

A script from



“Martha Martha”

by
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- What** For all of us who need the occasional “permission” to step out of the kitchen and into the throne room of God. **Themes:** Women, Stress, Busy, Prayer, Time with God, Monologue
- Who** Martha
- When** Bible Times
- Wear**
(Props) Martha wears simple time-period-appropriate dress, tied back with a plain apron or cloth. She appears frazzled (head covering askew, flour on clothes/face, etc. is appropriate).
Low table
Butcher’s block
“Stove” – To suggest a first-century stove, use a large reinforced cardboard box with a dome-shaped “opening” painted on one side and place a grill rack on top.
Cast iron (or solid black Teflon) pans
Various ceramic jars and plates (the more cluttered the scene can appear, the better)
Various cooking utensils
Optional: Greens, fresh herbs, and other fruits/vegetables consistent with Israel’s climate
- Why** Luke 10:38-42
- How** For most of the script (until she addresses Jesus), Martha’s actions should be exaggerated for comic effect. It will help to consider what is being said and done by other (unseen) characters during the pauses in Martha’s monologue.
- Time** Approximately 5 minutes

Enter **Martha**, tense and hurried.

Martha: *(Addressing a servant)* No, no! I said mustard, not coriander. I need the coriander for the—where are you going with that? I don't want it over there. I want it next to the vase. No, I did tell you that. You and Ruthie need to get your heads out of the clouds and listen when I give you directions. This is a very important dinner, do you understand?
(Exasperated) What are you waiting for? Go, go!

Turns, grabs a utensil, and dips it into a pot to taste.

Ughhh—! Still not right. This is just what happens when I'm alone in the kitchen.

Addressing another servant.

Ruth. Find Mary and tell her she is needed. In the kitchen. Now.

Turning back to sauce.

I can't serve this. All I taste is mint. Everyone does mint sauce with lamb. He probably has lamb with mint sauce everywhere he goes. Ruth, I told you to get— What?

Pause

Listening to the Teacher. Of course she's listening to the Teacher. Well, someone's got to feed the Teacher, did you tell her that? She can't possibly expect one woman to cook for thirteen men. What kind of—

Pause

What?

Incredulous

They want me, to come out there? Of all the ridiculous— and who's going to make dinner? Of course I'm not going out there. With the men? Letting the meat burn and the dishes pile up on the counter? I'd be the laughingstock of Bethany.

Adjusts a pot, burning herself in the process.

I'll just handle it my— oww! I don't have time for this. Salve. Where did she put the salve?

Notices an empty jar on the table.

Pause

What's this? How long has this been here?

Well, no one told me we were out of wine. You girls need to tell me these things. Quick, run and get the other jar before they notice. Bring it to Mary. If she's going to sit out there, she can fill the cups. I need you in here to help me with the platter. Hurry back.

To herself...

I know I'm forgetting something. What am I forgetting? Olives are being passed. Dates are stuffed, greens are dressed. Sauce is cooling. Meat is—

Noticing something has caught fire.

—oh no. OHHH no.

Runs to the fire and starts blowing as if to put out a flame.

Ruth! Anna!

To herself, sarcastically.

I'm going to kill those girls. Just sitting there, soaking it all in. Well! Wouldn't it be nice if we all had that luxury?

To servants, who have returned.

This is the last time I'm going to tell you. I need both of you IN THE KITCHEN. Not out there. Do you hear me?

Pause

Yes, I know Mary's there, but you answer to me, and you'd better believe I answer to God Almighty for proper hospitality. You girls get the meat on that platter and DO NOT drop it. No, Anna, the outside, the greens go on the outside. This needs more salt. A little honey on the figs. Don't forget oil for the bread.

Tastes sauce and make a face.

This is useless cold.

Sticks same spoon in and stirs vehemently.

Back on the fire with you. Where's the salt? I still need the— Ruthie, you watch where you're going with that! Where was I? Oil. Should be under the—

Turns to the sauce, and rushes as if to stop it from boiling over.

Oh, no you don't!

Blowing furiously.

Under the— Wine is still here? Well, what did she bring them last time? Salt, can't forget the... Girls, get in here and bring me a bowl for the sauce. Yes, right now! No, don't bring the figs out until I put oil on the—I mean honey on the—

Inadvertently knocks something off the table; there is the sound of something breaking.

Oh, for the love—! MARY!

Pause

Rabbi, you must know what's wrong. Lord, don't you care that my sister has left me to do the work by myself? Tell her to help me!

Pause

What?

Pause

I can't just stop. Of course I'd love to be in there with you, but someone has to be in the kitchen. There's too much to do in here.

Pause

No, it can't. Well, maybe it could wait, but it would be a horrific...

Pause; she surveys the kitchen.

...mess. *(Surrendering)* You just want me to— listen to You?

Pause

All right. All right.

Removes apron and drops it to the floor.

"Martha Martha"

I'm coming, Lord.
Exit Martha. PURCHASE

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