

**Pathological Thriller a psychological liar**

a cancellation

by Kev Berry

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PATHOLOGICAL THRILLER A PSYCHOLOGICAL LIAR was commissioned and first produced by The Tank (Meghan Finn + Rosalind Grush, Co-Artistic Directors) as a part of The Fast and the Furious at The Tank in New York City on June 5, 2018. It was performed by Kev Berry.

**Who**

*Man* our friend

**When**

Now

**Where**

America

A dark theatre

**What It Looks Like**

A music stand

He wears a black t-shirt and dark pants

Nice shoes

This play is for Big Kev

-kb

\*

“A lie told often enough becomes the truth.”

Vladimir Lenin

Before the show  
Quiet  
Darkness

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Man  
There in his spot  
Just like always  
In his outfit  
Just like always

MAN

I was a pathological liar in high school  
This is a fact  
Not one we'll be examining tonight  
As a possible result of a cloying desperation to fit in  
Stemming from my position as an outcast as the only out gay kid in my year  
It's a fact  
I was a pathological liar in high school

I was incredibly ballsy about it too  
And I believe the confidence with which I sowed the seeds of dishonesty  
Gave me the confidence to successfully navigate Times Square at Christmas

And the second worst lie I told in high school  
Was one that I got caught for telling  
One that I got caught for telling by my dad  
I lied to my dad about taking money from his wallet because the food at school  
The hot lunches at my school were famously delicious  
More delicious than cold cuts on multigrain bread and a Kind bar  
I lied to him about taking the money stealing the money  
And about where his carefully prepared lunches went  
They went into the trash and I told him upon confrontation that they went to  
A kid who and he and the and I  
And he obviously saw right through that because he's a lawyer and I was 16 and dumb

And that's not even the brashest lie I told  
When I was  
What  
I must have been a junior  
I told my friend  
And this is topical because they're this weekend  
I told my friend Mike who was going to the Tony Awards that year  
That I was also going to the Tony Awards that year  
But I was not actually going to the Tony Awards that year

And the next morning we were discussing the Tony Awards which one of us was at  
And which the other of us watched in his basement  
And Mike made some reference to me that was clearly the type of reference where  
You had to be there  
At the Tony Awards  
Type of reference  
And I just looked at him blankly and I was like what  
And he just looked at me blankly and explained the joke that host Neil Patrick Harris  
Had made during a commercial break during the broadcast which  
I might remind you Mike thought I was at but in reality I was in my basement  
And I laughed it off and said  
Oh I must have been in the bathroom at that point  
And phew because phew Mike moved on at that point finding my excuse sufficient  
I had successfully gaslit my classmate phew

And you see in retrospect I am able to see the issues with the lies I told  
They were wrong to tell in the first place and I know that now  
Mike turned out to be a huge MAGA Republican after we graduated  
So I don't entirely regret giving him a taste of his grand ole party's medicine  
Even if I didn't know I was doing it back then  
Nor did I know he was going to turn out so feverishly pro-life  
Back then I was just trying to fit in  
Anyway in retrospect it was wrong  
I've reflected and thought on it and am thrilled to announce that my lies were wrong

And you see that's the difference between me and our fearless leader  
And he is fearless at this point  
Our proto-dementia president  
Just fearlessly lying  
Or rather telling lies he fully believes

If he believes they are right does that make them lies or just not true  
And if they're not true but are presented by his staff to us to me to them to you  
Does that mean the staff is lying or are they just telling the president's untrue truths  
And when those untrue truths spewed by the news  
Are referred to as incorrect simply incorrect or wrong  
By the Times or the Journal and sent out to the throng  
Who refused to call a fig a fig a trough a trough or a lie a lie  
Doesn't it beg the question what the fuck man why  
Right  
When we have outlets we're supposed to trust  
And Maggie Haberman is in the president's pocket  
What are we supposed to just  
Allow her to take integrity and mock it  
I don't think so and yet the masses seem meek  
I think of that situation just last week

