

# BLOODY MARY

by Greg Vovos  
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TO PRODUCE THIS PLAY  
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# BLOODY MARY

by Greg Vovos  
*for Jean Marie*

## CHARACTERS

MARY: A young woman who is bleeding to death.

JOE: A young man with one arm and one leg.

OLD LADY: A woman in her eighties who carries a cane.

MAN IN THE SUIT: A drunkard of sorts.

POLICE OFFICER: He eats donuts, drinks coffee and carries a nightstick.

## SETTING

A city street corner in the spring. The workday is about to commence.

## NOTE

*If it will make the arm transfer easier, Mary can be pantsless instead of topless. Just make the changes in the script accordingly. This will allow Mary to hide her real arm inside her shirt, and the pants she is not wearing can be used as her tourniquet.*

*A simple way to pull off the arm transfer is to build a fake arm that is masked by the sleeve of the shirt Mary is wearing, and that can be pulled off and later stashed in the inside pocket of Joe's coat. In the production I directed, we had Joe wear a long trench coat, because it made it easier to hide his "missing" leg, and we were able to stash Mary's fake arm in the inside pocket after the transfer. Mary's fake arm was a mannequin arm inside the sleeve of her shirt, which was attached to the shoulder area of the shirt by Velcro. We put fake blood on the Velcro, so once it was ripped off, the blood added to the humor.*

*Of course there are many ways to "pull off" this bit. That's just one.*

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## **BLOODY MARY**

By  
Greg Vovos

*Lights up as MARY stands on a street corner holding her stomach. She removes her hands and reveals that she is bleeding badly. The sounds of the street should be very audible: car horns, conversation, shoes stomping on the pavement, etc. She looks around for help, but finds none. Using either her shirt or pants, she tries to tie a tourniquet but is unable to do so. Frustrated audibles or grunts by the actor are welcome as she struggles with the tourniquet.*

MARY

Excuse me, Ma'am--. Sir! Sir! Little boy, would you send for some help, I'm dying--. Little Boy!! YOUNG MAN, PLEASE!!! I'VE BEEN SHOT!!!

*MARY gives up. She sinks to the ground as she is very dizzy now from the loss of blood. An OLD WOMAN passes by, notices MARY and walks on without hesitation.*

MARY

Ma'am, would you please--

OLD LADY

*(Very loudly.)* I can't hear you.

MARY

I need your help. I'm bleeding to death.

OLD LADY

How can I stop your bleeding if I can't even hear you?

*The MAN IN THE SUIT enters quickly.*

MAN IN THE SUIT

Can I help you?

MARY

Yes, thank you so much. You see I've been bleeding--

MAN IN THE SUIT

Out of my way. I gotta help this old lady across the street. I do it every day and today is no different.

MARY

But I'm bleeding to death.

MAN IN THE SUIT

Ma'am, can I help you across the street?

*OLD WOMAN hits MAN IN THE SUIT with her cane as he tries to help her cross the street. MARY seems worse off than ever. POLICE OFFICER enters.*

MARY

Oh, thank Heavens, Officer. I don't know how much longer I would've lasted if you didn't come.

POLICE OFFICER

Ma'am, I'm gonna have to ask you to move on. The sign clearly reads no loitering. And you're littering all over the place. I could arrest you for that.

MARY

I'm not littering. That's blood. I'm dying.

POLICE OFFICER

That is no excuse to be topless, Young Lady. You should be ashamed of yourself. Lucky for you, I'm not on duty yet or I'd have to arrest you.

MARY

I need your help, Officer. My taxes pay your salary.

POLICE OFFICER

They certainly do. And your taxes pay the salaries of Ambulance Drivers. So let them help you. Does anyone call an Ambulance Driver when they're being robbed?

MARY

Well, of course not, but--

POLICE OFFICER

I rest my case.

*POLICE OFFICER exits quickly. MARY seems near the end of her rope. A silence and then JOE, a man with one arm and one leg, hops on. He falls in front of MARY.*

JOE

Excuse me, sorry. Very sorry.

*JOE gets up and tries to hop away.*

MARY

Please, Sir. Would you help me--? Oh my, what happened to you?

JOE

Oh, it's nothing. Nothing really. I'm quite all right actually. Well, I...I was until the lady stole my cane, but I'll be okay. I still have my job at the shoe factory, and it's only a 40-block hop away so I count myself lucky. *(Pause.)* My goodness, Miss. What happened to you?

MARY

You mean you noticed?

JOE

Well, of course I noticed. What kind of person would I be if I didn't notice you were bleeding? It looks as though you're near death.

MARY

It feels that way.

JOE

I got an idea.

MARY

What's that?

