

COLD BLOOD LIES

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VOICES

WRITER.....27, male
AGENT.....30, male, same ethnicity as Writer
DOCTOR.....32, male
EDITOR.....35, male

TIME AND PLACE

Somewhere in my mind... Now.

ACT I
SCENE 3

The Writer is alone on stage.

WRITER

(to Audience.) I'm not funny.

I'm bitter.

I'm socially retarded.

When I was a child
my teachers called my parents and
told them they had to come to school.

They were scared.

They thought something was wrong with me.

My teachers met my parents and showed them around.

Here is his classroom.

Here is the playground.

Do you see your son?

I wasn't playing with the kids.

I used to hide behind bushes
and pretend I didn't exist.

I later discovered the library and
it was easier to read a book
than hide behind the bushes.

I never recovered from my fear of people.

I just pretend I am OK

because I can't be a total loser at my age.

I still fear that someone's going to hurt me,
or yell at me,

or belittle me and call me stupid.

That would be the worst thing you could do.

To call me stupid.

I hate being called stupid because

I have more thoughts in my mind than you.

I am more sensitive to the world than you.

Or maybe, I'm just fucked up

because I can put my feelings down on paper and realize
that what I know to be true,

is right in front of me,

peering straight into my eyes,

saying:

you must face me.

Face the truth!

When I write,
I think it'd be easier to admit that
I'm a total loser
and kill myself.

The Writer lies down on the couch.

The Doctor enters.

DOCTOR
Hold are you?

WRITER
14.

DOCTOR
Why are you here?

WRITER
I have no friends.

DOCTOR
Why don't you?

WRITER
I used to have friends.
They were all nice to me because
my teachers told them to be.
But they got jealous of me because
I got better grades.
I was jealous of them because
they had cool things to show-off during recess.

DOCTOR
That's stupid.

WRITER
Don't call me stupid.

The Writer cries.

DOCTOR
How old are you now?

WRITER
(crying.) 15.

DOCTOR
Why are you here?

WRITER
I hate my father.

DOCTOR
Why?

WRITER
Because he beats me.

DOCTOR
Does it hurt?

WRITER
He beats my brother.
He beats my mother.
He fucked the maid.

DOCTOR
Do you hate him because he hurt you?

WRITER
(Angrily.) I hate him because he says he loves me!

DOCTOR
How old are you now?

WRITER
(Angrier.) 20!

DOCTOR
Why are you here?

WRITER
My fiancé's a lesbian!

DOCTOR
Do you love her?

WRITER
Since I was in 4th grade!
I always thought it was puppy love.
But then I truly fell in love with her.
My parents wouldn't approve of our marriage

so we got engaged in secret.
While we were engaged,
we never made love.
She thought I was chicken-shit because I didn't touch her.
She said that to me *after* she told me
she was a lesbian.

DOCTOR
Do you still talk to her?

WRITER
Yes. We're best friends.
(*despairing.*) I broke off the engagement and told her I'm gay.

DOCTOR
How old are you now?

WRITER
(*depressed.*) 22.

DOCTOR
Why are you here?

WRITER
I finished college.
I have a job.
I hate it.
I want to be free.

DOCTOR
What about your writing?

WRITER
My writing sucks!

DOCTOR
How old are you now?

WRITER
27.

DOCTOR
Why are you here?

WRITER
Because I love you.

The Doctor checks things of a clipboard and hands it over to the Writer.

The Agent enters.

The Writer hands the clipboard to the Agent.

WRITER

Are you happy now?

AGENT

No.

WRITER

It's the truth.

AGENT

It won't sell.

DOCTOR

Why can't he make you happy?

AGENT

You again.

What do you want?

DOCTOR

I want to listen.

AGENT

Aren't you going to say something?

DOCTOR

Not right now.

AGENT

(to Writer.) Pretend you're away at some beautiful beach.

The ocean is warm,

the sky is clear,

there is a seagull flying towards the horizon.

You have a cone of vanilla ice cream and it is delicious.

