

Born to Be a Liar by Edward Shi-Hua Lin 林仕樺

Characters

Lesley Owen: Father, a retired CIA agent.

Kirk Owen: Lesley's son, a lawyer.

Norman Foster: A former detective, used to work at local police station.

Wade [voice only]: A staff of the Emergency Service Office.

Mechanic: An elevator mechanic.

Scene 1

[Kirk sits on a steel chair which is screwed on the floor in a reception room at the county jail. There is one row of chair in the left side and the other row in the right side. Between the two rows of chair are pieces of glass. Phones are placed on both side of the glass wall. Other people are talking to their friend or relative in jail. A prison guard lead Lesley into this room. He sits down and picks up the phone.]

Lesley: What's new, my big lawyer?

Kirk: I AM doing my best, father. Those bastards didn't even answer my phone, and how can I make an appointment with them!

Lesley: Calm down! My son, you don't have to call them for any information. No need. Just contact with those agents on the list which I gave you last time. Have you?

Kirk: I found that.....

Lesley: Those news are not true, none of them. Trust me, my son. I am the one who survived from that disaster. Just call them! They will tell you what to do.

Kirk: Father, I know how to deal with these kind of cases. I know somebody.

Lesley: Listen! You don't know. You will never know unless you call them. It is not the matter of who you know. It's a scheme. Not the normal cases you are

familiar with. Believe me, Kirk. Call them right away before those guys are set against me.

Kirk: Ok! Ok! I heard you! Don't scream at me! I'll be back next week. Don't do any thing stupid. [Grasps his hair and turns his sight to anywhere but his father's.]

Lesley: Alright! Good luck, my son, you're my only hope.

[Kirk and Lesley hang on the phones. Kirk picks up his briefcase and stands up.

Prison guard pulls Lesley's handcuff and pushes him towards the door rudely. Kirk turns around and leaves the room.]

(Curtain Down)

Scene 2

[An elevator set on the stage, there is no door in front of it. Audiences can watch the actions of actors through the doorway. Kirk walks in the elevator and presses the floor button. At the same time, a middle age janitor comes in, too. Kirk recognizes the worker but doesn't know his name.]

Norman: Hey! What's the big case today, big lawyer?

Kirk: Nothing special! [The elevator stops at the sixth floor and the power is out.

Emergency lights are turned on, but the elevator still doesn't move.]

Kirk: No! It is not the time for this dumb machine to breakdown! My office is at the top floor.

Norman: Chill out! Chill! Big lawyer! Press the button! [Kirk presses the button.]

Voice of Wade [Emergency Service Office' staff]: May I help you, sir?

Kirk: Hey! We're-----

Wade: You can call me Wade.

Kirk: Whatever! We're stuck in this fucking elevator! Sent anyone to help us, NOW!

[Norman sits at the right corner of the elevator and puts his coat on.]

Wade: Calm down, MISTER! I just sent TWO Mechanical EXPERTS and a group of sturdy janitors to help you! And they are ON THE WAY. Just tell me how many people are in the elevator, SIR! [Bob laughs in his sleeve and leans his head at the wall.]

Kirk: Two! Only two! I'm in a hurry----

Wade: THEY ARE ALREADY ON THE WAY!

Kirk: OK! I'll wait!

Wade: [Says with laughter] That's the only activity you can do.

Kirk: Hey! [Wade hangs up the phone. Sounds of rustles are heard before he hangs up.] What's wrong with the whole youngster nowadays? I can ask for the board of management to fire him!

Norman: Yeah! [He says with disdain.]

Kirk: What?

Norman: Nothing, sit down and get your coat on! It'll become colder without heater.

[Kirk sits down at the left corner of the elevator and gets his coat on.]

Kirk: Don't try to make any order at me. You're nothing but a cleaner!

Norman: Alright! Alright! Big lawyer. I'm just giving you my sincere advice. No need to get that angry.

Kirk: He just makes a fool of me. I hate that attitude and I hate anyone who commands me. [Grasps his hair with his right hand.] By the way, why do you know my profession?

Norman: Your permit told me. Top floor is the law firm, right. I used to observe every single detail of people. It was my profession.

Kirk: What had you been doing before? It makes me feel that you are watching me everyday.

Norman: Don't worry about that, you didn't commit any crime, did you? [Smiles at Kirk.]

Kirk: Of course not! You were an officer! No wonder huh!

Norman: A detective.

Kirk: Not any more. Why?

Norman: Work with lots of greedy pigs and was set up by an agent.

Kirk: What's that---- [holding both of his palms together and watching Norman while he talks] all about? Tell me about that.

Norman: You're getting more interested about it, right?

