

THIRD DEGREE BURN (gwk) Page 1 OF 3

HER:

Oh, thank you for stopping. I thought I'd be out here for hours.

HIM:

Do you need some help?

HER:

Yes, I do. Could you give me a lift to a phone?

HIM:

Well, what's the problem? Maybe . . . ah . . . maybe I can do something.

HER:

I don't know. I was just driving along and the brakes locked.

HIM:

Well, let me take a look under here. Oh yeah . . . okay . . . well, you definately have a problem.

HER:

What is it?

HIM:

Judging by the pool of transmission fluid, I'd say it was your transmission and not your brakes. Were you trying to put it in reverse or something?

HER:

I didn't touch the shift. It's just been acting up ever since I got it. I just sort of ignored it. I realize now that was probably pretty dumb. I could have been in serious trouble.

HIM:

Yeah . . . there's not a lot of traffic out here.

HER:

Well, then . . . I'm lucky you came along. So . . . where are we . . . so I can tell the rental car people. Do you know?

HIM:

We're about half way between old Tuscon and the spa.

HER:

Are you staying at the spa?

HIM:

Why, yes. As a matter of fact I am.

HER:

Me, too. I thought you looked familiar. My name is Anne. Anne Schultz.

HIM:

I'm please to meet you, Mrs. Schultz.

HER:

Mrs.? Oh . . . I guess you can't miss it.

HIM:

Well, it is a nice ring.

HER:

Are you a photographer? I see your camera and stuff in the back.

HIM:

Just a hobby.

HER:

You must photograph people from a long ways away . . . judging by the size of your lens, I mean.

HIM:

Birds . . . birds and wild life mostly.

HER:

Well . . . may I say, you do have some nice equipment. Oh, and look at your shirt. It's ruined. That stain's not going to come out.

HIM:

Oh, that's alright. I ... I have another one.

HER:

Oh really? Well, I'm glad to hear you have another shirt. Why don't you let me make it up to you and I'll buy you lunch at the hotel.

HIM:

Oh, no thanks. I couldn't possibly. Thanks just the same.

HER:

Alright. Well, if you change your mind the invitation is still open. (PAUSE) So . . . anyway . . . Thanks for saving my life.

HIM:

Oh, come on . . . you're welcome.

HER:

You'd take it seriously if you had to sit out here for any length of time in the desert. Where are you from?

HIM:

Chicago. Where are you from Mrs. Schultz?

HER:

Seattle . . . rainy Seattle. That's why I come here. What do you do in Chicago.

HIM:

I'm a travel writer. I write for travel magazines. Mostly airline travel magazines. Which airlines do you fly?

HER:

Oh, well . . . my husband likes to say we don't fly commercial.

HIM:

Oh really. Must be nice.

HER:

Yes, well so, are you married?

HIM:

Yes. (PAUSE) Well, no . . . I mean we're . . . ah . . . I . . . we are divorced.

HER:

I'm sorry. It's hard to think, isn't it, when you're with another person. I find I have to be by myself a lot . . . just listening to my own thoughts . . . be very quiet . . . and . . . try to figure things out. (PAUSE) I'm talking a lot. It must be the heat.

HIM:

So let's head back to the spa. I'll let you buy me a cold drink.

HER:

It is the least I can do. And then, maybe you can tell me your name, huh? I can't just call you my hero, now can I?