

# BRIE

Dean stands and starts pacing, excited. He spots an open bag of Gummy Bears on his desk and starts to eat them.

DEAN

With this money... we... you and me... we can make Swiftcare twice the company I envisioned back in the day. You just gotta step up with me. Take a big swing.

ERIC

I can't do this right now.

DEAN

Look, downtown will just keep gentrifying. More condos. More bars, more clubs. That means more car accidents and fights. All that shit. And that, hombre, means more of this...

Dean does the Johnny Manziel "money fingers" gesture.

DEAN (CONT'D)

And the best part? The money we'll rake in will be completely legit. Me and my friend Eric. No longer just mentor and student... but partners.

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The garage door opens. Brie and Reuben pull Rescue Bravo in.

DEAN

Well, mull it over. I know you'll do what's right for you and yours, so no pressure. But just think about it at least...

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EXT. SWIFTCARE GARAGE/REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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Eric lights a cigarette and looks off at the twinkling lights of the Downtown skyline.

Brie comes up behind him.

START.

BRIE

(mock accusatory)

Eric Ronson. I thought you quit!

Eric starts to talk, but breaks into a cough.

E. M. T. - LANDSBURG + BACA

ERIC

Yeah... I guess I'm just reminding myself why.

Brie reaches over. Eric holds up the pack. She takes one and gently touches his hand as he lights it for her.

BRIE

You shoulda been on this last call. This guy, naked, tripping on something... walked right through a glass door -- you okay?

ERIC

It's nothing.

BRIE

Come on...

ERIC

Alright. ~~I used to have everything laid out for me...~~ I was supposed to be a doctor, like my dad. All I had to do was stick to the plan. But I spent all those years fighting it. ~~I mean, I didn't even finish school because I was in rehab. It's pathetic.~~ And I feel like... like I'm about to fuck everything up all over again.

BRIE

You know you're talking to the fuck up queen right here. Did you even want to be a doctor?

ERIC

That's the worst part. Of course I did. Yeah. But I couldn't get out of my own way.

BRIE

Maybe you wound up right where you were supposed to be. You've got a job that you're damn good at. A family. Everything, right?

ERIC

I don't know if I told you, but Sam got diagnosed with hemophilia last year.

BRIE

Oh... it's manageable right?



ERIC

More or less. But it's expensive.  
And our shitty policy didn't cover  
everything at first so... it's been  
tough.

BRIE

I'm sorry, Eric.

ERIC

Well, let's say I could fix it...  
make things better for my family.  
But maybe it's not the *right* thing  
to do. Maybe it's risky...

BRIE

I say do it.

ERIC

But you don't even know what it is.

BRIE

You deserve to be happy.

Eric nods and takes another drag, then flicks the butt away.

BRIE

It might be hard for the son of a  
doctor to relate but I grew up in  
trailer park. Honor, Michigan. The  
walls in our mobile home were paper  
thin. So you could hear everything  
going on in the next room. One  
night... I was fifteen. I wake up  
to sounds of my dad beating on my  
mom again. Worse than usual. I hide  
in my closet and call 911. At first  
I get hung up on because they think  
its a prank. Call again. Can't get  
through. And by now I only hear my  
dad crying. I can't hear my mom  
anymore. By the time the police  
showed up, she was already dead.

Eric looks stunned.

ERIC

I'm sorry, Brie. I had no idea...

Brie drops her cigarette and stamps it out.

END

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