

WILL & GRACE

"One Flew Into A Cuckoo's Nest"

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ACT ONE

SCENE A

INT. WILL AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - EVENING (N-1)
(WILL, GRACE, JACK)

WILL SITS AT THE NICELY SET DINING TABLE; ESCARGOT, FRENCH BREAD, AND A BOTTLE OF MERLOT ON TOP. GRACE ENTERS FROM THE BEDROOM, DRESSED FOR A NIGHT OUT IN A FEATHERY DRESS, MINUS SHOES. SHE GOES TO THE FRIDGE.

WILL

I can't believe Pierre -- he said he'd be here at seven o'clock. It's now seven-forty.

GRACE

He's just fashionably late. He'll probably show up on horseback or on mule, with an unfiltered cigarette dangling from his lips, apologizing in a nasal yet sexy voice.

GRACE REMOVES A CONTAINER OF ICE CREAM. SHE BEGINS SHOVELING HEAPING SPOONS-FULL INTO HER MOUTH.

WILL

Ten minutes is fashionably late,
Grace. Not forty.

GRACE

Forty is even more fashionable. It's practically trend-setting.

WILL

Or more like (AS PIERRE), "My socks clash with my turtleneck, which in turn clashes with the creepy American lawyer and his faux escargot."

GRACE

Sweetie, don't worry. I'm sure he's either stuck in an elevator someplace, or gotten into a car accident and died. That, or he just found someone cuter and richer than you.

GRACE CONTINUES TO DEVOUR THE ICE CREAM.

WILL

Now, what part of that was supposed to make me feel better? And who gets stuck in elevators anymore?

GRACE

Liars. All I'm saying is that it's not you. It's him. You're good. He's bad. You shouldn't let it bother you that he doesn't find you attractive.

WILL

Thank you, Gracie. You've made my ego swell to the size of France. In fact, I may just take an ego trip there.

(RE: GRACE'S ICE CREAM BINGE) Are you PMS-ing?

GRACE

(CAUGHT) A little. (STOPS EATING;
THEN) Pierre's not good enough for
you, Will. That's all I'm trying to
say. Plus, a guy who can't show up on
time is probably a terrible lay.

WILL

How do you figure that?

GRACE

Poor timing. You move one way, he
moves the other. And then...

WILL

... I got the picture. Still, Pierre
is everything I've ever wanted.

GRACE

Oh really? (TESTING) So what's
Pierre's last name again?

WILL

It's... something French. Ends
with... E-A-O-U-X.

GRACE

And what does E-A-O-U-X do for a
living?

WILL

He's a... worker of some kind.

GRACE

You don't even know him! You met in a bar, he punched out some fairy who pinched your ass, you made out for an hour, he called you "mon sheri," and then you invited him over for dinner. Now, I'm no Dr. Phil or Abby Dearest, but I think you have a dating disorder.

WILL

Dating disorder? I thought you just said it's not me; it's him.

GRACE

I'm supposed to say that. I'm your best friend.

WILL

And all those other times you said it wasn't me?

GRACE

It was you.

WILL TAKES THE ICE CREAM FROM GRACE'S HAND AND BEGINS TO SHOVEL IT DOWN HIMSELF.

WILL

Now I'm PMS-ing.

GRACE

Will, what I meant was that he's your typical bad boy, and when you met him, you immediately came down with a severe case of bad-boyitis, which manifests itself in ways such as...

SFX: DOORBELL

WILL PUTS DOWN THE ICE CREAM AND STARTS FOR THE DOOR.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(SIGHS) Thank God he's here. I had no idea where I was going with that.

WILL

I knew he would never just not show up. That would be rude and hence, French of him.

WILL OPENS THE DOOR. JACK STANDS THERE IN A THICK AND FURRY DOG COSTUME, COMPLETE WITH EARS AND A LONG TAIL.

JACK

Woof-woof. Guess who I am?

WILL

A dog dressed as a gay man?

JACK ENTERS.

JACK

I'm Toto. My new Italian beau, Giovanni, invited me to a "Wizard of Oz" costume party.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

He's going as Dorothy, and I figured this way I'd have an excuse to sit in his lap and... lap his face all night.

WILL

Don't you do that to all your dates even when you're not dressed as Toto?

JACK

You know me so well.

GRACE

I wish I could go with you and dress up as Glinda, the Good Witch...

JACK

... Or the Scarecrow...

