

# THE HITCH-HIKER – “WOMAN”

Woman: Mind if I take of my shoes? My dogs are killing me...

Adams: No, go right ahead.

Woman: Oh, gee, what a break this is - swell car and a decent guy, drivin' all the way to Amarillo. All I've been getting so far is trucks.

Adams: Hitchhike much?

Woman: Sure. Only it's tough sometimes in these great open spaces to get the breaks.

Adams: Yeah, I'd think it would be, but I'll bet, though, if you got a good pick up in a fast car you could get to places faster than, well, say another person in another car.

Woman: I don't get you.

Adams: Well, you take me for instance. Suppose I'm driving across the country at a nice steady clip of about forty-five miles an hour. Couldn't a Woman like you, just standing beside the road waiting for lifts, beat me to town after town provided she got picked up every time in a car that was doing sixty-five or seventy miles an hour?

Woman: I dunno – maybe she could, maybe she couldn't. What difference does it make?

Adams: Oh, no difference. It's just a crazy idea I had sitting here in the car.

Woman: (*laughing*) Oh, imagine spending your time in a swell car thinkin' of things like that.

Adams: What would you do instead?

Woman: (*admiringly*) What would I do? If I was a good-lookin' fellow like yourself? Why – I'd just enjoy myself every minute of the time. I'd sit back and relax and if I saw a good-lookin' Woman along the side of the road... (*Sharply*) Hey! Look out!