

I OUGHT TO BE IN PICTURES: Side 6 – Herb & Libby

Libby. I was wondering if I could discuss something else with you.

Herb. Okay, what's it about?

Libby. Sex!

Herb. Sex?

Libby. Don't get nervous. If you get nervous, I'll get nervous.

Herb. What do you mean, sex?

Libby. *{Shrugs.}* Sex! Things that have to do with things sexual.

Herb. Are you in any kind of trouble?

Libby. Yeah. I think so.

Herb. What kind of trouble?

Libby. I don't know how to do anything sexual.

Herb. *That's* the trouble you're in?

Libby. Most of the people left the party. And Gordon and I were sitting at the bottom of the hill in Suzanne Pleshette's car. And he wanted to fool around. He's not gorgeous but he's kinda cute. And I felt very grateful to him, and I didn't want to hurt his feelings. And I wanted to fool around too. Only I didn't know what was right. I didn't want to be one of those girls they call "easy," but I didn't want to be impossible either. So I just kissed him and got out of the car and decided not to deal with it. But this Saturday night I think I'm going to have to deal with it.

Herb. And you want to discuss this with me?

Libby. It doesn't have to be this minute. But Sunday morning'll be too late.

Herb. You never talked about these things with your mother?

Libby. She doesn't trust men too much. You can guess why.

Herb. What about your grandmother?

Libby. Well, sex isn't her best subject. I brought it up a couple of times but she pretended she was dead.

Herb. Are you telling me that you don't know the first thing about sex?

Libby. No. I know how it works. I don't have any mechanical problems. I've seen five X-rated movies. I could pass a test on it. I just don't know what to expect—emotionally.

Herb. I see. Would you feel more comfortable talking to Steffy about it?

Libby. Probably. But it's more important I talk to you.

Herb. Why?

Libby. Because you're my father. And what you think means a lot to me.

Herb. That's a very nice thing to say. I appreciate that.

Libby. If it's a major trauma for you, I understand. I mean, I could always take a couple of glasses of wine and just plunge in.

Herb. You're not plunging into anything. I'd just like to know, is Gordon, what's-his-name, important enough to be the first time in your life?

Libby. It's got to be the first time sometime. If it's not him, I could always use the information.

Herb. You know what you are, Libby? Unique. Uniquist kid I ever met... I don't know where to start this thing.

Libby. Should I ask you some questions?

Herb. Good idea. Ask me some questions.

Libby. Like what?

Herb. How do I know? I have to hear the questions.

Libby. Well . . . Emotionally, is it different for the man than it is for the girl?

Herb. Is it *different for the man than* it is for the girl? . . .Yes!

Libby. It is?

Herb. Am I wrong?

Libby. This isn't a test. I just want to know the answer. How old were you the first time?

Herb. Fifteen.

Libby. FIFTEEN?

Herb. I grew up in a tough neighborhood. A fifteen-year-old virgin was considered gay.

Libby. Who was the girl?

Herb. I didn't notice. It was very dark and I just wanted to get it over with.

Libby. What was it like with Mom? . . . That's a very personal question, isn't it?

Herb. So far it tops the list... Well, she was different from anyone I had ever met before. She was respectable. I liked that. Her family had *Time* magazine on the table—to me, that was cultured.

Libby. Did you do it with her before or after you were married?

Herb. I didn't think you could top the other question. What did she say?

Libby. She said after.

Herb. She did? . . . Yeah. We did it after.

Libby. No, you didn't. I knew she lied. She just couldn't talk to me about those things. That's why I'm talking to you. I wanted to know how she felt. If she was scared or excited. Was it fun? Was it painful? I didn't think it was an unreasonable question. I mean, if she could teach me how to walk, why couldn't she teach me how to love?

Herb. I don't know,

Libby. So what was she like? Making love.

Herb. Libby, there's just so much I can handle.

Libby. Because she was so angry when you left. So bitter. I don't think she ever slept with another man after you were gone.

Herb. You never can tell. She's not unattractive.

Libby. It's like when you left, you took her with you. That's why I was so angry with you. It was bad enough you were gone, but you could have left my mother there for me.