

INT. GARAGE - EVENING

The Mechanic is about to turn away when he sees Theresa outside the door, holding her head, wearing a frantic look and pleading with him. He GROANS with frustration and steps toward the door, unlocks and opens it.

MECHANIC

Sorry, miss. We're closed.

THERESA

But my car--

MECHANIC

It's okay. You can leave it here overnight. There's some nice hotels around here. Tell you what. I'll drop you off at the Best Western.

THERESA

No! I've got to get out of here tonight! You've got to help me!

MECHANIC

(amused)

Oh yeah? And why is that? Did you rob a bank?

THERESA

No! I...I saw...

She bursts into tears. The Mechanic looks upon her in sympathy, glances at the Fiat and sighs.

IN THE WAITING ROOM

The Mechanic comes into the bright room from the now lit garage, stands at the counter, glances at Theresa, now wearing a sweatshirt over her tank top, sitting on the couch, magazine in hand.

MECHANIC

You're all set, miss.

THERESA

I am? It's fixed?

MECHANIC

Just a blown hose. You were smart to pull off the highway. Could have totaled your whole engine.

THERESA

(standing)

Oh my God. Thank you so much. How much do I owe you?

MECHANIC

Don't worry about it. Like I said, it was just a broken hose. I also topped off the tank. After what you've been through, miss...

Theresa looks at him with tears of gratitude.