

Lyndetta is in a hotel room cooped up with Young Tom (Reynolds). She is slightly drunk, which comes out more when she is sad,

LYNDETTA

C'mon Reynolds, you know you want it. Let's see if those guitar hands are good for something else besides playing "Maria Elena."

YOUNG TOM

(*URNS THOUGHTFUL*) Her name is Joanna.

LYNDETTA

Whose name?

YOUNG TOM

The girl I'm going to marry in Pasadena. Her name is Joanna.

LYNDETTA

(*slightly remorseful*) It ain't polite to mention one girl while in the presence of another girl.

YOUNG TOM

Sorry, I only did it out of a sense of self preservation.

LYNDETTA

Guess that must mean you like me a little. You didn't slap me around when I twisted the skin on your neck, you were, sorta a gentleman, holding doors open for me. Felt nice. It's been kinda homey being cooped up with you these past two days.

YOUNG TOM

I'd like to think we could be friends, given the circumstances..

LYNDETTA

Given the circumstances...

Oh. I forget. Your fiance. Congratulations. She looks like a "nice" girl from her picture.

YOUNG TOM

Wait, you saw her picture?

LYNDETTA

Yeah. When I was...

YOUNG TOM

Going through my luggage?

LYNDETTA

I thought you were holding out on the three grand. It's nothing personal. Given the circumstances.

**YOUNG TOM**

**No offense taken. Given the circumstances.**

*Lyndetta looks at him longingly*

**LYNDETTA**

**Betcha don't even need to cart her picture around. Betcha think about her all the time.**

**YOUNG TOM**

**I do.**

**LYNDETTA**

**(SALTY) I do, I do, but you ain't married yet, so c'mere and park those stupid lips on me. Aww, a kiss ain't cheating. Why that's just routine maintenance.**

**YOUNG TOM**

**Back where I come from, a kiss, well, it's a lot more than that.** *YOUNG TOM gently manhandles her to the couch*

**LYNDETTA**

**Oww, you're hurting me!**

**YOUNG TOM**

**Stop exaggerating! You're drunk. You'd be better off with your loofa brush than playing footsie with me.**

**LYNDETTA**

**Hey, Reynolds, I'm giving you a conjugal visit before they send you to the slammer. Then where will your precious Joanna be? YOU THINK SHE'S GONNA SIT QUIETLY AT HOME MOONING OVER YOUR 8X10? While you're cranking out license plates? She'll be making time with every Tom, Dick and Herman in the city of Roses.**

**YOUNG TOM**

**I should've never told you anything about her.**

**LYNDETTA**

**Yeah, better for me to think that maybe you're not interested in girls. To hell with you! I'm calling the police.**

**YOUNG TOM**

**Wait! If you go to the police now, you won't get Roscoe's stash or the money for the car. You'll end up with nothing!**

**LYNDETTA**

**Maybe there's a big fat reward for Roscoe's murderer. Didja stop to think of that? The highway patrol couldn't have been too happy when you killed off their supply of girls and extra income with your deer friendly driving skills.**

**YOUNG TOM**

**You think they're gonna listen to wastrel like you calling them up?**

**LYNDETTA**

**Wastrel? I don't even know what that means but it sounds...mean!  
Well, I guess I deserve ridicule for pouring out my heart and soul  
to a cloistered monk like you.**

*Lyndetta closes in on him.*

**LYNDETTA (cont)**

**Hey, maybe that's how you're bent. Don't like girls, no way no how!  
Maybe you like boys, Little squirrely ones!**