

THE LIE COUNT
OR
(THE INCONCEIVABLE AGONY OF BEING YOURSELF)

Written by

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FADE IN.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

The main dining area is dimly but warmly lit, revealing only what the owner wants you to see.

A man, DRAKE (20's, stubbled-faced with baseball cap hair) twiddles his thumbs and looks around the small café. He checks his phone. A woman, DAPHNE (20's, well-mannered with slightly overdone make-up) walks in.

She looks around and sees Drake sitting alone at one of the tables. She approaches him.

Daphne arrives at the table. Drake takes no notice. She stands awkwardly waiting to get his attention. She waves hesitantly, and clears her throat. Nothing works. She looks at the nascent chat history she has with Drake. She looks back up.

She turns and starts walking away from the table, typing into the chat. Drake finally notices her walking back.

DRAKE

Daphne?

DAPHNE

(turning and attempting a smile)

Hiiii.

DRAKE

You're Daphne, right?

Drake stands up at the sight of his date. She reaches the table. They stare at each other for a second, unsure of how to proceed.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry.

Drake moves to pull her chair out but bumbles forward into the table. He stumbles into a hug with Daphne who delivers an awkward peck on his cheek. They disentangle and return to their own seats.

DAPHNE

Sorry, it's been a while since I've done this. I'm kind of rusty.

DRAKE

Yeah.

A beat. Daphne is a little confused. Drake notices.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Oh, no. I meant "yeah", like "yeah, me too." Like, I'm not a pro at this at all, either.

Daphne smiles.

DAPHNE

Really? I couldn't tell.

Drake furrows his brow.

DRAKE

Are you sure? Because in the last 20 seconds, I think I've done the three stupidest things in my entire life.

DAPHNE

(still smiling)

Oh, no. Yeah, I could. But, not like that. It was a joke. I thought you could tell by the tone.

DRAKE

Right.

The rest of the cafe's patrons are passively chatting away, without a care in the world. Drake and Daphne sit quietly, engrossed in their respective menus.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

I guess I'm completely tone-deaf then, 'cause I can't sing for shit, either.

Daphne looks at Drake.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. DAPHNE'S CAR - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE:

--Daphne sings her heart out to a pop song.

--Daphne sings her heart out to a hard rock song.

--Daphne sings her heart out to opera.

END MONTAGE.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Daphne shoots a small smile.

DAPHNE

Oh. Uhh, yeah. I don't really like singing too much either.

FREEZE FRAME.

DING.

SUPER: LIE COUNT: 1

END FREEZE FRAME.

A WAITRESS comes by to get the couple's orders.

WAITRESS

Are you guys ready to order?

DRAKE

Sure.

Yes.

DAPHNE

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

I'll take a caramel pumpkin macchiato. And...surprise me with any salad.

DRAKE

I'll get a lemonade and the tuna melt sandwich, but please make sure the cheese is left out and the mayonnaise is on the side. Is it served on whole wheat?

WAITRESS

Unfortunately, we only have white bread.

DRAKE

All right. White's fine. Just make sure it's extra toasted please. Oh and the mayo...

WAITRESS
(jotting things down)
On the side.

DRAKE
In a little cup, please.

WAITRESS
Gotcha.

The waitress rushes off.

Daphne's stare at Drake is interrupted by his glance. She shakes it off.

DAPHNE
I'm so ready for that macchiato.

DRAKE
You like coffee?

DAPHNE
Do I like coffee? I'm in a deeply,
violently, passionate affair with
coffee. If coffee were a person,
I'm sorry, you're really cute, but
we wouldn't be having this date.

DRAKE
That's fair. I'm the same with
coffee. It's just that I've already
had a bunch of caffeine today.

FREEZE FRAME

DING.

SUPER: LIE COUNT: 2

END FREEZE FRAME

DAPHNE
Right. Anyway, what do you do for
fun, besides surfing and
videogames?

DRAKE
I see you read my profile.

Daphne smiles.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
Well, I love sports but I've always
loved football most.

DAPHNE
Oh, nice! I've always been more of
a baseball girl myself.

FREEZE FRAME.

DING.

SUPER: LIE COUNT: 4

END FREEZE FRAME.

DRAKE
No way! I love baseball too. Who's
your favorite player?

Daphne's face flushes.

DAPHNE
Johnnnn...son?

DRAKE
Old Johnson or new Johnson?

DAPHNE
Ummm...Old?

FREEZE FRAME.

DING.

SUPER: LIE COUNT: 5

END FREEZE FRAME.

She starts looking for something in her purse.

DRAKE
So you're into the old, old games,
huh? Like Robinson era?

DAPHNE
Yup, that's right! Listen, I just
realized I forgot my chap stick in
the car.

FREEZE FRAME.

DING.

SUPER: LIE COUNT: 6

END FREEZE FRAME.

DAPHNE (CONT.) (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go get it real quick.

DRAKE
Sure. Absolutely. Have fun!

DAPHNE
(slightly cringing)
Ok.

As she leaves, the waitress returns with the drinks. Then as the waitress leaves, Drake stops her.

DRAKE
I'm sorry, but you guys wouldn't happen to have anything stronger, would you?

