

PEOPLE WHO LIE

written by  
Xavier Gonzalez

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xgonzalez93@yahoo.com

FADE IN:

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE- DAY

PETER (Tall, okay looking, well groomed, early 30's) sits in a Therapist's office. He sits in the long chair, lying back. Speaks to the off screen THERAPIST.

THERAPIST (O.C.)  
Why are you here, Peter?

He turns his attention to the Therapist.

PETER  
Somebody caught me doing something. And I wasn't too proud of it, either.

THERAPIST (O.C.)  
What were you caught doing?

PETER  
I was caught telling a lie.

THERAPIST (O.C.)  
The fact that you lied makes you unproud.

Peter shakes his head.

PETER  
No, the fact that I was caught telling it is.

A beat of silence.

THERAPIST (O.C.)  
Would you mind telling me what the lie is?

PETER  
I'm not gonna tell you what the lie was. But I will tell you it was one I used a lot. And I think I've been telling it late cos I discovered something...

THERAPIST (O.C.)  
What's that?

PETER  
I'm dying.

A beat.

THERAPIST

So you've been lying because you discovered the horrible truth that you're dying?

Peter shakes his head and chuckles.

                  PETER

No, no, no. I lie because it's so interesting.

                  THERAPIST (O.C.)

What's so interesting about it?

                  PETER

Pff,.. where do I start? You see they never fail. Lies that is. No matter how many times you have to tell it whether it only takes one try or twenty, some one is bound to believe you.

A beat.

                  THERAPIST (O.C.)

Tell me, Peter, when did this obsession with lying begin?

Peter lies back. Thinks.

                  PETER

Well like I said earlier: You can always get away with lying and I learned that at an early age.

INT. CAR- FLASH BACK- DAY

A YOUNG PETER (forth grader) sits in the backseat of his mother's car.

                  MOTHER

So how did you do on your test, Petey? If you got higher than a C I'll buy you a candy bar.

At the sound of this Peter quickly blurs out:

                  PETER

I got a hundred percent!

The mother gets an "unbelievable" look on her face. She smiles and speaks excitedly.

MOTHER  
 Wow! Really? Alright, just for  
 that I'm gonna buy ya two now.

Peter CHEERS.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

Peter now sits up.

PETER  
 And it's not just getting what you  
 want. With lying you can be  
 anything, do anything, or be  
 anyone.

INT. CLUB- FLASH BACK- NIGHT

MONTAGE:

- A girl sits in Peter's lap.

PETER  
 I work in banking.

- A different girl now sits in his lap.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 I drive a Ferrari.

- Yet another girl sits in his lap.

PETER (CONT'D)  
 My name? Billy Joe.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

PETER  
 But that one lie I had, it was the  
 mother load, it could get me  
 anything I wanted. And it started  
 with my boss.

INT. PETER'S OFFICE- FLASH BACK- DUSK

Peter works at his computer. The BOSS enters.

BOSS  
 Hey, Pete, I need this  
 presentation finished by dawn and  
 I'm gonna have to ask ya to stay  
 up late and finish it for me.

PETER (V.O.)  
I was so stressed I had to make something up.

Peter thinks hard. Then shouts out:

PETER (CONT'D)  
I can't sir! Um,.. I'm dying... If I stay up late I run the risk of my heart exploding. I only have a few months to live and I want to live it to its fullest.

The boss thinks this over.

BOSS  
Okay, fine. I'll get someone else to do it.

He walks away. Peter smiles.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

PETER  
And it worked. So I used it for other things.

INT. PETER'S OFFICE - FLASH BACK

A FEMALE WORKER hands Peter a file. As she walks out she drops her pen. Bends over to pick it up. As she does Peter watches as her pants tighten up against her butt. He likes it.

PETER  
Will you make love to me?

The female worker GASP. She turns and slaps Peter.

FEMALE WORKER  
You pig!

She starts to walk off.

PETER  
I'm sorry it's just that... I'm dying!

She stops. Turns to Peter.

FEMALE WORKER  
Oh, my God. I'm so sorry.

The worker stares at Peter who makes a sad face. She thinks.

FEMALE WORKER (CONT'D)  
Okay fine, but just this once.

Peter smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. PETER'S OFFICE- MOMENTS LATER

Peter and the Female worker have sex on Peter's desk.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

Peter smiles as he remembers.

PETER  
But it didn't just work at work. I  
used it for other things as well.

INT. BANK- FLASH BACK- DAY

Peter sits across from a BANKER.

BANKER  
I'm sorry Mr. Wright, but we just  
can't loan you 300,000 dollars,  
it's too much.  
(beat)  
What do you need this loan for  
anyways?

PETER  
To buy my dream car.

The banker looks surprised.

BANKER  
That's not a good enough reason to  
ask for so much money. I'm sorry  
sir but I can not continue to  
speak to you over this situation.

The banker gets up. Peter thinks fast.

PETER  
But I'm dying!

BANKER  
What?

PETER  
That's why I'm asking, I'm dying.  
I only have a few weeks left and I  
wanted to drive my favorite car  
before I die. You can understand  
that right?

The banker feels bad. Sits back down. Thinks.

BANKER

Well I guess for that reason we can make an exception. Let me sign the form.

The banker starts to sign a form. Peter smiles.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

THERAPIST (O.C.)

So you were able to buy your dream car with this lie? You are aware that you can go to prison for that, aren't you?

Peter nods.

THERAPIST (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Okay, let's drift away from the subject of the car. Tell me how were you caught with this lie?

PETER

Well my boss was the one who did.

THERAPIST (O.C.)

How?

PETER

When it didn't happen.

THERAPIST (O.C.)

So it was a long term lie?

PETER

Yep.

A beat. The Therapist walks into frame.

THERAPIST

Well, Peter, that's all the time we have for today. You have to go now. Oh, and don't forget to pay my secretary on your way out.

He shakes Peters hand. Peter nods and exits.

INT. SECRETARY SECTION- MOMENTS LATER

The therapist's SECRETARY sits at her desk. Peter walks up to her. She looks up at him and holds out a bill.

PETER

Do you think yo can let this  
slide?... I'm dying.

The secretary thinks. Nods. Stows bill into her desk.

Peter smiles and walks away.

EXT. CITY STREET- DUSK

Peter walks down the sidewalk. He smiles and laughs. Checks his watch. Turns into an...

EXT. ALLEY- CONTINUOUS

BANG! Peter's chest EXPLODES with blood. A MAN with a revolver has shot him. The man SHOTS Peter in the chest a few more times. Peter falls to the floor. The man digs through his pockets. Runs off.

Peter is still alive, but barley. He reaches into his pocket. Pulls out cell phone. Dials first number he sees.

PETER

HELLO! BOSS! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP  
ME! I WAS SHOT IN AN ALLEY, I'M  
DYING!

BOSS (V.O.)

Yeah, yeah. The man who claimed to  
be dying. Do me a favor, Peter, go  
bug some other poor bastard.

The boss hangs up on the other line. Peter drops the phone. He is loosing air. And finally...

He dies.

FADE OUT: