

LIES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

By Patrick Gabridge

Copyright © 2002 by Patrick Gabridge, All rights reserved.

ISBN 1-931805-34-2

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

LIES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

by
Patrick Gabridge

CAST: JEB and SARAH

SCENE: *An airport gate waiting area, featuring a row of vinyl seats. Christmas Muzak plays in the background.*

AT RISE: *SARAH, 30s, dressed in a festive holiday dress waits patiently in her seat, with a large bag next to her. Two seats away is JEB, dressed for business, with a large carry-on.*

JEB: I'm sure that's why you looked familiar. I must have seen your picture in a magazine somewhere. So how long do you think it'll be until you get your first shuttle flight?

SARAH: I'm just about finished with my simulator training, and at that point I'm officially an astronaut. But there's a long lead time—I don't have much seniority. It'll take at least another year.

JEB: And you'll actually fly the space shuttle.

SARAH: Fly in it, anyway. I'm a payload specialist.

JEB: Talk about a dream come true.

SARAH: Yeah. It is a fantasy of so many kids. But look at you—you're doing the same thing, living a dream. Transplant surgeon, holding a man's heart in your hands.

JEB: It's an awesome responsibility. Though you can't think about it at the actual moment—you know, we're just so focused on the details of the procedure. It's only afterwards that I get a chance to try to absorb the gravity of it all.

SARAH: It's good you're getting some time off around the holidays.

JEB: Yeah, time for a giant deep breath. Look at that snow coming down. Do you think our flight will get out of here tonight?

SARAH: Don't worry. The flight attendants look relaxed. If everyone was going to be stuck here all of Christmas Eve, they'd look grumpy and panicked. See, here they go—boarding first class and kids. They'll rush everyone on board, so they can get out of here before the blizzard closes everything down. *(holds out her hand)* Jeb, it has been a real pleasure talking with you.

JEB: *(takes her hand)* No, the pleasure has been all mine, Sarah. I wasn't feeling very ready for Christmas, but meeting you has really... Somehow you've given me a feeling of peace. Peace and Joy, that's what Christmas is about, right? I wish I could see you again. I guess I'll just have to keep watching the shuttle launches on television.

SARAH: Maybe we'll bump into each other again. You never know who you're going to run into at the airport. I assume you're traveling first class. I'm way at the back—you should go ahead and board.

Lies For The Holidays - Page 3

JEB: Oh, I hate sitting up front and having everyone parade by. It makes me feel so pretentious. I'd rather wait. Have they called your row?

SARAH: No. I'll get on last. I hate pressing through the line.

JEB: Right. I understand completely. I'm grateful for a few more minutes together.

(JEB reaches into his bag and pulls out a wrapped package.)

JEB: I want to give you this. For helping make my Christmas a little more merry.

SARAH: Oh, I couldn't. This is meant for someone else. I can't take her present.

JEB: Please. To be honest, all these gifts are mostly being given out of obligation. But with you, it's out of genuine sincerity and goodwill. You'd be giving me a gift by accepting mine.

SARAH: All right.

(SHE takes the package and reaches into her bag and pulls out a wrapped box.)

JEB: I really didn't mean for you to return the favor.

SARAH: I'm not. You beat me to it, but I was honestly thinking about giving you this. But I was too shy. Now it looks like it's just a reaction to your gift, but you have to believe me, please. It would make me very happy if you would accept this. Please.

JEB: If it would make you happy, I will gladly accept. ***(HE takes her package)*** Would you like to open yours?

SARAH: Should I?

JEB: I think so.

(SHE opens the gift. It's a beautiful necklace.)

SARAH: Oh, it's too much. I can't accept this.

JEB: It will look beautiful on you.

SARAH: But this...

JEB: It's okay. Really.

SARAH: Open yours. It's nothing so fancy.

(HE opens the present—it's a pair of handsome leather gloves.)

JEB: The perfect gift for a surgeon. Always protect the hands. Thank you.

SARAH: Merry Christmas.

JEB: We should go.

(They stand and give each other a hug. SHE gives him a peck on the cheek, which surprises him a little.)

JEB: A very fine holiday. You go ahead before they close the doors—I just need to gather my things.

Lies For The Holidays - Page 4

SARAH: I'll help you.

JEB: I'm fine. Go ahead.

SARAH: They're going to close the doors.

JEB: I'm... I'm not going

SARAH: What?

JEB: It's a long story. I'm sad to say goodbye to you, Sarah. More than you can know.

Have a good flight.

SARAH: I'm not going either.

JEB: They won't hold the plane, Sarah.

SARAH: I'm not getting on the plane. I don't have a ticket.

JEB: But you... you said...

SARAH: Let me see your ticket.

JEB: No.

SARAH: Let me see your ticket.

JEB: I don't have one.

SARAH: So this whole time... This isn't right.

JEB: I know where I've seen you before. It was right here, in this terminal. Or maybe on the bus from the subway.

SARAH: What are you doing here?

JEB: Nothing. I'm just here.

SARAH: No, no, no. This is my place. Terminal C is my place, my safe place.

JEB: Where you come to get away from the world, to watch the people, engage in some harmless flirtation? You get past security by using an old ticket, right?

SARAH: It's safe here. Clean. Quiet. No one bothers me. I can be anyone I want.

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from LIES FOR THE HOLIDAYS by Patrick Gabridge. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com