

*INT. – DAY. ED'S OFFICE. Ed enters, with Erin on his heels.*

ED

Unh-unh. Absolutely not.

ERIN

That's crazy. Why not?

ED

Because I said no. The only reason PG&E's even talking to us is 'cause this is a quiet little real estate dispute. We add plaintiffs, and suddenly we're in the middle of a toxic tort. No, thank you.

ERIN

Okay, so here's what I'll do. I'll go on up to Ted and Rita Daniels – two of the nicest people you'd ever hope to meet, who spend every single day watching their little girl fight like a dog against this cancer – I'll tell them we can't help them cause you don't feel like working that hard.

ED

*(Turns on her)* Working hard!!!? Why you little...let me tell you something. I've worked all my life. I built a firm and kept it alive. I have survived, cancer, being born with one kidney and having diabetes... *(Erin's genuinely impressed as Ed continues)*

... Don't tell me I haven't worked hard enough! Don't tell me I don't have the right to take a fucking breath and enjoy my life.--And what the hell do you know about any of this anyway. They're a huge corporation. I'm just one guy with a private firm.

ERIN

--Who happens to know they poisoned people and lied about it. *(Beat)*

And this shit is bad news. Look, my dad could build one of these plants blindfolded. I talked him through the files. I said how much Chrom 6 in the groundwater are we talking about over the years and he said, "Oh, by now, probably about three football fields long...four miles deep!

ED

*(Overlap)* Erin...

ERIN

*(Overlap)* and not only does this shit attack every organ of the body, it fucks with your DNA, too. I mean these people's genes, and the genes of their kids.

ED

I know how DNA works, Erin.

ERIN

With a little effort, I really think we can nail their asses to the wall.

ED

Oh, you do? With all your legal expertise, you believe that?

ERIN

Don't you ever just know?

ED

Do you also “just know” where the money’s going to come from? I’ve already spent most of my own savings on this case.

ERIN

We’ll figure it out. Look, I admit I don’t know shit about shit. But I know the difference ...between right and wrong. (*Elevator doors open*)

*INERIOR Ed’s Office*

ED

*Ed walks in slams the door*                      Damn it!  
(*He sits at his desk, puts his head in his hands. He sits like that for a moment.*)

ERIN

*Erin opens the door and enters. She calls to Brenda down the hall.* Way to go Brenda have another bag of Doritos!

ED

How many families we talking about here?

ERIN

Four more. Eleven people. So far.

ED

You think there’s more?

ERIN

Well, I found one document at the water board that had a toxic test well reading from 1967. A hell of a lot of people have lived on that land since then.

*(Ed pauses, groans again, realizing what decision he’s making.)*

ED

This is a whole different ball game, Erin. A much bigger deal.

ERIN

Kinda like David and what’s-his-name?

ED

Kinda like David and what’s-his-name’s whole fucking family. (*Heavy sigh*) Okay, here’s the deal. If, and only if, you find me the evidence to back all this up – I’ll do it. I’ll take it on.

ERIN

You’re doing the right thing, Mr. Masry.

ED

Yeah, yeah. Remind me of that when I’m filing for bankruptcy.

ERIN

‘Course, gathering evidence – now, that’s a big job. A hell of a lot bigger than just filing. I’m gonna be working a lot harder now, taking on a lot more responsibility...

*ED*

*(overlaps, to himself)* I don’t fucking believe this...

ERIN

Another raise wouldn’t hurt. And with all the time I’m gonna be spending on the road, I’ll probably be needing my own cell phone, won’t I?