Liar

By

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EXT. BEACH - DAY

Surfers carve easily through the waves. Children bury each other in the sand. Dogs bark and yap.

Under the shade of the trees, IAN (40), a gentle giant and ALLY (27), young and studious looking sit on a picnic blanket eating and watching the horizon.

Ally lies back on the blanket. Ian places his empty plate beside him and does the same. They both gaze at the clouds.

IAN
Hey, I have a confession to make.

ALLY
Yeah?

IAN
It might have to do with my age.

ALLY
Well how old are you?

IAN
You thought I was thirty five.

ALLY
Yeah?

IAN
Remember you said that you thought I was thirty five? I didn’t verbally agree, I just sort of nodded. Like this.

Ian nods slightly.

ALLY
How old are you?

IAN
I’m more like forty. Actually, technically almost forty. It’s my fortieth next month.

ALLY
What?

IAN
I just thought I should tell you now before you find out through someone else.
ALLY
Because that could possibly be worse?

IAN
It’s just... I’ve said that to girls before and they’ve gotten all defensive, backing up on me. They’ve actually done that.

Ian puts his hands up in a defensive, backing off gesture.

ALLY
So you lied.

IAN
I really like you and I thought it would best if you got to know me.

ALLY
You thought it might be best to tell me this AFTER you sleep with me?

IAN
It’s not such a bad thing, is it?

ALLY
Does thirteen years sound bad to you?

IAN
You’re upset. Aw.
(He leans over and hugs her)
Let me hug you. I still respect you, you know.

Ally turns to look at Ian incredulously. She stands, kicking over the picnic basket before storming off.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The place is packed with corporate city slickers unwinding in the ultra modern setting.

Ally sits at the bar with her friend JAIMIE (28). Her curves as big and bold as her personality.

JAIMIE
I can’t believe it. Scumbag. I knew it. I knew he would do this to you.

(CONTINUED)
ALLY
You met him once.

JAIMIE
And? I deduce human qualities for a living Ally. Working out which sucker I palm the most work off to is a serious profession.

ALLY
And you do it so well.

JAIMIE
So what are you gunna do?

ALLY
Never talk to him again.

JAIMIE
Yeah...

ALLY
And that’s it. What else is there to do?

JAIMIE
You know what. You chickened out last time and look where that got you.

ALLY
It got me crying because I couldn’t choose between Coco Pops or Fruit Loops at the Supermarket.

JAIMIE
Exactly. Say it with me now. Revenge is closure.

ALLY
No, I don’t...

JAIMIE
Say it.

Ally shakes her head.

JAIMIE
Listen. It’s women like you that make the rest of the female population suffer. He didn’t forget to tell you. He wanted to bed you so bad he purposely avoided telling (MORE)
JAIMIE (cont’d)
you the truth. When does it stop?
When I ask?

Ally shrugs.

JAIMIE
It stops when brave women put a
stop to it. It stops when men
understand that treating us this
way is not kosher, it’s dangerous.
How else are they to learn unless
we generously impart wisdom to them
in the form of lessons they will
never forget?

ALLY
You know what, you’re right. What
am I afraid of? The worst has
happened...

JAIMIE
Exactly! Yes. Tell him your
pregnant.

ALLY
I’m...

JAIMIE
Yeah, tell him. Tell him now.

ALLY
What... on the phone?

JAIMIE
Yes.

She picks up Ally’s phone off the bar and places it in her
hands.

ALLY
Okay.
(She dials his number)

INT. IAN’S HOUSE – LOUNGE ROOM – NIGHT
Ian sips beer, relaxing back on his recliner watching TV.
His phone rings, he looks at the caller ID.

INSERT PHONE SCREEN: A picture of ALLY smiling flashes.
He hesitates for a second, then picks it up.
INERCUT BETWEEN ALLY AT THE RESTAURANT AND IAN AT HOME.

IAN
Hey.

ALLY
Hey.

Awkward silence. Jaimie elbows Ally into action.

ALLY
Hey, uh... listen I... I haven’t been feeling well lately. Remember when we were driving around a few days ago and I said I felt sick.

IAN
You said it was my driving.

ALLY
Uh, yeah. Well I kinda figured something out today. I took a test and it turned up positive.

IAN
A test... for what?

ALLY
You know... a, a pregnancy test.

It takes a while for him to compute.

IAN
You took a pregnancy test.

ALLY
Yes.

IAN
And it’s positive?

ALLY
Yes. Yep, it is.

IAN
Oh shit. Shit.

Jaimie elbows her again with a stern face.

