

Truth in Advertising

Judd Lear Silverman





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We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!

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TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

by Judd Lear Silverman

(SID and MARSHA sit side by side on a couch, but not next to each other. They talk, but not to each other. They are dressed in vacation clothes.)

SID: It was a bald-faced lie.

MARSHA: Not at all like it was in the pictures.

SID: They think they can get away with this kinda shit?!

MARSHA: The deception was just so . . . it makes me nauseous.

SID: All the money saved up.

MARSHA: All the plans we made, fantasy or not.

SID: All the exhaustion I endured, saying to myself, "Hang in there, Buddy. It'll be here sooner than you think."

MARSHA: All those little niggling doubts, annoyances, frictions put on hold, dismissed -- because what did they matter in the scheme of things?

SID: The fantasy, that's what I kept holding out for, the fantasy!

MARSHA: Because you just know that all the little gridzhehs, all the little gnawing-at-your-gut tensions are going to disappear once you get to that place! And so you swallow those bitter pills, those little disappointments that get you down, because . . . soon . . .

SID: Soon . . .

SID AND MARSHA TOGETHER: Paradise. *(pause)*

SID: But no . . .

MARSHA: No.

SID: It wasn't like that at all.

MARSHA: I can't believe the out-and-out lying.

SID: Bald-faced liars, that's what they were.

MARSHA: Sid calls them all "bald-faced liars." I never knew what that meant. Does that mean, they didn't have beards?

SID: The nerve, the unmitigated nerve.

MARSHA: What does whether you're hirsute or not have to do with telling the truth?

SID: As if we wouldn't be able to tell the difference!

MARSHA: I mean, I would think if you were bearded, you could hide more of the truth, some tell-tale nuance that would give it all away.

SID: Like we don't have eyes in our heads!

MARSHA: Maybe that's why a 'bald-faced' lie is so incredible—that they tried to pull it off in spite of the difficulty. Oh, I get it now!

SID: You get what you pay for, that's what they say! Well, we paid through the nose and I don't feel like we got what we paid for!

MARSHA: I'm always fascinated by where expressions come from!

SID: And the customer is always right!

MARSHA: Like who thought up, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush?" I...

SID: I go through life with nothing to hide. That's my policy. It makes things simpler, cleaner, clearer.

MARSHA: I kinda understand what it means, but where on earth did it come from?

SID: The whole thing of shaking hands--it wasn't for the warmth of touch, a true sense of greeting. It was about requiring one to show you weren't carrying a weapon.

MARSHA: Well, at any rate, bald-faced or not, they lied.

SID: And, you know, I've tried to live my life that way, with nothing to hide.

MARSHA: I hate being lied to, by anyone.

SID: I figure, if I'm not trying to keep a secret, then there's less stress, nothing to trip me up, nothing to cover for, no pretense I need to maintain, checking to make sure I didn't slip up somewhere . . . when it'd be so easy to slip . . .

MARSHA: And who wants to live in a world where you can't trust anyone?

SID: The honor system.

MARSHAL: I know that sounds naive, but I mean, really, who wants to live in a world where you can't trust what people tell you?

SID: I'm not that naive. I know that the world doesn't function that way, but still, you can choose to have a personal code of honor. *(pause)*

MARSHA: Things were simpler when we were younger.

SID: When we got married, it was easier.

MARSHA: You could trust what you were told.

SID: You had a marriage like your folks had.

MARSHA: Your family was your life.

SID: The man brought home the bacon, the woman . . . cooked it.

MARSHA: A split-level house. 2.5 kids.

SID: A two-car garage on a single income.

MARSHA: I pledge allegiance.

SID: The rockets' red glare.

MARSHA: To love and to cherish.

SID: Till death do us part.

MARSHA: Happily ever after.

SID: And you stuck it out. No matter what.

MARSHA: No matter what. It's what people did. *(pause)*

SID AND MARSHA TOGETHER: Where was I? *(pause)*

SID: The simple fact is, in the ads--

MARSHA: The brochures--

SID: The things the travel agent gave us.

MARSHA: Even on the Web!

SID: They were lying to us! They said "Here it is: the beach, the water, the trees--

MARSHA: The sand, oh God, the sand, that you would squish your toes in--does it have to be something wet to 'squish?'

SID: Snorkeling, swimming with dolphins--

MARSHA: I don't think so. Sand moves like liquid but it's not, that's what makes it . . . sand!

SID: Drinks with umbrellas, for chrissakes!

MARSHA: And the way it takes up the warmth and keeps it, for hours after the sun goes down . . .

SID: I was flabbergasted!

MARSHA: So soothing, it makes me think I can curl up on a chaise and just go right to sleep.

SID: Outraged!

MARSHA: Calming.

SID: Incensed!

MARSHA: Soothing.

SID: Practically psychotic!

MARSHA: Peace. *(pause)*

SID AND MARSHA TOGETHER: But no. *(pause)*

SID: They lied.

MARSHA: They lied.

SID: They can deny it all they like, but--

MARSHA: It's just not right.

SID: It's not decent.

MARSHA: It's wrong.

SID: It's downright uncivilized. *(pause)*

SID AND MARSHA TOGETHER: We want our money back.

MARSHA: To use stock footage is wrong.

SID: They thought we'd think Bermuda looks like that because vacations look like that.

MARSHA: To say a beach is a beach is a beach is just . . . cynical.

END OF FREEVIEW—
You'll want to read and perform this show!