You have a pen and a piece of paper

and you want to capture this moment,

this brilliant moment of plenitude.

You want to remember it forever.

What would you write?

WRITER

I want to fire my agent but
no one else will take me.

AGENT

Get serious!

WRITER

Fuck you!

DOCTOR

I'm done listening.

Now I want you both to be quiet.

Imagine this:

(to Agent.) You are his father and
you want to tell him that you love him.

(to Writer.) You are his son and
you want to tell him that you love him.

What would you say?

AGENT

You're useless.

WRITER

You're hurtful.

AGENT

You're a waste of my money.

WRITER

I only thought of you as a loan.

AGENT

I gave you everything you asked for.

WRITER

I sacrificed my whole life for you.

AGENT

I never had opportunities in my life!

WRITER

You never gave me a choice to do what I wanted!

DOCTOR

Stop blaming each other!

WRITER

(to Agent.) Fuck you!

AGENT

(to Doctor.) Fuck you!

Writer and Agent exit.

DOCTOR

One can try to keep things together.
 We want things to be the way we want them to be.
 It's like we need to push ourselves to be
 the most perfect person we can be
 and satisfy that super-ego that dictates
 how we should live
 and why.
 But the reality is that we're
 horribly disappointed with life.
 We never get what we want.

Pause.

I try to be optimistic.
 I've developed a theory
 that we never get what we want
 but we often get our second choice.
 And that's OK.
 We must be happy with that
 because our super-ego doesn't tolerate failure.
 I didn't choose to fall in love
 with a psychotic writer.
 I wanted to fall in love with someone
 simple and pragmatic.
 I wanted to be the psychotic one in the relationship
 but that dream did not come through.
 I could hate myself for everything
 that I have not achieved in life.
 I could blame my parents,
 God,
 or even my government
 and say that every misery I have suffered,
 every tear that I've shed,
 is not my fault.
 But that is an excuse,
 rather than the truth.
 The truth is—

The Agent enters carrying a manuscript.

AGENT

More pages worth nothing.
I blame you for this!
Every time he falls in love with someone,
he becomes distracted from his work.

DOCTOR

Love is more important to him.

AGENT

Please, don't make me laugh.
Let's leave the poetry for the writer, alright?
What are your intentions with him?
Are you going to hurt him?

DOCTOR

No.

AGENT

You can't fuck around with him
like he's an experiment.

DOCTOR

I know that.

AGENT

You're destroying him.
He's writing crap.

DOCTOR

He's trying something new.

AGENT

I don't want something new.
I want to be shaken out of my wits.
I want to be sucked in by his writing.
I want to forget myself in it.
When he writes and he writes well,
it is erotic and sardonic but
commanding.
This is crap and he knows that!
Do you know what my Editor said?
Do you know what he told me?

The Editor enters.

EDITOR

He's a crazy asshole dick-wad
and there's no human being that can work with him!
He's a lunatic and he embraces it
like it's a gift from God.
He's so stuck up his ass
he can't take a shit.
Instead, he craps on paper and calls it writing.

DOCTOR

Harsh comments.

EDITOR

And what's worse!
He thinks he's so interesting
he can write whatever he wants.
He thinks he's so goddamn special
he can do as he pleases.
How am I supposed to work with him?
How?
A writer needs to be open to criticism.
Know how to work with people.
Figure out what is best,
beyond what he *thinks* is best,
because other people are trying to help him.
But does he listen?
No.
He does what he wants.

DOCTOR

Give him a chance.

AGENT

He's been given a million chances.

DOCTOR

He's afraid.

EDITOR

Afraid of what?

DOCTOR

Failure.

EDITOR

People need to fail!
You can't go about doing shit with
no sense of responsibility.
People need to be accountable for what they do.

DOCTOR

It's just writing!
Lighten up.

AGENT

This is his life we're talking about.

DOCTOR

No.
His life is with me.
This is about your lives.