ALLY
Actually I was hoping you’d say Great. Or fantastic?
IAN
Well, what do we do? Want me to take you to the... the thing?

ALLY
Like I said, I was hoping you’d say great or fantastic.

IAN
You’re not really going to have a baby.

ALLY
Ian, I don’t know if you know this but being pregnant does mean you are going to have a baby.

IAN
You can’t be serious.

ALLY
Why wouldn’t I be?

Jaimie holds up two thumbs up. Then makes a gesture to stop.

IAN
Don’t get a say?

ALLY
No, Ian you don’t. I was calling to tell you because it is the right thing to do. Now you know.

Ally hangs up, squealing with exhilaration.

INT. IAN’S HOUSE - LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

Ian sits up on his recliner, dazed. DAVO (40) a super fit, gym junkie appears from the kitchen in an apron and place two plates down on the coffee table.

DAVO
Who was that?

Ian stares at the TV despondent. Davo leans in and clicks his fingers in Ian’s face.

DAVO
Hello? Earth to Ian. Oh no, shit, the Bombers lost.

Davo picks up the remote and starts to flick channels.
IAN
She’s pregnant.

Davo turns back to Ian.

IAN
She’s pregnant.

Davo puts down the remote and pulls off his apron before sitting next to Ian.

DAVO
Shit. What are you gunna do mate?

IAN
It’s not about me apparently.

Davo picks up his knife and fork, cutting away at this steak.

DAVO
Hang on. What happened yesterday, you tell her the truth?

IAN
Yeah.

DAVO
How’d she react?

IAN
Pretty angrily. She walked off on me.

Davo laughs, his mouth gaping open, full of food.

IAN
That funny?

DAVO
Eat your steak it’s getting cold.

IAN
I’m in some serious shit here mate.

DAVO
Mate, can’t you see what she’s doing?

Ian shakes his head, resigned from listening to Davo.
DAVO
It’s payback, bro. She’s not really up the duff.

IAN
What would you know.

DAVO
I know that women always need to be on top. It’s in their priorities, it’s emotionally, even in bed. She thinks you played her and now she’s getting some much needed retribution.

IAN
You think?

DAVO
Really, bro. You got punked.

Davo laughs loudly as he shovels more steak into his mouth. His enjoyment is infectious. Ian digs into his steak.

IAN
She punked me.

Ian shovels steak into his mouth and laughs. Davo joins in egging him on.

IAN
You know what I should do, I should punk her back.

DAVO
Yes. YES!

IAN
I should...

DAVO
You should...

IAN
What’s a good one?

Davo thinks, staring at the last piece of steak on his fork.

DAVO
I know! Tell her that you want to marry her.
IAN
What?

DAVO
Yeah, take her out, wine her, dine her, then talk about how much you want to spend the rest of your life with her and your unborn child. Really put the sauce on, then in the middle of dinner, in front of everyone in the restaurant... BAM!

IAN
Hit her with it!

DAVO
Right then and there!

IAN
That’ll teach her a lesson.

DAVO
Mate, she’ll be so embarrassed, having to ’let you down’ in front of the whole crowd.

IAN
The look on her face.

DAVO
Yes!

IAN
Yes!

Davo slaps Ian a high five as they finish off their food.

INT. IAN’S HOUSE – BEDROOM – DAY
Ian rolls over in the bed, rubs his eyes and picks up his phone.

INT. ALLY’S HOUSE – BEDROOM – DAY
Ally hears her phone ringing from her en suite. She races to her bedside table in a towel, answering.

ALLY
Hey.

INTERCUT BETWEEN IAN AND ALLY.

(CONTINUED)
IAN
Uh, sorry for calling so early. I knew you’d be up and I didn’t sleep a wink last night, I was thinking about... you know.

ALLY
Yeah, sure. Actually, I was surprised I heard the phone ringing from the bathroom, I’ve been so sick all morning.

IAN
Ah. Yes. Well, I just wanted to ask you if your free tonight to have a chat, maybe we can have a friendly coffee and talk about this in person.

ALLY
Sure. Where should we go?

IAN
How about I pick you up from work and we decide from there?

ALLY
Okay. I’ll be done by 5.30.

IAN
Great.

ALLY
Great.

INT. IAN’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY
Ian hangs up and rolls around joyously in his sheets.

INT. ALLY’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY
Ally throws the phone on the bed and marches back into the bathroom.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY
Leaning back in her chair and chewing the end of a pen, Jaimie listens in rapture as Ally leans on the end of her desk.

(CONTINUED)
Ally is made up to the nines. Smokey eyes, slicked hair, she looks like a raunchy secretary.

