

Frank, You're Mine

Sadie Shaw, 19, beautiful but knows it. She thinks very highly of herself.

Leanne Shaw, 17, beautiful but doesn't. Smart and loyal.

Black Figure, athletic build.

Connecticut, 1954, in the Shaw household. The time is 2:35am, their parents are away.

Sadie stands in the hallway (C), she has shoulder length blonde hair and a pale complexion, she's dressed in her pyjamas and she is anxious and fidgeting. Sat down by the front door (SR) is Leanne, brunette and almost half asleep, also in her pyjamas; her hand is rested on her face as if she had drifted off.

It's a modern house, with all the furnishings any nuclear family would want to buy. SL has a long stairway up to the first floor; white steps with a brown carpet make it feel homely. Next to the staircase is a small cabinet, on it is an old clock, antique, but still in working order. On the clocks' right is a small statue of a dancer, she is dressed in blue and reaching out. To the clocks' left is a candle on a tray, its light is the only thing illuminating the room. The floors are wooden, clean and the arch behind them leads into a dining room (UC), but the light covers its contents, apart from a long dining table with chairs that can be made out. Beneath Sadie's feet lies a crumpled wedding dress, it is her mothers.

Sadie is hyperventilating; she is flicking her wrist as if the excess energy will be removed from doing so. All the while she stares at the dress.

Sadie: *(Breathing heavily)* I can't do this, I just can't, it's so weird and what if mom finds out? Oh no, what if mom finds out?! She wouldn't let me leave the house, she, she wouldn't let me have a life. I, I can't do this.

Leanne: *(Half-conscious)* Just do it.

Sadie: Are you crazy Leanne? What if she finds out, what if she sees that it's creased or..or stained, or that something really bad has happened to it.

Leanne is silent

Sadie: What if it all goes wrong and there's blood on it or something. I can't go through with this. Leanne, I'm stopping this right now.

Leanne: Then don't do it.

Sadie: You're going to let me give up like that? What kind of sister are you?

Leanne: *(Half-asleep)* Then do it I don't care.

Sadie: Clearly I'm stressed Leanne and you shouting at me isn't going to help.

Leanne: Oh my god.

Sadie: Right, that's it, if you're not behind me I'm not doing it. That's it Leanne, you've ruined the whole thing!

Leanne: Are you kidding me? Just snap out of it! You have not stopped talking about this for months, just do it already - it's not that hard.

Sadie: Well if it's not that hard, why don't you do it?

Leanne: Because I really couldn't give a crap.

Sadie: Don't talk like that. You could ruin the whole thing.

Leanne: It's crap Leanne, its bullshit; it's a waste of our time.

Sadie: Shut up. I'm doing it. If you're going to be this stubborn all your life I doubt you'll ever get married.

Leanne: Oh no.

Sadie: Whilst I, I will get the man of my dreams, tonight. Right this instant.

Sadie reaches down onto the floor and picks up the dress; she holds it against herself and looks for a way to put it on.

Leanne: Will it fit?

Sadie: Of course it will, mom got married when she was my age, and she was a little bigger than me, for sure, but she wasn't fat. So it will fit.

Leanne: She was 25.

Sadie: Yeah, same difference.
Leanne: You're 6 years out.
Sadie: Same. Difference. Now, help me put this on.
Leanne: It's easy enough, just put your legs in.
Sadie: Yeah, but how am I supposed to do it up?
Leanne: Use those freakishly long arms of yours.
Sadie: I swear to god, when you do this I hope you see a skull.
Leanne: Fine by me, I never wanna get married.

Sadie puts her feet into the dress and begins to pull it up; it's a little too tight.

