

**ERIN**

I don't suppose any one of you cunts could open the fucking door for me.

**EXT. ERIN'S HOUSE - DAY**

Erin's Hyundai rumbles to a stop in front of the house. Erin shoves open the creaky, reluctant door, lifts her box of stuff off the seat, and gets out.

As she walks around the car and toward the house, she runs into the MAILMAN. He hands her a packet of mail.

**MAILMAN**

Here ya go, Miz Brockovich.

Erin looks at the top of the stack. It's the electric bill.

**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)