

From Mammoth

By Don Zolidis

BRENT, 42

BRENT is confronting his younger, unemployed brother who has proposed selling something valuable of their mother's.

BRENT

Get a job as a waiter or something. Be a janitor. Anything. Learn how to fix a car. Be a plumber. Jesus. It's like the only thing God put you on this Earth for was doing IT support – why do you think there aren't any jobs like that anymore? Cause it ain't that hard. You thought you had it all figured out, and then, guess what, four hundred thousand people in India figured it out too, and they can do it for seven bucks an hour, and the magic of the internet makes you totally expendable. So there's nothing for you. It's a dry pool. So get up, dust yourself off, put down your fucking ego, and take something different. Mow lawns or something. You think that requires skill? You think it takes skill to rent a truck and a mower or whatever and go into business for yourself? Do it. I'm so goddamn sick of this 'there's no jobs bullshit' that you've been whining about for a year. You're right, Matt. You're right. There are no more jobs doing the shit you used to be doing. So adapt. Be a fucking adult human being and take care of your family. God you make me sick. Asking me for money, stealing from Mom, trying to screw Mom/ out of her money -

MATT

I'm only screwing the nursing home out of/

BRENT

You know what's going to happen if you do sell that thing? You'll have money for a year, or maybe a little more, but you're still going to be you – that's the problem you have to deal with, you're still going to be you. So, no, I don't really buy this whole ethical argument bullshit you're trying to peddle here – who *deserves* the money? What does it matter? Does Mom *deserve* to get Alzheimer's? Did Dad *deserve* to die? Nobody deserves anything. You can't live life that way. I'm not helping you.