Leanne: *(Smiling)* Uh-oh...It doesn't fit.
Sadie: I'm wearing my pj's under it, Leanne.
Leanne: That's hardly going to affect it.
Sadie: Of course it will it's science. Mass. You know.
Leanne: I thought you said mom was fatter than you when she wore this?
Sadie: She was. She told me. Maybe it just got smaller over time.
Leanne: You know that's ridiculous, right?
Sadie: Maybe it was moths Leanne?!
Leanne: God.
Sadie: Just help me get it on okay?!
Leanne: Fine. *(Leanne helps Sadie get her dress on)* I just can't wait to see your face when you realise this is all baloney.

Pause

Sadie: It's not. I read about it in the library.
Leanne: What? Ha, you're kidding me?
Sadie: No it's true; there was this whole section in the library about myths and folklore. I mean, I looked under romance for a while, but I couldn't find anything good there.
Leanne: I'm surprised you even know where the library was.
Sadie: I'm not an idiot Leanne. Now do up the zipper!
Leanne: Jeez fine. Are you ready? Hold your breath, three...two...one!

Leanne zips the dress. There is a struggle, Sadie clearly cannot breathe and Leanne is holding in her laughter. It finally does up.

Leanne: There all done, how do you feel?
Sadie: *(Talking as if her lungs are in her mouth)* Beautiful.
Leanne: Your head looks like it's about to explode.
Sadie: Har har very funny...*(Wheezes)* I just...need my body to...relax...

Sadie slowly swivels her hips, hoping to ease the dress into place

Leanne: Can we just hurry up? I'm tired.
Sadie: Done. Right, okay, are you ready?
Leanne: Yes.
Sadie: Tell me what you've got to do.
Leanne: I said I'm ready.
Sadie: But I need to hear it.
Leanne: I told you already!
Sadie: But I would be more comfortable if you proved it!
Leanne: It's fine Sadie, I know it already!
Sadie: We are messing with demons here, if you screw up it's all over. They don't wait around you know.
Leanne: God! Fine.

Pause

Sadie: Okay, begin.

Pause

Leanne: You get into position.

Sadie: I do. (*Sadie gracefully gets into position*)

Leanne: Wait, I'm just talking it through.

Sadie: And I'm just standing here, calm down. Continue.

Leanne: Eurgh.

Sadie: Don't eurgh, Leanne, it's not attractive.

Pause

Leanne: I hand you the candle.

Sadie: Yes you do.

Leanne: Then you walk upstairs backwards.

Sadie: Yeah. And you?

Leanne: Wait.

Sadie: Good, then?

Leanne: Once you're upstairs, I come upstairs.

Sadie: Yes that's right, once I've made the harrowing journey upstairs, you follow me, good, next.

Leanne: I close the /bathroom door

Sadie: /No that's wrong you're rushing ahead, what do you do before the bathroom door?

Leanne: Err.

Sadie: Leanne, what do you do before the bathroom door?

Leanne: I don't know.

Sadie: It's simple.

Leanne: I don't know Sadie.

Sadie: You've already said it.

Leanne: What? I don't think I did anything Sadie?

Sadie: That's right, you do nothing, you wait for me to get into the bathroom.

Leanne: Oh my god! Sadie, I know what I'm doing let's just get this over and done with, it's so late!

Sadie: What happens once I'm in the bathroom?

Leanne: I close the bathroom/ door.

Sadie: You close the bathroom door. And that's it.

Leanne: What happens if you get murdered?

Sadie: I won't. I've told you already. I'm marrying Frank.

Leanne: Let's just get this over with.

Sadie faces the front door and places her hand out.

Sadie: (*Ordering*) Candle.

Leanne goes over to the cabinet and grabs the candle, and places it in Sadie's hands.

Leanne: Hold it steady, and don't trip. You don't want it to catch the dress alight.

Sadie: I know mom would kill me right?

Leanne: Doubt it, hard to kill someone for ruining a dress when they've already burnt alive.

Pause

Sadie: I do not get you.

Leanne: Just start.

Sadie breathes in to calm her nerves, she remains facing the door as she places her first foot on the steps, throughout the following, Sadie is walking backwards up the staircase.

