







SOME TEA,
JOY?

SORRY, HON.
GOT A SIX-TOP
FROM THE CAPITAL.
CATCH THE **NEW**
GIRL?



*New... I do
not adapt well
to new.*

*I am habit
masquerading
as man.*

UM...
EXCUSE
ME...



*Peel back
the rut and
routine, what
remains?*

SERIOUSLY?
I'VE BEEN HERE
A MONTH...

APOLOGIES.
I AM BAD
WITH--



...AND THEY MAKE
ME WEAR IT ON
MY UNIFORM.

IT'S A GOOD
THING YOU'RE
CUTE. WHAT CAN
I GETCHA?

OH, UH...
ASHLEY.



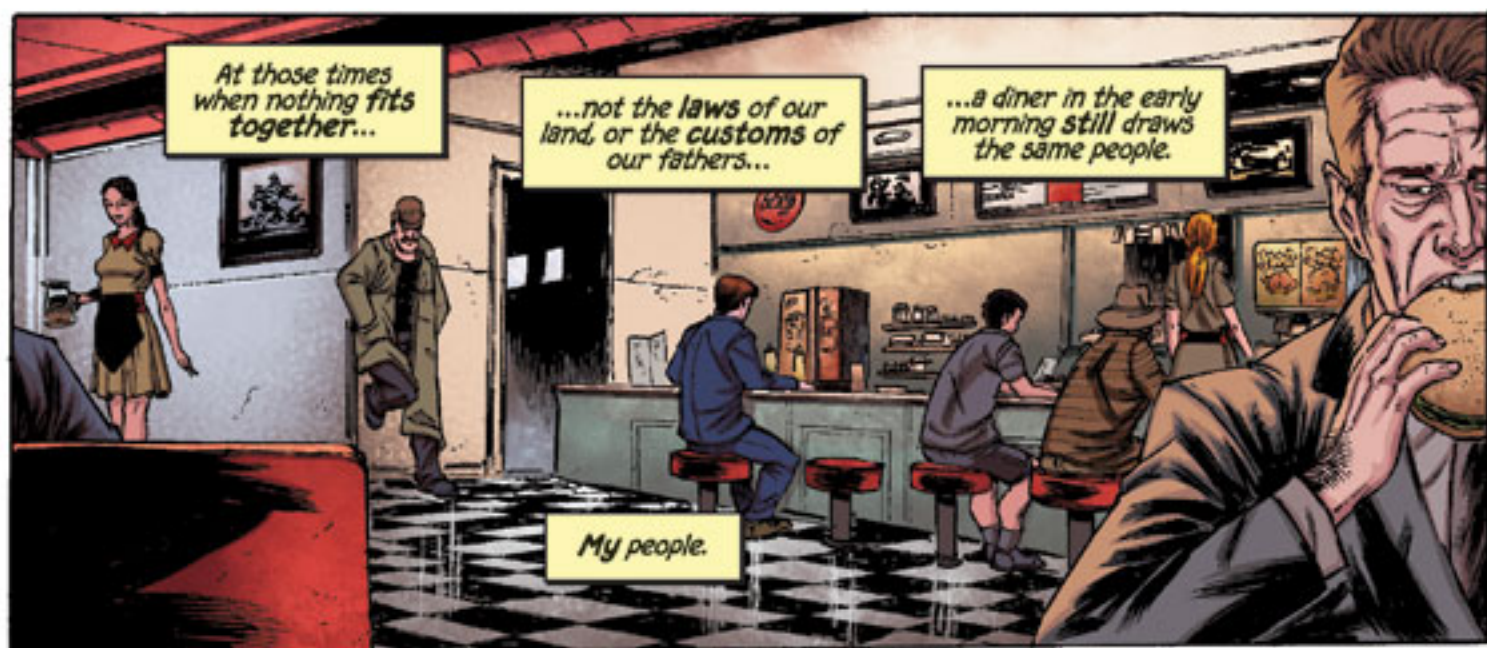
TEA.
BLACK.
HOT.

YOU'RE AN
EMOTIONAL F*%&WIT,
YOU KNOW THAT,
SAUL?

*New makes me
work harder to look
like I belong.*



*That's why, decade
in and decade out,
I've come here.*



*At those times
when nothing fits
together...*

*...not the laws of our
land, or the customs of
our fathers...*

*...a diner in the early
morning still draws
the same people.*

My people.



Outcast...



World weary...



Dead...



I'M LOOKING
FOR ASHLEY?

UH, SURE?
SHE'S IN THE
BACK...

*...and eager
for their next
meal.*