

Will & GRACe

(the reboot series)

"SNAP, CRACKLE AND POPPED"

By

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WGA-w REGISTERED

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ACT ONE
SCENE A

INT. WILL & GRACE'S APARTMENT - MORNING (D-1)

WILL EATS CEREAL AT THE TABLE. **GRACE** ENTERS FROM HER BEDROOM, SHOUTING INTO HER CELLPHONE. SHE'S A FRAZZLED MESS IN RUMPLED CLOTHES.

GRACE

No, I can't get drapes from Egypt by tomorrow. The closest I can come is Lebanon- Lebanon, New York. (THEN)
Hello? (TO WILL) He hung up on me!

GRACE TOSSES HER CELL AND RUNS A HAND THROUGH HER HAIR - A HUGE CLUMP FALLS OUT.

WILL

Grace, you're shedding. Is it Spring already?

GRACE
(CROSSING TO HIM)

My new client is stressing me bald. He calls at all hours, makes insane demands, is rude, selfish and stinky. Who does he think he is?

WILL

Uh, you?

GRACE

Shut it. I'm in no mood. I haven't bathed, slept or pooped in days.

GRACE SCRATCHES HER PITS THEN JAMS THE SAME HAND IN WILL'S CEREAL BOX.

WILL

Back off, Sasquatcha, and don't rain on my gay parade. I'm so happy I could snap, crackle and pop.

GRACE

No one is happy at 8 a.m.

WILL

Au contraire. At the gym this morning, I was minding my own biceps when a hunk cut in. We shared weights and witticisms, and then I saw stars.

GRACE

(ANNOYED) Love at first sight again?

WILL

No, he dropped a barbell on my foot, but then he asked me out. Grace, this guy is perfect: smart, fit, a doctor.

GRACE

So what's wrong with him?

WILL

Why does something have to be wrong with him?

GRACE

I'm miserable. As my best friend, you should be, too. (OFF HIM) Okay, fine, what kind of medicine does this Adonis practice?

WILL

Chiropractics.

GRACE

I thought you said he was a doctor?

WILL

Yes, a doctor of chiropractic.

GRACE

That's no doctor. That's a masseur
with better business cards. (THEN)
Gimme his number.

WILL

What?

GRACE

Chiropractors treat stress. I'll have
him work out my kinks. Think of it as
a test drive for your kinks.

WILL

No way. You'll scare him off.

GRACE

Are you kidding? If you refer a friend with
juicy insurance benefits before your first
date, he'll be eating out of your hand.

WILL

I was aiming a little lower, but you
may have a point.

JACK BARGES IN THE FRONT DOOR, AFLUTTER. HE SLAPS HIS CHEST,
FACE, BUTT. **KAREN** STUMBLES IN AFTER HIM, STILL IN HER
NIGHTGOWN, CLUTCHING JUMBO SIZE BOOZE BOTTLES IN EACH HAND.

JACK

Jumpin' Pedro Pascal, you'll never believe what happened last night.

WILL

You got kicked out of Rise Bar for getting a rise in your bar?

JACK

Ha, ha, no Man-o-pause. I made biscotti from scratch!

KAREN

What the what?

JACK

Oh, and Karen's house got robbed.

GRACE

Omigod, Karen, I thought you had top dollar security?

KAREN

Yeah, I pay a fortune for guards, spy cams and W.M.D.'s, but turns out my house is easier to break into than a U.S. election. (SINKS ON THE COUCH)
I'm just lucky I wasn't home at the time. Where was I?

JACK

You were home.

KAREN

I'm lucky I was drunk at the time!
Damn Stan for leaving me helpless,
alone and pathetic. (THEN) Grace, how
do you handle it?

JACK

Don't worry, Kare. I told you I'll
stay with you until you feel safe
again.

WILL

You can stay here a few nights, Karen.

GRACE

Yeah, though you can afford to stay
anywhere.

KAREN

Thanks, Wilma, and true, Fred.

JACK

Hel-lo, I'm wearing a metro-sexo t-
shirt and booty-licious jeans, not an
invisible suit. I said I will protect
you, Karen.

