

## RUST (EXCERPT) 1

(00:32:23,- 00:37:30)

JIMMY.- Please. Please answer me. I need answers.

JOHN- James. They told me I might find you here. We have a new church now. Brick and stucco. It's a lot warmer than this old place. So, you woke up one morning, and try as you might, He just wasn't there, right?

JIMMY- Yeah. Something like that. John, I've prayed, I've begged, I've gone to my knees, I've read and reread the scriptures until my eyes want to fall off my face, and... Just nothing. No answers. Nothing.

JOHN.- But a lot of questions.

JIMMY.- It just doesn't make sense.

JOHN.- What is it that doesn't make sense?

JIMMY - Any of it. Anything. Everything. Everything that's happening in the world. This thing with Travis. This terrible thing that he's done. Will somebody, please, somebody, somebody explain to me what's going on? John, every day I look around, innocent lives are being destroyed. Wars over differences of faith? And children? Sweet, innocent young children being taken from us by guns and bullets and brutal acts of nature. And those of us who are supposed to be protecting them, giving them faith, showing them guidance, they commit the most unspeakable acts of all. They all but desecrate His name. Is it any wonder that people are running away from the church, they're abandoning their faith? I know, I know in my heart, I know that He has a reason, but for the first time in my life, I need to understand here. I need to understand why He would allow such terrible things. And He won't answer me now, when I need Him so desperately, when I have... I have given my entire life to Him. It scares the hell out of me.

JOHN.- James, when you were younger, did I ever tell you the story of my first little cat, Freddie, and how I lost my arm?

JIMMY.- What? No.

JOHN.- Well, listen carefully. I was a boy about only five years of age. I desperately wanted a little dog. And I'd picked one out, my mom and I, and we brought it home. But my dad just about blew a gasket. He stormed at us. "I don't want to be walking around this house "and step in piles of dog poop. " And he ordered us to return the dog immediately. And I was devastated. I was heartbroken. And then, about a week later, my mom showed up with a little kitten. She persuaded my dad that that did not pose the same sanitation problems. Now, he was not thrilled with this, but he was a man of occasional reason and a bit of common sense, and I think he also understood that this would teach me a sense of responsibility by looking after the little thing. Anyway, I got my dear, precious little Freddie, and I was thrilled. And less than three months later, he died. Just like that. I was so broken-hearted. Do you know what I came up with through all this?

JIMMY.-What?

JOHN.- There cannot be a God, and if there perchance was, he was a mean old man, even meaner than my dad. And my dad could cut through granite with his temper and his tongue.

JIMMY.- Well, obviously, you found your way back.

JOHN.- Yes, I did. As you will, too, James. Have patience. Have faith. God has not forsaken you.

JIMMY.- Now, wait a minute. Wait a minute. What does that have to do with losing your arm?

JOHN. - Nothing. Absolutely nothing. I just wanted to make sure that you were listening.