What's Done Is Done

A 10 minute play
CAST OF CHARACTERS

All the characters are Boston Irish Catholics.

FRANK - Male, any race, early 30s

TRACEY - Female, any race, early 30s, Frank's wife

ELLEN - Female, any race, late 30s, Frank's sister

TV SPORTS ANNOUNCER - Male, any age/race

PLACE

An apartment in South Boston.

TIME

Present Day
‘WHAT’S DONE IS DONE”

SCENE 1

Early evening. Frank and Tracey’s apartment. TRACEY is sitting on the sofa, holding a stamped letter in her hands, staring at it, then takes a sip of wine. The front door opens, and FRANK enters.

TRACEY
(getting up)

You’re home, finally!

She kisses Frank.

FRANK

What’s up?

Tracey waves the envelope in front of Frank’s face.

TRACEY

This came for you today.

Frank takes the letter, and reads it.

FRANK

Yeah, I’ve been expecting this.

TRACEY

Well, open it!

FRANK

Can you grab me a beer?

TRACEY

(shaking her head)

Sheesh!

Tracey heads into the kitchen, as Frank sits down on the sofa, and opens the letter.
TRACY

(offs)

What’s it say?

FRANK

I’m reading it.

He looks over the letter, as Tracey comes back in, and hands him his beer.

So what did Da leave you?

Frank looks up at Tracey. Inhales. Exhales.

Nothing.

What do you mean “nothing?”

FRANK

He didn’t leave me anything.

TRACEY

I don’t understand.

FRANK

He left all his entire estate to my sister. All the money, the condo, his investments, everything.

TRACEY

What? Let me see that.

He hands the letter to Tracey, who reads it.

FRANK

Ellen inherits everything.

TRACEY

(reading, then aghast)

No! No! Why would he do that? Why?
FRANK
I...

TRACEY
That’s...that’s so...cold. That’s so...awful. Did you know about this?

FRANK
Tracey...

TRACEY
Da never said anything to you about this?

FRANK
It was his choice.

TRACEY
I know. Still...he could have left her more than you, not cut you out entirely. How much?

FRANK
How much what?

TRACEY
How much money was there?

FRANK
I have no idea how much.

TRACEY
In the ballpark of what?

FRANK
I’m guessing here. $200,000. Maybe more, maybe less.

TRACEY
Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

FRANK
Not including the condo, which if she decides to sell it, would probably fetch about $450,000.00 Personally, I think she should rent it, because it’s just going to go up in value, and...
TRACEY
Who cares? Who cares if she rents it or sells it or moves into it or holds human sacrifices in it. It’s hers! It’s all hers! I need more wine.

She heads into the kitchen.

(off)
I don’t understand how you’re not more upset. This is your Da! If he were my Da, I’d be furious. Not that my Da would ever do anything like that

She comes back out of the kitchen.
Remember when he came to live with us after his gall bladder operation? I waited on him hand and foot for weeks. I took time off from my job to take care of him. Not your sister. I did.

FRANK
I know.

TRACEY
Remember when he threw a tantrum because I wouldn’t let him drink alcohol, and he smashed my late Aunt Edie’s Tiffany lamp against a wall? That lamp was her prized possession. I loved that lamp.

FRANK
He apologized for it.

TRACEY
Whatever. And then he made this big deal about offering us a weekend in Vegas to make up for it.

FRANK
You expected him to buy you another Tiffany lamp?

TRACEY
That lamp was worth $5000. A check for $5000 would have been just fine with me. Not some stupid trip to Vegas, which I hate.

FRANK
Well, what’s done is done.

TRACEY
I’m going to speak to my cousin Tim. He probably knows someone at the law firm where he works who handles estates.
What for?

To see if we can contest the will.

Tracey, no.

Why? Something about this seems suspicious to me. When was the will dated?

The lawyer said six years ago.

(thinking)

Huh? Six years ago. 2014. Anything happen back then that you can remember?

Um, I don’t know.

(remembering)

Oh, yes! That’s when Ellen told us.

Oh.

You know, after the truth came out, we should have never let him back into our lives, despite what Father Mike said.

“As the Lord has forgiven you, so you also must forgive.” I’m just glad she was able to move on with her life.

Move on? In what way has she moved on? Your Da was still footing the bill for her. Her failed business. Her therapy. Her stint in rehab.

What parent wouldn’t? If we had kids...
TRACEY
Yeah, but she’s - what - 37, 38 years old now? Enough is enough. Yeah, what happened to her was terrible, but she made her peace with him. And him with her.

FRANK
I’m sure he never got over the guilt.

TRACEY
Nor should he. But still, you were his child, too. So he didn’t molest you. Does that make you any less worthy?

FRANK
I don’t want to discuss this anymore. Just let it be.

The doorbell rings.

TRACEY
I’m so mad I could spit!

Tracey goes to answer the door. It’s ELLEN.

Ellen!

They hug.

Frank didn’t tell me you were coming by.

