

THE COMPULSIVE LIARS SUPPORT GROUP

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INT. COMMUNITY CENTER (REC ROOM) - NIGHT

TITLE: THE COMPULSIVE LIARS SUPPORT GROUP

TEN PEOPLE sit in a circle facing each other at their COMPULSIVE LIARS SUPPORT GROUP meeting, a weekly get-together for, *obviously*, compulsive liars.

VIOLET (30s), a bookish, librarian-looking woman serves as the group's moderator. Sitting beside her is HARRIS (30s), a shy, quiet man who only shows up to meetings because he's developed a crush on Violet.

Violet gestures across the circle at RAY PARKER, JR. (61).
Yes, *that* Ray Parker, Jr.

VIOLET

How about you? Would you like to introduce yourself to the group?

RAY PARKER, JR.

(nervously)

Okay.

(to group)

Hello. My name is Ray Parker, Jr., and I am a compulsive liar.

ALL

Hi, Ray Parker, Jr.

RAY PARKER, JR.

I, uh....

Ray hesitates, which causes Violet to say--

VIOLET

It's okay, Ray. We're all in this together.

(to group)

Aren't we?

The group nods in support.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

So tell us... why are you here?

RAY PARKER, JR.

I'm here because...

(inhales/exhales deeply)

...I *am* afraid of ghosts.

The group CLAPS in support.

Sitting next to Ray is a KLANSMAN dressed in full KKK garb: hood; robe, etc. He rests his hand on Ray's knee in support.

KLANSMAN

But ghosts ain't real, Ray Parker, Jr.

RAY PARKER, JR.

I know that, but--
(looks over at Klansman)
AHHH!!!

Ray jumps out of his seat and runs out of the room SCREAMING. The group watches him go. Then--

KLANSMAN

Was it something I said?

HARRIS

I think he thought you were a ghost.

KLANSMAN

(hangs head low)
I'm sorry.

VIOLET

It's fine. How about you go next.

KLANSMAN

Okay. My name is Mike, but my friends call me White Power Mike.

ALL

Hi, White Power Mike.

KLANSMAN

And I'm here because... I like black folks. They're funny -- I love Kevin Hart -- and they make great music. I mean, Sly Stone for crying out loud. Am I right?

The group CLAPS and nods in agreement: Sly Stone *is* great.

KLANSMAN (CONT'D)

I just....
(looks around)
You know what? I feel really awful about what just happened with Ray Parker, Jr., and I'd like to be able to apologize to him. Would it be okay if I ran out after him?

VIOLET

This group is not a prison, White Power Mike. You're free to come and go as you please.

White Power Mike stands and exits to do just that.

Fellow compulsive liar LARS (20s), a tattooed hipster, leans over to TAMMY (40s), a trashy blob of a woman.

LARS

(quietly)

Is it just me or does a Klansman chasing a black guy down the street not sound like a good idea?

Tammy quietly SNORTS at the comment as Lars eyes her up.

LARS (CONT'D)

You know, Tammy, you're looking real good tonight.

TAMMY

Really? You think so?

LARS

Totally. Damn sexy.

After a beat, Lars lets out his own quiet SNORT as he attempts to hold back his laughter.

TAMMY

(realizing)

Fucking dick.

Violet motions toward a zit-faced punk kid named OWEN (17).

VIOLET

(to group)

Everyone, I'd like to introduce you to Owen.

ALL

Hi, Owen.

VIOLET

Owen, would you like to tell everyone why you're here?

OWEN

I sure would.

This is followed by a long beat of silence. Then--

VIOLET
 (getting it)
 Ah. I see.
 (to group)
 Everyone, Owen is here because it
 was mandated by the courts.
 (to Owen)
 Isn't that right?

OWEN
 Nope.

TAMMY
 What'd you do?

OWEN
 Killed a bitch. Two actually.

LARS
 Gangsta!
 (puts hand up)
 High-five!

OWEN
 I can't high-five.

LARS
 Why's that?

OWEN
 I ain't got fingers.

Beat, as everyone looks at Owen's fingers.

TAMMY
 (pointing)
 What are those then?

OWEN
 Jumbo fried shrimp. In the shape of
 fingers.