Sadie: Oh...Oh! Wha.... This is hard Leanne.

Leanne: Stairs were made for walking the other way.

Sadie: Oh! Oh... Easy does it.

Leanne: Are you supposed to talk?

Sadie: I don't know, I can't remember.

Leanne: Didn't you read the book thoroughly?

Sadie: Well I read it.

Leanne: Yeah but, thoroughly.

Sadie: What's thoroughly?

Pause

Leanne: Keep walking.

Long pause. Sadie is getting slower.

Leanne: Are you okay?

Sadie: I'm fine; I'm just a little scared that's all.

Leanne: Don't worry about it; you haven't even started the ritual yet. This is just the foreplay.

Sadie: But I'm walking into darkness, that's scary Leanne!

Leanne: Darkness is nothing, you're walking into nothing. There isn't anything there.

Sadie: (Shouting)Umm...I think there's a bookcase at the top of this staircase Leanne!

Leanne: Then you'll walk into a bookcase, that's all.

Sadie: Okay...almost there...done.

Sadie reaches the top of the staircase. The landing has the same brown carpet at the staircase. At the top of it against the wall is a tall bookshelf, filled with old books. Upstage there are three closed doors and downstage is the open door to the bathroom, it's light is off. Sadie looks around her; she's comforted that she's made it. Though she is anxious she is alone at the top. Leanne realises the same, she is alone at the bottom.

Sadie: Leanne!! Hurry up and get up here!!

Leanne: Yep!

Leanne runs up the stairs onto the same level as Sadie.

Sadie: No, down a step. You have to wait remember?

Leanne: Oh yeah, sorry...

Sadie turns towards the bathroom; she uses the candle to light the way.

Sadie: Here I go.

Leanne: Good luck.

Sadie: I don't need luck.

Sadie enters the bathroom. The light illuminates the tiles. The bath is downstage in the room, with an old curtain draped to the stage left. A sink is clearly visible behind it. The mirror faces the audience on the upstage wall. Sadie holds her candle under her face and looks into the mirror. Leanne walks towards the bathroom door, still visible from the candle's refraction.

Leanne: I'm closing the door now Sadie.

Sadie: (Turns to Leanne) Wait. If, if this goes wrong. I want you to know that I love you.

Leanne: Sadie don't say that.

Sadie: But what if I die?

Leanne: You won't. Like I said, it's baloney.

Sadie: But I might, Lee Brickowski's cousin's ex-girlfriend apparently did it and then she died, like, 2 years later.

Leanne: Wasn't she hit by a car?

Sadie: Yeah!

Leanne: Not by Bloody Mary.

Sadie: Well, yeah.

Leanne: So she didn't die from doing this.

Sadie: But she did die.

Long pause

Leanne: Okay have fun.

Leanne slams the bathroom door shut, turns on the landing light, grabs the Folklore book she left there and sits in the chair opposite of the bathroom door. Sadie in the bathroom, prepares herself.

Sadie: Okay, okay. Get ready. Okay, here we go.

Sadie notices herself in the mirror.

Sadie: Oh my god, I look so beautiful.. *(Shouting)* Leanne, I look stunning in this dress.

Leanne: Aren't you supposed to be summoning an evil spirit?

Sadie: Don't you think though? When I put it on? I look cute right?

Leanne: Was that before or after you walked up the stairs backwards?

Sadie: Shut up Leanne.

Sadie sucks a lot of air in.

Sadie: *(Tentatively)* Okay...

Sadie clears her throat. She applies all seriousness to the situation. She composes herself. A lot is at stake.

...

Bloody Mary...

...

...

Bloody...M...ary...

...

...

She tries to suck more breath in.

...

...

B...

She can't utter the word and begins to whimper.

...

Blood...

...

(Shouting) Bloody MARY!!

Suddenly Leanne stands up outside of the bathroom door, reacting to Sadie's summoning. Sadie is staring into the mirror, tears are starting to form. She is clearly terrified.

