

LAS SÁBANAS

BY

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INT. EARLY 20TH CENTURY VALENCIA- SOFIA'S PARENTS HOME.
EVENING

SOFIA is stood in the middle of her parents run down kitchen, lit by random candles, and a loose light that occasionally swings from the ceiling, when the fan is on.

Playing with her small cross necklace, Sofia watches her parents analyse her outfit; a long white dress with a lace hemming, and off white ballet shoes. Her mother, CLARA goes over to pat Sofia's dress down, and starts to brush off imaginary dirt.

Her father, HECTOR, notices not impressed by Clara's actions.

HECTOR

Clara stop, you're babying her.

CLARA

I don't think making sure your child looks presentable for dinner with her el prometido is babying.

Clara stops fussing Sofia.

CLARA

Do you Sofia?

Both Clara and Hector look in Sofias direction waiting for an answer.

SOFIA

I don't-

Hector begins to scowl at Sofia. Sofia blinks and stops her mother, gently pulling her up from the floor.

SOFIA

You don't need to do that for me mamá, I'm 19 now.

Clara stops, and dusts herself off. She looks between Sofia and Hector and squints her eyes at their hostile behaviour, before holding her hands up.

CLARA

Fine. Fine. But just so you know 19 doesn't mean you're grown.

Hector clears his throat stopping Clara from saying anything

else and opens their slightly battered front door.

Sofia is first to leave, followed by Clara. Clara stops by Hector and lowers her voice.

CLARA

It also doesn't mean you're old enough
to get married either, but that's just
me.

Before walking out, leaving Hector to lock up.

EXT. JUAN AND ROSALINA'S FAMILY HOME. LATE EVENING

Sofia, Clara and Hector walk up to a white villa covered in
spouting vines, and gated by precisely cut hedges. They stare
wide-eyed at the long drive filled with 1928 Hispano Suiza
models all the way up the front door.

Hector stops to look at the different cars, as Sofia and
Carla walk on.

HECTOR

I could get used to this.

CLARA

Hector c'mon!

A large dark marble door opens, letting out an incredible
amount of lighting on the already heavily lit porch. JUAN and
his mother, ROSALINA come out from behind the door, and stare
Sofia, Hector, and Clara up and down with an heavy amount of
dislike.

Rosalina crosses her arms in her stiff padded dress, and
looks at Juan, then Sofia and rolls her eyes.

Hector clears his throat.

HECTOR

Hola. Lovely home you've got here.

ROSALINA

Hmm.

Rosalina doesn't say anything else, and turns around in her
little heels going back inside of her lavish house, leaving
everyone else to follow behind her like soldiers.

INT. DINNING ROOM. LATE EVENING

Both famillies enter a ridiculously bright red dinning room full off grand designs, furniture, and a wall filled with random faces of men in elegant photo frames.

Sofia gasps.

Rosalina raises an eyebrow at her.

Sofia notices, and bows her head in embarassment.

Rosalina points to the long rectagular table in the middle of the dinning room ordering everyone to sit.

Juan sits opposite Rosalina, leaving Sofia, Clara and Hector to clutter in the middle of the table with Hector sitting opppside Sofia and Carla.

Two maids walk into the the lavish dining room their hands struggling with a giant roasted pig on a large silver platter. They slam it down, cutting the awkward silence.

HECTOR

Thank yo-

ROSALINA

So, Sofia you ready for tomorrow?

Sofia stops eating, quickly chewing her food.

SOFIA

Ahem. Yes, I cannot wait to marry, Juan.

Rosalina laughs, and leans forward on her elbows.

ROSALINA

You're not bothered that it's an arranged marriage? A young girl like you. Are you sure you're ready?

Sofia looks at Hector for help.

HECTOR

I can assur-

ROSALINA

I was speaking to the girl.

Sofia looks in Juan's direction, and pulls a face of disgust.

She winces, while watching her husband to be lean over, already hacking at the roasted pig in the middle of the table.

SOFIA

I-I'm certain that this is what I want.

Rosalina leans back in her chair unimpressed with her answer. She takes a sip of wine, and tilts her head to the side.