LARS
 (looking around)
 Where are we? This *is* the
 Compulsive Liars Support Group,
 right? Because I think this kid's
 in the wrong place.
 (to Owen)
 Sounds like you're looking for
 Idiot Assholes Anonymous, which
 meets on Mondays.

TAMMY

(to Owen)

Are your fingers really jumbo
shrimps?

OWEN

No, I was lying.

(beat)

They're actually french fries.

LARS

I'm gonna punch this kid in the
head so hard that every zit on his
face is gonna explode at once.

VIOLET

Lars, patience. We all remember how
hard our first meeting was.

TAMMY

I had a massive heart attack at my
first meeting.

LARS

No you didn't.

TAMMY

You're right. That happened at my
second meeting.

Lars rolls his eyes.

VIOLET

Owen is here because, after getting
into a car accident while
intoxicated, he fled the scene and
then lied about his involvement in
the crime for months afterward.

TAMMY

(to Owen)

Did anyone get hurt in the
accident?

OWEN

Yeah, your mom.

TAMMY

My mom is dead.

OWEN

I know. Because I killed her.

VIOLET

Owen!

OWEN

Owen's not even my real name.

HARRIS

What's your real name?

OWEN

Firf McQuerkleson, Esquire. I invented leaves.

LARS

You can't invent leaves.

OWEN

I did. Right after I gave birth to a sea lion that can fly.

LARS

These aren't even lies! You're just saying ridiculously dumb shit!

OWEN

You're just saying ridiculously dumb shit.

Beat, as Lars thinks that over for a second. Then--

LARS

Wait, so are you saying I'm *not* saying dumb shit, or--

VIOLET

You know what? Let's move on. We'll come back to Firf McQuerkleson, Esquire later.

OWEN

I'll probably be invisible by then. It's my superpower.

VIOLET

(ignoring)

So... who wants to go next? Sir Mix-A-Lot...

SIR MIX-A-LOT (51) -- yes, *that* Sir Mix-A-Lot -- sits next to an OLD GRANNY (80s).

VIOLET (CONT'D)

...are you feeling up to being open and honest today?

SIR MIX-A-LOT

I think so, yeah.

(confident)

Hello, everyone. My name is Sir Mix-A-Lot--

ALL

Hi, Sir Mix-A-Lot.

SIR MIX-A-LOT

--and...

(sighs)

...I cannot lie... I *don't* actually like big butts.

TAMMY

All of you guys are assholes!

Tammy stands and runs out CRYING.

SIR MIX-A-LOT

(calling after her)

I'm sorry, boo!

(beat)

It's just that them butts is so big and round. So out there, so gross.

(beat)

They're just so... *black*.

Sir Mix-A-Lot looks over at the Old Granny beside him; for some reason, she's gazing wide-eyed at him. After a beat, she licks her lips seductively and winks at him.

SIR MIX-A-LOT (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

OLD GRANNY

(looking around)

This is Sex Addicts Anonymous, right?

VIOLET

(points at watch)

That was at seven. It's almost nine.

OLD GRANNY

(frustrated)

Oh, screw a kangaroo!

She stands, grabs her purse, and says--

OLD GRANNY (CONT'D)
 (to Sir Mix-A-Lot)
 You know where to find me if you
 ever wanna check out the junk in my
 trunk.

She walks out shaking her ass. Sir Mix-A-Lot starts to GAG.

SIR MIX-A-LOT
 (to Violet)
 Can we take a break? I need to
 purge.

VIOLET
 Well, since we've apparently lost
 almost half our group anyway, why
 don't we finish up for tonight and
 reconvene next week. Sound good?

Everyone nods in agreement. They stand and gather their
 things. As they make their way to the door--

VIOLET (CONT'D)
 Oh, I almost forgot. Next week's
 meeting won't be held here at the
 community center, but at the YMCA
 instead. Everyone understand?

Again, everyone nods.

They exit, leaving Violet and HARRIS alone. After a beat--

HARRIS
 I thought you had to cancel next
 week's meeting because you were
 going out of town.

Violet freezes as she realizes she's been caught in a lie.

VIOLET
 I am. But don't tell them that.

She LAUGHS as she gathers her stuff and walks out.

Harris watches her go for a beat, and then follows.

THE END