KAREN

How are you gonna do that, Honey?
Scare a prowler off with a hissy fit?

GRACE

Tweeze his eyebrows into a look of
terror?

WILL

Smush his toesies with a snappy, tappy
"Just Jackie" dance?

KAREN, WILL AND GRACE BURST OUT LAUGHING.

JACK

Snicker all you want, Witches Three. I
may not look he-man on the outside,
but I'm pure warrior within.

WILL

Wearing Wonder Woman undies does not a
warrior make.

JACK

(TO HEAVENS) Curse him, Zeus! I can
protect my womenfolk and I will prove
it. (RE HIS BELLY) I feel the power
stirring now. I'm getting ready to
rumble. ...Or hurl 'cause I ate two
dozen homemade biscotti. Either way,
beware, heathens, "Jack Attack will
flatten you!"

JACK RUSHES OUT AS KAREN GUZZLES FROM HER LIQUOR BOTTLE,

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE
SCENE B

INT. CHIROPRACTIC TREATMENT ROOM - THE NEXT DAY (D-2)

GRACE LIES FACE DOWN ON A MASSAGE TABLE AS 30-SOMETHING HUNK CHIROPRACTOR **STEVEN** WORKS ON HER. SFX: ETHEREAL MUSIC PLAYS.

GRACE

That's strange, but strangely good
music. Who is it?

STEVEN

The Dalai Lama's funky monk band.

GRACE

Those Chinese sure got rhythm.

STEVEN

Actually, they're Tibetan.

GRACE

You say potato, I say I prefer Thai.

STEVEN

(MASSAGING) How's my pressure?

GRACE

Good, but go deeper. My knots have
knots that have knots, hosting a
knots' convention, at *Knots' Landing*.

STEVEN

I'm impressed. Most women can't take
this much pressure.

GRACE

I am not most women. So knead me like
a big ball of Challah dough!

GRACE LAUGHS - ALONE.

GRACE (CONT'D)

It's Yiddish humor. You'd laugh if you
were Jewish.

STEVEN

I am Jewish.

GRACE

Oh. (THEN) Did you hear the one about
the Rabbi and the Shiksa-ahhhhhhhhh!

STEVEN DOES A BIG ADJUSTMENT THAT SENDS A ROLL OF CRUNCHES,
CRACKS AND POPS OUT FROM GRACE'S BACK.

STEVEN

That might be a record. Are you okay?

GRACE

Okay? I can hear in my left ear for
the first time since '89!

CUT TO:

ACT ONE
SCENE C

INT. KAREN'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON (D-2)

A FEMALE HAND JUTS AN EMPTY MARTINI GLASS OUT FROM UNDER THE BEDCOVERS. IRISH MAID **BRIDGET** FILLS IT WITH VODKA.

MAID BRIDGET

Guzzling al these spirits won't solve
a thing, Mum.

KAREN

(POPS HEAD OUT) You're right, Biddy. I
can still feel the fear. So call Bev
Mo and get me ten more cases of
anything flammable!

A LOUD THUMP, THEN FOOTSTEPS ARE HEARD SNEAKING CLOSER (O.C.)

KAREN (CONT'D)

Omigod. Don't kill me, get the Mick.
She's got pots of gold up her gúna! I
know, 'cause they're mine!

KAREN BURIES HER HEAD UNDER THE COVERS AS **JACK** CREEPS IN WEARING POLICE SHADES, A SECURITY EAR PIECE, BLACK SUIT AND A JEWISH YARMULKE. HE INCHES ALONG THE WALL, SPY-LIKE.

JACK

Relax, I'm in Phase One of my security
training: Counter Intelligence.

KAREN

(POPS OUT) Oh, honey. You've got that
mastered.

JACK

(RE: A BOOK). It's all in here.

KAREN

(READS COVER) *Israeli Secret Service Moves?*

JACK

(READS) "12 easy ways to kill a guy with a dreidel." No bombs. No collateral damage. (BOUNCY) Practice with me, Kare.