ALLY
So I’m going to tell him the truth.

JAIMIE
Why go at all?

ALLY
The jokes over, I can’t play this out. I’m friends with his friends, he’s gunna know sooner or later.

JAIMIE
So let him sweat. Let him mind fuck himself into eternity. That’s what I say.

ALLY
If were I you Cruella I’d be wearing him as my new mink coat.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The inner city street is bustling with people. Ally exits her office building and jumps into Ian’s 95 Mercedes.

INT. IAN’S MERCEDES - DAY

Ian drives confidently. Ally checks her self in his side mirror.

ALLY
There’s a Starbucks two streets away.

IAN
I made reservations.

ALLY
I thought we going for coffee.

IAN
Coffee is toxic for pregnant women. Did you know?

ALLY
So where are we going.

(CONTINUED)
IAN
You need substance. Good food for a strong, healthy, energetic, loud baby.

ALLY
Ian.

IAN
Ah, we’re here!

Ian pulls over to the curb.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY
Ian exits the car and rushes to the other side. He looks goofy in a suit that is two sizes too big.

Ally opens the door before he can get there. He pushes her against the car protectively as the traffic buzzes past them.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY
A glass water feature trickles as classical baroque music plays softly in the romantic setting.

Ally and Ian enter and are greeted by the demure female HOST at the front desk.

HOST
Mr Kipling. Right on time. Please follow me.

The Host leads them to a table in the middle of the restaurant, seating Ally with care.

HOST
(to Ally)
The staff and I would like to extend our sincere congratulations on your new addition.

Ally smiles meekly as the host places her napkin in her lap, before walking off.

ALLY
Why are you doing this?
IAN
Don’t worry about a thing. I have taken the liberty pre-ordering so all you have to do is sit back and... ovulate.

ALLY
I mean, why are you doing this? This?

Ian gathers his thoughts, then speaks carefully.

IAN
I wanted to say sorry for acting the way I did on the phone last night. I could tell you were hoping for a bit more of a... committed reaction from me. I sat up most of the night. I counted the stars in the sky. And you know what I realised counting those stars? There are a lot of things that I don’t know. I also realised this is the best thing that has ever happened to me.

ALLY
Ian stop...

IAN
Well except when the Bombers won the final in 98. Yeah. And well, except you of course.

ALLY
Look, this has to stop.

Ian reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a small black box.

IAN
I have something I want to ask you.

He gets down on one knee. The patrons in the restaurant gaze in their direction. Ally leans in, trying to push him back up.

ALLY
(Whispering)
No...
IAN
Ally.

ALLY
Stand up.

IAN
(Shouting proudly)
Ally... will you do me the honor of being my wife?

Ally sits back as he opens the black box.

INSERT CONTENTS OF BOX: A large yellow stoned ring gleams.

Choking in shock Ally holds her hand on her chest to steady herself.

ALLY
It’s beautiful.

IAN
Yes, it is. I knew you’d like yellow.

ALLY
I love it. Oh my god.

Ian slyly glances around the restaurant as the patrons stare in anticipation.

IAN
So, will ya?

Ally carefully reaches out to touch it, every time she gets close Ian bounces it around playfully.

IAN
Will ya? Will ya? Will ya?

Ally looks up at Ian.

IAN
Everyone’s watching.

ALLY
YES!

She falls to her knees, throws her arms around him and squeezes him emotionally. Ian is frozen.

The patrons clap and cheer as Ian’s annoyance builds. Ally moves back out of the hug and kisses Ian passionately on the lips.
IAN
No!

Ian pushes Ally roughly on the floor, wiping her kiss off his face.

IAN
Your a liar! Admit it! I dare you to tell the truth.

ALLY
What?

IAN
You’re not pregnant. You just said that to... for retribution. Didn’t ya?

Ally picks herself up off the floor, wearily glancing at the shocked patrons.

ALLY
So what. You started it. Lying to get a young, hot, impressionable girl like me into the sack. Your a liar and your desperate!

IAN
You just said yes to marrying me! Ha! So age has nothing to do with it, which you just so aptly demonstrated.

ALLY
(Finding her words)
I was playing along.

IAN
Oh come on, you wanted me back so bad you lied about being up the duff.

ALLY
You wanted me so bad you lied about your age just so you could have me.

IAN
You’re desperate.

ALLY
You’re despicable.

(CONTINUED)
IAN
Liar!

ALLY
Liar!

Ian drops the ring just in time to catch Ally as she leaps into his arms for a kiss.

The patrons in the restaurant, give a confused clap.

THE END