

OUT OF THE FURNACE

(In the Off Track Betting place.)

RODNEY

Come on Six. Come on Six. Come on Six. He's pulling up on the fucking reins. Why's he pulling up on the fucking reins? God...fucking...are you kidding me? Hey man is this...that was race eight right there on TV two? Are you sure? Are you fucking kidding me? (Goes to exit and runs in to RUSSELL.) Hey man, what, what are you doing here?

RUSSELL

What are you doing here?

RODNEY

Huh? What are you doing here?

RUSSELL

You playing ponies now?

RODNEY

Nah, I don't know, just trying to make a little dough! (Aside) Son of a bitch! (to Russell) What man...you gonna give me some shit?

RUSSELL

I ain't giving you shit, I'm just wondering where you're getting the money to bet with.

RODNEY

Borrowed it.

RUSSELL

Yeah?

RODNEY

Yep!

RUSSELL

Who from? Huh? Who from?

RODNEY

John Petty. Mother Fucker gave me a tip that didn't pay off!

RUSSELL

Of course he did! How much he loan you?

RODNEY

I don't even know.

RUSSELL

You don't even know...you know...how much? How much?

RODNEY

Fifteen hundred.

RUSSELL

Fuck me Rodney. Where you gonna get that money to pay him back with, huh? And what else you gonna owe him? You gotta check coming in from somewhere or...?

RODNEY

No.

RUSSELL

No? Cause I aint got that kinda cash laying around to bail you out.

RODNEY

I didn't ask you to bail me out.

RUSSELL

Don't fuck around with John Petty.

RODNEY

I'm not fucking around with him. He gave me a fucking tip. It didn't pay off!

RUSSELL

Let me see your hands.

RODNEY

What?

RUSSELL

Let me see your hands! Rodney....come here. Let me see your fucking hands. (He inspects Rodney's knuckles. Rodney eventually pulls them away.)

RODNEY

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

(Russell pulls out the bloody knuckle wrap Rodney used in his last fight.)

RUSSELL

Is that the best you can do?

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. Come work at the mill! Come work at the mill...I told you, Roach will give you a job...

RODNEY

No, man. I'd rather be fuckin dead. Fuck the mill.

RUSSELL

Fuck the mill? I work at the mill you little fucker! It's good enough for me it was good enough for are dad.

RODNEY

The fucking mill killed our dad!

RUSSELL

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

RODNEY

What'd you say?

RUSSELL

There's nothing wrong with working for a living.

RODNEY

Working for a living? What do you call this mother fucker? (He lifts his shirt and shows his war scar.) 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 fucking baby with his fucking head cut off. I saw a fucking pile of feet in the middle of 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? Huh? WHAT THE FUCK HAS IT DONE FOR ME???? AAAAAAAGGGGHHHH!!! Fuck You!