ELLEN
He didn’t know.

She tentatively greets Frank.

Hey, little brother!

FRANK
Hi, Ellen.

There’s a long silence between them. Tracey grabs her coat.

TRACEY
You know what? I’m going to go for a walk. Leave you two to talk.

She leaves.

ELLEN
I just heard from the lawyer.
FRANK
Yeah, I figured. Look, the Celtics game is on in a few minutes, so... Would you like a glass of water, or anything?

ELLEN
This won’t take long. I’ve been thinking about this since I got the letter, and I have to ask you, Frank, and please, don’t lie to me. Did you know?

Know what?

ELLEN
About the will? About Da leaving everything to me.

Frank hesitates.

You knew, didn’t you?

FRANK
Look, there’s no amount of money in the world that can make up for what he did to you.

ELLEN
You’re right. Which is why I want to give you half of it.

FRANK
What? No, no, it’s all yours. You should have it. You deserve it.

ELLEN
But I would feel so much better if you let me share it with you. You’re my brother.

FRANK
Split it with Mom, then. Not me.

ELLEN
No, she won’t take any money from Da. She didn’t ask for alimony from him after the divorce, even thought she had every right, the way he cheated on her with other women. No, I want you to have the money. You were the first person I told about what Da did to me, and you didn’t doubt me for one moment. If you had, I don’t know if I would have had the courage to confront him about it. You have to take the money. I insist.

Frank gets up and begins to pace the floor. He’s filled with anxiety.

What is it, Frank?

FRANK
I... I have to tell you something, Ellen. Oh, God!
ELLEN

What? Tell me.

FRANK

The day...the day you told me about how Da had molested you when you were just a little girl...it wasn’t that I had any reason to doubt you. Because, I knew...I knew what he had done. I knew it. All along, years and year, I knew it. I knew it because I saw him. I saw what he did to you. I saw it, and I said nothing. I said nothing!

ELLEN

You saw him molest me?

FRANK

I saw. I saw it all.

ELLEN

When?

FRANK

I guess I was around seven. It was one night and I couldn’t sleep and I got out of bed and was heading downstairs and I heard this sound. This soft, pleading cry. It was you. And I opened your bedroom door a smidge and looked inside and I saw him...I saw him rubbing his naked body against you. And I...I suddenly became very afraid, because I knew this was something that was bad. So I closed the door, and I went back to my room, and my mind was racing. If I told Mom what I saw, what would she do? Would she believe me, or think I was imagining things? If I told Da, would he have admitted it? Or would he have turned against me, saying that there was something wrong with me for thinking that, and maybe send me away somewhere to be punished. And the thing is, it wouldn’t have changed anything. He would have just kept having sex with you as long as he liked, and I would have become a pariah, an outcast. And my life would have been ruined as well. You understand? So, after you told me that you had confronted him about what he’d done and he finally admitted it, I told him that I wanted him to leave you everything in his will. That you deserved it. He didn’t want to, but then I told him what I just told you - that I knew what he had done. And in my silence, I was complicit.

ELLEN

I see. I see. So this is your way of asking me for my forgiveness, is that it?

FRANK

In a way. Yes. Someday, I hope.

ELLEN

Wow. I don’t know what to say.
FRANK
I’m so sorry, Ellen. I really am.

ELLEN
(shaking her head)
I can tell.

FRANK
I’m ashamed of myself. Of never speaking up. Of not taking the chance that I could have done something if I had.

Ellen sits down next to him.

ELLEN
Listen to me, Frank. You were a little boy. A helpless, little boy. You were much as Da’s victim as I was.

Frank sobs. Ellen comforts him.

It’s okay. It’s okay.

She laughs ruefully.
Oh my God! What torture we put ourselves through.

She holds his face in her hands.
Thank you for telling me. I love you. And I forgive you.

Tracey enters.

TRACEY
I’m sorry. I forgot my cell phone.

ELLEN
It’s okay. We’re done here, and I’m expected at a friend’s house for early suppah.

She kisses Frank.

Bye, Frank.

FRANK
Bye, Ellen.

Ellen goes to Tracey.

ELLEN
Bye, Tracey. And just so you know, Frank and I are splitting the estate. Isn’t that right, Frank?
FRANK

Right.

Ellen opens the door, then looks back at Frank.

ELLEN

Oh, and Frank?

She taps her watch.

The game should be on now.

Ellen leaves.

TRACEY

(thrilled)

Oh my gosh!  How did you convince her?

She flops down on the sofa.

FRANK

I didn’t have to.  That’s what she wanted to do.

TRACEY

Really?  I’m shocked.  Aren’t you happy?  Frank?

FRANK

Yeah.

Frank sits down on the sofa next to Tracey.  He strokes her hair.  She rests her head on his shoulder.  He turns on the TV.

TV SPORTS ANNOUNCER

(off)

For the Celtics, this is the start of what might be a tough stretch of games.  And we are underway...