Long pause.

Leanne: *(Hesitantly)* Sadie?

Sadie: *(Screaming)* Shut the fuck up Leanne!

Long pause.

Sadie: *(Mumbling)* Where are you? Where are you Frank, why aren't you here where are you? Please, please Frank show your face. Please please don't let it be a skull, please don't. Come on please. Please don't be her, please don't be her...

Sadie explodes into tears, her cries are enough to shake Leanne. She is pitifully screaming.

Leanne: Sadie?! Sadie what's wrong what do you see!

Leanne begins to bang the door down.

Leanne: *(Shouting)* Sadie! Get away from the mirror, whatever you see it's not real! I promise you it's not real!

Sadie is still staring into the mirror as...CRASH...Leanne comes barging into the bathroom. Leanne looks around the bathroom and then grabs Sadie's face.

Leanne: Look at me, look at me! Sadie, Sadie, are you okay?!

Sadie's attention is now on Leanne. She is still pitifully sobbing.

Leanne: Sadie, please snap out of it, what's wrong, tell me?

Pause. Sadie suddenly composes.

Sadie: *(In a deep voice)* Get the book.

Leanne: Okay, getting the book.

Leanne runs back to the chair on the landing, she picks up the book and brings into the bathroom.

Sadie: *(In the same voice)* Read it.

Leanne: Oh okay...Umm... American Myth and Folklore Volume 2 by Charles-

Sadie: -Read from the bookmark.

Leanne: The bookmark, oh sorry, okay, umm. Here, here. 'Bloody Mary' – Bloody Mary is a folklore legend a ghost or spirit conjured to reveal the future. She is said to appear in a mirror when her name is called three times. The Bloody Mary apparition may be benign or malevolent. Historically, the ritual encouraged young women to walk up a flight of stairs backwards while holding a candle and a hand mirror... Sadie you didn't have a hand mirror, you didn't tell me to get you one?

Sadie: I have this one *(Points to the bathroom mirror)*, keep reading.

Leanne: err...backwards while holding a candle and a hand mirror in a darkened house. As they gazed into the mirror, they were supposed to be able to catch a view of their future husband's face. There was, however, a chance that they would see a skull instead, indicating that they were destined to die before they would have the chance to... marry... Sadie, is, is that what you saw? A skull?

Sadie: No. No I didn't see a skull. I didn't see anything.

Pause

Leanne: What?

Sadie: All I could see was me. No skull, no Frank, just me.

Leanne: You just saw yourself?

Sadie: Yes. I looked into the mirror and all I saw was me.

Leanne: At least we know the mirror works.

Sadie: What does it mean Leanne? I'm I marrying myself? Is that what it means?

Leanne: Wait.

Sadie: What?

Leanne: Why the hell were you screaming like that then?

Sadie: What?

Leanne: As if you were being murdered.

Sadie: I already told you Leanne! It's because I didn't see anything!

Leanne: Are you kidding me! Are you fucking kidding me! I thought Bloody Mary was stabbing you!

Sadie: No of course not! Don't be such an idiot, it's because I couldn't see Frank in the mirror!

Leanne: Oh my god, you're a psycho!

Sadie: No, I did everything right, you were the one who scared Bloody Mary away when you interrupted the ritual and spoke to me!

Leanne: Oh so it's my fault the mirror 'doesn't work'?

Sadie: Obviously! I told you to wait, you obviously don't want-

Suddenly, there is a CRASH from downstairs. A black figure can be seen falling through the dining room window. It is difficult to make out whether they are human. Both of the girls scream, Leanne switches off the landing light and slams the bathroom door shut.

Downstairs in the dining room, glass has spread onto the floor, the dark figure, slowly rises and stands. It appears human from the darkness.

In the bathroom.

Sadie: *(Through tears)* Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god. What have I done it's her.