KAREN

Listen, Agent Double O Matzoh-

JACK

Who leaked my alias? Probably some convert. New Jews can't be trusted. Sure they swear "Heeb" allegiance, but tempt them with one juicy Easter ham and they cave!

KAREN

Bible Land is a warring mess. How is that book gonna help me?

JACK

Not alone, but with Phase Two of my security training-

JACK TURNS ON THE TV.

KAREN

Phase two is Cinemax? You plan to bore an attacker to death?

JACK

They're hosting a Burt Reynolds
tribute from *Cannonball Run* to all
three *Smokey's*.

SFX: ACTION MUSIC SWELLS.

JACK MIMICS THE TV ACTION: SHOOTS, RUNS IN PLACE, DODGES
GUNFIRE.

KAREN

(OFF TV) Though bad toupées are scary,
I prefer you learn to take a bullet.

JACK

Attitude alone can disarm a thug,
Kare, and Burt oozes 'tude from every
pore of his skin-tight polyester suit.

SFX: GUNFIRE. JACK DUCKS, DRAWS A PRETEND WEAPON THEN STOPS -

JACK (CONT'D)

Wait - whose got a bigger bulge, me or
Burt Reynolds?

KAREN

Unless it can deal a lethal blow, I
don't give a damn.

JACK

"Lethal Blow" that's a perfect title
for my first action flick!

KAREN

All right, She-man, if you're this
determined to be my He-man, I'll
spring for real security training.

JACK

Two steps ahead, Kare. I signed up for taekwondo and bought a gun - without a permit!

KAREN

Oh, good ole Donny T. Arming mental cases to make America safe again.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE
SCENE D

INT. WILL & GRACE'S APARTMENT - SEVERAL EVENINGS LATER (N-3)

WILL ENJOYS A ROMANTIC DINNER WITH CHIROPRACTOR STEVEN.

WILL

Your eyes are like endless pools of
green seas. I mean peas. No, deep
green trees. In a fall forest, wait
before fall - spring. When trees are
blooming. Blooming- Never mind.

STEVEN

It's okay. I'm nervous, too.

THEY LAUGH. SFX: A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

WILL

I'm not expecting anyone.

HE ANSWERS. IT'S GRACE MUNCHING FROM A JUMBO MOVIE POPCORN.

WILL (CONT'D)

And it turns out no one is there.

WILL SHUTS THE DOOR, BUT GRACE OPENS IT AGAIN AND ENTERS.

GRACE

This will just take a minute.

WILL

I paid for a double feature and all
you can eat snacks so you'd stay gone
until after my date - which only just
began.

GRACE

But I have a kink in my neck that's causing a pinch in my back.

WILL

And I have a whack in my house causing a plague in my life. Get out.

STEVEN

I could check her out, Will. She is your bestie after all.

WILL

"Bestie"? That word is so overused it's become meaningless like "Have a nice day", "Let's do lunch," "This tax cut will help the poor."

GRACE

(LEADS STEVEN UP BY THE HAND) I'll get a quick tweak and be on my way.

WILL

No, make an appointment for tomorrow.

GRACE

That's too late. I need to hang drapes in the morning, but I can't lift my arms.

WILL

Too bad, I need to serve dinner before my soufflé falls.

GRACE INDICATES "ONE MINUTE" AND PULLS STEVEN TO HER BEDROOM.

WILL (CONT'D)

Unbelievable. The one time I splurge
on full fat cheese she ruins it.

GRACE (O.C.)

Oh... Yeah...

WILL

(SETS THE TABLE) The audacity. I can't
even date in peace.

GRACE (O.C.)

Oh yeesssss! Right there. Yesssssss!!!

WILL CROSSES TO GRACE'S DOOR.

WILL

Keep it down, you're scaring my
soufflé.

GRACE (O.C.)

Yes, that's it, uh huh, right there,
oh, oh, oh... don't stop. Harder!

(THEN BURSTING OUT) Yeeeaatch!

Yeeeaatch! Yeeeeaaaaatch!

WILL

(SHUDDERS) That's same heinous sound
she makes during - no!

GRACE (O.C.)

