

## I OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES: Side 2 – Herb & Steffy

Herb. Steffy, why do you bother with me? I'm hardly ever nice to you. I make love to you all night and don't say two civil words to you in the morning. You're still an attractive woman. (*Peeks at a clock.*) It's only nine-twenty. If you get an early start, I bet you could find someone out there who would really appreciate you.

Steffy. I thought I'd give you ten more minutes.

Herb. If you can say that after two years, you're a very patient lady.

Steffy. Yeah. Either that or stupid.

Herb. I see other women, you know.

Steffy. I know. But you didn't have to tell it to me.

Herb. Well, I *am* faithful in a way. I don't tell them about *you*.

Steffy. I don't see other men, if you're interested.

Herb. I appreciate that.

Steffy. It's not that I don't look. I'm just not crazy about what's out there.

Herb. I know. I'm really special, right?

Steffy. I never really ask myself what the attraction is. The truth might scare the hell out of me.

Herb. Well, I know why *you* turn me on.

Steffy. I do too: because I'm not looking for a husband.

Herb. Noooo . . . Well, that's part of it. You turn me on because you never make any demands. You never push me. Sometimes I wonder what you would say if I really asked you to marry me.

Steffy. I don't know. Ask me.

Herb. *(Laughs.)* Foxy. I love foxy ladies. *(He kisses her cheek.)* You should be a writer.

Steffy. *(Pointedly.)* So should you. *(He turns away.)* I mean it. You make me so damn furious sometimes. You've got more talent than ninety percent of the hacks in this town and you're too lazy or too scared to put it down on paper. Why won't you?

Herb. Because the other ten percent have all the jobs.

Steffy. You know what you need? You need to have someone shove a ten-foot Roman candle up your rear end and set it off.

Herb. So how come every time I ask you to do kinky stuff in bed, you always get sore at me?

Steffy. I'm *going to work.* *(She picks up her purse.)*

Herb. Come on, give me a little smile?

Steffy. It's impossible to have a serious discussion with you.

Herb. I'm being very serious. I would love to kiss you all over, including your pocketbook.

Steffy. I think I'm going to take that picture in Hawaii. Three months out of the country may do us a lot of good.

Herb. Are you kidding? You couldn't go three months without me. It's not possible.

Steffy. Damn it, Herb. I don't like you today.

Herb. Go on, you're crazy about me.

Steffy. I know that, but. I still don't like you today. *(Starts for the door.)* Don't call me until you get five pages written. I don't care if it's lousy, I don't care if you copy it out of George Bernard Shaw, as long as it's five pages. And don't bother phoning because I won't take your calls.

Herb. Steffy! I'll call her. I'll call her today.

Steffy. Because you want to or because it's another reason to get out of working?

Herb. Probably a little of both.

Steffy. Do you know where she is?

Herb. Yes, I know where she is.

Steffy. Well, don't wait. You don't want a kid like that wandering around the streets. You know what can happen in this town.

Herb. *{Moving toward her, smiling.}* Last night was terrific, wasn't it? I gave you five stars in my diary.

Steffy. I still don't like you today ... but it's very possible I can change my mind by tonight.

*(She goes out the door. He runs after her, calls out the door.)*

Herb. Hey, Steffy! You sure make one hell of a Roman candle!