Leanne: *(Through tears)* What have you done Sadie, why did you do this, now we're going to get killed.

Sadie: I'm so sorry Leanne, I'm so sorry.

Leanne: I can't believe I'm going to die because Frank doesn't love you.

Downstairs, the black figure makes its way into the hall. It eyes the room and then turns its attention upstairs. It slowly makes its way up each step, light on its feet.

Leanne: *(Whispered)* Oh my god it's coming upstairs. Sadie it knows where we are.

Sadie: No, no why do I have to die now? I have so much more to give.

The black figure reaches the landing. It can hear the whispered tones from the bathroom, it slowly paces towards it.

Sadie: I'm sorry I'm so mean to you all the time, I love you, I really do and I just want you to be happy.

Leanne: Me too, I'm sorry for being so cold to you, I love you Sadie.

Sadie: I mean it Leanne, you're so smart, and I bet you could have any guy you want. I bet you could make a million dollars without even trying.

The black figure is now at the door and slowly reaches its hand onto the doorknob.

Leanne: Sadie you're-

Sadie: Shut up Leanne I'm talking. You've got so much to give you know? You're so young, and you're pretty you really are. You've got so much talent, and do you know what? If you don't marry someone that's fine, but there's a lot of guys out there who are missing out, I'm telling ya.

The black figure tries the knob, it's locked.

Sadie: Actually Leanne, screw it, fuck this bitch, fuck everything she stands for. We're not going to be bullied by her, I'm not going to let this little Mary bitch kill you. I caused this mess so I'm going to clean it up!

Suddenly Sadie throws her whole body at the closed bathroom door, the force of her knocks the door out of its hinges. Sadie comes crashing down on top of the door, which is now on top of the black figure. The black figure does not move, Leanne looks at Sadie with awe. Sadie gets herself up. And turns on the light.

Leanne: Oh my god...Sadie, you, you saved us.

Sadie: I don't know what came over me.

Leanne: Thank you.

Sadie: You're welcome.

Leanne goes to hug her sister, she steps up onto the door and reaches out for an embrace. As she climbs on, the black figure underneath makes a pained noise.

Figure: Oooh!

Both of the girls pause.

Leanne: Did it just speak?

Sadie: It just said "Ooh".

Leanne: Umm...get off the door.

Both girls get off the door, and step back. Sadie crouches down and looks under. She recoils suddenly.

Sadie: Oh my god, it's a person.

Leanne: What?!

Sadie: There's a person under that.

Leanne: Quick get it off!

Both girls pull the door off of the black figure. With the light on, it is now clear to see the black figure is a thief. Clad in a black balaclava, black t-shirt and trousers. Their trainers are black too.

Leanne: Oh my god.

Sadie: Yeah, that's not Mary.

Leanne: Yeah.

Sadie: Leanne.

Leanne: Yeah?

Sadie: I'm going to take off the mask.

Leanne: No don't touch it.

Sadie: I'm doing it.

Leanne: No don't!

Sadie: Leanne, I almost met death tonight, I'm fine. I'm taking off the mask.

Sadie takes off the mask of the thief. And reveals a handsome young man, unconscious.

Sadie: Oh my god.

Leanne: What?

Sadie: *(Resolute and underwhelming, as if this was bound to happen)* I don't believe it, the mirror worked, it's Frank.

Leanne: It's Frank!?

Sadie: It's come true. Bloody Mary delivered on her promise. Here's my husband.

Leanne: Sadie, I don't think that's how/ it works

Sadie: Enough talk Leanne; help me bring him to my bed.

Leanne: He clearly just tried to rob us.

Sadie: I forgive him.

Leanne: Shouldn't we get him a doctor?

Sadie: No, just ice. And me. That's all he needs. Now come on! Help me.

Leanne reluctantly agrees, both Sadie and her pick Frank up by each arm and drag him upstage towards one of the doors at the back. And exit the stage. Blackout.

-End-