GRACE

... Or Dorothy...

WILL

... Or the Scarecrow...

GRACE

... Or...

JACK

...Or the Scarecrow.

GRACE

Stop it! Right now I'm dressed as the *good girlfriend*, who takes her new American boyfriend, Mark, to see William Shakespeare's "Hamlet." Or, as he calls it: "Omelette."

JACK

Ahhh -- Shakespeare. You know, he wrote my favorite play: "The Penis Chronicles."

WILL

Jack, you're thinking of the flamboyant playwright who calls himself Willingly Shakes-his-Speare.

JACK

Oh. Right. "To pee or not to pee?"

AS GRACE EXITS TO THE BATHROOM:

GRACE

I knew I forgot something.

JACK CROSSES OVER TO THE TABLE AND CHECKS OUT THE FOOD.

JACK

Oh-la-la, es car goat. How disgustingly tasteful. Are you having a little French homo-tre-bon for dinner?

WILL

As a matter of fact, he is French. And his name is Pierre.

JACK

One time, I dated a Pierre. But it turned out he was really a Fred-Bob. I dumped his fake French butt when I found out he was a phony baloney.

WILL

What was wrong with Fred-Bob?

JACK

Well, his name wasn't really Fred. And he wasn't bobbing for anything.

WILL

Pierre, Bob, Fred; whatever this guy's real name is, he's left me hanging.

(OFF JACK'S REACTION) And I don't mean it in the traditional sense. (THEN)

Okay, I do.

JACK

Hey, I've got a glamfabulous idea -- Why don't you come with me? I'll lend you my Wicked Bitch of the West Village costume, and you can just sashay along with me. The best costume wins a "Flying Monkey."

GRACE ENTERS. SHE'S PUTTING ON HER SHOES.

GRACE

A flying monkey? What's that?

JACK

Dodo bird, "Flying Monkey" is the name of an ancient fairy rubdown, done solely with the tongue.

GRACE

Sign me up for two of those. I have a very sore lower back.

WILL

It sounds like you're going to a porno party disguised as a Judy Garland fan club.

JACK

(THINKS) Now that you mention it, the invitation did say something about organ music and flute players. And I do believe we're supposed to bring a bone and collar. Which reminds me, I have to run home to get my bone and collar. (LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY) I said "bone" twice.

JACK HEADS TO THE DOOR. GRACE FOLLOWS.

GRACE

Wait for me. We'll share an elevator.

WILL

If you happen to run into Pierre in the hallway, tell him to go back to (FRENCH ACCENT) Paris. (THEN) Unless he's wearing that Prada suit with that fuchsia, frilly Jean Paul Gaultier blouse. He looks like an hors d'oeuvre in that.

JACK

Will do. Smooches, pooches.

JACK AND GRACE EXIT THE APARTMENT.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE B

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER (N-1)
(JACK, GRACE, PSYCHO GUY)

JACK AND GRACE WAIT FOR THE ELEVATOR. THE DOORS OPEN, AND A STRANGE, YET SOMEWHAT GOOD-LOOKING MAN, KNOWN AS PSYCHO GUY, STANDS INSIDE. HE WEARS A BLACK, OVERSIZED TRENCHCOAT, WITH HIS HANDS TUCKED INTO HIS POCKETS.

JACK

Well hello there, tall, dark and
sinister.

GRACE

(SOTTO) Jack, no. That's the Psycho
Guy that lives upstairs.

JACK GETS ON THE ELEVATOR. GRACE FOLLOWS HIM. SHE GRABS JACK TO PULL HIM OUT, BUT JACK WON'T BUDGE.

JACK

(TO PSYCHO GUY) Do you come here
often?

GRACE

Jack, come on. Let's wait for the
next elevator. We don't want to crowd
the man.

THE DOORS CLOSE WITH JACK AND GRACE INSIDE.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS (N-1)
(GRACE, JACK, PSYCHO GUY)

THE ELEVATOR BEGINS TO MOVE. GRACE IS TERRIFIED.

JACK

(TO PSYCHO GUY) Ooh, looks like I'll be going down... with you.

GRACE

(PRAYING) Please God, if you make this elevator move faster, I promise to confess to Karen that her Flintstones vitamins are not an anti-aging suppressant, where the Freds decrease eye wrinkles and the Barneys produce firmer breasts. And of course, the Bettys don't actually provide a better orgasm.

JACK

(HORRIFIED) What do you mean the Bettys don't provide better orgasms?

