

A moment.

ARLENE
Jo, some people down the wrong routes in life and trucking gives...gave them a route. We were trashed before we were trucking. Passed out lying in our own vomit on Wulf Road. Coulda died if Haygen hadn't pulled us off the road, got us into trucking. When you got nowhere to go towards, the easiest stop is the bottom of a bottle. Can't stop. Like – they call it what's that term we learned in school? Some kind of energy that doesn't move but wants to?

AINSLEY
Potential energy?

ARLENE
Potential energy. Yeah. That's always stuck with me. That things want to move. Some of us, we've got the need to go – to just go – and then when you got nowhere to be – you go down. And now we've got these cabs just sitting there. Like beasts in our driveway. We've got these powerful vehicles and they're useless. Worse than useless. Those fuckers bankrupted us. I need Cliff at 100% right now. Not 20. Okay?

JO
So, maybe he just needs you to motivate him.

ARLENE
Yeah, fine. But he also don't need to drink. Say what you want about him, but he lifts me when I'm down. Help me out here.

JO
That all?