

A room filled with calendars from different years. A woman aged thirty years and eight days. She counts and looks at her calendars. Loses count. Counts again. Once she is reassured that everything is ready, she turns to the audience.

What's the biggest lie anyone ever told you?

One day someone said to me, 'Can I ask you a question? A... strange question?'
And I said, 'Depends on the question.'
'It's just a game.'
'OK, I've always liked games...'

And they asked me:
'What's the biggest lie anyone ever told you?'
Good question!
Weird game...
I thought a lot.
Like you
Like you're thinking now...
More than you, maybe.
But however much I thought, I couldn't come up with anything. Lots of lies sprang to mind but I didn't know which could be the biggest of all... They were all pretty dull; like the usual stuff: I've been cheated on, a friend lied to me, Father Christmas, the Tooth Fairy...
Nothing special.

I look for lies in my life and I don't find any.
I'm lucky that way.
Is it the same for you?
A lie...
So I replied...

'Father Christmas?'
Pathetic. I know.

Anyone else think of Father Christmas?
Probably, yeah.

Being cheated on? Probably, yeah... Classic.

And then they asked me...
'What about the biggest lie you've ever told?'

And I thought about it again.
Like you're thinking now.
But not as much as the other time,
maybe a bit less,
quite a lot less.
Actually, I hardly thought at all,
it was like a flash,
so quick that I didn't have time to doubt the answer.
I could answer that question loud and clear.
But I couldn't.

No.
And the strangest thing is I'd never thought of it that way:
As a lie.

And this person was staring at me: 'What's the biggest lie you've ever told?'
'What's the biggest lie you've ever told?'
What's- the- big-gest- lie- you've- ev-er- told?

Do you all know?

Well, I do know, but I'd never have thought that was it.
I'd not even realised I'd been fooling myself for all that time.
But if it disturbs me that much, then that must be it... Mustn't it?

So I lied again:
'No, I can't think of anything just now.'
Liar.
Any of you know what your lie is?

Who knows who must be lying right now, at this moment...?
We lie when we're scared to tell the truth, don't we?
And we lie whenever we need to. And we can be very good at it.
When we have to lie, there's no going back.
We lie. We can even feel good doing it.
Or not.
Maybe we feel better than when we tell the truth; maybe telling the truth is overrated.
We lie for lots of reasons... Fear, shame...
At that moment I felt fear,
Yes, fear.
Or rather shame.
Lots of, lots of shame.

That's a lie already, I said to myself. It's impossible. Everyone's done it once in their life. You can't be less than anyone else.

Shit! I've got to say something, otherwise...

'I cheated on my boyfriend!'

Yeah, I said that.

Pathetic. I know.

Maybe more pathetic than Father Christmas, I admit it.

But it's the classic lie that digs you out of any hole.

Probably lots of you will give that same answer when you ask each other on the way out.

It'll be really hard for you not to ask each other, 'What was your lie?'

'What was it?'

So you can say that: 'I cheated on my other half once!'

It's a classic: you don't look all that bad, everyone's done it, and whoever hasn't done it is either lying or saying it just to look good.

You'll see: lie about your lies. It can be quite fun...

And if you do it really well, a pretty little truth might come out.

That's what I did.
Lots of times.

I lied so well, that it turned into crushing truth.
Convincing.
Conclusive.
Although now I think about it, silence is better.
I don't know if there's all that much difference...
Between lying and silence...
It's a silence that's gotten repeated.
A lie that lies about other lies.
And it takes shape, sometimes, like truth.

And there, playing that stupid game,
I saw them: each and every one of my days,
each and every one of those moments,
those feelings,
everything I remember,
everything painted by my lie and all of the truths it created.
Because I faked my truth...

I start to count them, one by one.

Points to her days.

December tenth.
August twenty-seventh.
The whole month of July...
April twenty-third.
Twenty-fourth of June.
Fifth of November.
May the eighth...

And once I've collected and counted them all...

I tell myself today is the last.
The last of the days I lie.