JOE

Well, maybe I could help you. I know it's a bit unorthodox, a stranger lending a helping hand these days, but why not? Today, I woke up, put on my green sock--the one with just three holes--because I knew today was going to be extraordinary. Then when I fell down my steps and the neighbor dog just licked me instead of tinkling on me, my feelings were confirmed. So I say hell yes--excuse my language--no! hell yes it is! I will help you. What can I do for you? Would you like a slice of pie?

MARY

No. No. Thank you, but no, not at the moment. Do you know how to make a tourniquet?

JOE

Well, of course. I am a learn-ed man, you know.

MARY

Could you please take my shirt and--

JOE

My name's Joe. What's yours?

MARY

Mary, Joe.

JOE

Mary Joe? No kidding. It's like fate. It's it's like we're fated together. We have the same names--

MARY

No, no, no. It's just Mary. I was calling you by your name--

JOE

Oh, oh, of course. Right. I'm so silly. I don't know what my problem is. I just, I just want everything to be perfect with the new people I meet, I want to fall in love you see, and when you said your name was Mary Joe, well then I thought praise God, here she is, the woman of my dreams, my Aphrodite, my Mary Joe--

MARY

Joe, I don't mean to be rude, but the blood's coming very quickly and I can't help myself. I need your help.

JOE

It's my appearance. I repulse you, don't I?

MARY

No, of course not. It's just...I'm. Joe! I'm bleeding to death. I need your help.

JOE

Oh now you need my help. First I repulse you just because I'm missing a couple limbs and now you need my help. Isn't that just like a woman?

MARY  
Excuse me?

JOE  
I loved you, Mary. And I thought you could love me too, but now--

MARY  
Joe! Either help me or don't. But right now, you're--. I don't know what you're doing, but you're not helping.

JOE  
Well, I could make you a tourniquet--with your shirt there, seeing as you're not wearing it at the moment.

MARY  
Yes, that would be nice. That would be very sweet.

JOE  
Okay, let's do it. It's a date.

MARY  
All right. It's a date. Here's the shirt.

*MARY extends her arm and JOE takes the shirt from her. He is very careful not to touch her.*

JOE  
Can you hold the one end while I ... twist?

MARY  
Of course.

*JOE is struggling with the tourniquet.*

MARY  
Joe?

JOE  
Yeah?

MARY  
Never mind.

JOE  
Okay.

MARY  
Joe?

JOE  
Yeah?

MARY  
How'd you ... you know?

JOE  
How'd I what?

MARY  
How'd you lose your arm and leg?

JOE  
Could you hold that tighter?

MARY  
Sure. If you don't wanna talk about it, I understand.

JOE  
Good.

MARY  
You sure look cute though, when you--

*MARY is about to touch JOE's head and he jumps away.*

JOE  
DON'T!!!

MARY  
What? I'm sorry. I...I was just gonna...touch you. Don't you like to be touched?

JOE  
Of course I do. I just don't think you should.

MARY  
Why not?

JOE  
How's the tourniquet feel?

MARY  
Great. It feels really nice. Thank you.

JOE  
I should probably go now.

MARY  
What's wrong with you?

JOE  
Nothing. I just gotta get to work. And I haven't had a piece of pie yet and I can't sell shoes unless I've eaten my pie so I better just--

MARY  
A minute ago you were talking about dating and now you're leaving?

JOE  
I gotta...I gotta...Sometimes, I talk too much and I don't know what I'm talking about. I must've been doing that earlier. I really should go. See? I'm talking too much right now.

MARY  
It's because I tried to touch you, isn't it?

JOE  
No, it's not.

MARY  
You've never been touched before, have you?

JOE  
Yes, I have.

MARY  
No, you haven't. I'm the first girl who's ever wanted to touch you, aren't I?

JOE

That's a mean thing to say, Mary.

MARY

You're right. I'm sorry.

JOE

It's not true either. I've been touched.

MARY

Sure you have, Joe. Sure.

JOE

I have. Twice.

*JOE indicates his missing limbs and MARY understands.*

MARY

Oh, I see. And every time you've been touched...

JOE

Exactly.

MARY

And you're just missing the two limbs?

JOE

Mary?!?!?

MARY

Sorry. I'm just curious.

JOE

Well, maybe you shouldn't be so curious.

MARY

What happens if you touch someone else? Then what do you lose?

JOE

I don't know. I've never touched anyone.

MARY

My tourniquet's loosening. I think you need to tighten it.

JOE  
I better not.

MARY  
Do you want me to bleed to death?

JOE  
Of course not. I just don't want to risk...

MARY  
Risk what? It's only a limb. You already lost two.

JOE  
Maybe we could get someone else to do this for you. Officer! Officer!

MARY  
I already tried that. You're my only hope, Joe.

JOE  
I just don't think we should take any chances. I might accidentally touch you, you'll lose a limb and then where will we be?

MARY  
I'd rather be limbless than lifeless.

JOE  
Right. Of course.

