

OUT OF THE FURNACE

RODNEY

Hey.

RUSSELL

Let me see your hands.

RODNEY

What?

(RODNEY starts to leave)

RUSSELL

Rodney, come here, let me see your hands.

RODNEY

Come on man. I don't need this shit.

RUSSELL

Is that the best you can do?

(RUSSELL pulls out bloody rags)

RODNEY

What do you think I should do?

RUSSELL

What do I think you should do? I don't know, shovel asphalt for the highway department, sell fucking shoes, or come work at the mill. Come work at the mill. I told you Rich will give you a job.

RODNEY

Man, I'd rather be fucking dead, fuck the mill.

RUSSELL

Fuck the mill? I work the mill you little fucker. It was good enough for me it was good enough for our dad.

RODNEY

The fucking mill killed our dad!

RUSSELL

Just don't be too proud to work for a living. There's nothing wrong in that.

RODNEY

What did you say?

RUSSELL

There's nothing wrong with working for a living.

RODNEY

Working for a living, what do you call this mother fucker?

(shows huge battle wound)

Is that working for a living? Is it working for a living when I carried my best friends legs under this arm, and the rest of him under this arm? I saw a baby with its fucking head cut off, I saw a pile of fucking feet on the street, and I had to clean it up. I gave my fucking life for this country. That's not work? And what's it done for me, what's it fucking done for me! Fuck you.