ROSALINA

Well you know it's not a easy ride.
Your father has told you about the
testing, yes?

Sofia looks at her mother, Clara, who snaps her head to look at Hector, who chokes on his drink.

CLARA

Testing?

ROSALINA

Well I want to make sure my son isn't
married to a whore. So after she's had
sex with my Juan we'll check the
bedsheets. It's tradition. We'll be
able to tell if it's not her own.

Clara squeezes Sofia's hand on the table noticing the look of worry on her face. However Hector, none the wiser wipes his mouth with his serviet, and smiles at Rosalina.

HECTOR

Well, I can assure you my daughter is
a virgin.

CUT TO

INT. MANUEL'S FLAT. NIGHT

SOFIA

I'm not a virgin!

Sofia paces the small messy boxed apartment in panic, her hands pressed into her hair, while MANUEL sits opposite her on his dirty double mattress on the floor.

Sofia stops pacing, and turns to look at Manuel.

SOFIA

What do I do? They all think I'm a

virgin. Ah, pendejo! Pendejo!

Sofia rambles different swear words in spanish.

MANUEL

Sofia! Sofia!

Sofia stops.

MANUEL

Calm down! This can be figured out.

Manuel looks at Sofia leaning on his broken kitchen counter.

MANUEL

I mean you sure she wasn't just saying
this to scare you?

Sofia sighs and scratches the top of her head.

SOFIA

I'm pretty sure! She called me a
whore!

Manuels eyes widen in shock.

MANUEL

She called you whore?

SOFIA

Si, she called me a whore, Manuel.

Manuel pulls a face of dissapoinment.

MANUEL

Are you sure you want to marry into
this family?

Sofia walks over to the mattress and slumps down next to him.

SOFIA

It's not like I want to. I'm doing it
for my , mamá and papa. They deserve
the world, Manuel. And if this is the
only way I can give it to them, then
so be it.

Manuel stands up, slightly shocking Sofia, and jabs his
finger in the air, in a authoritative stance.

MANUEL

Right, we need a plan. Something to prove his mother wrong.

SOFIA

Something that convinces everyone that it's my blood!

MANUEL

What about red wine?

Sofia frowns, leaning back onto the unmade mattress.

SOFIA

No, no. It stains purple not red. Rosalina would spot the difference from a mile away.

Manuel pauses in the middle of the room, and frowns, about to say something sarcastic.

MANUEL

Well unless you physically kill something, you might as well call the wedding off now.

Sofia giggles at the idea then stops like she's had an epiphany. Getting up off the mattress she starts dancing around the small apartment. Sofia looks at Manuel with excitement in her face. She smiles dancing over to him, and leans over to kiss him all over his face.

SOFIA

That's it! That's it! Manuel you're a genius!

Manuel leans back from the kisses, waiting for Sofia to explain but she just continues to show him affection ignoring the look of worry on his face.

MANUEL

Sofia I was joking! You're really going to kill something?

Sofia's laughs giving Manuel one last final kiss.

SOFIA

No, we're going to kill something!

INT. WEDDING DAY- CHATHEDRAL. AFTERNOON

Guests crowd into the Cathedral-Basilica of the Assumption of Our Lady of Valencia. Sofia's small family on the left side, and Juan's on the right, and also taking up majority of the left side too. Colourful fans flapp every so often at the heat in the massive building. Everyone quites at the sound of the organ playing.

EXT. WEDDING DAY -CATHEDRAL ENTERANCE . AFTERNOON

Sofias dad walks up to her, by the Cathedral entrance, his face still stone cold as he looks at his daughter in her flamboyant wedding dress. He lifts her vail and kisses her on the cheek.

HECTOR

You ready?

Sofia gives a big convincing smile.

SOFIA

Yes papa, I'm ready.

INT. WEDDING DAY- CHATHEDRAL. AFTERNOON

Sofia and Hector walk into the church arms linked, down the aise until she is stood infront of Juan. Sofia goes to smile at Juan but Juan doesn't smile back. He grabs Sofia's hand, and waits for the PRIEST to finsh speaking.

PRIEST

If anybody can show just cause why
this couple cannot lawfully be joined
together in matrimony, let them speak
now, or forever hold their piece.

