

I OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES: Side 5 – Herb & Steffy

Herb. What's wrong with our relationship? We've had a two-year run so far. To me, that's a big hit.

Steffy. I lied to you a few weeks ago. I told you I don't see other men. I did. I had dinner twice with Monte Walsh—he's the cameraman on the picture. It was dinner, nothing else, but I found, much to my surprise, I enjoyed being with him. I enjoyed talking to him. I enjoyed enjoying myself.

Herb. I'm glad. What did you have for dinner?

Steffy. Communication.

Herb. Oh, then you must have gone to Angelo's. They make it great.

Steffy. There's your typewriter. There's the paper. All you've got to do is get those snappy answers down on the page and maybe someday *you* 'll be able to afford to take *me* to Angelo's. I'm getting dressed. (*She goes into the bedroom.*)

Herb. Jesus Christ! Two weeks ago it was peaceful around here. Now suddenly they're moving in, moving out. I'm running the goddamn Beverly Hilton.

Steffy. (*Comes out, putting on her blouse.*) One daughter and one girlfriend is hardly a convention. I was hoping you could handle it.

Herb. Why now? Why now after two years do you come in here and throw pressure in my face? I thought you were happy. I thought we had the perfect arrangement. I thought you *liked* being the liberated woman.

Steffy. I'm going to be forty years old in June. As a choice, liberation is terrific. As a future prospect it's a little frightening.

Herb. *I won't get married again.*

Steffy. *I don't need you to *save* me. I need you to *want* me.*

Herb. *I'll give up seeing other women. For good. I only did it once in a while anyway. Is that what you want?*

Steffy. *I didn't ask you to turn this into Lent! I just want something more permanent, Herb. Not marriage, just a commitment. I've got a house twice as big as this, I've got a room for you to work in. Move in with me. No financial obligations—I make more than you do anyway. I just miss you in the mornings. I get angry because I see a *perfectly good* talent gathering dust on your typewriter because you're the kind of man who needs a gentle, prodding push from behind. I care and I worry about you. I don't have to be your wife, but I think I'd make a terrific pusher.*

Herb. *Why don't you like it the way it is anymore?*

Steffy. *Nothing stays the way it is. It all changes. It moves on and there's not a damn thing you or I can do about it.*

Herb. *(He's quiet. Looks away.) I miss 1948. I played stickball on the streets from seven in the morning till six at night. A summer lasted forever. And the pennant was going to fly over Yankee Stadium for the next two hundred years.*

Steffy. *I miss 1956. I wore a size-seven dress and never needed make-up. That's still not going to stop Monte Walsh from calling me tomorrow night. What do I do, Herb?*

Herb. *Change your number.*

Steffy. *Sorry. You can't have it all your way. Not forever. When you're eighty-three and I'm seventy-seven, neither one of us is going to look forward to my coming over every Tuesday night. I put my kids on the*

school bus in the morning and they come home in the afternoon grown up. Don't ask me to settle for whatever it is *you're* willing to settle for. I want more for myself. I want it for *both* of us. But I'm just not going to wait around for *you* to make the decision for what *I* get.