

# ***Miss Marmalade and the Emerald Sea***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

<u>MISS MARMELADE:</u>	40's
<u>NORA:</u>	16
<u>MR. BALDWIN:</u>	50's

Place  
Kitchen

Time  
Evening

Setting: The play takes place in the 1930s, set inside the working kitchen of the Baldwin Estate. It is an enormous blue colored kitchen with white trimmings and copper knobs. Copper pots and pans hang center stage. There is a stove center stage with a giant copper soup pot atop a flame. The floors are tiled, patterned with blue and green designs. There is a window, closed with curtain above the stove. A few wooden stools are scattered about and a wooden chair where Miss Marmalade sits from time to time.

At Rise: The play opens with Miss Marmalade stirring her soup and 16 year old Norma looking on.

Note: Miss Marmalade is a blind woman.

Note: 16 year old Norma's personality is that of a young child more so than an adult.

*Lights slowly rise.*

MISS MARMALADE: Oh, I've developed so many priceless worlds from my imagination. As far as I'm concerned, that makes me pretty lucky. You see things as they are, I see things as they could be.

NORMA: But don't you get mad?

MISS MARMALADE: Mad? Mad about what child?

NORMA: Wouldn't you want to see the world?

MISS MARMALADE: No.

NORMA: No?

MISS MARMALADE: No means no.

NORMA: Why?

MISS MARMALADE: Because I already like what I see.

NORMA: You're strange.

MISS MARMALADE: *(laughs)* Maybe I am. *(stirs giant pot on stove)* *(dips a big spoon in and tastes)* Mm. Pass me the pepper.

*Norma hands Miss Marmalade the pepper.*

MISS MARMALADE: That's my good helper.

*Miss Marmalade twists pepper into the pot.*

NORMA: I want to cook like you one day.

MISS MARMALADE: Why not today?

NORMA: I can't cook like you today.

MISS MARMALADE: By now you've helped me prepare just about every dish I've ever known. I trust you like cooking.

NORMA: *(smiling)* Yes.

MISS MARMALADE: Cooking is the greatest thing ever invented.

NORMA: It is?

MISS MARMALADE: That and jazz.

NORMA: What's jazz?

MISS MARMALADE: Music.

NORMA: I don't know what jazz sounds like.

MISS MARMALADE: What do you imagine jazz sounds like?

NORMA: I don't know.

MISS MARMALADE: Maybe one evening I'll play you a record or two to get you into the swing of things.

NORMA: I want to hear jazz.

MISS MARMALADE: You do?

NORMA: Yes.

MISS MARMALADE: Why?

NORMA: Because it's fun.

MISS MARMALADE: What makes you think jazz is fun?

NORMA: Because you are fun.

MISS MARMALADE: (*laughs*) Am I fun?

NORMA: Yes.

MISS MARMALADE: Aren't you the sweetest peach.

NORMA: I'm not a peach.

MISS MARMALADE: You are cute enough to eat.

NORMA: (*giggles*) No, I'm not.

Enter Mr. Baldwin.

MR. BALDWIN: Hello.

MISS MARMALADE: Hello, Mr. Baldwin.

MR. BALDWIN: What were you two giggling about?

MISS MARMALADE: Someone has discovered the word JAZZ.

MR. BALDWIN: Is that so?

NORMA: I want to hear jazz!

MR. BALDWIN: If Miss Marmalade wouldn't mind playing some of her

MR. BALDWIN (*cont'd*): esteemed recordings, I think that would be quite alright.

NORMA: Yeah!

*Norma hugs Mr. Baldwin.*

MR. BALDWIN: Norma dear, why don't you get settled at the dinner table for supper?

NORMA: Okay.

*Norma runs and hugs Miss Marmalade and runs out of the kitchen.*

MISS MARMALADE: That young lady is full of fire.

MR. BALDWIN: She certainly is...how are you keeping?

MISS MARMALADE: Very well Mr. Baldwin, thank you.

MR. BALDWIN: ...I would like you to know how appreciated you are.

MISS MARMALADE: Really? Why, you don't have to -

MR. BALDWIN: Since Andrea left us, you have been nothing but a blessing to this family.

MISS MARMALADE: My pleasure.

MR. BALDWIN: I hope you know that I consider you part of this family.

MISS MARMALADE: I know that, Mr. Baldwin.

MR. BALDWIN: If something were to ever happen to me, I would wish for you to take over everything.

