

## House Sitter

GWEN: Well, we just talk and talk. We just have so much to talk about, we have this amazing communication—it's like Chinese food.

BECKY: Excuse me?

GWEN: Well, you know like on Thursdays or something and you just can't deal with dinner, and he comes home with this big bag of Chinese take-out, it's just like he knew!

BECKY: That's amazing.

GWEN: I know! Chinese food, can you stand it?! It's fabulous. Are you finished with that? Mmmm, oooh, that's good.

BECKY: So, you were starting to tell me how the two of you met.

GWEN: Oh, right. I'm crossing Boylston Street and this moron doing a right on red and plows right into me—and then, takes off—we never did catch him.

BECKY: Were you hurt?

GWEN: Well, my nose was busted, both my cheekbones were cracked and the front part of my jaw was fractured. And then they had me all taped up like one of those mummies and all you could see of my face were my eyeballs and my lips.

BECKY: My god.

GWEN: So I'm in this hospital room and I'm sharing it with this woman who works for an architectural firm, and Davis came in and brought her some balloons. And I guess he felt sorry for me on account of me being like a mummy, you know--and then he gave me one of the balloons. So then he came back the next day to visit me and then he came back the next and then the next--and it wasn't even like a come on or anything--you know, because, you know he hadn't even seen my face—it was just two people talking: during which it came out that I didn't have the insurance to pay for the bill, so he paid for it.

BECKY: Davis did? How long were you in?

GWEN: Uh--two weeks.

BECKY: But how could he afford that? He got all his money in that house!

GWEN: Oh, well, you know he's an architect.

BECKY: Yes, but, uh, he's just an associate. It doesn't really pay very much.

GWEN: Well, you know, he got promoted.

BECKY: He has?

GWEN: Mmmm--hmmm yeah, they love him over at that firm now.

BECKY:           They do?

GWEN:            Yeah, he's kicking big architectural butt.

BECKY:           Oh.

GWEN:            Anyway, he takes me home from the hospital and runs all these errands for me--

BECKY:           And all this time he still hasn't seen your face? You're still all wrapped up?

GWEN:            Mmm—hmmm.

BECKY:           Oh, this is so Davis.

GWEN:            And then one night he kissed me. And we started to... well, you know... ohh! And here I am in this mummy mask. But it was incredible because I could be anyone. Oh, god, I can't tell you how hot that made it! Oh! So, then he wants to marry me and he hasn't even seen my face! So what he proposes is—which is what of course what we did was--we got married the next week at the hospital and when the chaplain says "you may now kiss the bride" instead of lifting the veil the doctor unwrapped the gauze—and he saw me for the first time, and he looked at me, and he smiled. And then, the rest....

BECKY:           Oh.

GWEN:            Yeah.

BECKY:           Eh.