

## Coffee Shop Blues



**Customer:** What the hell is this?

**Counter Girl:** It's your order ma'am...

**Customer:** No the hell it isn't. I did not order this and I did not ask for any handouts, either...

**Counter Girl:** Sure you did, ma'am. You asked for a large latte with hazelnut creamer, one sugar and a squeeze of butter milk...

**Customer:** Look, heifer, I did not order this damn coffee like this now, you take it back and serve me like you were hired to do or I will have your little ass fired, do you understand me...

**Counter Girl:** First off, I'm not a heifa; yours or anybody else's. You a heifa. I might have mixed up your order but...

**Second Customer:** No you didn't honey. Miss. Thang must have the blues coming in here like she owns the place and trying to ruin the start of everybody else's day with that nasty attitude of hers. She doesn't have the authority to fire anyone, let alone have the money to pay for a cup of coffee the way she's looking.

**Customer:** Look old lady, mind your damn business, ok?

**Second Customer:** Well, I wouldn't be up in your business if you weren't putting it all out there for everyone to hear...

**Customer:** Look lady, you better...

**Man:** Can I help you?

**Customer:** With what? You can help yourself out of my damn business, that's what you can do.

**Second Customer:** It may be too late for her. She has the blues...

**Customer:** Lady...

**Man:** I'm a consultant...

**Customer:** So what? This isn't a damn law firm you can just pass your card around to



accident victims and hope to score a win for your office. This is a damn coffee shop; a messed up one, with funky attitude having heifer's working here, with her uneducated ass. I don't know why I still come here...

**Counter Girl:** Ok, you know what? All of that name callin' aint even necessary.

and I know darn well you didn't just slam that coffee cup on the counter and splash coffee on my uniform and act like you aint paying for it...

**Customer:** I did. And I'm not paying for that shitty cup of coffee...

**Counter Girl:** Oh, you paying for it all right. You paying for the coffee I made, my uniform, since you're the one who splashed coffee all over it and, for your information, I went to school...

**Customer:** Ooh, you went to trade school, wow. That must make you really smart. You must be up to spelling what, three letter words now, huh? Or, is that two letters

too many? I don't give a shit about your vocational trade school education.

Hell, I have a degree, and I'm still not paying for that coffee or your uniform.

Hell, you look like you haven't taken a bath in days any how...

**Counter Girl:** You know what lady, you are not about to come up in here disrespecting me on my damn j. o. b. while I'm trying to earn my rent money...

**Customer:** Oh, I did that, with your three letter spelling ass and I will slap the dog shit out of you too...

**Counter Girl:** Alright, that's it...

**Man:** Chill, Connie. Nobody is getting slapped. Put your shoes back on...

**Counter Girl:** Alright then. You better tell her something. I don't have to take her shit.

**Man:** Ma'am, are you a happy person or a gold digger today?

**Customer:** What? What the hell is that supposed to mean?

**Man:** Are you a...

**Customer:** I heard you the first damn time. Are all of you people nuts in here?

**Man:** Okay, how about this, what would you like to happen?

**Customer:** I would like for your broke down looking ass to get the hell out and stay out of my damn business. Can you do that? I would also like for this heifer to apologize, but I won't hold out hope on that because I doubt if she can spell



apologize. I need to be served the right damn cup of coffee, then I need the both of you to drop dead. Can you handle that?

**Man:** I'm sure we can accommodate you on some of your request. Connie, will you please apologize to this customer?

**Counter Girl:** Sorry...

**Customer:** She said that with an attitude. She doesn't mean it...

**Counter Girl:** You're lucky I said it at all. If I didn't need my job and wasn't try'na' make my rent you wouldn't've got that much now, here is your damn coffee and you probably don't have no job to go to yo' self...

**Customer:** I swear I could just slap you...

**Counter Girl:** Yeah and that'll be the last slap you hand out too

**Customer:** Man, am I supposed to be satisfied with this service?

**Man:** Aren't you? Connie apologized

**Customer:** No. I haven't been satisfied since...forget it. Give me the damn coffee so I can go

**Counter Girl:** What's the rush? You don't have no j.o.b.

**Man:** Are you late?

**Customer:** Excuse me?

**Man:** Work? Are you late for work?

**Customer:** Not yet, why?

**Man:** Would you like a cup of fresh coffee?

**Customer:** I already have one, remember? 'Don't trust how fresh it is

**Man:** You also received an apology but you're still not satisfied...

**Customer:** And you're still in my business, too...

**Man:** I told you... I'm a consultant...

**Customer:** Well, why don't you go and consult somebody and stop bothering me?

**Man:** Well, because that wouldn't be professional of me. Besides, I don't see a single other soul in the shop that's stressing...