Sofia looks towards the front right side of the room at Rosalina, as the priest carries on talking. Rosalina gives Sofia a tight lipped smile, making Sofia's eyes then wonder to the very back of the room where Manuel is stood.

PRIEST

I now pronounce you man and wife. You
may now kiss your bride.

Juan wastes no time pulling Sofia closer and forcing his tounge down her throat.

The church hollars, and cries at the ceromony, and Juan yanks Sofia's arm up like a trophy.

Sofia looks at Hector who for the first in her whole life looks like hes about to shed a tear, while clapping vigerously.

Sofia and Juan were married.

INT. WEDDING DAY - LOS APARTMENTOS DE SEVILLA. EVENING

Guests fill the small open bar in sectioned crowds on different tables. Groups of elderly family memeber of Juan come up to Sofia and Juan's table, congratulating them on their wedding. Sofia shares a few quiet laughs with them, unlike Juan who's voice bellows around the room, as he scoffs down food, and throws back red wine besides her.

The crowd diffuses leaving Sofia and Juan to talk. Juan, already drunk, and slurring his words, turns to Sofia. He drags a finger down her face, with red wine stains evident on his.

JUAN

I can't wait to have sex with you
later. I just hope you're a virgin,

Juan takes a gulp of red wine,

JUAN

be a shame to only see you naked once.

Juan laughs at the shock on Sofia's face, and grabs her shoulders. The room cheers at their display of affection, and Juan welcomes it by raising his glass and cheering back.

JUAN

And don't worry, I promise to be
gentle...

INT. JUAN AND ROSALINA'S FAMILY HOME. EARLY MORNING

Juan is laid sprawled out, and heavily snoring on his king sized bed absolutley dead to the world. Laying next to him is a wide awake and stiff Sofia leaving a noticable gap inbetween them, and gripping the thin white sheets.

The bedroom door slams open making the birds sat on the ledge flap away. Rosalina enters shouting at Juan and Sofia.

ROSALINA

Up! Up! Everybody Get up!

Sofia sits straight up. Rosalina notices, and raised her

eyebrow in suspicion.

ROSALINA

Why up so early, Sofia? Nervous?

Sofia gives Rosalina a sweet smile, and even shows a bit of teeth.

SOFIA

No, not at all!

Juan slowly stirs awakes at Rosalina's calling. Rosalina marches towards them still in her pajamas, pushes them both off the bed, and violently pulls down the sheets.

ROSALINA

Aha! I told you there's blood!

Rosalina looks at the sheets again in disbelief.

ROSALINA

Wait, there's blood.

Rosalina glances at Sofia, then at the sheets.

ROSALINA

Theres...blood...

Juan quickly moves over towards Rosalina, grabbing the sheets and begins to sniff them. Closing his eyes Juan deeply inhales the spots of blood, releasing a sound of satisfaction. Juan then drag his tounge on the dotted stains, whispering into the sheets.

JUAN

So pure, chaste and untouched.

Sofia puts her hand to her mouth with a small smile behind it.

INT. WEDDING DAY - JUAN AND ROSALINA'S FAMILY HOME. LATE NIGHT

-FLASHBACK-

Soifia is stood in the dark in Juan's back garden, waiting for Manuel to arrive.

SOFIA

C'mon Manuel, c'mon.

Manuel appears from around the corner, holding his nose and a basket out in front of him.

Sofia looks at the basket with glee, then at Manuel who doesn't look as pleased. She opens the basket, and lets out a giggles.

SOFIA

A pigeon?

MANUEL

Si, it was the only thing I could find. Now take it, it stinks.

Sofia takes the basket, kissing Manuel on the cheek, and walks towards the house.

INT. WEDDING DAY - JUANS AND ROSALINA'S FAMILY HOME. LATE NIGHT

Sofia moves quietly towards Juans king sized bed careful not to wake him. She pulls back the sheets on her side, and takes the butchered pigeon out of the basket smearing it where she last lay.

Sofia steps back, and looks at the sheets, pigeon still in hand and lets out a small quiet giggle.

- END OF FLASHBACK-

FADE TO BLACK.