

Erin B. mfu

erin brockovich
a true story
by
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Revisions by

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NOTE: THE HARD COPY OF THIS SCRIPT CONTAINED SCENE NUMBERS.
THEY HAVE BEEN REMOVED FOR THIS SOFT COPY.

INT. DR. JAFFE'S OFFICE - DAY

A successful-looking doctor sits behind a desk in a well-appointed office. He's looking at someone off-camera.

DR. JAFFE

Uh, but you have no actual medical training?

ERIN

(off)

No. I have kids. Learned a lot right there. I've seen nurses give my son a throat culture. I mean what is it - you stick a giant Q-tip down their throat and wait. Or a urine analysis, with that dipstick that tells you whether or not the white count is high...

DR. JAFFE

Yes, I understand.

ERIN

(off)

And, I mean, I'm great with people. Of course, you'd have to observe me to know for sure, but trust me on that one. I'm extremely fast learner. I mean, you show me what to do in a lab once, and I've got it down.

He nods. Now we see who he is talking to: ERIN BROCKOVICH. How to describe her? A beauty queen would come to mind - which, in fact, she was. Tall in a mini skirt, legs crossed, tight top, beautiful - but clearly from a social class and geographic orientation whose standards for displaying beauty are not based on subtlety.

ERIN (CONT'D)

...for instance, at one point I wanted to be an engineer, so I was working at Fleuer Engineers and Constructors in Irvine. I fell madly in love with geology.

DR. JAFFE

Geology?

ERIN

I learned how to read maps. I love maps. Did you know our present system for map-making dates back to the ancient Greeks in like the third century B.C.?

DR. JAFFE

No.

ERIN

Anyway, I was at the company and - this is interesting, actually - I helped Ramish Ginatra design, as an assistant, part of the Alaskan pipeline...

DR. JAFFE

Uh-huh.

ERIN

..But I lost that job because my son came down with the Chicken Pox and 104 temperature and my ex-husband was useless, so..ya know...But what I want to tell you is I, uh .. I had always wanted to go to medical school. That was my first interest really...but then I, you know, got married..had a kid too young and..that kind of blew it for me..

Jaffe stares at her.

DR. JAFFE

Uh-huh.

ERIN

(beat, looks

around)
This is a really nice office.

Jaffe looks down at her resume, trying to figure a polite route.

DR. JAFFE
Thanks.
(looks up at
her)
Look....

Beat. By Erin's expression, she knows what's coming.

EXT. DR. JAFFE'S OFFICE/ SO. CALIFORNIA SUBURB - MAIN DRAG - DAY

A side street. No pedestrians, just parked cars.

Erin is finishing a cigarette. Her face has fallen -- the enthusiasm and spirit she showed in the interview are now replaced by a desperate type of concern. She takes a final puff, puts the cigarette out and walks to her car.

A PARKING TICKET flaps under the wiper of an old Hyundai.

ERIN
Fuck.

Even when she talks dirty, there's a heartland goodness to her voice. Like Kansas corn fields swaying in the breeze.

As she grabs the ticket from the windshield, her sunglasses accidentally CLATTER to the ground.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Shit.

When she picks them up, a fingernail snags on the pavement.

ERIN (CONT'D)
God damn it.

She tends to the nail as she opens her car door and gets in.

WIDER ON THE STREET

The Hyundai starts it up, signals. Then, just as it pulls slowly out into the street, a JAGUAR barrels around the corner, accelerating out of the turn, and SLAMS into the side of Erin's car, sending it CAREENING into the median. It SMASHES into a foot-thick lightpost. And stops.

EXT. MASRY & VITITOE - DAY

A respectable building in the valley.

ROSALIND (O.S.)