

Scene 3

It is a little after 3 A.M. One lamp is on. The headlights of a car hit the house as it drives up. The car lights go off; we hear a door slam. LIBBY enters the house and closes the door very gently. She starts to tiptoe quietly towards her room. HERB is sitting on the couch watching her.

HERB What's the point in tiptoeing? You could hear the car pull up in Denver.

LIBBY (*softly*) I didn't want to wake you.

HERB You have to fall asleep before someone can wake you.

LIBBY (*softly*) Why didn't you take your pill?

HERB I *took* a pill. The pill is more worried about you than I am.

LIBBY (*softly*) I'm sorry. I thought you'd be busy doing other things.

HERB I *did* other things. What are you whispering for?

LIBBY I don't want to wake Steffy.

HERB She's not that a light a sleeper. She went home two hours ago.

(He puts on the lights)

LIBBY How come? Doesn't she usually stay over?

HERB (*edgy*) Well, she's not usually staying over tonight.

LIBBY What's wrong? Anything happen with you two?

HERB Never mind Steffy. How about explaining where you've been till three o'clock in the morning?

LIBBY I was out.

HERB what do you mean, "out"? Three nights this week you come home two, two-thirty, three o'clock, I want to know where you've been.

LIBBY I'm okay. I'm fine. What are you getting so huffy about?

HERB *Huffy?* You walk out of here, don't tell me where you're going, you don't call, you don't know anybody in this city, you walk in three o'clock in the morning and you don't think I have a right to be *huffy*?

LIBBY (*Shrugs*) You want to be huffy, be huffy.

HERB Don't test me! Don't play games with me! If you think I'm going to keep paying through the nose for the sixteen year I owe you, you've got another guess coming. It's a bad debt. Forget it. You're never going to collect.

LIBBY All I asked you for is one lousy introduction to come of your big-shot friends. Which I never got because you don't have.

HERB You've been on my back asking for payoffs since you walked in here with that Orphan Annie look on your face. "You owe me and I'm here to collect" that's what you said to me. (*looks up*) Am I right, Grandma? Am I making that up? You're my witness.

LIBBY Boy oh boy, *something* happened tonight.

HERB I'm waiting for an answer.

LIBBY I was out meeting people.

HERB *What* people?

LIBBY Important people... in the business.

HERB *Show* business?

LIBBY That's right.

HERB I see. And what important people in show business did you meet tonight?

LIBBY Producers, directors, actors...

HERB Really? Anyone I might know?

LIBBY I don't know if you *know* them, you may have *heard* of them.

HERB Like who?

LIBBY Like Jack Nicholson.

HERB Jack Nicholson? ... Yes, I've heard of him. You met him tonight?

LIBBY That's right.

HERB I see. Who else did you meet?

LIBBY In movies or in television?

HERB Either one.

LIBBY James Caan.

HERB Oh? You met "Jimmy"? How is he?

LIBBY He looked terrific to me.

HERB I'm sure he did. Anyone else I might have heard of?

LIBBY Let me see... Candice Bergen, Suzanne Pleshette, someone who's a vice-president at Columbia Pictures, that director who directed *Jaws*... A lot of others, I can't remember their names.

HERB Well, you must have been so busy. Did you talk to these people?

LIBBY Sure. I mean, we didn't have major conversations but I talked to them.

HERB (*Looks at her*) You mean the way you talk to Grandma?

LIBBY No. Grandma's dead. These people were all dressed up. I know the difference.

HERB I'm just asking. And where did you meet "Jack" and "Jimmy" and "Candy"?

LIBBY At a party in Beverly Hills- 11704 Benedict Canyon.

HERB Who invited you?

LIBBY Gordon Zaharias.

HERB *Gordon Zaharias?* Who the hell is Gordon Zaharias?

LIBBY He's the one who got me the job.

HERB *What job?*

LIBBY Parking cars at the party in Beverly Hills. I made thirty-two dollars plus tips- not including meeting Jack Nicholson.

HERB That's where you met all these people? Parking their cars?

LIBBY Well, for awhile I was just the relay man. Like, George Segal would come out and say, "'78 Blue Mercedes.'" Then I would run like crazy down the hill and yell to this other guy, "'78 Blue Mercedes" and he would get to drive it up. But then I gave him ten dollars plus half my tips so I could get to drive the car up and meet George Segal. He was very nice. He smiled and said, "Thanks," Just like in *A Touch of Class*. I made a lot of great contacts.

