

I Fade Away

Bridgie is at her new job, sauté-ing on the line. Ensemble members flow in and out around her, but Bridgie's zenned out with the food. She's virtuosic, but she cooks by rote.

Bridgie

RED CABBAGE, DICED ONIONS, PEPPERS SHIMMER IN THE WOK.
SESAME OIL, THIS MUCH SALT. I GLANCE UP AT THE CLOCK.
ANOTHER DISH, ANOTHER DAY.
EACH PLATE HAS SUCH LIFE.
SO WHY DO I FADE AWAY?

Hank walks in to pick Bridgie up from work. They walk as if to leave, but then only Hank leaves. Bridgie switches to a different dish. It's a different day.

WIDE SMILE, SQUARE SHOULDERS, GENTLE LINES SHAPE HIS FACE.
HANK IS MY MAN, I CAN TELL, AND YET I'M IN THIS PLACE.
A STRUCTURED DISH, A STRUCTURED DAY.
VIBRANT, PURPLE SOUP.
SO WHY DO I FADE AWAY?

Hank walks in again. They kiss. He hands her her winter coat. They turn around as if to leave, but only Hank goes. Bridgie comes back and it is a different dish; different day.

I FEEL LIKE I COULD SHAKE IT OFF AND CONNECT.
OR MAYBE I SLEPT WRONG, I GUESS, SO I'M TIRED.
TOMORROW, I'LL WAKE UP, AND FEEL LIKE I DID.
TIME WILL STAND STILL AGAIN; I'LL BE SO INSPIRED.

Hank enters. Same coat/turn around/time passing dance. Different dish; different day.

DRY FINGERS, SCARRED KNUCKLES, OH MY GNARLY HANDS.
COOKING IS EASY, EFFORTLESS, MY BODY UNDERSTANDS.
A GOURMET DISH, A GOURMET DAY.
A SHINY, SILVER POT.
SO WHY, SURROUNDED BY SUCH LIFE,
DO I FADE AWAY.