WAITRESS
We have coffee.

DRAKE
(wincing)
Ooh. Um, I was thinking something more along the lines of...um...whiskey.

WAITRESS
Sir, this is a café called Bean Girls.

Drake stares blankly.

WAITRESS (CONT.) (CONT'D)
I'll see what we have in the back.

The waitress leaves.

INT. DAPHNE'S CAR - DAY

Daphne slides into her car, puts her head on the steering wheel and sighs. A beat. She looks back up and moves the rearview mirror in her direction.

DAPHNE
Look, he's nice enough and he's cute. He's as cute as his profile. He's cute. He's cute. He's cute.

She gets out of the car.

 DAPHNE (CONT.) (CONT'D)
 (walking back into cafe)
He's cute. He's cute. He's cute.
He's cute, goddamn it!

INT. CAFE - DRAKE AND DAPHNE'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Drake takes a sip of his drink.

 DRAKE
 (to himself)
She's hot. She's hot. She is so
hot. She looks like a Greek
goddess, for god's sake. You got
this.

He looks up. Daphne is approaching once again. She takes her seat.

 DAPHNE
All right. Where were we?

 DRAKE
Sports.

 DAPHNE
That's right. How about we talk
about something else?

 DRAKE
Sure. What do you like to do for
fun besides travelling and walking
on the beach?

 DAPHNE
Touché.

Drake raises his glass with a smirk and takes a sip.

 DAPHNE (CONT'D)
Well, I go to theme parks with my
friends a LOT. I love
rollercoasters.

Drake almost chokes on his drink.

 DRAKE
Really? What kind of theme parks?

DAPHNE

Oh you know, once in a while when we want something chill, we'll go to Disneyland or Knott's. But my favorite is Six Flags. They have the biggest and scariest.

Drake looks like he might have just wet himself.

DRAKE

What a coincidence. I-I-I love rollercoasters.

FREEZE FRAME.

DING.

SUPER: LIE COUNT: 7

END FREEZE FRAME.

Daphne's smile widens into a grin.

DAPHNE

No!

DRAKE

(trying to smile)

Yes.

DING.

SUPER: LIE COUNT: 8

DAPHNE

No!

DRAKE

MMh-mm.

DING.

SUPER: LIE COUNT: 9

DAPHNE

No!

DRAKE

Yeah...

DAPHNE

Nooo!

DRAKE
(almost crying)
Yeees!

DING.

SUPER: LIE COUNT: 10

The waitress returns with their plates. She turns to Drake.

WAITRESS
I'm so sorry, sir. We couldn't find
any alcohol on the premises.

The waitress leaves. Daphne furrows her brow.

DRAKE
No, no! It's not what you think.

FREEZE FRAME.

DING.

SUPER: LIE COUNT: 11. IT'S EXACTLY WHAT SHE THINKS.

END FREEZE FRAME.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
I'm not a drinker. I swear. I just
needed it.

Daphne's brow furrows deeper.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
No, I needed it to get through
this.

Daphne stares blankly at him now.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
No, wait. It's not you. I just
thought it would loosen me up.

A beat. They look down at their food.

DAPHNE
It's ok.

DRAKE
I swear I'm not an alcoholic. I
don't drink strong stuff. I can
barely get coffee down.

DAPHNE

Wait, what? You said you liked coffee.

Drake sighs.

DRAKE

Yeah, about that...

DAPHNE

Don't feel too bad. The truth is I know nothing about baseball or football and I do, in fact, love to sing.

DRAKE

Yeah, I figured. I don't really like classical music, to be honest.

DAPHNE

Yeah, I know. I also lied in my profile. I don't like dogs. Ice cream and pizza make me sick, and a long walk on the beach is only acceptable if you're gonna propose to me at the end of it with the most beautiful sunset ever. I only put that stuff on there because it was what I thought would get better matches.

DRAKE

What's wrong with the beach? You don't like sand?

DAPHNE

No, I DON'T like sand.

Drake snickers.

DRAKE

I lied on my profile too.

DAPHNE

Oh, really? I thought every Tom, Dick and Harry in this town loved to lift weights, hike outdoors and play Call of Duty Black Ops.

DRAKE

Whoops.

A beat.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Look, not all is lost. I think you're really attractive. You probably think I'm pretty attractive otherwise you wouldn't still be sitting here. We got some good food. Let's just start again. Hi, I'm Drake.

DAPHNE

Drake, we already know each other. We have nothing in common. Besides, how long will physical attraction really take us? I'm not really looking for the Ken to my Barbie. I'm looking for the Mr. Darcy to my Elizabeth Bennett.

DRAKE

I don't know who they...

DAPHNE

That's exactly my point. And it's ok. Not everything has to lead to something. At least we got to learn.

DRAKE

Yeah.

INT. DRAKE'S CAR - LATER

Daphne and Drake are busy wildly making out in the back seats.

DRAKE

We're never seeing each other again after this, are we?

DAPHNE

Nope.

Drake and Daphne lunge at each other once more.

FREEZE FRAME.

DING.

SUPER: THE LIE COUNT OR (THE INCONCEIVABLE AGONY OF BEING YOURSELF)

FADE OUT.

THE END.