

Martha Wants You to Give Excerpt

By

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ACT I

Scene 1

Blackout. A single woman USC. She makes a repetitive motion and sound. Another woman joins her, with her own sound and motion, and in relation. And another woman etc. Preferably, around 10 women should make up the machine (no fewer than 7). As each woman adds her part to the machine, the stage lights get incrementally brighter, so that we go from a blackout to a fully lit stage throughout the building of the machine. Once the machine is fully built, a man enters and takes DSC. He must be fully audible over the noise of the machine. He speaks his soliloquy, his poem.

MAN

I; that is, to claim selfhood.
I speak; that is, to claim sentience.
I speak to; that is, to claim relation.
I speak to you; that is, to claim status.
I speak to you. That is, you listen.

Martha told me yesterday--or maybe it was today--that I am her inspiration. That was what she said. What she meant was this:

One of the women from the machine voices Martha's words with Man. She does not cease being a part of the machine, moving with it. This is true whenever this occurs.

"You comprise my thoughts. When I speak you flow out of me. Whatever it is that creates my conscious finds its conduit in you." She kissed me on the cheek and thanked me. I grabbed her ass and stuck my hand up her skirt. She came like a firework, fast and loud. Like a train pulling out of a station and hitting a concrete wall.

He makes a hideous imitation of a woman violently coming. The machine increases in speed and intensity, and the lights get brighter.

The way I imagine Venus de Milo would come if I stuck my fingers up her marble cunt. She left my office looking exactly the same as when she had entered, although I imagined her face flushed under her makeup mask. No one looked at her as she returned to the desk I had given her.

Within the previous line, the machine slows, the lights grow dimmer.

I first saw Martha six months ago when Johnny came to me with a favor.

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One of the woman from the machine voices Johnny with Man.

"It's my little sister, boss. She needs a job real bad. You'll help her out, right?" I said, sure, send her in!

A young woman in a red dress enters the stage. She is silent, voiced by a woman in the machine. She does not pretend to speak; all her communication is through her body.

The machine increases speed vigorously, the lights are very bright.

The first moment I laid eyes on her I knew I wanted to fuck her. She's just one of those women, you know, the kind you want to fuck. And the first thing she said to me made me know that she would want me to.

MARTHA

Hello Mr. Boss, sir. Johnny speaks most highly of you. Thank you for giving me a position. I do appreciate it.