

19 EXT. TRAVEL PLAZA - GARAGE - LATER 19

Jess pulls up in front of "GREG'S GARAGE & BODY SHOP."
There's an ambulance parked out front. A flash of concern.

20 INT. GARAGE - RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER 20

Sounds of machine work filter through from the shop floor as
Jess bursts in.

JESS
What happened?

VICKY (30's), a paramedic, is at the front desk examining the
collection of plastic knick knacks Jess has on display.

Start

VICKY
Engine light's on in the wagon
again.

Behind the desk, GREG (55) - the man whose name is on the
sign - fills in paperwork.

JESS
Jeez, Vic. You scared the heck
outta me. I thought someone mighta
been crushed or chopped a finger.

GREG
Good morning to you too.

As she rounds the desk, he gives her a slap on the ass.

JESS
Dirty. Mitts. Off. Seriously, if I
have to say it again, I walk. No
fucking joke.

GREG
You know I'm playing.

JESS
Your play's no fun. I'll do that.

Greg hands the paperwork over. Disappears into the workshop.

VICKY
I don't think I could do that.

JESS
What?

VICKY

You're not worried about losing
your job?

JESS

I'm worried about losing my sanity.
(re. form)
~~We'll take a look this afternoon
and I'll give you a call.~~

VICKY

~~I was s'posed to bring it in last
week but the twins had flu. I kinda
told my boss it'd be ready today.
Now there's gonna be weather.~~

JESS

~~There's always weather.~~

~~Vicky looks desperate. Jess glances at a schedule.~~

~~JESS (CONT'D)~~

~~If we don't have to order parts,
mid afternoon's the best I could
do.~~

VICKY

~~You're an angel.~~

~~JESS~~

~~We both know that's not true. I'll
call to confirm.~~

Vicky goes.

Jess sticks her head through the door to the bodyshop.

JESS (CONT'D)

Greg!

She hands him the key and the paperwork.

JESS (CONT'D)

We've gotta prioritize this. I'm
going next door 'n buying a round
of coffees. And I'm taking cash
from the till.

GREG

Take the van back, will ya?

He tosses Jess a set of keys.

End