

TOM GRACE

TOM. Boy, she is really steamed at you.

GRACE. I don't see what difference it makes so long as I'm workin' somewheres.

TOM. Don't make no difference to me. I just thought ya liked it up there. (He looks at her.)

GRACE (avoiding his gaze). Sure I liked it. I worked there four years.

TOM. So? I been deliverin' mail almost eight years. I plan to keep on deliverin' mail another twenty or thirty years. (Tapping on the table.) If I'm lucky. Nothin' like steady work and a good pension to help ya sleep at night.

GRACE. I don't have a pension, and I sleep just fine.

TOM. I bet you do. (She swats at him and he grabs her.)

TOM. So how come ya quit, Grace?

GRACE. Lots of girls are quittin'. Work is slow. Besides, since Irene left, it's just not as much fun. And wouldn't ya rather have a girlfriend who works in a bank?

TOM. Not as much as I'd like to have a wife who don't work anywhere.

GRACE. Close yer eyes. I gotta surprise for ya.

TOM (hoping for a kiss). Yeah? Want for me to pull the shades?

GRACE. Not that kinda surprise. Close yer eyes. (She retrieves two pieces of paper and puts them in front of him.) Now look.

TOM. Wallpaper.

GRACE. For the baby's room.

TOM. Baby's room! Ya won't kiss me and you're talkin' about babies?

GRACE. There's gonna be babies eventually, Tommy.

TOM. Well, sure. But y'know, Grace, most girls—they get married before they decorate the nursery.

GRACE. Plan ahead for once. Pick one.

TOM. They're both the same.

GRACE. No they're not. This one has big flowers, and that one has little flowers. So pick one.

TOM. This some kinda test?

GRACE. No. It's just wallpaper.

TOM. It is some kinda test.

GRACE. Pick one, Tommy.

TOM. That one.

GRACE. Really?

TOM. The other one then.

GRACE. Which do you like, though?

TOM. They're both nice.

GRACE. This one is pretty, don't you think?

TOM. That one, then.

GRACE. But I want you to like it, too.

TOM. If you like it, I'll like it. Wallpaper is wallpaper.

GRACE. No it isn't. Ya gotta pick somethin' ya can stand to look at for twenty years.

TOM. Same way ya pick women?

GRACE. Keep it up, smarty pants. You won't never get that kiss.