

LIES, LIES, LIES

By Patrick Gabridge

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ISBN 1-930961-71-5

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CAST: MAN and WOMAN

MAN: Hi. (***SHE just stares at him.***) Mind if I join you?

WOMAN: I'd like to be alone

MAN: This is the only free seat

WOMAN: Sit.

(SHE mimes drinking her tea, staring into the bottom of the cup)

MAN: Trying to tell your future?

WOMAN: What?

MAN: Reading tea leaves?

WOMAN: No.

(Silence)

MAN: In a bad mood?

WOMAN: Shut up.

(Silence)

MAN: It's always tough, meeting someone like this.

WOMAN: We aren't meeting.

MAN: Just got dumped, huh? (***SHE glares at him.***) You've got that "Men are scum, I hope you die in the very near future" look.

WOMAN: You're very perceptive.

MAN: He cheated on you.

WOMAN: Not exactly.

MAN: Ah. He was married. (***SHE starts to gather her things.***)

No, don't leave because of me. Please.

WOMAN: I just want to be alone.

MAN: Don't you think it's time to get over him?

WOMAN: And how should I do that? Go out with a creep like you?

MAN: It might work.

WOMAN: I think you're a pig!

MAN: You think all men are pigs.

WOMAN: Goodbye! It was not nice meeting you!

MAN: **(HE rises to follow her.)** Don't go. I was just...I thought maybe we could—

WOMAN: Get to know each other? Oh, please. You want me to let you see every facet of my soul, to trust you completely, and then you'll lie to me. No thanks. Not interested.

MAN: Look, what if we were to just get it out in the open right now? I will lie to you. All the time. I guarantee not to tell the truth and you can return the favor.

WOMAN: You don't want the truth?

MAN: No risk of heartache this way. Whatever develops between us is completely fake. You have a few laughs and get over this jerk, leave me behind, and find someone decent.

WOMAN: What diseases do you have?

MAN: You're not the only one with a broken heart.

WOMAN: I don't trust you.

MAN: I don't want you to.

WOMAN: I don't even like you.

MAN: You don't know me.

WOMAN: And I never will if you only tell me lies.

MAN: I can't make you feel worse than you already do. For amusement's sake? **(HE sits)**

WOMAN: **(pause)** We stay in public places. If I still don't like you in five minutes, you leave, no questions asked.

MAN: Agreed. Five minutes. Now, no more truth. **(HE extends his hand and SHE shakes it.)** My name's Sal...Sal Pimento.

WOMAN: Pimento?

MAN: I'm from a prominent Sicilian family.

WOMAN: And what do you do for a living?

MAN: I used to be in the family business, but the authorities did not approve.

WOMAN: You're a mobster?

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