EDITOR

What gives you the right to say shit about something
you don't know about?
This is what I do for a living.
I know how to handle dicks like him,
but he's way beyond being a dick!
He's a
crazy
lunatic
bastard.

DOCTOR

My crazy bastard!

EDITOR

(to Agent.) I'm sorry.
Don't say I didn't try.
I did try.
I tried my best.

DOCTOR

You kissed us.

AGENT

You did?

EDITOR

(to Agent.) I thought it'd be nice...
(to Doctor.) It wasn't.

The Editor exits.

AGENT
I hate you!
You're gonna' pay for this!

The Agent throws the manuscript to the air.

He exits.

The Doctor picks up the manuscript.

DOCTOR
I hate myself.
When I was young,
I thought I was so crazy
I needed to become a therapist.
I studied psychology since I was twelve.
I love Freud.
I wished he was alive
because he'd be able to help us
make more sense of our lives.
But studying psychology,
I became crazier than I was before.
I began discovering new illnesses in my psyche.
When I thought I had cured myself of one dysfunction,
I discovered two others
that I was completely unaware of.
I thought to myself:
"I need to continue studying to cure myself!"
But I studied to the point that
I discovered so many illnesses within me
I had to stop,
get my license,
and start focusing that energy
on other people instead.
Now, I look for other people's problems
because I'm too scared to look inside.
Sometimes, though, I can't avoid
listening to what my patients say and
feel like they're talking about me.
I make their problems my own and
I find so much of me,
in *them*,
that I can't avoid concluding
that I'm still crazy

and will be forever.
I can't say that to my patients, though,
because they believe I'll make them normal one day.
They don't know there's actually
nothing wrong with them and
that I love them as they are.

The Doctor exits.

SCENE 4

The Writer stands alone.

WRITER

(to Audience.) This is my mind on a good day.

The Agent enters with a manuscript.

AGENT

This is wonderful. It is so wonderful!

WRITER

Please,
stop!

AGENT

Here is your contract.
The producers love it.
And here's the agreement with Universal.
They want to make it a movie.

WRITER

It's just too much!

AGENT

This is going to make you famous!

WRITER

I have to call my parents.
Tell them the good news!

AGENT

But I have more!
Since you've been such a good client,
I'm not going to rip you off!

WRITER

Could today be any better?

AGENT

Yes, it could!
Your Editor died!

WRITER

What?

AGENT

He hung himself but left a note.

It says:

“I was wrong.

He has every right to be a dick
because he is so wonderful.”

The Agent laughs alone.

WRITER

(to Audience.) This is my mind on a bad day.

AGENT

You're broke.

The bank's taking away your home
and you're completely bankrupt.

WRITER

Oh no...

AGENT

Your parents are getting a divorce
and your brother has AIDS.

WRITER

Oh no!

AGENT

He slept with a prostitute in Kosa Mui
but he was too drunk to buy a condom.

WRITER

OH NO!

AGENT

The police have him in jail
for killing the prostitute.

WRITER

Please stop!

AGENT

The Doctor eloped with your Editor.

WRITER

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Pause.

(to Audience.) This is my mind on a normal day.

The Editor and Doctor enter.

WRITER

I hate my job.

AGENT

No one wants to buy this.

EDITOR

You suck!

DOCTOR

Fuck me.

Fuck me now.

WRITER

Why is my life like this?

Does no one respect art?

AGENT

Sex and violence.

That's the only thing people want.

EDITOR

Why don't you just kill me?

DOCTOR

Why are you so miserable?

WRITER

Don't think I'm stupid.

AGENT

You are stupid!

EDITOR

Ridiculously stupid!

DOCTOR

What's your problem?

AGENT

Why don't you just die?

WRITER

Maybe I should kill myself and get it over with.

EDITOR

Rot in hell you crazy bastard!

DOCTOR

WHY CAN'T YOU GET HARD?

AGENT

You're nothing.

EDITOR

You're pathetic.

DOCTOR

You have issues.

WRITER

Be more humble.

EDITOR

You're of no use!

AGENT

People want to be uplifted!