THE ELEVATOR SUDDENLY JOLTS, THEN STOPS.

JACK (CONT'D)

I think we're stuck.

GRACE

(TO GOD) This is exactly why I stopped going to Temple when I was fifteen.

GRACE PRESSES EVERY ELEVATOR BUTTON BUT NOTHING HAPPENS.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Come on you stupid elevator. Move!

JACK

Now, let's not panic. (TO HIMSELF)

What would Jennifer Garner do in this

situation? (TO PSYCHO GUY; SMILING)

Hi, I'm Jack. CIA. What's your name?

GRACE

(LOSING PATIENCE) Jack, would you stop

hitting on the crazy person? I have

an omelette to catch!

JACK

Well that was rude. (TURNS TO PSYCHO

GUY) She called you a crazy person.

How presumptuous.

PSYCHO GUY TAKES HIS HAND OUT OF HIS POCKET. IN PLACE OF A
HAND IS A HOOK. PSYCHO GUY SCRATCHES HIS FACE WITH THE
HOOK. JACK AND GRACE ARE PETRIFIED.

JACK (CONT'D)
(WHIMPERS) Ruff.

AND AS GRACE CONTINUES TO POUND THE ELEVATOR BUTTONS LIKE A
MAD WOMAN, WE...

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE C

INT. WILL AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - SAME (N-1)
(WILL, KAREN)

WILL OPENS THE BOTTLE OF WINE AND POURS SOME FOR HIMSELF. HE CHECKS HIS WATCH AND THEN BEGINS TO EAT THE SNAIL. HE MAKES A FACE SUGGESTING HE'S NOT LIKING IT AT ALL.

SFX: DOORBELL

WILL'S GRIMACE TURNS INTO A SMILE. HE HEADS TO THE DOOR, ADJUSTING HIS HAIR AND CLOTHES.

WILL

He better have a good excuse... Or
just look really, really hot.

WILL OPENS THE DOOR. THERE IS NO ONE THERE EXCEPT FOR A MARTINI GLASS FILLED WITH BOOZE. HE PICKS IT UP AND SMILES COYLY. HE DOES AN IMAGINARY TOAST, EXPECTING PIERRE TO EMERGE ANY MOMENT.

WILL (CONT'D)

Pierre? I totally forgive you for
being late. In fact, I didn't even
notice you were supposed to be here
seventy-eight minutes ago.

KAREN LEAPS FORTH AND LANDS IN A SEXY POSE BEFORE WILL, AND GUFFAWS OBNOXIOUSLY. SHE HOLDS A MARTINI GLASS IN HER HAND. SHE TAKES A SIP. WILL ROLLS HIS EYES - "OH BOY."

KAREN

Bon Jour, Wilma. Who's Pierre? Your
imaginary Saturday night pity-romp?
You made him French? How exotic!

WILL

He's not imaginary, Karen.

KAREN

Ooow, well then let's drink to your
real French maid. Cheers queers.

KAREN DOWNS HER DRINK AND POPS SOME PILLS. SHE ENTERS THE APARTMENT. SHE NOTICES THE DINING TABLE AND SITS DOWN.

WILL

To what do I curse your unexpected
visit?

KAREN

Too much booze and not a clue. (LOOKS
AROUND) Where am I? Looks like a
homeless shelter, but without the
pizazz.

WILL

I'm expecting a date. He'll be here
any second.

KAREN

Oh, then I should get going. I don't
want to be rude.

WILL

No, stay. (DISAPPOINTED) Pierre's
probably never going to show up.

KAREN

I was just kidding, honey. I wasn't
going to leave. (RE: DRINK IN WILL'S
HAND) Now, drink up. Wait till you
taste this.

WILL

(TASTES DRINK; THEN) It's delicious.
It's like Johnny Depp in liquid form.
(TAKES ANOTHER SIP) What's in it?

KAREN

Let's just say, it's wetter than a
"French Kiss," fuzzier than a "Fuzzy
Navel," more explosive than an
"Orgasm," and it's best friends with
"Jose Cuerva."

WILL

I thought that was *you*.

KAREN

Hah, you're right. Anyway, it's my
invention: the "Manless Steel."

WILL

(EXCITED) So tell me, what's in it...
other than no man and lots of steel?

KAREN

If I tell you the three other
ingredients, I'll have to kill you...
but the Thorazine is starting to kick
in, and I'm too numb to call Rosario
to have her do the dirty work for me.

