

SCENE FROM ' ERIN BROCKOVICH'

INT. ERIN'S HOUSE, MAIN ROOM - DAY

Erin enters, puts down the box and stares at the mail. Bills, bills, and more bills. As she throws them on the table, she sees George coming out of the kitchen.

ERIN

What are you doing here?

GEORGE

Fixing a leak under your sink.

She heads into the kitchen, weary and irritated.

ERIN

I didn't ask you to do that. Damn it, George, I don't ask you to do things like that.

INT. ERIN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Erin enters, sees all the cleaning stuff from under the sink is spread around the kitchen floor. A tool box lies open.

ERIN

Great.

GEORGE

I'm gonna clean it up.

Erin gets down on her knees and starts putting things away.

GEORGE

Relax, Erin, I'll do it -- I'm not --

Before he can finish, a huge WATER BUG runs onto Erin's hand.

ERIN

Ugh -- Jesus --

She jumps and brushes it off.

GEORGE

Yeah -- you had a whole family of those things hanging out back there.

She takes off her shoe and smacks at the bug, missing it.

ERIN

Damn it --

The bug skitters away from her, along the floorboard. Erin chases it, smacking at it repeatedly, missing it every time.

GEORGE

Don't worry about it, I'll get it later.

But Erin keeps after it, corralling all her frustrations into killing that one bug.

ERIN

Come here, you little motherfucker --

The bug crawls up onto the table, zipping behind the salt, the pepper, the napkin holder. Erin keeps after it, BANGING the table harder and harder with each SMACK of her shoe.

GEORGE

Hey, whoa -- relax --

The salt and pepper skid off the table. The napkins fly from their holder. Just as Erin's about to nail the bug, it slips into a crack in the wall and disappears. Erin hurls her shoe at the crack. It SMASHES into the wall.

ERIN

GOD DAMN IT!

As Erin stands there staring at the wall, her breath starts to come heavily -- those deep breaths that precede tears. She slowly slides down into a chair, defeat overcoming her.

ERIN

(almost a whisper)
... God damn it.

She looks around at her for-shit kitchen and starts to cry.

ERIN

What kind of person lives like this? Huh?
What kind of person lets her kids run around
in a house crawling with bugs the size of
housecats?

GEORGE

It's a simple thing. Everybody gets them.
All we gotta do is call an exterminator.

ERIN

I can't call an exterminator. I can't afford
one. God, I can't even afford my phone.

(beat)

I got fired.

GEORGE

What? But you been working so hard --

ERIN

Doesn't matter. Doesn't make one bit of
difference.

(then, fragile)

Oh God, George, how'd this happen to me?
How'd I end up so ... so nothing?

George picks a napkin up off the floor, hands it to her.

GEORGE

You're not nothing, Erin.

ERIN

Well, I'm sure as hell not what I thought I
was gonna be. I was supposed to have one of
those great lives, with everything all laid-
out and perfect. I mean, hell -- I was Miss
Wichita, for God's sakes. Did I tell you
that? You live next door to a real live
beauty queen.

(wipes her nose)

I still got the tiara. I kept it cause I
thought it meant something. I thought it
meant I was gonna do something great with my
life. I thought it proved I was gonna grow
up to be someone.

GEORGE

You are someone.

ERIN

No I'm not. Look at me. I'm not.

GEORGE

You're someone to me.

(beat)

You're someone real special to me.

He takes a step toward her and kneels in front of her, very close. He takes her shoe from her hand and puts it back on her foot. Then he takes her hands in his and kisses them.

ERIN

I'm no good, George. I make people miserable.

But he kisses her anyway. And for the first time in so long, she feels like something other than a failure. He pulls her into him, and she lets herself be pulled.