DOCTOR

No more pills!

WRITER

Yes!

AGENT

No!

EDITOR

Stop!

DOCTOR

Go!

WRITER
Please!

AGENT
Come!

DOCTOR
DON'T CUM UNTIL I'M FINISHED!
YOU SELFISH BASTARD!
GET OUTTA' HERE!
LEAVE!

Pause.

Fine, then I'll leave.

The Editor and Doctor exit.

AGENT
I wish you would talk to me,
instead of going to that doctor.
Who better to understand you than me?

WRITER
It's better we don't discuss certain things.

AGENT
Why won't you let me help you?

WRITER
Because you're part of my problems!

AGENT
I'm part of your solution,
you selfish dick!
I've tried everything to make things better.
I am trying to make it up to you.

WRITER
Too late...

AGENT
Why can't you forgive me?
Please...
Please...
Brother.

WRITER

Don't call me that.

AGENT

But you are!

We are the only people we have left in the world.

WRITER

AND WHY WOULD THAT BE?

AGENT

How could you say that?

I'm not that person anymore...

I've changed.

WRITER

I'm sorry.

AGENT

I went to jail.

I made it up to society.

I've redeemed myself

but I don't feel forgiven yet.

You need to forgive me.

WRITER

What if I did?

Would you go and leave me alone?

I want you to move on with your life.

AGENT

I can't!

WRITER

I can barely write to sustain myself.

AGENT

I can't get a decent job.

You know my record.

WRITER

You could find *something* to do.

AGENT

I'm 30.

I'm not going to do *some* thing.

WRITER

This is not fair.
I don't want you to rely on me—

AGENT

You're family.

WRITER

My family's dead.

AGENT

You don't know what it was like without you.
You don't know the kind of pressure
I had to go through once you left home.
It wasn't easy, you dick!
I wasn't that perfect kid,
getting the perfect grades,
graduating from the perfect schools
and getting the perfect jobs.
I couldn't be perfect
no matter how much they pushed me.
And they pushed me alright!
You know how much they could push.
They thought they gave us
all the opportunities they didn't have;
that we could do everything they wanted to do
and more.

WRITER

We're not talking about this right now.
I have to go.

AGENT

Run away.
Run away like you always have.
Escape into your own little world
in your own little mind.
Pretend like I don't exist.
You were always good at that.

WRITER

Fuck you.

AGENT

It's not so easy to run away now,
is it?

Now that they're gone,
you know how much you're capable of.
Admit it,
without them you'd be nothing.
They gave you everything you wanted
so you could do all of your little,
pretty,
art projects.
But remember,
you didn't make it on your own.

WRITER
I worked for what I did.

AGENT
It was all for nothing!

WRITER
I lost everything
because of you!
I gave it all up
to get you out of jail.

AGENT
You didn't have to do that.

WRITER
What did you expect me to do?
Watch you rot in there?
I couldn't live with myself
knowing that you were in there!
But I had to sacrifice my whole reputation
to save your murderous ass.
Everyone would come up to me
and ask me:
Why?
Why do you help him?
And no one understood why.
No one.

AGENT
You said I was sick.

WRITER
You were sick.

AGENT

He fucking beat us down to a pulp.
He thought he could mold us with his fists.
He had his hands around our necks
ready to wring them if we didn't do what he wanted.

WRITER

Don't blame him.
No one told you to stab him.

AGENT

It was self-defense!

WRITER

Yes, that worked in the courts.
I cried and I lied.
I told the jury how horrible our parents were
because they weren't going to believe you if I hadn't.
I had to make monsters out of them
just so you could get out of jail.
Everyone thinks we're some horrible pity case,
another sob story about
abused children.

AGENT

We are.

WRITER

Stop saying that!
I'm going back to my story!

The Writer exits.

THIS PLAY HAS BEEN ABANDONED.

**BUT, IF YOU'D LIKE TO READ THE REST, PLEASE EMAIL ME AT
kyoungpark@gmail.com.**

THANKS!