

THE HITCH-HIKER - STOREKEEPER

Storekeeper: (sleepily) Yep. What is it? What 'ou want?

Adams: (breathless) You sell sandwiches and pop here, don't ya?

Storekeeper: (cranky) Yep. We do in the daytime. But we're closed up for the night.

Adams: I know, but I was wondering if you could possibly let me have a cup of coffee. Black coffee.

Storekeeper: Not at this time of night, mister. My wife's the cook and she's in bed. Mebbe further down the road – at the Honeysuckle Rest...

(Sound: Door squeaking on hinges as though being closed.)

Adams: No – no. Don't shut the door. (Shakily) Listen, just a minute ago there was a man standing here, right beside this stand, and he - a suspicious looking man.

Storekeeper: What was he doing?

Adams: Nothing. He ran off – when I stopped the car.

Storekeeper: Then what of it? That's nothing to wake a man in the middle of his sleep about. (Sternly) Young man, I've got a good mind to turn you over to the sheriff.

Adams: But – I –

Storekeeper: You've been taking a nip – that's what you've been doing. And you haven't got anything better to do than wake decent folk out of their hard-earned sleep. Now get goin'. Get on!

Adams: It looked as though he was going to rob you.

Storekeeper: I ain't got nothin' in this stand to lose. Now on your way before I call out Sheriff Oakes. (Fade)