

SWEAT STAN / BRUCIE

STAN – They bring in temps?

BRUCIE – Yeah, mostly Spanish cats, whatever. Cross the line, they work 'em to the bone, then get a fresh batch in three months.

STAN – Fuck 'em. You can do better.

BRUCIE – I know a coupla cats have moved on, but if we win this new contract at the textile mill, there's a big payout. That's why I'm holding out. They're trying to break the union.

STAN – Can't be done. I'm proud of you guys.

BRUCIE – It's pointless.

STAN – Don't say that.

BRUCIE – I been on the hustle for how many years? Worked hard, right? Had the family. Now, I'm forty-nine.

STAN – Get outta here!

BRUCIE – Yeah, forty-fucking-nine, but listen, I was thinking the other day, I gotta do this for the next, what? Fifteen – twenty years. You know this! Worrying. The hustle, man, my pop didn't go through this shit. I mean, he ...he clocked in every day until he didn't, and went out with a nice package. He went on an eighteen day cruise through the Greek Islands last October. Me, shit, I run the full mile, I put in the time, do the right thing, don't get me wrong, I had some good years...But dude, tell me what I did wrong, huh?

STAN – I hear you. 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. Ramsey, Smitz, - everyone wrote it up.

BRUCIE – I know how that goes.

STAN – 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 you're doing them a god-damned favor.

BRE – I hear you!