

Levi Kilcher  
Writing 324  
Assignment #2b  
January 25, 2001

### Eggs Florentine

In retrospect, it had not been an unpleasant night, certainly not what she had envisioned, but enjoyable nonetheless. She had been working in a diner in Burbank since 2:00. She hated working there because of the grease stained air and clanking dishes. It was a job though, and it paid for her cigarettes. She liked the café atmosphere at The Osprey. It was more laid back than the diner was at this time of night. The barman moved around without urgency, and she found herself a little jealous of how relaxed he was at work. When the man sitting next to her now had come in to her diner earlier in the day it had been rush hour. He had asked for eggs florentine. Her diner didn't cook eggs florentine. He had wanted to talk. She hadn't had time. He had asked her if he could meet her after work, she had told him she got off at ten.

She didn't normally go out at night. Whenever she got off work all she ever felt like doing was going home to her calico cat and queen size bed. Tonight was no different as far as what she felt like doing, but she went out with this man all the same. The man talked in short, fragments, leaving out the things that connected the different bits of thought. Things like "there aren't enough café's like this in this town." "Do you think the barman owns this place?" followed after a few moments of silence by "I hear there will be a parade coming by here tomorrow." This kind of pointless commenting would make many people uncomfortable, but she was tired, and didn't mind the long silences that fit between his remarks. She mostly sat and tried to make out faces of the passersby through the large glass window.

She pushed up against the counter in order to keep an uprightish posture. She noticed that the barman had a slight slouch, and she wondered why she worried about her appearance so much. The barman wore all white, his hat reminded her of something a gas station attendant would wear. He was old for working in a café of this sort, and it made her wonder if the man had been right about the barman owning this place.

“Excuse me sir, you don’t have eggs florentine do you?” the man asked the barman.

“Eggs Florentine. Here?” The barman asked with a chuckle on his breath, “no, no sir I’m sorry.”

“That’s quite alright, it wouldn’t be the first time today I couldn’t get them.” He smiled and winked at the woman as he inhaled through his cigarette. She smiled back and relaxed a little. She leaned towards the man, and she felt an edge of uneasiness in his mood. She felt herself slightly attracted to the man, but he seemed totally oblivious, totally absorbed in his own thought and smoke.

She wondered why this man had wanted to take her here. She did not think herself particularly attractive, and when he had seen her earlier she had been wearing her less than flattering apron and dull brown skirt. The red dress she wore was on loan from one of the other waitresses. The waitress had happened to have it due to just having had it repaired, and was more than happy to let her borrow it for the night. She liked the dress. It was fancier than anything she owned, and it matched her hair so well she thought it should be hers. The red gloves added that touch of elegance and class that she did not have, but managed to pull off surprisingly well.

“Your dress and hair are at the center of the scene this evening.” She did not know what to say and looked at him in a way which said just that. “What I mean to say is that you look very attractive tonight.”

“Thank you” she said, a little more at ease again. They went on talking about their families, and lives as children. After what was an initially slow, quiet evening, the night seemed to fly by. She decided he had just needed to relax a bit, and get his cigarette and coffee. She found herself slightly attracted to him, but was not sure she could trust herself.

When she woke up the next morning, she wondered for a minute if she had not dreamed the whole thing, but the red dress was hanging in the closet, and she was still wearing one of the gloves.