

AMANDA. But you promise not to. Right? You promise?  
 WARREN. Mailman's honor. (*Randolph snorts.*) Okay?  
 AMANDA. Okay.  
 WARREN. And they don't have to hide upstairs. I'd like to meet them —  
 AMANDA. She's doing her homework.  
 WARREN. Oh.  
 RANDOLPH. (*Insulted.*) She? (*Warren looks at the quilt again.*)  
 WARREN. You know, maybe this is none of my business, but your mom doesn't really want to sell that quilt —  
 RANDOLPH. Zing him!  
 AMANDA. Why are you a mailman? (*A beat.*)  
 WARREN. Your ... train of thought's a little hard to follow sometimes.  
 AMANDA. (*Ignoring this.*) Did you grow up wanting to be one, or what?  
 WARREN. (*Smiling.*) I don't think any kid grows up really wanting to be a mailman. After I got out of the army I bummed around — I think I told you that — and I was working down in the Everglades with this guy who wrestled alligators. I'd take tickets, do the announcing — actually replaced him one time when he was in jail —  
 RANDOLPH. He's making this up —  
 AMANDA. You wrestled an alligator?  
 WARREN. Didn't take a lot of courage. It was about eighty years old with maybe nine teeth and they fed it a bottle of bourbon before every show to keep it mellow.  
 AMANDA. You really did that?  
 WARREN. Sure. And it's not easy workin' with a drunk alligator. I had to make sure it stayed awake while I was supposed to be wrestling it.  
 AMANDA. (*Laughing.*) But that's so ... stupid. (*They both laugh.*)  
*Warren seems relaxed for a moment.*  
 RANDOLPH. Stop it! (*She stops suddenly.*) *Warren notices.*  
 WARREN. You got me sidetracked. Anyway, I was working down there when I got a call that my father had died.  
 RANDOLPH. Say you're sorry —  
 AMANDA. I'm sorry.

WARREN. Thank you. Well, anyway, I came home — naturally — and it was kind of strange. My father and I hadn't even spoken since my divorce ...  
 RANDOLPH. This should be good. More ammo — more ammo....  
 AMANDA. You were married?  
 WARREN. Long time ago.  
 AMANDA. Why'd you get divorced? (*Warren looks at her a moment, surprised by the question. He begins to laugh.*)  
 RANDOLPH. What is the matter with this man?  
 WARREN. Sorry ... it's that ... inappropriate laughter I was telling you about. (*He calms down.*) Ahh ... well, that's a good question. Tell ya the truth, I'm not sure.  
 RANDOLPH. Never trust anyone who says "Tell ya the truth."  
 WARREN. We were 19 when we got married and then I got drafted. When I got out we were 24 and ... well ... (*He shrugs.*) Things change. People change. (*Suddenly.*) I didn't beat her or anything, if that's what you're worried about.  
 AMANDA. (*Cooly.*) Why should I be worried about that? (*A beat. He is awkward.*)  
 WARREN. Right.  
 RANDOLPH. Well played m'llove.  
 WARREN. I got sidetracked again. (*He thinks.*) Right, so I came back for the funeral and realized that ... mom was getting older and ... I decided to stick around here for awhile. And since I had to get a job — and I was going to be staying put for awhile — I figured I better find something I wanted to do. So I sat down one day and I made up a list of all the things I really liked in life, and then I'd try and find a job that had some of those things in it. And ... uh, well, I like being outside, I like to go for walks, I like ... people. And dogs — like dogs. (*Proudly.*) I have never had a problem with a dog on my route. Never. Some of the guys down the post office go out like Sylvester Stallone, you know, with the mace and everything. Not me. I get along fine with dogs.  
 RANDOLPH. That looks good on the resumé. (*Amanda shoots him a look.*)  
 WARREN. So, I went over my list —