

MAKING DOUGH

(Girl walks into spotlight where a chair waits.) .

You know however many times i sit in this chair it will not change its thoughts about me. Not one of the legs knows me any better than any other one. The seat stays in place as long as the legs support the weight placed upon it. And the back lets you lean against it until such time as it starts to get old. When that happens the chair lets you know that it needs some care and attention and if it doesn't get it someday it just ...Cracks! Snap. Just like that. It's gone and if you don't fix it, well...it stays broken. I find relationships are like that. Sometimes people really use you like a chair or a convenient object. They don't care about who you are as long as you're useful. They don't have to think about you. And it makes me wonder why everybody is so pre-occupied about what it is they want Then i ask myself What do they want? What do I want? What does anyone want?. That's a good question. What is it that makes the difference in our lives, ,aside from birth death and love that is.. Just the other day i got the answer and it didnt surprise me. Me Sally Reynolds, six years at the local bakery, baking bread, stuffing buns in bags, cleaning up croissant flakes, sweeping crumbs, selling cookies to kids and cream cakes to tea ladies. And up to last Saturday it didn't bother me too much. But then Ivan, the boss, told us he was going to expand into a soup and sandwich take out service plus he had plans for a full scale delicatessen. Something cracked. You see he stood there looking at Karen, Sylvia and I expecting us to applaud him for the good news. And when I asked him how much raise we were going to get he looked at me like I was a stranger. There is nothing greedier than an ex-Communist let me tell you. Ivan arrived from Czechoslovakia when the Russians invaded and began to bake bread because he needed to eat. Eureka!, he realized that was true for everybody even in the land of opportunity and he went for it. He got baking and made it work. Now i'm not blaming him for that. And yes, i always knew he was greedy but when i realized he didn't care who i was and only wanted to know me while i served his purpose. That's when something changed about the way i saw him. He has ugly features. He's got this great big hook nose, horsey teeth, long face and a head shaped like Frankenstein. And there it sits on top of this long gangly set of bones. Like one of those lumbering giant oxen you see in National Geographic Magazines. You know those animals that roam across the plains of Africa with little birds sitting on their shoulders keeping the bugs off their back. A kind of a free food exchange for pest control service i guess. Anyway; the point is, this bird has flown the coop. From here on in, I am no longer going to be a little bird protecting my big brother but a flea relentlessly biting his ear. And the message is: "You stingy and ungrateful bastard I'm taking a piece of you whenever I can". Money is like that. It can make you look at people you thought you appreciated in a very different way.

(Fade to Black).

