



FOUR THIRTY A.M. ON A STREET  
MIDWAY BETWEEN THE PROJECTS  
OF THE IMPOVERISHED AND THE  
PALACES OF THE PRIVILEGED.  
THE SORT OF PLACE REAL ESTATE  
DEVELOPERS DESCRIBE AS  
"IN TRANSITION."

BUT *FROM* WHAT AND *TO*  
WHAT THEY CANNOT PREDICT  
WITH ANY CERTAINTY.



MUCH THE SAME CAN BE SAID  
FOR THOSE WHO *LIVE* HERE:  
PEOPLE IN TRANSITION,  
PURSUING AN UNCERTAIN  
FUTURE WHILE BEING PURSUED  
BY THE MISTAKES OF THEIR  
PASTS, KNOWING THAT THEIR  
FATES CAN BE CHANGED AS  
SUDDENLY, AND AS RANDOMLY,  
AS THE FLIP OF A COIN.



FOUR THIRTY A.M., AT AN ADDRESS YOU  
WILL NOT FIND ON ANY MAP: A PLACE  
MARKED BY THE LONGITUDE AND LATITUDE  
OF THE HUMAN HEART, ACCESSIBLE ONLY  
TO THOSE WHO TRAVEL THE HIGHWAYS  
AND BYWAYS OF--

--THE TWILIGHT ZONE.



YOU SURE YOU CAN'T GO IN JUST A LITTLE LATER?

NOT A CHANCE... DOORS OPEN AT SIX, AND THE EGG SANDWICHES START FLYING OUT THE DOOR AT SIX-*OH-FIVE*.

YOU LOOK LIKE YOU BARELY SLEPT.

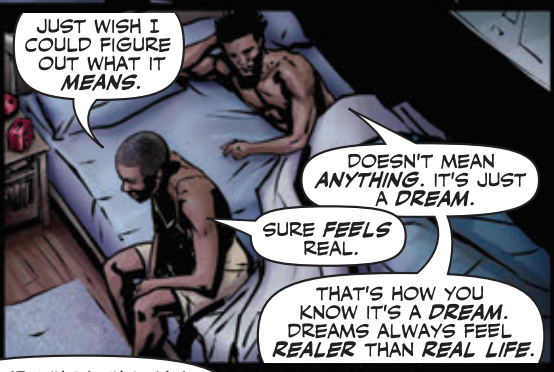
I DIDN'T.



YOU HAD THAT *DREAM* AGAIN, DIDN'T YOU? THAT ONE WHERE THE *WHOLE WORLD* BLOWS UP.

NOT THE *WHOLE WORLD*, SWEETIE... JUST *MANHATTAN*.

AROUND HERE, *MANHATTAN IS* THE *WHOLE WORLD*.



JUST WISH I COULD FIGURE OUT WHAT IT *MEANS*.

DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING. IT'S JUST A *DREAM*.

SURE *FEELS REAL*.

THAT'S HOW YOU KNOW IT'S A *DREAM*. *DREAMS ALWAYS FEEL REALER* THAN *REAL LIFE*.

"AND WHEN THE MAN SHE LOVED STOPPED MAKING ANY KIND OF DAMNED SENSE, OUR HEROINE DIANA WESTBY REALIZED SHE NEEDED A LONG, HOT SHOWER."



YOU COULD ALWAYS *QUIT*, YOU KNOW, LOOK FOR A BETTER *JOB*.



YOU'RE SUGGESTING I HAVE A *CHOICE*, MARK. WOMAN IN MY POSITION, NO REAL EDUCATION, NOT MUCH EXPERIENCE...WHAT THE HELL *CHOICE* DO I HAVE?

CAN'T FIGHT CITY HALL, AND YOU CAN'T CHANGE WHAT YOU *ARE*.



MUCH AS YOU'D *LIKE* TO SOME DAYS.

"THAT'LL BE *SIX-FIFTY*."





HERE YOU GO...THREE-FIFTY.

HERE YOU GO.



NICE PLACE. HAVE YOU BEEN WORKING HERE LONG?

TOO LONG.

YOU KNOW I CAN HEAR YOU, RIGHT?



IT'S A GOOD WAY-STATION ON THE ROAD TO WHERE I'M GOING.

AND WHERE'S THAT?

DUNNO... HAVEN'T FIGURED THAT PART OUT YET.



FIFTY CENTS IS YOUR CHANGE.

THANK YOU--

DIANA.

--DIANA.

OH, AND I CAUGHT WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT TIPS, SO--



--HERE'S ONE FOR THE HOUSE--



--AND ONE FOR YOU.

HAVE A LOVELY DAY, DIANA.



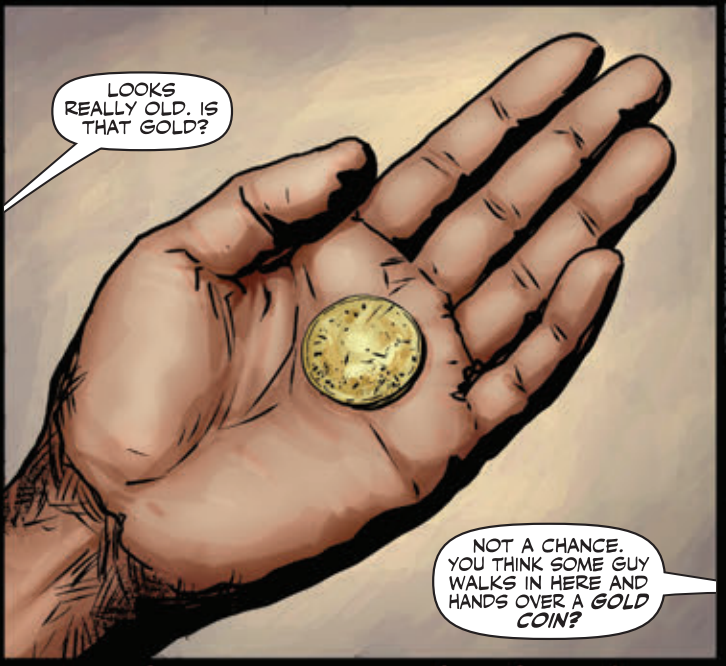
SEE? A GENTLEMAN. WE NEED *MORE* LIKE HIM IN HERE. WE--

HEY, HASAN? CHECK THIS OUT.



WHAT'S THAT?

I DON'T KNOW...A COIN OF SOME KIND.



LOOKS REALLY OLD. IS THAT GOLD?

NOT A CHANCE. YOU THINK SOME GUY WALKS IN HERE AND HANDS OVER A GOLD COIN?



IF IT'S WORTH REAL MONEY I'M GOING TO BE SO PISSED OFF. ONLY REASON *SHE* GOT IT IS SHE'S A WOMAN. WOMEN ALWAYS GET THIS STUFF.

HUH--



THAT'S NOT TRUE.

WHAT'S NOT TRUE?



WOMEN DON'T ALWAYS GET THIS STUFF, I--

I DIDN'T SAY THAT.



BUT YOU DID, YOU--

COFFEE BIN NEEDS CLEANING OUT. GET TO IT.

FINE... WHATEVER....