Yeeeaatch. Yeeeaatch. Yeeeeaaaaatch!

WILL

You, bitch!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO
SCENE F

INT. WILL & GRACE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

GRACE IS IN A ROBE ON TEE COUCH. **STEVEN** SITS AT A DISTANCE. **WILL** LECTURES.

WILL

You've embarrassed me before, but
you've hit an all new low, Grace. The
lowest of the lows. And then lower!

GRACE

I don't know what you're talking
about.

WILL

You played doctor with my doctor!

GRACE

Huh?

WILL

I heard the tortured shrieks you make
during sex. The same excruciating cat
shrill you made with Danny, Nathan,
Leo, Noah and your childhood
teddybear.

GRACE

That bear lost his fur in a totally
innocent way. Besides, I don't shriek
during sex. I purr - coyly.

WILL

No, that's what you do when cleaning your ears with Q-tips. But just now, you were shrieking.

STEVEN

(APPROACHES) Grace is a vocal client, Will, but I promise nothing inappropriate happened.

STEVEN GOES FOR A KISS. WILL WINCES AWAY.

WILL

Wash the Grace stink off you first.

GRACE

Hey.

STEVEN EXITS TO THE BATHROOM, CONFUSED.

WILL

Using my boyfriend to get your ya-yas is pathetic.

GRACE

He's your boyfriend after one date? What are you a lesbian?

WILL

It's not enough I share my home, Costco membership and self-esteem. Now I've got to share soul mates, too?

GRACE

Now he's your soul mate? You're worse than a lesbian, you're a Kardashian.

STEVEN RETURNS FROM THE BATHROOM.

WILL

I'm sorry to drag you into our crazy
carnival, Steven, but you need to
choose: Grace or me?

GRACE

Will, please, he's helping me through
the hardest job of my life. That's it.

WILL

Too bad. Find another chiro.

GRACE

I can't. He's the only one who soothes
me without bruising me and waives my
co-pay.

STEVEN

Grace is a valued client and with my
new practice, I'd like to keep her.

WILL

You think she's a good client now, but
trust me, you'll soon discover she's
just a tapeworm with earrings.

GRACE

Drop it, Will. I'll take the high road
and stop seeing Steven.

GRACE (CONT'D)

I'll just put my size four clothes
back on and catch the end of *Bohemian
Rhapsody* - the good Queen biopic. (TO
WILL) Happy now, bad queen melodrama?

GRACE EXITS TO HER ROOM.

WILL

(SOTTO) Size four clothes, my soupy
soufflé.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO
SCENE H

INT. BRONX BOYS AND GIRLS CLUB - EXERCISE ROOM - DAY (D-3)

A TAEKWONDO CLASS IS UNDERWAY IN THE GYM AT JACK'S WORKPLACE. **TEACHER**, STUDENT KIDS **TASHA**, **JORDAN**, **EXTRAS** AND **JACK** - THE ONLY ADULT. **KAREN** AND MAID **BRIDGET** WATCH FROM THE SIDELINES.

TEACHER

Repeat after me: arae-makki, moomtong
makki.

JACK

Teriyaki. Sukiyaki- (STOPS) When's
lunch?

TEACHER

Mr. McFarland, please follow along.
Arae-makki, momtong-

JACK

No comprendo.

TEACHER

You don't need to understand the
words. Taekwondo was created from
universal rhythms. Simply connect with-

KAREN

Stop!

KAREN WALKS ON THE MATS, A HUGE TAEKWONDO NO-NO. THE CLASS GASPS! SHE HANDS THE TEACHER A WAD OF CASH.

KAREN (CONT'D)

For the pansy.

TEACHER

He's an acting teacher here. So his
rec classes are free.

KAREN

No, it's incentive to cut the blabber jabber and start teaching the dirty death blows. I need this fairy fatal by sake time. So hop to it, Hop Sing.

TEACHER

My name is "Dong-suk."

KAREN

Watch your mouth. There are ladies present.

TEACHER

"Dong-suk" is Korean. It means one who-never mind. (LEADS KAREN OFF THE MATS)
Tasha, please continue Taegeuk Il Jang.

