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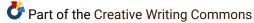
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Coffee House

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Coffee House

Gladys pulls at her nylons, already bunching at her ankles. She lays her tray on an empty table and sits in the vinyl booth--Resting a moment before the chaos begins. Outside a single star brightens the dusky sky as morning nears. She hears Clyde scraping around in the kitchen. Preparing for the day's orders. Susie hums as she fills the coffee pots with water and Sam pushes his broom swiftly over the sticky tile floors. The newspaper lands with a Whack Against the concrete steps. A customer, the first of the day, picks up the paper, comes inside, causing the little bell to tinkle softly. He lays his coat over the back of a booth, his hat on the table. spreads the paper out studies it for a moment then looks out the window at the sunrise. Gladys sighs, stands

"May I take your order, Sir?"