

Interview Log - Dr. Brite - 01

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The following log was transcribed from audio and video feeds temporarily placed in the [REDACTED] diner located in Cambridge Massachusetts.

[The feed overlooking the entire diner from behind the bar shows Doctor Lois Sheridan and Administrator Ford sitting together in a corner booth. After two minutes Doctor Eryn Brite arrives at the building. She enters and upon spotting the pair, makes her way over to them.]

Dr. Brite: This better be good– My time is valuable y'know.

Dr. Sheridan: Yes, we're aware. Your list of both academic and medical accomplishments is vast, which is precisely why we contacted you.

Dr. Brite: Sure was a cryptic note, though it did pique my interest. But I hope you're prepared to pay out the nose. Any hospital in the country would literally *kill* to have me on their staff.

Dr. Ford: It's a good thing we aren't building a hospital then.

[Dr. Brite appears puzzled by Administrator Ford's statement and leans back in her chair.]

Dr. Brite: Then you'd *really* better have a good reason for dragging me out here.

Dr. Sheridan: Without revealing any classified information . . . *[She clears her throat.]* We require an expert neurologist on-site for Project Fireteam, and considering you're–

Dr. Brite: The best neurosurgeon on the planet?

Dr. Sheridan: *[She adjusts her glasses and mutters something under her breath.]* Yes . . . It was an easy decision to extend an offer to you first.

Dr. Brite: And that offer is?

Dr. Ford: That depends. What does Saturn Industries pay to keep you onboard?

Dr. Brite: *[She raises an eyebrow.]* Nine hundred and eighty-five grand.

Dr. Sheridan: You can't be serious—

Dr. Ford: The Orphanage Foundation will double it.

[Both Dr. Brite and Dr. Sheridan appear immediately stunned.]

Dr. Sheridan: Sir, that's absurd!

[Dr. Brite leans forward against the table.]

Dr. Brite: One million, nine hundred and seventy thousand dollars? . . .

Dr. Ford: The Foundation is backed by several governments. That's, for the lack of a better term, chump change, Doctor.

Dr. Brite: Jesus Christ . . .

Dr. Ford: If you sign on before leaving this diner, *[He slides a stapled packet across the table.]*, we'll call it an even two million.

Dr. Brite: T-two million dollars? . . .

[Dr. Ford nods.]

Dr. Ford: I understand you're married, no?

Dr. Brite: Correct . . . *[Dr. Brite begins to flip through the packet.]*

Dr. Ford: To Doctor Eleanor Kelly; the bioengineer, yes? We'll be interviewing her as well later this evening. However, her offer won't be nearly as . . . generous.

[Dr. Brite reaches the final page and stares at the dotted line. Dr. Ford then slides a pen towards her.]

Dr. Ford: You and your wife will never want for anything ever again with a salary that large. Do you accept?

Dr. Brite: *[She sits in silence for roughly six seconds before picking up the pen and looking up at Dr. Ford.]* I do.