TASHA

(TO CLASS) Sijak. Arae-makki, momtong-makki-

JACK CROSSES TO THE MIRROR CINCHING HIS UNIFORM.

JACK

This do-bak is a fashion do-not! My best weapons are totally concealed.

TEACHER

Mr. McFarland, you need to participate.

JACK

(BOWS) Si, Si, (GIGGLES) Dong suck.

TEACHER

All together class: Arae-makki,
momtong-makki.

JACK

Uhm-lat coffee, Kung Fu sake (GIVES
UP, AND LAUNCHES A CHEER) "I'm here,
I'm queer, you heathens better fear!"
(KICKS HIGH THEN FALLS, GRABBING HIS
LEG) Ow, ow, ow! Charlie Horse.

JACK WRITHES WILDLY ON THE MAT.

TEACHER

I've trained two year olds with more
focus and machismo.

MAID BRIDGET

(TO KAREN) If a crook breaks in when
Jack's there-

KAREN

We're "Dong-sucked".

BRIDGET NODS,

CUT TO:

ACT TWO
SCENE J

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING (D-3)

A CHIC RESTAURANT: **WILL** AND **STEVEN** DINE BY CANDLELIGHT. A **WAITER** POURS THEM WINE.

WAITER

(TO WILL) It's senior Tuesdays. Your wine is ten percent off.

WILL

Me? You say that like it's true. But it's not. I mean sure I've held Senior titles like Senior Partner, Senior Counsel and Senior Legal Advisor at The Senior home, but I'm no senior. I'm more of an extra fresh freshman. Trust me, Steven, I'm still fresh, fresh, fresh. (LOWER TO WAITER) Just ten percent off?

GRACE ENTERS THE RESTAURANT, LOOKING MORE HARRIED THAN EVER.

WILL (CONT'D)

Typhoid Mary followed us. I knew she wouldn't keep her promise.

BUT GRACE PASSES THEIR TABLE AND JOINS CLIENT, **ELI**, AT ANOTHER TABLE.

ELI

(INTO CELL) Yes, we'll have it done on time. (EYES GRACE) My designer's already on it.

GRACE

On what?

ELI

(HANGS UP CELL) I closed the Coriatti deal. We're doing four new boutique hotels.

GRACE

Four more?

ELI

Now I can relax. If you can get them done by Summer.

GRACE

This Summer? Four more? On top of the six I'm already designing?

ELI

I know I can count on you, Red. You never let me down or say no. Now let's eat and celebrate.

GRACE RUNS A HAND THROUGH HER HAIR. A HUGE CLUMP FALLS ONTO HER PLATE. SHE QUICKLY COVERS IT WITH HER NAPKIN AND STANDS.

GRACE

Eat? Ha, ha! I don't have time to eat - or breathe. Or sleep.

GRACE RUSHES OUT THEN PAUSES AT WILL AND STEVEN'S TABLE.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(TO STEVEN) I need you. I miss you.
Kill me.

WILL

Keep moving, Grace.

GRACE SNEERS AND EXITS.

WILL (CONT'D)

(POURS MORE WINE) So tell me, Steven when did you know you wanted to be a professional back cracker?

STEVEN

Ever since I was a kid. My dad broke his back in construction and the only thing that soothed-

SFX: STEVEN GETS A TEXT. HE CHECKS IT.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

It's a client.

WILL

At nine p.m.?

STEVEN

Pain strikes 'round the clock.

SFX: MORE TEXT BEEPING.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

(RE PHONE) Now they're texting 911.

WILL

Just ignore them.

STEVEN

(RE PHONE) They want me to make a house call. But I'm having so much fun with you. I'd hate to leave.

WILL

Then don't. Tell me more about your family.

SFX: STEVEN'S PHONE RINGS. HE HESITATES, THEN HOLDS A FINGER UP TO WILL AS HE ANSWERS.

STEVEN

(INTO PHONE) This is Dr. Paul.

WILL

That isn't Grace - is it?

STEVEN

(COVERS PHONE) That's confidential, Will.

WILL

Which means yes.

