

I OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES: Side 3 – Herb & Libby

Herb. I mean it, Libby. I'm honestly glad you're here.

Libby. Thanks. *(They walk in.)* I can only stay a couple of days.

Herb. What did I do now?

Libby. I just didn't want you getting the idea you were stuck with me for eternity.

Herb. In *California!* Don't worry. They don't give this whole place six weeks.

Libby. *(Looks out the window.)* How come you never see any people on the streets out here? Where is everybody?

Herb. In their cars.

Libby. So how do you meet anyone? What do you have to do, crash?

Herb. You meet them at red lights, filling stations. At the Motor Bureau you meet terrific people.

Libby. It's so quiet. Don't you miss the noise?

Herb. The refrigerator rattles in the middle of the night. It's not much but it's all I got. *(Pointing to the bed in the alcove.)* Libby, this is where you'll sleep.

Libby. Gee! My very own alcove. I love it. . . Do you own this house?

Herb. Me? Are you kidding? Six termites own it. They lease it to four mice and I sublet it from them.

Libby. Because this place could be fixed up to look real cute. I have to be honest with you. This morning I hated it.

Herb. It came across.

Libby. But it's got potential. It just needs a few touches here and there. And it would hardly cost anything. I can paint. I can wallpaper. I can lay bricks. I can plaster.

Herb. Where did you learn to do that?

Libby. Back home in Brooklyn. They were going to condemn our whole block, but the tenants got together and fixed it up. We painted it, cleaned it up—you couldn't recognize it. All the rats came out of the sewer, thought they were in a rich neighborhood and moved out to look for us.

Herb. I hope you didn't leave a forwarding address.

Libby. You should have seen our apartment. My bedroom looked like a night in Morocco. I painted my ceiling midnight-blue with little stars twinkling over my bed and a crescent moon hanging over my chest of drawers. Robby likes London, so I painted dark clouds on his ceiling and fog all over his walls. Would you like something like that?

Herb. No, thanks. I'm very happy with the weather in here.

Libby. Your car could use a tune-up, you know. I haven't heard coughing like that since the last flu epidemic. You got any tools? I can do it tonight.

Herb. You can tune up a car?

Libby. I can *make* one if I had the parts.

Herb. Terrific. Take the parts from *my* car and make me a Mercedes.

Libby. You think I couldn't do it?

Herb. I'm sure you can, but I couldn't afford the insurance.