**Customer:** I aint stressing, ok?

**Man:** Okay but FYI, a tell tale sign when someone is stressing is when that person changes his or her dialect in the very middle of talking; like you just did. A woman



like you would not normally use the word *aint* and you just used it when you said, "I aint," stressing, you're wearing two different shoes and your coat is on backwards, not to mention it is not hot enough for a coat in the first place...

**Customer:** Shit!

**Man:** You're stressing...

**Customer:** I am not stressing. Would stop saying that, please?

**Man:** You also have a run in your stocking; right leg, inside upper thigh...

**Customer:** Did you look up my skirt you pervert?

**Counter Girl:** He's not a pervert. If you wasn't wearing such a short skirt, everybody wouldn't be able to see your business...

**Man:** Connie is right. I'm not a pervert. Besides, I haven't had the chance to look up your skirt. There are only two sure fire ways a woman gets a run in here stocking that high up. One, she's moving too fast and two, if she is on the verge of losing her job and is a nervous wreck over that possibility trying to please people to keep that from becoming her truest reality, which all boils down to you losing your job, fast.

**Customer:** Shit. You think you're smart. How did you know that?

**Man:** What, about the run in your stocking? I didn't look up your skirt and I don't know the color of your underwear, if that's what you're worried about...

**Customer:** Whatever Mr. Funny man. I was referring to my losing my job, and I'm not worried about my panties. my *panties* are clean, thank you very much...

**Man:** Well, I was in your shoes once. Ok, I was in your shoes many times in the past. Well, not *your shoes* per se, but you get my drift, I hope. Back then, all of those times, I had that same stressed out outlook that you displayed and I hit a wall or two and you know what? that punching the wall thing did not do my hand any good...

**Customer:** Look, what do you want?

**Man:** Why are you about to lose your job, if you haven't lost it already?

**Customer:** Kiss my ass

**Man:** Booo

**Customer:** Look, I am not your boo, ok? I'm a grown ass woman...

**Man:** Well, you don't act like it and I did not say *my* boo, I said boo...

**Customer:** The hell with you, man...

**Man:** I guess being on the verge of losing your job would make a person tell the owner of said coffee shop to fuck off, PMS style. Yeah, that would stress me out too. Wait, where are you going. I'll walk with you...

**Customer:** No you're not...

**Man:** Sure I am. you cant leave without me...

**Customer:** The hell I aint...

**Man:** You said aint again. Ok, look, I apologize. Can we shake and start over? My name



is Wendell...

**Customer:** Haven't you embarrassed me enough, *Wendell*?

**Man:** How did I do that?

**Customer:** You forced me to tell you... in front of everybody that I no longer have a job. My boss just left me a text. I just got fired for being late. At least, that's the excuse he gave. Shit, now I can't even afford to spend any money on a funky ass cup of coffee...

**Man:** Would you like your money back? You never know when it may come in handy

**Customer:** Stop making fun of me, *Wendell*. As a matter of fact, screw you. No, fuck you...

**Man:** You already used that one. No double ups. If you keep saying it I may take it seriously.

**Customer:** I'm serious you asshole. What the hell am I supposed to do now? Do you know what a grown ass woman look like with no job to go to with bills up the ying-yang?

**Man:** Oh, that's an easy one. I'd say she looks like a foul mouth but hey, looks can be deceiving. Look, why don't you come back inside and let me buy you a fresh cup of coffee?

**Customer:** Hell no. I'm not going anywhere with you, especially not back in there. Not only did your funky ass embarrass me but the coffee also stinks.

**Man:** Oh, it's not so bad. I happen to like the place myself. It has sort of a soft homey feel to it...

**Customer:** That's what I thought, it's obvious that your ass is the gold digger. You're down here living in these people shop, trying to make people believe you're the owner.

**Man:** I hope that's not the image I portray...

**Customer:** Whatever. Who the hell parked their damn car behind my car like this? What an asshole...

**Man:** I told you you couldn't leave without me. 'Sorry, my car...

**Customer:** Yeah right. Just tell whoever this car belong to to come and move it before I ram the shit...wait, that'll just cost more money than I have.

**Man:** How about this. You can keep your job if you change your attitude, and apologize to Connie...

**Customer:** Fuck no. Are you crazy, man?

**Man:** Maybe. That's why I got into insurance and donuts, I guess...

**Customer:** What?

**Man:** Because I'm crazy. I own the insurance company you work for and I'll be happy to save your job...

**Customer:** Shit. You're *the* Wendell Hammond, of Wendell H. Hammond insurance?

**Man:** Well, yeah, sort of. I'm Wendell Jr. My father started the business

**Customer:** I'm sorry. All of this happened because my supervisor was trying to force me to...

**Man:** Have sex with him. Don't you worry about that. I was made aware of it and Mr. Parker no longer work for me but you do. That is, if you still want a job with the company...

**Customer:** Hell yeah I do. I mean, sorry, Mr. Hammond. Yes, I want my job.