*JOE starts to tie the tourniquet again, but is having too much trouble, mostly because he has only one hand. He is getting frustrated.*

JOE  
I told you it wouldn't work. You might as well just bleed to death.

MARY  
Joseph!

JOE  
I'm sorry, Mary. It's just...well, this seems to be the way it always goes for me.

MARY  
Try again and don't be afraid to touch me. I'm not afraid.

*JOE indeed tries again. Things seem to be going better this time. He even goes as far as to touch her arm as he ties the tourniquet. Maybe he even goes so far as to kiss her hand. However, the second he touches her arm, it falls off.*

JOE  
Oh my God. What'd I do?

MARY  
My arm! My arm fell off.

JOE  
Mary, I'm...I'm so sorry.

MARY  
Hurry up with that, Joe. I think I'm losing too much blood now.

JOE  
What about your arm?

MARY  
Forget my arm.

JOE  
Forget your arm!

MARY  
Please, just tie the tourniquet.

*JOE tries to re-attach her arm.*

JOE  
I'm sure I can just re-lodge it in here for you. My grandpa was a medic in the Big War you know. So that sort of thing must run in the family...Oops...I'm very sorry. I'm such a klutz--

*MARY snatches the arm away from him.*

MARY  
Just tie the tourniquet, Joe.

JOE  
I can't, Mary. I tried and I can't.

*JOE begins to leave.*

MARY

Joe! You're not going to leave me here alone, are you?

JOE

Of course not. I'll find help for you.

MARY

Come here.

JOE

What?

MARY

Come here.

JOE

What are you up to?

MARY

Come here. You owe me.

*He does.*

Now. Stand still.

*He does but then starts to move around, nervously.*

Still.

*He does.*

Now, close your eyes.

JOE

Close my eyes!?!?!?

MARY

You don't trust me. Thanks to you I've lost my arm and you don't even trust me?

JOE  
Okay, okay.

MARY  
Good boy.

*MARY takes her arm and attaches it to his body where he is missing an arm. It fits perfectly.*

JOE  
Mary, what are you doing to me? That feels very--

MARY  
Good.

JOE  
Yeah, good.

MARY  
Open your eyes.

*He does and discovers his new arm.*

JOE  
How'd you--

MARY  
Now tie my tourniquet and save my life.

JOE  
But I have your arm.

MARY  
Exactly.

JOE  
Mary, I can't take your arm. That's too generous. I mean, it's not even Christmas.

MARY  
Yes, you can. I don't need it.

JOE

Wow! Giving me your arm. That's just about the sweetest thing anyone's ever done for me.

MARY

Hurry, Joe.

*MARY begins to lose consciousness but JOE does not notice.*

JOE

It feels great. Like it's been a part of me my entire life. It's just like your body fits me like it's always been mine. Like our bodies fit together like a jigsaw puzzle. It doesn't look too feminine, does it? Mary! Mary!

*She is not responding so JOE, with his new arm, ties the tourniquet very quickly and expertly. Even though the tourniquet is tied, MARY is not responding. He thinks about giving her mouth to mouth.*

Okay, Joe, you can do this. You have to do this. After all, it is your Mary Joe. I am confident my head will not fall off if I give her mouth to mouth...maybe just my lips will, my lips and my hands, that's not so bad, right?

*The POLICE OFFICER enters.*

POLICE OFFICER

Excuse me, Son. But what do you think you're doing?

JOE

Well, nothing, Officer. I'm just trying to save this woman's --

POLICE OFFICER

Save it for the Judge. You think I don't know who you are. You're under arrest.

JOE

Under arrest? For what?

POLICE OFFICER

For the theft of this young lady's arm.

JOE

She gave it to me.

POLICE OFFICER

A likely story. Come with me.

JOE

She needs our help.

POLICE OFFICER

I'm not asking you again.

*The POLICE OFFICER advances on JOE. JOE punches him and knocks him out.  
JOE looks at his new arm.*

JOE

Wow! That Mary is one strong girl.

*This time he gives her mouth to mouth fearless of the consequences that might  
follow. MARY comes to.*

MARY

Well, it's about time. What happened to him?

JOE

Him? Ah, nothing. He just needed a helping hand so I gave it to him.

MARY

My arm looks good on you.

JOE

Thanks. You want it back?

MARY

No.

JOE

Are you sure?

MARY

If I need it, you'll be here, right?

JOE

Right.

MARY  
Then I'm sure.

JOE  
Well...

MARY  
Well...

JOE  
Whadaya say we go and get a slice of pie now?

MARY  
Sounds delicious.

*The start to leave, but MARY stops them.*

MARY  
Would you care to get a drink instead?

JOE  
At this hour?

MARY  
Why not?

JOE  
Well, I do have a weakness for Blood Marys.

*They exit as lights fade to black.*

**END OF PLAY**