KAREN POURS MORE FROM HER THERMOS. WILL DRINKS UP.

WILL

I feel so giddy. It's as if I'm drinking some magic potion that makes me feel like a pretty bird, flapping its colorful wings through the vast blue sky... toward the most splendid rainbow made of love.

KAREN

Put a sock in it, Wilma! My eardrums are going to rupture.

WILL

I'm serious. My heartache is gone, and a tingly buzz has replaced the sad beats of my mourning heart.

KAREN

Christ, Will, if I hadn't known you were queer before, slapping me across the face with your ovaries sure as hell proved it now!

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE D

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER (N-1)
(JACK, GRACE, PSYCHO GUY)

GRACE AND JACK ARE HUDDLED IN THE CORNER. PSYCHO GUY
STANDS TALL ON THE OTHER SIDE, MINDING HIS OWN BUSINESS.

JACK

He has a hook, Grace.

GRACE

I told you he was crazy.

JACK

Actually, I think it's kind of sexy.

Woof, woof, woof. Rrrrr, ruff!

GRACE

Will you stop barking? You're not a
dog. (OFF JACK'S GRIN) Oh, look who
I'm talking to? (BEAT; EXHAUSTED) I
wonder how long we've been in here.

JACK

(PATHETIC) It's been weeks, Grace.
Weeks. My paws are sore and cracked,
my tail is paralyzed, and I haven't
had a mocha soy frappuccino or
listened to my Clay Aiken CD in what
seems like centuries.

PSYCHO GUY

Fifteen minutes.

GRACE AND JACK JUMP IN FEAR FROM PSYCHO GUY'S FIRST WORDS.

GRACE

What? What'd you say?

PSYCHO GUY RAISES HIS HOOK. GRACE AND JACK SCREAM. HE THEN TILTS HIS HOOK TO SHOW THEM THERE'S A BUILT-IN WATCH ON THE UPPER CASING.

PSYCHO GUY

Fifteen minutes.

JACK

Fifteen minutes?! That's like two weeks in dog time! (NOTICES WATCH)
Oooowww, look at that. (GRABS HOOK) A Cartier. I didn't know they made it in hook.

GRACE

(SLAPS JACKS HAND AWAY) Jack, leave the man's hook alone.

JACK

I was admiring his taste in time pieces. And then I was hoping to move onto his other pieces.

SFX: PHONE RINGS

EVERYONE LOOKS TO SEE WHERE THE RINGING IS COMING FROM. GRACE AND PSYCHO GUY'S GAZE LAND ON JACK'S CROTCH.

GRACE

Jack, your crotch is ringing.

JACK

I know. It's also on vibrate.

A BEAT. JACK IGNORES THEM. HE'S IN HIS OWN WORLD.

GRACE

Aren't you going to pick up?

JACK

Two more rings and I'm done.

THE PHONE RINGS TWICE.

JACK (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm done.

JACK REACHES INTO HIS BOXERS, RETRIEVES THE PHONE AND ANSWERS IT.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hello... Really? You don't say...

Well that's just fascinating. Three cents a minute on all long distance calls?

GRACE

Gimme the phone!

GRACE GRABS THE PHONE FROM JACK'S HAND AND WIPES IT IN JACK'S DOGGY FUR. SHE THEN DISCONNECTS THE CALLER.

JACK

Why'd you do that? He sounded cute.

I was going to give him my phone number.

GRACE

(DIALS PHONE) He already has it, Jack!

(INTO PHONE) Mark, hi. Yes, I know.

But it's not my fault. You see, the funny thing is -- I'm stuck in an elevator. (THEN) No, I'm not lying.

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

I really am stuck in an elevator.

See: (HOLDS THE PHONE UP FOR THE
OTHERS TO SPEAK) Say something.

PSYCHO GUY SHAKES HIS HEAD "NO." HE DOESN'T WANT TO SPEAK.

JACK

She's lying.

GRACE

Hello? Mark? Hello? (TO JACK) He
hung up. Why did you say I was lying?

JACK

You started it. You blew my chances
with the long distance guy.

GRACE PUSHES JACK.

GRACE

I was just trying to save him three
cents a minute.

JACK

And I was just trying to save your
girlfriend Mark from having to date a
little boy.

JACK PUSHES GRACE. SHE PUSHES AGAIN. HE PUSHES RIGHT
BACK. A FULL-BLOWN CAT FIGHT ENSUES. PSYCHO GUY SITS DOWN
AND PULLS A SLINKY FROM HIS POCKET AND PLAYS WITH IT.

PSYCHO GUY

(SINGING THE COMMERCIAL) It's Slinky,
it's Slinky, for fun the best of the
toys.

(MORE)

PSYCHO GUY (CONT'D)

It's Slinky, it's Slinky, the favorite
of girls and boys.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE E

INT. WILL AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - EVENING (N-1)
(WILL, KAREN)

WILL IS IN THE KITCHEN WITH A SMALL BLOWTORCH, MAKING CREME BRULEE. KAREN SITS BY THE TABLE, WATCHING HIM.

KAREN

Handy little gadget you've got there, Wilma. I sure could use one of those to fend off Rosario every time she goes on a diet. After a couple of days, she starts looking at me like I'm venison.

WILL

You know, half an hour ago, I would have wanted to burn off Pierre's eyebrows -- or rather, his one big eyebrow -- with this, but now I'm content making creme brulee for my darling friend, Karen Walker.

KAREN

What the hell is going on with you, Mary Poppins? Nobody is this nice to me. Not even Robert Downey, and I bailed him out of jail at least five times.

WILL

That's great, Karen. Now try this
heavenly creme brulee. It's deelysh.

KAREN POURS A DRINK FOR HERSELF. WILL CARRIES TWO CREME
BRULEE DISHES AND PLACES ONE BEFORE KAREN. HE SITS.

KAREN

Does this have Stoli in it?

WILL

No.

KAREN

Jack Daniels?

WILL

No.

KAREN

Nicotine?

WILL

No.

KAREN

Caffeine?

WILL

No.

KAREN

A 15-karat diamond?

WILL

No.

KAREN

Then why the hell are you trying to
feed me something that doesn't kill
brain cells or make me richer?!

WILL

My sincere apologies, oh "Lord of the
Drinks." I shall never again offer thy
anything that doth not contain
poisonous substances.

KAREN EYES THE DESSERT, THEN SLIDES IT OVER TO WILL.

SFX: PHONE RINGS

WILL'S FACE LIGHTS UP. THEY BOTH LEAP FOR THE PHONE...

KAREN

I'll take care of this.

WILL

No, Karen --

... BUT SHE PICKS UP THE RECEIVER BEFORE WILL CAN STOP HER.

KAREN

Listen here you two-timing, horse-meat
eating, croissant-making Mona Lisa; if
I ever see you with my husband, Will
Truman, I'll rip your head off and
feed it to my maid!

SHE SLAMS THE PHONE DOWN AND SITS CONTENTEDLY. SHE "PETS"
THE ESCARGOT AS IF THEY WERE SMALL KITTENS.

WILL

(OUTRAGED) Karen! That was... (THEN;
ELATED) Beautiful!

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

I wish I could say mean things to
Pierre. You know? Tell him how I
really feel about him having stood me
up.

SFX: PHONE RINGS

WILL (CONT'D)

Don't move. I've got it this time.
(INTO PHONE) That's right, you Eiffel-
tower loving... Moulin Rouge-going...
Hello?

A BEAT. WILL LISTENS, BUT THE CALLER HAS HUNG UP.

WILL (CONT'D)

Hmm. Pierre hung up.

KAREN

Honey, that wasn't Pierre.

KAREN RETRIEVES HER HAND FROM HER PURSE, HOLDING A CELL
PHONE. SHE SHOWS IT TO WILL AND CRACKS HERSELF UP.

KAREN (CONT'D)

It was me! I wanted you to practice.
You really suck at this, Willy Wonka.
The Manless Steel has killed your
ability to be callous and rude.

WILL

I think you're talking about you.

KAREN

And don't you forget that. (REALIZING)
Wait a minute. What if you're right?

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

If I've lost my ability to be callous and rude, then I will have lost everything that makes me... me.

WILL

Don't worry Karen; three vats of Valium, five barrels of ninety-proof whiskey, a straight jacket, and a mouthful of peanut-butter couldn't stop you.

KAREN

Ah, Wilma -- you really are so kind. I love you. (SHOCKED AT HER OWN WORDS) Oh Christ, it's gotten to me! (THEN) If what I just said ever leaves this room, I'll have Rosario throw you in the East River with a pair of her concrete boots attached to your feet.