MISS MARMALADE: Why would you say such a thing? Are you not well?

MR. BALDWIN: I'm perfectly fine.

MISS MARMALADE: But why speak such words?

MR. BALDWIN: It's all been set forth in my will.

MISS MARMALADE: You're worrying me.

MR. BALDWIN: No need to be worried. Do you agree to take things over? To care for Norma and see to it that she gets on in this world? In the event of which something were to happen...please, I need your assurance.

*Miss Marmalade sits.*

MISS MARMALADE: I'm sorry if I'm taken aback. What is the means of all this?

MR. BALDWIN: Do you promise?

MISS MARMALADE: Promise?

MR. BALDWIN: To accept my estate and guardianship of Norma?

MISS MARMALADE: ...If you were to pass on?

MR. BALDWIN: Indeed.

MISS MARMALADE: But you have family in parts of England, Wales...

MR. BALDWIN: I do.

MISS MARMALADE: Why wouldn't much more qualified folk be better suited than I?

MR. BALDWIN: Because I don't love them.

MISS MARMALADE: Are you saying you love me, Mr. Baldwin?

MR. BALDWIN: You are my real family Miss Marmalade. Those in other parts of the world could never hold a candle to you. The moment you stepped foot in this home you changed all our lives for the better. My wife, God rest her soul, loved you so dearly, one could go as far as saying you were like a mother figure to her and to Norma, you are her idol. Not one day goes by without Norma sharing some wondrous tale she's had with you for the day. I thank the good Lord each night on my knees for your blessing...

MISS MARMALADE: I must have been a fool.

MR. BALDWIN: I beg your pardon?

MISS MARMALADE: Oh, Ernie and I have been romanticizing about other possibilities?

MR. BLADWIN: What possibilities?

MISS MARMALADE: The French Riviera.

MR. BALDWIN: You can't be serious.

MISS MARMALADE: It's only conversation but as of late we are seriously considering it.

MR. BALDWIN: There is no way in hell I could permit that to happen!

MISS MARMALADE: I don't believe I need your permission, Mr. Baldwin.

MR. BALDWIN: ...I apologize. I didn't mean to come off sounding so..forgive me...haven't you been happy here?

MISS MARMALADE: Of course.

MR. BALDWIN: Why would you ever consider the notion of leaving us?

MISS MARMALADE: The emerald sea.

MR. BALDWIN: (*narrows his eyebrows*)

MISS MARMALADE: There's a tiny French island surrounded by emerald green water in the Mediterranean. It's off the coast of the Riviera. There is a new jazz club opening up and the owner is a friend of Ernie's and asked Ernie if he would be interested in leading a house band to play each night. I believe Ernie wishes to marry me Mr. Baldwin, and being a woman of my...distinction, I can't say it doesn't sound romantic. The open air, moonlight, the sound of jazz playing over the ocean's sweet breeze. I imagine that's where I'd like to be. However, what you've just proposed is a very serious undertaking. But let's be realistic Mr. Baldwin, you and I both know that you are in perfect health and that you and Norma can get along completely fine without me. (*beat*) Although Norma is most important to me...she is old enough to see the world on her own, wouldn't you say? Eventually, I must come to the conclusion as to whether or not I am to go to the emerald sea...

MR. BALDWIN: I'm at a loss for words.

MISS MARMALADE: As I've said, maybe I am a fool to think about my own happiness but -

*Norma comes running into the kitchen.*

NORMA: Are we going to have dinner and jazz?

MR. BALDWIN: Norma, that is very rude.

MISS MARMALADE: Norma, I'm going to serve dinner right now. Go run along back in the dining room and take your rightful place at the table.

NORMA: Come on father. (*taking his hand*)

MR. BALDWIN: I'm not yet done speaking with Miss Marmalade.

MISS MARMALADE: Mr. Baldwin, if you don't mind, the food will get cold.

MR. BALDWIN: Very well.



MR. BALDWIN: We will finish our discussion at the appropriate time perhaps.

MISS MARMALADE: I don't see why not.

*Norma exits to the kitchen. Mr Baldwin follows but turns back to the kitchen.*

MR. BALDWIN: We haven't treated you ill in anyway, have we Miss Marmalade?

MISS MARMALADE: Oh no, quite the opposite Mr. Baldwin, I wouldn't have had it any other way, you've changed my life, too...for the better.

*Mr. Baldwin exits the kitchen.*

*Lights slowly fade to black.*

**END OF PLAY**