HERB George Segal saying "Thanks" is what you consider making a good contact?

LIBBY Well, it doesn't hurt. The important thing was leaving the cards on the windshield.

HERB What cards?

LIBBY Well, we had to leave this little card that says, "Sunset Valet Parking- No Party Is Too Big Or Too Small." Only, on the back of each card I wrote, "Libby Tucker, New York trained actress- No Part Is Too Big or Too Small." With my phone number. I must have left thirty of them. Even if only two people call, it was worth the money I spent.

HERB (*Looks at her, then looks away, trying to figure her out*) Libby, can I ask you a serious personal question? Do you honestly believe that anybody in this business- a director, a producer, a cameraman, *anybody*- is going to call someone for an audition because they left their name on the *back* of a valet parking ticket?

LIBBY Not a *big* chance. But a better chance than if I left nothing at all.

HERB YOU HAVE *NO* CHANCE! NONE! There are five thousand qualified agents in this town who can't get their clients a meeting with these people but *you* think they're going to call *you* because *you* left *your* name on the back of a stub they're going to throw out the window the minute they pull out of the driveway?

LIBBY That's a very pessimistic attitude to take.

HERB (*Trying to control himself*) Okay! For the sake of an argument, let us say someone looks at the card. Someone is looking for a valet service for his son's bar mitzvah. Someone just met a girl at a party and wants to write down her number. Someone has a piece of spare rib in his teeth and is trying to pick it out with the card. Only a small percentage of *that* group will look at the *back* of the card. But let's say one does. He sees, "Libby Tucker, New York trained actress- No Part Is Too Big Or Too small." Do you imagine he's going to slam his foot on the brake, pull off the road and say to his wife, "That's exactly what I'm looking for. An actress trained in New York who doesn't care if her part is too big or too small. Right under my nose in my very own car. What a break for me. I'll contact her first thing in the morning and hope and pray that someone else with spare ribs in their teeth didn't get to her before me!"

LIBBY (*Shakes her head*) With an attitude like that, I can see why you don't get too much done.

HERB Forget I mentioned it. I'm sorry I brought it up. I'll stay out of this room tomorrow morning in case you're swamped with phone calls.

(He starts for his bedroom)

LIBBY If I stayed in Brooklyn, I never would have come out here. If I never came out here, I never would have met Steffy. If I never met Steffy, she never would have told me about the Los Angeles Academy of Dramatic Arts. If I didn't go over to

the Los Angeles Academy of Dramatic Arts, I never would have met Gordon Zaharias of Peoria, Illinois. If I didn't meet Gordon Zaharias, I never would have gotten a job driving George Segal's car. If I didn't drive those big shots' cars, the name and number of Libby Tucker would never be stuck in their windshields. Where is your number stuck? If you don't pick yourself up and do something in this world, they bury you in Mount Hebron Cemetery and on your tombstone it says, "Born 1906- Died 1973 And in between HE DIDN'T DO NOHTIN"!

HERB (*Losing his temper*) Leaving cards in windshields is not how you become an actress.

LIBBY And going to Hollywood Park Racetrack is not how you get a script written.

HERB Don't tell me what to do! I haven't asked you for your advice or your help.

LIBBY And I stopped asking for yours. I'm an independently self-employed woman!

HERB You're a dreamer, that's what you are. You paint Morocco on your ceiling and pretend you don't live in Brooklyn. You pretend your father is the King of Hollywood and you're going to march out here and become the Princess. Well, life isn't pretending. It's goddamned hard work.

(He goes into his bedroom)

LIBBY (*calls out*) Sorry! (*He reenters*) I'm sorry. I didn't mean to get you upset. I thought you'd be pleased on how well things are going for me.

HERB I don't know. Maybe you're right. Maybe sheer determination is all you need. Are you going to be parking any more cars this week?

LIBBY Saturday night in Beverly Hills. There's a big party.

HERB Well, if it's not too much trouble, mention me on one of your cards. See you in the morning.

(He goes into his bedroom. She watches after him, then goes to his door)