Kirk: N...No! I just-----I just like this kind of cases. Maybe-----maybe I can do something for you. [Eyes blink quickly, showing his concern about this matter]

Norman: Yeah! If I have tons of cash I would hire you. I would hire more than ten lawyers to fight against that guy. Hey, you look familiar, were you related to this case.....?

Kirk: What are you talking about! That's nonsense. I just became a lawyer at the same time you get in this firm.

Norman: Got you! [Laugh]

Kirk: Not funny!

Norman: It's been three years—three years without any hug from my wife. I still remember that day. Saturday afternoon, we just finished our weekly shopping and walked toward my car. I remember that I haven't bought motor oil. When I ran through the gate of the mall, I heard my wife's voice. She was shouting my name. That voice, that kind of voice sounded like she was going to leave you. I ran back to my car. I saw her lying in a pool of blood and I saw my son sit in the back with his palms on his face. In the meantime, I heard another

screaming from the security room. That's the day I always remember. That's the day I decided not to forgive myself until I cuff the murderer. Until now.

Kirk: You haven't found the murderer? You're a detective. And the victim is you beloved.

Norman: What a joke, right?

Kirk: What's that guy's purpose? Did he rob your wife or for another reasons?

Norman: Nothing! He wanted nothing from my wife. He even locked my son in the back seat.

Kirk: Maybe he has a son.

Norman: He killed my wife and left my son watching his mother's death. What a mercy for my 5- year- old son! What a saint! My son saw all of the process of his evil conduct. That guy killed another man who parked his car at the same row as mine. They seem to have a small talk. My son told me that when that man reached something from his car locker, the guy shot him twice. And then he saw that guy ran toward them and shot my wife and locked him inside the car.

Kirk: He wanted to kill the witness and left your son because your son could not be a witness even though he just saw all of the process.

Norman: Maybe. He also killed the security guard and took away the tape in the monitor.

Kirk: Why did he kill that man? What did he take away from him?

Norman: My investigation showed that the man is an agent. That killer wanted the list. All of the names on it are retired agent. CIA took charge of the scene. It's said that they found another copy of that piece of list. I also got one copy from my old classmate at university. He is a hacker. Some people on that list were murdered from that day on. I think there are.....almost ten. Car accident,

fell from buildings, all of them seem like accident. And. All of them had made some trade with arms dealers. [Kirk looks down on his brief case set beside his feet.] Ten more are still alive.

Kirk: Well, I got the picture. That guy who killed your wife is a bad agent. And his name must be on that list. He pretended that he is an agent who would like to make a deal with that one he killed. He pretended that he is sent from CIA. The killer killed the man after he got the list. But the killer didn't know that he is not clever at all. [His tone become serious and he is sweating]

Norman: Bingo! You might be a good detective.

Kirk: Ha! [Cold smile] It's on newspaper.

Norman: Ha, ha, ha, ha! Yeah! Every time I went to CIA, they always told me that they will not make any comment. And why I'm here? I rushed into CIA and punched the director of CIA. Isn't it ridiculous? Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Kirk: You are a good dad. You believe your son.

Norman: Yeah! He won't lie to me. He had no reason.

Kirk: Hm.....

Norman: You have any comment on my story? You said that you are good at this kind of case

Kirk: That guy had a son. He used his son as his lawyer and told him what to do. But at that time, his son was just an assistant of his lawyer. However, he lied to his son that he is innocent. He just got himself into the county jail by killed a woman on the street a month ago. It looked like an accident, but he intended to do so. He said that someone is going to kill him. He gave his son a list to find out the "TRUTH" and told him not to believe what others said. His name is Lesley Owen. [They look at each other. Kirk smiles with no emotion. His cheek is trembling.]

Norman: How do you know that?

Kirk: Newspaper again.

Norman: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, hah!

[A sound from the door]

Mechanic: Hello? Are you guys alright? [He stands outside the elevator and uses a
electronic instrument which is plugged on the elevator]

Norman: Yeah! We're alright. Are you going to get us out of here?

Mechanist: That's right. Just stand back.

Norman: [Norman stands up and waits for the door to be opened but Kirk is still
sitting there] OK.

Mechanist: [The door opens.] Come out guys! Welcome to the real world! Sorry for
being late.

Norman: No problem. Hey, big lawyer, don't you want to come out?

Kirk: I need to get alone a while. [Faces the floor and waves his right hand to the
mechanic and Norman.]

Norman: OK! Take your time! It's nice to chat with you, sir. Goodbye.

Kirk: Bye. [He shakes his body back and forth. When Norman walks away from the
elevator, he lies down in the elevator and stares blankly toward the audiences
without facial expression.] How can you lie to me? You are my father, my
father!

(Curtain down)