Where Melania was missing  
Out of sight for nineteen days  
And the media was out there kissing  
His ass asking where's your wife and he wasn't fazed  
Pointing to a distant White House window  
Asking plainly can't you see don't you know  
She's there second window to the right looking out at us  
It's no big deal she's fine she's strong don't make a fuss  
And we looked over to the pane to which he referred  
And she wasn't there the curtains were drawn and we deferred  
To his statement as truth  
Because to question his ailing wife would be uncouth  
And it's not thrilling but it's definitely a thriller  
A movie where there's the suspense of how will it end  
That this decaying man can quickly turn a room chiller  
With his ability to make truth bend  
To his will  
Overextend  
Towards a kill  
The bleeding gash that's our future  
At this point likely impossible to suture  
Making decisions in the blink of an eye  
I mean disinventing the Eagles come on guy  
I'm actually surprised he got insulted  
I thought he would have catapulted  
Those who like him those who came  
To a special level of newfound fame  
Giving them more special treatment  
For showing up  
Highlighting them on Twitter with frequent  
Tweets making sure overfloweth their cups  
With love and praise and mass red hat follows  
Not realizing because he's daft how hollow  
That comes across in this day and age  
I mean his daily shifting obsessions upstage  
Any attempts he might make to be true and honest  
It's insufferable I'm ill and I'm the wannest  
Of us all wandering my Twitter timeline  
When I see his posts I feel like Einstein  
Simply for knowing that he can't censor Samantha Bee  
For what she called his daughter with glee  
Simply for knowing that his praise of Roseanne  
Was unjust I mean he needs a better wingman  
For his tweets who says hey can  
We maybe talk about this tweet about trying to ban  
Anyone who's not on your side

From saying publicly that you lied  
Because you did sir you told a told a lie  
And look I'm all for making mince pie  
Of your enemies but you can't deny  
That your tweet wasn't true you can't be sly  
On your profile page  
Because they'll figure it out  
And you'll instill a deeper yet rage  
In the blood of your critics who'll start a bout  
Over what's real and what's fake  
And you're feeble and probably dying  
I don't think you can take  
Much more of this it's mystifying  
To me at least Mr President  
That in the future we'll have this precedent  
Of how our fearless leaders must behave online  
It's shocking to me that we'll have to define  
What it means when a leader tweets a hardline  
Compared to when he or she tweets some lighthearted brine  
About a movie they liked or about a White House guest  
It's a complete mare's nest  
That you've begun  
One that has democracy undone  
And I regret to tell you sir that I have to take your phone  
You and it together in the same room alone  
Is carving America into the country's gravestone  
And all this is is just a time loan  
Running down a borrowed clock  
Allowing yourself to be ceaselessly mocked  
By France's Macron  
And blue-collared workers down at the dock  
I'm sorry that I have had to make this decision  
And maybe it's cause a schism  
Between you and me and maybe I'll be dismissed  
And that's okay put me on the blacklist  
You'll persist  
But I insist  
While I'm around  
You put your fucking Blackberry down  
And take fucking care of the country you're the head of  
And put your ego in its place and try to find a way above  
The muck and the mire  
Oh sir I'm sorry why're  
You looking at me like that  
Why're you looking at me like that  
What did I do

Oh  
Oh  
Oh  
Yes  
Yes sir  
You weren't lying no  
No  
No you weren't  
No  
Yes  
Yes sir  
I will  
How many ice cubes  
Three and a half  
What does that even  
How am I supposed to  
Okay my apologies sir  
Yes  
Three and a half ice cubes

And that's the difference between me and the president  
The difference between a young fag and the leader of the Occident  
Looking back on that time of my life I know I was wrong  
On his deathbed he'll think he was strong  
Resolute  
In his business suit  
An orange fucking bandicoot  
Who thought he could substitute  
The truth the motherfucking facts  
With brash made-up stories which he then retracts  
That's the difference between me and the president  
When it's time for my ascent  
To the afterlife  
I'll be able to say I was wrong and atone  
He'll just be a slimy alewife  
Dying lying wrinkled and alone  
The floor will open up to suck him down to Hell  
And we'll celebrate for he's not for whom the bell  
Tolls  
God save our souls  
God save America's soul  
The longer and longer we're under his control

I was a pathological liar in high school  
This is a fact  
He's a pathological liar he's a goddamned fool

Making a suicide pact  
I lied about the Tony Awards  
He lies and it starts a nuclear war  
Incredibly ballsy about it too  
And with any luck there'll soon be a breakthrough  
End this ballyhoo  
So we can celebrate its end with a barbecue  
Skip down the avenue  
Give the middle finger to his tower and say  
Adieu

The lights snap out

**End of Play**