STEVEN

I didn't say that.

WILL

You didn't say it's not. Is it?

STEVEN

(INTO PHONE) Sorry I'm out for the evening.

WILL

Yes stay, and I'll find ten more clients to replace Grace. Starting with our waiter, holy scoliosis! And did you see the Maître D'? The only thing shorter than his patience is his right leg.

STEVEN

(INTO PHONE) Triple my rate if I come
now?

WILL

I'll quadruple it.

STEVEN

Okay. (HANGS UP).

WILL

Gross. Now I'm paying for romance.

STEVEN

Not "okay" to you. Okay to my patient.
(STANDS) I'm sorry, Will, but I can't
turn my back on someone's back in need.

WILL

But my back and front need you.

STEVEN BLOWS A KISS AND LEAVES. OFF WILL'S FRUSTRATION, WE

CUT TO:

ACT TWO
SCENE K

INT. WILL & GRACE'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT (D-3)

WILL ENTERS, TOSSES HIS COAT AND HEARS:

GRACE (O.C.)

Oh yeah!

WILL

That wench. I knew she couldn't keep a
promise.

WILL APPROACHES GRACE'S BEDROOM DOOR AND LISTENS.

GRACE (O.C.)

Yeah, yeah. Right there, right there!

WILL CROSSES TO THE KITCHEN, OPENS AND SLAMS CABINETS.

WILL

(YELLS) Hope my cooking won't disturb
your treatment. You see I missed
dinner.

WILL CLANKS POTS AND PANS TOGETHER.

GRACE (O.C.)

Almost, yes... harder.

WILL

Best friend means nothing to you. (POT
BANG) Promises mean nothing to you.

(POT BANG) I mean nothing to you!

SFX: A KNOCK AT THE FRONT DOOR. WILL DOESN'T HEAR IT AS HE
CONTINUES SHOUTING AND BANGING PANS.

WILL (CONT'D)

Do you want my vital organs, too? I'll die without them, but that wouldn't stop you from taking them, would it?

GRACE (O.C.)

There. There! Keep going. It's so good.

WILL

If I can't enjoy Steven's company, neither will you.

WILL FLIPS ON THE BLENDER AND GARBAGE DISPOSAL. CROSSES TO THE STEREO, TURNS IT ON.

GRACE (O.C.)

Yeeeeaaaaccch! Yeeeeaaaaccch!

Yeeeeaaaaccch!

WILL BANGS LOUDER.

SFX: DOOR KNOCKING GETS LOUDER AND THE DOORBELL RINGS.

STEVEN ENTERS THE FRONT DOOR.

STEVEN

(SHOUTS) Sorry to barge in, Will, but you didn't answer. Are you okay?

WILL

(STOPS BANGING) I'm fine, Steven. I'm just furious Grace broke her promise and- (THEN) Wait, you're here, which means you're not in with her.

STEVEN

No, I finished my house call and
thought we could resume our date.

GRACE EMERGES FROM HER ROOM, WOOZY WITH BED-WRECKED HAIR.

GRACE

Water.

SHE STUMBLES TO THE KITCHEN. WILL TURNS OFF THE STEREO.

WILL

Wait, I still don't get it. Steven is
here, your boyfriend is out of town -
so Grace, who's in there with you?

GRACE

No one.

WILL

But I heard the cat screech sex sound.

GRACE

I was letting stress out with my old
standby, okay?

WILL

That poor, helpless teddybear.

GRACE

Hey, Steven.

STEVEN

Grace.

GRACE CROSSES TO THE KITCHEN FOR WATER.

WILL

Wow, Grace, you kept your promise.

GRACE

Of course. I don't want to interfere with your happiness.

WILL

This is the most selfless thing you have ever done. Maybe the only one.

GRACE

Perhaps more selfless than anything you have ever done for me.

WILL

It's not a competition, but I am shocked - and touched.

WILL CROSSES AND GIVES HER A HUG.

GRACE

Ow. Hug hurts. Air hurts.

WILL

There's one more thing I don't get. You only make that heinous cat shriek during sex, so why did you make it when treated by Steven, too?