WILL

Don't worry. Even if I did tell, no one would believe me.

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE H

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER (N-1)
(GRACE, JACK, PSYCHO GUY)

IT IS SWELTERING HOT IN THE ELEVATOR. EVERYONE GLISTENS WITH SWEAT.

GRACE IS ON THE PHONE. JACK STUDIES PSYCHO GUY.

GRACE

Yes. Thank you. We will. (HANGS UP THE PHONE) The firemen are on their way.

JACK

Firemen?

GRACE

Yes, Jack -- firemen. But I'm begging you -- please don't do it.

JACK DANCES TO HIS OWN VERSION OF "IT'S RAINING MEN."

JACK

(SINGING) It's raining firemen,
hallelujah, it's raining firemen.
Every specimen; tall, blond, dark and
mean, rough and tough and strong and
lean. (STOPS ABRUPTLY) How's my coif?

GRACE IS FED UP WITH JACK. SHE MESSES UP HIS HAIR.

GRACE

Better now.

JACK

Hey, stop that! I have a certain
image to maintain.

JACK FIXES HIS HAIR, THEN MESSES UP GRACE'S HAIR.

JACK (CONT'D)

There. It goes with that dress you
borrowed from Bjork.

GRACE

Jack, I have Shakespeare tonight!

JACK

Sorry. Let me fix it for you.

JACK MESSES UP GRACES HAIR EVEN MORE.

JACK (CONT'D)

Perfect. Looks just like Nick Nolte's
mug shot.

GRACE LEAPS FORWARD AND MESSES UP JACK'S HAIR AGAIN.

GRACE

How do you like that? Now you look
like Liza Minnelli after a night of
boozing and husband-beating.

AS JACK AND GRACE CONTINUE TO ARGUE...

PSYCHO GUY

Crazy people.

JACK AND GRACE STOP ABRUPTLY AND TURN TO PSYCHO GUY.

GRACE

Well, look who's calling the kettle
black?

PSYCHO GUY

I didn't call you black.

JACK

No, but you called us kettle, and that's very insulting.

GRACE

He didn't call us kettle.

JACK

I'm not talking to you, Frizz.

JACK FIXES HIS HAIR. HE WIPES THE SWEAT OFF HIS FOREHEAD.

JACK (CONT'D)

I can't take it anymore. It's like a sauna in here.

JACK UNZIPS HIS COSTUME AND SLIPS OUT OF IT.

GRACE

What are you doing?

JACK

I'm shedding, Red.

UNDERNEATH, JACK IS WEARING A PAIR OF BOXERS ON WHICH A HUGE PICTURE OF HIS OWN FACE IS SEEN. UNDER THE IMAGE, "JACK 2004" IS PRINTED.

GRACE

You have a picture of yourself on your undergarment?

JACK

It was a birthday present from my ex who worked in the underwear biz.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

I have one in thongs, but I don't wear
it because it makes my nose look big.

GRACE

Okay, that's it. I'm calling the only
sane person I know -- Will.

GRACE DIALS THE PHONE.

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE J

INT. WILL AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - EVENING (N-1)
(WILL, KAREN)

WILL AND KAREN ARE DRUNK. KAREN IS PIGGYBACK ON WILL. HE GALLOPS AROUND THE APARTMENT LIKE HE'S A HORSE.

KAREN

Oh, Wilma, you're the best purebred
I've ever owned.

WILL

Stop, you're just saying that because
I carried you to the washroom.

KAREN

No, I'm saying that because you wiped
for me.

SFX: PHONE RINGS

WILL

I got it. This time, I'm doing it
right.

KAREN

You get him, horsey.

WILL PICKS UP THE PHONE.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME TIME (N-1)
(JACK, GRACE, PSYCHO GUY)

WILL

Now let me tell you something you
beaujolais-drinking French wannabe...

GRACE

Will?

WILL

I'm tired of guys like you walking all over me. Good 'ol Will, always dependable, always there to kick around....

GRACE

... Will, it's Grace!

WILL

(NOT LISTENING) You're not going to talk your way out of this one, monsieur. You can take your pink shirt and one eyebrow and your "oui-oui" and shove it right up your...

WILL SLAMS THE PHONE DOWN.

END SPLIT SCREEN:

INT. WILL AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME (N-1)
(WILL, KAREN)

WILL

(TO KAREN) I think he got the point.

KAREN

(CLAPS AND BOUNCES UP AND DOWN) Yeay!
My little homosexual became a real woman today. I'm so proud of her.

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE K

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER (N-1)
(JACK, GRACE, PSYCHO GUY)

JACK IS KNEELING BY THE ELEVATOR DOOR, PRAYING. GRACE AND PSYCHO GUY ARE SEATED, PLAYING CARDS.

JACK

(SOTTO; NEAR TEARS) Dear Fairy
Godmother, let me out of here and I
promise to return the Leonardo
DiCaprio jigsaw puzzle I stole from
that twelve year old girl... Oh, and
the Cher impersonator kit. It's a
size too small anyway.

GRACE

For the Love of Benji, stop your
wining and get over here. It's your
turn.

JACK SITS AND POUTS. HE'S NOT INTERESTED IN CARDS.

JACK

I'm not sure I'm getting it. Is it
the clubs that wins, or is it the red,
heart-shaped thing?

GRACE

You mean, *hearts*? Jack, Psycho Guy
explained the rules ten times.

PSYCHO GUY

Eleven.

GRACE

Eleven times. (PRETENDS TO KNOW) If the clubs is a five or greater, you win, but if you also have a diamond, Jack, and a Queen, and they're less than eight, you lose.

JACK

Do you mean, a "jack" jack? Or a "Jack" me? And which one of us is the queen? (THEN) Can't we play something simpler? I know -- "Elizabeth Taylor Divorce Court." I'll be Liz, and you two can play her ex-husbands. Grace, you'll be Eddie Fisher because you're Jewish. And (TO PSYCHO GUY) you can play Richard Burton because he's my favorite.

PSYCHO GUY PULLS LEGOS FROM HIS POCKET.

PSYCHO GUY

Or we could play Legos.

GRACE

Why do you carry legos with you?

PSYCHO GUY

They're fun.

GRACE

Yeah, for like a five year old.

JACK

What else you got?

PSYCHO GUY

(RETRIEVING) Plastic dog-poop.

JACK

I'll take the plastic dog poop.

PSYCHO GUY

That's not really a group activity.

PSYCHO GUY HANDS JACK THE DOG POOP. HE'S ECSTATIC.

JACK

(A LA STREISAND; SINGING) Poopoo, can
you hear me?

GRACE TURNS TO PSYCHO GUY. SHE'S NO LONGER AFRAID OF HIM.

GRACE

So what's the deal with you, anyway?
Are you really crazy?

PSYCHO GUY

I just sort of do my thing.

GRACE

With legos and plastic dog poop?

JACK

Don't forget about his slinky. I love
his slinky.

GRACE

Must be hard to make friends with a
hook.

PSYCHO GUY

Not as hard as you'd think.

JACK

Hey, there's a Peter Pan theme party next week. Wanna go? I'd be the only guy there with a real Captain Hook.

THE ELEVATOR JOLTS. EVERYONE STOPS IN THEIR TRACKS.

GRACE

Oh my God, we're going to die.

JACK HOLDS PSYCHO GUY, WHO DOESN'T BUDGE.

SFX: BANGING ON THE ELEVATOR DOORS

FIREMAN #1 (O.S.)

Stand back in there. It's the fire department.

JACK

We're saved! (TO GRACE) How's my hair?

GRACE

(LYING) Good. And mine?

JACK

(LYING) Good.

THE DOORS OPEN AND THREE FIREMEN REACH INSIDE TO HELP GRACE, JACK AND PSYCHO GUY OUT.

GRACE

What took so long?

FIREMAN #1

(FRENCH ACCENT) Sorry, Mademoiselle; we had two fires to put out tonight.

GRACE

And do you have any idea of the fire
I'm going to have to put out with my
boyfriend? Are you going to help me
with that one?

JACK

Hmmmm, a French fireman. So what's
your name, tall, dark and heroic?

GRACE

Jack, aren't you forgetting about
Estaphan?

JACK

You mean Giovanni?

GRACE

Yes.

JACK

Never heard of him.

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE L

INT. WILL AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER (N-1)
(WILL, JACK, GRACE, KAREN, PIERRE, PSYCHO GUY)

WILL AND KAREN ARE LYING ON THE COUCH. THEY HOLD ICE PACKS TO THEIR HEAD. BOTH LOOK NEAR DEATH.

WILL

I've never had a hangover like this in my entire life. The only time I came close was when Jack dragged me to a Falco concert after-party.

