

MRS. BRONSON

The store was open.

## START

NORMA

*(with a half smile)* Wide open. I think that's the first time in my life I was sorry I'd been born a woman. That's all I was strong enough to carry. There weren't any clerks, Mrs. Bronson. Just a handful of people talking all they could grab.

You should have seen me in the store, Mrs. Bronson. Running down the aisles. I mean running. This way and that way, knocking over things, grabbing and throwing away and then grabbing again.

*She looks away thoughtfully.*

And at that, I think I was the calmest person in the store. One woman just stood in the center of the room and cried. Just cried like a baby. Kept pleading for someone to help her.

At least we won't starve anyway. And there are three cans of fruit juice on the bottom

## END