STEVEN

GRACE

Shriek... what shriek?

Don't be paranoid.

WILL

Then why do I feel so Melania Trump'ed?

GRACE AND STEVEN SHRUG INNOCENTLY AND LOOK AWAY AS WE,

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO
SCENE 1

INT. KAREN'S HOUSE - KAREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (N-4)

JACK LIES IN KAREN'S BED, BANDAGED WITH A BLACK EYE. MAID **BRIDGET** APPLIES AN ICEPACK.

JACK

Ow, it hurts, stop. (THEN) That's the first and last time I use those words together.

BRIDGET

Mr. Jack, you shouldn't have sparred with that little girl.

JACK

Spar? I drank her juicebox and she beat me with a Barbie.

KAREN STROLLS IN, HIGHBALL IN HAND.

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh, Kare, you heard my cries and came to comfort me. I'm touched.

KAREN

Don't be. You took the last of the ice.

KAREN TAKES JACK'S ICEPACK, DUMPS THE CUBES INTO HER GLASS AND HANDS HIM BACK THE EMPTY BAG.

JACK

The jig is up, Kare. You were right, I can't protect a fly, not even my own.

KAREN

Don't feel bad, Jackie. Some people
are born with brains, others with
brawn, and then there's you.

SUDDENLY A MOUNTAIN OF A **MAN** ENTERS AND PUTS A HAND ON
KAREN'S BACK. JACK FLIES OUT OF BED, GRABS A VASE AND CRACKS
HIM OVER THE HEAD WITH IT. THE MAN DROPS TO THE GROUND.

JACK

Quick, Bridget, gimme your support
hose and rosary. I'll bind the perp
while you get the Fuzz on the horn!

BRIDGET UNROLLS HER STOCKINGS.

KAREN

Wait.

JACK

Why?!

KAREN

He is the Fuzz. I got nervous and
hired a Rent-a-Cop.

JACK

Insult to injury! Affront to my back!

KAREN

But that was before I knew you were a
pitbull in poodle's clothing. You
knocked him out cold, honey. I'm so
impressed.

BRIDGET

Me, too, and more than a little wet.

JACK

Yeah? Who's your big bad Daddy now?

KAREN

Super fag you!

THEY HUG, BOUNCE HIPS AND BUMP BUTTS.

BRIDGET

Pardon me, mum, before you celebrate
we should-

JACK

Pants him?

BRIDGET

No, make sure he's still alive.

JACK

Good idea. 'Cause I bet it'd cost a
fortune to make a corpse disappear.

KAREN

I wouldn't want to shell out for that.

BRIDGET

Again.

KAREN SHOOTS HER MAID A POISON EYE, AS WE

CUT TO:

ACT TWO
SCENE M

INT. WILL & GRACE'S APARTMENT - SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER (N-5)

WILL COOKS. **GRACE** ENTERS LOOKING REFRESHED.

WILL

Grace, you're calm, you're bathed,
you're an imposter.

GRACE

No, I'm rested. I finally told Eli his
demands were unreasonable and I set
some boundaries.

WILL

Wow, really?

GRACE

Yes, I'm getting my hair and dignity
back. (SCRUNCHES FACE) Dignity scary!
Boundaries bad! He's going to fire me!

WILL

He won't fire you. You're the best
damn designer in town.

GRACE

You think so?

WILL

I know so. Take some deep breaths,
everything's going to be fine.

GRACE

(BREATHING DEEPLY) That feels good.
And something smells good.

WILL

Scampi ala moi, it's for my soul mate.

GRACE

Steven is one lucky guy.

WILL

Actually his name is Tom. (OFF HER) I met a new doctor at my book club.

GRACE

You fickle Fiona. So what does this guy practice? (THEN) Forget it. I don't even want to know. Unless he's a gynecologist.

WILL TURNS ASHEN.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Is he a gyno, Will?

WILL

No, uh, he's a vet.

GRACE

Liar. Put out another plate. I got a rash, an itch and a mess of questions.

WILL

(TO HIMSELF) Why do I even bother?

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW