

Cast of Characters

PHIL

JANE

Time

The Present.

Place

Anywhere in the U.S.

Note

Occasional / marks indicate overlapping dialogue.

EVERYTHING ELSE

by Julian Sheppard

(A living room. Evening. PHIL is tying his shoes, almost ready to go out for the evening. A coat is next to him on a chair. JANE enters, wearing a nice dress and a purple hat.)

JANE. What do you think?

PHIL. What do I about what?

JANE. The hat, the hat.

PHIL. Oh. It's ok.

JANE. It's only ok?

PHIL. It's ok.

JANE. It's purple.

PHIL. I know it's purple. It's nice.

JANE. Uh-huh.

(She starts to leave.)

PHIL. What?

JANE. You don't like it.

PHIL. I like it alright.

JANE. Do you?

PHIL. Yeah—

JANE. Oh good—

PHIL. It's ok.

JANE. Fine just say you don't like it!

PHIL. Alright. I don't like it / that much.

JANE. / Why not?

PHIL. Jane, we're almost late.

JANE. We're fine. I like the hat.

PHIL. Then you should wear it.

JANE. You think it looks stupid.

PHIL. I didn't say that.

JANE. I got it today.

PHIL. When you went shopping?

JANE. Yeah. I like it.

PHIL. It's really nice.

JANE. No it's not.

PHIL. Honey —

JANE. It's ugly.

PHIL. Honey —

JANE. It's ugly.

PHIL. So don't wear it.

JANE. You know...

PHIL. What?

JANE. Nothing.

PHIL. No, what, you were going to say something.

JANE. No I wasn't. Are you almost ready?

PHIL. Yes, what were you going to say?

JANE. Do you really *hate* the hat?

PHIL. ...I don't *hate* the hat —

JANE. You could've lied, y'know.

PHIL. Why should I lie? You asked me a question.

JANE. I wanted you to tell me I looked good.

PHIL. I know —

JANE. So why —

PHIL. You always look good — I just didn't *love* the hat. Did you want me to lie?

JANE. Maybe.

PHIL. Fine. I'll lie more.

JANE. You don't have to start lying.

PHIL. You want me to.

JANE. No I don't —

PHIL. You just said —

JANE. I know what I — I don't want you to *lie*.

PHIL. Fine.

JANE. Do you?

PHIL. What?

JANE. Lie. To me?

PHIL. Jane.

JANE. Do you?

PHIL. We're now late.

JANE. I'm curious.

PHIL. About whether I lie to you.

JANE. Yes.

PHIL. But if I lie to you I could just lie now.

JANE. You do lie to me?

PHIL. Christ / I didn't —

JANE. / When did you lie to me?

PHIL. I don't *lie* to you, like I, you make it sound like I do this thing where I —

JANE. You could just say, "No, I don't ever lie to you, ever."

PHIL. ... But that would be lying.

JANE. So why are you being honest now?

PHIL. Look. I am not dishonest. You make it sound like --

JANE. Tell me one lie.

PHIL. God.

I've never seen "Ordinary People."

JANE. But you had that whole --

PHIL. I know, I know.

JANE. How'd you --

PHIL. I know enough to...

JANE. What else?

PHIL. Do you lie to me?

JANE. We're not talking about me?

PHIL. Does that mean you do or you don't?

JANE. Of course I do -- sometimes --

PHIL. Of course -- what does *that* mean?!

JANE. White lies --

PHIL. Like?

JANE. I don't like that tie your mother gave you.

PHIL. Nothing real, ever?

JANE. Phil.

PHIL. Stop being a hypocrite.

JANE. I'm not -- you are --

PHIL. We're really late --

JANE. I know one time you lied to me.

PHIL. When?

JANE. Never mind.

PHIL. No, when?

JANE. When you were two hours late --

PHIL. When --?

JANE. End of last month.

PHIL. Two hours?

JANE. After you saw that movie with Dennis.

PHIL. We went for drinks.

JANE. You and Dennis?

PHIL. Uh-huh.

JANE. What kind of drinks did you get?

PHIL. Alcoholic ones.

JANE. How many?

PHIL. Obviously too many or I wouldn't have been so late!

JANE. Couple more maybe you would've been even later.

PHIL. Look, we are not getting into this again.

JANE. What do you mean again?

PHIL. I mean, this silly --

JANE. Yeah but we never got *into* it before.

PHIL. But you wanted to --

JANE. And that made you feel guilty --

PHIL. It did not.

JANE. Here's your opportunity. Did you lie to me then or not?

PHIL. So, what, if I say I was lying then, then everything's ok?

JANE. Yes.

PHIL. I don't believe you.

JANE. I was right. You're lying.

PHIL. Jane, nothing's going on —

JANE. Did I say something was going on?

PHIL. Oh, c'mon.

JANE. No seriously, Phil, is that what you think I'm trying to say, because if it is —

PHIL. Look, you're the one who thinks it's ok you're going to San Diego for two months.

(Beat.)

JANE. Oh.

PHIL. Look. We were supposed to be there...now. So if we leave now, we can still be attractively late. What do you say?

JANE. It's only two months.

PHIL. It was only two hours.

JANE. But I didn't lie.

PHIL. You may as well have.

JANE. It's a new office.

PHIL. Who lives in San Diego?

JANE. A bunch of sailors?

PHIL. Connor.

JANE. Connor lives in Santa Barbara, it's four hours away.

PHIL. Oh really. Three-and-a-half if you drive fast.

JANE. I'm not —

PHIL. You figured out how quick the drive is.

JANE. I don't want to see Connor.

PHIL. No?

JANE. No.

PHIL. I don't believe you.

JANE. You could have mentioned this six weeks ago.

PHIL. No I shouldn't have.

JANE. I didn't have to go.

PHIL. They're starting a new office, you have to go.

JANE. It's my job.

PHIL. Yep, it is.

JANE. You think it's a stupid job / I know —

PHIL. / Hey! I didn't — I didn't say —

JANE. Whatever. I am not going to San Diego because of Connor —

PHIL. But it doesn't hurt he's gonna be there! Does it?! You can go to San Diego, and start the new office, and get tan on weekends, and maybe one day decide what the heck, I'll just call Connor, and he's happy to hear from you, and you plan a rendezvous somewhere along like the beach somewhere, and it's fun, and relaxing, and romantic, and I'm sitting here, freezing my ass off, alone, and you're with Connor, and you never *meant* for it to happen, it just did, but it reminded you — and I feel like an asshole and so what if I lie to you *once* because of something so fucking *stupid* — and on top of everything else, you're still wearing that goddamn stupid hat!

(PHIL grabs the purple hat from JANE's head.)

PHIL. It's an ugly hat, Jane! It's a stupid, ugly hat! You look stupid in it!

(Beat.)

JANE. We're late.

(JANE exits. PHIL is left clutching the hat. JANE re-enters wearing a coat, combing her hair.)

JANE. Do you have a coat?

(PHIL nods and puts the coat on that's sitting next to him.)

JANE. Can I have my hat?

(PHIL hands her back the hat. She takes it. Hangs it on a corner of the chair. Admires it a second. Takes it. Puts it on.)

JANE. Ready to go?

(Blackout.)

End of Play

GOING OUT

by Dan Aibel