KAREN

The Manless Steel is a bust, Wilma. Right now I'm seeing Stan in an aura of white light tempting me with a wallet full of credit cards.

KAREN BEGINS TO GET UP TOWARD THE IMAGINARY LIGHT. WILL PUSHES HER BACK DOWN.

WILL

Stay out of the light, Karen. It does horrible things to your skin.

KAREN PULLS A BOTTLE OF FLINTSTONES VITAMINS OUT OF HER BAG. REMOVES A FEW FROM THE BOTTLE.

KAREN

Which reminds me, time for my meds.
(TAKING VITAMINS) A Fred for the wrinkles, a Barney for the boobies...

WILL

Karen, what are you doing?

KAREN

(HANDS WILL A VITAMIN) Here you go,
Zippy. A Betty for later. You're
going to thank me.

GRACE, JACK AND PSYCHO GUY ENTER. JACK IS BACK IN HIS
COSTUME.

GRACE

(TO JACK) No, I am not going to de-
flea you.

WILL AND KAREN GET UP OFF THE COUCH.

WILL

Gracie, why are you back so soon?

GRACE

I never made it. We've been stuck in
the stupid elevator for the last few
hours.

WILL NOTICES PSYCHO GUY. HE PULLS GRACE ASIDE.

WILL

Is that Psycho Guy from upstairs?
What is he doing here?

GRACE

Aww, he's a puppy dog.

GRACE LOOKS OVER TO JACK. KAREN IS RUBBING HIS STOMACH AND
JACK'S LEG IS TWITCHING.

GRACE (CONT'D)

It's Jack we should be concerned
about.

FIREMAN #1 ENTERS THE APARTMENT. FROM NOW ON WE WILL REFER TO FIREMAN #1 AS PIERRE. HE IS HOLDING JACK'S BOXER SHORTS WITH JACK'S FACE ON THE FRONT.

PIERRE

Excuse me. I think someone left these
in the elevator.

JACK DOES THE SAME SMILE THAT'S ON HIS BOXERS.

JACK

Now how did I lose those?

WILL AND PIERRE SUDDENLY RECOGNIZE EACH OTHER.

WILL

Pierre?

PIERRE

Will?

JACK

Awww, Diddly Dong, that's Pierre? (TO
WILL; LIKE A MAD DOG) GRRRRRRRRRR....

WILL

(TO PIERRE) What happened to you
tonight? And oh my God -- you're a
fireman!

PIERRE

I am so sorry, Will. I was called in
on emergency duty. I tried to call
you, but some crazy lady answered the
phone and called me -- how do you say
it -- some horse meat eating Mona
Lisa, and then hung up on me.

WILL GIVES KAREN A DIRTY LOOK.

KAREN

Crazy lady, you say? Must have been the wrong number. And for the record, it was two-timing, horse-meat eating, croissant-making Mona Lisa.

WILL

No, I understand, Pierre. I mean, look at you, you're a fireman. I'm dating a fireman.

WILL TURNS TO GRACE AND MAKES AN EXCITED FACE. SHE MAKES THE SAME FACE. AS WILL TURNS BACK TO PIERRE, GRACE'S SMILE DISAPPEARS. SHE'S NOT INTERESTED. SHE WALKS OFF.

PIERRE

I feel terrible, Will. Can we reschedule for tomorrow night, maybe?

WILL

Yes, of course. Unless, say, you're out saving lives again. In which case, let's just meet up for a late dessert. And bring the fireman outfit.

GRACE CROSSES OVER TO JACK, KAREN AND PSYCHO GUY. GRACE HANDS JACK'S CELL PHONE BACK TO HIM.

GRACE

I just got off the phone with Mark. He said he had no interest in seeing the first act of "Omelette," so he sure as hell doesn't want to see the second act. (TO PSYCHO GUY) What do you say? Interested in seeing half an "Omelette."

PSYCHO GUY

Okay.

GRACE

Give me a minute to fix my hair.

GRACE EXITS INTO THE BATHROOM.

JACK

(TO PSYCHO GUY) You better give her a minute to realize she needs an hour to fix that wig.

GRACE (O.S.)

I heard that!

KAREN

(TO PSYCHO GUY) So, Charlie Manson -- how many people you kill with that hook?

PSYCHO GUY

Two.

KAREN

You're an amatuer.

KAREN TAKES ANOTHER SIP OF HER "MANLESS STEEL."

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW