



OH, MARTHA

by Dave Proctor

A SMITH SCRIPT

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# **Oh Martha**

**A play by Dave Proctor**

**A Monologue**

# Oh Martha

*The stage is bare apart from an armchair and if using 'live' music, a piano and pianist*

*In a number of these monologues the person Martha is speaking to remains unseen and unheard.*

*In this performance, The actress should emulate this, where appropriate pausing, as if listening for an answer.*

*As guidance, I have put two dashes (--) whenever this device should be used.*

*The performer should have her hair up and should be dressed formally in a full ball gown and long gloves.*

*Curtain Opens*

*Music*

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qNm-lhQ\\_h08](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qNm-lhQ_h08) 2.15 minutes

*Ethelbert Nevin: Water Scenes Op. 13 No. 4 - Narcissus 1891*

*Martha comes on at 0.30 and is' la la' ing along to the music, failing to hit certain notes.*

## **Introduction**

Good Evening everybody, how lovely to see you all here tonight, I do so hope you enjoy yourselves and please feel free to laugh, where appropriate.

Now, as I am sure you can see, I am somewhat of a fashionista, and of course, I keep up to date with all the latest designers.

--

What's that?

--

*(To an imaginary heckler)*

How rude.

The designer of this dress did not die in nineteen forty-two.

--

How dare you, no he doesn't make wedding cakes on the side. This dress does not look anything like a cream confection.

--

I would have you know this dress was only on the catwalk, why only last year. It was modelled by Dilone

--

Not Bob Dylan, huh! What do you know about fashion?

--

Oh so sorry Mister Ford, I didn't recognise you.

## My Facebook Friend

*Seated and read from a book*

I have a very good friend,  
A lady I've never met  
I do not know her personally  
But we are friends on the net  
I have seen a blurry picture  
She looks rather sweet  
But I do not think I'd know her  
If I saw her in the street  
I cannot say if she's fair of face  
Or if she's the belle of the ball  
I really could not say that  
When I've not seen her at all  
I am happy she is often there,  
Especially when I'm down  
She answers all my missives  
Without rancour or a frown  
We exchange little odes,  
On what we want to say

Telling tales of other folk  
And what we did that day  
We talk about the parties  
That last til morning's light  
She told me about her hubbie  
And how drunk he was that night

She tells me of the funeral plans  
That she has got to sell  
She asked me if I'd like to buy one  
I told her go to hell

## Postcards from Cecilia

*Martha is seated with a number of postcards, which she will read to the audience.*

My best friend Cecilia promised to send me a postcard every day whilst she is on a cruise.

Her son and his wife treated her to the cruise. A European cruise at that. She was to fly to Barcelona, in Spain, where she would pick up the ship and then she would go touring the Mediteranean sea for a week.

How exciting

Now Cecilia's son said she should get out more and meet new people and see more of the world. But I suspect that she will just curl up with a good book on a deckchair and mope around her son, David and his wife, worrying about everything.

The funny thing is she didn't actually want to go.

She was always scared of flying.

She was scared of being on a ship in the Ocean and frightened that she was going to be seasick for the whole vacation.

Well, she is a bit of a worrier.

Now I should explain that whilst I love Cecilia to bits, she married her childhood sweetheart and was never one to socialise that much and since her husband passed away, well, she just stayed at home with her flowers and her cats.

She has always been a bit of a shrinking violet. She would not say boo to a goose.

But I do hope she has a wonderful vacation.

I am sure she would not mind if I read her postcards out to you.

Dear Martha

Well, what a wonderful start to the cruise. I was upgraded. I have my own luxury suite, a maid that cleans and makes my bed and a butler as well. Would you believe the first afternoon he delivered champagne to my suite, then yesterday chocolate covered strawberries.

With my upgrade, I dine in the private dining room, but David and his wife have to eat with the folk in cattle class, though I have to say they were really upset when I said that. He called me a snob.

The ship is really smooth and apart from feeling a bit squiffy after drinking all that champagne, I have not felt sick at all.

I could not write to you yesterday as we were at sea and I could not get to a postbox, but I promise to write to you every day from now on.

We are in Marseille, that's France, this morning. Then tonight I am dining with the Captain (David was upset as he was not invited and merely remarked that he did not want to eat with the driver, anyway).

I must go, Victor is taking me out for lunch today.

Your best friend

Cecilia.

Hmm, I wonder who Victor is?