Liar

Ву

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Louise Lee Mei 62 Darling St Balmain East 2041 NSW Australia 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.

TAN

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.

CONTINUED: 2.

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?

TAN

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: 3.

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)

CONTINUED: 4.

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.

CONTINUED: 5.

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.

TAN

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?

CONTINUED: 6.

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.

TAN

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.

TAN

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.

CONTINUED: 7.

IAN

She's pregnant.

Davo turns back to Ian.

TAN

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.

CONTINUED: 8.

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.

TAN

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.

CONTINUED: 9.

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!

TAN

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: 10.

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: 11.

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: 12.

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?

CONTINUED: 13.

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...

CONTINUED: 14.

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.

CONTINUED: 15.

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: 16.

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