

## **LYING HOUND** BY JANE MILLER

### **Characters:**

Max – 30's

Lucy – 30's

Duncan – 50's / 60's

Layla – 30ish

Version: 1

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**MAX IS PACING AROUND A LIVING ROOM. LUCY ENTERS. SHE IS CARRYING HER BAG AND A PAPER BAG.**

**LUCY:** Hi Baby.

**MAX:** Any news.

**LUCY:** None. I looked everywhere. You?

**MAX:** I'm stuffed. I asked all the neighbours. He's gone. No sign of him.

**LUCY:** Okay. Let's think about this.

**MAX:** Jesus. I can't think about anything else. And the lease came through today. On the car? Why did I lease that car? Shit.

**LUCY:** Calm down.

**MAX:** I think I'm going to hyperventilate.

**LUCY:** Here.

**(LUCY HANDS HIM A PAPER BAG)**

**MAX:** He's just disappeared. Without a trace.  
What's in this bag? I've got dirt in my teeth.

**LUCY:** Mushrooms.  
Let's call the police.

**MAX:** They'll want to know who owns him and then I'm really stuffed.  
When did you stop to buy mushrooms?

**LUCY:** Before.

**MAX:** I thought you were out looking, Lucy.

**LUCY:** I was. I did. I also stopped to buy some mushrooms.  
And a mango.

**MAX:** Shit. I'm on my arse here Lucy.

**LUCY:** We'll find him.

**MAX:** Will we? Will we Lucy? I'm not sure we will. He could be anywhere.

**LUCY:** Calm down.

**MAX:** Calm down? I leased a Lexus. A Lexus. Why did you let me lease a Lexus?

**LUCY:** Don't blame me for your vaulting ambition and rampant consumerism.

**MAX:** Why did I say I'd look after him?

**LUCY:** Because you're an ambitious arse kisser....But I still love you. Why don't we say he died?

**MAX:** How is that any better?

**LUCY:** Death can be totally unexpected...Losing him on the other hand-

***KNOCK ON THE DOOR***

**MAX:** Fuck. He's here.

**LUCY:** Don't move. He'll go. We'll pretend we're not home and he'll go.

**MAX:** Shit.

**LUCY:** Shoosh

***KNOCK BECOMES INSISTENT***

**DUNCAN (*OFFSTAGE*):**

Max....

**MAX:** It's him. Jesus. It's him. What I am I going to say?

**LUCY:** Nothing. Be quiet and he'll go away.

**MAX:** He won't.

**LUCY:** He will, if you shut up.

***A PHONE RINGS - A LOUD AND EMBARRASSING DISCO SONG***

What's that?

**MAX:** My new phone.

**LUCY:** What new phone?

**MAX:** I bought it today.

**LUCY:** What's wrong with the phone you've got?

**MAX:** I wanted something better.....To match my Lexus.

**LUCY:** You idiot.

**DUNCAN: (*OFFSTAGE*)**  
Maxy?

**MAX:** We'll have to let him in. I'm stuffed.  
He was going to promote me. I know it. But now-

***(LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW)***

Who's that with him? .

**LUCY:** Just pretend we're not home.

**MAX:** They'll have heard the phone

**LUCY:** Get down on the floor. They'll go away.

***MAX AND LUCY LIE ON THE FLOOR***

**MAX:** So what's for dinner?

***LAYLA AND DUNCAN ENTER UNSEEN BY MAX AND LUCY. THEY STAND BEHIND THEM***

**LUCY:** What?

**MAX:** The mushrooms and the mango?

**DUNCAN:** Hello, hello. I told you they were home. Didn't I?  
Side door was open.

***MAX AND LUCY ARE STARTLED AND HORRIFIED***

**MAX:** Jesus.

**DUNCAN:** May as well be as far as you're concerned matey....Am I right?  
I think I am. I'm the lord and master as far as your concerned.

***MAX AND LUCY GET UP***

**MAX:** We were just-

**DUNCAN:** No explanations necessary. I was young once....Wasn't I? I was and  
I'm still fairly frisky truth be told. Love the odd bit of slap and  
tickle.  
Have you met my art curator?

**LAYLA:** Layla.

**LUCY:** Lucy.

**DUNCAN:** And this is my rising star. My main man. My eyes . My ears. My  
closer. My right hand. The son I never had.

**LAYLA:** You've got 4 sons.

**DUNCAN:** None that I actually wanted.

**MAX:** ***(SHAKES LAYLA'S HAND)***

Max.

**DUNCAN:** So where is he, Maxy? I've missed that little bugger. I've  
been talking about him for two weeks haven't I Layla?

**LAYLA:** I wouldn't know Duncan. I only ran into you yesterday .... Remember? We just ran into each other at the resort by coincidence. Remember?

We both love art and travel. So it was all a happy accident .

**DUNCAN:** Spot on, Layla. No secret how you got that double degree in Humanities and Social Sciences. Smart as a whip. And probably no slouch when it comes to handling one either... If you get my meaning-

**LAYLA:** He knows I love horses.

**DUNCAN:** No need to mention that to Mrs Duncan, Maxy. She'll just get the wrong idea.

**LUCY:** She didn't travel with you?

**MAX:** Lucy.

**DUNCAN:** No Lucy, it's a good question but a painful one.

**MAX:** Don't talk about it then.

**DUNCAN:** These things have to be faced. She can't travel, Lucy. She's housebound. Completely housebound. Sad but I've come to terms with it. Learned to live with it.

**LUCY:** Poor health?

**DUNCAN:** Fat arse.  
Hits the couch at 10.00 am and doesn't rise until the end of Oprah at 3.30. The Sunday Age has better circulation than she does....

**LAYLA:** But she's a great mother. So I hear. From Duncan. Very involved with her children.

**DUNCAN:** Luckily our youngest is 35.  
Anyway, Maxy, where's my mate?

**MAX:** He's.....Would you like a coffee?

**LAYLA:** White with one.

**LUCY:** He's a lovely dog.

**DUNCAN:** He's a little ripper. Where is he?

**MAX:** Do you like dogs, Layla?

**LAYLA:** No. I have cats.

**DUNCAN:** You're on the wrong train there, Layla. Cats are disgusting. Can't be around them. Give me watery bloody eyes.